



Like human fingerprints, giraffes have spots. Each giraffe has a unique pattern of its own.

It's just a game

Storywala



Shreya Agrawal, AIS Noida, X C

The classroom was bustling with activity. Children were huddled together in groups, sitting and chatting away. Just then the class teacher entered. The students, as if found a spring in their step (quite literally) sprung back to their seats within a second.

With a stern look in her eyes, she waited for everyone to settle down and said, "I have a good news for all of you. Our school is organising a basketball championship for girls. Is anybody interested?" And the hand that everyone expected was high up in the air already. It was Jess. Jessie Everdeen, popularly known as Jess was the tomboy of the class. No

matter where she went, her basketball accompanied her. Perhaps, that's the only thing that accompanied her, for Jess had very few friends. She wasn't like most girls and liked to play outside in the playground rather than sit inside and chat. Messy hair, bushy eyebrows, sweatshirt and sneakers. Looking pretty was not on her mind. Excited Jess went back home to tell

She wasn't like most girls and liked to play outside rather than chat inside. Curly hair, bushy eyebrows, sweatshirt and sneakers. Looking pretty was not on her

her brother about the big game. "Chill it! It's just a game," he said as he shrugged off her excitement. Disappointed, she ran to her mother. "I am so nervous. This is the moment I have been waiting for, I hope I win. What if I don't...." she took off on a nervous rant, the minute she saw her mother. "Relax Jess! You are going to be fine. It's just a game, after all," she said as she smiled reassuringly at Jess. The big day arrived. Everyone had practiced well. The court was on fire from the moment the game began. Jess saw her fears coming to life as the score was a tie and her team had only two more minutes to win. Determined, she took the ball from the opponents, dribbled it to her side of the court and score! The horn blew declaring a time out. Jess had proved her mettle. Her team won. The people who ignored her were congratulating her. True, it was just another game, but one that changed Jess's life forever. 🇮🇳



Papango salad

Neelakshi Pal, AIS Gur 43, VIII

Ingredients

Mangoes (shredded).....1/2 cup
Papaya (shredded)1/2 cup
Coconut (shredded)1/2 cup
Roasted peanuts.....1/4 cup
Mint leaves.....few sprigs

Dressing

Soy sauce.....1 tsp
Red Chili sauce1 tsp
Sugar1 tsp
Saltto taste

Method

- Place shredded mango, papaya, coconut, roasted peanuts and mint leaves in a bowl.
- Mix soy sauce, red chili sauce, sugar and salt in another bowl for dressing.
- Now, pour the dressing into the bowl of dry ingredients and mix well.
- Your salad is ready to relish!

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!



Q: What is the headline of the article written by Vidhi Batra, AIS Noida, XI H? Ans:	Q: This week's GT Mail is with reference to which article? Ans:	Q: What all dressing ingredients are required to prepare Papango salad? Ans:
Q: On which date does Anita Narang celebrate her birthday? Ans:	Q: Which city is also known as Smurf's village? (Hint: Page 12) Ans:	Q: What are the names of the books written by Charles Darwin? Ans:
Q: Which country has recently reopened its Subway station after 17 years? Ans:	Q: For how many hours does a giraffe sleep everyday? Ans:	Q: Dr Anshu Arora, Principal, AIS Gur 43 has received which award? Ans:

Name:.....Class:.....School:.....

Results of Read, Play & Win 61: **Namya Gupta**, AIS Noida, VIII H; **Nishchay Verma**, AIS Gur 43, IV D; **Anirudh K.**, AIS Vas 6, IV C

WORDS VERSE

The night sky



Deep Chaterjee
AIS MV, XII B

The dark night sky
I see it every time
Freckled with stars
Unfailing and everlasting
As if a spell it was casting
Darker the sky grew
Brighter were the stars

I was a little boy back then
Always afraid of the dark
Every night my mom and I
Would sit under the stars
Talking about worlds unknown
About mighty kings and thrones
I would fall asleep in her arms

Even as I grew up
I still used to be scared
The hand to cradle me
Was no longer there
A wife and two children
Filled my life instead
The sky I'd no longer dread

But things worked out
I'm an old man now
Every night, now alone
I'd close my eyes
Think about the lost days
I now see the stars smiling
In the silent night today

The dark night sky
I see it every time
Freckled with stars
Unfailing and everlasting
As if a spell it was casting
Darker the sky grew
Brighter were the stars 🇮🇳

At the blue of dawn

Kreetik Thakur, AIS Noida, X K

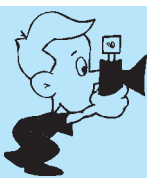
The eulogy drowned by applause
As some teary-eyed collected souvenirs

Others stood as blank and frozen
Sleeping in them that school was over indeed

That this mirage of protected-safe place
Myriad of memories were fading away
A home you could not return to
All family members going their own way

Whose motherly masonry is it?
That held everyone captivated
Who imparted the important lessons?
That mundane textbooks never could

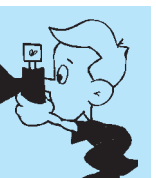
The potters always stay back
In order to build another sanctum
For clay slowly setting un-twirls
As we are released to this world 🇮🇳



CAMERA CAPERS

Muskan Malik, AIS MV, X B

Send in your entries to
cameracapert@theglobaltimes.in



Sorting the staple of every Indian dish



The defining part of India



Joy of a snake charmer