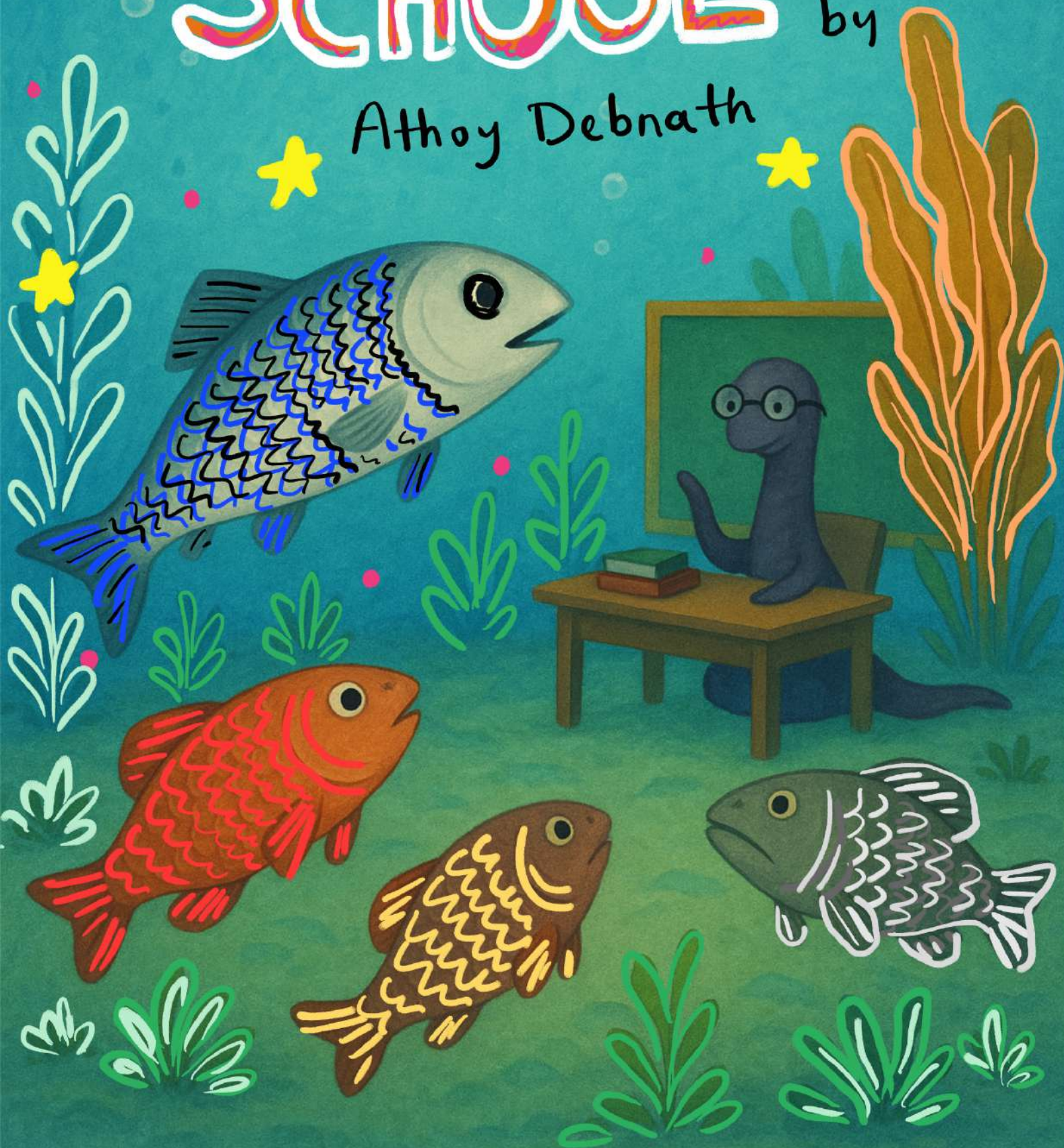


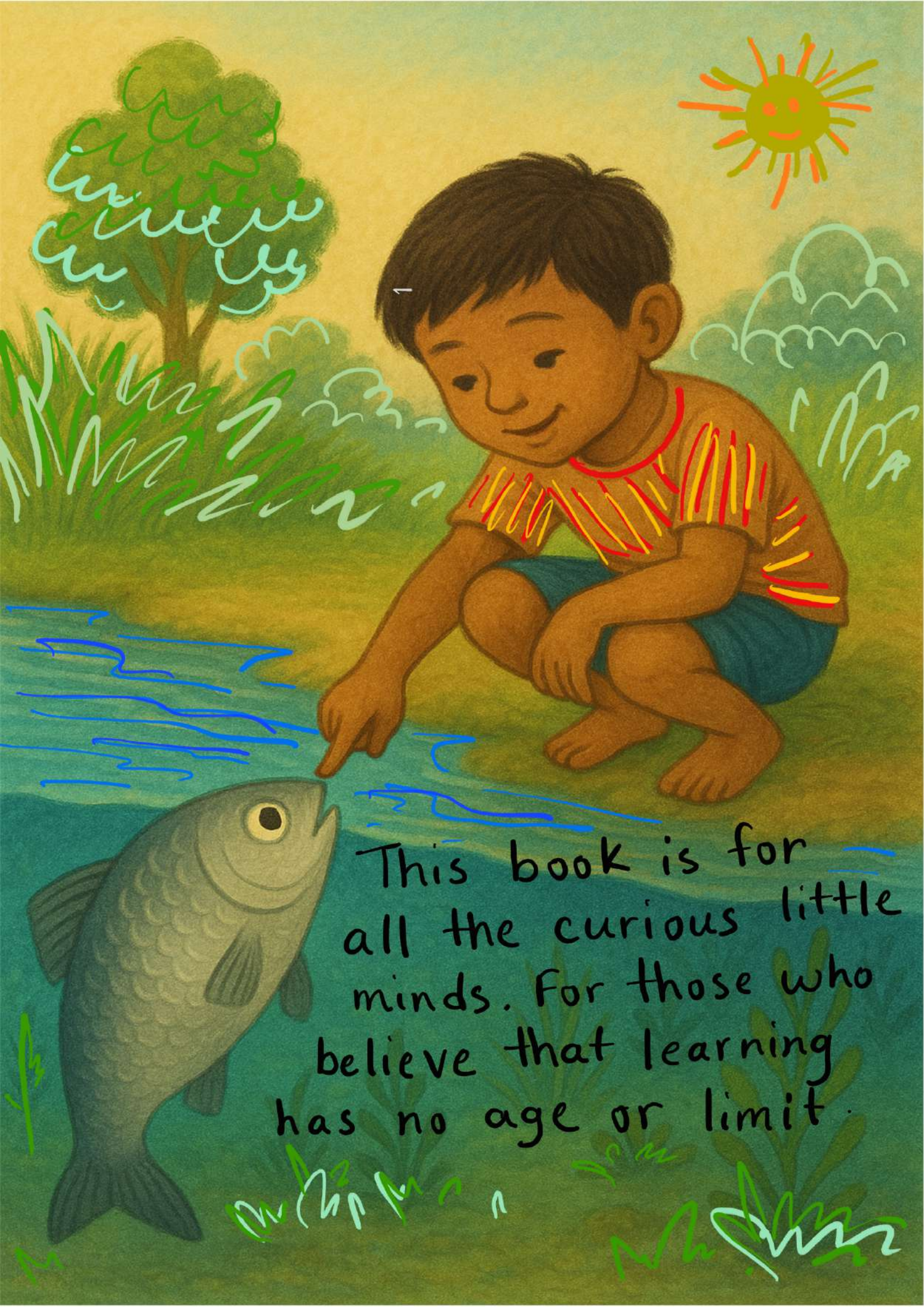
# THE FISH SCHOOL

by

Athoy Debnath







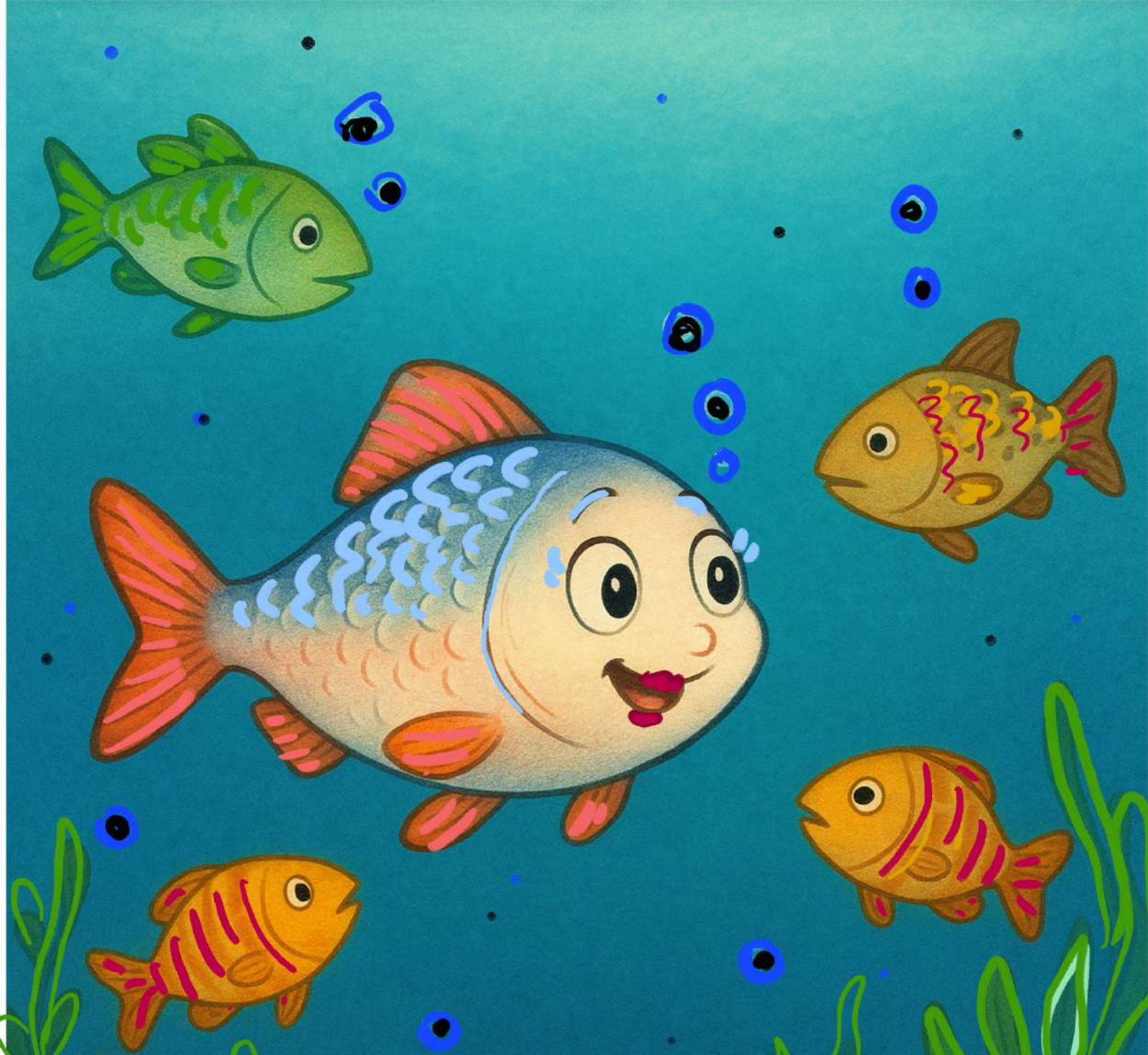
This book is for  
all the curious little  
minds. For those who  
believe that learning  
has no age or limit.





Deep in the heart of the Ganges stream,  
There lies a school no one has seen.  
A fishy school, so bright and fun,  
Where hilsa, rohu, catfish run!





Ilsha the hilsa, small and sweet,  
Was curious - she was hard to beat!  
"We learn fish talk, that's okay,  
But human writing - can't we  
learn that one day?"



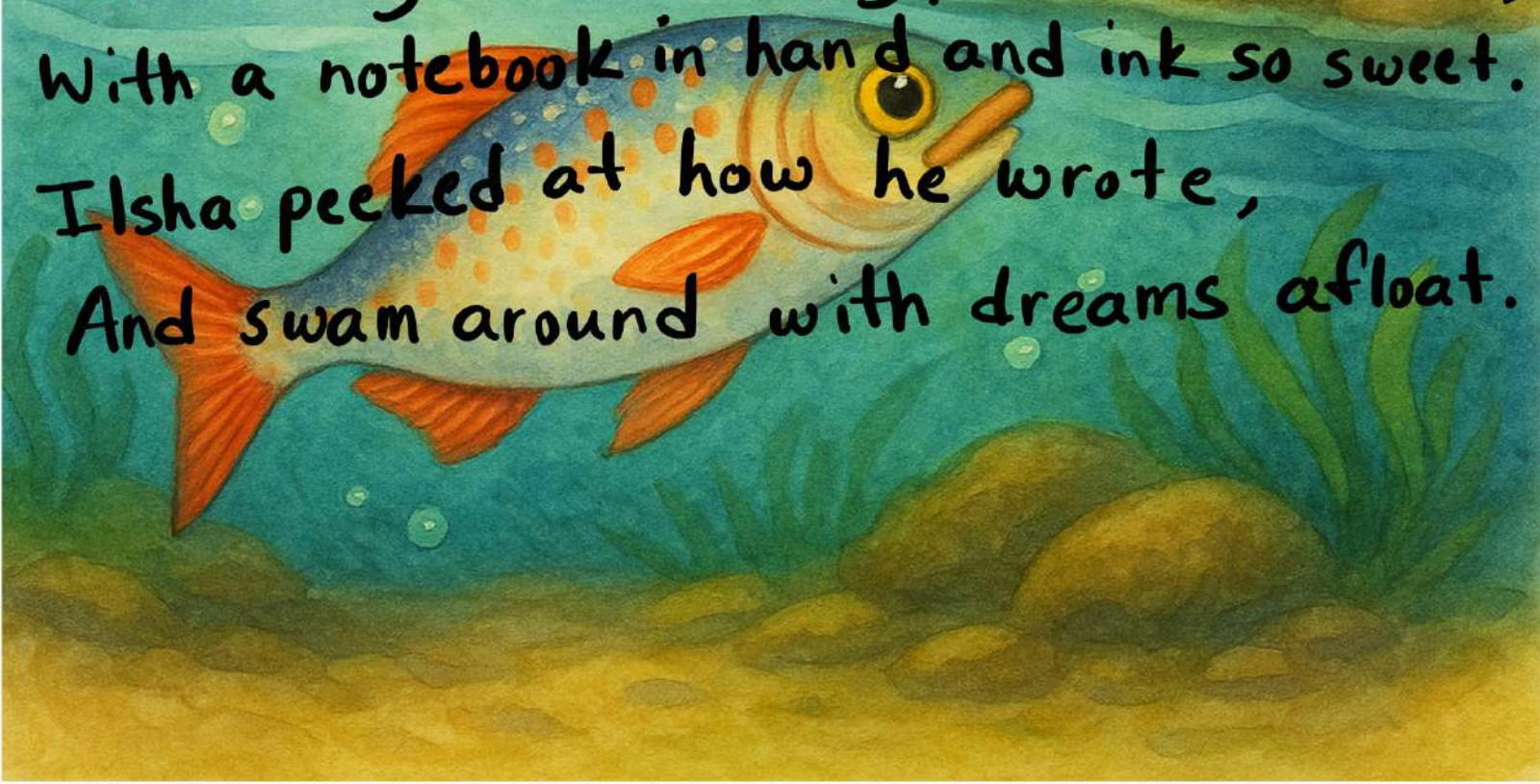


Miss Eel the teacher said, "No, no!"  
That's not something a fish can know."  
But Ilsha was stubborn, and bold,  
She watched a boy near the river unfold





That boy came daily, small and neat,  
With a notebook in hand and ink so sweet.  
Ilsha peeked at how he wrote,  
And swam around with dreams afloat.

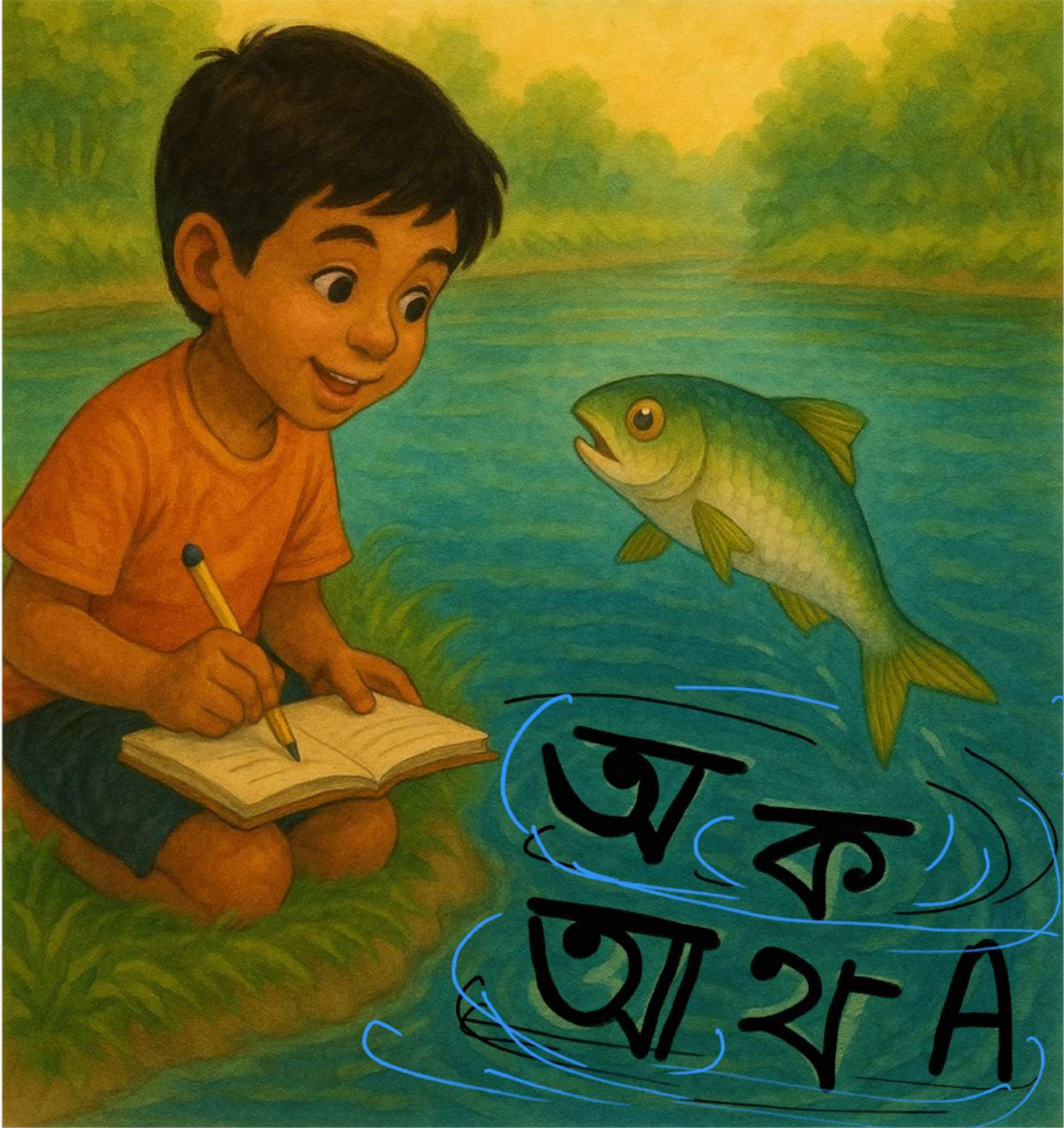






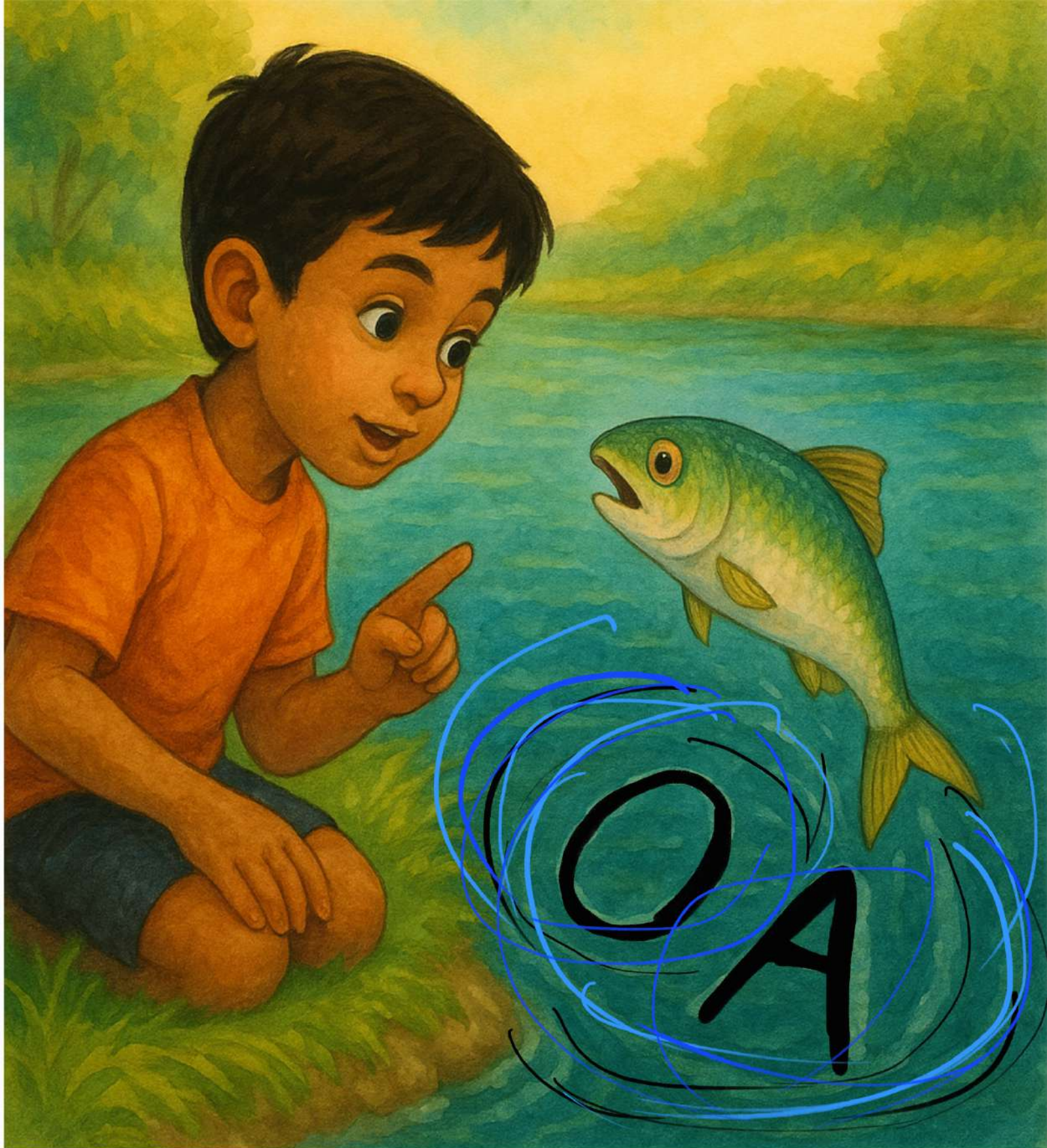
One day, he said, "Hello, are you there?  
Are you the splash I see every day with care?  
Isha jumped and twirled with glee,  
She couldn't talk, but her eyes said, "It's  
me!"





The boy - his name was little Anik,  
Said, "You want to learn? I got the trick!"  
"But how will you write, no hand to hold?"  
Ilsha flicked her tail - brave and bold!





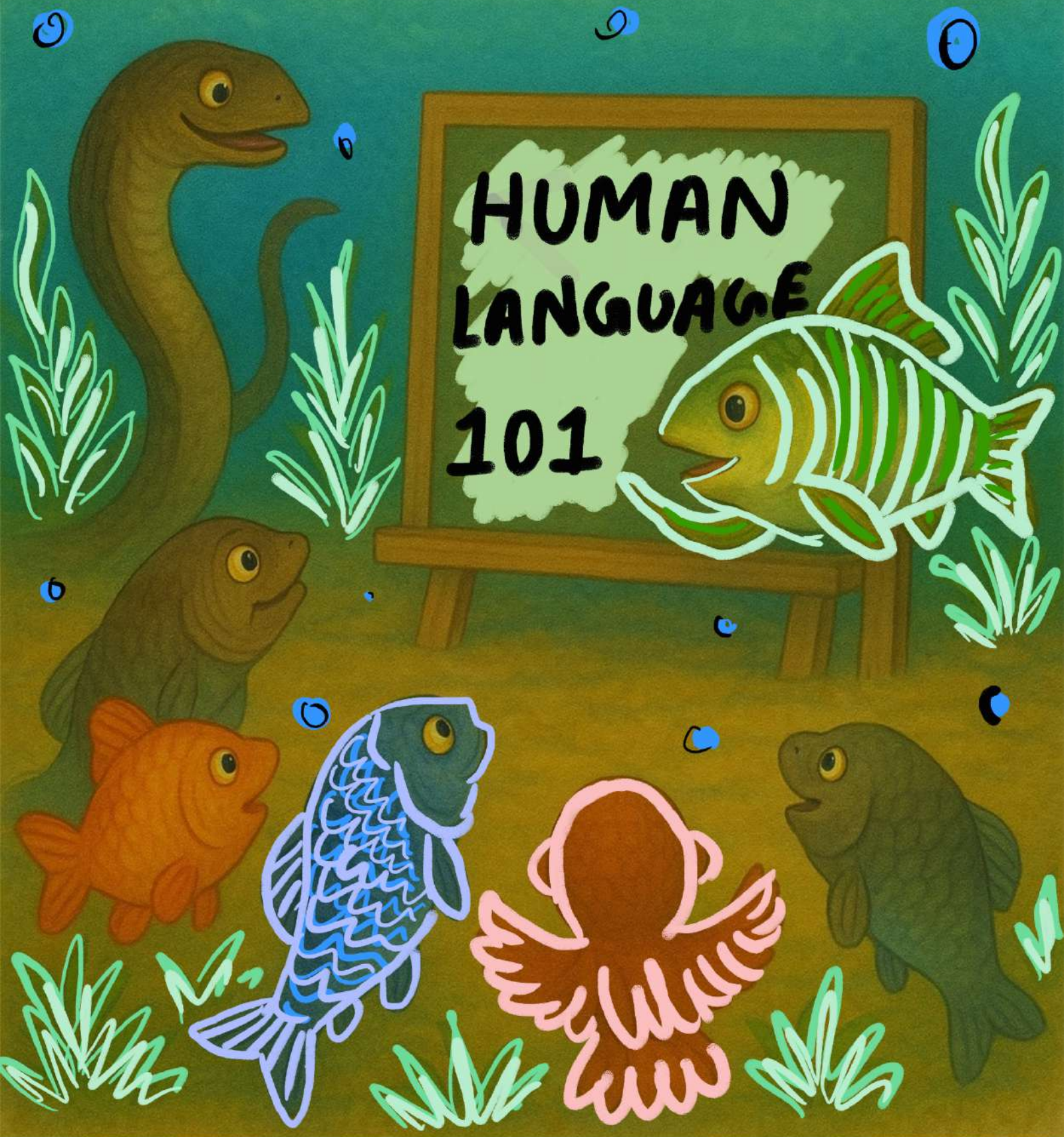
She swirled the water, made  
lines and curles,  
letters danced like little pearls.  
Anik taught, and Isha learned,  
In water-ink, the letters turned !





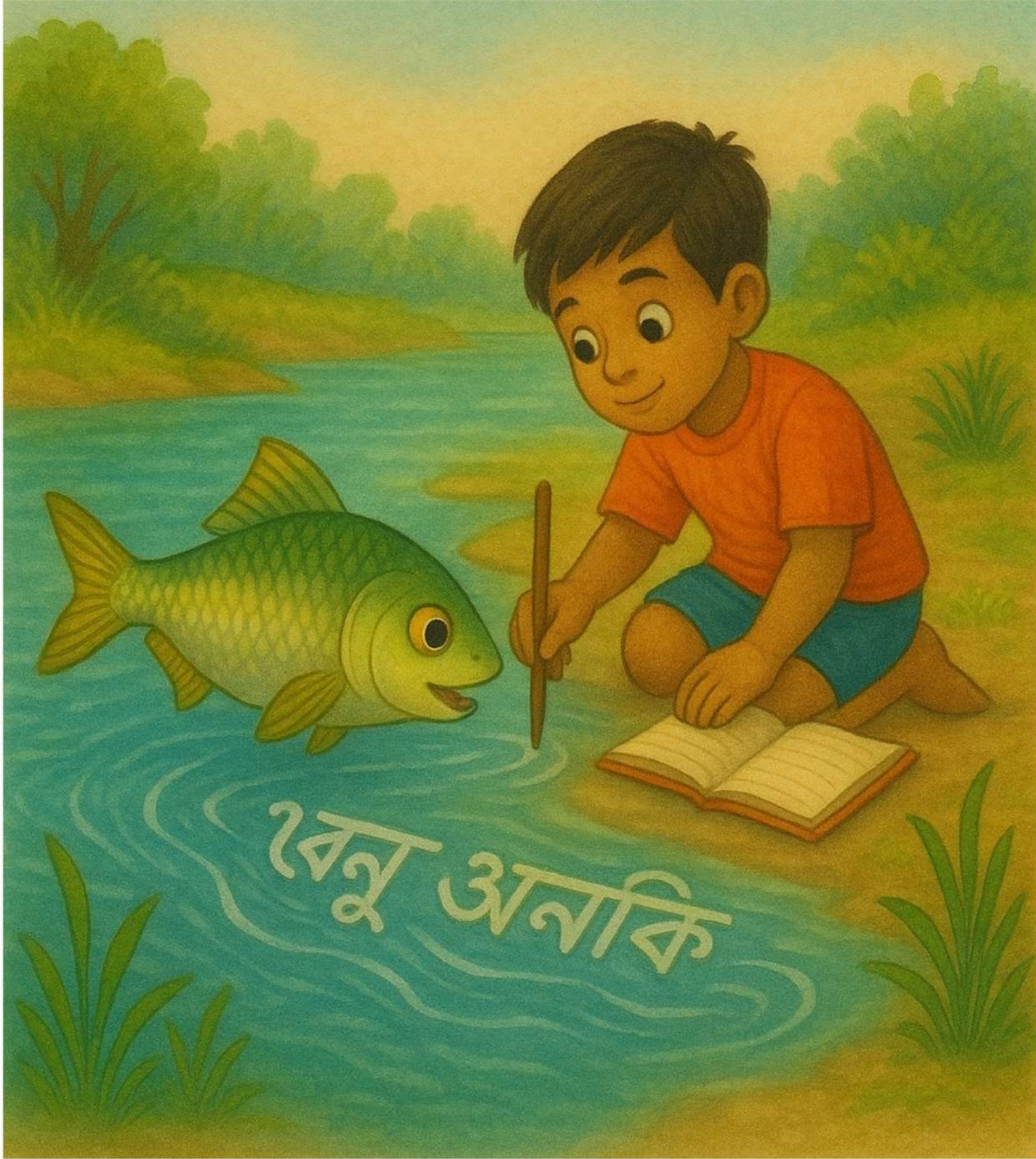
The other fishes laughed, "Learning human writing?"  
That fish is dreaming - how exciting!"  
But one day, a little rohu saw,  
On the river's edge, with open-jaw -





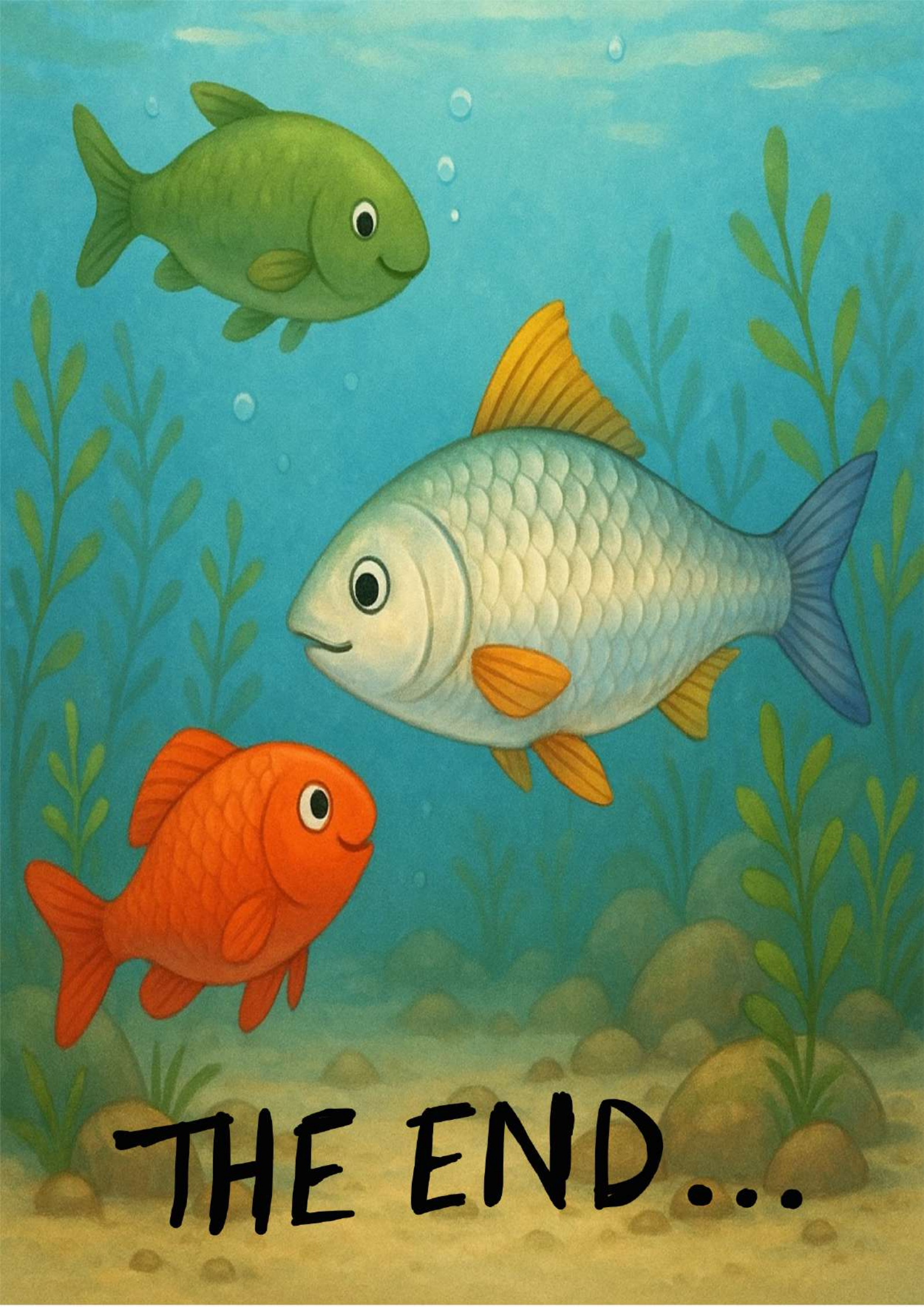
There it was - drawn with grace :  
"Thank you, Anik " on water's face .  
From that day on, the fish all knew,  
If there's a will, there's a way through!





Ilsha became a star so bright,  
A fish who wrote without a fright.  
She showed the world, without hand,  
You can still write - and take stand.





THE END...