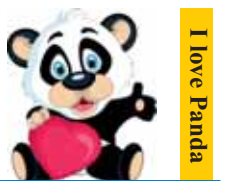


A giant panda spends 14 to 16 hours a day just eating bamboo which makes an average of 25 to 30 pounds of bamboo.



# The dirt within us

Storywala



Ruchika Arora  
AIS Gur 46, XI E

Cleanliness was an obsession for little Tanya. She rubbed and scrubbed, mopped and sopped, till everything shone. But dust always found its way in her little cottage in the woods. She had been an independent child since the age of five, when her mother had passed away. Although she lived a happy life, she knew that her heart lied in the city. She had always imagined those huge build-

ings of swanky and clean glass to be a perfect view of the so called utopian world.

But, she didn't know how to make it out of the woods. Tanya had tried a couple of times, but failed terribly. She did not know any other ways than the muddy paths hidden in the dark woods. But that day, she spotted a group of city youngsters who were there on a hunting expedition. She was amazed when she saw how different they looked from her. The way they dressed, walked and talked impressed her.

She decided to quietly join their group and follow them on the way out of the woods.

Following them, she made it out of woods and into the city. She was awestruck at how immaculate everything was there in the city. From glass buildings to concrete roads, everything seemed like a dream. She pledged herself that she would, no matter how hard it was, create a niche for herself in this city. She built a cottage and started a new life. A few days later, when she was looking for food, she saw a

"The list was endless. She could see the filth in the mind of city people which was way more than the filth in her village."

woman, sitting on a clean pavement with tattered clothes and a strange small stick in her mouth. There was smoke blowing out of it and its odour made Tanya irritable and restless. When she enquired, she found out that it was a cigarette and it had no benefit other than causing cancer. Gradually, she came to know about all the malpractices people in city life indulged in. Corruption, trafficking, polluting the environment, robbing, stealing, murdering, cheating and so on. The list was endless. She could see the filth in the mind of city people which was way more than the filth in her village. A world where the people steered clear of outside dirt and dust, but never swept the ugly thoughts out of their minds. She had realised that her cottage in the village was a thousand times better and decided to go back to her true home in the woods. 🇮🇳



## Homemade lava lamp

### Material required

- Tall glass bottles with cap
- Food colouring
- Baby oil
- Water
- Effervescent tablets (Antacid tablets etc.)
- Funnel (optional)

### Method

- Fill one third of the bottle with water.
- Add a few drops of food colouring into the water.
- Fill the rest of the bottle with oil. Make sure that you leave one or two inches space on the top of the bot-

tle. The oil and the water will mix briefly, but they will eventually separate from each other.

- Break the antacid tablets or the effervescent tablets into four little parts and put it into the bottle one at a time.
- Put in maximum two parts of the tablet because we are aiming for a slow and calming reaction and not a volatile one.
- As soon as you add the tablets, you will notice some coloured blobs go upwards. Your lava lamp is ready to be used!

## 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](mailto:editor@theglobaltimes.in) or submit it to your GT Teacher Coordinator. 3 lucky winners will win a prize every week!



Q: Who has written the short story 'The dirt within'?  
Ans:

Q: Where did Sharanya Sinha travel to?  
Ans:

Q: Who said that strength does not come from physical capacity?  
Ans:

Q: What is the moral given by Little pearls of wisdom?  
Ans:

Q: Which is the new continent discovered in the southwest Pacific?  
Ans:

Q: Who is this week's Little Chef?  
Ans:

Q: Which story is written by Aditi Suresh, AIS PV?  
Ans:

Q: Who is the star baby model of AIS Noida?  
Ans:

Q: Which country lets its citizens trade their garbage for health insurance?  
Ans:

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

Results of 64: Viraj Surana, AIS Gur 43, IV D; Kapeesh Jain, AIS Vas 6, IV C; Kyra Vaghela, AIS Gur 46, VI A.

## WORDS VERSE



## The good old days

Oorvi Gupta, AIS Noida, X

Lost in a world that didn't exist  
With toys on her endless list

For all she knew was love and fun  
Playtime for her was never done

With her irresistible twinkling eyes  
She could brighten the darkest nights

She was always her daddy's princess

Even if she was behind all the mess

She didn't care about her hair  
Or the dresses she had to wear

Unknown of the worldly fights  
Her heart created a lovely sight

A pet unicorn was her ideal gift  
With rainbows for wings, a perfect fit

But now that little girl is all grown up  
With many responsibilities in her cup

Million duties and promises to keep  
A hundred ambitions and big dreams

She understands the reality of life

Hoping to get past the routine strife

She stood there reminiscing her childhood  
When her world revolved around fairy tales

She said to herself in a thoughtful gaze  
"Wish I'd go back to good old days!" 🇮🇳

## Imagination

Shambhavi Priya, AIS Noida, X L

"Is there a world with splendid creations?  
That can be seen with only admiration

Is there a haven from the world's frustration?  
Where humans and war have no relation"

When children asked about this nation  
God replied, "Depends on your imagination"

The little ones, now showing agitation  
Started looking for this prized location

Alas! The journey led to its stagnation  
Shattering the kids' utter dedication

In the end, the little angels asked  
"Where could we find this station?"

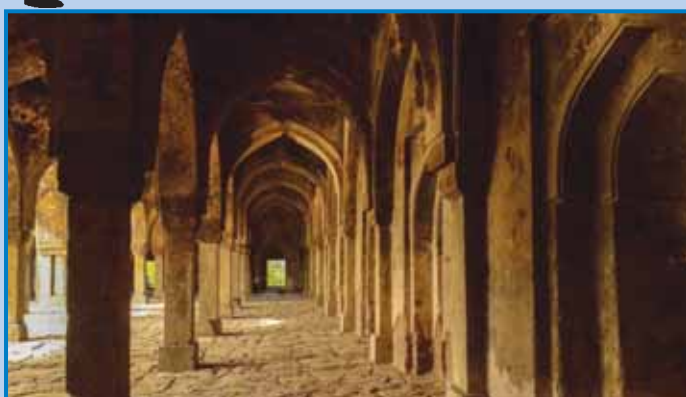
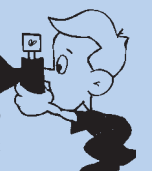
God urged them to follow their heart  
And give the world a beautiful alteration 🇮🇳



## CAMERA CAPERS

Akshita Rajpal, AIS PV, VIII B

Send in your entries to  
[cameracapere@theglobaltimes.in](mailto:cameracapere@theglobaltimes.in)



The corridors of elegance



Stones with stories untold



The bricks that reek of royalty