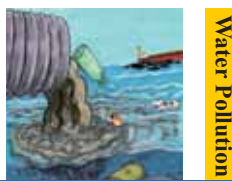


In developing countries, 70% of untreated industrial waste is dumped directly into water bodies.



The babysitter

Storywala



Ananya Tomar
AIS Noida, XI

I was excited. After all, it was supposed to be my last babysitting job for the summer. Being a high school student who is also working part-time to save for college can be quite daunting and I was beyond glad to stop doing that for the next three months. As I reached the address, the dilapidated condition of the house

made it look like it was straight out of a horror movie. Broken windows, unmowed lawns and a car which was on the verge of breaking apart were the first few things that came to my notice. My reverie was broken by the couple who came out of the house wearing an identical outfit and 90's glasses. Usually, parents who I babysat for would give me general instructions on how to deal with the kids, who the naughty one is and the likes,

but they just handed me a piece of paper with their number on it and left in the contraption that they pretended to be a car. The children waited for me in the living room. The elder one, Julia was almost my age and we instantly took a liking to each other. The younger, Rose, who was two, could only say a couple of words to let her needs be known like, water, food and things like that. To be honest, both the kids were very well be-

I reached the house which was a sight of complete dilapidation, as if it came straight out of a horror movie.

haved and it was a breeze taking care of them. It was past 8 pm when Julia and I were in the kitchen chatting when we heard a loud crashing noise from the living room. We rushed maniacally through the corridor, only to find Rose sitting in the middle of the room with a fallen crockery cabinet right in front of her. "Bad man on the roof!" she stuttered. Fearing a possible intruder, I grabbed Rose, took Julia by the hand and bolted the front door, only to be yanked back by Julia. The blood red eyes staring into mine weren't hers. She flashed a sinister smile before she bit into my flesh, making me realise that she wasn't what I thought her to be. As pain shot up my shoulder, I glanced to my feet where Rose licked my toes. As I tried to wrap my head around what was happening, I suddenly heard a burst of laughter and familiar voices. I turned around to see my friends, holding their stomachs, as they almost rolled on the floor laughing. Yes, it was quite an adventurous last summer job. 🇮🇳



Map it magnets

Arshia Juneja, AIS Vas 6, IX A

Material Required

Clear flat marble pieces (round).....	6
World map (coloured print).....	1
A pair of scissors.....	1
Small magnets (round).....	6
Glue.....	1
Pencil.....	1

Steps to follow

- Trace the shape of flat marble piece on world map and cut the outline using scissors.
- Apply glue on clear marble and paste the printed side of the map cutout at the surface of marble.
- Make sure that the printed side is visible through the marble.
- Let it sit for an hour for the glue to dry.
- Now, apply glue on the magnet and paste it behind the map pasted on the marble.
- Leave it to dry.
- Similarly, you can prepare other magnets.
- Your tiny map magnets are ready!

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: Which story has been written by Ananya Agarwal, AIS Gur 46, IX H? Ans:	Q: Who is the writer of the story titled 'Kabhi 'no' nahi 'kia'? Ans:	Q: Which book has been reviewed in this edition? Ans:
Q: Name the chief guest for YP 2018-19. Ans:	Q: What is the name of the story written by Ananya Tomar, AIS Noida, X J? Ans:	Q: Which state of India has been hit by Cyclone Fani? Ans:
Q: Who is featured in the 'It's me!' column of this edition? Ans:	Q: Which school recently celebrated Hindi Natya Utsav? Ans:	Q: Who became the first Indian in Japan to win an election? Ans:

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

Results of 73: **Jahnvi Nair**, AIS Gurugram 43, IX B

WORDS VERSE



From dusk till dawn

Surya Pratap Singh
AIB, AUUP

When dawn reaches night's end
Day meets moonlight and blend

Whilst you lay on the bed alone
I write a letter calling you home

Wipe your tears, forget the pain
This distance mustn't go in vain

Let loose rivers from the eyes

As you feed everyone with lies

The dusk once again turns to day
The moon lost in a land far away

Your cries are no longer heard
Silenced with unsaid words

The dusk once again turns to day
The moon lost in a land far away

Your cries won't be heard
Silenced with unsaid words 🇮🇳

A good human

Prof VP Kakkar
AIBS, AUUP

If you cannot be the sun
Be a shining little star
Size doesn't matter
Be the best of who you are

Go on, be a stellar
Choose a worthy mission
You can become so
By being a good human

Perform all your duties
With utmost dedication
Mould your life well
With practice and precision

Be away from self-praise
Appear like a calm ocean
You can easily do so
For being a good human

Let self-discipline
Be the motto of you all
Petty attractions, greed
May not touch you at all

Never get too proud
Respect each one and all



May your life be full
Of happiness and love for all

Let egos be rooted out
By being a simple person
You can easily do so
For being a good human

Be away from jealousy
Never be a crook
Take off all your masks
And be an open book

Be good inside - at heart
That will be a great start
You can easily become so
By being a good human 🇮🇳



CAMERA CAPERS

Anahita Arora, AIS Noida, Alumna

Send in your entries to
cameracapers@theglobaltimes.in



Beat the heat with pulpy mangoes



Summer break calls for football all day



To go or not to go?