

The boy and his tree



Illustration: Aarna Sinha, AIS Vas 1, X D

Shyam was a child of wonder. His world was painted in shades of innocence, and his heartbeat moved to the rhythm of the world. Yet, he did not have anyone to call a friend. One afternoon, a flicker of green on the red, barren ground caught his eye. A closer look introduced him to a tiny sapling, struggling to survive in the sweltering heat of Rajasthan. A surge of tenderness washed over him. He knelt, his small hands cupping the delicate stem. In that moment, a silent promise was made. He would save this life, watch it grow, and share with it the journey of life.

He dug a new home for the sapling. As he filled the hole, he whispered dreams and hopes into the soil for his tiny friend. The sapling stood tall, its first leaves unfurling like emerald banners in the wind. Days turned into weeks, painted with the colours

of Shyam's care. He spoke to the tree in a voice that resembled a gentle melody. He sang lullabies as the sun dipped below the horizon. The tree responded with silent but sturdy growth, its branches reaching for the sky like outstretched arms. Seasons changed, and so did the tree. In spring, it was tender green, a promise of life. Summer transformed it into a lush canopy. Autumn turned it golden, and winter left it bare. Through it all, Shyam was there, his care and warmth never faltered in a world that is constantly changing.

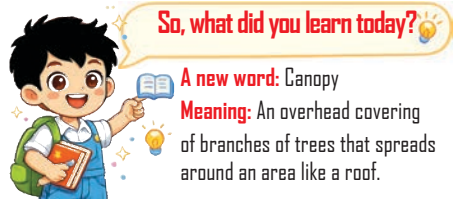
As years passed, the boy made many friends, but his bond with the tree remained strong. The tree was no longer just a plant; it grew taller than Shyam! Its roots ran deep into the soil of Shyam's heart, and its branches touched the sky of his dreams. Under its shade, Shyam found peace. Through

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the power of a child's love, a tiny sapling blossomed into a towering oak of friendship. And so, they grew together, the boy and his tree, offering a home to countless creatures in return, making new friends.

One stormy evening, Shyam sought refuge beneath the sprawling oak. A bolt of lightning struck the ground nearby, but the tree, as if protected by magic, absorbed the shock, leaves shimmering in the thunderlight. He realised then - the tree's gift extended beyond mere companionship; it was a magical shield. Their bond deepened, and the tree became like a guardian to Shyam, while his love was the gentle rain nourishing the tree's soul. Their friendship became a legend whispered in the wind. **GT**

As shared by **Adhiraj Pratap Singh**
AIS Vasundhara 1, IV A



POEM Silent witness

Naivedya Kumar Sethi
AIS Gurugram 43, IX C

A silent witness, a mirrored face
Reflecting truth, a fleeting grace
A captive soul in glass confined
A universe within a mystic mind

It sees entirety - the in-between
Joy, sorrow, and the silent scene
A faithful friend, a constant guide
Revealing secrets hidden inside

A portal for the self - unknown
Mystical realm, shadows groan
It shows the true facade, a mask
All fake replies, whatever you ask

A silent judge, without a sound
Observing keenly the life around
A timeless truth, a cosmic sight
A mirror to the soul, day and night

So gaze upon its surface bright
Find yourself with smiles and fright
For in its depth a mystery resides
The enigma of self it never hides.

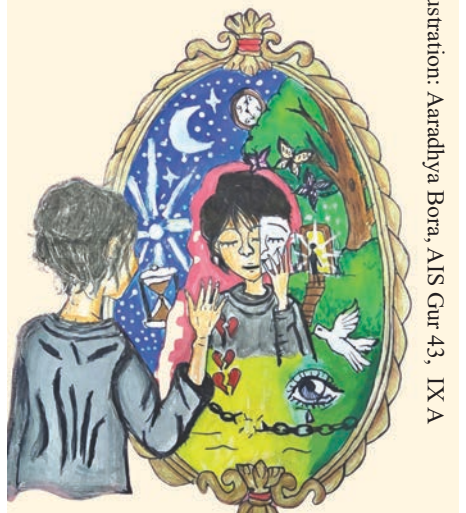


Illustration: Anandhya Bora, AIS Gur 43, IX A

It's Me!

KNOW ME

My name: Kanishk Singh Bedi
My school: AGS Noida
My Class: PI
My birthday: September 5

MY FAVOURITES

Teacher: Nidhi ma'am
Subject: Maths
Friend: Hridaan
Game: Basketball
Cartoon: We Bare Bears
Food: Homemade pizza
Mall: DLF Mall of India & Dubai Mall
Book: The Gruffalo by Julia Donaldson and Axel Scheffler

MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Colouring, solving puzzles, and building blocks
I like: Hiking and skateboarding
I dislike: Pickles, lettuce, and bullies
My role model: My uncle
I want to become: An IPS officer
I want to feature in GT because: I want everyone to learn about me.

Painting Corner

Painting by: **Rebecca Angel**, AIS Vasundhara 6, VII E

Jokey Pokey

Sehej Kapur, AIS MV, VIII D

Q. Why don't scientists trust atoms?
A. Because they make up everything.
😄😄😄

Q. What do you call a bear with no teeth?
A. A gummy bear.
😄😄😄

Q. What's a math teacher's favourite place in New York?
A. Times Square!
😄😄😄

Q. Why did the student sit on top of his homework?
A. He wanted to work under pressure.
😄😄😄

Q. Why don't elephants use computers?
A. They're afraid of the mouse!
😄😄😄