

The Mural

4th Edition | 2023-2024

Contents

Serial no.	Title	Go To
1	Principal's Address	<u>Click</u>
2	Dean's Address	<u>Click</u>
3	Teacher's Address	<u>Click</u>
4	Heads' Address	<u>Click</u>
5	Running Parallels by Tanvi Kothari	<u>Click</u>
6	Infinite by Anoushka Sarkar	<u>Click</u>
7	Bits and Pieces by Adwita Chaure	<u>Click</u>
8	23rd Hour by Reva Bhardwaj	<u>Click</u>
9	Nostalgia by Jayesh Gandhi	<u>Click</u>
10	Please Don't Forget It All by Freiya Havewala	<u>Click</u>
11	I Hope Someday by Azzara Chinoy	<u>Click</u>
12	Archives by Tiara Grover	<u>Click</u>
13	Always by Sarah Ambetkar	<u>Click</u>
14	Art Gallery	<u>Click</u>
15	Credits	<u>Click</u>

PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS

“Every sunset is an opportunity to rest. Every sunrise begins with new eyes.”

As the new academic year ends, it takes my mind to the wonderful journey we all have been through. It was a roller coaster and we chose not to dwell on the low spots but definitely savor the highs. Balancing between the academics, sports and co-curricular activities was a challenge but the students managed to dive in smoothly and come out with positive results. There was no end to their creativity and they left us in awe of their potential. They let the obstacles of the past make a gateway to their learning thus making them unstoppable. Kudos to their ardour and zeal!

The batch of 2023-34 are all set for their ISC exams. It is now when their focus and perseverance will be tested and their treasure house of knowledge will pay them happy results. There is no doubt that this batch will again make Bishop's proud and keep the flag of achievement soaring high. They will maintain the legacy of honour and achievements of the school and 'never let our colours fall'.

The upcoming academic year we hope, will be more fulfilling and goal-oriented than the previous one. We shall strive to make it better to ensure growth and progress not just for the students but also for the faculty. Together we hope to achieve new milestones and set examples of being better than our previous versions. Together we can and we will!

I would like to wish the outgoing batch the very best for their future endeavours. May you succeed in all walks of life .

Written by: Mr Shayne McPherson

Illustrated by: Shreyasi Apte (11-A-Arts)

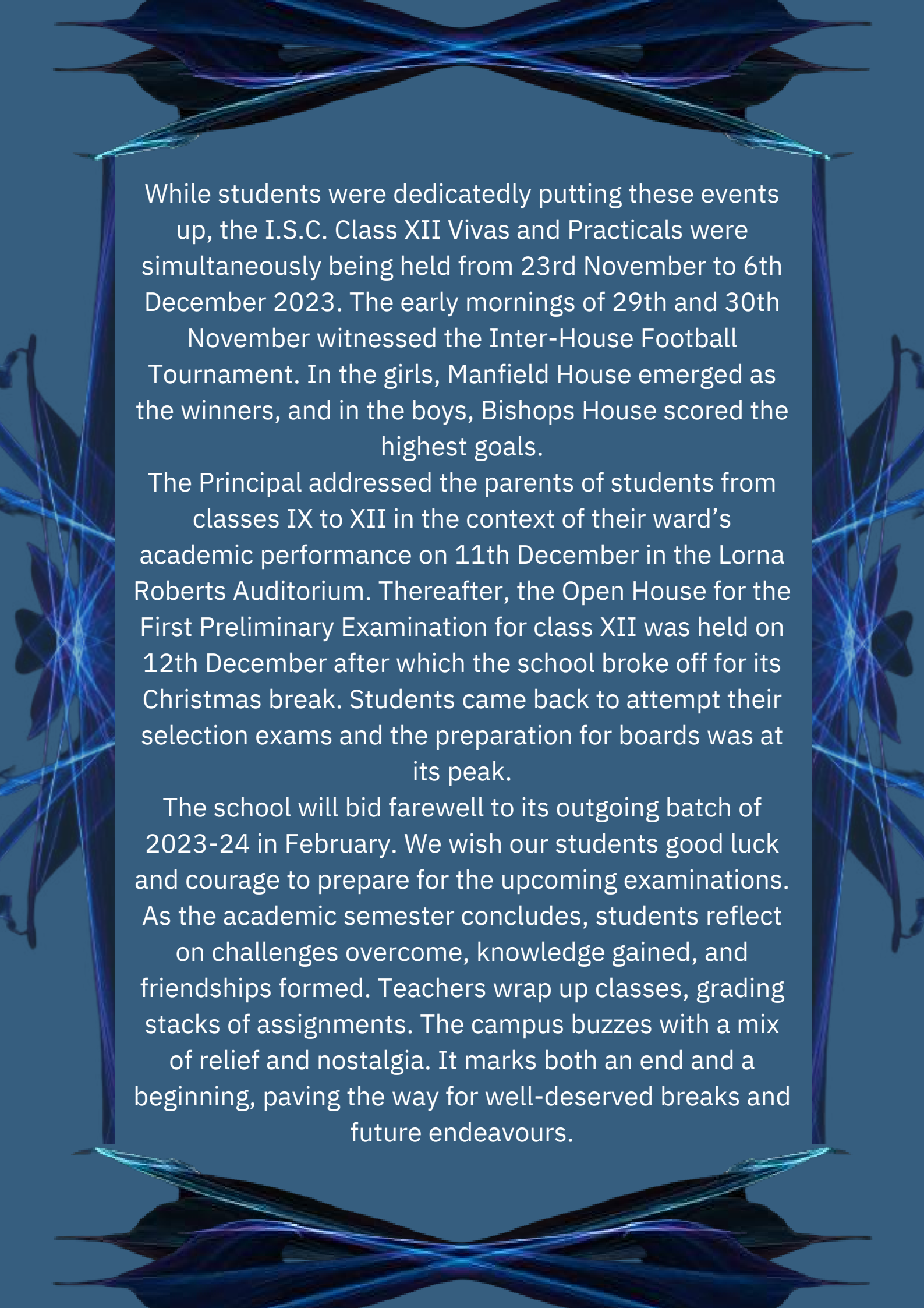
DEAN'S ADDRESS

As we draw close to the end of yet another academic year, the new year brings with it renewal and farewell, as our old buds now droop in preparation for their board exams. This term has seen the two most awaited events of the Junior College- The Concert, Mrs Chatterjee vs Norway, and The Annual Sports Day. Months of tireless effort and practice finally culminated in these noteworthy productions.

The Annual Sports Day 2023-24 was held at the AFMC ground on 8th December, 2023. The event commenced with marching squads for all four houses from the senior school and junior college followed by several races. Harding House emerged as the winner of the March past along with Prithviraj Lawande and Anishka Malpani receiving Best Athletes. Numerous other awards for all track and field events were also given out on this day.

Mrs Chatterjee vs Norway, directed by Mrs Mistry, unfolded the dramatic narrative of a Bengali household expressing concerns with the upbringing of their children.


The production delivered courtroom drama, mellifluous singing performances spearheaded by Ms Rachel Thomas, and theatrical proficiency. The concert concluded by achieving what it set out to do- entertain and envelope the audiences with themes of motherhood and affection.



While students were dedicatedly putting these events up, the I.S.C. Class XII Vivas and Practicals were simultaneously being held from 23rd November to 6th December 2023. The early mornings of 29th and 30th November witnessed the Inter-House Football Tournament. In the girls, Manfield House emerged as the winners, and in the boys, Bishops House scored the highest goals.

The Principal addressed the parents of students from classes IX to XII in the context of their ward's academic performance on 11th December in the Lorna Roberts Auditorium. Thereafter, the Open House for the First Preliminary Examination for class XII was held on 12th December after which the school broke off for its Christmas break. Students came back to attempt their selection exams and the preparation for boards was at its peak.

The school will bid farewell to its outgoing batch of 2023-24 in February. We wish our students good luck and courage to prepare for the upcoming examinations. As the academic semester concludes, students reflect on challenges overcome, knowledge gained, and friendships formed. Teachers wrap up classes, grading stacks of assignments. The campus buzzes with a mix of relief and nostalgia. It marks both an end and a beginning, paving the way for well-deserved breaks and future endeavours.

A decorative border with a dark blue background and stylized, glowing light blue floral and leaf patterns. The patterns are symmetrical and frame the central text area.

None of the events this term, like all others, would have been possible without the able guidance and unstinted support from our Principal, Mr Shayne McPherson. We would like to thank sir and the school administration for ensuring this Mural was breathing and all opportunities landed at our doorstep.

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Written by: Miss Madhu Hora
Illustrated by: Shreyasi Apte (11-A-Arts)




TEACHER'S ADDRESS

Forget me k(not)!


The pale blue flowers warmed the hearts of all those who chanced their sight upon them.

These were the infamous forget-me-nots, echoing their story through a labyrinth of thoughts. Memory is a funny business. It is the good ones that often make us laugh boisterously and some not-so-pleasant ones that immediately run a chain of presumptions that consume our sanity, gnawing our brains. Regardless, memories play a crucial role in the development of the human mind at any stage in life. Imagine not being able to recall what you may have done a day prior, or the lyrics of the song that your heart grooves to. It is a student's nightmare to have a memory that is, amnesic.

Forget me nots are an enchanting yet poignant reminder of such thoughts, of memories, both good and bad. As humans we wish to be remembered fondly, we wish to be cherished for our good deeds than be kept in mind for our follies.




Transcending mortality and the veil of unstoppable time, is a stark reminder, a reminder to remember; and not just remember but to nurture the memories that we create. As we, more often than not, mindlessly head into a new day in our lives, mechanically meandering our minds to the task at hand, we must NOT FORGET that just like these flowers, our fragile lives will one day perish only with the hope that we are not forgotten.



For the Final Edition of this academic year's Mural, which ironically always ends with the beginning of a New Year, we choose to relive, we choose to retrospect, we choose to remember all those who have played a pivotal role in reinforcing delightful memories into the year gone by.

Each piece that you will read moving forward is a knot that is woven with love, care, and affection. It is a knot that every student hopes will keep them steadfast to their institution and the values that it has imbibed, reverberating this Mural's theme- 'Forget me not'.



***Written by - Mrs. Pooja Mishra
Illustrated by- Shreya A.K. 11B Arts***

Head's Address

"I am made of memories", stays typed in a chat box as this Heads' Address writes itself. Each of us in our rhythmically beating hearts must perhaps be saying, "One moment, longer, if at all." There ought to be some beauty in endings for beauty is the biggest inspiration for art. Poems, paintings, and songs have begged for ages to tell the tale of goodbye, of longing, of leaving, to anyone who chooses to hear.

As we carve initials in desks, write notes of leaving, and admire the place one terms casually as "home" but is realistically so much more than that, we also hope- hope to let the laughter echo far after us, hope to come back to make the ones left behind prouder, hope to remain, hope to be seen and hope to leave something behind that lasts, like in utopia, for a millisecond longer than forever. Sitting by a fogged-up window, knowing not where we will inevitably go, but certain of where we will remain.

The periwinkle blue flower blooms and swings happier than ever before. Everything must start somewhere, and that precisely makes endings inevitable. Leaning carelessly, frightfully close to the precipice, jumping into the next new something. The heart must grow fonder, it has to, ours already has. Leaving warrants becoming a keepsake in at least a single heart. Leaving warrants coming back to see the growth of something you loved, into something more, something hauntingly beautiful. It feels bittersweet to bestow this, into capable hands and yet know that ours won't be working on it anymore. As the sun figuratively sets on this year's Mural and the dawn of the next one draws closer, one thought fills us up. The same thought that any caveman must have had when he left behind his cave paintings, "I was here once. I lived."

The periwinkle flower turns pink and must wilt soon, slowly. We wonder if you could promise to keep it even then, among the pages of any of our stories. As we sign off from the last edition of The Mural, one thing we ask of you is, "If you can at all, please, forget me not."

Written By-

Ananya Banker (Designer-in-chief)
Reva Bhardwaj (Head Writer)
Tanvi Kothari (Head Editor)
Urja Saini (Head Designer)
Vibhor Agarwal (Editor-in-Chief)

Illustrated By-

Janhavi Mandlik

Running Parallel

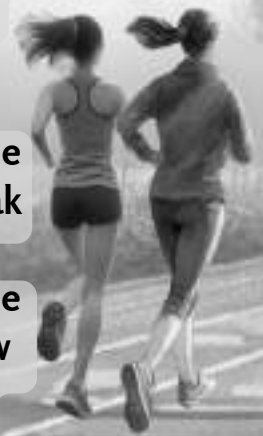
On cold winter mornings, when my nose smokes breath and the silver-rimmed spectacle fog so much that I can't see any further, where absolutely everything is an excuse to stay in bed, I choose to run. There has to be something more than fitness, a love that conquers all, a love in meeting strangers. 'The truth will set you free', but I think running away from the truth was the impetus for all my jogging partners.

One similar morning, a young lady sided with me. Half an hour into the run, catching my breath, the parallel lines finally met. Who would break the ice first? 'To dare is to do' and I did.

I didn't know who I was going to talk to or how far the run would be. She was single and I thought we were alike, just to find out she was a widow who hated to be called one. After all, what would you call a heart that was tied to another and a finger that was handcuffed with a ring? Not single!

'Love conquers all and lovers remember all', but every romantic fairytale doesn't have two people alive in it. She spilled the tiniest details of the happiest moments in her life, like lovers do. Her eyes screamed as if to say 'he was the best thing that happened to me' but only blinked to say 'he is no more'. "I want the dead lovers of the world to feel sad after hearing our laughter", she squealed.

She retracted to talk about happy things- the things that are, were, and will always be 'theirs'. Their house had small windows underlined with fairy lights of his choice, the scented candles they had lit every night, and the perfectly azured orchids that he had brought her every Friday. It was not her running an extra mile, it was her pacing through her mind's album of everything tangible that was, of every place she labelled 'theirs'. The house was turning into 'their' home as they planned on having golden retrievers and wall paintings and couches a week before he died.



"The dreams hadn't died as dreams, it was like they were brought to life and killed", she cried. Her grief entered the crevices of my soul and filled me with empathy, one thing about humans that's unmatched- to love, the unknown and the untold. It wasn't a day; it was three in a row and she continued to be my nameless jogging partner. After meeting her, every day I lived more, I also died one day, each passing day. It was getting colder and she kept getting paler so I decided to bring her candles, the only light humans can visibly share. When I was a teenager discussing books from crosswords, here I was skimming through her wedding album and unattended letters. The next day, she got her diary and insisted on reading her unfinished chapters.

December 12, 2016

Dear Ash,

I know this will never find you and you'll never. We'll meet soon, I promise. My hand is still cuffed and my heart is still ringed, but I've been wearing my heart on my sleeve ever since. I'm buying myself orchids every Friday and lighting candles every night. You're a ritual and you're not missing out on anything. I want to see you in my dreams but your shadows chase me. So, I hope the night passes and the sun rises for us.

Forget me not.

In another life,

I will be your girl.

Loyally,

Yours.

December 20, 2016

Dear Ash,

It's not the same without you here, it's not even close to feeling like home.

It's winter and I miss the warmth and the candles we lit together. It's

Christmas in a week, should I celebrate alone? My secret Santa is no more but I will do what would make you happy.

- I can't decide what to wear but I think I'll wear the red that faded from my cheeks after that day. I will buy the sandalwood candles and see you in the church.
- Forget me not.
- In another life,
- I will be your girl.
- Lovingly,
- Yours

- December 22, 2016
- Dear Ash,
- I met a girl at the run today and I told her everything about us. I think I have started trusting strangers after you, what can you lose anymore? I cannot have my heart under their microscope. I'm writing this to you in the morning before meeting her. I am so enthusiastic to meet her only because her eyes are like yours and her smile is like your mom's.
- Ash, 'She's the daughter I always wished we had'. See you on the run!
- Forget me not.
- In another lifetime,
- She'd be our girl.
- Longingly,
- Yours

It had been five days now and I was expecting to meet a nameless stranger on the sixth. One thing I hate about myself is my ability to get too attached, too soon but that's one thing I love about myself too. It's insane how humans get so habituated to people and places, that even if the people die, the memory breathes. She didn't come. It's never the same to run without her- my eyes searching for a person I barely knew. That day, as I felt a similar void, she made it to my diary.

December 25th, 2016

Dear Secret,

A day without you! A farewell without a goodbye? I didn't get up to run today but I hope you know, listening to you made me run an extra mile. I might not be your Secret Santa but you and your husband were a mystery I could never solve. Merry Christmas, Secret! I hope you feel warmer in the light of the candles I gifted you. We were just strangers walking each other home. Parallels never meet, they only run together.

Forget me not.

In another life,

I would be your girl.

Yours,

Your Running Parallel.



On a colder morning, decades later, when an old lady-her nose smoking breath with silver-rimmed spectacles, walked beside me, I thought 'to dare is to die', so I shrugged. Running Parallels reminisced and uttered their words together, "Forget me not?"

Written by: Tanvi Kothari

Illustrated by: Pavitra Kumar



Infinite

I fold at your touch,
I feel your words in every nerve.
in every vein of my body,
the thought of you encapsulates me completely.
But it's time to let go
and I will try.
surpassing my kaleidoscope mind
that constantly gets in the way.

Remember me, wherever you go,
Let the memories remain etched into your brain,
a constellation of moments forming inside your mind,
and may no change come to your thoughts of our tranquil
times.

When you're afraid of something new
Let me remind you,
if you found beauty in me, you can in anyone.

Move on and live your life.
But no matter how many times the sun sets and the moon rises,
forget me not.

Just like I'll never forget you
for if nothing else, we are infinite.

Illustrated By: Avani Chawla (11-B Arts)
Written By: Anoushka Sarkar (11 B Arts)



BITS AND PIECES

In a small corner of my heart
There exists a realm
Where time lingers,
Remains frozen in moments of nostalgia,
adorned with raucous laughter,
Wistful memories.

Do you think 2 years from now you'll remember me?
Do you think you'll remember
How we laughed at the smallest of things and
The way we told each other everything?
Some part of me thinks that you can't,
It's impossible
But another says 'what if?'

I like to say
I'm made of memories,
That all i am
Is a sum of my experiences,
But my friends insist
That I just don't let go of the past.
But who would i be without all those
Bittersweet remembrances.
All those bits and pieces of you
That make me, me.

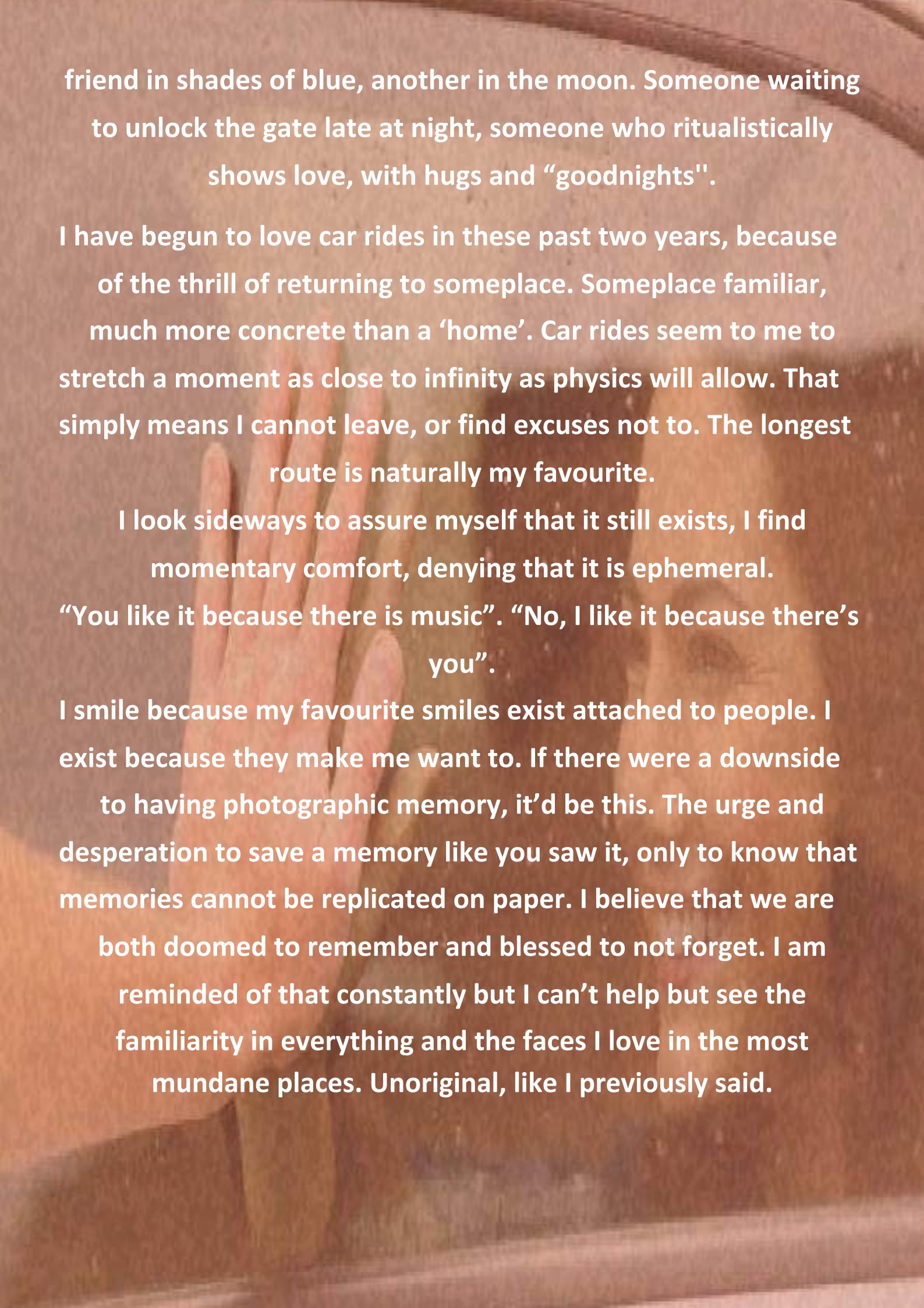
23rd Hour

“.....ke dil abhi bhara nahi..” echoes in the room around me. The song reverberates in my being and snaps me back to reality, almost cruelly.

I think that I am getting a bit too good at leaving. I don't like to admit how often I think about missing a moment while I'm still present in it, but these days all my moments are a mere collection of something I know I will miss. As I sit at the bench a puff of cold air heaves out of me. I think my mind has decided to stay here, indefinitely.

There is just something about the structure of thoughts that form in my head at the 23rd hour of the day. Sitting in front of a laptop screen trying my best to pour my heart out, and yet not disclose what is most dear to me is what this 23rd hour has in store for me and I take it.

Unoriginality, in my humble opinion, is the biggest sin in writing. It, thus, crowns me the biggest sinner. Everything I write or will ever write will merely be a reflection of people and places that I have loved and left, hardly ever original. It is something I embrace though, because I cannot help it. I've loved them too dearly to not let them seep into this prose piece. I must confess that I don't look for them anywhere, but I inevitably find them.

A hand is visible in the background, reaching out from the left side. The background is a textured, reddish-brown surface, possibly a wall or a piece of fabric. The lighting is soft, creating a warm, intimate atmosphere.

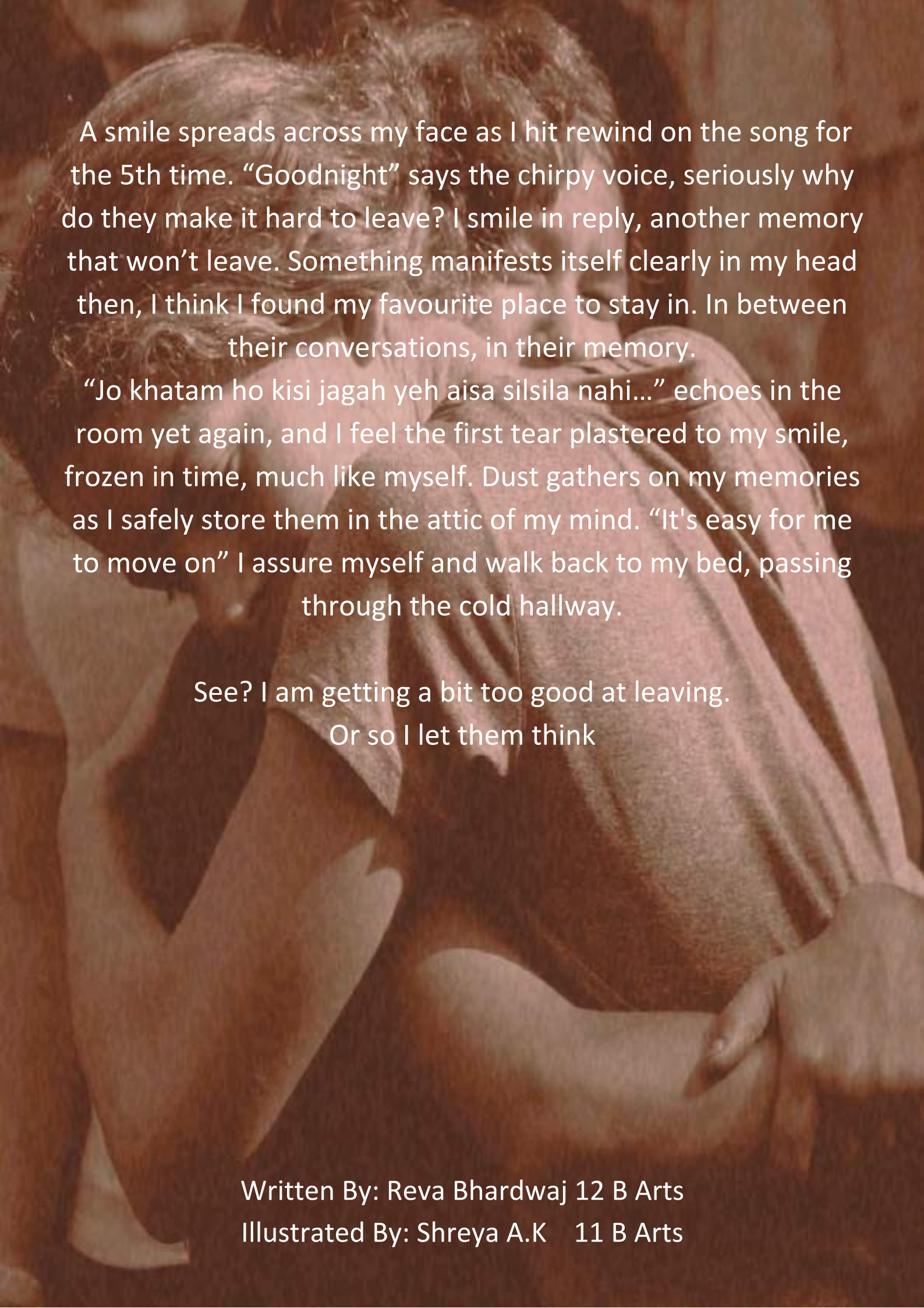
friend in shades of blue, another in the moon. Someone waiting to unlock the gate late at night, someone who ritualistically shows love, with hugs and “goodnights”.

I have begun to love car rides in these past two years, because of the thrill of returning to someplace. Someplace familiar, much more concrete than a ‘home’. Car rides seem to me to stretch a moment as close to infinity as physics will allow. That simply means I cannot leave, or find excuses not to. The longest route is naturally my favourite.

I look sideways to assure myself that it still exists, I find momentary comfort, denying that it is ephemeral.

“You like it because there is music”. “No, I like it because there’s you”.

I smile because my favourite smiles exist attached to people. I exist because they make me want to. If there were a downside to having photographic memory, it’d be this. The urge and desperation to save a memory like you saw it, only to know that memories cannot be replicated on paper. I believe that we are both doomed to remember and blessed to not forget. I am reminded of that constantly but I can’t help but see the familiarity in everything and the faces I love in the most mundane places. Unoriginal, like I previously said.



A smile spreads across my face as I hit rewind on the song for the 5th time. “Goodnight” says the chirpy voice, seriously why do they make it hard to leave? I smile in reply, another memory that won’t leave. Something manifests itself clearly in my head then, I think I found my favourite place to stay in. In between their conversations, in their memory.

“Jo khatam ho kisi jagah yeh aisa silsila nahi...” echoes in the room yet again, and I feel the first tear plastered to my smile, frozen in time, much like myself. Dust gathers on my memories as I safely store them in the attic of my mind. “It's easy for me to move on” I assure myself and walk back to my bed, passing through the cold hallway.

See? I am getting a bit too good at leaving.
Or so I let them think

Written By: Reva Bhardwaj 12 B Arts
Illustrated By: Shreya A.K 11 B Arts

Nostalgia

The whistling of trains filled Aditi's ears as she rushed through the towering arch, only to be greeted by the overwhelming sight of strangers everywhere. The intercom above blared suddenly, "The Chennai Express is arriving on Platform Number 7 in ten minutes." Letting out a small huff, she continued to push forward by slipping through the maze of humans, humming to the tune of 'Kyon' by Pritam, as her suitcase followed her around like a lost puppy. She stopped for a brief second as she smelled the aromatic chai, which reminded her of those cold winter mornings with her mother or the cool summer evenings with her brother. Aditi smiled at the thought of her brother, her eyes glazing as nostalgia overcame her.

-flashback-

"Knight d6," whispered her brother, perfectly posed as if imitating the wisdom of Socrates and Plato. Aditi let out a small laugh as she captured the undefended knight, waggling the piece in front of his scowling eyes. This had been another one of their weekly chess games, accompanied by a steaming cup of chai and a plate of delicious pakoras.

"Do you need to buy a new sweater? I heard it gets really cold down there." Their mother's voice rang from the kitchen.

Her half-confused opponent questioned, "Down where?"

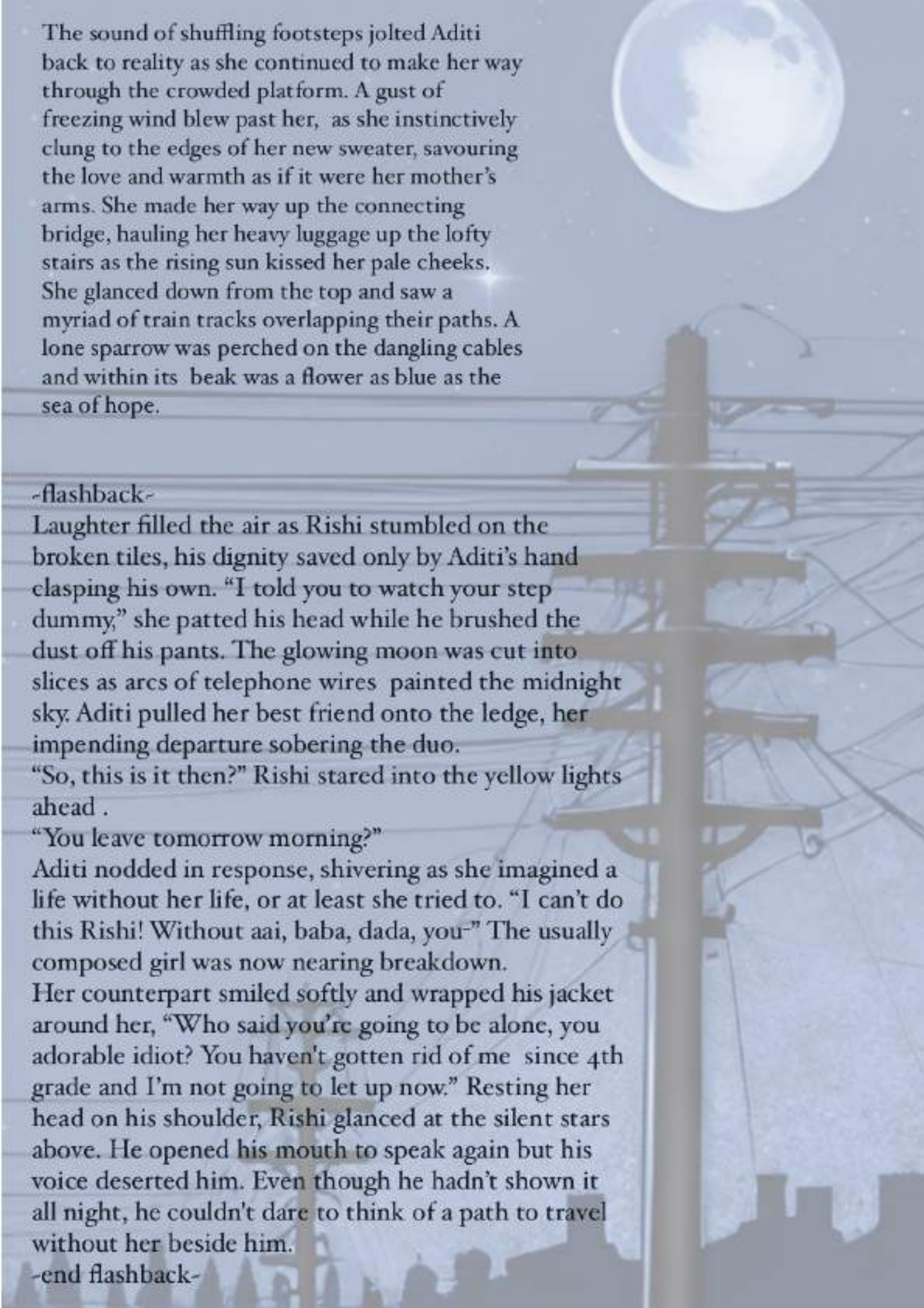
Aditi's eyes were suddenly filled with the guilt of abandoning her partner-in-crime.

"I got accepted for the Architecture course at Athena's."

"But isn't that 300 kilometres away?" her brother shouted. A lone tear streaked his pale cheek. His sister had been his protector for his entire life and now, he was about to lose it all. He lunged at Aditi and wrapped her in a warm embrace as he sobbed into the hem of her sweater. Taken aback at the sudden intrusion, Aditi instinctively comforted her brother as the memories of their mischief played in her mind. There was no doubt that no matter where she went, her brother would always be a pesky but permanent part of her life.

-end flashback-





The sound of shuffling footsteps jolted Aditi back to reality as she continued to make her way through the crowded platform. A gust of freezing wind blew past her, as she instinctively clung to the edges of her new sweater, savouring the love and warmth as if it were her mother's arms. She made her way up the connecting bridge, hauling her heavy luggage up the lofty stairs as the rising sun kissed her pale cheeks. She glanced down from the top and saw a myriad of train tracks overlapping their paths. A lone sparrow was perched on the dangling cables and within its beak was a flower as blue as the sea of hope.

-flashback-

Laughter filled the air as Rishi stumbled on the broken tiles, his dignity saved only by Aditi's hand clasping his own. "I told you to watch your step dummy," she patted his head while he brushed the dust off his pants. The glowing moon was cut into slices as arcs of telephone wires painted the midnight sky. Aditi pulled her best friend onto the ledge, her impending departure sobering the duo.

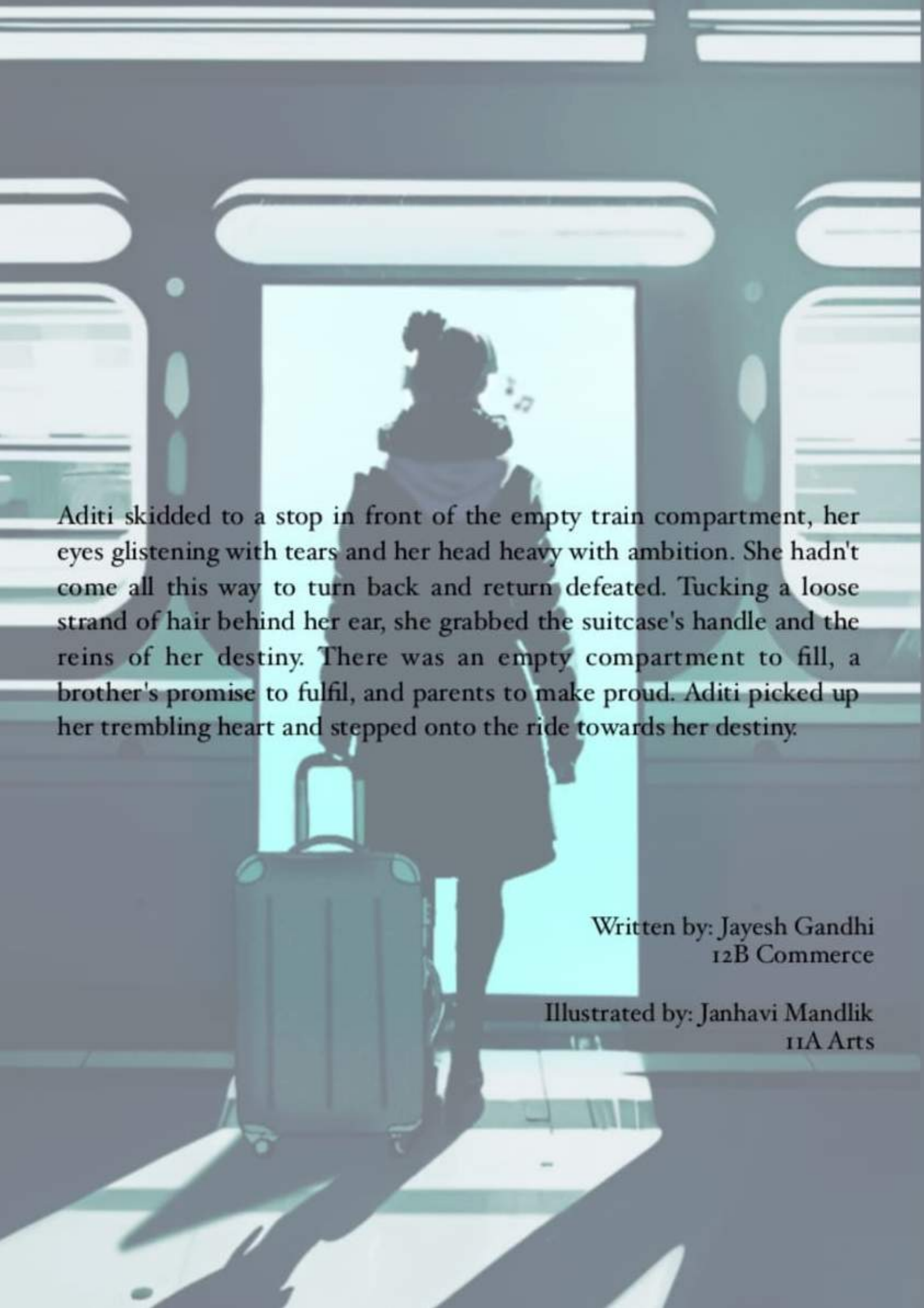
"So, this is it then?" Rishi stared into the yellow lights ahead.

"You leave tomorrow morning?"

Aditi nodded in response, shivering as she imagined a life without her life, or at least she tried to. "I can't do this Rishi! Without aai, baba, dada, you-" The usually composed girl was now nearing breakdown.

Her counterpart smiled softly and wrapped his jacket around her, "Who said you're going to be alone, you adorable idiot? You haven't gotten rid of me since 4th grade and I'm not going to let up now." Resting her head on his shoulder, Rishi glanced at the silent stars above. He opened his mouth to speak again but his voice deserted him. Even though he hadn't shown it all night, he couldn't dare to think of a path to travel without her beside him.

-end flashback-

An illustration of a woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a dark coat, standing in the doorway of a train compartment. She is looking out towards a bright, hazy landscape. A large, dark suitcase sits on the ground in front of her. The train's interior and exterior are visible, with windows and doors. The overall tone is contemplative and hopeful.

Aditi skidded to a stop in front of the empty train compartment, her eyes glistening with tears and her head heavy with ambition. She hadn't come all this way to turn back and return defeated. Tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear, she grabbed the suitcase's handle and the reins of her destiny. There was an empty compartment to fill, a brother's promise to fulfil, and parents to make proud. Aditi picked up her trembling heart and stepped onto the ride towards her destiny.

Written by: Jayesh Gandhi
12B Commerce

Illustrated by: Janhavi Mandlik
11A Arts

Please Don't Forget It All

Forget me not, I beg of you
Do not forget that I was once young enough to believe
in fairies and pixies
Do not forget that I cuddled every stuffed animal at
night because I worried they'd be lonely.
I know a little of myself. I know I try to be kind and I try
to be good.

But I can feel myself fading sometimes, I can feel every
sliver of myself turning to dust in the wind.
People ignore me easily and I don't know why they
don't like me, why they try to forget I exist, because I
am trying my best.
I am trying my best, but I am still a little girl looking out
of a window ,
Trying to find some magic while the world forgets her.

But I do not want to be forgotten.
I am made of the love I've been given and if I am
forgotten then it will be forgotten too.
I am my friends' laughter and my teachers' calming
voices.



I am the hundreds of students that day in a classroom
who worry about the exams.
I am the love I hold for my mother and my grandmother
and grandfather.
I am my family's warm chaos and the family that loves
me even though we aren't family.
I am my brother's echo, and I am the arms that hold my
dogs close.
I beg you not to forget that under my bluster and anger,
and grief, I am still me.

Please, forget me not.
Everything must end.
I'm sure memory will too.
But I hope that you remember me in the little girls who
look for fairies and the stuffed animals that are too soft
from being hugged too tight.

Written By: Freiya Havewala
(12 A Arts)
Illustrated By: Shreyasi Apte
(11 A Arts)





I Hope Someday

Although we're miles away,
We share the same sky.

Although there's continents between us,
We share the same sun, the moon, the stars.

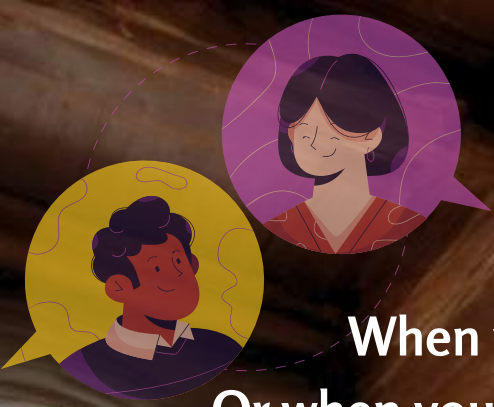
Forget me not when you look up above
Forget me not when you think of me
When you go to a library and see my favourite book,
Picture me reading it with a cup of coffee by my side.

When you see a girl with her music always playing,
I hope it reminds you of me.

The memories we once made are now distant
And I'll admit,
I'm happy that you're going, but it's sad to see you
leave.

I hope my remembrance prospers in your mind
I hope the good parts of me are cherished in your
heart,





When you hear the sad notes of a guitar
Or when you see a garden with my favourite flowers.

I hope it takes you back to when we would make music and
stare out of the window

Nature brought you home
But you brought me home
It's difficult now that you're gone,
It's empty without your love filling up the spaces.

But,
Forget me not when you're gone
For I'll still be in your heart
As I hope I'll be in yours.

Recall the experiences
Remember the times
All in all
Forget me not.

Written By: Azzara Chinoy
(11 A Arts)

Illustrated By: Nishika Jain (11 A Commerce)



Archives

To my older self,

Forget me not when you leave this town you once called home
When the everyday routines turn to bittersweet memories
Don't let the unfamiliar lanes petrify the lost girl in you
You know you can always make your way back home

Forget me not when the innocence in you begins to bleed
When you stand unarmed in front of the hostile army blaring shots at you
Don't let their swords and shields frighten you
You've prepared to fight this for too long.

Forget me not when the leaves around you don't rustle anymore
Remember how your tiny legs would eagerly crush the autumn hues
Don't let anyone take those tiny coveted pleasures from you
It's all the little moments that matter.

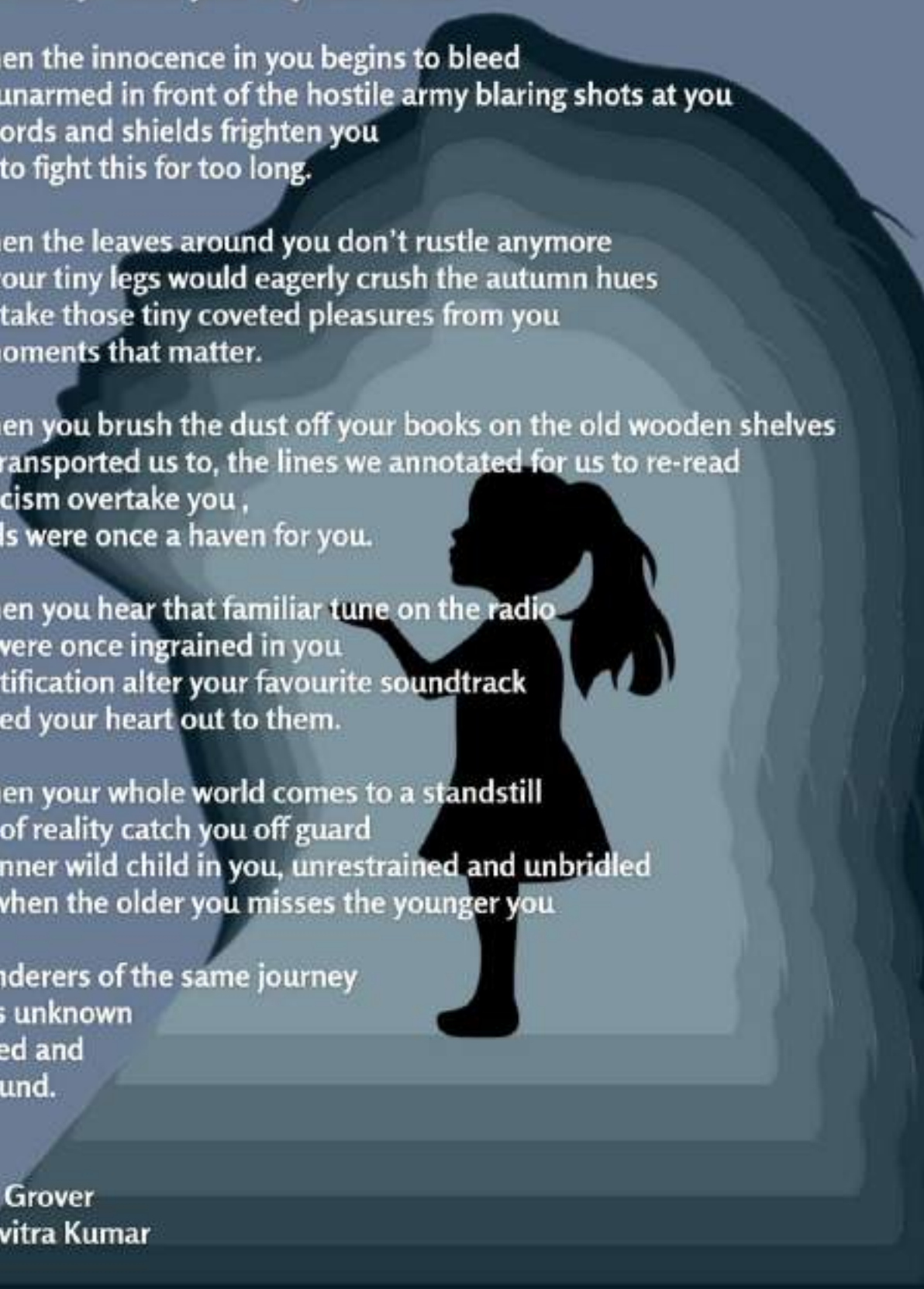
Forget me not when you brush the dust off your books on the old wooden shelves
The places they transported us to, the lines we annotated for us to re-read
Don't let the cynicism overtake you ,
Those worn novels were once a haven for you.

Forget me not when you hear that familiar tune on the radio
The lyrics which were once ingrained in you
Don't let the mortification alter your favourite soundtrack
You once screamed your heart out to them.

Forget me not when your whole world comes to a standstill
When the throes of reality catch you off guard
Don't forget the inner wild child in you, unrestrained and unbridled
You never know when the older you misses the younger you.

You and I are wanderers of the same journey
With destinations unknown
Waiting to be loved and
Yearning to be found.

Written by: Tiara Grover
Illustrated by: Pavitra Kumar





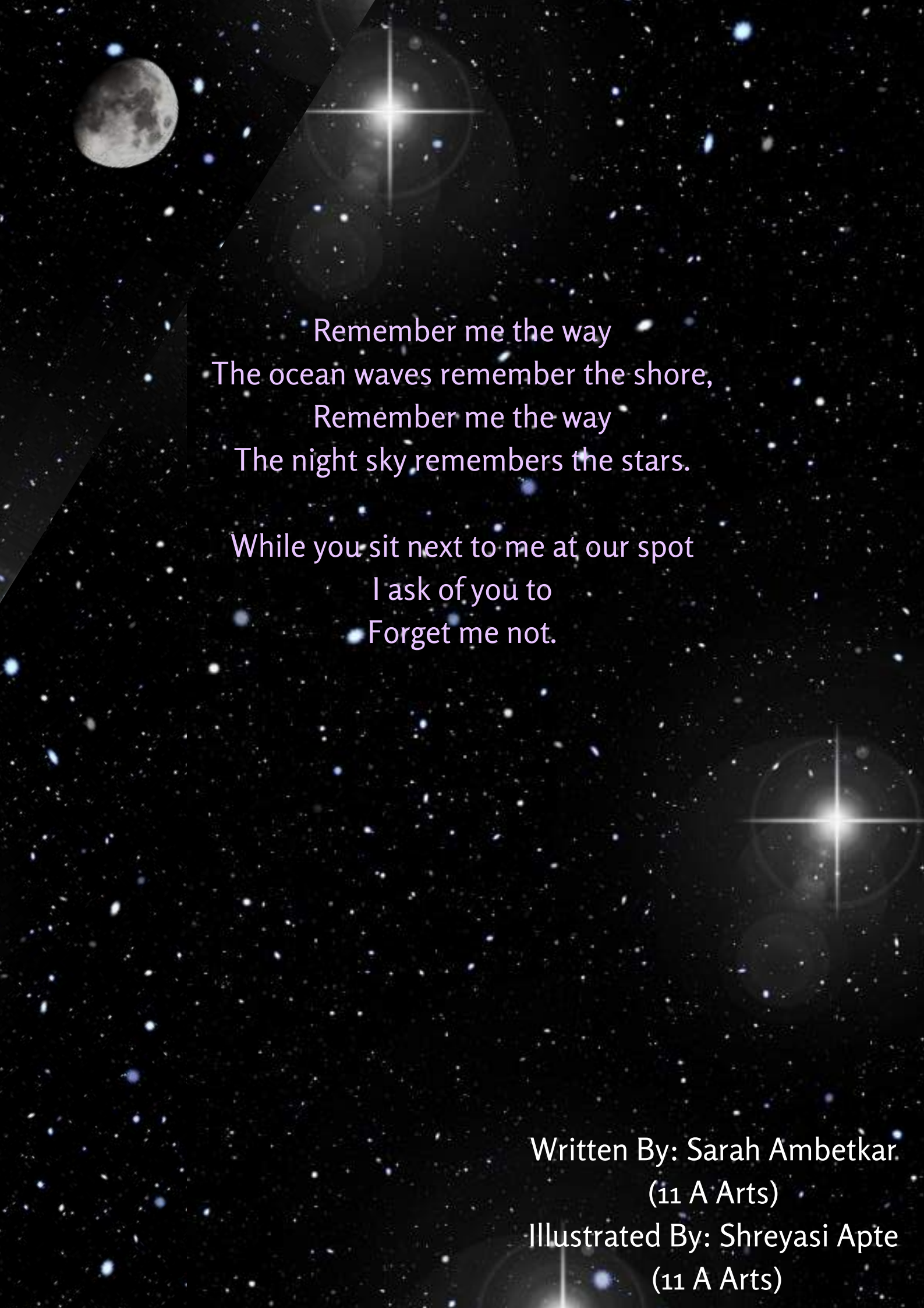
Always

There might come a day where you forget about me,
But, I will love you as we grow
Which happens every day.

With each breath, I will continue to love you
With each strike of the hands of the clock,
I will continue to love you
With every turn of a calendar page,
I will continue to love you.

As seeds sprout into trees
I will continue to love you,
With every word that comes out of your mouth;
Harsh or kind
I will continue to love you.

And I ask of you, only one thing
Forget me not.



Remember me the way
The ocean waves remember the shore,
Remember me the way
The night sky remembers the stars.

While you sit next to me at our spot
I ask of you to
Forget me not.

Written By: Sarah Ambetkar
(11 A Arts)

Illustrated By: Shreyasi Apte
(11 A Arts)

ARTWORK SECTION



"LEFT US BLUE"
BY SHRAVYA BUCHE
11A arts

"ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE"
By Mahi Agarwal
11A arts





"BLUE BLOOMS"
BY RAJVARDHAN PARDESI
12 B arts

"GLAZED RIME"
By ARYAN SHARMA
12 A science



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