



Leonardo da Vinci's 'Codex Hammer' is the most expensive illustrated manuscript sold in the world, bought by Bill Gates for over 30 million USD.

A strange birthday

Illustration: Ravinder Gusain, GT Network



Short Story

Kashvi Dev Kashyap, AIS Gur 46, VII

As Florence sat on her desk in the classroom, she noticed a storm brewing outside. "Great! Now it is going to rain," she mumbled to herself, irritated. Just as she had predicted, a moment later, the **downpour** started outside. Florence groaned, and for the rest of the school day, she kept hoping for the rain to be done with by the time it was her turn to walk back home. But when the last bell of the day rang, signaling that students were now free to go back home, the rain had not stopped. The students rushed outside, eager to get drenched in the rain, but Florence stuck to standing in a corner, wondering what to do. She absolutely hated rain and getting drenched in it was not something she was looking forward to. "It is raining cats and dogs, and I don't even have an umbrella. How will I go back home

now?" she cried to herself. "Why don't you join me?" came a voice from behind her. Florence turned to look at Tessa, one of her classmates. Florence had never really talked to her much before, but she had always caught her attention. Her behaviour always felt weird to the rest of the students, but Florence always liked her, even when they had not interacted much before. "I have an umbrella and I am sure it can keep both of us safe," Tessa said. Together they walked to Florence's home, and even though the rain was getting worse, not a single drop ever landed on Florence and her dress. "Wow! Your umbrella really must be something. I did not get drenched at all. Even my brand new dress is fine, thank God for that! My mom got this dress for me yesterday because today is my birthday, you know!" Florence said. "Yes, I know! You just turned 15, right? And today has been going very weirdly

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for you?" Tessa replied. Florence was a little taken aback. Yes, everything today had been a little off for her - her mother, as soon as she saw her in the morning, had started crying about how she would miss her even though Florence was not going anywhere. The rain, too, was out of season today and it definitely irritated her more than it usually did. Even her hands had been burning and itching a little all day and she could not figure out why. "Ho-how do y-you know?" Florence asked. "I know it, because I have been waiting for this day to come for a while now, for you to turn 15, so I and your parents could tell you the truth about who you are! You are a witch, Florence," Tessa replied. Florence gasped, and quickly ran to her house to talk to her parents, but when she reached home, she saw her mother standing in the living room with a suitcase full of Florence's stuff. "It's time for you to know your real self," her mother smiled. Florence looked back at Tessa standing behind her, and realised that both of them were right. She had always felt like an outsider in her life, so maybe she really was someone else. Nodding to Tessa, she followed her to the new world, ready for the adventure that started on her 15th birthday.

So, what did you learn today?
A new word: **Downpour**
Meaning: A heavy fall of rain



Aarna Malasi

Chocolate tart

Aarna Malasi, AIS Mayur Vihar, IV

Ingredients

- Oreo biscuits.....2 packets
- Butter (melted).....1/3 cup
- Chocolate bar.....340 gm
- Amul cream.....1 cup

Procedure

- In a bowl, take Oreo biscuits and break them into small pieces with the help of a rolling pin.
- Once done, transfer the crushed biscuits in a mixer jar. Grind them into fine powder.
- Transfer the fine powder in another bowl and now add melted butter to it. Combine the mixture well.
- Put the mixture in a tart pan. Spread it to fit the entirety of the pan and ensure a smooth texture on the top. Refrigerate it for 30 minutes.
- Now, break chocolate bar into pieces and melt it in a heatproof pan on medium flame. Set aside.
- In a small saucepan, bring the heavy cream and butter to a low boil on medium flame. Remove from the flame and pour it over the melted chocolate.
- Using a spatula, stir the mix well until smooth with no lumps.
- Now take out the chilled tart pan from the refrigerator and pour the filling over it evenly.
- Again, refrigerate it for at least 4 hours or leave it overnight.
- When done, unmould the chocolate tart from the pan and place it on a serving dish.
- Your chocolate tart is ready! Treat your patience with this easy yummy dish!

POEM

Beloved grandpa

Avika Agarwal
AIS Vasundhara 6, VI

My beloved grandfather he was
Always held my hand, broke my fall

He always made me smile
And told me stories every night

He guarded me against anything bad
He made sure that I was never sad

He was a great teacher, my grandpa
I wished that he would never go afar

A loving, caring and witty person
My grandpa was a man of great reason

He gave me wings and let my fly
Now I am here without him in my life

I do miss him every minute of the clock
I keep wondering where he has gone

He now enjoys in the company of God
My beloved grandpa, I love you a lot!



Riddle fiddle

Akshra Rana
AIS Gurugram 43, VII

1. I start with an E and end with an E. I have various countries inside me. What am I?
2. I build bridges of silver and crowns of gold. Who am I?
3. I am an odd number but remove one letter and I become even. What number am I?
4. I have hands and I can move them, but I can't clap. What am I?
5. A one-seeded fruit I may be, but all the calendars are full of me. What am I?

Answers: 1. Europe 2. A den-
list 2. Seven 4. A clock
5. Dates

It's Me



Know me

My name: Daivik Singh
My class: I
My school: AIS Gurugram 43
Born on: November 12

My favourites

Teacher: Sinchina ma'am and Ritu ma'am
Subject: EVS
Game: Football
Cartoon: Masha and the Bear
Food: Paratha and cream
Mall: Ardee Mall, Gurugram
Book: The Lion and the Mouse

My dreams and goals

Hobby: Gardening
I like: Cars
I dislike: Sitting idle
I want to feature in GT because: I want everyone to know me

PAINTING CORNER

Sachi Pandey
AIS Vas 6, VIII

