



## Fashion police: Parents' edition

### Generational Outfit-Check

Saanvi Nagar

AIS Vasundhara 1, XII B

**A**h, teenage fashion - the perfect storm of crop tops, oversized jeans, and accessories bold enough to make a Christmas tree self-conscious. But no teen's runway dreams are complete without parental critics turning outfits into comedy specials, where sass is sharper than your cat-eyeliner.

#### Jeans jamboree

**Dad:** Beta, what's the story with those ripped jeans? Did you wrestle a tiger?

**Teen:** They're fashion, dad.

**Dad:** Fashion? Looks like the dog got to them first. So, you're telling me we're paying full price for half the fabric?

*Dad shakes his head in wallet-induced heartbreak as the teen walks away.*

#### Accessory avalanche

**Mom:** Are those earrings or satellite dishes?

**Teen:** They're trendy, mom!

**Mom:** Trendy? You look like you're auditioning to replace Doordarshan's antenna.

**Dad:** \*Dramatic gasp\* Oh my Christmas tree, you're just a few lights short!

*The teen bangs her head into the wall as the 'antennas' clank in the hallway.*

#### Hoodie hurdle

**Dad:** Why do you always wear that hoodie? Do you have shares in a blanket factory?

**Teen:** It's comfy and stylish.

**Dad:** Stylish? You look like a ninja who quit midway through ninja school to binge Netflix!

*Meanwhile, mom offers the dog another hoodie. Apparently, he needs a blanket too.*

Parents' critiques may feel like daggers aimed at your style, but they're often hilariously wrapped parcels of love with a hint of regret for their own questionable fashion phases. Cherish these memories because nothing says family bonding like a neon top and a dad joke.

# Kahani khichdi ki

## Grains Of History Mixed With Perfection

Illustration: Vikruti, AIS Gurugram 43, XI C



Iha Nuvi, AIS Gur 43, XII B

*"Mummy! Bimaar toh lekin didi hai, aap mujhe kyu khichdi de rahe ho?" "Mei sabke liye alag-alag khana nahi bana sakti! Ch-up-chap khichdi khalo."*

**I**n Indian households, a timeless debate ensues: *Khichdi* for the ailing, or *Khichdi* for the entire family? Naturally, the ailing have no choice but to indulge, or face the wrath of their mother's super fast, flying slipper. As a nutritious and delectable dish crafted from simple, accessible household ingredients, I've long wondered why young children harbour such a harsh grudge against me. I'm just a harmless dish made with handful of *dal* and a cup of rice combined in a cooker with some spices. Due to my sheer simplicity yet great benefits, I knew I was destined for greatness since the day I was curated. My name is *Khichdi*, and my history transcends time.

Did you know that my origins date way back to the Vedic times, derived from the Sanskrit term, '*Khichcha*,' which meant a dish prepared from rice and legumes? In Hindu culture, mothers feed me to their infants as their first solid food. I truly am multitasking. Interestingly, my versatility even extends to the great Indian epic, Mahabharata, where Draupadi nourished the Pandavas with

good old me during their exile. Furthermore, not just Indians, but many ancient foreign visitors, like Ibn Battuta have also praised my subtle flavours in the Hindustani culture, just as I rightly deserve! In the Mughal era, my legendary status was cemented through the story '*Birbal ki Khichdi*,' where Birbal cleverly cooked me to teach Akbar a wise lesson in judgement. Who knew a dish made of humble lentils and rice could school an emperor? But that is just my unparalleled and lethal charm - transforming simplicity into timeless wisdom. In fact, it was during this time when I truly gained popularity within the Indian subcontinent. But let's be honest, I would have risen to stars even without Mughal interference. They simply gave me a push. Akbar's courtier, Abdul Fazl was so fond of me that he used to get 30 maunds of me cooked every day, for 24-hour public enjoyment. Talk about how lucky his neighbours must have been! Among other Mughal emperors, Jahangir admired my taste with some alterations and more spice, calling me *lazezan*. Sometimes, it's hard for me to keep track of all my names, I am just that fabulously diverse! My divine taste has also transcended borders, reaching Queen Victoria of England in the 19<sup>th</sup> century through her Urdu tutor, Abdul Karim. She preferred me

with *Masoor-ki-dal*, earning me the regal name *Malika Masoor*. Are you impressed yet, dear reader? The same delicacy you frown at the sight of on your table, was once eaten by mighty kings and queens. I truly am a royal dish.

Today, I'm prepared differently across India, from Rajasthan's refreshing breakfast *Pongal*. You really cannot deny my delicate style. My one-pot comfort is celebrated by all my fans for being rich in nutrition. My main components once cooked aid your body in digestive balance and increase your intake of protein. Believe it or not, I am also a great supplier of carbohydrates, calcium, and fibre. Too much is never enough. There is nothing wrong with consuming me every day that is, if your taste buds improve first. Now, I am not the one to brag but, globally in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, my name echoes from the vast expanse of Mount Rushmore in the USA and across the pond to the great London Bridge in the UK.

And so, dear reader, as my merry tale comes to an end, I hope you remember my history and advantages the next time you are bestowed with a hearty bowl of nourishment, regardless of your health. And of course, when life presents you with rice and lentils, *Khichdi* it out! Bon Appétit! **GT**