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DALS

perspectives

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SPOOF ADVICE

: by Inika Murkumbi

1

Where are the camera blind spots? Asking for a friend.

You ask a brave question. Unfortunately, we cannot publish the answer you seek, for this newsletter is open to far too many eyes, and the wrong ones at that. The administration is watching, ever quick to shore up holes in the Omnipresent Eye. Nonetheless, the information you seek is alive. Listen to the rhythms of secrets, and the answer ye shall find.

Where can I find the best banister to slide down?

Banisters are like diamonds - it's all about that lustre. Shine a flashlight upon the banister at an angle of 36 degrees from the ground. Observe the path and angle of the reflected ray. If it doesn't fall on a person, the staircase is probably deserted and safe for sliding on. Make sure you are carrying backup pants. While the 'Butt-rift of Glory' may be exhilarating to sport, teachers often do not share this view.

2

3



Illustration by
Raena Shah

I'm really bad at writing but I want to join Perspectives. I have no other talents of any kind. Please help.

Don't worry about that! You'll fit right in. Just make sure to answer our desperate Whatsapp forwards and you're in the inner circle. Bonus points if you forward them to other classes or send us submissions. We'll slap a weirdly-constructed, grandiose title upon you for College App purposes and you're good to go. The positions of "ICSE Correspondent" and "Director of Energy Flow" are still wide open.

I am prepping for my IGCSE mocks. Instead of reading the textbook like an unevolved schmuck, I am solving every single past paper published. I do not require advice, my only hope is to enlighten the hapless proletariat.

K.

4



STUDENT COUNCIL

Rajveer Batra

Friday, 19th October 2018. The most awaited day of my school year; a day when the results of years of our handwork are delineated. A day, when my lifelong dream was to be revealed. The Student Council. I always dreamt of the student council as an island. This splendid chunk of rich and glittery sand with emerald green trees, and a pearly sapphire sea surrounding it from all sides. On not getting it, I realised the boat to this island had departed without me. In the far distance, I saw all my best friends waving out to me. I felt helpless, didn't know what to do, who to talk to, it hurt, the disappointment hurt.

Here I am writing this essay, yet sharing the same connection and love for my school, the same eagerness to prove myself, and the same excitement to conquer the ambiguous. Nothing has changed. The memory is now hazy, with just love for those who got in. I was never salty, never jealous, just disappointed. But now, when I come to think about it I'm proud, and happy. Undoubtedly, that day will go down as an unhappy one in history for me, but a happy one for so many others. So I realised, it's time I stop thinking about me getting in, rather the Student Council's existence as a whole. It pushes all of us, in this race of anxiety and excitement. In the end, so what if you haven't made it? You've yet done so much for your school and for yourself, and nothing is going to change that.

Our school, The Dhirubhai Ambani International School, is one that offers an opportunity for everyone. So what if you don't get it in in 4th, 7th or 9th? You have another year to try out, don't you? So what if you don't get in, in 11th either? It should never, never stop you from pursuing what you love and working hard. So to all those reading; for those who made it in, we as a school are extremely proud of you all, and wish you the best. But, for those who didn't, don't give up. Our school is our haven, and we need to, rather want to, make it proud. So get out there, try new things, explore the unexplored as our institute will always back you up. I wish you all the best for the Academic year, and all your endeavours.

Massive Dhiru-laundering scam exposed!

Leading members of a notorious coupon-laundering ring were apprehended yesterday by brave Delta 1 officers, whilst exchanging counterfeit Dhirus for "every single French fry Sodexo can muster up".

Indarjeet Singh, the ringleader, confessed under interrogation that he had used the colour printer outside the Computer lab to crack security and enact his diabolical plan.

"It was rough, dirty work. Your operation had to be absolutely tight, running super smooth. We'd plunk piles of coupon booklets onto the scanner and watch as that sweet, sweet moolah came gushing out.

We'd use scissors to cut them out- without an adult to supervise. The paper was warm. I liked that."

The gang had been using their financial power to establish mob-rule on the fifth-floor foyer. "If you weren't in with them, you starved," said an emaciated-looking 8th grader who has asked to remain anonymous. Financial analysts believe that, had the ring not been apprehended, they would have eventually caused a Dhiru crash and a destabilization of the BKC economy.

While being marched to the squad car, onlookers reported that Indrajeet was still trying to frantically shove Dhirus down his socks. "I'd told you ankle-length isn't appropriate," muttered one of his minions.

- Inika Murkumbi

Delegate Attempts To Make Rational Argument, Has To Be Tackled To The Ground And Forcibly Restrained By Chair

In an unfortunate turn of events during the annual Model United Nations Conference, a delegate, who shall remain unnamed (Indarjeet Singh) from the Twenty Third Committee UNEDITASTMIF (Disarmament of Internationally Troubled American School Teenagers from Middle-Income Families), by the horrendous virtue of exercising his right to free speech, tried to debate in a sensible manner.

Eyewitness reports describe the Delegate of Tuvalu swaggering up to the podium without so much as a prepared speech. Luckily for the committee, the Chair was deeply engrossed in conversation with a female delegate. In a manly display of strength, the Chair used his CAS rugby skills to spare her from the tirade of uncomfortable truths to follow.

"Right then and there was when I knew something was wrong," says the Delegate of the United Nations Anti-Alien Advocacy. "I don't know why he didn't just get his speeches written by 'MUNkey Business' or something...my mom does it for me. He reeked of originality. He definitely looked like he was about to speak his mind", the Delegate scoffed.

And that is exactly what the delegate in question did. "It was a fair enough session until that scarring incident occurred," reported an anonymous source within the UNEDITASTMIF. "I compared all the resolutions to Swiss cheese because they were full of holes. Guaranteed Best Delegate. For sure. Also if this is being published, I run a business to help you win at MUN the right way - with no effort!"

This unpleasant interruption weighed heavily on the conscience of the Press team, who ultimately decided not to publicize the tragedy in their extremely popular and widely-read magazine. With great power comes great responsibility and we thank them for their wisdom.

-Jai Parera

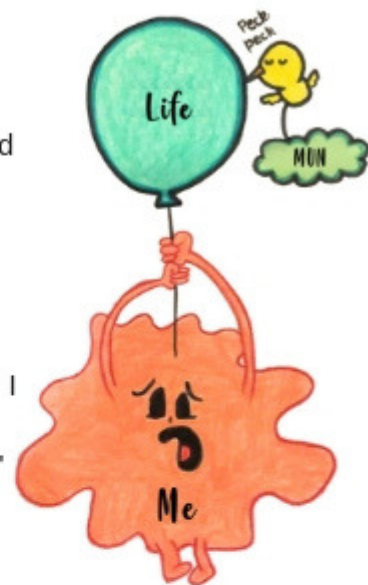


Illustration by Raena Shah

OPTIMISTIC NIHILISM

Ahaan Nalavadi

We often get hit by an unexpected realisation of our insignificance and minuteness in the vast and timeless universe we live in. For those of you who have trouble agreeing that our lives are created and dictated by an all-powerful deity who rules over everything, the occasional morning cup of nihilism is all but unusual - but a more modern perspective on this very real issue, is one which some believe can cause the cessation of nihilistic views in the first place - 'optimistic nihilism'.

'Nihilism' refers to the philosophical viewpoint that life is devoid of objective meaning, purpose, or intrinsic value - something which can cause depression and genuine fear in the hearts of both children and adults. Optimistic nihilism, however, encourages one to look at the brighter side of the meaninglessness of life.

Maybe we are all alone in this universe. Maybe life is meaningless, and maybe the effect you have on this planet, no matter how large, is limited to just that - this planet. After all, anatomically, modern humans have only been here for about 0.0015% of time as we know it; simply 200,000 years in the 13.8 billion years for which this universe has existed. But there's an upside to all this. If life has no purpose, then you get to dictate what its purpose is. You get to choose what you do with your life.

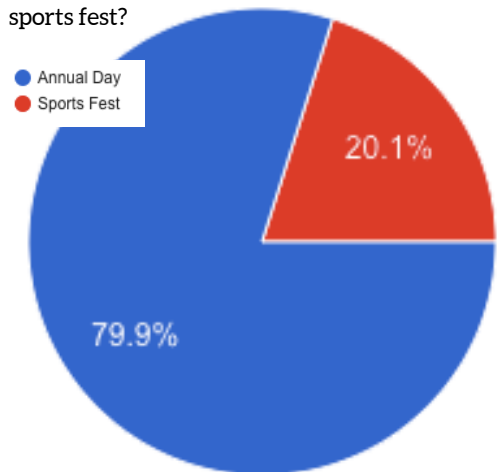
In a couple of hundred years, every mistake you('ve ever) made will be forgotten. The future represents the cessation of every embarrassing experience you have ever had in your life - your failures in life, the time you thought fidget spinners were revolutionary, the time you said 'you too' when the guy at the ticket counter said 'enjoy your movie' - and every/any other regret you have had in your life. However, in the short time you have on this planet, your impact does matter. So don't stick to the norms. Don't confine yourself to school, university and a 9-to-5 desk job only to complain at the age of 60 that you wish you'd done something different. Go out, and do what you love.

Each and every person has a gift, something special hidden inside of them, waiting to come out - but we keep these gifts hidden inside because we do not wish to leave our comfort zone in the eyes of society. Optimistic nihilism suggests that if everything will be forgotten in the near future, it doesn't matter if your voice is horrible as long as you sing your heart out. It doesn't matter if your photography is terrible as long as you have the power to save memories. And it doesn't matter if you feel like the whole world is plotting against you as long as you live the life you want to lead, and pursue the things that make you happy. At the end of the day, no matter how insignificant we are, there are millions of stars to visit, diseases to cure, gadgets to invent and feelings to experience - and that, I think, is pretty damn cool.



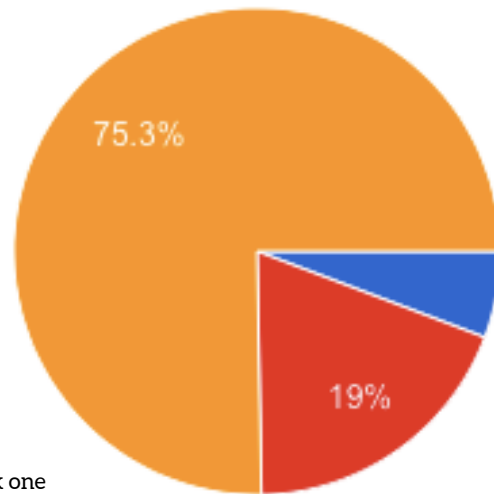
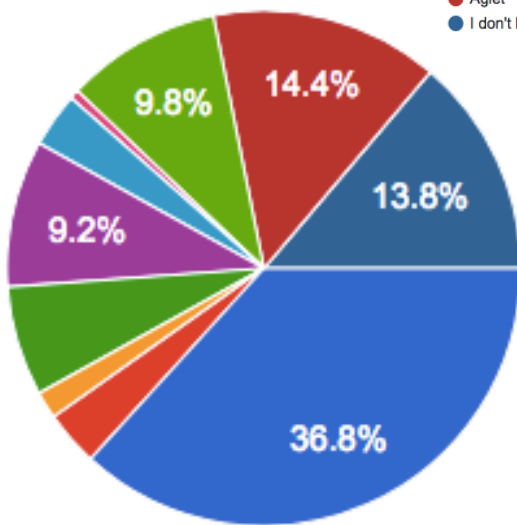
POLLS

annual day or sports fest?



Pick a Phineas and Ferb song

- Gitchee Gitchee Goo (Bow-chicka-b...)
- Backyard Beach
- Evil Love
- Come Home Perry
- Squirrels In My Pants
- Ain't Got Rhythm
- Swinter
- Busted
- Aglet
- I don't know any of these songs

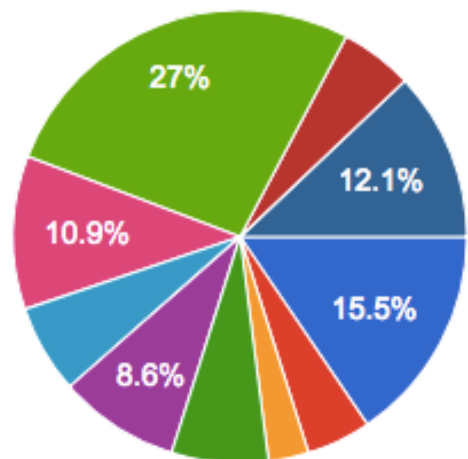
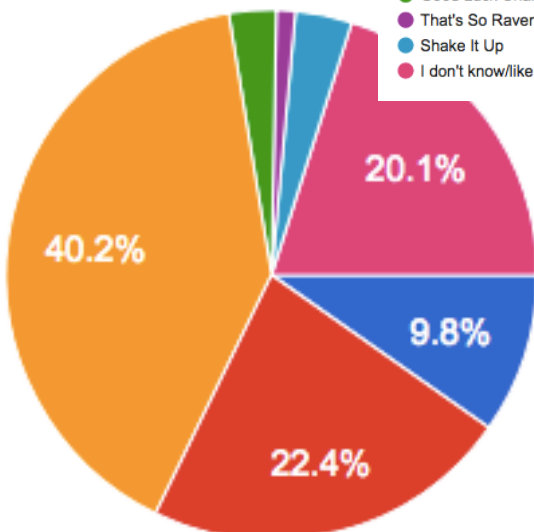


pick one

- Nicki Minaj
- Cardi B
- Real music

pick a disney channel original show

- Hannah Montana
- Wizards of Waverly Place
- Suite Life of Zack and Cody
- Good Luck Charlie
- That's So Raven
- Shake It Up
- I don't know/like any of these shows



Which new movie are/were you most excited for?

- Fantastic Beasts: The Crimes of Gri...
- Spider-Man: Into The Spider-Verse
- Captain Marvel
- Avatar 2
- Bohemian Rhapsody
- Aladdin (live-action remake)
- The Lion King (live-action remake)
- Avengers 4
- Spider-Man: Far From Home
- I'm not interested in any of these films

HUMANS OF DAIS

THIS ISSUE: SHALU BHALE, BUS HOSTESS



"One of the happiest moments of my life was when I got this job. I got to work with my sister, Anamika, who was also my best friend! I loved spending time with her, and the children on my route. They're some of the sweetest kids, and seeing them smile and play every morning makes me very happy! At the end of the day, they come and tell me about their day, and that's something I will never forget. Some of these kids have been on my route for years, I've seen them grow, and this has created a very special bond between us, and I'll never forget how mischievous they are behind those smiles on their faces! Being at DAIS, I feel like I'm a part of this community. I enjoy coming to work, as I've grown here. DAIS provides us with a lot of opportunities, such as learning English. One thing I'll always remember about DAIS is the 2017 floods, where my bus route had to come back - I wasn't expecting it. It was raining heavily, and there were so many kids, and the little kids were crying; it was getting hard to handle. I had no contact, nobody, and nothing during this time. It was getting difficult to manage them. One of the older girls helped me, she started talking to the primary students and allowed them to watch movies on her laptop. This kind-heartedness and support surprised me, and I felt so good on the inside, knowing that I had some support. That day was an adventure, as it was the first time I had experienced a situation like that. Just receiving support from the senior students made it easier to handle and I felt happy to see such affection and goodwill."

TED



YOUTH @ DAIS

Dhirubhai Ambani International School's Center of Performing Arts, on Saturday, the 27th October, witnessed about 20 student-heads and volunteers uniformly dressed in black hastening around the room, speedily blowing balloons, incessantly cutting pieces of paper and unconsciously humming to Bollywood music. This scene of chaotic efficiency could be observed mere hours before DAIS hosted its annual TEDxYouth event, in the spirit of 'Ideas Worth Spreading'.

This year the speaker line-up consisted of a range of accomplished individuals from diverse fields. Ms. Shabnam Minwalla, a journalist, an author, and most importantly, a parent, spoke of her strong protest against children's stories that force generic morals down their throats. Mr. Anurag Vaish, a behavioral psychologist, on the other hand, spoke about the importance of technological platforms such as mobile applications on wide-spread, advanced education.

These talks were followed by a short, humorous screening of a Ted Talk by James Veitch who insistently replied to absurd spam mail. Half an hour of refreshments comprising of a 'dysfunctional' coffee machine, surprisingly edible Sodexo food and obviously, cake, then followed.

Our second set of speakers began with Gayatri Bhatia, an alumna of our own school and founder of renowned food company 'Saucery'. Through the story of the successes and failures of her start-up, she proved that 'no decision is a bad decision'. Next, we had Mr. Jaspreet Kaur, Vice-President and Head of Fashion at IMG Reliance.

His aim was to raise awareness on the unsustainable nature of fashion as an industry and the damaging ignorance of both the consumers and the companies. His unexpected reality check regarding the resources required in the production of a single TedxDAIS t-shirt was both eye-opening and frightening. Another short Tedx talk that studied the habits of successful individuals who prioritized effectively was screened. The event closed with a talk by Arjun Shukla, DAIS' very own, most outspoken, most philanthropic Shashi Tharoor. His talk highlighted the historical, social and political implications of Chai in India's identi-tea.



The success of this event is best measured by how well its outcomes aligned with the agenda of TEDx as an international organization, which is 'to make great ideas accessible and spark conversation'. Proudly expressed by co-head Rya Jetha, this year, "Our speakers shared ideas and information that teenagers of today should think about very seriously." Attendee Apurva Bhandari corroborates by saying "I learnt about things that I wasn't even aware of, about issues that actually concern me, such as fashion retail and critical thinking." These three hours of thought-provoking talks were a manifestation of weeks of hard work, creative Instagram posts, and challenging introspections (t-shirt titles like 'The Sunshine' and 'The Woodcutter' don't come easy). And for this, the Perspectives team would like to congratulate the co-heads, the organizing team, the volunteers, the hosts, and the speakers.

Armageddon

When the mountains crack
and the flowers bleed,
the ground a thunder grey;

Ragnarok runs,
Apocalypse approaches,
The Sun, it scurries away.

The ravens bellow, so the
elephants squeak while
the chickens start to bray.

When the sky falls down
And the oceans rise, the
hearth begins to decay.

Giants scream wild and
the urchins' yellow smiles
Threaten to falter and fray;

When the skeletons rot
with the memories they brought;
the pixies burn and flay.

The fish are drowning,
The angels are sobbing,
Their halos going to fade;

The chipped wings of
the fallen flings that
Mystery had with Cliché.

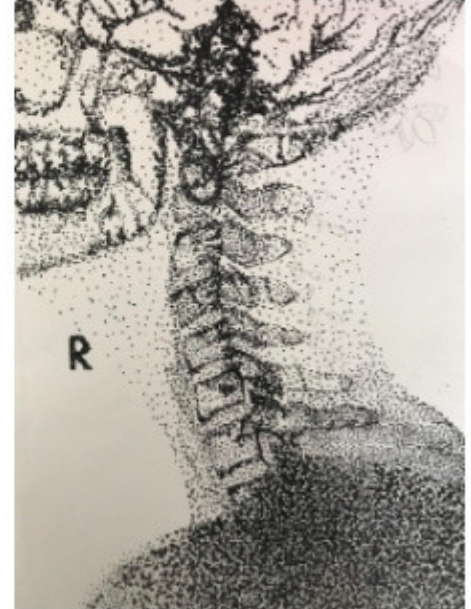
Apocalypse approaches,
Ragnarok runs as the
Castles crumble in dismay, later

Witches and wizards,
Humans and gods;
perish in a treacherous melee.

-Khushi Vora, Grade 10

CREATIVES

-Kashish Shah, Year 11



Papercut Love

bruised, used and
overwhelmed by the realms of trying and trying;
flipping and visiting those memories that deceived and lied:
initially meant to be forgotten,
but eternally stayed.

it hurts.

it hurts that the wound cannot be seen,
but every cell feels vulnerable and every sensation stings.
a hundred needles deflating you.
one by one by one.

it seemed to be harmless,
because they said it hurts the most when it's unseen.
but blind in your love, i wrote my soul out.
a love letter: addressed from my heart.
and that gave me a papercut, something that heals in time,
hopefully.

-Vidusshi Hingad, Grade 10

The Storm Within

Her lungs screamed as she grappled for something; anything to hold on to. But the merciless waves thrust her backwards, spraying the salty spume into her mouth and eyes. She was struggling, suffocating as each frothy fist tugged her closer to the endless black underneath.

Layers of grey watched, lined against the dark skies. They seemed to snicker as the young woman wrestled uselessly against the wrathful waters.

She used every ounce of her strength, kicking with all her might, and swinging her arms in an attempt to manoeuvre herself. Determination seemed to ignite her entire form as she thrust forwards. But the currents weakened her, whispering against her face, her stomach, her throat, to let go. They hushed in her ears, shaping into a chorus of voices, shouting, yelling over one another. Her husband's face flashed before her eyes. He had once been tan with cropped brown hair and thoughtful grey eyes. But death had made him pale, whitening his features, the salt water bleaching his hair to a dark red. She had known there would be a storm that day, but she had let him go anyway. The voices in her head became louder, angrier as she desperately tried to stay afloat. The face morphed into something smaller. The red locks were replaced by tufts of gold, and the brown chapped lips contracted to a tiny toothless mouth. She stared into the blank eyes of her unborn child. He stared back, the milky whites of his eyes startlingly bright. The voices howled, chorusing their despair and then as if a switch had been turned, there was silence.

Shaking, she swung her arms, but her limbs protested, pain shrouding her body like a veil. I have lost everything, she thought. "Then just let go..." The voice was a single, soothing whisper. A tide slammed into her, flinging her into the raging waters. Her head was shoved below the surface, however this time she did not emerge. She did not protest, letting herself sink deeper and deeper, until the endless darkness swallowed her whole.

-Barkha Seth, Grade 10

-Muskaan Ghai, Year 11



-Yajurvi Haritwal, Year 12



-Unnati Gambani, Year 11



The wounded boy

Happiness gives him pain,
For every time he lets it in,
The result is in vain.

He wears a suit of armour,
On it carved a smile,
For even if he is hurting,
He makes every moment
worthwhile.

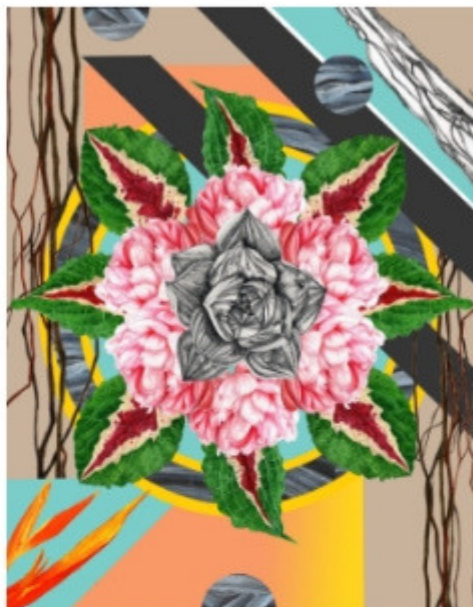
He hides his pain,
Deep within layers of
laughter and snide,
For he could never let
anyone in,
No matter how hard he tried.

Ignorant eyes don't wish him
well,
They refuse to perceive his
outburst
As an outlet for where the
pain dwells,
for inside he has created his
own hell.

The pompous display of
charm,
Is nothing but a hollow
facade,
As his true face hides deep,
Surrounded by a wall of
vulnerability.

As hard as he tries,
Some can see pain in his
eyes,
Because beneath all the
strength and glamour,
There are chinks in his
armour.

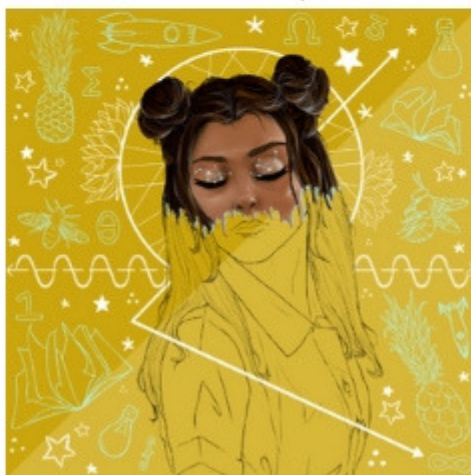
-Tanya Kapur, Grade 10



-Keya Shah, Year 11



-Muskaan Ghai, Year 11



-Yajurvi Haritwali, Year 12

Amends

When the last leaf tumbles,
When your breath falls and
sighs,
When time slowly stalks you
Under a deathly guise,

When you slump in defeat,
When you cut all your ties,
When you sleep through the
music:

The buzzing of the flies,

When you rest six feet
under,
When your blood finally
dries,
When every movement is a
sound
And silence screams at the
skies,

When your body betrays
you,
When it forgets all your tries,
When the night is full of
terrors
Populated by your cries,

When you forget the
reasons why,
When you've forgiven all the
lies,
When you've finally made
your peace
Before your ultimate demise,

You may rest.

-Jai Parera, Year 11

Carter watched the neon signs outside the diner flicker and wake as the spotlight shining on the world went dim. He saw his own sorry reflection in the darkened window pane, and quickly looked away.

What remained of his coffee had gone cold; he'd had no intention of drinking it anyway. He fiddled idly with the porcelain cup, stained from years of carrying its sludge-like contents. In this town, every beautiful thing was discolored by apathy and neglect.

His watch told him he had been sitting at this booth for twenty-three minutes, and the empty notifications bar on his phone told him his latest message had gone ignored, like the six before it. He wasn't surprised, not really - their relationship had been on silent mode for months.

He imagined any further attempts to contact her would prove otiose, so he focused on the coffee dregs, watching them trace a grimy path along the inside of the cup as he toyed with it. He was becoming increasingly aware of curious glances thrown his way by the diner staff. Eventually, an older waitress with kindly eyes and a faded uniform came over and asked if he wanted anything to eat.

"No, thank you. I'm waiting for someone."

The woman glanced at the empty seat across from him, then back. He met her gaze, daring her to say the words he knew hovered on her lips. *Pull yourself together, son, she isn't coming. Haven't you any self-respect?*

No, he thought. Self-respect was overrated. He had bigger problems, like loneliness.

The woman only gave him a smile - false, like most things in his world - and left him to stare at the residue of his drink for a while longer.

The diner was somewhat busy, though nothing unusual for a Saturday night. Greasy, cheesy scents hung thick in the air, punctuated by exclamations and bursts of laughter from the surrounding conversations. A cheery pop tune filled the room; Carter had heard it countless times on the Top 40 playlist. He was sick of it.

Bundled into a corner booth, two young lovers shared milkshakes and made a fuss of feeding one another mozzarella sticks. When they kissed, Carter looked away, feeling his heart twist. He wasn't sure why the frost set in on his own relationship, but he was fairly certain it was when they stopped kissing each other like that.

A group of rowdy, boisterous college students seemed to think the world was theirs for the taking. They sat tangled together, laughing far too loud. Energy burst from them in swirls of purple and lime and gold. They all dreamed of one thing - to leave this tiny town for something bigger and brighter, though not necessarily better. Carter wondered how many of them would achieve that, and how many would end up like the porcelain of his cup.

The hands of his watch were locked in combat with his self-esteem; it was evident which was winning. His eyelids felt like anvils. He would need something stronger than coffee.

Multi-coloured phosphenes danced before him, and he realised he shouldn't have expected any better. If he hadn't been trying to salvage the damaged, waterlogged parts of a sinking ship to hoard on his own crippled liferaft, he would have seen this coming. Instead of resentment and rage, he felt only a deep sadness.

And perhaps, though he didn't want to admit it, just a little relief. At least there would be no more denying that his raft was falling apart.

When he finally opened his eyes, two viridescent ones were fixed on him. They widened and darted away from him, glancing back only for a moment before scampering away again in a flurry of dark lashes.

He sat up, wondering gaze taking in the pearl sitting at a nearby table. Loose russet curls framed a delicately freckled face. The eyes that had regarded him seconds ago now focused on the well-built man seated across from her. He had a loud, jarring laugh which he seemed to use predominantly for his own jokes. Carter caught only fragments of their conversation, and from what he could tell, it wasn't a conversation at all. The girl's date seemed to be in the middle of a verbose anecdote of his victory at a hockey game. She smiled politely, but her eyes wandered and met Carter's again.

This time she didn't look away, and he found that neither could he. Her peach mouth was full and when it smiled, he felt his own lips part. She was lovely.

His phone gave an outrageous ping; he looked down at it despite himself. An angry message regarding his electricity bill glared up at him. The girl's expression softened as she glanced from his phone to the empty seat across from him. He felt his ears burn red - had his disappointment been that obvious?

Desperate for something to do, he grabbed the cup he'd been fidgeting with and lifted it to his mouth. The pungent grains made him cough, spewing caffeinated sludge everywhere. Mortified, he peeked at the girl. She wasn't looking at him, but her face had the telltale shine of someone stifling laughter.

The hockey star was making a show of paying for their meal with his credit card. The girl rolled her eyes, which made Carter smile, which made her smile. Which made him blush.

His heart sank as she rose. The man hadn't stopped talking, and he walked out without a backward glance. Carter looked down at his dirty mug. A bitter taste filled his mouth, and he suspected it wasn't the coffee.

He raised his head and she was there, hovering at the door. Their eyes met yet again, the air between them crackling electric. She smiled, dazzling him with a hundred sunrises.

Then the light faded and she was gone. He sat, stunned, and wondered how he'd ever thought beauty couldn't survive here.

-Tanisha Agarwal, Year 11



-Ahaan Nalavadi, Year 11



-Keya Shah, Year 11



-Ahaan Nalavadi, Year 11



ELESTIAL WARMING

Dirgh Shah

We all are familiar with the role we play in the destruction of our world. Well, now let's make that two worlds.

'Practice makes a man perfect' - 200,000 years on this beautiful planet has made us pretty damn efficient in creating havoc on the climate of worlds. As a matter of fact, the simple act of visiting the moon has caused the moon's temperature to rise. In the span of three years (1969-72), twelve fearless men walked on the moon for a total of 36 hours and accomplished the introduction of global warming on the moon — Lunar Warming.

I guess we can now say that Ford Perfect was wrong when describing the Earth as - mostly harmless.

Governmental agencies are known for “accidentally erasing” or “misplacing” important evidence and videotapes. Not joking, we, right now, could actually be watching Neil and Buzz galloping around the surface of the moon in HD if the original Apollo 11 tapes hadn't been “lost” and “accidentally erased”. So it is not surprising that during the 1970s, the study of the moon's temperature was abandoned conveniently due to lack of funding and only some of the data tapes were archived, while the rest were assumed to be lost.

At that time, NASA's perplexing research data revealed that post the astronauts' visits, the moon's temperature had risen by a couple of degrees. Recently, a group of Texas researchers made it their mission to find the missing tapes. It took them eight years to find and restore 400 reels of tape which helped in investigating the mystery of the warming moon.

The tapes revealed that about 3 meters below the moon's surface, temperatures had risen from 1.6°C to 3.5°C over a period of six years. The temperature had risen by almost two degrees, and that's a lot. The research team had a logical and an intriguing hypothesis - that the footprints on the moon were the cause behind this unusual increase in temperature.

The moon is mainly made up of 2 types of rock: Anorthosite, the bright white rock covering most of the moon and Basalt, a darker rock that makes up the Lunar Maria.

These rocks are the reason for the moon's grayscale appearance. The team amalgamated their 40 year-old data with modern and advanced imagery from the Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter (LRO) currently orbiting the moon, to zoom in on the disturbances in the lunar soil, known as regolith, which our visits left, exposing the darker soil beneath. Darker basalt soil absorbs more heat, causing the lunar temperatures to increase.



All homosapien activity, from Apollo 11's “small and first step for man” to planting probes and taking samples, to the liftoff of the final Apollo mission spacecraft, has disturbed the structure of the regolith.

There is no need to worry for now, researchers believe that the temperatures have already reached equilibrium and although temperature changes this big can be catastrophic on earth, it is not a big deal on the moon. That doesn't mean we continue to turn a blind eye to these things.

This should be our wake up call. This discovery shows us how our mere presence can affect extraterrestrial worlds. Due to the fact that we humans, especially one very motivated and innovative human - Elon Musk, have set eyes on Mars and are determined to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilisations, to boldly go where no man has gone before, these effects observed on the moon are like a wake-up call that reminds us to take extreme care and precautions when exploring extraterrestrial planets.

THE IDEA OF HITLER

Barkha Seth

From accounts of allying with the grey aliens to acquiring a residence on the moon, the narratives surrounding Adolf Hitler become more ludicrous with every conspiracy theory. However, each tale illustrates the sheer power of the Führer who single-handedly led to the conquest of over eleven nations by Nazi Germany during the Second World War. The early twentieth century was a frightening time indeed. And yet, despite the horrors of the holocaust, the diabolical glint in those "dead, impersonal, and unseeing" eyes, which seemed to command life itself, formed perhaps the most terrifying image of all.

Hitler held sway over a country bewitched by him; however, stripping away his otherworldly allure, the question remains: how did one man from a humble background with a toothbrush moustache bend such a force to his will? While Hitler was no Yoda, many accredit this power to his charisma as an orator. His persona as a zealous leader and his aptitude for rhetoric secured the hearts of numerous Germans and he became a formidable celebrity. And yet, in the years succeeding the war, as his accomplices are tried in court, most justify their inclusion as a product of their obedience to the chancellor. If his subjects disputed certain transgressions, what commanded this unwavering support in the first place?

The answer perhaps resides within the human mind itself. Milgram's obedience to authority experiment deduced that we tend to obey almost mindlessly when we esteem the leader trustworthy. Within the experiment, 65% of people complied to supply electric shocks of harmful voltages to another participant when instructed by an authoritative figure. Milgram observes that we obey a leader who will accept responsibility for our actions and appears, as Hitler did, credible and resolute.

Hitler's charm is what makes him one of the most dominant figures in history today. However, did we truly elude him in the past? Do we not spy traces of that same power today? We inhabit a wounded world still haunted by fears of ostracism, fascism, and rebellion. Whether it is Donald Trump's inimical stance against immigration or Brexit cleaving Britain apart from the rest of Europe, each destructive action is led by an influential figure, leaving behind a world less unified than before. Even 73 years after his death, Hitler still peeks from the shadows of a past onerous to abandon—from the tenebrous peripheries of psychology itself—as human beings obey without thought and cede responsibility.

It is not Hitler, thus, who mobilised all of Germany, but the idea of Hitler—someone with enough power to dictate our destiny—which commanded the country and continues to steer our actions even today. We encounter a Hitler within each circle whether political or social, and as psychology permits, he continues to drive us to an end that is perhaps inevitable.



LITTLE ADOLF HEAD-IN-AIR

<https://www.alamy.com/stock-photo/adolf-hitler-cartoon.html>

'The Fundamentals Of Caring' — Film Review

Okay, standard disclaimer. The following film review is a resoundingly positive account of what is, by all measures, a technically *meh* movie. *The Fundamentals of Caring* is a Netflix Original starring Paul Rudd, Selena Gomez, and Craig Roberts in lead roles. The film revolves around Rudd and Robert's characters, Ben and Trevor, one of whom is a registered caregiver while the other is a teenage boy suffering from a physical disability. Paranoia and fear keep Trevor confined to that which he knows, until Ben, who has his own hidden tragedies, comes into his life and tries to add some excitement to it. The film was released in 2016 and is written and directed by second-time-around creator Rob Burnett.

Sweet Jesus. What to say about this movie? I guess I should probably start by saying that it's not a masterpiece by any means. From a technical standpoint, the film is rooted firmly in a storytelling safe-ground. Running for not much longer than an hour and a half, *The Fundamentals of Caring* is a simple, uncomplicated endeavor from Netflix, avoiding risks at all costs (not something Netflix is known for). There is an argument to be made that the film lacks a distinct conflict, the little that does brew up, is quelled instantly by humorous overturn or forgotten about completely.

However, there is a further argument to be made, which I would make most profusely, that the minimalistic nature of the narrative is what is beautiful about the film. It doesn't drown itself in dead-end storylines and subplots that bore the audience to death, rather it fixes itself tightly to the simple, innocent story it has and squeezes the authenticity out of it until no more can be yielded. The story is simple but gleefully intoxicating, as Trevor and Ben make their way across the US on their epic journey to "the world's deepest pit." Seriously. That's a thing. *Lord of The Rings* fans might pull out shovels and start digging into their sofas, looking desperately for interwoven plot-points and deeply complex and strict continuity, but this film ignores them and makes you smile with a beautifully benign story. I do think it could have gone on longer. It seems a shame to me that I'll never know more about these characters, they exude a priceless likability that lingers well after the credits roll.

The credit for that has to go to the writing. The screenplay is decent overall, with the exception of a couple of wonderful dialogues. The style of humor is wonderful, just wonderful, and I think it might be that, which gives rise to characters that really connect with you. It's not an easy feat in an hour and a half, but these are characters I'll remember for a while yet. Further credit would have to go to the actors, who do solid jobs. Paul Rudd, charming as ever, starts off a bit rocky and uninteresting. The change in his character is meteoric after interaction with Trevor, which is another testament to quality storyboarding from the writers. Rudd and Craig's comedic timing and chemistry are incredible, making this movie absolutely jaw-droppingly funny. It just makes me wish they'd put more time into elongating our exposure to the wonderful characters they'd dreamt up. Jonathan Evison, who wrote the novel upon which the film was loosely based, might feel sold short only by the fact that more could have been done.

There are a lot of dramedies out there that don't leave an impression. This is not one of those films. *The Fundamentals of Caring* is heartfelt, heartwarming, and goddamned hilarious. Seriously. I saw the film like an hour ago and I'm still smiling at the beautiful brand of comedy that Craig Roberts 'pounds ten feet into the ground' (watch the movie, you'll get it). The reason we watch a film is to have an impact made on us. Sometimes filmmakers forget about that obligation of theirs: they need to make us think, and they need to make us care. *The Fundamentals of Caring* follows through on exactly what it promises in its title, and I promise you it is worth your time. There is no one I would not recommend this film to.



MISDIRECTION: INTRODUCTION TO MAGIC

What is magic? Is it real? Can people actually make rabbits appear out of an empty hat? Is Hogwarts a real place? As much as I hate to say it, the answer is no. Magic is an art, a concept, created and crafted to make something look unreal in the spectator's mind. It originated about 5000 years ago, in 2,700 BC, by a man named Dedi, who performed the "Cup and Balls" trick, and has been going on ever since. Throughout the years, numerous people have mastered the art and molded its very foundation to adapt to the ever-changing taste and preference of the audience. One must spend months or even years practicing before they can muster up the courage to perform for someone outside of their comfort zone, which is why magic is known as one of the most arduous performing arts.

One of the main principles of magic is misdirection. Now, if you've ever seen a magician perform a trick with coins, for example, you will hear him say, "Look at my left hand as the coin vanishes..." The truth is, he is trying to distract you from his right hand as he sneakily slips the coin into his pocket. This is misdirection, or the art of distracting the audience to prevent them from seeing your sneaky moves, in simple words. It is the most basic, fundamental law of magic. Each and every trick in magic revolves around the simple foundation of misdirection.

I started learning magic after I watched "Now You See Me" in October 2016, and have been doing so ever since. The first trick I learnt relied on misdirection. And so did the second. And the third. And each and every one of them do. People spend decades mastering the art of misdirection, and most of them dedicate their life to it. We don't realise it, but we apply the same principles in our daily lives as well. For example, the second biggest industry to use misdirection is the advertising industry, which relies on hiding flaws and showcasing only the strengths of an object. Similarly, anything that is either argumentative or persuasive in nature employs the use of psychological misdirection. Magic uses mostly physical misdirection, while mentalism focusses on psychological misdirection.

Anyhow, in the spectator's mind, several processes are happening at the same time. When a magician asks them to focus on something, let's say his right hand, it gives him a lot of room to do the sneaky move somewhere else, or in his left hand in this case. Once the spectator is asked to recap what happened, they won't remember the magician doing anything in his left hand because their brain was only processing what was happening in the right hand. I highly recommend watching Apollo Robbins' TED talk about misdirection for a better explanation.

So, the next time you see a magic trick, don't let the magician's deceptive moves fool you, but don't tell on them if you see something, either.

Pratham Mehta

Student Projects

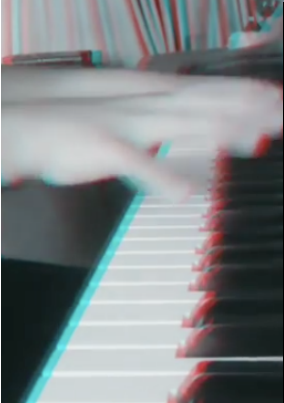
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ENIGMA

www.dirgh.in and [@astro_dirgh](https://twitter.com/astro_dirgh)
ENIGMA is where I ask and answer questions and stimulate creative thoughts. Mainly focused on physics, my blog not only shares scientific ideas with a wide audience, but also contains tidbits that can aid conversations and build networks. I cover topics ranging from Sherlock Holmes to quantum mechanics.

THE OPEN WHITE DOOR

My blog, The Open White Door, is a comedic approach to the day-to-day relatable struggles of almost everyone. (Ananya Goenka)
<https://theopenwhitedoor.wixsite.com/website>



[@balaplayspiano](https://twitter.com/balaplayspiano) is the embodiment of everything I love about music. I post weekly piano covers of Movie soundtracks, T.V. show themes and Meme Music. I have been playing the piano for almost all my life, and the account has been an amazing place to share my passion for music, with an occasional meme to make my followers cringe.

[@ronnyyy.b_](https://twitter.com/ronnyyy.b_)

This account serves to appreciate common sources of aesthetic beauty which are often overlooked whilst living in a society which perpetually constricts its members to live up to arbitrary social standards while confining genuine creativity and edgy aesthetic outlets. These sources of beauty include the sky, clouds, city lights, and even muddy puddles - all of which are captivatingly captured and digitally exaggerated to be presented on this pseudo-photography account to a growing audience of over 1000 from across the face of this great (possibly flat) planet.

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