

I'm extremely grateful and thrilled beyond words that my work has been recognised and awarded.

Khushi Ko, AIS Saket, XII,
Best Ground Reporting (Winner)



The sour breeze

Storywala



Ansh Maithani
AIS Gur 46, XI

The evening was approaching and I had started getting impatient. My parents were nowhere near the sight. It was my decision to overtake them in the forest trail and wait at a certain point. I had lost the track of time. It never actually dawned upon me to check on them; I was so engrossed in marvelling at the beauty of nature and listening to music, that I had completely forgotten I was in a forest. It was only when the strength of the sun rays that were filtering through the thick cover of leaves of the dense forest

started dimming, I realised that it was getting darker. As the wait for them stretched for more than an hour, a sudden panic seized me. Something was amiss, maybe I had lost the direction. I decided not to wait for them anymore and started following the route that I had taken to reach there. I had no idea where I was and wondered whether I would find my parents. My father, who was a regular trekker, had told me innumerable stories about the dangers lurking at every step in a jungle like this, especially at night when wild animals come out to find their prey. Every thought like this were bringing a chill down my spine, with cool

evening breeze adding a certain eeriness to this entire setting. "What if no one is able to find me? What if an animal attacks me? Ghosts! There must be ghost in this jungle..." thoughts like these started clouding my mind. It was getting darker, as the sun, was setting down. The food that I was carrying in my backpack was good enough to survive the night, but the water bottle needed to be refilled. I was continuing my journey with these tactics of survival when suddenly I felt that someone was following me. I couldn't see clearly in the dim light, so I quickly took out the torch, and looked around. There was no one. My legs were

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frozen. I was shivering in fear. But, I decided not to give up and continued walking, not surrendering to any fear.

The darkness had now enveloped the forest completely, lending it a mystery. Out of nowhere I saw some light burning at a distant place. I felt encouraged and started walking towards that direction. As I drew closer to the light, I saw a small hut in the middle of nowhere with a fire lit up right outside it. An old man, with a dog, was sitting right next to him.

My happiness knew no bound and I rushed towards the old man. He was surprised to find a young girl, alone, at that hour in the forest. I narrated my entire story. He was a shepherd, and he promised to help me find my parents in the morning, as he was familiar with the jungle.

After offering me some food and water, he told me, "It is very brave of a girl like you to have the courage of walking alone in this darkness. One should never give up," he told me while bidding me good night.



Card holder

Materials required

- Plastic animal
- Alligator clip
- Round wooden sticks
- Hot glue
- Driller
- Golden spray paint

Method

- Drill a small hole onto the top-middle of the animal with the driller.
- Now drop a little hot glue in the hole and insert the round wooden stick. (Note: Hole should be the size of stick so

- that it could easily fit in.)
- Next, with the hot glue fix the alligator clip to the tip of the wooden stick.
- Make sure to tightly press the edges of the clip together so that it sticks properly.
- Repeat the same process with other animals.
- Now apply golden spray paint to all animals along with the stick and alligator clip.
- Let it dry for 15-20 minutes.
- Now add memo, card or a photograph to the alligator clip, and you're done!

Read Play and Win

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 it to your GT Teacher Coordinator. 3 lucky winners will win a prize every week!

<p>Q: How many planets are there in our solar system?</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: Name the author of the poem 'Path to success' on page 9.</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: Which school won GT 'Best Newspaper Award'?</p> <p>Ans:</p>
<p>Q: When was Vasudha National Science Fair conducted?</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: Which country would build first forest city in the world?</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: Who was the chief guest at GT Awards 2016-17?</p> <p>Ans:</p>
<p>Q: On which page the article 'Disorderly beings' is present?</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: What is the headline of the article written by Samridhi Agarwal, AIS Gur 43?</p> <p>Ans:</p>	<p>Q: Name the DIY activity presented on p8.</p> <p>Ans:</p>

Name: _____ Class: _____ School: _____

Results of Read Play & Win-32: **Atharv Malik**, AIS Noida, III J; **Mehak Jain**, AIS PV, V B; **Tavishi**, AIS Gur 43, VI C

WORDS VERSE

Cheers, to GT Awards



Khushi Saxena, AIS Noida, X L

To the newspaper that is
For the students
By the students
And of the students

The editors making us proud
Photographers raising the issues out loud
Giving the writers an opportunity to stand
And letting the imagination out on GT pages

It has given us the freedom
To paints the thoughts on the canvas

The freedom of expression
The freedom of letting our emotions out

They say, not all heroes wear capes
And beauty comes in all sizes and shapes,
Our photographers and illustrators stand together
In the journey to carve out pages

Yes we could call it the personality maker
It could also be called a station
Which gives place to imagination
A platform for every student's creation

From the seniors leaving school
To the teachers cool
Shining in glory
This newspaper has everyone's story

Giving the will to writers
To become world leaders
Cheers, to the GT awards
That is every writer's sword.



Fluttering wings

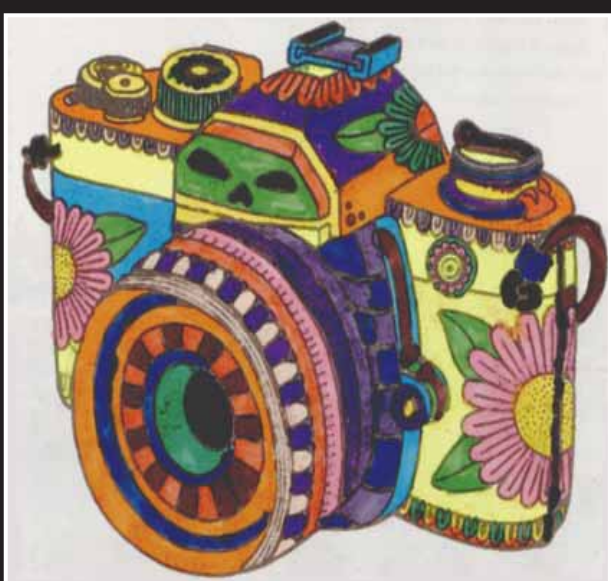
Sanchita Tiwari
AIS Vas 1, X A

Washed in myriad hues
Green, yellow and pink
Her fragile, little body
Flits from one flower to another

She isn't easy to tame
Is agile than one can explain
Fluttering her wings swiftly
She vanishes in thin air

I look at her in awe
She is an epitome of glory
A rainbow of happiness
She is butterfly, nevertheless

COLOURING FUN
BEST ENTRIES



Siya Dhawan, AIS Vas 6, VII A



Laksh Saxena, AIS Noida, VI G



Swasti Thukral, AIS Noida, VI I