

The theft

Short Story




Ananya Agarwal
AIS Gurugram 46, V G

It was Sunday morning and I was playing with my human buddy, Eve. I was so glad that she had been able to convince her parents into adopting me. Initially, they were planning on getting a dog instead, but Eve had held her ground and finally got me here. It was more than a month since I had come into this home but it was only Eve who truly cared about me. Though I really liked Eve, her love for 'chase-the-laser dot' game rather annoyed me. You

know, it was a nice game, but sometimes a rather too much. One fine day, I was busy running after the laser dot when I heard Eve's mom calling out to her loudly. My sharp ears picked up the distress in mom's voice and I meowed to Eve about that. "Is something wrong, Skittles?" she asked. I meowed a yes, and she said, "Ok, thanks for the warning. Kibble time!" I ran to my bowl and waited for food. She poured the food into my bowl along with an extra treat. When she came back from her mom's room, I could sense that something was wrong. She sat

down on the floor and began to cry. After calming down a bit, she began telling me what her mom had said. Apparently, someone had stolen from them. What did 'stolen' mean? Oh, yes, it meant that someone had taken their things without asking or paying for it! That was mean! I meowed my sadness and anger on her behalf, and she said, "They took mom's ring, but I am sad because they also took my pen! My special pen!" She began weeping again. I was so angry that her pen had been taken. It was something that had great value for her as it had been gifted

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by her parents when she had turned 10. I could see why someone would rob it. The pen had a big blue crystal on its cap that looked like a real diamond. Eve was subdued for the entire day but got back to normal by the evening. Both of us were playing in the garden when I felt a bump on the ground. I am not too fond of digging up muck, but I am intelligent enough to know that a bump in an otherwise perfect garden is not normal. I began to dig and after a while, found a small pouch. I meowed to Eve to come and see, who then took the bag to her mother. Soon, the entire family gathered, hugging and kissing me and pampering me with treats. Apparently, the thief, in order to run away quickly from the scene, had hidden the bag with the ring and the pen in the garden, hoping to come back in the night to retrieve it. His failure to do so, however, made me everyone's favourite in a few minutes. Well, a dog may be a man's best friend, but cats do give them a tough competition, don't they? 

So, what did you learn today?
A new word: Weeping
Meaning: To express deep sorrow by crying



Desk organiser

Aarav Goel, AIS Mayur Vihar, V

Material required

- Rectangular shoe box with lid-1
- A4 sheets-2
- Paint colours
- Bold marker (any)
- A pair of scissors
- Hot glue
- Paintbrush
- Newspaper

Procedure

- Firstly, take a shoe box and remove the lid from the top.
- Using an adhesive, cover the outer surface of the box with a newspaper as per the measurements of the box.
- Now, using any colour of your choice, paint the outer surface thoroughly. Keep the box upright for the rest of the procedure.
- Coming to the inner hollow side of the box, cover it with an A4 size sheet.
- Next, cut two square pieces of dimension 6x6 cm from the shoe box lid. Paint them as per the colour of your choice.
- Paste these 2 pieces in an inverted right-angle order at the bottom left corner of the box to make a square section. This will form a separate section to store minute objects like pins.
- Then, cut out two rectangles from the remaining shoe box lid as per the width of the inner surface of the main box. Paint them as per the colour of your choice.
- Using glue, fit them inside the main box one above the other with enough space in between. This will give it a rack-like appearance. Here you can store relatively larger objects like sheets, pencil pouches or pencil stands. Refer to the picture.
- Your desk organiser is ready. Bring on all the stationery!

POEMS

R for respect

Yagya Dogra, AIS Gur 43, VI

Respect is a lesson
Everyone should learn
Respect must be given
Before an expected return

Respect is something
That is given for free
But respect is all about
Us and never about me

Respect is that on which
Relationships are founded


Respect is the anchor that
Keeps a person well grounded

Respect builds the character
And defines who we are
Respect sets the standard
And raises the world's bar

Respect is magnanimous
And truly helps to fulfil
Respect is the partner
That sits with goodwill


Respect is like honey



So sweet it is perceived
Respect is a taste to savour
When it is truly received. 

Night sky

Zainab Danish Kazmi
AIS Saket, VI

Look at the sky at night
You can see a glowing moon
The larks sing a beautiful tune
Fairies dance across the sky
Sprinkle fairy dust as they fly
This is the magic that I love
All the stars twinkle above
Such is the night sky you see
Shiny stars suspended free
Shooting stars do amaze
I could just stare and gaze. 

It's Me



Know me

Name: Pranati Dhyani
School: Amity International School, Noida
Class: IV B
Birthday: April 29

About me

I like: Playing with my sister
I dislike: Violence
I like: Painting
My best friends: Navya and Nikita

My favourites

Book: Grandma's bag of stories
Game: Hide and seek
Mall: Pacific Mall
Food: White sauce pasta
Teachers: Rachna ma'am and Poonam ma'am
Poem: Two little dicky birds
Subject: English

My dreams and goals

I want to be: A teacher
My role model: My mother
I want to be featured in the GT because:
It is my favourite newspaper and it will be nice to see my name in it.

Riddle fiddle

Atharva Pandey
AIS Noida, VII

1. What can you buy but never actually eat?
2. What goes up and down but never moves?
3. What can you serve but never eat?
4. What goes down but never goes up?
5. What has four legs but cannot walk?

Answers: 1. Plate 2. Stairs
3. Tennis Ball 4. Rain drops
5. Table

PAINTING CORNER

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