

# PERSPECTIVE



## A 'New' Perspective

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DECEMBER 2011



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## Editorial

-by Mitali Banerji

Ladies and gentlemen, be prepared to be **BLOWN OVER** by this issue of *Perspective*. In the times of blatantly over-the-top publicity of almost everything, we know that being Blown Over no longer works. So, let's try again. This issue (so we hope) is exhilarating, refreshing and has turned a new leaf, just for YOU (Ah! Who're we kidding)! It's been an uphill task working on the issue, but one that we have enjoyed thoroughly (honest), and so would you. And why is that, you may ask? Because it's all about YOU (honest again)! No posed pictures, no run-of-the-mill paintings, no arbitrary articles by unknown strangers. Because at *Perspective*, we believe that life is all about being reflective, irrespective of your directive (at least some of us do).

And as Friedrich Nietzsche once said, "You have your way. I have my way. As for the right way, the correct way, and the only way, it does not exist." This is what we, at *Perspective*, strongly believe in. Every point of view is legitimate and *must* be heard. Look at things from a different lens, walk in someone else's shoes, and see how things turn out.

So without any tall (Bollywood-like) claims of a *hatke* newsletter (see how we just did that!), we want to put to test your loyalty to the school (ahem! also to ensure you actually *read* the newsletter) and with that we wish you -

**Happy Reading!**





# What's



## IB Social

To welcome the latest batch of ~~victims~~ students into the IB, the very kind and generous year 12 students threw an awesome social for the Yr 11.



## House Cup

The announcement of the House Cup as always was exciting and disappointing at the same time, but all the houses had done their best so, Congratulations to the Lion house!

## School Begins!

After 2 months of Summer Vacation, most of the old students and some new ones made it back to School for a whole new year of events. Doesn't that first day seem a long way off now?



## Dandiya

Navratri celebrations were held in full swing this year with the fun and exciting Dandiya dances. This year the IB was also joined by representatives from NYU, Carnegie Mellon and the likes. Looks like Dandiya's gone international this year!



Everyone sees drama from his own perspective. – Jean-Marie Le Pen



# What's Up?!

## Student Council

After the long wait post applications and interviews, the results were finally out and the capable new council finally took over. We wish Shivam, Nishka and their team all the best for the coming year!



## DAIMUN

This year's theme, "Religious Divide" united hundreds of delegates from all over the country and some from outside as well, for a hugely successful conference

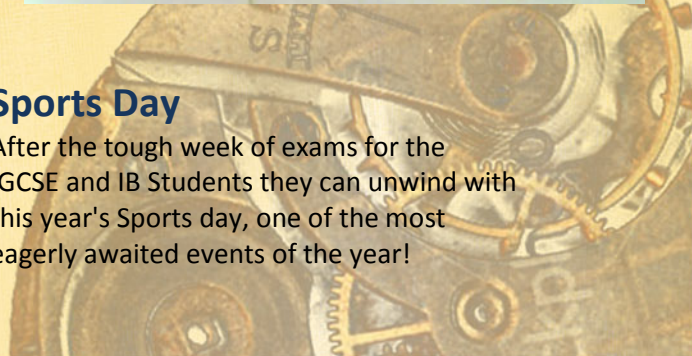
## Annual Day

This year's annual day, UTSAV, is one of the most exciting events of the year and is being looked forward to by all, especially for the brilliant Navratri performance by the IB. (No, really.)



## Sports Day

After the tough week of exams for the IGCSE and IB Students they can unwind with this year's Sports day, one of the most eagerly awaited events of the year!

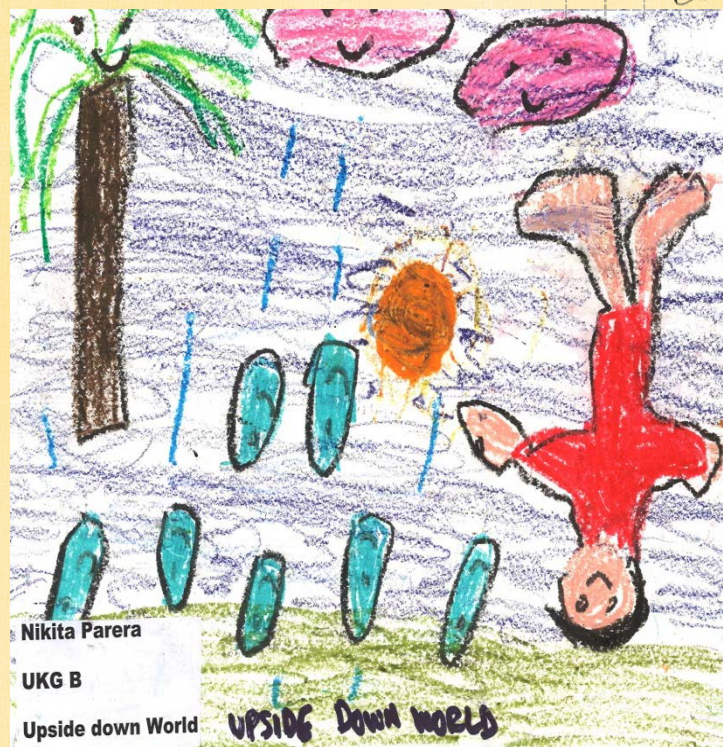


Everything we hear is an opinion, not a fact. Everything we see is a perspective, not the truth.

Marcus Aurelius



# Kindergarten Krayon Kreations



"If you can't win an argument, correct their grammar instead"





"Work so one day your "signature" will be called an autograph"



### Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there lived a little girl called Red Riding Hood. She lived in the woods. One day her mother sent her to her grandmother's house with a basket full of chocolate chip cookies. On her way she met a wolf. The wolf asked her "Where are you going".

Little Red Riding Hood said "I am going to my grandmother's house".

Red Riding Hood didn't know the way to her grandmother's house, so the wolf helped her to her grandmother's house. The basket was too heavy so the wolf carried it on his tail. When they reached there they gobbled up all of the chocolate chip cookies. They lived happily ever after.

Jash Shah  
1A



### Little Red Riding Hood

One summer morning Little Red Riding Hood got up. Her mother told her, "You are going to granny's cottage." On the way she met a wolf.

The wolf was kind "Where are you going!" growled the wolf. "I'm going to my granny's cottage", she replied and off she went skipping. Granny was so happy to see her. The wolf was very happy to stay with granny and Red Riding Hood. They had a wonderful time with the wolf.

Kaira Sheth  
1A



### Hansel and Gretel

Once in a small cottage there lived a woodcutter and his two small children. They were very poor. One day the woodcutter left them deep into the woods. Soon they fell fast asleep. Next morning they saw a beautiful house made of candy.

Suddenly a good witch opened the door. The witch let them in and gave them some food to eat. The small children told her that they were poor. The witch gave them some gold coins and food. They thanked her. They happily reached home and shared all their food and lived happily ever after.

Suryansha Sheth  
1A





### The Three Little Pigs

The three little pigs set out in the world,  
 Those party loving animals,  
 How they loved to twirl.

The first little pig,  
 Was happy and gay,  
 And decided to build his house,  
 With bales of hay.

He built a shack on the beach bay,  
 And said, "Come on everybody,  
 Let's party and play!"

The second little pig, a little far away,  
 Pitched his tent, in an adventurous way.  
 Rappelling and rafting was all he liked,  
 He went off into the fields,  
 On his beautiful bike.

The third little pig built a house of bricks,  
 He loved to show people,  
 His set of silly tricks,

The wolf passing by with a watchful eye,  
 Saw the pigs, nearby.

Knocking at the door of the first little pig,  
 The wolf fell into a musical jig.

The music was as good as it comes,  
 Soon they became best of chums.

Off went the wolf to the second pig's tent,  
 The clever little pig pushed him down the  
 river,

And off he went.

Breathless and baffled he reached the third  
 pig's dwelling,  
 To how grumpy and angry he was, there was  
 no telling.

The third little magician finally found  
 perfection.

He threw some magic spells,  
 And the wolf could hear warning bells.  
 But it was too late and the pig turned him,  
 Into a glass plate.

And every night they had a fight  
 To eat out of the plate,  
 Oh! How sad was the wolf's fate.

Saumya Parikh III B

### The Pizza as Big as the Land

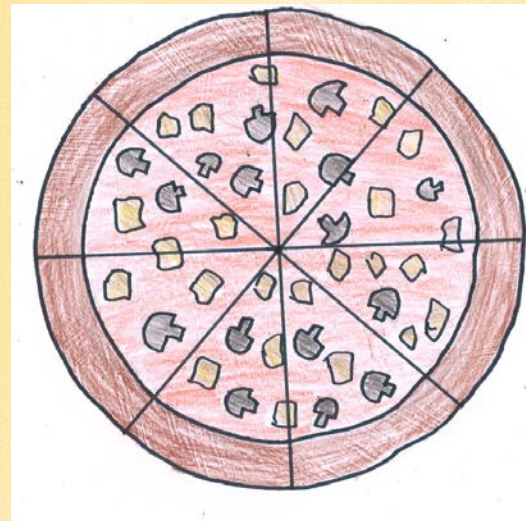
I once made a pizza,  
 As big as the land,  
 It had huge mushrooms,  
 The size of dad's hand.

It had enough cheese,  
 To fill up a truck,  
 It also had the meat,  
 Of chicken and duck.

The oven to cook it in,  
 Was as big as the sun,  
 It took a year to be made,  
 But was worth all the fun.

While making it I listened,  
 To a song played by a band,  
 Now when I hear that song I  
 remember,  
 The pizza as big as the land.

Ahaan Nalavadi  
 IV B



Pizza should never be the question. Pizza should always be the answer.



## Twist in Cindi's Tale

Shreya Goenka  
IV A

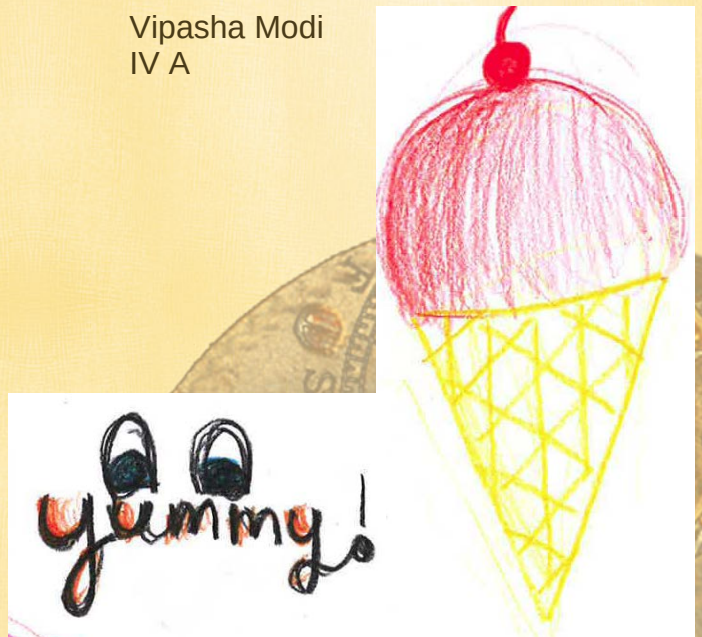
I have a lovely story,  
About Cinderella and her step sisters.  
Cinderella is bad and groovy,  
Her sisters are graceful,  
But she thinks they are mere blisters.  
Cinderella makes them do all her work,  
Dusting, brooming and mopping-  
She treats them like dirt,  
Her sisters are left groaning and sobbing.  
Soon there is a ball in town,  
Cinderella is waiting for the dream day.  
The sisters have to wash her dress and  
finish her gown,  
They do everything but lay.  
When the day finally dawns  
Cinderella is dressed and ready to go,  
While her sisters' work at home  
After their work, they decide to go though.  
At the ball,  
The prince refuses to marry Cinderella  
Much to her dismay,  
But when her sisters enter,  
The date is set for him to get married,  
To Cindi and Drezella!



## Twisty Town

It was a cold morning  
I woke up bright but hungry  
What I didn't realize,  
I was in Twisty Candy Town, oh yummy!  
My mother called out,  
And told me,  
The town was made of ice,  
The trees were cotton candy.  
And the houses were a cake slice!  
The fences instead of being wooden,  
Were made of lollipops yummy!  
The clouds were apple crumbly,  
The grass was green mousse!  
How I wish I could gobble,  
All of these in a jiffy!  
And then to my delight,  
I realized it was twelve to two,  
It was time to eat...and what luck  
The clock was a rich cake icing  
And the chime, a chocolate stick too!  
Sadly enough, mom came by,  
And warned me not to eat...  
I moved aside all glum and whiny,  
I didn't know what to do!

Vipasha Modi  
IV A



Just because you look down on everyone doesn't mean they're looking up to you.



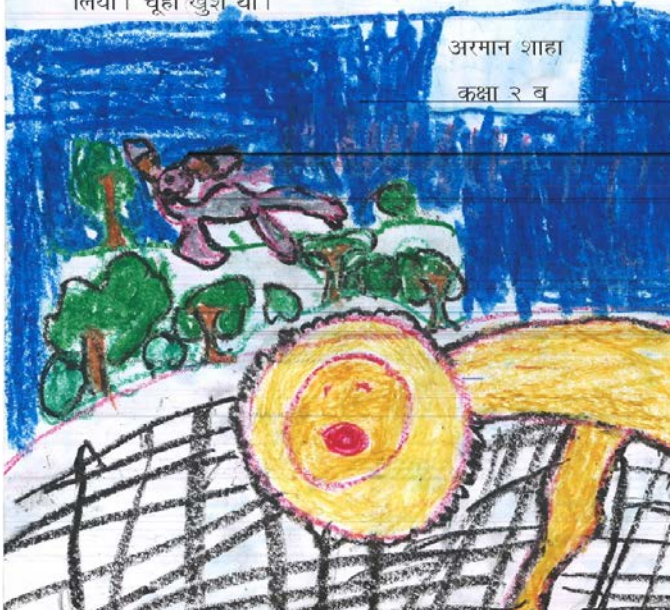
EP 2011

### शेर और चूहा

एक जंगल में एक शेर और एक चूहा थे। शेर सो रहा था। चूहे ने उसको उठा दिया। शेर जी बहुत गुस्सा हुए। चूहे जी भागे। अगले दिन एक शिकारी आया उसने शेर को पकड़ लिया। चूहा खुश था।

अरमान शाहा

कक्षा २ ब



### Humpty Dumpty on a Chair

Humpty Dumpty sitting on a chair,  
He fell down right on a mare.

The mare kicked him,  
And then came a bear.  
Then came the king's men,  
One of them named Ben.

Ben said -

"Shoo away that mare",  
"Along comes the bear!"  
The mare and the bear,  
They were shooed away.

The bear grumbled,  
And the mare neighed.  
And then the king's men?  
They picked up Humpty Dumpty.  
And away they went,  
But without the bear and the mare.

-Arjun Chougule

III A

### प्यासा कौआ

एक कौआ था। उसको बहुत प्यास लगी थी। उसे कोई नदी नहीं दिखाई दी। कुछ ही देर में उसे दिखाई दी। कौआ उस तरफ जा ही रहा था कि गलती से उसने मटकी गिरा दी। बेचारा कौआ !

वरुण अल्वानी

कक्षा २ ब



Inside my empty bottle, I was constructing a lighthouse while all the others were making ships. - Charles Simic



### When I Got to Choose a Toy

It was time for jubilation! I had won a medal for winning the elocution competition. It was not easy but yet everyone had tried their best. My family was very proud of me when they came to know about it. When I reached home I was surprised to see my grandmother at the doorstep. Thrilled, I ran at top speed and gave her a hug. I was delighted to see her. She told me that she knew that I had won the elocution. I smiled and nodded happily. She then told me a secret that in the evening she would take me to a huge shop in Bandra to buy me a toy of my choice. So we went to the shop. When I saw all the toys I was on top of the world. It was hard to choose but soon I found what I wanted. The euphoria of choosing a toy of my choice lasted in my heart for days.

Ishika Keswani

II A



### Oh! I Got Into Trouble

One Saturday evening I asked my mother if I could go downstairs to the garden to play cricket. She agreed so I left with my bat and ball. After a while my mother called me. I was scared, I thought it was an emergency but it wasn't. She just called to say bye as she was going to her friend's place. Later while playing, suddenly I hit a six, the ball went right into my house. I heard a loud noise! I had broken something. Pieces fell out of the window. I looked closely at one of the pieces; it was of my mom's best lamp that she had got from China. I had to mend it before she returned. I ran upstairs with the pieces. Just then I heard the door bell ring. I was feeling blue. I opened the door. It was my mother. She got upset when she heard I had broken her lamp. She knew about it because the gardener had told her about it. My punishment was that I could not go down to play for a week. I felt gloomy. Dejected I sat home the whole week.

Shiv Kampani

II A



Just because I'm losing, doesn't mean I've lost.



### The Deep Sea Plunge

- Mishaal Parekh, VIIIA

Half a mile, half a mile,  
Half a mile onwards  
All into the ocean's bed,  
Swam the 3 men  
"Swim quickly divers"  
"Swim for the treasure", he said  
Deep into the ocean,  
Swam the 3 men.

"Swim quickly divers"  
Was there really a sunken ship?  
Not that they knew  
Someone had miscalculated  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to swim and die,  
Theirs but to swim and find,  
Deep into the ocean  
Swam the 3 men

Peril to the right of them  
Peril to the left of them  
Peril to the front of them  
Shark and Stingray  
Bit and stung with tooth and tail.  
Boldly they saw and well,  
Into the Dark Ocean,  
Into the coral reef  
Swam the 3 men  
Pointed their harpoons here  
Pointed their harpoons there  
Shooting shark there,  
Swimming away while  
All the sharks hid for cover,  
Plunged into a small hole  
Right through the rocks they broke,  
Shark and stingray  
Scared of the predators  
But not the 3 men.

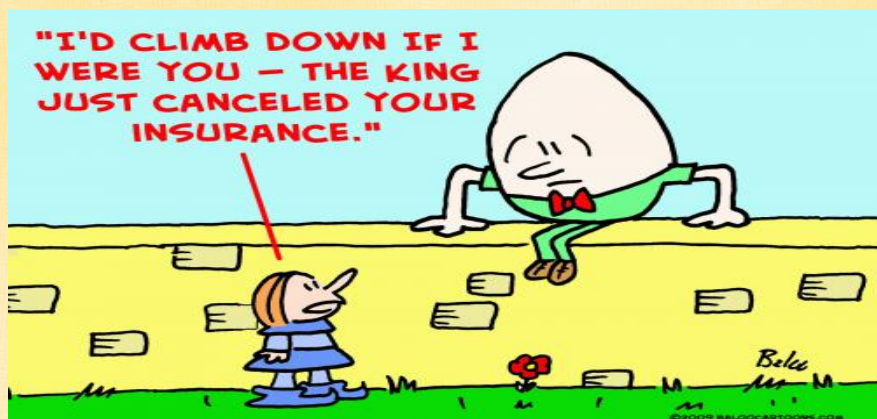
Peril to the right of them,  
Peril to the left of them,  
Peril behind them,  
Shark and stingray  
Bit and stung with tooth and tail,  
While the ocean turned to hell,  
They thought they swam so well,  
Came back from their find,  
From the reef,  
From the ocean  
All that was left of them,  
Left of the 3 men.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh the wild dive they made!  
Honor the divers,  
The noble three men.

### The Rescue of Humpty Dumpty

- Anisha Mukherjee

Hello. I am the king's horse. We have just come to know that old Dumpty, my friends for all intents and purposes, has fallen of the brick wall. Poor Humpty! How hurt he must be, how much pain he must be going through. I have to get to him fast, the king has commanded me, and my fellow horses to go and help Dumpty. "I can see him fellows!" yelled my friend. Poor Humpty, has completely broken into half, and is lying absolutely motionless on the ground. All I can now is pray for him, and hope that I haven't lost a friend. How many times I have told Humpty not to fool around on walls and how dangerous they can be! All the kings, and masters are trying to put Humpty back together in one piece, but all of them are failing miserably. I need to help my friend, Humpty. I try to push and nudge one half of Humpty, closer to the other. I push harder, and slowly enough, this half is moving closer. I decide, to push it harder, hoping to join him back into one piece. And I can't believe what I see. I did it. I managed to push Humpty's halves closer to the other. All the kings came and patted me. But most of all, the smile on Humpty's face, is what made all the effort worthwhile.



Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.



## **OUR EARTH: IN THE FUTURE!**

**-Satvi Kumar, 6-B**

When I was younger than this, I would go around putting posters saying, "Save our earth!" all around my neighbourhood. I even had a club in which there were only two members: my friend and I. In this club we would write silly poems and make even more posters. But then I stopped doing this as I started growing older.

Almost every day, I see effects of global warming in the newspapers. In my neighbourhood, behind my building are slums which cause noise pollution. Once, after coming back from my trip to Ladakh, I found the whole wall at the back of my building in rubble. Soon, the earth will look like Mars. There will be only a few animals and plants left. Their species will change because of the change in the environment. There won't be any snow left. Homes of the animals will get destroyed. The whole world will become something else. Humans and animals will fight and become nomads. Our whole life will go back to the Stone Age. There will be sudden changes in the weather.

The world is already corrupt. No roads are proper because the money of the government goes into the wrong hands. The sea is full of plastic bags. In the future, the sea will become a paste and the oxygen will get depleted. There might be no trees left! There will be no rockets to go to the moon. At times like this, all we need is a miracle.

But a few days back, just sitting in the car, going back home, I looked around and I felt happy that I live in Mumbai. It must've taken so long to even make a road itself. I appreciate my country no matter how bad it gets or how corrupt it is. If from Stone Age we've come to this then we can definitely survive.

## **Little Miss Muffet**

**- Shefali Mody, 8-A**



It was a pleasant, sunny day. As I (the spider) woke up, stretching my arms and legs, I started to create my spider web to suffice my needs for the day. But, alas! There was not a single insect to be trapped. As I climbed down the wall, I saw Mrs. Muffet, the owner of the house in which I had established my home. Suddenly, the thin line of the spider web which had been suspending me broke off and with a small thud (perceived by my senses, inaudible to the human ear) I landed on the stool where Mrs. Muffet was happily eating her curd. But then, what followed was a horrid experience: "Aaaaah!!!" she screamed nearly making me deaf. She dropped her bowl of curd on the floor which broke with a loud crash and started running about the house like a lunatic. What had I done? I was merely a spider who had fallen on her stool and I couldn't help it! But, what fun it was to see her screaming like this! Me, such a small creature had succeeded in scaring such a witty human! I had merely come and sat next to her! But then, she came back with a spray in her hand. Suddenly a cool, but poisonous liquid was sprayed on me. And now I write my last few words in my last few breaths. It was not even on purpose! And I hadn't even wanted to scare her! Yet, the cruel human has killed me! As I lie lifeless, I advise my fellow spiders to never approach any humans or interact with them in any way...

We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are- Anais Nin



## My First Judo Nationals! Mihir Sabnis 6A

I had been doing the Judo core activity for the last 5 years. The summer holidays had just gotten over when we got a note for the Judo nationals tryouts. Even though I had hardly got any practice, I still went. When I had arrived, I found out that I had to play 5 matches to reach the nationals. With every match I won, I became more and more confident about the next. I thought I was only going for the experience, but at the end I actually won the selections! I had been told that I had to go to Kerala for the nationals in the first week of September. It sounded really exciting; the only hurdle was that my exams were coming up at around the same time. I wanted to practice for the nationals but I just didn't have time! My exams had eaten it all away. After I had finished my exams I flew to Kerala for the nationals. We stayed in a small town outside Kochin in Kerala called Aluva, another part of India for me to discover. At the competition, seeing all the participants from around India charged up, intimidated me. On the actual day of the competition I had got back my confidence and courage to play. I played well but, finally didn't win. But that didn't discourage me. It only made me more determined to practice more and pursue the sport earnestly. I am glad I got this opportunity and hope that with hard work I get to do this again.

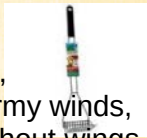
### I Am A Rake

-Arjun Karakiya

I am a rake  
Busy in strenuous work,  
These autumn leaves put me in a fit  
I think this season is completely berserk!

Those old dried up hags  
Will never stop skydiving,  
And those miserable stormy winds,  
Just carry them away without wings.

"Hold on there!" said the knobbly tree  
"How dare you insult my son?  
Just look around at the beauty,  
Right now no work should be done."



So then I took a chance  
And turned to look around,  
To the way I now saw it,  
My gaping mouth made no sound.

The leaves lay on the ground  
Enriching the brown soil,  
Made an amazing  
kaleidoscope  
I actually managed a smile.

I am a rake  
Left completely speechless  
This autumn is truly  
mesmerizing  
No, it's not a mess.

### DRAGON

-Advika Agrawal, 8A

A dragon makes a great friend. It would be so awesome: Anywhere I had to go, I'll just have to say...and I would be there! Need to scare an enemy? Just a whistle, and their nightmare would come true. It would be cool, having a pet with shiny scales and a long neck, along with being loyal and obedient...I wish I had a dragon as a pet.



The bluebird carries the sky on his back. – Henry David Thoreau



**I'll be with you**  
**-by Raina Roy**

Take a look, open your eyes  
See the truth, behind the lies  
Don't stand so far, hear me say  
Let me take your hand, show you the way

Make your choice, take your turn  
Make mistakes, you will learn  
Speak your heart, don't be afraid  
Stay with me, it's a choice you made

And promise I won't let you fall,  
You will rebound  
'Cause I'm your anchor  
To the ground

I can see the pain, don't look away  
Make it through the dark, live another day  
I'll wipe your tears, help you fight  
It may be wrong, to me it's right

It may be cold, and it may rain  
But don't let it fall on your parade  
'Cause what you've got, you've got is gold,  
Hear your heart, not what you're told

I've got your back, you won't go wrong  
And I'll be with you, forever long.

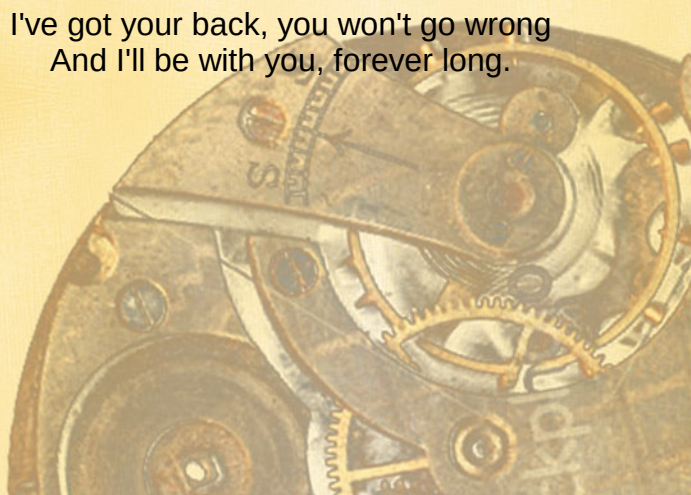
**Dragonflies**  
**-by Vyom Kavishwar 9 B**

As they skim across the sky  
Low or high, where do they fly?  
So fast that it eludes sight  
As emerald green wings take flight

Today of which myths we admire  
Were their ancestor who exhaled  
scorching fire  
Their plain cousins reside in many a  
garbage heap  
The family has grown, leap by leap

Now they fly over cars  
Or are caged in glass jars  
Many visit to come and see  
But none think to set them free

The dragon flies bravely now  
One wonder does it how  
Agile it flies with great speed  
Majestic amongst all its creed  
Sadly it has lost its roar  
Free them now and let them soar





## Assembling an Assembly - by Arijit Nerurkar 9 C

From the first grade up till the seventh, the only jobs you have to do in an assembly are acting, dancing and singing. In those few years it's actually fun. But then the classes have to do everything on their own. It's then that the 'sweat and blood' put into it becomes a euphemism and the process of assembling an assembly is harder than the occasional learning of the lines and getting the cues right.

The students are categorized according to their skills in the categories of director(s), actors, dancers, props, art, music, slideshow and logistics. They get anywhere between two to three weeks to put this entertaining fifteen-minute show together and work through every identified weakness before the final day. A couple of my friends and I were given the almost impossible task of putting together a script in one day. That's when I realized it was going to be a stressful couple of weeks.

Contrary to popular opinion, the director's job is relatively the easiest. The anonymous director of one of the IGCSE assemblies said his job was actually fun as he didn't have to do much but at the same time he could control others, and it was fun for him to watch. But, I can tell you one of the most annoying parts was watching the play a billion times. At first it was okay, but later on we only got till scene 2, when once again the director would yell "FROM THE BEGINNING!" and we had to start all over again...

As for the other work placements the name pretty much says it all. In a way the actors are somewhat lucky that the art and props department handles their costumes and accessories. Most of us working in the art department only started working two days before the assembly, making posters and decorations for the stage- some in Urdu (as our topic was Eid).

The directors (apart from the teachers) saw the whole play come together. They saw the casting, the yelling and all the departments 'working'. The whole grade was made to stay back after school for two hours, before the day of the assembly, even those who weren't really in a department.

Some of the teachers even lost their voices screaming at the students. Yet, you can't help but feel sorry for the actors and dancers whom the assembly depends on, who follow a never-say-never motivational attitude as they put their concentration into something they had to participate in.

As for the other work placements the name pretty much says it all. In a way the actors are somewhat lucky that the art and props department handles their costumes and accessories.

I would encourage you to go ahead and participate in the assembly, for all the extra work to be put in, it's a great opportunity to bond with students, and do more in school, other than studying. It teaches us to do things on our own because in the future there'll be no one there to drive us insane for getting the job done. Assemblies help find our area of expertise and help us work as a team to get the job done and you can't help but feel proud of yourself at the end of it all. After all that hard work, it actually pays off. At the end of the play, no matter how you contributed, you still get to go on stage to receive applause.

Oh, and I think I speak for everyone when I say the practice is a good way of missing classes.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world – Percy Bysshe Shelley



## “Necessary Evils” -by Utsav Popat 9 C

Rules. It is one of the most misunderstood words in English language. Rules are considered to be fetters, or chains that bind you down, restrict your freedom and make the society a cranky machine. In fact, rules actually define your freedom, rather than restricting it, for the proper functioning of society. They ensure that one respects that one respects one's freedom and rights, and doesn't impinge on them while enjoying one's freedom.

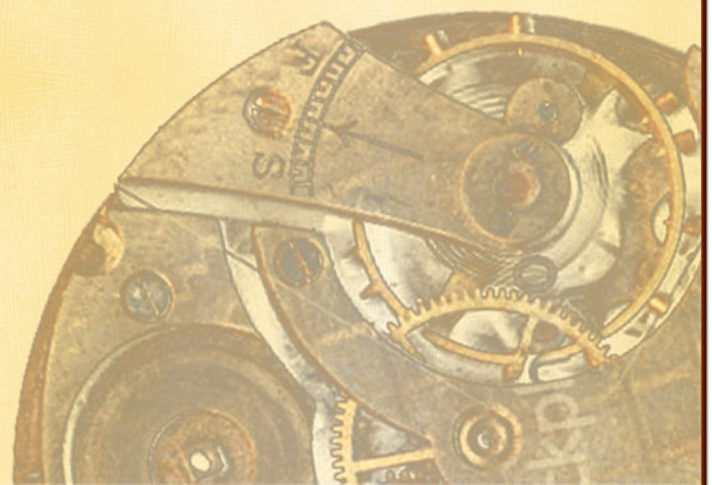
Rules have given to society a very important right – ‘Right to Freedom of Religion’- the ability to follow the religion of your own choice. Governing laws and rules have safeguards against any tyrant or fanatic who oppresses the masses and forces them to follow a certain religion, so that one may live peacefully in the democracy and worship freely. If such laws and rules would be on-existent, then radical parties and fanatics would go on a rampage. There would be Mohd. Ghaznis everywhere, defacing temples and places of worship. The democratic society would make way for a theocratic one, where the ruling party would enforce a religion on the citizens, be it Hinduism or Islam. One's voice or religious views would be strangled and forceful conversion would be the only way to live “peacefully.”

There would be anarchy and chaos in the absence of rules. Crime would reign supreme. There would be murder, extortion, smuggling, rape, robbery and kidnapping cases. The accused would roam free, amongst us and there would be no one to curb the crime rate and put such offenders behind the bars. Right from religion to education, there would be disorganization in every sphere of life. Ragging, bullying of

students; kidney rackets – such acts would thrive and make hay in the absence of rules. The democratic government, which is held together by rules, would self – implode, and lead to the formation of feuds, Justas back in the 14th Century. There would be no civic sense in these feuds, and one's freedom and privacy would be encroached upon and restricted.

But there is a flip side to this coin, i.e., the presence of too many rules. In my opinion, too many rules, which are oppressive in nature, would actually destroy the peace they were trying to create in the first place.

Rules are actually necessary evils – without them, the society wouldn't function at all. A right balance has to be struck, as too many or too less of them would drag mankind down, like a heavy anchor, in its search for the perfect world, ‘utopia’. Hence, these ‘necessary evils’ should be abided to, if we want to create a happy and peaceful society.



Poetry heals the wounds inflicted by reason – Novalis



**The Woes and Whoas of Year 10**  
**by Srinandini Mukherjee**

Year 10. Speaks for itself, doesn't it? The pressure of the boards. Overflowing assignments. The year when we, the students are supposed to "focus", and "grow up". Of course, the serious nature of this year is pretty obvious in the phrase "Year 10" itself. But if you came across us, we might just change your mind.

Of course, our assignments are too many to be dealt with. Can we help our complaints when we are given additional homework and tests with it? Of course, all these are our priorities, which is why we never forget to update our Face book friends about our tragic lives every week, with statuses like "Math test tomorrow!!! :('". We don't get time to breathe on weekends, what with our coursework submissions, however, of course, we manage to pinch out time to call our friends, catch up on gossip, and hang out.

Can we help it, if sometimes due to such a workload; we forget a crucial piece of homework? The worn-out "I forgot" excuse is now shown no mercy. We have now moved on to the wide-eyed "I really did it! I just left it at home...", and the evergreen "My printer broke down last night". Some even dare to say "I had so much other work...." Which is true. Sitting down the night before to begin working on an assignment with the submission time of two weeks, because of a slight slip of memory, of course, can be classified as a LOT of work...

However, what with some of us being vice-captains in the student council, some revising for the never-ending tests, some finishing up homework early (or a bit too late!), or some running around like us perspective members to gather articles from our busy classmates, it can be said that we don't exactly have all the time in the world. Just enough to for Year 10 to be, "Year 10", but with space to breathe. We know our responsibilities as a student a bit better now. We've learnt to ask less frivolous questions in class, yawn a little less in lessons we dislike, and focus a lot more. True, sometimes we forget these 'responsibilities' and revert back to our good old selves, which is, of course, when we're given the famous 'You're in the 10th now' talk by every teacher alike. So, yes, being in the 10th for just about two months, we may have not yet reached that point of "perfect Year 10 students". Maybe we never will, knowing the brilliant standards of the last year's batch...but who knows? Maybe next year at this time, the batch of 2013 will be cursing us for being the "perfect Year 10"...

**Mordor- by Dhruv Radia**

Behind the formidable Black Gate,  
Is the land of Mordor.  
It has nothing but evil,  
That shall remain forever more.

It is a dismal land,  
Covered in dust and sand  
It is full of doom,  
And the air over there,  
Is a poisonous fume.

In the land of Mordor,  
Over the rocky mountains steep,  
And in the shadows down deep,  
There is evil that does not sleep.

It is guarded by Orcs  
That are armed with pitchforks.  
The worst of all are the Uruk Hai,  
For they have strong arms and evil eyes.

The Nazgul's loud screeches,  
And horrifying cries  
Echo as they swoop,  
And glide in the sky.

The Dark Lord Sauron has a great lidless eye,  
Beset with flames and high in the sky.  
Here in Mordor it stands tall  
From where he sees all.

On the path of Minas Morgul  
Up the winding stair,  
And into the dark tunnel,  
Is a deadly creature's lair.

In this tunnel dwells the monster Shelob.  
She does the important job  
Of catching small creatures, frail  
With her sharp fangs and poisonous tail.

In the darkness and gloom,  
Stands Mt. Doom.  
It is from this fiery chasm the ring came,  
And to throw it into the fires again,  
And destroy the one ring is the Fellowship's aim.

But in order to succeed,  
To the destructive powers  
And the will of the ring  
They shouldn't give heed.

For in the Land of Mordor,  
All is grim and sore.  
And from Mt. Dooms core,  
There is only one escape door.



# The IB Gobbledygook

## Grade 11 Welcome 2011 -by Mitali Banerji

The IB diploma program is one of the most stimulating courses in the world, and if one undertakes it here, at Dhirubhai Ambani International School, there are always additional challenges to be faced. Amidst our busy schedule, finding time to even sleep can be an arduous task, let alone time to unwind and party. But, being one of the brightest sets of students in the city (an unverified yet hopeful claim) we do manage some time off. One such time was the *Grade 11 Social*, which was an amazing welcome thrown by the seniors to welcome a fresh batch of starry-eyed 11<sup>th</sup> graders into the diploma program. The event, which was scheduled to start at 7, only began by 8pm. Of course, our seniors duly apologized for the delay but we still have our doubts whether this was a genuine case of bad planning or were they just following the so-called “tradition” of keeping the juniors waiting for an hour in the heat.

The event started off with a slightly unsuccessful “getting-to-know-each-other session” but we soon realized it was more of a “getting-to-know-all the gossip session”. It was conducted by Munib and Mihir – the “comical” duo – who with some help from some other 12th graders, including our very own (now ex-) head boy Aftaab, managed to fill all the new students in on all the mishaps and gaffes we’d missed. During this session we saw, some dancing (from some very, very, willing candidates) as well as glimpses of talented singers and ventriloquists. However, it ended all too soon, and we braced ourselves to watch the “skit” they had prepared for us.

The skit was based on the journey of a typical IGCSE student entering the IB for the first time at DAIS and all the challenges he would face at school. Most of us assumed it would be a drab and soporific affair but we were in for quite a shock. Calling the skit hilarious would be a serious understatement as even Mr. Basu and Mr. Keegan gave a few grins while watching; we just could not stop laughing. It had some truly talented actors who were very successful in portraying all members of the faculty. It encompassed all the aspects of student life at DAIS and the not-so-subtle humour had a long-lasting impact on us all. Once again, the skit ended all too soon and we had to make our way outside the auditorium to finish the “exquisite” food prepared for us by the school canteen. After eating it was time to burn some calories, and dance the night away. The 12<sup>th</sup> grade sound team had put together some very foot-tapping numbers from the most contemporary of artists and even those with the slightest bit of interest in dancing could not help themselves from joining in. We saw some of the grooviest moves from our seniors and the 11<sup>th</sup> graders. Camera flashes were abundant and groups of girls posing were practically everywhere. Everyone seemed to be having a good time; but alas! Our joy was short lived as by 10pm sharp the lights went back on and we were very politely thrown out. But it was a night to remember nonetheless!

A little perspective, like a little humor, goes a long way. – Allen Klein



## Ode to the tenth Muse - The Bard

To my Muse I write this rhyme—the sprite which enters me  
Whilst I sit down to pen a verse or compose the occasional line  
And fills my quill with words and wit—and fluent in Poesy  
Renders me that Melpomene, well-versed in Greek and Romany!

The first I sat—with parchment white, foreseeing an endless new-moon night  
Submerged in deep and pensive thought—in the many moods of Melancholy,  
Unrest'd, like Ulysses 'twixt Grecian storms, and in the throes of Despondency  
I harked the coming of Melpomene, hand in hand with Calliope!

Erato and Thalia, Clio and with 'chore, Euterpe in step with Urania,  
Trailing behind in sweetest song, the veiled and wondrous Polyhymnia!  
A tenth, I see amidst them all—like silence within a roaring squall  
How clear I can all this recall, as though my memory is in her thrall!

The tenth muse! Who makes that mead—which the Norse call mead of poetry  
And ambrosia of wit, and for those who write—an endless flow of Eloquency!  
I hear thy name on Aeschylus's flute, thy name on every lyre and lute—  
And each Aeolian harp should sing, to thee, or fall forever mute!

A moment past, I am transposed—into the peaks of Olympus mount!  
To wander among the empyrean Titans, and ride with Bacchus and his pards!  
And spring forth a stream of poetry, inspired by Sapphic Lesbian bards,  
That Sappho thou mayst be, my muse, as wisest Plato claims of thee!

Thy face a sky of darkest night—which sparkling stars and suns adorn  
And that Romantic wisdom's brow—which furrowed ne'er on an early morn  
As I had, thinking that as the Dawn, would Beauty be but fleeting brusque  
And will fade away with the ripening day and die off with the Dusk!

Like Art which falls in ignorance, and Science amidst untruth  
And parchments fade with many a word, for bards are not astute!  
We may see the Dusk of Man before the day lives through  
Unless, my muse, the bell of truth, thou rings forth loud and true!

And only thee, my Muse of word, will unburden all of Humanity  
On every turn inspiring me, and a thousand with my poetry  
That we might wish to see a world—that rises with the dawn anew  
But I do fear, my muse, my seer—that we have an endless night to go through!

Distance not only gives nostalgia, but perspective, and maybe objectivity. – Robert  
Morgan



## Sleep Deprivation! - "Californication" (Red Hot Chili Peppers) - by Mitali Banerji

Geniuses from East-Asia  
try to steal your college placements,  
Silly girls from somewhere else  
only add to the confusion.  
And if you worry about these kind of  
things  
you'll have sleep deprivation

It's the upstairs corridors  
with the coldest rooms by far an'  
Math may be real hot anyway  
even though it's in the same location  
It's understood that high school  
sells sleep deprivation.

Compliment you teacher very well  
to break the spell of failing  
Answers to the test, you got no rest  
but this is what you're craving

Six to eight hours  
nine or ten hours  
IB Sleep Deprivation  
IB Sleep Deprivation

Quiz me now and watch me scowl,  
Watch me have a seizure in  
frustration,  
A teen in band with a deadline at  
hand  
getting high on caffeination,  
Buy me a coffee, no time to think,  
too much sleep deprivation.

12th grade may be the final year  
but only half of us make it.  
And teacher can you see the fear of kids  
who are close to failing?  
Report cards aren't too far away,  
Just leads to more sleep deprivation.

Born and raised by those who praise.  
In pursuit of sheer perfection  
everybody's been there:  
I mean come on! Homework on vacation?

Six to eight hours  
nine or ten hours  
IB Sleep Deprivation  
IB Sleep Deprivation  
IB Sleep Deprivation



What is important in life is life, and not the result of life. - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



## Student Council Interviews

- by Mitali Banerji

After school, amidst the darkness and silence of the 6th floor corridor, a deep, husky voice speaks, “Enter!” An innocent 11th grader makes his way into the room, quivering with trepidation. As he moves towards a solitary chair illuminated by a dim light, he can see the impatient faces of his interviewers. As soon as he is seated, they break into a prowling; surrounding him like a pack of ravenous vultures, and begin their interrogation.

Well, okay, that would be a slight exaggeration of what happens in a student council interview but the experience is quite overwhelming. The candidate is first kept waiting for about 10 minutes, and when the interviewers finally arrive, he is made to wait outside while they “prepare” for the interview; during which they think of how best to vex the candidate. Once inside, a series of startling questions flood the candidate’s mind. Is an 11th grader really supposed to know his strongest characteristic? Well, after the SWOT analysis, they move into a round of situations to test the candidate’s performance in unfamiliar scenarios. The idea is noble, but most would agree that the execution could be better. The age-old dilemma of the choice between “grades” or “the house” was the most common situation, which is frankly quite clichéd. Come on seniors, where’s the originality in that!

Now, just when you think it’s coming to an end, the words “SURPRISE US” are blurted out. An indistinguishable tune is played in the background and the candidate is expected to “shock” the interviewers. What is one expected to do? Dance, sing or just stare blankly back at them? As per our sources most candidates danced (on the tables if we may add) but some of the less courageous ones chose to sit it out. This was a good way to judge spontaneity, but a little awkward nonetheless. However, those who applied for core positions were saved from the repeated humiliation from such acts, as the core interviews were more formal—in other words, more normal.

Regardless of the kind of interview, all of them were varying intensities of intimidating. Of course, this article should in no way deter you from applying for student council but it serves as warning: Beware of the Grade 12 Mafia! Or well, all this could have been a fragment of the writer's most vivid and racing imagination. Reader's discretion advised!





## In Retrospective

### -by The Bard

*At first glance, Perspective is a platform for student expression—at its simplest level. But I gradually realized that this platform was open for anyone—anyone from DAIS who was capable of holding a pen and writing a grammatically correct sentence (or Not). As days went by and we—the Perspective team—got more and more involved with it, we strove to reach the fundamentals of our philosophy. At the simplest level, Perspective was not just a platform for any odd piece of writing, but was exactly what it claimed to be-- a perspective. It is a new, interesting, insightful perspective into the machinery of DAIS, its mechanical innards, the workings of its highest minds and the clockwork that keeps it running. And all these are explored and crafted and expressed through the views of teachers, students, and the Perspective writing team.*

*It is, all in all, fresh. Fresh as a young sapling—fresh as the monsoon's first rain or the first dewdrop of Dawn. And what was amazing was that throughout the collage of juxtaposed pieces of writing that Perspective consisted of, ran the undercurrent of refreshing creativity and youthful wit that most magazines miss out on. This is what keeps it alive, and this is what makes it a compelling and timeless read of the contemporary times.*

*It is, all in all, to be a literary magazine written in the fourth person, beyond the first three perspectives, and with this aim in mind we have published our first edition of the new Perspective—online, out of the reach of environmental harm and within the reach of every single one of our students. It is a microphone for anyone who has something to say, a canvas for anyone with a picture to paint, and a stage for the entertainers of this school. And most importantly, it is top-class material for the readers*



# ADIEU

As all good things must come to an end, so has the first issue of the 'New' Perspective. (Yes, we're sad as well. No, there's really no need to cry now.)

If you liked this issue (which you obviously would have), let the team know!

Loved it? Hated it? Wanna be in it? Let us know!

Send us your  
love/complaints/feedback/praise/  
flattery/cheques/ food to

[daisperspective2011@gmail.com](mailto:daisperspective2011@gmail.com)