




THE CBC Journal

The Tweeny Authors special 

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As the old year turns new nothing changes much; the weather, the daily routine, the people; and one carries on merrily. CBC too carries on with its twice a week library day and once a month activity. However, the first activity of the New Year makes it absolutely essential that a special issue of the Journal be prepared to bring forth the winning stories of the first writing competition of CBC. So readers here is a special issue.

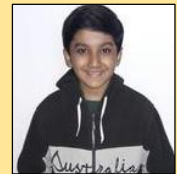
Group A: The younger children were given a few words to weave their story around.



An Interesting Day for Tim

Syon Bhattacharjee —1st Position (Group A)

Age – 9 years



It was another interesting day for Tim. Tim was a little bird and was very inquisitive. He would travel all around the city peeping in windows, getting inside chimneys and entering mouse holes. So today he was planning to visit the western part of the city. Tim flew all around the city looking for a house he liked. He finally found a pretty house. He entered the house through an open window, and was planning to visit every room. Now he was in the living room. In the living room there was a big LCD TV and Tim was trying to understand what the TV was. He poked the TV with his beak and suddenly the TV switched on. Tim got really frightened and hid behind a vase. Near the living room there was a shoe-case full of **shoes** and beside it was a door. As the maid entered the living room, Tim shot out of the living room into another room. This room had a big bed and Josh, the only boy of the house was reading a **newspaper** sitting on it. Josh had a cat that was looking with steady eyes at Tim. Tim sensed danger and was out of the house in seconds.

A school was not far away and Tim thought of investigating it. Half an hour later he was in a classroom, the classroom was very dirty and there were **bubblegum wrappers** and papers strewn everywhere. There was a **teacher** checking some notebooks, Tim got bored and went out of the window. As he was going outside he was horrified, a shuttle cock was flying towards him at top speed. He ducked out of the way just in time. Then he realized that some children were playing **badminton** in a nearby field. Now, Tim had had enough for a day and was flying towards his home to tell his mother about his day.

So **reader!** I hope you liked my story and we all hope that Tim has reached home safely.

Group B: The older group was given opening and closing sentence fragments.



A Scary Morning

1st Bipasana Bhattacharya

Age – 10 years



Early one morning, I woke up only to feel unbearably sweaty and out of breath. After sometime, I remembered why I was so much out of breath; I had been watching a horror movie last night. Oh good! Relief broke over me and I smiled feeling a lot better. I pulled myself together – “it was only a movie”, I reminded myself. I dressed and started to eat my breakfast. My mom and dad had gone to the city to accompany my brother for some exam of his. The house – I suddenly realized was strangely silent. I had got used to the teasing of my brother in the morning by now. I began to swallow the hard pieces of bread. After finishing my breakfast, I tried to memorize some tables. Why am I feeling so cold? I asked myself when I suddenly saw that the fan was turning and the AC was on too. It was a windy morning of April 1st. I switched off the fan and continued studying when suddenly there was an odd sound like a plastic bag blown up and pricked with a pin. I got up with a familiar feeling of fear. I began to shout, “Mom! Dad! Are you there?” There was no answer. “Don’t lose your head”, I told myself, “You probably imagined the sound”.

I began studying again, though hardly anything of the studies went into my head. I was feeling very thirsty when I saw that the fan had been switched on once again. I switched off the fan – now feeling really too scared to think. This was when suddenly I thought I saw something like a shadow move past the door. Sickened with fear, I ran as fast and as silently as I could to the bedroom and covered myself with a quilt, trying to feel more comforted. By then, I would have given anything to quench my thirst. I got up and began tip-toeing to the kitchen, when suddenly I looked at the picture frame and saw another reflection behind me. When I turned (by now I was feeling too scared to speak or walk) the bathroom door slammed noisily. I was rooted to the spot with fear when there was a low whistle and I jumped. How long I stood there I don’t know, but something made me want to go to the bedroom again. I ran to the bedroom when suddenly the bathroom door creaked open. This time, I screamed so loudly that even a spider would have jumped on hearing it. The bathroom door opened completely and the grinning face of my brother emerged from behind the door. “April fool!” he said. Of course, I remembered today is April 1st. “I kept switching the fans on” explained my brother. “You didn’t see me. Mom and Dad went for a morning walk, the story of my exam was a trick too” he said laughing at the same time. “You were scared out of your wits” he continued, “This was the best April fool trick I ever played and I loved it!”



Harry Potter

2nd Mehul Garg

Age – 12 years



Early one morning, I woke up to find that my entire house was at fours and sixes. I was surprised to see that everybody was in a hurry and was packing some goodies for a surprise picnic. My mother was packing sandwiches, juices and snacks. I asked my mother what was going on. She told me that we would be going to the recently opened studio of ‘Harry Potter’.

My heart skipped a beat; I could not believe that I would be visiting the studio of my favourite fiction character. I ran to take a bath and get ready as quickly as possible. An hour later my father told me that we would be starting for our destination in a few minutes. I ran to the car to put all the stuff that we were taking to the studio. We reached the studio in half an hour. All the way I kept prattling about Harry Potter and got irritated looks from my mother. My father and I went to get the tickets for the studio. After getting the tickets we went inside. I could not believe my eyes that I was inside the Harry Potter kingdom. The first room displayed some of the objects used in the movies. The first section displayed the wands used by Harry Potter, Ronald Weasley, Hermione Granger, Albus Dumbledore and other Harry Potter stars. Below each wand was a card describing the wand and its constituents. Another corner of the room displayed the trio of the elder wand, the invisibility cloak and the sorcerer stone better known as the deathly hallows. We stayed in this room for an hour.

After this we had our lunch in the 'forbidden forest'. Then we went to a few shops that were inside the studio. The first shop was selling different kinds of candies used in the Harry Potter movies. The second shop was selling other Harry Potter merchandise. From there I bought a copy of the elder wand. All this was bought by wizard money (galleons, sickels and knuts) which we had obtained by exchanging our own money. After the shops we went inside the replica of a Hogwarts class room. It was the room for the subject 'potions'. Here the helpers told us how to brew the luck potion-'felix felicitis'. After this we travelled inside the castle and visited the headmaster's study. The last room was where we could really do the Harry Potter spells. We had a choice between lumos-the spell for light and wingardium leviosa. By just saying wingardium leviosa we could lift a feather by moving our wand towards the roof! After this my mother said that we needed to get back home. I could not believe that it was 5'o clock. The time had flown past like an arrow.

It seemed that after this trip even mom had become a Harry Potter fan, and **I loved it!**



All because of the little Robin

3rd Vaishnavi Gupta

Age – 11 years



Early one morning when I was sleeping in my room I was woken up by the chirping of some birds. I saw that six red robins were chirping and flapping their wings as if they were trying to tell me something. I opened my window and all the robins came inside and started making a ruckus. My mother woke up and came upstairs telling me to close the door of my room. I obeyed her and closed the door of my room. One of the robins made a sound as if it was clearing its throat and was going to say something. All the robins stopped chirping and became quiet. The robins suddenly started mumbling something and only three words were clear to me, "Home", "Destroyed" and "Help". I could not believe myself, was it a dream or something. The head robin said, "Can you please help us?" "Humans are cutting down the forest and destroying our homes". I told them that I would have a word with the head of the "Green Ambassador" group. They thanked me and went away. I was just going to go back to bed when I heard someone calling, "Wake up, it's time for school ". I woke up rubbing my eyes and I saw my mother was waking me up for school. I quickly got ready and went to school. In school also I could not concentrate on my studies because of the strange robin dream. Indeed, it was a dream but it is true that humans are really destroying the forest. Next day I went to the "Green Ambassador" club to have a word about this matter. They said that it was a very nice idea; they will ask the forest ministry of U.P. about this matter. After twenty weeks I saw that tree cutting was permanently banned in U.P. After some months all the states started following our example. And

then in the newspaper came the headlines that our country had won the “Cleanest and Greenest country award”. We were very happy.

Next day some red robins came and thanked me for the kind act. They said that they were the children of the red robins who had come one year ago to my home. All thanks to the red robins. Whenever someone praised our country I beamed with happiness. And our country was so beautiful indeed **I loved it.**



A Surprising Saturday

3rd Ananya Nair

Age – 11 years



Early one morning, I woke up to the thudding of my door followed by my mother’s voice yelling-"It’s the fourth time this week you haven’t woken up by 7AM!" My mother is an ex-army officer, so it’s expected of her each day. I followed her voice downstairs and entered the kitchen with a frown. My sister was rushing through her breakfast. I asked my mother where we were going as I saw my father packing suitcases. She silently buttered my toast and said it was a surprise. I love surprises, but in her point of view, botanical gardens are pleasant trips! I ate my toast and jumped into the car. We drove for half an hour just to stop at my grandpa’s house. Oh no! He owns a farm and a barn. I hate visiting because then I had to become involved in the toil. I trudged over to the door and knocked. Not getting the response I usually get, I knocked again, and again. I walked to the car to tell mom and dad. They appeared confused and tried their luck as well. While they discussed what could have gone wrong, I sat in the car looking after my sister. Lil’ Sally was hardly 5 and outrageously annoying. She started singing some rhyme from her favourite T.V. show while I wanted silence. I walked-more like paced-outside the car and thought of what could have been. A trip to the Huge Water Park, a stroll with my buddy- Alex, a game of baseball. Anything but getting bored to death on a Saturday! I went to my parents as they tried to call my Grandpa. A few minutes later, we were approached by a tall, grey haired man wearing a coat. “Why are you here?” he said in a cranky voice. We were creeped out by him. He chuckled and said, "It’s me the owner of this house!" It was Grandpa! He took us under his wing and offered us a ride to a special place. On the way, to break the silence, I asked, “Grandpa, but what happened to your voice? And why weren’t you at home?” He explained that he had a cough and didn’t want us to catch it too so he had gone to the pharmacy.

We pulled over at this amazing and cheap Pie Restaurant. This day (and brunch) was better than I had thought it would be and **I loved it.**

CBC thanks the judges Dr. Kiran Biswas & Dr. Kiran Jha for evaluating the entries and providing pointers to the young authors for improving their writing skills.

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Want to Contribute?

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Snap shot of the Event