



Story writing English (HSS)

Dream a 'dream' that never
lets you daydream!

"Welcome back to all folks! you are watching the Lucknow times and as you can see... people are still protesting against the government's decision." "Click": "Hello everyone! today we are going to teach you the method of how to prepare." "Click": "This special piece of Rudraksh will bring prosperity to your life." "Click":
Oh god! I'm really bored of these random T.V. programs! Everything seems like ordinary. Just tired of everything around me. I switched off my T.V. and took a seat nearby the window of my new home. I'm recently shifted to Lucknow for my studies. A new place, a new town, a new town seems totally



mysterious and unknown. Taking a sip of my coffee, I looked to the busy streets of Lucknow town. People from here and there are passing like they are busy in their own world. Of course! In this fast running world, who has enough time to think of others. My mind was lost in random thoughts. There need to be lot of works to get done and I'm presently missing my family a lot. It was when my eyes were ~~attracted~~ charmed by a beautiful statue of a small bird, seems like a canary, was placed on the shoulder of a man's statue whom I don't seem to have a clear idea who he was. The bird was so realistic and beautiful that I kept looking at it. Some moment, I felt like it was



moving, but no! how come a statue
could move? Well seems like I had
too much of 'Bhaang' that makes me
feel so. Suddenly, my phone rings.
"Hello! Miss. Keerthi Verma? Where
are you? It's me, Yashita Gupta,
waiting for you at the Central Park.
Hope you didn't forget that we have
planned a meeting for your ~~or~~ the
verification of your papers." "Oh ya!
I'm on the way just five minutes".
I just totally forgot about this
meeting with her. Seems like I ~~has~~
became a bit careless after leaving
my home. I quickly got dressed and
went to meet her. Thank god! The
park was closer to my area. I
was walking to the coffee shop
scheduled for our meeting that my



phone, again starts to ring: "I'm so sorry Miss. Varma, I got an urgent call from my native. Could we please postpone this meeting to the next week? It's really urgent for me!" "Oh! Okay then... It's fine. I can understand you." "So, sorry for this." "It's okay, maybe it is not the correct time for my papers to get verified!" Phone call ends. Well... now what should I do? Where to go? The place as said before is totally new. No relatives, no friends. Anyway, I decided to have a long walk in the park. I was walking as well. I saw a strange board which says "Every single that which is mute, has a million stories to say!" Interesting... really interesting. Something that you think can never speak.



if starts to open its thoughts, can express a million stories. Right? I thought more about it. Then gradually I was lost in the beauty of garden. Those green trees, flowers, happy and cheerful children, relaxing people. Truly! what an atmosphere. I then ~~submiss~~ decided to go home. Again, back to that loneliness. Not a single person to talk or to cooperate. While returning, I was again stuck in that quote "That which is mute, has a million stories to say". Sometime I reached nearby that bird's statue and wondered what she might would say, if she could speak. Totally unplanned, rain started and I ran into my home. Took a shower and then sat on my sofa. I'm interested.



in doing nothing. Oh yes! what you heard is right. I'm a kind of lazy girl. But only, when I feel it. Some times laziness strikes you so hard, that you become helpless. My mind was lost in that thought again and again. Don't know, just it is so! I switched on my T.V. again and bored again. I switched it off! I then looked out. Hah! again the same thing! Nothing to do! My good lord! Looking at that bird's statue, I imagined: "What story would she speak out to me, if she could speak." I closed my eyes and started to think about it. The statue dates around to ten years. Well... seems a lot of history. I became the protagonist and started to think in



in her own way. "What next I could see was the crowd of Lucknow city: Busy! really busy. People walking here and there for their jobs. Some people sitting on streets with their goods to be sold. Really crowded. The morning time. Aha! cool breeze, the returning sun, crowded streets, busy bells, changing clouds and just so on! Many things happening at the same time. Such an incredible world. Now, it seems to be afternoon. what a heavy daylight. It's too hot that my body feels like a hot pan. Burning from inside. Oh! Oh no! what a sight. Oh god! A poor beggar seems thirsty begs to a hotel owner for some water, and he! the cruel one!



pushes him back. Goal is watching you!
Crowd seems less now. But the market
is full on! Heavy business going on.
Then maybe they will get a good
amount of profit today! Well good
for them. Oh! so many tourists now
- a - days. ... Ahm ... India's beauty is
never be abled to explored completely.
It's too vast and every corner of it
shares an unpredictable kind of experi-
ence. The sun, returns ... low light
makes the streets more beautiful.
What an adorable sight. Streets are
now again crowded. People from their
companies and students from schools
seems to have a similar kind of joy
on their faces while returning to
home. Markets once again become
active and slowly ... gets lesser by time



The night arrives --- the moon, the stars --- the shallow streets, clear and calm atmosphere --- and me! Feels like this is the best part of the day! I was really happy. So calm and quite --- just heaven. But this heaven was going to be hell for a girl walking late, maybe from her work. The sight made me get terrified! That sight! Just! I can't even explain to you --- actually, what is the need to give you an explanation? You could purely imagine what would happen, when a girl, at late night, walks terribly towards her home, happens to meet a bunch of cruel devils and finds herself helpless. Oh god! Daily your newspaper may terrify you with such kind of a news.

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



But what about me? when I'm forced to be a witness of such incidents and is not even abled to do anything or speak out a word? At those moments, at those times, I terribly wished: "If I could speak! But this current world is so changed that 'spoke words' are never valued but the 'bundles of notes' speak must louder! Pathetic! Feels pity on this society. It is a dream of mine to be able to speak out to others to express my feelings, my thoughts and some very important statements that could change someone's life!" I could be a good writer too. Hah! How silly I'm. I just imagined a life day of that statue lord. Good work Keerthi Varma! you seem to have



a good future in writing. I giggled and appreciated myself. "....."

A really harsh voice seems to speak from the classroom.

"Hey! you! Anand Kumar... get up! Is your classroom supposed to be a place to sleep? Is this your home or what?" I jumped up from my seat and stood. Yadav sir came closer to me and took the sheets in which I was writing the story. He took them and scrolled his eyes through my story. He asked, "What is this?" I shiveringly shiveredly replied, "Sir... It was a free period... and... and... ah... I was writing... and... ah!" "Oho!, So... you want to be a..."



writer?" I smiled. "Seems like you have a good potential :- Continuous... Come on... carry on your story... and let me know its ending." "Sure sir!" "And remember don't get asleep again while writing. By the way what's your dream to be in future :-?" "Sir, 'I dream' to be a writer who can thrill the reader and at the same time confuse them... that actually what is happening and what will happen next." "Well my child! your dream is good but remember... 'dream a dream that never lets you daydream!'" Anand smiles... He understood... that to make his dream come true, first, he must stop to 'dream' at the time of in which he must be 'awake'!