

The Loyolite



2007

Our School



Cheer Loyola's sons
Cheer till day is done
Till the game is won
For our School.
As her banners soar
Let the echoes roar
Round the golden shore
Of India's rule.

Virtue shielding us
Knowledge for our weapon
Onward, on, Loyola's sons.
Let us march asinging
Send the echoes ringing
Giving our best till the game is won.

Loyola's sons, acclaim
Brave Loyola's fame
Proud to bear the name
O'er the field
Always brave and true
Pledge each day anew
Aye to dare and do
Ne'er to yield.

Virtue shielding us
Knowledge for our weapon
Onward, on, Loyola's sons.
Let us march asinging
Send the echoes ringing
Giving our best till the game is won.

Oh, thou God of all
Hear us when we call
Help us one and all
By Thy grace,
When life's game is done
And the victory won
May we wear the crown
Of joy and grace.

Virtue shielding us
Knowledge for our weapon
Onward, on, Loyola's sons.
Let us march asinging
Send the echoes ringing
Giving our best till the game is won.

The Loyolite 2007



Loyola School
Thiruvananthapuram



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Editorial

The Editorial Board is happy to welcome you to The Loyolite 2007. We hope you will like it.

'Growth' was the theme of all that happened on campus this academic year. We grew in numbers - new students and teachers joined us. Our first batch of CBSE students took the public exam this summer. We added on some more physical resources as well—enhanced facilities in the computer labs, a language lab and the new auditorium cum stadium complex. There were success stories of our students in academics, sports and cultural events. Our magazine too has grown in size, colour and depth mirroring the inner growth of our children. We have surely moved on.

On our part at the editorial desk, we have tried to provide you an inside look at all aspects of this growth. We bring you campus news and experiences of our students by recording the major events and achievements. We also bring you stories of our alumni spread throughout the world. We have tried to ensure better quality and a variety of writing that will hold the interest of our readers. There is nothing quite like the thrill of first seeing your writing in print and so in our Creative Writing section we provide space for children to share their inner worlds. This we hope will help launch them on a lifelong adventure in writing.

Behind the scenes of any magazine, there is so much going on than a reader sees, that it's possible to overlook the hard work that goes in. My colleagues at the editorial board laboured hard to give you a magazine that you can be proud of. I thank all of them for their support, especially Mr Prathap Chandran for helping out in the final stages.

In recent years, it has been our practise to get students actively involved in the publishing process and this year too the student editorial team rallied round me from the beginning to the end. While Joshua and Kevin dabbled with photography providing some of the pictures, Nitin and Gejo drew interesting sketches for the write-ups. Avinesh, Gurudas, Sriram and Tushar very cheerfully submitted to the rigours of the job by soliciting submissions, chasing students to keep deadlines, editing, typing and proof-reading. It was a pleasure to work with Mishel and Nikhil who braving stiff opposition worked creatively and with dedication on the page layout and design. I could not have asked for a better editorial team.

We were fortunate in finding Mr N Bhattathiri, a very patient and creative person to do our lay out and design. Our students surely benefitted a lot.

Finally, a big thanks to Father Varghese Anikuzhy for trusting us with the work and for all his encouragement.

We hope you will enjoy your copy. As usual we value your feedback, so do get back to us.

Deepa Pillai

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Principal's Report



Honourable chief guest, Prof. N. R. Madhava Menon, distinguished personalities on the dais and among the audience. Fr. Rector, PTA representatives, parents, well-wishers, friends, members of the LOBA, my dear colleagues and students.

I am very pleased to welcome the chief guest, a legal luminary of national fame and each and every one of you to this evening's function where you will see a display of original and genuine talents without any borrowed talents to train our students. The school climate is one of encouragement where innate talents are nurtured. Self discovery and confidence building are done by parent representatives and the alumni. I am indeed very happy to say that the frequent visits of senior Loyolites contribute to the shaping up of the present Loyolites with human qualities. In grooming the Loyolites in human qualities and eternal values we face certain hurdles that are built by home and neighbourhood. These hurdles are erected with the good intention of competition and struggle for existence. When the minds of children are set and strengthened in the same attitude of selfishness and individualism they are bound to become agents and masters of the same qualities at home and in the society, later. In the present education scenario we aim at human values beyond and besides Mark, Rank and Money. It will be a paradise regained if the goal is achieved. Now I would like to cover the whole year with a few important activities of the school this year.

Dr. G C Gopalapillai, the former P.T.A president, Dr. S C Gupta, Former director of VSSC, Mr.

Bharath Bhushan I A S, Fr. C P Varkey, Fr. Joy James, Dr. Babu Ramachandran, Mrs. Meena Nair, Mrs. Gomathiammal, Dr. Narayanamoorthy & Dr. Anilkumar of V.S.S.C, Dr. Jyothidev Kesavdev, Mr. Thirtha Pratim, Prof. B Anil, Dr. Joseph V A of South Indian Bank, Sri. N. S. Madhavan, Dr. Sreekumar Chatopadyaya of the Centre for Earth Studies were some of the erudite people who enlivened our students with their presence and words during the academic year.

The Aeronautical Society of India, Thiruvananthapuram branch conducted its premier ROSE 2006 in our school. Sri. Ramakrishna, Dr. Manoranjan Rao and Sri. N. Narayanamoorthy made their presentations in the seminar.

Mrs. Radha Nair left Loyola after a long tenure of service.

The work on the indoor stadium is progressing well. The C.B.S.E section of our school has completed one more floor to house five laboratories. The P.T.A. has agreed to put up a language lab there.

Loyola school competing with fourteen schools from different parts of the country won the first National Aerospace Olympiad. The team members were Kishor Govind Nayar, Ashique Siyad, Hari Sanker V, Avinesh Vasudevan, Mishel Johns & Sriram P of Std XI A.

Quiz

1. Vineeth Krishnan & Vishnu M J of XII A, won the 1st prize in the National ISC Quiz competition.

2. Aju Basil James & Leo Francis of X B won the 1st prize in the National ICSE quiz competition.

3. In the ICSE National Junior quiz, Arjun Shajan & Rahul Krishnan of VII B turned out to be runners-up.

4. In the Aqua Regia Quiz at Hyderabad Achuth Vasudevan and Aju Basil James emerged the national champions.

5. Ganesh Sangeeth and Vineeth Krishnan stood first in the sports quiz conducted by Christ Nagar School.

6. Syam. B. S of std X A got second prize in the District Level Talent Search Scholarship in Mathematics, conducted by District Schools Mathematics Association.

7. In the Trivandrum Railway Art Club Quiz, Archit Mohan and Kiran George Koshy carried away the trophy.

8. Archith Mohan and Achuth Vasudevan paired well to lift the trophy of St. John's School Quiz.

9. Loyola team, Aravind A Menon & Vishnu M J of XII A, brought home the winners trophy; and Archit Mohan & Leo Francis of X B, won runners-up trophy in the Hindu Young World state level quiz.

10. In the TCS Quiz Archith Mohan and Seby Jacob had to be satisfied with a runner-up trophy.

11. In Youth festival in the sub district level Adonis Thokalath secured first prizes in both Folk Dance and Bharathanatyam.

12. Arjun Shajan got second place in Balarama Scholarship examination.

13. Mishel Johns crowned all these achievements with his NTSE Scholarship.

Cricket

1. Jithin R, Tomy Alexander and R Sankarankutty got selection in the under 15 state team.

2. Ali Asgar is in two state teams, under 17 and under 19.

3. Jithin R is also in the State School Cricket team.

Football

1. In the inter School football tournament conducted at Kendriya Vidyalaya, Pattom, Loyola School team walked away with the trophy.

Most of the parents are mark-crazy in the world today. Some of them are seen on the school campus during terminal examinations. Some of them give special coaching to their sons just before the examination begins. Yet others feed their wards and read for them to learn. Wonderful time management! Two birds at one shot. A few years later they may try for permission to write the examination, instead of their wards.

We may acquire many factory products to make life comfortable. This may lead to total dependence on machines and their produce. Do these things make human life and relationship comfortable, strengthening? Can wealth and affluence alone become the criterion for respectability and acceptability? Our pattern of behaviour is more eloquent than our words. Children read between lines. Once a trend is programmed into them, they behave accordingly to everyone around. If we try to inculcate human values in our children they become invaluable assets for all of us and for the country. May God bless and help us to work for this unselfish goal. I thank all the staff members, students and parents for their generous co-operation and support.

Jai Hind.

Fr Varghese Anikuzhy S J



The Jesuit

Management Models

It is easy to follow the beaten track of the predecessors. But St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits, thought otherwise. He founded a new religious order in the Catholic Church different from all previous ones. He was truly a trailblazer. He streamlined a revolutionary approach to religious life in the Catholic Church deviating from the traditional understanding and practice of hitherto existing religious life.

The characteristics of the Jesuit way of proceeding have stood the test of time and have become a sustainable paradigm for more than 450 years. Even today many religious societies and secular organizations follow the Jesuit management models put forward by St Ignatius of Loyola. This means that the perennial dynamism and universal appeal of the Jesuit spirituality and administrative strategy are even now relevant. In this increasingly complex and constantly changing world, the Jesuit management approach is widely accepted as an effective and efficacious model for achieving the desired goals.

The Greek Philosopher Plato had this as the motto of his 'Academy' - "Notis se auton" which means 'know thyself'. He was convinced beyond doubt that self knowledge was very important as far as the training of a student was concerned. Another Greek philosopher, Socrates, recorded that an unexamined life was not worth living. Self-evaluation and self-knowledge were of prime importance for him especially in the formative years of a child. The exponents of Zen meditation, advocate concentration and self awareness as preliminary steps for attaining complete self mastery. The Latin dictum 'noverim me, noverim Te' is attributed to St Augustine. According to him knowledge of oneself eventually leads to the transcendental knowledge of God. All the above mentioned thinkers and teachers considered self-reflection leading to self-awareness as an indispensable success tool for any serious student.

St Ignatius of Loyola in his "Spiritual Exercises"

explains how a person can achieve self mastery by faithfully following the various meditations and exercises. Eventually a person will be able to know his strengths and weaknesses, values and personality traits which will finally lead him towards a successful life. As one grows into a mature person, one will feel comfortable with oneself, with nature, and with God. Every Jesuit recruit has to undergo this training at least twice during his period of formation. Self-awareness helps one to order one's life, to locate the unhealthy spots and weaknesses that may derail one. This self searching will throw light on one's disordered life and empower one to conquer ones defects and shortcomings. Thus St Ignatius wanted every Jesuit to become a leader having complete mastery over himself and the environment in which he functions. Hence, the first paradigm of Jesuit leadership is self awareness.

Another typical Jesuit maxim is '**magis**' which means excellence. The single word that characterizes the Jesuit enterprise is 'magis'. This striving for excellence is the core of any Jesuit undertaking. This makes one responsible for one's own actions, and competent to respond to different situations in life. This calls for a deep sense of commitment to whatever



St Ignatius had total disregard for the average and the mediocre. He always wanted to do a little more than what was required.

job one undertakes. The Jesuit sense of 'magis', envisages in forming men and women of right principles, with the orientation for distinguished service, especially in the realization of his vision and mission. A person with the spirit of magis will always opt for inventiveness and creativity.

Ignatius was convinced that one performs best in a supportive, encouraging and positively charged environment.

St Ignatius had total disregard for the average, the mediocre and the compromising complacent attitude of people. He always wanted to do a little more than what was required. 'What more could be done' was his constant concern. Thus a person with the disposition of 'magis' dreams impossible dreams and will reach the unreachable star. Destiny awaits those who dare to dream. Dr A P J Abdul Kalam beautifully puts it in his autobiography. "We are all born with a divine fire in us. Our efforts should be to give wings to this fire and fill the world with the glow of its goodness"(Wings of Fire). This striving for magis will enable you to dream and put your dreams into action. Jesuits and their students are expected to discern the signs of the times and be ready to imagine and dare projects that no one had thought of earlier. Here lies the pioneering spirit.

Ignatius was convinced that one performs best in a supportive, encouraging and positively charged environment. Hence, the main duty of the Jesuit superior or leader is to **'take care of the individuals'** (cura personalis) so that each person's talent, potential and dignity will flourish and enable him to actualize these qualities to the fullest extent. In this love-ridden leadership each individual in his own right will work for achieving the Jesuit common agenda. He will respond quickly to opportunities and threats with a

sense of urgency and commitment. Knowing the individual well and directing him to undertake the work for which he is most fit, calls for sustained effort on the part of the superiors/leaders. They have to understand the individual and make him the most apt person to undertake Society's works.

Promoting Jesuit excellence and actualizing it in one's own life and becoming living embodiment of this will give us immense joy and satisfaction in our effort in disseminating the Jesuit ideals. Rousseau, Voltaire, A P J Abdul Kalam, Bill Clinton, Fidel Castro, Sasi Tharoor etc are a few shining stars in the galaxy of eminent Jesuit alumni who have profited from the training they received from the Jesuit institutions.

The Jesuit Society has a corporate aspiration and vision. Every Jesuit accepts this as his own personal mission. The Society gives to each person an opportunity to enlarge himself by striving towards realizing this goal and contributing his best to an enterprise greater than his own personal interests.

The above mentioned characteristic traits of Jesuit administration should reinforce every Jesuit student. They should inculcate values of integrity, imagination, respect for others and passion for excellence and service. A Jesuit school, Loyola school should have the ambience for the integral development of a child. **Loyola can never be content with what it is now.** Loyola has a culture of its own. Its alumni are known for their integrity, ingenuity and human approach. It should be a place to learn as well as a place to grow. It has to be an institution that promotes Jesuit excellence. To realize this great Jesuit ideal, a concerted effort on the part of the parents, the teachers and the students is necessary. We hope that Loyola students will always aim high and become ambassadors of Jesuit excellence so as to lead a fully competent, committed and contended life.

"Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go."

Fr Joseph Edassery S J

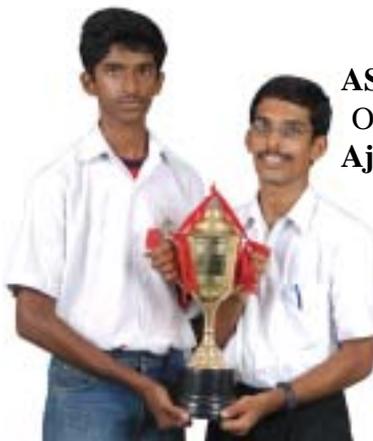
School Events

At the Helm



SCHOOL LEADER

Aravind A Menon (XII A) proved his mettle by leading from the front this year. Confident and innovative, he played a crucial role in all the major events of the school. He teamed with Vishnu M J to win the first prize in the Hindu Young world State Level Quiz.



ASSISTANT SCHOOL LEADER

One of Loyola's best quizzers and debaters **Aju Basil James** (X B), assistant school leader represented Loyola School in various quiz and debate competitions. Along with **Leo Francis** (X B), he won the first prize in National I C S E Quiz Competition. He teamed with **Achuth Vausdevan** (X B) to bag the National Championship at the Aqua Regia Quiz held at Hyderabad.



ASSISTANT SCHOOL LEADER

Described by teachers as very positive minded and responsible, **Raphael Thomas** (IX C) supported the school leader in all the school activities. He was an active participant in the school youth festival and sports day.



JUNIOR SCHOOL LEADER

"He is one of the best behaved in the class and a gem among boys" is how **Aditya Joseph Mathew** (V A), the Junior School Leader is described by his class teacher. The all rounder prize winner, Aditya, is also a good orator.



ASSISTANT SCHOOL LEADERS JUNIOR SCHOOL

Ajay Zachariah (V B) and **Arjun Shyam** (V C) supported the Junior School Leader this academic year. While Ajay Zachariah is the all rounder prize winner, Arjun Shyam is the proficiency award winner of the year. As leaders, both take initiative and also get the job done well.



School Events

Captains (clock-wise) General Captain **Ranjeet F J** (XI A) is one of the best athletes in Loyola School and walked away with many prizes at the School Athletic Meet. He co-ordinated the activities of all the houses admirably.

Nivin Bennet (XI B), has every reason to be proud this year. His house won the championship in the School Youth Festival and the Sports Meet.

JJ House captain **Peter Gautam** (XI B) led his house to win the Fr Kuncheria memorial trophy for the house that secures the highest points in the senior

division during the school youth festival. He has proved his literary skills in versification and has won prizes for the same.



AP House captain **Shyamnath JG** (XI A) with his leadership qualities was able to bag the second position for his house during the sports day. He breathed new life into The Loyola English News Service

Navin P L(XI A), SS House captain this year, won the coveted first position in the 4 x 100 mts race. One of the leading athletes of the school, he also worked for the Loyola English News Service very actively.

Winning Accolades

TONY JOSEPH FERNANDEZ
Master Renji Mathew Memorial Gold medal for the student securing the highest mark in the SSLC examination 2005-2006.



MANOJ P
Rev Fr Kuncheria S J, Memorial Gold Medal for the student securing the highest mark in ICSE Examination 2005-2006

RAKESH P
ISC Gold Medal for the student securing the highest mark in the ISC Examination 2005-06.

School Events



Mishel Johns brought home a bag of trophies this year to make all Loyolites proud. The NTSE scholar, is also a Kishore Vaigyanik Protsahan Yojana (KVPY) fellow. He secured the National Rank 47 at the National Cyber Olympiad conducted by the Science Olympiad Foundation and teamed with five others to bring home the trophy for the first National Aerospace Olympiad.



RAKESH ROLLANDS (XII A)
Best Loyolite
for the year 2006-07



SEKHAR R A (XI B)
Best Sports Person for the year 2006-2007



MIPIN PREM
Gold Medal for the student
securing the highest mark in the
HSC Examination 2005-2006



ALI ASGAR (X C)
Loyola's ace cricketer Ali Asgar (X C) represented the U-19 Kerala team in the south zone Vinoo Mankad Trophy and the Cooch Behar Trophy. He was awarded the promising youngster trophy at the G V Raja cricket tournament at Trivandrum.

School Events



JERRY MATHEW (VIII B)
Represented Kerala in the
34th Sub-Junior National and
Inter State Carrom
Championship held at
Trivandrum.



VISHNU M J (XII A)
First in National ISC
Quiz competition
First in Hindu Young World
State level quiz



ADONIS SUNNY (IX A)
First place in folk dance and
Bharathanatyam at sub district
youth festival



JITHIN R (X A),
SANKARANKUTTY (IX B)
U 16 State Team



VINEETH KRISHNAN
(XII A)
First in National ISC
Quiz Competition



Noted educationist
Dr Gomathy Ammal at the
Diwali Celebrations

School Events

Activities of the National Cadet Corps

Cdt Flt Sgt Karthik Nandakumar

Unity and discipline - is the motto of the National Cadet Corps. This annual year, 2006-07 saw the cadets of troop no. 17, Loyola school, follow this motto strictly. The troop under the 1 (K) Air squadron NCC, Trivandrum, consisted a total of 100 cadets (56 seniors and 44 juniors). Out of this there were 3 sergeants, corporals and a number of leading flight cadets. Karthik Nandakumar was the flight sergeant. Leading the cadets in the front was Second officer Mr Anil Kumar R

Three camps were attended by troop no. 17 this year. The first one was the annual training camp held at St Mary's school, Vettucaudu from May 18 to May 27. Thirty cadets from the troop attended the camp. Cdt. Flt. Sgt. Karthik Nandakumar was adjudged 'the best cadet' from over 600 cadets in the camp. The second camp was held from August 4 to August 16. Loyola School was selected to represent the 1(K) air squadron in the inter-battalion competition in the combined all wing annual training camp held at world market complex, Anayara. Loyola secured the fourth position in the drill competition under the training of Sgt Sunilkumar (I A F). This team was led by Cdt Flt Sgt Karthik

Nandakumar. Cdt Sgt Ajith John got the first place in the flag area competition. Cdt Cpt Krishnanunni also participated in this competition. Cdt Adonis T S won the first place in the solo dance competition. Thirteen cadets had attended this camp.

Troop no. 17, Loyola School also represented the air wing, NCC in the prestigious Independence Day parade, held at the central stadium, Trivandrum.

The team of thirty cadets was trained by Sgt Sunil Kumar (I A F). Cdt Flt Sgt Karthik Nandakumar who led the team presented the salute to the honourable Chief Minister of Kerala, Sri V S Achuthananthan.

The third camp was held from October 3 to 13th at world market complex, Anayara. This was an annual training camp and was hosted by 1(k) girls' battalion. Ten cadets from the troop attended this camp. Cdt Sgt Varun B Nair of Loyola School, represented the air wing in the pre-republic day camps.

In the school, the regular parades for the seniors started in May itself. The juniors were enrolled in June. This year after the training, all the cadets acquired many good qualities there by proving the motto - Unity and Discipline - of NCC.

JAI HIND



Cdt Sgt Karthik Nandakumar
Best NCC Cadet for the year 2006-07.

If you can tell the difference between good advice and bad advice, you don't need advice.

Roger Devlin

School Events



NCC Junior Contingent



NCC Senior Contingent

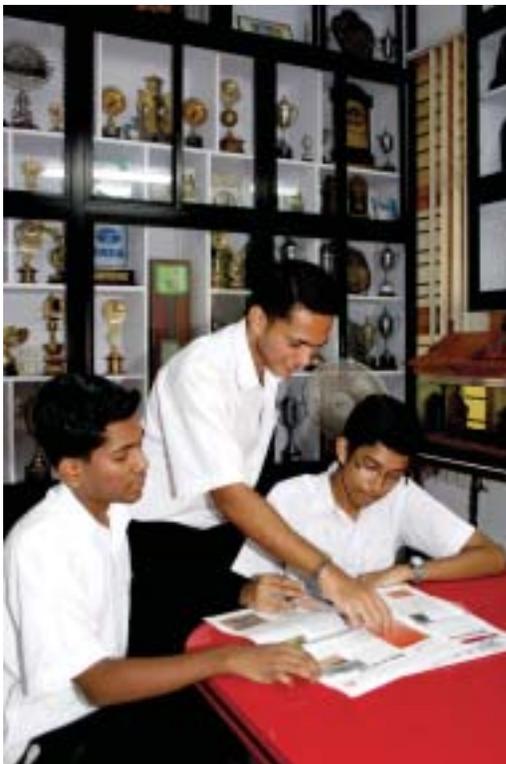
School Events

The Return of the LENS

The LENS or the Loyola English News Service came back with a bang in 2006, with Gejo George Cedric, Navin PL and Syamnath JG, at the helm. Born as a fledgling idea in 1976, over the years, LENS has grown into a full-fledged newspaper supplying news and views to all on campus. Dedicated English teachers and students have ensured that issues appeared weekly. Our reporters unearthed back-issues from our archives, which revealed that the years following the conception were productive years with four issues every month.

However, with the passage of time, and with the increase in extra-curricular activities on campus like Youth Festival and LAfest, it was lean period for the LENS. But dedicated Loyolites still kept the legacy alive by bringing out at least one issue per term. Our reporters discovered that excitement about news-reporting only increased over the years because in 2002, a rival newspaper, Times of Loyola was brought out competing with LENS making many a controversy. LENS survived that competition and this year it really came back with renewed vigour and force.

‘A motivational talk by our English teacher Ms Deepa Pillai, about the need to be rooted in



tradition inspired us’ says Syamnath J G. The young student editors took up the challenge breathing new life into LENS and the first revised issue made a sensational comeback on November 15. Visually very attractive, with attention to layout and design, LENS was edited using graphics tools like Adobe Photoshop and was printed on high quality paper. LENS succeeded in drawing large crowds to the notice board. The LENS photographers supplied high quality images using digital cameras, and the reporters ensured interesting reading content. The easy to read chatty style only helped in increasing the readership.

The repeated positive feedback from Principal Fr Varghese Anikuzhy kept the spirits of the editors high. Congratulating the editors, he said he hoped that the

tradition would continue. At thirty rupees an issue, the transformation came at a price but our ever dependable Vice Principal Fr Edassery helped with both money and ideas. The editorial board was very appreciative of Mr Shijo Sunny who ungrudgingly allowed them use of the computer lab. Confident of keeping the legacy alive and vibrant, the editors are already planning to rope in more students next year.

Kishor Govind Nayar
XI A



School Events

The Road to Service

Christmas was celebrated with the traditional Christmas party at the end of the second term, when the bougainvillea and gul mohurs were in full bloom. At the end of it all, the teachers in charge of the social service club got together and decided to brighten up Christmas for some children in less privileged positions.

Representatives from Std V to XII accompanied by Ms Albenia Angelose and Mr Jerald visited four organizations, all institutions run for the less privileged. It was an awareness raising effort, with the objective of sensitizing young minds to other realities around. Students in the school had raised money from food fairs and collection drives to be given away as charity; and this was gifted away to the inmates of the four institutions .

Boys' Town, Manvila was the first stop. "I felt very sad on seeing such clever and talented children in such a sorry state", says Yohan Philip V B. The inmates of the town sang songs for the visiting children, and sweets were exchanged.

The Canosian Convent at Thumba was another learning experience where the inmates were only too happy to spend time with the visitors. Sharing of experiences and putting up short entertainment programs made the inmates happy.

After lunch the bus headed into Martha Convent. The physically challenged children there entertained the group with songs. Ms Albenia Angelose made a donation to the convent on behalf of Loyola School. After similar visits to Azizi Bhavan at Gandhinagar and Snehalayam (which was an old age home), the bus wound its way back to school.

The children who went on the trip claim to have grown a tad wiser. "On the way home, my heart was



"I prayed to God to bless them with continuing wisdom, and thanked Him for giving me a chance to meet them."



filled with sad memories of the unfortunate children who did not have a mummy or a daddy to care for them", said Somnath Kishore (V A).

"I prayed to God to bless them with continuing wisdom and thanked Him for giving me a chance to meet them" added Ajay Zacharia (V B).

Vivek S & Narendran A XI A

School Events

Youth Festival

2006

Kevin Sabu Peter (11 A)

Youth festival 2006 was a fiercely contested one, where G G house emerged overall champions with 276 points winning the Fr Joseph Edamaram S J trophy. J J house came up second ,winning the Rev Fr Kuncheria S J memorial trophy. The competition spanned over three days with classes during the first four periods and youth festival



Prathapchandran the conveners of the festival. Mr Prathap Chandran hoped that new events which involve students more creatively would be added the following year. This could pull larger crowds. The coveted Kala Pratibha title was bagged by Govind B S XI B (senior), Yadu Aravind Menon IX B (pre-senior) and Bharath Ajith Sreenivasan VII A (junior) sections.

J J house won the Fr Kuncheria S J memorial trophy for the house that secured the maximum points in the senior section and the Rev Fr A E Makil S J memorial trophy for the house that secured maximum points in the Pre Senior section. The Rev Fr Stanford S J memorial trophy for the house that secured maximum points in the junior section went to S S house. Ashique Siyad XI A was crowned Mr Loyola after winning an intense and entertaining groom' em young contest; he was also judged the best Orator in English. Sabari Gireesh X A was declared



activities in the afternoon. At the concluding ceremony on August 11, Mr George Andrews , PTA President , remarked that the enthusiasm in terms of attendance of the students had increased.

' It was a healthy mix of cultural and literary competition' remarked Mr Ramesan and Mr

the best orator in Malayalam. The best singer, the best actor in English, the best actor in Malayalam were bagged by Arjun M XI A, Joms Zacharia XI A and Sidharth S XI, A respectively. Sriram P XI A, Madhav S Nath IX C, and Bharath Ajith Sreenivasan VII A, were the best debaters.



It was a display of the best talents in the spirit

School Events

Sight Sound
Fury

School day



School Events

Sports day

The forty-fifth Annual Sports Meet held on November 11, 2006 started off in typical Loyola fashion with the clash among the Apollo Pioneers, the Gemini Giants, the Jupiter Jetsetters, the Sputnik Spacemen and the Rain Clouds. However, this time round the rain clouds did not prevail and Lt Colonel S Thomas of the Southern Air Command, the Chief Guest of the day, declared the meet open, setting the stage for fierce competition and some exciting individual performances.

The school campus witnessed frenetic sporting activity over a three week period when the finals and heats for several athletic events were completed. On the sports day itself, short distance running races like the 100 and 200 meters sprint, and relays hogged the limelight. Events like the sackrace, palanquin race and lemon and spoon race for the tiny tots entertained parents and students alike.

The competitions were predictably well fought with each competitor trying to outwit the other keeping the audience on edges. As predicted earlier, the points tally shifted like a pendulum between AP and GG houses. It

was the grand finale, the 4X100 meter for the Senior section, featuring all house captains, which decided the championship. Until this point AP was in the lead with GG close behind, but with SS winning the first position here and AP being relegated to the third position, GG secured the advantage and winning the championship with 164 points.

The award for the champion of those under 18 was shared by Master





Nivin Bennet (GG house) and Master Shekar RA (SS House). Master Nitin Sebastian (JJ House), Master Jeevan Sumaraj (SS House) and Master Aravind SJ (GG house) were judged the individual champions for those under 16,14 and 12 sections respectively. Sekhar RA was declared the best athlete for his all round performance.

Colourful PT and karate displays added colour and variety to the day. The musical chair event for lady teachers and parents was really absorbing with Mrs Mariamma C, mother of Sujin Babu of 6 A making herself comfortable in the last chair.

The rain clouds held back until the end of the events, after which “ the showers of blessings” rained down on the children as they boarded the schoolbus.

Joms Zachariah and Navin P L
11 A



School Events

La fest photo report



School leader in action



Designing the T-shirt



The booty-Christ Nagar ISC Champions



Amazing brochure



House full

Vow!



School Events



Practise until you perfect



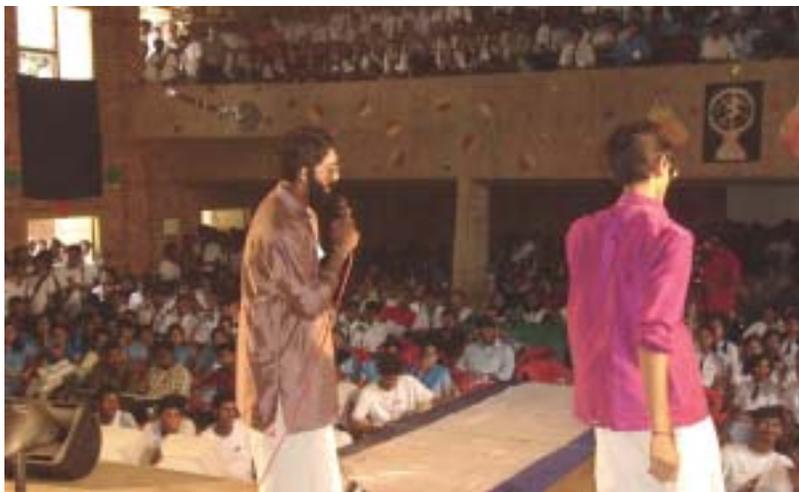
Conspiracy?



Mr. Arunkumar Sinha IPS-Guest of honour



Untangling the blocks



Miss Saynora playback singer charmed the audience

Talent Hunt



School Events

Staff Enhancement Program

Achin Dev, Sarath S & Vinu Krishnan (11 A)

The academic year 2006-2007 was kick-started by an impressive array of workshops, lectures and seminars for teachers. Commenting on the staff enhancement program, the Principal Fr Varghese Anikuzhy said that teaching in this new age of technology was a challenge, and it was important for teachers to equip themselves with new information skills.

Dr Sunil Mani, Centre for Development Studies (CDS), conducted a one day workshop on syllabus enhancement for gifted students. Analyzing the concept of multiple intelligence, he highlighted the need for devising techniques and syllabi to develop the different facets of intelligence. In today's world of narrow specialization, he



cautioned teachers about the danger of ignoring the bigger picture. Specialization should come after high school and techniques should be adopted to integrate the different subjects he said. In this context, he detailed the role of ICT in education and stressed the need for teachers to use the new technology in the classroom. Practical tips about the navigational tools to surf the net were given.

Commemorating the 450th death anniversary of St Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, a seminar on the objectives of Jesuit education was organized. Fr Sebastian Painadath held the audience captive as he spelt out the principles of Jesuit education, reminding teachers that the child was at the



Fr C P Varkey

centre of the whole educational process. Quoting copiously from the different religious texts he impressed teachers with his erudition and command of language.

Four members of the staff - Sr Jiji, Ms Elizabeth Mathew, Mr Shijo Sunny, and Ms Nandini, represented Loyola at a seminar conducted at Christ Hall Calicut, on Ignatian Pedagogy. Father CP Varkey and Fr Joye James were among the main speakers. Citing examples from his own experiments with teaching at Loyola, Fr Varkey explained that what children need is empathy, understanding and friendship. They have to be dealt with carefully he stressed. Mr Shijo Sunny, commenting on the seminar, said that it was an enriching experience.

On September 13, Ms Kusum Chandragupta, a retired faculty of Loyola School, introduced teachers to Reiki and suggested techniques to control emotions in the class. Mr. Mayanad Sasikumar addressed the teachers on modifying their teaching methods to adapt to the situation at hand in a class.

In addition, the subject teachers attended subject-specific workshops and training programmes arranged by the SCERT and various publishing houses.

Thanks to God, I'm still an atheist.

Bertrand Russell

School Events

Beyond Space

Derrish Dev Sam and Prolok S (11 A)

Loyola School students made all Keralites and the ISRO proud by walking away with the first prize at the First National Aerospace Olympiad conducted by the Aeronautical Society of India. In a fiercely contested final at Chandigarh on 26th October, 2006, Kishore G Nayar, Ashique Siyad, Avinesh Vasudevan, Hari Sanker, Mishel Johns and Sriram P stood tall as they grappled with ‘putting a satellite in the moon’s orbit: present and future propulsion systems.’ Earlier at the regional prelims held in Trivandrum where 24 teams participated, the Loyola team topped with their presentation: ‘Aryabhata to Chandrayaan : India’s Space Journey’.

Anil Kumar, Chairman Aeronautical Society of India, Trivandrum branch, Dr N R Narayan Murthy, Project Director of PSLV, Dr Manoranjan Rao and Dr DP Shastri guided the students for the finals held at Chandigarh on the topic : ‘Sending a Spacecraft to Moon: Present and Future Propulsion Systems’ . “Such an Olympiad was conducted to create an awareness of the various job opportunities in the field of aerospace and the potential India that lies in India” said Dr NR Narayan Murthy.

The competition was spread over three days from 26 to 28 October. It included a project presentation, space quiz, awareness quiz and an intelligence quiz. “Our boys worked under strict constraints of time. It is truly commendable that they performed so well under the immense pressure that was on them once they cleared the competition at the regional level” Fr Joseph Edassery S J commending



the students remarked. With all the grooming by experts from ISRO, Loyola bagged the first position in the Space Quiz, the Intelligence Quiz and Project presentation and secured third place in the Awareness Quiz. The highlight of the day was a model of a rocket designed by the team and which worked on pressure fed system. Sriram P also won a consolation prize in the painting competition.

The victors were given a warm welcome back home. At the annual general body meeting of the Aeronautical Society held at Taj Malabar in Cochin, Dr N

R Madhava Nair, Chairman ISRO praised our students. They were also given an opportunity to visit the Rocket Launching Centre at Sriharikota . “From the beginning and till the end it was a riveting experience. We all learned a lot of new concepts and theories. It was thrilling and cool” commented Ashique. “We had put a lot of effort into the Olympiad and we were helped a lot by many people, teachers and AESI members” said Kishor. Father Joseph Edassery was the team’s solid moral support all through.



School Events

Final Score

Loyolites are sports buffs, well known for the tournaments and sports quizzes they win. All those laurels and trophies that are being brought home regularly, inspire juniors to achieve. It must come as no surprise, therefore, to learn that a Loyolite has been running a sports magazine as a private hobby for over a year.

Vishnu Sankar, IX C, began realising his dream of running a weekly sports magazine, just over a year ago. The first edition (Dec 9, 2005) was a collage of news articles and pictures that appeared in some of his favourite sports magazines, and this received good support from his classmates. Little did he know then that the thirty-seventh edition of 'Final Score', his magazine, would see the light of day.

Every issue of Final Score is a handwritten, twine-bound, and complete with advertisements of popular products as seen in sports magazines like Sportstar. Recent editions have incorporated commentaries, the score tally of cricket and football matches, and all such evaluation that can be found in Vishnu's sources. Each page is written in the column format, in the

popular font of leading dailies, which makes Vishnu a typesetter with a difference.

"Each issue takes me about two hours to create, and an hour more to bind with twine", says Vishnu, holding up a bunch of previous issues with pride. The finished product is then made available to his classmates for reading. What is commendable is the care with which his classmates handle the copies. For, not even the first edition has the slightest sign of its pages having dog-eared. "The internet is just an info-validation site for me. I get most of



my information from the newspapers and Sportstar", explains Vishnu.

So, is Final Score just a collection of newspaper articles?

"No, it isn't! I sketch different cover pages for all my editions, and innovate in the shape of the logo. From the 20th edition, I've have been holding SMS contests, and have given away many prizes.

Rahul R & Akshay Nair (XI A)



School Events

On the Top

STD

Proficiency Prizes

All Rounder Prizes

I A	Ajay Krishnan	Adarsh S
I B	Danith Renjan	Sidharth Lal
I C	Bimal Saju Kalarickal	Dhananjay Premjith
II A	Akhil A S	Nikhil S
II B	Rahul S Nair	Shaswath Suresh Nair
II C	Vamsy K Reddy B G	Soorya S Padmanabhan
III A	Abhishek Thomas	Rahul Sharma S
III B	Ashish Thomas Philip	Gaurishanker S
III C	Adit Chandra	Harish S Moli
IV A	Aravind Ramachandran	Rahul Krishna R R
IV B	Naveen P S	Kesav U Krishnan
IV C	Aravind Venugopal	Ashish V Hegde
V A	Somnath Kishore	Aditya Joseph Mathew
V B	Sai Sivankar K	Ajay Zachariah
V C	Arjun Shyam	Aditya Mohan
VI A	Arvind Sreekumar	Vivek M Mohan
VI B	Akshay Jose	Jijo Francis
VI C	Piyush Kumar	Gopi Krishnan S
VII A	Sankar H	Bharath Ajith Sreenivasan
VII B	Vivek B Krishna	Aravind S J
VII C	Sooraj Krishna	Gokul S
VIII A	Sandeep Oommen Thomas	Rahul Babu
VIII B	Arjun Shajan	Sidharth S
VIII C	Adithya Nair S B	Cyriac Thomas
IX A	Tijo L Peter	Adonis Thokalath Sunny
IX B	Gokul Suresh	Varun B Nair
IX C	Madhav S Nath	Raphael Thomas
X A	Aravind S J	Jithin R
X B	Archith Mohan	Leo Francis
X C	Arjun Ramesh	Nithin Sebastian
XI A	Manoj P	Ranjeet F J
XI B	Sachin S & Vignesh Sankar J	Sekhar R A
XII A	Jeffrey John Geevarghese	Akhil C Andrews
XII B	Jaseel M Ali	Renjith Rajan

School Events

Old Boys

Marching Ahead

Loyola Old Boys Association has been active since three decades. The report year (2006 - 2007) saw a host of activities, which brought together the 'old boys' of Loyola School. LOBA is now taking an active role as one of the key organizers of the National Jesuit Alumni Congress to be held from 7th to 9th September 2007 at Trivandrum.

32nd Annual General Body

LOBA turned 32 on 8 July 2006. The Annual General Body met on the same day at Gram Panchayat Association Hall in Trivandrum elected the new office bearers for the year 2006 - 07.

President	Joy Elamon
Vice President	Rajiv Varghese
Secretary	Vivek Krishnan
Joint Secretary	Ram Prakash Murukan
Treasurer	Jacob Mathen Jacob
Internal Auditor	Umesh Rajan

Back to school

One of the key activities LOBA has been the Back to School programme. This year, the Back to School programme was organized on 1 October 2006. Football and Basketball matches followed by the school assembly were the major activities for the day.

The Ernakulam Meet

Instead of the usual Kottayam meet, LOBA had its 'Outside Trivandrum annual get-together' at Rock Garden in Njarackal, Ernakulam on 11 February 2007. Though the number of participants had come down from that of the largest gathering in the previous year, those who turned up had a wonderful time meeting old classmates and teachers.

Batches meet

A few of the batches met this year too. Some of them have initiated batch wise e-mail groups and web sites too.

Newsletter

LOBA came out with two issues of the newsletter this year and these were sent to all the members of LOBA within India.

School Day

LOBA participated in the School Day celebrations with a LOBA team presenting a musical programme. School day was also the occasion to distribute the Captain Satheesh Radhakrishnan memorial award to the Best NCC cadet and Rev Fr Mathew Pulickel S J memorial award to the Best Loyolite, both the awards being instituted by LOBA.

Jesuit Alumni Association and the Congress

LOBA is now actively taking part in organizing the National Jesuit Alumni Congress Chilanka, being held from 7th to 9th September 2007 at Loyola campus, Trivandrum. Pradeep Kumar and Rajiv Varghese from LOBA are the Vice President and Organising Secretary respectively of the Organising Committee.

Obituary

LOBA is sad to report the deaths of Uma Shanker Dev (1971 batch), Suresh R (1971 batch), Sreekumar V (1972 batch), Baiju Balakrishnan (1974 batch) and Vivek Venugopal (1983 batch) during the year.

LOBA can be contacted by post through Old Boys Association, Loyola School, Sreekariyam, Trivandrum 17. The contact numbers are 9447368992 (President) and 9349360106

(Joy Elamon, President LOBA)

School Events

IAS Exam: 3 Loyolites in Top 10

I dreamed of this newspaper headline a few years ago in the exam hall in Trivandrum, as I sat for the civil services examination, with Vyasana R (1996) and Anup Kuruvilla (1997). Tomorrow, that headline will be a reality.

Vyasana called me four hours ago to break the news of this year's all-India civil services exam result.

4th rank - Prasanth N. (1995 SSLC)

6th rank - Vyasana R. (1996 ISC)

7th rank - Anish Rajan (1997 ISC)

Wow! About 150,000 candidates appear for an exam, and three Loyolites make it to the top 10. They join a handful of Loyolites who are in the elite civil services.

Paul Antony (1974) - IAS 1984 - Kerala

Jitendra Srivastava (1990) - IAS 2000 - Bihar

Sreejesh K.V. (1990) - IPS 2000 - Tripura

Babu A. (1993) - IAS 2003 - Andhra Pradesh

Anup Kuruvilla John (1997) - IPS 2004 - Kerala

Getting into the civil services takes hours of hard work, months of effort and years of patience. And perhaps, moments of luck. It's a marathon exam that spans a year, from the day of the preliminary examination (May) through the Main written examination (October) and interview (April) to the declaration of result (next May). And worse, you might have to go through this exam cycle more than once to get a coveted service. Ask Prasanth. Ask Vyasana. Ask Anish.

Great companionship, long-winded sessions at Indian Coffee House and the joy of learning — these keep the candidates going as they chase the dream. For their parents, though, it is a nightmare all the way. Anxiety levels and frustration rise by the year as bright



sons offer their best days at the altar of the mother of all UPSC exams. The CAT may be tougher, and the GRE may offer a better future, but neither stretches middle-class Indian parents to breaking point. The Indian civil services exam is a test for parents, as much as it is of a young Indian's ability to recollect, and write concisely and accurately.

As we celebrate the success of Prasanth, Vyasana and Anish, let us say three cheers to their families who supported them, year after year.

Ashok R Chandran (1991 batch)

(Ashok is Senior Commissioning Editor at SAGE Publications in New Delhi. He runs a blog on Loyola at <http://ashok.loyolites.com>)

Always believe like a duck - Keep calm and unruffled on the surface and paddle with great vigour underneath.

Jacob Braude

School Events

home thoughts

from abroad

Vineeth K 11 A

One of the greatest strengths of Loyola is its alumni, who we are proud to say value their Loyola experience. They are carriers of the identity of the school and also serve as role models for our current batches. Early this academic year, we set out on an ambitious project of bringing together all the school leaders of yesteryears. When we conceived of this project the idea was to use ICT to network and perhaps also go on to teleconferencing! We were very happy to see a large number of Old school leaders respond to us but we are sorry we are unable to give a shape to our idea. This year therefore we have published only five of the earliest responses to our mails. Hope you enjoy strolling through their letters as much as we did.

“.... We’ll honour yet the school we knew
The best school of all
We’ll honour yet the rule we knew
Till the last bell call.
For working days or holidays
And glad or melancholy days
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all.”

Sir Henry Newbolt

Krishnachandran B - ICSE 1998

What you are doing at the moment

About here and now: Right now I am thinking thoughts about how to make my christmas break useful. Apart from that I am a graduate student at this place called University of California , Berkeley in the United States . My masters is in the ecological aspects of landscape architecture, which unlike popular perception is not only about making gardens, but more about the interface between nature, culture and urbanism. Right, its all very pretentious. Before this I was working as an architect in New Delhi and before that I was working towards my Bachelor of Architecture degree at this place called the School of Planning and Architecture in New Delhi . And before that, yes I was at Loyola school Trivandrum and before that I was in a school nearby called Vidya Vihar. That was lower kindergarten, though I always thought

it made more sense when I had a cold and it sounded like kid-er-garden. Before that I think I was really very happy.

Your special memories about the school

There are far too many memories of school to recount and its not particularly appealing to have a countdown show kind of special memory listing. So what shall I do? Let me just write about my first day at school and my last.

(A) The first time I went to loyola was for my admission test/interview. It was one of those rare rides in a car, for me at that age. The taxi driver, who was almost a part of extended family, still reminds me about that trip, whenever I meet him in Tvandrum. There is always a rejoinder, “then you were very small” and with a gesture of his hand he seems to

School Events

indicate that I was about the size of a large thermos flask. That was 21 years back. He parked the car near the sand pit next to the second trip signalling tree. I remember the bright red metal handrail of the front stairs of the main building. Everything to the left of that seemed to be trees and jungle and green. I could see that the stairs went up many floors and decided that my class was on the top floor. Under the stairs was a big snake. by the way what snake was that really, under the staircase? Any ideas apart from the generic 'python'?

Then we went to meet this guy who sat in the room next to the snake and the staircase. I remember putting my nose to the glass and leaving oil stains on the display cases with trophies. I was both alarmed and confused seeing those swinging wild-west saloon style half-doors outside his room; alarmed because I figured that all this was a carefully hatched ploy to give me a haircut. Confused because that was the first barber shop which I had seen displaying trophies in the waiting area. It only added to the confusion when I spied from under the half doors that the barber was dressed as if he was the one getting the haircut. The surrealist setting was complete when i heard my parents address him as Father!! what?!!

Then they seemed to be having some serious discussion about my haircut and my age. Soon I was asked to write from A to Z and 1 to 20. I knew only till 10 since I hadn't progressed to counting my toes. After writing that much I looked around for some support, encouragement and of course, some prompting, but no one helped. Everyone behaved as if I was trying to get classified military information out of them. I gave up. Not too bad, because even with this effort I got two of those round orange coloured boiled sugar candies which comes in transparent plastic wrappers with white stripes. Yeah the kind which removes a layer of skin from your tongue by the time you finish with it. One was rationed out to me, while Amma kept the other.

After we got out of there my father asked me whether I would be willing to come and study at this school. I parked the orange candy in my left cheek and asked "everyday?" he ignored it I think, or calculated that it's better to deal with that monster later, anyway he went on to other details like how this

school had the nicest looking bus in town, light blue and white and all wavy wavy.

(B) I passed out in March 1998. But I will admit, it was one of the most sobering things that ever happened to me in school. It put an end to 13 years of life in black and white pressed uniforms, an end to 8 years of Friday evening second trips and the bus rides that followed, which became increasingly interesting as the years passed and the flowers bloomed. It



put an end to 4 years of our elaborate plans to get SS house to win youth festival honors and it put an end to 2 years of midday violence in the football field by the engineering aspirants during Biology class hours.

It was also the end of weekly tests and hoping fervently that the bus would get stuck in traffic jams all the way from Ulloor to Sreekariyam, giving you the edge in the duel with the Chemistry paper. The end of that sinking feeling you got as the bus finally wound its way around the hockey court, the remains of the tennis and volleyball courts, the football ground which doubled as our Eden Gardens and finally deposited us without ceremony once again in front of the same building with the red railed staircase to

School Events

the left. Much had changed in its sameness since my thermos flask days. The oft talked about forest and its accompanying ravines to the left had given way to other aspirations, a newest building had replaced the former title holder behind it, and the serpent below the stairs, when not gossiping with the kid-er-garden kids, now seemed to show you the way to the fruit of knowledge in the top floor library with equal parts of irony and symbolism.

We sang a Cliff Richard song for the farewell party. It seemed that 'The End' by The Doors would 've been particularly appropriate, though I am sure the impact would ve reached all the way to my conduct certificate as a repercussion. And yeah we did have our candlelight ceremony and all the mucous filled hankies which had to be incinerated after the show. Much had ended but as we all saw later, much more had begun too. And its still going on.

When we get time from all the goings ons we try to go back and shake the *nelli marams* in the *thirumuttams*.

What more would you have wanted your school to be?

For starters I think some girls would be nice.

I wished that there were more books with pictures and nice graphics and illustrations in the library and that they kept all the reference shelves open.

I wished the school would stop bothering too much about what the children do the year after school.

I wished it had more buses, though now that has been granted I think.

I wished it had a cricket team and at least once I sincerely wished we had helmets. This has also been granted I believe

I wish that when the junior school building was remade, it retained some spatial memory of the old one.

I wish I had learned something about the history

of Kerala and Trivandrum etc. I seem to know mughal history much better.

I really wish, someone had told me that my S and Z pronunciation is a mess as in 'scissors'. Same for the 'th' in thirty three.

I wished the school would have a systematic program which would enable everyone to understand about diverse careers and how to go about getting there.

I also wish that schools while teaching would also manage to generate some sense of wonder about the environment

I also wish that the school would teach us something very basic about ecology, the environment and how we are part of it and that its not something found only in the jungles.

I wish the school would enable students to know about so many things which are taken for granted, where does the drinking water come from in our homes? Where does the canal next to someone's house go? What I am talking about is a distancing from all such things which today seem mundane and too unimportant. When we learn geography we learn about the hills and the valleys and rocks of the world and the character of the pampas in Argentina . Along with that I think we should also learn what the topography of our school campus is like. It might be a mistake to say that we must learn, because as soon as something has to be learnt it seems to loose a lot of its charm and wonder.

School leader Loyola School in the larger world outside?

I don't know whether being school leader in Loyola has anything to do with the outside world. Only advantage is you become adept at extending hearty welcomes as soon as you spy a chief guest in the distance, and a bit more comfortable with public speaking maybe. At best I think its an encouragement nothing more.

You can't say that civilizations don't advance, for in every war they kill you in a new way.

Will Rogers

Uday Rane - ICSE 1982

What you are doing at the moment

I head the Asian marketing team for Mafatlal Denim Limited, a Mumbai based company that manufactures 20 million metres of Indigo Denim per annum. I live in Mumbai with my wife, Anita and our 10 year old daughter Kritika.

Your special memories about the school

My entire schooling was at Loyola. I spent 11 of the most memorable years of my life, from 1971 to 1982, starting as a toddler in UKG and ending my



school years with ICSE 1982. To pinpoint special memories would be difficult, albeit impossible!! Everything about Loyola is a special memory. The unique Sports days, the grandeur of the School Days, the thrill of the Inter-House competitions, they all bring back very sweet memories.

I very fondly remember many of the teachers who very clearly shaped my life. My memories of Loyola would be incomplete without mentioning Mrs Merl Murray, my class teacher in Std I, who indeed shaped the direction of my

life, making me understand how important it is to build vocabulary, proper usage of the English language. Teachers of great caliber and kindness, Mrs Radha Nair, my classteacher in Std V, Mrs Shanta Nair who was quite a terror to all of us, but guided us with very firm direction, Mr B O Sebastian, our beloved BOSS, Mr. LCR Varma, our Mathematics teacher. The list would just go on and on as every member of the teaching staff was someone special. I cannot forget Rev Fr Sebastian Inchody, our Rector for a few years, who taught us English in Std IX and Std X, who insisted that we all do copy writing first

thing in the morning everyday. He insisted on dictation for common words. This has helped me a lot throughout my academic and professional life. Whenever someone remarks that I have a good handwriting, I think of the horrible handwriting I had till Std VII and the hard work that Fr Inchody made us put in to put things right.

The one teacher who truly shaped my life and my career was Mr VC Jacob, my first Chemistry teacher. His flowing handwriting is etched in my memory. I ultimately took up a academic path in Chemistry and therefore must acknowledge him as my first “GURU” in my chosen academic path.

What more would you have wanted your school to be?

Wanting Loyola to be anything more than it was to me would be foolhardy. Loyola was a perfect balance of academic excellence with stress on extra curricular development. There are several moments in my daily life that take me back to some particular incident from my school days and I look back at Loyola with immense nostalgia. I realize now that we tended to take our school for granted, but it is later in life that one realizes the true value of our alma mater. It has given us so much, it has inculcated in us tremendous values.

School leader Loyola School in the larger world outside?

I had the honour of being the Jr School Leader in Std V, the Assistant School Leader in Std IX and the School Leader in Std X. Whether it was the fact that I was always the teachers pet, or a favourite among my classmates, I will never know. But, the level of confidence that being School Leader at Loyola brought into me is unparalleled. There have been several difficult moments in life where I have had the strength to stand up and face acute adversity, thanks to the confidence I gained at Loyola. The lack of stage fright is one single aspect. Loyola exposed all of us to Public speaking at a very tender age, gave us the courage to face audiences boldly.

Mahesh Surendran - ICSE 1984

You're Good Where You Are

A good part of my family is from Thiruvananthapuram. My brother, some of my cousins, uncles, and nephews studied at Loyola School. We all deeply appreciate the time we spent there, and have many fond memories of school. Every Loyola gathering – old students meetings, visits to the school, and school events – is an opportunity to talk about the good times and the bad, to recall the kindness of



our teachers and staff, and renew our friendships. But these are also opportunities to affirm what we appreciate the most – the commitment of the school to academic excellence.

In most conversations, however, our academic life is probably the least we want to talk about. Why would we want to discuss the exams, the tedious hours of studying, and the anxiety waiting for grades? Besides, for many students, studying itself is not as important as doing something with what was learned. Many consider an academic pursuit for its own sake as something for the “nerds”. Do you recall how everyone made fun of the “jhollawallah”?

This attitude is common among students. At a student meeting of the All India Catholic University Federation over fifteen years ago, FrJoye James - then

a regional chaplain for the Kerala region - observed that most students with social concerns seemed to be “anti-intellectual”. For many students, the hours of discussion and debate on social issues seemed futile. “It’s all right to talk, but what do we *do*?” asked many. The answer given at the time was that the student activists’ role was to get busy with their books, and to use their learning for others.

Many years after these meetings, my own views have been reinforced by my training in economics. After Loyola School and higher secondary school at Kendriya Vidyalaya, I studied Economics at Loyola College, Madras, bringing my own tally of Loyolite-years to fifteen. I continued to study economics at the Centre for Development Studies and at the University of Connecticut, and worked as a consultant with the World Bank before I was hired by the New York State Assembly.

When I think of school, I want to talk about how we planted trees, cleaned classrooms, and played cricket. However, the years have strengthened my belief that the primary value of Loyola is the academic experience. In a world where skills are relatively rare, we must appreciate the importance of good schooling. It is important to mention the value of the commitment that our Jesuit teachers make. When my classmates gather, we like to tell ourselves that Mr. Joy Thomas still remembers all our names; we were the first class he graduated as class teacher.

The tasks of the skilled are not only at the schools and workplaces. These tasks must be sought routinely, wherever you are; there may be issues that need your intervention in your families and communities. There is much to do, and there is much more than a few people can do. Economists argue that the value of the work of individuals is enhanced by the joint efforts of groups of people.

So then, where is the real work? The answer still seems to be “Right where you are”! Good Luck.

Suresh Kumar Aravind - ICSE 1977



What you are doing at the moment

I work with Johnson & Johnson at our Head office in US as Executive Director & Global Medical Marketing Leader for a biotech business worldwide. Besides work, my passions are: family, teaching/mentoring, international affairs, golf...

Your special memories about the school

Our school life was intertwined with a horde of marvellous personalities and naturally there are numerous great memories. Fr Zach's fascinating rendition of geography has inspired several of us to travel the world. Winning the School Leader election on 31 Jan 1977 by 1 vote was a pleasant surprise, especially since I had personally voted for my good friend John Thomas who, in my mind, was always the better candidate.

What more would you have wanted your school

Tojo Eapen - ICSE 1992

What you are doing at the moment

I'm currently studying in the Master of Human Resource Management Program at Rutgers University, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Your special memories about the school

I remember spending more time at school than at any other place. The special relationship with teachers, non teaching staff, class mates, friends from different batches, sleepless nights/excitement before the Basketball tournaments have been unforgettable.

What more would you have wanted your school to be?

The school was a very important part of my life. I was grateful to have received all the encouragement and opportunities from everyone - could not have hoped for more.

School leader Loyola School in the larger world

to be?

The finest thing Loyola School has given me is a bunch of outstanding batch mates...the Boys of Seventy Seven (BOSS). Even as we all tread our own paths through life and scattered all around the world, our camaraderie has remained genuine and strong. When you have friends like that, what more can I ask of Loyola?

(We exchanged over 10000 emails in the past 5 years and are organising our 30th anniversary reunion in Aug 2007. We are also planning our North American class re-union on July 15-16 in USA).

School leader Loyola School in the larger world outside?

As Robert Frost wrote, "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I took the one less travelled by, And that has made all the difference". I deem that it is great teachers who inculcate that fortitude for exploring the unbeaten path in their students. Thankfully, we in Loyola have been blessed with several fine teachers over the years. Let me say a heartfelt "thank you" to the teachers who read this, and quiet prayer for the folks who have pass on.

outside?

The most important aspect is the ability to influence others - to carry the true essence of leadership into the larger world. I've noticed that many Loyolites stand apart in the world due to their ability to lead, to communicate effectively and to build relationships.

The biggest lesson learned from school - failure can be a stepping stone to success as long as one can learn from it and persevere to achieve one's goals. Your success will always outweigh your failures and will be worth all your hard work and determination. Therefore, be strong and never lose heart.



Special Articles

Back to the future



When you are at sixes and sevens with your Maths, numbers can take on a whole new shape. They become ugly and intimidating and can make you feel sick. But the boogie over Maths disappears when you are lucky to be taught by the talented and dedicated Mrs Elaine Jobe. Having started her teaching career in Loyola in 1968 she is one among the few teachers on campus who has handled both father and son with great care. Reporters from the student editorial board caught up with her and Mr M L Unnikrishnan, an old boy of the 1975 batch, and his son Keshav Unnikrishnan. For both father and son, Maths is a breeze and not a childhood nightmare and they owe it all to Elaine Madam.

How does it feel when Unnikrishnan comes with Keshav in tow? We ask Elaine madam.

“It feels great. It’s a wonderful experience to see the small naughty kids you’ve taught grow up to be such responsible adults.” She recollects very fondly the naughty exploits of senior stressing very vehemently that little Keshav is a well behaved boy. Teaching current generation of Loyolites is a daunting task however, she adds. Loyolites have changed a lot. They used to be far more obedient those days. There used to be strict punishment which helped in disciplining children .

However, Mr Unnikrishnan feels envious when he sees his son walk fearlessly into the principal’s office to sort out his problems himself. “Teachers and students are like friends these days. There is so much more freedom now. In our days Loyola was very strict. All basic rules had to be obeyed by everyone or else you got a sound thrashing. Boys without proper shoes

and ties were punished. There weren’t as many PTA meetings as we have today.” Mr Unnikrishnan Meets Keshav’s teachers regularly and is very much a part of his son’s school life helping him out with all activities. He can’t say that of his own parents.

He quickly adds that Elaine madam had two personalities- one of a strict mentor in the classroom and that of a concerned mother outside, very encouraging, prodding him to participate in elocution competitions. Little Keshav too is appreciative of his, ‘nice’ teacher who he loves. He told us that he felt proud to be taught by his father’s teacher. Unlike his father, Keshav is able to see through the mask his teacher puts on in the classroom.

Resurrecting memories of those ‘golden’ years, Elaine madam describes the beautiful green campus which has given way to playgrounds and buildings. The ‘forest’ used to be a favourite haunt of teachers and students alike. She misses the ‘small close-knit



Special Articles

family' feeling. "Everybody knew everyone else she says. There are so many divisions these days and with it barriers. Even teachers are spread across classrooms and rarely interact." Those days teachers watched from a distance guiding , as children took part in activities. These days senior students disregard and merely inform teachers. Sports Days used to be grand affairs where students and teachers participated equally enthusiastically. The highlight of the day used to be the events for teachers where all teachers took part while students cheered. These days very few students and teachers even bother to turn up ,she remarked.

While Keshav loves the medley of children rolling down slopes and jostling for space on the playgrounds ,his father vouches for smaller numbers like in his days, which he said made for better learning and perhaps for that family feeling.

Break time then and now?

Children never really change much. The school bell announcing break time is like music then and now as students break free of the classroom. There is football and basketball and leg cricket to play as they gulp their lunch. But in those days senior boys actually entertained the juniors, singing songs and playing the guitar! These days we were told senior grow up to be bullies! Keshav doesn't agree. Elaine madam assured us that big boys used to be far more caring and loving. We blame it on the winds of change.

Change doesn't change everything. Loyolites then and even today preferred to be an only boys' school; they wanted to be engineers and doctors then, and they want to be engineers and doctors even today!

Gejo George C, Syamnath J G and
Narayanan K(11A)

Basket Ball Tournament



St Joseph's Higher
Secondary School lift the
Loyola Basketball Trophy

Runner up
G V Raja Sports School



Special Articles

Abdu Mama

Rajat Roy and Rohit Balachandran (XI A)

The Loyola campus sprawls across 22 acres; Loyola school stands in 7 acres; there are 250 different varieties of trees on the school campus; the oldest tree is the teak tree which stands at the left end of the mini basketball court; the elanji tree which evokes a query from every visitor to Loyola is a rare tree". Are you wondering who has rattled off this wealth of information? Well, it comes from the encyclopedic brain of Mr Abdul Aziz, fondly called Atul uncle by generations of Loyolites. After 42 years of unstinting service in Loyola, Atul uncle is retiring

this year. From his first appointment in 1965 as caretaker, he has travelled a long distance to be a very competent gardener. "The school then was a small tile roofed building in the midst of bare lands with just a tree here and there. Fr C PVarkey the then principal, entrusted the work of making the campus green to me." There was no looking back for young Abdul who then waved his magic wand and sprayed the dust of hard work and sheer determination to give us the lush green tropical paradise where nestles our lovely school today. Students from city schools coming for LAfest marvel at the lush greenery on campus and the peace and calm which they breathe in, even in the midst of the din and noise of school children and school life .It is indeed the owners pride and neighbours envy and the man who day in and day out nurtures it, the man we take for granted is Atul uncle.

Forty two years is a long innings . How do you feel at the end of it ?

I've hardly begun . I can go on.

Your fondest memory?

I remember Divek a student from perhaps the 1995 batch who was different from most other children. He met me every day to talk about the flowers and trees and also brought rare plants for the school and took home plants that he didn't have. Most children appreciate from a distance but this boy loved the trees like I do.

A zoo in Loyola?

Well, you can call it whatever you want but it's a fact that way back in 1965 there were as many animals as children on campus. Keeping a watch on errant kids were two ferocious German shepherds Romer and Russy. Russy was so ferocious that he used to chase other animals and sometimes students as well. Romer basically was a night watchman. There used to be a mad rush of students to the college, almost every interval.



Special Articles

Caged near the chapel were a few monkeys who were fed by the students. Little piglings, rabbits, peacocks and even horses were reared. A horse trainer even gave our kids rides on these horses during the lunch break. Then there was our friendly lazy Kaa, the python ,snoozing under the staircase of the main building .Live fish and rats were fed to the ravenous python.

Anything you'd like to tell the children?

You are lucky children to be taught by the Jesuit priests. Make use of all the facilities given to you. And take care of the beauty we have created together.

Abdul uncle is nostalgic as he recreates the golden years for us. There's no doubting the total commitment born out of love for the school. Speaking at the send off Mr Anil Kumar spoke about how Abdul uncle came to school every single day braving harsh



weather conditions and bandhs and strikes to do his duty. Ms Grace Kuriakose spoke about his soft and gentle ways with both the staff and children. She was all praise for the silent manner in which he worked to make the campus beautiful. The school wishes Abdul uncle long years of peace and happiness.

Non Teaching Staff



Bud sport

Tushar Nair XI A

The air is tense and the hum of the bus's engine adds to the drama that is unfolding in the back of the mobile stadium. A wicket in hand and three runs to win. Man v/s Man. It is a battle not of might; it is a battle of the minds. A long silence ensues.

"Pim, pom, pis!!" ... Three on one hand, four on the other. Cries of elation fill the air as the winning team celebrates, and the vanquished move silently to another part of the bus to try and derive solace from, perhaps, another game.

A little confused? Fear not, as the scales will soon fall from your eyes. Two words – 'hand cricket'. Recognition dawns and you understand completely now. If not, let there be light...

Hand cricket is a 'sport' played in the school buses throughout the city by bored youngsters either waiting to get to school or to get home. A cross between 'Rock, paper, scissors' like hand-usage and the 'Indian religion' that is



cricket, this is one of the many such games that make up the genre, that is leisure sports in Loyola.

Not quite this and not

quite that, leisure sports are the unaccepted rulers of the sporting scene that exists in our and many other schools. If you don't actually want to go out and play football or cricket, no problem, there's a corresponding hand sport that can satisfy your need. And for those tired of all games and sports that are

strictly what they are, there are slides to go down standing-up, leg-cricket to be played, vines to be swung on, vice-grips to be broken, arms to be wrestled, anything you can imagine as being played as a sport, and more.

This never ending line of sporting activities seems to be over shadowing the common football, cricket and basketball. The day isn't far when you'll be cheering for ICC Hand-Cricket World Cup, or be pasting pictures of your favourite rock-paper-scissors player on your wall. Countries will declare arm-wrestling-while-standing-up to be their national sport. Victories will be had and losses will be borne. As we see it, the Olympics will soon have a

whole lot of new sports to include and a whole lot more medals to get made.

So the youth of today must get all the practice they can. Who knows, they might be the stars of tomorrow's sports world. When the day comes, I will be in the very front row, cheering my team on, or even actually be the one being cheered on. Where will you be?

Move over MCG and Lords.....this is the new hallowed grounds for the up and coming sliding sensation that is leg cricket....

Break the rules....of Physics, that is.....

These seemingly amateur quests to try and defy Newton have often resulted in the creation of new sports; the brain children of those young fore-runners in the new breed of recreation...



In Memory Still Green!

In Joy Still Felt

Manoj P, Kevin Sabu Peter
Prasanth S and Joushua B G (11 A)

There is something to be said for standing and staring, even at a building that you think you know so well. We've tumbled in and out of the Sutter Hall ever so often for the special assemblies, the youth festivals and the LA Fests that we sort of felt we'd seen it all and there's nothing new to offer.

It was only two weeks back, as we read the glowing tributes to Mr Laurie Baker, the awesome architect who built our auditorium cum chapel, the Sutter Hall, that we realized how wrong we were.

For a loyolite however, the Sutter Hall donated by Sutters of Toledo, Ohio in 1971 is not primarily the architectural marvel it is, but his haven of bliss where the simple and happy stories of his childhood are written. As he rushes down the steps from the main building down the winding road, past the tall coconut trees, he barely notices the unassuming exposed brickwork structure which merges so gently with the trees around it. It provides just the right ambience for him to play a quick game of hide and seek, crouching within the curves of the spiral staircase; and for the more adventurous it is 'catch-me-if-you-can' as he rushes in through the entrance on the left to storm out to the college side, only to slither into the loft from the chapel side and escape outside through the winding stairs before he's driven into the hall by Anil Sir.

Once within, he enjoys the familiar sense of freedom yet again, and life surely takes on a myriad hue for him. Sitting on the loft he can be totally swept away by the magic of the moment as he cheers along with the LA Fest crowds, or he can just sit back and plan his life and dream his dreams as he amuses himself with the dappled patterns of light



coming streaming in through the perforated brick walls. There must be something in the shape of the hall which allows a 700 strong contingent to focus attention totally on that hero from the S S house who will win you your championship.

The Sutter Hall and its environs are easily the most favourite spots in

Loyola. At any time you can spot a few fellows who have strayed out of the boundaries sitting idly on the chapel steps staring at others flinging stones into the abandoned well. And for those who really want to get that heart racing, it is not difficult to bulldoze a teacher to organize some novel competition. We cannot agree more with Deborah Thiagarajan founder of Dakshina Chetana when he said of Mr Baker, 'He took his work very seriously and worked with passion, efficiency and dedication.' Surely the loving hands that built it must have left lot of it behind for generations of loyolites to survive on.

One loses friends they say to time and distance. They are knives that can slice through the strongest of bonds. It pulls at our heartstrings to think of our Sutter hall as merely a memory. Today's tiny tots watch with wonder workmen precariously dangling from the bamboo scaffolds as the mega auditorium cum stadium complex announces itself. There's a lot of excitement about the synthetic flooring and two basketball courts and a lot of mystery about what the final shape is going to be.

'Like a Roller in the ocean, life is motion, move on...' go the lines of a popular song. Move on, we must and we suppose we will. But even as we do so we're sure that for every Loyolite the Sutter hall will always remain 'in memory still green and joy still felt!'



Pocket that Money

Sreedeeep P R and Naveen AM 11 A

Dealing with money matters is not child's play goes the popular maxim, but the junior school students of Loyola think different. The results of a survey conducted in classes three to seven show that financial dealings are not the monopoly of elders. The Oxford English dictionary entry for the word 'pocket money' is, 'the money given by a parent to a child every week or month which he can spend for himself'. We found that Loyola students have lived every inch by this definition and perhaps extended it a bit.

Almost all students surveyed received pocket money ranging from Rs 10 to 50 per week depending on their needs. The parent today is indeed child-friendly, who gives money with a grin and not a grudge. You have aunts, uncles, grandparents, and even neighbours to make our youngster happier.

What does our rich, young Loyolite do with all he collects?

"Money is power" they say, and "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." But this doesn't apply to our youngsters. Some of the money is saved, tucked away to buy the dream they dream. The question: "Do you have your own wallet?" was answered by the enthusiastic pulling out of 'grown-up' wallets. Money is stashed in piggy banks and a few even have their own bank accounts. Mr Narayan, a parent, says "Pocket money helps in the development of the child's sense of responsibility." Yet another parent adds "The child learns the value of money, since only a fixed amount is given and all his needs must be met with this."

In case you're thinking that the money is simply 'given away', you are wrong. Often, it is earned. There is a lesson to be learnt for every rupee earned. You can't get that Rs100 a month if you don't get the 10 for washing the car, 5 for fetching the milk, another 20 for scrubbing the bathroom floors or even trimming your sister's hair or doing her eyebrows. Master Jayaram of Std VIII says that he has got a

point book where he records the errands he has run and gets his share of money and appreciation in return for his job. Kevin Peter, 11 A, curls up his nose in disgust as he argues "Why should children be paid for what they should be doing as a duty?" Who said the younger generation are a rebellious lot?

Where does this money go?

"I spend most of my money in the canteen; where else?", was the unanimous answer. Lazer uncle, the canteen in-charge looks happy as he doesn't disclose the exact figure of his daily collection. But he says, on an average, each child spends Rs 15 to 20. And



the younger they are, the more they spend.

"We love our pocket money, because we can buy a lot of things we want. We can also spend it at the canteen." say Gautham Raveendran and Advait Shankar of Std V.

Students too selfish? Not really.

They do give a bit of their money away. Charity might be a big word, but they do share. Their class-teachers make sure they do it by arranging visits to orphanages and old age homes where they are encouraged to give away without expecting anything in return.

Master Zachariah of Std VIII B says that he donates one-sixth of his pocket money to the poor home

associated with the church. The older boys buy gifts for parents and teachers with their 'own money'.

Purpose the end?

Mr Kumar, a parent, remarks, "Nowadays kids have started realizing the value of money. They manage their money well and rarely do they ask for more." Another very understanding parent justifies "It seems that our children have to bear a lot of hidden expenses, once they go for tuitions and the like. They need to have money if they feel hungry on the way, or to travel by an autorikshaw if needed." We heard words like 'finance management', 'planning for the future' thrown around by parents, and wondered if every-

thing needs to be so purposeful...

It's not my money, it's my parents.

Where has the fun gone? Can we spend even a rupee without the remorse of having done so?

The youngsters seem to have fallen in line. "It's precious, it's our own money, and we don't like anyone bothering about it..." "Master Yadu A Menon of Std IX, puts on a grave look, as he says: "It's an indulgence, a wasteful expenditure." as he talks about the need to save. "Why waste our parent's money?"

At the end of it all, we thought that Loyolites would make good financial managers. But in the whole process of growing up, are we getting ahead of ourselves and churning out 15 year olds who act like they're 30?

In praise of idleness

Ms Meena Nair (Parent)

I've heard my father say, his grandmother could look up at the sky and tell the time. Her successors not only lack this ability, but are so busy that they don't have the time to even get a peek at the sky. Forget about telling time, most of us especially "Generation X", are unable to appreciate most things if there is no study or statistic attached saying the activity is great or beneficial. "Who wants to tell time looking at the sky when I have a digital watch!?!"

Time is of the essence to one and all. And the more Gen X can cram in, the smarter or cooler they are. Tuitions all the time, piano, guitar, violin lessons on alternate days, karate during the weekends, gym, football or basketball to keep fit, dance or drama classes, computer games or video games, a movie between classes, TV with dinner, and maybe some French too... Starting with the ultrasound at conception, this new generation is monitored and programmed to be achievers and successes. Theirs is not to question why, but to do or die!

Our grandparents had no amenities, worked hard and struggled; our parents grew up without any special care to be good decent humans. We were raised as two or three kids to a family, a few gadgets and some advice from a doctor to do quite well too. Both

can sit back and reminisce about a swim in a river, a roll down a haystack or a walk in the rain.

Our children, the Super X generation, the computer whizzes, work with machines with an ease that amazes one and all. Working with computers, videogame consoles, and cell phones, programming them to meet their every need, they are turning into machines themselves. Most of them at the young age of seven or ten want to be micro-biologists or nanotechnologists!! What happened to the dream of being a taxi driver, a bus-conductor or a clown?

The continuous bolstering by parents, has robbed their children off the simple joys and sorrows of life.

They sing or dance to get a certificate and study to get a place in a premier college's merit list. So much so that they even play only to win.

What about fun? Here's where we, both parent and child, lose. If there is no power to operate our mobiles or PCs we are bored and unable to enjoy ourselves and our togetherness. We need an external stimulus to function as a family. Or a study proving that spending time together is beneficial.

Every parent, having the best interest of your child at heart, let your kid walk in the rain...



Special Articles

The snake in the grass.....

not quite

Thushar Nair 11A

Faced with death, what would you do?

- a) run away screaming
- b) smoke your last cigarette
- c) pray
- d) nothing

Our Biology teacher Mr Thomaskutty was faced with the same question not so long ago, when a spectacled cobra found its way onto his home's premises. On his way out of the house to fix a leaking tap, he found himself face to face with

a seven-foot long, spectacled cobra. So used to mesmerising students in class, it was not difficult to charm the midnight visitor with his lighted pen torch until help arrived almost two hours later. Teacher and cobra danced and swayed to the rhythm of the lighted torch as Mr Thomas Kutty tested all the knowledge about reptiles that he had gathered at a seminar arranged for teachers earlier this year by an NGO.

Armed with the valuable information that snakes are harmless creatures and should not be killed, he knew what he had to do. As the reptilian visitor stared at him, with its hood up, ready to strike, there was a crowd forming who wanted it killed, but Mr. Thomaskutty spoke the gospel of love. Calling softly to his wife, who is terrified of snakes, he managed to get her to hold the torch while he called Mr Babu from the 'Zoo Watch'.

Mr. Babu arrived on the scene, snake-wrangling stick in hand, all set to deal with the



scaly chap. As he began to prod it a bit with the stick, that had a hook on the end of it, as often seen on TV shows, the snake started to get really bummed out. Hissing and scurrying about, the two battled it out for close to an hour. Man v/s beast. Naja naja was finally exhausted by the continuous movement and Mr Babu, seeing the opening, expertly twirled his stick and had the critter in a sack in moments.

And thus ended the battle; draw match, one might say. The snake was on his way to a new home, away from other people and thus away from danger; and Mr. Thomaskutty and family had a cobra-free home. Cheers all around, one might say.

Meanwhile, our heroic teacher beamed as he recounted tales of his younger days when he said he

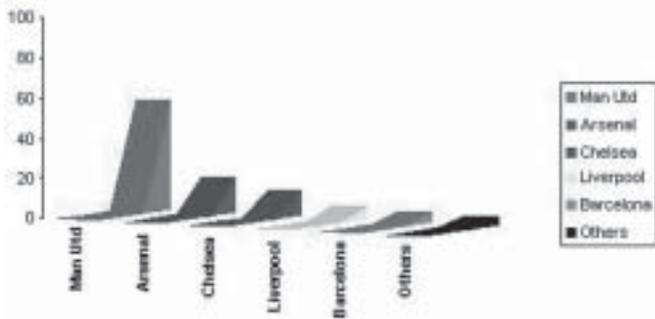
had great fun killing harmless water-snakes and frogs with his bow and arrow. On being threatened by his uncle that he would get skin disease if he continued his genocidal misadventures, he immediately stopped. It was after this that he had begun to develop a fascination for these crawling creatures. A Biology student in college, the only creature-killing he ever did later, was on the dissection table.

Somewhere now, in a nice hole in the ground, there is a thankful cobra; slightly ruffled, knowing that it has Thomaskutty to owe its life to.



Head Shot! football fever in Loyola

Arjun M & Vipin Mathew (11 A)



Everyone talks cricket in India, media breathes cricket and sponsors and infrastructure back cricket. But did you know that it was football and not cricket which hogs chat time among youngsters in our country, in our state, and of course our school. We conducted a survey among Loyola school students which threw up results only strengthening these hunches we had. Football is the biggest and most exciting sport in the world and enjoys an unparalleled fan base. It rakes in revenues more than any other sport in the world. It's reported that prior to the 2006-'07 season, Arsenal moved into a \$700 million stadium that could increase its annual revenue by as much as \$60 million. In Loyola too football is a craze and even the smallest of Loyola fans knows every detail of this beautiful game.

A questionnaire was administered to about 100 students in the age group 13 to 15 which was supported by responses from parents and other football

fans. Questions ranged from details about the game to international matches played.

Who said children's imagination is dominated by the cine world?

We were amazed at the glib manner in which toddlers from class one rattled off statistics, of even the latest football match. Little Alan of Std II, even knew the names of the reserve players of Manchester United, something which some of my classmates

hadn't heard of. The students who we surveyed were quite knowledgeable about world football and were familiar with names like Beckham, Rooney, Ronaldinho, Zidane, Henry and other such bigwigs.

Goals scored or matches won or lost were not the only topics of discussion among students. Take a ride in bus number 6 and you have serious debates about the latest premiership and La Liga matchups. These small debates and arguments

Take a ride in bus number 6 and you have serious debates about the latest premiership and La Liga matchups.



Special Articles



showed that the students were not only aware of the game, but also of the players' lives outside the field, their family life, and even details of their personal hygiene. Their disputes about Beckham's ever changing hairstyles to the latest transfers can be heard in corridors, classrooms and playgrounds. Very few of them don't watch football and even those few had a vague idea about the league.

Is football on the top agenda of Loyola school?

Well, to be honest it's basketball. But basketball doesn't seem to hinder the progress of our football team. According to LENS reporter Navin PL, our school team won the St Thomas Cup in only its third year of existence, and the K V Cup this academic year. In house football matches held after school hours draw big crowds.

Are we soccer-crazy? Are children spending too much time on it?

We solicited parents view on this increasing craze for football.

'As you well know, athletics, team sports, and focused competition help young minds and bodies

Here in Loyola, the children don't even need proper balls to play the game. It takes only a minute to create a ball out of paper and of course the school bell for loyolites to spill out onto the grounds to play their favourite sport.

grow into well-rounded, productive young men. Soccer is the fastest growing and most inclusive sport around. All it takes is a kid and a ball, and so I encourage my children to play soccer.' Mr Mathew

Today's parent undoubtedly is preparing his child to face the competitive world.

Why only names like ManU, Arsenal or Barcelona? What about Indian football?

Almost 90 percent of the respondents in the survey were interested only in international fixtures. The craze for things phoren is evident in sports too. Respondents were unaware of the local clubs in the city and were totally ignorant about the state football teams achievements.

Football standards the world over is on the rise but the FIFA world rankings place India in a lowly 157th position. It is not as if football is not popular in this part of the world. It has a great fan following, but people are not happy with the quality of Indian football.

"We get to see the exciting English Premier League, Spanish League and other world leagues live in our living rooms. So why watch NFL and other poorly played Indian games?" Syamnath J G XIA.

It would do good to remind ourselves that India was a force in Asia till 1970. She won the 1951 and 1962 Asian Games gold medals in football and in

1956 India finished fourth in the Melbourne Olympics. "India is a sleeping giant in football" Peter Velappan, General Secretary of the Asian Football Confederation said. If this giant has to wake football should not be disregarded. People should realize that a child's first instinct is to kick rather than swing the bat. Here in Loyola, the children don't even need proper balls to play the game. It takes only a minute to create a ball out of paper and of course the school bell for loyolites to spill out onto the grounds to play their favourite sport.

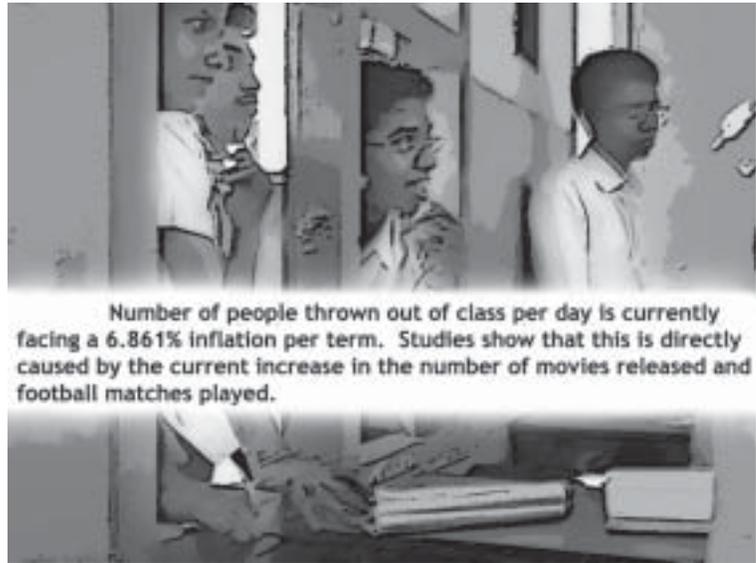
Special Articles

Tantalising Trivia



500 people
16 teams
12 games
3 sports

Welcome to
The P T
Ground!



Number of people thrown out of class per day is currently facing a 6.861% inflation per term. Studies show that this is directly caused by the current increase in the number of movies released and football matches played.

On an average, one ice-cream soda purchased in the school's canteen, is consumed by at least 6.38 students of the same class and 2.95 of other classes.



- "Yes Ma'am"
- Blasphemy
- Random Conversation
- Idle Prattle
- Football

Teacher says, "Electrostatic induction" => 0.538 words of seemingly apparent agreement + 4.95 of blasphemous disagreement + 18.364 of random conversation + 7.43 involving football statistics + 3.1415 of idle prattle

Nitin S J, Tushar, Sriram P (11 A)

Species of Loyolites

Sriram P 11 A

THE BUJI

Favourite haunt

- ▶ Hanging around teachers desk, staff-room, library and class room during lunch break



Identity

- ▶ Pale from lack of exposure to sun
- ▶ Reeks of text books
- ▶ I'm carrying Atlas on my shoulder look

Trademark

- ▶ 'Yes sir' , 'Yes Madam', favourite words in his lexicon
- ▶ First to shout out answers to questions
- ▶ Scores 599 out of 600 in every exam

THE GAMER

Favourite haunt

- ▶ Computer lab and his own private room ventilated with a graphics card



Identity

- ▶ Drooling over PS3s and other Ultimate gaming machines
- ▶ waiting for a chance to 'slip-into- the - lab' look

Trademark

- ▶ Gets his high from killing unsightly creatures

- ▶ Persecution complex, coz all those creatures are all out to take the life out of him
- ▶ Very dangerous if provoked as he might use his virtual life tactics and weapons in real life

THE ATTENTION SEEKER

Favourite haunt

Here there everywhere, especially where the attention is!

Traits

- ▶ I've-yet-to-be acknowledged look
- ▶ I am a clever man I am
- ▶ Penchant for doing the most outrageous things

Trademark

- ▶ Contradicts everything said by everyone
- ▶ Hey all you out there look at me and listen to me, I know everything
- ▶ Highly volatile temper especially when his ego is pricked



THE 'PAYYAN'

Favourite haunt

- ▶ Lurks near the canteen and other strategic spots with the 'who's who'

Traits

- ▶ Spouts the choicest words from the special Loyola dictionary

- ▶ Sparkles in the sun due to his numerous accessories-heavy metal jewellery, cast iron belt buckles



Trademark

- ▶ Struts around with bag which is a five feet long strap looped over his shoulder ending in a small bulging compartment about the same latitude as his knees
- ▶ Parachute oil dripping down his neck, his hair is carefully maintained to look careless
- ▶ His trousers being very tight near his loins, he is forced to walk legs wide apart

SLUMBERJACK

Favourite haunt

Usually found leaning back on benches in classrooms or on the steps in the playground

Traits

- ▶ Surveys the world around with half closed eyes or all hunched up dejectedly stares at his shoes
- ▶ A pessimist, fond of muttering swear words at slightest provocation
- ▶ Moves slowly with effort, dragging feet creating alarming shoe ground friction
- ▶ Scanty vocabulary goes to sleep even as he begins to speak
- ▶ I am so sad and dismal look



Sketches Nitin S J



UKG A

(L-R) Sitting : Vishnunarayanan, Roshan, Ignatius Joseph, Naveen, Adarsh, Niranjana, Vysakh, Ms. Geetha P Kumar (Class Teacher), Govind Venugopal, Dev Narayan, Ashwin, Siddarth, Karthik, Joseph.
1st row Standing: Farhan Ahmed, Stephan, Adithya K, Nikhil Biju, Gokul Devin, Adhithyan CA, Kishore, Akash Saji, Vignesh, Nova Tharayil, Arjun, Sankalp, Aaditya Krishnan, Praveen.
2nd row Standing: Alex Thomas, Krishna Gopal, Tinu George, Joe Thomas, Sedan Saji, Ansa Niyaz, Brahmaddutt, Pranav, Mukil, Midhun, Harisankar, Achyuth P



UKG B

(L-R)Sitting: Amith Prem, Sree Bharath J S, Gaurav Sreekumar, Harigovind S, Kripa Shankar S R, Pranav A Thampy, Sanjith S Kumar, Ms Mary Dominic(Class Teacher), Adithya Gopan, Abhinav Paul Mathew, Dan Koshy George, Nikhil Krishnan, Siddharth K S, Swaroop Senadhipan B
1st row Standing: Sankar Valabhan.A, Eric Johnson, Vikram Surya R, Aravind G, Bharat S Krishnan, Nihal Manoj, Adith Ajay, Akash R, Adhish Saravan U, Gokul S, Karthik V Nair, Pranav P S, Joel Justin
2nd row Standing : Mark Manuel S, Rohan Dinesh, Nithin Philip, Joshua Ben, Adarsh Sankar R S, Arjun V Arun, Unnikrishnan S, Akshay Lal S A, Ipe Joseph

All Lit up



IA

Sitting (L-R): Rajdeep Jayan, Sujiel Sunil, Jithin D K, Ajay Krishnan, Madhav P B, Adarsh A, Akhil Nishad, Vishnu V S, Ms Ann Pius(Class Teacher), Hrishikesh S, Akhil Pravin, Abhijit Narayan, Ben Kuriakose John, Aditya Sekhar, Akash M, Vignesh S, Alby S.

1st row Standing(L-R): Gautam Anil, Krishna Prasad, Aakash S D, Aswin Das, Allan Ben D'Cruz, Ajay S M, Aayush A Haq, Mohammed Ishan, Vishnav P Shenoy, Sreehari, Adwaith Umesh, Amarthya Sreekantan, Gautam S, Chris Francis, Rithesh Nair, Paul Joy, Venugopal S.

2nd row Standing(L-R): Dave Joe Sujeer, Rueben Thomas, Roshan Paul Augustine, Akash S, Roshan T Fernandez, Ganesh Thampi, Abhishek Maria Manuel, Padmajan S, Abin P Mathew, Sidharth Surya, Alan Thomas, Govind S P, Nevin Koshy, Rohan Raju.



IB

(L-R) Sitting : Awin Asok J, Abhinand H, Arun Jose, Visakh Neelakantan V, Abishek Naath S, Gokul S, Thariq Shajahan, Ms Lovely Romin(Class Teacher), Deepak Nair, Arjun S, Danith Renjan, Gautham S Lal, Shahbaz Anwar, Krishanaunni, Vaibhav K

1st row Standing: Bala Yogesh, Nihar Wilson, Harshavardhan A L, Gautham A S, Rohit M Nair, Sidharth Lal, Sabari Krishnan S, Sam Stephen, Nevin P Biju, Joel J Gomez, Allan Joseph, Rithwik B S, Ajay Philip John, Harinath Ravi, Aravind A

2nd row Standing: Vishnu R, Aravind Sabu, Aanand Nair, Fayaz Firshad, Kevin Paul Ebenezer, Padmanabhan S, Rohan S Thomas, Rohit H K Nair, Sebastian John K, Annap A, Vinson V, John T Michael

Absentees: Akshay Pem, Amith Santhosh, Arjun Sekhar G S, Aryan Deepak Lal, Gautham Viswanath, Philip Asok Alex, Rohan C Kumar



IC

(L-R) Sitting: Ben Sam, Jibin B Thomas, Kenneth Paul Simon, Joseph J Parayil, Madhav Ramesh, Ms Bhanumathy (Class Teacher), Bibin B Jacob, Rishikesh K, Kevin Thomas Simon, Akshay S S, John Thomas Idicula,
1st row Standing: Akash Thomas, Krishnanunni A K, Geo Joy, Gautham B, Daniel Alexander, George M Thomas, Anirudh T P V S, Sidharth R K, Sebastian Polackal, Akshay Sarma, Bimal Saju Kalarickal, Srinandan P
2nd row Standing: Abhiram J, Anirudh Sugathan, Jacob J Puthenveetil, Renoy Renjith, Angith Sugathan, Vignesh R, Pritham Immanuel I, Allan Suresh, Dhananjay Premjith, Vismay Valsaraj, Joy Joshi Kunjappu, Karthikeyan Dilip
Absentees: Aabid Muhammad Sakir, Bijo Francis, Gautham.S, Joshua Varghese K, Sreeram S, Varun Deva.



IIA

(L-R)Sitting: Akhil A S, Shreyas Vasudev, Aswin R, Rahul Roy Mathew, Sharon Antony M, Madhav Muraleedharan, Vinayak Madhu Menon R, Ms Merl Murray(Class Teacher), Nandagopal S, Anand Raju Antony, Christo Jackson, Hrithik Rohan Nambiar, Alex Kurian Varghese, Nived C, Abhijith S S
1st row Standing: Rajath S, Elton John Fernandez, Siddhatha A, Sri Krishna S, John B James, Sabarinath M B, Navaneeth Krishna, Saurav K, Noel Ranjith, Hari Narayanan, Aadithya G, Keshav S Nair, Adithya H Nair, Ajay J Thampy, Rohan Harikumar.
2nd row Standing: Gokul Krishna Gopakumar, Nikhil S, Suhail Ahmed F, Gopik Santhosh S, Ananthanarayanan B, Aldrin Antony, Athul Manoj, Pavan Rakesh, Madhav S Kumar, Alan Mathew Cherian, Mohammed Zayan Mukthar, Vishnu V, Devamithra J S
Absentees: Ganesh Krishna P A, Rohan P Antony, Sangeeth Sajjan



II B

(L-R) Sitting: Nikhil S Nair, Aanand S J, Abhiram S S, Rishikesh R, Rahul Cherian V, Akhil A, Narendran M, Ms Jinsam Shibhu (Class Teacher), Arjun Suresh, Karthik Rajeev, Alwin Albert Antony, Ganesh S, Nived P S, Adithya Narayan, Midhun Sreenivas

1st row Standing : Akshay Thampi U, Vivek Wilkins, Rahul S Nair, Mrinal P, Ajay Dev S, Ashin Laurel.R, Athul James, Shaswat Suresh Nair, Nantha Saran , Sameer B Nair, Vishak R Nair, Subhasish Dash, Thomas P Alexander

2nd row Standing: Hrishikesh M M , Roshan Anilkumar S, Harishankar Suresh, Noel Thomas Bejoy, Allan John Tom, Ananth M Nair, Devaanandh A, Ashwin Pratap, Sidharth Eric, Albert Jacob, Adithya Satheesh, Richy Yesudas, George Zachariah, Jacob Thomas

Absentees: Akmal Ahmed, Rohan Jose, Sabarish V Gopal, Sanjay H



II C

(L-R) Sitting : Atul John Abraham, Jacob Kurian, Reuban Abraham Zacharias, David Thomas Sebastian, Ryan K, Vamsi K Reddy B G, Ms Mini Aravindakshan (Class Teacher), Niranjan A, Arun S M, Arjun Jayachandran, Savio Alex, Harikrishnan M S, Madhav M Padmanabhan

1st row Standing: Madhav S, Soorya S Padmanabhan, Dhruvan S, Arjun Shanavas, Niranjan B, Divakar Mahesh S, Abhishek M R, Akshay J Ganesh, Saurav N, Alen B, Fayas Mohammad M, Sreejith S, Shyam Raja P K, Aaditya Narayanan S, Ashil Krishna S

2nd row Standing: Akhil Raj S, Anu S Joseph, Nandagopal S, Adarsh Sivan S, Adithya M, Naveen Narayan, Sekhar M B, Rahul R, Manu George, Sajith Kumar S, Nandakishore R, Ananthu Nath S, Rohit R Sekhar



III A

(L-R) Sitting: Viyay Raj J, Sidharth V S, Naveen N Robinson, Rajat U Krishna, Rithwij Pradeep, Adithya Sudheer, Vachan Suresh, Ms Shinu Susan(Class Teacher), Sandy Fred, Anjay Thomas Kailath, Nevin J Paul, Vignesh Vijay, Amal A R, Nadim S, Anand B N

1st row Standing: Adithya Reji, Murali K, Roy Mathew, Hiran A.J, Rohit Vijayakumar, Sivaram Sajith, Vishnu M P, Rahul Sharma S, Stephen Joseph Netto, Jayakrishnan J S, Adithyan P , Ananthakrishnan M, Jeffin Joy, Marcel Mark Lopes, Abhishek Thomas

2nd row Standing: Kevin Varkey Alex, Tony Daniel, Keshav A Nair, Adithya Vimalan, Sonu Xavier, Akhil H, Joe Augustine Thomas, Jacob James, Melvin Raphy, Immanuel Kuriakose, Siddardha J S, Sanjo Santhosh, Abhishek Sam Alexander, Rahul Krishnan, Prasath Siva Shanmugam, Ashwin Rajesh

Absentees: Ganesh Chandran, Amrith Santhosh



III B

(L-R) Sitting : Rino Joseph Jayan, Rohit Nair A V, Ananthakrishnan B S, Mark H Godfree, Amrith Raj S, Bharatkrishnan S, Bharat Nair S B, Ms Sudha K(Class Teacher), Suryanarayana Panicker, Anand M, Akhil Sateesh, Suraj R, Gaurishankar S, Sidharth S, Prahlad Karun Vijay

1st row Standing: Rakesh Ramesh, Nibin Binu Samuel, Ganesh D, Emaya E, Asish Thomas Philip, Samuel E George, Arun George Alex, Adithya S Nair, Akshar Narayanan, Akshay S, Govardhan R, Harinarayanan S, Abhishek Jayan, Rohit R

2nd row Standing: Gautham K Sajith, Adithya Narayanan, Joseph Joy, Adarsh Vijayakumar, Shihab B Mohammad, Vignesh Krishnan, Mukundan A, Rahul Bose, Aravind S Krishnan, Karthikeya Varma P K, Amal Krishnaa P, Adithya Krishna Menon, Narayana Sarma, Devanand V

Absentees: Gautham Krishnan J P, Shyam Haridas

All Lit up



(L-R) Sitting: Livian Rufus, Joel Joseph Reji, Pranav Sebastian, Ashique Lal S, Tanish Zachariah, Haroon Khader, Ajay Gopan, Ms Beena Kutty (Class Teacher), Athul Prem, Adit Chandra, Nitin S Nair, Alex M, Joel G Reji, Anoop B, Anand A

1st row Standing: Nithin Kunjumon, Vishakh S B, Rishikesh S, Tom P Jojo, Amal Saju K, Ken Sonny, Roshan Rahman, Josh Fernandes J, Harish S Mony, Suraj S, Santhosh Rishi L M, Aditya Sabu, Akshay Das, Nikhil S Harid

2nd row Standing: Nikhil Jose, Rahul Benny, Achuth S Kumar, Niaz Rahman, Govind G S, Rahul S K, Shravan S Nair, Dale Iype Thomson, Rahul Sunder, Krishnadev S, Unnikrishnan Nair R, Aravind Nair, Anantha Krishnan S



(L-R) Sitting: Sankar S Thyagu, Ramesh S Nair, Akhil Anoop, Shyam C, Gandhilal J.K, Gokul Menon, Ms Grace Thomas (Class Teacher), Rohit P Jacob, Aleesh Ahammed N, Amal Babu, Arun Govind J, Sabari Vijay, Amal James.

1st row Standing: Nakul Sanjeev Menon, Harikrishnan A, Varun Sujit Nair, Adarsh S.R, Krishna S, Deepak Iype Koshy, Anirudh Pratap, Deen Faby Figrez, Aravind Krishnan, Rohan R, Hafiz F, Ajay A Kumar.

2nd row Standing: Athul Krishna A, Badari Anand, Sushant Sam Varghese, Arjun Padma A.S, Sivadev S, Harishankar R, Akshay G, Dhanush Krishnan S, Arvind Ramachandran, Joseph Kurian, Achyuth M Nair, Mathews George.

3rd row Standing: Anandan M S Adithya Santhosh, Anand K B, Deepak John, Prabhul Pradeep Kumar, Aravind R, Rahul Krishna R R, Kiran S Raj, Amal Tom, Aadithya Krishnan Thampi G, Benedict Varghese Josh, Sachin Suresh.



IV B

(L-R) Sitting : Siddharth Sunil, Dev Madhav S D, Mahadev A, Rohit R, Ganesh S, Sreyas M Nair, Suhail S, Ms Mini Thomas(Class Teacher), Arjun A Nair, Anand Philip Jose, Cyriac T Kunnumpuram, Jose P Mathew, Aravind Senan, Ananthu A Nair, Jacob Abraham.

1st row Standing: Ronny Mammen Jacob, Naveen P.S, Keshav U Krishnan, Avinash Raman M.A, Reuel Kirsten Davis Wilson, Cyrus K Bijoy, Akhil P Nair, Roshan J Rollands, Anoop Krishnan P G, Vinayak S, Sachin R, Vishnu Prasad S R, Rohit David Joseph, Rajeev Nath S, Aravind A, Adarsh Reghunath, Sivanandu P, Rahul S B

2nd row Standing: Kristo Glison, Jerin Xavier, Harikrishnan K P, Cherian S Thelly, Nikhil Nair S, Sandeep Saravan, Midhun Krishna A J, S M Gautam, Netaniel G R, Sriram S, Subin Edward Jude, Vaishanv J, Jaiwardhan A Menon, Namith Anil.



IV C

(L-R) Sitting : Paul Mathew Boben, Anurenj S Kumar, Jithu G S, Abhay R Ajith, Jacob John Kannitta, Athil Kumar PS, Abhijith R, Ms Ranjini Raju(Class Teacher),Ejas Khan A S, Aravind Venugopal,Karthik A,Rohan C Beddyson, Sriram S,Krishnakant S.

1st row Standing: Ajay Ravi R, Akhil Nair A,Rishikesh A G, Daniel Mathew John, Nithin Thomas Alex, Sachin Santhosh,Manu Joseph,Vishnu Rajeev, Aravind Senan V R, George Kuriakose, Aravind S Nair, Ivin W, Emil Fernandez, Joe Xavier,Vinayak R

2nd row Standing: Karan S S, Aline Tony Thachil, Saurav B Nair,Akshay Kishore,Ron Jacob Mathew,Siddarth Mohan,Gautam Santhosh,Aanand Gangadher M.S, Ashish Hegde,Philip Augustine Naijan,Abraham Raju,Rishidev S, Rahul Prakesh R

All Lit up



VA

(L-R) Sitting: Aswin R, Aditya Joseph Mathew, Adersh M, James Jacob, Jacob Sebastian, Akshay J Kumar, Somnath Kishore, Ms Maithri Rath(Class Teacher), Aby Kuruvila, Jacob Reny Abraham, Jithin Gopal, Anand V Krishna, Anirudh Sriram, Zac New Begin, Jose Mathew, Abi G John

1st row Standing: Arun R, Anand P J, Allen Roy Joseph, Bharathgopal V, Ganesh G, Anand S, Nikhil Varghese, Arun Krishnan R, Mahesh Dilip, Daryl Marc Rodricks, Aleef Mohammed, Govind K Nair, Nivin Vinod, Aaromal B Maanas, Amal Shaji, Gautam Vishnu

2nd row Standing: Sreedev P R, Karthik M, Akarsh Vijay, Neeraj S, Tijo Mathews, Aadithya Umesh, George E George, Rohan R, Abhishek J Prakash, Abhijit Mohan R, Gokul Santhosh, Abey Antony, Gautham Ravindran, John Mathews.

Absentees: Aditya V N, Akshay Shaji, Bennin W, Hari Mohan D, Rohith Narayanan K



VB

(L-R)Sitting: Karthik S, Adithya R ,Abhiram H, Neeraj Menon M, Amaranth V, Gaurishankar S, Vinay R Chandran, Advait Shankar J Potty, Ms Elaine Jobe(Class Teacher), Aakash S Shaj, Arjun J H, Yohan Philip, Bharath Krishna K B, Krishanand S

1st row Standing : Dennis Jacob Varghese, Aswin P S, Abhilash Chacko George, Karun Sabu Thomas, Gokul S, Shysal Khan A, Govind Bhadrhan, Sai Shivankar K, Nandagopal G, Jose Mathews , John T P, Akash Martin , Harikrishnan S, Ajay Zachariah, Madhav H

2nd row Standing : Varun Joseph Solomon, Abey Koshy Itty ,Paul Regin Joseph, Sobin Antony J, Anoop Antony, George Mathai, Akshay Antony, Keith Ashley Percy, Karthik P Nair,Danny Anil, Mathew Augustine Thomas,Ganesh V, Rithik Pradeep, Neeraj P S,Anand S,

Absentees: Madhav Tampi M, Sanoje Sajan, Ashiq Shyam



V C

(L-R)Sitting: Rahul Suresh, Atly Yesudas, Akhil Rajan T, Sourabh A Nair, Anandhu M L, Harigovind, Ms S Hazeena(Class Teacher), Roshan R Naganathan, Roshan Thomas , Abhay Chandran B J, Ashik Ahamed M, Amal Raj R, Navin Jude Christian.

1st row Standing(L-R): Krishna Ram S R, Rohit S, Vivek Krishnan H, Tony Joseph Tharayil, Anupam Narayan A G, Jude Thomas Boben, Gokul S Nair, Sreehari S F, Vivek S, Arjun Shyam, Romeo M Raj, Pranoy N, Jeremy Varghese K, Govind S Shyam.

2nd row Standing(L-R): Madan M Mahadevan, Arjun S J, George John Kannitta, Gokul Krishna G K, Vivian Kurian Mathew, Ambadi Venugopal, Jijo S Pramod, Aravind Shanavaz, Rohit P Jeothi, Madhukar Krishna, Gautam K, Aditya Mohan, Mohammed Shiraz S



VIA

Sitting (L-R): Adithya Premjith, Nithin Joseph, Arjun Shaji, Alok S, Kurian Kuriakose, Padmanabhan Thampy, Ms Kala Rani S (Class Teacher), Balagopal U, Arjun Raj, Rohan B, Rohit A Krishna, Nandu Chandran, Siddarth S Rajiv.

1st row Standing: Benoy Stephen, Nidhish Lenin, Charudath Narayan, Rijo K Alex, Austino Paul, Sachin L Lumen, Harigopal A, Neeraj AS, Avinash S Nair, Rijil R Sugathan.

2nd row Standing(L-R): Sharan Samson, John B Dominic, Allen G Chacko, Aravind Lalji, Sujin Babu, Arjun A, Sachin Philip, Sidharth S, Ashwin Anil, Visakh S, Nikhil Aravind CA

3rd row Standing: Ashwin RS, Varun Ramdas, Abhishek Krishnan R, Nihar Ranjit, Prithvi Pradeepkumar, Sarang Dev A, Anirudh Subramonian, Vivek M Mohan, Anand N R, Taarique N M, John James

All Lit up



(L-R) *Sitting* : Abdul Basith, Tony Francis, Rahul Harikumar, Aravind Raj, Amen David, Kumaresh N, Ms Jessy Koshy (Class Teacher) Dane Sabu Jacob, Anirudh A, Akshay Sivan, Anand Jyothi, Ashil Varghese Alexander, Aswin Rajendran.

1st row *Standing* : Aswin J, Vishnu Subbaram Ramamoorthy, Ramdas K, Ajay Sarma N, Anand B Padmakumar, Naren R Rajagopal, Abhishek G L, Ricky C Binoy, Siva Sankar S, Rohan Pillai

2nd row *Standing*(L-R): Sachin K Rajendran, Akbar Shah, Atul Saroja Prasad, Gokul Suresh, Anarkh Mammen Kailath, Aravind Vasudevan A, Jery John, Akshay Jose, Harikrishnan V, Jijo Francis, Amal S

3rd row *Standing*(L-R): Niranjan U V, Sreejith G S, Binson Babu, Bharath Kumar G, Sachinlal D, Govind G Nair, Nithin Varghese, Kiran K Sudhir, Viswanath A S, Sanjeev S, NanduKrishnan, Akhil R.



(L-R) *Sitting* : Ivan Jose Nazhicheril, Vivek M, Gokul Reji, John P George, Sanjeev Jothi, Abhijith S M, Ms Renu R C (Class Teacher) Rahul R T, Aabid Firdausi M S, Vishnu B Praful, Affin Mohammed N, Kiran Varghese Mathew, Praveen Jayan

1st row *Standing* : Thomas George, Nand Kishor Varma, Abhiram Ashok, Renjith Paul F, Nithin M, Prince S M, Rahul Raghavan, Vishnu V Gopal, Piyush Kumar, Sooraj O S, Akhilesh P, Sulak S L, Sooraj Lal R S, Suryakanth Roy, Tony Johnson.

2nd row *Standing* : Reuben Philip Abraham, Vishnu Suresh, Reuben Jegesh Jacob, Gopikrishnan S, Bharath Krishnan J P, Dilip Shankar, Rahul Rajeev, Sreejith Sreenivas, Kevin Antony Francis, Kailas S, Vinay George Abraham, Krishnanunni P S.



Sitting (L-R): Bharath Ajith Sreenivasan, Shankar H, Thomas S Thelly, Tarun C Thomas, Ananthapadmanabhan, Paul G Wilson, Mr Rameshan PL (Class Teacher), Manu Mohan P, Sreejith Ashok, Naveen Joseph Roy, Adhishesh Premkumar, Sam John Abraham, Lino Jose

1st row Standing(L-R): Arjun Sajeev, Antony Paul, Mikhail James, Krishna Mohan, Rahul Reghu, Vignesh Darshan, Adarsh Antony, Gokul G R, Siddarth S, Alif Mustafa, Nebu Mathew Suresh, Prathyush S S

2nd row Standing(L-R): Mevin Iype Mathew, Govind S, Gautham Krishnan, Abhiram A, Soorya V Anand, Sachin John Jude, Deepak S V Nair, Roshan T Jayesh, Gordon George Gomez, Ajay P, Amal James, Nikhil Danny Babu

3rd row Standing(L-R): Jacob M Antony, Suraj H, Shankar Prasad, Vimal P Thomas, Nived S, Alok Rajiv, Drupadh Zaheer , Dhananjay V, Ashish M George



Std VII B

Sitting (L-R): Jithu B Joseph, Sidharth M Nair, Naveen Fernando, Savio Victor, Karthik M Nandan, Kenny John Jacob, Ms Sindhu N Sarma(Class Teacher), Joshua Antony Sebastian, Allen E Baiju, Sansal Khan A, Cherian T Kunnmpuram, Rohith Krishnan P, Siddharth M Babu

1st row Standing(L-R): Athul T Narayanan, Sujit Jacob Oommen, Ralph Alex Arakal, Nakul V Kumar, Salman Anwar, Nikhil Ram, Sreeraj B, Bijin Jose, Shambhu Ajith, Jesseel Mughdar M A, Daniel Elias Varghese, Arun V.S, Nandagopal R, Nithin A.B, Tanuj M Nair

2nd row Standing(L-R): Abhijith A, Pranoy S Varma, Salil Vince Joseph, Arjun P, Jeswin B Abraham, Shanin N.S, Ajaykrishna, Rohit Anoop Choodan, Bharath Krishnan, Joji S Pramod, Vivek B Krishnan, Deepak Sirone J

All Lit up



VII C

Sitting (L-R): Vignesh M, Ajoy Joseph, Sarath V Warriar, Achuth Mohan P, James Jacob George, Abhijith Rana V R, Ms Nandini V G Akhil S, Vishnu S S, Nimish Ravi, Noel M Rajive, Sooraj Krishna, Vishnu J
1st row Standing (L-R): Vishal J Nair, Sachin Sahuji, Sachu Suresh, Aditya Jyothi, Gokul S, Sajin S Raj, David Gracious Wilson, Sachin Subramaniam D.K, John Koshy K, Deepak Benny, Achut M Nair, Jobin K Jose, Rajiv Varghese
2nd row Standing (L-R): Jithin G Karmel, Gautham S, Rounaq B, Shyam Krishnan R, Karthik K S, Rajeswar N, Rahul Narayan M, Arjun M S, Mahesh K B, Terence Rufus, Aravind Krishnan R



VIII A

Sitting (L-R): Ashwin Prasobh, Aravind M, Rameez Hussain MH, Ajmal T, Vinu Thomas, Rahul Babu, Sr Jiji Thomas (Class Teacher), Sandeep Oommen Thomas, Veeekshith J Kumar, Jameesh Mohammed, Kishan Chandh R.C, David Clement, Arjun R Krishnan
Standing (L-R): Sajil Jahas Sabu, Akhil R, Asif A S, Anand V, Sandanu J.B, Ganesh R, Renjith Babu, Swathi M, Vipin Chandran, Vivek Vijay, Praveen N, Cidarth Sajith, Santhosh Oommen George, Bijo J Thomas, Mohammed Shiyas



VIII B

Sitting (L-R): Vishnu Vijayakumar, Arjun S Nair, Ashwin Narayanan, Nitin K Chidambaram, Jim Xavier, Aravind R, Ms Elizabeth Mathew(Class teacher), Akhil Raj R, Sandesh George Oommen, Sidharth S, Sanjay J, Appu Ajith, Muhammed S M

1st row Standing(L-R): Gokul G B, Jerry Mathew, Madhusudhan P, Vijayamadhav R S, Suryanarayanan A, Sabarinath M.S, Hari Krishnan V, Jacob Varun Dev J, Vijin A V, Rahul Krishnan, Harishankar H.S, George Kurian, Dan Lopez, Srikanth Suresh Kumar, Aaron Antony, Kiran R, Saran Babu

2nd row Standing(L-R): Sethu C.A, Achuth Jayakumar, Sarath S.J, Zachariah Mathew, Sanjay V, Bharath Shaji, Job J, Joel James Joseph, Ananthakrishnan U, Sam Augustine Kattikkanal, Nitish Vijayanand, Ambareesh S J



VIII C

Sitting (L-R): Arjun Shaji, Karan Kataria, Jayasankar V, Karthik Krishnaprasad, Anandu S, Ms Mary Mathew (Class Teacher), Anand Zachariah, Cyriac Thomas, Anoop S, Keshavdev J S, Nevin Francis, Arjun Jayachandran.

1st row Standing(L-R): Nandagopal S, Cyril Thomas, Renji Justine, Firoz Berly, Fariq Naushad, Ajay Joseph, Jeevan Sumraj, Nicholas Tom, Unnikrishnan K, Yadu Vinayak, Abin Francis.

2nd row Standing(L-R): Alen Ashish, Bonnie Sam Jacob, Jose Thomas, Ismail Faizi, Vivek George, Joshua Davis, Jimmy Jose, Akhil P, Nithin Dominic, Steev C Benny.

All Lit up



Sitting (L-R): Abhilash Sunil, Tino Joseph, Arjun H Nair, Jithin Rahman, Kiran B R, Manoj G S, Ms Bindu P (Class Teacher), Jayaram H Nambiar, Madhu Manas, Rohit S Thomas, Anathapadmanabhan, Vishnu M, Adonais Thokalath Sunny

1st row Standing(L-R): Kiran Sarat, Jyothis G M, Arun Chandran, Varun Mathew, Steve Adrian Percy, Bharat Balachandran, Sandeep S, Krishnanunni, Aravind L, Tony S Babu, Sibi R S, Ashwanth R, Bharath Sudheer

2nd row Standing(L-R): Aravind J J, Brehme M, Vijay Francis, Naveen Sreekandan, Wilson G Pereira, Kevin Jose, Nachiketh B, Kishan John, Tijo L Peter, Ijaz N Pillai, Arvind Rajneesh

2nd row Standing(L-R): Deepak S Anand, Arjun Raj, Alif Mohamed, Anto Thomas, Taj Peter, Pratheesh Michael, Bergin S Russel, Binoy P, Ashwin Biji John, Akmal Zamrood, Renjith R



Sitting (L-R): Narayanan Sarath, Nikhil Sreekandan, Vipin V Nair, Darshan V, Paul Peter, Paul Mathew, Mr Pratap Chandran(Class Teacher), Vignesh G, Rohit N, Rohit George, Cyril Jose, Sarath Rominus, Balagopal

1st row Standing(L-R): Akshay S, Pranoy Karun Vijay, Yadu Aravind Menon, Niketh S J, Abhijith Asok, Abhijith Sivasankar, Vishnu Dharmasheelan, Nabeel Nazeer, Kiran Manoj, Gokul K, Sarath S Nair, Deepak Sreedhar, Prithvilal

2nd row Standing(L-R): Joseph J Thomas, Amal Joy, Ashwin K Manoj, Ram Gopal, Krishnamohan P, Jithin Joseph, Gokul Suresh, Ashwin Suresh, Naveen Santhosh, Govind S, Arshad N, Nithin R

3rd row Standing(L-R): Vishnu Mahadev, Hari Krishnan, Ruben Roy, Vishnu Mohan, Ashwinth Prem, Shankarankutty, Arshi Ashraff, Ajith John, Mohammed Ziad, Akhil S, Sachin Sebastian



IX C

Sitting (L-R): Akshay Jayan, Lawrence Moraira F, Nitin B, Georgie Johny, Antony George, Ms Chandra Thara C(Class Teacher), Ajith Krishnan R V, Vishnu Gupta C D, Manu F Gomez, Adwaith S, Gobind Vinod

1st row Standing(L-R): Gautam S M, Akhil V Mohan, Vinu Joseph, Yadu Manoj, Madhav S Nath, Aravind J Prakash, Raphael Thomas, Vishnu Sanker B R, Niyas Mohammed A, Karthik N, Sooraj P R, Anand R, Vinay Krishnan Biju, Arjun S, Jojin K B

2nd row Standing(L-R): Sooraj Sethumadhavan, Gautam Aredath, Ajay Mathew Thomas, Renny Justine, Jibin Joji, Keshav H, Ashwin James, Visakh V, Jojith R, Venkitesh S, Varun S Muraleedharan, Deepu Unnikrishnan



X A

Sitting (L-R): Kiran Suresh, Jayakrishnan V, Ganesh R, Jaideep Banerjee, Hemanth Anil, Mr Anil Kumar R (Class Teacher), Sabarinath V, Nazimudeen P S, Aravind S J, Jubin George Kurian, Amal Kumar P S

1st row Standing(L-R): Akhil V Prince, Aju J Thomas, Syam Khosh S, Akhil G Ravi, Rakesh R, Aditya Job, Sabarigireesh S, Eby F Jason, Muralikrishnan S, Aditya Narayanan, Anathu Sivan

2nd row Standing: Syam Thomas, Vishnu Prasad P S, Vinayak B, Justus Antony Jose, Aravind Asok, Prem Jacob, Manoj Mohandas, Ambrose Jude D'Cruz, Philip T Abraham, Athul Krishnan K S, Nitin Nizar, Harish Ram C

All Lit up



Sitting (L-R): Archith Mohan, Aswin P R, Ben Thomas, Anand G L, Achuth Vasudevan, Mr Philippose Chacko (Class Teacher), Anand M, Kiran D, Sreehari, Sarath S Nair, Abin K Alex
1st row Standing(L-R): Job Thomas, Sandeep S Kumar, Shanker Ramesh, Suganth R, Govind M Pradeep, Vishnu Prasad, Swaroop Jacob, Kiren George Koshy, Sidharth S, Sajad S Santhosh
2nd row Standing(L-R): Anoop Mohan, Anand Raj, Vivek V, Alok T P, Sanju Francis Jacob, Arun V Roy, Krishnadath, Krian K, Bharath J Nair, Leo Francis, Nikhil Thomas Stephen
3rd row Standing(L-R): Aju Basil James, Arun Sudarshan, Karthik P G, Ananthajith, Thejus Thirumeni, Abraham George, Aseem N, Ravishankar, Dennis Jacob, Sidharth V Anand, Seby Jacob



Sitting (L-R): Sreeram S, Abin Andrews Prem, Vivek C S, Renny Jopol Johnson, Deepak O Nair, Ms Brinda A Nair (Class Teacher), Aravind Krishnan, Hareesh Madhu, Rakesh S, Jishnu Gupta C D, Anjan K P
1st row Standing(L-R): Akhil Chandrasenan, Arun J, Reny M John, Abhilash Richard, Nithin Sebastian, George Joseph Kodickal, Tobie Mathew, Nithish V Johns, Pradyoth Nandak P S, Sandip V George, Sidharth Mohan, Anadi Gupta, Joe Paul Cyriac, Don Paul, Reynu F Gomez
2nd row Standing(L-R): Sridhar J, Arun Gopinath, Ali Asgar, Arjun Ramesh, Gautham Ramdas, Sreekiran K P, George Vincent, Roshan Babu P, Krisen James, Nikhil Anton A, Padmanabhan R A, Sanjay George Jacob



Sitting (L-R): Vinu Krishnan, Nitin S J, Prashant Sajeendran, Ms Sreeja (Class Teacher), Joms Zacharia, Sikhil T V, Vijeesh V M, Rohit Balachandran, Govind T M

1st row Standing(L-R): Raees K M, Harishankar V, Nikhil P Joseph, Narayanan K, Vivek S V, Ronnie P James, Arjun M, Vipin Mathew, Derrish Dev Sam, Nithin K I, Achin Dev J

2nd row Standing(L-R): Joshua Babu George, Navin P L, Syamnath J G, Narendran Anil, Sreedeeep P R, Rahul R, Gurudas S, Rahul Muralidharan, Gejo George Cedric, Prolok S, Sidharth S

3rd row Standing(L-R): Kishore Govind Nayar , Jishnu M Nair, Ashique Siyadudden, Tushar Nair , Naveen A M, Rajat Roy, Suraj R, Avinesh Vasudevan, Roopak Simon Peter



Sitting (L-R): Achuth Anil, Rahul P S, Aswin James, Ananthu Sekhar, Anand Krishnan R, Manish G, Mr Sunil Kumar V T (Class Teacher), Savan Unni, Georgie Joe Veyccan, Gireesh Mohan, Akhil AL, Aby Robinson, Abhinash G L

1st row Standing(L-R): Kannan G, Vishnu P A, Nikhil Prasannan, Babu Anil, Jomi James, Sachin S , Ashwin R, Danny Philip Thomas, John Thomas, Sekhar R A, Govind BS, Khayam S Rahman

2nd row Standing(L-R): Anand R, Ashok Bharathan, Arjun C Mohan, Ananthapadmanabhan, Antony John, Joseph Xavier, Vivek V, Arif Mohammed, Philips Jacob, Mohammed Shan, Tony Joseph Fernandez, Deepu Ravindran, Rohit Justin

3rd row Standing(L-R): Thomas K Mathew, Krishna Prasad, Nivin Bennet, Akhil Suresh, Peter Gautam, Vaisakh M Nair, Sharath Thomas Panaackal, Benoy Cyriac, Amal Sisruthan, Jaison G Pereira, Adonyphil K Mathews, Arjun Allesh



XIIA

Sitting (L-R): Nitheesh S, Mithun R, Suraj Eugin, Reghuram S, Nikhil Raj R, Nikhil S, Ms Deepa Pillai(Class Teacher), Zubin Samuel Thampi, Manuel Sebastian, Akhil Muraleedharan, Vinay K Kaimal, Kiron G, Ashik S Kalam
 1st row Standing(L-R): Neeraj Anil, Noble Jude C B, Aravind A Menon, Rohit Krishnan, Vineeth C S, Rakesh S Lal, Vineeth Krishnan, Syam Nath S, Subin Koshy, Vimal M, Kurian George, Mathews George, Cyril Jose
 2nd row Standing(L-R): Arjun J Hari, Vishnu M J, George P Jojo, Chris Wilson A, Vishnu Ambareesh, Madhav S Kumar, John Mathew, Henry Z Kurian, Ganesh Sangeeth, Robin Sanjeev, Jayagopal.J, Jeffrey John Geevarghese
 3rd row Standing(L-R): Gopikrishnan A, Syam Murali, Nobin P Sojan, Akhil Cyriac Andrews, Sarath V, Jojin C Joseph, Kiron Noronha, Jijo K Mathew, Rakesh Rollands, Alex Dilip Babu
 Absentee: Ehijas Aslam S



XII B

Sitting (L-R): Jithu Krishnan S, Aswin P J, Kannan Sabarinath P S, Vipin V, Leander G G, Ms Padmam A(Class Teacher), Amith S, John Bennet V Peter, Christudas D, Arjun S, Anoop George
1st row Standing(L-R): Sabarish K, Akhil R, Athul S, Deepak R Nair, Abhiliash T S, Deepak Christopher, Aneesh N, Arjun Sivakumar, Vineeth Philip Mathew, Arun Mathew, Sajjan J Mathew
2nd row Standing(L-R): Ratheesh N, Anees Rehuman B, Rohith J Wester, Nitheesh M, Anand Rex T, Darwins S Edward, Dean Fernandez, Vishnu S C, Aswin Gireesh, Abhinand G N
3rd row Standing(L-R): Pradeep R Krishnan, Saran S Kumar, Jaseel M Ali, Dennis Joseph Koshy, Soorjith K V, Roshan Joseph John, Joshua James, Renjith Rajan, Bijoy S, Rahul R, Midhun M S

All Lit up



OUR TEACHERS

Sitting(L-R) : Ms Reena John, Ms Mary M Dominic, Ms Renu R C, Ms Vrinda Nair, Ms Albenia Angelose, Fr Varghese Anikuzhy SJ (Principal), Fr M M Thomas SJ (Vice-Principal), Fr Joseph Edassery SJ (Vice-Principal), Ms Deepa Pillai, Ms Soni B George, Ms Padmam A, Ms Anithakumari S I, Ms Bindu P
 Standing 1st row : Ms Nandini V G, Ms Malathy S, Ms Telma Jerom, Ms Sathi Antharjanam, Ms Hazeena, Ms Geetha P Kumar, Ms Ranjani Pereira, Ms Merl Murray, Ms Elaine Jobe, Ms Grace Kuriakose, Ms Maitri Rath, Ms Mini Kesavan, Ms Sreeja T I, Ms Manjula A, Ms Mini Thomas
 Standing 2nd row : Ms Mary Mathew, Ms Sasikala R, Ms Jaya Xavier, Ms Ann Pius, Ms Lovely Romin, Ms Sindhu N Sarma, Ms Shinu Susan Kuriakose, Ms Beenakutty, Ms Jinsam Shibu, Sr Giji Thomas, Ms Priya R S, Ms Kala Rani, Ms Jessy Koshy, Ms Nandini Unnikrishnan, Ms Elizabeth Mathew.
 Standing 3rd row : Mr Vinod, Mr Shijo Sunny, Mr Rameshan P L, Mr Sunil Kumar, Mr Anil Kumar R, Mr Pratap Chandran, Mr Jerald Pereira, Mr Philipose Chacko, Mr Joy Thomas, Mr Thomaskutty M T



Aerobics Team



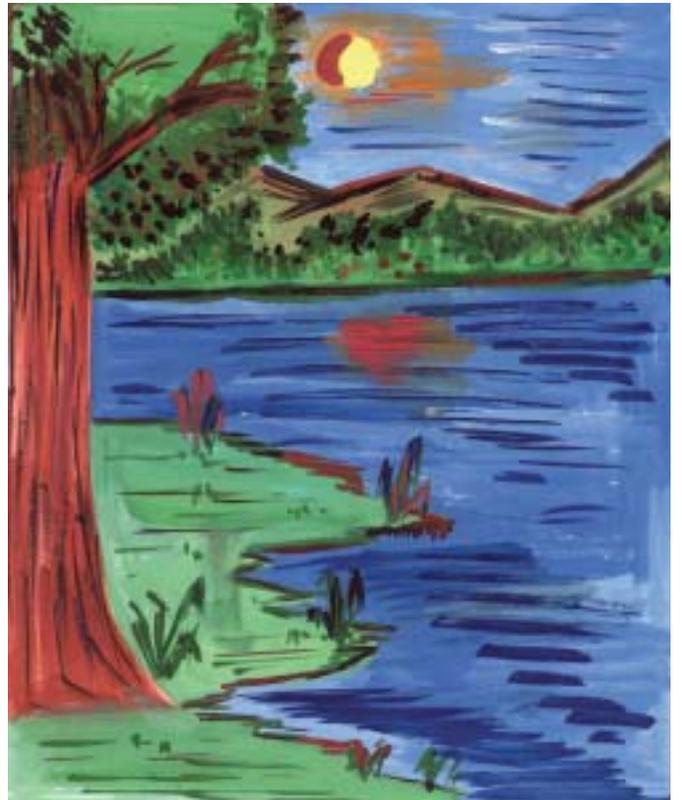
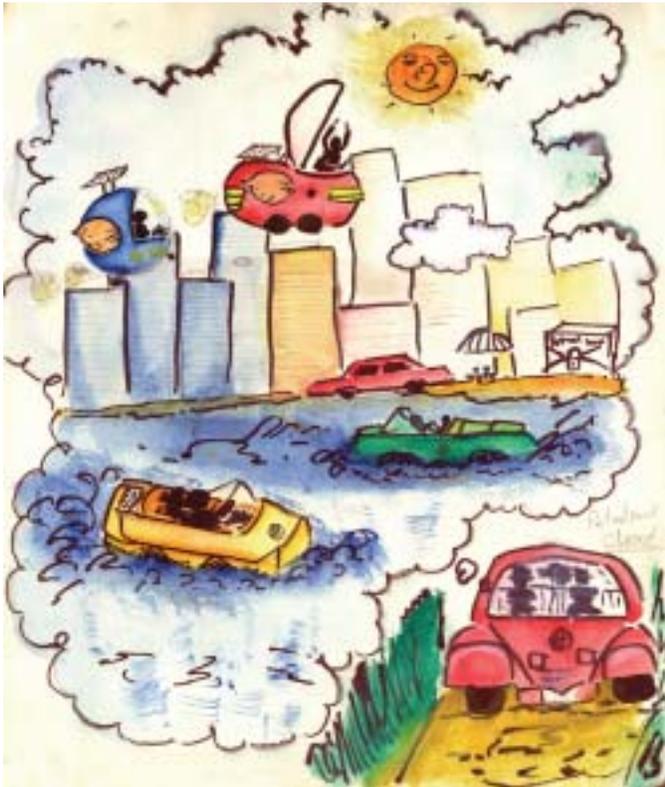
Karate Kids

Special Articles



Ijas
9A

Ashwinth R 9A

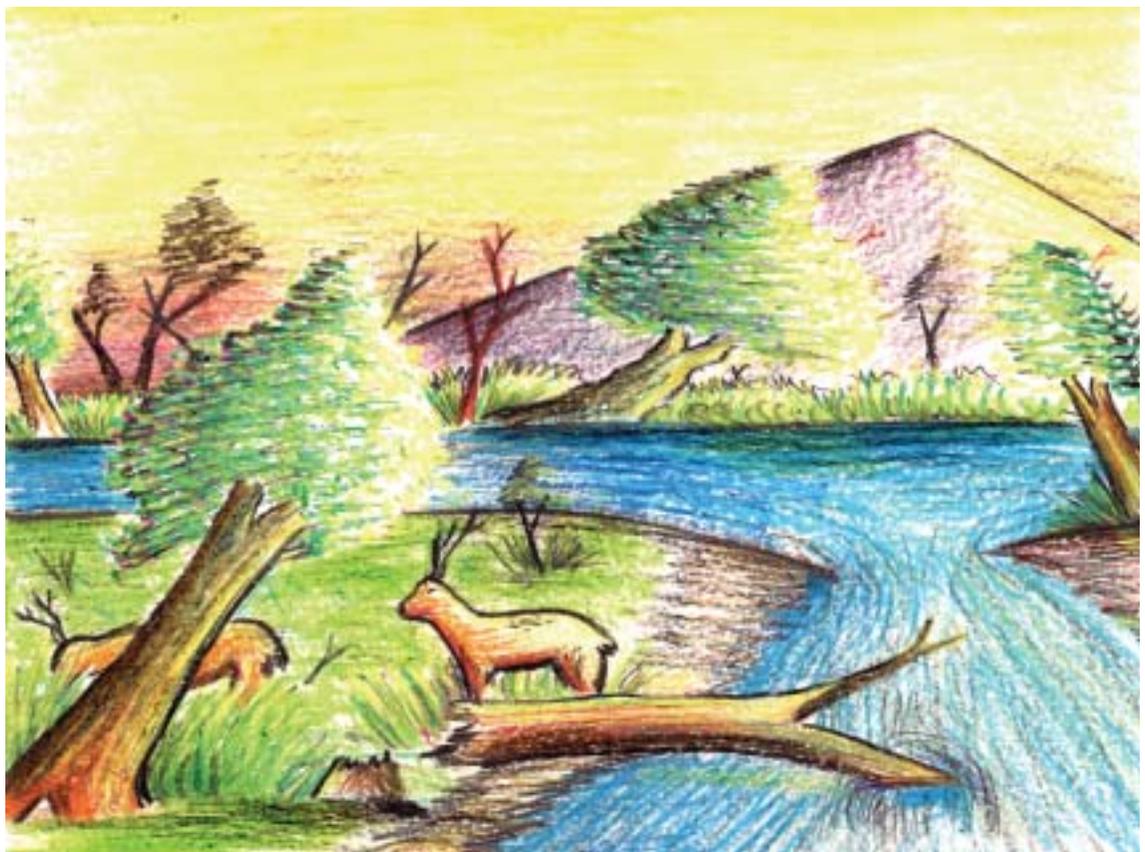


Aravind Krishnan 10 C

Special Articles



**Archith Mohan
10 B**



**Vivek
11B**

Dear Dad...

**'Father' means a lot of things to a lot of us.
Let's see what our little friends in 1 A have to say.**

The name of my father is Anilkumar. My father helps me with my homework. He also cooks well. He goes to the shop with me. He works in Kottayam.

Gautham Anil

My father's name is Sunilkumar. He buys toffees for me. He works in Chellam Umbrellas. He buys toys for me to play with and pencils to write.

Venugopal

My father's name is Jayan. He works in Saudi Arabia. I miss him very much. I like my father very much. He talks to me for a long time when I call him.

Raj Deep Jayan

My father is reading paper. My mother is cooking. I am playing with toys. My mother helps me to study. My father goes out. I sometimes watch TV.

Ajay S M

My father plays with me. He buys me things. My father loves me. He also helps me with my homework.

Alby .S

I love my father. My father's name is Das. I play with him everyday.

Aswin Das

My father loves me. He sings songs for me. He plays with me. He helps me. He talks to me.

Ayush

My father is a scientist. He teaches me at night. He works in the office. He gave me a pet. My pet is a fish. I feed my pet at 9 o' clock. Then my father is happy.

Abhijit

Mom

Students of I B

talk about their MOM Oh mom!

My mother's name is Jenifer Gomez. She teaches me. My mother helps me with my homework. When my mother is sick, I pray to God. She cooks food for me. I love my mother. God gave my mother good health. She takes good care of me. She washes my clothes and sweeps the house. She keeps the house clean.

Joel J Gomez

My mother's name is Seenu. God gave me a good mother. She has a nice smile. She cooks for me. She teaches me. She cleans the house. She teaches French.

John T Michael

I love my mother. She looks after me well. She loves me. She cooks good food. She teaches me. She plays with me.

Gautam A S

I love my mother. I help my mother in the kitchen. She is a doctor. She teaches me. She makes tea for me.

Gautam S Lal

I love my mother very much. When I fall down, she tells me not to cry. My mother loves me. She is a teacher. My mother teaches me very well. I help my mother. When I am going to school she gives good food and clean water. When I'm tired she gives me food. One day my Biffo (my toy) got lost. When I told my mother, she searched for him. She takes care of me when I am ill.

Sam Stephen

My mother loves me. She is a teacher. She helps me to work. She plays with me and gives everybody good food. I like my mother.

Rohan S Thomas

My mother cooks. My mother washes clothes. My mother cleans the house. My mother teaches well. I love my mother.

S Padmanabhan

My mother cooks for me. She teaches me. I love my mother. God gave me a good mother. She helps me and loves me.

Shahbaz Anwar

What I Want to Be....

From an astronaut to a teacher, a pilot to a policeman; these young dreamers of **1 C** have a myriad of ambitions in life...

When I grow up I want to be an astronaut. I could stand on a planet. I could travel in a rocket. I could see the rocks on a planet. I could wear a space helmet.

Gautham B

When I grow up I want to be a pilot. I like to fly like a bird. My dream is to fly above the Himalayas. I can go to many countries. My life will be happy.

Dhananjay Premjith

I will be a policeman. I can catch robbers. I can stand in the middle of the road. I can blow the whistle. I can stop the traffic. I can be proud.

Sidharth R K

When I grow up I want to be a teacher. Teachers give knowledge to children. Teachers give good manners. They don't care for money.

Jacob J Puthenveetil

I will be a good boy. I will study my lessons. I will obey my mother. I will help my father. I will say my prayers. I will become a doctor. I will make sick people well.

Bijo Francis

I want to become an astronaut. I will climb into the blue sky in a space shuttle. I will land on the moon. I will wear a spacesuit.

Srinandan P

East or west Home is the Best

Home is the best place because it is so cosy and warm.

Harishankar R

It protects us from both bad weather and animals.

Achyuth M Nair

After we come back from a long journey, we feel happy to be back in our home. Some people don't want to leave their homes at all.

Athul Krishna

A place to turn to when the sailing becomes rough, a place to roll up your sleeves, loosen your tie and find solace, this is what the kids in **4 A** think about their den...

My home is like my mother. I love sitting on my mother's lap when I am home. Home Sweet Home.

Arun Govind S

Home is the best place because it is where we have our mothers, fathers and siblings.

Gokul Menon

Wherever we may go, we always feel the most comfortable when we are in our home.

Krishna S

I love my School

Students of STD 2 A & B definitely don't drag their feet to school. In fact they hop-jump and skip to school because...

I like to come to school because:

▶ The gardens are very beautiful and the classrooms are very neat. I love watching the rabbits and the love-birds in their cages.

Alan Mathew Cheriyan

▶ It is a very good school. It has beautiful gardens and I like the smell of the fresh air.

Vinayak Madhu Menon

▶ I love the teachers, the big buildings and the wonderful school.

Sharon Antony M

▶ It has many playgrounds and gardens. In the playground there are many slides. An indoor stadium is coming up for us and I hope that we can play there next year. I love my school!

Shaswat Suresh Nair

▶ There are games and fun. We can play, study and write. And in the games period we can play.

George Zachariah

▶ I like coming to Loyola because I have lots of good friends to play with. And there are big playgrounds to play.

Jacob Thomas K

▶ There is a big playground and there is a big multimedia room, where we enjoy watching good movies. There is also a canteen where I buy soft drinks.

Athul James

▶ I like to play in the big playgrounds and enjoy running down the slopes.

Nikhil S

▶ I love to come to school because I like the beautiful gardens, the campus, the playgrounds, the buildings and last of all, the canteen.

Elton John Fernandez

▶ I learn a lot of manners and discipline. I like the campus because it is clean and beautiful.

Akhil A S

▶ I like to study, play and enjoy myself. I like to play with my friends and I love playing during the break time.

Narendran M

▶ I can play on the slope with my friends. I can see rabbits.

Rohan Jose

▶ I can sit in the bus and go to school. I love to eat parotta and sweets.

Karthik Rajeev

▶ I can play and fight with my friends. I can be class leader. I love my teacher.

Richy Yesudas

There are rabbits in the cage. They play all the time. I can see them when the bell rings.

Thomas Alexander

▶ I like singing periods. I can speak in the assembly. I can see the uncles.

Mrinal P

The best thing about the future is that it comes only one day at a time.

Abe Lincoln

Dream catcher

One lucky reporter got to play dreamcatcher with the vivacious tots of Standard 3, they were asked to write what they dream about and here's what the had to say...

I dream about being a big dinosaur with a giant neck 20 meters long and with a tail 20 meters long. I dream of smashing buildings and eating trees. I dream about crushing the zoo down and rescuing all the animals.

Roy Mathew (3 A)

I dream about being a peacock. I would have pretty feathers and I could dance in the rain. I would be very proud of being India's national bird.

E. Emaya (3 B)

I dream about flying. I think flying is fantastic. I see everything when I fly.

Akshar Narayanan (3 B)

I dream about a beautiful world where the flowers bloom; where the wonderful sun rises, giving us a new day. I dream about animals being protected, where pets are like our family. I dream about world peace.

D Ganesh (3 B)

I love to daydream, I dream about being a butterfly. I dream about ice-cream. I dream about the sun

rising between the two mountains. I like dreams.

Murali K (3 A)

I dream about being a singer who sings very well. I want to sing beautiful songs in movies and become very famous. I want to be the best singer in the whole world. I want to win lots of prizes singing songs.

Livian Rufus (3 C)

I dream about being a pokemon master. I would save the world with my well trained pokemon. I dream about training my pets to be the best in the world.

Amal A. R.(3 A)

I dream about being an astronaut and I would like to land on the moon. I like to see the stars. I would like to see Earth from space.

Mark H Godfree (3 B)

I had always dreamed that I would be a scientist. If I were a scientist I can invent anything I want to. I could make my mother an automatic washing machine so that she would no longer need to wash clothes.

Rajat U Krishna (3 A)

I dream about being a cricket player, scoring runs for my country by blasting sixes and fours.

Adithya Vimalan (3 A)

I dream about being a soldier. I dream about fighting bravely for my country. I dream about helping the poor. I dream that I will never give up fighting for my country.

Hiran A J (3 A)

I dream about being a peon, I want to ring the bell and set the children free.

Akshay Das (3 C)

I dream about being a sportsman who plays very well. I would like to play for the Indian football team. I think I can beat other countries and can take India to the football championships. I wish I could be the best football player in India.

Anand A (3 C)

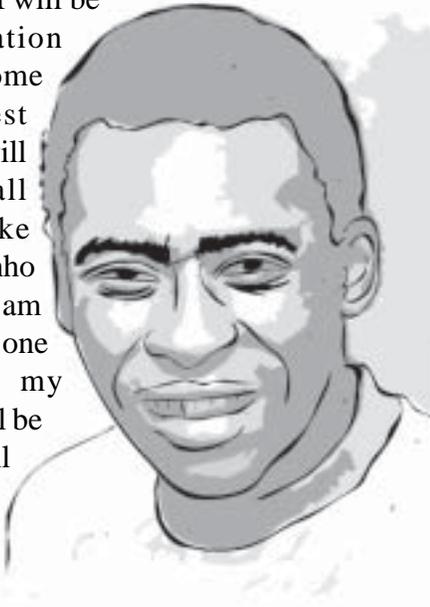
I dream about being a man who is thousand times faster than the cheetah. I would run round the world in ten seconds and would dart across streets very fast.

-Shravan Suresh Nair (3 C)

To be Pele

Cyriac T Kunnumpuram (4 B)

I would like to be a great footballer like Pele. I will name myself "The Golden Tiger" because the tiger is my favourite animal. I will play in all championships and even the World Cup. I will give my autograph to everyone. Most importantly, I will play for Brazil as I will be the next generation Pele. I will become the greatest footballer ever. I will meet football legends like Ronaldo, Ronaldinho and Maradona. I am sure that at least one World Cup in my football career will be held in India. I will win the FIFA World Cup and make my parents proud of me.



Three Crazy Men

Abraham Raju (4 C)

There was a man with a great big beard,
As big as it could be,
The homes of all wild animals
Were in his hair.

There was an old man who
Tried to make the best taste,
The thing he got was the worst taste;
He tried and tried with no success,
Then when he tried to make chutney
All he got was sauce!
And when he tried to make sauce -
All he got was chutney!
This was the craziest cook I ever saw.

And there was a young man
Who tried to make his horse dance,
He tried and tried,
But the horse didn't move a step.
He pulled the leg of the horse,
To make it dance,
But all he got was kick, kick, kick,
And that was the end of his story.

If there is no death

Jaivardhan A Menon (4 B)

Ram, a small boy, was in school. While he was playing, he overheard someone talking of Death. He had never heard the word before and asked his teacher about it. The teacher told him what death was. He was very shocked and asked if it would come to him also. She said it would, and at that moment he fainted. When he came to his senses, his teacher told him that if death was not there, there would be

thousands of people all the time. There would be no place on earth and God would have to create another earth. Ram's eyes were wide open, and he was listening with interest. Seeing this, the teacher told him that he would understand it fully when he became an adult. When Ram became an adult he remembered his teacher's words. He was not afraid of death any more.

The Day I was

Most Scared

Ashish V Hegde (4 C)

One day I went to see a horror film with my friends. It was very scary. At night, even while I was sleeping, I couldn't take my mind off the film. Then suddenly, a huge and scary ghost appeared in front of me. He had red and yellow eyes, and very sharp teeth. He then started circling me. He said, "It has been years since I ate human flesh and drank blood.", and jumped upon me. I then ran away from him, but he appeared again in front of me, and caught me. He then began to lick my face, tasting it. "AAAA!!!" I screamed, and woke up to see that it was only my cat licking my face. That was the day I felt afraid the most.

Rainy

Day

Aanand M S Gangadher (4 C)

The rainy day is beautiful,
It clatters along the roofs;
Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Tuck...
Hitting like a drum.

The thunder, storm and lightning,
Come with the rain,
Everybody likes to play
In the beautiful rain.

Everybody likes the rain
To bathe and play in it;
To splash the water on others,
Everybody loves the rain.

Rains are welcomed by farmers,
Cause they make their fields best as ever;
Animals too welcome the rain,
Cause then they drink water with mouths open to it.



If I were a Bird

Jacob Abraham 4 A

If I were a bird I would try very hard to learn what my mother teaches me. When my lessons are completed and I am a fully grown bird I will look for a suitable goodnatured wife. Together we would make a beautiful comfortable nest. We would never harm anyone. We would help the needy. We would do everything together but I will do the main job of bringing food for my family. I think it will be difficult to look after the baby birds, but never mind I'm sure it will be great fun to be a bird. I wish I really was born a bird.

Genie in a bottle

If God gave you three wishes, what would you wish for?

The students of **Std II B and II C** had this to say:

I will wish to live longer and to become a soldier. Finally I will ask for protection from accidents.

Dhruvan S – II B

My first wish will be to become an IAS officer. I will then ask God to make my sister a doctor, and to give me a money plant so I can use the money it will give me.

B G Vamsi – II B

I will ask God to make me an astronaut so that I can go to the Moon. I will also ask God to make my friends score good marks.

Madhav M – II B

First of all, I would ask to become an artist. Then I will ask for my paintings to get good prices.

I will pray to be a healthy man.

A Narayan – II B

I will wish for a flying horse, an insect-eating plant, and a beautiful bird in my house.

Niranjan B – II B

I will wish for a nice voice and a good friend. I will also ask God to protect me from accidents.

Savio Alex – II B

I will wish for chocolates. Then I want computer games. I will also ask God for good marks.

Shyam Raja P K – II C

Make me a big doctor. I will wish for lots of money and I will give it to poor people.

Akshay J. Ganesh – II C

My wish is to become an angel. Then I can make wishes come true. All will ask me to grant wishes and I will make them happy.

Niranjan A – II C

I will ask for lots of money. I can buy many games and eat things in the bakery. I will ask for marks and come first in class. My last wish will be to make my mummy happy.

Arun S M – II C

I wish to be a pilot so I will ask God to make me a pilot. My second wish is to get good marks. My third wish is to bless my madam.

Sajith kumar S. – II C

I will ask for more wishes. I also want to drink Pepsi everyday. I will give money to the poor if I get money.

Soorya S. Padmanabhab – II C

A Smile... An Everlasting Smile...

Form one's features into a pleased, friendly, or amused expression, with the corners of the mouth turned up. This is the meaning of the word 'smile' as seen in the Oxford English Dictionary.

The students of **Std V A** have different things to say about the word. Let's see what they are...

▶ Whether it is a sad thing or a happy thing, just smile.

Arun R

▶ A smile cannot be kept locked up in our mind.

Aswin R

▶ Smile is the sign of love, hope and joy.

Amal Shaji

▶ You'll be energetic as long as you keep on smiling.

George E George

▶ A smile makes our face look so much more handsome.

Daryl Rodricks

▶ A smile is the most important jewel in the whole universe.

Aaromal B Manaas

▶ Smile, Smile and try to make the whole world as happy as you are.

Akshay J Kumar

▶ A smile lights up your face.

Neeraj S

▶ A simple smile can make a person a friend.

Mahesh Dilip

holiday in Maldives

Govind K Nair (5 A)



During the Christmas holidays, I went with my mother and my brother to the Maldives to visit my father, who is on deputation there for six months from the Sree Chithra Institute. It took only forty minutes to reach the Maldives from Trivandrum.

The Maldives airport lies on a small island. While landing, the scene I saw was breathtaking. Two different colours of the sea could be seen. One was a beautiful turquoise blue for the shallow water, and the other, a dark blue for the deep sea.

My father was waiting for us at the airport. To reach the main island called Mali, where my father stays, we had to travel on a motor boat called 'Dhooni'. It was a big boat on which about fifty people and their luggage could be carried. Climbing into the boat was difficult but the ride was really enjoyable. Mali had big buildings but the roads were narrow. All street-names end in 'Magu', which means street in their language, Dhihevi. There were no buses or autorickshaws but there were plenty of taxis. My father lives

on a street called 'Ali Kile Guaan Juan Magu'. It's quite a mouthful, I know! In Mali the main attraction is the Artificial beach. It is a semi-circular beach with shallow sea water. Here, children come to swim and play till half past six in the evening. My father taught me how to float, but I still don't know how to swim well.

Tourism is the main occupation here. The second biggest is fishing. The government of Maldives has converted most of the islands into resorts. We visited four of them. They were Giravaru, Full Moon, Blue Lagoon and Velidhoo. To Giravaru we went by 'Dhooni'. We went by speed boat to Full Moon and Blue Lagoon. To Velidhoo, we went by sea-plane. The sea plane ride was noisy. The resorts had really beautiful swimming pools and beaches. The corals and fishes could be seen under the clear sea. My father taught me to snorkel. As I was a little afraid, we snorkeled only near the beach. At Blue Lagoon, we saw a stingray feeding. We spent the rest of the days visiting other areas and shopping in Mali. We returned home with many memories of the beautiful islands of Maldives, where more islands are still being formed.



Autobiography of a tooth brush

Gautham K 5C

I feel so sad lying in the biggest dumpyard in Trivandrum city. Everything smells around here and I wonder where I will be taken next. I remember those days when I lived so comfortably in a small beautiful handbag. That was when my mistress loved me. She carried me in her silk bag everywhere. I have traveled in cars and planes and have seen the whole world. Every morning and at night my mistress would take me out of the bag and give me a good shake as she put some white thing on me. It was fun to go side to side and up and down. She would give me a good bath and put me back in her bag to sleep. On some days she would place me on a white chair along with other friends. There was a soap, shampoo, scrubber and a few mugs and glasses. I would stand in the glass breathing fresh air. How sad it is today to lie here with no friends around.

You should Smile

Anupam Narayanan 5 C

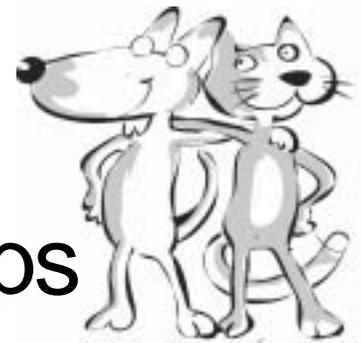
A smile costs nothing and yet it brings beauty to every face. If we smile a lot our beauty increases. If we don't and are rude our beauty decreases. You can make people happy and then they will like you. You can get a lot of friends and become the most popular boy in class.

A smile can do many things. It can make everything easy. Birds and animals cannot smile. We have got their share of smile too. We should feel we are lucky and keep smiling at others.

My Evenings

Rahul Suresh 5 C

The school bell rings at 3.30 in the evening and I along with my classmates rush into the school bus to go home. I try to find a seat but I have no luck. It doesn't matter as my friends and I can play games in the bus. We have a lot of fun doing all sorts of naughty things. We are careful not to be caught by uncle but sometimes the small boys get us into trouble. I rush home as soon as I get off the bus to see my favourite T V program. I love watching T V but am not allowed to do so. I love to play video games too and wish to get some as birthday gifts. My mother makes me do my homework and study my daily lessons. After eating and playing it is time to sleep and wake up the next morning to go to school.



Friend ships

Friends mean a lot to students of 5B

Nobody can imagine a life without friendship.

Abhilash Chacko

Friendship is the bond that encourages us to live.

Gaurishankar S

Friendship is the rainbow between two hearts.

Nandagopal G

Friendship is the most valuable thing you can get.

Govind Bhadrans

Without a friend we feel lonely and bored.

Advaith Shankar J Potty

Life in a place without tv, radio, or computer

Kurian Kuriakose (6 A)

I thought I'd write about what it would be like to be in a place where there is no television, radio or computer. I went to just such a place recently. I think it was very nice.

On 13th of December, last year, my mother told me that we were going to our village, Adoor. We were to go there right after my Christmas exams. I wondered how life there would be, because I had never gone there before. My

brother told me it would be boring, but I didn't think it was. There, it was all calm and quiet. At night, we slept outside, in the moonlight. And in the morning, instead of being startled by the sudden burst of rock music from the computer, we woke up to the melody of the chirping birds and the warmth of the rising sun. At breakfast, instead of watching pointless cartoons on TV, we would talk to each other, share our thoughts and had a great

time. We would sit on the cool balcony sipping a cup of coffee, listening to the sound of the wind in the trees and the birds, as they sang. We had peace of mind at my home in Adoor.

In such a place, there is no sound pollution, no horrible traffic and, as I said there is great peace of mind. I don't regard the computer and the television as a curse, yet the thought of village life delights me and I cannot wait to return there.



I Sit Beside

Dane Sabu Jacob (6 B)

The trees grow wild,
In freedom and joy
And I sit beside
What seems to be true.

A call for me
But I don't answer
Why should I bother myself
With such trivial things?
The tree grows around me
Unable to reach the sky
And I sit still
Not moving an inch.
A sieve of life
A bowl of happiness
Are just words

From a normal human.
It reaches its aim
As though it finishes
What is to be done?
And I sit beside what
Seems to be true.

our own

Dictionary

By students of 6 C

If Samuel Johnson and Herman Gundert could make their own dictionaries, so can Aabid Firdausi and his friends of Std. 6C.

Here is an exercise that takes you through many pages of a dictionary looking for words and their meaning. This gives you the mind of a “creative genius” to construct new words from already existing words with the first part of one word beginning with a specific letter and part of another word beginning with any letter. The new word will have the meaning of a combination of the meaning of both words. Here is an example:

Paradise- Heaven, a place of happiness

Cycle- a machine

New word

***Paradicycle* – a machine that takes one to heaven**

New words beginning with the letter ‘P’.

1. Pepper- spicy fruit of a pepper plant

Gum – a jelly like thing that can be chewed

***Peppagum*- a pepper floured chewing gum**

2. Penury- poverty

Percent- In or for every hundred

***Penucent*- Percentage of poverty**

3. Prime-excellent

Boy- a male child

***Proy*- a male child who is excellent**

4. Paucity – scarcity

Water- liquid which forms seas, lakes etc

***Pauter* – lack of water**

5. Power- the ability to do something

Police-a civil force responsible for keeping public order

***Powice*- a civil force with an ability to do something**

6. Portly – rather fat

Person- an individual or human being

***Porson*- a human being who is rather fat**

7. Prank– a merry trick

Cycle- a machine

***Prancler*- a merry trick machine**

8. Papa- father

Paper- a material , very thin, manufactured from wood pulp

***Papapa*- the father of paper**

Now try some words beginning with the letter ‘s’.

1. Sane- Sensible

Policy- written statement

***Sanolicy*- a sensible statement**

2. Spaghetti- pasta made in long strings

Mushroom- edible fungus

***Spaghoom*- pasta made of an edible fungus**

Hope you enjoy this exercise which will make you a ‘word constructor’ making new words which are new and sensible.

The Sights I See as I Travel to School

Tarun C Thomas (7 A)

I come to school on foot. As I start my journey, I always notice the dew drops that are fresh on the flowers and leaves. The sun in all his glory shines on me, like a beacon of hope.

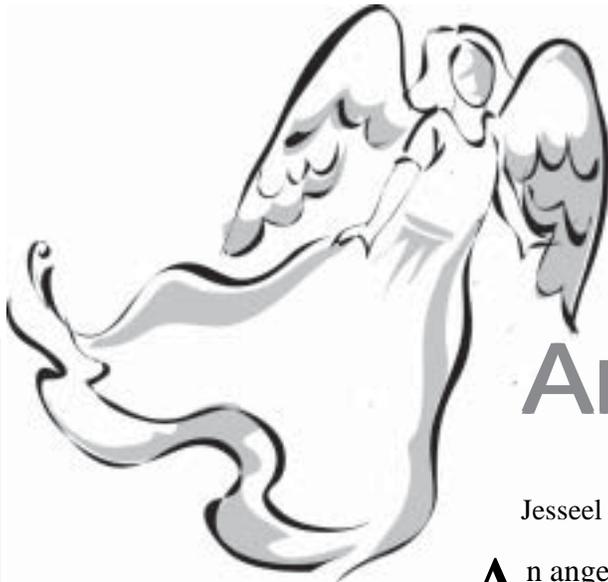
All that I see is inviting me to the world of explorations, of freedom. There is a spring in everyone's steps and a song on their lips. I see strong old women carrying firewood and pails of water. Goats and hens hop around without a care in the world. The birds break into a wonderful melodious song as I walk down the road. Shopkeepers wait for their first customer with a



prayer on their lips to have a good day. Dogs dodge in and out of traffic. The pujaris of the temple chant religious mantras to start the day with. Children from the Government school sing happily as

they walk to school. A strong urge to join them in song grips hold of me but I resist the temptation and walk on.

The monotonous 'thud' of the wood cutter's axe cutting wood is only broken by the 'caw-caw' of a hungry crow. I see so many houses on the way to my school and I wonder about the people inside. A classmate of mine travelling in a car waves to me as he speeds by. As I reach my school I am hailed by my friends. I simply love the journey to school and I hope I will continue to enjoy them until my school days are over.



An Angel Kisses

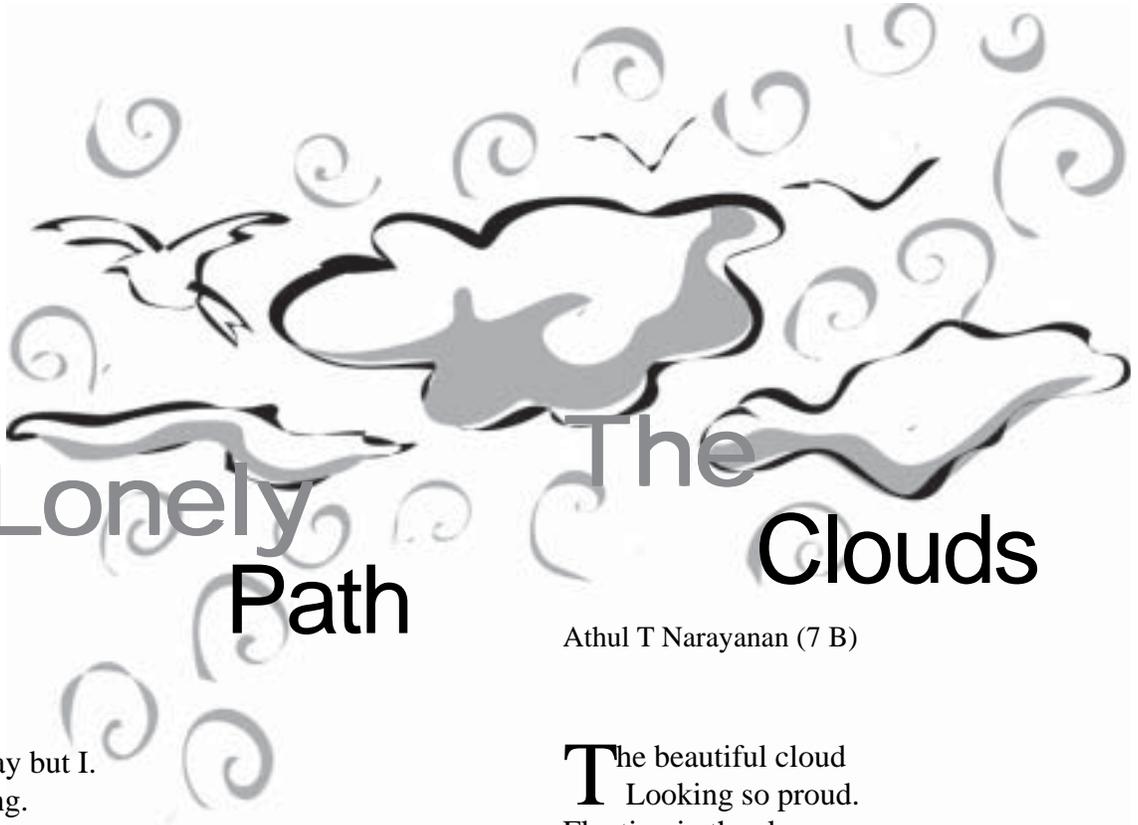
Jesseel Mughdar (7 B)

An angel kissed my tears when I was sad,
I wasn't feeling quite myself, my day had been so bad.
I felt warmth by me that quickly dried my tears,
Gentle kind touch that seemed to hold me near.
Immediately, I felt so much better and the day seemed brighter,
I suppose that was my mother and she is no more.

Secret of tables

Abhilash Sunil (9 A)

- ▶ A table that is edible – Vegetable
- ▶ A table that relates to anger – Irritable
- ▶ A table which is good business – Profitable
- ▶ A table that suits any purpose – Suitable
- ▶ A table that gives relaxation – Comfortable
- ▶ A table that no one forgets – Unforgettable



The Lonely Path

Mikhail James (7 A)

No one travels
Along this way but I.
That autumn evening.

On that fateful day,
On that fateful evening,
I saw the sights
I never should have.

A dying horse
Caught in a trap,
Set by poachers,
Unable to move
Its hind legs.
Badly injured.

No one there but I,
To save the poor thing
From death,
To let it live
Yet another day;
To see the light
Yet again,
Before it leaves
For paradise.

The Clouds

Athul T Narayanan (7 B)

The beautiful cloud
Looking so proud.
Floating in the sky
Where birds fly.
Looking like a handful of white foam,
Soft and tender as they roam.

Gliding over villages
The home of sages
Over the grounds
Full of sounds
And over the darkest,
Greenest rainforest.

Build your

Tower of Babel

By the students of Std 7C

Here is an exercise that takes you through the pages of a dictionary, searching for words related to a specific topic. This exercise will help you learn more words related to a specific topic, beginning with different letters.

Choose a topic, for example 'POLITICS'.

Start with a word with as many letters as possible, connected to that topic. Write another word with one of the central letters in the previous word, one letter less than the previous word, on top of the previous word. Keep building up until you reach a word with the least number of letters. All the words should be connected to the topic.



Here is an example that takes you through the pages of a dictionary searching for words related to a specific topic. Politics mean Power and 'I' am the most important person involved.

PS. Use a new letter every time. If the central letter of the previous word has already been central letter of another word, use the adjacent letter.

Our time

Together

By the students of 7C

The students of Std 7 C were asked to write about their time together, as after class seven they would be streamed and would be in different divisions. Here are a few expressions in the form of verse.

AS LONG AS WE ARE TOGETHER

Jobin K Jose

As long as we are together
And have the spirit of true friendship;
Dear friend, the friendship between us
Will grow better and better
And the bond between us
Grow stronger and stronger.

OF THE THINGS TO DO TOGETHER

Deepak Benny 7C

As long as we are together
There is an endless list
Of things to do together.
But that is not to be
So fate has decreed.
At the end of the year
When we are separated
On the basis of some worthless marks
I think of God
Of how unfair He is
To separate such loving hearts.

MY FRIEND AND ME

Terence Rufus

As long as we are together
We are together as can be,
We are friends forever
My friend and me.
As long as we are together,
Our hearts will grow
Binding with special love
My friend and me.

What does it matter then
If at the end of the year,
We are separated,
Coz we are bound with
A special love
My friend and me.

THE TIME IS COMING

K John Koshy

The time is coming
The year of separation is arriving
The best of friend will be parted
The major gangs divided

Don't be lost in dreadful thoughts
Brooding over SSLC, ICSE, CBSE
Cheer Loyola sons, be positive
Our love is too strong
For any 'C' to separate us.

It all suddenly

went quiet...

George Kurian (8 B)

It all suddenly went quiet. The next moment I found myself in a dark room. Wondering where I was, I stumbled onto a bed where a man was sleeping peacefully. Now I couldn't control my actions. I picked up a dagger lying nearby and took aim. The silence was broken by his blood-curling scream. Footsteps clattered up the stairs. The door was knocked down and dozens of policemen surrounded me. "It wasn't me, it wasn't me", I screamed, trying to explain to them. But they didn't pay any attention to my words. They handcuffed me and took me

directly to the court. My trial had begun. There was no one to support me. Everyone's fingers were pointed accusingly at me. The judge asked me if I had anything more to say. I told him that I wasn't the murderer and that an inner force had made me do this evil deed. I pleaded with them all to set me free. But the judge delivered his sentence, "The accused will be hanged to death." I was taken to the gallows. They prepared me for the end. "BEEP! BEEP!" The alarm rang. I awoke to find myself safe in bed.

A beautiful view from
The mountain top
Touching the yellow sky.

Nature

Sanjay V (8 B)

No one knows,
As legends say,
The mysterious power of nature.

The distant view
Of the mountain dew
Soothed everyone's minds

The golden glow
As the fireflies go
Brightening my beautiful garden.

Endless rain
Covering the lane
With an ocean of pleasant water.

The rosy dusk
Merges into the night
Soothing everyone to sleep.

A ROSY DUSK

Sanjay V (8 B)

Now the sun is about to set,
Leaving a golden outline on the hills,
The creations of Almighty God,
Are about to rest.
The crickets are beginning
Their wonderful singing.
The small birds
Flying to their nests,
Paint a great picture.

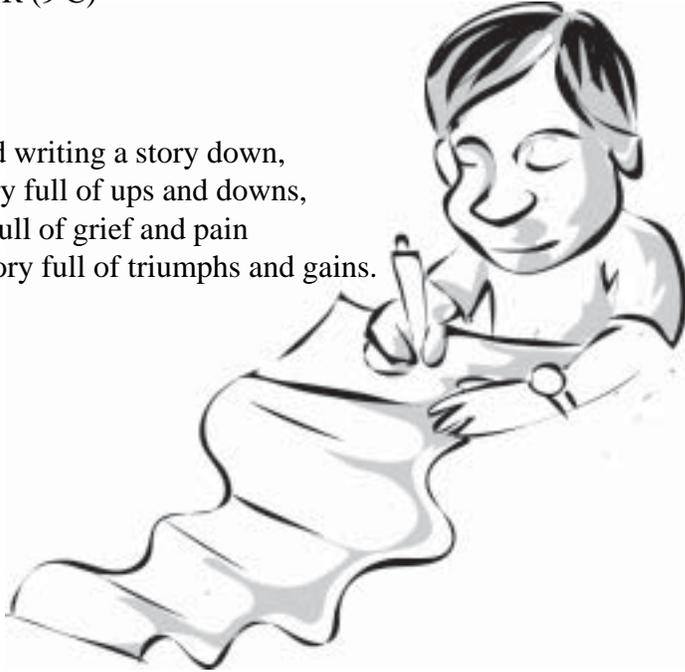
The Story Not Completed

Sooraj P R (9 C)

THE LAST SUPPER

Syam Thomas (10 A)

I started writing a story down,
A story full of ups and downs,
A story full of grief and pain
And a story full of triumphs and gains.



I finished one book and started another
That finished, and am going further
Fourteen note books are all completed
But the story goes on unrestricted.

Where on earth did I those feelings get?
And wherefrom did those thoughts outlet?
I can feel it in the air
When I have finished the story fair.

The pain and losses on one leaf
And gains and triumphs on another,
A story in which there is no hero
And not a villain either.

Since I can't complete
The story I'll retreat,
I'll give a name,
And someday it'll win me fame.

The name I'd give
Is none other than - MY LIFE.

It was a cold dark lonely night
Just before the disappearance of the light

He and his disciples were at the door
On a common man's upper floor

13 had sat down for supper
And still the superstition goes

The first to rise shall
Be the first to fall

Then his voice was heard
Like the sound of a dying bird

"One of you have deceived me
Sold me for the cheapest fee."

A guilty fear was on Judas' face
A pinch of fear was on his gaze

There was distress in the air
And the son of man looked up

He broke a piece of bread and said
My body, I give before my death

He raised his cup and then he said
My blood for the ones that I have led

With all his heart and soul he said
Do this even after my death.

He sacrificed his life for the peace of man
Never to return even if he can
And looked back to find
No remains of his sacrifice or his kind.

Dew drops

Tony Joy (9 A)

Reflecting the morning light,
Providing a feast for the eyes,
Creating such a wonderful sight
This beauty can tell no lies.

As the sun casts its rays
I stand, looking at the morning dew
As nature shows off her beautiful face
I stand amazed at this glorious view.
I see the sun in every leaf
Gliding, I see the pearly beads,
Sailing among the leaves, just like cunning thieves
So much to see, it fills me with glee,
Never have I seen such a sight
As they have fulfilled their mission
Making bright my day, with hope.

The Deadly Opponent

Abhijith Sivasankar (9 B)



What Loyola means to me

Akshay Jayan (9 C)

I came into Loyola school for the first time on a bright and sunny Saturday. I had come in, trembling slightly, along with my parents to attend my interview. That day marked my entry into this wonderful school. I have passed ten years of my life here and don't think I could have enjoyed myself as much as I have here anywhere else. Loyola is a large school with numerous playgrounds and excellent study facilities. The laboratory facilities are remarkable. The school facilities are upgraded almost every year.

Apart from the facilities, our school is filled with loving, caring teachers. And this is what makes our school the best of all. The teachers consider all students equal and treat them all alike.

So, as I shout out, no one can contradict me : "UP!! UP!! LOYOLA!!"

I was ever a fighter, so one fight more
The best and the last
My fight against cancer dragging me to
The dreadful crossroads of life and death.
With pain and sorrow it grips my heart
So even as I prepare for my best fight
My heart feels that it could well be my last.
With no audience and no spectator
My battle goes on ever and ever
Till my heart beats last.
For as the battle goes on
My tireless opponent on and on
Kills my feelings and my heart
And as I step forward to face
My last and worst opponent
I step close to death and heaven
Who wins I know not
I only know my wish -
To fight, my last and my best.

My Ambition

Renjith Babu 8 A

Exams
v/s Cricket

Arun Chandran (9 A)

Worksheet – cricket ground
Question paper – overs

The candidate – batsman

Pen – Bat

Difficult question – bouncer

Tricky question – spin ball

Easy question – 4 runs

Caught cheating – Run out

Correction in the answer paper – Third Umpire

I would like to be a teacher. I suppose many of you out there are surprised especially because all of you want to be doctors and engineers. Well, I could be that teacher who helps children become doctors and engineers.

I have admired teachers all my life. I love to watch them teaching; they can combine fun and seriousness as they teach. And a good teacher can work wonders with children. There is no other profession where you can have as much power as a teacher. Her advise to students can change lives forever. I often look forward to the advise my class teacher gives us every day.

I have often felt that I could likewise teach children how to behave. When my students achieve great things in life I too can feel proud. What our country needs today is patriotic people. The first lesson of patriotism is learnt in school and the best person to teach it is the teacher. I hope I am able to realize my ambition.

it was a
narrow escape

Arjun S (9 C)



It was the greatest mistake I'd ever made... My parents and I went to see an unfinished building. It was ten storey high. I was eager to go to the top floor. I raced to the top floor and enjoyed the view from there. After some time, I got dizzy but managed to overcome my dizziness. Soon, however, I started to feel that the building was swaying in the wind. I got around the place and soon began to feel a bit safe. Then I saw an opening on the wall. Wanting to know what it was, I went near it and peered, but saw nothing. Curious, I just took one more step. I didn't realize that I was about to fall from the top floor. I moved forward and I fell. I thought that it was all over. Luckily I didn't go all the way down. I somehow fell onto the next floor and hit my head against some bricks. But there were no serious injuries and I was able to stand up immediately. This was a very narrow escape and from that day onwards I avoided messing around in any construction site.

my first

(and last) robbery

Jojin K B (9 C)



I opened the door and she stood there. I knew the moment I had been dreading had come. “Sis, I...” I began. But before I could even start, my sister, Tara had displayed her usual bossy self by announcing that dinner was ready and I was expected downstairs in five minutes. “Oh, yeah”, I said, momentarily relieved. But, as soon as I shut the door on her back, the problem rose again, what if she asks me at dinner time?

I wish I had never taken her Angel shell. Grandpa had gifted us with a pair of those during his last visit. I had enjoyed the gift immensely as I am very interested in anything related to the sea and I dreamed of sailing in the deep sea someday.

Tara had no interest in things of that sort. Indeed, we shared no interests. My Angel shell, a very rare one, had mysteriously disappeared after I had bragged about it to my friends. I took my sister’s shell, which was lying under her pillow. In school, our Biology teacher, MrsWills saw the shell and asked me to donate it to the Biology lab. I couldn’t refuse and reluctantly gave up the shell to her. I was in a real fix. Neither Tara nor I had our shells now. This had happened two days ago and my guilty conscience had been in

top gear since then. I went downstairs and I found Tara already seated at the dining table with a smug expression on her face. I couldn’t eat well. Somehow the fork seemed to be missing my mouth, suddenly mum said, ‘Jamie, I found your shell with your soiled laundry, I thought you would have been more careful with such things.’ The moment had come... I cannot express how I felt after those words. Suddenly, Tara looked up from her plate and asked, ‘Then whose shell did you donate to the Biology lab, Jamie?’ Somehow I felt light-hearted after taking in a deep breath. The rest of it was a blur. I managed to bring out a full-length confession about everything and kept avoiding my sister’s face. Gratefully, the response was cool, even though Tara’s face had turned a tinge of brown. ‘You are grounded for a month, with no television shows and no pocket money’, pronounced my father, who, being a criminal solicitor, believed in ‘just punishment’ After that incident I have never stolen and never intend to do so.

If you have done something wrong, admit it, do not lie, do not cover up your actions as lies lead to more lies. Here’s hoping you have learnt something good from this story.

need for speed

most wanted review

V Vishak (9 C)

Finally! 'goodie goodie'. EA (Electronic Arts) have realized that violence is the key, with the release of the game NEED FOR SPEED-MOST WANTED in 2005. It was released on many platforms like PC and X-box. The graphics are absolutely stunning and very realistic. The game play is like the GREATEST!. The story (in career mode) goes like this..... You are challenged by RAZOR, #

1 on the Blacklist (list of racers who are wanted by the cops). He puts in a deal, if you lose the race, you should hand over your car to him. Before the race starts, he messes your ride with the help of his friend. Your car stops during the middle of the race and you lose (obviously!) the race and your car. You decide to take revenge on RAZOR and take back your car. The blacklist consists of 15 racers.

You have to beat each of them to become the MOST WANTED. RAZOR is # 1 on the black list. You have to beat him finally to get back your ride and become the MOST WANTED. After beating him, in the end....

Play the game to find out!

It is the best game I have ever played. The soundtracks are also really good. I give it four and half stars out of five.

The Question

Sandip V George (10 C)

When I opened the door she was standing outside. I froze! Not today. I wasn't prepared for this. I didn't invite her in. Silence...She walked right into the room with no hesitation. I felt concerned, trapped. I still didn't utter a word. To the world I was standing with not an alphabet of emotion on my face, but my mind was a raging storm. I was confused, disturbed. Surprisingly, not a tear escaped my eyes. I knew that the question would come eventually and that I would not be able to answer it.

'Where to? Where do I go? If you never try, then you will

never know .How long do I have to climb, up on the side of this mountain of mine? Look up, I look up'. She switched off the music. The archer was aiming at his crippled prey. I turned around away from the questioning eyes that stared.

'John' she called. I felt her hand



rest upon my shoulder. I shuddered. Like an astrologer deciphering the meaning of the strange positions of the stars, my mind said, "It will not be long now". I walked away, fast, because I knew that I was not prepared. If she had told me of her coming earlier, I might have thought about it. I might have prepared an answer. It was not fair. I felt her hand upon my shoulder, for a second time. She said in a calm tone, "Have this John". She offered me a sweet. I had to face it. There was more than enough running away already. I turned around. Her face confused me. How could she be so unfazed? Finally she asked, "Melody itnee chocolatey kyun hai ?".

the making of

'the bishop's candlesticks'

By the Students of 9 C



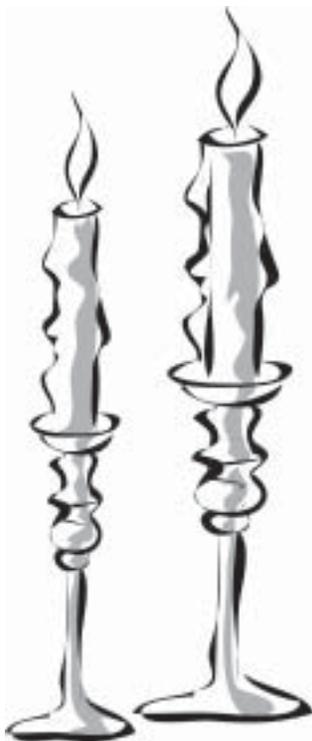
Ms Brinda Nair decided to stage 'The Bishop's Candlesticks', a play we had to study as part of our syllabus. It was fun all the way after that. The class was divided into groups and entrusted with specific responsibilities which included, devising costumes and stage properties, looking after publicity and invitation cards, directing and acting, looking after stage lighting and sound.

It was a group effort all the way with each member playing the leader. In the beginning we thought it was an easy job and it would be fun as we could get a number of free English periods, but soon we realized that we had to stay back after school on several days to pull the whole thing off. There was stiff competition between the groups with each group trying to make a poster more attractive, or the stage prop more inventive, but conscious all the time that on the final day everything should work out in the best way.

Teamwork is the bottom line for success in anything. We learned this truth through the experiences we had. The actors were selected after an initial audition and those with good English speaking skills

and a bit of acting skills were selected to take lead roles. "Excellent acting, Madhav suited the role of the bishop very well." George Joseph X C remarked. It was the story of how a Bishop was able to reform a hardened criminal with his love and forgiving nature. Niyas Mohammed acted every inch like a criminal and Sooraj in the role of Persome, the bishop's sister, played the role of a nagging woman very well.

The stage prop and costume group received rave reviews from the audience. A very realistic English countryside house was erected on the stage complete with a fireplace and mantelpiece. Every small detail was taken care of. Meanwhile, the publicity group designed very attractive posters which adorned the school notice board. It was creativity galore as students vied with each other to make eye catching notices and invitation cards. The day itself was packed with suspense as we were unsure about the response of our audience. It was rumoured that only comedy works and we were worried about how our serious and moralistic play would go down. So it was with a sense of great joy and fulfilment that we received the conatulation from father principal and teachers. It also motivated us to stage the play once again on School day.



the unseen spirit

GOD

Sooraj Sethumadhavan (9 C)

Desperate, he
cried for help to
God.

Pramod was going to his native place in his car. On the way the car's headlights gave out suddenly. It was dark at that time, there being no street lights. However, there was some moonlight. He ended up in a fork. There were two roads. He chose one road and continued driving. Unfortunately for him his car broke down on the way. He was really afraid of the dark. But he overcame his fear. He took his torch and started walking. The path seemed endless. Besides, the rustling of the leaves in the wind made him nervous. After walking

for two hours he realized that he was lost in the woods with no humans around. Desperate, he cried for help to God. A cold wind blew past him and he saw a half naked man. He looked like a tribal from the nearby forest. This man asked him what he was doing there and Pramod explained the situation to him. When Pramod asked him who he was and where he lived, he answered by pointing to a hut nearby. This man gave him directions and asked whether he wanted any more help. Pramod replied by saying that he wanted some water. The man took him to his hut. Pramod then started on his way and followed the directions given to him by the man. He ended up in a nearby village and stayed there for the night. The next morning he came back with some men to repair his car. Mysteriously he could not find the man or his hut. The cold wind blew past him again. He thanked God. By this time his car was fixed and he continued on his way.



THINKING OUT OF THE BOX

Aditya Job (10 A)

Recently I found an email in my mailbox with a subject line “Out of the Box thinking”. Usually, I don’t open mails from unknown senders, but curiosity got the better of me and I opened it. The mail went like this ...

“Some time ago, I received a call from a colleague. He said that he was going to give zero to a student for an answer in Physics, while the student claimed his answer was perfect. The teacher and the student agreed upon an impartial arbiter and I was selected. I read the examination question. The question read ...”Find the height of the building using a barometer.” The student had answered ... Take a barometer to the top of the building. Tie a long rope to the barometer. Lower the barometer until it touches the street below. The height of the building is equal to length of the rope minus the height of the barometer.

Yes, the answer was correct but the student hadn’t used any of the principles taught in class. “Let us give him a second chance”, I said to my colleague. I gave the student a blank piece of paper and five minutes. I told him to use any principle of Physics to demonstrate the answer. At the end of four minutes, I went and checked his

answer sheet. It was still blank. I asked him whether he had given up. He replied confidently “Sir, I have too many answers for this question. I am confused as to which one to select.” Shocked at this boy’s potential, I moved away without interrupting him further. After five minutes he came up with an answer.

“Take a barometer out on a sunny day. Measure the height of the barometer and the length of the shadow of the barometer. Measure the length of the building’s shadow. With the help of the proportions we can calculate the height of the building.”

I asked my colleague if he had given up. He said he had, and had given full credit to the student. I recalled that the boy had said that he had many answers to the question. I asked him what those answers were.

He said they were:

1. Measure the height of the barometer. Start climbing the steps with cutting off the length of the barometer on the wall. Then multiply the number of the marks with the height of the barometer. You will get the height of the building.
2. Drop the barometer from the top of the building. Calculate the

timing of the fall with a timer. Then with the formula $x=1/2 a (t)*(t)$ we can find the length of the building.

At the end of the session I asked him whether he knew the conventional answer. He said that he knew, and that he was fed up with the institution trying to make him think ‘conventionally’.

At the end of the mail it was written ...

Apparently the student was Neil Bohr (pioneer of the quantum theory) and the arbiter was Lord Rutherford.

Let us discount the fact that when Neil was a student in Denmark, Rutherford was already an eminent scientist in England. But the mail has a very good moral in it for us. This story conveys the message that one should think out of the box. Man’s first invention for locomotion was wheels. Only after man landed on the moon did he attach wheels under his luggage to cart it conveniently. Man had to wait thousands of years to think about his innovation because until then no one thought out of the box! Only those people who think out of the box achieve success. So friends, would you like to think why God gave us and all mammals legs but no wheels for locomotion? Think out of the box...

do you want to

become the best?

Arun Sudarsan (10 B)

*“You can get all the ingredients to become the best.
But only the best mix it in the right proportion”*

An additional pinch of salt ruins your much anticipated recipe. One pinch of sugar less can also make you hide your face behind the cross bars of the kitchen. Mix the ingredients in the right proportion before you start, or else? Life is like a jigsaw puzzle. God has given us all the necessary bits and pieces to be the best. It is we, who must put them together in the right places so that we become the best. I remember a visit to an old age home from the school when I was in the 7th standard. The joy that lit their faces as we talked to them cannot be expressed in words. Thrown away by their own children, they were ravaged by haunting memories. One of the most shocking stories that I have ever heard in my life came from an old lady, who was the mother of an old Loyolite! An example of wrong proportion! It is not always the number of achievements that makes you better. You need a good heart too to be the best. A few days ago, I opened the door of a bus for an old lady, I felt really happy and satisfied. I was surely on the road to be the best. Do good when you can, instead of looking for the perfect opportunity.

There are opportunities, small and big ones everyday; only tune yourself to your surroundings. The immense potential that we have should be utilized to the maximum. But we often tend to forget the method of utilizing it. Hard work



is the only solution. Laziness is a common disorder we see in young children, which ultimately lead them nowhere.

I am sorry about sounding like a chapter from a Moral Science textbook. How to be and live good is not to be learned through books but through real life experiences. Make your life a long journey, a journey with hard work as your companion. You don't need much more to be the best.

The joy that lit their faces as we talked to them cannot be expressed in words.

for the aspiring

Quizzers...

Archith Mohan (10 B)

Quizzing will never be a waste of your time, or your resources. You can always enjoy your daily dose of TV, play a crunching football game, learn your lessons, wage war with your sibling, complain to your dad and yet be a successful quizzer.

Loyolites have a reputation for being excellent quizzers. The quiz heroes of the past, Manu Sudhakar, Joseph John, Jayendran S, Jian Johnson, Justin, Gautham Das, Varun Murali, and Arun T P took Loyola to glorious heights. Their shoes are hard to fill and yet their exodus has not caused the

river of trophies that flow into Loyola to shrink and dry up. In fact, this year the river did really flood its banks. Maybe that's why Father Principal had to renovate the parlour and revamp the trophy cabinet.

Of all the sources of the river, I proudly and candidly declare that 10th standard contributed the most.

We won prizes at every possible level – local, regional and national. Every quiz result for 10th standard and below saw us walking away with the winner's trophy and often we claimed the top two steps of the podium for ourselves. In quizzes where the 11th and 12th were welcome too, we proved to be more than a match for our competitors.

And, why am I sounding like a braggart? Why am I evoking the

past, talking of things that have happened and gone by? Well, it is too inspire, to tell all Loyolites that we should do it even better.

Quizzing will never be a waste of your time, or your resources. You can always enjoy your daily dose of TV, play a crunching football game, learn your lessons, wage war with your sibling, complain to your dad and yet be a successful quizzer. The incentives to be a quizzer are enormous. You earn respect of your peers, recognition from your superiors, acquire shiny rectangular bits of paper (a.k.a. certificates), sport trophies, pocket cash, coupons, goodies, air tickets, iPods, high-end laptops and what not! You might even, in the end become an icon to be deified by upcoming generation of quizzers. The recipe is simple. Look around with your eyes and ears! Be hooked to the Net, read the newspaper and talk to friends about what you've read, have an appetite for books; hunger for knowledge and of course good old common sense. Add these ingredients and mix them with a bit of luck and there we have it, a quizzer bound for success.

To all upcoming quizzers here is my message. Proud as you are to be a Loyolite, live up to your destiny and keep up the good repute.

Immortal Love

Sidharth V Anand (10 B)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank
Here will we sit and let the sound of music creep in our ears
And we shall rise up, leaving our cold bodies,
On this earth scarred by jealousy and lust
And their pearl white bodies skimmed the
Night air, speaking about eternal love.

Let time and flesh fly back and worlds reborn
As she sat on the moonlit marble floor.
Eyes resting on the winding dusty road.
Pictures of him flashing across her mind

He a man with a heart of gold, sinews
Like timber and eyes radiating the
Flames of immortal love
They were one body and soul

But what separates them? What separates
Eternal love? Not walls of time, Not
Material pleasures; but the cruel touch of fate.

He after a long journey; separated from
His soul; by oceans of sand and gravel.
He traversed deserts and climbed mountains
To reach her; the woman he loved;

But how cruel, can the touch of fate be?
The wrath of Jupiter dawned on him
Reducing him to mere dust and ash
Satiating the wrath of the Gods.

For she felt in her heart the strangeness
The stillness answering her cry
And it tolls on her eyes
Tears exuding the pain of loss
She felt her existence questioned.
Her existence questioned
By the mere loss of her soul

To satiate the wrath of the Gods.
She rose up from the floor
And glided towards the street
And exposed her bosom to
The thundering wrath of Jupiter

She felt it surge through her body
Piercing her heart and her soul
And she closed her eyes to her world
Freeing her body and her soul.

And she rose up from her body
Free in another world of solace
And they skimmed through the night air
Whispering about immortal love.



Soaps

Sriram P (11 A)

The action starts around five o'clock in the evening. The whole street resonates with the single jingle that charms the residents into staying within doors. A quivery, baritone voice begins its highly sentimental recital, threatening to move the audience to tears by weaving sad, wailing words into the song.

Ladies and gentlemen, what you have just heard is the title song of the worthless yet alarmingly popular T V serials of today. Marking the beginning of a full half-hour performance by some very talented actors and actresses in town, it warms the spectators to the verge of tears while sowing in them the seed of anticipation of what will follow after the previous day's incidents.

Real life is easily forgotten as the viewers merge into the melancholic, repulsive and extremely domestic scenes happening one after the other. Youngsters learn all facts of life from this trash which takes place everyday. The heroine is on a high off glycerine and the villains are ruthless figures who live, eat and breathe only one word – revenge. One such villain living his villainous role to perfection in reel life, had to flee the

state in real life, because he was attacked on the street for the crimes he committed on TV. Old women draw examples for life from the characters in the serials, swear by them, and even spout dialogues from them. The title of the show is invariably that of a female. Something in every episode makes you think that the director gets his bread and butter from tugging people's heartstrings. After a few minutes you engage

The heroine is on a high off glycerine and the villains are ruthless figures who live, eat and breathe only one word – revenge.



yourself in better, less boring activities such as finding the exact angle between the thumb and forefinger in order to effectively pick your nose, or determining whether the cat on the wall far away is sleeping or just pretending to.

The surprise is when you discover that the commercials are just five minutes long. At the end, you sit up and feel yourself all over, rub your eyes and say “What the heck”!

The bedlam continues long into the night...

The idiot-box is finally switched off after much hesitation people move on to their daily chores, hearts brimming with sympathy for the woman who was deserted by

her drunken husband or the she-devil villainess at whose deeds they had clenched their fingers barely a few minutes back. Sometime ago, an advertisement in a local magazine featuring a computer with a TV-Tuner card showed a mouse (the digital variety) in tears, with a footnote which read “Now you can watch soaps on your computer”. Well, that just about sums it up. Sad, but true.

scenes

Guru Das S (11 A)



Student life was redefined by us as soon as we crossed over to class eleven from the traumatic board year. It had to be eternal sunshine days for us. A ‘preposterous’ idea no doubt. With the excitement of the Youth Festival, LAFest and excursion all over, it was time for the school Day drama, another placard to be raised in the English class in the New Year. And so we did.

The whole process leading to the event was set into motion way before the Christmas holidays. But this very ambitious plan had to be abandoned midway as nobody could make it to the pre-decided discussion groups in the vacation due to tuitions and other commitments. The first on the agenda for the play was a theme and so the great theme hunt began. The decision to adopt a serious theme was a unanimous one. After four years of comedy it was time we made people sit back and think.

The arduous process of selecting a suitable theme that would be neither too self-righteous nor too sentimental or preachy began. A number of school and after school hours were spent as about a hundred themes were thrown into the debate, and tossed about. Looking back, very few of those ideas actually related

to the one that actually came up on stage. All we knew at that time was that it should have a patriotic flavour, audience should be made to think, and the latent talent in our class had to be tapped. After all we had wonderful singers, musicians, orators, creative fellows who could be stage designers, and of course our hi-tech savvy guys; put them together said our English teacher Ms Deepa Pillai, and we would be able to produce a tearjerker patriotic drama.

And that was how Gandhiji and Jessica Lal shared the same stage in the space of about half an hour. Two acts, one each for Gandhiji and Jessica Lal. Though everybody

liked the idea immensely, we had no option but to leave the answering of the question, “So what’s the connection?” for the distant future, until three days before the School Day, to be precise. The class operated as two distinct groups vying with each other to make their half the best. Act I flashed back to pre independence days, showcasing Gandhiji being tortured at the hands of the British; while act II showed modern India’s tryst with destiny in a bar where Jessica Lal was shot.

Meanwhile, the ‘elite group’, the ‘think tanks,’ were working out the connection. Multi media, the new age technology, would be the chief protagonist connecting the two halves. A brilliant multi media display showing the passage of sixty years of independent India through four different tunes of Vande Matram made the statement so crisply. Our theme was born! Are we taking our hard won freedom for granted? Have we really become free, or are we today slaves to new masters?



I can't describe the play here for the benefit of those who couldn't watch it; all I can say is, you have missed out on something spectacular! Thirty five minutes of riveted attention followed by thunderous applause. The play also saw as a debut performance (world premiere) of the indigenous rock band 'DAMMIT', the lead singer of which freaked out the audience totally with his cosmic bellow in the midst of the performance. The play was not without its lighter moments. As the first act drew to its arresting climax, and Gandhiji was being flogged, the cop's baton (a cylinder of chart paper) tore down the middle and the portion hung free for some seconds.

Wonderful team effort all the way, under the stewardship of Roopak Peter, the floor manager made our play 'the best in nine years'.



Everything was picture perfect; sound light, multi media and actors coordinated without a glitch and the total effect was simply electric. Though there weren't many stage props other than the most necessary, the 'train' which made its appearance for about six minutes at the beginning of the play was created meticulously by a team of technicians. And ofcourse the awesome sound effects were the true reason behind the overall success of the play. These were wrought into existence by a group of people only too interested in the job to insist on acting.

The same loyolites who deceived everyone, including DP and themselves into thinking Doomsday would unfold performed as brilliantly onstage as would be required to ensure themselves a sure place in history.

Soon after the drama, many students went excitedly to DP who was beside herself with astonishment and congratulating anyone who looked like a student in the darkness of the evening, and who had, just a day ago, lost all of her temper at all the actors. We shrugged it off.

Ramblings

Ehjaas Aslam (12 A)

“Then will these people finally show ‘something’ worth watching on television”, Cyril asks flipping through the channels, occasionally pausing to watch some commercial. I choked on an overlarge crisp in my haste to answer and fumbled around for water. Vineeth muttered something incomprehensible in his sleep and turned over. Undisturbed and

peaceful sleep is hard to come in the dying months of one's twelfth grade at school. I resist a strong urge to kick him awake, and walk back to the couch once again throwing myself onto it.

“We have provided computers, free of charge to the illiterate to make them literate”, a fat politician was speaking on T V praising his party's developmental efforts.

Cyril muttered something that sounded like “I'll eat my head if one word of what he said was true”. He then launches into a passionate speech about how he hates politics and corruption, and a faster broadband internet connection. Boring, it was, having to sit hearing unpleasant stories and examples of how corrupt India is, for what felt like the thousandth

time. I changed the topic to the forthcoming farewell and after school life.

Ah yes, the 'farewell', something that haunts me like a ticking bomb, coming ever so close. Everytime I think about it, I get nervous. What if I fail? What if I get a very low rank? Will I ever see my friends again? Five or six years later, will we have a get

together like this. Cyril seemed to be thinking along the same lines like a kid trying to add two and two. Inexplicably, as though in spite of himself, he bursts out, "there are compensations, you know...", a familiar dreamy look spreading across his face as he pauses to give dramatic effect to his words,... 'girls'. That one word was enough to jolt me back to my

senses. Vineeth woke up with a start, his eyes hopeful, if not greedy, "where?" he asks, scanning the room and finally crestfallen, falls back to sleep.

Funny you know, that two seconds ago, I was whining about having to leave school now I look forward to it. Damn, I need to give Cyril a treat, just for reminding me....how could I overlook the factor?

The Modern World

George Joseph Kodickal (10 C)

The ant works hard in the sweltering heat all summer long, building his house and piling up supplies for the winter. The grasshopper thinks he is a fool and laughs and dances and plays the summer away.

Come winter, the shivering grasshopper calls the press conference and demands to know why the ant should be allowed to be warm and well fed. BBC, CNN, NDTV show up to provide pictures of the shivering grasshopper next to a video of the ant in his comfortable home with a table filled with food. The world is

stunned by the sharp contrast.

How can such a situation be allowed to exist? Why should the poor grasshopper be allowed to suffer? Arundhati Roy stages a demonstration in front of the ant's house. Amnesty international and Kofi Annan criticize the Government for not upholding the fundamental rights of the grasshopper.

The internet is flooded with online petitions seeking support for the grasshopper.

Opposition M P's stage a walkout. Left parties call for 'Bharath Bandh' in West Bengal

and Kerala demands a judicial enquiry.

Finally the judicial committee drafts the 'Prevention of Cruelty Towards Grasshoppers Act' and the ant having nothing left to pay his retroactive tax; his home is confiscated and is handed over to the grasshopper in a ceremony covered by BBC, CNN, NDTV.

Arundhati Roy calls it 'Triumph of Justice'. Kofi Annan invites the grasshopper to address the U.N General Assembly. The papers have rave reviews and tabloids want interviews.

Is this a case of exaggerated reality? Not quite...

A communist is like a crocodile. When it opens its mouth, you cant tell if it's trying to smile or going to eat you up.

Winston Churchill

India: The Next Super-Power

Kishor Govind Nayar (11 A)

Today Indian economy is growing at the rate of 9.2%. The GDP of India is \$4 trillion, the fourth largest in the world and the population is 1.1 billion, the second largest in the world. India is indeed in its finest hour. But according to the statistics, India is only going to be bigger and more developed in the next two decades. India is an emerging super-power. The factors in India's favour are numerous.

A majority of the resources in India are unexploited as of now. The government has announced that India would be having surplus power in five years. Clearly, India is on the growth track. The military of India is 2.4 million strong and is the third largest in the world in terms of size. India is also one of the leading nations in the world in the field of science and technology and one of the few with a space program. Indians in the proper surroundings have thrived. *One in every nine Indian in the United States is a millionaire*, comprising 10% of U.S. millionaires. One-third of the engineers in Silicon Valley are of Indian descent, while 7% of valley high-tech firms are led by Indian CEO's. 12% of the scientists in the USA are Indians.

34% of Microsoft employees are Indians. In the past, talented Indians had left India. Today the scenario has changed. The opportunities in India are increasing and Indians are staying back in India. Many have started to come back to their motherland.

Clearly India is on a high. She has the largest number of

World economists are surprised at the spurt of growth in India.

billions in Asia. Of the 500 biggest companies in the world, 5 are from India. The numbers are only going to increase. Today we are talking a lot about India's growth and rise. World economists are surprised at the spurt of growth in India. At present 60% of the Indian population is below the age of 30. In this context comes in the concept of *demographic window*. The demographic window is basically the time period in which a country has the highest proportion of its people in the working-age group. The demographic window ushers in periods of immense economic prosperity.

The USA entered the demographic window in 1970 and will stay in it till 2010. China entered it in 1990 and will stay in it till 2015. **India hasn't even entered this window.**

India will only enter it in 2010 and it will last till 2050. And still we have shown record growth.

Just think about the growth and prosperity after 2010. In two decades India would become the third largest economy in all indices not just in terms of Purchasing power parity. India is an economic powerhouse even



now. Mittal Steel has acquired Arcelor, and Tata Steel acquired Corus. These were just the ones catching headlines. Countless other acquisitions have taken place in the IT and pharmaceutical sectors. We are going to bear witness to a transformation of phenomenal proportions. All of us have seen those amazing pictures of roads and skyscrapers in USA, Japan and Malaysia. Well, in a few

years, India too will be having its share of fine roads and huge skyscrapers.

India has been thrown onto the global map by predictions of Goldman Sachs and other organizations. The recognition is not restricted to only the economic fields but also to the social and cultural ones. As India becomes more and more developed, the world will begin to recognize

India. A few decades back no one ever cared about what happened in India. Today, foreign countries and universities are simply handing out awards and doctorates to distinguished Indians. But India still has a long way to go. There are many hurdles and bottlenecks India is poised to become a superpower. The fate of India lies in the hands of youngsters, still in school. Tomorrow is in our hands.

The Job

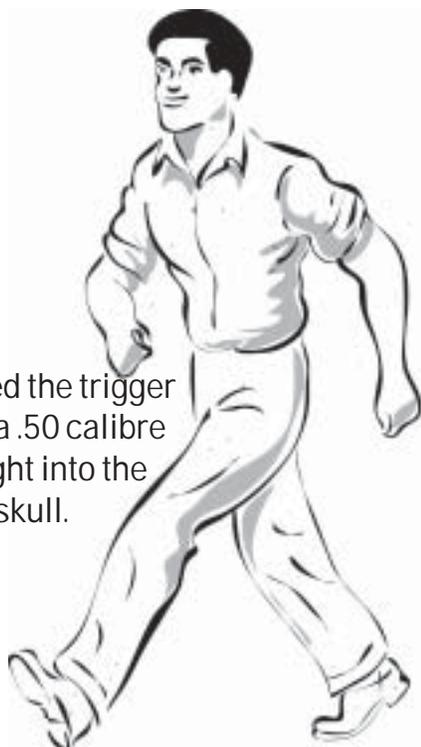
Georgie Joe Veycan (11 B)

Rizam Hussain lay on the freezing rooftop eyeing the gathering crowds. The people were gathering to catch a glimpse of the tyrant as he passed through the city. Rizam checked the time and unzipped a long duffel bag that lay next to him. Inside was an IASL sniper rifle that he had picked up a few hours ago. He put together, the dismantled parts and screwed on the silencer. He took out a short tri-pod and attached it to the gun. This would ensure that he didn't miss. He then took out a camouflage blanket and covered himself. It was starting to snow and the fresh snow on the blanket would give extra camouflage. He then pointed the gun at the road below and waited for his target.

Soon a helicopter appeared on the horizon, checking for any

hostiles. This was followed by two armoured personnel carriers who drove into the city and from them, dismounted a group of militia with AK-47s. They soon secured the streets and kept the growing crowds back.

Rizam was alert now. He



shielded the scope of his rifle so that light would not reflect from it and cause a glare. He warmed the muzzle of his rifle to prevent muzzle condensation, both of which could give away his position. Soon the convoy appeared with four Humvees escorting a black limousine. Rizam took aim at the sun roof of the limo. As soon as the limo entered the city, a person appeared on the sun-roof and started waving at the crowds. Rizam squeezed the trigger and let loose a .50 calibre ordnance right into the man's skull.

The next day all the national and international newspapers carried the story describing how an AL-Qaeda leader was shot in his home-town in Afghanistan. All the world governments were dumb-founded and secretly looked for the person who had the guts to pull off a job like that. But he was never found.

whither

Gaming?

Mithun R (12 A)

You are holding your M-45 carbine machine gun. You are surrounded by ten demons that also seem to be holding guns. But they don't know that you are there because you have hidden yourself behind a crate. Suddenly, you take a peek. The enemy has spotted you. The announcer screams "HEAD SHOT". It's all over. Wait! It's not over. You find yourself reborn 20 meters away from the demons. They are looking in the opposite direction, at the body that you previously owned. You then take your "Sword of Eternia". The announcer bellows "SLASH, SLASH, SLASH!" The demons are all dead. You are victorious. Your mind drives itself into a sense of sadistic pleasure. You go home and live happily ever after.

The End!

The above paragraph contains the ending sequences of the game aptly titled "Devil May Cry" w/ my six-year-old cousin finished on his shiny new Play Station 2, the day before. The game is rated adults only. The reasons being violence, blood-spill, gore, offensive language etc. "But so what? It's just a game". That's what my cousin said. This seems to be the state of mind of almost every child who plays today's virtual games.

The first thing that we need to understand is that it's not today's movies or mega-serials or animation cartoons that trigger the violent genes in children. Ruling very few Banned-in-the-society movies out, most of the movies

A rehabilitation center for gaming addicts has been opened in California as people there have started realizing the effect of video games.

produced today carry a good message even though it's with the inclusion of violence and since the rating system has been strengthened over the past few years, the censor board sees to it that inappropriate material is cut out.

But this is not the case with today's virtual (i.e. computer) games. It's just 'Run, Gun, Shoot,

and finally save the damsel in distress and, of course, the world too. Excluding some strategy-games which force us to use our brains, all the other games tend to make us emotionless, dull puppets. And one more thing; I'm not kidding. This is a serious issue and has to be addressed.

In today's games, you don't assume the roles of characters like Mickey Mouse or Bugs Bunny. Instead, you step into the shoes of mafia dons, gangsters, drug lords, assassins, etc. Of course, there are games in which you assume the roles of honest police officers, CIA agents, etc. even so, the game-play is still 'Run, Shoot and kill'.

The developers, coders, animators, are making tons of money by making such games, and kids today want nothing else. Children are no longer interested in Scooby Doo or Donald Duck. they want is violence and guns.

A rehabilitation center for gaming addicts has been opened in California as people there have started realizing the effect of video games. But in our country, people haven't yet woken up to the reality of it all. They also think that these are only childish games. They do not understand that since these games allow children to



virtually step into the shoes of gangsters, pirates, etc. their minds also start to think and act like them. A thousand murders in a game can give you a thousand points, and the mentality of a psychotic killer to boot. This has to be stopped!

Take the case of Alicia Peabody, who is currently being treated at a mental institution in America. She gunned down

sixteen people in about half an hour on a crowded street in New Jersey, America. A report says that she mentioned the game "Grand Theft Auto" when the police questioned her. This is game that puts you in the role of a troubled gangster who is trying to revive his 'Hood' or crime gang. This game allows you to freely roam realistically remodelled streets of

America and virtually gives you the freedom to do 'anything' and I do mean 'anything'. So I leave it to you to use your imagination.

In movies, we see other people commit crimes. In video games, we do it ourselves. I conclude by hoping that someday our children might also understand these facts. It is never too late to do the right thing.

federer the Magician

Peter Gautham (11 B)

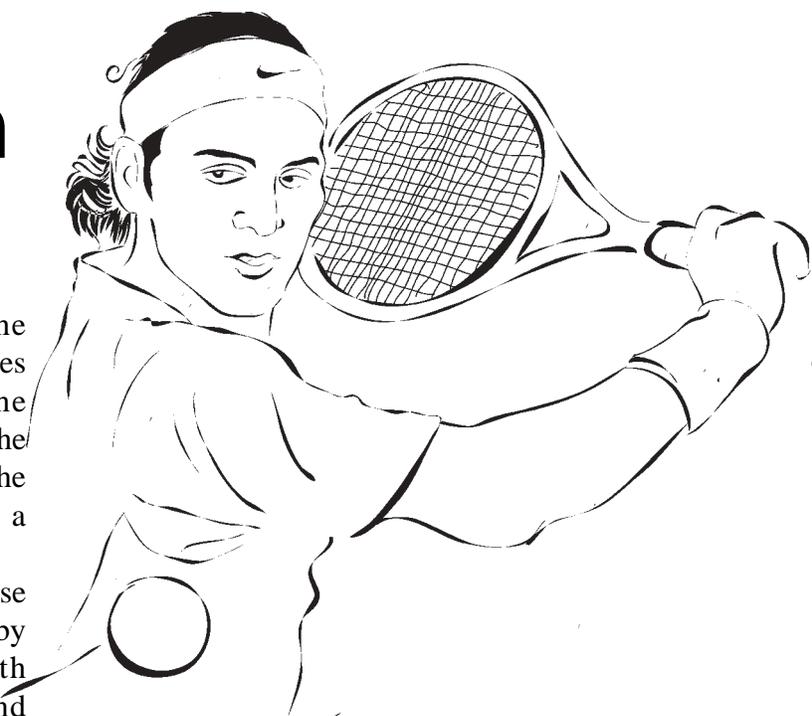
Outstanding is the normal word to describe Federer's game. He is a stage performer in a play where he writes his own script. A big, well defined tournament, reflects not only his mastery of the game, but also tests the depths of his human toughness and endurance. A Grand Slam tennis tournament is tough for all, except for Federer. He just goes on to win it without dropping a set. As simple as that! Even as he is annihilating people and bringing them down to their knees, he has a smile on his face and gives a pat on his opponents back afterwards. A sportsman.

Nothing stirs a tennis fan like seeing a cross-court half volley taken on the run by Federer, for the opponent can do little but gape in awe with his mouth wide open. The greatness of the man for me

doesn't lie in the number of matches he wins, but the manner in which he wins them as if he were just killing a fly. Magical.

Sportsmen these days are created by the media, with endorsements and fan support. Not the case with Federer. He commands respect with his game though the media has been helpful. He is in a

Nothing stirs a tennis fan like seeing a cross-court half volley taken on the run by Federer, for the opponent can do little but gape in awe with his mouth wide open.



league of his own. The kind of leagues of Schumacher and Tiger Woods in their respective sports. As his opponents try to catch up, the gap seems to widen even more. While they are foraging for scraps of hope, Federer might want to take a break to make tennis a more fair sport. But for now, all that can be done is to keep hoping that Federer might just make an error. Wishful thinking!

Delhi Metro

Ashique Siyad and Harishanker V (11 A)

Travelling around in Delhi can be a daunting experience. We discovered this when we tried to do a marathon run of all the important tourist spots in Delhi. We were in transit so to say, on our way to Chandigarh, to participate in The National Aerospace Olympiad and a tour of Delhi was the small treat promised by Father Edaserry. Jumping in and out of DTC buses, haggling expertly with autorickshaw drivers, riding in a cycle rickshaw, our experience of Delhi would be incomplete without a joyride in Delhi's latest, proudest possession; The Delhi Metro. Convincing Kishore and Hari that the Metro was a better bet than the Qutub Minar was difficult, so abandoning them at Connaught Place we found our way to the closest Metro station.

It was simply awesome from the beginning to the end. Everything about the Metro from the station, to the train, to the commuters was sleek, suave and stylish. We decided to avoid the staircase and go down one of the numerous escalators which led us to the ultra hi-tech underground station. We looked around and found huge maps with detailed information about the layout and the routes. We were soon to discover that in this

world you never asked for information, you just read and found out. "What about those who couldn't read?" we wondered.

Red, yellow and blue were not merely colours, but lines, the different routes that one could take. We opted for the yellow deciding



we'd ride up to the Central secretariat station and return. We went to the ticket counter where a smartly dressed young man sitting behind the customer care glass cabin surrounded by electronic gadgets and equipment very politely handed over tokens instead of tickets. These tokens with built-in chips would enable us to pass through the automated access gates. We are indeed in a futuristic world.

A security person stood by a metal detector on the way leading to the platforms and checked all of us eyeing Mishel suspiciously as

if he were a budding terrorist. Nevertheless, Sriram managed to smuggle in his digicam. Had it not been for the signboards leading to the platform, we would have lost our way in the vast station. The platform was clean, had a restaurant, a bookshop and a coffee shop. Plasma televisions displayed train timings and advertisements and smartly dressed people were either waiting or walking very purposefully. The difference hit us. Somehow the people who throw everything on the roads outside do not litter or spit within the bounds of the Metro. What a contrast to the dirt and filth on the roads outside.

We stood by the edge of the platform staring into the darkness of the tunnel for signs of an approaching train. We saw two light beams in the distance and soon after emerged the sleek and shiny, silvery metallic metro train carriages with large windows and streaked with bright stripes.

We were ready for the ultimate ride. The train glided in gently coming to a halt as the doors very smoothly opened in front of us. "Welcome to Delhi Metro" a sweet female voice greeted us as the train readied it to gather speed. In seconds we were out of the station into

the pitch darkness outside. Unlike in other trains, there were no doors separating the coaches and the far end of the train could be seen. An information display on the roof showed the projected time of arrival at the next station.

The ride was so smooth and noiseless that it was hard to believe

we were in motion.

It really felt very different as if we were in a different country, everybody appeared so cool so composed that we found it hard to suppress our excitement at this our first Metro joy ride. Before we could count 10 we had reached so many kilometers with nothing of

the fatigue of a long journey. We marveled at the giant strides our country had made.

As we climbed the staircase into the hot sun and loud noise outside we wondered if we'd really miss the tamasha of the Great Indian railway bazaar if we had only the metro to do our travelling.

From The Heart

Akhil C Andrews (12 A)

Another Loyolite writing another "Adieu Loyola" article? Very clichéd. True. But you've turned the page to it and so you may as well read it

It feels strange. Strange to realize that my school life is over. Akin to the feeling you get when you're walking down the stairs in the dark and think there is one step more than there actually is. When you finally hit the floor instead of what you think is yet another step, it's a swooping, disorienting feeling, and you slowly, reluctantly wake up to the fact that there are no more steps to descend, that your journey is over.

For thirteen years I have ridden the same bus to the same school and met the same people, but the experience has never been the same twice. Thirteen years, though looking back, it seems everything passed me by in the blink of an eye. From getting my ear pinched for not doing my homework in U.K.G, to getting my ear pinched for not

completing an assignment in my final year of schooling, not much has changed. From being the teeniest tot on campus to being the tallest troll, much has.

Life as it stands, is hectic. Tons of tuitions, piles of books and pages upon pages of assignments, the amount ever increasing. Problems. On paper and in life. The ones on paper I can barely solve, let alone the ones in life. My dream in life is to become a doctor. A rosy idea, but it poses even more problems. Case in point: The Entrance. A nationwide academic slugfest that is VERY hard to get through. Which, of course, doesn't mean I won't try.

The only thing happening in my life, other than studies right now, is music. "A universal language everyone can understand, that everyone interprets differently", I remember reading somewhere. Heh! In how many different ways can you interpret "Move, #@\$%! Get out the way!", I ask you?. Heh!

That's supposed to be funny. Good to know that even in this half dead state, my mind can make feeble attempts at humour.

What with all the questions I face each day, my whole life, it seems, has taken on the form of an MCQ. The million-dollar question in my life.

Q. Will I succeed in life?

(a) Yes (b) No (c) Maybe (d) All of the above (e) None of the above
A, B, C, D and E. Five options, five doors of which only one you can open, one you can walk through. And once you're through that door, there's no coming back. Pick an option, Bob, time is running out. There's a 20% chance you're right, and an 80% chance you'll get burned. Pick one, time is running out.

Tomorrow is the day my boards start. They finish on the 21st. Soon after that comes the entrance. As you read this, both will have finished. Fingers crossed...



അമൃതം കുടിവെള്ളം

രാഹുൽ കൃഷ്ണൻ, 8 ബി

അനുപമമാണല്ലോ സ്നേഹം,
അമ്മയും കുഞ്ഞും; തന്നുടെ സ്നേഹം
തായയൊരുമ്മ, കുഞ്ഞൊരു പുഞ്ചിരി
തങ്ങൾ കൊടുത്തു മാറിമാറി

ഒഴുകുന്ന പുന്തേനരുവിപോലൊ-
ഴുകി തകവാകടങ്ങളമ്മയിൻ ചുണ്ടിലേ,
അന്തരംഗാന്തരത്തിലമ്മയേന്തി
രവിപോലൊരു പുഞ്ചിരിയേന്തികുഞ്ഞ്.

വേറൊരുമില്ലാകുഞ്ഞുമനസ്സിൽ-
തൻ പൊന്നമ്മമാത്രം.
ഒരു പാവയെപ്പോലെ തോന്നിയ-
വന് തൻ അമ്മതൻ ഇളം കൈകളിൽ.

കാലാവസ്ഥപോൽ മാറി തൻ മുഖം
ദുഃഖ സാഗരമായി ഒരു നിമിഷം.
ഒരു ജ്ഞാനിയെപോലെയമ്മ-
കൊടുത്തു അതീവ രുചിയുള്ള മുലപ്പാൽ.

പിന്നെയും മാറി തൻ മുഖ ഭാവം
പക്ഷെ, ഇത്തവണ ആമോദംബരമായ്.

അനുപമമാണല്ലോ സ്നേഹം,
അമ്മയും കുഞ്ഞും, തന്നുടെ സ്നേഹം.

റോഷൻ എൽ. 7 എ

പ്രാർത്ഥന പ്രാർത്ഥന

പാടങ്ങൾ വരണ്ടു
ഗ്രാമങ്ങൾ കുറഞ്ഞു,
വനങ്ങൾ നശിച്ചു,
മനുഷ്യൻ കാരണം.

പ്രശ്നങ്ങൾ ഉയരുന്നു,
വരൾച്ച അടുക്കുന്നു,
ലോകം നശിക്കുന്നു,
മനുഷ്യൻ കാരണം.

മരങ്ങൾ മറയുന്നു,
മൃഗങ്ങൾ കുറയുന്നു,
ജലാശയം വരളുന്നു,
മനുഷ്യൻ കാരണം.

മനുഷ്യൻ കാരണം നാശം മാത്രം.
പ്രകൃതിക്കെന്നും നാശം മാത്രം.



കൊതുകിനെക്കുറിച്ച് അറിയാൻ



ദീപക് എസ്.വി. നായർ 7 എ

1. 'mosquito' എന്ന വാക്ക് വന്നത് little fly എന്ന സ്പാനിഷ് വാക്കിൽ നിന്നാണ്.
2. കൊതുകുകളിൽ രക്തം കുടിക്കുന്നത് പെൺകൊതുകുകളാണ്.
3. ആൺ കൊതുകുകൾ മരണീരും, പഴച്ചാറും കുടിക്കും.
4. 3000 ത്തിലധികം കൊതുവർഗങ്ങളുണ്ട്. അതിൽ പ്രധാനം- ഈഡിസ്, അനോഫലിസ്, ക്യൂലക്സ്.
5. ഒരു സെക്കൻഡിൽ കൊതുകിന് 500 തവണ ചിറകടിക്കാം.
6. ഒരു കൊതുകിന്റെ ഭാരം രണ്ടു മുതൽ രണ്ടര മില്ലിഗ്രാം വരെ വരാം.
7. 5 മിനിറ്റിൽ ഒറ്റപ്പറക്കൽ നടത്താൻ കൊതുകിന് ശേഷിയുണ്ട്.
8. ഒരു മണിക്കൂറിൽ ഒന്നര മുതൽ രണ്ടര കിലോമീറ്റർ വരെ സഞ്ചരിക്കാൻ കഴിവുണ്ട്.
9. പെൺ കൊതുകുകൾ 500 മുതൽ 600 മുട്ടകൾ വരെ ഇടും.
10. 17 കോടി വർഷങ്ങൾക്കു മുമ്പേ (ജൂറാസിക് കാലം തൊട്ട്) കൊതുകുകൾ ഉണ്ട്.

മുൻപ്രകൃതി

അരുൺ ഷാജി, 8 സി

“ഹോ! എന്തൊരു ദുർഗന്ധമാണ്. ഇത് എവിടുന്ന് വരുന്നു.” ഈ വാക്യങ്ങൾ ഞാൻ ഇപ്പോഴും ഓർക്കുന്നു. എന്റെ യജമാനന്റെ അമ്മയാണ് ഈ വാക്കുകൾ പറഞ്ഞത്. ഇത് പറഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ട് ആ സ്ത്രീ എന്നെ നഗരസഭയുടെ ചവറു കൂട്ടയിലേക്ക് എറിഞ്ഞു.

“ഹയ്യോ!! ക്ഷമിക്കണം. ഞാൻ ആരാണെന്ന് പറയാൻ മറന്നു പോയി. ഞാൻ ഒരു തൊപ്പിയാണ് കേട്ടോ. 1999, ജനുവരി മാസം പതിനാറാം തീയതിയാണ് ഞാൻ പിറന്നത്. ഒരു “റീബോക്ക്” കമ്പനിയിലായിരുന്നു. രണ്ടു മണിക്കൂർനേരം ഞാൻ കാത്തുകിടന്നു. അതു കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ഒരാൾ വന്ന് എന്നെയും എന്റെ സഹോദരങ്ങളെയും പായ്ക്ക് ചെയ്ത് ഒരു താടിക്കാരന് കൊടുത്തു. കുറെ പെട്ടികൾ അടുക്കി വച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ട്രക്കിൽ അയാൾ ഞങ്ങളെയും കൊണ്ടു വെച്ചു. ഒരു ദിവസം നീണ്ട യാത്രയ്ക്കു ശേഷം ഞങ്ങളെ എറണാകുളത്തുള്ളൊരു റീബോക്ക് ഷോറൂമിൽ അയാൾ വെച്ചിട്ട് പോയി. രാവിലെ ഞങ്ങളെ അടുത്ത് തൂക്കിയിട്ടു.

ഒരു ദിവസം ശ്യാം എന്ന ഒരു കുട്ടി അവന്റെ അമ്മയുടെ വിരലിൽ തൂങ്ങിയാടിവന്നു. അവൻ എന്നെ കണ്ടു ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. എന്നെ വേണമെന്ന് വാശിപിടിച്ചു. അന്നത്തെ എന്റെ വില

മുന്നൂറി ഇരുപത് രൂപയായിരുന്നു. ശ്യാമിന്റെ അമ്മ ഹാൻഡ് ബാഗിൽ നിന്ന് മുന്നൂറി ഇരുപത് രൂപ കൊടുത്തു. എന്നെ ശ്യാമിന്റെ അമ്മ ബാഗിൽ വെച്ചു. പിന്നെ ഞാൻ ഉറങ്ങിപ്പോയി. എഴുന്നേറ്റപ്പോൾ തിരുവനന്തപുരത്ത് എത്തി എന്ന് മനസ്സിലായി. ഒരു കാർ വന്നു. കുറച്ചുനേരത്തെ യാത്രയ്ക്കു ശേഷം ഒരു വലിയ വീടാണ് ഞാൻ കണ്ടത്. ശ്യാമിന്റെ വീടായിരുന്നു അത്. അടുത്ത ദിവസം മുതൽ ശ്യാം എന്നെ കൊണ്ടുപോകാൻ തുടങ്ങി. ശ്യാം ലബ്ബ് ബ്രെക്കിന് പുറത്തു പോയപ്പോൾ അവന്റെ കൂട്ടുകാർ എന്നെ എറിഞ്ഞു കളിച്ചു. എന്റെ ദേഹമാസകലം പൊടി പിടിച്ചു. ശ്യാം പിന്നെ എന്നെ കുറച്ചു ദിവസം വീട്ടിലിട്ടു. അവന്റെ അമ്മ എന്നെ കഴുകി വൃത്തിയാക്കി. പിന്നെയും എനിക്ക് നല്ല നാളുകളായിരുന്നില്ല. ഒരു പല്ലി വന്ന് എന്റെ പുറത്തിരുന്നു. അതു ശ്രദ്ധിക്കാതെ ശ്യാമിന്റെ ജോലിക്കാരി എന്നെ എടുത്ത് ഓന്നായിരുന്ന ലാമ്പിന്റെ പുറത്ത് വെച്ചു. ഷോക്കടിച്ച് പല്ലി ചത്തു. അതു കണ്ട് ജോലിക്കാരി നഗരസഭയുടെ ചവറുകൂട്ടയിൽ ഇട്ടു. ദുർഗന്ധമാണെന്ന് പറഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ട്. നഗരസഭക്കാർ എന്നെ വിളപ്പിശാലയിൽ കൊണ്ടിട്ടു. ഈ ഡിസംബർ മുപ്പതിന് എന്റെ ശവസംസ്കാരമാണ്. എല്ലാവരും വരണം!!!

എന്റെ വിദ്യാലയം

വിവേക് ബി. കൃഷ്ണൻ, 7 ബി

എനിക്കാദ്യത്തെ അറിവുപകർന്നു തന്ന എന്റെ അമ്മയാം, എന്നുടെ വിദ്യാലയം! അറിവിന്റെ നിറകൂടമാകുമെന്നൊരൻ തായാകുന്നെന്റെ വിദ്യാലയം!

സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ ഒരു സാഗരമായ്, എന്നും എനിക്കെന്റെ വിദ്യാലയം! എന്നും ഞാനെന്റെ ഭവനമായ് കാണുന്ന നന്മതൻ നിറകൂടം! വിദ്യാലയം.

താങ്ങായും തണലായും എന്നെ തുണക്കുന്ന, സ്നേഹമായിയാമെൻ വിദ്യാലയം, അറിവിന്റെ കേദാരമാകുന്നൊരൻ കരുണസ്വരൂപിണീ വിദ്യാലയം

ഞാൻ ഇവിടെ പഠിക്കുന്ന നേരത്ത്, എന്തൊരാശ്വാസമാണെന്നറിയോ? എന്നുടെ ദൈവമാമെൻ ഈശ്വരൻ ഞാൻ ആരാധിക്കുന്നൊരൻ വിദ്യാലയം.

വിദ്യാലയം പകരുന്ന ഈ സ്നേഹം എത്ര മാധുര്യമുള്ളതെന്നോ? അതുകൊണ്ടെനിക്ക് എൻ വിദ്യാലയത്തിൽ എൻ അന്ത്യം വരെ കഴിയാൻ സാധിക്കണേ.

വിജയം

ബിജിൻ ജോസ്, 7 ബി

ജീവിതത്തിൽ പല വീഴ്ചകൾ വന്നിട്ടും പിന്മാറ്റം പൊരുതി വിജയം നേടിയവർ നമുക്കിടയിലുണ്ട്. നാം എല്ലാരും അവരെപ്പോലെ ആയിരിക്കണം. ഇതിനെക്കുറിച്ചു പറയുന്ന ഒരു കഥയാണ് ഞാൻ പറയാൻ പോകുന്നത്. രാധ തെരുവിൽ വളർന്ന ഒരു കുട്ടിയായിരുന്നു. അവൾക്ക് ആരുമില്ലായിരുന്നു. ഒരു നേരത്തെ ഭക്ഷണത്തിനുപോലും വകയില്ലായിരുന്നു. ഒരിക്കൽ അവൾ ഒരു സ്കൂളിന്റെ അടുത്തെത്തി. അവൾ ഒരു ക്ലാസിലേക്കു നോക്കി രാധയുടെ സമപ്രായക്കാരുടെ ക്ലാസായിരുന്നു അത്. അവൾ ആഗ്രഹത്തോടെ ആ ക്ലാസിലേക്കു നോക്കി. “തനിക്കും പഠിക്കാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ” അവൾ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചു. അവൾ അങ്ങനെ വിഷമിച്ചിരുന്നപ്പോൾ ഒരു മനുഷ്യൻ അവളുടെ അടുത്തെത്തി.



തെരുവിൽ വിഷമത്തോടെ അയാളെ നോക്കി. അയാൾ അവളോടു ചോദിച്ചു. “എന്താ മോളേ വിഷമിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്.” അവൾ അവളുടെ ആഗ്രഹം പറഞ്ഞു. അപ്പോൾ അയാൾ പുഞ്ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് പറഞ്ഞു. “ബുദ്ധിയുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ ഒരു മണ്ണിരയിൽ നിന്നു പോലും നമുക്ക് പണമുണ്ടാക്കാം.” “അതെങ്ങനെ” രാധ ചോദിച്ചു. അപ്പോൾ അയാൾ മണ്ണിൽനിന്ന് ചില മണ്ണിരകളെ പിടിച്ചു എന്നിട്ട് കരിയിലകളും എല്ലാം ചേർത്ത് ജൈവവളം ഉണ്ടാക്കാൻ പഠിപ്പിച്ചു. അവൾ അത് കർഷകർക്കു വിറ്റു. അവൾക്ക് കൈ നിറയെ കാശു കിട്ടി. അവൾ പിന്നെ എല്ലാം ആഴ്ചയും കർഷകർക്കു ജൈവവളം വിറ്റു. അങ്ങനെ അവൾ സ്കൂൾ പ്രവേശനത്തിനുള്ള പണം ശേഖരിച്ചു. അങ്ങനെ അവളുടെ ആഗ്രഹം നിറവേറി. ഒടുവിൽ അവൾ വളർന്ന് വലിയൊരു ഓഫീസറായി മാറി. ഇങ്ങനെ ബുദ്ധി ഉപയോഗിച്ചാൽ നമുക്കും വിജയം നേടാം.

കൊടും വനങ്ങൾ. അവയിൽ തിങ്ങിപ്പാർക്കുന്ന കുറുൻ വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ. ഇടയ്ക്കിടയ്ക്ക് സൂര്യരശ്മികൾ തറയിലെത്തും. ഇവിടെ കാററടിച്ചാൽ എന്താകും സ്ഥിതി. വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ അങ്ങോട്ടും ഇങ്ങോട്ടും അടിക്കും. അവർ തട്ടുമ്പോൾ ഉണ്ടാകുന്ന തീ അഥവാ കാട്ടുതീ. ഇങ്ങനെയാണ് മനുഷ്യൻ തീയുണ്ടാക്കാൻ പഠിച്ചതെന്ന് ചരിത്രകാരന്മാർ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നു. ഈ കാട്ടുതീ പകരുന്നു അങ്ങനെ കാടുകൾ കത്തി നശിക്കുന്നു. കാടുകൾ മാത്രമല്ല മനുഷ്യരും മരിച്ചു വീഴുന്നു. പ്ര

കാട്ടു തീ എന്ന പ്രതിഭാസം

അലോക് രാജീവ്, 7 എ

കൃതിയുടെ ഈ ദേഷ്യത്തിൽ. പക്ഷേ, ഇപ്പോഴാണ് കാട്ടുതീ ഏറ്റവും കൂടുതൽ കുഴപ്പങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടാക്കുന്നത്. മനുഷ്യർ കാടുകൾ വെട്ടി നീക്കിയതോടെ കാടു നശിക്കും. അതോടെ 75 ശതമാനം വനങ്ങളും നശിക്കുന്നു. കൂടു

തൽ വനം ഉണ്ടാകാതിരിക്കാനാണ് പ്രകൃതിയിൽ കാട്ടുതീ. അതിനാൽ കർമ്മബോധമുള്ള പൗരനായി നമ്മൾ കൂടുതൽ മരങ്ങൾ വെട്ടി പിടിപ്പിക്കുകയും അത് നശിപ്പിക്കാൻ അനുവദിക്കാതിരിക്കുകയും നമ്മുടെ ഭൂമിയെ നമ്മൾ രക്ഷിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യണം.

പാവത്ര

ജിജോ ധാനിയൽ, 7 ബി

ഒരിടത്ത് സാവിത്രി എന്നൊരു കുട്ടിയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവൾ മുതിർന്ന ക്ലാസിലാണ് പഠിച്ചിരുന്നത്. സാവിത്രി പഠിക്കാൻ അത്ര മിടുക്കിയല്ലെങ്കിലും ആവശ്യത്തിനു പഠിക്കും. അവൾ കളിക്കാൻ മിടുക്കിയാണ്. അവളെ എല്ലാവർക്കും ഇഷ്ടമായിരുന്നു. അവളുടെ കൂടെയിരുന്നാണ് എല്ലാവരും ആഹാരം കഴിക്കുന്നത്. ഒരു ദിവസം അവളുടെ സ്കൂളിൽ പഠിക്കാൻ ഒരു പുതിയ കുട്ടി വന്നു. അവൾ നന്നായി പഠിക്കും. നന്നായി കളിക്കും. നല്ല സ്വഭാവവുമുണ്ട്. അവളെ എല്ലാപേർക്കും ഇഷ്ടമായി. പക്ഷേ ഈ ഇഷ്ടം സാവിത്രിയുടെ മനസ്സിൽ അസൂയ വർദ്ധിപ്പിച്ചു. അവൾ സുശീലയോട് (പുതിയ കുട്ടി) ഒരു ശത്രുവിനോട് സംസാരിക്കുന്നപോലെയാണ് സംസാരിച്ചിരുന്നത്. സാവിത്രി തന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യത്തിൽ അഹങ്കരിച്ചിരുന്നു.

ഒരു ദിവസം അവരുടെ ടീച്ചർ ഒരു പ്രോജക്ട് തയ്യാറാക്കാൻ പറഞ്ഞു. സുശീല ഒരു പ്രോജക്ട് തയ്യാറാക്കി ടീച്ച

റിനു നൽകി. ടീച്ചർ എല്ലാവരുടെയും പ്രോജക്ട് മേശയിൽ വെച്ചു. ആഹാരസമയമായപ്പോൾ എല്ലാവരും ആഹാരം കഴിക്കാൻ പോയി. ഈ സമയം സാവിത്രി സുശീലയുടെ പ്രോജക്ട് മാറി നല്ലതായി തയ്യാറാക്കാത്ത പ്രോജക്ട് വെച്ചു. ടീച്ചർ എല്ലാവരുടെയും പ്രോജക്ട് വായിച്ചുനോക്കി. ടീച്ചർ സുശീലയുടെ പ്രോജക്ടറിന് ഒരു മാർക്കും നൽകിയില്ല.

അങ്ങനെയിരിക്കെ സാവിത്രിക്ക് മണ്ണൻ പിടിപെട്ടു. അവളുടെ ഭംഗിയെല്ലാം പോയി. അവളെ കാണാൻ ഒരു കുട്ടിയും വന്നില്ല. അവൾക്ക് സങ്കടമായി. പക്ഷേ സുശീല അവളെ കാണാൻ വന്നു. അവൾക്ക് സന്തോഷമായി. അവൾ പ്രോജക്ടിന്റെ കാര്യമെല്ലാം പറഞ്ഞു. സുശീല അവളോട് ക്ഷമിച്ചു. അവർ നല്ല കൂട്ടുകാരായി തീർന്നു. അവർ ഒരിക്കലും വഴക്കുണ്ടാക്കിയില്ല.

മൃഗം

അനന്തു എ.നായർ

മഴ വന്നു, മഴ വന്നു നാട്ടിലാകെ
മഴ വന്നു, മഴ വന്നു നാട്ടിലാകെ
ഉണ്ണിക്കൂട്ടന് രസമായി
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എന്തു രസം, എന്തു രസം
കൂടുതൽ ചാടി കളിച്ചാലോ
പനി രസം, പനി രസം

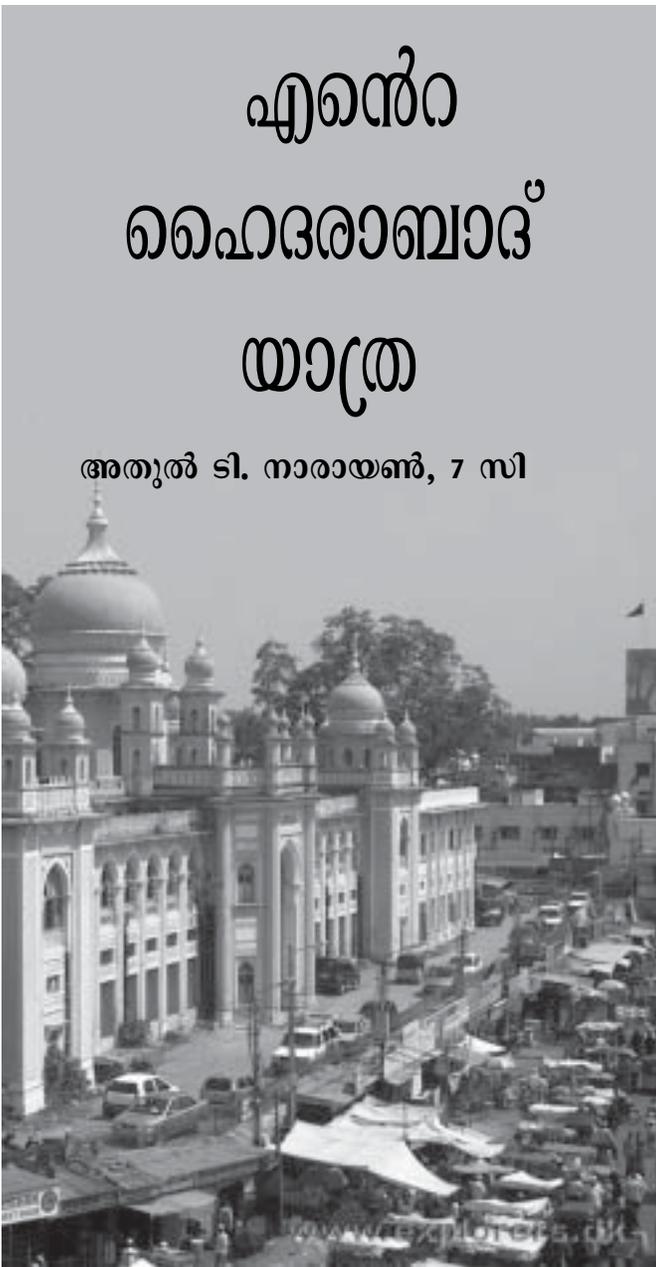


ഇ ു ലേഖനത്തിൽ ഞാൻ ഹൈദരാബാദിലേക്കു പോയ യാത്രയുടെ വിവരണമാണ് എഴുതുന്നത്.

എന്റെ അച്ഛൻ സി. ഇ. റി (കോളേജ് ഓഫ് ഇൻജിനീയറിങ്ങ്) - ൽ ഒരു അസിസ്റ്റന്റ് പ്രൊഫസറാണ്. ഒരു ദിവസം അച്ഛന്റെ എം. ടെക് വിദ്യാർത്ഥികൾ അച്ഛനെ കണ്ട് ഹൈദരാബാദിലേക്ക് ഒരു വിനോദയാത്രയ്ക്ക് ക്ഷണിച്ചു. അച്ഛൻ അത് സ്വീകരിച്ചു.

അങ്ങനെ 15/09/2006ന് ശബരി എക്സ്പ്രസ്സിൽ ഞങ്ങൾ ഹൈദരാബാദിലേക്ക് തിരിച്ചു. എന്റെ അനിയനും ഞാനും ഞങ്ങളുടെ തൊട്ടുപിറകിലുള്ള ക്യാബിനിലിരുന്ന അച്ഛന്റെ വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളെ പരിചയപ്പെടാൻ ചെന്നു. പരിചയപ്പെട്ടതിനു ശേഷം ഞങ്ങൾ ചുതുകളിയും, അന്താക്ഷരിയുമൊക്കെ കളിച്ചു. യാത്ര പൊതുവെ സുഖകരമായിരുന്നു. രണ്ടു പകലും ഒരു രാത്രിയും കഴിഞ്ഞ് ഞങ്ങൾ ഹൈദരാബാദിലെത്തി. അതൊരു വലിയ റെയിൽവേ സ്റ്റേഷനായിരുന്നു. ഞങ്ങൾ കുറേ വേണ്ടി കാത്തുനിന്ന ഒരു ബസ്സിൽ കയറി ഞങ്ങൾ ഞങ്ങളുടെ ഹോട്ടലിലെത്തി. ഹോട്ടലിന്റെ പേര് രാജധാനി എന്നായിരുന്നു.

ഒരു മണിക്കൂർ വിശ്രമം കഴിഞ്ഞ് ഭക്ഷണം കഴിച്ചിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ സ്നോ വേൾഡിലേക്ക് തിരിച്ചു. ഒരു ചായ കുടിച്ചിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ സ്നോ വേൾഡിനകത്തു കയറി. ഞങ്ങൾക്കെല്ലാവർക്കും ജാക്കറുകളും, ഗ്ലൗസും, തൊപ്പിയും, സോക്സും, ബുട്ട്സും തന്നു



എന്റെ ഹൈദരാബാദ് യാത്ര

അതുൾ ടി. നാരായൺ, 7 സി

അതണിഞ്ഞ് ഞങ്ങൾ ഒരു വലിയ ഹാളിന്റെ അകത്തു കയറി. നല്ല തണുപ്പ് ചുറ്റും മഞ്ഞ്, 5 ഡിഗ്രി തണുപ്പ്. അവിടെ കളിച്ചിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ കുറച്ച് റൈഡിലും കയറി ഹോട്ടലിലേക്കു മടങ്ങി.

അടുത്ത ദിവസം ഞങ്ങൾ റാമോജി ഫിലിം സിറ്റിയിലേക്കു തിരിച്ചു. അവിടെ

വെച്ചായിരുന്നു ഉദയനാണു താരം എന്ന സിനിമ ചിത്രീകരിച്ചത്. ഒരു ബസ്സിൽ കയറി ഞങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചകൾ കാണാൻ തിരിച്ചു. ഒരു ശരിക്കുമുള്ള സ്ഥലം പോലെയായിരുന്നു ചുറ്റുപാട്. ഒരു കൃത്രിമ സിറ്റിയായിരുന്നു അത്. പല രീതി കൃത്രിമ ജയിലുകൾ, കെട്ടിടങ്ങൾ, എയർ പോട്ടുകൾ, ഹോസ്പിറ്റലുകൾ എന്നിവ അവിടെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ഞങ്ങൾ ഒരു കൃത്രിമ റെയിൽവേ സ്റ്റേഷനിലെത്തി. അവിടെ ഒരു കൃത്രിമ ട്രെയിനുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. എന്നിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ ചാർമിനാർ കണ്ടിട്ട് ഐ. മാക്സ് തിയറ്ററിലെത്തി. അതു കഴിഞ്ഞ് ഞങ്ങൾ ഗോൽകൊണ്ടാ റൂട്ടിൽ ചെന്നു ലൈറ്റ് & ഷോ കണ്ടു.

അടുത്ത ദിവസം ഞങ്ങൾ ബിർലാ മന്ദിരത്തിൽ എത്തി. ഒരു പഴയ ശ്രീകൃഷ്ണന്റെ ക്ഷേത്രമായിരുന്നു അത്. അത് കണ്ടു കഴിഞ്ഞ് ഞങ്ങൾ ലുംബിനി പാർക്കിലേക്കു തിരിച്ചു. ലുംബിനി പാർക്കിനടുത്ത് ഒരു കായലുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. കായലിന്റെ നടുവിൽ ബുദ്ധന്റെ പ്രതിമയുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അതു കഴിഞ്ഞ് ട്വിലേസർ ഷോ കണ്ടു.

അടുത്ത ദിവസം രാവിലെ ഞങ്ങൾ ചൂടി ബസാറിൽ ചെന്ന് ഷോപ്പിംഗ് നടത്തി. അതുകഴിഞ്ഞ് ഞങ്ങൾ റെയിൽവേ സ്റ്റേഷനിലെത്തി. എന്നിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ തിരുവനന്തപുരത്തേക്കു തിരിച്ചു. ആ യാത്ര ഞങ്ങൾക്കു അവിസ്മരണീയമായി തോന്നി.

One reason that history repeats itself is that so many people weren't listening the first time.

Margaret Hussey

ഗ്രാമഭംഗി

അർജ്ജുൻ ഗ്യാം, 5 സി

എനിക്ക് ഗ്രാമങ്ങളെയാണ് നഗരങ്ങളേക്കാൾ ഏറെ ഇഷ്ടം. നഗരത്തിലെ ഒരു പരിഷ്കാരവും എനിക്ക് ഇഷ്ടമല്ല. അതിന് ഒരു തക്ക കാരണമുണ്ട്. എന്റെ അമ്മ ജനിച്ചത് മനോഹരമായ ഒരു ഗ്രാമത്തിലാണ്. അച്ഛൻ ഒരു ബിസിനസ്സുകാരനാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ട് എനിക്കു രണ്ടു വയസ്സുള്ളപ്പോൾ ഒരു അത്യാവശ്യകാരണത്താൽ അച്ഛൻ മദ്രാസിൽ പോയി നാലു വർഷം നിലക്കേണ്ടിവന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ട് അമ്മയും ഞാനും അമ്മയുടെ ജന്മനാട്ടിലേയ്ക്കു തിരിച്ചു.

മലയാലപ്പുഴ എന്നാണ് ആ ഗ്രാമത്തിന്റെ പേര്. ആ ഗ്രാമം സൗന്ദര്യത്തിന് വളരെ പേരു കേട്ടതാണ്. അവിടെ എന്തെയുടെ കുടുംബവീട് ഉണ്ട്. അവിടെ അപ്പപ്പനും അമ്മമ്മയും ഞങ്ങളെ

സ്വീകരിക്കാൻ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. പിന്നത്തെ നാലു വർഷമാണ് എന്റെ ഇത്രയും കാലത്തെ സന്തോഷദിനങ്ങൾ. അവിടെ ഞാൻ എന്നും വൈകിട്ട് അപ്പപ്പന്റെ കൂടെ നടക്കാൻ പോകും. ആ ഗ്രാമത്തിന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യം കാണാൻ. അവിടെ ഒരു കാവുണ്ട്. അതിനകത്തു കൂടി ഒരു നാലഞ്ച് മിനിട്ട് നടന്നാൽ ഒരു കുന്ന് കാണാം. ദേവിമല എന്നാണതിന്റെ പേര്. ആ കുന്ന് കയറി മുകളിൽ എത്തിയാൽ ആ ഗ്രാമത്തിന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യം കാണാം. അങ്ങനെ മൂന്നുവർഷം മൂന്നു നിമിഷങ്ങളെപ്പോലെ കടന്നു പോയി. ഞാൻ ആദ്യമായി സ്കൂളിൽ പോകുന്ന ദിനത്തിന് രണ്ട് ദിവസം ബാക്കി. ആ രണ്ട് ദിവസം മുഴുവൻ ഞാൻ ആ ഗ്രാമത്തിന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യം ആസ്വദിച്ചു.

എന്റെ ആദ്യ സ്കൂൾ ദിനം തൊട്ട് അടുത്ത വർഷത്തെ അവസാന സ്കൂൾ ദിനം വന്നെത്തി. അന്നു വൈകിട്ട് എന്റെ അച്ഛന്റെ ഫോൺ വന്നു. അപ്പോൾ അമ്മ പറഞ്ഞു “മോനേ നമുക്ക് ഈ ഗ്രാമത്തോടെ വിട പറയാൻ സമയമായി.” അടുത്ത ദിവസം രാവിലെ ഞങ്ങൾ പോകാൻ റെഡിയായി. കാറ്റ് മുറുത്ത് വന്ന് ഹോണടിച്ചു. ഞങ്ങൾ ഇറങ്ങി, കാറിൽ കയറി. അമ്മമ്മ എനിക്കു ഒരു ഉമ്മ തന്നു. ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് പോകാനുള്ള വണ്ടി സ്റ്റാർട്ടായി. ഞങ്ങൾ തിരിച്ചു. നഗരത്തിലേക്ക്. അപ്പോൾ അമ്മമ്മ പഠിപ്പിച്ച ഒരു പാട്ട് ഞാൻ പാടി. “നാട്യ പ്രധാനം നഗരം ദരിദ്രം നാട്ടിമ്പുറം നന്മകളാൽ സമൃദ്ധം.”

ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഒരു സംഭവം

ഹരികൃഷ്ണൻ. കെ.പി 4 ബി

ജീവിതത്തിലെ ഏറ്റവും അവിസ്മരണീയമായ സംഭവമാണ് ഇത്. ഞാൻ ഒരു ദിവസം കടയിൽ പോവുകയായിരുന്നു. അവിടെ നല്ല തിരക്കായിരുന്നു. തിരക്കിനിടയിൽ ഞാൻ താഴെ ഒരു നൂറുരൂപാ നോട്ടുകണ്ടു. ഞാൻ അത് എടുത്തു. എന്നിട്ട് ഞാൻ ചിന്തിച്ചു. ഇത് ഞാൻ എടുത്താൽ എനിക്ക് ശിക്ഷ കിട്ടും. അതുകൊണ്ട് അടുത്തു നിന്ന പോലീസിനെ ഞാൻ ആ നോട്ട് ഏൽപ്പിച്ചു. സംഭവിച്ചതെല്ലാം പറഞ്ഞു. അപ്പോൾ പോലീസുകാരൻ എന്നെ അഭിനന്ദിച്ചു. ഞാൻ എന്നിട്ട് സന്തോഷത്തോടെ വീട്ടിൽ പോയി. ഈ സംഭവത്തിൽ നിന്ന് നിങ്ങൾക്ക് മനസ്സിലാക്കാം “നല്ലതു ചെയ്താൽ നല്ലതു വരും.”

ഗുണസേനന്റെ സ്നേഹം

ജോസ്. പി. മാത്യു, 4 ബി

ഗുണസേനൻ എന്നൊരു കർഷകൻ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അയാൾ സ്നേഹമുള്ളവനും പരസഹായിയും സത്യസന്ധനും ആയിരുന്നു. ഒരുനാൾ അയാൾ വിത്തുവിതയ്ക്കാൻ പാടത്തുപോവുകയായിരുന്നു. വിത്തുവിതച്ചുകഴിഞ്ഞ് പോരുന്ന വഴിക്ക് ഒരു കുട്ടി ഭിക്ഷ യാചിച്ചു നടക്കുന്നത് അയാൾ കണ്ടു. നേരം സന്ധ്യയായി. ആ നേരം ഭിക്ഷയാചിച്ചു നടക്കുന്ന ആ പാവം കുട്ടിയെ കണ്ട് ഗുണസേനന് സഹതാപം തോന്നി. അയാൾ ആ കുട്ടിക്ക് കയ്യിലിരുന്ന പണം മുഴുവൻ കൊടുത്തു. ആ നിമിഷം ഒരത്ഭുതം നടന്നു. ആ ഭിക്ഷ യാചിച്ച കുട്ടി ഒരു മാലാഖയായി പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെട്ടു. ആ മാലാഖ അയാളെ അനുഗ്രഹിച്ചു. ഈ കഥ പോലെ ഭിക്ഷക്കാരെ മാത്രമല്ല എല്ലാവരെയും സഹായിക്കണം. നമ്മേക്കാൾ താഴ്ന്നവരെയും ദുഃഖം അനുഭവിക്കുന്നവരെയും നാം സ്നേഹിക്കുകയും സഹായിക്കുകയും വേണം.

വൈകിടവന്ന വിജയം

നിധിൻ. ആർ, 9 ബി

വളരെയേറെ വർഷത്തെ അനുഭവങ്ങളുടെ വെളിച്ചത്തിൽ അദ്ദേഹമൊന്നാലോചിച്ചു. വൈകിടത്തന്നെ തേടിയെത്തിയ വിജയത്തിലെ ചുടുരുധിരത്തിന്റെ ഗന്ധം അദ്ദേഹത്തിൽ കണ്ണുനീർ നിറച്ചു. വളരെയധികം വർഷങ്ങളായിട്ടുള്ള തന്റെ ആഗ്രഹമാണ് ഇവിടെ പൂവണിഞ്ഞത്. എങ്കിലും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കൈകളിൽ രക്തം തിങ്ങിനിന്നു. വാളുകൾ മുർച്ചകൊണ്ട് തിളങ്ങി നിന്നു. കണ്ണുകളിൽ പശ്ചാത്താപം നിലനിന്നു.

തന്റെ വാൾ നിലത്തിട്ട് അയാൾ ചുറ്റും നോക്കി. കണ്ണുകളിലെ അശ്രുകാരണം സർവ്വതും ഒരു വിചിത്രചിത്രമാണെന്നു തോന്നി. യുദ്ധഭൂമി രക്തത്തിൽ കുളിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ദിനേശരൻ മുകളിൽ നിന്നുതന്നെ പ്രശംസിക്കുന്ന കാര്യം അദ്ദേഹം മറന്നു. ഒരു നിമിഷം താനവിടെ ഉറച്ചുപോയതായി തോന്നി. വളരെകാലത്തെ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ സ്വപ്നമായിരുന്നു തന്റെ ശത്രുരാജ്യത്തെ കീഴടക്കുകയെന്നത്. ഇന്നിതാ അത് സംഭവിച്ചു. തന്റെ ശത്രുക്കളുടെ രക്തത്തിന് മുകളിൽ അദ്ദേഹം നിൽക്കുന്നു.

വളരെകാലമായി തുടങ്ങിയ യുദ്ധമായിരുന്നു അത്. അനേകം പേരെ കൊന്നു അതിനു മൂപ്പറത്ത് ബലികൊടുത്തു. ആ കൊച്ചുരാജ്യം ഇത്രയും വലിയ ഒരു ശിക്ഷ താങ്ങില്ലയെ തദ്ദേഹം ഓർത്തില്ല.

അദ്ദേഹത്തിൽ വിജയശ്രീലാളിത്യം തുളുവാൻ മടിച്ചു. ഇരുപതോളം വർഷം അദ്ദേഹം ഈയൊരു ലക്ഷ്യം മുന്നിൽ കണ്ട് പോരാടി. തന്റെ പ്രജകളുടെ ദീനരോധനം താൻ കണ്ണടച്ചിരുട്ടാക്കി. ഉയർന്നവരുടെ പരിഹാസത്തിനെതിരെ ചെവിയിടച്ചു. സ്വന്തം മാതാവിന്റെ ഉപദേശം മറന്നു. ഈ ചെയ്തികൾക്കെല്ലാം ഫലമുണ്ടായിരുന്നതും സത്യം. എന്നാൽ അപ്പോഴൊന്നും തോന്നാത്ത ഒരു മരവിപ്പ് അദ്ദേഹത്തിനനുഭവപ്പെട്ടു. ആ നിമിഷംവരെയും തോന്നാത്ത ഒരു വികാരം- കുററബോധം.

തനിക്കുവേണ്ടി സ്വന്തം പുത്രന്മാർ പോലും മരിച്ചു. സ്വന്തംചോരയിൽ പിടഞ്ഞ. തന്റെ പ്രജകളുടെ ദീനരോദനം ഈ സന്ദർഭത്തിൽ അദ്ദേഹത്തെ അലട്ടി. അദ്ദേഹത്തിൽ ഒരു മനുഷ്യനുണർന്നു. പുത്രന്മാരെ ബലികൊടുത്ത നിങ്ങളൊരച്ഛരനാണോ? തന്റെ ഭാര്യയുടെ ദീനസ്വരം അദ്ദേഹത്തിൽ നിഴലിച്ചു. സ്വന്തം പ്രജകളെ ദ്രോഹിച്ച് ഒടുക്കം കഴുകന് എറിഞ്ഞുകൊടുത്ത നീയൊരു രാജാവാണ്? തന്റെ അച്ഛന്റെ വിളാപമായിരുന്നു അത്.

കത്തിക്കരിയുന്ന ശവങ്ങളുടെ ഗന്ധം എങ്ങും പടർന്നു. ശരിയാണ് അദ്ദേഹം ആലോചിച്ചു. “താൻ വിജയിച്ചു പക്ഷെ ഈ വിജയത്തിന് താൻ

അർഹനാണോ, ഒരു രാജാവിന്റെ തേജസ്സുനിക്കിപ്പോൾ ഉണ്ടോ? അനേകം മനുഷ്യരെ കുരുതികൊടുത്ത തനിക്കിനി ജീവിതമെന്നുണ്ടോ, സ്വർഗ്ഗമെന്നുണ്ടോ? യുദ്ധത്തിന്റെ ലഹരിയിൽ മത്തു പിടിച്ചോടി നടന്ന കാലത്ത് ഞാനെന്തുകൊണ്ടിതോർത്തില്ല.’ അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ മനോബലം അലിഞ്ഞുതുടങ്ങി. ഇന്ന് താനൊരു വെറും നീചനാണെന്ന സത്യം മനസ്സിലാക്കുന്ന സന്ദർഭമായിരുന്നുവത്. കോടികണക്കിനാളുകളുടെ ശാപം തന്നിൽ പ്രവർത്തനമാരംഭിക്കുകയായിരുന്നുവെന്ന് തോന്നി. മനസ്സിന് ഭാരം കൂടി, കൈകാലുകൾ കഴുത്തു തുടങ്ങി. ഈ വിജയമെന്റേതല്ല അസുരന്മാരുടേതാണ് അദ്ദേഹം ഓർത്തു.

മണിക്കൂറുകൾ കഴിയും തോറും സൂര്യന്റെ വെളിച്ചിനുമായി അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ആത്മാവും മങ്ങിതുടങ്ങി. ഇന്ന് ഞാൻ വെറുമൊരു പാപിയാണ്, അസുരന്മാരുടെ ആയുധം’ അദ്ദേഹം വിളമ്പിച്ചു. ഇനി താൻ ജീവിച്ചിരുന്നിട്ട് കാര്യമില്ല’ അദ്ദേഹം ചിന്തിച്ചു. കോടിക്കണക്കിനാളുകളുടെ മരണത്തിന് സാക്ഷിയായ ആ മണ്ണിലേക്കദ്ദേഹം കഴുത്തുവീണു. തന്റെ തേജസ്സ് തന്നെ വിട്ടൊഴിയുന്നതദ്ദേഹം മനസ്സിലാക്കി. വൈകിടവന്ന ഈ വിജയം തന്റെ മരണകാരണമാവുകയാണെന്നദ്ദേഹം മനസ്സിലാക്കി. വൈകിടവന്ന ഈ വിജയം തന്റെ മരണകാരണമാവുകയാണെന്നദ്ദേഹം മനസ്സിലാക്കി. ഇരുട്ടു പരന്നു തുടങ്ങി.

യുദ്ധത്തിന്റെ ലഹരി വിട്ടുമാറാത്ത മറുളളവർ ഒടുവിൽ അദ്ദേഹത്തെ മറു ശരീരങ്ങളുടെയിടയിൽ നിന്ന് കണ്ടെത്തി. ഒരു മനുഷ്യന് ഒരിക്കലും ജയിക്കാൻ കഴിയാത്ത ശക്തിയായ കുററബോധം അദ്ദേഹത്തെ മരണത്തിന് കാഴ്ചവെച്ച് കഴിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു.

Fashion is a form of ugliness, so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.
Oscar Wilde

രാമുവിന്റെ ആടുകൾ

അരവിന്ദ് വേണുഗോപാൽ 4സി

രാമു ഒരു ആട്ടിയനായിരുന്നു. അവൻ ദരിദ്രനായിരുന്നു. അവന്റെ അച്ഛൻ മരിച്ചു പോയി . അവന്റെ അമ്മ രോഗം വന്നു കിടപ്പിലാണ്. ഒരു ദിവസം അവൻ ആടുകളെ മേക്കുമ്പോൾ ഒരു അമ്മമ്മ അവന്റെ അടുത്ത് വന്നിട്ട് പറഞ്ഞു. “മോനേ, എനിക്ക് മൂന്ന് ആടുകളെ തന്നാൽ ഞാൻ ഈ മാന്ത്രിക ഓടക്കുഴൽ തരാം.” രാമു സമ്മതിച്ചു. രാമു കുറച്ചു കഴിഞ്ഞ് ആ ഓടക്കുഴൽ വായിച്ചപ്പോൾ അവന്റെ ആടുകൾ നൃത്തം ചെയ്തു. അന്ന് വീട്ടിൽ എത്തിയപ്പോൾ രാമു അമ്മയോട് ഇക്കാര്യം പറഞ്ഞു. അമ്മ പറഞ്ഞു “മോനേ നാളെ മുതൽ നീ ഈ ഓടക്കുഴൽ കൊണ്ട് പട്ടണത്തിൽ പോയി വായിച്ചു പൈസയുണ്ടാക്കൂ.” പിറേന്ന് രാമു



പട്ടണത്തിൽ പോയി ഓടക്കുഴൽ വായിച്ചപ്പോൾ എല്ലാവർക്കും ഇഷ്ടമായി. അവർ എല്ലാപേരും അവൻ എന്നെങ്കിലും കൊടുത്തു. ഇത്തിരി ദിവസം കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ തന്നെ രാമുവിന്റെ പാട്ടിനെക്കുറിച്ച് എല്ലാവരും അറിഞ്ഞു. ഒരു ദിവസം ഇത് രാജാവിന്റെ കാതിലും എത്തി. അന്നുതന്നെ രാജാവ് രാമുവിനെ വിളിച്ച് ഓടക്കുഴൽ വായിക്കാൻ കൽപ്പിച്ചു. രാമു രാജാവ് പറഞ്ഞ തനുസരിച്ച് ഒരു നല്ല പാട്ടു പാടി. രാജാവിന് ആ പാട്ട് ഇഷ്ടമായി. അദ്ദേഹം രാമുവിന് വിലയേറിയ സമ്മാനങ്ങൾ നൽകി. രാമു സന്തോഷത്തോടെ വീട്ടിലേക്ക് പോവുകയും ചെയ്തു.

“കുളള” ഈ വാക്ക് ഇന്ന് പരിഹാസ സംഭാഷണങ്ങളിലാണ് കൂടുതൽ പരിചിതം. സാധാരണക്കാരിൽ നിന്ന് പൊക്കം കൂടുതലുള്ളവരെ ഈ പേര് വിളിച്ച് പരിഹാസപ്പെടുത്തുന്നു. ഒട്ടും പൊക്കമില്ലാത്തവരാണ് ഇങ്ങനെ പരിഹാസ്യരാവുന്നവർക്ക് പലപ്പോഴും കുറച്ച് പൊക്കം കുറഞ്ഞുകിട്ടിയിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ എന്ന് ആലോചിച്ചു പോവൂ! എന്നാൽ നാം സാധാരണക്കാർ പലപ്പോഴെങ്കിലും പൊക്കം കുറഞ്ഞവരെ (ശരിക്കും കുളളന്മാരെ) കുറിച്ച് ഓർക്കാറുണ്ടോ? ഇങ്ങനെ ചിന്തിച്ചുനോക്കുമ്പോൾ നാം സ്വയം എത്ര സ്വാർത്ഥരാണെന്ന് അറിഞ്ഞ് ഞെട്ടിപ്പോകും. നാം ഒരു കുളളനെ കാണുമ്പോൾ നമ്മുടെ മുഖത്ത് ദയയുടെ പ്രകാശം വീഴും. എന്നാൽ, നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സിന്റെ ഉള്ളിന്റെ ഉള്ളിൽ പരിഹാസത്തിന്റെ അല്ലെങ്കിൽ പുച്ഛത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ഇരുട്ടുകാണും. ഇത് വളരെ സ്വാഭാവികമാണ്. എന്നാൽ, എന്നും നാം കുളളന്മാരെപ്പറ്റി ചിന്തിക്കുന്നുവോ അവരുടെ ലോകത്തേക്ക് കടന്നു ചെല്ലുന്നുവോ അന്നു മാ

കുളളന്മാരുടെ പ്രോകം

അർഷദ് എൻ. 9 ബി

ത്രമേ ഈ പരിഹാസത്തിന്റെ ഇരുട്ട് മാഞ്ഞു പോവുകയുള്ളൂ.

ഒന്നും അസാധ്യമല്ല എന്ന പരമാർത്ഥം കവിഞ്ഞതാവും ഓരോ കുളളന്മാരുടെയും ജീവിതം. തന്റെ ബാല്യകാലം മുതലേ മറുത്തുവരിൽ നിന്ന് ചോദിക്കാതെ തരുന്ന സമ്മാനം പോലെ ലഭിക്കുന്ന ഒരു തരം അജ്ഞത മനസ്സിൽ മുറിവുകളുടെ തുടക്കമാവും. പല സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാരും പറയുന്നതുപോലെ ഏകാന്തത മരണത്തിനു തുല്യമാണെങ്കിൽ ഇത്തരം അജ്ഞതയും ഏകാന്തതയ്ക്ക് തുല്യമാണ്. പക്ഷേ, താനുമൊരു മനുഷ്യനാണ് തനിക്കും ജീവിക്കണം എന്നൊരു തോന്നലാവും



ഇവരുടെ മുറിവേററ മനസ്സുകളിൽ ആ വീർഭവിക്കുക. പിന്നീട് ജീവിതം എങ്ങനെയെങ്കിലും തള്ളിനീക്കാനുള്ള ശ്രമമായിരിക്കും. ഇതിനായി അവരേന്തും ചെയ്യും.

ഞാൻ വലിയ ബുദ്ധിമാനാണ് എന്ന സ്വയം ചിന്തിക്കുന്ന വിഡ്ഢികളെ ബുദ്ധിയിലും കലയിലും മറികടക്കാനുള്ള കഴിവ് ഇവർക്ക് കാണും. ഈ കഴിവുകൾ തെളിയിക്കാനുള്ള അവസരങ്ങൾ ലഭിക്കുന്നില്ല എന്നതാണ് വാസ്തവം. അത്ഭുതദീപ് എന്ന മലയാള ചലച്ചിത്രത്തിൽ കുളളന്മാർക്കും അഭിനയിക്കാം എന്ന വാക്കുകളുടെ സാക്ഷാത്കാരമാണ്. സംശയമുള്ളവർക്ക് ഈ ചലച്ചിത്രം കണ്ടുനോക്കാം.

ഈ കൊച്ചു മനുഷ്യർക്കും മററുള്ളവരെപ്പോലു മനസ്സ് കാണും. ഇരുട്ട് മാത്രമുള്ള ഇവരുടെ ജീവിതത്തിൽ പ്രകാശം പതിപ്പിക്കാവുന്ന കൈയ്യിലെണ്ണാവുന്ന സന്ദർഭങ്ങൾ മാത്രമേ കാണൂ. ഇനിയെങ്കിലും ഈ കൊച്ചു മനുഷ്യരെ കാണുമ്പോൾ മനസ്സിന്റെ ഉള്ളിന്റെ ഉള്ളിലെ പരിഹാസം മാഞ്ചു കളഞ്ഞു ഒരു പുഞ്ചിരി നൽകൂ. അവരുടെ ജീവിതത്തിലെ പ്രകാശമുള്ള ഒരു സന്ദർഭമാവട്ടെ അത്!

പരിസര ശുചിത്വം

വർഗ്ഗീസ് എം. സാമുവേൽ 7 ബി

“ഭൂമിയിൽ ഒരു സ്വർഗ്ഗമുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതിവിടെയാണ്” ബാർബൽ ചക്രവർത്തി കേരളം സന്ദർശിച്ചപ്പോൾ അദ്ദേഹം ഇപ്രകാരമാണ് കേരളത്തെക്കുറിച്ച് പറഞ്ഞത്. പക്ഷെ ഇപ്പോൾ അദ്ദേഹം കേരളം സന്ദർശിക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ അദ്ദേഹം ഇപ്രകാരം പറയും “ഭൂമിയിൽ നരകമുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ അതിവിടെയാണ്, അതിവിടെയാണ്, അതിവിടെയാണ്”. ഇതാണ് ഇപ്പോൾ കേരളത്തിന്റെ സാഹചര്യം. ഇതിന്റെ ആദ്യത്തേകാരണം പരിസരശുചിത്വം പാലിക്കാത്തതുകൊണ്ടാണ്.

ജീവിതത്തിൽ മനുഷ്യന്റെ ഏക സമ്പത്ത് ആരോഗ്യമാണ്. ആരോഗ്യമില്ലാത്ത ജീവിതം നരകതുല്യമായിരിക്കും. നാം നമ്മുടെ ആരോഗ്യം സൂക്ഷിക്കുകയും മറുപുരുഷന്മാർക്ക് ആരോഗ്യം ആശംസിക്കുകയുമാണ് നമ്മുടെ കടമ.

എന്താണ് ആരോഗ്യം? ഈ ചോദ്യത്തിനുള്ള ഉത്തരം വെറും വാക്കുകളാ

ണ്. രോഗമില്ലാത്ത അവസ്ഥ പക്ഷെ നമുക്ക് രോഗങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് വിടുതൽ നേടാൻ പരിസരശുചിത്വം വളരെ ആവശ്യമാണ്.

വീടുകൾ ജോലിസ്ഥലങ്ങൾ, ആശുപത്രികൾ എന്നീ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ നാം ശുചിത്വം ആകണം. വീടിന്റെ ശുചിത്വത്തിലും സ്വന്തം ശുചിത്വത്തിലും കേരളം മുന്നിട്ടു നിൽക്കുകയാണെന്ന് കരുതുന്നു. എന്നാൽ കേരളത്തിന് വേറൊരു റെക്കോഡുമുണ്ട്. ജോലിസ്ഥലങ്ങളും, ആശുപത്രിസ്ഥലങ്ങളും വൃത്തികേടാക്കുന്നതിൽ കേരളം മുൻ നിരയിലാണ്. ഇതിന്റെയൊക്കെ കാരണം കേരളത്തിലെ ആളുകൾക്ക് പരിസരശുചിത്വം എന്ന വാക്കിന്റെ അർത്ഥം അറിയാത്തതുകൊണ്ടാണ്. വീട്ടു പരിസരങ്ങളുടെ മുമ്പിൽ ഇപ്പോൾ ചവറുകളുടെ കോട്ടയാണ്. ഇതിനെതിരായി ഉയരാൻ ആരുടെയും ശബ്ദമില്ല. ഇപ്പോൾ റോഡുകളിൽ മുഴുവൻ ചവറു

കൾ കൊണ്ടു നിറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുകയാണ്.

ദൈവത്തിന്റെ സ്വന്തം നാട് ഇതായിരുന്നു കേരളത്തിന്റെ അഭിമാനകരമായ ആദ്യത്തെ പേര്. പക്ഷെ ഇപ്പോൾ ആ പേര് പിശാചിന്റെ ഭവനം എന്നാക്കി മാറേണ്ടിവരും.

അതുകൊണ്ട് പൈതങ്ങൾ എന്ന നിലയിൽ നമുക്ക് ബാലജന സംഘങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടാക്കാൻ സാധിക്കും. അതുകൊണ്ട് നമുക്ക് സ്കൂളും അതിന്റെ പരിസരങ്ങളും ശുചിത്വം ചെയ്യുവാൻ സാധിക്കും. അതുപോലെതന്നെ പൈതങ്ങളായ നമുക്ക് വീട്ടു പരിസരങ്ങളുടെ മുറുപ്പത് കാണപ്പെടുന്ന മാലിന്യസാധനങ്ങൾ നീക്കം ചെയ്യുവാൻ നമുക്ക് ഗവൺമെന്റിനോട് അഭ്യർത്ഥിക്കാം. അതുപോലെതന്നെ നമ്മുടെ ഭൂമിക്ക് നീണ്ടൊരു ആയുസ്സും കൊടുക്കാൻ സാധിക്കും. അതിന് പരിസരശുചിത്വമാണ് ഏക വഴി.

മതസൗഹാർദ്ദം

തോബി മാത്യു, 10 സി

മതം എന്നത് ഈ കാലഘട്ടത്തിന്റെ ഒരു ആവശ്യകതയായി മാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയാണ്. മതങ്ങൾ മനുഷ്യരുടെ ആത്മീയ പുരോഗതിക്കുവേണ്ടി പ്രവർത്തിക്കുന്നവയാണ്. ആത്മീയമായ പുരോഗതി മനുഷ്യർക്കുണ്ടാകുമ്പോൾ അത് രാജ്യത്തിന്റെ പുരോഗതിയേയും ബാധിക്കും. ഈ ലോകത്തിൽ പല മതങ്ങളുണ്ട്. ഓരോ മതത്തിനും അതിന്റേതായ ആചാരങ്ങളും അനുഷ്ഠാനങ്ങളുമുണ്ട്. എല്ലാ മനുഷ്യരും മതസൗഹാർദ്ദം നിലനിർത്താൻ പരിശ്രമിക്കണം.

മതസൗഹാർദ്ദമുള്ള ദേശങ്ങളും രാഷ്ട്രങ്ങളും വളരെ വേഗം സാമ്പത്തിക പുരോഗതി കൈവരിക്കും. കാരണം അ

വിടുത്തെ ജനങ്ങൾ തമ്മിൽ ഒരു സഹായസഹകരണമനോഭാവം നിലനിൽക്കും. ഇത് കാരണം ആത്മീയവും സാമ്പത്തികവുമായ പുരോഗതി വന്നുചേരും.

ഇന്ത്യ മതസൗഹൃദമുള്ള ഒരു രാഷ്ട്രമാണ് അതിനാൽതന്നെ ഇന്ത്യയിൽ ധാരാളം മതങ്ങളുമുണ്ട്. ഈ മതങ്ങൾ തമ്മിലൊരു ഐക്യം ആവശ്യമാണ്. മതങ്ങൾ തമ്മിലൊരു സൗഹാർദ്ദമില്ലാത്തതിന്റെ ഉദാഹരണങ്ങളാണ് മാറാട്, ഗുജറാത്ത് കലാപങ്ങൾ. മതസൗഹാർദ്ദമില്ലായ്മ ഇന്ത്യയുടെ സാമ്പത്തിക കൃതിപ്പിന് തടസ്സമായി നിൽക്കുന്നു. ഈ തടസ്സങ്ങൾ മതങ്ങൾ വഴി മാത്രമേ മാറിയെടുക്കാൻ സാധിക്കുകയുള്ളൂ. മതനേതാക്കൾ അണിക്കള മതസൗഹാർ

ദ്ദത്തെക്കുറിച്ച് ബോധവാന്മാരാകണം. അതിന്റെ ആവശ്യകത മനസ്സിലാക്കിക്കൊടുക്കണം.

ഒരേ നിറത്തിലും തരത്തിലുള്ള പൂക്കൾ നിറഞ്ഞ ഉദ്യാനത്തേക്കാൾ ഭംഗി വിവിധ നിറത്തിലും തരത്തിലുമുള്ള പൂക്കളുള്ള ഉദ്യാനത്തിനാണ്. ഈ ആശയം നിലനിർത്തിക്കൊണ്ടാണ് ഇന്ത്യയിൽ മതസൗഹൃദം അനുവദിച്ചത്. പൂക്കളില്ലാത്ത പൂങ്കാവനം പോലെയാണ് മതസൗഹാർദ്ദം ഇല്ലാത്ത ഇന്ത്യ. ഇന്ത്യയിൽ മത സൗഹാർദ്ദം ഉണ്ടാക്കിയെടുക്കുന്നതിനും സാമ്പത്തികമുന്നേറ്റം കൈവരിക്കുന്നതിനും നാം എല്ലാവരും വർദ്ധിച്ച ഉത്സാഹത്തോടെ പ്രവർത്തിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു.

മോഹം

വിഷ്ണുസുരേഷ്. 6 സി

കൃമനിരിക്കും കുറിക്കാട്ടിൽ
ഓടിനടക്കാൻ എന്തൊരു മോഹം
പീലി വിടർത്തി നടനം ചെയ്യും
മയൂരമാകാൻ എന്തൊരു മോഹം

കുകി വിളിക്കും കൂയിലമ്മയുടെ
കൂട്ടിലിരിക്കാൻ എന്തൊരു മോഹം
കുറുകി വിളിക്കും പ്രാവിൻ കുട്ടിൽ
കയറിപ്പററാൻ എന്തൊരു മോഹം

ഓടിനടക്കും മാനിൻ പുറകെ
പാടിനടക്കാനെന്തൊരു മോഹം
പാറിനടക്കും വണ്ടിൻ കൂടെ-
പുന്തേനുണ്ണാൻ എന്തൊരു മോഹം

പഞ്ചമം പാടുന്ന പൈങ്കിളിതന്നുടെ
പാദസാവരമാകാനുണ്ടൊരു മോഹം
ഇങ്ങനെ മോഹിച്ച് മോഹിച്ച്
ഞാനൊരു മോഹന സ്വപ്നമായ് മാറുമല്ലോ?

വികസനവും പരിസ്ഥിതി പ്രശ്നങ്ങളും

വറുൺ.ബി.നായർ 9 ബി

വനാന്തരജീവികളായ മനുഷ്യൻ ഇന്ന് പരിണമിച്ച് വനാന്തരജീവികളായിരിക്കുന്നു. നമ്മുടെ സൗരയൂഥത്തിൽ ജീവൻ തുളുമ്പുന്ന ഏക ഗ്രഹമാണ് ഭൂമി. കോടാനുകോടി ജീവികൾ തിങ്ങിവസിക്കുന്ന ഇടമാണ് ഭൂമി. ജീവപരിണാമ സിദ്ധാന്തമനുസരിച്ച് ഏറ്റവും പുതിയ ജീവിയാണ് മനുഷ്യൻ. ഏറ്റവും സമർത്ഥനും മനുഷ്യൻ തന്നെ. അവന്റെ ഇച്ഛശക്തി മൂലം അവൻ ഈ ഭൂമിയുടെ അധിപനായി. പിന്നീടവന്റെ സ്വാർത്ഥതാല്പര്യങ്ങൾക്കുവേണ്ടി ഭൂമി കീറിമുറിക്കാൻ തുടങ്ങി.

ഇന്നത്തെ ഏറ്റവും വലിയ പ്രശ്നമായി കണക്കാക്കപ്പെടുന്നത് ജനപ്പെരുപ്പമാണ്. അനുനിമിഷം വർദ്ധിച്ചുവരുന്ന ജനസാന്ദ്രത മനുഷ്യനിലനില്പിനുള്ളതല്ല. ഭീഷണിയായി ഉയർന്നിട്ടുണ്ട്. ഇതിനേറ്റവും ഉദാത്തമായ ഉദാഹരണം മഹാനഗരങ്ങളാണ്. ഒരു

കോടിയിൽ കൂടുതൽ ജനങ്ങൾ വസിക്കുന്ന ഒരു നഗരത്തേയാണ് മഹാനഗരങ്ങളെന്ന് വിശേഷിപ്പിക്കുന്നത്. ഇന്ന് ലോകത്തിൽ ഏതാണ്ട് ഇരുപത്തഞ്ച് മഹാനഗരങ്ങളാണുള്ളത്. പ്രഗത്ഭ നിരീക്ഷകരുടെ കണക്കനുസരിച്ച് 2015 ആകുമ്പോൾ മൂപ്പത്തിമൂന്ന് മഹാനഗരങ്ങൾ പരിണമിക്കും. ഇന്ത്യയിലുമുണ്ട് രണ്ടു മഹാനഗരങ്ങൾ-കൊൽക്കട്ടയിലും മുംബൈയിലും യഥാക്രമം 1,25,71,292 ഉം 1,09,89,112 ഉം ആളുകൾ വസിക്കുന്നു. ഇതെല്ലാം വികസനം മൂലമുണ്ടാകുന്ന വസ്തുതകളാണ്.

മനുഷ്യൻ കൃഷി തുടങ്ങിയ കാലം മുതൽ അവൻ പ്രകൃതിയെ വേദനിപ്പിക്കുന്നു. ഉദാഹരണത്തിന് മനുഷ്യൻ കൃഷി തുടങ്ങുമ്പോൾ ലോകത്തിലാകെ മൊത്തം 62 ഹെക്ടർ എന്നാൽ ഇന്ന് അത് 42 ഹെക്ടറായി ചുരുങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഈ വനങ്ങളിൽ വസിക്കുന്ന ജീവികൾ, ഗുരുതരാവസ്ഥയിൽ അപ്രത്യക്ഷരാകുകയാണ്.

കുന്ന ജീവികൾ, ഗുരുതരാവസ്ഥയിൽ അപ്രത്യക്ഷരാകുകയാണ്.

നമ്മുടെ ഈ കമ്പ്യൂട്ടർ യുഗത്തിൽ നിർമ്മിക്കുന്ന യന്ത്രങ്ങളും ഫാക്ടറികളും മാരകമായ പദാർത്ഥങ്ങൾ ദ്രാവക വാതകരൂപങ്ങളിൽ തുപ്പുന്നു. അതുപോലെ തന്നെ , ഇന്ന് ജനസാന്ദ്രത കാരണം ആളുകൾക്ക് വസിക്കാൻ ഇടമില്ല. ഇന്നൊരാൾക്ക് അഞ്ചു സെന്റുണ്ടെങ്കിൽ ആ അഞ്ചുസെന്റ് മുഴുവനും കോൺക്രീറ്റുകൊണ്ട് മൂടും. ഇത് മനുഷ്യന്റെ ഒരു അപര്യാപ്തമായ ജീവിതരീതിയാണ്.

ഇന്ന് മനുഷ്യൻ വികസനത്തിന്റെ പേരിൽ നടത്തുന്ന പ്രകൃതി ചൂഷണം, ഇരിക്കുന്ന കൊമ്പു മുറിക്കുന്നതുപോലുള്ള ഒരു പ്രവണതയാണ്. ഈ പ്രശ്നങ്ങളെല്ലാം പരിഹരിക്കാൻ ഇന്നിനമ്മുടെ മുമ്പിൽ ഒരേയൊരു വഴി മാത്രമേയുള്ളൂ. സുഗതകുമാരി പറഞ്ഞതുപോലെ സുഖമായ ലളിതജീവിതം.

വിവര സാങ്കേതിക വിദ്യയുടെ വളർച്ചയും സംസ്കാരവും

അരുൺ സുദർശൻ, 10 ബി

വർത്തമാനകാലഘട്ടത്തിൽ ലോകം അതിവേഗത്തിൽ പുരോഗമിക്കുന്ന കാഴ്ചയാണ് നാം കാണുന്നത്. കോടാനുകോടി ചതുരശ്രകിലോമീറ്ററുകളിലായി പരന്നു കിടക്കുന്ന ഭൂമി ഇന്ന് ലോകത്ത് എവിടെ എന്ത് നടന്നാലും നിമിഷങ്ങൾക്കുള്ളിൽ നാമതറിയുന്നു. തോന്നുമ്പോഴൊക്കെ വാചകമടിക്കാൻ മൊബൈലുകളും ചാറ്റ് ചെയ്യാൻ കമ്പ്യൂട്ടറുകളും സുലഭമാണ്. ഇതിൽ ഭൂരിപക്ഷം സൗകര്യങ്ങളും നമുക്ക് നേടി തന്നത് വിവരസാങ്കേതികവിദ്യ അഥവാ ഇൻഫർമേഷൻ ടെക്നോളജിയുടെ വികസനമാണ്. ഈ ഉപന്യാസം എഴുതിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന അവസരത്തിലും അതിവേഗത്തിൽ വളരുന്ന ഒരു ശാസ്ത്രമേഖലയാണ് വിവരസാങ്കേതികവിദ്യ. എന്നാൽ ഈ വളർച്ച നമ്മുടെ സംസ്കാരത്തെ, പ്രത്യേകിച്ചു ഭാരതീയ സംസ്കാരത്തെ എങ്ങനെ ബാധിച്ചു എന്നതിനെക്കുറിച്ച് നാം ചിന്തിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു. നല്ല വശമായാലും ഈ വിഷയം പഠനമർഹിക്കുന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ട് തന്നെ നമ്മുടെ സംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ മാറ്റങ്ങളുടെ ഉള്ളുകളളിയിലേക്ക് എത്തിനോക്കുന്ന ഒരു ഉപന്യാസമാണെന്റെ ലക്ഷ്യം. അവസാനം നാമെത്തുന്ന തത്വങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് പഠനങ്ങൾക്കൊണ്ട് മുന്നോട്ട് പോകാനും ഈ ഉപന്യാസം സഹായകരമാകട്ടെ എന്ന് ഞാൻ പ്രത്യാശിച്ചുകൊള്ളുന്നു.

ഒമ്പതാം ക്ലാസ്സിൽ ഞാൻ പഠിക്കുന്ന സമയം, ചരിത്രത്തിന്റെ പ്രോജക്ട് ഒരു

മതസാമൂഹിക നേതാവിനെക്കുറിച്ചെഴുതാനായിരുന്നു. സ്വതഃ പ്രോജക്ടുകൾ വളരെ താമസിച്ച് തുടങ്ങാനുള്ള ഞാൻ പതിവു തെറ്റിച്ചില്ല. അവസാനദിവസത്തിനു രണ്ടുദിവസം മുമ്പ് ഞാൻ പ്രോജക്ട് ചെയ്യാൻ ആരംഭിച്ചു. ശ്രീനാരായണഗുരുവിനെക്കുറിച്ചെഴുതാനാണ് തീരുമാനിച്ചത്. കഷ്ടകാലമെന്നു പറയട്ടെ അന്ന് ഹർത്താലും വന്നു. കടകളെല്ലാം അടച്ചിരുന്നതിനാൽ പുസ്തകം വാങ്ങാമെന്ന തീരുമാനവും പൊളിഞ്ഞു. അപ്പോഴാണ് വിവരസാങ്കേതിക വിദ്യയുടെ വളർച്ച എനിക്ക് തുണയായി വന്നത്. ഇന്റർനെറ്റ് എന്ന മാസ്മരികത എന്നെ സഹായിച്ചു. www.sreenarayanaguru.org എന്ന ഒരൊറ്റ വെബ്സൈറ്റിലൂടെ ഞാൻ പ്രോജക്ടിന് ആവശ്യമായ എല്ലാ വിവരങ്ങളും നേടിയെടുത്തു; സമയത്തിന് പ്രോജക്ടും കൊടുത്തു. അലസന്മാരായ കുട്ടികളെ അവസാനനിമിഷത്തിൽ സഹായിക്കുന്നതാണ് വിവരസാങ്കേതികവിദ്യയുടെ ഗുണം എന്നല്ല ഞാൻ പറഞ്ഞുവരുന്നത്. മറിച്ച് സൂര്യനുതാഴെയുള്ള എന്തിനേക്കുറിച്ചും എപ്പോഴും അറിയാൻ സാധിക്കുമെന്ന മഹത്തായ കാര്യത്തിലേക്കാണ് ഞാൻ വിരൽ ചൂണ്ടുന്നത്.

മനുഷ്യബന്ധങ്ങളെ വളരെയധികം ബാധിക്കുന്ന ഒന്നാണ് വിവരസാങ്കേതികവിദ്യയുടെ വിവേചനമില്ലാത്ത ഉപയോഗം മൂലമുണ്ടാകുന്നത്. മൂല്യശോഷണവും വിദ്യാഭ്യാസനിലവാരത്തകർച്ചയും ഒട്ടനവധി ദുർമുഖങ്ങളും ഇതു

മൂലം ഉണ്ടാകുന്നു. ആഴത്തിൽ ചിന്തിച്ചാൽ ഐ. റിയുടെ വളർച്ചയല്ല മറിച്ച് മനുഷ്യന്റെ വിവേചനമില്ലാത്ത ഉപയോഗമാണ് ഈ ദോഷങ്ങൾക്കെല്ലാം കാരണം. പക്ഷേ എന്നിട്ടും പഴികേൾക്കുന്നത് ഐ. റി. വളർച്ച തന്നെ. ഇല മുള്ളിൽ വീണാലും മുളച്ച് ഇലയിൽ വീണാലും കേട് ഇലയ്ക്കാണെന്നത് ലോകസത്യം.

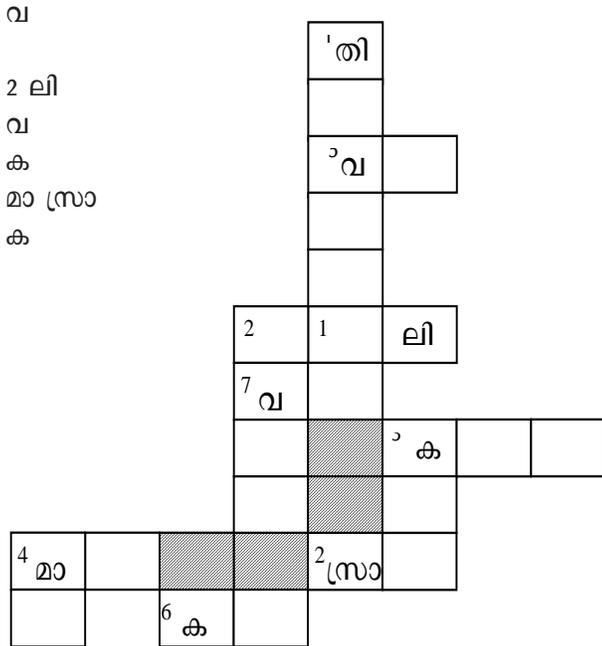
വിവരസാങ്കേതിക വിദ്യ നമ്മെ ദോഷകരമായി ബാധിക്കാതിരിക്കാൻ നാമെന്തൊക്കെ ചെയ്യണമെന്നാണ് ഇനി ഞാൻ ചെയ്യാനാഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നത്. അത് പറഞ്ഞില്ലെങ്കിൽ ഈ ഉപന്യാസം അപൂർണ്ണമാകുമെന്ന് തന്നെയാണ് എന്റെ വിശ്വാസം.

1. കമ്പ്യൂട്ടറിന്റെ അമിതോപയോഗം കുറച്ച് മാതാപിതാക്കളോടും സുഹൃത്തുക്കളോടുംമൊപ്പം സമയം ചെലവഴിക്കാൻ കുട്ടികളെ നാം പരിശീലിപ്പിക്കേണ്ടിയിരിക്കുന്നു.
2. അശ്ലീല സൈറ്റുകൾ സന്ദർശിക്കുന്ന കുട്ടികൾ ഒന്നുകിൽ സ്വയം അതിൽനിന്ന് പിൻമാറുക. അല്ലെങ്കിൽ അച്ഛനമ്മമാരെ അറിയിച്ച് കൗൺസിലിംഗ് തേടുക.
3. സൈബർ കുറുകൃത്യങ്ങൾ കണ്ടു പിടിക്കാനായി കേരളത്തിലാരംഭിച്ച പോലീസ് സെൽ വിപുലീകരിക്കുകയും സൈബർ കുറുകൃത്യങ്ങളുടെ ശിക്ഷകൾ വർദ്ധിപ്പിക്കുകയും ചെയ്താൽ ഒരു പരിധിവരെ സാമൂഹ്യ ദ്രോഹികൾ ഇല്ലാതാകും.

എന്നാൽ ഇതിനേക്കാളുമുപരി നമ്മളിൽ ഒരോരുത്തരും വിവേചനബുദ്ധിയോടെ കാര്യങ്ങൾ കൈകാര്യം ചെയ്യാൻ പഠിക്കണം. വിവരസാങ്കേതികവിദ്യ എന്ന അമൂല്യനിധി മനുഷ്യരുടെ ദുഷ്പേരിനർഹമാകരുത്. അതുകൊണ്ട് നമ്മുടെ സ്വഭാവം നന്നാക്കുകയാണ് ഇതിന് ഏറ്റവും വലിയ പരിഹാരം. എല്ലാവരും ഈ അഭിപ്രായത്തെ പിന്തുണയ്ക്കുകയും അടുത്ത പത്തു വർഷത്തിനുള്ളിലെങ്കിലും നമ്മുടെ ലോകം സൈബർ കുറുകൃത്യങ്ങളിൽനിന്നും മുക്തമാകുമെന്ന് പ്രതീക്ഷിച്ചുകൊണ്ട്, അതിനായി ആത്മാർത്ഥമായി ശ്രമിക്കുമെന്ന് പ്രതിജ്ഞ ചെയ്തുകൊണ്ട് ഈ ഉപന്യാസം ഞാൻ സമർപ്പിക്കട്ടെ, ജയ് ഹിന്ദ്

പദപ്രശ്നം

സിദ്ധാർത്ഥ് എം. നായർ, 7 ബി



വലത്തോട്ട്

1. ഒരു മാംസഭുക്ക്
2. വലിയ ജീവികളെ തിന്നുന്ന മീൻ
3. സമുദ്രത്തിന്റെ പര്യായ പദം.
4. 31 ദിവസം ചേർന്നാൽ ഉണ്ടാകും.
5. കാടിന്റെ പര്യായ പദം.
6. ഭൂമിയിൽ 75% വെള്ളവും 25% യും ആണ്.
7. ദൈവങ്ങൾ മനുഷ്യർക്ക് നൽകുന്നത്.

താഴോട്ട്

1. കേരളത്തിന്റെ തലസ്ഥാനം
2. രാക്ഷസരാജാവ്
3. ഒരുതരം വസ്ത്രം
4. ഒരുപഴം.

കുസൃതിചോദ്യങ്ങൾ

1. സ്ത്രീയെ മോഡലാക്കി ഉപയോഗിക്കാൻ പറ്റാത്ത പരസ്യം
ഉ: ക്ഷണ്ടി
2. തേനീച്ച മുളുന്നതെന്തുകൊണ്ട്?
ഉ: സംസാരിക്കാനറിയാത്തതുകൊണ്ട്
3. കടലിൽ ഇല്ലാത്ത വാള.
ഉ: സവാള
4. ഭാരമില്ലാത്ത ടൺ
ഉ: ബട്ടൺ
5. എത്ര വലിച്ചാലും നീളില്ല. പക്ഷെ ചെറുതാകുന്നതെന്ത്?
ഉ: സിഗററ്റ്, ബീഡി
6. പുറകിൽ തലയുള്ള ജീവി
ഉ: മുതല (മു-തല)
7. തറയ്ക്കാൻ പറ്റാത്ത ആണി
ഉ: ബിരിയാണി
8. ചെവിയിൽ കാൽവെച്ച് ഇരിക്കുന്നവൻ
ഉ: കണ്ണാടി
9. ഒരക്ഷരം പോയാൽ കുഴപ്പമാകുന്ന വസ്തു
ഉ: കുഴലപ്പം (ല പോയാൽ കുഴപ്പം)
10. പച്ചക്കിളി പച്ചമരത്തിൽ ഇരുന്നാലെത്ര?
ഉ: ഇരുന്നാലെട്ട്

കടംകഥകൾ

മിഥുൻകൃഷ്ണ, എ.ജെ. 4 ബി

1. ജലത്തിൽ ജനിക്കുന്നു, വായുവിൽ ജീവിക്കുന്നു.
2. പെട്ടി പോലുള്ള അമ്മയ്ക്ക് കുററിപോലുള്ള മക്കൾ
3. എപ്പോഴും വിശ്രമിക്കുന്ന കുന്ന്
4. നഖമുണ്ട്, വിരലില്ല.
5. അടുകളയിലെ അമ്മായി അമ്മ
6. ജനിക്കുമ്പോഴില്ല വളരുമ്പോൾ ജനിക്കും.
7. രണ്ടും വെള്ളമാണ്. എന്നാൽ ഒന്ന് പൊങ്ങിക്കിടക്കും.
8. ഞെട്ടില്ല വട്ടയില.
9. കാള കിടക്കും, കയറോടും.
10. അമ്മ കറുപ്പ്, മകൾ വെളുപ്പ്, മകളുടെ മകൾ അതിസുന്ദരി
11. വരമ്പത്തിരിക്കും, വാലുകൊണ്ട് വെള്ളം കുടിക്കും, തലയിൽ തീയാണ്

1. കൊതുക്
2. തീപ്പെട്ടി
3. മൗണ്ട് എവറസ്റ്റ്
4. ആന
5. പൂച്ച
6. പല്ലി
7. ഐസ്
8. പപ്പടം
9. മത്തങ്ങ
10. കുനിക്കൂരു
11. നിലവിളക്കിലെ തിരി

പരമാത്മ സത്യം

സാജൻ ജെ മാത്യു, 12 ബി

ഒരായിരം വർണ്ണങ്ങൾ മാനത്ത് വിരിയുമ്പോൾ,
 ഒരായിരം ആശ എൻ ഉള്ളിൽ ഉണരുമ്പോൾ
 ഒരു ചെറു ശലഭമായ് വർണ്ണമാം മാനത്ത്
 ആശകൾ നുകരുവാൻ മോഹം, ആശകൾ
 നുകരുവാൻ മോഹം.
 മോഹങ്ങളും മോഹഭംഗങ്ങളും നിറഞ്ഞീയുലകിൻ
 തനതുപോൽ നിലനിൽക്കുന്നതെന്തുണ്ട്?
 പരമാത്മസത്യമാം സ്നേഹം മാത്രം
 തിന്മ തൻ സന്ധ്യകൾ അസ്തമിക്കും
 നന്മ നിറഞ്ഞ പുതുപുലരികളുണ്ടാവും,
 ആ പുതുപുലരിയെ ഞാൻ കാണുന്നു.
 പണ്ടെന്നോ ഭൂമിയിൽ നന്മയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു.
 പിന്നെങ്ങനെ ചാപല്യമാം തിന്മകൾ വന്നു.
 സ്നേഹമാണ് ദേവൻ
 മാനവൻ തന്നെതാൻ മനസ്സിലാക്കിയില്ലയെങ്കിൽ
 അവൻ ദേവനെയെങ്ങനെ മനസ്സിലാക്കും
 പരമാത്മസത്യമാം സ്നേഹമെന്നുറവയിൽ
 നിന്നു നാം നുകരുന്ന നീർ
 സ്നേഹത്തിന്റേയോ അതോ?.....

ജീവിതം പുഷ്പം കുളിരും

വിമൽ .പി. തോമസ്, 7 എ

പുനോട്ടത്തിലെ പുഷ്പങ്ങൾപോലെ-
 നമ്മുടെയീ വരദാനമാം ജീവിതവും
 മൊട്ടാകുന്ന ശൈശവവും
 വിരിഞ്ഞു തുടങ്ങുന്ന ബാല്യവും
 വിരിഞ്ഞു മനോഹാരിതയാർന്നു
 നിൽക്കുന്ന കൗമാരവും
 അധാനവും ക്ഷീണവും നിറഞ്ഞ വിരിഞ്ഞ
 പുഷ്പമിതു ജീവിതത്തിൻ മുഖ്യഭാഗമാകുന്നിതേൻ
 വാടിക്കരിഞ്ഞു നിൽക്കുന്ന വാർദ്ധക്യവും
 കൊഴിഞ്ഞുവീഴുന്ന പുഷ്പമിതു പുഷ്പത്തിൻ
 സാദൃശ്യമാകുന്നിതേൻ
 പച്ചില എന്ന കൗമാരവും പഴുത്തില എന്ന വാർദ്ധക്യവും
 പഴുത്തില വീഴുമ്പോൾ പുഞ്ചിരി വിടർത്തി
 പച്ചില ഇങ്ങനെ മൊഴിയുന്നിതേൻ
 ഹയ്യോ കണ്ടില്ലേ വീണിതാ കിടക്കുന്നു
 വാർദ്ധക്യത്തിന്റെ പഴുത്തില
 കൗമാരത്തിൽ കഴിയുന്ന ഞാനെത്ര ഭാഗ്യവാൻ
 ഒരുകാൾ നീയും വാർദ്ധക്യത്തിൻ
 ചവിട്ടുപടികൾ കയറുമെന്നോർത്താൽ ഭാഗ്യമിതേൻ

അരവിന്ദ് വരൂൺ 10 ബി



നിതിൻ എസ് ജെ 11 എ

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- Gokul S, 7 C

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