



Past And Its Pareshaanis

Disha Dhir, XII I &
Devyanshi Goswami, Alumna
AIS Gurugram 46

Every decade seems to come with its own glitzy outfits, iconic music, and just enough nostalgia to make the present feel a bit underwhelming. But were these 'golden' eras as glamorous as they look, or are we just falling for history's very selective editing skills? Hop in to find out!

1920s: Roaring or meowing?

To many Millennials and Gen Zers, the Jazz Age seems so dazzling that they pretend they are time-travellers, escaping today's grit. But beneath the glitter of flapper dresses and rhythmic beats was an economy propped up by debt and inequality. The Rizz gen would surely not survive even a single day of that. Perhaps the only thing they would've adapted to is the era's original version of 'buy now, pay later' culture.

1960s: Tune in, drop out!

'Beatlemania' could make today's K-pop craze look meek. To Gen Alpha's eye, the 60s feel like a decade-long music festival with better outfits. But along with the perfect guitar solos came peace signs flashed by youngsters to oppose the Vietnam War. But protests, un-

rest, and deep social divides meant that not everyone was bobbing their heads to the tunes.

1990s: The cool, calm cousin?

From athleisure and chunky sneakers to boy bands and JFK Jr-Carolyn Bessette's tragic tale, the new generation soaks in all the good parts of the decade. It is remembered as a simpler time about floppy disks and waiting patiently for your favourite song to play on TV. But were the '90s really all that? Representation was limited, stereotypes were everywhere, and social awareness was... buffering.

2000s: Sparkle of chaos

The 2000s dazzled with bedazzled fashion, low-rise jeans, and loud pop culture, but beneath the glitter lay relentless paparazzi, vanished privacy, and celebs treated as property. It actually was a 'decade from hell' thanks to a mix of political turmoil (9/11, 26/11, the Iraq War) and economic downturn (the 2008 crash).

So, every decade looks iconic until you realise people back then were trying to 'figure it out' just as we are now. Turns out, the past wasn't perfect... it just had better lighting.

(Devyanshi is currently pursuing BSc Biochemistry from Sharada University.)

The glow below

Born In Darkness, Chasing Light Anyway



Aditi Verma

AIS VYC Lucknow, XII A

An enigma that lurks in the darkness of the abyss, I can be found in the murky depths of the Antarctic and Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, the Black Sea, and around Iceland. My home is 1000 meters below the surface level in deep waters where even sunlight is scared to penetrate. More than 200 of my species had been living unidentified for hundreds of millions of years until humans discovered my species in 1833 when one of us was found on Greenland beach. Does that ring a bell! Yes, I am the Angler fish. Humans call me frightening because they meet me out of context. And maybe that's the reason why I always appear angry. Anybody would be, for being called ugly or scary! In the deep sea, sharp teeth and glowing lights are not signs of evil; they are solutions. When survival is difficult, beauty becomes optional. I may be tiny - being around the same size as a teacup; and my colour may be anything from a dull dark grey to brown, but my spirit remains undeterred. I call myself a piece of work that not only en-

dures the darkness but also withstands the intense pressure deep down, which is high enough to crush any living organism.

You might have seen me in the movie 'Finding Nemo'. No, I wasn't the lead cast, instead I was that monstrous fish with that glowing lure. Or at least, that's the version of me people love to meme and misinterpret. Does no one ever wonder if the monster has a reason for glowing in the dark? That glowing lure on my head has a name:

the esca. Only female anglerfish like me have one. It glows because of a bioluminescent bacterium that lives inside it, producing light through a chemical reaction. In a place where vision is poor and food is rare; the glow is not decoration. It's bait. It is how I eat, and survive.

But my kin have an adventurous streak. We venture upwards once in a while to see the colourful world. The latest was in early 2025 when my cousin the 'black sea devil' wandered to the coast of the Canary Islands. Deep-sea creatures like me are rarely seen in daylight, so once spotted I became a global curiosity - the

talk of the town. Scientists were curious and the internet exploded with our pictures. They drew fan art of us reaching for the sun. Someone even wrote a poem on it - Chasing Light Anyway. Humans created illustrations, stories, comics - a proof that even a creature built for darkness could inspire something soft. Videos circulated, articles were written, and suddenly a fish from the abyss rose to glory.

But rising has consequences. Without the pressure of the deep, gases expanded inside

my cousin's body. His organs began to fail; a condition scientists call barotrauma. Creatures of the depths are not built for the surface. Many assumed he was sick or fleeing a predator. They never considered courage.

My cousin did not survive but his ascent was not in vain. For the first time, humans saw us not merely as predators, but as questions. As metaphors. As art. In reaching for the light, he transformed how the world looked at us. And so, I am no longer just biology. I am a symbol. A reminder that even creatures shaped by darkness may still chase the sun.

Autobiography