Vivadí

Lost in the Internet

Based on the story by Kris Stokes, Madhurima Chakraborty

[PRINT AND READ FROM HERE WHILE YOU PROJECT THE VISUAL SUPPORT]

(flashcard 1)

Kunal loved the Internet. He was always asking Mummy for her phone so he could watch videos. "Don't watch for too long or you'll get pulled in!" Mummy warned him.

(flashcard 2)

First, Kunal watched a video of cartoon ninjas. Next, he watched one of a volcano spewing lava. Then, he watched one of a baby playing with a dog. With each video, Kunal's face came closer and closer to the screen. Suddenly—SCHWOOOOOP!— Kunal was sucked into the Internet.

(flashcard 3)

"Where am I?" Kunal had landed on a platform in a strange train station. All around him, trains whooshed in and out through tunnels. A sign popped up above his head. It read "Core Router".

(flashcard 4)

"How did I get here?" Kunal wondered. "And how will I get out?" Then Kunal saw a woman on the platform. She looked very busy directing the trains. "Excuse me, aunty. Where are all these trains going?" Kunal asked her.

(flashcard 5)

"I'm Transmission Control Protocol," she said, busily, "But you can call me TCP. These trains are taking data to different parts of the Internet."

(flashcard 6)

Kunal watched TCP as her hands swiftly moved things around on a large screen. "Wow," Kunal said. "What are you doing, TCP Aunty?" "I'm routing data through the Internet, of course," replied TCP. "Everything has to go fast, fast, fast!" The trains whooshed away, carrying data in every direction.

(flashcard 7) "Are all the phones and computers on the Internet connected?" asked Kunal, an idea forming in his mind. "Yes," said TCP Aunty, "All the devices on the Internet are connected. These tunnels are actually wires, cables, radio waves and satellites in space."

(flashcard 8) "TCP Aunty, if all the devices on the Internet are connected, can you help me get back home?" "Of course!" TCP said. She looked Kunal up and down. "We'll send you by packet switching. First, we'll break you into a few thousand pieces. Then we'll send all your bits by different paths and put you back together later."

(flashcard 9) "No!" Kunal said, hurriedly. "Is... Isn't there another way?" "Hmmm," TCP frowned. "Sending you all together by circuit switching is a lot less efficient. But if you insist. Now let's ask your mother for your address."

(flashcard 10) "But I know my address," Kunal said, confused. "Not your home address," replied TCP. "Your Internet address!" She opened up a chat window in the air and quickly explained everything to Kunal's mother. "We host a website on my computer—KunalBabyPictures.com. Can you find that?" said Mummy.

(flashcard 11) "We can find your Mummy's computer using the Internet Protocol or IP," TCP said. "Every computer and website on the Internet has a unique number called an IP address." TCP opened a big book with 'DNS' written on the cover. "This book contains the IP address of every website on the Internet," she told Kunal.
She looked through it carefully until— "Found it!"

(flashcard 12) "Here," said TCP. "You'll need to be encrypted so that nobody else can grab you on the way." TCP handed Kunal a hat and silly glasses with a nose and moustache attached. "You're very

sensitive data indeed!" she said. "Goodbye, TCP Aunty!" Kunal replied, cheerfully.

(flashcard 13)

Kunal was moving fast, very fast. His arms and legs tingled. And then—POP! He was back home. "My dear!" Mummy said. "It's good to have you back. Next time, learn about the Internet by reading about it, not getting lost inside it." Kunal loved the Internet, but he loved being home even more.