

The midnight mystery



Short story

Mohammad Ali

AIS VYC Lko, XI C

A long time ago, in the heart of Mexico, stood the quiet town of Lemoyne. By day, it was filled with laughter and sunlight. But at night, the lanterns glowed like fireflies, and whispers spread of a hidden market that appeared only after midnight.

Javier, a curious boy was fascinated by these tales. His parents, like those of his best friend Lavién, strictly forbade them from stepping outside at night. Yet one evening, the boys secretly promised to meet at midnight and uncover the truth themselves.

When the clock struck twelve, Javier slipped quietly out of his

house. But Lavién was nowhere at the meeting spot. Worried, Javier hurried to his friend's house. "Come on," Javier whispered. Lavién hesitated. "Don't tell me you're scared." Lavién jumped down, **wincing** as he landed.

Their footsteps led them to a vast market alive with glowing lights, music, and the scent of spices drifting through the air. As the boys stepped closer, murmurs spread among the crowd until an old man approached them.

"Welcome," he said quietly, "to the Midnight Market." The old man explained that the people there had been trapped by a curse for 15 years, allowed to exist only during the night. The curse could be broken only if an outsider

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found a hidden key locked deep inside a cave beyond the hills.

Determined to help, Javier and Lavién ventured into the cave. They crossed paths, climbed slippery rocks, and pressed forward despite the echoing sounds around them.

At last, a soft golden glow appeared ahead. Resting upon a stone pedestal was a shining key. Javier reached for it carefully and the moment the key was lifted, the ground shook violently.

The boys closed their eyes in fear. When they opened them again, they were standing back in the market. Warm sunlight poured across the streets and the people who had once looked sorrowful now laughed with joy.

The curse was finally broken. That morning, the people of Lemoyne awoke to the story of two brave boys who brought back the first dawn the Midnight Market had seen in 15 years. **GT**

So, what did you learn today?

A new word: Wincing

Meaning: To flinch in pain

It's Me

KNOW ME

My name: Tejas Pathak

My Class: I C

My school: AIS Noida

My birthday: February 3

MY FAVOURITES

Teachers: Swati Goyal

Subjects: English & Hindi

Friend: Avyan Mahajan

Game: Swimming/ Football

Cartoon: Pit & Penny

Food: Traditional Indian savouries and sweets

Mall: I prefer to visit independent eating outlets instead

Book: 101 Moral Stories of Grandpa

MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Listening to music

I like: Flying in an aeroplane

I dislike: When my play time is called off

My role model: Cristiano Ronaldo

I want to become: A pilot

I want to feature in GT

because: I want more people to know about me.



PAINTING CORNER

Saina Dhamija
AIS PV, III D



The nurturing tree

Mamyuna Khan, AIS Saket, XI F

We live in a world full of selfish design
Where ego reigns and love's left behind
Once I stood tall, a tree with giving heart
Serving all, from dawn to night's dark start

I sheltered weary souls from scorching sun
Warded from raging winds, till day was done
In winter's chill, my branches stretched wide
A haven for birds, where they could reside

But they, with axes sharp, cut me down
For their own needs, without any frown
My love and service always went unrepaid
Leaving me to wither, my limbs displayed

They took my wood, to warm their fires
And left me dying, with a heart that tires
Their deception cut deep, like a sharp knife
Leaving me to fear, the cost of my dear life

They taught me well, to beware of care
For loving others, only brought despair



POEM

But still, I stand tall, in memories of old
A testament to love, that once did unfold

We live in a world, of betrayers and pain
Where love and trust are forever lost in vain
Yet, I remain standing tall, a symbol true
Of selfless love, that once shone through

My roots still remain deep in the earth
A reminder for everyone, of love's rebirth
For though they cut, my physical frame
My spirit remains, and love's the same.