# The braveheart



**Anwita Agarwal** 

AIS Gurugram 46, VII

nce upon a time in a village called Dholakpur, lived a man named Raju. As one belonging to the underprivileged lot, he used to sell pens at railway station to make a living. He worked tirelessly day in, day out, to sustain himself. But to his utter dismay, all his efforts seemed to go down the drain, for all he received in return was the contempt on the faces of the passing passengers who would often shun him for bothering them. So, one day, as he set off to try his luck at selling pens yet again, being fully aware of the consequences, he saw cops patrolling inside the trains. Little did he know that destiny had

him that day.

As he inquired, one of his friends told him that security in the area has been tightened after repeated incidents of train theft came to light. "Raju, you know their prime suspects are local sellers and hawkers like us," added his friend, worried. Indifferent at first, as he had nothing to do with the robbery cases, Raju turned pale when the cops approached him next. When the police inquired and inspected him, everyone at the station gazed at him warily, making him conscious. Offended by their judgmental looks which were all but due to his lowly origins, Raju, post the inspection, continued to look for customers, having no time to curse his sad fate.

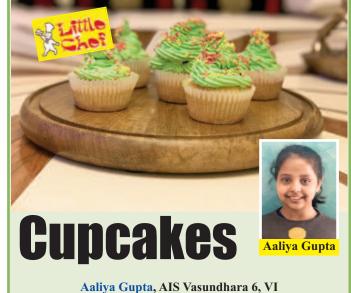
something different in store for He kept on roaming from one compartment to another for a long time when finally, he earned his first coin for the day. But as he brought his hand forth to collect the money, the coin tipped over to a few seats ahead. Upon reaching the specific berth, he bent down to pick up the coin, and as he did, he came across a box filled with chips packets. In an attempt to reach the coin behind the box, he tried to move it a little. However, the box that was supposed to be extremely light was quite heavy and it made him suspicious.

Curious to find out what was inside it, he tried opening it. To his surprise, beneath a layer of packets were stacks of 500 INR notes. Suspecting them to be stolen, he was tempted to inform the police But as he brought his hand forth to collect the money, the coin tipped over to a few seats ahead.

immediately, but waited to catch the thief red-handed. So, as the train stopped at the next platform and someone came to pick up the box, Raju cautiously followed the man.

After walking some distance in an effort to catch the thief, Raju saw him meet his accomplices. Without wasting a second thus, he rushed to the nearest PCO and used the one and only coin that he had earned that day to call the police. Within fifteen minutes, the police arrived and arrested the criminals. They thanked and rewarded Raju for his sheer bravery. "You have no idea that you have helped us bust a dangerous gang who had been robbing train passengers for the past few months," tacked on the superintendent. Raju accepted the reward with a huge smile on his face. All the folks nearby, who glared at him with disrespect until then, were now applauding Raju for his courage and fearlessness. GI

So, what did you learn today? We should not look down on anyone.



### **Ingredients required** Oil .....<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> cup Butter ......250 g Sugar .....1 cup Salt .....1 pinch

Vanilla essence ......1 tbsp

Flour .....<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub> cup

Baking soda.....1 tbsp

- Start by preheating the oven to 190 degrees Celsius, and lining the muffin tray with cupcake cases.
- Now whisk butter and sugar together in a bowl using a wooden spoon or electric whisk. Beat until soft and fluffy.
- Then add flour, eggs, milk, baking powder and baking soda in it, and whisk it until the mixture is smooth.
- Once done, add vanilla extract and a pinch of salt for taste, and mix it thoroughly.
- Using a traditional-style ice-cream scoop, or spoon, pour in the mixture in the cupcake cases. Make sure to put an even amount of mixture in each.
- Place the muffin tray in the oven and bake for 15 minutes until the cupcakes are a light golden colour.
- Remove the tray from the oven and leave the cupcakes in it for a few minutes. Then transfer them to a wire rack to cool.
- Once done, decorate them with frosting and sprinkles. Your cupcakes are ready!

## Same fate as Titanic

Varada Kachroo

AIS VKC Lucknow, IX B

As the twilight changed its usual hue The iceberg glowed eerie blue In the Atlantic's prodigious ocean It could, well, be very easily viewed Gigantic dawdling, whispering adieu Maybe to a ship, was it a cosmic clue? Was it the Titanic iceberg? It still lasts? Probably busy targeting more ships Will it flick or will it actually toss Will it collapse or God knows what! Oh brother! The energy will be so vast Assuredly, the underwater Stonehenge If any like in Michigan, would not last O lord! One ship Newfoundland passed I spied through binoculars, 50 miles afar Approaching now at a rate of knots The scene I foresaw would be terrific If the ship meets the same fate as Titanic! I stood still, hoping, with a steady stare Gobsmacked, restless with flickered walks Thirty, twenty then ten from miles forty The situation went on tenterhooks The sombre darkness replaced the twilight

No distinct vision for helmsman in sight

Ahh! Then I heard the loud ship's sound Extremely near the iceberg I found A chill through my spine went down Will the ship really sink or outlast? May lord be kind and lenient this hour The ship, the iceberg, and the witchy dark Slam! Ended it with a fortissimo wreck The sinless cursed for unmerited death Kins and clans, their chums and pals Heart o' heart, crushed just by the thought Blues of darkness, snivelled out loud Helped it me so, to ameliorate my hea And so, I turned back to my abode Waiting for the incident's bulletin report Hyper waves, gale, drizzles and tumults Such catastrophe, but their tactic silence I shut the door, with an exasperated sigh What of the iceberg above the ocean tile? Heroic it might feel, proud of destruction Huh! My jittery night was somehow spent Bright sunrays made my emotions pent The news! Oh, the spiffing news! Dwindled all sights of the tragic view I didn't see but surely did hear The ship smashing the gigantic iceberg "But what I see", the journo then says "That's a mystery, so tuned you must stay!"



### Riddle Fiddle

**Myrah Kumar** 

AIS Pushp Vihar, IV

- 1. The more you take, the more you leave behind. What am I? 2. I have a bed but I can never sleep. I can run but never walk. Who am I?
- 3. I am an odd number. Take away a letter, and I become

even. Who am I? **4.** I have no life but I can die. What am I?

- 5. I belong to you but your friends use it more. What am I? 6. What needs to be broken before you can use it?
- 7. What goes up but never comes down?

5. Your name 6. Egg 7. Age River bed 3. Seven 4. Battery Answers: 1. Footsteps 2.

KNOW ME My name: Arnav Singh My Class: III

My school: AIS VYC Lucknow Born on: September 18

### MY FAVOURITES

**Teachers:** Sunita ma'am and Twisha ma'am I like: To play cricket and watch video

Subject: Science Friend: Krishav Game: Cricket Cartoon: Paap O Meter

Food: Beans and pizza

Mall: Fun Mall

**MY DREAMS AND GOALS** My role model: Albert Einstein

Book: Universe encyclopaedia

My hobby: I like to search and learn new

things about universe

related to space

I dislike: Sleeping

I want to become: A scientist

I want to feature in GT because: I want to share my knowledge through this platform.

