FOREWORD

The Albert Barrow All India Inter School Creative Writing Competition is one of the many initiatives taken by the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations to provide a platform to showcase the creativity and linguistic skills of the students from our affiliated schools. Over the years this competition has been successful in unearthing the talent that lies in our schools across the length and breadth of our nation. The competition also bears testimony to the fact that the written word has immense power, a power that many of our students have realized and used to their benefit.

This year’s theme ‘Digital India’ sought to reflect the trends in contemporary society, trends that the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations has kept up with. It is heartening to notice that our students are also aware of these trends and can evaluate the pros and cons of going digital. The entries that we have received show that our students have thought deeply about these matters and have come to very balanced conclusions. The standard of the contributions both in Category I and II this year, show that apart from awareness, our students have the extremely desirable ability to express themselves lucidly and forcefully.

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate and express my gratitude to all the Principals and teachers of our affiliated schools for the encouragement that they have extended to their students which has made this endeavour a success. I would also like to commend and congratulate all the participants of the competition. It is their enthusiasm and participation which has made this issue possible.

This publication would not have been possible without the committed effort of the Council’s officials. I would also like to extend my appreciation for their unstinted efforts.

(Gerry Arathoon)
Chief Executive & Secretary
## CONTENTS

### Category 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>School &amp; Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>04</td>
<td>Julia Justin</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>St. Mary’s ICSE School, Mumbai</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Maharashtra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>06</td>
<td>Yamini Krishnan</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>St. Mary’s School, Pune</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Maharashtra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>08</td>
<td>Meenakshi Sajith</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>Sarvodaya Vidyalaya, Thiruvananthapuram</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kerala</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Ammini Paul</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>Hari Sri Vidy Nidhi School, Thrissur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kerala</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Ronia Shanthini Ronald</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>Clarence High School, Bengalore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Karnataka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Swastika Dhar</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>La Martiniere For Girls, Kolkata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>West Bengal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Amitava Chowdhury</td>
<td>XI</td>
<td>Central Modern School, Baranagar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kolkata, West Bengal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Aditi Iyer</td>
<td>XI</td>
<td>Eklavya School, Ahmedabad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Gujarat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Priya Arora</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>St. Kabir’s Residential &amp; Day School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Hisar, Haryana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Hima Kriti</td>
<td>XII</td>
<td>Sheiling House School, Kanpur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Uttar Pradesh</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Category 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
<th>School &amp; Address</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Shanu Kumar</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Hill Top School, Jamshedpur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jharkhand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Anant Vir Jalan</td>
<td>IX</td>
<td>Delhi Public School Megacity, Kolkata</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>West Bengal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mauli Kaushik</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>St. Mary’s School, Pune</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Maharashtra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Ambika Batra</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Ann Mary School, Dehradun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Uttarakhand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Devesh Kumar Bag</td>
<td>IX</td>
<td>Ramadevi Public School, Hyderabad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Telengana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Srishti Das</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>The Frank Anthony Public School, Bangalore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Karnataka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Priyanshu Mukherjee</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Tarapore School, Jamshedpur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Jharkhand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Tara Sheel Doraiswamy</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>The Shri Ram School, Moulisari Avenue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Gurgaon, Haryana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Srishti Srinath</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Little Flower Public School, Bangalore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Karnataka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Harsh Mathur</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Bishop Cotton Boys’ School, Bangalore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Karnataka</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The entire Nation has joined hands to make the dream of a Digital India into a reality. Youngsters are enthusiastic, industry is supportive and the government is proactive. India is yearning for a digital revolution.

--Narendra Modi
St. Mary’s ICSE School, Mumbai was established in the year 2001, by the Malankara Orthodox Syrian Church, with the vision of moulding the individuality of every student to bloom to the fullest. Upholding our motto ‘In God we trust’, the school believes in providing holistic education and growth – liberal, physical, mental, emotional and spiritual, to enable them to be useful citizens and excellent human beings. Situated in the heart of Koparkhairane the school provides quality education to the students in and around the area.

Julia Justin  
Class XII  
St. Mary’s ICSE School  
Mumbai  
Maharashtra

There! A new bud is forming on the plant! A cacophony of sound can be heard as the old hands try to catch a glimpse of the newcomer.

“That…………….thing?? It looks so different from us!” Grandpa Age- Old Beliefs and Aunt Orthodoxy seem reluctant to accept it.

“It should not be allowed to stay,” Uncle Rituals wise voice rings out loud and clear. “It could destroy us all.” Grandpa Age-Old Beliefs and Aunt Orthodoxy are quick to support him.

The little bud quivers in apprehension and fear. Was she, then, not to be given a chance? Her prospects certainly looked bleak, till a new voice is heard, pushing aside the thorns which had seemed ready to crush her.

“Why must you fear something so small? Give it a chance. It could perhaps help us to create a better future.” Brother Progress’ voice is persuasive. The little baby Digital World can already see Grandpa Age- Old Beliefs relenting a little.

“Fear?! Pah! Who said anything about fear?” Uncle Rituals is indignant. “Who could possibly fear such a runt?”

The derision hits the little baby hard, but Brother Progress looks triumphant. “Why then should you want to destroy it? Let it live.”

Uncle Ritual gapes at him. Aunt Orthodoxy smiles a little. She pulls back her eager hounds, the thorns, Customs and Traditions. The little Digital World’s sigh of relief is echoed by Brother Progress. No one else hears him whisper,“ Relax now. I will look after you.”

Time passes. The baby has grown into a youth by now.

“Isn’t she beautiful?” Aunt Orthodoxy beams. “But she can be destroyed too easily. Too many provocations and too many people to lead her astray and misuse her. I hope she realizes that like us, her purpose is to serve society.”

The Devil, hiding behind them, laughs softly to himself. He has already prepared his arsenal
with which to destroy Digital World and lure her away from the true path.

Brother Progress is however always by her side, reassuring her. “Do not worry little princess, I will always be by your side reminding you of your actual purpose.”

Digital world nods shyly. At first she is easily overwhelmed. Slowly however, she learns. Frivolity and Superficiality are there to mislead her and she must tread warily. Brother Progress keeps a fond watch on her as she slowly develops, gaining Strength and Popularity. Utilitarianism and Practicality cheer for her. She will make their job easier, driving away Old Habits and Complexity. Her neatness and compactness attracts everybody. She now has a companion by her side. This companion, New Generation, can truly appreciate her and understand her worth. New Generation, with New Ideas can understand how Digital World has the power to transform the world. Slowly Grandpa Age- Old Beliefs is coming around, realizing that this time is the time of Digital World.

However, Aunt Orthodoxy’s fears are not yet allayed. “She thrives now. But what about tomorrow? Will she wither away? Will she suffer from fatigue, being so overworked?”

Brother Progress is thoughtful. “I don’t know the answer to that one. Perhaps she will wither away. Perhaps she will not. But I do know this. As long as she is around, she will be instrumental in dispelling ignorance, corruption and disease. People will benefit as she is cleaner, faster, and more accurate. Because of her people all around the world will remain connected to one another. Knowledge will be shared by all. The fruits of the human intellect will be preserved for future generations. Farmers and traders, students and housewives, doctors and bankers will all bless her. Not only is she brave but she will help the world to be brave too.”

Grandpa Age- Old Beliefs is at last convinced. He turns to Digital World and declares, “I now realize how important and necessary she is. Truly, she will help you, Progress, to help the world advance.”

Brother Progress smiles to himself and looks at Digital World as she sits murmuring to her friend, New Generation. To think that she almost died before she could bloom! Brother Progress shook his head ruminatively at the thought.

Uncle Rituals too has come around. “Her fighting spirit is commendable. She seems indomitable. I am glad you convinced us to give her a chance, Progress. Maybe she will help us grow. Maybe the Brave New Digital World, who fought against everything seeking to crush her, will convince us where so many others could not!”

Brother Progress is silent as he continues to watch his sister. He knows that there would be pitfalls ahead; she might be used by the others for their nefarious ends. But she is the need of the hour. Her time has come. She will survive and grow as she is a brave fighter.
St. Mary’s School, Pune, founded in the year 1866, is an Anglo-Indian, private, unaided, minority institution situated in the heart of Pune city. The Mission at St. Mary’s is “to nurture children – to make them enlightened, educated individuals who are fearlessly articulate, caring and humane; who can seize every opportunity to learn, seeking to serve not just the community, but also the nation and the world.” St. Mary’s has several major strengths – a solid academic programme, a child – centered approach, a technology driven curriculum and an unbeatable ambience. The School continues to build upon its rich legacy of 150 years.

Yamini Krishnan
Class XII
St. Mary’s School
Pune
Maharashtra

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

Picture this- It is 1945 and it is a cold day in Berlin. At the peak of the Second World War, Adolf Hitler awakes from a deep slumber. He picks up his Smartphone from his bedside table. He begins tweeting about his plans for the day. He will make Germany the most powerful country in the world. He messages his officers and orders them to seize as many Jews as they can. In Amsterdam, a Jewish family living behind a bookcase receives a tip via email from a sympathizer. They flee and Anne Frank does not die.

Picture this- In a grand courtroom in Delhi, Emperor Akbar lounges on a cushioned throne and scrolls through his Facebook feed. Birbal makes a rather witty pun and Tansen sings even more melodiously than he usually does. Impressed and appreciative, Akbar does not give them a precious diamond necklace each, but showcases their talent on his Instagram story. Ten thousand viewers marvel at the genius of Birbal’s brain and the beauty of Tansen’s voice. Akbar argues over terms of treaties over email conversations, edits them on Google Documents signs them and sends them over. He sighs and wonders what he would have done without all this technology.

Picture this- It is a sunny morning in Agra. Shahjahan’s architect has just sent him a blueprint of the proposed Tajmahal on Whatsapp. It is a rough draft of what will one day become a spellbinding structure constructed out of the finest marble and glistening in the moonlight beside the river Yamuna. Shahjahan ponders over the blueprint, adding a minaret here, taking away a piece of architecture there. The final result turns out better than anyone thought it ever would. Millions of pictures are taken of its pristine glory before the smoke from the factories corrodes the marble, staining yellow and an unbecoming grey, Mumtaz’s memorial is charred but in the digital world, viewers can view the beauty of the structure.

Picture this- It is tea time. The weather in London is wonderful for a change. The sunlight
Charity and help pours in from all over the world. People send in donations through PayPal. Mother Teresa can now order medical equipment online. The collective love of the world helps to heal the poor and downtrodden. Mother Teresa smiles a beatific smile, knowing that once again God has helped her, this time through technology.

If only there had been a digital world all those years ago, history would perhaps be different. As we visualize all the scenarios mentioned above we realize the power of the digital world. How wonderful is its power and its reach. The brave new world was not there in the past so we have to imagine such possibilities. Today it is 2017. We have more power at our fingertips than anyone imagined that we would. Every time a girl types out a paragraph on Facebook or a boy expresses his views on Twitter, the ideas reach across countries and continents. It is 2017, and the world is a frightening place. People are being killed for the colour of their skin, girls are being forced into the cloister of their homes. The environment around us is being poisoned by destructive people. However this time around we have the power to stop it. We have the Smartphone, the digital media, we live in a digital world. We are connected as never before. We need to use our resources for good, not evil. It is indeed a brave new digital world. We can move towards a new frontier and heal the world.
A co-educational school founded in 1973, owned and managed by the Major Archdiocese of Trivandrum. The school is situated in the lush green Bethany hills in the capital city of Kerala. We encourage students to engage in activities that create productive citizens and leaders and in shaping their character and skill building. Our strong community involvement and dedicated staff are the reasons that British Council’s International School Award has been awarded twice. It is a ISO 9001-2015 certified school. The brilliant results in the board examinations prove that academics and extra-curricular activities are equally encouraged. The school’s motto is “Let there be light”. We believe everything begins with light – light is the destiny of all things.

Meenakshi Sajith
Class XII
Sarvodaya Vidyalaya
Thiruvananthapuram
Kerala

“A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD”

“Hello, I’m Xena. How can I help you?” asks a lady in a flawless, smooth voice. She could easily have been mistaken for a human if it weren’t for her glassy, unmoving eyes. Thousands of robots walking to and fro, mingling with humans, helping them out, running around in offices and operating vehicles. This might seem like a scene right out of the movie, ‘I, Robot,’ but it is not. This is where our world is heading. In a few years, our world will be forever changed into the world described above. Funny how all that exists now is the result of a few people who felt that the world must change.

Now, let us enter the time machine and turn back time to a few decades ago. Our predecessors were still travelling around in horse drawn carriages and sending telegraphs was the only means of communication. Evolution takes place every minute, every day, unnoticed. One can say that as Man evolved, technology also evolved. In just a few decades, the world has completely changed. With the introduction of digitalization, nothing is inaccessible or impossible. If you want to buy paprika from Sri Lanka, you can buy it from the multitude of online supermarkets without ever having to travel to buy it. If you are in the mood to eat French toast, all you have to do is hunt online from the various restaurants advertising their fare and just order from one of them!

Like everything in the world, digitalization has both merits and demerits. The merits are numerous. Everything and anything is just a click away. Projects are now easy to complete with the vast amount of information online. Not only this, but you can also access the online portals of famous libraries across the world. Education is now stress free and interesting as a result of smart boards which can provide an audio-visual experience. Biology can be taught in 3D, the Taj Mahal and the Leaning Tower of Pisa can be brought into
our classroom and we can explore the wonders of life beneath the sea on our computers. We can know about events happening in other parts of the world in minutes. Live streaming makes it possible for us to watch even a UN session.

The Digital world is an immensely powerful one. So, just as it can help us to understand and treat diseases, give us information which was until now not within our reach, it can also be used to harm others. Terrorists have embraced the digital world with a vengeance, to indoctrinate and to destroy. It is therefore important to use the digital world with caution and responsibility. Recently news channels were abuzz with incidents of computers getting locked down by a virus called ‘Wannacry.’ Hackers purposefully lock down computers of companies for a ransom amount. However the human brain can circumvent almost anything and programmers came up with strong firewalls to combat such acts.

In the near future, our world will change again as the process of change is never-ending. Robots will replace humans in dangerous jobs like handling radioactive waste. Even now, robotic arms are used in surgery as they provide faster recovery and have the precision which human beings may never be able to achieve.

Digitalisation will also create new transportation technologies. In the near future we may see autonomous vehicles, alternative fuels, and keyless fleet managements and so on. Already we have cab services using communication technologies. We are beginning to use coordinating traffic signals, making travelling easy. Everything from cars to houses can be controlled with a master key or over the internet.

Closer home, our Prime Minister has introduced digitalization in the finance and commerce sectors. It is believed that this will lead to greater transparency and ease of operation together with erasing corruption. The Smartphone has become our genie, answering most of our commands. E-wallets and e-payments have become a common feature of life. Mobile banking is fast catching on and may be in a few years’ time, the bank as a physical entity may cease to exist.

These are brave and bold features of our modern world. Only a few decades ago we were still following old outworn practices. However now there is a new zest in the air as the digital world is taking over. Our Kindles have become more important than paperbacks. Very soon the offices will be paperless as we take the digital route. A Brave New Digital World has come into being!
Hari Sri Vidya Nidhi School in Thrissur, Kerala, was founded in 1978 by Mrs. Nalini Chandran. Her vision for a school committed to the values of mutual respect, honesty, self-discipline and sportsmanship in academics and co-curricular activities earned her the prestigious Derozio Award for the Teacher of the Year in 2004. For nearly four decades, the school has been dedicated to nurturing the intellectual and personal potential of students and teachers alike. The school motto, “Let the peal of harmony be the appeal of all religions,” resonates in the heart of all Hari Srilites.

Ammini Paul  
Class XII  
Hari Sri Vidya Nidhi School  
Thrissur  
Kerala

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

Homo sapiens we call ourselves,  
We’ve been here on Mother Earth some twenty million years.  
We’ve been through it all—  
The Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Bronze Age.  
And of course, the Ice Age.  
We’ve lived through the Dark Ages,  
Periods, Ancient, Medieval and Modern.  
We’ve lived through the Renaissance  
Now we see the Space Age with its craze  
For Aliens, UFOs and other worlds.

And Yet.

Nothing has surprised us more than this age.  
Which has seen the birth of a Brave New World  
A world we can step into,  
With the mere physical act  
Of clicking a button!

Only yesterday I saw my father,  
Standing in queues to pay his bills,  
Now he is a much relieved man,  
As he sits at the computer to pay those bills in minutes.

Only yesterday, my mother would visit at least ten shops  
To buy family necessities and even the luxuries that we needed.  
Now, whenever the mood seizes her, she goes online.  
And orders whatever we want to eat.  
The food arrives in a jiffy.  
Now shopping is not a chore that she reluctantly undertakes.

I remember the thick wallets that my parents would carry everywhere.  
There were payments to be made and money was needed for everything.  
There was also the fear of pickpockets who
could rob you of your hard earned wealth. Now all they have is their cards. They can punch in their codes and the payments are made.

My brother wanted to pursue something different in college. He wasn’t too sure what he wished to study. He wondered how he would get all the information. Finally, he found everything so easily. The internet helped him you see. He could even talk to the universities abroad. And now he is studying in the online programme of a famous foreign university!

Looking at my envious face, He encouraged me to go online And find out what I needed to know, About my life after school. Yes, this is just what I did. Now I know what I want to do after school.

My aunt abroad, has had a baby. My granny was sad and unhappy. She couldn’t meet her newest grandchild you see I took my Smartphone and over Skype Granny and grandchild bonded easily.

Other family members crowded in. They too wanted to participate. My entire family came alive. In the phone that I had held clutched In the palm of my hand.

An outrage that you want to speak out against, The launch of an online portal, Greetings to be sent out over oceans, The latest trending news. A book that you have long wanted to read, A movie that you wanted to watch. A ticket for a journey you want to go on, A hotel that you want to book.

All these are available so easily my friend All at one touch.

The office is no longer a place that you need to go to, If need be the office can come home to you. All you need to do is log in And work from home. Cumbersome files are a thing of the past. Now everything is digitized. Of course black money hoarders and corrupt people Need to beware as nothing can remain hidden very long.

Today I am more connected to my fellow human beings, Than I ever was before, I now know what each of my friends is up to. All their thoughts and feelings. I can see so many possibilities, so many choices, I can see what comes of the symbiosis of the real and the virtual.

Hatred and bitterness can be negated with the help of this world. We can send our thoughts to others, And so spread positivity and love. The new world is a living world like any other Bold, creative, bustling with life and ideas. Organic, humane, growing, dynamic, This world of audacious technology, brilliant ideas, Vibrant thought and assertive expression.

This world that may seem chaotic To those who are unaccustomed. It presents a world of opportunity To those who are ready to explore. This brand new world has given me the power, Of knowledge, of the freedom of thought and expression. I am happy to be of this generation A citizen of this Brave New Digital World!
Established in 1914 by the missionary brothers, Alfred and Walter Redwood and managed by the Clarence Educational Trust, Clarence High School, with a student strength of 1956 and over 100 staff, boasts of a century of exemplary intellectual, physical, social and spiritual training through the ICSE and ISC streams and the Department for the Specially Challenged. A strictly implemented moral code expressed through a verse from the Bible, “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom”, is an enduring legacy that has elevated Clarence to a towering moral beacon. The school motto, “Our utmost for the Highest”, is indeed the secret of its ongoing progress.

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

Our world is constantly changing. It keeps reinventing itself to suit our needs. One such reinvention has led to the birth of what we refer to as the Digital World.

India has always been a country that adapts quickly to the changing world around it. Digitisation has certainly not been an exception. In the words of our very own Prime Minister, in a few years, India will metamorphose into ‘Digital India.’ As we go about our day to day lives, we can see how much of an impact digitization has created. Whether it is buying groceries or paying our electricity bills, we have taken to doing everything over the internet and other mobile applications.

In this day and age of technology and innovation, it comes as no surprise that people are relying more and more on digitalization than ever before. With the advent of the digital age, the world is at our finger tips and we are hungry for more knowledge, more ease of transactions. People are becoming busier by the minute and the convenience afforded to them by this new digital age increases at the same pace. One no longer has to spend the better part of one’s mornings waiting in queues to pay electricity bills or to make a withdrawal or a deposit at the bank. All one needs is access to a fairly decent internet connection, and voila! - your bill is paid in five minutes.

The greatest attraction the digital world possesses is its convenience and simplicity. Anyone, even my technologically challenged mother, can use it. Everything can be done online, whether it is booking a movie ticket or talking to my cousin in USA. Now while going on a road trip, one no longer has to rely on cumbersome maps or the people on the road. All one requires is a GPS or a Smartphone and a connection to the internet.

Business people no longer have to worry about cheques bouncing or money being misplaced. They can simply transfer the money using the corresponding bank account number. Payments
that would normally take days now take only minutes. Expensive international phone calls are now available for no cost at all, courtesy applications like SKYPE and WHATSAPP. Time that is wasted standing in queues can now be used for something that is more productive.

The brave new Digital World has given education a new breath of life. A student sitting in a remote corner of India, can benefit from the online courses offered by the leading universities of the country. To quote Rabindranath Tagore’s words, knowledge can really become free as all can have access to it. Not only this, the wealth that is captured in the libraries of the universities is now at the disposal of all. Most libraries have become digitized, so at the click of a button one can read a rare book which is housed in a faraway library. Even in schools, digital learning helps students to enter more fully into the subject of their study.

With all these positives, it becomes easy to ignore the negatives that a digital world has thrown up. We often forget that not everyone in a developing country like India has access to a Smartphone, computer or even the internet. There are places where one cannot even get regular cell phone service, let alone internet service. If we intend to digitize India completely, these people will have to be given the facilities which will make such a world possible. Literacy and computer literacy will have to be improved so that the people who are using these advanced digital services can understand what they are doing. Moreover in many places there is no infrastructure to support this kind of digitization. When people do not have enough money to feed their children, can they even think of computers and internet connections? Even in the urban areas, there are many, who by their own admission do not like to make use of Smartphones and the internet. Will they be forced to comply with something they are not inclined to?

We are often so blinded by the good that something has to offer us, that we completely forget the drawbacks. However, despite all the negatives, the positives brought about by a digital world cannot be ignored. Think of any aspect of life, be it travelling, or booking tickets, communication or even marketing, the digital applications have make life that much smoother. The digital world that we are now living in, is one step more in the evolution of Man.

By giving people the power to share, we’re making the world more transparent.

Mark Zuckerberg
Central Modern School, as an institution believes that true knowledge comes through dedication, integrity of character and a sound understanding of the different domains of study so as to make pupils suitable for the world at large. The school, that embarks upon its 25th year of affiliation to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, has been true to its belief in the dream of our Founder Principal, Late Chittajit De – Learning for Liberation – where students from different backgrounds hone their scholastic and non-scholastic abilities under the guidance of passionately involved faculty and dedicated management that works round the clock to provide ever growing new facilities and opportunities for learning. The institution promises a future that will provide opportunities for the optimum flourishing of each and every individual.

Amitava Chowdhury
Class XI
Central Modern School
Baranagar, Kolkata
West Bengal

Tring.....Tring.....Tring, Tring, Tring

“Hello?”

This is no more my only characteristic. I am a Smartphone, the operative word being ‘smart’. So the numeric and the function of answering and receiving calls is one of the many things that I am capable of.

As a mobile phone I was frustrated and irritated. The same old functions and the same old features. About a decade had passed and that is all that I was doing. Of course at every launch, my makers would proudly declare that there were new features. But what were these features? A new colour? A bigger screen? Cosmetic changes all of them. I was in dire need of a break! I wished someone would sit up and pay attention to my immense potentialities.

People listened. There was a virtual renaissance. Scientists recognized that there was much more that I could do. I could actually drag the world into the twenty-first century! In essence I am still the same. I still have a battery, a ‘sim’ a memory, a speaker and a screen. But now I was ‘Smart.’ I was a Smartphone. I was the most wanted and the most needed appliance of all humans. I could make and receive calls, I could allow people to see each other as they spoke. I replaced the watch, the calculator and the alarm. More importantly, I was a Bank. Now wait a minute. What is a bank? We only think of money when we think of a bank. But in the true sense, a bank is a storehouse. I can store information through the various applications that are used through me. We store memories through pictures. We can also create a bank of vital information which we would otherwise have to keep in a diary which got misplaced multiple times. Young students just click pictures of the notes and information needed and then browse through the application when they are studying.

MY BANK IN MY SMARTPHONE
Of course, post demonetization, I have become the most sought after bank of people. Mobile banking has become an important feature of the contemporary world. There are a variety of banking functions that people can do with Smartphones like me. Most banks now have a mobile app. So people can check their balance, make payments, request for checkbooks and make drafts just by the click of a button. Not only this, the bank that everyone today carries in his or her phone can help them shop from the various e-commerce portals. In fact if one makes payments online rather than by cash, one gets innumerable benefits and discounts. Realizing the power of this bank almost all leading commercial stores have introduced online shopping. It has now become more convenient to make payments in hospitals and even schools and colleges. You may run out of hard cash, but you will not ever be in a position where you cannot make your payments if you have your phone. E-banking sites have made payments convenient even for the ordinary grocer.

However, the journey has just begun and there is still a long way to go. India is a large country and there are pockets where the basic benefits of civilized life have not reached. This gap has to be bridged if the Smartphone as a bank has to achieve its true potential. Internet connectivity has to be improved and the masses who are still struggling with poverty and ignorance have to be brought in line with the rest of Indian society. Smart phones are still out of the reach of most people. Once production costs are brought down, perhaps everyone will be able to afford a Smartphone and the use of the phone in banking and other sophisticated activities will become a reality. The idea that a phone can be used for commercial transactions and for banking has to reach every marketplace, every merchant, however small.

Indian society is progressing at a fast rate. We are ready to take on the world. Using a phone as a bank or for the purpose of banking is a very laudable step in the right direction. The progress cannot be a lopsided one, with only one section of people using and applying the benefits of technology. If all progress, then certainly, I, the Smartphone, will be found in everyone’s pocket and visits to the bank will not be required as people will have their banks in their Smartphones.
La Martiniere for Girls, Kolkata was established in 1836 by the compassionate vision of a Frenchman, Major General Claude Martin. The Girls’ School is rated as one of the top five schools in the country with more than 2500 students. While pursuing excellence in academics, students devote time for sports and games and other co-curricular activities to develop into women of character. Students learn to think internationally while upholding their rich cultural heritage. The Government of India recognised the school’s contribution to education by the release of a commemorative stamp on the 175th Founder’s day of the School, 13th September, 2010.

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

It is probably true that a few decades ago the inhabitants of this world had never dreamt of the existence of mobile phones, iPods and portable music players, just as their predecessors who lived in the early 1800s had never known that a device known as a telephone will one day become so integral to the existence of humankind. But that has always been the way of the world. History shows that man has always, slowly, steadily, headed towards the destination known as ‘progress.’ Each generation has come up with inventions that have outdone those which occurred before. As we head out on the journey that is to be the 21st century, it appears as though we will witness the culmination of technological contribution over several centuries. Many say that we are now approaching what is to be the climax of the inventiveness of the modern world. We have indeed established a new world, unlike any that this planet has ever seen- a digital world.

If questioned, there will be very few on the earth who will claim that they do not use even one digital device or gadget in their daily life. Modernization and digitalization has reached even the most remote villages of the most economically backward countries. This is what proves that humankind has entered a new phase, a new period of history, one in which every citizen of the world is dependent on digital devices, directly or indirectly.

Although walky talkies and mobile phones of a certain kind were in use in the last few decades of the 20th century, the dawn of the new century has brought into existence a device known as the Smartphone - a true technological wonder. This revolutionary invention allows a person not only the ability to call or message an acquaintance, but also provides one with the opportunity to have constant access to the internet and any information one desires to obtain, to keep a person constantly updated on events occurring all over the world, to watch
movies, listen to songs, read books and keep in touch with friends and family through social media, as well as a range of other facilities.

The invention of computers, laptops and iPods have completely changed the face of the world. They enable us to store documents, photographs, important files, download movies and books and strive to keep an unending source of information at our fingertips. Gone are those days when one used to sit down and write a letter to a family member and then visit the post office to send it to the desired address. They would then wait for days in expectation of a reply. Now a days all you are required to do is type it out in your email account and it will be sent and received in minutes. This has been made possible by the invention of computers and laptops. After the initial introduction of desk top computers, scientists chose to be more ambitious, inventing laptops and iPods that could be easily carried to and fro and used when one is travelling.

The world has also witnessed the appearance of portable music players, ipods and portable speakers. One has no need to bear up with the inconvenience of having a huge cassette player or a gramophone which cannot be translocated easily. Music can be downloaded within minutes and there is no need to visit a music shop and hunt for one’s favourite song for hours. Similarly, instead of hunting for books in a bookshop one can just download an e book or PDF on one’s Kindle and read it whenever one wishes.

Withdrawing money from one’s bank has become much easier. There is no need to stand in long queues or withdraw cash by cheque. The Automated Teller Machines give us our required cash in minutes. Digital clocks and watches have become common. Since they work on batteries, they are easy to maintain. The same is the case with digital cameras. Not only has taking pictures become easier, one can also store pictures in one’s computer. Other digital inventions are the digital calculator and the LCD television, both making life easier for us.

These developments bear testimony to the fact that mankind is entering a new phase of development. This fast paced world needs gadgets that will not waste our time. Moreover our life has become easier and more convenient. The leisurely days of the past are over and life is sharper, keener and more dynamic. To progress we too should become citizens of this digital world and move into a better future.

---

The digital revolution is almost as disruptive to the traditional media business as electricity was to the candle business.

--- Ken Auletta
To quote Batman, “We are not the heroes Earth needs, but the heroes Earth deserves.” In the 21st century, the era of digitalization, the deepest of insights comes from the strangest of places. Usually you would disregard a quote by Batman as silly comic book dialogue. But if you look closely, Batman does indeed have interesting thoughts just like the characters of meaningful literary works. Most of these superheroes are futuristic creatures who can think out of the box. However, we are all ordinary mortals who are discovering a whole new world thanks to internet and digitalization.

Through the internet we have entered worlds which are not our own, but which have given us valuable lessons on life. In the days before the internet these thoughts were available only to a few people who could discuss the sciences and philosophy and so on. Now, even through a movie called Ratatouille, produced by Disney Pixar the message that “You can be what you want,” has gone out to millions. Sensitive issues like mental health, substance abuse, and the rights of women can be discussed in a public form without the person actually being at the spot.

Recently, the bomb blast in Manchester, England, occurred during a music concert. It created havoc, killing and injuring a large number of people. Normally the news would take at least a day to reach us. But it was breaking news on our social media platforms and the digital publications. People on Twitter and several social networking websites decided to start posting photos of the people who were stated to be missing in the hope of finding them faster. The amount of support and help garnered through this initiative was a miracle to behold. People from all walks of life pitched in to help. In times of great despair the internet and the digital media helped people to depict bravery and courage.
Two famous digital personalities, John and Hank Green have, over the past ten years raised at least a million US dollars for charity. They run a charity event during the end of each year, where people from all over the world fund charities or welfare institutions that support and distribute money to those organizations. They have initiated joint projects with the UNHCR and have helped people all over the world.

The digital world has offered so many opportunities to people without any compromise. Journalism has now become much more precise and honest thanks to digitalization. It has also become easier to keep up with the news and the happenings of the world. We are no longer confined to our cities and towns; we can become aware of everything taking place everywhere. Knowledge gives us discrimination and power.

We have also been given a chance to understand each other better. Conflicts arise only when there is misunderstanding or when we cannot respect each other’s opinions. With the increase in interaction between people, with the exchange of data and opinions, we can understand each other and are not led astray so easily. Books all over the world can be accessed because they are digitized. Finance has become easier to transact as digitization has made it easy to grasp. A son sitting in Florida can arrange money to be sent to his ailing father in Cochin in minutes. A bedridden wife can order daily groceries again with a few clicks. Paying one’s taxes was such a long drawn out and monotonous task. Today, the internet helps us to make our calculations and form filling that much easier. Many institutions conduct tests online. Results too are declared online. The long queues, the running from pillar to post has become a thing of the past.

Of course this new digital world has its pitfalls. A lot of information comes with a lot of misinformation and people can therefore be easily misled. Terrorism uses this digital world as its tool in the war against love and humanity. As in every new venture, we have to put safeguards in place. Otherwise more and more people will fall prey to online scams, cyber bullying and cybercrimes.

Just like Icarus we have been gifted with the knowledge to create new wings on which to soar. If we use our wings with caution and do not fly too close to the sun, our wings will not lead us to disaster. With great power comes great responsibility and this responsibility decides our future.

THE DIGITAL REVOLUTION IS MARCHING ON AND ENTERING EVERY ASPECT OF LIFE.

Arnst Raue
I saw an oddly fashioned creature, painted with resplendent colours,
From whatever I could see,
It was emerging from its cocoon.
I heard it is called a butterfly,
Ready to enter into the brave new world and fly.

We too are emerging from our Cocoons,
Into the world of connectivity,
Into the world of unison,
Into the world of affordability,
Into the world of bravery and courage to explore,
Into the brave new world of Digitalisation.

Where we stand together like the colours of a rainbow,
Where we are brave to face friends and foes,
Where banking transactions are easy,
Where knowledge is accessible and free.
Where documents can be stored safely,
And obtaining information is not a task.

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

So we are living in the Brand New Digital World.
As a part of today’s youth
I welcome the new digital World,
A world which will link us with the rest of the universe.

Safes and lockers are out of date.
They can be opened with keys you see.
Naturally you are never really safe.
But with digital lockers you have another tale,
As your password alone will unlock this Aladdin’s cave.

Isn’t it wonderful that like a beautiful orchestra,
All the people can be connected,
We can operate from a single platform,
And the same benefits will be extended to all.
From transaction in banks,
To online information tanks,
Digitalisation has brought about a transformation.
From frequent visits to retailers and shopkeepers,
To online shopping and e-tailors
Digitalisation has transformed our lives.

From standing in queues to pay our bills,
To making our transactions from the comfort of our homes.
Digitalisation is the reason for this transformation.

We have entered a world which is paperless.
Books do not have to be printed and trees cut down,
E-Books are available a plenty,
And e-libraries do the rest.
Development and growth are our new mantras
Economic backwardness will soon be washed away.
The digital revolution has opened vistas to conquer,
A world which can be ours at last.
People like us can be empowered,
We do not have to depend on others any more.

Post demonetization its importance has grown,
Payments do not have to be made in cash any more.
Digital payments attract huge rebates,
Even the street vendor has started doing his bit.

However naysayers abound in plenty,
Finding fault at every turn,
Is it inability to catch up?
Or just a refusal to comprehend?
Change is the only thing that is constant.
Must be understood by one and all.
It is time for digitalization,
If we have to exist at all.

People raise concerns of safety,
They are scared to press that switch you see,
What if they press the wrong button?
Or tick the wrong box,
Is what trouble them, not realizing that there is inbuilt safety.

Like frogs in wells, they are content to be,
Thinking that ignorance represents safety.
Instead of finding solutions,
They are happy to let things be.

The Digital world is for women living alone,
Fending for themselves in an unfeeling world.
Dark street corners frightened them,
As they returned home from work.
Now radio cabs can be summoned,
They will pick them up from their point,
And deposit them where they want,
Adding to their security.

The old living alone,
Do not have to beg others for help.
A click of a button will link them to a pharmacy
Where their medicines are at hand.
They can consult their doctors over the internet,
Without leaving the safety of their homes.
They can even see their loved ones,
Who may be far away.

Travellers will not be led astray,
By deceivers at every turn.
Google maps will tell them where and how to travel,
The time that will be taken
To reach their destination
Ease and simplicity are the hallmarks of this world,
Nothing is difficult any more.
It is interactive, innovative and amazing!
A world with tons of information,
A platform for connecting the nation.
A world of digital awareness,
A place of uniqueness.

We have made progress, there is no doubt,
Only through acceptance of this stage can we reach the next.
The future beckons us.
We must be ready to accept.
Sheiling House School has carved a niche for itself in the literati circle of the city. Originally known as the U.K.C.A. (United Kingdom Citizen’s Association) School, Sheiling House School came into existence on 20th December, 1958. The School incorporates knowledge, self-learning techniques, social and human values, and prepares the students for a competitive world order. Over the years, Sheiling House School has set an exemplary record of ICSE and ISC results, producing toppers at the National and State Level. The School has made its mark by excelling in co-curricular activities with special emphasis on environment conservation and upholding social causes.

A BRAVE NEW DIGITAL WORLD

Aldous Huxley is famous for having written the iconic book, ‘A Brave New World.’ This phrase has become popular over the years and has been used in many forms and ways. Right from Churchill quoting it in his speeches to Daniel Craig, the phrase is easily recognisable. When adapted to suit our times, it becomes, “a brave new DIGITAL world.” The best part is that it seems tailor made for the century we live in.

The internet revolution is often called the ‘Second Industrial Revolution.’ Not only did it change the way firms and markets flourished, but it also changed the way the consumers used goods and services. The digital world is radically different from the previous one. The world has become smaller, there is better connectivity and there is greater ease in carrying out our everyday activities. One has to admit that the entire world is online these days. Everyone has a Smartphone and most people have an internet connection.

The biggest change that this has wrought has been in the field of online shopping and banking. Gone are the days when one had to go to the bank to pay someone or to the market to buy something. Now everything is just a click away. Everything has been made ridiculously simple, of course, only to those who have been initiated into the wonders of the internet. All that one wants, whether it is information, education, travelling to foreign climes or just plain shopping, the little mouse that is there in our computers, only has to be clicked. Better still, the phone that is in our pockets, has, thanks to the digital revolution, drastically changed our lives. Instead of carrying out monotonous tasks which took up so much of our time, we can devote ourselves to more meaningful activities.

Those who are housebound or physically challenged, are no longer left on the fringes of society. Digitisation helps them to participate in things that interest them, freely and without
The digital revolution is far more significant than the invention of writing or even of printing.

--Douglas Engelbart

The digital revolution is far more significant than the invention of writing or even of printing.

--Douglas Engelbart
Hill Top School, as the name suggests, is situated on a little hillock in Telco Colony, Jamshedpur. The School has received several awards for academic excellence, for consistent Board results in Classes X and XII in the past few years. As part of its collaborative ventures, the school has successfully participated in UKIERI and GSP Programmes, under the British Council banner and was awarded the ISA Award for 2013-16. Complimented frequently for its eco-friendly ambience, Hill Top has earned the epithet of being a “Green School”. The vibrant activity oriented atmosphere, the caring and friendly ethos, the excellence driven culture distinguish the school from its competitors.

MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP

I am a feeble lumen in a meteor shower, a diminishing speck in an iridescent aurora, an emaciated leaf in a thriving plant, an unheard crescendo in raucous cacophonies and “an exhausted soul among human angels”.

I am demarcated by infernal depressions and isolated by human complexities. My only escape is a ‘chip’, that consumed my world like a black hole and yet in serendipity.

The chip that can bridge nebulae and neurons, the chip that can record lucid dreams and transverse several time frames, the chip conceiving telepathy, the chip that can facilitate countless transactions by letting out converging shafts. It is a chip that can divulge emotions, insecurities and replace denominations, a chip beyond a realm of commerce and technology.

My entire world lies in a chip - a chip that can empower my fragile soul that’s has resisted manifold annihilations, a chip that can uplift me from the sombre silhouette of depression. It is the chip that drowns me into Adele’s music and yet chains me to the melodies of Beethoven, a chip that can administer shopping experiences and yet navigate the crude yet ethereal barter system. Besides it will be the chip which has isolated me from humanity and yet build bridges across hearts to pour our fury and indulge in moments of insight giving wings to ripening thoughts and phenomenal words of motivation.

Thirteen years ago this creation was inconceivable. But today it has strangely comported the worlds such that an unbreakable information link exists in the chip that triggers digital videos and transforms them into neuron transmission- shrunken like an origami and yet powerful and wild like champagne.

A chip that can reduce gallons of information into bits and connect me with congenial weirdoes has redefined education, commerce and technology and fired them into the ferocity of evolving cults, erotic shares and formless, fantastic changes.
The chip can fund the deprived, broken spirits of children and fight terrorism and a blank slice that narrates to me their stories. A chip can fund the candles in dark spaces and chandeliers in mausoleums. A chip reminds me of pixies in fantasies and leads into a comatose state and yet is marked by solace. A chip evolves into a mask to shield me from detrimental smog, a slice that has destroyed the need for cell phones, evolution of media and build an amazing paperless office for work. A chip that consumed my notebooks and assignments freed the expression of my mind and urged the necessity only to generate creativity “

A chip that can convert international conferences into affairs discussed beyond various boundaries could also explore the nearest interstellar system and mitigate my desire to be among the stars. This is the chip in 2030- which shrouds and yet preserves my space and accounts for my entire world-not confined by any commercial, digital or technological realm. The chip would prepare me to enter the fire of demands of twenty first century rap and techno and yet pacify me with the treasured history of time.

The chip with tremendous power in its core, with a concoction of benevolence and malignance entwined shall remain an unparalleled creation for generations to lure the alpha and omega of countless worlds.
2nd Rank

Delhi Public School Megacity, KOLKATA

Delhi Public School Megacity, is an academic institution that follows a progressive educational system. The School follows a curriculum that truly believes in developing life skills in students and making them into global citizens. We are affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations Board (ICSE and ISC) and our students have done us proud by securing as high as 99.50% at the ISC Level, with 89% as the class average. Our school was established in 2004 and is situated in the city of Kolkata. It has a sprawling campus with state of the art infrastructure, with excellent co-curricular activities, encouraging the holistic development of the child.

Anant Vir Jalan
Class IX
Delhi Public School Megacity
Kolkata
West Bengal

OUR NEW SHOPPING EXPERIENCE - THE E-COMMERCE SITES

Shopping is the wonderful incentive which lights the kerosene lamp of desire in an ordinary person. This flame sparks the jolts of happiness in the shrouded mire of hope by banishing the sorrows of Hell which has overcome the barriers of the protection that the man had enveloped himself. Man is overcome by greed and lust and has gilded himself with the cloister of golden worms which consume the wrinkles of joy and forge an alabaster covering over the cold mould of the man which is liquefied in such a manner that it dumbly takes the shape of the vessel in which it has been poured. The core of a man which is its new chilled heart trying to heat itself by the mortifying groans of myriad desires is just consuming the life and sucking the feeble man in its abyss of helplessness where the carrion shall rot for eternity. The child of genealogy of the earth lamp has risen from the ashes of his ancestral pyre and has emerged as the aristocrat who has the ability to bring back the world to its prosperous position. He achieved this task by the inundate help of its co-partners shopping which inflamed the snowed abode of human desire.

Markets centered in the seismic radius of the reach of a man allowed the inter-trade for a few parcels but the slothful man does not have the limbs that could help him to frequent the market. Therefore, these markets lost their charm with the harbingers of death minimizing their gestation period. The fluctuating prices and quality of non-branded commodities have made the consumers wary of going there.

The introduction of electronically-controlled markets which serve as the direct link rustled a bee-line between the commodities and the ultimate consumer. They have ended the reign of independence of the Indian markets to enter the stage of competition. The Phoenix has bewitched the crowd which feasted on the leftovers of Odin and now are sitting a top the momentarily
paralyzed ciphered human who was thrown into gallons of bewitchment with the ‘Inchcape Bell’ rung by the devil. These marketing sites have played a role in the revival of interest of shoppers and have provided them with trust and quality of service.

The advertisement capabilities of the brands have oscillated to and fro as it hung from the pivot of salesmanship. The salesman could not boost the sales graph of the products because of their limitations. Instead of making the customers like just one product the market offered myriad options turning the Janus head into the many headed Hydra.

Now the market need not employ the salesman because the problem has been lifted by the continuous propaganda of the commodities on the servers. Men have been bit by the cyber bug and buy products without asking questions.

Now the e-commerce sites are wreaking havoc by dominating the world and trampling the other competitions. The world needs the balance provided by these sites where comfort and convenience is balanced by the assurance of quality and competitive rates.

“The e-commerce industry is a force that no investor can afford to ignore.”

CUSHLA SHERLOCK
St. Mary’s School, Pune, founded in the year 1866, is an Anglo-Indian, private, unaided, minority institution situated in the heart of Pune city. The Mission at St. Mary’s is “to nurture children – to make them enlightened, educated individuals who are fearlessly articulate, caring and humane; who can seize every opportunity to learn, seeking to serve not just the community but the nation and the world.” St. Mary’s has several major strengths – a solid academic programme, a child – centered approach, a technology driven curriculum and an unbeatable ambience. The School continues to build upon its rich legacy of 150 years.

MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP

As I muse on beauty, the image that arises before my eyes is not that of a formless goddess, with glowing eyes and half-wistful smile, as she was portrayed by the ancients. I see instead a lovingly crafted piece of metal, with splendidly intricate patterns marking its surface and hard, flawless lines. The small piece, born of the writhing snakes marked across is embedded in the core of its metal cavern the beauties of a lifetime, assiduously collected and preserved, each part becoming a thread in the rich and vivid tapestry of life.

I am what the ignorant or uninitiated would term, contemptuously, a sensualist. I am content with the word for want of a better one, if I may so be bold, I would venture to replace it with ‘connoisseur’. It describes, very aptly, what a talent it takes to unmask the obscure beauty hidden in the most mundane of everyday objects, for to whet the appetite of the seeker, the goddess of beauty often chooses to cloak herself in the garb of unseemliness. The splendid panorama of the wilderness is marred by uncouth wires, the raucous cawing of the crows overriding the lilting melody of the rain-all instances of her whims.

Who but the true worshipper knows the delight of seeing beyond this pleasant subterfuge? And who else knows the frustration beyond belief that racks his frame when he finds it impossible to recall the exact shape of a contour, the sudden sweeping flight of birds?

It is then that I turn gratefully to my store of hidden beauty. Within this chip of infinitesimal size is enclosed the delights of the sights and sounds of nature, still fresh and in first bloom of their beauty, untouched by the destroyer, time, with their sparkle not yet dulled. Here indeed resides beauty in her purest and most unalloyed form, stripped of those ungainly elements which do ruin her in real life. Wrapped in a cocoon, shielded from the buffets of crude world, she reveals herself in her truest splendor. Just so, methinks, must the faithful St Peter stand sentinel over the pearly gates, preventing the intrusion of the unmannerly and uncouth into the abode of angels- as does my
chip encapsulate and shield the world of a true connoisseur.

The bare bones of fierce rocks draped in velveteen moss, trailing clouds of mist, the pearly drop arrested exquisitely in motion as it slithers down the waxen surface of the leaf, the iron-grey tower, with bold black wires drawn from it, as it stands against as ominous darkening sky- all these images, which, had I trusted my fickle memory, would have been obliterated, had it not been archived carefully within that little chip.

However, sometimes I am gripped with fear. The tiny piece has too much power over me- perhaps I ought to grind it into dust and scatter it to the four winds. It has usurped the position of the master and reduced me to slave. Nonetheless! My mind wanders. Was I not slave enough before? It has merely bound me faster to the service of a Goddess I revere.

Hark! What is that sound? It is the far off rumbling thunder, summoning me to witness the great pantomime of elements. That gnarled oak in the lawn ought to be removed. It ruins the landscape, which, I had once recorded in my chip. I can change whatever I want in accordance to my will.

The soft rain begins to fall. Why does its beauty seem dulled? I have an image of it in my chip that is far better. Weariness seems to overtake me- nature seems, suddenly, an unimaginative wench. That same image has been reproduced a dozen times in my chip. What allure can there be in an image thus repeated? Perhaps, a voice whispers, the delight of forgetting and rediscovering, instead of freezing it for all time. I stifle at the thought.

I suddenly catch my breath. That vision of a magnificent tree, draped in the showers of rain- can it really be the old oak? Can it be possible that, in the frenzy of excluding and manipulating, I have not so much as brushed the hem of my mistress’ robe? For therein lies her miracle- in celebrating the disfigurements of her creatures. Did not the beauty of Nausicaa lie in those lovely sightless eyes?

As I watch, enthralled, a harsh discordant sound breaks the harmony of nature. It is my chip telling me its memory is full.
Situated in the lush green surroundings of the Doon Valley, Ann Mary School has been inculcating values of peace and mindfulness in the hearts and minds of the students. Ever since its inception in 1985, Ann Mary School has been living up to its school Motto, “live, learn and play in peace”. It has been the tireless endeavour of the school to provide a balanced and stimulating environment to its children so that they can grow into peaceful, contented and happy human beings.

Ambika Batra
Class X
Ann Mary School
Dehradun
Uttarakhand

MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP

It was dark, as dark as the heart of those who relish the art of destruction. Beads of sweat trickled down my dolorous countenance. My flesh was chilled to the bone. I was an image of a painter of dysthymic depression and I didn’t know how to step aside from the mirror of reality, to stop myself from forming the image, because from what it seemed, I was stuck inside a castle of glass. All this thought process made a sludge out of my beautiful mind, until the tube-light on the wall of my pitch dark room lit up. It was mother.

This time, it was not the usual mother whom I saw everyday. She was not carrying a glass of hot coffee, milk warmed with freshly brewed coffee seeds. She was carrying a laptop instead. The ends of her lips went as far up as the head of the Dragon in a Columbus ride. She prompted me to shift a little to the side while Father made himself comfortable on the other side of the bed.

“How, so what is the matter? Is it the interview that has stolen the colour from your face?” She asked in a tone which showed compassion.

“Of course, it is, mother. What else would it be? Do you realize that tomorrow could prove to be the biggest day of my life? But if I am not able to make it through the interview into NASA tomorrow, I never would”, I gasped.

“Oh, come on, honey! Even the most ignorant person around knows you’re going to make it. Don’t stress yourself out.”

“Ah, mother, if that was what you both have come here for, I spare you the hardwork. Let me deal with it myself!” I broke out with ire and irritation firing my voice.

“We are here for some other reason”. She tried her best to console me by showcasing her heart out on her visage.

Mom and Dad exchanged glances and Mom knew it was time to begin the execution of their plan. She turned the laptop screen towards me and I could see a bright eyed infant staring at me. My own hazel eyes took my heart away. I cried in screeching joy. I realised that picture was photographed on the first day of my existence on
this pale-blue planet.

The next picture captured me on the day I was officially named and the one after that had me learning how to crawl. I was overwhelmed with delight.

“Mukesh, could you have ever imagined this little soul would grow into such a despondent youngster one day?”

Dad replied with a chuckle, “Oh boy! I would have never imagined in my life”

The next picture of me standing on those tiny little feet succeeded in removing the frown. “This is the day that you learnt the art of balancing for the first time”, I was told.

The next one had me dressed up in a pretty yellow school uniform, and featured my crocodile tears leading all the way down my plump red cheeks. And the one following that displayed me disguised as a clown. This was the first picture that held a place in my recollection. It was the first fancy dress competition that I had participated.

The next piece of document she opened was a collection of my short poems and illustrations. I had a flair for writing and my mother had played a monumental role in shaping my creative instincts.

The first poem described my first visit do the beach and the thousand shades of orange I had seen in a sunset of Los Angeles. The second was dedicated to my pet dog, and the third, to my beautiful little family. There were about a score of them, and I smiled perceiving the young artist in me.

I never remembered being in an elocution competition. I never knew how in fifth grade I enjoyed playing with five dogs. The picture of my going for my board examinations, added a deluge in the sea of pure happiness.

The last ones were quite recent of my playing football with my team and my room in artsy space decors.

My mother had kept all these memories preserved in the chip. On the day when I needed hope and I needed to waken the young innocent child in me once again my parents had showcased my entire world in a small black chip, saving it for a perfect moment like this.

“Ambika, you have a plethora of possibilities, an array of ambitions right in front of you. You are always the one who is never able to hold her tongue when it comes to the wonders of the vast world. Let me also rant about it a little. There’s a lot on my mind. You can only see less than one percent of the electromagnetic spectrum, and less than one percent of the acoustic spectrum. All the atoms in your body are 99.999999% empty space and they aren’t even the ones you were born with, but they all originated in the belly of a giant star.

The reason that you see rainbows are the conical light receptors in your eyes and for the animals without cones, a phenomenon as surreal as rainbows doesn’t exist. So you see, you don’t just look at a rainbow. You create one. Tomorrow is the first step you’ve got to take.”

My jaw dropped. Dad had the same response written all over his face. I could not thank her enough for doing so much for me. She had shown me a documentary of my whole life, just so I could carry on directing the movie further, facing all obstacles.

My mother was right. It was time for my refracted ray to emerge from the prism in the colours of a rainbow, overpowering the monochromatic background of the world. My fear had vanished. My heart was pumping with excitement and hope that I was going to make it through.
Ramadevi Public School is a co-educational English medium day school. The school is affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations, New Delhi. It is situated near Ramoji Film City, Hyderabad. The school with its natural surroundings and a serene atmosphere away from the hustle and bustle of urban life encourages a joyful experience and fun filled learning. The strong commitment towards academics, best of faculty, perfect ambience and privileged infra structure - all together have carved themselves into Ramadevi Public School. The school has successfully completed fifteen years of its inception and for the 10th consecutive year has succeeded in securing 100% results at the Board Examinations.

On 31st July, 2025, my doctor announced that I had lit too many cigarettes during my seventy five years of existence. He told me in a grave tone, yet full of concern that I was a victim of terminal lung cancer. My existence would be obliterated from the world for ever.

I had never thought I would be hearing those words. When I was thirteen, my father, an avid science fiction reader, brainwashed me into believing in all the fascinating things that Science would gift to mankind in the 21st century - teleportation, space travel, interplanetary colonization and a cure for cancer.

I had always loved Science. Science was my religion and I prided in conducting scientific experiments. However the uncertainty of academia swayed my timid soul into working for rich Capitalists. Therefore my love for Science had not withered away.

So, when my doctor showed me an experimental device, it made my heart start pounding vigorously against my ribcage. All the events which stood like milestones in my memory, came flashing into my mind with meteoric speed. My world seems to converge into the chip of my consciousness, one millimetre wide and one millimetre long. It was nothing but the miracle of Science.

The doctor explained that just before my death my consciousness would be transferred to a computer and compressed into a chip. My body would be cryogenically preserved, so when medical Sciences is advanced enough, my consciousness will be restored into the body.

What made me most happy was not immortality, but living the future with my wife. I would sign her up for the experiment too, teleportation, space travel and interplanetary colonization! Adolescent excitement was burning through every vein in my body.
Cloning of a human being is intuitively and properly viewed with almost uniform horror, because replication of a human by cloning would radically alter the very definition of what a human being is.

- GEORGE ANNAS

My body was sent for cryogenic preservation on 3rd April, 2026.

When I opened my eyes again it was 31st April, 2526, I was floating in mid air. Despite the feel of floating in mid air I lay on an insanely soft and comfortable bed. I was surrounded by wide holograms that displayed my current condition like the pulse rate and other readings to ascertain medical condition. Fresh air bathed my nostrils and lush green meadows enveloped me.

A scientist approached me. He had an impressive muscular frame. The clean shaven man with the glint in his sparkling transparent ocean blue eyes had the charisma that celebrities had.

He asked me with a wide grin on his face in one of the most comforting one I had ever heard "What is your latest memory?" He had a New England accent, although his face was Japanese. I answered, "My wife, who was by my side and in tears." He let out a sigh saying "Matches the record, you're healthy.

He took me out on a stroll saying "This world is completely different from the one you just came from."
WITH HOPE

Dear God,

It’s me, Srishti. I am sure you are surprised to hear from me. I know I have not spoken to you much lately and I am sorry that I have called myself, an atheist. But you must know that I didn’t mean those things, you are my last resort. So please hear me out.

I had a dream, not one like the one of Martin Luther King but a terrifying dream. I do not call it a nightmare as it both terrified and enlightened me. I was sitting at my computer, browsing the internet for the ever-so-popular ‘memes’, when I looked up at the clock and realizes with a shock that it was eleven a.m. Had four hours passed away so easily? I prepared myself for a sermon from my parents and rushed out of my room to find them sitting on the sofa, staring deeply into their phones. An odd sensation flooded my body and I waved to my mother. She looked up briefly, her eyes unfocused as said. “What do you want Shristi? I’m busy, go away.” I reeled back with shock at her response.

Disappointed, I ran over to Saahil’s house, next door. I found my best friend sitting on a beanbag, playing FIFA. He did not even acknowledge me as I sat down on the couch and greeted him. I did not notice his odd behavior as I was quite rattled by my mother. When I asked him to go outside with me to play, he pried his eyes away from the screen and looked at me incredulously. “Don’t you know that we do not play outside anymore?” He stated, already running back to the game. I wondered, searching for the answer while walking towards the window. I looked outside and saw greybuildings, grey roads, and grey children. Everywhere I looked, I saw concrete skyscrapers. Children walked on the roads with their eyes fixed on a blue, glowing screen. I saw no grass, no trees and no animals running around. The sight left be speechless and I sprinted back home.

As I entered my room, I did not see any books. I walked over to my art cabinet only to find that it was filled with expired paint bottles, covered in...
cobwebs. Warily I left the room and asked my parents, “Why do I not paint anymore? Did I not insist on reading paperbacks anymore?” They looked at me slowly, like something in me had cracked and I was disintegrating before their eyes. “Nobody paints anymore, honey,” my mum said in her therapeutic psychiatrist’s voice, “We make e-paintings now. Your books were replaced by tablets years ago. Are you feeling alright?”

At the thoughts of my beloved books gone forever, I fainted with a cry. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in my bed and realized that it was all a dream. I carefully tiptoed into the kitchen to find my parents cooking while humming along with the song on the radio. The sight made my heart melt and I suddenly realized how my entire existence is ruled by one small chip in my phone or laptop.

You made the world from scratch. You fashioned the intricate leaves on the trees and you held the roaring oceans in your palms. You created our souls from the core of a dying star and you built our fragile bodies from plaster. You envisioned a world in which people would be one with nature. You saw human beings, birds, animals living together in harmony in a perfect sphere, filled with love. I see now, how devastating it must be for you to see your perfectly sculpted creations losing their humanity. Losing their faith. Losing their compassion. Losing their beauty, intricacy, reason to one small unnoticed chip.

That’s why I’m writing to you. I’m asking for help. I’m asking you to restore our world to its full glory. I’m asking you to free us from this monotonous lifestyle.

I’m asking you to salvage the shards of our broken world and put them back together. I know I’m asking for a lot and none of it will be easy, but I’m asking you to come back to your children who have strayed. I’m asking you to come back for humanity.

Yours in hope,
Shristi Das
TARAPORE SCHOOL, JAMSHEDPUR

Priyanshu Mukherjee
Class X
Tarapore School
Jamshedpur
Jharkhand

MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP

5th January 2071.
I remember that day vividly. I will never forget that day, as that day changed my course of life. It was the day my ‘father’ was corrupted.
It was a new morning at the Vanguard Marina Base, music sounded, and the air of my room refreshed me. “It is a good day”, I said to myself. I asked Cabby what was the schedule for that day. A notification popped out on the screen. “Good morning sir, you have an examination today at 16:00 hours. Besides, you asked me to remind you about your playtime at 18:00 hours” responded Cabby, the artificial intelligence installed in my room. “Thanks”, I replied and ran for my ‘father’.

“Father, are you there?” I shouted, “It’s time for breakfast”. I waited for a long time. But when I did not get a reply I went on to check where my father was. My ‘father’ was the best multi-specialty robot ever made. ‘He’ was made by my biological father when he worked as a technician for the government. He provided ‘father’, the robot with the processing speed of twenty tetra hertz, a removable memory of two million ultra bytes and his own facial features. I did not see my father since I was born. Cabby had informed me that both my parents had been deceased. Oh! I forgot to mention Cabby. He is the artificial intelligence designed by my father’s colleagues in order to help me in the absence of my parents. ‘Cabby’ and ‘father’ are my only two companions now.

As soon as I entered the room I saw ‘father’ lying on the floor with his mouth open as if he was trying to say something.

“What is the joke?” I said pretending to be angry, “Why didn’t you reply?”

‘Father’ seemed to ignore the word and continued in the same awkward position.

“Are you joking?”

I shook him in order to wake him up but in vain. I was now alarmed and the fact bit by bit instilled into my brain.

“No! This can’t be, you can’t die like this.”

Cabby ran a full scan through my father’s hardware and then shot back. After a moment she
came back online and said, “Priyanshu, I think your father’s battery is exhausted.”

“What! No more!” I said, I’ll replace the batteries just now. “No”, Cabby said, “Father is a complicated robot. Some trauma has caused the treads of his master chip to decay. If you replace the battery now, all his memories will be formatted. He might not recognize you or me and will stop functioning completely in the absence of any one with the master controls.”

“How can I replace my father’s battery?” I exclaimed with exasperation” No. you can’t control everything,” said Cabby. “Answer my question” I said firmly, now allowing Cabby to say the full sentence. “Very well then, you have to wait for the future, who knows what will happen in the future. Some technology may be invented that would help you replace the battery.” Said Cabby gloomily and went into hibernation.

I cried for a long time. My tears dried up but the grief struck hard.

I decided that I would not wait for the future. I pledged to rejuvenate my father.

5th January 2115.
I was at Vanguard Marina Base, Sector II in my laboratory. Forty years have passed since I lost my father. My appearance had not changed much other than a long shaggy beard that I sported.

“How can I replace my father’s battery?” I exclaimed with exasperation” No. you can’t control everything,” said Cabby. “Answer my question” I said firmly, now allowing Cabby to say the full sentence. “Very well then, you have to wait for the future, who knows what will happen in the future. Some technology may be invented that would help you replace the battery.” Said Cabby gloomily and went into hibernation.

I cried for a long time. My tears dried up but the grief struck hard.

I decided that I would not wait for the future. I pledged to rejuvenate my father. "How can I replace my father’s battery?” I exclaimed with exasperation” No. you can’t control everything,” said Cabby. “Answer my question” I said firmly, now allowing Cabby to say the full sentence. “Very well then, you have to wait for the future, who knows what will happen in the future. Some technology may be invented that would help you replace the battery.” Said Cabby gloomily and went into hibernation.

My ‘father’s’ chip was being repaired then. I had waited for the result since a long time. My entire world, my ‘father’ and my memories depended upon the same chip being replaced.

“Repairs complete” spoke a mechanical voice, “Objective successful” My heart seemed to skip a beat as my ‘father’ was rebooted. I broke through the barriers, the only obstacle between me and my ‘father’ and hugged him tight. I appeared to be a boy of eight years back again. I continued to hug him as my tears ran down my cheeks.

My father, now rebooted, moved his fingers and uttered the magical words I craved to hear. According to his memory I was still an eight year old but none of those mattered me anymore. I just hugged him tight and listened carefully.

Now successfully rebooted, ‘he’ said, “Good Morning Priyanshu! Get ready for breakfast. You have an examination today at 16:00 hours”
The Shri Ram School, with its core values of Integrity, Sensitivity, Pursuit of excellence and Pride in one’s heritage, keeps the child at the heart of the teaching learning process and aims to provide a nurturing environment where children are encouraged to explore, innovate and give wings to their curiosity and creativity. Recognised as a premier institute of education in India, it is rooted in Indian tradition and culture. Affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations (CISCE), the school strives to equip its students to become global citizens with empathy, a multiplicity of perspectives, problem solving skills and a strong sense of ethics.

MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP

It was a small rather inconspicuous rectangular chip with nothing fancy but the plain old vanilla of a chip. However inside the tiny piece of plastic was something special, something nobody else had or will ever have. No, there were no secret nuclear codes, nor were there any signs of communication from intergalactic life nor was there any exclusive video game on it. The chip contained my entire world.

It was the five hundredth day of being stuck inside that stinky, stale, underground bunker. The ruins of the outside world were still being engulfed by the hunger of the ravaging war. There were only five of us left and I was the only one above forty. We had spoken about everything under the sun, played every game, watched every movie and read every book in the stuffed storeroom no less than fifty times. The last few days had been spent in absolute silence. Not a tranquil, calming silence, but one disturbed by the incessant buzz of tension.

One afternoon while the others sat in their rooms staring at the holes in thick stone walls, I decided to pull out all I had left of my life outside the bunker. I yanked at the loose tile out from the floor and opened the box that had been locked up under that tile for the last year. There it contained, my entire world in a tattered cardboard box, exploding with remains, spanning out emotions, yearning to bring back to life what once was.

I took this chip to my player, inserted it and just waited patiently to watch the magic. The next few moments took eons to pass while I waited, saturated with excitement and impatience. After what felt like a lifetime, the saga began. I leaned back on my chair and let the sound of the past engulf me.

The first note played. It was just as deep and heavy as I remembered. The sound of all eons seemed to resonate in my ears as I travelled
back in time. At first the song was short and sweet as my mother’s footsteps tiptoeing out of the room after tucking me to bed. The sweet memories began to sweep in a crescendo, with the lullaby perforating my senses.

The song started to pick up the tempo bursting with melodies and Harmonies. My foot started to tap with the familiar beats as I witnessed my childhood once again. Chasing my sister around the house, then over my father’s shoulder and then speeding on my bicycle to school came like vivid images. Then the notes went steadily up the chromatic scale like the clatter of friends who have met after a long time.

The song ended on the same deep note it had started with and I relived the hug I had given my best friend, the last time I had driven around the neighbourhood and sat with my grandfather. Just before the note simmered away and died out, I heard the sound of the first gunshot. Between the end of the song and the next was a moment’s silence. The next song started with a fast drum beat, I saw thousands of people in oversized striped clothes. I was one of them. Every face in the crowd was plastered with fear and devastation.

Suddenly a discordant note pierced my ears. Countless innocent civilians began walking one behind the other as if in a trance and I followed. We entered the gates of a camp which seemed to close on us forever. The sour smell of blood filled my nose and mingled in the air.

A tear rolled down my cheek and the smile was long gone by. That day I knew that it was not just my present but my past which was tampered with and destroyed under the German’s studded boots. I thought that I could have escaped into oblivion. The past had died and had dragged along with it sanity, sympathy and all of humanity.
Established in the year 1988, Little Flower Public School, Bangalore has created a successful learning partnership of home, school and community to ensure personal academic excellence. Teaching is a passion and teachers fuel imagination. Success is manifest in the form of self-esteem, academic growth and responsible actions. The school is emulated for its best practices, dynamic education process and purposefully designed excellent infrastructure. True to its motto ‘Duty, Discipline and Dedication’ the school has always aimed high in creating a strong curriculum not only in academics, but in sports, curricular and co-curricular activities as well.

**MY ENTIRE WORLD IN A SMALL CHIP**

Writing competition. So I reached here by time travel
Because there is a secret I need to unravel.

In 2050
The government implemented a gadget they thought was nifty,
They were virtual reality glasses,
Different ones made for all social classes.
Wearing them at all times was made a law,
And the penalty for taking them off was not for guffaws
Anyone who took them off would face immediate execution
For the government thought it was necessary to remain in that stimulation.

So, let me tell you something about my world
And prepare to get your imagination whirled!
Though those glasses the world seemed marvelous,
But all of it was a lie, which was treacherous.
Though those glasses you could travel anywhere,
Taj Mahal, Hawaii, Cuba, Mexico, you name it, you’re there!
When you have amazing glasses, why do you need a friend?
Indeed there are better ways in which time can be spent.
She stared at me, baffled and dazed
Nonetheless, she seemed to be listening and it was at me that she gazed
The curiosity in her eyes and was ablaze
But I had not yet told her about the world, a confusing maze.

It was in fact illegal to talk to others
When you have the perfect stimulation, none bothers.
You may wonder as to what we eat,
But let me tell you it’s no special treat
We ate food pills which actually taste grotesque
But since the glasses control our bodies, it tastes the best.
However one day I wanted to see what was outside
To talk, smile, eat real food and soar and glide
But what I saw shocked me so much,
That I reached here, in a rush!

The world was ugly, disgusting and abhorrent,
Not the same place in which my time was spent
There was a chip implanted in everyone’s back
Virtual reality is in and true emotions are what most lack.

“All the different classes
And different glasses
The poor were burdened with work and responsibility
And the rich stayed blissfully in their perfect virtual reality.”

“Global warming had taken its toll
And we did nothing, we didn’t play our role
Now that I knew the truth, it became harder to breathe

I was in despair and I clenched my teeth”
She listened intently and spellbound
She opened her lips but made no sound
“Yes, I hacked the government’s systems to save myself from execution”
I said, answering her unasked question.

Well, I managed to get the chip off my back and
So what my world was really like-bland
So here I am, in front of you
To tell something, which is indeed true.

I learnt from my experience that we were blind
To not see the mechanical dependency killing the creative mind
So, I request you my dear to get us out of this ordeal
And help the world become ideal.

The future isn’t set in stone.
To change it, is what I have sworn
And I want you to be my assistant
And help me create the future which is non-existent.

So, save this planet before it dies,
Planet trees, save water, love more, be wise
No matter how amazing is this innovation,
It is nothing but a hoax, a lie, a false depiction.

I hope to meet you again,
Save us from these rose-colored glasses, its world is a pain
I guess I’ll have to absquatulate,
For I’ve parked my saucer there and the meters have sky-rocketing rates
I hope you will soon make your trip
For right now, my entire world is in a small chip!

Saying this I strutted out of the hall
Hoping to receive her call
I wish humans will realize soon
And save them from this curse, dressed as a boon.
Bishop Cotton Boys’ School, Bangalore was founded by Rev. S.T. Pettigrew in 1865. With a string of visionaries at the helm, the school has succeeded in moulding young men of integrity and courage who have gone onto make a difference and provide leadership in every walk of life. The school is blessed with a verdant fourteen acre campus in the heart of Bangalore with state of the art facilities. With equal emphasis laid on curricular and extra-curricular activities the school strives to abide by its motto “Nec Dextrorsum Nec Sinistrosum” which means, neither to the right nor to the left.

**CANDY CRUSH VERSUS CRICKET**

I had had always wished to witness a legendary battle,
Where Hercules and his enemies flocked and tackled,
A gladiator showdown, a brutal fight,
Oh! What I wouldn’t give to perceive such a sight!
A battle like the days of yore, where there was spewing
Of blood and teeth and a lot of punching,
And the only sound one could hear were the bones
Snapping, twisting and munching.

But alas! These days are long gone away,
These feelings to witness, I have to allay,
Well at least a burlesque,
Oh Lord I request;
To see a match which abides by today’s fashion!
Suddenly I saw that my request was granted!
There entered two warriors, both quite stunted,
Both have similar faces of that I ’m sure,
Finally, abattle like the days of yore.

One warrior was Cricket, the other was Candy Crush,
I have never felt such an adrenaline rush!
Both of them tightened their throats to be loud and audible,
For this was not a fist-fight, it was verbal!

The crowd gazed in astonishment and awe,
Both ground their teeth just like a couple of saws,
The aura was so crisp and dingy,
The atmosphere was ubiquitously stingy.

Cricket went first, in his lordly fashion:
“You are a worthless kid, you do not drive people with passion,
You are non-existent outside the internet,
I’ll try and go easy on you, little chap, do not fret.”
Yes I know, I’m old, and hence brawn,
I scarce understood why age is favoured,
Mustering the true spirit of sport and exercise,
I’m going to be the winner of this battle,
So just forget the prize!”

Candy Crush sat there calm and unbroken,
He smirked, opened his jaw and told him
“Games in the fire, God! You’re old!
Be prepared for the worst
Because you are about to be sold.
I’m the most played game over the internet
Not just by one or two,
So if someone must fret, it has got to be you.
I’m an international sensation, there is nothing more to prove,
I think I’m going to win the battle,
Cause I am so in the groove.”
The crowd around me grew enormous every second.
Cheering and peering into this battle of legends,
I sensed that it was time for round two,
For their faces to be coloured,
I think in black and blue!

Crickets grew redder by the second,
Looking just like his ball,
And decided to end it, pushing candy in to a hideous fall
He drew his breath with the intent to finish,
And opened his mouth, the crowd never diminished.
Both of them battled with alternating blows, who’ll win the battle? Who knows?
Cricket: “Your American origin sickens me to the ground,
You do know that you did not exist while I was around.”
Candy: “I’m sorry, you being British doesn’t make it any better,
Stealing and looting from the poor, their goods and leather.”

“Let us keep this between us, and see the exercise I offer,
You’re just the remedy for an old couch-sitting cougher”
Please do not consider me going easy on your blessings”

The passions were high and the sides were embittered.
Then one wise old soul out to the middle,
Seeking parley, the wise man spoke,
For a glorious idea is what he provoked.

He said: “Games and sports must be brethren Side by side,
Not to be two monsters hunting for each other’s hide,
Passions of the people do not always differ,
And to stand there for the time is what I’d prefer
Now shake hands and stop this reprimand
You games are the essence of joy and shall be cherished by mankind.”

The wise man spoke true and sound,
He did make us comprehend sports’ universal demand.
Candy and Cricket shook hands,
And probably ended being friends.
The wise man cooling things down was an essential cliché,
For if the American and British fought,
A Frenchman would lift his cup and say “touché”,
But they did realize that their role and engagement
Was to be for people seeking enjoyment.

But this was one battle I’d never forget,
As long as Earth with the oceans and lands rotate!
“Being human in the digital world is about building a digital world for humans.”

— Andrew Keen