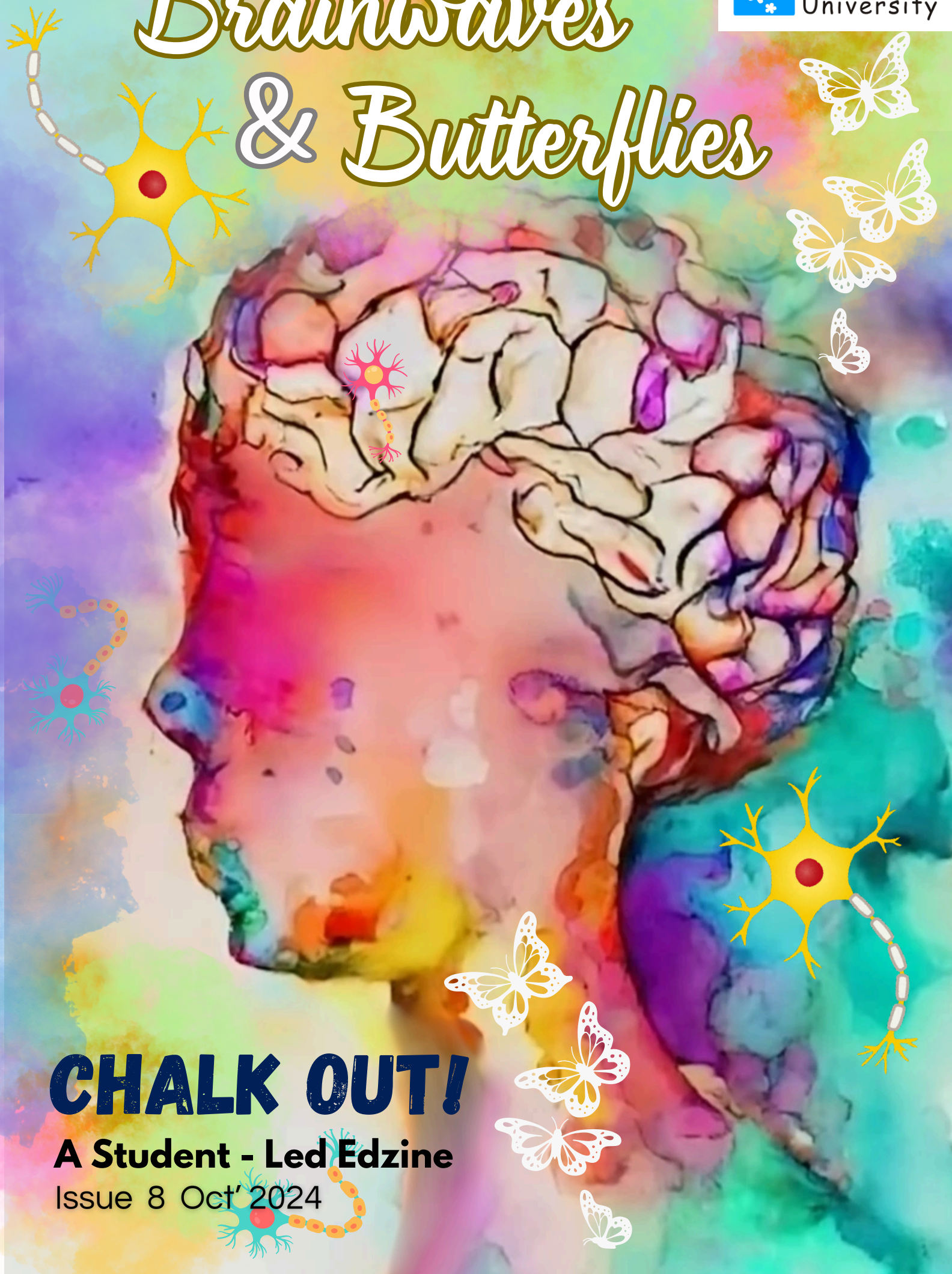
Azim Premji University

Brainwaves & Butterflies



CHALK OUT!

A Student - Led Edzine

Issue 8 Oct' 2024

MEET THE TEAM



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ILLUSTRATIONS AND DESIGN BY ASHRUTI | SOURCE : OPEN PEEPS

NOTE TO READERS

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the latest edition of the Ed-Zine.

Through our theme, "Brain Waves and Butterflies", we explore the different emotions and feelings in school, from excitement and curiosity to friendship and perseverance.

Have you ever felt the thrill in rushing to grab the juiciest fruits during the ripe season? Have you faced classroom dramas of different kinds - being nicknamed the teacher's pet, ruining friendships over test scores, or just enjoying a cheerful group lunch? Did you need to wear different kinds of faces to school and other places?

Explore the pages ahead and listen to exclusive podcasts featuring APU faculty about the neuroscience and psychology of emotions, and the spirals of emotions when working towards inclusivity in education!

You must be burning with curiosity by now! Read on to find out the juicy details, as we share all that we feel, sometimes unbeknownst to us, during school!

Warm regards,

Chalk Out
Your Edzine Team

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A Tamarind Tree

THERE'S ALWAYS FUN IN DOING THE FORBIDDEN, ISN'T IT?
THE FOLLOWING PIECE IS A REMINISCENCE OF SOWGANDHIKA'S ADVENTUROUS SCHOOL MEMORIES - DOING SOMETHING THAT WAS NOT ALLOWED! READ AHEAD TO RELIVE THE EXPERIENCE: HER FEAR OF GETTING CAUGHT, YET THAT UNSATIABLE WANT FOR THAT JUICY FRUIT, BRINGING FEELINGS OF UNMATCHABLE ACHIEVEMENT WITH IT.



A Tamarind Tree
A majestic tree
With wide branches

Through seasons, it changes its attire
But, off set of spring always will be the best
It brings new leaves and soon new buds
Buds are exciting part of it

Everyday we look at it
Waiting for them to get ripe
Plans will be discussed on how to get them

Mean while other competitors also arrive
They can't even wait
They will start to pluck the buds and fruits before they even ripe
Probably that's the reason they are called monkeys

Finally the month April brings them.
For the leftover buds
But, there is a challenge to overcome,
It was right beside the school office

But we don't have any shortage of plans
We have got other routes to go
Slowly sneaking on top floor
We all become cats,
making sure that our steps won't make sound

Quickly grab it!!
Just run off.....
Reminder: don't make sound
It's delicacy needs one more adventure



CHITTEPU LAXMI SOWGANDHIKA
BSC.BED MATHEMATICS
2020

TRANSFORMING FEAR INTO GROWTH

FEAR IS AN EMOTION WHICH EVERYONE FACES IN EACH PHASE OF THEIR LIFE. EMBARKING ON A NEW JOURNEY ALWAYS BRINGS WITH IT RIPPLES OF FEAR. NEVERTHELESS, ONE HAS TO OVERCOME AND LEARN FROM IT. READ FURTHER TO KNOW HOW VANSHRI NAVIGATES HER WAY THROUGH A NEW JOURNEY OF TEACHING TO SURPASS HER FEAR OF MISTAKES.

As someone who often experiences stage fear, the thought of standing in front of a classroom with eager young minds added layers upon layers of anxiety. To add to this was teaching, a new activity - this was never simply delivering information, but also actively involving students in the learning process.

"The weight of responsibility was heavy as I questioned whether I could effectively explain concepts, capture students' interest, manage the classroom, and ultimately, become a good teacher."

My lack of prior experience further amplified my fears: What if I was unable to fulfill the expectations of my students, their parents, and my faculty? What if I made a mistake that negatively affected the academic and emotional well-being of those I'm responsible for?



VANSHRI BISWAS
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2020

I vividly recall my first day of independent teaching. I was excited to introduce a new concept in a 'fun' way, but was also nervous about the possibility of making mistakes, or failing to engage students. Despite these worries, I entered the classroom with my head held high. Of course, the class didn't go exactly as planned but I managed to accomplish something and didn't fail miserably!



As I reflect on my three months of teaching practice, I realize that I have successfully taught some science to some, but not every student. Looking back, I see I am fearful of making mistakes, stemming from the notion that a teacher must not make any! I have realized this is far from the truth. Rather, I would now say that teachers should acknowledge and learn from them instead. By pushing myself beyond my comfort zone, I can travel on the road to shedding this fear of making mistakes.

MINDWAVES - SCIENCE OF EMOTIONS

DID YOU KNOW Curd controls how you feel?

(Well, kinda...) Emotions are an integral part of our lives, which completely wrap us. They can be positive, negative or neutral based on the contexts or our moods.

Emotions are not only limited to our nervous system, but are also controlled by other biological factors, like gut microbes.

In this segment, we stroll through a biological and neurological perspective on emotions with Dr. Antara Das. So what are you waiting for?! Scan now to know about the role of emotions in our daily life all the way from our brain to our tummy :).

Tune in for conversation (7:20 min)



ANTARA DAS
NEUROBIOLOGIST, PH.D

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
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AZIM PREMJI UNIVERSITY





INTERVIEWD BY BHANU AND HITIKA

DID YOU KNOW? The term ‘Emotion’ comes from a Latin word called ‘Emovere’ which means to stir the sentiments.

Do children experience emotions similar to adults? Can a teacher’s multiple emotions (yes... they feel too, ya know, they ARE humans...) influence their teaching and the students in their class?

With many such queries, we got insights into the role of emotions in everyday life and their role in classroom dynamics.

Scan to listen to our conversation with Krishna H, who is a psychologist and also a teacher with many years of experience under his belt.

Tune in for conversation (12:30 min)



KRISHNA H
MASTERS IN PSYCHOLOGY

HEAD
TEACHER EDUCATION
AZIM PREMJI UNIVERSITY





INTERVIEWD BY
LALITHA & SHIVA



स्कूल का एक दिन



FIRST DAY OF A NEW SCHOOL IS FILLED WITH EMOTIONS; JOY, EXCITEMENT,CURIOSITY.....BUT NOT ALWAYS. SOME TRANSITIONS ARE NOT AS SMOOTH AS WE EXPECT. IMAGINE WITH ASHA HOW MANU'S FIRST DAY AT A NEW SCHOOL MAKES HER EXPERIENCE DIFFERENT EMOTIONS

६ साल की मनु के लिए वह सब कुछ नया सा था | वो शहर, वहाँ की सड़के, दुकानें, मकान, पार्क, जो कि उसने कभी देखे भी नहीं थे | छोटी-सी मनु उस जगह को देखकर बड़े ही विस्मय में थी | उसका परिवार कल ही अपने गाँव से इस शहर में शिफ्ट हुआ था | उसके पापा कईं वर्षो से इस शहर के एक 'NGO' में कार्यरत हैं और बच्चों की शिक्षा का गाँव में कोई विकल्प ना देखकर उन्होंने परिवार समेत शहर में ही बस जाने का निर्णय किया | मनु तथा उसके भाई- बहनों का पास के ही एक विद्यालय में प्रवेश करवा दिया गया और साथ ही साथ आज मनु का स्कूल में पहला दिन था | उसके पापा ने उसे सुबह स्कूल की यनिफार्म पहना कर तैयार कर दिया | मनु बहुत खशु थी क्यूँकि उसने पहली बार यनिफार्म पहनी थी | उनके गाँव के स्कूल में यनिफार्म नहीं होती थी |

मनु के पापा उनको स्कूल छोड़ने गए | मनु का भाई उसे बार-बार समझा रहा था कि क्या करना है, अब आगे क्या होगा, इत्यादि | लेकिन मनु का ध्यान उसकी बातों में नहीं था, वो तो अपने ही विचारो में मग्न थी | प्रार्थना के बाद उसका भाई उसे कक्षा में बैठा कर अपनी कक्षा में चला गया |

पहला अंतराल अंग्रेजी का था | अंग्रेजी की टीचर ने पर्स कंधे पर लटकाये कुछ किताबें हाथ में लिए कक्षा में प्रवेश किया | उन्होंने मनु को देखकर पूछा, "नयी हो?" | मनु ने हाँ में जवाब दिया | दूसरा सवाल न पूछते हुए उन्होंने पढ़ाना शरू कर दिया | मनु को कुछ समझ नहीं आया और साथ-साथ मनु का उत्साह भी जाता रहा |

अगला अंतराल गणित का था और एक बड़ी-सी औरत ने साड़ी पहने, माथे पर लाल रंग की बड़ी-सी बिंदी लगाए कक्षा में प्रवेश किया | उसने भी वही सवाल पूछा, "नयी हो?" | मनु ने फिर से हाँ में जवाब दिया | परन्तु यह टीचर पहले वाली से अलग थी | उन्होंने मनु से बोला "TABLE आती हैं?" | मनु ने तो 'TABLE' शब्द ही पहली बार सुना था | वह चुपचाप खड़ी रही | टीचर ने बोला २ की TABLE सनाओ | मनु की आँखों से आँसू आ गए, परन्तु टीचर ने उस बच्ची के आँसुओ को नज़र अंदाज करते हुए उसके हाथ को पकड़ा और मरोड़ दिया | मनु दर्द से कराह उठी और टीचर ने उसे बैठने को बोल दिया | मनु का मन हुआ वहाँ से भाग जाये, परन्तु वह बैठी रही |

जब लंच ब्रेक मिला, तब जाकर मनु के दिल को सुकून मिला | जब वह अपने भाई के पास जाने को खड़ी हुयी, तभी एक लड़की ने उसके सर पर डस्टर खींच कर मारा और मनु दर्द के मारे फिर से रोने लगी | जैसे तैसे करके मनु का आज का स्कूल का दिन खत्म हुआ और वह जल्दी से अपने भाई बहनों के पास चली गयी | उसने रोते हुए उनसे कहा कि वह अब स्कूल कभी नहीं आएगी | उस छोटी-सी बच्ची के मन में स्कूल के नाम से एक डर बैठ गया था |
क्या मनु कभी स्कूल जाने को राज़ी होगी या फिर हमेशा के लिए स्कूल उसे डरायेगा ?



ASHA SINGH
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2021

SCAN FOR THE ENGLISH VERSION
TRANSLATED BY
VIRAL JAIN

Dear Diary...



I donned a new mask for the first day of the new school today. This marks my 43rd addition to my collection so far, and honestly speaking, I think its one of my most spectacular ones till date. I have stuffed in my back pocket a couple more masks I'd need anyways - the placid one for teachers, another quieter yet smilesy for socialising with strangers, and finally the one for the evening back at home: the actor's façade...

Dare I sound ungrateful? I certainly should be cheerful, shouldn't I, about a new school, in an unfamiliar zone, that's a couple of orbits away from comfort??!
But then, comfort in school had always been a few light years away, so I hardly see why I find fault now - it just requires a new mask to hide my true self away.

Do I sound rather excessively melodramatic today? Well diary dearest, you would too after this taxing day. Everyone is judgemental, you're segregated by gender, you're confined to this terrible itchy uniform with layers upon layers, and all I can grasp are stares and whispers of 'one of the new kids whose kinda eccentric'. Personally, I wouldn't call sketching patterns on the corner of your notebook 'eccentric'. It's simply a manner of passing time, when I'm not engaged in class, or when I wish to avoid socialising with so many humans. And oh, dear lord. I loathe the gendering. The quizzical looks at the pitch of my voice. Yet the mask forces me to stay quiet. Quiet, smiling, and lost in your own world. Just another NPC (non-playable character) in the classroom.

I've had a change of thought - they seem rather nice though. I may have been harsher than I expected with my Queen of Hearts mask's judgement. I still dislike the school - OFF WITH ITS HEAD!! But my classmates might not be as bad as I presumed. I realised they don't conform to typicality as much as I thought...maybe they never knew a life otherwise?
No one's a bully though... That's a pleasant change of pace.

Perhaps I shall contemplate on bringing in an older mask again - probably the jester's? I do hope I can find some little solace on this planet where I can keep peeling these off - one day, finally being my true self again. Regardless, at the present moment, I do wish to be seen and heard a little in this smaller class. At least in English and Biology. We'll see...





AS IMAGINED BY ACHINTHYA
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2021

RELATABLE ENOUGH YET?

SCHOOL LIFE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS - FRANKLY, IT CAN EVEN END UP BEING A LONG-WINDED ROLLERCOASTER! LISTEN TO HITIKA RECOUNT HER TIME IN SCHOOL, AS SHE EXPERIENCES AND BECOMES COGNIZANT OF THE PLETHORA OF EMOTIONS SHE EXPERIENCES. FOLLOW ALONG AS SHE MAKES PEACE WITH HER FEELINGS AND DISCUSSES HOW WE GROW AND EVOLVE AS INDIVIDUALS.



SCAN FOR THE AUDIO!
(4:58)

HINGLISH & ENGLISH TRANSCRIPTS



HITIKA GILHOTRA
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2022



We've become so immersed in the online world that we now rely more on emoticons to express ourselves than on our own voices and facial expressions!

Emoji?

Homage to the gateway of emotional expression on the internet!

CIRCLE THEORY



ALL OF US HAVE SOME COMMONALITIES IN OUR SCHOOL EXPERIENCES LIKE SHARING TIFFIN BOX, RIDING TRICYCLE (MOSTLY CYCLE) OR EVEN SOLVING PROBLEMS (OHH THE DAY WE USE TO SIT TO DO GROUP STUDY WHERE STUDY NEVER HAPPENED) AND SO MANY OTHER THINGS. HERE WE SEE KINSHUK, PHY-ED STUDENT, TAKING US THROUGH NOSTALGIA WITH WHILE INTROSPECTING IT FROM THE LENS AN EDUCATION THEORY. LET'S GET TO READING

Sometimes I wonder if Aditya, with whom I used to share my tiffin in second standard is doing well, or Kanad, with whom I used to ride the tricycle and compare whose grandmother's house is the farthest, has become the pilot he always wanted to be. Sometimes I wonder if Ishaan, with whom I solved chemistry practice problems for NEET, has cracked the exam, unlike me, and sometimes, I wonder if Prathiti, my 5th standard crush, has found someone or not.

Being the physics student that I am, if I integrate my life from nursery to class twelfth, I have shared parts with over 1000 people, if not more. From teachers to staff, juniors, seniors, even Leela, Chomu, and other school dogs, who hopefully remember my generous food sharing and aggressive pats during lunch hours.

I find it fascinating that every person that I have shared my life with knows a different version of me, some called me Sexa, some called me Ghosh Babu, some called me Ghosla, and some called me Kinchut. I have been a friend, a best friend, a lover, a class topper, a class repeater, and even someone with whom you went to pee together. I have been called an introvert by some and an extrovert by others. I have been called on days when everything is going well, and I have been called on nights when nothing seems to make sense.

I like to think of friends and acquaintances as circles, similar to Bronfenbrenner's theory of microsphere and surrounding spheres, except I had formulated this in my head, while pulling an all-nighter in college way before a formal encounter. I believe that when two people resonate together, be it a relationship or a friendship, their spheres combine and almost become one - their interests, hobbies and their time together becomes more or less the same.

As you lose friendships, or lose the physical distance between two people, there is also a separation between their spheres. As I changed schools and changed cities, the sphere I shared with Aditya or Kanad became more and more distant. With every interaction with someone else other than them, the sphere modified, and over time became unrecognisable. I no longer know them, they no longer know me, the different versions of me. *Over time I have changed and so have they.*

Sometimes I wonder if I met them now, would I recognize them? Would the spheres remember the distant memory that they once shared?

Sometimes I wonder if Aditya, with whom I used to share my tiffin in second standard is doing well, or Kanad, with whom I used to ride the tricycle and compare whose grandmother's house is the farthest, has become the pilot he always wanted to be. Sometimes I wonder if Ishaan, with whom I solved chemistry practice problems for NEET, has cracked the exam, unlike me, and sometimes, I wonder if Prathiti, my 5th standard crush, has found someone or not.

KINSHUK GHOSH
BSC. BED. PHYSICS 2022



मैत्री आणि त्यातील हेवा: माझ्या अनुभवातून

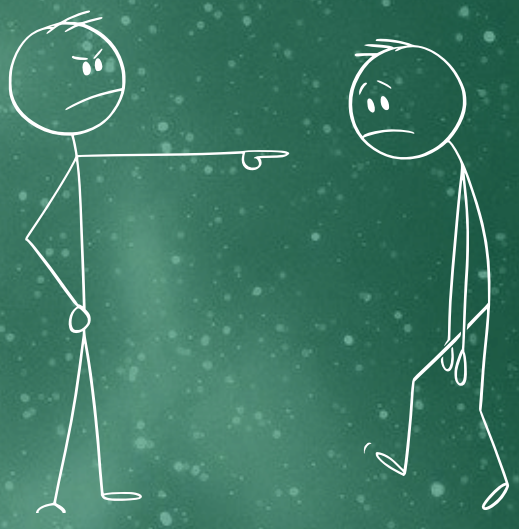
GREATS HAVE WRITTEN ABOUT FRIENDSHIPS BEING SELF-LESS RELATIONS. FRIENDS ALWAYS BEING THERE FOR EACH OTHER IN ALL TIMES TO SUPPORT AND CHEER. HOWEVER, SOMETIMES BITTER EMOTIONS LIKE JEALOUSY SEEP INTO FRIENDSHIPS. HEAR OUT HOW KALYANI'S EXPERIENCE OF A SWEET FRIENDSHIP TURNING INTO AN AFFAIR OF JEOLOUSY AFFECTED HER.

मैत्री आणि त्यातील हेवा हे थोडं विचार करण्याची गोष्ट आहे ना? पण खरचं असा विचार नाही केला तरीही काही मैत्रीमध्ये असं असतं. हे आपल्याला मैत्रीमध्ये असताना जाणवत नाही पण नंतर जेव्हा आपल्याला 'हेवा' यासारख्या काही गोष्टी मुळातून कळतात तेव्हा जाणीव होते की ही मैत्री परस्परंबाबत भावना नसून ते वेगळंच स्वार्थ होतं . माझ्याही शालेय जीवनात असंच काही होतं, ती चांगली मैत्री नसून त्यामध्ये भरपूर हेवा होता.

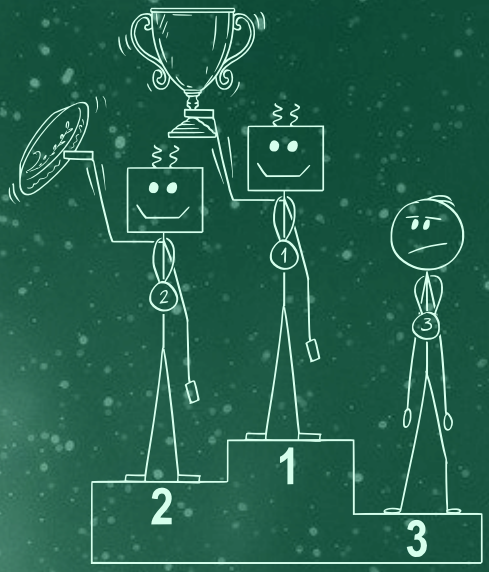


मी आणि माझी एक मैत्रीण, आम्ही नर्सरीपासून ते बारावीपर्यंत एकाच वर्गात शिकत आलो. लहान होतो तेव्हा किती छान! आम्ही सोबत खेळायचो, भांडायचो . प्रत्येक गोष्टीमध्ये सोबत सहभागी व्हायचो. पण जसं मोठं झालो तसं ही गोड मैत्री कशी काय हेवामध्ये बदलत गेली हे कधीच कळलं नाही. मग काही गोष्टीमध्ये आमच्यामध्ये वाद वाढायला सुरुवात झाली. मी फार प्रयत्न करायचे की आम्ही बालपणापासून सोबत आहोत आणि एकमेकांना फार चांगल्याने समजतो, तर ही मैत्री फार काळ टिकली पाहिजे". पण तुमचा समोरचा व्यक्ती जर हे समजायलाच तयार नाही तर तुम्ही काय करणार त्यात. माझं पण असंच झालं मग.

नववीपर्यंत तर ठीक होतं सगळं पण नंतर दहावीत हा हेवा फार वाढला. या मागचं कारण असं की,पहिली येण्याची पैज, कोण हुशार आणि पुढे जाऊन चांगल्या शाळेत ऍडमिशन कोणाला मिळणार . या सर्व गोष्टींनी माझ्या मैत्रिणीच्या डोक्यात जागा निर्माण केली होती आणि ती माझ्याकडे मग स्वार्थी नजरेतून बघायला लागली. मला वर्गात आधीपासून हुशार समजायचे आणि तिला सुद्धा . पुन्हा असंही होत की माझा दादा त्याच शाळेत होता आणि फक्त एक वर्ग पुढे होता. तो देखील वर्गात हुशार होता. त्याच्यामुळे शिक्षक मला चांगल्या प्रकारे ओळखायचे. ते तिला आवडत नव्हतं. तिला नेहमी असं वाटायचं की मला कधी परीक्षेत कमी मार्क मिळणार आणि ती पहिली येणार. सर्व परीक्षांमध्ये मला जास्त आणि तिला जरा कमी आले तरी ती नेहमी निरखुन पार्खून बघायची आणि तुलना करायची.



एकदा असं झालं की मला सायन्सच्या शिक्षकांनी अभ्यासासाठी गाइड्स दिल्या आणि सांगितलं की सर्वांना देशिल वाचायला ज्यांना ज्या विषयाची हवी आहे. ते शिक्षक माझ्या कुटुंबाचे सदस्य होते आणि मी ओळखीची असल्यामुळे त्यांनी ते गाइड्स माझ्याजवळ दिले. पण हे सर्व गाइड्स पुस्तिका माझ्याजवळ देताना बघून पुन्हा माझ्या मैत्रिणीला राग आला. मी सांगायचा प्रयत्न केला की ही सर्व पुस्तकं सर्वांसाठी दिली आहेत. पण हे सांगायच्या आधी तिने स्वतःच समजून घेतलं की हे फक्त मलाच दिलं आहे आणि शिक्षक आता भेदभाव करतात ;हुशार आणि इतर मुलांमध्ये. मी भरपूर समजावलं पण ती ऐकायला तयार नव्हती.



नंतर प्री-बोर्ड परीक्षा आल्या आणि तिला काही विषयांमध्ये माझ्यापेक्षा चांगले मार्क्स मिळाले. ती फार आनंदी होती आणि मलाही चांगलं वाटलं की तिला चांगले मार्क मिळाले . पण पुढे बोर्ड परीक्षा झाली आणि त्याचा रिझल्ट लागल्यावर कळलं की मी शाळेतून पहिली आहे. हेही तिला पचलं नाही आणि ती पुन्हा रागवली माझ्यावर. असे पुढच्या वर्गातही झालं. आम्ही सोबत रूममध्ये राहत होतो आणि, कोणी मला जर अभ्यासाच्या किंवा इतर कोणत्याही बाबतीत काही प्रशंसा केली तर तिला ते आवडायचं नाही.

हे असं चालू असताना मी नेहमी पुढे हात करून तिला समजावण्याचा प्रयत्न करायचे की यात माझा काही दोष नव्हता किंवा माझी काही चूक नव्हती. याचा त्रास मलाही व्हायचा आणि मी स्वतःवर शंका घ्यायचे की मी इतकी वाईट कशी असू शकते. मीच माझ्याबद्दल नकारात्मक विचार करायला लागली. याचा वाईट परिणाम माझ्यावर असा झाला की माझा स्वतःवरचा विश्वास कमी झाला, आणि स्वतःला फार कमी लेखायला लागले.

परंतु प्रत्येक वाईट गोष्टी नंतर चांगल्या गोष्टीही येतात जीवनात. मी कॉलेजला आल्यावर मला अतिशय चांगले मित्र आणि मैत्रिणी मिळाल्या ज्यांनी मला पुन्हा स्वतःची जाणीव करून दिली



KALYANI PAWAR
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2021

SCAN FOR ENGLISH VERSION!
-GAURI

FROM THE FRONTLINES: INCLUSIVE EDUCATION

Inclusion in education is a difficult reality to achieve. In a classroom, having all students participate, catering to their different needs of learning is a difficult task in itself as a teacher. Along with that one has to deal with emotions as well. Here, Shiva is in conversation with Sayonika, who works on Inclusive Education in schools. Scan below to access the podcast on “Emotions in Inclusive Education” under the recurring segment of ‘From the Frontlines’ .



INTERVIEWED BY SHIVA

SCAN TO HEAR SAYONIKA (11:59 MIN)



SAYONIKA DISABILITY INCLUSION IN AZIM PREMJI SCHOOLS



TEACHER FEATURE

Whether you are new to teaching or have been in it for longer time, no one escapes the emotions in class. Along with teaching your subject, a teacher has to and must attend to multiple emotions of students as well as his/her own.
In this recurring segment of 'Teacher Feature', Gauri along with Nidhi ma'am and Mansi ma'am has tried to bring out the difference in perception of emotions in class based on different amount of experience, one has as teacher. Tune in to around 10 min podcast by scanning the below given QR codes!

SCAN TO HEAR NIDHI MA'AM ! (10:58 MIN)



INTERVIEWED BY GAURI

SCAN TO HEAR MANSI MA'AM ! (10:15 MIN)









DROWNING IN THE SANDS OF TIME



This is how being a student at KV (Kendriya Vidyalaya) feels. You make many friends and sometimes form close bonds, only to see them leave when their parents get transferred. You talk, get close, and then separate - this endless cycle repeats till it's time to graduate. After a while, it becomes draining, especially during the 9th and 10th grades, when socializing isn't as frequent as before.

The void created by these farewells can leave you feeling empty, as if your world has come to a halt. Yet, time doesn't stop for anyone. You must keep moving forward. Despite the challenges, life continues, and you slowly learn to move on.

ILLUSTRATION AND CAPTION BY
B LALITHA SREE
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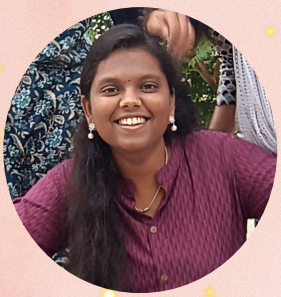
MATHEMATICS 2021



Naram Garam Dosti: A Book Review

EVER HAD A NARAM GARAM DOSTI IN YOUR CHILDHOOD? PERHAPS IT STILL CONTINUES TODAY? READ ON AS WE BRING YOU A BOOK REVIEW OF A HEARTWARMING TALE OF 2 BOYS AND THEIR RAMBUNCTIOUS BOND, REGARDLESS OF THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

Naram Garam Dosti is a children's picture book written by Neetu Yadav and illustrated by Shefalee Jain, published by Muskaan, Bhopal. The story simply describes the life of a young boy – Kalla – as he goes about his days.

Kalla had been finally promised a new sweater for himself this year, but the costs of treating his grandmother's illness once again prevented that from happening.

"Kalla manages the winter in his old holey, barely-warm sweater, figuring out for himself the best ways to navigate the cold."

He enjoys going to school, not least because of his dear friend Rajdeep. Rajdeep also, like Kalla, has a hand-me-down sweater, in his case it's one that is two sizes too large for him.



One of the things that struck me about the book is how it is making several important points; representing the realities of children from marginalised communities that rarely make it to the media otherwise – but never hitting you over the head with them. We are led to understand that Kalla and Rajdeep are from families that are not well off without ever being told so, a shift away from cliche : 'they are poor'. The book also avoids casually pitying, fetishising, or romanticising such communities and lives.

We learn, for instance, that Kalla's family doesn't make food at home during the day Kalla and his siblings eat in the school - and dinner is made based on the day's earnings.

"This gentle gesture to the importance of the mid-day meal in the lives and learning of so of our school-going children is the kind of insight that any teacher, or indeed anyone who knows what it's like to work or study when hungry, would appreciate."

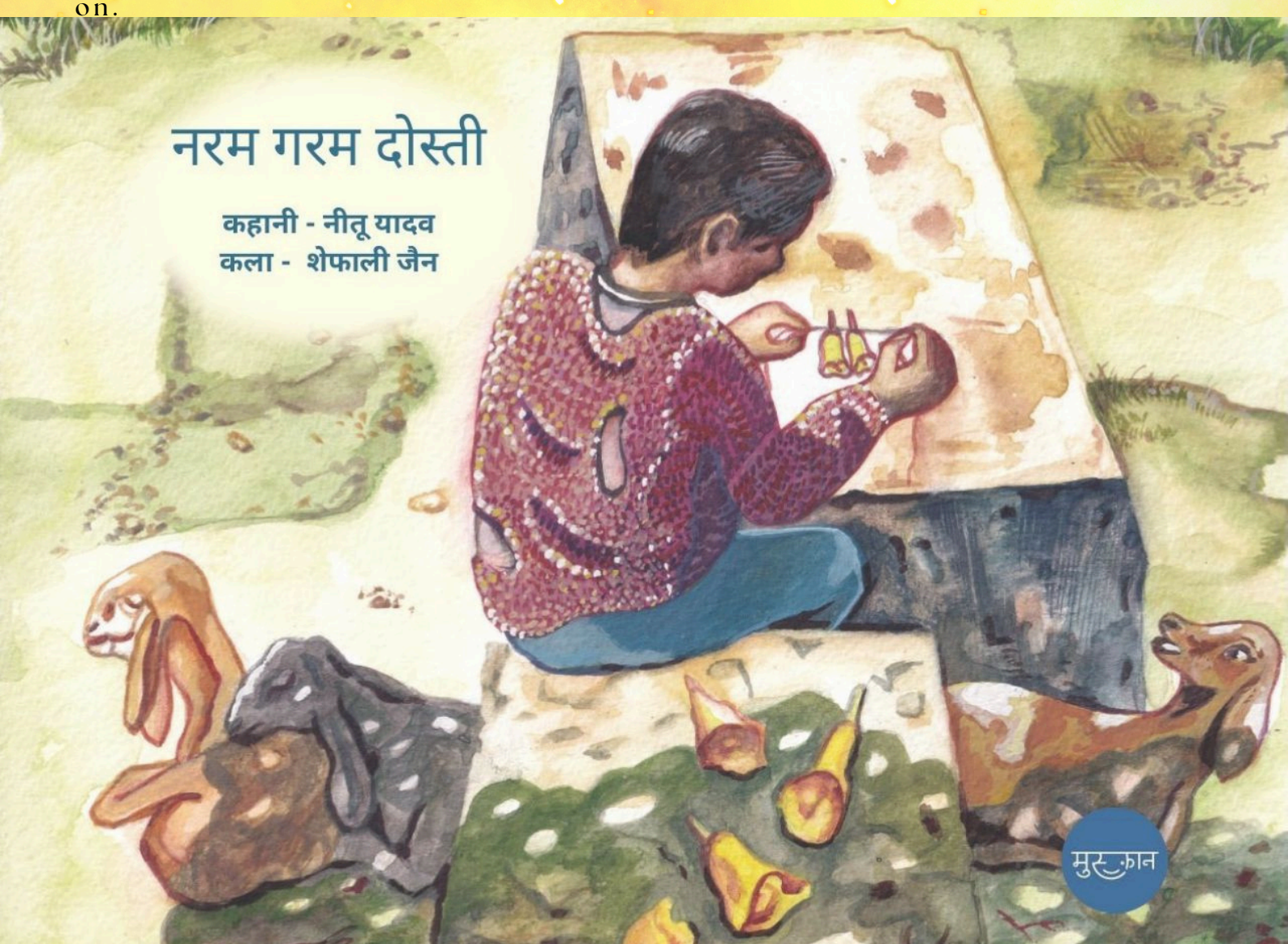
The story also touches on other significant issues. The passing mention of Kalla taking the family's goats to graze further complicates the issue of children and work, which is frequently oversimplified and vilified as "child labor."

This book also depicts a deep, caring, and nurturing connection between two boys, which is something we rarely see in our novels and one that all of our younger [and older] readers should witness. I'd like to give this element extra weight.

When we read stories about young boys, we are most commonly left with 'boys will be boys' kind of messaging – boisterousness, anger, playful violence, less playful violence, how to hide or "move beyond" fear, pain, sadness and so on.

"To see explicitly that just like all children and people, young boys have a deep emotional landscape that needs exploring is extremely valuable."

From there, readers might draw conclusions about the importance of such a friendship to the concept of learning; after all, Kalla's motivation to attend school stems from close friendship with another student.Like other Muskaan publications ["School mein seekha aur sikhaya", "Going to School Alone], the fact that this book is written by a teacher based on her experiences of her children allows for an honest look at the several hidden but real elements that go into a child's learning experience.





One could argue that the image presented is too perfect; that "real" children would also be nasty and unkind, would exclude Kalla and Rajdeep in certain respects. I feel that it is a conscious choice by the author to focus on the other aspect of these children's emotional journey:

> "to highlight the care and compassion that is *also* ever-present, and not the inevitable cruelty and associated shame."

Without including spoilers to the book, I believe it is rare to witness a complex portrayal of empathy and caring in media in general; to see an honest portrayal of how it plays out given the material conditions of children from underprivileged backgrounds is maybe even rarer.

Shefalee Jain's illustrations in this book follow the narrative, adding little nuances here and there to make the book a treat for those following the text as well as those just enjoying the pictures.

More importantly in the cultural context of today than maybe ever before, the images brilliantly depict Islam in public life. Without the narrative ever needing to mention it, the images also depict my favourite mini-story inside the story: Kalla's gift for Rajdeep.

Perhaps the only downside to the story is that its nature does not lend itself to the kind of writing that many children are most familiar with – formulaic [or otherwise] stories with thrilling plots, or moments of drama and/or comedy – and so the presence of the adult [teacher or parent or librarian] to read and reflect with is made more important.



REVIEWED BY DHRUVA DESAI
FACULTY, TEACHER EDUCATION
AZIM PREMJI UNIVERSITY

Khalis Mussarat

THIS IS A HEARTWARMING AND INSPIRING JOURNEY OF HIBA, A YOUNG GIRL FROM FATEHPUR (SIKRI WALA NAHI, UP WALA) AND HER EXPERIENCE OF THE INITIAL DAYS IN THE BUSTLING CITY OF BANGALORE. अब सब कुछ यही जानना है क्या? ना ना इतनी आशा भी मत रखना अब पूरी कहानी तो हिबा की कहानी पढ़ के ही पता चलेगी ।

खुशी? अगर देखे तो खुशी बहुत छोटी से छोटी चीज़ों में मिल जाती है, मेरे लिए तो अब वह चाहे कोकोनट आइसक्रीम खाने में हो या बैंगलोर का प्यारा सा weather देखने में हो या फिर दोस्ती में हो! खैर, यह तो बाद की बात है, फिल्हाल हम आपको इसमें उस खुशी की बात बताने वाले है जो हमारे लिए आज भी बहुत एहमियत रखती है !

हेलो, हाँजी आप से ही बोला हमने । तो ये कहानी है फ़तेहपुर, नहीं नहीं फ़तेहपुर सिकरी वाला नहीं, UP वाला; एक मासूम सी लड़की हिबा की :) जिन्हे अज़ीम प्रेमजी यूनिवर्सिटी बैंगलोर में दाखिला मिल गया है। तैयारी तो ज़ोरो शोरो से होए लगी, भाई रशीद खान की बेटी तो बैंगलोर जा रही है पढ़ने के लिए और वो भी scholarship के साथ। पापा मम्मी खुश तो बहुत हुए, आखिर एक छोटे से गांव और फिर पूरे खानदान में पहली बेटी जो इतनी दूर पढ़ने जा रही थी (1,746.4 km to be exact!) । उसके साथ साथ उदास और ख़ौफ़ भी था की अब इतने बड़े शहर में अकेले जो रहना था हिबा को। पर किसी तरह उन्होंने खुद को संभाला और फिर से सामान बांधने में लग गए।



दूसरी तरफ हिबा के वे ख़्वाब जो वह वहां पर ना पुरे कर सकी, उसमे वापिस से उसको रौशनी दिखने लगी। तैयारी तो हो चुकी थी बस अब ३ दिन की दूरी थी मंज़िल तक पहुँचने में। पर उन ३ दिनों में हिबा को एहसास होने लगा की अब तो वह घर का खाना, उसका भाइयों से रिमोट के लिए झगड़ना, सुबह मम्मी का उठाना और पापा की डाँट.... ये सब अब नहीं मिलेगी। ये सोचते सोचते वह तो सो गयी और सुबह उठी तो कर्णाटका में आ चुकी थी उसकी गाड़ी। धीरे धीरे अपने मंज़िल तक भी पहुंच गयी थी।



कैंपस आने के बाद हिबा तो पूरी तरह से सहम चुकी थी क्योंकि वहां का रेहेन - सेहेन, लोगों की फर्राटे वाली इंग्लिश में बात करते देख वह तो बस देखती ही रह गयी। और उनके मम्मी पापा भी जा चुके थे वहां से। अब हिबा अकेली थी इस नए माहौल में। पूरी रात तो वह रोती रही और खुद तो कोसने लगी की उसे इतनी दूर ही क्यों आना था ?? अच्छा होता अगर वहीँ फ़तेहपुर में किसी कॉलेज में दाखिला ले लिया होता!



पर अब क्या ही कर सकती थी वह, किसी तरह उसने रात गुज़ारी और अगले दिन निकल गयी वह Orientation Week में शामिल होने के लिए। जाते वक़्त उसे एक लड़की मिली और वह हिंदी में बात कर रही थी। यह सुनकर तो हिबा बाग़ - बाग़ हो गयी और चली गयी उनके पीछे पीछे। फिर उसे एक आशा नाम की लड़की मिली। पहले तो वह हिबा को बिल्कुल पसंद नहीं आयी क्यूंकि वह तो हिबा से पूरी तरह अलग थी। पर जैसा की हम लोग को मालुम है, opposite attracts each other , तो फिर और क्या यही हुआ हिबा के साथ। And as the name implies, आशा, *hope*, the way she entered into her life with the optimism that hiba would be able to live in her new environment gave hiba the confidence.

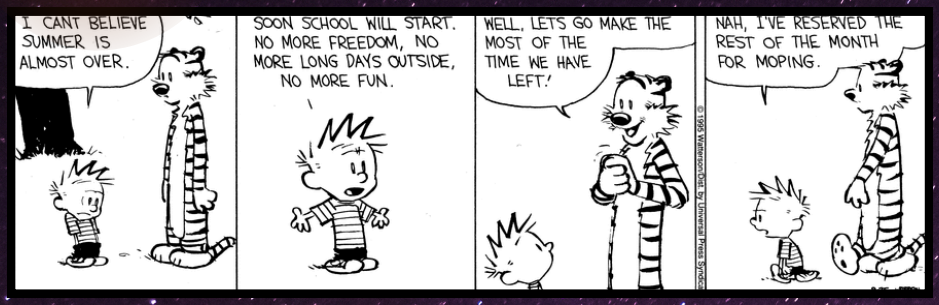
उसके साथ इतना वक़्त गुज़ार लिया की हिबा जैसी आयी थी सीधी और कमज़ोर बनकर पर अब वह उससे कही ज़्यादा मज़बूत और मुक्कमल बन कर वापस जा रही है, साथ में कुछ अच्छी यादें, कुछ बुरी और बहुत अच्छी दोस्ती भी लेकर जा रही है। यह तो थी हिबा की खुशी, आपकी खुशी किसमें है ?

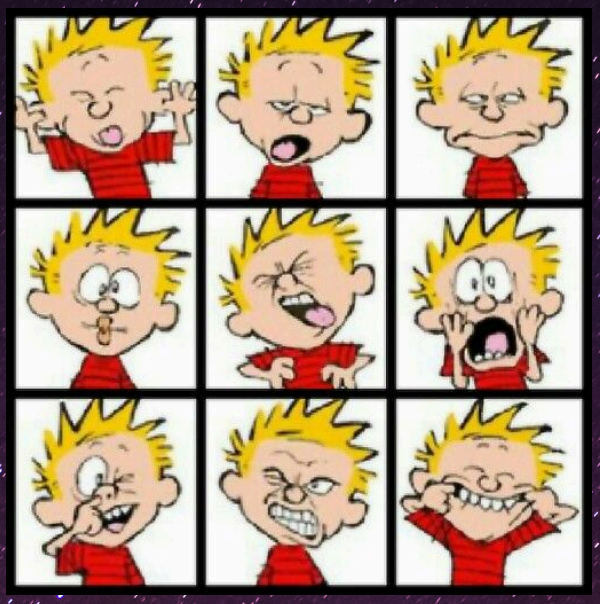
HABIBA KHAN
BSC. BED. BIOLOGY 2021

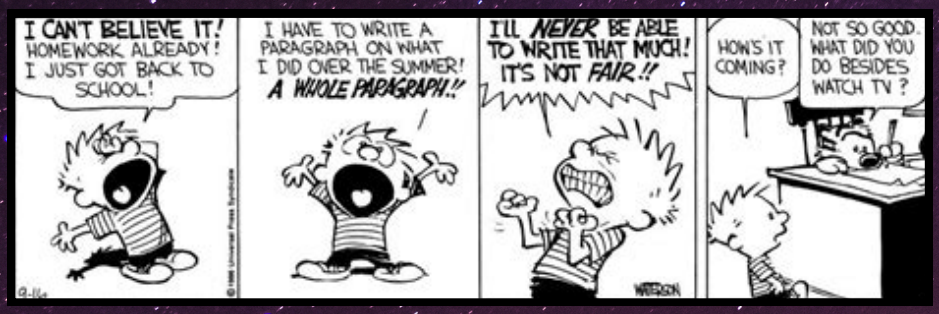


ENGLISH TO HINDI
TRANSLITERATION BY HITIKA

Calvin and Hobbes Corner of Emotions



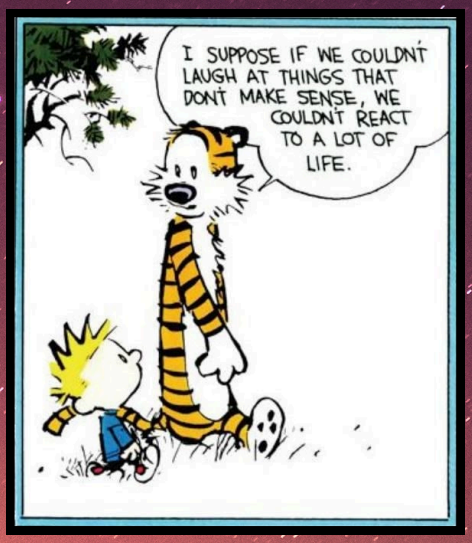


















CURATED BY
ASHRUTI SEVENTRA
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QUESTIONS TO MARK!

Go back in memories of your own school days, and reflect upon the array of emotions you may have felt in similar situations.

- How did you deal with them when you were younger? Would you manage them the same way now?
- What did you feel in those moments where you had a brainfreeze? It must have been quite unsettling...
- What can we, as fellow peers, or teachers, parents, or acquaintances, do to support others going through a series of difficult feelings?

Let's dig a little deeper now!

- Do you think these emotional experiences impacted your academics or personal life? If so, was it a positive or negative influence?
- We have so many sides to ourselves. However, just how many of these sides, and the emotions they bring up, do we truly process and accept?
- Bonus for teachers: How do you maintain the boundaries between your personal emotions and the waves of students' emotions? It would be rather heavy to carry all that weight otherwise!



THANK YOU!

A very grateful team would like to thank

All our lovely contributors for this issue.
Without you, this wouldn't have been possible!

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Kinshuk

Shivaswamy

Most Importantly, **YOU, dear readers,** for whom this is all meant!

Thank you for joining all of us on this wonderful journey!

Photograph and Artwork Sources

Cover Page

Credits to Ashruti
and Students of Core Team

Other illustrations and photographs

Lalitha (pg. 15), Ashruti (pg. 21)
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Never let go of all the lovely feelings and emotional moments during school days!