Senior

The river passes through four countries. namely, China, Bhutan, India and Bangladesh, and its waters are shared by three, India, China and Bangladesh.



The breaker



Manasvi Dev Kashyap AIS Gur 46, IX I

The same dream every night. The only difference is that it becomes more and more real every time. It's always the same. I'm walking down a sandy boardwalk, enjoying the pleasant atmosphere around me. The breeze is heavy with the sensual smell of sea salt and strong coffee. Surfers, adults, children: the usual rush. As I pass one of the children, a diminutive and unthreatening little creature, not more than eight, looks at me directly in the eye with her stormy grey eyes. Her face expresses urgency. She

passes me on my left side and says, "Turn around, boy. The serpent's rage is out of control and you are alone. Go home." The little girl's mother shuffles her past me as I continue down the boardwalk in confusion.

Suddenly all signs of human life fade away and I am alone in the wind; the wind that is now harsh and cold. After passing abandoned shops, I reach the end of the boardwalk. The grey wooden planks lie buried in the sand, pointing towards rocks serving as a breaker for the waves of the gigantic sea, full of mysteries. Low clouds hover over the rocks. After reaching the rocks, I consider my options and decide to

go around them instead. Reaching the end of the rock wall, I spot something glinting on the sand. I reach out to pick it but a burning feeling in my shoulders immediately brings me to my knees. I fall onto my back only to discover what I had been

warned of by the little girl. Towering above me was a creature with huge fangs and a scaly reptilian body. The serpent. It struck again with extreme force, leaving me dazed on the ground. The last things I see are its mad red eyes full of rage and horror. The dream ends and I wake up screaming. I touch my shoulders as if I could feel the jaw marks. I try to pull myself together. I roll

It struck again with extreme force, leaving me dazed on the ground. The last things I see are its mad red eyes full of rage and horror.

out of bed and in half an hour, I'm walking down the boardwalk. I bump into a young woman walking her daughter to school. "I am sorry," I say half-mindedly as I bump into the woman. Her daughter turned around and pushed the red hair from her face. "Turn around, boy" was all the child said before I realised the implication of the phrase. And then I suddenly knew what was to happen next.

Mug cakes

Riya Singh, AIS Saket, XII C

Ingredients

All-purpose flour	¹ /4 cup
Baking powder	½ tsp
Salt	¹ / ₈ tsp
Sugar (powdered)	2 tbsp
Oil	1 tbsp
Vanilla essence	¼ tsp
Milk	2 tbsp

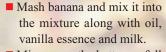
For chocolate mug cake: Cocoa powder1 ¹/₂ tbsp. For banana mug cake: Banana (mashed)1 For Oreo mug cake:

Oreo cookies (crushed)......2

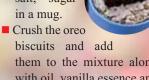
Method

- For chocolate mug cake: Mix flour, bak
 - ing powder, salt, sugar and cocoa powder in a microwave safe mug.
- Add oil, milk and vanilla essence to the mixture. Mix well again and make sure the batter is smooth.
- Microwave the mixture on full power for two minutes. For banana mug

cake: Mix flour, baking powder, salt, sugar in a mug.

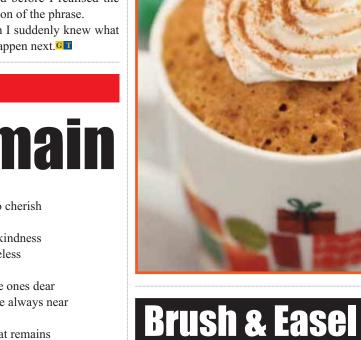


- Microwave the batter on full power for three minutes. For Oreo mug cake:
- Mix flour, baking powder, salt, sugar



- them to the mixture along with oil, vanilla essence and milk.
- Microwave the batter on full power for four minutes.
- Serve these mug cakes pipi ng hot and gobble them up in one go!

Tanya Thapar AIS Gur 43, IX C





Memories remain **Pritish Bhattacharya** Will leave nothing to cherish

AIS VKC Lko, VIII A

WORDS VERSE

Till the end nothing remains Except for the memories ingrained

Things might be festive or dire The path might be set with fire

A lot more will come your way Don't step back, don't be afraid Mirror the virtue of kindness For that deed is priceless

Give your time to the ones dear For they might not be always near

In the end that is what remains All the memories that you've made



Deceitfulness will make you perish

For that is what will stay Throughout every stage GT

Uncertainty

Anushree Doharey AIS VYC Lko, IX A

Oh, this task, what should I do? To find, what's beneath the mask Planning to face the crisis that awaits Questions many, I do ask

The bend on the road, a foggy turn I make a run for the unknown home I think while on the wary path Of what do I do to make this right

Here I see happiness and warmth There, full of gleeful laughs Being so clueless, as if in the dark Still stuck at the bend on the path

I see a mirror of gleaming grace And startled, I go take a peek To my dismay, I see a face Almost mine, but I feel unsafe

Hereby, she came asking what be While I was standing here silently



Lost in my thoughts, in my memories Of how God would come and help me

Still, this feeling didn't wash away Thinking what do I do to fix the day Maybe this uncertainty would go away Or perhaps God won't help me today

In all the confusion, all the pain Suddenly, it started to rain I felt an embrace, so warm I realised, I was in God's arms^G This poem won first prize in Panaroma - an inter school competition held in Lucknow for self-composed poems.

