

## From Tracking Every Step To Ultimate Retreat

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hants of om resonate the distorted walls of a barren building 'amidst the chilly winds of winter. Om Shanti. What goes up, must come down. At least that is what I have been trying to teach these newbies. I mean, if they haven't yet learnt that from me, then God only knows what can teach them these lessons. Smartwatches, fitness trackers, and wearable; they can call themselves whatever they want. But one day the party will be over and they will have to retreat to the Himalayas like me in quest for peace. Myself? I despise you for asking that, given that I was once the motivation for you to stop being a couch potato. But never mind, I am Fitbit.

Now don't you give me that sympathetic gaze. I may be a little low on popularity, but I am not obsolete, not yet. As of 2021, I still had some 111 million registered users, and my sales stood at 10.6 million. Sure that is a significant drop from 25.4 million in 2017, but you still cant ignore that number. Oh, unfortunately 2017 – that was when those tacky Apple and Xiaomi took over.

But I shouldn't be complaining for it's been a great run. Back in 2007, when my founding fathers James Park and Eric Friedman brought me to this world, they didn't expect me to be such a rage. In fact, Park, who was pretty much out of shape, just wanted to create something that fell midway between the basic \$25 pedometer and the pricier sports watches. So, at the

Tech 50 Conference held in Sep 2008, where they had gone hoping for a mere 50 pre-orders, but came home with 2000 orders in a single day. That year seemed to be a blessing for me. Using my brand name, my guardians managed to raise funds of 2 million USD in our first-ever round of funding. Years passed and now was the time for our family to extend a bit. A few months in 2011 and we introduced my younger brother to the world. My younger brother, the Fitbit Ultra, came with an altimeter, a digital clock and a stopwatch. The sales doubled and our revenue touched a new all-time high. Up until this point, my journey was nothing less than a fairytale. Everyone was happy until those cheaper Chinese smartwatches took over. And then there were multiple lawsuits. The one by Jawbone, my archenemies was the worst. But I put up a tough fight and they eventually had to pull out of the wearables market. My numbers kept falling, but I put up a tough fight, adding new features every year like GPS mapping, food logging, music control, challenges and my latest versions even keeping track of texts and calls.

It's been a great ride and I still have credentials to boast of like a 40% market share as of 2022 and being one of Google's biggest buys ever at 2.1 billion USD. But the world has moved on, and so have I. Om shanti.

Chants of om resume.

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## Rain's mischievous musings

## The Magical Experience Of The First Drizzle

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s the smoke-laden dark grey clouds roll in with the earthy petrichor of the season's first gentle drizzle, they bring with them a spectrum of inspiration for writers, a joy for farmers, and a revival of life for nature's creatures. Frogs and deer emerge to revel in the rain's blissful touch, while villagers peer out from their shelters, watching in relief as the rain quenches the land's thirst.

Farmers anxiously await its arrival, knowing their crops depend on it for the seasonal harvest. Each drop of rain carries within it essential nutrients like zinc, magnesium, and copper, seeping into the soil to make it fertile and ready for

growth. The rain, with its ethereal touch, strikes a rainbow of ideas in the minds of poets and writers. Like ink blots on paper, raindrops inspire creativity. Its ambient, and nostalgic sound has fuelled the imagination of literary giants like Emily Dickinson in 'Summer Shower' and Thomas Hardy in 'During Wind and Rain'.

Rain holds deep spiritual and cultural significance across the globe. In the Indian states of Assam, Bihar, Jharkhand, and West Bengal, the festival of Baisakhi celebrates localised rainstorms with great reverence. In Hawaii, the Makhani festival honours the rain God Lano through rhythmic music and dance. Across cultures, rain heals and purifies, blessing everything it touches.

Children giddily run in the rain, their laughter harmonising with the sound of raindrops. Villagers watch as the rainwater collects in their dugout ponds and wells, securing their future harvests. The gentle drizzle draws out the peacocks, who dance with vibrant grace, their feathers shimmering in the rain's embrace. Toads and deer thank the mizzle for quenching their thirst.

The rain transforms barren landscapes into thriving oases, creating ecosystems in the most arid of regions. Whether it is celebrated as Mao in Tahiti or Indra in India, rain is a universal spectacle, a sight to behold in any form or language. This mystical storm of raindrops will forever shower our beautiful world with boundless love.

