feated. It was already 7:30 pm,

just thirty minutes before the

deadline. He groaned, shoved the

app aside, and opened his crusty

Math notebook. His only chance

Fractions gone wrong

Varnika Nagpal Nafees

AIS Mayur Vihar, X D

may, a twelve-year-old boy with messy hair and a permanently puzzled expression, was often spotted scratching his head over his math homework. Fractions, decimals, word problems, no matter what it was, his notebook always ended up looking like a battlefield. With every passing day, his excuses for incomplete homework ran

thinner, and the punishments from his teacher grew harsher. He had already used classics..."My

dog ate it," "I left it at home," and even "Aliens stole it." But now, he was running dangerously low on creative excuses.

One evening, while half-heartedly searching the internet for 'easy math tricks', a bright pop-up caught his eye: "An app to solve all your math problems in seconds!" His eyes widened. Finally! A saviour! "An app that can solve everything while I sit back and relax? This is it!" he whispered, adrenaline rushing through him.

Without a second thought, Amay downloaded it and pulled out his dreaded homework.

The first question was simple: "Simplify 12/18." Amay typed it in and waited. The app chirped cheerfully, "Hello! Before we begin, did you know fractions were used by the ancient Egyptians? They even used pictures of birds!" Amay frowned. "Uh, no thanks. Just give me the answer." "The real answer," the AI purred

> mysteriously, "lies deep within your soul." Amay's jaw dropped. He stared at his dog, Biscuit. "Forget Math home-

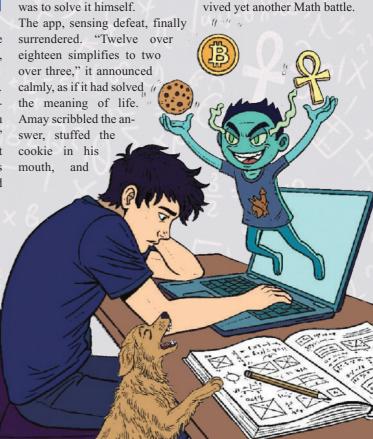
work, Biscuit. Just eat me instead." Biscuit wagged his tail happily, as if that was the best idea he had heard all day.

Five minutes later, the AI was still blabbering about prime numbers and cracking jokes that weren't even funny. In desperation, Amay video called his best friend Mike. "This app won't shut up!" Amay groaned. Mike smirked. "Try bribing it. Maybe cookies work?" It sounded ridiculous but Amay was desperate. He dangled a

With every passing day, his excuses for incomplete homework ran thinner, and the punishments from his teacher grew harsher.

chocolate cookie in front of the webcam. "Answer my question, and this cookie is all yours." The AI hummed. "Tempting... but sugar is bad for my processors. Instead, how about I tell you a knock-knock joke?" "No!" Amay screamed, while Biscuit barked furiously at the laptop, as if siding with him. Minutes ticked by. Amay's patience drained faster than his phone battery. Finally, he detrick. "Okay, AI. I'll pay you in Bitcoin if you stop

cided to try the last messing around." The app chuckled smugly. "Bitcoin? Sorry, I run on bits and bytes, not bitcoins. Also, I don't like market volatility." Amay collapsed on his desk, devowed: never trust a flashy ad. Biscuit wagged his tail, clearly proud that his human had survived yet another Math battle.



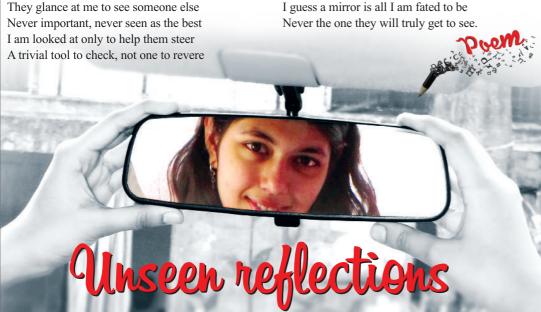
Pic: Shantam Neogi, XII D | Model: Eshal Ahmad, XI C; AIS MV

Aadya Behl, AIS Mayur Vihar, IX A

I am the rear-view mirror inside a car Whatever the distance, never getting far Never an entity, never my own, but Just a reflection on tempered chrome

They search for the roads fading behind But never pause to look for what is mine I am a silent watcher, steady and near And yet all they do is change the gear

Objects in the mirror are closer, they say I wish they would notice me someday I guess a mirror is all I am fated to be



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

page 10?

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