



Editorial

We've received scores of articles and works of art (thank you, all) from enthusiastic students and nostalgic alumni alike, each wanting to express an opinion, share an anecdote or just ramble about the state of things in general. So, buckle up, beloved readership, as we present to you our common thread, the mirror of our successes and tribulations, our official platform for creative expression of all sorts that's been close to the hearts of every DAIS student (we hope) since 2003 – Perspective, October 2010.

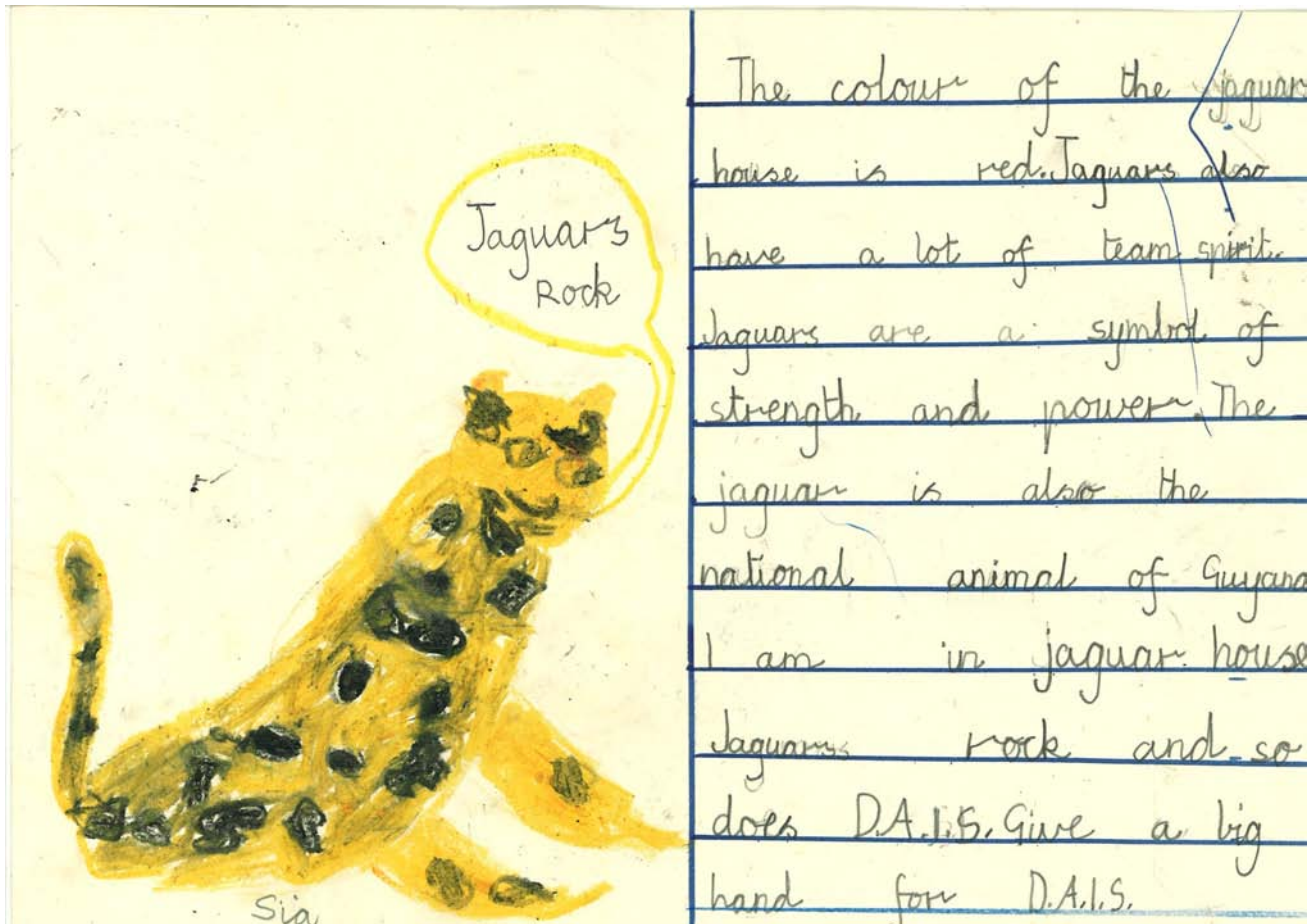
It's been one heck of a year for DAIS, and that goes without saying. After all, we're into our seventh year of daring to dream, learning to excel and doing what we do best (read: sustaining our excellent reputation as the best IB school in all Mumbai (yee-ha!)), snatching accolade after accolade in the fields of sport, debating, MUN, art, drama, you name it and wowing the world with what promises to be another of our quintessential bombastic Annual Days, that, one of our reporters candidly explains, is a phenomenon on the lines of a "low budget movie". It's been quite a journey and an enviable accomplishment, creating a school and a community we're all proud of: one that every other academic institution aspires to be more like; one that sparks gasps of admiration from the nosy family friend who asks us which school we go to; one that ex-students leave with a heavy heart and fond memories, only to unfailingly return every year. And it only seems right to have a Perspective issue dedicated to reminiscing about our time here and wholeheartedly expressing our love for DAIS, giving back what it's been giving to us all along as we enter a new era in school history.

This Perspective issue has propelled another jump into the expansive realm of innovation, passion and essence of voice. In a jumbled array of beautiful ideas, this issue has captured the spirit of the school-class by class, teacher by teacher, soul by soul. That is exactly why Perspective most aptly translates into the epitome of student initiative. Whether it was the torn Panthers poster in front of the library (Serves you guys right!) or the CAS memoirs of IB students or even the utterly cute sketch of a Tiger House Captain by a primary kid- they are all intrinsic student involvements that have been etched into paper for the whole school to share and probably chuckle at. Some of the scoop that you guys should definitely check out in this Perspective edition is the notorious "Hit List" of DAIS's mischief-makers, the appetizing treats in "Right from the Kitchen" and the awe-inspiring works of art sprinkled over the pages of Perspective.

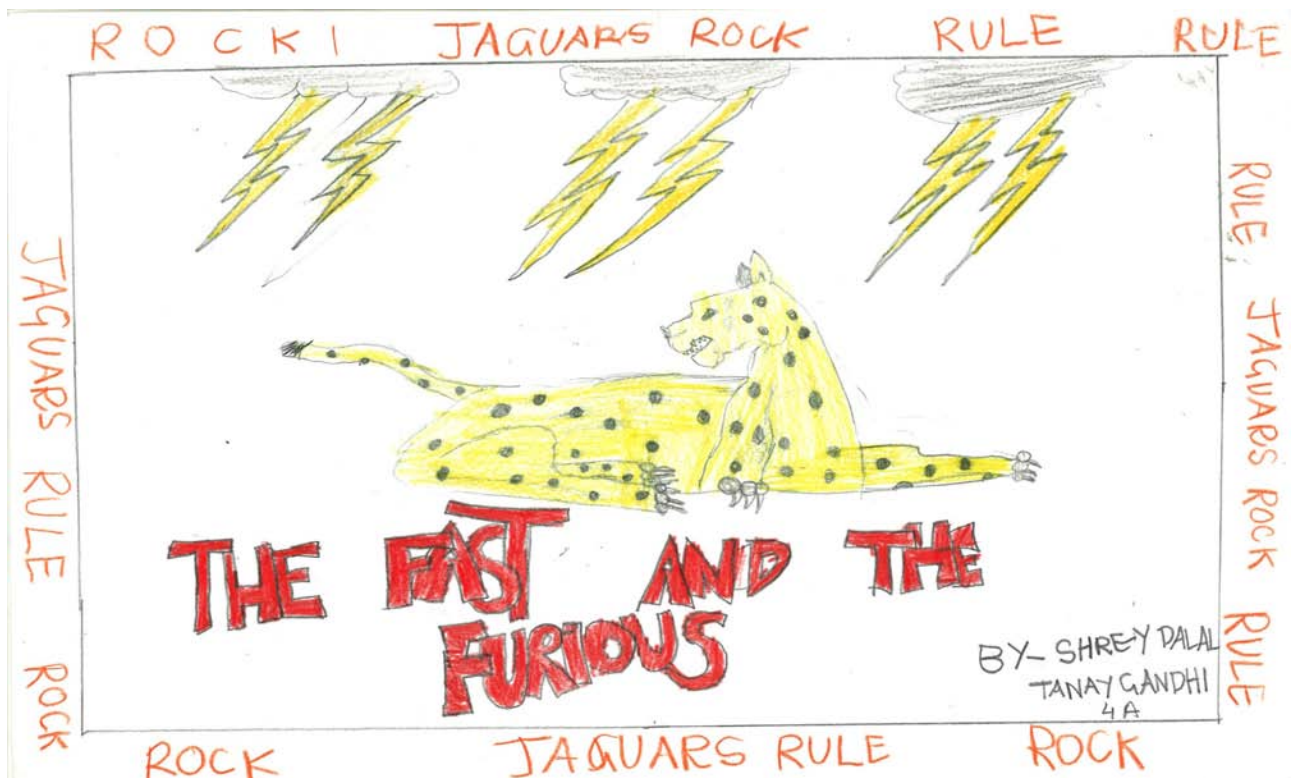
Now, as we reflect upon this issue as a team, we laugh about Mrs. Gandhi's erratic mood swings, Mrs. Nath and her "Some Padukone is grumbling" email and the impish grins we shared when none of us got any work to the Perspective sessions. Those moments are interlaced somewhere between these pages like a perfect scrapbook filled with fondness and love for our school. We're sure you will find them.

Aanchal Padukone and Shobhita Narain
IBD Yr. 11

Primary Section

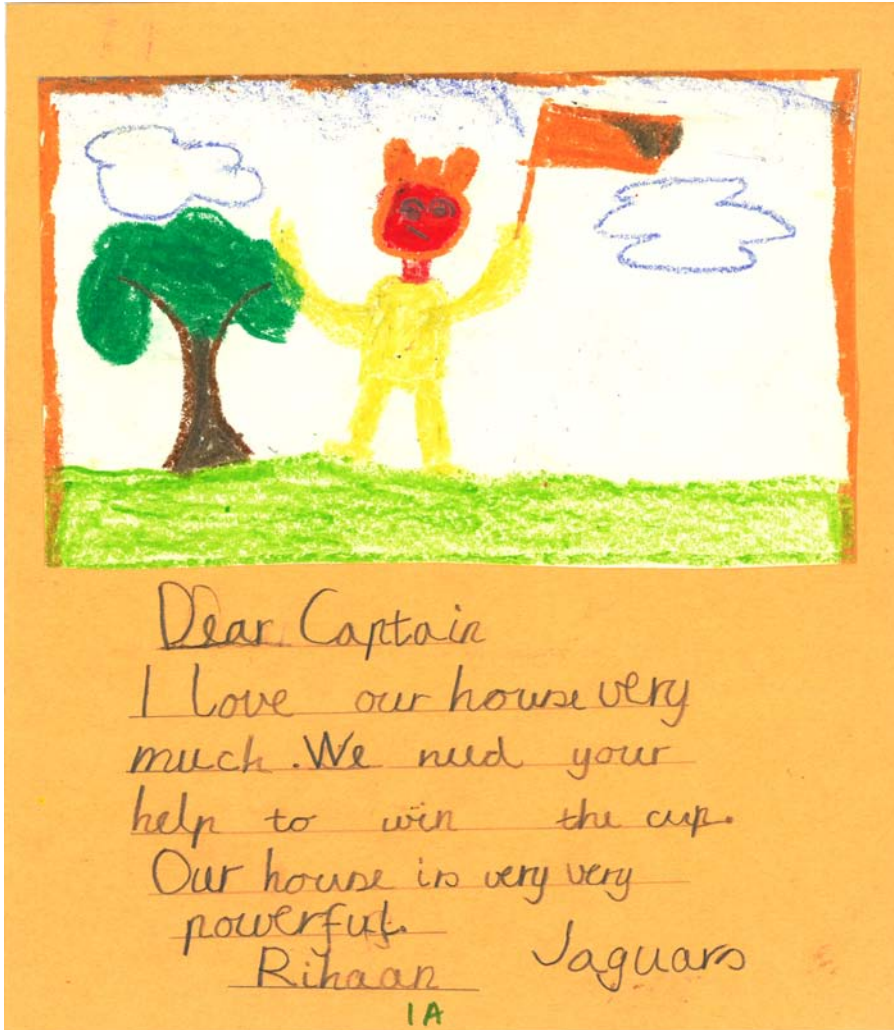


Sia Harisinghani I B



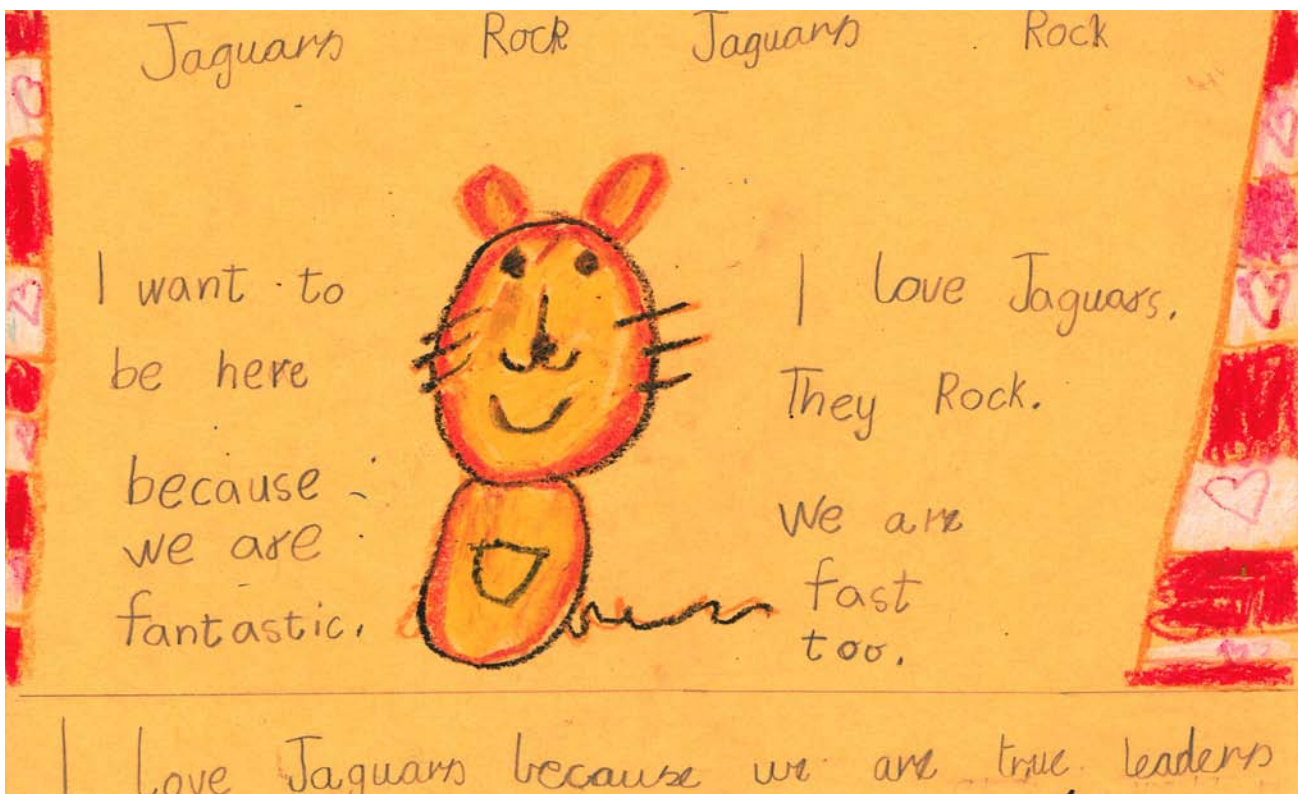
Shrey Dalal and Tanay Gandhi IV A

Primary Section

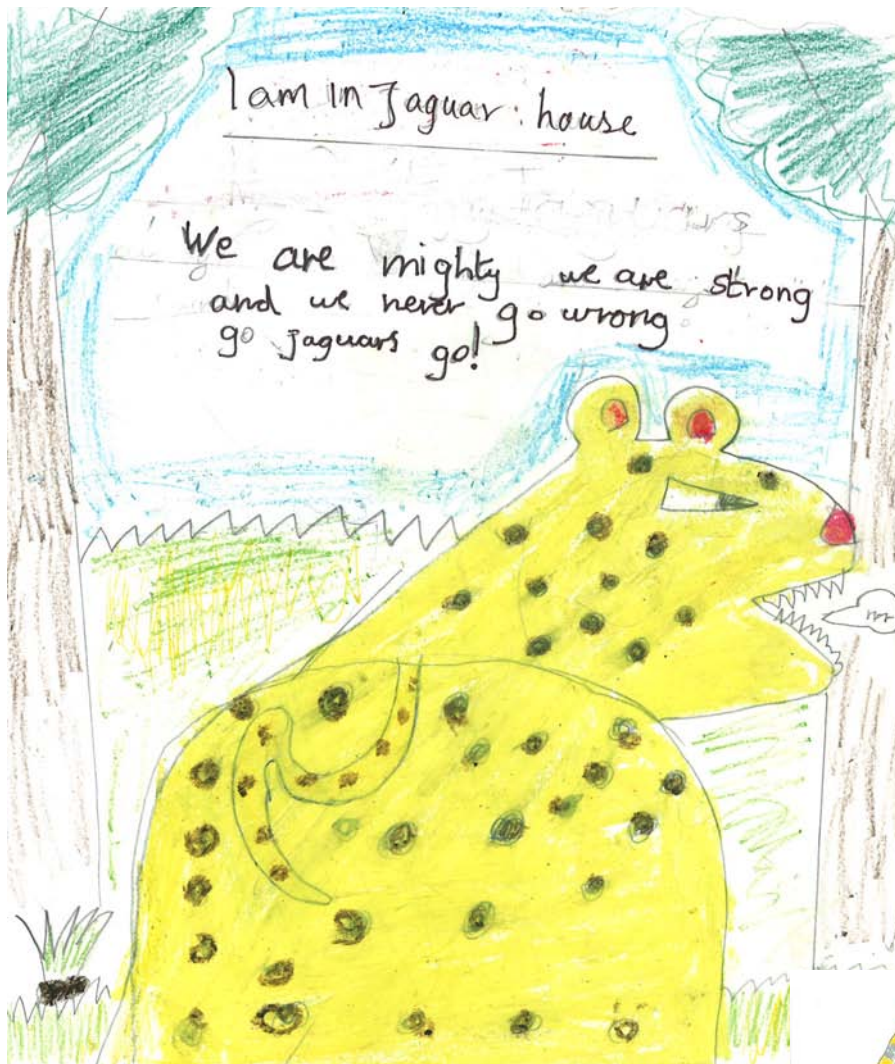


Rihaan I A

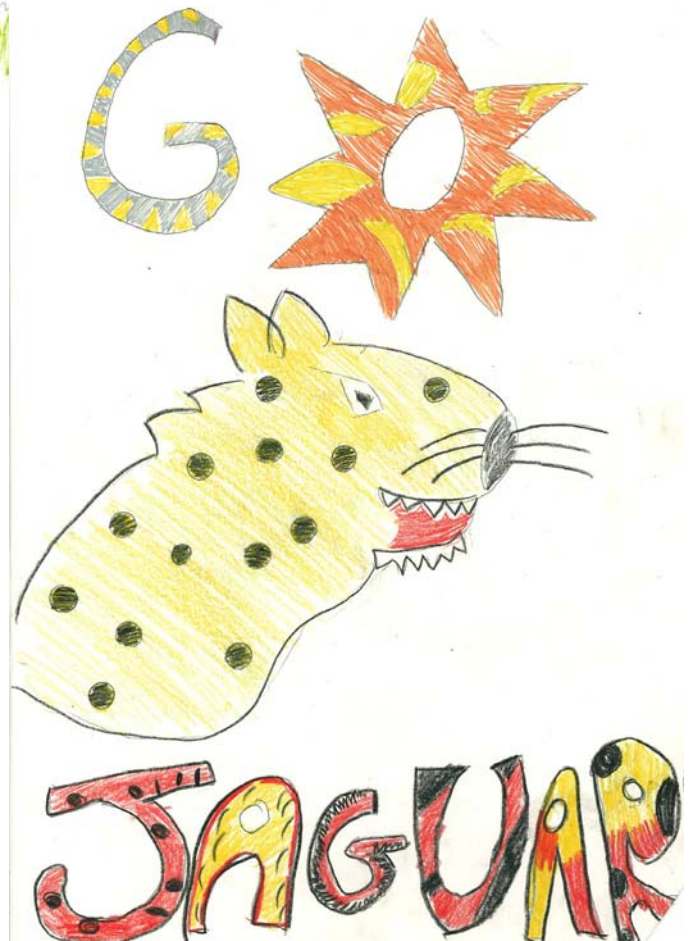
Vrinda Das I B



Primary Section



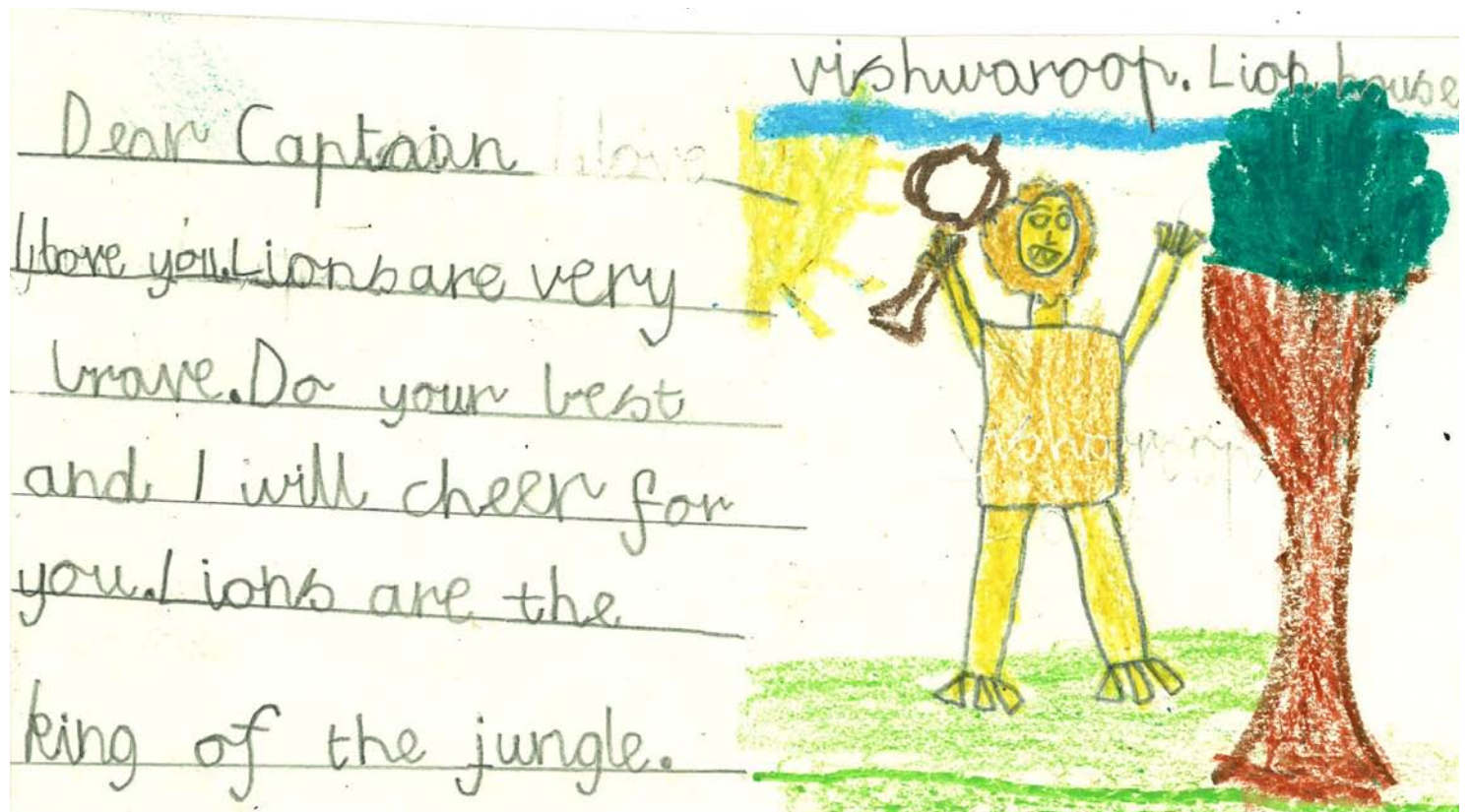
Rishi Kothari II A



Daivik Chawla III B

Primary Section

Annika and Anjali IV A



Vishwaroop I A

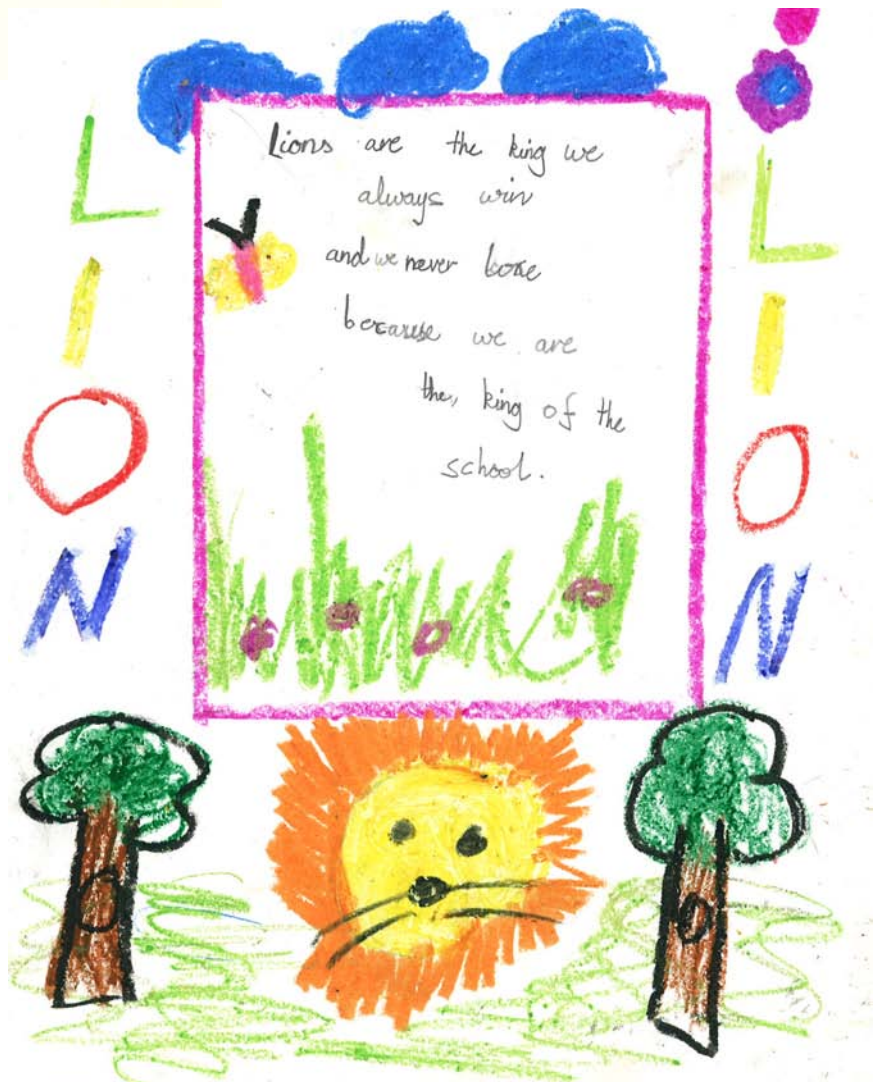
Primary Section



We are the ferocious lions
Who have the guts to fight
If we wouldn't be there
There wouldn't be any light.

Aryaman Meswani I A

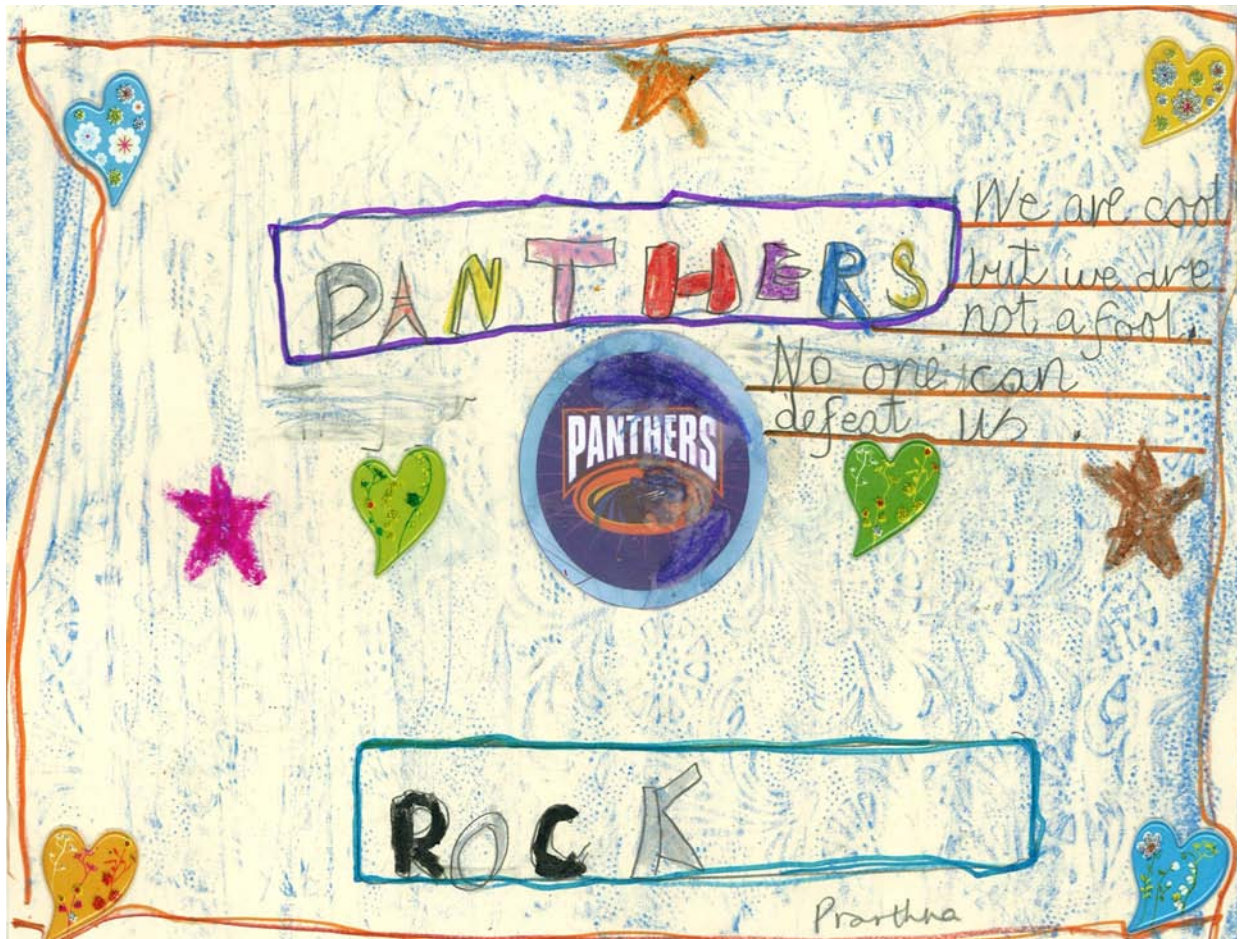
Shanaya Piramal II A



Primary Section

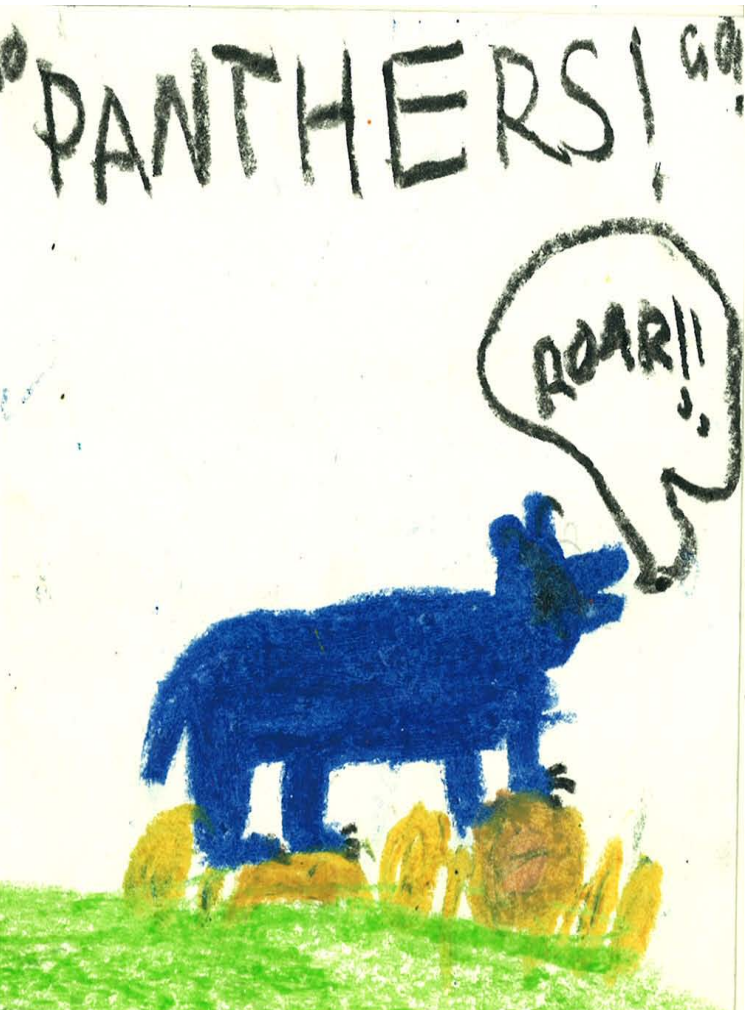


Prathna Mehta | B



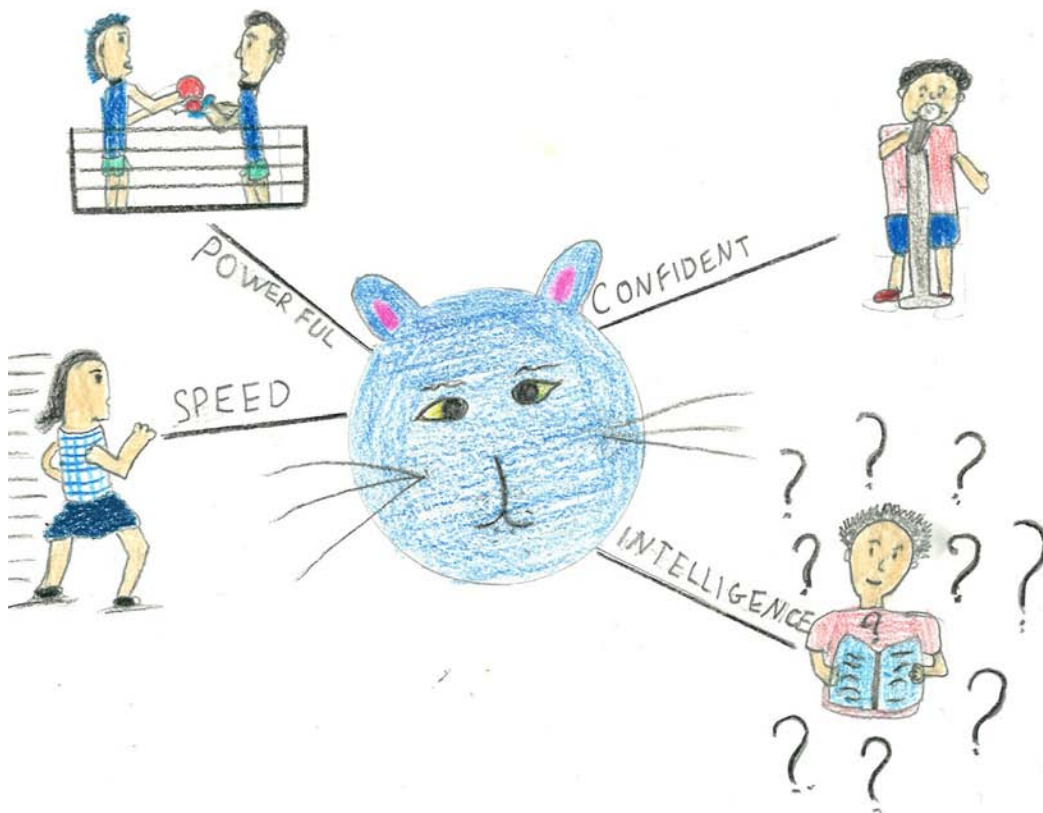
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Rhiaan Javeri | A



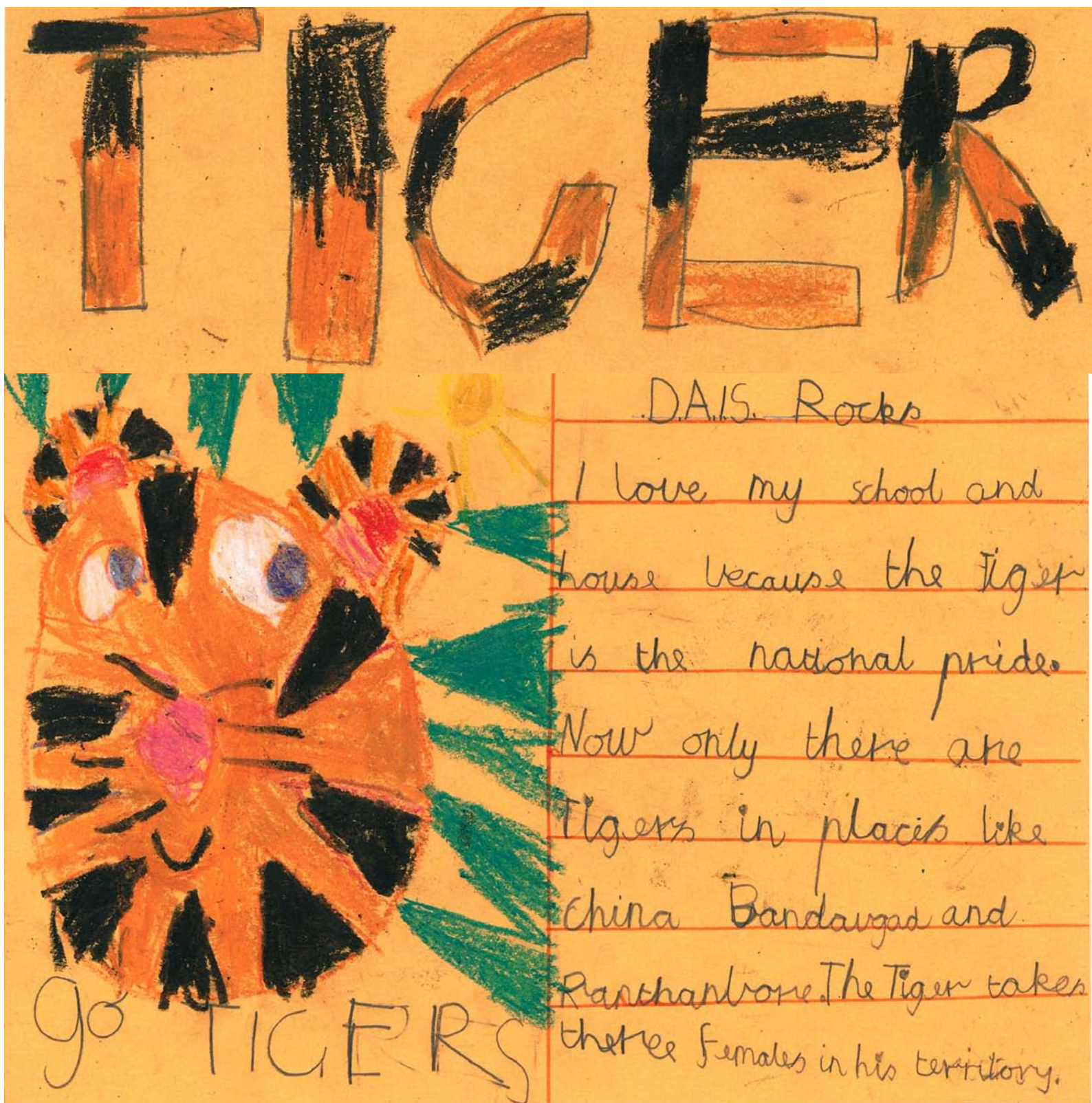
Panther is the best
we can win any test
we will win the cup
and go up and up
Love
Panthers

PANTHERS



Siddhant Lath IV B

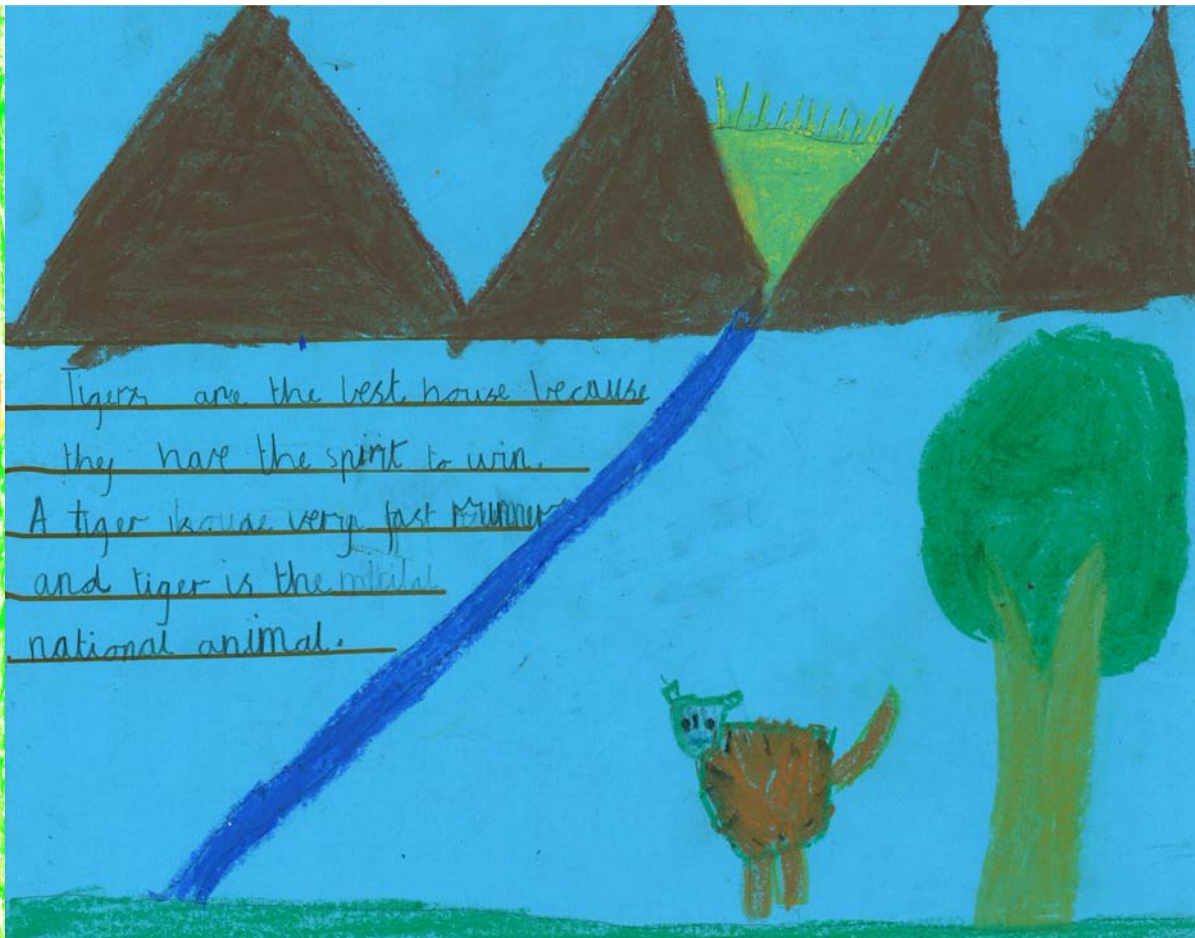
Primary Section



Primary Section

Krish I A

Hardhika Vora I B



Tiger
Tiger is striped,
endangered,
powerful, majestic
and fierce. We will
work as a
team. We will
keep it up.



A POEM OF TIGER
Tiger rocks, they
Talk, Tigers are
Powerful they
Are loveful.

Dhanya Shah I A

Primary School

All the way Panthers

Tanisha Jhaveri and Aditi Raheja- IV A

We are sleek,
We're never weak.

We have long tails,
We run and the other houses wail.

We have emerald eyes,
Our power never dies.

We are skilled,
We can never be killed.

We have emerald eyes,
Our power never dies.

East or West,
PANTHERS are the BEST!

Go Panthers!

Jai Pareira III B

Ever since I joined the school, (although I joined this year) whenever I enquired about the house cry, I was told that the Panthers had won the house cup the most times in the history of the school. I was overjoyed to be in the best house. I n my first house assembly, we were told that lions were in the lead. This disappointed our house but it sure stirred something up because soon all of us started taking part in competitions and winning all the prizes. This disappointed our house but it sure stirred something up because soon all of us started taking part in competitions and winning all the prizes. This took us to the top. Now were are relaxing a bit more now that we are on the top. This has been an excellent year belonging to such a fine house. And once again we all say- **Go Panthers**

Primary School

Panther House Rocks!

Zuni Chopra IV B

The Panther House, the Panther House,
Makes me beam with pride,
We can do Math and Science,
We can run a mile.

We've been winning the House Cup,
For.....I don't know how long!
When life presents a challenge,
We're sure to stand up strong!

But we also think the other houses,
Mean an awful lot,
When anyone needs a helping hand,
We give them what we've got!

We are kind and gentle,
We never take a side,
This is why the Panther House,
Makes me beam with pride!

Panther's Pride

Aryaman Singhania and Rehaan Mehta

Panthers are the best,
We are the most powerful in DAIS

We are sleek and charcoal black,
We are the most symbolized cats.

We stand so tall,
We never fail and fall.

We have long tails,
Anyone against us always fails.

PANTHERS RULE!

Primary School

Proud to be a Tiger

Shanaia Munim and Jheel Popat

I am striped and endangered,
Living in the wild
I attack like a bullet of a sniper,
Be it man, woman or child.

I am a proud tiger,
Pouncing on my prey
After I eat it all (yum yum)
Then under a tree I lay.

I am the king of beasts,
With a sharpened claw
Upon a deer I always feast,
I am unbeatable TIGER!

The Jaguars

Yajurvi Haritwal & Navadha Malpani

Jaguars rock and rule,
We are the best house in the school.

We're sturdy and swift,
Games are our gift.

Jaguars are majestic and fierce,
And we never shed tears.

Everyone is proud of Jaguars,
We have the strength of 7 elephant's power.

Get out of our way.
Or you will get such a punch, you will sway!

Primary School

The Legendary Lions Akanksha Sinha & Ishita Parikh

In the dark night, below the moon,
Standing as majestic as can be
With his mane flowing behind him
He stands with royalty.

His golden skin shines with splendour
As he's crowned the king of God's creations,
Behold the wonderful lion house
The king of all the lovely nations!

The Royal Ruler *Malhar Acharya & Yashvardhan Bajla*

When then lion appears the others flee,
As he is their ruthless majesty
Look into his eyes and you will see,
Courage, bravery and royalty.

He is destroyer,
And a lawyer,
Beware of his power,
For he is as crafty as Tom Sawyer!

Secondary School

DAIS Rules!

Nishna Singh VII B

Dhirubhai Ambani International School offers a variety of extra-curricular activities, enhancing the talents its students possess. The school believes in helping children master the art of what they love, and help them move further in that subject. Every now and then you hear of a school that taught children things that they loved; and was not wholly academic. DAIS is one of those schools, only far better.

Football (soccer) is probably the most popular activity in the school – each class, with students of all ages, actively takes part in all football matches. Due to the excellent training our coaches have given us, we have managed to reach the state level in football. But everything, though serious and competitive, is done in a fun and exciting way. Inter-house matches are held, outside schools are invited, and the MSSA and DSO trophies all have our names on them. The sessions are tough, and students are committed. Every morning, either girls or boys play football from seven to eight a.m.

Basketball is played with no less enthusiasm and zeal. All our players manage to defeat difficult teams they are put against – ignoring all the cheats. Their basketball skills are indeed commendable. Every morning, once again, girls and boys practice their hearts out. The players are agile and fast, and are trained very well. They build up their stamina and speed, producing an unbeatable team.

Cricket is also promoted in the school; kids stay back in school after hours, four days a week, only to build up on their cricket skills. Fitness training has also started for them. The cricket team is slowly progressing, slowly developing. It will soon be like our football teams.

Other sports like table tennis, badminton, squash and chess are also encouraged in our school. Our school has won the inter-school badminton tournament for the first time, which is not bad considering it was the first badminton tournament we'd ever participated in.

Chess started at the beginning of our school, and has remained a great activity since then.

Our school not only offers sporting subjects; it also offers other non-academic subjects.

Western music, Indian music, dance, cookery, art, woodwork and scrabble are only a few of the fun activities our school has.

The teachers and coaches of our school, work very hard to make our teams what they are today, and what they have been for eight years. The school has had to make huge sacrifices for the happiness of its pupils, and is appreciated for it. Coaches work consistently, urging the students, consoling them when they lose, and celebrating with them when they win.

They have also had to give up a lot of their precious time for us. The teachers always indulge in activities that they don't necessarily master at – still they do it for us. They work diligently and hard for our pleasure, and for our success.

Our school promotes all sorts of sports and non-academic subjects, perhaps the most alerting the Round Square squad. Children work hard to make posters and charts indicating the purposes and IDEALS of the Round Square. Teachers also try their level best to help kids.

Underprivileged children – the Akanksha children – come to school every day after three p.m. to learn things they'd never have been able to do before. Every year at the CAS fete, money is donated to Goonj and other NGOs.

Our school is one of the finest in terms of activities and options. It not only helps children progress in academics, but in the process helps build up on sport. It has formed a deep togetherness and team spirit for all us students. DAIS RULES!

Secondary School

Football at school

Bhuvam Patel VI A

Stepping on the soggy grass I take in the fresh air that fills my lungs. The crowd is cheering in the stands; I can feel the tension in the atmosphere.

Football is the game that is going to be played today. Football is globally known as the beautiful game. It has gained a lot of fame over the past decade. In India, cricket is the most popular sport, but over the years, football too is gaining popularity.

At school, football is given a lot of importance. The best players of our school are called for specially organized practice sessions early in the morning. It is a lot of hard work, and training is tough. In order to win tournaments the players have to be fit and have good stamina. At times, practice can be very tiring and may sap out all our energy. When seasons start we have to be ready with tactics, formations and of course, a fit team. I think football is a very competitive sport; this is why one must respect the fact that opponents have an equal chance of winning.

In some games an opponent can be a friend, at that moment we try and forget this so we concentrate on the game. This can be very hard to do for some.

I play football not merely to win but to enjoy and learn.

It teaches me to be calm in nail-biting situations. But most of all it teaches me 'Team Spirit'. It helps me interact with others and develop the art of teamwork. Football is not an individual sport, it requires 11 tough players who work together, share both joyous and unhappy experiences and form a team. In football the team comes first; working with each other in one group teaches us how to share things with others. The world is round, just like a drab football. But this ball seems so special when it is actually played in a game like football, where everyone goes after it. I love the game, so once I kick the ball I do not leave it easily. Every day is a new and more interesting day and I look forward to playing the game for the rest of my life.



Secondary School

As a new girl finding her place in DAIS

Aanchal Maheswari VIII A

A timid twelve year old, I was not very pleased at the idea of changing schools. I tried to reason it out with my family, but being very optimistic, they told me to look at the bright side of a new school – new friends, new teachers, and so on and so forth. I tried every excuse and every reason for not going to a new school, all in vain. None of these excuses worked. Today, I am so glad that they didn't.

My first day at D.A.I.S is still clear and fresh in my memory. It was like kindergarten all over again! I did not feel like getting out of the car and letting go of my mother's hand. I was so scared of not fitting in (I had completely forgotten that half my class was new!!). There were people everywhere, scattered all around the seven-storey, staircase shaped building. There were kids of all ages: some tall, some short, big, small, all dressed in the blue checked shirts. They were hugging and laughing, everybody was grinning in a pleased manner and the buzz of the sound of all of them talking at once and exchanging pleasantries seemed to form a welcoming rhythm.

I felt like a mouse creeping through the crowd, and I had nearly lost my way, but I finally made it through. There Ms Nath and Ms Das were warmly welcoming all the students. They were all smiles that day. We have all now settled in and formed our own set of friends.

Half a year has already passed and today, unlike the first day, I look forward to coming to school, and meeting my friends. And now the much awaited and talked about annual day practice has begun. Night school, snacks, chattering nineteen to the dozen, and the whole school on stage – these are just some of the treats that are eagerly awaited by us all.

School now seems to envelop all of us in its great, big hug. Is it the staff? Is it the students? Is it the school's brilliant sports extravaganza or the various activities that makes it so special? I guess it is all of them.

Today as I cherish these beautiful moments, I know that wherever I go and whoever I might become, these sweet memories will always reside in a cherished corner of my heart.



Secondary School

Monsoon Mayhem

Rayna Kishanchandani VI B

It was an eventful day. My mom and I had decided to run some errands that day. On the way back from the supermarket we realized that it was pouring cats and dogs; all the streets leading to my house were flooded! And suddenly our car stuttered and broke down...

Our car started floating like all the other cars around us. An ordinary day had become so tragic. In a flick our car stopped as it hit a colossal rock. We decided to just walk home as we knew that the rain wouldn't abate and that left us with little choice.

While walking home we saw old people moving gingerly in the water, kids playing water polo on the flooded streets, and an adorable puppy trying to swim and find its way home. Suddenly we heard a shout 'MOVE MOVE '. We rushed to the side and guess what we saw!!! A raft with kids having a fun time passed by us. We beseeched them for a lift and we were obliged when they let us hop in! There was a stock of scrumptious food present in the raft, so we had an appetizing snack...

They were amiable enough to drop us at the gate of our building. But to our bad luck the elevators in our building were not working and hence we had to walk up 13 floors! After a long arduous climb we reached our floor. My mom and I were really exhausted and then she realized that she had forgotten the house keys in the supermarket!!!!

There wasn't anyone at home to open the door for us, therefore we waited for my dad and sister to come back from the club... And finally when they reached, my father said a few words which we all dreaded to hear 'I don't have the keys. I left them at home.'

Secondary School

Annual Days gone by...

Gauri Kedia V A

It was the year 2003 when Mrs. Nita Ambani lit the torch of learning. I can still remember the very first annual day of D.A.I.S., The Inaugural Sports Fest. I was just a pint-sized little kid, absolutely awestruck by the splendor of the event, very excited to catch sight of my brother, hoping to be a part of the annual day next year.

Then came another academic year, 2004-5, another spectacular show, Jivatara. Still a pint-sized kid, I was there in the audience again, praying, "God, next year please let me be on the stage, part of the show." Jivatara was a mosaic of colors, I enjoyed it, even though I did not fully understand what the show was about. Anyway, my wish was granted, "We the people" was held in 2005-6 and yes, I was very much part of the fantastic, light and sound effect show. It was my favorite as it was my very first annual day in D.A.I.S., and it also gave me a glimpse of our freedom struggle. It was also an honor to meet our freedom fighters.

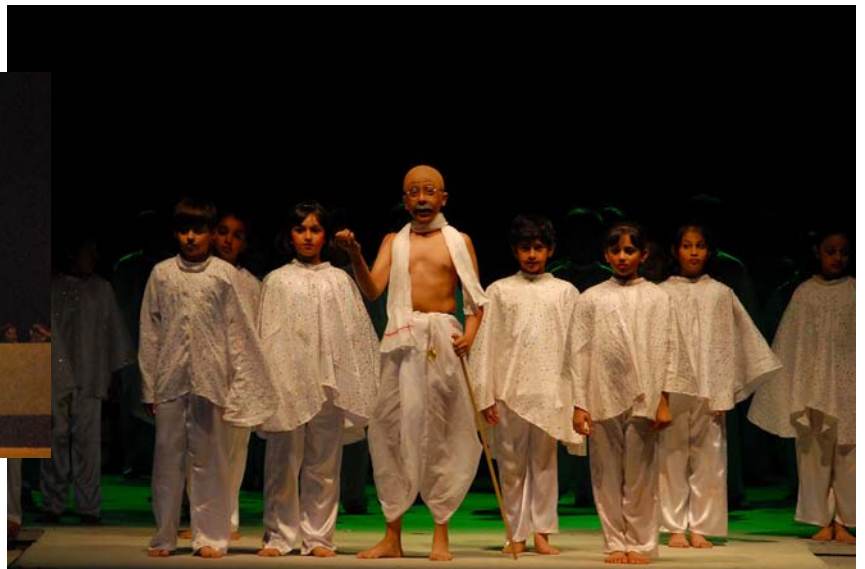
We then had a completely new theme for our next annual day. It was "The Inaugural International Sports Fest". This year, we had a chance to mingle with students from various other countries (China, Bangladesh, Thailand, Nepal and Sri Lanka).

The school had now competed 5 years of D.A.I.S. excellence and now decided to give us a taste of our own culture so in the year 2007-8 was "The Great Indian Mela", a show rich in our culture and tradition.

It was the year 2008-9, the year of "I Have a Dream", another year of evening school and loads of fun and laughter. Did I tell you – evening school is almost the best part of our annual days! Anyway, this show depicted all the major events that have affected the lives of people all over the globe.

The last year, 2009-10 showcased the problems of "amchi Mumbai". The Bollywood song show "I Am Mumbai" was filled with outbursts of laughter.

We are now looking forward to our next annual day production, and the practices are now in full swing. I know, as every other student of D.A.I.S. knows, that our annual day production will be a great hit once again.



Secondary School

Our Annual Day

Ritu and Sanchit Jain IX A

Our Annual Day is the biggest and the most prestigious event in the calendar of Dhirubhai Ambani International School. Cameras, lights, smoke machines, music and fantastic performances make up this day. When we reminisce about this event, we picture every student with a face plastered with makeup, we think about all the shiny costumes and every exaggerated dance.

Without a doubt, the Annual Day is the most looked-forward-to event in a student's year in DAIS. With one week of night school to prepare for this grand event, we can finally put our books at the back of our shelf and just let our hair down. The entire school – every single student – is given the opportunity to participate. With the professional script writers, directors, choreographers, makeup artists and the stage setup, the Annual Day is as good as a low-budget film. The students enjoy putting on a great show while the parents and other audience get to see their very own 'stars' on stage.

The Annual Day has also become a stage to showcase our theatrical talents, whether through dance, music or drama. One gets to know of the capabilities of students through these performances. In fact, because our school even broadcasts previews of the show in newspapers, we feel like surpassing even the very best that we can do, we push the limits. The atmosphere is one that is charged with motivation and enthusiasm, with every student striving for perfection.

The grand finale – with all of us there on stage at the same time – right from the tiny tots of LKG to the 'cool dudes' of the IBD sums up the basic ethos of the school – the diversity of boards notwithstanding, we are all one.



Secondary School

The Annual Day excitement

Nandini Kejariwala V A

If you come to our school, during the months of September, October, November or even December, you would surely find the Speech and Drama room busy. It's because we will be preparing for our ANNUAL DAY!!!

It's always a great experience for all of us as we all participate. We dance, sing, act and most of all ENJOY OURSELVES! The best part of our annual days is NIGHT SCHOOL!! That's when we come to school in the late afternoon and reach home at night. During night school, all we do is practice for the annual day musical. NO STUDIES!! We are served delicious but healthy food with juice. We also have the freedom of wearing whatever we like. No school uniform!

Also, every year we have a new stage built in our field and decorated with our artwork.

Every year we have a new and interesting story that we enact. It's totally unique and always teaches us something.

Costumes are made each year according to our characters.

We practice the skit so thoroughly that we remember our lines for a long time. We have technical rehearsals as well as costume and make up rehearsals.

We perform it twice so that half the parents come for the first performance and half come for the second.

Before we begin the annual day, we have a felicitation ceremony, during which great people who have been brave are felicitated onto stage by our heads and given a small gift by Mrs.Nita Ambani.

After a few months, we are given a DVD of the skit with our school magazine which includes pictures of the annual day as well.

This year our annual day is based on Christmas and teaches us not to be greedy. To know the complete story, please come and see it.

YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME!!!!



Secondary School

The Annual Day from my point of view

Sanya Dalal VI A

Every year starting from the month of August to December our school swims with excitement, anticipation, liveliness and delight. Yes!!! It's our annual day that is round the corner at that time of the year.

We practice for hours a week, making up dances, drama and fun along with our fellow students. We accomplish learning whatever small lines we had with perfect diction at home and then recite them at school like parrots. Of course we have the occasional help of our teachers who supervise us and more importantly a group of people who conduct and design our entire annual day skit and dance including the props and costumes. During the last few weeks of practice we have night school. During this time every single student at school celebrates, as these two weeks signal: no more studying! We goof around for most of the long evening, practicing for about an hour!

On the day of the big event we put on hideous, vivid make up and scratchy, gauzy costumes. But inside the ugly clown outfit we are bubbling with excitement. We hide behind the wings waiting for our chance to "shine on the stage". At the beginning Mrs. Nita Ambani makes a long inspiring speech after which there is a puja. The show usually starts with one of our school's best singers singing. When the teachers aren't looking, we take a peek at the musical performed on stage. Mostly we perform dances to upbeat Bollywood music with long faces. But if we are lucky we get a drama scene and god saves us from those perky steps! On stage we put on beaming smiles through gritted teeth but if we get the role we want we put on true, genuine smiles. When our show ends with a deafening bang, we scream, stomp our feet and clap our hands with everlasting energy. Then all the classes right from LKG to the twelfth assemble on stage in crooked, snaking lines. After the last speech is completed we all demand a holiday from Mrs. Ambani. Eventually we get one for all our "hard work" and the entire school goes crazy including me. The show always lasts for two days.

Every student of the school looks forward to our annual performance day. We get a break from that whole pile of homework and tests. Instead we enrich our minds with "something useful", i.e., drama, art, dance, and music. Even our friends who want to see us perform wait for our annual days eagerly. These annual days are fun and teach us to be confident and bold and to be noticed. Even now, if I smell dusty wood, I remember the smell of our annual day stage. I remember the bright costumes, musty smell of makeup and even the taste of the apple they always gave us to eat. This is our yearly Annual Day.



Secondary School

Red. Not with rage. But with Pride

Satvi Kumar V A

YOU'D OFTEN FIND A JAGUAR,
UP IN A TREE,
MAYBE READY FOR A KILL,OR,
OF FLESH, HAD THEIR FILL.
JAGUARS, THEY ALWAYS WIN,
NO MATTER WHAT,
WHICH IS WHY
YOU MIGHT JUST FIND US JAGUARS – RED,
NOT WITH RAGE,
BUT WITH PRIDE.

YOU'D OFTEN FIND A JAGUAR.
RUNNING SO FAST,
YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE IT,
MAYBE YOU FIND IT SO STRONG,
YOU DON'T DARE TO FEEL IT.
JAGUARS, THEY ALWAYS WIN,
NO MATTER WHAT,
WHICH IS WHY,
YOU MIGHT JUST FIND US JAGUAR – RED,
NOT WITH RAGE, BUT WITH PRIDE.

WE JAGUARS ARE,
IN THE FIELDS,
RUNNING FREE,
READY FOR A GAME OR A MATCH,
WHICH IS WHY,
YOU MIGHT JUCT FIND US – RED,
NOT WITH RAGE, BUT WITH PRIDE.

YOU'D OFTEN FIND US RUNNING,
SO FAST IN RACES,
THAT YOU CANNOT EVEN TAKE A PHOTO,
WE ARE SO STRONG, THAT SOMETIMES,
BE WEAK IS OUR MOTTO.
YOU SEE, WE JAGUARS CAN'T HELP ,
BEING GOOD AT EVERYTHING,WE CAN'T STOP OURSELVES FROM,
BEING THE BEST,
WE CANNOT GIVE IT A REST,
WHICH IS WHY,
YOU MIGHT JUST FIND US – RED,
NOT WITH RAGE, BUT WITH PRIDE.



Ishita Bagri IV B

Secondary School

The Tiger

Atreyo Sinha X A

The following poem is dedicated to Tiger house, and reflects my love for my house. The tiger is symbolic of bravery, agility and victory, just like my house.

Tiger, tiger, shining bright,
It's our will to always fight
At the end of the tunnel there will be light,
Because the way we do it, we do it right.

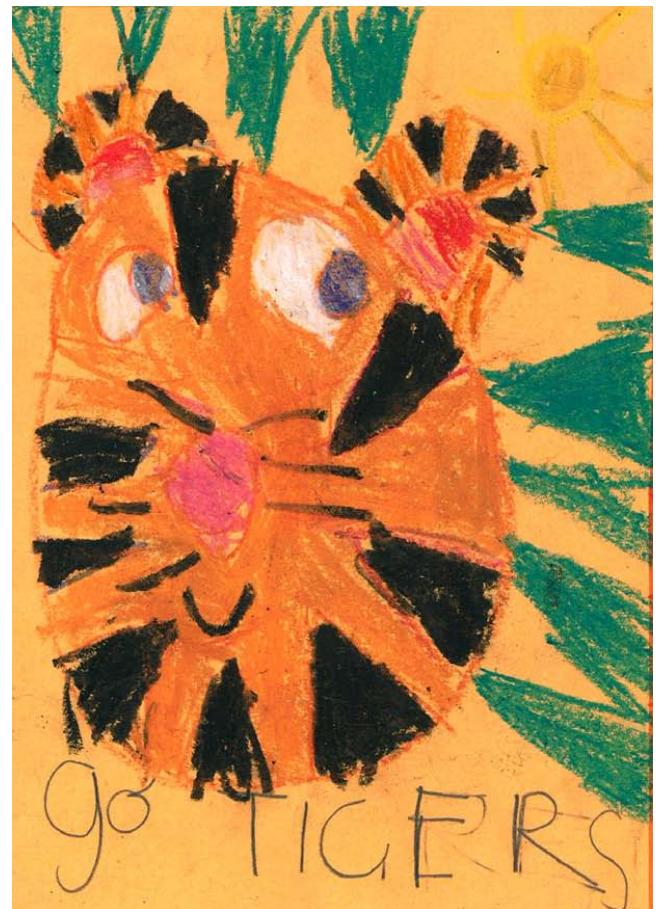
Now to exclaim with all my might,
Go tigers! Day and night,
If you're a tiger, you must learn to bite,
Our flag raised green, and others white.

When we talk, everyone sits tight,
We race so fast; we're out of sight,
We must work hard to attain a new height,
The target seems far? Not quite.

I praise our capabilities with utmost delight,
Our victory song, everyone will recite
We break through all barriers infinite,
Because we will emerge winners, it's our birthright.

I hope that with the passion that I write,
A hundred hearts I will set alight,
Dedication is a feeling you once ignite,
And everything wrong just becomes alright.

A brilliant future I see in my foresight,
For this team where people unite,
Let's be aggressive and still be polite,
We'll soon singlehandedly enjoy the limelight.



Nishkka Thakkar I B

Secondary School

This Too Shall Pass

Astha Mehta IX A

Amongst the crowd, under the skies grey,
The Blue and yellow 'animals' fought for their prey
One pounded and the other thrashed –
But this passed as we went on with the match.

I watched as a yellow goal was cast,
A feeling of impotent agony – This too passed.
I gazed at my associates on the field -
"Take 'em!" - the furious captain screamed!
I smiled to myself as we evened the score
I could hear the crowd scream – they wanted more!

My teammates are drenched in uncertainty
They are unable to predict the imminent calamity
The seeds of defeat had been sown...
It does not matter that the whistle is blown
I watch as the players sprawl on the grass...
And think to myself... this too shall pass.

In all the time we'd 'done' at school,
They had instilled in us a golden rule...
Victory and failure come at their own cost;
If you learn from defeat have you really lost?



Aman Bajaj VI A

Secondary School

Hearing your mind

Shaurya Khazanchi IX A

Perspiration adorned their bodies,
Hope adorned their weary souls,
What adorned them not was the mere feeling of fear.
‘Cause in their minds only one thing could they hear.

Ambition controlled their rivals,
Frustration controlled their defeated thoughts
What controlled them not was sorrow of their loss.
‘Cause in their minds only one thing could they hear.

Blinding lights engulfed the crowd,
Like the cheering and jeering which engulfed them as loud
What engulfed them not were the cries of defeat
‘Cause in their minds only one thing could they hear

So take this as an example,
And in future if anyone does over you trample,
Accept thy misfortune with a hearty chuckle

Only one thing in your mind should swell:
“Dare to dream, learn to excel”

IB Diploma

The Newbies

This article is dedicated to the twenty-four of you. The twenty-four other new kids in Dhirubhai Ambani International School, IB Diploma Year 11, Class of 2012. This article is dedicated to the five from Cathedral, two from J.B, three from Scottish, three from St. Mary's, one from Podar, the other one from BIS, one from Queen Mary's, one from St. Gregorious, one from Ecole Mondiale, two from AVM (Juhu), one from Jamnabai, one from Hill Spring and the two who don't know what any of these schools are simply because they come from the Emirates and the States.

This article, extrapolating in the above order, is dedicated to Siddharth Parambi and his accent, Neeraj and his mugging capacity, Dhruv Goyal and his spectacular nose, Khushy and her incessant smiling, Mazhar and his Mazhar-ness, Akshita and her thin-ness and Aashti, with her incredible artwork. This article is dedicated to Arsha and her football matches, Joshua and his innate capacity to fall asleep anywhere (especially in the midst of an animated Physics HL class) and Advait and his constant BBM-ing. This article is dedicated to Rishi and his unbelievable size, Raghav and his inability to stop talking and Aditya Jain, who can only be described perfectly by using the word Marwari. This article is dedicated to Tanisha and the synonymous word white, Bhakti and her organizational abilities, and Feriel and her name. This article (which is getting quite boring and repetitive) is dedicated to Pradeep and his much-unknown obsession with movies, Sagar and his absolute idiocy in taking Further Math and Filisha, the archetypal "gujju". To Shubham and the fact that I traversed school for three days to find out more about him, Binoy and his madness and Angad when he shaves. And finally, this article is dedicated to Salina and her flashes of delirium (!!!!) that have rocked Portugal, Dubai and now Mumbai, and Priya and her never-ending urge to (yes) study.

The Life of a New Kid isn't easy. Heck, it's not even close. But it is fun, and an experience I'm guessing not one of us will forget. The initial settling in wasn't too easy and we do have our rough moments: those moments when we feel like outsiders intruding on this close-knit circle of friends, those moments where we don't get the subtle inside jokes and stand there in awkwardness as everyone laughs. But now, two months into the IB and DAIS, I know that I can speak for everyone: we're happy and I know we'll make it through.

So, in the end, this article is dedicated to the 24 of you. And not the 24 from Cathedral, JB, Scottish, St. Mary's, Podar, BIS, Queen Mary's, St. Gregorious, Ecole, AVM, Jamnabai, Hill Spring and abroad. This article is dedicated to the 24 of you, now from Dhirubhai Ambani International School.

Credits:

Raghav "Sweeney" who, for once, stopped talking and helped with writers block.

Salina Lalwani, for actually laughing,

Shobhita Narain and Feriel Presswala , for their creative juices, and,

Anchal Padukone, for "finally getting her procrastinating self off Facebook and onto this."

Note: Nothing in this article is meant to be offensive, so please take it in good spirit. ☺

IB Diploma

Kitchen Capers

Every Tuesday marks the gathering of a bunch of motley teenagers, united by a common goal – to satiate our ever-hungry mouths with platters of food. Be it an Indian snack, a wholesome salad, or a chocolate-y dessert on the menu, their experiments are ALWAYS welcome – well, almost always. A position within this life-saving team is highly sought-after, as our co-curricular poll proves: Cookery is the most popular non-sporting activity (and everyone knows why!).

Tanvi Sood, ex-Cookery Club member, has very generously provided our Perspective team with the secret recipe behind one of the gang's raging hits: the creatively-named Cheesy Mushrooms.

CHEESY MUSHROOMS (or as this Editor prefers: Molten Mozzarella-Crusted Fungi)

Ingredients:

Mushrooms (preferably the non-poisonous variety) – 2 packets, halved

Fresh oregano – 1 small bowl, leaves plucked.

Chilli flakes – 1 small bowl.

1 garlic – the cloves peeled and chopped

1 packet of mozzarella cheese, shredded

Salt, to taste.

Pepper, to taste.

Olive oil, 3-4 teaspoons.

Method:

1. Place the mushrooms in a large bowl, add some oregano and some chilli flakes and mix well.
2. Acquire a wok (for those deluded witches and wizards among us, pewter cauldrons would also do) from some shady corner of the kitchen, put it on slow fire, and add the olive oil.
3. Then add the mushrooms, putting in more chilli flakes, more oregano, salt and pepper until the mushrooms are 3/4 cooked.
4. Add the cheese and cook till the cheese melts (for the convenience of HL Physics students, read: undergoes thermodynamic fusion), and the mushrooms are fully cooked.
5. Add more oregano, chilli flakes, salt or pepper if required, by taste (it never stops, does it?).
6. Pour into bowls (3-4), dress with oregano leaves, crushed, and serve.
7. Serve hot and enjoy! Spooky decorations are welcome.

Our very own Artists



Divija Madhani VI A



Rohini Maiti VI A

Our very own Artists



Shobhita Narain IBD Yr. 11

IB Diploma

Alumni Reflections

Saatchi Kuwelker

Way back in 2006, a young apprehensive, nervous girl, a girl who was leaving the secure, warm confines of one branch and leaping across to grasp another, wondering whether it would support her, entered the corridors of Dhirubhai Ambani International School. She had been a queen in her familiar previous environment, being cajoled into performance with tremendous peer support. Her justified apprehensions were regarding what she would expect in her new school, a school that had a huge reputation, a school in which her new classmates had been each other's friends for years, a school whose teachers had already formed opinions of their students over the years.

I vividly remember that first day, when I was welcomed with open arms by the teachers, students and administrators, arms that have hugged me so tightly that I am finding it difficult to escape from their grasp. Yes, it's been a roller coaster ride for all of us with times when we were up and times when we bottomed out, but the well oiled engine of a school pushed us along very well to our destination. Without this incredible machinery and infrastructure, the systematic approach by the organized, motivated staff, it wouldn't have been possible to stand on the pedestal today.

But alas, you realize and understand the value of the school when you look at it from outside. The grass definitely looks greener on the other side, but when you cross the fence you realize that though the grass is green, the land is very unstable, rugged and slippery, very different from the cosy confines you are used to, a landscape fraught with risks and dangers. But the values and discipline that this school has imbibed in me will always help me find my way over treacherous ground.

School for me is those teen years of student council, fun, work, friends, projects, annual days are experiences to last me a lifetime. Those years working up to the big "board" exam are supposed to be most stressful and hectic. However they were the two most fun years of my life. I didn't feel any of that famous "stress" because I had this amazing school which supported me at every step. The teachers were not only efficient in making us thorough with the vast syllabus but ever so patiently solved all our doubts and problems. The school gave some amazing friends and a fun filled atmosphere to study. It focused on making concepts clear. As a school it excelled in not only fulfilling its objectives but also in its motto 'dare to dream and learn to excel'. It made me dream big, which got me a spot in the student council, and experience like no other. Leading my house as vice captain and organizing all those school events was a superb balance to academics.

Let me give a simple example. An example that will demonstrate the strong bond this school keeps with its students and ensures that they have been well placed to build their career. The admission process into the junior colleges this year was a major issue and a tedious process. But this beautiful institution not only informed us of a slightest change in the admission procedure but called us to school a number of times to make sure we were well versed with the procedure and that there would be no further delay. The Heads guided us through it all themselves. Such personal interest to ensure us a good college and reliable future goes to show the commitment of this school in its quest to provide excellence.

They say the mightiest trees have the deepest and strongest roots and I'm sure each one of us ex-students will agree that however far and high we spread our branches, the roots that the school has given would support and nourish us to bloom to our fullest.