



Diya Mishra, AIS Vas 6, XII B

# A pleasant BUZZ

“A lright, honey, time to give some honey.” I murmured, carefully extracting honey from the comb. While most people collect coins, stamps, or shoes, my grandad, whom I call Gigi, collected flowers. This riot of colour inevitably drew butterflies, moths, and of course, honey bees.

That particular afternoon, I dozed off in the garden. When Gigi came to call me in for lunch, he stumbled upon an extraordinary sight - bees swarming around me. Instead of fear, it sparked my life-long fascination with bees. From that day, my playful connection with them began. By the time I was an adult, I knew I wanted to be a beekeeper. My parents were hesitant, but in the end, they chalked it up to the family’s penchant for eccentricity.

“Bumble, how much did you collect today?” Gigi asked, using his affectionate nickname for me. “500 grams!” I grinned. “Good progress, but it’s not enough,” he said in a serious tone. “Let’s get straight to the point. If you don’t

collect 50 lbs of honey by the end of the month, I’ll have to sell Buzz Inc to Winfrey Honey Ltd.”

My heart sank. “But, Gigi-” “No buts. We don’t have enough funds to keep supporting this hobby of yours. They’re offering good money, and if we don’t take it, we could face bankruptcy.”

It hit me like a brick. I’d been

treating beekeeping like a leisurely pursuit, unaware of the strain it was putting on Gigi and the family’s finances. Our once thriving business had suffered, and while I pursued a field I loved, I hadn’t noticed the toll it was taking.

I sat in the garden, overwhelmed with guilt, tears slipping down my

cheeks. Suddenly, I heard a soft voice, “We can help you.”

Startled, I looked around, but no one was there. Then I heard it again. “Bumble, it’s me.” I glanced at my shoulder and there sat a bee. “Am I losing it?” I whispered. “No, you’re not,” it replied. “We’re here to repay a favour. Remember when you saved our hive from being destroyed by that construction company? You moved us to a safer place in Gigi’s garden.

I sat in the garden, overwhelmed with guilt, tears slipping down my cheeks. Suddenly, I heard a soft voice, “We can help you.”

Now, it’s time for us to return the favour.” “But how?” I asked, incredulous. “How can you possibly help me collect 50 lbs of honey?” “Not just 50 lbs,” the bee said, “I’ll bring my cousins from nearby forests, and together we’ll create hundreds of honeycombs!” And so, as promised, the garden buzzed to life. Every tree was soon crowned with honeycombs, and by the end of the month, I presented Gigi with 10,000 lbs of honey. The sight of that much honey left him speechless. With the financial crisis averted, we rejected Winfrey’s offer, and Buzz Inc soared to new heights. Even though that first bee and its generation have since passed, their descendants continue to thrive in our garden.



Illustration: Saahya Pisipati & Medha Jain, AIS Vas 6, XII E

## The oyster’s ballad

Siya Makhija, AIS Vas 6, XII E

And never seemed to be pale

There was once a white oyster  
Who lived deep under the sea  
Whose little story you’re about  
To enthrallingly hear from me

But alas, comes an awful day  
Disaster washed onto his way  
For a teeny tiny grain of sand  
Just came and ruined his day

The oyster enjoyed a jolly life  
He lived all hearty and hale  
Was never under the weather

The grain got under his skin  
And refused to ever clear out  
Try as he might, poor oyster

Couldn’t even scream or shout

He suffered inexplicable agony  
Evoked sympathy from the sea  
Suddenly, he thought of a plan  
To improve the grain of sand

Then turn and lo and behold  
In sparkles, what do we see?  
The grain turned into a pearl  
Beautiful and bright as can be

Like this tale of white oyster  
There is also similarity in life  
It is inevitable that we endure  
Some suffering and some strife

Luckily, this does not mean  
That there isn’t any remedy  
All that you really have to do  
Is have fervent faith in Thee

And so, I shall now conclude  
But before parting I must say  
At the end of the dark tunnel  
There is always a bright ray.

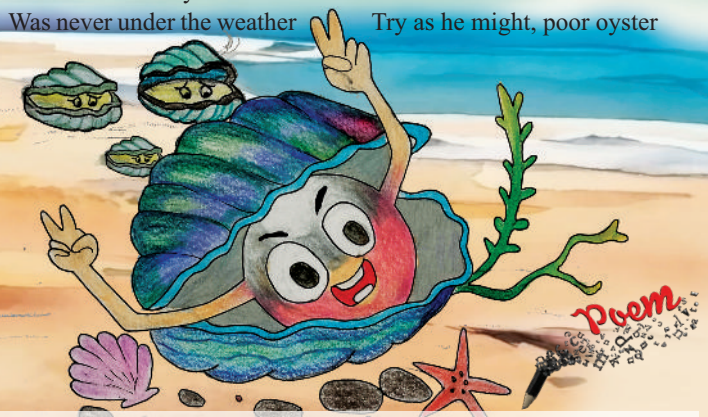


Illustration: Yashvini Jain, XI E & Raunak Gupta, XII E, AIS Vas 6

## Read Play and Win 68

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 Who has been interviewed on page 3?	Q.2 Who wrote the poem ‘Scientific epiphany’?	Q.3 What is the tagline of top story on page 1?
Q.4 What is the genre of the album ‘Map of the Soul: 7’?	Q.5 _____ reached the summit of Tibet’s Shishapangma.	Q.6 ‘Like this tale of white oyster, there is also _____ in life.’
Q.7 The ‘Just for laughs’ article is a guide to throwing a _____.	Q.8 What is the headline of the educational poster on page 7?	Q.9 Who came up with the unique concept of ‘Sunset Cinema Club’?

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

Results of Read Play & Win-67: **Hansika Sharma**, AIS MV, VIII A; **Bhavya Kumari**, AIS PV, III D; **Udbhav Kumar**, AIS Saket, V B