



A modern Formula 1 car can drive upside down in a tunnel at 120mph

Finding glory

The duo walked silently for ten whole minutes and approached an old brick building.

agreement. She felt butterflies in her stomach in **anticipation** of meeting the famous astrophysicist, who would now mentor her for post-doctoral fellowship. They walked through the massive hallway and crossed few rooms before stopping in front of a room with a huge oak door. On it was a golden plaque with the name 'Dr Robert S Stephen PhD, Nobel laureate' neatly engraved on it. Meera's heart was beating fast against her chest and her throat felt dry. Katty knocked at the door and asked for permission to come inside the room. "Sir, Ms Meera Nagpal from India is here", she said to a man standing against the window with his back towards them. "Good afternoon, sir. I am Meera Nagpal from India. I am here to assist you as a post doctorate fellowship scholar".

The old man turned to her. Meera's eyes opened wide in amazement. Mr. Stephen was none other than the same old man whom she had bumped into in front of the coffee shop and who had guided her to this very place. She could not believe her luck and was thrilled to be a part of the elite team of budding scientists who were designated to work on designing a 'Teleportation' device to be launched in the year 2030. **GI**

So what did you learn today?
A new word: Anticipation
Meaning: A feeling of excitement

Short story



Vihaan Gupta, AIS Vas 1, VII

"I am new in the city," said Meera to an old man standing in front of a coffee shop. The old man didn't utter a word. He stared at her intently; Meera felt uneasy as beads of sweat trickled down her forehead. She had just landed in a quaint little town in USA. The anxiety of landing in a foreign country for the very first time was very much evident on her face. "Are you listening, sir?" Meera poked at him as the old man seemed to be lost in his own world. "Sir, can you please guide me to the Universal Laboratory?" Meera prodded again. The old man's expressions changed,

and his lips broke into a faint smile. "Why do you want to go there, young lady?" With a hint of mystery, the man lowered his voice and whispered, "Don't you know that it's restricted to civilians!". Meera was perplexed and felt blank for a moment. She muttered, "I am not a civilian, sir. I have an urgent appointment with the famous astrophysicist Mr Stephen." The old man frowned, Do you think Mr Stephen would just meet any girl?" Meera fumbled and took out an envelope from her old tattered haversack. She clumsily opened the envelope and took out the letter and showed it to him. The old man gave it a fleeting glance and merely muttered,

"Okay, follow me!"

The duo walked silently for ten whole minutes and approached an old brick building. The building though built a century ago, still retained its old-world charm. The white façade overlooking the huge gardens stood proud in its glorious past. The reception looked plush with its expensive Italian leather sofa. The old man ordered her to sit. "Katty, kindly help out the young lady." He walked away and vanished in the hallway. Katty, the receptionist read the letter carefully and gave a warm smile to Meera. "Welcome to Harvard University, Ms Meera. So, you are the new apprentice for Sir Stephen?" Meera smiled and nodded her head in



Pebble Art

Pavni Kotnala, AIS Vas 1, III A

Material required

- Pencil
- Cardboard
- Pebbles (2)
- Ice cream sticks (6-7)
- Water colours
- Paintbrush
- Glue stick
- Scissor

Method

- Wash the collected round shaped smooth pebbles thoroughly and dry them with a cotton cloth.
- Now, with the help of a pencil, draw any cartoonish face on the pebbles.
- Start painting the pebbles with colours of your choice and let them dry for an hour.
- On a cardboard, draw a square with all sides being 10 cm.
- With the help of scissors, cut the square shape.
- Using glue, stick the ice cream sticks along the border of the square cardboard cut-out. You can even paint the ice cream sticks beforehand.
- Paste the painted pebbles on the cardboard in the center and let it dry.
- Your painted pebble art is ready for display!

POEM

A cute puppy



Satvik Bhatia
AIS Noida, V

One fine morning when I woke up
I stood at the window in a huff

Sun was orange, the birds chirped
With this my good mood perked

As I took a walk away from my home
I rushed to park to see honeycomb

Instead what I saw was a surprise
All I heard was howling and cries

A cute little puppy was in pain
Someone had hit him, what shame

I took the puppy to my house

Hurt he was, just about to drowse

Swiftly I bandaged the puppy
And caressed his fluffy tummy

My mother then scolded me
And asked to send away the puppy

But a day later, I saw the puppy again
He was starved and still in pain

I picked him took him to my house
But this time my mom didn't shout

She awed at his pitiful condition
And immediately ran to the kitchen

We fed the puppy with milk and bread
And from then on, he was always fed! **GI**

Riddle Fiddle

Nishchay Verma
AIS Gurugram 43, VI

1. What starts with a P, ends with an E and has thousands of letters?

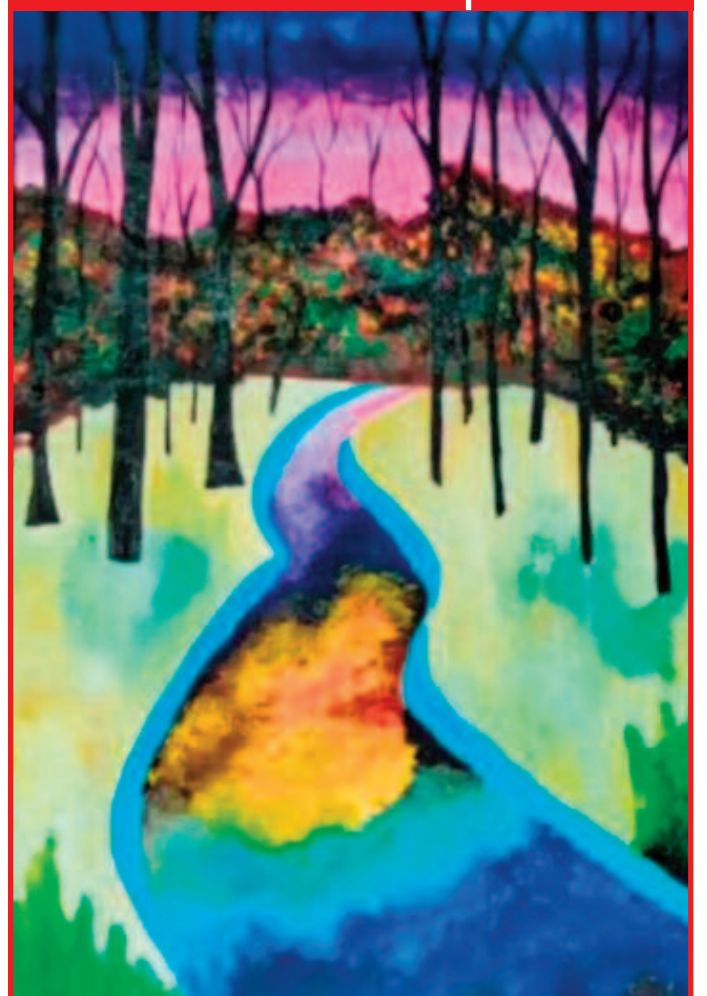
2. What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but

never in a thousand years?
3. Why do bees hum?
4. I have no life, but I can die, what am I?
5. When it rains, I go up, what am I?

Answers: 1. Post office 2. The letter M 3. Because they don't know the words 4. A battery 5. An umbrella

PAINTING CORNER

Shriya Pasricha
AIS Gur 43, VI B



It's Me



Know me better
My name: Vanya Bhatnagar
Class: I
School: AIS Vasundhara 6
Birthday: November 9

My favourites
Teacher: Sucheta & Nimisha ma'am
Subject: Mathematics
Friend: Vihaan
Game: Doll House
Cartoon: Chota Bheem
Food: Paneer sandwich
Mall: Mall of India, Noida
Book: Bruno stories

My dreams and goals
My role model: My parents
I want to become: A doctor
I want to feature in GT because:
I want to show my pictures to everyone.