



Pic courtesy: Koel Das, AIS Gur 43, VI D

The doorbell

Satwik Sarkar
AIS Gur 43, VII B

“Ting tong.” The bell rang for the umpteenth time this afternoon. Mrs Smith pulled herself from her chair with difficulty, grabbing her walker for support. In her slow shuffle-walk, she carefully placed the walker ahead, then shuffled three little steps. Thump, shuffle, thump, shuffle, pause! Reaching the door at last, she was rather annoyed to not find anyone there. It was the same old prank. From behind a bush around the corner of the old woman’s little house came the sound of giggles and snickers of children. “You kids! Let me get hold of you and I will teach you a lesson,” she yelled furiously.

Perhaps, God was listening that day for it was not too long before Mrs Smith had the chance she was looking for. This time when the bell rung, Mrs Smith was actually surprised to find a small boy - Sam at the door. “What is it that you want?” asked Mrs Smith. “Our ball, it has landed on

Illustration: Sumedha Mehrotra, AIS Gur 43, IX C



Short story

your terrace. If only you would allow me to go and get it,” he said. “Allow you? I won’t let you set foot in my house. You boys have troubled me a lot by constantly ringing the bell and running away. You are not getting anything.” And with that she shut the door on Sam’s face.

Seething with anger, Sam went back to his friends and decided to even out score with Mrs Smith.

Ting Tong! Ting Tong! Sam and three of his friends chimed the bell one by one. Hiding behind the bushes, they waited for Mrs Smith to turn up shouting with

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rage. Just then, Sam’s mom came walking towards them. The kids froze. Did she know about their prank? They were all in trouble now, they thought.

“Hi, kids,” Sam’s mom said as she paused on her way. She looked at them, then at the old lady’s house. “Kind of weird, isn’t it kids. The house seems so empty since they took her away,” she said. “Um, took her away,” the kids asked in unison.

“Yes,” Sam’s mom said, “didn’t you know? She was taken away yesterday. Her home care worker found her...” She swallowed, a little uncertain now if she should be telling the kids this story. “They think she might have been dead for two days before her home worker found her... a stroke... Um, I have to go,” and she hurried down the street. The four kids stared at each other, their faces white and eyes filled with fear. They never played in that area or played a prank on anyone else.

So what did you learn today ?
A new word: Furious
Meaning: Extremely angry



Koyal Das, AIS Gur 43, VI D

Materials required

- Mason jar
- Black chart paper
- Scissors
- Glue
- Pencil
- Decorative tapes
- Decorative items
- Sponge
- White poster colour
- Tea light (Candle)

Procedure

- First take a black chart paper and draw a fairy on it.
- Cut out the figure of the fairy. (Refer to image)
- Dip the sponge in white poster colour and dab it on the outside of the jar. Make sure that you paint the jar completely. Set to dry.
- Once done with the jar, colour the lid and set aside to dry.
- Poke some holes in the lid for air to pass.
- Paste the cut-out of the fairy inside the jar.
- Decorate the outside of the mason jar with decorative items like bows, stars and flowers.
- Place a tea light inside the jar.
- Place the jar in some dark corner of a room. Your fairy lamp is ready to glow.

Note: Once the candle is placed, don't touch the jar with bare hands as it will be hot.

Riddle Fiddle

Aditya Munshi
AIS Gur 43, V B

1. He always drives a customer away. Who is he?

2. The shorter I am, the bigger I am. Who am I?

3. What kind of an umbrella do people carry on a rainy day?

4. I always go around the house, but yet I am never able to touch the house? Who do you think I am?

5. I can be found in water never wet. Who am I?



6. What do you call a bear without ear?

7. It always stays hot even when put in refrigerator! What is that?

8. Even if you give it to someone else, you still must keep it. What is it?

9. I never ask any questions, but I am always answered. What am I?

10. What goes around and around of the wood but never goes into the wood? Guess, What is it?

Answers: 1. A driver 2. A temper 3. A wet one 4. The sun 5. Reflection 6. The letter 'B' 7. Pepper or Chili 8. Your word 9. Doorbell 10. The bark on a tree

Illustration: Divita Mahich
AIS Gur 43, XI C



Deeptanshu Nandi
AIS Gur 43, VII A

Autumn is around the corner
Leaves fall from all corners
Many vibrant leaves are there
Soft winds blow everywhere

We feel autumn’s presence
The hot-cold weather it brings
It gives a warning to us all
Winter is coming after fall

POEMS

Autumn

Autumn is here dear
Time to put on a coat or a hat
Brown leaves fall on your lap
Bears take off for their nap

Autumn brings cold invitation
Of the harsh winter days ahead
Here come blankets & scarves
Preparation for winters start

As autumn sweeps in
Cosy evenings they bring
Even the birds cry less
As they hide in their nest

Squirrels start collecting food
Or will starve through cold
They start burrowing ground
To stay safe and sound

Foggy mornings, shorter days
Cold, damp, frosty and wet
Winter is round the corner
Autumn is here, so not yet.

Illustration: Amolika Vaish, AIS Gur 43, XI D



Dyuti Sood AIS Gur 43, VII A

Whenever I feel angry or sick
The only cure is music
When body aches, head to feet
It soothes with sound so sweet

To all the pains and sorrows
I become instantly immune
Whenever I swing to dance
Or sing to its fine tune

Music answers all questions

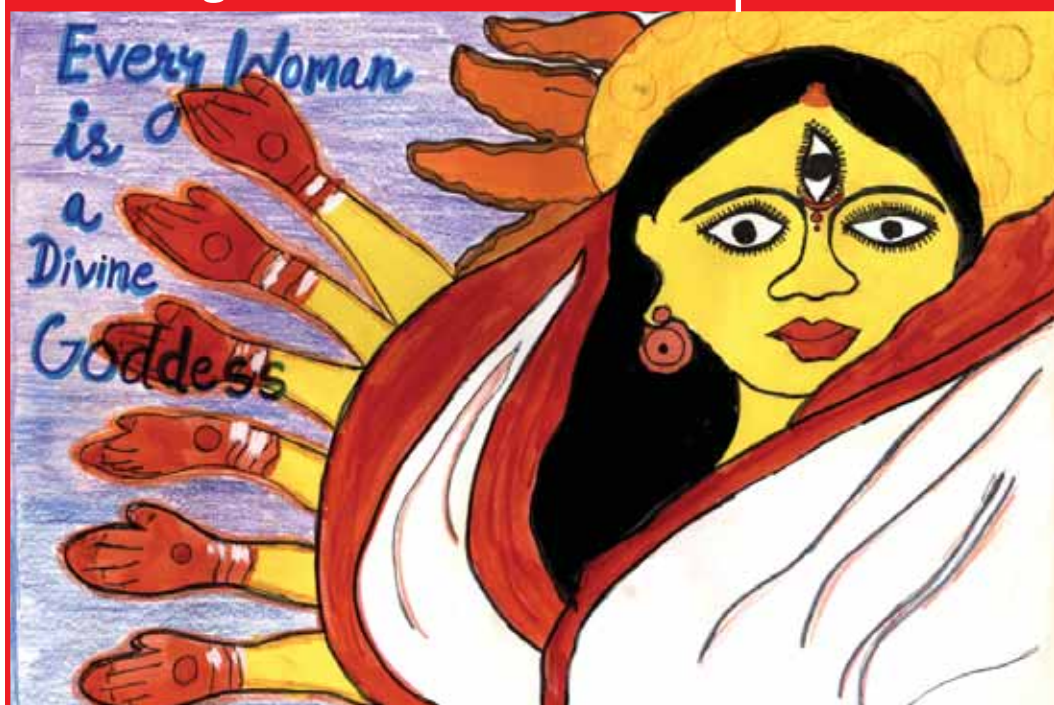
Key to every difficult situation
Open to people of all ages
Be it the beggars or sages

Music is an art
Which exists in various forms
From chirping of a little bird
To the heavy beats of drums

Music makes all this possible
And makes us realise
Finding peace in this world
Is not impossible.

Painting Corner

Tannya Pasricha
AIS Gur 43, VII D



It's Me

Hello!

I am: Misha Palepu
I am student of: AIS Gur 43
I am in Class: II
I was born on: October 8

Favourites

Activity: Reading books and ballet dancing
Role model: Dr Manish Mannan
Friend: Ananya
Book: Geronimo Stilton
Game: Running
Mall: Ambience Mall
Food: Banana Chips
Teacher: Ritu ma'am
Poem: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Dislikes

Subject: Math
Thing: Mosquitoes

I want to feature in GT because
I love reading it!

