



Storywala



Pic: Naomi Rajwanshi, AIS Noida, XI A | Model: Riya Malik, AIS Noida, XI J

At the Heart of Art

Ananya Grover
AIS Noida, X B

12-year-old, Ayra sat in the balcony of her room, carefully dabbing paint onto her canvas in an attempt to recreate the beauty of the morning sky. “Well, well. Look at our young Picasso,” her elder brother’s abrupt comment made her jump, and her brush slipped, smearing a line of red over the green trees. “Look what you did! What do you want?” she said. “Nothing. Just wanted to let you know I am proud you’ve stopped thinking that art meant copying drawings of princesses from existing drawings line by line,” he pointed out. “I was just nine back then,” ex-

claimed Ayra. “Your Elsa’s gown resembled a garbage bag. Impressive improvement, except that this is still not art. It’s just a painting.” “But paintings are art. Mona Lisa is a painting, and there are many great works of art created during the Renaissance,” she replied. “Wasn’t that in the 14th century or something? You’re living in 2017, and you can take a HD photograph of the sunrise in a minute. You need to change with the time, my sister.” “Even if photos and paintings capture the same subject, they do it in their own different ways. What do you know? You think

your video games and comics are art,” she scoffed. “Hey! Video games and comics are legit mediums of art and storytelling in 21st century, unlike your painting of Elsa and sunrises.” He strolled out of the room, leaving Ayra to stare forlornly at her seemingly blood-splattered trees.

15-year-old, Ayra furiously smeared paint onto the image of a rotting human heart she had drawn on her bedroom wall. This, she had discovered, was the perfect

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catharsis for her teenage angst. “I didn’t know you’d be this angry.”

“It was my entry for the school art contest, you buffoon,” she screeched at him.

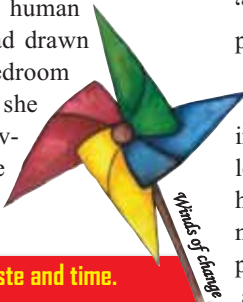
“I’d rather you enter this, you know. Much better art than that.”

“Sure, I’ll just break this piece of wall and—Wait. Did you actually call my art ‘art’?”

“Uh, yes,” he replied. “But loads of my recent artworks are just abstract paint splatters. Mum does not say anything but I don’t think she likes them,” she muttered. “She has old-people ideas of art. They think art has to be pretty and colourful. I think art should be beautiful and meaningful.”

“Huge difference.” Ayra rolled her eyes at him. “No, art has to convey something, maybe tell a story, make you think, make you feel. Art is different things to different people. And what speaks to me may not speak to you.” She stared at her brother as he left.

21-year-old, confident Ayra was giving an interview for her first ever public exhibition of her art. “What does it feel like when people dismiss your art?” “My art has thousands of emotions that I couldn’t say out loud poured into it. Maybe when a viewer looks, it might say something to him. To others, perhaps, it will not. Even if it speaks to just one person, I believe it has served its actual purpose.”



...And like that, art transformed with taste and time.

WORDS VERSE

Graphic: Siddharth & Shashwat, AIS Noida, IX L



A musical ode

Anjane Khosla, AIS Noida, X A

In a neglected garden once arose
A flower from a drizzly dose
This flower ardently loved rain
As speckles danced on its mane

One day, from the house inside
A music tune came out in a glide
A tune escaped from the radio
Caged in house against its will

The flower waved, bold and shy
And the radio sang back in reply
Thus, a friendship blossomed up
Making them the best of buds

The flower would often jabber
Of all the radio hadn’t seen
In turn the radio chatted for hours

In its language of musical bars
Time passed in gigantic strides
As the flower withered and died
Radio became all distant...cold
And kept replaying old memories

The radio, then, sang no more
Until a day of gushing downpour
It remembered the flower’s face
With music, it shattered its cage

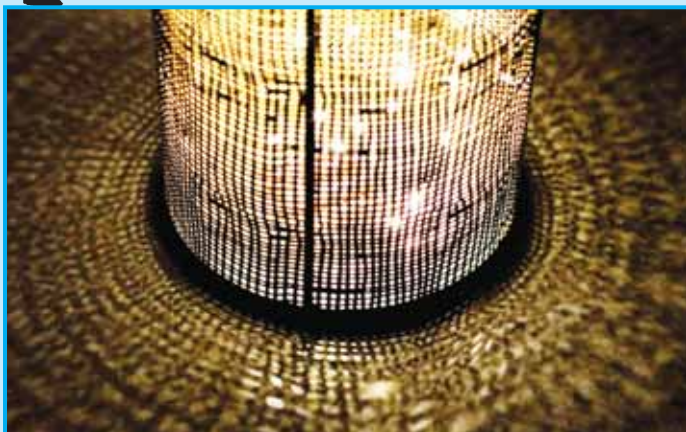
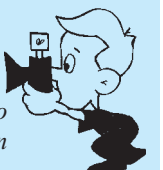
Under the heavenly drops of rain
The radio finally sang again
Its voice hoarse and body rusted
As memories were dusted

Soon, the radio set on to grow
Of the past, it gently let go
As the radio sang there, beaming
Peace found a new meaning.

CAMERA CAPERS

Srishti Manchanda, AIS Noida, XII F

Send in your entries to
cameracap@theglobaltimes.in



Playing with shadows



Fiery skies



Lights, smile...action!

Pic courtesy Nandita Saxena, AIS Noida, XII I

Menu

Nandita Saxena, AIS Noida, XII I, brings to you different yet easy mayonnaise dip recipes, with a flavoured twist

Charred capsicum

You need

Mayonnaise.....2 tsp
Cucumber (diced).....1/4 cup
Capsicum (chopped).....1
Bread/Pita

Method

- Take mayonnaise in a bowl.
- Add diced cucumbers in mayonnaise and mix well.
- Now, using tongs, cook the capsicum directly on fire until it gets charred, releasing smoky flavour.
- Chop the charred capsicum and add to the mayo mix.
- Serve the dip with bread/pita.

Peachy punch

You need

Mayonnaise4 tsp
Peach puree.....1 tsp
Peach chunks1/4 cup
Coriander leaves.....to garnish
Bread/Pita

Method

- In a bowl take mayonnaise.
- Using a whisk, mix the peach puree and the mayonnaise until well incorporated.
- Add the peach chunks and mix well.
- Garnish with coriander leaves.
- Serve the dip with bread/pita.

Crunchy peanuts

You need

Mayonnaise.....2 tsp
Chili flakes1/2 tsp
Ground peanut1/2 tsp
Raw peanuts.....1 tsp
Bread/Pita

Method

- Take mayonnaise, chili flakes and ground peanut in a mixing bowl.
- Add the raw peanuts and mix them well.
- Serve as a dip or with bread/pita.

Sprout shout

You need

Mayonnaise4 tsp
Olive oil1 tsp
Sprouts.....1/4 cup
Black peppera pinch
Bread/Pita

Method

- In a bowl, add mayonnaise.
- Put olive oil in mayo and whisk it properly.
- Now, add sprouts and mix them well.
- Serve with a slice of bread/pita.