



Storywala

Missing since

Saniya Sethi, AIS Saket, XII D

ohan came rushing into the police station. "Good evening, Sir, I am here to report a missing person," he said, gasping for air. "Please wait for your turn, sir," Inspector Kulkarni said, sipping his evening tea. "Is there no one here right now? This is an emergency!" Rohan almost screamed at the police officer.

The Inspector choked on his tea, paused to breathe and then took out the thick dusty file on missing people. Full of yellowing, half-torn nia Hospital, California pages, the file read: MISSING PERSON RE-PORT: FILES 2025-2026.

- "Okay, name of the missing person," asked Inspector Kulkarni.
- "Rohan Dutta."
- "Date of birth of the missing person?"
- "March 30, 1995," Rohan almost mumbled.
- "What's your name, sir?"
- Rohan didn't listen. He was zoned out.
- "What's your name?" He asked again loudly.
- "Oh, um, Rohan Dutta."
- Inspector Kulkarni was perplexed. "Relation to the missing person?" he said scrib-
- bling on the paper. "We're not related."

With that, Inspector Kulkarni began to write the

STATE OF MAHARASHTRA DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL SERVICES ADULT AND JUVENILE MISSING PERSON CERTIFICATION

Date report filed: March 26, 2025 Name of missing person: Rohan Dutta Birth date of missing person: 30.03.1995 Complainant's name (Last, First, Middle):

Complainant's address: 54, Chand pole, Pune

Time of last contact: Cannot be recalled Report type: Voluntary Missing Adult

Physical description: Rohan Dutta is a muscular, 6 feet tall, 30-year-old man with black curly short hair and brown eyes with an arrow tattoo on his right wrist. Last seen wearing black pants, white tucked shirt with a doctor's coat. By now, Kulkarni had seen the same tattoo on Inspector Kulkarni. Rohan's hand. He was a little concerned, but



didn't show it. He just pretended to write the report further...

Residence address: 34, Boulevard Street, California, United States of America

Business address/Office address: The Califor-

- "He works as a doctor?" Kulkarni asked.
- "Yes, I hope he does. He's a smart and ambitious man," Rohan anxiously stated.
- "What is your profession?"
- "I am a student at Pune Medical University. I am going to pursue speciality in psychiatry." Inspector Kulkarni felt sure that he was chatting with a mental patient.
- "So, he's married," the inspector continued. "I am not sure."
- "You're not sure?" asked Kulkarni.
- "I have never thought about marriage,"
- "Not your marriage, Rohan Dutta's marriage!" Kulkarni laughed.
- "Yes, that's me," Rohan said, fully disoriented
- "Are you here to report about your own disappearance?"
- "No, or maybe yes. I am here to report my fu-
- "Your future self? What kind of a joke is this?" "No, it's not. This is a serious matter. I want to find him and know what he's up to. He's making me anxious."
- "You need a doctor, sir," declared Kulkarni picking up the phone and dialling the nearest mental hospital.
- "No, I don't! Who are you calling?"
- "I am calling the doctor. This is 2025 and no one visits police stations anymore. All our work is digitalised now. You need help..."
- "Wait, this isn't 2020?" Rohan interjected.
- "What? No! This is 2025," Kulkarni said rolling his eyes.
- "Hello?" a voice answered the phone, similar to the mental patient who was sitting in front of
- "Hello, this is Doctor Rohan Dutta..."



Designer photo

Karthik Kumar AIS Noida, X

Material required

- Golden paint
- Paint brush
- Designer dry fruit tray Old miniature toys
- Fevicol/glue gun
- A photograph

Method

- Take some old miniature toys and paint them golden or in any other colour of your choice. Keep aside and let them dry for a few hours.
- In the meantime, take a photograph (your own preferably) and using fevicol, paste it on the dry fruit tray in a way that some space is left
- bare on the right side.
- Karthik Next, with the help of a Kumar glue gun, stick the miniature toys on the right side of the tray, covering up the empty spaces left

on it. Wait for it to dry completely.

Your designer personalised photo frame is ready to adorn your home!

WORDS VERS

Encourage

Shreya Choudhary AIS Gurugram 43, IX B

Ants in anthills made with stilt Rebuilding when ruined by the wind Encouraging us to persevere vehemently And not be someone who's tardy

Channel the lotus in the mud Only thing shining in the puddle Encouraging us to be our best Avoiding rampant anger and stress

Or be like the distant stars Shining bright from miles afar Be like the illusive firefly Spreading your gentle wisdom light



Be like a thread of silk Strong as steel but smoother still Be like a honey bee Saving its haven till last breath

Nature encourages us to work hard To try harder when we fall Little things that we cannot see Making small little changes rapidly

So can't we humans of all Try harder to change For a much better world By trying to stop our crave. GI



A wildflower's **curse**

Khushi Bansal AIS Gur 46, XII

She is a girl Made of paper and words Her eyes are the lighthouse By the frantic yet soothing sea Her lips are the sugary nectar Her soul is fiercer than dragon

She is a girl Made of stardust and glass Her voice is a siren's lament Calling out to a sailor lost at sea Her fragile form may be weary But she is head strong

She is a girl Made of this world, you and I She is littered with the truth She is an engaging poetry itself She is burnt into everything She has done, will do and be. GI

