

The chevrotain is an animal that looks like a miniature deer with fangs.



Amazingly wild

The Phoenix Survivor

Storywala



Siona Ahuja, AIS Noida, Alumnus

June 15. It was my 24th birthday and, like any other group, my friends and I decided to celebrate the special occasion at a club. Soon enough, it became unforgettable. As we danced away to the tunes of Calvin Harris, our arms were in the air and heels on the dance floor. That's when we saw a faint smoke

filling the room. Not paying much heed, we continued to party. Suddenly, panic spread like wildfire. Screams of terror were audible even above the 95 decibel music. People ran for their lives. I finally realised a fire had emerged in a corner of the club. Everybody had the look of pure fear in their eyes. Time seemed to lag as I rushed towards the back of the club and saw people pushing each

other to escape. The instinct to stay safe makes us selfish. I realised it that evening. The crowd was crushing souls against the walls by this time. The excessive amount of smoke in the air started to fill my throat and I was struggling to breathe. However, there was no time to think about my friends in this menacing situation. My heart palpitating and sweat dripping down my forehead; I bent down

It took me all my willpower to not bawl. After minutes had stretched like eternity in slow motion, the only sound I could hear was of my heavy breathing.

to save myself from the ever rising smoke, I had learned this essential skill at a fire drill in school. I prayed to God, something I don't do very often, to let me be able to make it out alive. No matter what your religious beliefs are, you tend to believe in God when you fear for your life. The sound of the panic resonated in my ears, almost rhythmically. It took me all my willpower to not bawl. After minutes had stretched like eternity in slow motion, the only sound I could hear was of my heavy breathing. I was alone, still alive and everything seemed surreal.

My own conscience beckoned me to rage against the dying of the light as the flame engulfed everything it touched. Survivors have seen the darkness and resisted to submit to fate. I finally crawled the narrow alley towards polluted air which felt like heaven compared to the thick smoke in my lungs. I had survived, against my own expectations and that is because I decided to hold on with everything in me.



Rock Photo Holder

You'll need

- Smooth Rocks
- Copper Wire
- Tweezers or scissors
- Acrylic Paint
- A marker



Steps

- Paint the rocks with a solid colour. Apply a few coats to give it a nice finish. After the paint has dried, you can go ahead and add some patterns with a smaller brush.
- You can also decorate the rock with glitter or



nice stick-ons.

- Cut a piece of wire according to how tall you want your photo stand to be.
- Roll the other end of the wire around a marker to make small loops. This will help to hold the picture. Remove the marker.
- Wrap the other end of the wire around a rock a few times.
- Your rock photo frame is ready to rock!



COLOURING FUN



Email the entries to: editor@theglobaltimes.in and the best entries will be published in GT.

Read Play and Win

Reading your favourite GT can fetch you a prize too. Complete all the boxes below. Click a picture and send it to editor@theglobaltimes.in or submit it to your GT Teacher Coordinator. 3 lucky winners will win a prize every week!



58

Q: Which was the first country to have its own world map?

Ans:

Q: Who is the writer of the story named 'Penned with love'??

Ans:

Q: What is the name of the poem written by Yash Verma, AIS Gur 43?

Ans:

Q: What is formed when vinegar reacts with baking soda?

Ans:

Q: Who is thanking the GT editor for giving the writers celeb status?

Ans:

Q: What is the name of the girl in the story 'Of crushed roses'?

Ans:

Q: What is the name of Shreyansh Chatterjee's best friend?

Ans:

Q: Who is the famous book doctor in '#Guide 101 Surreal Careers'?

Ans:

Q: Which country did Aarohi Ganguly, AIS Noida, travel to?

Ans:

Name: Class: School:

Results of 57: **Ahaan Ali**, AIS Vas 1, V A; **Saisha Mehra**, AIS Noida, III J; **Nishchay Verma**, AIS Gur 43, IV D

WORDS VERSE

A House of Cards

Yash Verma, AIS Gur 43, XII A

That night, Jim got a scolding
Exams weren't very rewarding
Irritated, to his house he went back
Took a bed sheet and made a sack

He packed everything in haste
And out of his house, he paced
Went to the hill behind his school
As he wished to stay in solitude

He opened cartons of cardboard
To build his dwelling on the road

Made a shelter out of his stuff
Hoping it wouldn't be tough

Another bed sheet, a jar of Nutella
Two raincoats, some pairs of socks
Some slices of bread, a small radio
A Nintendo Switch and two pillows

Soon the green grass beneath
Turned comfy with the bed sheet
The house with a single room
Had become Jim's living tomb

He turned on the radio for music
To listen to melodies acoustic
But his mind was not in zone
He wasn't prepared to live alone

Bam! The radio stopped
As a reporter's voice popped
"It's going to rain tonight," she said
And this had Jim all upset

He stitched the raincoat together
Raindrops turned into a shower
He heard sirens, as it started to rain
He peeked through the cellophane

Listening to the radio, he heard
"Missing Jim, handsome reward"
The hunt for him had begun
His plan to escape had off-spun

He was hidden inside all night
His heart was filled with fright

The rain fell like crystal shards
His home felt like a house of cards

Next morning, was a holiday
But he heard school bells ringing



PTM was scheduled for today!
He had to go there running

He ran downhill to the school
Running, panting, running, panting
And when he opened his eyes
The dream had met its demise

That night, in his real home,
He realised how wrong he was
A solid roof and mother's love
Was what he needed and that was all

It was the night a storm came
But he was sound and safe
Out the window to his surprise
He saw his house of cards fly!