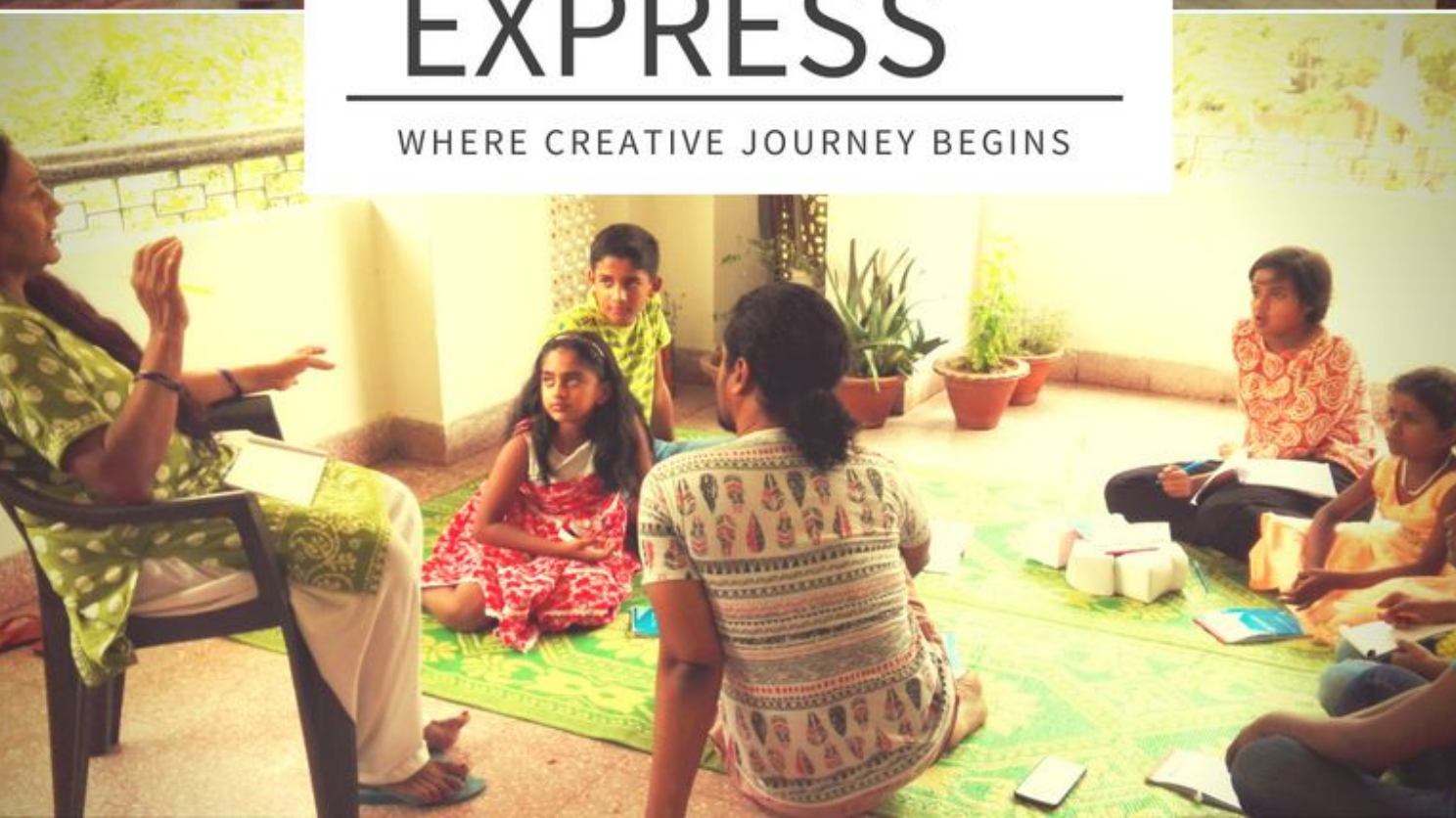




CREATORS EXPRESS

WHERE CREATIVE JOURNEY BEGINS





Storytelling Animation Workshop

SOULIFY
Bringing Ideas To Life

In today's era of competition, race, success, position, achievement, comfort, buying, selling, Do we listen to our heart? Do we nourish our mind, body, spirit?.... Are we building relationships, trust, togetherness, love, collaboration? Are we raising a community?

CREATORS CONNECT

We are a young organization that believes in value-based relevant content. With the onset of the digital mania and in the times where intolerance is spreading like wildfire, we believe we are the guardians of humanity, love and creation. So, thoughtfully, we initiate events and publish books only if it's going to make a real difference to the society.

Every child within each one of us, is 'A Hero' with unique Identity, thought, dreams, challenges and achievements. Every child is a Creator and a Storyteller and must be encouraged to create and express his / her stories.

Read more about us on <http://soulify.co>



Siddharth Maskeri, a visionary, storyteller and mentor who is driven to spread happiness and togetherness through his thought-provoking, evolutionary, unifying and humanifying stories. Siddharth Maskeri made his debut to Indian Cinema with his story - Masti Express. After a decade of experience in the field of animation, in 2012, he was sponsored by the French Embassy to visit the acclaimed animation festival Annecy to share his stories with the international Community.



Smriti Raj, a passionate, evolutionary, ardent creative facilitator, Theatre of Relevance Practitioner and Initiator, is currently writing, conceptualising, initiating TOR/USI based modules at Individual, Institutional, Indian and International Level while addressing the need to be humane and connect with life. She has been thriving as a TOR initiator since the past 12 years with the intent to consistently initiate 'Process' oriented creative sessions.

**WE CREATIVELY
TRANSFORM
IDEAS INTO
REALITIES.**

We are CREATORS who believe in value-based content and expression. We initiate training, interventions, events, workshops, publish books, facilitate with the vision to create a humane society.

**WE FACILITATE
DREAMS AND
VISION.**

Calling all the Creators around the world to UNITE and bring humanity back from the clutches of consuming forces, by processing oneself through the ART, an eternal process of purification and with VISION, that facilitates the ART to be relevant.

Share your ideas, collaborate, join hands!

You can also Initiate CreatorsConnect workshops in your school, organisation, community, office, formal or non-formal group. Host a Theatre of Relevance Festival in your city. Collaborate through our United Students Initiative in your school, community, college. Let us meet, discuss, explore, discover, resolve and act together!!

CREATORSCONNECT AT SOULIFY.CO

**COMMUNITY BASED
EXPERIENTIAL
LEARNING IS REAL
JOY...LET'S SHARE
CREATE, CHERISH
TOGETHER!!**



MAY 22 - 26, 2018 | MORNING SESSION

9:00 AM - 1:00 PM

J BLOCK, SAKET, NEW DELHI

SEATS - 8 CHILDREN A BATCH

**CREATORS
CONNECT
COMMUNITY**



This Summer learn Cool tricks of Animation and art of Storytelling ?

Always wondered how those fancy Hollywood animated movies are made???

Well, it all begins at HOME!

Day 1 - Story Rainbow - Simple Technique to Create Infinite Stories and Show Them to Your Friends through a Play / Comic Strip

Day 2 - Flippit - Add Life into those BORING school note books.

Day 3 - Ooga Booga - A Game all about Body Language and Sounds that will Leave your audience Rolling on The Floor Laughing.

Day 4 - Pixi Magic - Create an Adventurous / Hilarious short film from your Dead, Mundane Regular Household Objects.

Day 5 - Attamation - Is your Atta going to ESCAPE from the Rolling Pin or turn into a ROTI??? Find out for yourself!!!

SUPER COOL SUMMER *workshop*

it's all about

CREATIVITY PLAY MAGIC

*June 4 to 8, 9:00am - 1:00pm
60 B PatliPutra Colony*

STORIES



one the bus stop
but his wife was
furious to see post
writing behind the
door. It was time to go
back and the teacher
took a photo of the
writing on the door.
The teacher had classmates
to answer long
and for the photo
for the lunch and
he will get it. Then it was
to gain they
have nice with it.

My Report Card



Story & Illustration by Srishti Sabaa

On 31st March 2018 it was my report card day and I was waiting with my mother for our class teacher. He was late and mama was in a hurry she had a meeting to attend. After sometime our class teacher Mr Narendra arrived. I greeted him carefully.

He slowly took out my answer sheets and mummy swiftly grab the sheets. I wonder if she even read anything. We took the report card and rushed out of the school.

We were waiting for an auto but not a single auto would come. My mother became a ball of fire she had a meeting to attend. Finally we got an auto and came home. She had booked the car to go to the meeting but the car agency man said there was no car available so we thought of an alternative. We tried to book an OLA cab but it was of no use. My mother shouted "Oh! I am not going anywhere." she threw herself on the bed and slept.



I slept beside her and felt peaceful. Finally she is ok now. We woke up an hour later. I ordered pizza and mummy and I watched our favourite show Ellentube. Later she appreciated me as I had scored 89% in my academics.

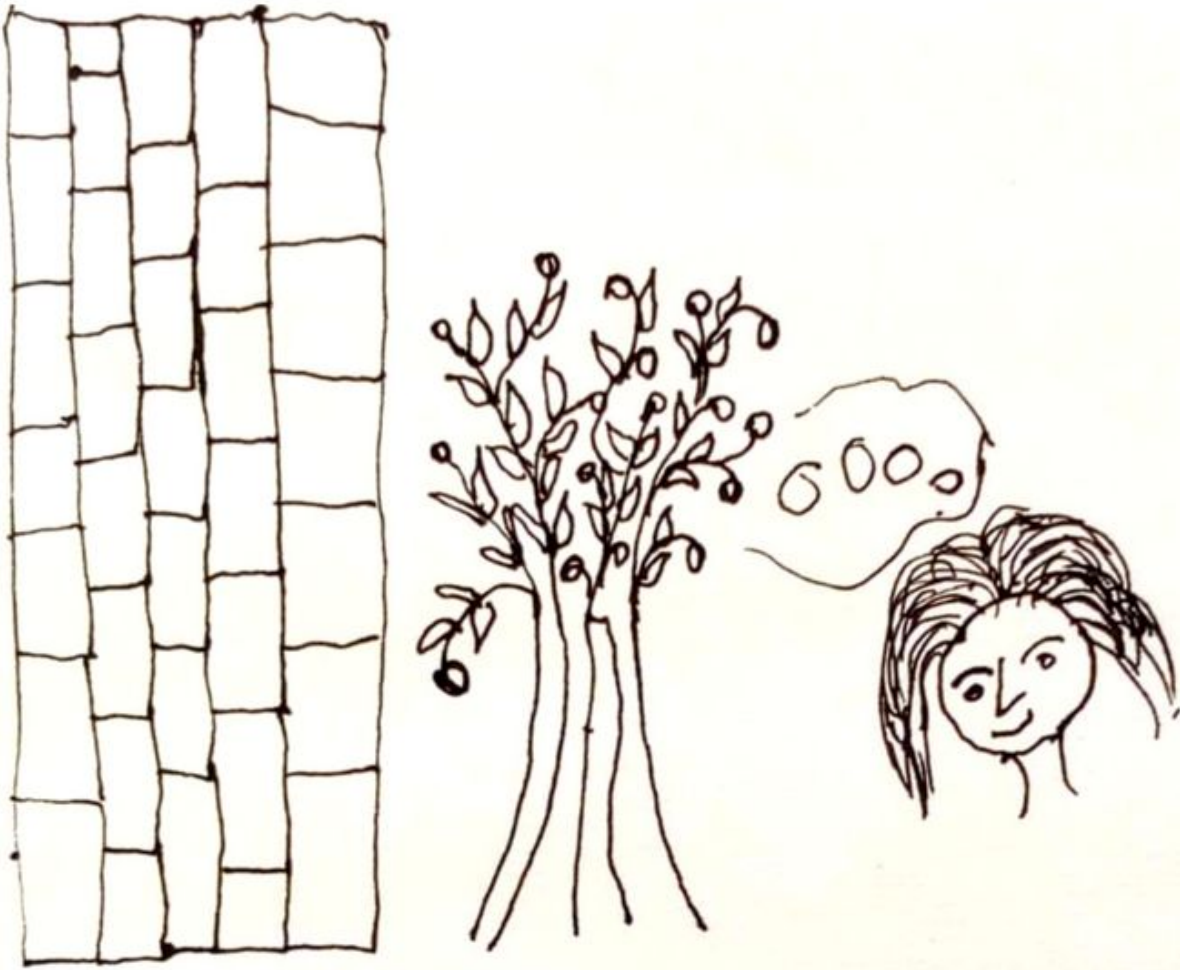
मोती का पेड़



Story & Illustration by Kanchan Mala

जब मैं बहुत छोटी थी यह कहानी तब की है। हमारा बच्चों का एक झुंड था। उस जून के सभी बच्चे 10 साल की उम्र से कम के ही थे। सभी बहुत सीधे और सरल स्वभाव के थे। आपस में सभी का अच्छा सामंजस्य था। कब जल्दी सुबह उठना है और सभी बच्चों को इकट्ठा होना है। सभी अपने दिनचर्या से निबटने और स्कूल जाने से पहले और स्कूल से आने के बाद आपस में इकट्ठा होकर खेलते थे। तब बाहर खेल अधिक हुआ करता था। सभी खेल भागने दौड़ने वाला ही हुआ करता था। जैसे पिट्टो, कितकित, एखट दोखट, कबड्डी, आस-पास डेंगा पानी इत्यादि। एक दिन खेलते वक्त सभी ने हवाई हड्डा उड़ते हुए देखा। हवाई हड्डा बहुत सारे थे। उनको उड़ते देख किसी बच्चे ने कहा कि उसे किसी ने बताया है की हड्डे का सिर जमीन में यदि गाड़ दिया जाए तो मोती का पेड़ उग जाता है। मोती का

पेड़ जिससे मुझे बहुत सारा मोती मिलेगा और उससे मैं अपने लिए क्या-क्या बना लूंगी, इस आशा और लालसा की वजह से मैंने और कई बच्चों ने कितने हड्डे को मारा होगा यह तो मुझे नहीं पता, हां मैंने अनेक हड्डे को मारा। हर दिन तीन या चार हड्डे को अवश्य मारकर उसका गर्दन तोड़ कर सिर मिट्टी में दबा देती थी। पेड़ उगने कि मुझे बहुत जल्दी थी। मुझे लगता था आज सिर मिट्टी में गाड़ा है कल पेड़ उग जाएगा और बहुत ही जल्द मोतियों का ढेर होगा, फिर घर में सभी को दादी, बाबूजी, मां को मोती देकर आश्चर्य चकित कर दूंगी। यह सिलसिला कई दिनों तक लगातार चालू था। हड्डे का सिर मिट्टी में गाड़ना और पानी डालना फिर नहीं निकलने पर मायूस होना। कई दिनों के बाद पेड़ नहीं उगने पर दादी को सारी बातें बताई, पेड़ नहीं उग रहा है अब क्या करूं ।



अब मेरी बारी थी आश्चर्यचकित होने कि, मैंने क्या गलत किया है। डांट भी बहुत पड़ी कि मैंने कितना गलत काम किया है। मोती पेड़ में नहीं उगते सीप में होते है। और एक कीड़े के कारण मोती बनता है, जो सीप में रहता है। और हर सीप में भी मोती नहीं होता। मैं उन हड्डो को याद कर बहुत रोयीं, बहुत पछतायी। पर जिनको मार दिया था उसे जीवित नहीं कर सकती थी। आज भी आसमान में उन जैसे हड्डो को उड़ते देखती हूं तो मुझे अपनी गलती याद आ जाती है। यह मेरे बचपन की अविस्मरणीय कहानी है जो मेरे जीवन की सच्ची घटना पर आधारित है।



The School Picnic

Illustration & Story by Anvesha Aseem

One day a girl was going for a picnic along with her class. Her name was Samya. She was studying in Notre Dame Academy. She was 8 years old. She and her class sat in the bus and the bus started. They enjoyed the bus ride. When they reached Ecopark, Samya was feeling so bored that she slept off. Then the teacher called all the students to take a class

photo, but Samya was sleeping. Her classmate came and told her to wake up and go for the photo. Then they went for lunch and then to play at the swings. Then it was time to go home. Again they went to the bus to have a nice ride back home. When Samya reached home she was so tired she slept off again.





The Huge Red Monster

Illustration & Story by Shinjini Sinha

My dream is to become a doctor. One day I was giving medical exam. When I finished it I submitted it to my teacher. That night a monster came and burnt our test papers. Next day we found that our test papers were not there. Our teacher told us to give the medical exam one more time. That night again the monster came and burnt our test papers.

Next day again we have to give our exam. That day I thought "Where are our test papers going?" I wanted to know and so after school I stayed in the school. I hid myself in the room where the test papers were kept. All of a sudden a huge red monster came. I was very scared. I started shouting.



Then suddenly someone shook me. I opened my eyes. It was my mother. She asked me "Why were you shouting?" Then I realised it was only a dream!

The Flying Penguin



Story & Illustration by Advait Maskeri

There was a penguin who lived in Andheri in a house. He liked to travel, eat different types of food and play. At first he wanted to become a maid who washes his clothes. Then he wanted to become an auto rickshaw driver and many more. One day he sat in an Aeroplane for the second time and decided to become a pilot and started to like Math, English and Science. Time by time day by day week by week month by month year by year he learned the basics and his mind become stronger and stronger. When he was 4 years old he shifted to Charkop, made friends and played with them everyday.

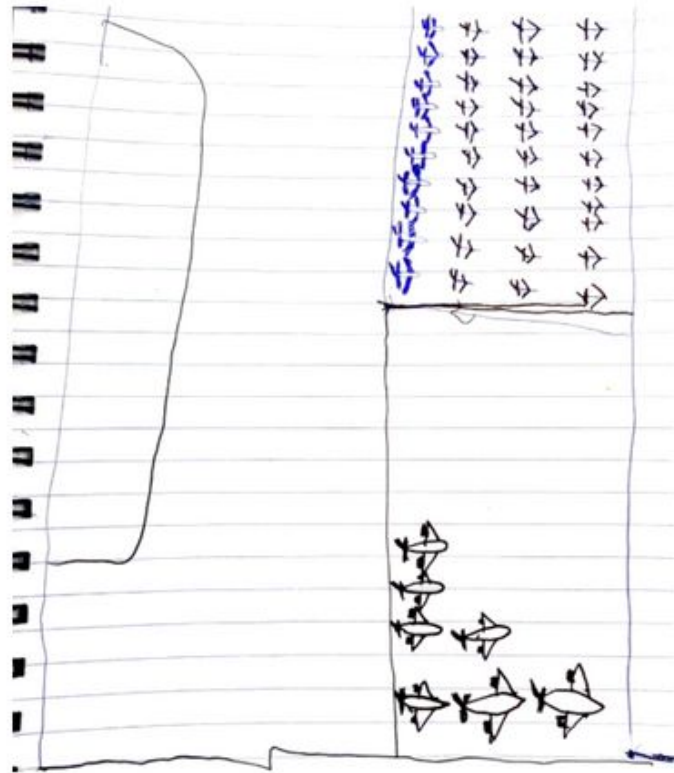
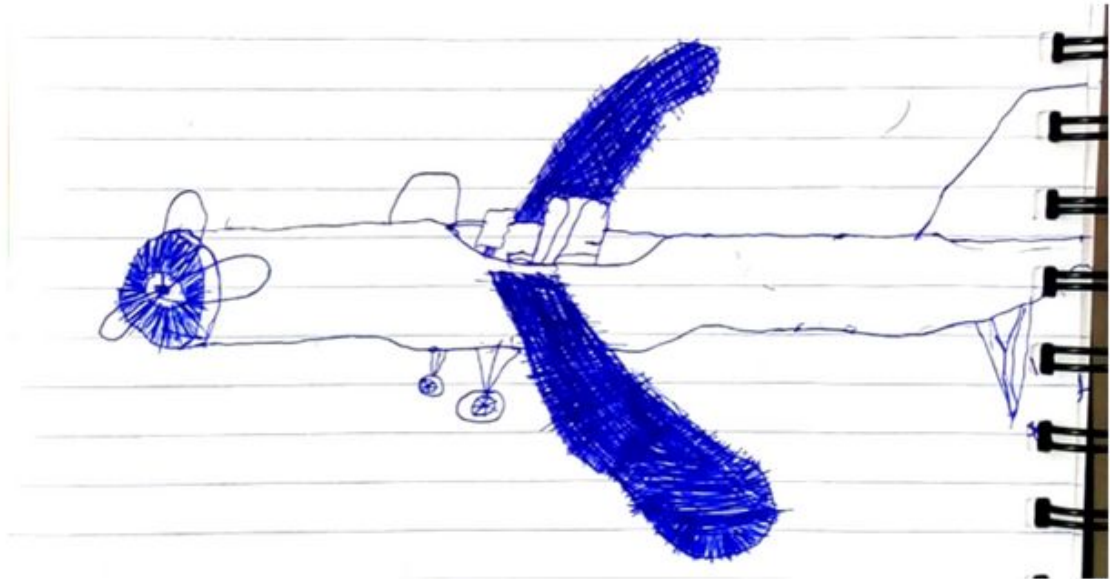
One day his mother called a maid from Kolkata. He liked her too. He played and watched films with her. He also corrected her Hindi. One day he went to his friends house in the evening and played till night. In the night the maid came to take him home.

When she came she told him to come home so he went to see her from the window. He went to the window with his friend and they both told her to go drink milk 3 to 4 times and then he went back home with her. Later, in his bedroom, he threw a plastic stool at her. So she cried and complained to his mother. His mother got angry. She locked him in the bathroom and put off the light. He cried and cried and banged the door. She told his mother to let him out of the bathroom. So the maid took him out of the bathroom. After he was out of the bathroom, they hugged each other. When the maid was leaving he also wanted to go with her but he didn't. So he stayed with his parents.

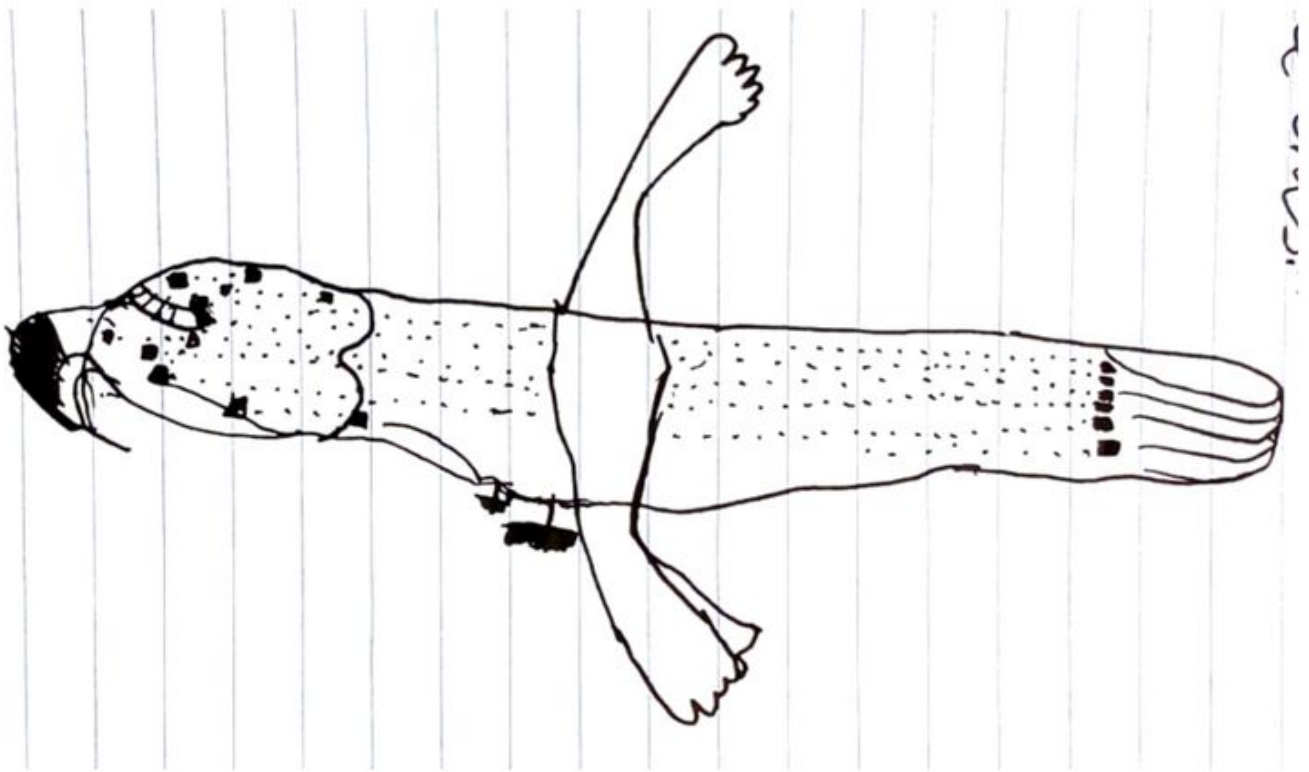
When he was 5 his mother sent him to Bengaluru because he was going to shift to Borivali. He didn't want to shift to Borivali and he wanted his parents to come to Bengaluru.

20 years later...

The penguin had become a pilot and will tell you how he became a pilot. "When I was 18 years old I was took admission in a pilot Training College. The first plane I sat in looked like this:



And when I flew it everything looked like this from top:



And when I passed my lessons, my teacher told me that I can open a new airlines. So I was happy and my teacher was happy too. When I opened my airlines I called my airlines Falcon Airlines and my aeroplanes looked like this.

परवरीश और होड़



STORY & ILLUSTRATION BY KANCHAN MALA

मैं बचपन से सुनती आई हूँ बच्चों का पहला पाठशाला घर होता है और मां बाप पहले शिक्षक। जिस घर में किसी बच्चे का जन्म होता है उसे उस घर का माहौल की परवरिश के रूप में मिलता है यह सत्य है। पर जैसे जैसे बच्चे बड़े होते हैं फिर घर के बाहर दोस्तों का साथ और स्कूल का माहौल भी प्रभावित करता है। बात उन दिनों की है जब मैं तीसरी कक्षा की छात्रा थी। तब सिर्फ सरकारी स्कूल ही हुआ करते थे। मैं अपने घर के नजदीक ही श्री कन्हैया लाल माध्यमिक विद्यालय में पढ़ती थी। शिक्षक दिवस 5 सितंबर को होता है यह सभी को पता है जो भी शिक्षित है लेकिन मेरे वक्त में जब मैं स्कूल जाती थी आज की तरह शिक्षकों द्वारा सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम करके शिक्षक दिवस नहीं मनाया जाता था। तब 25 नया पैसा का एक टिकट आता था उसे खरीद कर एक आलपिन की मदद से

अपने पहने हुए कपड़े में लगाया जाता था। तब यूनिफार्म भी नहीं हुआ करता था। मेरी कक्षा के शिक्षक ने वर्ग में आकर घोषणा की आज के शिक्षक दिवस पर जो बच्चे अधिक रुपया अपने वर्ग में जमा करेगा उसे कुछ भी इनाम दिया जाएगा। इनाम की घोषणा ने मेरे मन के अंदर हलचल मचा दिया। यह इनाम मुझे ही मिलना चाहिए। मैं घर जाकर अपने बाबूजी से रुपए की मांग की बाबूजी ने मुझे ₹2 दिए। मैंने वह रुपया स्कूल में जमा करा दिया। शिक्षकों ने मुझसे कहा तुम तो धनी घर की लड़की हो और सिर्फ ₹2 ही लाई हो। तब रुपए का बहुत अलग महत्व था एक पैसा, दो पैसा, तीन पैसा, पांच पैसा, दस पैसा, बीस पैसा, पच्चीस पैसा, पचास पैसा तब जाकर ₹1 ₹2 ₹5 इत्यादि हुआ करता था। इसलिए रुपए का और अधिक महत्व था। मैं दोबारा जिद करके अपने बाबूजी से एक



और दो रुपए मांग कर ले गई। पर मेरे शिक्षक ने मुझे और लाने के लिए कहा। पर मेरे बाबूजी और मांगने पर रुपए नहीं दिए और डांट अवश्य पड़ी। अब मांग कर तो मिलता नहीं और शिक्षक की नजर में ऊंचा बनने की लालसा ने मुझे चोरी करने पर मजबूर कर दिया। मुझे यह तो अच्छी तरह याद नहीं कि मैंने कितने रुपए चुराकर स्कूल में दिया। 10 या ₹15 तक जरूर चुरा कर दे आई थी। वर्ग में बोर्ड के पास मुझे खड़ा करके शाबाशी अवश्य मिला। उधर घर में बाबूजी ने जब अपनी कमीज पहनी और रुपए उन्हें कम लगा तब हम सभी भाई बहनों को इकट्ठा करके पूछा गया। किसी ने स्वीकृति नहीं दी मैंने भी नहीं। फिर बाबूजी ने हम सभी से कहा कि आज से पहले ऐसा कभी नहीं हुआ कि मेरे रुपए खोए हैं। लेकिन आज ऐसा हुआ है। इसलिए मैं सिर्फ इतना ही कहूंगा कि चुपके से रुपए लेना चोरी कहा जाता है और वह बच्चा बड़ा होकर चोर बन जाता है फिर पुलिस उसे पकड़ कर जेल में बंद कर देती है और उसकी बहुत

पिटवाई की जाती है। पूरे मोहल्ले के लोग उसे उसके नाम से नहीं चोर के नाम से पुकारते हैं। अपने घर में उसे घुसने भी नहीं देते हैं। और बाबूजी अपने काम पर चले गए। मैं इतनी डर गई थी कि दोबारा तो वैसे गलती की नहीं पर अपनी गलती कि शर्म की वजह से भी किसी को बताई नहीं। यह राज मेरे अंदर ही दफन हो गया। सच कहने की हिम्मत मुझे कभी नहीं मिली अपने बच्चों से भी कभी नहीं कहा। पर एक दिन अचानक मेरी नातिन ने समाचार पत्र अपने स्कूल में ले जाने की बात बताएं जो अभी तीसरी कक्षा नोटरडाम् स्कूल की छात्रा है। उसने भी यही कहा कि जिस हाउस की छात्रा अधिक से अधिक समाचार पत्र इकट्ठा करेंगे उनको वर्ग में श्रेष्ठ घोषित किया जाएगा। अभी तो प्राइवेट स्कूलों का ही अधिक प्रचलन है तथा 4 हाउस का भी। जिसे पीला हाउस, लाल हाउस, पीला हाउस और हरा हाउस के नाम से जाना जाता है। मेरी नातिन के ऐसा कहते ही मैंने उसे गुस्सा किया कि यह गलत है तुम्हें उतना ही समाचार पत्र ले जाना चाहिए जितना घर से या मम्मी जितना देगी। उसने मुझसे कहा कि और बच्चे बहुत ज्यादा लेकर आ रहे हैं फिर मैं क्यों नहीं ले जा सकती? तभी मेरी चोरी करने की बात मैंने पूरी सच्चाई से बता दिया। मेरी बात से मेरी नातिन बहुत प्रभावित हुए और बोली ऐसा ही करूंगी जैसा आप कह रही हैं। वर्षों बाद मेरी चोरी की कहानी दोहराई ना जाए इसी वजह से सच बताने की हिम्मत आ गई। गलत होड़ की शिक्षा भी गलत राह पर ले जाते हैं।

dolly
nd...
learn't how to make
and act for it. I learnt
y from you and the
participants. And they best
to when Fand had
police officer.

Hey Sid!!
नमो - नमो
आपका बहुत धन्यवाद

Dear Sid
I feel it is real actually
love those things that
I do. My creativity
create something is never
ice. We can do
any things, but I
love to put my
hands. I like work
God bless you
to you.

LETTERS TO SID

Hey Sid!!
मिशा नाम - सुरज
कुछी पूरा पर आकर बहुत अच्छा की लगी
पता कुछी आकर आला। गल्ला है बहुत
सुखी करके में कुछी बहुत मजा
पता आकर बहुत मजा आ

Ho...
र...



Hey Sid,

मेरा नाम सूरज है। मुझे
यहां पर आकर बहुत
अच्छा लगा। यहां मुझे
आकर अलग-अलग कुछ
सीखने मिला। एक टीम में
काम करने में मुझे बहुत
मजा आया। मुझे यहां
आकर बहुत मजा आया।

SURAJ KUMAR



Dear Sid,

I enjoy listening to stories with other children were telling. I was made to write chits for Hero, villain, world, strength, weakness etc which was very interesting. When we were divided into two groups and we made and acted in a short play. I played the part of God which I really liked. I had a wonderful day.

I enjoyed making the 'I Am Prayer Flag' for that I wrote cheerful, proud, truthful etc. I like the flip book. It was very interesting to draw things in it and then flip it. I enjoyed seeing my drawing move. Thank you Sid I had a wonderful day.

SHINJINI SINHA



Hey Sid,

मेरा नाम तारा है। यहां
पर आकर बहुत अच्छा
लगा।

TARA KUMARI



Dear Sid,

I learnt about to give everyone a chance. I like to act and I like Tara's dance. I met everyone who came for the workshop. I know everyone and I like to create stories. It is beautiful to create something. I enjoyed the workshop. I thought that I have done some creative things first time in my life. If we take help from someone it will be easy and nice to do anything.

We can do many things but we have to use our mind and hands.

Today was the last day of the workshop. Today we did stop-motion animation of humans objects and clay. Most of all I like the stop motion and the prayer flag.

Workshops are one of something amazing things to learn. Thank you Sid once again. Thank you for inviting me. God bless you.

ANVESH A SEEM

आदरणीय सिद्धार्थ,

यह जो किर्येटर कनेक्ट वर्कशॉप आपने कराया, बहुत ही रुचिकर है। बच्चे और बड़ों सभी के लिए मनोरंजन के साथ साथ अपने अंदर छुपे प्रतिभा को व्यक्त करने के लिए एक अच्छा माध्यम है। बहुत माता-पिता बच्चों के भविष्य को लेकर पढ़ाई के ऊपर ही पूरा ध्यान दे पाते हैं। आज के इस व्यस्त युग में जब माता-पिता दोनों ही कार्यरत है, तब उनके पास खुद के लिए भी वक्त की कमी होती है। इस वजह से भी वह सिर्फ पढ़ाई पर ही ध्यान दे पाते हैं। इस वर्कशॉप में बच्चों के अंदर की अन्य प्रतिभाओं को बाहर निकालने का प्रयास है, इसलिए यह कार्यक्रम मुझे पसंद आया।

KANCHAN MALA

A woman with dark hair, wearing a patterned top, is sitting on the floor. She is looking down at a blue water bottle and some papers. The background is a plain wall. The entire image has a blue tint.

Hello Sid,

I had a great time today. I loved to see Tara dance. Shinjini is a surprising girl. Her Idea was so new and cute. I liked everyone. Everyone had tried to do what they were afraid of. They were hesitating first but later we all performed well. I learnt how so many different people can come together and build something new very quickly. I am very curious about what is going to happen next.

It was so so great today! I explode my so many qualities. I have put my 'I am prayer flag' on top of my almirah. I can read it feel it and keep all my qualities alive inside my heart and I will cherish them all. I loved to make a flipbook. It was so much fun to think of little stories. A big smile for you.

SRISHTI SABAA

A young boy in a patterned shirt is looking towards a woman in a blue shirt who is sitting at a desk. The woman is wearing glasses and looking down at something on the desk. The background shows a classroom or office setting with a computer monitor and other equipment. The entire image has a blue tint.

Dear Siddu papa and
Dolly mumma

Today I learnt how to make stories and act
in it. I learnt this only from you and the
other participants. And the best I like was
Tara had become a police officer.

ADVAIT MASKERI

CREATIVITY. PLAY . MAGIC

...ALL IN A DAY OF A CREATOR



**CREATORS
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