

# SPARSH NEWSLETTER



OCTOBER | 2013

Young minds who  
contributed to Sparsh Oct  
2013:

Grade 1 - Ayush and Saanvi  
Grade 2 - Pranav, Eshwar,  
Varun, Brinda, Vedasri,  
Neha, Tanishka, Shivansh,  
Navya, Aashvi, Shristi and  
Vikram

Grade 3 - Marcela, Spurthi,  
Pratham and Reeti

Grade 4 - Shrinidhi,  
Abhinav, Meghana, Rishi,  
Kashvi, Aniruddha, Nishika,  
Isha, Siddharth, Meesha,  
Sai Charvi and Simir

Grade 5 - Advay, Shriya,  
Trina, Purvi, Rishi, Shreya,  
Auric and Sameera

Grade 6 - Mahathi, Rishi and  
Lahari

Grade 7 - Prasad, Valli,  
Aditya, Marcus, Nikil,  
Akshaj, Rishita, Ishrath,  
Vigasini, Jahnvi, Angiras  
and Arvind.

Grade 8 - Vineel, Gautham,  
Shreyas and Abhinav

Some of the teachers who  
contributed are:  
Arshi, Ishita and Farjana

## STUDENT EDITORIAL

Hello everyone, and welcome to the third edition of Sparsh, our school magazine.

We are so glad that we got such a response from all the grades this time around. Sparsh has succeeded to prove as an outstanding opportunity where each participant gets to exhibit their work and enhance their individual viewpoints and perceptions. We have received more than 50 articles, and the surge of articles hardly stopped, even after the deadline. As editors, yes, this was stressful, but it was amazing to get so many excellent pieces of work!

It has been a pleasure reading and editing all these brilliant articles. We have in store a miscellaneous collection of work including many, many pieces that are not only engaging but are also ethical. Each and every article reflects an assortment of ideas which indulge its readers, right through.

Well, that's enough from us and now it's time for you to enjoy Sparsh. This year we are elated to present to you jokes to enlighten your day, ingenious stories that will leave you stunned, essays and critical viewpoints on a variety of topics, inspiring poems, and more-- all written by students from grades 1 through 8. So now we'll leave it to you to explore our school's creative work!

Happy Reading!

**Chief Editors**

**Rishita - Grade 7 & Shreyas - Grade 8**

**Math Tricky  
Tricks**

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**Book Review**

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**Essays**

► ON PAGE 29

# IN THIS EDITION

## **SPOTLIGHT**

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

## **YOUNG AUTHORS**

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

## **POETIC MINDS**

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

## **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.

## **LAUGH ALOUD**

While school is as much about studies it is also about having fun doing so.. here our children take a dig at themselves and their teachers for some fun times.

## **INSPIRATION CORNER**

Our Head of the Institution, Ramakrishna Reddy, shares the literary pieces that have inspired him over the years and that are of immense relevance to parents today.

# Sound Pollution

Arvind (Grade 7)

A sound wave is the pattern of disturbance caused by the movement of energy travelling through a medium. There are two major types of sound waves: melodious and noise. Melodious sound waves are produced mainly by music and are soothing to the ear whereas noise is a complete disturbance to the ear. Noise is basically unwanted sound. When excess noise is produced, it is called noise pollution.

Humans can hear up to 120 decibels and can bear up to 20,000 hertz. If you think that's a lot, guess again. Sunday traffic is almost 85 decibels and a rock concert is about 120 decibels. Furthermore a jet engine take-off is 150 decibels. If we humans keep hearing sounds like these often, we may not be able to hear later. Normally, there will be temporary effects like stress, body pain and annoyance, due to loud sounds we regularly hear at times. But, if the sound is too much, then it may cause mental retardedness or permanent hearing loss. Therefore, sound pollutions can and should be reduced.

## **Methods to Check Sound Pollution:**

I suggest that if there is a noise pollution in your region, kindly follow these precautions:

- (1) Move away from that place.
- (2) Ask the person who is creating noise to reduce.
- (3) Wear ear cuffs or ear plugs if you have to at places where there is noise pollution like construction sites or airports.

Many incidents have happened when people and animals got affected because of noise pollution especially during Diwali festival. Try to celebrate such festivals in an eco-friendly way and burn less noise emitting crackers like flower pots or ground chakras.

To sum up, lead a safe and secure life, live and let live. Please reduce the noise pollution around us.

# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner





# MATH TRICKY TRICKS

## **Divisibility Rules** **by Auric 5A**

### **Divisibility Rule by '7':**

Double the last digits of the given number and subtract this from the number. If it is '0' or divisible by 7, then the given number is divisible by 7. Continue the rule till you reach a small number where you can decide if the number is divisible.

Example: 343

Last digit is 3

Double of 3 = 6

$34 - 6 = 28$  and 28 is divisible by 7

Hence 343 is divisible by 7.

**Isn't it easy?**

## **Fun with Math** **by Ishrath**

1. Estimate the answer before you start the problem –then you will know if you are wrong or right very easily
2. Make a picture of the problem it will make it easier-For example –if you had to find the perimeter of a rectangle ,then draw a rectangle and write the values then all you have to do is the formula your following
3. Always use the BODMAS when there is more than one operation
4. Do your homework-it practice and a type of revision of what you learned
5. Think about the problem before doing it – you might get confused!!!
6. Always check if you copied down the problem right
7. Write down the problem NEATLY step by step- you might write a number that should be 4 but looks like 7
8. Practice –math is not a subject you should memorize , you have to work out problems
9. Do some rough work –just to make sure your right with your answers
10. Check –check what you solved , always finish your test 15 or more minutes early, but never rush your paper!!!

# MATH TRICKY TRICKS

## Math Tip - Akshaj Tammewar

11 times any two digit number

If you were to multiply, say  $11 \times 32$ , add the digits of 32 (so  $3+2=5$ ) and put the sum between 32 so it would become 352.

If by any chance you get 2 digits in the sum there will be a change like  $11 \times 79$  (so  $7+9=16$ ), add the 1 from 16 to the 7 leave 6 in the middle and 9 in the end 869 so you would get.

11 time any one-digit number

Take any number you want to multiply with 11, multiply it with 10 and add the original number you wanted to multiply once more

For example

$$11 \times 47$$

$$47 \times 10 + 47 = 470 + 47 = 517$$

Hard to multiply numbers

If you have a large number to multiply with another and one of them is even, you can easily subdivide them to get the answer

For example

$32 \times 125$  is the same as

$16 \times 250$  is the same as

$8 \times 500$  is the same as

$$4 \times 100 = 4000$$

## Math Tip - Marcus Fernandez

If you multiply 6 by an even number, they both end in the same digit.

Example:  $6 \times 2 = 12$ ,  $6 \times 4 = 24$ ,  $6 \times 6 = 36$ , etc

If you need to square a 2 digit number ending in 5, you can do so very easily with this trick. Multiply the first digit by itself + 1, and put 25 on the end. That is all!

For example:

$$252 = (2 \times (2+1)) \& 25$$

$$= (2 \times 3) \times 25$$

$$= 625$$

# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner



# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner

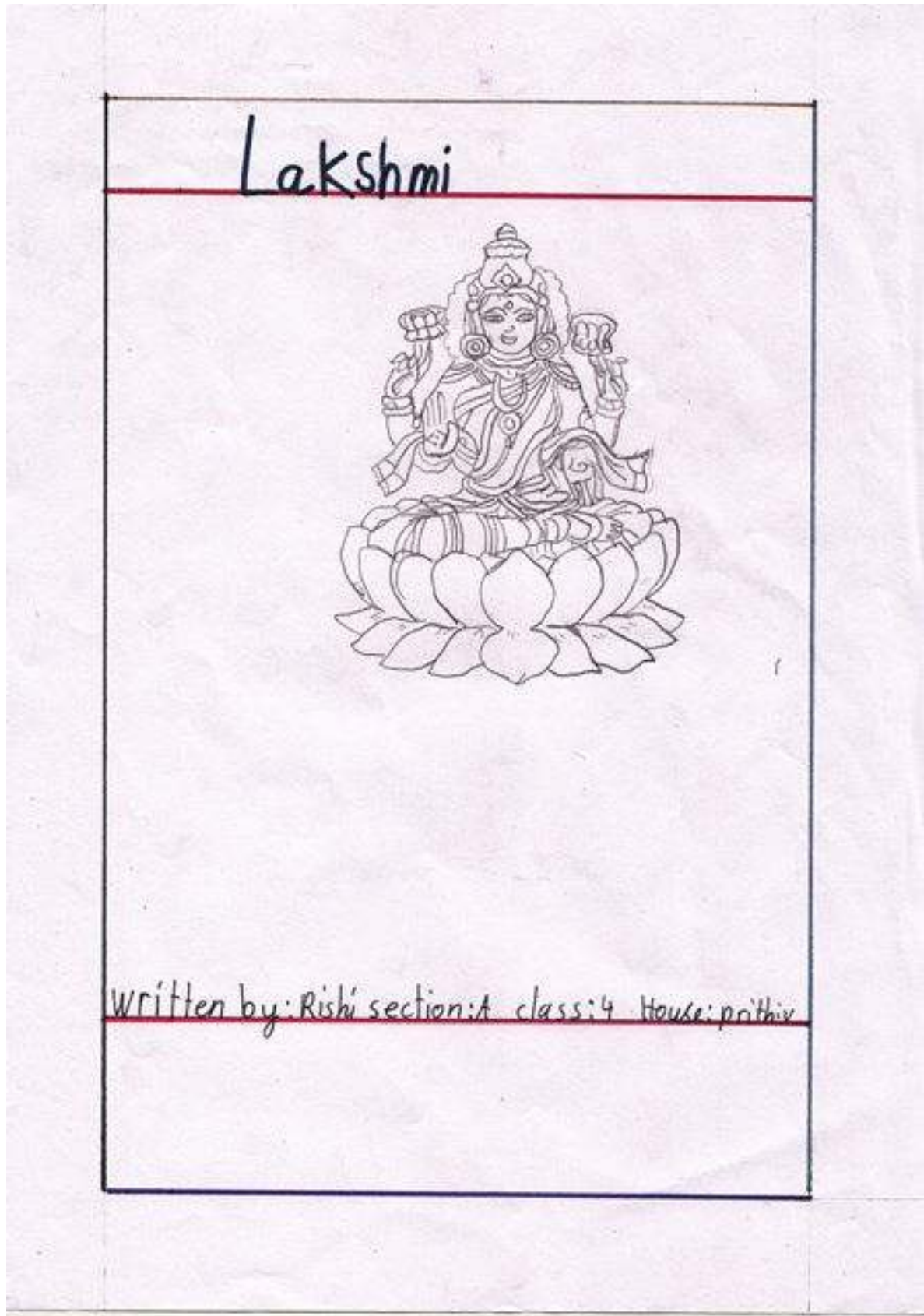




# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner



# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner



# SPOTLIGHT

KNOWING BETTER - Shalini Ma'am  
Head of Academics

Q: Your favorite hangout

A: Goa- because I feel free and get some peaceful break from work.

Q: What's your favorite sport?

A: Basketball and Tennis.

Q: Your 'magic trick' to handle a noisy class?

A: I put up the rules for my class and if they still don't follow them I will pull a chair and sit until they notice me and quieten down.

Q: What helps you to relax?

A: Reading books, especially, the books by Shel Silverstein and Isabel Allende.



# SPOTLIGHT

## KNOWING BETTER - Nagamani Ma'am Teacher Leader & Content Developer Social Sciences

Q: Author you would want to keep reading.

A: Edward D. Bono

Q: A book you enjoyed the most

A: 'The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People' by Stephen Covey was an amazing book and influenced me a lot.



Q: Person who inspires you the most

A: My mom because she taught me some really valuable lessons of life.

Q: Your mantra for the Manthanites?

A 'If you have good values everything else follows including academics'

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Q: A place that provides you tranquility

A: Home, as I like to be with my family.

Q: In your free time, what do you prefer doing?

A: Dance and Music always appease my senses; they have always been my passion...



# HINDI

## नन्ही चिड़िया

Tanishka 2C

नन्ही चिड़िया नीचे आ,  
नीचे आ कर गीत सुना ।

बड़ी धूप है आसमान में,  
थोड़ा सा तो लो सुस्ता ।

पेड़ तले ठंडी छाया है,  
छाया में आ दाना खा ।

पंखो को थोड़ा आराम दे,  
मेरी गोदी में सो जा ।



## सपना

Sai Charvi 4B

बैठ चंद्र-किरणों के रथ पर  
सुंदर छोटी परी उतरती  
आँख नीली, बाल सुनहरे  
आती जगमग-जगमग करती ।

अपने एक हाथ में छोटी  
छड़ी एक चांदी की लाती  
भोले-भोले से बालक को  
जैसे ही है निद्रा आती ।

वैसे ही वह छड़ी रुपहली  
इधर घुमाती उधर घुमाती  
और उसे सोते बालक को  
सिर के चारो ओर फिराती ।

## प्रकृति का सौंदर्य

Shristi 8A

काले – काले बादल छा जाते,  
मोर नृत्य करने निकल आते,  
छोटे - छोटे मोती गिरते,  
धरती को शीतल कर देते ।

वर्षा अंत होने पर,  
सूरज अपनी रौशनी दिखाता है ,  
फूल हो जाते खिले – खिले,  
पेड़ के पत्ते हरे – भरे,

इन्द्रधनुष बनाता है,  
अम्बर को रंग बिरंगा,  
वर्षा का पानी भर देता है,  
झरनों को पूरा ।

चाँद निकलने पर ,  
कोयल की कुहू – कुहू बंद हो जाती,  
शांत सी चांदी की राते ,  
नज़ारा ही बदल देती है ।

## दुःख की बारिश

Shreyas Sarangi 8A

भारी बादल से निकला पानी, लगा  
जैसे चाँद आज जल्दी आया है ।  
गीले पेड़-पत्तों को देखकर हम सोचते  
है, इस झरने में कैसे खेलेंगे?

पर सूरज की किरणे वापस आती  
है, और कोयल के गीत भी

उसके साथ, बारिश पीकर एवं धूप  
मिलकर, फूल मुस्काते है ।

किरणों के वापस आने पर, इन्द्रधनुष  
अचानक आता है ।

लगा जैसे अनेक रंग के ज्वलामुखी  
फूटे हो , या बड़ा मोर आकाश  
में फैला हुआ है ।

इसलिए हम कहते है, फ़िक्र मत  
करो, सब कुछ सही हो जाएगा ।

जब दुःख के अजस्र बारिश आती  
है, तो उसके बाद सुख का

इन्द्रधनुष भी आएगा ।

## नीतिवचन

**by Aarshi Teacher**

क्षमा करने में ही मानव की महानता है ।

उबलते हुए पानी में जिस प्रकार हम अपना अक्स नहीं देख सकते, उसी प्रकार हम क्रोधी बनकर यह नहीं समझ सकते, कि हमारी भलाई किसमे है ।

जीवन एक फूल है, प्रेम उसकी सुगंध है ।

उसके आगे सिर हमेशा झुकाओ,

जिसने तुम्हें सिर उठाना सिखाया ।

राजा अपने देश में पूजा जाता है, जबकि विद्वान सब जगह

पूजा जाता है ।

मनुष्यता ही ऊँची देश भक्ति है ।

माता-पिता उस बालक को अधिक डाँटते हैं, जिसे वह अधिक

प्रेम करते हैं ।

सत्य पर चलने वालों की हमेशा विजय होती है ।

# TELUGU

## వొడుపు కథలు

1. అక్క చెల్లి అనుబంధం, ఇరుగు పొరుగు సంబంధం, పక్క పక్కనే ఉంటాయి కాని ఎప్పుడు కలువవు.
2. అక్క ఇంటికి చెల్లి పోతుంది కాని చెల్లిలింటికి అక్క పోదు.
3. అద్దం కోస్తే చీకం నిలుపు కోస్తే శంఖం .
4. అద్దంకి చెరువులో ముద్దంకి పేట్ట , ముక్కున బంగారం పెట్టుకొని తోకతో నీళ్ళు తాగుతుంది.
5. అమ్మ అంటే కలుస్తాయి , వాన్నా అంటే కలువవు.

అధికార '5' అధికార '4

సేవకు '6

లేని లేదా - లేని లేదా

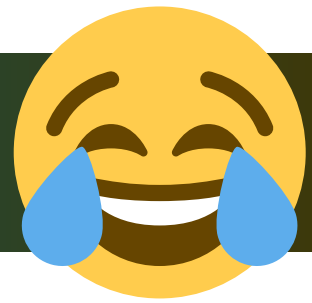
లేదా '1

అధికార '5

-4వ తరగతి



# LAUGH ALOUD



## **Rib Cracking Jokes..... by Gautham & Shreyas 8A**

1. Mom: Are you talking back to me!?

Kid : Well yeah, that's how communication works...

2. Narnia Fans: I want to go to Narnia!

Harry Potter fans: I want to go to Hogwarts! .

Hunger Games fan: Nah... I'm good.

3. The way most books write sentences:

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.

The way Geronimo Stilton books write sentences:

The =quick BROWN fox jumped over the lazy dog.

Weird, Huh?

4. Our moms would make the best lawyers

"Why?"

"Because I SAID SO!!!"

That wins any case.

5. P.E. Teacher: Everybody make a straight circle.

Students: What?

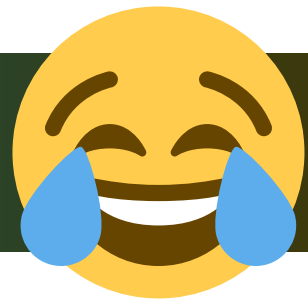
6. What did the apple say to banana?

A: Nothing. Apples can't talk.

7. Ruler to Rock (Angrily): You rock!

Rock to Ruler: Oh yeah! You rule!

# LAUGH ALOUD



8. Teacher: I want everybody to stay silent for a minute and tell me the answer now.

9: A kid to his friend: You know what's weird? My Mom and Dad got married on the same day, at the same time and same place!

10. Doctor: You should exercise daily to keep yourself fit. A good way is to play some sports.

Patient: I play soccer, cricket and basketball!

Doctor: Oh you do? Where?

Patient: On my phone!

11. Billionaire: What would you do if I gave you all my money?

Interviewee: I would build a mansion, donate money to charity, I would...

Billionaire: Trick question. I would never give you all my money.

12. Person 1: Imagine you're in the middle of the ocean in a terrible boat and all of a sudden hungry sharks surround you on all sides. What would you do?

Person 2: Stop Imagining!



## BOOK REVIEW

# THE 39 CLUES: MAZE OF BONES

Author: Rick Riordan

**Reviewed by: Gautham Dev 8A**

I heard many people talking about the Maze of Bones by Rick Riordan (one of my favorite authors) and saying it was amazing. I decided to borrow the book from my friend and read it, and then read the rest of the series later.

Dan and Amy Cahill are brother and sister who live with their Aunt Beatrice. Their parents died in a fire which had burned down their house when they were very young. From then onwards Dan and Amy lived with their boring Aunt Beatrice. Their only hope for fun was on the weekends when they went to their grandmother's house. Grace (their grandmother) always had fun with them and kept them entertained

Then, one day, Grace passes away which had a huge effect on Dan and Amy. At the funeral everybody was given an envelope and whoever had a golden leaf in it was invited into the house. Dan and Amy got a gold leaf because they were Grace's grandchildren.

Inside the house they realize that they are part of one of the most powerful families in history; the Cahills. They are related to people like Benjamin Franklin, The Wright Brothers, Thomas Jefferson and many more.

Grace's lawyer gives them an option of one million dollars or to find 39 clues and become the most powerful people on the planet. Dan and Amy think about the options they have. Live a boring life with their Aunt or go on the adventure of a lifetime and work together against the other teams. Dan and Amy, along with a few more teams of their own family members (who despise them) decide to go on the adventure that will change their life.

This book is packed with comedy as Dan and Amy fight against their relatives. Some parts of the book make you laugh out loud while some parts make you hold your breath.

Many teenagers (12+) would enjoy this book and I think they would like to read the whole series like I do. This book is a great read and I would like many young readers to pick up this book.



## BOOK REVIEW

# AMELIA BEDELIA HELPS OUT

Author: Peggy Parish

Reviewed by: Neha 2B

### Main Characters:

Amelia, Effie Lou, Mrs. and Mr. Roger and Miss Emma

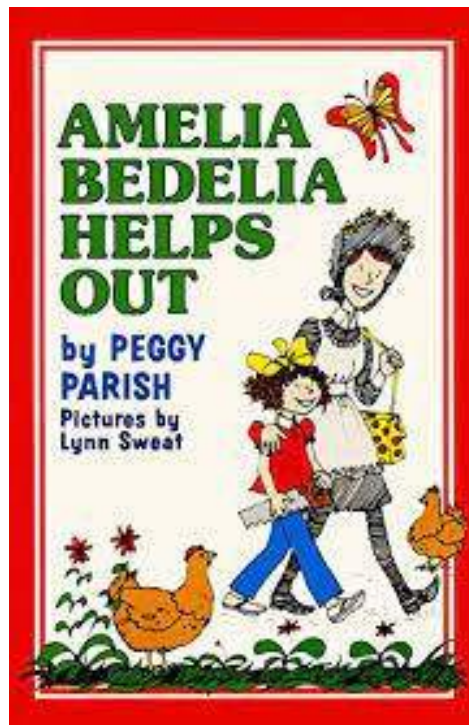
### Setting:

Garden, Miss Emma's house, Mrs. and Mr. Roger's house

I like the story because Amelia Bedelia does so many things wrong. It is beautiful story at the end.

It has nice punctuation and sentences. It is not a fantasy story.

In Amelia Bedelia stories, she always does something wrong but it means no harm and in the end she finds that it was correct.



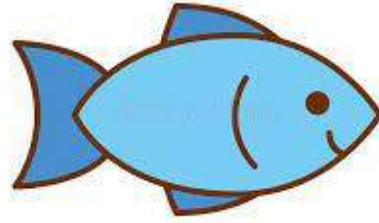




# THE FISH

Varun 2B

I saw a fish  
It was rich  
The fish I saw,  
That was the law  
I was sad,  
So it was bad



# POORI

Srishti 2B

Pooris are yummy.  
Pooris are not spicy.  
Eat me, eat me you little baby.  
I will be tasty, but I will make you sleepy.  
I am eaten with curry.  
Most people like pooris.



# LITTLE WEATHER FEATHER

Navya 2B

Little Weather Feather,  
When you cry I will go to the river side.  
But they will put you into jail,  
But you will have a pail to mail.  
What about the man with the pan?  
Well, he will go to the zoo,  
And I'm going to the zoo too.  
Bye-Bye!



# LIMERICK

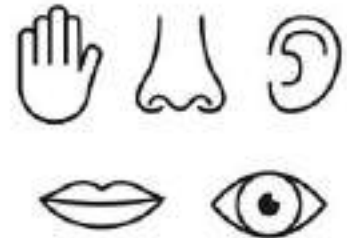
Siddharth

There was once a lad named Tim  
Whose Dad never taught him swim  
He went to the docks  
And sank like a rock  
And that was the end of Tim.

## POEM ON SENSES

Meesha - 4

My mother says our eyes are a prize!  
We have a knobbly nose.  
Wow! I can smell fragrant roses!  
We have two ears.  
Whoopee! I can hear someone doing cheers!  
We have a mouth!  
When I laugh, I face towards the South!  
I have a pinky, peachy skin  
Which protects me like my Kin!





**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# A MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

**Rishi Mukherjee - 6A**

Charles Williams had just come home from his peaceful evening walk. These had been common since the letter. You see, Sir Charles suffered from high blood pressure. These walks had helped him take his mind off of all this.

As Sir Charles strolled into the safety of his mansion, the crooked castle, he couldn't help but think about the letter. "GIVE THE MONEY OR ELSE..." The problem was, the British Businessman did not have any clue concerning "the money", or else he would have given it. The gangs around the area were notorious for murder. As he came in, he was greeted by his newly hired hunch-back maid servant, Mrs. Wallace. Unknown to Sir Charles, Mrs. Wallace concealed a knife.

Supper was uneventful. It was just Sir Charles, his son Peter and Mrs. Wallace, still clutching the knife. Later that evening, Sir Charles had some work. After finishing, he climbed two floors to his room. As he was on the first flight of stairs, he heard the clock bell chime twelve times, signaling midnight. Ooh, Ooh! The sound startled Sir Charles. Then he realized it was only an owl. At that moment, the one kerosene lamp in his hand went out. Sir Charles was alone in the dark. The only light he had was from the full moon's eerie glow.

When Peter Williams woke to the sound of screaming, he knew at once that he would have a bad day. As he came to the second floor's landing, he discovered that it would be worse than anticipated. Mrs. Wallace was sitting and crying. Was it because she would not get paid for sometime, or the fact that her employer, Sir Charles Williams was lying dead on the cold, marble floor.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# HOW DID ZEBRAS GET BLACK AND WHITE STRIPES?

**Sameera 5A**

Long, long time ago, there were plain black zebra's in the village of Caimania, Africa. The people in the village were surprised why all zebra's are were plain black and why don't they have spots or stripe's like other animals "why don't zebras have black and white stripes" frowned a villager. The villagers didn't like the zebra's.

In the heaven they were two gods who were Crookashi the evil god who cheated everybody and said bad things. Then there was another god, Samaya the good and kind god, he use to help people.

One fine day, Crookashi and Samaya look down and saw people gathering in a group and discussing about zebra's "why are these people gathering up? Asked Crookashi" they are discussing about zebras" replied Samaya "what zebra's? I love zebra's they are awesome, but I want to change them into black and white, I don't want them to be black," said Crookashi. "No" frowned Samaya. Then they started verbal fight and argument with each other. "Okay fine I won't change the zebra's," said Crookashi.

But one fine day the villagers were so happy because they didn't see any of the zebra's around "I don't see any zebra's around," told villager "yes" replied another villager "it's okay leave it ,I am so happy!" said the first villager

The zebra's were in a cave. Crookashi kept the zebra's in the cave. Crookashi had a very lucky chance to change the zebra's in black and white but Crookashi was worried about his brother, Samaya's reaction.

So Crookashi instructed the zebra's not to come out of the cave in the daylight. But they didn't listen to Crookashi. One of the zebra's was very hungry, so the zebra's went out in the daylight and all of them followed the zebra and they became black and white. Since then all the zebra's changed to black and white forever.

*The End*





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE FAIRY PARTY

Meghana 4A

Yahoo!! It was a holiday. “We can go outside.” Clowi was a girl who loved adventure. Her mother thought that she could go by herself to the fair. Her mother gave some money and, “Here we go,” said Clowi. Her father dropped her at the fair.

She saw lots of fun rides, indoors and outdoors games, lots of fun treats and goodies. “Awesome,” said Clowi.

She took a cotton candy and she saw a ride named Jummy Rounder. She hopped into a seat and enjoyed. She loved it. Next was the roller coaster. It was creepy and huge.

She took some popcorn and sat in one corner of the cart (the last one). First it was beautiful, next it was scary. At that time, she noticed that a fairy was stuck in a spider’s web. Exactly at that time the ride was over, but she took two more rides in it. At the third time, she noticed that there was a stop button in the cart. She pressed it and the cart stopped, and Clowi gently removed the fairy from the spider’s web.

She looked at the tired fairy and told, “I’ve never seen a fairy before.” She was





# THE FAIRY PARTY

amazed and continued with the other rides. The fairy told, “I want you to come to my beautiful kingdom.”

Clowi asked, “How can I come there?” The fairy pointed her wand at Clowi’s head and ‘BOOM!’ She came to the fairy kingdom. Clowi looked everywhere. Most of all she liked the golden pixie dust tree. “It’s cool!” she exclaimed at the fairy.



Clowi met the king and queen. They had a wonderful feast. But it was time to go home. So the fairy gave some flowers to Clowi. She told bye to her fairy friends and she was off. “One minute,” Clowi said. “I don’t know how to go back home.”

“Oops,” said the fairy. They told to go to the fairy library. There was a portal. So Clowi left and told, “Why am I in my house? Oh well, it is night.” Clowi told everyone that she saw fairies. She was so sad that she wished she had been born as a fairy too.

*The End*



## POETIC MINDS

# TEN THINGS FOUND IN SANTA'S BAG

Arvind 7A

A pink Teddy with a lion's head

A damaged pogo stick

A Lamborghini Gallardo remote control car that does not go forward

A miniature skiing man that doesn't have any batteries

A fake light saber that produces no light

A magic wand that does no magic

A 'Linkin Park' album which has permanent marker all over

A statue of Lord Zeus who's head is cut off

A math text book which has no content / index page

A letter to her favorite child.

A list of things that brought

A smile on kids faces when exchanged for new ones on Christmas Eve

# POEM ON A LITTLE KID

Simir - 4B

I went to buy a shoe

But found the loo,

I went to get a gum

But I had some fun,

I went to break a pen

But I met Ken,

I went to eat soil

But I approached a foil.

I went to see the dawn

But I had to meet Fawn

I had a prance

But I reached France

Now you know the boy's story,

Now don't become a sill Willy,

Just eat some chili



**POETIC MINDS**

# IF I HAD A MAGIC WAND

**Purvi Reddy 5A**

If I had a magic wand I would grow tall, as tall as a tree to see if the clouds were made out of candy floss.

If I had a magic wand I'd become small, as small as a bee and see if pollen was actually pollen or just talc powder.



If I had a magic wand I would turn thin, as thin as a leaf and see if branches were actually branches or just brown pencils.

If I had a magic wand I would become short, as short as a pot and see if leaves were actually green or someone had painted them with green paint.

If I had a magic wand I would turn my hand into a magical device that could make anything into ice cream, then I would turn my sister into ice cream and eat her up just the way she eats my brain.



# NOISE POLLUTION

Jahnvi 7A

Dear Readers,

I am writing this letter to draw the kind attention towards the increase of noise pollution in the recent event “diwali” which took place in our apartment. This is pollution can cause annoyance, stress and in extreme circumstances, hearing problems and sleep deprivation. It is also harmful in causing physical and mental health of the people. Further, increasing of noise pollution can become a lethal and dreadful threat to ours and as well as to others health.

This Diwali lets pledge not the burst hazardous crackers as it creates slather air pollution as well as noise pollution.

I would like to suggest some ways so that we can, at least diminish some amount of “noise pollution”.

1. S-T-O-P fireworks and stick to safety lamps.
2. Keep an effective poster in the apartment of how harmful bursting crackers can be.
3. Also, educate people that what problems can “noise pollution” cause in one’s life.

It would truly be appreciated if united efforts are made to create a pollution free world.

Looking forward to a pollution free environment







## ESSAY

# BEAUTY LIES IN THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

Angiras 7A

According to me "Beauty lies in the eyes of the Beholder" as it reflects perspective, an optimist views everything optimistically, a Pessimist views the world as his enemy, and an Artist views the world as a piece of art.

It is based on the perspective of a man, the beholder, in whose eyes lies the beauty. All men's perspective varies, but I believe it is how everybody views their reality, some people accept the reality, others try to change it, some reject it fully, others see the good in the world even if it isn't there.

I simply accept the truth and the world, and people like me are mistaken for pessimists, we are realists. Everybody views the world their own way, but those people who not just accept the world but also love it, taking everything lightly, and believe the best is to come-is where beauty truly lies. His eyes see no wrong.

If there is a half-filled cup a pessimist will say it is half-empty, the optimist will say it is half-filled, the realist, however, drinks the water.

The world is filled with different people and perspectives.

The chef believes in the spice of life, the sailor believes in the sea, the librarian believes in knowledge imparted in the books, and the saint believes in God Almighty.

People and their lives vary: their houses, their clothes, their thinking process, their behavior as well; all due to perspective.

Hitler believed that trinkets in the desert could help him win the war, Mahatma Gandhi believed in "non-violence" and freedom, and Abraham Lincoln believed in "non-racism" and acceptance. Fortunately, new perspectives come with the new generations.

To sum it up, I believe in everything, some people say there is beauty in my eyes, others; not, but even if all the people in the world accept me it won't help if I don't accept myself.

I believe in me as others do, and people like me do something no other type of people do, we believe in things that exist, we are realists, we are the Beholders.



**YOUNG AUTHORS**

# THE DEVIL'S REVENGE

**Akshaj Tammewar 7A**

Once a boy named Francesco Capone had an arch nemesis named Lucifer when he was a kid. When Capone was a small innocent child Lucifer would torture Capone and would give him nightmares that still gets to this day. Capone always wanted to tell his parents about Lucifer but he couldn't, his parents were murdered when he was small. Capone lived by himself and would shed tears by himself.

After many years Lucifer was out of Capone's life. Unfortunately one day at an inauguration Capone saw him, Lucifer, Capone knew he had to kill him. Capone slowly and quietly left the inauguration and went to a nearby building where he took out a sniper, accurately aimed and shot Lucifer. Capone knew that if anybody figured out that he is the one who Lucifer his life and reputation would be destroyed. Capone left the nearby building, went home and gathered all his belongings that were important to him. Capone left to the O' hare International Airport, Chicago. Capone chose a flight from Chicago to South Africa. Capone wanted to start a new life in South Africa, as Capone was boarding the plane his heart was beating like a jackrabbit and he was sweating thinking that someone would get suspicious that he was a murderer and would say that he killed a man. Capone luckily got past security and was relieved. Capone boarded the plane in rejuvenation. He sat down on his seat and on time like usual the plane went off for its exhausting 10 hour flight. Capone was resting himself by reading a book that he found called 'The Devil's Revenge' which was about how the devils finds the man who thinks he killed his human form and gets his revenge by killing the man who tried to kill him. Capone was terrified thinking the same situation would happen to him as well. Capone was sitting horrified thinking he was about to get murdered by the devil. He knew that he had to get off the plane and just as he was about to he heard a cold voice whispering, "You will die." Capone looked back only to see no-one, as he gazed back the air hostess said, "Sir, I would appreciate it if you sat down." Capone was frightened and he was sweating like an athlete who just ran a marathon. Capone got out of his seat and went to the washroom not listening to the air hostess. He went to wash his face and closed his eyes to prevent soap from going into it. When he opened his eyes, he saw the man who he had killed, Lucifer in the mirror. Petrified he punched the mirror so hard he got cracked and he ran out of the bathroom and went to his seat.



# THE DEVIL'S REVENGE

Capone was thinking that he would die because like in the story he saw a man in the mirror. Capone looked to his right and he saw Lucifer who gave him an evil smile which made Capone horrified. Capone tried to call the airhostess but when he looked back Lucifer was gone. Capone told the airhostess to land the pane immediately but the air hostess said, "Sir, we are above the Atlantic and there is no way we can land." Capone sat in his seat watching a movie about death while everyone else in the plane was sleeping. Capone changed the movie to another one called 'The Devil's Revenge' just like the book he read earlier. Capone saw himself watching a horror movie in the plane as well and the movies name was 'The Devil's Revenge' in which a man was trying to kill him and the name of the man was Lucifer which is the nickname of the devil. Lucifer was haunting him the entire flight. In the movie suddenly the plane's engine catches onto flames. In reality the plane's lights flickered and the smooth calming ride became a bumpy one. The engine suddenly ignites into flames due to a problem in the turbine. The plane was on a head on crash collision with the Atlantic Ocean just like how the airhostess said that they were above the Atlantic. The plane crashed into the night's cold, freezing ocean with a small explosion. No-one survived the colossal impact except for Capone who was astonished that he had actually survived but he wasn't the only one, Lucifer was there too. He was changing his human form to his spine-chilling devil form just like the one Capone saw on the book and the movie as well which were called 'The Devil's Revenge'. Capone again was petrified as the Devil was approaching him. The Devil came to Capone slowly and as he approached him he smiled, strangled him, slowly and painfully killed him.

Capone suddenly woke but only to see himself in hell with the Devil who is after all Lucifer.

*The End*



# THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Pratham 3A

Once upon a time, in a village, there was a greedy King named Jack. He was the owner of a big castle and he had two sons. One day, when Jack was roaming around in his garden, he found a fairy trapped in a net. He quickly released the fairy.

The fairy said, "Thank you so much for setting me free! Ask for one wish. I will give you almost anything."

Jack said, "I want to have a Golden Touch! Everything I touch should become pure gold."

The fairy recommended, "Please think twice before you make your choice."

"I'm sure!" Jack said confidently.

"Your wish will be granted." The fairy sighed. The fairy disappeared. Jack touched a potted plant nearby to see if the fairy was telling the truth. It transformed into gold, from the roots to the tip!

Overjoyed, he called his two sons. He told them about his gift and then, hugged them. The second his fingertips made contact with both of them, they were turned into golden statues. Jack started crying in the pain of losing his sons. He realized how greedy he had been and began to regret it. He prayed to the fairy and she appeared before him. He apologized to her for not listening to her advice and she took back her boon. Everything became normal again.

From that day onwards Jack became a very humble, giving person and lived happily ever after with his family.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE MAGICAL SCOOTER

Anuruddha 4B

Zap! “AAAAH!” I screamed. This was quite terrifying.

Okay, I’m at a weird place now. I’ll tell you how I got here. I’m wondering what will happen next, but first let me tell what happened.

It all started when I got this scooter. I found it lying on the road. Since I didn't have one, I took it with me. I went to my favorite spot: a banyan tree. As soon as I went under, something happened. Zap! “AAAAH!” I screamed.

So this is where I am right at the top of a volcano, with a bunch of strange men surrounding me.

Okay, I wouldn’t call them men. They were short & fat, with big ears and flat noses. They looked like goblins with shirts. The shirt had the word ‘STRIKON’. They seemed to be talking in a strange language. Surprisingly, I seemed to understand them. I think they said “We have to run away before this volcano erupts!”

They started going down and I followed them. And then, there was a sound. It sounded like a vulture. My god, it was! And it was chasing us. We started running.

Finally, we got rid of it. I heard rumbling. The volcano was erupting!

In front of us there was a big rock. We tried seeing if there was space between the rocks. I saw—there was! We went right through.

We found we were at the bottom of the volcano. We covered the space with a rock. I found my scooter there too. I said bye to the Strikons and went home.

At home

“What took you so long? ” My sister asked angrily.

“That’s a secret,” I said slyly...

*The End*





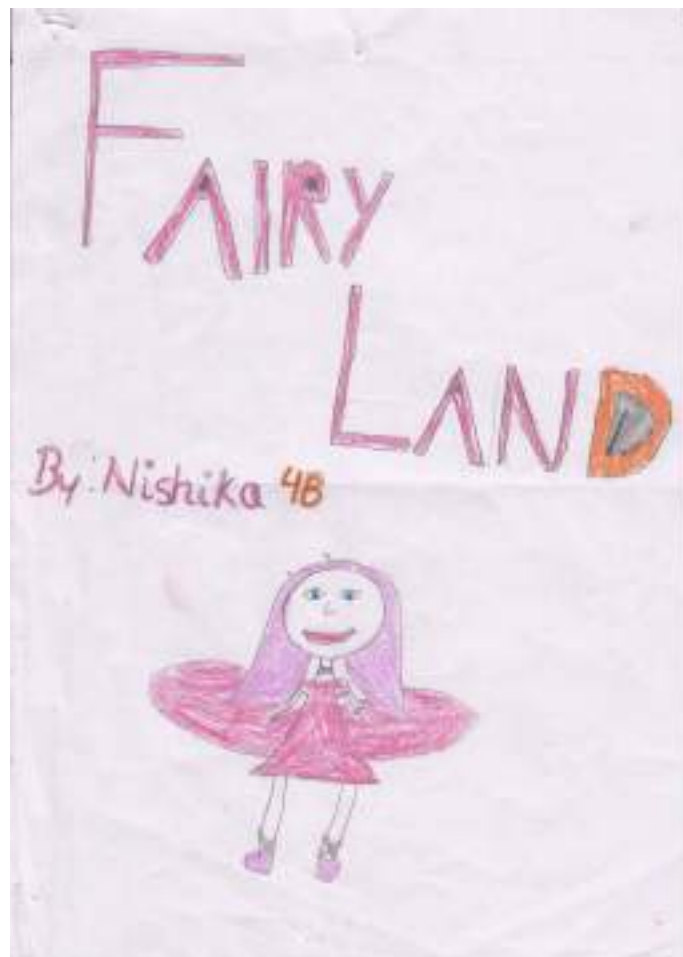
YOUNG AUTHORS

# FAIRY LAND

Nishika 4B

“Stop tickling me! Please,” Crumpet said laughing non-stop. “Okay!” shouted Bella, at least stopping now. They were fairies in Fairyland. Their best fairy friends were Micheal and Harry.

Just then, a grumpy voice came, which was the evil queen and she babbled, “Can cu bu sanca le ump pa sa! Ha ha ha!” “What is she saying?” Bella asked. “She is saying that she is the queen of Fairyland,” Crumpet answered.



“But where is Queen Elizabeth?” Bella asked Harry, confused. “See, listen to me carefully. This queen is evil,” he replied. “She froze our poor queen. She cast a spell on her, and the one who is brave can solve it.”



# FAIRY LAND

“We need to help our poor queen,” Crumpet said, nodding sadly. So, Micheal told a plan because he knew that if a magic potion labeled ‘The End of your Life’ fell on the evil queen, her spells would be broken.

So, the next day they went to the magical palace. There were many bee guards. So they got bee spray to kill the bees.

After that, they sneaked inside the palace and sprayed up the bees. Next, there was a big bee and the bee spray was over. Luckily, they had a huge pencil to poke it.

They went to the place where the potion was kept. Micheal found the potion and he took it.

The queen spotted them and cast a spell on all the fairies except Micheal. The evil queen’s power was dimming because of the magic potion. Micheal dropped the potion and the queen was turned to ashes. All of her spells were broken.

They went back to the fairies. Bella declared the real queen as the ruler of the land.

Everyone was happy and lived happily ever after.





YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE DRAGON AND THE DINOSAUR FLYERS

Ayush Dasgupta 1C

Once upon a time there lived a dragon and a dinosaur flyer. They were very good friends. They lived with their pets, the Dragon and the Dinosaur. Both of them could fly. Both of them could blow fire from their mouth. One day when they were flying, they saw yummy jellybeans and strawberries in the forest. The flyers said go and get those strawberries and jellybeans so that we can have a picnic. But the dragon and the dinosaur said no because when we go to eat fire comes out of our mouth. But it is still juicy.



*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE LAND OF BEARS

Pranav 2B

Once, long ago there was an island called the Land of the Bears. There were lots of bears, some different kinds of animals, and trees. One night, a few bear hunters came and took away as many bears as they could. When those bears' mothers found out about it they were very worried about their beloved little bears.

The other little bears were very sad when they heard about the absence of their friends and decided to look for them. They released a parrot to find out where they were.

The parrot flew away and investigated everything, and when he came back he told them that the bears were kidnapped by hunters. The hunters had taken them to the other side of the island. They set off to find them. They went up the Snowy Mountain and through the African Forest.

They finally reached their destination. They went inside without making any sound. The bears scraped them and pounced on them to death. Then, all the bears went home happily.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# REFRIGERATOR HANDS

Shreyas Sarangi - 8A

Policeman Jake McDonnell was one of the best. He had, till today, never failed to be punctual, and he was an extremely renowned officer who had caught hundreds of criminals over 6 years. He had only failed once in his entire career: today, since he had woken up late (to his shame) and arrived 10 minutes late for the job. Even this minor detail stung him.

Yet now he had no time to worry and reminisce, for he was on the job and he was very serious about what he did as an officer. At the moment he was headed towards 15 Gloomy Tree, where a phone call had been made to the police station. Before the call finished, murder had taken place. It was lucky for McDonnell that the police station was only a half minute away from the scene. McDonnell drifted to a stop as he rashly and abruptly stopped at the house (he grimaced at all the noise this made). He used the momentum to fly out of the car and land near the door. There, the dramatic stopped, as he surreptitiously made for the door. Almost soundlessly, he opened the door (which was suspiciously unlocked) and scanned the area, alert for any noise or movement, or even a smell.

As he progressed, he noticed a body, presumably the one that had given the police a call when it was alive. He turned sharply to investigate the area.

Yet, before he could turn completely, a frigid palm touched his shoulder blade, and he was gripped by the cold fingers of his death.

“I’m sorry... but info on the killer’s weapon...is for me to know...and you to feel...”

And that was the end of Jake.

Officer Kane Krawler was very to see dead bodies—one of them belonging to McDonnell Sir—at a house hardly 30 seconds from the police station. This murderer had some nerve!

As he place the caution barriers around the house, he picked up his walkie-talkie and gave a call to a fellow officer: “No info on murder uncovered. But I think the murderer used ice. The dead bodies are no warmer then zero degrees Fahrenheit!”

Inside the Grand Orbit Mall, Catherine was carefully searching for something to suit her style. After all, one had to be very careful when searching for clothes for a prom, she always said.

She suddenly stumbled upon the perfection she had been searching for. As she took it from the shelves, she felt the cloth go cold—to zero degrees Fahrenheit. Before she could scream, a hand caught hold of her. The last thing she heard was a vicious cackling...





# REFRIGERATOR HANDS

“No, no, you have to put the bread in the toaster, dad, not the cheese! Man...” Joe, hung up on his dad, who hadn’t really grown up for culinary purposes. He and his friends were currently cycling at high speed.

All of a sudden he accidentally steered into the woods at a fearfully high speed. Before he could apply brakes, he crashed his face into an ice-cold hand. Death was immediate. His friends, who had started to look for him, abandoned the woods after hearing a vicious cackling...

Kane Krawler never gave up—never. After following many leads and going from place to place, he had arrived at the murderer’s little hideout. All he had to do was launch a sneak attack and it would be over...

Krawler busted the door open and ran in—contrary to his primary instinct. But this time, he’d raid every room if he had to to bring this to an end.

The murderer suddenly appeared behind him, as if by teleportation. The cold-blooded/-handed killer grabbed Krawler’s shoulder blade and gave it a squeeze. Krawler turned around and smacked the killer’s face.

Krawler smirked. “Too bad for you—I’ve no working nerves in my shoulder blade to feel your weapon!” The murderer snarled animalistically. Krawler fired a shot—but the murderer teleported. This continued until a shot finally made a mark—in the now-murdered murderer’s heart.

Krawler frowned. Killing wasn’t what he wanted, to do, but he had no choice.

Suddenly, the body vanished, leaving the officer wide-eyed. Immediately after that, Krawler was slammed by a freezing, yet burning gale. After Krawler got over the pain and shock, a voice resonated around the room: “My name...is Frigio Kirse... and curse you, stupid officer! Curse you!

**Remember—YOU HAVEN’T SEEN THE LAST OF THIS COLD MAN, KRAWLER!!”**

*The End*



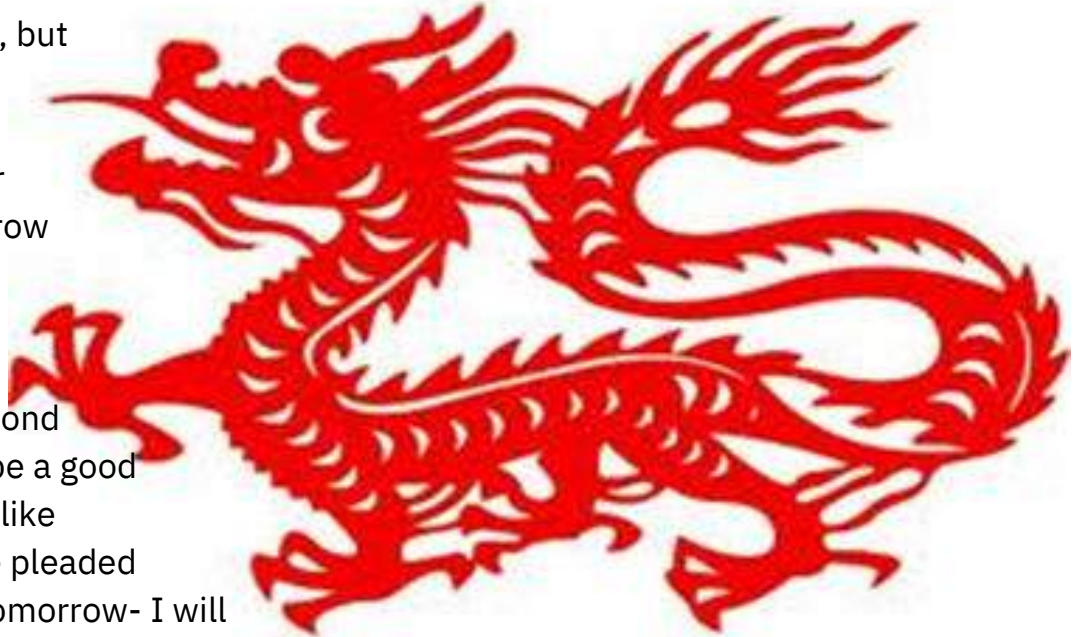
# WHY DRAGONS ARE AUSPICIOUS IN CHINA?

**Shriya 5A**

Long ago, in a small village in China there was a young girl named Chawmi. She had short black hair and a small fringe everyone thought she was very jovial. She was also very friendly. In her small village it was raining for many days.

It was raining and raining, but on one dark night when Chawmi was having her dinner with her family her father said, "From tomorrow can you help us in our farm work Chawmi?"

Chawmi thought for a second she thought it might not be a good idea because she did not like leaving her friends so she pleaded her Father saying, "just tomorrow- I will go to school just tomorrow" her Father agreed.



The next morning she walked to her school since it was nearby...and she saw a fire breathing dragon. She got scared and ran to her school. She shared what she saw in her school with some of her friends. Most of her friends could not believe it!! Until they got to know what actually happened they tried to run, but it was not possible since the dragon questioned them "Can you be my friend?" As Chawmi was friendly she agreed.

Days passed and passed, meanwhile the secret passed onto her parents and eventually to the villagers. They blabbered and told others until a great saint got to know.

Then he came to the village and asked the people "where is the dragon?" The children pointed the dragon out. Then the saint asked the dragon some questions but the dragon never answered he was just mumbling something.

The saint got angry and said, "listen to me!!" the dragon "huh me, oh I was just mumbling the history of China!!"



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The saint was amazed and shocked he declared that the dragon must be considered auspicious in China as they are the witness of their past. Since then every year in China they celebrate the Dragon festival.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# HEY! LITTLE ANT

Vikram 2B

Once, there was a little ant.

He was an author.

One day, he was writing a book.

Then someone screamed 'Hey!'

The little ant didn't know who it was.

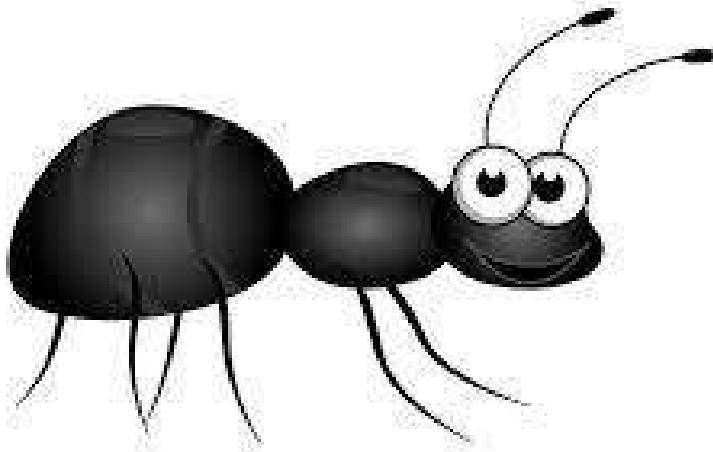
Then he said, 'Who are you and what are you doing here?'

The strange man said he didn't have a job.

So the little ant let the man work with him.

In fact, they made a pretty good team.

They wrote the best book ever and lived happily together.



*The End*



# BOASTING IS NOT THE BEST THING!

Marcela 3A

In a small apartment faraway, there was a bully who always used to boast. He was not the house bully, but also the apartment bully, and his name was Joe. He troubled all the boys and girls, especially Arun, Matt (Matthew), Alice and Anika. Joe sometimes boasted about that he has ridden.

He once said, “Hey Matt have you been to Universal Studios? I have, it’s awesome and you are so unlucky, I bet you haven’t been to Disney Land, but I have,” he continued, and then he stuck out his tongue and went down to play Matt frowned at Joe, and followed him to play, Joe also troubled Alice. He said, “Hey Alice, you didn’t finish your English homework, but I did, you are so bad at English but I’m the best at it!” Alice stomped away angrily. A few minutes later, Matt’s mom came to Joe and said, “Joe please stop boasting, my son and his other friends don’t like it!”



Joe shook his head. Everybody frowned. They were still angry, and had a meeting, finally, Alice came up with an idea to isolate Joe. The plan was to not play with him and don’t talk to him. The next day they followed their plan.

The next day Joe went down, but nobody was there. He sat on a bench and shouted, “Arun, Matt, Alice and Anika come down.” Nobody came down. He played with rocks, and soon he got bored. He started to think. I have always boasted and I deserve this isolation, I should say sorry to them, so Joe went to Arun, Matt, Alice and Anika’s house to apologize. After he apologized they all became friends. Joe had learnt his lesson.

*The End*





# THE LAND OF FOTAN

Valli 7A

I woke up with the sun hitting my face. I just remembered that today was Monday, first day of a new school. We had just moved to Redmond, which was in Devon, England. Today was my first day at Clapbridge School. I was used to moving places of course, with my parents' jobs spinning us all over the place.

I got up started getting ready for school. "Alex!" mum called from downstairs, "Hurry up! You'll be late for school!". I came downstairs, ready to be greeted by the lovely aroma of breakfast. But to my surprise, the kitchen counter was completely bare. "Sorry, Alex, but you'll have to grab something on the way to school, dad and I haven't got round to unpacking the kitchen utensils box yet." She said to me apologetically. "I think I saw a pancake shop somewhere around here, you could try that." Dad said, returning from his jog.

I started walking to school. Mum suggested dropping me, but I said I could manage. It was still early morning, so no one was about and it was just me. I ambled along, passing all the rosebushes oak trees that lined the sides of the small path. It was a long way to town, as we lived on a hill that was just barely apart of Redmond. Just need to walk through a small forest, down a few lanes, and I'd be there.

I started walking through the forest, and felt a tingling sensation in me. I looked around and gasped. All around me, where the most fascinating plants and trees. Blue hibiscus flowers, flowers looking like the inside of a pomegranate, and trees with black and red leaves.

A small buzzing came by. I look down at the dark brown floor and saw a small, mini version of a turtle nibbling on a red leaf. It looked around and saw me, and then scurried away. I took a step into the forest and started to smell a delightful mix of cinnamon and vanilla.



# THE LAND OF FOTAN

The further I walked the more unbelievable things I discovered. Where was I? How did I end up here? How did I end up here? How was I going to get out of this parallel, magical universe? Just then a small monkey jumped down the tree, and started to wander away. “Hey! Hey! Hey!” I shouted to stop it. It turned around startled. “Who are you?” it asked. I astonished. Did the monkey just talk to me?

“I’m Alex. Where am I? How do I get out of here?” I replied to it. The monkey sadly smiled. “Ahh, you’re a human. I have seen many of your kind. Once a human enters Fotan, there is no way out for them.” It told me. “No way?” I exclaimed, “No way at all?” The monkey paused for a moment. “Well...There is one way, go to the blue beach. It is not far from here. Go there, and sip the ocean water. You’ll be transported back to where you came from. Hurry.” It said, before scampering off.

I could see the ocean from here. I began to run. I could nearly see the beach. I finally arrived. The sand was endless. Just as I started running and almost touched the water, but some force pulled me back and hit me against the rocks. After about fifty tries, I was bruised, scarred, and exhausted.

One last try, my head was telling. One more, you can do it. I started running. This time unlike all the other times, I grabbed a fistful of water and shoved it in my mouth.

I felt that strange tingling sensation again. Before I knew it, I was home

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Mahathi 6A

## **WARNING: PLEASE LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON WHILE READING.**

Hey there. My name is Stacey. Stacey McCarthy. I have to tell you something quickly, because in twenty-four hours I will most probably be dead.

The thing is, our world isn't safe for normal, innocent humans. It has been overrun by demons, monsters, and witches. In other words, plain evil. I know, I know. You're probably thinking that I'm crazy. But you must believe me, or else you will have to learn it the hard way, like me. I will tell you what I know, and what I have seen.....

It all started when I was filing some papers at school. I was so engrossed in my work that I jumped two feet in the air when I heard the shrill noise of the bell. I bit back my angry comments, realizing that the bell had just brought me some good news—the school day was over! I stuffed all my papers into my already-overstuffed bag and zipped it up, eager to leave the classroom. I craned my head to find my best friend Zoe.

“Hey, Zoe! Race you to our street!” I yelled across the classroom, ignoring the fuming looks my teacher was giving me. Come on, it was a Friday afternoon! Zoe must have felt the same way, because she darted out of the classroom, giving me a playful shove on her way out.

I stopped in front of my house, out of breath. “Bye, Zoe! See ya on Monday!” I shouted. Zoe smiled nervously, glancing briefly at the house next door. I followed her gaze. “What’s wrong?” I asked. “Listen, Stacey. Promise me you will never enter that house. Your family has chosen the wrong place to live. Don’t ever knock on that door!” she cried, breaking into a run. I started to go after her, but she had disappeared. Funny.

I sighed, and started walking towards my door. My family had just moved here, and things were settling down just fine. The only weird thing was that all the townsfolk, including Zoe, seemed terrified of my new neighbors. I didn’t know why, but I was determined to find out.

I turned on the spot and marched towards the house next door. The sky was a light, delicate pink, and the sun was setting. The sound of dried leaves crunching under my feet was a comforting one. I reached the door and hesitantly rang the doorbell. I let out a shriek as my hand brushed against a couple of cobwebs. I laughed at my nervousness and waited.

No one even answered the door. Instead, the door swung open, revealing a poorly lit, sparsely



YOUNG AUTHORS

# THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

furnished room. I couldn't resist the temptation to run home and forget this place, but I had to prove my friend wrong. I took a deep breath and walked inside. This was my first mistake. But I didn't know it then.

"Hello?" I called, cringing at the echo that bounced back at me. I started up the stairs leading to the first floor. No one answered. "Anybody home? I mean no harm!" I cried, getting frustrated. I paused at the last step, hoping for a reply.

Suddenly a man's laughter reached my ears. I screamed, startled the laugh. I was breathing hard, and my heart was in my throat.

I whipped around, searching for the owner of the disembodied voice. What I saw was so horrifying that it was a miracle I didn't drop dead from fear and shock.

Unless my eyes were tricking me, I saw a misty figure of a hunched backed man. His thin, gray lips were twisted into a cruel smile, and his smile revealed one tooth—  
A tooth that looked strong enough to grind my bones into a powder and smash my organs without even chipping. The scariest part was his eyes. His deep sunken eyes with no eyeballs made me want to die.

I pushed past the figure, barely even registering the fact that my hands went right through him. He smiled again, like he knew something I didn't. I ran around the house like mad, charging through every room, before coming out. I darted into a room, and I was about to leave as it had no window to escape out of when I realized that in the corner, a leg, a human leg, was sticking out. I ran to it, and pulled. A bloody body came out.

"No," I whispered, knowing who it would be. A single tear traced down my cheek. The body was Zoe's.

I hugged her body, feeling doomed. A sudden dark thought flashed through my mind. He had gotten my best friend. What if I was next?

**ALIVE ONE DAY... DEAD THE NEXT...**

*The End*



# TEN THINGS FOUND ON A CHRISTMAS DAY!

Ananya Anand 7A

A Christmas tree,  
Stockings for Santa to keep your gifts in,  
Decorations needed to give you the feeling of Christmas,  
Cards you have received from your friends,  
A three layer cake,  
A giant star,  
A dress to make you look beautiful,  
Gifts given by your parents,  
Stocking shaped pretty ear-rings,  
(At last) A variety of delicious eatables.



## TEN THINGS I FOUND ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Vigasini

Presents  
Decorations  
A Christmas tree  
A Joystick  
A big star  
A pair of socks  
Several new dresses  
A pair of new shoes  
Some special food  
And... a big cake to eat.





**POETIC MINDS**

# TEN THINGS FOUND IN SANTA'S TOY FACTORY ON CHRISTMAS

**Prasad Kuberkar - 7A**

4921 Candy Canes

Half a dozen Reindeers

Jack-in-the- Box (to scare little children who are awake)

1,604,001 rolls of Packing Tape

395,999 empty rolls of Packing Tape

1078 Smelly Elves

One Big Bag for the gifts

A bottle of Invisibility Potion

4921 Coffee Dispensers (to make sure that the elves do not doze off)



## TEN THINGS TO DO ON CHRISTMAS

**Ishrath Shaik 7A**

Go shopping at your favourite mall

Sneak the socks out (that you got last year for Christmas)

Buy and light a tilted Christmas tree

Open up the gifts you got (make sure you don't get socks)

Set up a security system (to see Santa)

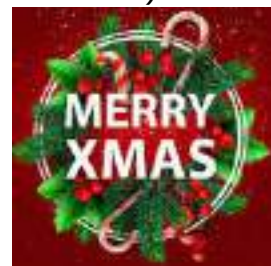
Keep Ice Cream and water for Santa and the reindeers

Turn on the TV (for Santa to watch, if he gets bored)

Have a good dinner (don't be stingy)

Make lots of coffee (to stay awake through the night)

And have lots of Fun!







**YOUNG AUTHOR**

# THE MYSTERIOUS CHIMNEY

**Shreya Challa 5A**

Bethy dropped a green liquid into the large flask. It gave a tiny pop and dissolved. Bethy was in the science lab at home. Her favorite subject was Science. “I’ll investigate for the liquid’s properties later,” she told herself as she brushed her straight black hair off her forehead. Pulling off her gloves, she walked towards the black door. A sizzling, bursting noise came from the liquid, but Bethy didn’t notice.....

The next day, Bethy came humming into the room. She crept down. Looking at the potion, she gasped. There was some spilt on the table! “It’s dangerous! It can’t be spilt! I’ve got to keep this potion somewhere else!” Bethy cried. She grabbed the flask, and the liquid splashed and flew out of the flask. Bethy gave a cry as the potion landed on her clothes. She tried to take it off, but it wouldn’t move. It stayed, getting larger and larger, until it completely swallowed her.

“Lanara!” a voice rang in Bethy’s ear. Bethy groaned and sat up. She opened her eyes and blinked. There was an auburn-haired girl crouching next to her. “You’re back! I can’t believe it! You’ve been gone for SO long!” The girl exclaimed. “You remember me, right? I’m Amala, your best friend!” Bethy stood up. “My best friend? My best friend is-” she started. For the first time, she noticed where she was. “Where are we?!” She cried. “My cottage, don’t you recall?” the girl, Amala, smiled. “But I’ve never been here! All I did was pour the potion on myself-” Bethy protested. “That’s it! That potion was magical!” Amala batted an eyelid. “You need rest. Stay the night over here. Your parents are to fetch you in the morning,” she gently said. She grabbed Bethy’s hand and dragged her to a bed. “Stay here,” Amala rushed out of the room and closed the door. The moment she was gone, Bethy announced, “I’m NOT Lanara! I’ve got to get out of here!” She looked around. Something to get out of, something.....

“Aha!” Bethy grinned. A chimney with a ladder! “I don’t think this thing’s been used for years!” she cried as she grabbed a rung and hauled herself up. Rung by rung, she pulled herself higher. Then she collapsed and crouched on a very dirty rung. “There’s no ending to this!” she wheezed. She was closing her eyes sleepily when she noticed a rusty gold lock with a key holder next to it. Dangling from it was a tarnished key. Slowly, she put it in the lock and carefully turned it. A tiny door sprung open. Bethy yelped in delight, and, balancing herself, she sneaked in the palace. After a few minutes of crawling, Bethy found herself in a dark room. “What IS this place?” she wondered. She walked further inside.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE MYSTERIOUS CHIMNEY

Suddenly a person jumped out. Bethy gave a scream and ran towards the door. “No-don’t leave me!” the person cried.

Bethy stopped. “Who are you?” she demanded.

“I’m Lanara!” the voice answered.

“I’m Bethy. Hey, aren’t you that girl who Amala was searching for?” Bethy realized.

“Yes, yes! You see, a few days ago, I found this door. But I left the key outside, so I couldn’t get out!” Lanara explained. She stepped out into the light.

Lanara looked exactly like Bethy, except more ruffled and dirty. No wonder Amala thought that Bethy was Lanara. “Let’s get out of here!” Bethy told her. The two rushed to the little door. Suddenly, Bethy realized something. “I don’t have the key!!!” She cried. There was silence and Lanara cried, “No!” “It must be here, we’ve got to look!” Bethy suggested. The two girls searched and searched. Suddenly Lanara lifted something triumphantly in the air. The key! Victoriously, Lanara unlocked the door.

“Go on,” Bethy nudged Lanara. “You-you’re not coming?” Lanara asked. “Yes. Go on,” Bethy smiled. Shooting a grin at her, Lanara climbed down the ladder. As soon as she was gone, Bethy took out the flask from her pocket. There was a little bit left. She poured some on her hand. In a ‘poof’ she was gone.

The next moment, Bethy found herself at home. “Bethy! Lunch is ready!” her Mom called from the kitchen. Bethy smiled as she walked out of the room.

*The End*



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE BURGLARY

Kasvi 4

“Ooh, I am so excited,” said Jenny, clapping her hands in excitement. “Yeah, right,” said Rebecca, yawning. We were sitting in the airport, waiting for our plane. I had the boarding passes with me. I stared down at them. Mine said-

Annie Walls

From: Washington

To: California

Flight no. : 56391

Soon, an announcement came out, “Flight no. 56391 will be departing on 7:20. Passengers are kindly requested to go to Gate 3.” We got up, picked our bags up, and ran over to Gate 3. 5 minutes to 7:20 I thought.

We were going to Rebecca’s uncle’s place for the summer holidays. He lived in a huge mansion in California.

“God, can we please hurry! The flight would be leaving, otherwise!” I said, annoyed.

Then we sat in the plane, chattering. My seat was beside Rebecca and Jenny’s was across us. When we reached California, Uncle Johnson was already waiting for us. He was looking as though somebody had burgled his house.

“What happened, Uncle?” asked Rebecca, one we sat in the car. “My house has been burgled!” he said, his voice shaking. “What has been burgled?” asked Jenny, which was the exact thing I was about to ask. “Nobody knows yet, honey,” said Uncle, smiling weakly.

Once we reached the mansion, Wilson, our watchman, ran to Uncle Johnson, and said, “Master, the pearls have been stolen!” He was panicking and panting. Uncle Johnson ran inside the house. We dashed behind him. We passed his beautiful antique vase, his gold display pieces and his rare paintings. We wondered why these hadn’t been stolen.

Then, we found the study, with Uncle searching through the drawers. When he found nothing, he asked Mary, the maidservant working for him, about the pearls, she was quite timid, so she dropped the tray she was currently holding. She told him she had been sleeping at the time the pearls were stolen.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE BURGLARY

Once we reached our bedroom, Jenny said dreamily, “Oh, I feel so like Sherlock Holmes.” “We should start investigating,” I said. “Hush! I heard something,” said Rebecca firmly. Rustle, rustle, rustle. We ran to our window. Oh! What a sight! Men in black were walking through the garden.

“Can you be faster, please?” one of them scolded the other. I squinted to look clearly. Oh my! This was the same man with the bushy eyebrows, who had been sitting beside Jenny on the plane.

Jenny squeaked, “Hey! Annie! Rebecca! Look, the gardener!” Sure enough, the second one was the gardener. “Hush! And please, we don’t have time to squeak and try to recognize them. Let’s find out where they are off to!” said Rebecca.

So, we went out, our flashlights in hand. Rebecca was actually taking sticks, knives, and ropes with her. We followed the men into the corridor.

We kept walking until..... OMG!! This was Mary’s room! Why were these men going here? We turned to look at each other and nodded. We knew exactly what the other was thinking. Mary was part of this gang. We entered.

Mary said, “Gary, Samuel, you are late!” Mary’s voice was always small and soft, but this was not. The duo mumbled something and sat down. “We will soon be stealing every valuable thing here!” Mary thundered.

We had heard enough. We sneaked out and then tiptoed to our room. “Let’s tell Uncle and the cops!” said Jenny. We slept like logs that night.

We told the cops and Uncle Johnson about the previous night in the morning. Thanks to us, Uncle was saved from bankruptcy.

*The End*



**YOUNG AUTHOR**

# THE CUNNING JACKAL

**Rishi Chousalkar 5A**

Once upon a time, there was the village of Sabham. It was located near a range of mountains, in which a demon called Angrasur lived. He was very powerful, big and had a few magical powers, yet he was always a piece of red hot iron. He used to get angry on the smallest mistake made by others.

One day, a girl who lived on the outskirts of the village, thought that Angrasur was very week and bad. So, she went in the backyard of her house and facing the mountains, she started calling Angrasur names.

He came out angrily but was surprised to see the small and frightened girl. But he would not forgive her. Angrasur cursed the village, who had given birth to such a girl, that if she builds a well, then someone will always be in it. By the time the demon died, the whole village knew about his curse.

This curse of his did come true. Someone always fell into the well she had built. It had a pulley system. If someone helped the person inside to come out, he would fall into it. If people were there in their beds, they would magically fall into it. Soon, even animals started falling into the well as they passed by it.

Many years later, a clever and cunning jackal fell into it. He knew about the curse of the demon and thought that he would die if he did not come out of the well within 3 days. He was terrified and started howling loudly. But no one came to help him.

The next day, a tiger happened to pass by the well. Hearing the jackal's howling, he looked into the well.

The jackal said, "hey! You there, my name is Bruno, what's yours? And have you come here for the 3 magical wishes? "

The tiger was confused. He said, "uh, My name is Fierco. But what are these 3 magical wishes?"

"Oh! don't you know about them? I'll tell you. Anyone who comes in this well, sitting in



YOUNG AUTHOR

# THE CUNNING JACKAL

that pail, will be give 3 wishes from the fairy of this well," Bruno explained, which was of course untrue. He had already thought of a plan to get out of the well.

Fierco thought that Bruno was telling the truth. Now he wanted the 3 wishes too.

"I also want them, I will ask for a lot of food. Ummh I'm coming down there. Just get the pail up, to me."

Bruno held the rope and pulled it down. As the rope came down, the pail went up. Just before Fierco jumped, Bruno held onto the rope very tightly.

As soon as Fierco was in the pail, he went down because of his weight and Bruno came up.

When Bruno was out of the well and on the ground, he laughed, " Ha! Ha! Fooled you, Mr Hungry! And for your kindest information, there is nothing called 'the 3 wishes'!", and he told Fierco all about the demon's curse and his lies. Then he danced home, singing.

Fierco sat there for many days, cursing his foolishness and greed. Perhaps he is still there, not in he normal form, but in bones!

**Moral: Always think twice before you act. Also, never be greedy.**

*The End*





## POETIC MINDS

# YELLOW - THROUGH MY SENSES!

**Ishita Talukdar, Teacher**

Yellow is like the refreshing look of an iced glass of lemonade.

Yellow is the morning sun.

Yellow is the golden wheat field,  
And the colour of beautiful daffodils.

Yellow is the colour of ripe lemons and  
my favourite fruit.

Yellow is warm and bright,  
And yellow gives me a lot of delight.

Yellow is a colour of energy and optimism.

Yellow is balanced, not masculine or overly  
feminine.

Yellow is the feeling of sunlight and the scent of sunflower.

Yellow looks good in every season, in day light or at day's end,

Yellow makes me smile!

If home is where the heart is,

That room would be yellow for me!!



## MY BEST FRIEND

**Spurthi Challa 3B**

My best friend is not Jane,

Nor is it my horse's mane

My best friend can run,

As far as the sun,

They can jump and walk,

But not talk,

Because they are none other than my best friends Mister

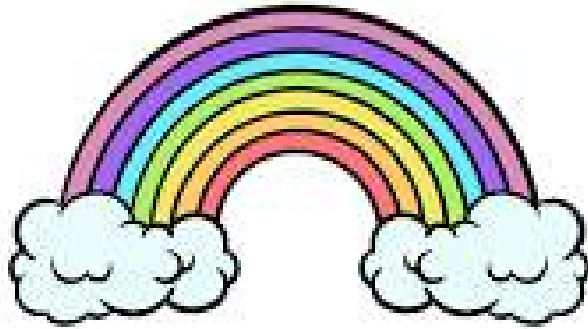
Shoes!!!



# COLOURS

**Vedasri 2C**

Beautiful are colors,  
Colors in flowers.  
The moon is white,  
It shines all night.  
Blue is the Sky,  
Why is it so high?  
Roses are red,  
We sleep on beds,  
Brown are eyes,  
Cold is ice.  
Yellow is the sun,  
We have fun.  
Red, Orange, Yellow,  
Blue, Green, Indigo,  
And Violet makes a RAINBOW.



# I LIKE CATS

**Pranav Kvovi**

I had a little cat,  
the cat had a hat,  
but it was too fat,  
It was very sad.  
So it sat.



YOUNG AUTHOR

# FORESTAL FIRES

Rishita Chourey 7A

And I was just getting ready for a good night's slumber. "Goodnight Ma, Goodnight Pa" I spoke, in a fatigued voice. Ma turned the lights off. I was amid darkness. I didn't really like the dark as much, and so, huddled up with Louie; my teddy. As I shut my eyes, I felt, as though, I was being transformed into a fantasy land. I was taken aback, when I caught glimpse of the mesmerizing sights that awaited me... The plants were swaying in synchronization, as the breeze swept them from one side to another. They seemed to be communicating along with the trees, who also, appeared to be uniting in the fun and joy. It was an over-whelming sight! On account of my inquisitiveness, I strode further through the forests to explore.

In spite of the previous wonders I'd come across, I saw a devastating sight. It was grievous and heart-rending to see. Animals of the forest crippled for food and shelter, as a pauper would do. This was due to the impulsive way; the world's population had approached the environment. By observing the sight, I could guarantee that in the future generations, hell would certainly be created amidst the civilizations of Earth!

As I continued my journey, strong rays fell towards me, but I managed to duck away. This was followed by a distant jingling sound. I peeped through a narrow branch of a tree, squinting, I was able to see a vague image of something beige in colour. An intimation was detected by my senses, and I moved further. And there, glistening in the mid-summer's sun was the 'FORESTAL GEM.' It appeared vivid in sight. It seemed to be familiar..... Suddenly, it hammered upon me- I'd learned about it at school!

Awestruck at the sight, I raced towards the gem. Halfway, I was kindly greeted by a hoard of Pelicans and Toucans. They began flapping their wings, in an unwieldy manner. Vehemently, they started squawking. It was as if they were attempting to prompt me, or warn me, of some sort. I ignored them, and continued my jaunt.

I reached. This was it – the golden opportunity of my life. As I heaved to pick it up, several ear-splitting noises were to be heard. Nonetheless, I remained to latch on. Finally I managed to seize it, and began to run. I intended on showing this to Ma and Pa. Unexpectedly, the forest began to rumble. I could perceive smoke. Animals of the forest began to run, pretty expeditiously! They were trampling each other, aswell as the forestal plants too.

Then I realized. The forest was on fire. I knew I had to escape. Half terrorized with fear, I fled as



YOUNG AUTHOR

# FORESTAL FIRES

fast as my puny legs would carry me, but the fire was catching up close! In the course of running, I came in the way of a grotto. It was the only hope of survival that I had and accordingly, I entered it. A big boulder came in the way of the enthralling fire, I was saved- but trapped!

It was pitch black inside the grotto, I was absolutely exhausted. I decided to rest for a while. I sat down, in despair, and fell into a deep sleep. Zzzzzz.... When I regained consciousness, I was surrounded by a pink light. It made me feel comfortable. A purple light fluttered within the darkness. It came towards me; I rapidly shut my eyelids for protection. When I reopened my eyes, a fairy was delicately flapping her wings and leaving a silvery trail behind her. She opened her mouth, and ever-so-gently, pressed her lips together and began to converse "Greetings young girl, what brings you here?" I respited, and then I proceeded "I'm Parker, Tiffany Parker. I saw a gem, and after I picked it up, the forest caught fire. So, to be out of peril's way, I sought shelter here. Please do not harm me" I beseeched.

"Beloved Tiffany, the forestal gem was the only treasure that the forest has to hold dear. All its remaining treasures have been indiscriminately exploited for commercial uses. Furthermore, forestal lands are being utilized for constructing buildings and malls. Animals' shelters are being eradicated and they now remain in danger. Humans are on verge of extirpating our planet to utmost shatters! Because you, a human laid hands on it, the forest alerted itself by the fire." I listened, earnestly, to every single bit of detail that entered my ear. I felt sick at heart after finding this out. "I'm apologetic for all that has come about. I pledge to spread awareness, regarding the matter, across the world. Not only that but, soon all the forests will retrieve their treasures- and that's Tiffany Parkers' promise." With a nod of approval, I assured her. The fairy's gloomy frown turned into a contented smile. She beamed at me, and with the flicker of her violet wand, disappeared into the blackness.

I found myself lying within the equidistant flowers in Ma's flowerbed. I wondered, was it really a dream, or had all that really happened? I dragged myself towards the porch... The heavenly aroma of steak pie filled my nostrils. I was particular about that....

Well, that was the end of my journey, and I did manage to keep up to my promise. I'd administered the matter with great significance and subsequently ended up with affirmative responses. As the world's population continues to flourish!

*The End*



**POETIC MINDS**

# UP IN THE SKY

**Shristi 2B**

Up in the sky,  
I see an airplane going by.  
The sun is bright,  
but it is not shown in the night.  
The moon is white,  
And also bright.  
Some clouds are puffy,  
and some are fluffy.  
Up in the sky,  
I see an airplane going by.



# CHOCOLATE RAIN

**Aashvi 2B**

1. If chocolate rain was real, I would drink it if it was watery and eat it if it was chocolate.
2. I love to eat chocolates, but I can have cavities.
3. Chocolate is so choco like choco pie.
4. If chocolate rain is real, the background would be choco.
5. It would smell like chocolate because it is chocolate rain.
6. I would be happy if chocolate rain was real.



# HALLOWEEN

**Varun 2B**

It's Halloween  
Meet the Queen  
Don't be mean  
The guards are seen.



**POETIC MINDS**

# WHERE IS MONEY?

**Abhinav 8A**

Money is important,  
But where does it come from?  
It is green so does it grow on trees?  
I think so because there is a tree called mani tree!  
Maybe it is grown in places!  
Who knows?  
Oh!  
I get it money grows on mani trees in Manipur!!!  
Then why do they cut down trees?

## I MADE A HAT

**Vikram 2B**

I made a mat,  
It looked like a hat,  
It had a pool,  
Which was very cool,  
It also had a design,  
Which was mine.  
Guess what?  
Mine and design rhyme,  
It's like a lame flame,  
Which is the same.



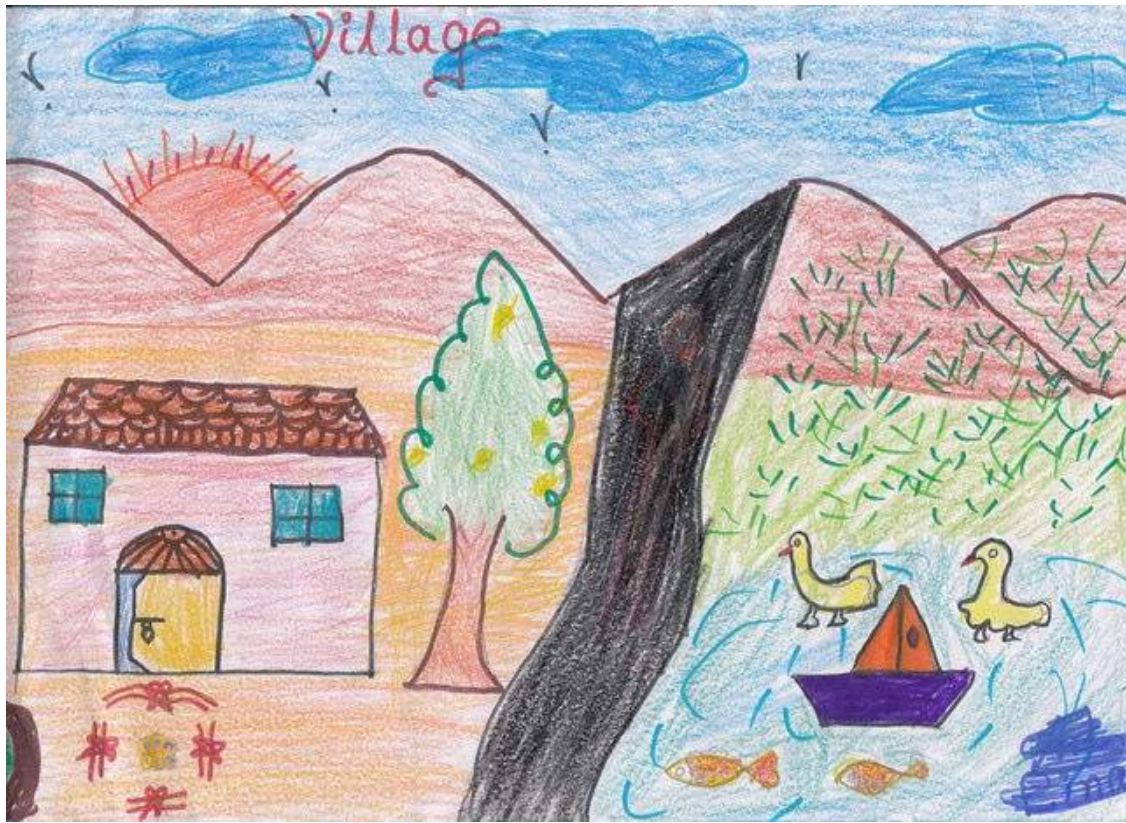


# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner





# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner

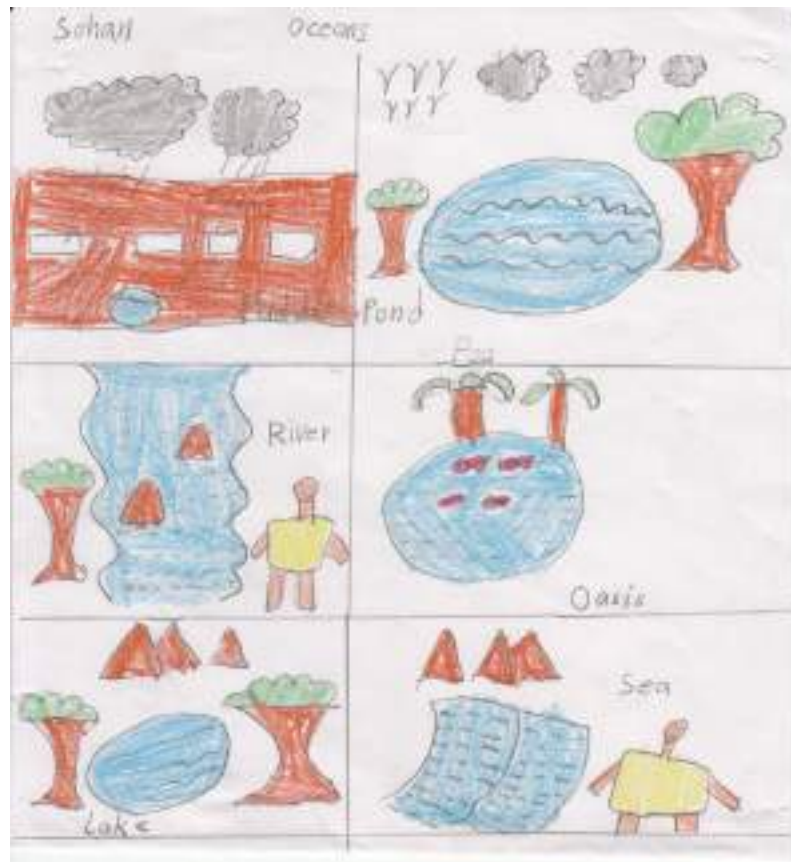


# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner





# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner



# SNAPSHOTS - Creative Corner





# INSPIRATION CORNER

**Ramakrishna Reddy**

**Head of the Institution**

## **I HAVE A DREAM - MARTIN LUTHER KING JR**

I have always been very impressed with Martin Luther King Jr's speech I have a dream, since I heard it when I was in college. What better to share it as this year marks 50th anniversary of the speech delivered in 1963 that called for an end to racism in the US.

I have intentionally not given the text of the speech here as it doesn't have the same impact of hearing it. A simple search on google will fetch you the text if interested. Pl click the link below to hear the speech.

Happy listening,  
Ramakrishna Reddy

Link to Speech:

**<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=smEqnnklfYs>**



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***Thank you for reading!***

# Sparsh

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