

Locked, but not lost



Short Story

Adhira Verma, AIS Noida, IV L

Once upon a time, in a far-away kingdom, there lived a girl named Namasvi. Her hair shone like a river of golden sunshine and her eyes gleamed bright green. But not far from her happy home, in the shadowy forest, lived a wicked witch. Her tangled hair hung like withered vines, her nails were sharp as claws, and her heart was filled with envy. One morning, while Namasvi wandered through the fields, the witch crept up behind her. With a hissed spell, she cast Namasvi into a deep sleep. Under the cloak of night, she carried the girl away to a secret cave deep in the woods. There, with a wave of

her twisted hands, she **conjured** a shimmering cage of magic to trap Namasvi forever.

When Namasvi awoke, she found herself imprisoned. Though fear stirred in her heart, she did not cry. Instead, she began to think of ways to escape. That night, while the witch snored on a pile of rags, Namasvi tried to reach for the key dangling from the witch's pocket but it lay just beyond her grasp. And then, she noticed something strange. Each time the witch exhaled, tiny sparks of magic floated from her lips like glowing fireflies. The sparks always drifted toward the pocket where the key rested. Namasvi's mind raced. The key must be bound to her breath, it follows the magic of her slumber.

And then, she noticed something strange. Each time the witch exhaled, tiny sparks of magic floated from her lips like glowing fireflies.

Quickly, she pulled a single golden strand from her own hair and tied it into a delicate loop. As the witch breathed again, Namasvi held the strand steady, letting the sparks guide it like a thread of light. Slowly, carefully, the glowing strand floated toward the pocket. With trembling hands, she tugged at the loop until, cling, the hair snared the ring of the key. Ever so gently, Namasvi drew it out. Just as the key slipped free, the witch stirred. Heart pounding, she pressed it to the cage lock and the bars dissolved into golden dust that swirled around her like stars before fading away. She ran through the dark forest until at last she saw the lights of her home. Breathless, she rushed into her parents' arms and told them everything. Word of the witch's wickedness spread through the village, and the people's anger forced the jealous witch to retreat into the deepest shadows of the woods. 🇮🇳

So, what did you learn today?

A new word: Conjure
Meaning: To summon



Aarohee with her tikki

Hearty soyabean tikki

Aarohee Gandhi, AIS Pushp Vihar III A

Ingredients

Soyabean granules(boiled)	1 cup
Green peas (boiled)	½ cup
Bread slice	1
Gram flour	½ cup
Cumin powder	1 tsp
Black pepper powder	1 tbs
Ginger-garlic paste	for taste
Salt	for taste
Breadcrumbs	to bind

Procedure

- To begin with, mash soybeans, peas, bread and gram flour in a big bowl.
- Add all the spices and salt to the above bowl and mix well.
- Roll the mixture into little balls and press them flat similar to the shape of a tikki.
- Using a heart-shaped cutter, cut the flattened tikkis.
- For crunch, cover the tikkis in breadcrumbs.
- In a pan, heat oil and shallow fry the tikkis on a medium to low flame or until they turn golden-brown.
- Once done, transfer the hearty soyabean tikkis on a plate and serve them hot with a sauce of your choice.

It's Me

KNOW ME

My name: Advika Chaudhry

My Class: II B

My school: AIS VKC Lucknow

My birthday: March 17

MY FAVOURITES

Teachers: Alka ma'am and Priyanka ma'am

Subject: English

Friends: Shiyanshi Srivastava and Tarush Pandey

Game: Chess

Cartoon: Bluey

Food: Shahi Paneer

Mall: Phoenix Palassio

Book: Gopi Diaries by Sudha Murty

MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Dancing

I like: Classical songs and music

I dislike: Being ignored

My role model: My elder sister



I want to become: An IAS officer

I want to be featured in GT because: I want people to know about me.



Unnat Vohra

AIS Saket, IV A

Q. What did one pencil say to the other on the first day of school?

A. Looking sharp!



Q. What does a book do in winter?

A. It puts on a jacket.



Q. Why do calculators make a good friend?

A. Because you can always count on them.



Q. How do bees get to school?

A. On the school buzz.



Q. Who is everyone's best friend at school?

A. Princi-Pal.

Painting Corner

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