

PallabiMohapatrabags the first prize in Story Writing Competition

A story writing contest was organised for the teachers of all schools taking the (Wings of Words) WOW programs.

The story 'Happy Morning ' written by our Primary School Teacher, Ms PallabiMohapatra was judged as the best story and was awarded the first prize.



Hearty congratulations to all the winners!

Dear Teachers, Team S2M thanks all the teachers for submitting stories and poems of different and interesting genres for the WOW Story Writing contest.



The winning stories can be viewed on Freedom App soon.

Email: yourfriends@stones2milestones.com Ph: +91 90770 77777

The stories have been carefully read and marked using the following criteria:

1. Suitability of theme/topic for the age/grade of children
2. Suitability of vocabulary for the age/grade of children
3. Overall grammar and language of the story
4. Story structure: The story has a well fleshed out beginning, middle, end, characters and setting

The following six entries have been chosen as the winners from among 450 WOW teachers

Prize	Teacher	School	For Grade	Story
1 st	Pallabi Mohapatra	Orchid School	1 and 2	Happy Morning
2 nd	Bharati Mani	Pragati School	1	The Proud Peacock Learns A Lesson
2 nd	Aparna	IVWS	1	Who's The Best?
3 rd	Manali Ganguly	IVWS	2	Self Help Is The Best Help
4 th	Sunita S	Edify	UKG	Pinky, The Piggy
4 th	Smruti Bhat	SRWS	Nursery	Pet Animal

Congrats Pallabi Di!

Sharing the interesting story below:

Happy Morning

Aha! Such a beautiful, bright, fresh winter morning! It is a little cold and foggy. The early rays of the sun feel warm and soothing. Whoosh, Swoosh, Bars and Tumble are awake already. They look cheerful and happy. The dew drops on the blanket of soft green grass are glistening with rainbow colours, as the cozy rays of the sun falls on them. The colorful blooming roses, orange and yellow

marigolds, purple pansies and brilliant red dahlias are dancing with the gently blowing cool breeze.

The sky is clear and blue. A flock of naughty sparrows are chirping and playing. Two bonny mynas are hopping on the branches of a tree full of lovely pink flowers. The pigeons and crows are flying carefree in the morning sky. Few people are jogging, some are exercising, and some are meditating. All of them are enjoying the glorious morning and magnificent nature.

Soon the children will come running. They will bring toys to play in the clean white sand. They love digging in the sand, building sand castles, making sand mountains, digging a tunnel, all the time chatting and laughing along.

Few children love to chase each other, they run bare foot on the soft lush grass, they fall, and they roll, and then have a hearty laugh together.

Some boys and girls are playing cricket, they are shouting, they are jumping, they are having good fun too! The girl in pink hits the shuttle cork hard with her badminton, the cork's speeding through the air; Oops! Her father missed it. The girl jumps up gleefully celebrating her win, her father bursts into a light-hearted laugh!

Children are huddled around Whoosh, Swoosh, Bars and Tumble. Children adore them and love to play with them all day long.

Bars is tall and strong, children enjoy climbing on him. Sometimes they trip and they fall but never give up in their attempt to climb higher and higher.

Whoosh is brave and daring, she loves to soar with the strong breeze so children love to sit on her and fly high up in the air trying to reach for the vast blue sky.

Tumble is long and strong, he enjoys doing push-ups so children sit on his back and go up and down giggling and smiling together.

Swoosh is lazy and loves to curl around and snooze. Children merrily climb on him and glide down his smooth back. They clap their hands with joy and sprint off to climb and glide once again!

It's afternoon now. The sun is high up in the sky. I can hear mothers calling their kids to return home for lunch. Children are getting ready to leave reluctantly. They promise to return early in the evening so that they can play for a longer time. Grandmothers are wrapping up their wool and knitting items; they are going home to have some rest in the afternoon. Grandfathers have folded their newspapers and are waving and telling that they will be back by 5 in the evening.

Suddenly, it is all calm and quiet. Whoosh, Swoosh, Bars and Tumble are missing their friends. They close their eyes and try to doze off in the lazy afternoon heat. I am missing everybody especially the children with their happy smiles and joyful laughter and now eagerly await the dawn of a pleasant evening when the children will come running, leaping and hopping to me, their favourite green park.

**Barsis children climbing frame; Whooshis swing; Tumbleis see saw; Swoosh is slide*

Name:PallabiMohapatra

School: The Orchid School, Baner, Pune

The grade for which the story is written: Class 1 / Class 2

The central theme of the story: Fantasy