



Green is the colour of our contest edition. Providing harmony like no other, working on this edition has allowed us to blend and bond.
Resham Talwar, AIS Saket, XII C, Page Editor

Pic courtesy & model: Diya Arora, AIS Saket, IX B



Locked in the cabinet

Autobiography

The Tale Of An Abandoned Bone China Cup

Ishika Sharma, AIS Saket, XI D

Phew! Finally, I can breathe in some fresh air. All thanks to the lady of the house, Mrs Malhotra, who opens up this wooden cabinet twice a year. This fresh air makes me reminisce the initial days of my life. I was packed, wrapped and placed carefully in a brown-coloured dark and congested carton in a container, with almost a thousand more similar cups and dishes, to be transported to New Delhi. I felt so suffocated in all that packaging but I remembered the crack on my mother's face—a reminder that it's always better to be safe rather than sorry.

When we arrived at our mid-destination, 'Chinaware Outlet', we were all in hope of a change in our monotonous lives. Getting rid of those 15 layers of packaging was a sure breather! Just like a coy bride, I along with my peers was placed in one of the shelves in the store; my white skin beaming under a red satin cloth. We stood like showpieces, elegant and charming, inviting ample attention but no customer; courtesy – the 14,000 INR price tag.

But life changed, or so I thought it did, when the Malhotra family visited the store. The way Mrs Malhotra looked at me... God I still remember that loving gaze. I was already in my dreamland – dreaming of being placed at the dining-table, people sipping tea from my decorated edges. But then...

On arrival at the Malhotra residence, we were unpacked and enclosed in a transparent cabinet. Resting on the upper shelf, I thought the family was waiting for the right time to display me on the dining table. But occasions came and went by, and so did guests... and we still stood there. Of course, there were a gazillion compliments thrown, but none of them convinced Mrs Malhotra to take us out of this dingy cabinet.

At times, it made me question my existence. Why was I even born in a factory of 'Spode', in England? Imagine being created by the arduous process of crushing bones to produce ash and then using it in a porcelain mixture. Now, you know why they call me bone china.

That is just about me, though. My family has a long history, drenched in rich roots of culture and tradition. In the early 18th century, European manufacturers desperately wanted to recreate the beautiful porcelain pieces imported from China, but faced difficulty in doing so. Manufacturers were using all sorts of techniques to create a durable material. In the UK it was discovered that adding bone ash to soft-paste porcelain would strengthen the material during firing— that is how our demand grew and we became the royalty that we are.

In my family, there are 15 of us, ranging from scalloped, fluted, and ribbed to basic straight or round sided pieces of cutlery. Our tea-cup handles are just as distinctive, with names that describe our form, such as angular, D-shaped, serpentine, ring and curled. My favourite cousins are the poised and sophisticated ones; boastful of their beauty yet humble in their ways, they usually end up in houses much better than the rest of us as they are packed away and gifted to superiors.

Oh, the cabinet is about to close, and there goes my dream of meeting the dining table one more time.

A thank-you note

To The Amazing Artist That Has Made Me A Better Person Inside And Out

Tannya Pasricha, AIS Gurugram 43, XI B

Dear BTS,

How are you? That might be a hard question to answer for anyone in the world, especially considering how 2020 and 2021 have been extremely difficult for all of us. It was a difficult year for me as well; I had to adjust to online school and not meeting my friends everyday. I felt lonely and alone, because everything I loved and took for granted was taken away from me, but in those dark days, I found something, you, that made me see the brighter side of things.

They say music can heal all wounds, and art and artists can change the way you look at the world. Well, it was only when I found your band that I realised that it was true. When I was sitting at home, wondering about the unpredictable future that I and everyone around me had, it was your music that enlightened a ray of hope within me. You are the reason I was still laughing and smiling even when everything around me felt too bleak. During the COVID-19 pandemic, when everything was put on halt and the entire globe stopped, you were the one who made me realise that in the face of adversity, life goes on, so we all need to march on as well as we can and focus on making ourselves happy.

To me, you are not just singers or rappers, and your music is not just songs. To me, and to every single person you have given hope to, your music is an emotion that makes us smile, cry, dance and introspect. To us, you are a teacher who gives us life lessons, an inspiration which motivates us to work harder, an advisor who tells us to run towards our own happiness, and a companion who

always provides us with music that stays beside me and within me in my heart. It's nearly impossible for me to express my gratitude for your art in a mere letter, but I still want to thank you for all that you have done for me.

I discovered your music when the first lockdown was announced last year, and instantly you felt like a ray of sunshine to me. As I heard your music and your speeches, I felt a deep connection with it right from the start. And it was after listening to you that I realised the importance of self-love and self-healing. You always tell your fans, ARMYs, that "no matter who you are, where you are from, your skin colour, your gender identity, just speak yourself. Find your name and find your voice by speaking yourself!" Because of your words I had the epiphany about the importance of realising my own worth and realising that I truly am the one I should love in this world.

You taught me that even when we are not perfect, we are all limited edition and special, and that our life is a sculpture masterpiece we create as we make mistakes and learn from them. You taught me and so many other people in the world to be a kind and good human being, so thank you, Bangtan Sonyeondan, aka BTS, for changing my life with your music. Thank you for constantly inspiring me, motivating me, and healing me.

Kamsahamnida!
(Thank you!)

Yours lovingly,
An ARMY

