Senior

Dubai is planning to build a climate-controlled 'city' with airconditioned boardwalks, almost 2.25 times the size of Monaco.

A	Dubai
	i Diaries

A true promotion



Khushi Saxena, AIS Noida, XI I

ike had always waited for this day. It was time for his first promotion. Today, he woke up before his alarm rang. Suited up in the most expensive suit, tying his favourite grey tie, his thoughts lingered upon what was to happen in the next few hours.

He left his house with his laptop bag. As he neared the gate, his happiness turned into anger, courtesy - a kid with coffee in his hands ran into him. Mike had no time to go back and change. So, he quietly walked towards his car muttering to himself, "What could make it worse?" Fifteen minutes late for his big day, he sped up his car but was stopped

Illustration: Deepak Sharma, GT Network

midway by a huge crowd of people who had gathered to witness what looked like an accident scene. "This is a hit and run case," were the faint cries which reached Mike's ears. An hour late by then, Mike pushed off the crowd to see an old woman lying in a pool of her own blood.

He quickly rushed her to the hospital, which was in the opposite direction

He quickly rushed her to the hospital, which was in the opposite direction of his office. The lady was admitted, and he completed the formalities.

of his office. The lady was admitted, and he completed the formalities. Amidst all this, Mike completely forgot about his promotion. He realised how the opportunity had now slipped from his hands. Dejected, he loosened his tie and sat on a bench outside the hospital.

He had waited so long for this dream to be fulfilled, and now he saw it all fading away. Just then, the phone rang. It was his boss. He knew he was in for major bashing for not turning up. Reluctantly, he answered the phone. Before Mike could begin to explain himself, a hoarse voice spoke, 'Thank you'. Mike couldn't really comprehend what just happened. 'Is this a joke?', he thought to himself. "Thank you so much for saving my mother's life, Michael. Without your help, she would have definitely died." Hearing this, tears welled up in Mike's eyes. But they were tears of joy, as he realised that this was his 'true' promotion.



Material required

- Silver spray paint Glitter
- Newspapers Flour
 - Scratched CDs (about 25)
- Water Mod Podge

Balloons

Scissors ■ White spray paint Hot glue

Method

- Mix flour and water and make a paste.
- Cut the newspapers into strips and dip them in the paste mixture.
- Inflate a balloon and stick the strips on it. Cover the balloon using layers of strips.
- Let it dry completely.
- After it gets dried, poke a hole in the balloon to deflate it. Using mod podge, cover up the remaining areas.
- Using different spray paints, paint the ball.
- Take some old unused CDs and smoothly cut them into square pieces.
- With the help of a hot glue, start sticking the pieces on the ball and let it dry.
- Finally, tie a strong thread to the ball that can withstand the weight. Your DIY disco ball is ready to glow!

A bookworm

Sehaj Ghuman, AIS Noida, X L

Carefully, I open the book And let its aroma fill the air Nowhere do I wish to be But in this realm so rare

This is a world of my own In which I happily reside Even if I may know the future But to the present I am tied

I turn the pages eagerly Trying to unlock the mystery On each word my imagination hovers At times excited, at times jittery

Slowly, it builds up the tension Leading me through passages As I read with rapt attention It leaves me a new message

It is nothing less than magic Always leaving me spellbound Be it romantic or be it tragic It never fails to astound

I go through it a thousand times As it will appeal me forever It is nothing but a passion Each book I can devour



WORDS VERSE

Sometimes it gives me closure Sometimes makes me wonder To a new world I get exposure This world I'd never let sunder G1

Nature of life

Vaishali Bhardwaj **B.El.Ed, AUUP**

Life is complex, filled with shocks At times we have to sail through rocks

We know not what tomorrow will be And that, we can never foresee

Let's rejoice what we have today Accept all that comes our way

We should let go what has passed For this universe is incredibly vast We keep coming across new things There is a lot more that life will bring

What we give does come back No way to escape, no life hack

Remember what you do sow Because that is what will later grow

You may be proud, you may be low It might as well turn out to be a blow

How you handle it is your call In this course you may also fall

Live happily and do no wrong On this note, I end my song G

Best entries for colouring fun







Brush 'n' Easel





Samaira A Prasad, AIS Vas 1, III A



Shubham Chanana, AIS Gur 46, III

vinners will win	a prize every wee	ek!
Q: Which country has announced plans for a campaign to enhance patriotism? Ans:	Q: Which platform has Ruby Sinha founded to train future women entrepreneurs? Ans:	Q: Who is the author the article 'Donkey a the stick' on p6? Ans:
Q: When is 'National Selfie Day' celebrated? Ans:	Q: Which is the favourite poem of Himank Yadav, AIS Vasundhara 1, I D? Ans:	Q: Where did Anvi Luthra, AIS Vas 1, II (travel to? Ans:
Q: What is the headline of the article written by Shreya Duggal, AIS Gur 46, XII D? <mark>Ans:</mark>	Q: What is the name of the poem written by Raghavi Sharma, AIS Vas 6, V? Ans:	Q: What is the other name of Lotus berthelotii? Ans:

Gupta, VI J, AIS Noida; Arsh Chaudhary, III B, AIS Vas 1