Parchment and Ink

2022-2023



"A book is made from a tree. It is an assemblage of flat, flexible parts (still called "leaves") imprinted with dark pigmented squiggles. One glance at it and you hear the voice of another person, perhaps someone dead for thousands of years. Across the millennia, the author is speaking, clearly and silently, inside your head, directly to you. Writing is perhaps the greatest of human inventions, binding together people, citizens of distant epochs, who never knew one another. Books break the shackles of time--proof that humans can work magic."

-Carl Sagan

The Team



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Task 1- Musical Manuscript



The Right Track

The oceans and trees are outside,
And a big, bright blue sky too.
But I don't know what to do.
I've been trying so hard, but I can't succeed.
I'm as confused as I ever could be.

My goal is so far,
I couldn't even reach it if I had a trillion cars.
Someone else is ahead of me,
I'm as sad as I could ever be.

The fish swim away,
And the moon goes away at night,
But after some time,
They come back in sight.

The best decision is to go back,
I'm definitely on the right track.

-Maya Budhiraja 6C

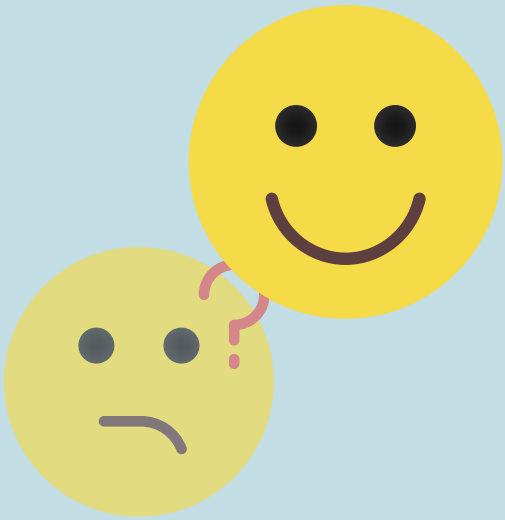
Healing

I felt lonely and dejected,
I thought by people I had been neglected.
I was jealous of how congenial everyone's lives were,
I knew that the time to say goodbye would soon occur.

A ray of hope shone in me,
I felt that needing to do something with my life was key,
I knew I had to slow down,
And enjoy the little moments in my life without a frown.

I needed to focus on the good things,
So I could acknowledge my blessings.
I don't need to be afraid of what people will say,
There is no need for everything to be okay.

-Kavya Ahuja





The monster he unleashed

Running for my life
Midnight of doom
For the creature is upon me,
Who's name fears, everyone with gloom

The forest of death
The mansion with death
It too late now, but I think
"Why did I intrude?"

I need reinforcements
Otherwise I am dead meat
I can't run for much longer
I need to call upon my fleet

Well the tides have turned, devil,
I don't fear your name
Run for you life,
I've beat you at your own game

Kill away-o-souls the damned
Mercy to this monster shall not be shown
In his last breaths, the devil said with a shriek
"I was trying to help, heartless monster" he groaned

-Aman Malhotra 8B

Hard Climb

Sometimes a hill comes that's hard to climb,
You think it will get better over time.
You lose a precious piece of yourself,
Like a torn book on a shelf.

Over time you might feel like you're healing,
But inside there is an empty feeling.
Of sorrow and hope,
But it is equally hard to cope.

The past soon seems lonely,
But you know to help there's you only.
You try to overcome the rough,
Even though it's tough.

A mask as a smile,
Will help you go a mile.
You don't get to stop,
Feels like you'll always be a backdrop.

The joyous moments feel like an illusion
All there is confusion.
For you nothing will pause.
You wonder what could be the cause.

Sit down and think,
Life flashed in a blink.
All that you missed,
Oh, we could make a list.

Realization comes late,
You wonder if it's fate.
The journey was slow but fast,
You wished it could be fixed in a cast...

-Kayana Monga



The Sound That Stirred More Than Just My Soul

It was a day like every other,
Humdrum and mundane.
Monotony- almost tyrannical,
continued its reign.

A routine Wednesday was disrupted
by my intuition's attack.
I sensed something odd
was stirring behind my back.



I revolved to find
my brand-new violin
playing itself!
Around it no skin!

I urged myself to indulge in recce,
But felt I was about to faint.
Then, I heard the violin's song
and adored it without restraint.

At first, the melody was sombre.
It eradicated my distress.
Its endeavour to foil my curiosity
was indeed a huge success.

The tune metamorphosed
from mellow to vivacious.
It soon reached its crescendo.
Falling, but like a swan, ever so gracious.

I thought the exuberant music
made me want to dance.
However, it was really the devil,
putting me under a trance.



My soul was draining.
My personality began to deaden.
Soon I became a pawn, among many
tasked to bring on Armageddon.

Many will argue this can't happen,
not in this day and age.
However, make sure your inner devil
is not let out of its cage.

-Aanya Monga 8B

Carry on

Whatever happens you have to carry on
Even if you lose your dear ones you have to carry on
Life is beautiful
But its harsh too

When it get's harsh
Then also carry on
You might gain something
You might lose something

Happy moments are beautiful but not permanent
So still carry on
People are there only for a time period
So carry on

Life is not only smiles
It is also about tears
Lets leave in the present
And not worry about the past or the future

-Amyra Gupta 7C



Carry You

In my opinion the singer is trying to express
his feelings about how he thinks nature is.
I feel like he is singing this song on the beach
while seeing the sunset in front of a horizon
and relaxing.

But I also felt that in the middle it was a little
sad and the background music was happy.

In the end, he sounded happy too!

-Sarah Gupta



Train to paradise

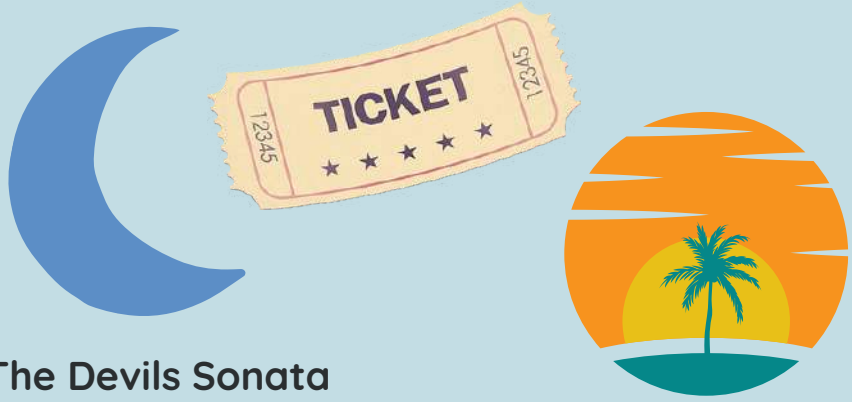
I checked my watch. It was ten minutes to noon. I still had time. I jogged past people carrying suitcases, of all shapes and sizes, buying books, sweets, fruits, toys and what not, trying to fend off stray dogs and persistent coolies, or simply waiting. I smiled to myself- I was going somewhere a thousand times better than everyone else- I was going to board the train to paradise

The train to paradise, known as Eden's Express, was a one way trip which only came once in a blue moon- literally. The train only came in the event of the moon turning blue which was exactly what had happened last night. The moon had turned sparkling clear shade of cobalt blue.

Lost in my thoughts, I hardly noticed the train stop at the platform. Jostled by the crown, I missed my train.

"No" I cried "No!". I was horrified. But then, a thought made my face light up. I was glad I had missed the train- after all, what kind of Paradise was it if you could never come to meet friends and family and have to bid farewell to home, sweet, home forever ?

-Alia Mohan 7C



The Devils Sonata

The Devil's Sonata perfectly describes the emotional rollercoaster one experiences after losing a near and dear one. The starting is mournful and nostalgic. It could be a representation of how, as the person goes on with their day to day life, they remember small things their loved ones would do and realize that the small moments of love would no longer be part of their life and just remain as fond memories

As the track proceeds, it picks up pace and many instruments are being played simultaneously which overwhelms the listener, This chaotic part of the track could be interpreted as the frustration and anger the person bottled up. It could also be the internal battle between emotions that makes the person feel that they did not do enough in the relationship with their deceased loved one and should have been more committed.

By the end, the time of the songs, becomes euphoric and high-spirited. This could mean that the person has accepted the death of their loved ones and can finally see a ray of happiness amidst the dark and gloomy grey clouds. They have found the strength in themselves to move on.

-Ananya Datta



A New Symphony...

It all started when Coraline was selected for the royal orchestra recital on the joyous occasion of the Queen's Platinum Jubilee. She was a gifted violinist and fortunate to be chosen as a member of the royal band entrusted with composing and playing the celebrated pieces of Queen's favourite artists.

Coraline was ecstatic to receive this honour to play in front of the Royal Family. Her instructor, Ms. Allen handed out workbooks to the entire class and instructed them to play each piece in the order of the print. The rehearsals lasted eight hours straight and they managed to practice only a few pieces. It would take them at least three months of gruelling practice sessions to be ready for the occasion. Coraline was already exhausted and her fingers sore due to the strain of overuse, but her enthusiasm could not be dimmed. She flipped through the book, trying to familiarise herself with the rest of the pieces.

As Coraline scrolled the pages, she noticed that the last two pages were glued together. She asked Ms. Allen about this, anxious not to miss out on a piece. However, Ms Allen dismissed her query with a cryptic response that the piece had been banned many years ago, and that they would not be performing it. Coraline was an inquisitive girl but before she could get more details, Ms Allen walked away. Her internet search about banned violin pieces displayed too many results and proved futile. She promised herself to get to the bottom of this later.

The months leading up to the performance flew by in rehearsals and extra violin lessons. Coraline never thought about the glued piece again, until the night before the performance. She was practicing one last time, when her book fell. She bent down to pick it up when she noticed the last two pages. Coraline really did not want to distract herself, but curiosity got the better of her, and before she could hold herself, she started to unglue the pages...
At last, the big day arrived. Everyone reached the venue at the crack of dawn to prepare for the ensuing festivities. Coraline was extremely excited and equally nervous. The orchestra members were taking their places on the stage before the curtain lifted. The small stage prep room was filled with nervous chatter. Their conductor hurriedly made last checks to ensure everyone was ready before signalling the purser to lift the curtains.

The music swelled and filled the hall. Each piece rendered in a magnificent and flawless manner as the audience sat captivated by the melody. Her majesty the Queen immensely enjoyed each piece and lifted her gloved hand in appreciation. The concert reached a crescendo and ended with a thunderous applause.
The conductor took a graceful bow and signalled to exit the stage. Chairs scraped as everyone hurried out to the back hall. However, Coraline sat frozen to the spot. Her hands moved at their own accord, as she started playing the banned piece. It seemed that she had mastered this piece, her fingers moving effortlessly on the violin stringing a melody both tragic and sorrowful. The crowd was shocked and stunned into silence and everyone was glued to their spot. Coraline panicked and glanced towards the queen who sat transfixed staring into nothingness. Coraline was not able to comprehend her actions or repercussions, she realised that the haunting notes had a mind of their own and she was chained to this melody.



The song went on forever and she sighed with relief when she spotted the conductor rushing to the stage from the corner of her eye. He was desperately signaling her to stop playing but she couldn't make her fingers obey her command.

The royal guards were now entering the hall with a grim determination, their hands on their guns, ready for all eventualities and Coraline was doomed even before her career took off. Her hands were bleeding and the blood trickled down to the spotless shining floor flowing towards the royal dais.

Coraline desperately prayed for a miracle. Suddenly the Queen stood up and started moving towards the stage. She reached out to Coraline and pulled her away from the blood-stained violin. Coraline fainted and fell on the floor. The queen realised it was time to end this misery before innocent children fell prey to the haunting notes and lost their soul.
She lifted the violin and played the same piece; however, this time the notes were vibrant and the music soft and uplifting. The violin strings were unyielding at first but mellowed and obeyed her fingers as her blood mixed with Coraline's. The audience broke out of the trance and cheered her on!
Her courage and ingenuity saved Coraline and many more who could fall victim to the haunted notes.

-Tia Jakhanwala 9A

If someone's love dies, both of them do

Bang, bang, the gunshots were fired
The want to escape was much desired, but rarely acquired.
A pained yell and then a thud,
The body was laying in a pool of blood

There had once been two
The second left, and the first was on his own.
As he cried the wind blew
If only he had known, if only he had known.



As he laid, into the world of dreams he was whisked away
The tears on his face he could clean the next day.
He dreamt of a world where the first was safe
Oh, that could be reality, If his love hadn't had been betrayed.

Now, back to the dream where the two danced
The first let go and walked away while the other begged for another chance.
Snap, there came the light of day
Even in his own world his love went away.



He gets out of bed, puts on his suit and tie.
He tries his best to put on a straight face.
Before he says his final goodbye
And his beloved is put in their place.

-Anjali Mukhija 9A

Task 2- Festivity Features

Christmas

Christmas is approaching fast
You should go gift shopping; we wouldn't want to be the last?
Either way to get back on track
Santa carries not one gift but an entire stack.

The pure white snowflakes hit the ground
And each helps in enveloping more and more of the town.
The children play in the street
Unless they don't want a gift they think they shouldn't cheat.

The joy and laughter echoes all around
Surprisingly no one has frowned.
Everyone makes the most of the today
As we all await for Christmas day.

-Anjali Mukhija 9A

Holi

All the colours all over me,
While my grandma is over there sipping tea.
Water is splashing everywhere,
But I don't know from where.

We all are fully soaked damp,
But I still wanted to be the champ.

From somewhere or the other,
I am getting attacked by my brother.
My friends are all having a brawl ,
But I think I am the winner out of them all.

During the evening me and my family sit and pray,
To lord Vishnu who is here to stay.
After the long day I was told to go and eat but instead,
I decided to go to bed and sleep.

-Vishvag Taneja 8A

The Countdown

The feeling of euphoria,
Togetherness and love,
The incandescent sky lanterns,
flying up above.

A big barbecue on my rooftop,
The fragrance floating in the air,
The relation and anticipation,
of the new year everywhere.

Roasted chicken and potatoes,
sizzling in the pan
and melting in my mouth,
me eating all I can.

Revivals and resolutions,
for the upcoming year.
Fresh starts and forgiveness,
My unresolved questions crystal clear.

The best pet of my new year celebration
is watching the sky alit.
Just surrounded by the homely atmosphere,
Delightful, I must admit.

10,9,8,7
The countdown has begun.
6,6,4,3,2,1
Happy new year everyone!

-Sara Kumar 8B



Trick or Treat- Halloween Night!

Midnight was the climax hour for the festival
People dressed in robes and face markings.
Oil lamps were burning inside
There was a chill in the air.
The winds blow gently
The night was dank and the moon was full
The leaves rustle and move.
A birthday party being celebrated in the dim dark house
All Alone.
Suddenly a loud voice came: Yelling and Shooting
Kids at a distance came out of that scary house.
The weird atmosphere formed in my house
Running towards the street
I noticed something
Weird.
The kids were dressed as silly as they can
But this girl looked different!
She wore a shiny jacket, white t-shirt, blue pants, and boots!
She was a 90s kid.
They ring my bell
Do I answer? Do I dare to?
I grab my courage brave
Enough to open the door.
The opening door made no noise
As they should
“Trick or Treat”
“It’s Halloween night!”

-Sarah Shehbaz Naqvi 7A

Halloween

Halloween, Halloween the scariest of them all
People wear spooky costumes which scare them all
This is my favourite day
I scare people the whole day.

Even Diwali is around the corner
Remember not to dirty every corner as it no more warmer
This day Thomas Becket traitor of the king slays everyone who supports King Henry
This time you should not be friendly.

Voldemort is also on his way
To kill and ruin Halloween every way
I think this is the day we hear screams of Thomas Becket
Voldemort kills the evil and earns all the credit.

He still won't stop celebrating Halloween
He won’t celebrate with the one in green
He is dressed up as the scariest one with blood
Stopped it from flowing as a flood.

My friends and I have a lot of fun
We exchange sweets with love and fun
I go to my neighbourhood to get by buckets filled up
I even got a big pup.

Trick or treat trick or treat
Give us something nice to eat!!
Like a trick trick trick or a treatttttttttttttttt
Give us something nice to eat!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
-Namay Singla 8B



Diwali

Diwali, my favourite festivity of the year, is the festival of lights, also known as Deepawali. For me, Diwali is a transformative process that commences once Dussehra concludes and the time arrives to declutter both the house and the mind. I observe everybody around me bustling with activity, assisting each other in tidying up the house.

Soon, I decide to tidy up my room. I begin in my library, where I organise my books and decide which ones I wish to donate or give away. Then, I move on to my toy cupboard, where I decide which board games to keep. My mother also dedicates a few hours each day to deep cleaning kitchen cabinets, rooms, and wardrobes, recycling old items in good condition to several charitable organisations. This time, I gave away my favourite kitchen cabinet and dollhouse to my four-year-old cousin. I have played with them since I was three years old. And now, giving my dearest toys to my sister and seeing her play with joy makes me truly happy.

The clothes in the almirahs are arranged and neatly folded, aligned in specific colour order, for once. Once my house is as neat and clean as a pocket handkerchief, we start to appreciate the sanctum sanctorum of every single nook and corner of the house. As our space in the house becomes crisp and clean, my mind declutters and becomes serene. The house is also ready to usher in new and refreshing thoughts, ideas, and things. Numerous melas take place in New Delhi during this period. Mum takes me to a few of them. I am enamoured by the colours, games, foods, and vibrancy of the melas.

One of the highlights of the season is that we receive many invitations to fabulous get-togethers, where the adults play cards and we children have fun while savouring a variety of exquisite and well-plated home-cooked meals. We also host a Diwali get-together every year, inviting close friends and family. I, for a change, go to the flower shop to buy flowers for table decoration. I assist Mum in organising the dinner table while she prepares a lavish meal.

Just before the Diwali break, my school hosts an exciting and festive event called "Fantastic Friday." On this day dedicated to fun and games, there's no studying—only fun. We engage in various sports such as chess, dodgeball, and "dog and the bone." We get to talk and play to our heart's content in the field. Finally, we get to eat and share a variety of foods with our friends, including crisps, chocolate, cake, pizza, and pasta, all in a single day. It feels like finding treasure in a hunt. That's how the Diwali Party at my school unfolds.

Every year, we watch a movie depicting the story of Diwali. In this movie, it illustrates the tale of Lord Ram and his wife Sita, along with his brother Lakshman, being exiled for 14 years from Ayodhya. During these 14 years, Sita was kidnapped by Ravan and held captive in Lanka. Rama, along with his brother Lakshman and an army of monkey men led by Hanuman, defeated Ravan and rescued Sita. Dussehra is celebrated to mark the occasion when Rama defeated Ravan. Diwali is celebrated as the homecoming event of Rama, Sita, and Lakshman to Ayodhya. The entire kingdom celebrated their glorious return after a long and challenging journey by lighting rows of diyas to welcome them. Diwali reinforces the belief that good ultimately triumphs over evil and there's always a warm welcome awaiting after a long, tiring journey.





Similarly, I return to my grandparents' home after a demanding school year, strict rules from Mum, and a busy everyday life. While I may not be exiled like Rama for fourteen years, I believe we both comprehend the nuances of hard work. I don't need to live in a jungle to understand that. My grandparents celebrate the festival by welcoming us and preparing our favourite dishes. You might be wondering if I travel during my Diwali holidays, and the answer is Yes! One of my many traditions during Diwali is travelling to my ancestral home in Bikaner, where I celebrate Diwali with my loving family.

On the first day of Diwali, known as Dhanteras, we wear traditional Indian clothes, clean the kitchen storage, and light diyas. I cherish this day as it marks the start of the holiday. I spend the entire day playing with my two brothers. This time, I spent the whole afternoon skating, skateboarding, and putting on a small show with some antics for my family. They all loved our performance.

On Choti Diwali, in the mornings, I visit the mandir and create rangolis with my mum and chachis. We have a family temple next to our house, and the temple has its own set of Diwali celebrations. Going there for celebrations has become a ritual. In the afternoon, I visit many of my cousins. In the evenings, we light diyas and adorn the entire house with diyas and other Diwali decorations. I also play badminton with my cousins in the evenings. A day before the big Diwali day, we also install these colourful lights that illuminate the house beautifully.

On the morning of the big Diwali day, I visit the mandir, where I also go to the cowshed and feed the cows chapati. This has become a Diwali ritual, and these cows now recognize me and my brothers. After the mandir visit, I assist my grandmom in puja preparations, such as helping her with rangoli, cleaning the silver coins, and puja vessels. My brother and I run around the house helping everyone with the preparation tasks. In the afternoons, we have a family lunch of mung daal, rice, and lapsi. In the early evenings, we perform Lakshmi pooja and express gratitude for her benevolent presence in our lives. While the adults play cards in the evenings, we children relax, enjoy fruit cream, have our own little party, and watch a movie. The installed coloured lights beautifully enhance the splendour of our ancestral house. I feel blessed and fortunate. And that's how my Diwali unfolds, only to return the next year.

- Vanshika Mundhra 6D

Diwali

Well, my preferred festivity is Diwali . At this time of the year all my family, friends and peers come for dinner , games and much more . We make flamboyant rangolis and run around in the glistening lights cheerfully . Our main games which we play are tambola , passing the parcel etc.

We also enjoy palatable delicacies made by my grandmother and my mother . However, in my neighbourhood some people still burst red crackers . Although bursting green crackers is better as they are environment friendly , they create less sound , light and air pollution , they have thirty five percent less harmful emissions , they have water vapour in them which traps all the dust in it and are also kids, pets, and elderly friendly. Frankly, to be more precautionary we should not burn crackers as any type of crackers are not environment friendly . Shopping and receiving presents from others is my favourite part of the celebration. On Diwali I love dressing in bright and scintillating clothes. It is also my favourite as it symbolises the win of good over evil and how Lord Rama won and defeated Ravana . On Diwali the lights look sublime and diyas look quite vibrant . We click photos, visit other people's houses and exchange sweets. As I visit the Indian markets at the time of Diwali traditional and handmade decorations would be there waiting to be sold . My most preferred sweet is the "Motichoor Ladoo".



- Veer Sejwal 6C



Eid

Eid is a holy festival of Muslims. It is celebrated with joy and happiness worldwide twice a year. There are two types of Eid-ul-Fitr and Eid-ul-azha.

After the end of the Islamic holy month of Ramadan, Eid-ul Fitr is celebrated. During this month, Muslims do not eat or drink anything from dawn to dusk. Suhoor is the time when they wake up and have a pre-fast meal before sunrise. The time when they eat their food in the evening is known as Iftar. Eid ul Fitr is also called sweet eat. Various types of sweets are prepared on this day, especially the Sewiyan.

Eid al-Adha, also known as the Feast of Sacrifice, is celebrated by Muslims all over the world as a major holiday. Hazrat Ibrahim willingly sacrificed his son Prophet Ismail as per the command of God. God was pleased by his deep faith and replaced his son with a lamb. This sacrifice made by Hazrat Ibrahim is celebrated as Eid- Al-Adha. Eid ul Azha involves the sacrifice of an animal and the meat from the slaughtered animal is given to relatives, friends, neighbours, and poor and needy people. On both Eids, people offer prayers at the mosque, do social gatherings, offer charity for the poor, cook delicious meals, and offer gifts to relatives and family members. Kids get money from the elders which are known as Eide. Eid festival brings sympathy, brotherhood, and love and takes away hatred, jealousy, and hostility.

-Md. Abaan Shah 7C



My favourite Festivity of the Year- Diwali Beyond All doubt

I love the myriad Indian festivals which always give us a region to rejoice and break free from the shackles of otherwise a mundane routine.
Talking of festivals, it undoubtedly tops my list and the reasons are umpteen. It is the Festival of Lights that marks the advent of the winter season yet another favourite of mine. The diyas, the sweets, the get togethers and family reunion, I practically love everything about this precious 5 day festival.

Diwali, commonly regarded as the most significant Hindu festival is celebrated every year in the Karthik month as per the Hindi Calendar. It marks the returning of Lord Ram to Ayodhya after a course of 14 years of 'Vanvass'. The magnanimous celebrations commence with Dhanteras, followed by Choti Diwali, then of course the grand Diwali, followed by Govardhan Pooja and the last day of the festivity is Bhai-Dooj which marks an end of the celebrations. Every day has its own traditions and I indeed love to do poojas with my family. I also love dressing up in ethnics for the same.

Another thing that makes me proud is the fact that over the years I have witnessed that Diwali is now being celebrated by most people irrelevant if their religion, caste, colour or creed and the lesson of the victory of good over evil and knowledge over ignorance is spreading far and wide. Isn't it absolutely amazing?

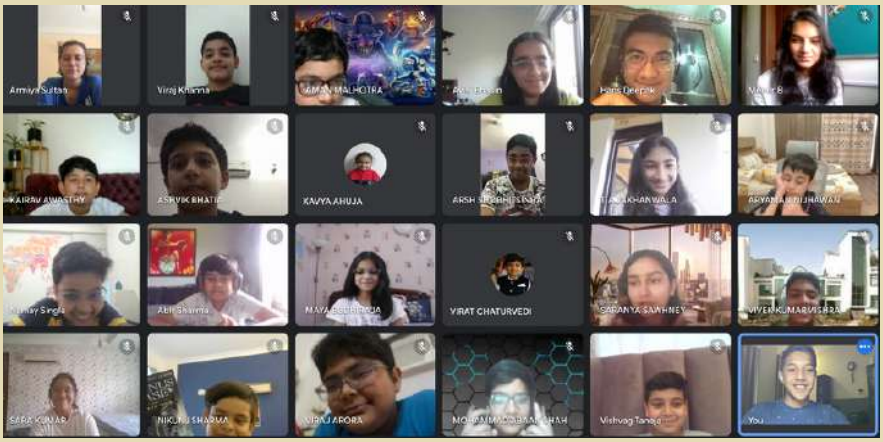
Another indispensable part of Diwali celebrations is decoration of the house. There's no house which lacks decoration and the shopping for the decor starts weeks in prior. On the day of Diwali the whole city looks spectacular – adorned in mesmerising designs of colourful lights. The earthen lamps or 'diyas' are lit and kept outside every house. The glow of them is believed to illuminate the light of knowledge, wealth and prosperity into our lives.

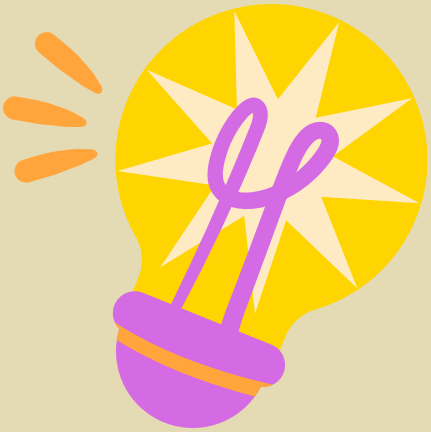
The smell of delicious food is in the air and undoubtedly, the delicacies are truly mouth watering. Sweets like malpua and gulab jamun prepared by my mom and dad add to the giggles in our truly foodie family. Laughs of delight echo in everyone's ears, happiness is in the air all day round.

Another reason Diwali holds a special significance for my family is that this is the one festival where the whole extended family gets a chance to get together at one place from across different parts of the world. Being a single child fancy talking to my cousins – it gives me a chance to explore their world which is so different from mine. We talk, we celebrate, and of course we play cards every night– the part most of us wait for throughout the day. Exchange of gifts takes place as we soak in the true spirit of the divine festival. Thus, my favourite festivity has to be Diwali with no second thought and now you know the reasons why.

-Arsh Sinha 9A







Introductory Session

Gallery

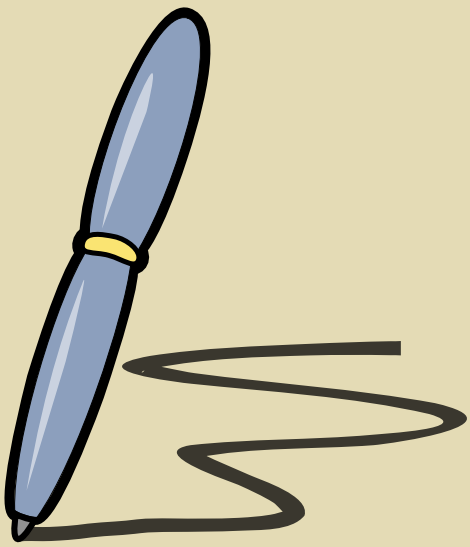


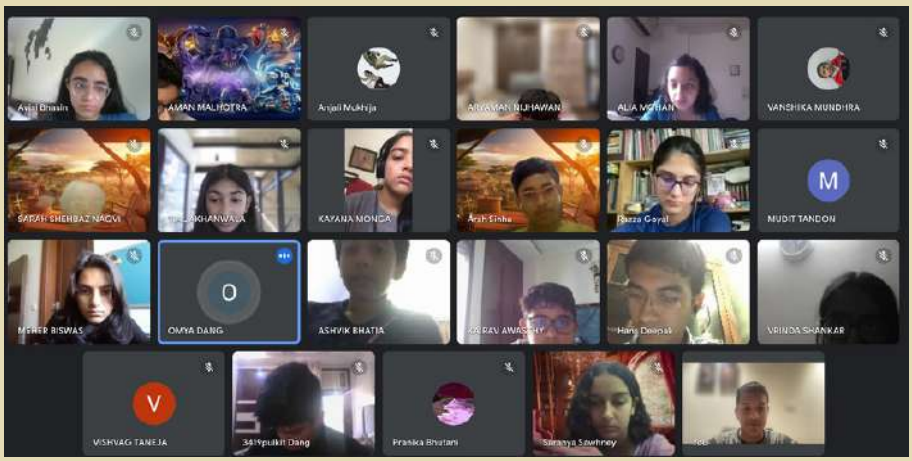
Story Writing Workshop



Script Writing Workshop







Festivities session

