

A seed of memory



The neighbourhood boys spotted it too; they pointed at it from rooftops, whispering plans. His little sister Tara begged him to pluck it.

Then came the storm. Aarav woke up to windows **clanking** under fierce winds. At dawn, when the storm finally settled, he rushed to the backyard. The tree still stood, but the mango was gone. Rain clung to leaves like tears as he stared up at the empty branch. Something glinted in the wet grass. The mango lay untouched. The tree had shielded it through the night. Aarav lifted it into his palm, felt its warmth, and held it to his chest. That afternoon, he and Tara shared the mango. Their laughter rose like bright melody returning to the garden. Later, Aarav saved the seed and planted it outside by the kitchen window. "Think it'll grow?" Tara asked. He smiled, "If we're lucky." In that seed, a new memory had been planted, stitched with sweetness, laughter, and love. **GT**



So, what did you learn today?

A new word: Clanking

Meaning: A sharp, brief, and often harsh sound

Raj Chandra, AIS Vas 1, XI A

The mango tree in the backyard had always been an unspoken part of Aarav's childhood. It wasn't just a tree; its branches welcomed laughter, scraped knees, and stolen naps in its cool shade. It held more daydreams than Aarav could ever count. But that year, everything felt quieter. His grandmother passed away in March. And though the house still carried the familiar hum of the ceiling fan, the scent of old books, and the soft rustle of the morning newspaper, something vital was missing. Her gentle voice, warm, low, and bright as sunshine, no longer floated through the kitchen. One day, Aarav noticed that the tree had borne a single mango; a lone,

golden fruit, gleaming like a jewel. The neighbourhood boys spotted it too; they pointed at it from rooftops, whispering plans. His little sister Tara begged him to pluck it. "Before someone else does!" she insisted. But Aarav couldn't. It felt sacred, as if it wasn't just a mango but a message. His grandmother always said that mangoes carried memories in their sweetness. "Bite carefully," she'd tease. "You might taste last year's laughter." One humid afternoon, he climbed up the branch. The wind stirred gently, and for a moment he thought he heard her humming again, an echo finding its way home. After that, he visited often; sometimes with Tara, or simply to sit and remember. The mango swayed quietly, waiting.



The sub crunch

Shravya Arora
AIS Saket, II B

Ingredients

Sub sandwich bread bun	1
Iceberg lettuce leaves	2-3
Cucumber slices	4
Tomato slices	3
Onion rings	4
Jalapeno slices	4-5
Slices of paneer	4
Cheese slice	1
Chipotle mayonnaise	1 tbsp
Barbecue sauce	1 tsp
Sweet onion sauce	1 tsp
Salt and pepper	to taste

Procedure

- Slice the sub sandwich bun in half.
- Spread chipotle mayonnaise on the bottom half.
- Then, lay down the iceberg lettuce to cover the base.
- Arrange cucumber, paneer, tomato, and onion rings in multiple layers.
- Now, drizzle barbecue sauce and sweet onion sauce over the veggies.
- Sprinkle salt and pepper as per your taste.
- Add jalapeno slices to it.
- Then at the very top, add a slice of cheese.
- Put the other half of the bun on top and close the sandwich. Serve fresh!

It's Me!

KNOW ME

My name: Siddhi Jain
My class: III B
My school: AIS Pushp Vihar
My birthday: August 1

MY FAVOURITES

Teacher: Principal ma'am & Komal ma'am
Subject: Maths
Friend: Advika
Game: Swimming, cricket, and yoga
Cartoon: Masha and the Bear
Food: Bottle gourd with rice
Mall: Select Citywalk, Saket
Book: Rapunzel

MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Drawing and colouring
I like: Dancing and travelling
I dislike: Crowded places
My role model: Makeup artist Parul Garg
I want to become: International makeup artist
I want to feature in GT because: I wish for people to know me.

Colouring Fun

Name: _____ Class: _____ School: _____

Outline by: Arnav Verma, AIS VKC Lucknow, XII A

Best entries for Colouring Fun

Dated: July 6, 2026

Charmi
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Kiyansh Aggarwal
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