

ISSUE ONE

JANUARY 2024

# the Junior

Trumpet

a digital magazine for young talent

كلمتي يا وطن









# NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Each year and each sunrise brings us an opportunity to be grateful. It reminds us to be kinder, better at what we do, and how we treat one another. A reminder to not lose sight of our goals and dreams but also remember not to be harsh on ourselves when we falter and fail. As we stand on the starting line of 2024, we know just like us, each of you, The Junior Trumpet blowers, is thankful for all the valuable gifts and lessons that 2023 brought. Yes, the last few months have been filled with turmoil, and one can only hope and pray that the times ahead bring peace to the world. What can we do? We can keep all those in pain in our prayers and send them strength in the best way we can. We can also allow ourselves to look forward to this New Year. We can work towards thoughts of peace, kindness, and promises for what 2024 will bring.

We wish you and your loved ones a Happy New Year. We're thrilled to connect with you with the debut edition of The Junior Trumpet, and the cover for the edition shows that there is no bigger joy, gift, and skill you can provide yourself than that of reading and writing. And it reminds us of the words by Dr. Seuss: The more that you read, the more things you will know. The more that you learn, the more places you'll go. We hope you can fill your year with words, and we can play our tiny part in there.

As for us, we're optimistic that our inbox filled

with your poems, stories, artworks, and more will make The Junior Trumpet only shine brighter as we go along. The edition is filled with your love for the UAE, fiction stories with strong messages, promises to do your bit for the planet, competitions for you to win, poetry from you to make one wonder, artworks that speak of immense talent, and more. And we hope you enjoy reading the first edition as much as we loved creating it for you! Write with us as you attempt the Let's Imagine section, and yes, The Junior Trumpet Wall is yours to fill up.

We're eager to hear from you, and we encourage you to own this space and colour it with your thoughts.

Until we meet next, keep reading, shining, and creating.

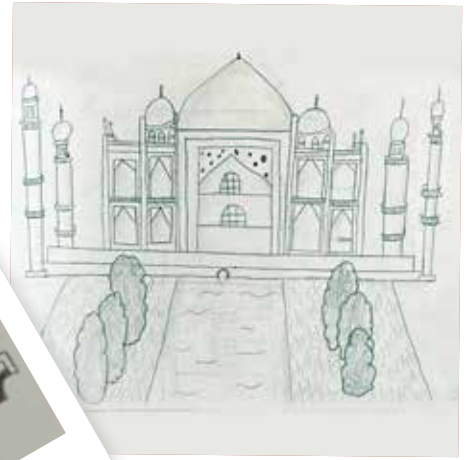
**PURVA**

EDITOR,

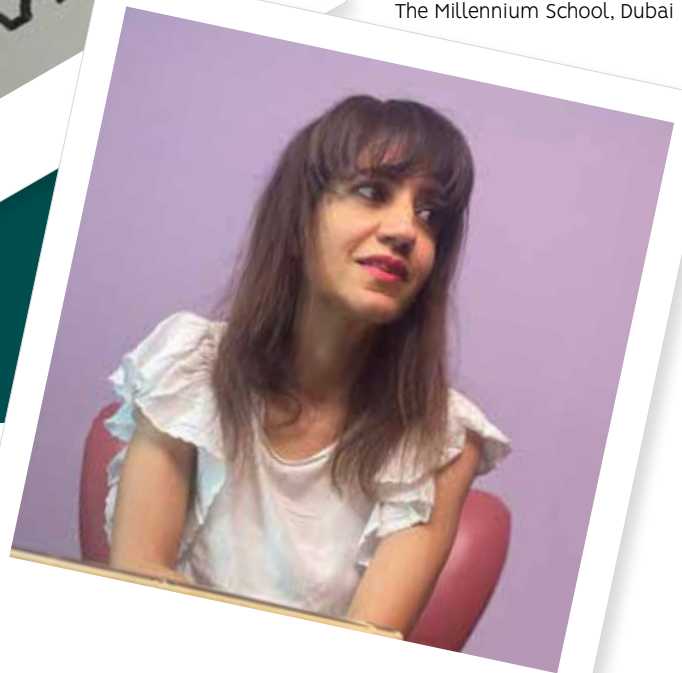
THE JUNIOR TRUMPET

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## HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

Are you ready to showcase your creativity and let your imagination soar? We are thrilled to invite all budding artists, poets, writers, and storytellers to contribute to THE JUNIOR TRUMPET! This is your chance to see your work published and shared with the world.

### What can you submit?

- **Artworks:** Drawings, paintings, sketches, and more!
- **Poetry:** Express your feelings and thoughts in verse.
- **Articles:** Share your insights, opinions,

or interesting facts.

- **Stories:** Create captivating tales that transport readers to new worlds.

### How to submit:

Choose your best work.

Scan or take a high-quality photo of your creation.

Write a short bio about yourself, including your name, age, class, and school.

Email your submission and bio to [editor@theindiantrumpet.com] with the subject line "Young Talent Submission."





**Khwahish Punjabi**  
Delhi Private School, Sharjah

# THE SUPERPOWER

**Khwahish Punjabi**  
Delhi Private School, Sharjah

When I think of the word 'superpower,' the first thing that strikes my mind is the abilities and skills of a person, which can be an advantage in finding solutions and solving problems. In this world, meanwhile, when everyone looks up to the youth for better future development, they (the youth) tend to be oblivious to their youthful superpowers. But if they're allowed to express themselves, they can gain awareness about their superpower and earn recognition. In this essay, I want to highlight my youthful superpower, ingenuity. My conception of ingenuity is being creative, innovative, and expressive.

Creativity is a medium that I use to express my individuality and artistry, which includes my perspective on different complications that occur socially and environmentally on the planet: it is with the stroke of a paintbrush on a vacant canvas, the hues and shades of pencils, or simply by noting down words and phrases on a blank

page or an online sheet. I firmly believe that each movement of my brush or pen can spread awareness and find a solution in the world.

In this generation, using new methods and ideas in a technological aspect has dramatically impacted the human domain in the world. I believe that my youthful ideas and the way of executing them will create a positive impact on the world. My way of innovation starts from an empathetic perspective, including analysing the problem and the various people affected by it. My mindset borders idealism and pragmatism, which benefits theoretical solutions and efficient prototype development with an understanding level of my age.

I know my voice, and I do not fear sharing it. It is the supremacy of youth that we do not fear judgement or downfall; we are spontaneous and daring. I use my voice as a platform to share my solutions and express my outlook on the issues. I have a powerful voice, which will impact the audience I face. Another attribute of





**“I FIRMLY  
BELIEVE THAT  
EACH MOVEMENT  
OF MY BRUSH  
OR PEN CAN  
BRING A CHANGE”**

---

my youthful superpowers is my openness to other ideas, allowing me to discuss ideas that benefit all. I do not let loose any opportunity that can positively influence the people, technological systems, social rules, and the environment.

Today's big problem is people's weak footsteps towards accomplishing the Sustainable Development Goals. It is believed that we will achieve them by 2030. Still, with the current rate we are working towards and the damage we are encouraging economically, socially, and environmentally, we may need more voices and hands to make an impact. , With my youthful superpower, I want to raise awareness worldwide. If I strive to work hard and continue empowering people, significant steps will be taken collectively towards the goals. I want to use the aspects of my ingenuity in different ways to express knowledge on various issues that are part of the Sustainable Development Goals. However, one person with his/her youthful superpower alone cannot make a difference. It also depends on other people around the globe to create a practical impact. The positive difference my superpower can make is to change the mindset, alert humans of the issues, and start walking to greater paths toward a better future.



# MY QUIRKY FAMILY

AARNA MALHOTRA  
Citipointe College, Brisbane, Australia





Ladies and gentlemen, brace yourselves for a tale of family gatherings that make a comedy show look like a peaceful meditation retreat! Most folks associate family get-togethers with tranquillity but let me assure you, in my household, it's more like a chaotic circus.

Picture this: My posh aunt enters the scene, greeting us elegantly, "Hello, darlings, how have you been?" You might think this is the start of a disaster, but trust me, it's just the tip of the comedic iceberg. My twin cousins, Ayan and Samira, are expert pranksters, but they have a singular target in mind – yours truly. Why? Because they know I'm an easy mark due to my lack of preparedness.

But this time, I had a secret weapon – I'd binge-watched an anti-pranking tutorial on YouTube the night before. So when Ayan extended his hand for a friendly handshake, I mentally reviewed my arsenal of pranking defences. Unfortunately, all I could think about was how badly I wanted his taco-shaped hat. My survival instincts kicked in, and I decided to size up his hand. The width seemed about right, so did the length. I shook his hand confidently, but then I remembered my anti-pranking training, too late! BUZZZ! I got electrocuted, and my hand started twitching uncontrollably. Why is it that I only remember things after I desperately need them?

Seeing my awkward situation, my mom suggested I show my cousins my room. While her intentions were good, she unwittingly made things worse. My cousins gave me an intimidating look that screamed, "We have countless pranks waiting for you." As I ascended the stairs, I tried to signal for help from my aunt. Either she was too engrossed in discussing frilly dresses with my mom or she desperately needed glasses.

Thankfully, my grandparents swooped in like superheroes just before Samira pied me in the face. I rushed downstairs to welcome them, and my grandma called me "sweetie pie," pinching my cheeks. Ordinarily, I wouldn't mind, but my cousins erupted into laughter, recalling the time they put a cat on my head. Did I mention I'm terrified of cats? My grandma quickly silenced them, referring to them as "things one and two." I struggled not to laugh, contemplating how I'd ended up in this hilarious family circus.

Let me introduce you to my grandpa, the creator of the world's most disgustingly famous potato salad. We all pretend to enjoy it, but deep down, we suspect he makes it just to torment us. But as bad as he is, my uncle takes the cake. He walks in with a British accent and a stern gaze like a detective letting a criminal slip through his fingers.

However, deep down, he's a jolly fellow. Once, during a family gathering, he devoured an entire pineapple in a single bite, leaving the twins awestruck and me utterly repulsed. I couldn't help but wonder about the spiky journey it must have taken down his throat. But the worst part was when we were playing tennis, and the ball fell into the pool. Without hesitation, he cannonballed into the water to retrieve it. The kicker? The ball was just on the pool's edge, easily within arm's reach!

After hearing all these uproarious family gathering stories, I'm sure you'll agree that my family is, without a doubt, the quirkiest bunch you've ever encountered.

THANK YOU FOR ENDURING MY COMEDY ORAL PRESENTATION!



# Let's Imagine

What could happen if all the shoes in the world were the same size? We can't wait to receive a few imaginative submissions from you. Email your submission and bio to [[editor@theindiantrumpet.com](mailto:editor@theindiantrumpet.com)] with the subject line "Let's Imagine Submission."







## RIPPLES TO SUSTAINABILITY

Faseeha Abubaker

St. Mary's Catholic High School, Dubai

Shrinking —  
Are the ice sheets  
of the Arctic?  
Or the mind,  
Devoid of concern?  
The labyrinth we are  
destined to battle,  
Determines the survival of  
not us—  
but us,  
from which life shall spring forth.  
Exotic conditions,  
unforeseen disasters,  
Is humanity ready to battle  
the worst ever to come?  
Or are we willing to taste the  
agony of our recklessness?  
In the despairing desert of  
dwindling hopelessness --  
Prevails the several drops  
That quench the thirst  
For change.  
From homes to classrooms,  
Wisdom and action,  
Hand in hand weave the  
Tapestry of sustainability.

## THE MAGIC OF MATTER

Mariam Vaid

Dubai Scholars Private School. Dubai

“YOU MAY NOT  
BELIEVE IN  
SCIENCE, BUT  
DON'T YOU  
THINK THAT  
IT'S STRANGE”

You may not believe in science,  
But don't you think that it's strange,  
The amount of matter in our universe,  
It has never slightly changed,  
Every atom that makes up your body,  
Was once a part of something more,  
And every breath you breathe,  
Has been someone else's before,  
Matter may seem mundane,  
But I thought you should know,  
That the makings of your heart,  
Were born fourteen billion years ago,  
There are countless forms of matter,  
In every corner that you look,  
What could've been a shooting star,  
Is now a part of your favourite book,  
So, when you think that science is a myth,  
And matter is insignificant and small,  
Just know that it is a part of you,  
And you are part of it all



Prisha Gautam

School Of Knowledge, Sharjah





## NOVEMBER

---

**Sofia Khan Lohani**

GEMS Our Own English High School, Dubai

Amidst November's murky shroud i ponder do  
i despise my birthday,

or dread the 20th of November?

my skin blazes with smouldering shame

of never truly belonging in this existence's  
cruel game

a deplorable mania grips my weary soul

an endless analysis, a labyrinthine black hole  
doubt upon doubt, i endlessly doubt

the war i've survived, to live with the fallout

I miss your presence more than i can recall

I write poetry for no one listens at all.

This unfathomable battle with my own  
essence no challenge greater defying all  
pretense

the crushing weight of comprehending  
human sight drives me mad as day turns to  
night

Am i wicked, irredeemable, or merely fifteen?

It's November again and now i'll burn sixteen.

## MARVELS OF NATURE

---

**Navni Patni**

GEMS Cambridge International School, Dubai

Each ethereal day, at the rise of dawn,  
When the eternity of darkness has faded.

The gleams of dahlias and honeybees galore,

Near the shimmer and splinters of glowing water  
ablaze.

Cherish the vast dale of evergreen forests,

Before the dusk of apocalyptic twilight, conceals it  
in its threatening gaze.

And swallows the world to give rise to dreary  
landscapes,

In a labyrinth of the copious marvels  
of nature's maze.

## THE JUNIOR TRUMPET REPORTER



# SAVING SANTA

**Avyukt Bhatia**  
Springdales School, Dubai

**O**ur Junior Trumpet blower reports on his experience of attending a 5D Winter Galaxy Show at TODA, Souk Madinat, Jumeirah, Dubai, in December 2023. As a reporter, he experienced the magic of the cosmos and immersed himself in a celestial journey.

The 5D Winter Galaxy show was a masterpiece to watch. The story was about Santa getting kidnapped right before Christmas and the hero making all the efforts to bring Santa back. The best part was when the hero involved the audience in saving Santa; we drove spaceships, travelled galaxies, crossed planets, fought monsters, and finally danced with the elves to get Santa back. My favourite part was when we finally saved Santa, and it snowed!!!



**Avyukt Bhatia**  
Springdales School, Dubai



**Insiya Dholfad**  
MSB Private School, Dubai

# TOBOGGAN RIDE

**Aditi Prashanth**  
GEMS Legacy School, Dubai

Going at the speed of light,  
It makes you wanna hold on with all your  
might, If you dare let go,  
Maybe to the moon, you go!  
Don't dare open your eyes,  
Or look at the mountains – they're nice!  
It will take you very high,  
Maybe even to the sky!  
Zoooop! Down it goes,  
Time to say all your woes!  
And if you're a daredevil like me,  
You can enjoy it with glee,  
Maybe go times two or three!  
(The toboggan ride in Jebel Jais, Ras Al  
Khaimah)



**Jhanvi Dubey**  
Pristine Private School, Dubai



# WRIT DOWN IN HIST'RY?

Iqra Sarfraz  
GEMS Our Own English High School, Dubai



What shall we be, oh mine lover  
At which hour we art but withered  
and old and grey?  
Shall we be writ down in hist'ry  
Or shall we disappareth like the light of day?  
Shall we be as Helen and Paris?  
Whose loveth set afoot a thousand ships?  
Or shall we be like Cleopatra with her Mark?  
Where soul met a soul on lovers' lips?  
Shall we be held apart like Pyramus and Thisbe?  
Sharing kisses through a wall?

Or shall we be like Romeo and his Juliet,  
With loveth at each moment destined to fall?  
Shall we be as Achilles was to his Patroclus?  
Whose touches did pour out the sun?  
Or shall we be Apollo to Icarus?  
A fool fated to burn?  
Oh, mine, lover!  
We shalt be naught but us.  
In our laughter, shame, and glory  
I shalt loveth thee evermore  
As they weaveth tales of our story.

## BE THE JUNIOR TRUMPET AMBASSADOR

Be the Voice of your school; we are looking for enthusiastic and dedicated students to join our team of reporters. As The Junior Trumpet Ambassador, you can share your school community's latest happenings, achievements, and stories. Whether covering school events, interviewing teachers and students, or highlighting noteworthy accomplishments, you will play a crucial role in capturing the essence of life at your school. Email your interest with a sample piece of reportage and bio (including your name, age, class, and school) at [editor@theindiantrumpet.com] with the subject line "The Junior Trumpet Ambassador "









# SAGE ELAYNE

---

**Eman Ahmed Kashif**  
The Oxford School, Dubai

In the tapestry of time, a vision unfolds,  
A tale of unity, where the future is told.  
Hands intertwined, hearts beating as one,  
Together we build a sustainable sun.

Bricks of compassion, mortar of care,  
We construct a world, conscious and aware.  
Nature's whispers guide each thoughtful stride,  
In the dance of progress, where harmony abides.

Beneath the arches of renewable dreams,  
The foundation laid with conscious schemes.  
Wind turbines hum a melodious song,  
Solar panels gleam, a chorus strong.

Seeds of change planted in fertile ground,  
The promise of tomorrow, a resounding sound.  
Forests stand tall, guardians of the air,  
In the symphony of green, a pledge to share.

Rivers run clear, a reflection of grace,  
A mirror of commitment in every embrace.  
Recycled possibilities, a circular flow,  
In the economy of love, our actions sow.

Cities of tomorrow, designed with care,  
Urban landscapes where green tendrils flare.

Pedestrian streets echo with laughter,  
As sustainable echoes ripple thereafter.

Oceans whisper tales of renewal and might,  
In the ebb and flow, a resilient fight.  
Plastic-free waves embrace the shore,  
A promise kept, forevermore.

Together we rise, a community strong,  
A chorus of voices, a collective song.  
For a sustainable future, hand in hand,  
We build a legacy, where ecosystems stand.

In the mosaic of time, our story is spun,  
A testament to what can be done.  
With each mindful choice, a brighter endeavour,  
Together we build a sustainable forever.

## PLAYTIME

---

HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU MAKE  
WITH PLAYTIME?

1 LAY

2 ME

3 AT

4

5

Five lucky young thinkers will win open gym passes from Gymboree. Think, write, and send your entry (JPEG) to [editor@theindiantrumpet.com](mailto:editor@theindiantrumpet.com) before February 3!



## MY HOME

Avyukt Bhatia  
Springdales School, Dubai

My home, the place where I live and love to be, it is a very loving and dear place to me.

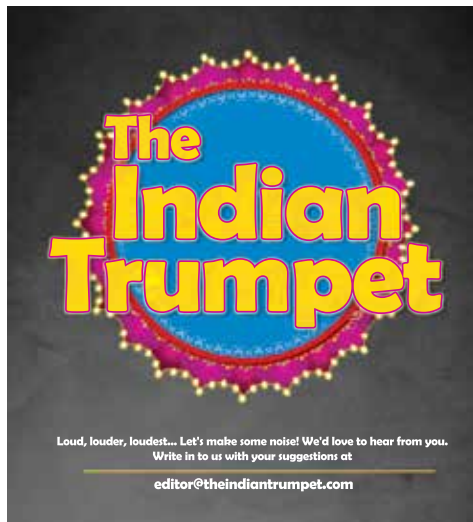
A place that I look forward to after finishing school, My home is full of warmth and yet so cool.

It is a house that is welcoming to one and all, With servings of love and respect to all.

I love to spend time here and play, I grow fonder of my home each day.

Full of joy, blessings, love, laughter and peace, On our bad mood days, we say, "Smile, please, say cheese."

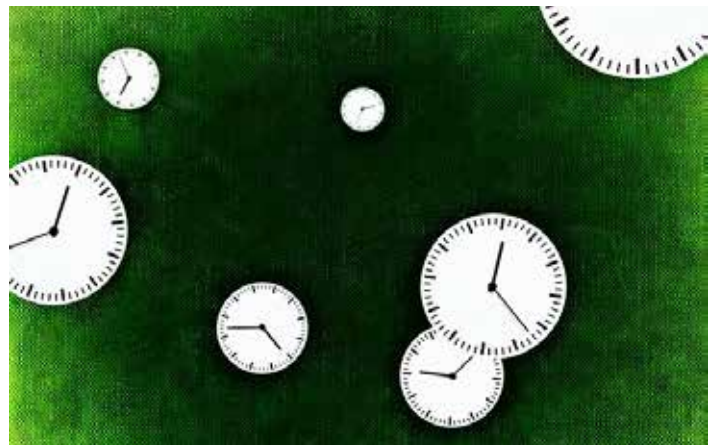
My home is my haven, Being here is like being in heaven!!



## TICK-TOCK

Aamishi Aggarwal  
Jebel Ali School, Dubai

Walls have ears  
And also eyes  
Hiding in the shadows  
Waiting to strike  
Tick-tock, the clock ticks by  
Will they be found  
Before the end of time  
Dreams have meanings  
And stolen signs  
It can only be discovered  
During the night  
What if our nightmares  
Became our lives  
The ones left  
To haunt our sight  
And the buried truth  
Of the unsolved crime  
A mystery folded  
In front of the eye  
And a nervous glance  
Of a passerby  
The man behind  
A terrifying smile  
Betrayal and pain  
Chain of lies  
What is it that faith  
Has yet to try  
A stab in the back  
The puzzle pieces connect  
Will they be found  
Before the end?







# THE RAINBOW

---

**Gowri Kishore**

The Millennium School, Dubai

The candle within me seems to be extinguishing; the fight left within me seems to be withering,  
Blinded by the darkness for eternity; chained to the silence of my inevitable reality,  
I see a rainbow, so faint, so far, waiting for me to drench in its colours,  
But I sit and wear out the pain, catching my death in the palm of my hands.  
These large billowing waves have left feeling me unmoored,  
Can't not tell whether the sun is glistening or burning on my skin,  
A million troubles fleet away above ground; but it all seems meaningless beneath it,  
I've sunken into the soil where I once buried all my anguish, fear and disappointment,  
Yet through it all I still see a rainbow, so faint, so far, waiting for me to drench in its colours,  
But I lay, tangled in the roots that bind me to acceptance of my death in the palm of my hands.

My mind, what once was indescribable now resembles an ashtray,  
Watch my bright eyes as they slowly sink into sleep,  
As time slips by, every reflection of me weaves the same story,  
But my hands are daggers; Can't you see me sinking?  
And my thoughts surround me; Can't you hear them?  
And can't you feel the fear that I always hold onto?  
Don't you know the silence that I've come to know?  
Or the scars that open up my wounded soul?

But I see a rainbow, so faint, so far, waiting for me to drench in its colours,  
It'll bathe me in its light; and wash away all my sorrows,  
It'll stay with me and fight the darkness away,  
But I need to find the way back into my mother's arms,  
That I once traded for pride and neglect,  
The feeling of being my mother's daughter again is what drives me,  
Through the prickly path of our tainted relationship,  
But my rainbow, my mother awaits me, as she has always been,  
And I want to drench in her colours once again.

# THE JUNIOR TRUMPET ART WALL

Unleash your creativity,  
and let your art tell your  
story.

Are you a young artist with a passion for creativity? We want to celebrate your talent and showcase your artworks in the upcoming issues of The Junior Trumpet! Whether you're into painting, illustration, digital art, photography, or any other visual expression, we invite you to submit your masterpieces for consideration. Email your submission and bio (including your name, age, class, and school) to [editor@theindiantrumpet.com]

## HAPPY TOOTING

We're storytellers who happen to  
be on social media.  
Toot along!



LinkedIn, Facebook and Instagram:  
@theindiantrumpet  
theindiantrumpet.com









# ONE DAY, IN THE ELEVATOR

Team  
The Junior Trumpet

“Mamma, I love Sunday mornings,” I giggled. It was nine in the morning. I ate my favourite breakfast at the dining table — pancakes with LOTS of maple syrup! Today, Mamma gave me a pancake in the shape of a tiara. “Because you are our little princess,” she’d said.

I am Sarah, and I live in a VERY tall building in Dubai. “Very close to the clouds.” On Sundays, my school is off, but I don’t sleep in until late on the holiday. “I can’t waste my day sleeping! I have to play.” So, I start the day by playing with the Lego Girls — Olivia, Andrea, and Emma. I brush their teeth and then mine. I comb their hair, too, when Mamma calls me to eat pancakes for brekkie. I take Olivia with me — she’s my favourite. When Mamma is not looking, I lick the syrup off the spoon (in the bottle). Later, she asks me to fetch my school bag. She takes out every notebook and checks if I have any homework on the weekend.

“Yippee, no homework,” I shout and run to wear my sneakers. I have been asking Mamma for high heels for many days, but she says they are for grown-ups only. I can’t wait to grow up.

“Can we go play in the park?”

I have many friends in the neighbourhood and go to their homes for play dates, but I love running in the park. “Can I take my wind

spinner?” I run and get it as Mamma locks the door.

I know how to call for the elevator — you press Up when you have to come home (after school) and Down when you go to the park. I am not allowed to go alone anywhere until I grow up. I can’t wait to grow up!

I live on the 25th floor. On some days, it takes forever for the elevator to come. Mamma says, “You should be patient.” I don’t know how I tell her, and she laughs and hugs me. When the elevator door opens, I see Anna in there. Anna and I are in the same grade. She is on her skateboard. She is always on her skateboard. Mamma said if I were a good girl, she’d get me one for my birthday. “How many days to go for my seventh birthday?” I ask her. “227,” she says. “That’s a LOT!”

“Hi, Anna. Are you going to the park too?”

“No,” she says without looking at me.

“Come, it will be fun. I have brought my wind spinner, too.”

“No,” she says again, without looking at me.

She is chewing a bubble gum. She spits it out in the elevator.

Mamma tells her it’s not good, but she doesn’t look up. Maybe she is in a bad mood.

On the 18th floor, a lovely lady with RED hair enters the elevator. I don’t know her, but she

“CAN I TAKE MY WIND SPINNER?”  
I RUN AND GET IT AS MAMMA  
LOCKS THE DOOR.



“I HAVE BEEN ASKING  
MAMMA FOR HIGH  
HEELS FOR MANY  
DAYS, BUT SHE  
SAYS THEY ARE FOR  
GROWN-UPS  
ONLY. I CAN'T  
WAIT TO GROW UP. ”

---

is so pretty. I smile at her. She is wearing HIGH HEELS. They're silver! I want to tell her that there is gum on the floor, but she steps on it before I can.

Anna giggles. It makes me angry.

"It's hers," I say.

Anna giggles more.

The pretty lady gets sad. She takes out a paper tissue from her SILVER bag. Her bag glitters, too. She uses the tissue to remove the gum from her high heels.

The elevator stops again, this time on the fifth floor. A boy enters with his dog. Mamma tells me it's a Pug. It's short with a funny face. He calls him Walter. He licks my shoes. "I am not afraid of dogs," I tell Mamma.

Then, Walter goes to Anna to lick her shoes as well. She tries to shoo him away. Just then, he pees in the elevator on her boots!

Anna gets very angry.

I begin to giggle — when Mamma tells me not to.

"Your dog has no manners," she tells the boy.

The pretty lady takes out another tissue and gives it to Anna. She asks Anna to read the notice (pasted) in the elevator — Keep the elevator clean for yourself and your neighbours.

Her face turns red. "Sorry," she says.

Mamma tells me I should ask her to come to the park.

"Again?"

This time, she looks up. "Yes," she says.

We run a LOT.









# GOODBYE 2023, HELLO 2024!

**Eman Ahmed Kashif**  
The Oxford School, Dubai

**B**efore closing 2023, let's appreciate ourselves. Appreciate ourselves who have gone a long walk. Thank ourselves for continuing to fight this year. Thank you, 2023, for our long journey and all the incidents that taught us many things.

I want to thank myself for choosing to keep growing, learning many things about life, and being more mature. I want to thank myself for continuing to appreciate the moments that happened and for trying to be a wiser, more patient person, even with various shortcomings, for choosing life with acceptance and love, and for continuing to be who I am while striving to be a better person.

Many dreams haven't been achieved, but I enjoyed this year

because the process was extraordinary. I now see a different world from my point of view. I am no longer living up to other people's expectations and being ambitious. It's okay that only I know of some of my plans and accomplishments, and they don't need to be announced because we don't need validation from others about how and who we are.

Facing various losses and separations helped me redefine my purpose in life. It made me realise that the world is just a stopover. We don't know when our life on earth will end. Therefore, I want to be more helpful in my life. Spending my time in the world, learning more, and being more meaningful about things. This year, I became closer to God and more appreciative of my process without worrying about how things

# “IN 2023, I FOUND MYSELF HAPPIER WITH THE SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.”

would end. I believe that if God is always by our side and when we always try to do good, our lives will continue to flourish with blessings. We only live once in this world, so don't ever waste your time. Even if we don't run, we can make the best of our time even if we walk.

This year, I found myself happier with the simplicity of life, let alone the joy of an introvert. It seemed satisfactory to spend my spare time or weekends reading books, keeping myself away from devices, watching shows with my family, writing articles and poetry, visiting places where I could breathe fresh air, and trying to improve my academic skills. I'm grateful for all of these things.

This year, apart from the many people who left my life, I also met many new people and watched and learned many things from them, especially getting to explore their point of view in life. Sometimes, I find valuable lessons along them that make me even more motivated to live an efficient life. Some people may also be the reason why I'm sad. However, I find strength in myself because of that sadness, and I want to thank the people who have stayed with me until now. They continue to support me in every stage, whether happiness or sadness. Thank you, fam.

Maybe this year, the people around me have achieved their goals, dream jobs, success, or something else. However, I'm still in the process

of doing that. But that's alright because I believe God has a good plan for my life story. I hope to find my version of success at the right time. Life is a journey, not an endpoint after success. I also realise there is no competition in life because everyone is unique. Nothing is higher or lower. I appreciate anyone I meet without judging them because that's what I'd like for myself, too.

This year, I also enjoyed learning many new things, which I believe will greatly benefit my life in the future. However, there may be more specialists in their respective fields. But after reading the book "The Alchemist" by Paulo Coelho, I realised that it's okay to be a generalist and it's okay to fail. Because in the end, we'll manage to find our true identities anyway. It's all about enjoying the journey life takes us through and learning from it.

Thank you, 2023, and I'm grateful for everything this year. I pride myself on a more mature mind and a stronger self. Thank you for the various surprises on the trip I never imagined. I want to thank myself for always trying to be a good person, no matter my mood or the situation.

God knows our process was great this year. We can go through the bitter and sweet and grow more powerfully in the upcoming years. Hopefully, what we wanted that has yet to be achieved will be ours soon enough.

Goodbye 2023.

## CHEERIO 2023!

Niveditha Rajesh  
Amrita Vishwa Vidyapeetham, Tamil Nadu, India

Given me a lot more,  
Making the days equally colourful and adoring,  
Missing the major tails of my body,  
But still could make up to the core;

Given me a lot more,  
Counting the blessings that I received,  
Embracing the moments I had  
Hard to express them in a stretch.

Given me a lot more,  
Resolutions are on the way,  
Unaware what to do to welcome the bells,  
But still, I'm happy to move to the next bridge.

Ring ring!! Christmas is on the way,  
Santa is gearing up to see the people,  
With lots of presents and rejoices.







# NEW BEGINNING

Nyza Ayisha T.K

GEMS Our Own English High School, Sharjah – Girls

Ayisha slowly opened her blurry eyes, her body shivering with cold as the sound of beeping machines filled her ears. Her curious gaze wandered, and it dawned on her that she was in a hospital.

“Congratulations, Ayisha! This is a new beginning for you,” a voice proclaimed. Ayisha struggled to recollect the events that had led her here. It had been a scorching afternoon when Ayisha was jolted awake by a loud explosion. Startled, she screamed as her ears reverberated with the thunderous noise. Her instinct drove her downstairs to investigate. Outside, she was met with a chaotic scene of people fleeing in terror, and it became clear that a bomb had gone off. Panic consumed her as she desperately searched for her parents amidst the chaos. Just as another loud sound echoed, Ayisha lost consciousness.

When she awoke, she found herself in a refugee camp, her arm throbbing with pain, its movement restricted by a large bandage. Soon, the sound of weeping reached her ears, and there, beside her, were her parents, trying to offer her comfort. It became apparent that something serious had happened to her arm, leading to a series of consultations with numerous doctors in the following days.

Finally, one doctor suggested the possibility of a hand transplantation. It marked the beginning of an arduous journey for her family as they embarked on the quest to find a suitable donor. Her thoughts were interrupted by the familiar voice of the doctor, who said, “Ayisha, you can now do whatever you want, just like before.”

She attempted to express her gratitude but could not utter a word. After months of rehabilitation, Ayisha was discharged from the hospital. With her new hand and a newfound appreciation for life’s fragility, she was determined to make the most of her second chance. She enrolled in art therapy, discovering her talent for painting! Her artwork became a source of inspiration, and she began exhibiting her pieces, using her story to inspire others never to give up.

As the years passed, Ayesha’s journey from that fateful day in the hospital room became an inspirational tale of resilience and hope. She dedicated her life to helping others, sharing her experience, and raising awareness about organ and tissue donation.

Her story touched the hearts of many, and she became a beacon of light for those facing adversity.

In the end, Ayisha realised that her “new beginning” was not just about regaining the use of her hand but also about discovering a newfound purpose and a passion for life that she had never known before. Her journey taught her that even in the face of adversity, the human spirit could prevail with unwavering determination, support from loved ones, and the kindness of strangers.

## A HAIRCOMB

Niveditha Rajesh

Amrita Vishwa Vidyapeetham, Tamil Nadu, India

The bushes around it are riotous  
Long, oval-shaped composition  
When hair strangles in it,  
Creates a sense of desperation,  
Gulping up all my efforts put on,  
Why does it take away all endeavours?  
Just for the sake of replenishment.  
Marie wanders for the untangling bush,  
Embarking the thoughts that dash  
Through the flow of the circulation,  
That creates innovation within ourselves.  
She ponders on her future,  
While bringing happy moments,  
Her mind is moving with the beat,  
Biological processes are producing that,  
Resulting in a change of decision as well.



Vyshvik Ovoor Santhosh  
Ambassador School, Sharjah



# PLANET PLOOTNIK

Vivaan Rana  
The Indian High School, Dubai



A spaceship sat deep inside Max's grandpa's ancient barn, hidden beneath draped cobwebs. Its metallic exterior still held a glow. Five friends, Max, Leo, Ben, Mia, and Joe, couldn't believe their eyes.

"With destiny in our hands, who needs a manual?" Leo declared, fingers dancing over the controls. "Let's see if this thing works!" Leo said, pushing some buttons. Suddenly, they were flying through space.

From here, the tale of their surreal experiences, challenges, and the eerie Giggling ghost of Plootnik unfolds.

Plootnik was a weird place. The sky was green, the trees were blue, and leaves fell from the sky instead of rain! But when they walked into a forest, things got spooky. The trees had faces, and they whispered, "Watch out for the Giggling Ghosts."

Suddenly, their cool spaceship disappeared! And as it got dark, they heard creepy giggling sounds. Out came five ghosts, laughing weirdly. Even though they had funny red noses, their eyes looked really serious.

Mia bravely asked, "Can we get our spaceship back, please?" The ghosts said, "Only if you get the glowing orb from the Cursed Caves."

The ghost acted as a guardian of the orb. The orb, glowing with a mysterious light, represented the significant power of Planet Plootnik. The giant ghost held onto it, not just as a protector but also as a reminder of his past and the adventure he

once had. His sad face suggested he might have been trapped on Plootnik after his quest for the orb went awry. By guarding the orb and setting it as a challenge for newcomers, he might have been trying to test others' courage, ensuring they don't face the same fate as him. The orb symbolised both the magic of Plootnik and the dangers of adventuring unprepared.

They faced scary things in the caves: snakes, giant spiders, and cold winds. But by helping each other, they got past everything. Max remembered a song that made the snakes chill out, Leo shone his flashlight to show there was nothing too scary, Ben made funny faces to make the spiders laugh, and Mia and Zoe hugged to keep each other warm.

Deep in the heart of the cave, they found the orb. It pulsed with sparkling light and seemed to hold the memories of Plootnik within. The giant ghost guarding it revealed he was once an explorer like them. He'd become trapped, his spirit forever tied to the orb, now part of Plootnik's history.

They returned to the giggling ghosts with the orb in hand, and the atmosphere shifted. Seeing the orb, the ghosts allowed the kids access to their spaceship. As they left, the massive ghost's voice echoed, "Thank you."

Five friends' bond was stronger than ever, having faced their fears and understanding the importance of memories and promises. They often shared tales of the eerie Plootnik, ensuring the lost adventurer was never forgotten.



## SOLAR POWER, BIG WIN FOR THE PLANET

in the news

After installing a ground-breaking solar panel-based energy system on the roof of its car parking area, Swiss International School Dubai is the proud winner of 'Solar Project of the Year' at the Middle East Solar Industry Association annual awards. The innovative solar power panels, installed at the school by a local sustainable energy provider for businesses, Yellow Door Energy, during the summer break, will deliver enough power to meet around a quarter of the site's energy needs.

Yellow Door Energy installed 1,366 solar panels atop the car port, covering 200 parking spots at the school. School Head of Operations, Alexander Varghese, says: "We would like to thank the Middle East Solar Association and Yellow Door Energy for delivering us a truly sustainable energy solution, which has given us more silver for our growing trophy cabinet! Our mission to create fully-rounded 21st century global citizens must include high awareness of sustainability. We believe that seeing the solar panels in action – and understanding that they help provide significant power to our school complex– will help pupils keep renewable energy sources front of mind as they step out in the world." Mr Varghese highlighted the school's many environmental initiatives, from saving water to an eco-friendly mud garden.



## STARTING EARLY, THINKING BIG

in the news

Citizens School has announced the launch of its Entrepreneurship Curriculum, an innovative educational programme designed to be age appropriate and meet the learning needs of each age group, starting as young as FS1 (age 3) to Year 8 (age 13). This pioneering initiative is set to redefine how young minds are prepared for the rapidly evolving future of work and business.

At the heart of this initiative is a deep understanding of the demands of the future job market. "In a world where traditional job roles are rapidly changing, we must equip our children not just to participate in the future but to shape it actively," says Dr. Adil Alzarooni, Founder of Citizens School. "Our Entrepreneurship Curriculum is about more than just business skills; it's about nurturing a generation of creators, innovators, and problem solvers capable of building businesses and generating jobs for the future."

Developed in partnership with educators and seasoned entrepreneurs, the curriculum focuses on real-world skills and hands-on learning.

Early years (FS1 to Year 2) emphasise experiential learning and creativity, with a shift to a structured module learning approach from Year 3 to Year 8. The curriculum runs throughout the academic year for each age group, alongside core subjects, forming an integral part of the 38-week learning journey. The curriculum, which includes role-play, case studies, and business projects to enhance learning, gathers entrepreneurial parents and business practitioners to play a crucial role in co-creating and co-delivering the curriculum. This unique set-up brings experience, knowledge, and real-world business context to the learning space.



# COLOUR THE MANDALA!



Two lucky young artists will win family passes (2 children and 2 adults) from OliOli. Send your entry to [editor@theindiantrumpet.com](mailto:editor@theindiantrumpet.com) before February 3!