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There was something in the air that night. An eerie gust flew through the open window, enveloping a small girl who sat curled on her bed. Her eyes darted around the room as she tried to recall the contents of the book she had read the day before, looking up at the small stars that glowed on her bedroom ceiling.

The stars often reminded her of her mother, whom she missed more than anyone else in the world. And when the longing turned into a soft ache, and her eyes glazed over, the little girl curled her hand around her pillows and tangled her legs in her bedsheets, feeling just as small as she looked. But what

Starry reunion

the girl hadn't noticed was the shadow of something blue, pacing behind her bedroom door. And as the pacing turned into a soft click of her doorknob, a shadow cast upon her as she slept.

The monster under her bed had watched the girl ache for her mother for days on end, and when that ache consumed even him, he decided to take matters into his own hands. So that is why he now stood over the girl's head and tapped on her shoulder softly with a big furry paw, until the girl woke up, all startled.

"Hello," the words flew out of her mouth before she could stop

herself. The monster looked at her with questioning eyes. When he realised that the girl, unlike the other children he had been assigned to before, wasn't afraid of him, he said hello back.

"Are you a bunny? I've never seen a blue bunny before." Her curiosity was innocent enough to melt his heart. The girl smiled at him and asked him to stay.

He peered down at her and shook his head once, pointing towards the door outside her room. She looked at him for a moment, before, she followed the monster to wherever he wanted to take her. She grasped his hand and to-

gether they jumped across her door and into the light.

The girl stumbled around, trying to find her footing and

suddenly, the monster pointed towards a meadow. More specifically, towards where a

woman sat, hand flushed with soil as she planted a tree. The girl turned to where the monster was, only to see he wasn't there anymore, and so she found herself walking towards the woman.

"Mama?" The woman turned around and gasped, her hand trembling as the

girl ran into her arms and they stayed like that for what seemed like forever, until the woman peeled away from her, smiled kindly and said, "Let's take you to bed, hmm?"

And so, the little girl was dragged to bed and put down to sleep, her mother's face hovering over her as her eyes fluttered shut, the woman sitting on the bed, turned back once more into his true form, looking at the picture of the girl's mother on the table, realising he had gotten the colour of her mother's hair wrong.

He thanked his lucky stars, for the darkness had kept the girl's hope alive and allowed her to think that her mother was there, holding her hand.

The girl turned to where the monster was, only to see he wasn't there anymore, and so she found herself walking towards the woman.



Graphic: Mokshita Grover, AIS Gurugram 43, XI B

Pic: Sanvi Mohapatra, AIS Gurugram 43, X B

Jiya Arora, AIS Gurugram 43, X B

In a world of pyjamas, I've come to decree
A tale of utmost comfort, so come with me
No fancy suits or rigid ties you must wear
Just your cosy jammies, I proudly declare

From morning's yawn to evening's snore
In pyjamas I venture, from door to door
No need for trousers or the stylish pants
I'll dance in PJs, without a second glance

Oh, the comfort of the elastic waistbands
Without any zippers, just stretchy strands
No squeezing, it's like a dream come true
PJs make me a hero, through and through

In colourful polka dots or stripes, I'll be
Maybe some with funny monkeys to see
With some fuzzy slippers upon my feet
I'm the comfiest person you'll ever meet

At breakfast, I feast on pancake and eggs
With syrup smudged on my pyjama legs
No need to worry about spills and stains
My PJs are experts at hiding such pains

In meetings and Zoom calls, I appear



Models: Trisha Gulati, Nur C & Nayaab Irfan, KG D, AIS Gur 43

Looking professional from waist up, my dear
But underneath it, all the secrets are revealed
I'm wearing comfy pyjamas, my secret shield

At lunchtime, I'll munch on yummy snacks
In my jammies, there are no faults or lacks
No constricting belts or tight waistbands
Just freedom and comfort, isn't life grand?

From day to night, the pyjama party's grand
With popcorn and movies, we make a stand
No need for all those fancy robes or gowns
Just soft, cosy jammies, our night-time crowns.



Read Play and Win 39

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 Chef Kunal Kapoor's interview has been featured on page ____.

Q.2 Name the illustrator for the article 'Bean there, brewed that'.

Q.3 Mention the museum covered in the article 'Riding through the eras'.

Q.4 What is the colour of the monster in the short story 'Starry reunion'?

Q.5 The national flowers of Mexico and Barbados are ____.

Q.6 Who is the author of the cover story 'Unstick from the status quo'?

Q.7 Which three states are the most affected by stubble burning?

Q.8 Which blood cells carry CO₂ to our lungs as mentioned in the article on page 4?

Q.9 How many schools participated in the interschool fest Esperanza?

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

Results of Read Play & Win-38: **Sabhya Aggarwal**, AIS Saket, IV D; **Anshika Singh**, AIS Vas 6, VI A; **Myra Navdeesh**, AIS Gur 46, III E