



COLD STORAGE MESS

It Chills, It Stores, And It Keeps Our Huge Family Together Forever

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Hi, I'm the fridge. Yes, the unsung hero in the corner of your kitchen. You think your life is chaotic? Try being the one who's responsible for cooling everything from leftover *sabzi* to those half-cut lemons that nobody can remember cutting. I'm the keeper of all things cold... but honestly, maybe this time, I need protection. In an Indian household, I'm more than just a fridge, I'm an unpaid therapist, a food vault, and the family's most loyal secret keeper. So, let me take you through a day in my life, where the struggle is real, and the masala is extra spicy.

Morning mayhem

My day starts before the sun is even awake. Mummy storms in like she's on a mission to find the Kohinoor diamond, but all she really wants is milk. My door swings open, then - bam - slammed shut. Oh wait, false alarm! She forgot Papa drinks black tea. RIP, my door hinges. Before I can recover from that assault, she's back - this time for coriander. And guess what? She'll never find it on the first try. Nope, she'll shuffle things around like she's on a treasure hunt, displacing *dahi*, showing yesterday's *sabzi* into some random corner, and finally she'll spot the coriander that was right in front of her the whole time. By then, I'm emotionally drained,

but the day has only begun.

Tupperware tetris

You think playing Tetris on your phone is hard? Try fitting 20 Tupperware boxes into my already overstuffed shelves. Mummy takes this challenge very seriously. There's *dal* in steel containers, forgotten *aloo* in plastic ones, and that one jar whose existence

even I have forgotten. The worst part? She always underestimates the space, "Arey, just shift this a little... bas bas... yeh bhi aa jayega!" And before I know it, I'm holding more food than a wedding buffet. One wrong move and - boom - avalanche of containers. And guess who gets blamed? Me.

Children's comings and goings

Enter: The children. Or, as I like to call

them, my biggest freeloaders. They come home from school, dump their bags, and march straight to me like I'm a wishing well. Open. Stare. Close. Open. Stare. Close. Excuse me, am I a fridge or a portal to another dimension? Chintu, I promise you, pizza isn't going to magically appear if you check 50 times. And no, *beta*, the leftover *Aloo Gobhi* from lunch hasn't disappeared - it's just buried under an Everest of chutneys and random dairy products.

The midnight shift

By 2 am, I should be resting, but guess what? Rinky is back. "Uff, I wasn't hungry earlier." Oh, really? Then why am I working overtime at this unholy hour? She opens me up like she owns me (she doesn't), and rummages through leftovers like she's on MasterChef: Midnight Edition. Eventually, she settles on cold *parantha* and *dahi*, and I just know she'll leave the *dahi* lid half-open, making me smell questionable for the next two days.

Honestly, being a fridge in an Indian household is not an easy task, but as you all know I always keep my cool. (Pun fully intended.) So next time my dear admirers, whenever you yank open my door, maybe take some time to thank me for not short-circuiting from all the madness you show me. And before you go, please, for the love of all things refrigerated, shut my door properly. And while you're at it, maybe consider cleaning my shelves. Thanks. 🇮🇳

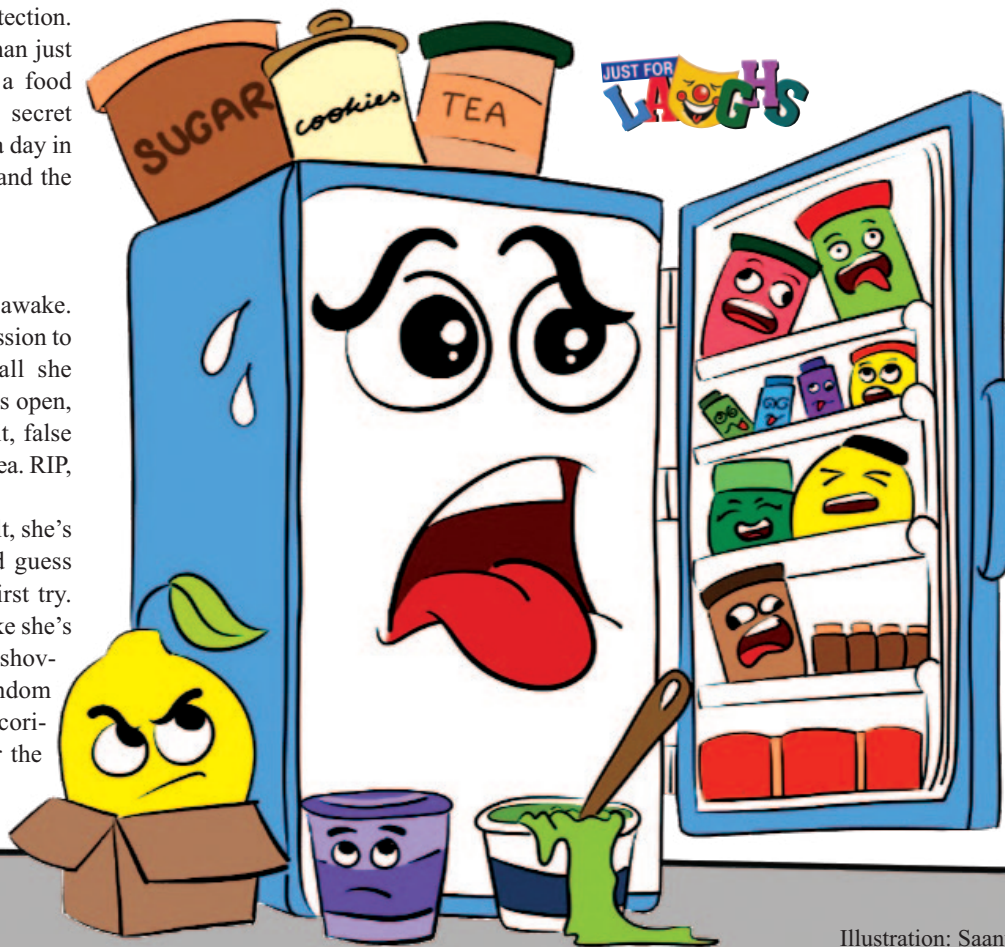


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