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Qila Quotes
THE SCINDIA SCHOOL

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THE SCINDIA SCHOOL

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Every effort has been made to ensure the accuracy of the information printed in this edition of the Qila Quotes. If an error has occurred, please accept our apology and contact the editor at snehab@scindia.edu

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FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Dear Reader,

Wherever you are reading this - Delhi, Dubai, London, New York, or an Army camp - remember one thing. You are not our former student. You are our ambassador.
A school is judged not by its walls, but by the men who walk out of its gates. When the world meets a Scindian, it meets The Scindia School. It sees how he speaks, how he treats his juniors, how he wins and how he loses. For 128 years, you have not let us down.

I am often asked what this Scindia Spirit is. It is not taught in a class. It cannot be timetabled. It is the spirit you learned on a cold morning run when your Housemaster ran with you in silence. It is the spirit you learned when you lost the Efficiency Shield by one point and still clapped for the winners. It is the spirit you learned when you waited for your turn in the dining hall and gave your blazer to a shivering junior.

It is not aggression or entitlement. It is quiet confidence - the ability to enter any room without feeling small, and to leave any room without making others feel small. I meet you everywhere. A doctor in Gwalior who still visits his Matron. A CEO who still writes to his Housemaster. A young officer in the Army who told me, "Sir, the Fort taught me to live with minimum comfort and maximum dignity." You carry the Fort within you.

Many schools prepare boys for examinations. We try to prepare boys for life. The world outside is not like your House. It is not always fair. It is noisy, competitive and lonely. That is why the Fort was the best training ground.
Here you learned to live with people different from you. You learned that talent is not enough, character is needed. That leadership is service, not a badge. That you can be modern in thought, but Indian in values.

When you left, you took more than a certificate. You took an inner compass. When you had to choose between what is easy and what is right, the Fort whispered to you. Your growth did not stop when you left. It started when you left. The School gave you roots, the world gave you wings. A true Scindian uses his wings but never forgets his roots. And give back. Give your time, your story, your guidance. Tell a boy in Class 11 that failure is not fatal. One phone call from you can change his career.

You are more than 9000 Old Boys. If each of you touches one boy, we secure 9000 futures. You went out as boys of Scindia. You live as men of Scindia. Keep our flag high - not just by your success, but by your goodness.

The Qila will always be your first home. Its gates are always open.

Mr Ajay Singh
Principal

The Founder's Edition Editorial Board

QUEST'26

EDITORIAL

October belongs to the Fort, as though the month itself were etched into its ancient stones. The monsoon retreats, leaving behind a green inheritance, while the approaching Founder's Day fills the campus with renewed enthusiasm and creative energy. The festive air brings alive traditions that have travelled across generations, reminding us of the values that hold us together. Like a postmark on a letter that journeys far beyond its place of origin, every generation leaves its own impression on Scindia's story, echoing the spirit of the Fort across time and distance. As another Founder's Day draws near, we pause to honour the vision built on hard work, perseverance and the courage to dream beyond the ordinary. Here, the past is never merely a memory; it is a story that continues to unfold, inviting each generation to leave its own mark on Scindia's enduring legacy.

Achievements

It is a matter of immense pride that our school is one of the seven legacy schools selected for the program "1 million founders" by Google for Education under the 2047 Viksit Bharat scheme. There was an introductory session conducted on 18 August 2026 in the Assembly Hall by Ms. Sweta from team Google and founder Priyanka Sharma, a Forbes recognized leader, who has previously worked in ABP News, The Hindustan times and Google itself. The program is of five days and is led by CFOs and CEOs of different companies giving a different and unique insight to students.

Faculty development

On 17 July 2026, the school organised a workshop on "Storytelling as a Pedagogical Tool" for its teaching faculty. Conducted by **Dr Jaishree Sethi**, Founder and Director of Story Ghar and Cheshta Care Foundation, the session explored the transformative role of storytelling in enhancing classroom teaching and learning. An acclaimed storyteller, educator and author, Dr Sethi introduced participants to practical strategies for integrating storytelling across disciplines to foster creativity, critical thinking and effective communication.

In partnership with Hi Happy Monk, led by Mr Sounak Chakrabarty, a workshop on Lesson Plan Architecture was conducted on 24th July for the faculty to introduce a modern approach to lesson planning. The session encouraged teachers to move beyond simply delivering content and instead design meaningful learning experiences for students.

Co–Curricular events

The Quasquicentennial Entrepreneurial Summit (QUEST 2026), organised by the School in collaboration with Masters' Union, was conducted on the 30th and 31st of July, 2026 at The Scindia School. The two-day summit brought together delegates from leading institutions across the country, providing a platform for students to engage in entrepreneurship, financial simulations, business strategy and leadership.

On 13 July 2026, The Scindia School successfully concluded Suryodaya IT Fest 2026, its flagship inter-school technology festival, celebrating four days of innovation, collaboration and technological excellence. Bringing together talented students from leading schools across the country, the fest provided a vibrant platform to explore the intersection of technology, creativity and problem-solving through a

51st Platinum Jubilee Memorial Debate & Quiz

Dr Don Thomas

diverse range of competitions and collaborative experiences. True to its name, Suryodaya, symbolising the rising sun, the festival inspired young minds to embrace emerging technologies while fostering leadership, teamwork and intellectual curiosity.

On 12 July 2026, the school, in collaboration with SPIC MACAY, organised a captivating Dhrupad recital by renowned maestros like Pandit Nishant Mallick and Pandit Prashant Mallick of the Darbhanga Gharana, accompanied by Pandit Ravishankar Upadhyay on the Pakhawaj. The soulful performance offered students a rare opportunity to experience one of India's oldest classical music traditions, deepening their appreciation for the nation's rich cultural and artistic heritage.

The 53rd Platinum Jubilee Inter School English Debate and the Inter School Public Quiz were held at The Scindia School, Gwalior, from 21st to 23rd August. Twelve schools participated in the event, bringing together some of the finest young debaters and quizzers for a celebration of intellectual excellence, eloquence and competitive spirit. The Preliminary and subsequent rounds of the debate were conducted in Asian Parliamentary, Oxford, British Parliamentary format, with teams competing across three rounds on a range of challenging and thought-provoking motions. The debates witnessed a high standard of argumentation, rebuttal and public speaking. The Quiz, led by popular quizmaster and our old boy, **Mr Ajay Poonia**, saw the teams compete across two challenging rounds of intense quizzing.

Sports and adventure

The school hosted a five-day High-Performance Cricket Coaching Camp in collaboration with Gwalior Cheetahs, a franchise of the Madhya Pradesh Premier League. Led by former Ranji Trophy Captain Mr Aditya Shrivastava, a team of professional coaches and fitness experts came to the camp, which gave 120 students an opportunity to strengthen their technical skills, fitness, discipline and understanding of the game.

We are delighted to celebrate the outstanding achievement of **Divit Gangwal**, who secured first position in the Under-17 State Chess Championship. Displaying remarkable strategic thinking, concentration and composure, Divit emerged victorious in a highly competitive field.

Visits

His Excellency **Vakhtang Jaoshvili**, Ambassador of Georgia to India,
Maldives, Thailand, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh and Nepal visited the school campus on 22nd July. His Excellency addressed the school assembly and introduced the unique features of his country to the students. He talked about the cultural, geographical, political and historical background of Georgia.

The school had the privilege of hosting **Dr Don Thomas**, former NASA astronaut and four-time Space Shuttle astronaut, for an inspiring interaction with the students on 4 September 2026. The session provided students with a unique opportunity to interact with someone who has experienced space exploration first hand. Dr Thomas shared fascinating experiences from his career as a NASA astronaut and spoke about his journey from studying Physics and Materials Science to becoming a part of NASA's Space Shuttle programme.

The Scindia School welcomed Professor Mumin Chen, Deputy Representative of the Taipei Economic and Cultural Center (TECC) in India, for an engaging interaction with students. He spoke about Taiwan's democratic identity, its remarkable growth in technology and semiconductors, and its role in promoting peace and security in Asia. The discussion also explored India–Taiwan relations, with a focus on education, cultural exchange and youth engagement.

Celebrations

The Scindia School celebrated the 80th Independence Day of India with great patriotic fervour and pride on 15th August 2026. The occasion was made particularly special by the presence of **Mr Aditya Wadhera** (ex-Shivaji,1986) as the Chief Guest. His presence brought together the past and present of Scindia, making the celebrations a memorable reaffirmation of the school's enduring traditions and its commitment to nurturing responsible citizens of the nation.

Teacher's Day was celebrated with great enthusiasm and warmth at the school, Fort, Gwalior, on the 5th of September to honour the dedication, guidance and invaluable contribution of the teachers in shaping the lives of students. The celebration provided an opportunity for students to express their gratitude and appreciation towards their teachers.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

On 13 July 2026, the school celebrated the legacy of **Mr M. S. Bedi**, bringing together students, alumni, faculty members and the Scindia Old Boys' Association (SOBA). The morning assembly featured addresses by Principal **Mr Ajay Singh**, SOBA President **Mr Mitul Dikshit**, and **Mr Bedi**, who reflected on his 18 years of service and the Scindian spirit. At the Madhav Pavilion, former students and colleagues shared cherished memories of his mentorship and the school's footballing tradition. The day culminated in the inauguration of the M. S. Bedi Football Trophy, instituted by his former students and to be awarded annually to the winners of the match between the Scindia Old Boys and present students. In the inaugural match, the school team defeated the alumni 2–0, beginning a new tradition celebrating the enduring bond between generations of Scindians.

Also, on 13 July 2026, the school marked two significant moments celebrating the inspiring legacy of its alumni and the spirit of excellence. **The Rajnish Rai Kumar Memorial Scholarship** and **The N.K. Tewari Scholarship for Excellence in IT** were instituted by the Scindia Old Boys' Association and awarded to deserving students, honouring academic promise and outstanding achievement while strengthening the bond between generations of Scindians.

The Scindia School, Fort, Gwalior, has always believed in nurturing young people who aspire to achieve excellence beyond the classroom. Among the school's recent sporting achievers, **Yashbardhan Singh Chauhan** (ex-Shivaji, 2026) stands out as an inspiring example of determination, leadership and the courage to chase a dream. In June 2026, the Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI) appointed him captain for India's Under-19 tour of Sri Lanka. He was selected to lead both the One Day and multi-day squads on the tour.

Aryan Kushwah has secured his place in the squad representing Madhya Pradesh in the U-19 Vinoo Mankad Trophy, a prestigious national-level cricket tournament organised by the Board of Control for Cricket in India (BCCI). His selection marks a significant milestone in his cricketing journey and reflects his dedication, perseverance and commitment to the sport.

Lt Kavin Chaudhary (Ex Ranoji, 2019), has brought great pride to the Scindian fraternity. He was commissioned into the Indian Army from the Officers Training Academy (OTA), Chennai, after securing an impressive All India Rank (AIR) 129 in the UPSC Combined Defence Services (CDS) Examination. Reflecting on his achievement, Lt Kavin expressed his deep gratitude to his alma mater, saying that the training, discipline and high standards of The Scindia School played an important role in shaping his journey.

On Teacher's Day, the Old Boys of Kanpur SOBA returned to their alma mater, marking a warm and memorable homecoming. The occasion was made especially meaningful by their generous contribution of a new, fully equipped ambulance to the school. The thoughtful donation reflects their continued commitment to the well-being and safety of the school community and their enduring connection with the institution.

On 26th September, in a packed Assembly Hall, old boys, students and teachers came together for the unveiling of the **Balvir Dhir Cricket Trophy**, in the gracious presence of Mrs. Indu Dhir. It was a deeply nostalgic moment, celebrating Mr Balvir Dhir and his lasting contribution to The Scindia School. The next day, the inaugural match was played between the Scindia School Old Boys and the Staff. There was cricket, camaraderie and plenty of nostalgia—and, fittingly, the Old Boys lifted the first Balvir Dhir Cricket Trophy.

The school hosted the third edition of TEDx Scindia School Youth on 1 August 2026, bringing together distinguished personalities from diverse fields. The speakers discussed themes such as innovation, leadership, staying true to oneself. **Mr Amit Gupta** highlighted the potential of innovation and artificial intelligence, while **Mr Avijit Mukerji** and **Mr Dipak Haksar** emphasised integrity, hard work and excellence. **Brigadier Harish Chandra Singh**, VSM (Retd.), and **Dr Amerinder Singh Puri** reflected on service, dedication and compassion. **Mr K.M. Agarwal** spoke about overcoming adversity through optimism and determination, while **Korounganba Rajkumar** shared his journey of embracing his identity. Overall, the event inspired students to remain curious, resilient, authentic and committed to personal and social growth.

The M.S. Bedi Football Trophy

TED[x] Scindia School Youth - Third Edition

STUDENTS' ACHIEVEMENTS

The Scindia School boys showcased exceptional teamwork and unwavering determination during Akashyan Spardha 2026, securing the 1st position in Hydro Rocketry at the Astroverse competition. Competing against 60 schools from across India, the talented team successfully broke records and reached staggering new heights. After establishing a formidable benchmark of 115 metres last year, the students pushed their boundaries even further this year by setting a remarkable new record of 150 metres. This monumental victory stands as a truly proud moment and a remarkable achievement for the entire institution.

On the national stage, The school fencing team delivered a stellar performance by securing the Bronze Medal at the highly competitive CBSE Nationals. Earning this prestigious accolade is a proud moment that highlights the students' exceptional talent and resilience against formidable opponents. Bringing home the bronze is a deeply commendable achievement that perfectly reflects the fencing team's tremendous hard work, steadfast determination, and outstanding sporting spirit.

School Fencing Team

A delegation of 10 students from The Scindia School, notably among the youngest participants, showcased exceptional talent at the Sansad Youth Parliament 2026 held at the Madhya Pradesh Vidhan Sabha in Bhopal. Highlighting his strong parliamentary skills, **Rudra Pratap Dubey** received the Emerging Parliamentarian Award, while **Keshav Kumar Rathour** won the Best Interjector Award. Furthermore, the school's dedication to leadership and public speaking earned the prestigious Abdul Kalam Best Institution Award for its overall performance, reflecting a deep, continued commitment to democratic values.

Youth Parliament Winning Delegation

The school's quizzing delegation, comprising **Chirag Raj Goel** **Aadi Dev Goel**, excelled across national platforms this season. They secured second place at the Platinum Jubilee Memorial Inter-School Quiz, First Runners-Up at the Doon School Quiz 2026, and third place at Mayo College's 31st J.T.M. Gibson Memorial Quiz.

Eleven students represented the school at the SGFI Aquatic Championship 2026–27, held at Taran Pushkar, Gwalior, from 6–10 October 2026. **Aditya Sharma** won two silver and one bronze medal, qualifying for the National Swimming Championship. **Hansiddh Kothari and Samanvay Gupta** secured one and two bronze medals, respectively. Additionally, **Hansiddh Kothari, Samanvay Gupta, Priyansh Agarwal, Manikanta Vattam, Arnav Kumar** and **Devansh Bhutani** qualified for the SGFI National Water Polo Championship 2026, marking a commendable achievement in aquatic sports.

17,000 FEET AND A THOUSAND LESSONS

What do you bring back from a journey to the roof of the world? Photographs of breathtaking landscapes, memories of impossible climbs, or perhaps something far more valuable? My experience on the Ladakh Service Project and Trekking Expedition 2026 gave me all three—and lessons I never expected to learn.

Our journey began in Leh, where we acclimatised to the altitude and bonded with students from Modern School, Barakhamba Road. As the only Class XI student among a group largely comprising Class XII students, I wondered whether I would fit in. Those worries disappeared almost immediately.

Soon, we were crossing Khardung La towards Sumoor in the Nubra Valley, greeted by an unexpected snowfall. But our real purpose lay ahead: Lamdon School, where service meant exchanging comfortable routines for bricks, timber, heavy windowpanes and hard work. Every task was tiring, yet immensely rewarding. Evenings brought a different kind of work—playing games, sharing conversations and befriending the children. We arrived as visitors; we gradually became friends.

Meeting Ms Rigzen Wangmo, founder of the Village Lab Foundation, was equally inspiring. Her efforts to make education in rural Ladakh culturally rooted and experiential demonstrated that meaningful change is not always achieved through grand gestures. Sometimes, it begins with a library, a classroom or a community willing to learn together.

Our visit to the Siachen War Memorial offered a sobering reminder of the courage and sacrifice of our soldiers. En route, a fallen rock blocked the road, and we witnessed the Border Roads Organisation clearing the obstruction. It was a powerful lesson in how countless unsung efforts keep even the remotest corners of our country connected.

Leaving Lamdon School after an emotional farewell was unexpectedly difficult. We had come to contribute our labour, but the friendships we carried away proved just as valuable.

Then came the mountains—and a rather embarrassing incident. While crossing a stream during our trek towards Charmang La, I somehow managed to throw my own shoe into the water. It was an impressively poor decision, and naturally, it became the expedition's favourite joke. Between campsite games of dumb charades and unpredictable weather, laughter accompanied us almost everywhere.

However, nothing compared to the trek to Uley Phu, at approximately 17,000 feet. The unforgiving terrain, scorching sun and exhaustion tested our limits. Yet whenever someone struggled, another offered encouragement. We kept moving, together, until everyone made it. That summit taught me something simple: resilience is not about finding everything easy; it is about persevering when it isn't.

Guided throughout by Ms Siriah, we eventually returned to Leh before travelling to the spectacular Pangong Lake via Chang La. Its brilliant blue waters, framed by barren mountains, provided a fitting finale to our adventure.

Looking back, I realise we did far more than carrying bricks and climbing mountains. We discovered the meaning of community, responsibility, gratitude and perseverance.

Ladakh gave us mountains to conquer and people to learn from. The greatest achievement was discovering that both could change us.

Aadi Dev Goel
XI - A, Daulat

IN CONVERSATION WITH MR. ADITYA WADHERA

Mr Aditya Wadhera is a proud Old Boy of The Scindia School, having graduated with the Class of 1986. A President's Medal winner during his time at Scindia, he credits the school with shaping not only his academic and professional journey but also his character, discipline and spiritual outlook. His career has taken him through commerce, finance and management, while the values he developed at school continue to guide him.

Aadi: Sir, you were a President's Medal winner at Scindia. Looking back, what do you think the boy who won that medal had that you still carry with you today?

Mr Aditya Wadhera: I have spoken about three elements: Dress, Discipline and Decorum. They were ingrained in me. The other three, which I already covered during my speech, are Education, Endurance and Empathy. So, it is a combination of these six elements. Introspection is a continuous process. Hence, the result was this medal. All these six parameters, I have still maintained as a pivot in my life.

Aadi: Sir, after so many years, how does it feel to be back at Scindia?

Mr Aditya Wadhera: It feels wonderful to be back. Scindia is not just a school for me; it is a very important part of who I am. Coming back brings back so many memories of my school days, my teachers, my friends and the experiences that shaped me. Being here among the students and seeing the same spirit continue is a very fulfilling experience. It feels, in many ways, like coming back home.

Avneesh: Sir, what is your fondest memory from your time at school?

Mr Aditya Wadhera: It is very difficult to classify what was the fondest memory. There are many, quite a few. When I joined in Class 7, I just shared this with the Housemaster. Vikram Misri was my senior; he was in Class 12. I was the roll-call in-charge. One day, I forgot to carry the roll-call list and the attendance register. I was scared. I knew, even at that point in Class 7, how my House Prefect might react to it. So, I went up to him and told him that I had forgotten my roll-call list. He said, "Nothing to worry about. Don't panic." He remembered the entire roll-call list by heart. This is a genuine, heartfelt experience I am sharing. He narrated Roll Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and so on—58 or 60 names—in the correct order. So, this is one very unique memory that remains in my mind. And there are many more like it.

Manvik: Sir, could you tell us about your journey from passing out in 1986 to where you are today?

Mr Aditya Wadhera: The journey has seen a very great amount of highs and lows in life. So, what finally helps one is your endurance ability—physical, mental and emotional—because you are tested every time. And this will happen. It is not about just education alone, just your physical abilities alone, or just your intellect and intelligence alone. It is a combination of various factors which builds a person.

It was tough because I lost my father when I was in school. So, there were a great amount of responsibilities on my mother and me. With God's grace and with the support of family members, we were able to overcome those difficulties. But yes, there is a test of time.

This is a very fine platform that you should be in a position to take advantage of and use to develop yourself—your skills, your abilities, your communication skills, your intellect and various other faculties. Go back to my hexagon model. I have purposely spoken about this. It is a hexagon model: Education, Endurance, Empathy, Introspection, Rest and Stress.

Discipline is most important. Decorum—tamiz, shishtacharya, mannerism—how you walk, how you sit, how you eat, how you talk and how you behave. It is a combination. And you keep looking into yourself, your inner self. Everyone has an inner strength, an inner aura, which helps you improve yourself. Do as much as you can. It is a simple exercise. Keep doing it. Take 200 shots in squash. You will get that flow. Practice. What happens in cricket? Net practice. Life is like that. So, don't shy away. A teacher says something, someone else says something. There is a reason why they are pointing something out. They are trying to groom you. They are trying to develop your personality. They are trying to make you bold and brave.

Aadi: You did a video for the school's YouTube channel a while back. In the school video, you speak about Scindia contributing to both your intellectual and spiritual growth. What does spiritual growth actually mean to you, and how did the school contribute to it?

Mr Aditya Wadhera: So, Astachal takes you to that spiritual path. That is the basic learning. When you introspect, you are looking into yourself—your inner soul, conscience or Atma. You ask yourself what you have done, whether you have done right or wrong, what you have achieved, what you can still do, and what the way forward is.

So, the basic concept of the spiritual element comes from Astachal. A lot also goes to my family background, especially my mother. Since my mother is of the Katham group, I also took Deeksha at an early age from my spiritual group.

Listening to Bhajans is also a way to develop your spirituality. Many of you must be reciting the Hanuman Chalisa at home or in school, perhaps early in the morning. Or maybe the Durga Chalisa, or even simply saying Om. The chanting of Om also gives you clarity of thought. It takes you to your inner self, your inner core. I can give you my speech if you want. You can go through it and pick up whatever you need. It is structured; everything is there. You can save time and take notes from it as well.

Aadi: What is one message that you would like to leave for students? It does not have to be advice, but something you feel they should know.

Mr Aditya Wadhera: *Rome was not built in one day.* That is the message. Don't think wonders are going to happen once you finish school. Your parents, in your initial and formative years, have given you a very sound school education. It has given you that base, but the journey is long. As Robert Frost said, *"The woods are lovely, dark and deep."* You have miles to go before you sleep.

Mr Aditya Wadhera

FROM TWO SUITCASES TO A LEGACY

When my parents dropped me off at the school with two suitcases and a lump in my throat, every muscle in my body was aching to go back with them. Even till our Raksha Bandhan break I couldn't help but think of ways and excuses of going back home, but the 2026 Mayank would have been so disappointed had I in 2016 followed with that decision. Because Ladies and Gentlemen, The Scindia School was not at all about merely learning maths and science in the confined space of a classroom rather was an experience ranging from sharing showers to playing cricket in corridors, from spirituality in the Astachal to utter chaos in jam sessions and farewells, it was an escape that can never be replicated and one that will stay etched in my heart forever.

Saying that the school polished me would be an understatement. The school actually made me into who I am today. And even though many of you reading this in the school wouldn't understand this today, but the structure of the school in cohesion with the plethora of opportunities it provides doesn't just shape young boys and girls rather transforms them into leaders ready to take on any challenge that the world may throw at them.

And the enablers of this transformation are the teachers. They are our true guiding lights because everything that I have excelled in may it be debating or sports. All these were avenues that I was very reluctant towards but my teachers saw something in me which I couldn't and slowly as I grew with their guidance I excelled in those aspects. By the time I passed out I was an enthusiastic debater, a competent sportsman, led the school brass band, a decent athlete and the list goes on.

But what I would truly like to highlight is how all of these were activities that my teachers introduced and motivated me to initiate. So one thing that I would want you guys to do is put complete faith in your teachers who would definitely bring out the best version of yourselves.

I would be failing in my duties if I don't give my batchmates, the Batch of 2023 the due credit. They by far are the most amazing people I have come across in my life. People who I share the best memories with even today and people who I have the utmost respect for. May it be sharing dorms or the hours of leg pulling, disagreements which turned into laughter or the unfiltered emotions of winning a match, they were the people through my ups and downs, through thick and thin. The kind of support varied from giving scientific knowledge and being exceptional love gurus, the memories that I share with them last an eternity.

Today as I stand on this pedestal ready to step into one of the finest forces in this world I look back and see a boy unsure of himself, underconfident and naive turn into a man that can proudly represent the heritage and the values that this school stands for. And it is not one isolated aspect of this school that has brought about this transition rather it is the holistic learning imparted that is embedded in our very veins subconsciously through the environment.

Towards the end I would like to say that be proud of the legacy that you now carry with yourself for there are millions looking up to you because "Once a Scindian, Always a Scindian".

Thank You and Jai Hind.

G.C. Mayank Choudhary
Shivaji House, Batch of 2023

MY DAYS OF ZEN AT SCINDIA

A word before you misread the title.

Please do not read the title and imagine that my years on the Fort were calm. They were not. Ask anyone who shared a dorm with me: I worried constantly, about small things and large, and at the time all of them felt large.

But I have been out of school a good many years now, and something strange has happened to those days when I look back at them. They have become the most peaceful days of my life. Peaceful, and the best. I did not know it then, and I suspect nobody ever does while they are living it.

That is really the whole of what I want to say. Everything below is just me trying to work out how a period that felt so stressful while I was in it has turned, in hindsight, into something close to Zen.

The size of our problems:

Think about what counted as a crisis. How to get tuck into the house without being caught! Whether there was any way at all to see a film in a theatre in town! A cold drink was a luxury; a whole bottle was wealth; and a single sip, begged off a friend who had one, was a small, serious victory you remembered for days.

Then there were the official worries. Homework before prep ended. Whether your name would be on the team sheet for the tournament. The house points table, and the particular misery of watching your house slide down it. The debate trials, where qualifying for the school team felt like the most consequential thing a person could attempt, and the results, read out for everyone to hear.

All of it was real. I am not going to pretend otherwise. But every one of those worries had an end. The match ended, the trial ended, the term ended, and the next morning there was a fresh thing to want. We lived from one small finish line to the next, and that, I now think, was the gift.

The friends:

The other thing I did not notice at the time is that I was making the only friends I would ever really make.

I have met many good people since, and I value them. But the friendships from the Fort are a different material. Those people saw me at eleven, homesick and badly behaved, and had nothing to

gain from knowing me. We shared tuck, punishments, bad results and worse haircuts. Nobody was networking. Nobody had a position to protect.

That is why, all these years on, a call from one of them picks up exactly where it left off. Friendship made after school is made between finished people. Friendship made at school is made while you are still being built, and it goes into the foundations.

Why Zen:

I do not want to complain about life now. It is fine. It is simply what everyone's life becomes: work, family, responsibilities, the ordinary struggles that everyone reading this either has or will have. None of it is dramatic. It is just that none of it ends on a bell.

Zen, as far as I understand it, is not the absence of trouble. It is giving one thing your whole attention, and then letting it go when it is done. On the Fort, the timetable did that for us. When it was the

match, it was only the match. When it was the trial, it was only the trial. We worried completely, and then we stopped.

That is the peace I see when I look back. Not the absence of stress, but stress with edges. One sip of a cold drink, wanted with your whole heart, and then had. I have never wanted anything so simply since, and I have never been so completely satisfied by getting it.

If you are reading this on the Fort:

Enjoy it now. Not later, in an article like this one. Now. The problems you have this week are the best problems you will ever have, and I am not being clever when I say that.

And take everything. The school will put music in front of you, and art, and the stage, and every sport you can name, and a dorm full of people who will turn out to be the friends of your life. It can only offer. What you leave with is exactly what you reached out and took.

You will not know these were the Zen years until much later. I am just telling you early.

Akshat Goyal,
Ranoji House, Batch of 2002

THE 3AM EXAM STUDY SPIRAL

Alas, you have inevitably procrastinated for so long that the threat of your science exam is no longer a threat, it is reality.

At 10pm, you sit down with a sharpened pencil, highlighters arranged by colour, 3 books, 2 notebooks, and a belief that you can genuinely learn the entirety of science in 1 night.

The time is 11:30 and your lamp has spent all its battery, leaving you no choice except permanently borrowing your sleeping friend's lamp (he will never need it anyway).

As time approaches 1a.m., things start making less sense, you realise that you've been reading a random sentence about cellular respiration for the 15th time, and the letters keep on break dancing?

At 3am, you're at the point of no return. You have been staring at the diagram of an atom for 20 minutes with such a profound desire to learn, you start wondering what its hopes and dreams are and if it is suffering from peer pressure.

When you check your clock again, you realise it is 4am, and that there is no hope left. You stop studying and start searching for "jobs that don't require a degree".

You face a dilemma between many occupations and start wondering if becoming a shepherd and grazing goats in the Alps is really that bad. You think about how much your parents love you, and how far they would go to protect you from the cruel outside world?(Would they let you stay with them in your thirties?)

Your world starts shaking.

Is it an earthquake? Maybe an active volcano nearby? No. It is your friend shaking you awake. It is 7:30am and sometime in the middle of your silent, chaotic stint from 4:30am – 6:00am, you fell asleep.

You mutter a silent prayer, hope for the best, and leave for your exam.

Manvik Naga, IX-B, Jayaji

THE DAY I BECAME AN IRONMAN

"And why do you want to prepare for an Ironman 70.3?" asked the person who would become my first coach. **My answer was simple:** because I believed this was an impossible task for me, I wanted to fathom just how far I could go.

Ironman 70.3 is a triathlon comprising a 1.9 km open-water swim, a 90 km bike ride and a 21.1 km run, all to be completed within 8½ hours. At that point, my only running experience was on gym treadmills. I had never placed my feet on bicycle pedals and was as alien to swimming as a fish would be to flying.

And so began a relentless yet fascinating journey—one that would completely dismantle me, only to eventually put me back together. Swimming continued to elude me until I learnt a fundamental lesson: the more you fight the water, the more arduous swimming becomes. Relax the breath, surrender to the water, and somehow, the movement begins to flow. It was, I would eventually realise, a metaphor for life itself.

Cycling came more naturally, but I learnt the hard way that speed comes with its own risks. On one occasion, I slid sideways under a moving truck; on another, my front wheel got wedged in a crack in the road. Somehow, I escaped with little more than a few bruises.

Running, however, was where the illusion of immortality finally began to disperse. I developed tenosynovitis in my left ankle and was strictly advised to give up running, which I did for almost a year. Eventually, I accepted that I would have to make do with whatever I had at my disposal.

Countless hours in the pool helped me swim long distances without stopping.

I then ventured into the Upper Lake of Bhopal, where maintaining direction in a seemingly bottomless expanse of water presented a new challenge. Finally, I registered for the Ironman 70.3 in Tallinn, scheduled for 23 August, 2026.

I arrived in Tallinn six days before the race. When I stepped into Lake Raku for a practice swim, tears began rolling down my cheeks. A German swimmer asked if I was scared. I simply shook my head. I said nothing. How does one put infinite gratitude into words?

Standing there in the water, the early mornings, injuries, disappointments and painstakingly slow progress came flooding back. Every setback and every moment I had wondered whether I would ever make it here seemed to converge in that one instant.

And suddenly, there I was. In Tallinn. In that lake. At the starting point of a dream I had chased for so long. It was real. No longer a dream.

The Race Day:

I woke up to darkness and incessant rain. I cursed my fate, but then told myself that this was an

excellent omen—when had anything truly worthwhile ever come to me easily?

My strategy was simple: get out of the water within the stipulated time, bank as much time as possible on the bike, and use whatever remained to finish the run.The swim was amazingly smooth. My sighting was perfect and I hardly veered off course, finishing comfortably within the cutoff.

I started strong on the bike, cutting through the rain and mighty winds. But about 45 minutes into the ride, an overwhelming side wind rattled my bike—and my confidence. Terrified of crashing, I stopped drinking from my bottle and taking salt capsules. Triathlon actually has a hidden fourth discipline: nutrition. Compromise on it, and it will come back to devour you later.

And it did…

At the end of the bike leg, severe cramps seized both my thighs. I collapsed onto the ground and tried to get up, but it was as if my legs no longer existed.

I tried again.

And again.

And again.

Nothing.

A medical team arrived and prepared to take me away on a stretcher. This was supposed to be the end.

Strangely, I was very calm.

I decided to give it one last shot. I asked them to pull me to my feet. They stared at me in disbelief, but I persisted.

I hobbled.

One step.

Then another.

Until, slowly, I could limp on my own.

My watch had stopped, and I had no idea how much time remained. My body was spent, my weakest discipline lay ahead, and I had already lost precious minutes.

It seemed like a battle that could no longer be won.

What does one do then? What can one do?

You either accept your fate—or you decide to flirt with it.

I chose the latter.

There was still a mountain to climb—21.1 km of it. I limped, plodded and staggered through the first 2 km, painfully slow but still in the race. Miraculously, my legs began to respond. I set myself a target of 3.5 km every 30 minutes, telling myself I only had to run for half an hour. Every time those 30 minutes were over, I simply enrolled myself in another half-hour mini-race. And then came the moment. I crossed the finish line with less than five minutes to spare. Someone on the microphone announced, “Ranjit, you are an Ironman.”

But strangely, I felt nothing.

Maybe that was because I had become an Ironman the very day I dared to dream an impossible dream. The race merely revealed what I already knew: That my circumstances would be inordinately arduous. That the strengths I believed I possessed could abandon me when I needed them most. That I would fight regardless of the odds—and regardless of the outcome.

Triathlon is a gift I have received with both hands, and I cannot thank the universe enough.

Tallinn, you were very kind to me.

We will meet again, for sure.

Dr Ranjit Chaudhary
Madhav House, Batch of 1983

THE FORT AS A TEACHER
THE LESSONS WE UNKNOWINGLY LEARNED

Some teachers are remembered by name, some lessons by subject, and some classrooms by the windows we sat beside.

And then there is the Fort.

For those of us who have had the privilege of teaching here, and for the boys who have grown up within its walls, the Fort is far more than a school. It is a living inheritance. Its ancient stone, imposing architecture, winding pathways and centuries of history hold stories of endurance, ambition, courage and change. It has witnessed generations come and go, and within its walls, another kind of history continues to unfold every day.

The Fort teaches him long before he realises that he is being taught.

A legacy that becomes one's own

For the present-day Scindian, this knowledge carries a quiet power. He belongs to a continuing story, one that began long before him and will go on long after he leaves. The Fort gives him roots in a history much larger than his own and the opportunity to contribute to its next chapter.

For the teacher, this brings a profound sense of responsibility. Every boy who enters our classroom is not simply another student to be taught; he is the next custodian of a legacy. We are helping him understand what it means to inherit something valuable and to leave it worthy of those who will follow.

To belong here is to understand that one is both an inheritor of history and a participant in its making.

The building teaches resilience; its history teaches responsibility

The Fort's physical demands are lessons in themselves. The climbs, distances, heat, monsoon, early mornings and hurried walks to class, test patience and perseverance. A boy learns to keep moving when he is tired, to arrive when he would rather linger and to finish what he has begun despite inconvenience.

But the Fort teaches something beyond endurance. Its very existence reminds us that things of lasting value are built over time and preserved through the efforts of those who recognise their worth.

A legacy does not survive simply because it is celebrated. It requires people who care enough to protect it.

The Fort gives him a sense of belonging, but it also asks something of him in return.

The House teaches belonging; the community teaches consideration

Its colours, traditions, rivalries and shared memories become part of a boy's identity. He discovers that belonging is not an abstract idea; it is experienced in the everyday business of living together.

And when they lose, another lesson begins. They learn to accept defeat, shake hands, congratulate the winner and return the next morning to try again.

These lessons become part of the Fort's living history, carried forward in the character of the boys who leave it.

Independence teaches self-reliance; discipline teaches the value of freedom

A boarding school introduces a boy to a world in which he must gradually become responsible for himself. He arrives accustomed to the comforts and routines of home. At the Fort, he must learn to manage his belongings, time, commitments and decisions.

But discipline, when guided by care and fairness, teaches that freedom is inseparable from responsibility. It reminds a boy that his choices affect others and that a community flourishes when its members respect the principles that sustain it.

The Fort offers him opportunities to explore his abilities, discover his interests, compete, lead and

grow. In return, it asks him to respect its ethos and the people who share it with him.

The teacher's lessons are often invisible

There is a teacher who stays back after school, a coach who arrives early for practice, a Housemother who notices that a boy has grown unusually quiet, and a teacher who spends hours helping him prepare for a performance, competition or an examination.

There are conversations that continue long after the timetable ends, worries carried home and personal plans postponed because a boy needs someone to be there.

We do not do these things to be remembered. Somewhere along the way, the boys stop being names on a register. They become individuals whose strengths, insecurities, hopes and fears we learn to recognise.

We see the timid boy finding his voice, the careless boy becoming responsible, the lonely boy finding his friends and the uncertain boy discovering that he can lead.

What we inherit, and what we leave behind

The Fort becomes quieter. A House loses one of its voices. The playing field welcomes another generation, a new boy occupies a familiar room, and the cycle begins again.

Years later, an alumnus returns. He walks through a familiar corridor, sees the playing field and hears the laughter of boys hurrying through their day. For a moment, he is young again.

With the wisdom of years, he may understand that the Fort was never asking him merely to admire its past. It was preparing him to take responsibility for his own future.

To cherish this legacy is not to believe oneself superior because of it. It is to recognise the good fortune of having received something precious, to be grateful for the opportunities it offered and to understand that the true measure of belonging lies in what one does with that privilege.

The greatest lesson is contentment

We often measure education through marks, medals, positions and achievements. These matter, and the Fort has always encouraged its boys to strive. But striving must be balanced by an understanding of what we already possess.

Contentment is not the absence of ambition. It is the ability to recognise the value of one's journey, acknowledge how much one has received and understand that achievement acquires meaning when accompanied by character.

A Scindian may leave the Fort to become a leader, an entrepreneur, a professional or a person whose contribution is known only to those around him. The world may recognise some achievements and overlook others. But if he leaves with integrity, compassion, courage and a sense of responsibility towards others, then the education he received here has found its purpose.

That is the powerful gift of the Fort. It gives a boy roots without asking him to remain in the past. It gives him pride without requiring comparison and the confidence to look ahead, secure in the knowledge that he belongs to something enduring.

The contentment of knowing that he was fortunate to have been here, that he was shaped by people who cared, and that he is now part of a story that continues beyond him.

The Fort does not simply preserve the past. Through every generation that passes through it, the Fort continues to shape the future.

And that is why we continue to march on.

Ms Smita Chaturvedi
Vice Principal

मन की बात

आज जिस विषय पर मैं बात करने जा रहा हूँ वह कोई नया विषय नहीं है जब से मनुष्य ने समाज में रहने का निश्चय किया,आपस में मिलकर चलने के विषय में सोचा तो इस सोच का मुख्य कारण मन ही है क्योंकि मन में ही यह भावनाएँ उत्पन्न हुई होंगी कि मिलकर रहने में ही लाभ है। इसीलिए मन की चर्चा आधुनिक विषय नहीं है वस्तुतः यह एक पुरातन विषय है। प्रत्येक कालखंड में मन के विषय में कुछ न कुछ अवश्य कहा गया है। प्राचीन ग्रंथो में मन या मनस के विषय में बहुत कुछ कहा गया है।श्रीमद् भागवतगीता के छठे अध्याय के चौंतीसवें श्लोक में अर्जुन श्री कृष्ण से कहते हैं- "चंचलम ही मन: कृष्ण प्रमाथि बलवदृढ़म। अर्थात हे कृष्ण मन अत्यंत चंचल, प्रमथनशील, शक्तिशाली और दृढ़ होता है । महाभारत में यक्ष द्वारा युधिष्ठिर को पूछे गए इस प्रश्न में कि संसार में तीव्रतम गति किसकी है ? तो उसका उत्तर मन ही था। संदेशवाहक उद्धव को गोपियाँ जब अपने एकनिष्ठ भक्ति का प्रमाण देती हैं तो वह कहती है- "उधौ मन न होहिं दस बीस।" संत रैदास ने मन के विषय में कहा कि "मन चंगा तो कठौती में गंगा ।" मन को देवता, ईश्वर, स्वयं का दर्पण आदि अनेक संज्ञाओं से अभिहित किया गया है। क्या आपने सोचा है कि मन के रूप में कितनी अद्भुत चीज हमारे पास है, कहते हैं 'मन के हारे हार है मन के जीते जीत' यदि मन सधा हुआ हो तो आप जग जीत सकते हैं और यदि मन नियंत्रण में न हो तो जीती हुई बाजी भी हार सकते हैं।

मन ही समस्त भावों का उद्गम स्थल है राग, द्वेष, करुणा, चिंता, हर्ष आदि सभी यहीं उपस्थित हैं और यहीं विस्तार पाते हैं और यहीं नियंत्रित या समाप्त भी होते हैं जो भाव सकारात्मक होते हैं वे प्रकाशित होते हैं व जो नकारात्मक होते हैं वे निंदित होते हैं जो सत्य भावों को वरीयता दे वह अच्छे मन वाला और जो दुर्भावों को पाले वे कुटिल कहे जाते हैं। अतः मन को नियंत्रित करने के लिए ध्यान की आवश्यकता होती है। एक आलंबन पर मन को स्थिर करना अथवा मन, वचन और शरीर की प्रवृत्ति पर विजय पाना ही ध्यान है जो व्यक्ति ध्यान करना चाहता है ध्यान की गहराई में उतरकर साधना की सीढ़ी चुनना चाहता है उसे अपने मन को एक आलंबन पर केंद्रित करना होगा। जब तक मन की विकृति का अंत नहीं होता, ध्यान की गहराई तक नहीं पहुँचा जा सकता है। ध्यान जीवन-साधना का वह पथ है जिस पर चलकर व्यक्ति अपने मन की संत्रास भरी घुटन व तनाव से मुक्ति पा सकता है। ध्यान प्रक्रिया से पूर्व, मन का विशुद्ध होना आवश्यक है। मानव मस्तिष्क में मन सबसे निचले स्तर पर होता है, जहाँ से विचार प्रवाहित होते हैं जो बुद्धि के नियंत्रण में रहता है लेकिन इसके साथ ही चित्त भी होता है जो मन की वह स्थिति है जो निर्मल होता है। मन इच्छाएँ करता है, इच्छाओं से ही प्रश्न व समस्याओं का जन्म होता है।मन इन प्रश्नों व समस्याओं को चित्त के सम्मुख उत्तर व समाधान हेतु प्रस्तुत करता है। चित्त इन प्रश्नों व समस्याओं के उत्तर व समाधान के लिए इन पर चिंतन प्रारंभ करता है। चिंतन करते समय वह बुद्धि व स्मृति, ज्ञान व अनुभव जोकि स्मृति के रूप में चित्त में एकत्रित रहता है उसका यह भरपूर उपयोग करता है। चित्त अपने स्मृति का उपयोग स्मरण के द्वारा ही करता है और बुद्धि भी स्मृति व तर्क का उपयोग करते हुए निर्णय तक पहुँचती है। जब चित्त को चिंतन से उत्तर या समाधान प्राप्त हो जाता है तो वह इन उत्तरों एवं समाधानों के विकल्पों को मन के सम्मुख प्रस्तुत करता है। यदि मन जीव के वश में है तो मन चित्त व बुद्धि के उत्तर व निर्णय को मानकर उस पर उचित संकल्प विकल्प करते हुए संबंधित कार्यों व कर्मों का क्रियान्वयन करता है। यदि जीव मन के वश में है तब तो मन न बुद्धि की सुनता है न ही चित्त की बस अपनी मनमानी करता हुआ उत्श्रृंखल हो जाता है।मन चित्त व बुद्धि,ज्ञात व अज्ञात क्षेत्र में निरंतर सोच-विचार मनन-चिंतन व अनुसंधान करता ही रहता है। इसी मन से अहंकार भी उत्पन्न होता है। अनगिनत पापों को जन्म देने वाला यह अहंकार आत्मप्रशंसा के बीज से उत्पन्न होता है खुद को सर्वोच्च मान लेने का भाव इसी से पैदा होता है दूसरों पर हावी रहने की प्रवृति भी इसी से पैदा होती है। ईशोपनिषद में कहा गया है-

ॐ ईशावास्यमिदँ सर्वं यत्किञ्च जगत्यां जगत्। तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथाः मा गृधः कस्यस्विद्धनम्॥

भाव है कि यह मेरा है इस सोच से बचो और अपने मन पर नियंत्रण रखो क्योंकि यह सब कुछ ईश्वर का है- इदम् न मम।

शास्त्रों का कथन है कि ज्ञानेन्द्रियों का संबंध विषयों के साथ होता है और इंद्रियों का संबंध मन से और मन का संबंध आत्मा से होता है और इन सबका आपसी सहयोग ही प्रत्यक्ष ज्ञान के दर्शन करवाता है। इसमें मन अपनी महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाता है।

मन का अर्थ है मनन का साधन किंतु मन आंतरिक अनुभवों में ही नहीं अपितु बाह्य वस्तुओं के प्रत्यक्ष में भी सहायक होता है। मन ज्ञान का आशय नहीं अपितु कारण है। सुख-दुख का अनुभव करने वाली अंतर इंद्रिय ही मन है। वह इंद्रियाँ अपने-अपने विषयों को तभी ग्रहण करती हैं जब मन भी उनके साथ हो। अतः मन सुख-दुख का वाहक इंद्रिय होने के साथ अन्य इंद्रियों द्वारा उनके अर्थ ग्रहण में भी सहायक होता है। भारतीय दर्शन के अनुसार इंद्रियों की संख्या चौदह है, पाँच ज्ञानेंद्रिय- आँख, कान, नाक, जिह्वा व त्वचा। पाँच कर्मेंद्रियाँ- हाथ, पैर, मुँह, गुदा, लिंग। चार अंत:करण- मन, बुद्धि, चित्त और अहंकार। मन को 11वीं इंद्रिय माना गया है जो ज्ञानेंद्रिय व कर्मेंद्रिय के बीच नियामक का काम करता है। यह इंद्रियाँ और मन

हमारे ज्ञान और कर्म के साधन मात्र न होकर इस संसार को भोगने के भी साधन है। संसार का सुख भोगने में मन विचार और कल्पना के द्वारा भी सहायता करता है ।

मनुष्य का मन संसार की सबसे अशांत चीज है इस अशांति के कारण ही मनुष्य संसार में अपनी इच्छाओं की पूर्ति के साधनों की तलाश में भटकता रहता है लेकिन जैसे ही मनुष्य को अपने इच्छा की एक वस्तु मिलती है उसका अशांत मन किसी दूसरी चीज की तलाश में दौड़ने लगता है। मन के इसी भाग दौड़ के बीच जब उसके मन की बात नहीं होती तो उसका मन तनाव से भर जाता है जिसका प्रभाव जातक के शरीर पर पड़ता है। हमारे मैथिली भाषा में शरीर खराब नहीं होता बल्कि "मन खराब" होता है क्योंकि मन और शरीर का सीधा नाता है। कहा जाता है कि जैसा अन्न वैसा मन और वैसा ही तन। लोग अपने मन की इच्छाओं की पूर्ति के लिए जीवन पर्यंत भाग-दौड़ करते रहते हैं इसीलिए अशांत भी रहते हैं और शांति के लिए योग अपनाते हैं क्योंकि योग का एक संदेश या कहें प्रमुख उद्देश्य अशांत मन पर नियंत्रण करना भी है। हमें इंद्रियों के भोगों को नहीं छोड़कर मन को नियंत्रित करते हुए इंद्रियों के विषयों का भोग करना चाहिए। मन का एक प्रमुख कार्य भाषा और विचार को जन्म देना है। मन और भाषा सदा साथ-साथ रहते हैं जब तक मनुष्य के मस्तिष्क में मन सक्रिय है भाषा का जन्म निश्चित रूप से होता रहेगा। मन लगाना, मन उचटना, मन मारना, मन की बात कहना, मन में लड्डू फूटना, मन का मैल, मन पर पत्थर रखना, मन मोह लेना, मन बहलाना, मन का बोझ हल्का करना आदि यह सभी मुहावरे किसी न किसी चिंतन से ही उद्भूत हुए हैं।

कई बार मन का मानवीकरण करते हुए "मन की आंखें" खोलकर देखने की बात कही जाती है। वास्तव में यह कहा जाता है कि वास्तविकता को देखो,हवा-हवाई बातें न करो।

मनोवांछित मनोकामना की आकांक्षा से पूरित यह मन यहीं विश्राम की बात कह रहा है क्योंकि यह मन-पुराण अनंत है। अपने मन को जीवंत रखिए क्योंकि इस संसार को प्रकाशवान बनाए रखने के लिए एक सकारात्मक ऊर्जस्वित मन की अत्यंत आवश्यकता है।

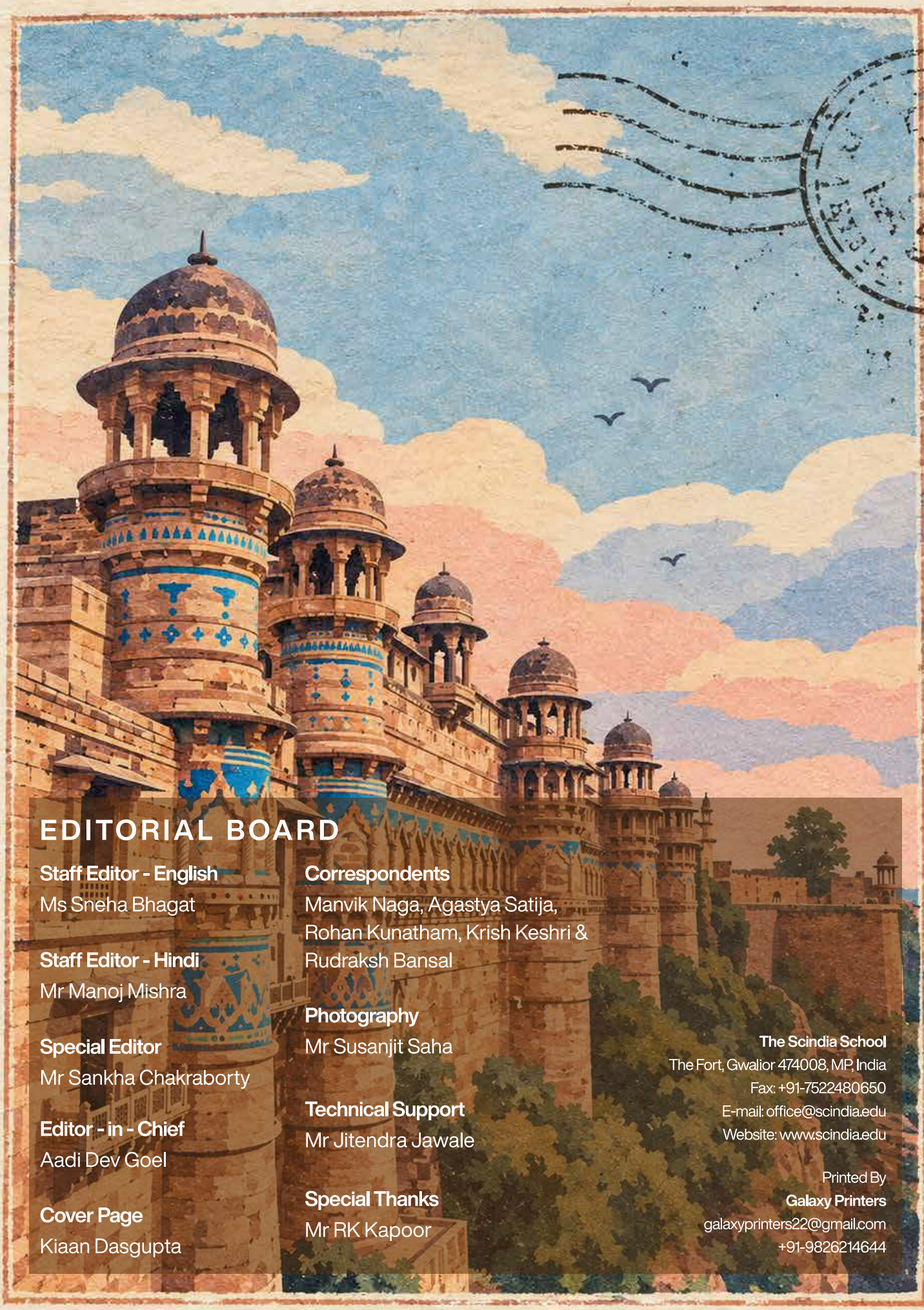
श्री मनोज कुमार मिश्र
हिंदी-अध्यापक

A Distant Dream

A dream in a distant dream
As I can't see anymore
I live in the level of reality
Created in the curse of my own
My nerves and veins, the serpents
of my body has worded to this
universe, vicious and vile
The dirt of my breath sprinkle on
the granules of sand to space.

My thoughts are not my own
hacked and robbed and trampled
in broad-day-light in
the wheels of history
The presence of my being carry
the evolution
From the age of Ice to Intelligence
I have seen over the centuries
As I grow, evolve and intellectualise
and erode and eclipse of
My tragedy, I script
I bleed in my pain, I cry in my agony
I harm myself in a harmonious way
You never felt and seen.
I am Nature wounded by the child I made,
The heartless and harrowing human machine,
Born of my own dust , destroying all that is green.

Mr Sankha Chakraborty
Department of English



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