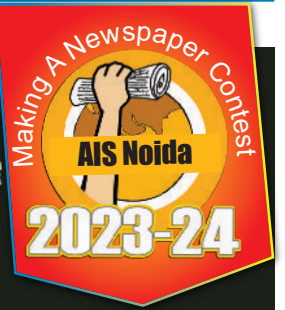


# Dil, dimog & delusion



## When Delusion Is The Only Solution To The Rationality Of Reality

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AIS Noida, XI I

Remember that tiny caffeine parade marching through your veins when you're sipping on the last foamy bit of your coffee? When your bloodstream turns into a caffeinated superhighway, and you're on the road 'trip'? This fallacy, my dear friend, is what we call delusion.

### Delusion, delusion Who are thou?

Well, delusion is like a mosquito; it's everywhere and it's annoying. It's the elusive line between fantasy and reality – a line so thin that it might even be a speck. It's like believing you are a master chef when your culinary skills are limited to just overcooking Maggi at 3 AM; or like a month prior planned out exam schedule, long forgotten as you struggle a night before. Ultimately, delusion is the cloud nine you enjoy life on, until it rains and suddenly raindrops aren't the only ones falling on the ground.

### Delusion, delusion Where are thou?

No matter how much you dream of meeting your very own Aditya Kashyap and saying "Mai apni favourite hoon", the crowded and bustling train station will run over your glamorous illusion. Even the Patna wale mama ka beta, who calls himself Einstein for having an uncanny ability to recite the periodic table, often finds himself at the difficult juncture where one is forced to differentiate between *dedh* and *dhaai*. And those

mornings when we hit the snooze button ten times, believing that the universe will magically stretch time? That's exactly where delusion resides, my friend.

### Delusion, delusion How are thou?

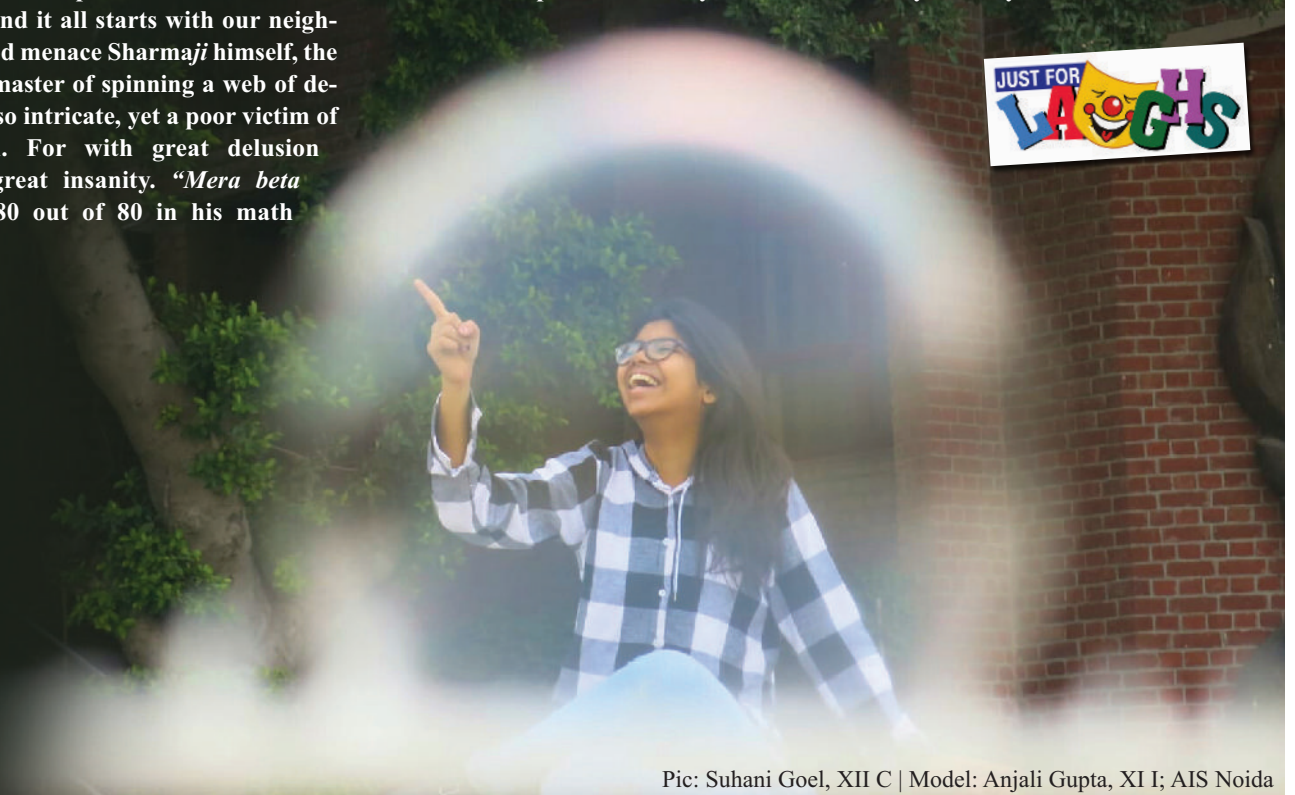
Everyone asks what's the delusion, but nobody asks how's the delusion – an irony deeply attached to Sharmaji ka beta, the famed prodigy who's barely asked about his well-being. Although, we hold no record of Sharmaji's son's accomplishments, one thing is certain – he is an infamous tale of parental delusion with an allegorical wisdom about the perils of comparison and excessive pride. And it all starts with our neighbourhood menace Sharmaji himself, the known master of spinning a web of deception so intricate, yet a poor victim of delusion. For with great delusion comes great insanity. "Mera beta scored 80 out of 80 in his math

exam!" Sharmaji proudly exclaims, oblivious of the fact that the paper was out of 30. Not only does Sharmaji's boy have a near-encyclopaedic knowledge of every subject, he is also a skilled engineer, a respectful doctor, and an aspiring astronaut – all before breakfast!

### Delusion, delusion Why are thou?

At the age where we compare ourselves with the barely realistic content on our feeds – the perfectly presented avocado toast with iced americano for breakfast – delusion, like the mythical unicorn, majestic but impossible to achieve, fuels our soul to accept our state only when it

drips of perfection. The extent is so that we are even frightened to acknowledge that *mummy ke haath ka poha* and *kul-had wali chai* are the epitomes of happiness etched in our hearts. How can we ever compare ourselves when every twine of our palm sings a different story? How could there ever be a flaw in our carefully crafted veneer of perfection? It's all just a roller coaster of bizarre thoughts and bumper cars of nonsensical notion. For, in the end, life is a short 26,093-day ride to take everything seriously. So, grab your popcorn, sit back, and enjoy the hilariously delusional show that unfolds within the confines of your very own cranium.



Pic: Suhani Goel, XII C | Model: Anjali Gupta, XI I; AIS Noida

Pics: Ayushi Nandan, AIS Noida, XII J

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