

Set your limits!

Arnold was a real darling. Though he was just four years, Arnold was very smart and sensitive. Little things like making a card for Mothers Day or just cleaning up his lawn – he was a sweet child. Life was going great till that fateful day of Christmas. Arnold's father brought home a new car on Christmas eve. The whole family was excited and they went to church for the midnight mass in the new car.

The next day, Arnold woke up late. He immediately ran outside to check out on the car. When he went outside, his father was cleaning the car. Suddenly, Arnold picked up a stone and scratched on the side of the car. In anger, his furious father took his son's hand and hit it many times, not realising he was using a wrench. Arnold fell down unconscious. At the hospital, when he regained consciousness, he saw that he lost all his fingers due to multiple fractures. When he saw his father, with painful eyes he asked, "Dad when will my fingers grow back?"

His father was speechless. He went back to the car and kicked it many times. Devastated by his own actions, sitting in front of the car he looked at the scratches. His son had written 'LOVE YOU DAD'...

- Compiled by
Dhanisha Mohapatra
Powai English School

KALEIDOSCOPE

Beach Clean-up Drive

Mumbai has a long coastline with many beaches. Everybody comes, enjoys and goes back. In the morning, the beach is a sad place to look at. All around you find paper, plastic wrappers, milk bags, etc strewn around. All this enters the sea and adds to the woes of the environment, in the end we have all aided sea pollution.

To bring awareness and build sensitivity towards sea pollution, my school, MET Rishikul Vidyalaya took us on a beach clean-up drive. We went to Juhu beach on September 11, 2009. All students from grade III to grade VI participated enthusiastically for this work. We reached the beach at 9:30 am sharp. Our teachers had split the whole class in groups in five. It was team work from the very start. We started working in a particular area of the beach allotted to us. We were shocked to see the amount of plastic and paper all around. Also, with the onset of high tide, the water kept throwing back all the litter on the beach. Two of us were holding the gunny bag; one of us used a stick to check the paraphernalia on the sand since our teachers had advised us to pick up only plastics. The remaining two picked up all the waste from the beach.



We worked very hard for an hour and a half and filled nearly 20 gunny bags full of plastic. These bags were then for recycling to Mahim. Even the gloves we had worn for the clean up went for recycling. At the end of the clean-up we were all very happy and satisfied. The beach looked cleaner now. We had done some very productive work for the environment. Saving even one plastic wrapper from entering the water meant saving one fish's life! So let's us all get together and contribute our bit to safeguard the environment.

- Students of MET Rishikul
Vidyalaya, Grade VI

POETIC HUES



Smile Please!

Nobody wants to tease,
If you smile please!

You can stay happy all day,
With the 'smile please' way.

Friends say you look pretty,
When they meet you at a party.

And words rhyme,
When you are happy all the time.

Smile please! Smile please!
Nobody tries to tease,
If you smile please!

- Saineeta Das, Std IV,
Bombay Scottish, Powai

Mother

The woman who always loved me
And she never took a fee,
She would clean my diapers
And even wash my pee.

The woman who taught me to walk
And even taught to talk
From letter to letter and from
word to word
And she even taught me to wear a sock.

The woman who taught me to tie a lace
And also taught me to walk with grace
She even gave me thumbs up
Even though I lost a race. . .

. The woman who showed me to
find my vision
And that too with no tension
She would make me achieve my goal
With full concentration.

Oh! I yet remember all these
things so clear
And now I miss her dear
She was my companion all along
And now I wish she was here

The woman whom I am talking about
Is truly superb no doubt,
She is my loving mother
Whom I can never ever forget about.

- Rutu K Khirani, Std X, J B Vaccha
High School, Dadar

My Mother



God cannot be everywhere,
That is why he made mothers,
My mother is the one,
who gave me birth
And the one who brought me
up on this earth.
She is the one who brought me up,
And taught me to walk,
eat and jump.

She is the one who loves me a lot,
I am always thankful for the
mother I got,
She taught me to be jolly
And try not to commit any folly,
As she is so sweet and polite,
On seeing her, I feel a delight,
I thank God for such a sweet mother,
Like her, there is no other.

-Manu Johnson, Std VIII, Lourdes
High School, Kalyan (W)