



THE INDUS DISPATCH

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THE INDUS DISPATCH

An • Academic • Existential • Update

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BEGIN AGAIN

A step towards long-awaited normalcy

With more students now returning to the campus, it does seem likely that our brief stint with online learning will soon come to a close. For many this may well be the first time they set foot on the grounds of Indus; for others, a return to familiar turf.

However much we may have talked of onli-

-ne school being the new normal, the goal has always been to prevent that from becoming a reality, and with the new measure schools and governments are putting in place, we might just be succeeding on that count, and just in time, too. It's a rather difficult thing to remember just how much better physical school is, until you return to it after a year of attending classes on Microsoft teams.

Even though teams does intend to stick around for a while, students returning to school can finally visit the library, walk the hallways, play team sports, and even ride horses, again (those with equinophobia can still enjoy the rest of the activities).

The only thorn in this rosy picture comes in the form of the repeated PCR tests students are expected to endure. If one ever wishes to experience the medical techniques of the medieval times, one only has to go and ask for a PCR. You can even faintly hear the



sounds of the patient next to you getting a lobotomy done without anaesthesia.

However, we know you would much rather hear tales of the glory of campus life from the people who are actually there, so that's exactly what we have below, after a short message from the DP team. For those of our eagle-eyed viewers who will notice that the images we used are essentially just the same scene captured from different angles, this was most certainly done entirely on purpose, to remind you to look at a problem from different perspectives, which is not to say that the students pictured below are problems in any manner of speaking.

MESSAGE FROM THE DP TEAM



We believe that the truest of smiles do begin at the lips but ends in the eyes. The school witnessed this joy when we had our first batch of DP students walking through the familiar gates of Indus. A bright day anticipating the first steps to knowledge, learning, and sharing. Through the beaming eyes one could feel the excitement reeling through the silent passageway and the classrooms that slowly began to come back to life.

This is only the slow beginning of a start to coming together stronger and ensuring to be at our best as we get back to the new normal.

"The capacity to learn is a gift; the ability to learn is a skill; the willingness to learn is a choice."

Brian Herbert

BACK-TO-SCHOOL

STUDENT EXPERIENCES

Every kid thinks of what his or her first day back to school is going to be like attending a new school, the lifelong friends they were going to make and meeting the teachers who were going to guide them. Due to the pandemic, we have attended classes online on our laptops. It was during the end of the 8th month that finally we got the notice that we would be allowed to go to school.

#1

Me being a new student in a new school who hadn't even physically been to the school as we had to have a virtual tour due to quarantine was super excited to finally see the school for myself. During the drive to school, I was thinking of how my first day would go and how meeting the teachers and the other kids would go since even though I knew the teachers and my classmates, I hadn't met them in real life. I had only seen them on the screen of my laptop.

When I reached school, I could see all the safety measures taken; they were checking everyone's temperature, making sure everyone wore masks, had the hard copy of the COVID test results, an area to wash your hands and hand sanitizers.

To my surprise, fewer kids chose to come to school than I had originally expected would show up. There were only 3 girls including me and about 10 to 12 boys who showed up from the whole grade and each class only had about 3-4 students in class.

Finding my class was kind of difficult since the circular floor was very confusing. I would have definitely been lost if it wasn't for my friend. The classes went well and it was better since the teacher was present in class, it was easier to understand what they were teaching and it helped that there weren't any distractions to divert our attention from class. My first day in a new school wasn't exactly what I had imagined before the start of 11th as I would have never thought we would have to wear a head shield in the bus but alas it was a nice experience and in conclusion it was pretty fun.

- Navita Silby



These two images were taken five seconds apart. We couldn't decide which to use, so we've just included both.

#2

The ability to attend offline school has been a really refreshing and strengthening experience that has allowed me to be more focused and motivated. Witnessing the beautiful scenery after an entire year reminded me about the true purpose of school. The campus has helped in removing unnecessary distractions that I would have faced when being lazy and inactive at home.

The interactions with teachers, gave the classes a more personal feel. In addition to this, all COVID-19 safety protocols were followed which helped me feel extremely safe in the environment. Of course, there was also the additional benefit of seeing and interacting with my friends after a long time.

– Krishnam Raju



It all depends on what's more important to you – the ceiling, or the floor. Luckily, we cater to both preferences.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

The school is open.

Greetings.



The school is open. Life is all about taking risks for the greater benefit. We're all going to die someday, but the decision right now is yours - would you rather contract COVID after a glorious year on campus, or die of boredom at home? Think of the obituary. In all seriousness, with all the preventative measures the school has put into place, it's likely that you're safer in school, than anywhere outside, or perhaps even inside your home. Take then call, and don't miss what's left of the good ol' days.

We've said this before, but - we now have an archive website at <http://theindusdispatch.rf.gd/>, so feel free to visit that. And as always, if you've got content, feedback, or just old vegetables, feel free to throw them at us. Forms in website.

- The Editorial Board



MAKING THE HEADLINES

It's the work of students like her that makes Indus the school it is, and the world into the place we all want it to be.

RIGHT | OPPORTUNITY Smriti's NGO helps with content, mobiles

17-yr-old helps girls live dreams

**SANJAY SAMUEL
PAUL | DC
HYDERABAD, FEB. 24**

A 17-year-old girl, worried over how other girls like her would cope with the demands during the peak of the Covid-19 pandemic, not only managed to help 100 other girls continue with their studies but also generated online content that others want to use, in the state as well as in the rest of the country.

According to Smriti Marar, the strong urge to do something for other students was a result of the time she spent at the Naandi Foundation two years ago where she learnt about various resources and programmes available for students in class ten. "I wanted to do something so girls in class 10 can go on and complete their 12th grade," she said.

Out of this desire to help came Project WE, an NGO Smriti founded. The goal is to help other girls of my



Smriti Marar

age grow as independent, self-sufficient women. She started classes online creating content designed to provide life skills, making the best of opportunities and for making smart plans that would help other girls achieve their dreams, of continuing with their education as well as learning and developing skills that would assist them in other spheres of their lives.

"I first started tutoring at home 22 girls from a junior college in Madhurangar. They are now in degree colleges," Smriti said.

But with many of these

students coming from economically challenged families, staying connected online was a challenge, as was the case with 85 other junior college students that Smriti's Project WE began working with subsequently. The only way to help them continue with their academic lessons online, as well as offerings from Project WE was to equip them with smartphones. Smriti said she, through her NGO, launched a fund-raising drive and managed to generate ₹10 lakh in donations during the pandemic lockdowns.

"We bought smartphones gave them to the students and also paid for data packages and the connections," she said.

On the content Project WE created, Smriti said the animated programmes were created for easy learning. Even as the weekly schedule of following the videos and learning from them was drawn

up, one on one interaction was constant to understand the student's abilities. The curriculum, she said, consists of self-development, self-care, technological literacy, and financial literacy.

That the online lessons that Project WE created were interesting and useful for students was proven not just with the girls who were part of the programme benefitting from them but when a larger non-governmental organisation displayed interest to take these video lessons nationwide. Also willing to use them as part of its own online education plans is the Board of Intermediate Education in the state.

Fifteen of the junior college students from the second batch that Project WE has been mentoring and assisting, have been selected to join Mahindra Pride School run in collaboration with Naandi Foundation.

"When I noticed that there weren't a lot of resources and initiatives available for girls to complete education until the 10th grade, I felt compelled to start one on my own. Eager to create a program to help girls my own age, I approached a government high school near my house. Upon inquiry, I learned about the huge difference between the enrolment rates and graduation rates of the girls there. I discovered that younger women were unable to finish high school due to a lack of educational resources and marriage at an early age. I thus wanted to educate them about future opportunities through classes and enable them to grasp these opportunities through life-skills and higher education/vocational training programs. Thus began Project WE.

I am happy that we were able to help 85 girls build brighter futures. I hope the Project WE curriculum can continue to help many more students across the country."

– Smriti Marar

MOVING FROM

CLIMATE LITERACY



Applying your knowledge of the problems plaguing humanity, to the real world. Part I of a series chronicling the student-led ICCP

TO

DECISION MAKING

21st century is marked with numerous Environmental issues and one that is knocking at our doorstep presently are issues related to climate change.

Climate refers to the long-term regional or even global average of temperature, humidity and rainfall patterns over seasons, years or decade. Over the past 650,000 years Earth's climate has moved in and out of warm periods and ice age, naturally. This change is attributed to external factor or "forcing" (an environmental factor that influences the climate) caused due to alteration in Earth's energy balance. Some of the factors influencing such changes has been in terms of ocean circulation, Earth's orbit, solar insolation output, albedo effect and the gases present in the atmosphere such as Carbon dioxide, water vapor, methane and other greenhouse gases (GHGs).

One might wonder as to why the entire world has started their fight against climate change when in the history of the Earth it has always occurred. The primary reason being that Anthropogenic activities, ever since the pre-industrial stage, has seen a rise in the GHGs emission leading to excessive heating of the Earth's climate system. This phenomenon is referred to as enhanced green house effect or human induced global

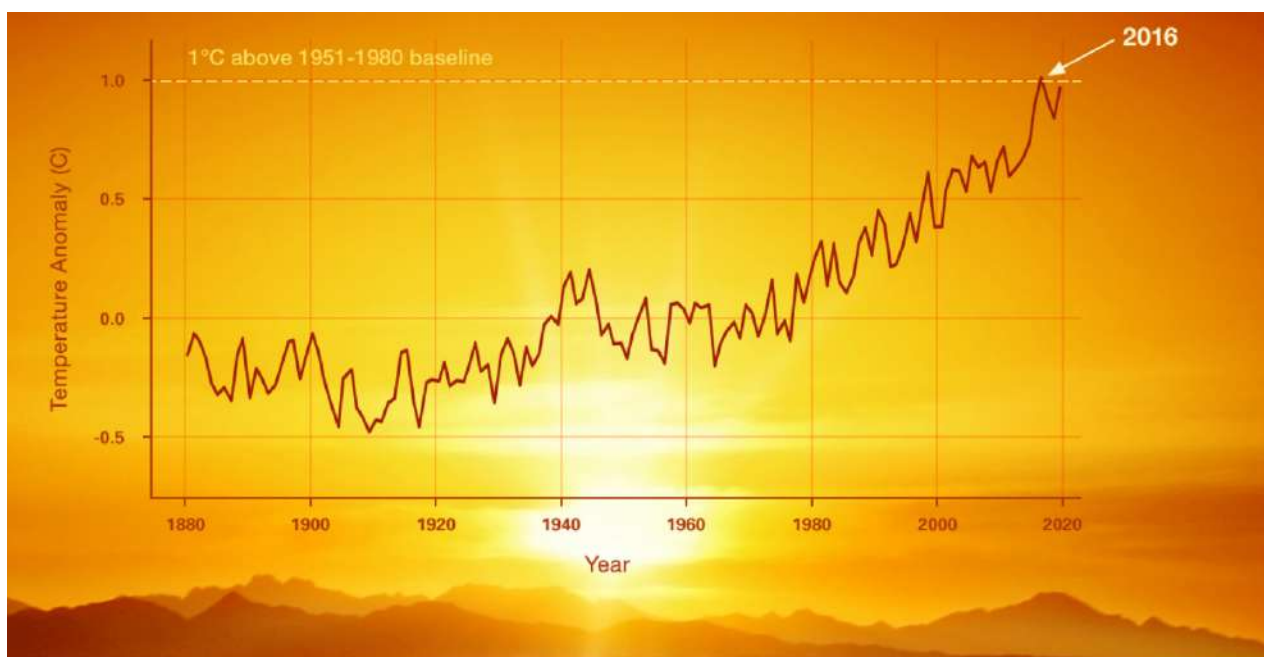
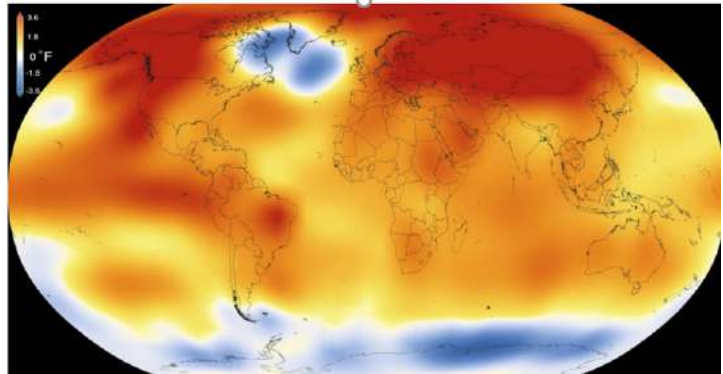


Fig. 1 | Pictured: the change in the global surface temperatures relative to 1951–1980 average temperatures, with the year 2020 tying with 2016 for warmest on record | Source: NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies

warming. Though the terms “climate change” and “global warming” are used interchangeably but have distinct meanings.

Ever since 1880 the global temperatures have risen on an average of 1.4° F. The last few decades has seen thinning of the Sea ice in the Arctic and decreased ice sheet mass in Greenland. The North and South Poles are warming faster than anywhere else on Earth. Glaciers are retreating on mountains all over the world. The impacts of Climate Change extend way beyond the increase in temperature, affecting ecosystems and communities globally.

The above background information has been provided in the hope to raise awareness on an issue that has started to impact the entire global systems and to empower each to be climate literate. Understanding the implications of changing Earths climate due to unthoughtful human activities would influence the decisions one makes that can either help or



Source: NASA, Record shattering heat in 2015

worsen the current situation. Our Environmental value systems determines our relationship with nature and the decisions we make.

There are three paths to handling the “ Climate Crisis”; one- we do nothing about it, two- we wait for someone to do something about it and three- we take actions to bring about a change.

t is time we all joined hands to move a step forward from awareness to action phase, as we only have one planet we call home.

For more information, read:
https://aambpublicoceanservice.blob.core.windows.net/oceanserviceprod/education/literacy/climate_literacy.pdf

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TRIFLING TRIVIA

Information that you'll certainly need, one day or another.

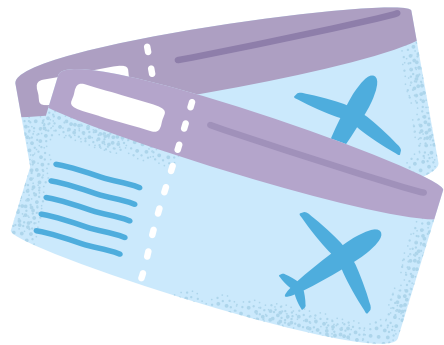
Shaq

Shaquille O'Neal made the only three-point shot he would ever make in his entire career on Feb. 16, 1996.



Ticket Times

Try to book your airline tickets between 105 and 54 days out. That's the sweet spot. But, by pulling the trigger at exactly 54 days, you can reap savings of nearly 50 percent.



Just a Bit South of North Carolina

In March 1958, a B-47 plane was headed to the United Kingdom and was armed with an atomic bomb. This bomb was even bigger than the "Fat Boy," the atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki. During the flight, the pilots noticed a fault light, so one of them decided to check it out. In doing so, he accidentally released the emergency pin, watching in horror as the bomb dropped to the ground. The good news was, the critical part of the bomb needed to set it off was still on the plane, so it never exploded.

Malus – An evil a day leads the Bible astray

The Bible does say that Adam and Eve ate a forbidden fruit. But despite many Sunday school stories and visual representations depicting that fruit as an apple, it's never stated in the text as such. According to NPR, the apple depiction was the result of some confusion with the Hebrew Bible being translated into Latin, using the term "malus," which translates to both "evil" and "apple."



Cnidaric Nursing

Here's one "fact" you're probably relieved to hear is fiction. According to the Cleveland Clinic, the proper way to treat a jellyfish sting is with hot water. Not only is urine not an effective treatment method, but it can even worsen the sting.

BORROWING WORDS

Excerpts and quotes from the greatest writers of our time.



"Odd sum," he said.

"It's for the repairs people."

"Won't they wait?"

"They've been waiting two years."

"Then they ought to have got the knack of it by now."

– P. G. Wodehouse, *Sunset at Blandings*

"You've sacrificed your entire life to be who you are today. Was it worth it?"

–Richard Bach

The apartment below mine had the only balcony of the house. I saw a girl standing on it, completely submerged in the pool of autumn twilight. She wasn't doing a thing that I could see, except standing there leaning on the balcony railing, holding the universe together.

– J. D. Salinger, *A Girl I Knew*

The ships hung in the sky in much the same way that bricks don't.

– Douglas Adams, *The Ultimate Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

This sentence has five words. Here are five more words. Five-word sentences are fine. But several together become monotonous. Listen to what is happening. The writing is getting boring. The sound of it drones. It's like a stuck record. The ear demands some variety. Now listen. I vary the sentence length, and I create music. Music. The writing sings. It has a pleasant rhythm, a lilt, a harmony. I use short sentences. And I use sentences of medium length. And sometimes, when I am certain the reader is rested, I will engage him with a sentence of considerable length, a sentence that burns with energy and builds with all the impetus of a crescendo, the roll of the drums, the crash of the cymbals—sounds that say listen to this, it is important.

– Gary Provost, *100 Ways To Improve Your Writing*

Time is the longest distance between two places.

– Tennessee Williams, *The Glass Menagerie*

DUSK

A short story by Saki

Norman Gortsby sat on a bench in the Park, with his back to a strip of bush-planted sward, fenced by the park railings, and the Row fronting him across a wide stretch of carriage drive. Hyde Park Corner, with its rattle and hoot of traffic, lay immediately to his right. It was some thirty minutes past six on an early March evening, and dusk had fallen heavily over the

scene, dusk mitigated by some faint moonlight and many street lamps. There was a wide emptiness over road and sidewalk, and yet there were many unconsidered figures moving silently through the half-light, or dotted unobtrusively on bench and chair, scarcely to be distinguished from the shadowed gloom in which they sat.

The scene pleased Gortsby and harmonised with his present mood. Dusk, to his mind, was the hour of the defeated. Men and women, who had fought and lost, who hid their fallen fortunes and dead hopes as far as possible from the scrutiny of the curious, came forth in this hour of gloaming, when their shabby clothes and bowed shoulders and unhappy eyes might pass unnoticed, or, at any rate, unrecognised.

A king that is conquered must see strange looks, so bitter a thing is the heart of man.

The wanderers in the dusk did not choose to have strange looks fasten on them, therefore they came out in this bat-fashion, taking their pleasure sadly in a pleasure-ground that had emptied of its rightful occupants. Beyond the sheltering screen of bushes and palings came a realm of brilliant lights and noisy, rushing traffic. A blazing, many-tiered stretch of windows shone through the dusk and almost dispersed it, marking the haunts of those other people, who held their own in life's struggle, or at any rate had not had to admit failure. So Gortsby's imagination pictured things as he sat on his bench in the almost deserted walk. He was in the mood to count himself among the defeated. Money troubles did not press on him; had he so wished he could have strolled into the thoroughfares of light and noise, and taken his place among the jostling ranks of those who enjoyed prosperity or struggled for it. He had failed in a more subtle ambition, and for the moment he was heartsore and disillusionised, and not disinclined to take a certain cynical pleasure in observing and labelling his fellow wanderers as they went their ways in the dark stretches between the lamp-lights.

On the bench by his side sat an elderly gentleman with a drooping air of defiance that was probably the remaining vestige of self-respect in an individual who had ceased to defy successfully anybody or anything. His clothes could scarcely be called shabby, at least they passed muster in the half-light, but one's imagination could not have pictured the wearer embarking on the purchase of a half-crown box of chocolates or laying out ninepence on a carnation buttonhole. He belonged unmistakably to that forlorn orchestra to whose piping no one dances; he was one of the world's lamenters who induce no responsive weeping. As he rose to go Gortsby imagined him returning to a home circle where he was snubbed and of no account, or to some bleak lodging where his ability to pay a weekly bill was the beginning and end of the interest he inspired. His retreating figure vanished slowly into the shadows, and his place on the bench was taken almost

"You don't seem in a very good temper," said Gortsby, judging that he was expected to take due notice of the demonstration.

The young man turned to him with a look of disarming frankness which put him instantly on his guard.

"You wouldn't be in a good temper if you were in the fix I'm in," he said; "I've done the silliest thing I've ever done in my life."

"Yes?" said Gortsby dispassionately.

"Came up this afternoon, meaning to stay at the Patagonian Hotel in Berkshire Square," continued the young man; "when I got there I found it had been pulled down some weeks ago and a cinema theatre run up on the site. The taxi driver recommended me to another hotel some way off and I went there. I just sent a letter to my people, giving



Image courtesy: Kallol Kumar Das Poddar

them the address, and then I went out to buy some soap — I'd forgotten to pack any and I hate using hotel soap. Then I strolled about a bit, had a drink at a bar and looked at the shops, and when I came to turn my steps back to the hotel I suddenly realised that I didn't remember its name or even what street it was in. There's a nice predicament for a fellow who hasn't any friends or connections in London! Of course I can wire to my people for the address, but they won't have got my letter till to-morrow; meantime I'm without any money, came out with about a shilling on me, which went in buying the soap and getting the drink, and here I am, wandering about with twopence in my pocket and nowhere to go for the night."

There was an eloquent pause after the story had been told. "I suppose you think I've spun you rather an impossible yarn," said the young man presently, with a suggestion of resentment in his voice.

"Not at all impossible," said Gortsby judicially; "I remember doing exactly the same thing once in a foreign capital, and on that occasion there were two of us, which made it more remarkable. Luckily we remembered that the hotel was on a sort of canal, and when we struck the canal we were able to find our way back to the hotel."

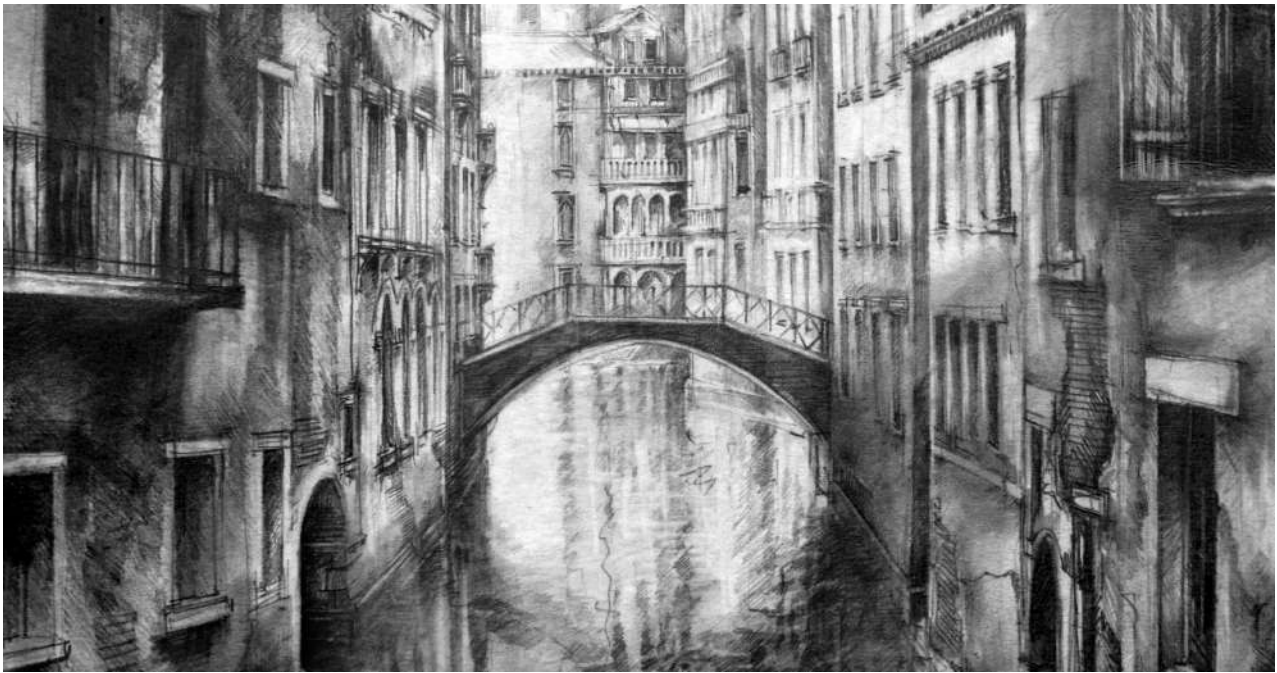


Image courtesy: Ian Murphy

The youth brightened at the reminiscence. "In a foreign city I wouldn't mind so much," he said; "one could go to one's Consul and get the requisite help from him. Here in one's own land one is far more derelict if one gets into a fix. Unless I can find some decent chap to swallow my story and lend me some money I seem likely to spend the night on the Embankment. I'm glad, anyhow, that you don't think the story outrageously improbable."

He threw a good deal of warmth into the last remark, as though perhaps to indicate his hope that Gortsby did not fall far short of the requisite decency.

"Of course," said Gortsby slowly, "the weak point of your story is that you can't produce the soap."

The young man sat forward hurriedly, felt rapidly in the pockets of his overcoat, and then jumped to his feet.

"I must have lost it," he muttered angrily.

"To lose an hotel and a cake of soap on one afternoon suggests wilful carelessness," said Gortsby, but the young man scarcely waited to hear the end of the remark. He flitted away down the path, his head held high, with an air of somewhat jaded jauntiness.

"It was a pity," mused Gortsby; "the going out to get one's own soap was the one convincing touch in the whole story, and yet it was just that little detail that brought him to grief. If he had had the brilliant forethought to provide himself with a cake of soap, wrapped and sealed with all the solicitude of the chemist's counter, he would have been a genius in his particular line. In his particular line genius certainly consists of an infinite capacity for taking precautions."



Image courtesy: Sanika Danorkar Meenal Pradhan

With that reflection Gortsby rose to go; as he did so an exclamation of concern escaped him. Lying on the ground by the side of the bench was a small oval packet, wrapped and sealed with the solicitude of a chemist's counter. It could be nothing else but a cake of soap, and it had evidently fallen out of the youth's overcoat pocket when he flung himself down on the seat. In another moment Gortsby was scudding along the dusk-shrouded path in anxious quest for a youthful figure in a light overcoat. He had nearly given up the search when he caught

sight of the object of his pursuit standing irresolutely on the border of the carriage drive, evidently uncertain whether to strike across the Park or make for the bustling pavements of Knightsbridge. He turned round sharply with an air of defensive hostility when he found Gortsby hailing him.

"The important witness to the genuineness of your story has turned up," said Gortsby, holding out the cake of soap; "it must have slid out of your overcoat pocket when you sat down on the seat. I saw it on the ground after you left. You must excuse my disbelief, but appearances were really rather against you, and now, as I appealed to the testimony of the soap I think I ought to abide by its verdict. If the loan of a sovereign is any good to you — "

The young man hastily removed all doubt on the subject by pocketing the coin.

"Here is my card with my address," continued Gortsby; "any day this week will do for returning the money, and here is the soap — don't lose it again — it's been a good friend to you."

"Lucky thing your finding it," said the youth, and then, with a catch in his voice, he blurted out a word or two of thanks and fled headlong in the direction of Knightsbridge.

"Poor boy, he as nearly as possible broke down," said Gortsby to himself. "I don't wonder either; the relief from his quandary must have been acute. It's a lesson to me not to be too clever in judging by circumstances."

As Gortsby retraced his steps past the seat where the little drama had taken place he saw an elderly gentleman poking and peering beneath it and on all sides of it, and recognised his earlier fellow occupant.

"Have you lost anything, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a cake of soap."



A SMOKING ROOM IN NEW YORK

Image courtesy: Pascal Campion

I knew, the first time I thought of it, that I could live my whole life in those few moments.

It is nighttime, after a brief rain, and the streets glisten. A nondescript brick building stands on the west side of New York. It is one of those buildings a novice artist always places on a street corner - square, ungainly, boxy. A faded green awning in the left side, with the words "Grocer and Provisioner" on the front. Under the awning are two chairs around a table with a leg missing. A scarf is draped on the red chair, and blows gently, with every passing automobile. The cars cast strange shadows onto the walls of the building, but somehow, the light never makes it into the grocer's shop, whatever lies within, forever

forever protected from outside eyes by the faithful awning. A streetcar turns the corner, its bell softly sounding its brazen tones as it rounds the bend. A man standing by its entrance casts an inscrutable look at the building, before turning away, and disappearing into the streetcar's unlit depths. A dark hole promenades as a door on the adjacent side of the building, elevated by three steps, and framed by dark oak. The door is always open, and swings inside completely, so that one never gets a glance at the rusting knocker it sports. A brick has fallen from the wall beside the door, and lies next to the end of a pipe, leading to the roof. If one's eyes follow the path the pipe takes - long, winded, and divergent, you lightly skim past the only lit window in the whole building. It is

not very high up, but the building's feeble girth makes it look ever so much higher. And the light that comes from it; warm, yet aloof, separates it from the street, from the building itself. It is impossible to imagine a flight of stairs that could lead to that room. The window is on the corner of the building, and it is two windows, really, but one never thinks of them in the plural. Two silhouettes paint themselves on its inner side, facing each other. They do not move in the slightest, but the smoke that trails from the man's mouth comes to the window, and masquerades then as a dog, now as a canary. The smoke seems to carry upon itself the faint notes of the piano



Image courtesy: Pascal Campion

in the smoking room the man stands in.

It is at the far end of the room, opposite to the window, for the man who plays it has no use for windows. His windows open into himself, the only light that comes from within them prances upon the keys, materializing as notes in the quiet room. It is not entirely quiet, that room. People talk, things move, glasses fill. But the sounds are as much part of the room as the soft yellow light from the exquisite chandelier, strung from the low ceiling, and the veneer of the polished counter top that lines its left side, minded by a languishing man, seemingly asleep, as his hands moved independently of his thoughts, uncorking vintage reds, and shaving thin curls of ice from a crystal block beside him. The bottles that line the shelves behind him are free of dust to the utmost, yet seem as if they have aged since the beginning of time, casting their antiquated glow upon the wood behind them.

The notes that punctuate the air come to a soft crescendo, and a chair slides backwards, slowly, and a rustle sounds. A man stands up, tall, but not exceedingly so. He is clean-shaven, with a frank face, and closed eyes. Making his way to the small raised stage at the end of the room, he bows his head, and raises his glass, and as he begins to sing, his voice drawing the piano man into tune, the room is again quiet. He looks at me, briefly, in the armchair between the counter and stage. I nod ever so slightly, and he smiles, casting his plaintive song with the subtlest inflection.

I look around, slowly. Nothing can be done with haste in this room, and nothing must be. There is no haste here. Here, is eternity. No, here is the very opposite. We live not a thousand moments, but a single one. We cherish it, and make the most of it, and find solace in its endless appreciation. The patrons all face the stage, some listening, some watching. A woman in a red dress drapes herself on the settee, and looks around, to see me watching. Her brown-blond locks settle upon her face, ever the more fairer in contrast to the enticing smile. Her dress, falling off at the shoulder, seems to take all the light in the room, and radiate it as its own, and for a moment all I can see is her. From across the room, our eyes find a single path, one end leading to the other, and we smile.

- Anonymous

[Read on Corkran](#)

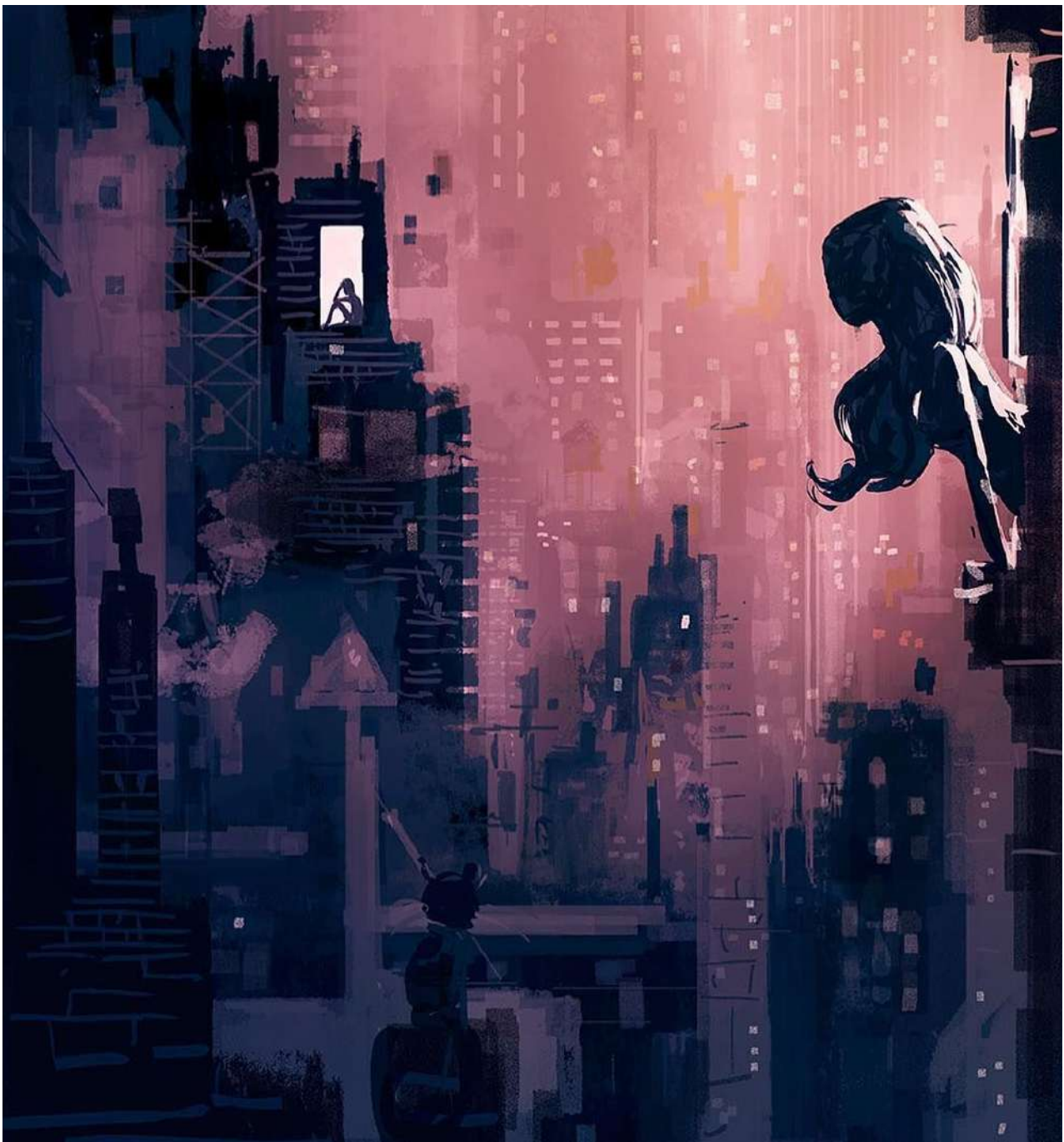


Image courtesy: Pascal Campion



BILLBOARD



The Editorial Board Announces:

Know anything about anything? Of course you do. Think it's interesting enough for people to know about? Even better. For our new "information section", to be put into practice from the October edition, we invite you to send us any snippets of useful information you may have gathered over the course of your careers. from a handy way to make pasta sauce, to surviving an eel attack - we welcome everything. As always, reach out to us at: aarush.kumbhakern@indusschoolhyd.com



Corkran

Do you write, at all? Ever wanted an elegant, minimal, yet user-friendly, and completely unrestrictive website to display and create your works on? Or maybe you just like to read - works of fiction, articles, or just about anything else. Try corkran.pythonanywhere.com - the open blog. Complete artistic freedom, features on demand, and regular updates. Visit and register today. Oh, and yes - we'll buy a legit domain once we have enough users.



Contact us at
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write for us

Email for submissions & queries:

aarush.kumbhakern@indusschoolhyd.com

Anonymous submissions procedure:

1. Upload the submission, preferably as one file including all assets (images etc.) on: <https://gofile.io/uploadFiles>
2. Submit the uploaded file's link in this google form: <https://forms.gle/xJPPsTxVEMesiXqp8>

