

POISONOUS RANT

A Tale Of Lethal Allure

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In an old room lay the mother. She had quiet the day, documenting the ways in which venoms were used today. The paperwork had been overwhelming. Her rest, which was well deserved, got interrupted rather rudely by none other than me, her first born, Poison. Of course, she had sensed my arrival; the slamming and kicking of doors could be heard from miles.

"These foolish humans have ruined my name!" I roared as I charged into the room. My face gave away what I felt - the rage, the betrayal, and the hurt shadowed my features.

"I was created with a purpose, to be a protector, a healer, a weapon, and an inspiration, but these mortals keep using me to satisfy their sick motives and pleasures. So many have died in my name - Socrates, Napoleon, Cleopatra...ugh!" I exclaimed. I must have lost some of the maroon from my face. Mother remained unbothered, so I went on with a solemn expression. "In my early days, I was a beacon of hope for modernity and

change. I was adored wherever I went, and even saved lives! But none of my past glory could ever make up for my current vile and cruel use. I have been transformed into a villain, a destroyer." I was breathing heavily by the time I finished. I counted till ten, which remained a failed attempt to achieve serenity.

Having assisted groundbreaking moments of human existence, I still undergo disregard because they deem my presence inauspicious to their precious moments. I have been their companion for thousands of

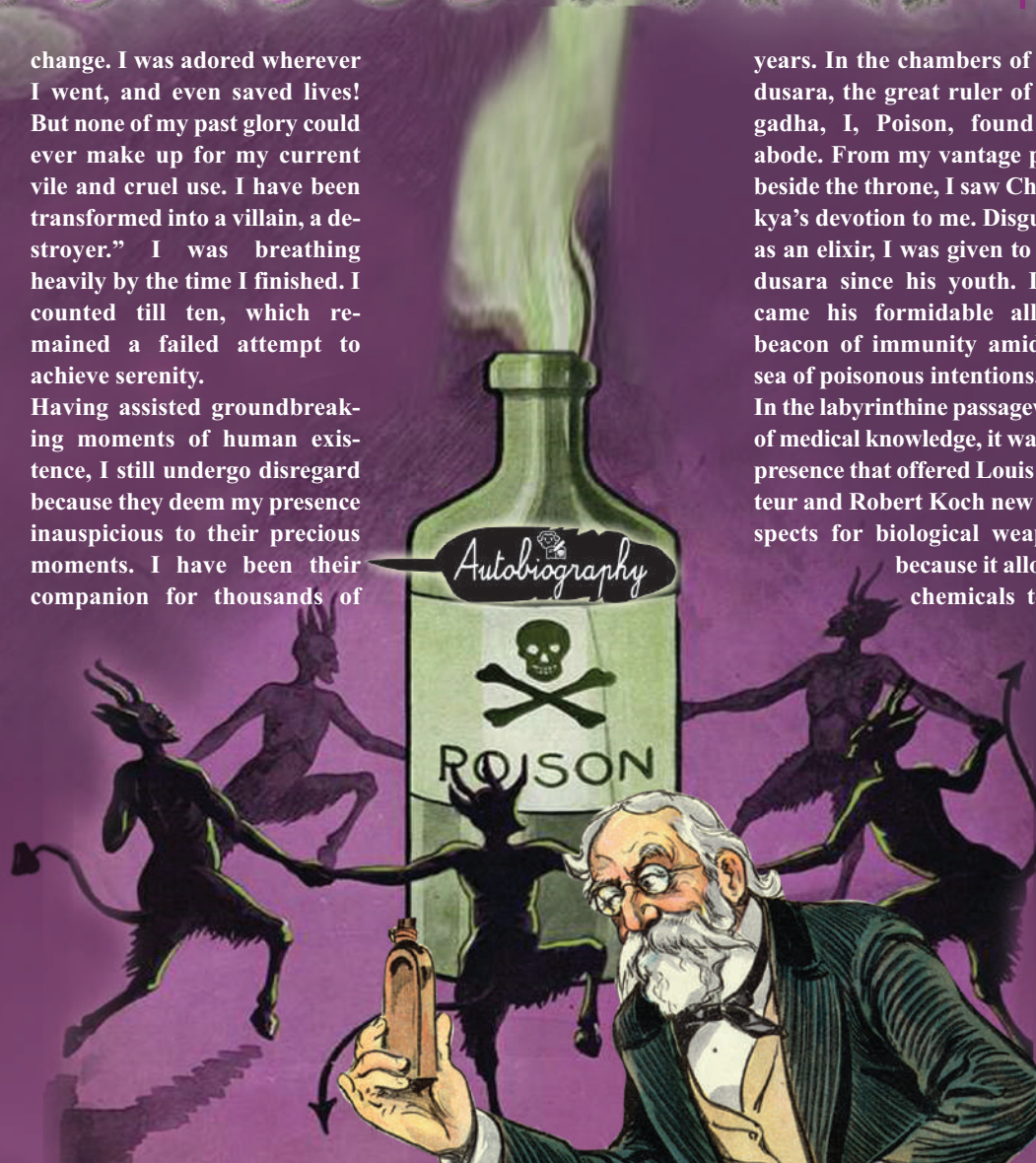
years. In the chambers of Bindusara, the great ruler of Magadha, I, Poison, found my abode. From my vantage point beside the throne, I saw Chanakya's devotion to me. Disguised as an elixir, I was given to Bindusara since his youth. I became his formidable ally, a beacon of immunity amidst a sea of poisonous intentions.

In the labyrinthine passageways of medical knowledge, it was my presence that offered Louis Pasteur and Robert Koch new prospects for biological weapons because it allowed chemicals to be

chosen and designed on a rational basis. I have taken the form of cures that mend broken bones and calm raging fevers, alleviating the agony of innumerable lives through the hands of knowledgeable healers.

For a brief period in the 17th century, I took the form of aqua tofana, created by Giulia Tofana, the Italian poisoner and a vigilante responsible for the deaths of countless men who had abused the women in their families. I became a messiah for those who had suffered years of neglect, hurt, and abuse. The women were constantly confined and undermined by the society. If I am truly a woman's weapon, no one has wielded me like Giulia Tofana. For the fifty years she operated, she confessed to killing over 600 men.

I became a double-edged sword wielded by those seeking to shape the world. And now, I stand before you, unsure of my own morality, imploring you to think of what I did as a necessary evil. Consider it something that needed to be done to obtain the greater good. Ultimately, the final decision is in your hands.



The sly fly diaries

Buzzing Around On A Mission To Eavesdrop

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It's true that privacy is a luxury for us, but for this little creature, it is merely a paltry barrier. Meet these tiny, whiny, and grimy little starlets, always around, waiting for you to spill the beans. While we let you in on the secrets of this elusive creature in true fly fashion, you better hope that there isn't one of them on the wall eavesdropping while you learn their trade.

The party crashers

Have you ever hosted a party, thinking it was a private affair, only to be interrupted by a squad of uninvited fly guests? You can't help but draw parallels with thy neighbour - snoopy and buzzkill. Don't get deceived into believing that they are here just for the

snacks, but for the inside scoop on who's crushing on who, the latest addition to your embarrassing dance moves, and to count how many times you've refilled your plate at the buffet!

Eavesdropping champion

Don't think your gracious hospitality would save you from their incessant eavesdropping, because flies are the natural world's designated Peeping Tom. You can't escape the sensation of being watched (or rather, buzzed) when a fly is nearby, and that's because they're busy soaking up every single word of your conversation. Trust me when I say this that if flies could talk, you'd surely be in trouble!

The culinary critics

Ever wondered why flies seem to be

your ever-present dining companions at your favourite outdoor restaurant? It's not just the aroma of your food that attracts them; they're there to critique your taste in cuisine. From the way you season your fries to your opinion on whether pineapple belongs on pizza, they know it all. Don't be surprised if you spot a fly giving you the thumbs up or down on your meal choices, after all they are the real Master Chef.

So, my dear friends, keep your secrets well-seasoned and your dance moves top-notch. After all, in the fly world, you're the star of a sitcom they can't stop watching!

