

DECEMBER EDITION

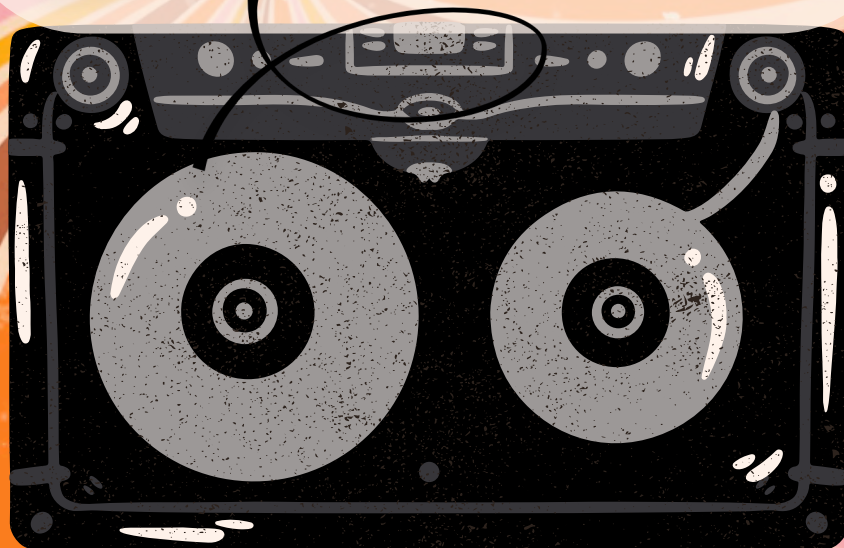
NOSTALGIA

**The SBS
MAG
goes old
school!**

**WINTER
2024**

2nd Edition

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SBS 2024 Wrapped

By *Asia Taneja*

I entered my grandmother's house. Walking through the dusty air made me realize how empty it had become. Touching the furniture made me remember every giggle and laugh my family and I had here. It felt like a special memory that had been locked and kept away, like a hidden treasure I could never find the key to.

Nostalgia is a tricky feeling. A feeling no one can truly understand. Sometimes it comes with pleasure and sometimes with sadness. When it comes down to it, nostalgia is a fleeting, delicate emotional experience of having something you lost or maybe never had, seeing something you missed seeing, meeting someone you missed knowing. It's the emotion you experience when a small piece of the world's previously lost beauty is suddenly brought back to life, whether through the power of art or through the unintentional enchantment of an old painted advertisement that is suddenly revealed on a brick wall after years of being hidden behind a building. It strings a connection between you and your past, a phone call to your previous years perhaps.

Nostalgia to me was like a cruel sensation, making every inmate desire a second chance to go back in time and feel that moment again; despite being made aware of the fact that things might never be the same for them ever again.



NATURE & NOSTALGIA

By *Abaana Jolly*

I look up at the never-ending sky, the cotton-like clouds and the glittering sun. I lie down on the settee and soak in the tranquility.

I am immediately transported back to the days of fun. Mid-July, warm sun on five-year-old me.

My mind paints a vivid picture of my Nani's house—The ivy-wrapped white pillars, the windows coiled with hibiscus, like snakes.

My cousins playing hide and seek, cat and mouse. It's crazy how the sun on your skin, how nature stirs nostalgia.



PERSEVERANCE

by Raghav Malik

Near those hanging trees and cattle herds,
Change is in the air like pollen.
Tides shifting and changing seasons,
Migrating cranes and migrating birds.
Clouds, away with the wind, as gentle as cotton,
As this life's storm strengthens and weakens.
The winter melts into blossoming spring,
As land left fallow grows into a forest.
Wildflowers and barley, sprout and overgrow,
Honeybees and butterflies, buzzing and humming.
Countryside calm breathing life back into the unrest,
Frozen waterfalls, once again, come alive and flow.
Ducks quack and waddle, over the bridge,
Cats stop to stretch, yawn and roar.
Humans chitter chatter as rain pitter patters
With the opening and closing of the fridge.
As the puddle becomes a lake after the downpour
The sun shines gold, its rays gleam and scatter.
The sun becomes a tyrant and shuns away the rain water
Scorching it bright red and yellow,
While the pavement burns with every step.
The cicadas buzz as the summer gets hotter
With heat felt as deep as the bone's marrow.
As unlucky decay rots above the depth.
The earth swallows, consuming the dead.
Laying rest beneath the dirt, mulch and gravel,
New life sings as it's unearthed above ground.
The soil breathes a sigh of relief into its bed,
Where roots crawl, tether, and unravel.
Where critters are lost forever, and later, found.

Life opens a book and turns another leaf,
Blank as a canvas, waiting to be painted.
Ink that eagerly awaits its smearing,
A thought at the cusp of becoming a belief.
In a book of all that's created,
The chapter 'untitled' begins its printing.

The cycle of rinsing and repeating
Which all life and cosmic dust has to follow.
As novelty is the only thing anchoring us here
In the sand that is never depleting,
And slips right through our hands as we wallow.
The sandglass flips again, making sure that the dust -
Perseveres.



Varya Jain

TIMELESS OBSERVER

By *Anayah Lall*

I awoke to darkness but it was by no means dull. Thrumming with ancient energy. I have never understood what I am, why I am but I've understood that I am lucky. I have seen it all, I have lived all the lives I want to live. I am human-like (a species that will soon emerge) in all ways but the fact that I can realise the wants is forever present. The human/ my state is of constant want. Time is precious, being able to experience the gradual change in my surroundings, years are like hours for me, maybe minutes. I do not know much about why I am here but I know I am lucky.

Humans are a fairly new development, their fleeting existence is a beautiful delicate thing like a fledgling. And it burns so bright for this very reason. The change they have brought is rapid in ways I have never seen before. In some instances it's beautiful, it could be symbolic of their constant desire to be better but this desire can turn into greed.

Despite the stifling structure of their society and their crimes against nature, some of them are still human, still free. To be human is to be passionate, this is a constant throughout time.



BYGONE DAYS

By *Abana Oberoi*

As the years pass by, I find myself missing the comfort of my early days-
Of lazy summer afternoons spent lying on the couch, sticky juice glass in hand with the a.c on full blast and T.V's gentle murmur.

Bare feet on white marble as we ran to the front door to Parks we called freedom
Scavenging flowers to rip and tear into crowns
For sun warmed heads and laughter that echoed deep into the late evening.

But those days are long gone,
And I must get back to my current life,
Confined to my desk as the couch goes unused
And the sun sets on the parks as always.



REMINISCING ABOUT THE FUTURE

(and finding hope)

By *Rajlaxmi Singh*

As I sit in the comfort of my room, writing this, I realize that the last few weeks of this year are coming around. 2024, was a rollercoaster, simply put. While it might have been alright-ish for someone, tragic for someone, good for someone, everyone has different things to say. But that's what makes the past year one-of-kind. 2020, on the other hand, is another year that will go down in history. The year the pandemic entered the picture. While I don't want to write only on my own (that would be far too selfish), there are some things that differ for me. Quite the contrary to what most people say, 2020 was a fine year for me. My working parents had an opportunity to relax, and I had an excuse to make my grandmother stay with us, rather than returning to her home. After we shifted, the routine slowly started becoming pathetic. A series of enigmatic events, which lead to a novelty lifestyle, and thoughts often going like 'things will never be the same again', hope ignited a light. And I saw an opportunity towards reformation. The post-pandemic years always started quite unhappily, and as the lump in my throat dried up, and one felt hopeful, another lump formed. Hopes kept flying out the window as the same somberness overtook everyone

Yet the years culminated with a certain sense of peace, and I head into 2025 with new aspirations for forming a better version of myself. As that brings us to an end of my sob story, and to the question I wanted to pose to all of you. Do you have hope? Hope for a bright future? Hope for our 'old' normal to be back? Carefree days, singing along to the songs on a radio in all those late night drives with the hood down. A new normal has now arisen, but at what cost? So, how do you bring that hope back? That adrenaline that ran through our veins 'back in our day'?

People, we're sounding like our grandparents now! Be thankful that we've got a 'back in our day' story to tell the future generations, that's better than anything we might've heard before. To answer the question I posed, again, this is based on my experiences. Find something that makes you happy and stick to it. Isolate what makes you angry and stay away from it. Live, and let live. Feel alive. I hope you found yourself in these words.

To quote Friedrich Nietzsche,
"He who has a reason to live, can bear almost any how."
About the title, I know that the past doesn't lie in the future, but don't we already get nostalgic thinking about our old normal and the future ahead? We connect the two, as we imagine our life back to normal. I know I do. That's the logic behind the title. The logic behind life? Let's leave that for when we grow up.



HIDDEN ECHOES

By *Devi Gopinath*

In corners and creaks, where dust bunnies play,
Memories hide at the end of the day.
The clock on the wall ticks stories long past,
Each second a whisper that time cannot last.
Old books on the shelf with pages so worn,
They smell of adventures I once had sworn.
In boxes and drawers, small treasures I find,
Each trinket a doorway, a memory unwind.
 A shoelace, a photo, a letter, a tune—
 Nostalgia tucked softly in every room.
Under my bed, in a cardboard box
old toys and a missing sock,
from a trip forgotten, a funny-shaped rock.
Plastic beads and foggy marbles
activities in which i once dabbled
 In every corner, a story untold,
 A piece of the past, precious as gold,
 Nostalgia tucked softly in every room.
There's a smile in the mirror from summers ago,
And a blanket whose warmth only I seem to know.
The glow of the lamp, with its warm amber light,
Holds lullabies softly from each quiet night.
 A crack in the paint that we tried to disguise,
 Now I tell little stories with each glance of my eyes.
 Nostalgia tucked softly in every room.
In a drawer lies a ticket, some coins, a key—
Secrets of places I'd longed to go see.
Old sketches and postcards tucked under the bed,
Their colors may fade, but they stay in my head.
 Now, maybe this poem is jumbled and strange,
 Like trinkets and treasures in haphazard range.
 But that's how nostalgia often appears—
 A clutter of moments from muddled-up years.



THE LINGUISTIC IMPORTANCE OF SLANG

By Madhav Kochhar

Mewing, Aura points, Skibidi Toilet, the list goes on. If you've been anywhere near the internet recently, these terms seem inescapable. Termed by many as brainrot humour, they can less cynically be referred to as under the umbrella of Gen Alpha slang. And it's safe to say that most people are not fans. The very term brainrot being used to describe such language should show you how highly it is regarded. Gen Alpha humour is thought of by most as being anywhere on the spectrum of being an absurd annoyance to an affront to the concept of language itself. Those who do entertain it often do so ironically, poking fun at younger generations' seeming inability to grasp the formal language that they have caught onto so eloquently. The mere concept of something as bizarre as Skibidi Toilet is so random and outlandish that it's almost fun to interact with if you put societal notions of it being cringeworthy aside. Yet, the usage of Gen Alpha's linguistic terms isn't just limited to some unconventional corner of the internet. Slowly, yet surely, the language that we revile and ridicule is permeating into our day to day lives, to the point where it's becoming more than just ironic - it's becoming a part of the way we speak.

And to many, this is the source of unlimited horror. How can terms like mewing or sigma infiltrate the same, regular field of vocabulary that y'know... normal, smarter words are in?

The answer is that, well, it was bound to happen. This is really nothing new. Gen Alpha lingo is nothing but a new wave of slang entering the cultural zeitgeist.

To say that slang is a controversial point of discussion within the world of language would be an understatement. Gen Alpha's new terminology pervading into modern vocabulary seems to just be another reiteration of a larger discussion related to the usage of slang.

So, is slang really something defensible, and not the insult to language many point towards it being?

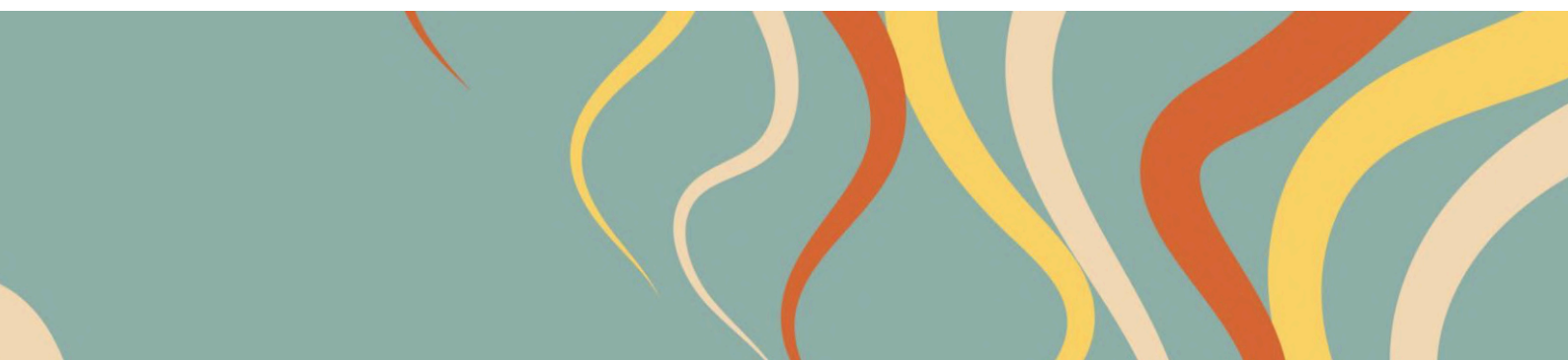
The primary argument that arises when it comes to picking apart slang, is that it is nonsensical. Many contend that slang does not have any real meaning, and what really is language without some overarching meaning or thought being conveyed by it, right? One can say that terms originating from bizarre videos which have no agreeable definition or idea behind them don't hold the same linguistic weight as anything else that does carry some sort of information.

However, the main purpose of such slang isn't usually to exchange information, and is instead to create connection. Using slang words is usually to establish social links, leading to informality and an occasional laugh, taking the overwhelming need for seriousness out of conversation. There is the argument that slang also belongs to a particular group of knowers, and by using slang, one is able to identify others in the same groups and circles as them, who have similar experiences, allowing for greater comfort in interaction and solidarity. And this feeling of exclusiveness, according to linguists like McArthur, creates a counter-culture, going against the norm, and creating a special circle that often rejects common linguistic conventions.

Even though slang is mainly for the purpose of connection, and some slang does seem meaningless, there is some linguistic truth and value to everything we say. If we pause to examine each seemingly insignificant sentence or phrase we utter in our day to day lives, we'd find that their language runs deeper than we'd initially think.

Banter is ballad, joke is wit, and the mere act of piecing words together is poetry. We just need to look at it through a different lens. But saying that modern lingo can't compare to what we believe is 'real language' completely foregoes its true essence. As I've said, the reason for the existence of words is communication, connection, knowledge, and so anything that gets the job done is fair play under the linguistic umbrella. At the end of the day, who really defines what language is? Zoomer humour and Gen Alpha Lingo, including even Skibidi Toilet, qualifies as a human truth as much as anything else. Don't let socially upheld norms of linguistic refinement hold you back.

Say what you want, it's poetry.



LOST TIME

By *Dimeera Sachdeva*

I

miss it.
I miss it so much.
I miss the carefreeness.
I miss the childhood laughter.

I miss the time when my biggest issue was trying to get to the swings first
The old me, the one who was small and sweet and cared about the little things.

Things that don't seem to matter so much now.

The one who loved stuffed animals with a passion and had a collection so big it could rival all

I miss the trivial things the ones i still hold in my memories

The ones that made the biggest impacts

I miss me, before I cared what others thought.

I miss having so much free time I didn't know what to do with it

I miss when the weekends were longer than 2 seconds.

My entire life I was told to enjoy my childhood while I could,

But I never understood...

I think I do now

Maybe it's too late,

But at least it's my life and I choose how I spend it.

AFTERMATH

By *Manya Attri*

As we drive along the cracked and overgrown road through Pripjat, I stare through the window at the city—a ghostly wasteland left in the wake of catastrophe. Pripjat, once a thriving town, now stands as a haunting reminder of human folly, its hollowed structures silently narrating stories of lives abandoned in haste. The evacuation, a hurried exodus nearly four decades ago, left the city frozen in time. Clothes still hang in closets, half-eaten meals remain on dusty tables, and family photos lie scattered on floors, relics of lives that will never return.

Nature has taken back what humanity left behind. Trees and vines twist through broken windows, their roots cracking the walls, forcing open doors that once shielded against the world outside. Entire buildings are succumbing, their once-sturdy walls crumbling to the ground, as though bowing to the inevitability of decay. The playground—a once joyful symbol of childhood—now sits eerily silent, the rusted swings moving in the faint breeze, haunted by invisible children who'll never return.

There's an unsettling sensation that we're being watched, as if ghosts linger in the shadows, bound to this land by the tragedy of the past. I can almost feel their presence pressing against the window, watching us with empty, searching eyes. And in the distance, looming like a malignant shadow, stands the Chernobyl Power Plant—the source of all this ruin, of the radiation that seeped into every stone, every tree, and every inch of soil. It's a constant, looming reminder of the catastrophe that turned this place into a wasteland. Barbed wire fences and security checkpoints encircle the town's borders, barring entry to anyone foolish enough to wander too close. The radiation levels remain dangerous, the invisible poison seeping into the bones of this place, ensuring it will be uninhabitable for years to come.

Pripjat is a monument to human hubris—a ghost town where the stories of a lost community linger in the air. It will remain a wasteland, a silent witness to the catastrophe, slowly dissolving back into the earth as nature reclaims its own.

A CONUNDRUM OF ESOTERICA

By *Ashmita Jain*

T

The Earth travels around the sun endlessly,
Giving us time to feel that aching bliss,
Both gut-wrenching and heartwarming, you see,
The pull of nostalgia we can't resist.

Isn't it strange, looking back through time,
The moments that shaped us, the ones we hold dear,
Felt like trivial seconds, not worth a rhyme,
Yet now they echo, still so near.

When I was 8, I never knew
I would cherish my drawings and sketchbooks,
So wild and messy and wonderfully true,
A world of colour where my dreams first grew.

When I was 9, I didn't know
I would miss the thrill and the high
Jumping and swinging, letting time go,
Laughing so loud, reaching for the sky.

When I was 10, how could I see,
I'd miss the comfort of my pillow fort,
Wrapped in blankets, feeling so free,
The world outside a distant port.

When I was 11, I reminisced it all,
The cartoons I watched with wide-eyed wonder,
Catching each show, never missing the call,
Laughing at moments that pulled me under.

When I was 12, I never would have thought,
Chalk drawings on the road would feel so sweet,
Playing hopscotch, with joy that I caught,
Adorning the street with each jumping feet.

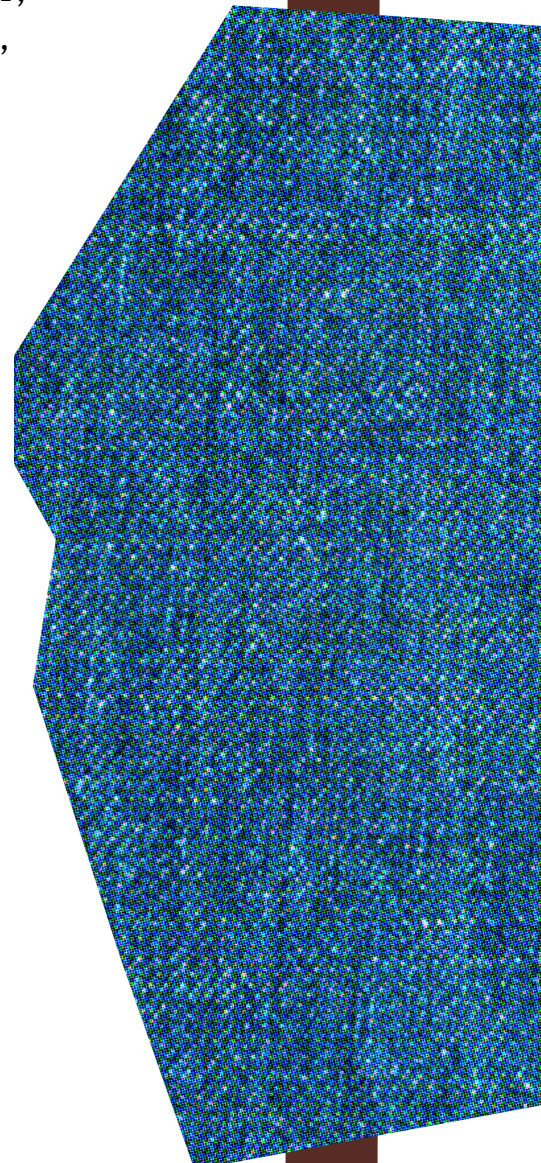
When I was 13, I didn't know
The friends I would lose and the accompanying fear,
But I'd learn that change can lead to so much more,
And hope for bonds both genuine and real.

When I was 14, I didn't know,
How fast the moments would slip by,
Each spring, summer, autumn and snow,
Would change me as the years passed by.

Now I'm almost 16 and still don't know,
What memories from 15 will stay,
What I'll hold on to and choose to let go,
As the moments slowly fade away.

So it only seems fitting,
Ending with words I first heard at eight,
I didn't know what they meant back
then,
But somehow, they still resonate

"Life is a conundrum of esoterica,"
A mystery we try to decode,
Yet the rush is in the unknown,
As we travel down this extraordinary
road.



THE ART OF PROCRASTINATION

By *Seber Singh*

I'll do it tomorrow, not today
Today I have too much on my mind
I'll finish it later, not right now
Right now, I need some time.

I've got a cough today
I should rest
I'm tired today
I don't want to stress
I just can't focus
I think it's a sign
To stop this work right now
And do it another time.
Tomorrow comes,
But I'm not in the mood
I can do it when I'm ready
What's a day going to do?
Steal more time, another excuse
Another day that I lose
Another reminder, another snooze
Till the deadline comes too soon.



LOOKING BACK TO MOVE FORWARD

By *Harshaa Goel*

Nostalgia is the feeling we get when a memory from our past suddenly resurfaces. It's a mix of happiness and sadness that's hard to put into words. To me, it feels like standing alone on a quiet beach, knee-deep in water,

feeling the cool breeze and watching the sun set. That peaceful moment mirrors the bittersweet calm that nostalgia brings.

Nostalgia isn't just about missing the past—it's about the connections we formed with people and places. I still remember the summers I spent at the park with my friends. The smell of grass takes me back there instantly, to the afternoons running around, to the laughter we all shared. Those memories make me smile, even as I wish I could experience them again.

But nostalgia isn't only about what's gone. It can inspire us. Sometimes, when I feel overwhelmed, I think about how far I've come. Looking back reminds me of the values I was raised with and the strength I've gained from my experiences. Even moments that seemed small then now feel like important milestones.

Nostalgia is like a time machine. When I think about how much I cherish my old memories, it makes me want to create new ones that I can look back on fondly. Whether it's spending time with loved ones, enjoying a beautiful sunset, or simply laughing over a funny moment, we should try to cherish the small things that make life meaningful.

In the end, nostalgia reminds us of what truly matters. It helps us cherish the past while giving us the motivation to move forward. By remembering where we came from, we find the strength to shape where we're going.





SBS 2024 **WRAPPED**

**ARE YOU
READY?**

It's been an **ADVENTUROUS year for us!**

**The most popular
Jashn 2024 events
were Dance
Extravaganza and
Razzmatazz**

They put on quite a show!

**On an average, we
scored 4.5 on the
Class Quizzes**

**Well...
we'll do better next year!**

**Our Most
Popular Food
This year was
Rajma chawal**

**We spent 17
days online**

**That's 0.2% more than
last year!**

**Here's where
we've been:
Jim Corbett
Ranthambore**

**Looking Back,
Leaping Forward:
A Year of Growth
and Glory!**



DESIGNED BY

*Kangna Tandon
Esha Nayak
Aryana Bhadauria*

EDITED BY

*Kangna Tandon
Esha Nayak
Aryana Bhadauria
Aniyora Shukla Tiwari
Gia Arora*