

Kaleidoscope





MENU

FOOD MEMOIR

3 - 6

FOPE'S OPINION

6

KOREAN FESTIVAL

7

CRAFT MELA

8 - 9

MARATHON

10

POETRY COLLAGE

11 - 12

EDITORIAL

This issues theme was suppose to be about valentines day but we decided to do it as love of food. It was very fun designing this magazine because we're very interested and enthusiastic to write about food as we love it so much.

CREDIT

Editors : Lea, Luce



Food Memoirs

If I think about food, the first thing that comes to my mind is Malatang. A Chinese street food. I was living in China for one year before covid started. We would always eat dinner outside, because China is well known for delicious and varied food and we wanted to try as much as we could. Once we were too tired to go anywhere so we went to a shopping mall behind our house.

When we entered the shopping mall there was this unique smell, spicy and making your nose hurt. We found out where it was coming from and we saw the Malatang shop. It was a conveyor belt shop. There were three types of soup that we could choose first the plain one(not spicy), second medium and last the very spicy one. We ordered the medium one.

When we got the soup we could just pick any toppings you want from the conveyor belt and put it in your soup and wait until it gets cooked and ready to eat. There were vegetables, meat, noodles, tofu and more...

When I tasted the soup it was oily and spicy at the same time and I could feel a tingling in my tongue but it was very delicious. I put noodles in and meat and vegetables and anything that I could see. It was winter at that time and It was snowing a lot so it was perfect timing to eat a warm spicy malatang. I was sweating while eating it. And when I finished eating it my tongue was completely numb.



We needed something to cool down our heat so we bought ourselves some ice cream and started walking back home. I really liked that moment walking after having a good warm meal and walking in the snowy streets. And It felt like I had real Chinese food. I don't know why. After that we would always go there every week to eat malatang. Now I want to visit China again just to eat Malatang at the exact space and the exact weather, I really miss that place.

-Lea

Everyday in France after school, when I was eight years old, I would be the most grumpy child ever. I hated the school in France and I would never enjoy it. My mom would make it up to me by going to the same shop almost twice a week after school, and getting the same thing I loved so much. The thing was a type of donut bread, sweet yet sort of salty at the same time. It had Nutella inside and powdered sugar on top. I would always want more and more and more because it was so addictive and so good.

It was a very small piece of bread, but it was so so so fluffy. My sister would also always get it because she would get jealous if I was the only one who got it. I get so many memories thinking about those days in France, and the shop, and the amazing donut ball. I think the donut ball would just cheer me up every time, because while I was in school I knew that my mom would probably bring me to that shop and let me eat that heavenly sweet, so I waited and waited for school to finish.

I remember specifically how much my mouth used to water just thinking about the fluffiness, texture,

and the amazing taste. I didn't only love the food though, I actually really loved that shop too, I found it really cosy and small and it smelled amazing because of all the good things it had inside of it. I think that the sweet also makes me remember more about France, and I find it really nice when there is a small memory inside such a big one. Thank you, donut ball for existing.

-Luce

You know, I used to like cooking. Well, I never exactly LOVED it, but I'd do it if I had to. Now, I'm forced to make my sister cook for me, even though she's bad. Allow me to tell you what actually happened, traumatising me and my nonexistent bloodline for generations to come. So basically what I was trying to do was melt wax. And look, wax might not be food, but the way I see it, you can eat it if you try hard enough and that's good enough for me. My plan was to cook the wax, it becomes candle juice, and then ta da~ I'd have a candle! You can probably already tell that didn't work out great.

One important piece of information is that I was home alone, having been abandoned by my family prior to this mishap. I had kind of just thought to put it in a saucepan because I was like "it can't be that hard, right? I'm like, so good at everything that I do so I'll definitely manage this."

So there I was, dumping wax into my mom's favourite saucepan. I put it on the stove and started the fire. Then, inspiration struck. I decided I was supposed to stir it, because it's literally gonna become soup, right? I turned to get a spoon. Chat, I'm literally a genius. I turned back around and the saucepan was literally ON FIRE???

So I was freaking out, the saucepan was on fire, and I was home alone. I was like okay, water is the opposite of fire. So I filled a cup of water and threw(?) it at the saucepan. The fire got way bigger, and literally touched the ceiling???. I was like bro what. I literally had no other options, and at this point I was thinking about what I should save and whether we had insurance or whatever. So I poured(?) Another cup of water onto it, and it turned off. There was smoke everywhere, and a mark where it touched the ceiling. The mark IS there, my family doesn't see it because they're BLIND. So I started opening windows, and waving all the smoke out, when the front door opened, and my mom walked in. I looked very unsuspecting, with all the windows open, water everywhere, and my hands in the air, but somehow she knew that something was wrong. I wonder how? She was like "What's that smell?" and I was like "Oh, I lit the kitchen on fire! Funny how that happens sometimes right? Haha..."



My mom actually did seem to find it funny, until she realised that I had used the only saucepan without a broken handle.

Then she made me clean for like an hour, but I guess I did deserve it. The moral of this story is that when you light your kitchen on fire, always throw two cups of water at the saucepan instead of one. Truly valuable advice.

-Atisha

Food might just be my favourite thing in the world. I love food too much in fact I love food so much I do not know what I remember. I remember at least more than 100+ types of food I love. There are a few that will stay the closest to my heart, these foods which will stay with me for life consists of these tastes: Sweet and salty and spicy. I really can not choose between these both for my favourite, so I'll write about a food that consists of both these tastes. Into sweet my favourite dish is a pancake I had in a restaurant called Lavonne with Vihaan (another person in this class).

It consisted of two fat pancakes sandwiching chocolate syrup with bananas, topped with ice cream, strawberries, marshmallows And some powdered sugar. The good thing about it was how it looked and the difference it has compared to normal pancakes we usually have. When I had it for the first time after a while I was feeling full, but I just couldn't waste it.



Moving on to my spicy and salty dish. Well these is just the main two tastes isn't it, but I will go for this one time I had panipuri. I don't know but for some reason this one time I had panipuri was way different than the other times, I don't know how. But I can say I definitely took more panipuri than I usually take.

This is my food memoir. Bye

-Abhi



Whenever I think about food a distant memory always comes to mind. It was when I was living in Mumbai. It's a very faint memory and I have tried my best to recollect it. I was 4 years old.

My parents took me to Sula Vineyard in Lonavala. They wanted to take a break from work and since we lived 2hrs away it seemed like a brilliant idea. I can merely remember the lush green grape orchids the vineyard was surrounded with.

The sunlight glimmered over the leaves and looked too good to be true. We were shown around the orchids and then we were taken inside. We were immediately greeted with huge Steel canisters almost 30 ft tall with wine inside. I remember how tiny I felt compared to that. After finishing the tour of the whole vineyard we went to the restaurant. The restaurant was covered in white table cloths and looked really fancy. They had an extensive menu to choose from.

I tried the prawn ravioli and I instantly loved it. It was creamy and It tasted so good. It was sweet and a bit savoury and it was just right. It was the only thing I ate. I didn't even try anything else. Nowadays I'm just craving that same ravioli and I still can't find it anywhere else. I wish I could go to the Sula Vineyard and have some more.

-Aaryan



If I had to write about a particular food, I would write about the meal I have had the most ,which would be varan bhat. Varan Bhat means dal and rice in Marathi but Dal has spices mixed with it. Varan doesn't have any spices in it , it's just lentils and water with salt and turmeric. It tastes very simple and plain but somehow it tastes really good and if you add ghee to it, it basically melts in your mouth.



It's a soup like consistency with rice. It feels best to have it in winters since it's hot and soupy .For me it reminds me of home. I have had it as a child over and over again. Everytime I am sick, that's what I have, it's basically my comfort food.Its the meal my mom makes when she doesn't feel like cooking because it's extremely easy to make.

Now, I don't have it as often as I used to but we still have it once in a while and NO it's at all my favourite food but I have had it the most so I guessed I could describe it the best.

-Sara

Thair saadum has always been my comfort food. It sits well in my stomach and goes with everything. Well, almost everything.

One time, we went to Chennai to meet up with some family. We were staying at a hotel. I was complaining about car sickness since we had been driving for hours, so I ordered some curd rice and sambar from the hotel restaurant. I was very excited, cold thair saadum with warm, salty sambar, it sounded like heaven. That's when the doorbell rang.

I sat on the hotel desk and cleared the area to make space for my food. After the food came, i looked at it in horror as I saw pomegranate on warm curd rice. I was very sad, how could they put sweet fruit onto my thair saadum? Even so, i persisted and took the pomegranate off. I then took a scoop of thair saadum and put some sambar onto it. As I ate it, my face quickly turned sad as I realised, the sambar was sweet. I was very sad, my dreams of having cold curd rice and warm salty sambar were ruined.

I didn't eat dinner that night.

(This is a very dramatic retelling of a boring story, i don't have anything against sweet sambar i promise)



-Megha

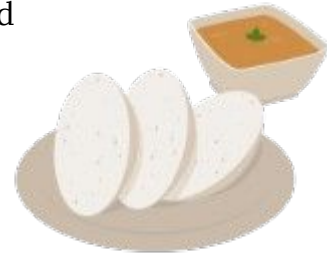


When I was around four or five years old, I used to live right next to the beach. My mom would take me there everyday in the evening because it was only a five minute walk from where I lived and I would play and sing in the water for a while. After that, I would play in the sand for a while and when I'm done, I would always get me something to eat. It would mostly be corn and I used to look forward to it. I want to go to a similar beach one day and eat corn again just to remind myself of the time when I went everyday. I don't remember much from that time but if there was one thing I remember well, it would be the evening trips to the beach and eating corn

-Isha

Fope's Opinion

Whenever I think about of food. I think about this disaster that happened recently. It was few weeks ago my mom told me to make some idly, and I messed it up really bad. So it all started like this, it was a Friday morning my mom explained me the process to it and I began preparing it. So first I got the batter and poured it onto the tray, and waited for about 10 minutes. After a while I checked on it and it's fully cooked, but again I waited for 5 more minutes, and then suddenly!!! It started burping and then I saw smoke all over the place and i quickly opened the lid, and saw the water was fully drained out, and I forgot to add enough amount of water to it, and also forgot to apply oil on the tray, so that the idly can come out smoothly.



My mom came home rushing and hungry, and also was really tired, so I had no choice to take the idly out and let it cool down for a bit. After all of this, I started thinking how did I get distracted, then I realized that I was too busy on my phone and didn't even pay attention on what was going on. So two major lesson learnt don't do 2 things simultaneously, if you can manage it then yeah sure go ahead and do it. And always double check things when you are not sure about it.

-Vihaan



The first thing that comes to me isn't a meal but it's pav bhaji, pav bhaji is honestly just my favorite thing when it comes to food, I have other favorites but pav bhaji is what first comes to mind, I've loved pav bhaji for a very long time now and just the amazing taste really makes me happy, and the soft buttery pav with the spicy tangy tasty bhaji with all the onions, lemon etc can really melt my heart.

-Aarohi

The first thing that comes to my mind when i think about food is cheese. It might be because I am French and France is known as the country of cheese, (we invented more than 150 types of cheese) . I like many different cheeses so I don't think I'll be able to say which one is my favorite even though I have a little preference for goat cheese. I like goat cheese because of its dry taste and its special smell. i will stop talking about cheese now because if i tell you the smell and taste of all my favorite cheeses it will cover all the magazine.



-Celestin



Korean Festival



Every year our Korean community holds a culture festival in Auroville. This year we prepared Korean foods, Korean calligraphy, Hanbok trial and a Hanbok fashion show!

I participated in the Hanbok fashion show and also helped the calligraphy team. I was quite surprised because there were a lot of people and I was happy that our country was popular. I helped the calligraphy team by translating from Indian names into Korean and I really enjoyed doing that, I was talking to a lot of people and they were enjoying taking pictures of me on their phone. And I remember one person thanking me for making a nice memory.



Around 4pm we started getting ready for the fashion show. There were a lot of people participating and we had each team for each theme, for example palace promenade, family outing, wedding, summer night temptation and party time etc. I was in the summer night temptation team. We already rehearsed all our walking along with chosen music for us.

I was quite nervous before going on the stage but when I got on the stage I was a bit shocked because there were more people than before and the stage was filled and there were even people standing because there were not enough seats. I was a bit shy to walk in front of so many people but I had a lot of fun. After the fashion show I was so dead, I was helping the festival from 9am to 6pm. After having food we cleaned up and went home!

I am already feeling excited about the next year Korean culture festival!



-Lea

Craft Mela

The endangered craft mela is an event that happens every year in Auroville, where you can make many different endangered crafts in a week. On the first day of the craft mela, we had to be there at 9:30 sharp for the assembly. We discussed all the different types of crafts and where you could find them. I started off with chair-making. Since chairmaking took really long to do, I had to find a partner to make the chair with, so I chose to do it with Noah. We had to get four big wood planks and cut them into tiny pieces, which took a few hours to do. Next, we had to sandpaper all the pieces, and it was taking forever until a few of my friends came to help me.

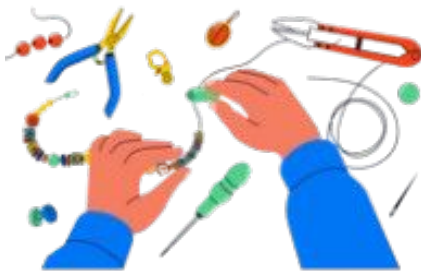
In less than 2 hours, we managed to finish the sandpapering. And there was only one last step left: putting all the pieces together. We thought it would be the easiest step, but we turned out to be wrong. Putting the pieces together was very hard because we had to screw all the planks together while holding them so they didn't fall apart. This was very challenging and took the longest to make. We started at 9:45 and ended up finishing at 4:30, which was an entire day of craft mela.



For the next 2 days, I made 2 types of glasses: wine and normal. I had to first choose a bottle, then apply some coconut oil before lightly cutting the glass bottle. I then had to burn the area where the cut was with a candle and dip it in the water while pouring water from the top, which made the glass cut in half smoothly. The last step was sandpapering. There were four different sandpapers. I had to sandpaper for an hour straight and then change to a smoother sandpaper every 10 minutes or so. After that, I washed the glass, and it was done. For the last 2 days (if I'm counting right), I did a shiva lingam in stone carving, a leather wallet (which took forever to stitch because the leather was super thick), and a butter knife in the forges.

Those were all the things I did during the 5 days of craft mela. And the very last day of craft mela was the fair, where you got to show the things made in all the craft mela days, and I kept our things at our school table. (We had a table for each school.) We also got three food tokens each to spend on any food we wanted to eat. There were also stalls with all the craftsmen who taught us during the craft week, selling their own things. There was a silambam(Indian martial arts) performance just before lunch and it was super awesome. Craft Mela overall was 10/10 for me.

-Meet



The endangered Craft Mela is an event in Auroville that happens every year. The first day we went around the Mela and got a tour around the different crafts that were happening there. We registered our names and the next day we were back. The first craft I went to was soap stone carving. I made a shiva lingam that took me 2 hours to make. After having lunch I looked around for things I could make. I decided to pick out a bottle to make a glass out of it. I learnt how to cut a glass on a jig.

Then how to heat it up and then separate the glass in water. On the second day I was left with mostly nothing to do. All of the stalls were mostly busy and didn't have any space to accommodate more people. After waiting for a while I finally found a place with lost wax. It was a stall where we learnt how to make spoons out of natural wax.. It was quite a tedious process and it required quite a lot of strength to mould the wax into the desired shape. I even burnt my fingers twice trying to mould the wax when it was hot. The third day I was interested in learning silambam. Silambam is a martial art originated from tamil nadu. It involves fighting and self defence with sticks. I learnt quite a lot of ways to rotate the stick and even dropped it on my foot which hurt. The first half of the third day I made fishes out of palm leaves. It was really fun and not really a time consuming craft. It was quite quick and it put my fingers through a test.

The second half of the fourth and the whole of the fifth day mostly consisted of me finishing my macrame. It was a lot of trial and error and it took way too long for my liking. But after almost 2 days I finally finished and I was quite satisfied with the product. Overall the craft mela was this year could have been better. As i felt that there were a very limited number of stalls for the amount of people that were there.

-Aaryan



The first day of craft mela was registration and a small introduction to various crafts. I knew them all because last year I attended this and all craft were the same except few. I set few goals for myself to do, like bamboo and carpentry but I couldn't manage to finish on time. The next day was fun I started with soap stonbaskete craving. That took me about half a day, but I was worth it. Few things about this unique stone Is that it's not found nearby its technically illegal and there's no mining taking place now. Day 3 was boring because of my silly choice that I made, the craft took 5 hours and I didn't have any outcome. But after lunch every craft was full and I just sat down and did absolutely Notting. Day 4 I started macrame. I made 2 of them and that took me about a day to make. After I finished it I started helping others to make it, and spent My whole day there. Day 5 I made a glass cup out of a liquor bottle and it turned out really amazing especially the design on the bottle. I made a lot of items and the experience was just amazing. The last Day was fabulous performance with sticks on fire and it gave me Madagascar movie vibes, these things are a once In a life time opportunities that u shouldn't miss out on.

-Vihaan



Marathon



All my life I thought that running was a very cool thing to do. Like, telling your parents or your friend that “oh! I went for a run”. Whenever someone told me something like that, my impression of them would immediately change. It would become something like this: this is a very sorted person and they are for sure an athlete.

So yes!, if 4 months ago you told me that I would run a marathon I would probably laugh because that's exactly what I did when my father told me I should run the marathon. After I realised that he was quite serious about it. My first reaction in my brain was “not gonna happen, you're setting yourself up for failure” but after thinking about it my reaction became “it's the new year's and you have nothing planned, why don't we just try it”. So I said yes.



I knew that I would need a lot of practice so I started practising the very next day. My father was basically my coach because a lot of his friends run so he had an idea of what I should do. Not all days were the same. A few days I would manage. A few I wouldn't but as the days went by I started loving the whole activity. It was the 45 mins in a day that I would be with myself ,outside and doing something I like. Everyday I had a goal and I had to achieve it, again some days I would, some days wouldn't but the days that I did manage I would feel good because I knew I was one step closer.



Fast forward to the marathon day, I woke up at 6am in the morning full of energy. My goal was that I did 5km under 35 min but somewhere in my head I knew that a known benchmark was under 30 min. I wasn't sure I could ,but I really wanted to. After we started running I put on music and the one thing I kept telling myself was that this is like an everyday run. 500m before the finishing line I checked my phone for the first time. I was surprised , it was 28min. So now I was literally sprinting for my life to make it in the next 2min. I was obviously tired by running all the way till there but the thought of accomplishing the milestones that I had never even actually dreamt of was way more overpowering. I completed the marathon in 30.08min. The first 2 mins after finishing the race were just catching my breath and after doing that i realised that I DID IT!

As I sit here on my desk on this random Wednesday writing about this, I feel proud of myself for showing up everyday and doing what it took. I now know that I can do better and no I won't stop running after the marathon I still go “on a run once a week” (isn't it cool).

-Sara

Poetry Collage

Lavenders



Lavenders, oh Lavenders your violet color is so positive my lovey love lavenders! Your scent oh your scent it fills me up with encouraging energy.



Under the mountain in the fields singing and dancing with the leaves.

It's delicate petals represent it's beauty along with it's quality.



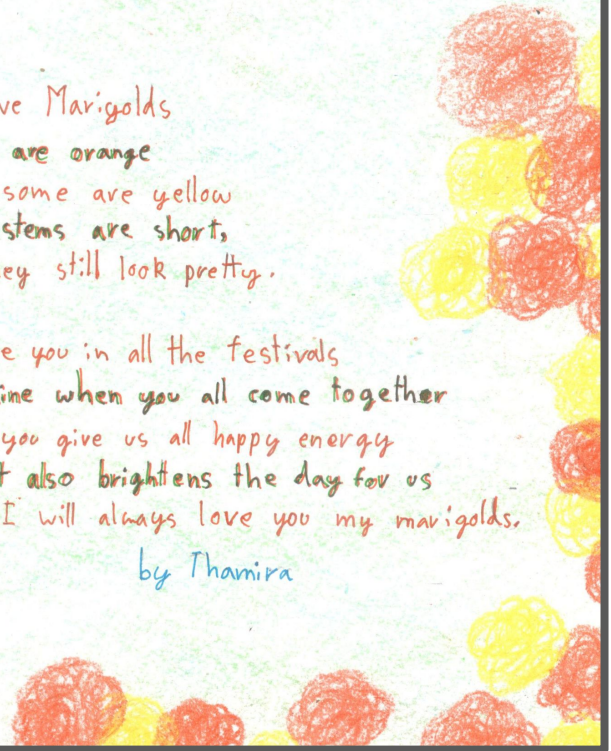
Marigolds



I love Marigolds
Some are orange
And some are yellow
Their stems are short,
but they still look pretty.

We see you in all the festivals
You shine when you all come together
And you give us all happy energy
And it also brightens the day for us
And I will always love you my marigolds.

by Thamira



Lotus



It's a pink beautiful flower that grows in ponds, am seeing you almost every day in my life, small to big, your so soft and delicate.

you glow like the star in the sky, with the sun's light, your so bright, leaves of you so unique and green.

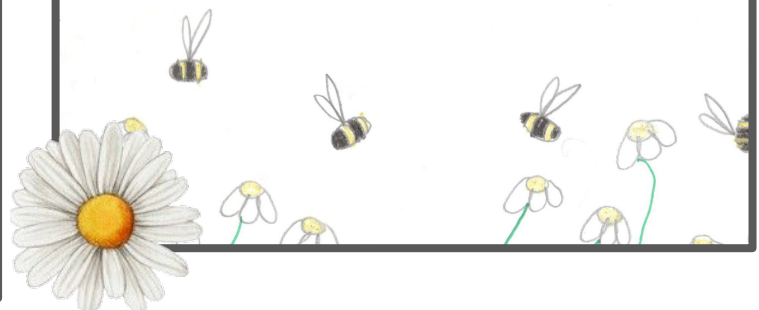
by: Jeshikasri




Daisy





Daisies, bloom in spring and are as bright as the new leaves and flowers on the trees. They refresh my mind of new thoughts. Their yellow pollen are as bright as the sun. Their delicate white petals shine like the stars at night. They are as cute as the dreams I have at night, and are as mild as the wind.





Sunflower ♡



Sunflower is one of the Beauty in nature When the sun rise the Sunflower also rise With it Whenever I see a Sunflower I fell love With because of the color ♡
As sunflower gives you Better thought as you feel calm Whenever I see sunflower I forgot my stress ♡



Jasmine

I wandered lonely as a star
while looking out of my car
It took me a while to think
that, I didn't even blink
my eye was caught by a sight
I was blinded By the light
coming from the Jasmine in glee
dancing around as it was free
the window was touching my skin
as i was looking at the Jasmine