

The YES heaven

Arunabh Sinha, AIS VKC Lko, IX A

Max had always dreamt of a far-away wonderland, a place where his family and friends could live in peace, untouched by crime or conflict. For him, that was true heaven. But even at twelve, Max knew life's reality was full of distrust and corruption. His heaven soon became a distant fantasy. Disheartened, he cried himself to sleep one night, wishing the world were different.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a vast meadow with lush greenery, towering mountains, gleaming lakes. Ahead stood a picturesque village with a sign that read 'Yes Village'. Captivated, Max decided to explore this strange, welcoming place. The villagers greeted him warmly, their smiles glowing under the sun. Whenever he asked for anything - directions, water, a helping hand, the answer was always the same: 'Yes.' It felt magical at first. No arguments or anger, just harmony. Children laughed freely, the air smelled of dew and hope, and for the first time in years, Max felt at peace. Days flowed by in serene rhythm, until one morning, he spotted a man struggling with a sack of grain. When Max offered to help, the man smiled and thanked him, but his voice betrayed something deeper.



Wisdom Tale

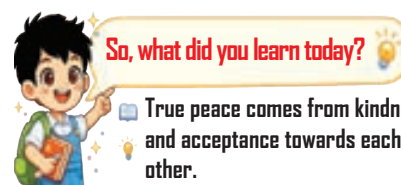
Puzzled, Max asked a young woman if she got tired of always saying yes. After a long pause, she whispered, "We don't have a choice." The words unsettled him. That night, he couldn't sleep. When morning arrived, Max wandered to the village square, where a white stone statue smiled down at him. The plaque beneath read: 'Peace through obedience'. A cold shiver ran through him. He questioned others, but everyone avoided his gaze. Finally, an old woman took his hand and led him to the lake. "Once, we fought over everything," she said softly. "Anger destroyed us. So, we learned to always agree.

When morning arrived, Max wandered to the village square, where a white stone statue smiled down at him. The plaque beneath read: 'Peace through obedience'.

Now, there is no hate, but no freedom either." Suddenly, the beauty around him felt lifeless. The sunlight seemed dimmer, the laughter mechanical, and even the air felt heavy. Max understood the village's peace came at the cost of its soul.

He looked into the lake, his face reflecting back at him.

"No," he whispered. Instantly, the whole world around him blurred and then completely dissolved. Max woke in his own bed. Outside, the world was imperfect but alive. Yet, this time, he smiled. Heaven didn't need to be far away, it could exist here, in every genuine kindness, every courageous 'no,' and every one being brave enough to challenge the world. **GT**



POEM

Illustration: Sahaj Rana, AIS MV, XI C

Liquid gold

Pranshi Mahajan, AIS MV, IX E

From the rain that gently falls
To the streams that softly calls
Endless rivers, pure and clear
Water flowing everywhere
In lakes, and in oceans deep
A treasure we must safely keep

With every drop it can renew
And also nourish me and you
It even quenches thirsty trees
Bringing life to birds and bees
It is a crucial lifeline for crops
Growth resides in all its drops

Let us cherish and always care
For water present everywhere
It's a resource we must preserve
As it's the lifeblood we deserve
Heed the importance it holds
Without water no life upholds.

It's Me!

KNOW ME
My name: Pahi Sinha
My Class: P1
My school: AGS Noida
My birthday: July 10

MY FAVOURITES
Teacher: Garima ma'am
Subject: Mathematics
Friend: Ananya
Game: Football
Cartoon: Spider-Man
Food: Burger
Mall: DLF Mall of India
Book: Art and craft books

MY DREAMS AND GOALS

Hobby: Dancing
I like: Going to play area
I dislike: Sleeping
My role model: My dad

I want to become: An astronaut
I want to feature in GT because: I want to make more friends.

Colouring Fun

Name: _____ Class: _____ School: _____

Outline by: **Palak Verma**, AIS VYC Lucknow, XII A
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Best entries for Colouring Fun

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