

THE DELONIX

~ A COLLABORATIVE CO-CREATION ~
SRCS - May 2021

Dear Friends,

It gives me immense pleasure to commend the young editorial team to have sprung this new initiative on me. For quoting from Suzie Bitner-

*I once heard an old man say,
Shaping vases out of clay
Into subtle forms sublime
"Listen, son, good things take time."*

This initiative had come up for discussion in one of our editorial meetings about two years ago, and I kept thinking when will this creative platform really take off and I kept thinking of the above lines from Suzie Bitner. And here, we have the First Edition of Delonix rolling out in the glorious summers of May 2021. Wow! I am excited about this, as we as an institution are in real earnest going out hammer and tongs to see that skilled education is adopted in true spirit and direction. And this is one such initiative that the young editorial team guided by Shweta Nishu has put together and will be a forum for creativity.

A word of advice to the young editorial team and Shweta, quoting from an unknown author-

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

For our readers 'Delonix' is an ornamental tree that grows in tropical countries and in English it is given the name royal poinciana. In Dehradun and in our school, we have these trees growing- called flame tree or what we more commonly call *the Gulmohar*.

I wish the editorial team to be like the 'Delonix' and create that soothing and refreshing taste to our senses when we read your articles as it is said in French, present the tableau vivant.

Desmond D'Monte

Contents:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1...Editor's Note | 8...Wordsearch |
| 2...A Tribute to The Real Leaders | 9...Recipe to try this Weekend |
| 3...Thought Pollution | 9...Riddles |
| 4...Playlists of the Month | 9...Comic Strips |
| 4...My List | 10...Freedom or Independence |
| 5...Spectrum of the Hues | 11... "See you at 8" |
| 6...35 Things to do During Lockdown 2.0 | 12...Verses |
| 7...The Red Tombstone | 13...Verses |
| | 14...Credits |

A Tribute to the Real Leaders

23rd march...the day we had a little “*thaali-bajao*” movement.

5th April...we had entire blackouts in residential complexes of the nation where we all came together and lit *diyas* to “fight the darkness of coronavirus”

The year being 2020, the year that was.

Let me take you to 2021, the year that...still goes. India was hit by the second wave of this global pandemic approximately around 25th march, 2021. That’s when the double mutant covid variant was detected here. But the situation started deteriorating around mid-April. There was a shortage supply of oxygen cylinders, ventilators, hospital beds as well as workforce.

Amidst the increasing number of cases, we did not forget to criticize our government. We did not forget to gasp and hold our head every morning looking at the fresh number of cases. We did not forget to call and check up on our loved ones that weren’t under the same roof as us.

But what we did forget to do in 2021, the year that was supposed to be spent in positivity (quite ironically pun not intended) we forgot to express our gratitude to the real soldiers in today’s fight. Our doctors, nurses, media reporters, journalists, the police.

Today’s war is not about fatigues, grenades, bullet ammunition...it’s about PPE kits, oxygen cylinders, medicines. and our soldiers? The doctors, who spend days at a time in hospitals and work 15-hour long shifts wearing that same PPE kit that drenches them in their own sweat. The nurses who run around the entire hospital looking for empty beds and cylinders to be filled, checking hundreds of people’s oxygen levels and temperature. The entire hospital staff that puts their life at risk just to save someone else’s. The ones who have left their families to make sure that another one doesn’t lose a beloved member,

The helpline workers who stay up all night working shifts waiting for calls in case of emergencies. The media personnel who go from venue to venue reporting the issues so that common people like us can come forward and help in any way that we can. The ambulance drivers that do not stand calmly for a single second to just stretch their legs in case they have to rush to the other side of town for another patient with their oxygen levels dropping or skyrocketing temperatures.

Last year’s headlines comprised of articles that elevated this workforce to a superior level at testing times like these. This year the situation is practically the opposite. In Bengaluru the staff had to vacate the ICU in fear of angry family members of those deceased. Doctors are not “God’s incarnations” anymore. They are now the targets of covid bereaved families.

For a second, sit down and give this a thought. That brave medical army works day in and day out to save lives while jeopardising their own. Everyday these selfless warriors walk onto their battlefield, weapons in hand ready to fight yet another day. Within 24 hours they win some of these fights but lose some too... they see the gratification of healing patients but moreover face the death of those who couldn’t make it.

The pressure on these healthcare professionals has been extreme. And not for another minute should we stop being thankful for what they have done. The entirety of a whole nation will forever be grateful to them and their sacrifices. We may not have another moment where we applaud them will claps and utensils but what we could do is keep them in our prayers while we pray for the well-being of those associated to us.

So, for all soldiers reading this, we thank you for all your hard work and support. Your humility, kindness and strength are greatly appreciated. Thank for being the nation’s heart and soul for the war against covid-19.

- Gaurisa Dhawan (11H)

Thought Pollution

Have you ever been in an arena of life, witnessed strife between Satan on one shoulder and the white halo-headed angel on the other and wistfully seen the devil rejoice in victory?

Most people in today's times have. This is because of all the negative thoughts which have started creeping into our minds. Thought pollution is nothing, but the corruption of minds. Sadly, in today's generation, it is an incessant social disease.

Society has been an vital part of our lives. Due to its indispensability, it often pressurises people to act a certain way. This stress leads to building a home of nefarious thoughts in the minds of pupils which can be so exceedingly negative that people might go to the extent of hurting others around them, their own selves or in some scenarios, committing suicide.

Our history has been proof of numerous incidents where the corruption of the minds can be seen. Such an incident, was the Hiroshima and Nagasaki nuclear bomb blasting in Japan. What people fail to realize is that, before these bombs were manufactured in the USA, the idea was constructed in the minds of the people out of the mere desire for vengeance. Although we have come a long way since this incident, people's thought process is still identical. Propagandas of terrorism are being indoctrinated in common people in the name of religion. They sow the seeds of negativity, making people choose the faulty path in life.



Unfortunately, social practises of bigotry, racism, discrimination on the basis of caste, creed and gender have agreeably caused a lot of innocent deaths in the modern, most mentally affected, generation. The Internet, supposedly a boon has proven to be a hub for invalidating thoughts. It portrays profanities, lewd videos and violence across a young generation vandalizing their brains. Due to this, their mind is becoming as soft as cheese, they are losing the ability to think and differentiate between good and bad.

The only way to wipe away these thoughts is by inculcating optimism in children. This practice will lead the children to instil universal peace, love and humanitarian values in their lives. These children will later grow up to be wise adults wanting to defenestrate social negativity. People must try to eradicate illiteracy from this world. The end of illiteracy will also be the end of pessimistic thoughts because, "One child, one teacher, one book, one pen can change the world."

- Swastikaa Khanna

PLAYLISTS OF THE MONTH

2010-2021



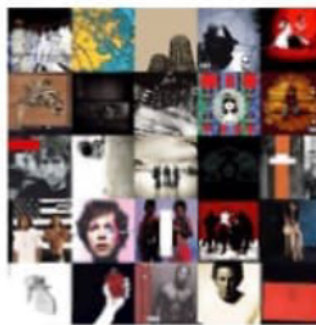
The 90s



The 80s



The 2000s



The 70s



MY LIST

ENGLISH MOVIES:

- Avengers: Endgame
- Suicide Squad



ENGLISH SERIES:

- Lucifer
- Schitt's Creek
- Ginny & Georgia



HINDI MOVIES:

- Article 15
- Zindagi na Milegi Dobra



HINDI SERIES:

- Mirzapur
- Mismatched
- College Romance

INTERNATIONAL SERIES:

- It's Okay to Not be Okay
- 2gether: The Series
- Freud

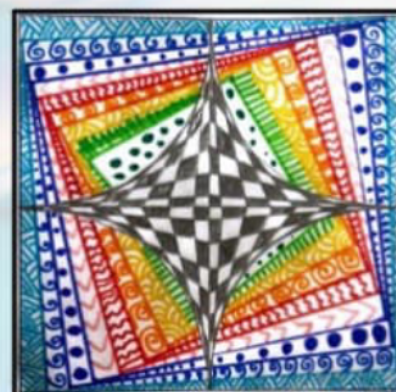
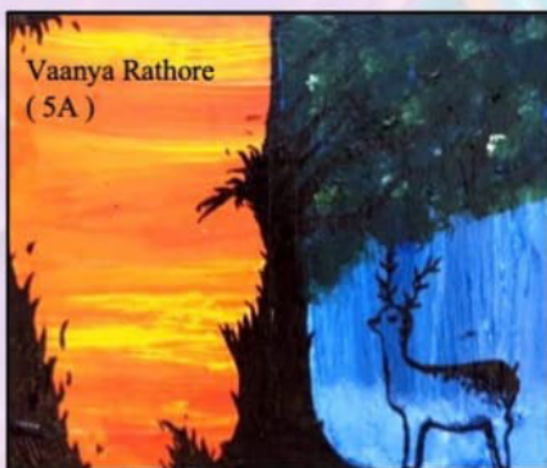
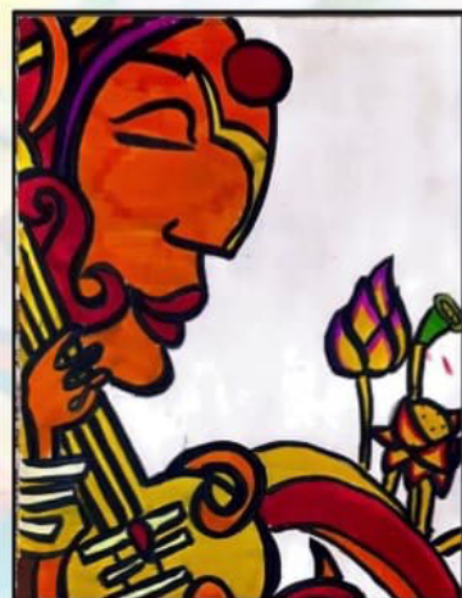


ANIME:

- Demon Slayer
- Death Note
- Attack on Titan



Spectrum of the hues



35 Things To Do During Lockdown 2.0

***Bored of being bored, because being bored is boring?
Here are some fun things for you to do:-***

1. Take up **KNITTING** or **CROCHET**. Sounds boring ? Well, give it a try and thank me later.
2. Give yourself a break and binge watch some new series.
3. Binge watched the series? Now give **READING** a try!
4. Getting ideas for your dream life? Start by creating a Pinterest mood board.
5. Give yourself a new haircut. Worried you're not going to like it? Relax, the hair is going to **GROW BACK**.
6. Feel that the pandemic is making you lazy? This is your sign to get up and workout.
7. Want to do something different? Learn a new language.
8. Declutter your phone. It also deserves a cleanse!
9. Feeling wild? Go on a social media detox.
10. Journal and rant out your feelings.
11. Want to document some old memories? Create a photo album.
12. Create a bucket list for once you're free to step out.
13. Don't forget to hydrate yourself! Every sip makes a difference.
14. Give yoga a try. Trust me, it works!
15. This pandemic is not only hard for you but also for your friends. So give them a call!
16. In need of a new summer wardrobe but the malls are closed? Shop online instead.
17. Try baking. I promise, **IT IS** therapeutic.
18. Do you find yourself on your bed at every point of the day? If yes, then clean your room.
19. It's high time now, so get that messed up sleep schedule back on track.
20. Liked the food your mother made today? Give her the compliment that she deserves .
21. Wake up early and watch the beautiful sunrise.
22. Want to spend time with your family? Have a movie night. You could never go wrong with a harry potter marathon.
23. Experiment with some recipes or make one of your own.
24. Start a YouTube channel and get on the train to clout.
25. Want to exercise your brain? Try doing some tongue twisters!
26. Make a playlist of all the songs you love or maybe for someone you love.
27. Literature genius? Write a book.
28. Learn how to do a split (of course be careful)
29. Let that creativity flow and write a poem.
30. I know your closet is a mess. Do yourself a favour and organise it.
31. Tell yourself that you are loved.
32. Try writing a letter to yourself and open it on your next birthday.
33. Want to feel nostalgic? Play some of your childhood games (maybe twister).
34. Give this article's writer a follow on Instagram [@swastika_____23](#)
35. Stay positive because we are in this together :)

- Swastikaa Khanna (11H)

The Red Tombstone

It was a sultry summer Sunday. I was wearing my shoes when I heard my friends call my name. I headed downstairs as I was already late. Every Sunday, my friends Skylar, Julie, Alec, Andrew and I used to go to the Silvanus woods to play on our bicycles. I said, "Sorry guys, for being late."

"At this point we are not even surprised." they replied in unison. I couldn't help but blush.

We didn't waste a moment and on our bicycles headed towards the park. It was an easy ride. As soon as we were about to the sand pit to play, Julie tripped and fell. At first we thought she was being her usual clumsy self, but then we realised that she had tripped over a scroll. Julie picked it up and brought it to us. Alec asked "What is this?" "It seems to be a scroll," said Julie. "What is a scroll doing here?," Andrew enquired.

Putting this futile conversation to an end I opened the scroll. Every one curiously peeped in to see what it said. It appeared to be a map which would lead us to...The Red Tombstone. Before that we would have to cross the deadly 'Red Rope' bridge and 'Thorny Apple Vineyard'.

I was excited about this adventure but my friends did not seem to be interested.

"Come on! Why are you so stupidly lazing about? Get up and stop acting like snails," I said. "Okay, Geez. Calm down Amelia!" said Andrew, surprised at my outburst. We are ready for this adventure, he said. We followed the path the map told us to get to the Red - Rope bridge.

When we arrived there we understood that it was the red ropes which it was made of, that gave it its name. "Walk carefully and don't rush. This bridge doesn't look very sturdy to me." I warned them, 'Skylar you go first as you practically are as light as a feather.' I said. She agreed with me. Just as she started crossing, one of the ropes started to rip up, 'Skylar! Get off! The rope's ripping!' Julie shouted. Luckily Skylar hadn't gone very far, she ran back but the rope wasn't in good shape, it had ripped up completely!

"Now what on earth are we supposed to do?" asked Andrew, "We build something new." I said. "Are you out of your mind? How on earth are we supposed to do that?" asked Andrew. "I see a few vines growing here. The bridge isn't ripped up completely, so we could tie it up and make a new rope." I said, "I guess it's a good idea" agreed Andrew.

I went and got a small vine and tied it up with the ripped rope. We all ran across together holding one rope. Just as we stepped foot on the ground the bridge broke and fell down the cliff.

We walked a little further and saw the apple vineyard. "We have to walk through a lane of juicy apple trees. But be warned. The apples have invisible thorns sticking on them. As soon as you touch the apple, the thorns will prick you and it will cause immense pain." I said. "Oh my goodness! Amelia sure knows her way around Silvanus Wood!" Skylar whispered.

Everyone curbed their temptation to have the juicy apples and trudged with patience. On crossing the apple vineyard, we walked down a path and reached the Redstone Tomb. All of us squealed in excitement. Moving closer we detected that there was no door to be found. Just then, Andrew picked up a rock and the door opened.

We scurried inside. The sight we saw had left us aghast. The place looked heavenly. There was a river flowing through the middle and on the bank were beautiful apple trees. But instead of the real ones, jewelled apples hung from the branches. Near these trees were some bushes which grew gemstones instead of berries. We ran towards them and plucked as many gems and apples as we could to put in our bags.

When a feeling of mutual content settled in our hearts, we decided to leave the place and not tell a soul about it. We came out of the tomb and decided to walk home. "Oh, I forgot my watch there. Come with me so I can grab it real quick," said Julie.

Just as we turned around to back we were left baffled. The red tombstone had vanished. A sense of panic ran over our bodies. We started going through our bags to check if the jewels were still there. They had vanished too! In less than a second, our happy faces turned into disappointed ones. But looking at each other's sullen expressions we could not contain it and burst out laughing.



Word Search & Sudoku

T	O	G	R	A	R	D	V	A	M	I	V	R	T	N
Q	V	A	M	Y	I	E	V	R	N	V	A	C	O	T
J	H	G	L	A	R	Q	G	T	Z	L	V	C	N	N
N	B	S	L	I	F	A	E	I	U	I	I	K	G	E
O	H	E	I	M	N	R	L	C	O	X	D	V	U	C
I	C	S	M	R	C	G	A	U	E	N	W	I	E	C
T	E	I	R	H	E	N	U	L	B	D	A	N	O	A
A	R	G	A	K	R	B	O	A	T	A	C	L	P	M
S	E	N	E	E	E	G	B	T	F	R	C	A	X	T
R	G	A	V	S	N	N	Y	I	A	R	T	O	J	N
E	G	L	Q	I	O	T	Z	O	G	O	A	R	V	A
V	C	C	L	S	B	R	E	N	I	X	K	N	T	C
N	N	O	G	R	A	J	P	S	S	P	E	E	C	H
O	B	R	O	G	U	E	N	O	I	T	C	I	D	A
C	B	C	O	M	M	U	N	I	C	A	T	I	O	N

ACCENT
 ARGOT
 ARTICULATION
 BROGUE
 CANT
 COMMUNICATI
 ON
 CONVERSATION
 DIALECT
 DICTION
 GIBBERISH
 IDIOM
 INTERCHANGE

3		1			6	9		2
9			2	5				6
2						3	8	
			1		2			
		3		8		1		
			7		5			
	3	9						1
4				1	8			9
1		7		2		6		8

JARGON
 LEXICON
 LINGO
 LINGUA
 FRANCA
 PATOIS
 PROSE
 REGIONAL
 SIGNAL
 SPEECH
 TONGUE
 VERNACULAR
 VOCABULARY

Recipe to Try This Weekend

BOILED EGG SANDWICH

INGREDIENTS:

1. 4 slices of bread
2. 2 boiled eggs
3. 1 small onion
4. 2 green chilies
5. Green chutney
6. Salt
7. Chili flakes
8. Oregano
9. Butter



METHOD:

1. Grate boiled eggs and add the chutney, chilies, chopped onions, chili flakes, salt and oregano.
2. Mix well.
3. Butter the bread and spread the egg mixture evenly. Cover with another slice of buttered bread.
4. Voila! You can either grill the sandwich or eat it cold.

- Chitrakshi Malhotra

RIDDLES

1. If you've got me, you want to share me; if you share me, you haven't kept me. What am I?
2. I am an odd number but if you took a letter away, I become even. What number am I?
3. What begins with an 'E' and only contains one letter?
4. What is so fragile that even saying its name breaks it?



ANSWERS

1. a secret; 2. seven; 3. an envelope; 4. silence

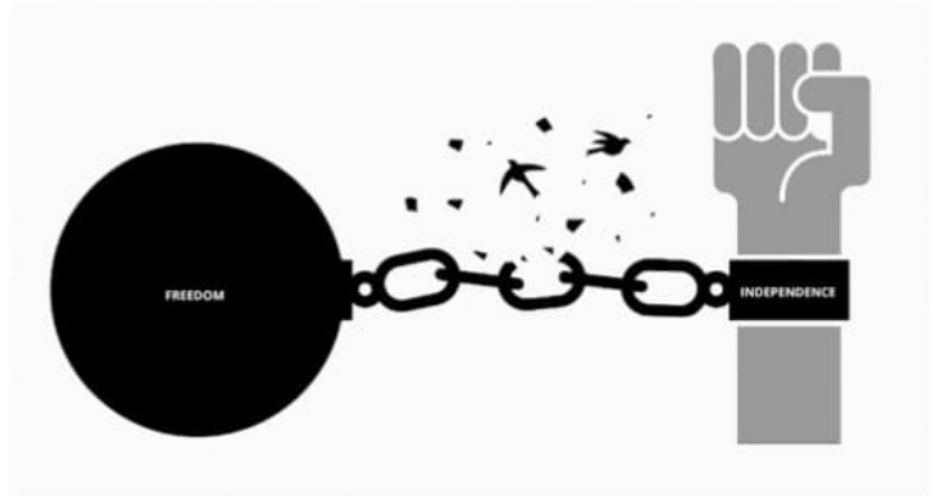
- Arohi Singh

Freedom or Independence

“I am no bird; and no net ensnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will.”

— **Charlotte Brontë**

Freedom and Independence, very similar words, to the point where we often use them interchangeably. One might think that if we have freedom, then we also have independence, or if we are independent then we are free, right. Let us think about differently abled people, they are socially and politically free but usually depend on their families for their day-to-day needs and activities. Think about prisoners, they are independent, in the sense that they can do their daily tasks on their own, but they cannot go or live wherever they want to, they are confined and need to abide by the strict prison rules and routine. One cannot consider prisoners free. These are a few of the many examples of how a person can be independent but not free, and vice versa. Well, this makes us conclude that there is indeed some difference between both terms.



So, what is the difference? As stated by the oxford dictionary, freedom is the power to act, speak, or think as one wants and, independence is the condition of not depending on another for livelihood or subsistence. In simple words, freedom is the right to do what you want to do, whereas independence is the state of not requiring help from someone for what your daily needs.

Let me explain this further by giving an example of India because the first thought that strikes my mind when I hear either of these words is India's struggle against British rule. On the 15th August, 1947, after great upheaval and sacrifice, India gained Independence from the British. After that day, India did not need any foreign help to govern it. On this day, India also gained its freedom, which meant that Indians could do whatever they wanted to and could decide the destiny of their country.

However, Freedom and Independence always come with a catch.

On one hand, freedom gives us the right to stand up and raise our voices without fear of retaliation. But it does NOT give us the right to spread hate against the other communities, religions, races, regions, castes or genders and abuse our constitution. ? If people have absolute freedom there are going to be no rules, no regulations, no laws and no justice. Running a country would become impossible and the whole society will plunge into chaos. Therefore, absolute freedom is a myth.

However, what about independence? Can one ever be fully independent? Let us take the example of a person who is the Chief Executive Officer of his company. Even after having his own house, car, stable income, we cannot deem him as fully independent. His dependency lies on shareholders, employees and most importantly, on his family for love and intrinsic support. It is the fact that human society runs on inter-dependence hereby complying that absolute independence is also a myth.

The society of a nation needs the optimum balance of freedom and independence. Both elements form the pillars to support a healthy democracy and must not be taken for granted. As Brighton Young rightly said, “True independence and freedom can only exist in doing what's right” In the end, be it children or adults, we all want to be independent and free. It is a basic human tenet to initially be independent and then strive for freedom.

“See you at 8’o’ clock in the evening.”

The notification from my friend circle’s group flashed on my lock screen. My pulse increased to a hundred and fifty beats per minute and the next moment I felt my heart sink to a bottomless pit. I was stuck in a dilemma of going for the party with my friends at night or making an excuse because my family would not allow it. Should I give in to the temptation or be bold enough to say that I cannot make it? I am not the only one in today’s generation who confronts with numerous such issues every day and sometimes several times in a day.

Right from childhood, our family tries to instil many beliefs and values in us, which we imbibe within ourselves. We are often taught high moral values so that we walk on a path which is like the “Road less travelled”. Very few walk on this path but those who do reach great heights that no one can stop them from ascending to.

Our peer group always pressurises us to do certain things that give us momentary happiness. It can be from bunking a class to go for a movie or grouping against someone, lying in school and at home and addition of new pressures like being a part of social media websites, updating your status so that you are a part of the bandwagon. Sometimes the pressure is so immense that in spite of being at home physically, mentally we are occupied with the thought of putting an Instagram or Facebook post. Sometimes there is a family gathering and instead of being part of it whole heartedly we are thinking of clicking pictures and then editing it to such level that it seems like an extraordinary event.

These days every group has some ground rules and members are expected to behave in a certain way, if they do not – then they are considered as an outsider. Just to fit into these difficult slots they tend to push aside those family values, with which they grew up.



My family always taught me to treat everyone equally whatever be the status but sometimes I feel trapped when peer pressure expects me to act cool or behave rudely towards someone.

Though I feel I am in a dilemma many times but on the other hand, I feel my roots are very strong and the values given by my family are strong. So no matter how great the party could be, I sent my regrets and took the “Road less travelled.”

- Aahana Kapoor (9C)

Verses

Fate asked the person,
"Can you withstand the storm?"
He whispered back,
"I am the storm
For I am the man
The storm in your life
Reminding you of life and strife
Reminding you of dreams never lived
Trying to tell you, everything there is
I am the storm of change,
For you and your life.

- Saksham Mehta



Lonely are the nights
Lonely are the days
Lonely I am in so many ways
Lonely are the seasons
Lonely are the years
Lonely am I that brings in tears
Lonely is this place Lonely is my life
Lonely is this court room
Lonely is my sentence
Lonely I am, that I ask for regret.

- Chittrakshi Malhotra

As humans we get used to someone
Get used to their tree of love.
And every day that a leaf falls, it brings us joy
A tiny fragment of their feelings exposed to us

But one day...
That one still autumn day
Where the tree lays bare because
All the leaves are gone.
That love you were receiving so customarily
It's not there anymore.

You'll have a cold winter
Where when you call out to them
you hear your voice echo off the mist hanging low in
the air
And you'll retreat to your little hole.
Waiting for that sleep to takeover and freeze the
bitterness

But once you're out of that hibernation.
Out of that trance of frost and desolation,
You'll see the bud of love
Because its spring
And soon enough the warmth will surround you
And if you return that love, that warmth...
Maybe you'll become the flower you always wished
to see.

- Gaurisa Dhawan



Visual representation of
Body dysmorphia:



I dream for the day we all come together,
Mingling together like birds of a feather.
Under the heavens we all sit together,
Without hate and bigotry
Putting us against each other.
No division or separation in the world,
Only love and humbleness all unfurled.
No caste or color,
To make our lives duller.
Maybe all this will only remain a dream,
For none considers the other clean.
Or maybe I shall see this glorious day,
For God knows that's all for what I pray.

- Abhinav Dhasmana

Beauty is what matters not personality,
Our eyes have lost the clarity,
Everyone lives in vanity
Beauty is causing loss of sanity.

Bodies need to be perfect,
Faces need to be flawless,
We are moving far away from reality,
Because it's beauty that matters not clarity.

The heated race for beauty
Is making bodies colder,
Petite figure, perfect shoulders
Is causing loss of humanity,
Because it's beauty that matters not sanity.

We have forgotten how to laugh and live,
We delightfully take but forget to give,
We are living in this world of agony,
Because its beauty that matters not
humanity.

- Swastikaa Khanna

I was sitting on the green grass,
Under the blue sky.
As lonely as the moon in a starless sky.
I was as lonely as a tall tree,
Watching the world
but still, no one beside me.
The world, you can say, is a lonely crowd
Filled with people but still no one around
The loneliness is like a wildfire
The more people you meet,
The more you desire.
Like a rainbow in the Sahara,
Like an arrow without a bow
What's the point of all the crowd...
If you're still alone.

- Ramneek Singh



CREDITS

SR. CORRESPONDENTS

- SWASTIKAA KHANNA
- GAURISA DHAWAN
- CHITRAKSHI MALHOTRA
- HARSHVARDHAN BHATT
- AROHI SINGH
- RAMNEEK SINGH

TEACHERS IN-CHARGE

- DR. SHWETA NISHU

BATCH 2021-23,
for their utmost
cooperation.

JR. CORESPONDENTS

- KYRA GUPTA
- VAANI

SPECIAL THANKS TO

THE PRINCIPAL,
MR. DESMOND D'MONTE

