

some rain,

some sunshine

cover page illustration by Eesha
designed by Shakthi

some rain,

some sunshine

Collection of poetry, prose and memoirs
by students of grade 9 and 10

Yellow Train School

Page not to be included.

Some rain, some sunshine
Some philosophy, **some nonsense** verse
Some deep, some sombre
Some for laughs, some for keeps
Some by girls, some by boys
Some out of inspiration, some carelessly scribbled
Some shared in class, some silent secrets
Some in **confidence**, some full of doubt
Some you will wonder why, some you will **read again**
Some that rhyme, some no one knows what kind
Some personal, some just goofing around
Some on love, some on war
Some rain, some sunshine.

These were all written **in our class**,
As free style writing, every day.
Strung together for you,
Some rain, some sunshine.

I treasure my children,
Their words, and their work,
Their thoughts, and what lives in their hearts.
Some rain, some sunshine.

Santhya Vikram

Some **rain**, some sunshine- but then that always means a rainbow. Different colours and each **one beautiful**. As an English teacher sharing significant writings and writers with them, I never cease to be surprised by each one' s response to literature.

Sometimes their response is whacky. Filled with giggles and silly comments. But the next minute there is stunning **profundity**, **sensitivity** and depth of thoughts and emotions. I am always taken by surprise. Whether it is a piece of **poetry** on the Partition of India or an essay on who they want to be at 25; a commentary on the dilemmas of war photography or a piece of **what they** would like to co-author with Paro Anand, they have definite opinions.

There are days **when they are** raring to discuss, debate, write and soak up every word in class. And then there are days when they are uninspired and disinterested. Each one takes turns to shine sunnily or **glower under** a cloud.

High school is enriching, thought-provoking and always **colourful**. **And** here in these pages lies a slice of **that** special something for you.

Chinni

blank

“And now here **is my secret**, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what **is essential** is **invisible to the eye.**”

-Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*

It rained that day.

It rained **that** day
when the gloomy clouds engulfed the sky
and **when the** sun was late.

It rained that day
when my friends **and I** played
and wished it would stop raining.

It rained that day
when I got my first art supply
and painted a lovely picture.

But it **didn't** rain today.
Maybe because my friends and I didn't play
or I didn't get my art supply.

It may rain tomorrow.
Perhaps, the clouds are prepared
and **once again** I'll paint a lovely picture.

Since that day,
my words stayed as words.
The sun was never late,
the clouds **were never** gloomy once again.

I waited and waited,
until it rained that day.

-Ilakkiya

Oh those weeds, they grow so wildly

Oh those weeds, they grow so wildly, covering the **patches of** heather on the vast moor. They announce no season in particular, just their presence. With thorns and thistles, and green and brown, they keep growing, covering every inch in an array of matter leaves, **branches and seeds**. They substitute for the heather that slowly withers away. And I prefer their twisted beauty to those of the flowers we grow.

As the sun spills on their **twisted branches**, desperately **trying to leak** through the thick hedge, I think, who are we to call them weeds? What makes us so superior that we grow **our own orderly set** of plants and call the others weeds. To them, we are the weeds. We are the unnecessary. Not them. These plants belong to the wild. They carry and spread its essence. They are the wild itself. The plants **we cultivate** are the strangers. The **foreigners, that switched** loyalty. They are the weeds.

The wild grows wildly.

The weeds grow mildly.

-Iniya

Is there a reason?

Is there **a reason for our** blooming relationship?

Is there a reason for that **cup of coffee**?

Is there a reason for those endless letters?

Is **there a reason**?

Is there a reason for that **little present**?

Is there a reason for your fake smile?

Is **there a reason** for that undefined feeling?

Is there a reason?

Is there a reason for that parting word?

Is there a reason for **that silent tear**?

Is there a reason for my broken heart?

Is **there a reason**?

-Sibiya

The 59th of July

Today was March, the 59th of July,
My day had just started. I wish pigs could fly.

My morning was great; I cried a lot.
It wasn't because me and my best friend fought.

The sun had risen and it was getting dark,
so I thought I'd go take a plane ride to the park.

The weather was chilly; I felt real warm.

I felt the hottest when began the storm.

I stepped off the flight and then we took off.
My health was great though I had a bad cough.

I decided to take my cat on a walk.

She really enjoyed it and we had a great talk.

The day was ending so we turned back home.

Well apparently this is the end of the poem.

-Lakshmi

I Open my Wardrobe

I open my wardrobe and I **shut it** again. I don't want to do this! My mom stands behind me expectantly, tapping her foot. This is going to result in a landslide, so I'd better prepare. Taking a deep breath, I open the creaky doors and **an avalanche of clothes** comes

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ing out. If that's called a mess then the inside was a landfill. Literally. I stare at piles and piles **and more piles of upturned clothes** and ironed clothes and t-shirts I've not worn in forever. I turn around sheepishly to face my mum's extremely rare, reserved-for-special-occasions death stare. She's absolutely mortified by the sight. Sighing, I plonk down on the **floor cross-legged and** get to work, sifting through all my tracks and jeans and shirts and skirts and shorts and jackets and frocks. It's endless! Since I'm physically incapable of folding clothes, let alone properly, my mom volunteers, although not entirely willingly. And **as I sit hunched over pulling stuff out**, I realize this is going to take a long, long time.

- Vriti

The moment felt timeless

Even though my trek left **me with sore feet**, I would do it all over again to see the view on top of the massive mountain range once more. I woke up one fine morning, greeted by a chilling breeze.

"It was going to be a long day," I told myself. I packed my necessities and headed for a trek to the magnificent skies. As I started to tread on the snow, gentle snowflakes kissed my gear. **Like powdered sugar** on a doughnut, my whole body glistened with these delicate droplets. I walked past my cabin to start my journey on foot. The shrubs and plants of small numbers illuminated amongst the white snow. It felt nice to see a patch of green before going to landscapes **caked with white**. The cold sucked on my skin like a predator, but that wasn't enough to stop my adrenaline. I kept **walking and walking** and paused. It had been quite a while, so I never took note of my surroundings. I never realized how far I was hiking.

But all those thoughts had vanished. The moment felt timeless.

The light was beaming. The snow wore the frozen river like **a badge, shining** proudly. It was all a matter of pride. There I was, awestruck, staring at these **frozen waters**. **They were like** shards of glass, shattered yet precise, like a work of abstract art.

I couldn't resist the gorgeous sight. The moment felt timeless.

I felt extremely pumped, but dared not to stay astonished. There were more sights for my eyes to feast on. I continued on my path. It was **again very long and tiring**. The harsh wind sent needles up my spine, tickling me to stop walking and search for warmth. The snow clawed my feet with cold even under my heavy boots. The temperature left my **cheeks with a stinging** numbness. I loved it all and it kept me going. For I was stuck in an imagery of what other sights I may encounter upon. Finally I came to a halt. My trek was over. Eyes exhausted with fatigue, I squinted at the landscapes before me. Even though my energy was down, I felt a surge of excitement at the moment.

A trek that felt like hours melted away faster than **seconds**. **The moment felt** timeless.

Tall, **dominating mountains**, so colossal, were soothed by a soft blanket of snow that patted their heads. Monasteries of impeccable designs and immaculate details filled the Himalayas with gorgeous architecture amidst the graceful snow. My heart held many negatives from my urban lifestyle. **But a sight of God's** creation, untouched by modernity, revealed a side of content inside me. The pain I had embraced and underwent felt non-existent. The moment felt timeless.

Ma please

Ma please,
when you weave **those jasmine** blooms into my hair,
tell me how,
you'll shed your skin to harness mine,
the scars I've gifted you aren't considered ache,
you'll **willingly fall** just to catch me,
And how you'll excuse my white lies, even though you know.
Tell me, because I need to know;
Of what virtue bestowed upon me
Justifies your devotion **to my being**.
Such sterling endearment and no lust for a reciprocal,
I stand truly bewildered by you.
All **this and yet you** don't seem to notice,
When you sang me a lullaby for sleep,
The winds danced to the chime of your voice.
Or How I'd felt stronger, rooted in your shoes,
An **inch taller** than before.
How your presence lingers on my **embrace like a bubble**,
As my abode of comfort; security.
Or when the golden web you spun to mend my dress,
Had also stitched up the loose threads in my soul.
Because only I know, I climbed your shoulders
And **you bore the weight of** the world, alongside mine.
But tell me, why did you?
All because I was your daughter?

-Eesha

Dear Vincent... Love, Vincent

My fingers feel the hard metallic **texture**, **my** eyes stare hard at it. My heart is still debating between my gut and logic. I had lived all my life trying to paint my way through life, but how much colour can you add to an already black canvas? A black life? Yet I painted, painted and painted, because my eyes couldn't adjust to the darkness. They needed life, **colour and purpose**. And sometimes looking at my sunflowers and cypresses, anger and jealousy knocks me down. Hard. So hard, that I fall flat, facing my world immersed in **hate and** despair.

My Theo, a flicker of light in my dark world **had some hopes** for me. My mother, father, brother and friend, all in one. He loves me beyond measure, even more than I love myself. He is a gift. a priceless gift that can't be paid off even with my life. But he in turn has a burden for a brother. And I won't burden him any more. I will get off his shoulder. I now **stand here, with my** mind made up, my gut roaring with triumph. If the world doesn't accept me, then I don't accept it either. My index finger **reddens with a flush** of blood as I slowly push it into the small metallic gap to release, release from the bondage I never wish for any one. Good Bye Vincent.

Love,
Vincent Van Gogh.

-Srujana

Fear

There you are.
Right in front of me.
Staring with those somber eyes.
My limbs all frozen, my heart in my throat,
A pit in my stomach, my hands quivering.

Why won't you just let me be?
Your spirit haunts me,
Consuming my heart,
Taking control of my body.
You never fail to get inside my head,
You're always lurking around
Swallowing me whole.
You watch me writhe in agony
Till there's nothing left of me.
I'm always in your clutches and you never let go.
You drain my soul till I'm dead inside.
Till I'm dead inside and out.
Why won't you just let me be?

-Tamara

The Mask

She puts on a smile and **acts like she's** okay,
But deep down, inside, everything's grey.
The mask she wears, hides all her fears,
All her **misery, all** her tears;
This mask hides her real side.
It prevents you from seeing she's hurt inside.

She's smart, she's pretty,
She's confident, she's bright;
But under that mask, she's not alright.
Her bottled up feelings **can no longer be held** inside.
She cries and weeps every night.
But no one. Not even a single soul can hear her.

Her mind is blank; her body numb.
Her heart beats fast, her hands are trembling,
She **walks up to the** roof, emotionless and fearless.
She's gone. The mask killed her.

Nobody heard her screams, her uncontrollable cries.
No one. Not a single soul.
All because of that **deceiving smile**.

-Tamara

Being myself: what does it mean?

I've always wondered, '**who am** I going to become?'

'Which person will I take as my inspiration?'

No answers from my brain. I've never thought **about this** for more than a minute. If I do, it makes me feel like I'm not on the right path. But now, a good thought, maybe a good answer emerges from me.

"Nobody is **Perfect.**" **Why would** I want to be someone else? Even if a person is exceptional, he may be an enemy to someone else or to himself. The world only talks about the bright side of a person. I want to be myself all my life.

Now you may think, **why would I want** to be myself when I know that there are many other people, better than me? Well, the answer to that is quite simple. I **believe, in my grown** self, that in one way or another, I am better than the others. To believe this, I need to believe in myself. Believe that I will improve day by day and be a great man in my future. I don't want to be a duplicate of **someone**, I **am** going to be the original me. I am not going to be perfect, but I'm sure that if there are going to be some flaws in me, it is going to be unique. Every time someone says that they are going to be the next 'Albert Einstein' or '**Steve Jobs**', **they** may be thinking that they now have a path to travel in. What they don't think of is that they are travelling in someone **else's path and not** their own. It is similar to living in someone else's home and adapting to that situation. I'm not going to be like that. I am going to build my own path and travel on it. I **believe that creating** and using something I made feels better than using others'.

Every time you think you **want to be someone** else, you do not want to be who you are now, you want to change the way you think; you are insulting yourself.

11 years from now, I would be someone that no one is familiar with - myself.

-Prasad

It's always the little things

Happiness.
I find **it in words**,
I find it in music.
Movies,
And food.
I find it in my **thoughts**.
Books,
And people.
Haven't you met those **people**
Who light up your world?
Haven't you eaten Maggi
With the biggest smile on your face?
Haven't **you danced** in the rain
With laughter kissing your lips?
Haven't **you gotten lost**
In the universe inside your head?
It's always the **little things**
that bring the brightest light to your eyes.

-Kimaaya

What is war?

War is bloodshed. War is loss. **War is hatred, agony,** and living under constant fear. War is a word that the whole world fears, so why is it that we hear it so often?

Haven't we all heard stories of how people have lost loved ones at war? While that is deeply **saddening,** there is also something quite courageous about it. Thousands of soldiers are willing to sacrifice their lives for a nation. These men and women have families, friends, parents and loved ones. **they walk away** from a simple and easy life into one of constant danger and suffering.

I marvel at the bravery of men and women who are out there fighting for the rest of us while we are **protected by the** warmth of our homes. I've tried to picture it. The bombs. The blood. The bodies. Yet somehow I can never picture anything real. Sometimes it is scened from a war movie, or a Nicholas Sparks film perhaps, or maybe a clip of my favourite Post Malone song. But never do I feel the **pain that thousands** of people out there feel.

I know I should be thankful to be protected by this layer of oblivion from all the pain...**but I'm not thankful** at all. It is not fair that while I'm protected by these walls of safety and security, there are people out there who know safety behind shields and hiding behind walls or houses to avoid getting blown up. **Blown into fragments** of broken pieces that someone someday will hopefully collect to string together a story...a story of **heartache, of pain,** of the safety and security that everyone should know.

-Kimaaya

'The Saffron Cloth'

As Ramesh the bus conductor reached out to close the doors of the bus, Mihir barged in with a crumpled **ten-rupee note in his hand**. Handing the money over, Mihir settled amidst the crowd in the bus. He belonged to a small village in Nagaland, where he was a member of a small political party. At the age of twenty, Mihir possessed a powerful character. He had eyes as sharp as a hawk, and hair as brown **as the soil from Earth**. With a thin moustache and a fair complexion, he bewitched the girls of the village. His looks were so charming, that women found him irresistible.

As the bus began to **travel uphill**, the passengers began to feel uneasy. Mihir was used to the bus rides, as he regularly attended the **party meetings which were** held in an office on a steep hill. He was also widely appreciated for his muscular body he had developed during his early years. Sometimes he would expose his muscles **by flexing his biceps**. With a large chest and beastly muscles, the villagers often compared his physique with the chief's bull 'Ravan'. At the same time, Mihir was kind and loving. He truly possessed the characteristics of a leader.

Having a great enamour for betel leaves, **Mihir took one from a cylindrical** box in his pocket. He chewed the betel leaves with some flavored paste. The scenery outside was monotonous as usual. Tall coniferous trees, lush green valleys with cattle grazing, white clouds like fluffy cotton candy covered the blue sky in view. **Though the scenery was** unvarying for others, Mihir found the atmosphere riveting. What he loved about his village was the old railway styled bungalows. He was determined to buy one of these homes in the future when he had probably saved enough money.

As the bus stop arrived, Mihir pulled a saffron cloth from his bag and flung it over his shoulder. This 'Sacred Cloth' was one of **Mihir's favorites**. Given to him by his late father, he had developed a likeness for the piece of cloth, because of the fragrant smell it emitted. Though the cloth had been washed several times, it still held its fragrance of sweet oranges and lemons. Every day when Mihir entered the party office, **the saffron cloth allured** everyone with its brightness and color. It was when everyone complimented the piece of cloth, Mihir felt important.

But the following day, as Mihir entered the party office, he was shocked to see his cloth missing. His prized possession, which he deeply **admired, was now** lost...

(...excerpt from a story)

Three-minute thrill

I love to travel. My passion for **photography and the love** for food are some of the main reasons I love travelling for. While travelling, I love to learn about the many fascinating cultures around the globe, the different rules, and different people. The time I **spent travelling** are the happiest moments I've had so far. One of my best moments was one that was very adventurous and exciting. I **recently went** bungee jumping at a place in New Zealand.

"AJ Hackett bungee jumping" was the place where I encountered my thrills. It was a 48 meter fall from **the Kawarau bridge** located in Queenstown. I, to be honest, am very afraid of heights. I gathered my guts and stepped onto the platform of the bridge to see a magnificent river with water rushing like milk **with all its glory**. I closed my eyes and jumped. "Woahhhh!" I could only hear my screams and the roaring waters beneath me. I opened my eyes to find out that I was going to hit the water. I pulled my legs up to brace for impact, and the next instant I'm pulled up and flying in the air. Those were **the best three minutes** of my life and words won't be able to describe that experience.

-Saharsh

The science of death: take with a dash of salt and a roar of laughter

(I thought this piece was philosophical when I wrote it, **but when I presented** it in class all I got was laughter. "Death" was the original title of this piece, but now it has changed **thanks to the reviews** I got. Please laugh.)

Death. It is inevitable. Death is assumed to be the end of all life. It may come in a very painful way, or take people from their sleep. Be it pain, **torture or even life**. Some people have gone through a lot of trouble and call death to them through a process known as **suicide**. **Death** puts the good in a place called heaven and sinners in a place called hell. After a period in heaven or hell the souls **again step foot on earth** through a process known as reincarnation. This is when the effect of heaven and hell wears off. **Death isn't the** end of all life. It is the end of the journey of a soul who has traveled through space and time in the human body. **Death is beautiful.**

-Samarth

What was that fake smile for?

Was it the stolen **chocolate of your** sister's or
Was it the pleasure of reading your friend's darkest secrets?
what was that fake smile for?

Was it a sign of evil inside your heart or
Was it the deep admiration for your girlfriend's soft **lips?**
What **was that fake** smile for?

Was it the school bus that you missed today or
Was it the pain of seeing your mother working all day long?
What was that fake smile for?

Was it for the extra penny or two that you stole or
Was it the vision of **robbing the bank?**
What was that fake smile for?

Was it the fake smile to blanket your evil or
Your deepest pain?
Or was it to distract your trusted ones?
Or **was it for seeing** the spark in someone else's soul?
What was that fake smile for?

-Kaviranjani

Just a sentence

I woke up in the morning and ran downstairs, poured myself a nice **tall glass of orange** juice, progressed to the pantry where my favorite cereal had taken refuge and then headed to the fridge to get some milk so my cereal **wouldn't be lonely**, took all of this upstairs to leave it on my desk while I took a nice long shower that smelled of lavender and happiness, realized I had forgotten my towel which meant it was **bath mat scoot** time while my cereal got soggy and my orange juice lost its chill and my mother hollered downstairs telling me I had to drop my brother off at his friend's house, I bolted down the stairs and started the car and **accelerated** off to drop my burden of a brother off at his friend's house where aunty gave me some delicious banana bread to take home that ruined my plans of going for a run as the bread was **devoured by me, myself and I**, and my mother neither heard nor tasted anything of it and only then did I realize that aunty had called my mom and informed her that I was bringing some banana bread so I was **forced to turn around and plead** for another piece while negotiating the confidentiality of the situation with aunty who gladly gave me **another slice** and promised to keep the details of the incident between the two of us while I barrelled home and delivered the heavenly confection to my parents so they could enjoy it while I lived the **rest of my life in** peace.

-Smirthi

The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind

Within these dark walls that capture me, I **am surrendering** to purgatory. I am not able to see nor hear nor smell. Just breathe. I come here in search for an answer. It lies deep **beneath these trenches of** misery. It was a long way for me. A long way from being blinded by the open, radiant light to unravel the darkness beneath which lies a tiny gleam of sunbeams. I began this quest of truth **in the early 1940's when** I was just a child. I had been so mesmerised by the force of hatred that I longed to possess it. I realized that in the wrong hands this could cause a menace. Thirty long years later here I **am- in the search for light** in the darkness, truth in a lie. I have found my answer now, and it is blowing in the wind. As the trees rustle, I close my eyes. I can see a world that is waiting for me... My home.

(...excerpt from **work on partition** of India and Pakistan)

-Abhishek

Death never strikes twice

When my time comes I close my eyes,
I know that death never strikes twice.
All **the world's pity and** sorrow have now escaped my eye
to say "I rest in peace" will be words written with a lie
As I close my eyes,
I know that death never strikes twice.

All the people I love have **blinded my** eyes,
But now as I die
I know that love is a bullet in the brain
And once it is shot it will never stop its craving
As I **close my** eyes,
I know that death never strikes twice.

I have now learnt the one ultimate thing,
Like the bright radiant sun
breathing into the dark **endless whisper** of the moon
Life has nothing but one ultimate truth,
That reality is the greatest act of all time
And that people are dancing in this havoc
Now as I close my eyes
I feel **my warm bones** aching for rest
AS I close my eyes,
I know that death never strikes twice.

-Abhishek

You were everything.

I found you in the **darkest of my secrets**
You were my guiding light in a room full of darkness
The only moon in my galaxy
The **only option** I had
The only choice I made
You were the gift I never wished for
You were my day full of hope in my year full of despair
Throughout all the unwilling **decisions I made**
You were my back bone when I thought I'd never stand straight
For you knew it all you were my best friend.

-Akshita

When I looked down

It rained that day. No, **wait. It poured. It poured** like never before. It seemed like the skies too were weeping, like the whole world was sad, sharing my grief. The pebbles, the leaves, the little rivulets that formed from **the downpour** - everything that is normally merry, wasn't. It was like everywhere I looked, there was heartbreak and despair. Everything and everyone was mourning alongside me.
I **cannot remember now, exactly** what happened, or how it happened. The day was unusually gloomy and foreboding, like it was **anticipating what was to happen**. The grey clouds gradually blanketed the sky, shielding me from any form of happiness. The air was getting humid and the stagnant environment was claustrophobic. I stepped out into the **balcony of my apartment**, hopeful for a breeze, when I looked down. My heart sped up and my breathing became shaky, as I saw him. Six storeys below. Dead.

-Vriti

Farewell to thee

"Farewell to thee, my **faithful friend**. Our **old** happy memories are past us. We are no longer the carefree youth that ran o'er hills and valleys. We can only hope for brief visits from the ghosts of our past, to fill the bare seconds **with joy and remembrance**. We must hope to relive those moments and cherish the memories we have together. We may never see each **other again**. For our past is tainted with the dark colors of today.

It seems as though chance does not favor us. And, it brings me grief to say that I cannot stop our tomorrow **too, from being darkened** by the shadows of the present. If there lies a tomorrow waiting for us. I want a tomorrow for us. For thee. One that will honor and cherish your priceless ideas. But for now, we must part ways. And may this forever be etched in thy mind: the stars won't shine bright unto the day when we are together again."

I choke **over the next words**. I open my mouth and the words flow of their own accord, the script forgotten.

"I have these parting words. Never forget that I will always love thee no matter what..."

He whispers, "the stars will always shine and we will always be together in here." With that, he smiles and pretends to die. I can't take it anymore. This looks far too real. Perhaps **it will be real**. **It's just** a matter of time. I throw myself at his body as the script demands. But the tears that flow are genuine.

I'm a terrible actor. That was not an act.

-Iniya

Excitement

Heart rate goes up. Beads of sweat run down. Mind steadily fixed on thoughts running in my head. Blood gushing under my skin. This is exhilarating! My eyes were focused on what to do next. **Hands and legs were** shaking, impatient for whatever I was about to encounter. Heart was pounding now. My stomach churned up and down, feeling hollow and numb. The adrenaline made my body tense, yet alert. I took a deep breath. A shaky foot got on **the cart, almost** collapsing because of all the excitement. I stepped inside.

I buckled my seatbelt. The cart began to move. I **exhaled**. I entered in pitch darkness. But it stopped. The ride had stopped. I was puzzled. My body was tense with anticipation. What? What happened? Why? Is it a malfunction? Has the ride broken down? Am I stuck here? Is the ride **hijacked? What's** going to happen next? I'm too young to die!

Smoke erupted from around my cart. I felt my heart throbbing. I could hardly see now! Screams around me weren't **so genuine**. People were now more frightened than entertained. But that didn't last long. Out of the blue, I started shrieking. The whole ride was moving backwards at top speed. I was confused, but my daredevil sense of adventure embarked it all. With a **sheepish grin on my face**, I loved every second. Every minute, every scream. Clutching onto the railings, my internal organs bounced more than I screamed. Everyone was terrified and some even started crying. But I, the fearless little monkey, swung my **hands when the rollercoaster** dived down in acceleration, screeching in delight. My brother's eardrums were clouded with my screams (sorry Zafar) but he was loving it too.

The whole ride was based on a mine-cart getting lost in a cave. I hadn't realized **that until after I hopped** onto the ride. All I knew was that people were sobbing in fright after the ride, terrified by the sudden thrills. That was enough for me to board the rollercoaster. Right now, I was **holding onto dear** life and squealing in a high pitch. All of a sudden the cart returned to the dark cave where it **had begun the ride**. Assuming that the ride was over, I finally took a deep breath. But after a fake boom of dynamite-sound effects exploded, the cart starts moving backwards around the whole arena at top velocity. My hair flew into my face as the wind was **roaring in front of** me. I was looking like a maniac. But I was thriving on it. For this was a taste of excitement.

-Zehna

Why?

Why is there day?

Why **is there night?**

Why is there sunrise, sunset?

Why is there rain?

Why is there snow?

Why **is there** summer and spring?

Why are there flowers?

Why are there **bees?**

Why is there beauty on earth?

Why are there mountains?

Why are **there trees?**

Why are there forests and fields?

Why are there birds?

Why are there **insects?**

Why are they incredibly important?

Why is there **life?**

Why is there death?

Why are there beautiful **creations** like you and me?

-Swathika

A letter to tetsuko kuroyanagi

Dear Tetsuko Kuroyanagi,

As I write this letter to you, I feel **honoured**. That very captivating book, "Totto Chan: The Little Girl at the Window" has inspired many hearts across the world.

From the streets of a lively city with the enormous "Tokyo Skytree" **tower in its centre, surrounded by lush** green trees and tourists, to a land with vibrant cultures and lively people worshiping temples in South India...lives Yellow Train- a free-spirited school. A space for children where they are loved, **nourished and celebrated** for who they are. A school of free human beings.

You may **be sad that the** unconventional education you received at Tomoe Gakuen lasted only for a few years, but it may bring you joy to hear that 4000 miles away this school still exists. One might say that what has been **envisioned in a book has** been realized in another corner of the world.

We feel very **proud of ourselves** to keep alive a school that lives your dream.

-Janaki

Things never lasted forever. Neither did you.

It was **the first, and hopefully** the last time I'd feel like this. It was the worst experience I had ever faced and I was unsure **whether I was going** to be able to get through it. It was painful, painful as though a hundred knives had been stabbed through my heart, ripping it into a million pieces, and had abandoned it to heal on its own. It was so painful that **every thought, every word** spoken would turn into sorrow. Like I was stuck in the depths of despair. I was trapped with nowhere to go. You were my escape. Nothing held me back. I was myself around you. You were where every painful **thought evaporated** off the surface. Nothing was bad around you. **But now, you've** disappeared and everything has come flooding back to me. Things don't last forever, and now you've gone, leaving me to drown in a flood of my own memories. Maybe it was time **for you, but to me, no time would ever be right.**

-Lakshmi

The Beauty of the World

And then, there **they stood**. **Both** of them. Beauties made **to fit heaven**. All 12 feet hovering over the the grey mist. Their intricately patterned barks rooted firmly in the ground. The small leaves fluttering in the breeze, which seemed to exist for that purpose alone. Weathered by the harsh autumn that passed, they **stood glinting in** every shade imaginable from a melancholy yellow, to a red as fierce as a burning flame. They **made everything** around them seem beautiful. It was almost like magic. They were the purpose of my life. And now, I have found them. In the years that have passed, we humans have traded these wondrous things for advancement and technology. I set out to prove to the world that we made the wrong choices. That we were heading the wrong way. And standing in front of me was **the proof**. And then, suddenly, I could see the beauty in my own life. The life I could have created with thousands of these creatures inhabiting the earth. Their presence was surreal. They **made me see the beauty** in the world. They were the beauty in the world.

-Iniya

Lemons

The pores that leak into her,
The lucid stare she gives,
Entangles **me in a web** of pain and fear

Every time I bite into her skin.
I feel the sweetened, filtered mask **she wears.**

Then it goes bad.

The jarring bitterness turns my mouth cold,
Only to be aggravated **by the ascorbic** acid that fills her soul.

I can't go deeper because of her inured core,

But I can't stop loving her.

She is a drug I choose to use because I don't know **how to let go.**

-Prateeksha

Freedom from myself

A farewell before death,
Moments of joy before you are buried down the soil.
A chance to see everyone, everything,
Say the last goodbye.

Farewell to you,
A party before you leave,
Hold hands together, sit and weep,
Everything from the moment you were born,
Flashes by in a second.

Farewell to thee,
the life, soul and body.
Your heart stops beating, your soul is out.

Free...free...free...

Don't have to worry about the future,
Don't have to fret over money.
Don't have to live upto expectations,
Don't have to look a certain way to be liked,
Or cry for your broken heart.

Free...free...free...

-Bhavadharini

Independence?

The flags may fly and **the laughter** may ring,
but now, I can't soar with these broken wings.
At the stroke of midnight, a new country may begin,
but the **bloodshed and violence** have stained me within.

Now, we may be safe, now we may be free,
but after these years of blindness, I can't learn to see.

We may rejoice, **celebrate, be happy and gay**,
but the price was far too heavy to pay.

They **say we gained** freedom on this auspicious day,
but look around at the blood, now what do you say?

One isn't a lie among the several they tell you.
India is independent **and that's surely** true.

We've always stood alone and we always will.

No one to assist, no one to kill.

No **one to depend on**, no one to show
how alone we really are in our grief and sorrow.

-Iniya

Yellow Train is...

Yellow Train is many things, **but it's not a secret terrorist base.** I assure you; it is not.

Yellow Train is not just a school, it is a family. It is a construction site, not one for a building made **of concrete and stone**, it is a construction site for the mind and for the soul. Each lesson taught; each moment spent in here adds another **brick to the life building.**

Yellow Train is an accurate representation of diversity. At Yellow Train, though the **students wear the same uniform**, they get to be their own different **selves.** At Yellow Train everyone is treated as an equal.

Whether you are in the first grade or the tenth, everyone **takes you** equally seriously. Under such **circumstances, students** can be their most creative selves.

This book is an accurate representation of what students can do when they are at Yellow **Train. Once you go through it you are definitely going to think, "Ishan was right."**

-Ishan

