

Identity theft



Storywala

Maitri Hiten, AIS Vas 1, XII E

Clarisse had always prided herself on her generosity. It was a chilly autumn afternoon when she encountered the ragged old woman at the bustling flea market. The woman's weathered face bore the weight of hardship, and her plea for assistance tugged at Clarisse's heartstrings.

"My dear, why don't you buy this beautiful hand mirror?" the old woman urged. "It's a priceless family heirloom. Due to my awful situation, I have come to sell this."

Moved by compassion, Clarisse ex-

amined the mirror, its ornate frame reflecting the trials of time, and handed over a generous 500 USD, cherishing the thought of alleviating the old woman's plight. Returning home, Clarisse placed the mirror on a nail near her dresser. "I hope that woman can build a better life for herself now," she murmured, her reflection momentarily sharing her sentiment.

However, as the night wore on, a creeping unease settled upon Clarisse. A sudden wave of nausea and a pounding headache forced her to retire early. In the quiet of her room, Clarisse approached the mirror one last time before bed. The

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reflection that greeted her, however, was nightmarish. Her features - nose, eyes, mouth - had vanished without a trace, leaving behind a haunting blankness. A horrified scream erupted through her room and amidst the chaos, a chilling voice reverberated from the mirror.

"Maybe you shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve and trust an old lady, dear!" the voice crooned, dripping with malice. "Oh, you really do have a pretty face. I'll make about 500 USD selling this face on the dark web. A fair exchange, don't you think?"

Clarisse felt rage boiling within her as the reality of her plight shook her. Bound by unseen forces, she was helpless as strangers invaded her room, ushering her away to fate in a cold, sterile room in a mental institution.

Weeks bled into a nightmare as Clarisse, now dubbed "The Faceless Woman," grappled with her shattered identity. Every aspect of her former life had been obliterated by this macabre form of identity theft, leaving her a mere shell of her former self.

The once-charitable Clarisse now languished in obscurity, her existence a cautionary tale whispered in hushed tones. The mirror, now devoid of its malevolent reflection, stood as a silent testament to the consequences of misplaced trust and the darkness that lurked beneath the guise of good intentions. **GT**



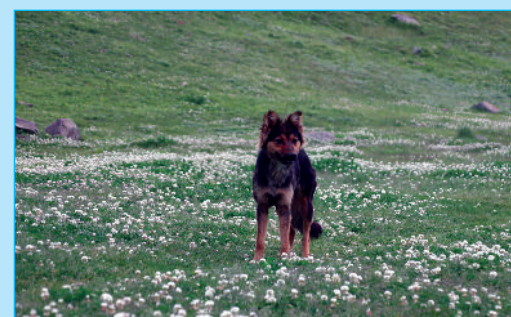
CAMERA CAPERS

Uday Aeri

AIS Saket, XI C



A bird's view



Beauty of the wild

Send in your entries to cameracapers@theglobaltimes.in

Read Play and Win 70

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 Name the new platform introduced by Founder President on the occasion of Sangathan.

Q.2 What is the headline of the short story written by Maitri Hiten?

Q.3 The poem 'Heartfelt Holiday' is on page _____.

Q.4 What is the topic of the panel discussion featured on page 10?

Q.5 Which series has been reviewed on page 12?

Q.6 Chitra Tripathi currently serves as _____.

Q.7 Which school hosted its annual day on October 9, 2024?

Q.8 The tagline for AIMUN 2024 was _____.

Q.9 What are the five stages of US presidential elections?

Name: _____ Class: _____ School: _____

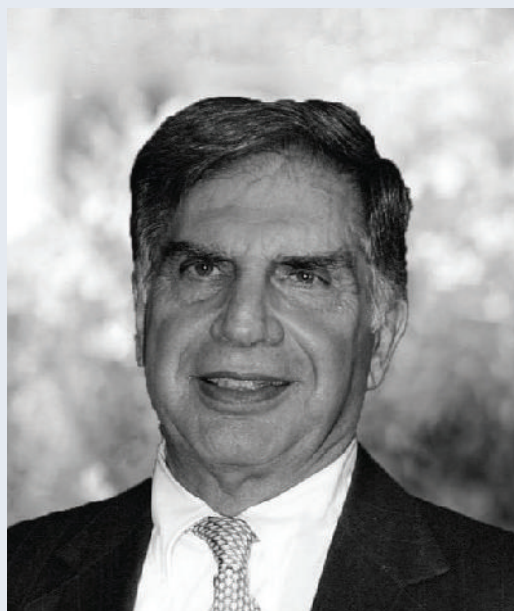
Results of Read Play & Win-69: **Mansee Singh**, AIS VKC Lko, VIII A; **Ameya Chaudhary**, AIS MV, IX A; **Shivam Kumar**, AIS Gur 46, VI E

WORDS VERSE

An adieu to India's Ratan

Vignesh & Akshay

AIMC Manesar, IX A



A pure ratan of India and a visionary true
Ratan Tata's life is canvas, with a vibrant hue
From the taste of India to the wings of India
From steel to dreams, navigating aim so tall
A true visionary spirit that inspires us all
With humble beginnings, charted the destiny
Building an empire, fueled with pure humility
From the height of TCS to the might of Tata Steel
His leadership forged a legacy, profoundly real
Through trials and triumphs, he paved the way
With a heart full of purpose, come what may
Philanthropy's beacon, a light in the dark
In education and health, he ignited a spark
Innovation and ethics, he redefined success
Salt on the table to soaring skies in progress
So, here's to Ratan Tata, a leader so grand
Whose legacy thrives, like a firm, steady hand
In the annals of history, his name will remain
A testament to kindness, innovation, and gain
Reaching for the stars, we carry his flame
Forever in our hearts, we'll honour your name
A name that generations will never say TATA.