

Class - VI
Sec - B Notice writing
Surya Narayan Mohanty
School No - 4268

Date _____
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A Notice

11 October, 2021

ODM Public School

Poster Making and Slogan writing Competition.

All the students of Class 6 and 7 and hereby informed that our school is organising a Poster Making and Slogans writing Competition on 25th May. The topic will be given on the spot. Interested students can give their names to the undersigned.

Oct: 11

Piyush

Surya

Class-VI
Sec-B
Surya Narayan Mohanty
School No-4268



English Letter writing

Letter writing

Address

Date

My dear, Arun

Hope you are in good health enjoying your Dussehra Vacations. I am writing this letter to My elder brother family to spend Dussehra Holiday with our family. I know that you too will get ten days off at Dussehra. So let us all my family members and yours Celebrate Dussehra.

Yours lovingly

Arun

thanks,

It was just before the Second world war
We were the only family in our daily
Shopping trips were made in a disreputable
two-wheeled basket cart, drawn by an
ancient Shetland pony that my mother
had named Barkis after the character
in David Copperfield. Bong Barkis was
Every clomp of his splayed hoofs sounded
our poverty far poor we were. My father's
Salary as Clerk whole was maintained
us in Modest Plenty had not half of it

I love to rise on a Summerz Morn, when
birds are singing on every thre; The
distant huntsman winds his horn And
the Sylark sings with me Oh what Sweet
Company! But to do School in a Summerz
Morn Oh it drives all joy away Under
a Cruel eye Outworn But then at times
I drooping Sit, And spend Many an hour
Norrin My book Can I take delight Norc
Sit in learning's bowers anxioirc Sit
Worn Sit in learning's bowers Sing?

It was just before the Second world war
We were only family in our New York
town that did not own a car. Our daily
shopping trips were made in a disreputable
two-wheeled basket cart, down by an
ancient Shetland pony that my mother
had named Borkis after the character
in David Copperfield. Bony Borkis of his
sprayed hoofs sounded our poverty. For
poor we were. My father's salary as
Clerk would's maintained us in modest