

UKG A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008


 Mashar Nair D. Ramkshnan S., Geomel Geogge, Anuind P, Goku K Sung, Fovan Foy, Akul Baskistnan. Acifya A. Thomas J Kumtealath


UXG B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008






I A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sitting (L to R): Aadithya Krishna, Krishna Gopal, Gaurav Sreekumar, Harikrishna B, Naveen U S, Thomas Arvee, Jacob Thomas, Ann Pius(Class Teacher) Vishnu S, Chinmay Sharan Vyas, Mukundan S, Eric Johnson, Abhinav Paul Mathew, Pranav P S. Standing (First Row L to R): Adhish Saravan, Kishore R R Ajin Abraham Daniel, Joseph Raveen Sydney, Sriram Ramesh, Adarsh Shankar R S, Vysakh Krishnan, Midhun S Kumar, Ipe Joseph, Rohit Chivukula Standing (Second Row L to R): Nikhil Krishnan, Amith Prem, Nithin Philip, Siddarth B Pai, Navaneeth Raj, Sandeep Xaviour, Nihal Manoj, Jithin Jose Karthik P M, Atul J Prakash, Akash Saji, Gokul S. Standing(Third Row L to R):Asvanth S Anii, Aryan S Rajeev, Abhishek J Chandran, Stephen Thomas Varghese Vinayak Rakesh, Vignesh Mahadevan, Sankar S Nair, Abin Charles, Pranav Thampy, Adithya Gopan, Ramal Mohammed.


IB, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008
Siting (L to R) Praveen Siva Subtramanian, Swaroop Senadhipan, Alex Thomas Abraham, Gchut Devin Prabhakar, Rohit Anil Kumar, Kripa Shankar SR Sanjith S Kumar, Mrs Lovely Romin (Class Teacher), Siddarth K S, Ignatious Joseph, Roshan M, Nova Tharayil, Sreeram S, Jerry Thomas, Ivan S Standing (First Row L to R) Mark Manuel S, Akash R, Johny Franos, Akshay Krishna A S, Aravind G, Adithya Hani, Abhilith S, Mukhil P B, Pranav P Nair
 Niranian V. Adarsh Subhramaniam, Naveen A B, Bhramadutt B S. Standing (Third, Row L to R)-Vikram Surya, Joshua Ben, Joe Thomas Cheryan Herranth Pradeep,Dev Narayan R, Adith Aliay, Amal Nazeer, Rohan Dinesh, Harigovind S. Absenlees: Nkhil Bieu Aswin S,Farthan Abmed


IC, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-200B
 Martin J Joseph, Timothy Arvee, Subin Wifred, Nandagopal A. Harisankar S, Rahul B. Standing (First Row L to R): Gautham V S, Sanker Valabhan A Ajiun V Nar, Karthik R, Adizya G Aith, Shawn Felix Neto, Unnkrishnan S, Joel Justin, John Noble, Akshay La S A, Veniktachalam L, Adiltya Maheswar AS Ashwath Ajth, Akash S B, Yadu Krishnan, Standing (Second Row L to R): Avin G Chacko, Govind Venugopal, Advaith B, Sancho Simon, Adithyan C A Barat S Kishnan, Ankith C Wifred, Sweroop Sory. Anandu Sajoo, Sedan Saji. Akesh S Zabin, Tinu George,Adthyan K. Sreeram Saith Sankalp S. Absentee Rohan C


II A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sitting (L to R): Chris Francies, Abhijth Narayan S, Hrishikesh S, Sujel S Suril, Ben Kuriakose John, Advaith Umesh,Mart Murray (Class Taacher), Sreehari H Gautam Anil، Allan Ben D'cruz, Vishnu V S, Aswin Das, Rajdeep Jayan. Standing (First Row Li to R): Ajay S M, Dave Joy Sujeer, Roshan J Fernandez Alan Thomas, Agun S Nair, Abhishok Maria Manuel, Abin P Mathew, Mohemmed Ishan J, Sidderth Surya S R, Roshan Paul Augustroe, Vaishnav Adarsh M. Standing (Second Row L to R): Ritheah S Neir, Adityya Sekhar, Krishna Prased S R, Akhil Nishad.Ajey Krighnan R M, Aksgh S D, Verugopal S Govind S P, Reuben Thomas, Dithin D K, Madhav P B, Gautham S, Standing \{Third Row L to Ry Abby S, Vignesh R Krishne, Amarthya Sreekantan Ayush A Haq, Ganesh Thampi A, Rohan Raju, Padmajan S. Akash S,Akhil S Pravin, Paul Joy. Absentees: Akash M, Nevin Koehy John


II B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sitting(Left to Right): Arjun S, Vishnu R, Arjun Sekhar G.S., Rithwik B.S., Thariq Shajahan, Deepak Nair, Mrs. Jinsam Shibu (Class teacher), Rohan C Kumar John T Michael, Rohit M Nair, Philip Asok Alex,Danith Renjan,Abhishek Naath S. Standing (First Row L to R): Padmanabhan S, Vinson V, Aravind Sabu Sam Stephen, Sabarikrishnan S, Krishnanunni M, Gautham S Lal, Sidharth Lal, Anoop A, Gokul S. Standing (Second Row Lto R): Shahbaz Anwar,Nevin P Biju Rohan SThomas, Ajay Philip John, Visakh Neelakantan V, Allan Joseph, Arjun Jose, Gautham Viswanath, Harinath Ravi, Kevin Paul Ebenezer, Gautam AS Joel J Gomez. Standing (Third Row L to R): Abhinand H, Vaibhav K, Rohit H K Nair, Harshavardhan AL, Nihar Wilson, Amith Santhosh, Balayogesh S Fayaz Fir Shad, Aanand Nair, Aravind A, Aswin Asok J. Absentees: Aryan Deepak Lal, Akshay Prem, Sebastian John K.


IIC, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUYANANTHAPURAM, 2007-200t
 Konneth Paul Simon Dariel Alexander, Aabid Muhammed Sabir, Akash Thamas, Srinandan P. Standing (First Row Lto R): Varghese K, Siddarth RK Kenneth Paul Simon, Daniel Arexander, Aabid Muhammed Sabir, Akash Thomas, Srinandan P, Slanding (FFirst Row Lio R): Varghese K, Siddarih RK Kevin Thomas Simon. Stancing (Second Row L to R): Angion Sugathan, Bipin B dacob, Machav, Rameebh, Jacob J Putharveetil Joth Thomas kdicula, Alan Sureet Ben Sam, Vignesh R, Rency Ranjith, Akshay S S, Vismay Valsaraj, Anirudh Sugathan.


III A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUYANANTHAPURAK, 2007-2008
Sitting (Lto R): Nandagopal S, Saurav K S, Elton John Fernandez, Christo Jackson, Abhijith Mohan, Rahul Roy Mathew, Rohan Harikumar Mrs Geetha Thomas (Class Teacher), Sharon Antony, Siddhartha A, Sreekrishna S. Alex Kurian Varghese, Alay I Thampy, Adithya H Nair Standing (First Row L. to R): Aswin R, Athul Mano), Ganesh Krishna P A. Harinarayanan, Mohamed Zayan Mukthar, Anathanarayan B Akhil A S, Gautam Krishna, Keshav S Nair, Noel Renjit,Aadithya G. Standing (Second Row L to R): Vinayak Madhu Menon, Sangeeth Saja Abhijeh S S, Rajath S, Pavan Rakesh, Navaneeth Krishna, Rohan P Artory, Alan Mathew Cherian, Sabarinath M B. Suhail Ahmed Mavak Shra J Standing (Third Row L to R): Hrithik Rohan Nambiar, Shreyas Vasudev, Nived Chandrashekaran, Gopik Santhosh, Madhay S Kumar Gokuil Krishna Gopakumar, Vishnu V, Nikha S, Madhav Muraieedharan, Anand Raju Antony, John B James. Absentoes: Arawind Anil,Aldrin Antony


IIIB, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2006 Sitting (L to R)Herishīkesh M M, Sanjay H, Noel Thamas Bejoy, George Zacharia V, Karthik Raje日v, Sabarish V Gopal, Sudha K (Class Teacher) Midhun Sreenivas, Aanand $S$ J., Thomas P Alaxander, Narendran M, Roshan Avil Kumar Salunke, Gautam Vnod. Standirg (First Row L to Ry: Aghin Laurel R Harishankar Suresh, Subhasish Dash, Akhil A, Rishikesh R, Devaanandh A, Ashwin Prathap, Sachit Shankar S. Albert Jacob, Ajay Dev S Standing (Second Row Left to Right): Jacob Thomas K, Akmal Ahmed, Ganesh S, Vivek Wikins, Abhiram S S, Rahul Cherian V. Richy Yesudas Allan John Tom, Akshay Thampi U, Adittya Satheesh, Nived P S. Standing (Third Row Lett to Right): Arjun Suresh, Rah


IIIC, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2068
Siting (L to R): Ashil Krishna, Sai Ganesh, Madhav S, David Thomas Sebasilian, Adiunya M, Rahul R, Beena Kutly(Class Teacher), Rariknisinan M S Agjun Shanavaz, Akhi Raj, Nanda Gopal S, Reuben Abraham Zacharias, Jacob Kurien. Standing (First Row Lito R): Madhav M Padmanabhan, Nranjan B Adarsh Sivan S, Soorya S Padmanaban, Anu S Joseph, Sekhar M B, Rohit R Shekar, Manu George, Naveen Narayan, Sajlth Kumar S, Savio Alex Aadiltya Narayanan S. Stending (Second Row L io R): Arjun Jayachandran, Dhruan S, Divakar Mahesh S, Sreejith S, Jeeva Suril, Arun M S Akshay J Ganesh Abhishek M R, Saurav N, Fayaz Mohammed M, Ryan K, Ananthu Nath S, Aen B.


IV A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008
Siting (L to R): Amal A R, Nadim S, Abhishek Sam Alexander, Rahul Krishna, Sarjo Santhosh, Kerin Varkey Alex, Mrs Grace Thomas (Class Teacher) Aswin Rajesh, Prashanth Stva Shanmugham, Hiran A J. Sonu Xavier, Adithya Rel), Anand B N. Standing (First Row Lto RxVVignesh Vliay, Adithyan PB Jayakrishnan IS. Rahul Sharma S, Sandy Fred, Ganesh Chandran S, Stephen Joseph Netto, Vishnu M P, Siddharth V S. Amith Sankar Sunil Lal. Slanding (Second Row L to R): Melwin Raphy. Roy Mathew, Vipay Raj J, Ritwy Pradeep, Rajath U Krishna, Joe Augustine Thomas, Tony Danial Rchil Viagakumar, Rohit C, Keshav A Nair, Abhishek Thomas, Amrith Santhosh, Standing (Third Row L Io R): Adilthys Sudheer, Immaruel Kuriakose Murali K, Nevin Joseph Paul, Adieflya Vmatan, Aniay Thomas Kailath, Vachan Suresh, Jeffin Joy. Absentees: Jaccob James, Marcel Mark Lopees,Swaram Sajth


IV B, LYYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Stting (L to R): Sidharth S, Aswin G J, Shihas B Mchammed, Ananthakrishan B S, Amai Krishnas P, Mrs Mri Thomes(Class Teacher). Suryanarayana Panicker Emaya E. Ahshay S. Rino Joceph Jayan, Devanend V. Standing (Fisst Row L. to R): Rakesh Ramesh, Harharayanan S, Tony Domaric Sebastan B, Shyam Haridas Arun George Alex, Prahalad Karun Viljy, Rahul Bose, Samuel E George, Adithya S Nayar, Aksher Narayanan, Govind Krishna, Gautham Krishnan I P, Standirg (Second Row L to RJ. Aditya Kfishna Menon, Ganesh D, Agithya Narayanan, Joseph Joy, Mark H Goctree, Nibin Binu Samuel, Rohit R, Nargyana Sarma Bharathkishnan S, Bharath Nair S B, Anand M, Surai R, Amrith Rai S. Slandiog (Third Row L. to R): Mukundan A, Govarchan R, Abiahek Jayan, Akhil Satheesh Antory S Chirayll, Gauri Shankar S, Sidharth S, Gautham K Sajih, Adarsh Vijaya Kumar, Aravind S Krishnan, Vignesh Krishnan, Rohik Nair A V.


IV C, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHA PURAM, 2007-2006
Siming (L to R): Nithin Kuzjumon, Akshay Das, Jool Josaph Reji. Nikhi S Hand, Ajay Gopan G, Tom P Jojp, Ranjni Raju (Class Teacher), Harish S MoniMishakh SB Pranav Sebastian, Rishikesh S, Livian Rufus, Ashique Lat. Standing (First Row L to Ry. Govind G S, Aditchandra, Alex M, Haroon Khadar, Naz Rahman Achubl S Kumar, Arsvind Nai, Roshen Rahman, Nilhin S Nair, Kailas Nath K S, Anoop B, Atwi Prem, Agitrya Sabu, Amal Saju Kalarickai, Taniah Zachariah Mathew Standing (Second Row L to R): Unni Krishnan Nair R,Joel G Rej. Surai S,Ananth A,Rahul Benny,Dal Type Jomson, Josh J Fernandez, Rahul Sunder R Rahul Sajeey Krishnan, Krishnadev, J, Santhosh Rishi LM, Nikhil Jose, Ken Sonny, Absentees: Anantha Krishnan


VA, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUYANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2004 Siting (L to R): Benedict Varghese Josh, Sarkar S Thyagu, Aleesh Ahammed N, Sabari Viay, Rohit P Jacob, Mrs Maitri Rathi (Class Teacher), Arun Govind T Shyam C, Akhil Anoop, Harikrishnan A, Madhav H, Ramesh S Nair. Standing (First Row L to R): Akkshay G, Aravind Krishnan, Hafiz F, Deepokk lype Koshi Rohan R, Kristras S, Aravind Ramachandran, Gokul Manon, Nithin Prasad S, Armal Babu, Amal James, Varun Sujth Nar, Adthya Santhosh, Naziud Sanjoev Menon Standing (Second Row L to R): Adarsh S R, Anandan M S, Sushant Sam Varghese, Joseph Kurian. Mathews Gecrge, Stvadev S, Arjun Padma A S, Deepak John Abraham I Thomas, Athul Kristria A, Anirudh Prathap, Gandhlal J K. Standing (Third Riow L to R); Ajay A Kumar. Anand K B, Dhanush Krishnan S, Sachin Suresh Aravind R, Rahul Kriahna R R, Kiran S Raj, Hariahankar R, Prabhul Pradeep Kumer, Achyuth M Nair, Aadithya Krishna Thampi G. Absentees: Amal Tom Badari Ansand.


VB, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTEAPURAM, 2007-2006 Siting (L to R): Rino Ani, Mahadev A, Siddarth Sunil, Dev Madhav S D, Arawnd A, Ganesh G S, Mrs Elaine Jobe (Teacher Teacher). Pajeev Nath S Ronnie Marmman Jacob, Anand Phip Jose, Sreyas M Nair, Rahur S B. Standing (First Row L to R):Vinayak S, Arjun A Nair, Ananthu ANar, Sachin R Cyriac T Kunnumpuram, Cyrus K Bijoy, Akhil P Nair, Jerin Xavier, Adarsh Reghunath, Aravind Senan, Namith Anil, Suhail S, Rohit R Sanding (Second Row L to R): Herknshnan K F, Jose P Mainew, Knslo Gison, Rohit David Joseph, Naveen P S, Aditya Narayan's, Reual Krsten Davis Wisacn Rajgh R, Siva Nandu P, Keshav U Krishna, Netaniel GR, Midhun Krishnan A d, Cherian 5 Thely Standing (Third Row L to R): Kevin Rengith, Suraf S R Aswin R, Gautam S M, Subin Edward Jude, Stiram S, Nikhil Nair S, Sendeep Sarvan, Veishnav J, Ancop Kriahna P G. Absentees; Roshan J Rollands, Vishnu Prasad S R, Jaivardhan A Menon.


VC, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-20088 Sitting (L to R): Akhil Rajan T, Paul Mathew Boben, Danied Mathews John, Rohan C Beddyson, Sriram S, S Hazeena (Class Teacher), Krishnankulty S Roshan C Beddyson, Rohit G, Karan S S, Ayay Ravi R. Standing (First Row L to R): Emil Fernandez, Joe Xavier, Akhil Nair A, Jthu G S, Sachin Santhosh Vinayak R, Manu S Joseph, Saurav B Nair, Ejas Khan A S, Nithin Thomas Alax, Ashish V Hodge, Georga Kuriakose, Jacob John Kannitta, Han Nair S Ivin W. Abhay R Ajth. Standing (Second Row L to R): Rahul Prakash, Aravind Venugopal, Philip Augustine Najan, Aanand Gangadher M S, Rishi Dev S Gautham Santhosh, Siddarth Mohan, Ron Jacob Mathew, Aline Tony Thachil, Aravind S Nair, Abhraham Raju, Athul Kumar P S, Aravind Senan V R


6 A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008
Sitting (L to R): Anand V Krishna, Somnath Kishore, Anand P J, Gokul Banthosh, Gautham Ravinciran, Rohit Narayanan K 8 Sujathe (Cless Teacher), Aromal B Manas, Adersh M, Jose Mathew, Karthik M, Gautham Vishnu M, Breedev P R. Standing (First Row L to R:) Abhijith Mohan R, James Jacob, Jacob Reny Abhraham. Akshay Shaji. Allen Roy Joseph. Abhishek J. Prakash. Amal Shaji. Akarsh Vijay. Aby Kuruvila. David Alexancer. Anirudh Sreeram. Akshay J Kumar Standing (Second Row L to R): Abey Antony M. Hari Mohan O. Bharath Gopal V. Aaditya Umesh. Arun Krishnan R, Ganesh $G$. Arun R, Rohan R, Aaditya V N, Abi $G$ John. Bennin W, Jithin Gopal. Standing (Third Row L to R): Anand S, George E George, Neeraj S, Nikhil Varghese, Zac New Begin, Mahesh Dilip, Aleef Mohammed, Daryt Mara RodicksT Adithya Joseph Mathew, Jacob Sebastian, Nivin Vinod.


VIB, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2097-2008 Swing (L Lo R): Amamath V, Neeraj Menon M, Vinay R Chendran, Gaun Shankar S, Aysy Zachaniah, Nendagopal G. Mos Lo Clank Classa Tescher, Scotin Aniony I John T P, Krishnanand S, Machav Thampi M, Sreeraj S. Standing (First Row L to R): Akash S Shaj; Akash Martin, Dennis Jacoob Varghese, Apjun JH Karan Sabu Thomas, Anand S, Jose Mathews, Gokui S, Rothis Pradeep, Kartik S, Sohan Thamas Slanty, Cahwn P. Sandrgg Seconnd Row L bo RyAbey Koshy ity Danny Anil, Sanjoe Sajan, Aswin P S, Hariknishnan S, Ganesh V, Ashiq Shyam, Neeraj P S, Bharath Krishna K B, Actvaih Shankar J Potty, Abhilash R Nair Abhilash Chacko Goorgi, Standing (Thivd Row L to R): Aditrya R, George Mathal, Rerjay R V, Paul Regin Joseph, Akshay Antony, Keith Ashiky Percy,Yohan Prilp Varun J Solomon, Govind Bhadran, Abhiram H, Shysal khan A


VI C, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUYANANTHAPURAX, 2007-2008 Sitting (L too R): Romeo M Raj; Anandu ML, Vivek Krishnan H, Roshan R Naganathan, Renu R C(Class Teacher), Adithya Mchan, Rathul Suresh, Sourath A Nair Afjun Syan. Standingl First Row Lio R): Navin Jude Christian, Tony Joeaph Tharayd, Gokul S Nair, Mohammed Shiraz S, George Jobn Kannita, Moddon M Mohaderan
 Amal Raj R, Gagul Taby, Jude Thomas Boban, Pranoy N, Tormin K Thomas, Krishna Ram S R. Standing (Third Row L to R). Vivak S. Vivan Kurian Mathew Rohit P Joothi, Ho $S$ Pramod, Limeash Bhaskaran, Ambedi Vanugopal, Aravind Shanevaz, Gokil Krishna GK, Gautham K, Anupam Narayan A G


VII A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sitting (L to R): Astovin Anil, Sachin Philip, John B Dominic, Nandu Chandran, Nithin Joseph, Sujin Babu, Greeshma P G (Class Teacher) Sharan Samson, Arjun A, Nikhil Aravind, Visakh S. Aravind Sreekumar. Standing (First Row L to R): Allen G Chacko, Benoy Stephen Charudath Narayan, S Sidherth, Nidhish Lenin. Rohit A Krishna, Aravind Lalji, Akash Ajeykumar, Rohan B, Arjun Sheji, Alok S, Rijo K Alen Standing (Second Row L to R): Nakul Sridhar, Sachin L Lumen, Harigopal A, John James, Abhishek Krishnan R, Avinash S Nair Austino Paul, Adhithya Premjith, Taariqe N M, Anand N R, Neeraj A S, Rigil R Sugathan. Standing (Third Row L to R): Ashwin R S Anirudha S, Vivek M Mohan, Balagopal U. Arjun Rej. Siddarth S Rajiv, Sarang Dev, Prithvi Pradeep, Nihal Ranjith, Varun Ramdas Kurian Kuriakose.


VII B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008
siung L Sidderth G S, Anand B Padmakimar, Sivasankar S, Aswn J, Ampen Davi. Standing (Frgi Row L to R) Akshay Joge, Abhishek GL, Aswen Rajenciran Amai S, Kumaresh N, Dhanush Banoy, Gokul Suresh, Jjo Francis, Athuit Saroja Prasad, Akbar Shah, Vishnu Subbaram Ramamoorthy Ricky C Bljoy, Anarkh Maman Kailath, Rohan Pillai A. Standing (Second Row L to R). Sachin K Rajendran, Aravind Vasudevaru Akhil R, Tony Francis, Harikrishnan V. Anirudh A. Sanjeev S, Avinash Jayaram, Akshay Sivan, Sreepth G S, Ajay Sharama N Standing (Third Row L to R): Nandu Krishnan, Niranjan U V, Kiran K Sudhir, Govind G Nair, Nithin Varghese, Sachin Lal D Binson Babu. Bharath Kumar G, Naren R Rajagopal, Viswanath A S.


VII C, LOYOLA SCHOOL., THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sirng (L to R): Bharabh Knishnan JP, Sarjeerv Jothi, KriahnanumiP S, Abhjith SM, Aabid F, Dieep Sharkar, RahulRajeerv, Reviban J Jacab, Vishnu B Prahil Slanding (First Row L oo R) Vinay George, Kaias S, Reuben Ptipp A, Afin Monammed N, Kevin Anlony F, Kiran Varghese M, Abal Abdul K. Vivek M, Vishmu Suresh Aswin A, Sooryakanth Roy, van Jose N, John P George. Standing (Second Row L to R). Thomas George, Nand Kishar Varma, Gopi Knishnan, Sulak S L Shravan Cunchata, Sooraj La, Abhiram Ashok, Gokul Raj, Sreeju Sroenvas, Rahul R T, Tony Jorrison. Standing (Thrd Row Lio R): Praveen Jayan, Renjith Paul F Socraj O S, Piyush Kumar, Vishnu V Gopal, Prince S M, Rahul Raghavan, Akhilesh P, Nethin M.


Sting ( $L$ R R Mahesh K Gowtham S, Cherian T Kunmumpuram. Standing (Fits! Row Lo R) Mikhael James Koipuram, Jesseel Mughdar M A Nived Gordon George Gomez, Raiph Alex Arakal, Adarsh Antony Ram R Nair, Nimish Ravi, Vishnus $s$, Jithin $G$ Carmel Standing (Second Row L to R): Jobin K Jose, Sachu Suresh, Anandhakrishnan P B, Bharath Krishnan B, Vignesh Darshan, Gokul J R Achithya Jyothi, Jose John, Arjun M S.


Sitting (L to R1- Korthik M Nantan, Adishesh Premkumar, Naveen VIII B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHPURAM, 2007-2908 Alok Rajiv, Suraj H, Nithin A B, Athul Narayanan Vimal P Thomas Standing (First Row L to R) Paul G Wilson, Rohith P Krishnan, Arjun Sajeev Shankar H, Sidtharth M Babu, Arun V S, Govind K Sidharth M Nair, Achuth Mohan, Aravind Jagen, Varghese M Samuel, Daniel Elias Varghese Gooraikrishna S. Standing (Second Row L to R). Siddharth S, Naveen Fernando, Aravind S I Sachin Shahuii, Karthik K S, Vivek B Krishnan
 Arun Cheriyan Thos, Mevn lype Mathew, Deepak SV Nair, Sokul S, Sahin John Jude Jeswh Abraham, Pranoy S Varma, Deepak Sirone J. Absentees: Deepak Benny, Nandagopal R, Rohith Krishnan P, Savio Victor


VIII C, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUYANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Sitting (L. to R): Ajoy Josaph, Jacob M Antony, Antony Paul P, Prathyash S S, Ashish Mammen Georgi, Mrs Sindhu N Sharma (Class Teacher), Jithy B Joseph Vahnu J, Sankar Prasad A, Sam John Abraham, Roshan L. Standing (First Row L to R) Sujth Jacob Oommen, Aravind Krishnan R,Rajeshwar N, Shambu Apth Kenny John Jacob, Rahul Reghu, Rajiv Varghese P, Sarath V Warrier, Manu Mohan P. Standing (Second Row L to R): James Jacob George, Abhijth A, Alif Mustafa, Bharath Ajith Sreenivasan, Rohit Anoop Choodan, Shanin N S, Amal Jamer. Thomas S Thelly. Akhil S. Noel M Rajive. Slanding (Third Row Lio R), Joji S Pramod, Achut M Nkair, Sajin S Raj, Ajay Krishna, David Gracious Wilson, Surya V Anand, Gautam Kriahnan, Govind S Nishil Danny Babu, Krishas Mohan, Rahul Narayan M


IX A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 sitling (L to R): Veekshit Jayakumar, Bijo J Thomas, Praveen J Leen, Vinu Thomas, Mr. Rajesh T (Class Teacher), Mohammed Jameesh Tony Joe Voyoan, Sajil Jahas Sabu, Mohammed Shlyas. Standing (First Row L to R): Santhosh Oommen George, Ganesh R, Prajith John Rahul Babu, Anand V, Vishnu Prasad A, Pureendaran S, Akhil R, Sandeep Oomen Thomas, Standing (Second Row L to R): David Clement Renjith Babu, Vivek Vijay, Vipin Chandran, Kishan Chand R C, Arjun R Krishnan, Cidarth Sajith, Praveen N. Abeentees: Rameez Hussain M H Ajmal T, Asif A S, Swathi M, Sandanu J B, Praveen Ban, Aravind M Nair.


IX B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2067-2008
Sitting (L to R): Aaron Antony, Aravind R, Jim Xavier, Harikrishnan V, Gokul G B, Mr Pratap Chandran (Class Teachor), Sanjay J Akhll Ra), Sandesh Goorge, Srikanth Surosh Kumar, George Kurion. Standing (First Row L to R): Rahul Krishnan, S M Mohammad Arjun 8 Nair, Abhijeet Suresh, Saran Babu, Babarinath M B, Kiran R, Vilayamadhav R S, Ashik S, Surya Narayanan A Nithin K Chithambaram, Anjith J Nair, Harisankar H S. Standing (Second Row L to R): Ananth L, Appu Apith, Noel Johns, Achuth Jayakumar Sarath S J, Vipin A V, Dan Lopaz, Arjun Shajan, Jacob Varun Dev, Madhusoodhan. Standing(Third Row L to R): Stefan Simon Sam Augustina, Zochariah Mathews, Job J, Banjay V, Bharath Bhaji, Nittsh Vjayanand, Joel James Joseph, Ananthkrighnan, Ambareesh 8 J .


DX C, LOYOL A SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2006 suting (L to R): Syama Prakesh M S, Anand Sankar A, Anand Zacheriah, Cynec Thomas, Afjun Shaj, Ms Mary Rota ViClass Teachern. Ansal Morhammed A Steer C Benny, Aditya Nair S B, Wwak V Nair, Alen Ashish P, Standing (First Row L to Ry Notin Domiric A, Anandu S, Froz Berly E S, lamail Fsiz, Vwek Geonge Karan Kataria, Arun Varghese, Akhi P, Jimmy Jese, Ancop S, Bonnie Sam Jacob. Standing (Second Rów Lto R): Yadu Vinayak, Agjun Jayachandran Antony Thomas, Abin Francis, Nandagopal S, Karlhik Krishna Prasad, Keshavdev J S, Joshua Davis Dalus, Hariharan H, Jose Thomas Cheeramkuzhy Standing (Third Row L to R): Jayasarkar V, Nevin Francis, Nicholas Tom, Fariq Naushad, Aizy, Joseph, Jeevan Sumaraj, Urrikishnan K, Rerii Justne, Oyril Thomas.


X A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008
siting L to R: Bharath Sudheer, Sandeep S, Kiran Sarath, Jyothis GM. Jayaram H Nambiar, Mrs . Shubha Reif (Class Teacher), Manol Gs Arun Chandran, Arjun H Nair. Madhu Mannas. Anandhapadmanaban VV, Standing (First Row L to Re: Viyay Francis, Bharath Balachandran Jithin Rahman, Brehme M, Rohit 8 Thomas, Varun Mathew, Peter C S, Johny 8 Babu, Kiran B R, Naveen Sreekandan, Kishan John Ashwanth R, Silu R s. Standing (Second Row L to R): Kevin Jose, Ijaz N Pillai, Tony Joy, Steve Adrian Percy, Aravind Alayabhas Nachiketh B. Deepak 5 Anand. Anto Thomas. Aravind Rajneesh, Aravind L, Krishnan Unni. Tyo L Peter. Tine Jozeph, Wison G Perera Bergin S Russel, Akmal Zamrood. Abhilash Sunil, Aravind JJ. Tomy Alexander


X B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 sitting (L to R): Vignesh G. Paul Peter, Paul Mathew T, Akshay S. Darshan V, Mr.Rameshan (Class Teacher), Vipin V Nair, Nikhil Sreekandan, Deepak Sreedhar, Nidhin R, Kiran Manoj. Standing (First Row L to R). Yadu A Menon, Sarath \& Nair, Rohit George Sebastian, Narayanan Sarat, Abhijith Asok, Cyril Jose N, Krishnamohan P, Pranoy Karun Vijay, Niketh 8 J , Nabeel Nazeer, Prithvi Lai M. Standing (Second Row L to R): Aswin suresh, Abhijith Sivasankar, Joseph J Thomas, Arshad N. Balagopal R, Aswin K Manoi, Mohammed Ziad 8, Varun B Nair, Govind 8, Ramgopal A Vishnu Dharmasheelan, Sharath Rominus. Standing (Third Row L to R), Harikrishnan, Vishnu Mahadev A R, Sachin Sebastian Francis, Ruben Roy. Aswinth Sharon Prem.
Shankarankutty, Arshi Ashraff, Vishnu Mohan, Akhil S, Gokul Suresh, Jithin Joseph.


XC, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-2008 Silting (L to R): Akchil S L, Antony George, Vishnu Gupta C D, Georgie Johny, Mrs Brinda A Nair (Class Teacher), Rajmohan M, Gobind Vinoc Soorej Sethumadhevan, Manu F Gomez. Standing (First Row L to R) Lawrence Moraira F, Nittin B, Scorej S G, Akshay Jayan, Ashwin James Vinu Joseph, Abhishek B S, Varun S Muraleedharan, Thouleek N S, Gautam Aredath, Venkkesh S, Renny Justine, Deepu Unniknishnan, Adweath S Standing (Second Row L to R): Keshav H. Ajey Mathew Thomas, Anand Kumar M, Jojith R, Jojin K B, Madhav S Nath, Scoraj P R, Akhil V Mohan Arjun S, Gautam S M, Visakh V, Jibin Joij. Standing(First Row L to R) Sharath Mathew Varghese, Yadu Manoj, Vinay Krishnan Biju, Karthik N Raphael Thomas, Niyas Mohammed A, Ajth Krishnan R V, Vishnu Sanker B R, Anand R, Aravind J Prakash.


XI A, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-20e8 Bitting (L to R): Sanju Jacob Francis, Arun Sudarsanm, Anand M, Achuth Vasudovan, Aswin P R, Ms Greaja (Class Taschar), Joseph K J Job Thomas, Ben Thoams, Anand Raj, Kiran D, Sharath R Nair. Standing (First Row L to R): Suganth R, Joju Joseph Sajo, Kiran K Krishnadath D, Sandoop S Kumar, Sldharih S, Arun V Roy, Kiran Goorge KOshy, Zwaroop Jacob, Anoop Mohan, Kiran Palakunnal Archith Mohan, Alok T P, Anand G L, Shanker Rameah. Standing (Second Row L to R); Nithin P Mathew, Bharath J Nair, Vishnu Prased A Rohin Moses, Rohit R Krishnan, Aju Basil James, Nilkhil Thomas Stephen, Vishnu E Shankar, Arjun A, Sajad S Santhosh, Seby Jacob Standing (Third Row L to R): Govind Mini Pradeep, Vivek Krlshna M S, Ambadi M R, Ravi Bhankar R, Aseem Nousher, Abraham George Dennis P Jacob, Siddharth $V$ Anand, Abin K Alex, Tejus Thirumeni, Ananjlith $P$.


XI B, LOYOLA SCHOOL, THIRUVANANTHAPURAM, 2007-200
stting (L to R). Noom, Davis D'cruz, Geejo George Punnoose, Arjun A R, Ananthu Sivan. Standing (First Row L to R): Aravind S J, Sarath S, Syam Thomas Amal Dethan. Athul Krishnan K S. All Asger E, Jithin R. Hemanth Anil, Murali Krishnan K S. Anandu Nair S t, Syam Khosh s Standing (Second Row L to R): Mohammed Sharneer A, Arun Prasad H, Sreejith G G, Aswin Johnson, Anurag A S, Jubin George Kurian Vinayak B, Nithish Kumar S, Muffizeer Rahman M, Sabari Gireesh S. Standing ( Third Row Lto R ): Ejaz Salim S, Asif Mohamed T Rahui Viay. Prem Jacob, Shyam Kumar S C, Jayakristnàn V. Njas Mohemed M. Justin Artony Jose, Pradyoth Nandak P S, Vishnu Prasad PS.





## A RARE CHANCE

Rohith Narayanan, 6 A

April 2, 2005 was not just another day for people in Kerala. The Kaloor International Stadium at Kochi was hosting the $1^{\text {st }}$ one-dayer of the India-Pakistan series. I went with my father to watch the match and we got in by 9.30 am . Sourav Ganguly won the toss and India chose to bat first. Sachin opened with Sehwag and with the first ball being sent to the boundary, India started with a lot of promise. But Sachin fell \& Ganguly followed. It looked like India was going to have one of its famous batting collapses but Sehwag \& Dravid turned the tide and India posted a decent total. During the lunch time, the crowd was in good mood. We cheered the players and danced to the tune of the 'chendas'. Then Pakistan came on to bat. But India bowled extremely well with Sachin taking 5 wickets. India won and all of us left the stadium with smiles on our faces. As for me I was delighted at getting a chance to watch the game as a part of the live crowd.

## $0_{2}$ Favourite Guthor

Harigovind T, 6C

Enid Blyton was born on the $11^{\text {th }}$ of August 1897. She is one of the most popular English children's writers. She was one of the most successful story tellers of the early $20^{\text {th }}$ century.

She is renowned for the series of books with recurring characters and the books are designed for different age groups. Her books are popular all over the world. One of her most popular characters is Noddy, intended for kids. However her forte is young readers books and the popular books in the genre include The Famous Five ( 21 novels 1942-1963 based on four children and a dog), Five Find - Outers (15 novels 1943-1961 based on five children and their dog who regularly outwit the local policeman Mr. Plod) and The Secret Seven (15 novels 1949-1963.based on a society of seven children who solve various mysteries)

Her books are extremely popular in countries like the United Kingdom, India, Pakistan, New Zealand, Australia, Malta etc. Her works have been translated into nearly 90 languages including Chinese, Japanese, Dutch, Finn, French, German, Hebrew, Russian, Slovenian, Serbian etc.


## All of us have had our backs to the wall and ended up with rosy blushes on our cheeks. Loyolites speak about their most embarrassing moments.

The school wore a festive look that day - on the day of the Youth Festival. On this day I was to say a declamation. I chose one of Jawaharlal Nehru's speeches and revised it over and over again and finally I was thorough with the entire speech. The rehearsals went well but unfortunately on the appointed day disaster struck!

Confidently, I went onto the stage. I was tensed at first as I had to face the whole school. As I stood at the podium, Joseph uncle adjusted the height of the mic and the podium. I began my speech nervously. But I grew more confident and I even felt that I had a chance of winning the competition. Then the most dreadful thing happened. I mixed actions with my speech to be impressive. My hand accidentally knocked the mic off the stand when I waved it. My speech was stopped in the middle, all of a sudden. The confidence I got suddenly left me. Uncle came and kept the mic back on. But the crowd was now laughing. I was more nervous than before. I somehow finished the speech but I knew I did not do well after the 'accident'. That was a day that I would never forget because of the embarrassment I had to put up with after the speech.

Somnath Kishore, 6A

Watching the circus is fun for many. I also loved to watch a circus, until the most embarrassing incident in my life occurred at the 'Jumbo Circus' in Thiruvananthapuram. The circus was enjoyable as usual with amusing clowns and animals. Then it happened... One of the clowns called me to the ring. I was nervous but did as I was told. The clown whispered something, which I didn't hear clearly, into my ears. He then told the audience that he was going to perform a trick with me. He took a
black piece of cloth and slid it inside my pants. One end of the cloth was sticking out and he pulled it and lo... he held in his hands my underwear. I felt at my underwear through my pants and was relieved to find it there. As I made my way back into the audience, everybody around me pointed at me and laughed. That was truly the most embarrassing moment in my life!

Madhav Tampi, 6 B

0n a busy summer morning three years ago. My father and I were making our way to my aunt's house. And on the way, we reached a junction where we had to stop and wait for the signal to turn green. As we were waiting, a street urchin who was around ten-years-old knocked on our car's window. At first we ignored him but after his persistent knocking, my father lowered the glass. The urchin stretched out his dirty hand and asked for some money. My father replied that he had no money with him. On hearing this, the boy smiled pitifully and tossed a one rupee coin onto my father's lap and went away.

Roshan Thomas, 6 C

0nce I was on my way home from school. I had four rupees with me. I went to a shop to buy some sweets. I asked the shopkeeper for a Lollipop. Then a boy came into the shop. I acted as if I did not notice him. The shopkeeper did not see him because his back was turned. Then the boy slowly opened the toffee jar and pocketed a few toffees. I felt an urge to catch him. I slowly went near him and caught him and dragged him to the shopkeeper and told the shopkeeper what had happened with pride. But to my surprise, the shopkeeper glared angrily at me. I was confused. He told me that the boy was his son. I blushed and quickly ran out of the shop.

Sanjeev S., 7 B


## Imaginarion oif Realify

Akshay Jose, 7A

Iwas reading a book titled 'Life on Mars'. Suddenly I heard some rumbling and slithering sounds. I checked my watch; it was past 1.00 am. Wondering who or what it could be that was making these sounds in the middle of the night, I stepped out into the darkness. I thought I would see a thief or an animal in distress in front of me. But to my surprise I found myself staring at this small car-like machine on the lawn. As I went nearer to it, a glass door opened up and a weird looking guy stepped out. He looked like a shriveled up human being except that his skin had a sick green tinge to it. He came up to me and asked me if this was the 21st century or not. I was puzzled by this strange question, but nodded affirmative. He then introduced himself and told me that his name was Melvo and that he had came from the future. He said that he needed a volunteer (namely me ) to come with him and help him explore his era. A question then popped into my head. Why did he want
me to go with him? But rather than voicing this doubt I stayed quiet. He then took me into the strange carlike machine which I now knew to be a sort of timemachine. We went very slowly through darkness and after what seemed like hours, we reached his era. It was night there too but the sight that greeted us was rather depressing. There was no moon in the sky. There were high-tech houses but there was no source of light to be seen anywhere. He told me, "I want you to spend a day here." "A day....? ", I asked, "but nobody knows that I'm here." He just said, "There will be no problem." I hesitated for a moment but then agreed and went with him to a nearby house. He showed me a bed covered by a glass dome. I was too sleepy to ask him about it and went to sleep there.

I was woken up by my a sudden jerking produced by my bed which then threw me out of the dome into what looked like a dressing room. I stepped into a strange suit which Melvo told me to wear. I also had to wear an oxygen mask. I told him that I could very well breathe without these. But he shook his head and said, "There has been no oxygen during day time on our planet for years and we have to use these masks until it's night, We have to breathe with a substitute gas." I agreed and went down gloomily for breakfast. A table was set, on which there were two plates with a few dry shreds of cucumber and a few pulses. I stared at the food which Melvo ate heartily. As though reading my thoughts, he said, "There has been no water on our planet for years because our ancestors wasted and misused it. "Surpried, I asked, "Don't you have rains?" But he said, "Since the time from which water was misused, the rivers dried up and clouds disappeared from the sky. We now have no rains." I said, 'What a horrible situation to be in!" "Yes", he replied, "but we have no choice. The plants that we have been cutting down stopped growing and now no more oxygen is being supplied." "Why aren't there any lights anywhere here?", I asked. He sadly replied,"Our ancestors wasted the little fuel on the Earth." This world was devastating in all respects. Who would have thought that our Mother Earth would turn into something like this?

This is a piece of fiction... or is it? A world like this might seem imaginary but the day is not far when our descendants could live on a planet without water, oxygen or any other elements of life. The fate of our planet lies in our hands...

My favourite game is football. I watch football often because its my favourite pastime. During the weekends I often watch Barclays English
premier league. My favorite teams are Manchester United and Tottenham hotspurs.

Playing football inspires me. It helps me to forget the difficulties in my life. My ambition is to become a football star. I don't want to win. I just want to play the game, because its fun. Football is one of the most beautiful games that the world has ever seen. People watch the game with great interest. The spirit of football can be seen when the supporters jump in joy when their team scores a goal. Still it is one of the roughest games. The 2007 FIFA world cup final is an apt example.

One day I hope to play for Manchester United as its striker. So I recommend you to play the game of football and get her a jolt from it...

TRY IT OUT!!!

## CHAK DE RDIA A REVIEW

Bharath Krishnan, 8 B


Ihave recently become a fan of Bollywood films after I saw this wonderful movie called 'Chak De India.' The film starts with the Hockey World Cup finals between Pakistan and India, with Pakistan having a 1-0 lead over India. In the final minute India gets an opportunity to redeem itself with a penalty. Kabir Khan (Sharukh Khan) gets the chance to shoot the penalty, which he unfortunately misses. Kabir Khan is branded a traitor and driven away from his locality.

After seven years of suffering, Kabir Khan finally gets an opportunity to prove his worth - as the coach of the Indian Girls Hockey team. The team which was not at all performing up to its potential now comes under Kabir Khan's scrutiny. However the girls could not put up with this strict coach and asks him to quit the team. But a surprise incident causes the coach to return and they end up winning the Hockey World Cup.

The film is portrayed in a beautiful manner. After seeing the film we can understand a lot about the difficulties faced by the Indian Girls Hockey team. The film has made me adore the sport and I am now a fan of the Indian Hockey team and I wish them all the best. Chak De India!

## IDENTIFY THE PERSON

1. The fastest author
2. The worthy poet
3. The coolest poet
4. The joyous author
5. The tallest poet
6. The trembling author
7. The foulest author
8. The wittiest author

Deepak S V, 8 B

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## The seed of EVIL

Sankar H, 8 B


Food money and shelter had evaded Jack for three days. His mother and sister were tired and weak with hunger. Even on that day he had received a
letter from Shylock requesting him to visit his place for a job. Mother had told Jack not to be too friendly with Shylock as he was the most cunning and shrewd man in town. However three days of hunger and exhaustion had made Jack a blind judge between good and evil.

Shylock's place was dark and congested. He was drinking wine when Jack arrived. Shylock quickly put aside the wine and said" Aha! I knew my little Jack would come. Let's get straight to the matter. I saw that old man Thomas with a lot of money. Tomorrow he's going to take it to his town. Before that we've got to steal it." Jack had done a bit of pick pocketing before but to do a burglary was a totally different thing. He bluntly refused. But, Shylock who could exercise a lot of influence on people succeeded.

The night was cool and quiet and very dark- a thief's favourite night. Jack had an easy time getting in through Thomas's window. He searched the whole house and found the money. Thomas did not hear anything because he was sleeping, dreaming about getting his savings to the hospital and saving his daughter from a serious neurological disorder.

After the robbery Jack was excited. He had never before experienced such a wonder in his life. The next day, in the morning as he walked with Shylock to the next site of robbery he never heard Thomas's loud wail of sorrow. He did not hear Thomas's lifeless body falling to the ground. Because Shylock, or more precisely, he himself had planted in him, the seed of evil.

# My Best Birthday 

Savio Victor, 8 B

My mother was a Malayalam teacher in Carmel High school. When she was working there, she had taught the two sons of our current Union Defence Minister Mr. A.K. Antony. The elder son - Anil K Antony was a very stubborn student. My mother was the only person who was able to control the mischievous Anil. The student Anil was very fond of my mother. After a few days Mrs. Antony came to my house to arrange tuition for her son. Since then Mrs. Antony and my mother became very close friends.

Last August Mr. Anil was going to the United States to continue his higher studies. But before he departed he wanted to see his old teacher and receive her blessings. So he called and informed my mother that he was coming to see her on the $18^{\text {th }}$ of August. It happened that my birthday was on the $19^{\text {th }}$. As I was having my Math and Economics exam on the $20^{\text {th }}$ I didn't have the time to celebrate my birthday. But my mother did not forget about it and told Mr. Anil about it.

It was the $18^{\text {th }}$ of august. I was in my room studying for the exam when my mother came in and told that Mr. Anil was on his way. After 15 minutes I heard the screeching of brakes. I knew it was him. I went to the sitting room. Mr. Anil and Mrs. Elizabeth with smiling faces wished me a happy birthday and gave me lots of sweets and brought my mother a sari. Then they sat talking for more than 2 hours. And then they left.

I felt that it was my most boring birthday ever. This was because I had to study and could not celebrate. But after their coming I felt that this was the best birthday ever. Everyone will not be as lucky as me to have received a birthday present from a defence minister's family.

# The Day I Became a Hero... 

Anand V, 9 A

I$t$ was the month of August that I first received an opportunity to bring out the hero in me. All the members of my family had gone to attend my cousin's marriage in Delhi. I did not go with them owing to the fact that I had an English examination the very next day. I was all alone in my house and I studied late into the night. I went to bed way past midnight. I had hardly closed my eyes when I heard a noise in the next room. I saw a light in my mother's room. I feared the worst. I slowly crept to her room. There I saw a man with his back turned to me. He had broken open the jewellery box and had pocketed the ornaments in it. Now he turned to another box and was deeply engrossed in his "work." I didn't miss the chance. I slowly went up to the door and closed it from outside. I then began to shout for help at the top of my voice. Hearing the shouts my neighbours came over quickly and enquired what had happened. I told them everything and they rang up the police immediately. Soon, an Inspector and two constables came and arrested the thief. My parents were astounded when they heard about my brave venture! Guess who I dream about becoming when I grow up?

Dan was sitting on his couch, reading a book which he had just bought. He was reading page 122, but the voice of the shopkeeper rang in his ears." Do not read the last page; it will only bring about terrible things to both to you and me." But Dan had just paid six hundred rupees for the book and came home and felt that he had every right to do whatever he wanted with his book.

There was nobody at home. As he started reading the book, he heard a shrill cry from outside. A cat was lying on its back; cats usually land on their feet. "Something's wrong" he told himself. More and more weird things started to happen. Now as he neared the last page, the sky turned black and it started to rain

## The tast pace

Joel James Joseph, 9 B

heavily. The windows opened and shut rapidly, the panes shattered. Finally Dan reached the last page, page 133. Lightning and thunder struck at the same time. Dan closed his eyes. He still had'nt taken a page yet. His mind was clouded with doubts just like the sky. Dan told himself "come on, what could possibly happen, just do it...!"

Two seconds later, it was all over. No heavy rains, no quakes, nothing. Everything was fine, just the way it used to be. Something miniscule was printed at the bottom right corner. Dan strained his eyes.... Price Rs 50/-only.Everything went blank in Dan's mind. Six hundred rupees... the warning... the miniscule letters... it was terrible, just like the shopkeeper predicted.

## Uff $\mathbb{N}$ THE BACK BENCH



Life in the back bench $\qquad$ what a life! It is something close to heaven. Every boy's dream is to sit in the back bench and there is usually a fight for it in the beginning of the term. What is so special about the back bench? Well......we students think that sitting in the back bench is cool and the benefits speak for itself.

You can cause all the mischief you want over there. But alas... the teachers also know about this specialty. In their eyes the most 'famous' villains are found inside the perimeters of the back bench. They keep their eyes open for the back-benchers, most of the time. In the end it turns out that the boys who are caught frequently are of the back bench. So at times, life in the back bench turns out to be hell too. But sitting in the back bench is a very memorable experience. Any current or former 'back-bencher' will vouch for that. Ex-Loyolites say that they are nostalgic about the fun that they had in their days and most of the stories revolve around the back bench. Even the most famous communities in Orkut are centered on the back bench. Members unanimously say that the life in the back bench was one of the most memorable times of their lives. So the next time you get a chance, just dive into the back bench, for the ride of your life.

# THIS IS NOT JUST ANOTHER BOOK REVIEW 

Noel Johns, 9 B<br>Nitin Chidambaram, 9 B<br>Job J, 9 B

| Book | $: \quad$ Gently And Firmly |
| :--- | :--- |
| Author | $:$ |
| Publisher | $:$ |
|  | ST.PAULS, Bombay |

"There was a time in Loyola School when it was not uncommon to see serious fights among senior students. Even cycle chains were used once. Several attendance registers were found torn. The tyres of the school buses were found deflated a few times. Once a motor was pushed into a well. Discipline was far from exemplary. Every year 4-5 students were detained in each class. The results of the schoolleaving class were $85 \%$, this in spite of the fact that most students had private tuition."

These were the lines with a screaming headline'A Book on Loyola's Transformation' we saw on the blog of ex-Loyolite, Ashok.R.Chandran. We immediately got interested as the above-said described a government model school rather than a Jesuit-run Loyola School, which is one of the best schools in the country. But the fact remained that these lines were written by our former Principal Father C.P Varkey in his 'Better Yourself' series of books- 'Gently And Firmly' and this greatly surprised and intrigued us. After reading the whole post we were determined to lay our hands on the book. Thus, the next day after much coaxing and pleading with our dear Vice Principal Fr.Edassery, we got the book.

The book describes how Loyola changed from the above-mentioned "School" to what it is now. This transformation should have happened in the 70's-

80's as Father C.P. Varkey says he was directly involved in the process and that he watched it firsthand. This change according to him was a direct result of the techniques, which he describes in the book, and this made the school more student-oriented and studentrun rather than an ordinary school where the teacher always have the last word. The freedom and the fun which we now enjoy has its roots in these techniques which were implemented in the school. The school houses, the squads, the school assemblies which are now almost entirely run by the students, worked the magic for this transformation.

The author gives us information about many changes brought about during the transformation. One of the most striking changes was the revamping of the uniform. Loyolites no longer had to wear a tie. This has been something which has made us unique from other English medium schools and the so-called 'international schools'

The students, to this day, have found this a better custom. Another reform was the allotment of games periods when the concerned teacher was absent. This is something which only our school can boast of. But the main fact highlighted by the author was that, in spite of the fun and freedom given to the students, the academic results took a good turn. The result, after the first year of this transformation, was around $85 \%$ pass and after two years it was $100 \%$ pass and in the next year it was $100 \%$ first class. The results have never gone down since then.

The author, through the book, tells us how the children were made to feel that the school was for them and that they were important here. A startling fact that we found in the book (as said by the author) was that there was a curious practice that existed during the distribution of the progress cards. The Principal would give the students as many cuts as the number of subjects in which he had failed.

When we sit back and think, we feel that Loyola would not have produced the Santosh Sivans and the IAS officers, had it not been for this invaluable change. Loyola would not have become such a reputed school, a school were hundreds of applications arrive for a mere two or three seats, a school whose alumni could be found at the top ranks of any profession, a school whose products enter the most sought after institutions in the country, a school which is just 3 years shy of it's Golden Jubilee, had it not been for these changes.

Iwas on my way to my cousin's house at Bangalore, when I came to see a man walking above the waters of Periyar. We stopped to watch this magical scene. There was a huge crowd around the lake who were watching this. Some people said that he was walking over a long strip of glass which was supported by a large pile of bricks. Some other said that he was able to walk above the water due to the phenomenon


TO SEE IS TO BELEVE

Alen Ashish, 9C
of surface tension, which is the same principle that enables ants to float. The man walked from one end of the lake to the other without noticing the crowd around him. He looked about thirty years and was wearing a white robe. After crossing the lake he vanished into thin air. The people looked around, but he was not to be seen. Some say he was a wizard, but I believe he is the one 'who would come after 2000 years to save the world.'

# Oswimming in an ocean all alone 

Govind S, 10 B

Same old days with the mindset that the sole intention in life is to crack the board exams to get 674 marks out of 700 , that too a far fetched dream. We spend 4 hours a week in the Physics, Chemistry and Maths tuition classes and maybe even more. Getting our eyes exposed to the early morning hours of the day may become useful if the future holds in store for us the uniform of a watchman.

The results of some insane exam seem to be lurking in the corners everyday. Monotony $=10^{\text {th }}$ standard life. Our life is spent on dragging ourselves from tuition to tuition and then taking back our tired bodies home to our books and test papers. The spectacled "Buji" showcases an ugly smile. Everyone has a lot of animosity towards him. "He will die a terrible death". I reassured myself. As I looked out of my window I could see a school bus disgorging loads of students. If all these guys are eyeing the prestigious first place I better pretend that I am senile and take refuge in a mental hospital. Just then we thought of the results of our dear seniors, they had truly done justice to our schools reputation. If they can why cant we???

This question seized all of us by storm. It purified the blood flowing through our veins. We felt exalted and newly alive. Prosperity is the fruit of labour. Then why not work??

Our teacher's words that a little sacrifice at the right time will gift us more happiness which shall remain unscathed in our minds. We have decided to try it out.

Some old things unfolded in a different way. The classroom looked more sacred than the nearby temple. The tuition homes and study books appeared even more attractive than the girl in front. Our homes seemed sweet enough.

We belong to a tech savvy generation where we seek solace in music from MP3 players. We are aware that too much of this should not influence our thought processes but yet we fall under its grasp. With people like our parents pouring out their hard earned money and their boundless affection on us I don't think that we will need any other motivating element. I think I have started swimming!

# Howd y you doose a fiend? 

Krishnamohan P \& Nidhin R, 10 B

How do you choose a friend? Sounds simple enough, but when we look seriously into it, it becomes as difficult as explaining music to a deaf and dumb person. A true friend is every man's dream - a person to share one's dreams, hopes, and grieves. Here are a few experiments on how you should choose your friends...

## Experiment 1

Observe external characteristics (Avoid close observation if the specimen is a girl).

Observation and Conclusion

1. If too rough - better avoid.
2. Buji of the class - keep a distance
3. If cool \& soft - go for it

## Experiment 2

Talk a bit with him/her.

## Observation and Conclusion

1. Listening to you with wide eyes and ears - You are lucky (double lucky if it's a girl). Proceed to next step.
2. Looking down impatiently - he/she is not your type.
3. Always talking good about you - keep an eye (if possible both) on him/her.
4. Clenching fist, biting nails - Run for your life!!!

## Experiment 3

Try to get him/her to talk about their personal problems with you. Make them feel that you can solve their problems.

## Observation and Conclusion

1. If you find a lot of common problems - you've got a good friend (but not a true one....yet)
2. Weird problems - You must be nuts to persist with him/her!
3. No problems at all - He/she may have problems but don't consider that a hindrance in their life. So if you want an easygoing buddy, go for it.

## Experiment 4 (for female specimens only)

Talk with her but don't get too friendly. Keep a look out for gossips.

Ask her about her brothers.

## Observation and Conclusion

1. If more than two - Danger!!!!!
2. Only one - Deal with him first.
3. None - The coast is clear.

Try to talk to her more personally. Whatever be it, it's your decision.

## Result

All these experiments are for finding a good friend but to find a true friend, one has to be really lucky and sincere. Sometimes when you see a person you feel that you have known him for years. Culture, language, colour, etc. should never be an obstruction for friendship.

Finding a true friend is like searching for a needle in a haystack. But once found, he/she will add bright colours to your life. So to get a true friend be sincere, loving and open-hearted.
P.S. 1. All the above experiments are tested and verified.
2. Perform all experiments at your own risk (especially no.4).

# You Tuber Butun!!!!! 

Vinu Joseph, 10 C

Ah $\qquad$ You Tube, the portal of videos. I heard about You Tube from my friends, and thought of checking it out. It was one fine morning after the 2006 Annual Exams. I waited for my parents to clear out from the house and then turned on the computer. I logged on to http://www.youtube.com for the first time in my life!

Great fun! I raced along the thousands of videos posted on You Tube, ranging from music to sports, cinemas to news clippings, etc etc etc... Soon I discovered that I could even post my own videos onto You Tube. I borrowed a handy cam from my neighbour, shot videos, and uploaded them. But wait... why on earth am I glorifying You Tube? I didn't tell you the worst part of it. I woke up from the bed only to stare at the scroll size telephone bill held by my dad. I fell back onto the bed, where I lay still for the next three days. Here's the bill for you:

## You Tube <br> Broadcast Yourself

(Sample Bill)
DataOne

| Monthly rental | Rs. 250 |
| :--- | ---: |
| Free Monthly usage | -1024 MB |
| Additional cost per MB | - Rs. 0.90 per MB |
| Additional cost $-5509 \times 0.90=$ Rs. 5675 |  |
| Total Internet charges | - Rs. 6309 |

## Ohe Tolter'geist

Cherian T Kunnumpuram, 8 A

0ne night during my summer holidays I turned on my computer to surf the net. As soon as I saw the desktop I realised that something was amiss. Instead of the usual wallpaper of a race car, I saw a pearly translucent image of a young boy. I first thought that my brother had changed it. But on closer inspection I began wonder what the picture could be...it looked like a boy except that he seemed too ghastly and pale to be one. It seemed as though I could see through his insides. But before I could dwell further upon this bizarre picture, it poked its head out of the monitor and started talking to me. You could imagine my horror when it said that he was Polter and that he was a ghost. I somehow managed to ask him how he had got into my computer. Then he explained that he was a ghost but intended to do no harm to me. It seemed that he just needed my help. Then he told me the most unbelievable story. He said that he lived in a ghost village in another dimension. It was attacked by a witch who cast a spell on Polter and blew him to this dimension. He then told me that the only way for him to get back to his own dimension was through my computer (of all machines). He had come to ask my help.

I was totally bewildered. How on earth was I supposed to help him? I told him that I was just an ordinary thirteen year kid who had clue about traveling through dimensions. Polter was not sure whether my computer would be spared. After thinking for a moment, I said "Well, if its that important to you, go ahead."

Polter thanked me and swooshed through the monitor. Suddenly the screen went blank. After moments of anxious waiting, the computer screen glowed bright. But this was only for a moment. It then returned to normal, with the picture of the race car as the desktop picture once again. As I sat thanking my stars that nothing had happened to my computer screen, I could not but help wonder what had happened to Polter. Had he reached back to his dimension safely or was stuck somewhere in the endless boundaries of space. One can only guess...


# Don't Read This 

Niaz "nutcase" Mohammed, 10 C<br>Autumn 2007

What??? You are actually reading this despite the warning above? Well then, prepare to read what no one has ever written on a piece of paper. You will see what has not been discarded by the editors as it was too clumsy or not the "tight" material to be published in the magazine. Here I venture into the wild to push the limits of English Literature.

As I am writing this, I must tell you that it's raining cats and dogs and there is a temporary
blackout. (Whoa! SURPRISE! SURPRISE!) Here my best friend cum Buji Venkatesh S (buji@yahoo.com) is trying to study the most boring subject ever. To add to the racket, a battalion of uncontrollable troopers - often called as classmates try to sit on the teacher's head. The "black" board, now grey in colour, stares at me as if it's expecting some great literary creation here. NOT HAPPENING, dude, NOT HAPPENING.

Now another bunch of crazy fellows run along the corridor - in search of TRUTH (?) and pursuing the source of knowledge. I do wonder what that disgusting smell is.
"Some decaying piece of food or fruit
That has been and may be a gain?"
Anyway, it smells bad and is getting on the nerves of the "spiky haired dude" AKA "plucky" who is trying (though unsuccessfully) to put in something on that blank piece of paper in front of him. Another guy next bench desperately tries to scribble his seventeen syllable first name into his work of art. Some guys are putting in ORIGINAL jokes (Fake - o-LA) that make happy people cry and crying people dead.

Everyone (including me) are trying hard to put something in that paper to submit for the magazine (the one which you are holding yourselves) - er.... except for "Pint" who is staring at the black spot in the otherwise flawless piece of paper. Can't blame them. They are trying their best. LEAVE IT TO MY CLASS, THE LA KINGS OF CREATIVITY, TO TURN THAT BLANK PIECE OF PAPER INTO A GOLD FRAMED PIECE OF ART.

My pen is starting to run out of ink now - so for for that reason (and only for that reason), I must stop. But, I had promised you in the beginning that I would write something that has been never written by anybody on a piece of paper. I really mustn't write this. But for the sake of honesty (Ahem!), here it is.
"A9697BERE2747SIRIT56936949NIAZMOHAMMADISCR AZY12!@\#\%^^\&*(90DJSJALKJSJ\$\$\%^DLJRH^\$\%^E!@\# \&* 9348 HELL8047\#\$^\&5JDHR\%^^\%*\&^22347N\$\&(B!!!!!:")

There! Things from pure imagination, never seen on paper before, and never again (so long as you don't copy this!)

Yep! Time to stop. Refer: "All good things come to an end". By now, you probably must be thinking that you probably shouldn't have read this at all. Hate to break it to you, brother. $\qquad$ BUT I
TOLD YOU SO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

# Thou art BAPTIZED AS... 

Sajad S. Santhosh, XI A

Loyola has always been different from other schools in many respects. But there are some things that even Loyola can't change. One of these would be bynames or simply nicknames.

The Cambridge Advanced Learners Dictionary defines a nickname as 'an informal name given to a person, usually based on his proper name or character'. Yeah, right! Here at Loyola we take naming to a whole new level. The amount of thought put into the invention of a nickname is one that is matched only by Einstein and Edison. Okay, I might be exaggerating a bit but believe me, Loyolites take the greatest care in the coinage of a nickname.

Well talking about nicknames, they are of different types. There are nicks based on peculiar features of people (like the Cambridge Dictionary suggests). Well there is the guy who is called the ‘Buji' because $\qquad$ .he is a buji. Then there is the guy called 'Aal Maram' or banyan tree (Ficus religiosa to botanists) because of his seemingly big-headed attitude and because his roots are spread across different schools in the city (He's even got links outside the city). There is this lad called 'BITS', not because he is completely given his life to get into the Birla Institute for Technology and Science, but because these four letters expand into something that. $\qquad$ .cannot be published in the magazine.
Then there are the nicks that are based on one single event on one 'fateful' day. Well there is one guy who was rubbed with chalk powder (the sacred type) on his forehead and biceps, one day, and he ended up with the name 'Sami' (bet you've heard alot about him). There is this other guy who came to class one day, after having slept throughout his haircut, with something resembling a baseball cap and was christened 'Thoppi'.

The Sylvester Stallone fan was called 'Rambo'. This later turned into an apt name when he started
visiting the gym. The guy who accidentally let slip that his favourite motorcycle is the Royal Enfield Bullet was named 'Bullet'. The fact that he runs fast like a speeding bullet has made it unnecessary to renew the name. The innocent I'm-a-good-boy looks of one classmate got him the name 'Pattar'. But don't be deceived because he's the one who usually catalyses all the problems that precipitates in class.

There are of course nicks that go by the Cambridge dictionary. 'Raj', 'GL' and ' $M$ ' are three lads who happen to share their first names and are therefore referred to by their surnames. 'Moses' is another popular surname (teachers actually think that's his name).

Needless to say there is a fourth group of people who have new nicknames each day. Mark my words Ajeesh, Pandey, Thiri, Protein, Constable, Tinku, Paraash, Kimby are the names of one single person. His latest name is \#<*q (@?".^> \{]-w~=*\$619! \#.

Kichu, Kannan, Bala, Bee Jay, Hallo, Put, randu-rupa-ari, Mandhi, Kashu, Kajjah, Mon, Stud, Nakki, Rotti, Tiger, Aad, the list of nicks go on. And this is just from my class. If I had to mention the nicknames of Loyolites in different classes then I would need a separate magazine. I'm not exaggerating - you can check with Loyolites, each of whom would give you a detailed account of different nicknames and their derivation.

It's hard to find a Loyolite without a nickname. Popular supermarkets go by the motto of 'You name it. We've got it.' Here at Loyola we beg to differ 'You've got it?.. ....We'll name it!'
P.S. 1. Readers are requested to be kind while naming the author after reading this.
2. All the nicknames used in this article are original and copyrighted. Piracy will be punished.
3. Juniors are requested to maintain the high standards set by their seniors while naming their friends.

He ran his fingers through his hair nervously. The moment was just hours away. It would all be over then. Many important lives and one inconspicuous one would cease to exist from that instant. But there was no time to reflect on life and such philosophical stuff now. The Sage would summon him presently. He would be loaded with his fateful gear, like a chicken stuffed before the kill.

It was the same day, he remembered, two years ago, that changed his life forever. The masked men had confronted him while on the way to his shop. They, he reflected, were the ones responsible for all this. They had lured him with something he could not possibly resist. And, like a fool, he had fallen prey.

A hand on his shoulder... startled, he turned back. One of the sage's right-hand men. "Time for-" snarled the brute. He nodded and swallowed his thoughts. Time to dress up. His thoughts clouded him on his way to the room... It was difficult... He had been a

# EPILOGUE 

Sriram P, XII A
normal person before. But the financial situation then, and his miserable income... and they had lured him with the one thing he needed most - money. Now, like a disposable bottle, they were flinging him off... but he was not under their compulsion. Here again, money played the lead role, as it did on a warm summer morning, two years back...

He replayed that history vividly in his mind...that summer of April, he was on the way to his roadside shop, when a motorbike stopped by him. A man motioned him to come near him. He spoke in an almost inaudible whisper. "The sage has come to know of your troubles. We are ready to help you...if you join us". In the prime of his youth, he was ready for anything.

He agreed... I'm with you. They led him to their leader (or the Sage, as he was called). Everything was fixed. He was, from then on, a member of their secret terror-group - L for Liberation (LFL). And the promise did not fail. Payments in hard cash reached his hands after every successful mission. All went well... until one fateful day. When the letter from home reached
him that day, he was desperate... and incidentally, the Sage had something in mind too. The two struck together. The plan... and his need. It was a splitsecond decision, but he had to do it. Even though it would cost him bitterly... even though it meant his life. It would be his last task - his last role... a suicide bomber.

Everything was ready now. Dressed for the kill, he surveyed himself. The fatal device circled his waist. One press... the end. He was dazed, but a maniacal will was making him go through it. The same determination, the thought of the result, the reward... No, it was not their ideals that he lived for. He didn't give a damn about what ideas his masters were propagating. He did everything for the stacks of rupeenotes that awaited him in the end.

He started his final journey. As usual, a crowded political rally...Edging his way through the packed crowd, he didn't see the pair of eyes closely watching his every move - the person to whom they belonged having received orders to "follow, and see if everything went well, if not, gun him down"... for the Sage trusted no one. The minister would be there in a few minutes time. He was sweating profusely... these men, and their ideas. He was in the dark as to what the hell the minister propagated, and what in it made the Sage and his gang dislike him. However, one thing was certain: the man was to be put to silence... and it was his job to see to that... upon his life.

The political figure arrived in a convoy of gleaming white Ambassador cars. The minister, clad in white, stepped out, acknowledging his supporters who thronged about him. The time had come... inching nearer to him, he came within 'range'. His fingers trembled about the button, which would trigger the fateful explosion-

He closed his eyes... the image of his sister came into his mind. It was all for her... she was suffering from cancer, and the final operation that had to be done was beyond even the regular payments he had been sending home for her, right from the time her joined the LFL to find means for her treatment. The moment the Sage required a man for his top-priority mission, he knew it was his chance. The big sum of money would reach his family soon. With his departure. she would live... A tear made its way down his pale cheek. This one life's exit, which would take the life of many others, was all for an other life. This wasn't selfishness... it was selfless love.

He had no time to hesitate. He uttered a final prayer, and pressed the button.

# CAREEREGUDACE 

Archith Mohan, XIA

0nce a doctor, an engineer and a politician were having an altercation as to whose was the oldest profession. The doctor argued that long before the dawn of mankind there were other lifeforms and nature nurtured these life-forms which implied the existence of skills, unique to the medical profession. Following the doctors' line of thought the engineer suggested that long before any life form existed God created everything which implied architectural skills. But the politician delivered the killer argument - before God made the universe there was total chaos which must of course have been created by a politician. I totally agree with the politician and you should too. Any misgivings? Well if you do, I suggest you open a thesaurus - you would find that the word 'politician' is listed as a synonym for pandemonium. The thesaurus might also list the politician as a synonym for hypocrite, equivocator, fraudster, thief, slanderer, ineffectual idiot, ostentatious oaf and so on. If it doesn't, you've got yourself a mighty bad thesaurus. Your wondering what I have got against politicians. Nothing actually, except for the fact that I think that politicians and political parties are ruining this world.

I'm not saying that all politicians are conscienceless creeps who are enormously egocentric. There are some like Vladimir Putin with over $80 \%$ approval ratings in their countries, who have rejuvenated economies, raised living standards, lifted up their nations from the brink of disintegration and thus given their people the power to dream big once more. One might as well forgive him for accumulating 40 billion in the process. Fidel Castro may be deified by his countrymen. He consistently employs his rhetoric in opposition to the US. He offers free healthcare and the like in Cuba. But I view such acts as ones of atonement for denying edification, political freedom, and ideological expression to his
countrymen in the past. A detailed study of the past of any politician of the world reveals an ugly truth, so grotesque that it deprives him of the moral right to be even the representatives of even hell-dwellers. The murky morbid world of politics has parasites that are unbridled and spare none at all. In this world there is always an opportunity for the mud-slingers out there to exercise their throwing arm and the ones with dirt on their faces, envious of the virtuous ones successfully offer temptations to self-destruct.

In this world, elected officials directly or indirectly cause the death of an individual every second. Corruption claims a million bucks every minute. In this world there are opportunities aplenty, the only thing that one has to do is seize the opportunities available. Politics is a vast field inhabited by a varied lot. Some genuinely care about their people and tussle for their rights but are uncompromising and unmoved when it comes to the causes of others. Some are in search of the adulation of the masses, the thrill of speaking in front of a sea of humanity, and the challenges of the most notorious job in the world. Some are here just because they can't go anywhere else. All these people cannot achieve one-way traffic all the road to progress. They are congesting the road.

Just don't get me started on Indian politics. The Advanis, the Sanjay Gandhis, the Bal Thackerays are there for all to see. You see, sight is not such a glorious gift after all. History has taught us that we learn nothing from history, but still it does not hurt to flick through the pages of the times gone by. We've had great kings who were superb at warring, distinguished visitors proficient in looting (remember Ghazni?) and of course literary luminaries who fashioned works such as the Mahabharata. No wonder that we've been blessed with leaders who make long speeches which no one can comprehend (but which
plenty of simpletons lap up), leaders who are well capable of squabbling among themselves for fictional reasons for hours and hours but cannot win in an argument with a literate chimpanzee and leaders who name themselves along the lines of Silvio "Corrupt" Berlusconi and Thaksin "Shady" Sinawatra.

No wonder India is still stuck on the footpath adjoining the highway to progress. The headless chickens (I mean no friends in the media) at the helm ain't got any idea how to transcend party politics. Opposing for the sake of opposing surely serves no purpose. One episode in Indian politics which particularly irked me is the Rama Setu controversy. The BJP initiated the Sethusamudram project but they saw the danger to the Rama Setu only when the UPA started working on it. This country has no future.

I do dream that one day will witness the extinction of the political race and then political
parties will become defunct. I do dream that elections will be eliminated and precious public money will be invested to make life better for the people and not to bring pests to power. I dream of a world where people do not have to donate to fund organisations who use the money to spread false propaganda and furnish themselves while there are billions whom they can help in countless ways. I hope for a revolution of the kind man has never seen before.

The facts and figures that I have listed in this article may not have citations, but sadly there is a good chance that these may be understatements. Your wondering why this article was titled career guidance, well, why shouldn't it be? After all it tells you not to be a politician, that is, if you want some respect. And by the way, sincere apologies to all you literate chimps out there.

# The person who never left you... 

Nivin Bennet, 12 B

She protected you for ten months in her womb and after that she made sure that the protection was no less. She fed you from her own breasts and after that she made sure that you never went hungry. She cooked for you, clothed you, prayed for you and loved you. She gave whatever was good and necessary for you. She spent everything on you. She never forgot to wake you up in the morning nor did she ever forget to bid you good night every night. She often feared whether you might take the wrong course and even if you did tread the devil's path, she never disliked you. She just prayed for you even more. You listened to her when you were a kid but when you grew up, you felt that she ought to listen to you. You demanded lots from her. At times, maybe unknowingly, you have shouted at her. Yet, she never complained. She didn't panic when the vegetable-knife hurt her. But she did, when your first tooth fell. She
was with you to hear your sorrows and joys but you thought not to share it with her. She paid the telephone bills however high even if you were the only person who used it. When you were at work, she called you a million times to know if you were fine. You chose to ignore them but she never gave up. You felt your friends were more necessary. You lost your job. Your friends left you. But your mother didn't. She found you new jobs. You even forgot to thank her. Your mother found you a good girl, but you had found your own. She ditched you after a small fight. But your mother begged her not to leave. Still she left. But your mother didn't. She stayed with you, supported you, and did the daily chores. And one she was on her bed, about tom accept god's call. The call came and she went. Days went by. And then you realised... that your mother was your best friend!

## Redumption Reassured

Abin K. Alex, 11 A.


The preparations for the drama started with the hunt for the perfect theme. And all the Chemistry and English classes were changed into brainstorming sessions. People came up with serious themes to comical themes to themes that were way out of this earth.

We finally stuck to the theme which was rather philosophical and serious. It was about the search for the perfect Indian. There were a lot of hurdles to cross to make this a reality. It required careful planning and proper execution. But as time was a limiting factor we decided to go for an alternative theme. And after another session of brainstorming and mixing up of all the random ideas of the class including the mafia, the corrupt government, a prominent lady character, and the supernatural we had another theme. Our class was a melting pot of singers, creatively inclined guys, orators, actors and the tech savvy people. In short we had the correct mix required for a perfect drama. We were sure that we would be able to present a drama that would be etched in the viewers' minds.

That was how Uday Shetty, Dr Sandhya Vadakekandathil, Steve "Ironknuckle" Irwin and Abu Ben Adhem came on stage. Now came the challenging part of writing the script and rehearsing. All the rehearsals were fun packed and the actual script was improvised heavily by the spontaneity of the actors which came out during the rehearsals. We wanted to
put something on stage that would make people think, 'Hey......that's different from all the dramas that I've seen', and without making them go crazy. And viola! The idea of a shadow play involving Jesus Christ and Mahatma Gandhi was born.

Tuitions were cut, holidays were sacrificed and afternoon naps were interrupted. The target was as usual - ‘The best'. Actors did splendidly well during the rehearsals. Everybody knew all the parts. When someone or the other couldn't make it to a rehearsal, others neatly filled in for the actors to practise. Props and costumes were 'finalised' and changed every now and then. The last week before the school day was tension-filled. There were doubts about how the shadow play would turn out to be on stage. There were also doubts regarding whether some of the rehearsal's highly performing actors would come out well on stage in front of a huge crowd. But these were sorted out fast and by Thursday, every one had several stints on stage and the confidence ran high.

And came the day. Final rehearsals and random dialogue delivery were replaced by photo sessions and casual talk. And it was time.....scene one saw the angel writing down the names of people who loved the lord and to whom the lord actually reciprocated. The questions of Abu were answered by the angel Gabriel who showed him showing figments from the life of a doctor who did not waver from the path of righteousness and a thug who repented for
his sins. They believed in themselves and thereby the Almighty. This was followed by the acting out of scenes in which the doctor was harassed by the corrupt politician Uday Shetty. The scenes that followed showed the life of a thug who was struck with the realiSation of how cruel his actions really were. The thug repented for his deeds and begged for the mercy of god.

The multimedia presentations exemplified the lives of Jesus Christ and Mahatma Gandhi. But the angel goes on to show the suffering they had to go through inspite of their countless good deeds. The shadow plays showed the sad end to the two noble lives.
"but their good deeds are etched onto memory's whitest marble".

But echo played spoilsport to our dream of a perfect drama. Audience sitting at the back of the auditorium couldn't comprehend clearly due to the echoing of the sound. But that was shadowed by the scintillating acting prowess showcased by the students. Even the principal congratulated a few of the actors in person. The angel portrayed by Archith

Mohan was one of the many things that stood out in the drama. The flying effect of the angel created by the host of technicians from our class was appreciated by the audience.

The drama had its fair share of lighter moments. In the doctor scene where Uday Shetty threatens Doctor Sandhya, Sandhya finds out that she did not have a mike and was looking towards the side stage and showing actions to inform us that she did not have a mike and at the same time trying to look bewildered at the threats from uday. And from that arose a new facial expression which cannot be replicated by anyone.

It was indeed a team effort and the floor manager Ravishankar did his job perfectly. Thus were able to produce one of the best acting showcases in the past ten years. The same people who were tagged as the most irresponsible people came up with one of the best dramas ever!

Forty minutes of unparalleled attention and applause....that was enough for us... all those sleepless nights...it made us a part of history.
 hat are the advantages of cellphones? What a silly question? ... Eh. We use cellphones to call people who are miles away from us. Text them, listen to music etc. Well are these the only advantages of the cellphones? Well like anything man has made, the cellphone has a lot of disadvantages too. Even though the numbers of disadvantages are less, the impact is very big. In today's world, cellphones are more of a necessity than a luxury. Prolonged using of the phone will result in the gradual decrease of a person's hearing capability and may even cause cerebral disorders. A more common disadvantage is how it causes automobile accidents. Suppose we are driving a car or a bike and suddenly the phone starts ringing and you attend it and this course of events results in a broken arm or leg or even cost you your life. Moreover misuse of camera phones are on he rise today. This is just the tip of an iceberg, yet cellphone is a necessity today. Whatever the cellphone does its only due to the ten fingers which unfortunately or fortunately are under our control.

Anand Jyothi A, 7B


Baskethall Team


## Karate Kids



## Now Teaching Staff



## A Chat with Fr. Varghese Anikuzhy S.J.

Post 2000, Loyola entered a transition phase. Change became the only thing permanent in the school. The architect behind all these changes is a person looked upon with respect mixed with a small amount of fear, by his colleagues and students. Reading his thoughts could probably be the toughest task that a person could ever imagine. Two students, Master Aravind Sreekumar of 7 A and Master Arun Sudarsan of 11 A, got the rare privilege to interact with the vibrant character on one fine October evening, when he had just slid into his office after a usual busy day which was rounded off with a PTA meeting with parents and teachers of the 12th standard. In this exclusive interview with The Loyolite 2008, Fr. Varghese Anikuzhy spells out information about his personal life, critical views on various issues, and his future plans.

Born into a very religious and orthodox agrarian family at Nedumkunnam in Kottayam district, he was just like every other middle-class child of that era. Though the youngest in the family, he was never pampered, neither by his parents Mr. Cheriyan Scaria and Mrs. Eliyamma Scaria, nor by his 2 brothers and 4 sisters. His father passed away when he was at the tender age of five. From then on, the responsibility of running the huge household fell upon the shoulders of his eldest brother. During this phase, his mother proved to be his biggest support and inspiration.

Starting his formal education at a CMS school close to his own house, he finished his matriculation at a Parish school run by the Nedumkunnam church. Remembering his school days, he points out that he liked his Headmaster, Mr. Chacko for his pleasant behaviour towards his students.

## Excerpts from the interview

Q. What are the changes that you observe in the relationship between a teacher and a student?
A. During my school days, teachers were considered to be somebody great. The students loved and respected their teachers. Over the years, there has been a constant decline in the purity of guru - sishya relations. The commitment of teachers was certainly much better in those days. They lived for their students.

Q. The education sector has become a battleground. Parents often complain about the work load of their children. What have you got to say on this issue?
A. The work load was certainly less when I was a student. But we had some work load at home. We had to take part in the regular affair of running the family.

## Q. In which year and at what age did you become a priest?

A. I became a priest at the age of 37 . It was after 13 years of higher studies.

## Q. What motivated you to become a priest?

A. During my stay in Belgaum, I was in close touch with the Jesuits who ran a school called St. Paul's. I used to meet them and talk to them. Moreover, I was staying in a Parish church and there was a Goan priest there, with whom I was very close. I was really close to this religious group. That led me to become a priest.

## The Lighter Side of Loyola

Arrogant. Intimidating. Champions. No, it is not the Australiancricketteam. This is what people who have seen Loyolites at interschool fests think. Well...there is not much we can do to change that impression but we would like to try and throw some light on the real characteristics of Loyolites. The survey conducted by the editorial board of Loyolite '08 has revealed the fun loving side of Loyolites. Respondents were in the agegroup of 14 to 17 . The results are for all tosee


## What you watch outy



Movies 乡songs



Eep
Ahem....
can'tsay

Where do you spend your free time white on the campus?


\#ow much time opouspend at tuition places?


6 to 10 hours - 21\%

What kind of music do you listen to?




## The corridor that never ends...

Sreedeep P.R, 12- A

Another January morning greets me. Nothing has changed over the years; the same cold early hours of the day, the first rays of the universal flame waiting to kiss the paradise of the mortals; the same twitters, the very ambience of the cool January morning hasn't changed a bit.
Life has drawn the curtains over another year, like it has repeated 12 times; exactly 12 times. Never did I feel a whole year pass by, not till today the 16th of January 2008. Here at home as I try desperately to get comfortable with my 'mundu', I feel that augmenting pain, my eyes at once hot with tears, my vision gets blurred, a tiny sob escapes my larynx, the realization suddenly dawns upon me, it is the end of an epoch. It is the last time we guys confine ourselves within the four walls of a totally different world...our 12A. Everything has come to an end, a sudden one, that a p proached so inconspicuously. The very thought of it hurts me like anything. Time never bids us goodbye as it flies. Only when it reaches beyond all the limits of proximity, beyond unseen horizon, do we realize that it has never waited, nor has it ever turned back. How I wish that today would disappear yesterdays last hour?!. Why so close, why so untimely, and why at all?
13 years; 13 short years passed so quickly, like a gentle wayward breeze, unbridled. Who actually did bother? It just happened. This great institution that looms high over each kid who takes his first step to this hallowed land, where I too shyly stepped into my kindergarten days has been the same throughout. The refreshing greenery, the warm hospitable atmosphere that greets me is still alive. The voices, so vivid and clear, visions so scintillating and lively, in course of time, many did bid goodbye, many more joined newer links of supreme brotherhood that bonded the odd fifty brats together. Together we celebrated Youth

Festivals, school days, Lafests, together were we in times of pressure and together were we for fun. Those class hours, the much dreaded exams and those wonderful excursions.
This is too much; it hurts me, the sinking feeling when I realize that all these would cease to roll one dreaded day and that today marks the end of an era. The strength of bonds manifests itself through the agony of parting. Our lives - almost 18 years of which the thirteen wonderful years were in the cradles of Loyola, my school. Together we grew under the mesmerizing freedom that was bestowed on us. Those captivating sessions by our loving teachers, who guided us and held our hands with each faltering step, who wished nothing but all the dizzy heights in life for us. Those hours of wild play in the sweltering heat... all those simple things now lead me to paranoia... I gape at the impudance at which time has crept into the best days of my life, with nothing but mere helplessness.

The day has bid goodbye, and hence started its journey to the minds of many. Redolent thoughts manifested itself through warm tears. Finally everything has ceased, prosaically. It was fun for those toddlers, who were quite amused to see their seniors clad in a different dress. Our beloved mentors, with all their love and prayers, did give us all the best of whatever the 'guru' can bestow upon the disciple. That solemn, serene ambience will remain etched in our hearts until our last breath flutters away. Here, back at home again, when I fix my gaze on the orange ribbon- bound candle in my palm, which spread the light of love just hours before, I feel it once again, the augmenting pain, eyes hot brimming with tears. The candle in my hand reduces to a blurred palette of orange and white.



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# ©guzalenouzas  

விกััต! ตேวกกกิ่, X - B





































































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๑ஜ.ஜา. ๙๐ృ๐๐งเกั, XII - A








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## आणडे का पणडा

आओ सिखा तुम्हे अण्डे का फण्डा
ये नहीं प्यारे कोई मामुली फण्डा
अण्डे से होता है मुरगी
मुरगी से होता है अण्डा
अण्डा नहीं तो मुर्गियाँ नहीं
मुर्गियाँ नहीं तो पारटी भी नहीं
पारटियाँ नहीं तो आशीकी नहीं आशीकी नहीं तो ज़िदगी नहीं
ये हे प्यारे दोस्तों अण्डे का फण्डा।


अरजुन श्याम, VI C


हाथी देखो! मोटा- ताज़ा, मन भर भूसा खाता है। सूँड हिलाता दाँत दिखाता, खूब झूमता कान हिलाता पंखे जैसे, सूँड से पीता- खाता है। पूँछ गजब की छोटी इतनी, ड़ील डाँल शरमाता है। चार पाँव है खंभे जैसे, फिर भी दौड़ लगाता है। राजाओं की भली सवारी, मस्त- मौला कहलाता है। जंगल में यह रहता है। पर किसी को नहीं सताता है। तनिक अगर जो छोड़े इसको, उसको मज़ा चखाता है।

## स(

प्रवीण एन. आर, सिद्घार्थ सजित, IX - A

एक जापानी भारत में आया। कुछ दिनों बाद हवाई अड़ड़े में जाने केलिए एक ओटो रिक्षा पकडा। उन्हेंने रिक्षा वाले से कहा। "एयरपोट, एयरपोट" रिक्षा वाला जवाब दी "हाँ हाँ समझा"। हवाई अड़डे में जाते समय एक ‘होन्डा" गाडी बहूत तेज़ी से आगे चल रही थी। जपानी ने कहा"होन्ड़ा होन्ड़ा वेरी फास्ट मैड़ इन जापान। रिक्षा वाले ने कुछ नहीं कहा। कुछ समय के बाद एक "टयोटा" गाड़ी तेज़ी से जा रही थी। जापानी ने फिर से कहा'टयोटा टयोटा वेरी फास्ट मैड़ इन जापान "। औटो रिक्षा हवाई अड़ड़ा पहुँचा । जापीनी रिक्षावाले से पूछा"हौ मच,हौ मच कितला किताना" रिक्षा वाले ने जवाब दाया 800 रुपये"। जापानी पूछा वै वेरी एकस्पेन्सीव ?" औड़ड़े वाले ने कहा " मीटर मीटर वेरी फास्ट मैड़ इन इन्डिया"।

## इसे देखकर

श्रावण कुञ्चला, VII C
हर वर्ष- वर्ष
पानी आए
सबके मन खुशा करने
इसे देखकर रोता तोता
खाश बन
इसे देखकर
रवि, गोपी, दोस्त बने
इसे देखकर कुत्ता बोले।
चलो हम दोस्त बनें।

## भाएतीच नाटी की जावृृति

विष्णु पी. ए., XII-B

"नारी"। यह वाक्य हमको परिचित है। क्योंकि हमारी माँ एक नारी, हमारी बहन एक नारी है, हमारी अध्याहिका एक नारी है, इतना क्या, हमारी दादी भी एक नारी है। नारी को हम आदर करते है। क्योंकि वह भूमि के जैसे त्यागी क्षमारूपी और का एक विभिन्न रूप भी है। नारी प्यार, सेवा, ममता आदि की ज्वलंत प्रतीक है। हमारी भारतीय संस्कृति में नारी को गृह की लक्ष्मी कहती हैं। यह हमारा मर्यादा है।

पुरूष के जीवन की प्रेरणा स्त्री है। शरीर को दो भागों में विभजित किया है। एक पुरूष भाग और एक स्त्री भाग जैसे भगवान शिव और पार्वती का ‘अष्टनरीश्वर" रूप। नारी की पूजा जहाँ होती है वहाँ लक्षमी देवी निवास करती है। यह एर सत्य है। एक पुरूष के विजय के पीछे एक नारी है। इस वाक्य से हमें मालूम होता है कि हमारे समूह और परिवार में नारी का स्थान कितना बडा है।

स्वतंत्र भारत के संविधान ने नारी को पुरूष के बराबर स्थान दिया है। इसकेलिए अनेक उदाहरण भी है। इंधिरा गाँधी, सरोजिनी नालृडू, कल्पना चौला, प्रतीभा पाटील जैसे कितने आदर्शवादी महिलाएँ रहती है। आधुनिक युग नारी के उद्दाधान का यूग है। आज छोटे छोटे गाँवों में पुरूष के साथ नारी भी हर एक काम में भाग लेती है। आज भारतीय स्त्री नयी उमंग, नया जागरण, नयी शिक्षा, नया जोश आदि से आगे बढ़ रही है। नारी की जारृति वास्तव में एक राष्ट्र की प्रगति की निशानी है। क्या आप सोच सकते है कि बिना महिलाएँ यह कैसे लोक होंगे ?

जय है ।


गोकुल एस. नायर, VI-C
एक मूर्गी थी। उसके दस बच्चे थे। एक बार मुर्गी ने अपने बच्चों से कहा "कही जाकर दाना लाओ"। बच्चे ने कहा "हम नहीं लायेंगो, हमें खेलना है"। मुर्गी अपने आप दाना लाई। माता मुर्गी ने कहा "बच्चों दाना पीस करो"। बच्चों ने कहा "दाना पीस करना हामारा काम नहीं है, हमको खेलना है। माता मुर्गी ने अपने आप दाना पीस किया। माता मुर्गी ने कहा "आटा के साथ नमक ओर पानी डालकर उसे गूँम दो? बच्चें ने कहा" हमारे पास समय नहैं है, हम को खाना है । बडे सवेरे मुर्गी ने भोजन बनाने को कहा । वह काम हमारा नहीं हम को सोना है। सुबह बच्चों ने कहा, "माँ भोजन दे दो"। माता मुर्गी ने कहा "में तूमसे प्रश्न पूछूँगी। तुमको उत्तर देना है।

बच्चे बोले "हाँ हाँ"। माता मुर्गी ने पहला प्रश्न पूछा। दाना कोन लाया ? बच्चो ने कहा "माताजी लाई"।

मुर्गी- दाना किसने पीस किया? बच्चे- माताजी ने पीस किया।

मुर्गी- भोजन किसने बनाया ? बच्चे - माताजी ने बनाया।

माँ ने कहा सब काम मेंने किया। इयलिए पूरा भोजन में खाऊँगीय़ तुम बाहर जाकर खोजकरू भोजन खाओ । बच्चें को अपनी गलत मालूम हो गया। उन्होंने कभी नहीं उस प्रकार किया।

गुणपाठ - आलस बड़ा दुर्गुण है।

# बिन सेवा मेवा नहीं 

पीयुष कुमार, VII-C

रवि और उसकी पत्नी बहूत गरीब थे। पत्नी का नाम लक्ष्मी था। वह रोज़ की गुज़ाका के लिए भिक्षा माँगती थी। रवि घर में सोया करता था। दूसरे लोग मज़दूरी करते थे। रवि घर में बैठकर खाया करता था। लक्ष्मी बिलकुल उदास थी। एक दिन वह घर छोडकर चली गई। रवि भूखा रह गया। उसके दोस्त उसे खाना लाऐ और उसे सलाह दी कि तुम एक काम करो। पर रवि के कानों पर जूँ न रेंगा। वह फिर भी आलस था। उस तरह कई दिन बीत गऐ। उसके दोस्त खाना देना रोक दिया। उसने सोचा कि सोना ही अच्छा है। उस तरह वह सोता रहा ओर एक दिन वह भूखा होने के कारण रोना थुरू कर दिया। उसके दोस्त उसे मदद नहीं की। एक ऋषि ने उसे रोटी दी और काम करने को कहा। उसने वादा किया कि वह अपनी बाकी जीवन मेहनत करके जियेगा।

इस कथन से हमें प्ररणा मिलती है कि बिना मेहनत के एक समय का खाना भी नहीं मिलेगा।

## तोता

रोहित जी., V - C


चिम चिम कर कर
उसने गाना गाया।
आसमान में उठ गया।
उसका रंग बिरंगे रंग को
शेखीबाज़ करके।
आसमान में उठ गया.
एक दीवार
देखकर।
उसको शेखीबाण आया।
एक बडा पत्ता लेकर
फेंक कर दिया।
उसका फसा देखा,
उसने बेहोश आना।
"मत शेखीबाज़ होना
याद करना ।

# कौआ और साँप 

सूरज एस.,VII-C


एक गाँव में एक लंबा पेड था। उस पेड में एक कौआ घोंसला बनाकर रहता था। एक कोयल ने कौए के घोंसले में रहना शुरू कर दिया। कोए ने नीम के पेड में नया घोसला बनाय। उस पेड के नीचे एक साँप रहता था। कौआ और साँप दोनों मेत्र थे। कौए ने साँप से कहा, "क्या तुम मुझे मदद करोगी?"। साँर ने कहा, हाँ हाँ। दूसरे दिन कोयल पानी पीने केलिए जाते समय साँप ने घोंसले के अंदर घुसा। उसने वहाँ पाँच अंडे देखे । साँप ने सारे अंडे नाश कर दिया। कोयल वापस आकर अपने घोंसले में देखते समय उसको मालूम हूआ है कि अपने प्रिय बच्चे मर गये। कोयल को बहूत दुख हूआ। उसने घर छोडकर कहीं चसा गया। तीसरे दिन साँप ने कोए के घोंसले में घुसाय़ साँप ने कोए के चार

अंडे तोड़ लिये। कोआ वापस आकर देखते समय वह दुख रह गयी। अपना बच्चा मर गया। कोए ने सोचा केसने मेरे बच्चे को मारा। दूसरे दिन कोए ने छिपकर साँप को देखा। उसने एक उपाय सोचा वह, वहाँ से उडकर एक राणी की चूडियाँ, हार और माला अपने चोंचे में लेकर उठ गया। द्वारापालकों ने उनके पीछे चले गए। कोए ने आभूष्णों साँप के बिल में रखा। और वहाँ से चला गया। द्वारपालकों ने आभूष्ण बिल के अंदर देखा। जब वे आभूष्ण लेने केलिए पत्थर लेकर बिल में मारा। उस समय काला साँप जल्दि से बाहर निकला। उसने साँर को मार डाला और आभूष्ण लेकर चले गये। कोआ यह सब देखकर बहुत खुश हो गया और उड़कर अपने घोंसले में लोट गया।

गूणपाठ - बुरे लोगों से मित्रता करना बुरा है।

