

THE LAWRENCE SCHOOL, SANAWAR

The Red Roof Osce

ISSUE 4

“The unspoken at the of the spoken”

JANUARY 4, 2021

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more!

The Final Chapter

AVANTI AGGARWAL

“It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of life, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.” I cannot vouch for 18th century London, but Charles Dickens really did get it right about my little red rooftops.

As I sit and try to pen down my emotions, my mind gets flooded with all the beautiful memories this place has given me and with it- truckloads of nostalgia. I mean, how does one ever get enough of this place? How does one get enough of the hues of pink in which we all seem to dissolve on a late October evening? How does one get enough of the smell of rain which only seems to fade at 6:15 am? And how does one ever get enough of all the beautiful moments of laughter and tears with one's friends? While every Sanawarian has it engraved in their minds that ‘cats have nine lives, people have one’, even a hundred lives will not suffice to ever get enough of this place.

At this point, most of you think that we were just another batch in the legacy of the Best School of All, that destiny wronged us because we were separated from our home in our final year but I beg to differ. We are probably the only batch that has seen it all. We have seen Sanawar at its pinnacle and we have seen it hit rock bottom. From yearning to use our electronics for seven years and wanting to throw them away in the eighth, the Batch of 2021 has experienced everything this place has to offer.

Six months ago, someone told me ‘Sanawar is not a place, Sanawar is a feeling’, and it is now that I finally seem to understand it. **We all will feel a little bit of our home when we dance on any occasion, remembering fondly all the socials we so meticulously dressed up for.** We all will feel a little bit of our home when we eat a half-warmed *bread pako-ra*, remembering the perfectionists we were at picking the most golden and crunchy ones on a sunny Wednesday. And we all will definitely feel a little bit of our home as we sing together ‘It’s a way we have in Sanawar, the best school of all’ in 2046.

Speaking for myself, I can never feel enough gratitude for what Sanawar has taught me. It trans-

formed a little girl who could not even differentiate between the pronunciation of ‘here’ and ‘hair’ (yes, I was that bad at spoken English) into someone who is no more afraid of speaking up in front of seven hundred people at a competition. In retrospect, I have no regrets about a single day of my eight years in school. There are some things I would have done differently, but each day on this beautiful hilltop has taught me something new and meaningful.

“We all will feel a little bit of our home when we dance on any occasion, remembering fondly all the socials we so meticulously dressed up for . ”

After nine months, most of us will be away at college, striving to be the best in the most competitive institutions in the world. But before we leave the nest and fly into the real world, I want all of us to take a moment and think what kind of people we want to be once we leave because hereafter, we’re not just Shray or Sakshi or Arjun. We’re Sanawarians and now, it means something different. In the future, the Batch of 2021 may be miles apart but there will be this heavenly magnetism that binds us all together, that binds us to the place that has given us everything- our home. We might not speak to each other on a daily basis but on 3rd October 2046, as the upper sixers play the soccer festival match, we will still stand together as a family and when the sun shines over Barne Field, we’ll be ready for a goal to be scored “today, right now!”.

We’ve all just made it till Green Gate right now. Sure, there will be numerous ‘hospi slopes in our life’ but it will be in those trying times that we’ll remember our school song. Finally, as we sprint through the Last Bend of life trying to reach the Arch, the feeling of home will come rushing back to us and this time, it’ll be there to stay.

The White Lies Behind Parting Shots

ESHA MALHOTRA

“There is this effervescence in the mountains that will always call out to me, all these years down, it will remember to embrace me with a full heart and a touch of reminiscence”.

How do I put down a loaded bag, leaving behind old books and a sky so full of stars, stars that seem to be studded onto space to just keep our secrets safe and gleaming? A place where when the fog lifts its veil and says to its red and black overcoat inhabitants, “Here, I offer you the world freshly painted.”

You see, it is a ‘society’ where none intrude. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, where you hear the mostly unheard sounds of nature singing a song that, for its inhabitants, is a symphony that mesmerizes.

A feeling so unique is born in these woods that one cannot know if one has not had the pleasure to walk in the mist that elates, wind that pierces hearts, cold that makes teeth clench, sun that seeps in to make you smile, hail that makes you stupid enough to run through, and more than anything the aura that makes you ache when you leave.

I believe I’ve read a word for this feeling- ‘ukiyo’- it means to live in the moment, detached from the bothers of life.

Isn’t that what Sanawar is? A place where you feel ukiyo, a place where you worry less about the world but more about whether you’ll be able to get a five-minute bath or not. You see, this is the way of Sanawar, the best school of all. It is a place which makes you realize being in the moment and enjoying today, worrying less about tomorrow and focusing on the hope that it rains at 6:15 am (even though you’re always certain that it’ll rain only after PT ends).

What I’ve learnt as a Sanawarian is that you might need more cheques every day, the perfect blazer, more and more tuck, new and old songs, but what you’ll need more than anything else is the people. You will need other people and you will need to be that other per-

son to someone else- a living, breathing, screaming invitation to believe better things. You will need that constant companion to walk with back from chapel after assembly, to sing “it’s a way we have in Sanawar” and to play ice tea pong in the cafeteria.

“I don’t want this to end- this journey or being a part of this legacy. At this juncture we all need this to live if not in reality, then in a place where we can imagine its eternal existence. ”

You see, there are people you meet that you get to know and then there are people you meet that you already know. Unknowingly, I’m grateful enough to have met the latter. The bunch whom I’m proud to call my second family. The ones who made me realize that when you start to feel like things should have been better, remember the mountains and the valleys that got you here. You have grown and you are growing, you are wrapped in incessant, boundless grace and things always get better on this hill top. And of course, the fact that living in Sanawar is a battle that sometimes turns into a war of its own- and the casualties could be our hearts and souls. It is a place where everything tells you a story. Someone once told me “Once you are a Sanawarian, it gets in your blood.” It is now that I understand what this means.

So how do they expect me to write something to describe this strange feeling when I’m about to leave such a place? It’s a feeling where I’ve come to realize that I’m not only going to miss the place and the people but I’ll also miss the person I was here because I know I’ll never be this way again.

Believe it or not, each and every one of us on this hill top is one day going to stop feeling that adrenaline rush to finish the Hodson run

or do one more practice dance for the tattoo and that is what scares me to write this parting shot. My last words for the school that it'll take along in continuing its legacy. I don't want this to end- this journey or being a part of this legacy. At this juncture we all need this to live if not in reality, then in a place where we can imagine its eternal existence.

How do I describe that feeling when you realise the place where you grew up isn't really your home anymore? All of a sudden, the place where you begin to stay isn't your home and that idea of home is gone. You start to feel homesick for a place that won't be yours to call home. There will be others taking your

place and you can't do anything about it because that's the way it is meant to be.

Hauled by nostalgia, I stop and give a last glance to the "parting shot" I'm about to submit, a tribute to my 173-year-old dwelling, only to realize that it had taken me in, forever. And what I've learnt is that you can never escape. The only way out is in.

And so, I believe that parting shots will never truly be truthful because in the end, all of us fall short of words for our home that we leave to be the legacies that carry its name and show to the world what Sanawar is, and what being a Sanawarian means.

DOODLEVERSE



Are All Princesses Fair?

IRMIN TIWANA

One fine summer night, a six-year old girl sat in her grandfather's lap listening patiently to her bedtime story. The bedtime story was an everyday affair as her grandpa read her tales of princes, dragons and evil witches casting spells. Each night the little girl would fall asleep listening to these fairy tales. He continued in his soothing voice "...and the fair princess and her prince lived happily ever after".

The girl climbed into her bed and waited patiently as her grandfather heaved a heavy sigh and got up from the armchair. He was tucking her in when the little girl asked "Grandpa, what happens if the girl isn't fair? Does that mean she isn't a princess?"

Her grandfather smiled at this perceptive question. "What a precocious little girl", he thought to himself. He sat by her side and gently took her dainty hand into his wrinkled one.

He replied, "Every girl is a princess in her own right. A girl's complexion does not make her a princess; qualities like compassion, kindness and integrity make her one. It is not a pretty face that makes a princess, rather it is a beautiful girl that wins people's hearts. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise".

Satisfied with her grandfather's answer, the young girl went off to sleep as her grandfather switched off the lights and gently closed the door as he left her room. He realised that by calling the princess fair, he subconsciously set a definition for the way girls are supposed to look.

At times society tends to set boundaries for what a certain person should look like. For ages, girls have been expected to be fair, petite and thin. On the other hand, boys have been expected to be strong, dominant and athletic. However, we must not let standards set by society put us in a box.

Although the weight of these expectations can be quite pressurizing, we must realise that our identity is in our own hands. At the same time, we must consciously make an effort not to depict a fundamental lack of respect to put others down. We must strive to be the best person we can possibly be because at the end of the day, we are the only ones who have control of our lives.

Freezing Memories

The Batch of 2021 reminisces about the 173 years of its alma mater



What is your favourite memory of Founder's?

My favourite Founder's memory is head down to the Barne Field after lunch to play the OS vs. PS soccer match on 3rd October
~Zorawar Oberoi

My favourite Founder's memory is watching the Tattoo and the variety of events taking place. It's all very exciting to watch and take part in.
~Samira Punchhi

My favourite memory of Founder's is when I get to meet my old friends and all friends, old and new get together. I also love the part where we all practice for athletics.
~Aryaman Singh Kohli

My favourite memory is watching the Upper 6 batch during the NCC parade and picturing yourself there years down the line.
~Rhea Bedi

My fondest memory is practising for the NCC parade and carrying instruments for band since Upper 4.
~Yatharth Bhardwaj

My favourite Founder's memory is that of my first tattoo in Lower 4 when the OS confused us with counts during mass PT.
~Irmin Tiwana

My favourite Founder's memory was the NCC parade in 2019 as I was honoured with the responsibility of uncovering the Nishaan (the school flag).
~Yuvraj S. Chawla

My favourite Founder's memory is participating in the Tattoo, particularly the mass PT and the dance. I enjoy the fun we have after the dances and feel proud when I watch the bandleader toss the stick in the air.
~Arjun Sandhu

What I've cherished the most from all my years in Sanawar is the making of Founder's and the whole process of bringing the main event to the audience, be it the late night tattoo practices or the early morning PT, and getting those little periods of break to soak up some sun and just live in the moment with my friends.
~Pavit Sidhu

My favourite memory is the process of us practising for the final event, soaking the sun with my batchmates, watching the pink September sunsets on Peacestead and practicing for athletics.
~Adrika Sood



If you could describe founders as a book, movie or song which one would it be?

Sakshi Gupta- The Spectacular Now
 Vinayak Kapur- *Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara*
 Esha Malhotra- The Breakfast Club
 Tarushi- *Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara*
 Pavit Sidhu- 3 Idiots
 Nachael Gill- High School Musical
 Irmin Tiwana- Malory Towers
 Avanti Aggarwal- Wild Child
 Saket Mehra- Memories
 Kartik Boora- Story of My Life
 Arjun S. Brar- History

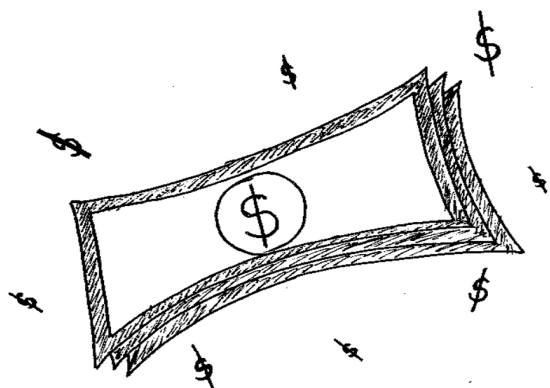


If you had to describe Founder's in one word, what would it be?

Navya Monga- Reminiscent
 Tarushi Singh- Euphoric
 Yakshita Bansal- Everlasting
 Vidhi Dahiya- Unforgettable
 Vardaan Sood- Nostalgic
 Seerat Sandhu- All-Consuming
 Rahul Singh- Exhilarating
 Sanil Jain- Entertaining

LITTLE RIDDLES

5 is \$1 and 25 is \$2. If you buy 255, it will cost \$3. What is it and how much does one thing cost?

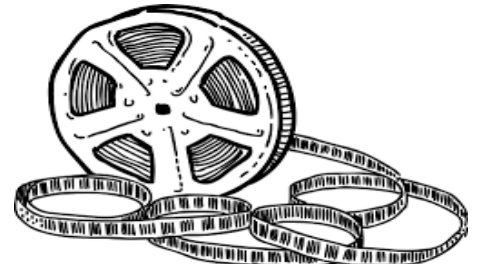


THE FLIX JOURNAL

TV SHOWS OF THE EDITION

Bad Boy Billionaires

Suits



SONG OF THE EDITION

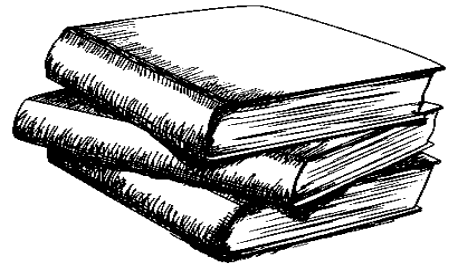
Hotel California by The Eagles

BOOKS OF THE EDITION

The Shiva Trilogy by Amish Tripathi

The Sialkot Saga by Ashwin Sanghi

Atlas Shrugged by Ayn Rand



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