



PERSPECTIVE

August, 2012

Volume #1 Issue #2

PAST PERFECT, FUTURE TENSE



Flock around, for comfort, company and a great read. Talks of the world coming to an end are ripe, and some students from DAIS have put their heads & hearts together to provide you with a semblance of hope in these dark times.

Read on for an enjoyable time, in or outside school, end of the world notwithstanding.

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(Please Note: The Grades & Sections of students who have contributed to this issue have progressed with the new academic year. This issue of *Perspective* has acknowledged their old Grades & Sections)

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

The end of the world is near! Well, maybe not, but we don't know yet. Until then all we can do is wait, hesitate and speculate.

21st December, 2012 is arguably, our last day on the planet. In this edition, our primary imagined, our secondary contemplated, and our overworked senior section eagerly anticipated what might be the impacts of the end of the world.

Some people wonder, some people fear, and some people are simply curious to see what all the hype is about. Only time will tell.

Henry Miller once said "The world dies over and over, but the skeleton always gets up and walks". This has in a way been our motto here at Perspective. No matter what came in our way, unfavourable circumstances, crazy situations, procrastination and other evils, we got up and walked again. The things that go into making a newsletter are many, some of them obvious but most unimaginable. In my experience as the Editor of Perspective, we faced many roadblocks, some easily overcome and some downright frustrating, but we tried to our level best to come out with a comprehensive second edition of perspective for the year.

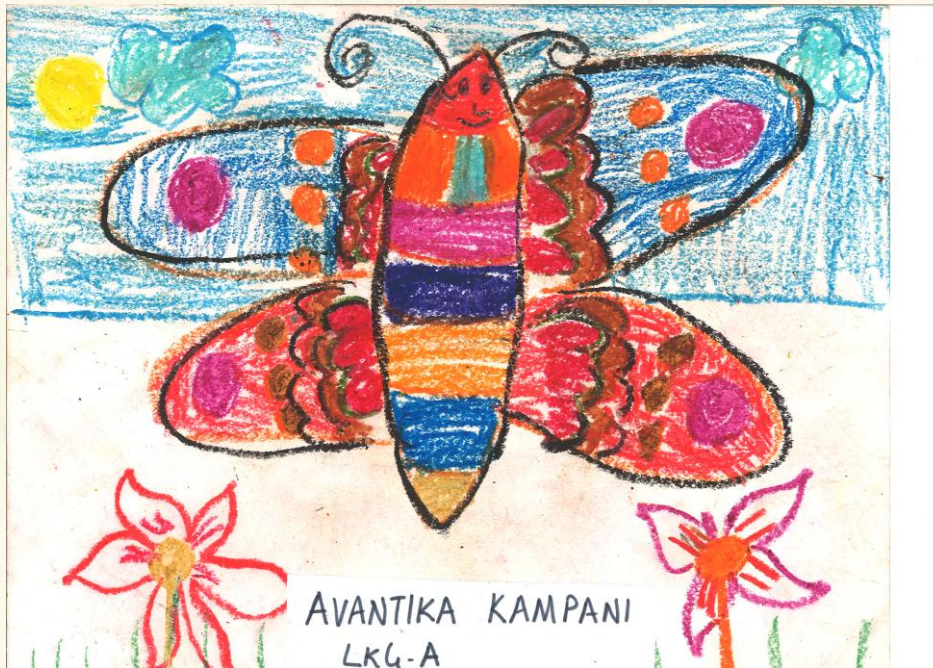
The real stars behind what you see are the team. No, they didn't really work all that hard, or go all that far, but they worked together, and given the crazy circumstances of the simultaneous exams, trips, projects and assemblies that came in the way, we like to think we did a good job.

But, of course, *you* get to decide.

Freia Lobo IBD 11

OUR YOUNG TYKES

Upcoming talent from DAIS, show the power of the 'glass-half-full' attitude.
They present here what is most cherishable.



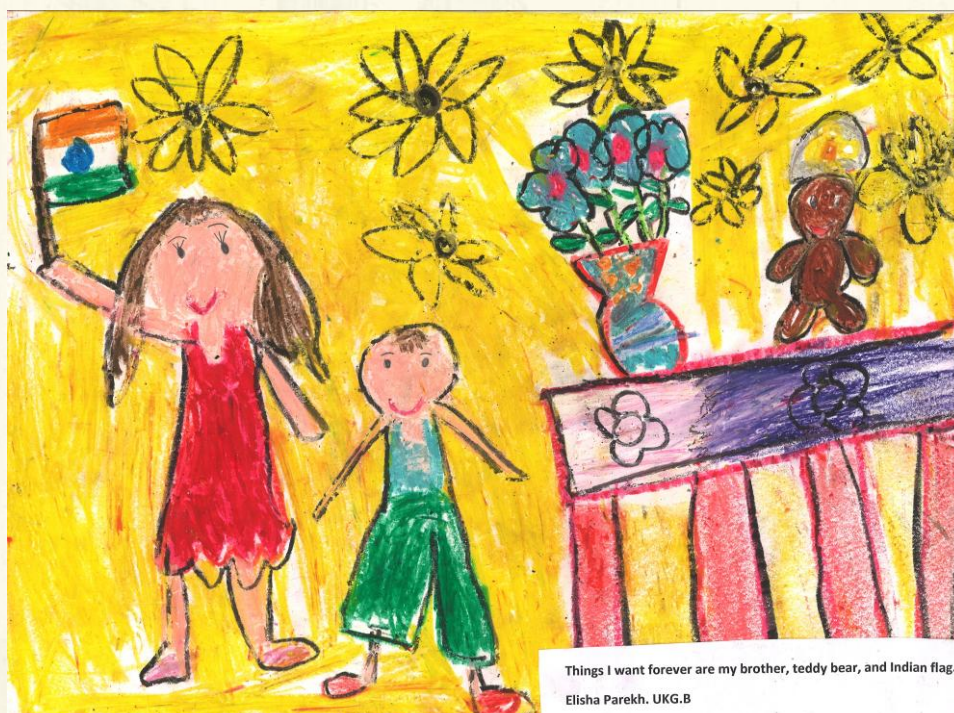
Avantika Kampani LKG A



LKG B



Meghna Pillai LKG A



Elisha Parekh UKG B

It's the youngest who are the brightest, prove our students from the Primary section.



Diya Shah I A



The Lennon Painting - Anavi Kaul I A



Devika Kothari I B



Prarthna Mehta II B



Tarini Mehta II B

If The World Would Come to an End

Prarthna Mehta 2B

The world is coming to an end,
Because of all the pollution around
And the littering on the ground.

I remember once
I took posters of 'Save the Trees'
And 'Save the Bees' all around.

I promise you Mother Earth
That on every shirt,
There will be your name
And photo.

I Will Help the World

Tarini Mehta 2B

I will help the world not to die,
I will help the world stay high in the
sky.

The world will soon sink in the sand,
But I will give it a helping hand.

I will give the world some peace,
So it will have some rest at least.

The world might always cry
But it will never die.

I will help the world not to die,
I will help the world stay high in the
sky.

Clean Vs Polluted

Sia Harsingani 2B

It was clean before,
But is polluted now.

I wonder if the world will end,
Cause we all pollute it.

We pollute it too much,
But then we try to clean it up.

So how could it end so early?
Cause we don't have love, peace and harmony.

We need all these things,
We need it all, oh! Mother earth...

She gave us a place to live in,
Everything she gives us-food and shelter.

She gave it all,
She gave it all.



Shourya Parikh IV A



Last Day on Earth: What We Did Apurva Bhandari IV A

It is the last day for mankind. The radios, TVs, everyone is talking about it. Europe, North Asia, North America are under snow. The temperature is – 40 degrees! In the south, it is completely the opposite. The weather is scorching hot, with temperatures reaching up to 80 degrees. People are doing anything they want and no one is stopping them. We are also doing whatever we want.

Like last night: I went to sleep at 5 in the morning and woke up at noon. Then without getting ready, my friends and I went to McDonalds and ate. After that we went to the theatre and we watched the movie “A Series of Unfortunate Events.” It was an amazing and interesting movie. Then we ate dinner at Dominos.

I was so sad. After such an amazing day we were all going to die. We were going to sleep but we were never waking up.

Wondergirl Saves the World Ishitaa Gupta IV A

It was a dull, grey morning on Sun Maiden Street. On opening my window, I was surprised to be greeted with a rush of cold air, and it was cold outside despite it being summer. But most queer part of the day was that the sun was missing from its usual place in the sky.

I rushed downstairs and heard my neighbours’ cries, “Soon all the oceans are going to hurl tsunamis on land and we will all meet our watery graves. So I rummaged through my cupboard and retrieved my Wondergirl mask, cape and badge. On wearing my suit, I instantly got my Wondergirl powers. These powers enabled me to grow bigger and fly too. So I took off and collected tons of wood and bricks, and made gigantic walls around the borders of all the landmasses. I was pleased with my work as the walls held and no damage was caused.

I switched on the television after reaching home and was proud to see on every news channel, “WONDERGIRL SAVES THE WORLD”. I smiled to myself; the world was safe now, all thanks to ME!



Everlasting Future

An ambition is like a shadow, it follows you everywhere you go. But unlike any other shadow, in the night it when your tucked in your cozy bed it comes alive. I have infinite dreams (seriously). This uncanny quality exists usually in children who suffer from the dreadful disease of Adolescence. As I grew my initial ambitions were quite ubiquitous among children my age, the next Tendulkar or the next Schumacher. These slowly faded away and were locked up in the vault of my mind. As I matured my priorities changed, a traveler who extensively went around the world and dissolve with different lifestyles.

When I grow fully most people will choose the usual tepid business or economy or medicine. These dismal choices aren't on my list because what I want to be is different from anyone else something imaginative and creative, something that helps people and unites us.

I can still think of many things, but I know that only Fate can unravel the mystery of my life.

Bhuvan Patel VII-A

Lightning, THE SAVIOUR

It's the year 2012,
The year when the world's going to end.
The Earth needs a hero,
But till now everyone has been a zero.

Then, out of the sky,
Came a meteorite.
It was heading for our home,
Then came a ray of hope.

A superhero named LIGHTNING,
Appeared out of the sky,
He tried to stop the meteor,
He didn't care if he died.

He tried to stop it,
With all his might.
He didn't give up,
And put a good fight.

He had muscles as big as bowling balls,
And eyes with lasers.
He stopped the meteor,
And heaved it into the sky.
He heaved a sigh of relief,
And the world was cured of its belief.

The world didn't end,
The world was safe.
Then everyone started cheering,
And on his face he had a big grin.

From then on,
He protected the Earth.
But how could the world end?
With LIGHTNING by its side.

Shrey Dalal V A



Fissure

The Earth's end is near,
21 December is almost here,
The world needs a hero
But will he be rated zero?

Out of chaos rises one,
Casts away his name of Mr.Bun,
Takes not the name of superman,
Nor the name of flash or dan.

His humble name is FISSURE,
Planet Earth's new protector,
With muscles as strong as steel,
And blaring with a new zeal .

The meteor he plucks out of the sky,
And with it plugs the volcano dry,
The tsunamis he stops with his feet,
And hurricanes with pieces of meat.

The whole Earth praises his name,
And release many a game,
All starring the one and only, FISSURE
Not footballer Lionel Messi.

-Malhar Acharya V A

It Doesn't Matter –Whether Past, Present or Future

Today I am a killer. I live on blood. I am totally different, unlike others. You won't find anyone else like me. Today again I am free, in the wild, but two years of captivity and suffering, has changed me. Today I am a threat to the other animals.

Two years back, I was a normal horse, playing with my friends, running around and having fun. It was 25th January 2009, a day I will never forget. I was running through the jungle alone, the wind coming on my face, and the sweet smell of the blossoming flowers. That's when I suddenly fainted. After that I don't know what happened to me, but when I opened my eyes I found myself in a huge glass cage surrounded by humans. They were in white coats, surrounded by chemicals. They were scientists! I then overheard their conversation, "..... Horses do not suffer from this disease, and we need to know why." Then another voice said, "We will inject this serum into him, we will then observe the changes in his body and collect the data and his cells to make this new medicine." I was devastated. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I was in such shock, that a man had entered my cage and injected the serum into me. But no changes occurred in me. The next day when I got up, everything was different. I was feeling dizzy and having a splitting headache. Suddenly my whole body started jerking and I think I grew bigger. I felt wild and angry, I saw some meat in my cage and ate it like a carnivorous animal, I soon realized I had become a monster. But I just couldn't control myself or my animal. The humans were keeping a close watch on me and I just didn't like that. Weeks passed like this. I grew bigger in size; I became more of a monster day by day. One day the boss of the science institution came to see me. He was old and irritated, and got on everyone's nerves. He then came to see me. It was dark inside my cage, so he held a bright flash at me. This aggravated me, I ran toward the light and kept banging hard against the glass, I couldn't stop. I was strong as ever and soon the glass broke open. People ran helter skelter, they shut down all doors. But no one or nothing could stop me. It seems they followed me till the forest but soon lost track of me.

So here I am, again in the wild. Again I am free. But I am a monster. I have no friends. Everyone gets scared of me. I just wish I could become a normal horse again, but that is impossible.

- Muskaan Jidge VII-A

A Curtain Call to Your Day

Its curtains for the world, they say. Many think it will be on 21st December 2012. I agree... to an extent.

In a person's life, one has many things to cherish and treasure, which we often refer to as 'memories'. Everyday is a new day, a new beginning. Memories can be anything. From what you did in your sister's lap when you were an infant to what you did just the day.

For me, 'memories' mean my first day in school, or the day I read a remarkable book, or when I learned to ride a bicycle. They could also be the few negative things in life like a fight with your parents, a quarrel with your closest friend. Fights as they say bring people closer. A memory is the paramount thing in one's life.

Anything that makes you smile, that makes you exultant. So, if one doesn't have enough memories to go to bed with, then that person's world ends that day. Unless we have something to remember the next morning that makes us want to wake up to another day, it's not worth living for. It's just another dead end. The close of your world.

Diverse people have dissimilar memories. They choose them selectively. There are things that we want to retain, and things that we undeniably want to erase from our minds. We are what we are today because we build our lives on our past and on the hope of a better future. We want to mend the blunders we have made in the past, these too are recollections. We would be lost and empty souls, if we didn't have a past.

December 21, 2012 may not be curtains for the world, but it may just be a curtain call for your spectacular day. It may just be another end to another day, if you don't have memories to take you through the night. People who don't appreciate the old, or their friends or their elders, have nothing to look back at in their minds, they have nothing to wake up to another day. So for these people, everyday is just another 2012, as we say.

So what is perfect for me....? That I have fourteen years' worth of memories is what makes life perfect for me, and I wouldn't want to change even one of these memories – for they have made me what I am.... whatever I am!!!

Anisha Mukherjee VIII-A

My First Year at DAIS - A Tribute to my Teachers

Dad and Mom brought me to this School one day
It was so big and new...I did not know what to do.
I was scared, had tears in my eyes and hence, could not see,
And then I saw You standing there and smiling at me.
You took me to my class, so warm and full of cheer,
It made me feel that my second Home was right here.
It was there You made me first meet my Friends,
All of whom have today become so very dear.
You taught me so much, You taught me so well,
When I would tell my Parents back home, their hearts would swell.
You made me learn so fast with mistakes so very few...
They would think everyday that they are meeting some boy totally new.
You taught me to dance, You taught me to sing...
You made me practice so that I would not forget a thing.
And then You brought me on stage for the world to see...
My Parents watched me & were so proud of me.
When we were naughty ...You cautioned us,
At times when we went wild....You contained us.
There were times we bothered you longer and longer,
And You had to send us to the "thinking corner".
You taught us how to play...You taught us how to learn...
I never knew that learning could be so much fun,
Yes, sometimes You made us do worksheets very hard...
Only so that one day we could grow up to be very smart
Suddenly today after a long time I am once again sad...
I am going to another class, I am given to understand.
But I am confused when I am told that my friends will move with me too....
Because I think they have made a mistake and not counted You (!?)
I now learn what it is to have a mixed feeling
But I know I have to move on to make a new beginning.
I now know that with every footprint that I will ever lay further..
It is Your step that I will always find somewhere nearer.
A Teacher, a Guru, a Guardian , a Friend and much more...
As my heart is still small..this is all what I can pour.
I will always remember You O Teacher so nice
For it was almost as if I were your own Child.

- Yuvansh Khokhani

WORD PERFECT!

In a world, where nothing's constant, and the only thing we know is certain, is change, there's one thing that's always with us. A friend, who may not be there for us physically, but who leaves a huge impact on us for the short period of time he or she is there. And keeps on touching your heart again and again. So, if I had to talk about one thing that's perfect in my life, it would undoubtedly be my best friend- books.

No, not the stupid teen flicks filled with stories about how a girl can't choose between a dead man and a dog, or how a princess has two boys desperately fighting for her and how the paparazzi somehow never leaves her alone. I'm talking about the books hidden at the back of your closet, the ones your mum bought back when she was a girl and thought you'd like reading. Yes, the ones with the yellowing pages and crumbling covers that you can't find in fancy bookstores without them being abridged or completely ruined by contemporary writers trying to get them made into glossy movies with Vegas as the backdrop or read in front of your friends without being called lame

With every page of a book you turn, you open up an entire new world that's all yours to imagine. The characters don't have a voice or a way of walking and you can even decide what they look like. And admit it, we all get disappointed when Annabeth and Percy turned out to be 18 and so grown up. And oh dear, when the adult Ron had a paunch.

Books make you forget about all your worries of the world. You sit engrossed for hours, as your coffee turns stale and your mother shouts at you to go do something useful. The 'lame' books that you saw in the unborrowed-from section of the library are surprisingly hard to put down once you read them. They just need to be given a chance. Sure, you're called the weird girl with her head buried in the book. The girl who sniffs the pages and so many other names. But when books mean so much to you, it doesn't matter. Groucho Marx once said-" Outside a dog, a book is man's best friend. Inside a dog, it's too dark to read" and I totally agree. Books are the one thing which are unaffected by any prejudice. Books don't care about your looks or grades or creed or color. They're everything you could ever ask for.

They're the one thing that will always remain the same, as long as you keep reading and giving them the chance to shine.

What could be more perfect?

- Medhavi Gandhi VIII-A

Glass Half-Full or Glass Half- Empty?

There are a lot of people who don't like to look back at their past – of what they were a few years ago, maybe a few months ago. You can't change the past. You can only reflect on it. In the mostly pessimist world that we live in, people tend to think more about the past they wish they could've changed, rather than the one they were really happy with.

So why do people keep brooding over what *had* happened? Even though it seems like it, the mistakes you may have made in the past aren't always bad things. Maybe your past is to remind you that you're not perfect. Or to make sure you remember mistakes you may have made before, so you don't repeat them. Or maybe they just happen – as in, *all things happen for a reason*. The past is memories – moments and times you hold on to, things people said that would've made you cry or laugh, and the past is important because it's who you are. You become who you are because of everything that happens to you they help shape your character, and who you become. So don't regret your past. Hold on to it, because it's what defines you. It's better than having no past at all – because that's like having amnesia - not knowing who you are.

Your past holds all the wise and good things you had previously done and all the errors you once made, so that you can look over those, and based on them make new decisions. The present is what you have right now, and unlike the past, you can decide how you want the moment to turn out. So how everything turns out that minute lies in your hands, whether the turn-out is good or bad. You can use the present to fix previously made mistakes, to create a good impression on someone, to make up for bad stuff you may have said to someone – in short, to use it to your advantage. Though I've never completely understood the saying, I'm guessing that's why they say that 'Today is a gift. That's why they call it *present*.'

The future is what's going to come. The future is bright, so when you're sad, you look forward to a bright future. Since it hasn't taken place yet, people like to think of the future as something good that's going to come their way. They look forward to it. So the future is more of a positive thing. But if you do something bad at school, you know the consequences that'll come in the near future won't be too good. But if we look at the future with a brighter outlook – through a coloured glass, it helps us stay happier. So if you look back at the past, you may remember bad things that would've happened to you, but if you look at the future, you can imagine good things coming your way, like an optimist would. The future hasn't taken place yet, so you use your imagination and guesswork to figure out what can happen. What *will* happen isn't always the way we would've pictured it. But to think of the future as something good – to think that whatever is in store for you are something that you would like, it helps you keep yourself happy. It's a good way to keep you cheerful, and optimistic. One of my favourite quotes goes:

In the long run, the pessimist may be proved right, but the optimist has a better time on the trip.

- Samira Sibal VII-B

UDAAN: CAS FETE 2012

-Srinandini Mukherjee X C

There may be rumours about the world crashing to a sorrowful end in 2012, but “Udaan” has got DAIS off to a great start into this year. And if you were there for this CAS Fete, you would agree.

It was almost impossible to cover every single event which went on over the six hours on the stage. Even in the breaks between Mrs.Nath’s amusing presentation of the raffle winners, most of us were unable to step away from the stage when some of the 11th std. students, such as Mahati Ramesh and Atreyo Sinha brought the house down with their renditions of Katy Perry’s “The One That Got Away”, and Jason Mraz’s “I’m Yours”. This crowd grew with the remarkable dance performances by those at the NGOs Muktangan, Akanksha, and Advitya, and a heart-warming song sung by the children at the NGO ‘Aseema’. Towards the later hours of the fete, three auctions took place on a personally autographed Tony Hawk t-shirt, a set of acrylic paintings on canvas, and a Mumbai Indian’s t-shirt, signed by the whole team, again, led by Mrs.Nath. It was only a matter of seconds before they were snapped up for 50,000, 5000 and 2 lakhs respectively. But what I personally enjoyed the most was the collective groans and complaints from all of us potential raffle winners as every Ipad 2, Iphone and Blackberry was doled out to another. Congratulations to Mr.Ngatia, Mr.Davis, and Mr.Zaras and all the other teachers who won, as well as the many students.



If you don't have enough money at the Fete to buy the handfuls of distinctive products on sale at every stall, you're not going to have as much fun. How else would you buy all those beautifully crafted greeting cards at Akanksha? How would you play Fruit Ninja at the "Village Development Project" stall? Not to mention the various other games such as "Aim It In", "Ring Toss", "Balls in Buckets" and "Hit N Win". The beautiful array of handbags, jute bags, plants, and notepads in the stalls "Aseema", "Across the Road", "Prakriti" and "Aarambh" respectively drew a lot of attention. "Eve" got a ton of fans just for their yummy cupcakes! And I think that by the end of those 6 hours, almost every girl at the fete had their hair braided and a tattoo done from the "Village Development Project" and "Advitya"....and pretty much every DAIS student, by the end of the evening was proudly wearing a house band on their hand, sold by Muktangam. DAISight was a stall to be remembered, thanks to their extremely unique glasses! And when it comes to our school merchandise, not only were over half of the students wearing the "I Love DAIS" and "Udaan" t-shirts, but even a number of parents were seen wearing the "Proud parent" t-shirts! Not to mention the popular sweatshirts (which, by the way, you can still sight on every other student).

So overall, to end this piece, what can I say to describe Cas Fete 2012? Though my mehendi from "Across the Road" is already fading, the memories of "Udaan" are here to stay.



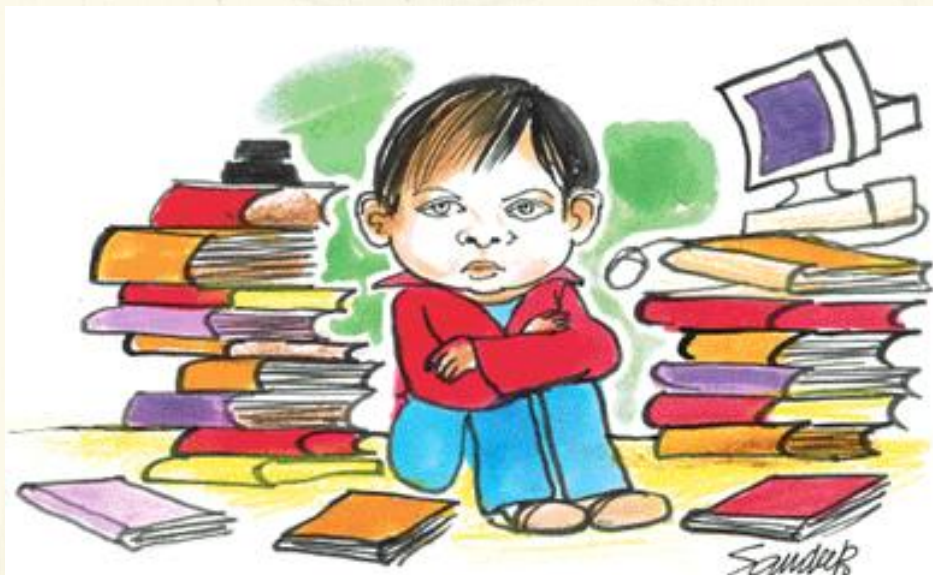
Bo(a)red

- Alya Lamba X B

With all the rumours flying around about the end of the world, it's hard to know what to believe. However, the real truth came out two weeks ago in the form of a simply-worded circular: on 8th May 2012, the world will come to its sudden demise. At least, the world of tenth graders everywhere will, because 8th May is the day our board examinations begin.

Recently, movies have taken to depicting the end of the world as a dramatic event with every possible natural disaster occurring at exactly the same time and engulfing the planet in fiery chaos. But we all know that that's not how it's going to happen. Forget about volcanoes, earthquakes and tsunamis - the real end of the world will begin with three weeks of study leave, filled with either threats or words of encouragement from parents and teachers, hundreds of deadly past papers, and the painful absence of any cell phones and laptops.

When the time comes for us to finally enter our examination halls, we will not be met by explosions or earthquakes; we will walk in to find evenly spaced desks lined up in neat rows, with one single paper on each seat. And, even though it's significantly less dramatic and probably a *bit* less painful, I think many people will agree that the latter option seems like the worse way to go.



Fare Thee Well

Arijit Nerurkar IX C

One new thing brought to the table of being in the ninth standard is the addition of one new responsibility and task- setting up the tenth grade farewell. Believe you me; six months did not seem enough. Yet the 2011-12 year 9 managed to pull it off by organizing one heck of a party revolving around the theme- **Technohouse**.

Skipping all the time taken to come up with the theme, the real pandemonium and exertion began with the practices, although those in the art and décor department had got on the job much before majority of the others. For THE day, the class had to prepare a dance, a skit and an awards ceremony. The committee dealing with awards took most of its time deciding the awards to be given, so practice for conducting the ceremony was no real obstacle.

Coming to dance, for obvious reason a couple of girls were in charge of the dance. The routine decided was that the dance section of the evening would start off with a flash mob using torches in the dark, followed by a couples dance consisting of a fraction of the people involved in the flash mob. Note, when the term 'flash mob' is used, it is justifiable to the extent that the dance was conducted on the ground. Another reason for it to be called a flash mob is that it was a sudden burst of dance, because on the final day it took place after the announcer said, 'Please bare with us as we are facing some technical difficulties'. The flash mob was an innovative introduction that consisted of the volunteers surrounding the inner perimeter of the auditorium while in the dark and holding torches covered with colored transparent plastic paper. It took precisely two weeks and two rehearsals with the torches to get it right. The couple consisted of a dozen couples first doing the world-renowned Macareina dance, followed by a duet to 'Mr. Saxobeat'. This dance took around a month to master.





Now approaching the skit, a script had to be made which consisted of enough humor to entertain the audience as well as grasp the real connection to the students' attitudes in school life. Yet again, most time was taken in preparing the main script. The acting itself took only around 5 rehearsals to gain fluency in. Students from Siddharth Shah to Rohan Hattangdi were enacted in the play, and although we (the students of year 9) were not really amused by the skit it really made the tenth graders chuckle hysterically.

Finally coming the last committee of the glorious farewell, the arts, décor, a really mesmerizing job was done indeed. Creativity as well as execution got 11 on 10 and were really recognizable. Black sheets of chart with squares of colored paper and CD's were used to cover the front of the stage that met the ground and black boxes with the letters 'L-E-V-E-L-S' were set up to look like the decibel levels on a music system, and colored tubes that could generate light through were hung up one side of the auditorium. The food committee played its part as well, arranging for top class accommodation and hospitality that really impressed the guests.

To conclude this process-describing essay, firstly a great shout-out must be given to Radhika Goyal of class 9C, the current vive council coordinator, who was given the responsibility of arranging and handling this entire herculean task. Secondly, to the current 8th graders- good luck next year. And finally, D.A.I.S sends their best wishes to the current tenths, no matter whether you are coming back for the IB programme or studying somewhere else, you have still been and still are a student at D.A.I.S.

Idea of a Perfect World

Rhidha Bali VIII C

A perfect world? Most people would say that a perfect world is a place full of peace, joy, and harmony. All countries are united and equal. Where there is no discrimination, where everyone has the same opportunities. A world where no one hates or kills, where no one has to worry about basic necessities, nobody goes to sleep without food, where we humans help each other and stand for each other. Of course, it will be a perfect human-friendly world.

Now, let's get back to reality. Yes, the above-mentioned ideas would make for a 'perfect world' and it would be wonderful if we lived in a dream world like that. But thinking about it, will we ever be able to achieve such a state. No one can possibly convert a world with population of over 7 billion into an ideal place to live in, with people with different habits and background and mindset. People are still likely to hate others either out of jealousy or any other reason. There are still going to be people who will always discriminate others, people who would go any length to get their jobs done whether personal or professional.

My concept of a 'perfect world' is simple. People just need to be respectful to each other's feelings and culture. Everyone is special in his or her own way. Everybody has his or her own unique thought-process and it would be in everybody's interest to simply respect that. Obviously people will continue to love or hate each other, there's no stopping that but perhaps they can keep their feelings and opinions to themselves and give advice when solicited. Discrimination will go on, it can't be stopped. At least people can judge and admire others for factors beyond materialistic things. I think respect and good will is all that the people need for and from each other. If they learn to respect each other, they'll probably stop thinking of others as lower than them. Respecting others, in turn will lead to further progress for a better world. The world can't be perfect, but at least we can strive to make it a better place to live in.

I completely agree with a popular ad that says "Umeedon wali dhoop and khushiyon wali asha. Rone ki vajah kam ho, hasne ke bahane jyada."



Let the world crash over me today

-Srinandini Mukherjee X C

If it really does happen, like some say,
And the world falls apart this year someday,
I know I'd give in: I'd have no choice,
But first; I'd have a few things to voice:

CHORUS:

I'd begin by giving them a smile,
Those that made this life worthwhile,
I'd go on to tell them what's on my mind,
Those who broke my heart; left me behind,
I'd apologize to some, kill my regrets,
And hope they believe in "forgive and forget",
And once I'm done, I'd laugh and say:
"Let the world crash over me today"...

If one morning I wake up and see,
That my nightmare has become a reality,
I wouldn't panic, or beg to start anew,
As long as I know what I have to do:

(Chorus)

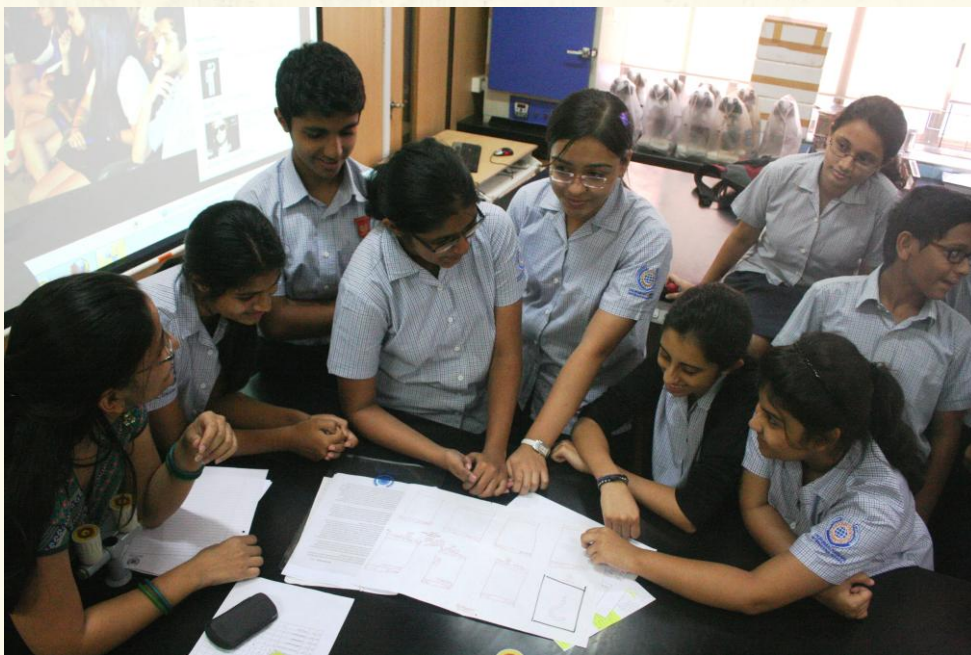
Bridge:

I know time is running out,
And without a doubt,
I need to begin this somehow,
But if the end just comes too fast,
And the moment doesn't last,
I thought you all should know now...

No time machine would be in need,
If I know that I can proceed,
And speak out my heart; communicate,
With everyone, before it's too late...

CHORUS:

I'd begin by giving them a smile,
Those that made this life worthwhile,
I'd go on to tell them what's on my mind,
Those who broke my heart; left me behind,
I'd apologize to some, kill my regrets,
And hope they believe in "forgive and forget",
And once I'm done, I'd laugh and say:
"Let the world crash over me today"
"Let the world crash over me today"....



The TEAM, at work

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