

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



Storywala

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-mindfully 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.

WORDS VERSE

Memories remain

Pritish Bhattacharya
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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

Deceitfulness will make you perish

Will leave nothing to cherish

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

For that is what will stay
Throughout every stage



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

This poem won first prize in Panaroma – an inter school competition held in Lucknow for self-composed poems.

Mug cakes

Riya Singh, AIS Saket, XII C

Ingredients

All-purpose flour	¼ cup	For chocolate mug cake:	Cocoa powder	1 ½ tbsp.
Baking powder	½ tsp	For banana mug cake:	Banana (mashed)	1
Salt	¼ tsp	For Oreo mug cake:	Oreo cookies (crushed)	2
Sugar (powdered)	2 tsp			
Oil	1 tbsp			
Vanilla essence	¼ tsp			
Milk	2 tsp			

Method

For chocolate mug cake:

■ Mix flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and cocoa powder in a microwave safe



■ 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.

■ Mash banana and mix it into the mixture along with oil, vanilla essence and milk.

■ Microwave the batter on full power for three minutes.

For Oreo mug cake:

■ Mix flour, baking powder, salt, sugar in a mug.

■ Crush the oreo biscuits and add them to the mixture along with oil, vanilla essence and milk.

■ Microwave the batter on full power for four minutes.

■ Serve these mug cakes piping hot and gobble them up in one go!



Brush & Easel

Tanya Thapar
AIS Gur 43, IX C

