

# Scissorella

## The Legend Of A Delicate Blade

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**Disclaimer:** Handle (the princess) with care.

Oh, oh, oh... it says handle with care. Listen to me very carefully, I am no new age cutter to be treated so arbitrarily. I am a princess, one who must be handled with utmost care, else be forewarned about cuts and bruises. My name is Princess Scissorella.

Now, don't get me wrong. I am not being haughty. If anything, I'd like to think that I am pretty friendly. From cutting a packet of chips to recipe articles from magazines; from tailoring clothes to picking flowers and whatnot, I am your aid in pretty much everything. Being mishandled by young brats is however something that annoys me the most, especially when I am put in the witness box due to their pranks. Remember the girl whose hair was cut last year as a joke?

Howbeit, having lived for more than 3000 years now, I am pretty much au courant with these kinds, and even worse. I have in fact cut through the pages of history, yes, quite literally! I lived quite an or-



inary life until the day I visited the magnanimous site of Robert Hinchliffe's manufacturing industry to discover a bunch of my newer versions. It was then that I was issued the ultimate green card to travel around the world. Backpacking all my newer versions, I started traveling across the globe making sure I left my mark everywhere. And that's just one of the many stories about me. There are many more. See, that's the price you pay for being a princess; everyone wants to be credited for your glory. While some say that my kind originated in Egypt - made of two bronze blades connected by a thin bronze strip, others attribute my being to the mechanical genius of Italy in 400 BC. And it isn't just my origin that is the epicenter of my fables. There are mythological tales surrounding me, too. For instance, one of the three fates in Greek mythology, Atropos used me to cut the life thread of the mortals, and some cultures consider me a bad luck and say I should never be left open. But, I think that's to ensure their own

safety and nothing more. I don't step back when it comes to sounding pompous. And now that I am in the flow of things, let me also tell you how in the days of the past I was considered a protective amulet against witchcraft; I was placed under the doormat to ward off evil spirits. Even today, women keep me under their pillow towards the end of their pregnancy, believing that this will cut the umbilical cord and prompt labour. Well, legends will come and go, but I will stay forever, like I already have. I have been manufactured by the Wiss family business since 1848 and the Zhang Xiaquan in China since 1663, which still manufactures my kind. I am princess for a reason, you see. But it isn't an easy deal to have lived for so long. From my simple appearance in the simple Mesopotamian society to my elaborate and smarter versions in the 21st century; from being the harbinger of happiness at inaugural events to the awful crimes that people commit in vengeance, I have seen it all. And now, all I want is to be used and remembered for cutting through the bad and shaping the good.



Illustration: Vidushi Srivastava, IX D & Arisha Agarwal, VIII D, AIS Vasundhara 1



Pic courtesy: Arnav Sharma, AIS PV, IV B

## The ethereal Kashmir

### A Visit To Only Paradise On Earth

Arnav Sharma, AIS PV, IV B

**Place:** Kashmir

**Top sights:** Dal Lake, Gulmarg Biosphere Reserve, Zanskar Valley, Betab Valley, Vaishno Devi Temple, Pahalgam

**Best time to visit:** Mar-Aug

**Delicacies to try:** Rogan josh, modur pulao, dum olav, goshtaba, kahva, yakhni, lyodur tschaman, matschgand, shab deg

**Things to carry:** Heavy woolen sweaters, scarves, walking shoes, boots, sunscreen, umbrella, camera, first-aid kit

**Souvenirs to buy:** Pashmina shawl, tilla pheran, basrakh, kesar, traditional jewels, walnut, wood carvings, willow cricket bat, noon chai leaves, dry fruits

**Languages to know before you visit:** Kashmiri, Urdu, Hindi, or English

**My experience:** The trip came as a surprise to me, because my parents told me only two days before we had to leave. I was excited and couldn't sleep for two nights. I quickly packed my stuff, and soon we were off! From the flight, I could see the beautiful snow-covered moun-

tains, and when we landed, I realised how lovely the place was. During my visit, we did a shikara ride in Dal Lake and witnessed the floating market. I also visited the mesmerising Pahalgam, the drive to which was filled with out-of-the-world sceneries. I sat on a pony and went to the valley,

where we lit up a bonfire and had Maggi. I was able to visit the heavenly Gulmarg as well that had beautiful valleys, breath-taking

views, and the adventurous Gondola ride. The locals, too, were very nice and provided us with help whenever we needed it. Everything in Kashmir was beautiful, and I cannot wait to visit Kashmir again.

**My favourite memory from the trip:** My favourite memory has to be all the mesmerising landscapes of Kashmir. My mother had introduced me to Kashmir through pictures, but witnessing its glory in reality was so much better. It was truly gorgeous, and I understood why everyone calls Kashmir a 'paradise on earth'. Our trip to Kashmir was definitely my all time favourite trip.

