

| JUNE 2021 |

# MEMORIES

OF THE GOLDEN BATCH OF 2020-2021

Special Edition: "Dedicated to those wondrous years in school..."

"We all have  
our time machines  
some take us forward  
they're called dreams  
and some take us back  
they're called  
memories..."



Here's to  
the ones  
that we  
got!

This year, it was hard to experience anything other than lockdowns, work from home and boredom. With all this, what only remains is the beautiful box of memories of the wonderful years spent in school!

Right from waking up early in the morning, entering the class with those sleepy eyes, waiting for the beloved PT periods throughout the day and finally being eager to hear the last school bell and going home! But now we regret the eagerness of going home and want to spend time in the school with our friends and teachers for as long as possible.

Now as we move on to the next milestone in our life, we take with us the teachings of our teachers and the fabulous memories of the time spent with them! This special edition particularly contains these beautiful memories for which we'll have a special place forever in our hearts...!

**Editors:**

**Shruti Date**

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# A Fluid Mindset

Looking forward to spend their last year in school with tons of memories to make, the STD 10 batch began with the onset of the Covid 19 Pandemic. But I feel very proud to say that the students progressed with supreme skill and graceful fluidity. They took the ever changing challenges head-on and are still sailing through seamlessly.

This batch will be etched in the history of Symbiosis School and will be fondly remembered as the most adaptable batch ever.

I wish them all the best in their future endeavours.

*~Mrs. Veena Havanurkar  
Headmistress, Symiosis Primary and  
Secondary School*



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# COMING HOME

Hey! I know, I know, this is not how one should start off a letter. I do know, but as you know, I never, to date have ever gotten the format of letters. It's kind of ironic, isn't it? But then, best of friends for long as we have been, there aren't any formalities between us anyway. I wonder how you feel right now. Are you sad that we will not meet every day like we used to? Is it another closure for you? Or are you familiar with the odd weights in our stomachs and uncertain twitches of our hands, the same for so many years now? The odd shiver we suddenly would get as we passed the third-floor corridor and saw the ground, as somewhere, in the back of our minds, was that odd nagging- our scenery will soon change forever. You knew it then, didn't you? You had known it all along, thus the clear blue skies and gentle winds - caressing our dreams and hopes of tomorrow.

It's strange to think about it now when I look back at you. For me, you always were that one gnarled, withered stump standing anchored through the rivers of change. Through endless tides of new faces for all these years, ever-changing waves of tomorrow, through the swift, yet sure currents of knowledge. You know every part of me, of us, of how plaits would be tied back hastily and trays dumped as soon as the bell SIGNALLED a new chapter of today, how cameras caught exactly what they weren't supposed to, yet rarely were we caught- you made sure of that. And yet, I say that I know you.

I know every corner and every wall, every class and every room- but those aren't the only things you know, for I might know them too, but I never will know what caused the cracks on the wall. I'll never know who scraped their knees on the now jagged stairs. Never know, who saw you as a clean, white canvas and coloured you with splatters of blue ink or who thumped down to form that dark dent on the right court in the SPA, what caused that one glass pane to fall off in science class- maybe that was you, you knew how boring chemistry could get.

Thousands of secrets lie buried within your walls, stowed away in the folds of memories, all of which only you know. You are my secret keeper, and the secret keeper for thousands of others like me. Yes, we will miss you terribly and you will miss us too, but we will never really be apart. We will always have what we had. though not in the classrooms, playgrounds and corridors now, yet in our hearts, forever will the echoes reverberate - "SYMBI!!! SYMBI..."

*~Shruti Date*  
*10th A, 2020-21*



## A HIKE DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

It seems as if yesterday, we made those countless, unforgettable memories in this museum-like school of ours, which call out to us even today. New kinds of memories could be made this year, and all we could do to visit those priceless memories we had made earlier, was to walk down the memory lane.

The Green Area is an integral part of every Symbi-ites' school life. Right from the primary grade, its role changed like the various vibrant shades of the passing day. This most happening place was a part of the frequent festival celebrations, competitions, after-picnic chatter, prayers, pranks, and even random hustle. We enjoyed ourselves! For our parents, this comfy place served as a pick-up point for their children and a resting place during our examinations. It fulfilled different roles for us children and our parents. This year, unfortunately, it saw us only seldom collecting the checked assignments! The Green Area is indeed a witness of our voyage in the school's boat! I am sure that we all will miss this place.

And of course, the go-to buddy for passing the time and 'actually completing' the projects is the tile area! It has that beloved small wall, against which no student in the school hasn't brushed his hand, every time he passes by! Practising dance steps for the annual gatherings, coming together to enjoy hearty feasts during the long and short recesses, calling out to friends from the tile area on the top of the school building are indeed memorable experiences!

How can I forget our neat school ground, whose two massive gates made us rush in confusion from one to the other in search of our parents! Just like chocolate and cream, it has the perfect combination of mud and cement courts. Opening the cage, to take out balls and other equipment, is more thrilling than opening a chest full of jewels! Be it practising Yoga or participating in various national functions,

The school ground is no less than an amphitheatre! The Spa is indeed like its name, pampering and rejuvenating our body and souls with games and other captivating activities! The trees surrounding the school campus and the painted trees on the house steps held all of us together, despite the variety of houses, and the friendly competitions. The inspiring paintings on the 'speaking walls' made us believe in our values and hard work, at every glance. The law college ground and the Vetat tekdi, which are a few steps (but a lot of discipline) away from the school, have secured their special place in our memory! The sports day and the house matches that gave all of us a crazy adrenaline rush, reign over our experiences in the school.

And the back-side of the school is a place where even the clumsiest hold poise. A gentle push from the ball and all the bicycles are already tumbling down! The garden is likely to be the serenest place on the campus! The slide and other equipment indeed brought about the child in us!

The prize section which was the first one to greet us inspired us to cultivate the most from our abilities. The staircase, through which we would never walk, but rush (unfortunately even during the mock drills!), must miss our stampede!

Throughout our flight, 'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam' not only got engraved on our hearts but also habituated our actions. I am glad to be a part of this family and proud to be a Symbi-ite.

"On this road called life, you have to take the good with the bad, Smile with the sad, love what you have, and remember what you had.

Always forgive, be happy with what you get,

Learn from your mistakes, but never regret them.

People change, things go wrong,

But just remember, the ride goes on!"

*~ Sariva Tillu  
10th B, 2020-21.*



# GOLDEN DAYS

1,2,3,4,5,6.... The numbers go on  
And so do the days  
Never thought would say this  
But I miss those golden days

From the rhymes in English  
To rhythm in music  
We all have come a long way  
And more to come which I can't say.

The ringing bells and endless tales  
The homework and submissions like whales  
Never thought the pandemic would hit  
And we will miss the final year as a result of it

No blackboards no benches  
But laptop screens & mobiles  
No books no backpacks  
But google docs & teams

Neither tiffins nor mid-day meals  
But meals during sessions on teams  
No uniform no haircuts  
While attending school on study tables

Learning in school is a statute  
To all teachers and staff - my salute.

*-Aarya Kulkarni  
10th B, 2020-21*





## ANNUAL DAYS AND FETES

Our school days were incredibly amazing and memorable. When I look back now, I regret every holiday I took, the school days that were lost because of Diwali, Christmas and summer vacations. But what made our school days even more memorable were the extra events. The celebrations, parties, the annual days and fete.

We had annual days for grades first to eighth while grades eighth to tenth enjoyed the fete celebrations. Eighth grade was that golden period where we got to attend both events and live our best lives. Annual days were AMAZING. We spent hours on end rehearsing, dancing, singing, laughing and enjoying ourselves with our friends and teachers (bonus points if you were in multiple performances). You could easily bunk classes under the pretext that you needed to practice or that some teacher was calling you. Classes got cancelled often as practice schedules were extremely erratic, probably because all of us were terrible at dancing. Even so, our teachers put up with us ever so patiently, teaching us the steps and moving to perfection. When it wasn't our turn to practise, we'd sit huddled together in our classroom, playing dumb games like mafia, killer or the boss – truth or dare. Those are probably my most cherished memories, though now that I look back, I realize that literally, every school memory is a good memory.

After thorough practice, there would be run-throughs in front of Principal Ma'am. We got to see other performances and we'd dance along, singing at the top of our lungs because the music was loud and the ground was giant and it was just fun, you know what I mean? However, the rehearsal and actual event were the best. We would put on our costumes and step onto the stage and dance and it felt like we were celebrities in a movie. Everyone used to be so nervous and so excited at the same time. We'd sit out at the back before and after our performances and eat and laugh and just have so much fun in general. Now that I'm writing this, it's hitting me that we'll never get to live those moments again. I wish they would have lasted a little longer and that we would've laughed a little harder, you know?

The Fetes were equally amazing. It's kind of sad that we could only plan one Fete of 2019 but that one Fete was a BLAST. We made all sorts of foods, drinks and games. Everyone fought for the second batch tickets and first batch shifts for booths because we wanted to hang with our friends in the evening. We'd miss so many classes and sit in that sun area on the fourth floor and make hilarious boards and decorations for our booths and stalls. We spent hours in the empty tenth classrooms working on decorations. I think I had the most fun doing that and just about everything else related to the fete. Someone give me a time machine, please.

The day of the Fete was surreal. Everything was brilliantly decorated, there was a photo booth, the green area was turned into this really cool dancing space and there were so many food and game stalls. We clicked pictures, ate and danced and served coffee and played games. I remember this HUGE line in front of the dance floor and everyone trying to just get one more dance round with their friends. Our Fete was amazing. I remember everyone being reluctant to leave at the end. I also remember biting my parents' ears off for the next few weeks telling them how terrific the fete was and how much fun I'd had.

I guess I should stop now, I'm sorry if it was too long. There are just SO MANY MEMORIES. I feel tremendously grateful towards the school and my teachers and friends for giving me such exquisite memories. Indeed, we did not get our last year in school, but I'm extremely thankful for the last twelve years. These are, so far, some of my best memories and I'll cherish them forever and always.

*-Saishree Hiwale*  
*10th A, 2020-21*



# SCHOOL: THE BEST THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME

As I write this down, thousands of memories rush through my mind; memories of our wonderful Symbiosis, memories of those carefree days when just completing notebooks seemed a big deal for us, memories of festivals celebrated in school, memories of being scolded by teachers, and memories of all those happy moments we have spent with our friends. But little did I know, that all these memories, that once seemed so silly to me, would one day bring tears in my eyes...

I still remember the Republic Day and Independence Day celebrations of our school. For 1st grade to 6th grade, 26th January and 15th August were like all other holidays, but from 7th grade onwards it was a mandate for every student to attend these events in school and believe me, these celebrations were the best! And 26th January was even more special for every member of the Symbi family because it's the Foundation Day of Symbiosis.

A day before the Republic and Independence Day, our school used to be decorated in the best possible way. The top of the school gate was covered with a tri-coloured cloth and the entrance was beautifully decorated by flower garlands. Inside the school, the incredibly amazing rangolis and drawings always caught everyone's attention. Kudos to our kaka-mavshis and teachers for that!

Before the actual program, there used to be a run-through for all students of how the celebrations would go about. In that we were always told, "Stand still, keep one arm distance, sit straight, maintain discipline and don't talk. Sing the school song and national anthem loud and clear.", and one thing always told by our principal ma'am was, "In the school song, it is 'prevail', not preface and it is Ramman, not Rammans!"

For the main event, all were called at 8:00 am sharp, in proper school uniforms. However, selected students were dressed in traditional wear and the students of the choir group were dressed in white kurtas and tri-coloured dupattas (the rest of the students surely felt bad as they had to wear the school uniforms!).

After that, the teachers made us stand in rows according to our standards. The captains of the school and the scout and guide children stood in lines near the school gate. On the stairs, on the extreme right of the school ground, sat the ex-students and at the back, there was a seating arrangement for the teachers and parents. And so used to begin the celebrations!

When the guests arrived, they were welcomed by the traditionally dressed students. Then the guests and our principal ma'am were escorted by four captains (who were best at march past). The school captains and the scout and guide then saluted them. After that, took place the flag-hoisting ceremony where the flag was hoisted by the chief guest for the day. And as the tricolour flag unfurled itself, all of us sang loudly and proudly, the school song and the national anthem. At that time, everyone's face beamed with national pride and enthusiasm!

After that, the guests were greeted by our principal ma'am with a bouquet or a small sapling. It was followed by a fabulous speech by one of the students (and if by chance, that student was your friend or you yourself, you would undoubtedly know how tense he/she was with the whole business!).

The speech was then followed by a melodious song by the choir group, after which Honourable Dr Mujumdar, principal ma'am and the chief guest, who is the ex-student of Symbiosis, used to boost us with their inspiring words (well, some of us do found it boring sometimes, especially if it was too long!) The program continued till about 9:30 and at the end, all of us were given a packet of biscuits. After the program, many students (mostly 8th to 10th graders) had plans to go to some hotel or coffee shops with their friends.

So...isn't all of this so cool? Maybe till 9th grade, you won't find it so interesting, but when you are a 10th grader you start wanting everything you once disliked (even teachers' scoldings and homework!) because you know you would never get the chance to experience it again! And for someone like us, who missed the final year at school, all of this means more than anything! So enjoy school till you have it 'cause when it ends, you're gonna regret every leave you took, you're gonna regret every time you said "I don't like school!" and you would feel sorry for every time you said, "School is boring and I wanna go to college".

Mini KG to 10th is the golden period of life, these 13 years make the best moments we have ever lived. But here's the funny part, most of us realize the true importance of our school life only when it becomes a memory!

*~Tanya Gogate  
10A, 2020-21*



# A MILLION MEMORIES

A million memories flood through my mind as I write this  
I'm reminded of projects as I look at blank pages,  
Of exams and quizzes as I look at textbooks,  
And of dances and songs we performed on stages;  
These memories are woven together  
With laughter and chaos spilling through  
They take twists and turns like the bus rides  
We took for picnics with our crew

Do you remember our songs as we bumped through the ride?  
We laughed and sang with our best friends at our sides.  
They say that the happiest memories make you cry  
And I'm thinking that maybe they aren't so wrong-  
Because I'm sure that the times we laughed the most  
Will one day become the sound of our sad song.  
There are memories of all of us saying "oh....."

And there are memories of us crowding the corridors,  
There are picnics and PT and scout and guide camp,  
There's maths and science and then the running on the floors;  
And yet again it's sewn together with  
Laughter and chaos as the threads  
There were sad and angry moments too

Like fights with our friends. Every day u guys, it's over now, it's  
all just memories,  
We laughed and we cried and now all of it is just like a faraway  
dream;  
I hope you guys go out into the world and become the best people  
that you are,  
I guess we go our separate ways now as chromosomes pulled  
apart.

*~Saishree Hiwale  
10th A, 2020-21*



# A ROLLER COASTER YEAR 2020

13th March 2020, my 9th std. final exams had just got over & I spent that day procrastinating. My exams had just got over so I didn't feel guilty while procrastinating unlike other times like studying!

One year after I would have been in a wildlife sanctuary looking at distant animals with a pair of binoculars. Next year, I would have been in a foreign country staying in a suite; on a family vacation! A year later I would have been doing something adventurous with my friends at a camp! These were a few of the many things which were included in the process of self-procrastination. But, life had some different plans, not only for me but for everyone! Little did I know that the year after, I would be stuck in the house because of the second wave of COVID-19 & thus another lockdown.

Never did I think that I would use only two pairs of clothes on alternate days. Never did I think that I would get to read so many books & watch so many movies before I even give my 10th board exams! Never did I think that I would spend most of the time in the morning helping my mother with household chores rather than studying! Above all, I didn't even think that I would ever give my 10th board exams!!

Many things like family bonding, positivity, patience, being healthy, independence & allowing characteristics like coordination & supportiveness to develop our character & most importantly respecting Mother Earth were the qualities that COVID-19 & the lockdowns imbibed in me! Thus rather than calling it a 'Pandemic Year' I would like to call 2020 a 'Strict Teacher'.

Lockdown, Ramayana & Mahabharata, increase in cases, online school, studies, vaccine & the list goes on of the ups followed alternately by various kinds of downs, just like a roller-coaster! These things were the highlights of 2020 thus making this year unforgettable!

*~Tanisha Kothari  
10th A, 2020-21*

# SYMBIOSIS : AN EXPERIENCE

“SYMBIOSIS”, a beautiful word that talks about an association between 2 entities for the benefit of both. Well, this word isn't just any other scientific term for all of us. It brings with it countless memories, memories of the teachers, kaka-maushis, The computer lab, the CLIL lab, the library, the inter-house matches and every aspect of our school, which then seemed of little importance.

They say a student can never forget his alma mater, even years after he has graduated, for this is where he found his second abode and carved a life for himself away from home. I feel, Symbiosis is not just a school, it's an experience! An experience that will always be imprinted on our hearts.

An important aspect of this experience is the promotion of other-curriculum in our school, giving a huge amount of exposure to all the students. The school has always considered these activities to be as important as academics. May it be debates, MUNs, elocution competitions or quizzes, the school has always backed us on all those fronts and provided the necessary support.

काव्यशास्त्रविनोदेन, कालो गच्छति धीमताम् ।  
व्यसनेन तु मूर्खाणां, निद्रयाकलहेन वा ॥

This shlok rightly suggests us to focus on other fruitful activities rather than wasting time. The school has helped me realise the true meaning of this verse!

I've been a person who has been fortunate enough to be a part of numerous competitions. The various interactions that occur during these competitions with the students and teachers of different backgrounds, schools and places and the exploration of various untouched topics help us to expand the horizon of our knowledge thus shaping our personalities. In such events, other than our efforts, our teachers play an important role. I had a lot of loose ends and I made a ton of mistakes but my teachers made me realize those and kept pushing me to continue to climb the ladder of excellence.



The latter years of my school life were the best of all due to several reasons. One is that I got a platform to lead and participate in most of the extracurricular activities there were. Similarly, I got the opportunity to be the school's Head boy in 7th standard and also organize several inter and intra school activities including the Spell bees and the SSS MUN 2019. We got very responsive and enthusiastic feedback and support from the Headmistress ma'am and the concerned teachers for the SSS MUN since its proposal. One thing I have seen is that our school and its teachers are open-minded and are ready to make available opportunities for their students' development. I have never heard a 'no' from their side for any new initiative.

Even amid the COVID-19 pandemic, the school didn't give up on conducting these extra-curricular activities along with studies. This year being a golden jubilee year, was full of activities organized by the school. We had many competitions including the traditional dress competition and activities like eco-friendly Ganpati idol-making that made us nostalgic.

Overall, the school has taught us through its enriching culture, to deliver more than expected. I'm grateful to Symbiosis for its kind help and support as well as for providing us with a wonderful learning environment for the past 10 years. I am extremely proud to call myself a Symbi-ite and I hope to retain the values symbiosis has imbibed within me.

*~Shwetark Kulkarni  
10th B, 2020-21*

## आठवणी ९वी च्या

ऑनलाइन क्लास संपला आणि मीटिंग एण्ड झाली. लॅपटॉपच्या स्क्रीनवर मोठ्या अक्षरात 'THIS MEETING HAS ENDED' असं लिहून आलं. आज आमचा शाळेचा शेवटचा दिवस होता. लॅपटॉप बंद करून पसारा आवरतच होते की माझं लक्ष माझ्या स्टडी टेबल खालच्या बॅगेकडे गेलं. त्या बागेचा वापरच झालाच नव्हता. मी ती बाग हातात घेतली आणि ऊघडून पहिली तर त्यात माझी ९वी ची काही पुस्तके आणि शाळेचं जर्नल होतं.

ते बघताच ९वी चं अखेर वर्ष माझ्या डोळ्यासमोर आलं. पहिल्या दिवशी सगळीकडे उत्साहचं वातावरण होतं. सर्वजण शाळा सुरू झाल्याच्या आनंदात होते. बर्याच दिवसांनी परदेशी राहिलेली मुले घरी आल्यावर त्यांना जसा आनंद होतो तसा आनंद आम्हाला झाला होता. बर्याच दिवसांनी आम्ही आमच्या मित्र मैत्रिणींना भेटलो. काय सांगू आणि काय नको असं झालं होतं. शाळेतल्या शिक्षकांना, काका मावशिंना भेटून खूप आनंद झाला होता. नवीन वर्षाची सुरुवात खूप उत्साहानी झाली होती. फक्त अभ्यासच नाही तर या वर्षी खूप कार्यक्रमही होणार होते. या वर्षीचा पहिला कार्यक्रम होता शिक्षक दिन. दहावीच्या मुलांनी हा कार्यक्रम आयोजिला होता. तो कार्यक्रम बतानाच पुढच्या वर्षी आम्ही तिथे असु व तेव्हा काय काय करू याच्या कल्पना आम्ही तेव्हाच करू लागलो. खूप मज्जा आली होती. परीक्षेच्या वेळी सगळीकडे गंभीर वातावरण होतं. सगळेजण मन लावून अभ्यास करत होते. पण परीक्षा संपली रे संपली की सगळेजण खूप खुश. डिसेंबर महिन्यात वर्षभर ज्या कार्यक्रमाची वाट पहिली होती तो कार्यक्रम आला.

तो म्हणजे SYMBIOSIS ANNUAL FETE. ९वी व १०वी च्या मुलांनी आयोजलेला हा कार्यक्रम. डिसेंबर महिना सुरू होताच सगळ्यांचं पूर्ण लक्ष FETE च्या तयारीतच होतं. FETE च्या आधी आम्ही आठवडाभर त्याचीच तयारी करत होतो. आम्ही सगळ्यांनी तो एक आठवडा खूप कष्ट केले, मज्जा केली. तो एक आठवडा खूप छान आणि मजेशीर होता. FETE च्या दिवशी आम्ही तासभर आधीच गेलो आणि सगळी तयारी करून घेतली. ३ वाजता सगळे जण येऊ लागले. ग्राउंडवर गर्दी जमा झाली. सगळीकडे आनंदाचे, उत्साहाचे वातावरण होतं. सगळ्या स्टॉल्स वर चविष्ट पदार्थ, खेळायला वेगळे गेम्स, मेहेन्दी, टॅटू आणि डिस्को. काय धमाल केली होती आम्ही सगळ्यांनी. काय करू आन् काय नको असं झालं होतं आम्हाला. तो दिवस आमच्यासाठी अविस्मरणीय आहे. तो कार्यक्रम झाल्यावरही शाळेत प्रसन्न वातावरण होतं. काही दिवसांनी आम्ही गेलो होतो SCOUT CAMP ला. तिथे ही आम्ही खूप मज्जा केली. नवे खेळ खेळलो, टेंट साजवले, कॅंप कसा असतो हे शिकलो. आणि मुख्य म्हणजे आम्ही किल्ले बांधले. खूप मज्जा आली होती. स्काउट कॅंप ९वी चा शेवटचा कार्यक्रम होता. आमची मजा संपली आणि आम्ही वार्षिक परीक्षेची तयारी करू लागलो. ORALS आणि EXAMS सुरू झाल्या. सगळ्यांनी मन लावून अभ्यास केला. पण कोणाला माहित होते की परीक्षेचा शेवटचा दिवस शाळेचाच शेवटचा दिवस असेल.

१३ मार्च २०२० ला आमची परीक्षा संपली आणि लॉकडाउनची घोषणा झाली. तेव्हा वाटलं की हे लॉकडाउन काहीच दिवसच असेल आणि पुन्हा सगळं आधीसारखं होईल पण आता २०२१ आमचं १०वी च वर्ष पण संपलं तरी आम्ही सगळं ऑनलाइन शिकलो. आमचं १०वी च वर्ष घरी बसून शिकण्यातच गेलं. वर्गात बसून शिकायचा आम्हाला चान्स च मिळाला नाही. लॉग ब्रेक आणि शॉर्ट ब्रेक मधली फ्रेण्ड्स ला भेटायची ओढ, लॉ कॉलेज चे पीटी पीरियड, फेट, फेरवेल, पिक्निक हे काहीच मिळालं नाही या गोष्टीची मात्र खंत आहे. आम्ही शिक्षक दिन ऑनलाइन CELEBRATE केला.

आमच्या शिक्षकांनी आम्हाला ऑनलाइन फेरवेल दिल. खुप छान वाटलं. पण मनात नेहमी वाटायचं की आम्हीच का अडकलो. जर सगळं नीट असतं तर किती छान झालं असतं पण कोणाच्याच हातात काही नव्हतं. आम्ही वर्षभर शाळेत जरी गेलो नसलो ना तरी शाळेबद्दलची आपुलकी आणि जिद्दहाळा अजूनही तसाच आहे आणि कायम तसाच राहिल. हा सर्वांसाठीच कठीण काळ होता पण तरी सगळं नीट पार पडलं. आमच शिक्षण थांबला नाही. काही गोष्टी आमच्या मानासारख्या झाल्या नाहीत. आमच १०वी च वर्ष पूर्णपणे वेगळं होतं पण तरी आम्ही सगळ्यांनी व आमच्या शिक्षकांनी मिळून हे वर्ष नीट पार पडलं. देव करो आणि जगावर आलेलं हे संकट लवकर टळो आणि सगळे पुन्हा पूर्वीसारख होवो.

आमची १०वी आता संपली. हा एक आगळा वेगळा आणि अविस्मरणीय अनुभव आम्हाला मिळाला. जाता जाता एवढेच सांगिन,  
प्रिय मुख्य अध्यापिका, शिक्षिका,  
या अवघड काळात तुम्ही आमचा हात घट्ट धरलात आणि १०वी चा टप्पा पार करताना शेवटपर्यंत आमच्या सोबत ठामपणे उभे राहिलात यासाठी खूप खूप धन्यवाद! आपला एकत्र प्रवास संपला जरी असला तरी आपल नातं अतूट आहे. BYE आम्ही म्हणार नाही कारण आपण नेहमी भेटत राहू पण WE WILL MISS YOU नक्कीच म्हणू.  
खूप आठवणी ताज्या झाल्या पण आता जायची वेळ झाली. चला अच्छा येतो आता आम्ही.

~Akanksha Bokil  
10th D, 2020-21



# THE EMERALD

Seven notes working a melody,  
Bells in his hands chiming blissfully,  
A creased but a crescent face,  
His orange cloak, in a warm embrace.

Giving ear to the tune,  
A child thanked her fortune.  
And towards her aged friend, she hustled...  
Grasping in her small palm, their green emerald.

Grateful to own the gem renowned,  
Whispered fantasies, turning it around.  
Holding it to their forehead like a crown,  
Treasure the gem from dawn till the skies turned brown.

Many years passed, both the souls lay buried.  
Even though, something still remained amiss.  
The wind brushed their emerald, as through the graveyard  
it hurried.  
The emerald fell atop their graves, and at last, reigned  
peace.

The emerald was their most prized possession,  
For which, however, no one had any affection.  
The gem was not an emerald, but a mere stone,  
Who, a countless joy to two unsighted believers had shown.

- *Sariva Tillu*  
*10B, 2020-21*



## MAGNUM OPUS OF CHILDHOOD

The 10 years I spent in school was the best years of my life. For 9 of these years, every single day, I had to follow the same routine, therefore, I would go about my day without even thinking. The only real thinking being during study time. My entire day would be planned, I knew what to do and I would do it subconsciously.

But now that school life has come to an end, I, just like everyone else, find it difficult to shrug off the same routine that has, over the last decade, become embedded in my brain.

The task of moving on after this stage is not necessarily an easy one. I find it difficult as the approach of the teachers undergoes a drastic change. In school, teachers take on the role of parents and fellow students that of siblings. In short, we become one huge, chaotically organised joint family. Everyone knows each other, their likes and dislikes. Everyone shares happy and sad moments and so on.

However in junior college for a good proportion of people, that is not the case. Instead, it is every man for himself. I might not have any person to enjoy the happy and sad times, the tough and easy-going times. Happiness and sadness are best experienced with a fellow student.

In short, graduating from school, for me, is like being kicked out of home and stepping into an orphanage. I never felt like an outsider when I came to school, just the same way as I was always welcomed at home.

I will meet new teachers who know nothing about who I am, my strengths and weaknesses. Whereas in school, my talents were always encouraged. My getting into the field of music was only because of the encouragement of my teachers.

School has moulded me in an all-rounded manner. I have learnt more lessons in school than I will ever learn. I had always thought that school meant only burying my head in a stack of books, but I have been proven wrong, because the stack of books is only a veil, for behind that veil lies an ocean of knowledge that is far more important.

In retrospect, the moments enjoyed in school are beyond description by mere words. School is not a building, not a few benches, classrooms, not just the teachers, or students, not a stage in life like infancy or boyhood. It is an unforgettable experience.

*~Karthikeya Raghu*  
*10th A, 2020-21*



# OUR NEW CHAPTER

The Days we remember,  
Where friendship begins

We look back and wonder  
How did we survive?

But those school days,  
Were the best days of our life!

Lost amongst the sea of faces  
The day has dawned

A young heart races  
Amongst them all

Old memories rush over our mind  
Of faces and friends of the past

Of that happy time,  
When life's dream was bright

The clear sky of youth was overcast  
Very dear are those memories

They have clung to our heart  
Closing one chapter opening another

Anxious of the future  
We still pick the pens to write our futures...

*-Apoorva Karekar  
10th A, 2020-21*



# LONG BREAK 101

Break in-between continuous Studies comes as a long-awaited Tonic. No wonder all symbi-ites would eagerly wait for the 4th period to get over. I would personally look at the watch a hundred times waiting for the bell to ring. The silence in the school would turn into chaos in minutes. 5-10 minutes before the bell, the Aroma of the Mid-day meal not only spreads across the class but we start playing the guessing game of what we are going to be served.

No doubt we were served with the tastiest and the healthiest food. Special mention to the All-time favourites Rajma Chawal, Pav Bhaji, Aloo Tikki, Idli Sambar etc. The school felt most lively and cheerful during the break from singing concerts going in class to friendly matches on the ground. Banging the benches like Dhol Tasha or panicked students completing their unfinished homework before the period.

Anything could happen in the break, fighting, gossiping, playing, dancing, laughing, sleeping, studying everything was happening at the same time, the same place. Looking at the fights or as we like to call it 'Rada' would turn the classroom into a Big boss episode. It was the time when best friends from different divisions could finally meet. The ground would get so crowded that hardly any game was possible to play. Yet students managed to play.

I would rarely see anyone talking in English during breaks, we would chat in Marathi or Hindi without worrying about the teacher scolding us. I would say we learnt how to make the best of those 25 minutes. As the bell rang, everyone would run towards their class

Some would remember that they still haven't filled their water bottles and would rush to the cooler praying the captains won't catch them. In 2 mins the school would go from Fishmarket to pin-drop silence. Everyone had their energy level high..ready to face the books. Still can't believe that 28th February, 10:25 am 2020 was the last time we had the long break. To describe the long break in two words, it was our 'Perfect Chaos'.

*~Rishan Sarode  
10th B, 2020-21*





# THE UNCOUNTABLE P.T. PERIODS

While reciting the old school memories, the first thing that comes to each of our minds is the glamorous P.T. periods and the thrilling M.P.T matches. Just after hearing the announcement of any house P.T. match, everyone would start feeling as if they were on cloud nine, the ecstasy would be a level up. The joyful cheering would thrill the entire school and would bring the ball in our court and in a way would build prestige for our house.

While after the announcement of the unending P.T. periods, the excitement of every child would rise so high as if there was rain on a barren land! I still remember there wasn't a single day when we wouldn't have asked for P.T. periods. Students just rushing out by forcing the teacher to stop teaching after hearing the bell and frantically heading towards law college was surely a type of victory for every student, while Vandana ma'am and Kangane Sir instructed us to be disciplined while crossing streets, and asking us to jog on the law college ground, really floats as wonderful memories in our minds! And the spirits of all students would rise as high as the sky once reaching the law college. Some running helter-skelter while some experiencing the punishments and getting desperate to play. Even the Thursday punishments for violating the school rules used to be tiring but exciting! The ending ceremonies, the most awaited event throughout the year, was filled with enthusiasm. The announcement of the best house of the year would thrill everyone and startle the rest of the houses. Though one of the finest chapters of our life has come to an end, these glorious events would reside in the treasury of our memories!

*~Swayam Birla  
10th A, 2020-21*

# परीक्षा

परीक्षा आली परीक्षा  
हे देवा कर माझी हिचपासून रक्षा ।  
हीच मागतो मी तुझाकडे भिक्षा  
ही नक्की आहे परीक्षा की तिच्या रूपात शिक्षा ॥  
परीक्षा अली परीक्षा

हेच एक काम करा सुबह शाम ।  
आणि डोळ्या समोर ठेवा आपले लक्ष्य ठाम  
मग राहिल सगळे दुर्लक्ष लांब ।  
थकवा वाटला तर मग थोडावेळ थांब  
आणि मग पुन्हा त्यासाठी राब ॥  
परीक्षा आली परीक्षा  
शेवटी सगळ्यांचा डोक्याला होतो ताप  
कळत नाही नेमके करायचे काय ।  
मग त्यासाठी एकाच उपाय  
पुस्तक घे, रट्टा मार आणि पेपर मध्ये जाऊन छाप ॥  
पारिक्षा जहाली परीक्षा  
आता फक्त निकालाची आहे भीती ।  
सगळ्यांना प्रश्न पडला मला मार्क नक्की किती? ॥  
परन्तु निकालाची वेळ गेली की आम्ही कार्टी  
करणार जोरदार पार्टी।

~Shreyas Pange  
10 D, 2020-21



# MY SCHOOL LIFE

School days, a part of our life that cannot be forgotten. They were the most amazing days of our life when there was no responsibility of facing the real world but just a huge tension of completing homework in a given period of time. We used to fight for silly things such as sitting on a particular bench or the window seat of the bus or even a stationary item. But such fights were forgotten easily and everyone remained friends.

Gone are the days when we played games like Football, Cricket, etc at Law College. And then after playing lots of games in the P.T period, which was the 4th one, mice and rabbits raced in our stomachs. The recess was one of my favourite time periods and I would be the one with the tastiest treats like Pav Bhaji, Rajma Rice, Sprout Bhel etc from the Mid-Day-Meal mavshi & Tukaram kaka [ Chef ].

When teachers used to ask questions to everyone, we used to hide our face, saying that we do it even now. We found our school very hectic. Now as we pass through our schools, we recall every little moment. Today these moments have become just sweet memories of our life. These sweet moments bring tears to our eyes. The most interesting days were when the school reopens in June, we had new books and a new classroom. We used to play pen fights, Hand Cricket in the classrooms especially when teachers face the blackboard. The most feared day was the day of the results. Our School teachers are the best in the world, they shared with us a world of knowledge and treated us as our own mothers.

We all miss the school and all the teachers, Kaka – Mavshi and especially our beloved, respected, strict, caring Principal Ma'am.

*~Amey Soman  
10th B, 2020-21*



# **SALUTE!**

**These small hands  
Have now grown in size.  
Those small wings,  
Are now going to soar high.**

**The tiny feet  
That couldn't run that fast,  
Have passed a milestone at last.**

**The little minds,  
Which could take in few,  
Are filled with ideas and innovations  
New.**

**The tears of fear,  
We all once let out.  
Are now the tears of longing and  
Happiness  
As a farewell is a shout.**

**This scrapbook of memories  
Belongs to us each,  
As we all have achieved a feat.**

**To all the members  
Of this school,  
Your special batch  
Gives you a SALUTE.**

*~Devashree Bapat  
10th C, 2020-21*



# **TO THE MOST AMAZING PEOPLE IN MY LIFE!**

**Let me begin by saying that we could never understand from where you found the patience & strength to deal with students like us every day! You were never tired, never bored nor did you ever feel low. You were always charged up, always shining. Every time we came up with a query, however stupid the query might be, you answered us with the same enthusiasm & patience. I mean, how??!**

**Every time you came to the class (may it be online or offline), you brought along with you, a kind of positive energy & a beautiful smile on your face! For us, this consistency & passion with which you taught us every single day is nothing less than magic. For others you might be just a teacher; but for us, you are a magician, a superhero, an angel!**

**When this Corona thing came up, it was a nightmare for everyone & especially for the 10th graders. No school, no activities, no friends, no fun, nothing! We thought that this will affect our studies & we'll lose our attachment with the school. But the teachers, Symbiosis blessed us with, undoubtedly proved us wrong!**

**Even amidst such a deadly pandemic, you were going to the school & conducting online sessions, so that WE don't face any problem in studies. For making US understand every concept, you made presentations, mindmaps & videos. Not only this, but for OUR enjoyment, you conducted beautiful programmes online. You conducted sessions to solve OUR doubts & you sent all the material we needed so that WE get enough practice. All of this, just for us...**

**Suddenly coming out of the traditional teaching methods and adapting to digital teaching would certainly have not been less than a roller-coaster ride! It was surely more difficult for you than us, but you mastered it, 'cause you are the true heroes! You have done sooooo much for us, teachers, so very much. Hats off to you! We are indeed proud of you (and we are sorry as well for every time we turned the classroom into a fish market, every time we troubled you while you were trying to complete our portion on time & every time we demanded a free or a PT period)!**

**Right from 1st grade you were with us, you taught us every single thing & we are so grateful to you for all that you have done for us. Your words give us hope & your smile feels like sunshine to us. We know that our journey ahead won't be as easy, but you've made us capable enough to face every hurdle in life. Teachers, you will forever have a special place in our hearts, 'cause we love you loads!**

*~Tanya Gogate  
10th A, 2020-21*

## ते...

शाळेच्या पहिल्या दिवसापासून,  
ते शेवटच्या पर्यंत,  
आपल्या सोबत होते ते.

स्वतःच्या मुलांसारखं,  
दिवस अन् दिवस  
जपलय त्यांनी आपल्याला.

कोणीही असो, कुठेही असो  
प्रत्येक 'अहो' ला  
धावुन येणारे आहेत ते.

कुठलाही दंगा असो की कोणाची तड्येत,  
ती फर्स्ट-एड आणि तो ओवा  
असतो कायम तयार.

ह्या भयंकर काळातले नव्हे,  
तर शाळेतले ते प्रत्येक दिवस,  
गेले त्यांच्यामुळे आनंदात आरामात.

त्यांचे हक्काचे, प्रेमाचे बोल,  
विसरणार नाही कधी.  
व त्यांच्या बरोबरचे क्षण अमूल्य  
उरांत साठवून ठेऊ आम्ही.

आहोत जरी पायरीवर शेवटच्या,  
आणि आहे घ्यायची पुढची झेप,  
आशीर्वाद घेऊ काका-मावशींचा,  
सोबत त्यांच्या आठवणी अनेक...

~Devashree Bapat  
10th C, 2020-21



# THE UNPRECEDENTED PRIVILEGES OF A SCHOOL CAPTAIN

School life is said to be the golden time of a person's life. When I recently graduated out of school, all the old memories came rushing back to me in the fluke of a moment. Every memory including entering the school for the first time, to talking to our teachers for the last time online. This year was full of surprises. But the school functioned like nothing ever happened.

One of the main things that we missed was the proud feeling of being named a school captain. Every year, the school chooses a few selected children from standards 6th, 7th, 9th and 10th to hold the honour of being a school captain. I had been the Vice Head Boy of the school when I was in the 6th grade. And it was an unforgettable experience.

Captainship was a medium which taught us about teamwork and leadership. It gave us the experience of working under our superiors and execute their orders skilfully. But along with the discipline and life lessons, captaincy gave us a few unprecedented privileges. And today I am going to talk about those.

The first duty of a captain in the morning was to stand at the entrance gate and moderate the punctuality and uniform of the students. Checking for proper haircuts and id-cards was the most crucial part of this duty. But favouritism came as a free package deal with this job. Pinning false accusations on enemies and letting your friends go was always done by the captains. The next thing was reporting to the teachers whenever they called for help. Although this work was unwanted, it helped us get out of the class, away from studies. When we used to call this as our duty, others would refer to it as bunking. Sometimes seizing the opportunity of our so called "duties", we used to roam all around the school. Many a times we used to be lucky and reach our class without any trouble. But the not so lucky moments used to take place of these lucky moments. This happened with me quiet a few times. Getting caught by the teacher was pretty common and a well witnessed play by everyone.



And this does not end here. The next year, after the captains were decided, we had to train our juniors for being a good captain for the rest of the year. Although mischief was a regular thing, captaincy meant a lot more to us than that. It taught us many important things which I can now implement in my life. I will never forget my school and nor the unprecedented privileges of being a captain.

*~Aarush Joshi*  
*10th A, 2020-21*



# ALMA MATER..

*"Oh come let's sing of Symbiosis,  
Sing till the rafters ring  
Oh come let's sing of Symbiosis,  
Sing till the rafters ring  
Remembering my alma mater,  
Will bring to my mind  
The motto engraved on my soul  
Onwards towards ever better, upwards to God ever closer.  
Onwards towards ever better, upwards to God ever closer."*

**'Alma mater' is such a beautiful word but what does it mean? 'Alma,' translated means, 'kind and nourishing' and 'Mater,' translated means, 'Mother'. Alma Mater means kind and nourishing mother. Our alma mater, my dear friends, is our school – Symbiosis.**

**Do you remember your first day of school? I'm sure we all felt the thrill of meeting new people and making new friends but at the same time, spending 7 hours away from our parents scared all of us.**

**When I first entered the school, it seemed so huge, I thought if I got lost in here, there was no going back out! Now, 10 years later, this building does not seem so huge and there isn't a single corner that I'm unaware of, yet I wish there was one so that I could get lost in here and I would not have to go back out.**

**The pencil school for tiny toddlers and the marble school for mischief-makers: both of them will always hold a special place in our hearts.**

**Nobody can explain our transition from childhood to young adults better than our teachers.**

**The tremendous patience that our teachers from first grade have is amazing because if you stash me in a room full of 46 sobbing toddlers, you would get a 47th sobbing toddler.**

**My class teacher from first grade had held me by the hand and carried me around with her because I wouldn't stop crying and to this day, I carry the warmth of her hand with me.**

**When we first entered our school, we were tiny seeds and now, we've matured into saplings who will soon grow into trees!  
'Symbiosis' is not just 'a school'. It was, is and will forever be our school.**

**All of us are going to join many institutions as we go further in our lives but I doubt any of them are going to make us feel as safe and secure as our alma mater.**

**Kudos to an incredible journey that began on 15th June 2011 and ended on 31st March 2021.**

**Let's gather together on the school grounds and sing our school song again someday.**

**I'm signing off here but bear in mind that I'm counting on meeting all of you again! See you at the reunion!**

*~Ananya Vaidya  
10th B 2020-21*



## From The Editors

This edition is very unique and a special one to all the Symbi-hearts because of the memories and thoughts penned-down in the most lovely manner by all the multi-talented students of Symbiosis School.

Now its the time to thank the superwomen and our very own superman (we really miss you Kangane sir) behind the growth of such outstanding products of Symbiosis school. Thank you all our beloved teachers for imparting your knowledge right from scientific theories to beautiful compositions of literature to the stories of all the kings, their men and horses and all the scenic beauty of Brazil and India. Apart from all these, the values that the teachers imbibed in us by their acts and decisions in this particular year are unforgettable. We really will remember these values throughout our life and make all our teachers proud of us! Countless memories, anecdotes, innumerable so called "*matters*" are a part of us, as are those trademark statements from our dear teachers, so many of them, clear in our memories as we type this.

These monkeys from your fish markets might have grown up, but still need to be kept in check. We wonder how you managed it for so many years.....was it the scary Math period glare that all teachers somehow seemed to share or the threat, "*Listen class, if you are not disciplined, NO PT periods for the next month*"?

So many things are yet to be said, so many stories to be told, and so many lessons are yet to be learned, yet there's this peculiar sense of disbelief as we look back and know now, *this is it*. Let us, one day, run towards Law college again, rush to dump our plates at the first bell, let us again sway to the rhythm of the school song which will forever be our heartbeat, remembering those Fridays when we sang the Hindi school song and chanted the looong *pasayadaan* on Mondays. Let us meet again, on another school day, and fly paper planes in science class and coyly switch places in English class, as the iconic statements of some of our dear teachers ring in our ears. Let us again gather together and look back at the best chapter of our lives, as we turn back pages and turn back time and one day, come together as proud Symbi- ites... !

## A Special Photo Wall



**15th August, 26th January, Teachers' Day, Annual Days, Fetes, Picnics, Sports Events which used to be grand and full of joy and our so called "reasons" for bunking lectures, are now mere memories in our hearts!**



**#December  
onward vibes**

**Fetes...!  
December was one of  
the most awaited  
times of school days  
with people flooding  
the tile area on the  
last floor just for  
making decorations!**



**Ever-ready  
for those  
informal  
group  
photos..!**

**Symbi-ites: a bit too attached to the soil and cement of their school ground...(we miss those P.T. periods)**



**The world famous Volleyball team of Symbiosis!**



**Winning with great spirit is in the blood of symbi-ites! We are always proud to represent our school!**



**Unforgettable Picnics!**  
**Note: side effects include high adrenaline**  
**rush and unlimited craziness!**

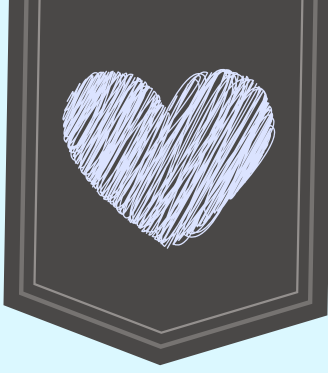


**And if only  
we could  
have these  
for one last  
time...!**



**Class photos: the only  
day when everyone  
(well, almost everyone)  
was perfectly dressed**





And finally to these wonderful super ladies of Symbiosis School we bid a fond adieu!

MA'AM PT!!

CLASS!!!

WHICH PERIOD?

KHAYLA KAAY E RE AAJ?

"BAS KA BHAI!"  
"NAMASKAR VAHINI!"



NO TALKING IN MARATHI.

BEAUTIES WITH BRAINS

TEACHER CHI CHAMCHI



#QUEENS



MATHS HOMEWORK DE NA

E AAJ HINDI AHE KI SANSKRIT?