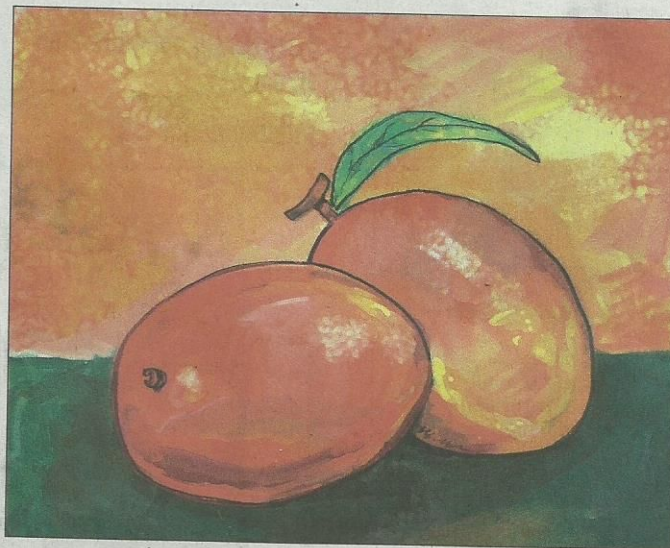


THE KING OF FRUIT

I love mango fruit,
I drink its shake and juice!
I like its colour bright yellow,
And we all love it, as it is our
fellow.
For all kids, young people and
olds.
Mango remains best fruit and
everyone's gold!
It is your wish,

How will you taste this royal
delight!
As there are numerous way to eat
this summer fruit.
Cut it into the pieces
Or would make the different
juices!
IDHIKA THAKRAN
Class 3, DAV Public School,
Sector 7, Rohini



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your page



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artzone

HERE ARE THE BEST ENTRIES THIS WEEK



1 MANSI PATIL
Class 9, Ryan International School, Greater Noida



2 CHARVI PAHUJA
Class 8, St Anthony's Secondary School, Faridabad



3 ABHISHEK GUPTA
Class 6, Somerville School, Greater Noida

Consolation Prizes



DIPIKA PATEL, Class 4, Happy Home Public School



RUDRAKSH RAJPUT
Class 5, ASN School, Mayur Vihar

versestation

ROAD SAFETY

To avoid the unpleasant clashes on roads, Civilians and all, please follow instruction on boards. Following of rules, provides peaceful retreats on roads, Avoid pasting bills on the instruction boards. Understand exactly one thing, to stop on red light, "Do not drink and drive", experience

this will give you fright. Get the vehicle timely serviced with the brakes perfectly tight, Park in the parking lot, never believe solution is fight. On the road do not haste, always try to have time plentiful, On the road basis of speech should be lawful.

KATYA ANCHI YADAV
Primary School,



ILLUSTRATIONS: SHANTANU MITRA

THE ECSTATIC SUN

Going beyond the aura of mist
Turning fingers into fist,
All I did was run,
Above me was the ecstatic sun,
Loony, I felt when I reached the meadows,
So, I sat under a tree's shade,
And laid down on those grass,
Fiddling my fingers,
Felt those pretty lofts,
I stayed down for a while,
Plucking petals of azalea,
Colourful and imbecile,
I felt giddy,
Soon there was a downpour within me,
And then a scherzo began to play,
Then I was held by the peacock,
In beautiful rainy season,
Verbenas and daisies, all I could smell,
And the sedge beneath,
Shone, for the waters began to flow,
Even under the ecstatic Sun,
I soon felt like autumn leaves,
That neither faded nor green,
Everything seemed past the gone,
And past every deck form,
Taking nose but giving all,
Waiting for a tragic fall,
Titanic everything seemed,
And then I smiled after a long time,
As I realised my predilection,
For the bright and ecstatic Sun.

SHAILIKA BHATNAGAR
Class 11, Salwan Public School, Gurugram

THE KING OF FRUIT

I love mango fruit,
I drink its shake and juice!
I like its colour bright yellow,
And we all love it, as it is our follow.
For all kids, young people and olds,
Mango remains best fruit and everyone's gold!
It is your wish,

How will you taste this royal delight!
As there are numerous way to eat this summer fruit,
Cut it into the pieces
Or would make the different juices!
IDHIKA THAKRAN
Class 3, DAV Public School, Sector 7, Rohini



And wait...
Then at the end...
Hot air balloon with bright...
also released.

The glory is back.
Enjoying those days...

SALUTE THE MEN IN GREEN AND BLUE

Salute the men in green and blue,
They deserve it all, like munificent individuals do.
They stand at the border all day and all night,
They sweat and combat till the foxes are out of the sight.
They are always there for the people in need,
And above their gallantry,
They are ready and steady for all,
They fight hard for the people and country.
They dress in a formal attire and march,
Around the roads in any weather, favorable or harsh,
They march in the rhythm of a thumping heart,
And with a continuous movement of feet, which follows the drum beat,
Who are these men who dress in green and blue?
From whom we learn camaraderie and grit.
This is the army, who teaches us to be true.

APARNA GOVIL
Class 7, The HDFC School, Gurugram

REMEMBERING

As we grow,
We go new,
Laughing, crying, smiling days go on
Missing happiness in the memories...
Nights pass on,
Shining stars and bright moon has a black sky,
Storing memories from,
These small instances...
And happy days,
Everything goes away,
Now we are young...
Happy, lucky... but traitors all around
Days are same but emotions are all change.
Live the day to the fullest,
Because you are new again,
From the night to the day
Feeling happiness and smiles as if,
I have lived each day,
You were there in present,
With your memories living in past,
Still enjoying those days of past,
Getting a smile on the face,
We think the past,
It's back,
Now we are older... Seeing new generation and our holders,
Playing with kids, enjoying the day,
Happy times, pure souls,
When you've past it's back,
We think the past,
And time when you think,

DIKSHA GANLOT
Class 10, St Cecilia's Public School, Vikaspuri

BUTTERFLY

I have watched you now a full half-hour;
Self-poised upon that yellow flower
And, little butterfly you are indeed I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not from sea
Make motionless and then
What joy awaits you; when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you out again!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. Impression.

HARSHITA
Class 5, Greenway Modern School

BOYCOTT THE CIRCUS AROUND YOU!

Whenever it is silence on the river,
I walk my first step on a different region,
In the forest of pines, I struggle to embrace my dreams,
The woods embracing my real soul,
The real me now emerges,
But, hey the story is not about helping yourself,
Even the Sun empowers the scared Moon,
Kindness is courage, and it is woven in being itself,
And success, my friend, is not guaranteed,
Failures are threads of joyous heart, not lost,
Earth, running throes, somewhat feels a success game.

GRAND TURK

My perfect world, you inspire me to write,
How I love the way you act, help and work,
Invading my mind day and through the night,
Always talking about the great Grand Turk,
Let me compare you to a gracious Turk,
You are more cheerful, caring and charming,
Bliss Sun beats the blazing peaches of June,
And summertime has the substance of farming.

ANSHIKA LOHAN
Class 8, Blue Bells Model School, Gurugram

POINT OF VIEW

You say you are done with life,
There is nothing left to stay alive.
For you, the world betrays the nice,
And locks you out of your own door,
But does nothing else matter for you?
You're someone's reason to smile,
Someone's merriest daydream,
So, are you willing to ruin their lives,
Because you're out of self esteem?
There's a world beyond this one,
Just close your eyes and walk along,
There are all the things you've ever dreamed of,
That world's an extra sparkle.
Guess what?
It's the world that appears grim to you
No, it's not a miracle!
Just change a bit your point of view.

AASHI AGARWAL
Class 10, RDPS, Pitampura

EXPRESS YOURSELF!

Do you love drawing ideas,
painting scenes, dreaming up
and penning them down to express yourself? Well then, the place for you is here. Send in your poems, stories, thoughts, ideas, and creative expressions. We will give them due space on this page. Selected entries shall be featured in print. So let your creative juices flow and write to us at HT PACE, HT Media Ltd, Basement, B-1, Near Sector-15 Metro Station, Sector-2, Noida, District Gautam Budh Nagar, Uttar Pradesh-201303, or email to delhipace98@gmail.com and hindustantimespace@gmail.com

justwriteit

A thoughtful gesture is worth a million gifts

Long time ago, there was a city named the Giant City where many giants lived.
One day, all giants were very...



single. Why don't you sing something for the king on his birthday?
Hearing this, the baby giant got very excited and began getting ready for the party.