

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER
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CAMPUS BUZZ

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The Camera as a Voice:

Lessons from Photojournalist Mr. Rakesh Nair

During an inspiring session on journalism, photography, and career opportunities, the Humanities students interacted with Mr. Rakesh Nair, an award-winning Reuters photojournalist known for his powerful visual stories. He shared insights from his journey documenting social and political realities in India, especially Kerala, and spoke about the fundamentals of photography before reflecting on his career.

He spoke about various cameras and lenses, explaining how shutter speed and lighting influence a photograph. Emphasising that "it is not the instrument that matters but the vision," he highlighted that photojournalism goes beyond aesthetics to capture truth, emotion, and perspective. Mr. Nair also showcased some of his notable works, including exclusives for The Times of India and a striking series captured in a hospital during the COVID pandemic.

Every picture told a story, showing how deep, emotional, and brave photojournalists need to be. He told students interesting stories from his fieldwork to help us understand the risks, challenges, and moral obligations of recording real-life events. He also emphasised that journalism is as much about empathy as creativity.

By Anavi Rao, PUC I, HEPyS

During the interactive Q&A session, students asked how one could balance objectivity with empathy, and many resonated with a question on convincing parents to support a career in photography. Mr. Nair shared his own experiences, urging students to prove their passion through consistent effort and dedication. His insightful responses and practical advice deeply inspired aspiring journalists and photographers. Students appreciated the chance to learn from a professional who uses the power of visual storytelling to promote truth and awareness.



The Rhythm of Our Dance

By Bhoomi Garg, PUC II, HEPPy

Orange juice, toasted bread,
Sweet honey, wide smiles spread.
Vegetable salad, butter's gleam,
A tranquil morning, like a dream.

How could I have known,
Of what would come next?
The storm that brewed,
The life perplexed.

A meal so simple, yet bittersweet,
A prelude to moments we'd later meet.
Was it fate or a twist of chance,
That changed the rhythm of our dance?



Kalakriti 2025

METAFICTION

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Snapshots: Outdoor Sports Session



A King Without a Crown

He walked among the crowd, unshown, unseen,
No scepter, throne, or robe pristine—
His kingdom was the silent mind,
Where wars were fought with thoughts refined.

No golden crest adorned his hair,
No heralds cried his name in air,
Yet in his eyes, the fire burned bright,
A sovereign soul that ruled the night.

He built no walls of stone or fame,
He carved his empire out of flame—
The flame of hope, of faith, of scars,
Of dreams that reached beyond the stars.

His court was made of wind and rain,
His soldiers — joy, his foe — his pain,
Each battle fought with words, not swords,
Each victory sung in whispered chords.

They mocked him, called him “pauper’s kin,”
“Where is your crown? Your gold? Your sin?”
He smiled, for power’s subtle art
Was etched within his quiet heart.

For crowns are heavy, thrones decay,
And gold will rust and fade away,
But who can strip a mind that’s free,
Or cage the tide, or chain the sea?

He ruled through kindness, fierce and deep,
He sowed in souls what kings can’t reap,
Not marble halls, nor jeweled rings—
But peace that only wisdom brings.

His subjects? Shadows, dreams, and songs.
His justice? Righting nameless wrongs.
And though his rule was never known,
He needed none to call his own.

At dusk they found him—bare, yet proud,
A nameless face among the crowd,
No crown upon his silvered brow—
But time itself would kneel somehow.

For thrones will fall, and kings will drown,
But none dethrone the king uncrowned.

By Samhitaa Naveen Kashyap, PUC II, EPPyS

Teachers Unplugged

We often see teachers as the voices that guide, but beneath that calm presence is a world of stories, dreams, and drive that often go unseen. This month's Teacher Unplugged takes us into the life of Ms. Pooja Praful, a psychology educator whose journey beautifully intertwines intellect, compassion, and boundless energy.

As a student, Pooja Ma'am was known for her enthusiasm, from sports and competitions to her genuine sincerity. "Maths and I never got along," she laughs, "but everything else was chill." Her love for psychology began in Class 9 when a teacher recognised her empathy and ability to connect with people, shaping her decision to pursue the Arts stream out of curiosity and compassion.

Inspired by her mentor, Veni Ma'am, whom she calls "an aura in herself," Pooja learnt that teaching is more about integrity and connection than instruction—a belief she lives by every day. Outside the classroom, she's a painter, fitness enthusiast, biker, traveller, and animal lover with three rescued dogs. Her creativity flows into animation, editing, and visual storytelling.

Her mantra is simple: "Life isn't complicated -we just make it so." She encourages students to see failure as growth and to step beyond comfort zones. A proud "half Ravenclaw, half Gryffindor," she finds joy in Harry Potter, thrillers, and techno beats that mirror her lively spirit.

By Sriritwik Nagaraj Shastry, PUC II, HEPyP; Abhimanyu Mullarpatten, PUC II, HEPyS



Ms. Pooja Praful reminds us that teachers are more than educators -they are thinkers, dreamers, and seekers who inspire through every lesson and every story.

More than Seen: The Search for Self in a Viral World

Who gets to be seen?

Some people move through the internet like light through glass; visible, amplified, effortless. Others seem to fade at the edges, no matter how much they post. It's not luck. It's design.

While the algorithm was made to sort content it has now in turn started to reshape culture. Certain faces, voices, and tones align neatly with what platforms prefer the polished, the palatable, the quietly consistent.

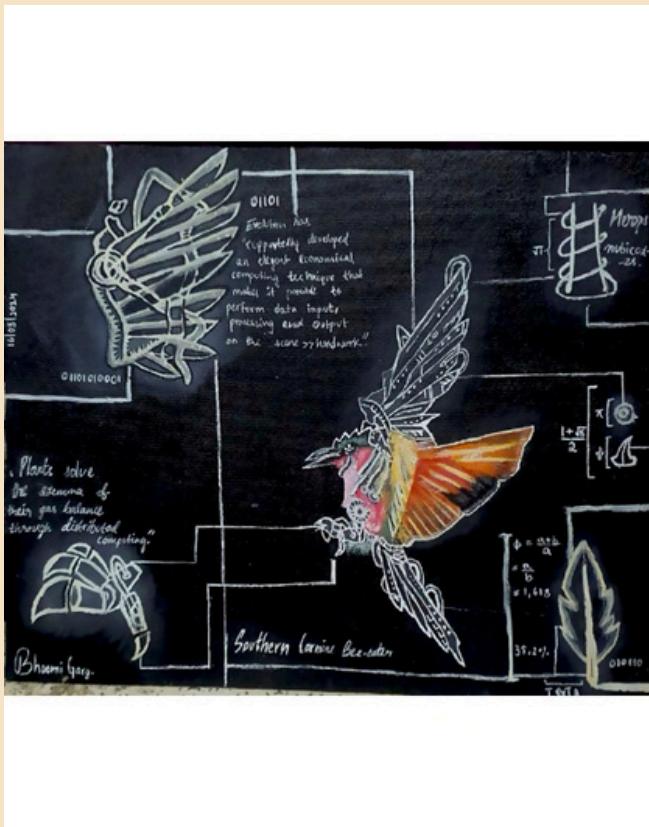
Sociologist Tressie McMillan Cottom calls this aesthetic labor: the unseen, unpaid work of making oneself fit. The right softness in tone, the right vulnerability, the right kind of "real."

But representation here isn't freedom...it's a filter. Anger is trimmed into eloquence, pain softened into poetry, difference reshaped into something sellable. Visibility becomes another form of performance, rewarded when it doesn't threaten the system that rewards it.

And the rest of us? We absorb the hierarchy without noticing. We learn, silently, who gets to be seen and who gets overlooked. It changes how we scroll, how we speak, even how we value ourselves. Because when beauty and worth are coded into visibility, it's hard not to wonder: are we watching the world, or the version of it the algorithm allows us to see?

By Ritul Singh, PUC II, EPPyS

Focal Lens - Student Spotlights



- By Bhoomi Garg, PUC II, HEPPy



- By Manasa Suresh, PUC I, EPPyS

Riddle Me This: Can you unravel these literary riddles?

1 I am a classic novel about a man who is transformed into a giant insect. What is the title of the book?

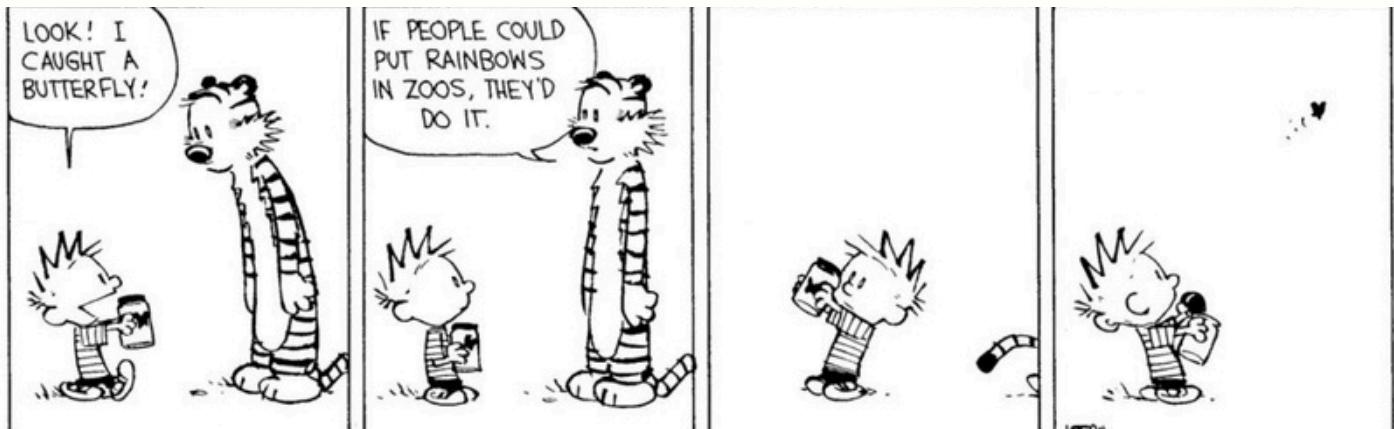
2 I have keys, but can't open any locks. I can be read, but not by everyone. What am I?

3 I am a mirror reflecting the human condition, with tales of love, loss, and triumph. What am I?

Answers Keys: 1) The Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka; 2) A dictionary; 3) Fiction

Humour By The Hour

This edition's comic strip features **Calvin and Hobbes** by Bill Watterson – the beloved series since 1985, known for childhood wonder, satire, and imagination.



(Credit: Finarte Original Comic Arts & Illustrations)