

*Third Edition*

# MERAKI

*May 2018*



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# COVER STORY-

## Gun Violence

**26th July 1764, Greencastle, Pennsylvania.**

*Everyone stood in the rain, by the casket of Enoch Brown and wailed, eyes all puffy and sore. The air was thick with an aura of darkness, the first of many sins committed.*

*Inside the open casket of Brown, lay a lifeless body, the body of a man who used to be. The hole of the bullet was seen clearly on his forehead. Besides his casket lay those of seven others, massacred at the tender age of fifteen.*

**21st January 1860, Todd County, Kentucky.**

*Col. Elijah Sebree was in his office when he heard the news. By the time he had reached his son, it was too late. He stood in his army uniform besides the lifeless body of his son. The air was laden with boughs of betrayal. The law, the system he served, had failed him. The bullet was still in the body of he who had been his son, and Col. Sebree felt the bullet carving a hole through his heart, piercing him, breaking him.*

**12th November 1966, Mesa, Arizona.**

*The Rose-Mar College of beauty had been attacked. Eighteen-year-old Bob Smith was holding several women hostage. The room was musk with sweat and gunpowder, and the floors were contaminated with blood. Prayers and dreams vanished into thin air as the sound of the gun went off. Four women were found dead alongside a three-year-old girl. A father, who had once carried a carefree, spirited child on his back now moved the mortal remains of that child. His eyes were red and bloodshot, matching his clothes, which were covered with the blood of his daughter.*

**3rd April 2007, Binghamton, New York.**

*The noise of the bullets filled the halls of the Immigrant Center. Fear spread faster than an airborne disease. Wong, 41, left the shooting to impulse. 13 died that day. That night, candles were raised, tears were shed, and the dead were remembered. Missed. Friends and family felt the agony seeping through their bones. Many had fled, to escape from countries born of violence, in search of peace, only to meet a violent end.*

Source: <http://phillys7thward.org/2018/03/ive-known-gun-violence/>

**14th February 2018, Parkland, Florida.**

*The day that celebrates love will now be forever tainted by the memories of blood, fear, and tears. As nineteen-year-old Cruz walked back into the halls of his school, he brought terror and nightmares along with him. Prayer after prayer fled up like birds from everyone's frightened spirit. Some got the chance to say their goodbyes, most*

*didn't. Seventeen were shot and killed and seventeen more injured.*

***How many more injuries, how many more deaths, how many more funerals? Apathy has taken over our world. Apathy. Since when did we become a species that left our own to die? When did we become that species that killed our own? When did our conscience perish and when did our souls wither?***

Centuries have passed, and yet, no gun control laws have been adopted. For how long will we let the history of our world be painted with blood, gore, and violence? When will we learn from our mistakes and the mistakes of people before us? How many more funerals will we stand at, with tears streaming down our faces, reminiscing the lost potential of the dead? How many more speeches will there be, with strained voices from crying, eulogizing the people that everyone has lost? How many more will have to lose their children, siblings, friends, colleague, spouses? How many marches, funerals, memorials, and protests will it take to understand that the system is broken?!



Source: <http://blogs.g.org/lac/2013/03/20/the-relevance-of-passover-gun-violence-prevention-cedar-supplement/>

a brighter tomorrow.

Peace. They all joined their hands in a union, in strength, in hope. In the hope of a better future, the power to fight for tomorrow. Under the glistening stars, they stood, thinking about the dark nights, the sleepless nights and the aching, agonizing pain. Their hearts still hurting and mourning the loss of the ones they loved, the ones they lost. But hope prevailed. The days would be long, the battle arduous, but their loss would fill them with the fuel, the drive to fight. The battle would be long, but they could already smell the sweet scent of victory in the air. They joined their forces, for vengeance, for loyalty, for love, for justice, and most of all, for

Arpita S Kudur IB1



Source: <http://phillys7thward.org/2018/03/ive-known-gun-violence/>

# EVENTS

3rd of April- Senior Inter-house quiz competition- The four houses competed to win the first ever quiz competition of the school! After an intense 5 rounds, Blue house earned the name of the winner.

4th of April- Intercultural Visit (French students) - Candor for a day hosted French Students who were visiting India to learn about our culture and heritage. Sarla Birla Academy brings them in through an exchange program and every year Candor hosts French Students to encourage intercultural and linguistic exchange between our students and them.

13th of April- Swimming Gala- It was an enthusiastic event, where students from grades 1-5 showed-off their swimming skills.

16th-18th of April- IBDP Evaluation Visit

20th of April- PYP Exhibition(grade 5)- A lovely break for the middle schoolers during their Checkpoint exams. From Polaroid pictures to delicious treats, it was perfect!

25th of April- SPICMACAY- The students of the school were graced by the presence of the renowned Bharatanatyam dancer Vidwan Shri Praveen Kumar and his team of Carnatic musicians who beautifully captured the essence of true Indian art forms.

27th of April- Design Workshop- This workshop is a collaboration of College Counselling and CAS experience under Creativity component.

27th of April to 18th of May- The IBDP exams started and ended on the respective dates.

4th of May- Transition Day- A day of discovery for the little ones of grade 5 as they experienced a day in the life of their seniors(6th graders) since they soon will be middle schoolers.

11th of May- PYP conference

14th of May- Dance assembly- A one of a kind assembly with back-to-back dance performances, including energy like never before. The assembly sure did get rid of the usual Monday morning blues.

19th of May- Grade 12 Graduation- The event had a mixed vibe. Starting with everyone being excited about their accomplishments to suddenly feeling a wave of melancholy as they sang the school song for the last time and bid their teachers and juniors good-bye officially.

21st of May- Music assembly- It was a great way to bring the entire school together as students from all grades of Middle School

participated. The assembly included all types of music, from self-composed songs to rap to instrumental solos, it was an absolute joy.

7th of June- Activity Day-To end the academic year on a fun note, the school decided to host a day of attention-grasping activities for grade 6 and above.

7th of June- PYP graduation.



# STEPHEN HAWKING

## A TRIBUTE

The second anyone hears this name; they know who this person is immediately. Brilliant, talented, determined, and without a doubt capable of doing the impossible. Without him, the world wouldn't have half the knowledge that it has today. A celebrated mind in the world and an iconic voice in the field of science, Stephen Hawking was a cosmologist, theoretical physicist, author, and a director of research at the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology at the University of Cambridge.

**"Life would be tragic if it weren't funny"**  
**Stephen Hawking**

Hawking was born on 8th January 1942 in Oxford, England. When he was eight, his parents moved him to St. Albans (a city in England) where at the age of eleven he went to St. Albans School. Later, he went to University College, Oxford. Even though his father wanted him to study medicine, Hawking had a passion for mathematics and wanted to pursue it. However, math was not available at University College, so he opted for physics instead.

In October 1962, Stephen came to the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics (DAMTP) at the University of Cambridge to research cosmology, even though there was no one in this area at the time. After gaining his Ph.D. in 1965 with his thesis "Properties of Expanding Universes" he became a research fellow, and then Fellow for Distinction in Science at Gonville & Caius college in 1969. In 1966, he also won the Adams Prize for his essay "Singularities and the Geometry of Space-Time.". Stephen moved to the Institute of Astronomy in 1968 but moved back to DAMTP as a research assistant. He then published his first book, The Large Scale Structure of Space-Time with George Ellis.



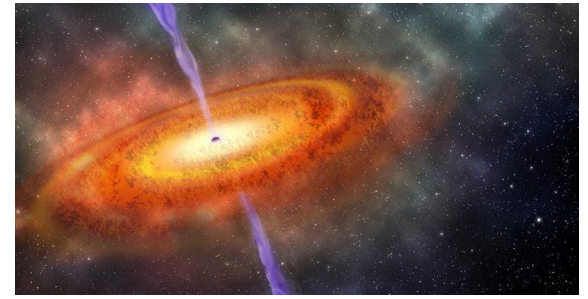
Source: <http://www.hawking.org.uk>

Over the next course of years, Stephen was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (1974) and Sherman Fairchild Distinguished Scholar at the California Institute of Technology (1974). He then became a Reader in Gravitational Physics at DAMTP (1975) and advanced to Professor of Gravitational Physics (1977). He then held the position of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics (1979-2009). From 2009, Stephen worked at the Dennis Stanton Avery and Sally Tsui Wong-Avery Director of Research at DAMTP.

Hawking was well-known for his laws that defined the universe. His most famous one is probably his theory of black holes. With Roger Penrose, he showed that Einstein's general theory of relativity implied space and time would have a beginning in the Big Bang and an end in black holes in 1970. This ended up being one of the significant scientific developments in the 20th century.

Till the end of his life, Stephen Hawking worked to find an answer to the black hole information paradox.

He received thirteen honorary degrees. He earned the CBE (1982), Companion of Honour (1989) and the Presidential Medal of Freedom (2009) with all his effort and hard work, he truly deserved it.



<https://www.space.com/39988-black-hole-mysteries-stephen-hawking.html>

He was the recipient of many awards, medals and prizes, most notably the Fundamental Physics prize (2013), Copley Medal (2006) and the Wolf Foundation prize (1988). He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the US National Academy of Sciences and the Pontifical Academy of Sciences.

In 1963, Stephen was diagnosed with ALS, a form of Motor Neurone Disease, shortly after his 21st birthday. He used a wheelchair and had to use a speaking device for communication. However, as he said, "Intelligence is the ability to adapt to change.". Hawking may have deprived of some of his abilities, but that did not make him any less capable of doing the extraordinary. Stephen Hawking is an inspiration who will be looked up to until the end of time.

Jhanvi Vipin IX-B

## TATA NEXON

The most recent launch from Tata was the Nexon, a car that competes with cars like the Renault Duster, and Suzuki's Vitara Brezza. The Nexon uses a 1.5L diesel and a 1.2L petrol motor. These engines are paired to a 6-speed manual transmission. However, the car is set to be launched with an automatic system in a few weeks.

At this price point, the car features a great many practical features. There is loads of space to carry four members with ease; the suspension is designed to battle rutted, uneven jarred roads. What is most surprising is the fact that Tata carried over many of the design elements that were present as a theory to the actual car.

Tata has been launching cars with features no one could think of at the price point, for example, they come with Harman Kardon speakers. The multi-information display (MID) provides information such as real-time fuel economy gear, shift indication, and various other features. All this and more? Well yes, the bottle holders can hold one 1L bottle, and there is an umbrella holder that is suited for six different sizes of umbrellas. Coming back to technology, there is a 6.5-inch matte finished touchscreen with eight-speaker audio developed by Harman. The touchscreen also doubles as the rivers camera with adaptive guidelines.

How does the engine perform?

The 1.5L diesel engine churns out an impressive 110bhp and 260 Nm of torque. I obviously have not had the

chance to experience it personally, but here is what various sources have to say. Team-bhp mentioned that “it is eager to get off the line even in second gear without any hesitation,” now that is something. With the 6th gear, it makes highway runs a breeze, due to proper torque distribution.

Coming to the petrol well it is the same three-cylinder Revotron that produces 110 bhp and 170 NM of torque. The torque puts on par with the Ford EcoSport. It has the same TA6300 6 speed manual gearbox. Now sources say that the throttle response is not as sharp as one may prefer in city mode, change it to sport and the car feels eager to take of improving the throttle response immediately.

What makes the Nexon that much better?

As we have seen the previous launches from Tata such as the Bolt, Zest, and Hexa are nothing but a significant refresh of a model that was not selling well. But what Tata did with the Tiago, Tigor, and the Nexon is different. Okay, I agree that some of the switchgear may be starting to show its age in the Nexon, and you may still find rattling plastics. This can now be overshadowed by the fact that Tata has got many things right, starting with the ride quality and handling, followed by the engines as we know its main rival is still missing a petrol engine (Vitara Brezza).

How is it on the pocket?

The Nexon manages to fit comfortably regarding running costs as spares for both the engines are low, and even better Tata managed to win JD powers awards for the best customer service index.

Would I buy the Nexon over its competition?

For me, I would look at the Nexon as a real deal when compared to the others in this segment, sure it may not have the handling capabilities of the Ford Ecosport, but the Nexon has more cabin space.



Source: [http://stat.Overdrive.in/wp-content/uploads/gallery/2017/07/37065\\_tata\\_nexon\\_suv-013.jpg](http://stat.Overdrive.in/wp-content/uploads/gallery/2017/07/37065_tata_nexon_suv-013.jpg)

When compared to the Vitara Brezza I would still pick the Nexon and here's why. The Nexon has the presence and looks that turns heads; it indeed is unique looking. The second reason would be the space, along with the ride quality and overall performance on the road. At the end of the day, it is the more practical buy, especially the diesel automatic that will be launched shortly. This was my opinion on the Tata Nexon.

Aniruddha Sudhir IB1

## STARLIGHT AMOUR

She sat under the stars her head raised up to meet the glittering orbs. The starlight was reflecting against her pristine blue eyes as the gentle breeze swayed her fiery locks. Time stood still as she sat beneath the twinkling blanket.

She had been sitting in the open meadow for almost twenty minutes. Waiting. Slowly she rose from the grass and walked a few meters to the brook that flowed. Over the creek, a bridge was built. Splinters poked from the sides. The wooden barricade looked rickety and aged. Creepers were twirling themselves around the rails. Damp moss-coated parts of the floor of the bridge. Not many eyes would find this to be of pleasure to look at. Yet, from the twinkle in her ocean eyes, you could see the appreciation whirling. There was a sense of comfort that enveloped her every time she came here. She closed her eyes as she heard the brook flow silently below her. The chirp of the crickets singing in the meadow and the flutter of the wind in her hair. She inhaled the earthy smell this place brought. A smile graced her coral lips.

“Arial” A voice called out. Her eyes snapped open to look at the person who called out to her. Her smile brightened into a grin as she saw her best friend Eric jogging up to her on the bridge. Amusement danced in her eyes as Eric slipped and almost fell over. Carefully sitting down next to her, he turned to her and gave her a mischievous smile. Arial grinned back as her eyes drank in his features that were illuminated by the moon. His shaggy raven hair fell on his forehead. His thick-rimmed glasses framed his hazel eyes that were encircled by speckled green, and his lips were always pulled up into a devious smile. He was the only person that could make her smile the way she did.

“Look up” he whispered. With that, the two of them turned their gazes to the sky. Finally, the wait was over. There in the darkness of the skies, balls of light flashed through the endless skies. A meteor shower. Hundreds of them zoomed across the sky illuminating the night. Arial's heart thudded against her chest in excitement. She had been waiting for this moment for so long. She didn't blink for, she feared that with that one blink, everything would disappear and this would all be a dream.

Once everything settled down, and their racing hearts calmed down to a steady pulse, they rose from their seated positions and walked down the bridge with their shoulders brushing each other. They walked on for a while in complete silence until Eric abruptly stopped. Arial, confused, turned back and arched an eyebrow up in questioning 'you alright there Eric?' Arial walked slowly towards Eric and looked at him. There was a whirlwind of emotions in his hazel eyes.

Eric had heard what Arial had said, but his eyes were fixated on Arial's face, drinking in her features and memorizing and capturing every little detail of her face. He took in her breathtaking sapphire eyes. Eric memorized every little detail of her face. He didn't blink. His heart was thumping. His mind was clogged. His face paled at the realization of it all. He couldn't fathom how he didn't realize it sooner. He was completely and utterly in love with Arial.

Arial's heart started to pound. He stood so still not a single muscle moved. It was as though he was in a trance that couldn't be broken. The intensity of his gaze made her shiver. He had never looked at her this way before, and it terrified her. She called out to him 'Eric.' He finally blinked. He looked around as though he was confused and then looked at her. His eyes flashed with an emotion she

couldn't read. It was gone as soon as it came. He shook his head lightly and smiled tightly at her. 'Sorry about that. Shall we?' He gestured to his car that was parked a few meters away. Ariel still trying to wrap her head around what had happened a few moments ago merely nodded her head as she followed him to his car.

The silence was deafening as Eric drove the car. Ariel shifted uncomfortably in her seat. It had never been this way. Eric's knuckles turned white from how tight he was holding the steering wheel. His jaw was clenched tightly as he drove the quiet roads. Ariel not able to take the awkwardness anymore softly said 'Stop the car' 'What?' Eric said startled as he took his eyes off the road for a moment to look at Ariel. 'I said stop the car' she said with a little bit more force in her tone. Eric confused by her sudden change in mood, stopped on the side.

Eric looked at her expectantly. Waiting for her to say something. His jaw was taut as he knew what this was about. He sat quietly for a moment and listened to their steady breathing.



Source: <http://www.publicareinzar.info/love-tumblr.html>

Eric let out a sigh and said 'if we stopped for nothing, we should leave. I need to get you home' Just as he was about to start the car, Ariel said in a soft voice 'What happened back there?' Eric's heart stopped. He prayed she wouldn't bring it up. 'What are you talking about' he asked nervously. Ariel shot him a glare. 'You know exactly what I'm talking about' she replied hotly. He cast his eyes down 'It's nothing', 'It's not nothing Eric. You scared me' Eric swallowed the lump in his throat 'It was not my intention, I'm sorry, now can we please go' 'No! Not until you tell me what happened back there' 'Ariel let it go' 'No' she crossed her arms stubbornly. 'Ariel' he warned 'NO.' This continued for a while as their voices kept getting louder and louder until Ariel yelled 'Why can't you just tell me for crying out loud!' 'Because telling you would mean losing you!' he yelled back Ariel's eyes went wide, her heart was hammering, and her cheeks were flushed.

'What are you talking about?' She whispered. Eric sighed again; there was no point lying to her he realized. Taking a deep breath, he mumbled 'I'm in love with you.'

Ariel felt her heart stop. Her breath got stuck in the back of her throat as she tried to process it all. Once everything clicked in her mind, she shook her head and smiled. What she felt was indescribable. She didn't know what to feel. She was in shock. She was overjoyed. She looked at him and gently took his hand in hers. Eric's head shot up and looked at her in astonishment. Ariel chuckled as she said 'I was not expecting that' 'I didn't expect you to' he mumbled. Ariel looked at him as she leaned forward and gave him a small smile. 'I feel the same way too' Eric let out a breath of relief and leaned his forehead against her. Eric intertwined their fingers together, and for once Ariel felt that all was right with the world.

Pranathi Madhusudan IB1

## THE DRAGON'S SHADOW

Akira was riding her dragon, Nightwing soaring across the blue, blue sky, far from the village she lived in. She'd found Nightwing abandoned near a creek in the outskirts of the town she lived in. She thought that he was a crystal lizard since they were scarce, but when the "lizard" started to grow bigger than Akira herself, she had to hide it in an abandoned hut in the outskirts of the village. Every day she had to feed it 38 pounds of beef, 23 gallons of water and bucket of swamp water (she found that when her "lizard" went to a swamp and drank a big gulp of swamp water). Her parents were amazed that she ate so much every day and worried about her health. Akira found that the "lizard" she owned was a dragon, but not just any dragon. He was one of the endangered Averae. There were only 5 in the whole world since people used to eat it in the 200 BC as a snack or supper, as one dragon could feed 15 people as a meal.



Source: <http://www.playbuzz.com/kendalp10/what-dragon-are-you>

Okay, let's get back to the real story, so when Nightwing grew up( she named it Nightwing because she found out that his wings shone slightly in the night). When Nightwing grew up, she learned that he had two hooks that Akira could use for her feet. Now, enough explanation, time for the story!!

The reason Akira had flown away with Nightwing was that today was the annual Dragon Rider race. Whoever had a dragon (which is really hard to find) had to participate. Most families pass down their dragon, one generation after another. Akira's father used to be a Dragon Rider but retired after his dragon threw him off, because Akira's father did not give it swamp water to drink, and you don't want to know what happens when you don't provide swamp water to a dragon.

It was always Akira's dream to be a Dragon Rider, but when she told her dad and cousins, they laughed like it was the funniest joke in the world. Even her mom giggled, and her mom never laughed when the talk was about a dragon because she was one of the people who cleaned dragon poop. Her cousins always used to shout, saying, "Go, clean poop, Dragon Rider." Akira used to cry to her mother, but she said it was too dangerous for a girl to ride a dragon, but she secretly did. Akira never fell from her dragon, because she knew him since he was a baby, and Nightwing was as tame as a hamster since Akira taught it to behave.

Just then Akira had the most wonderful idea. She commanded Nightwing to go back to the hut he lived in. Nightwing knew the way very well. He dropped her off at the cabin, and she fed him some swamp water. "I'll be back in a while," she whispered to him and patted his head lovingly, as she went away. Little did Nightwing know that something will not be right when Akira comes back.

Back at home, Akira ran to the sewing room and took a big pair of trusty scissors and what did she do next?... She CUT HER HAIR. Akira knew that her parents would be super mad at her, but she looked so different that even she couldn't recognize herself, she named herself Akihiro the Dragon Rider.

"Akihiro" quietly sneaked out in the hot afternoon to meet Nightwing, as they had to participate in the race this year. "He" swiftly ran out of the village and to the old hut where he kept Nightwing. At first, Nightwing growled at Akihiro like "he" was a passerby, and Dragons don't like passersby. But Nightwing recognized Akihiro right when they were within a meter's reach. Dragons have a powerful bond with their owner, a boy, a girl, or a girl dressed as a boy. "You recognize me, boy?", asked Akihiro, the dragon whined softly, as he understood everything Akihiro said.

"Time to win the race, boy," said Akihiro to Nightwing, but he didn't know what a race was, or win. So Akihiro explained what they had to do and after practicing several times, they got ready to leave for the race.

They rode as fast as they could because the race started in 6 minutes!! The race was about to start, when Akihiro's cousins came to him,



Source: <https://i.pinimg.com/originals/dc/a9/d7/dca9d71005b82e7359b433f06b0e6dcb.jpg>

"Who are you, new person?", asked one of her cousins. "Ye-yes, I came from another village, to-to participate in this year's Dragon Rider ra-race," stammered Akihiro. "No offense, but you look like our dumb cousin, Akira," said one of Akihiro's cousins. "None ta-taken," stammered Akihiro. "THE RACE IS GOING START IN 1 MINUTE", shouted the commentator.

"3.2.1-GOOOOO" shouted the commentator.

Everyone started and left dust behind, including Akihiro. Akihiro was ...in the lead at first but got overtaken by one of her cousins, but where was her second cousin? Right when she was beginning to wonder, her other cousin came and body-slammed the right of her dragon!!! She was dangling on her dragons tail with one hand!

"You think you can fool us? We know your top to bottom, we don't live under a rock like you!" said her cousins. They rode off snickering as they left their cousin dangling 50 feet in the air!! But it was her dream to be a Dragon Rider, and stuff like this was just the beginning of being a Dragon Rider. She somersaulted on to her dragons back 50 feet high and rode off as the people gasped at her bravery, but no one knew except her cousins that she was a girl.



Source: <https://dmaerografie.deviantart.com/art/the-blue-dragon-detail-287629225>

The cousins were about to cross the finish line together, but Nightwing knew how important this race was for Akira, even if he didn't know what a race meant. Nightwing zoomed past the cousins who were an arm's reach from the finish line and crossed the finish line! The

people thought that it was the cousins who won but they saw someone else. The crowd cheered like crazy, but suddenly Akira's dad came fuming out of the crowd, "THAT WAS...AWESOME," he said, and she found out that he was red with excitement, not anger. "We realized that was you from the start. We were pretty shocked and angry at first, but we are proud of your son...err, daughter." And that is how girls also ride dragons and do not clean poop, and Akira, the Dragon Rider's fame, spread all over the nation.

Saachee Moholkar G5

## SINCERITY

Grace. Temptress. Serendipity. These words trickled off of the crest between his lips as he remembered her. The words felt smooth as they rolled off the tip of his tongue; almost as smooth as the curve just above the dimples on her back or the way her auburn hair cascaded effortlessly to frame the soft features that adorned her face. Her stance was enticing. Luring in the eyes that beheld her, like a moth to a flame. The closer it got, the more the fiery blaze would burn with passion and fervor. Was it the way her sultry voice dripped velvet or the way her fragrance bewitched those around her? He couldn't figure out what was so magical about her yet, he felt an undeniable connection towards her.

However, his heart ached as he recollected the numerous times she neglected his advances. Was she truly oblivious to his feelings or was this just another story of unrequited love? He tugged harshly at his disheveled hair trying to decipher the woman he spent years yearning for. He felt like an ordinary man trying to cipher the sacred writings of hieroglyphics. He stood in front of his mirror and examined every detail of his features. His face was sculpted with precision like a curse to challenge the beauty of the Gods. His frame was broad and taut with muscle, his eyes were like gaze into a stormy night sky. His entire existence screamed power and reeked of exquisiteness yet, what about him was not appealing enough? What about him was not just enough? Miles and miles away from him, she lay sprawled across the silk sheets as she whispered to herself, "He lacked sincerity."

Nityasree Kumaraswamy IB1



Source: <https://salesloft.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/06/sincerity.png>

# LOST

Spiraling down down,  
Into chaos.  
Going deeper into darkness,  
I'm lost.

Bruising, scarring, fighting,  
In war with myself.  
Agony makes permanent residence,  
I'm hurting, I'm losing.

Chaos is peace,  
Chaos is home,  
War is home,  
I'm finally home.

Anarchy is the world,  
The world is anarchy.  
I live in the world,  
I am chaos.

The spiral was turmoil,  
It was contoured.  
I was in turmoil,  
I was chaos.

Tranquil is not me,  
Light is not me.  
Darkness is me,  
Chaos is me.

Anarchy is the world,  
The world is anarchy.  
I am chaos.

[Arpita S KudurIB1](#)

# PLAYS OF OUR MIND

All this pressure  
Hangs over us,  
Like a sword.  
Waiting to drop  
At the call  
Of a knight.

A knight so powerful,  
It could unleash,  
All our demons.  
Demons,  
Who come out to play,  
When we're at our weakest.  
When we're in peril.

Some might call this  
The test of strength,  
To see how long,  
We'd be able to  
Bear it.

Some might call it  
A test of wisdom,  
For only the wisest,  
Survive.

Yet we keep forgetting,  
We're just mortal creatures,  
And these are  
The plays of our mind.

[Sanchita Chopra VIII B](#)



Source: [https://www.ted.com/talks/dustin\\_yellin\\_a\\_journey\\_through\\_the\\_mind\\_of\\_an\\_artist](https://www.ted.com/talks/dustin_yellin_a_journey_through_the_mind_of_an_artist)

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