



# The world she lived in...

Graphic: Shashank Agarwal, AIS Gur 43, XI B

Ria Aggarwal  
AIS Gur 43, XII C

“This screen is brighter than my future,” she sighed as she sat bundled in woolens, in front of her laptop. Her fingers flew over the keyboard at lightning speed, a sign of the many hours she had spent over the past two years or more, typing verses and excerpts of a world she imagined existed. A land where no one would criticise another for their imperfections, but would rather identify their strength. A place where the phrase ‘reach out for the stars’ merely limits a person’s abilities. And there, you won’t fall harder the higher you climb, but you will bounce higher than ever. But this time, her words wove into a fairy tale, a world beyond our reach in centuries to come, her feelings oozing out. She was in the midst of making her protagonist find her voice amid a whirlpool of eternal darkness, when a voice disrupted her thoughts. “Mia, get off the computer before you ruin your eyes!” called her mother. Mia sat there, contemplating and weighing her options. If she did close her laptop now, the leading character will remain lost, on the verge of submitting herself to the foreboding darkness, till the next day. Like Mia almost had, two years ago, on the fateful day of the accident. The distasteful memory struck her and she di-



## Storywala

verted her attention to the story at hand. If she continued just for a short while, at least, the heroine could do what she couldn’t - get her happy ending. And maybe on the way, Mia could do so too. Deciding on the latter, she called out, “Just a moment, ma!” and continued to fabricate her implausible dream. The story moved on as the protagonist fought against her fears with her broken wings of steel and her

sword of light, rising higher than before. At least, she can, Mia thought. Her superwoman broke the shackles of insecurity which had concealed her powers. Now what? Mia wondered, as she had previously failed to write the ending her characters deserved. She would always either start a new story or just end it there with the words ‘THE END’. But, not today. Today was different. As Mia braced herself and sat in peace for a few mo-

“As if suddenly hit by an epiphany, she ended the story with the heroine flying home, proud of herself, as people cheered below.”

ments, she peered over the ledge of the window in front of her work table and looked at the blooming flowers and the violet sky. Their survival against the torrential rain and the harsh weather was beyond her understanding. How they grew and blossomed, every season always puzzled her. She tilted to the right apprehensively, to find the violet waving in the middle of the garden, as if mocking the biting wind. She remembered the day she had planted it; it was before the tragedy when her world came to a standstill. As if suddenly hit by an epiphany, she ended the story with the heroine flying home, proud of herself, as people cheered below. Mia closed her laptop and rolled her wheelchair away. As she lay on her bed that night, she realised if her protagonist could, she could too. Like her character, she would have to draw strength from within and embrace her imperfections. She was not flawed, only different. And her life would be defined by how she perceived herself and the world, and how she chose to live, not her wounds and past. Everyone has to make their own happy ending. 🇮🇳

## Carrot cake

Recipe by: Ananya Vashisht, AIS Gur 43, XI D

### Ingredients

Carrots (grated).....2 cup	Salt .....¼ tsp
Eggs.....2	Baking powder.....¼ tsp
Whole wheat flour .....3 cup	Baking soda .....½ tsp
Sugar.....¾ cup	Oil.....2 tbsp
Cinnamon powder .....½ tsp	

### Method

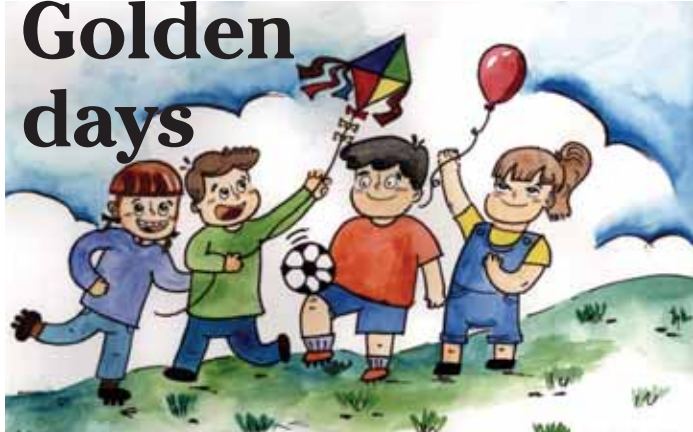
- Keep ingredients ready. Preheat the oven at 180°C for 2 minutes.
- Beat the eggs with sugar using a hand blender until it turns light and frothy.
- Add whole flour, cinnamon powder, salt, baking powder and baking soda to the mix and blend.
- Take the cake out of oven and set it aside to cool for few minutes.
- Bake the cake into a preheated oven for about 30-35 minutes.
- Add grated carrots and mix well. Now pour the batter into a greased mould of any shape.

Illustration: Divita Mahich, AIS Gur 43, XI C

## WORDS VERSE

Illustration: Divita Mahich, AIS Gur 43, XI C

### Golden days

Karan Dhall,  
AIS Gur 43, XI D

Going down the memory lane  
With a heart full of nostalgia  
Soon flowed with sorrowful pain

Those crayons and that fun  
Surely, no one can forget them

Throughout their life’s long run

Those Sundays with parents  
Those Mondays at school  
Life in those days, was so cool

Meeting with cousins  
Indulging in carefree play  
Wish those days could stay

Sometimes I wish to travel  
Back to those old days  
When life was all stress free

Days I wondered into the future  
And what would I grow up to be  
Doctor or a teacher of chemistry

Those hot & humid summers  
Mornings with Oswald  
And evenings with Mr. Bean

We cried, we got things in a jiffy  
To get cars or soft toys of Miffy!  
These days are lost in time

But nothing lasts forever  
Time for the adult phase  
Running around, all seems a race

Now take a look at us  
How have we grown  
Like a tree from a seed sown 🇮🇳

### What GT means to you?

Seven budding writers  
In search of recognition  
With dreams of opting for  
Writing as a profession  
Chances are slim  
That’s more than true  
But worry not dreamers  
GT is there for you

Though there are deadlines  
And “this has more potential”  
The team ends up in crises  
That is always existential  
So what else to do  
But huddle up and around



Pic: Pratham Maheshwari, AIS Gur 43, X C

Until the perfect words  
And verses are found  
Creating a galaxy  
Coloured in ink black and blue  
Wreathing stars and ideas alike  
A myriad of hues.  
Empty cups of coffee  
Spilled around the space  
Fingers dance across keyboards  
As the minds race

Kaleidoscope of creativity  
And talent comes to light  
As expectations and adrenaline

Take a long flight  
“Another round of editing”  
“Needs some spunk”  
This being told  
It turns into a day of reckoning

Going through a series  
Of disappointments and failures  
Arises our issue  
More than just a newspaper  
Tears of farewell and happiness  
Streaming down cheeks  
So every writer on GT quest  
Gets what he seeks 🇮🇳

By Edit team of AIS Gur 43

## CAMERA CAPERS

Pratham Maheshwari, AIS Gur 43, X C

Send in your entries to  
cameracapers@theglobaltimes.in

In the heart of sunshine



Now, I see you



Eyes on you