Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**DEMOCRACY IS THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT**

**Dakshita Thakkar (SSRVM)**

I had been exactly two and half hours of continuous studies when I realized that I needed a break. My mind was tossing over the formulas of physics and chemical equations of chemistry. My eyes had become wet because of yawning. “You need a coffee” my mind suggested. Wiping my eyes and washing my face, I entered the kitchen to make a coffee for myself as I thought that it would be inappropriate for me to awake my mother at around 2o’clock in the night. The lights of all the rooms including kitchen were off at that time and in the darkness I could easily spot the light switch of the kitchen area. Switching on the lights I started wondering where the coffee powder must be in the entire kitchen when I suddenly glanced upon the ‘Nescafe’ coffee in the corner of the refrigerator. The tasty, yet strong coffee, purposely made without adding sugar was ready within five to seven minutes.

Sitting at the window sill and waiting for the coffee to reach to a temperature where I could easily drink it, I started looking at my neighbour’s window which was just at the opposite side of my room. I wondered, “How happily these people must be sleeping. It is only the students like us who slough even at late night to fetch marks when the whole world is dreaming”. When I was lost in these thoughts and in appreciating those who sleep at night I could see something smoky near my neighbours window. Slowly the smoke started occupying a larger area and then I could see some orange and yellow flares of fire and immediately I could hear my neighbors screaming “Help us! Somebody please help us!”. It took me a few seconds to believe their house was on fire and as soon as my mind confirmed that what I was seeing was really a disaster, I climbed off the window sill and ran to the main door of my neighbour’s house. I started ringing the door bell of their house in panic when I realized it was a dump idea. I ran to my house awake my parents who did not believe what I said in the first instance.

My father glanced apon their window for his satisfaction and then ran to their main door. Unlike me, his first decision was to break open the main door. After atleast eight times of hitting his shoulder badly at the door, the ninth time the heavy wooden door broke at the attachment of its hinges and we successfully entered in. By now my mother had already informed the secretary who in turn informed the fire brigade. All the society members had gathered in our floor, trying to stop the spreading of the fire by putting buckets of water over the places in the house from where the fire could really spread. My father said to me “Go and get some blankets, rush”. He then went and switched off the main electricity power which supplied electricity for all the appliances in their house so as to prevent any short circuit. Finally the fire brigade arrived. No doubt, like always it was late infact, very late, yet its arrival relieved all those who had been taken up by panic.

The fire brigade did its job. All the flares of fire disappeared and the panic and chaos came into an end. My father along with the secretary and some other men entered into the house with a blanket in their hands and helped my neighbours come outside the house, who had locked themselves in the bathroom with fright. They were haunted and terrified and couldn’t believe that they were alive. The police cops after investigations stated that the gas from the gas cylinder pipeline had leaked and Mrs. Sinha, the lady of the house had carelessly left the Knob of the gas open which resulted in the incident.

After the investigation I entered my house. The coffee was still there waiting for me to have it. As soon as I brought the coffee mug between my lips my mother prompted “Give it to me, I will heat it on the stove”, and I replied “Never, isn’t this incident enough to spoil my night?” and the coffee finally ended up in washbasin.