

Chronicles of the wizards

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Standing atop the majestic Magic Tower, Elder Wizard Nigellus gazed out upon the city's panorama of steel and glass, where lush greenery had been ruthlessly sacrificed at the altar of technological progress. The urban sprawl stretched out like a metallic canvas, interspersed by towering skyscrapers that seemed to defy gravity. Superhumans, oblivious to the wizards living among them, had evolved with extraordinary abilities, their powers blazing in the firmament. Yet, while they were accepted, the wizards remained shrouded in secrecy, their uninterrupted evolving powers of threading spells and runes into the fabric of reality remained concealed for centuries. Nigellus wanted to believe that superhumans would see them as friends, not foes. But doubt clung to him like a shadow. The whispers of the past - the Salem Witch Trials - served as a haunting reminder of humanity's cruelty against wizards. The heavy wooden doors of the

Graphic: Anwesha Sinha, AGS Gur, XI (IBDP)



tower chamber creaked open as his advisors filled into the room. The air was thick with anticipation, their faces set with determination and eyes burning with a mix of urgency and longing. "It's time, Elder Nigellus. Reveal our presence to the world. We can no longer hide in the shadows, pretending to be lesser than we truly are." The words hung heavy with the weight of centuries of secrecy and silence. Kiana spoke up, "We

cannot hide forever, Elder Nigellus. The world is changing and moving on without us." Nigellus's eyes clouded. "You do not understand, Kiana," he whispered, his voice slightly trembling. Kiana's expression softened, but her voice remained resolute. "It is time to come to a decision. We will face that risk together, Elder Nigellus. We owe it to our heritage! For our future. For our existence."

Nigellus turned to face her, his piercing gaze intensified by the flickering candles. "And what about the consequences, Kiana?" he asked, his voice low and measured. "You say that, but what will happen when we reveal ourselves? Do you believe they'll welcome us with open arms?" The chamber fell silent, the weight of Nigellus's words hanging heavy in the air, until Viridian spoke, "Nigellus, the super-

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humans aren't like other humans. They're different. Many of them are outcasts, just like us. If we unveil ourselves now, we can guide them and help them control their powers."

Nigellus's doubts began to fade as Kiana's words ignited a spark within him. "We will rise above the shadows, Elder Nigellus! We'll show humanity our strength, our resilience, and our hearts. It's time to be respected, not feared." Nigellus again stared at the city, its beauty and potential unfolding before him. "Yes, Viridian! Let's believe in a brighter future - one where wizards and humans unite!" The room slowly emptied, leaving Nigellus with a sense of purpose. Wizards had endured the darkness of Salem. Now, they would thrive in the light of freedom. It was time for them to live - truly live - in the light of day.

Read Play and Win 80

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 What is the name of the elder wizard in the story on page 8?	Q.2 Which famous theatre and film actor has been interviewed on page 3?	Q.3 Kellogg's paid _____ USD million to settle a lawsuit for false advertising.
Q.4 Name the period in which Tyrannosaurus Rex existed as on page 7.	Q.5 What is the tagline for autobiography on page 5?	Q.6 What is the headline of the science advertisement on page 4?
Q.7 Project Nutrokids was showcased at _____.	Q.8 Who has conducted the ground reporting on page 10?	Q.9 Name the editor-in-chief of AGS Gurugram.

Name: Class: School:
Results of Read Play & Win-79: Anika Goyal, AIS Gurugram 46, VI A; Deeyanah Jangra, AIS Vasundhara 1, VII C; Aanya Kareer, AIS Mayur Vihar, VIII B

The adventures of a lost sock

Anwesha Sinha, AGS Gurugram, XI (IBDP)

It was once a pair, but now astray
It tumbled out and rolled away
From the dryer, it slipped one day
Lost and lonely, come what may

Sock went drifting down the hall
Beneath the bed, behind the wall
Through a vent, past a rubber ball
On a journey, so strange and small

It found a teddy with a missing ear
A forgotten scarf, so full of cheer
They formed a bond, far and near
All of them lost, but without fear

The sock thought it had no chance
It had holes and tears, a sorry glance
But it found a glove, as if by chance
And they just stitched themselves

Together they made something new

A mitten of sorts, warm and true
Lost and found, they made it through
A purpose now, with something to do

So if you ever find yourself alone
A little lost and a little unknown
Remember how the sock has grown
From a stray to something of its own.

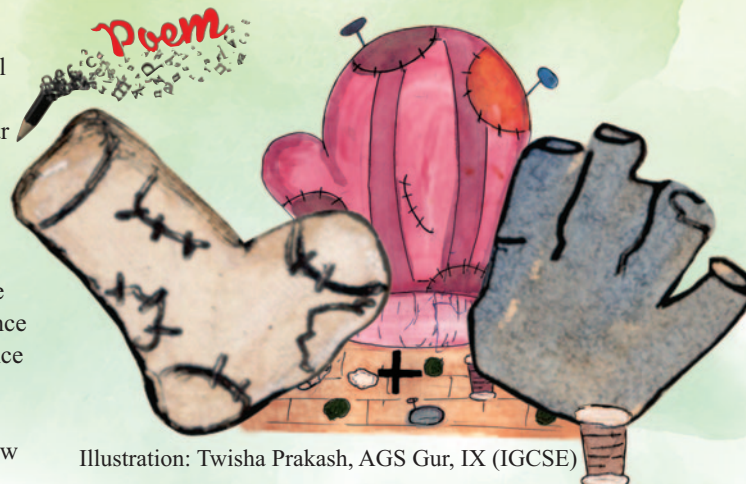


Illustration: Twisha Prakash, AGS Gur, IX (IGCSE)