

“Name a better squad than ours, I’ll wait.”

Aadya Kapoor, AIS Vas 6, X C
Page Editor



Contest Edition

A PENGUIN STORY



Illustration: Ayush Tyagi, AIS Vas 6, XI F

The Innocent Creatures Waddling Their Way Back

Prisha Khandelwal, AIS Vas 6, XI F

It’s another cold day in South Georgia. Penguins, penguins...as far as eyes can see. In the midst of all the penguin chatter, Mr P is about to tell a story. “This is the story of a time when we all were about to go extinct! Those were the times of struggle and fear,” said Mr P. Now, Mr P is a legendary old penguin of South Georgia, who knows it all, which is why the chicks huddle around him every now and then; but this time they huddle a little closer for the word ‘extinct’ has sparked interest. “Extinct? Us? Why? Humans love us, they are always clicking our pictures,” said little Pingu, as he sat in attention, flapping his wings. “And they are always awww...ing us,” chimed in another. “Well, humans can be a funny species. They are sometimes overwhelmed by their greed. Their greed for whale oil is what brought them here. These ruins and old factory like structures that you see, they were once whaling stations.” “Whaling?” the tiniest ones exclaimed in disbelief. “Yes? These ruins of Grytkin that you keep sneaking into, was once a very

morbid place. The big whales were brought here and then killed for their oil. Oil extracted from those whales made the humans very rich.” There was a cumulative gasp. Poor little Pingu almost fainted in disbelief, for Grytkin was his favourite place. He loved to sneak into the remains of the old factory because all of the others had been shut. “But, if they were after the whales, why did they kill us?” asked Tingu. Nobody really expected Tingu to ask such a sensible question. Mr P could now be seen in a bit of a dilemma. “Well...humans are bad...they brought us down to 800... it was baddd,” he fumbled. This was unusual, for Mr P was known to be pretty straight. “But why did they kill us,” this time Tingu and two others asked the same question. Mr P understood that there was no dodging this one. “Well...you know... we are fat and fluffy...so we were used as fuel for the whaling pot,” he tried avoiding the countless young gazes directed



at him. “Fuel? What do you mean? They threw us into the fire?” Mr P said nothing, but the penguins, no matter how little, understood the harshness of the massacre that once witnessed their land. Trying to ease the situation, Mr P added, “But then something good happened out of it too. The rats vanished. They saw all the fire and fumes, and they ran away. Today, South Georgia is rat free. Those rats were horrible creatures, always eating away our eggs. How do you think our population reduced so drastically?” He put his hand up, waiting for a high five, but the little penguins were still

morose. “Hey! Don’t be sad now. It’s all a thing of the past. Today, there are 4,00,00 of us. Isn’t that great?” said Mr P, trying to pump some enthusiasm in the air. “So, why did they stop killing the whales, and us? Did they not want to be rich anymore?” “I told you, humans are a funny species. They killed so many whales and created so much whale oil, that there was a surplus of whale oil in the market. Eventually, the oil prices fell down, and

whaling was no longer a profitable business. So, they left the whales, South Georgia and us, the penguins to ourselves for the good.” Just then, another group of humans with cameras in their hands arrived. As one of them tried to take a picture, he stumbled upon a rock and fell face front. All the penguins burst out laughing. “You were right Mr P, humans are a funny species,” quipped Pingu. 🐧

Graphic: Aryaman Sen, AIS Vas 6, X B

The mighty superhero

The Unimaginable Power Of A Lock Of Hair

Ananya Sharma, AIS Vas 6, X A

It might look delicate to you, but it is no less than a Thor’s mjolnir. You ask why? ‘Hair’ is the truth.

Superman: You know what- I can regenerate physical damage to my body at an accelerated rate. I was able to regenerate when Wonder Woman slit my throat with her tiara. Moreover, I regenerated my body after being reduced to a near skeleton by a special nuke that was designed to block sun light and disrupt energy.

Hair: Big deal?! We are the second fastest growing tissue in the body after bone marrow. A new hair begins to grow as soon as it is plucked from its

follicle. It can regrow up to 20 times in a lifetime.

Sleipnir: I’m Odin’s magical eight-legged steed and the greatest of all horses. Loki gave birth to me.

Hair: We are made up of mostly keratin, the same substance that makes up most of your hooves, mane and tail. What I mean to say is you’re not even a horse without us!

Plastic Man: I have the most unlimited malleable superhero body of all. Like Deadpool and Wolverine, I’m widely considered indestructible and my flexibility is undoubtedly coveted by many.

Hair: Impressive, but there is something more I know about you. You are vulnerable to heat and certain types of chemicals. We, on the other hand, can be cut, bobbed, braided, frizzed,

combed out or gathered up. People use a variety of chemical substances on us, blow dry, straighten and curl us, but we hardly complain. Also, when wet, we stretch up to 50% of our original length and return to our normal shape without breaking. Our tensile strength is more than that of steel. Questioning your existence, huh?

Tombstone: Out of my way, little man-Tombstone’s back to stay! You are no match to my strength and I can lift 6 tons of weight!

Hair: A single strand could hold 100g in weight. The combined hair of a whole head could support 12 tons, or the weight of two elephants, or 120 ‘Tombstones’. Way out of your league, big man!

Arm-Fall-Off-Boy: Strength is useless until you have the courage to sacrifice. I sacrificed my arm to use it as a weapon, and I was amazing!

Hair: You call it sacrifice? We’re not sure there’s any more we can say to further emphasise how useless you are. Well, we can be useful in interesting ways. We can be used as a natural sponge, and we were used during the 2007 Cusco Busan oil spill in the San Francisco Bay to absorb oil from water. Quite superhero-ic!

Basically, it is not incorrect to say that ‘have faith in small things, because it is in them that our strength lies’.



Illustration: Almas Khan, AIS Vas 6, IX D

With love

INTANGIBLE FOREVER
VASTENITY ENDLESS
...to infinity

The Infinity Of Finiteness

Saanvi Wadhwa, AIS Vas 6, XI F

Dear Infinity,

As a kid, all that my teachers told me was that a number divided by zero gives you zero. I started believing you to be a number with millions of zeroes behind it, a number so big that I could keep writing zeroes my entire life, but still not be able to express you. Back then, I never really cared about the existence of the infinite numbers, but now that I am exposed to this knowledge, I see the world differently. Now that I am a teenager, facing the pangs of maths and physics, I realise that you’re not a number. You are boundless, endless. It is a fact that is hard to accept because the human brain, no matter how great it is, it’s restricted to finiteness, and it is incapable of conceiving something as vast as you. You have become ineffable. I have been trying to understand you for a long time. Hilbert told me to imagine you as a set of small real numbers through his infinite hotel room paradox, where an infinite number of guests in an infinite number of buses, came to live in a hotel that had an infinite number of rooms. Cosmologist Andy Albrecht and Chairman Davis of the Physics Department at the University of California used the infinite-mirrored room to imagine you with the help of mirrors and lights

placed at special angles. Einstein taught me two things that are infinite: ‘the universe and human stupidity’. When One Direction sang Infinity, I thought of you as the number of stars in the sky; a number as big as the time it takes to fix a broken heart. In ‘The Perks of Being a Wallflower’ when Charlie said, “And in that moment, I swear we were infinite,” he made me realise just how vast you are. I now understand how Charlie must have felt ‘in that moment’: boundlessly happy, peaceful and calm. Hazel Grace from ‘The Fault in Our Stars’ made me realise that “some infinities are bigger than the others”; that while there might be an infinite numbers in between one and two, there’s an even bigger set of infinite numbers between one and three. How I perceive infinity might be different from how my parents, or how my friends understand it. Because just like love and happiness, you, infinity, are intangible; you are something that might or might not be same for two different brains. For lovers, you are the promise of forever. For best friends, you’re the time spent together. For clock, you are the passage of time that continues for generations and never once stops. And for me, you are the boundless entity that I always love to think about. Always and forever,
A teenager