

Perspective

Letter From the Editor:

Unforgivably often it happens that the director of a film is inundated with critical acclaim, public plaudits, and dazzling statuettes and the men and women whose roles are arguably just as important (animators, film editors, etc.) shunted from the limelight and made to wither, unappreciated, in a pool of their own sweat. What makes a movie a movie? A production, as any director will tell you, has value far beyond the skills of its constituents. The finished product is a piece of art, one that could not exist in its entirety and perfection without each and every contributing member. For what would a movie be with a scriptwriter but not a sound effects creator? A lead actor but no silent roles? Exactly what any piece of art is with any of its components removed: inferior.

And what does one call a building, where children of various ages gather day after day, forge friendships, fashion refined minds, develop eloquence and power in communication, among innumerable activities that help mold them into who they are? If that isn't art, I can't think what is. And just as any piece of art is nothing without all of its contributors, our school, too, would be but an empty shell if not for the characteristics which define it as a school and distinguish it from a mere study group. Unforgivably often the tirelessly diligent men and women who toil, though the extent often escapes our notice, each and every day are ignored; the far from insignificant effect on our lives as students overlooked. Yet in our magnificent piece of art they are the brushes of Da Vinci's paintings, the chisels of Michelangelo's sculptures, and the pen with which Beethoven wrote his symphonies. To underrate their influence in the formation of a true school environment is to misunderstand the essence of a school.

The next question that comes to mind: to whom am I referring? Surely the teachers, the Heads, and the students are all the necessary ingredients in our school. What "film editors" and "sound effects creators" could our school possibly have? What an astounding number of people fail to acknowledge, let alone appreciate, is that there is a titanic amount of effort put in behind the scenes to make possible many of the things we take for granted. Our connection to the internet, the lunches we are served daily, the floors which are made pristine barely moments after we soil it without a thought to how, time and time again, it was pristine to begin with; all are made possible by the endeavors of a remarkably efficient administrative, IT, housekeeping, medical, security, and catering staff, despite these endeavors having been for too long thankless.

However, to give them due credit, we needed to know something more about them, to truly understand their sentiments and roles. So some of our younger correspondents embarked on a journey behind the scenes, and give you the exclusive inside story about these extremely important people:

We went first to Ms. Mary Joy, one of the most important yet scarcely known people in this school. Ms. Joy is the secretary to the head of administration, and "never passes the baton of work, and is still very approachable," according to Ms. Akshata Ganesh.

We spoke to her about her journey with this school and asked her what she had to say about her experiences with DAIS:

"I hold DAIS extremely close to my heart, and I still remember the day this school was built, and the satisfaction that we felt when we saw the construction completed. I then recall the first day of admissions, the flutter of activity, and the contentment we felt when the day was done. Today, I look up at the school with immense pride, and am happy to say that I belong here."

Ms Suchitra Maske is also very important. She is in charge of handling all student details, and also plays an important role coordinating with Ms. Sonali Bajaj, IGCSE coordinator. "She's always cheerful and willing to help," says Ms. Phalguni Parikh. Ms. Suchitra can always be seen working diligently. She says, "The hospitality that this school has offered to me is overwhelming. This is my first job, and I hold it very close to my heart."

What truly astounds one is that despite the lack of acknowledgment of their efforts, these men and women still hold their heads high and do their duty with gusto, and some of the others we interviewed, such as Mr. Narendra Derashri, Mr. Prashant Deshmukh and Mr. Kaustabh Bose (school accountants), had nothing but praise for the students of DAIS as well as the school itself. Mr. Deshmukh called the students “very mature and responsible”, a point which the others seemed to agree upon, while their endearment to the school is comparable to that of any student or teacher, summed up by Mr. Bose, “It’s the best.”

Interviews with the IT staff gave rise to the information that in some cases, rather than being appreciative, we students have failed in our duty to better our own school environment, and in fact hindered the staff members in their accomplishment of the same. Says the person we interviewed from the IT department: “The students remove connections and cables, misuse keyboards and delete programs from the school computers, ruining them.” And this is but one example of the ingratitude of the students toward our behind-the-scenes benefactors. Let this issue be a call for reform, a chance for us to redeem ourselves and to turn over new leaves, to finally reciprocate at least some of the goodwill that is shown to us. The time has come for us to shine the spotlight on the people who are as much perpetrators of our school environment as anyone, and in doing so, we at Perspective hope to send a message to all of our readers: that just as we relish praise and gratitude towards our own doings, so too do these men and women, and they deserve it just the same. This issue of Perspective is dedicated to the faculty of DAIS, and is our way of expressing our appreciation for them.

*Inputs from Minoshka Narayan, Aashika Anantharaman and
Anushree Kedia*

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Primary School

Behind the Scenes

Dear Bus didi,

Thank you for waking me up
when my bus stop had come. If you would not
wake me up then my mom would shout at
me so for that I thank you.



- Araiya Lakhotia 1 A

In the heart of Tara Buried deep so deep
A tiny little feeling
Lay fast asleep.
Sister you are bright
Like a shimmering night
Thank you for helping me
When I fell down!
And removed my frown.



Tara Agarwal 1 A

(Sung to the tune of "Happy Birthday")

I love you I do,
I love you I do,
I love you dear sister,
I love you I do,
You helped me when I,
You helped me when I,
You helped when I had a stomach ache,
I thank you I do.



- Eesha Bodapati 1 A

Dear Security,

I would like to thank you because you
keep us safe and secure from any outsider.



- Aditya Anand 1 B

Dear Ms Sharda,

I would appreciate and thank you for
coming into our class everyday and collecting
attendance registers and checking if anybody is absent
or not. You also check for bus or car letters. Without
you, our school would not be such a success. Thank
you.



- Taanya Kapur 1 B

Dear Security Staff,

Thank you for being so kind to me,
You are as kind as can be.
You help me find my things,
Books, pencils or my rings.

Primary School

Behind the Scenes

You keep the school safe and sound,
You work all day round.



- Hitanshi Badani 2 A

Medical staff is always there for me.
Whenever I have a slight bruise, hurt, fever,
scratch, cough or anything
Sister always takes care of me.
She has the medicine and solution for all the illness
I have.
It is fun talking with her.
Thank you for all the care you have given us.



- Aryamaan Dholakia 2 A

Dear canteen staff.
You make delicious snacks and mouth watering
food.
You make sure that every dish is hot and not spicy.
You make every kind of dish like pasta and pizza
Apart from making dishes You also are very good
people
And all the staff is very good too.



- Aahan Punjabi 2 A

Thank you Chef Patel.
Thank you Sunil.
The food you make is yummy.
It always fills my tummy.
If you are not there,
I'll starve all day.
And I'll want to eat hay,
But thanks to you the food is yummy,
And it always, always fills my tummy.



- Kimaya Shahi 2 B

Dear Sister David and Sister Veronica,

Thanks for everything you have done for me and my
friends, teachers and others.
When we get hurt, stomach aches, back pains, fractures,
headaches you are really helpful.
I don't know how to thank you for everything in this
magical world.
Whenever I have got hurt, you helped me with your
magical hands which shine like gold.
You are very good and your smiles are like smiling stars
and ours are like bars.
You are really helpful to me and to our dear teachers.
I love you very much. When I am sad you make me
happy.

Primary School

Behind the Scenes

I just don't know how to thank you.
You are so special for me.
I just want to give you this letter.



- Keerti Gupta 2 B

Dear Conrad Sir and IT members,
I always thank you for the assembly and the computers.
You'll always make sure that the mikes and the computers work fine.
And I love to watch movies on the projector system.



- Imaan Rojoa 2 B

In school many people help me but the housekeeping help me the most. Everyday we leave the classroom in a big mess and in the morning we find the room spic and span. Whenever we spill water or food we call them and they make the place spotlessly clean again. Albertina Auntie helps a lot as well. Anything we have lost in a classroom, she always brings it up to you. The housekeeping staff also keeps the stairs clean. After you go to the field and come back, your shoes are muddy and you climb the stairs, just after they have cleaned them and so they have to mop it again and make sure the water is not on the stairs in case you slip.

In the washrooms, the housekeeping staff cleans the bathroom and when we go to the bathroom and

come out it's dirty again. They mop the place with loads of effort and only do other work after they are done. The housekeeping have played a very important role. They make the whole school safe and clean for us.



- Ishita Bagri 3 A

Clean, scrub, wash, mop dust and soap,
And they have a lot of hope.
They clean the door,
And the floor. Even the lights,
Which are as high as kites.
If you need any help,
You just need to yelp.

If you drop food anywhere,
Just call the housekeeping right there.
They will clean it up for you,
And you must say Thank You.

Buckets are piled up,
And their black shoes go clippity clomp.
They are the helping hands of our school,
Who when needed move even the stool.

- Smiti Dani 3 A

I study in the world's best school,
And our school's library staff is cool.
They give me the best books,
Which are even cool in looks.
The library has books on mystery,
And some on Indian history. My school is better than the rest,
In the world our library is the best.

Once when I lost a book,
They didn't shout and told me to look.

Primary School

Behind the Scenes

They helped, till we found it,
Where my friend likes to sit.

My library staff is the best I've had,
They are kind and never mad.



- Shrey Dalal 3 A

I use to be on the Q bus route. I changed it in March 2009. At that time I was in Grade II. One day I went to the bus and realized I had forgotten my bottle. So I asked the bus hostess if I could quickly go and get it. She warned me that if I was late I would miss the bus, and I did. I came back down to the security. THE BUS WAS GONE! I was really feeling awkward. Luckily I met a really kind man at security. He called the bus back. I really appreciated that. I had never missed the bus before and I am glad I didn't, thanks to the kind person at the security desk. I would like to thank him for his kindness.



- Kaveri Kapur 3 A

When I went off to my friend's birthday party,
At her house,
I packed many gifts for her,
Even a pet mouse.

After school I went,
Straight to her party.
Her mum held quizzes,
As she was a smarty.

Then when I reached back home,
After the huge birthday bash,
I looked through my homework,
And my teeth started to gnash.
'Cause I had lost all my files,
Somewhere I couldn't find them.
But the administrative staff saved my life,
And found each and every bit of them.
For if they hadn't found that, it would be,
Difficult to do all my worksheets again!
The administrative staff rocks,
I give them ten on ten.



- Akanksha Sinha 3 A

In school many people help me but the housekeeping help me the most. Everyday we leave the classroom in a big mess and in the morning we find the room spic and span. Whenever we spill water or food we call them and they make the place spotlessly clean again. Albertina Auntie helps a lot as well. Anything we have lost in a classroom, she always brings it up to you. The housekeeping staff also keeps the stairs clean. After you go to the field and come back, your shoes are muddy and you climb the stairs, just after they have cleaned them and so they have to mop it again and make sure the water is not on the stairs in case you slip.

In the washrooms, the housekeeping staff cleans the bathroom and when we go to the bathroom and come out it's dirty again. They mop the place with loads of effort and only do other work after they are done. The housekeeping have played a very important role. They make the whole school safe and clean for us.



- Ishita Bagri 3 B

Primary School

Behind the Scenes

In the beautiful weaves of DAIS lies the security staff who is working day and night for us. They are one of the pillars of our school; they are the ones who make our school the best. They are friendly, kind and well mannered. Our safety and security is their prime concern. They do not let us enter without the yellow ID card. They never let thieves, robbers and terrorists enter the school. I pray to God to give them wealth, happiness and good health. Three cheers for the security staff. Hip, Hip, Hurray!



- Tanisha Shroff 3 B

The receptionist has been a pleasure to work with throughout the year. The reception staff has Ms. Jasmine. Whenever we meet her she has a big smile. When we want a coupon booklet or a t-shirt she gives the order and gets it in no time. If some children want to call their parents, we go to the reception. Coming to Ms. Sharda, she is very helpful. She comes to classes to collect the registers and letters; she notes down the absent children and gives out important circulars. Going on to the canteen staff, the canteen has been serving very good food throughout the year. Coming to the canteen's cleanliness, the cutlery is clean; their food is covered so that no flies sit on it. To buy snacks from the canteen we need coupons. There are different costs for different foods. The housekeeping staff never makes a fuss to do anything. Sometimes they come and sweep up spilt water or mop up if someone has puked in the class or if the lockers do not open, they come to help. The Medical Room has comforted me every time I have gone there. When I was ill, they gave me medicine and put me in bed. I have had a wonderful

year with all these people who work cheerfully behind the scene.



- Vir Khimji 3 B

In school mostly people think,
There are only teachers and students.
Or even,
Headmasters and headmistresses.

Haven't they ever thought,
Or don't they really know?
The reason to how,
Schools really go?

These people, whoever they are,
Make the school run,
And are always in a hurry,
To get their job done!

They could be medical staff,
Housekeeping or security,
Or librarians, administrators
Maybe staff who work in the canteen.

So now you know,
There are other people than just teachers and students.
I must say,
These 'other people' are very committed.



- Yashwini Sodhani 4 A

Primary School

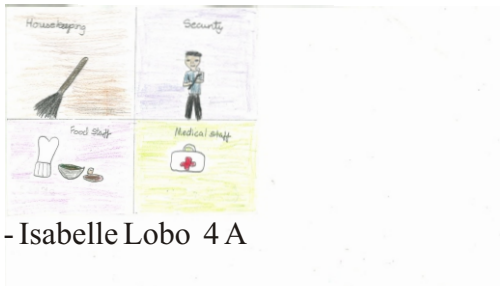
Behind the Scenes

Our school is very neat and clean,
Because of the people behind the scene.
They are the housekeeping, security, IT and
medical staff,
They bring us smiles and make us laugh.

The housekeeping clean the tables, desks and floor,
They always are smiling even if their hands are
sore.
The security of our school is always on guard,
They keep our school very safe even though it's
hard.

The medical staff helps us when we get an injury,
They have a cure for every hurt and never get angry.
The canteen staff make very tasty food,
And when we come to the canteen it's always clean
and good.

These are the people who we need the most,
They are never grumpy and never boast.
We need them everyday to help us, they make us
happy too,
Without each and every one of them what would
we do!.



- Isabelle Lobo 4 A

Our school has many different kinds of staff,
Who work for the better of us day and night.
They work tirelessly,
So that in school we can live a jolly good life.

The medical staff in our school,
Has a lot of things to do.
They have to help people who are injured or sick,
So in return we must give them love too.

The housekeeping does us a favour,
By cleaning the school from bottom to top.

And they keep and keep on working,
Without a single stop.

The security protect our school,
They are very strong and brave.
So for all the security people,
A lot of love we must save.

The bus people are very important,
They transport us from home to school.
They become our friends very fast,
We must give them a big hand too.

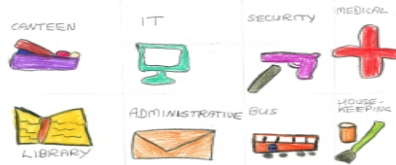
The IT people are very important,
They fix the computers when there is a problem.
They make all the worksheets for the students,
So we must thank all of them.

The administrative staff helps us a lot,
Instead of us going and giving them letters.
They come and take it themselves,
They also take all the registers,
Sometimes we should also give them a hand in help.

The library staff help improve our vocabulary,
They give us interesting books to read.
They also let us borrow books,
The library staff is so sweet.

The canteen staff work very hard,
They have to serve customers, teachers, heads and
children.
They have interesting stuff on their menu, I love the
canteen staff, don't you?

The staff not only makes our life in school easy,
But also teach us one thing.
That if you work very hard,
You can achieve - ANYTHING!!!!!!!



- Mudit Agarwala 4 A

Primary School

Behind the Scenes

Sometimes I think why we don't acknowledge,
The people who do not give us knowledge.
Security is one example,
Keeping us safe is one sample.

They conduct the traffic of the cars,
They stand in the hot sun for hours and hours.
Every time when us they meet,
They always nod and politely greet.

They do not let any visitor enter our school,
They are very vigilant, smart and cool.
I'm grateful there are people like them,
Can we be grateful to them please?



- Vedika Sarathy 4 B

We have a colossal school with many classrooms, teachers, heads and students. But there are few people who we never pay attentions to, and even though we never acknowledge them, they are always there at our service. I am very grateful to these heroes, our security. While they are at work, they always greet us and are very kind to us. I have also noticed that one of them has a long, bushy moustache. It is long and curls around his cheeks. I am very thankful and will always appreciate the vigilant security.



- Siddhant Mehta 4 B

The librarians are very sweet,
When we go to the library once a week.

There are many good books,
On a pirate named Captain Cook.

We don't appreciate them too much,
For all the work they do for us.
Sometimes we never give a book on time,
And we end up paying a fine.

There are good books for us to read,
We must remember them and pay heed.
I really love the library,
A place where you can read in peace.



- P. V. Rohildev 4 B

We think cleaning is dirty,
But the housekeeping helps out a lot.
I think we're very lucky,
For what a wonderful staff we've got.

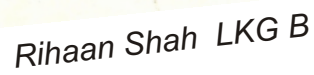
There are more who help us out too,
Like the medical, admin and security staff.
They're the ones, who take care of us,
While we play, laugh and fuss.

We go to the canteen to eat what we like,
Paneer, pizza and garlic bread.
The food is so nice that everyone says,
If not for them we would never be fed.



- Anika Birewar 4 B

Your Artwork



Secondary School

गिफ्टमैन

नितार शाह 7 B

ढूँढा जगह-जगह उसे ,आखिर मुझे वह मिला
लघु लिफ्ट में बैठा हुआ,क्या कर रहा था वह भला,

यदि हो अपना बोरा भारी,या हो मन का भाव खाली,
बनों यात्री आप उसके,सुनो उसकी बातें निराली।

हो प्रातः कालीन मार्च पास्ट,या हो वार्षिक दिवस की रात,
यह उबने वालों से नहीं,इसमें जरूर है कुछ बात।

मशहूर अभिनेता हो,या हो बीमार बालक,
स्वयं की मिठास का प्रदर्शन,करता है यह सतत।

कर्मयोगी,उत्तरदायी,है हमारे लिए यह मूल्यवान,
करता औरों को निरंतर,अपनी सुविधा प्रदान।

नाम है शुभकांत उसका,पुकारते सब उसे 'लिफ्टमैन',
परंतु सीढ़ी से उतरते हर वक्त,मैं बोल पड़ता हूँ 'हाई
गिफ्टमैन'।



Secondary School

The Race Horse

By Arjun Sabnis 7 B



On a pleasant morning in May, rang the starter's gun,
The racehorses, all warmed up, broke into a run.
But one fine racehorse ran better than the rest
He went far ahead, he seemed the very best.

But his master, a cruel, twisted person,
To speed up the horse, he whipped the fine specimen,
Very soon, the hurt horse lagged behind,
And the cruel master found himself outshined.

The master, humiliated by the day's loss,
Took his anger out on the poor, hurt racehorse.
He subjected the animal to great grief and despair,
Now knowing the battered animal was now beyond repair.

The big day, the crucial race, arrived the next day,
The starter's gun went off, on a morning in May.
But horse never started, though for glory the others vied,
The bruised, battered racehorse looked to the sky and died.

Secondary School

Equality

By Surya Narayanan 9 C

Equality or the egalitarian concept is a myth propagated by well meaning individuals. The French revolution introduced to the world the concept of liberty, equality & fraternity but since then the intelligentsia has been compelled to do a rethink because behind the facade of equality there continues to exist a thin line that demarcates the 'haves' from the 'have-nots'. A new ruling class has emerged from the once rebellious bourgeois. Democracy which offers equality today has become an illusion.

In India, which is the largest democracy in the world one would imagine that everyone enjoys the same kind of opportunities but the disparity is evident in every facet of our life. Indian society practices social discrimination on basis of caste and class. Our freedom struggle, gained momentum because Gandhi looked at untouchables as "Harijans", which by definition is a "Child of God". But after freedom the problem of social discrimination gained ascendancy. The first government of a free India immediately transferred the epithet "Harijans" into a social class, inviting preferences in jobs and education. Sixty- two years after independence we still continue with reservations for the SC, ST, and OBC, EBC etc which have resulted in bloody protests and riots in the not so distant past. The reservations have led to the emergence of a new social class, derogatorily referred to as the 'Government Brahmin'. They not only get admissions to prestigious institutions across the country but also get government jobs not by the dint of their merit but because they belong to one of the reserved class. That a deserving candidate with requisite qualification and merit is deprived of his rightful opportunity is conveniently ignored by the policy makers. This has nullified the concept of equality as defined in the constitution. Today, equality exists only in the statute books.

My name is Surya Narayanan and I am part of the One world commission to promote equality, and I am here today on the 21st of March to tell you or rather ask you, are some people really more equal than others? Interestingly, the novel "Animal Farm" by George Orwell brings out this distinction pertinently. The animals of a farm joined together, liberated themselves and stated that "all animals are equal". However, soon some animals took charge of overseeing and devising the rules and enforcing them while other animals worked hard. Very soon they got comfortable with their power. Those animals that played the supervisory role, produced nothing, but took more than an equal share of feed and water, claiming it was necessary for maintaining order on the farm. They also stated that "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others". This is exactly our current situation. While "all men are created equal", this statement has not been updated to reflect reality. There exists a huge difference in wages, benefits, retirement plans for workers across sectors. In contemporary societies, we see the sorry spectacle of work being done for a pittance. This has created a multi dimensional monster which feeds on the dregs offered by despicable persons. We have Babus which live on the sufferance of the common man. The common man does not want to fight the system; he will kowtow to the ruling class.

Some people born with a silver spoon utilize all conveniences available to them and they achieve things they want to achieve effortlessly. While others born and brought up in poor conditions may end up doing wrong deeds as they have no proper education or jobs as a means of sustaining themselves, and have no chance to really recognize and exploit their talents. Can we still call ourselves Democratic?

Is it not time we develop a more radical approach of thinking, for we are living in a more civilized society, where a scientific approach is necessary? I hope that in future, the world will be united and all people will live in unity and harmony. Equality can't just be for some of us; it has to be for all of us. Heal the world, we all are one. It is time for us to believe in the change and be the change. YES WE CAN!!

Secondary School

Prancing in Panchgani

By Mihir Khanna 9 C

Panchgani, 250 K.M from Mumbai, a six hour bus ride. Our school trip to Panchgani started with an everlasting bus ride. As we drove along the highway the landscape changed from scores of building to all crammed together to a vast countryside with towering hills of a brownish red colour. As the sun climbed higher in the sky shadows shortened and the bus curtains were drawn casting an orange hue in the bus as the monotonous beat of the music lulled me to sleep.

I woke up as we were entering Panchgani and was awestruck by the beauty that surrounded us like a cocoon. To my left was an extensive sky blue lake glinting in the mid day sun winking at us as we passed. To our right was a rock face with grass and flowers sprouting everywhere. Ahead was a small spring gushing from the rocks reaching for the sky. Meanwhile we had entered our hotel which was more of a resort. A large expanse of land stretched before us with three or four two storey buildings, a pool and a huge garden encompassing it all.

We were checked into our rooms (which were decent). There was a balcony from which we could see the horizon dotted with hills and carpeted in green with occasional patches of scarlet red appearing to be strawberry plantations. It was mind-blowing coming from a city of filth, congestion and concrete to a lone town and to see not one human structure apart from a solitary telephone wire running across the countryside like a black ribbon on a colorful gift. I went for a shower to freshen up my roommate was out. I turned the knob and was hit by a pounding jet of water so cold it burnt. Another twist of another knob and I felt what is was like to really be burnt as scalding hot water that vaporized seconds after it left the shower-head. That was the last shower I took for that day. A few of us decide to spend our afternoon at the poolside with our legs dangling in the water. It was cool and relaxing as we splashed around with our legs

a little watching a water droplets dancing in mid air before crashing back to the surface forming ripples. As the sun galloped across the sky the wind began to pick up doing the salsa with our hair as our clothes flapped in the wind like the birds overhead. Soon we ran out of things to talk about and music to listen to and started filing back to our rooms. The sky now resembled my art box after I had dropped it with hues of red, orange and blue streaked across the sky.

Then all of a sudden an icy numbing cold washed over me, as my brain slowly comprehended the fact that I had just been pushed into the pool. There was a throbbing pain on the back of my head. As my fingers probed that region I felt a lump the size of a lime. I squeezed my eyes shut as the blinding light of a flash burnt my retina. I knew I was going to see that on Facebook the next time I logged on. As I staggered out of the pool I started shivering, my teeth chattering and there was a warm feeling spreading on my head as blood seeped from the wound. As I stumbled to my room my teeth moved up and down with enough force to bite down a tree like a beaver would.

At around 7 o'clock someone managed to get their hands on a box of fresh strawberries. Everyone leapt on the box like a pack of hungry wolves. I managed to get my hands on one. It was the size of a fist and redder than the sunset. I took a deep breath and the sweet fresh smell of strawberries filled my nostrils. My mouth was watering so much I could have filled the lake. I took a bite out of the strawberry and a wave of flavour washed over my tongue and blood red juice dipping from my lips giving me a vampire-ish look. I savoured the strawberry bite by bite until it was gone. The day was over on an excellent note and I got into bed with the aftertaste of strawberries on my lips.

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Loud, Louder, Loudest!

Your J-rock Almanac

By Ananya Kala 9 C

“It's like oxygen” says Jane Ash, a resident of the UK, when asked about what she thought about Japanese rock music [or J-rock for short]. There is a thriving industry of talented rock musicians in the country of Japan, and although some of these bands have enjoyed international success, a large number of them remain relatively unknown. That's where we come in.

Buyer Beware!

The first thing you get to know about J-rock [and I



Miyavi

know this from experience] is Visual Kei. Kei here means “style”, so, literally, Visual Kei, abbreviated VK or V-Kei is “visual style”; VK is a movement in Japan that most musicians follow. It includes sounds like glam-rock, punk, metal, and sometimes a hint of

pop. It is often associated with the elaborate costumes and make-up used and is often described as being feminine or androgynous [the unprepared ones typically think J-rockers are “freaks” when they see the outfits and make-up so be ready]. J-rock guitarist/vocalist Miyavi, often regarded as the “king of Visual Kei”, and, unsurprisingly, one of the 'strangest' men on the face of the earth, describes Visual Kei as “a lifestyle”. The world began to appreciate Visual Kei only around 2000, but it had been a dominant style in Japan since the 1980's with

pioneers like X-Japan, who got famous not only because of their unique brand of power metal, but also because of their distinctive hairstyles, their hair color got always got especial notice, with fans everywhere imitating them,



X-Japan

and 'flamboyant' costumes, a breath of fresh air in an otherwise pop-prevalent and conservative Japan. To this date, J-pop dominates the charts, but heavy Visual Kei bands have their own loyal fan-base. Popular VK bands today are The Gazette, Alice Nine and An Café. While the Gazette mainly plays metal/punk tunes like “LEECH” and “Headache Man”, they dabble in the occasional emotive ballad like “Guren” and “D.L.N”, which leads first-time listeners like Aditi Bhandari from India to think “I could hardly believe it was the same band” while listening to their music, Alice Nine remains very stubbornly



The



Alice



An

un-label-able, experiment with high-energy pop-rock tunes like “CROSS GAME” and “Tsubasa” as well as powerful guitar riffs, as seen in songs like “Drella” and “Zero”, while An Café has a definitive keyboards-driven, almost dance sound, especially following the departure of

guitarist Bou, as is made evident in comparing a song like “Cherry Saki Yuuki” with the older “Snow Scene”. It is evident how Visual Kei has changed over the years and how the different music causes different styles, and you can see this by comparing the pictures.

International Success

Until recently, most J-rock bands have been performing and releasing records only in Japan. However, since X-Japan tried their largely

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successful international breakthrough [most notably their renaming from X to X-Japan to differ them from the American punk band X], J-rock has come a long way. The recently released DIM by The GazettE, had a special version made with translations of the songs for sale in Europe. Dir en grey, iconic J-rock band, they boast over a decade of hits, and every album Since Withering To Death [2005] has been re-released internationally, and they have subsequently sold out concerts in a matter of hours in cities like New York and Paris. Their latest album Uroboros [2008] reached #114 on the Billboard 200, a prevalent chart in the USA, which features mainstream artists like My Chemical Romance and Evanescence, within the first few days of release. Girugämesh, a relatively young band formed in 2007, have toured USA twice so far, and have had their merchandise and albums featured exclusively throughout Hot Topic stores there, as well as having toured Europe.

What They Don't Tell You on Wikipedia

“J-rock is so unpopular in my country” says Katarina Virijeji_, from Serbia “people say that J-rockers look like women and that they are gay!” Obviously, Serbia hasn't warmed to the colorful face of J-rock, a lot of people share this sentiment, with whole sites dedicated to J-rock-hating. Most fans say that these people have never heard the music, and they focus too much on the fact that these artists choose to express themselves in a more obvious way that separates them from the rest, and, of course, the fact that they are Japanese, and sing in their language, although a lot of the more popular J-rockers have tried their hand at English songs, such

as Glass Skin and Dozing Green. The two songs by Dir en grey were both originally in Japanese on singles titled after them, but on the album Uroboros, the two songs have been re-written and re-recorded in English. “People stare at me oddly when they notice that I'm singing a Japanese song” says Shermaine, from the Philippines, even though J-rock is far more accepted in south-east Asia, because of similar movements in Indonesia, Korea, and others. Britta Tomson from Estonia claims that “a lot of my friends run out of the room when they hear any J-rock song”. Fans from all over the world say similar things about people around them not accepting J-rock easily, but so far, this hasn't stopped them. On the other hand, Liz Hall of the USA, a non-fan, says “I don't dislike J-rock, I'm just not big on foreign music generally because lyrics are my favorite part and I like it better when I can understand them”. Romanian Miki Mirela says “something keeps me attracted [to J-rock], like a spell or something”. I'm part of the millions of people who share Miki's sentiment. “I like most J-rock bands because of their stylish image” says Shanis Ruiz, an American national “It's very different.” Callum Leslie of the UK says “it's like metal, but with funny words I don't understand, I love it!”

The fans have spoken, and their love for this brand of music remains unwavering. We might have no way of knowing exactly what will happen in the future, but one thing is for certain; the noise that J-rock creates over the world is only going to get louder and more resplendent from here on; not only in Japan, but everywhere else in the world as well.

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The Majestic Tigers Roar

The Journey of the Indian Economy

By Deevyashali Parekh 10 B

“The Royal Bengal Tiger is under grave threat” said India's then finance minister, Palaniappan Chidambaram. He was talking in pertinence to the striped animal that roams the country in fading numbers. But India's 'Tiger' Economy, growing at 9% over the last 3 years, is itself looking to be under threat.

A young cub was gradually taking its first steps as it learnt to walk on its own. The British Rule was over and a young, independent India was making its first progressive moves towards running an economy. Early India was faced with what people later came to call 'The Rule of Government Permits'. To get any task done, one required a governmental permit or consent. This involved several trips to the capital and large bribes to warm several pockets. India had become an embodiment for bureaucracy. If people struggled to work with the system, they just found a way around it.

Often called 'The father of the Nation', Mahatma Gandhi had a vision for India. A simple India of villages that were self sufficient. India chose a centrally planned economic system in an effort to modernize its peasant economy and move it towards industrialism. The government decided to control the private sector as fiercely as possible. They closed the door on foreign imports for sustenance of domestic industry and manufacturing. Owing to this 'protected' market, enterprise was hushed and growth was paralyzed. For example, India's adored 'Ambassador' car was built by Hindustan motors the same year that Toyota built its first car, 50 years on, Toyota sells 5 million cars worldwide; Hindustan motors sell roughly 20,000 Ambassadors, still with the identical design. The domestic producers had no competition so they sold substandard goods at exorbitant prices. They had no incentive to innovate.

In 1991, the mature 'Tiger' was severely wounded and exhausted. India was disconnected from World trade, their deposits of gold had been mortgaged, their growth rate had fallen practically to 0% and they were borrowing heavily. Their foreign reserves were close to a billion dollars, an approximate equivalent to a fortnight of imports. India was at the jaws of bankruptcy. It was time for an economic miracle such as the world had never seen. Then finance minister, Manmohan Singh, opted for immediate reform.

Tariffs and trade barriers were reduced, subsidies slashed and regulatory licenses eradicated. This was an effort to take the government right off the backs of the people and releases their entrepreneurial spirit. Eventually India's economy was growing at a staggering 7% per annum in almost no time, fighting of inflation and producing a massive number of jobs. The majestic tiger was up and running, whiskers high with pride.

Globalization was fast spreading and the hungry tiger saw its opportunity; and pounced on it. Farmers in villages were now directly connected to the Chicago Mercantile Exchange via an internet connection and were now paid the world price for their crop. Entrepreneurs could now think as multi-nationals. Naraya Murthy saw this opportunity before most. He set up a software company using 250\$. Today the size of his campus is second only to Microsoft's. Narayana Murthy founded 'Infosys' and 30% of the worlds software engineers are now Indians, mostly graduated from Infosys' campus. According to him “Globalization is producing where it is most cost-effective, selling where it is most profitable, sourcing capital from where it is cheapest all without worrying about national borders”. He believed that the way to get most Indians out of poverty was not by redistribution of existing wealth, the country had to create new wealth; and that's exactly what they did.

The economy was sizzling and foreign investment was flowing massively. The Indian Tiger had grown claws, firmly implanted into making a global impact and with its royal black stripe cuts. China spends 7 times more on their stunning infrastructure than India. What the future has in store for this potential giant remains to be seen but the reigns are in the hands of economic reformers. From its very first steps, the independent tiger was constantly learning. Falling bruised but getting up again nevertheless and learning from its mistakes. Fully grown, the ferocious beast leapt into action, its own searing speed proving too hot to handle for itself. Lessons are there for the learners, India will hope to grasp theirs. The success of this royal, ferocious, powerful and majestic beast has itself led to it being endangered. The Indian tiger walks into the world making its mark, but with several yet to conquer.

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Cosy Kitchen

By Shobita Nairian 10 B

The kitchen is dimly lit, a narrow shaft of light struggling its way through a tiny, grilled window. However, you can still distinguish the dull grey tiles lining the borders of the kitchen and the discolored granite flooring. Shelves positioned near the sink display transparent glass jars filled to the brim with a mixture of soggy biscuits kurmur , gur and other sugary appetizers. You observe the countless cloths hanging around the kitchen, some of them used to wrap rotis in them, some to make homemade yoghurt, some of them lie damp on the kitchen platform. The persistent whistling of the pressure cooker echoing in the background and the misty steam drifting in the kitchen makes you feel the busy atmosphere in the kitchen, almost as hectic as a sweltering train station.

The incessant dripping of water from the basin tap, clashing against the steel vessels crowded under it, produces a “tink” dulcet sound that echoes in the confined space. White granules of salt lay scattered on the contrasting black kitchen platform, glistening like Swarovski crystals in gathering twilight. You notice the rusted, red gas cylinder tucked brusquely under the platform, the portion of floor underneath it is hideously grimy. You get the feeling that the intention was to conceal the unsightly cylinder as much as possible. A vain attempt.

Overhead, a multitude of wooden racks and cupboards proudly showcase a large variety of steel vessels and spoons, all clustered together to accommodate a huge number. Suddenly, you sense the congestion in the kitchen, with innumerable bhagonas, cooking pans, steel glasses, serving spoons, white casseroles embellished with floral designs, scattered around every corner. The perennial creaking noise of the stained and heavily dusted exhaust fan dissuades you from advancing further, reminding you of the cacophony of overused windmills.

Then something small and stocky catches your eye: an old, nondescript, yellowing fridge. You look on with interest at the vibrant fruit magnets glued onto the door, noting that the family has a penchant for bright colours. The fridge looks nothing like the sleek, stylish and rather empty counterparts of it in Western kitchens. The inside of the fridge is overstocked with spinach, tomatoes, cucumbers, cauliflower, cabbage and apples, oranges, pears, and a bunch of grapes crammed together in small, white plastic bags. They sparkle with bloom, accentuating their freshness and scrumptious savour. A few pink and blue cardboard boxes are stacked on one side of the refrigerator, containing an assortment of Kaju Katris and Ladoos, streaked with glinting silver foil. The luscious fragrance of cashews and raisins stimulates your craving taste buds.

Thirsty now, your eyes wander in search of crystalline water. The refreshing smell of clay emanating from the matka kept nearby allures you. The sight of the pure liquid crystals, shining in the glass, flowing like fluid silk, mesmerizes you. As you gulp down the revitalizing liquid antidote to your thirst, the gurgling sensation of the water assuages your throat.

The plastic bottles of sesame and sunflower oil stand near the small, steel stove, which is just enough to cook three sabzis and dahl at the same time. Multi-coloured pulses, ranging from Chana to Moong to Rajma and ghee lay stationary in the wooden cupboards above the stove. Homemade pickles stuffed in oily glass flasks, made out of tangy green mangoes and garlic tempt you, but the excessive oil finally disheartens your stomach. Baffled at the sight of all the food in the kitchen, you wonder how much can a person eat. Then you spot the true essence of the kitchen, the maker of all life in it. The woman at the tiny stove brushes the beads of trickling sweat off her creased forehead with her sari . Her muscular, strong arms oscillate back and forth on the stone chakla in strained movements. She scurries around the kitchen, eyes wandering with purpose, searching, paying meticulous attention to each and every detail. Her furrowed expression compels you to think that she is exhausted of being in the kitchen for long and tedious hours. However, the dedication with which she gracefully cuts the cucumbers and tomatoes, garnishes the salad with little dhaniya leaves, scrubs the platform, soaks the Rajma seeds so that her family could enjoy a delicious dinner tomorrow and manages to miraculously leave the kitchen shimmering clean tells you that she takes pleasure and pride in her work.

Just as about you're going to leave; the untidy crayon drawings and greasy handprints etched on the kitchen walls remind you that the kitchen is a hangout place for everyone, a tiny home for everyone.

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True Lies

By Saloni Atal 10 B

She had died a painless death as one should whose life had been as innocent and naïve as that of a little child. But now she lay on her back, her eyes closed, her white locks of hair neatly pulled back and her whole countenance so pale, yet so tranquil and serene that one could only wonder what a sweet soul she had sheltered. Namely Betty Johnson, she exuberated a conscience so strong and pure that it was inevitable for her death to have been so easy.

Her son William, a principled and scrupulous law student, sat stiffly by the bed and her daughter Alice, better known as Sister Madeline, were weeping their affectionate hearts out. From their very childhood, Betty had initiated a strong moral code in her children. Her husband had absconded when they were very young; consequently Betty had been extremely headstrong and resolute in bringing up her children instilling in them a strong sense of religion and duty. It was in this light and to conform to his Mother's wishes that William had decided to pursue Law and assist in the accosting of crime carriers. Alice, with her contempt for men, had chosen to serve God as a servant of the Church.

Alice and William had barely known their father other than being privy to his constant quarreling with Betty, that they knew had hindered her happiness.

Now, Alice was desperately kissing her mother's hand, a hand as pale and still as the archaic crucifix mounted on the wall. Betty's other hand still seemed to be clutching on to the bedspread as if craving to grip onto the last creases of her life that it had solidly preserved.

A sudden tap on the door jolted them out of their stupor bringing them back to reality. It was Father Joseph, the Priest from Alice's church. His face was haggard and withdrawn as he had been called upon in the midst of his supper disrupting his daily schedule. However befitting the solemn occasion and his stature, he swiftly altered his facial expression to present a more compassionate and caring persona.

Then, kneeling beside the bed, he bowed his head saying, "I have come to help you children, to relieve you of this grief; hold the Faith and it will end these last few distressing hours."

As if on cue, Alice hesitantly stood up, in an effort to ameliorate her own grievances saying, "Father it has been most considerate of you to have come to visit Mother. We appreciate your kind gesture and would be deeply grateful to spend our last few moments as a family with her alone--....." she abruptly stopped, cast by a spell of grief and tears.

In a more reassuring manner, Father Joseph laid a hand on her shoulder and said in a deep slow voice, "It will be alright dear, hold your line of hope in the Lord, he will always have an answer". Then slowly, he approached Betty with an unwavering gaze and gently whispered, "If there is anything left of virtue, it resided in her life." Then, crossing himself, he left.

They remained in silence, grieving and pining for their mother's attention as they always had. All of a sudden, a clatter of sounds cruised the room, only to be deafened by the silence of grief. A fierce wind blew through the window and rattled its shutters. The ticking of the clock sized the time that was flowing away. Nature's appeasing calls sounded the room with the hooting of owls and the croaking of frogs. But, amidst this upheaval, the broken family remained still.

It was too much for the grief stricken children who were` moaning and yearning for respite. William shoved his fist into the desk in frustration and anguish not knowing what to do while Alice was inconsolable and continued to wail, "Why mother, why?." Their hearts were filled with sorrow as they

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reminisced of Betty's remarks, her beauty, her whims, fancies and her sacrilegious life. Love for her poured out of their hearts leaving behind a void that measured their grief and pain. The impending loneliness dawned on them as they realized there would no longer be an assuring sight to turn to, to guide them through the chapters of their lives.

Then gently, Alice remarked, "William don't you recall how mother used to surreptitiously read those little yellow letters, cherishing her own memories? I think she kept them in that drawer there. Let us read them and re-live her life with her one last time. It is strange she never spoke of them, but it is perhaps all we have left of her."

They took out the little yellow boxes from the chest of drawers, which was clumsily unlocked and began to unravel their intrigues. They opened the neatly wrapped packages as the hundred or so letters streamed onto the floor - all relics of the past. Alice began reading aloud all their mothers' memories that had been packed away for so many years.

Meanwhile, William who was unwaveringly gazing at his mother was interrupted by Alice. "William these letters are sightings of our family, they ought to be placed over mother's grave in the Church." He nodded in approval as she turned her attention to the next letter that read, "Dear one, I have been haunted with your fond but distant memories. My soul cries out for you Betty, how long should I have to wait? We could live such a gracious life together." abruptly she stopped reading. Her eyes were wide open as she tried to digest the letters that were floating in front of her eyes, utterly stupefied. William straightened himself, cleared his throat and took the letter from her. His incisive eyes were in search of a signature. He found the name 'Joseph' annotated carelessly in the bottom corner.

He suddenly re-called that their fathers' name was Henry. With his severely erect countenance he glared disapprovingly at his mother's tender frame. The wind that had been tantalizing the room before, now hustled through it in fierce manner. Alice sunk onto the floor, still in a trance and William who had moved towards the window was overcome with desolation just like the stark night outside. Shattered, he shifted his eyes as they met Alice's. There was a familiar feeling of pity, followed by calm almost like the shore before a tide. Then on impulse, in one stride, he snatched the letters and tumultuously threw them in to the drawer.

He pulled an armchair and sank into it, merging into the shadows of the walls. As William and Alice remained still and lifeless like Betty, it must have been the whole night that went by, until the early morning rays crept into the room. The warmth of the sun wiped away the miseries of the night.

William withdrew from his seat and moved to Alice, helping her onto her feet as he guided her unresponsive frame through the door. Without another word or a second glance, their somber footsteps were the only sounds of life. They closed the door on their mother and their past that no longer seemed so memorable.

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Te amo

By Sheena Singh IBD 11

I first met Roger when he was one year old. His dead parents had left him in the care of my neighbours. He sidled up to me, gazing at me lovingly with his soft brown eyes. Then and there, my little two-year-old self accepted him as my best friend in the whole wide world. From playing with toys to running around in the garden to going on adventures and 'expeditions', we did everything together.

As we grew, nothing changed. I'd go off to school every day with my little red backpack and pink water bottle, Roger beside me. Every afternoon, I'd hop off the bus, looking forward to a warm welcome from Roger. He never disappointed me. Some said I was too attached to him; my mother warned me about making other friends, but I never felt the need to do so. I felt complete.

And then it happened. I was six years old at the time; old enough to know that I shouldn't cross the road alone, avoid strangers and always let my parents know where I am. For some reason, Roger didn't. As I got off my bus one day, he stood across the road from me. We hadn't met in a few days and his resultant elation made him run toward me. The scene is now implanted in my memory - the distinct thud of his footsteps pounding on the uneven concrete, the sound of an engine purring, the screeching of brakes and squealing of tyres, the squelching noise I heard last. I remember the driver: his terrified face contorted as he pushed the brakes with all his fight. Roger's face - his eagerness to reach me and the subdued, sorrowful look that came from surrendering to the pain just before his eyes closed - still haunts me.

I can never forget how I felt that day. I was a muddle of emotions: tears stung my eyes as I wondered if he was dead. My brain felt numb as everything went blank. I tried to imagine life without Roger. This couldn't be happening! My instinct was to collapse, let my wobbling knees give way. But I had to get help first. My heart in my mouth, I ran home to call my mother, praying he'd still be alive. I sat at his hospital bedside through the night, reviewing the incident. His leg was broken in four places and would heal completely, but it was all my fault. If I hadn't gotten off the bus at that moment, if I hadn't gone to school that day, if I had told him to wait, if I'd run out into the road... Things would be different. It ate at me for weeks, but after a long heart-to-heart with my mother, I accepted it, thanking God he was alive. After the accident, Roger and I would sit on the porch all night long, just talking. Not once did he show any animosity towards me, never did he indicate blame. I'd babble about everything under the sun till I fell asleep mumbling and he'd listen intently to my incoherent chatter. Every half-hour, he'd exercise his hurt leg, without once complaining. His immense bravery after the accident, his recurring nightmares (that he refused to admit) and the soft winces made me cry - He suffered so much and I couldn't seem to comfort him in any way. After the first few months, my pangs of guilt became more rare - we never mentioned it again.

Childhood whizzed by, then adolescence. I went to University, all of 18 years old, while Roger stayed home. His leg had healed completely, he could run again without any pain and the incident didn't bother me that much anymore, though I still didn't mention it. I became busier and stopped visiting him as often, but I still loved him and worried about him. After a while, communication was cut off completely. I lost myself amid the new subjects, the assignments, the parties and the boyfriends, soaking up every aspect of the 'Good Life'.

On Roger's 18th birthday, the local college boys were motorbike racing on our stretch of road. And you can guess what comes next. Frantic calls from my mother brought me rushing home to Roger. Three sleepless nights at the hospital, pacing his room, drove me insane. He was on heavy medication and only woke up for an hour a day. But I was adamant about staying. The childhood guilt occupied my thoughts once more as Roger's condition deteriorated. The old pain and brave face came back as I got more and more anxious. When I finally went home to shower on the fourth day, I got the call. Roger had fallen asleep. Forever.

Now, standing at his grave on this wet, gray day, I can only think of how I could've stopped this. I wish I'd kept in touch. I wish I'd given him the will to live. I wish I could replay every second on that porch with him, just to tell him how much I loved him and how sorry I was. I wish he wasn't gone.

R.I.P.

My buddy

My missing half

My dog

Te Amo

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“To be or not to be, that is the question” - A scrutiny of mankind's fairytale existence and whether humans were ever meant to be.

By Anika Havaladar IBD 11

Forget introspection. Forget meditating every thread of your soul before starting upon your quest for the purpose of your being. These purposes of individual lives lie insignificant to the purpose of mankind's almighty existence, or whether there is any purpose at all. At an individualistic level, the answer to a person's purpose is hidden in the individual's soul and the answer to that is revealed by the individual to himself. Without life, there stands no individual.

When life is taken into consideration, it presumably encompasses all arenas of existence. Life exists; it can be seen and is physically proven. Whether it was meant to exist, is a question worth pondering over. It is one of those rare instances, where science has not been able to unearth the answer. Conditionally, climatically and environmentally, the earth is structured to perfection. But the origins of life are believed to be a consequence to a few climatic changes that took place billions of years ago. Now, what associations would I, a simple philosophically-challenged teenager have with ideas of such complex scale. After every failure I ask myself in search of consolation- To be or not to be, were we ever meant to be?

Physicists believe that the universe calibrated to welcome life on earth. The conditions are exceeding perfect for a coincidental occurrence as life depends so principally on the flawlessness of the conditions. The oxygen content, gravity and temperature are extremely dynamic and the increase or decrease of these would be particularly devastating for life. For instance if gravity was a little weaker, then billions of particles could not have come together to create humongous galaxies and if was a little stronger, the universe would have collapsed and life could not have existed. How are the conditions so faultless? Evidently, a coincidence of such scale is impossible. Surely, that means life was meant to exist.

Engulfed by the complexity and scientific nature of the argument, a simple explanation never provides the answer. Only science can contradict itself and still prove sensible. Science states that certain climatic changes caused proteins to be formed from inorganic matter. Climate is extremely unpredictable. Rain in the middle of winter is like a yellow leaf falling in spring. Atypical? Yes, but definitely not startling. A certain Charles Darwin once suggested the creation of these proteins was spontaneous in his theory on the origin of life in a hot water spring. If life was created spontaneously, it means that it was unplanned and uncalled for. Convinced? Taken your side already? Or may I proceed with my marathon of influential explanations...

Another aspect of our origins, evolution, has always been a puzzle and since it has been constructed over a series of theories with a lot of biblical and other religious influences makes it an exhausting debate.

Unorganized unicellular organisms modified into highly-organized multi-cellular organisms. Life could have stopped at that level, but organization in the cells developed. Dramatic changes metamorphosed these cells. If human existence was on no account meant to be; why did evolution take place? Perceptibly, the corollary of evolution is Human beings. Along the course of evolution several harsh climate changes occurred which changed the course of history. These changes were spontaneous and led to the eventual evolution into human beings. This would mean that human beings weren't the intended end product of evolution, which is probably because they weren't meant to exist at all. Human beings could just be a phase, in a cycle of life, similar to what the dinosaurs were. In that context, humans would become extinct, by a phenomenon such as global warming only to be replaced by a more advanced species.

Our world would be unfinished without a heavy influence from religion. People believe that the earth was formed by god in six days. Further considering that god created Adam and Eve, and thus originating mankind. These origins are questioned scientifically but are widely acknowledged. This theory states that

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the earth was created for the eventual creation of man not more than 10,000 years ago. So in this case, man was meant to be the ultimate creation. In Hinduism, people believe that a god's body split into 3 worlds - of the demons, of the gods and of mankind. Therefore this depicts that a world was created especially for man. Palpably, this means that man was meant to exist.

This debate, as many of life's unanswered questions is exhausting and never-ending, not to mention complex and purely hypothetical. And by common discretion is destined to remain such until further justification, both scientifically and religiously. The adversity is in the question; the veracity is that we do exist. Our existence maybe senseless to the universe, but is of utmost purpose to the individuals who adorn this earth. Whether we were meant to exist or not...is just one of those enigmas of life no-one will ever attest. But in my opinion I believe that even if we did not have a meaningful purpose in the universe, mankind has emerged as the most powerful creature that ever existed and that makes us as meaningful as the earth or the universe at large... It's just one of those things the creator managed to keep a secret from mankind. Whether for good or for bad? That; again we shall never know. But for now - Dum vivimus, vivamus, Horace (Since we are living, let us live well).

High School Drama

By Juhi Shah IBD 11

“Oh my God, look at her. She's got the same dress as me AND she's thinner? Her waist is 23 while mine's 24 – I'm so FAT!!” Life at high school revolves around being the size 0 figure because that's what it initially takes to be the prettiest girl in school. If you ever realise that you have become a size 2 then life just became a nightmare! There are times when you might want to hide your face because the new branded dress which you bought last month doesn't fit you and you promised your friends that you'd wear to flaunt it at school the next day. Then there it goes. Your diet dwindles down to a little above lettuce leaves (and water – only once you figure out whether it has calories or not). You're jealous of your friend because she has a shorter dress than you or because she has a boyfriend and you don't! Feeling hopeless and worthless, you like to conclude that you're probably very ugly and that's why boys don't look at you. Yet again, some scenarios are even worse – Your best friend just got an A+ in the test; what a nerd. Do you even know her now? No way! Why study when style and boys/girls are all you need to be popular? That's what counts, doesn't it? Or maybe, there's the new cute guy who just joined in and seems like “your girl” just cheated on you for him. What a shame; what do you tell your friends now? What about your reputation?

Fashion. Style. Reputation. Popularity. Dating. Parties. Late nights. Gossip. With so many things to worry about and so many things to ‘take care’ of, seems like a teenager's life in high school is very...demanding?!

This new generation of teenagers tends to get very paranoid about their looks and the latest trends and fashion – especially about how thin or fat they are. Girls have to have the perfect slim figure. If not, depression, bulimia, anorexia or other starvation techniques follow suite. Not just figures but even every part of their body! Their nose suddenly looks absurd even though it's been the same for the past 16 years. Hairstylists probably just grew in business with the amount of new styles, colours and extensions each kid yearns for on every occasion whether it's their birthday, the prom night, valentines day or even their grandfather's birthday!

All the more, being in style and wearing the latest trends and ‘shortest’ clothes really matters up till such an extent that friendship is cracked upon by feelings of jealousy and bitterness. From childhood laughs and giggles life turns more into flaunting off and showing you to be better than someone else in terms of wardrobe

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collections, waist sizes and looks.

Relating to all these issues comes yet another haunting topic – Dating, an affair that concerns almost every teen. To be popular you, of course, need to have one of the cutest or “hottest” boy-friends (the football captain is always the first pick) or the prettiest and the most gorgeous girl-friends (preferably from the cheerleading squad). It’s the best way to be a part of the latest gossip around and have everyone talk about you. It adds to your importance and reputation. Many a times, these issues can even lead to melancholia and a low self-esteem. Teens begin to find themselves as useless, hopeless and “ugly” as to say, which could eventually drag them into depression pills and drugs causing addiction – very common in teenagers of the current generation.

So far, it’s all about being in demand. But what about those who aren’t so? These kids (who like to think of themselves as grown ups) like to ‘discriminate’ each others by creating fancy cliques not knowing how much it might affect the opposite person's emotions. Many of these groups are futile such as the “populars”, “wannabes”, nerds, the athletes, the “what-evs” and so on.

The most appalling of them would be, of course, the popular ones who no matter what have to be looked up to! They usually turn out to be the richest and most fashionable a. k. a “Spoil Brats”. The wanna-bes are likely to be those who follow and dream to be like them. That being so, they tag along like shadows. With not many people left, the 'whatever' group lands up being the geeks who don’t really have many interests in common but are together to simply be in a clique.

Cliques are also formed on the basis of socioeconomic statuses and races such as the Asians, the Afro-Americans, etc – not to leave aside the disable. There are no just these matters that lead to despair; other incentives could include ragging or bullying. By the end of it, for all teens, it’s simply a matter of proving that you are from class distinction and that your reputation is better and more 'important' as such than the person sitting next desk.

School violence is an act that takes place rooting to great amount of embarrassment and dejection. Imagine a crowd of people staring, frowning, pointing and laughing at someone simply because he/she is different; be it in terms of studies, looks, talent, or namely anything existent. Ultimately this discourages the child to such an extent that he/she ends up concealing his/her inner talents. Matters could get worse if such hostility or sadism towards a child continues and, eventually, lead to mental or physical trauma ruining the child’s bright future. This drama in high school is unseen to the parents and is obviously kept away from the professors' eyes or ears.

These problems exist across the whole globe and seem to be affecting the youth very intensely and pessimistically. Although they do not realise how much it sways their future, it is time to take action from the parents’ side to make a difference now and tie the boat before it continues to drift in the stream.

Many of us are aware of all of these facts but yet keep watching. The 'helping' or the step taken towards it is only exists in talks and complains. Now, however, is the time to light the candle instead of cursing the dark before you wake up one morning and find yourself to be the disappointment and reason for absolutely ruining your own child's future.



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Photography

By Aashman Goghari IBD 11



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Behind the scenes with Mr. Keegan

By Shally Madhok IBD 11

Every morning as hundreds of boys and girls walk into school, you see them stiffening their backs and tightening their belts, tucking their shirts in, tying their hair, etc. Why? Barely twenty feet away is none other than the Dumbledore of DAIS, Mr. Dermot Keegan himself. The colossal Irishman's gaze itself seems a tractor beam, pulling students' arms to their waists to tuck their shirts in or their heads to tie their hair.

Q. To start with sir, how on Earth do you do that? Is it telekinesis or something?

A. Nah! I've just seen The Magnificent Seven too many times. Ah, those were the days, back in the 60's.

Q. So, Mr. Keegan, speaking of time periods I have been told that you have only been in India for one and a half years! What do you think is Mumbai's most unusual aspect?

A. The traffic. Definitely the traffic.

Q. Have you ever considered using the local train as a method of transportation?

A. Why, yes. Absolutely. Not only does it save up on time, but it's good value for money!

Q. Sir, speaking of time, what is it that you like doing in your free time?

A. Free time? What's that? (winks) (He finally understands our sentiments. YES.). Come to think of it, my wife's always deciding what I should do (awkward silence)...but it's usually golf.

Q. If there's one thing you would like to change in our school, what would it be?

A. It'll have to be the stress level on students (bull's eye!). But I guess we try our best to fit in as much as we can between 8:30 a.m. and 3 p.m., especially considering that students have long commutes. However, I'm truly amazed to see how many of you still take the initiative to come out and play sports in the morning.

Q. What was your dream job as a child?

A. Definitely not being a teacher.

Q. Oh, really? Then how did life place you here, at DAIS?

A: It's actually quite a funny story...

Perhaps the turning point in his life was when his girlfriend uttered the words, "Dermot, it's just not working out." From that moment, a journey across continents and intellectual horizons began to unfold, building from the young man after his break-up to the wise, grandfather-like figure (albeit with some snazzy ties) we see towering over us every morning. And as fate would have it, barely two years after they broke up, they got married, and lived happily ever after. Is that a story or what?