

The dreadful night



Arunika Paul Nandi AIS Noida, XII C

It was midnight when I was standing on my balcony enjoying the cool breeze that I realised winters had arrived. It was pitch dark, but I loved this time of the day when utter silence, moonlight, and calm air were my only companions.

As I was lost in my own thoughts, I noticed a man in my peripheral vision. I turned and witnessed him coming out of the house next to mine hurriedly. Just as he stepped on the road, the entire street plunged into complete darkness as a power cut hit us. It didn't seem like a coincidence to me, and I was worried that he might be a robber, so I quickly

made my way outside and started following him. I was trying to follow him, when suddenly a narrow beam of white light shone on me, blinding me completely. Scared and blindsided, I ducked to avoid the piercing light, and just one second later, I heard a gunshot, breaking the silence of the night. The glass window behind me broke loudly; my mind went numb and couldn't believe that I had nearly escaped death.

Quickly, I pulled out the cell phone from my pocket and dialled 100. With a shaky voice, I explained the events of the night to them and within a few minutes, a police car made its way to my street. I stood on the road, pinpointing the glass window for the officers, but even then, I couldn't

believe what I had been through. My legs were shivering, and sweat was dripping down my forehead. After I had recited everything for the police, I was allowed to go back to my house. The events of the night took over me and I instantly fell asleep.

The next day, I woke up with a terrible headache and the alarm blaring in my ear. I felt like my body had no energy left, but I knew that if I stayed home from work, I would drown in anxiety. I gathered all my courage and made my way to the office; it seemed like a nice distraction to be away from the place I nearly could have died at. Throughout the day, work and my colleagues did help me forget the events of last night, but good things don't

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last for long, and soon it was time for me to go back home.

As I neared my front door, a weird rotten smell hit my nose, and it kept growing stronger with every step. Scared, I opened the door and instantly a dead body fell on me. I screamed, and when I lifted my eyes, I could see some words spray-painted on one of the walls inside my house - "YOU ARE NEXT."

With shaky hands, I called the police, and within 10 minutes, I could hear the police sirens in the distance. Scared and not being able to stand in my house anymore, I decided to meet them on the main road. But just as I was about to step on the road, I felt a sharp pain in my lower back. I could stand no longer and fell right on the ground. With blurry eyes, I could see someone standing above me, smirking, and soon they moved to leave.

As I breathed for the last time, I willed myself to focus to see who it was, but all I could see was a man dressed in police uniform removing the siren from the top of his car. GT

Wetermolen nother

Watermelon petha

Shreya Saurabh, AIS Saket, XII C

Do you also throw away the green watermelon rinds after enjoying the fruit? Don't do it anymore as we are here to tell you a delicious best-out-of-waste recipe.



Ingredients

Watermelon rinds	10 slices
Food colouring (red)	
Food colouring (green)	
Sugar	¹ / ₂ cup
Milk powder	
Dry fruits (chopped)	
Dried rose petals	
Silver foil	for garnishing
Clove	as required
Clove	

Procedure

For the rinds:

- Take a watermelon and separate the fruit inside (red) from the outer rinds (green). You can keep the cut fruit in fridge for consumption later.
- Take all the watermelon rinds and cut them into triangular pieces according to your size preference.
- In a pan, pour water and add the rinds. Boil it on high flame for seven-eight minutes or until the rinds turn transparent.
- In a separate pan, add water, sugar, and red food colouring and boil until everything is dissolved completely.
- Repeat the same process with green food colouring in a different pan.
- Once both the syrups are ready, add half of the rinds to green syrup and the other half to red syrup, and boil them for five-eight minutes.
- Once they have caught the colour, take them out and let them cool down.

For the stuffing:

- In a third pan, add milk, milk powder and sugar, and let it cook on low flame for two minutes. The mixture will soon start solidifying.
- Add dried rose petals and finely chopped dry fruits into the mixture and combine everything together.
- Let it sit aside to harden for a while.

For the assembly:

- Once the rinds have cooled down, place them on a plate and put one-two spoonful of the stuffing in the middle. Ensure that the stuffing is appropriate for the size of the rind.
- Once done, fold all three corners towards the middle and lock it with a clove.
- For a different presentation, you can also roll the rinds from left to right, creating a cylindrical shape.
- Decorate it with silver foil and cherry, and you are done.

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WORDS VERSE

In search of truth

Kuhu Saha

AIS Mayur Vihar, Alumna

This is a cry for help
For someone to save me
I was looking for the truth
So, I delved into philosophy

It may seem this new interest
Isn't such a big catastrophe
But I am not exaggerating
I am a victim of grave tragedy

First, I went to Spinoza
To seek optimistic words
He told me how insignificant
I am in this vast, vast world

I went to Proust and asked
What is the absolute truth
He said that in this universe
We'll always be misunderstood

I beseeched Epicurus, searching
The place where calm resides
He said: Be alone, meditate
Spend time with your own mind

My questions unquenched
I spent, in my bed, my time
Cornered now by my thoughts
I spent many sleepless nights

But I finally can see now I believe no longer I am blind



It is in you and you alone where True happiness you will find

Don't hold out for someone
To cure your life anymore
Find the beauty in your own life
And then you'll surely soar!

Route to peace Day

Arya Singh, AIS Vas 6, XI D

Eyes and ears everywhere
Honing the idea of tranquility
Silence of arms, absence of war
Everyone returns without a scar
Leading way to justice and law
Erasing lines that humans draw
Bonding over love and harmony
One must know the difference
Between pride and arrogance
To strengthen the whole world
Escalate one's own self first
Peace is always a byproduct
And you are the benefactor
Strive to change the conduct
With a mix of different factors

Not once, not twice, or thrice
You ought to play the dice wise
So peace will then get the way
To make it to World Peace Day.

