

A large cyclone can release energy equivalent to 10 atomic bombs per second.



Cyclone facts

# Judgment day

## Storywala

Suvrat Chaturvedi  
AIS Gur 43, XI B

As I struggled to revise that dreaded Physics book one last time, I could feel panic and anxiety taking over me just like cold flu. The moment had finally arrived! On my way to the exam center, the only thing troubling me was, "What if I don't secure a good rank? What will I do then?"



After three grueling hours, I was back home. The results were a couple of months away, but my family was already rejoicing for they were certain about me being an engineer. Nobody knew that I was not going to make it. My mom was calling out my name but all I could hear was voices. I thought of the two years, and not to forget copious amounts of money, I had wasted in pursuing this futile dream. There was no way of explaining this to my family. Nobody ever asked me what I wanted to be. I wanted to become a journalist and travel

around the world but nobody really seemed to care. The judgment day came and with a heavy heart I clicked on the website. Everyone around me had their eyes glued to the screen. Suddenly, there was dead silence in the room. I didn't make the cut, as expected. Staring eyes looked for answers to the questions about my dismal performance in the exams. "All my money has gone down the drain. You couldn't even clear the exam," shouted my father. With my two years up in smoke, it was the time for me to speak

up. I had dealt with the consequences of not speaking up for myself earlier and did not want to deal with it again. I retaliated, "Why didn't you let me choose my stream? It was never my decision to take up Science in high school." My parents were stunned. Soon relatives started calling in, and my parents went on ranting about my casual attitude towards the exam and my career. Just then my grandfather called and they repeated the same story to him. My father and grandfather had an hour long chat while I kept look-

"Everyone around me had their eyes glued to the screen. Suddenly, there was dead silence in the room. I didn't make the cut, as expected."

ing at the ceiling in anticipation. My father seemed to have cooled down a bit when my grandfather asked him to pass the phone to me. The moment I heard his voice, I felt a sudden surge of calmness.

I expected the usual stuff from him, like how disappointed he was in me, like the rest of the world. So, I was rather taken aback when he told me that he had a surprise in store for me. He told me that his friend's son had started a travel channel and was looking for young people to join the team. I looked at my father with pleading eyes and a miracle happened. He hugged me warmly and asked me to accept the assignment and here I am today, hosting one of the most watched travel show. I sincerely thank my grandpa for making my parents understand my real calling for travel and writing.



## Peppy mushrooms

Vaibhav Kohli, AIS PV, IX

### Ingredients

- Mushrooms .....250 gms
- Capsicum(chopped) .....½ cup
- Onion (sliced) .....½ cup
- Garlic (minced) ..... 2-3 pods
- Ginger (minced) ..... 1 inch
- Curry leaves ..... a sprig
- Black pepper powder .. 3/4 tsp
- Oil .....2 tsp
- Salt .....to taste
- Coriander leaves .... to garnish

### Method

- Add mushrooms in salted boiling water for a minute. Strain the water, dry them

- with a cloth and slice them.
- Now, take a pan and add oil in it. Once hot, put garlic and saute. Next, add sliced onions, ginger, curry leaves and saute for 2 minutes.
- Add chopped capsicum and saute on medium flame for 4 minutes, toss in between.
- Finally, add sliced mushrooms, place lid and cook on medium flame until soft.
- Mix them well and toss at regular intervals.
- Add black pepper powder and salt. Mix it well.
- Garnish with coriander leaves and serve hot.

## 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!



Q: Name three countries from Pg 2 - World News.  
Ans:

Q: WWhat is the title of the top story at Pg 1?  
Ans:

Q: What is the name of the polo tournament on Pg 3?  
Ans:

Q: Mention any two pre requisites required for polishing pennies on Pg 4.  
Ans:

Q: What are the other two events mentioned on Pg 7 under 'Other than IPL...'?  
Ans:

Q: Who is the author of the article 'Sentence-musallam' on Pg 5?  
Ans:

Q: Mend life, not break! This poem is featured on which page?  
Ans:

Q: Name any three firework display events around the world from Pg 12.  
Ans:

Q: Who is interviewed on Pg 1 by Anandi Sen, XI G, AIS MV ?  
Ans:

Name:.....Class:.....School:.....

Results of Read Play & Win-43: **Sumedha Ghoshal**, AIS Vas 1, V D; **Krshnangi**, AIS Gur 43, III B; **Vedansh**, AIS Gwalior, IV

## WORDS VERSE

### Mend life, not break!



Khushi Saxena, AIS Noida, X L

What true happiness could possibly mean?  
Is it money, stars at night, family or friends?  
They say life is how you want it to be  
But tell me who doesn't want peace!

But my friend it isn't as easy as it sounds  
True episodes that will leave you astound  
It's difficult to stand out of the crowd  
And to hear the applaud out real loud!

It isn't about how big or small the problem  
It's about how you take the call  
Life is synonym of heartbeat  
At times it goes up, sometimes down!

But that just means you're alive

Some days you dance, some you strive  
In a lifetime some you inspire  
Nights you spend on what you aspire!

It's you who decides journey of life  
A walk by the garden or a path of knives?  
What matters is the deeds in your bag  
Neither your money nor your name tag!

In life there's a lot to be happy  
Beyond the name, fame and things classy  
So live each day as if it's your first  
Because time is slipping out too fast!

### Sides of sun

Yash Verma, AIS Gur 43, XI A

In a world with two suns I live  
Scavenging is my livelihood  
I never had a good life  
Because lost was my childhood!

Only picture of that hell I remember  
Is dangling wires and a giant monster  
Where were my parents, I never knew  
Out of a window, I saw, a world of blue!

It was a ship I was trapped in  
With a monster not of his own but 'His'  
The ship was the being, he controlled it  
Years passed by under the beast's hiss!



Then one day I said 'Enough'!  
I ran and behind me the beast  
To button the ship off forever  
I pressed and it all fell down!

I survived and now scavenge  
I had taken my revenge  
Made money by selling its parts crumped  
But I longed for precious crap ship's engine!

Then next day in the metal scrap  
I found a metallic guild – the precious crap  
I sold it for a bag of crystals  
Life now would turn back to normal!

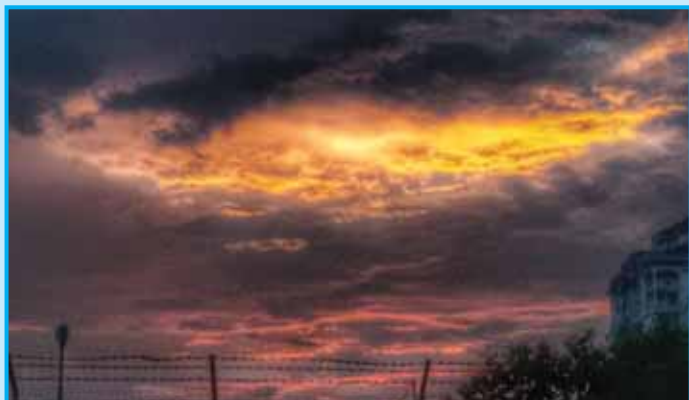
For the final time I saw the devil vessel  
A map made of paper flew out of rubble  
I grabbed it and saw if it lead  
To my parents home

I stood and stared at the sky  
The second a sun sets, another one glows  
The hopeful always rise and shine  
Beautiful life waits my parents and mine!

## CAMERA CAPERS

Kshitij Singh, AIS Noida, VIII L

Send in your entries to cameracapert@theglobaltimes.in



Radiant Silhouettes



Bauble of Snow



Luminous Divinity