

Cooking at late o' clock

The Clock Strikes Three, And The Hunger Pangs Begin

Ruqayya Rahman, AIS MV, X B

It's hot and humid, you lie still, wondering about every decision that led you here. You close the laptop, with math questions staring into your soul. Out of habit, you open Instagram. Spicy ramen reels call your name. That's it. Mission activated.

The objectives are simple: obtain Maggi, cook it, eat it, and leave absolutely no evidence behind. The obstacles, however, include a light sleeping mother, a father who drinks water every hour, and the ever-hungry pit of absolute nothingness - otherwise known as your sibling.

Phase I: In the blink of an eye

The secret stash of Maggi Double Masala noodles has already been devoured during a previous state of hunger. Now the pangs have returned. It's a tough situation - one you decide to Blinkit through. The delivery charge? More than the noodles you ordered. But you go ahead full throttle into the mission as you type the sacred words into the delivery instructions: 'Do not ring the bell!' Soon, the Blinkit bhैया arrives, zooming towards the house in your imaginary action sequence. You creep towards the door. One squeaky hinge and it'll be over. You collect the packet, close the door, and return to the kitchen like you have just extracted classified intelligence.

Phase II: I cooked, I ate, I conquered

No mission is easy. Every plan requires a

Plan A, Plan B, and apparently, a Plan C - for when dad decides it is time for his fifth glass of water.

There is no such thing as 'Do minute ki Maggi'. At 3 AM, it is closer to diffusing a bomb. You pick up the packet. Crinkle. You freeze. There is silence. So, you continue. Crinkle again. You stare at the packet as if it has personally betrayed you. Finally, after what feels like ten minutes of negotiating with plastic, the noodles are open. Now comes the seasoning. One packet of masala. Not two. Not the Double Masala you specifically wanted. You accept your fate.

The stove goes on. The water boils. Every bubble sounds suspiciously loud. Somewhere nearby, your father turns in his sleep. You stop breathing. The house is silent again. Five minutes later, the Maggi is ready. You take the first bite and suddenly every risk was worth it. Math, deadlines, dehydration, parental surveillance: all temporarily irrelevant.

Phase III: Removing evidence

The Blinkit order history is classified intelligence. Only evidence tampering required: dirty dishes. Some people find washing dishes therapeutic. But for you, it is a war against water, grease, and microscopic traces of evidence. Sponge in hand, you begin Operation Clean-Up. The Maggi is devoured. Bowl washed. Pan washed. Fork washed. Everything returned to its usual place. The smell is masked. The kitchen now smells like vanilla and chocolate, because apparently

the crime scene needed a perfume commercial. Mission complete. Or so you thought. A faint figure emerges from the hallway. You pray to every god and immortal spirit that comes to mind. Then you hear the footsteps. It's mum. Before the scolding begins, you deploy the final weapon: the last ice cream cone. Silence follows. Her hand quietly accepts the offering. A wordless treaty is signed, sealed, and delivered. Mission truly accomplished.



Illustration: Harpreet Singh, AIS MV, XI A



Pics: Raghav Goswami, AIS MV, XII A

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