

## Prose from Budding Authors' Club of Learning Path School, India

### **For Sale: Baby Shoes, Never Worn**

A bright sunny day was followed by tragic news! The new born baby in our neighbourhood had died due to brain tumour. Everyone in our neighbourhood was sad for her and her family. All the gifts given to the baby were donated to the orphanage. Her family, submerged in sorrow, was confused as to what to do with the baby's shoes. The orphanage was not accepting them due to some problem. Our family was really sad for them and gave them an idea regarding what they could do with the shoes. We told them to make an advertisement on the lines of – **'FOR SALE: BABY SHOES NEVER WORN. .'** The family liked the idea and started making ads in the newspaper related to the shoes that were never worn. Days went by and only 16 shoes were sold out of 30. After a month or so the Sharma aunty in our neighbourhood gave birth to a baby angel. So instead of selling the shoes, they were given to Tanisha – the new born and in the end the shoes were finally worn!

- By Surbhi S. of 8A

### **Embracing Life As It Comes!**

Waking up every day in the morning makes me excited about the day. In 24 hours of a single day, a lot of things happen. Sometimes things change just within some seconds. Always waking up with a positive attitude makes THE day to MY day, which makes me feel very confident and proud. Slowly and gradually the day passes off so as my emotions. While going to school, I'm very determined to do my work and to expose myself to a lot of new things as I always keep the doors of my life open to let every positive and novel things enter my life. While I'm in the school my mood swings a lot from positive to negative and from negative to positive. As the day progresses, I feel relaxed. Going back home fully energized brings a smile not only on my face but on my parents' face as well which in turn makes me ecstatic. The day goes on with happiness and with a great walk in cool breeze in the evening and with a BEAUTIFUL word 'GOODNIGHT'. It also reminds me of an alluring thought which is 'Think of all the good moments of this day and keep a smile for tomorrow' GOODNIGHT.....

- By Dasnoor K. of 9A

### **The Couch Potato Crisis**

Today's world has become advanced, well supposedly. We call ourselves superior to animals, but we have started adopting a lifestyle inferior to theirs. The modern technology has misled human race into accepting the wrong definition of 'The Art of Living'. Life is supposed to be fun with being conscious of oneself and respecting one's mortal form, which we have completely forgotten. Life to today's generation is being free, to have fun and attain happiness with no work in life at all. We want to leave everything to the machines. Work, to many of us is just sitting across the laptop, and skimming our hands across the keyboard. Then, go home in a car only to go and jump onto the bed. We have created an excuse called 'busy' to avoid exercise.

We always have enough strength left over for trivial things such as video games and movies, but never have enough energy left for achieving and then maintaining a healthy lifestyle. We prefer packaged food over fresh food these days when it is not half as nutritious as the latter. Just because it tastes yummy does not mean that it is also good for our tummy. Packed food contains excessive fats and certain preservatives which are not good for our health. Excessive consumption of packaged food causes obesity, a problem that can easily be found in the form of people buying XXXXXL sized clothes for themselves.

Obesity is no disease, you might say. That is true, but it is the key to invite all perils into your body. Obesity can cause diseases as fatal as Diabetes Mellitus, better known as the Grave's Disease. The name itself conveys a horror story..... "Once upon a time, there was a man. He ate too much. That was not a problem, the problem was that he ate too much of packaged food. He did not believe in exercising. He liked working from home on his couch watching both the television and his laptop simultaneously. Then came one day when his weighing machine could no longer support his

carelessness towards his existence and broke down. That was when he woke up from his deep sleep only to go back into it again, for he found out that he had Diabetes Mellitus, only too late. He then embraced Thanatos like a brother and permanently changed his residential address from #208, sector-80, Mohali, Punjab, India, Asia, Earth, to the Fields of Asphodel in the Underworld; not that he had any other choice." One would definitely not like this to be one's story. Obesity also affects the daily routine of a person. People become lethargic and even greater procrastinators than they would have been earlier. Luckily for me, I am not obese, for if I would've been, it would have supplemented my 'do it later' personality.

Children these days have also been struck by this problem; I consider no less than an alien apocalypse. We say that children try to copy the actions of their elders, but we often do nothing to encourage them to be fit. We must ourselves become good examples of fit people instead of just ordering children to do so or not motivating at all. One might not completely abandon and isolate packaged food, but may see its attractive face occasionally. One should also make exercise a part of daily routine. We need to be fit, not that others will benefit from it; we will. Being a couch potato only helps us forget our real selves and walk on the path of our own demise. So, we need to be fit and put a halt to the Couch Potato Crisis before it's too late...

- By Nehal K. of 10A

### **The SDCALWY Story**

"What happens when we don't like what we see?  
We define it as ugly.  
That may be true, but in humans, at least,  
We can't judge people by the face, beauty or beast."

There. That's a fine poem, isn't it? Oh, wait. You're new here, I presume? Allow me to give you a tour of this place and tell you how – and why – this group came into existence.

It all started back when I was a kid. My dad, believe it or not, was a gangster. My mom was a politician. Yeah, weird combination. My dad came from a family of gangsters, so he was forced into the profession. But his caring and kind side could not be contained, and he became a modern Robin Hood, stealing from the rich and corrupt, and giving all excess, leftover from his spending on food, etcetera, to the poor and needy.

My mother was somewhat similar, yet different. She was a good politician, loved by the masses. The corrupt despised her and might have had a hand in her kidnapping, which was performed by one of the stronger gangs in the region. My father and his gang took it upon themselves to free the people's favourite from the other gang's clutches. They aided the police with their underworld connections, and to make a long story short, they succeeded. To make another long story short, my to-be dad and mom married soon after.

By now, the public, police and judicial system were thoroughly confused about what to make of my father's gang. He was nearly persuaded to come out of hiding, serve a short sentence and then live a normal life by my mom – my future would depend on his decision.

But he had more to worry about. His gang needed more persuading, for one. And then my mother died. The loss devastated him. The home and the money for my schooling which I would have gotten from mom while he was serving his sentence were some of the reasons he had been ready to come out of hiding. So his decision changed, and I started learning the art of fighting, to defend myself.

It came in handy for sure. One day, another gang attacked us, in large numbers. I was in the thick of the fighting. Our gang only fought in self-defence, while they showed no mercy. The police saved us – even our whole gang could not have taken them.

That battle changed my life forever. I wasn't near pretty or handsome anyway, and slightly disfigured from birth – but that event left me horribly scarred.

After that, my dad – who had discovered by then of the will my mom had left – and his whole gang came out of hiding and admitted their faults in court. Taking into account all the factors, the judge

sentenced them to prison – but not for too long. Meanwhile, my father had chosen a guardian for me, a nice lady named Ms Sonia Sheith, who was my mother's equivalent for the rest of my life.

While society did take a couple of years to accept my dad's gang as its part, my fate was far worse. Because while society can accept slightly scarred gangsters, it has no tolerance for disfigurements.

I lived in my mother's old house, and the money she had left behind was used for my schooling – not a single penny my dad used to get a bail.

Oh, look at the time! I must hurry up the storytelling now, or we'll be here all day.

And thus I started school. As I said, society and my classmates by extension were slow to accept me. I was friendless, and that too because of my face!

The scars ran across my mouth, hampering my ability to speak, and across my ear, hampering my ability to listen. My eye contour, thankfully, had been just out of the knife's reach.

Barely any eyebrows; a mouth difficult to close; one mashed-up ear; scars everywhere; less of a nose, more of a blimp; legs which made me walk with a limp. Let's just say I did not qualify – as per my classmates' requirements – as even fit for being glanced at.

They called me a freak. They called me an alien. Disfigured, weirdo, mutant, ugly fish – I must say, they showed more creativity in making up names than in creative writing tests in class.

In a year or so, I was sick and tired of my life. I wanted to give up, wanted to end it right there and then. My 5<sup>th</sup>-grader mind did not understand the seriousness of suicide – nor did it care.

Then one day, my father sent me a gift – yes, from jail. It was my birthday, so they allowed him to do so. He had heard about what happened in school via Sonia. The gift in question was a book called 'Forget your Face!' full of "Stories of successful people who were victims of society's cruelty against the less pretty."

That book inspired me. And so, with renewed determination, I faced the miseries of school again.

I succeeded in making friends, and sailed through school and college – very rough sailing it was, though – and then decided to start this group to encourage and inspire those like me, and to change the behaviour of the society. We give speeches and write books, and try to change the society's paradigm and mindset.

Its name – which you must know already – is 'SDCALWY', with a silent D. It stands for 'Success Doesn't Care About Looks – Why do You?' Welcome to the team.

- By Rehmat .S.C. of 10A

### **The Theory of 3 a.m.**

We are familiar with books and stories of paranormal and ghostly activities. I too, was fond of reading such books. Let me share one of my ghostly experiences. I chanced upon a book titled "The Theory of 3:00 am". I started reading it before I went to sleep. I dozed off and don't know how long I slept. Suddenly, with a jerk, my eyes opened; I glanced at my watch and realised it was 3:00am. I could feel the presence of heavy breathing in the room. There was no one else in the room. I started first wondering, then trembling in fear, but couldn't even shout. After sometime, the breathing stopped and I fell asleep again. Later, when I woke up, I remembered the chilling experience and shivered. Afterwards, I had to go to a mall for some purchases, so I took a bus and reached there.

I got off the bus near the mall and was walking towards it, when I slipped and tumbled into a puddle of mud. A drain was under construction there, and the recent rains had created big, muddy puddles. Then I slipped again, and fell headfirst into a ditch. All my clothes and shoes got dirty; they were covered with at least 20 layers of mud. At that moment, I heard footsteps approaching me, but I couldn't see anybody. Suddenly, a figure with a black coat appeared to help me out. He reached out, and I took his hand. The hand was cold and clammy. I glanced up and saw a creepy smile on his face. I fainted instantly.

When I woke up, I found myself lying in a hospital bed. Doctors and nurses told me that I had gone into a delirium. I had been shouting, "Go away! You ghostly man, never touch me again! I don't want to see your frightening face!"

After I was discharged from the hospital, I thought a lot about the incident. I replayed it over and over in my mind, trying to make sense of it. I noticed that the ghost's creepy smile and his cold hands may have been side effects of being a ghost. He may have been genuinely trying to help me. After giving it more thought, I realised that the ghostly figure had tried to warn me against reading the book, "The Theory of 3:00 am". Since then, it lies in the darkest corner of my cupboard waiting to be opened, but I know I am never going to flip through its pages ever again.

- By Ritosri M. of 6D

### **When the Mind Goes Numb**

Have you ever witnessed a sudden silence within your being as if your mind has gone numb? A feeling of emptiness and a vacuum that leads to an unbridled trail of random thoughts in the mind! It is a state of mind where one feels lost even though being present in the moment physically. This is what is the power of one's mind.

I believe human mind is the most diverse creation of nature. Scientists have observed that the animal minds are also pretty unique but they can think about only a few things. This, in other words may be put as, that they have a limited intellect and imagination. On the other hand we humans can think endlessly and our mind doesn't seem to have any limit of the thought process.

Each one of us thinks differently and every mind is unique. The mind can do wonders by acting creatively when utilised to its best. On the contrary, it can also act as a destroyer of things, when let loose!

Some people have the power to think beyond what is ordinary. Albert Einstein, for instance, was a genius and thought of innovative things and ideas. He had thousands of inventions under his name. He also must have witnessed such moments of silence when he used to speak to his mind and his thoughts would be talking to him!

It happens with me many a time when I feel like my mind has gone blank suddenly. That feeling is of emptiness. Like it's as if you don't know what's happening around you and you can't think of anything. It gives me the feeling as if I were made up of air. I mostly tend to listen to the sounds of various things around me and notice what goes on being a silent observer. The sound of the moving fans, the ticking of clocks, the chirping of birds, the rustling of leaves or any other sound - it gives me a calm feeling and I don't want to get out of it. Of course, you all must have heard these sounds in your daily lives too. But when you are listening to these sounds without anything else on your mind, it feels like you are meditating. This often helps me control my emotions and it sure is very peaceful and relaxing. This technique of shutting your mind is also practiced in yoga and many more exercises in the form of deep breathing. But I believe some people just feel like this many times without thinking of purposely doing it. As per facts, all minds are the same. But we have the tendency to conquer all of them. People mostly have minds in accordance with their personalities but if one tries, one can develop a different mindset altogether because the mind depends on the way you think. As has been said by a wise person, "Life is an open book, full of blank pages. You write the story as you go!" So you better write a brilliant one!

- By Harshita G. of 8A