

Illustration: Maitreyi Gupta, AIS Noida, VIII J



Tiny tales

Mahika Sriram
AIS Noida, V A

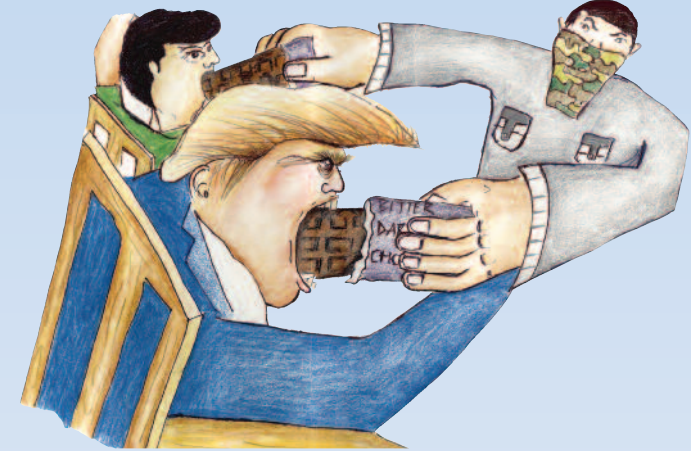
During my summer vacations, I traveled to Pudukottai, a tiny town in South India, where I saw kids of all ages playing outdoor games. Young ones played hopscotch, kho-kho and kabaddi. Little boys and girls ran around wheeling tubeless tyres with a stick, while few played with colourful marbles. Seeing the glee on their faces, I felt like joining in. Amazingly, they included Didi and me without thinking twice and we hardly felt like outsiders in

Revisit Rewind Relive

At dinner time, we dug into a variety of local delicacies. At night, the elders narrated old tales till we drifted off to sleep.

Pudukottai! We ate tamarinds and juicy mangoes that were robbed off from neighborhood trees. At dinner time, we dug into a variety of local delicacies. At night, the elders narrated old tales till we drifted off to sleep. After few days, when it was time to return to the mundane city life, I realised that all we did was spend mindless hours hopping from one electronic gadget to another. Today though, I go out to play with my friends everyday. I still think about my trip. I would do anything to live in those simple ways and not be plagued with ruinous technology and the rush of the city life. Now, all that echoes inside me is, “God, give me back my childhood!”

Illustration: Rushil Pandey, AIS Noida, VIII G



Sweet revenge

Taran Singh
AIS Noida, V A

It all started when I saw Donald Trump in my backyard. As I stood clueless, he greeted me and told me that terrorists were after his life for his tasty chocolates. Unable to understand, I fainted. Back to my senses, I saw a terrorist firing bitter chocolates at us. I instinctly ran away as I hate bitter chocolates. I hurled marbles onto the floor and the terrorists slipped and fell flat. Meanwhile, we rushed into the secret chamber in my house, where we called Barack Obama. Following his smart

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advice, we mixed sleeping powder in cocoa and fired them into the mouths of the terrorists, which slipped them into deep sleep. Soon, hefty bodyguards from White House arrived and caught the terrorists. Peace and harmony was restored and since then, Donald and I have been the best of friends.



Illustration: Ananya Tandon, AIS Noida, VIII H

...And like that, we were reminded that change begins at home.

Riddle Fiddle

Manya Arora
AIS Noida, VIII L

1. I am first on earth, and second in heaven. I appear twice in a week, but you can only see me once in a year. What am I?

2. I have many keys, but can't open a single door. Who am I?

3. Many have heard me, no one has seen me, and I will not speak back until spoken to. Who am I?

4. We hurt without moving, we poison without touching, we bear the truth and lies, we

are not to be judged by our size.

5. Two mothers and two daughters went to a market, but in total there were three people. How is this possible?



6. What is heavy and a seven letter word. When you take two letters away it is left with 'eight'.

7. Sana is the daughter of Kunal. Then, Kunal is the ___ of Sana's father?

8. What brings you down but never up? Can you guess?



Illustration: Anshuman Yadav, AIS Noida, VIII J

Your secrets, mine!

Anushree Bhargava, AISN, VIII I

Tell me, what is inside you
The secret you gravely hide
You tell me yours
I'll tell you mine

A secret not yet told
Everyone has one of those
Cause it'll be a shame to let it out
So, you keep it a little too close

Every secret that you have

Is a story in my heart
A story that will remain close
Until the time my eyes close

Let's share a spicy secret
To add spice to our boring life
It is really not that bad
But neither is it too nice

So come on share it now
It's a secret only yours to own
So never tell a unknown soul
Your secret cannot be known.

POEMS

Our not-so-secret superstar

Riya Jain, AIS Noida, VII I

Our lovely mother
What would we be without her

Oh! She is such a wise soul
Preparing us for the future

Braces with encouraging words
Voice sweet like chirping birds

Pushes us to show our skills
Never lets us go downhill

She teaches us to pray
Helps when we forget our way

Drives us to utilise our potential
Instills values as an essential

Holds a special spot in our heart

How honestly she plays her part

We all say, that she is the best
Certainly better than the rest!



It's Me

I dream

To become: A doctor
To feature in GT
because: It's trendy and cool!

Know me better

Name: Adith Gorle
School: AIS Noida
Class: KG E
Birthday: December 27
Hobby: Drawing

Love n hate

I like: Going on a holiday
I dislike: Milk

Favourites

Cricketer: Virat Kohli
Friend: My elder sister, Akshara
Book: The very hungry caterpillar
Game: Skating
Mall: Logix City Center, Noida
Food: Curd rice
Teacher: Gagan Ma'am
Poem: Wheels on the bus
Subject: Mathematics



Illustration: Ananya Tandon, AIS Noida, VIII H

Multi-use Holder

- Artificial flowers
- Glue gun
- Scissors
- Clay

Procedure

- Stick green paper rope around the square glass holder.
- Now, take a cardboard and draw the outline for two dolls and cut them out.
- Form shapes of doll with clay, according to the cardboard doll cut outs.
- Use toothpick to make details such as eyes, nose and lips.
- When the clay is hard enough,



- paint both the dolls.
- Once dry, spray clear varnish to give it shine, and let it dry.
- Highlight the details using golden glitter and stick googly eyes on both the dolls.
- With glue gun stick dolls on opposite side of the holder.
- Decorate them with artificial flowers. (Refer image)



Ananya Tandon
AIS Noida, VIII H

Material required

- Square glass holder
- Green paper rope
- Cardboard
- Acrylic and varnish paint
- Toothpick
- Golden glitter
- Googly eyes