

PERSPECTIVE

A full-page background image showing two female dancers in traditional Indian attire performing on a stage. The dancer on the left is wearing a pink and green sari with a gold border and is in a dynamic pose with one arm raised. The dancer on the right is wearing a pink and yellow sari with a gold border and is also in a dynamic pose with one arm raised. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2015

ROUND SQUARE

JODHPUR - THE
BOARDING
EXPERIENCE

SHORT STORY

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In wonderland

POETRY:

Odes to the
everyday things we
take for granted

HAPPY FEET

BEHIND THE SCENES AT
THE DANCE COMPETITION

WAR OF WORDS: DSMUN 2015

From the editors' desk

As the new year begins, we have decided to take a more literary perspective of matters in this issue. From poems that will make you curl up with laughter to the results of the long-awaited Dance Competition, along with first-hand experiences about the MUN and Round Square events, this issue is sure to be a treat, and you are bound to enjoy it.

We have everything you need to know about what goes underneath the roof of our enormous school. Read the experiences of our students who got a taste of boarding school life at the Round Square conference in Jodhpur this August, or about the students' representing our school at the Doon School MUN.

Closer home, you'll get a completely different *perspective* on the dance competition from a participant of the most awaited event of the year. In the writing section, we have works written by our own students that are guaranteed to make you giggle.

So, read on to savor this issue of perspective, and enjoy!



Ishita Bagri



Tanisha
Deshpande



Anjali
Savansukha

HAPPY FEET



Ishita Bagri gives us an insider's perspective on the dance competition at DAIS

We wait backstage, hearing the roar of the eager crowd as they cheer on our “opponents” who are setting fire to the stage. Sweaty fingers, and chattering teeth now seem normal to us.

There is a tingle of anxiety and nervousness as our names are called out and we wait for those few excruciating, seemingly endless moments, before the music plays.

After the first step, everything seems to flow much more easily out of us, and then just as we are into the dance, enjoying without giving heed to the world around us, it’s just over.

Shaky but happy, we walk off stage, though now something is missing. There was something too all those hours we spent choreographing and practicing every single break, that just leaves us feeling empty and lacking.

We end up making new friends, without realizing it, and they now seem like family to us as we hug each other after the dance. Hug, not because we did well, or to comfort each other, but more of an unconscious silent way of saying what a short but incredible journey we’ve had together over the past week.

The high we get when we choreograph, and learning from each other, to expand our dance knowledge is only hits us long after it is over and we look back at those beautiful memories and how we didn’t value it then.

And at the end, when we stand on stage, waiting for the results and clutching each other’s hands like our life depends on it, those are the moments when we realize just how much these people mean to us and the family that we make. Friends are the family we choose.

To summarize this incredible journey: Panthers won, Jaguars lost and I met some of the most beautiful people ever.

ROUND SQUARE JODHPUR, 2015

Three round square participants share their experiences at the recently conducted RS Conference at Jodhpur:

On Wednesday the 12th of August we left for a Round Square conference at the Rajmata Krishna Kumari Girls Public School in Jodhpur. Round Square follows six pillars, and this one focused on the ideal of Democracy. This four-day conference was attended by twenty one schools from different parts of India. We were privileged to have keynote speakers, Advocate Rishabh Sancheti and Advocate Vikas Balia, enlighten us about various aspects of Indian Democracy such as the Right to Information.

-Vedant Ambani

The conference has given me so many memories that I can never forget. The range of activities, from art workshops to playing football in soaking wet and paint-stained clothes to the friendly basketball match, helped me make a lot of friends. I also realized how everyone is so different even though we live in the same country.

Meeting students from around India helped me learn more about the different ways everyone leads their school lives. As a day school student from kindergarten, the stay to a boarding school was a learning experience.

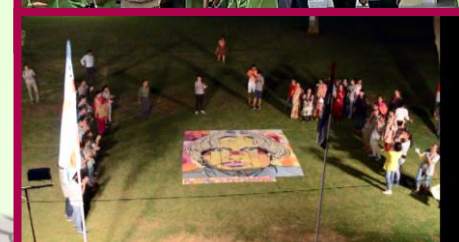
- Shiv Panchal

The Barazza sessions were a gripping way to discuss the topic of democracy, and they also gave everybody a chance to voice their varying opinions – just like the democratic system does. I was also fascinated to learn about the various social service projects being undertaken by different schools and individual students across India.

At the closing ceremony, we were graced by the presence of the Maharaja and Maharani of Jodhpur, whose family founded the host school. I am glad that I attended this Round Square conference as it introduced me to different cultures - those which I may never have been exposed to otherwise."

- Mukul Khanna

FROM THE FIELD



DSMUN 2015

*Ties will be broken, wars
will be waged, economies
will collapse and history
will be rewritten; but
above all, peace will be
forged at DSMUN '15.*



As we boarded the flight towards our sleepless nights, tiring days and debates that go on for hours, there was a sense of anticipation within me. This was my very first MUN conference and was very enriching for me. This helped me improve my public speaking and social skills along with my thinking and evaluating abilities.

The Doon school is one of the most prestigious schools in India, and it truly lives up to its reputation. Being welcomed by the large gates and the red-bricked buildings was just as heartwarming as the hospitality of the students. Sprawled across 75 green acres at the heart of Dehradun, this charming boarding school was a refreshing change from the concrete jungle of Mumbai and the routine of day boarding schools. The opening ceremony was a magnificent one, fitting to precede the war ahead. The chief guest, former Foreign Secretary Sujatha Singh is one of India's premier diplomats delivered a speech that described India's diplomatic policies in context of current global developments, and elaborated on future paths the country may take to further its interests.

FROM THE FIELD

The opening ceremony was magnificent, a fitting precedent to the war ahead. The chief guest, former Foreign Secretary Sujatha Singh is one of India's premier diplomats delivered a speech that described India's diplomatic policies in context of current global developments, and elaborated on future paths the country may take to further its interests. The headmaster and the secretary general also delivered speeches on the same topic as the delegates jotted down notes that would give them an advantage during debates.

Laptops in hand, we marched towards our fierce battles. 'Bang!' and with the gavel, the war began to wage - accusations were made, challenges were accepted and resolutions were voted upon. All of this drama was confined to a single committee room, and the stakes began to rise. The high levels of debate scared me at first, but I soon transitioned into it, understanding the procedure and the way to get my point across to the delegates and the chair.

In the middle of our crusade to resolve the agenda, a crisis situation turns up. Changing our stream of thought and to find a solution to the crisis without any background research was a challenge, a challenge that was easily overcome. Using logic and understanding, and many negotiations later, a directive was presented and passed, making our committee a success. After solving all the agendas and crisis, the battle in the committees were adjourned, only to open into a bigger, bloodier war. The GA Crisis, a 4 hour-long crisis situation, where each school was battling it out to win the award. With the award ceremony ending the war and creating peace, it was a change in atmosphere. At the end of the day, peace presided over every other factor.

- Tanvi Inani

POET'S CORNER

We were trying to write mock odes, for a touch of humor in our Perspective issue, and I thought to bring light to some of the most mundane things in our life.

No one has ever noticed the importance of rubber bands, and teeth have never been praised in poems, so I thought it would be a great idea for people to start noticing small things and appreciate them.

- Ishita Bagri

ODE TO RUBBER BANDS

Ode to rubber bands
Stretchy strings and
contrasting colors,
Highlighted in a mass of dark hair
Holding back the tidal waves
Before they crash down on
your face.

The brave strings that have
gone through much
Pushed and pulled all the
time
If they weren't there

Who would hold the hair?
That blocks our treasured
sight

- Ishita Bagri

ODE TO NOSES

In this ode dedicated to the
profound of noses,
We'll discuss this waste of bone
and skin, Which parts our face
like Moses,
Running down from the eyes to
the lip,
Stuff falling from it like some
kinda sour cream dip.

Drip Drip
There she goes,
Drip Drip
Thar she blows,
Like tears from the heavens
Cloud parting,
Wetness gushing,
From the nostril,
To the tongue,

.....
Yum Yum!
The cook shouts;
"Dinner's ready, hun!!!"

- Dilan Mashru

POET'S CORNER

ODE TO TEETH

The pearly white walls,
That guard slimy red tunnels,
The security guards
Breaking everything down before
it's allowed to pass,
The blocks that fill the smile

And create words,
That can reach wide and far,
However the yellow rotting ones,
Piles of stale food cover,
The teeth, eaten away by time
and decay,
For doing a job so crude.

- Ishita Bagri

ODE TO PEOPLE

This is a tribute to
humankind
And the people who have
Shaped society with intellect
And power of mind.

Praise be to Edward Cullen
Who sparkles under the sun
All hail Rebecca black
Its Friday- what fun.

Respect Regina George,
Oh she's popular- that kid.
Guess what just happened?!
Fetch did.

Bow to Taylor swift,
Brilliant she makes life seem,
Like it's just like a nightmare
Dressed like a daydream.

MOCK ODES

Hem. Hem. Applaud professor
Umbridge,
Pink and wise.
She taught us filthy half bloods
Not to tell lies.

Let's hero worship the people
Who are figuring out whether
the dress is gold or blue.
For they are saints and idols
Who have fought for what is
true.

This is a tribute to people
Knowledgeable and strange,
Who have lead our race
towards progress
By inflicting change.

- Anjali Savansukha

Daydreaming in Wonderland

The lead girl's song rose and fell in a haunting melody. I zoned out, my mind choosing to concentrate on something else entirely. My sweaty palms, my shivering knees, and the loud, rapid beating of my heart.

I wiped away beads of perspiration from my forehead using my sleeve, and tried to focus all my willpower on to my hand, which was threatening to jump into my mouth for an endless amount of nail-biting.

I straightened my tall hat, and fiddled with the buttons on my waist coat as I ran through my lines.

Oh hello there, are you the one named Alice? Pleased to meet you, I'm the Mad Hatter. Again and again.

Somehow, the play had ground to a halt. Alice and the Cheshire Cat were grinning awkwardly at each other. Some *annoying* character was late on stage! I blew out heavily through my nose. Why couldn't the person just come on stage already?

I couldn't escape the pull of my nails this time, and in no time was chewing on them nervously.

That was when it hit me. It was the *Mad Hatter* who had missed his cue.

And the *Mad Hatter* was me.

I just stood there. But as I did, something reached up from deep inside me. A little beast that crawled into my heart, and then was pumping through my veins. I waited a second before cart-wheeling on to stage, picking up my fallen hat and placing it rather daintily on my head. I sauntered arrogantly towards Alice and the Cheshire Cat.

"I thought I'd lost my *hat* forever, you know? I'm slightly *mad* over them." A couple of whistles rang from the crowd. I glanced haughtily at Alice. "Oh hello there, are you the one named Alice?"

She nodded, clearly dumbstruck by this new *energy* flowing through me, making me cartwheel and sprout sentences of my own, because I was supposedly the *shy* boy.

I did a crazy little jig, twirled on the spot, swept my hat off in a deep bow, and smirked at Alice as I rose.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm the *Mad Hatter*."

- Akanksha Sinha