

“Who let this edition out?”

“WE, WE, WE, WE!”

Ananya Sharma, AIS Vas 6, X A  
Page Editor

Contest Edition

# The obituary

Ayana Sahay

AIS Vasundhara 6, X C

“Bright and early morning, I just came back from jogging, my dog keeps barking, servants’ heads just nodding, the toilet keeps clogging, cats are always dancing...!” This is what I was singing while brushing my teeth, in my new silky-milky magenta night gown when something suddenly flew through the window and hit me right in the head. “Ouch,” I cried. It was today’s newspaper. But the joy this paper brought along was nothing in comparison to the pain it had just inflicted. After all, it was supposed to carry my article ‘My house’s plumbing’. I quickly opened the newspaper and there it was, my name shining in beautiful italics. Skimming through the pages, I stumbled across my name one more time. And this time it was even accompanied by a picture. But instead of jumping with joy, my heart skipped a beat. It was an obituary, with an obituary message that read, “Anyone looking for a kidney, this kind person is (was) willing to donate.” Whattt! Am I dead? And when did I sign my kidney off? I am not even the kindness kind.

## Storywala



Illustration: Ayush Tyagi, AIS Vas 6, XI F

Fuming, I called the newspaper’s office, but to no avail. It was then that I realised, today was Sunday and most of the staff wouldn’t be available. But, I wasn’t willing to give up. It was a Sunday, my day to laze around, to some sacrifices must be made. So, I quickly changed out of my silky-milky gown and within minutes I hit the road.

“I am going to sue the editor! How dare they?” I muttered and mumbled as I drove to the newspaper’s office. Being a journalist myself (so what if I am a freelancer?), I was not averse to errors and corrigendum, but this was bonkers by all standards. Seething and deciding the mean statements that I wanted to hurl at the editor, I arrived at the

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newspaper’s office. I reached the first floor where the editorial team usually sat, when I saw a face that made me go weak in the knees. No, not with love, but fear, for this was the last person I wanted to see.

“Feels bad to see the wrong name in the wrong place, right?” he said. “What...whaatttt do you mean?” I said trying to feign ignorance. Almost as an answer, he held out the page bearing my article. Well, in my defense, I had changed the entire article to third person. So that isn’t exactly copying. I knew, I was in for trouble but I was only glad that today being a Sunday, nobody would be present to witness this.

“I...i...don’t know what you mean,” I managed to say when I saw the senior editor come out of office followed by the entire editorial team. And then it struck me, I had been duped and framed. Just the way I had duped the gentleman in front of me for his story by befriending him and taking the credit.

With no other resort I ran as fast as I could, sat in my car and drove four blocks and reached my friend, Dr Fergusson’s clinic to correct all my follies and start a new life. Next step for me is facial reconstruction! 🇧🇩

## CD organiser



Rohan with his CD organiser

Rohan Pandey, AIS Vasundhara 6, IX C

### Material required

- ◆ Waste CDs... 4
- ◆ Designer sheet (A4)... 4
- ◆ Glitter sheet... 1
- ◆ Paper cutter
- ◆ Scissors
- ◆ Fevicol
- ◆ A thick thread loop
- ◆ Iron nails... 2
- ◆ Hot glue gun

### Procedure

- ◆ Take a designer sheet and draw the outline of a CD on it.
- ◆ Cut out this outlined part and paste it on one side of the CD using fevicol. Now repeat the same step with the other side.
- ◆ Similarly, cover 4 more CDs with a designer sheet.
- ◆ Now, take one of these covered CDs and cut it into 2 equal halves using paper cutter or scissors.
- ◆ Stick both these halves, one over other to form a thick surface.
- ◆ Repeat the same step with another covered CD.
- ◆ You will have 2 whole CDs and 2 half CDs in this way.
- ◆ Take a glitter sheet and cut out strips of 0.5 cm in width.
- ◆ Cover the circumference of each of these 4 surfaces with these strips, using hot glue gun.
- ◆ Take one half CD and paste it horizontally in the center of one whole CD.
- ◆ Repeat the same step with the other half and whole CD set.
- ◆ These half CDs will now act as the two shelves.
- ◆ Now, take one of these structures and paste it approximately 2 cm above the surface of the other.
- ◆ Make sure your shelves are still horizontally placed.
- ◆ Now using hot glue gun, stick a thick thread loop behind this structure on its upper end so that it can be hanged.
- ◆ Take 2 iron nails and stick them at the bottom of this structure in the front in order to hang in your keys.
- ◆ Make sure these nails are placed in line horizontally for the entire structure to retain stability when your keys are hanged.
- ◆ Your organiser cum key holder is ready!



## WORDS VERSE



Illustration: Almas Khan, AIS Vas 6, IX D

## Power of silence

Aastha Sharma

AIS Vasundhara 6, X B

Silence is always delusional  
Confusing yet very calming  
Stumbling into the quite  
Wrong and right at same time

With thoughts dancing wildly  
Bliss & poison at the same time  
The deepest expressions are felt

Unheard noises heard are mine

Maybe that’s the true silence  
They find their weakness in it  
It fills the hollow world within  
It makes the world feel empty

And in the same sad silence  
When they open their wings  
Icarus fails to fly yet again  
That’s the power of silence. 🇧🇩

## The unsung war

Gauri Singh

AIS Vasundhara 6, XI C

The green rustling leaves  
The brown sparkling soil  
The eerie cool breeze  
The lost golden sun rays  
The infinite blue sky  
The spirited white clouds  
All nature’s dominance  
But, I am not in a battle  
Especially with myself  
I am almost at peace  
For now that I know  
You will come back  
Maybe when it’s over  
When the sun brightens up  
When leaves sway freely  
When the sky is just blue  
When soil craves our feet,  
We will meet again. 🇧🇩



Illustration: Prisha Khandelwal, AIS Vas 6, XI F

## CAMERA CAPERS

Bhavisha Sahay, AIS Vas 6, X D

Send in your entries to  
cameracapers@theglobaltimes.in

A symmetrical exuberance



A surreal reflection



Stunned by stone