

issue: 6, feb

# Kaleidoscope

The various hues of Deepanam



My third  
home, the  
plane.

Your  
trash, my  
treasure.



# EDITORIAL

We come to you with another magazine issue. This month we delve into the topic of travelling. After coming back from our school trip, all of us had a lot to share. This time we have a nice spread of articles. A lot of people from the class travel a lot too. This might be one of the first times where there was no lack for words. In fact, everyone had a lot to say. We recently went on a school trip to Chinnar, Kerala for an anthropology project, and it was really gratifying to be able to go and actually do all the field work for every thing we learned in the class. It also provided us with a handful of insights about travelling, especially with a big group. We, as a class are very close. We have been together for about 2-3 years and still somehow manage to learn more about each other on such trips. Talking to one another really gave me a lot of ideas and views about the magazine. During our small expedition, we also went trekking and while all of us were close to passing out, our tour guide was in perfect shape. One needs to know the ropes to get their way around the forest! The bus and jeep rides were an adventure by themselves. The animals we saw for about a split second before they ran away were beautiful, might I add, they have a very applaud able moral compass. All of this and more is expressed in depth over the course of the 24 pages. I honestly really enjoyed this one. I hope you will too.

credits  
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# MY THIRD HOME , THE PLANE

I live in a plane, well not literally. I travel constantly between my two homes, Mumbai and Auroville. Even though it might look like Auroville is my “real” or present home, it’s not the only one. Half of my heart lives in my old house, the one with my dad and dog, where I go to every two months ; There I meet my friends, who still put an effort to come and talk to me, they never make me feel like I have missed out on something or have been distant from them. I acknowledge both of my worlds equally, but recently I feel like I am being ignorant to my third home, the plane! I travel a lot, clearly, jumping from one city to the other and then on top of that, sometimes my family goes on holidays too. The plane ride can be the most exciting, saddening or scary experience of the whole trip. Sitting on my designated seat , I can fully understand what I am feeling. I feel like I am off the ground and have time . Sometimes I don’t want the plane to land, I want to go back. And other times I am so eager about stepping on ground of another place that I can barely sit down. But I share this house with a lot of other people- Everyone who is flying with me.

Whether it be the airhostess who hides how tired she is behind her big smile; the annoyed baby that couldn't care less about its parents happiness; or the excited employee flying to where he was posted who is sitting in front of his computer smiling ear to ear. There is a wide spectrum of reasons why all those people have gathered on this flight, and each one of them is feeling a different emotion. But then why is it that every time we step out, collect our bags and walk out of the doors of the airport, we forget everything. All that we felt in the air-plane, the excitement or the sadness, or even the boredom. As we step on ground, our emotions go neutral and we go on about our lives. Leaving behind the plane ride entirely, when it's part of the experience. Now I have started noticing my third home more, the plane.

-Vyomini



# HONEST TRAVELLING

**E**very year, I go to Japan and every year, I go to school there. Just for the experience apparently. If you add up all of the hours of each plane ride, the total time it takes by plane is about eleven hours. When we reach there, my grandparents welcome us warmly and we settle down. For the first week or two, I am free and I don't have school, but then we go to school to meet the principal and my class teachers. I normally go there and do whatever I can. For instance, the math over there is level lower compared to Deepanam so I can do that subject easily, but the Japanese class is harder since I don't understand some Chinese letters. In 2018, I was in 6th grade and the teacher for that grade was probably my favorite. That year in general was great.

I also used to live in Australia. I was born there, so traveling is literally part of my life now.

I actually don't really enjoy traveling because you have to say goodbye to so many friends and even if you do go back next year, the friends you made and were so close to, become equivalent to strangers. It's extremely awkward and I almost hate traveling. Maybe it's because I don't like socializing in general. Maybe for other people, it's a delight to meet new people. If you do travel though, I recommend a good playlist that you won't get tired of; a book, if you can read without puking because of the movement in the car, plane etc (I can't). Thinking helps quite a lot. Just thinking about random things that I usually wouldn't think about. Basically something for time-pass. Sleeping is probably the best. Just sleep.

While I travel, I usually listen to songs while thinking about many things. At some point, i'm bound to go to sleep. Forget about eating. I just can't. I think i'd enjoy traveling more if it were with friends. Maybe when I grow up...

It's pretty funny to see people's reaction to me speaking japanese because they just don't expect me to. Traveling is cool and all but I normally have to wear a mask during plane rides because of how dry the air is. If I don't , I get a sore throat and a runny nose. Probably one of the reasons I don't really enjoy traveling. While traveling, we normally just buy random food. Mostly from fast food restaurants. You don't really have the luxury while traveling so you gotta accept whatever you get. You also have to constantly keep an eye on the boarding time as it may change due to delay. It's pretty stressful if you ask me. Some security checkpoint things don't allow water and some do. You've gotta be sure that whatever you bring is allowed or you'll have to throw it. You have to be sure that the weight of your things isn't perfectly up to the weight limit because their weighing scale might be a bit different from yours. I've thrown away a lot of bottles because they weren't allowed in the plane. My mom also had to pay for some extra weight ,since she really,badly wanted the rice cooker. I mean, who would throw it away? Any ways, that's my thoughts on traveling. They are pretty scattered but are honest.

-Gayatri



# OUR TRIP TO CHINNAR

The class of Faith left to Chinnar on a 4 day trip to study about the Muduvans Tribe on Friday the 25th of January, 2019 early in the morning with our Teachers Mahavir, Bhakti, Aran along with 2 experts from the field of Anthropology, Dr. Thanuja – Head of the Department – Department of Anthropology and Dr. Ponarasu – a Senior Researcher from the French Institute, Pondicherry. They are the parents of our classmate Kavya. Our class of 15 was very excited as most of us were traveling alone for the first time. We were given a warm send-off by our Parents. We reached Chinnar on Friday evening at 7:00 P.M. We were provided with excellent accommodation and food.

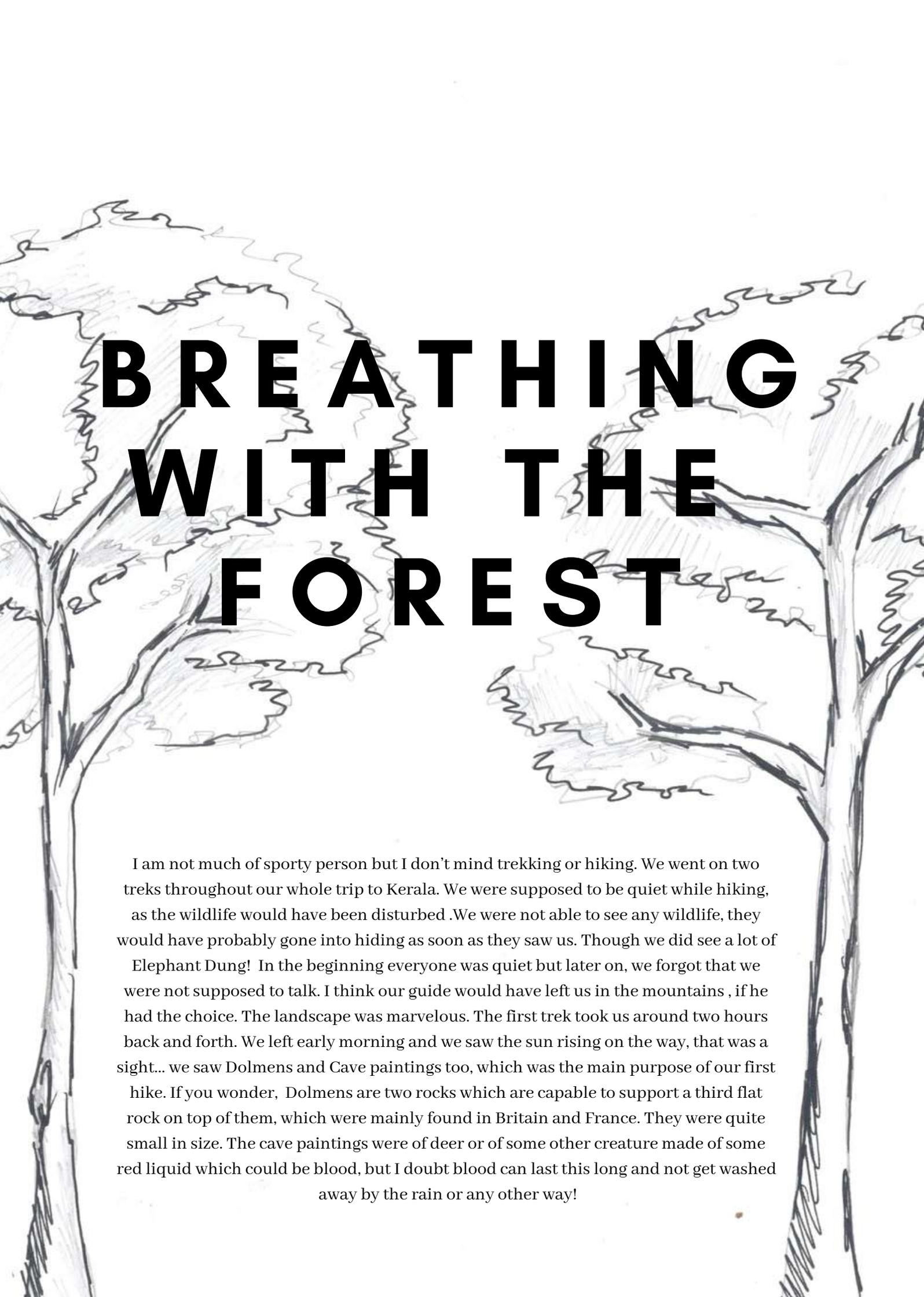
On Saturday the 26th of January, 2019, we set out to meet the Muduvans; we went by jeep to the settlement of the Muduvans which was located between the mountains. The present-day Muduvans Tribes live in Brick Houses, but their ancestors lived in Caves. We observed their dialect in language and their way of dressing. We were fortunate to have had a meeting with the Chief of Muduvans, the Chief explained their culture, food habits and the festivals they celebrate, he told us that, as there were no medical facilities in Chinnar, they had to travel to Marayoor, a nearby town for snake bites, childbirth and for all other treatments, I thought to myself how lucky we are to living in an International city like Auroville where all the facilities are available within our reach.

The interaction with the Muduvans Chief was a great learning experience; our Teachers and Experts were helpful as always and made us understand the living conditions and the culture of the Tribes.

On Sunday, the 27th of January, 2019 we trekked the region and visited the caves to discover and learn about the paintings of the Muduvans, we also visited the Dolmens. Later in the day, we traveled by Jeep to see Sandalwood Trees, luckily we spotted some Deers and Giant Squirrels.

Wildlife in nature is an experience in itself, searching for words to express my happiness.

On Monday the 28th of January, 2019 we trekked to the nearby mountains and came across a beautiful waterfall, there were Monkeys all over and we had fun all the way. We returned back from the trek, had a delicious lunch in the hotel where we stayed, completed our packing and started our journey back home. All along the trip, my classmates were helpful as ever and this trip brought all of us even closer. I have to thank my lovely Teachers and the Experts who all the along the trip took great care of us.



# BREATHING WITH THE FOREST

I am not much of a sporty person but I don't mind trekking or hiking. We went on two treks throughout our whole trip to Kerala. We were supposed to be quiet while hiking, as the wildlife would have been disturbed. We were not able to see any wildlife, they would have probably gone into hiding as soon as they saw us. Though we did see a lot of Elephant Dung! In the beginning everyone was quiet but later on, we forgot that we were not supposed to talk. I think our guide would have left us in the mountains, if he had the choice. The landscape was marvelous. The first trek took us around two hours back and forth. We left early morning and we saw the sun rising on the way, that was a sight... we saw Dolmens and Cave paintings too, which was the main purpose of our first hike. If you wonder, Dolmens are two rocks which are capable to support a third flat rock on top of them, which were mainly found in Britain and France. They were quite small in size. The cave paintings were of deer or of some other creature made of some red liquid which could be blood, but I doubt blood can last this long and not get washed away by the rain or any other way!

There was a nice breeze when we reached a certain point, we stayed there for a while and rested. On the way down we unintentionally got separated into two groups. And made our way down. Someone found leaves that could nullify your taste buds to only tasting spice. I had one of those leaves and it was true but it did not last for long, I am glad that the feeling didn't stay too long as someone had three of those leaves and was not able to taste anything for three hours. It was an interesting experience for me and I now know that taste is a very important sense which I don't think I could easily live without. According to Viknesh -- the one who had had three of those leaves-- when he ate anything, it tasted like sand. He took the plant back home and it is now growing. The second trek was to a waterfall named Thoovanam. It took us about three hours, including our stay in the water and back. The water was icy and deep. I don't think anybody at all except Arav and Kavya's brother dared to take a dip inside the icy water. I remember asking Gayatri to do splits and bridges on the flat pieces of rocks. Which was pretty cool. She said it was fun! The trek back was quite steep and I found a flat mushroom on the way, but soon had to throw it, because my friends thought that it was poisonous and "better to be safe than sorry". It was not like I was going to eat it...

I enjoyed both the hikes though personally, I preferred the first one more.

-Sana

# YOUR TRASH, MY TREASURE

**T**he Trashion Show seems just like any other fashion show but instead of wearing clothes made out of fabrics, the models wear garments made out of trash, like milk cartons or plastic bags and other disposed of "treasures", which usually are not encouraged to be reused at all. The Eco service, (The Service that takes care of all the dry waste in Auroville) provided us with such materials to make our apparel. As I was a latecomer, I did not have much choice and picked whatever was available, which was basically bubble wraps, ribbons from Dehashakti, our sports ground (I don't know how the ribbons were there at our school but ya...), plastic transparent socks were found in my dark and dusty school's storage room and also glitter. In the beginning, the theme of my dress was "casual" but eventually, it turned out to be a little ancient Egyptian in style...

The Trashion Show is a yearly event which occurs in the month of January. It chiefly began four years ago, in 2015. The Trashion Show team are trying to bring about awareness about how hazardous it is to use plastic and non-recyclable objects.

he venue hosting the show has been Cripa/Kalabhumi for the past two years. When we are called to have a rehearsal, there is also a photo shoot of all the participants with their outfits. All the photographs are later on posted online, so if you were busy and unable to come, you can search it up online and see us all there in our outfits. And obviously, some snacks are provided... So, next year join the Trashion Show and show your creativity through making use of non-recyclable things and making an outfit out of it.

A few students from my class and I have participated in the Trashion Show before. This year was our second year and it was a very exciting event. I have got to experience and learn plenty of things by taking part. The anxiety of walking on the ramp and hopefully not do anything embarrassing, even though the walk would hardly last a minute or two, It seems like ages...or maybe for others, it would pass by quickly. The time we spent on making our outfits and facing a few setbacks on our way was something that I don't think I would have been able to learn if I hadn't taken part.

I had joined school late after the December Holidays and when I did go back I saw everybody already working on their dresses. I was far behind them, but with the help of my mother and my craft teacher, I was able to finish my dress just before the deadline. This year the Trashion Show lasted for two days so that a larger crowd of people could be able to attend. Which was a good idea because people did not have to squish up together, and were probably able to sit and watch. There were more participants last year (2018 Trashion Show) and more to see. And I personally preferred last years Trashion Show, nevertheless it is interesting to see what folks can create using trash.

We Need To Stop Using "PLASTIC" And Other Non-Recyclable Things. It is slowly killing our only place to live on (for now at least), Earth. Marine wildlife is also suffering because of it. It is very easy to use plastic but is it that hard to stop?

**PLEASE STOP USING PLASTIC!!!**

I would like to thank the Trashion Show Team for hosting the show. It was a lot of fun!

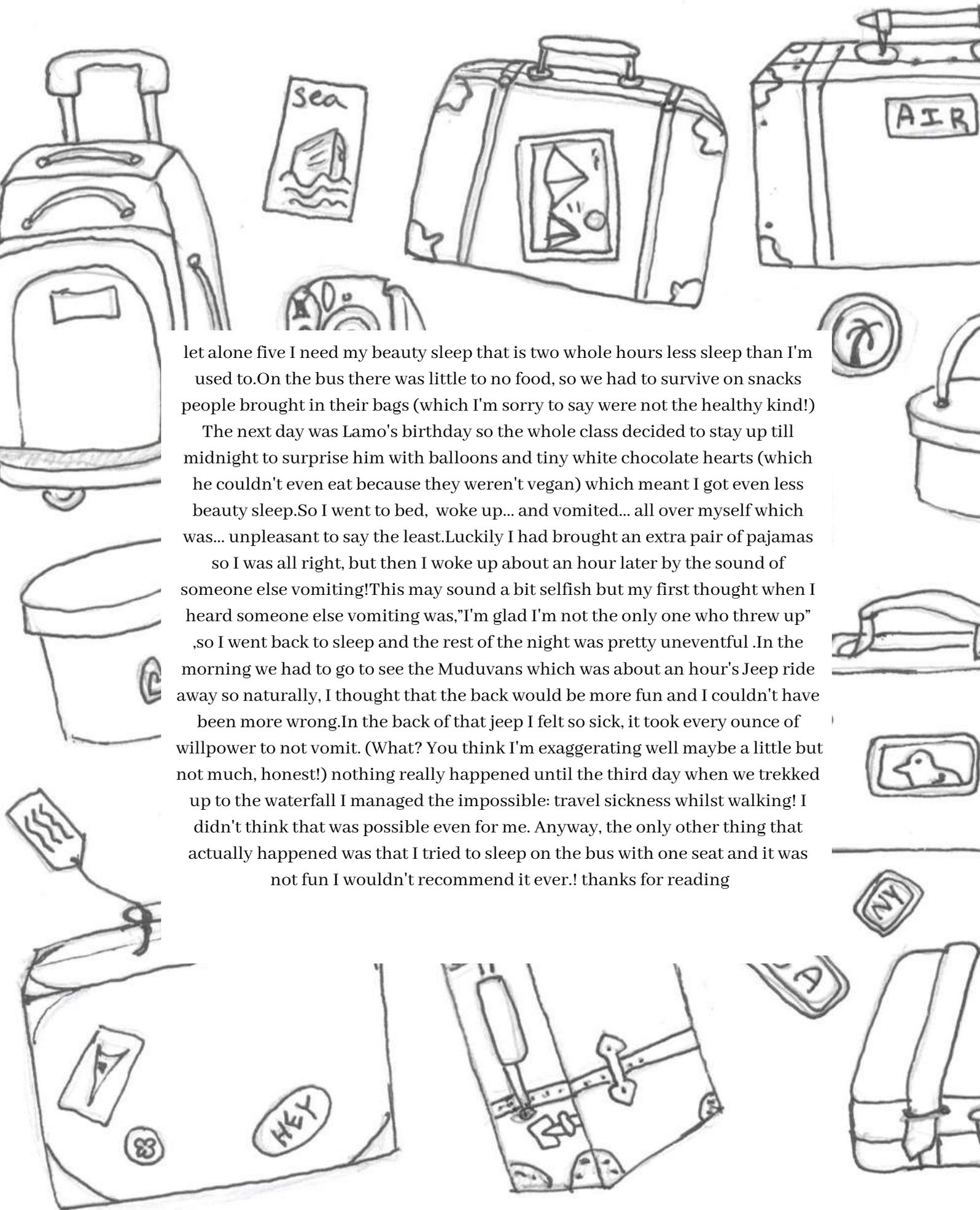
-Sana



TRAVEL

# JOURNAL

**B**efore I started the trip, I can't explain how I felt. In one word if I had to, I would say nervous-cited (that's nervous and excited, hey it's still one word!) I was excited about the four day sleepover with my friends and nervous about the work that loomed ahead like a beast just waiting to be woken, and even more so I was nervous about the travelling in the bus. The ride was twelve hours and although I didn't know it at the time the bus/jeep rides were plentiful OK let's do some maths; so if you add Leah and a long bus ride it equals a lot of vomit. Luckily I didn't throw up (on the bus anyway) instead after a day of bus rides and junk food (and a tiny white chocolate heart which I think is the straw that broke the camel's back) I finally cracked and vomited in the middle of the night. Well better out than in... right? Anyway, in a lot of individual words I would say excited, nervous, freaked out, and unprepared but no matter what I told myself nothing could have prepared me for what lay ahead. One thing was for sure that wherever we were going, it was far far away from my comfort zone, which by the way is already quite narrow. The first thing that made me step out of my comfort zone was before I got dressed when I had to wake up at five AM (which is way too early for me I can barely handle seven AM.)



let alone five I need my beauty sleep that is two whole hours less sleep than I'm used to. On the bus there was little to no food, so we had to survive on snacks people brought in their bags (which I'm sorry to say were not the healthy kind!)

The next day was Lamo's birthday so the whole class decided to stay up till midnight to surprise him with balloons and tiny white chocolate hearts (which he couldn't even eat because they weren't vegan) which meant I got even less beauty sleep. So I went to bed, woke up... and vomited... all over myself which was... unpleasant to say the least. Luckily I had brought an extra pair of pajamas

so I was all right, but then I woke up about an hour later by the sound of someone else vomiting! This may sound a bit selfish but my first thought when I heard someone else vomiting was, "I'm glad I'm not the only one who threw up", so I went back to sleep and the rest of the night was pretty uneventful. In the morning we had to go to see the Muduvans which was about an hour's Jeep ride away so naturally, I thought that the back would be more fun and I couldn't have

been more wrong. In the back of that jeep I felt so sick, it took every ounce of willpower to not vomit. (What? You think I'm exaggerating well maybe a little but not much, honest!) nothing really happened until the third day when we trekked up to the waterfall I managed the impossible: travel sickness whilst walking! I didn't think that was possible even for me. Anyway, the only other thing that actually happened was that I tried to sleep on the bus with one seat and it was

not fun I wouldn't recommend it ever.! thanks for reading

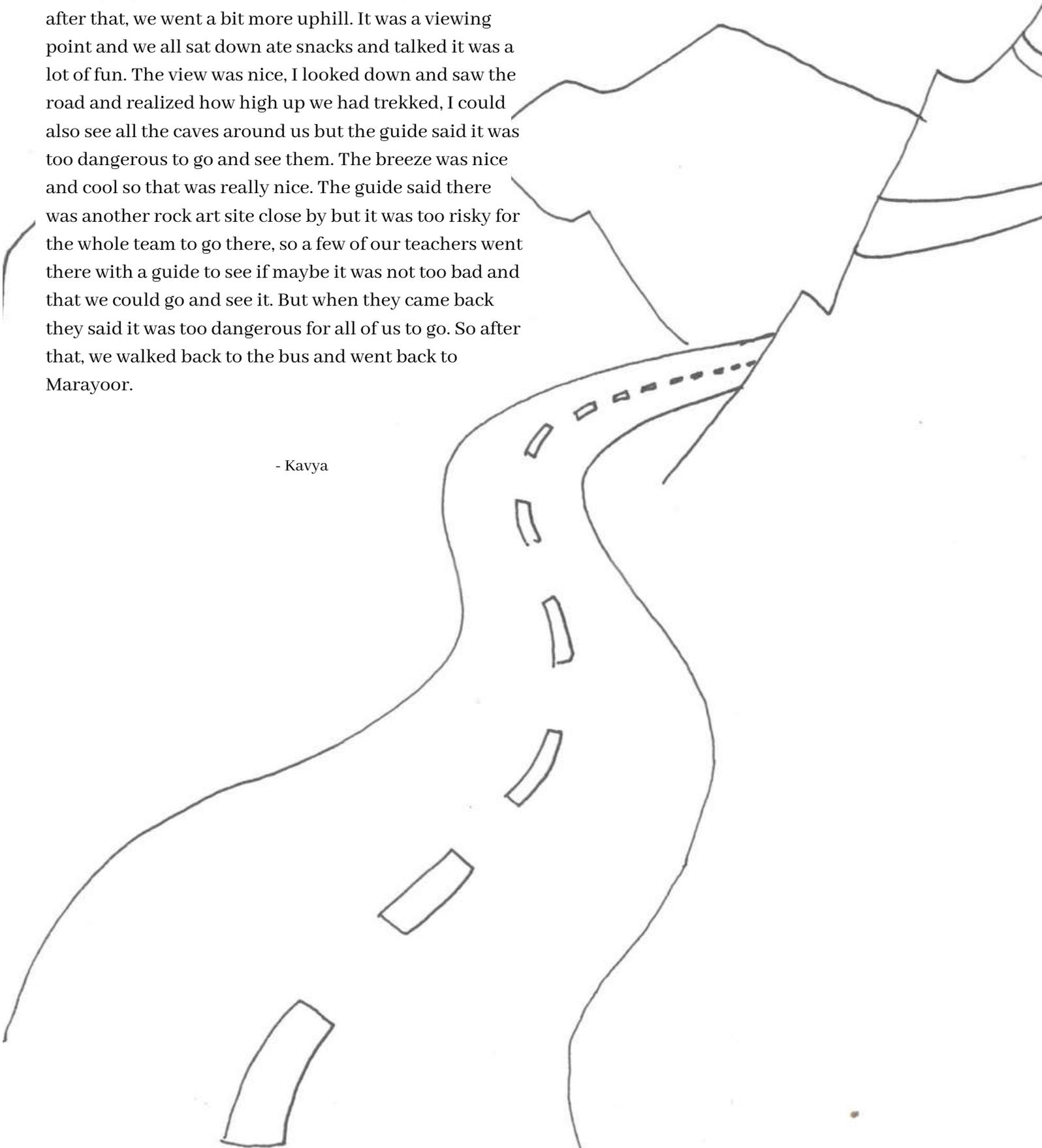


# UP THE HILL

**O**n Sunday 27/1/19 we went to see the rock art in Allempetty. We went by bus from Marayoor, the place we were staying, to Allempetty which is on the way from Chinnar check-post to Marayoor. It only took us 30 minutes so it was not a very long ride. Allempetty is where you start the trekking to the Thoovanam waterfalls and the different rock art sites. We got down from our bus-van, and we all just sat and talked, while the teachers went to inform the trekking guide office that we had come to see the rock art. Then we were allotted two guides, their names were Nagaraj and Ganesh. I was actually quite sleepy that day since I went to sleep late the night before, but the trek definitely woke me up. We were told to be quiet so we could see animals but the closest we got to see an animal was seeing elephant poop and oh! we saw a lot of elephant poop. After a while we reached the rock art site. It was a huge boulder and seemed like a shelter but was not a cave. On the face of the largest boulder was a painting. The painting was clearly of some animals. I looked at the painting and to me, it seemed like a giraffe-goat-deer hybrid.

I am not joking that is exactly what it looked like. I also remember the painting being red. The guide said the paint was a mix of leaf extract and animal blood. And I found it really cool to think of how something that was just made from leaves and blood is still visible for us to see. The painting may be a record of the animals the people living in this shelter saw. I found it interesting to see how the rock painting helps us understand the life of the people who lived here many years ago. Anyway, after that, we went a bit more uphill. It was a viewing point and we all sat down ate snacks and talked it was a lot of fun. The view was nice, I looked down and saw the road and realized how high up we had trekked, I could also see all the caves around us but the guide said it was too dangerous to go and see them. The breeze was nice and cool so that was really nice. The guide said there was another rock art site close by but it was too risky for the whole team to go there, so a few of our teachers went there with a guide to see if maybe it was not too bad and that we could go and see it. But when they came back they said it was too dangerous for all of us to go. So after that, we walked back to the bus and went back to Marayoor.

- Kavya



# Journey

## TO A NEW LIFE

As I remember, when I came to Auroville for the first time was in 2015,  
so 4 years ago.

I was still a child, well not really, I was 11 years old. It was winter or fall, and my mom said that we will go to some small town in India. She had been reading about this place since 10 years but never got the opportunity to go. Now we had a chance to go there, so we did. I hate packing my stuff, but I had no choice. It's scary moving to a new place.

Leaving everything you had gotten used to behind. I was nervous, I didn't know what to expect. We took a plane till Delhi, it took us around 9 hours to reach there, and then 2 more hours to reach Chennai. There we found an unpleasant surprise, monsoon! Our original plan was to go to the bus and depart for Pondicherry, but the road was flooded with water. We had to stay at the airport for 3 more hours because we just didn't know what to do next. Some really kind person saw us in distress and helped us to find a hotel, and the next morning helped us to find the right bus. After all this, we finally reached Auroville by night because the bus was slowed down at times by the water. As soon as we reached, we couldn't help but sleep. Eventually, we woke up and I didn't really like it because I was raised in Moscow and I was spoiled. Not going to lie, I was annoying back then, I am happy I came here. It changed me to become a better version of myself. And showed me what's really important in life.

- Dunia

# THE BUS RIDE

As always , if you want to reach somewhere, you need to use a type of transport . I mean this is where the adventure actually starts! I know that many people hate bus rides, but I like them. They give me time to think about everything I didn't have time for, also I don't get car sick so I enjoy them . But this ride was different since I was trapped in a moving box with 13 bored teenagers, and that's not a good combination. As you might have understood, it was impossible to sleep, draw, or do anything relaxing for that matter. The only thing that was left was talking and playing verbal games. But for how long can we possibly find something interesting to talk about? Maybe 3-4 hours, right? Well the ride was 12 hours long! At, one moment they

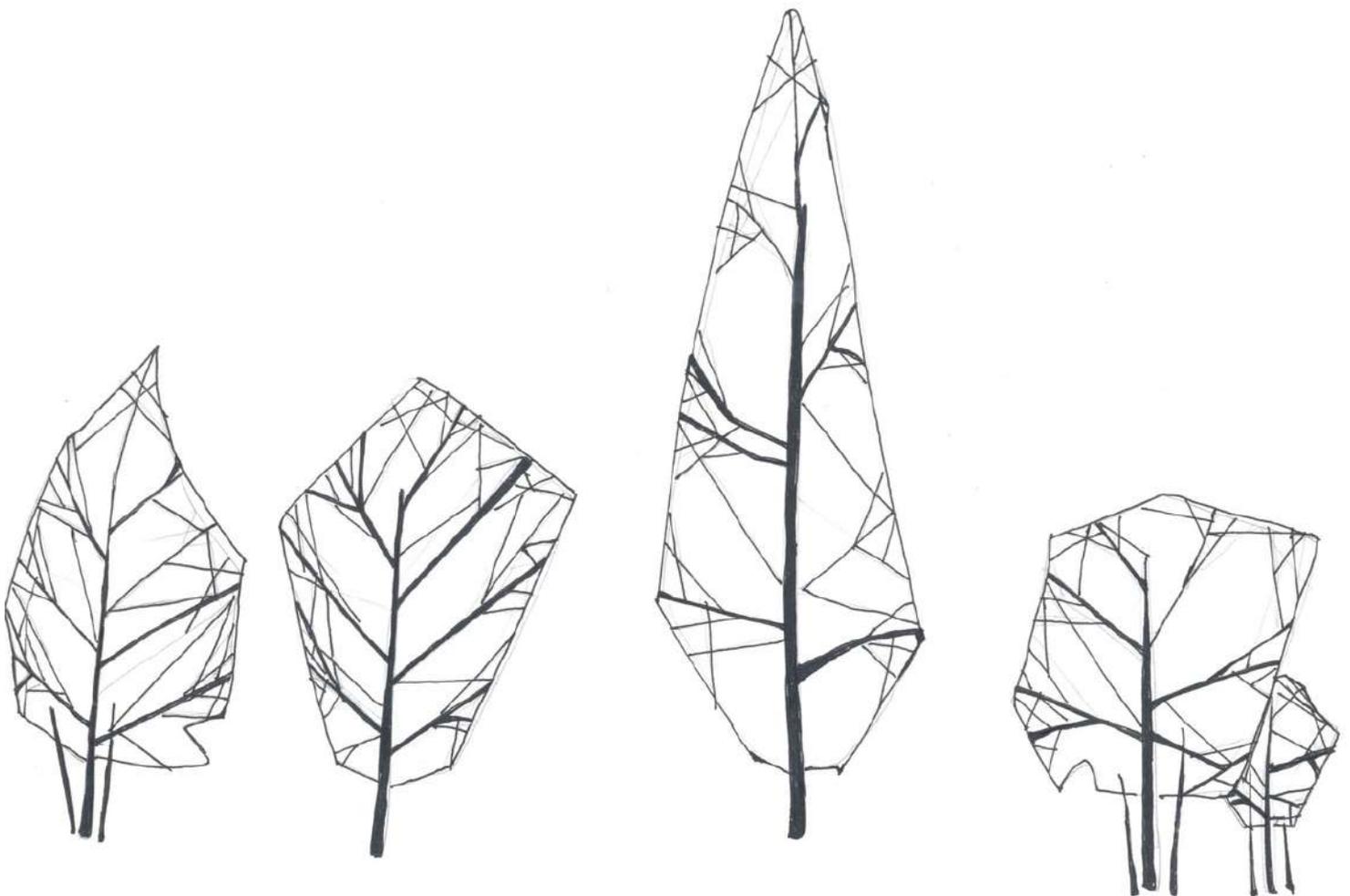
put on music, it was like a blessing from above! Eventually even that got a little annoying since we couldn't hear the teachers well and my head started to hurt . After, we stopped to have breakfast , that's when they switched it off. But as soon as the sound left our ears, we whined since it was our only savior. Also, I realized how good it feels to stand up and notice blood rushing through my legs after a long time. We ate and went back to the bus.

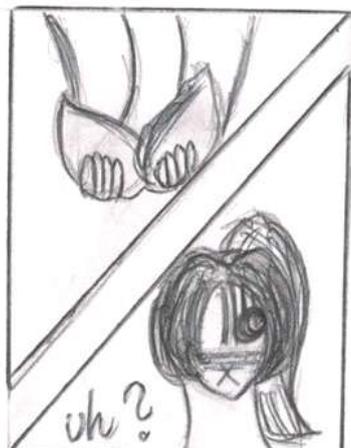
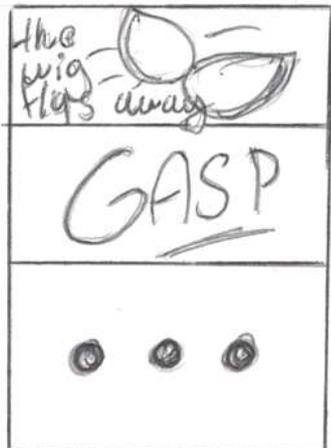
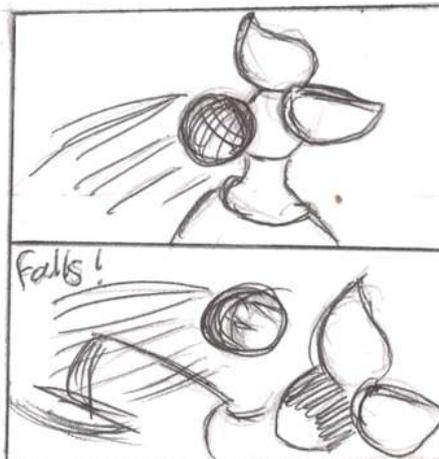
And everything repeated. We sat, talked, stopped for lunch, music and repeat. This continued until we reached the hills where we noticed the beautiful scenery. Normally my days seem to go by really fast, but this day was one of the longest day ever. Me and my classmates got closer and learned a lot about each other's lives after the bus ride. We know so much about one another, maybe a little too much!

"I was trapped  
in a moving box  
with 13 bored  
teenagers !"

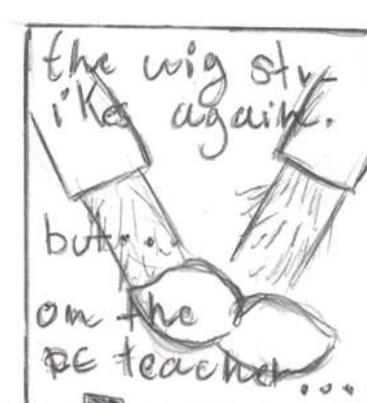
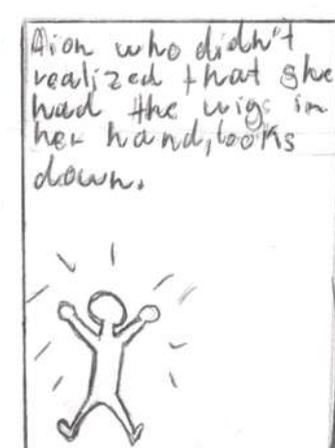
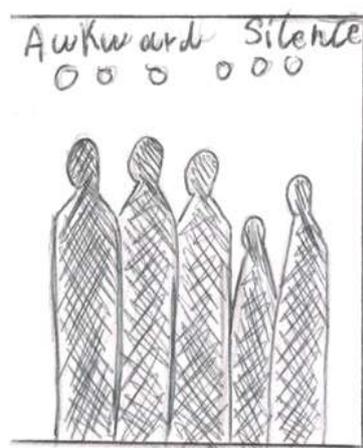
I saw the shadows of the leaves,  
How the light was falling from above.  
I saw how stones were standing still.  
I saw how trees were moving to the sound of the wind.  
How slowly they were bouncing side- to- side  
And I could hear, that forest , it was breathing.  
It was so powerful, but shy at the same time,  
When i would stop, it felt like time was stopping too.  
It felt like the forest knew, that I was coming through.  
Stones, twigs, the earth was alive.  
I'm happy that this forest could survive.  
This forest, it was here since many years.  
I wish, that it will stay here,  
That i will have a chance to see it again.  
I really wish so, please take care of it well.

Dunia





Authors note: why does the PE teacher look like a ninja turtle. Omg Xd.



hi! finally here is Pt. 4! (May). thank you for reading this comic!

killg!



IS HAPPENING!

# TIPS AND TRICKS

**Traveling is great. It's fun except when it comes to packing and unpacking. There is the problem of space in your luggage and weight, so I will try to show you some tips and tricks to make traveling a little bit easier.**

- Clothes...well clothes, you can't go anywhere without taking clothes with you, but they take a lot of space. So a simple trick is to roll your clothes and not to fold them. First fold the sleeves in and then roll, or if they are pants fold them in half and roll.
- If you have shoes with you that you wore, and got them dirty, but want to pack them. Then you can just put a shower cap on them. From the bottom up.
- When travelling, there is a problem of charging your devices... so try bringing a cable extender so that you can charge a few devices, or other passengers can charge at the same time as you.
- When traveling by plane, normally you are not allowed to carry water, so just bring an empty water bottle, and fill it up in the airport instead of buying the water.
- If you don't have enough space in you bag, and you have that one huge coat that is taking half of the space, you can just wear it, or tie it around your waist to save up space.



By Lamo



By Arati



By Lamo



By Arati

*See you next issue,  
in which we will look back on  
the crazy year we have had.*

