

Swayami Navangul
AIS, Sec-46, Gurgaon

Czech in Polish, Guten Tag in German, Hej in Swedish, Bonjour in French, Selamat in Mali are the many languages in which I hear my grandfather say hello to people. You can clearly see what traveling has taught him. I called him up yesterday to learn that he has already planned his trip to New Zealand and Australia. I so wish I were in his place. But this sets me thinking that is today's youth so much engrossed in work that they have no time to go on a holiday?

Is the 24X7 lifestyle leaving people with little or no time to relax? Today's world is very demanding and unforgiving. A single minute wasted can change the course of one's life. Even on Sundays which is supposed to be the day when everyone relaxes, we are either catching up on the things which we could not finish or preparing for the next week. The people who actually book themselves on trips with travel agencies to visit places they always dreamt of, to my surprise, mostly belong to the age group of 50 to 70 years. Has the older generation become the new explorers of the

world? I mean, my grandparents have visited many more countries than me when it is my age to go and see the outside world. I would love to feel at home in Sweden as much as I would in Sri Lanka. I would love to have a friend in the Caribbean islands as much as one in Japan. But, do I and my family have the time to take off?●



Holidays no more for the young?



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For further details, contact :

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God's chosen one

Archana H, VII-D
AIS, Sec-43, Gurgaon

Once in a while
God sends some people
Talented and able
To transform and enlighten
To create and brighten.
They come as a shining star
Reflecting their bright light wherever they are
To both sad and gay
Bringing hope and cheer
Having no room for fear.
The month was April
The date was twenty seventh
Do you want to know
What had happened?
To get His work done
Through his chosen one
God sent a flower
In the garden of the world
To bloom and nurture

Many more buds and flowers
A flower so rare
A flower so unique
A flower so different
A flower so loving
This flower blossomed
And touched many lives
That came in contact
With its fragrance far and wide.
There are many things we'd like to say
To you Mam on your special day-
We are forever thankful
God sent you our way
Like a gift from above
You told us that there is no substitute for hard work.
Thank you Amita Ma'm
For your contribution to our lives
Thank You, God, for, once in a while
You send people like Amita Ma'm
In this world
And into our lives.

Special Mention

Two special entries for Chairperson's Birthday Bash Contest



Is she real?

Ayush Sisodia, VII-D
AIS, Sec-43, Gurgaon

Benignant grace, so full of charm
Brisk strides she takes with strength up her arm
The sari clad, such cherub innocence
Spreads love and joy, sans offence,
Is she real?

Multi tasker, technology savvy
Equally famous among mothers and babies
With mission and grit
Determination and wit
The enlightened soul
Is she real?

A polite 'namaste' she prefers
Over a hand shake
Traditional, yet modern
Ingenuity personified, no fake

A patriotic self
Is she real?
A hardcore muse of performing arts
A taste for classical music and dance
A computer whiz
An iron woman
Is she real?
An enigmatic idol to emulate
Revolutionary in her words and gait
A power house
A soul mate for spouse
An Angel on Earth
Is she real?
The world's her stage
Spirit uncaged
Amity-her priority
An enigma
An aurora
Is she real?



Kunchit Chitkara VIII A
AIS Pushp Vihar

Ingredients

1 cup fresh cream, 4-5 tablespoons strawberry crush, 1/2 cup sugar, any 5 seasonal fruits, vanilla sponge cake which is easily available in the market

Fruit Pizza



Share your innovative recipes with culinary queen NITA MEHTA. The selected ones that get featured here win a NITA MEHTA cookery book along with an opportunity to attend a free cooking workshop with NITA MEHTA.

Nita Mehta Tip: Soya is a complete vegetarian protein. Use soya nuggets/granules in rice or *subzis*.

or can be made at home.

Method

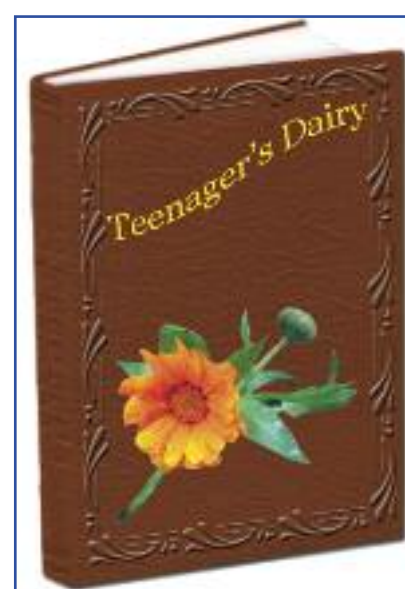
1. To prepare the topping: mix cream, sugar and crush and refrigerate it for 15- 20 minutes.
2. Take the sponge cake and cut it from the top to make it leveled.
3. Cut small pieces of fruits and decorate them on top of the cake.
4. Now pour the topping on the cake and garnish it with nuts. Serve immediately.
5. This dish can also be served with ice cream.

A trip from hell to heaven!

Procheta Chattaraj,
Youth Envoy
AIS, Gurgaon-43

An obnoxious Miss Time and Tide waits for none and so does public transport. I encountered the worst of it, when I was going to Chandigarh for a marriage. It was an abrupt decision with not much thought in mind. My dad wasn't accompanying us due to his hectic tour to Helsinki and Barcelona. It was all left upon me and my mom to decide about this journey. After a quick round of discussions, we decided to board the Volvo in the morning. We packed up and reached the Gurgaon bus stop which is no better than a garbage dumping area. My dad consulted the enquiry and to our utter shock and despair, the Volvo rolled out just a few minutes before our arrival and the next was scheduled at seven in the evening.

All our preparation was about to go in vain. Suddenly my dad proposed that we can go to Delhi ISBT by a normal bus and then board the Volvo. That sounded good and mom and I agreed. We



Teen Diary

boarded a DTC; it was the worst feeling ever. I spread a newspaper on the seat and squatted in an awful position. My dad was waving to us. Suddenly, I was very jealous of him as he was about to travel by the Finn Airways and we, by the super duper DTC. As our journey

progressed, our problems also started progressing by leaps and bounds. The bus got filled with roistering people who started tumbling over one another. I almost lost hope of surviving in such a disastrous situation. Suddenly, two old men jumped out of nowhere and asked us to show the tickets. We were completely dumbstruck as the ticket collector never came to collect the money and issue us tickets. They demanded five hundred bucks from us. We were flabbergasted! After a long heated argument, we finally paid them Rs. 300. I was shaken and felt like screaming! Tears rolled down from my eyes as I was completely exhausted by then! At last, I saw the dome of ISBT; I was absolutely thrilled! I descended the stairs of the devilish DTC after a long struggle. My condition was no less than a soldier who returns to his home ground after a gruesome war. I started marching ahead and spotted my long lost Volvo amongst the milling crowd of buses. I dashed for its door. It was a transition from hell to heaven. I jumped on my seat and dozed off to sleep, hoping for a smooth and peaceful journey ahead!●