

## Myself

I am Oshadhee Dias. I go to Sri Bodhi Vidyalaya. I am in Grade 1A. I am five years old. My brother is Ravindu Dias.



**Oshadhee Dias**  
(5 years)  
**Sri Bodhi Vidyalaya,**  
**Gampaha**

## I am a scarecrow!

Lonely, lonely, lonely,  
Really I am lonely,  
Only the paddyfield,  
And only me.

Wearing old clothes,  
Wearing a funny hat,  
Wearing old gloves,  
I have enough now.

Having a funny appearance,  
Having an ugly appearance,  
Having no friends,  
What is this life?

I was born on this hill.  
I will decay on this hill.  
I'm standing with this old stick,  
Please God! Make me a man!

**Nilmi Senarath**  
(Grade 8)  
**C.W.W. Kannangara**  
**M.M.V., Matugama**

## My family

There are seven members in my family. They are my parents, two brothers, two sisters and myself.

My father is a businessman and my mother is a housewife. My brothers help my father at the shop. My sisters and I go to school. My mother cooks tasty food for my whole family and my father earns money for us. We live happily and I love my family.

**Mohammad Rashid (10 years)**  
**Al-Barakha International**  
**School, Bandarawela**



## My penpal

My penpal is Rosemary Hands. I call her Rosie. She is half English from her dad's side. She is an Australian. Her hobbies are Ballet dancing, playing the piano, swimming and reading. She is my age. Her favourite subjects are Woodwork, Art, Science and History. But Maths and Geography are her worst subjects.

She has a brother and a sister named Peter and Amy. Her dad, David is a Construction Manager and her mum Jan is a Teacher's Aide. Whenever she or I get any problem or sadness, we get advice from each other. Also we stay friendly and never feel afraid to swap secrets. I think I'm really lucky to have a friend like Rosie.

**Hansi Gamaethige (13 years)**  
**Neboda**

## Electricity

More than 200 years ago, an American named Benjamin Franklin wanted to find out whether lightning was electricity.

He tied a key to the string of a kite. During a thunderstorm, he sent the kite high up into the sky. When lightning flashed, electricity travelled down the wet string to the key. The electricity caused the key to spark. It was a very dangerous experiment and Franklin could have been killed. From this experiment, he found out that lightning was electricity.

The electric light bulb was invented about 100 years ago, by an American, named Thomas Edison. The bulbs that Edison made at the beginning could only light up for a short time because the filament burnt out easily. He needed a filament that could light for many hours without burning out. He tried out thousands of materials. He even used hair from his friend's beard! He never gave up trying.

Finally he used a carbon filament in a bulb in which the air had been removed. The bulb lighted for 40 hours. At last he had succeeded!

Nowadays, the filament of a bulb is made of tungsten. A tungsten filament can light up, for thousands of hours.

**Menaka Fernando (13 years)**  
**Vision International School, Kandy**

## Mermaid

Little Mermaid's name is Ariel. She has lots of friends. She lives under the sea.



**Afrah Ousmand (5 years)**  
**Lyceum International School, Wattala**

## Fun fair



**Marion Ekanayake (6 years)**  
**Mallyadeva Boys' College, Kurunegala**

## A double-decker bus



**Ashwin Fernando (4 years)**  
**Lyceum International School, Kandana**

## 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.

## Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens' family lived in England. His family was very poor. His father was a clerk in an office and he spent, more than he earned. He asked for loans from everybody. For that reason, he went to prison. Charles started working in a factory when he was eleven years old, for ten hours a day. He had to walk ten miles to reach the factory. His work was washing bottles. He earned 30 pounds per week. He hated his job.

Then he worked for a newspaper and soon he became a good journalist. He visited law courts and the House of Parliament. He never forgot his experiences. He wrote short stories for magazines. They were funny descriptions of people he met.

Soon he became a good novelist too. He wrote books like 'David Copperfield' and 'Oliver Twist.' He started travelling to many countries like, America, Italy and Switzerland.

Dickens' character was full of colour and life. He was one of the greatest English novelists. He had ten children, but did not have a happy life. He was successful in his work, but not at home. His wife left him. But, he never stopped his travelling or his writing. He was born in 1812 and he died in 1870, when he was just 58.

**Miska Miswar**  
(Grade 8)

**Naleem Hajiar Ladies'**  
**College, Beruwala**

Village



**Rajitha Mudannayaka (10 years)**  
Colombo International School, Kandy

Scenery



**Asna Razak (11 years)**  
Baddiudin Mahmud Girls' College, Kandy

New Year party



**Rasoja, Haslthya, Himasha, Dinithi, Shavindya (Grade 4)**  
Sri Lanka International School, Riyadh

Nature



**Janith, Joel, Shinal, Pasindu, Akash, Chamidu (Grade 4)**  
Sri Lanka International School, Riyadh

## 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 words on a painting

I know I can't draw,  
But there is this image in my head;  
A painting.  
A painting of:  
Vividly mixed colours,  
A lingering design.  
The enthusiasm of an artist.

I'm not an artist;  
Even attempting to draw,  
This perfect picture,  
Will flay it;  
With odd colours,  
With messy work and  
Spilled paint.

But I can write;  
So without a brush, I use a pen.  
Without paint, I use words.  
As I brush my way;  
Across the paper;  
Words spill, and flow and ebb...  
But they don't mess.

These words print into shape,  
Colour my picture,  
And make it; perfect.

**Sachintha Gunaratne**  
(14 years)  
Lyceum International,  
Nugegoda