



The Mural

2nd Edition 2021-22

From the Dean's Desk

This term proved to be the brightest part of the academic year 2021-22. This year could have been purely online, but fortunately this was averted because of physical classes conducted in the month of November after the Diwali break. As students returned to the campus the life of the school also came back in the real sense.

Students and teachers developed a bond with each other and face-to-face interaction was possible again. The students' attendance was excellent and I must thank the parents for supporting the school in getting back to normal.

The students also got a chance to showcase their marvellous and numerous talents. The English Club worked round the clock and put up a fantastic Christmas skit 'The Mystery of El Mar'. Congratulations to each and every participant who displayed immense talent and almost made possible a professional performance. The script was written, directed and enacted by the students of Class XI. The students of Class XII were preparing for their first semester examination which was a first of its kind through the MCQ pattern in the offline mode. As we await the semester-II examination, serious preparation is expected from the students who are aware of their performance in the Semester-I Examination. I wish them all the best for the upcoming examination.

The final part of the academic year concludes with an examination for Class XI.

I wish them God's blessings and good health during this period. I express my gratitude to the school management, especially our Principal and all the staff members for their unstinted support and cooperation.

I pray that we are able to resume offline classes from the new academic year.

M. Hora
Dean



THE MURAL

AS WE CLOSED IN ON 2021, WE HOPED FOR AN ALMOST COVID-FREE 2022. A HEALTHIER, BETTER AND A MORE 'NORMAL' YEAR THAN THE TWO GONE BY. THAT WISH WENT RIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW IN THE VERY FIRST WEEK OF 2022 THOUGH. BUT THIS TIME AROUND, WE WERE QUICK TO TURN TO THE ONE THING WE GOT – HOPE.

HOPE FOR A BETTER TOMORROW AND HOPE FOR THE RETURN TO NORMALCY IS WHAT KEEPS US AFLOAT. BY NOW, WE HAVE FIGURED OUR WAY AROUND ALL THE WORKING FROM HOME AND THE FACELESS DIGITAL MEETINGS. WE SWIFTLY TURN TO SOME OF OUR FAVOURITE THINGS IN OUR SEARCH FOR COMFORT.

AT THE MURAL TOO, WE HAVE TRIED TO PUT FORTH AN ISSUE THAT DOES EXACTLY THIS – GIVE ITS READERS THE COMFORT WE ALL SEEK IN THESE TOUGH TIMES. IN THIS SECOND EDITION OF THE REVAMPED MURAL, WE BRING TO YOU, STORIES ROOTED IN FAMILIARITY AND YET REFRESHINGLY UNIQUE. THE ENTIRE MURAL TEAM HAS PUT IN ALL THEIR CREATIVE MINDS TOGETHER TO HELP YOU USHER IN A FANTASTIC NEW YEAR.

THESE ARE MINDS THAT HAVE BEEN FORCED TO SIT AT HOME FOR OVER TWO YEARS NOW, AND YET DO NOT FAIL TO SURPRISE US WITH THEIR ENTHUSIASM. THESE ARE STUDENTS AT THE CUSP OF THEIR YOUTH, WAITING TO EXPLORE THEIR TALENTS AND SHOWCASE THEM TO THE WORLD. BUT ALL THEY HAVE FOR NOW ARE SCREENS AND SOME MORE SCREENS TO LOOK AT.

THEY HAVE TAKEN THIS IN THEIR STRIDE FOR OVER TWO YEARS NOW AND CONTINUE TO SHOWCASE THE BEST OF THEIR TALENTS. THIS EDITION OF THE MURAL IS ANOTHER ONE COMPILED REMOTELY. WE HOPE YOU ENJOY READING IT AS MUCH AS WE ENJOYED PUTTING IT TOGETHER.

MAY IT GIVE YOU THE COMFORT THAT CREATING IT GAVE US. WISHING EACH OF OUR READERS A VERY HAPPY, JOYOUS, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, A PEACEFUL NEW YEAR.

- Ms. Vinaya Patil
Supervising Editor



Editor's Address

We stand here once again at the end of this academic year. We have come full circle from the first Mural edition and bringing it back to life as our dedicated team brings you yet another edition to end off this year's pursuits.

This time, our writers and artists have focused more more on how these past years have affected us and how we have collectively and individually dealt with these circumstances.

This edition is meant to bring you joy, comfort and hopefully some warmth to indicate the coming of summer and a wonderful year ahead.

As for our team, it has been an honour to serve as the editors for this academic year and getting to work with so many talented individuals and we watch with pride and joy as a comforting, familiar tradition comes back to life- the tradition of Bishopites putting together their creative minds and painting a Mural of hopes, emotions, ambitions and dreams.

A line from our school song comes to mind while writing about the Mural. "Play up Bishops, never let our colours fall." We hope our Bishopite readers see that our creatives carried this lyric close to their hearts when they displayed the brilliant rainbow of the colours of their creativity in this edition of the Mural.

-Himadri, Kapil and Soham
(Heads of the Mural 2021-2022)

Clustered clearings



Where a gate runs cold, feet narrate tales.
Where the chair kisses its desk, ice figures thaw.
Where blankets bless mighty palms, images circle rain.
Where an orange loses its tinge, keepers reek raw.

They can't turn, they can't walk. They stay, they try.

When time serves itself, bars domesticate marrow.
When the Rhine mediates whispers, grass punches wet shine.
When goats battle their horns, feet tap misty walks barren.
When gravity doesn't obey, turtles slide in their whines.

They open, they cover. They shut, they reflect.

The tickets that sink between toes, remind ants to sleep.
The pasty relief that rushes nostrils, leaves scald tops.
The stinking cheese left unsliced, propels Tom apart to weep.
The eyes that step below human toes, grace all wet rocks.

They meet, they fall. They copy, they discover.

Meghna Mallik
11-A-Science





What's comfort, if not cookies?



Home, cosiness, comfort, oh, it is all so deep.

I might need to sit in the dark with a blanket wrapped around me and think about it; or I might need to take a walk and imagine living my envisioned life; or I might just need to close my eyes and go back to the years when we weren't trapped in houses and could bask in the loud life, outside.

But does every idea of comfort need to be a sickeningly deep, well-sketched picture? A movie-worthy peaceful moment, or maybe something that a poet would write about? Perhaps sitting next to a bonfire; perhaps the Pinterest-worthy idea of being the best version of the lousy me; or perhaps being the 'acoustic-music-playing-in-the-background' kind of a person.

Maybe, for me, comfort isn't radiated from all of these; it isn't, from simple ideas of relaxing; or getting lost in the fictional realities of a high-fantasy book and imagining myself partake in the adventure; or relive the trauma Marvel movies cause me, with a cup of coffee in hand.



But, a bar of chocolate seems pretty comforting to me, be it at midnight or when I want to snack amidst a mundane Wednesday afternoon. That bar, when melted to look its silkiest, is even more appetising.

The slight coldness in the evenings of Pune during winters is the epitome of comfort and cosiness, not to forget the hours spent in the kitchen to perfect that one recipe that I've already failed to make twice; measuring cups all over the place, a lot of spilt flour and quietly sneaking out chocolate, just another piece, before it's added to the batter.

The pre-heated oven — eagerly waiting for the baking tray to be put in — heating up the kitchen just to the right temperature. Though the hands ache from mixing the batter of the ever-so-scrumptious chocolate cookies, a sense of happiness and excitement prevails over; and when I finally put it into the oven, there is both: hope for this batch to turn out the best, and apprehension, “What if they do not!?”



Twenty minutes of stress and tension, implying twenty minutes of a private Taylor Swift concert;

as Taylor sings and I shout out lyrics with a sore throat, the sweet smell of baked goodies fills the kitchen atmosphere. Slowly the agitation washes away and enthusiasm takes over; the final ten-second countdown and this time, I am sure these cookies are about to be the best.

When I take the tray out, the cookies do turn out to be the best ones yet. I can finally boast about it, for what’s better than sounding my own trumpet? The cookies cool down, the kitchen is cleaned up, the wind is still chilly, and this feels like my day. Maybe, now that the day has turned out so pleasant, it is a good idea to rewatch the Marvel movies and spill tears. The perfect comfort day, indeed.

Samiksha Bhowmik
11 B (Arts)

LEGACY

When my end comes, I will not be a god, or
an idol,
Or a revered picture on a nameless man's
walls.

My name will not be written in history
books.

In my death, I will only leave behind people. I
will be put to rest with them.

When the worms rest on my body,
And vines crawl around my bones,
And when the crows pick my heart clean,
I want the Earth to weep;

Oh! My child has brought back to me,
A heart so full of love. A heart so full,
A heart so warm,

A memory sticky with peace and quietude
and love,
And the honey acceptance of chosen people.
When they cut my heart open,
I want the warmth to spill out of either
pulmonary.

I want them to understand that this was
someone,
Cared for, in near still silence, without
fanfare. Known, deeply, deliberately. I want
that knowledge to spill wider than the blood.
My name will not keep me alive, like silicone
stuck to the dregs of the ocean.

I will arrive. I will live. I will leave, quietly,
bidding farewell to this world,
And then I will provide the Earth a feast of
love.



When people walk over the soil my body will
become,
To visit the ones they so adore,
I want them to understand that this Earth
will love them back twofold,
Because I fed it such.
The people owe the Earth's omniscient joy to
my mother, and the wind's singing to my
father,
Like they owe,
The sea's kindness to all the people who
watered me with it.
When my people return to me across the
path, I will not be remembered.

The world will forget my name quicker than
it learned it. I will be replaced,
And my replacement will be replaced,
On and on, till our bones become fuel and we
disappear, equitable namelessness in death.
And still the Earth will see my heart, so full
of love, beating in the ages after death,
Still warm, still singing in joy, split open.
Swear,
A history book could never tell you about my
legacies of love,
Because a history book could never survive
them.

SUMEDHA SHARMA
12 ARTS B}

A.R.T

Creation of budding Artists



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12 A COMMERCE

Neil Mirchandani

12 C SCIENCE



Anushree Shirkhedkar

11 B ARTS



VED HEMANT SALUNKE

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Deshwaan Henry

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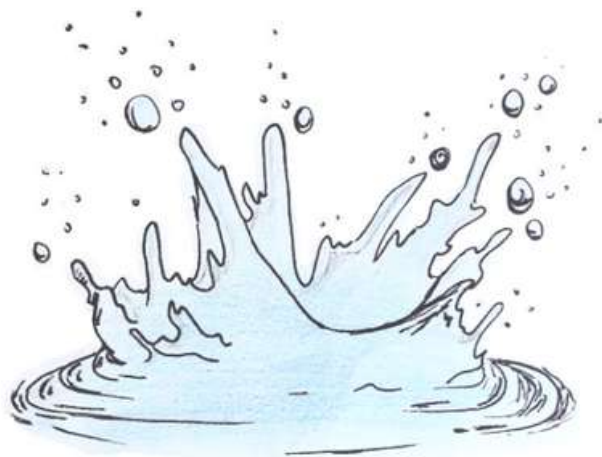


RAINDROPS

Raindrops. I don't think I will ever love a sound more than the pitter-pattering of rain on a late afternoon. There's a quiet charm about the weather in between phases of thundering clouds and barely-there droplets. I was born on a rainy day in July, and I remember when I was younger I'd silently wait for the monsoon winds to descend on the city and watch me turn a year older.



As I grow closer and closer to being an adult, I find myself wondering what adulthood truly means. Beyond family, friends, and the anchor of comforting memories, what is it that we take with us when we fly away from the metaphorical nest of childhood?



My friend says, you never truly leave your home behind, but from experience I know that when you cross a junction of life, the past becomes a comforting blanket that you only quite use on the coldest of nights.



But the things we can count on to move forward with us are the feelings that inspire a sense of childlike wonder in us.

It's like the rain for me: I know the science behind it, I know when it comes and goes. I know there's no reason for me to jump with joy every time my windows get tinted with sparkling drops of water, but I do it anyways.



It reminds me that there are thousands of tiny details that amount to great happiness. There are puddles I can jump in even if it garners some odd looks; there are paper boats I can let loose into a stagnant pond of rainwater with my little cousin, even if they all collapse halfway through; I still can run out in the middle of a drizzle as my parents call for me to come back before I catch a cold.



As a chapter of my life comes to an end, in the haze of a world that has been torn, it reminds me that home isn't a place or a person, it's a feeling that keeps me going. For as long as the raindrops fall onto my umbrella, and for as long as I can hear them, I know that there is something for me to be excited about; there is something for everyone to be excited about. Home is a word with too many meanings hidden in one, but if you keep the sentiment close to you, happiness will always find you.

TANVI DHAWADE
12 C-Science



Sweet Smell Shampoo

Table for two, for just you and you;
cliff-side, high tide; you, you and the view.

Seaside breeze, sweet smell shampoo;
bird squawks, beach walks; no curfew.

Worries aside and all phone calls denied,
front seat unoccupied; this road-trip joyride.

Ashna Bhavnagarwalla
XII B (Science)



One With The Waves

The astounding sunset prevailed over the horizon;
The silent, yet violent waters called upon me with their compelling grace.

The wind in my hair made my spirit dance with glee

As the music of the waves consumed me.

Sand between my toes, tranquillity in my heart -

I lost myself in the allure and yet somehow, I found myself.

The soft tides washed away all the anguish

And as the waves softly collided with my soul, I felt whole.

“How oblivious I was to this longing for bliss?” I thought,

For it bested every pensive fantasy my mind ever dared to envision.

I stood there, admiring the dreamy, breathtaking view,

Listening intently to the silent stories of the blue.

I ran into the waters with a broad smile spread across my face

And as I heard my heart pounding through my chest, I felt awake.

My mind drifted off as I closed my eyes and let the tides swallow me,

For until now, I was a stranger to this craving for serenity.

I watched as the ocean kissed the shore with its lazy rhythm;

The mesmerising beauty of it all, finally clear to my vision.

Standing there, staring at the sun merging with the skyline,

I knew - this is my home, my safe place;

For what am I, if not one with the waves?

- Prerna Daswani

11A Arts

The Secret Ingredient

hoping that you always carry a bit of home everywhere, and never forget, that piece of home is yours to share.

Grandma baked me cookies,
chocolate brown and sweet,
caring not for holes in toothy grins,
but only for dimples in my cheek.
under the blankets,
I chewed serene,
listening to her stories,
about the frog and the rapid stream.
sugar in the oven,
the scent of heaven divine,
grandma started to forget,
insisting the recipe needed to be mine.
grandma scrawled on paper,
kind, frail hand shaking,
the measures for a baker,
secret ingredient lost; last breath taken. under
the blankets,
cookies doughy and raw,
just as my aching heart,
grandma's corpse carried through the door.
favourite blanket I draped,
to be buried with her, to keep,
the hand that my destiny shaped,
icy.
eyes shut in deepest slumber,
immovable sleep.

grandma left a legacy,
in the words of a cookie recipe,
memory entrapped in blankets,
her stories spinning in my head,
haunting melody.
grandma was gone...
the secret ingredient too.

seed, sapling, flower,
thus, I grew.
grandma's voice fading,
people surrounding me anew.
a hollow in my chest,
cups of flour in a bowl,
no remainder of joy,
every day, ache of longing,
I mourned.



education, examinations,
a trail of tear-stained books,
no blankets nor cookies,
no simple comfort.

then,
a new temple, a new dorm,
college, they called it,
no stories about this,
grandma's voice long gone.
still, a whisper, a nudge, a push,
perfume of sugar and chocolate brown,
an intent, a purpose, saying,
"go on, be careful, live for yourself,
embrace the new town."

the laughter of new company,
trailing me to the oven door,
mess of flour, eggshells and friendship,
all over the floor.

a new love, a new hand to hold,
the recipe didn't taunt me anymore.

grandma had left,
secret ingredient with her,
but perhaps it wasn't something to add,
no, must my heart enrich with something
abstract?

new blankets,
to cuddle,
new memories to be made,
the cookies baked,
exquisite aroma.
beloved new people surrounding,
all smiling,
their eagerness astounding.

grandma's voice, revived in my mind,
a withered face, a serene smile.
my dear frog, exulted grandma,
heart bursting with joy,
you didn't let the stream drown you,
you survived to see another joyful day.

grandma was happy, and so was I,
her halo glowing, angel's mission complete,
my eyes twinkling at a wholesome sight.
at friends, lovers,
blankets and cookies,
heart full to bursting,
my future ripe with possibility.

By Savni Apte
11A Science 3



A.R.T

PHOTOGRAPHY



Sakshi Firodiya

12 C ARTS

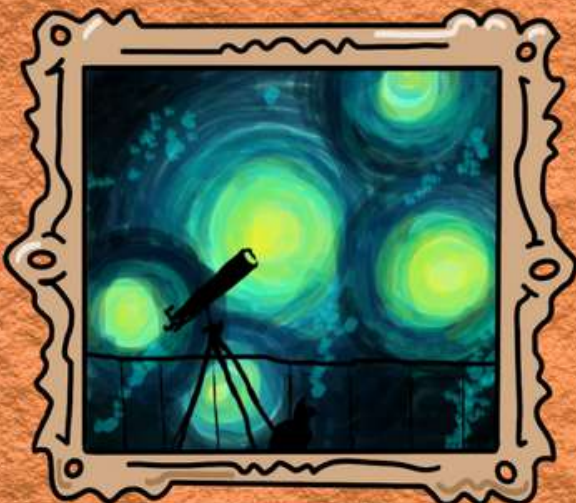
Kalpak Deshi

12 A COMMERCE



Sanaaya Nair

12 B ARTS



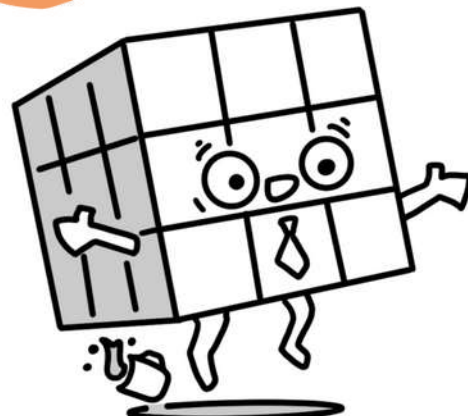
How i feel when
there's no Wi-Fi



It's time to
leave my
comfort zone



Before
coffee

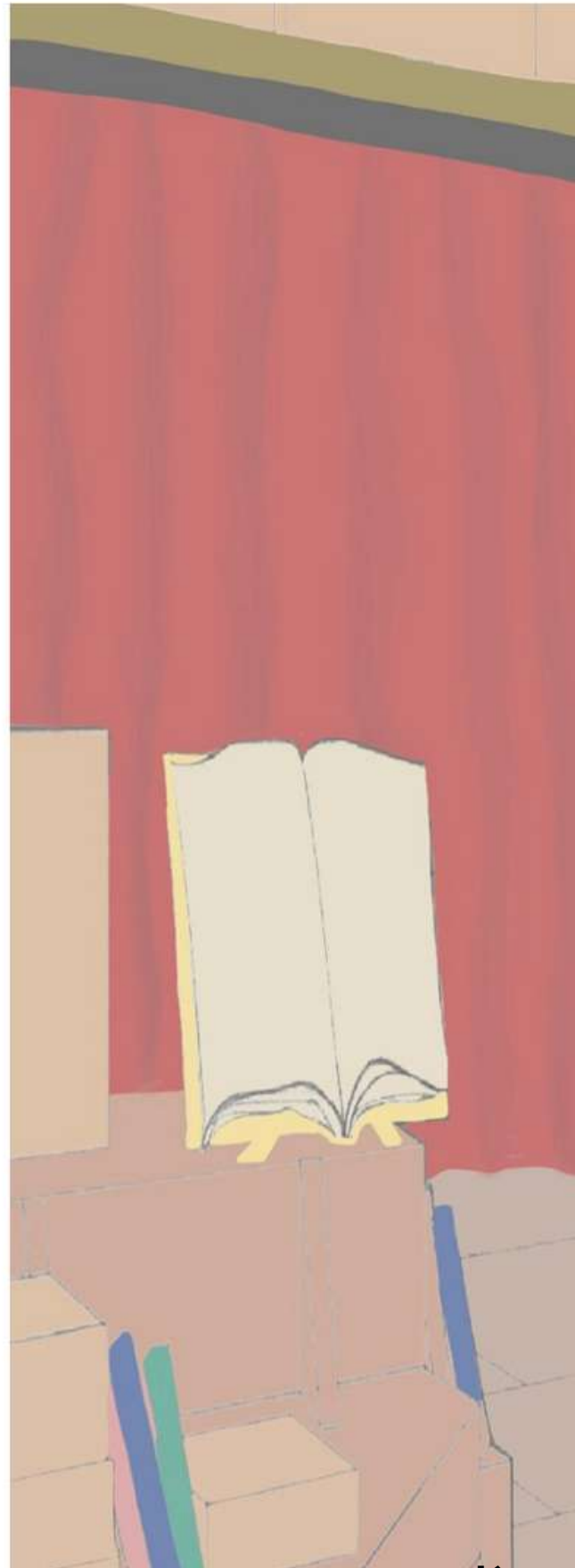


After
coffee

A Second-Hand Bookstore

In my hometown, there used to be a second-hand bookstore behind my house. Well, they advertised it as second-hand but it was probably fourth or even fifth hand by the time it reached the shop. It was nestled in a small alley beside overflowing gutters and the entrance was a dirty curtain strung across a small hole in the wall. I would love to tell you that the inside was better, that the curtain somehow transported you into a magical world of books but alas the curtain opened into a dingy room with an overhanging bulb the only source of illumination. And at the corner of this place barely called a room was a small desk where the owner set up with a register to note down the sales. It feels odd to say this now having spent a considerable amount of time there but I still don't know his name. He was always 'uncle' to me, just one other in the sea of people I called by the same name. 'Uncle' was old, and not a man of many words. Sometimes one could easily forget he was even there.

The books were piled up to shoulder height, it's a miracle they didn't fall down. In between racy magazines and discarded physics textbooks, one could find some real gems in there. I remember my first book bought from there after an agonising search to be a 'Hardy Boys' mystery, and one I was especially proud to own because the copyright said 1950 on it.





That was the first of many monthly trips I took to that place. In time, 'Uncle' also started to recognise me as I walked into the room. He would grunt as I came in and sometimes give me two books for the price of one. On my last trip to that bookstore in June of 2020 just before I moved to Pune, it was I who carried a box. All the books I could not take with me, I wanted to give to the place I had spent hours in. I set the box down on the floor and looked around. I explained the situation to 'Uncle' and he nodded and took the books off me. I walked out of that room and didn't turn back, my mind preoccupied with other things. Though I didn't know it at that time, it was going to be the last time I would ever see that tiny store with its dirty curtain ever again.

On my last trip home, I wandered off into the path I had taken many times before but there was nothing there. The room was empty, 'Uncle' had returned to his village in the second wave and a childhood institution of mine was lost forever. I wondered if it was the nostalgia that kept me coming back to my monthly pilgrimage, the nostalgia of a childhood I no longer had and wanted to relive in that room which stored all that was dear to me.

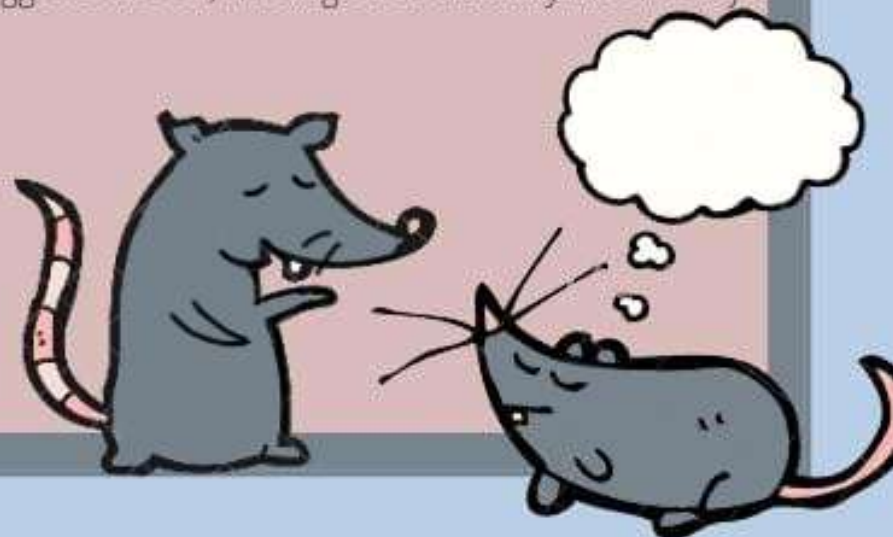


Psst, the rats have a lesson to teach!

I absolutely adore experiments; they're ambiguous and uncertain; when they go according to plan, unexpected things are unearthed; when they don't, unexpected things are unearthed; either ways some hidden facets are definitely brought to light; not just hidden facets about about elements and organisms and matter, but those of life and existence too, which unfold into a plethora of possibilities. Read on and you'll know what exactly I am trying to assert.....

Long ago in the 1950s, when our grandparents were born, Dr Curt Richter, of Harvard University, carried out a set of potentially cruel experiments; from here, there and everywhere, he scrounged for rats - domesticated, wild and the in-betweens. At first, he placed the rats into buckets full of water and observed their survival time; he noticed that after about fifteen minutes of flailing arms and angry squeaks, the rats gave in to despair and drowned, having giving up on life. He then decided to carry out the experiment again, but this time, with a minute modification; he placed the rats in filled buckets and the second the rats seemed to give up, he picked them out; having dried them, he placed them into the same water bucket once again only to observe a new record survival time of sixty hours! Yes, you read that right, SIXTY WHOLE HOURS!

No, the stop-watch wasn't faulty, neither were the rats suddenly injected with an adrenaline shot, nor did they become Teenage Mutant Ninja Rats; so, how did they suddenly manage to swim for that long? Richter elaborates on the same, saying that "*The rats quickly learn that the situation is not actually hopeless*" and "*after elimination of hopelessness the rats do not die.*" Therefore, after being saved once, they know they will be saved gain and until then, they refuse to back down: they struggle to live on, holding on to that tiny bit of newly instilled *hope*.



This, earnest readers, is the potency of hope; when all physical strength fails, when all mental strength succumbs, when all doors slammed shut on your face, it is hope that pulls you through. The hope that tomorrow will be better is the one barrier between life and death; it is the battle between online and offline examinations, a with and without COVID-19 world, your parents negation or affirmation to a Saturday night party you want to attend and so on.

It is most imperative that we don't let 'hope' crumble away, for as we've seen earlier, it has the power to sustain life; hope is the one hinge that we latch on to in times of desperation. It is the one factor that awards life with purpose, and if life doesn't have purpose, it doesn't deserve to be lived. So, readers, award your lives with purpose; come what may, do not lose hope.

A learned Italian once said, "Hope is the second last thing ever lost, for once one loses hope, he/she/they lose life thereafter." And that is something we really can't afford to lose, can we?



~Irisha.A
11 C Science

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