

OCTOBER 2024

THE HARROW HERALD



OUR
SECOND
YEAR
BEGINS



BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE STUDENTS OF
HARROW INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BENGALURU

No. 004

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Dear Reader,

When we walked through our school gates at the beginning of this year, most of us were baffled by the sudden increase in the number of blue blazers and straw hats milling about in the hallways. We heard many more voices in the corridors, pushed through bustling crowds to reach our lessons on time, and saw hordes of unfamiliar faces in our classes. Our school community had doubled, and it was going to take some getting used to.

At the Harrow Herald, however, this boost in population was a welcome change, because it meant we had double the audience, and an abundance of voices to represent. We opened our arms to members new and old, and have since then grown to a team of 25 enthusiastic, passionate, talented individuals. I have been truly amazed by the sheer curiosity, creativity, and excellence expressed by my team members, and I cannot wait for you to read through their work.

This issue contains possibly our most diverse range of articles yet, from candid stories of school life, to reports on pressing current events, to mind-blowing creative writing. We have poured in countless hours of writing, editing, re-writing, and designing to produce this edition. To us, the Herald is so much more than just a publication - it is a bridge to our voices, and a mirror to our minds. We hope reading this holds the same significance to you, as crafting it did to us.

Yours faithfully,
Sia Thilakar
Editor-in-Chief



CAMPUS CURRENTS



CLUB CORNER

Crochet Club (led by Shreya and Vanya) – The crochet club is a club on Wednesdays after school where you can learn crochet from scratch! From learning to grip the hook and yarn to making incredible crochet projects!



Strategy Games (led by Mr Haworth) – This year in Strategy Games Club, we have been learning Go and Chess and now playing against the clock! It's tense and exciting, and we've seen some incredible battles!

Girl Up (led by Harshika) – Girl Up Harrow is dedicated to fostering social advocacy and empowering students to take action on gender equality. Our members have been working on fundraising events, awareness initiatives, and more to actively contribute to creating a more inclusive and informed school community.

CLUB CORNER

Book Club (led by Ms Sindhu) -

Harrow Book Club just started with 4 students : Minsol Kim, Kohaku Ito, Yuhyun Jung, Siyoun Kim who came to the Library with a beautiful intention of helping the Librarian in labelling and covering books. Slowly this developed into a Book Club with 7 members. As of now we have initiated a programme of reading a few books written by Ms. Khyrunnisa A



Stressbusters (led by Ms Prerna) - We have been able to explore many topics, including gender identity, exam stress, anxiety, homesickness and life in general. The club hopes to help bring a community and not-alone-in-the-boat feeling. Here, students can share and hear about issues. At the same time, they have a chance to relax with some snacks and games.



A DAY IN HARROW

By Ananya Bhatt

I was sitting in my science class, wondering when it would be over, staring out of the window. As I gazed at the clock, time seemed to slow down, making me want to doze off. The teacher was at the board, passionately explaining chemical reactions, but all I could think about were the reactions in my stomach, begging for food. I tried to look engaged, nodding occasionally, but my mind was already focused on the upcoming break.

The day had started with morning sports. I played badminton, won a few matches, and felt energised. It's quite hard to wake up at 6 AM and play sports half asleep, but trust me; it is fun! It wakes you up and makes you active and cheerful throughout the day. After sports, I quickly changed, had breakfast, and braced myself for the classes ahead.

The rest of the morning flew by in a blur of lessons. Each class seemed to blend into the next, with the teachers enthusiastically explaining concepts. I found myself more focused on random thoughts than on the details of the topics. By the time the last class ended, I was ready for a break, feeling like the morning had slipped away without much notice.

When the bell for break finally rang, the hallway was a chaotic scene, filled with students moving in every direction. My friend and I made our way down to grab some fruit and bread, chatting about the classes when I was suddenly reminded of the math homework I had completely forgotten to do. We quickly ate our food and headed to the breakout space, where I rushed to finish my work while my friend watched a movie to unwind. Just as I finished, we realised we only had five minutes until the next class. We dropped our bags in the classroom and walked around the hallway, trying to squeeze in a few more moments of freedom.

The next few classes flew by, though the post-break energy had started to wear off. By the time lunch arrived, I was beyond ready for a break. We scrambled to get seats in the cafeteria, which, as always, was packed. Everyone rushed to the front of the serving line, while the school monitors desperately tried to maintain some kind of order. After the much-needed meal, we headed to the breakout spaces, where we relaxed by playing board games. It's amazing how a simple game of chess or Scrabble can refresh your mind during a hectic school day.

After lunch, the classes felt like they stretched on forever as if the minutes were defying the laws of time and space. My friends and I did our best to take notes and stay alert, but by now, it was more of a battle to keep our eyes open than to absorb knowledge. We exchanged glances, secretly hoping the teacher would not call on us to answer any questions. By the end of the day, I had learned a lot, forgotten a few homework assignments, and shared some inside jokes with my friends.

The highlight of my day came during co-curricular —my favourite time. Whether it's badminton, playing football or swimming, it's the best way to burn off the day's stress. Today was no exception; I felt lighter and more relaxed after a good session.

Once sports were done, it was snack time. We gathered around, shared food, and caught up on the day's events. Then came prep time. It felt so strange sitting in a quiet room for an hour and a half with absolutely no talking.

After dinner, we wandered out for a walk in the field. The air was cool, and the stars started to peek through the evening sky. With our headphones on, we strolled in a relaxed rhythm, listening to music and chatting with friends. It was a peaceful end to the day—just walking, laughing, and letting the music carry us along.

OUR TOUR TO MAYO COLLEGE

By Neel Khodbaya

In the last week of August, our football team had the privilege of attending the prestigious Mayo Football Tournament, hosted at Mayo College in Ajmer, Rajasthan.

We departed from school on the 26th of August and arrived in Ajmer by midnight. The following day, we participated in the opening ceremony at Mayo College and toured its campus, which boasts over a century of history, with some of its infrastructure dating back more than 100 years. Our tour was led by Jayadit Rawal, a former student of Mayo who is now one of us.



During the opening ceremony, our team captain, Darsh Jhunjhwal, who is also the Head Boy of our school, proudly raised the Harrow flag as we marched around the ground. This was a moment of great honour and pride for all of us, especially for the debutants, of which there were many.

Our first match took place early on Wednesday morning, where we faced Pathways School, Noida. Unfortunately, the result was not in our favour, as we suffered a loss. Despite the setback, I was impressed as our juniors, including the debutants, stepped forward and motivated the team—a task far from easy, especially after such a tough loss. On the sidelines, we were supported by our Headmaster, Mr McClune, and Mr Dias, who were our coaches. We were also cheered on by our former Pastoral Head, Mr Saurav Sinha, who is now the Principal of Mayo College.

The next day, we faced a challenging schedule with two group-stage matches. In our first match, we started strong, creating a few decent chances, but we were unable to convert them. Looking back, I believe that if we had capitalized on those opportunities, the result might have been different. Our final group-stage match was against Genesis Global School, an intense game that ended 4-3 in their favour. Despite the loss, it was a game we should have won if we had capitalized on our chances, particularly when Suhas Reddy, our Golden Boot winner, missed an open goal.

In that match, we dominated possession and remained calm and composed—a credit to the efforts of Bengaluru Football Club, who have invested significant time and resources into improving our team. Their continued support throughout the year will undoubtedly help us grow in many aspects of the game. During the nights of our tour, we had various team-building activities, including a quiz challenge, which helped our team come closer—not just as players but as friends as well.

After a long day, we attended the Principal's Dinner at Mayo College, where all the participating schools were present, dressed in their uniforms just like us—though I must say, we looked the smartest. During the dinner, the captains of each team gave speeches. Our captain, Darsh, reflected on our disappointing results on the pitch but highlighted our resilience both on and off it.



On the final day of our tour, we played our last match against the hosts, Mayo College's U-17 team. It was our best performance, and we won comfortably with a 2-0 scoreline, ending the tour on a high note. While our overall performance in the tournament was not up to the mark, that is the nature of football: we win some, we lose some. What truly mattered were the experiences we gained and the friendships we forged.

The trip was a success, and all thanks goes to our Director of Sport, Mr. McClune, for organizing the tour, and to Mr. Dias, who was always willing to lend a helping hand.



Row 1 (L-R): Mr. Leale, Mr. Sinha, Mr. McClune

Row 2 (L-R): Ayaan Sanghavi, Suhas Reddy, Aryan Gore, Adith Katta, Vinayak Menon, Darsh Jhunjunwala, Sunwoo Yoo, Jayaditsinh Rawal, Agastya Dutta

Row 3 (L-R): Mr. Dias, Arav Kapoor, Armaan Kothari, Neel Khodbaya, Shrivathsav Sai, Agam Chopra, Krishiv Oswal, Divit Jhunjunwala

FROM CLASSROOMS TO COMMITTEES

By Amina Sharief



The sound of the gavel echoed through the conference hall, and thus commenced Harrow International School Bengaluru's first MUN- our debut as a school, representing our attending delegates' wide array of capabilities in the field of diplomacy.

The Cathedral Model United Nations in Mumbai presented an excellent opportunity for the aspiring leaders within our school to showcase their argumentative expertise and converse with other passionate delegates. Having spent our entire summer tirelessly researching issues as far into the past as the Watergate scandal, to hypothetical futuristic Indian water crises, the 19 attending Harrovians ever so relentlessly worked individually and collectively on their speeches and developed a clear idea of their allotment's stance on their committee's central issue. However, no amount of research could have prepared us for the excitement, intensity and immense sense of responsibility placed upon us over the course of the three days in conference. This was evident right from our students' arrival to our hotel, where, even at 12 AM, we encountered numerous other students in the midst of intensive debate, and this spirit of dedication persisted right until the very last minute of the conference.



On a lighter note, our time in Mumbai wasn't all about formal debates and resolutions. The evenings offered us a chance to unwind and explore the vibrant energy of the city. We spent our dinners bonding over stories from the day's debates and sharing laughs about the intense moments in our respective committees. We were also granted the opportunity to view the renowned Marine Drive in all its splendour, reflecting on how far we had come not just as delegates but as a team.

The Cathedral MUN wasn't just a platform for our diplomatic skills, but a memory we'll treasure—a mix of intellectual rigour and the sheer excitement of exploring a new city. As Harrow's first-ever MUN delegation, we are proud of the foundations we have set for the conferences to come. This experience taught us the true essence of collaboration and leadership, and we look forward to continuing this journey in the near future.



L-R: Mr. Royters, Jayaditsinh Rawal, Zohar Jaleel, Tarun Sharma, Shrivathsav Sai, Aksh Kapoor, Amina Sharief, Amartej Takher, Rania Oswal, Divesha Chordia, Sia Thilakar, Sameeka Jayasimha, Priel Joshua, Viraj Agrawal, Rudra Agarwal, Krishiv Oswal, Isabale Leale, Arrush Chordia, Seula Yi

DYING TO EAT

By Shaurya Uday Misra

Last year was exciting for all of us, especially since it was the very first year of the school. Everything was new, fresh, and full of possibilities. Every single class was small, the halls were rarely crowded, and lunch hardly took any time at all. One could go grab some food, get seated within minutes, and still have loads of time to spare.

Things have moved on this year. With the intake of new students in our school, things are slowing down a bit. While the surge of new students is a good reason for growth, it has also brought its share of new challenges.

What catches my attention most is lunchtime. Last year, it was easy enough to get myself lunch. This year, things are different with the sheer surge in the number of students. Snake-like queues that merge at each end are such that we must wait before we can start eating.

Change seems, however, to be in the air. Our teachers have been actively finding ways to meet these issues. Finally, we now have orderly lines and lunches, although we might still find ourselves standing in queues.

The question that comes here is, what will we do as the student body keeps expanding? The school must keep up with growth, making further improvements in managing lunchtime and other activities involving the whole school – perhaps by having lunch at different times for juniors and seniors or even having lunch at the boarding houses. We are proud to be a part of this thriving community, though we cannot wait to see how the school will change as numbers grow further.



STUDENT SPOTLIGHT



SEAS OF CHANGE

By Adwita Bharat Kumar

The Student Spotlight aims to highlight the remarkable achievements of Harrovians. In this edition, we are featuring 'Seas of Change', a prize-winning essay by Adwita Bharat Kumar, that was submitted to the Queen's Commonwealth Essay Competition.

I gazed at the sea, its brilliant green waters and waves that frothed as they tickled the sandy shores. It looked magical.

And then I looked at the beach itself; people carrying sagging trash bags across the bridge and dumping them in a bedraggled heap. Who will be cleaning that? Where will the bags go?

Grunt!

I sighed as I hauled maybe a 12-pound trash bag across the shores of the bay.

Oh, *why, why* did I have to sign up?

I used to love the beach! I used to love dancing around in the sand, wiggling my toes in the cool water and putting sand around my legs to look like a mermaid. It was such a different experience.

And now...I looked at the cascade of broken bottles, worn out shoes, bags and - Hey! Did I just see an empty tube of the same sunscreen that I use?! Was it mine?!

Taking a break, I rested on a cleaner patch of sand.

"Psst!"

"What was that?", I said quickly, turning my head. *"Is that you, Jennifer? Do you need help again?"*

"PSST! Look in the water!"

I looked closely at the water in the sea and saw a beautiful blue and golden fish, its fins shining holographically.

"Tiring day?", the fish mused.

"How can I hear you?", I slowly muttered, getting closer to the water, perplexed, and said "Yes, I just hauled at least 10 bags full of trash."

The fish pointed its fin out at me. "That goes in the bin! Humans have terrible aim," it grumbled, looking at the tube in my hand that I had picked up earlier.

I was still slack jawed, but then, the fish was right! Our disposals are what put us to work here.

The fish continued, "There is a rumour where I live that a person who can understand us can save our sea -"

I interrupted the fish, "NO SIREE! The sea and me do not get along anymore." The fish looked at me with concern.

"Come with me!", the fish admonished.

It whistled - did it just whistle?! - and a huge whale ascended from the bottom of the ocean.

I gaped in awe. Was this even real?!

HOW WAS NOBODY SEEING THIS?!

The whale opened its mouth (like in the movie, Finding Nemo), and I followed the fish in bravely.

The whale grew transparent, and we dived into the sea.

I didn't ask how - I was done with questions that couldn't be answered. I was expecting to see beautiful, coloured corals, vibrant waters and schools of fish happily flurrying about.

But instead...

I gasped.

I was expecting to see beautiful, coloured corals, vibrant waters and schools of fish happily flurrying about.

But instead...

I gasped.

All the corals were white! There were nets all around the seabed and fish were caught in chewing on it.

There were turtles with plastic straws on them. I think I even saw a worn-out microwave and laptop there! There was as much trash in the sea as there was on the beach.

It was almost as if I was watching a documentary!

"You see," the fish reprimanded, "the sea and us do not have much time. Along with wrecking the seas, reckless humans have tampered with our lives. But you are starting to use the opportunities to help clean us up." I was starting to have a change of heart. I cared about the sea now. So, I nodded and said, "On behalf of all of us; we're very sorry! I am horrified and honestly, clueless about this. How can we help you?"

"Just let us be", the fish said, "We, like everything else in nature, will heal eventually if we are left alone and left to live." I suddenly remembered an episode I watched on how nature had taken over an abandoned nuclear site and fresh, wild, new life had blossomed over time.

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"We slowly rose to the top.
I suddenly saw how smart this cleanup was.
We need to work together to save our seas.

"To spread awareness on the extent of damage caused, the volunteers and I submitted a request to the government to restrict access to the beach.

Hopefully, the corals will have their colours back.
My sunscreen will not be stolen by the tides again - nor will anything else in the seas of change.

Smiling proudly, I bid goodbye to my newfound companion.
"I think the sea is your friend now!", the fish said, waving its fin, beckoning on a promise for a world where we all live in a wave of endless harmony.
Together.





WRITER'S BLOCK





THE LAST DOOR

By Isabel Leale

I ascended the stairs, their steps worn down by the desperate and the relieved alike. The crumbling concrete entrance loomed before me, a stoic witness to countless entries and exits. Inside, silence reigned. Only the slow drip of unseen faucets and the faint rustle of breath accompanied my arrival.

A woman, frail as the smoke drifting from her cigarette, leaned against the wall. Her eyes, a murky moss green, watched me with a quiet hedonistic glee, at my clear discomfort. The cigarette stub, laying *laissez-faire* between two gnarled fingers glowed a dim, forgotten orange as she took in my entrance with a detached, apathetic curiosity.

Small puddles oozed from beneath the doors lining the far wall, each one firmly shut, rusted closed with stale damp air. I walked down the narrow corridor, the height of the doors towering above me, casting great capricious shadows that flitted up and down the walls. The flickering lights, dangling precariously from skeletal concrete beams, only seemed to deepen the darkness.

The prickling sensation on the back of my neck persisted—the unmistakable weight of eyes digging into my spine. I tiptoed forward, light on my feet, dodging the unmentionable refuse scattered on the ground. The air was alive with whispers, hissing voices echoing off the walls like restless spirits swirling around me. The unease gnawed at my insides, sharpening my nerves.

I stopped in front of the last door. The cracked wall beside it was painted in a sickly shade of canary yellow, peeling and blistered as if the colour itself had tried to escape. Had I chosen wrong? Should I turn back? There were so many doors, and who knew what might be lurking behind them

"I should have just held it," I muttered under my breath.

I flashed back to that moment outside, the sun glaring down on me as I left my friends behind. Their good wishes and concern had sped me on my way, but this—this was a journey I had to take alone. No one else should suffer what I was about to face. I couldn't ignore the call, no matter how much I wanted to.

Raising a fist, I knocked gently on the peeling door. "Hello? Is anyone in there?"

Silence.

"Hello?"

Nothing.

I flattened my pinkish fingertips against the grimy surface, scrunched my eyes shut, and, with a final steeling of my nerves, pushed.

The door creaked open, a high-pitched wail escaping its long-forgotten hinges. A wave of stench burst out, assaulting my senses. My nose crinkled in protest, nostrils narrowing to slits as I squinted into the dimly lit cubicle.

It was empty.

A yellowing toilet sat there, unceremoniously awaiting my presence. Relief washed over me—no one else was inside.

Public restrooms, I sighed. Truly, the last frontier of human endurance.

NEPTUNE'S GRASP

By Tarun Sharma



Our beautiful vessel
launches us to tomorrow.
We are surrounded by discoveries.

The lofty grey ravine
holds few creatures.
We are now alone.
The blue is bare but boundless,
the blue is... brutal.

I search for sustenance.
I find a chocolate bar.
This is not what I deserve.

This is inspiring,
groundbreaking,
depressing.
We settle at the bottom,
and wait for nine harrowing, torturous hours,
to finally escape.

"This is a poem I wrote about what it might have been like to be the first people to visit Challenger Deep (the lowest place on Earth, located in the Mariana Trench). I have always been obsessed with adventure and the wonders of the ocean."

MEDIOCRITY LIMBO

By Anae Dethier

I had missed the last train. Two minutes past nine, and it was already gone. There I stood like a fool, privy only to the cleaner's judge-filled stare. Had I left work at an earlier time, I would not be stuck in this pitiful situation. As I got ready to walk away, I looked down to find a square piece of paper that had nudged itself underneath my weary shoes. In a hideous font, the words read, "networking party; high achiever's pay off". This inauspicious letter made it seem as though its only task was to mock me. I chuckled dryly and quietly left the train station, humming aloud to ignore the glaring truth.



A draining symphony carried my steps as I stepped out of the underground, the sky had turned grey with heavy clouds, not a star in sight and a loud drumbeat could be heard stirring up. It had been days since the last rainfall. The parched earth seemed to devour the life from the world, as it did my own existence, leaving behind a barren wasteland. Was it wrong to expect a downpour? To stand still until a droplet hit my face, no part of me wished to step forwards. The hollow feeling I had carried for hours, days, months with no means to an end only grew and expanded as I recalled the words written on the letter as I stood still. For long ago, I once knew of the beautiful flowers that could grow in rain and yet, shielded by an unnameable force, I could no longer water the garden.



When I was young, I was told, “the mind craves ecstasy and with it leaves no room for mediocrity”. For years, I did not comprehend the real nature of those words, and it still escapes me to this day. I spend my days at the office, I eat alone, I go out alone, I shop alone, alone, I float in my own bubble. With acceptance, I’ve come to live in a limbo, others may perhaps view me as ‘mediocre’. One that did not even look at the stars, let alone aim for them. They’d constantly talk behind my back, whisper about my lack of skills, yet they would stand back and watch me struggle. Back then when everyone searched and discussed which grand university they’d go to, I would simply sit back and hope I’d go somewhere feasible. Craving is adjoined to greed, the more you feed it, the more insatiable its appetite appears. I find that if I don’t hope for things or aspire to more than I can obtain then everything comes out tolerable and then I do not have to worry about becoming greedy over transitory success. Is it not better to be satisfied with the inherent duality of things? One may seek refuge in a dreamworld, others, repulsed, find it more comfortable to lay their camp in a forlorn reality.

A place of both comfort and despair, often days left me stiff, like a hamster drudging on a wheel. On days like this where I missed the train, got off work late, with forecasted rain. It was those days I desperately yearned for the sweet nectar of existence. Perhaps childish nature now seemed more alluring. I had dwelt on this existential seesaw for too long, in a pitiful balancing act, conditioned to avoid the rain for no one could stand to see it coming. I could see it coming though, I had planned it all out. A mediocre job with enough a salary that I could live in a second-rate flat, with lacklustre grades, and ordinary achievements.



I could finally feel droplets start to fall on my skin, it was as if my legs had awoken from their slumber, and I started marching. That night, with no noise from the train to block my every thought, I admitted the truth to myself.

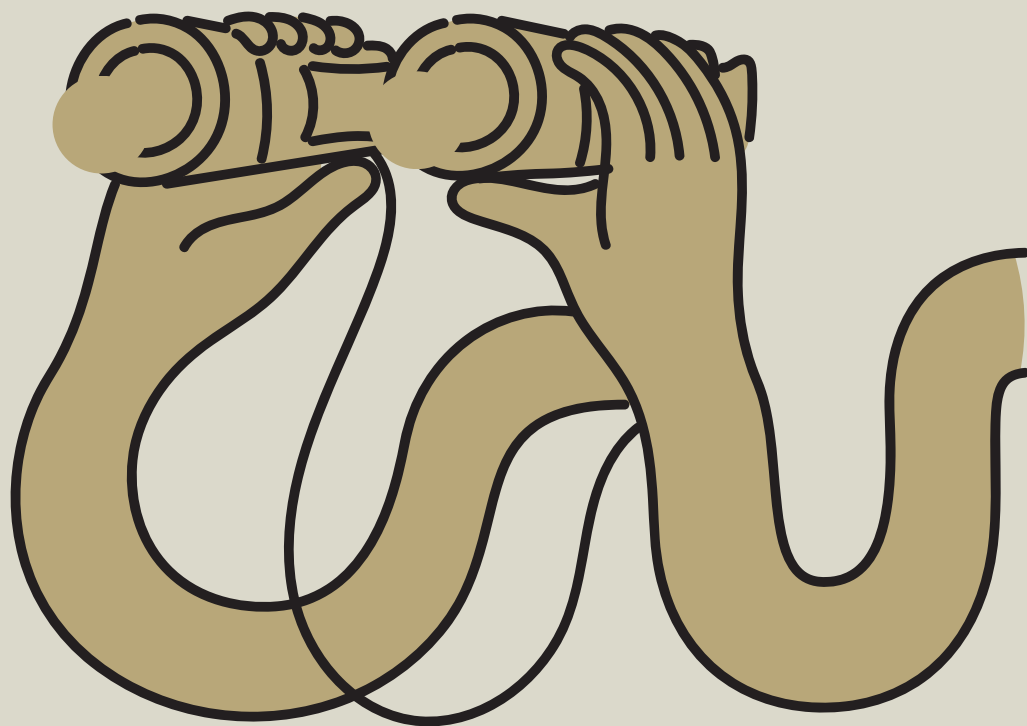
I was, I am, ashamed of myself. I never try hard enough, I accept things at face value, I don't dream, and I end up criticising the harsh realities of the world as though I ever did anything to solve them. I had brainwashed myself into thinking that living in 'limbo' was good for me, stable, consistent, reliable. Something that would not disappoint me as people have, as education has. Yet, what good is there to be trapped between worlds, never to mix, paralysed by the fear of repercussions and things I had never experienced before. I thought that if I lacked ambition then I could never disappoint my teachers, my parents, or myself with failure. Whenever I walked past a cafe and saw two people, albeit friends or a couple I'd envy them simply for their smiles, wishing I could tear off their facial muscles one by one and sew them onto my own face. They knew things I did not, how to grow flowers, nurture them, and how to water them even in the dry seasons. This knowledge wasn't something I could acquire by merely pretending to be happy. The foolish hopes I had observed in classmates, coworkers, and family now seemed more rational as I started to understand that their pursuit of dreams and willingness to take risks was admirable.

Up to this day, I just never really lived up to anything. I had created comfort and a sense of contentment with mediocrity so that I ended up imposing limits on my own potential, holding myself back. A set of unsaid rules that in theory kept me safe from the side effects of underachieving. Without really knowing myself I simply assumed that I was bad at everything, I never went to any clubs, never did any sports, never spoke any more than I was required to, never broke the rules, and always complained about the things I was forced to do. At first, they'd tell me I'd be something great in the future, like a politician, a doctor, an engineer, something great, someone revered. "The mind craves ecstasy" , I've never truly experienced that longing. It is because I have never naively believed that a job could be the ultimate source of fulfilment.

That night, I walked to a cafe and ordered their signature hot chocolate. As I sat down and observed people walking down the street, a smile crept upon my face. I had been a fool before, but that evening, I could see the stars clearly.



THROUGH OUR EYES



ACROSS CULTURES AND MINDS

By Shreya Pradeep



After days of my mother's research, we finally found it! I had been in desperate search of a psychology program that would satisfy my craving to explore the field, and it led me across the ocean—from my familiar town to the American University in Dubai (AUD)—to attend a summer school course focused on the psychology of media. By this point, the idea of staying alone in a different country no longer intimidated me, as it was my second summer camp that season.

It was at AUD that I first heard the term “cognitive dissonance.” Initially, it seemed like a long, complicated word, but its meaning turned out to be quite simple: the conflict that arises when a person's beliefs contradict their actions. Through the course, I not only understood the theory but also applied it in practice. Our professor assigned us a project to create a short film depicting cognitive dissonance, particularly in cinema. It was immensely rewarding to apply what we learned in real life.

Beyond the classroom, my experience at AUD became one of the most memorable times of my life. Although I was initially hesitant about immersing myself in various cultures, particularly Arabic culture, I soon found myself embracing the experience wholeheartedly. By the second day of camp, I had already formed strong bonds with a group of peers—three girls and two boys—and we quickly became inseparable. Our shared experiences, from late-night movie sessions watching *Yeh Jawani Hai Deewani* to dancing to Arabic songs at a disco, were filled with joy, laughter, and a sense of unity that transcended cultural differences.

We went on several trips together, including a visit to the minister's palaces, where different assemblies take place. We also went rock climbing, which was much more exciting

One particularly memorable experience was our visit to IMG Worlds of Adventure in Dubai. Despite challenges like finding vegetarian options, my friends were incredibly considerate and supportive, which made the experience all the more special. Through these adventures, I discovered the true values of friendship, fun, and the importance of cultivating meaningful relationships.

Even months later, we all stay in touch, which shows just how strong the connections we made are. Overall, I would say my time at AUD has become an important part of my personal and academic journey, shaping how I see things and continuing to inspire my passion for psychology.



A WEEK AT JNU

By Shaurya Uday Misra

I spent five days this summer at Jawaharlal Nehru University with not much more than a vague intention of throwing myself into the intricate world of molecular biology. There, I encountered the fundamental role of DNA—the molecule that contains life's instructions.

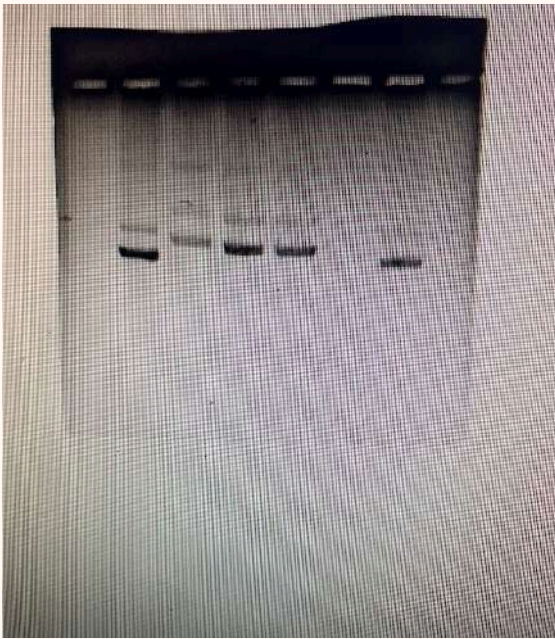
Probably the most exciting experience at JNU was the lab experiments. I did Agarose Gel Electrophoresis, a technique that separates DNA by size and, under UV light, can visualize it. I never forgot when strands of DNA glowed—that was a moment, a living embodiment of the molecular basis of life.

I also learned that the activity of these enzymes was highly specific to making cuts in DNA at particular sequences in rat genomic DNA. The fact that these molecular "scissors" could really be used when working with DNA struck home for me and emphasized the accuracy of these enzymes' cutting actions.

Maybe the most challenging but rewarding task was working with PCR, which stands for Polymerase Chain Reaction—a technique that allows for amplifying DNA. All in all, the process was complex; however, learning it revealed the process researchers use when generating millions of copies of DNA to analyze—an extremely important tool in molecular biology.

I learned about the single-stranded counterpart of DNA, namely, RNA, and about the so-called "RNA world hypothesis." That is, maybe RNA was the first molecule capable of self-replication and could thus explain how life started. This was a really fascinating concept that has now further shaped my ideas on the role of RNA in biological systems, along with the more 'popular' DNA.

In conclusion, these experiments and learning gave me both hands-on experience and knowledge about DNA and RNA, which was quite transformative as well as a bit overwhelming. However, it gave me insights into knowledge I would not have experienced without this internship opportunity.

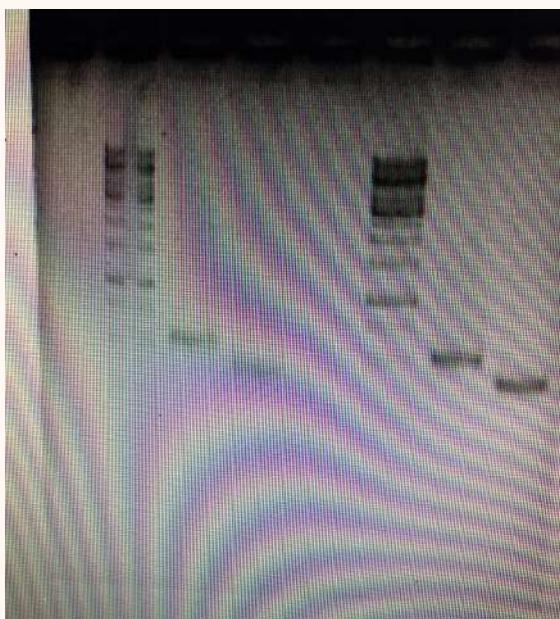
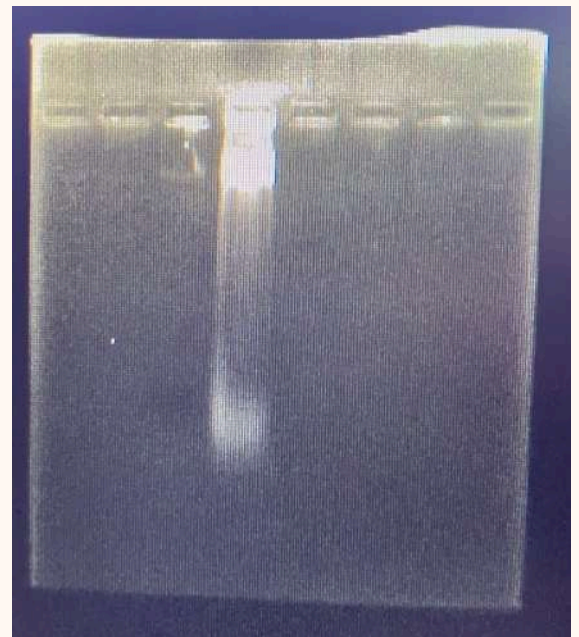


Observation: Banded DNA visible through UV rays

Implication: Used to separate DNA fragments based on their compactness and density.

Observation: Supercoiled DNA that formed a smear under UV rays

Implication: Cuts DNA into smaller fragments at specific recognition sites and prepares a DNA fragment for subsequent molecular cloning, also used to separate DNA based on their size.



Observation: Reaction in PCR under UV rays, The PCR fragments amplified from the 5.5 and 11.4 (these are reference numbers and not measurements) plasmids by the specific primers are of different sizes, hence they separate during agarose gel electrophoresis.

Implication: Amplifies specific DNA sequences, resulting in DNA fragments of 5.5 and 11.4 being separated.



THIS JUST IN



A FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

By Gauri Ramani

This article contains discussions of sexual violence, which may be distressing for some readers. Please proceed with caution and prioritize your emotional well-being. If these topics are triggering, we encourage you to skip this article or seek support.



For far too long, the deeply distressing crimes against women have shattered the sense of safety in our world, leaving victims grappling with trauma and pain. Recently, a horrific case took place in Kolkata, which was recognized worldwide and especially sparked outrage across India, bringing attention to the battle between women and sexual violence.

The incident occurred when the young female trainee doctor was working a midnight shift and decided to head to the seminar hall to rest. Unfortunately, the tragic news of her death was announced in the morning.

The victim's name was Moumita Debnath. She worked towards her dream for so long, only for it to be brutally crushed. In a heartbreaking interview, her mother says "Whenever I think about the torment and pain my daughter endured that night, I shudder. She had aspirations to serve society. Now, all these protesters are like my children."

As of now, the investigation is an ongoing case, with the accused arrested in August ; justice remains awaited. He is being represented by someone who has been assigned to his case, as no one stepped forward for his defence. The case has brought attention from all over the world, seeking justice for this unfortunate woman who had to deal with these heinous acts. The accused will face severe consequences such as 20-plus years in prison, and possibly the death penalty if he is proven to be guilty.

There have been many protests in Kolkata demanding justice, and the news has made its way across many social platforms. People are fighting for justice and speaking up. Junior doctors in Kolkata have been holding a hunger strike in support of Moumita.

Crimes against women continue to be a pervasive problem in this world. The world has remarkably progressed and advanced in so many ways, and yet, one of the biggest and deepest problems still hasn't been dealt with. A woman should be able to walk the street alone without having to look around here and there every 2 minutes just to be assured that she's safe.

The memory of Moumita Debnath, a young woman whose life was cut short by violence, is a reminder of the need for societal change. Her case shows the threat of sexual violence against women and the need to create a safer world. By raising awareness and fighting for justice, we can take a powerful stand and make sure that no other woman suffers the same fate.





LA TOMATINA

By Aanya Pasupathy

I bet you've familiarized yourself with the iconic setting from Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara - the cast and their surroundings being drenched in red. This festival is much like Holi, just with the medium of tomatoes, but what is the actual significance of it? How did it start? And why did everyone agree to soak the town with tomatoes?

This immensely popular festival looks as if it's the world's largest food fight, and well, that's because it is. It is known as "La Tomatina", and just as how we hold Holi close to our hearts, this festival is also dear to the people of Spain.

Typically, the festival takes place on the last day of August every year, held in the cozy village of Buñol, Spain, lasting around an hour or so. There are many rules that have been established to make sure no one gets injured, and that it's an experience to enjoy. It's quite baffling as to why the town would pick tomatoes to 'fight' with. But the history of this choice began in 1945.

At a local parade in Buñol, chaos had broken loose. This happened because a boy threw a tantrum since things weren't progressing in the parade as expected. To express his frustration, he turned it into a physical fight with another boy his age and sparked a food fight using tomatoes. Eventually, the community around them started involving themselves in this brawl. This action marked the first ever tomato thrown in the history of 'la Tomatina'.

Little did they know the fight they had, (with barely any significance to them), would eventually cause generations of people in Buñol to make it into an annual practice, taken part in by people from everywhere, and world renowned for its uniqueness!

The following year, several boys started a tomato fight in the same location, beginning a quarrel that was later broken up by town officials, who were fed up, and decided to take charges against people who decided to engage in any similar activity. Despite all the regulations that they instilled, people's desire to fight each other with tomatoes wasn't going to be controlled by the police.

The mayor then took drastic measures to ensure a situation like this wouldn't occur. He ended up banning this practice as it was messy, had no religious significance, and was just an overall waste of money and time. Perhaps he had taken these steps since he never understood the significance of the festival from a locals' point of view.

The public's reaction was just as bold as the actions taken by the mayor. A protest took place days later, and some people even went to the extent of carrying coffins filled with tomatoes. People made it seem as if they were losing a part of their life and expressed their grief through these acts (There was even a Mariachi band present at the protest / funeral, to make the loss seem more realistic)

Later, a Spanish reporter documented this tradition that had been growing in the town of Buñol. It caught attention not only from around Spain, but from other parts of the world too, causing the popularity of the festival to grow rapidly. That's when more people started taking part in La Tomatina. Once declared so by the Spanish board of tourism interest, it became a part of Spain's official festivities.

Every year, people religiously take part in this festival, the only incidence where it was cancelled was the period of covid, but once the lockdown was lifted, the response was massive! Nearly 23,000 people took part in La Tomatina. Just for reference, the town of Buñol only has 9000 people living in it!

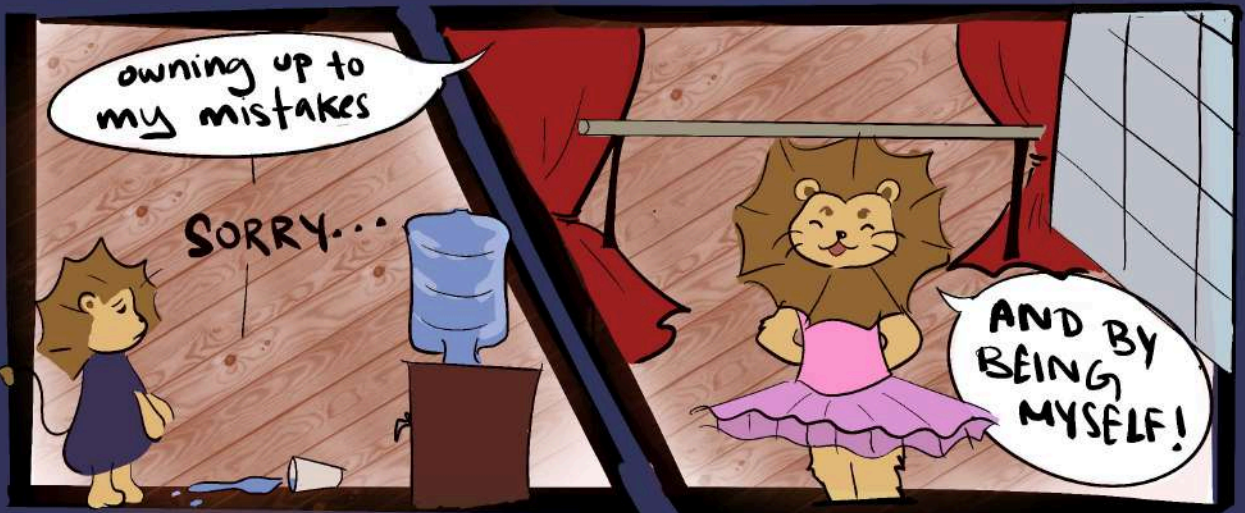
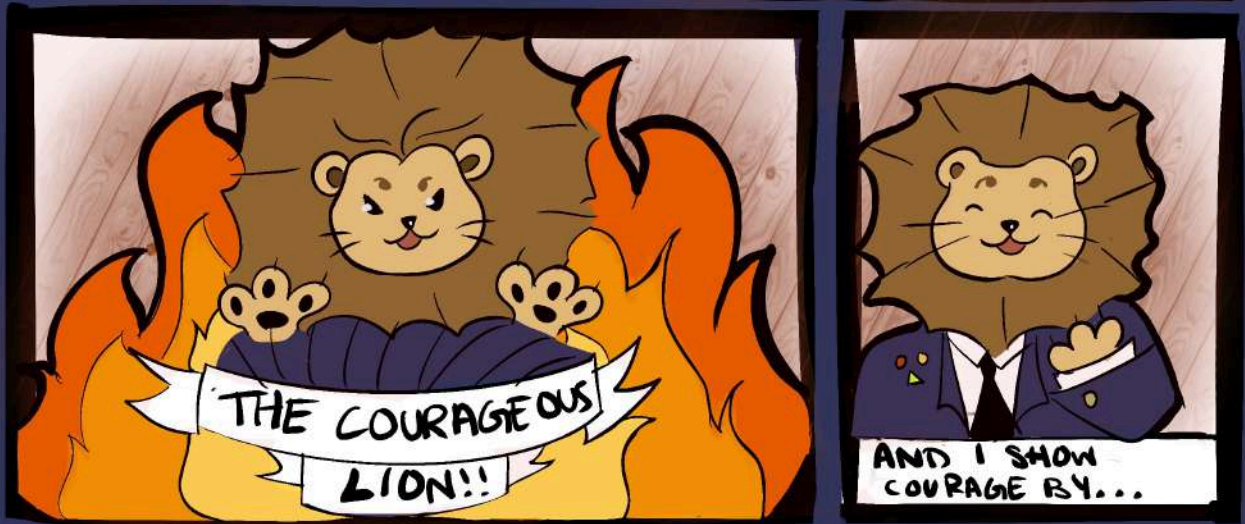


PICTURE THIS





This stunning artwork earned Kinjal Mehta (Grade 11) first place in Candor International School's *Phantasia* art contest.



Meet the Courageous Lion! You'll follow him on many more adventures in the upcoming issues of our magazine!



CRITICS CHOICE



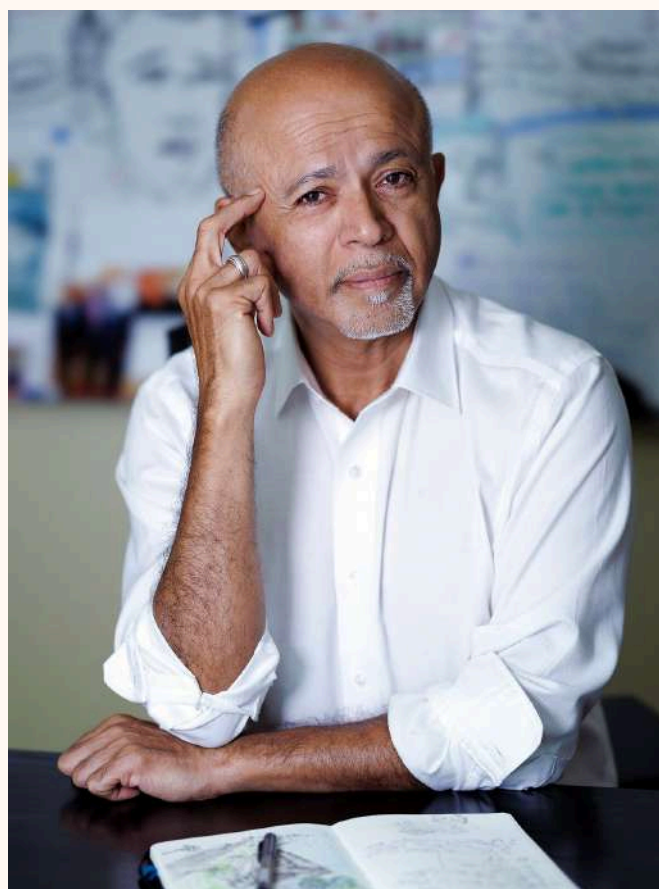
WHERE WATER REMEMBERS

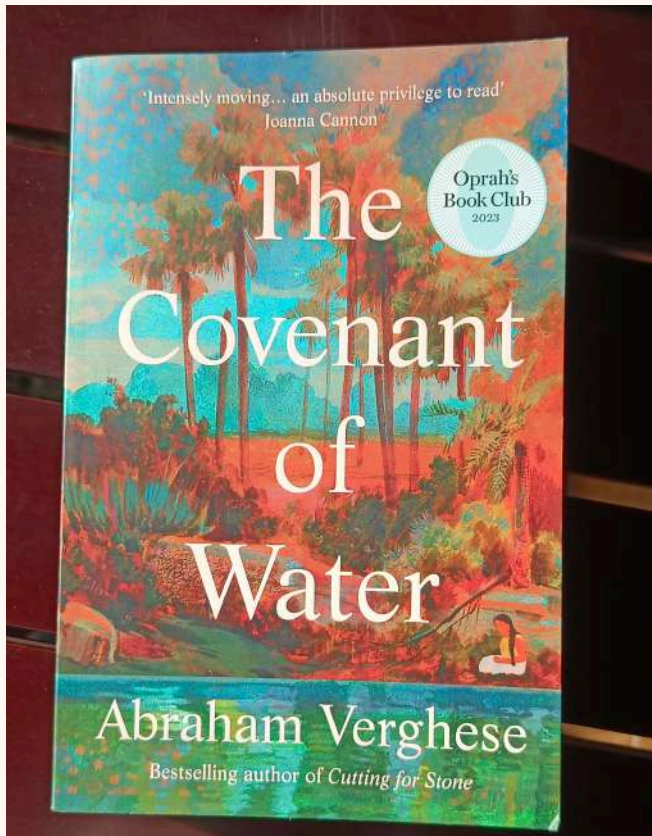
By Sia Thilakar

“She is twelve years old, and she will be married in the morning.”

So begins ‘The Covenant of Water,’ the 800-page generational saga that has captured the souls of millions across the world and sits unbudgingly at the very top of my all-time-favourites list. Set in the scenic backdrop of Travancore, located in the Indian state of Kerala, this mammoth of a novel follows three generations of a family over a span of 77 years, chronicling their journeys, and illustrating the intricate connections between themes of love, loss, identity, culture, and growth, while simultaneously offering readers a snapshot of an India that once was. The role of the protagonist transitions from Big Ammachi – the family’s matriarch, to her son Philipose, and finally to his daughter Mariamma, an aspiring doctor who wishes to uncover the mystery of The Condition that has afflicted her family for generations on end.

Abraham Verghese has a way with words, and his craft truly shines in this novel. His prose is simply stunning, and every word, placed perfectly in the story, hits you hard. There are nearly 800 pages worth of text in this novel, and not once is the writing boring, slow, or challenging to get through. The novel is a true page-turner, not because of fast-paced action sequences, but because of Verghese’s ability to completely immerse the reader in nature, the setting, and the lives of each character.





The reason I find this book so special is because it is so chock-full of life. Verghese does a beautiful job of conveying the smallest, most mundane details in a lyrical, gorgeous manner. The story never relies on overly exaggerated scenes - instead, it delicately captures the small but significant moments of these characters' lives, and preserves each of them in vivid, impactful vignettes, almost like a photo album of their memories. Abraham Verghese, with exceptional talent, shows flawed but loveable characters experiencing their

highest highs and their lowest lows, and still emerging stronger, bolder, and even more admirable. Most moving to me though, is the way he navigates complex, heavy topics like disease, death, and loss. To someone who is deeply uncomfortable with reading about death, this book proved to deliver a valuable lesson - it taught me that life and death are unavoidable, and although the latter can be incredibly painful at first, the misery is eventually washed away by other moments, much like the descriptions of demise in this novel are washed away by more of the story. It is lessons and teachings like these that keep this novel grounded in reality, and make it a powerfully relatable read

Above all else, this book is deeply personal to me, as it was the first book I read when I shifted to Harrow. Its pages not only contain masterfully written words, but also hold memories of reading in near-darkness to avoid disturbing my sleeping roommate, the words illuminated only by the dim light of my table lamp, and a warm cup of milk by my side. This novel got me through the turbulence and chaos of the first weeks at a new school, and for that, I love it endlessly.



AROUND THE GLOBE



청소년 책 추천

By Seula Yi

Translated from Korean to English

책 '인생'은 1993년에 소설가 위화(余华)가 쓴 중국 장편소설이다. 번역본 제목은 '인생'으로, 읽는 독자에 따라 여러 가지 해석이 있을 수 있겠지만, 이 책의 원제는 '活着(활착, ' 산다는 것 ' 을 의미)'이다.

The book "Life" is a Chinese novel written by novelist Yu Hua (余华) in 1993. The translated title of the book is "Life," which can be interpreted differently depending on the reader, but the original title of the book is "活着" (which means 'to live').

위화는 인생을 '그저 흘러가는 대로 사는 것', '예상할 수 없는 것'으로 풀이한다. 책 '인생'은 생명의 탄생, 죽음, 인간의 욕심들, 그로 인해 생기는 강자와 약자, 갑과 을의 관계 등을 여러 등장인물, 중국의 역사를 사용해 생생하게 풀어낸다.

Yu Hua describes life as "unexpected", resulting in people "going with the flow." The book "Life" vividly describes the birth of life, death, human greed, the strong and weak, and the relationship between A and B, using various characters and Chinese history.

책 '인생'은 민요수집가인 '나'가 노인 '푸 구이'를 만나 그의 인생 이야기를 들으며 독자가 삶의 중요성과 인생의 의미를 다시 한 번 생각하게 한다. 푸구이의 이야기 속에서는 그(푸구이)를 1인칭으로 하여 독자의 몰입감을 형성한다. 푸구이의 인생 이야기는 자기 자신과 그의 가족 그리고 주변 인물들의 희로애락을 국공전쟁, 인민공사, 토지개혁, 문화대혁명 등 중국의 역사와 함께 풀어낸다. 본 책은 등장인물들 서로의 관계성과 그들 사이에서 일어나는 아이러니들이 유독 많이 일어나는데, 그 아이러니들 사이에서 우리가 살면서 알아가야 할 속담들과 교훈을 효과적으로 전달한다.

The book "Life" allows the readers to rethink the importance of life and the meaning of existence. A folk song collector, meets an old man named "Fugui" and listens to his life story. Fugui narrates in the first person to immerse the reader. Fugui's life story portrays the joys, sadness, and sorrows he, his family, and surrounding people feel along with Chinese history such as the National Civil War, the People's Corporation, land reform, and the Cultural Revolution. This book has a lot of interactions that occur between the characters and the relationships between them, and it effectively conveys proverbs and lessons that we need to know in life.

CASU MARZU

By Yuhyun Jung

Translated from Italian to English

No ibagak kadakayo a mangan dagiti tattao iti keso a naapektaran iti igges, pasienyo kadi? Bueno, mangan dagiti tattao idia Italia iti tradisional a keso a maawagan Casu Marzu. Casu Marzu a kaipapananna ti ‘narunot a keso’ iti Italiano ken maysa a keso a lumasat iti medio naisangsangayan a proseso ti panagrunot.

Ti nagtaudan ti Casu Marzu ket ti Sardinia ken daytoy ket naaramid manipud idi kadaan nga imperio ti Roma. Saan a talaga a naaramid ti Casu Marzu para iti panggep a panaglako ken panagkonsumo idi. Keso laeng dagitoy a napukaw. Dagiti napanglaw a desperado iti taraon ken mangabrasa iti amin a makan, isuda ti mangmangan kadagitoy.

If I told you that people eat maggot infested cheese, would you believe me? Well, people in Italy eat a traditional cheese called Casu Marzu. Casu Marzu, which means ‘rotten cheese’ in Italian is a cheese that goes through a quite unique process of decaying.

The origin of Casu Marzu is Sardinia and it has been made since the ancient Roman Empire. Casu Marzu wasn’t really made for the purpose of selling and consuming back then. It was simply just cheese that had gone off. The poor, who were desperate for food and welcomed everything that was edible, were the ones eating them.



Kastoy ti pannakaaramid ti Casu Marzu: Umuna, ti keso ti Pecorino(naaramid iti gatas ti karnero) ket mabaybay-an koma a marunot agingga a makadanon iti punto nga asideg a marunot. Kalpasanna, mangputed ti agar-aramid iti keso kadagiti abut iti keso. Daytoy ti mangipalubos kadagiti cheese skippers nga agitlog iti uneg ti keso. Bayat a marunot ti kaaduan a keso a kas iti fontal cheese ken parmesan cheese gapu iti panaglakay, marunot ti Casu Marzu gapu iti panagtunaw nga aramid dagidiay cheese skipper fly larvaes a naikabil iti uneg ti keso. Kanen dagiti larva ti agruprupsa a keso ken mangiruar kadagiti enzyme a mangburak kadagiti lipid ken protina iti keso. Daytoy ti mamagbalin iti texture ti keso a krema ken napigsa ti ramanna.

Adda dua a wagas ti pannangan iti Casu Marzu. Ti maysa a pamay-an ket ti pannangan iti keso a direktso manipud iti pilid. Kaaduan a tattao a mangpadpadas kadagitoy iti umuna a gundaway ket mangan kadagitoy a kastoy. Ngem saan a talaga a nasayaat daytoy nga ideya ta manganka iti keso nga addaan kadagiti sibibiag nga igges nga agkurkuridemdem kadagitoy ket mabalin a lumlumtawda manipud iti keso ket makadanonda iti sadinoman. Isu a ti pamay-an a naparsua tapno mapasayaat ti parikut ket ti panangiturong iti keso tapno bay-an a ti centrifugal force ti mangmasa kadagiti igges ken ti keso iti maysa a krema a paste

This is how Casu Marzu is made: First, Pecorino cheese (made out of sheep milk) is left for decay until it reaches a point where it is near decomposition. The cheesemaker will then cut holes into the cheese. This allows cheese skippers to lay eggs inside the cheese. While most cheeses, such as fontal cheese and parmesan cheese are decayed by ageing, Casu Marzu is decayed by the digestive actions of those cheese skipper fly larvae laid inside the cheese. The larvae will eat the rotting cheese and release enzymes that break down the lipids and proteins in the cheese. This gives the cheese a strong flavor and makes the texture of the cheese to be creamy.

There are two ways of eating Casu Marzu. One way is to eat the cheese straight out of the wheel. Most people trying it for the first time eat it like this. But this isn't a really good idea because you are eating cheese with live maggots wriggling in them and they might jump out and get everywhere! So, a method created to enhance the problem is to spin the cheese to let the centrifugal force mash the maggots and the cheese into one creamy paste.



Nupay kasta, mabalin a napeggad daytoy a keso iti bagi ti tao no kanentayo dayta. Nairekord pay ketdi dayta iti Guinness Book of Records gapu ta isu ti kapeggadan a keso iti lubong. Adu dagiti rason iti daytoy. Umuna, ti cheese skipper fly mabalinna a kontaminaran ti keso iti bakteria a salmonella, a gagangay a pakaigapuan ti panagtakki babaen ti panangdadaelna kadagiti selula ti bituka. Mangparnuayda met iti compound a mabalin a makasabidong iti nangato a dosis. Sabali pay a rason ket no sibibiag pay laeng dagiti igges no makadanonda iti bituka, mabalin a mangpataudda kadagiti babassit a lua kadagitoy wenno uray pay ti bituka a myiasis(no agbiag dagiti larva wenno itlog ti tumatayab iti digestive system).

Gapu kadagitoy a peggad, ilegal ti Casu Marzu idi 1962. Ngem kalpasanna naideklara dayta kas tradisional a taraon idiay Sardinia idi 2007, a nangted iti kasasaad a nasalakniban. Iti laksid daytoy, ilegal pay laeng ni Casu Marzu iti sidong ti European Union Law. Nupay ilegal, adda pay ketdi black market ti pannakaiwaras daytoy.

However, this cheese can be dangerous to human bodies when we consume it. It was even recorded in the Guinness Book of Records for being the most dangerous cheese in the world. There are many reasons for this. First, the cheese skipper fly can contaminate the cheese with salmonella bacteria, which usually causes diarrhoea by destroying the intestine cells. They also create a compound which can be toxic in high doses. Another reason is that when the maggots are still alive when they reach the intestines, they can cause small tears or even intestinal myiasis (when larvae or fly eggs survive in the digestive system).

Because of these dangers, Casu Marzu was illegalised in 1962. But, then it was declared a traditional food in Sardinia in 2007, giving it a protected status. Despite this, Casu Marzu is still illegal under European Union Law.





WELLBEING



GOT THE JITTERS?

By Ms. Prerna Nautiyal

When we hear any advice or guidance about exam stress today, there is a lot of “It’s okay, you can do this! We believe in you!” or “You’ve got this! I know you have it in you!”. In fact, I have said the same sometimes to others around me – not just as a counsellor but as a friend and student in the past.

I would never say that these phrases do not come from a place of genuine support – in fact I applaud teachers and professionals who try their best to keep students motivated. On the other hand, it may be more helpful to help get into the root cause of these jitters and befriend this emotion almost.

If anyone has had the opportunity of seeing Inside Out, the exercise I am talking about is almost treating the exam stress as if it were a person. Not a separate or dissociated personality – instead, a part of all of us but a part that does not define us. That there is more to us other than “exam stress”.

I know. That sounds extremely weird, odd or even embarrassing to even think about trying. But let’s give it a go and see.

As I list down some possibly helpful suggestions to deal with exam stress – I am going to try and sprinkle this befriending exercise with the hope that it can possibly help you. I have received consent for all stories, examples or ideas I share from previous sessions with students.

First, as clichéd as it may sound – let’s try to organize as best as we can.

Now, I can understand *traditional timetabling* might not always be helpful. What previous students have shared with me is that having two sets of lists can be helpful. When I say lists, I do not mean anything complicated but just a few points that could possibly help us know what exactly needs to be done in the general sense.

For example, if I have a history exam in a few months – the first list could have all the things that need to be done. On the second list, I can only have the things that I need to get done in a certain amount of time. This certain amount of time can be as specific as you feel comfortable with. It can be things that you need to get done in an hour, a day or a week. Once the lists have been made, it is more helpful to focus on the second list daily while only reviewing the first list to check things off.

Similarly, you can even add several subjects to the first list, while delegating tasks to do for the hour, day or week in the second list.

In addition, it can also be helpful to divide the chapter according to sections or pages. Then, when making the second list, you can also list these sections/pages to finish as the day progresses.

I have attempted to make two dummy lists so that it can help make this suggestion clearer for you. Please remember that this is just an example so please feel free to apply your own formats or strategies that are comfortable for you. [With this example, I have opted to list things to do in a day for the second list.]

<u>HISTORY PREP LIST 1:</u>	
<input type="checkbox"/>	China: Conflict, Crisis and Change, 1900–89
<input type="checkbox"/>	Russia and the Soviet Union, 1905–24

<u>HISTORY PREP LIST 2:</u>	
<u>CHINA</u> → Ch 1 - The Fall of The Qing, Warlordism and Chaos, 1900–34	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Section 1 – Morning
<input type="checkbox"/>	Section 2 – Morning
<input type="checkbox"/>	Section 3 – After lunch
<input type="checkbox"/>	Section 4 – Evening

Further to the above, you can use the ***unit tests and/or mock exams*** as an opportunity to ***learn from any errors/mistakes*** you may have made. It can also help manage time – especially during revision where you can distribute your focus on what you already know and what you may not fully know.

This in no way means you do not study things you know at all. Instead, it is about using up say the morning and afternoon to go through things that you may not know fully – while using the evening to revise the known bits. I can understand that students may have different times of better focus, so if morning and afternoon are more distracting than the evening – feel more than free to switch it up.

Yes, I am aware that there can easily be intrusive thoughts like “I will never get this”, “There is no point trying”, “I am stupid”, etc. We may not always be able to control them but in the next section, I hope we can look at how we can tackle them together.

So, now that we have had the chance to organize ourselves, let’s look at emotional management.

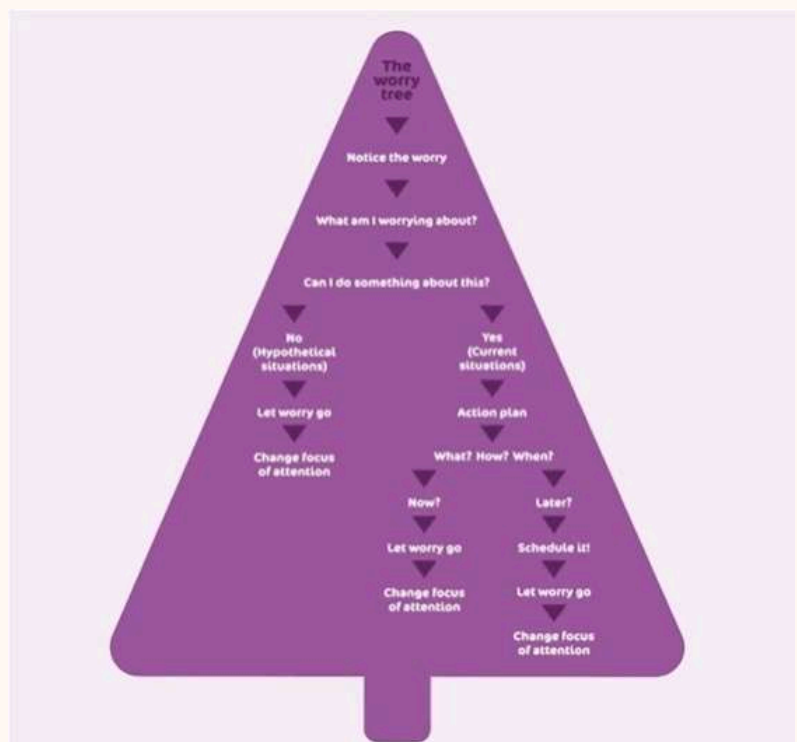
As you are progressing with your studies and revision, there might be times when you can already start feeling the jitters.

Let's try to see if we can make an Inside Out-like person from this stress. Here, it is not important that the stress is person per say. It can even be a blob of color. The point overall is to be able to have some "thing" that we can use to communicate with. It can be helpful to see whether the stress has a name, gender, clothing or symbol. It is not at all mandatory to think about all these characteristics. Here are some ideas that from students in past sessions with me:



As we befriend the stress, we can start talking to it. You can use a concept called a worry tree if you would like or you can just simply talk if that makes you feel comfortable.

With the worry tree, as the word suggests, we make a flow chart out of the worries we may be having. When the worry keeps returning, we have a rational but relatable explanation to help tackle it. You can see an example from a video provided by the NHS [\[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hv9AwGuY0iU\]](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hv9AwGuY0iU) but I have also captured an example from the video:



You could also visualize something that is helpful for you. Again, this can be anything that you are comfortable with. It does not necessarily have to be a “happy place” but a place that can help stabilize your mind. For example, like a park, forest, beach or even a rollercoaster. Use your senses in this space – what are you seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting or even holding.

It could also be helpful to have an anchor when you are trying visualization. In addition to focusing on stabilizing, the anchor can also help bring us back to reality. Again, the senses can be helpful here. Especially something that you can hold on to – like a pen, key, locket, scarf, etc.

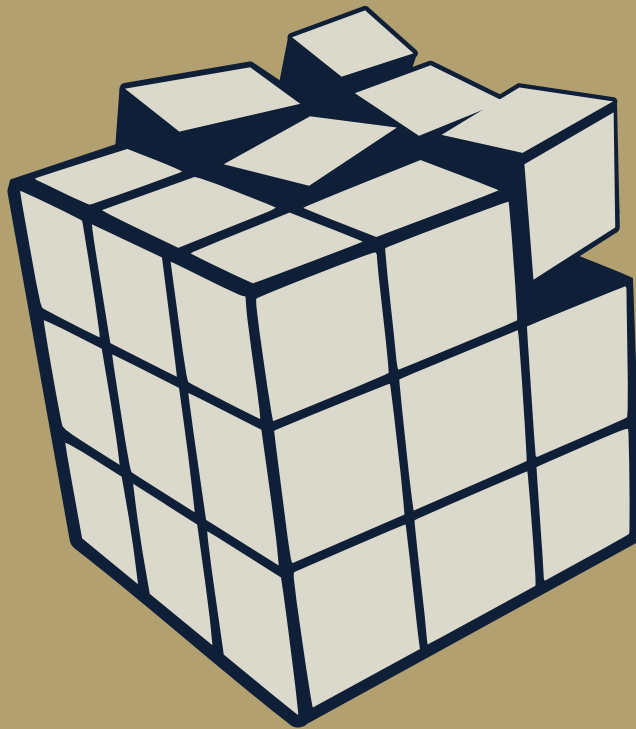
This may sound like one more cliché, but self-care is very important. Most importantly, it is very helpful to make sure you are taking enough breaks. Feel free to choose what you would like to do in this break according to whatever feels comfortable. This could range from doing something that requires no thinking at all to maybe thinking about another subject.

You are not alone. I know the above phrase is one last cliché, but I have seen firsthand how helpful the staff are here at Harrow. We are all here to help, support and figure this all out with you. Know that you can ask your tutor for help, that you can ask your Boarding team for support, and you are more than welcome to talk with me in my room [no. G17].

So, and I mean this genuinely and honestly, “You’ve got this! 화이팅!”



CHALLENGE ACCEPTED



HARROW

WORDSEARCH

w a a q b e n g a l u r u g r d o b
o h a r r o w w f n r q c t e r g y
d b q i l l e k r e e z u s f u m g
m f k m a o w z s d l w t e m r x b
r o f a l h o n o u r l l j l i q a
p n r h a r r o v i a n o a l e d t
a v o e b r a d b y s h k w n s h c
p j w k t p x z d i y y k x s d e s
h j o x l o e x a g b q i i x h s e
y y p j h z n g p l e m h m h m i l
h u x z b z p s h u m i l i t y y p
c o u r a g e l y w a o h a p l i w

MORETONS

FELLOWSHIP

HARROW

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