



THE YOUNG OPINION

THE VOICE OF YOUR FUTURE

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Founder's Message: Aarav Modi

As we near the beginning of school, we fully accept the fact that The Young Opinion will not be as frequent as we try to be. That being said, we are looking for anyone who will write as much as one blog, send in just one picture or painting, write just one article so that we can keep our mission going. As we are a team of very innovative youth, we are always striving to find new ideas from within and outside. Dhyaan Patel has join TYO and has a creative and simple comic that will win over the readers heart. Be sure to look towards our instagram for this comic and stay safe and have a good read!

About Us

As "The Young Opinion", we are a group of young individuals who strive to express our unique perspectives to the world through this creative medium. We make it our priority to educate and empower young audiences and encourage them to display their talents and thoughts through opportunities presented by our magazine. Our team consists of youths with talents in a variety of facets ranging from journalism, photography to even various types of art. We take pride in being the next generation and try our very best to use the skills we have to spread awareness on topics, we as youth feel need to be addressed. As a group, we collectively feel, that no matter how long it takes and no matter how small each step, we will try to the best of our abilities, to make sure our voices are heard.



The Mary Celeste

A Mystery Floating on Sea...

By Varuni Ramessar

On December 4th, 1872, Captain David Reed Morehouse was aboard his ship named *Dei Gratia*, which translated means “by the grace of God”. It was on this day that he spotted a yawning ‘ghost ship’, that would soon be one of the most notorious enigmas to ever occur in nautical history.

On November 7, 1872, the 282-ton brigantine *Mary Celeste* set sail on its way to Genoa, Italy from New York Harbor. Boarded on the ship was its Captain, Benjamin S. Briggs, his wife, Sarah, his 2-year-old daughter, Sophia, along with seven crew members and 1,701 barrels of crude alcohol. Less than a month later the ship was spotted at full sail adrift by another crew just 400 miles east of the Azores with no sign of life. Sails were up and down, others were torn and ropes hung loose. Captain Morehouse and his crew sailed the *Dei Gratia* towards the ship to investigate and circling it, they identified the ship as the *Mary Celeste*. Befuddled, he then sent some men to have a closer look, one of them being Olivier Deveau- the first mate. He heard and saw nothing as he walked on board the abandoned ship, there were no signs of struggle, no blood and no

devastation beyond imagination. The Cargo was still intact, the crews’ belongings were still present and there were enough food and supplies to last another 6 months. The cabins were flooded but the ship was still able to sail. A missing lifeboat along with the mainsail rope was nowhere to be found and a dissembled pump was immediately noticed. Maps were tossed around, navigational tools were gone along with most of the ship’s papers. Whoever had left this ship had done it quickly and in an orderly way, was all that was discerned from the ruins.

According to the Logbook which was last used 9 days from the found date had stated that *Mary Celeste* was in sight of Azores Island of Santa Maria. What made the ship’s crew desert it, has yet to be determined, though it must’ve provoked a real alarm because Captain Briggs was a talented and wise sailor who would not easily leave a seaworthy ship. Briggs and Morehouse were friends having sailed together in the past and even had dinner before Captain Briggs set sail in Staten Island, New York. It was November 7, 1872, and he was voyaging to Genoa, Italy. It was a bad commencement for the ship’s journey. Caught in a storm, the ship had to anchor down, unable to move for two days. Bad weather followed the ship for two weeks and after that, no one knows what happened. Briggs was never seen again. Nor was his family. Neither was his crew. They never made it to Italy. *Mary Celeste’s*



The picture on the left is a painting was created in 1861, and at the time, the Mary Celeste was called the Amazon.

The Mary Celeste (Contd.)

individuals had vanished without a trace.

A Shadowy Past

As cunning as this occurrence was, *Mary Celeste* knew no luck even before. Originally named the *Amazon*, this ship was owned primarily by the British and was built in Nova Scotia, Canada in 1861. The United States had bought it but it never stayed with one owner for too long. One even claimed that *Mary Celeste* “was the most unlucky ship”. The ship was doomed from the very beginning. The very first captain to take charge of the ship was Robert Mclellan. He had gotten extremely ill days after the claim of the ship and at the start of his first expedition aboard the ship, he

died. The second captain- John Nutting Parker- had a very tragic fate due to the ship as well. He hit a fishing boat and ran into another ship sinking them both. One captain even tried to deliberately run the ship aground to cause a collision as part of attempted insurance fraud in 1885. Additional detrimental things went wrong with the boat’s involvement. For example, in a storm, *Mary Celeste* was driven upon the shore and being badly damaged, it was abandoned. Someone had found it and attempted to fix it but being the ship it was, a fire broke out. Considering the evidence, it's extremely hard to tell what caused the perfectly fine ship to be left alone and afloat at sea.



THE MAGIC CHRONICLES

VOLUME II

By Jay Patel

“Hello? Mom? Neah? Where did everyone go?”, I said. No one responded. Brushing it off, I went on with my day, suspecting that they probably went somewhere. A couple of hours passed and I called to check on them. Again, no one picked up, I just assumed their phones died. By the end of the day, I could no longer contain my nervousness so I called Jason for advice on what to do. *Ring Ring Ring*, “hello?”. “Oh, Nick what's up?”, Jason said. “Jason, I'm kind of freaking out right now,” I said. “What's wrong? He asked. “It's just that both my sister and mom have been gone since I came home from school. I've tried calling them, they won't pick up!”. “Wait, I'm coming”, he said, he then ended the call and in about two minutes he arrived at my doorstep. “So what are we going to do about this?”, Jason asked. “What do you mean? There isn't much we can do at the moment” I responded. “Look, there have been so many people that have disappeared lately, and the government isn't doing anything, so we have no choice but to figure out what's going on ourselves” Jason said. “As much as I hate to say it, at this point there is only one person who can help us,” I said. “Wait are you talking about...?” “Yep, I'm talking about him,” I said. I walked over to the main living room and then opened an old cabinet. I reached over towards the high shelf in the cabinet and almost fell in the process, but fortunately, I was successful in finding a way to contact him. I grabbed a large dusty book out of the cabinet and then I proceeded to look for a certain number. It took me a great deal of time to find the right number, but I finally ended up finding it.”Hey Jason I think I found his number” I said. He nodded, I started to dial the number. *Ring Ring Ring*, “hello?”. I stood there silently for a few moments, I then gathered the courage to speak. “Hello, it's me, Nick”. I could hear the audible gasp through the phone. “Son, how many years has it been?”. “It's been four, okay look,

something has come up and I... I need your help, Is there a place we can meet up?” I asked nervously. “Go to the Red Demon Bar in 2 hours, I will be sitting on the far table at the right.” Ending the call I turned to Jason. “Jason, we have 2 hours to kill might as well get some practice in”. I started to walk towards the backyard, Jason followed. “Nick lets duel” Jason exclaimed. “Are you ready to lose?” “What are you talking about Nick, you haven't won once” Jason smirked. Walking to the other side of the field and I got ready. “One, two, three GO,” we both said in unison. I put my hands together and shot a blast of sharp wind towards Jason. He jumped and dodged my attack, and while in midair he sent 3 clusters of sharp feathers coming my way. One from the left, one from the right and one straight through the middle. I then charged my wind attack, and when the three clusters of feathers were in the range I unleashed an area of effect wind attack which was able to neutralize the clusters, but by the time I was finished my move, Jason just vanished, I then looked up only to see a storm of feathers crashing down towards me, as they were hurling at me they suddenly stopped. “I won,” Jason said happily while jumping up and down. “Jason lets practice until we have to meet at the bar” the time passed quickly and we were both outside the Red Demon Bar. We both looked at each other with eyes of determination and nodded. We then walked into the bar only to see several suspicious-looking people staring at us. We looked towards the tables at the right only to see, no one. We both sat down at a table. I started to look around the bar only to see the waiter staring at me. He walked towards me and handed me a scrap of paper that said “wait outside



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the bar". Jason and I got up and started walking towards the exit. We stood outside and waited for 10 minutes. I looked around only to see a fly on my right, I swung at it and it went away. I looked towards my left only to see someone just standing there. "You have grown pretty tall" "I don't have time for this, something has happened to mother and Neah," I said. The man looked at me, and then conjured a huge eagle. "Get on," he said while pointing to the saddle. Jason and I looked at each other with astonishment. The summoning power is rare, and not many people possess it. It is highly valued as most summoners can create whole armies, and some summoners even choose to practice necromancy, the ability to reanimate the dead. We got on the eagle and in five minutes we arrived at our destination. A huge mansion. "Woah nick your dad's house is HUGE", "Yeah I wonder what his job is?". We got off the eagle and followed my dad into the mansion. He led us into a room, "What happened to your mother and Neah? "They both have disappeared" I replied grimly. "Just as I thought, what I am about to tell you is highly confidential, don't tell anyone" "We won't" Jason responded. "Okay, it is highly plausible that corrupt government officials are kidnapping people to make weapons of mass destruction, and I think I may know where they are keeping everyone." "All right when are we going?" I asked. "I don't think you understand how dangerous this is, I will infiltrate their base ALONE, and if I don't come back in a couple of hours I am either captured or dead, don't be a hero, it will cost you your life". "Wait, I'm confused how do you know all this?" "I am a vigilante, which is why I will be going myself. Both of you follow me", he then led us to a room full of video surveillance of different locations. "You see that weird warehouse, it's where I will be going."

He then raised his hand and summoned multiple armed warriors. "These here will keep you guys safe in case anything happens, I will be off now". "Dad... don't die" he turned around and smiled sorrowfully.



The Evening that Shattered Beirut...

By Tripti Neb (Guest Writer)

04 August 2020

Beirut, Lebanon

It's strange how much can change in just an evening.

In the case of the people of Beirut, the evening of 04 August resulted in 220 deaths, more than 7000 injuries and close to \$15 billion of property damage. The mismanaged and negligent storage of 2,750 tonnes of ammonium nitrate, a highly explosive chemical compound, led to two massive explosions in the Port of Beirut, now deemed as “the most powerful non- nuclear explosions in history”.

It all started in 2014, when the port authorities in Beirut confiscated ammonium nitrate from the MV Rhosus, a cargo ship which was later declared ‘unseaworthy’ and forbidden to set sail.

While the ship sank in 2018, the ammonium nitrate still remained in Warehouse 12 of the port. Despite repeated requests of custom officials to either export the material or supply it to the army, the government kept it in the warehouse, next to a stock of ‘fireworks’, endangering the lives of thousands living in and around the port.

Inevitably, a fire broke out in Warehouse 12 in the afternoon of 04th August, followed by a cataclysmic explosion few hours later. The explosion was heard as far as 250 kilometres away, in Cyprus. An earthquake of 3.3- 4.5 magnitude jolted Lebanon, Israel, Turkey and Syria.

In a clear admission of guilt, the Lebanese cabinet and the Prime Minister filled in their resignations from office on 10 th August. Inefficient management of sensitive substances by the Lebanese government pushed an already- downtrodden country into further difficulties.

It is time for governments all around the world to take this horrible tragedy as a wake- up call for themselves. The demographic and monetary costs of poor management are too high for any country to bear. As diplomatic as it might seem, leaving office and issuing apologies does little good after events like these.

The world is in dire need of effective administrations, as opposed to the masquerading houses of parliaments seen currently.



Mahatma Gandhi

By Roshni Sen

Mahatma Gandhi was a prominent Indian political leader who was a leading figure in the campaign for Indian independence. He employed non-violent principles and peaceful disobedience as a means to achieve his goal. He was assassinated in 1948, shortly after achieving his life goal of Indian independence. In India, he is known as 'Father of the Nation'.

“When I despair, I remember that all through history the ways of truth and love have always won. There have been tyrants and murderers, and for a time they can seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall. Think of it—always.”

– Gandhi

Mohandas K. Gandhi was born in 1869, in Porbandar, India. Mohandas was from the social cast of tradesmen. His mother was illiterate, but her common sense and religious devotion had a lasting impact on Gandhi's character. When he was young, Mohandas was a good student, but the shy young boy displayed no signs of leadership. On the death of his father, Mohandas traveled to England to gain a degree in law. He became involved with the Vegetarian Society and was once asked to translate the Hindu *Bhagavad Gita*. This classic of Hindu literature awakened in Gandhi a sense of pride in the Indian scriptures, of which the *Gita* was the pearl.

Around this time, he also studied the Bible and was struck by the teachings of Jesus Christ – especially the emphasis on humility and forgiveness. He remained committed to the Bible and *Bhagavad Gita* throughout his life, though he was critical of aspects of both religions.

On completing his degree in Law, Gandhi returned to India, where he was soon sent to South Africa to practice law. In South Africa, Gandhi was struck by the level of racial discrimination and injustice often experienced by Indians. In 1893, he was thrown off a train at the railway station in Pietermaritzburg after a white man complained about Gandhi traveling in first class. This experience was a pivotal moment for Gandhi and he began to represent other Indians who experienced discrimination.



