

The purr-fect predicament

Short Story



Twisha Rastogi
AIS Gurugram 43, IX D

Ting! Just as Jonie finished assembling the silky pieces of her 'Fall Fashion collection', the doorbell rang. Beaming, she opened the door, only to be hit by a hurricane of fur. "What's going on?" she shrieked, pushing a tiny golden retriever off her velvet outfit. She watched with widened eyes as little devils in form of puppies

wreaked havoc on her designs. She turned back to the woman at the door, Benny. "Your models for tonight's fashion show! Poodles and more... a variety of canine beauties!" the talent coordinator beamed, handing Jonie a clipboard. Jonie skimmed through the text, and the realisation struck her: She had goofed up by writing poodles instead of models in her email to the talent agency. "I have to work with... dogs?" she exclaimed. But

The curtains opened and the chow-chow sashayed the ramp wearing Jonie's customised beige jacket. The crowd burst into applause.

Benny had already left. Ten minutes later, Jonie calmed down. You could practically hear the cogs whirring in her head as Jonie tried to think of a solution. She picked up a poodle and sighed: "None of the dresses fit them!" Resting her face on her hands in despair, Jonie spotted another problem. Some of the dogs had started tearing apart the fabric! She rushed over to a pair of beagles fighting over her favourite piece, only for it to spilt into two. Jonie glanced around the room, which a minute ago, had been the epitome of perfection. Now, it had been engulfed by a blanket of fur, muddy paw-prints and tattered patches of cloth. Jonie apprehensively eyed a tiny dachshund prancing around with its paws through the torn rags of a cloak. Despite her predicament, she couldn't deny that the dachsie looked quite dashing. That's when an idea struck her. Immediately, she grabbed an evening gown and placed it on her tailoring table. Carefully picking up a grinning pomeranian, she measured, cut, and sewed until a brand-

new mini version of her gown lay in front of her. The pomeranian wagged its tail and barked a thank you when Jonie garmented it. Two hours of meticulous tailoring later, Jonie watched with bated breath as the first dog got into position backstage. The curtains opened and the chow-chow sashayed the ramp wearing her customised beige jacket. The crowd burst into applause. The puppies walked the

runway one after another, until the audience had run out of screams. Jonie walked onstage to even louder cheers. **Flanked** by her amazing models, she thanked the gods for her luck that night.

So, what did you learn today?
A new word: Flanked
Meaning: To be at the side of something or someone

POEM

The yellow dress

Ruaana Samson, AIS Pushp Vihar, XII F

An orphan she was, a charming one indeed
Often wore a bright mustard yellow dress

She walked into the garden and took a spin
The spin came to a halt with an eerie sound

With cautious steps, she followed the sound
And saw a little bird lying on a pile of leaves

She gently carried the bird and placed it in its nest
Once there, the hatchling's mother gave it love and care

The girl wondered would she ever have a mother
To take care of her in distress like the hatchling's mother

A mark of sigh overshadowed her charming face
Just then, her yellow dress fluttered, and she took a spin once again.



It's Me



KNOW ME

My name: Anvita Rathore
My Class: IV B
My school: AIS Mayur Vihar
My birthday: January 23

MY FAVOURITES

Teacher: Purnima Sanwal
Subject: English
Friend: Samaira Chawla
Game: Cricket
Cartoon: Shin Chan
Food: Meal cooked with love
Mall: Logix Mall
Book: Panchtantra



MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Dancing
I like: Honest people
I dislike: People ignoring me
My role model: My mom
I want to feature in GT because: I want people to know me.



COLOURING FUN



Click a high resolution picture (1 MB or more) of the entry and mail the same to: editor@theglobaltimes.in.
The best entries will be published in GT.