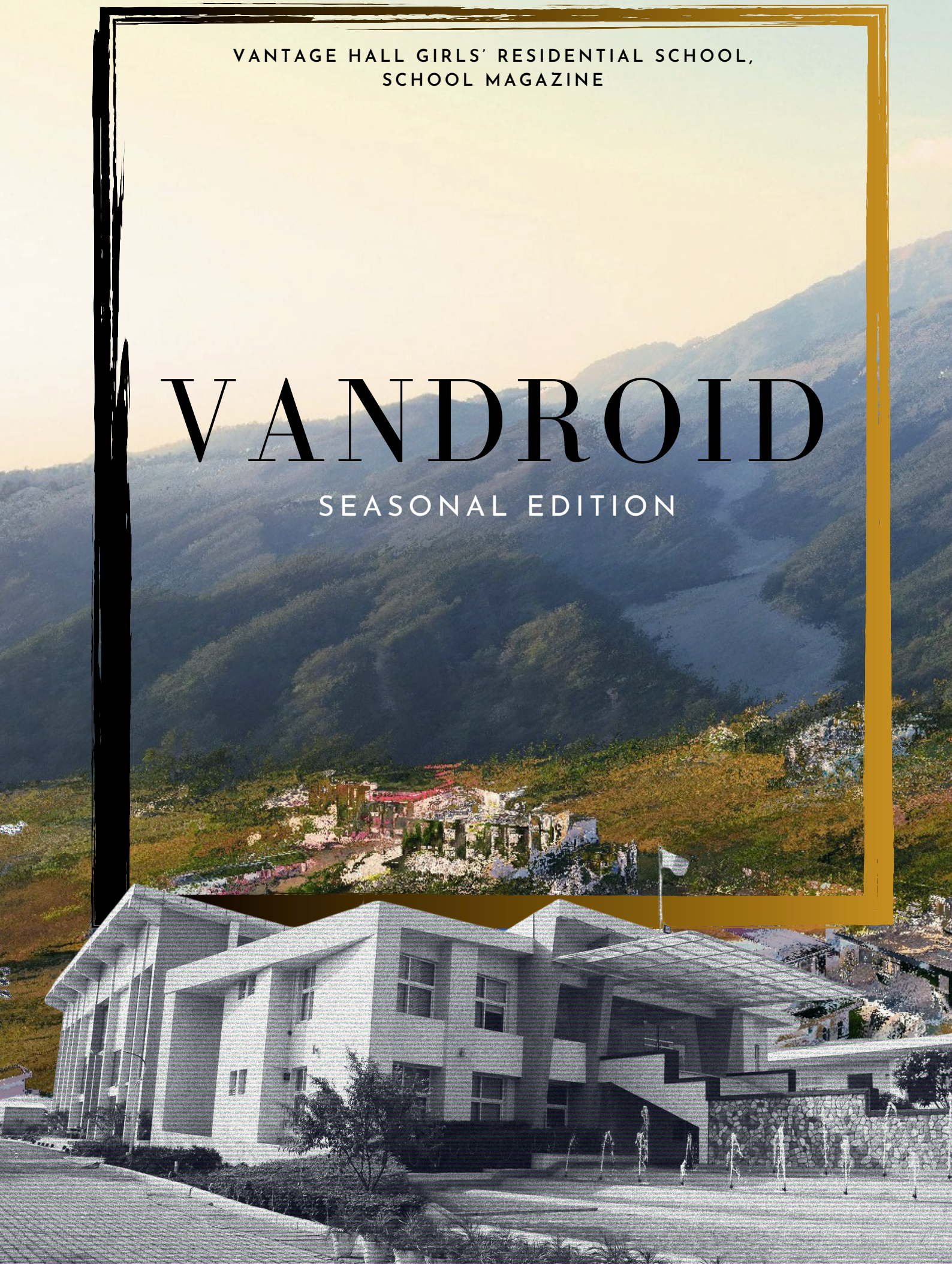
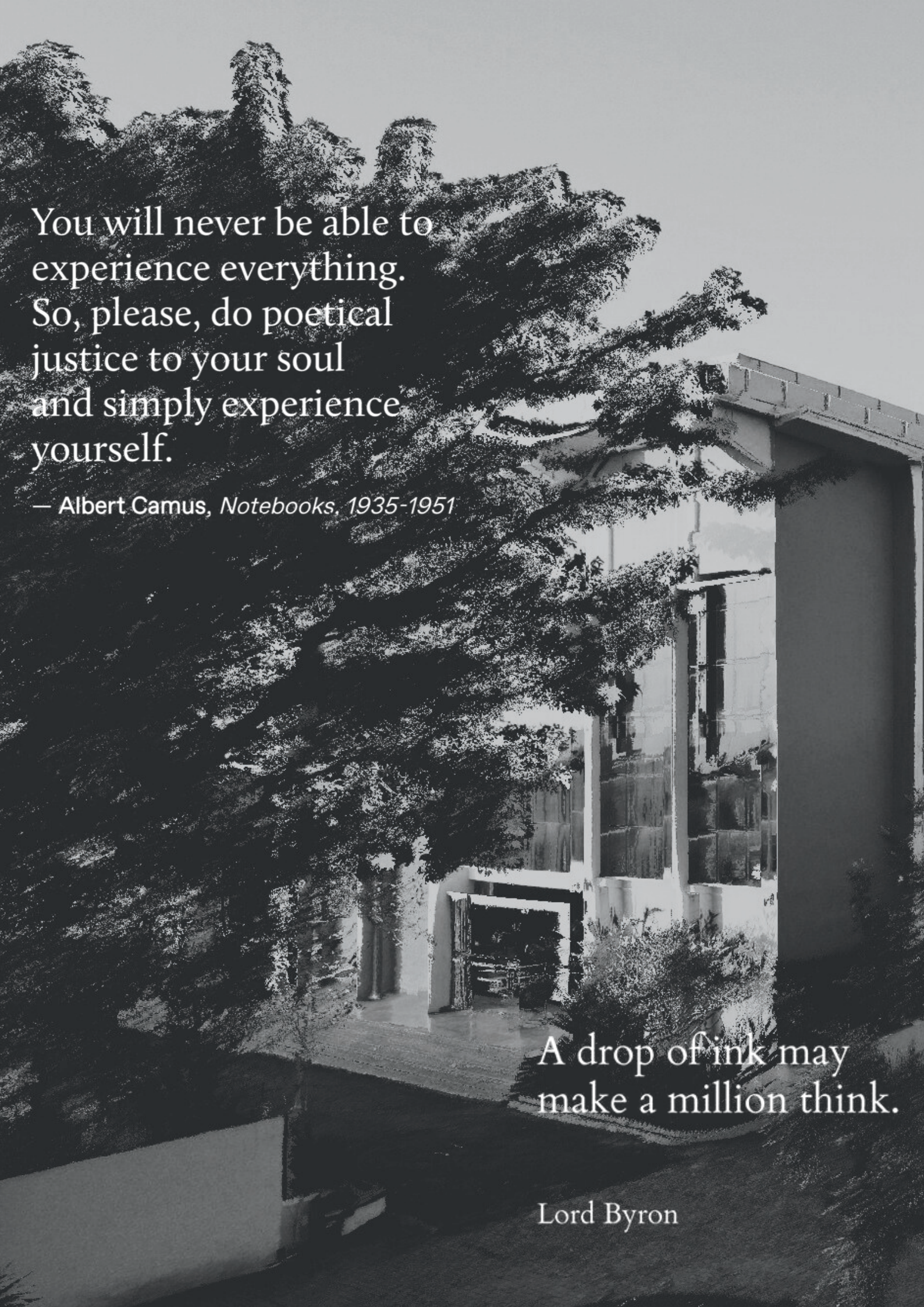


VANTAGE HALL GIRLS' RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL,
SCHOOL MAGAZINE

VANDROID

SEASONAL EDITION





You will never be able to
experience everything.
So, please, do poetical
justice to your soul
and simply experience
yourself.

— Albert Camus, *Notebooks, 1935-1951*

A drop of ink may
make a million think.

Lord Byron

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Letter From The Editorial Board



Dear Falcons,

A couple of days ago, as I sat on the stairs facing the admin fountain on a rainy day, I watched the trickles of rainwater run down into the fountain and slip between the stones. But what I saw next spiraled me into countless questions. I noticed tadpoles swimming innocently, their tiny tails swirling and creating unnoticeable ripples across the water. That little tail made only a small difference in the course of the water, but a difference nonetheless.

These differences fade into gradients of colors - lush green trees with a tint of yellow, a yellow that not many will stumble upon. The shade of amber embedded in a rose-gold ring - an unfamiliar color. In the moments that feel gray and white hides a tapestry of smeared colors.

This edition of Vandroid brings to you those special moments captured beautifully in letters and alphabet. As Albert Camus said, “To create is to live twice.” We, in these pages, will live a thousand lives with the words and sentences we create and scatter here. Blobs of thought or mighty waves that crash at the back of our heads - literary feasts or hungry articles - Vandroid brings to you, from the halls of our school, a collection of student insights. A cacophony of poetry that turns into symphonies with the right perspective, and articles on philosophical questions from a Falcon’s point of view. Photos taken from an unusual angle or simply a painting waiting to be noticed. Dive into the depths if you must; read between the lines, interpret differently, overanalyse, but see the colours, the words, the emotions.

With regards,
Editorial Board

From The Depths Within



“Can philosophy become a religion if treated as one?”

Maybe that's the wrong question. Maybe the better one is : What happens when too much thinking begins to feel like believing and eventually praying?

I think Philosophy begins as hunger; a quiet itch that asks “why?” and doesn't know how to stop; Rather than kneeling at the altar, it kneels at the edge of oblivion - of the unknown.

But over time, thoughts harden; a once open palm curls into a fist.

The philosophers become prophets to crowds who just ache to be told how to live and not asked to figure it out.

That I believe is when philosophy gently slips and molds into the form of religion - perhaps not always by choice but by inevitability.

Because humans get tired of wondering. Because at some point, not everyone wants the perpetual searching, some just want stillness and stability of belief and grounded answers.

A name to whisper and a firm thought to grasp when the lights go out.

And philosophy, I'm afraid, if it stays too long in one place, becomes that name and instills that thought.

So, perhaps - religion is just philosophy that stopped moving after all and belief is just doubt that grew too tired of being.

Still in the end I wonder : is there anything holier than a question that won't die?

Because who knows, maybe God was simply the first philosopher and maybe we all along have been mistaking devotion for wonder.

- Alice Elangbam, Grade XI



“If Mortality Gives Life Meaning, Should We Fear Or Embrace It?”



On 14th January 2017, I lost my grandmother. But in truth, I had been losing her slowly for months before that day.

I spent five months in India helping to care for her. I was just in fourth grade, but I ran errands, carried medicines, waited outside doctors' rooms, and listened to the constant beeping of hospital machines. Every day felt heavy, and every night I went to bed more tired than the day before. I believed that childhood wasn't meant to be like that.

While my classmates sat in their bright classrooms, I missed five months of school. As an NRI child, I already felt like a visitor in my own country. I couldn't fit in or make real friends. Instead of games or laughter, my days were filled with wheelchairs, whispered prayers, and watching someone I loved slowly fade away.

The hardest part wasn't just watching her get weaker. I felt myself growing weaker too. I was a child carrying a burden that felt too big. I remember running to get her new set of clothes for her to change repeatedly as she used to regurgitate quite often, then coming back to see her eyes, tired and distant, as if she was already leaving. When she finally left on that cold January day, I felt both broken and hollow. I had given so much of myself, and still, it wasn't enough to keep her here. But now, years later, I see things differently. Death is not just an ending. It showed me how much I loved her, because losing her hurt more than anything I had ever felt. It also showed me how fragile time is, and how even a child can carry the weight of love without fully understanding it.

If death gives life meaning, then maybe my grandmother's passing away gave meaning to mine. It taught me that pain can be proof of love and how every second on the clock matters. And if I ever had the chance of bringing her back, I wouldn't complain or lash out whenever I am asked to go run errands or help her out when she needs it the most. Although I was just a tired fourth grader, lost between countries and hospital rooms, I am grateful to have been able to embrace the grim reaper and whisper in its ears - "Take good care of her, please".

– K. Dhanya Raju, Grade XII

Stuck

And we've opened up our eyes,
To see the world wide
I saw the others blinking,
But I couldn't move mine.
Throbbing hand, the symphony of life;
Everyone's around but nobody is fine.
Opened up the window, where was the noise?
I wasn't lost, but I couldn't stand upright;
It was all blank, but not white.
I'm not alone, everybody lies;
But to be honest, it sure is wise.
The right's tilted left but the left's not right,
Perplexing storms, by whom do I abide?
The ego's right yet its a dying light,
Stuck in the middle of a losing fight.
Shall I move again with all my might?
But my leg's bound and my neck's all tight.

– Rida Sharma, Grade IX

The Dreamer's Sky

I dream of a sky vast and wide,
Where hopes and wishes gently glide
Stars like lanterns shining bright,
Lighting up the endless night
I open my arms, and my heart takes flight.
Soaring through the dark with pure delight.
In the quiet hours I dare I see
All the world could be and what could be me!!!

– Shrishti Singh, Grade IX



Moonlit Garden

In moonlight's glow, the garden wakes,
Soft petals open in the night
The stars above in silver lakes,
Guide dreams along their gentle flight.

A breeze that hums a lullaby,
Wild shadows dance in secret ways.
Remind me dreams are born to fly,
In nature's night, the heart obeys.

– Sneha Ramraika, Grade IX

The Dream I Hold...

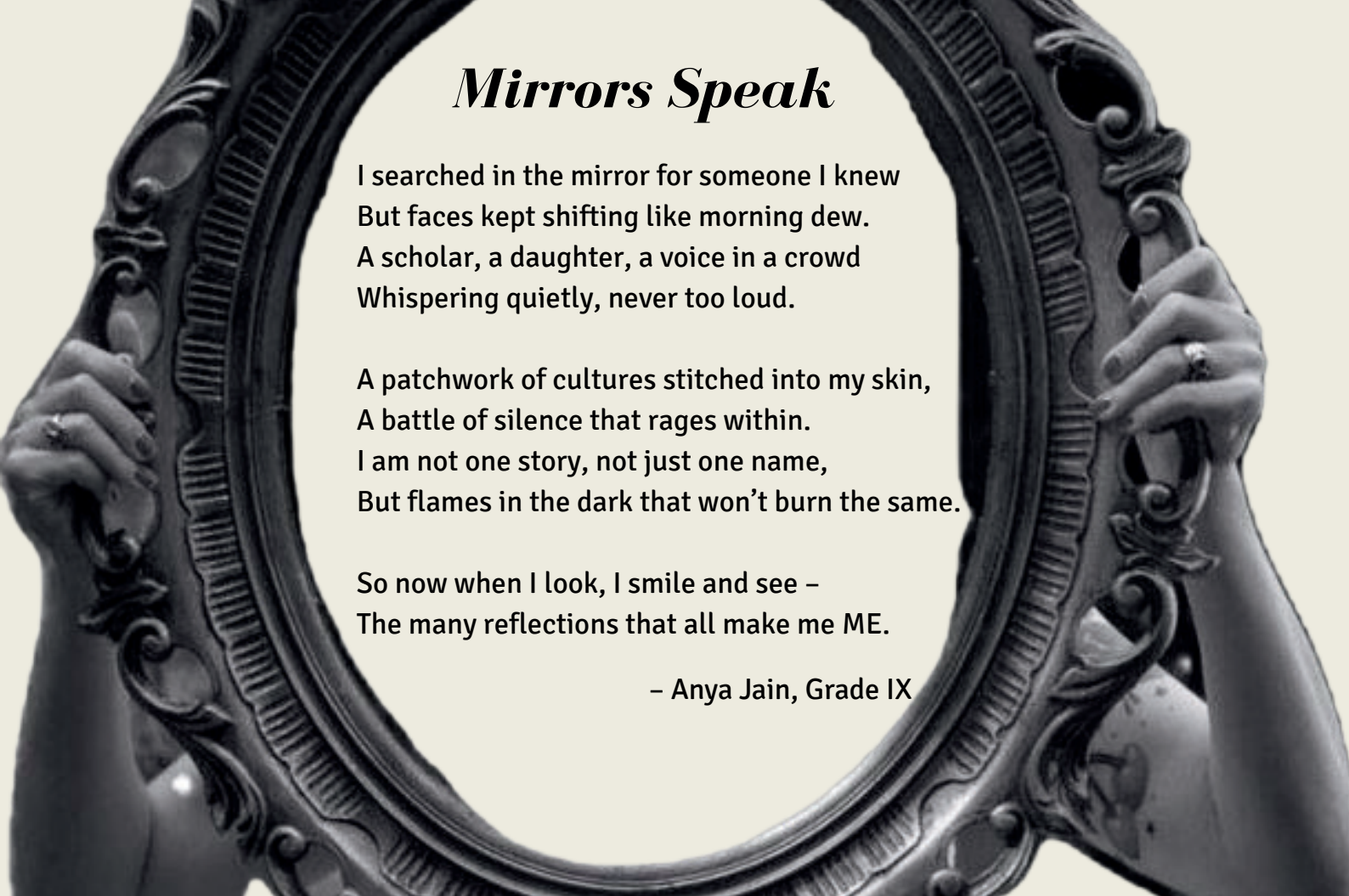
Beneath the stars so calm and white,
I close my eyes and drift inside.
A world of light begins to gleam,
I step into a golden dream.

I walk on clouds, I touch skies,
With wings of thought, I learn to fly.
No fears, no walls, just open space,
A silent smile upon my face.

In dreams I build a world so free,
Where I can be the realest me.
And when I wake, the dream still stays –
A spark of hope for brighter days.

– Navdha Chola, Grade IX





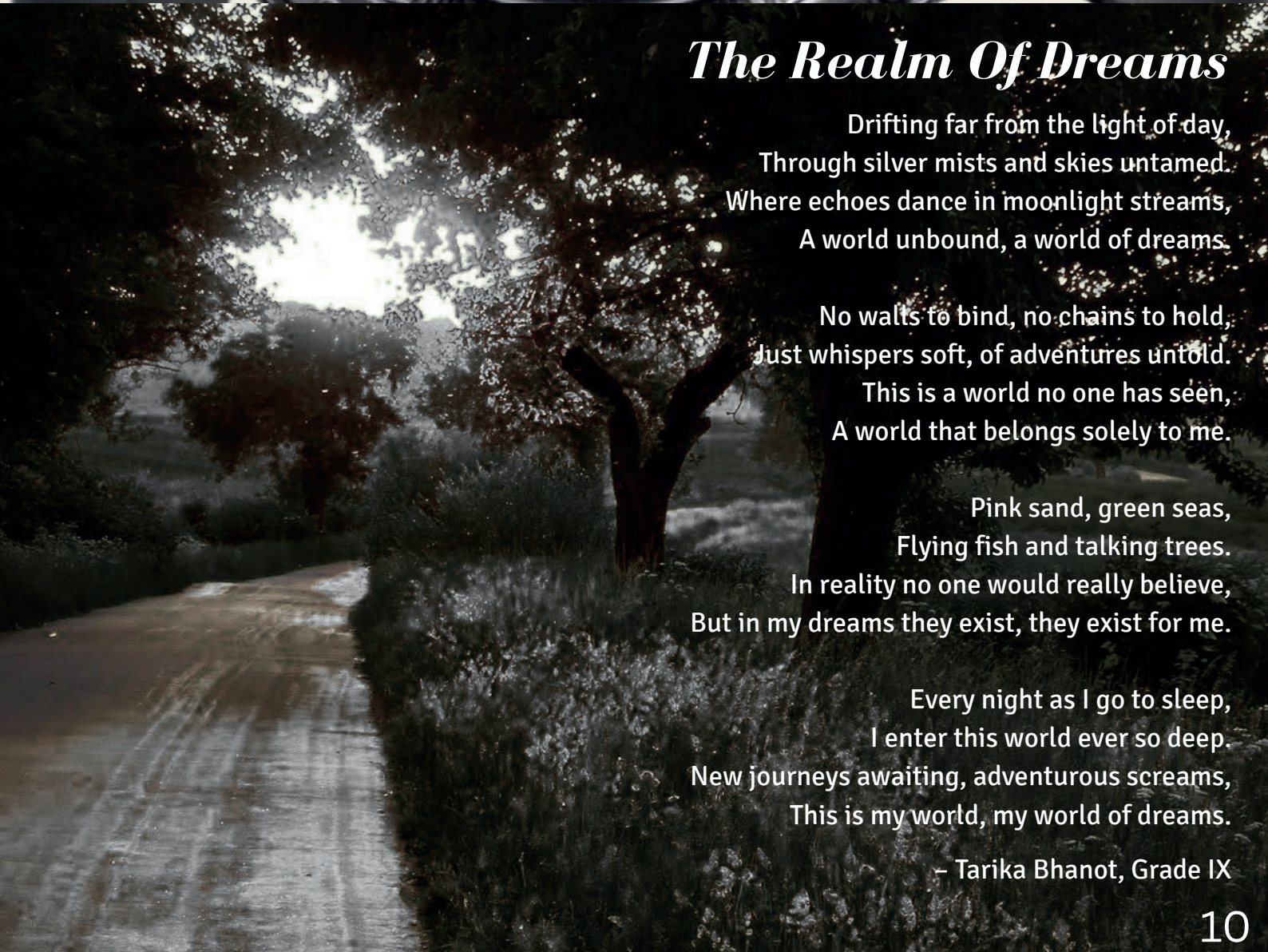
Mirrors Speak

I searched in the mirror for someone I knew
But faces kept shifting like morning dew.
A scholar, a daughter, a voice in a crowd
Whispering quietly, never too loud.

A patchwork of cultures stitched into my skin,
A battle of silence that rages within.
I am not one story, not just one name,
But flames in the dark that won't burn the same.

So now when I look, I smile and see –
The many reflections that all make me ME.

– Anya Jain, Grade IX



The Realm Of Dreams

Drifting far from the light of day,
Through silver mists and skies untamed.
Where echoes dance in moonlight streams,
A world unbound, a world of dreams.

No walls to bind, no chains to hold,
Just whispers soft, of adventures untold.

This is a world no one has seen,
A world that belongs solely to me.

Pink sand, green seas,
Flying fish and talking trees.
In reality no one would really believe,
But in my dreams they exist, they exist for me.

Every night as I go to sleep,
I enter this world ever so deep.
New journeys awaiting, adventurous screams,
This is my world, my world of dreams.

– Tarika Bhanot, Grade IX

Must Defeat Bring You Down?

The winner takes it all
The loser has to fall
Always and all the time
They fall but nobody gives a call
So, they have to start it from the very first crawl
The loser has to mime
While the winner always shines.

Being second has always been an option
Kept their trophy for the auction
Subsiding, struggling and suffering was their only game
Never got their own fame
Tired of being the middle one,
The one who could never earn
The love, the care, the trust
But always wanted it first!

– Harshika Kashyap, Grade X
Kanishka Khatri, Grade X

Book Review : Diary Of A Young Girl

“Paper has more patience than people” ~ Anne Frank

The diary of a young girl is a real life diary written by Anne Frank, a Jewish teenager who had to hide from the Nazis during World War II. She lived in a secret place with her family and a few others for two years. In her diary, Anne talks about what it was like to live in hiding, her thoughts about life, the people around her and her hopes for the future.

What really stood out for me was how honest and mature she was. Even though she was going through something scary. She still found time to write about her dreams and how she felt inside. Being only 14 years of age, she was quite introspective about everything along with curiosity burning in her. It's saddening to know that she couldn't survive, but today, her diary serves as a literary masterpiece of the World War Era.

– Mitika Maheshwari, Grade IX



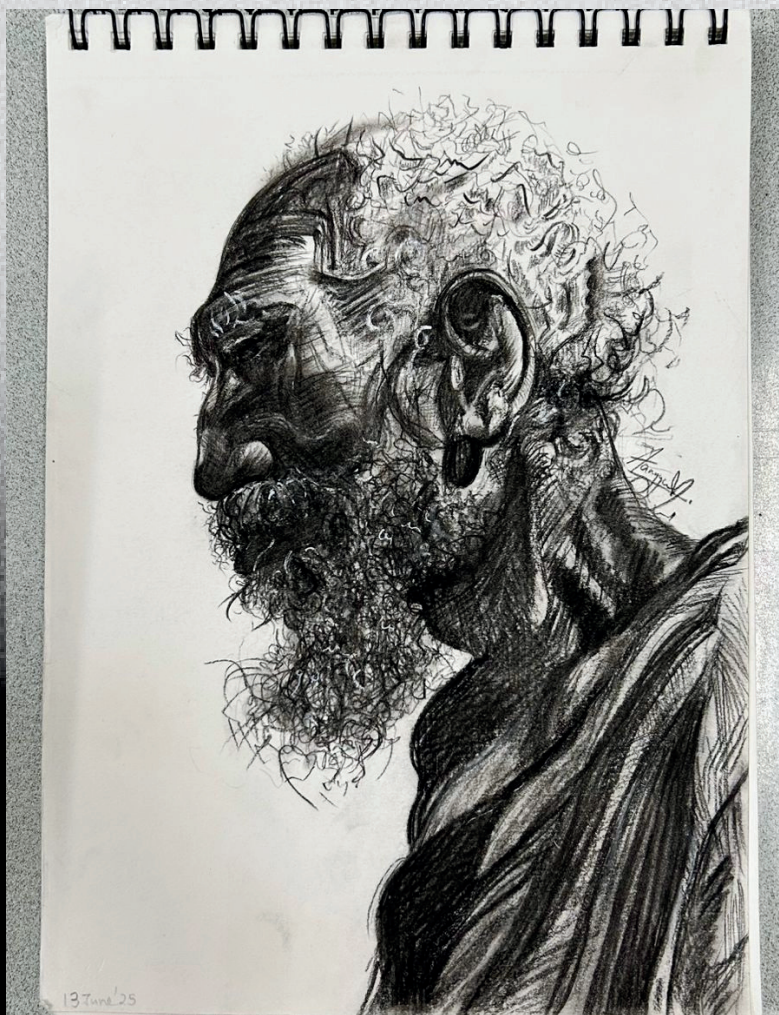
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T.J., Grade IX (handmade collage)



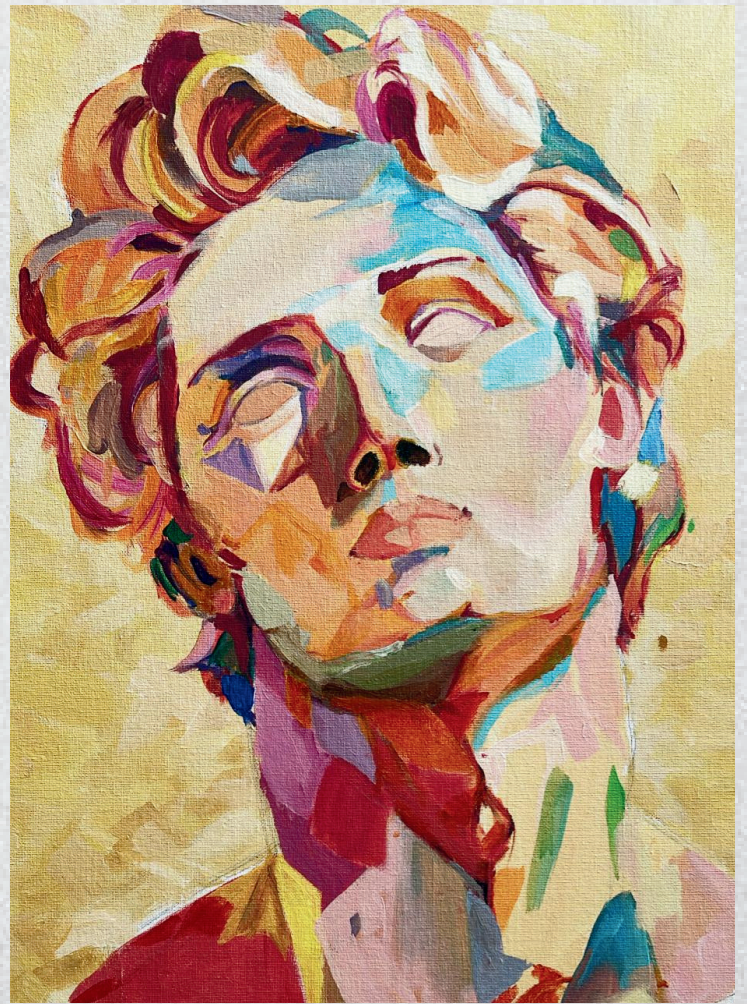
Shreya Soni, Grade IX (handmade collage)



Anya Jain, Grade IX (Charcoal Sketch)



Niyati Gupta, Grade XII



Binita, Grade VIII



Siya, Grade XI

The image features a piece of aged, yellowed paper with a torn bottom edge, serving as a backdrop for the title. The paper is set against a dark, heavily textured background that resembles a dense, black and white pattern, possibly a microscopic view or a close-up of a rough surface. The title is written in a bold, black, serif font, centered on the paper.

**The
World
Through
A
Lens**



Sarishti Chandel, Grade XII



Riya Bhagywan Garge, Grade XII



Kamakshi Singh, Grade XII



Isha Jha, Grade XI

A black and white photograph of a graduation cap resting on a stack of books with tabs. The cap is dark and has a tassel hanging down. The books are stacked on a wooden surface, and the tabs are visible on the edges of the pages. The text "ALUMNI SPEAK" is overlaid in the center in a large, white, serif font.

ALUMNI SPEAK

A Complex Relationship With My Body and God

Treat one like a temple, and the other begs to be known. Watch one bleed and the other asks for forgiveness. My god is an entity that resides in everything I experience, I can't seem to get rid of her. I try to push her out, but at 11:59 on a Tuesday night, I join my hands and beg for recognition. "I'm right here, are you?"

We exchange condolences and regrets, I wait patiently in the seventh circle of hell, she waits patiently buried in my pulse. I am her worst nightmare, she is my last chance.

God is a concept, God is matter, God is woven in cracks of light, falling through my windowsill, reminding me of warm summer Sundays. There is still a will. There is still life. But where is she? If she loved me, she would kiss my forehead, she would cradle my desolate, barren, changing body, and she would tell me that I am worthy of warmth.

I beg for justice on Judgement Day. My fate will prove my devotion, "God is good" I tell my fellow inmates, for all it's worth.

I always tell people that I am an atheist. How do I tell them that on every other day, a God simply doesn't exist, religion, simply put, is institutionalized propaganda. But, one day, one gloomy, Wednesday morning, one look in the mirror, two drops of blood later; I fall to my knees on the bathroom floor and I ask my God for a sign. My non-existent God and her non-existent hymns, her non-existent pity. And all of a sudden, I am a devout believer, I kiss her feet and wash her hair and ask her for something that nobody wants. Lazy Sunday mornings, two omelettes, two plates, two spoons, two pillows and one bed with silk sheets.

My god is eloquent and soft-spoken, like an honest politician, I try to chase her into a different, less twisted reality, but my body is a skeptic. I try to accept, and I try to pursue, but my feet are stubborn, and my hands are shaking. I believe that a body yearns only for the things it doesn't have, I kiss your forehead and I yearn for isolation. Desire courses through my veins, I ask my hands for acceptance, they give me half finished sentences, undercooked pasta and bitten nails. My lips are chapped and my words are starting to betray me, my legs are shaking and my calves are aching, but the marathon isn't over yet. The turmoil of turning 18. Take me to a simpler time, ten years ago; when faith and body were one, aligned and in love.

Former Editor-in-chief

Divyani Jakhwal

Falcon of 2023-24,

Vantage Reminiscence

When I look back at my days in Vantage, I realize that every experience - whether I embraced it willingly or hesitated at first, played a role in shaping me. Be it standing nervously for a speech, participating in events, or simply following the discipline of daily routines, each of these moments unknowingly prepared me for the challenges of life and my career today. The friendships, the laughter in corridors, the rush before exams, and even the little mistakes – all are memories I hold close.

More than academics, it was this complete experience of my life in Vantage that gave me confidence, resilience, and a sense of purpose. I especially cherish my time during creative exploration, whether in visual and performing arts or on the football field, which was my favorite hour of the day. Those experiences sparked my imagination, taught me teamwork, perseverance, and the joy of pushing limits, qualities that continue to guide me in life. As I stepped into the world beyond these gates of Vantage, I realize how deeply my foundation here continues to guide me. Whether it was standing up to give a speech during morning assembly, taking part in competitions, or simply learning to balance studies with friendships, every small experience contributed to the person I am today.

As an alumnus, I feel proud to be part of this legacy, and I carry the name of this school with honor wherever I go. My only advice to all the fellow Falcons would be - Dream fearlessly, work sincerely, and never forget where you came from. Your school will always remain your anchor, no matter how far you sail.

With pride and gratitude,
Ayushi Gangwar
(Falcon of 2018-19)







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Vantage Hall Girls' Residential School 2025