

The Perahera

I went to see the perahera with my father and mother



and my brother. First came the dancers with long ropes. Then we saw more dancers carrying the fire-wheels. They turned the wheels. It was very beautiful. Then we saw the elephants. The elephants had costumes. Some had green, some had blue, some had red and some had yellow costumes. Then we saw drummers and dancers with swords. One big elephant was carrying a beautiful lantern with lots of lights. I loved the perahera.

Savindri Fernando
(Grade 1)
Good Shepherd Convent,
Kandy

How to stay healthy

A healthy life is a dream everyone has. People do many things to lead a healthy life. Exercising and eating nutritious foods are just two of them.

Many people are overweight. There are many reasons for being fat. It could be the effect of ones hormones or illness. Those who are overweight do many things to have a fit and healthy body, such as dieting and exercising. Eating too much food is not good for those who

have fat bodies. Eating too much sweet food is not good because more sugar could mean more illness, leading to fatness too.

So instead of sweets, eat more fruits. These are some of the ways to lead a healthy life. Let us maintain a healthy body, to lead an active life.

Chalani Gallage
(13 years)
Asseduma Subharathi
Vidyalaya,
Kuliyapitiya

World War 1

Sorrow the ANZAC's
Hungry for home,
Petrified men,
Terrified for misery and death,
Depressed casualties,
Will they return?

Nethmi
Karunanayake
(10 years)
Westbrook School,
New Zealand

My house

This is my house, Small and cute.



Two bedrooms,
Within toilet.
A kitchen
A hall
A dining room
All these in my house.
I love my house.

Milani Yogeswaran
(Grade 3)
Badulla Tamil
Girls' M.V.

The Eiffel Tower

Eiffel Tower,
The tallest tower in Paris, France.

Built in 1889,
Gustave Eiffel designed,
10,000 tonnes weight,
Having 1665 steps,
Dark yellow coloured,
The world famous,
Wonderful tower 'Eiffel.'



Gathmini Vithanage
(Grade 5)
Ceylinco Sussex
College, Galle

Myself

My name is Fathima Nafla Faizal. I am a student. I go to Amina Girls' National School, Matale. My class is Grade 1A.

My father's name is M.I.M. Faizal. My mother's name is Nazeema Begum.

My hobby is reading story books. I hope to become a teacher.

Nafla Faizal (Grade 1)
Amina Girls' N.S.,
Matale

Butterfly



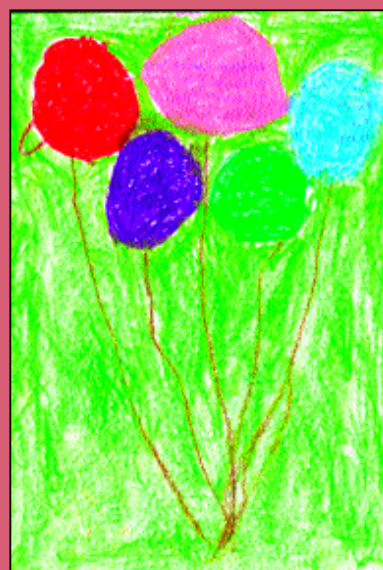
G. Vikash (Play group)
Gateway College, Kandy

We like to go by lorry



Hiruni Vidanapathirana (Grade 2)
Ceylinco Sussex College, Kuliyapitiya

Balloons



Shaima Faizal (4 years)
Madulkale

Teacher's Day

I love my teacher
Who always preaches
She is the star
Who takes me far.

The guidance she gives
Can't be forgotten in
our lives
To our success high
She struggles alive.

Will she remain in me
For I adore thee
May the almighty God
Bless you my teacher Lord
On this Teacher's Day.

Shazna Salim
(Grade 10)
Good Shepherd
Convent,
Nuwara Eliya

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.

An autobiography of a cricket bat

I have just been placed in a round thing. They call it a basket. My old friends too are staying here with me. It is very dark.

Many, many years ago, I was a part of a sturdy teak tree. Some nasty men came and cut me down and took me to a place called a factory. They cut me into triangular

portions. They painted me with a colour called light brown. Then they left me in the sunshine to dry.

When they were finished, I was beautiful and handsome. On my head was a rubber which made me even more beautiful. Afterwards, I was taken to a shop. In it I stayed only for two days.

A boy bought me and took me to his home. His name was Banuka. He kept me clean and handsome. He didn't let anybody break me. But a naughty boy from next door came and broke me.

When Banuka came home he saw me and was sad. Because he could not use me any more. He sadly took me to a room

called an attic and left me there in a basket. There was my old best friend Mike in the corner.

We really don't know what is going to happen to us next.

**Bhanuka
Kumara
(11 years)
Republican
International
School,
Nuwara Eliya**



A big fish

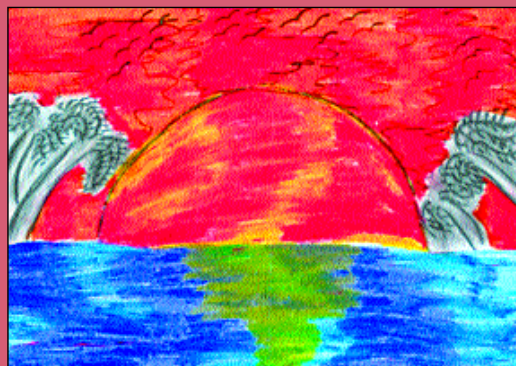
**Dinithi
Rajapakse
(Grade 3)
Hillwood
College,
Kandy**

King of Egypt



**M. Lubnaa
(Grade 6)
Gampola
International
School**

Sunset



**Diany Navody (10 years)
Lyceum International School,
Gampaha**

My father

My father's name is Kanchana. He is an engineer. He loves us. He has a big belly.



**Buddhi Jayasekera
(7 years)
Rahula College, Matara**

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.**

Pig

I am a big fat pig,
Who likes to dig.
I always grunt and squeal,
And always gobble up my meal.

My wife is a big sow,
Who always ties a big bow.
She'll roll in the mud and play,
But that's only in the month of May.

I have a mischievous daughter,
Who's always afraid of slaughter.
She is brown as she always plays in mud,
And she always brings home a rose bud.

I have two naughty sons,
Who only eat buns,
They have two toys,
Which look exactly like boys.

**Enoch Justin
(12 years)
C.P.M. Faith School,
Wattala**