

# **RS Heroes of Discovery Story Competition**

## **Introduction:**

Hello, greetings everyone. I am Ms. Solver, sidekick of Problem-Solving Papri. I am friends with her for a long time and aid her in every problem, small or big. I am known for my problem-solving skills, creativity, and presence of mind. There are many stories in my life, but today I will tell you the funniest story of solving a dangerous problem.

## **Problem-Solving Papri, Me, and the Forest Tale**

*“Tring-tring, tring-tring!”* rang the doorbell.

“Who is it?” I called.

“Open the door, open the door! It’s Papri—I’ve been trying to call you since 4 AM!”

I opened the door, surprised. “What’s the emergency, my friend?”

“Let’s go for a walk in the woods! It’s a beautiful spring Sunday morning—what could be better?” she said cheerfully.

I hesitated. “I know, but aren’t you aware of the timber mafias in the forest?”

“Yes, but I’m sure they won’t harm us.”

“Alright,” I replied, “let me pack my forest bag. And of course, I won’t forget the sunscreen and sunglasses—gotta take those perfect sun-kissed pictures in the woods!”

She laughed. “Also, we need to take a slight detour before entering the forest.” I winked in response.

Within an hour or two, we reached the western entrance of the forest. Towering pine trees stood all around us, so tall it felt like they were trying to touch the sun. We even joked about whether the trees had amazing genes or had been given a growth supplement in their youth.

As we walked deeper, we encountered lianas and vines rooted in the ground. A quick Google search told us they compete with trees for sunlight and nutrients but also provide food and shelter to animals like ants, sloths, and monkeys.

We continued walking, fascinated by rare plants and thrilled to spot creatures like a chameleon, a giant otter, and glass frogs—animals we had never seen before. We were proud of our decision to explore—until we realised, we had

unknowingly crossed signs that read “No Pedestrian Zone” and “Enter at Your Own Risk.”

Suddenly: “*Boom! Bang! Whiss!*” Three sharp sounds pierced the air. We froze. The noises got louder, more terrifying. Birds flew overhead in chaos, feathers raining down.

Taking a deep breath and with a spark of our usual courage, we pressed forward—and came face to face with *him*.

The mafia boss.

He wasn’t pleased to see us.

“*O, doamnelor, care v-ați dat premising de an intra?*” he barked in Romanian. We nervously responded with a cheeky “Hi,” accompanied by a smirk.

He kept blabbering angrily while we replied with awkward English: “Okay... oh... uhh...” —clearly not the response he expected. His voice grew louder, his body language tense. Then we figured it out: **he wanted money**.

“No, no money—pocket empty!” I said.

He stared at us, then growled, “No money, no going! Hohoho!” He demanded sunglasses, bags—anything! “Give, or else... *shoot-shoot!*” he said, pointing to the revolver tucked in his pocket.

It got serious. But this was our moment to shine.

We bombarded him with random nonsense—reciting friendship stories, crying about societal expectations, complaining about vegetable prices, and even discussing the effects of heat on our skin. All the girly drama we could manage.

“Shhhhhhhhhhh!” he screamed. “No giving? Now shoot time!”

“Oh, please do,” I said dramatically. “We don’t deserve this life. No jobs, no parties, our parents are forcing us to marry—we’re ready for heaven!”

He laughed hysterically. “Hahahaha! Ladies, no joking! No giving—me killing you!”

Papri stepped forward, pretending to be brave. “You want to shoot? Go ahead. We’re not scared.”

Truthfully, we were *terrified*, but showing it would have ruined our dignity. We threw out every brave line we knew.

He grew silent. Then slowly reached into his pocket, gripping the revolver. He raised it to shoulder height, finger moving toward the trigger.

We closed our eyes, muttering every god's name we could think of.

*"Ouchhhh, mama~!"*

Our eyes flew open.

The mafia boss was hopping like a monkey—his hand jolted by an electric shock! Apparently, he had triggered the booby-trapped revolver I had discreetly rigged during our "detour."

Forest officers rushed in and arrested the disoriented boss. Papri and I couldn't stop giggling.

She looked at me, smiled, and said, "Well done! This was your plan all along?"

I winked.

Another problem solved.



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