

VIA MAGIC MAIL

Stuff of Class

Once, there were two children,
their parents and grandparents.

They played games, painted the walls,
spoke about school, and all things cool.

Then one day, everyone needed to stay at home.

They missed many people and many things.

They imagined how it was like in class and what
everyone and everything was doing.

So they sent them letters.

Then, one day, something strange happened.

They opened their mailbox and saw some letters.

These are the letters that they sent and received.

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ISBN: 978-981-14-6739-4

Printed in Singapore

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Dear Mr Fan

Thank you for making it windy
Thank you for making it nice and cool
Thank you for working hard every day

I hope you won't be jealous of Mr Aircon
I hope you won't be jealous of anything

I wish we will always be friends



Dear Child

Maybe my words aren't worth more than a dime
But I've been hanging around for some time
And I've seen you feeling a bit blue
It's like no one at all has any clue
Nothing you've done has been given its due

Each day, our world keeps spinning round and round
Slow down a little and just look around
You'll see that you're hardly the only one
Who's looking to have a little more fun

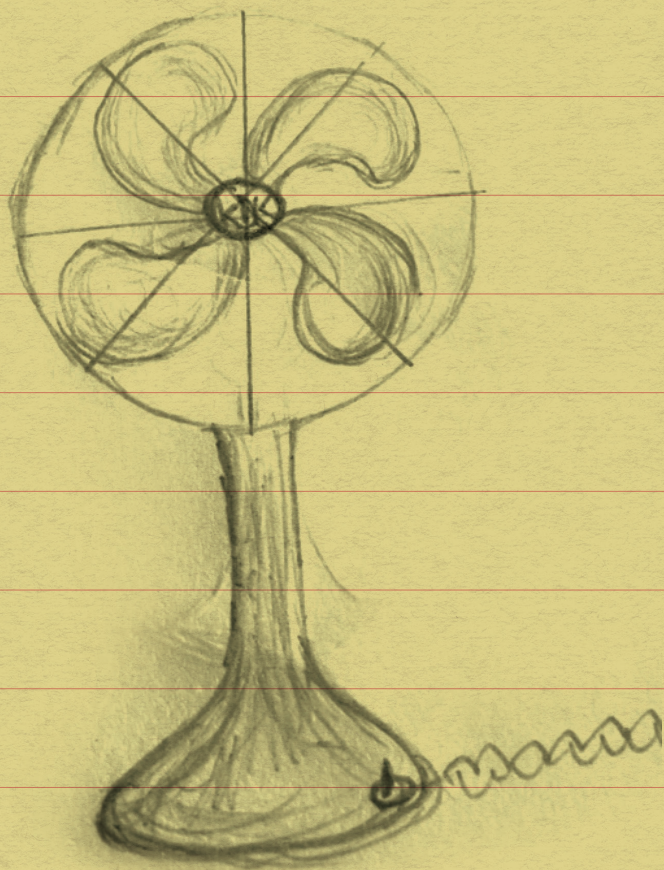
They'll say your head is always in the clouds
As though being just you isn't allowed
But substance and quality aren't always loud

You and I aren't that much different that way
So please listen to what I have to say

The things we make are better felt, not seen

Love,

Fan



Dear Ms Light

Thank you for making the classroom bright
Thank you for helping me make shadow puppets
Thank you for all the light sabres

I hope the insects don't bother you at night
I hope your home will always be safe

I wish you would never go out



Dear Child

When I was born, my master held me up
I felt weak and, well, lacked lustre
But then he zapped me with that blue bolt
That got me going, bursting with energy
Until he flicked that button and I went dead

I'm not sure if you feel that way sometimes
Like you just need a boost every day
Since being in class, I can't do without it
After a while, you don't even think about it

But last night, in the dark, way up high
I saw a flash of light across the sky
And it struck me, I don't know why

Was there a greater light that kept the stars all lit?
I wonder what might happen if we reached for it

And perhaps one day - touched it

Love,
Light

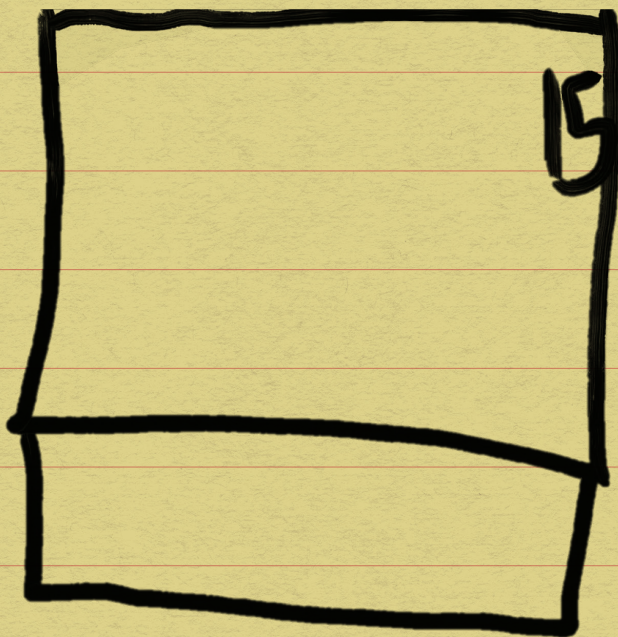


Dear Mrs Chalkboard

Thank you for letting me draw on you
Thank you for letting me imagine things on you
Thank you for hanging around all the time

I hope it doesn't hurt
when we accidentally use the marker
I hope it doesn't hurt
when our fingernails scratch you

I wish you could be friends with Whiteboard



Dear Child

All day you stare at my greenish board
I watch as your sparkle turns somewhat bored
I heard as he whispered, muttered and roared
But I wonder what you caught from what was taught
And what stuck onto what you had brought

Every day, great plans are written then erased
To solve any problem, there are many ways
And to get stuck on one, just doesn't pay
But it takes some humility, to just erase

Don't be afraid to stand and come on up
To put your dreams boldly right on top
So all can see what plans you have

The grandest one you can think of
Something they've never seen or heard of

Is yet to be written down on your chalkboard

Love,
Chalkboard

Date

$$100 + 50 - 10 =$$

$$1,000 + 105 =$$

Dear Mr Trashcan

Thank you for keeping all our trash

Thank you for playing basketball with us

Thank you for taking all our mistakes away

I hope you don't mind people making fun of you

I hope you have fresh clothes every day

I wish we could put all our monsters inside you



Dear Child

No one really thinks very much of me
After all, I don't have very much you see
Mum said that's when I'd be most useful
When I was empty and not too full
But the things people say aren't always helpful

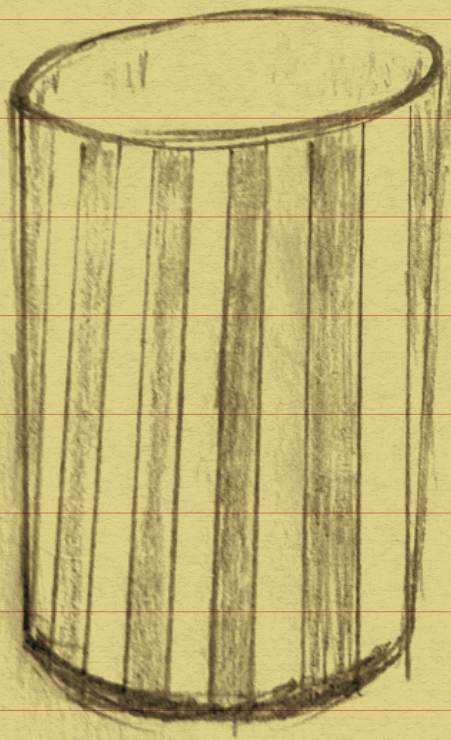
And they'll ridicule me, until I'm gone
Where do you put the stuff that are torn?
Where do you throw the stuff that are too worn?
And how do you erase the memories that haunt?

I help carry your problems and burdens
Till maybe one day you might learn
The way of having your load lightened

Sometimes you'll miss and sometimes you'll hit
But try to be a blessing to every little bit

You'll run faster when your load is lighter.

Love,
Trashcan



Dear Mr Chair

Thank you for being table's friend

Thank you for letting me sit on you

Thank you for letting me spin on you

I hope you don't mind smelling our bums

I hope you never make me fall

I wish you will always be strong



Dear Child

It's probably weird hearing this from me
you've balanced on two till I've got rocky
I'm sorry they laughed when you fell
But it was only a matter of time everyone could tell
Still I was relieved that you got on just well

But hear out the old wood before he goes
I promise to share more good than just woes
My brothers, those rockers, work best moving
But I'm different and prefer to stand while working

And one thing I've learnt, that's old as rhyme
Everyone needs support from time to time
And reaching out for it isn't a crime

So take it from an old squeaky chair
When things become too heavy to bear

Just give a little shout and we'll be there!

Love,
Chair



Dear Mr Table

Thank you for letting me sleep on you

Thank you for letting me write on you

Thank you for letting me put my food on you

I hope you're not upset when I spill things on you

I hope you're happy when I clean you

I wish you might really walk one day



Dear Child

First of all, I'm a table not a chair
But not that anyone should really care
The weight is not too difficult to bear
Sometimes I am here, sometimes I am there
Sometimes they will say, "Throw it anywhere."

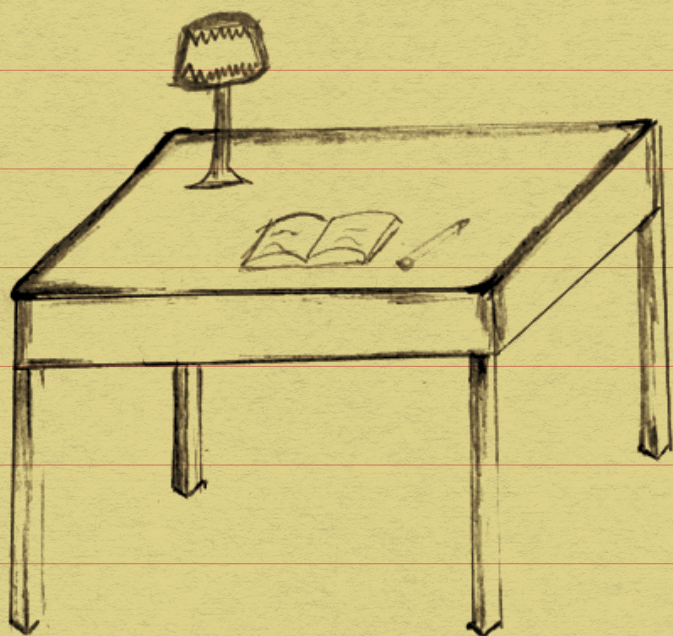
For fifty years, I've been right here
You stand on me when they cheer
And hide under me when they jeer
Wishing that you'd simply disappear

Well, something that I've learnt over these years
There are thousands of tables far and near
There is just one of you and me, my dear

No matter what you face on the outside
Keep the faith that you have on the inside

And that will keep you nice and able!

Love,
Table



Dear Mrs Window

Thank you for letting us look out to see the birds

Thank you for letting us see through you

Thank you for allowing the light to come in

I hope we haven't been too rough with you

I hope you will keep the pests out

I wish there was a window on the ceiling too!



Dear Child

I usually prefer looking outside
But sometimes, I do take a peek inside
That's when I see you writing and writing
Your gaze on the board, blindly copying
I'm not sure if you were really learning

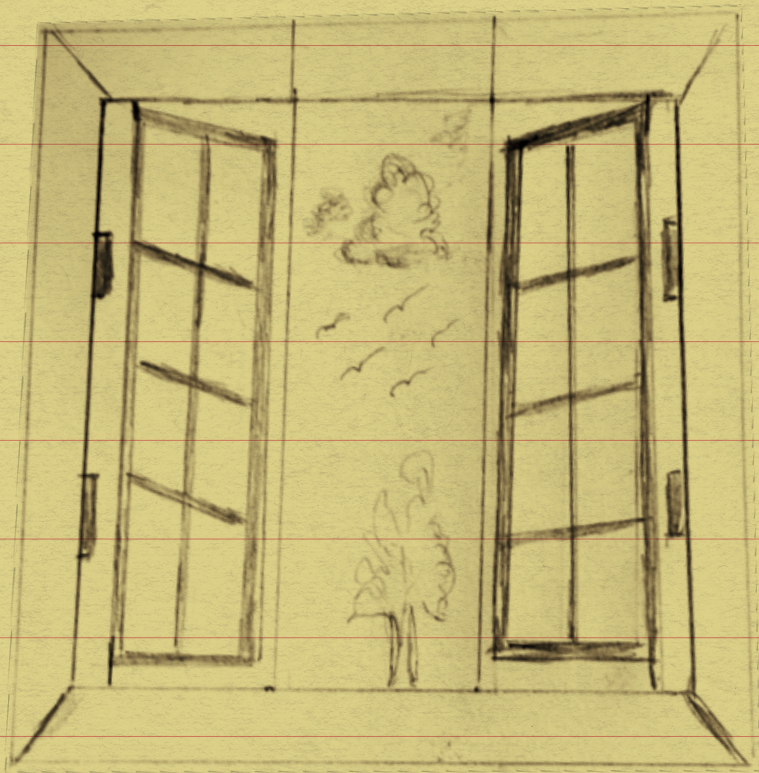
But every time your teacher praised you
Your big bright smile would just come out on cue
I don't think your work was ever overdue
But perhaps I could offer you another view

Take a little look outside these pale and white walls
Soon you'll hear your imagination's calls
To take yourself beyond those wide white walls

Take what's inside and use them outside
Take what's outside and use them inside

Windows, like your minds, are best kept open.

Love,
Window



Dear Ms Paper

Thank you for letting me make you into animals

Thank you for being colourful

Thank you for helping me not to forget

I hope it doesn't hurt

when we cut or tear you

I hope we will plant a tree

every time we cut you down

I wish you could roar when I fold you into a lion



Dear Child

I came from a very distant place
High in the wood where I spent all my days
And now, I'm often just in a file or case
Some people want me to feel that I'm just waste
But they've not seen me in so many ways

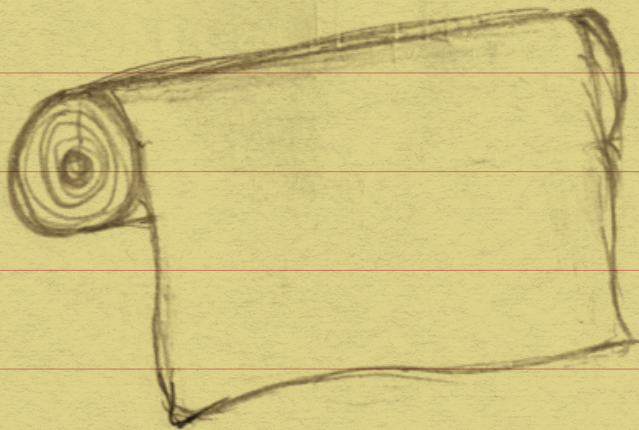
I can help you share your wildest creations
Just use me to stretch that imagination
Colour me and fold me and watch me fly
With your creativity high in the sky

You don't need to keep making an impression
One day, you'll come to that realisation
That just being you is enough inspiration

So go ahead and just be you
And soon in time, you'll see it's true

That nowhere else is there another you

Love,
Paper



Dear Mdm Door

Thank you for keeping us safe

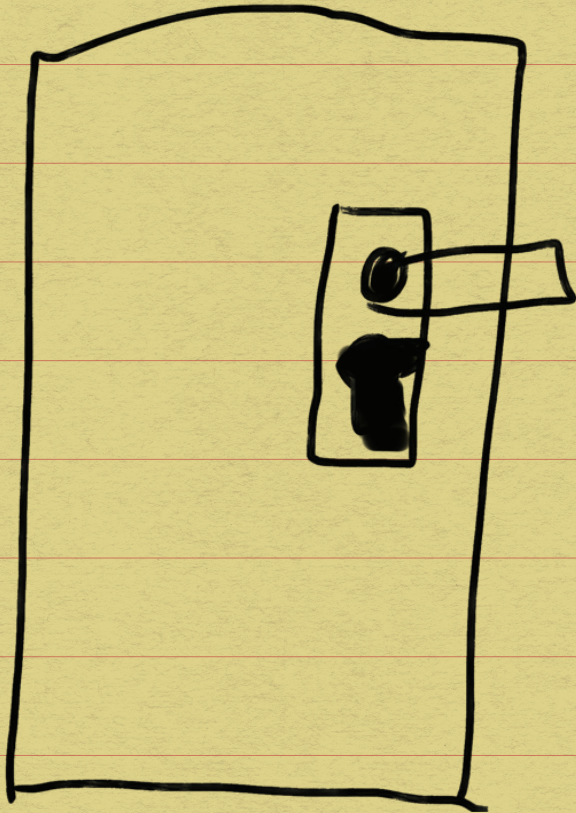
Thank you for letting us swing on you

Thank you for letting us put signs on you

I hope it's not painful when your old hinges creak

I hope you will never ever break

I wish the class had a secret door



Dear Child

I've felt your warmth when you knocked so gently
I've felt your anger when you pushed and slammed me

Feelings can be a good yet painful thing
Sometimes it makes your heart laugh, love and sing
Other times, nasty thoughts and actions they bring

I stand and watch how people go in and out
How they treat others up and about
Whether with a smile or a nasty pout
Then I thought that without a doubt

Feelings like doors can be locked and unlocked
The nasty ones that we keep inside, all blocked
Often find their way out and leave us shocked

Give up the bad, and give away the good
But the best way to liven your mood

Is to open a door for someone else

Love,
Door

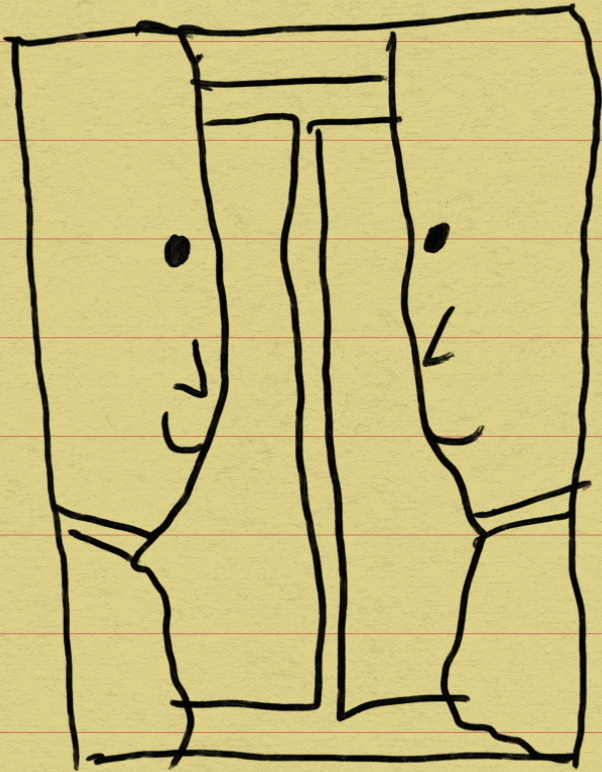


Dear Mrs Curtains

Thank you for blocking out the blazing sun
Thank you for dancing when the wind blows
Thank you for letting me change my clothes

I hope you don't mind the sun's heat
I hope you don't get wet when it rains

I wish we would make you into a kite to fly



Dear Child

May the wind always whisper softly to you

May the sun always smile warmly on you

May the trees always dance at the sight of you

May the moon always glow gently on you

May your light always shine forth true and true

May the thunderstorms you face make you strong

May you remember that they don't last long

May the friends you keep fill your days with happiness

May your days of joy be filled with gratefulness

May everything around you help you learn

May the little things help your passion to burn

May God guide you in every single turn

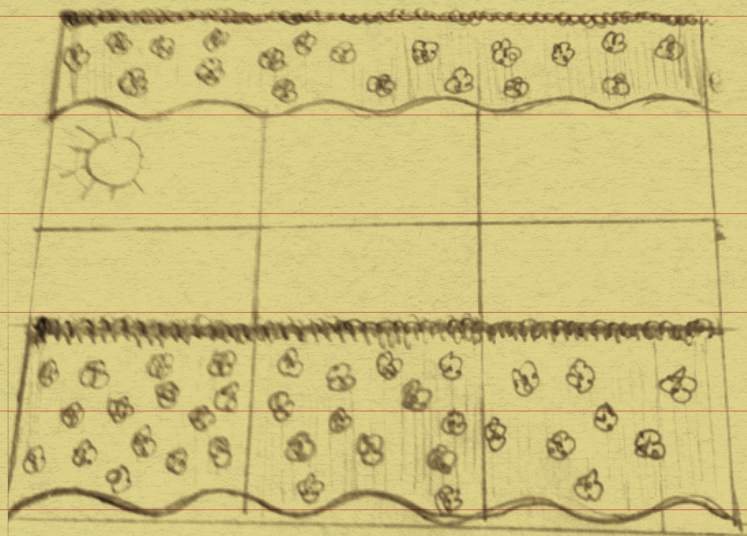
May your strength always come from above

May it help you to learn to live to love

May you always be a blessing as you've been to me

Love,

Mrs Curtains





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