

My sister

My sister's name is Fathima Hanoona. She is three years old. She is very nice and good.

When I go to study, she helps me. She likes to draw pictures and play with me. I love her very much.

**Amrina Mahroof
(Grade 5)
K/ Lukmaniya M.V.,
Pangollamada**



My school

My school is Atamie International School. It is situated in Wattala. It's a big school. It is a mixed school. There are sixty teachers in my school. There are about a thousand children in my school.

My school founder is Mr. Azard Uduman. My Principal is Mrs. Yvonne Dias. There is a computer room, science lab and a bookshop in school.

We celebrate lots of festivals like Christmas, Deepavali, Ramazan and the Sinhala and Tamil New Year, in school. There are two branches of our school. They are in Ragama and Minuwangoda. I love my school very much.

**Shepherd Brizan
(8 years)
Atamie International
School, Wattala**

The elephant



The elephant is a big animal. It has four legs. It is black in colour. It has a trunk. It eats leaves.

**F.A.M. Shukri
(Grade 2)
Alawatugoda Junior
School**

My self

My name is Hasanga Chalani de Silva. I am five years

old. My father's name is Maniska de Silva. My mother's name is Indrani Liyanaarachchi. I live in Polgasowita. I am studying at Sisura Pre School.



**Hasanga de Silva
(5 years)
Sisura Pre-School**

A trip to Aluthgama

My father, mother, brother and I went to Aluthgama last month. It was night when we went there. We stayed at Hotel Seasands, Bentota. We went to the hotel by a motorboat on the river. We took a room and stayed there. There were a lot of cartoons on the TV, and we

watched them.

The next day, we went to see the crocodiles. A man gave a small crocodile to our hands, but I didn't take it to my hand. I just touched it. It was like rubber. After looking at the crocodiles, we went for a swim in the pool. We took our lunch. My mother gave

me a big doll.

Afterwards we started to go home. When we came home it was night and I went straight to bed.

It was a happy trip.

**Udani Navaratne
(8 years)
Hillwood College,
Kandy**

A pen talks

I'm a pen. I was born in Sweden. I am made by one of the best pen producers in Sweden. This company is one of the most famous for pens. Their pens are used all over the world. They exported me, along with my other friends, to a country called Sri Lanka. Then the merchant who bought me, sold me to an agent. The agent sold me to a wholesaler and he to a retail trader.

I lived in a shop for a few days. A customer came to the shop one day and bought me. This customer was an author who used me to write his books. He started to write a new book with me. He took two years to complete that book. At the end of the book, I couldn't live anymore. There were over 300 pages. The book was about his early life.

He published the book and it became so famous in the country. I was very happy to be used to write such a book.

**Kavish Prasanjana, (11 years)
OKI International School, Wattala**

The beauty of the village



**Subodha Kanchanamali (12 years)
H/ Mahanaga N.S.,
Angunukolapelessa**

Town



**Yoonus Zuhri (6 years)
Universe International School,
Wellampitiya**

My garden



**Jennelle Martinstyne (6 years)
Gateway International College, Kandy**

Note

Please remember that articles, poems and paintings sent, will not be published unless they are certified as your own work by a parent or teacher. Articles should not exceed 200 words.

My Punchi

My Punchi is my maternal aunty. She lives in Switzerland. She is married to a Swiss national. His name is Joel Pieorroz. She has Swiss citizenship.

Last year they came to Sri Lanka. They stayed with us for one month. We all went on a trip. We stayed for two days, where my grandmother lives in Badulla. We visited Dunhinda Falls and Adisham Bungalow. We went to see the Veddhas in Mahiyangana. We enjoyed a

lot with them. After a week we returned home.

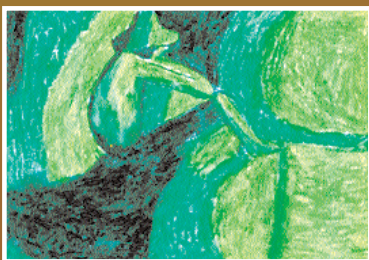
After my Punchi's vacation they went back to Switzerland.

They will come again the coming December, and we plan to make another trip with them.

God bless my Punchi and Uncle!

**Sasadhara
Wickramarathne
(13 years)
St. Mary's Convent,
Matara**

Fisherman



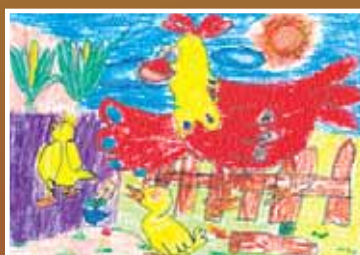
Jayson Martinstyne (11 years)
Gateway International College,
Kandy

My house



Pullind Thenura
(5 years)
OKI International
School

Little red hen



Chamod Kodithuwakku (Grade 3)
Sirimavo Bandaranyaka M.P.S.,
Matale

The life of a medical student

The life of a medical student is hard but interesting. A medical student has to go on ward rounds with the professor and study about patients. He or she has to answer the various questions asked by the professor. Sometimes the professor might get angry and scold them.

A medical student has to draw diagrams of the various organs of the human body. He or she has to know about all the treatments very well. A medical student has to read a large number of books. He or she has to study for long hours daily. A great dedication is needed to become a doctor.

**Thameera
Ranasinghe
(13 years)
Kuli/ Assedduma
Subharathie
Vidyalaya**

A Poem for the Week

Create your own little poem and send it in to us. This competition is open to age groups from 4 – 14 years. The poems will be judged according to the age of the competitor.

Please remember that the poems you send should be your own original composition and not copied from anyone or anywhere. Entries should be in your own handwriting and clearly certified as your own creation by a teacher or parent.

**Word limit: 100 words
Please write 'A POEM FOR THE WEEK' at the top of your entry. The winner will receive a book voucher for Rs. 500.**

The Land of Lets Pretend

Mummy tucks me in bed at night,
And switches on my little blue light.
I have many teddy bears surrounding my bed,
But I always sleep with Princess-red.

As I close my eyes I can see,
A whole new world ahead of me.
Where lollipops 'grow' on brown toffee roads,
And chocolates are stuck onto big Bill Boards.

Each blade of grass has a honeydew fruit drop,
Worms and frogs eat them non-stop!
Flowers grow on black toadstools,
Or near colourful bubblegum pools!

I'd love to live forever, in this strange dreamland,
I'm sure you would crave to visit.
So when Mummy tucks you in bed at night,
Fly to the LAND-OF-LET'S-
PRETEND!

**Ravini Abeywickrama
(Grade 8)
Stafford International
School**