When the mind meets the heart
Even the Sun feels COOL when he joins 'COOL CLUB' !!!
Last year we published our very first edition of ‘The Carpe Diem- A splash of wondrous hues’.

And it sure was a great learning experience! The heartfelt appreciation and feedback from the entire youth club-cool club team motivated us to bring to you this second edition of our Magazine “The Carpe Diem- When the mind meets the heart…”

So what is this edition going to be about? When the logical, critical and practical flow of mind meets the emotional, desiring and creative flow of the heart that is the most spectacular confluence. Yes, ‘confluence’ the point of diversity where different ideas flow as one to bring about a change and impact that neither could bring out individually.

This year we went against what we had decided when the first edition was created and gave a theme to the magazine. We were worried initially as to whether we would get enough submissions but the response is overwhelming and motivating!

It was an amazing experience from bringing people together to taking interviews to selecting photos and organizing the contents to meeting designer and finally getting it published.

I learnt a lot not just from the technical process but through the interactions with people necessary to make it happen. Throughout my years in Cool Club and Youth Club I have learnt to express myself in an appropriate manner. And I’m sure that there are many like me who made some good friends, found new interests, talents that they are good at. And to give a platform to such literary talents and to let budding artists spread their wings we have made this magazine with unimaginable enthusiasm! We have even added our very own page for photography and are soon to make our very own website. Like last year, this year as well we are publishing it in the form of an e-magazine in an attempt to contribute to the Save environment movement.

And thus we have created this beautiful confluence of various young minds with their inner self and I hope you will enjoy this little confluence that we have created.

Mokshada Dombe
Editor in Chief
On a bright Sunday morning, my phone rang and it was my friend on the other side, excited for an impromptu get together of our schoolmates. I declined the offer saying I had to work. “How can you work on Sundays? Isn’t it boring?” And my response was “No!”.

For the past 7 years, our working Sundays have never been boring or taxing, thanks to our unique projects - Cool Club (CC) & Youth Club (YC). These are energizers for us. To brief you about the project, Dr. Nadkarni (Director, IPH) motivated us to start something for teens, a developmental group with the aim of sensitizing the teenagers to myriads of experiences they would encounter in this phase. We realized that that logical reasoning and academic intelligence have always won over in popularity as compared to other facets of intelligence. Which is why, when a 13 year old boy was brought for counselling with complaints like not wanting to go to school due to peer pressure, with problems in anger control and gadget addiction, the parental focus was only limited to studies. Hence, they enrolled him for more classes and special tuitions as his academics were deteriorating. The problem though was something else, it wasn’t his intelligence or understanding that dropped his scores, it was his social anxiety and emotional dysregulation that affected his academics.

With every fresh year, we have noticed that it has become a Herculean task to stay away from the countless options for children to improve their studies. Not denying the importance of education and studies as they are essential, but what if the problem is arising not out of ability but something else. Today, children do not have a problem with information gathering, they can be excellent ‘information providers’, but what if the child cannot face a tutor who keeps using harsh words or demeaning her (sometimes to motivate the child, nevertheless, is blunt in expression.).

CC/YC were actually started in order to fortify the system of emotional regulation. To experiment, we had also undertaken workshops for 2 days, covering the topics that could be relevant to adolescents.
However, we quickly realized that imparting of the information was just one of the goals, but in order for a belief or behaviour to change, one (including adults) takes time and that doesn’t happen overnight. We therefore decided to form a club, by, for and of the teens. The aim behind having a yearlong activity is not restricted to sensitizing the teens, but also to provide a safe platform where they are not judged and feel free to express themselves. Very often, as we have noticed, as the members continue with the group, they develop leadership skills and naturally, assume the role of mentors to the junior members. It is often easier and acceptable for teens to follow and imbibe roles and opinions when it comes as ‘peer approved’. What makes our group different is that it has always been an inclusive one, in that it is open for all. Our group has children who have excellent academic record and social skills but also children who are struggling with social expression. Hence, for teens who are dealing with socialization issues, poor self-image, problems such as addiction, have difficulty controlling emotions, the group could be a place that will provide unconditional acceptance. Our highlight, i.e. the annual function is the event we all look forward to, for that is the time we let children explore themselves.

Personally, our journey of CC/YC has been enthralling, the process of learning is two ways, the energy and enthusiasm that they display, the creativity and commitment that we get reinforces and make us want to work harder. We also have hurdles, the chief being lack of awareness of mental health and the need for emotional nurturance. People often believe that logical intelligence can take charge of emotional upheavals, but it is important to understand that an emotionally disturbed person may need help before/he can use his/her resources and wisdom. We have been blessed with members and their parents who have trusted us in the process and have realized that they have to look at all round development of the child and hope to reach out to as many teens and youth we can. This enterprise has truly made us believe that if we involve and understand teens and the youth, they are receptive and demonstrate amazing capacity to take on responsibility and empathy.

Regards
CC/YC team
Editorial Team

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  CREATIVE ARCHITECT

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Fractions of the Year

Game Show – Me & My World

Kult kruthi sruyata dhyetveeram eva h坦ke pathnane hote. Haya vanishch sruyata dekkhalet abhagam eva yam shro te shaalre. Vīma hote ‘Me & My World’ madhyATHA mē Aapēn mahē vishav. Aapē kūl kruthyam satasamanē ē—mele hower kāraPhkamānē svārēna kārutrapam Aahārī hote, pēn nēmakē kāy kēntadh AasTīlah, kōmē sōbarā dhyetvayē AasTīlah ē sārē gujātiyē hote!

Yam Shānaya dīvēkshē sāmān mādhavē shukanḏē abhāmyā svāpurē yam Lādōkē kāīnāmānē bhā silisyā 12 kārutrapamē dīmā pādēyē vē mahē vishav vīma kūl kruthyam satasamanē dēvyē. Tē wē kūl kruthi Aapēn vishav! Mā aamūrī kevēkaukē, sēmuhane Aapēyā prāhānē yāpyē yānē, Aapēyā prāhāvā

Yājānē kēlā jānāyē yānē, tē sērē prāhānē nāvāshē śālānum dēvēnūt abhāmyā prāvītēmēlā śālāna dēvēre hote.

Nētēr yā prābhumikē fēnē jālāyē vē, sruyata śālāni dhēnā, Aapēyā bhāvāpēyāshē nīkēntēn kēntē shukanḏē evādēkē bhāvēvar Aapērīt nāthēkē, kāraPhkamēkē ushērō hēkēlēyēkē bār āndēkē, bhātēyā vishavē vēhēnē bhāpēyā dhrēkēyā vēvēnē, jān kēns vēlāyēkē hēnē pāyārē bhānāt kūlēkē, sēmēnu dēnē tāsvēyē yam Shō mānē bhāer pēntē. Aapēyā bhśaśē, vēvērā kāraPhkamē kārutrapamē yam nē h坦kē yam shō nē kūl kēntē yēpē kēntē 2018–19 yē dēvēvēvar sruyata śālāni.

Varē Jonē
Cool Club Senior
Shreya Mhatre

Decision making :-

We were taught about decision making. Oh! Did I say taught? We have gotten into a habit of saying that because of our schools but our club is a place where nothing is taught to us. We discuss and play activities and decide together what is right and what ought to be done. Decide… Yes. This session was about such decisions. What is your decision? What are the side-effects of your decision? Who is getting affected by your decision? All these things should be consider while making one. This session gave us a very practical outlook which we are now ready to use in our daily lives.

Motivation :-

We learned through this session that we need motivation for certain things. There are two types of motivation external and internal. External motivation is the motivation we get from outside, it can be comprised of compliments too for eg: socializing apps, school, relatives, family members, TV etc. Internal motivation is the motivation we get from inside. Eg: our desires, our dreams. We should always keep motivating our self. At a point you are very near to success but failure comes in between don’t be demotivated, keep moving forward.
Learning :-

In this session we had a guest lecturer Dr. Sri Harsh dada and we learnt about the various levels of learning, the highest being emotional intelligence. After watching several short films that identified different emotions and gave examples of when we felt these in our lives. We also learnt about the conditions which are conducive for learning and learnt various exercises which helped elevate our alertness. Not only were we now equipped with skills to achieve the most efficient method and level of learning but also were we determined to first become an emotional intelligent.

Emotions :-

This was the session in which we learnt the roots of emotion and how it has helped us human beings survive and evolve throughout history; this was also the session in which we were introduced to our beloved Arun kaka! We were told to categorize various emotions into ‘good’ or ‘bad’ and later learnt that no emotion is good or bad it just depends on the extent and circumstances in which we use it. We drew a chart showing different emotions. Through this we learnt how to control our emotions by realizing at which level we are and according to the situation at which level we should be. We were also told to write a letter to our parents on the things we like and don’t like about them to help improve our relationship with them.
Communication :-
In this session we learnt the need and the methods of communication; why we as humans feel the need to communicate and how we should convey our true intentions to another individual in a way which would benefit both. We learnt about one sided communication, two sided communication and the necessity of both in our lives as well as the circumstances in which both should be used. This is a topic that all kids my age think is hard to deal with but this session really gave us a different perspective to look at it. We surely started trying to make more efforts at better communication in any situation possible and surprisingly it put us more at ease now at any social function.

Bullying :-
This session was more of a serious and somber affair than the others that came before. In this session we learnt about how we should face a bully according to different circumstances and the groups that are present when bullying occurs- the passive the active and the bullies themselves. We learnt why a bully lashes out and how fear turns to anger. This session was definitely eye opening and has taught us something that we will remember for a long time. It has prepared us to face a bully as we are bound to face one no matter which path in life we take.
when the mind meets the Hearts


Picnic memories

Rugveda Bagwe

The mind meets the hearts

Lively वातले, राजी जेड़ा ने खुला आधार आधार विनोदगीतहत माहिती सांगिते. दो.के.बी. सोलंकी हे सतरोगी उबरचवावर असलेले आजोबा. त्यानाच ही विनोदगीत तयार केलेली. त्यातील इथे खुप वेदवेठी झाडे लावली आहेत. Botany शिक्षणारी अनेक माणसे इथे वेदन रहतात आणि या झाडांचा अभ्यास करतात. त्या आजोबांनी सुखा बी.एच. डी. केली आहे. अनेक कारणाने तीली study trips इथे बैठतात. आणि दुसर्या विद्यार्थी ते आजोबा आधाराच्या झाडांवर झाडांचा सांगणार होते. या अंतर माणसांनी समाजांची श्रोतीमोडीत छान मॉडल मानली.
when the mind meets the Hearts

Bamboo is a grass—People mistake it with the tree but it actually is a grass—Giraffes eat bamboo. Because man has his ego! because man has his ego! because man has his ego!

New born babies
when the mind meets the Hearts

...
We all have our own personalities which play a key role in the social situations. In this session we learned four different types of personalities and their social behavior. It helped us to understand what type of personality we portray the most. The vital thing we learned is that having a shy, retiring side to our personality can go completely at odds with our public persona (our personality at home can be completely different from what we show in public). By putting in some efforts, we indeed can change our social personality. This session with Arun kaka was a truly enjoyable one as we travelled through the world of four imaginary persons. As we saw them (our coor-
dinators acted it out!) react to different situations we started to realize and relate with one of them and later got to explore them even deeper when we were told to enact different incidences from the shoes of different personas. Giving an example of Chhatrapari Shivaji Maharaj, Arun kaka told us that not a particular type of personality is ideal but we should be able to change our behavior according to the circumstances. All four types of personalities are important in different situations. As Martin Luther King Jr once said, “personality is like a charioteer with two headstrong horses, each wanting to go in different directions.”

Dr. Anand Nadkarni :-

This session was a fun interactive session with our beloved Dr. Anand
Nadkarni. While it started on a very melodious note with our resident music team singing a song specifically dedicated to Dr kaka, hardly did we know that the session lying ahead was going to be a delightful yet an enlightening one. In this session we discussed our teenage problems and got advice from Dr. Kaka but in a way that we had never even thought of. Dr kaka unfurled his teenage life to us but not in the typically preachy way. The conversation was just as lively, humorous and fun-filled as it always is with Dr kaka. Under the guidance of Arun kaka we read out incidences from Dr kaka’s book and that surely helped us relate more to what he said. The session even ended on a melodious note with Dr Nadkarni singing and in fact even playing the dholaki himself. We were left with the wisdom of a grown up teenager and his memories that we will forever cherish as our own.

LGBTQ:

This session was a very different and an eye opening one. Jagruti Wadekar tai and Advaita Nigudkar tai were our guest lecturers for the day but we felt like calling them ‘tai’ the moment we met them. And talking to them, we felt very comfortable and that surely helped in the session that followed. It was based on a very sensitive yet important issue of our world today. Although the session was about the LGBTQ community it helped us start to accept the people around us the way they are. We weren’t aware of a lot like biological gender, gender expression, sexual orientation, romanticity etc. Through various videos on ordinary people just like us who have gone through incidents they did not deserve, we really were sensitized towards the topic. Some did find out things about themselves that they never even thought of finding but all of us took one thing with us back home for sure… The fact that we are who we are and the world shouldn’t get to decide that… But it will keep doing so till we accept who we really are!
Annual Experience  
Manasi Konde

“I could be a part of a play? I could go up on a stage and sing?” I thought to myself when Surabhi Mavshi announced the dates for the rehearsals of the annual program that we were to present very soon. It, being my very first year at the club, had been great so far and I was really excited to know what the annual function had in store for us and when I reached Saptasopan I realized that I wasn’t the only one bubbling with excitement!

The rehearsals began and I got off to a great start. I did many things which I never thought I could do in my whole life.

There in front of us was a huge spectrum of opportunities ranging from acting to singing to dancing to anchoring to literary and poetic performances and the list goes on and on! I met so many amazing people.

I always thought that I’m a loner, I couldn’t make many friends. But here, with all these amazing people, I transformed somewhat and proved myself wrong. During the dance practices, though we weren’t a part of the dance group, we were enjoying dancing alongside them. There was no judging. Only ecstasy.

I have never been this carefree while dancing in front of so many people. Everyday while returning home, I used to think, ‘was that really me in there?’ On every rehearsal day, Saptasopan was flooded with youngsters. Another attraction to all of us would be the music group. Although very professional in approach we were stunned listening to them singing some of the most enchanting old songs and also humming to the trendy new ones that they sung to.
when the mind meets the Hearts

us! Their closed room practices also created an air of mystery around them which would go away the instant they smiled at you with their friendly faces! There wasn’t any fee-

bleness only the minds full of ideas and energy. And thus we all molded the function into the success it was. Like a family, everyone was helping each other on the actual event day. In one corner some were coping with their stage fears and in the other one some were recalling their previous wonderful experiences. And the show was truly magnificent. The kashinath Ghanekar auditorium, the audience seats overflowing with

enthusiastic and cheerful faces (A specifically encouraging face-of Dr. Kaka himself!) This experience definitely gave me a new identity. These splendid memories are unperishable and will always stay in my remembrance. From practicing the skit to receiving applause from the audi-

ence, I truly enjoyed the journey of opening up. While returning home, I had tones of blissful memories and a newfound family...
Beginnings

Aditi Mahajan

A new page has opened,
in my book,
A new path in my way,
is what I took.
A new life begins,
As one nears its close,
The new life I didn’t even know,
But still I chose.

The big bad world
is waiting for me,
And like a sailor
I am entering this sea.
This life as it will come,
it will give me surprises,
I am starting to imagine it,
As my fears rise.

No more those teachers,
No more that uniform,
No more the liberty,
To act like a child.

Farewell school and farewell friends,
Farewell childhood,
I don’t want to pass this phase,
But I know I should.
when the mind meets the Hearts

मी आणि माइक्रोडेवड

नसलेला मोबाईल

चार्ल्स नाईक

जून 2011 व तुमची, मी पाहणाऱ्यांना, सोसायटीतील आमच्या गुरमधील मी सोडून प्रत्येकाकडे मोबाईल आला होता. ते पाहून मलांना असे बांटणे की माझ्याकडे युक्त मोबाईल असावा हवा, मी तरी कधी पाहणे कस्ते आहे? मलजमून मी आईईडिझ़ाक्टे मोबाईलसाठी हठ धरला. आता तुम्ही मोबाईलची गरज नाही हे त्यांनी मला पत्तून दिले. आमच्या ५ जणांच्या गुरमध्ये आता मोबाईलचा टुकरो सुरू झाला. अर्थात क्रिकेटच्या गणा मारज्ज्या गुरमध्ये प्रत्येकजण आपल्याकडे तुमच्या फोन दाखवण्यात मन्य होता. मला तर नवाच बांटले, कॉमोडोपोटो मी मोबाईल वापरणाऱ्यांचे निरीक्षण कसू लागले, व या वाचावतीत गेल्या काही वर्षत मला अनेक उदाहरण अनुभव आले.

सुद्धार्थ आपात्कस्त व्यवस्था मैदानात खेळाडूयाचे, मोबाईल आल्यानंतर काहीजण खेळाडूयाचे घेणे टाळू लागले. त्याच्यानंतर, ते घरी बसून मोबाईलवर घेणे खेळू लागले. प्रत्येक खेळणे कसी झाले. सहवाच सरलाना मी क्रिकेट कोचिंग मुळे केले. मैचसाठी सीसीसी, अंबराणाथ, कल्याणावर जावे लागावे. मले लाखेत एकदिवसी जावा लागली की पालकांकडून लागला फोन धाकून दिला जाते. तरीही मी मोबाईल धेऱल नाही. मोबाईल नसल्याने ट्रेनमध्ये असताना मी आजुबाजुबानी मोडवा माणसांचे निरीक्षण करावी. माणसांच्या वापरणाचे खुप वेगवेगळे समुद्रले मला धाकूले. जवळजवळ सर्वसाधेकोण फोनमध्ये गंवा असावी. वाच सुमारसार्ते मी माण्डली देखील रिसर्चरंग "people watching" नावाच विश्लेषण नैसर्गिक पुढेक वाळले. या ट्रेन प्रवाससारख्या मी माणसे वापराला विचार लागले.

मला तर कशी आईईडिझांना फोन करावा असेल तर मी थांबला. काहीच फोनाचा थांब. काही व्यक्ती काही अनोखी माणसांनी निश्चित करून, तर काहीहेच दुकानाच्या विविधाची कसू फोन खालीलय. मापूले मला परंपरी अनोखी माणसांनी व्यक्तिकृत तुलना मिळत. माणसांचे काहीला अर्थव्यवस्था मानत. इंडिपेंडेंट होण्यासाठी लागणारा आत्मविश्वास आपूर्ण त्यामागद्या झाला.

माझ्याकडे मोबाईल नसून मलांनी माझ्या मित्र-मित्रिणी नेहमीच मला देत. मोबाईल विवाह जगूच कसा शक्तीशाली? हा प्रश्न विचारता असत. मला फार गमत वाळे, मलजमून आता मोबाईल हे एकदिवसी एक जंगल असा असा. वस्तू आणि निवासालाळांदरेत एक यूनिसू गरज बनली होती. या मोबाईल तर आता एक स्टेंस सिम्ब्या.

"हे झाला होता. मुले मोबाईलवरून आपल्याकडे किंमत ठरू लागली. मोबाईल नसत तर आपण शुभ असे मुलांना बाआ काढला. ले. एकाहा वस्तूनुसे आपले किंमत कसे काही ठरू शकते? मोबाईलमुळे उघे केलेले आमच्या जगाच सर्वांनी खडू लागले. माझ्या शालेचे मित्र-मित्रिणी...\]
A man goes to the doctor and says, “Doctor, wherever I touch, it hurts.”

The doctor asks, “What do you mean?”

The man says, “When I touch my shoulder, it really hurts. If I touch my knee - OUCH! When I touch my forehead, it really, really hurts.”

The doctor says, “I know what’s wrong with you - you’ve broken your finger!”
Ever thought about the “Mumshion”? (Mumbai Fashion). Or the confluence of “Mumshion”? Talking about confluence, what exactly does it mean? Confluence is nothing but flowing or coming together. It is generally used in the context of rivers. But this word can go with literally anything. For instance, ideas, cultures, cookery, etc. Coming back to the thought about the “Mumshion”, confluence of fashion can also be added to this list. Guess what, this article deals with the same! The confluence of fashion especially the Mumbai fashion. Mumbai is the financial capital of India. But not all Mumbaikars are “financially” stable. They have been divided into classes namely the high class and the low class. In fact, their status decides as to where the Mumbaikars should reside. Like the SOBO (South Bombay) is particularly meant for the high-class people or Bollywood celebrities. On the contrary the central region of Mumbai is chiefly dominated by the middle class and poor families. The status of the Mumbaikars is also reflected in their dressing style. The upper class of the society is seen wearing garments made up of rich fabrics giving themselves a richer, finer and modern look. While the other classes probably fall in the category of keeping it sober and simple. Confluence of fashion is also seen in the fashion events like the Lakmé Fashion Week. Wherein the idea of collision of style and comfort is triggered in the minds of the audience as they see the models rocking the ramp shows with elegance and confidence. Collision of style and comfort can be better explained by giving examples such as the pairing of a saree with a blazer or a leather jacket or substituting saree blouse with a solid coloured or printed shirt or using a belt to instantly cinch the waist when wearing flowy outfits (saree, kurta, gown, etc.) In both these examples, models do make a bold statement and show off the trend simultaneously. But what is more appreciable is the fact that now even the fashion of these two classes is combining to give rise to a spectacular confluence - A fashion style which is both economical yet trendy. Surely Mumbai is picking up with it with pace unparalleled by any other cosmopolitan. Currently, another trendsetter is the ancient and Vedic fashion. The desi Indian pattern inspires the fashion industry today and there seems to be a rebirth of the 80’s and 90’s trends in the industry. This fusion or confluence of the old and the new seems to continue even into the future.
Everybody knows me,
And yet no one knows who I am.
They talk to me and smile at me,
But they don't know who I am.

They all beam at me as I sit
Like a perfect lady in my gown
They all think I am so polite
Because they don't know who I am.

Nobody suspects me,
When I come home late
And when my reflections get darker than me,
None suspect me
Because no one knows who I am!

As I was leaving my home that day,
I looked into the mirror as I did my hair.
And I saw a witch staring at me.
When I smiled, she smiled back
And when I winked the witch did that too.

I opened the drawer keeping my eyes fixed on
my image
And searched and searched till I found it-
That face of the pretty young girl.

I quickly pulled the mask on my face
And the witch before me was gone.
Instead stood a beautiful young girl
Wearing her delicate silk gown
Her hair neatly done
And innocence reflecting from every corner of her face.

Oh what a delightful mask it was!
So perfect, so accurate.
I was a witch no more
I was instead
The pretty young girl
Respected and admired by everyone in the town.

Nobody saw me doing that, did they?
I turned behind
Just in time
To see a horrified young boy
Peeping inside my window.

"Useless pests these young boys are," I say
As I clicked my fingers twice
And my eyes flared up in a green

The boy before me was gone
And now before me was his face-
A new mask for today,
Though not as beautiful as the previous one

I threw the old mask away
Changed my clothes
Put the new mask on
And I was a witch no more
I was the mischievous young boy,
Loved and pampered by his mother.

I crept through my house
After locking it securely
To have porridge at the boy house
Prepared lovingly just for him
(For me)
मायबोली मराठी

शाठमध्ये मराठी राजभाषा दिन साजरा केला जात होता. मुलांची विविध कार्यक्रम मराठी भाषेतील केले. तेवढं साजरा म्हणून मारु भाषेतील कोणी हाक मारत आहे असे जाणवले, तो आवाज मला म्हणाला, असे, मी आहे तुम्ही मायबोली मराठी भाषा, मला ओळखतही नाही का? मला खूप आश्चर्य वाटले. मराठी भाषा मायबोली चकक बोलत होती.

"मुलांची आहे. माया जम्मु नवव्या शतकाळ झाला. 'संस्कृत' ही माझी जननी. संत ज्ञानेश्वरांनी ज्ञानेश्वरीलिहून मला थंब केले. मराठी भाषेत अनेक अभंग, भक्तीपत्र लिहावी गेली. माझी गोडी सर्वांनी चाचवली. मला राजभाषेचा सम्पादन दिला. माया साहित्यकांनी मला गौरव प्राप्त करून दिला.

इंग्रजीची असुया वाटते. ल्यांची अनेक देशावर राज्य केले पण आपली भाषा मात्र सोडली नाही. पण भारत देश आता इंग्रजी बोलणारा लोकांचा शेष घडते तर चुक्कीच होणार नाही. कारण आपल्या आपल्याकडे असणारा संघन भाषिक विविधतेपेक्षा इंग्रजी भाषेचे आकर्षण जात आहे. माया विरली असतल्या हिंदी, गुजराती, मराठी, तमीश, तमिल अशा कितीकीचे दुःख मी रोज अंदाज केले. आपल्या प्रकोपी भाषा बोलणाराचा नातात आपली भाषा, परंतु, संस्कृती हरवतोय. इंग्रजी जरूर शिकावे पण
There are 5 sisters in the room:
Ann is reading a book,
Margaret is cooking,
Kate is playing chess,
Marie is doing laundry.
What is the fifth sister doing?

Answer on last page
यारी
सुधान्त्र श्रीराव

उजड़ गये चमन यारी नहीं उजड़ी।
सब बिछड़ गये मगर दोस्त साथ रहे।
महफिल सजे हुए लग्जे खित गये।
मगर यादों में तो हमेशा जिंदा रहे।
लाखों सालन बरसके चले गये।
फिजा में फूल रखिले, मुझा गये।
और हम सारा जग ढंगे फिरे।
पर आप जैसे यार दोस्त नहीं मिले।
ऐसे दोस्ती पर हम हमेशा फ़क्र करें।
हमारी दोस्ती में मौसम बढ़ार रहे।
A home-made recipe, easy to make, nutritious, tasty and good for a short snack.

Preparation time: 20-30 min
Requirements:-
- A Chapati
- Your favorite sauce (mayonnaise is recommended)
- Vegetables finely chopped (any) (corn, baby corn are recommended)
- Grated Mozzarella Cheese
- Butter
- Pan
- Teaspoons.

Method:-
Step 1: Take pan heat in on a medium flame.
Step 2: When the pan is heated completely, put some amount of butter.
Step 3: Then put the chapati on the pan.
Step 4: On the chapatti, spread the sauce.
Step 5: Then put the finely chopped veggies on it.
Step 6: Then on top of the vegetables put grated cheese.
Step 7: Then turn off the gas after 1 minute (once the vegetables are cooked) and fold it.
Step 8: Then serve it…
when the mind meets the Hearts

Aditi Bane

Mrunal Joshi

Anish Nikam

Rutvij Tendolkar

Rutvij Tendolkar

Malhar Desai

Rajita Rane
Emma woke up to the sound of the knife peddler shouting in the streets while ringing his little bell as he made his way through all of Victorian England's winding alleys and thoroughfares. She wondered how no one had chased him out yet and was relieved to hear the sound of Sophie screaming at the top of her voice yelling at him to go somewhere else as the little ‘missus’ would still be asleep. She sighed and got out of bed and slid her feet into a pair of warm slippers. Mariette never forgot to warm them by the fire as she detested having to climb out of the warmth of the bed and slide her feet into cooler slippers. Everything must be done as was put down by her and if it wasn’t the unfortunate creature who had erred would have to bear one of mademoiselle's unending tantrums invited upon her. The little mademoiselle's unending wrath. Her mama didn't care much for her and preferred to rather attend one of those lavish dinner parties with her father- who had spent more time trying to expand his business and make money than take care of his only child. She had none of her mother’s grace and beauty for which she was much praised and the reason why her father was envied by his comrades. She was a sickly little child who would have done much better by playing out and about on the fields than by sitting idle at home not unlike the Parisian dolls lining her shelves, all beautiful on the outside but hollow from inside. She ringed the bell on her bedside table and waited for either Mariette or Martha to come dress her. It was the rage to hire French maidservants and in this Emma was not lacking. She could barely understand either of them for Martha had an accent that made her English unintelligible, though she had been born and bred on English soil and Mariette still hadn’t mastered English and would occasionally slip into French. If Emma had been a diligent, hardworking student and had not caused her governess to despise the activity of coming and teaching her she would have been able to understand the steady and harmonious flow of words that came through Mariette's mouth as she spoke a language very dear to her soul; as every proper girl ought to know French. Her father thought it to be a very rubbish practice, robbing little girls of the chance to improve on their English as they constantly poured into their French and Latin books. To her surprise entered Lily; the head of the staff who looked as if she had come up begrudgingly and motioned Emma towards the mirror. She went up and silently began dressing her. Emma first wore a light silk petticoat which Lily eyed enviously as it had real Valenciennes laces. ‘What a spoilt child’ she thought and wondered how Emma couldn’t appreciate all the splendor and beautiful things that surrounded her. But one look at her face made her realize that she registered and appreciated none of this as she was used to all this from when she was a baby and was then reminded of Emma’s parents and felt pity for the child. This was not the first time she had felt pity for her, she remembered when her mama winced at her cries when Emma was a baby and turned her back towards all the responsibilities that came with being a mother. Her father had forgotten about her when she reached seven years of age and remained aloof around her. She was
soon thankful of her own family and the warmth of her home. Lily thought whether her plan was working but did not dare ask Emma. While Lily was immersed in her thoughts, Emma looked at herself in the mirror. She received an empty stare from her grey green eyes and noted that her hair was a tangled mess. (Thank god they weren't red - she was saved from all the insults that were heaped on Mari - but rather auburn) which was in fashion even though the color of her eyes weren't. Next she wore a corset that was meant for little girls and was made of quilted layers of stiffened linen and buckram, reinforced with baleen boning, she held her breath as Lily tightened the strings and did not let it out till Lily had tied the last knot. If it had not been for her Grandmother her mother would have made her wear boxy, lightly boned ones when she was a toddler, to obtain a more upright and upstanding posture but her grandmother would have none of that and even on the occasions in which she wore them she threw a fit and balled her eyes out, so she only started wearing them once she was of 8 years of age. Next followed a thick petticoat and her robin egg blue silk dress. Lily pulled out a stool and she sat on it. While Lily made her hair in the most becoming way Emma contemplated about the interesting person she had met yesterday. She had never quite met someone like her but then she hadn't met a lot of people to begin with. Was everyone like this? she wondered. She had a governess so she had never gone to school before and the only children she had met were the sons and daughters of her parent's rich friends whose company she found intolerable. Truth be told, though Emma had a very bad temper and was not the type to thrive in company she had a sensible head much enforced by her grandmother who was the only person who had truly taken care of her. So though she had a good moral backing she had no one to reinforce it and no one had taken the initiative to correct her spoiled ways which led to her devilish temper.

After eating breakfast she sat in the back parlor or drawing room and patiently waited for her. Soon a face appeared in the window and Emma sat bolt upright and hurried towards the window with a huge grin plastered on her face ‘you came!’ she exclaimed as she pulled up the window to reveal the face of a little girl who couldn't have been older than her. She was wearing a modest, warm coat, mittens, a woolen cap and boots. She had a Cheshire cat grin as she pulled out a small packet and placed it in Emma's hand. ‘Wait for a moment let me fetch my jacket’ said Emma and she opened a teakwood cabinet and selected a beautiful velvet coat and a hat with a plume of ostrich feathers. The little girl peeped in through the window and gave a low whistle as she saw the room. It was full of treasures - furniture made of mahogany and teakwood, a grand fireplace with a merry fire burning, lots of statues and a wall papered with designs of white lilies. Emma soon appeared and glanced apprehensively at the window sill. “How am I supposed to come out?”
she asked “You jump out” said the girl a bit puzzled. Emma hesitated but then shrugged of the feeling of uncertainty that had begun in the pit of her stomach and clambered out. They then headed off to the woods which at that time of the year had shed of their green foliage and stood bare. “Why have you brought me here Jessica?” asked Emma,”To play” she replied already dancing among the tall trees. “To play?” asked Emma in a perplexed tone. She hadn’t brought any dolls with her all of them were still locked up in the cupboard, what in the world was on Jessica’s mind she thought. Jessica then pulled a sled and motioned Emma towards a gentle slope. She went up to her and could hear the crunch of snow under her boots, by the time she had reached there, Jessica had already seated herself on the sled. ‘Sit here’ she said and patted the place in front of her . Emma reluctantly sat down and before she could question the purpose of the wooden contraption Jessica had pushed off and they slid down. To Emma this was terrifying as well as exhilarating and before a scream could come out of her throat they stopped, she gasped for breath and clung to the ends of the sled. ‘Have you never been on a sled?’ Jessica questioned and Emma who still hadn’t gathered her wits shook her head ,“but can we do it again” she asked in a small voice ,” Of course” replied Jessica cheerily strands of blonde escaping her hat . The second time Emma found joy in the wind whistling through her ears and the thrill of the descent. They continued doing this several times until darkness had started gathering .Emma reluctantly said goodbye and watched her trudging away gaily, paying no heed to her surroundings as she sang a familiar melody .Emma had first met her when Lily introduced her as her younger sister. At first Emma had dismissed her and barely noticed her presence as Jessica explored their front parlor, humming to herself. When she couldn’t bear her anymore Emma went to the back porch and sat in the garden trying to do her homework and Jessica followed her like a shadow. She sat down in the garden and started coaxing shy rabbits to come to her with pieces of bread. In the time Emma had completed translating two sentences Jessica had earned the trust of the rabbits and was stroking their fur and one had already slept in her lap. Emma too was drawn to her and slowly started opening up to her. Jessica’s charm had worked its way to Emma’s heart and had thawed that ice that surrounded it. Jessica’s frequent visits started changing Emma for the good. She turned from a sullen, sad, angry little mistress to a bright, vivacious and happy little girl. Friendship had worked its wonderful magic. Jessica was her other half and filled in the areas in which she was lacking. Their friendship bloomed just like the snowdrop that fights against all odds and flowers even in the cold, severe winter.

**Time Please**

Snowdrops is a flower which blooms during early Spring when the ground is still covered in snow. The shape of this flower looks like a drop of snow because of its down to Earth white petals. Thus the name snowdrops.
Not knowing what will come
A doctor asking too much
That sets you back a week or so.
A doctor that wants you to go away
People who don’t know ME
Who agree with what the doctor says.
Living on the edge
It’s not a nice place to be,
Even when you have ME
Unkind words set you back
When trying hard to be free of ME
I hope this won’t happen to me.
How silly people can be.
Some push you towards the edge.
Some doctors and people are kind.
Kind words go a long way.
Being bullied into things,
You feel you want to disappear.
Life’s lonely on the edge.
Special people help you through.
Kind words help too.
Go slowly is the best
Climbing a mole hill you can do.
Big mountains are best left alone,
Till you have the energy to take it on,
In time you will get there,
It won’t be this year,
It could be the next.
With the right doctor
Helping you through
Who leaves you in control?
Please listen to us
We are the ones who know this illness the best.
There lived a beautiful king who had a beautiful wife,
Alas his wife was cursed with a short life
The wife dreamt and wished to have a girl,
With beauty shown like a snowy pearl.

The day arrived when the girl was born, and the mother died,
Everybody in the kingdom moaned and cried,
For snow white's sake the king married a beautiful widow,
Who was jealous of the kiddo.

The widow had two ugly daughters,
Whose face was filled with pimples and bothers.
Ah they cried with all there might,
Jealous of pretty snow white.

So they decided to kill her with a poisonous apple,
As poisonous as an apple can be,
So pretty snow white
Could not exist in this world.

They had a partnership with their mother,
The huntsman was their brother.
Together they sought the death of this girl,
Whose beauty was like a snowy pearl.

Dear snow white called out her step mother
Why don't you come here?
Take a bite
With delight of this apple here

Crunch and munch the apple was delicious,
It filled snow white with joy,
But hey wondered the others,
What's this? Why isn't she dying?

Out came a handsome prince
And told the step mother
You wicked heiress;
I swiped the poisonous apple before you could kill the beautiful princess;
Guards,
Take the woman and the children away;

The prince and snow white,
Married each other
And-
They lived happily ever after….
संगम
मानसीमाहेन्द्र

विचारांच्छा तंत्रीमध्ये चालता चालता संगमावर केंद्रा पोहोचले कठलंच नाही. वात्याची रेशीमश्लुक अंगावर आली आणि सोबत "सच्च थंडी फारच आहे, नाही?" एक कांबूळ्या हल्ली नित्यांच्या झालेल्या वात्याची आडवण आल्यावावून राहिली नाही. मी अवतीमवती पाहिलं. नुकत्याच अवतरलेल्या पहाटराणीने दंबाचा रंजण समोवार उघडला होता. या वेळी माणसांची वे-जा तशी तुरठकबं. प्रौढसंगम आणि यशवंतरावांचे निवासला नाते. त्यांच्या सामाधीस्थानांतर उभे राहिले की संगमाच्या अतीच सुंदर दृश्य दिसते. हिरव्या झाडीला वठळा चालणारे सावळेच्या कुण्डीच्या पात्र म्हणजे कवीसाठी पर्वतीय म्हणायला हवी. यशवंतरावांच्या सामाधीला वंदन करून मी यातावर आले. कृष्णामाध्य सहस्त्रांश्वला धंतोळा सयत, मधुररूप यातावरण भासून टकीत होता. समोरचं ते विस्तीण पात्र म्हणजे प्रतिचे नूतनमंत्र प्रतिकाच. डावीकडून खळणार वाणणारी अल्लांड कोयणा अनु उजवीकडून संधपणे मार्गक्रम करणारी शाळ कृष्णा प्रौढसंगमाच्या ठिकाणी एकाशेकांना कडक्कून भेटलात आणि हातात हात गुंधून कृष्णा म्हणूनच पुढील प्रवासात मार्गथं होतला. नद्यांचे लच्च जंगू!! पाणी पाहलाना जरी कुण्डीसारखे संध भासत असले तरी त्यांत कोयनेची ओढी आहे हेही तिलकंब खरं. संगमाच्या काठावर वसल्यावर इंदिरा संताच्या ओळी आढळल्यावून राहत नाहीत

गाढी सुंदर तुळ्य कहाणी लांडानी मज कधन करावी माइया मनीची वाक्ये अपुरी पुरी करायच बाहून न्याची! चकित राहून शिकायावरी तुळ्ये पहावे कठीर तंडव लांडावरती हेलकावला जाणावे तर समर्थ मादवर!

जसे प्रायेक गोष्टीला नानाविष्क किंगोरे असतात आणि जो आपल्याला सोहीचं, आपल्या कुठीने त्या गोष्टीकडे पाहतो तताच संगमकडे पाहण्याचा प्रायेक दुरंतको किंवा वेगाळे. आपल्याकडे संगमसाठी धार्मिक महत्व आहे. मी अविश्वास पवित्र मानला जातो. अनेक धर्मंधारती संगमाचा उलेख आढळून वदेतो. कण्ण व ल्याची पत्नी वृळी ल्याची प्रथम भेट झाली ती तल्याच्या साधीसे. काहीं ते प्रेमाचे प्रतीक वाटते तर काहींना
There’s a bathtub filled with water in front of you. You have a spoon, a cup, and a bucket. What is the fastest way to empty the tub?
when the mind meets the Hearts

Rendezvous

Manasi, Dhamankhel, Junner

Pallav, Akshi beach, Alibag

Pallav, Akshi, Alibag

Tanishka, Narmada River

Pallav, Majiwada
when the mind meets the Hearts

Tanishka, Narmada River, Jabalpur

Tanishka, Kerala Backwaters

Pallav, Datta Mandir, Chaul
“Well, tomorrow is going to be the D-Day, he thought as he tossed his brand new Tommy Hilfiger watch on his black Dolce suit. He had arrived in London two days ago with his family. He had come in the city many times before... but that day the city seemed different to him. The city felt even more welcoming and majestic.

He lied on the bed beside his five-year-old son. He looked around. The glass window gave a view of the London city from the 24th floor. The city’s tall buildings, the vehicles on the road, the London bridge at the far end...all looked somoving, but he loved it.

The hotel was a plush seven-star one with spacious rooms. The bathroom was as big as a room. On seeing it his wife had cried in amazement “good heavens! This is absolutely perfect” they were one of the honorable guests for tomorrow’s function and the hotel had provided them with its best services...

“But how did all this took place?” and on this thought his mind trailed back to his childhood.

Fardad Jee Jee Bhoy was the son of Rustom Jee Jee Bhoy. Rustom Jee Jee Bhoy was a rich and honest-to-his-religion Parsi man. He owned a car showroom and a hotel named “LAGAN NU BHONU AND MUCH MORE” the life was picture – perfect. Living in Colaba in the midst of the Parsi community and in one of the wealthiest Parsi family such was the childhood of Fardad JeeJee boy. The JeeJeeBhoy family was one of the most revered families in the community. Attending various parties, witnessing the horse races at Mahalaxmi race course, getting a ‘first-class’ situation and lots more. Everything was flawless in Fardad’s life. He would read many classical literatures.

But life seemed tooozy to him. There were many formalities to be fulfilled. Moreover there was always an attendant around him. His mother, Soraya would tell him, “always be honest to your community and yourself. And be a respected man like your father.” on this Fardad would just nod his head, but his mind would trail to some scenes he had seen in the city. His chauffeur would take him with his siblings, Khursheed and Farhan on a drive on every Saturday evening. Fardad would see the poor children running on footpaths, playing with vehicle tires, in the mud there. They seemed so free. Their clothes were soiled, noses running, but when they played, they were so thrilled. And then somewhere else Fardad would see women begging, with their hairs and clothes unkempt, with their babies on their laps. All this felt so contrasting to Fardad. On one hand, he was living in riches, and on the other hand these people didn’t even have proper clothes to wear.

When Fardad grew up to 16 years he would sneak to some bylanes of Colaba and would take pictures of that poverty, which expressed so many things, from his camera. He befriended those kids and soon with them they showed him many hidden worlds of Bombay. But soon this clandestine activity was caught by his mother. She confronted him and he in return told her his feelings clearly, “Mama, I am just having my own time. I don’t wanthis over-
protected atmosphere anymore. I want to go out there, be there with children, friends. They are very genuine. There is nothing called as formality. They accept us as we are and they don't discriminate between lower class and upper class. I want to be with them.” Fardad said this all in one breathe and waited for his mother to reply. His voice was firm. Soraya was stunned to hear her young son's words. She stared at him and a few seconds passed in silence. Then a smile appeared on her face and caressing Fardad’s hair she said, “My boy has grown up. Your baba will be very proud of you.” and so with his parents’ support Fardad went on to Boston to get a degree in social journalism and he returned to Bombay in 2005. And then he started his work of journalism.

Fardad was 23 years then and he had become even more matured and had long goals. In his 23 years of life he had heard and even read about many events like the 1993 Bombay blasts, the Godhara riots, the Kashmir issue the unrest in Africa. It was his opinion that this can all be reduced only if the youths from all sections of society came together and thus create awareness.

And so he started meeting eminent journalists and he showed his work to them. During his 5 years in Boston he had created his own portfolio. He also explained his ideas to them. One of them liked it and he was hired. The fact that Fardad had come from a rich and a revered Parsi family helped him to get a job.

First he started his work from Bombay and explored the social elements of its bylanes. Fardad would talk to those poor people. They would share their stories with them. Soon he realized that Mumbai displays very contrasting lives- one where there is extreme richness and glamour; and the other where there is extreme poverty and miserebility, but still dreams are alive. Fardad liked those people. He would frequently drop at the Koliwadas and the matharpacyd village, to the kamathipura slum area, to dharavi, to the AdivasiPadas near Thane or even near Borivali and Goregaon, to the bylanes of Girgoan. He got to know so many people.

Fardad then expanded his work to all over Maharashtra. Being a social journalist it was his strong opinion that social journalists should go ahead and reach out the indigenous places and its folks. That’s where one can get enough scope and stuff. So Fardad would drop at the rural areas of remote Maharashtra. He would spend some days with the village folk, living like them in thatched huts, in forests. He remembered in a village in Marathwada, near Yavatmal. The folks over there didn’t even know what footwear is. The lives of people in interior parts of Maharashtra were hit by poverty. He wanted to create awareness about these poverty- affected rural areas among the urban people. But he needed a good platform for this. So he started his blog page on Google. It was the time of 2008 and 2009. The YouTube, Instagram and Facebook were new in the market and hence, had craze. He began to write blogs on his page about the places he visited. His work was in full flow. Many people were following his page, and so he got an idea. Why not start a full-fledged organization where the youngsters from all these sections of society come together? This will be more effective to spread the awareness. And at this juncture, one fine morning Fardad found a young girl of his age at his door step Ananya Kulkarni, a middle-class Maharashtrian girl. Fardad had heard about her. Even she was a social journalist and had visited many places as well as urban places. She had become a sensation in the journalism circle for her work on the indigenous search of Mumbai and Goa... Ananya would even take interviews of many well-known people from various fields. Her interviews were very popular
and meaningful. The interviewee would get an opportunity to talk about his field, about his cognitions; when interviewed by her. Well, even Fardad was known by many in their field. They both have just heard each others names, but never met personally.

Buthere she was at his doorstep with a proposal of collaborating with him. It was quiet unexpected. Ananya appeared to him the perfectionist girl, who is too, serious about her work. Moreover, he had heard about her acid-tongue nature. This was evident from her interviews. She talked to him in a professional attitude and praised about her work. She explained her side to him, “Fardad it will be better to collectively work. I liked your idea about starting an organization to expand your work. We both have formed many sources to collect the required information. But I think we still need to find more information. Of course, we will approach the youngsters from all these sections of societies. But along with this we need to grab hold of people from our own field. It will give us a good platform to work. So, what do you think? Fardad was finding this all happening too fast. His Parsi man’s ego gave way to his hesitation. Quiet unexpectedly she said “don’t worry! It will be a collective task. Moreover, we are honest and passionate people from the same field. So why to give way to our egos? She stunned Fardad with her vigilance. He agreed with her.

So they started going to remote places of various states. In the next 6 months they had gathered enough information and so, they started their organizing. Fardad said to Ananya, “look here, I don’t want a typical organization. I mean there should be discussions between the people, but the work should be online. We can meet at someone’s house and thus write blogs and articles online. Ananya agreed to him. Now wherever they went, they both were always together.

Fardad took her to his friends from the slums. He explained to her that these street-mongers can also be helpful. To her surprise, Ananya was quiet easy-going with all of them. While returning, she whispered in his ear” unlike other girls I don’t carry the girlishness with me everywhere. You know what; I know how to kick someone’s butt. By the way you keep an interesting company.” There was a chemistry between them and soon the love blossomed.

With the organization’s work in full flow, they were now attending many conferences. They went down to south, to Kashmir. Ananya suggested starting local magazines in Kashmir and down south, in the rural areas, in the regional languages. As a result, the local journalists over there got exposure and a good platform to work. Now they were known worldwide their online articles were getting critically acclaimed. Now there was no looking back.

On 10th January 2012, Ananya and Fardad tied a knot in Parsi wedding ceremony. Ananya Kulkarni became Parinaaz Jee Jee Bhoy. She herself chose her name.

And for last 6 years they have always been together. This was a long journey till date. Tomorrow they were going to get Pulitzer award. He looked at the clock- 4:00 am. Parinaaz and Arif, his son, were soundlessly sleeping.

Today for the first time Fardad had looked back in his life. And it made him think, ‘ Where did I have the courage to bring a whole nation under one umbrella? When I was a boy I was not a hero. Baba would often say that this boy acts like a saint at times. I couldn’t even lead Khursheed and Farhan. Now I’m leading youth out there.” He smiled to himself.

Sometimes life gives us more than enough. But through this we have to have a desire to make the world a better place to live.
जन्मों - जन्मों तक का साथ,
क्यों नहीं सुनते हम यह बात?
बोलती तो है पूरी दुनिया
परंतु क्या किसी ने हमें करके दिखाया?

भाई-बहन-मां-पिता,
सबके साथ बंधन हमारा,
परंतु यह बनाए ईश्वर ने,
क्या चुनने की स्वतंत्रता नहीं दी हमें?

बंधन तो बनता रहता है,
परंतु अंतूट वही कहलाता,
जिस में शंका न हो साथी पर,
विश्वास बनाए रखे दोनों अगर।

बंधन बंधाता हमें तुम्हें
बीत जाए इसमें कई लम्हे,
सच्चा बंधन वही बने,
जिसे मरने पर भी लोग याद करे।

नहीं, कई लोग हमें जीवन में मिलते,
जिनका चुनाव हम ही करते,
चाहे मित्र हो या शब्द हो,
हमारे साथ बंधन में ही तो है वो!
देशाला माय मानतो जो
त्या मायेसाठी लढतो जो
तो लेक माझा फौजी

पिसळीला माझ्या कमरातो जो
पतलीला शूर पतली कमरातो जो
तो मर्द माझा फौजी

देशातील प्रत्येक मुलीवा बंधू बनतो जो
तीव्रे स्वरूप करतो जो
तो भाऊ माझा फौजी

वीरमेळ पतकरतो जो
शरण कर्दी नाजातो जो
तो शूर माझा फौजी ....

देशासाठी लढतो जो
ना कुणावुहे झुकतो जो
तो शूर माझा फौजी ....
I joined the cool club four years back and little did I know on the day of the first session. ‘What is it going to be? Who all are going to be there and most importantly will I mix up with others or rather will I be able to make new friends?’ were all the questions roaming in my head. I literally had no clue about it and was a bit anxious. I thought that this could be boring and some faculty will come and give us lectures on how to develop our personality or they might address various subjects similar to this. I still remember my very first session of cool club; this is one of the memories which I can never forget because something strange had happened with me that day. After coming home from the session I realized how well I interacted and mixed up with other club mates so easily because for a person like me, I need to make special efforts to make myself socialized. But that day I realized this club is something else and not what I have thought, and from that day my journey in cool club is still continuing.

To be very frank, me being a very shy girl or an introvert; personally never thought that I would be so confident to interact and socialize with other unknown people. It seems that cool club waves some kind of magical wand on me.

Cool club does not just gives us a wide and a correct understanding of the various problems, which we as teenagers face like bullying, smoking or drinking habits, etc., but itClears all our doubts and corrects all our misconceptions regarding it also, I should say, gives us liberty or more specifically, a platform to express ourselves and share our experiences regarding the topic freely with our cool club buddies.

Lastly but most importantly cool club has taught me to not compare myself with others and to not bother about what others think of me. It has taught me that everyone in this world is different and special in its own way.
When I look back at the past,
Into the memories that still last,
Whispering to the shadows,
That they still cast.

As all of it in an instant unfurls,
A quaking lip, into a smile, curls,
Tears- they clean the dusted past,
Oh, those precious, gleaming pearls!

With the void of life do I fight,
Even a hint of loneliness causes fright,
These memories are the only stars,
Shining like the moon- serenely bright.

And now decides my mind,
To leave this past behind,
While the heart still lingers there,
Who will win? I am yet to find.

Putting aside any remnant fear,
With a smile, a sob, a tear and a cheer,
My goals and my dreams are now
As I hold the warmth of these memories, to my heart near.

My feelings and my thoughts are now intertwined,
And so the heart meets the mind.
Answer Key

page 18
The fifth sister is playing chess with Kate

page 30
Pulling the Plug

उत्तरे (Answer Key page 28):
आदेश श्रेणी:
1) अर्द्धप्रताप, 2) वर, 3) तर, 4) विरास्त, 5) गद्यक, 6) धार, 7) ममता बंगाली, 8) नज़रिया, 9) रजस्तह, 10) ठार्मान, 11) मार्क, 12) लुक, 13) आस, 14) वस्कर, 15) दर, 16) जान, 17) जीवान, 18) गोद, 19) अडविंट, 20) गाज

जो श्रेणी:
1) अर्न, 2) रजन, 3) वर, 4) विरास्त, 5) गद्यक, 6) धार, 7) ममता बंगाली, 8) नज़रिया, 9) रजस्तह, 10) ठार्मान, 11) मार्क, 12) लुक, 13) आस, 14) वस्कर, 15) दर, 16) जान, 17) जीवान, 18) गोद, 19) अडविंट, 20) गाज