



Rebel who withstood



Storywala

Graphic: Aditya Doomra, AIS PV, XI D

Aditi Suresh, AIS PV, XII F

With a deep breath, I took in the surreal scent of serenity that I have only experienced at one place: art fests. A bag hung from my shoulder and a purple scarf wrapped my face. It hid the bruises on my left cheek, or perhaps it was a gentle reminder of the cruel world in which I lived. A sharp wind blew and I hugged my waist to keep my body warm. The area was embellished in hues of orange, filled with mus-

ings; possibly all of it seemed like an endless melody, a new note on each bar. The flamboyance of the vicinity dragged me in like an inevitable force.

A woman stood on the stage, mic in front, narrating her story. She was one of the participants at the Open Mic. Her sixty seconds of verbatim revolved around her father who had Alzheimer's. It reminded me of how this world has suffered huge misfortunes. My plight couldn't have felt any trivial. As soon as she left the stage, I heard my name being called out

loudly. "Vazida Hussain, our final performer." Obscurity and overwhelming anxiety filled me, as I put one foot in front of the other, walking closer and closer to the stage, I geared myself to tell the world my version of the life I have lived. I didn't know whether the metaphors were enough, but I began nonetheless. Speaking about Bombay, I started with my village in Worli, only 2 kilometers from this fest but the amount of time and courage it had taken me to arrive here was huge.

But I will not abide, I will reply, I will reiterate to all those sinners that I am a rebel and will fight all odds like a free bird.

I reiterated that people in this city aren't aware of ethical scripts which makes them devoid of correct principles. I explained how in Worli the mindset hadn't expanded abreast with the better part of the country. The traditions which were meant to uplift the younger generations tend to now work against them. I removed my scarf and my skin spoke words that I could never do justice to. I told them that the skin I once grew with, a part of it is now drenched in chemicals. And funnily, the society tells me to mask it and to seek validation. But I will not abide, I will reply, I will reiterate to all those sinners that I am a rebel and will fight all odds like a free bird. I finished what I had to say and came down to see an old woman in tears. Her ears had heard my raging voice and my heart knew that the story was heard. I put the scarf in my bag and proceeded towards the exit. The wind swayed through my bruises. It hurt but I was holding my scars proudly out to the world as a rebel, a rebel who withstood. 🇮🇳

WORDS VERSE

An ode to my lilith...

Deeksha Puri, AIS PV, XI F

Troubling waters of the mind
The ruins of uproars left behind
Conscience weighing her down
Her mind settles her steady!

Confused and yet determined
Reborn amongst those who sin
She blooms into kindness
And removes world's blindness!

Each petal, a face, a masterpiece

Painted with a will to never cease
Coloured with battles she won
Shining bright in the loving sun!

With unrelenting eyes of arour
She wears her pain like honour
Deep within, the darkness rises
A light inside becomes her guide

Her beauty carved scarred smiles
Left as memories of lost time
None knew her strength's cause
She just stood, midst applause 🇮🇳



Graphic: Aditya Doomra, AIS PV, XI D

Pic: Kunal Ahuja, AIS PV, X E | Model: Keshav Garg, AIS PV, XI B



Graphic: Aditya Doomra, AIS PV, XI D

Garvita Batra
AIS PV, XII F

For steady unwavering attention
That I could never garner

I unconditionally love the sound
Of waves coming and crashing

My voice cut at my throat
Just so that they are heard

Then receding to themselves
My inner voices crash the same

Like these heavy voices and
These pretty waves, run wild

With each crash, I feel them
A unanimous pandaemonium

My head is filled with noises
Of the waves and some voices

The waves crashing in bitter pain
Crashing, begging and shouting

And I fight, cut and bleed
Still victorious I shall be 🇮🇳



Masterchef Asees

Toasts with a twist

Asees Kaur, AIS PV, VIII B



Banana nut toast

Ingredients

- Multigrain bread.....1 slice
- Peanut butter2 tbsp
- Banana1
- Honey3 tbsp
- Almondsfor garnishing
- Walnuts.....for garnishing

Method

- Take a multigrain bread slice and toast it on both sides.
- Spread peanut butter on one side of the slice.
- Now spread one tbsp of honey on the slice.
- Slice the banana into small pieces and spread them evenly on the toasted bread.
- Add rest of the honey on top.
- Crush the almonds & walnuts and garnish.
- Delicious and nutritious banana nut toast is ready!



Apple honey walnut toast

Ingredients

- Multigrain bread.....1 slice
- Honey2 tbsp
- Apple1
- Walnuts (roasted)..for garnish

Method

- Take a slice of multigrain bread and toast it evenly.
- With a spoon, spread honey on one side of the slice.
- Slice the apple and put it on the toasted bread.
- Top the toast with roasted walnuts.
- Your apple honey walnut toast is ready!



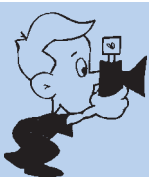
Apple cinnamon peanut butter toast

Ingredients

- Bread1 slice
- Peanut butter2 tbsp
- Apple (thinly sliced).....1
- Cinnamon½ tbsp
- Pecan (cut in half).....2

Method

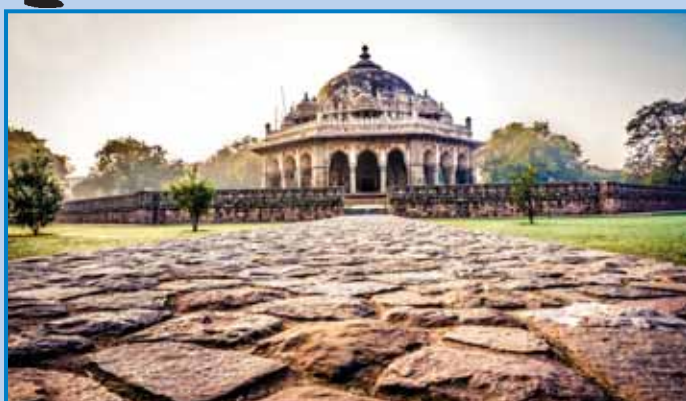
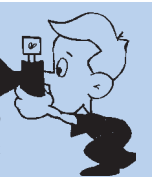
- Toast the bread slice evenly on both sides.
- Spread the peanut butter on the toast with a knife.
- Slice the apple into thin pieces and place them on the toasted bread.
- Add the cinnamon and pecan to your toast.
- Your toast is ready to serve!



CAMERA CAPERS

Dakshesh Bharal, AIS PV, X E

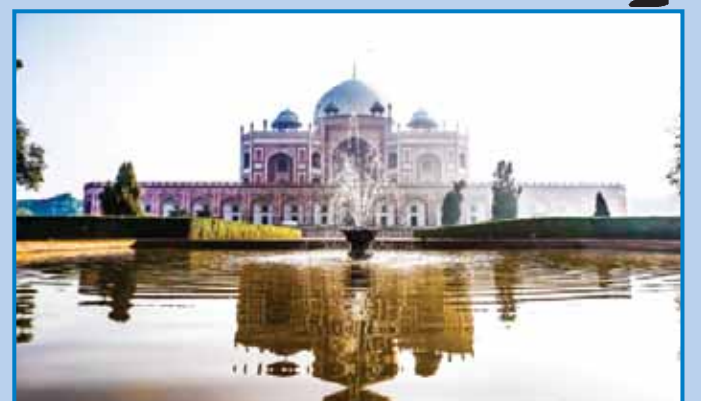
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Legacy of ruins



Pristine divinity



Timeless reflections of grandeur