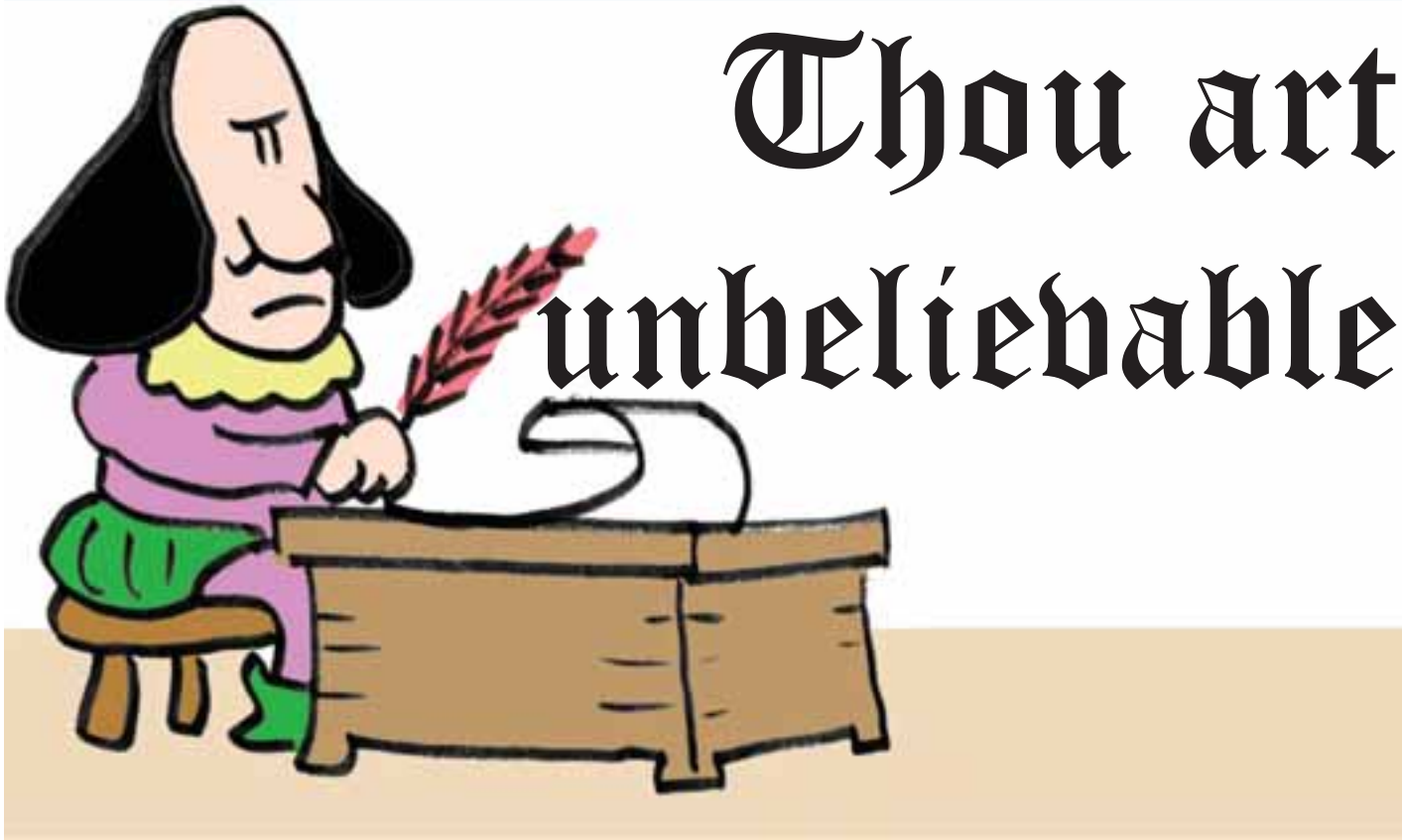




The brain of an ostrich is very small. Smaller than its eyes!



A Literary Genius Or A Rebel Impersonating Fluke?

With No Malice
Manisha Mishra, AIS Noida, X H

"We know what we are, but do not know what we can be."
-William Shakespeare

The heavens know that most of us juveniles dropped the worry of impending at God's gate, but it would be a lie if you say that it doesn't infuriate you when certain people who you'd never expect to bask in glory get a top grade in their exam results. The latest in the infuriated-by-envy chapter is Shakespeare. Yes, Shakespeare, the man who wrote exquisite plots like Julius Caesar, The Taming of the Shrew, Macbeth, Hamlet, The Tempest and so much more, has been known to have facets in his character that make his entire life seem like a fluke. We're looking at a person who didn't know how to spell 'toffee', who signed his name wrong every single time. A man whose

name's anagram is actually, 'I am a weakish speller'. How could a man who mysteriously got lost for an unknown number of years in history, have written literary wonders like Romeo & Juliet or Othello? Theories suggest that he might have started writing during his venture to nowhere. Even his date of birth is a mystery, some say it's the 23rd of April, others are not quite sure of that either. Quite candidly put, we have no clue what he did for a shelling. Some say he was a horse sitter, others say he was an actor but what we do know is that at some point in his younger years, he started writing. The first of his plays to be performed was a three-part historical drama with the very original title (note sarcasm) 'Henry VI: Parts 1, 2 and 3' which was a 'blockbuster' hit at the English theatre. One thing we do know about this enigma of a person was that he was one rebellious kid. In spite of Catholicism being illicit at the time, Richard Davies of Lichfield who is said to have known him had revealed that Shakespeare had been practicing the

same all along. Being a relative of William Arden (a man who plotted against Queen Elizabeth I and was executed at the tower of London), a dominant number of professors and historical books hint at the fact that he had stolen an entire theatre once, only to fulfil his unrealistic whims! However, Shakespeare's cryptic nature is overshadowed by the ounces of talent that lay in his very fingers. Even though to many researchers, it was doubtful that he wrote the flawless pieces of literature that now lie in our coursebooks, Oxford Dictionary has credited him for being the origin of over 3000 words with incredible estimations of his vocabulary range being somewhere between 17000 to a dizzying 29000. In the introduction to the first printing of Shakespeare's works, Ben Jonson wrote: "He was not of an age, but for all time." There was no way he could have known how true his words would prove to be. William Shakespeare now resides in his heavenly abode. But hey, at least he stole the show at the English Theatre!🇬🇧

Movie Review



It's A Piece Of Fiction

Devanshi B, AIS MV, XI J

"All's well that ends well" - a clichéd aphorism, that doesn't really hold true for Mahendra Bahubali. In the third installment of the popular franchise, the war riven Mahishmati kingdom had again started flourishing under the fair rule of its king, Mahendra Bahubali, and his queen Avantika. But all is not what it seems. As love blossoms inside the royal chambers of the Mahishmati kingdom, so does the lethal concoction of hatred and enmity which subsequently catapults Mahendra Bahubali back to the battlefield, embellishing the arid sand again with his enemy's hot blood. SS Rajamouli, the celebrated director of the first two instalments, doesn't fail to surprise the audience again in this final chapter of the tumultuous life of Mahendra Bahubali and his

family. Rajamouli has the Shakespearian gift of delving into the character's psyche, manipulating feelings and creating a story so nuanced and entertaining. Also, kudos to his team, who created scenes so life-like and vivid that one can almost feel the sweltering heat of the battlefield and start sweating, sitting in an air conditioned theatre. But that is exactly where all the good things about this movie end. With its omelette like storyline – tried, tested and nothing new, it turns out to be in the same league as its predecessors. It offers the same flavours of love, betrayal, sacrifice and repentance. I label this movie a must-watch, for it is entertaining, and is a royal adaptation of the usual muck that Bollywood offers. *Disclaimer: Bahubali 3 is nothing but a piece of fiction, as is this movie review of a movie nowhere in the making.*



Dear friend,

In this unruly, selfish world, finding and staying with someone as caring and selfless as you feels like a dream come true. I can't speak your language, yet we always seem to communicate just fine. This is not inclusive of the times when I misinterpret what you say, and do just the opposite. And that not-so-surprisingly often leads to mayhem. Like that one time you told me to stay inside the house, because we had new neighbours who were afraid of dogs. But I dismissed your words and sneaked into their house, scaring the living daylights out of them. I still remember when I walked into that house,

the lady's eyes widened to the size of my food bowl. It was pandemonium, pillow cases and random utensils flying everywhere, with she and her children screaming their lungs out, and me barking and running around. I had fun, and I didn't feel any guilt when you held me in your arms, bowing down in front of them, and apologising repeatedly, while I just licked your face, hoping you would join me. When we went back home, the look on your face made me feel guilty, and I thought you would be mad at me, furious even, and would stop talking to me... but you didn't. Remember when we went to the park, and I

picked a fight with the other street dogs? They kept chasing me, and even though I thought they were playing with me, you knew better, and scooped me up in your arms, while making a bee line towards your car, hoping they won't catch up with us. I thought you would stop taking me to the park and lock me up in the house... but you didn't, yet again. I can still recall the time when I was sick, and you rushed me to the vet, and on the way there I threw up on your car seat. I thought you would never let me accompany you to the late night adventures of going to the nearby 24/7 convenience store again and ban me from sitting in the car... but you didn't. Oh, and this one time when I ran out of the back

door while it was raining, and then bounced back in, leaving behind a trail of muddy footprints, which made you let out a whine of annoyance. I thought you would kick me out of the house and abandon me... but you didn't. There were many things I'm glad you didn't do, and I can't think of anything to give back to you for your unconditional love. My whole world revolves around you, I'm used to waking up to you patting my head and showering me with kisses. My loyalty and compassion would never fade away as the years go by, and I hope my space in your heart will far out the number of days I have left in this world. Your loving pet dog, Simba
Roshini Srivastava, AIS PV, XI