

CHALK OUT

A Student-led EdZine



THE TEAM



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CHALKING IT OUT

Study Buddies Chronicles

Dear Readers,

Welcome to Issue 6 of Chalk Out, where we invite you to pause and reflect on the invaluable Study Buddies we encounter throughout our lifelong learning journey.

Think back to those individuals who helped us decipher complex math formulas or guided us in balancing chemical reactions. Consider the range of study buddies we have encountered, from complete strangers who became favourites to those hidden gems who offered their support from behind the scenes. Each and every one of them has made a unique contribution to shaping our lives.

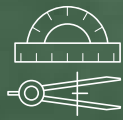
We encourage you to delve into the profound impact your study buddies have had on your learning expedition, adding a delightful melody to your educational endeavours. For some, a study buddy may be a person, a special place, a trusty slate pencil, a cherished book, or even a helpful app. But for others, these companions have become inseparable parts of their journey.

We hope the pages of this issue will help rekindle fond memories of your childhood study buddies and inspire you to cherish the ones you have in your life today.

**Yours,
Chalk Out**

An Ed-zine from the education students
of School of Arts and Sciences
Azim Premji University, Bangalore

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MY SIX MUSKETEERS, MY STUDY BUDDIES

When the numbers one, two, and three come together, we get the smallest perfect number—six. Similarly, in the story below, when six students came together, they got perfect study buddies.

Kinshuk's experience assures us of the boons of the online world whenever used aptly.

My Study Buddy was also the name of a mobile app I used while preparing for the National Eligibility-cum-Entrance Test (NEET).

It was not the usual study app where you set goals or reminders and tick them off when you've accomplished them—it was that and much more. It was an app where other real-time people were studying with you. You had the option of forming public or private groups. Your friends or completely random people from across the world could join the group. You could talk and interact with them and compare study hours. Compare study hours? Yes, the app was simple yet superb.

A big green button was present that turned orange when pressed, and the study timer started. Then there was another space where you could write your daily goals and then, of course, tick them off.

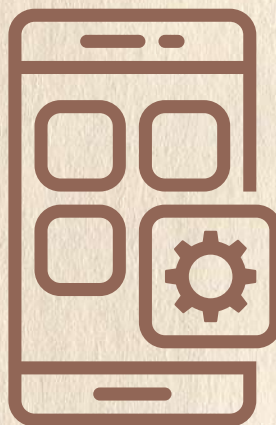
I had taken a drop year for the exam, a lonely time. My friends had gone to different universities, and my parents had too great of an expectation from me. I got stuck in the same room with no human contact.



Study Buddy did what it was supposed to do aptly. It became my buddy, or should I say it brought me more buddies.

I got into a random group named 'NEET 2022 dropouts', and it was me, along with five people who were also dropouts. They knew well what I was going through. We became the six musketeers. We solved each other's doubts, family problems, and romantic problems. We were there for each other when no one else was.

They knew well what I was going through. We became the six musketeers. We solved each other's doubts, family problems, and romantic problems!



Our friendship deepened, and we switched to other apps. Contact numbers and social media accounts got shared, and a group outside the app came into being. For the first time, we saw each other's faces. For the last three months, we were just names on the other side of the screen, but now, those names have faces.

For some reason, we vowed to never talk to each other after our exam. We would not share our results or rank; we would not tell which college we got into, and we would never get into contact. Our friendship was temporary, just like that phase, and it made complete sense then. We became friends randomly and will end it for the same reason we became one.

No one will know if the others passed or failed. It was a friendship that was pure, no strings attached.

We gave our exam on July 17th, and on the same day, we spoke for the last time. We deleted contact numbers, blocked accounts, and the app deleted for good.

No one will know if the other passed or failed. It was a friendship that was pure. no strings attached.

It has been roughly a year since that date, and I did [I do] miss them a lot. In curiosity, I searched for the app, but it was gone. No trace of it ever existed, just like our friendship.

I only wish they are doing okay, my Six Musketeers, my study buddies.



Kinshuk Ghosh
B.Sc. B.Ed. Physics
Batch of 2022

THE COMPASS BOX

The terrain was rugged and the snow covered mountains stood tall;
It was the day of battle, there were no more chances to fall.

Snow covered lands spread miles across, covered in tracks of running horses;
Stood against me a humongous army of reactions, equations, organisms and forces.

I was standing alone holding my nerve, for all I had was a spear of pencil;
The army had ninja stars of multiplication, swords of subtraction ready to kill.

And thus began the war, that was announced to go on for three hours;
The bells rang and the army started marching, I was trembling for I had no powers.

"Hello Buddy" came a call from moon away, I looked over to see who it was;
My only soldier came marching on the foot, and war came to a mild pause.

The soldier came with the armor of scale, the bow of protractor and arrow of compass,
Relieved I was because he had not given up on me, he was there so I could pass.

Yes you guessed it right, the ALL favorite compass box is the buddy I am talking about;
You see how we are merely the pawns of the war, but he is the real scout.

He helps us fight with those pointy and scary geometry figures, he helps us write;
He helps us neatly border the paper so that for that one extra cleanliness mark we can
fight.

He has seen the best of us where we pay attention to class and take notes nicely;
He has seen the worst of us where we play pen fights while hiding from the teacher
wisely.

He is not just a study buddy he is the companion, teacher and guide that all of us had;
He gave us confidence in the worst of the time, he taught us to face the good and the bad.

It's not that all the wars I fought were won, because I had my only soldier with me; But
I did not lose hope till the end, because I knew that the soldier will always be.



Ramkrishna A. Joshi

B.Sc. Physics (Hons.)

Batch of 2020



Jioo Nimkar



Jioo Nimkar

"Learning is not confined to a particular age, it is a lifelong pursuit; and in this journey, time is the eternal companion."



Teacher Feature

Just like students, teachers have study buddies too! In this piece, several teachers share about their study buddies and how these buddies have helped them in teaching!

'My Experiences with the Children'

has always been my study buddy! It lets me do mistakes to learn from them, never gives direct solutions, and never ever judges me!

Madhura Rajvanshi

Kamala Nimbkar Balbhavan, Phaltan,

Maharashtra

My mother, who is my own guru is my lighthouse, showing me my direction as I guide my own students now.

Pranali Pranjali

Palak Shala, Sonale,

Maharashtra

TEACHING IN YOUNGER GRADES - WHERE I FOUND MY COLLEAGUES TO BE THE ULTIMATE "BUDDY SYSTEM"- THEY WENT FROM CO-WORKERS TO COOL-WORKERS, KEEPING ME SANE AND SURVIVING GLITTER EXPLOSIONS AND TINY TORNADOES OF CHAOS TOGETHER.

Paridhi Seventra

Seedling Nursery Branch, Udaipur, Rajasthan

रेडिओ मेरा बडी है, इसके साथ
रहकर कुछ सुनते-सुनते स्कूल topics के
लिए integrated approach तैयार हो
जाता है |

Kalpita Dandavate

**Kamala Nimbkar Balbhavan, Phaltan,
Maharashtra**

"Group studies: Amplifying
learning beyond screens,
fostering diverse thinking
and empowering confident
self-expression."

Smitha Vasudevan

**Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's
Sri Venkateswara Vidyalaya
Tirupati, Andhra Pradesh**

*My study buddies have been books
and my friends. I enjoy reading and like bringing up fun
facts while talking to my friends. Whenever any of my friends
have doubts we discuss them till the time we get a conclusion
or end up with convincing arguments. I believe that this has
helped me to rectify our mistakes while teaching children and
know what works best for children.*

J Sujatha

Visakhapatnam, Manna Full Gospel Church, Andhra Pradesh



Organized by

Jioo Nimkar

B.Sc. B.Ed. Mathematics

Batch of 2020

दादा: माझा स्टडी-बडी

In this heartfelt narrative, **Kalyani** recounts her journey through schooling and how her brother emerged as a beacon of support and became her ultimate study companion. Through a series of bittersweet experiences, Kalyani's story will make you nostalgic!

शाळेची घंटा वाजायची आणि मला फार आनंद व्हायचा. याचे कारण असे कि मला शाळेत जाणेच आवडायचे नाही. माझं KG-1 झालं आणि माझ्या आई-वडिलांनी मला प्राथमिक शाळेमध्ये दाखल केलं. मी हसत हसत माझ्या आई सोबत शाळेत गेली. गेल्याबरोबर तिने माझे नाव शाळेत दाखल केले आणि म्हणाली,

“आज पासून तुझी शाळा सुरु. आता तू इथेच थांबायचं, मी घरी जाते.”

तिने असं म्हणताच, माझ्या डोळ्यात पाणी आले आणि मी रडायला लागले की मला शाळेत बसायचं नाही, मला तुझ्यासोबत घरी घेऊन चल. पण आईने माझा हात शिक्षकांच्या हाती दिला आणि म्हणाली,

“आज पहिला दिवस आहे. काळजी करू नकोस, शाळेतच बस.”

असे म्हणून ती घरी निघून गेली. मी तशीच रडत होते. अचानक वर्गामध्ये मुलांचा गोंधळ सुरु झाला आणि दोन मुलं मारामारी करू लागले. शिक्षक वर्गात आले आणि त्यांनी दोन्ही मुलांना बेदम मारले. त्या मुलांना इतकं मारताना बघितलं आणि मी शिक्षकांच्या धाकाने स्वतःच रडणं थांबवले आणि गप्प झाले. माझ्या मनात शिक्षकांची भीती मात्र कायमचीच बसली. भरीस भर म्हणून वर्गातील मुलं फार मस्तीखोर होती, त्यामुळे मला नेहमीच शाळेची घंटा कधी वाजणार आणि मी वर्गाबाहेर कधी पडणार याचीच आस असायची. माझे वर्गशिक्षक अगदी कडक होते. त्यांना मुलांनी केलेला थोडासा खोडकरपणाही चालायचा नाही.

माझा मोठा भाऊ दुसरीमध्ये होता. जशी शाळेची घंटा वाजायची तशी मी वर्गातून पळत दादाजवळ जायचे. वर्ग दुसरीच्या वर्गशिक्षिका अतिशय प्रेमळ होत्या. त्या सारं न रागावता समजावून सांगायच्या.

दुसरं कारण म्हणजे मला दादाला आसपास बघून धिर यायचा की कोणीतरी माझ्या जवळ आहे आणि त्यामुळे माझ्यावर कोणी हात उचलणार नाही किंवा मारणार नाही. तसेच दादाला अभ्यास करताना बघून मलासुद्धा उत्साह यायचा. मी माझ्या वर्गात फारसे बसायचे नाही परंतु जे काही माझ्या पहिलीच्या अभ्यासक्रमाला होते, त्या-त्या गोष्टी दादाच्या शिक्षिका माझ्याकडून वर्गात करून घ्यायच्या आणि गृहपाठालापण द्यायच्या. मला जर काही समजले नाही तर दादा मला ते सोप्या पद्धतीने समजावून सांगायचा. परंतु मी जेव्हा दुसरीमध्ये गेले तेव्हा त्या शिक्षिकेची बदली झाली आणि दुसरे शिक्षक दादाचे वर्गशिक्षक झाले; ते सुद्धा थोडे कडक होते. त्यामुळे माझ्याकडे काही पर्यायच उरला नाही आणि मी माझ्या वर्गात बसायला लागले.



मला लहानपणी लेखणी खायची विचित्र आवड होती. मला लेखणी खायला खूप आवडायचे, त्यामुळे माझ्याजवळ एक एक्स्ट्रा लेखणी असायचीच तशीच ती दादाच्या कंपासपेटीमध्ये पण असायची. मी अनेकदा त्याची नजर चुकून मी त्याच्या कंपास मधली लेखणी गायब करायचे आणि खायचे. सुरुवातीला त्याला कळलेच नाही की त्याची लेखणी कुठे गायब होत होती. एकदा त्याला मी लेखणी खाताना दिसले, तो रागात माझ्याजवळ आला आणि मला माझ्या पाठीवर एक चांगलाच बदका देऊन त्याने आईजवळ तक्रार केली. त्यादिवशी आईने मला खूप रागवले आणि नंतर समजावून पण सांगितले. त्यानंतर तर मी लेखणी खाणे खूप कमी केले. पण दादाने दिलेला तो बदका मला कायम लक्षात राहिला. मला शाळेपेक्षा घरची ओढ जास्त होती कारण माझ्या घरचे वातावरण फार मोकळे होतेच आई-बाबापण शिकलेले होते

मला गणित आवडायचे नाही, बाबा ओरडतील म्हणून मी त्यांची कधीच मदत घेतली नाही. मग दादाच मला गणित शांतपणे समजावून सांगायचा आणि ती गोष्ट मला फार आवडायची. तो तर मला प्रत्येक गोष्टीमध्ये मदत करायचाच, पण मी लहान असूनसुद्धा त्याला माझी मदत हवीच असायची. ग्रीटिंग कार्ड सजवणे आणि त्यावर डिझाईन काढणे, क्लासमध्ये बनवून आणायला सांगितलेले प्रोजेक्ट किंवा चार्ट यावर सुंदर हस्ताक्षरामध्ये लिहिणे इत्यादी गोष्टी मी त्याच्यासाठी कायम करे. कधीकधी हे बंधुत्व मागे राहून आमचे भांडणपण व्हायचे. आम्ही सोबत अभ्यासाला बसायचो आणि जेव्हा कविता-पाठांतर किंवा धडा वाचन चालायचे तेव्हा आम्ही दोघेपण जोर जोराने वाचायचो आणि खूप आवाज व्हायचा; मग त्यातसुद्धा कोण जिंकणार

आणि कोण मागे पडणार याची स्पर्धा व्हायची आणि शेवटी भांडण होऊन आईचा मार खायचो मग दोघेपण गप्प बसायचो. मला आजही वसंत बापटांची कविता आठवते,

छोटेसे बहिण भाऊ
उद्याला मोठाले होऊ
उद्याच्या जगाला
उद्याच्या युगाला
नवीन आकार देऊ ||

दादाने मला कायमच सगळ्यात साथ दिली. माझ्याकरीता माझ्या दादाचे मार्गदर्शन महत्वाचे होतेच परंतु आपण आयुष्यात येणाऱ्या व घडणाऱ्या प्रत्येक गोष्टीचा आनंद घ्यावा, प्रत्येक गोष्टीत सहभाग घ्यावा आणि जमेल तेवढे नवनवीन गोष्टी शिकाव्यात असा नकळत त्याने दिलेला सल्ला मला आजही मोलाचा वाटतो.



For translation scan the QR Code
Translation: Gauri Ghormade
B.Sc. B.Ed., Mathematics (2021)



Kalyani J. Pawar
BSc. B.Ed. Biology
Batch of 2021

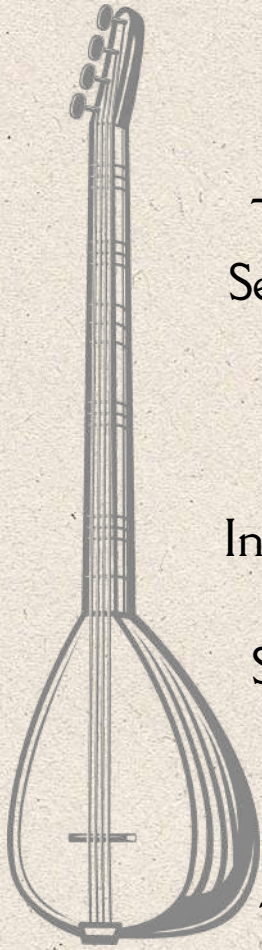
A Melodic Tapestry

In the realm of melody's embrace,
Where Shastriya sangeet finds its grace,
A tale of harmony would unfold,
Of a bond worth more than gold.

Together we sail through the raagas' expanse,
Seeking solace in the swaras, like a divine dance,
A symphony of alaap,
welcoming the milaap of minds and hearts.

In the twilight hours, we pour over scriptures old,
Savouring the verses, khayals yet untold,
Side by side, we delve into the ancient bandish
Deciphering the meaning of traditional wish.

Through arduous hours of diligent toil,
The Tanpura's presence would never recoil,
A constant companion, through Aaroha and Avaroha,
joys and strife, shaping a musical life.



Scan for glossary



Jayashree Mahajan
B.Sc. Biology
Batch of 2020



"When generations unite in the pursuit of knowledge, barriers crumble, and wisdom becomes a shared legacy."

Study Buddies Across Generations

In her quest to understand the similarities and differences in studying experiences across generations, **Janani** turned to her mother and her grandmother, who had been out of school for over 70 years. As they exchanged stories and reminisced, a tapestry of generational knowledge and camaraderie began to unfold, revealing the enduring importance of study buddies in navigating the challenges of education throughout time.



scan for the interview
(08:31 mins)



scan for the transcript



Interviewed by
Janani Abirami
BSc. B.Ed. Biology
Batch of 2020

My Buddybiography

Buddies are always constant in life,
But I kept backstabbing mine with a knife.
For I never just stuck with one,
As I was always on a run.

I was just one year old,
When my first fairytale started to unfold.
He was tall and had a claim,
That Mr. Slatepencil was his name.

Even though we didn't last long,
He trained me to be strong.
He allowed me to make mistakes,
But also taught me to take retakes.

The next one was special,
As he is forever essential.
From a carpenter to scientist,
Mr. Pencil's employees are a very long list.

With sharpener and eraser on his team,
He is always sharp and supreme.
Even if he makes his errors disappear,
He teaches to take efforts to make the right appear.

The next one is not preferred by many,
Because his blunders can't be censored by any.
His wardrobe resembles the rainbow,
And yet Mr. Pen has no power to stop his overflow.

From KG to now, they have seen it all,
One or the other was there in my raise and fall.
Even though all of them helped me in my studies,
Mr. Pencil was the best of buddies.



Akhila P

B.Sc. B.Ed. Biology

Batch of 2020

ಬಾಳಸಂಗಾತಿ

During the COVID-19 pandemic, many of us found laptops and online meetings to be our new companions in learning. However, many also found learning partners in more ... traditional media. Vinod describes his pandemic journey, and how books became an inseparable part of his life, in his poetic piece "Bālasangāti".

ಆ ವರ್ಷ ಕರೋನಾ ಮಹಾಮಾರಿ ಒಕ್ಕರಿಸಿ, ಪ್ರಪಂಚವೆ ಸ್ತಬ್ಧವಾಯಿತು. ನಾಲ್ಕು ತಿಂಗಳು ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಿಂದ ಆಯೋಜಿಸಿದ್ದ ಆನ್ಲೈನ್ ಪಾಠಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ, ಓದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಮೊದಮೊದಲು ಹೊಸಕಾಲೇಜು, ಹೊಸಜನ, ಹೊಸರೀತಿಯ ಆನ್ಲೈನ್ ಕಲಿಕೆಯೆಂದು ಹುಮ್ಮಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಪಾಠಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ, ಪಾಠಕೇಳಲು ಮಾತ್ರ ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ ಬಳಕೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ. ಬರುಬರುತ್ತಾ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜಾಲತಾಣಗಳ ಪ್ರಭಾವಕ್ಕೆ ಜಾರಿತು. ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ ಬಳಕೆಯ ಸ್ವಂತವೆಚ್ಚ ಏರಿತು. ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ವೆಚ್ಚ ಸಂಭಾಳಿಸಲು ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಮನೆಬಿಡಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು? ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ವಸತಿನಿಲಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಿದೆ. ಉಳಿದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು, ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಅನುಕೂಲಗಳಾದವು. ಉಚಿತ ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ! ದಿನವಿಡೀ ಬಳಕೆ ಮಾಡಬಹುದು. ನನ್ನ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಮಿತಿಯೇ ಇಲ್ಲವಾಯಿತು.

ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನಗಳ ಕಾಲ ನಿಮಗೆ ನಿಗದಿಪಡಿಸಿದ ಕೋಣೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊರಬರುವಂತಿಲ್ಲ, ಯಾವುದೇ ಕಾರಣಕ್ಕೂ ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಂದರೆ ಮಾಸ್ಕ್ ಧರಿಸಲೇ ಬೇಕು ಎಂದು ವಸತಿನಿಲಯದ ಉಸ್ತುವಾರಿ ಪ್ರಾಧ್ಯಾಪಕರು ತಿಳಿಸಿ, ಕೋಣೆ ತೋರಿಸಿದರು. ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನ ನನಗೇನು ದೊಡ್ಡದಾ? ಇಷ್ಟೆನುನಾಲ್ಕು ತಾಸು ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ ಇದೆ, ಮೊಬೈಲ್ ಇದೆ, ಲ್ಯಾಪ್ಟಾಪ್ ಇದೆ, ನನಗೆ ಬೇಕಾದ ಸಿನಿಮಾ ನೋಡಬಹುದು, ಬೇಕಾದಷ್ಟು ಸಮಯ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜಾಲತಾಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಳೆಯಬಹುದು, ಕೋಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನೊಬ್ಬನೇ ನನ್ನ ಮರ್ಜಿಗೆ ಬಂದಂತೆ ಇರಬಹುದು. ನನ್ನ ಮುಂದಿನ ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನಗಳ ಕಲ್ಪನೆ ಸುಳಿದು, ನನ್ನಂತ ಸ್ವತಂತ್ರ ಹಕ್ಕಿ ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ, ನಾನೇ ಅದುಷ್ಟವಂತ, ಇದ್ದಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಊಟ ಬರುತ್ತಂತೆ, ಇನ್ನೇನು ಬೇಕು ಈ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಎನಿಸಿತು.

ಮೊದಲದಿನ ಹೊಸ ಉತ್ಸಾಹ. ರಾತ್ರಿ, ಹಗಲು ಮೊಬೈಲ್ ಬಳಸಿದೆ, ಇದ್ದಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಊಟ, ಈ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದರೂ ಇಷ್ಟು ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಊಟ ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತೋ ಇಲ್ಲವೋ. ನಾನು ಧನ್ಯ. ಮರುದಿನ ಸಾಮಾಜಿಕ ಜಾಲತಾಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊಸ ಹೊಸ ತರಹದ ಬಳಕೆಯ ಅನ್ವೇಷಣೆ ನಡಸಿದೆ. ಮಾರನೆಯ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಯಿತು. ಒಂದುವಾರಕ್ಕೆ ಅಂತರ್ಜಾಲ, ಮೊಬೈಲ್ ಬೇಸರವಾದವು. ಹೊರಗಿನ ನಿಸರ್ಗ ನೋಡಬೇಕೆನ್ನಿಸಿತು. ಹತ್ತನೆಯ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಅದ್ಭುತವೆನಿಸಿದ್ದ ಊಟವು ರುಚಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ಯಾರೋ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಂದಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಎನಿಸಿತು. ಉಸುರು ಕಟ್ಟಿದಂತಾಯಿತು. ಈ ಗುಹೆಯಿಂದ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕೆನ್ನಿಸಿತು.

"ನಿಮಗೆ ಕರೋನಾ ಟೆಸ್ಟ್ ಮಾಡಿಸಬೇಕು ದಯವಿಟ್ಟು ಮಾಸ್ಕ್ ಧರಿಸಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ಬರಬೇಕಂತೆ" ಮೈತುಂಬ, ಮುಖವು ಮುಚ್ಚುವಂತ ನೀಲಿಯ ಬಟ್ಟೆ ಹಾಕಿಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದ ದಾದಿ ನಿರ್ದೇಶಿಸಿದರು.

ಅಬ್ಬಾ ಈಗಲಾದರೂ ಹೊರಗಡೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಅವಕಾಶ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಖುಷಿಯಾಯಿತು. ಮೂಗಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಡ್ಡಿ ಚುಚ್ಚಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ನಂತರ ಸೀದಾ ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋದೆ. ಇವಳು ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಬಿದ್ದದ್ದು ಅಲ್ಲೇ. ತಕ್ಷಣ, ಅವತ್ತೇ ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಬಂದಳು, ಅಲ್ಲ ಕರೆದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಂದೆ. ಎರಡು ದಿನದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆಗೆ ಬಂದ ಆ ದಾದಿ "ನಿಮಗೆ ಪಾಸಿಟಿವ್ ಬಂದಿದೆ", ಇನ್ನೂ ಹದಿನಾಲ್ಕು ದಿನ ಒಳಗೆ ಇರಬೇಕೆಂದಳು. ನನಗೆ ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಡುಕ ಉಂಟಾಯಿತು, ಮೈಯೆಲ್ಲಾ ಬೆವತೆ. ಇದು ನನ್ನಿಂದ ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ ಎನಿಸಿತು. ಹಿಂದೆಯೇ ಇವಳು ನನ್ನ ಕೋಣೆ ಸೇರಿದ್ದು ನೆನೆಪಾಗಿ. ಇದು ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಯೇ ಅಲ್ಲವೆನಿಸಿತು.

ಮೊದಲ ದಿನ ಇವಳ ಮೈಮಾಟ ನನ್ನ ಮನಸೆಳೆದವು, ಹೊರಮೈ ವಿಚಿತ್ರವಾದರೂ, ದಪ್ಪನೆಯ ಮೈಕಟ್ಟು ಸೆಳೆದವು. ಮೊದಲ ದಿನ ಒಂದೂ ಮಾತನಾಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮರುದಿನ ತನ್ನ ಪರಿಚಯ ತಿಳಿಸಿದಳು. ತದನಂತರ ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡಗಿದ್ದ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸಿದಳು. ದಿನೇ ದಿನೇ, ಒಂದೊಂದು ಪಾತ್ರದ ಪದರುಗಳನ್ನು ತೆರೆಯುತ್ತಾ, ತನ್ನ ಆಳಗಳನ್ನು ತೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದಳು. ಅವಳ ಮಾತುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಮುದುವಾಗುವುದು, ಹಿತವೆನಿಸುವುದು, ವಿವಿಧ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಬರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು, ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಖುಷಿ, ಮತ್ತೊಮ್ಮೆ ವಿಷಾದ, ಇನ್ನೊಮ್ಮೆ ಖೇದ, ಹೀಗೆ ಅವಳು ನನ್ನವಳಾಗಿ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿತಳಾದಳು, ಅಲ್ಲ ನಾವು ಅವಳ ಮಾತಿಗೆ ಮನಸೋತು ಮರುಳನಾಗಿದ್ದೆ.

ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಇವಳು ಹೇಳುವ ಕಥೆ ಕೇಳಿ ಕಣ್ಣು ಒದ್ದೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದು ಉಂಟು. ಅವಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾನು ಬೆರೆತು ಹೋದೆ. ರಾತ್ರಿ ಒಂದೇ ಮಂಚದ ಮೇಲೆ ಮಲಗಿದೆವು. ಇವಳೇ ನನ್ನ ಬಾಳ ಸಂಗಾತಿ, ಯಾರಿಲ್ಲದಿದ್ದರೂ ಇವಳು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಿಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಮನತುಂಬಿ ನಾನು ಒಂಟಿಯಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ನನಗೆ ನಾನೇ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡೆ. ಅವಳು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಒಂದೊಂದು ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು ನನ್ನ ಸುತ್ತಮುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು, ನಾನೂ ಆ ಪಾತ್ರಗಳು ಕರೆದು ಹೋದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ, ನಿಸರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ.

ಅವಳ ಹೆಸರು "ಕಾದಂಬರಿ", ಇವಳ ಮೆಲುಮೈ ನೋಡಿ ಕೆಲವರು "ಪುಸ್ತಕ" ಅನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಕೆಲವೊಬ್ಬರು ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ, ಕಥೆ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಆದರೆ ನನಗೆ ಇವಳು ಪ್ರಿಯತಮೆ, ಬಾಳ ಸಂಗಾತಿ, ನನ್ನ ಒಂಟಿತನವನ್ನು ಹೋಗಲಾಡಿಸಿದ ಪ್ರೇಮದೇವತೆ. ಇವಳನ್ನು ಮತ್ತೆ ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕಳಸಲು ಮನಸ್ಸು ಬರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ಕಾಲಾವಧಿ ಮುಗಿದಮೇಲೆ, ನನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರವೇ ಇದ್ದರೆ ದಂಡ ತೆರಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತೆಂದು ನೆನೆಪಾಗಿ ಕಳಿಸಿಬಂದೆ. ಅವಳು ಈಗ ನನ್ನಿಂದ ದೂರವಿರಬಹುದು ಆದರೆ ಅವಳು ಹೇಳಿದ ಕಥೆಗಳು ನನ್ನ ಅಂತರಾಳವನ್ನು ತುಂಬಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ಈ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಗಾಂಧೀ ಮುತ್ಯ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದ ಮಾತು ನೆನೆಪಿಗೆ ಬಂತು, "ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಕು ಬಟ್ಟೆಯಿದ್ದರೂ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಪುಸ್ತಕವಿರಲಿ" ಎಂದಿದ್ದ ಆ ಮಹಾತ್ಮ.

ಪುಸ್ತಕ ನನ್ನ ಒಂಟಿತನವನ್ನು ಓಡಿಸಿದೆ, ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಬಾಳುಕೊಟ್ಟಿದೆ, ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಅದ್ಭುತಗಳನ್ನು ತನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿದೆ, ಇತಿಹಾಸದ ಪುಣ್ಯಾತ್ಮರು, ಕೀಚಕರು, ಮುಂದಿನ ದಿನದ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಕತೆಗಳು, ಇಂದಿನ ವಾಸ್ತವತೆಗಳು ಇವಳ ಉದರದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡಗಿಕೊಂಡಿವೆ. ನನ್ನಿಂದ ಇವಳಿಗೊಂದು "ಸೆಲ್ಯೂಟ್".

For translation scan the QR Code:
Translation: Prajwal Nanda Kishore
B.Sc. B.Ed., Physics (2020)



Vinod
B.Sc. B.Ed., Biology
2020 Batch

पढ़ना पढ़ाना

LEARNING AND TEACHING ARE ALWAYS INTERLINKED. **HITIKA** HAS SHARED HOW HER STUDY BUDDIES HAVE MADE HER A GOOD LEARNER AND TEACHER IN HER STUDY JOURNEY. SHE ALSO HAD HER STUDY BUDDIES EVOLVED IN THIS PROCESS, OVER THE YEARS. SCAN THE QR CODES AS SHE GIVES US GLIMPSES OF HER EXPERIENCES.



Scan for the audio
(03:16 mins)



Scan for the translation



Scan for the transcript



Hitika Gilhotra
B.Sc B.Ed Biology
Batch of 2022

DEAR DIARY

MAMMA'S MAGICAL QUESTIONS

I study with my Mamma at my home. She explains to me what I find difficult in school. When I have a question, instead of answering it she asks me more questions. Sometimes I don't enjoy that but then somehow I understand everything.

She even helps me with my math homework. She uses Hindi words like jodna, ghataana to explain math to me. It is so easy that I don't know why my teacher doesn't use them. But now I know, the teacher and mamma mean the same thing. Before the maths exam, Mamma does sums with me and asks me if she has made mistakes.

Though she teaches me, sometimes she makes mistakes too! I like correcting her errors, that's the only time when I can scold her for making mistakes.



Credit: Jioo Nimkar

Mamma and I are studying

That is how I remember what not to do during exams. When I get bored while reading a story, she acts and recites stories to me. She also gives me other non-school books to read stories from. I enjoy them very much. My study buddy makes me study anywhere. Yesterday, we went to a garden, there, my Mamma showed me different trees, birds, and animals. She started asking me questions about which tree bears fruits, and which doesn't.

I actually like that Mamma is my study buddy, that's how I get to spend more time with her, she lets me ask doubts, she doesn't beat me for making mistakes, and she gives me chocolate or ice cream treats when she thinks I did a lot of work.



As imagined by
Asma Memon
B.Sc. B.Ed. Mathematics
Batch of 2020

Radhika
Grade 4

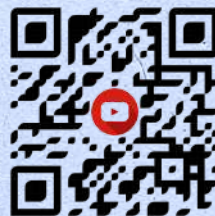


FROM THOSE ON THE FRONTLINES

Despite being enrolled in a primary school, the children of a migrant worker community in Bengaluru face several challenges in accessing learning and education. Seeing this, a group of undergraduate students came together to help students bridge some learning gaps. Join **Anany Ranjan, Manasvi Sahu,** and **Priyanshu Kaushik,** as they discuss their experiences of teaching the children, understanding their community and coming together to learn.



SCAN FOR THE INTERVIEW:
(28:53 MINS)



Interviewed by
Janani Abirami, BSc. B.Ed.
Biology, Batch of 2020

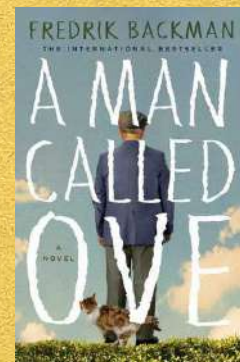
BOOK REVIEW: A MAN CALLED OVE

Discover the heartwarming tale of 'A Man Called Ove' - a journey of friendship, resilience, and the search for a true companion. Dive into this beloved story, now a cherished motion picture adored by audiences worldwide.

In the heartwarming novel "A Man Called Ove," author Fredrik Backman takes readers on a captivating journey that highlights the transformative power of unexpected friendships and the profound impact of finding a true "buddy." Through the character of Ove, a grumpy and solitary old man, the story beautifully captures the essence of human connection and the remarkable changes it can bring.

Ove is a man who has resigned himself to a life of solitude and routine. He has a rigid way of living, an unwavering set of principles, and a deep grief that seems to define him. However, everything changes when new neighbors, a young couple named Parvaneh and Patrick, and their two children, come crashing into Ove's life. These newcomers, with their vivacity and unwavering determination, disrupt Ove's well-ordered existence and set in motion a series of events that force him to reassess his priorities and open his heart.

One of the most compelling aspects of "A Man Called Ove" is the exploration of Ove's journey in finding a new companion, or "buddy." Parvaneh, in particular, plays a pivotal role in Ove's transformation. With unwavering determination and a kind-hearted spirit, she refuses to allow Ove's gruff exterior to deter her. Through her patient companionship, she gradually chips away at his hardened shell, teaching him that life is meant to be shared, even amidst grief and adversity.



The supporting characters in the novel also play a significant role in Ove's transformation. There's Rune, Ove's former best friend, whose complicated relationship with Ove holds a key to understanding his character.

And then there's the motley crew of neighbors in Ove's community, each with their quirks and stories, who become an unlikely source of companionship and support for Ove. Together, they form a bond that not only rescues Ove from his self-imposed isolation but also demonstrates the transformative power of genuine companionship.

Backman's writing style is simple yet evocative, skilfully imbuing his characters with depth and authenticity. Ove's gruff demeanour and no-nonsense attitude make him simultaneously endearing and exasperating. Readers find themselves rooting for him, even when he stubbornly clings to his old ways. The dialogue is sharp and infused with humor, providing moments of levity amidst the introspective and poignant scenes.

"A Man Called Ove" serves as a powerful reminder that the presence of a true buddy can bring about magnificent changes. It teaches us that true friendship can blossom in the most unexpected circumstances and that compassion and understanding can heal even the deepest wounds. Backman skillfully weaves together themes of love, loss, and redemption, creating a

narrative that tugs at the heartstrings and leaves a lasting impact.

Overall, "A Man Called Ove" is a captivating and uplifting novel that will resonate with readers long after they turn the final page. It highlights the remarkable transformations that occur when genuine companionship enters our lives. Through the character of Ove, Fredrik Backman portrays the beauty of human connection and the power of finding a true "buddy." This heartfelt tale reminds us that even in our most stubborn and solitary moments, the presence of a companion can bring about extraordinary changes. With its endearing characters, genuine storytelling, and exploration of the transformative power of friendship, "A Man Called Ove" is a must-read and a must-watch for those seeking a touching and inspiring story that celebrates the profound impact of companionship.



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Questions to Mark

These are some questions you could take away from this issue and hopefully Chalk Out answers of your own!

What is the value a study buddy can bring to a learner's life?

What are the effects of social media and technology on making study buddies in today's times? In what ways do family conditions and school situations play a role in a person making study buddies?

How can a teacher create an environment where all students treat each other as buddies? What could the pros and cons (if any) be of creating such a classroom environment?

What's the difference between study buddies and friends? Do they overlap? Are they the same?

How have study buddies changed and evolved across generations in your circles?

How have interactions with your study buddies changed over the course of your life?



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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Jioo Nimkar (P. 8, 13, 20), Kalyani Pawar (P. 10)

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Most importantly - you, dear **readers**, for whom this is all meant.

'Study buddies are the cherished notes in the symphony of our learning journeys'