

SPARSH NEWSLETTER



JAN | FIRST EDITION | 2013

Some of the young
minds that contributed
to Sparsh Jan 2013
are:

- . Grade 2 - Marcela
- . Grade 3 - Kashvi,
Ankita, Shrinidhi,
Nishika
- . Grade 4 - Vevila,
Dhwani, Siddharth
- . Grade 5 - Rishyant,
Mahathi, Lahari, Vibhu
- . Grade 6 - Marcus,
Ananya
- . Grade 7 - Guhan,
Vineel, Rayid, Gautam,
Akshaya, Shreyas

Some of the teachers
who contributed are:

- . Priya, Jemima,
Farzana, Saritha

TEACHER EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

'To me, the greatest pleasure of writing is not what it's about, but the inner music the words make.' - Truman Capote.

In agreement with the above quote, I find writing as the most valuable literary expression. The inculcation of passion for creative thinking and writing amongst the students is one of the major objectives set by Manthan International School. 'Sparsh' has been a step towards it and it has served as a great platform to vent out students' passion for writing and encourage original thinking within them.

Our student authors have put across some amazing pieces of writing displaying their creative thinking and writing skills. The works included in this edition are extremely simple but will surely provide an opportunity to peep into a child's thought process and his or her axiomatic creative thinking. It is actually a lovely experience to see these enthusiastic writers voicing their feeling through stories, poems, jokes and initiating an adult role through various eye opening discussions.

The publication of the school magazine included a lot of planning compounded with team work and I was lucky to have a team of motivated students who played a strong role in envisioning the layout of Sparsh.

I am thankful to all the blooming writers who have responded to my call and penned their ideas for the newsletter. I also acknowledge constant hard work of the student editors Guhan Iyer, Shreyas Sarangi, Vineel Repaka, Akshaya and Gautham who proved to be as catalysts in mobilising the students to write their views and efficiently edited the write ups. I would also like to extend my sincere thanks to our institution heads Mr. Ramakrishna Reddy and Mrs. Shalini Reddy for their constant support and guidance through the entire process of planning and publication of Sparsh.

Finally, from the entire team of Sparsh I wish all the readers a happy reading!

Priya Saxena
Teacher Editor



**Beat The Weather
This Season!**

► ON PAGE 5

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

► ON PAGE 12

**Book review gives our
children an opportunity
to present their thoughts
on what they see as the
essence of the book.**

► ON PAGE 37

IN THIS EDITION

ESSAYS - HUMAN IMPACT ON THE ENVIRONMENT

To mark the bio-diversity conference that was held in Hyderabad, Manthan conducted an essay writing exercise where children presented their thoughts on how to save environment and what does it mean to human kind.

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.

BOOK REVIEWS

Children are encouraged not just to read a good book but to discuss, analyse and understand it. Book review gives our children an opportunity to present their thoughts on what they see as the essence of the book.

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.

Glorifying India

Guhan Iyer (Grade 7)

The Olympics have an extremely glorious past. Having started in Greece, Olympics are one of the most splendid and prestigious Games, which any nation would be proud of hosting. The 'London Olympics 2012' was a memorable one, especially, for India. This Olympics, Indian heroes bagged four bronze medals and two silver medals, for a grand total of six medals; the most India has ever gained in any Olympics. Unfortunately, India was unable to win any gold medals. The six medalists from India are Mary Kom, Yogeshwar Dutt, Gagan Narang, Saina Nehwal, Sushil Kumar, and Vijay Kumar.

Mary Kom, a woman boxer from Manipur, brought home a bronze medal. She won the flyweight category for the 51 kg category. Yogeshwar Dutt from Haryana participated in the 60 kg freestyle-wrestling category. He also bagged the bronze medal. Gagan Narang, currently residing in Hyderabad, added another bronze medal in the 10m Air Rifle event. Saina Nehwal, won the bronze medal in women's singles. Vijay Kumar of Himachal Pradesh made India proud by winning a silver medal in the 25m rapid-fire. This event is very different from the one Gagan Narang participated in. Sushil Kumar from Haryana, obtained the silver medal in the 66kg men's freestyle wrestling event.

Though India won no gold medals this Olympics, Indians brought home a grand total of six medals. These Indian heroes are definitely an inspiration for young children to train themselves in various sports and represent their nation in the future Olympics!

Thinking Time

Our Head of Academics, Shalini would like to see her children not just be readers of good literature but writers as well. The process of good writing starts early with good reading. Here she suggests parents the literature that children should be exposed to in their early years i.e., upto age 7. In the next issue she will be covering books to buy for children from age 7 to 12.

Biodiversity:Nurturing Nature

Shreyas Sarangi (Grade 7)

Think for a moment-what else are you doing while reading this? You're breathing, right? Where is all this oxygen coming from? The obvious answer is trees. Without them, life would have disappeared long ago.

Now think again, how many trees do we have? Even if you say "lots and lots", the truth is that we have much less trees than what we need to keep this marvelous planet green and healthy. Look at a paper you've drawn on, the furniture you may be sitting on or a pencil in your hand; a tree was sacrificed to aid your life.

To put simply, "biodiversity" means diversity in nature. By "nature", I mean all types of life. This means not just trees but also animals. Many rare animal species are already extinct as well as many more are now at the verge of extinction. What we see today our children may not. Huge areas of forests are being cleared down to fulfill ever-growing need to human beings. The rampage of humans has not stopped here; they have tremendously exploited our natural resources by poaching rare animals for skins, costly bags and clothes. The pollution spread by humans has caused environmental imbalances that further threaten the habitat of the extremely distinct sea creatures and birds.

Seeing the doomed fate of earth, measures are being taken around the world to protect our planet and its biodiversity. Gladly, this year Hyderabad played host to the 'International Biodiversity Conference' that lasted for 18 days. Delegates of about 193 countries met to envision new ways to conserve biodiversity. The conference focused on increasing the area of protected land and oceans around the world.

In retrospect, if we are to live and keep the Earth beautiful, we must stop chopping down trees and over hunting animals. Remember 'clean earth- long lived and green earth'.

'I envision a green tomorrow
Clear rippling stream and fragrant breeze,

Dreamy doves, chirping sparrow,
Nectaring bees, tender grass green...'

Beat The Weather This Season!

Guhan Iyer (Grade 7)

Hello! Friend, it is that time of the year again. The monsoons have arrived, though a little late this year.

The weather is cooler, and the plants are looking lively. But, it kept some of us at home due to illnesses. This year beat the weather by avoiding germs, eating healthy food, and doing exercise regularly.

The bad germs are mainly spread through unhygienic habits and by coming in contact with an infected person. Washing hands often helps kill the germs on your hands. Make sure to wash your hands with soap and water for enough time. The recommended time by doctors for washing your hands is fifteen to twenty seconds.

A good way to time yourself would be to sing 'Happy Birthday to you' since that also takes about fifteen to twenty seconds. Certain times you might want to wash your hands are after playing outside, before and after eating, and after going to the restroom. Remember, one of the best and easiest ways to prevent spreading illnesses is by washing your hands regularly. Another way to cleanse your hands is by using hand sanitizer. If soap is not available, then hand sanitizer is a good replacement. Hand sanitizer is like soap, but it works without water. Life buoy and Himalaya are common brands of hand sanitizer. They are available easily at any general store. Covering your sneeze or cough is also very important. If it is not covered, the germs will immediately spread throughout the area.

If it is covered by your hand, the next thing to come in contact with your hand will also catch the germs. Therefore, it is best to cover your cough or sneeze with a handkerchief or your elbow.

A seasonal change, especially at this time of year when the monsoon season is approaching, causes more than the average number of infections. Therefore, it is advisable to be extra careful.

Food, another major factor in keeping us healthy, won't be much of a problem, if the recommended food eaten is properly washed properly. A well balanced diet will always help. Food pyramids give an idea of how much of what type of food should be eaten. If a well balanced diet is followed, diseases such as obesity and diabetes can be avoided.

Beat The Weather This Season!

There is a saying: 'You are what you eat!' Make sure to thoroughly wash fruits and vegetables before cooking or eating them. There are a couple of different ways to wash the fruits and vegetables. The common practice to wash them is by soaking the food in warm saline water for ten to fifteen minutes.

If you plan on eating the peel of the food as well, such as for apples, you might want to scrub the skin with a brush. Lastly, to completely clean the fruit or vegetable, you can wash it in plain tap water a few times. This ensures that your fruit or vegetable is completely clean and contains the least possible number of germs, fertilizers, and pesticides.

Last, but not least, daily exercise or some form of physical activity will help you keep healthy. You can play sports like basketball, soccer or tennis if you have access to play ground or court. If you do not have space you can simply jog or jump rope to keep yourself fit!

Enjoy this monsoon season and be healthy by avoiding germs, following good food habits, and exercising often. All it takes is a little effort to keep yourself and your friends healthy and happy.

SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Hyma Ma'am

Question: What's your job?

Ans: Administrative Manager.

Question: What do you do?

Ans: I take care of cleaning, kitchen, and cafeteria.

Question: What would you suggest to students?

Ans: To take care of their belongings, tidy up and keep everything clean.

Question: What do you like about Manthan?

Ans: Everything!



HINDI

बारिश आई, बारिश आई काशी (कक्षा III 'ब')

बारिश आई , बारिश आई |
छम - छम - छम ,
कागज़ की नाव बनाए हम,
नाव गीली हुई,
हँस पड़े हम,
मम्मी ने आओ बुलाया,
चल पड़े हम |



हे !विद्यार्थी !सीखो ! -फरज़ाना (शिक्षिका)

हे विद्यार्थी! चलना सीखो |
सद्गुरुओं के सच्चे पथ पर ||
मेहनत करके पढ़ना सीखो |
सर्व प्रथम कहलाना सीखो ||

सत् समाज में रहना सीखो |
फूलों में गुलाब की तरह ||
बुराईयों से बचना सीखो |
भेड़िये से बकरी की तरह ||

सत्य मार्ग पर चलना सीखो |
महात्मा गांधी की तरह ||
सच्ची बात करना सीखो |
सत्य हरिश्चंद्र की तरह ||

सबसे मिलकर रहना सीखो |
दूध में पानी की तरह ||
सबको समानता से देखना सीखो |
दर्पण में छाया की तरह ||

दुश्मनों को भगाना सीखो
अल्लूरी सीतारामा राजू की तरह ||
गरीबी को हटाना सीखो |
अँधेरे में चाँद की तरह ||

हँसते हुए जीना सीखो |
खिले हुए कलियों की तरह ||
हे ! विद्यार्थी ! सीखो ,सीखो |
सीखकर आचरण न भूलो ||

HINDI

मेरी यात्रा

मेरा नाम अनन्या है | मैं उत्तर भारत की रहने वाली हूँ | मैं उस राज्य की रहने वाली हूँ जहाँ एक बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण त्योहार मनाया जाता जिसे हम छठ पूजा कहते हैं | इसी पूजा में मैं अपने मम्मी – पापा और अपने छोटे भाई के साथ सम्मिलित होने गई थी | मैं आपको इसी यात्रा के बारे में अवगत करने जा रही हूँ |

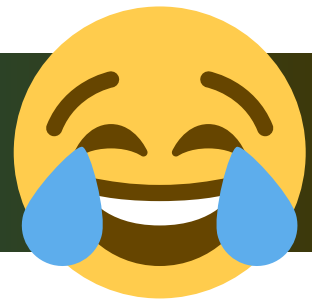
मेरी यात्रा रेलगाड़ी से शुरू हुई | हमलोग प्लेटफार्म पर रेलगाड़ी का इंतज़ार कर रहे थे जोकि अपने सही समय पर आई | ट्रेन के रुकते ही सारे लोग ट्रेन के अंदर भीड़ लगाकर घुस गए | जैसे – तैसे हम लोग भी अपने आरक्षित स्थानों पर बैठ गए | हमारे सहयात्री बहुत अच्छे मिले जिससे हमारी यात्रा अच्छे से कटी |

जब मैं अपने परिवार के बीच में पहुँची तो मुझे बहुत ही खुशी हुई क्योंकि वहाँ चारो तरफ़ छठ पूजा का माहौल था | वहाँ मेरे बहुत सारे कज़िन आए हुए थे जिनके साथ मैंने बहुत मज़ा किया और साथ ही साथ मैंने पूजा में भी हाथ बँटाया | चार दिन में ही पूजा का समापन हो गया | सबसे मैंने विदा लिया और उन अच्छे यादों को मन में लेकर वापस आ गई | मेरी यात्रा यहीं समाप्त होती है।

अनन्या

कक्षा – ६

LAUGH ALOUD



Why was the nose sad?

Because he didn't get picked

What bird doesn't go to the barber?

The Bald Eagle

Which runs faster, hot or cold?

Hot because everyone can catch a cold!

What did the pony with a sore throat say?

Sorry I'm a little hoarse!

Why was six afraid of seven?

Because seven eight(ate) nine!

•
What did the bee say to the flower?

Hi honey!

How do you make oil boil?

Add a "B"!

JOKES AROUND MANTHAN

Teacher: "In the past we used to have runners to give messages to other people."

Vineel: "Sir there were cars before, right?" (Teacher is talking with another student)

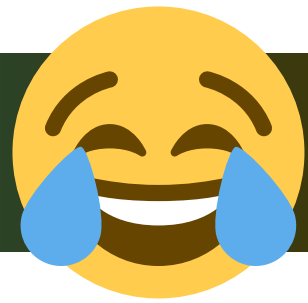
Shreyas: "Vineel we aren't talking about 200 years ago we are talking about way before that"

Teacher: "Yes in my childhood days we did have cars but not where I lived"

Vineel: (Sarcastically) "Yes Shreyas, sir is 200 years old..."

Class cracks up

LAUGH ALOUD



JOKES AROUND MANTHAN

Joke One

Teacher: “Guhan are you with us?”

Guhan: (Sleeping) “Hmm...”

Class: “Guhan!!!”

Guhan: “Good morning sir!”

Joke Two

Teacher: “Can you please give examples for variables”

Student (Raises His Hand)

Teacher: “Yes”

Student: “Can I use the restroom?”

Annual Day

Student (Making a presentation on stage, makes a mistake

and returns saying)...: “Improvise! Improvise! “

Teacher (Confused, looks around and says)...: “Who’s
improvise?”

TELUGU

మంథన్ అంటే...

ప్రాకృతిక సౌందర్యానికి మారు పేరు మంథన్

సాగర మదనమంత లోతైన ఆలోచన,

జ్ఞాన, విజ్ఞానాల సమ్మేళనం మంథన్

ఆట పాటల బృందావనం,

సాంస్కృతిక స్నేహాలయం,

భిన్న భాషల సమాహారం,

మమతల కోవెల మంథన్

విభిన్న రుచుల విందు,

కమ్మనైన అమ్మ ప్రేమ మంథన్

ముచ్చటగా మూడేళ్ళ వయసులోనే

మన్ననలెన్నో పొందినది

అసత్యమనేది లేని అందమైన నిజం మంథన్

-తెలుగు విభాగం



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE GHOST'S TREASURE

Shreya Chhalla, Class 4

Chapter 1 - The Legend

Veena Rowning, stared at the dock. She had never wanted to go on the pirate ship cruise. She didn't remember the name of the ship. At the local mall, there had been a lucky draw. Whoever would win would go on a cruise. Mom had won the lucky draw, and she bought Veena along. At first, Veena had thought it was a luxury cruise, but when she saw the ship, she didn't think so. Only 9 people could go on the cruise and she was one of them.

Veena turned and looked at Mom.

“Why didn't you tell me it was a pirate ship cruise?” she asked, and looked ungratefully at the old, ugly pirate ship. “I didn't know either!” Mom replied and ruffled Veena's curly black hair.

Thinking it was a fancy ship, Veena had worn a garnet and amethyst necklace with a yellow half-sleeve shirt and her pretty black miniskirt.



Dusk came quickly, and all 9 people who had been chosen in the lucky draw sat in a circle in the Sleeping Quarter, where they would sleep. They started chatting away happily right away. Veena didn't feel like talking in such a dusty, dirty room. She was waiting for the captain, ‘Captain Skullbone’, who had promised to come down for a story he would tell.



THE GHOST'S TREASURE

Soon he finally came and he uncomfortably sat in the circle. “Arrr, we shall be living like pirates on this one-week journey: he growled. “Eww! Does that mean we won't be able to change clothes?” Veena squeaked, “Yes, little bug, yes” Captain Skullbone answered. Veena scowled angrily. Everybody laughed. “Can you begin your story?” a man piped up.

“Oh, yes,” Captain Skullbone grinned. He snapped his fingers and a pirate came with an old-fashioned guitar. The pirate started to play a spooky and haunted tune, and Captain Skullbone began. “There once was an old pirate, named Captain Barebone. He found a poor man's treasure—money and jewels. He hid them, he hid them, oh yes, and he did. He made an old dear riddle map to find it again. But he met his doom and walked the plank, and nobody found the riddles ever again. Yes, that's the legend of Captain Barebone:” he sang...

Veena shivered. How scary the legend was Captain Skullbone showed his toothless grin. “Oh, there is a curse, too. Whoever solves the first riddle must solve the other riddle-or else” he grinned. “So long, suckers!” he cried and walked out of the room.

Chapter 2 - The Riddles

Veena had an uncomfortable sleep. She rolled around all night. “Mom” she cried. “I think there are rats under my mattress.” Mom rolled around to face Veena sleepily. “Check under the mattress,” she replied. Veena lifted the mattress and she found a bottle with a paper on it:

Veena trembled and slowly took the cork out of the bottle. She pulled the paper out of the bottle. Then she carefully unrolled the paper. Suddenly, her heart skipped a beat. The paper was the riddle map:

She jumped happily: She filled with joy. Mom heard her feet and woke up. “What's the fuss?” she demanded. Then she saw the riddle map in her daughter's hand. Her eyes grew wide and she ran over to Veena. “It was under my mattress:” Veena beamed.

Trembling, Mom read the first riddle. “Spin though wheel to dawn to dusk. Glittery wheel is what you shall see.” Mom looked confused. “what?” she asked. Veena started thinking. “The Captain's wheel: We have to watch it once in the night and once in the morning:” she said. Mom looked at the piece of paper with the riddle. “Maybe we'll find another riddle,” she thoughtfully smiled, and smoothed her long purple skirt. Both of them watched the captain's wheel two times.

Veena then said, “I saw a piece of paper glittering on the wheel:” Then Mom and Veena ran up to the wheel. A piece of paper was gleaming in the moonlight brightly. The captain was not there. He was eating dinner in the Eating Quarters. Veena made a dash towards the dock wheel and grabbed the slit of paper.

After dinner, Mom and Veena read the piece of paper. “A dark corner of life may seem bright with treasure,” Veena read. A big smile spread on her face. “A dark corner of life: Where do we get to live if the ship sinks?” she asked. “Lifeboat:” Mom and Veena cried at the same time.



YOUNG AUTHORS

THE GHOST'S TREASURE

Chapter 3-Treasure Lost-and Found

Mom and Veena ran to the Lifeboat Room. Then Veena saw dirt on one corner and started digging in the dirt. Then she saw something glowing. "Mom, help me pull this thing out:" she said. Veena and Mom grew excited and with all their force, they pulled out the TREASURES:

Veena and Mom started laughing happily. "We found the treasure:" they cried. The whole ship woke with all that fuss.

(Supposed to be a picture here) Captain Skullbone ran down shouting "Stop it, ye blubbers:" But when he saw the treasure he stared and stopped in his tracks. "Arrr....treasure, me hardies: Open it: Open it:" he growled. As soon as Veena opened the chest, mist covered the room.

As the mist cleared, an old pirate stood with a rusted hook for his hand like Captain Skullbone. Everybody started screaming with fear. Mom made a dash for the stairs. The merry music that the pirate crew had been playing stopped with a deadly tone.

Chapter 4-The Ghost

The ghost pirate blinked. "Me not here to hurt anybody...yes...arr..." the pirate said. "Who are you? Why were you stuffed in the treasure chest?" Veena demanded. "Me the owner of the treasure," the pirate replied. "Captain Barebone?" Veena cried. "Yes, I'll give you half the treasure," Captain Barebone grinned.

6 months later...

Alexandra, Veena's new baby sister, stayed at her new mansion home. She had just been born 24 hours ago. 'I know what she's thinking. How did we get such a huge house? I'll tell her that when she's older. It all began with a riddle map...'Veena thought. A hidden treasure donated to us.....

The End



WAKE UP, GIRLS!

Mahathi Kattamuri, Class 5

Hey girls! Who said we shouldn't play sports like boys? We were not created just to sit out on all sports and play on the slides! We also need the exercise. We need to participate in sports more!

Many women have won gold medals in the Olympics. We can aim high, too! We can start by participating in sports such as basketball, throw ball, soccer, and volleyball. Serena Williams, once a young girl, won the women's final in Wimbledon. There are many more examples of great sports women, while some girls are afraid of catching balls because they think their hands will fall off.

Come on, girls! Let's all start playing sports! We hope we'll see more participation from girls now!

SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Jemima Ma'am

Question: What do you teach?

Ans: Social Studies.

Question: Why do you like to teach Social?

Ans: It lets me be what I am and gives me the freedom to explore my talents. It allows me to help students develop their capabilities.

Question: What do you like about Manthan?

Ans: Manthan is a place of discovery where I have learnt to be myself and influence people with my work and individuality.

Question: Do you suggest anything to the students?

Ans: Students should believe in themselves and work with the maximum level of their talents and only then will they realize their potential.

Question: Who is your inspiration?

Ans: Children, because they do not pretend; whatever children say is genuine.





YOUNG AUTHORS

JIMMY LEARNS A LESSON

Marcele, Class 2B

This story starts in a school where a boy named Jimmy is studying. Jimmy was a mean and selfish boy. None of his classmates liked him or played with him. Jimmy was a complete show-off and his classmates tried their best to ignore him.

One day, Jimmy had an idea. His idea was that he would go inside the cupboard and shut the doors. As his classmates walked in, he would scare them. And so he went in the cupboard and closed the doors. After a little while, Jimmy heard his classmates' footsteps so he tried to open the doors but they would not budge even a little. Jimmy banged and hit the doors, but it was no use. The cupboard was locked and could only be opened from the outside.

Jimmy cried out loud for help, but his friends said, "Jimmy, you have been so mean to us. Why should we help you?" Jimmy felt sad. It was true. He had been very mean to them. Finally Jimmy said, "O.K, I'm very sorry, friends. I'll never be mean to you again." So his friends opened the cupboard and Jimmy was never mean to anybody again.

Moral of the story:

Be kind and helpful and don't be mean to anybody.

The End



ANGEL OF DEATH

Marcus Fernandez, Grade 6

Chapter 1

The Dreams

Hal was pushed into a large chamber. He could tell that it was night but the chamber had an eerie glow. Mysterious bony hands shoved him inside. He dropped on his knees, as he heard a loud crunch - the crunch of bones, not his bones. He looked down and saw a blanket of skeletons.

“Hal can you hear me?” a voice pleaded.

Hal bent forward and saw his best friend Tom. Tom’s image faded and was replaced by that of a dark figure. It held a staff with a piece of sharp glinting metal.

“Hal, please help me”.

Hal turned around and saw his brother in the grip of the dark creature, the staff raised above its head, ready to strike the boy.

“No, please spare him,” Hal pleaded.

The figure brought the staff down and struck James. Hal screamed and flung the bones he was kneeling on, at the figure; but the result was only echoing laughter from the depths of hell.....





YOUNG AUTHORS

ANGEL OF DEATH

Hal woke up drenched in sweat. It was raining hard outside and the window had been flung open by the furious wind. He felt his shirt; it was soaked in sweat. He didn't bother about his shirt or the window that would soon break free with the raging wind. Instead, he stared at his shivering hands. This was the third time he had the same dream. Three days in a row, each dream in more detail. He just realized how dry his throat was. He slowly got off his bed and made his way to the kitchen for a glass of water. Walking past his brother's room he was tempted to check if he was fine. What if the figure was in James' room ready to strike?

Then he slapped himself, "I'm becoming paranoid; it's just a dream. It must be a scary film I watched that's giving me these nightmares. Yeah, that must be it!"

Deep down, Hal knew that it was not a scary movie that provoked these dreams. He tried to recall the last horror movie he had watched; and he remembered - the movie was so pathetic that at the part when the ghost of some old house attacks a human, Hal was already sound asleep. He tried to shove such thoughts out of his head and focus on that glass of water.

Chapter 2

Mors

It was seven thirty in the morning and Hal was glad to get out of bed and go to school, leaving behind all thoughts of his dreams. He jumped out of his bed; the same one he had used for seven years. He went to a large mirror near his bed and looked at himself. His shaggy black hair was well over grown, spread out in all possible directions. His eyes were sunken and looked hollow. Hal knew it was the lack of sleep for three days that made him look dreadful. He had broad shoulders and was tall for his age. He had long strong legs and was an excellent athlete. Taking his eyes off himself, he glanced at his watch - a Timex digital watch.



ANGEL OF DEATH

“Today’s the eleventh of January, four days to my birthday and with these dreams it could be the worst birthday ever.” He could not keep the thoughts of those horrible dreams out of his mind.

Hal sat at the end of the breakfast table. There he was with a bowl of cereal in front of him. His mom, Julia, had noticed his lack of energy and sunken, transparent eyes for the past three days but she hadn’t asked him anything about it. Today she couldn’t help asking him. “Hal, are you all right?” she asked in a concerned voice. He just nodded and continued eating his breakfast. Julia knew that her son was not all right at all, but knew if she asked again, the answer would be the same. Hal finished his cereal and got up. Slinging his school bag over his shoulder, he walked straight out the door, bidding his mom a brief goodbye.

Hal stayed close to his school and always rode his bicycle to school. He had got his bike on his last birthday. He was rather an expert when it came to cycling, riding very fast without losing control. Usually Hal pedaled over ramps with ease, but today he wasn’t feeling too good. For the first time he felt nervous crossing roads. Suddenly, he felt dizzy - all the objects around him seemed to fall out of place. A loud sound jarred his ears. He had no clue where it came from. Out of the corner of his eye, suddenly he saw a red blur. He turned his head to see a massive truck gaining on him. He pressed the brakes hard, but the bike refused to oblige. It was time for action. He jumped off the bike with amazing speed and skill and landed on the sidewalk as he watched his bike being bent and crushed out of shape by the truck. He let his head rest on the sidewalk, as a voice rang in his head - a voice somewhere between a shrill scream and a wolf’s howl: Mors, Mors, Mors...

Chapter 3

The Truth

Hal got to school only by lunchtime, because of all the fuss over the accident that had just occurred. He was given a choice to stay at home, but decided against it. He sat next to his best friend Tom. After a brief explanation to Tom about the accident Hal asked Tom a question. “Do you know what Mors means?”, “It means, well... death in Latin.”



YOUNG AUTHORS

ANGEL OF DEATH

Hal finished lunch quickly and rushed to the library. He found the book he was looking for and opened it. The book was titled 'The Dark Secrets of Different Cultures', in which a paragraph read:

“Mors is the Latin word for death. For many centuries people believed in the dark force of death that people only see through dreams. Legend has it that Mors was captured and trapped in human dreams forever until the chosen human dies. The chosen human gets dreams of Mors. If the dark forces kill the chosen human then Mors will be unleashed, but Mors only gets 5 attempts to kill the human....”

Hal shut the book and sat petrified. That explained the dreams, the feelings of terror and the accident, which was no accident at all.

Chapter 4

Second Attempt

Hal made his way down the corridor thinking, “If what’s in that book is true, Mors has already had one chance. Four more chances to go.”

He took each step carefully, expecting something to lunge or jump at him. He had to be on guard. He went home walking because his bike was now just a heap of scrap-metal. His route home led through a construction site. This was a perfect place to die, all the construction equipment hanging just like deadly weapons. He was afraid to walk that path, yet there was no other way to get home. He would have to go through the building site. He said a silent prayer and then made his way through the site. It was a long building site.



ANGEL OF DEATH

Usually on the bike, going at top speed, it took him five minutes to complete the trip. But with no bike and walking at snail's pace there was no way he could make it in even twenty minutes. Hal had walked about quarter of the distance when he started feeling more confident.

One part of his brain was telling him: "It's just a myth, it's not real you don't believe something because of a few dreams." The other part of his brain was telling him: "How does that explain the same dream, three times in a row?" Hal almost laughed at his thoughts, but laughing when you could get killed any minute was a sign of insanity.

He was nearing the end of the path when he heard a loud yell, "WATCH OUT", from the top of a block.

Hal looked up and saw a shower of metal rods headed straight for him. Frantically he looked for cover. He saw a wooden shed that could give him protection. He dashed for it, smashed through the door and landed face first on the ground. He looked behind him and saw the rods pierce the ground where he had stood just a few seconds ago. He surely had the luck of the devil. Devil! The thought sent shivers down his spine.

Chapter 5

Third Attempt

Hal took more than an hour to get home and was very exhausted. In his diary he wrote feverishly:

- Mors will try to kill me
- He gets 5 attempts
- Tried 2
- 3 to go

He closed his diary and took out his homework – finally doing something not involving death cheered him for a time.



ANGEL OF DEATH

While he was busy at his homework his Dad knocked at the door: “Hal, can you help me change a light bulb in the living room?”

“Sure thing Dad, I’ll be right there”. Hal quickly wrote some answers on his math sheet and went to assist his Dad.

Hal stood on a stepladder and unscrewed the fused light bulb. He looked across the room at the chandelier with its menacing, sharp tip but knew that there was no way it could reach him when he was at the other end of the room. He screwed in the new light bulb and dusted his hands.

“All don...” Before he could finish those words there was a big tremor and Hal was flung across the room, under the swaying chandelier. It didn’t need an earthquake to cause havoc, just a tremor would do. It cracked the ceiling and pieces of plaster rained on Hal. He was pinned to the ground by the stepladder.

Hal’s Dad was already coming to help him, but it was too late. The chandelier was loose and coming straight at him. This was it - Hal’s end. But Hal’s brother wasn’t going to let that happen. James who had just entered the living room flung a chair at the falling chandelier knocking it off course. It missed Hal by a few inches. Hal profusely thanked his brother who had just saved his life.

That night Hal wrote in his diary:

- Third chance failed
- Two to go



ANGEL OF DEATH

Chapter 6

Fourth Attempt

Hal had been lucky so far, but Mors had two more chances. The next day, he was at school early. He had the same dream but with some changes. This time, the creature slaughtered him. In his dream he got a glimpse of the figure's face. It was a skull twisted, in a horrible grin.

Hal snapped out of his dreadful thoughts and got back to school-routine. Five more minutes for the bell to go, he looked at his watch - Thursday, 12th of January. Sitting next to Tom, his best friend, he couldn't withhold it anymore; he had to tell someone about his problem, with Mors and death.

Hal said, "Tom I've got to tell you something, you probably won't believe me but..."

Suddenly Hal felt a prickly feeling on his hand. He glanced at Tom and saw his face twisted in fear.

"Hal, um... scc...scorpion!" Hal looked at his arm and saw a large scorpion. He saw its arched tail ready to strike - to sting and kill him. Hal yelped and knocked it off, just before it struck. Hal slipped and fell on Tom's desk and watched in horror, as the scorpion scurried away.

Chapter 7

Fifth Attempt

Hal finished school and walked home with his hands in his pockets thinking about the scorpion - the fourth chance for Mors was over; just one more left. Hal wondered what it would be.



ANGEL OF DEATH

As he was walking home he noticed a strange man watching him. He had something glinting in his hand. Hal looked at the man's hardened expression - the expression of a killer. Hal tried to walk away from the man but the man noticed his attempt to move away and lifted the glinting piece, a fierce hunting knife. In a flash he charged at Hal. Hal took to his heels. The man was fast and would soon catch up. In fright, he ran, not towards home but away from it. He reached a road crossing – the pedestrian stop signal was on and the traffic was rushing past. Now was not the time for rules. He ran across the street. A Mercedes nearly threw him off his feet, but with Hal fleeing at top speed, he got past. Not the stranger. The Mercedes smashed into the would-be killer.

After Hal crossed the road he leapt with joy.

“I lived, Yes, I lived, and Mors did not kill me”.

Hal decided to call Tom over and tell him everything. He had to tell someone about Mors and his failed attempts.

As Tom and he sat at the kitchen table, he told Tom everything and Tom believed him! They drank juice and laughed at Mors's attempts to kill Hal. Suddenly the lights went out.

A voice rang in Hal's head: “It's coming - DEATH”.

Hal fell off his chair unplugging a gas pipe; there was a hiss of leaking gas.



ANGEL OF DEATH

“I’ll get a match. I always keep some in my pocket, in case of emergencies”, said Tom who had not heard the gas leak.

Hal screamed, even as he breathed in the gas that was filling the room: “TOM, DON’T, GAS LEA...”

Tom lit the match and the house blew up in flames, burning the unfortunate friends.

Chapter 8

Faded

A few days after the incident, at Hal’s school, Jason a young boy from grade 5 went to the library looking for a new book. He came upon a book he liked. “The Dark Secrets Of Different Cultures”, in which a paragraph read:

“Mors is the Latin word for death. For many centuries people believed in the dark force of death that people only see through dreams. Legend has it that Mors was captured and trapped in human dreams forever until the chosen human dies. The chosen human gets dreams of Mors. If the dark forces kill the chosen human then Mors will be unleashed, but Mors only gets 5 attempts to kill the human....”

“That’s weird”, thought Jason. “I know about this myth but ...”

He walked over to the librarian and said: “Mrs. Watson, I recently read another version of this book which states that Mors has 6 chances not 5.”

The librarian looked carefully at the number. “Oh I see, the number in this book is 6. It’s just that a small line has faded from 6, so it looks like 5”. The librarian took a pen and made the correction. Jason then went back to his seat satisfied.



YOUNG AUTHORS

ANGEL OF DEATH

3 DAYS LATER...

The funeral was short as there was nothing to bury of Hal. His parents and brother weren't at the house when the explosion occurred. They had gone to the mall. Little did they know that they would never see Hal again.

His parents stood weeping at the grave. Without much warning, a downpour drenched the large crowd, which attended the funeral. In the crowd stood a tall lean figure, with a black hood, with a staff. A flash of lightning revealed the face to be a skull in a twisted grin, even as a shrill cold laugh rang out.

Mors had an appointment to keep!





YOUNG AUTHORS

THE CUPCAKES

Ankitha, Grade 3

One day Lily and her brother were sitting at the table because it was raining so they couldn't play outside.

So Lily asked her mom, "Can we make cupcakes?"

Her mom said, "Okay, but only a few."

Her mom made delicious pink cupcakes with a bright red cherry on top. It was so yummy that Lily ate all of them. Her brother couldn't even have one!

The next day Lily turned pink!

Her mom took her to the doctor and he said "No more pink food for Lily."

Lily was sad. After she went home it was almost dinner time, so everybody sat at the wooden table and ate cheesy Macaroni but Lily had to eat vegetables. Lily pretended to eat her vegetables.

After everyone slept Lily crept to the kitchen and got more cupcakes and ate them.

The next day Lily turned red! Not even pink.

So she went to the fridge and ate peas and beans and many other vegetables even though she didn't like it. After a few minutes she turned back to her normal color.



YOUNG AUTHORS

HOW CONSTELLATIONS WERE FORMED

Mahathi Kattamuri, Grade 5

A long, long time ago, when your great-grandfather's grandfather wasn't born yet, the earth was full of forests. Very few people moved around. Among these people was an elderly saint. Although he was very wise, he had always wanted to touch a star. It was always a subject of great interest to the old man. Throughout his pious life, he had been drawing millions and millions of drawings of stars, and now, he was dying.

Meanwhile, as the elderly saint was gasping for breath, two young girls, both nine years old, were skipping through the woods. Suddenly, they heard a shrill neigh. The girls, Uma and Parvati, froze. Again the sound came, and this time Uma stepped closer to it. She cautiously took some more steps, and then gasped.

"Parvati! There is a flying horse in a saint's house! It's just beautiful, with sharp wings and pearly skin and a gorgeous mane-oh, just come and look at it!" she finally exclaimed.

Parvati ran eagerly forward, and then whistled with sheer amazement. Both the girls briskly walked up to the wooden door. Parvati knocked loudly.

"Who's there? Show your self!" an old, croaky voice bellowed.

Uma twisted the door knob.





HOW CONSTELLATIONS WERE FORMED

“It is I, Uma, and my sister Parvati, old saint Martin!” Uma hastily added, looking at the engraved name on the door. She nervously stepped into the small, overcrowded room with Parvati at her heels.

“Old saint Martin! What has happened to you? Are you all right?” Parvati cried as soon as they had entered the room.

This was the same saint that had wished to touch a star. He looked horrible. Martin was propped up on his wooden bed, with red eyes and a runny nose. He looked as if he would faint and die any minute.

“My dears! I haven’t had much company over the past weeks! Do come in and sit!” Martin exclaimed, wiping his nose and drying his eyes. He gestured vigorously towards some chairs.

The girls took their seats reluctantly, and then Uma reiterated, “Are you all right?”

“OH, nothing. This is the result of not being able to complete an old, shattered dream!” he whispered.

“Shattered dream? What dreams?” Parvati asked, now very much interested in the conversation.

“My life’s goal was to touch a star, at least for a second. I bought my winged horse, Gippo, and thought I would fly up to the heavens. But then I caught this stupid cold and went to the village doctor. He said that my condition was close to being critical. He told me that a responsible person has to come with me wherever I went. So now....” His voice trailed off.

“We’ll go with you! We’re pretty sure that we’re responsible!” both of the girls said in a chorus.

Just as they finished saying those words, a flash of thunder and lightning illuminated the sky.



YOUNG AUTHORS

HOW CONSTELLATIONS WERE FORMED

“Beware, Martin! No mortal is allowed to reach the heavens of the skies! That is why we have given you a cold in the first place!” a warning tone boomed.

Uma grabbed Parvati’s hand and said, “That sounds like the voice of Shiv!”

But would plain words and some scary omens stop a very stubborn man like Martin? Certainly not! So it was decided. Uma and Parvati (though reluctantly) agreed to come with Martin through the skies until they had reached the heavens of the stars. Gippo was harnessed and fed, while Uma packed a bag and Parvati went to buy medicines for the old man. The old man himself was so excited that he nearly pounced on Gippo when he was ready. Finally they were ready.

“Go on Gippo! Up! You can do this!” Martin yelled, coughing and stuttering.

Gippo obeyed and soon they were up, enjoying the feeling of the wind lapping at their faces. The houses looked like little bricks little babies used to play with. It was simply wonderful to have everything look up at you in awe and admiration. The sheer novelty of flying itself was amazing and unexplainable.

Parvati suddenly cried out, “The stars Martin! Your life’s goal is twenty feet away!”

Martin looked up and nearly fell off Gippo. Uma grabbed his shoulders and hauled him up. Then after two more minutes they were so close that they could lick one of the stars now.

“Slowly, Martin, remember what the doctor said! Don’t stress yourself!” Uma warned.

Old Saint Martin carefully stood on the flank of Gippo’s wings and reached out – closer, closer every nanosecond, nearer, and as he reached out – Bang! There was an explosion somewhere in the sky.

Uma yelled something, while Parvati screamed. But Martin balanced himself and grabbed hold of a star. Old Martin yelled with delight, but then his face morphed from delight to horror.



YOUNG AUTHORS

HOW CONSTELLATIONS WERE FORMED

“What’s wrong, grandfather?”

Abbey’s smile melted off her face. “Can’t breath – star – is – consuming – me – help!” he choked out.

Parvati looked terrified.

“We warned you, foolish Martin. We told you not to enter in the heavens of stars!” the same warning voice said.

“That’s voice of Shiv!” Parvati said.

Martin was going crazy. “Help!” he choked.

“Quick! Pray to Lord Shiv!” Parvati muttered, closing her eyes. Uma’s face was beaded with glistening sweat.

Then suddenly Marin let go of the star and collapsed. “I – was – a – a – a – fool,” he said, dazed. He looked very ashamed. “I would rather be a star!” and saying so, he jumped and held many stars together.

And slowly - ever so slowly he morphed into a star. You could see his form, there he was; a star. This was how the first constellation was formed.

The End



POETIC MINDS

LONGING FOR PEACE

Jemima



Calm are the waters,
Calm are the trees,
Calm is the wind that flutters by,
But my heart begs to differ..

Peaceful is the cooing of the dove,
Blissful is the flight of the jove,
Poised is the stature of the pelican,
But my heart feels like a mendicant...

I am craving for the tranquility of a stream,
the ebb and flow of the sea.
I am desperate for a moment of serenity,
but that is a distant dream....

Fill my heart with the bliss of joy,
well my soul with the peace of old,
I may be filled with clutter inside,
Empty me and fill me with wisdom like gold.....



POETIC MINDS

TEN THINGS FOUND IN A SOLDIER'S POCKET

Vineel Repaka, Class 7

A ton of C4
Two remote triggers
A picture of a big family
A grenade
A map
Three magazines
A gun
A wire-cutter
An engagement ring
A letter

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE RICH?

Siddarth- Class 4

Be kind
A gentleman
Accept invitations
Look Handsome
Drink coffee.



TEN THINGS FOUND IN A SCIENTIST'S POCKET

Rayid Ali, Class 7

A formula written on a paper
A test tube
A pen
Albert Einstein's photo
An address book
A wallet with money
A small boy's photo
A scribbling pad
A glass lens
A specimen

BLACK

Shrinidhi- Class 3A

My favourite colour is very dark.
It tastes like...burnt paneer and fried mushrooms
And smells like...burning fire and my silky hair
Sounds...lead breaking sound and neighbour's cat
Feels...like the soft thing on my head rustling in
the wind and totally dark very scary.
So, black is my favourite colour.



THE GULMOHAR FANCY

Priya Saxena

The Gulmohar blossoms
still fascinate my senses,
as they used to in my childish days.

The quivering
crimson petals in the playful breeze,
like several tiny sparks enkindled at once;
burning ruthlessly...high and low,
casting its summery spell
along the city streets.

The early rising
chants from its infinite boughs
haven of bereft hearts and wandering thoughts.
Hope for homeward retiring herds
after the day's work.

Often
in the cozy afternoons
it reminded me of a loving granny
in printed floral sari, telling tales of
brave princes and pious kings
to the familial seeds.

ROBOT

Vevila- Class 4

Robot
Metal, Silver
Working, Moving, Shining
Scary, Electric, Fun, Help
Good, Brainy
Human



POETIC MINDS

FRIENDSHIP

Dhwani - Class 4

Friendship never breaks.
Friends never leave each other.
Friends stay together.
Friendship is a dream comes true.
Friendship is a form of love.

PINK

Nishika 3B

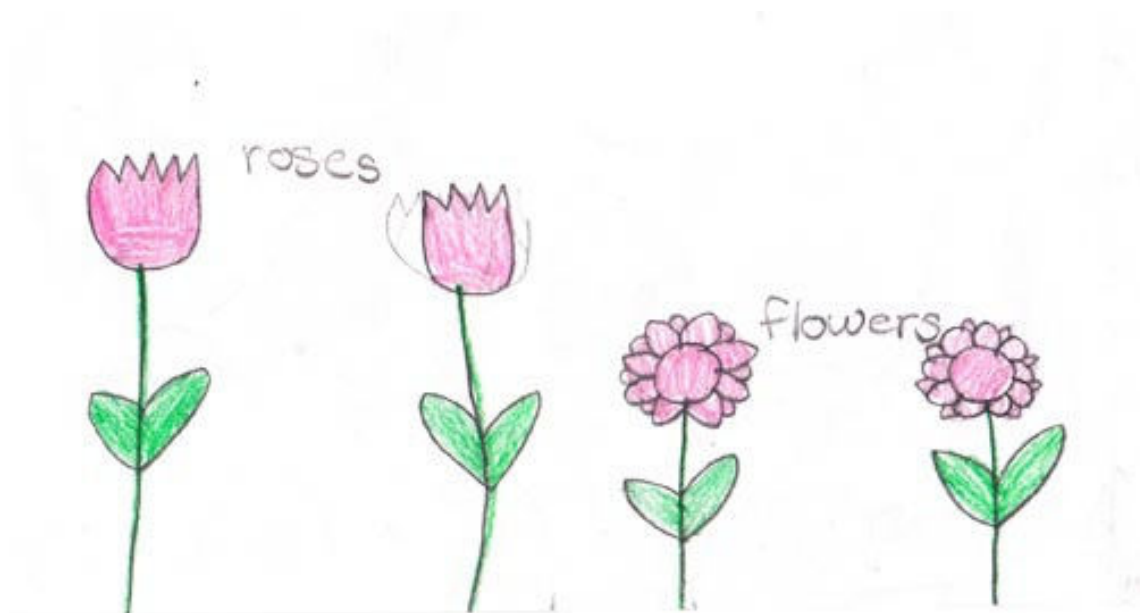
Pink is the colour of sweets.

It smells like pink roses and smells sweet. It tastes like yummy candy and fruity strawberry. It also sounds, flapping butterflies, pleasant sounds.

Pink feels..... Smooth, a beautiful smile, looks like flowers and my favorite bed.

It makes me a happy girl and you proud.

Pink is my favourite colour!





BIOOK REVIEW

THE SECRET GARDEN

Author: Frances Hodgson Burnett

Reviewed by: SoundaryaLahari Murari

At first Mary Lennox hated anything and everything and was the most disagreeable-looking child ever seen. You would agree with this fact if you read the book *The Secret Garden*.

Mary Lennox had been moved to Misselthwaite Manor, because her father, mother and everyone else had died of the cholera in India. Not that she cared because her parents didn't want her and hated her. This story is about how she and her friends at Misselthwaite Manor - Dickon, Colin, and Ben Weatherstaff try to save an old, beautiful, secret garden that had been locked up for ten years.

The owner of Misselthwaite Manor, Mr. Archibald Craven (Mary's uncle) had a wife who was very beautiful and they loved each other very much. His wife loved gardening and the secret garden was her own garden, but sadly his wife died while she was giving birth to a small boy named Colin and due to this Mr. Craven shut the garden door and buried the key. When Mary came to Misselthwaite Manor she was curious and a friendly robin led her to the key and the next day, led her to the door.

Soon Dickon came around and Mary let him in on the secret. Dickon is a boy who loves the outdoors and knows everything about plants and animals. He brings so many animals home and all animals love him and trust him to keep their secrets. He has a turned up nose and his eyes are so round and the brightest blue color you have ever seen and he has a big mouth.

Colin is the son of Mr. Craven. He is very nasty if he doesn't like you, but if he likes you he can be nice to you most of the time. Surprisingly, he took a liking to Mary. He thinks he has a lump on his back and will become a hunchback like his father. He hears people say that he is going to die and is proud of it. Mary hates this.

Ben Weatherstaff is a co-gardener of the Misselthwaite Manor gardens. He is kept on favor because Mr. Craven's wife liked him. Martha, another person she liked, waits on her and is Dickon's sister. She works for Mrs. Medlock who works for Mr. Craven.

F. Hodgson Burnett used a very broad Yorkshire language like "Aye that we mun," (which means "Yes indeed, we must,"). The genre of this book is realistic fiction because the book isn't too fictional and it has its share of fun and mystery. Other books that F. Hodgson Burnett wrote are *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *A Little Princess*, and *The Lady of Quality*. Though, her most famous book is *The Secret Garden*.

I liked this book because it has a mixture of all the genres and it is one realistic book you can read without getting bored. If you want to know what happens to the garden and if Mr. Craven finds out that they found the secret garden or not you'll just have to read the book!



BOOK REVIEW

HOROWITZ HORROR

Author: Anthony Horowitz

Reviewed by: Marcus Fernandez

The book that I have chosen for this review is the book “Horowitz Horror” written by Anthony Horowitz the bestselling author who is also well known for his “Alex Rider” series.

I chose it because of my liking for horror and supernatural stories. I definitely think that this is an exceptional example of genuine horror.

This book is written as a series of different spine-chilling tales. The theme of each story is about a normal everyday object that we may use or see such as bathtubs, cameras, and buses. The magic is that each of these objects turn out to be cursed.

What I liked about this book is that it is pure horror. Many times when I pick up a horror book I find that it is just downright gross. But in this book instead of making you sick it sends chills up your spine. This book also has a twist after every tale that is so terrifying. Often one of the main characters meets with a terrible fate.

Horowitz writes each story with such skill that you feel the horror freeze your heart. You feel the agony of fear that the characters face. As you read you plunge into the stories with the ghosts and demons surrounding you.

This book is a must read. There is one warning though. If you wish to read this book never read it at night. This book is only for those who can sleep peacefully without the fear of things that bump and creak in the night.

SO READ IF YOU DARE.



BIOOK REVIEW

A TIGER FOR MALGUDI

Author: R. K. Narayan

Reviewed by: Shreyas Sarangi

This summer, I was able to read many new books, and A Tiger for Malgudi was one of them. It is an amazing tale about a wild tiger living in Semp Hills who finds his way to the sleepy town, Malgudi. There he is captured and made to perform in the circus, after which he is made to act in a movie. Though the tiger, named Raja, escapes, he is cornered in a school. Then, he meets an old swami, who tames him and teaches him to follow the spiritual path that he takes. Soon, Raja can think, analyze and do everything a human can do except speak. Eventually, Raja is overtaken by old age and stays in a zoo for the rest of his life.

It is another tale by Narayan that could only be written by him, with every character explained in detail. The path the story takes is a roller coaster, with some unimaginable events taking place, like tigers drinking milk with goats.

This book is a fiction because a tiger can't be forced to not eat a goat, sit like a human, or drink milk.

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. It had a very amusing plot, and, like many other Malgudi books, had very serious events wrapped in humour. I would definitely recommend this book to anyone, as I'm sure anyone who can understand the book's language can enjoy it. A Tiger for Malgudi is a must-read for anyone on the hunt for good books!



BOOK REVIEW

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Author: Daniel Defoe

Reviewed by: Vibhu Iyer

When I read Robinson Crusoe, I imagined myself stranded on an Island, living off of fruits, vegetables, and water. Though the whole book was really good, what really popped out to me were the characters and conclusion.

The description of the characters allows me to get a good picture of all the characters' personalities, which helps me relate to the characters and the story. The characters of Robinson Crusoe that I am talking about are Robinson's father, Robinson, and Friday. Robinson's father is presented as, I quote, "a grave man with stern eyes and a sharp mind".

The author describes Friday, the escaped prisoner, as, "a very tall man. He had long, dark hair that fell right down to his back. He was dressed in skins as well, but not quite as many as I did". Robinson himself is described as a determined and focused man. While he wants to be a sailor, his parents want him to stay home and become a lawyer. He says, "My parents would be hurt, but I can't spend my whole life trying to make them happy. I am finally going to become a sailor!" These descriptions help me understand the characters better and see things from the characters' points of view.

The ending of Robinson Crusoe is bittersweet. At the end of Robinson Crusoe, an English ship comes to the island where Robinson lives. Three men are left on shore, bound and gagged, without food or water, while the other people from the ship explore the island. Robinson and Friday untie the three men and find out that these men are Captain Walsh and his first mates, Morgan and Pace, from the English ship. The others on the ship had mutinied under the command of two people. When the others come back after exploring the island, the mutineers are surrounded by Robinson, Friday, and their new friends. The two people leading the mutiny are left behind on the island and the others join Captain Walsh. Then, Robinson, Friday, Captain Walsh and his people leave for England. After reaching home, Robinson finds out that his parents are dead. Then Robinson settles down and has a quiet life.

I think that this conclusion is sad and happy at the same time because Robinson returns home, which is happy, but he finds out that his parents are dead, which is sad because he had run away when he was young and didn't see them for quite a long time.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. The Island of the Blue Dolphins
2. Call It Courage



Guhan Iyer- Grade 7

Everyday, humans are contributing to the destruction of the environment. Deforestation, water pollution and air pollution are three major ways humans are destroying the environment. We all know that trees are important as well as are clean air and water, but what would happen if we keep destroying and polluting them?

Deforestation is the cutting down of trees and forests. How does deforestation affect us? One of the main impacts of deforestation is the loss of wildlife. Many animals live in forests. They make homes, and create ecosystems where every animal plays an important role, no matter how large or small. By cutting down a forest, we would be affecting a lot of animals. We would be destroying their homes and their ecosystems. It might result in the extinction of many species of animals.

Deforestation, also more indirectly, causes global warming. Trees breathe in carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen. By decreasing the number of trees, more carbon dioxide remains in the air, resulting in more heat in the earth's atmosphere. That additional heat causes weather patterns to change. Thus, deforestation also affects weather patterns.

Another major way that humans impact the environment is through water pollution. This is done through releasing untreated sewage and toxic chemicals into the water. By releasing untreated sewage into the water, the water becomes contaminated and is not usable for drinking or irrigation. Releasing toxic chemicals into water bodies causes death to marine life. Loss of marine life is loss of part of Earth's ecosystem.

The last major way humans affect the environment is through air pollution. Toxic chemicals, such as carbon monoxide, are released in the air. These chemicals are harmful to people and animals. Increased levels of carbon dioxide in the air also accelerate global warming.

We are undertaking many actions that are destroying the environment, but not doing enough to preserve and protect it. By reusing paper and recycling, we can reduce deforestation. Public transportation and cycling are the modes of travel that are eco-friendly. For future generations to live the way we have lived, we must do our best to protect the environment.



Rishy - Grade 5

Have you ever gone outside on the road? What do you see? Well, I see garbage, garbage and more garbage. What happens when you throw garbage on the road? The thing what happens is pollution.

Humans have harmed the environment from the year 1900. Many animal species are extinct like the Dodo and Tasmanian wolf. This is because of over hunting, deforestation, and pollution.

There are 4 types of pollution: land, water, air, and sound. These destroy the environment. Many plants and animals are suffering big losses in their habitat, population, and their food. We, humans have destroyed a lot of area of land and we have to work hard to save the environment.

There are many ways to save the environment, but we are not doing those. Examples so save the environment are:

- Use less water.

- Off switches when not used to save electricity.

- Throw garbage in proper garbage bins.

- Clean up garbage thrown on the ground.

- Don't throw waste in water.

Humans have destroyed the environment but, we can still save the environment if we work together!

“GO GREEN!”



Mahathi K - Grade 5

Imagine a place where animals were scarcely seen. Imagine a place where the air was thick with smoke. Imagine a place where the water was polluted with toxic waste. This horrid “place” is very slowly becoming our environment. We have used raw materials from Mother Earth like hungry people grabbing fruits from the local fruit stand. Have we given a thought to what would happen to our environment?

To clear the way for roads, houses, apartments, buildings and malls, some humans have cut down several acres of trees. Many animals think of the forest floor and treetops as home. When we cut down their homes, what will happen to them? They will simply be ignored, and left to starve.

Everyday, lots of people throw their plastic bags on the roads, or even into the nearest water body. They just throw the garbage anywhere away from them. The plastic eventually makes its way into rivers and oceans.

In many industries, smoke is produced. This destroys the ozone layer that protects us from the sun’s harmful Ultra-Violet rays. It also aids the greenhouse effect, which gradually increases the Earth’s temperature. This is called global warming.

Our ancestors had known that we would do this. They created many holy books about respecting our Earth and treating it as a person. What have the helpless creatures done to us? They have become victims of our cruel actions.

Of course, we take what we need from the Earth. We need some things to live. But why take more than required? This becomes a want. If all of us take what we want from the Earth, nothing would be left. The humans would perish.

So, play your part to save this beautiful environment. Do your bit, for in the well-being of our world lies the key to our survival.



Lahari - Grade 5

As said by Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi 'There is sufficiency on the Earth for man's need. Not for man's greed.' This means that Mother Earth has enough resources for our needs, but not for the greed that we show. We take more than we need from Mother Earth. If we have a small house we crave for bigger ones which leads to cutting down more trees for the wood.

The human race wastes all the good resources that Mother Earth provides us with, like water, trees, land, etc. We leave the tap open when we are brushing our teeth and we cut down the trees. We kill the animals for food. Because of us Mother Earth is getting damaged.

Let me remind you that Earth is the only planet capable of having life. Meaning that if we destroy Earth we will have nowhere to go to and we will all die.

We are releasing many harmful gases that are polluting the air around. When we burn paper and other things carbon dioxide comes out. We breathe in oxygen and let out carbon dioxide. If we don't have oxygen we cannot breathe and we will die. The plants breathe in carbon dioxide and let out oxygen. So even when we cut down plants we are polluting the air.

Always reuse, reduce, and recycle.

If we cut a tree we should plant another one in its place. We should leave excess water in the sewage treatment plant. Use a bicycle to travel instead of a car or bike. Save the Earth for the future generation. Land is not inherited from your ancestors it is borrowed from your grandchildren.

Remember to...

Save Mother Earth!



Shreyas Sarangi - Class 7

We need oxygen to breathe, to live. Without it, we would have been extinct over ten thousand years ago. The oxygen comes from our environment, which we are demolishing. While we cut down trees, the clock keeps ticking. The human impact on the environment may soon take its toll.

We are the most developed species on Earth. We are smarter than the rest of nature, which can be proven with all our scientific inventions and discoveries. Yet we cut down trees and reduce grand forests to miniature woods. If we have the best brains, then why do we pollute the air, land and water?

If I haven't made it clear already, the human impact on environment is shocking for those who think that mankind is really benevolent. We pollute the sky, the seas, and the streets with litter, chemicals, and other forms of waste. We should learn from the lesser forms of life. Birds use biodegradable materials in their nests, not plastic straws or electric wires. In fact, these innocent creatures that don't hurt the Earth are hurt by us when their home or shelter, a tree, is cut down, or when our waste ends up in their stomachs.

We really are the most developed, so we should put our brains together for good. We need to stop cutting down trees and develop non-polluting and eco-friendly ways of doing things. This way, our creations will be truly glorious and wondrous. If we don't, our impact on the environment will weigh us down.



INSPIRATION CORNER

Ramakrishna Reddy

Head of the Institution

I will be sharing different pieces of literature that are inspirational and are relevant for our children and parents in each issue of Sparsh.

A lot of us as parents have several aspirations for our children and more often than not they are driven by what we want from them rather than what they would like to do, we feel we own our children while in truth we are just their care takers and only can influence them in parts.

These thoughts are amazingly and aptly expressed by eminent poet Khalil Gibran on Children in the book Prophet.

On Children - Kahlil Gibran

*Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them,
but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children
as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,
and He bends you with His might
that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,
so He loves also the bow that is stable.*

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Happy New Year *and thank you for reading!*

Sparsh

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