

# SPARSH NEWSLETTER



APRIL | 2013

## STUDENT EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,  
Sparsh has been a wonderful platform for the budding writers of Mathan. We were amazed to see so much of young talent in the school and are proud to present you with the second edition of Sparsh. The second edition was much easier for us as editors to create, since we knew how to do it! We received a bonanza of articles from students of all grades, including jokes, riddles, poems, and chapter stories. We have Hindi and Telugu articles, along with subject articles.

The works of Sparsh are enlightening, enjoyable, and lesson-teaching. We hope that you enjoy the second edition of Sparsh as much as we loved creating it!

Happy reading!

Chief Editors

Shreyas & Guhan - Grade 7

## TEACHER EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

Sparsh has stirred the young and candid minds of enthusiastic writers of Manthan. The second edition showcases their evident creative zeal through yet another conglomeration of stories giving a vignette portrayal of character and settings, charming poems and various thought provoking articles.

A visible change was observed in the students' perspective towards creative writing as many new talented writers showed up with their fascinating write ups and eye popping illustrations. I personally feel that Sparsh has evidently touched and inspired the students to present and share their work.

It was extremely amazing to see the young children carrying out the work of Sparsh so expeditiously. I would like to acknowledge the diligent work of the students in the Editorial Team, who have worked hard to present a resplendent range of young writing.

I extend a hearty thanks to all the teachers who co-coordinated with the Sparsh team in making the students write ups available, and a very special thanks to Mr.Phani, Mr. Ramakrishna Reddy and Mrs. Shalini Reddy for their overwhelming support throughout the publication of Sparsh.

Anticipating your encouragement...Happy reading!

Priya Saxena

Teacher Editor



**Rosy's Diary  
Comic**

► ON PAGE 5

**Young Authors  
showcases some of  
our young writers  
and their writing.**

► ON PAGE 19

**Inspiration Corner**

► ON PAGE 72

# IN THIS EDITION

## **SPOTLIGHT**

In Spotlight our children interviewers interview various people at Manthan to understand what motivates them.

## **YOUNG AUTHORS**

Showcases some of our young writers and their writing. At Manthan creative writing starts very early, while the first couple of years of Kindergarten is more to do with developing language skills of listening and speaking, from grade 1 the focus shifts to reading and writing. Children are encouraged to write at every point and they are given not just inspiration but various devices to structure and articulate their thoughts.

## **POETIC MINDS**

The poems published here are collected from regular class room assessments of the children done during the year. Its tough to do justice to all and pick the best from thousands of such works, the effort was more to present a sample of children's works rather than select the best. It still gives a glimpse into our young poets and how they use words to express their feelings, emotions and ideas.

### **Some of the young minds that contributed to Sparsh April 2013 are:**

Grade 2 - Meesha, Rithanya, Sarayu, Nilay, Sonal, Spurthi, Nitya, Marcela  
Grade 3 - Ankitha, Isha, Kashvi, Aniruddha, Sindhu, Rishabh, Simir,  
Somansh, Rishi, Shrinath, Harshil, Yogitha  
Grade 4 - Vevila, Shravya, Sameera, Shreya Challa, Auric  
Grade 5 - Anusrihita, Suhas, Lahari, Sohaib, Aryika, Soha, Pranathi, Vibhu  
Grade 6 - Nikhil Yarram, Marcus, Akshaj and Rishita  
Grade 7 - Arushi, Guhan, Shreyas

### **Some of the teachers who contributed are:**

**Sujatha  
Regina Ross  
Farzana**

# Extra-Curricular Activities

Guhan Iyer (Grade 7)

Extra-curricular activities are an important part of our everyday life. Extra-curricular activities have many positive effects on children. They help get better grades, and improve our social life, as well as self-concept. They help develop important characteristics like leadership and teamwork. However, too many extra-curricular activities as well as the variety of them may be stressful and counterproductive. The appropriate amount and variety of extracurricular activities are important to children and help us in many ways.

Extra-curricular activities help us to interact with others outside of school. This helps us make friends outside of school. Since extracurricular activities are in groups and not one-on-one, there is a lot of interaction between everybody. By interacting with people outside of school, we will not feel 'cooped up' in school and we will be able to make more friends.

Being socially involved helps us develop leadership skills and participation skills. By getting involved in a group and being accepted, our self-concept improves as well. Many activities involve group participation, so there are two positive effects. No one feels left out, and everybody plays a role in the victory. This improves the self concept of ourselves; without us, the victory would not have been possible. Leadership skills are also developed in this process. In sports, for example, there are captains for a team. The captain is like the leader of a team. In clubs, when presidents are elected, it gives us a sense of leadership if we are elected.

Too many extracurricular activities may be stressful as it may be a lot of pressure on us. Activities that give 'homework' or too many activities may make us feel like we aren't doing enough or the thought of so much work haunts us. This causes us to feel stressed, and our performance goes down. Extracurricular activities can also be stressful when it is not completely social. Too many video games and general screen time is not healthy, and should not be considered as an extracurricular activity. A balance between the types of extracurricular activities we do also plays a role in how it affects us.

Extracurricular activities are very important to us. It is a time where we enjoy and learn outside of school. This helps us to relax. They help us in many ways, including socially and in our studies. Extracurricular activities are an important part of our everyday lives.

# MATH TRICKY TRICKS

## Multiplications Tricks - Sujatha - Math Teacher

Multiplying any number by 1) 9, 2) 99, 3) 999 and so on .....

If you multiply any number by single number 9 then add one zero after the unit digit, if multiplying by 99 then add two zeros after the unit digit and soon then subtract the given number from the number which we add zeros at the end.

### Example1:

7836 multiply by 9

Step 1 - Make 7836 as 78360

Step 2 - Now subtract 7836 from 78360

So  $78360 - 7836 = 70524$

**Check:**  $7836 \times 9 = 70524$

### Example 2:

$3451 \times 99$

Solution:  $345100 - 3451 = 341649$

### Example 3:

$12345 \times 999$

Solution:  $12345000 - 12345 = 12332655$

*Isn't this simple?*

## Math Tip - Vineel Repaka - Grade 7

To find the endpoint of a diameter of a circle we have to use a really long formula, but one that I find very easy is the following:

Suppose: (2,3) is the endpoint and (5,6) is the midpoint

So we need to find the other endpoint.

To do that:

1. Find the difference between the midpoint and endpoint  $(5,6) - (2,3) = (3,3)$

2. Now add the difference to the midpoint  $(5,6) + (3,3) = (8,9)$

**That's It!**

Negative Numbers-

(-2,3) is the endpoint and (5,-6) is the midpoint

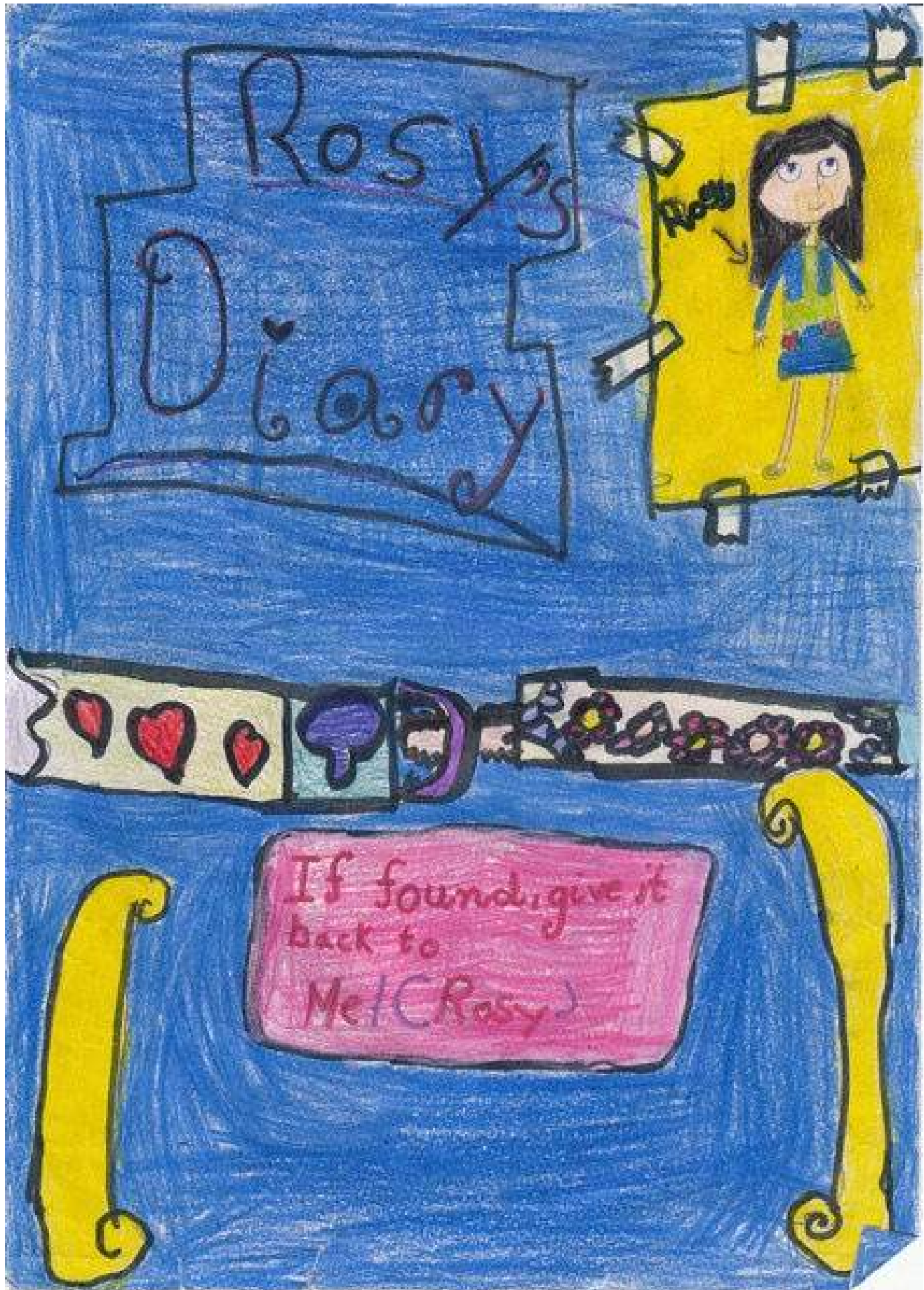
1. Find the difference between the midpoint and endpoint  $(5,-6) - (-2,3) = (7,9)$

2. Now add the difference to the midpoint  $(5,-6) + (7,9) = (12,3)$

**That's It!**

# Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner

Shreya Challa & Shravya Gowdam - (Grade 4)





# Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner



# Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner





# Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner





## Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner





# Rosy's Diary - Comic Corner



# SCRATCH YOUR HEAD

## Riddles by Harshil - 3B

1. How do birds stop themselves in the air?

A. With air brakes!

2. Where do animals go when they lose their tails?

A. To the retail shop!

3. What is Dracula's favorite sport?

A. Bat-minton

4. What would happen if a dog swallowed a watch?

A. He would get a lot of ticks!

5. What weapon is most feared by knights wearing armour?

A can-opener!

6. Why do lions eat raw meat?

A. Well, can lions cook?!

7. Where do knights study?

A. In knight school!

8. What animal always goes to bed with its shoes on?

A Horse!

## Hindi Riddles

ऐसी कौन सी चीज़ है

जिसे आगे तो बनाया है भगवान ने

और पीछे से इंसान ने ?

[बैलगाड़ी ] - **Marcela 2B**



# SCRATCH YOUR HEAD

मेरे चार पैर हैं  
लेकिन मैं चल नहीं सकता  
ना ही मैं उड़ सकता हूँ  
बोलो कौन हूँ मैं ?

[ मेज़ ] – **Sonal 2B**

चमचम चमचम चमक रहे हैं  
आसमान में दमक रहे हैं |  
दिनभर मुझे ना दिए दिखाई  
रोशनी अपनी कहाँ छिपाई  
[ तारे ] – **Nilay 2A**

पढ़ने में, लिखने में  
दोनों में है आता काम  
पेन नहीं , कागज नहीं  
बताओ क्या है मेरा नाम |  
[ ऐनक ] – **Nitya 2A**

## SPOTLIGHT

### KNOWING BETTER - Phani Sir - IT Manager

Question: How many years have you worked with Manthan?

Ans: 3 Years.

Question: Do you wear contact lenses?

Ans: 'No.' (Unbelievable! Even after long hours of work on the computers his eyesight is pretty good...)

Question: Which grade do you feel most comfortable with?

Ans: Grade 7th

Question: Do you find managing so many computers across the school difficult?

Ans: 'No. I can track all the computers as we have a centralized system.'



## समय

कोई राजा हो या रंक , कभी बचा नहीं ।  
समय के पहिये ने किसी को छोड़ा नहीं ॥  
आदी से अंत तक देव से लेके मानव तक ।  
पूरब से पश्चिम तक उत्तर से दक्षिण तक ॥  
जिसने भी समय को अनदेखा किया है ,  
उसका तो ना कल और आज बचा है ।  
कठिन परिश्रम और अभ्यास जिसने भी की है ,  
उसका यश होते-होते ही चारों ओर हुआ है ।  
प्यारे और नादान बच्चो ! हकीकत को जानलो अभी ,  
भूले-भटके से समय को सोकर खोना नहीं कभी ।

-----फरजाना.....

# TELUGU

శ్రీ విజయనామ సంవత్సర ఉగాది



శుభాకాంక్షలు



నూ రు

త రాలు

న వ్వుతూ,సిరి

సం పదలతో

వ ర్ధిల్లుతూ నూతనో

త్వ వాలను వి

ర జిల్లుతూ

శు భం కలగాలని, మీరు వూహించని రీతిలో జీవిత

భా గ్యానికి పునాది వేసి

కాం ష్టలు తీరే విధంగా

క్ష ణాలు గడుపుతూ ఆశ

లు నింపు కుంటూ ఈ రోజు మాదిరిగానే ప్రతి రోజు నవ్వుతూ వుండాలని

ఆశిస్తూ- -తెలుగు విభాగము



## తమా షా పెళ్ళి పందిరి

వనస పండుల వారింట్లో పెళ్ళంట

ఉల్లిపాయలతో ఊరందరికి ఆహ్వానం పంపించారంట

పొట్లకాయలతో పందిరేసారుట

సన్నజాజులు సన్నాయి వాయించాయట

తమల పాకుల తలంబ్రాలు పోసుకున్నారుట

అరటికాయలు అక్షింతలుగా వేసి దిబ్బ

రొట్టెలు దీవించాయట

ఈ పెళ్ళి సందడితో పాలకూరకు పెత్తనం ఇవ్వలేదని వాపోయిందట

ఆడపడుచు ఆలుగడ్డ అలిగి అత్తవారింటికెళ్ళి పోయిందట

వేషకాయ విలవిల ఏడ్చిందింట

ఇవేమి పట్టించుకోని వధూవరులు మాత్రం హాయి హాయిగా

హనిమూన్ కని రైతుబజార్ కెళ్ళాయట.

తెలుగు విభాగము

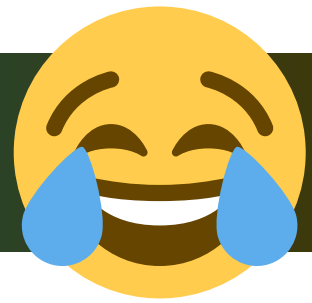
# TELUGU

## పరీక్ష

పరీక్షలు రాగానే అంటారు	“OH! God ”
పేపరు చూడగానే అంటారు	“ So Hard ”
రాయడానికి అవుతారు	“ Lazy ”
అడిగితే అంటారు	“ Easy ”
మార్కులు చూడగానే అయిపోతారు	“Faint”
భవిష్యత్తులో కావచ్చు గొప్ప.	“Saint ”

తెలుగు విభాగము

# LAUGH ALOUD



## JOKES - Kasvi - 3B

Kareem ma'am : "Name 4 food groups."

Student : "Fast food, canned food, junk food, and frozen food."

Customer : "Excuse me, does your chef have chicken legs?"

Waiter : "I don't know. I can't see under his apron."

Nina : "The doctor told me to take something good for my cold."

Tina : "Good. What did you take?"

Nina : "I took his coat."

Nicky : "Why couldn't the skeleton go to the dance?"

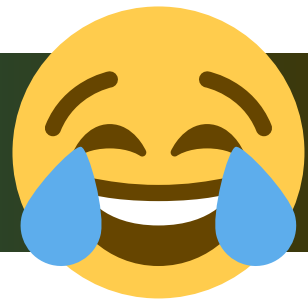
Vicky : "Because he had no body to go with!"

Wilco : "What did the goofy weather man take to see how long it was raining?"

Silco : "A ruler!"



# LAUGH ALOUD



Jack : “What is the mind?”

Mack : “No matter.”

Jack : “What is the body?”

Mack : “Never mind.”

Doctor : “I have some bad and some very bad news.”

Patient : “Bad news first.”

Doctor : “You have 24 hours to live.”

Patient : “24 hours! What’s the very bad news?”

Doctor : “I’ve been trying to reach you since yesterday!”

John : “Why have you cut a big hole in your umbrella?”

Don : “So that I can see when it stops raining.”

Dan : “What’s a kangaroo’s favorite dance?”

San : “Hip - Hop!”



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# ELLA'S MISADVENTURE

**Rishita Chourey - 6**

"Ugghhh..." Ella yelled raucously in disgust, as she picked her beloved fountain pen from the malodorous cow dung. She hastily gathered all her tissues together to clean her filthy pen. It was Ella's zoology assessment in 55 minutes time and EVERYTHING was going wrong. She waited exceedingly long, and tolerantly, for her mother, before surreptitiously climbing in the boot of the car and dozing off. Shortly, her mum arrived; Mum jumped into the 'new' Mitsubishi Lancer and swiftly but cautiously drove off...

Before very long, they had arrived at the examination centre. Mum took a deep, lengthy breath before whispering, "Ella, we're here, come on lovey out you get." There was a long silence. Mum twisted her neck around and to her mighty surprise; she saw the black, leathery seats, vacant! Moreover, at the sight of her grubby pen she became somewhat tensed. Crazy thoughts were racing rapidly through her panicked mind. She opened the car door, got out and shrieked out Ella's name as loud as a herd of elephants would do. Hearing her mother's shrilled yell, Ella insistently woke up.

Realising the chaos she had caused, Ella sneaked out of the boot and into her examination centre. Her poor mum, still entirely unaware of whereabouts of her daughter. As Ella crept across the narrow corridor, a board stating 'Test in Progress KEEP SILENCE AMONG THE BUILDING!' hit her sight. A stout, peculiar looking mistress peered across at her.

"Yes" she said, raising her eyebrow a little. How may I help you?

"Oh, nothing miss, I was just finding my exam room... No worries." Ella retorted, stammering.

The mistress gave a bogus smile. She seized Ella by her scrawny wrist, and hauled her into the headmistress, Miss Feryl's lounge. The open-minded Miss Feryl was on the couch, wiping off the last blemish on her Stone-Bulletin Vase, caused by a spill of cold coffee. The lounge looked lovely, with hanging baskets of flowers, tubs of geraniums all around the shelves, and honeysuckle and roses climbing up the lilac walls. The doors and window frames were purple. Ella dearly adored Miss Feryl, with an awe that was almost painful. She seemed extremely lovely today in her magenta summer dress and her long, brunette hair tucked back behind one ear with a little blue bird slide. An angelic waft arose in the air, making Ella's nostrils twitch. Every step closer she approached Miss Feryl, the louder and harder her heart would thump in fear.

"Madam, this young lady was sneaking around in the corridors, and god knows what she was up to!" the mistress spoke in a rather fiendish manner.

Miss Feryl placed her vase on the ground, and raising her glasses, peered up at Ella.

Ella, distraught, then riposted "No mam, honestly, I was just in search for my form room, that's all."

Miss Feryl gazed at Ella for a moment and then said "Ella, may I please see your report card."

Ella instantly started to rummage around in her jacket pocket. All she managed to unearth was a mangy, half-chewed Mars bar and the yellow ochre that had gone missing from her finest box of crayons. How pleased she was to find the crayon, but... where had the report card gone astray?

"I'm waiting..." Miss Feryl was now becoming impatient.



YOUNG AUTHORS

# ELLA'S MISADVENTURE

"I..I.." Ella was now speechless. Miss Feryl could make out that Ella was deceiving teachers, her parents, her school and HERSELF!

"Young lady, how dare you enter my school and turn up for an exam without a report card?" Miss Feryl was now bursting with ire. "Summon up the receptionist and ask her to call Miss. Ella Sanders' parents in my lounge instantly."

Upon receiving the call from the receptionist, Ella's mum was jubilant at the news of her dear Ella being safe nevertheless; her dad was not terribly content. Shortly, both of them arrived at the lounge.

"Yes, Good Morning. Sir and Madam, I have called you here to talk about Ella. This morning she was seen to have been sneaking around in the corridors. Not only that but also when she was requested to have show her report card, she apparently does not turn up with anything. I have you know Sir and Madam that under no circumstances, I will allow any student to write an exam without a report card. Any such attempt would call upon severe punishment such as termination from the school."

Ella's parents were now thunderstruck. They were never to have expected this from their own daughter. Everything had ensued so fast that even she was helpless. How was she to explain to her parents what the truth was? Would they believe her? How was she to prove that she was innocent...?

"TRRIINNGG" the school bell rang. Ella dared go home. Yet, she had to; after all where else could she possibly go. She trudged along the narrow, crooked pathway, carefully ensuring that she would not step on the cracks. She opened the white gate and walked in.

As she approached the porch, she placed her bag on the footsteps and knocked on the front door. There was no response. She tried again, and again, several times, but there would be no response to her call.

Suddenly, a white note fluttering in the breeze hit her sight. It read ELLA, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, NONE OF US ARE PLEASED. WE WOULD REALLY APPRECIATE IT IF YOU REFLECT UPON THIS MATTER. THE KEYS ARE HIDDEN INSIDE THE GARDEN BUSH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, WE ARE ALL RIGHT.

Ella sat down in grief, all this confusion had resulted into something Ella could never have imagined. She slid down on the couch, hollering...

She had shown negligence in her attitude and consequently lost her parents' confidence, respect and faith in her; along with the opportunity to sit the exam and move to the next grade.....there she sat alone, deep in introspection.....

*The End*





# BUTTERFLIES

Kashvi - 3B

When I close my eyes,  
I see butterflies,  
Fluttering by.

Butterflies sleeping,  
Butterflies weeping,  
Butterflies singing,  
Butterflies winking,  
And even butterflies thinking!  
Now there's a butterfly at brunch  
But now she's a spider's lunch!



# THE FERRY

Spurthi - 2B

I boarded a ferry,  
And ate a cherry.  
When I had pain,  
I saw a paper plane.  
I played with a doll,  
and then with a ball.  
The sun came down,  
And I started to frown.  
Then I wept,  
and finally I slept.





POETIC MINDS

# CRICKET ATTAX RULES!

Rishab 3B

Cricket Attax are my favorite cards,  
Their might is more than that of guards.  
Neither Match Attax nor Slam Attax,  
Can compare to the glory of Cricket Attax.  
They have no plot,  
But I like them a lot.



## IS THE EARTH SAFE?

Meesha - 3A

I wonder if the Earth is safe,  
Or maybe it's a junk place.  
We cut the trees,  
We pollute the rivers,  
We waste electricity,  
We waste water,  
We waste paper,  
We waste energy.  
Everything's just wasting, and wasting,  
No savings.  
And then we ask "Is the Earth safe?"  
Be aware and stay awake  
For Mother Earth's sake.  
If we only save, and save, and save,  
We can say  
"Hurray!"  
And then our Mother Earth will feel gay.





# COMAN'S FIRST TRADE

Aryika - 5

## Chapter 1: Who are you?

Coman was born in Egypt. He loved trading. When he was small he used to play these exciting games with his parents: grabbing his mother's silk dress and trading it with fish for his dinner, and taking his father's eye paint and trading it for a few Deben's. (Egyptian money)

## Chapter 2: Bedtime

Coman's wish would come true. He was going to be a trader! That night Coman couldn't sleep. He kept on rolling and rolling. He rolled too much; he got wrapped up like an Egyptian mummy! Coman couldn't sleep because he was excited that tomorrow he was going to Trader Training classes.

## Chapter 3: Training

The next day Coman's father sent Coman to Trader Training classes. Coman listened to the teacher and behaved well. He was one of the brightest students. He learnt like a cheetah in just 1 WEEK! Now, Coman asked his trading teacher if he could go to Mohenjo-Daro for the first trade. His trading teacher clapped and cried, "Of course you can." Coman was filled with joy. The trading teacher then gave Coman a trading seal. A trading seal is a banner, with symbols to show that particular person is a trader. The seal was yellow in colour and had an imprint of bulls. Its length was from his chin to his knees and it was neither light nor heavy.



## Chapter 4: Ahoy, Partner!

Off he went with his new trading seal on his back, a few Deben's in his pouch and food, and some silk to trade. Just before he went the trading teacher sent a guide to go with him. The guide's name was 'Toalee.' Toalee and Coman became friends. They went to the boat place and took one boat, then sailed away.





# COMAN'S FIRST TRADE

Suddenly the store-room door opened and a man popped out. “Aaaah!” Coman screamed. “Who is that man?” Coman glared at the man with shock. Toalee depicted who the man was.

My name is ‘Tangy,’ the man replied.

“Now I know you its okay.” Coman calmly mumbled. As they sailed Coman began to sing...

*Egypt! Egypt! Is where I live,  
It's hot and sunny did ya'  
Know that KID!*

He sang to a kid sweeping the deck. Finally after a week they reached Mohenjo-Daro. Tangy exclaimed that he was a trader. Coman answered that he was a trader too.

## Chapter 5: Borrowing

Tangy asked Coman why he didn't have a trading seal. Coman felt his back and then knew that there was no trading seal on his back. The 3 men searched and searched here and there but they couldn't find any trading seal.

“This is an awful dilemma!” complained Coman. It began to rain so everyone flew to Tangy's home. Coman suggested Tangy if he could borrow one of his extra trading seal's. Tangy gives one and shouts,

“You can keep it!” Coman happily cries, “I'm going to stay here and live with my friends in Mohenjo-Daro!” In fact, he even made a new song...

*Mohenjo!-Daro! Is where I'll live,  
It's filled with friends did ya'  
know that KID!*

He sang to a kid helping his father build a house...

*The End*

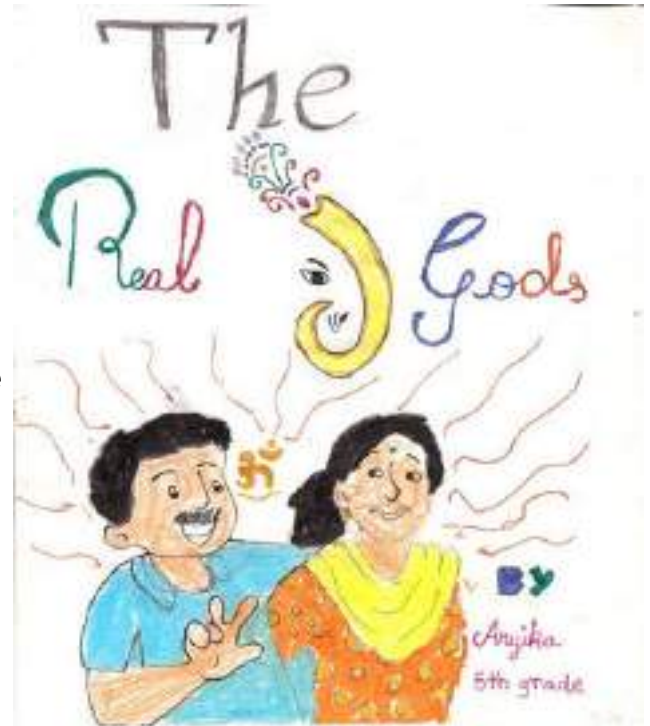


# THE REAL GODS

Vevila Bollarapu - 4

There was a small, poor couple of the village Panipat in Eastern India. A hardworking father cycled over 10 miles to the city daily to earn money. A folksy mother taught the children of the village folk dance. The parents worked very hard for the money.

"Can my parents ever play with me?" This question was constantly in their grungy son Rahul's mind. His parents never played with him. He hated dancing but all of his friends loved to dance and went to folk dance classes. He was also bored with his food; aloo paratha and curd rice every day. Day by day Rahul became too fractious with these events. At last, on one day he totally lost his head. He decided to write to god about his feelings.



## A Letter to God

Dear God,

I feel like I am locked in a prison, where there is nothing to do. My parents are not playing with me; my mother is always teaching dance and my father goes to work very early and returns only after dark. None of my friends are able to play with me as they all dance. The food is the same everyday: old aloo parathas and curd rice. Do something, god! No one plays cricket with me or makes puris, pani puris, lemon rice or beans rice. Find a solution so that I can live a life filled with joy.

Your Follower,

Rahul

Once Rahul was done writing, he kept the letter in an envelope where he wrote:-

To: God

In Heaven

From: Rahul Shorey

## Raman's Shock

And then Rahul ran to the postman. "Raman! Post, post! Wait Raman!" screamed Rahul. Raman came and grabbed the post.

When Raman saw the post he started grinning and said "Look at this post! It says it is to god! Ha, ha, ha, ha! I will show this joke to Suresh, my boss!" Once he reached Suresh, he gave the post to him and said "Look at this foolish post, it is an epic joke, sir!"



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE REAL GODS

Suresh read the whole card and said, “Go call Rahul to my office right now, Raman.”

## Real Gods

When Rahul reached the office, Suresh told him gently, “I read your post to god; your post can’t be delivered because we can’t go to god since He resides in heaven. Anyway, your parents can’t play with you because they are investing their valuable time in earning money for your good will. God couldn’t be with everyone at once, so that is why god made parents as guardians for kids. You may take your post back.”

Raman said, “Thank you sir, for helping me understand.”

“What about you, Rahul, what do you say?” asked Suresh.

“I’ll think about that,” said Rahul thoughtfully but apprehensive.

## Rahul’s Dream

That night, Rahul had a dream where he saw his parents doing hard work for Rahul’s education, job and his lifetime. Then he got up and understood and went weeping to his parents and said to them, “I made a huge mistake, mom and dad. I thought you locked me in a prison and you did not play with me on purpose. I am very sorry, mom and dad. But can you play with me for sometime please?” “Of course son when we have vacations!” responded the father, merrily.

“Now I know you are my real gods. I will now eat the food given and have some interest in dancing and I will dance with my friends. And I will never feel miserable,” said Rahul. From then on, Rahul began a better, more prosperous life, and turned over a new leaf!

**Remember: Our parents are our real gods!**

*The End*



# I LIKE HAVING FUN!

**Bhavika - 2A**

I have so much fun,  
But I don't have a bun.  
My friend is very funny,  
But I love my bunny.  
I have a gun,  
But my friend has the sun.  
I like having fun,  
But I don't have a ton.

# A POEM ABOUT NATURE

**Ankitha - 3A**

The water flowing,  
From the beautiful mountains,  
On a sunny day.

# MY FRIEND

**Rithanya - 2A**

My friend is funny,  
But I like a bunny.  
I have so much fun,  
But I don't like a bun.  
Ted sleeps on his new bed.





**POETIC MINDS**

# MONEY OF DIFFERENT CURRENCIES

**Kashvi - 3B**

Rupee of India,  
Dollar of America,  
Yen of Japan,  
The properties of rich a man.  
Euro of Europe,  
Gives us high hope.  
Real of Brazil,  
Helps us pay the bill!  
Rupiah from Indonesia,  
The Ringgit from Malaysia,  
Rouble for Russia,  
All are from Asia!



## MONEY

**Simir - 3B**

Money is very important,  
Money is better than honey.  
Boys like to buy toys,  
Girls like to buy pearls.  
You can do this with money,  
But you can't do it with honey.



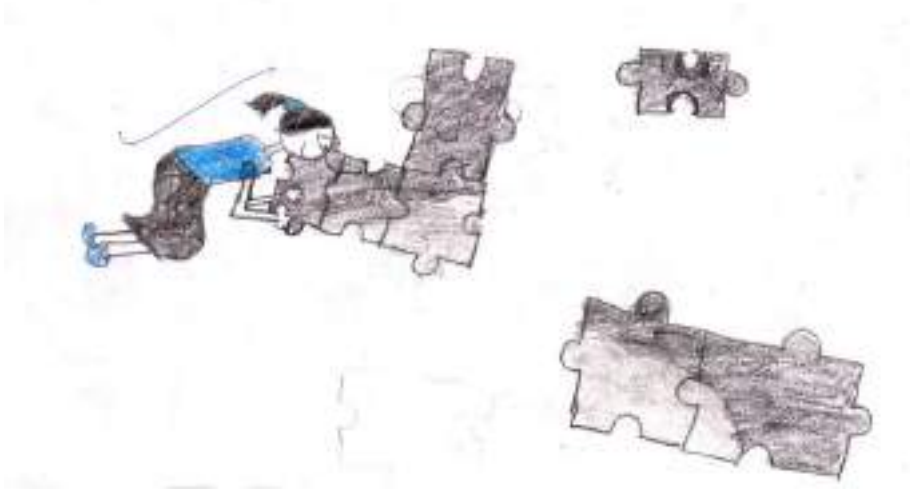


# THE SECRET-REVEALING PUZZLE!

Lahari - Grade 5

## Chapter 1 - I'm Moving!

"Taylor Dear! Once you finish packing your suitcase please come down and help me!" My mom's voice came floating up the stairs to my room. "Okay mom! I'll be there in a minute!" I hollered. I sighed and started packing my suitcase. We were moving. I still remembered that day, one month ago, when I woke up listening to the soft voice of my mother lilted, "Taylor. Taylor! Wake up! I have something very important to tell you! We are moving to a house in the countryside. It has been in our family for generations."



Oh dear! Here I am telling you about my life without even telling you who I am! My name is Taylor Evans and I am 10 years old. I have black hair and black eyes and I'm always seen wearing a blue shirt and a black skirt. I live in a modern styled house with 5 rooms, 2 living rooms, 2 kitchens, and 7 bathrooms. My three rooms are filled with posters and everything in filled in blue, black, and green respectively.

## Chapter 2 - The Bitterness of Moving

"Great. Just great," I sniveled in my mind. I was usually rather popular at school, nevertheless, when the teacher announced that I was moving to the countryside everybody just laughed and called me a loser. Soon, I was the talk of the school. Everywhere I went, all I could hear was, "Hey look! It's Taylor Evans, that girl from fifth grade. I heard that she's moving to the countryside. How lame is that?"



# THE SECRET-REVEALING PUZZLE!

And they would shout, “Loser!” in my face, and walk off. Even though I am moving, I’m still attending the same school. That just makes matters worse! I sighed again and zipped up the zip of my suitcase. I started lugging it downstairs. I placed it at the foot of the stairs and ran to the living room to assist my mother in cooking.



## Chapter 3 - I’m Going to Live Here?

I stepped out of our car an hour later. My feet were frozen due to the long drive. The prickly sensation had once again made it feel like I was walking on thorns. It made me laugh and annoyed me all the same. I had a nice, long stretch and trudged up the footwalk leading to the shabby, spooky, old house. One look at the hideous box looming in front of me made me sure that this was the worst possible place my parents could drag me to on Earth. My dad took the key and opened the lock with great difficulty. I shoved the door open, and when I did, it made the most horrible screeching noise I had ever heard. It was much worse than when nails are scratched against the black chalkboard at school! I walked inside our new house and stared at it in disbelief. This was not the magnificent place my parents had described to me repeatedly for the past one month. This house had cobwebs dangling everywhere and there was dust all over the place! “Aaachooo! Aaachooo!” The dust tickled my nostrich and made me sneeze. “Okay folks, this is where you are going to live for the rest of your lives!” My dad announced, enthusiastic.





# THE SECRET-REVEALING PUZZLE!

## Chapter 4 - My History?

“I know it’s not much to look at, Taylor, but it is a very intriguing place to live in. You’ll get used to it soon enough. It might even have the answer to your unanswerable question if you’re smart enough to figure it out!” My dad exclaimed, with a glistening twinkle in his eyes. That caught my attention. My eyes grew as big as saucers. I know you’re all wondering what question my dad was talking about, so I won’t keep you in the dark any longer. The question is - drumroll please - where do I come from? I know it sounds crazy, but I seriously have never even glanced let alone talked to anyone in my family besides my parents, and they don’t tell me either!

“Um, dad, may I please begin exploring right now?” I pleaded with my best puppy dog eyes. “Sure.” My dad agreed, giving a secret I- told - you - so look at my mom. It seemed as if they had discussed about this topic before. I ran towards the long corridor filled with doors, doors and more doors.

## Chapter 5 - The Discovery

I skipped past the first eight doors because we were going to occupy them. I glanced at the ninth room, but it just had a bunch of pictures curved at the edges like puzzle pieces. I sighed and slammed the door shut. The tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth room gave the same results. So did the other fifteen. I felt so exhausted that I collapsed heavily onto the floor. Suddenly, I realized something - The pictures were somehow connected. I shot upright with the energy of a thousand cheetahs and sprinted across towards the ninth door. I swung open the door and barged inside. Then it dawned on me that the pictures in each room formed a scene, like a puzzle. I yanked all the pictures off the wall and got to work assembling the pictures.

I finished, and saw the friendly face of a well- known mathematician and scientist staring up at me. He had curly white hair and a quaint smile. I stared at the photo in utter disbelief. There was no way I was related to this guy!

## Chapter 6 - Shock!

I stormed into the living room where my parents were cleaning, bellowing, “Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!”



# THE SECRET-REVEALING PUZZLE!

My mother and father froze, but didn't look very surprised. "What happened dear?" my mother asked.

"Albert Einstein! I'm related to Albert Einstein?" I yelled.

"Um..... Y..y.. y..yes dear. You are." my mother stuttered.

"How come you never told me before?" I questioned.

"We were afraid that you would boast, although this wasn't our idea. Albert Einstein has this sort of system that makes all of this happen." my mother replied.

"Anyway, what test did good ol' Albert set for you?" my dad asked.

"He made me put these together ." I answered. Then I explained all about my adventures. When I finished, my dad was roaring with laughter and my mom was sniggering uncontrollably.

When their laughing died down I asked, "What's so funny?"

"You're great - grandfather set tests like this for everyone in our family and this one was really funny like the others." my mom replied. Then I slowly started laughing and we all cracked up again. Once it died down my mom pleaded, "Please don't start bragging. Okay?" "Of course." I replied. Now, I'm the most popular girl in school again. Although I did brag a bit, I feel awesome... after all, not everyone is related to someone as special as Albert Einstein!

*The End*



# THE MYSTERY OF THE PHANTOM TRAIN

Rishi - 3B

The passengers were grumpy and heavy - eyed as they boarded the train in Salisbury during the early morning of August 27, 1891. The train was headed to Ashville, and the riders settled into their seats and tried to catch a few minutes of sleep.

Around 3 am, the passengers were suddenly awoken by the sudden bucking and rocking of the train. The engineer fought to keep the train in control as the passenger train raced across the brick Bastian Bridge. Near Statesville, the train suddenly derailed.

The chug and whoosh... of the rushing train was replaced by the screech of metal and the sound of the huge train falling down towards the creek bed sixty feet below the bridge. The horrible thunder of the train as it smashed into the creek was quickly replaced by the equally terrible sound of trapped passengers screaming and moaning in agony as the wreckage of the train was encompassed by the waters of the creek. Twenty two people were killed that night in the worst train wreck in the history of North Carolina.

Fifty years later, on the same day, a woman waiting by her stranded car near the Bastian Bridge in the early morning hours of the day saw a train come rushing down the track, its headlight gleaming brightly in the darkness and the whistle blowing as it raced across the bridge. It suddenly derailed, falling down into the creek. The woman was terrified! She ran towards the wrecked train and gazed down into the creek. She should have heard the frantic cries and agonized moans of the survivors.

At that moment, a car pulled up beside her stranded vehicle and her husband jumped out followed by the owner of a local store who had come to help them fix their flat tire. She ran towards them in frenzy, desperate to get help for the poor trapped passengers below. When they heard her story, the men ran to the edge and looked down into the creek bed. There was nothing there. The woman had seen the train wreck of Statesville re - enacted before her very own eyes.

*The End*





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE HAUNTED FOREST

Srinath - 3B

In a thick purple forest, birds were chirping and animals were howling. Two woodcutters were cutting down a tree. Suddenly, it became dark because of dark clouds and winds were brewing. They heard the loud cries of animals. One of the woodcutters was afraid. His body was shivering in fear.

The other woodcutter said, “ Don’t be afraid, if any of the animals come near us we will climb the tree and make loud noises. The animals will be frightened and they will run away.”

They quietly kept the wood in a sack and climbed the nearest tree. Suddenly they heard the noise of animals approaching them. They saw a pack of jackals with their cunning eyes. Enormous snakes and poisonous scorpions were creeping and slithering onto the ground. Seeing this, one of the woodcutter’s mind thought that he was nearing the last step of his life.

He cried out loud but no voice came from his mouth. Both were dead scared. They heard the roar of a lion, tigers growling, peacocks screaming, and snakes hissing. The woodcutters could see glittering eyes in the nearby trees. They spent the night quietly under a banyan tree. Next morning, when they woke up, they could not see animals so they ran back to their village and never returned to that terrifying spot again.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE APPLE TREE

Sindu - 3A

There lived a woman. She loved apples more than anything. The owner of the house planted an apple tree. It grew.

One day, the woman went to the apple tree and stole a few apples.

The owner went to her and said, "How dare you steal apples!"

"Sorry, sir, I won't do it again," cried the woman. The woman was planning a way to get more apples. After some time she got an idea. The idea was to plant an apple tree and call it her own.

The owner saw the tree and he was shocked.

"Is it yours?" he asked her.

"Yes," said the woman.

"I'm very sorry for shouting at you," said the owner. The woman left smiling...

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE TREASURE OF WORTHINESS

I was sitting in my room feeling bored, next to my annoying little sister, Nitya. Wait a minute, did I even introduce myself? My name is Ananya. So as I was saying, me and my sister were in the house waiting for our father to come home. He was out talking to the cable operator. Then my mother came into the room and said to Nitya, “While we are waiting for your father to come, why don’t I tell you a story!” “Oh god! This is going to be boring,” I thought.

My mother began...There was once a priest who was praying to the god and when she was done praying, she opened her eyes and saw the gods in front of her. Wow! This was starting to get interesting. “The gods told the priest to find the treasure of worthiness. It is somewhere in your house. She spent her whole life in finding the treasure, but died empty handed. This was the house she lived in,” my mother finished. “What! She lived here? Wait, where is Nitya?”

We checked everywhere for her, but we couldn’t find her, “Maybe she is in the basement.” my mother suggested. My mom was right. She was in the basement and do you know what she found? She found the treasure. Then, the gods appeared and said, “You are worthy enough to find the treasure, so you found it.”

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# MODERN RAMAYANA

Sindu - 3A

Maybe you have heard about the other “Ramayana” but this one is not the same. If you have a white mansion near your house, Ram could be living there.

A rich man named Dashratha lived in a dreamy, white mansion, not very far from Goa. Obsessed with his never ending wealth he got his son Ram married to his close friend’s daughter Sita. This marital knot added more wealth to his staggering treasure chest. Now Ram, Lucky and Sita lived in a white mansion. Ram was a spendthrift and had caused serious financial losses to his father, so one fine day his father struck him out of his mansion along with Sita and Lucky.

The banished couple, not at all repentant of the deed, booked a hotel on one of the finest beaches of Goa. Soon they began to settle in their new world, unaware of the lurking misfortune. One day Ram and Lucky went shopping to buy a puppy for Sita. They told her to be in the hotel, but Sita thought of going for a SPA treatment to get rid of her tan complexion. While she was still on her way to the spa, Ra-one captured her. Sita yelled and cried but no one turned to her rescue, as you know it’s a generation of focused individuals, so they preferred to be mere spectators.

Ra-one said “I am offering Rs 1, 00, 00,000 for a ride in my 550 jet.” Sita agreed (anyone would) and got into Ra.one’s fake 550 jet. When they were away from land, Ra.one revealed himself. Sita started hitting him with her hand-bag. Jatayu was flying by when he saw this. “It has been a long time since I have seen a fight,” thought Jatayu. As he moved closer, his wing got cut off by the jet’s wing. As he fell he cried out loud, “No, I didn’t see the end of the fight.” Ra.one takes Sita to a grand mansion where no one could find her. Meanwhile, Ram, Lucky and the puppy (whose name is Buddy) came looking for Sita, and saw Jatayu lying on the ground. Jatayu told Ram, Lucky and Buddy (pup) what all had happened. Outraged Ram, Lucky and Buddy set off for Tanka to rescue Sita. When they were wandering, they were interrupted by a blue monkey.

“I am Hanuman. Why are you here?” asked the blue monkey. “We are searching for my wife, Sita. Have you seen her?” Replied Rama “she was wearing a blue skirt and a pink top.” “Yes, I saw a woman wearing blue skirt and a pink top. She was headed to Tanka. I can take you to her if you tell me who you are and what you do, and also give me a bunch of bananas.” So, they all set off to Tanka. When they saw Tanka, Hanuman fetched Sita and informed her that Ram has arrived to set her free.

Ram (full of rage) challenged Ra.one to a fight. after a furious fight Ram shot Ra-one with his lazer gun. Sita was rescued... and everybody goes back to celebrate on a cruise ship along with Hanuman...

*The End*





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE DANCE CONSPIRACY

Auric Mitra - 4

Ballakot was one of the serene villages of Indus valley which was ruled by one noble, Avara. His palace was grand with tall, strong pillars, spacious courtyards with a checkered-pattern floor. The gentle breeze from the river Indus and the chanting of mother Goddess always resounded within the palace.

Because of a huge production of barley and millet, as a token of appreciation, Avara was giving a gala New Year party to all his people. All his people were filled with excitement. They were all thinking what they would wear. Avara also called for his most graceful dancer to dance and for an interview. The dancer appeared into the palace.

Avara asked, "What's your name?"

The dancer boldly replied, "My name is Indra. My dream is to go to Rome and show off my talents."

"No, you will never dance!" Avara told her harshly. Indra went home sadly. After she entered her house, she realised she had been robbed! All her jewellery was gone! The following day, she started to clean the granary. When she was cleaning the vessel of barley, she discovered her jewellery was inside. She had an idea. She thought of giving her jewellery in return for a boat. The next day, she went to the carpenter and discussed her the deal. The carpenter agreed and started working on it.

After sometime when she went to visit the carpenter, her eyes couldn't believe what stood in front of her. Her dream boat was a reality now! The carpenter was giving the 'finishing' touches to Indra's dream boat which she rightly named 'The Dream Sail'. Her thumping heartbeat was driving her to quickly reach out to her crew of trustworthy sailors. Her sailors were none other than her company of good old friends of Ballakot with whom she grew up with.

As the hours flew by, Indra's Dream Sail set along the great, rippling, vibrant ocean. "ROME! Here I come," was what Indra shouted with joy of the unexplored and unknown...

*The End*



# WATCH OUT SID

Sohaib - 5

## Chapter 1: SID

“Wake up! Wake up Harry!” shouted his mom. Your getting late for school! Its 8:10, you have 5 minutes left! Harry was all curled up in his sheets. “But...” “No buts! Or else no ice creams!” She interrupted. “Okay mom”, he said. He didn’t want to go to school because of Sid.

Sid was the class bully. He was very mean to Harry and his friends. They all were in 5th Grade. He stole their lunches and beat them if they didn’t bring what he liked. He also back answered teachers because he didn’t want anyone to go against him. The difference between Sid and a normal bully was that a bully gives mercy at times but Sid didn’t.

## Chapter 2: I HATE SCHOOL

Today was the worst day of his life! Just when he got onto the bus, he realized that today was his turn to give Sid his lunch and he didn’t bring anything that Sid liked, plus Sid told everyone just yesterday when Mike did the same thing that whoever repeats it would not only get beaten up but would also have to do Sid’s homework!

This was what he hated about school. You get detention if you don’t do homework, and get beaten up if you don’t bring what Sid liked. The bus already started moving. There was no turning back now. Harry’s school was huge. It had a hall at the centre and corridors connecting to it. The day went by. It was English class, 1 period away from lunch, when Sid gave a glare to Harry.

## Chapter 3: TIME TO FACE THE MUSIC

At lunch, Sid did exactly what he said; he beat him up and made him do Sid’s homework. How worse can it get? He thought. But that was not it. Harry totally forgot to do Math homework.

“Where’s your homework?” asked the teacher. “My dog ate it,” he said. “Oh, come on. That’s the oldest excuse in the book,” she said. “My cat ripped it up!” he said. “That’s the second oldest excuse in the book of old excuses! Detention for one week!” she said.

## Chapter 4: PUT A STOP TO IT

“We’ve got to put a stop to this!” said Marvin. “Who agrees?” he asked. Mike, Jim and Jake all raised their hands. “He tripped me over!” said Mike. “He stole my lunch!” said Jim. “He made me do his homework!” said Jake.

“How about we trip him over?”, asked Marvin.



# WATCH OUT SID

“No! We’ll dunk his head in water!” replied Jim. “Nah, we’ll hit him on the head”, said Mike. “What about throwing sand on him?”, said Jake. “How about clubbing them all?”, suggested Harry. “Great idea!” said everyone.

## Chapter 5: THE PLAN

“So we’ll divide it into two phases”, said Harry.

Phase 1:

Mike hit Sid on the head using a tin which makes him trip over the rope Jim and Jake hold.

Phase 2:

Harry calls the cleaner saying the lockers are dirty, which makes him fall into the bucket of water. Marvin then finishes it by throwing sand on him. “We’ll do it tomorrow at first period in the large hall so that everyone can see!”, said Marvin. “OK! “, said everyone else.

## Chapter 6: THE FINALE

Harry waited all night. When the morning finally came, he jumped out of bed, got dressed and ran to the bus. “Bye mom,” he said as he went. He looks pretty happy today, thought his mom. At school, everyone hid and took their positions waiting for Sid. It went just like they planned. Sid looked like a brown hen without feathers after being hit on the head, tripping over a rope, being dunked into a bucket of water and getting covered in sand. Everyone cheered for them. Sid never bullied anyone after that experience.

*The End*



# THE SECRET OF THE HIDDEN ATTIC

Soha - 5

## Chapter 1 - A Shift

“Hey!” mused Jackson to his friends after school. “Isn’t it weird that he has an unusual smile on his face?” asked his friend Michael to no one in particular. Well, he had already climbed into his bus - route number 37. This bus creaked a lot and had miserable dirty seats. But soon, he was dropped home.

His mother, Mrs. Theseus, was all ready to shift to a new house and his father was waiting in the car. His sister, Jenny, had a map in the baby cart. Then, Jackson put his backpack in the back compartment of the car and they started on their way. He was moving for the first time in his whole life.

In a few minutes Jackson was asleep in the back seat with Jenny. When they reached their new house Jackson suddenly woke up and rushed through the doorway. He nearly tripped, but he managed himself.

When he stepped inside, he thought, this can’t be the place! I think we came to the wrong house! This place is like a garbage dump! He asked his father, but his father said, “No. This is where we are going to live.” Jackson stammered, “B-b-bu-bu-butttt...” “No buts. I know you are going to like living here!” His father interrupted. Then his father went upstairs to put the luggage away.

## Chapter 2 – A Shocking Discovery

Jackson started up the stairs to the larder. He reached out to the entrance to the attic. When he reached the attic he felt uncomfortable, but he went inside to place his things on the stand. He noticed an old door to his right. He shoved it open. Jackson gazed down and a chill went down his spine. Suddenly, the ground underneath Jackson gave way and Jackson howled as he whooshed down. Ahhhhhhhhhhh and boom!

When he sat up, he saw himself in a darkroom. Luckily, he had a laser pen in his pocket which he only kept for emergencies and this definitely qualified as one. He took it and started moving ahead.





# THE SECRET OF THE HIDDEN ATTIC

He shined his laser pen under him because he felt as though something was scurrying under him. It was just a mouse. He heaved a sigh of relief. Then he saw another two tunnels. The one on the right was sealed but the other was wide open, so he entered it.

## Chapter 3 - A Spooky Start

He suddenly heard a weird noise – awoli choooooooooo. He followed the voice and entered a room with a man meditating in the center. He unexpectedly bellowed, “Why are you here?” Jackson just stared in wonder.

“Anyway, let me tell you the secret surrounding this place. Just follow my instructions. First you have to find the key which you will most probably locate in a letter box outside this room. This key will open the lock to the sealed tunnel. “It is on the stand next to the sealed tunnel and then you will find the treasure in another tunnel connected to the sealed tunnel.” he said gently. “Wow! A treasure! ” Jackson exclaimed.

He crept away as fast as he could, ran out of the tunnel, and yanked open the letter box. He found the golden key, took it, and ran towards the sealed tunnel. He opened the lock and the wooden boards which blocked the entrance to the tunnel simply vaporized.

## Chapter 4 - The Treasure Hunt

After walking tirelessly into the dark recesses of the tunnel for many hours he didn’t even have one bronze coin in his palm. Suddenly, he saw a door made of pure gold and something was written on it:

***Abra ka Dabra,  
Abra ka Dabra,  
Frankrally Ab Wrankrally,  
Frankrally Ab Wrankrally,  
Mark out the Mark.***



# THE SECRET OF THE HIDDEN ATTIC

He could barely decipher the writing on the door, but he managed to read it and as he said it the door started opening automatically. He started going inside, but again the floor crumbled under him and Boom!

## **Chapter 5 - A Strange Dream**

He woke up suddenly, moaning and groaning on his soft, cozy bed in his new house. He immediately looked up to see if there was a hole in the roof, but there wasn't. He was puzzled, so he went up to the larder. He found his things, but there was no door. No proof of his adventure was left.

He wondered where the old man and all were. Suddenly, he fainted onto the floor. A few minutes later he woke up and thought, "How did I end up here? It must have been a dream. It was a weird dream, but I liked it. Then he went down to play with his friend Michael."





YOUNG AUTHORS

# HOW THE COIN CAME INTO EXISTENCE?

Anirrudha - 3A

In India, people used to buy things in exchange of their crops and cattle. But they had problems with that.

“I want to buy a vase,” said the villager.

“It costs half a cow,” said the seller.

“But I can’t kill my cow,” said the villager.

“Then just buy two vases!” said the seller.

“Look, I don’t want two vases, so take this metal piece from my necklace instead,” said the villager.

Then everyone started using metal pieces. One day, a man decided to stamp his metal pieces, for the sellers weighed them in the shop. But people still weighed the pieces. The man went and talked to the government. The government thought his idea was very good. The government gave the metal pieces a shape and stamped them. In this way, the people learned to use these new pieces. That is how the coin came into existence.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE FLOOD

Shravya Gowda - Grade 4

## Chapter 1 : At Home

A long time ago there was a girl named Indu. She lived in Mohenjo-Daro. She was very polite to everyone. Indu woke up from her mat on the floor.

She whispered “What a sunny day.”

Indu went to the well to drink some water. Her mom saw Indu and said, “Indu, you woke up so early, dear.” “Mom,” said Indu, “it’s a sunny day, so I decided to go to the great bath.”

“OK, you can go,” consented Indu’s mother, Arya. She wore a necklace and a frock made of green cotton cloth.

“Bye Mom!” said Indu. She wore a pink frock and a bracelet with a Lapis-lazuli stone necklace and left.



## Chapter 2 : A Perfect Time on the Streets

When she got out of the house, a pleasant breeze rubbed across her soft smooth skin and her black silky hair swayed. She got on to the back of the bullock cart and kept observing all the fascinating things going on around her. She saw Lapis-lazuli stones, pottery shops, weaving shops, metal working shops, and people dancing in different forms. Indu saw barley, peas, melons, wheat and dates. The streets were neat.

## Chapter 3 : At the Great Bath

Indu got down the bullock cart and entered the great bath.

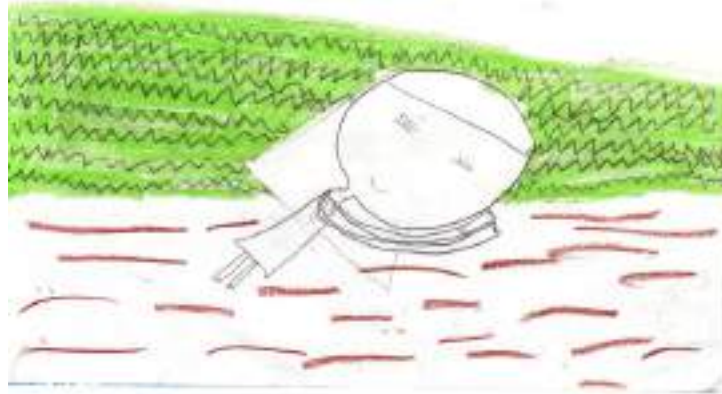
“Ah! Finally I reached,” said Indu.





# THE FLOOD

When she put her foot in the water it was cold. She swam in neck deep and went completely inside. Indu looked around. But nobody was there. ‘How strange! Everybody always comes to The Great Bath on sunny days. It is never empty,’ Indu thought. Indu got out of the pool and went out; she did not see any bullock carts at all. So she had to walk home.



## Chapter 4 : On the Streets

While Indu was walking back home she saw that all the shops were closed and the wind was dry and hot. She reached the village and saw a bunch of people running around with their supplies.

Indu also saw her mom shouting, “Indu! Indu!”

Indu rushed towards her mom and asked, “What’s going on, Mom?”

“Darling, look at the sky. It’s black and can you hear the noise? It’s a FLOOD!” said Arya in fear.

“Oh, no!” said Indu. She helped her Mom carry the supplies. All the villagers were heading to a highland called Mohenjo highland.

## Chapter 5 : The Flood

The villagers were on top of the highland. The noise of rushing water roared. WOOOSSH... came the flood. It engrossed the farming fields and the houses of the villagers of the Indus Valley. They saw their fields and houses getting destroyed with everything else. The people were depressed. Their hard work of many years was all gone.



# THE FLOOD

## CHAPTER 6 : Back to Land from Highland

The villagers got back from Mohenjo highland after the flood water receded.

“Mom,” said Indu, “there is nothing left here. Where should we sleep?”

“We have to sleep where we get space, dear,” replied her mom.

Indu and her mother, along with the villagers, went to the fields to see if any of the crops or food was left for eating. They saw nothing. Everything was destroyed. They saw a few big trees which had survived the flood. They all knew, for the days to come, their food would be these trees. Indu and her mother also plucked few leaves and started eating them. It tasted bad. Indu started weeping and slowly fell asleep.

## Chapter 7 : Indu the Saviour

The next morning when Indu woke up, all the villagers and her mom were at work rebuilding the village. She felt so sad looking at them work so hard. Indu wanted to help them. She had heard the village elders saying that the Indus River was changing its course. This was causing frequent floods. She wanted to put an end to the flood menace.

Indu thought, ‘We need to build a barrier to stop the flood water from entering the village. But I cannot do it alone. I need some help!’

Indu collected her friends and told them about her idea. All of them were excited to do the work. They decided to keep it as a secret until the barrier was completed.

Indu told them, “First we need some bricks.”

All of them made bricks from clay and started building a barrier a little away from the village. They worked very hard. Many days passed. Finally, after many days of hard work, they completed the barrier! All the children were happy. They all went home happily and rested.



# THE FLOOD

## Chapter 8 : The Destruction Ends

The next morning Indu looked happy.

Her mom asked, “Why are you so happy?”

“We have our home and the flood is not going to come!” said Indu beaming confidently.

“How can you be so sure?” asked her mom, surprised. “The flood is going to come again. Can’t you hear the sound? Let’s go.”

“No,” said Indu ,pulling her mom back.

Her mom stopped with a puzzled and worried look. “The sound is getting closer, Indu!” said her mom. She dragged Indu towards the Highland from their clay bricked house.

“Thud!” Suddenly the sound of the flood stopped. All the villagers stopped running and looked back.

What a surprise! The flood has stopped! They all started walking slowly towards the sound. There loomed a big barrier. They all gasped with surprise.

“Wow! Who built it?” People started asking.

Indu along with her friends stepped forward and said ,“We built it.”

Everybody was happy and praised them. There was celebration. All the children were given lot of gifts and sweets.

From then on they lived peacefully.

*The End*



# TWO BULLIES

Anu Srihitha - 5

One should never care about other's property;  
but should, when needed.

I know I did when someone wanted  
But, they pushed me out and said,  
"You fat and bumpy girly"  
"My hair is really curly  
But, don't care about me!"

The bully recited  
"I'm boastful, I'm toastful,  
I can roast you to a toast,  
So better go, OUT! OUT! OUT!"

These two faces frightened me  
So I gasped and said,  
"Mercy! Mercy!  
But I myself will show you one day,  
how kind I'll be to you."





# THE FARMER AND ME

Marcela Fernandez - 2B

I was walking out one day  
When I saw a farm full of hay

I asked the farmer if I could play on the farm  
that day  
The farmer said, “Yes. ”

When I went home,  
I was in such a mess

The next day I went to the farm to find the  
farmer in his house

While I was waiting for him  
I went to milk the cows.

After that I went  
for a long walk.

I got tired of waiting, and went inside  
to shout, “ Hey Farmer! Come out!”



YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

Pranathi

## Chapter 1 : Darrell's admiring

Darrell was admiring herself in front of the mirror. She was delighted by her uniform. It was a grey skirt, an orange shirt, and an orange belt that had an 'N' in the middle of it. Trenigan tower, the boarding school that Darrell was going to, was divided into four towers. The North, South, East, and West towers. Darrell was going to stay in the North tower. She was also taking her dog, Electra.

"Looking gorgeous Darrell," expressed her mom, peeping from another room she was working in.

"Thanks mom," replied Darrell, pleased and flamboyant enough that she looked good. "Mom, where's dad. I didn't see him since morning."

"Oh! Dad's rushed to office. He had some important project and he's going to get five lakhs if he goes to Scotland."

"It's going to be a long journey for him from London."

## Chapter 2 : Off to Beautiful Trenigan Towers

Darrell became as silent as a mouse. She felt uneasy on glaring at girls roaming or looking for their friends. Some girls were big, some girls were small, and some were of Darrell's age.

Darrell almost jumped when she heard a frenzied voice, "are you Darrell Rivers from London," questioned the lady with the frantic voice. She had a plump face with pimples all over it.

"Yes," replied Darrell, not liking the way she looked

"This is not the place you have to sit in. every new child has to rush with me to the front of the compartment," came another stern statement.

Darrell was shocked. She didn't want to sit with this depressing and ugly lady. Darrell was totally quiet until a girl named Elizabeth sat next to her.

"What's your name," Elizabeth asked.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

“Darrell Rivers,” responded Darrell

“I’ve been here for four years and I know everything about Trinigan towers. You can take help from me if you want.”

“Thank you,” replied Darrell, pleased that she got a friend on her very first day.

## Chapter 3 : In Miss Grayling’s Class

Darrell felt that the plump, golden haired Elizabeth was going to be a true friend to her. The girls were first supposed to give their birth certificate to their matron, then go to their dormitories, fresh up, and go to their first class on their first day.

Darrell’s class had Miss Grayling’s class first. Thin, grey haired Miss Grayling, was wearing a bun on top of her head, and a black satin cloth with sequins all around it

Miss grayling was a strict Math teacher. On the first day, she introduced herself to the new girls, and asked them some oral questions in Math. After that, they played a game, and thus, class ended.

Now it was breakfast, and the breakfast on the first and last day of school was fabulous. Today it was hot dogs and strawberry. After eating, the girls went to their dormitories, and were ready to attend the other classes. Thus, the day ended. The girls changed into their night suits and slept.

“Have a good sleep, and no whispering,” came a stern voice, which belonged to Miss Peters.

Half the children, including Darrell, were fast asleep before Miss Peters could complete her sentence. The girls were really tired after their long journey and the classes they had.

“Goodnight, Miss Peters.”

“Wow, wow!” came a bark. Darrell realized that this bark belonged to Electra.

No one heard it at first, but after sometime there was another barking noise “Wow, wow!”



YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

Now, Miss Peters heard. She now smelled a rat. Were her ears right? Now Miss Peters saw the real object that made her flamboyant enough that there was a dog somewhere around her. That was the dog itself. Electra somehow released itself from the cage Darrell kept him in, and came rushing towards Miss Peters, and stood just in front of her.

“Aaaaa,” shouted Miss Peters, but stopped herself because she could wake up the other girls. Miss Peters hated animals, especially dogs. She was terrified by a dog that was grown by one of her students. But who? This question was running around her head at this very moment.

“Is it Elizabeth, Chaitra, Sonal, or someone else?” Miss Peters never thought about Darrell, who kept her dog in the small backpack her mother sent her on the first day she arrived. She sashayed around Electra once. She was literally pinching herself to confirm that she wasn’t dreaming. She really wanted to take this horrid dog to some stupid place and leave her there. “Oh! Why can’t I do that, I could just leave this trouble maker in the nearby Cabis Mountain, which is the most densest and wildest mountain in Alpine city.

## Chapter 4 : Bye Bye Electra

Miss Peters took Electra with her and closed its mouth so it couldn’t bark. Electra was a trained dog, and it wouldn’t bite people until or unless they do something really harmful to her. Miss Peters crept as quiet as a mouse. Miss Peters took him in a tractor, which she borrowed from a shepherd living beside Trenigin towers. Electra lay unconscious. Once she reached Cabis Mountain, Miss Peters grabbed the poor little dog who was suffering from Miss Peters horribleness. Miss Peters roughly kept the small little dog into her jacket’s pocket.

Now, this pocket had a damage and Miss Peters never noticed that. Electra, who was curled up in the pocket, pushed itself onto the ground and fell with a ‘thud’.

Miss Peters, who didn’t hear the ‘thud’, continued her way to the densest part of the mountain. After Miss Peters reached there, she shivered after looking at her empty pockets. “Was the dog a ghost to slip down like this from my pocket?”

Suddenly, Miss Peters noticed the damage in her pocket and was scared now. What if a wild animal chewed her up? She began searching for it. She thought that the best way was to run back to Trenigan towers and pretend that she didn’t know anything.





YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

She rushed back to Trenigan towers before the girls wake up, and felt a bit sick. She went to the matron who takes care of the people who were sick. The matron was shocked to see Miss Peters asking her to check her fever.

“Miss Peters, what happened? Why are you looking so worried?” the matron asked.

“Nothing matron, just tired,” Miss Peters replied, stopping herself from saying the word ‘dog’. The matron sashayed around to get these awful-tasting medicines, which Miss Peters was shocked to see.

## Chapter 5 : Horrible Day for Darrell

By now, every girl in Trenigan woke up. Darrell was terribly disappointed by the disappearance of Electra. She searched about every single tiny space in the whole school, but she couldn’t find Electra. She started crying bitterly until Elizabeth came to comfort her.

“Darrell, Electra must have been out playing or roaming somewhere.”

“No, it never went out without me,” cried Darrell.

“Then, I am... um, sure it’s kidnapped or something,” expressed Elizabeth thoughtfully.

“Shut up Elizabeth, everything will be fine,” warned a girl beside her.

“Darrell, I think you should express your disappointment with Miss Peters and then someone else,” suggested the other girl sitting beside Elizabeth.

“Fine,” replied Darrell, in a sad tone.

Darrell knocked on Miss Peters door, and got no response. Darrell knocked once more, and there was no response again.

Darrell saw matron coming her way. “Aa... matron, do you have any idea where Miss Peters is?”

“Miss Peters! She is in the sick bay, anything urgent?”



YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

“Well matron, if you don’t mind, can you pass on to her that...,” Darrell told the whole story matron.

“Sure Darrell, if you find Electra, leave it in your house.”

“Thank you matron.”

By the time matron conveyed the message to Miss Peters, Darrell got to know the most horrible statement from Elizabeth.

“Darrell, I heard that Miss Peters hates animals, especially dogs.”

Darrell was terrified, “really? Do you think Miss Peters hid Electra somewhere?” Darrell asked, as Elizabeth looked at the gate. “Why are you looking at the gate.”

“Darrell, I know where Miss Peters could hide Electra.”

“Where?” asked Darrell, excited. “Come on, let’s go.”

## Chapter 6 : Investigation

Darrell and Elizabeth pushed themselves through the gate. They gave a sigh of relief that no one saw them. Elizabeth took Darrell to the Cebis Mountain.

“Here? On a mountain? But why?”

“Darrell, I just don’t know the reason, but I just think so because she only knows this place nearby. Even her daughter stays at Trenigin towers.”

They started investigating all over the mountain.

“Hey Darrell, look I see a hut.”

Darrell saw a small but beautiful hut on the top of the mountain.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# DARRELL AND ELECTRA

“Let’s go and ask the people living there.”

They went and knocked on the door.

An old woman opened the door “may I help you?”

“Did you see a small white dog that had soft white fur on her body?”

“Do you mean this?” she asked, gesturing at Electra.

“Electra!” Darrell screamed joyfully.

“Wow, wow,” barked Electra.

Darrell carefully took from the old woman, when she suddenly saw Miss Peters rushing down the lane.

“Darrell, Electra, how on Earth did you get in here?”

“Miss Peters, Elizabeth brought me here.”

Miss Peters glared at Elizabeth. She turned the other way.

“Miss Peters, why did you do this to my dog?”

“Darrell, I know I acted foolish just because I don’t like dogs. From now on I won’t harm dogs. From now on, I’ll look at dogs like my friends. Come on, let’s eat some chocolate chip cookies with a strong cup of tea.”

**Pets are awesome, don’t harm them!**



# TRUE FACES OF LIFE...

Regina Ross, Teacher

Be yourself, truthfully;  
Accept yourself, gratefully;  
Value yourself, joyfully;  
Forgive yourself, completely;  
Treat yourself, generously;  
Balance yourself, harmoniously;  
Bless yourself, abundantly;  
Trust, yourself, confidently;  
Love yourself, whole heartedly;  
Give yourself, enthusiastically;  
Express yourself, radiantly.

## TIME - An Acrostic Poem

Sameera Tondapu - 4

Ticking away, second by second.  
Intant now to the last breathe of life.  
Make your time count, Make it amount, make it a memory.  
Expiation time, calmly your spirit flies.

## THE SUN AND THE MOON

Sarayu - 2A

I love the Sun,  
It's full of fun.  
I love you moon,  
I can't see you in the noon.



# WITHOUT THE SUN

**Meesha - 2A**

If there is no sun,  
Then how can I eat my bun?  
If there is no sun,  
Then how can I have fun?  
If there is no sun,  
Then how can I play with my toy gun?  
If there is no sun,  
Then how can I see my mom?

# THE RAINBOW

**Somansh, Grade 3**

Down comes the rain pouring down on the land,  
down falls the raindrops no bigger than my hand.  
The sun starts rising at six in the morning,  
And then because of the sun and the rain,  
the rainbow forms on the country lane.  
The rainbow and rain causes joy everywhere,  
It's a beautiful sight to see in the air!

# THE BEAUTY OF LIFE

**Isha, Grade 3**

The beauty of life is....  
Flowers blooming in a sweet affair  
Birds chirping in pairs  
Water flowing gracefully with a flare...





YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE LAST TIGER

Vibhu Iyer - 5

## Chapter One: The Field Trip

It was yet another Friday, so Suhas and I were bored out of our minds, literally sleeping in the middle of Social Studies. Suhas and I have been friends since fifth grade, almost four years ago. We were in ninth now,. Suhas has glasses, buck teeth, black hair, and the occasional stammer.

Meanwhile, ma'am was telling us about Siberia, a part of Russia, and We started to pay attention. I found it a miracle that we were not snoring at the moment, but actually listening! Slowly, ma'am moved on to the animals of Siberia, and then to the world-known Siberian Tigers.

She said, “ In fact, the last white tiger is in our local zoo, but best of all, it is a Siberian! I will take all of you to see it on one condition: each and every one of you must file a report on the adaptations of the tiger in the tundra and why these are helpful. The report must be at least eleven pages long to be turned in one week after we visit the zoo.”

Nobody really cared that we had to file the essay. They were too busy talking about the field trip, which would happen on the next Friday, as we were later informed. Then the bell rang, and It was time for lunch.

## Chapter Two: The Zoo

The next Friday found us at the zoo. Upon entering, all of us were given a map. So, we started on the path. First we saw the baboons. They were not doing anything, so we moved on to the giraffes. The giraffes had very tall, humongous necks. The board said that the smallest giraffe was twelve feet tall. We were allowed to feed them, but I guess that they were already full with lunch, because they were lounging in the sun.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE LAST TIGER

Next, we went to the gorilla. The gorilla, who had just eaten a lunch of dates, started to fling the pits at us! Every shot was point-blank.

Suhas muttered,” With that pinpoint accuracy, that gorilla could make the IPL Cricket!” Ma’am decided that it was time to move onto the elephants. By the time we reached the elephants, our feet were literally dragging on the floor. Chris fainted on the spot.

## Chapter Three: Buck

After reviving Chris, We went to the tiger exhibit via the shortcut. The tiger itself was more like a fuzzball with teeth and claws. We noticed that- unlike for the other animals- this feeder was wearing leather gloves. We were about to find out why. As the feeder went inside of the cage with meat in his hands, the tiger tried to bite him!

‘ So that’s what the leather is for,’ I thought.

At the side of the cage, there was a board that said:

Here is the last white tiger in captivity. It is a Siberian tiger. His name is Buck. Buck was born in the zoo, and is currently three months old. Buck is unusually attracted to the smell of balsa, the lightest wood in the world. White tigers have no pigment, but instead their other senses are better developed.

-WCC

We went to school, ate lunch, and then went home.

## Chapter Four: Back to the Zoo

After school, Suhas came over and asked, “Did you get enough information for the essay? I didn’t. How about we go back tomorrow and check out the tiger again?”

I agreed. We decided to meet each other at my house the next morning and leave for the zoo at nine. The next day, Suhas came at 8:30 am. We played with my pet mongoose, Rattler, for half an hour before we left.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE LAST TIGER

## Chapter Five: Fire!

When we reached the zoo, we bought a book called *Predators and Prey: The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Animals* from the gift shop. Just as we saw the white tiger, a big, well built man shouted, “Fire! Fire!”

## Chapter Six: Escape

Everybody stampeded to the main gate, but we reached the one near the tiger exhibit.

A person that did not know that we were there said, “Good. Everything is going according to the plan. Soon, the tiger will be ours!”

Another, much graver tone said, “Iskanzar, there are two people listening to us!”

Iskanzar replied, “Release the animals to stop them from telling anybody.”

After digesting what we just heard, we scampered to the main gate so we could get out before the animals came. While panting like dogs and catching our breath outside, we came to a silent agreement: we had to save the tiger. So, we made THE PLAN.

## Chapter Seven: The Plan in Action

While Suhas stripped some wood off his balsa tree, I got Rattler. We met back at the zoo in five minutes.

Then, phase two began. We went to the zoo and swung on to a horse. We outran every animal, and the snakes were attacked by Rattler.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE LAST TIGER

Suhas's buck teeth made the rabbits leave us alone.

At last, we reached Buck. He was biting iskanzar, but let go as soon as he smelt the balsa in Suhas's hand.

Iskanzar was shocked and ran away.

## Chapter Eight: Home at Last

We whistled for Rattler and raced home on our horses. We took the tiger inside and called the police to inform them about what happened. We had saved the last white tiger!



*The End*



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

Suhas Kellampalli

## Chapter 1 : The Delightful Dream

There he was, world renowned cricketer Kevin Shivle, batting for England in the finals of the ICC World Cup. It was the last ball and six runs to win. The crowd roared as loud as an outraged lion as the fast bowler, bowled. Kevin felt as though the bowler was running slower than a snail. The bowler reached the crease and let go of the ball, and as it zoomed through the pitch like a cheetah at top speeds, the crowd was hushed to the extent that you could hear a pin drop from anywhere in the stadium. Kevin's bat was just about to connect with the ball, when, suddenly, what felt like a whole bucket of water splattered onto his face.

"Hey, I never asked for water!" he exclaimed. His dream froze.

"Oh, just get up Kevin," said a voice. His mother's voice woke him up.

## Chapter 2 : A Substitute for Toothpaste

Kevin opened his eyes to find his sister, Jessica, hopping on him. Kevin loathed upon his sister. Jessica was a short haired, five year old girl, with blue eyes and big, chubby cheeks.

"Get off," he said harshly, getting his sister off of him.

Jessica put on her cutest face, which only meant two things: she really wanted something, or she was hurt and was going to cry.

"Kevin, be nice to her, she looks like she's hurt," said Mrs. Shivle kindly.

"She's fine mom, you should see her when you're out of the house," he said coolly, not even paying the slightest attention to her.





YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

Kevin stepped into his dirty room. There were clothes and stinky socks lying everywhere, not to mention all his toys and books. He lazily walked into the bathroom. He examined himself in the mirror. Kevin was a skinny eleven year old boy. He had black eyes like his father, and untidy hair.

Kevin grabbed his brush and put toothpaste on it; at least, that's what he wanted to do, but instead of toothpaste, he accidentally put shaving cream on it. He started brushing his teeth. His sister burst into the bathroom, and went to the sink next to him. Jessica liked to do what he did, and sometimes, that got him into trouble. This time, Jessica wanted to imitate him brushing his teeth. So, she took the same shaving cream, put it on her brush, and started brushing like he did.

"Hey, why are brushing your teeth with shaving cream?" he asked, looking at her blankly.

"I'm doing the same thing that you are doing, because mom says I need to do what you do and learn good traits from you," she said cheerfully.

Just then, Mrs. Shivle came through the door, and puzzled by the weird spectacle, asked, "What on Earth are you guys doing? Why are you both brushing with shaving cream?" she asked, looking dumbstruck.

"Well mom, you said that I need to do what Kevin does, so I did," she replied innocently.

"Kevin, what are you doing with your mouth filled with shaving cream?" demanded Mrs. Shivle. By now, the puzzled expression had turned into a frown.

"I was...", he began but he was interrupted by Mrs. Shivle.

"Yes, you were sleepy, that's the same excuse you give all the time. Last time you put hair jell in your mouth, and the day before, you put liquid soap. Get your mouth cleaned, and get ready quickly," she said, turning and leaving the room.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

## Chapter 3 The Bully

The rest of the preparation for school went well, except for spilling his milk and putting milk powder instead of coffee powder in his dad's milk, which he did unintentionally. He had to chase the bus, like he did everyday.

He eventually got in with great difficulties. He accidentally went to the back of the bus, where all the bullies were.

"Hi there little Kevin," said a mean hoarse voice. Kevin realized that this voice belonged to the school's biggest bully, Bill.

"What do you want?" Kevin questioned, with all the courage he could get when all the members of Bill's gang were punching their fists into their palms.

"Ooo, little Kevin is going to hurt me, oh I'm so scared," said Bill with a smirk on his face. "I don't think you want to be the victim of my new special punch. I need someone to practice it on."

He said, the grin vanishing from his face. He made a punching motion with his fists. Kevin stumbled backward while backpedalling, tripped over someone's foot and fell with a loud 'thud' on the ground.

Kevin's head was searing with pain. "You stupid bully!" he exclaimed before he could stop himself. He got up and realized he had crossed the limits, so he suddenly broke into a run, as the doors of the bus opened.

Kevin's friend, Jack, was waiting for him in front of the school.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

“Run!” Kevin exclaimed.

“What?” asked Jack looking puzzled. It didn’t take him much time to realize what was going on, and he too, broke into a run.

Bill was a very slow runner. He was extremely fat, and he barely had a neck. Kevin hated his big round face and a big round nose in the middle.

There were several ways to get to his classroom, but Kevin took the shortest way: through the front door of the first grade classroom (he was lucky there was no teacher), out the back door, through a right door, and there is his classroom. His classroom was full of colorful posters. There were desks scattered in pairs.

Kevin and Jack turned around to see Bill and his gang running towards them. Just then, Mr. Linin, Bill’s class teacher, sprang out from the staffroom, rummaging with some pieces of paper, and got a glimpse of Bill running.

Mr. Linin was the strictest teacher in the whole school. He had a pointed nose, with hair slightly longer than normal men have, and he barely ever smiled. The last time he smiled was when he first joined the school.

“Bill, who are you chasing this time?” he questioned with a disapproving tone.

“Umm... Umm... no one sir, we are just practicing for the relay race,” he said, trying to sound innocent.

“Well, running in the school corridors is against school rules, whether it’s a running race or whatever,” he said, sounding harsher by every word.

“But sir-,” he started.

“Because of this, you are earning yourself a week of detention,” Mr. Linin said flatly and walked away.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

“Yes!” exclaimed Jack, punching the air. Bill gave him a mean look, turned, and walked away.

## Chapter 4 The Big Thing Kevin Forgot

“That was a close call,” said Jack as they went inside their class.

“Hey, I totally forgot to ask you, are you coming tonight?” asked Jack curiously.

“Coming where tonight?” Kevin questioned.

“Are you coming to Time Square tonight?” Jack asked, looking at the streets of New York.

“Why would I go to Time Square, especially tonight?” inquired Kevin.

“Because it’s New Year’s Eve and tonight is the Ball Drop,” Jack replied.

“Oh yes, I totally forgot,” muttered Kevin. It slipped his mind that today was December 31st and so he forgot to ask his mother if he could go to Time Square.

“So, that means you’re not coming,” said Jack.

“Hey, who said I’m not coming, I am coming,” Kevin lied.

“Good, because I am too,” Jack said joyfully.

“Children, settle down,” said their homeroom teacher.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

Although all Kevin could do the rest of the day was dream about his lie to Jack and about how he would make it to Time Square, Kevin managed throughout the rest of the school day.

The first thing he did when he went home was find his mother. She was in the kitchen, washing some dishes.

“Mom, I want to go to the Ball Drop at Time Square tonight,” he said.

“You can’t. I don’t like being in all that rush, and it’s in the night, which makes it even more dangerous,” she said.

“Oh mom, please, please, please. I’ll do anything. I already told everyone that I’m coming,” he begged.

“Yes mommy, even I want to see the Ball Drop,” said Jessica.

“See mom, even she wants to go,” said Kevin.

“Please can we go?” Kevin and his sister asked unanimously.

“Okay then, we’ll go,” sighed Mrs. Shivle.

## Chapter 5 Lost!

So, that night, they got prepared to go to Time Square.

“Hey Kevin, don’t run like that,” Mrs. Shivle shrieked, as they crossed the road.

“It’s okay mom, I’m watching,” he replied.

“Jessica, hold my hand,” she said.





YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

Soon they reached Time Square. It was extremely crowded. There were lights everywhere, and the ball was glowing like an enormous light bulb.

“Mom come quick, we’re not going to get a good view if we don’t move quickly, and we’ve got to move through every small gap,” he said.

He ran forward without looking back at them. He came to the front row, squeezing his way out of the crowd. He turned around and expected to see his mother behind him, but she wasn’t there.

“Mom! Mom!” Kevin shouted apprehensively. The other people around him all stared at him.

He found this incident half good, and half horrifying. The half good part was that he had money in his pocket, and that gave him a good idea. He could now buy anything he desired! The bad part was that it was night, and he was stranded in the middle of a gigantic city, on New Year’s Eve. Well, he wanted to think about the good part, and he left the bad part aside.

So he left the front row view, and went onto the sidewalk. He scanned the place. The first thing he saw was a man dressed in a batman costume. He went and gave him a hand shake, and took a picture with him. Then, he saw portrait painters on the sidewalk. They looked they looked like they were getting a huge profit. One of them was counting his money, apparently looking very happy. There were shops all around him gleaming with extraordinary lights.

Out of all of the stores, Kevin’s gaze fell on one of the shops. ‘Dan’s Toy Shop’ was its name. He walked in to find a whole room full of toys except a desk in one corner of the room, where a man sat.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

“What do you want?” the man asked him warmly.

Kevin knew that he had struck a jackpot. “I would like that toy gun, that video game over there and... that pen over there,” he asked.

He paid the money and left the store. It was really late, and he was getting sleepy. He really wanted to find his mother, and he was sure that his mother was looking for him too.

## Chapter 6 : The Find

“Yes! Yes! His name is Kevin Shivle,” said Mrs. Shivle, showing a picture of Kevin to the police. She looked really worried.

“Okay ma’am, you can leave it to us now,” said the police. Mrs. Shivle gave him an icy look.

“You think I could go home and relax when my son is stuck somewhere in the middle of New York!” Mrs. Shivle exclaimed.

“Well ma’am there’s nothing you can do about...” the police tried reasoning with her.

“Yes! Yes there is something I can do about it! I can search for him too,” Mrs. Shivle said, cutting off the police, “but he doesn’t deserve to be lost, he deserves to be at home, opening the new presents we get him. Wait! That’s it! I think I know where he is,” bellowed Mrs. Shivle.

“Well then, let’s get a move on it”.

“Do you know any good toy shop?”

“There is one shop completely filled with toys. I think its name is... ‘Dan’s Toy Shop’”.

“Well, I think that’s where we need to go to,” said Mrs. Shivle.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# LOST

Meanwhile, Kevin found a bench near Dan's Toy Shop.

"Oh god, I made a big mistake by running off like that. Can you please make my mom find me?" he prayed, clapping his hands together, and looking into the pitch black sky.

By now, Mrs.Shivle was in the same street as Kevin.

She spotted Kevin and shouted, "Oh, Kevin."

"Wow, that was quick," he muttered looking into the sky.

"Oh Kevin, never run of like that again," she said, tears of joy running down her face.

Kevin decided that no matter how tempting it may be to go off without his mother, no matter what the reason was, he wouldn't run off again.



*The End*



# INSPIRATION CORNER

**Ramakrishna Reddy**

**Head of the Institution**

## **A letter from Abraham Lincoln to his son's head master...**

Abraham Lincoln, the 16th president of the United States of America (1861 – 1865) is one of the world's great statesmen for all time. Here is a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to the head master of his school in which his son was studying, a letter so typical of the man who bore malice towards none and had charity for all.

He will have to learn, I know,  
that all men are not just,  
all men are not true.  
But teach him also that  
for every scoundrel there is a hero;  
that for every selfish Politician,  
there is a dedicated leader...  
Teach him for every enemy there is a friend,  
Steer him away from envy,  
if you can,  
teach him the secret of  
quiet laughter.  
Let him learn early that  
the bullies are the easiest to lick...  
Teach him, if you can,  
the wonder of books...



# INSPIRATION CORNER

But also give him quiet time  
to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky,  
bees in the sun,  
and the flowers on a green hillside.

In the school teach him  
it is far honourable to fail  
than to cheat...

Teach him to have faith  
in his own ideas,  
even if everyone tells him  
they are wrong...

Teach him to be gentle  
with gentle people,  
and tough with the tough.

Try to give my son  
the strength not to follow the crowd  
when everyone is getting on the band wagon...

Teach him to listen to all men...  
but teach him also to filter  
all he hears on a screen of truth,  
and take only the good  
that comes through.

Teach him if you can,  
how to laugh when he is sad...  
Teach him there is no shame in tears,





# INSPIRATION CORNER

Teach him to scoff at cynics  
and to beware of too much sweetness...

Teach him to sell his brawn  
and brain to the highest bidders  
but never to put a price-tag  
on his heart and soul.

Teach him to close his ears  
to a howling mob  
and to stand and fight  
if he thinks he's right.

Treat him gently,  
but do not cuddle him,  
because only the test  
of fire makes fine steel.

Let him have the courage  
to be impatient...

let him have the patience to be brave.

Teach him always  
to have sublime faith in himself,  
because then he will have  
sublime faith in mankind.

This is a big order,  
but see what you can do...  
He is such a fine little fellow,  
my son!

**- Abraham Lincoln**

# CREDITS

## **Sub Editors:**

*Aryika  
Lahari  
Mahathi  
Suhas*

## **Proof Readers:**

*Marcus  
Rishita Chourey*

## **Technical Editors:**

*Vineel  
Akshaya  
Gautham*

***Supported by our Systems Manager Phani***

## **Chief Editors:**

*Guhan  
Shreyas*

## **Teacher Editor:**

*Priya Saxena*

## **Mentors:**

*Shalini Reddy  
Ramakrishna Reddy*

***Thank you for reading!***

# Sparsh

**Created and Published by the Students  
of the Manthan Sparsh Club**



**Tellapur Village, Ramachandrapuram Mandal,  
Sanga Reddy Dist 502 032  
Ph: 08455 297919 / 81793 81535  
E-mail: [info@manthanschool.org](mailto:info@manthanschool.org)  
[www.manthanschool.org](http://www.manthanschool.org)**