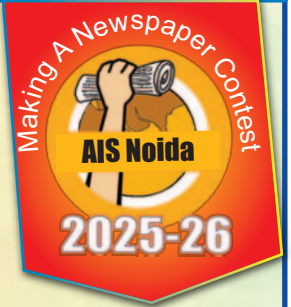


Ek ghar, sau tanaav



The Great Indian Renovation: With Tiles Here, Tantrums There

Agrima Swaroop, AIS Noida, XI F

It began as all middle-class adventures do – with an innocent, “Let’s just paint the walls.” Seventy-two catalogues, six swatch books, and one emotional breakdown later, the Chaddha household had transformed into a full-blown battle zone of dust and disputes. The living room was as mucky as the fairground after closing day, and the kitchen seemed to be taking its last breath. The only thing holding the family together was a WhatsApp group titled ‘Ek Ghar, Sau Tanaav’.

The perfect shade of beige

The Chaddha family’s Sunday outings were now guided showroom tours to hunt down the perfect wall colour. The living room’s beige had to be ‘sunny and warm’, but the master bedroom’s beige needed to look like it ‘reads Frost under the clouds’. The elder daughter, at the frontlines, fiercely debated her options between a beige-beige or a white-beige. Between the options – ‘Honey Drizzle’, and ‘Whipped Butter’ – she swore by the latter, probably because it sounded more like dessert than décor.

The roommate revolt

When renovations reached the bedrooms, the real war broke out. The elder Chaddha sister declared, “I

need my own room. I cannot dorm with this hazard of a boy!” – pointing at a disorganised pile of clothes, a mammoth mess of a table, and a bafflingly sticky doorknob. The younger brother, unfazed, demanded a space where he wouldn’t have to endure the maddening snores of his sister every five seconds. The parents suggested bunk beds. The siblings requested disownment. At this rate, one more argument and the Chaddhas

might qualify for a family therapy package – discount included.

The tile trials

“Do we want gloss or matte?” asked Mr Chaddha, ankle-deep in grout samples. Mrs Chaddha wanted a spa aesthetic, while their daughter campaigned for marbles straight out of Modern Family. “You aren’t living in a Netflix sitcom, beta,” rang the parental reminder. Then came the discovery of new tiles from the contractor – complete

with cracks and wrinkles. “It’s abstract,” he claimed. “It’s cracked,” countered the son. “That’s how trends are born, *puttar*,” concluded Mr Chaddha. Everyone went silent – except the elder daughter, who suggested framing the defective tiles and calling it ‘Family Trauma, 2025’.

The coffee table crisis

Mr Chaddha’s latest obsession was a coffee table for the master bedroom – something that said IKEA catalogue but whispered South Delhi duplex. “A vintage *Shaktimaan* poster would crown the look. A classic,” he mused. “Send him back to the 80s, my God,” sighed Mrs Chaddha. As Mr Chaddha plotted the table’s debut as if it were a celebrity kid, Mrs Chaddha swore she’d never serve tea there. Why bother? He’d only leave behind cup stains just as enduring as the emotional wear-and-tear from this ‘Great Indian Renovation’.

Eventually, even the Chaddhas ran out of energy to argue – a first in history. Spices found shelves, posters found walls, and the spare tiles retired to the balcony. Yet, the father-daughter duo stood side-by-side, scrutinising the dull wall-paper as it peeled off. Well, home is where the heart is... even if the heart still disagrees with the undertones.



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