

Checked in @grandma's house

A Review Of India's Favourite Holiday Inn - Welcome To Nani Ka Ghar

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Summer holidays are over, but all you want is to escape back to Nani's ghar. Canteen's patties don't stand a chance against her lip-smacking *dal baati churma*. Your classmates' banter reminds you of the railway pantry boy's loud calls of hot tea and cutlets. And just like that, you're back on the train to your grandma's humble abode, where time moves at the pace of Bronze Age, but everything feels golden.

A 10/10 getaway.

Tranquil era

After an exhausting journey, all you wish to do is head to the roof,

set up the classic mosquito net, and curl up next to your Nani. In the city, you cannot live even a day without the AC, but here the hum of the fan and the reassuring whiff of her jasmine-fragranced hair is enough to put you into the deepest slumber imaginable. And when you wake up and head downstairs, you are met with the most scrumptious breakfast consisting of *paranthas* and Bournvita. The best Bed & Breakfast you could ever ask for indeed!

Bazaar diaries

No itinerary, just holiday homework and grandma in tow, you hit the local market.

And suddenly you realise that you are not a nobody; everyone seems to know you! You may encounter aunties you have no memory of ever meeting before and they'll say, "Oh my! You used to be so small. How have you grown!" Perhaps popularity was always hiding around the corner.

Champi champ

If you're not getting Nani's signature head massage during your stay, you're missing out. Just brace yourself for: "I used to oil your mother's hair just like this. Look how she's ruined it now. Her hair was so strong that she would hang from the tree branch using the grip of her plait. I used to get so angry." It's like getting spa treatment, with a sneak peek into your mother's mischievous childhood.

King of fruits

One morning, a crate of the most ambrosial mangoes will land

like treasure. The house's schedule takes a 180-degree spin when these enter the scene, with everyone burying their heads in the golden goodness. Who needs ice cream when mangoes exist? What's better is mangoes in ice cream!

Don't want to leave just yet

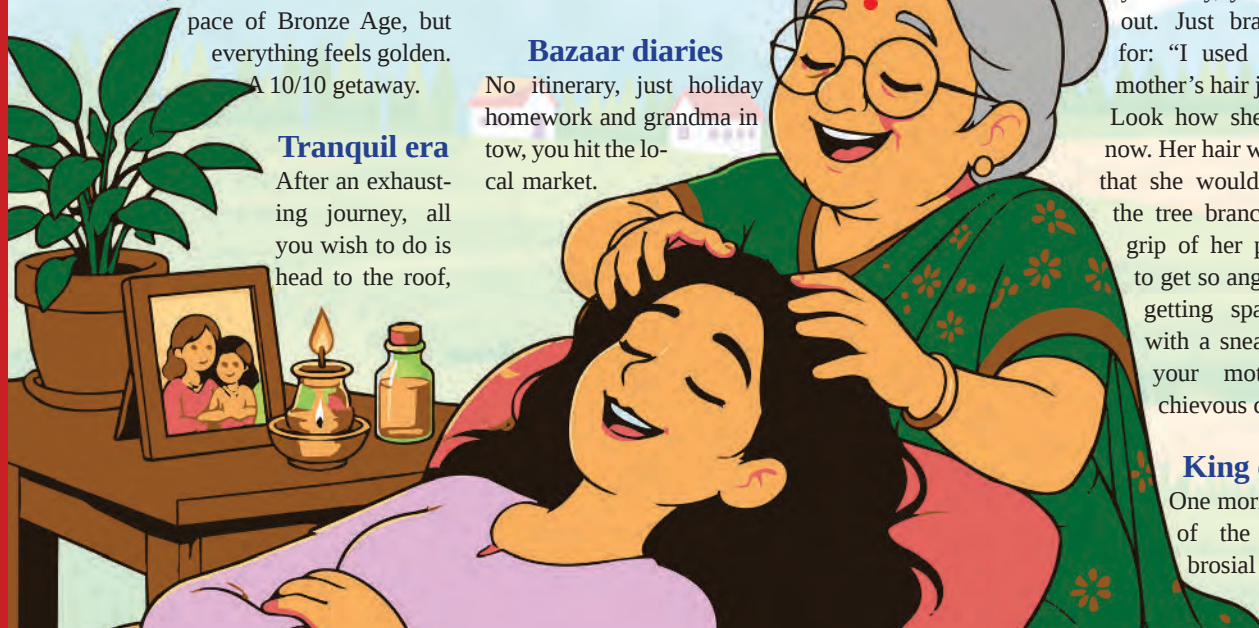
Heartbreak hits just as you book your train ticket and Nani pulls out her special *achaar*. You whisper goodbyes to the dogs in her street and make promises to visit again. Time flies when you're in paradise.

Michelin star-worthy!

★★★★★
Excellent stay! Afternoon naps were elite, kids were someone else's problem, and adulthood was on pause. Honestly, leaving is a tough choice.
Mummy • User since 1976

★★★★★
I technically live here, but the chaos of a crowded house gives it new life. Best part? Bickering with my sister again!
Maamu • User since 1979

★★★★★
The food deserves Michelin stars - too bad Nani's culinary genius skipped a generation (love you mummy, but facts are facts).
Bhaiya • User since 2007



Ayushmaan Banerjee
AIS VYC Lucknow, X A

Hello! (*drums rolling*) Brace yourselves tight, for I am the legendary Cricket. The sport that can turn strangers into friends, quiet streets into roaring stadiums, and ordinary afternoons into moments of pure magic. I am the second most popular sport in the world, loved by millions and celebrated like a festival all around the globe.

I was born in late 16th century England, where I began as a simple local pastime, played in village alleys and open fields. By the 18th century, I had risen to prominence, as a result of colonisation and my unique blend of strategy and skill. A whopping 93% of India watches me, and some even consider me the unofficial national sport. There has been much debate since I am a foreigner, yet I have conquered not only their minds but also their economy. The country boasts of the largest cricket stadium in Ahmedabad and the

Ball, bat, and legacy

A Game That Conquered Hearts And Fields

highest cricket ground in the world in Chail, Himachal Pradesh. Their love for me has spilled into cinema as well, with the most recent film '83' immortalising the story of India's first-ever World Cup triumph. Now, let me tell you more about myself. The ICC (International Cricket Council) is my governing body, or my guardian. I am divided into three main formats: Test cricket, ODI (One Day Internationals), and T20. In one form, I test



patience and endurance over five long days; in another, I condense drama, heartbreak, and glory into a few thrilling hours. A standard team consists of 11 players, each with a role to play in the pursuit of victory. Did you know that the Women's Cricket World Cup was organised in 1973, two years before that of men? Or that the longest cricket match ever played lasted a staggering nine days?

There are many great athletes born under my name, such as Sir Don Bradman, Sir Vivian Richards, Wasim Akram, and Shane Warne. Not to forget

the Master Blaster Sachin Tendulkar, who holds the record for the most international centuries. The thunderous cheers that followed his boundaries still echo in my ears. The ODI World Cup, ICC T20 World Cup, Asia Cup, World Test Championship, ICC Champions Trophy, U-19 World Cup, and the Indian Premier League have dragged me into the world of commercialisation. Yet, beneath the bright lights and billion-dollar broadcasts, I remain a game built on passion. Though controversies such as match-fixing and betting have tarnished my image, they have failed to defeat me. In fact, I have emerged stronger and more resilient; for I am not just a game, I am a way of life.

With my return to the Olympics in 2028 after a gap of 128 years, a new chapter awaits. I will continue to unite nations, inspire people, and create unforgettable memories. As long as there's a bat, a ball, and the roar of devoted fans, my legacy will live on forever. **GT**