

CATHEDRAL NEWS

OCTOBER EDITION



**Staff editors :**

Mrs. Nair
Mrs. Rodrigues
Mrs. Duttagupta

Editors :

Trisha Sharma
Alyssa Vora

Writers :

Aryana Putcha
Amara Putcha
Meher Singh
Advay Kejriwal
Vedika Shah
Dia Kadakia
Aashi Bubna
Teanna Jhaveri
Sanaa Seksaria
Ananya Kanodia
Shriya Kothari
Vanika Bubna
Yatee Jaiswal
Anaya Meghani
Riya Malhotra
Ira Jain
Naisha Malkani
Ariana Jalan
Vihaa Makhecha
Riah Rajani
Meher Singh
Jia Laud
Myra Gandhi
Tisha Khanna

Designers :

Tisha Khanna
Sanaa Seksaria
Shriya Kothari
Advay Kejriwal
Meher Singh
Ayana Bhana
Jinaya Shah
Rajshree Kejriwal



EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the latest issue of Cathedral News!

With exams behind us and the school year flying by faster than we thought possible, this issue offers a glimpse into the in-between moments that make up life at Cathedral. From getting to know the new faces around Thomas House to the little things we get up to between free periods and our teachers' attempts at keeping up with Gen Z vocabulary, we've put together a mix of articles that celebrate the everyday moments that might seem insignificant at first, but are often what make our school years memorable.

We're especially excited to introduce The Student Hotline, our new advice column where your questions meet the perspectives of fellow seniors, answering anonymously under pseudonyms. Alongside it, we've added a game section for those who fancy a break from reading, because sometimes a little friendly brain-teasing is just what you need.

As always, we hope there's something in these pages for everyone. And with our Christmas edition coming up in December, we're already looking forward to bringing you a little more of the warmth, love, and festive spirit that makes the end of the year so special.

For feedback or suggestions, write to us at 133-2014-15@cajcs.in (Trisha) or 1019-2025-26@cajcs.in (Alyssa).

Until next time,

Yours truly,

Alyssa Vora and Trisha Sharma



If school subjects were People at a party

Anaya Meghani and
Naisha Malkani

Math would be that one person who takes everything literally. Someone says, "I'll be there in 5," and they're immediately like "5 what? Seconds? Minutes?" before starting the countdown. They'd spend the whole party calculating random stuff no one asked for, like the chance of two people having the same outfit. At the same time, they would be effortlessly cool, and someone everyone wants to know. Oh and we can't forget how they'd keep trying to set people up with their ex.

Computer science would be a geeky nerd who stands in a corner, awkwardly making small talk. But what you don't know? They're secretly running the whole show. Awesome lights? Set up by them. Banger songs? Strategically designed to get you on the dance floor. Need the wifi

password? Of course they have it. So while they may appear to be detached from the drama, you can probably thank them for the amazing time you had.

Physical education would be the life of the party. They'd be the first one on the dance floor, and their excessive zeal ensures that you'll have a good time. They'll convince half the room to play a sport at 11 p.m., completely obliterate everyone on the field, and still have the energy to ask, "Who wants to have a push-up contest?" They'll refuse to sit all night, and drag you along with them for whatever wild game they've come up with now.

Art would definitely be "that" person who comes to the party. They "pull up" effortlessly, looking cool in all their paint glory, and make an art piece out of a napkin. In five minutes, they redecorate the entire venue because "the vibes are off."

English would definitely be the "certified yapper and gossip dealer" They would know everything and somehow make "he left me on seen" sound like a full-on Shakespearean tragedy. Also, they would correct you in the middle of an argument, saying "girl, it's you're, not your."

History would literally not shut up talking about his tory. One person says, "This party is crazy," and History says, "You think this is crazy? Just wait till I tell you about 1857



CJP PROTESTS

— ADVAY KEJRIWAL & MEHER SINGH —

Civil discourse usually brings to mind polished podiums, solemn speeches, and people in stiff suits using words like ‘henceforth’. The recent CJP protests were anything but.

If you were anywhere near the grounds, you didn’t just witness a demonstration, you witnessed a masterclass in modern, chaotic efficiency. It was equal parts genuine student frustration, high-stakes logistical coordination, and absolute, unhinged satire.

The signage alone deserved its own review in an art gallery. The traditional block-letter slogans on poster boards were completely tossed out. In their place was a line of hyper-specific cultural references, deadpan irony, and posters that managed to critique policy while looking like a live-action internet comment section. There is a specific kind of psychological warfare in handing an administrator a poster that critiques their policy through three layers of irony and a reference they will need an urban dictionary to understand. When the primary weapon of dissent is a sign pointing out the sheer absurdity of a situation with completely blank-faced minimalism, the entire dynamic of authority shifts.

Then, there was the terrifying speed of the organization. What historically took weeks of committee meetings and printed flyers was mobilized in under forty-five minutes. A web of frantic group chats, emergency broadcasts, and shared documents turned a vague sense of annoyance into a fully deployed operation. Crowd flow, hydration logistics, and real-time updates were handled with military precision. People were directing traffic and live-documenting the entire event with the focus of a news room, all while casually making sure the lighting was hit just right for the inevitable photo recap later that evening.

What made the approach successful was the fact that it disregarded the conventional course of affairs. Bureaucracy is based on long meetings, complicated processes and methodical statements designed to exhaust people. Responding to a rigid policy decision with immediate, sharp, self-aware humor completely bypasses that safety net. You simply cannot out-maneuver a crowd when their primary response to a formal memo is turning it into a running joke before the ink has even dried.

The humor wasn't a distraction from the issue; it was the entire strategy. Wrapping genuine frustration in absurd commentary didn't make the point any less real, it made it impossible to sweep under the rug. By skipping the formal theatrics and leaning straight into sharp, direct irony, the CJP protests proved that you don't need a podium or a microphone to completely control the room. A good point, a crowd with zero patience for bureaucracy, and functional Wi-Fi get the job done just fine.

EAT. SLEEP. STUDY. REPEAT.



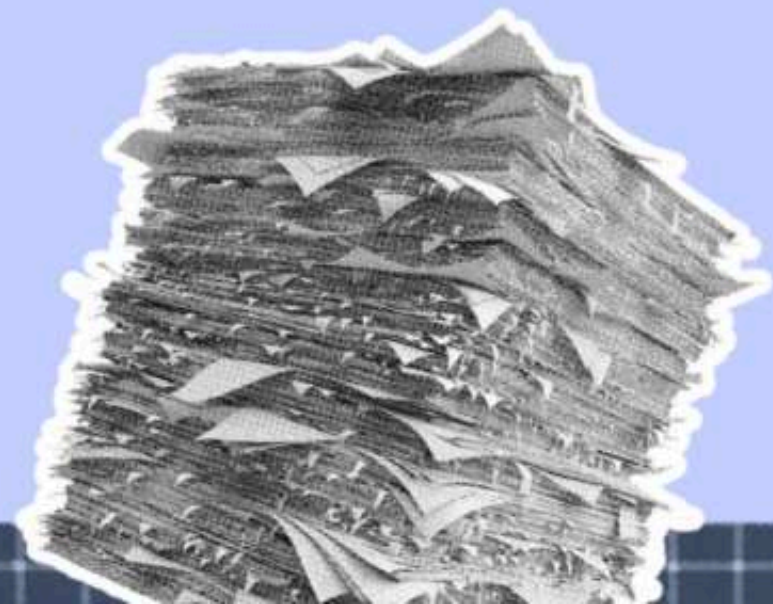
EAT. SLEEP. STUDY. REPEAT. Unfortunately, short term memory allows students to only retain the last two, completely ignoring the “eat” and “sleep”.

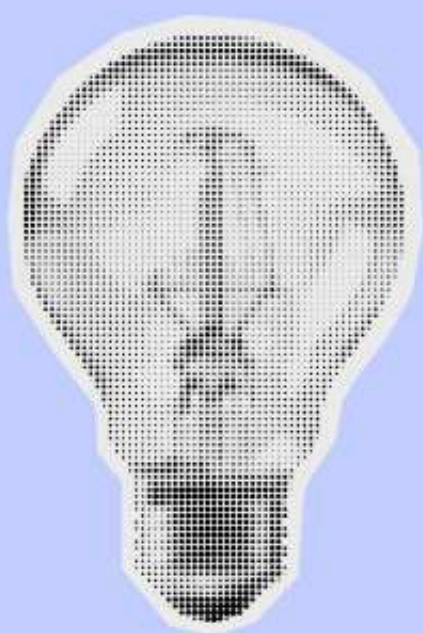
However, without food and some zzz's, you're bound to pass (out). While some study months in advance, and still somehow choke, others open their textbooks 24 hours before the exam, and pray for a miracle to pull them through. Here are a few tips we think you can implement to successfully sail through exam season:



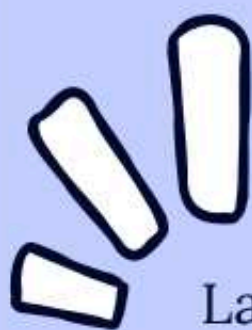
First, do not procrastinate. “I’ll start tomorrow” soon turns into “I’ll start on the weekend”, which quickly spirals out of control. Starting early doesn’t mean studying for six hours a day. Even 30–45 minutes of consistent revision can save you from discovering an entire chapter at 11:47 p.m. Keep your timetable realistic. One of the best methods we’ve come across is time-blocking. Schedule study blocks but don’t designate work to them. Take a look at your to-do list, and pick what fits your mood best. This prevents procrastinating work you don’t want to tackle while ensuring you’re still productive. Also, we all love our phones, but it is not your study partner. It’s more like that one person who comes after every paper to ask you “How much did you get?” with the sole intention of satisfying their own ego. DND or another room - pick one for your phone and keep it there.

Secondly, take breaks. Do not try to cram the entire syllabus in one shot. This tires your brain and makes you physically incapable of learning and retaining information. Further, these breaks should not be spent watching AI fruits deciding the fate of their twin children, or even binge-watching your latest Netflix obsession. Taking a break means engaging in some sort of physical activity. Go outside! Get some fresh air! Venture out to the coastal road, take a walk on Marine Drive, or even go down in your building, whatever is more convenient! Find a spot, find an exercise, and make it work!

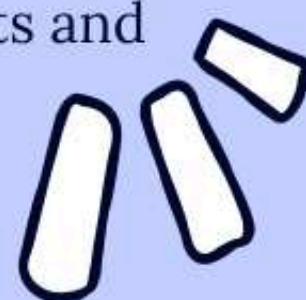




Thirdly, watch your diet. Stress can seriously mess up what you eat. Most people tend to over-eat or under-eat without even realizing. Headaches during exam season? It's probably because you've had three cups of coffee for every one sip of water. Feeling lethargic at 3pm? Maybe it's that 12-inch Dominos pizza and the Large McDonald's fries. Instead, make sure you eat 3 squared meals a day, get ample nutrition, and do not risk it with food you know is unsafe, no matter how mouth-watering it may be. Some exam-friendly snacks to stock up include popcorn, yogurt, makhana, and almost anything with hummus. However, all this means nothing if you pull all-nighters. While they appear productive, it completely messes up the following day. You can't retain the chapter you spent an hour on, and you're too tired to understand the question itself. So please, stop acting like a vampire, and GET SOME SLEEP!



Lastly, one bad paper isn't the end of the world. Let that sink in. Every once in a while, despite all those intensive colour-coded notes, endless past paper questions, and late-night study sessions, you mess up a paper. While your instinct tells you to go through every question and calculate your marks, and ask everyone else what they got to get a lay of the land, resist that urge. Go through your mistakes, pick up missed concepts and silly mistakes, and let go of the marks.



The 7:55 a.m. Student Ecosystem



The first drops of sunrise hit the savannah, reflecting the golden glow of the sinuous cheetahs, dressed in basketball shorts and thick shoes. They stalk the senior school quad, growling and leaping over the mysterious orange-and-black ball of meat they play with, oblivious to the wider ecosystem stirring to life around them.

For here, in this delicate biome, bounded by a canteen and a Chem Lab, hundreds of species of students have adapted, evolved, and occasionally collapsed onto the nearest bench.

The Corridor Grazers

Migrating slowly along the canteen treeline in loose ambling herds, the wildebeest subsists on a diet of stolen Lay's packets, and someone else's tiffin. Watch closely, and you will witness one of the ecosystems oldest social rituals – the offering of a single oreo, a sign of diplomacy between rival herds.

The Crammers

Hunched over a single sheet of paper, the Meerkat displays the classic sentry stance – upright, eyes darting, heart rate elevated, entire body angled toward the exam hall, ears twitching in suspense. A rustling highlighter is often the earliest symbol of flight.





The IB Stress Cases

Rarely seen without a cup of coffee glued permanently to one paw, this creature moves through its environment at a pace best described as 'geological', communicating in a series of anxious mutterings about 'IAs' 'EEs' and a mysterious entity known only as 'Anu Misra'. Its mournful call, somewhere between a sigh and a whimper, has been known to summon sympathy from even the most daunting predators in the staffroom. Remember, Do not offer advice to a sloth. it has already read 17 contradictory Reddit posts and trusts none of them, least of all you.



The Back Benchers

Sprawled across the backmost benches, school jacket half unzipped with the unbothered magnificence of an apex predator that has never once been called on, the Lion does not take notes.

The Lion does not raise its paw. The Lion has, on occasion, been observed fully asleep with its eyes technically open, a survival skill passed down through generations of backbenchers. It moves through the corridors at a glacial pace, slow and regal, entirely unconcerned with bells and deadlines, making a beeline towards the free block class and averting the eagle eyes staring pointedly from the front of the room. Because somewhere, deep in its instincts, the Lion knows it will always somehow be fine.



The Late Arrivals

A rare and thrilling sight: The gazelle, sprinting along open ground with its bag half zipped and a shoelace flapping around like a distressed flag, built for speed over short distances only, it springs up the staircase, four at a time, escaping the looming, predatorial gaze of the clockticking. It reaches the gate at exactly 7:54:58 and somehow escapes writing their names in the car booklet.



The Canteen Cue Vultures

Circling patiently – or not so patiently – near the counter, the vulture has mastered the art of appearing to cue while actually cutting in with the practiced innocence of someone who ‘didn’t realise there was a line’. Somehow they barely have 10 rupees in their pocket. Their diet consists entirely of whatever is closest to being banned from the canteen (we miss you cookies!)



Then, without warning, the air changes. A hush falls over the savannah. The cheetahs, freeze mid-dribble, ball suspended in the air. The grazers stop grazing. The staffroom door creaks open. For one electric moment, every species in the ecosystem for once is in perfect agreement: walk, don’t run, and for the love of god, put the phone away. The bell rings. The savannah empties. Tomorrow, at 7:55 am. Precisely, it will all begin again.

*by Shriya Kothari
and Aryana Putcha*



A SCIENTIFIC RANKING OF SCHOOL EXCUSES

Every day, students show up to school with half of their notebooks left at home, or incomplete homework. However, one thing they always have with them is a list of perfected excuses, fitting all precarious school situations they may find themselves in. Here is our ranking of school excuses, as firsthand witnesses and contributors to all of them.

[Disclaimer: The writers of this article do not endorse the use of these excuses and cannot guarantee they will work. They urge you to use the following at your own discretion, but of course encourage you to follow the school rules...]

For homework not being submitted or submitted late:

1. "Miss, I was absent when you assigned it"

Works: ★★★★★ | Common: ★★★★★☆ | Likely to get your diary taken: 1/10
An unbeatable classic. Airtight alibi, and it works with zero effort, even when everyone (the teacher included) knows you were probably just sleeping in class

2. "I didn't see the mail"

Works: ★★★☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★☆ |

Likely to get you a lecture in front of everyone: 4/10

A bold gamble now, when everything is sent on ManageBac or Google Classroom. Even then, you're likely to get off with a sarcastic laugh followed by a stern lecture on responsibility (you definitely thought it would be a lot worse).

3. "My wifi/laptop stopped working, Miss"

Works: ★★☆☆☆ | Common: ★★☆☆☆ |

Likely to get you a meeting after class: 7/10

Honestly, when the teachers ask us for help with technology, do we really expect them to believe this?

4. "Miss, the submit button wasn't working"

Works: ★★☆☆☆ | Common: ★★☆☆☆ |

Likely to get you an eyeroll: 3/10

Really? Teachers have been hearing that the submit button was glitching since before they started using Google Classroom.

For being late to school:

1. "The bus broke down"

Works: ★★★★★ | Common: ★★☆☆☆ |

Likely to get you a remark: 1/10

Safe on the surface, but with rapid communication from the bus marshal to the coordinators to the heads, this might just be hit-or-miss.

2. "I live very far away"

Works: ★★☆☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★ |

Likely to get you a remark: 3/10

Somehow, this excuse is used the most by people who live the closest to school (and the security guards definitely know it).

3. "My alarm didn't go off"

Works: ★★☆☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★ |

Likely to get you a remark: 8/10

So you missed the bus? And now you're in trouble not only for being late, but also for coming by car.

For getting called out for turnout:

1. "My barber shop was closed."

Works: ☆☆☆☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★ |

Likely to get you sent to the barber: 13/10

This would probably get you a loss of house points, a raging house captain, a trip to the barber, and of course, you being annoyed at the barber for all that transpired.

2. "My hairband JUST broke."

Works: ☆☆☆☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★ |

Likely to get house points cut: 11/10

Delivered with such conviction! But unfortunately, unless you can produce the broken pieces, you're not in any less trouble.

3. "I gave my hymnal to my friend."

Works: ☆☆☆☆☆ | Common: ★★★★★ |

Likely to get your diary taken: 11/10

Taking the brunt of your friend forgetting their hymnal? How courageous. Did it work? No. Not even a little bit.

(Let's be honest - none of the excuses EVER work at inspection - and rightly so)

A word of caution before you go test these out: teachers have heard every single one of these. Multiple times. Probably today.

The wifi excuse has never once been true. And "the bus broke down" has been in continuous use since before some of your teachers were students themselves.

So enjoy the list, laugh at the accuracy, but maybe don't plan your whole strategy around it. At best, these buy you a raised eyebrow, or a "just this once." The homework's still due. You still have to get that haircut.

You have been warned.

THE UNWRITTEN RULES OF SCHOOL

-Vedika Shah

Every school has two sets of rules: the ones that are printed in the school diary and are constantly repeated at assemblies, and the informal, unofficial rules, which every student knows without anybody having to tell them. We know which staircase is the fastest, which route each teacher takes to get to class and which seats are unofficially reserved for each person. These little rules may not appear on any noticeboard, but every student has memorised them better than they have any textbook.

Rule No. 1

One of the most popular rules is that lending someone a pen is like voluntarily entering a dangerous business deal. While you may lend it with complete faith that they will return it to you by the end of the day, you will end up finding the cap of the pen at one end of the classroom while the refill is in the dustbin.



Rule No. 2

Now, one of the most disliked rules is that if you ask someone what work you missed when you were absent, they will answer with 'nothing much'. We barely did anything today. But the next thing you know, there are two upcoming surprise tests and that a project worth half your grade was done on that day.

Rule No. 3

Then comes the perfectly timed washroom break. Everyone knows that if you ask to use the washroom in the first 10 minutes, the teacher will say '**What was the lunch break for?**' and if you ask during the last 10 minutes, they will say it can wait. But if you ask in the middle of the period, the teacher will grant you permission because she is too deep into her lesson and doesn't want any disruptions or pointless arguments.

Rule No. 4

The most universally known rule is that when a teacher announces a group project, you already know who your group will comprise, whose house you will meet at to do the work and what task each person will be in charge of. The top student will always end up with the 3 backbenchers whose football jersey number is still more than the days of school they attend each term. While she does all the work, they claim they are there for mental support. On the day of representation, the smart student will quickly explain what the topic is about to the rest of the group, and when the backbencher students are asked questions, they give the worst answers possible with the best confidence.



Rule No. 5

Finally, the rule of the 5 minute break. The moment a teacher announces a five minute break, the entire class sounds like a fish market. There is a buzzing of energy and sound from everywhere.

Rule No. 6

The moment an inspection check is over, the girls will unplait their hair and the boys untuck their shirts. But the moment they see a teacher passing, they quickly get themselves in order. When the teachers tell boys to get a haircut, they let their hair grow until it's time for the school barber to give them a buzz cut!

Rule No. 7

The Corridor Rule. Everyone knows about this one corridor which is safe during break time. No teacher comes to monitor that corridor so you can play handball with your friends freely, fully enjoy break time and do other fun things.

Although these rules may seem silly, they are what make school enjoyable. In a few years, we may not remember our school's official rules. But the memories that we have made by following the unofficial rules are something that will stay with us forever!

TEACHERS' MOST CHAOTIC CLASSROOM MOMENTS

Yatee Jaiswal and Vanika Bubna

INCIDENT 01 — the lizard

One afternoon when I entered class, everything was suspiciously quiet, with every student sitting perfectly straight and looking innocent. But then all of a sudden, a student jumped up and shouted, "MISS, THERE'S A LIZARD!"

The classroom exploded. Students climbed onto chairs, pushed desks around and grabbed their bags, while I repeatedly yelled, "EVERYONE CALM DOWN!" The lizard then ran across the wall, causing even more screaming. One student was actually holding a ruler as a weapon.

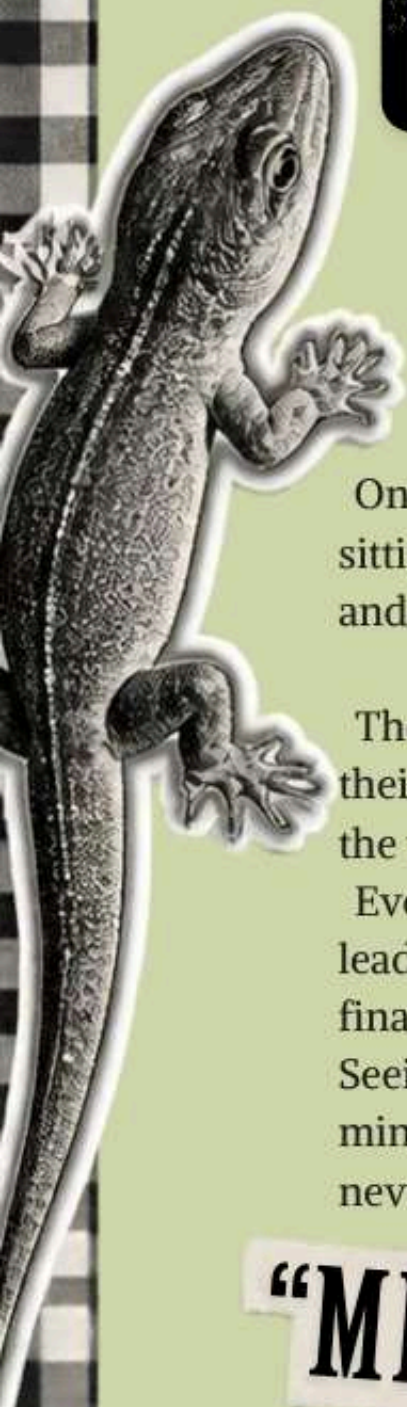
Eventually, it disappeared behind a cupboard. Then, a notebook landed near the cupboard leading to a full argument over who would retrieve it. After an official vote, one brave student finally volunteered and sprinted back with it. By then, the entire lesson was practically over. Seeing the overturned chairs and scattered books, I gave up and gave them the last few minutes free. The cheer was louder than ever and the class was chaotic again. Needless to say, I never forgot that lesson, or trusted a suspiciously quiet classroom again.

"MISS, there's a LIZARD!"

INCIDENT 02 — the ceiling fan

One morning, I walked into class expecting a normal lesson. At first, everything was peaceful, with everyone quietly copying notes from the board. Suddenly, someone shouted, "MISS, THE FAN IS MAKING A WEIRD NOISE!" The classroom immediately went into panic. Students started looking up at the fan, moving away from their desks and arguing about whether it was about to fall. One student actually packed their entire bag and stood near the door, ready to run. I yelled for peace in the chaos with, "EVERYONE SIT DOWN!" but nobody seemed interested in listening. The fan then made another loud noise, causing even more screaming. Eventually, it stopped, and everyone slowly returned to their seats. Just as I began the lesson again, someone shouted, "IT'S STARTING AGAIN!"

The entire class erupted once more. After several minutes of complete chaos, the fan finally went quiet. By then, half the lesson was over. Seeing everyone staring nervously at the ceiling, I gave up and continued the lesson while keeping one eye on the fan. Either way, I never looked at a ceiling fan the same way again.



What Your Default Study Snack Says

-Myra Gandhi, Ariana Jalan

About You

Everyone has that one snack they reach for when it's time to study. It could be something sweet for a little motivation, something salty to keep the boredom away, or an entire meal disguised as a "snack." But have you ever wondered what your study snack says about you?



01. Chocolate or Sweet Treats: The "I Deserve This" Student

Your textbook is open, your notes are highlighted, and there is somehow a chocolate bar sitting right next to you. If this is your default study snack, you probably need something sweet to keep you going. You tell yourself it's "just one piece" after finishing a topic, only to find an empty wrapper at some point and wonder where it went.

You're the comfort-studier. Whether you're sitting on your bed with your notes open or studying with your friends, a sweet treat is your ultimate survival tool. Your study playlist is playing, your highlighters are everywhere, and the chocolate is the only thing keeping you going. You probably have a stock of it somewhere. Maybe even a whole cabinet.

One word = one piece

That's just basic mathematics.



02. Instant Noodles: The Academic Survival Kit

If instant noodles are your go-to study snack, we have some questions. You have had plenty of time to study, but somehow you have ended up revising the night before. Now it's 1:24 a.m., you have four chapters left, and there is a steaming bowl of noodles beside your textbook.



You are officially in survival mode. While others have spent days revising, you are finishing multiple chapters in one sitting and occasionally, against all odds, pulling it off. You thrive on last-minute adrenaline and consider noodles the ultimate fuel for an academic crisis. Plus, they're delicious.

"I work best under pressure."

— You, creating the pressure yourself

03. Fruits or Healthy Bites: The Pinterest Student

If you reach for apples, berries, or nuts while revising, you're probably the organised planner of the group. Your notes are colour-coded, your timetable exists before the exam timetable does, and your stationery has somehow been arranged by colour.



Instead of relying on sugar spikes or last-minute panic, you aim for sustainable energy to power through long study sessions. You're intentional with your time, clear-headed, and always prepared for test day. The rest of us are eating biscuits over our textbooks. You have brought a perfectly portioned box of almonds.

"I actually started studying two weeks ago."

04. Caffeinated Drinks or Energy Bars: The Human Battery

If coffee, iced tea, or energy bars are your go-to, you're a high-efficiency multitasker. You operate on deadline-driven adrenaline and treat studying like an intense workout. You're focused, determined, and on a mission to get through as much material as possible in record time. Your desk probably looks like a command centre: laptop open, textbook open, phone somewhere nearby, and a drink that has become more essential than your actual water bottle.



You don't ask,

"When should I start studying?"

You ask,

"How much can I finish before 2 a.m.?"

**"Sleep is important. I'll do it
after the exam."**

At the end of the day, whether you need sweet comfort, last-minute noodle fuel, organised fruit power, or enough caffeine to keep you functioning, your study snack says a lot about how you survive school stress. Because sometimes the difference between **"I can't study anymore"** and **"Okay, one more chapter"** is sitting right beside your textbook.





The Invisible Chain

Why FOMO has Teenagers on Edge?

Ira Jain and Ariana Jalan

It is eleven thirty in the evening on a Tuesday. The room is swallowed by darkness, with only the cold blue light from the mobile screen illuminating your face. Your eyes are growing heavy and the phone's battery is down to 4%, yet, somehow, you fail to lock the screen. A new story pops up—one of a group of classmates at a late-night dinner who are laughing about an inside joke that you don't understand. At that moment, an uncomfortable emptiness settles in your stomach.

why wasnt i invited ?

who all are going ?

THIS IS THE PERVASIVE WORLD OF FOMO, THE FEAR OF MISSING OUT

The term may seem like some light-hearted internet slang, but the psychological impact it has on teenagers is completely real. In this day and age, every moment is photographed, recorded, and posted to its fullest extent. Whether it's a concert, a sleepover, or a spontaneous study session, failing to be part of it doesn't just mean missing an event; sometimes, it feels like being exiled from the social circle. Even a seemingly harmless "seen" can suddenly feel like evidence in a case you never agreed to be part of.

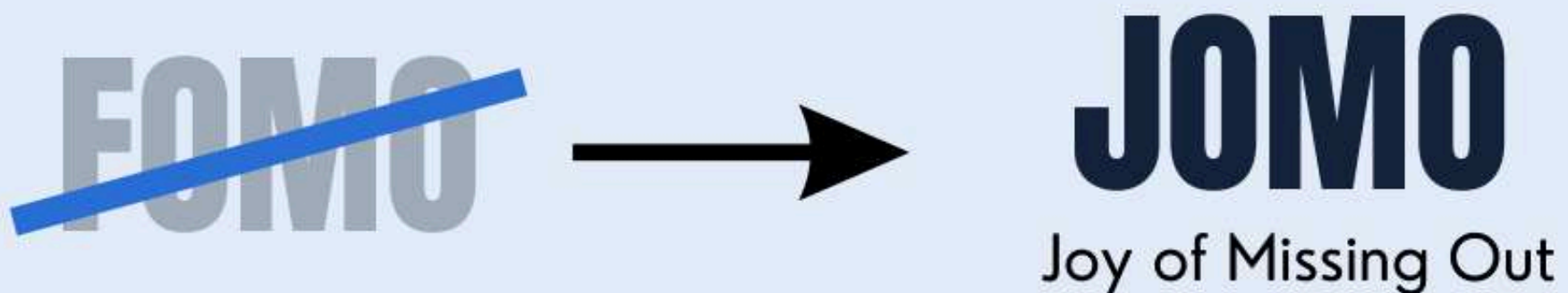
One Senior School student, who has chosen to remain anonymous, admits that it isn't necessarily about wanting to be at the party. It's the anxiety and insecurity caused by everybody else enjoying the moment together while you are the odd one out, making you feel invisible. You begin to question whether they are becoming closer without you, whether you are being forgotten, or whether you still belong. Suddenly, one Instagram story has you reconsidering the entire history of your friendships.

The small glowing rectangle becomes an inviusible chain



Social media has not only intensified this fear but also turned it into a game. Features like Snapchat Streaks, temporary Instagram stories, and the relentless stream of TikTok trends establish an unspoken pressure to remain connected or else you'll be left behind, making checking our phones a compulsive need. That small, glowing rectangle of glass becomes an invisible chain, dragging us back to our phones even when we know we should probably be studying, sleeping, or doing literally anything else.

What's ironic is that although we are making a desperate effort to stay connected with everything that is going on outside, we end up missing the actual moments taking place right in front of us. We exchange real conversations for notifications, genuine experiences for photographs, and meaningful connection for digital validation. In trying to make sure we don't miss anything, we somehow manage to miss quite a lot. There is something slightly absurd about being at dinner with your friends while simultaneously checking what everyone else is doing at dinner.



So, how do we break this cycle? Here's how: it involves redefining the way we relate to our screens, shifting from experiencing FOMO to enjoying JOMO — the Joy of Missing Out. JOMO is the realization that you don't have to be everywhere at once to feel like you belong. It means deciding to spend a calm night at home, reading a good book, or getting a full night's sleep rather than going to a party you didn't want to go to in the first place. And, perhaps most importantly, it means accepting that you do not need to know what everyone is doing at every second of the day.

Revolutionary, we know.

The next time that feeling of emptiness and inadequacy creeps in when you watch someone's highlight reel, remember that you are seeing carefully curated moments, and not the reality. You're not being left behind, you're simply living according to your own schedule. A life that doesn't need to be posted, documented, or accompanied by a strategically chosen song to feel worth living.

Lost But Found

By Vedika Shah
and Dia Kadakia

A Field Guide to Forgotten Belongings

The Lost and Found is less like a storage unit and more like an archaeological expedition where each shelf and box represents a hundred students, a hundred years and a spectrum of carelessness.

The Bottle Shelf



The first things that one would come across are the water bottles of different shapes, sizes, colours, and purposes. For some, these were once their priceless water bottles, used after tiring football sessions or simply a container containing coffee that helped them survive the school year. Some motivate with asinine quotations while some boast their previous owners' House spirit. Even a glance at these bottles can reveal how many sports practices they've survived.



The Stationary Shelf



Next is the stationery section. Over here you will come across a wide variety of things; from pens running out of ink to watches running out of time. Geometry boxes that have a broken protractor and some that are even unhinged (pun intended!). Some pencils in the pile are so short that it seems like they have gone through years of sharpening while erasers sit idly on the shelf wondering when a student will come and make some use out of them. Another extremely famous item that one may find here is the stationery pouch which somehow contains only one pen and some sharpener shavings. You may find random pieces of Post-its that have reminders like BRING HYMNAL TOMORROW or COMPLETE MATH HOMEWORK. Highlighters are also a common item that one may find. Most of them however are dried out as if having highlighted the last sentence in their extremely short lifespan.



The Clothing Shelf



The other side of the Lost and Found is taken up by a wide range of clothing that could honestly fit in at the New York Fashion Week. From school jackets to sports equipment and lab coats. Each is decorated by unique stains that tell a story that could rival the Odyssey: chalk marks from friendly classroom banter, or pink lines from the first time the owner used phenolphthalein.



A visit to the lost and found is nothing less than travelling into a magical land where every shelf tells a tale. This bizarre range of objects is what makes the Lost and Found more than a storage unit, each one with a history, a present and hopefully a future. Perhaps that is what makes it such a fascinating place: it is a room full of past mistakes, each waiting to be fixed. Each wanting a resolution. And maybe even new life. In a way, the objects' stories mirror our own. Because if each object can hold out hope for a happy ending, then so can we!

WHAT STUDENTS REALLY DO

in free periods

By Sanaa Seksaria
and Ananya Kanodia

Free periods are supposed to be simple. No class, no syllabus, just time to do whatever you want. But, you'll always see at least three of these types of people. If you've not seen them, you are definitely one of them.

The Class Peekers: There's always a group who decides to get their daily exercise in (by taking rounds of the corridor), along with a quick peek into the events of the other classes (by doing so, they usually get a side-eye from the teacher and a few encouraging giggles).

The Pretend Grinder: There's always that one person who is asking everyone for their textbook, and loudly claiming that they're 'only' on their second revision for an exam that's two months away. But when you actually observe them, they're just really good at pretending to be focused (and yelling at everyone to keep quiet because they're trying to "lock in").

The Suspiciously Awake Napper: A friend you've probably not seen in months becomes a familiar face again, but don't worry, it's just because they've finally decided that school is more important than their daily nap. Only, this realization hits when they're not expected to do any "actual learning." Somehow, their claims of "I slept really late because of football" cease to exist, and they're usually part of the loudest group in the class. Nobody really knows how this works, but it happens every time.

The Eater: Even before the free period was announced, their lunchbox was probably already out (just not in a place that could be seen). But now that they have the free will to eat, they've finished half of their own box, asked the rest of the class for their food, and are already making plans for what to get from the canteen during lunch.

The Cluster: This is the group that just forms in the middle of the room and talks the whole time, usually about everything and also absolutely nothing. It looks chaotic from the outside, but honestly, those 30 minutes of games and laughter are probably some of the best memories from school.

The Laptop Surfers: You can always find them switching between "reading notes" and the daily New York Times games, until a teacher walks in, and suddenly it's a very skillful game of switching tabs.

The Bathroom Campers: We get it. The bathroom has the best lighting, and it's not quite as cold in there as it is in the rest of the building. So naturally, some people just set up camp.

The One Who Studies: They're probably a little disappointed that class got cancelled, but that's okay, because they're also the ones who'll send you the notes later without making fun of you for not having them.

At the end of the day, no matter how the free period actually goes, students are always united by their sense of momentary freedom. And honestly, that's probably what makes them so much fun (sometimes a little too fun, since going back to normal lessons can now make some people fall asleep, literally). Keep a lookout for them in your next free period!

The Lifecycle of a “Can You Send Me the Notes?” Message



- Varsha Reddy and Vanika Bubna

There are some questions in school that are not really questions. “What was the homework?” is one. “When’s the test?” is another. But perhaps the most important of them all is: “Can you send me the notes?”

It is a simple message, almost harmless. Yet, behind those six words lies an entire process of misplaced confidence, delayed responses, increasingly desperate reminders and, eventually, a bunch of blurry photos that you have to make do with. If this isn’t an experience you have yet, one you’re built differently and two your school life is woefully incomplete.

Stage 1: The Realisation

It usually starts when you get home and open your bag. You look for your notebook. It isn’t there. Then you remember that you did have a notebook in class. You just didn’t write anything in it. Perhaps you were absent. Perhaps you were distracted. Perhaps you spent the entire lesson convinced that you would remember everything (which quite clearly did not happen). So, you open WhatsApp and find the person whose notes you trust most.

“Can you pls send me the notes from today?”

Problem solved. Or so you think.

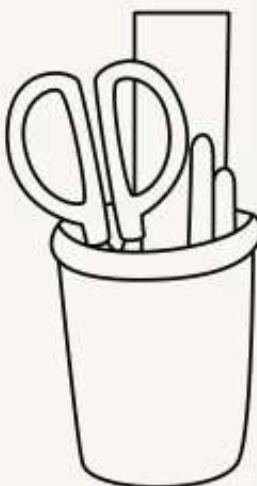


Stage 2: The Assurance

The reply comes quickly.

“yeah sure, i’ll send them.”

Perfect. You put your phone down and continue with life, secure in the knowledge that your academic problems have been outsourced to someone else (little do you know). Ten minutes pass. Nothing. You aren’t worried yet. They probably got distracted. Twenty minutes. Still nothing. You remind yourself that they said they would send them (or did they just want to politely end the conversation (PS: its the latter)



Stage 3: The Follow-Up



You send the first reminder.

“Hey, whenever you can, can you send them?”

Nothing. Another thirty minutes pass.

“Did you send the notes?”

Still nothing. At this point, the problem is no longer the notes. It is the awkwardness in repeatedly asking someone for something they already agreed to give you. Eventually, desperation takes over.

“dude, hello??

please, i actually really need them i'll flunk otherwise”

Stage 4: The Escalation

By now, it is late.

You have a test tomorrow. The notes are still nowhere to be seen. You start considering alternative sources. Maybe someone else took them. Maybe you can reconstruct the lesson from memory. Maybe you can simply accept your fate and hope the test is cancelled. Then, just as you are about to give up, your phone buzzes. Finally!!!! The notes are coming. Your knight in shining armour has finally come to your rescue (spoiler alert: it's an underwhelming experience). You open the chat. And prepare yourself for whatever has been sent.



Stage 5: The Delivery



And then eventually it comes.

“Sorry forgot,”

it says, followed by seventeen pictures. You click on the first one, it's blurry. You click on the second one, it's sideways. You click on the third one and somehow it's not even the right chapter. You can hardly read what's written in there, but now it doesn't really matter anyway because all you want is for the notes to exist regardless of what condition it's in. So you accept your fate, you're canned.

Stage 6: The Discovery

Until now, that is, when you're just seconds away from spending the next forty minutes trying to decode handwriting from the stone age, when you open Google Classroom. There they are. The notes. Posted six hours ago by the teacher, in clear PDF form with headings, with diagrams, with everything. You look at the screen, wondering how you subjected yourself to all that. You could have saved a full hour and seventeen pictures from having to be taken. But it's too late now, you're never getting back those wasted hours.



Stage 7: The Reversal

And then, the next day your phone rings. "Can you send me the notes?" You pick up your notebook and realize that you have exactly what they are asking for. You know very well what will happen next. You can send the notes right away and you can be the friend that you wish you had yesterday. Or instead you could do what happened to you yesterday. And so, you just write back, "yeah sure," and put the phone down because you know, they will ask for them again in an hour. So you become their problem, the very problem you had yesterday. And just like this, the cycle continues.

In conclusion, the life cycle of a "can you send me the notes?" text is more of a ritual than a question. It starts with misplaced trust, passes through ever-so-desperate reminders, endures seventeen iffy pictures, and finishes up exactly where it began, with another request for the notes. Everyone knows the drill and still we play our role. Because tomorrow when the message finally pops up on our screens, we will most likely look at our notebooks, sigh, and type out the two words that maintain the whole process: "yeah sure"

SIX COUNTRIES, ONE HOME.

A CONVERSATION WITH AMRAN

Meet Amran. She was born in Somalia, but she'll tell you that she's never really been "from" one place. Both her parents worked for the United Nations, and that meant her childhood moved on a clock- Pakistan, Bangladesh, Botswana, Uganda, roughly every four years, before she arrived in the United States for her senior year of high school in 1990. Decades later, she spoke to Cathedral News about what that constant motion actually felt like from the inside.

What was life like before you moved to the US, and what does that memory look like for you now?

"My parents worked for the UN, so we were never really anywhere for too long," Amran says. We moved roughly every four years- Pakistan, Bangladesh, Botswana, Uganda." Of all of them, Pakistan is the one that stayed the most with her. "Those were my teenage years, and they're the ones that felt the most like home, even though I left after my junior year." She was at school with the children of diplomats from all around the world- "a Filipino, an Argentinian, people who are my closest friends to this day." What made it work, was that everyone was in the same boat. "Most people had been together since kindergarten. We hadn't. But you get used to the constant change- it was actually exciting."



One memory she finds herself revisiting often are pictures of the Afghan markets she used to wander as a teenager in Pakistan. “Now people would probably call it ‘vintage shopping,’” she laughs, “but back then it was just what we did.” It belonged to a version of the world she says doesn’t quite exist anymore. “This was before 9/11, and the world really was more open then. As long as you were respectful, you could be a foreigner almost anywhere, and it was totally fine- you could travel to small towns on your own, and explore.” She’s quick to add context that most people skip: “It was a very privileged way to grow up, and I know that.”

What was arriving in the US actually like?

“Everything surprised me,” she says simply. She’d grown up across Africa and Asia, and New York was just a different physical world entirely. “The buildings were so tall and everyone was just- walking.” Where I’d lived, people biked or drove. I genuinely remember wondering, where is everyone going?

School was its own culture shock, in the opposite direction of what people usually expect. “It was the informality that got me- students calling teachers by their first names, barely any real structure.



What was resettlement actually like- that first stretch of time?

This is the part that Amran genuinely describes as daunting. She arrived right in time for her senior year, with no real map of what the American system looked like. “I didn’t understand the college process at all. I had about five months to figure out the SAT, college applications - and this was long before you could just look it up online.” On top of an unfamiliar system, she had to build relationships that usually take years to cultivate.

“I had to get teachers to actually care about me, fast, in a system I didn’t understand yet, while everyone around me had been doing this their whole lives.”

She calls herself a “bit of a unicorn” that year- not quite fitting the mold of her classmates’ stories, and not quite fitting the mold of what people expect when they hear “moved to America”, either.



Is there something particular from your background that you’ve held onto?

Geography, more than anything. “It’s actually easier to feel connected to that part of my life in New York more than anywhere else,” she says, “because there are so many people from the Indian subcontinent there. I can find little pieces of home everywhere, in everyone, even in the food which is amazing here. It’s actually easier than you’d think!”

“Home was never really one place for me,” she says.

“It was always going to change - you just knew that going in.” What she misses isn’t a location so much as a feeling: the particular kind of closeness that comes from a group of people who all know, without saying it, that nothing is permanent.

How do you think about “home” now?

What would you want a student our age to understand about a story like yours?

Mostly, she just wants people to resist flattening it into one thing. Her story isn’t about loss in the way that people expect when they hear, “moved countries as a teenager”, it’s about what gets built and consequently left behind each time. Most importantly, she says, “you figure out very quickly what you’re capable of, when you don’t have a choice.”

What emerges, talking to Amran, is that “home” was never a fixed coordinate for her—it was Pakistan’s markets, a handful of friendships scattered across countries, and five compressed months into mastering an unfamiliar college system from knowing nothing. Hers isn’t quite a story of loss, though it isn’t entirely absent of one either. It’s what happens when a childhood repeatedly teaches you that permanence is an illusion—and somehow, you construct something from that instability anyway, again and again, across six different countries.



BY AMARA PUTCHA

THOMAS HOUSE STAFF

BY TISHA KHANNA AND RIYA MALHOTRA

We spend hours together every week, but we do not always get to see the full picture of who our support staff members are. Behind the daily school work, care, and practical help that keep everything running smoothly are people with unique stories, personal interests, and a deep dedication to looking after us. Through our recent interviews with the support staff at Thomas House, we got a closer look at the remarkable individuals who help us every day.



Ashwini Deepak Prasad is the security guard outside Thomas House who ensures we all cross safely every day. She grew up in Mumbai with two siblings, one sister and brother. Ever since she was a small child, she wanted to become a member of the police force and today feels like she has achieved that dream.

Vijay Gotham Dehde most fondly remembers roughhousing with his two brothers when he was younger. He always wanted to work in business either owning one or starting a business from the ground up. He currently helps his father out with his shop in the evenings in Chembur.





Priya Savata Ghahvat works on the Ground floor of the Thomas House building. She grew up in Suhavarti with two brothers as well and jokes that if she could do anything in this world it would be a housewife.

Sukhya Palande grew up with two sisters and one brother, knowing from a young age that she would have to work. She studied till class 10th before leaving to help out with her family's expenses by working odd jobs here and there. She loved to play sports and when she was younger dreamed of working in that field.



Sidihi Sandesh Mahaningvar who grew up in Raigad faces a very similar situation. She has four siblings (one brother and three sisters) and knew from early on that she would have to start working early to help contribute to her family. She too studied till class 10 and currently stays with her parents to help with their bills.

Vaibhav Ashok Maikr works to ensure our safety everyday outside Thomas House. He grew up with two sisters and had always wanted to work in an industry which helped people. He could not have imagined working anywhere else and feels as though his childhood wish is fulfilled.



We spend hours together every week, but we do not always get to see the full picture of who our support staff members are. Behind the daily school work, care, and practical help that keep everything running smoothly are people with unique stories, personal interests, and a deep dedication to looking after us. Through our recent interviews with the support staff at Thomas House, we got a closer look at the remarkable individuals who help us every day.



The Unspoken Rules of the Corridors

A Field Guide to Surviving the Most Dangerous 30 Metres in School

Somewhere in the school diary there is a section on uniform, one on attendance, and a very stern paragraph on academic integrity. Nowhere in the diary is there a single word about corridor etiquette. And yet it is, without question, the most rigorously enforced code of conduct in the entire building. No teacher wrote it. No prefect polices it. It exists purely because six hundred teenagers accidentally agreed on it at the same time, which is frankly the most impressive group project any of us will ever be part of.

Break one of these rules, and you will not be sent to the Principal's office. You will simply be met with something far worse: the silent, collective judgment of everyone who witnessed it.

Consider this your survival manual.

1

The Right of Way, or: Two Silly Students and a Doorway

Somewhere between the science block and the canteen, two people will lock eyes from twenty feet away and begin the ancient ritual: left, right, left again, both apologising to nobody, both now hopelessly late, both silently wondering if this is what evolution had in mind for them. There is no winner. There is only the eventual, mutual collapse into a doorframe, and the quiet agreement to never make eye contact again for the rest of the academic year.

The Group Blockade

2

Put four or more friends in a corridor and, like a gas expanding to fill any available container, they will occupy every last inch of it within seconds. This is not a decision anyone makes. It is a law of nature, as reliable as gravity, and just as impossible to argue with. Your options, should you need to get past, are limited: attempt a gap that vanishes the second you commit to it, or resign yourself to a slow, single-file shuffle directly behind them, close enough to hear the entire plot of a show you will never watch, too far away to be invited into the conversation.

3

The Teacher Sighting Freeze

A teacher appears at the far end of the corridor and, instantly, the entire student body undergoes a small but dramatic transformation. Volume drops, heads bow down, and feet shuffle to their respective classes. The student who just ran down the corridor, sprinting for their life, now walks like someone who has never known a single delay in their lifetime. It is a full-body performance of innocence, staged entirely for an audience of one, who is usually too busy to pay attention at all.

4

The Wave You Immediately Regret

You spot someone from three corridors over, someone you have met exactly once, at an event neither of you remember the name of. Before your brain can intervene, your hand goes up. Now you are both locked in, waving at each other across an increasingly awkward distance, like two ships passing in the night that have deeply misjudged how long this journey would take.

5

The Sacred, Terrified Hush of Exam Season

For two weeks before every exam, the corridor becomes something closer to a chapel. The usual noise dissolves into a low, papery murmur of formulas and dates being whispered like spells that might actually work if said with enough conviction. Nobody makes eye contact. Everybody is bargaining, quietly, with a god they do not otherwise believe in.

6

The Nod: Humanity's Most Efficient Invention

Between a long chat and a total silence, we have the nod, a work of genius in terms of teenage negotiation skills. In one small tilt of the head, it manages to say I see you, I respect you, and I absolutely do not have the time or the social battery for anything more than this. The United Nations could learn something.

7

The Corridor Sprint of Shame

The bell has rung. You are four corridors away from class, bag swinging wildly, papers making a break for freedom behind you, and dignity has quietly left the building. Everyone recognises this sprint on sight.

Everyone has done it. Everyone prays, every single time, that no teacher chooses this exact moment to step out of their classroom and witness it.

Nobody sits students down and teaches them any of this. There is no rehearsal, no rulebook, no committee that drafted it. And yet every single person in the building, from the smallest fifth grader to the most weathered senior, performs it flawlessly, every single day, without a single note out of place. Sixty seconds between classes, and somehow, an entire invisible society runs like clockwork. Turns out the most impressive thing any school ever produces isn't the top set of exam results. It is six hundred teenagers agreeing, wordlessly, not to make eye contact in a hallway.

Ira Jain



For the next five minutes, school enters its most unpredictable phase, that is, the 5 minutes in between classes.

In our school, the students stay put and the teachers move from one room to another, which means the transition period is less about changing classrooms and more about making the most of the few minutes before the next teacher arrives. The second the bell rings, people scatter in every direction. Some head straight to their next lesson, some make their third quick trip to the water filter because their 1-litre water bottle has been magically drained within an hour, and others suddenly develop an urgent need to visit the bathroom. And of course, there is always someone racing down the corridor as if they are late for a flight, even though the next class is just across the hall.

3

THE FRIEND SEARCH

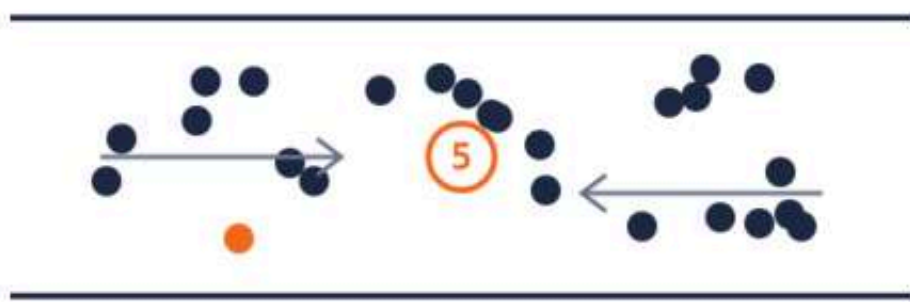
Then, there is the desperate search for your friends. Somehow, within about thirty seconds, everyone has located their friends. You might have not spoken to someone all morning, but give students one transition period and suddenly you are standing in the hallway, trying to fit an entire hour's worth of events into two minutes.

"Wait, what happened in the last class?" "Did you finish the assignment?" "Did you hear what happened in the morning?" There is barely enough time to answer before someone says, "I have to run; Miss is here!" and disappears toward their classroom, sneaking in before the teacher realises they were late.

4

THE HOMEWORK RUSH

Of course, the transition period is also when people discover the homework they were supposed to finish last night. The moment the bell rings, notebooks appear out of thin air and a frantic writing session begins. Someone is copying answers, someone is asking for the questions, and someone is insisting, "I only need two more minutes." The goal is simple: finish before the next teacher walks through the door. The pressure increases every time footsteps are heard in the corridor. Is the teacher already here? Phew! False alarm, keep writing.



5

CORRIDOR TRAFFIC

The corridors themselves deserve an award for surviving this every day. With everyone moving at once, a perfectly normal corridor can turn into a human

traffic jam. People stop in the middle to talk, others try to squeeze past them, and someone inevitably walks directly against the flow of traffic. Somehow, everyone manages to get where they need to be, although not always without a few dramatic "MOVE!"s along the way.

6

THE WALK-TOGETHER

Then, there is the walk-together phenomenon. You and your friend have classes on opposite sides of the floor, but that is completely irrelevant, and you walk together anyway. For two minutes, you are heading in the same direction, talking about absolutely everything and nothing at the same time. Eventually, one of you reaches your classroom and says, "Okay, bye," while the other continues down the corridor alone.

The best part is that none of this is planned. Nobody announces, "The transition period has begun." It simply happens. 5 minutes of running around, catching up, filling water bottles, finishing homework, finding friends and trying not to be late somehow becomes one of the most lively parts of our day.

Then, suddenly, the teacher enters the classroom and decorum soon follows. Everyone freezes. The conversations end mid-sentence. The notebooks disappear. People sprint towards their seats. The hallways empty almost instantly, and within seconds, the school is quiet again.

Until the next bell, *of course.*



STUDENT HOTLINE

a column on all things student, a place for secrets, jokes, and responses from your favourite anonymous seniors!!!

real talk ♥

QUESTIONS

got a question? send it in (anonymously!)

1. How do I balance extremely time-consuming extracurriculars with assignments and schoolwork?

2. How hard were the first comprehensives in Class 10 compared to prelims and boards?



ANSWERS

your favourite anonymous seniors have you covered.

If only I knew the answer to this. I could be the least qualified person in the building to give advice. Honestly, when you realise you've taken on more than you can handle, sometimes you just have to take a step back. I've seen a lot of people reach a point where they simply stop trying to do absolutely everything at once.

By the end of the year, we're all running on fumes, and something has to give seems incomplete. Prioritise what's actually important, take a break when you need one, and accept that you cannot be everywhere, do everything, and still have eight hours of sleep. Something has to go, and unfortunately, it is usually the sleep.

Personally, I found the first comprehensives harder than the prelims and boards. The prelims felt significantly easier, post-prelims were somehow the easiest of all, and the boards were genuinely the best experience out of the lot. Which is a very strange thing to say about board exams, but here we are. So, if your first comprehensives have left you questioning every academic decision you've ever made, don't panic. It gets better.

*same school,
different perspectives*



QUESTIONS



3. Will the cookies come back?
4. Be honest, is IB hard or a lot of work?
5. How do seniors manage to look like they have their lives together when nobody actually knows what's going on?
6. What's something juniors think is a huge deal that you genuinely don't care about anymore?



ANSWERS



We sure hope so. Some questions are beyond our jurisdiction, and this is one of them. All we can do is pray to the cookie gods.

IAs, EEs, TOK, from the outside the IB does not just feel like a different curriculum, it feels like a different language. It can definitely be overwhelming at first, but if you keep track of your deadlines, take feedback from teachers seriously, and consume unhealthy amounts of coffee you'll be fine!

As a senior myself, I assure you that nobody has their lives together. We crash out on a daily basis. Walk across the senior floor at any given time, and there's a fairly good chance you'll find someone having a crisis. Between university applications, extracurriculars, predicted grades, and the general realisation that school is actually ending, there is a LOT going on. Honestly, I don't know how we manage it either. If we look put together, that's just a very convincing public relations campaign. Please do not investigate further.

Being terrified of your teachers and seniors, for one. As a junior, I would think approximately seventeen times before approaching a senior or a teacher. Now, I genuinely enjoy being able to talk to my teachers casually, get to know them as people, and have conversations that extend beyond whatever we're studying that day. Obviously, there's a difference between being comfortable with someone and forgetting that they're still your teacher. But I think a little familiarity makes school so much better. Being able to tell when a teacher is stressed, have a quick conversation between classes,

QUESTIONS



7. What's the most useless piece of advice you were given as a junior that turned out to be completely wrong?

8. How do you find it in yourself to study when you're tired or just can't get yourself to study?

9. Rank the prefects from most liked to least liked.

10. What if a teacher isn't teaching and you have to study the entire subject yourself?



ANSWERS



or ask them something without mentally rehearsing it first makes a difference. They're still figures of authority, yes, but they're also people. You don't have to spend your entire school life acting like you're at a formal interview. Be respectful, do your work, and allow yourself to have an actual personality.

The idea that you should do absolutely everything, never say no, never be caught having fun during a meeting, and generally behave like a perfectly programmed school robot if you want to get anywhere. Don't get me wrong. Work hard, take opportunities, and be responsible. But you do not need to participate in every single event, meeting, competition, and activity that crosses your path. Some people work unbelievably hard, do everything under the sun, and still don't get the positions or recognition they hoped for. That's just the reality of it.

Unfortunately, you've reached the wrong seniors for this one. The anonymous seniors you're speaking to procrastinate, stress until the very last day, and then somehow get things done. Sometimes. We would love to give you a productive, life-changing answer, but the truth is that we are also tired approximately 99.8% of the time.

Easy.

1. All the prefects.

2. Also, all the prefects.

Let me save you some time..

20. All the prefects, but with slightly more enthusiasm. We believe in equality, and we also believe in remaining safe.

One of the best things about being in Senior School is realising that your voice actually counts. If you're struggling with



QUESTIONS



11. How did you survive school without having at least one academic breakdown every week?

12. What's the biggest scam about Senior School?

13. Is it true that IB is better for me?



ANSWERS



a subject because you feel you're not getting the support you need, try speaking to the teacher first. The next best option are your student council representatives, unlike their far-fetched promises of no-school Fridays and pajama parties, this is something they can truly help you with. If you've genuinely tried to work things out and you're still struggling to cover the portion, it's okay to approach a head of department or

More like everyday. Hope this helps :)

The fact that we now have to walk all the way from Thomas House to senior school whenever we want all the canteen food is genuinely a betrayal. And don't even get me started on the lack of an elevator. Yes, we're not allowed to use the elevator in Thomas House anyway, but that's not the point. It's the principle of the matter.

Yes and no. Most students would tell you that since starting the IB, they have lost at least a week of sleep, have their laptop attached to them like an additional organ, and been accused of plagiarizing 80% of an IA by Turn It In despite (maybe) writing it themselves. But, the exposure to such a wide range of subjects, the opportunity to do research, and having community service built into school work is definitely a plus. There is no right answer to this question, but when choosing your curriculum, try to figure out what your priorities are: would you like a varied or more concentrated subject track? Do you like larger or smaller class sizes? Do you want to painstakingly climb up to the third floor every day or rest easy on the second floor? Asking yourself questions like these, will help you make the best choice for you!



WORD Search



Fifteen words are hiding in the grid, across, down, diagonal and backwards.

L	R	E	E	X	A	M	S	P	R	D	F
E	O	T	R	N	U	M	M	R	E	R	R
L	X	S	H	O	B	L	R	E	Z	A	E
S	O	C	T	U	C	H	C	F	A	M	E
E	H	O	U	A	N	N	F	E	L	A	P
T	H	D	H	S	N	D	E	C	B	T	E
O	R	R	Y	C	E	D	E	T	I	I	R
N	I	O	A	P	S	S	F	R	T	C	I
R	O	D	I	R	R	O	C	O	C	S	O
G	C	A	J	C	S	E	K	U	U	A	D
H	Y	L	N	E	E	T	N	A	C	N	T
P	Y	A	L	S	N	A	C	K	U	D	D

☐ LOST AND FOUND

☐ FREE PERIOD

☐ DRAMATICS

☐ EXCUSES

☐ CORRIDOR

☐ NOTES

☐ SNACK

☐ EXAMS

☐ THUNDERCAT

☐ CAJCS

☐ SCHOOL

☐ BLAZER

☐ CANTEEN

☐ PREFECT

☐ ENCORE



SUDOKU



Fill every row, column and box with the numbers 1 to 6.

			1		
	4		2		
1				2	
			6		4
6	2				
		3			

◆ Each row: 1-6

◆ Each column: 1-6

◆ Each box: 1-6

2	6	5	3	1	4
1	3	4	5	2	6
4	1	6	2	3	5
5	2	3	4	6	1
6	5	2	1	4	3
3	4	1	6	5	2

Sudoku solution

RIDDLE

Me This

Three quick ones. No peeking at the bottom.

- 1** *The more of me you take, the more you leave behind.*

- 2** *I have a face and two hands, but every teacher watches me while you watch them. What am I?*

- 3** *I arrive every single morning without fail, yet everyone still runs to beat me. What am I?*

Answers 1. Footsteps ♦ 2. The clock ♦ 3. The 7:55 bell

CATHEDRAL NEWS

OCTOBER EDITION

IN THIS EDITION....

THE STUDENT
HOTLINE

EXAM SEASON
TIPS

EXCITING
GAMES

INTERVIEWS
WITH THE
HARDWORKING
STAFF OF THOMAS
HOUSE

