

Class IX-C Hunger Project



Assistance, remedy and alleviation are all very broad terms, but when I came to summing up all three and their effects I came up with a small sentence, with a deep rooted meaning that only one of the finest of the explorers could truly discover, I might as well tell it to you now but what's the fun in that?...also if I am to do so then none of us will be explorers we will be merely a bunch of followers so we might as well end the vacations given to our brains and get them back to work for some thinking time. On the bright morning of 6th December 2014, the students

of class IX-C had gathered in the school kitchen with their knives and cutting boards ready. After the captain's command all the hands were on the deck, the ship had sailed it's way away from the harbor. These people were working their souls out could be easily called 'workaholics' if it wasn't for the group who was cutting the onions, they had cried all their hearts out at the death of the poor onion which was in the confines of their hands a second ago and only the witnesses, know how weepy and mournful of an environment that was, the only shortage was that of a signboard which read 'beware of the merciless tears' but the group did not fail to charm us and leave a sweet aftertaste of what they did . With the exits of the charmers of group 1 came in the cooking group who, I shall be prosecuted to mention but were a lot more than 'overexcited', they had finished their work timely and tidily, these people were highly devoted fans of perfection, and it was due to them that the



food had been so savoring and palatable, I would rather call them dedicated aspirants than O.C.D. patients as I desire to live, but this one was not my fault, cause OH HOLY LORD! only you were to see the kitchen after they cleaned it up, you wouldn't even have a doubt on that, it was almost an aphrodisiacal place only if it wasn't for the fact that it was a kitchen. When the distribution team went on their little voyage, they were extremely lazy it was the light inside them which shined at the right time and revived their energy or else I wouldn't even wanna imagine how the

chaperone teachers would have punished them!! But once the keys were turned up the toys had started to work with the cheeriest spirits of all, and I am sure, heck! I would even bet on it, that if it was a competition these guys sure were the winners, partially because of the dedication and partially because the work itself was intriguing beyond imaginations. All of us went out in our battleships, which didn't have

any super-extraordinary guns, or laser jet fire arms. It was a mere school bus, turned into a battleship by us, fighting a battle against poverty and misery, with minimal chances of winning but hopes as huge as it takes to crush the Everest. When we distributed the khichri the number of the people who came suddenly skyrocketed, there were elders, children and senior citizens but I particular remember This one, man Â who wasn't able to walk so I and my friend went to him to deliver our services and it was then that he thanked us with joined hands and almost tearful eyes, this honestly brought me on the verge of tears, but I held up and smiled back. We talked to the kids, who told us about themselves and got memorable pictures clicked. The sight to be seen was where one of our companions said 'hi' to a kid and the child purposefully shooed him off and appeared to be more interested in the bowl of food, ha! a sight to be seen, indeed. I hope by now you have found out what that sentence was, that I mentioned not-so-long-agg, the sentence is what we discovered after we let our hearts open to the tasks we did, it's what we found out once we had given ourselves into expiation.

