



VANTAGE HALL
Girls' Residential School
LEARN • LEAD • CONTRIBUTE

FACADE

VANDROID

VOLUME 14

SEPTEMBER 2026

THERE IS
ALWAYS MORE

Cover Page By:

Aanya Jain (x)

*“Man is least himself when he talks in his own person.
Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth.”*
- Oscar Wilde

*“The world is full of obvious things which nobody by any
chance ever observes.”*
- Arthur Conan Doyle

Letter From The Editorial Desk

A facade does a very simple job: it gives you something to look at.

That is, until you look closer.

We see them everywhere. In the way we present ourselves, in the things we choose to share, even in the way a place can look completely different from what is happening inside it. Sometimes it is deliberate. Sometimes it is just habit. Either way, what you see first is rarely the whole picture.

But this magazine was never meant to be just the finished picture.

Vandroid has always been a collection of the things that make this place what it is: the ridiculous, the thoughtful, the loud, the unfinished, the beautiful, and occasionally, the things that make absolutely no sense until they suddenly do. This edition is no different. If anything, it asks us to look a little harder.

Because behind every polished page is a messy desk. Behind every photograph is a moment that lasted longer than the shutter. Behind every article is someone who cared enough to put their thoughts down and let somebody else read them.

And behind this edition are months of ideas, arguments, edits, last-minute changes, questionable amounts of caffeine, and a very stubborn editorial board.

We have filled these pages with pieces of our school, but also pieces of ourselves. Some are obvious. Some are tucked away. Some may take a second read.

So read it properly.

Dog-ear the pages. Disagree with something. Laugh at something you weren't expecting to. Find a sentence you want to underline. Skip ahead and come back. Look at the photographs twice.

The best stories rarely announce themselves at first glance.

Welcome to this edition of Vandroid.

*With Regards,
The Editorial Board*

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FROM THE DEPTHS WITHIN



TIME

Time

Is it the tick of the clock
Or the toll of the bell

Is it the knock
of the rain
Or the sun
back again

Is it the chill
of winter
Or the bill
of the year.

We say
it's the nick of time
But why don't
our names also rhyme

Is it rude
'cause it can't wait
Or is it just
worried about getting late

When is it exact
and when is it delayed
What is its tact
and why can't we stop it?

One minute we say
it is the 4th dimension
Or a useless
fact even to mention

Whatever it is
it definitely doesn't care
If even
the distribution fair

Is it as old as life
or as new as
A trending Swiss knife

Is it faster than
sound and light
Or the unit
to measure their site

We all under
it take birth
And growth also we die
after all we know

It is still going and so
will it go on
There could be no clocks left
no nothing else all gone

At the end my opinion
is that it is quite short
To wait for
and too long to run after

- Janhavi Kuntal (X)



READ THIS WITH



AS IT WAS
~harry styles



NIGHT CHANGES
~one direction



A SKY FULL OF STARS
~coldplay



YOUNG DUMB & BROKE

- khalid

Silly by Choice ?

"BEING SILLY, IDIOTIC AND CLUMSY at times shouldn't be an embarrassing Mistake, but rather a choice made deliberately" says who? – the greatest philosopher of all time – I, Amairah.

Being self-aware sounds like a great thing until you become so self-aware that you start analysing your own existence in real time.

You say something funny, then spend the next three hours wondering if it was actually funny or people just laughed because they didn't want you to get hurt. You wave at someone who wasn't waving at you, and suddenly you want Mother Earth to swallow you right away.

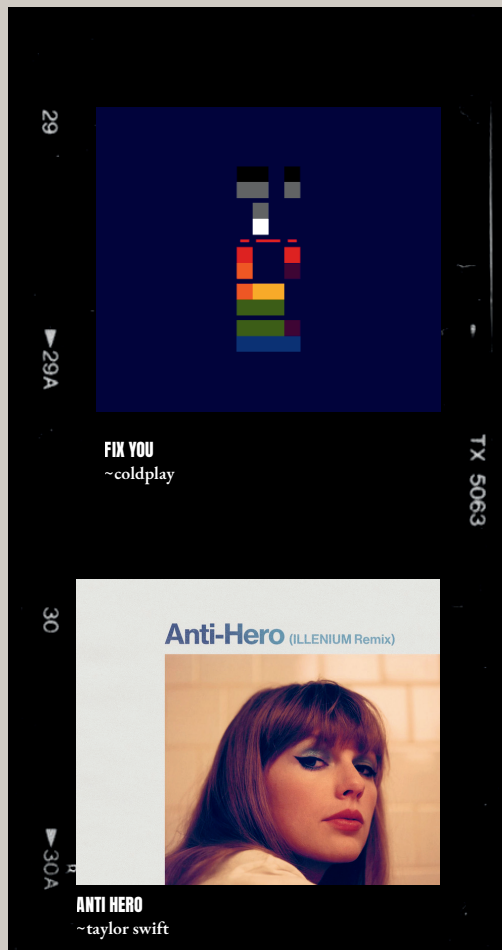
Something as silly as ordering food also becomes a performance. "If I like to knit, am I not acting like an 80 year old grandma?"

Between all this hustle we forget what the ENTIRE POINT WAS – it was never about judging every tiny thing we do. Maybe it's also knowing when to let yourself be a little awkward, dramatic, embarrassing and human.

Because honestly, most people probably aren't thinking about you as much as you think they are.

~ AMAIRAH NEGI (XII)

What Do We Hide Behind “I Am Fine”?



“I am fine.” Three simple words, and probably one of the biggest lies we tell every day. Someone asks, “How are you?” and we automatically say, “I’m fine,” even when life feels like a biscuit that was way too confident about how long it could survive in chai. Sometimes “I’m fine” means I don’t want to explain everything.

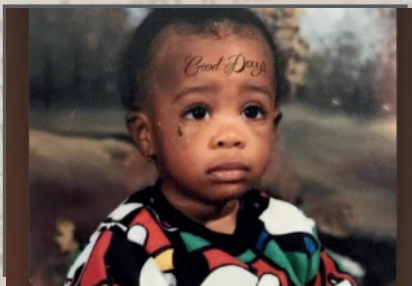
Sometimes it means I’m scared you won’t understand. And sometimes it means, if I start talking about it, I might actually cry, and I really don’t have the energy for that right now.

We’ve somehow made pretending to be okay completely normal. We smile when we’re upset, laugh when we’re stressed, and say “nothing” when there’s actually a whole 27-episode drama happening inside our heads. We still attend classes, finish our work, laugh with our friends and scroll through our phones, all while our minds are somewhere else entirely

“I am fine.”

Maybe we do it because we don’t want people to worry, maybe we’re scared of being judged, or maybe we simply don’t know how to explain what we’re feeling. The funny thing is, we’re usually very good at noticing when our friends aren’t okay, but when someone asks us about ourselves, suddenly we become professional actors. “I’m fine.” No, you’re not. You’ve been staring at the same wall for ten minutes.

We paint over sadness with a smile, cover exhaustion with jokes, and turn “I’m struggling” into “I’m just tired.” But nobody is fine all the time. It’s okay to have a bad day, feel lost, disappointed, angry or simply exhausted. Maybe the next time someone asks, “How are you?” we can pause before automatically saying, “I’m fine.” We don’t have to explain everything; sometimes, simply saying, “Honestly, I’ve had better days,” is enough. Because admitting that we’re not fine isn’t weakness. Sometimes, it’s the most honest thing we can say.



GOOD DAYS

~ SZA

 READ THIS WITH

~ Mitika Maheshwari (X)

The Apple of Discord in Democracy



WE ARE THE WORLD
- Michael Jackson

Perhaps the greatest irony of democracy is that while we are busy choosing sides, we forget to question the very system we are defending.

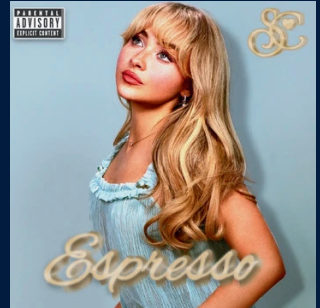
The government of today is no less than a kakistocracy at best, masquerading behind all the bravado, which is really all just façade. Recently, after the very monumental showcase put up by the CJP at Jantar Mantar, with Gen Z brandishing slogans critical of the BJP and bringing to light the menacing behaviour and facetiousness of the government, it created a wildfire of clishmaclaver and public apathy. It has also, in many ways, made the government eat humble pie! You might understand why the people of India bristle. On the other hand, we have acolytes of the BJP who might argue that the blasphemous comments made against the BJP are sacrilegious, for they are blinded by the supremacy of the ruling party.

But, let's talk turkey: people have certainly lost their enthusiasm for the BJP and are disillusioned. This is quite a pessimistic view to take, one that questions people's critical thinking and highlights the quality of their education itself, as well as their awe-inspiring and jaw-dropping ability to see the world in black and white when it is supposed to be in colour. The lens of their perception is in dire need of replacement. Now, coming to the meat of the matter, there is a gigantic chasm in the government's ability to juggle its internal and external affairs, as it only excels at handling one. Note, this again adds to the pros of the ruling party! This is what left me dumbfounded, almost as if an asteroid had left a crater in my psyche, as I then realised that people well-positioned to be in cahoots with corruption tend to remain unscathed by all the consequences.

I am again baffled by my ability to think so much because, now that I take a holistic view, I am faced with people asking me to pick a side (or, as I would say it, choose the lesser of two evils).

One way I would tackle this is by saying—I am no bluestocking, but every democracy can, once in a while, throw caution to the wind, as corruption is ubiquitous, from classrooms to governments, and is intertwined with the very art of living in a world full of hypocrisy.

~ Nainika Mishra (XII)



ESPRESSO
- Sabrina Carpenter

The Five Stages of Getting Ready for School

6:00 a.m. — Denial

The alarm rings. I stare at it, hoping that if I ignore it long enough, 6:00 a.m. might become 8:00 a.m. by itself.

6:10 a.m. — Bargaining

"Five more minutes." Just five. I close my eyes again and immediately begin negotiating with time itself.

6:30 a.m. — Panic

Suddenly, everything has to happen at once. Uniform, shoes, hair, breakfast and somehow looking like a functioning human being.

7:00 a.m. — Responsibility Mode

Morning lineup begins, and suddenly I'm fully awake. I'm focused, alert and doing my duty properly—although a tiny part of my brain is still thinking about going back to bed.

7:15 a.m. — Acceptance

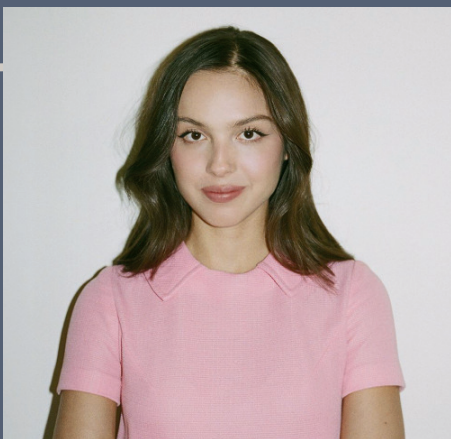
Breakfast duty begins. Everyone is eating, the morning is officially underway, and I finally realise there is no going back to sleep. At least I can now look forward to the one thing keeping me motivated: breakfast.

~ Shakya Negi (XII)

Behind the Curtains?

It's the words we never dare to say,
the things they don't notice but are lying over there,
waiting to be seen, to be considered.
Considered in a way that doesn't ask for more, but the
kind that feels like home, like it has always been there.
In a way that the day forgets to be heavy,
in a way that someone remembers the things we
forget,
in a way that you're vague but somehow manage to be
understood, to be seen, to be adored.
In a way that the conversation never hurries to an end
—how a few seconds result in hours.
And simply,
in a way where someone manages to heal the
fragments they were never responsible for.
In a way where you're asking for nothing but to be
seen, without being performative.

- Shreya Soni (X)
(your friendly guitarist)



GOOD 4 U
- Olivia Rodrigo

I WANNA BE YOURS
- Arctic Monkeys

THE ILLUSION OF HAVING IT TOGETHER

There is a certain art of looking like you have everything under control. You walk into class with your books neatly arranged, nod as though you understood the last five minutes, and confidently say, "Yes, I'll submit it today." From the outside, everything looks perfectly fine. Nobody needs to know the assignment was finished five minutes ago or that the timetable was checked three times.

Perhaps that is the most familiar facade of all—the illusion of having it together. We become different versions of ourselves depending on where we are: organised in class, energetic with friends, responsible when needed, and completely lost when something unexpected happens. Maybe having it together was never about being perfectly prepared; maybe it is simply looking composed while figuring things out along the way.

- Khatija Yasir (XII)

LESSONS TO INHERIT

THE UNOFFICIAL COMPETITION *of Having the Perfect Life*

The last time I remember not competing—or simply not looking around for someone better than me—was probably in kindergarten. But who knows? Maybe I was doing the same thing back then, just with far less intensity. Now, everything I see around me seems to have become a measure of where I stand—grades, achievements, looks, friendships, hobbies, or even my future.

You may have heard this before and not believed it—I certainly didn't. But one day, you realise that everyone has a version of themselves they present to the larger crowd. Looking confident ≠ feeling confident. Looking successful ≠ having everything figured out. "Perfection" is often just a word for something that has been well-presented.

One important lesson: stop measuring your life against someone else's. The goal isn't to look like you have the perfect life; it's to build one that actually feels like yours. At the end of the day, you are the one who has to live it. So let it be yours.

- Sanskrithi Agarwal (XII)



JEALOUSY, JEALOUSY *- Olivia Rodrigo*

SCARS TO YOUR BEAUTIFUL *- Alessia Cara*



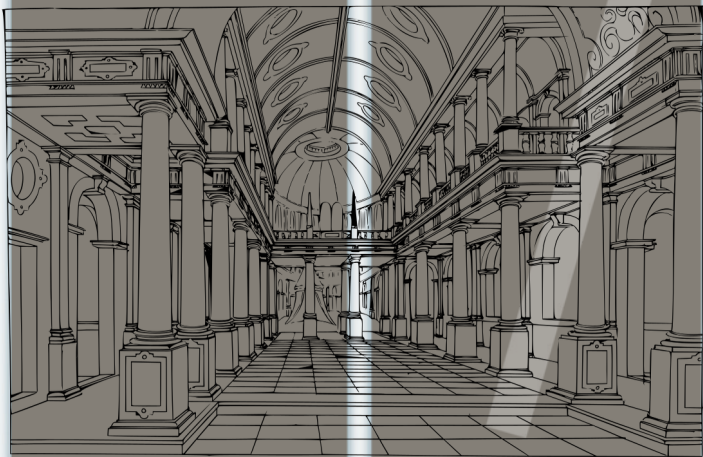
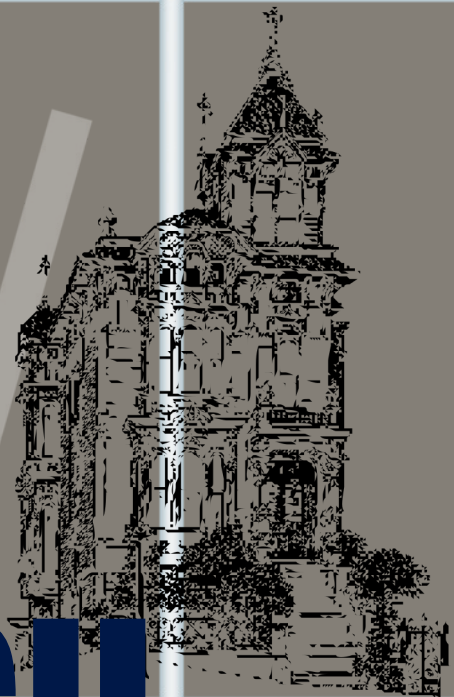
Believe in Yourself

One of the most important things I want my juniors to learn is to believe in themselves, even when things do not go as planned. School life can make us doubt ourselves, especially when we compare our marks and achievements with others. But everyone has their own strengths and grows at their own pace. One failure does not define what you are capable of.

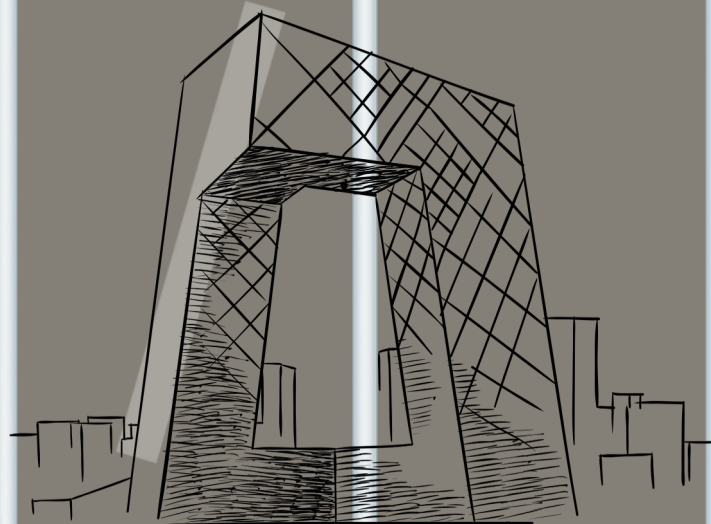
Stay confident, focus on your goals and make the most of every opportunity. Do not be afraid to try new things or step out of your comfort zone. When things get difficult, keep going and learn from your mistakes.

Dream big, believe in yourself and enjoy your school years. These are moments you will one day look back on and miss.

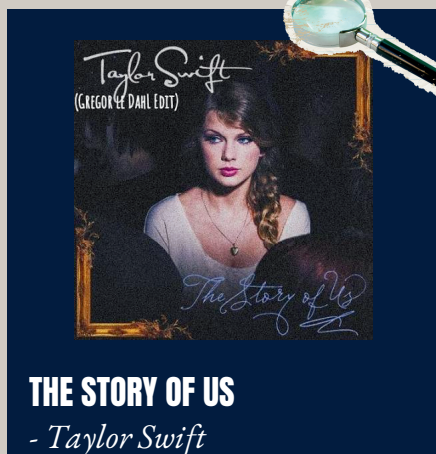
Pari Mehrotra (XII)



THROUGH the windows



THE OTHER SIDE



There was a time when I thought misunderstandings happened simply because people don't listen. The issue isn't hearing, it's interpretation.

It's where we are standing when we hear something. Perspective changes everything. We all experience the same moments from different positions, and from each position, the same words can land very differently. I noticed this clearly with a friend. At one point, she started becoming quieter around me. Her replies were shorter, our conversations felt different, and slowly, I began to think she must be upset with me. From my point of view, it did make sense until one day we finally talked. And the story I had been holding onto fell apart immediately. She wasn't avoiding me; she was dealing with something, something that had nothing to do with me. What I had interpreted as distance was, for her, simply a period in her life when things felt heavy. She was still present, just preoccupied. It was quite humbling to realise how differently we had been living through the same period of time.

I had been reading silence as a rejection, while she had been living that same silence as something completely unrelated. That stayed with me. It showed me how easily we replace understanding with assumptions. We don't always listen to people directly. We filter them according to our own experiences. We ask ourselves, "What would it mean if it were happening to me?" But that question can often be misleading because we are not them. We don't see what they are carrying.

Maybe this is why misunderstandings happen so often—not because people are careless, but because we try to complete information with our own imagination. In reality, it might be none of these things. Sometimes, space isn't confusion; it is simply where the truth hasn't been fully seen yet.

- Priyanshi Pandey (X)



“Let’s be feminists, for every single human being is equal.”



WHO SAYS
- Selena Gomez



ROAR
- Katy Perry



THE MAN
- Taylor Swift

RETHINKING FEMINISM

BEFORE

I used to think feminism was simply about women wanting more freedom. I knew women faced difficulties, but I never really questioned where these difficulties came from or why they were considered normal.

The condition in India, especially for females, is still critical because of the society’s mindset. The ultimate support for this patriarchal mindset in our society often comes through with the topic of religion.

Women are expected to sacrifice their lives for their husbands, children, families and in-laws. They are expected to have children to carry forward the next generation. Women contribute their whole lives to everyone except themselves.

People, more often in villages and remote areas, may hesitate to have a girl child because she is considered “paraya dhan”, or “Another’s property”. She is expected to marry into another family; and her family has to worry about exorbitant dowries and keeping up with the social expectations about the modesty of the daughter. Daughters are seen as dependants and burdens.

However, if we look closely, society itself has created this image of a daughter as a burden. Girls are denied equal education and opportunities, and they are later blamed for their lack of independence.

“Every single person on this earth is born with a purpose.”

But if you don’t have the means to discover that purpose, how are you expected to contribute to society?

THE SHIFT

These ideas are still reflected today—a boy being treated as more important than a girl, or a woman being discouraged from working because independence and having her own thoughts are considered unacceptable. It was then that I started looking at feminism differently.

AFTER

I don’t think feminism means putting women above men. I think it means questioning why a person’s opportunities should be decided by their gender. A woman should not have to choose between a family and a career. A girl should not have to prove that she is as valuable as a boy. No one should have their life decided simply because of the gender they were born into.

THE ROOMS WE SHRINK FOR

DO I WANNA KNOW

- Arctic Monkeys



BEFORE

There was a temperature control in every room, and for years I was fluent in whatever weather they needed. I learned to read a doorway the way you learn creaks in a new house; which floorboard to step around, what version of my voice this particular room can hold without flinching.

I called it adaptation, like you call a slow leak a feature of the house, until the ceiling finally gives way to gravity. I got so good at remodeling myself to other people's floor plans that I forgot I was ever an architect too. In every room, I would measure myself against its door frame and chip away what did not fit; this idea, that line, the thoughts that were too weight-bearing.

No one ever instructed me to go away. I just did it nicely, bit by bit, like water moulding into a vessel, into a shape it never wanted to be.

There is a distinct kind of tiredness that comes, surprisingly, not from being unwanted. It comes from being wanted in portions; part of you here, part of you there, but never your entire blueprint all at once. I took those pieces of wanting as belonging, mostly because I had only ever let myself be measured for those pieces.

Somehow within all of that, I forgot to notice that the ceiling was getting lower. It's not something that you notice every day; it's only suddenly you realise you forget how it felt like being at full height when you stood up.

AFTER

I accidentally discovered the door; having given up on renovating the room since I was too tired that day to carry out the normal weather check. Rather than the silence I had been expecting, someone moved closer. Not in spite of the unedited version, because of it.

That was the first blueprint that I ever retained. It later became clear that the rooms which were worth staying in weren't at all about measuring the doorway; they were simply there to find out who actually walked in without rehearsing.

Therefore I gave up sending in revised versions of my own work at each stage. The edges should remain precisely as they were when originally poured. One had to keep the unshrunk view, the feeling that had not been translated, and the joke with its sharp angles; and in almost every case it was found that 'too much' had always been a result of having rooms that were too small to start with, not a reflection of me.

There is a peculiar joy in taking one's first big, guilty breath in a place where you have been holding yourself back for a long time. It is not the kind of confidence that shouts. It is more subtle than that; almost like realizing you still have lungs.

I do not recreate myself each time I step into a new place. I choose instead whether the space deserves the space that I am already occupying.

And this is the part no one ever prepares you for ahead of time, the part that still gets me by surprise on an average Thursday: the proper rooms never shrink when you stop shrinking into them. They open up. They change their walls to suit you, as if the entire house was being rebuilt in secret, waiting for you to become your true shape.

Some places were never on loan. You simply never stopped long enough to realize that they were yours all along.

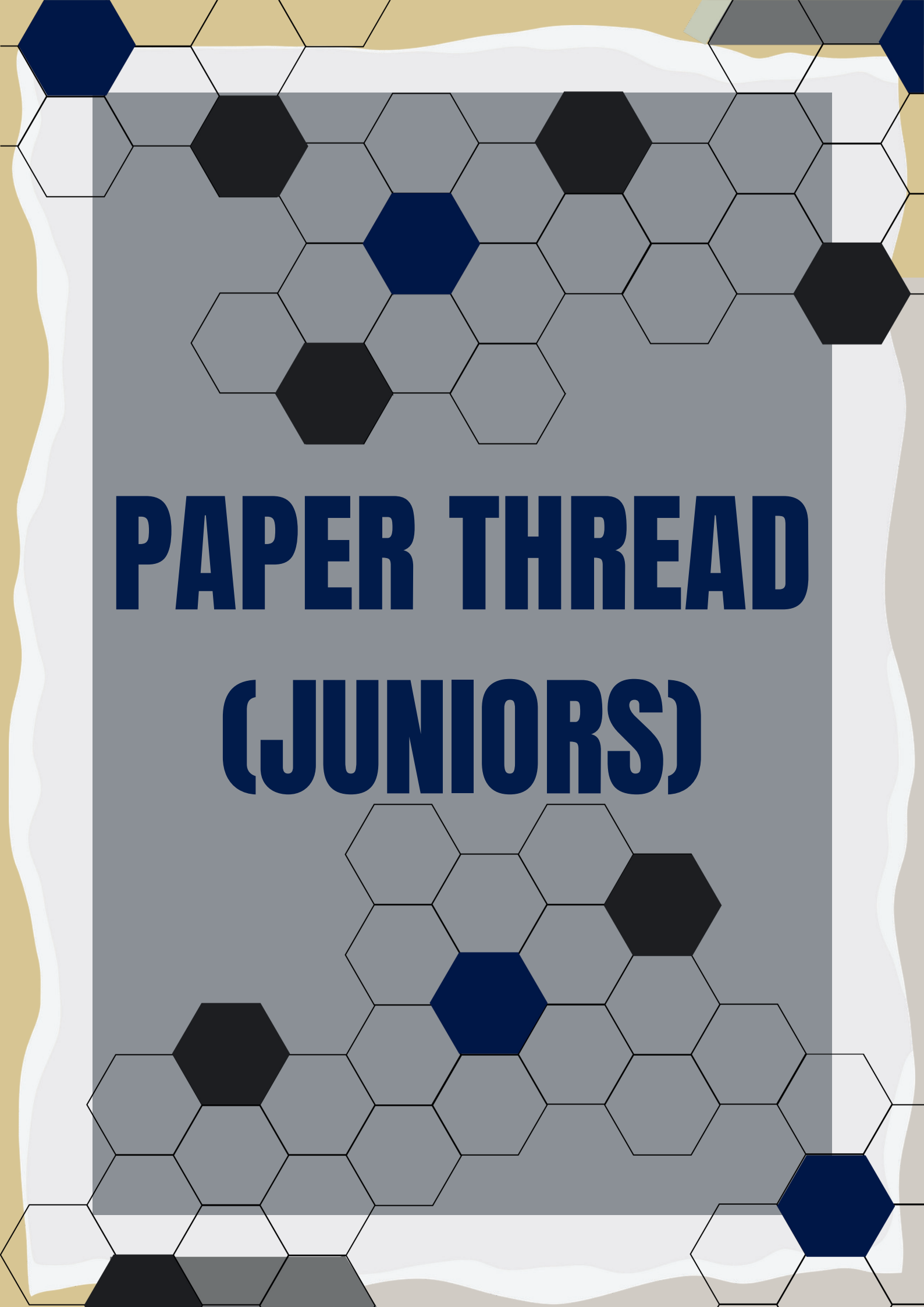
And if you ever doubt it again, let this be the quiet truth you return to:
You were never too much for the room.

The room was simply still being built; and it was always going to end up your size, your way.

~ananya shah, president, the
dead poets society



THAT SHOULD BE ME
-Justin Bieber



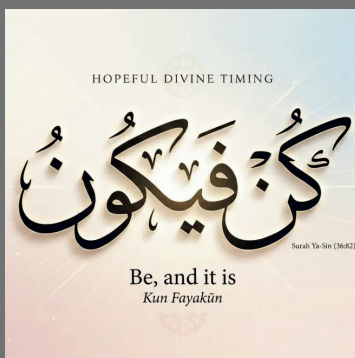
PAPER THREAD

(JUNIORS)



Kho Gaye Hum Kahan

- Anshika Pachori (VIII)



Kun Faya Kun

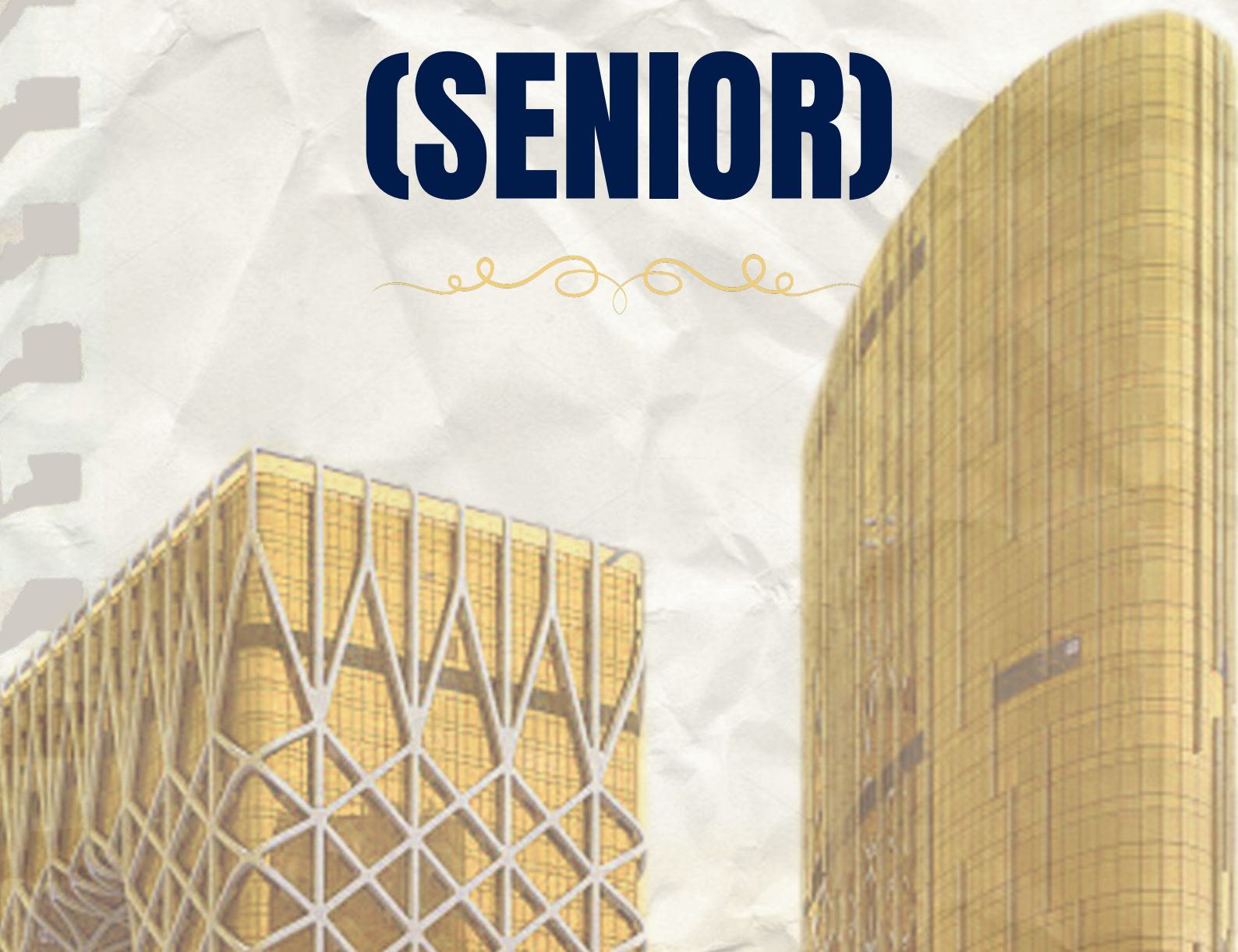
- Shreem (VIII)





PAPER THREADS

(SENIOR)





**- SHREYA SONI
(X)**

**- SIYA
KALIRAVANA
(XII)**



**- SIYA
KALIRAVANA
(XII)**





BREAKING NEWS FROM THE FICTION LAND



The DAILY PROPHET

THE DOBBY CONFESSION: MINISTRY MEETING REVEALS THE TRUTH BEHIND RON WEASLEY'S DEATH

MINISTRY OF MAGIC – LONDON

The Ministry of Magic was thrown into chaos yesterday when an emergency meeting concerning the death of Ron Weasley took an unexpected turn. Present at the meeting were Lucius Malfoy, Hermione Granger, Professor McGonagall, Severus Snape, Hagrid, Neville Longbottom, and several senior Ministry officials. Dobby the house-elf was also called in for questioning after investigators discovered that he had been involved in the events surrounding Harry Potter's disappearance. The meeting began with one question:

What really happened to Ron Weasley?

Hermione demanded answers while Professor McGonagall attempted to keep the room under control. Lucius Malfoy, meanwhile, pressed Dobby for information about Harry's whereabouts and the events leading up to Ron's death. Dobby said nothing. Then everything changed.

In a sudden fit of panic, Dobby grabbed a nearby Ministry flowerpot and began repeatedly banging his head against it, crying that he had made a terrible mistake. The room fell silent.

After finally calming down, Dobby confessed that he had been trying to prevent Harry from reaching Hogwarts.

According to his confession, Dobby had already tried several ways to stop Harry. When none of them worked, he decided that his final option was to injure Harry badly enough to prevent him from continuing his journey. But the plan went disastrously wrong. Harry was left seriously injured—and Ron was killed in the incident.

Hermione was reportedly left speechless as Dobby admitted that his actions had unintentionally led to Ron's death.

"Dobby only wanted to stop Harry! Dobby never wanted Ron to die!"

Professor McGonagall immediately ordered the Ministry guards to secure the room, while Snape began questioning Dobby about what had happened before the attack.

Hagrid was reportedly furious.

Neville, meanwhile, demanded to know whether Dobby had been acting alone.

And that question may be the most important one of all.

Because if Dobby was only trying to protect Harry from something, then the Ministry now has another mystery to solve:

WHAT WAS Dobby trying to stop Harry from discovering at Hogwarts?

Harry remains under care following his injuries.

Ron Weasley is dead.

Dobby has confessed.

And somewhere inside the walls of Hogwarts, there may still be a secret waiting to be uncovered.



HEDWIG'S THEME

BREAKING NEWS: I Think I'm Spider-Man



SUNFLOWER

*~POST MALONE
AND SWAE LEE*

I was bitten by a spider in English class. No, seriously. One second I was pretending to read *The Merchant of Venice*, and the next, I was staring at a very angry spider crawling up my sleeve. I brushed it off, continued pretending nothing happened, and completely forgot about it. Until that evening, when I woke up stuck to my bedroom wall.

At first, I thought it was a weird dream. Then I realised I could climb walls, jump ridiculously high, and—most importantly—sense when someone was about to steal my snacks. My first instinct was obviously to test my powers at school. Within two minutes, I had accidentally stuck my hand to a classroom door, broken a chair while trying to jump over it, and nearly missed assembly because I was hanging upside down from the ceiling. Turns out, being Spider-Man is less saving the city and more explaining to teachers why you are on the roof. I may not have mastered the superhero part yet, but at least I finally have a valid excuse for being late.

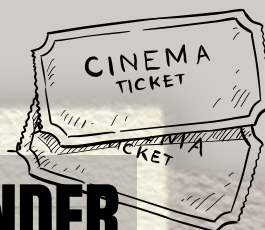
Archisha Dutta (XII)





ONCE UPON A --- REVIEW





WONDER

Genre: Drama, Family



PERFECT
~ed - sheeran

Wonder follows Auggie, a young boy entering school for the first time after being homeschooled for years. As he navigates friendships, challenges, and fitting in, the story explores kindness, courage, and looking beyond first impressions.

Warm, emotional, and easy to connect with, Wonder is a simple reminder that everyone carries a story we may not see.

Verdict: ★★★★★½

A heartfelt watch about choosing kindness and seeing beyond the surface.

~ Daakshi Sarayu (XII)

POINTILISM - STIPPLING

A dot is a simple visual point, they say—the formation of anything we draw or start with. However, when these points come together in art, it becomes an art style: Pointillism, commonly known as stippling.

Like any other art piece, stippling requires an immense amount of patience. Pointillism is different from other processes of art, as the shading done here uses points according to the exposure and gradient of the reference. This art style is often labelled as time-consuming if not done incessantly. People often prefer to use fine-liners as they provide precision.

In conclusion, a point may hold an insignificant meaning, but when these points all come together alongside patience, it leads to the creation of something that makes you look back at the blank space where you started and realise how you ended with something.

~ Priyanshi Pandey (X)



SATURN
~s2a





ReWInd

Our Falcons achieved monumental success at TISMUN 2026, capturing the ultimate Overall School Best Delegation trophy alongside multiple individual committee accolades!

Our young diplomats dominated committee sessions with articulate debates, strategic negotiating skills, and exceptional global vision:

🏆 High Commendation:

Binita Hijam (IX)
Brinda Goel (XI)
Anvi Garg (IX)

🌟 Special Mention:

Shyana Singh (IX)
Khwaish Malik (XI)
Amaya Shah (XI)
Kanishka Khatri (XI)

Congratulations to our outstanding delegation for bringing home the supreme victory and elevating Vantage Hall on the MUN circuit!

TISMUN



**ON TOP OF THE
WORLD**

~ imagine dragons



Silver Fiesta



THE GREATEST SHOWMAN

*~ hugh jackman
, keala settle,
zac efron, and
zendaya*



Our Falcons secured the First Runner-Up position at the 10th Edition of Silver Fiesta 2026, hosted by Kāsiḡa School, Dehradun.

Adding to this remarkable achievement, our talented team was also honored with the prestigious Best Critical Thinking and Originality award for their insightful, original, and thought-provoking film critique.



MILESTONE 26'

ONE LAST DANCE

12TH SEPTEMBER, 2026



VANTAGE HALL CRACKS THE CODE

Vantage Hall secured third place at Task-O-Mania, taking on a series of exciting challenges, from endurance tests to the fiery JoLo Chips challenge. With teamwork, determination, and plenty of spirit, our team powered through and brought home a well-deserved podium finish!

A SHOWCASE OF CREATIVITY

Vantage Hall put its creativity and talent on display across a wide range of events, bringing home impressive results along the way. We secured 1st position in Sculpting, 2nd in Dance, and 3rd in Digital Poster Making, showcasing the skill, imagination, and dedication of our students.



Our participation extended beyond the podium, with students taking part in Theatre, Musical Band, Photography, Sketching, Fashion Design, and Headgear. Each event offered a different way to create, perform, and express, and our teams embraced every opportunity with enthusiasm.

These achievements are a reflection not just of skill, but of the courage to experiment, the willingness to learn, and the confidence to put creativity into action. Vantage Hall continues to prove that when imagination meets dedication, there is no limit to what we can create.



TEAM VANDROID

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

ALICE ELANGBAM

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

AMAIRAH NEGI

MEMBERS

IPSA RUNGTA

ARCHISHA DUTTA

NAINIKA MISHRA



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