



ANNUAL MAGAZINE 2020-21

Table of Contents

1. Founders' Message	3 - 4
2. Language Skills Development	
i. Creative Writing is Everyone's Cup of Tea – Glenson Sequeira and Lovena Mayekar	6 - 9
ii. Public Speaking And Debating In LSD – Anansh Prasad	10 - 12
3. Be A Stellar Storyteller Contest Winning Entries 2020	
i. From the Ashes – Anuja Randery – 1 st Prize Winner	14 - 20
ii. My Sister Rose – Shreya Anna Thomas – 2 nd Prize Winner	21 - 26
4. Our Students Turned Wordsmiths	
i. Once a Bully – Anuja Randery	28 - 31
ii. Santa's Slipup – Krisha Gupta	32 - 34
iii. Bullying: Is it Fun? – Nishka Mehta	35 - 37
iv. From the Jar to the Shoe – Ian D'cruz	38 - 39
v. A Spectacular Trip to Nerf-Gun Land – Amaira Goyal	40 - 42
vi. If I Could Be an Animal... – Kiaan D'souza	43 - 44
vii. Dear Diary – Shaurya Agarwal	45 - 47
viii. My Friend Oliver – Krishiv Pandya	48 - 50
ix. A Trip to History – Vivaan Talreja	51 - 53
x. Coco Victorious – Ananya Sampat	54 - 56
xi. The War – Navya Mayekar	57 - 60
5. Copyright	61



FROM THE FOUNDERS' DESK



From the Founders' Desk

The silver lining in the dark cloud is that the year 2020 has given us new perspectives and driven us towards innovation as no other year has in the recent past. Terms like 'quarantine', 'Zoom', 'social distancing' and 'lockdown' have reverberated worldwide and have become part of common parlance. Yet, the dread and dejection that these words stand for have not impeded humanity's progress. From online education to innovation in teachings tools and curriculum, we, at Classcapades, have been quick to adapt and continue our well-planned learning adventure online.

We have spared no effort to make our online platform as effective as our offline classes. We have researched, explored, and tested several tools to create an engaging and fun-filled online teaching experience. The result is that our new online programme is not merely an ad hoc measure that we have had to resort to, but it has emerged as a preferred choice.

In addition, the online programme has not only let us spread our wings throughout the country but has also helped us reach across the continent. This expanded reach has enriched diversity in our classroom by bringing new perspectives during group discussions and brainstorming sessions, making our online classroom genuinely international.

Online teaching hasn't been the only novel feature in 2020. The year also witnessed our inaugural Be a Stellar Storyteller contest which gained immense popularity throughout the country. Besides, a newer and better website and this foundational edition of the Classcapades' Annual Magazine have kept us busy through the lockdowns. Our students have donned the hats of writers and editors to make the magazine a collaborative creation. We must emphasise that the 'Students Turned Wordsmiths' section is entirely the work of our students – written by them and edited by them as well. We hope you enjoy reading these tiny pieces of youthful creativity.

When we reflect on the year that was, we must express our heartfelt gratitude to our students' parents for continuing to bestow their trust in us, even though these turbulent times. Their unwavering support encourages us to excel and provide the best to our prized pupils.

Yours truly,

Lovena and Glen

LANGUAGE SKILLS DEVELOPMENT



Creative Writing is Everyone's Cup of Tea

Written By:

Glenson Sequeira and Lovena Mayekar

Co-founders – Classcapades



Creative Writing is Everyone's Cup of Tea

Written By: Glenson Sequeira and Lovena Mayekar

Through a decade of teaching children the skills required for creative writing, we have been asked over a dozen times, “What are the rules of Creative Writing?” Our answer to that is – “There are no rules!” Creative writing, in our view, is a free flow of ideas from the writer’s mind to paper, and thereby to the readers’ minds. The writer’s intuitive understanding of the readers’ needs and likes determines whether a written piece would be effective.

Academic writing is indubitably a great start for children. Through its structures and formats, it introduces them to the concept of writing. School-based writing activities compel children to put pens to paper which many would not otherwise. On the other hand, the rigid structures, constraining rules, and intimidating time limits often make creative writing seem like a burden. The dearth of an extensive vocabulary and writing ideas often set more hurdles that make writing seem like a Herculean mission. Such intimidation is incongruous with the Classcapades’ mission of making learning seem like an adventure. Hence, we follow a unique tried-and-tested method at Classcapades that we call the three E’s – **Equip, Exhibit and Experiment**. We **EQUIP** children during the early years by helping them build a repository of creative ideas, vocabulary, grammatical rules and the tools for effective writing. As the next step, we **EXHIBIT** several distinctive pieces of writing to children, including those written by us, by famous authors, as well as those of our senior-level students. Only when we ascertain that our children are ready do we urge them to **EXPERIMENT** with writing through thought-provoking writing prompts, outlines and exercises.

Creative Writing is Everyone's Cup of Tea

Written By: Glenson Sequeira and Lovena Mayekar

How do I begin creative writing?

The most important prerequisite is an opportunity to write without the fear of being judged. We believe that every child is brimming with imagination, and every child may imagine differently. They may not have the right words to express these inner ideas, but the originality that children have can sometimes surpass even the conditioned thinking patterns of adults. As mentors and parents, we could help them take begin by appreciating when they vividly express thoughts in words and probing for clarity when there is ambiguity. We must avoid passing judgements at all costs, especially of the kind that discourages children from writing.

Should I read more to become a better writer?

Any aspiring writer is rendered redundant when someone says, "Reading isn't necessary." Besides, for beginners, reading is the best approach to build an understanding of structures. At the absorbent stage of learning, children could learn from the works of famous authors and assimilate the dos and don'ts from their work. Likewise, at Classcapades, our students learn from our worksheets, essays and narratives. They understand the correct usage of words and various sentence structures that they can employ to develop their own unique style of writing.

Will my vocabulary improve through reading?

Though reading could help introduce you to new words that you may not have already known, it may not be the definitive method for expanding your vocabulary.

Creative Writing is Everyone's Cup of Tea

Written By: Glenson Sequeira and Lovena Mayekar

Consider this sentence –

“Larry is a lackadaisical lad who loves lolling and lazing in his lounge for hours.”
An sharp young reader would contextually guess that ‘lackadaisical’ in the above sentence means ‘lazy’. But the same reader is unlikely to recall the word or its spelling even as little as a week later. Hence, being introduced to a word in one context may not be adequate for it to become assimilated into one’s vocabulary. Only when a word is presented systematically and repetitively and used in several different contexts can we expect it to find its permanent place within one’s vocabulary. At Classcapades, we provide our students with opportunities to use unique and impressive vocabulary in such a manner.

To sum it up, creative writing is not primarily an academic subject like the sciences or mathematics. It is an art that flourishes when nurtured as a hobby, and excellence is only a product of extensive practice and sound guidance.

CLASSCAPADES



Empowering Children to Express Themselves

Written By:

Anansh Prasad

Founder and MD – SkillSphere Education



Empowering Children to Express Themselves

Written By: Anansh Prasad

A rather frightening statistic that always gets me thinking is related to Glossophobia – the fear of public speaking. As per verified studies, it is the second most widely seen fear in the world after the fear of death! Many adults fear expressing their opinions so much that they do everything in their capacity to circumvent such situations! Fortunately, or rather, unfortunately, though, public speaking is becoming an even more indispensable skill in today's times.

It is believed that academic and hard skills will start getting outdated every ten years thanks to advancements in technology. Soft skills like public speaking, though, will always remain relevant and will, in fact, become more significant in determining the future success of our children. Moreover, developing public speaking skills and expression at a young age is even more critical as it is much easier to do so in this phase.

At SkillSphere Education, we have excelled at helping students get rid of their inhibitions, coming out of their shells, and expressing themselves confidently. In this regard, our journey with Glen and Lovena at Classcapades has been a blessed one! With their support and the enthusiasm of Classcapades' students, SkillSphere's trainers have been able to help many children discover their voices and nascent public speaking skills.

Through our Model United Nations and eDebate clubs, students have developed oratory skills and a range of 21st-century skills such as problem-solving, critical thinking, global awareness, debating and research skills. Many of them have gone on to win awards at local, national and international

Empowering Children to Express Themselves

Written By: Anansh Prasad

conferences and debates. While these achievements are always gratifying for us as teachers, our absolute satisfaction lies in helping students harness their true potential. We often tell students and parents that there is nothing like the best speaker, debater or quizzer as there is no possible yardstick to define 'best'. Students can simply become the better, better, and eventually the best versions of themselves!

Apart from these two workshops, SkillSphere also started the eQuiz workshop at Classcapades last year. Its objective is to enhance students' general knowledge and awareness on a variety of topics through innovative quizzes and engaging discussions. Through the eQuiz club, children of Grades 5 to 8 have learnt about current affairs, sports, science, great inventors, the world of business and finance, and a plethora of other topics. Most importantly, the sessions have focused on ensuring that students understand the application of all this information in their daily lives. The purpose of our eQuiz workshop lies in answer to the following question – Can you think of 5 things that have taken place globally in the past week and their impact on your life? We are happy to admit that all our students can!

Our tryst with Classcapades and its learners has always been a fulfilling experience. We hope to continue refining skills and defining futures with Glen and Lovena!



BE A STELLAR STORYTELLER CONTEST 2020

Winning Entries





From the Ashes

Written By:

Anuja Randery, 12

Jasudben M. L. School, Mumbai

First Prize Winner

BE A STELLAR STORYTELLER CONTEST 2020

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

It was a cold winter day—the kind of day when the world around you loses its colour and turns white because of snow. Most people would be at home, sitting by a fireplace. But not me. I was, making my way to the forest to gather enough wood to keep my family warm for a week. People stared at me through their windows, wondering why a little girl without a jacket was outside on a day like that! After about an hour of struggling and falling several times, I made it to the woods. The forest was eerie with no sign of life. I decided that I wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. So, I set to work, gathering dried branches as fast as I could. Before long, my extremities turned numb, and I was too tired even to finish lugging my pieces of wood into a pile.

I sat down and leaned against a trunk. Even the tiniest movement, like tucking my hair behind my ears, seemed like a Herculean task. I closed my eyes, too weak to do anything. Just then, I heard a woosh and a crackling sound accompanied by a blast of heat.

When I opened my eyes, there was a massive fire. It wasn't a typical fire with logs at the bottom. It was a ginormous pillar of a blazing inferno, so tall and hot that it could have burnt the gods sitting in heaven. It had thawed my frozen body, and I could now raise my arm to shield myself from it and scramble away. But it did not last for long. Soon, it died down, leaving a smoking pile of ash.

I crept near it tentatively, unsure of when it would erupt into flames again. And the strangest thing happened. The pile of ash moved! Out of it poked a tiny bird. I exclaimed, "Oh, You poor little thing! How did you manage to get into that fire!" and I scooped up the tiny bird with my hands, and it fit snugly in my palms. I could not discern its actual colour because it was covered beak

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

to claw in ash. I decided to take it home and take care of it since I reckoned it would not last a day without help in its weak state.

Rejuvenated by the heat of the inferno, I hastily created a makeshift sledge with some logs and vines. It was no longer hard to look for dry wood logs as the pillar of fire had dried many trees. Pretty soon, I was dragging the sledge home. The bird was safely tucked in my pocket. On my way, I stopped over at my friend Annie's house. I knocked at the door. It was her father who opened it. "Hello Christina, you look cold. Come on in", he said. "Annie is upstairs. You can go to see her". I went upstairs to see Annie. "Hey, Chris!", she said smiling in greeting as I entered her room. I narrated the whole incident to her. Her eyes widened in amazement. "Show me the bird!" she ordered.

I gingerly took the little bird out of my pocket. I had expected it to be in a sorry state, but to my surprise, it was in the pink of health. I set it beside Annie, who examined it like a professional. "So," I asked her, "what do you reckon it is?" "I have a guess," she muttered, "but I will have to clean it to make sure." "I'll be back in a minute with some water." With that, she hurried out of the room. Annie returned after about five minutes with a kettle of boiling water.

"You are going to put it in that?" I asked her, "The poor thing will burn and die!"

"Not if my suspicions are correct."

She picked the bird up and plopped it into the kettle. "No!" I shrieked. I reached out to put my hand in the kettle and get it out of the water, but Annie snatched the kettle before I could. "Don't!" she said. "Look!" I peered into the kettle. The bird was swimming around, having fun as if the water was as warm and relaxing as a heated swimming pool.

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

Now that all the ash had washed off, I could see how it looked, and it was downright ugly. Its skin was loose and pink. It had red spots all over its body, where feathers would have been. Instead of wings, it had two flap-like structures. Its eyes were half shut, and its beak was hardly noticeable. Annie saw it without the ash and gasped. "What is that?" I asked. "Now is not the time or place", she answered. "Meet me in the forest tomorrow morning. I'll tell you there. And make sure you don't show the bird to anyone." "Okay," I said sceptically. "Now go!" she said and ushered me out of the house.

I reached home and fell asleep stroking the bird. The following day, I woke up expecting the bird to be by my side. However, it was gone! I sprang out of bed, wondering where it was. And then my eyes fell on a large majestic bird with scarlet plumage and piercing red eyes. Its golden talons and beak were as sharp as swords. They glinted when sunlight fell on them. Its tail was much like a peacock, but it was golden and red. It radiated heat, light and power. It then dawned upon me that my birdling had somehow transmuted into this magnificent creature overnight. As I stood gaping at it, it cocked its head as if to say, "Well, don't just stand there staring! There is work to be done!". It then flew out of the window towards the woods. I hastily made my way after it.

Annie was waiting for me in the woods when I arrived. She, too, was gaping at the bird, unable to move. "He is absolutely breath-taking," she said. "What is it?" I asked her. "He," she replied, "is a PHOENIX!". "Phoenixes are legendary creatures with extraordinary powers. They can produce heat that can incinerate a person upon touch. They are completely immune to fire. In fact, fire makes them stronger. They can heal a person with their tears, even if they are on the border of life and death. They can carry weighty loads. And most importantly, they live forever."

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

“Every now and then, the phoenix grows weak. Its feathers start falling off, and its beak and talons lose lustre. It uses the last of its strength to gather spices, leaves and boughs, which later ignite a massive fire. From the ash, the phoenix gets reborn. It then repeats the cycle.”

Annie took a deep breath and continued, “You may think that owning a phoenix is a boon. But in some ways, it can be pretty risky. There was once a man who wanted to own a phoenix and misuse him to obtain power. He did unimaginable things that words cannot describe. Since then, the phoenix never helped their family. This upset Xittler’s descendants. They were hungry for the magic and power the phoenix brought them. So, they sought to get it under their control again, but all in vain. So, they decided that they were going to accomplish the impossible: killing the phoenix.

They’ve come up with a master plan which is sure to succeed in killing it. All I know about the wicked scheme is that it was being led by Tedros, a living descendant of Xittler. He has developed a device that could pick up the shriek of a phoenix. So, whatever you do, don’t upset the phoenix. Otherwise, Tedros can come and destroy him.”

“Alright,” I told her, unsure of what else I should say. Then, we walked home in silence. I was terrified about what would happen if Tedros would find me, so I resolved to follow Annie’s advice strictly.

From that day onwards, Annie and I met every day to practice the skills I would need if Tedros ever found me. We had christened the phoenix ‘Arizon’.

Arizon and I practised communicating with each other through actions and sounds. One day, when I was sitting in my room talking to Arizon, I heard my mother walking into my room. I quickly stuffed Arizon into a large box lying on the bed. And that is when it happened. He let out a high-pitched noise like

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

two pieces of Styrofoam being rubbed together, which almost destroyed my eardrums. But I had far worse things than my ear to care about, for this was undoubtedly the phoenix's screech.

...

As soon as I heard that noise, I ran to Annie's place. But even she didn't know what to do. I kept the doors and windows of my room locked and prayed that Tedros wouldn't come. But the following day, it was gone. I ransacked my room to look for Arizon, but he was nowhere to be found. I was devastated by his disappearance. There was a lone feather lying on the floor of my bedroom. I miserably told Annie, "This is the only proof of his existence," and laid the feather down on the table.

And then a miraculous thing happened. The feather glowed and spun around, resting in the same direction that it pointed when it was in my house. I stood up excited and exclaimed, "The feather is a compass! It will lead us to Arizon!" "I'm highly doubtful about that..." Annie started.

"No! There must be a way to get Arizon back! We have to give it a shot."

"If it makes you feel better..."

"Then, what are you waiting for! Let's go!"

The feather had led us deep into the woods. We had been following it for about an hour or two and had not encountered trouble so far. Suddenly, the feather burned and crumbled into ash. We were outside a cave and decided that the feather wanted us to go in. So we did.

It was pitch dark and silent in the cave. While walking, we spotted an area in the wall of the cave that was covered with vines. I peeked through it and saw a vast white marble hall with a single door in the front. Annie and I crept inside and peered through the keyhole.

From the Ashes

Written By: Anuja Randery

“All clear,” I reported. Annie pulled the door, but it didn’t open. “We need the key.”

“It’s right here,” said a voice. I jumped, startled and turned around slowly. A man was standing right there. “I am Tedros. I’ve killed your Phoenix”.

...

Annie and I were in a prison cell. Tedros was boasting about his brilliant scheme that had killed a Phoenix. He handcuffed us and lead us to a room where metal claws were holding several glass jars. In each jar was a pile of ash. “So he isn’t letting Arizon reform,” I thought.

I pretended to be interested in his methods of containment. He was proud of his success. He was so wrapped up in self-pride that he didn’t notice me creeping towards a button that would release the jars. Suddenly, I slammed the button, and all the jars banged together, causing a fire from which a bird flew out. The explosion knocked me off my feet.

A glass shard wedged into my throat, and I blacked out. A minute later, I woke up to find Arizon’s head on my neck and tears pouring from him. He was alive and had saved me.

Tedros yelled, “You may have stopped me this time, but this is far from over.” And he was right. This was just the beginning...





My Sister Rose

Written By:

Shreya Anna Thomas, 13

Billabong High International School, Mumbai

Second Prize Winner

BE A STELLAR STORYTELLER CONTEST 2020

My Sister Rose

Written By: Shreya Anna Thomas

Every time I hear the ice-cream truck, it reminds me of home and thoughts of home make me sad. That's why I usually stay inside on hot summer days at 11.00 am. I absorb myself in a task to ignore the wistful thoughts I feel whenever I hear the children screaming with delight when they notice the jingling bells that come from the truck. They beg their parents to let them have just one cone, the parents, laughing, agree, making the children's day. It's hard to imagine that, once upon a time, I used to be one of those children too.

Every day of the summer, every year, the ice-cream truck used to stop in front of our house. My older sister Rose and I would shriek with delight whenever we heard the truck. We would sit on the back porch with our cones, cracking jokes, ice cream dripping from our chins. We'd keep sitting there until our parents called us in at last.

This was our daily routine until Rose went to high school. Now her daily routine was: wake up, go out, return at midnight most nights. I learned to deal with this, but I missed my sister. I made a bunch of friends, but it wasn't the same.

Then once, for old times' sake, I decided to go to the ice-cream truck. To my astonishment, my sister was there too. I took her by surprise. "Hi Rose, what's up?" I asked casually.

My sister's eyes widened in surprise. "Sophy! What are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

"Same as you, I expect. I wanted to get a cone, like old times," I answered.

"Oh yeah! That's what I was doing. Haha, I guess we both thought of it," she faltered and blushed. She lowered her eyes and avoided my gaze. "Well, shouldn't you buy your cone?" she asked at last.

My Sister Rose

Written By: Shreya Anna Thomas

“Um, I don’t feel like it anymore,” I mumbled.

I was confused. I had a feeling that Rose wasn’t telling me the whole truth. I walked away with mixed emotions, leaving her looking embarrassed. The pain of losing my sister stabbed my heart, and I felt horrible.

I decided to play spy. I made up my mind to sneak out and follow her every day. The next day, she went to a coffee shop where a group of “friends greeted her”. I didn’t like the look of them. I followed her to the following location, a make-up store. I saw her casually look around at lipsticks and blushes. She wasn’t doing anything wrong at first, but it got worse when she got to the eye section. After looking around, she calmly slipped an eye shadow palette in her bag and walked out.

I couldn’t believe my eyes! I followed in disbelief. Dread filled my heart as she headed to the electronics store. What was she going to do next? I felt a glimmer of hope. Maybe I had made a mistake. My hopes were soon shattered. She went in and pulled off the shelf the phone that had just been released. I wondered how she was going to pull stealing that off. My sister was bright, and of course, she had found a way. She looked interested in the product, but she was pulling off the barcode sticker and the security chip while she pretended to look at it. Then she slipped it into her bag and walked out.

My sister, my perfect sister, was a thief. I couldn’t believe it! At night I decided to confront her. “Hey, Rose!” I greeted her cheerfully as I walked into her room.

My sister, who was sitting on the bed biting her nails, looked up cheerfully. “Hey, Phee! What’s up?” she asked.

“No one calls me Phee anymore”, I giggled.

My Sister Rose

Written By: Shreya Anna Thomas

“Ah, of course. My little sister is all grown up now,” she smiled. “Anyway, did you come in for something important? I have some work to do before I go to bed today”.

“Oh, busy day tomorrow?”. I wanted to see how this played out.

“Ha, ha, you could say that I have some business to finish up,” she replied.

I got angry. “Oh yeah? What are you going to do now? Trying to steal a T.V. this time?”

My sister looked up suddenly with a horrified expression. “Phee! What do you mean?”

“Oh, I think you know exactly what I’m talking about,” I retorted.

“Listen up, Phee. It’s not what it looks like. Everything will be normal again. So, don’t go meddling in other peoples’ business. Now I would appreciate it if you stay out!” she finished off.

Her expression changed. She now looked weary and stressed. I got scared and ran out of the room. I was upset. I loved my sister. What was happening to her?

I felt uneasy as I got into bed. Early the following day, I heard her get up and get dressed. I groaned. Would this madness ever stop? It was getting too much. I followed her again, and it was much the same thing. It went on like this for a week while she kept on stealing very expensive products.

I couldn’t take it any longer, so I filed a complaint against my own sister. I felt like a monster. I had got her into serious trouble, but had she brought this upon herself?

The next day at dinner, we got a phone call from the police station. It was about my sister. My mother answered the phone. I heard, “Oh no, officer! There must be a mistake. My Rose has never stolen anything ever in her life!

My Sister Rose

Written By: Shreya Anna Thomas

Yes, please double-check. Thank you.” She hung up and came back to the table, exclaiming, “I just got the strangest call from the police!”

My sister had turned white. “Really? What was it about?”. She feigned innocence.

“It was about you! Apparently, they got an anonymous tip that you’ve been a frequent shoplifter at multiple stores!”

“What? There must be a mistake somewhere! I would never do that!” my sister exclaimed, looking shocked.

“That’s exactly what I said. It must be some kind of silly practical joke,” said my mother, looking confused.

“Hmm, must be. May I be excused?” Rose looked sick.

“Of course, dear,” answered my mother. Rose got up and ran upstairs.

After dinner, I passed her room. Her door was slightly ajar, and I caught the words, “Yeah, tonight’s the night, okay, bye!”

As she hung up, she caught a glimpse of me standing there. She walked up to me. “What are you looking at, huh?” she sneered. But as she shut the door, I caught a look of regret and sadness on her face.

I didn’t care anymore. The Rose I knew was gone. Instead, there was a new version of her. An older, colder Rose. A person I would never want to be. But what did “tonight’s the night” mean? Looking back, I wished I had been nicer to Rose, but I never expected what happened next.

The next morning, I woke up and rushed into Rose’s room. The bed was made, and everything was neat. Rose wasn’t there, though. Instead, I found a little note and picked it up, and as I read it, tears came to my eyes.

My Sister Rose

Written By: Shreya Anna Thomas

“My dear Phee, What can I say? I’m so sorry. I have no other words. These recent years we have drifted apart. I grew more irritable and cross. But the truth is, I got caught up with the wrong group of friends. I had to settle debts one way or the other. I was ashamed of what I had become. I wanted to become the old ice-cream loving girl that I used to be. But then you caught me. I forgive you for telling the police, but I can’t live with myself anymore. I’ve decided to leave and start afresh. I’m going somewhere to live a new life, a life without mistakes. Please don’t try looking for me, Phee. It’s better like this, trust me. I’ll get a part-time job and go to a new school, and I’m sure that I’ll make plenty of friends in no time - the right ones this time. Don’t tell Mum and Dad about this note. I love them, but I don’t want them to know about this note or its contents. I hope one day I’ll see you again when we’re all grown up. I hope we can eat ice cream and laugh just like old times. I hope that one day you’ll understand and forgive me. I hope that you grow up, lead a happy and healthy life and not make the same mistakes that I did. I have many hopes and dreams, but right now, all I want you to know is that I love you, Sophy, and I will think of you every day.

Love, Rose”

I lay there sobbing my eyes out until my parents found me. I didn’t tell them about the note or about anything it said. They thought she had gone missing, but the police were never able to find her.

To this day, I still feel like a monster for doing that to Rose. After I grew up, I got a good job and moved far away. I have never seen Rose again, but I still think of her and our past lives every day. Every single day – of my sister, Rose.



OUR STUDENTS TURNED WORDSMITHS

*wordsmith – a skilful writer



Once a Bully

(Incorporating a Flashback in a Narrative)

Written By: Anuja Randery, 12
Jasudben M. L. School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

Edited By: Navya Mayekar, 16
St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
Alumnus: Podar International School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

Once a Bully

Written By: Anuja Randery

Arun had decided to skip office that day and had left his house to gallivant around the streets. It was an ordinary weekday morning, and Arun decided to saunter towards the park. He decided to rest for a while and settled on a bench near the children's play area. He watched the children play there for a bit, dimly registering that the playing children looked unusually familiar. And all of a sudden, he was sucked back into a flurry of thoughts.

Arun was about eleven years old then. He, too, used to go to the park often to cycle with a few of his friends. All of them used to look forward to these gatherings. That is, all of them other than him and Adam.

Adam was the youngest, sweetest and kindest of all the friends. He wouldn't do any living thing any harm, even if it meant being hurt without avenging his pain. He couldn't bear the thought of hurting someone who could have otherwise been him. Ordinarily, someone with so much empathy would be admired. But not him. Adam was bullied because they believed he was and called him 'fat' and 'ugly'.

Every day, when they met at the park, someone would "accidentally-on-purpose" forget their bicycle. They would then "borrow" Adam's bicycle, opposing his protests by saying, "You have a face that not even your mother can love! Your birth was a mistake. You are an insult to the human race. You don't deserve the bike." They would push and kick him, calling him unflattering names. Arun was sorry to say that he was one of the people who partook in this badgering.

He was faced with Hobson's choice! If he hadn't bullied like the others but instead done what he thought was right, he would have been considered a weak traitor. And there was nothing more the others loved than to punish the weak and disloyal. He never wanted to bear the brunt of their anger over his

Once a Bully

Written By: Anuja Randery

betrayal. But there came a day when he couldn't stand it anymore.

It had started with something not so malicious, with everyone calling Adam atrocious names. This time, instead of giving in to their insults, Adam spoke, "I may be ugly on the outside, but you are ugly on the inside." It sounded practised as if he had taken weeks to compose it and muster the courage to say it. But it worked. Everyone was momentarily stunned. One of the boys broke the silence, sneering, "So, the fool has finally learned how to stand on his own feet? Well, too bad. I'm going to take them away from him." Saying this, he walked to his cycle. Everyone stood there, open-mouthed and saucer-eyed, as the realisation of what he was about to do sunk in. Arun seemed to recover the quickest. He ran after the boy, eyes blazing in anger. 'If you or your bicycle so much as lay a finger on him...'

'What will you do to me? Go! Tell Mommy like the coward you are?'

In reply, Arun punched him.

For a second, all the boy could do was blink. Then, the pain registered in him, and he touched his jaw.

"You," he hissed. "You think--"

Arun would never know a complete threat. He ran away from the park, and it would be a long time before he returned. He didn't know how Adam had fared after that incident because Arun had associated the shame of bullying with that park, and he never wanted to think of it again. He wished that he had rechecked on Adam then when he was shaken out of his thoughts. Someone in the park was towering over a boy named Anil. "Your father Adam..." and suddenly realisation struck him.

Once a Bully

Written By: Anuja Randery

Of course! Anil was Adam's son. He was a chip off the old block. Judging by his big-boned stature, Arun thought he had been bullied for the same reason as his father was once belittled.

"Well," thought Arun, "I never helped Adam early enough. But I can sure help his son."

So, he stood up and walked towards Anil, determined never to let anyone get away with bullying again.





Santa's Slipup

(Christmas-themed Narrative Writing)

Written By: Krisha Gupta, 12

Jamnabai Narsee School, Mumbai

Creative Writing - Level 5

Edited By: Shuchi Jadhav, 17

Narsee Monjee College of Commerce and Economics, Mumbai

Alumnus: Lilavatibai Podar Senior Secondary School, Mumbai

Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

Santa's Slipup

Written By: Krisha Gupta

Santa was reading letters up in the North Pole. Children all over the world were using similes and exaggerations in their letters. But Santa didn't know that. He was staggered. "What ghastly afflictions these children have to suffer!" he thought. "I must find a cure!" He rushed off to his sleigh, leaving behind his magic pouch – the source of all his magic – when Christmas Eve was only a day away.

When Santa reached his sleigh, he was feeling something he'd never felt before – fear. And if there was one thing the reindeer couldn't stand, it was fear. So, just minutes after the sleigh soared into the air, the sleigh crashed, and the reindeer took off, leaving Santa stranded by the roadside. But Santa cannot be deterred from his task easily. He continued on foot, hoping that he could hitchhike his way to a cure.

Meanwhile, pandemonium raged across the factory. Without Santa to direct them, the elves weren't sure about what to do. The news of Santa leaving in a rush had spread through the factory like butter on a warm crisp toast. "Why is Santa gone? Where is he? Why did he leave in such a hurry? His magic pouch is left behind! Why did he leave it? What now?" Finally, one of the elder elves took charge. "Calm down, elves! Do your jobs as usual. I'm sure Santa has his reasons to leave so abruptly."

While the elves started to take charge of Christmas, Santa had come across a hospital. "I might find something here," he said to himself. So he sneaked in, putting his best foot forward to try and go unnoticed. He entered the elevator, but the electricity supply at the hospital was cut off at that very moment. With a shuddering shock, the elevator stopped, suspended between the first and second floor. Of course, Santa had no idea what had happened. He tried everything in his power to open the doors– pleading, screaming, kicking,

Santa's Slipup

Written By: Krisha Gupta

ordering. Nothing happened. The doors remained impassive.

Back at the factory, the elves had set out to deliver the presents. Everything was going swimmingly. Sadly, the same could not be said about Santa. After half an hour, when Santa had lost all hope of getting out, the power supply was restored, and the elevator sped on its way, leaving Santa flabbergasted. He sat down in a waiting room and absent-mindedly picked up a book from the stack nearby. It was pure chance that it was a book explaining all about the figures of speech. As he flipped through the book, he started to realise his error and began to chortle. He went back out to call his reindeer.

This time there were absolutely no problems. As Santa sailed back to the North Pole, he spotted the Sun creeping up through the mountains and all the elves back from their deliveries. Like a bolt from the blue, he remembered Christmas and felt a sense of dread. But he felt reassured by the elves' smiling faces. He hurriedly landed and rushed over. Then, everybody exchanged their stories and began to shake with laughter at Santa's misadventures as they all trooped inside for a cup of hot chocolate.





Bullying: Is it Fun?

(Dialogue Writing)

Written By: Nishka Mehta, 9
Jamnabai Narsee School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 2

Edited By: Aarushi Rane, 13
Lilavatibai Podar Senior Secondary High School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

Bullying: Is it Fun?

Written By: Nishka Mehta

(Living Room, The Diaz Residence)

Alex: Hi Mom! How was your day? (puts down his bag)

Ellen: Wonderful! How was school?

Alex: Boring as usual. I'm so sick and tired of our monotonous curriculum!
(sighs theatrically)

Ellen: What about the newcomer joining today? Were you nice to him?

Alex: Oh, yeah! How could I forget to tell you? We had loads of fun with him!

Ellen: Tell me all about it then!

Alex: He's bald! (laughs mischievously)

Ellen: So? What's the matter with that?

Alex: So Bert and I teased him by calling him an egg-head!

Ellen: That's not very nice now, is it?

Alex: He thought so too because he kept saying his name was Carl and that we'd better stop calling him egg-head. He was so annoyed that Bert called him a boiled egg, and there were peals of laughter! (laughs) We even threw paper bullets at his egg-head! It was hilarious!
(snorts and laughs harder)

Ellen: (sits down looking ready to bite someone's head off) Do you think that's the right way to treat someone?

Alex: Bert did it, so it must be right!

Ellen: (clicks tongue) You do not have to do everything Bert does. Sometimes even Bert can be wrong. By following him blindly, you are also in the wrong.

Alex: How's that possible, Mom?

Bullying: Is it Fun?

Written By: Nishka Mehta

Ellen: Always do what you think is right and think twice about someone's feelings instead of acting on an impulse. Besides, how can hurting someone be fun? Put yourself in Carl's shoes. Would you like to be treated that way? Would you want to be bullied by your classmates with whom you would want to be friends?

Alex: Well, no! But what is bullying?

Ellen: Bullying is hurting someone physically or mentally, sometimes to the extent that the victim gets depressed, socially anxious or afraid to try new things. It is not only a cruel and insensitive act but also an offence according to the school rules. I'm sure you don't want to be a bully or an offender.

Alex: (looking regretful) I'm sorry, Mom. I promise that I'll apologise to Carl and stop bullying him!

Ellen: That's my boy! (pulls Alex into a tight embrace)

CLASSCAPADES





From the Jar to the Shoe

(A Prankster's Delight)

Written By: Ian D'cruz, 11

Sacred Heart Boys' High School, Mumbai

Creative Writing - Level 4

Edited By: Shuchi Jadhav, 17

Narsee Monjee College of Commerce and Economics, Mumbai

Alumnus: Lilavatibai Podar Senior Secondary School, Mumbai

Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

From the Jar to the Shoe

Written By: Ian D'cruz

It was a monotonous day. My friends and I had to go to school by school bus as the rain came down thick and fast. We hopped out of the bus trying to shield ourselves from the torrential downpour, and dashed up the steps of a cafe near our school to grab a bite. As we were eating, a frog with its leg stuck in a jar caught my eye. I pointed out this outlandish sight to my friends. Suddenly, my friend, Adam, was struck by a mischievous yet mind-blowing idea. He said, "Why not take the frog and put it in one of Uncle Max's shoes?" Uncle Max was an old, stout, and hairy man. He used to work for the Indian navy but had retired to enjoy some more time with his remaining limbs. Every evening he would subject us to an earful and tell us to keep quiet whenever we played. Ergo, we decided to catch the frog, keep him in that jar and at the most opportune moment, put it in Uncle Max's shoe. Tom, the smartest of our clique, said, "But today, our bags will be checked. If we keep the jar in any one of our bags, they will throw it away." Just then, we realised that there were only five minutes for the first period to start, and all of us hurried to class. By the time we reached our classroom, we were completely soaked. We decided to keep the frog in my bag and then pass the jar to my friend, Leo, when my turn would come. It was my turn to get my bag checked, and the bell that echoed through the halls at that opportune moment would not have been more welcome.

After school, we rushed to Uncle Max's house to put our plan into action. We entered his house through the back door and tiptoed into his bedroom, where he was catching forty winks. After making absolutely sure that he was fast asleep, I tipped the frog from the jar into his shoe, and we ran back out, shaking with silent laughter. We were successful in our plan and went back home, feeling triumphant.



A Spectacular Trip to Nerf-Gun Land

(An Imaginative Recount)

Written By: Amaira Goyal, 10
Bombay Scottish School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 2

Edited By: Heerr Pursnani, 12
Bai Avabai Framji Petit Girls' High School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

A Spectacular Trip to Nerf-Gun Land

Written By: Amaira Goyal

A few days ago, I was playing with my nerf guns and accidentally hit my mother's cup, which tipped over and broke. My mom was cross with me and reprimanded and told me firmly not to play with my nerf guns. But I refused and shot a bullet in anger, and this time I broke a light bulb. My mother was beside herself with rage and took all my nerf guns forcefully and told me she wouldn't buy a Nerf Rival Infinus for me. I had wanted that nerf gun for ages. I felt like a plant that was watered and nurtured but later, someone took advantage of me and cut my stem off. It was night time, and I decided to hit the hay. Soon, I was sleeping in my bed soundly. Then I heard someone mumbling,

"Hurry up! Grab your guns!

We are going to a place filled with fun!"

It was my enchanted pillow! A few moments later, I realised that I was in a land surrounded and filled with nerf guns. I saw innumerable nerf guns everywhere. There was a massive pitch right in the middle. I landed near an enormous gate which I pushed, and it flung open. I bolted across to the pitch. I saw that the pitch was filled with targets, which if you hit with a headshot, a piñata filled with candies would pop up in the prize centre. I was overjoyed and saw a nerf bullet pool filled with nerf bullets, and I decided to hop in and have some fun. I plunged inside, and surprisingly, it was filled with water. I realised that there were nerf gun bullets floating on the surface, and it wasn't a pool filled with those bullets.

After a swim, I went to the house that was also made with nerf gun bullets. Inside, I saw across the room an ancient chest filled with pure gold. I was astonished and decided to rummage through for other precious items. The moment I put my foot on the pathway that led to the chest, a nerf gun bullet

A Spectacular Trip to Nerf-Gun Land

Written By: Amaira Goyal

tore past my face. It was like an Indiana Jones film. I figured out a pattern based on the spelling of the nerf gun. Since it was a four-letter word, I needed to move on to the fourth tile. I reached the chest and grinned as I opened it. I saw the Nerf Rival Infinus. I whooped and leapt and danced with the nerf gun of my dreams in my hands when I tripped over something and hurt my head. Out of the blue, I heard my mother's voice. "Rise and shine," she said in her usual blithesome voice, but then she was shocked as she asked, "How do you have the Nerf Rival Infinus with you?"

CLASSCAPADES



If I Could Be an Animal...

(A Creative Writing Prompt)

Written By: Kiaan D'souza, 6
Jamnabai Narsee School, Mumbai
Elementary Creative Writing

Edited By: Yashita Kakumanu, 12
Podar International School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

If I Could Be an Animal...

Written By: Kiaan D'souza

If I could be an animal, I would love to be a dog. The dog is man's best friend, and it symbolises kindness and unconditional love. Dogs are amiable to those around them and are adventurous too. They like to explore, and they are undeniably quick-witted. No matter their age, they stay zestful. They tend to be uncomplaining and harmless unless something compels them to show their strong character. Dogs are intelligent animals who know their way out in any situation. These are the qualities of a dog that I would like to possess.

CLASSCAPADES



Dear Diary

(A Diary Entry)

Written By: Shaurya Agarwal, 9
Bombay Scottish High School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 2

Edited By: Anuja Randery, 12
Jasudben M. L. School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

Dear Diary

Written By: Shaurya Agarwal

Mumbai

October 24, 2019

Dear Diary,

Today was the most memorable day of my Diwali vacation. I went to the action-packed amusement park, Imagica!

It was finally the Saturday I had been waiting for so long. Although I had barely slept out of the excitement of what the day was sure to promise, I woke up with a wide grin on my face. I got dressed at the drop of a hat; every second spent dressing was a second less spent on a ride. I was ready in no time and had departed for Imagica.

I spotted my friends waiting for me at the ticket counter with their parents and waved excitedly. And then my gaze fell upon the park. My jaw dropped. It was as vast as an airport and as clean as a whistle. I felt like a tiny fish swimming in an ocean of people as I made my way inside, clutching a ticket my friend had handed me. The amusement park had an innumerable amount of rides and several stalls that served food. The smell that wafted from the stalls made me certain that the food was genuinely lip-smacking. Sonorous music from the carnival games resonated throughout the park that was adorned with vibrant, multi-hued lights. Then realisation struck me like a bolt of lightning: I could do anything as I pleased in this enchanting place! Suddenly, I felt as free as a bee buzzing through an endless open garden - an open garden with a hundred different types of nectar-bearing flowers! It was a tough decision to choose which ride to sit on first. Each of them seemed to be more fun than the other. I challenged my companions to sit on one of the scariest-looking ones. With butterflies in our stomachs, we went on it and turned as pale as ghosts! The ride was lightning-fast, but it did not deter us,

Dear Diary

Written By: Shaurya Agarwal

and we had a whale of a time experiencing a dozen other rides. One of my friends was as scared as a mouse. He only sat on rides that moved at a snail's pace, missing the thrills the rest of us had.

After a while, we were famished. Our mouths drooled like waterfalls at the sight of the scrumptious snacks, which we ate to our hearts' content. It was evening by the time we were done, and there was a soft orange glow emanating from the Sun into the sky.

No amount of coaxing and cajoling could convince our parents to let us enjoy the park any longer since it was getting late. I had to bid my comrades goodbye, and with heavy hearts, we went home. We are all eager beavers to revisit Imagica!

It has been a tiring, albeit exciting day, and I want to hit the hay.

Goodbye, dear Diary! I'll see you tomorrow!

CLASSCAPADES



My Friend Oliver

(An Imaginative Recount)

Written By: Krishiv Pandya, 10

Billabong High International School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 2

Edited By: Navya Mayekar, 16

St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
(Alumnus: Podar International School, Mumbai)
Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

My Friend Oliver

Written By: Krishiv Pandya

A few days after my sixth birthday, I was in the park, playing with my friends, when I spotted a light in the bushes that was as bright as the Sun. I didn't know what it was. So, I went closer and realised that it was a space-pod. I was astonished, but I quickly opened it and saw an alien flumped on a chair inside. I could barely believe my eyes. The alien came out of the pod and walked towards me. I was filled with mixed feelings. I was happy, surprised and scared all at once. It started talking to me in a language that was unfamiliar to me. But then it touched my hand, and at once, I understood what he was saying. That was the day when I met my best friend. He was polite enough to introduce himself and revealed that his name was Oliver.

Oliver was short with six crimson red eyes. He had four fingers on each of his four upper limbs and three toes on each of his two legs. But his strange appearance was a stark contrast to his affable personality.

In next to no time, we were best friends. We played in the park together after school every day. We played video games, watched television, and played every board game we came across. Not to forget the pillow fights and nerf battles where Oliver had an advantage due to his four hands. We had a frolicsome time. We would hide behind the trees in the park and played pranks on my friends.

On Halloween, we made the most stunning costumes for both of us. I donned the alien attire, and he posed as a human. We went treat-or-treating, and no one noticed that he was an alien. That night, we collected a truckload of candies and ate them all like gluttons. In the morning, Oliver was sound, but I had a terrible stomachache. Oliver had come to the rescue again. He used his magic powers to ease my pain.

My Friend Oliver

Written By: Krishiv Pandya

Since Oliver was new to our planet, I told him everything I had learnt about Earth, whereas he told me many things about his planet. We spent an hour before bedtime regaling each other about our respective planets. He was so smart that he often helped me do my homework as well. On my seventh birthday, Oliver made a magical go-cart for me. I rode in it for hours on end. Oliver and I had become more like siblings.

The day after my seventh birthday, I introduced Oliver to my friend Ryan. I said, "Ryan, meet my friend, Oliver". Ryan looked at me quizzically and asked, "Oliver? Who Oliver? Where's Oliver?" I was perplexed, so I looked around and saw that Oliver was right beside me. I ran home with Oliver in tow. When we reached home, I asked my mom if she saw anybody. She seemed equally puzzled and asked me whether I was okay. I realised that nobody but I could see Oliver! I was thunderstruck. Was Oliver just a figment of my imagination?

CLASSCAPADES





A Trip to History

(An Imaginative Historical Fiction Story)

Written By: Vivaan Talreja, 12
Podar International School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

Edited By: Navya Mayekar, 16
St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
(Alumnus: Podar International School, Mumbai)
Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

A Trip to History

Written By: Vivaan Talreja

I was busy playing with my dad when he threw the ball raucously on the wall. Unfortunately, when I went to retrieve the ball, I bumped my head against the wall with a loud thud. Blood started oozing from my head profusely. The sight triggered my haemophobia, and things turned blurry. I vaguely remember that the wall was sucking me. In no time, I poured like gushing water out of another wall! As I looked at the strange surroundings, my heart seemed to have left my chest to pound in my mouth! Then, I lost consciousness.

After a while, I regained consciousness and had blurry vision. Slowly and steadily, I craned my neck to figure out where exactly I was. Out of the blue, my eyes caught sight of a gigantic board saying, "The Arabian Sea Coast 1930." I rubbed my eyes. Was I imagining it? Why does this board read 1930? A thousand questions flooded my mind. One conspicuous thing was that I had travelled back in time. Had I landed in the pre-independence times that I had learned about in my History lessons at school? Was I about to meet great national heroes and freedom fighters in person?

I decided to saunter for a while. Before I could leave, I kept a large red leaf near the wall to find my way back and return to my time. My eyes caught sight of some people nearby; I went towards them to take a closer look! Goodness Gracious! It was Gandhiji, followed by Pyarelal Nayyar, Chhaganlal Naththubhai Joshi and many more people in a rally. I could hardly believe my eyes. They were carrying large sacks filled with some white material. I picked up some of the white stuff and found that it was salt, and it dawned upon me that I was witnessing the historic Salt March in the flesh. I put some of the salt in my pocket and found my cell phone. I pulled it out at once and took dozens of pictures, including a few selfies to show my parents. The photos would also corroborate my claim of having travelled through time.

A Trip to History

Written By: Vivaan Talreja

Suddenly, I heard clonking footsteps approaching us. It was a troop of British soldiers whose leader bellowed, "Soldiers arrest all of them," in a thick British accent. They had arrived to foil Gandhiji's plan. Every person participating in the Salt March was arrested. The suffering and agony of the protestors were palpable. I could now understand the miserable circumstances that my people suffered before independence. I could hear the shrieks of all my compatriots around me. But I had to escape. If I were to be arrested, my parents would have been on tenterhooks by my sudden disappearance.

Somehow, I managed to escape the scene and found my way back to the spot where I had left the red leaf. I returned to the present but not without a part of history etched in my mind forever.

CLASSCAPADES



Goco Victorious

(A Recount from an Animal's Perspective)

Written By: Ananya Sampat, 12
Jasudben M. L. School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Level 5

Edited By: Shuchi Jadhav, 17
Narsee Monjee College of Commerce and Economics, Mumbai
Alumnus: Lilavatibai Podar Senior Secondary School, Mumbai
Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

Coco Victorious

Written By: Ananya Sampat

I sniffed the door again for the umpteenth time. Nope, no luck yet. I flopped down on the doormat. It was very uncomfortable, but in a while, my bottom got accustomed to it. I tried to look for a comfortable posture but just couldn't sit still. My restlessness got the better of me, and I started pacing around again. Kelly was off again. She often went on her work trips. She had left a long while ago and hadn't returned yet. I love her from the bottom of my heart, but she manages to get my goat when she does such things.

I reminisced the old heydays when it would be just Kelly and me. People came to visit, but Kelly didn't leave. We went for walks together, basking in each other's undivided attention and company. 'We' meant 'just Kelly and me'. Then, those halcyon days came to a screeching halt, as all good things eventually do, when Kelly got this awful thing that humans call a 'job', and she got carried away. She began going on work trips which were very important to her. Despite her long absences, our love for each other never dwindled. We still managed to go for occasional walks.

Despite all of this, I will forever be indebted to Kelly for saving me from the fate that my previous owner had left me to. A boy had bought me but wasn't pleased to see me for what I was. The vile boy left me on the street to whimper and shake like a leaf caught in a tornado until Kelly, a dog lover, scooped me up into her warm and protective arms and took me to her home. I was just a baby husky then and didn't occupy as much space as I do now. Kelly had to move out of her parents' flat because of my growing size. Her job paid her well, and we moved into a larger flat. She could afford to pay a lady to take care of me whenever she had to go on one of her trips.

Coco Victorious

Written By: Ananya Sampat

Back to the present – three days had passed, but Kelly hadn't returned. While I awaited her return, I had plotted a strategy to desist her from going on another of those wretched trips. Finally, she was back, and I leapt into her arms, taking in her familiar scent, and started licking her face as she scratched the fur around my neck. I sat with her as she unpacked, and I sat with her as she ate. I sat with her as she read her book. I sat with her as she cleaned up.

After a few blissful days, she got a call informing her about her next work trip. That was my chance. I stood near her as she took out her suitcase. She opened it, and I lightly leapt into it and sat there adamantly. Kelly smiled gently and said, "I have to go, Coco." I didn't budge; I stood right there and looked her in the eye, determined. "Coco, please," she said, her voice dripping with dismay. I stared at her with utmost confidence. She sighed and picked up her phone. She walked away into the kitchen, and I followed her, but she shut the glass door behind her. I pawed at the door as I heard her murmuring into her phone. Once the call ended, she grinned at me and said, "I'm not going!"





The War

(An Abstract Description)

Written By: Navya Mayekar, 16
St. Xavier's College, Mumbai
(Alumnus: Podar International School, Mumbai)
Creative Writing - Advanced Level 2

The War

Written By: Navya Mayekar

Every golden ray of the Sun shines light onto new particles, every second brings new opportunities, and every day brings a new war. The silence was broken. Dawn was welcomed unlike any other, and it wasn't the trite ochre; it was the crimson of blood. Destruction of our insecurities, pain and sufferings befell upon this universe.

Panic soon seemed to overtake my bones, overpowering every neurone in my body, controlling my reflexes. It caused me to fall to my knees and curl into the ground for warmth, for suddenly, the blazing Sun made me shudder in my skin. I crippled to the might of anxiety coursing through my veins.

The usually buzzing streets of Spain, brimming over with beaming children and hard-working artisans, were deserted today— its winding cobblestone streets and short brick buildings sank into the silence. Even the hues of the vibrant flowers seemed to vanish, fade into the dusty roads, and dissipate from my memory. I stared down at my own familiar hands, which were then shivering menacingly, unable to stand the earth-shattering power pushing me into the bedrock.

Anxiety soon transformed into unendurable pain. Every bone in my body seemed to shatter, crushed down to a fine powder and my spine reduced to a mere column of pebbles. I was incapable of holding myself up, overwhelmed by the agony — each movement gnawed and ripped at my feeble muscles — as a sharp, piercing pain shot down my spine, I collapsed onto the cool ground. A warm bead of water trickled down the side of my cheek, and its acid touch burned my skin. I was powerless.

Fear took control of my senses. Deafening footsteps that marched the empty streets made the ground shake under their might. Sounds of indecipherable chatter filled the vacuum. Hordes had gathered. Trembling, I raised my head.

The War

Written By: Navya Mayekar

The remains of my spine felt like they had been whittled hollow and filled with particles of ice. Roars of lingering anguish rustled through the air. The enraged sky turned a deeper red, fitting the atmosphere to a T. I felt sick with trepidation. My fragility certainly didn't work in my favour. Adrenaline flowed through my blood, compelling me to stand up and face my demons — the judgement and misogyny that needed to be slain, that stared down at me with disgust, and yet my body didn't budge. I remained pinned to the ground.

My un-co-operative body soon exasperated me. All hope seemed to have drained out of every cell of my body. Severe desire to be extricated of the agony took hold of my thoughts. Throngs of determined people stomped, placards and banners inscribed with deep-seated desires held up high, forcing me to my feet. The anguish vanished, replaced by insurmountable perseverance. I stood alongside the frontier of adamant men and women, who stood tall against the dictated wrongs — overwhelmed by the aura of relentlessness, I was coerced into marching for the common goal.

Like every kingdom that had existed and fallen, with new kings each leading a new era, it was time that the malevolent throne is overthrown. It was our turn to take over the throne, the throne that we all envisioned, the throne of the millennial. The corrupt entity, seated on the vile throne that held the reigns of the world, asserted dominance no longer. We took up the challenge, hand-in-hand, creating a chain that would chain down all expressions that urged against freedom.

Every step we took together marked the conquering of the coveted seat made foul by the evil forces of greed and dishonour. We were getting closer to our aim. Power ran through all our veins. Our unity led to the destruction – the destruction of our insecurities, pain and suffering. A revolt had broken havoc.

The War

Written By: Navya Mayekar

The 'wrongs' instilled in our minds soon dissipated. The urge to follow our hearts was overwhelming. It all seemed right — the right to speak up, the right to be ourselves, the right to be free. A war against the misbeliefs that we had fabricated. A war against ourselves.

Fear controlled my thoughts no longer. The next crimson Sun, I basked in the terror, the panic soothed my nerves, and with that calm, I welcomed the new war.



COPYRIGHT

This free downloadable publication is intended for personal reading only.

All the content, including text and images, contained herein are copyrighted assets of Classcapades.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in part or whole in written or digital format without the prior written permission of Classcapades management.

Classcapades hereby notifies you that you must not share, transfer, email, distribute or use this file for any commercial or non-commercial purpose without the prior written permission of Classcapades management.

Where such permission has been granted in writing, both, Classcapades and the contributing authors must be duly credited.

Strict legal action will be taken against anyone violating the above.

For any further clarification:

CONTACT:

Classcapades

at

info@classcapades.com

+91-8369843603

Copyright © 2021 Classcapades