An uncanny rail ride



Agamya Doharey AIS VYC Lko, XII A

hen I opened my eyes, I found myself in a crowded train. I anxiously looked around the coach but decided that it would be best if I avoided the people aboard and didn't attract any attention, because of their peculiar looks. They were wearing distinct bright clothing; their restless gaze craftily darted from one place to another. I might have easily choked on the spooky atmosphere, but I calmed myself. A mechanised voice suddenly sounded throughout the train. I looked around to check where it came from, or if there were any speakers, but there weren't any; it was as though the voice was resonating inside my head.

"All passengers aboard, welcome. The time right now is 3:33 am space standard time. Our destination today is Mellowmars, a region of pink clouds and cryptids. I would like to mention some rules ahead of our journey. The very first rule is that you must de-board at precisely 4:44 am or you risk being sucked into the never-ending luminous blackhole. Although it won't matter to us, it could prove to be bad for business. Rule number two is to respect the privacy of other passengers, especially those who are reading newspapers and have no eyes. And please don't take tea from anyone. Rule number three, please keep track of your time, otherwise it could warp into oblivion. That's all! Please enjoy your journey with us." The voice came to a halt.

Rule number two is to respect the privacy of other passengers, especially those who are reading newspapers and have no eyes.

My legs were shaking, and my palms were already sweating profusely. As I tried to process it all still, I heard a loud screeching sound. It was a humanoid creature with a trolley, offering me a cup of tea. I took a quick look at the slimy liquid and felt sick to my stomach when I noticed what appeared to be an eye at the bottom of it. The creature muttered 'tea', and the way its grin grew, my blood curdled. Why did it offer tea to me only? That can't be...

I stutter-replied, "No thanks," pretending to be courteous. "Have a sip," it said in a shiver-inducing voice. "Now or never," I reasoned to myself and quickly got to my feet to reach the closest exit. I'd gotten away! Unexpectedly, however, I started to experience a severe leg pain that rapidly spread to my body. Looking around, all I could see was darkness. "Oh no... what was the time again?"

WORDS VERSE The echo

Joy Chatterjee AIS MV, Alumnus

What is this thing called poetry? It is nothing but life's mis-e-ry You see poems full of rhymes Come, let's write some lines

I take my pen and sit to write Think of heroes, ready to fight All I write ends up in gibberish And I keep feeling all feverish

Believe me, my fellow reader Poetry was like a maiden over We all believed we can do well But, in reality, it feels like hell

Don't dread your failure friends Cheer up and pick up your pens Go and write whatever you can And I'll be your biggest fan.

(Joy is currently pursuing Bsc. Cinema with specialisation in Direction from Asian Academy of Film and Television, Noida)

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Multigrain raviol

Kashvi Agarwal, AIS Vas 6, XII E

Ingredients

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Multigrain flour1 cup
Gram flour ¹ / ₂ cup
Olive oil2 tbsp
Spinach
Onion1
Garlic3-4 cloves

Tomato puree3	tbsp
Butter2	tbsp
Tomato ketchup2	tbsp
Chilli flakesas per	taste
Black pepper	1 tsp
Oregano & saltas per	taste

Before you prepare this dish, remember that every ingredient you use and every effort you put will showcase your love for your grandparents.



As you make the dough, remember that it symbolises your firm commitment to be their human shield.

To begin with, take a deep bowl, and in it, pour some multigrain flour, gram flour, olive oil, a pinch of salt, and warm water. Knead the mix till you get a soft dough.Now, divide the dough into ten equal portions and roll out

equal portions and roll out each into thin rectangular sheets and keep them aside.

Now, take a dough sheet and

place some filling on it. Cover

It's time you make the filling, but as you do, remember that it symbolises the profound love they filled you with over the years.

- Take spinach, onion, and garlic, and chop them finely.
- Add some chilli flakes and oregano to the veggies and mix them all in a bowl.
- Then, in a pan, pour some olive oil, add the veggies, a pinch of salt and black pepper. Sauté the mix for two minutes
- it with another dough sheet and press the two sheets using a fork. Repeat the process to make more raviolis.
 Boil the stuffed raviolis in

on medium flame.

water. Drain them once done.

The sauce that you'll now make symbolises the times they saved you from your parents' anger, adding extra flavours to your life.

For the sauce, pour some tomato puree, chopped garlic, butter, tomato ketchup, pepper, salt, and oregano in a bowl and

Now, in a pan, put olive oil and the prepared sauce. Sauté for 2-3 minutes and keep it aside.

mix it well.

Now that you have reached the final stage, sprinkle the dish with gratitude as a reminder of the absolute love you share.

Place the ravioli on a plate and garnish it with the sauce.
Voila! Your ravioli, that is not

only nutritious but also serves as a testament to a bond full of unconditional love, is ready!

Read Play and Reading your favourite GT can fetch you a prize

too. Complete all the boxes below. Click a picture and send it to editor@theglobaltimes.in or submit your responses by visiting The Global Times website (http://theglobaltimes.in/readplaywin/). Three lucky winners will win a prize every week!

Q.1 Who conducted the interview of Dr Jitendra Singh?	Q.2 Who invented the tech piece featured in 'A-Z of tech' series on page 4.	Q.3 What is the theme of the poem on page 3?
Q.4 Name any two ingredients used to make 'Multigrain ravioli' on page 8.	Q.5 What is the full form of 'AWA' mentioned on page 7?	Q.6 What is the headline of the panel discussion on page 10?
Q.7 Which Amity school celebrated Hindi diwas?	Q.8 Name NASA's solar probe that has reached closer to the sun.	Q.9 On which page can you find the article 'Gamifying life'?

Biswas, AIS Saket, IV C; Rachit Gupta, AIS Gurugram 43, V C