

St. Mary's School
Writers' Club



THE WRITE PLACE



EDITOR'S NOTE

The second issue of THE WRITE PLACE is here!

In 2024-25, we worked on all kinds of poems and stories. We used mentor texts like "The Adventures of Isabel" and "In the Land of Milk and Honey" to write poems of our own. We also read some science fiction, discussed various genres of writing, engaged in role-play, and more!

Importantly, we focused on not rushing through writing. When we edit and rewrite based on feedback we receive, our work becomes much better. First drafts show us only the potential of a piece; the real work begins after the piece has been written!

This issue brings together funny poems, concrete poetry, free verse and stories, all written by students from grades IV to VI who have been part of the Writers' Club.

Happy reading!



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EXPLORE THE WORLD

The Land in the Mountains

Devisha Wagh (Class VI)

If birds chirp early in the morning,
If it is chilly at night,
If you see lush green meadows and forests,
You're in Kashmir, the Land in the Mountains.

If the dawn is cold and grey,
If twilight is gold and warm,
If it overwhelms you with peace,
You're in Kashmir, the Land in the Mountains.

As many people shop in marketplaces
And click many a picture,
The sweet smell of saffron from hot kehwa
Reminds me of the peace and simplicity of home.

Snow-clad peaks shining white
Glisten in the dull spotlight of the quiet dusk,
As the wind whistles in your ears
And dances to its own tunes.

You experience all this beauty
And you know you're in Kashmir,
The Land in the Mountains.

The Land of Ice and Snow

R. S. Thanishthaa (Class V)

If you smell roses of every colour
If there are loads of trees
If the water is very clean
Why you are in Kashmir
The land of ice and snow

If you see lively colours
If you see shikaras on the Dal Lake
If the snow is pearly white
If the milk is very creamy
Well, you are in Kashmir
The land of ice and snow

What is this about?

Using 'In the Land of Milk and Honey' by Joyce Carol Thomas as our mentor text, we wrote a poem in free verse about a place we know well.

POETRY

The Land of Hills

Viha Hundia (Class IV)



If you see two rivers meet,
If you see mountain ranges on the outskirts,
If you hear drums beating in September,
You know you're in Pune,
Land of Hills.

Many famous historical monuments
Many schools
Birds chirping in the morning
You know you're in Pune,
Land of Hills!

The Land of Beaches

Zara Achtani (Class IV)

If the air is salty,
If it's really hot,
If there's sand everywhere,
Why, you're in Goa, the land of beaches!

If seagulls fly low,
If seashells glitter like diamonds,
If you hear water splashing,
Why, you're in Goa, the land of beaches!

Where water is salty,
Where trees are giraffes,
Where food is heaven:
Goa, the land of beaches.

THE MISSING PAINTING

R. S. Thanishthaa (Class V)

The school was called Starlight School. With its dynamic atmosphere, the school kept students engaged and excited to learn each day. The events in the school were always fun and exciting. The upcoming event was an art fair.

Two girls named Lily and Maya were the best students in the fifth grade. Lily was a ten-year-old girl who loved solving mysteries. She was clever, observant, and always carried a notebook to jot down clues. Maya was Lily's best friend. She was creative and always good at noticing small details.

One day, their class teacher, Ms Elizabeth, called Lily and Maya to her office. She said, "I am putting both of you in charge of the art fair. Good luck!"

Both had stars in their eyes.



STORY

For the event, the school even borrowed a famous painting from a local artist

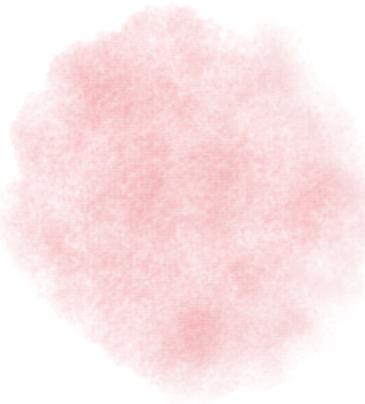
Two days before the fair, Lily and Maya had to stay back at school to help Mrs Josephine, their art teacher.

After work, Maya called, "Ms Finch, could you please clean the corridor?"

As she was leaving school, she saw Ms Finch, the janitor, near the art room where the borrowed painting was kept. "What is she doing there?" Maya wondered.

The day before the fair, the borrowed painting was missing! Lily and Maya went to the art room to search for clues. They saw muddy footprints and a piece of cloth on the windowsill. Faint paint smudges led down the hall.

Lily jotted down the clues in her notebook.



•	CLUE 1:
•	The MUDDY
•	FOOTPRINTS lead
•	towards the
•	playground.
•	CLUE 2:
•	The CLOTH matches
•	Ms Finch's cleaning
•	uniform. That makes
•	her a suspect!
•	CLUE 3:
•	Saw Ms Finch near the
•	art room yesterday!



They went to question Ms Finch. They saw her in the library reading an art book about the missing painting.

Maya and Lily went up to her and asked, "Ms Finch, what were you doing in the art room late last evening?"

The janitor replied, "I noticed the painting's frame was loose and took it to fix it. The painting is in my room!"

Lily and Maya went to her room and brought the painting back safely.

The art fair was successfully conducted, and importantly, the girls learned that things aren't always what they seem!



CONCRETE POETRY

as tall as the Eiffel Tower
as generous as a friend
as important as life
as powerful as God
as forgiving as my mom
that's what a tree is to me!

Shani Gopishetty (Class IV)

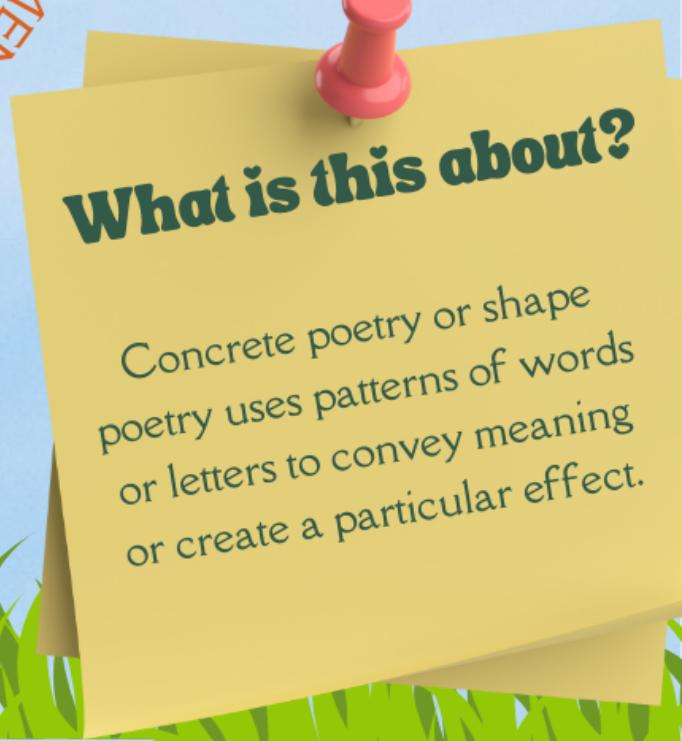
The Tree



JOY! HEARTS CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!
HEARTS ARE FOR LOVING AND

MAKING A PEACEFUL ENVIRONMENT.
HEARTS CONSIST OF LOVE AND DEPTH.

I LOVE HEARTS!
Naysa Goel (Class IV)



What is this about?

Concrete poetry or shape poetry uses patterns of words or letters to convey meaning or create a particular effect.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Why I Can't Go to School

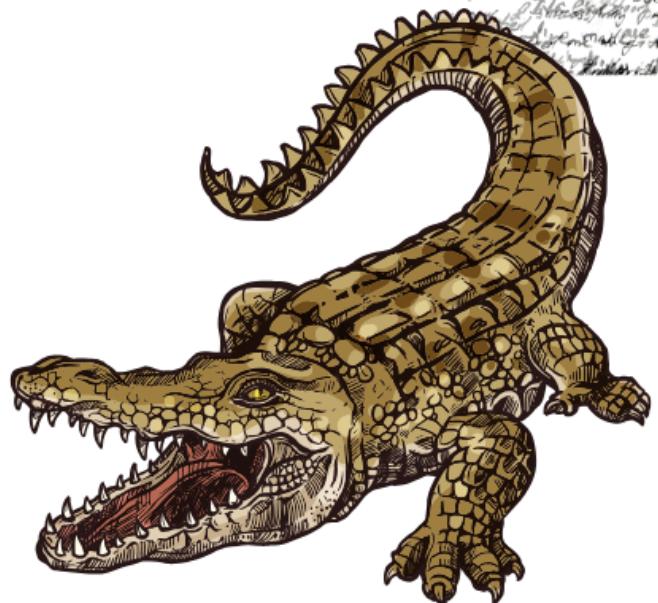
Zahra Poonawala (Class IV)

I can't go to school
as I got blown up by a volcano,
then I got chased by a pack of dogs
till I fell into a pond.

I started to swim my way out
but I began to drown.

Then suddenly, I saw a crocodile,
and I got a free ride ...
safely into his belly!

Now, I am writing from there,
And that's why I can't go to school!



I Simply Cannot Write a Poem Today!

Zayn Gupta (Class V)

I simply cannot write a poem today,
For a horrid old witch took my notebook away.
Not long after that, a great grizzly bear
Tossed my poor pencils high up in the air.
And then along came a magnificent beast,
Who ate my erasers and pens for her feast.
And now after all this, much to my dismay,
I simply cannot write a poem today!





I Can't Write a Poem Today!

Vaani Sridhar (Class V)

I can't write a poem today,
I mean there's NO possible way!
Wait, let me tell you why,
For that, you must look at the sky!

Look at that fierce, horrible dragon,
Carrying with him an overflowing wagon,
Many a time, he steals a book.
Look! That's mine in that nook!

And pirates stole my only pen,
They even kidnapped our bravest men!
How on earth can I write?
If you don't get me a pen tonight?

Well, all I can say is
It's not possible, anyway!
All I can tell you is:
I can't write a poem today!





My Space Adventure Because of a Pear!

Mahi Bhat (Class IV)

I woke up in the morning,
I brushed my teeth and hair,
I wore some decent clothes ,
Then ate a yummy pear.
My mum came into the living room.
She said, "What have you done?
That pear was not for you;
It was for the witch's son!"
I got teleported to Mars
Where there was a huge turtle monster.
It was raining dogs and cats,
And there were pools of blue lobsters!
There was a path leading to Earth,
But it was drenched in rotten slime!
When I finally reached my house,
I tripped over a dime.
I finally reached class,
Then the teacher made me mention
All the reasons I was late,
But after hearing my story,
still gave me detention!



Why I Woke Up Late

Vaani Sridhar (Class V)

My mother woke me up today,
To ask why I was late.
Just then I sat up and replied,
"Look at my **HORRIBLE** fate!!!



I had a dream about my future,
Here's what it told me,
There would be a tremendous flood,
All coming from the sea!

It would take me to an eerie place,
Where I would hear a gruesome voice,
I knew the end was coming near,
I knew I had to make a choice.

I looked around and saw my dog,
Wagging his adorable tail,
I thought I had to follow him,
But this was a big, fat FAIL!

He took me to the Amazon,
Where somehow I fell, fell, fell!
And then I closed my eyes and kept thinking,
"Why do I feel like I'm in a well?"

Finally my body touched my cozy bed,
And then I was fast asleep,
But then after that you woke me up
And kind of broke my head!"



My mother was quite startled,
But then she carefully said,
"Okay, shush now, don't go to school.
For now just rest in bed."



A DRAGON TO THE RESCUE

Sharvi Jain (Class V)

“Is anybody here?” I called out, hoping for an answer. Instead, I heard nothing. It was beginning to get dark. I stood alone in the forest.

ROOAARR!!

“Ahh! What was that?” I screamed out, horrified. Should I follow that sound? But what should I do so I can hear it again?

“Is anybody HERE?” I cried again. Nope. No answer. Then,

ROOAARR!!

I stepped in the direction I had heard the cry.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Were those footsteps? They must be of some big animal like ... a dragon!

I gasped in wonder! I knew magic existed. If there were real-life dragons, surely there must be fairies!

I tilted my head up to look at it. My hair came in my way, and I shoved it away.

The dragon sat down, as if it understood I wasn't able to look at it. I reached my hand out, but suddenly, I felt afraid.

It started to play with a pigeon, and the pigeon didn't fly away. When it went, I gathered my courage and patted the dragon. He got very happy.

"Should I name you ... Fiery?"

He shook his head.

I said many names. "Johnny? Pinky? Timmy?"

Every time, he shook his head.

"Lovey? Stormy? Sunny?"

I knew those were stupid names. "Spiky?"

He cheered up and started running around me.

"Okay, okay, calm down, Spiky. Do you have any idea where the village is?" He raised his ears. I repeated, "Do you have any idea where the village is?"

He nodded his head.

"Can you take me there?"

He shook his head. Every time he did that, birds would fly away from the nearest trees.

"Why? What's the matter?"

He drew on the sandy mud with his claw.



STORY

When he drew trees, I knew that the forest was very dense. Then, he drew a human. A human! Oh, it was a witch! And an owl. A **WITCH WITH AN OWL!**



He also drew something that made me understand that the way to the village would keep changing.

“Oh. Then why did you say you knew the way to it?”

He made a face and made some more drawings. He was not sure of the route, but more importantly, he didn’t want to lose his friend!

“Aww. That’s so sweet of you! But I really want to go home. Pleeaassee??”

Spiky started walking. Whenever he stepped, there was a ‘Thump!’ sound. It was so heavy that I jumped every time.

“Can ... may I sit on you?” I asked, hesitantly.

Spiky bent down.

“Oh! Thank you so much, Spiky!”



I sat and then ...

ZOOM!

Off, we went!

My vision became blurry. We were moving very fast. I couldn't even see the trees.

Spiky came to a halt, and my view got clear.

"Thank you. Can we rest now?" I said, my head spinning.

He pointed to a hut.

"We're here already?"

He put his finger on his lips.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha!" came a squeaky voice. "With this potion, I will become the most powerful of all! Ha Ha Ha Ha!"

Was that ... a witch?

Suddenly, the witch came out.

"Who is there? I know someone's here," she said, sniffing around.

My vision became unclear again. After some time, all I saw were trees as I looked down.

"Are we ... FLYING?! Faster, Spiky! The witch is behind us!"

He flew as fast as he could.



STORY

I almost lost my balance, but I clutched his hair just in time.

He hid inside something white. It was as soft as cotton and as white as a cloud.

Wait ... was it a CLOUD?

"Where did you go? Huh? Never mind. I'll catch you later!" The witch turned her broom and flew away.

Spiky waited for a few minutes, then came out.

"Phew! That was quite an adventure."

I looked down. All I could see was a large expanse of white, without anything green.

"Spiky! Can you go a little down? Are those buildings? Is that ...? This is my HOME! Can you land?"

Spiky landed.

"Mom! Dad!" I screamed, delighted.

"Oh, is it you! We were so worried!"



We did a big group hug.

"This is my friend, Spiky, who helped me reach here from the dark forest," I said, pointing to him.

"A dragon!" they cried, thrilled.

"A real-life DRAGON!"

I narrated the whole story.

"Wow! You and your friend are really very brave," Mom said.
"Buy where will he stay?"

"In the forest, of course," Dad replied.

Spiky looked towards the forest.

I understood what he meant to say.

"Bye, Spiky! You can come here anytime you like! Anyway, all the people in this town know dragons exist. In fact, they believe that seeing a dragon is lucky!"

Spiky bid me goodbye and went off to his home.



MORE POETRY

Have You Ever Wondered Why?

Karvy Kulkarni (Class VI)

Have you ever wondered why
a chair can never walk,
Or if the mouth
of a river ever talks?

Have you ever wondered
if the stars could ever sing,
Or why Saturn hasn't married
when it has so many rings,
Why the keys of a piano
can never open a door,
Or when the wheel's kick
will ever try and score?

Have you ever wondered
if a hammer's head ever ached?
And have you ever seen
a cake of soap being baked?

All these strange thoughts
often come to mind,
And I hope that someday,
the answer I might find.

Greed

Ira Garg (Class IV)

The bees fly mile after mile,
Searching for nectar with a smile
to make their honey,
which we buy with money.

But all their pain
goes in vain,
as we storm
into their dorm.

The owls hoot out,
the wolves howl,
and the dogs growl,
as we played foul.



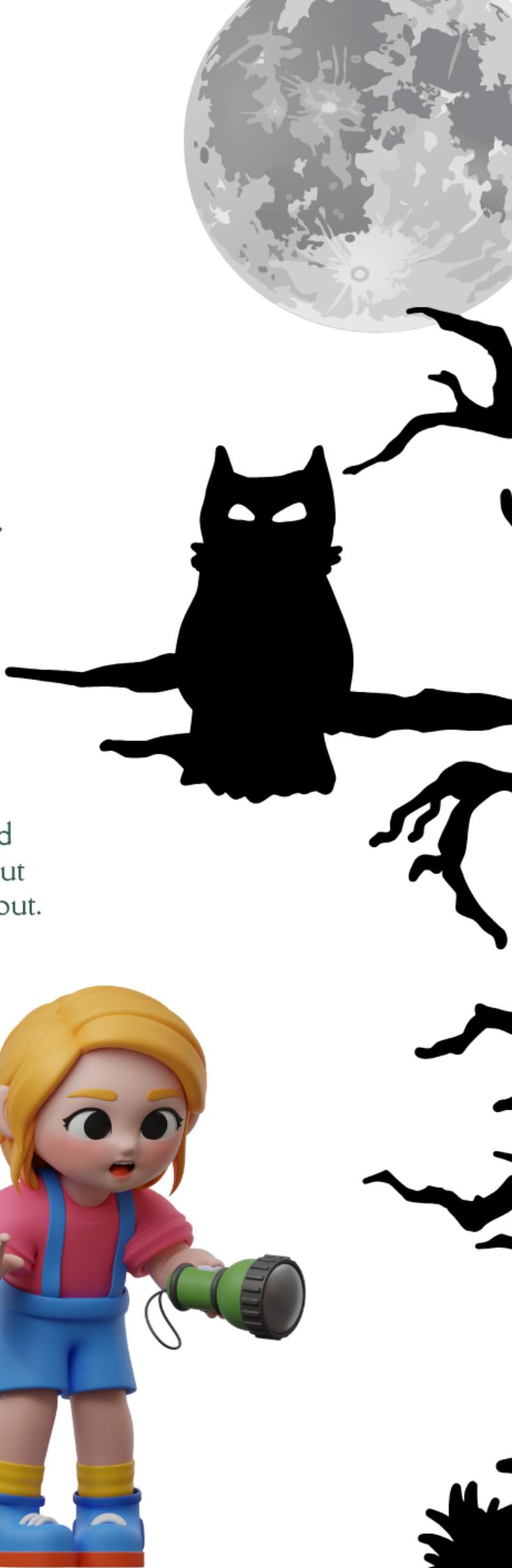
Adventures with Alice

Dishojoyee M. Roy (Class IV)

Alice met a big brown owl
Alice didn't worry or scowl
The bird, perched on a branch so high,
Wanted Alice to quiver and cry
With its loud, deep horrifying hoot,
Ever so fierce in its furry suit.

"You're my prey," declared the owl.
Alice could hear the wild wolf howl.

She wielded her torch like a sword
And her bravery reaped its own reward
"Go away, you bird!" she boldly cried out
And the bird sped away with a loud shout.



What is this about?

These adventures are
inspired by 'The Adventures
of Isabel' by Ogden Nash.



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

R. S. Thanishthaa (Class V)

Anger sounds like fire crackling
Anger smells like something burning
Anger feels like flames blowing from my ear
Anger tastes like burnt coal
Anger looks like a fire demon



Fear

R. S. Thanishthaa (Class V)

Fear sounds like ghostly whispers
Fear smells like burnt rubber
Fear feels like a shiver down your spine
Fear tastes like icy water
Fear looks like a ghostly spirit





ON A TREASURE ISLAND

Kavya Doshi (Class IV)

Once upon a time, there lived two siblings, Ira and Veer. They wanted to go in search of a treasure island.

As they set out on the journey, they packed all the essentials. They boarded a ship and left. When they reached there, Veer took out his trusty guidebook as it had a map of the island.

But meanwhile, something terrible had happened! A woman called Aria, their enemy, had followed them there. "Now I will teach these smartypants a lesson!" she said as she went to where they were.

"Hmmm ... where could the treasure be ...?" said Ira. She looked up and saw Aria. She quickly told her brother. Veer had a plan. He whispered it into Ira's ear, and she nodded. They quickly put it into action.

"Yes, dear sister, the treasure is here!" said Veer, pointing to a patch of quicksand. Aria ran there and began to sink.

Ira and Veer grinned, happy that their plan had worked.

"What is that out there?" asked Ira, pointing to a box behind the bushes. Veer pulled it out, and it was the treasure!

They took it, went home, and soon became famous. As for Aria, she was saved by a kind stranger, but she never got her greedy hands on the treasure!

FUNNY POETRY

LOGICAL THINKING

**CREATING A
CHARACTER**

Writers' Club

FANTASY

FREE VERSE

**ADVENTURE
STORIES**

WHAT IF ...?

SCIENCE FICTION

St. Mary's School