



I like living in the city. There is a sense of anonymity and belongingness – a feeling of alienation yet a warm association: an undeniable paradox. It is a good description, I suppose, for who I am, or who I want to be – a confusing storm of thoughts and feelings and opinions. Growing haphazardly in the beginning, following the unsolicited advice of every masquerading passerby, and then, eventually, constructing myself systematically to befit a half-baked purpose. Exactly like the city.

A city is a place for people who want more – people with fractured wings and closets overflowing with backlogged dreams. It holds the key to undiscovered vessels of passion and hope. It is for those who want to stand on the top of a skyscraper and look through the polished glass. It is for those who want to scream out to the world that they made a mark, that they changed a life. It is a perfect place for the high collar types and the underdogs. It is a place full of far-off promises and expectations and blue moon sightings of satisfaction. I want that fairytale satisfaction.

A city is a place of wonder and mystery. It is poetic in its chaos, madness, and desperation: a harmony of cacophony and catastrophe. It is the birthplace of originality, ingenuity, the spirit of rebellion. The city is a Bohemian Paradise; it is the ideal hiding ground for ragamuffins and misfits and outcasts. The backdrop against which reality transcends. It is a kaleidoscope of psychedelic colors and emotions. An ideal stage for creation and revival. I want to be that unique piece of creation.



Written by Prisha Khemka,
10A

Illustration by Prakriti
Chakravarty, 11A

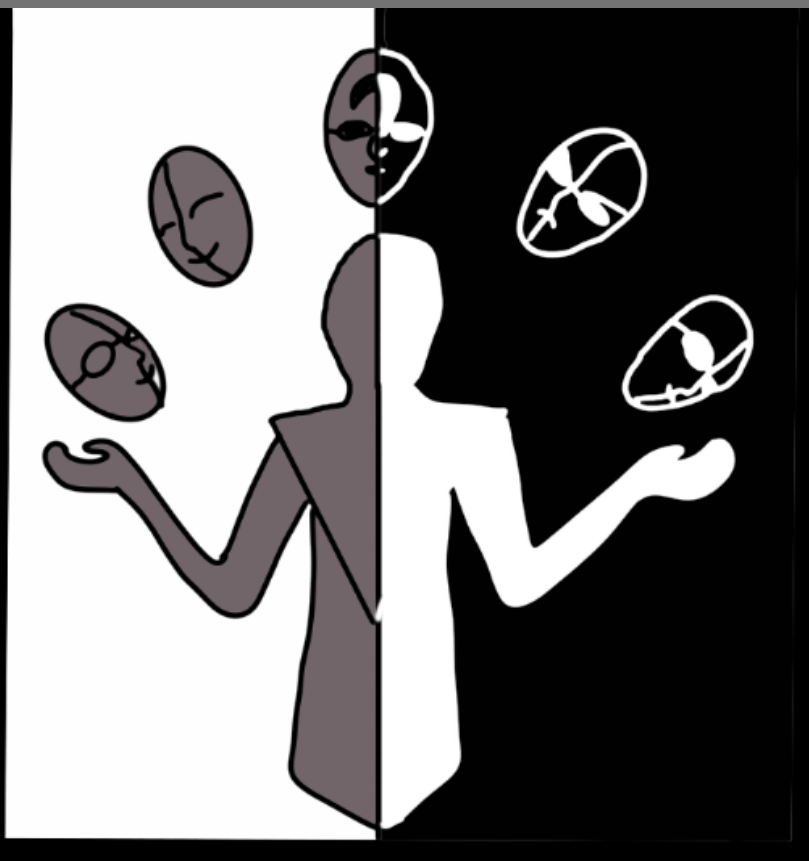


In a city, there will always be a way. I want to always know a way. Someone will always know the answer. I want to always know the answer. Someone will know the details of every fight that took place in Star Wars.

Someone will also know every page of Tolstoy's War and Peace. I want to know both. I want to be quaint and contemporary, passionate and logical, outgoing and calm, crazy and sophisticated: I want to be everything all at once. I want to be made with the perfect portions of every desirable quality. The sad truth of reality is that I want to be so many things, yet I am none.

I am the disparate patchwork of multiple fragmented personalities. I suppose we all are. When asked in class what my wish for a genie would be, I replied that I wanted to know who I truly was. I spend hours waking up and sleeping and those elusive, insensible moments between dreams and reality, imagining a parallel world where my hunger for a different self is satiated. I am afraid I am stuck with this concoction of contrasting natures, perpetually struggling to find an identity. Maybe one day I will, maybe one day I won't. At least I will be able to exercise a different persona every time I go out with relatives who suffocate the real me. It will confuse them royally. I quite like that idea. Sort of like how I like living in the city. Maybe the truth is, I do like myself.





Who am I?
I don't know.
Who are you?
Me?
Yes, you?
Me.
Then...
Who am I?
You.
But who is 'you'?
Only 'you' know.

IDENTITY

Written by Suhasini Isha
Basu, 8D

Illustration by Saira Dua, IB1



LOST IDENTITY

Written by Aтира Dewan 7B

Illustration by Somya Daga,
11A

Looking in the mirror, not a true, real soul,
Just a fabricated person in society
trying to play a role.
Just a mask that hides my scar,
Hoping to not be judged from afar.
They've all left me in the middle of a road,
A lonely bird perched on a node.
Constantly judged; just a fake smile,
Outcasted like I was in an exile.
My culture, my spiritual belief,
For which all seem to leave.
So, I try to hide and push it behind,
Let it fade in the back of my mind.
'Pretend' all I've learnt throughout,
To sustain a life day in and day out.
I feared to show the 'real me',
Criticism was always a guarantee.
You're too fat, you're too thin,
Oh, dear Lord, did I commit a sin?
Tried to wear me with a smile,
But it only lasted for a while.
Imagining my best version,
But society was just another diversion.
I tried to protect my identity,
Wished I was just a little pretty.
And all my friends that admire from afar,
As my mask gleamed like a star,
Do they love the real me,
A spirit that yearns to be free?
Or do they all judge the cover,
Who says "she's okay" as the crowd hover?
Looking in the mirror, hoped to find the real girl,
Not in the ocean just another pearl.



KOLKATA

Written by Shreeya
Chakraborty, 7D

Illustration by
Urvi Jain, IGCSE 1

Kolkata is indeed a city of joy!
Those lovely candies and puchkas
fill the heart of a girl or boy.
A city of different religions, art and
culture,
A city that's equivalent to a
dreamland of adventure!
Though the summers here are hot
and sultry,
But the fun you get at water parks
is not at all paltry.
The old Mughal and British made
heritage buildings,
Still stand upright in the midst of all
rains, lightning and winds whirling.
The city of joy gives us light,
Especially in winter when Park
Street is in great delight!
I am blessed to be born in a city of
nostalgia,
As I am growing up as a sapling
here, during this time in Kolkata.

IDENTITY

Written by Natasha Kayal,
6C



☆☆☆☆ Identity itself is invisible but our life revolves around it. Be yourself and don't let others tear your identity apart. You are who you are : unique and special. ☆☆☆☆
Natasha Kayal