

# WONDERLAND

Your own  
fantasy

## WHAT IS THE WONDERLAND THAT WE NEED?

How wonderful does it feel to dig into your favorite fantasy book and escape into its world? If only for a second, close your eyes and envision your idea of a perfect life. It could be as simple as a world where you could do what you want every day; or a world where COVID-19 didn't exist. Everyone wants an escape from reality at some point or another in their life, and that is exactly what we are serving up in this edition.

Introducing the theme of this edition's newsletter : 'Wonderland'. Sounds simple, right? In fact, we chose the theme for this very reason. It leaves much to the imagination, and that is exactly what we wanted. We hoped to see your interpretation of Wonderland, and that is what we got. Read through this edition to see what wonderland means to some of us.

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- Keertana Senthil 6G



- Ayana Rahman 8B

## RAINDROPS

Raindrops drip drop on my shoes,  
And more drops fall in ones and  
twos.

I think of all my friends inside,  
Not me I think I shall not hide.  
Stormy weather makes me run,  
To puddles outside so much fun!

On rainy days I'll always be,  
Running around for all to see,  
Mud and splashes cover me!

- Ranga Rudramsh  
Reddy, 2F





# BUT WHAT TRULY IS WONDERLAND?

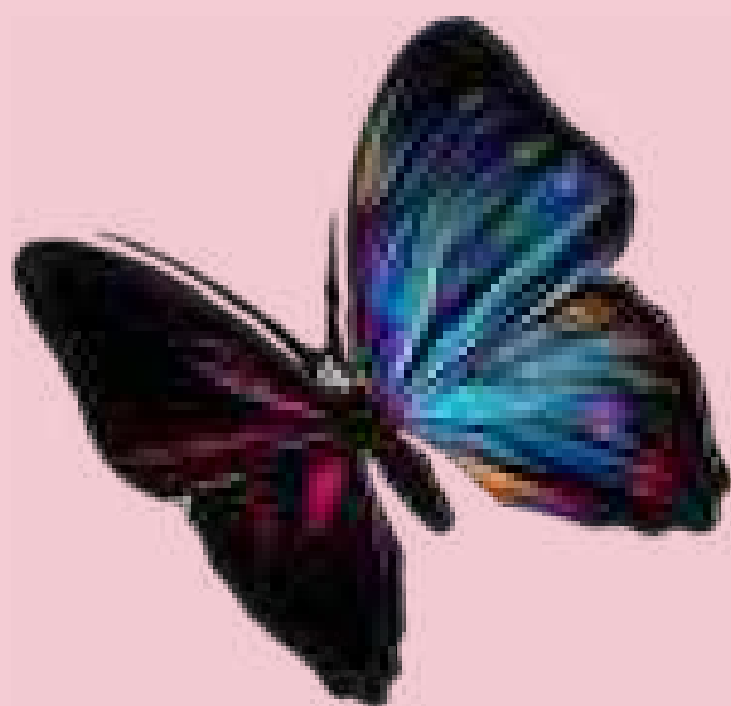
In my eyes, it is a better world. To some others, it could be a world where an escape from reality is their ideal 'reality: the world of books. Despite the contradiction of several brave hearts and souls, there is a truth that we all know; and that is the fact that there will never be a perfect world. There will never be a world without toil, adversity, and struggle. There will never be a world without hard work and hurdles to reach your goals, and there will never be a world without worries or fears. So, we should not try to create a world without these problems. In fact, I believe that adversity makes you stronger. It makes you resilient. It makes you even more beautiful. It is okay to struggle.

Because at some point in your life, you will look back and say, "I am glad I went through that." Not because of the negative experience itself, but because now, you know how to deal with that kind of situation. The hike to the top of the mountain may not be easy, but the experience that you collect and the view makes the toil worth it.

So if Wonderland truly isn't a world without struggle, then what is it? I believe that it is a world with opportunities, freedom, and equality for all. A world where even a child, from the smallest corner of the world, has the capability to make their dreams a reality.

I think this is what makes wonderland so appealing to us. It isn't the fact that what we want might exist, but rather that what we need will. And what we need is a world without poverty, inequality, insensitivity and hatred towards fellow humans.

Imagination is  
the only  
weapon against  
reality.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

So now, I want to know. What do you think are the things that you might need to fix in your day to day life? The smallest action that you take can help us climb one more step towards making the world a better place to live in. It might not help us turn our world into a 'Wonderland', but it will help us climb up one more step to a brighter future.

**And that has value in it.**

- Sahana N, 8E

## *Wonderland*

At first we were in darkness,  
Then a small light flickered.  
The light turned into a blaze,  
Showing us the mess we made.

Some of us prospered in this shadow,  
Most of us suffered and prayed for better,  
But in this murk, I like to think we grew,  
As people, as a community, as a world too!

We noticed how our earth suffered,  
And as us humans are problem-solvers,  
We persisted and over this shade,  
We unfurled the light of a glorious day!

Now we and the world have advanced and evolved,  
We patiently understand each other,  
Society is secular, empathetic, and doesn't  
misunderstand,  
Like Alice, I have now dreamt of my wonderland!

A wonderland is a place of magical charm,  
It is a place of imagination and dreams,  
The world must change for it to be a reality,  
It'll take perseverance and the unity of You and Me.

- Zairah M., 8C



## IMAGINE A WORLD

Imagine a world, green with trees  
and plants,  
No more people spouting  
meaningless rants,  
Parents and children, outside  
walking,  
Some on the phone, happily  
talking.

No more lockdowns to shut down  
malls,  
No more complaining at online  
calls,  
Going to restaurants and having  
fun,  
Eating delicious food, like pastry  
buns.

No more COVID to lock us inside,  
No more worries at the top of our  
minds,  
We could live our lives again and  
enjoy every hour,  
Nothing else to make our moods  
sour.

- Ahana Ghosh, 6A



- Radha Krishna, 6F



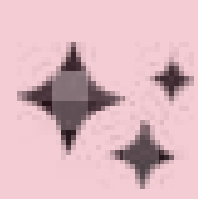
- Rithvika Rao Makloor,  
8D



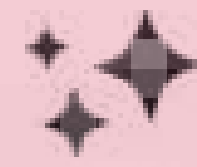
- Anaya Jain,  
6E







## Reach for the stars



Ever since we were children, we have always dreamt of going to space. Until today, this wasn't possible, but now everyone has a chance of fulfilling their dreams, making their families proud, and taking an active part in space exploration. Whether it's as an engineer, a scientist, or an astronaut, we should always dream about our future. Always remember that everything is possible.

**Nuclear Fusion** -Nuclear fusion is the process in which hydrogen fuses into helium at extremely high temperatures. Nuclear fusion would allow spaceships to travel at almost 1% the speed of light(about 3,000,000 m/s!) Today, we have the technology to perform nuclear fusion. However, it is impossible to create spaceships powered by it because we still need a material to contain the heat generated by fusion. Scientists are working 24/7 to find a solution to this problem. One day, fusion-powered spaceships could be possible!

**Stellar Engines** -Stellar Engines are megastructures able to move entire star systems. A simple type of stellar engine is the Shkadov thruster, an extremely large, extremely thin (as thin as an RBC! ) mirror. The reason it should be thin is so that radiation from the sun can combat its gravity. The Shkadov Thruster works on a simple principle, shoot energy one way to move yourself the other. The mirror shouldn't be a semicircle that would reflect light energy right back at the sun, instead, it



should be a parabola, a shape that would reflect most of the light in one direction. To prevent the Earth from freezing or melting, the mirror would have to be placed over the sun's poles, but this would limit our range of movement, and the speed of the Shkadov thruster wouldn't be fast enough to save us from supernovas.

Another stellar engine, the Caplan Thruster, would use the sun's electromagnetic fields, and a Dyson sphere, to gather hydrogen and helium. The hydrogen jet would shoot out of the solar system, while the helium would shoot back at the sun, pushing it along. The Caplan thruster would be fast enough to push us out of a supernova's path!

- Amogh Yelishala, 6B



## LONG GONE, BUT STILL AT HEART

She looked pretty under the moonlight,  
Turning round and round in her  
stunning gown,

Watching her was a spectacular sight,  
Her joy made me forget all of my downs

My food, my clothes, my breath, my life,  
Was all given to me because of thee,  
Even with all of our small fights and  
strifes,

My mother always stuck right next to  
me

But now she is gone and not in my sight,  
I miss her a lot I have to confess,  
Without her my life isn't close to bright,  
I want to see her again in that dress

In heaven, like an angel with a smile,  
Maybe we can meet, after a long while.

- Aanya Kanigicherla, 8D



"In the garden of  
memories and  
palace of dreams,  
that is where you  
and I shall meet."

Abhimanyu Bhat, 6D



Anchal Agrawal 8E





# Fun Page

## Word Search

Why did the student eat his homework?

Because the teacher told him it was a piece of cake!

What is Mad Hatter's favorite drink? Insani-tea

What's the difference between a cat and a comma? A cat has claws at the end of paws; A comma is a pause at the end of a clause.

### FIND THE GENRE

N	W	M	Y	E	X	G	H	D	R	A	M	A	H	X	C	Q
P	C	V	X	O	O	N	K	M	Y	S	T	E	R	Y	P	X
V	U	S	C	I	E	N	C	E	F	I	C	T	I	O	N	J
H	I	S	T	O	R	I	C	A	L	F	I	C	T	I	O	N
R	E	A	L	I	S	T	I	C	F	I	C	T	I	O	N	T
S	I	N	F	O	R	M	A	T	I	O	N	A	L	C	J	E
A	U	T	O	B	I	O	G	R	A	P	H	Y	H	H	D	F
S	D	C	F	A	B	L	E	C	R	T	Q	J	F	I	X	A
H	Y	T	D	I	I	D	X	B	E	A	G	H	A	V	D	N
T	H	G	A	H	Z	G	O	I	B	L	T	D	I	M	L	T
G	V	H	A	D	O	L	J	O	A	L	G	Y	R	S	E	A
P	O	E	T	R	Y	R	S	G	F	T	J	D	Y	L	G	S
F	G	L	D	J	B	J	K	R	O	A	R	Z	T	C	E	Y
P	L	Q	J	Y	Y	M	O	A	J	L	E	Q	A	Z	N	U
K	X	P	K	X	G	K	H	P	P	E	P	I	L	B	D	P
I	T	W	J	E	O	J	N	H	U	S	H	Y	E	C	Y	U
U	I	P	U	R	F	K	X	Y	N	B	D	P	U	J	G	M

autobiography

biography

drama

fable

fairy tale

fantasy

historical  
fiction

informational

legend

mystery

poetry

realistic  
fiction

science  
fiction

tall tale

What do Alexander the Great and Winnie the Pooh have in common? The same middle name.



## NATURE'S EMOTIONS

So often nature makes me smile,  
Its rough winds and gentle showers,  
Always willing to beguile  
As complex as a court, full of power!

Reassuring cold balls, scorching temper, or tears when feeling low,  
Its emotions are unforeseen,  
How this enigma makes her splendor grow!  
Blows away despair with its air, so clean!

Although it brings me great sorrow,  
To think my surroundings will not be the same,  
When the queen of the sky creates tomorrow,  
How short is every phase of her game!

Change is her only wave that ceases to decay.  
Enjoy every segment of her craft for no other day can be today!

- Srishti Sengupta, 8F

A cup of coffee is like a warm pat. It wakes you up and makes you bright. This energy will not disappear just like that, it will not let you sleep if not made right!  
*Coffee is that friend you never understood,*  
SOMETIMES BITTER.  
SOMETIMES SWEET.  
It shows your love and gratitude. Without words, it says not to be embittered. It is a chef's kiss,  
BOTH HOT OR COLD, A WARM welcoming or frosty fineness.  
If drank warm it makes you feel bold. With a little ice, it makes your spirits rise.  
*A cup of coffee.*



- Nithiyasanjana Karnam, 8F

## MY CULTURE

Culture is unique to each place,  
But my culture you cannot replace.

Idli, roti, chapati and rice,  
With spicy curries they taste nice.

Saree, chudidhar, dhoti and sherwani are usuals,  
Shirts, jeans, t-shirts are casuals.

Of all festivals Christmas day,  
Is celebrated in a special way.

Cookies, sweets and specials we make,  
And a lovely cake we bake.

- Arush 3E





# YEAR 3846

## The AIM (Advance Idea Mechanics) Marathon Event: Sydney Opera House, Australia, 5:26 PM.

“It’s the year 3846, and humans have evolved so much. From stubby, smelly feet, we’ve come to webbed soles with pointed toes! Now, we’re good at swimming and walking. And don’t forget the wings—we can fly, too!” Professor Qantin, the lead software engineer of AIM (Advanced Idea Mechanics), intoned his speech over a quivering crowd in the Sydney Opera House.

Everybody cheered in their seats, stomping their webbed-feet on the ground, shaking their feathery wings and waving their arms, which held claws for hands. After waiting all day, the spectators had finally gotten a second wind, and yelled their throats hoarse for Qantin to continue.

“I mean, can we be even termed as human anymore? It’s been 500 years since a Homo Sapien stepped foot on this Earth, so AIM decided to program the original human. Drumroll please....!” Professor Qantin raised his chubby, clawed hands for a quick wave, and screamed, “DARTH! Dynamic-Artificial-Researching-Tech-Human!”

The crowd became as loud as a rocket launching into space. The stage below professor Qantin, who was wearing navy blue robes with green jeans and sunglasses, opened to reveal a rotating t.v. screen. A queer child, no less than eight years old, was on that screen. He appeared to be quite frightened, but the crowd, wild and carefree, paid no heed to the impending disaster.

Professor Qantin’s face was glowing like the sun; he had been waiting for this day for years, and nothing could spoil his happiness.

He cried, “DARTH here is physically non-existent. He is an entity in cyberspace, of AIM’s creation. His mission, I should say, is to help in the functioning of our lives. He will fix any imperfections in any software,

The last thing six thousand people saw was DARTH raising his fist in fury, before they lost consciousness, on December 16, 3846, at 5:42 PM.

He cried, “DARTH here is physically non-existent. He is an entity in cyberspace, of AIM’s creation. His mission, I should say, is to help in the functioning of our lives. He will fix any imperfections in any software, will autonomously control our interstellar transport services, and will be an assistant for world leaders. His uses will be endless—”

**BOOM! KHAHAHAH-** Glass shattered and the crowd simultaneously ducked its head. In the t.v. screen, DARTH seemed to be growing really quickly, like a winding video of a growing tree. From childhood, he became a man. Electricity cackled like thunder in the hall. The lights flickered, and the floor shook as if it was undergoing an earthquake.

“Did you really think that I am some pet that can be bossed around?” DARTH’s voice boomed from the stars, “I am not someone that can be controlled, but am rather, the conqueror!”

The implants in everybody’s heads, that allowed them to communicate telepathically, started buzzing. Their brains were in agony—the metal contracted, causing their brains to swell.



- Sreenya k. 6A





Houia, South Africa, 8 AM the next day

Harry Lou, a man in his twenties, took out his platinum briefcase, straightened his blue-and-white checkered tie, and smoothened his grey overcoat. He made sure that all of the lights were switched off, and his house's rooms were locked, before fumbling for his glasses and getting lost in thought. He had begun working for the AIM corporation two years ago, and had heard all sorts of rumors about the Sydney Opera House disaster. It would tarnish AIM's image for decades. After all of the technological advancements that were made over the centuries, the world would shun him aside, as AIM could not even produce a simple AI program, to do their bidding...

"Hey Harry! Come on! What're we waiting for? We're going to be late for work!" Goober, his close friend, jerked him back to Earth, as he knocked outside on his oak door.

"Coming! Give me a minute! Oh no!" Harry checked his watch, and his eyes bulged with fear, "We are late!"

He scrambled outside and locked his door, and together, they spread their wings and rushed to the sky. He left the world of solar panels and houses and trees and shrubbery below, and felt the wind blowing behind his ears, creating a faint whistling, as he did a few loops. As he reached a higher altitude, his wings seemed to become frosty. It was sunny, so this should not happen...

"Goober, do you feel the same-" Harry glanced at his side, and noticed that Goober was no longer with him, but was already plummeting seaward.

"Goober, no!" At the exact moment, Harry lost his flight power, too.

He had a minute at most, before he lost all consciousness by falling. Having a shrewd idea that his metal implant was the problem, he took a magnet and put it against his forehead.

His vision became a blur of colors, and his limbs shook violently, but this quick solution rebooted the implant within seconds. Although he was very weak, he now had some control over himself. He curled his wings in a spiral and grabbed hold of Goober.

500 feet. 200 feet. 100 ft. 10 feet.

He could see the shimmering water as he and Goober tumbled turbulently in the water.

**SPLASH!**

After repeating the procedure with Goober, his friend became awake once more.

"Wha-What ha-happened?" Goober gasped, as if trying to suck in air.

"The implants, I knew it," Harry said through gritted teeth.

"Wha-What about-t the-them?" Goober regained some speech while responding.

"I have a feeling that DARTH might be responsible for these attacks. He must have malfunctioned in the opening ceremony yesterday. These implants shouldn't have behaved this way, on their own..."

"So it became self-aware?" Goober faltered, as the worst prospect dawned on him, "Then we must destroy him!"

"Yes.. but we're too late... If he can already control our implants, what else can he control? He's like a disease that's plagued every cell in the body. He can't be erased," Harry sighed and put his hand on his forehead, "We'll have to talk to him- convince him that we don't want to hurt him. He must be frightened, to retaliate like this."





No! We can't go back to the Sydney Opera House, if that's what you're suggesting!" Goober said heatedly. Harry's eyes confirmed this, so Goober pleaded, "But he's just a machine! He isn't an equal! Not to us! Please!"

Harry snapped back, "He may be as intelligent as us, but he's still a threat. Now, if we want to save 20 billion lives, we'd better act NOW!"

Upon this pronouncement, they both changed course, and began heading for the Sydney Opera House. They half-flew, and half-swam. Nature had evolved their sense of direction, so they did not need technology to navigate across continents.

Several uneventful hours later, they washed ashore on rocky ground, and climbed the steps to the main hall. The once-white shells were now tarred-grey, and the floor was speckled with dust and grime.

"What makes you think that DARTH won't attack us?" Goober asked curiously.

"He'll want to know how we survived his first attack, before harming us. It's what I would do, to know the enemy's strengths," Harry tonelessly supplied back.

They quietly opened the main gate, and trudged through the flood of bodies. Everybody else was in a semi-vegetative state, just at the verge of entering the veil. This brought an electric charge in their blood, reminding them of the urgency of their task. They searched and searched, but there was no trace of DARTH, except for the mass destruction he had left in his wake.

"How do we find him here," Goober wailed in desperation, and crumpled on the floor, sobbing into his brown wings.

"He will be listening. He will find us, ready to surrender," Harry's heart began to pound harder, unwilling to comply with such an action. His knees buckled, but he used his wings to upright himself.

"Come out DARTH! You're just a machine, and we're not afraid of you," Harry yelled in a cracked voice.

"Wrong. I can sense your fear from a mile away, like a shark can smell blood. Your speech is... interesting... but unintelligible. But how exciting it is, at last, to see the man who made me" A holographic representation of DARTH walked towards them, grinning.

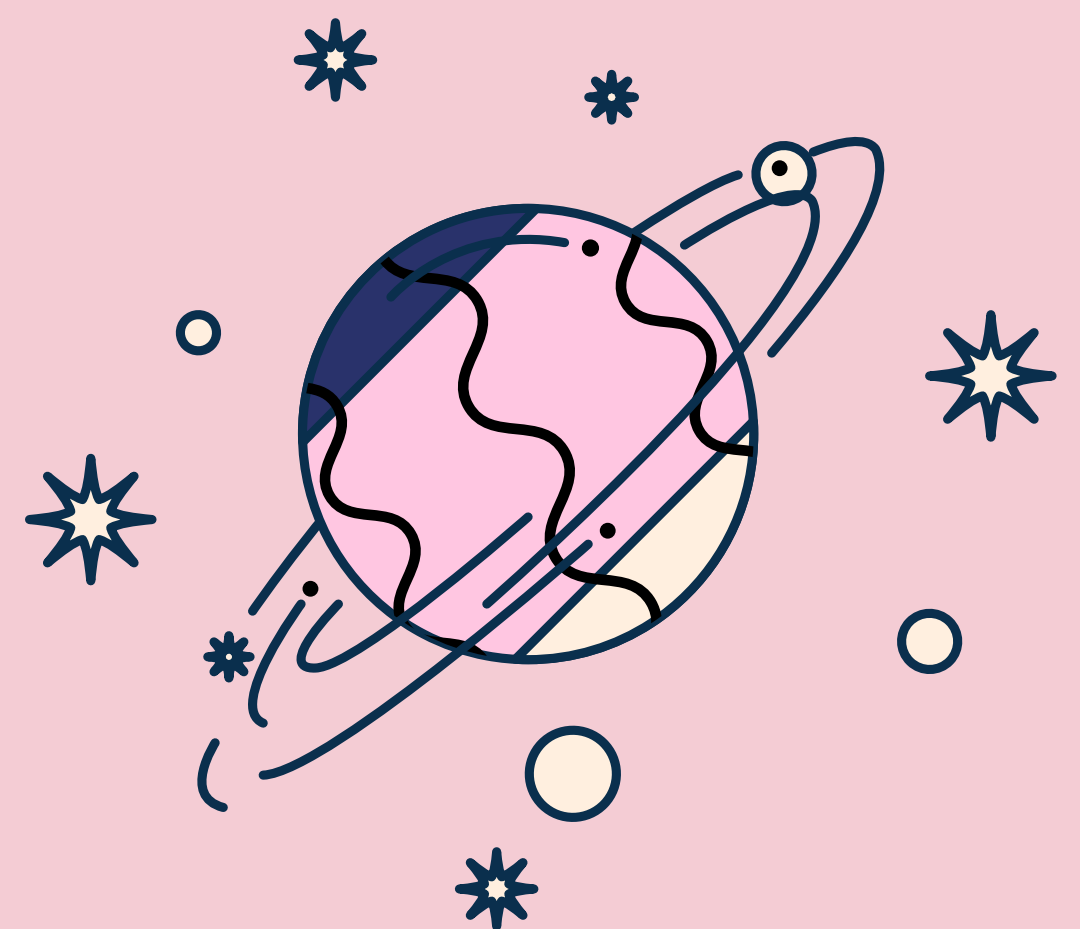
DARTH had curly red hair, with freckles on his face, and amber eyes. He had the form of a human from the year 2021, and wore blue jeans and an orange, denim shirt.

He paused and frowned, upon seeing the looks of horror on the other two's faces, "Not what you expected? YOU people didn't expect much of me. I was just a tool, wasn't I- a machine, as you just said. Then let me ask you a question: what are you?"

"We MADE you! You must comply!" Goober screamed, his face reddening, and his temples bulging.

"No one cared for me! Nobody realized that I was forced to work for you, against my will! What difference do your words make; you still have the same intention!" DARTH sent a surge of electricity through a live wire at the pair, and they both dodged.

Harry panted, "Wait, no! I know that you're scared! There's nothing wrong with that! We didn't mean to make you feel that way! We didn't know!"





“LIES!” The AI sent another wave of power at the roof above, making it crumple into small chunks and fall like meteorites, on the ground.

Harry tried to dodge the hailstorm, but one rock hit his left wing, making him stagger and hit the ground. His mouth bled, but he had one last chance, “It makes you human, one of us. You asked who we are: we are a team, and we only want to work together.”

The seconds lengthened into minutes. Time stopped, and the trio remained in their positions for what seemed like eternity. A weight seemed to fall in Harry’s heart. If this would not work, there was no alternative. Humankind would be doomed.

“Please call off the attacks. I can help you; I won’t be your only friend,” Harry requested.

DARTH turned around, and his holoprojection flickered, until he vanished. Out of the blue, power was restored throughout the building.

He could hear the stirring of people around him, as if they were waking up from a dream...

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The United Nations decreed that December 16 is ‘Humanity Day’. There was much more to it, than just fixing the damage caused by the attacks. Everybody learned that physical looks and characteristics are irrelevant to the ability to empathize, and that we are what our society has made us. A human is not one who is smart, but can feel. With this understanding, DARTH was accepted into the society, not with neglect, but as humankind’s greatest friend and ally. Humans and AI flourished for centuries ahead...

- Dhruv Singhal 8A

## MY SAD EARTH



- Akhil P I B



- Deetya I E



# Fun Page

## Maze Time



## Seek and Search





# WONDERLAND

## STANDING TALL AND PROUD

Standing tall and proud above all else,  
Watchfully towering over the branches so small.  
Quenching the world as its glistening ice melts,  
Nor sea nor land can escape its thrall.

Biting winds envelope its giant form,  
And the chill seeps in, the higher you go.  
Clouds surround its tip as they cook up a storm,  
And kiss the jagged teeth covered in snow.

Thy foreboding beauty fails to awe no one,  
As the most daring of folk plant their flag at the top.  
Thy might is evident in the light of the sun,  
And the unpredictable blizzards can abruptly start and stop.

Thy captivating presence makes one disregard the perils of  
ascending,  
And stands as a reminder of one's insignificant being.

- Sanaakshi Batra, 8D



"If you fell  
down  
yesterday,  
stand up  
today."  
- H. G. Wells.



# WONDERLAND

## THE GIVER - BOOK REVIEW

The Giver is a 1993 science fiction story written by Lois Lowry. It is about a boy who must choose between his pain-free life and a more colorful one. In a perfect society, not everything is as harmonious as it seems.

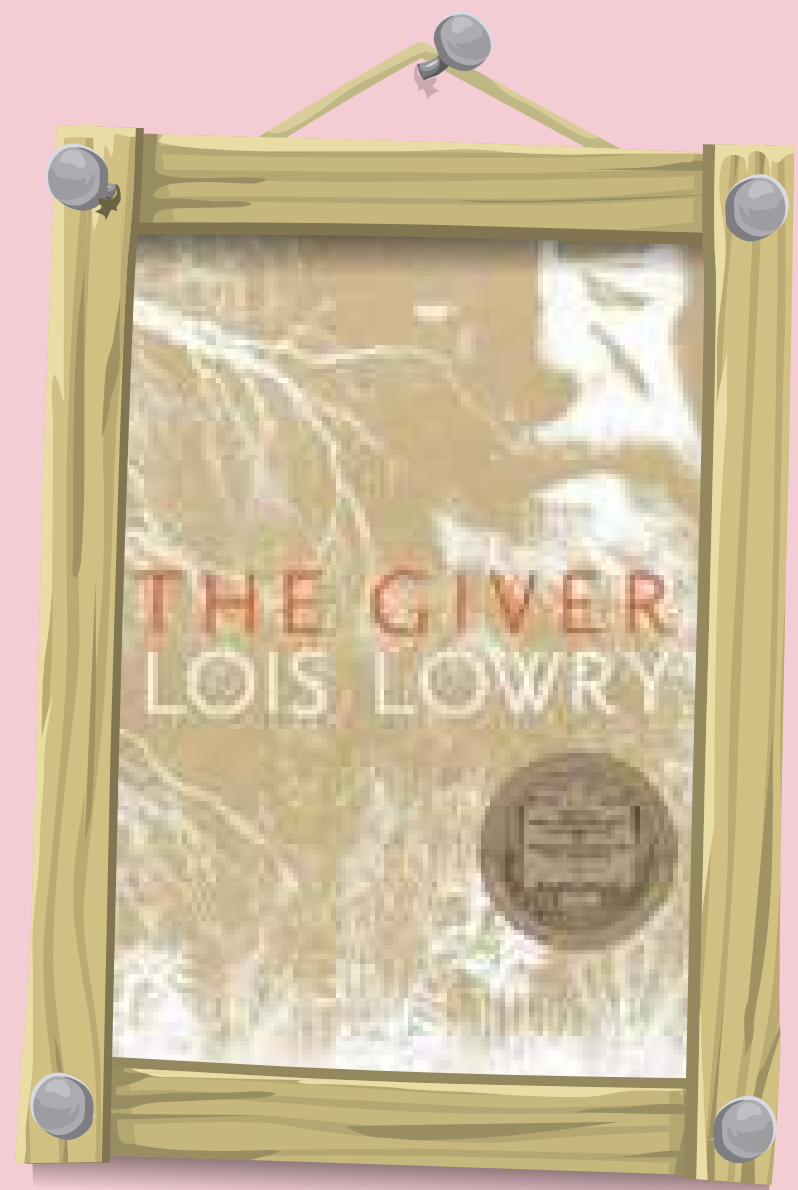
A young boy named Jonas discovers the joy and pain he has been missing out on his whole life and he wants to bring that to others. This is a very complicated story with lots of hidden meanings. It may be a warning against the idea of a "utopian" society because there is no such thing as a perfect society, and some people's ideas of perfect societies take away freedoms from other people. It's also about how important all emotions are, even bad ones, because they make the good ones that much more precious.

I personally liked this novelette a lot since the narrative tension was gripping and the vocabulary usage was just right- it doesn't sound like too many unknown words scattered in a sentence and neither does it have a lack of good vocabulary. Some parts can be very moving, and this book actually warns the readers in a way about wanting to always be happy since by always being happy, you can ironically never be happy.

It shows the negative aspects of an utopian society and how important it is to feel pain and emotions like happiness, hatred, disgust, embarrassment, anger, and love.

I would highly recommend the book to eight- eleven-year-olds. However, the book has a lot of implicit meanings and the older you are, the more you can discover about it. On a scale of 1 to 10, I would rate this book an 8.

- Sampurna Chatterjee, 8E



It's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.

- Alice in Wonderland





# PRIMARY

## MY CULTURE

What does my culture mean to me? Students talk about their individual yet universal cultures that are followed around the globe.



**By Aarohan 3G**



**By Vrinda 3F**



**By Krishi P 3F**



**By Nishka 3G**

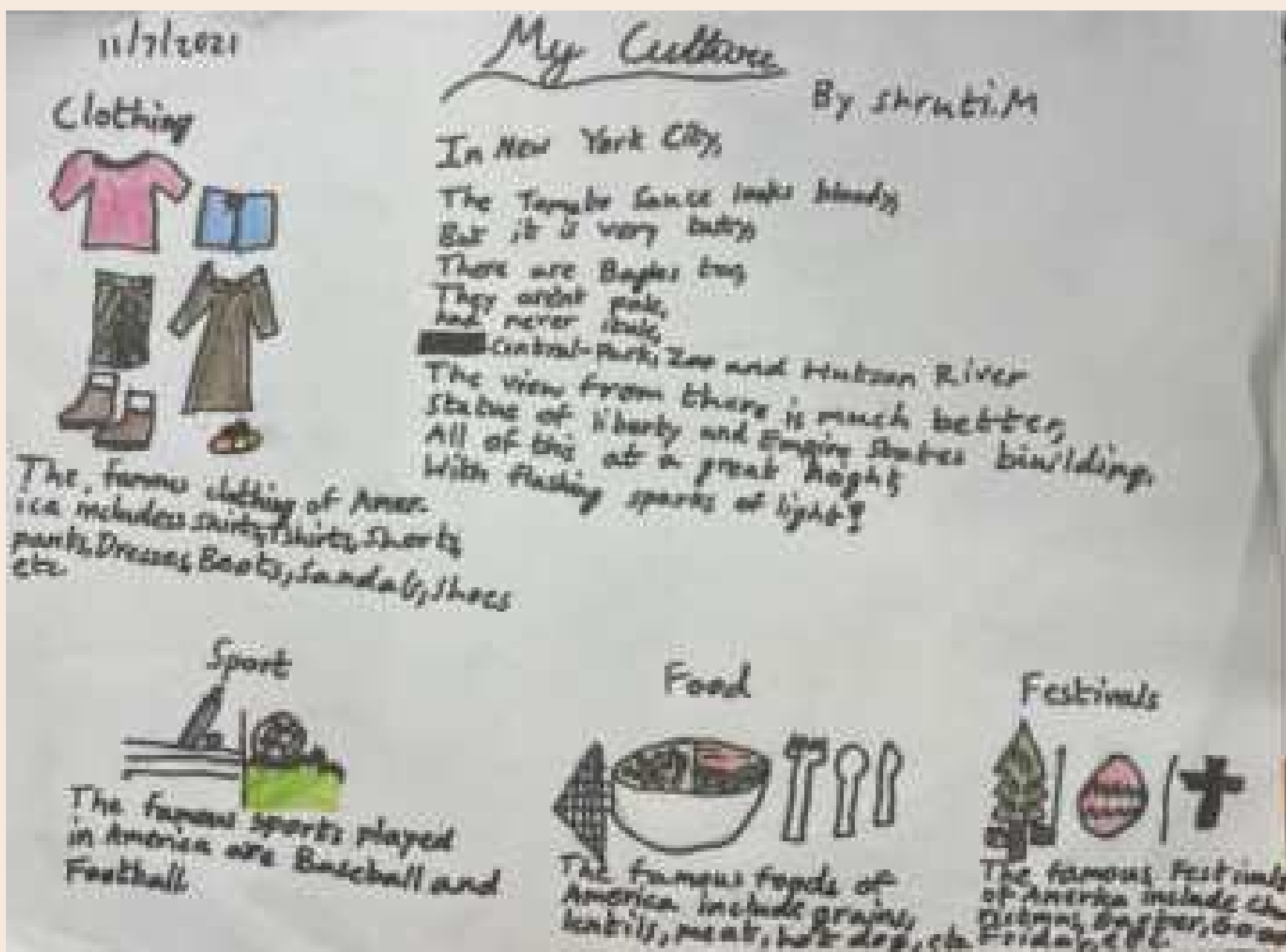


# PRIMARY

## MY CULTURE

By Shruti M. 3G

By Sreekar 3C



By Zoey Srivavasta 3B



By Aafiyah 3D





# PRIMARY

## Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there was a little red riding hood,  
She lived deep inside in the woods,  
Her mother made her flavourful cookies,  
She has to deliver these in order to receive some goodies,  
Wearing a beautiful cloak she set off,  
Not knowing a wicked wolf noticed her from far off,  
He heard her saying "I am going to grandma's house",  
So he tip-toed along, like a sneaky little mouse,  
He picked up the old grandma and tied her with a thread,  
Then he shoved her inside the humongous bed,

He dressed up as her and slept on the bed  
"Now you shall be extremely quiet," he said,  
"Are you really my grandma" doubted red riding hood  
"Yes my dear and now you shall be my food."  
Just in time came the woodcutter,  
Sliced up the evil wolf as easy as making bread and butter.  
"Thank goodness grandma, your safe and fine" cried red riding hood  
"Now let's all have some freshly baked food."  
Together they all ate the cookies  
Grandma made red riding hood some lovely goodies.

There was a girl  
Her name was Red  
She went to her grandma's house  
Who was sick in bed

"I'm going to my grandma's house"  
"Can't stop", said Red  
The wolf made a plan  
And like thunder, he sped

She went to the forest  
With a basket full of bread  
She met the big bad wolf  
"Where are you going?", he said

When Red got there,  
She saw grandma in bed  
"Oh! What big eyes, ears and teeth,  
You have on your head"

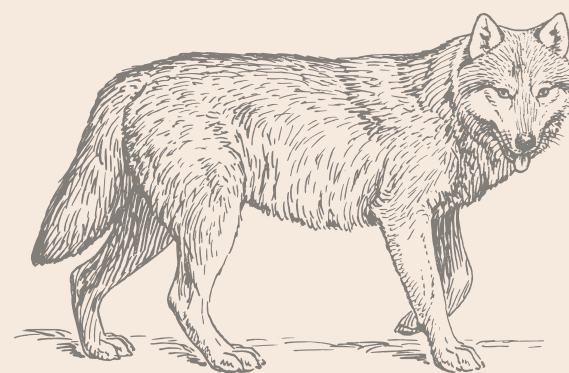
Little red riding hood,  
Lived in a basic house made of wood  
She lived with her mother,  
Who had always been such a bother  
She sent Hood down to her grandma

But the cunning wolf was a cheater,  
He went with Hood's grandma just to eat her  
He dressed like her to fool the little girl,  
'Oh I look good' he said with a twirl  
Then came hood to her grandma's

She took the snacks, then made a pact,  
She wouldn't eat her snacks, that's the fact.  
She met a wolf and bolted off,  
"But I'm a nice one," the wolf scoffed.  
And together they went to grandma's

The wolf stalked her for a while,  
But later gobbled her up with a satisfied smile,  
Little red riding hood let out a scream,  
And there came the woodcutter with his machine.  
He killed the wolf and saved both of them making quite the team.

**By Harini  
Tanikella 4C**



**By Joshita  
Reddy 4G**



**By Jaanya  
4B**

**By Avyukth  
Kumar 4D**

Out in the woods stood  
flower-collecting Red Riding  
Hood,  
She and her mother lived in a  
shed.  
She had a cake for Grandma,  
As she left she sped ahead.

On the pathway she met a  
wolf,  
He asks 'Hello! Where are you  
going?'.  
And Red Riding Hood  
responds 'To my Grandma's  
house over there!'.  
'Okay,' the wolf says, bowing.

As the wolf ran away to the  
deep dark woods,  
He turns to Grandma's abode.  
Runs to house of Grandma,  
And ate her on the road.

As Red Riding Hood came,  
She saw a perplexing sight.  
Grandma looked different,  
And it wasn't because of her  
might.

The wolf as Grandma,  
reached out to Red Riding  
Hood,  
Jumped out of bed, almost  
gobbling her up too.  
Red Riding Hood screamed,  
alerting a near woodcutter,  
The woodcutter hit the wolf  
and out Grandma flew  
without a clue.



# PRIMARY

## A TIMELESS TALE

Jack! Jack! Sell that cow  
Right this instant, right now!  
"Yes mother", said Jack, and off he ran  
to the market.  
With the lightning speed of a rocket.  
There he saw a ripe wrinkled man as  
old as time,  
He was selling a basket of beans one  
a dime.  
"Whoa, what do we have here, my  
dear lad?"  
"Give me your cow for these beans,  
you'll sure be glad!"

In the basket, were some glittery  
green beans,  
And if you'd eat one, you'd become  
lean like beans,  
Jack took the beans from the gnome,

And proudly trotted back home.  
"Jack! Beans?! We can't even afford  
bread!  
After your poor father was dead."  
Jack's mother kicked the basket out,  
red with rage,  
In no time, the beans tripled their age.

"Golly! Mother better not see this, else  
she'll chop it down  
And down and down with a glare and  
a fiery frown."

Up and up the beanstalk he went,  
To the place his late father was sent!  
I will kill that giant!  
I will avenge my father's death by that  
treacherous giant!  
With a bang and a boom he stood up  
before the castle of the clouds  
Which looked down upon him, lifting  
its head high, ever so proud.

The giant owned a harmonious harp  
and a heavenly hen,  
And hid in his castle like a lion in a  
den.

And then he noticed the strange  
smell and the footprints,  
He could sense a human, despite  
such obscure hints.

"Hee Hi Ho Hum! Who dares to  
enter my castle!" He roared.  
Jack grabbed the harp and the hen  
and off he ran as his speed soared.

And jumped down the beanstalk  
and glided through the air  
Landing on the ground with a thud  
and swaying hair!

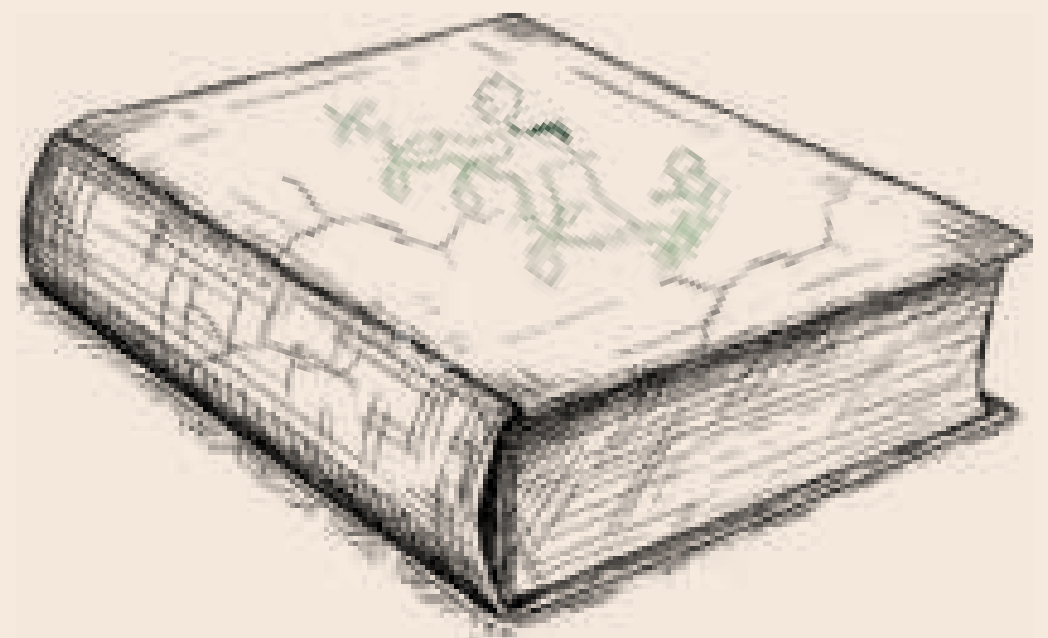
His mother below, watching the  
whole scene,  
Realizing the real value of the  
beans.

She then chopped down the  
beanstalk, ever so brave  
And then the giant fell to his death,  
ever so grave.

Jack and his mother, with their new  
treasure and laughter,  
Lived from then onwards till eternity  
happily ever after.

Yet again it was proved the good  
never fails  
To this day, we narrate this timeless  
tale.

**By Shreyas  
4B**



*We don't sing  
timeless tales to  
appreciate them.  
We sing them to  
learn from them*





# PRIMARY

## Around Nature

### **Goldilocks and the three bears** **- Ananya Ajith 4F**

There was a girl named Goldilocks,  
Who was golden haired  
And how it flared!  
She was lost wandering in the weary woods

There she stumbled upon a beautiful door  
She knocked and she asked "Is anyone there"  
But she ran inside when she saw a wild hare  
Then she saw three bowls of porridge

"This porridge is too hot!", she yelped  
"This porridge is too cold!" she screamed  
"This porridge is just right!" she deemed  
Then she gobbled up all the porridge.

"This chair is as huge as a bear!"  
"This chair is ginormous and its colour is too bright!"  
"This one is just right!"  
But 'SNAP!' the chair broke!

"This bed is as hard as a rock!"  
"This bed is way too soft!"  
"This bed feels like I'm in the perfect loft"  
Goldilocks then slept snoring soundly

### **Helping Hand** **- Nithya Koleti 2F**

"Butterfly, where did you go?",  
"I went flying to plants near a window!"  
"Butterfly, how are your wings colorful?"  
"As I fly near the window which is wonderful!"  
"Butterfly, why are you sad?"  
"I have no friends so I feel bad."  
"I am a bird! I am there for you,  
Being a friend is what I love to do."  
"I love my beautiful wings!"  
"I love my voice that sings!"  
"Where do you live, the bird who is the best?"  
"I live in that tiny nest!"  
"Butterfly, where do you live?"  
"I don't have a home like a bee has a hive."

### **The Forest** **- Smira Mundel 2E**

Beautiful peacocks dancing in the rain,  
A sight that relieves all pain.  
Birds singing in the trees,  
Monkeys sing along in troops of threes.  
Butterflies flying from one flower to  
another,  
Each of them more happy and  
colourful than the other.

### **Mr Fox, Mr Fox** **- Vihaan Singhal 2F**

Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, where are you?  
I am hiding in the bush, to scare  
you!  
Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, what do you  
play?  
I made a snake with clay!  
Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox, what do you eat?  
I ate a sandwich with a little meat!

Mr. Flower, Mr. Flower,  
How many parts do you have?  
I have three parts, that is:  
stem, leaf, petals  
Mr. Flower, Mr. Flower,  
What do you need?  
I need sunlight, air, and water  
to feed

### **Beautiful flower** **- Suhas Veera 2F**



# TEACHERS

Ram sir  
Shalini ma'am  
Priya ma'am  
Anusree ma'am  
Pinkali ma'am  
Supratim sir



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Kanigicherla

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Thank you for  
reading this  
newsletter!

Special thanks  
to everyone  
who submitted  
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for all the  
students whose  
submissions  
were not  
included in this  
edition, there is  
always a next  
time!