

# SPARSH NEWSLETTER



APRIL | 2018

## STUDENT EDITORIAL

### **Hello Readers,**

Sparsh has always endeavoured to be an apt reflection of the students of Manthan: of their ideas, thoughts and opinions. Therefore, platforms such as these help students to come out and express themselves and are paramount in getting more and more students to write and get involved with their community.

This edition especially focuses on imploring students to take up the reins of our communities, be aware of the world around them and help them build open and holistic mind-sets, a fact that Manthan, and one of our feature articles stresses.

While encouraging students to become more generally aware, it is also important to get them engaged in current rhetoric, and get them talking about the challenges we face today.



# STUDENT EDITORIAL

In this edition we have a particularly interesting 'War of Words' section, it contains a collection of essays that debate and give opinions on a variety of topics - ranging from patriotism to free trade - and help tease and tickle our minds.

While the unique composition of this issue is evident, there are some parts of Sparsh that are ever-present and irreplaceable, namely the 'Poetry' and 'Young Author' sections. The endless and wild creativity of Manthanites makes sure these sections retain their excitement, and overflow with content. This issue is no different, as their bold words transport us from one world to another, whether it is in the form of prose or poems.

Sparsh to Manthan is a rite of passage, a milestone and a reflection of ourselves as writers. Every edition encourages students to bring out their sharpest pencil and wittiest plot, and the tradition carries forward with this edition too. Bear in mind our message, read every line with an open mind and especially, an open heart.

**All that said, welcome to Sparsh!**

**Chief Editors,  
Purvi Reddy  
Sherya Challa**

# STAY UPDATED

## Purvi 10A

I honestly think that the greatest achievement of my teenage life was learning to read the newspaper. Not the act of reading itself, but finally seeing the point. Eventually, understanding the benefit of losing ten minutes of sleep to read the headlines, or sleeping ten minutes late to finish reading the op-ed's. I now have a thirst for the catching up and staying in the loop, and a constant want to have a more informed and equipped perspective to life.

This account is my introduction to the newspaper and my journey from only ever touching the newspaper to cover textbooks, to waiting for its arrival every single morning.

It begins with my twelve year old self absolutely refusing to read even the local gossip column of the newspaper because that is how much I detested it. It was, to me then, a hurdle I had to jump in order to get my mother to do my hair. It was just a nuisance to my morning routine and I wanted nothing to do with it.

I first interacted with them because of my mother's insistence to be more "aware". But even then, my reading was limited to the daily comic section and even that was only to appease my mother. At that point, newspapers had absolutely no place in my life, they did not influence my grades or my interaction with my peers.

However, one evening, during a dinner with family friends, I was listening to a conversation between my father and one of his friends. They were discussing the fiscal policy framework change after the takeover of the new administration. Never had I felt so lost as to what someone was saying, and I was about to dismiss the whole thing as an argument beyond my understanding when the hosts daughter, who was around my age, refuted to something my father said. She was correcting a fact he had cited. My father was quick to pull out his phone a double check. Sure enough, she was right!

When I gave her a queer look, she turned to me and said "What? It was in the newspaper today."

I think that moment was really catalytic for me. I loved discussions and arguments, but the ones between adults were not something I interfered with, and it was not because I did not want to enter their discussion, I was simply not equipped. Similar events followed. One of which was a general knowledge quiz hosted by my school. I did not know the answer to almost any question, and it was deeply troubling.

# STAY UPDATED

During a discussion with my a teacher about the answer to one of the questions about the Reserve Bank of India's Governor, our teacher turned to us and said, "How could you not know him? He's been in the news all week!"

So that weekend, I woke up in the morning, opened Times of India and did not flip to the comics section. I opened the first page and read the headlines.

'NaMo's new protectionism looks more like Nehru, less like China'

Who was NaMo? What is he protecting? And what does that have to do with India's first prime minister or China? Safe to say, I didn't understand a thing. But that was okay, because all I had to do was ask my father who broke the whole thing down for me and explained everything. Some of the topics were still a little confusing, especially those that were deeply economic, but other issues relating to geopolitics I understood.

Week by week I understood more and more of what the newspapers had to offer. I got excited every time news about the same issue turned up because I already knew what had happened. The discussions between my parents or their friends started to make sense, and I could suddenly relate what I had learned in social sciences to what I had read in the newspaper. I could talk to my parents about the news and though I still knew very little, these discussions were very gratifying because I could finally contribute to them.

Every day I learn a little more about the world that I live in. The type of people that live in the world and the sort of person I want to be among them. Sometimes it is pleasant and sometimes it is not, but it is always helpful in challenging and shaping my own views and opinions. It has developed this want of mine to just know more, and understand more, and look for more. I can proudly say that I genuinely like reading the newspaper.

# SPOTLIGHT

## KNOWING BETTER - Ruchika Ma'am

### Subject Leader - Social Studies

This edition's Spotlight features Ruchika ma'am, the Subject Leader for Social sciences here at Manthan, and our own beloved economics teacher. After being continually inspired by her passion for the subject in class, we were very excited about hearing her views, opinions and memories here at Manthan.



Saloni - Hello ma'am, thank you so much for sparing some time from your busy schedule and joining us today.

Ruchika ma'am - Thank you so much for having me here, I would love to respond to your questions.

Saloni – Let us jump right in, shall we? Since the time you joined Manthan, what is the one thing that strikes out the most to you about Manthan, in other words, what is unique to Manthan?

Ruchika - I believe, the intention and motive of this institution - the holistic development of children, is what I really like. Here, it is not only academics that we focus on, but we feel it is also very important to shape a student's personality and give him an exposure of how competitive, the outside world is.

Saloni - What about the students of Manthan? How do they compare to other students?

Ruchika ma'am - Well, I highly believe, Manthanites are very strong at academics and are very keen on researching. In fact, I take it as a challenge to prepare new and interesting material. This helps me learn more at the same time.

Saloni - Considering all the different branches social sciences have to offer, how did you develop an interest towards economics in particular?

Ruchika ma'am - I feel, economics is a subject which helps connect you to the outside world, and makes you more aware. Reading newspapers and analysing text is a simple way to trigger interest in economics. I personally feel that this acts as a foundation for pursuing any kind of research studies.



# SPOTLIGHT

## KNOWING BETTER - Ruchika Ma'am

### Subject Leader - Social Studies

Srikari – We know teaching is a passion for you, but at times it can be quite stressful. How do you relieve yourself of the stress?  
Ruchika ma'am - Well Srikari, it is true that we as teachers are stressed at times, yet I love challenges teaching offers. Therefore, I look at it from a positive angle and find some way or the other to manage it.

Srikari – We all have dreams and aspirations from a young age. Was yours to become a teacher one day?

Ruchika ma'am – Yes, from a very young age, I found teaching to be a very interesting job. I was appreciated for my clarity when I explained any subject. I recognised this to be one of my strengths and proceeded as such. Speaking of economics specifically, until I was introduced to this wonderful subject, I wasn't really aware.

Saloni - Ma'am, we have also watched you perform Kathak multiple times with great skill ...would you like to share anything about this particular interest.

Ruchika ma'am – Sure. I was always interested in dancing, which is why I chose to adopt this form of classical dance. It acts as a great stress reliever and also helps me balance my responsibilities and interests. Unfortunately, I do not find enough time to practice nowadays, but as it is my passion, I find enough time for it.

Srikari - Well, thank you ma'am for joining us and for your contribution to both this interview and the school. We deeply appreciate you sparing time for us. Thank you once again.

Ruchika ma'am –It is a pleasure interacting with you. Thank you.

**Interviewers - Srikari A. and Saloni S**

# HINDI

## आसमान का राजा कौन?

गृहीता

एक ठंडी शाम को चाँद और तारे आकाश में बात कर रहे थे। तभी एक बच्ची की आवाज सुनायी दी और वो बोली "चाँद बहुत सुन्दर है और कितनी चमकदार है।" ये सुनकर चाँद ने सोचा "मैं आकाश का राजा हूँ।" तारे तुरंत बोले "नहीं, तुम राजा नहीं हो, सूरज आसमान का राजा है।" पर चाँद ने कहा "नहीं मैं राजा हूँ।" सुबह हो गई और तारे घर जा रहे थे। तभी चाँद ने बोला "मैं नहीं जाऊँगा, तुम जाओ। सूरज आ गया। वो बच्ची सूरज को देखकर बोली "राजा आ गया तब चाँद रोने लगा। सूरज और तारे तब बोले "रो मत। हम सब आसमान के शान हैं!"

## मेरा अनोखा सपना...

निखिल

एक दिन, मैं अंतरिक्ष के बारे में पढ़ रहा था। उसके बाद मेरा घर हिलने लगा। मैं घर के बाहर गया और देखा कि मेरा घर अंतरिक्ष में है। मेरा घर नेप्ट्यून के पास आ गया। नेप्ट्यून में एक बड़ा सा तूफ़ान आया और मैं उस तूफ़ान में फस गया। उस तूफ़ान ने मुझे जुपिटर में फेंक दिया। इस तरह मैं सब नौ ग्रह देख लिया। उसके बाद मैं आखरी ग्रह से गिरने लगा। तभी मेरे आँखे खुलने लगे और मेरा सपना पूरा हो गया।

## काश! मैं एक मछली होता

करन 3C

काश! मैं एक मछली होता ।  
तालाब मैं साँस ले पाता।  
आदमी के घर से दूर रहता।,  
कोई मुझे पकड़ नहीं पाता।  
शत्रु को मार देता,  
अपने परिवार को बचा लेता।  
मैं काफ़ी तेज़ी से तैरता,  
पानी के खेल सबको दिखाता।  
मैं आराम से सोता,  
कोई मुझे नहीं उठाता।  
कोई मुझे नहीं उठाता।।



# HINDI

## अमर वीर सिपाही ! श्रीकरी (9 B)

छू गई उस देश की नर्म धूलि ,  
गई है वह स्वतंत्रता की भाव भूली |  
रक्तमय शरीर और मन में क्रोधाग्नि ,  
माथे पर माटी का तिलक ,मन में देश भक्ति |  
साहस और विश्वास ने हटाया डर,  
भारत माँ ने बुलाया, आ ! मेरे शरण में मर !  
कितने आंसू झोले और कितने यहाँ जान गंवाए ,  
शहीद तो मेरे देश के, वैसे के वैसे हैं सोए |  
अणु-अणु में थी देश के लिए भक्ति ,  
क्या अब हम में नहीं है लड़ने की शक्ति ?  
याद करते हैं हम उन्हें ,जो थे निडर ,  
इसी स्थल पर जन्म लिए थे वे महान नर |  
ना जाने कितना कष्ट सहा है भारत माता ने ,  
अपने शिशुओं को ममता से पाला था उसने |  
जन्म-जन्मांतर उस दूध के क़र्ज को याद रख ,  
चाहे युग बीते,लड़ते रह अपनी मृत्यु तक |  
रात-दिन एक कर लड़ते-लड़ते चुप हो गए वो वीर शहीद !  
अब अपनी बारी आई है , देश की रक्षा करते चाहे होजाएं शहीद !





# HINDI

## जंगल आदिश कक्षा 2A

जंगल प्रकृति का अहम भाग है।  
जंगल में कई जीव-जंतु रहती हैं।  
वहाँ बहुत सारे पेड़-पौधे पाए जाते हैं।  
जंगल के पेड़ों से हमें लकड़ी और अन्य उपयोगी वस्तुएँ प्राप्त होती हैं।  
वह वायु मंडल को स्वच्छ करते हैं।  
जंगल प्रदूषण को नियंत्रित करता है।  
हमें जंगलों का संरक्षण करना चाहिए।

## काश! मैं चिड़िया होती... नाइशा

अगर मैं चिड़िया होती तो मैं बहुत देर-देर तक हवा में उड़ती रहती। जब रात होने को आती तब ऊपर जाकर तारों से बातें करती और कर सके तो मैं एक तारे को अपने घर ले पाती। जब सुबह होती तब मैं पेड़ों पर उड़कर अपनी चोंच से फल तोड़कर खाती। मैं पूरा दिन अपनी सुरीला गाना सुनाती। मैं दिन भर अपने पक्षी मित्रों के साथ ऊँची डालों पर बैठती।  
मैं पूरे दिन गाती,  
मैं चिड़िया हूँ,  
मैं चिड़िया हूँ,  
यहां वहां मैं उड़ती जाऊँ,  
मैं एक प्यारी-प्यारी चिड़िया हूँ।

## दोस्त Mahimna 8B

दोस्त वह है जो अपने भीतर के डर को दूर करे ,  
दोस्त वह है जो कैसे भी हो हम, पर लगालें गले |  
दोस्त एक ऐसा रत्न है ,  
जो सारे गहनों से भी बढ़कर हो |  
दोस्त एक ऐसी किस्मत है ,  
जो कि नसीब वालों को मिलता है वो |  
हमसफ़र दोस्त गर अच्छा हो तो  
ज़िंदगी का रास्ता मज़ेदार बन जाता है |

दोस्त अगर हमदर्द हो तो ,  
हर दर्द भी छू मंतर हो जाता है |  
दोस्त का दिया उपहार चाँद-तारों से बढ़कर होगा ,  
मांगे अगर मेरा दोस्त तो दिल क्या जान भी हाज़िर होगी |  
सच्चे दोस्त अनमोल होते हैं ,रूठे अगर तो उसे मनाना होगा ,  
ढूंढते रह जाओगे स्वार्थी दुनिया में, फिर कहाँ ऐसी दोस्ती मिलेगी |

# HINDI

## मेरी माँ ! Shinjini 7 A

है जननी मेरी माँ तू !  
तेरे चरणों में रहने दे मुझे ,  
तेरे स्पर्श को जीने दे मुझे ,  
तेरी राह के काँटों को  
पलकों से उठाने दे मुझे ।  
हर तकलीफ में तेरा साथ निभाने दे मुझे ।।  
कोई दर्द दिल में रह न जाए  
जिगर का टुकड़ा बने रहने दे मुझे ।  
माँ मेरी तू अनमोल है ।  
तेरी सेवा करके, तर जाने दे मुझे ।  
माँ तेरी महक से तुझे पहचान जाती हूँ,  
अपने आँचल की गुड़िया बनी रहने दे मुझे ।  
माँ ! तेरी मुस्कान चाँदी-चाँदी सी लगती है ,  
तू सारे दुनिया में परियों की रानी लगती है ।



## प्रिय मित्र -पुस्तक Sonal Grade 7 A

पुस्तक है हमारे जीवन भर के मित्र  
न समझो इनको बुरे और विचित्र !  
हमको अधिक ज्ञान देते हैं ,  
और अधिक खुशी भी देते हैं ।  
हो पढ़ाई करने या हो खाना बनाने के  
लिए ,  
हर दिन हमारे जीवन में ज्ञान के जलाते हैं  
दीए ।  
चाहे बच्चे हो या बूढ़े पढ़ते हैं बड़े चाव से  
,  
कभी कघर में या पुस्तकालय से ।  
मन में एक बत्ती जल जाती है  
जब पुस्तकों के ज्ञान को अपने जीवन में  
ढालते हैं ।  
पुस्तक हैं हमारे जीवन भर के मित्र  
नहीं होते हैं बुरे और विचित्र ।



# WAR OF WORDS

## The Amazing Amarok

Navya Kappagantula, Class : 7C

The Amarok is a mythical creature originating from the Inuit culture. The Inuit must have created this creature so that no inhabitant of their tribe would go into the deep forests alone at night.

According to the Inuit culture, the Amarok is supposed to be a menacing wolf with big, sharp fangs. It was very aggressive and would eat people alive as they would go into the deep, dark forest.

Many people feared this creature and never entered the forests alone.

In modern times, the Amarok resembles a wolf. When I think about this creature, I think that the wolf evolved from the Amarok.



## Bunyip

Yashica, 7c

Bunyip is believed to be a spirit sent to the Earth to punish the evil. It has a huge mouth with long sharp teeth and an enormous tail like a crocodile. It is also believed to be having dark fur, flippers, horse's tail, dog like face and huge tusks.

Some say, it is a snake like creature while some say it is furry and bear-looking. It is said that it lives in lakes and swamps, when evils come near the lakes, then it is believed that Bunyips eat them. This is the reason people were afraid of it.



The main reason why people would have believed it might be because Bunyip had not been seen by anyone, so people say it has features that an animal that actually exist in real life like horse's tail, dog- like face, elephant's tusk and a dog- like face. By telling an creature with features of an real existing animal will make it more realistic and believable. That might be the reason for the believing of mythical creatures like Bunyip.

# WAR OF WORDS

## **PATRIOTISM HAS VERY FEW TAKERS IN INDIA**

**Mihir Walvekar, 9B**

Patriotism, for the present youth of India is equivalent to cheering for India in a cricket match against Pakistan, because that is what they think is the “love” for their country. However, real patriotism is the sentiment you feel when the tricolor is hoisted and the national anthem is reverberating in your ears. It is the zeal and responsibility taken when your nation goes helter-skelter. It is the pride that you feel when your motherland achieves a feat not even thought of by any other country.

If you observe, half the adults don't even bat an eyelid when a boy comes to sell an Indian flag before Republic and Independence Day. If these adults don't love their country then will their children love? More than half of the kids in the country want to go out for their future studies and future life.

What kind of patriotism is vandalizing streets with rubbish, not standing up for the national anthem, shouting “Bharat Murdabad” in the streets and going against the government? It shows what people really feel for their motherland.

It is not mandatory to feel patriotic, but it is a natural feel within a conscientious person. Patriotism is that matchstick, itching to light a fire.

On the other hand, some might argue that since there isn't any war, patriotism is not needed and people should go to the other countries and check new things there.

However, by doing so, people forget their own country. A citizen should never forget India which has raised them in her lap with love. She has given food, water, shelter, and most importantly life. Sadly, people's mindset has changed. Their attitude tells which country they really like. They easily get brainwashed whenever money glints in front of their eyes.

Finally, this shows that patriotism has very few takers in India as corruption, greed, and want has brainwashed and taken control of minds of many people to an extent that they have forgotten their motherland, traditions and culture.

# WAR OF WORDS

## **Free markets are a threat to developing countries**

**Srikari 10B**

The term 'Free trade' is with regard to all the countries of the world collectively considered as one global market, thus, meant to eliminate unfair barriers to global commerce and raise the economy in developed and developing nations alike. However, both apparent and feared repercussions can create a grave mistrust on the part of workers who believe their country is giving foreign producers an unfair advantage and costing domestic jobs.

The main objective of free trade brings about a thick line of gap between the countries, wealthy in resources and the developing countries that tend to depend on them for production. At the time when a country forms, or is developing at a very slow pace, thus giving rise to only local markets in the present, would identify no potential to set up domestic markets for, free trade steps a level ahead and directly puts them on a globally competitive spirit.

I would like to introduce to you my first point regarding the decreased levels of self sufficiency, thus giving rise to more dependence on various countries. Expansion in market, often makes developing countries more economically dependent on other countries or vice versa for the fulfillment of production needs. The availability of one resource or service makes a country more prosperous as it attracts consumers from all over the world. Specialisation, therefore, is directly related to better development in any country.

Yet, the economic dependence that we tend to have, might as well not function at all times, when the country that we depend on, faces scarcity or is in a state of debt. The dependent countries will have to do without the product or service, due to them being directly dependent on the producers. In context of the point, the growth of the developed countries can also fluctuate at times, this is the case, if the demand for their good decreases in the market. This gradually leads to a decrease in their national income thus affecting their rate of development. Hence, it can be concluded that dependence of countries on each other is likely to break the flow of trade in a developed country as well.

# WAR OF WORDS

## **Free markets are a threat to developing countries**

With regard to my second point I develop our stance as, “free trade often disturbs the functioning of local markets within countries”. In the case of a developing country, which has just begun to give rise to or develop trade within the country are often vulnerable when looked at from a bigger perspective. Developed companies have large scale industries, with great distribution networks, and more numbers of exports. When the market is considered in terms of a free market, it causes turbulence in the sectors of the domestic economy of the country. Developing countries with slow rise in businesses and markets are placed at the same level as big chains such as Walmart etc, thus crippling the domestic markets where there is no scope for a country to develop.

If looked at, from the aspect of domestic markets being the producers, they can only manage to sustain in a growing economy if their resources are extensive. With the rise of markets in developed countries that have already established relations in an attempt to expand their business even further, they causes more harm to the local markets. As a result, due to no profits being made from their side, it leads to the developing countries trying to cut down the costs in order to gain price advantage. The case in the country becomes critical when their workers are paid low wages, face substandard working conditions and even forced labor. This term is referred to as ‘race to the bottom’ meaning that the country begins to cut down costs at the expense of human rights.

Here the definition of what a free market is, can be contradicted as it isn't proving fair for every country, because of the growth in markets being directly proportional to the development in the country. The world trade organisation notes developing countries insist any attempt to include working conditions in trade agreements is meant to end their cost advantage in the world market.

To sum up, the birth of innovation and ideas mark the rise of the domestic sector in the economy, free trade tends to cripple them by directly putting them at a level in which they have to compete globally. Also, dependence of countries can make situations worse at times.



# WAR OF WORDS

## Demonetization

Kashvi 6B

Economic status of India

In India, people count the investment by GDP or the incomes earned by the residents of the domestic territory of a country. The formula of GDP is the total investment by total number of employees (around India). For example- my mom gets 100 rupees, my dad gets 100 rupees, and I get 100 rupees so the formula will be: 100 plus 100 plus 100 which is equal to 300 and divided by 3 ( three members are getting money) so the economic status of my family is 100 rupees.

What is monetization?

Monetization is the process of converting or establishing something into legal tender while it usually refers to coining of currency or printing of banknotes by central banks; it may also take the form of a promissory currency.

What is demonetization?

Demonetization is the act of stripping a currency unit of its legal tender. Demonetization is necessary whenever there is a change in national currency.

Why demonetize the currency?

Terrorists of course won't have money so how do you think the terrorists get money? Where do they get the money from? They do terror funding. This means terrorists take money from others' bank accounts.

Advantages

As I said, demonetization can aid in nabbing the terrorists who do terror funding. We can even increase cashless payments, so like this there are many advantages of demonetization.

Drawbacks

On the other hand, there are some drawbacks also. Just to exchange money, people are wasting their time by standing in long queues. The banks are only giving 500 and 2000 rupees notes and the buyers are facing problems to pay money for minor items. These are only two of them.

As Narendra Modi said, there might be better future. So let's wait and watch! :)



# WAR OF WORDS

## **Are You Born an Entrepreneur or Do You Become One?**

**Purvi 10A**

This topic asks a simple question: are entrepreneurs born or made? Of course, the answer to that question is not that simple, for it deals with deep misconception that lies in society- of “innate talent.” This essay will prove to you why your genetics do not determine your success on the business playfield, why economic success is often circumstantial and why business know-how is instrumental in the making of an entrepreneur.

In society we often come across people who boast of inborn talent of natural mastery. And it is for that reason dyslexic children get labelled as innately stupid, and those with good grades get labelled as innately intelligent instead of hardworking. Though, in most cases innate talent does not exist – it is just that people do not try enough to look beyond someone’s face value. Unfortunately, this especially reflects on rhetoric about entrepreneurship skills. Entrepreneurship skill comprise of leadership, persistence, risk-taking, resourcefulness, optimism, opportunism, and determination. These sorts of skill have to be cultivated, because no one is born with a good work ethic or is hard working and that is what makes good leaders. At the end of the day, it is not the oratory skills or the confidence of a leader that will bring him success, it is the amount of work he has put into the business.

Even if a few entrepreneurs did have some innate advantage, they need to know how to run a business, how to manage resources and scout for opportunities. That kind of knowledge only comes with business acumen. Entrepreneurs need to acquire the necessary skills to run their firm and understand their markets. That basic business know-how is essential and indisputable, and it is definitely not something you are born with.

Moreover, the economic climate has a lot to do with entrepreneurship. Any economy with greater opportunities, better education, and a greater acceptance of entrepreneurs is much more likely to have many successful entrepreneurs than those who do not. Take the common example of India versus the US. An average Indian entrepreneur earns much less compared to one based in America and it is not because there exists a genetic rift between the populations of the two countries. The US just has a more encouraging environment for budding start-ups. They have more investment, more societal acceptance and better universities which are a big driver in pushing people in to pursuing entrepreneurship.

In the end, the person who puts in the greatest effort, has the greatest determination, and the greatest drive is the one that achieves the greatest success. Entrepreneurs need the right platforms and circumstances. Leadership is a learning process, and good leaders learn from mistakes. No one is born a great entrepreneur, but they can learn to become one. The expectation of innate talent is false but hard work is a reality. So, I would like to rest my case with the words of John F Kennedy - “leadership and learning are indispensable to each other.”

# Fun with Science

## Adithya 9A

Although the number of neutrons in an atom can be calculated using the formula  
$$\text{Number of neutrons} = \text{Atomic mass} - \text{Number of Protons}$$

Upon closer examination, I have come to find a trend in the numbers. However, I have limited it to Calcium as the numbers get more complicated as the atomic number increases. The trend, in layman's terms, is just an arithmetic progression.

If the atomic number is subtracted from the number of neutrons for the first twenty elements, an interesting trend shows up.

Starting from Hydrogen and proceeding towards Calcium:

-1, 0, {1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0}, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, {4}, 1, 0

The only exceptions in the pattern are Hydrogen and Argon; Hydrogen has no neutrons at all and Argon has 4 more neutrons than protons (i.e. Atomic Number).

# Fun with Science

## Sub-trend 1:

In the pattern mentioned above, I have placed "1 , 1 , 1 , 0 , 0 , 0" in { } because blatantly, they form an interesting pattern. A triplet of "1" and a triplet of "0".

## Sub-trend 2:

From Fluorine to Chlorine, a spellbinding pattern forms. A boolean of 1s and 0s. A "one" followed by a "zero". At Argon, the pattern is being "interrupted"; however, if we do consider the "4" in Argon to be "0", the pattern continues undisturbed for the next two elements also.

## Drawback:

This pattern, however, only follows till Calcium. After calcium, the numbers go astray.

3 , 4 , 5 , 4 , 5 , 4 , 4 , 2 , 6 , 5

Although I have observed this, as of now, I cannot think of an explanation nor have I found it anywhere on the Internet or past scientific journals. Nevertheless, I continue to search for an explanation.



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# A SNOWFLAKE FOR EVERYONE

**Chetna Choudhary 7A**

There once was a little village in Alaska where every person was the same, every tree was the same and every snowflake was the same. Up in the heavens, Zora-the god of life was enjoying the similarity of everything. Irene, the fairy who watched over this little village was not happy about this, so she decided to confide this in her friend Celine-the snow god about this.

“Oh Celine, I am very unhappy. Seeing everyone behave the same way is so dull!” whined Irene.

“I agree, let us talk to Zora about this!” suggested Celine.

Celine and Irene went to Zora and told her about their previous conversation. Irene and Celine were doing their best to make her understand.

“Zora, look at how every snowflake is the same. Now if I make each one of them different, wouldn’t it be wonderful?” questioned Celine.

“And think of how happy it would make everyone- man or god!”

“But if everyone would be different the world will be a mess!” argued Zora.

This was too much for Celine and Irene! With a flick of her hand, Celine put a unique pattern into each snowflake and left with Irene.

Zora had been watching the feeble snowflakes fall to the ground for a while and realized how unearthly picturesque they made the sky look! She also noticed how exhilarated it had made the town folks. She was stabbed by guilt as she realized how if every person had a different personality, everyone would be even more delighted!

She entered her house and reached out to the cauldron in which she had combined numerous potions to make everyone the same. She separated each potion into separate vials. Next, she carefully tipped a few drops of each into the cauldron and created unique personality for everyone.

As Irene and Celine saw this change, their hearts leaped with joy! To honor this day, Celine kept the snowflakes different and unique. Even today, if you get all the snowflakes in the world together and look at them closely – no two will look the same!



*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# A LITTLE SECRET

Kavya Pothapragada

Ring Ring! It was time for the next period and even though it was only fourth grade, we still had to transition between classes. I groaned. I hated walking - it was hard work. I slung my backpack over my shoulder and walked to my next class - the library.

It was hard to fit into a world where you were not allowed to strain yourself. I was a wiry girl and really tiny for my age. My mom originally wanted me to be homeschooled but after endless wars, disputes and days of the silent treatment, it was finally compromised that I could go to school but not do anything physical; I get my mom was trying to protect me, but I could not suffer my whole life just because I had a wooden leg.

Actually, it was not time for library, it was supposed to be time for dance class, and as usual, I was not allowed to go there. "You'll break your leg," my mom always warned me when I was younger, "big demons will tear them off in those rooms"

Sometimes in the night she used talk to my grandmother about my leg when she thought I was asleep. She used to keep talking about how she didn't want me to go into depression about not being able to lead a normal life like others, and miss dancing. Mothers are so irrational - How could I miss something I had never even seen, it was supposed to be torturous anyway.

I frowned remembering her warnings. Demons didn't exist and that meant my mom had lied to me. We always had a thing about lying in our family; none of us was allowed to do it. My mom had done it. I wondered what else she could have lied about. I stopped walking, lost in thought, what if dancing was not actually dangerous? I came upon a rash, impulsive decision. I walked back to the room I had just passed and stared at the golden plaque, curious - THE DANCE ROOM. I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I gasped with delight as a soothing melody reached my ears. This was the senior's dance class. The teacher paused the audio and turned my way, not saying anything when I wiggled up against the wall. I guessed that she heard about me from the other teachers.

"3... 2... 1..." she restarted the audio and the girls began to dance along to it. I was mesmerised. The girls were dressed identically in black leotards, pink flats with sheer pink stockings, they also had buns.

Their translucent silver skirts flowed with them, encircling them like radiant halos. They moved like one being, graceful and elegant, strong and beautiful - just like what I wanted to be.

I looked in the mirror and saw a stranger staring back at me. She was a thin and wiry girl and she did have only one leg - but that was the only thing in common. She radiated happiness, exhilarated from witnessing her very first dance - it was perfect!

She stared back at me trying to tell me something that I understood crystal clear.

This dance would be my little secret. Maybe I cannot dance but at least I could watch it and since my mother was never wholly truthful to me, it would not be considered a sin if I hid this from her.

*The End*





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE CHEETAH AND THE LION

Nikhil Narasimha.P.2C

Once upon a time, there lived a Cheetah and a Lion. They lived together in a forest.

One chilly cold winter they were warming themselves by the fire. They could smell a delicious smell of a dead Hyena stuck in the spiky vines.

At last, the lion became so hungry that he tried to pull the dead Hyena out of the vines. But the Lion couldn't get to the dead Hyena. "Ouch" he complained, "That's too spiky" "I can't get it."

Then he slyly looked at the Cheetah and said "I have a plan. You are very brave. A bit of pain won't hurt you." "You can put your paw into the vines and pull out the dead Hyena. So then we can share it." The Cheetah kept his paw into the vines as the Lion told him to do.

The Cheetah began to slowly pull the dead hyena out of the vines. As he pulled, the Lion began to gulp small parts of the dead Hyena.

After a while, the friendly Fox bandaged the paw of the Cheetah and said "Poor little Cheetah, I hope you have learned a lesson from this" he said.

**Moral : Don't do something just because someone tells you to do it.**



*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE HAUNTED HALLOWEEN

Abhimanyu 2A

Once there was a little girl name Naki, who was very scared of Halloween.

She had heard that some men had gone in the Jungle and never returned on Halloween. Her friends were going from the same route. Her friends' names were Jack, Ruby and Charlie.

Jack was the bravest. He came to pick up Naki. On their way they saw a haunted house. As they reached the door of the haunted house it started raining.

They had to enter the haunted house. Suddenly, the door closed and the window opened. Everybody shouted and ran out, but Jack was the bravest - he didn't shout. "Aaaaaagggggghhhhh!"

Everybody ran into Naki's house and were very tired. "Huffpuff," they went. Naki's mother ran to Naki's friends and she told her everything. Just as they were telling her what happened Naki's dad came. All the children ran up to Naki's dad and told him everything. Naki's dad started laughing."Ha ha ha! I had done everything," he said.

Everybody laughed, even Jack."Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!". They all enjoyed Halloween and Naki was never scared of it again.



*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE NAUGHTY ELEPHANT

**Maisha Gupta. 1A**

Once upon a time there was a naughty elephant named Nia. She loved to disturb other animals. Her father advised her not to be naughty. She kicked the Pig like a ball. She twisted the Rabbit's long ear and the Rabbit screamed with pain. She pulled the Monkey's tail upside down. She sang a song, "I am big, I am strong. I am big, I am strong."

She chased all the other animals. Her father advised her again not to be naughty. One day she got stuck in a hunters trap. "Help me, help me!" she screamed. But nobody came to help her. The Monkey said "Let's rescue her". The Rabbit bit the net and she became free. She learnt her lesson. They became friends for ever.



*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE TALE OF HEAROT

**Tharun Mukesh. 4B**

HeOrot was a place beyond our imagination. It had filled people's hearts with joy through its beauty, but this tale is about Heorot's dark ages.

Once in Heorot it was a fine day, everyone was happily jumping around with joy, but in the castle of Heorot, the worried king of the paradise, Hrothgar, was racing upon his dais. The curious minister of the king curiously questioned, "My brave lord, I was wondering if anything was disturbing your thoughts?"

The king answered, "Yes minister, I am stressed about who will be my successor as it is time for me to handover my responsibilities."

The minister suggested, "We could conduct a competition." At that moment there was a huge bang and the turret of the castle was blown off into the nearby sea. A coarse and evil voice said, "I am the Chamura. I shall devour your people and destroy this whole kingdom! No one shall stand a chance against me." Giving a warning, the Chamura flew away.

On the other side of the kingdom a warrior of Geats, Beowulf arrived with 14 might warriors, his best friend Legbrik and his cousin Wiglaf. Beowulf fought like a lion in the battle field and his strength made him invulnerable to any attack. He had won the competition and had also won the trust of the people of Heorot. He was chosen to lead the battle against the Chamura.

The warriors of Geats went on a journey through forests to reach the deadly caves of the demons. The creepy cave had skulls of warriors who had lost their lives fighting the Chamura. The warriors fought vigorously against the Chamura. At the end Beowulf had prevailed and was crowned the king of Heorot.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE MAGICAL SPATULA

**Gayatri Jagdev, 3C**

Once there lived a woman named Ms. Jessy. She lived in England. She really liked cooking. She could cook like a super-fast train.

One day, Ms. Jessy got an invitation from the Golden Pearl Palace. In the invitation, it was written that Ms. Jessy was invited to the Grand Masked Ball. It was celebrated to please the queen of the palace. The queen really liked fantasy creatures, so all the people of the city would come dressed as fantasy creatures to please the queen.

Now, Ms. Jessy didn't like this festival at all. Thankfully, she was offered to be the cook for the palace's guests. Ms. Jessy liked the offer.

Ms. Jessy went to the wonderful palace. "Oh! What a sight!" she exclaimed. Ms. Jessy started cooking. For the last order, she needed a spatula. Ms. Jessy went to the palace's store room and saw a spatula in the hands of a great demon. Beside the demon was a treasure chest. In the treasure chest, there were a few lines written on a piece of paper and a ring.

Ms. Jessy wore the ring and recited the lines. Then, a magical thing happened. A magical staircase appeared in front of her eyes. She went up the stairs curiously.

Once Ms. Jenny went up the stairs, she saw a fat woman holding a knife. "My name is Jessy Stewart. Who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Cooksela. You are here to save the world. You are here to hold this knife. Queen Cooky will hold the fork and the soldier will hold the spoon. To get the spatula from Mr. Angry Head, the demon, you have to put the fork, spoon and knife in front of Mr. Angry Head and he will be destroyed," the fat woman said.

Ms. Jessy took the knife from Cooksela and went in front of Mr. Angry Head, the demon, with the soldier and Queen Cooky. The demon was banished and the spatula returned to its real place. Ms. Jessy got the spatula and returned to the palace, cooking happily.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# HERCULES THE INVINCIBLE

**Hansini, Grade 5**

Once upon a time, in Ancient Greece, a son was born to Zeus, the king of gods, and Alcmene, a mortal princess. Zeus' wife Hera knew the boy, named Hercules, was her husband's illegitimate child, so she resented Hercules and sought to destroy him.

One day, when Alcmene was asleep, the two year old Hercules crawled out of his crib and sneaked away from the palace. Intentionally, he headed towards the dark and sinister forest. In the forest, he met a gigantic bear, which was inching towards him. He uprooted a tree and flung it at the bear. The sheer force of the throw killed the bear.

When Hercules grew up, he married a beautiful princess named Megara. Together they bore three children and they lived happily. Seeing Hercules so happy made Hera furious. She drove him and his family to poverty. His children began to complain about the meager food and their bad fortune. Not able to bear this anymore, Hercules went in search for Hera.

After a long and tiring search, Hercules finally found her.

"What have I done to you? Why are you doing this to me?" yelled Hercules, looking at Hera with murderous rage.

"Do you want to know how you can get your riches back?" asked Hera calmly.

"How?" retorted Hercules.

"All you have to do is clean the Augean stables in one day," replied Hera.

"Ha!" Hercules guffawed. "You set me, the strongest man on Earth, to this task?"

"Pride goes before a fall," Hera warned and then disappeared.

After days and days of travelling, Hercules finally reached his destination. "Ugh!" he muttered. "Smells horrible." He had no time to waste. He stared at the dirty and demolished stables, thinking. There were no other options. Except one...

"Father," Hercules prayed. "Please help me this time."

Suddenly, a gale of wind blew in his direction. Slowly, the speed of the gale began to increase. After some time, it turned into a mini-tornado. Hercules himself had to hold on to a large chunk of wood to avoid flying away.

After a while, the stables were so clean and shiny that Hercules couldn't even believe his eyes. He quickly thanked Zeus and returned to Hera, triumphant.

"I have done what you wished for," bellowed Hercules. "Now it is time for you to repay me."

Hera reluctantly gave all of his riches back to him. Hercules and his family lived happily ever after.

*The End*





**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE DARK PROPHECY

**Ashwast Gupta 5b**

It was late evening and Polycece was playing. In the sky, the sun looked like a large, circular ruby in the melting down. It was the day for the lunar eclipse. Polycece was very eager to see the lunar eclipse.

Polycece was a fifteen year old boy with blond hair, charcoal black eyes and a very playful grin on his face. He had a golden ring weighing 19.108 grams. He got it as a birthday present from his mom. It was the only thing he had from his mom.

Although, his father Alabaster had warned Polycece not to see the eclipse because the rumors say that witnessing it turns people blind still Polycece wanted to see it. He was so eager that he did not eat anything from the morning. Right now, he felt that he has been waiting for it for 100 years (even though he only waited for roughly 14 hours).

He was playing and suddenly a cold, dry, soft hand touched his back. A big fright ran through his small spine. It was such a great fright that his back started throbbing with pain. He felt his spine cracking. Then suddenly he blacked out.

In his dreams, he saw that he was talking with his father. His father asked, "Why do you want to see the lunar eclipse?"

He answered, "Because today there will be a super moon. That means the moon will be seventeen percent larger than its original size! Also, there will be an event called as a blood moon. This is the day when the moon looks reddish in color. In addition, there will be the second blue moon this month! That too it all happen in only one day!"

His father was pleased. "So, you answered it correctly. Tell me what you want."

The child quickly replied, "a time machine!"

His father questioned, "Really? Do you really want that?"

He said, "Y-E-S.YES."

"Okay," his father replied.





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE DARK PROPHECY

After two years, it was ready. Then his father instructed him, “first, press the blue sparkling colored button. Then set the destination and the time. At last press the red button.”

Polyece really wanted to go to the past so he heard each word carefully that his father said.

When he entered he saw the same buttons except that there were more...

So, he did exactly as his father had told him. He set the destination-Rome, time-710 BC. Then, the red button. The time machine roared. The screen read-2080, 0, 190 BC. 400 BC. 500 BC. 700 BC. 710 BC. Destination reached.



The door opened illuminating the time machine. Polyece came out and saw an oracle. He went to it. It looked like a cave...

He went inside. The air was damp. The oracle was a bit too much creepy. He saw the oracle master and asked about his prophecy. Instead green smoke came. Then a drop of water. The same sound came 10 times more. only louder. The prophecy came out-

Thou shall die

If not serve the

King

To get back your ring

A pause. Then again-

Thy shall serve 2 death defying

Tasks for proving

Polyece looked at his finger. His ring was gone! He ran and went to the castle. He found the way to the throne room and found the king admiring his ring. Polyece explained about himself and the ring was his. The king told, “ok serve me only 1 task. Make me a meal.”

That was easy for him. Polyece’ mother had taught him how to make a one-time meal. So, he made it and served it. The king was elated. He gave his ring and let him go.

\*

In the time machine, he kept his finger on the space ‘return’ and the time machine roared to live. 710 BC. 100 BC. 2000 2018.

\*

At home he burnt the time machine so that something like this never happens again.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# SUBTLE SKIEA

**Pranav H 6B**

The United Nations (UN) was in an intense discussion concerning the space travel to Planet Skiea, deep inside the darkness of the Andromeda Galaxy. Careful measurements had been taken and the astronomers said that the planet was at the closest proximity the day after the next.

The astronauts were ready. The spaceship, Sirius, was assembled in New India, Mars. They were to take the Spacebus II on Mars. They would be joined by F8Z8, R4B4, Q9D8 (robots) in Mars. This was decided by the UN at the end of the meeting.

Roger was at his house in Isle of Sky, Scotland. The sun shone brightly on his face and he could feel the dancing beams giving out their warmth. He was ready with his exporter and was nervous, yet excited about leading the first ever intergalactic mission. He packed his things and clicked his exporter. In a moment, he disappeared.

Zita was at her house in Dresden, Germany. For the last time, she glanced at all the memories. It was the 10th of December, as her calendar said. She was exuberant for participating in the first intergalactic mission. She clicked her exporter and vanished leaving no trace of her behind.

Roberto had packed and was at his house at Venice, Italy. He clicked his exporter after checking his watch. He vanished from his house, experiencing a strange sensation of going forward and backward at the same time. He reached Mumbai, the headquarters of International Space and Research Federation.

Roger, Roberto, and Zita got inside the Shuttle Spacebus II and launched. They crossed the Thermosphere, Troposphere, one by one, at the speed of light. Roger turned to the other two and proclaimed, "If you think anything is more important than this mission, get down at Mars. You have to value this more than your life."

Zita and Roberto replied simultaneously, "We are with you, Roger. Do stop acting like a grown-up."

They got done in New India (Mars) and had no time to rest. Their schedules were very hectic. They dressed in their spacesuits and boarded the Sirius. They were the best astronauts on Earth (and Mars) only at the age of 10. They were children but were geniuses. They had robots helping them, but, people doubted they would require assistance.

The astronauts and robots were onboard and a scientist came in and told the children urgently, "This is a secret operation and you can only contact us using your importer. Click it and a virtual screen will appear with our faces on it."



# SUBTLE SKIEA

A steely voice boomed from the Launchpad, “T minus 10, -9, -8, -7, -6, -5, -4, -3, -2, -1, liftoff!” And they launched. At once, Roger managed the controls with Roberto, while Zita went to explore the spaceship. All the amenities required for survival were provided. They were flying at a speed faster than light and were soon out of the Milky Way. Suddenly, they were face to face with the astronauts’ worst nightmare: The dreaded Black Hole. The swirling mass of dark matter was applying immense force and any resistance was pointless. The only way out was a wormhole.

Zita glanced at the Black Hole and exclaimed, “Track a wormhole, it is the only way out.”

Roger and Roberto were at the controls but Q9D2 looked at the map and said, in a mechanical voice, “A wormhole to your left.”

Roger and Roberto, with immense difficulty, managed to steer the ship into the wormhole. They were traveling at a constant pace in the wormhole and all was well until a few days later when the next bombshell fell. Q9D2 was missing. They put the spaceship on autopilot and combed every corner of the spaceship but the robot was not to be found.

F8Z8 had tracked Q9D2’s signal and steered the ship to the robot’s current position, but Q9D2 programming was totally jammed and nothing could fix it. There was a melancholy in the air as they had lost a crew member who had helped them in a spot.

Sirius was hurtling around in space for a few more days and eventually entered a solar system but they were not able to locate Skiea. R4B4 checked the map and said, “We are in another Solar System.”

Zita exclaimed, relieved, “It is a good thing that we have neverending fuel!”

Roberto retorted, “Yeah, we have the Elixir of Immortality. Nice Joke!”

Roger snapped back, “We do! Roberto.”

They steered the ship carefully looking at the map and finally reached the Skiea’s Solar System. Skiea was distinct when compared to other planets and hence they had no difficulty in finding it. But as they wandered through the realms of Skiea, little did they know, that this was not the end of their voyage. It was only the launch.

*The End*



# WHY INEQUALITY, IN A DEMOCRACY?

**Rishabh Jain, 8B**

Equality is everyone's right  
If it is not given, we should fight!  
Why do children labour day and night?  
Why is there no school in sight?  
Why are people differentiated by the tags  
called Rich and Poor?  
People who do are no less than boors!  
Even women are a part of the future,  
Why provide them with so much discomfiture?  
Why are people discriminated?  
Why are they uneducated?  
Why don't people get a fistful of grains?  
Will we ever be able to expand our brains?  
Why is there so much differentiating?  
Will we ever change our thinking?  
What has got in one's race or face?  
Rather focus on creating a strong base!  
Why care about anyone's economic condition?  
When will we make unity as our sole mission?  
When raining, why do people in hovels get  
wet?  
EQUALITY IS A RIGHT EVERYONE SHOULD  
GET!



# TRUSTWORTHY LIE

Srikari

The apple of my eye !  
Covered from head to toe,  
In robes of royalty,

E'clat, you exhibit,  
Grace, in your birth.  
May your curse, sound heavenly  
Your chants reach the Gods, on Earth.  
For, your beauty is unparalleled,  
May it last, may it last !  
Till the essence of the jasmine scent sustains,  
May your eyes fall upon the very precious jewels,  
Waiting to adorn your limbs.  
May your golden locks seek the touch of the throne,  
Until it bathes and bathes in grandeur .  
Oh ! may your delicate finger perceive gently,  
The old ruins of your prince's crown  
And feel the aesthetic pleasure.  
May your thoughts fall upon the abandoned parchment,  
But never may you see the magic,  
For, the magic is the one that has caused all this ,  
Distress and isolation.  
O queen ! never may you sense such dishonesty,  
Your life, deserves no more.  
You have lived it all ! you have left none unturned !  
It's time, I, your Savior !  
Shall put you to rest, and relieve you of all the pain.  
May you rest,  
O beauty !  
May you rest...





YOUNG AUTHORS

# MEETING MUGHALS ON MONDAY

**Tanusha Achra Class - 5B**

“It’s been years since we have been living here and we haven’t got a single good friend,” my sister, Aanya complained.

“Calm down, sis. We’re sure to make a few friends in another few days,” I said.

“That’s the hundredth time you have said that this month!” she said bursting with rage.

My little sis was no longer ‘little’. She didn’t turn red when she got angry like me. She was a good-natured girl (when she was not angry). Her curly, twirling, black hair had reached her elbows. She is as tall as me, just a couple of inches shorter.

Meanwhile, I had turned twelve two weeks and five days before my sister. I had certainly grown taller. By the way, I was taller than my mom.

Trrrrrr... the alarm clock rang because it was 8:00 am and it meant –

“Breakfast is ready,” shouted my Mom. “Coming mum,” we replied.

We went to the dining room and saw sixteen pancakes sitting happily on the plate. “Yay!,” I said. “Pancakes!” Aanya exclaimed.

We rushed to the table and started gobbling them up. There were four pancakes for each of us.

“Slow down,” my Mom intervened, laughing heartily.

After we were done, our parents started eating theirs. When everyone was done my dad said, “Go along now. Have a walk anywhere you like. Come back in one and a half hour.”

We got ready with hiking boots on, as it was a rocky area. Also we each took a backpack just in case.

We set off at 8:15. We went past our building, through the rocks and approached the front of our clubhouse. It was not ready, still ‘under construction’. We went to the swimming pool which was above the hall. The water was a clear glass reflecting the blue color of the sky.

All of a sudden, I noticed something peculiar. The door to the clubhouse was open! I poked my sister.

“What?” she asked.

I pointed towards the clubhouse. Her eyes followed slowly. When her eyes reached there, her jaw stood open. We had never seen the clubhouse open in the last few years.

Filled with curiosity, I started to go inside and my sister followed me. Inside there was nothing, which disappointed me. “There’s a staircase going up!” my sister exclaimed.

And sure there was. It was in the corner of the room. We went up and found nothing again. We sat down, leaning against a wall.

CREAK! A door behind me opened.

There was a room inside. It had no windows, but a tubelight at the top. There was a machine inside, a strange machine. There was a label on the machine.

We went inside quietly. As we approached the machine, we realized what it was. It was written:

TIME MACHINE!

We were spellbound, astonished, surprised, amazed ... I don’t have enough words for it.

We rushed back home ten minutes before schedule. I didn’t utter a word nor did Aanya.

We thought and thought, about where we would go, but couldn’t get anything. Suddenly, Aanya remembered something. She recalled that she doesn’t remember seeing Taj Mahal. She kept on saying to go to Taj Mahal. Finally, we got our answer.





# MEETING MUGHALS ON MONDAY

Today it was another day. After breakfast, we wore traditional dresses, took a backpack ( torch and a book ) and went out at 8:15 am. We had researched about the inauguration date of Taj Mahal on Google, the previous day. We soon reached the time machine room and went inside. The machine was still there without any changes.

"Should we do it?" Aanya asked nervously. " Yes," I replied.

We went inside and saw a device which read, ' Please type the date'.

I typed the date 17/ 09/1683.

WHOOSH! A white light blinded us for a moment. I felt a sudden change in the air. It was like no pollution but a cleaner and purer form of air. And then it was gone. There was a loud silence.

When I opened my eyes, I saw myself and Aanya standing outside the gates of Taj Mahal. Suddenly, I heard buzzing everywhere. I turned around, to see people in traditional clothes, rushing about everywhere. They were getting ready for the inauguration of Taj Mahal. They had absolutely no idea how it looked like.

All the people gathered around the gate, waiting for the gatekeeper to come.

An hour passed and no one came. The people started to get worried. They called out the name of the gatekeeper many times. Still, he was not there. Everyone started banging the door of a small room where the key was kept. But it still didn't budge.

Me and Aanya, desperate to help, said loudly, " We'll get the key for you if you let us meet the Great Emperor Shah Jahan."

Everyone thought about it before replying to us. They all thought the same thing. " If we do not find the key, the Emperor will scold all of us, but these children here are ready to get the key. So let them see Shah Jahan."

So they all said, " Yes we will let you meet the Great Emperor. Inside the room, it is very dark. We are not able to light a fire. Can you help us?"

" Yes," we replied.

Aanya and I then remembered that we had bought torches. But these people there didn't know about it.

So I said, " We know some magic. We will help you find the key."

We took out our torches and lit them. The people stood in amazement.

I used a hairpin to open the lock of the room. We then went inside. We started searching in every nook and corner but couldn't find the key. Then a thought came in my mind, " What if there is a small hole in the wall?" So I told my sister and we started searching the walls.

After five minutes, my sister exclaimed, " Here! It's here!," I felt so glad that I embraced her warmly. She felt very proud of herself. We went out and told them that we had found the key.

A man said, " Congratulations!, Emperor Shah Jahan is just about to arrive."

When the Great Emperor came, five men went towards him, gave him the key and told him the whole story. Shah Jahan came towards us and thanked us. He took the key and opened the gates. Everyone stood with their jaws open.

It was a beautiful sight. There was the great white, shining, marble-made monument in front of us. There was a water fountain in the middle and many parks around it. Behind the Taj Mahal was the Yamuna river on which the monument reflected. It had four minars around it.

Shah Jahan then said, " Please, all of you, say thank you to the girls for what they have done."

" Thank you!," said all the people.

We both had a great lunch with everyone. Also, we sat near the Emperor! There were so many delicious delicacies.

We then said goodbye and went back to the machine. When we reached there, we typed the recent date - 23rd July, 2019. There was the same blinding, white flash. But this time, the original feel of air, I know, returned. There was a loud silence. We came back to the room and scampered back home, to find out no time had passed.

We rushed to our room, changed into ordinary clothes, and started to discuss our adventure.

" Now! There you go. You have a good friend now," I said smiling.

" Yes! Indeed," my sister replied back, grinning broadly.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE LIGHTNING BRACELET

**SANJANA JAGANNATHAN TEARLE, Grade 6**

Jessie was a fourteen years old girl. She had curly brown hair and shimmering blue eyes. Her father disappeared when she was small, but her mother, Julie tells her he was killed. She walked down the lane to her house remembering what she could of her father. She remembered his hands and him playing the guitar, something went “clink”. Jessie

looked down, she had kicked a bracelet. She picked it up and an electrical shock racked her body. A passer-by saw her fall to the ground and called an ambulance. They took her away and informed her mother that she was in a coma.

1 Year later

Jessie woke with a start. She looked around. She looked around. She was connected to all sorts of wires and the smell of disinfectant was strong. “You’re up”, Oh, I have missed you”. Jessie looked up, her mother was looking at her lovingly. She knew she should have been happy, but only a wave of sadness washed over her. She felt electrical and wanted to run. “Can I get out?” she asked feebly. “Why of course, you can get out now,” said a lady with a blue apron and a white mask. She disconnected Jessie from the wires and left. Jessie got up and walked right past her mother, still feeling sad and electrified. She started to jog, then she started going in a full-on sprint when she reached the door of the hospital. She felt the wind on her face and realised everyone was moving in slow motion. “What’s going on?” she wondered. She felt tired and stopped running. The people were moving normally.

A man walked up to her. He has a short white beard and wore a black police hat. “Um...ok”, Jessie replied. He led her to a building which was gleaming white. When she entered she smelled a mixture of smoke ash and rubber.

“This is the IOS lab”, the man said. “My name is Dr. Morrison”.

“Why did you bring me here?” Jessie asked.

“It is because you have super speed and we need you to bring Hercule down,” Dr. Morrison explained.

“I would be glad to help”, she said resolutely.



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE LIGHTNING BRACELET

“Well, you had better gear up” and he passed her a red suit and a mask.

Jessie found herself being led by a random man to an old junkyard. It had wires all over, sparks of red and white flew everywhere. The place smelt of burning plastic and electricity. Thick smoke filled the air and Jessie nearly choked on it when she entered, but she got used to it.

What do you think you’re doing?” a figure said. “Why don’t you come out if you really want us to go away”, Jessie commanded. The figure was that of Hercule, he stumbled, and pictures flew past him. Pictures of him falling in a liquid, him being in a coma, him waking up and not remembering, wanting to take revenge on whoever pushed him in the liquid. The last one stayed the longest- a picture of a little girl with curly brown hair and shimmering blue eyes.

Jessie ran towards him, brandishing an electric sword that Dr. Morrison had given her. Hercule shook the images away and charged at Jessie. He held a gun and shot at Jessie. It reached its mark and hit her on the arm. “Ahh” she screamed as the bullet sank into her arm.

Hercule shot again and Jessie was forced to duck and roll, causing her mask to fall off. While this happened, Hercule pressed a button and changed his gun to a sword as he went forward to make the final blow. He stopped, the image flashed in his mind. The one of the little girl with brown curls. Here she was, his daughter. He stopped completely. “Sorry, sorry my little Jessie”, he said and stabbed himself. “Wh-What?” she asked befuddled. “I -I am your father, Luke,” he said while taking his last breath. Jessie fell down to the floor. “You can’t do this, You can’t. Please get up,” she sobbed. When he didn’t get up, she ran and ran. She found she had lost her speed but she didn’t care. She ran to her mother and fell in her arms, sobbing.

*The End*



## POETIC MINDS

# PARENTS

**Mahika, 3B**

Parenting skills they have  
And they love us  
Real love in their heart  
Enjoyable time they have with us.  
Never-ending love they have  
Taking care of us is their job  
Scold us when we don't listen.



# MOTHER

**Veda, 3C**

Makes up a family  
Offers love and kindness  
Takes care of me  
Helps me with difficult things  
Enjoys teaching us new things  
Reliable family member, MOTHER



# GRANDMA GRANDMA

**Rithvika Rao 4C**

"Grandma, grandma don't scold me!  
I'm so innocent as you see,"  
Said the grandpa with some glee.  
"How dare you say that?  
Anyway, you're becoming so fat,"  
Replied the grandma like a sneaky rat.  
"I'll make you into a dish!  
As easily frying a fish,"  
Said the grandpa angrily.  
"Not at all!  
As you know whom I'll call,"  
Said the grandma happily.  
"I know you'll call the police,  
And I'll call big Bruce  
Said the grandpa furiously.  
"Really?"  
"Yep!"  
And they kept on fighting!  
So, this is the end of my writing!







## POETIC MINDS

# CHRISTMAS

**Pranavi 3C**

Christmas is coming,  
Hurry up with your tradition,  
Ringing bells in the temple  
It is such a beautiful sight.  
Santa Claus is coming to town!  
Treating yourself wonderfully,  
Meeting friends and having fun,  
A very special day,  
Saving goodies for the day.



# FRIENDS

**Aanya, 4F**

Friends have a lot of FUN,  
But they're only TRUE friends if they care a  
ton,  
And are always being jolly in the SUN.

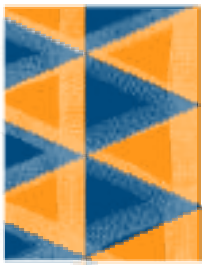
Singing and dancing,  
Walking and talking,  
Is LOADS of fun!



Talking like CHATTERBOXES,  
Sometimes being as SNEAKY as foxes,  
LAUGHING all day long.

Your HEART won't be filled,  
and soon that will be killed,  
If you don't have a FRIEND.

So, you can come with me,  
And I'll show YOU how to be  
A GOOD friend like my friend and me!



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE TIME TRAVELLER

**Vivaan Parashar, 5C**

Carl was over at Sam's house. They were normal ordinary children going to a normal school and most importantly, leading a boring life. What they didn't know was that something extraordinary was going to change their lives forever.

"Hey, Carl! I'm gonna find you!" screamed Sam. They were playing hide and seek. But in a modern way with modern technology and gadgets. Sam, with wide, blue eyes and blonde hair stepped onto a sheet of metal. Suddenly he was teleported to the attic, which was seven floors high. He found Carl crouching behind a box in front of a pile full of crates.

Carl had green eyes and black hair.

"Aha! So you're here! See! I told you I'll find you" exclaimed Sam.

"Cheater! Cheater! Cheater! You used The Teleporter to find me. No fair!" defended Carl.

"Everything's fair in modern Hide-n-Seek 'cause it's 2055!" teased Sam.

In a flash, Sam started running towards Carl. But Carl was fast too. He sidestepped and Sam, unable to stop the inertia, went toppling into the pile of crates. The highest box wobbled and fell down, missing Sam by an inch.

"Hey! You dumbo! I could have died!" he shouted. But Carl was too busy in reading the label of the fallen box rather than listening to Sam. Sam walked over to Carl and saw what he was staring at.

"I guess we have to fill in the lines to complete the letters", said Carl. He tried that and his hands and knees started trembling. His legs buckled and he fell.

"What happened? What is the message?" questioned Sam.

"O-oh M-My G-GG-G-God! I-It m-means t-t-t-the t-t-time m-machine!" stammered Carl.

"What!" exclaimed Carl.

"Y-yes Look for yourself," said Carl and he wrote something on a paper nearby, taking the pen from his shirt pocket. This is what he wrote:

Sam was so excited that he started jumping around like a crazy monkey. "Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" he shouted. He jumped up and down and grabbed a crowbar. Then he calmed down. He carefully prised the box open.

There was a metal sheet. He pushed that away and carefully tilted the box. "Hey, Carl! Help me pull this out!" he told Carl. Carl and same ached grabbed a part and heaved. Slowly, it came out. It glistened in the bright lights and looked like two chairs, one behind the other, joined and covered in wires. There were two helmets. One in the front seat and one in the back. The front helmet had wires and the other one looked strong enough to bear the weight of ten elephants!

Sam quickly ran and sat in the front seat while poor Carl had no option but to follow behind. Sam was intelligent so he knew what most of the buttons did. He pressed a square, green and big button. The engine started humming up.

"What's happening?" asked Carl, looking worried.

"You – are – so – brilliantly..." Said Sam, stopping.

Carl smiled at that.

"Dumb!" finished Sam.

Carl got angry and sat back with a push.

"Okay, Okay, so tell me, where d'you wanna go?" asked Sam, shouting over the humming of the engine.

"Hmmm. How 'bout the Cretaceous period? We'll know how the dinosaurs went extinct!" he said matter-of-factly

Sam's mother heard that and chuckled. "What imagination they have!" she thought and smiled.

"So the Cretaceous period it is! Let's go!" Sam pictured the period of the Cretaceous period in his mind. Suddenly, he started getting a sensation of free-falling and then he blacked out. When he gained consciousness, the first thing he realized was that Carl was behind him, he too was regaining consciousness. Then he felt the rumbling of the ground but he waved that thought away.

"W-W-W-Where are we?" stammered Carl.

"Where you wanted to go!" replied Sam

"Really?"

"Really!"

Then he observed his surroundings. There was lush green grass and greenery growing around him. And the floor was rumbling. "Too soft for an earthquake," he thought. Then he tried to follow the source of rumbling. He looked up and saw a Brachiosaurus looming from behind a tree.





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE TIME TRAVELLER

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

"RUN! RUN! RUN!" screamed Sam, startled. He helped Carl up and they started running. After what seemed like miles of running, they found two caves. They went to the nearest one and hid.

When they peeped out, they saw a fully modern man holding a black ball - an atom bomb - emerging from the second cave. He put it on the ground and took a button from his pocket. He pressed it and a similar time machine appeared in front of him.

He activated the timer for the nuclear fusion and then immediately sat inside the machine and vanished.

That's when Sam felt his own pocket and took out a similar button. He pressed it, and the air shimmered for a moment and then, the time machine came-outta-nowhere and appeared in front of them.

They had just got themselves comfortable and started running- or, escaping-away, when they heard BEEPS! And then, a BOOM!

Everything started getting engulfed in a red cloud of fire. All life forms started dying. As it reached them, Carl and Sam were curled up like babies in their wombs. But all that lasted a moment and the cloud passed away, shoving them a little.

As they opened their eyes, they found themselves suspended in mid-air, or actually, mid-space!

"The time machine protects us!" they both told each other.

"Woah," said Carl

"Anyways," said Sam waving that away. "We are living, right? That too on Earth? So, that means that Earth reformed because..." They looked to their side. Nothing was left except for piles of rubble and dust hanging around.

"Okay! So let's go a few million years in the future!" said Carl.

They put their respective helmets on and then the sensation of free falling and unconsciousness again. After they reached, they were both excited and disappointed. Excited because they just realized that they could breathe in space, but disappointed because of nothing in front of them.

"I won't give up so easily," said Sam. Then they traveled a few more million years into the future. This time, there was only excitement, no disappointment. A ball of fire glowing red hot had formed- the Earth's core.

"Time to go home!" shouted Carl, excited with so many discoveries.

And so they did. Sam took the button out and almost pressed it in order to hide the time machine. But he stopped in his tracks. A bulb - an idea - glowed.

"Why don't I hide the button instead of the machine? It has a lower probability of being found and if it is, then nobody will understand." He thought.

Carl saw Sam's deep state of thinking and jumped over him, scaring him.

But meanwhile, Sam had already hidden the button - safely in his pocket like he was putting a car key and not a small, powerful button.

"Hey! Scaredy-Cat! I have plans!" shouted Carl, already running towards the house.

Sam followed him quietly. Carl rung up the Science Laboratory and told them everything except their precious time machine. Why dinosaurs went extinct, how this earth is the second one and everything.

BUT, ANYWAYS, NOBODY BELIEVED THEM

But this is not the end of the story. Sam had one last troubling thought,

He told Carl, "Why did that man want to destroy our home, even though he failed. And most importantly, who was he...?"

*The End*



# SOCIAL ACROSTIC POEM

**Sanjana, 3B**

Starts in third grade  
Only about the environment  
Concepts are good to learn  
Interesting in all ways  
Always willing to learn more  
Learners will love it!

## SEND ME (BASED ON 'WHAT IF)

**Shrikruthi, 4D**

While I sit in front of Mum,  
I quietly sit and hum.  
My mother sits and scolds me,  
While I leave it out of my ear  
She said, "I'll send you from here!"  
I said "Where?"

I started  
"Send me to a doctor who wants a nurse,  
Send me to a woman who lost her purse,  
Send me to a mad old ghost,  
Send me to a man sitting by the lamp post,  
Send me to an angry teacher,  
Send me to a pantry baker,  
Send me to a tingling dog,  
Send me to a mingling hot dog,  
Send me to a crazy magician,  
Send me to an optician,  
Send me to a gross little fool,  
Send me to a swimming pool!"  
All the time she was just shocked,  
And then she kept me locked.





# AN ODE TO MY BELOVED TEACHER

**Asha Cook**

Teacher: Ode to my Mom  
Guiding light of a loving mentor  
Northern star, Northern star,  
I gaze up at you from afar.  
Shining brightly in the curtain of  
Night,  
Northern star, you are my light.

## BUTTERFLIES, BUTTERFLIES

**Sahana Rangrajan**

Butterflies, butterflies all in a crowd,  
Flying all around.  
Licking nectar from flowers,  
Making it into juice and putting it in a cover.  
Then butterflies take rest in the woods,  
Sitting in the truck with goods.  
Butterflies in the air,  
Finally the butterflies got eaten up by a bear!





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE MERMAID CRISIS

Aishwarya, 3A

Did you ever wonder if mermaids were real? Did you ever imagine that you can breathe and talk underwater? Did you ever think you could swim deep in the oceans? Well, we are going to explore the world of mermaids, Enchansia.

It was a perfect, sunny morning in Enchansia. All the mermaids were very busy shopping for the royal ball in the Castle of Crystals. Airel was the princess of Enchansia and Isabella was the queen. Airel's eyes gleamed like pearls when she saw everybody so happy. She was very excited for the royal ball.

Meanwhile, in the dungeon, Sia was trying her best to unlock the door. She used every spell she knew. At last, the last enchantment worked! She could finally rule the kingdom! "Finally, I have another chance." She was very evil. She had a plan...

She entered the palace disguised as a maid. She went to Isabella's room and created a magical potion to make her go into a deep slumber. She heard Isabella coming.

She was very eager to rule the kingdom. It was a big chance for her to show her sister, Isabella, how DANGEROUS she was.





# THE MERMAID CRISIS

She saw Isabella drinking the magic potion and saw her falling into deep slumber. Sia was excited for her new life. Meanwhile, Airel and Emma were arguing.

“Hey, stop that!” shouted Airel.

“You stop that!” Emma shouted back.

Kloe, Airel’s friend tried her best to stop them but couldn’t succeed. The palace guards heard about Sia’s escape and rushed to Airel.

Airel and Emma were still fighting, but the guards were able to stop them.” Your mother is in the dungeon. Sia is the queen now,” they sighed.

“What? How is this possible? We’ve got to do something!” Airel shouted.

“Have you any ideas?” asked Emma.

“Not yet.” Kloe said.

“I might have a plan,” said Airel. “Let’s split into teams!”

“Yeah!” Emma said. “It’s an amazing idea!”

“Kloe and the guards will unlock Mom and Emma and I will trap Sia. Let’s get going!” shouted Airel.

Kloe and the guards went to the dungeon and found many keys. “Which one is it?” Kloe asked. “They all are gold.” The guards said.

They noticed something bright below. It was another key! They tried it and it worked. Isabella swam out.

“Goodness, thank you!” said Isabella happily. “Let’s go to the palace.”

They all went to the palace with net and a rope. First, they hid under Sia’s throne where she was admiring herself. They caught her with the net and then tied her up with the rope. Then they put her in the dungeon. Everyone was happy and Emma and Airel were friends. Enchansia was happy again.

*The End*





**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# VACATION TO THE PAST

**Viraat Ramireddy, 5B.**

It was an early morning in Cybertown Sector 5. Mr. Whinston picked up the newspaper, it read Cybertown News Today, Date: 23/7/42. The paper was black and Mr. Whinston picked up his glasses which helped him see the white writing on the black paper. He was slurping his Fru coffee like a camel.

When he heard. "Dad, dad, dad!"

And he saw his son who was wearing orange pajamas which made him look like a shimmering goldfish.

He asked, "Dad please, let's go to Egypt, please! Please! Please!"

Mr. Whinston said, "Jack, no, we can't, where will we get the money?"

Jack said, "Please, I saw a ticket in the Kwiky Mart for a 1001 Kunuts and 0.501Jinxes".

"A hundred Kunuts!" yodeled Mr. Whinston.

"Frank", sighed Mrs. Whinston.

"Just let them go!" Mrs. Whinston exclaimed.

"Them? You mean Anna too!" sighed Mr. Whinston.

"Yes, you and I are going as well", insisted Mrs. Whinston.

"Fine", Muttered Mr. Whinston.

So, Mr. Whinston went to the Kwiky Mart. Though not knowing what he is doing, he got into the store and a bell rang somewhere. He walked up to the dirty brown counter that had grease stains on it and asked for four tickets to Egypt.

The cashier said, "Ah! Yes, I have just what you need."

Five minutes later Mr. Whinston walked out of the store with four golden tickets with a weeping face and no money in his pockets. The tickets read 'Area 51 tickets to Egypt 13/50 [876543456] you will have a blast!'

After Anna and Jack got home from school, they got into their family car and drove to Area 51. Once they reached, they got out of their car.

Area 51 looked as if it was abandoned. They finally found an elevator which said 'Egypt' on it. It had a red button which said 'press to start'. The machine was the color of the Egyptian sand.

Mr. Whinston said, "No, No, no this is to weird". Mrs. Whinston said, "Kids I don't think this is right".

"This is not fair" screamed Jack. He kicked a rock that hit the red button! And suddenly they got transported into a time warp which the elevator was inside. It said 'time machine'. There were buttons, one read 'Egypt' and the others were under a label that said 'out of order'.



# VACATION TO THE PAST

The machine rattled and roared and Anna accidentally smashed a button which was in the out of order area. There was a little window that started displaying pictures that went from present to past. There were years displayed also. '2042, 2010, 2001, 1981, 1811, 1711, 1600, 1500, and so on till the year 1'.

"No, no, no..." screamed Mr. Whinston.

The doors opened, there was a breeze of the humid Mediterranean air and a hint of blood. They saw some desert trees and pale sand. They walked out of the machine. Suddenly a flying beast, that was grey and huge, pulled the machine up and far, far away up on top of a steamy bloodthirsty volcano.

"We are doomed," said Jack.

"This is going to be as hard as completing 99th level of the game", exclaimed Anna. They traveled far and wide seeing many new exquisite plants and animals. At 3.45 pm, when Jack was recording a footage of a little dinosaur called Coelophysis on his cheap Snapple phone, there was a loud, horrifying, horrendous roar. It darted towards them destroying every last tree in its path. It was a Tyrannosaurus-Rex feasting on a carcass of an old Parasaurolophus when they stumbled upon it. As soon as the beast saw them, they ran like the wind to escape the bloodthirsty beast. It chased them up to the steaming volcano. They got cornered at the edge of the roaring volcano.

Jack said, "Jump, jump."

"No, No, No" screamed Whinston.

The T-Rex nudged them off the ledge and they flew right into the machine luckily, but sadly for the T-rex it fell into the volcano. After the Whinston's got into the machine they immediately activated the button that read 'present'. The machine roared and whizzed. It started again from 1, 1981, 2001, 2010, 2032, 2042, 2043. In a flash of a second, Mr. Whinston was sipping his Fru coffee with his newspaper again.

*The End*





## POETIC MINDS

# QUESTION ?

**Anika Vasudev, 6A**

People want to question me but have no questions to ask,  
When they do have a question I play no part,  
I think in a cloud, a bubble of thought

The past is past, let's start a new thought  
People are disturbed and me not answering makes them erupt.  
A time has not passed when the moon has been lit  
To brighten my doom of bitter bitter wit  
I don't regret when I make someone angry  
I don't regret when someone insults me  
I don't regret me not understanding the world  
I only regret standing even when it hurts.  
No one knows what I want, no one seeks what I need  
I have something to tell about, it is only the question that  
keeps me out.

## POETIC MINDS

# PHOTOSYNTHESIS

**RISHABH AND PRANAV 8B**

Photosynthesis,  
What a wonderful process is this!  
Plants absorb sunlight,  
This gives them a lot of might!  
Absorbing light is the plant's leaf,  
Which acts as the plant's chief.  
Water is carried by Xylem.  
Food is carried by Phloem!  
The sugar is then converted to starch,  
This helps the plant to march!  
The energy is converted to glucose,  
This helps the plant grow flowers like rose!  
Anchoring the plant are its roots,  
Which act like the plants' boots!  
Insects are also helped by trees,  
Since the trees house some bees!  
Photosynthesis,  
What a wonderful process is this!!!



## POETIC MINDS

# MODERN SCHOOL

**Ishkrit Singh 4B**

You wake up at the end;  
Of summer vacation  
You wish the windows would lend,  
A bit of ventilation  
And help in your inhalation.  
And then you unwillingly,  
Like it's an awesome rule,  
Have your food so fillingly,  
Say you have to go to school;  
It's modern and super cool.  
In fact it is so awesome,  
We can all let you say,  
It doesn't make you numb,  
It's the best so hey,  
It's the best school ever made.  
Everyone wants to go there,  
The teachers are super kind,  
Unlike the teachers in the part back there,  
Ours are super kind  
In fact, you could say seriously that they are divine.

## POETIC MINDS

# THE BAKE

**Sahana, 4A**

I stayed up too late,  
Trying to bake for my birthday  
Making frosting for my cake,  
It was 12:00 but I just stayed.  
Next morn' I went to school,  
And then I started to drool,  
I tried to jump into the pool,  
But of course, it wouldn't do.  
I couldn't play,  
So I studied and stayed,  
And finished my work for the day,  
Before I ran away  
At home I watched a scene,  
But I couldn't see,  
I looked out at a tree,  
Before an idea came to me...  
I went to bake,  
My dear cake,  
I stayed up to late,  
But tomorrow is the date



# THE FUTURE

Deshna, 6A

Rubbing his sweat off his face George sighed, “Ah! I have completed this time machine after five years and the 6th year which is 2018, my lucky year.” Then he went for some rest.

The next day Joe, Lily, and Rose were waiting for George to come. Joe exclaimed, “Why is George late? He told us to come sharp at eight o’clock!”

George came after few minutes and got a remote control with him.

Lily asked, “What is that remote control for, George?”

George pressed a button on the remote control and the time machine appeared in front of them. Everyone was surprised.

Joe exclaimed, “Great scientist George, you have made a time machine for your friends. I am proud of you!”

Lily cried, “Stop overacting Joe!”

They got into the time machine.

Rose screamed in awe, “This time machine is as big as a mansion!”

Lily added, “Yes, there are even millions of buttons George, how do you operate them?”

George cried, “ Friends please be quiet now, let me do this. Wait, do you want to go to the future or the past?”

Joe answered, “I want to go to the future!”

George pressed the red button and few more buttons. The time machine started turning and there was the loudest silence ever.

2020, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070.....

The time machine stopped and they saw tall buildings which almost reached the sky. The buildings were made up of glass.

They saw no one over there, so they went a bit further and saw tiny creatures which only came up until their knees. They were wearing steel shirts and bulletproof pants.



# THE FUTURE

At first, they were scared to talk but George managed to explain to them how they came here. They asked them if they would like to come for a ride on a bike like a vehicle but six people can fit in it.

On the way, Lily asked George, "George is it safe to leave the time machine over there?"

George said, "Don't worry I've got a tracking machine and the remote control to get back the time machine wherever it is."

They came back from the ride at eight o'clock and the time machine disappeared, but George couldn't find his remote control so they were worried.

Then one of the creatures allowed them to sleep in their house.

The next morning, when George opened his bag, he remembered that he put a spare remote control in his bag.

He shouted, "Joe, Lily and Rose! I have found the remote control. Now it's time to go home."

They said bye and they went in their time machine and George pressed the red button and the time machine howled.

2070, 2060, 2050, 2030, 2020.....

They reached the present and they happily shared their adventures with their friends and family members.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE LEGEND OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MONSTER: THE KRAKEN...

**Anika Jade, 5B**

One early morning in autumn, a ship set sail from a small town called Oaksville, with ten sailors on board. The ship was called 'The Golden Mary.' They sailed for quite some time, with no sight of land at all.

One of the sailors, Brutus, who was The Mary's lookout, noticed an enormous splash down in the ocean. Water sprayed onto the crew. Brutus called the rest of the crew up onto the crow's nest.

As they observed more closely, they realized that it had eight legs as well as tentacles on each leg, just like an octopus. Brutus ordered Andel, the ship's navigator, to go fetch a drawing of the largest known octopus species.

But lo and behold, the size of the octopus was nothing compared to this creature that the sailors were looking at. Everyone was speechless for a moment. Andel said, breaking the silence, "Why, I believe that is the Kraken!" And he was right. There had been several sightings before, and this added one to the history.

Anderson, the captain of the Mary, quickly went down to the cabin to phone the Oaksville chief, Arkenson. It took a long time, but the chief finally got online. "Yes, what is it?"

"Sir, we have sighted the Kraken," said Anderson.

"Good heavens! The Kraken! Where?"

"The North Pacific, sir."

"Right. We will reach in about a day's time. You can wait until then, can you not?"

"Yes, sir, we can."

"Goodbye, for now, I will see you in a day."

"Same to you, sir."

"Man the boats, pack your bags!" Arkenson shouted. "We have a long journey ahead of us, men. Be ready."

By the time Anderson had gone back up, the Kraken had already left, but his sailors were gazing intently into the sunset, watching the beauty while it lasted.



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE LEGEND OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MONSTER: THE KRAKEN...

The same thing happened until Arkenson and his men arrived.

They were just starting to get the men on the boats, and Anderson was first on the ladder. Only when he was just started down the ladder, the Kraken appeared. But unlike last time, the Kraken attacked. Anderson scrambled back up to his ship.

Slowly, the Kraken wrapped its enormous tentacles around the Mary. Soon enough, the ship became invisible. The Kraken had fully trapped the crew. The sailors were shouting to the chief and people of Oaksville, but they paid no heed. The chief laughed and said, "Fools! Who would help you? Miserable sailors!"

"Help! Please, save us! Do not leave us here to die," cried Anderson and Brutus.

Even now, no one has found any remains of the Golden Mary or its crew.



*The End*





# FUNNY ISN'T IT?

Meghana Vinukonda 8A

The Britisher strode in the Central Market place of Bombay,  
With an oversized suitcase in his hand,  
He stopped at a spot,  
And prepped up the land,  
In minutes he started selling coffee beans,  
Under the blazing sun to the locals,  
He looked both left and right,  
Only to find brown people wearing turbans,  
He laughed it off and said,

“Funny isn’t it?”  
Because it is a Wacky, Wide World!  
The next morning,  
He returned back,  
To the spot where he earned,  
Three ‘undred rupees a pack,  
He brought down the cover of,  
His multicolored coffee bean stall,  
And looked around proudly,  
Observing the Murky Kurtha the men wore,  
And the Silky, crude Sarees they presented in their stores,  
The Britisher thought of his homeland,  
Where the ladies wore cherubic frocks,  
And the men in their tight socks,  
He laughed it off and said,  
“Funny isn’t it?”

Because it is a Wacky, Wide World!  
The Britisher marched towards his hotel that night,  
With a smile wider than his face,  
He dropped off his luggage,  
And headed towards the restaurant place,  
Only to see his face in Distaste,  
Everyone’s plates was filled with Sloschy dal,  
And a bowl with Stodgy white rice,  
When he was served with the same food,  
He knocked it off the table with a surprise,



# FUNNY ISN'T IT?

All the Indians stared at him shocked,  
He huffed and puffed and announced,  
“This isn’t food, In Britain, we get sandwiches, toast and an  
elegant cup of earl grey”  
He barged out of the restaurant,  
With furious eyes following him around,  
He laughed it off and said,  
“Funny isn’t it?”  
Because it is a Wacky, Wide World!  
One morning,  
When the Britisher arrived to the usual marketplace,  
He found it deserted without anything in its place,  
He saw prodigious gathering in the Central Roadways,  
Where stood an execution stand,  
And an executioner ready to sever someone’s head,  
When the Britisher approached there,  
The crowd twirled around,  
And an electric shock sent everyone murmuring,  
The, the Britisher realized,  
That ‘someone’ is he,  
He didn’t laugh this time but instead said,  
“Cruel isn’t it?”  
Because it is a Wicked, Wide World!



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