

Twenty out of the last twenty two years have been the warmest years on record.

All the top quotes have been contributed by Kadambari, AIS Vas 1, VII C



Love to hate you

There Are A Million Things That We Love, And A Thousand We Love To Hate

Resham Talwar, AIS Saket, X C

With the sun shining and the birds chirping, the world proves to us that there are millions of things to be appreciated, but our focus remains on the things that get on our nerves, test our patience, and trigger the inner Hulk. What else can be done? Hate, too powerful of an emotion, deserves to be felt, too, and we already have the list ready of all our archnemeses.

#Ummm..ummm

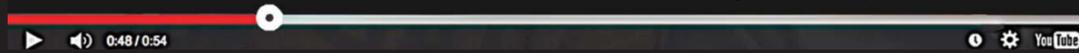
For the days your ideas remain scattered in your mind but disagree to make sense, hatred runs in your veins instead of words that could have made you the next Shakespeare. The worst part is when you cannot think of words even to describe your frustration over not being able to think of words. How do I function now?

#IHateMondays

I hate Mondays? No, no, no. I just love when the alarm rings at 6 am and tells me to dodge the blankets and face the music. I love it when I can no longer sit in my sweatpants and binge watch my favorite shows. I just love forcing myself to give up



Graphic: Kumar Aryan Saxena, AIS Saket, X B



my lethargy and to be productive. Oh, how I love Mondays!

#EverydayI'mBuffering

What better time to admire the walls of your home than when you want to finish an assignment and the Wi-Fi is slowly testing the Buddha in you? Try switching the router off and on, shaking the wires, repositioning it, and if none of this works, just throw it in the garbage

where it rightfully belongs.

#ErrorNotDelivered

Sending 50 messages in a row? Oh, you mustn't be familiar with the cruelty of that one message that carries all the important information and would refuse to be delivered. Your friend better don on the Sherlock cap because it is time for them to solve a mystery. Dear Text Messages, if you do not deliver any time

soon, I'll have to send a raven to do the job. *Writes lol on a sheet of paper and posts it*

#DiwaliOnASunday

The world went through the big bang and years and years of evolution only for us to end up in a civilisation where festivals fall on a Sunday. Yes, please, festivals, rob me of an off day. It is not like I enjoy relaxing at home. Long weekends

really do get the best of me and I miss being at work! Oh please, festivals, fall on a Sunday every year!

#InkNeededInkNeeded

It is 10:59. The time for the submission is 11:00 but all your printer does is make weird noises and demand purple ink when you want a black and white print. Pressing all the fancy buttons on your laptop does not help either, so you, after accepting defeat, shut your laptop down only for the printer to finally begin doing its job and throwing a blank paper in your face. Insulted? Oh, I've seen worse.

#RedAlertRedAlert

Your last assignment of the day is almost done and before you could press ctrl+s, the laptop shows 1% battery. You race across the room to get the charger, but it's too late. No one could've imagined this sorrowful ending for the hardworking laptop which slaves away perhaps 30 hours a day.

As much as we love to hate these very irritating episodes of our daily life, they play the role of the antagonist in our movie and are the essential spice to the otherwise bland mix of life.

Graphic: Aditya Doomra, AIS PV, XI D



A night at the museum

When Everyone Sleeps, Art Comes To Life

Dhairya Chaudhary, XII C & Deeksha Puri, XI F, AIS PV

After a long day at work, the museum keeper was headed home. Suddenly, he remembered that he had forgotten his house keys in his office. He rushed back to the gallery. It seemed as if there were voices coming from inside the museum. A shiver ran down his back as he noiselessly peeped into the room. The museum was alive.

Mona Lisa rolled her eyes and put her hands over her ears. The keeper was shocked to see her show emotion. "There are other people who are not quite as devastated, consider their presence!" she screamed at The Scream. All eyes fell on her. The thirteen members seated for The Last Supper began whispering in hushed voices

and praying for Mona Lisa's soul. Girl With A Pearl Earring, dubbed the Dutch Mona Lisa who made every effort possible to differ from the original, and spoke, "Just because you've spent your life comfortably does not mean everyone has lived like you." Mona Lisa turned up her nose, but no one noticed because the spotlight had been stolen by Picasso's abstract and the entire room fell silent. Mona Lisa stuttered in shock, "Y-y-our f-f-ace. W-what happened? Someone, please take her to the hospital!"

Girl With A Pearl Earring looked around frantically, "Good God, there has to be a doctor somewhere here!" She turned to The Last Supper "There are twelve of you, one has to be a doctor!" The American Gothic couple looked at each other. The husband was a doctor but decided to continue judg-

ing the rest of the paintings silently, the abstract didn't really need help according to him, it had been born like that. His wife nodded her approval. Virgin On The Rocks and the Vitruvian Man had gotten into a brawl by then as she wanted him to cover himself. The room was in chaos. "Silence" came a voice, "Can you all calm down? I'm already devoid of one ear, would you prefer if I was deaf altogether?" It was none other than Van Gogh's self portrait with one ear standing in the doorway.

"Sorry Mr Gogh, we won't go-gh around making noise," said Mona Lisa as the scene erupted in laughter, even the old man smiled at this wordplay. The keeper couldn't stop smiling at these paintings and decided it was best that this exchange remains a secret, and locked the doors of museum. 🇮🇳

GT Travels to Canada



Aradhya Vasisht, AIS Noida, I K poses with her copy of The Global Times in front of Niagara falls. Niagara is the collective name for three waterfalls: Horseshoe Falls, the American Falls and the Bridal Veil Falls, that straddle the international border between the Canadian Province of Ontario and the American state of New York. They form the southern end of the Niagara Gorge.

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