



Almost 11% of the world's population is vulnerable to the effects of climate change, which includes droughts, storms, flood etc.

Imaging: Deepak Sharma, GT Network



A (font)astic conversation

A Tussle Of Fonts

Prabha Jha, AIS Gur 46, IX C

We often have a tough time choosing fonts don't we? Though they might be completely oblivious to the dilemma that we feel, sometimes we wonder how it would have been if they were to battle it out for our attention. Perhaps, this is what it would look like.

Times New Roman: Greetings! I, Mr Roman would like to enlighten people of my honorable presence.

Comic Sans MS: Bro! Why so formal? Chillax.

ALGERIAN: Exactly. Even though I'm the senior most, I don't really prefer being all formal and serious.

Times New Roman: Well I can't. I have a lot of documents and résumés to frame. I should get going. Whereas you, Mr Comic Sans, have absolutely no important work to do.

Comic Sans MS: Are you underestimating my work? People love to read me while you Mister are a big bore!

ALGERIAN: Agreed!

Arial Black: Why are you guys arguing? Peace people.

Comic Sans MS: Here comes Mr Peace-maker. I know you are the 'Head' here, but do not interfere.

Times New Roman: Using puns Mr Sans? Why so?

Comic Sans MS: Because I can?

Be Safe: Guys please. I kept Edward's Bella safe.

हिंदी: Have you ever been stuck to a hindi assignment and didn't know what to do? Always, I come to your rescue. The least you can do is thank me and acknowledge it.

ALGERIAN: Well we're glad Bella Swan is safe and did you hear your words Mr. Shusha? People don't prefer using you. Just that your utility makes their task easier. But I, am the most decorative and senior text. So kindly acknowledge this fact.

Amazone 33: Really? I'm the calligraphers choice!

ALGERIAN: Yeah keeping in mind that you're nearly illegible.

Comic Sans MS: Hehe lol

Shusha: ! *inserts laughter emoji*

Times New Roman: To be honest, I wouldn't tolerate this insult... Anyway, TTYL.

Comic Sans MS: Hey Roman, trying to fit in with the new kids huh?

And so the verbal battle was postponed to another day...



THE ART OF WAR

Behind The Scenes Of The Fights You Have With Your Friends

Aparajita Lahiri, Deeksha Puri & Aman Singh
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Sun Tzu can step aside and make way for this generation's tactics on the true 'art' of war, where a war is materialised but no weapons are seen. Rather it is felt through sarcastic comments, indirect remarks and the heavy 'unfriend' button. Every place is a war zone, everything is dripping with intensity, but not a word is directly uttered. This is how a war goes down between two enemies who promised that they will be best friends forever.

The exchange of eyes was so electrically charged, yet filled with hostility and then, it was known. This. Was. War.

Stage 1: Waging war

Aparajita updated her status, 30 minutes ago: "The saddest thing about betrayal is that it never comes from your enemies."

'Bang!' was the sound that echoed through the hallway. But in this explosion, people didn't care about protecting themselves; they wandered around to understand the source of anger. The casualties were endless, and then a sound bellowed, "How dare you not laugh at my joke?" "How dare you ignore me and not send memes for two whole days!?"

Stage 2: Attack by stratagem

Deeksha's Instagram Poll: Would you rather stay in a toxic friendship or leave a good one?

Also known as the calm before the storm, but not entirely. This 'calm' entails post-

ing of 'betrayal' quotes on social media, using passive aggressive responses such as the infamous 'K' and the murderous smiley ':)'. This phase also includes propaganda techniques such as silent treatment and going around changing the narrative while persuading their friends in your favour. You know the game is on if people are being recruited left and right through miscommunicated information.

Stage 3: Tactical dispositions

Silence wanes as both hit block buttons on Instagram, Snapchat, WhatsApp and Facebook.

This includes giving each other 'the look' when the other person walks in the room. Your looks don't have to be Bond to be licensed to kill. Multiple looks are exchanged between both parties and they create awkwardness for all those who are around. Many withdraw as tension grows to the level where it hits the roof. The tense environment even causes a rise in the temperature of the room.

Stage 4: The conclusion

Deeksha and Aparajita have posted a photo on Instagram: "You are the one I look to when everything falls apart. You've always been my pillar of strength when I needed you. You are my constant, my best friend."

The Peacekeeping Forces also known as mutual friends, negotiate the terms of peace between the two warring parties. They create terms and conditions and provide legal counsel while drawing a peace treaty. A joint press release in the form of an 'appreciation post' is released to the public. And so, everything is back to normal.

Peace is restored but the spectators await once again for the war to reignite and the battlefield to be lively again.

Silence wanes as both hit block buttons on Instagram, Snapchat, WhatsApp and Facebook.



Cookbook of memories

Remembering Childhood, Through Homemade Magic & Nostalgia

Ananya Gupta, AIS MV, X B

"Baba sahib! Chai!" like every day, even today Rahul woke up to these words. Amidst the city chaos, busy traffic and noisy streets, Rahul had somewhat developed a taste for the previously disgusting tea. Every morning, he ran downstairs for his tea and vada pao. It was hard for him initially, to not start his day with his mother's aloo parathas and milkshake. He remembered how mom used to bring it to his room and stroked his hair as he threw tantrums before finally getting up. But now, he gulped down whatever he got with some water and a pinch of nostalgia.

He was terribly late that day, so he decided to grab breakfast on the way. Pacing down the street, he heard a familiar sound of "Fresh pakodas and tea!" Back in Dehra, he remembered how his mom would feed him with her own hands, whenever he was running late for class. "Just two bites more" she would say, stuffing his mouth with the whole parantha as he got ready for class. But things were different now. His growling stomach would have to wait till college got over. By lunch time, he was back to his PG, starving. He was craving his mom's rajma chawal. He then decided to satiate his crav-

ings himself. "How hard could it be?" he thought. So he googled a recipe and started to look for the ingredients. It took him an hour just to find the spices. Cutting the onions was a war in itself. He remembered how mom never let him help her cut the vegetables, because for her, he was

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always "too young to handle a knife." He was finally ready to start cooking when he realised that the beans had to be soaked a night before. Frustrated, he gave up. He was hungry, homesick and annoyed with his life without his mother.

That day, the cook in his PG was sick. He was left with no option but to eat out. Searching for places to eat near the PG, his mind took him back to a day when his mother was sick. He had come home from school and she'd promised to make his favourite pasta for lunch. She then told him that they could just order in. Mad at her, he threw a fit and stormed out, without eating anything. Thinking about it now, his eyes teared up. He wanted to run to his mother, hug her and apologise for never having appreciated her for all her undying efforts.

The day finally ended. He was very hungry, so he decided to go out and buy himself some food. Suddenly his phone rang. It was mom. He apologised to her for being ignorant to all the effort she put in, about all the times he said no to her karelas and tindes, about skipped meals and everything else while she simply laughed. He promised her that when he comes back in the vacations, he will eat whatever she gives him. He then walked back to his PG, ranting about the morning tea, just like every day. 🇮🇳