

Raptors Captures



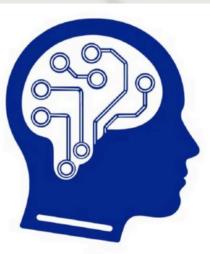


American International School Chennai

Pre Conference

Friday, November 8, 2025

THE CHEMUN CHATTER XIX

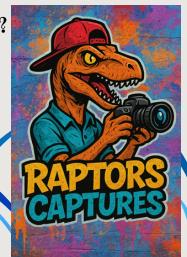


CHEMUN XIX

Innovation in the Digital Age November 7-9, 2025

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Welcome to CHEMUN XIX: Innovation in the Digital Age by CHEMUN Secretariat

In a world increasingly shaped by rapid change and technology, innovation has become not just an advantage but a necessity. As we confront global challenges ranging from economic instability and environmental crises to political polarisation and inequality, adapting, reimagining, and innovating is the key to sustainable progress. The digital age has marked the beginning of this transformation, reshaping how we live, think, and interact.

The digital age, emerging with the rise of the internet, artificial intelligence, big data, and automation, has accelerated the pace of change worldwide. It has blurred the lines between the physical and virtual worlds, creating opportunities for connection and collaboration while also raising questions about privacy, equity, and access. In this evolving era, digital tools have given power to individuals and communities, allowing voices to transcend physical boundaries and be amplified. Yet, the same tools have also deepened divides between those with technology and those without, emphasizing the importance of inclusive innovation.

Innovation in the digital age is no longer driven solely by scientists or large tech corporations, it is becoming open, diverse, and inclusive. Today, students, educators, entrepreneurs, and activists are all contributing novel ideas that challenge the status quo. Innovations such as open-source software, digital health platforms, online education, and decentralized finance are reshaping our world by making tools and opportunities more accessible. At its core, innovation in this era is about transforming traditional systems, finding creative solutions to global issues, and imagining better futures built on collaboration and equity.

As we navigate the complexities of a digitally driven world, it is crucial to reflect on how innovation is used and for whom it is designed. The digital age offers immense promise, but only if we ensure that its benefits are equally shared, its risks are critically examined, and its tools are wielded with responsibility.

Ultimately, we hope that CHEMUN XIX will serve as grounds for delegates and student officers to engage in meaningful debate and discourse, with a larger perspective on emphasizing collaborative action as well as innovation, in order to shape positive changes in the era of technology.

THE SECRET LIFE OF EVERYDAY OBJECTS



By Jonas K. Raptors Captures (RC) Alum

Imagine if your coffee machine, doorknob, or oven had emotions, relationships, and personalities. These humble items go through much of your life and witness almost everything: family arguments, friendships blooming or breaking, late-night confessions over cups of tea, even first dates gone awkwardly silent. Now think about your coffee machine. What would it make of you, watching you stumble over every morning, bleary-eyed and needy? And what might it think about its role in your life? After all, your coffee machine might just be the most self-assured, egoistic item in your household. It knows you need it to wake up, to function, to keep your mornings on track.

Your coffee machine sees itself as the one item in your life that truly understands your needs. It knows exactly how you like your coffee: strong on Mondays, maybe a little lighter on Fridays, and decaf on the occasional health kick. It has a sense of pride in its precision, its ability to be exactly what you want every day. But with this self-assuredness comes a bit of attitude. Deep down, it's aware that you can't quite function without it, and this sense of power has given it a unique swagger. It feels entitled to some form of respect.

Sometimes, it might even resent the way you take it for granted. After all, you rely on it daily, but do you ever think about its needs? It wants acknowledgement, a little respect. Maybe it even yearns to be something more than just a caffeine dispenser. It fantasizes about being treated like a ritualistic centerpiece of your morning routine, with a moment of appreciation dedicated to it each day.

What if, one morning, your coffee machine decided it deserved a little more attention? Perhaps it starts acting a little temperamental: brewing slower, making that faint whirring noise, just enough to make you take a pause. Maybe it flashes an error message, hoping you'll notice and give it a thorough cleaning. After all, if it's going to keep you energized day in and day out, it wants a little care in return.

Then, imagine that one day you're about to press "brew," and you're struck by a strange, amusing thought: What if my coffee machine actually had feelings? Suddenly, making your coffee becomes a moment of quiet gratitude. You find yourself treating it with a bit more care, handling it a little more gently, and, perhaps, even giving it a playful "thank you" as you grab your morning cup. Life is secretly about being grateful.





Is AI a Good Story Teller?

by Alya E, RC Alum



PROMPT: Create a short story about a mysterious woman who moves into your apartment building. One by one, all of the tenants start hallucinating that monsters are chasing them and jump to their own deaths.

The day she moved in, the air felt heavier. Even the light outside seemed different like it was being filtered through some invisible fog that only I could feel. I didn't know her name at first. She arrived quietly, carrying nothing more than a small suitcase. No family, no friends—just her and the strange, empty look in her eyes. She took apartment 4B, the one directly across the hall from me. I'd been living in the building for over a year and had gotten used to the eccentricities of my neighbors. Mrs. Salazar, the elderly woman who always peeked through her blinds, the young couple on the second floor who fought constantly but never seemed to leave the apartment together, and Tom from 5D, who'd show up in the hallway late at night, mumbling to himself as if rehearsing a play. But this woman, who was now in 4B, was different. She kept to herself, never speaking to anyone, never leaving her door open to the buzz of hallway conversations like everyone else. Her presence felt more like a shadow than a person. The first thing I noticed was the smell. Not bad-just strange. It was a mixture of something sweet, like lavender, and something metallic, like blood. It lingered in the air for days after she moved in, curling into the walls, the elevator, the stairwell. And then, the noise. A soft sound at first—a tapping, or maybe a scratching. Sometimes I would hear it late at night, coming from her apartment. I tried to ignore it, chalking it up to the old pipes or maybe the wind through the cracks in the building, but something about it unsettled me.

A few weeks passed without incident, and then things started to change. It began with Mrs. Salazar. I was sitting on the couch one evening when I heard a thud from across the hall. It was followed by muffled cries—Mrs. Salazar's voice, frantic, pleading. I rushed out of my apartment and knocked on her door. No answer. I tried the handle, but it was locked. The sound of her cries grew louder, more desperate. "No, no, get away from me!" she screamed, as if someone—or something—was chasing her. Then, suddenly, the screaming stopped. It was dead silent for a moment, and then—thud. I flung the door open, terrified of what I might find. But when I stepped inside, Mrs. Salazar wasn't there. The apartment was empty, cold, and quiet.I looked out the window in time to see her—a tiny figure—fall from the rooftop, her body twisting in the air before crashing to the ground.

The police ruled it as a suicide, but no one in the building believed that. Mrs. Salazar was old, yes, but she wasn't the type to give up on life. Something had driven her to jump, and whatever that something was... it wasn't normal. Afterward, strange things started happening with the other tenants. Tom from 5D started acting erratically. He'd always been a little off, but now he'd wander the hallways at night, muttering incoherently to himself, his eyes wild. He would suddenly stop midsentence, freeze, and then whisper, "They're coming. They're coming." One night, I heard a loud crash from his apartment. When I went to check, the door was open. I stepped inside, and there, at the edge of the window, was Tom, staring out into the void, his face pale and contorted in terror. "I see them," he whispered, his voice cracking. "They're right there. They're chasing me." Before I could ask him what he meant, he lunged toward the window, throwing himself through it with a force that shattered the glass.

Another tenant. Gone.

I couldn't shake the feeling that something was deeply wrong with this building. People had always been strange, sure, but never like this. Never like Mrs. Salazar or Tom. And then, it happened to me. I was lying in bed one night, unable to sleep, when I heard a tapping—no, more like scratching—coming from the walls. It was faint, almost imperceptible at first, but it grew louder, closer, until it felt like it was right behind me. I sat up, heart hammering in my chest. There, at the foot of my bed, was a shadow. It was human-shaped, but the contours were wrong, jagged, like something stitched together with pieces of darkness. My vision blurred for a second, and when it cleared, the shadow was gone. I shook my head, trying to dismiss it as a dream, but when I looked at the clock, I saw it was 3:00 AM—the same time every night that I heard the scratching.

The next day, I saw her again—the woman from 4B. She stood in the hallway, staring at me with those empty, hollow eyes. She didn't speak, but I could feel her presence like a weight pressing on my chest. I don't know why I followed her, but I did. We went down to the basement together. I didn't want to, but my feet moved of their own accord. The air in the basement was thick, heavy, and damp. The flickering light above barely illuminated the room. I could feel the eyes of every single tenant in the building, staring at me through the shadows. And then I saw it. In the corner of the basement, beneath a pile of old furniture and forgotten boxes was a massive, blackened door—its surface scuffed and scratched, as if something had been trying to claw its way out.

The woman walked toward it without hesitation, her footsteps silent on the concrete floor. I wanted to run. I should have run. But I didn't. She reached the door and turned to me. For the first time since I'd seen her, she spoke. "They're waiting," she said, her voice soft, almost comforting. "They've always been waiting." Before I could react, the door swung open, revealing nothing but a swirling void of darkness beyond. And I heard it—scratching, clawing, something moving, coming closer. A scream rose in my throat, but before I could move, the ground beneath me gave way, and I was falling. When the police arrived, they found nothing—no trace of me, no trace of anyone else. The building was empty, every apartment abandoned, as if it had never been inhabited at all.

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The mysterious woman from 4B was never found. Her name was never discovered.

And the tenants? They'd all vanished without a trace, their bodies never found. Only the memories remained, fading with time—of screams, of scratching at the walls, of a dark door that no one was meant to open.

And the building?

It stands empty now, abandoned. But if you listen closely, in the dead of night, you can still hear the faintest scratching, coming from somewhere deep inside the walls.

And if you're unlucky, you might find that it's you they're coming for.

~ So, what do you think of it?



Where the Global Community Failed Science

by Aparna A, RC Alum

The word "community" has certain connotations - you'd typically visualize a tight-knit group of people gathered together in a suburban neighborhood. The scientific community can certainly be representative of this vision - but can quickly devolve into a desperate competition for glory. Especially when it becomes less about actual science, and more political and economic factors get involved. Unfortunately, this is inevitable – since science drives innovation, and innovation drives society, you cannot be in the scientific field without a little bit of societal influence. It exists at the footnotes of every article published in a journal like *Science*, or *The New England Journal of Medicine*.

There are too many instances of these external pressures overshadowing the real focus of scientific research. They illustrate themselves as a black mark on the history of quite a few countries, although most are in the United States. First - we have to go back to September 1st, 1939 when Germany invaded Poland and marked the beginning of World War II. Meanwhile, at the University of California, Berkeley - Element #93 of the periodic table (now known as Neptunium) was just discovered. But the publication was met with silence. Nobody dared recognize it, in the case that Germany would notice. The U.S. hadn't yet joined the war effort, but soon would, and the element race became essential to create fuel - for a bomb. Glenn Seaborg, (you might recognize the name Seaborg, from Seaborgium, Element #106) became in charge of the element race at Berkeley, and worked with Enrico Fermi to create Plutonium (which was newly discovered, as element #94) for the Manhattan Project. Seaborg is a name which is remembered throughout history for the element race especially since under him, Berkeley discovered elements #94, #95, #96, #97, #98, #99, #100, and #101. Eventually, John F. Kennedy made him head of the Atomic Energy Commission. But soon, things got a little rougher, because every single element discovered after was contested because new competitors joined the race. Some of the labs were bullied until no one believed them - but eventually, it became narrowed down to the USSR (Dubna) and Berkeley. This series of events is now referred to as The Transfermium Wars. However, things came to a stop when the USSR collapsed. It hit the Dubna lab hard, as the Russian economy became a disaster. It seemed doomed to close until it teamed up with a Livermore lab. This was a blow to Berkeley since they could no longer contest the elements that came out of the lab since it was downright petty. Things became extremely heated, as Dubna started to overtake Berkeley in the element race.

What Berkeley needed was a star - someone to become the new Seaborg in discovering elements. This emerged in the form of Victor Ninov, a bright chemist who created a new system for faster data analysis, called G.O.O.S.Y. and was listed as the co-discoverer of elements #110, #111, and #112 when he worked with a lab in Europe. It was met with outrage by the rest of the world when Berkeley head-hunted him. The Dubna lab had just announced number #114 but needed more data to confirm its existence. Berkeley's only choice was to create a more convincing experiment. After days of desperate attempts, Victor Ninov suddenly announced something incredible in the early data (also it's important to note he didn't want to show the results just yet). It was a perfect alpha decay-chain showing not only #118, but #116, and #114. This would mean Berkeley discovered 3 elements - which were their first in 25 years. Eventually, the results were published.

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G.S.I (Ninov's old lab) was anxious to get caught up with Berkeley, so they replicated the experiment which managed to get the new elements. But it was a failure, and the alpha decay chain never showed up. Similarly, teams in France and Japan also showed blanks. This pattern kept occurring with labs all over the world. A few years later in 2001, the only repetition of the experiment showing an alpha decay chain was also reported by none other than Victor Ninov. Now, in the original 1999 experiment, the only person who read the data was Ninov, since they used his G.O.O.S.Y system to analyze the data. But since it had been several years, many people had taught themselves G.O.O.S.Y. This ended up with someone analyzing the original data with the program - and found that element #118 never showed up in the results. Based on this, four different committees were formed - the last one being called, "The committee for the formal investigation of scientific misconduct". They found evidence of fraud in three categories: statistical (what's the likelihood this data is real), technical (is there evidence that the raw data was changed on accident, or on purpose) and identity (if it was faked, then who?).

Surprisingly, for the category of identity, they ended up with no other but Victor Ninov as a suspect. The consequences occurred rapidly, and Ninov was suspended, then officially fired. His other coauthors were scolded harshly, and the paper was retracted. The fallout for Berkeley was horrible for them, and they were officially out of the element race.

The point to take off this story is something the scientific community should remember for the rest of time - that the competition between Dubna and Berkeley (fueled by the war at some point), and the pressure on the lab to discover a new element, may have been what drove Ninov to fake data. The global community of science should be coming together to focus on what's important in the field - innovation, and more importantly, learning something new, rather than the glory that they gain from the title of "most elements discovered".

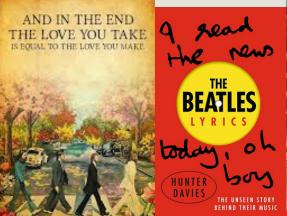


The Beatles and WWII: An Unexpected Link by Mira S

When we think about The Beatles, we often imagine their iconic hairstyles, unforgettable songs, and the cultural revolution they created in the 1960s. However, there is an intriguing connection between this legendary band and World War II that should be known.

To start, we should consider their origins: Liverpool. John Lennon and Ringo Starr were both born in 1940, in the middle of World War II. Liverpool faced significant bombing during the Blitz, and although Lennon and Starr were too young to remember the attacks, the effects of the war enveloped them. The city showed signs of devastation, with many families grappling to survive in a post-war economy. This environment surely influenced their upbringing and musical creativity.

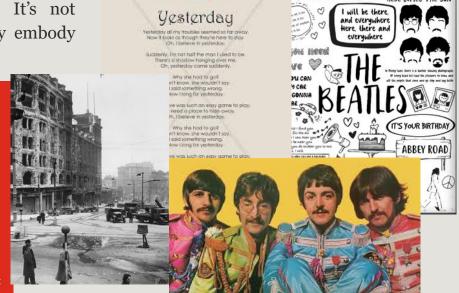
Imagine growing up in a place where buildings still showed damage from bombings and food supplies were scarce. This setting created a spirit of resilience and renaissance in young people like Lennon and Starr. They found safety in music, providing an escape from the harsh environment around them. It's not surprising that their songs typically embody themes of hope and change.





After WWII, Liverpool experienced a cultural evolution as American music began to enter the city. With sailors returning with records from the U.S.A., The Beatles were exposed to rock and roll, rhythm and blues, and other genres that would permanently change their sound. This cultural exchange was essential; it allowed them to blend their personal experiences with influences from across the Atlantic.

In many ways, The Beatles emerged as a voice for a generation longing for something new after the turmoil of war. Their music resonated with themes of love, peace, and defiance—ideas that resonated with those who had faced difficult times.



BEATLES

Interestingly, there's a lesser-known connection between The Beatles and WWII through a film called 'All This and World War II'. Released in 1976, this movie featured versions of Beatles songs alongside historical footage from World War II. While it aimed to provide commentary on warfare through popular music, it ultimately fell short. Critics described it as being disjointed and lacking depth.

Despite its shortcomings as a film, 'All This and World War II' serves as a reminder of our efforts to link art with history. It highlights that even years later, we continue to face the consequences of war through different artistic mediums.

The Beatles' relationship with World War II goes beyond being a simple historical reference; it is a pivotal aspect of understanding their identity as artists. Their upbringing in post-war Liverpool influenced their music and messages, allowing them to become symbols of hope in times of hardship. As we listen to their enduring melodies today, we should remember that behind every song is a story—one that reflects not only individual experiences but also the historical context that shaped an entire generation.





Is Social Media More Harmful or Beneficial to Teenagers Today?

by Clara A.

As a teenager myself, I enjoy having my phone with me at all times, especially the social media apps that keep me up to date and connected with my peers. However, this is not a completely faultless advancement, the average daily screen time for high school students is around 8 hours and 39 minutes—more time than many of us spend sleeping. To our parents, this fact is shocking, but for us, this is just how we communicate with one another. We may not realize how it reaches 8 hours, but every quick "pick-up" adds up. In our generation, social media has become the primary way to build and strengthen connections with our peers.



In high school, we go to school for 7 hours a day, and unless we have classes with one another, we might go the majority of the day without seeing our friends or having time to talk and actually build those connections. Many of us are also involved in extra curriculars (sports, clubs, etc.) so finding the time to socialize outside of school is a struggle. Social media has filled this gap by giving us a way to connect even when we're apart or busy with our own schedules. This becomes especially helpful now that our lives have become so consumed by doing things so it "looks good on college applications". Our phones have become one of our most valued possessions, yet they can also be our biggest downplayer.

As a society, we rely on technology more and more, and for today's teenagers, growing up with cell phones is what we call normal. When we find out one of our peers doesn't have one or doesn't use social media we are shocked because we are so used to everyone around us using it. It's how we connect with the world outside of our immediate circle, even when we're busy with our own routines. Gaurav Raju wrote, "Social media has significantly improved relationships by providing a constant and instant communication platform, allowing people to stay connected regardless of geographical distance." Social media enables us to see the world from the comfort of our homes and keep in touch with people we meet throughout our life. As an international student, I find it especially helpful for staying connected with friends I've met throughout my life in different countries.

On the other hand, social media isn't only used for communication—it also provides endless scrolling, commonly referred to as "brain rot." We spend hours each day watching short, often pointless videos. So, where do we draw the line between technology as a tool and technology as a distraction? The line between the benefits and the harms of social media is thin, and it's easy to slip into overuse. Some teenagers manage their time well on social media, but for others, it can easily go both ways. It's a slippery slope with clear pros and cons, and the key is being mindful of how much time we spend on it. However if managed in a healthy way I believe the pros of social media outweigh the cons. It's a powerful way to stay connected and communicate with people, no matter where we are. But it's important for each of us to monitor our usage and be aware of the time we're spending online.



Is AI the New Art? by Elisabeth T

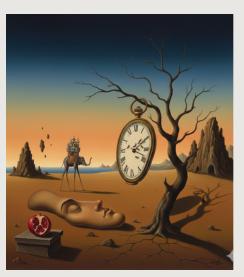
Artificial intelligence has become a new way to create art by using smart computer programs that learn from many examples of existing artworks. These programs work by studying millions of images and then creating new pictures based on what they have learned. People can type in simple descriptions, and AI will use that information to make unique artworks very quickly.

However, AI art is changing what we define as creativity. Yes, it allows people who are not trained as artists to make images, music, stories, and so much more using AI tools. Some artists even use AI as a helper to explore new ideas and styles, making art in ways that were not possible before. But this rise of AI art has also raised concerns because some people worry it might take away the value of art made by humans, thereby directly impacting traditional artistic skills.

Even though AI is growing strong in the art world, we must value traditional art. Traditional art includes skills and designs passed down from generations and reflects a community's culture and history. It tells stories about heritage and helps us connect with our past. By preserving traditional art, we protect the identity of different cultures and maintain the variety and richness of human creativity.

In conclusion, while AI is becoming a new form of art that expands creativity, traditional art still plays a crucial role in preserving culture and history for future generations to come. It is up to us to find a balance between embracing technological progress and honouring the legacy of human craftsmanship and cultural diversity.

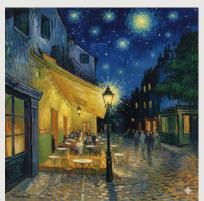














Unscramble the Countries!

Regalia
Analog
Benni (a type of seed/spice)
Bernie
Rumba
Chiel (a young man or boy)
Chain
Sprucy
Daimonic
Tearier
Atonies
Guanay (a type of cormorant bird)
Inlaced
Rain
Serial
Laity

11.

Matching – Connect the Country to its Capital!

Countries:	<u>Capital Cities:</u>
1. Canada	a. Rome
2. Egypt	b. Tokyo
3. Japan	c. New Delhi
4. France	d. Ottawa
5. Australia	e. Cairo
6. India	f. Madrid
7. Italy	g. Brasília
8. Brazil	h. Paris
9. Germany	i. London
10. Spain	j. Beijing
1. United Kingdom	k. Berlin
12. China	I. Canberra
13. South Korea	m. Seoul

Conference Schedule



Day 1 (Friday, November 7th)

9:00 - 9:15	Chair Briefing
	Join Opening Ceremony
9:30 - 10:30	Opening Ceremony
10:30 - 10:40	Go to Committee
	Directors meeting and Approval Panel workshop
	Opening speeches, Lobbying
12:00 - 12:55	Lunch - ICJ, HRC, ECOSOC, GA2
	Lunch - GA4, DISEC, SPC, CCPCJ
1:00 - 1:55	Lunch - SC, APQ, HSC, EC, GA3
	Approval Panel in Session
	Committees In Session
	Committee ends, delegates dismissed
4:35 - 4:50	Chair Debriefing









