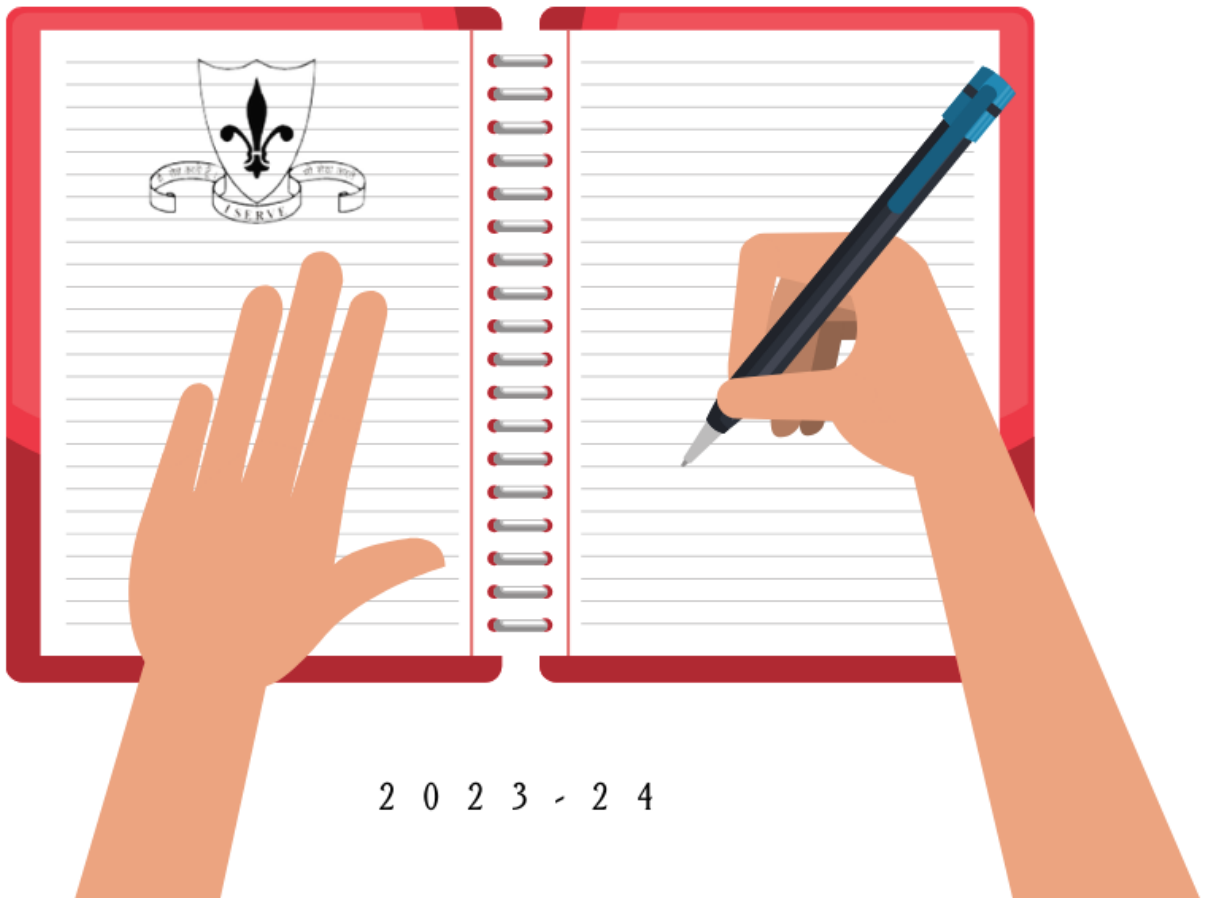


St. Mary's School  
Writers' Club

# THE WRITE PLACE



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# EDITOR'S NOTE

Children usually write better when they have a clear goal in sight, and that is why I have put together this newsletter: to give them the chance to share their work once it reaches its best potential.

In the year 2023-24, we worked on poetry and stories, paying attention to form and technique. What do we mean by the word 'poetic'? When people have been writing for so many years, how can we create something new and unusual? Through writing exercises and activities, we explored these questions, as well as several others.

In this, the first edition of **THE WRITE PLACE**, read stories that pull you through magical portals, poems about funny backward characters, free verse, and more.

Happy reading!

Varsha Seshan  
[www.varshaseshan.com](http://www.varshaseshan.com)



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# PLAYING WITH POETRY

## The Magic Box

Asees Kaur Oberoi (Class VI)

I will put into the box  
The laughter of my friends,  
The view of a sunset  
And the way through the woods.

I will put into the box  
The cool blue of the pleasant sky,  
The light pink of the flamingo  
And a new black watch.

I will put into the box  
My ochre yo-yo,  
A red-velvet cake by my grandmother  
And my mother's determination.

I will put into the box  
The Nancy Drew Mystery series,  
The fragrance of flowers in my garden  
And the pattering of the raindrops.



Me

Vaani Sridhar (Class IV)

Vaani is my name  
A Harry Potter fan  
A Bharatanatyam dancer  
Naughty is what people call me  
I bet they've got it all wrong!





## A Lady from Rome

Akshita Tikoo (Class IV)

There was a young lady from Rome,  
Who was very particular about her comb.  
She bought it from a mart,  
And put it in a cart,  
Then she walked all the way home.

## Nature, My Friend

Ishana Brijesh (Class IV)

The shooting star in the darkness of the night  
Makes me desire everything bright,  
The clouds that float in the sky,  
Make me smile and wish to fly.  
The pattering sound of the falling rains,  
Makes me gaze at the windowpanes.  
The bird that flies from its nest,  
Makes me embark on a quest.  
Even the leaves that flutter in the air,  
Make me stand and stare.



## A Fly on the Wall

Avisha Tandon (Class VI)

There was once a fly on the wall  
I wonder why it didn't fall!  
Because its feet stuck?  
Or was it just luck?  
Or does gravity miss things so small?







# CHRISTMAS FROM MY CLOCK

Aradhita Kumar (Class IV)

Once upon a time, the clock in my room stopped working, so I decided to grab a ladder to take a closer look. As I climbed up, I heard strange noises coming from the clock. Just as I reached for it, something incredible happened-I felt my hand being pulled, and before I knew it, I was being drawn inside the clock! Only my legs were sticking out.

I tried to hold on, but I ended up slipping down a slide with my eyes closed. When I opened them, I found myself in a colourful room filled with ornaments, small hearts, and tiny igloos. There were also small people with big ears bustling around, carrying piles of letters. The air was filled with the scent of hot chocolate and freshly baked cookies. I could hear the small people chatting in a language that sounded like gibberish.

As I walked toward them, I heard a crackling noise under my foot. I had stepped on a piece of gift wrapping paper. I continued walking and asked one of the tiny people where I was.



The tiny person replied in a squeaky voice, "You're at the North Pole, of course!"

I was both confused and excited. Realising it was Christmas Eve, I eagerly asked if I could meet Santa. The elf told me that Santa was busy, but I begged to meet him. The elf finally agreed and led me to a large room where I saw many of these creatures busy wrapping gifts. The elf asked me to join them. I tried to wrap a gift, but I couldn't! A tiny elf showed me a better way to do it, and soon I got the hang of it.

After wrapping fifteen gifts, an old elf with a long pointed white beard and tiny spectacles instructed me to wrap 500 more. I got annoyed, wondering if this was a scam, but I decided to continue. After wrapping all 500 gifts, the old elf took me to a room where I saw Santa reading letters. Excited, I went to him, but I was shocked when Santa scolded me because he thought I was a bad child.

Soon, he realised his mistake. I shared my story with Santa, and he decided to take me home on Christmas Eve. Santa led me to his sleigh, and we soared into the air. It was freezing but fun at the same time delivering gifts to houses all over. Finally, we arrived at my house, where Santa waved goodbye, and I could see my mom searching for me.

It was a magical Christmas indeed.



# DOING THINGS SDRAWK CAB



Backward Bonny

Zayn Gupta (Class IV)

Backward Bonny from Backward Ville,  
She lived with a man called Backward Bill.  
They ate their food in their beds,  
And slept on the table, with a chair on their heads.  
And then they woke up and put a hat on their feet,  
And wrote on an ink bottle with a paper sheet!  
Then they went out and came right back in,  
And went shopping in their house for a baked beans tin.  
Backward Bonny and Backward Bill:  
You could go and meet them in Backward Ville!





## Cute Miss Clyde Upside Down

Anaaya Harode (Class IV)

Cute Miss Clyde Upside Down:  
Her hair is beautiful-black and brown.  
But she wears her shoes upon her head,  
And sleeps on the floor instead of the bed.  
As she loves the dark and hates the light,  
She sleeps all day and is awake all night.  
She loves the ugly, scary rat,  
And hates her cute, cuddly cat.  
In the shadows, she finds delight,  
A mysterious soul, a fascinating sight.



## What is this about?

Inspired by humorous writers like Shel Silverstein and Kenn Nesbitt, we created funny characters, who do things backwards. Then, we wrote rhyming poems about them!



# MY MAGICAL POWERS

Aayantika Thakur (Class IV)

I woke up one morning and saw that I had magical powers! Extraordinary powers or simple powers: you name them and I had them. I could fast forward to the future, or make it lunch time, or even get home early from school. I was so excited and could not wait to reach school to tell my friends about it.

In school I decided to use my magic. I helped clean up the ground by removing all the leaves that had fallen from the trees. Once back home from school, to my surprise, I found the door to be locked. "Let me use magic!" I thought, happily.

I flew to the balcony and entered home. I started watching the news on TV while waiting for Mom to get back. To my surprise, there was a news report that said a child was missing—and it mentioned my details! I had to do something about it.





I quickly transported myself to the nearest police station. As I reached there, to my horror, I saw a humanised robot that was about to kill my mother. I instantly turned myself into a Wonder Woman and killed that monster robot. Then, I dashed out of the window and entered through the doorway of the police station as my original self. My mom hugged me tightly.

As we were walking out of the police station, the weather changed suddenly, and we realised a terrible hurricane was on its way towards us. We had to reach home quickly, but the monster Kraken was blocking the path. Again, magical power came to our rescue! I attacked him with all my power. It was a fierce battle, but I am not one to give up.

Pretty soon, I defeated him. Everyone around me cheered and was incredibly happy. I realised I had become famous when my name appeared on the chalk board of our school. Alas, the magic lasted only for a day. However, it was awesome while it lasted!

# POETRY OF MANY HUES

Blue

Vaani Sridhar (Class IV)

Blue ... is the sky  
Blue ... are my jeans  
Blue ... sounds like the rain  
Blue ... reminds me of the sea  
Blue ... feels like ice  
Blue ... tastes like blueberries  
Blue ... looks like monsoon  
Blue ... makes me feel calm  
I love blue!



Red

Mahika Prabish (Class IV)

Red ... is the colour of apples.  
Red ... is the colour of danger.  
Red ... sounds like a horn.  
Red ... smells like a warm fire.  
Red ... feels like love.  
Red ... makes me feel angry.  
Red ... tastes like tomatoes.  
Red ... seems like truth.  
I love red!

What is this about?

Do colours remind of particular things? Can we make associations between colours and what our other senses tell us? Take a look!



## Orange

Divi Sanghvi (Class IV)

Orange ... is citrine  
Orange ... feels like dawn  
Orange ... feels soothing  
Orange ... smells like a fresh marigold  
Orange ... sounds like cheers  
Orange ... is energy  
Orange ... reminds me of sunset at the beach  
Orange ... is my favourite colour.



## Blue

Sanaya Bhattacharjee (Class IV)

Blue ... shines like topaz  
Blue ... sounds like silence  
Blue ... smells like a blue poppy  
Blue ... tastes like Blue Lagoon  
Blue ... feels like opening presents.

## Pink

Ira Chivate (Class IV)

Pink ... is a cherry blossom  
Pink ... is calmness  
Pink ... is the colour of St. Martin's  
Pink ... looks like butterflies  
Pink ... sounds like birds chirping  
Pink ... smells like a flower  
Pink ... feels like a soft petal  
Pink ... feels like a teddy bear  
Pink ... tastes like candy  
Pink ... is friendship  
Pink ... is Barbie Land



# SENSE POEMS

What is this about?

What if we connected our emotions to our five senses? How do our emotions look, sound, smell, feel and taste?

Anger

Ira Chivate (Class IV)

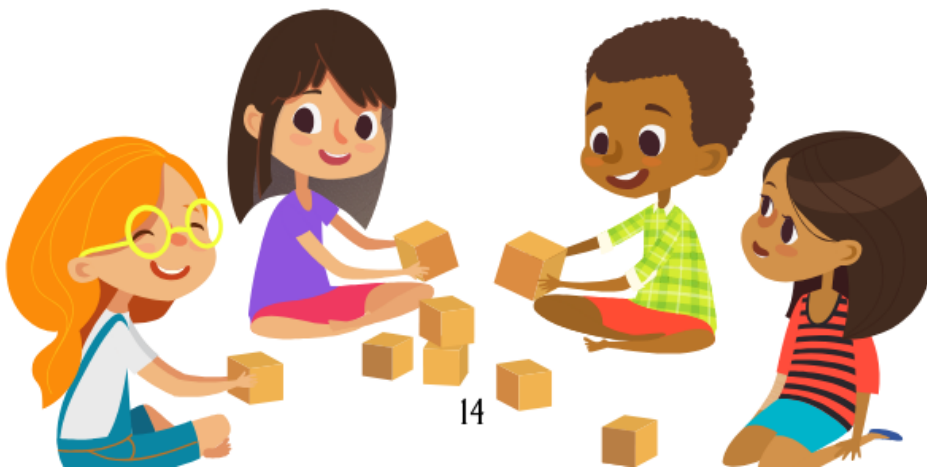
Anger looks like a three-eyed monster.  
It sounds like a tiger roaring.  
It smells like a burnt cake.  
It feels like a sharp knife.  
It tastes like bitter medicine.



Love

Ishaani Khare (Class IV)

Love tastes like laddoos.  
It sounds like my friends and I playing.  
It smells like muffins.  
It feels like spending time with my family.  
It looks like calmness.



## Patience

Jane Joseph (Class IV)

Patience looks like a sitting horse.  
It sounds like my mother speaking.  
It smells like roses.  
It feels cool.  
It tastes like sweet corn.



## Joy

Sanaya Bhattacharjee (Class IV)

Joy tastes like my mother's homemade cookies,  
I feel it in opening birthday presents,  
It smells like my favourite scent, vanilla,  
I see it in a pretty rainbow dress,  
I hear it in the piano being played.





Emotions and  
Senses



Roald Dahl Quiz



Backward Poetry



List Poetry

# Writers' Club

St. Mary's School



Create a Monster!



Scary Stories



Portal Fantasy



Mystery Stories