

Raw
Whispers.

Really?

art & writing by Rinchen.

Legend. Either you are one or you're not, though there is something legendary about being on both sides of the coin.

I don't know if others (recent graduates) would associate the word legend with the late Mr. Baker, but I do.. 'late', my heart wrenches a little as I write that.. after all, doesn't that signify that everything we recently knew has changed? We all know things change, but when they do, it's not too easy to accept is it? (Coldplay was right "No one ever said it would be this hard"). And by this I refer to the institution that he is said to have spent his life in. Though he was old, while in college, he seemed to me like an entity who would never go away from college.

The reason I site Mr. Baker as a legend is because he held his own in a college he had made his own for life. And when it's time to bid adieu, one must remember the good in everyone.

I had two encounters with Mr. Baker in college. One, when I helped him on his way to the computer lab and I think he said I was a "nice lady". But the event of interest is when I suddenly found him enquiring my name in order to fine me. Why? The looming question. He said one wasn't allowed to work on one's phone in the dining hall. But I wasn't. Mr. Baker was confident that I was. Then I suddenly remembered that I'd looked at my phone to check the time. But why didn't I check that from the dining hall clock? Because sometimes we don't look, we don't understand what is before us, just as we're about to time has gone, and time tells us then we could come again another way..but until then one has to wait? And sometimes time turns away at the right time, atleast that's what we have to say because time is always right, right?

No one said the last line. Mr. Baker noted my name and block in order to fine me, but he didn't. at least I don't think so.

I still can't believe Mr. Baker is no longer in college. Somehow, I thought he'd be the one individual in college who'd never leave, after all, hadn't he stuck by college all this while in his own way? It's strange how someone who was so integral to college has left now that college is in an unrecognizable state. I read somewhere how this marks the 'end of an era', and I don't think the words could be truer. Glad to have been on the other side of the era.. so that even if everything changes, the time within the red bricks will always be stored in that era.

In a world where everyone is always after something materially new, Mr. Baker was an emblem, is an emblem of being true, true to what? To college? To life? Who knows, but surely true, in an age where even good things start to turn blue.

The other truth is the change in everyone from college to now: the journey from naïve to cold, when everything that one thought was true is now sold.

-Rinchen



OLYMPIC MEDALLISTS.

Mirabai Chanu.

Rani Rampal

Navneet Kaur

Savita Punia
Sushila Chanu
Vandana Katariya
Nikki Pradhan

Deep Grace Ekka
Neha Goyal

Lalremsiami
Gurjit Kaur

Salima Tete

Udita Duhan

P.V Sindhu
Monika Malik

Nisha Warsi
Sharmila Devi

Navjot Kaur

Ravi Dahiya

Kimia Alizadeh

Amit Rohidas

Hardik Singh

Vivek Sagar Prasad

Nilakanta Sharma

Sumit

Shamsher Singh

Dilpreet Singh

Gurjant Singh

Lalit Kumar Upadhyay

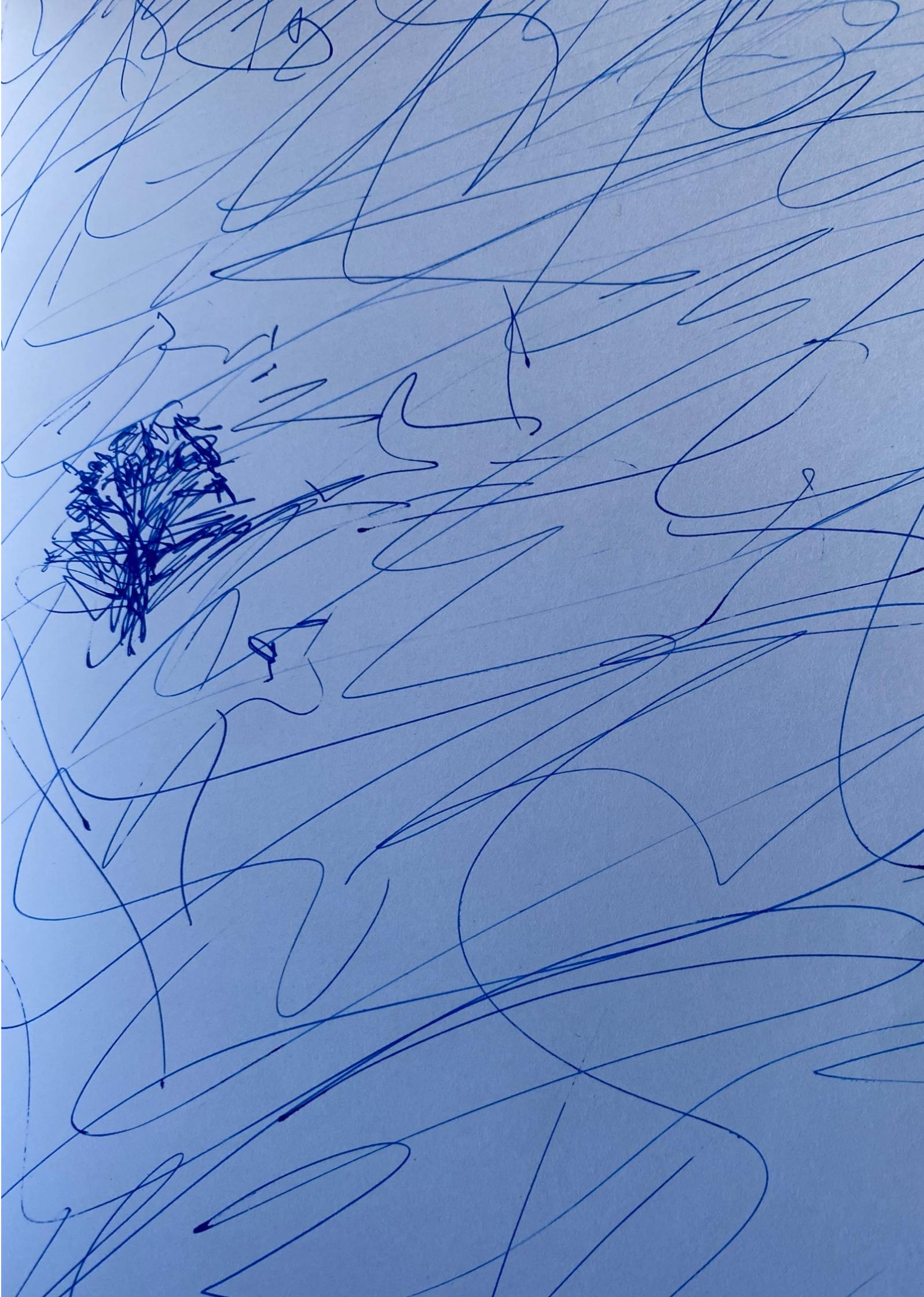
Birendra Lakra
Bajrang Punia

Neeraj Chopra
Lovlina Borgohain

Mutaz Essa Barshim

Gianmarco Tamberi





Before boarding schools, I had no idea that sports could be something I could try. Then in class 3 at my first boarding school, as I randomly dribbled a basketball, my then coach Ashish Sir asked me to join the team for workouts. I honestly can't remember whether I was happy or terrified, but later when we hosted under-12 districts, I remember feeling terrible about being the youngest and worst player in the basketball team. Class 4 and things changed, having played for a year, I was relatively confident and I started enjoying the sport. I still remember that afternoon when sir had called me to join the team. If Ashish sir hadn't taken the time to identify me, I would never have known that I could have played basketball.

Class 5, I went to a bigger boarding school, where basketball was 'a religion' according to popular saying. Having Sir Vinod Vachani as coach really taught me a lot through my school journey. Strict and an upholder of utmost discipline, many were scared of Sir. But, Sir was much more than that. Everyday he inspired us to become better than we were yesterday, not only in terms of basketball but also our values. The way in which he scientifically taught and elaborated on the utility of each drill will leave any bystander amazed. I often thought that if all teachers in classrooms elaborated on basics as well as Sir, then there wouldn't be a single student who'd struggle through academics.

In the Summers, we would reach court by 5 am and in 24hours we played basketball for about 4hours. One might ask why we spent so much time on a sport when we didn't plan to pursue the sport professionally. But honestly, while in school basketball was something that was on our minds throughout the day. One may again wonder why. But then when you have a coach who encourages you despite your every failed attempt, you automatically become dedicated to the art. I know many girls in school, whose lives and personalities were transformed for the better because of basketball and Sir's guidance. I guess what I'm trying to say is that, I was lucky to both witness and be a beneficiary of the transformative power of sports. We still live in a world where sports is viewed as an 'other' when compared to academics, but I can say with confidence that the strength I gained in my school years would not be the same without basketball. Many today complain about students not getting enough time to study in boarding schools. But time is not the issue is it? Students will only be able to tackle life when they can study as well as multi-task.

Hearing about Olympics everyday, I cannot help but recount my best times on the basketball court. Class 7 Golden Jubilee, when my batchmate and I, dejected after not being selected for States, played the game of our lives during GJs. I can't recall the baskets, but I can still recall the feeling of glory when the entire school would cheer. Also, did I mention that in my school, it was a real honour to be a good sportsperson. As a girls' school, we had no notion of sports being 'a masculine' arena. Rather, to be truly looked upto and respected in school you had to be good at a sport.

Going back, I think my best match was our under-14 IPSC final and semi-final. After which Sir had praised me for cutting through the opponents and scoring a lay-ups 'like knife through butter'. That is the beauty of sports, you never forget the beautiful times and your coach's encouraging words.

And more than that, you never forget how you endured the difficult times. You remember how you sat with your minor/major injury while others played. You remember the sorrow of not being able to play too well because of a minor injury before a tournament. After a year of not being able to play because of a minor/major injury, you remember accepting how much ahead your classmates have gone. You remember a bad match, a wrong pass, a missed shot, a lost match. But mostly, you remember that you grew through that and that you are strong.

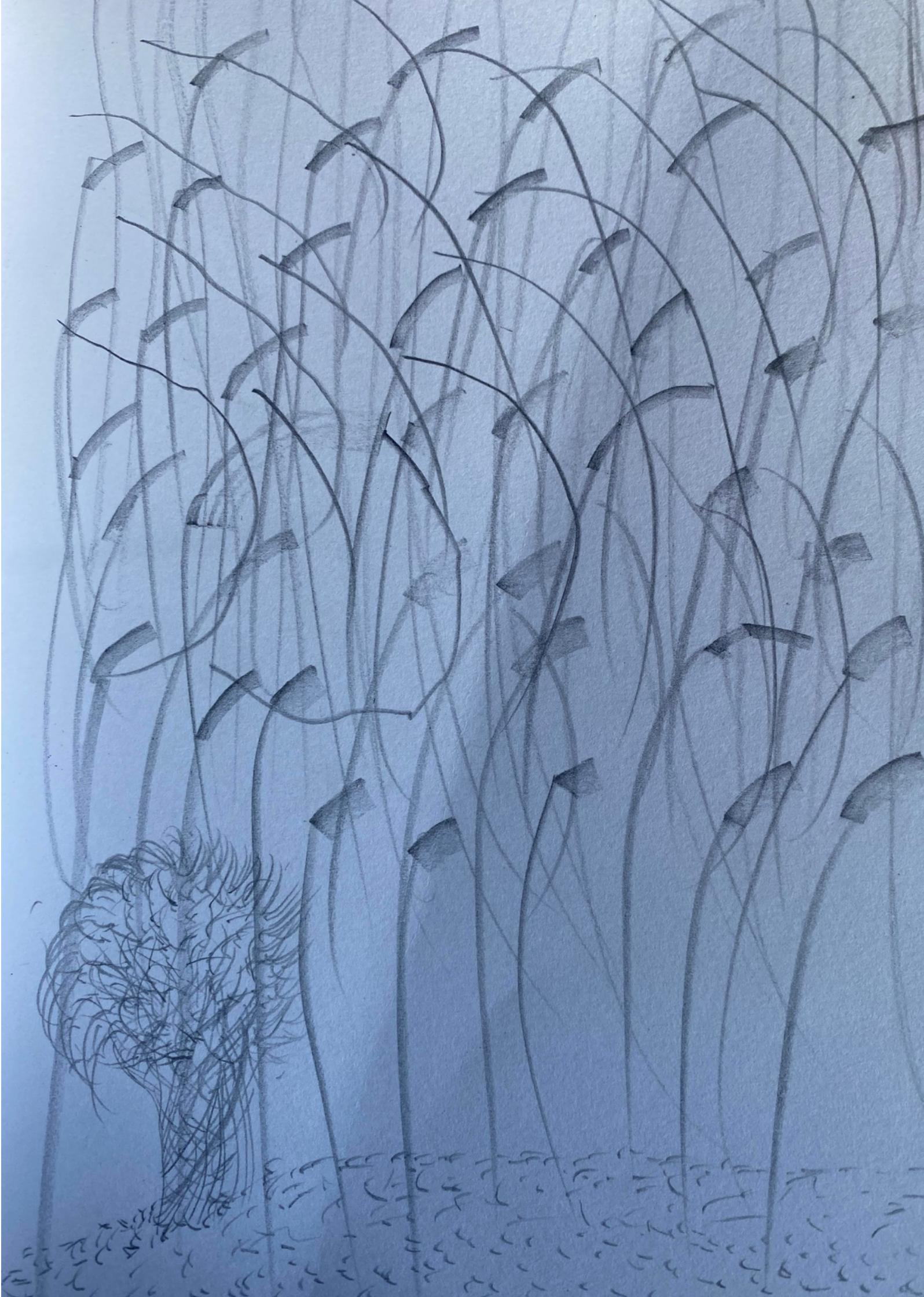
Strong, we don't tell girls enough that they are strong. That being strong is a great quality. What good will a girl do with words like 'pretty' when the world is terribly petty. When we still live in a world that is terrible to girls, we need to tell them that they are strong and that they will be stronger still.

Though I didn't play regularly after school, the sport has given me a kind of strength that I never thought I had.

I owe a lot to sports. Sports allowed me to look beyond academics, to accept that I wouldn't always be the best, to accept change, to accept dwindling marks, to not care what others thought, to know that one had to try despite the possibility of failure, to get up, to fall, to share and to know that life could never be about "I, me, myself" in Sir's words.

What is life anyway, if not a chance to be?

That being said, play sports, watch sports, encourage sports and respect sports. I wouldn't say this if I hadn't enormously benefited from my basketball years at school. This is a tribute to my coaches. Thank you Sir Ashish for teaching a shy girl that she could play a sport. Thank you Sir Vachani for teaching an uncertain girl that she could be fearless and strong.



RUN LIKE A GIRL.

Sports teaches girls that their bodies can be a subject of gaze other than that of objectification. As a girl you become confident about your body because you know your body can be an entity that can elicit appreciation for more than just conventional ideas of beauty.

You get used to being seen, for something other than objectification. You stop becoming shy of your body, because you know can score a basket, a goal, or run, or be you.









E-mail writing & art (any kind) on any subject at-
rawwhispers@gmail.com

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