

As per Hindu mythology, Lord Krishna was born inside Mathura jail where his parents were imprisoned by his uncle, Kansa.



A poignant game

Storywala



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“For thirty-six seconds, I could use the silence on the roads,” Abdul mumbled under his breath as another bomb exploded after a brief moment of quiet in the grievous streets of Idlib. Airstrikes and shelling were not new to this war-torn province of Syria. Abdul was just one of the citizens, facing the atrocities of the Civil War that is said to have displaced around seven hundred thousand civilians. “It’s okay, love. They’re just firecrackers. Do not be afraid, my child,” he said trying to console Salma, his only daughter who had seen nothing but war in her lifetime. Salma couldn’t stop crying at the sound of the shells falling. Abdul had to find a novel way of protecting his daughter from the ‘psychological crisis’ caused by near-constant and deafening explosions. But as they say, creativity doesn’t wait for the perfect moment, it just flows. Abdul, who couldn’t bear the sight of Salma sobbing, decided to design a home with bittersweet

“It’s okay, love. They’re just firecrackers. Don’t be afraid, my child,” he said trying to console Salma, his only daughter who had seen

memories for her. He devised a game to help Salma, his only child, overcome her fright as the attacks intensified. “Do you remember how children in our neighbourhood used to play with bang snaps?” Abdul tried to divert her attention towards him. Salma nodded. “One time during Eid, the kids threw them around to celebrate and you were petrified by the noise,” he said, referring to the religious Muslim holiday. Salma looked at her father, trying to recall the incident. “I took you out to the balcony and when you looked at it, you realised that it was just a toy, a game kids played to celebrate Eid,” Abdul added. Abdul tried to use the same pretext to convince Salma that this was also just a game,

that she shouldn’t be scared of. He wanted to remove the fear from her heart; he wanted her to associate these loud, frightening sounds to something light and amusing. Thus, he taught her to laugh at the sound of bombs instead of being scared of it. So, when the next rumbling sound of the mortar emerged, he asked her, “Is this a plane or a bomb?” “A bomb,” she answered. “When it will fall, we will laugh.” Salma was filled with euphoria at the thought. She was sitting in her father’s lap and her hearty laugh was set off by the sinister thunder of the bomb dropped by a warplane. Seeing her jump in excitement, Abdul asked her, “Tell me Salma, what did the plane do?” Salma answered, “The plane came and I laughed a lot. The plane just makes us laugh. It tells us: laugh at me, laugh at me” And this was followed by even more laughter. Finally, he touched her forehead, as if bowed in prayer and the only thing that he could think of in this state of adversity was that his daughter was happy and believed in him no matter what. 🇮🇵

WORDS VERSE

Sky castle

Nourain Khan
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I call it my own beautiful sky castle
A kingdom for the very elite
A place that will be my own
And the expectations are all strangled
Until the reality is blurred and gone

I call them my own precious books
Where so many experiences are told
Scribbled in words written in bold
Depicting unique imaginations

That this universe could ever hold

I call them my own people
Immensely grateful I am
For they define my own meaning
And I desire not their riches
But only their loving company

Here I told you my desire
So it’s time you tell me yours
Is it books with experiences?
Is it people who define you?
Or the blurred reality of sky castle? 🇮🇵



Tricolour chaat

Fatika Samreen, AIS Jagdishpur, X B

Ingredients

Potato (boiled)	3-4
Pea	1/2 cup
Green chilli	1
Curd	1/2 cup
Bread	4 slices
Water	1 cup
Butter	1 tbsp
Sugar	to taste
Sev	to taste
Fresh coriander leaves	4-5 twigs
Roasted cumin	1/2 tsp
Black salt	to taste
Red chilli flakes	to taste
Sandwich spread	to taste
Food colour	(green and orange)

Procedure

For Layer 1 (Saffron)

- With the help of a knife, dice boiled potatoes into small pieces.
- In a bowl, add half of the boiled potato pieces, sandwich spread and few drops of orange food colour. Mix well and keep it aside.

For Layer 2 (White)

- In another bowl, mix curd with sugar and then add the remaining potatoes to it.
- Next, cut bread slices in the shape of circles using scissors.
- Line a baking tray with the parchment paper and place the bread circles on top of it.
- Coat these bread circles with a layer of butter and bake until they turn golden in colour.

For Layer 3 (Green)

- In a grinder, add water, green chilli and coriander leaves, and grind the mixture. When done, transfer this chutney to a bowl.
- Now add boiled peas in the bowl with green sauce/chutney and mix well.

Now, let’s make chaat

- Take a large glass jar, put the mixture of pea and green sauce/chutney at the bottom (layer 3).
- Sprinkle a pinch of black salt, red chilli and cumin powder.
- Then put two slices of baked bread over it.
- Following this, add a layer of curd and potatoes over it (layer 2) and sprinkle a pinch of black salt, red chilli and cumin powder once again.
- Again, cover it with two to three slices of baked bread.
- Lastly, add a layer of potatoes and sandwich spread over it (layer 1). Garnish it with sev.
- Your scrumptious tricolour chaat is ready to be devoured!



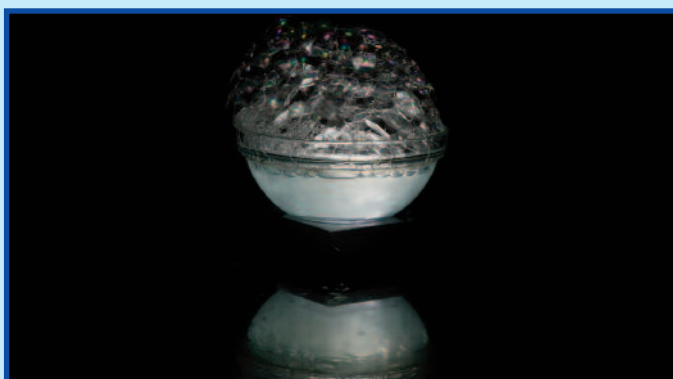
CAMERA CAPERS

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Let there be light



The light shines in the darkness



When you go through deep waters, I’ll be with you