Bagahy Gajadheera.

J. Randhula Gajadheera (8 years) Vidura College

My trip to Bentota

It was a beautiful Friday. I got up at 6.30 a.m. We packed our bags and left for Bentota. We staved at Bentota Beach Hotel. In the evening we went to the beach. We played on the

beach and made sand castles. We

the pool too. We spent two days

went to wade in the sea. We went to

there. I enjoyed the trip very much.

Sarindri De Silva (7 years) Musaeus College

A happy day in my life

My first day in school was a happy day in my life. I got up early morning, I saw my mother preparing milk rice. My sister was laying the table for the morning meal. I was very excited. My father brushed my teeth and washed me. My mother gave me a new uniform. Then my mother and father fed me milk rice.

I went to Belvoir College International. My first teacher was Mrs. Suracthne. The principal Mrs. Weerasekera, called my name, and wished me Good Luck.

I ate biscuits and sweets during the interval. And I played with my friends. My mother came to pick me at 11.45 a.m. I went home happily. That was the happiest day in my life.

> Nagusaan Balachanthiran **Belvoir College International**

My pet is a mother now

My pet whom I wrote about in this paper, last year, is a mother of three kittens now. They are white, black & white and brown & white in colour. They have still not opened their eyes properly.

Soon they will be playful kittens and running around. I want to keep all of them but my parents say "no" because it will be a big cat family and will be difficult to



But since I'm verv fond of them, we all

agreed to keep one, and that's the brown & white one. The other two will be given to my friends.

Muminah Hakeem (8 years) St. Paul's Milagiriya

An autobiography of a pair of shoes

Hi, I'm known as DSI Super Sport. I'm made of rubber. Now I'm in a box. Let me tell you a story about

A long time ago, I was rubber. My mom gave birth to me with the help of the workers naughty feet. After in a rubber estate.

I was separated from my parents and brought to strange factory named DSI. There they added new body parts to me, like plastic, laces, chemicals and others. I looked very smart after being modified.

I was taken to a showroom, called DSI. There I met my brothers and sisters, they were also modified but am, in a box, all alone. smaller in size.

One day, a young boy came to the show-

room and bought me. I was worn by him. He promised to take great care of me.

But it was only for

the first few months. After that, he ran over mud and other rubbish with me, under his that, I had to undergo serious surgery but this time, it wasn't by a doctor. This surgery was performed by a cobbler. I couldn't rest, even for a day as I was torn again, the week after I underwent the surgery. Even though I was taken to the cobbler, he gave up on me.

My owner locked me in a box and left me in his garage. So here I

Russel Valentine (14 years) St. Joseph's College

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 Immortal **Friends**

Oh! Mighty Sun You are really great! You are a free light bulb! You are a free heater! You come in very handy You are a great boon to us!

Oh! Lovely Moon You look so gorgeous at night Oh! Bright stars, the friends of the moon Would you make me a friend of you Soon! Soon! Soon!

Oh! Fluffy clouds I would really love to sleep on you Oh! Sun, moon, stars and clouds You all make our universe unique.

> Akash Ameer (10 years) Zahira College

My house

I live in a small house. It is made of bricks and tiles. There are only two bedrooms in my house. The kitchen and the bathroom are very small. The hall is also not very big. My house is however big enough for our family of seven members.

There is some land around the house. It is covered with green grass. At the back of the house, there are some flowers and plants. All these things make my small house look beautiful.

I like my house very much indeed, though it is not a big house.

> M. J. Muhammath (12 years)**Meelad Muslim** Vidyalaya

With

<mark>(ids in Colour together with Reeves Art Competi</mark> s conducted monthly. A topic is given for each month. Three winners from three age groups will be selected. Winners will be announced on the second **Sunday of each month and all winners will receive** an attractive aift pack from Reeves.

Please note that all paintings should be certified by a teacher or parent, refer page 8 for further details

All paintings should be on A4 size paper Please write Reeves Art Competition at the back of your entry, together with your name, date of birth, address, telephone no., and school

Closing Date: November 30, 2007



Kids in colour with Reeves Art Cor , Hunupitiya Cross Road 2O Box 1136 Colombo

Winners of Reeves Art Competition please contact us in order to collect your prizes!



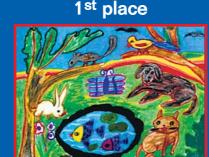
Winners - October - Favourite pets

2nd place

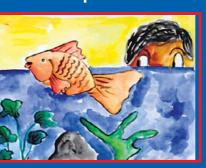
2nd place



7 - 10 years



11 - 14 years 1st place





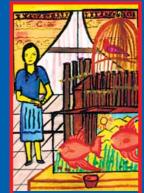
2nd place





Acushla Mirihana odist College, Colombo

3rd place



Avishi Perera St. Bridget's Convent, Colombo

Reeves Art Competition – Age Groups

The age groups for this competition are as follows: 4 - 6 years, 7 - 10 years and 11 - 14 years. Winners please contact us on 2331276/2479337 and arrange to collect your prizes.

A Poem for the We

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.

Aliens

Oh! How curious creatures aliens are, They are so vicious, Yes they are, They have heads shaped like goblets, They have eyes large as tennis balls

And according to me, They have bodies small as pillows!

You may say that an alien is But they are so cunning, Yes they are, They would gobble your television, They would gobble your bed, And according to me, They'll gobble up you whole, Even though they are small!

And I warn you, That probably one day, There'll be a sly alien, Staring at you Willing to gobble you!

Roshion Ishaque (11 years) Lyceum International School, Wattala.



