

It became a princely state of British India in 1890, and continued its protectorate status with the Union of India after 1947 and the Republic of India after 1950.



See Sikkim

# Where's Riana?

## Storywala



Suhani Roy  
AIS Noida, IX K

Ashley had just joined the boarding school. Away from home, she found it extremely hard to settle into her new environs and befriend anyone, until Raina came along. The two girls hit it off like a house on fire from the very start. They shared common interests and soon became inseparable, just like peanut butter and jelly. One fine morning, Ashley woke

up startled. She had a dream where she saw Riana sitting upright in her bed. Riana whispered 'sorry' in a weepy voice and faded away like dust into thin air. Ashley narrated the dream to Riana, who laughed it off saying, "Dreams are just dreams, they have nothing to do in real life." Ashley continued to have the same dream night after night. So scared she was of this nightmare that she decided not to sleep. Alas, she felt asleep. And this time, as Riana began to fade

away in the dream, Ashley gathered up the courage and called her out. However, Riana did not respond and sobbing softly, vanished. Ashley woke up, gasping for breath. She gulped down some water and looked out of the window. It was barely dawn. But as she turned to look towards Riana this time, she encountered an empty bed with the sheets neatly folded in place. A startled Ashley ran to the other rooms in the hostel corridor, looking for Riana. "Riana, where

The next morning, she went to class and saw another girl sitting at the back seat, where Riana used to sit.

are you?" she screamed through every corridor looking for her best friend. Hearing her voice, the other girls came rushing out of their rooms. "What's wrong Ashley?" asked one of the girls. "Riana...she's gone missing." "Riana...who?" "She's my roommate! Are you out of your mind?" Ashley shrieked and stomped away from the scene. She walked right back into her room, only to realise that all of Riana's stuff was missing. The room on Riana's side was completely empty. The next morning, she went to her class and saw another girl sitting at the back seat, where Riana used to sit. What was happening? Ashley was confused. Not being able to concentrate in the class, she ran to her class teacher Mrs Smith and told her about the entire incident, asking for help to find her best friend Riana. Frowning, Mrs Smith replied, "But Ashley dear, we don't have any student by the name of Riana in school." 🇮🇳



## Pen holder

Prakshi Jain, AIS Vas 6, VIII

### Material required

- Large plastic cup/bottle - 1
- White sheet (A4) - 1
- Glue/tape
- Glossy tapes (for decoration)
- Sketch pens

### Procedure

- Take an empty plastic cup/bottle and cut it through the middle in two equal parts. If you can find a straight circular bottle, like the one I have used, it would work the best. If not, any normal bottle would also work.
- Now, take the bottom half of the bottle and cover it entirely with a white sheet.
- Use glue or tape to paste the white sheet on the bottle and make sure no transparent part of the plastic bottle is visible.
- Put glossy tapes all around the white sheet in vertical or horizontal pattern to decorate it. You can also draw border like patterns, using sketch pens on the visible white sheet spaces.
- Your simple yet pretty pen holder is now ready! You can put your pencils/markers/pens in it and keep it on your study table.

## WORDS VERSE

# Harbingers of winter solstice

Ashish Magoo,  
AIS Saket, Alumnus  
(EIC - Batch 2008)

'Tis not winter habiliments  
Nor the frozen ligaments  
That herald the northern run  
Of our scintillating sun

'Tis not the palatable potpourri  
Of oranges and strawberries  
That serves as a culinary prelude  
Betwixt fall and spring's interlude

'Tis not the hallowed hymns  
Nor the wistful Christmassy whims  
That signal the seasonal sonnet  
Oh, so delicious and dulcet

'Tis not the dearth of mirth  
Nor the bouquet of pansies  
That usher the ultimate Uttarayan

Fostering fecundity and fun

Oh, it's the farmer's sickle  
Reaping trickle by trickle  
Harvesting his tenacious toil  
From life stimulating soil

That heralds the hibernal solstice  
And Mother Earth's blissful bounty  
It's the seeker's spiritual longing  
To savour the sense of belonging

Climaxing in a cocooning crescendo  
With playful gravitas and gusto  
That beckons the spring cornucopia  
Its ethereal and dainty utopia

Both rejoicing the fruit of labour  
Of the farmers' moiling saber  
Come, celebrate with festive fervour  
Their effortless endeavour 🇮🇳



## India breathes again

Aditi Jha, AIS Saket, XI F

The azure and untamed Ganga flows  
Down Himalayas, singing songs it knows

Tales of land with wounds overlooked  
Still garnered with courage she stood

Commanded sons and daughters to create  
World of love, not violence and hate

Of justice, social, economic and political  
Provide citizen's with justice that's ethical

Of liberty to think and express opinion  
Have faith and follow whichever religion

Of equality for all, not what bigots say  
Grasp opportunities that come our way

Of fraternity to maintain sense of unity  
Celebrate others, treat each with dignity

My nation has cried for way too long  
But now we aim to see a new dawn. 🇮🇳



## Brush 'n' Easel

Kirtida Agrawal  
AIS Gur 43, IX C

