

My first day at School

I joined Loyola as a first standard student. I came to school in the school bus. Ann madam, who teaches me English, is my class teacher. I made friends with Sriram, Karthik, Mithun, Sandeep and Stephan. My class teacher told me that my roll number was 36 which is also my lucky number.

Rohith C S , 1 A

I came to school on the first day in a car with my father and mother. I went home in the afternoon as the teachers did not teach anything that day. My teacher Ms. Mary Dominic loves me very much. That day I had my lunch only after I reached my home.

Aditya Gopan, 1 A

On the first day my parents brought me to school. I got many sweets on that day. My father bought me a meat roll from the school canteen. My mother met my teacher. My teacher's name is Ann Pius. That day was also my birthday and my mother bought me many sweets. I met my best friend Stephen Thomas that day.

Vysakh, 1 A

I came with my brother and father on the first day of school. I was very happy to come to a new school. I did not cry when I came to school. I met my best friend Ajay that day. I got a new bag and a new pencil box on the first day. I was happy to see my new teacher. She was very nice to me.

Amal Nazeer, 1 B

My father took me to school on the first day. I was so sad when my father left me alone in the school. I ate the snacks in the interval. I loved my class very much. I went to the park with my teacher Geetha madam. My first friend was Praveen.

Aswin S, 1 B

On the first day of school my class teacher Lovely madam said that I was a very good boy. When she saw my notebook she said that my handwriting was good. I love my teacher and my friends. Loyola is a very good school.

Ivan S, 1 B

I will never forget my first day at school. I was very scared during that day. But I loved my new school because there was a park to play and lot of friends for me to play with.

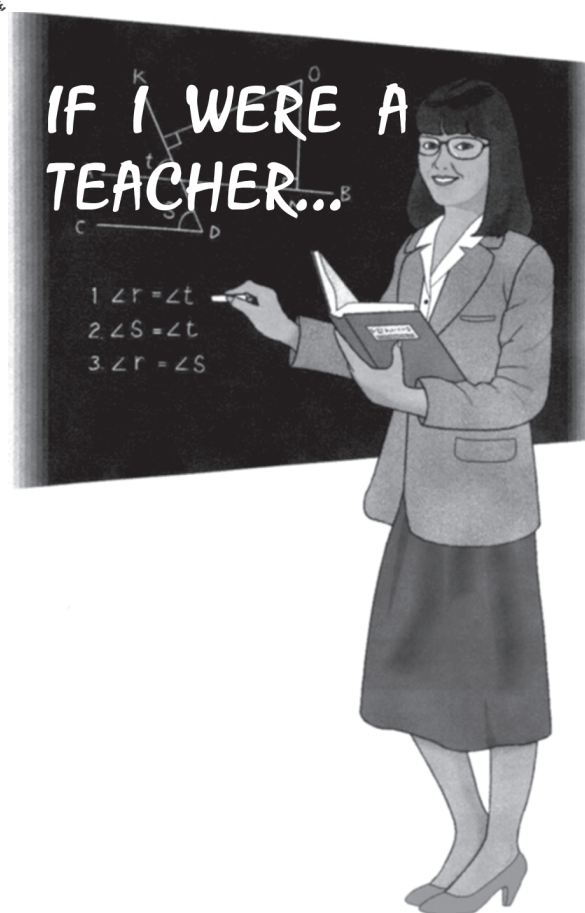
Suresh Sangeeth, 1 C

I remember my first day at school very well. I liked the beautiful garden at the front of the school. I also liked my teachers. They were very nice to me. I also made many friends on that day. I had a very nice time that day.

Subin Wilfred, 1 C

My mother brought me to school on the first day. When I entered the class I saw my class teacher. She asked me my name and was very nice to me. I made many friends that day and I played with them in the park. In the evening I returned home by the school bus. I was very happy after my first day at school.

Govind Venugopal, 1 C



If I were a teacher, I would ensure that the children talk in English. I would ask the class leaders to mind the children when I am not in class. I would teach the children good manners.

Advaith Umesh, 2 A

If I were a teacher, I would like to read stories to the students. I would love to teach my students English and Maths.

Reuben Thomas, 2 A

If I were a teacher, I would like to teach in standard six. I would check whether there is any noise in the class. I would look at each boy's book to check their handwriting. If there is any trouble, I would complain to the Principal.

Rajdeep Jayan, 2 A

If I were a teacher, I would check whether the children are writing neatly. I would also teach them how to behave properly.

Abhishek M Manuel, 2 A

If I were a teacher, I would teach the children to

behave well and talk politely. I would help them to learn well and thus help them to perform well in their exams.

Rohit M Nair, 2 B

If I were a teacher, I would teach my students well. I would tell them about the importance of politeness and also make sure that they behave well. I would make them all good children by asking them to read books about the importance of good habits.

Roshan C K, 2 B

If I were a teacher, I would write the notes on the blackboard. I will take good care of my students. When they talk, I would punish them. I would correct all their notebooks and also the answer papers. When I leave the class, I would ask the class leaders to mind the class.

Shahbaz Anwar, 2 B

If I were a teacher, I would guide the children. I would make them behave well and also teach them to be gentle. I would love them all very much.

S Balayogesh, 2 B

If I were a teacher, I would teach the children to sing. I would tell them jokes in class. I would tell the leaders to mind the class. I would correct the books and ask the leaders to distribute the books to the students. I would punish the bad children. I would help the children to arrange the desks and benches. I would take care of my children.

Krishnanunni, 2 B

If I were a teacher, I would write on the blackboard with a chalk. I would read them stories. I would beat the children who talk and play during class. I would call the naughty children's parents.

Renoy, 2 C

If I were a teacher, I would not care for money. I will teach the children good manners. I will give the children knowledge. I will teach them maths.

Jacob J Puthenveetil, 2 C

If I were a teacher, I would teach in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd standards. I would take them to the multimedia room often. I would correct their notebooks. I would teach them Hindi, English and Malayalam. I would ask them questions. I would let them play if there is no class.

Allan Suresh, 2 C

IF I Had Super Powers...

I wish I had the power to fly. Then I would be able to fly across the blue sky with the birds. I would love to wear a cape like Batman. I would help people if they are in danger.

Elton John Fernandez, 3 A

I wish I could have the powers of all the members of the Justice League. Then I would become the most powerful super hero in the world. I could help out all the good people. Everyone will like me a lot and I will be the favourite superhero of all my classmates.

Navaneeth Krishna, 3A

I wish I had the power to change my form at will. Then I could take the form of any person I want to become. Thus I could easily fool all the bad guys and could put them in jail. I would also be a role model of to all.

Aswin R, 3A

If I had superpowers, I would become a super hero just like Krrish. I would wear a black mask over my face and wear a shiny black dress with a cape. With my strong muscles I would defeat all the evil villains. I would chase them in the air and catch them.

Narendran M, 3 B

If I had super powers, I would use it to help people who are in trouble. I would be a super hero just like Spiderman and swing from the top of tall buildings using my webs. I would make sure that the city is a much better place to live in.

Albert Jacob, 3 B

My favourite super power is super human strength. I would constantly be on the look out for danger. I would prevent accidents on the



road by lifting up the cars that are going to crash and put them in some other place. If I had super human strength I would have also helped the survivors of Tsunami by helping to relocate them, building houses for them etc.

Rahul S Nair, 3 B

If I had super human powers, I would want to be invisible. I would use it to fool bad people and play pranks on them. I could hit bad people and they would not be able to hit me back as they cannot see me. Hence I could teach all the bad people a lesson.

Mrinal P, 3 B

If I had super powers, I would want to be like Wolverine. Then I could use my metal claws to fight other mutant villains like Magneto, Quicksilver and Apocalypse. Because of my titanium bones and special self-healing capabilities I could not be killed by anyone. Thus I can fight for justice without fear of death.

Abhishek M R, 3 C

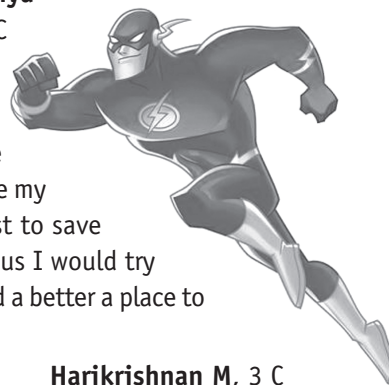
If I had super powers I would fly around the whole world. I would fight against evil and use my mind reading power to defeat my opponents. I would also shoot web from my hands like Spiderman does. I would also run faster than a cheetah and also destroy super villains with my cool attacks

Aadithya

Narayanan, 3 C

If I had super powers, I would try to be just like Flash. I would use my ability to run fast to save the innocent. Thus I would try to make the world a better place to live in.

Harikrishnan M, 3 C





WHY LOYOLITES LOVE COMING TO SCHOOL

Loyolites love coming to school because of the immense freedom that we enjoy here. We are encouraged to study properly and also to play well. The school insists on us speaking in English in the campus. This is useful when we have to interact with different people. We have a very good Principal Rev. Fr. Varghese Anikuzhy, who encourages extra curricular activities. There is a large playground as well as a park where we can play. The upcoming indoor stadium is an imposing figure in the school. It provides an important opportunity for us to concentrate on sports like badminton, basketball, volleyball and hockey. Our school also has a huge library packed with a variety of books. Further our teachers are excellent. They inspire us to become THE BEST. And for all these reasons Loyolites simply can't resist coming to school!

Stephen J Netto, 4 A

My second home

Loyola is a magical place where I can learn and play. I get a lot of freedom here. Loyola is my second home because the teachers here are just like our own mothers. They help us to study and become better persons. Coming to school gives me a lot of happiness. The school has many playgrounds. It is very pleasant to be here. Here we also get many games periods to have fun! My fellow students are just like my brothers. We play together and enjoy each others' company. I love my school because of the good advice, love and generosity of the teachers, the Principal and the Vice Principal.

Gautham K Sajith, 4 B

Morning Walks

Walking for some time in the morning is a good way to start the day. Whenever I have the time I go for a morning walk with my parents. There is a park on the way and when I reach there I play for a while in the park, while my parents continue their walk. Sometimes I do not stop to play in the park. Instead I walk with my parents the whole way. During my morning walk I hear many beautiful birds twittering. I like my morning walks because it is a good exercise and an easy way to remain healthy. So don't be lazy, get out, feel the fresh air and have a refreshing morning walk!

Athul Prem, 4 C

THE MOMENT I SHALL CHERISH FOREVER.....

January 30th 2004, is the one day in my life which I can never forget. After I returned from school I heard that my mother had been admitted to the hospital. My father took me to the hospital to see her. When I went to the room given to my mother I saw a small baby lying near my mother - that was my sister. Her name is Subhadra Devi G. I shall never forget the first moment when I took her in my hands.

Anoop Krishnan P.G, 5 B

I Wish I Could Have Been A Millionaire....

A millionaire is the luckiest person in the world. I wish I could have be a millionaire. I would have been swimming in oodles and oodles of money. I would have driven around the city in my flashy sports bikes, luxury cars and made all the others jealous of me. I would have lived in a huge mansion that most people could not even have dreamed of. My mansion would have spread over acres and acres of land. The house would have had diamond statues in every room. The halls would be lined with portraits painted by world renowned artists. I could even have performed many charitable acts and made life better for millions of poor people. I would have opened up numerous factories all over the country and would have made employment available for the lakhs and lakhs of Indian youth. I would also have helped those in need of money by opening banks all over the country that would loan them money without any interest and for long periods of time. Thus I would enable India to become the most developed country in the world. But all this is possible only if God blesses me. So all of you please pray for me!



Abraham J Thomas, 5 A

Sportsman spirit for fans...

In the light of the victory of the Indian cricket team in the inaugural 20 20 world cup I wish to state that our team was very sporting in going and wishing the Pakistani team after the match was over. All the team members were graceful in wishing the Pakistan team members. Even during the game both teams were very sporting with each other despite the tension of a closely fought match. The rejoicing of the fans all over India and the showering of praises for the Indian team brought to my mind the unsporting behaviour of some fans after our failure in the West Indies. The very fans who now praise Mahendra Singh Dhoni and his team were responsible for damaging his home six months back, in March 2007. They also threw stones at the house of Mohammed Kaif who, a year before was the hero of the Natwest trophy. Therefore the fans must understand to take victory and defeat sportingly.

Cherian Thelly, 5 B

SUMMER – MY FAVOURITE TIME OF THE YEAR

The day was bright and sunny. When I woke up, I knew that it was the beginning of the summer season. I ran down the stairs to get a glimpse of the beautiful morning. I love the summer season because it is time for the holidays. I get to eat a lot of ice creams and drink a lot of home made juice. I also get to enjoy my mother's tasty fruit juices. I get to dance and play throughout the day without having to bother about my studies. During this time there are also a number of fun television programmes that I can watch. Thus I thoroughly enjoy myself during summer.

Rahul Sundar R, 4 C

A Dreadful Nightmare!

It was a cold evening. My mother was in the backyard cleaning carrots she had plucked from her garden. It was then that she noticed that a rabbit was sitting next to her. She thought she saw a hungry look on the rabbit's face when she turned to take a carrot. As she turned back to look at it again the rabbit had suddenly disappeared. She was filled with many doubts. Suddenly something pushed her down and bit her hand and vanished into the darkness. My mother screamed with pain. My dad called the doctor. I started to get worried. But the doctor calmed me and said that there was nothing to worry about. He advised her to wash her hands with cold water.

At midnight when I was fast asleep, a loud thud woke me up. The sound had come from my mother's room. I went inside and was shocked at the sight that greeted me. My mother was looking like a human wolf.

It was then that I understood what might have bitten my mother. It was a werewolf. When the werewolf bit my mother it passed the curse onto my mother and she would transform into a werewolf every full moon night.

I stood rooted to the spot. Something had bit me. Pain shot through my back. It was my mother. My mother had bitten me. The curse had been passed onto me. It was scary. I felt like someone else. It made me shiver. Then something fell on my face. It felt like water. I opened my eyes to find my mother's smiling face. My mother was alright. I was also alright. Thank god! It was all just a scary nightmare!

Ashish V Hedge, 5 C



LESSER KNOWN FACTS ABOUT LOYOLA

1. Did you know that there was a python named Kaa in the cage under the stairs?
2. Did you know that the Championship trophy of LaFest 2007 was a three-and-a-half foot tall Nataraja statue weighing 4 ½ kg?
3. Did you know that the first ISC batch of Loyola visited Kashmir as a part of a study tour and the cost per head was Rs.200?
4. Did you know that Fr. Varghese Anikuzhy has been Principal of Loyola School for 15 years in two turns?
5. Did you know that the Loyola flag had a different emblem with an eagle sitting on the earth and two small Indian flags on either side?
6. Did you know that there are a total of 926 potted plants in our school campus?
7. Did you know that Loyola was the first school in the city to own a school bus?
8. Did you know that in Loyola student representatives including the School Leader are not selected but elected through secret ballots?

Budding Bards



Meet Myself

Everyday as the sun sets
I line up for my wages,
and leave carrying my ashes home.
As I sit down to my dinner
served by my wife, that poor lady
with hollow empty eyes,
ash turns to dust.

Welcome to my workplace
where stones are made.
Specially crafted by the ones
who are bereft of dream,
Pieces of earth pregnant with an angel each,
await the liberating chisel.
Flint and stone or
gravel and sand –
something flying from the rocks
all the time.

The perpetuation of a mistake
an unfortunate ancestor made
The Seth smile as he calculated:
As many generations as the money.

One day his men barged into my hut
They took everything.
When at last there was nothing,
they shoved that too into their bag
and walked away whistling.
At least they left my wife alone.

I once had a mother
She died before I could ask her her name
Nobody knows her name!
The other day a saffron clad beard
walked the streets, begging with a bowl.

People thronged His presence.
Very proudly I got Padma to give him food.
If Greatness lies
In eating cowfeed three times a day,
Or eating nothing at all
I should have been God by now.

My son, he studies well.
he keeps telling things about
the sky, the dam and the plants.
One day he will become a great doctor.
He will cure for a very small fee
and get people to eat less.
We will have a car and Padma can
drink lots of coloured soda,
the good variety...

...If Mohan survives to be twenty.

Nor for long. The Winds of Change are coming,
My friend Balu tells me with fire in his eyes.
When? Today? Tomorrow? asks Mohan, fire in
his belly.
Fire...hmph. The same thing that makes meat
turns into a celestial vehicle for the liberated
from the burning ground.

Not for me are those heavens
Higher realms of God await my arrival.
Evergreen immortals smile upon me
Reaching out with sparkling clear arms
Let me taste them, their honey
It's been too long, now,
It's time. Water!

Guru Das S, 12 A

Ms. PRETTY

I saw a little flower,
It was very pretty.

I loved its colour,
And called it Ms. Pretty.

Little butterflies, bees,
Came around Ms. Pretty,

They drank from her honey,
And went away flying!

Rahul B, 1 C

Night

I wait for the night to fall,

To go to sleep,

I love my little bed,

So warm and sweet,

I dream about playing,

I dream about smiling,

Happy to sleep, I am

In the comfort of my little bed.

Govind Venugopal, 1 C

Birds...

I wish I could be a bird
To be free to fly
I would spread my wings
And soar through the sky!

I wish I could be the eagle
The king of all birds
He is stronger than all others
And flies the highest!

I wish I could be the parrot
The cleverest of all birds
He can talk clearly
Just like a man.

I wish I could be a bird
How lovely would it be!
To fly high in the sky
Is the greatest joy ever!

Madhav Ramesh, 2 C

IF I WERE THE SCHOOL LEADER

I wish I were the school leader

Then all would respect me!

I could go to any class

To help out the students.

I wish I were the school leader

Then I could help all the teachers

And be friendly with all

And be the best boy in school.

I wish I were the school leader

Then I could distribute trophies

And give away prizes

And be famous among all.

Vivek Wilkins, 3 B

Lost

Darkness suddenly surrounded me
As I found myself lost deep within a forest,
I was surrounded by creatures unknown
Not a clue had I about my whereabouts

Lost in the forbidden forest,
I was scared and I ran about,
To strike upon a tiny ray of light,
To get some relief from this horrid plight

Suddenly it began to get really hot
As I opened my eyes to see where I was
I was surprised to find myself awake
In my bedroom, in the middle of the night....

Athul Krishnan, 5 A

SUMMER HAS BEGUN!

I woke up from my bed
I ran out to see the red
And bright flash of the sun
For the summer season had begun

I danced by throwing the flowers
And kept on looking at the towers
As I sang to the tune of the blazing heat
And began eating a splendid treat

Corn fields stretched tender green
To the right and left beside my walks
And as I paused to hear a birds song
I noticed that his mate sat listening along

Soon it was time it for night
And I had lost all my might
By dancing and glancing at the sun
For the summer season had begun

Such is the beauty of summer
That it brings happiness in everybody
And everybody danced by the light of the sun
For the summer season had begun!

Ashish V Hegde, 5 C

If I were a...

If I were a doctor when I grow up
Oh! I would be busy day and night.
Patients to treat and medicines to prescribe

If I were a teacher when I grow up
I would have to teach the noisiest students.
And a sore throat will I have for the rest of my life.

If I were a mechanic when I grow up
Oh! I would be stuck between damaged cars
And I would be covered in oil, dust and smoke.

If I were a mathematician when I grow up
I'd have so much fun solving problems
Then I would never have to use a calculator.

I want to be so many things when I grow up
And I often think about what I would be
But I want to be all these things.

Aravind R, 5 A

The little owl



I see an owl
In my dreams
A baby owl,
A cute one.

With silver white stripes
Small eyes and nostrils
He makes me dance
Though in my dreams

Though different in tastes
We are good friends
And it seemed as if
Our friendship each hour

Sometimes he gets angry and sometimes sad
But when together we are happy
And together we will always be
But only in my dreams.

Rohit G, 5 C

THE MIDNIGHT GHOST

A nightmare I had
In the dead of the night
It was frightening like the lightning
Which flashes across the sky

I heard the creak of a door
When I checked, it was a ghost!

I went to my mother
Because I was so afraid
A ghost with clothes all white
It was very very scary!

Next morning we went to the police
They investigated the whole house
All so serious
Some things were missing
It was then we realized
That the ghost was indeed a thief.

George Kuriakose, 5 C Adhithya mohan, 6 C

A Forest Adventure



Deep in the forest I saw a deer,
He was standing frozen with fear.
For there in front of him stood,
The majestic tiger staring at his food.

The tiger tried to pounce on him,
To tear him apart limb from limb,
The deer ran away in haste, but in vain
For the tiger killed him without refrain.

He tore apart the deer with his claws,
He strangled him with his mighty jaws.
I watched this murder, a treacherous sin
And beheld the tiger flash his cruel grin.

The very special place

A place where adults can stay,
And watch their children play.

A place where one can rest,
And won't be put to test.

A place where there is peace of mind,
That thieves shall never find.

With neither heat nor cold,
And filled with happiness untold.

A place without any fear,
Where we won't have to shed a tear.

A place that is always cherished,
Every nook and corner furnished.

A place which cannot be described in words,
A place full of heavenly birds.

A place worth desiring,
Devoid of any crying.

A place full of happiness,
Overflowing with liveliness.

A place full of hope,
With unbounded scope.

A place that always shines at its best,
Where anyone who enters is a special guest.

A place which can be described on and on,
Whose beauty never ceases once its born.

And that place, that very special place,
Is my home, Sweet Home!

Kurian Kuriakose, 7 A

My School

The abode of studies,
The dome of peace,
The home away from home,
It is but my very own school!

Filled with a swarm of students,
Laughing and playing, studying and joking,
It is filled with the bustle of student life,
Throughout the beautiful day.

The huge building towering over,
The beautiful evergreen plants
Is the face of my,
Lovely, beautiful and proud school.

Here joy and mirth abounds,
And blessed am I to be here,
In this tranquil Heaven
That my school proves to be!

Aravind Sreekumar, 7 A

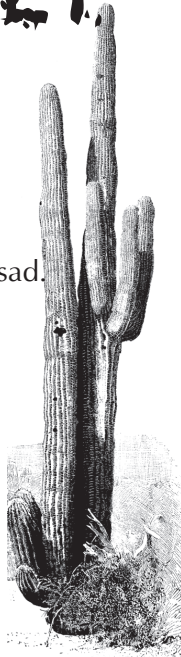
THE LONELY CACTUS

In the midst of the desert,
Ten miles from an oasis,
Stood an old cactus, lonely and sad.

Looking at the vast sea of sand,
It said, "Why did God put me
In such a desolate land?"

Like a milestone it stands
Giving some hope to caravans
Journeying from distant lands

Like a small pole with thorns
It stands out amidst the sands.
A victim of sheer loneliness



Roshan L, 8C



Dreams

Flashes come into my mind
when I'm not awake
They're so hard to find
like a pearl lost in a lake

I would just wonder
what these flashes were?
But finally I would surrender
and the flashes only a blur

It comes but never shows itself
Just like the bee hums
It passes the high shelf
As though tomorrow never comes

I would wonder about nature
The shadows of the blazing sun
God made each feature
To enjoy nature's fun

I have been in a midst
Of the shimmering blanket of the sea
But the magic is covered by the mist
And it soothes me and makes me free

These flashes are like my dreams
that I see when I'm asleep
These flashes are like my dreams
Like that of the imagination I keep

Kiran Mathew, 7 C

Sky... a chameleon

I lay silently on the grass;
Staring at the dark blue sky.
As the twilight slowly appeared,
And the last star vanished.

Gradually the sky became bright;
As the sun rose to his full glory
Sounds of nature filled the golden air,
It was a beautiful sight...it was....

The sun rose higher into the sky;
I was underneath his glory,
And prying between my fingers
I saw his aurora where it lingered.

Slowly the evening arrived
With the sun vanishing into oblivion.
The clouds melted into an orange shade
As people came to laze in the park.

The people went away lazily,
But I sat there watching;
Watching as the dawn painted
A masterpiece of the sky

The sky darkened;
Into a black infinite expanse.
The first white star appeared
Producing a beautiful contrast.

I felt sleepy and turned my body,
And I slipped into the hands of sleep.
Dreaming of the inky sky;
Changing like a chameleon.

Athul T Narayanan, 8B

Beauty of Love



I woke up from my restless slumber
Filled to the brim with thoughts of love
Sleep had abandoned me, no rest no peace
Vanquished by love and tantalizing thoughts

I turned to Christ, My Holy Lord
And called upon Him to set me at ease
But even He refused my prayer
And left me wondering in despair.

All matured advice I did seek
But they too were of no avail.
I wandered about from place to place
But my quest left me in a tangled maze.

I sought refuge at holy places
But there too I could not find my recluse
It was then that I met and befriended
Holy men, wise and pious.

They guided me to the truth
That God showed me all along
The truth to which I was blinded
Fooled by mind, clouded by doubt.

It was divine and pure love that was within me
The love to serve and not to be served
The love to man and mankind
That love which makes this world beautiful!

Soorya V Anand, 8 C

My Marine Love

I saw her first on a hot summer day
When the sun shone with all its might
I was preparing for a little dip
When I saw her rising up

She leapt up and rushed back
Into the bright blue waters of the sea
Where she shimmered like a diamond
Lost in the bounds of the blue sea

I wondered what she could be
Who was this skilled swimmer
That roamed the ocean with
An adeptness never known before?

Was she the mermaid that ruled
The raging waters of the sea?
I do not know....But to me
She will always be my marine sea love.

Ajay Krishnan, 8 C

SIXTEEN AT LAST

Today is the day – I'm sixteen at last
And boy am I sure glad!
Being little is now a thing of the past
For I am no more a mere lad.

My wardrobe now needs change
It needs a touch of glitz and glamour
With a set of fashionable clothes over a wide range

I now require a room to call my own
Where I shall seek solitude and repose.
Time has flown and I have grown
And I have bloomed just like a rose

Teenage they say is a troublesome age
But I shall not be that easily led
And mom and dad, If you go through this page
Please do consider what I have said.

Aravind Ajaiyabhas, X A



Caged

How I long to fly
Skimming gaily across the vast blue sky
Throughout the day and throughout the night'
Roaming full the eternal sky!

But from here, in my little cage
It is only a dream so distant that I can only imagine!
In this abode of mine, I sing and chirp for my
ladies pleasure
While my heart weeps with sorrow.

I hope to be free one day
I fill my heart with that meek desire,
I see my brothers flying up so high
And the desire of feeling the wind...it builds
up within me.

How I long to fly
Skimming gaily across the vast blue sky
Throughout the day and throughout the night'
Roaming full the eternal sky!

I long to fly and see the world
To feel the pulse and excitement of it all,
To build a nest ever so beautiful,
With twigs, leaves and a whiff of love...my
humble abode!

The days pass by but here I remain
I am now nearing my end,
But yet my dream lives on.
That hope within me keeps me alive.

And now I see myself, through my own eyes
Skimming gaily across the vast blue sky
Throughout the day and throughout the night'
Roaming full the eternal sky!

Arun Alexander, 9 C

In The Darkness...

I find myself
Cast away
In utter darkness
As if I lost my way
I don't know where I am,
Am I standing in air?
Is there solid earth beneath me?
I cannot see.....
Out of nowhere
A light suddenly flickers
I find myself
In a dark dungeon.
I was caught doing wrong
It isn't going to be long
I am waiting for my doom
In the lonely dark room.
All I have in my hand
Is a penknife and a rubber band
I cut off the ropes with my knife
I shall not beget to them my life.
There comes a knock on the door
I dropped down as if I am dead



The man comes into check on me
I assure you that it is the last he will see
Slitting open his throat
It wasn't a hard errand
For me it was like killing a goat.
I turned the door knob
Stepping into the hall
I find myself facing two thugs
I bring them down
As I squash out their lungs.
I walk out through a door
There is not a man in sight
The next door banged behind me...
I walked out through another door
I bring a guard down to the floor
I get out of the building
There lies a car
And the main road stretching
Finally I am out of here
But I don't know where I'm heading.....
Akhil

Empty wayside and tear-filled eyes

I walk the road with a heavy heart,
My soul as empty as the path I trod.
My sight hath lost its colour.
Blurred 'tis with the tears I hath.
Yet I wander, knowing not when to stop.
My memories stick to my mind,
Like the dew drops that kiss the rose.
They prove to be but thorns in guise
That drain the ruddiness from my heart.
Yet I trod on, cursed by His eternal wrath.!!
I look around the path I trod
And see nothing but loss.
The tears that fill my eyes,
Surely do leave their paths behind.

And etch the wounds that cover my soul!
I thirst for relief,
Like a peacock that thirsts for the rain.
And in that hope of glee,
I try to erase the guilt that burns within me.
Yet I trod on and on like the eternal time.
Plenty of hope have I amassed,
Through this long journey of mine.
With that hope I want to wander
Through the thick and thin that I beget.
And thus I trod on and on till the end of the
wayside!

Kiran D, Std XI A

The last visitor..

The white curtain thickened,
The cold breath whistled,
Trudging through the nothingness,
To the shack near the moor.

Heavily packed with fur of the
Reptilian eyes gleaming and radiating
With the Celestial flame of purpose...
The lone owl did hoot...
Invigorating??

Crumbling walls,
The broken panes,
Shrieking windows,
The withered mistletoe...
An epitome...

The light flickered,
She was sitting near Mother..
Her fingers caressing,
Her forehead.
Eighty three Christmas's;
Mistletoe, presents,
Cathartic, poignant?
Romantic, emotions.
Clouded psyche?

He walked in inconspicuously,
perpetuating the moribund silence..
And seated himself.
Eyes gleaming with the flame of purpose.

She was muttering of those days,
When there was a brighter tomorrow..
When the sun smiled down,
When she opened her first Christmas present...
The nutcrackers looked metaphorical...
The mirror shone,
A beautiful lady looked back

Her sweetheart



those eyes
De ja vu??

Her kids, their trifles:
Her life.....the roses
Given to her by Damien, the
Picture by Emma...her life..

The tragedy, those
Sleepless nights,
She used to gaze at the sky
One more star in that labyrinth..

Her children,
She knows not where they are,
But the rose and the picture,
Still smiled down from the wall...

Reminiscence???

He ran his pale fingers
On his scarred face, ephemeral signatures??
He rose up from that penetrating stillness,
It became chilly...

No one noticed him
Opening and closing the door
The white curtain was thicker
He dissolved into oblivion

Her fingers did not twitch any more
Her mouth was pursed
Eyes sparkled in the darkness
Stillness answering the silence...

The light did not flicker
The owl did not hoot
As he slowly trudged away
From the shack by the moor...

Siddharth V Anand, XI A