



Short story

Zoya Negi, AIS Noida, VII B

# Cake walk

It took me an hour of traffic to reach the dentist, just to be welcomed by an unapproachable receptionist who had strictness written all over her face. She asked me to wait. Anxiously, I sat in a corner and picked up the first magazine I could get my hands on, only to find it arousing a fire in my belly. My eyes got lost in the beautiful glossy print of the samosa and sandwiches in the ketchup advertisement. Pizza, cake – page after page, the magazine begged me to get my hands on them.

As I drooled over the picture-perfect food, I heard the stern voice of the receptionist. “Fill this form!” She handed over a sheet of paper with a pen, but all I could truly see was a khakhra and a breadstick. Shaking my head, I sat up obediently to fill the form. As the pen moved on paper, my mind started drifting off to the heavenly cupcakes my grandma used to make when I was a little boy.

“Stop it, Aarav! You know that’s what caused these cavities,” called the rational voice in my head. I quickly finished up the form to hand it over. To distract myself until my turn, I looked out of the window to the blue sky, and oh, what’s that...an ice cream ven-

dor’s stall stood just round the corner! I glanced at the family sitting near it on a bench, having the time of their lives. Oh, how I envied them; the ice creams they were eating looked so tantalising!

The thought of relishing those delectable ice creams made me want to rush out of the room, but, to my dismay, I was, yet again, inter-

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rupted by the furious receptionist. It was when I came out of my food heaven that I realised that she had been shouting my name for the fifth time. “You! It’s your turn!” I felt embarrassed as well as offended that she had interrupted my mouth-watering thoughts, but nonetheless, I made my way to the dentist’s office. It turned out to be a quaint little room that had calming music playing on one of the speakers. I was welcomed by a

blue dentist chair. With one final intake of deep breath, I sat in the seat, felt the prick of a needle, and waited for the worst of pain to come with an open mouth and closed eyes.

I waited, and waited for the pain, but after 20 minutes, I still had not received it. The dentist must have left for her lunch break, I thought, and opened my eyes. But to my surprise, she stood right in front me, smiling, and told me that she was just finishing up. “The extraction is done, so you can leave now!” she said.

As I happily digested this fact, I realised that just like how bitter-gourd isn’t that bitter and bell peppers aren’t bells, the scary extraction wasn’t as bad as I had fathomed. I surely deserved a feast of everything I could think of, because this dentist’s appointment was a piece of cake. 🍰

So, what did you learn today?

Word: Quaint

Meaning: Unusual in an old-fashioned way

Pavel Har, AIS Gur 43, VI

## Riddle Fiddle

1. What goes up but never ever comes down?
2. What goes from Z to A?
3. What is visible during the day and not at night?
4. Which book is impossible to

read in any case?

5. What weighs a lot even though it seems light?
6. What consumes so much iron

but has no digestion issues?  
7. What can you never eat during lunch and dinner?

- Answers: 1. Age 2. Zebra 3. Sunlight 4. A closed one 5. Cloud 6. Rust 7. Breakfast



# Moist dry-fruit cake



Akshat Shukla

Akshat Shukla, AIS Vasundhara 6, VI

### Ingredients

- |                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Refined flour.....1 cup         | Egg yolks .....3-4          |
| Milk .....2 cups                | Refined oil .....1/2 cup    |
| Powdered sugar.....1 cup        | Baking powder .....1 tsp    |
| Dry fruits (chopped) .....1 cup | Melted butter .....1 tbsp   |
| Wheat flour .....1 cup          | Vanilla essence.....2 drops |

### Procedure

- ◆ In a bowl, add refined oil, milk, egg yolks and sugar. Whisk the mixture well and keep it aside.
- ◆ In another bowl, sieve both flours and baking powder.
- ◆ Once done, add the egg yolk mixture to the flour mix and whisk them well. Make sure there are no lumps.
- ◆ Add half of the chopped dry fruits and vanilla essence to the above mix and stir.
- ◆ Next, take a cake mould and brush it with melted butter.
- ◆ Pour the batter in the mould and top it with remaining dry fruits. Bake it at 180° for about 35 minutes.
- ◆ Once done, prick the cake in the center using a toothpick. If it comes out clean, your cake is ready; if not, bake it for another 5 minutes.
- ◆ Let it cool completely and demould it on a plate.
- ◆ Voila! Your delicious dry fruit cake is ready.

## PAINTING CORNER

Aditri Bhatnagar, AIS Saket, VIII

