

The little wordsmith

_auding Praavika Singh, The World's Youngest Author, For Her Exemplary Feat

Stuti Kalra, GT Network

rawing that (im)perfect scenery with two mountains, a river stream, and a sun; creating a make-believe world; putting a topping on that biscuit to create that wow dish; making it to the first stage assembly... we've all managed to achieve these tiny achievements as toddlers. But then there are some little ones whose achievements are actually noteworthy. Praavika Singh of Class KG, AIS Vasundhara 6, is one such rare jewel who has been accorded with the honour of being the youngest author in the world by the World Book of Talent Records (2022) for her story book titled 'Lion and The Bone'. GT met this effervescent 4.6-year-old storyteller who

Her unique story revolves around the value of humanity and friendship, qualities so crucial during these challenging times. In fact, when asked which animal or character from her storybook

Desk

Author's

does she love the most she was quick to reply, "I love All the Animals".

As we listened in awe to Praavika reading out excerpts from her award-winning story, with perfect pronunciation and enunciation, her mother shared how Praavika loves to pick up any incident from real life to weave an imaginative tale. Praavika's teachers too are all praises for her. "She is a brilliant and a confident child, and actively participates in all the class activities. In fact, her genius oratory skills were witnessed by all when, during a class assembly, she essayed the role of Chandra Shekhar Azad and delivered long dialogues with

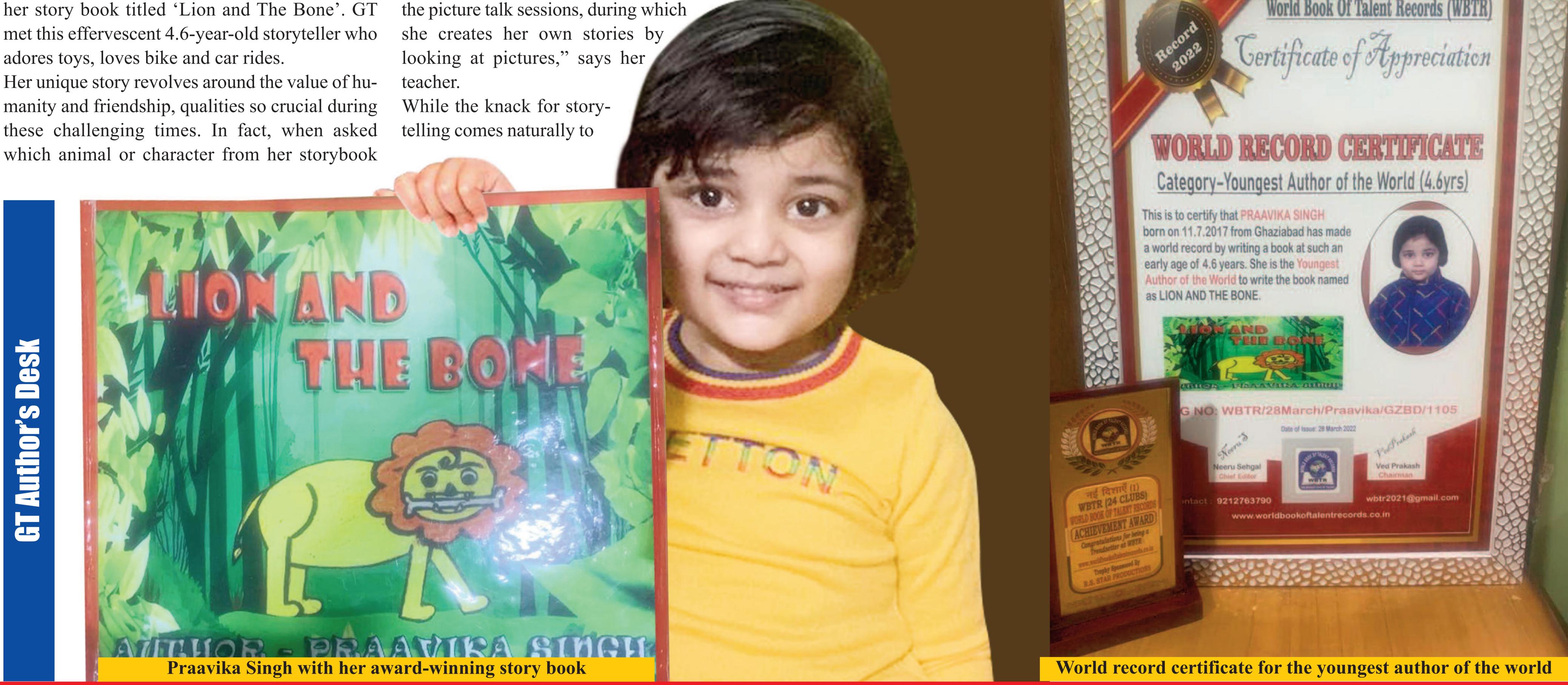
ease and aplomb. She especially adores

lauded for nurturing this little wordsmith. The journey of the world record began when two noted authors and artists, Dr Tilak Tanwar, director of Golden Sparrows publishing house, and Arti Malhotra, an author and an RJ with All India Radio, spotted Praavika's creative side and approached her parents to know more. They discovered that the child's creativity was being enhanced manifold due to Jolly Phonics taught at her school.

Praavika, her parents and school must be equally

A slew of brainstorming and interactive sessions

later, the idea of a storybook began to take final shape. Sentences spoken and written by Praavika were recorded and stitched together as an illustrative story book, which also contains sketches and paintings by the toddler herself. The book was then submitted to World Book of Talent Records for perusal. After meticulous scrutiny of content, creativity, and credentials, Praavika was conferred the title of the youngest author in the world on March 28, 2022, and she continues to write happily ever after! GIT



Be right back

As Ads Air One After The Other

Shyla Basu, AIS PV, XII

aving twiddled his thumbs for weeks, Rohan finally sat in front of the television where the premier of the much-awaited superhero film (you name it, you get it! Do we care? Only Rohan does! Rohan, who? *pretends not to hear you*) was set to start. As he settled with a bowl of popcorn, we managed to digress your mind a wee bit just like the ads do (won't take a genius to figure out when). What followed next is a must watch/read.

Phase I: No eye contacts, please!

"Mera naam Mukesh hai...", the famed precautionary ad against tobacco played on the screen for the umpteenth time in its entirety; if only Mukesh knew he was going to be the face forever, he would have perhaps stopped taking it pronto. Anyway, Rohan, frightened yet chomping on his popcorn still, thought it wise to avert his eyes from the gruesome images that followed. His family, au contraire, fixated their eyes on the changing hues of his elder brother's face. Need we dwell more? Cough on it, we say.

Phase II: Escaping to evade

With the first ad break came the dreaded

awkward silence (read time for personal attacks, ouch!). As Akshay Kumar en-"he-who-must-not-be-named" aka menstrual hygiene at that, the silence spread (Indian households, you see). With even more reasons to feel uneasy now, and right before his mother could turn to him (perhaps, to pacify the similar sturm und drang raging inside her) and ask about his academics or worse, his whereabouts this day last year, Rohan devised multiple excuses, ranging from bathroom breaks to getting snacks, with an eye to exit the room at once. The loud ads in the backdrop acted out as indicators of when he could make a safe and sound return. "Maybe when it's Nirma time," Rohan thought out loud.

Phase III: Give me a break, will you?

Halfway through the movie, and nearing that one awkward scene inchmeal, Rohan pleaded the lord of ads to intervene before he is forced to gauge out his own eyeballs with the nearest spoon. Whiteknighting to his rescue came the Diamond biscuit ad 'cos "diamond biscuit, diamond biscuit, jab bhi mood ho khaa lo...diamond biscuit". Flabbergasted at the quick response, Rohan made the jingle his anthem for life. Bursting into it every now and then, even at the expense

of being judged by his brother for knowing the lyrics whole, Rohan vouches for it still. Ye Fevicol ka Mazboot jod hai, tootega nahi.

Phase IV: Going from bad to worse

As Rohan and family closed in on the climax, biting their nails and awaiting the final fight scene where the protagonist was about to play out his winning stroke, popped up the green "Lijjat papad" bunny out of nowhere with his Kurram Karram jingle. As he did, Rohan glowered, while his father, seated three inches from him, went back into slumber, snoring his way through every

Kurram Karram the bunny did. Incandescent yet managing to get through still, Rohan and well, Rohan alone finished the movie. As the credits rolled immediately after, he tried to process and understand the ending, only for the Vodafone dog to snap him back to reality. Ads, I tell you! GT

