



Blue Print-95

BLUE PRINT

1995 (2nd TERM)

Committee Members :

Mrs. PANCHALI DASGUPTA
Mrs. ESTHER PRASAD
RAVI
KARTIK

SRINIVAS
DHRITIMAN
APARNA
SHAMIRON

The Blue Mountains School
Ootacamund

Seated L to R

: Dwarakesh. Avraan, Vaishnavi, Saranya
Vishnuraam, Ayesha, Noormi, Ivan, Parasu

Seated 2nd Row L to R

: Miss Sumitha, Mr. Prem, Miss Shanthi
Miss Irine Vandana, Mrs. Archana,
Mr. Paramesh, Mr. Prasad, Mr. Malik
Mr. Rajasekaran, Mrs. Esther, Mr. Gabriel
Miss Sophia, Mrs. Panchali, Miss Rajeshwari

Standing 1st Row L to R

: Sanjit, Puneet, Satawahana, Kiranraj,
Sreyas, Arjuna, Anshuman, Mariam, Waseem
Jijin, Abirami, Sandip, Sujith, Ranjeet,
Ayanjit, Gitanjali, Jerald

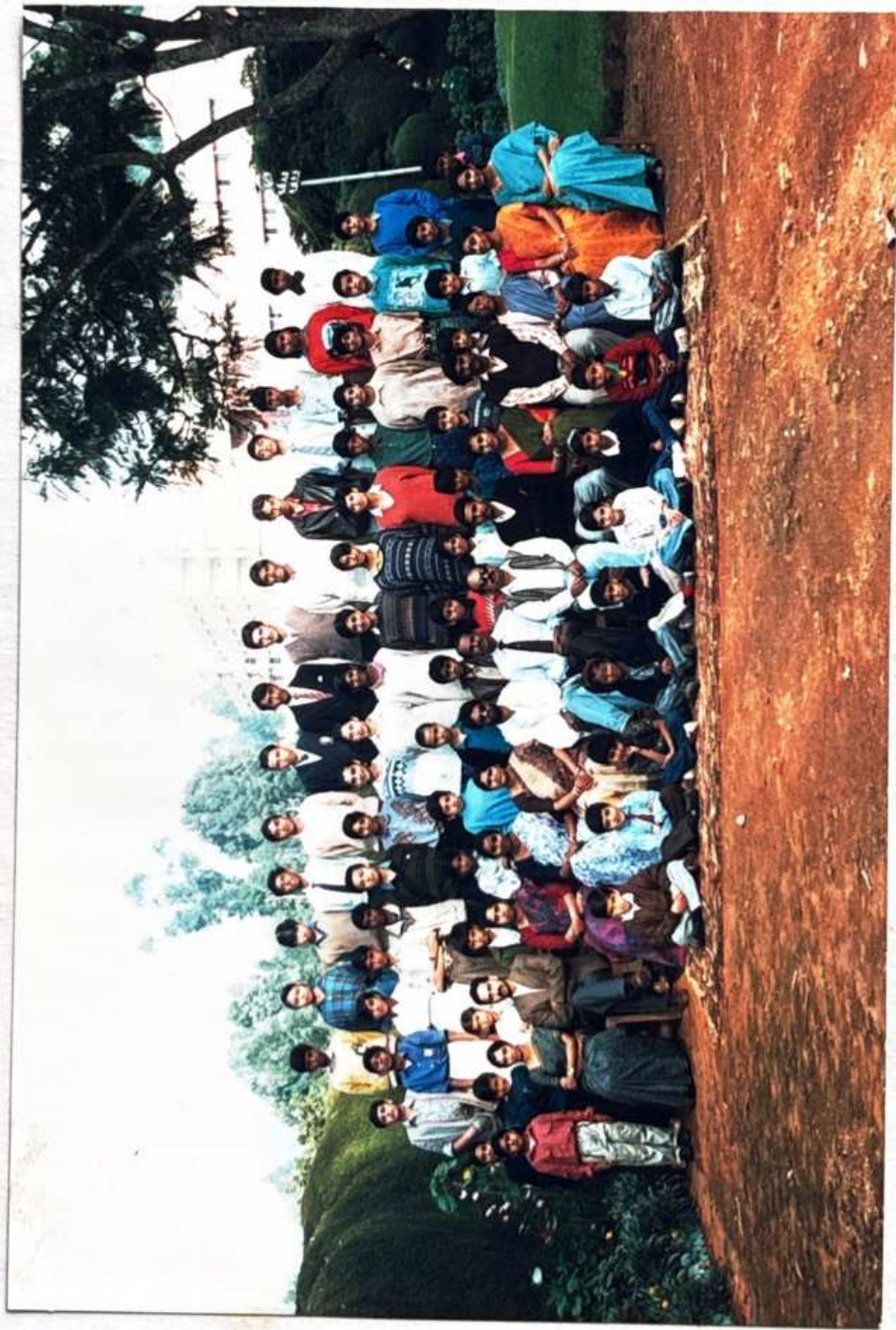
Standing 2nd Row L to R

: Parag, Dakshwanth, Rajeshwari, Nisheed
Sembian, Shamiran, Srinivas, Sarojini,
Rimjhim, Aparna, Amit, Keegan, Suchitra
Kishen, Shonali, Girijashankar, Ratanraj
Anahita.

Standing 3rd Row L to R

: Sunder, Diana. Dhritiman, Vishak,
Hari Krishna, Kartik, Aashish, Rocky,
Ravi. Chaitanya, Praveen, Veeresh, Sapna,
Tifferet

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL DEC-95



Teaching Staff

Mr. L. Prasad	— M. A., B. Ed
Mr. Saibal Malik	— B. Fine Arts (5 years)
Mr. Gabriel	— s. s. L. C Woodwork (5 Years)
Mr. J. B. Rajasekharan	— M. A., B. Ed.
Mr. H. Parameshwaran	— M. Sc., B. Ed., P.G.D.C.A., D.A.C.S.
Mrs. Esther Prasad	— G C.E. A/L , Office Management
Miss Irine Vandana	— M. A. B. Ed., (History)
Mrs. Panchali Dasgupta	— M.A., M. Phil (English)
Mrs. Rajeswari Padmanabhan	— M. Sc., B. Ed. (Chemistry)
Miss H. Shanthi	— B sc., (Mathematics)
Mr. Prem Prakash Sahu	— M. A. (English)
Miss R. Sumitha	— B. Sc. (Agriculture) M. Sc. (Pathology)
Mrs. Vijaya Mohan Joshi	— B. Sc., B. Ed., M. A. (Hindi)

Non - Teaching Staff

Miss. K. Suganthi	— Accountant
Miss. Ranie Sophia Das	— Stenographer
Mrs. Archana Malik	— Matron

HERE AND THERE

JULY

22nd — The Teachers come back a week before, to prepare afresh for the coming term. Some new Teachers join in.

A hearty welcome to :

Prem Prakash Sahu — Who has joined us to take up English, Geography and Sociology for the senior classes.

Panchali Dasgupta — Who is handling English and Hindi. She is also the Blue Dorm parent.

Irine Vandana — who is handling History and Civics. she is also the Red Dorm Parent.

Shanthi H — Who is taking up Mathematics and Physics. She is the Yellow Dorm Parent.

Rajeswari — Who is handling Chemistry and General Science. She is the Green Dorm Parent.

Padmanabhan — Who is handling Biology and Hindi. We're likely to benefit from her 12 year long course of Bharathanatyam.

Sumitha R — Who has joined us after a break of 2 years to handle English and music once again.

Esther Prasad — Who has joined us after a break of 2 years to handle English and music once again.

29th — The school regains its zeal and laughter, as the children return. Some new children join in.

AUGUST

12th — All of us go on a hike to different places. It was grouped dorm-wise.

15th — A special Assembly held to solemnise Independence Day.

26th — The first pocket money outing for the children, which they very much look forward to.

29th — Satyajit Lahiri (Toto), an ex-student spent two days with us.

30th — An informative slide show and a talk initiated by Dr. Tarun Chhabra on the lifestyle and culture of the Todas (a ancient tribe of the Nilgiris)

31st — Juniors' Quiz

S E P T E M B E R

- 9th — Senior's Quiz
- 11th — A weeklong workshop on English for F. G. VIII and below to
- 15th — Some of the comments by the children enclosed inside.
- 13th — Sports Quiz (Seniors)
- 15th — The children go over to the Good Shepherd School to play a friendly Football match. We won it.
- 16th — All go on a hike, age wise.
- 23rd — The Blue and the Red dormers entertain the rest of the school.
- 25th to
3rd Oct — Classes IX and X have their ICSE Trial Examination.
- 27th — Juniors' Quiz
- 30th — The children go for their pocket money outing

O C T O B E R

- 2nd — A special Assembly held to commemorate the birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi
- 6th — Our children present a Tamil programme over the AIR which was broadcasted on the 8th.
- 8th to — An enjoyable break from the usual routine. The school goes on an
14th excursion to Goa.
- 13th — Mr. G. P. Jategaonkar, the Vice Chairman of the Management Trustee of the school visited us for a few days.
- 21st — An hour's entertainment presented by the Green dormers and the Yellow dormers.
- 23rd — A sparkling evening with crackers
- 28th to — Baptisto Fernandes, an ex-students spent a week with us.
- 4th Nov. recapitulating old memories
- 28th — Children go for their pocketmoney.

NOVEMBER

- 1st — Current affairs Quiz (Seniors)
- 4th — Some senior boys go to Lawrence School for an advertisement shooting for Cadbury's.
- 11th — The School goes on a hike
C. Prasad an ex-student, presently a doctor, spent the weekend with us. We benefited from his profession.
- 14th — Treasure Hunt.
P. V. Srinivas who passed out in '89 paid us a visit.
- 15th — Juniors' Quiz
- 25th — Top Dorm 1 and 2 present their colourful show.
- 29th — The entire school goes on a picnic to the Golf Links.

DECEMBER

- 1st — The last Assembly of the term held on Friday night.
- 2nd — We break up for the Winter Vacation. All parties leave.



MEDITATIONS

AFTER the rains the hills were splendid. They were still brown from the summer sun, and soon all the green things would come out. It had rained quite heavily, and the beauty of those hills was indescribable. The sky was still clouded and in the air there was the smell of sumac, sage and eucalyptus. It was splendid to be among them, and a strange stillness possessed you. Unlike the sea which lay far down below you, those hills were completely still. As you watched and looked about you, you had left everything down below in that little house—your clothes, your thoughts and the odd ways of life. Here you were travelling very lightly, without any thoughts, without any burden, and with a feeling of complete emptiness and beauty. The little green bushes would soon be still greener, and in a few weeks' time they would have a stronger smell. The quails were calling and a few of them flew over. Without knowing it, the mind was in a state of meditation in which love was flowering. After all, only in the soil of meditation can this flower bloom. It was really quite marvelous and strangely, all through the night it pursued you, and when you woke, long before the sun was up, it was still there in your heart with its incredible joy, for no reason whatsoever. It was there, causeless, and quite intoxicating. It would be there all through the day without your ever asking or inviting it to stay with you.

— J. Krishnamurti.

EDITORIAL

Life Without Passion

Education should make us sensitive; a sensitivity that will make life intense and passionate.

Human life without passion has no significance; Life without passion is no life.

Our life has become dull, mechanical and self centred. We do things not because they are good; because they are convenient.

We do not have the right relationship to anything; there is no right feeling for beauty, one's immediate environment, a response to nature, to beauty and ugliness, to compassion and cruelty.

"To live, is to be related" said J. K.; if we are not rightly related to everything - a poem, a feeling, a butterfly and a beggar in the mud road-our life has no meaning.

Our life seems to be without love, without joy and therefore lifeless. There is no passion in our life because there is no love in our heart.

We have become immune to the mindless violence in Kashmir, in Panjab, in Kigali, in Sarajevo, in Jaffna... Death has become only a matter of statistics, of numbers; numbers, like the cricket score; number of deaths, like runs

"My religion includes all life; I have reverence for the sanctity and integrity of life; life is sacred" said Gandhiji.

Where is the passion that would create revulsion against inhumanity, against senseless killing?

Saro-Wiwa, the Nigerian poet and social worker was awarded the Alternative Nobel Prize in December 1994 only to be hanged within a year by a barbaric military regime for protesting against the environmental devastation of his land Ogoni and his people.

Do we have the passion that would make every individual's blood boil against injustice and inhumanity?

Life is magical, it is mystical and it is a miracle? Is it really so? No-there is no Life in life.

Do we live our life? No. We are preoccupied with our thoughts; meaningless pursuits of material acquisitions. And in the process we fail to live the present; the present moment right now; we are hoping to live life sometime at a distant future.

“What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare”

Said poet W. D. Davies.

The Irish poet Seamus Heaney once said that the question is not whether there is life after death. The real question is whether there is life before death. A life without passion is no life, therefore death.

Life without passion is like rainbow without colours-meaningless.

“We have lost the passion for the incomprehensible things of the world, the unattainable earth” says Czeslaw Milosz, the Polish poet.

Life without passion, is like the good earth without its salt; devoid of the essential.

Right education should create intelligence; an intelligence that comprehends the whole, the total process of life; an intelligence which is integrity of perception; a perception of which passion is an integral part.

Real education leads to right passion; a passion that makes you one with the universe.

Sang the great Tamil poet Subramaniya Bharati in ecstasy :

“The crow and the sparrow
Are my flocks.
The endless oceans and mountains
Are our kins.
Whichever way we look
We see none but ourselves.
The more we gaze and gaze
The greater is our ecstasy”.

Passion is life

B. J. Krishnan,
(Secretary F. G. Pearce Trust)

The Beginning of a Warm Friendship

The cold winter wind wraps its icy hands around the lonely old man as he proceeds towards a bench to rest his tired old limbs for a while. Although he is well dressed for protection from the cold he still shivers and now and then wraps his overcoat a little more tightly around him. On reaching the bench, he eases himself onto it slowly as though he has all the time in the world and time didn't really matter. No, time didn't matter to him anymore. Nothing seemed to matter much since that fateful day when his little daughter had met with a tragic accident and gone from his life forever. Not only had she died but also she had taken away his spirit, his soul and killed it, brutally. He didn't have any life left in him now, although he still breathed. He was like a living corpse! People didn't like him because he was rude. They never looked at him let alone talk to him. They forbade their children from nearing him or even speaking about him. Although he didn't care what the people around him said, he did care for what the children said, because he loved them. Every little child he saw, reminded him of his daughter. Every word they said reminded him of her. Every laugh brought his own child's laughter ringing hysterically into his ears. How her memories haunted him! Her golden head with curls bobbing up and down, her pink, pretty, rounded little face with a surprisingly prominent window's peak. Her childish babbling about her dolls, her affectionate hugs and kisses, her gay ringing laughter.....

He was conscious of someone sitting next to him but he didn't make any effort to talk because he knew he would be rejected. As he was about to drown himself in his sorrows again he felt a hand on him. He turned and was surprised to see a lady smiling at him. She was saying something about having a nice talk with him and wanting to meet him again. He was dumbfounded to actually have someone talking to him especially when he was branded a bad and dangerous man. This kind gesture went to his heart and suddenly he wept like a child. Amidst heart-breaking sobs he related his grief filled story to her. It was hardly coherent but she didn't seem to care. She kept comforting him and telling him that she was his friend and would be by his side. Her voice was so soothing and calm that it seemed to take away a little of his grief. Soon her comforting hand retreated but he didn't seem to realize because he

had fallen off to sleep having incoherent dreams about friends, his child etc. He didn't seem to realize when she got up and he didn't sense her planting a kiss on his forehead. She went away leaving a warm feeling in his heart, a strong bond of friendship developed in so less a time. She took away a part of his grief.

When he awoke, there was no sign of her except her handbag. He searched frantically but in vain. Finally after a lot of running around he opened her bag with a faint hope of finding her name and address. He found nothing but a snap, in there. As he held up the frayed photograph he saw himself in it standing next to a house with his sister beside him.

Rimjhim Hazarika

(15 years)

My Pet Dog Toffee

When I was in my old school in Assam, I always asked my father for a Pet dog. My father always agreed to get me one, but he said that, "If I get dog for you, you will have to look after it." I faltered, and then I agreed to do so after a few days.

One day I was in school. When I came back from school and opened the front gate of my house, I heard a puppy barking in the corridor. I rushed to the corridor and I saw a small puppy running around the verandah. It was beautiful. It had tiny legs, a pointed mouth with ears standing on the side of its head. I was so excited and elated at that time that I couldn't believe my eyes. I went to my father and thanked him a lot. It was a German Shepherd. I was overjoyed that day. I didn't leave him for a moment that day.

After a week, I gave him the name Toffee. It was only two months, ten days old when we got it. I found a friend in him. He was also very friendly with me. Every afternoon when I came back from my school, he always played with me.

Every night, I used to give his meal. If somebody else gave him the meal at night, he won't even go near it. During day time my mother gave him food, as I stayed in school. After three years he got ticks on his whole body and we took him to the Veterinary hospital. The doctor gave him injections and medicines for three months. He got cured and was healthy within a month.

Again after two years, the ticks attacked his whole body. This time he started limping on his fore legs. We took him to the Vet and the doctor told that he had got it on both of his front legs. The doctor told, that he would have to operate on his front legs. I felt very sad as I could feel his pain.

After the operation we took him home. That was not before two days of rest in the hospital. He was very weak after the operation. He couldn't walk, he couldn't stand and he couldn't sleep at night because of pain in his legs. After a week, the pain in his legs increased so much, that he started crying and yelping at night. One night he was screaming very loudly. I and my father, both came out of bed and went to him. When we looked at him, for a moment, I felt as if toffee was crying. Tears rolled down my cheeks. Toffee looked at me for sometime and started licking my face. Then my father gave him some medicine and he dozed off. I never knew, that it would be the last night for him. Then we walked back to our rooms to sleep. But I could not sleep half of the time as I kept thinking and crying for him the whole night. The next day when I got up very early in the morning, there was absolute silence in the house. I opened the door and I went to the kennel to see my toffee. He was lying on the floor still. Was he dead or fast asleep? I was very afraid. I ran and woke my father up and told him to go and see him. My father went and declared that he was no more. I was so sad that I could not cry even. That day neither could I eat anything nor could I go to school. I was as still as a stone.

Shamiran Borgohain

(14 years)

Arjuna was Sick

One day Arjuna was sick. In the dorm he was the only one who was sick. He had high fever. He did not eat well. He had to stay in the sick room. He vomitted and they took him to the hospital. He stayed in the hospital at night. I was sad, so I cried. I wanted to see him badly. So, I went to the hospital. Kannan (our driver) took me in the trekker to the hospital. When I saw Arjuna I felt happy. Arjuna came back to school after lunch.

Parasu Brozman

(12 years)

Two Impressions of a documentary -on the Bear

B e a r

Men were shooting the bear. The stones fell on the mother bear when it was digging the mountain, to find the honey. The stones killed the mother bear. The baby bear cried. It saw a frog. It was playing with the dog. They shot big father bear. The baby bear was searching for fish. The baby bear met another bear and they became good friends.

Avraan Dhawn

(6 years)

B e a r

The mother bear pulled the tree. It fell down. The man shot the bear and hurt it. The bear shouted because it was hurting. So it ran away. The mother bear crossed the river. The baby bear also wanted to cross but it fell into the water. Then it climbed a stone and saved himself.

Vaishnavi Rathinam

(7 years)

My Hike

We went on a hike to Sixth Mile. It was very nice. We walked all the way to Sixth Mile. When he went it was sunny. Two groups joined together. The teachers who came with us were Mr. Prem, Mr. Gabriel Shanthi Akka and Panchdli Akka. We saw a plant which was poisonous. The colour was red I liked the colour. I heard the birds singing. There was water. It was like a forest. The wind was blowing. There were some women there. There were trees. When he were coming back, It started to rain. We were wet. We all came back by bus. We came back to school at 3-30 p. m. I liked the hike.

Abirami Rathinam

(11 years)

I am a Sweet Dog

My name is Daisy. My owner likes my colour a lot because I am black. My owner is old. He takes me for walk and I play with him. But when he hits me I run out of the house. When I run out of the house the poor little

old man comes in search of me I go and hide in a place where he can't find me. At last he finds me. When I go home I feel hungry and the old woman gets my food and then I go and sleep on the carpet. When strangers come I bark at them. Then I feel happy. Once a thief came inside the gate. I bit him on his leg and then my master said 'good Daisy I am proud of you'. That makes me happy; then I wag my tail.

Rajeswari Janakiraman

(12 years)

O c e a n

I am an ocean. I have a lot of water. I am colourful. Sometimes I am blue, sometimes green or brown and sometimes I am grey. I am the place where a lot of living things live. I have mountains and volcanoes inside me. Ships sail on me. Sometimes ships break and some people die. Their dead bodies come inside me. This makes me get angry and that is why I pour my water on the villages and sink them. I am friendly with all my fishes and sea animals. At the end of my water (beach) big and small people enjoy there.

Sreyas Rao

(10 years)

My School

My school is in Ooty. My school has a car and jeep. In my school there are ten teachers and sixty children. Everyday between 2-30 to 3-30 p. m. the Juniors play games and from 3-30 to 4-45 p. m. the seniors play games. At 4-45 we have tea and at 6-00 o' clock we have prep. We study at prep time and at 7-00 o' clock we have dinner. In the school there is a beautiful garden and two gardeners look after it. At the end of the month we go out with our class teachers to spend our pocket money. I like my school very much.

Jijin Velayudham

(10 years)

The last time we went on Trekking

It was a hot April morning when I had set off with four of my friends on a trek to Mudumalai. Each of us carried a bag containing our belongings, tools and food for the way.

We started our trek from Kalahati which is about 50 k. m. from Mudumalai. We walked for one and half hours and covered about 4 k. m. We stopped under a huge tree which provided us shade from the scorching sun. We had some snacks under a tree, and set off again. We had marvellous views and saw quite a few animals too. At 12 noon it got too hot as the sun was just above us. So we stopped by a stream. We washed our faces and quenched our thirst and had some sandwiches for lunch.

We had about an hour's rest and started off again. When it got quite dark we stopped and looked for an open area to camp for the night. We had covered 25 k. m. and had another 25 k. m. to go. So that we would reach our destination the next day. We put up our tents and made a small fire to roast the potatoes we were going to have for dinner. We managed to sleep quite well that night.

We woke up very early next morning; it was quite cold. We had a cup of hot coffee, packed all our things and we were walking. As we walked we watched the sunrise. It was exquisite, It was really nice being in the wilderness, It was absolutely quiet, just the sound of the breeze and the different calls of the animals. We reached Mudumalai at about 5.00 p. m. in the evening. We could make it. It was an unique experience.

Keegan Fernandez

16 Years

The Role of Freedom in Education

Education plays an important role in our life. But what do we mean by education? The dictionary coins the word as a systematic instruction, developement of character and mental powers. But education also states that whatever we listen and understand is a part of learning. Is it only confined to going to school and mugging up whatsoever the teacher says? What do the poor children who cannot afford to go to school do? They too, go through the phase of education through in a different way. The poor child does it in a free way, he has all the time and freedom to learn, like and understand whatever he does. In a way, his surroundings, his parents and to an extent his own self, are his teachers.

The state of being free is what freedom is all about. Now what should an individual be free from? The renowned Philosopher, J. Krishnamurti has rightly pointed out, "Unless the mind is absolutely free from fear every form of action brings about more mischief, more misery and more confusion". For example, if a student has constant fear of a teacher, he won't have the courage to ask for a second explanation, if he does not understand something like not being allowed to do a lesson or subject one is interested in, and one has to stay in a lower lesson because the rest of the class is not doing well. This is one way you are suppressed and not let to have the freedom to to exercise the knowledge in you.

Once the individual is restricted to anything, his inner feelings are also restricted. He loses the capacity to observe and think freely. When the world repeatedly tells the individual to start learning and observing certain things, his keenness to do it on his own, disappears. As a result he finds it more difficult to do something which he cold have done so easily before. The mind becomes confined and gradually stops thinking. This is harmful to the human brain. So I feel that freedom payes the path for a free and spontaneous education.

Suchitra Chengappa
(15 years)

A h !

Listlessness, restlessness,
Along the neonlit road,
She glides stealthily
touching every heart and mind
The sigh, the moans, groans
escaping with every breath.
A friend, assumed,
will depart at daybreak,
An uninvited guest
throughout the day.
Days, weeks, years, passby
She, frustration
has become
A part of our life.

Prem Prakash Sahu

If Human Beings Had Tails

If human beings had tails it would be funny, It might be useful some times and useless at times. If I had a tail I would dress it up and keep it very clean. Everyone will have a dress for its tail. And the tailor would be very busy stitching tails to the dresses. May be the tails would be used for stealing things. May be the tails would be too heavy to carry around. In the winter time there will be a tail jacket to cover the tail. We will have to make a special arrangement for the tail. We will make a game out of the tail and name as tail game: It will be easy to climb and hang on trees. In case of difficulties in carrying things we can use our tails. Instead of our hands to beat people, we can use tails to lash at each other. During marriages the Priest can tie two tails together instead of the clothes. We can decorate our tails with bangles and rings. It would never be like the present state we are in.

Gitanjavi
(12 years)

A Magnificent Dog

I had a little dog
Who used to stay with me
And whenever I went out,
He used to come with me.

Once we flew to the forest,
And he sensed something with his long nose,
So he galloped like a horse,
And at last spotted the elephant stout and strong

I thought he was a senseless dog,
as he always stayed with me.
And whenever I used to hog
he too hogged and hogged with me.

He hogged too much of hot stuff,
so I kept his name 'hot dog.'
he hogged and hogged all kinds of stuff
And forgot to go to the bogs.

He died in the restaurant 'stuffs hot,'
So I kept his name 'hot dog.'
And he galloped like a horse,
So I named him as 'A magnificent dog'

Parag Paliwal
(14 years)

The Fight

The words were sharp
The blows hard.
No weapons required
A verbal combat
They circled the wring,
Only they visualised.
Each hurting where,
it hurt much the other.
The grasp was hard.
Each knew where the other lacked
It happened so fast
They killed the good
Inside, never realised
They had.

Prem Prakash Sahu

My Extraordinary Trip

Last week one of the best scientists in the world discovered that there's a living creature in another planet. I somehow got permission to go on a rocket which was taking some people to the unknown planet. Therefore, I was going to have a ride in that rocket. The rocket was going to leave from Canberra, the capital of Australia. I bade goodbye to my parents and was about to climb up to the rocket, when they told that the rocket was going to leave after two hours. So I ate chocolate cake which they gave me. After one and a half hours the announcers told that everyone had to get into the rocket. I went and sat inside the rocket. Scientists were getting ready with their chemicals and apparatus for experiments on the new land. The rocket's name was Sten 555. Sten took off. After six hours we reached the planet. We got down. They started feeling the ground. I saw some creatures in green and yellow colours. They were two feet tall. Then we remembered about our oxygen cylinders, which were left behind. So we came back to earth.

Sreyas Rao

(11 Years)

MY THOUGHT

If the weather is foul
 I don't feel like getting up
And if I don't get up
 I will miss classes
And if I miss classes
 I would lag
So my brains racked and racked
 If I go to the class
The teacher will enquire
Even if the teachers enquire
I will still feel drowsy
The teachers will ask what would you like to do?
And if the teachers ask what I would like to do?
I would just say 'sleep'
And so I thought and I thought
At last I just said to myself that
 I might as well go back to bed,

Veeresh Parasivamurthy

(15 years)

My Reminiscences of My Grandmother

My grandmother is a sweet lady of fifty five. I have been brought up by her. She is my mother's mother. Though I don't have my paternal grandparents and her husband, she never made me feel the absence of them. My grandmother is a Bengali from Bihar.

My reminiscences of my grandmother is wonderful and I would like to share it. Since my young age the only thing she did without fail was that every night relating stories after dinner. Every morning at five she gets up and goes inside the kitchen and you will not see her out, till six. After that she wakes every one up and they get ready and goes for work. Then she is busy in the kitchen with all the servants. Probably hearing all the noises I get up. Then she is after me and my sister with the glass of milk and half of the morning is past because of arguing with her about the utility of milk. After all this we go and have a bath. Then we go out and play, surely to be back as soon as we hear our grandmother shouting from the kitchen window to come and have lunch.

In the evening when everyone is back from work and me and my sister are back from the park, she is inside the kitchen cooking for the dinner. When everything is over I go and lie down on my grandmother's lap. She tells me stories and her experiences about what she did when she was small etc. And now I am far from her and I miss her a lot. And I observed all this. because I found it funny. I know, even she misses me and my sister a lot. And whenever there is a talk about home in my dorm, I always tell them about my grandmother, a sweet lady of fifty five. whom I always carry in my heart. Her memories I would always cherish

Sapna Rao
(13 Years)

Weather

Damp and cloudy, windy day.
Cold and colder all the way
People walking all about
Coats and mufflers all around
Raining raining in the night
Raining raining in the light.
The trees go west and
The trees go east.
People and places both,
Look so dull and sleepy
Rainy weather go away,
Sunshine, sunshine come our way.

Sarojini Jagath Ram

(12 years)

S O N G

Baby brother don't you cry
Never will I take you bye !
Neither will I buy you a coffee bite
Nor a bite of Ice cream white

I will buy you a silver spoon
Feed you rice in the afternoon;
Make me happy by not crying
Darling brother you are mine.

Niranjan Vasudev

(12 Years)

If I Were A Star In The Sky

I am a star and I am high up in the sky. I am so high that everyone has to look up and say, "There! I can even see a star." I am very beautiful to look at. I shine and twinkle in the evening. At about 6-00 p. m. I start looking at all the people who are sad and all the people who are happy. I can even see robbers who are flicking a lot of things. But what can I do? I can hear people yelling my name to all their friends and parents when they tell their fathers they say, "Good! good! go and study". In all these manners I feel very sad. But there are times when I feel very happy. I never fall ill like the small boys, because I have the sun and my friends are all there next to me. We play with the clouds and break them sometimes when the farmers pray to us, for water. Sometimes I get hurt because the big boys who are down, send rockets and blast bombs. This happens only once in a year. Even if I am not a star; I wish I were one.

Ravi Joseph

(14 Years)

Fresher's Show

The Freshers had put up a show for us on the.....of August in the Assembly Hall at 8-00 p. m. The audience were given a warm welcome by Aashish, one of the senior freshers. The first item was an English Song sung very well by the new teachers. The next item was a dance by Ayesha who danced very well to a Hindi song. It was soon followed by a mime put up by Sunder and Nisheed about pick-pocketing. Expressions were done well and on the whole it was very funny. The mime was followed by three dances one by Ivan, another one by Dakshwanth, Jerry and Sujith. Although they knew just a few steps, they were quite brave to perform in front of a big audience. There were many more following that which added to the entertainment

The main purpose for these shows are that the new teachers and students learn to work together and interact with each other. And they also get the feeling that they too are a part of the B. M. S. In a nutshell, the show was very nice and the audience enjoyed it.

Keegan Fernandez

(15 years)

Violence has Become a 'second nature to man'

Man is supposed to be the most intelligent and cleverest of minds on this earth of ours. But is his intelligence exceeding the limit?

Now a days 'man' has changed in a lot of ways. They say that animals were the violent ones to go and strike at it's prey anytime whether it's hungry or at any danger. But these days 'Man' is the cruel one whose mind is greedy for more and goes to get it, no matter what he has to do to get it. But the most amazing thing is the way 'Man' has changed through the centuries; at one stage he was recognized as one of the most kind hearted souls who used to help people in need But during the ages, humanity has changed gradually. Once lived kindness and mercy has now turned into cruelty, greed and evil that has lurked through, towards mankind. Now a days there are civil wars that may lead to world wars pretty soon, if they do not stop. For example, the fight between the Serbs and the Bosnians is only a waste of good time and good people who are dying away very soon. The bad example of this is the children, who are learning about guns and bombs and get very anxious about using them. There are families involved in this situation. But what is the use of all this? Can't it be negotiated peacefully and quietly by talks? No one knows where it will lead to; but whatever it may be, will it be for the good or bad, no one knows. We can only hope for a better future and hope that man will become like how he was, during the good old days!

Aashish Kohli
(15 years)

The Night I Was Sleep Walking

Last night I went to sleep with my mind full of things which I was worrying about. It was a Friday and I went to sleep at 9-45 p. m. At midnight I started walking towards the door. I opened it and started walking up to the top field. I reached the top and started playing cricket. I started screaming because I was enjoying myself. Then suddenly the ball came and hit me and I started crying. Then I don't remember what happened; but all

I remember was that the next day when I got up I found my pillow wet because I was crying in the night. It was early in the morning and no one was awake except the maid. She told me that I walked in my sleep to the top field and that she came up because she heard me and then she carried me down to my bed and I went to sleep. I was happy that no one harmed me while I was in my sleep.

Tifferet

(11 Years)

Cruelty to Animals

They say that humans came out of animals and through generations grew and grew to become what they are today. But why is there a hatred a sort of cruelty towards the animals who are slightly different from us? Animals have always been an inspiration towards us. They always keep us happy when we are sad; give us company when we are alone and helpful when we need anything. There are few people who take an interest in animals for their protection, their habitat and the responsibility to make sure that their species do not decline or go towards extinction. There are a lot of animals who are extinct now due to the cruelty, inhumanity and hatred towards the animals of those days. But now even when there are a lot of people to take care of the animals, there still are people to kill these magnificent creatures and to feast on them. Of course the W W F (World Wide Fund for Nature) has been trying to prevent this from happening. The men are greedy, they hope to get all the wealth in the world by taking others lives. Now a days they kill whales, sharks even dolphins just for food and money; even dogs, snakes, rats, rabbits tigers, lions etc. are not safe over here any longer. They are the feared extinct creatures of our world today. And I am sad to see our world coming into this sort of corruption. Because at this rate, the world of animals should end in less than 75 years and God knows what we will do then. At that stage of course, we may not be there to see these cruel things happen. So as long as we are alive, why not make sure this thing does not happen. The people who love, care and hope to see the animals live are very important in the world today; we need each other to help the animals to grow and prosper.

Of course we all know that it were the animals who came upon land before us and they have lived for many years; now they are just fading away as though no one cares for them any longer. People go after elephants for

their tusks which are made of Ivory that will fetch them a lot of wealth. There are dog catchers, who roam around the streets, catch dogs and take them to the electric chair where they are executed. Now tell me what have they done to deserve this? This inhumanity towards animals that are loved and cherished by a few people should not die away in just a matter of 75 to 100 years. So what I would suggest is take care of these wonderful animals that have helped us grow through this generation of life. Give them more interest, more freedom and hope they will survive not only for the help of the world, but also for their benefit as well as for ours. So I would say stay as one and act together. It is the one of an only chance we will get to save the creatures from people who hate them and make sure they are loved throughout the world. May we help them as much as possible.

Aashish Kohli

(15 Years)

I am an Umbrella

Once upon a time, I was born in a factory. I have Green, Red, Yellow, Blue colours on me. I was packed with a nice paper, Then I was sent to the biggest shop in the town. The name of the shop was 'Rainbow'. There I was sold for one hundred and fifty rupees to a teacher. She took me to school everyday. One day she lost me on the road. Then a boy found me. He took me and played with me. Very soon he broke me. Now I am of no use to anybody.

Puneet Batra

(10 years)

Dustbin

I am F.G. 3 class dustbin and I am very dirty because everyday everyone used to put paper and rubbish. Food I can never get because I do not know what is my food. Might be dust or paper. But oneday someone was carrying me and I fell down and they took me to a big place where I met my other friends playing and I met my grandmother and grandfather, and we played with my neighbours hopping and ghillidanda. We played it very well and in hopping we were the best. In football, my team will beat everyone but we are dirty

Perasu Brozman

(11 years)

Green Dorm and Yellow Dorm Show

It was Saturday, 21st of October. It was Green dorm and Yellow dorm show day. The day was quite busy. People were excited. They were waiting eagerly for the show. That afternoon a notice was put up on the notice board. It said, "Welcome to the green and yellow dorm show at 7-30 p. m. in the Assembly Hall". And the participants names were written underneath it.

It started off like this. The first item was the senior play by the green dormers. It was called "The Host family." It was a burglar's family. The story was very hilarious, Mr. Heart was a midnight robber. And his daughter Edith got engaged to a policeman. And she told him that Heart was a plumber. So when the policeman came to Heart's house, Heart tries to act as though he was a plumber. And when Mr. Heart's friend came in with the plan Mr. Heart got confused and somehow changed the topic. But after awhile they saw another policeman coming. He came and caught the other policeman and told Mr. Heart that he was a robber. And it ended.

The second item was a folk dance by two students from yellow dorm. Abirami and Gitanjali. It was about harvesting crops. It was danced very well.

The third item was a song by a girl called Mariam. It was sung very well. The name of the song was "Tale is older than time," from the cartoon beauty and beast.

The fourth item was also a song called "I can love you like that," by the green dormers. It was sung well.

The fifth item was the junior play which was presented by some of the yellow dormers. It is about a child taking the report home and tackling the parents. It also shows the parents reaction.

The Sixth item was a song by the juniors called "Sing a song of freedom." It was very well presented by all of them.

The next item was a dance by some girls from green dorm. It was a break dance for the song "Vain." It had a different type of lightings; It was green. It was quite nice.

The second last item was a song from the cartoon Aladdin. The name was "lohole new world."

We come to the end of the show. It is a short skit called, "The turnips." It was nice. It showed the unity of the school.

Vishak Mahesh

(14 years)

A sad Experience

When I was sixteen I went to Madras to meet the friends of my old school. It was my first visit to Madras. It was about 4-00 p. m. in the evening, when the train reached Madras. I got down from the train, took my luggage walked towards the exit. My friends were supposed to pick me up from the station. I went out and looked for my friends. Because of the rush I couldn't find them. I waited there, for about half an hour. But they didn't. So I went to the bus stand and took a bus to one of my friend's house.

The bus was crowded. It was hot and I was sweating badly. After lots of difficulties I boarded the bus and managed a seat for myself. After half an hour, the driver boarded and started the bus. Inspite of the bus being full, people from other bus stands kept boarding our bus. Some even climbed the roof of the bus. Some of them were hanging on to the door. Suddenly we heard a big noise. All of us were alarmed. The driver stopped the bus and got down to see what had happened. One of the men who was holding on to the door had fallen off the bus. His knees and elbows were bleeding. Blood flowed out profusely. He was groaning and shouting for help but none among the crowd came to pick him or take him to the hospital. And slowly his voice faded and his eyes closed forever. All of us in the bus were dumb founded.

For me it was the most shocking experience, I had ever had, because it was the first time I saw death from so close a distance. I reached my friends house. They took it very casually and said, "Oh, this happens nearly everyday here." I was stunned and didn't know what to say. I was just not able to imagine where this world of ours is heading on to?

Aparna Rao

(13 years)

My Absent Mindedness

Once in summer hols I was at home. I was very busy reading a Hardy Boys novel. Everything that I read, I pictured it in my mind. It was around 12'O clock in the afternoon, my mother told me to take the soap and fresh clothes from the bedroom to my bathroom and have a bath. I was terribly annoyed with my mother because she disturbed me while reading my book. But I was so much into the book that I was thinking as if I was in that mystery. Without knowing I took the fresh clothes and my soap to the kitchen when I was going to remove clothes to have a bath, my servant told me that it was the kitchen and carried me to my room.

One more incident that I remember was at the end of my summer hols. My mom told me to pack up. I packed up one by one, thinking about the journey back to school (B. M. S.) At last after 3 hours I finished packing and told my mom. She said that she wanted to check up as to how neatly I had done it. So she opened my suitcase and she saw half of what I had packed were her clothes! Wasn't it a height of my absent mindedness?

Dhritiman Hazarika
(13 years)

An Interview with our Head Cook

Mr. Krishnan is a cook by profession and the school had the good fortune of having him prepare delicious vegetarian food for the B. M. S. Community. Here is an excerpt from a discussion, one of the senior students Ravi Joseph with Mr. Krishnan, the cook.

R: Hello Mr. Krishnan what is your full name?

K: My full name is Krishnan Kutty Nair.

R: When did you join school?

K: I came here two years back.

R: Where did you learn to cook?

K: I learnt to cook at a place called Cauverypatnam.

R: How old are you?
 K: I am 48 years old.
 R: What language do you speak?
 K: I speak Malayalam.
 R: Do you enjoy cooking for the school?
 K: I enjoy cooking for children, so doesn't matter where.
 R: What dish do you like to cook?
 K: I like making sweets and of course vegetarian food.
 R: How did you come to work in this school?
 K: I came to the school through Mr: Vasudev.
 R: If you get another job, will you leave?
 K: I like this place and the children so I plan to stay here as long as possible.
 R: How do you feel as a cook?
 K: I feel happy as a cook.
 R: Where did you work before?
 K: I worked at Ooty Coffee House.
 R: How did you like that place?
 K: I liked that place but I left as I wanted to work in a school.
 R: Are you planning to start a hotel of your own?
 K: Iy. Iy. Oh..... I don't have enough money!
 R: How do you like Ooty? Is it the same as your home town?
 K: There is not much difference in the places. I like both.
 R: Why did you become a cook?
 K: I just wanted to be a cook.
 R: How many people are there in your family?
 K: I have two sons and my wife.
 R: Now that holidays are approaching, what are your plans?
 K: I want to go back home to meet my family. I have not met them for a long time.

———THANK YOU Mr. KRISHNAN———

Ravi Joseph
 (14 years)

D a w n

Oh! the joy of waking up,
And stretching out the arms
To welcome a new morn.
The sheer pleasure to lookout
And see the dawn creep up
Over the horizon and yonder.
The sun a bright golden ball,
Making the sky glow bright.
The trees nodding their heads.
To the gentle breeze.
The stream flowing through,
With a throaty gurgle.
The birds chirruping,
Noisily in the woods.
The sheep bleating away,
In the far away hills.
All these make the world
Wonderful to look at!
To begin a new day,
With fresh hope.
oh! the joy of waking up
To welcome a new morn.

Miss R. Sumitha

My Brother

A brother is one,
Who is always fun,
He is always firm
He will never turn
From his duty
To the family

He is a guiding light
At day or night
And if you ask
Of any task
He'll help you
Sincerely.

Shamiran Bongohain
(14 Years)

Insensitivity

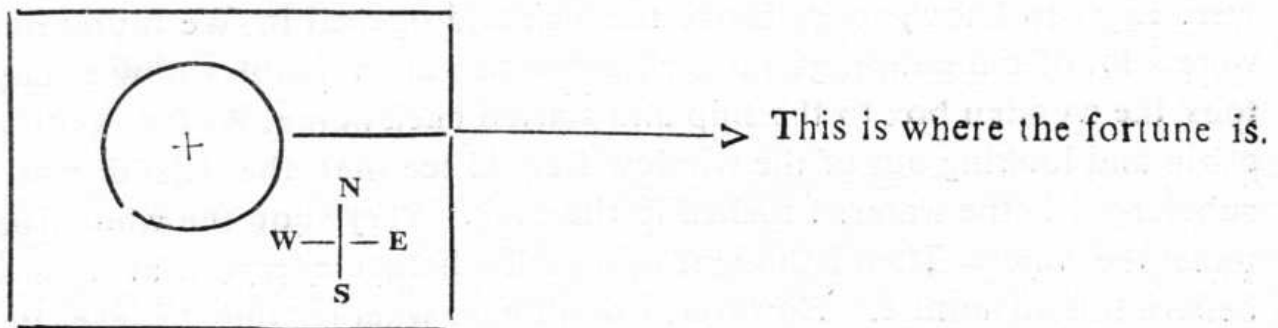
The y sat there.
Man, woman and child.
Dumbstruck, like hit by a lightning
A lifeless stump.
The night before had rained.
The waters engulfed from all sides.
The patch of green
Was a distant dream,
Death with hungry eyes had stared;
There was no sign of
Fear or pain,
Misery or remorse,
Lost was everything,
Except life.
Wandering eyes
With a paassing glance,
Swept the scene.
The Walking Dead
Blind to self—
Darkness and blindness everywhere.

Mr. Prem Prakash

Grandfather's Legacy

I was gettin ready to go for my friend's wedding when the phone rang. I picked up the receiver and was shocked to hear that my grandfather had passed away. I rushed to the nearest air-port and flew to my grandfather's town. I wanted to pay my last regards to my grandfather. After the death ceremony was over, the lawyer told me that my grandfather, in his will, had left all his wealth to me. Since some documents had to be made out f or the property to be passed on to me, I had to stay in my grandfather's house. I didn't like the house very much because it was old.

On the first day I had a look at the house. It was very big. As I was going through the rooms I saw a small room. It had a small door. It was locked. I broke the lock and went inside to have a look. I was shocked to see that I was in a big hall of books. From the outside the room looked very small. I took books and started to go through them. As I was going through the books I saw a map. It was old. I heard some foot steps as if someone came in. It was the watchman. On asking him what this room was for, he told me that it was a library. Then I went through the map. It showed an island with some inscription. It went as follows:



That night I could not sleep well.

Next morning, even after referring to many books and atlases, I could not find the island shown on the map. Closely studying the strange sign, I could only conclude that it was an island somewhere to the north, I decided to consult some of my friends. They persuaded me to go and see whether there was such an island. Many friends agreed to come along. Next day I gave instruction to the lawyer and left for the city.

After a few days I hired a small ship and we all set sail. It was very hard navigating because we did not have the exact location. After 36 days of sailing, around 2.30 p. m. one of my friends called me on to the deck. I was surprised to see an island. We tried to send a message back home but the radio went blank. As we approached the island we could see a sandy beach lined with coconut trees. Beyond this we could make out lush green bushes. We could see two hillocks on the back ground.

We went to the island with provisions and tools for digging. After about 3 hours of walking and searching for the three structures, we came across a place exactly like the structure in the map. We began digging at the spot and continued for an hour. We were tired and there was no sign of any fortune. We had dug at least 6 feet deep. We were so tired that we just sat down and began to eat and drink. I studied the map again very carefully. Suddenly I noticed that we were digging at the wrong spot. This spot was to fool everyone who came to seek their fortune. We immediately started off from the place and began to search for the original place. We found the place and began to dig. After digging about 3 to 4 feet, we hit upon something hard. We took it out and found that it was a wooden box. All of us were excited and were eager to know, so we broke the lock and opened it. We found that there were a lot of old paintings and writings which are valuables now a days. We took the wooden box to the ship and started back home. As I was sitting in the cabin and looking out of the window I could see that the island was getting submerged in the water! I rushed to the deck. Very soon the whole island was under the water. Then I thought to myself whether everyone at home would believe this adventure. However, I don't care whether they believe it or not but I know that whatever happened was true and not a story.

Hari Krishna Rao
(15 years)

An Extraterrestrial's Company

One day I was sitting in the garden alone waiting for my friends to come at about 6-00 p. m. I waited for an hour but they did not come. So I was just about to go home when I saw a flying saucer coming towards me. I was scared and surprised. I did not know what to do. So I just stood there. It landed just in front of me. And a huge creature came out from that flying saucer. It looked like a monster and was very ugly. It started to come closer to me. I started running for my life. I ran to my house and went into my room and locked the door. Out of curiosity, I opened the door slowly and looked out. It was just in front of me glowing and its head was moving like a computer. It looked very funny. Then suddenly it started to cry and was

talking in its language. I could not understand what it was saying. Then I understood why it was crying. It wanted its mother. I did not know what to say or do. I went and switched on the T. V. and got it something to eat. After that I told it to sleep on my bed but it did not understand. I showed it and put it in my blanket and tucked it in the bed. When my parents came. I took them into the hall and told them everything.

The next day I took it to school with me. Everyone started teasing it but it didn't know what was happening. I felt a little bad though I ignored them. Then the school got over we came back. I told my mother, what had happened. The second day, my friends could not notice it because I had put some clothes on it and a cooling glass! That day, after I finished my home work, I started to teach it Alphabets. Slowly we started to become friends and get closer to each other. I named it Spacelad.

We went for a walk in the garden we did not know what to say to each other. Then suddenly I thought of a game to play in the garden. I taught him to play passing the message. He enjoyed it and even I did. So after we had played a few games, we went home for supper. We had our supper and went to the room to listen to some music and I taught him to sing also. Very soon, he learnt the song Baba Baa Black Sheep. He was very happy and went to sleep. The next day at school when everyone saw him, they screamed and got scared. Even the teacher got scared. I told them he won't hurt anyone. Then everybody came closer to him and shook hands with him. Then they took him to their classes and they taught him some new words. He enjoyed it and so did the teacher. The kids and teachers wanted him to come again. That night after supper, I suddenly got an idea. I asked him if he knew how to dance; obviously, his answer was 'no'. So I taught him how to dance. He did not like it and I stopped. I switched on the T. V. and we started watching the movie 'Star Trek'. Probably Spacelad remembered his parents. He started crying and feeling home sick. He took out a piece of iron and ran out of the house. I ran after him. The sun was going down. He ran to where the flying saucer had landed. He ran here and there as if searching for something. In a bush, he found what he was looking for. It was like the iron piece which he had with him. He fixed both of them and started talking very fast. From nowhere there came another flying saucer. It landed next to us. My fear for anything like this was no more there. Two more creatures like my friend came. They just

stood there and looked at me. I didn't know what to do Spaceland went near them and uttered something. They thanked me for my kindness. They wanted me to go for a ride in the space ship. I didn't want to go as it was dark and I knew at home everyone will be worried. I told them that may be some other time, when they come again.

My friend along with his people got inside, with what I felt, a teardrop falling on the grass below. I waved back trying to stop the tears filling my eyes. It was 6-00 p. m, I was not waiting for anyone that day. I was saying goodbye to a good friend.

Shonali Mirajkar

(14 Years)

You're Special, My Son

The things that make you what you are

Are worthy now of mention

Your playful, fun-loving spirit

Is something I love

I truly mean this. My son.

At home with the nice warm feelings

Of hugging and embracing

You're cuddly and cozy

And what to behold

Curled up comfortably in loving arms

Knowing you, my son, is a treat

A delightful gift from life itself

You are so alive

And playful

I'am glad our lives have touched

I wish I could tell you

So that you know

Deep in your heart

How very special

You are to me.

Mr. M. H. Paramesh

It was a nightmare for me

I wished my parents good night and went to sleep in my room having read a horror book. The book was terrifying and I don't know for how long I read, but soon I went to sleep. Suddenly I heard a hard knock on the door. I hesitated to open the door as I was quite scared. At last I opened the door and something horrible happened. I was pulled towards the old house which was in front of my house. I was thrown inside that house. I could hear music of the king's times. I went slowly towards the door where the music was coming from. When I opened the big door I saw the king and the queen and ministers and his courtiers dancing with their wives. Suddenly I remembered my history book, where the same king and queen were there. Then I realised that they were not real men but they were ghosts. As I headed towards the door, I saw the head of soldier and the blood was oozing out of his neck. It looked like, it had just been chopped. I was trembling with fear; I ran back and went towards another door. I opened the door and I saw a grand table laid for the king to have the dinner. Suddenly to my horror I saw a headless man coming towards me; I quickly shot at the door. As I was about to turn around I felt someone touching me. I started to sweat; I turned around and saw only a hand which was half eaten! I was towards every door in the house but something terrifying happened at every door. I felt that I was falling into a deep hole. I opened my eyes and saw the sun. The sun's rays were streaming through the window. The birds were singing. I found myself on the ground and later on I learnt that it was a nightmare.

Ratanraj

(14 years)

A Memorable Incident

We went on an excursion to Jammu and Kashmir. We stayed in a nice lodge. I enjoyed that day. But then that night when we all were sleeping, I heard some loud noise. I got up and woke my parents up. Then we peeped out to see what was happening. It was too dark to see anything. Suddenly somebody in the dark, fired some bullets at the window. Immediately my father asked me to switch off all the lights in the lodge. I ran to switch off the last bulb but then in that room, the window was broken. As I went to switch it off some bullets came flying through the window and hit the wall. I

ran out of the room as I was really scared. Suddenly an idea flashed to my mind. I found a vase, took it and threw it at the bulb. The bulb broke and then there was no light. I switched on the torch which I had and went back to the bed room where my parents were. They were all safe. Thank God! my father had carried a gun. The war continued till six in the morning. The Indian army had come. At last the war ended. I looked through the window and saw several militants, who were arrested.

The Indian army took us back home with full safety. That was the first time I had seen a war in my life.

Praveen kumar
(14 years)

The Football Match

We decided to have a football match with Good Shepherd School. The match was planned to be played on Friday. On Thursday night Mr. Prem and Kartik gave us a few tips on how the game should go on. The match would start at 3-45 p.m. and continue till 5-00 p.m. We started off at 3-15 p.m. When we reached Good Shepherd, we had half an hour to practise and warm up: Ravi, Veeresh and me were the fronties, Nisheed and Chaithanya the link men, Kartik, Rocky and Aashish were at the back and Hari was the goal keeper. The match started exactly at 3-45 p.m. It was very tough for us to shoot a goal, cause their backs were defending well. All the players from Good Shepherd were double the size of us. They were hefty and fat. Looking at them our players were getting scared. They shot 2 good goals in the first half. And we could shoot none in the first half. At half time, we were all disappointed. Then Mr. Prem gave us courage and cheered us up. The second half started with the first good shot by me. Once I had shot the goal, the fronties got encouraged and I thought we could make it. The second goal was shot by Ravi. That goal gave us maximum courage as we equalled the score. After this there were two more goals scored by our captain Veeresh. They were fabulous. We had a lead of 2 goals over them. Our team was happy but our school spectators were even more happy. The match continued and some more goals were

scored by us. That put our school with a 4 goal lead. Our backies did a very good job of not allowing the opponents to shoot. Our link man Nisheed played brilliantly. At last the final whistle blew and it was a great victory for B. M. S. I was very happy we won the match because we had played our best. It was a great match!

Srinivas Verma

(15 years)

An Experience with a Spirit (Ghost)

It was 6-30 p. m. I was drawing a car during preptime. It took me a long time to complete it. The bell rang. It was dinner time. Everyone had left the class. I was still stuck with my car. I didn't want to leave the car incomplete. I took a long time. I heard the silence bell ring. I said to myself — anyway there are idlies for dinner. The Maa didn't come to lock the class. Suddenly the lights went off. I felt scared. I could only see the moon light falling on the black board. I heard some noise from the blackboard. I felt scared and got hold of my compass. I saw a white figure coming out of the blackboard. I sat still. The figure came near me. I got more scared and shut my eyes; and then I heard the figure moving somewhere. When I opened my eyes and saw the figure moving toward the blackboard, I slowly got up from my stool and kicked open the door hard and ran out screaming for help. I stopped near F. G. 4. I turned around, I saw the figure coming towards me. I thought the figure would never leave me; but lucky me, the lights just came on. The light from Top 1 ventilator flashed on me and the figure just vanished in the fraction of a second. I ran to the back lawn and told some of my friends everything. They didn't believe me. When I took them near the spot we did not see anything. So we went back to dorm. I went to sleep. Next day, I changed the position of my desk and came out of the class first when the preptime got over.

Ayanjit Choudhury

(13 years)

A Mysterious Telephone Call and What it Led To

It was a Saturday afternoon, Me and my brother were alone at home. We had a cordless phone. It's code was 110101. At the top there was another house. There was a rich man living there. He too had the same brand cordless phone but his code was 111001. I thought of having some fun. So I changed our code to their code (111001). Now I was waiting for a phone call. The phone rang at 1-30 p. m. sharp. I was waiting for the richman to pick it up. The I picked it up. A man said,

"BOSS! HARBOUR LION"

Then they put it down. I too put it down. I was puzzled. I knew it was something to do with the harbour, but what? I wrote "LION" on a piece of paper and put it on the table.

I walked from point to point. Suddenly I looked at the paper. I had got it. The paper from north reads "LION" and from south it read "NOI7". I put on the video game set, for my brother. Then I took my father's cellular phone and locked my brother in the house. I ran to my neighbour. He was a bachelor. He was studying in a college. I told him everything and we both set off to the harbour in his bike. There we bribed the watchman and went in.

Soon we were searching for room No. 17. The door was closed. We went behind it. There weren't any windows. We saw a ladder there. No one was around. We climbed up. There was a slap on top. We slowly moved it a little and saw through it. There were boxes containing guns and hand grenades. We closed it. I took out the cellular phone and dialed 100 and told everything in short. After five minutes, the police rushed in and the people were caught. Soon they even caught the richman.

We returned home. My brother was still playing the video game. Next days's newspaper carried our photographs.

I felt proud for once!

Sembian

(13 years)

A Chat with an Ex Student

Hello Baptisto!

S : When did you join this school?

B : I joined in 1988. My first class in school was on 8-8-88.

S : When did you leave this school?

B : I left in mid-March last term.

S : What was your age when you joined school?

B : I was 12 years old.

S : Which standard were you in, when you joined our school?

B : Aahm! I was in the Sixth Standard.

S : How did you find the school then?

B : The school worked very orderly and ah, there were a lot of students. A lot of teachers too. The seniors and juniors never used to mingle much; but it was a lot of fun.

S : Where are you studying presently?

B : I am studying in Bangalore at St. Joseph's Commerce College.

S : After having left the school, how do you find the life outside, in general?

B : In general, I found that people would respect you only if you were hype or if you blew a lot of money and would never try to know you as a person. However, this is not the case in my college always. And very often we are forced to do things we don't like. Yeh that's it

S : What is the difference between the life at school and outside?

B : Life is very chaotic outside. I have to follow certain trends almost everyday. My life in B. M. S. of course was very different because of the freedom I got. I don't think any institution in the world would give me freedom as much as B. M. S. did. Initially I found it difficult but now it seems like I have settled down quite well. Unlike in B. M. S. where we have various activities which help us develop various skills is something lacking in my new surroundings. I guess that's it.

S : Have you felt anything special about this school?

B : Yes. This school has taught me to be responsible and to always be open about what you felt and to mix with people freely. Above all the freedom I got in this school is something, I will always cherish.

S: Do you miss our school?

B: Yes, very much.

S: Do you have any message to be conveyed to the present student of B.M.S.?

B: Yah! B. M. S. is a unique school and unfortunately most of us realize it's greatness only after we have left the school. The message I'd like to convey is, everything B. M. S. offers is to be enjoyed to the full extent.

Srinivas Varma

(15 Years)

Nature Can Play Havoc

I used to always force one of my cousins to get married to my best friend named Ret. He was very respectful and is known quite famous for his newly built ship. It had the very best things in its interior which was equally decorated with swimming pools, shopping centre, executive bedrooms and was half the size of titanic. To buy this ship, from the age of twelve he kept collecting money. So by the age of twenty-eight, he was a millionaire and financially managed to buy the ship named Santa Cruz.

After a year or so, my cousin was engaged to Ret. I was very happy as I had never thought that they would get married. I was also happy because I would get whatever I want, as my brother-in-law was a millionaire. I called my brother-in-law, Ret as he was closer to me than my sister.

So the week before the marriage our housemembers were very busy with invitations and decoration of the house. After all the hardwork of decorating, the Pujarais said that the marriage couldn't be held for the Kshatriyas and had to be performed in an Island 1000 nautical miles from there in water. After two weeks, the arrangement was made to go by Santa Cruz to an Island called Margo.

In the next few days we all left for Margo. First two days we went comfortably in the ship.

Then came the day of horror when the sea become a little rough. On top of the ship the man who kept water suddenly saw something. He grew cold with fear. An iceberg stood in front of the path of the Santa Cruz. It was as huge as a mountain. For a minute the man didn't know what to do, but called up the captain. The captain and the crew fought hard to steer the ship

away from the iceberg but the sides scraped it. There was a big shower of ice on the decks. There were also big holes on the ship's sides. Water began to pour into the engine room and the lower decks.

Many people got up with a jolt and Ret being brave, managed to get to the engine room and tried sending radio signals but in vain. In lower decks water surged in faster and faster. Captain and crew including Ret tried to stop it but they gave up. They realised that Santa Cruz was in great danger. Out of 500 people, 176 were sent in life boats. I was one of them. My cousin, God knows what happened to her! We could see the ship lowered and tilted into the sea. As the ship tilted further people began to slip into the sea. We, from the life boats could see hundreds of heads bobbing out of the water. And I could easily make out one of them as Ret and the other my cousin!

Dhritiman Hazarika

(13 Years)

The World is Round

The world was such a small place. I never knew. Every town seemed the same with movies and factories. All the faces resembled someone from my past. But this girl was someone who looked extremely familiar. I seemed to know her but couldn't fathom how. While I was thinking, a look of pure unrefined terror came over her face, and she screamed "Watch out." I crashed into her and sent her flying five feet away into the gutter.

I did not stop running; I shouted back over my shoulder, "I would love to stop and help you out mam, but I can't, under the present circumstances." "I wouldn't, if I were you" she retorted. As I ran and kept pushing people into gutters my whole life story flashed back to me.

It all began one fine stormy afternoon in a village which lies in between Nice and Toulon in the South of France. It was around 4 O' clock in the afternoon, due to the storm I was sitting by the hearth; I was fifteen years old. There was a knock at the door. My mother was sleeping; I purposely waited for her to wake up and open the door, but she did not. So I went and opened the door. Something that looked like an overgrown muscle stood at the doorstep. Before I could invite the form in, it just barged past me. I was annoyed. I murmured "Welcome" to myself. I quickly followed the form into

the living room where it settled down itself and barked an order to me. "Call your mother." His voice sounded familiar. I went into the room where my mother slept and shook her awake. I told her that a man who looked like a Cross between a pillar and a horse was sitting in the living room cum kitchen. My mother told me to fold up the bed in which she had been sleeping and went off to meet the man. When I went back to the living room cum kitchen, my mother was speaking to the man as if she was born with him, and it turned out to be right. The man was my uncle. In the few days my uncle stayed with us, he would go out in the morning and return just before 12 o'clock. Since the village was a very small one he asked me to watch out for strangers and inform him if I saw any. In return, he would give me a coin. The day he left my uncle really begged my mother to let me come with him to Paris. After much argument my mother let my uncle take me with him. After coming to the city he told me that actually he was a "bank robber!" I started liking my uncle and in fact became a bank robber myself. I was a 15 year old then, now I am a 24 year old. I devoted ten whole years of my life in planning the biggest bank heist in the history of mankind. And right now I am running because something went wrong during the holdup and a constable is chasing me. It is a bit of an insult because after trying to pull off the biggest bank heist in the history, a person so ordinary as this constable should chase me.

I turned into an alley which wasn't for him to come. I thought should I give up this life of crime and go back to the country, like they do in the movies. Stupid thought. I was made for this kind of life. I picked up an iron rod and waited for the constable, I shall wait for another ten years to mastermind and pull off another heist. And this time no mistakes. I waited and waited but he didn't seem to come. Putting my head out I peeped into the street, oh! my god, half the police force of France seemed to be on the street. How did they find me so quickly. The world is such a small place I never knew I felt something move behind me, but before I could react a terrible pain in my leg, tore me apart. Before I lost my consciousness I felt the soft hands of a woman on my face and I looked up to find the familiar face of the girl whom I had sent sprawling into gutter before the whole thing started.

Chaithanya Krishnan
(15 years)

My Memories - Soft and Sweet

The whole world seemed to stand still. It was dark and there was an eerie silence which enveloped everything around me and the world. There could not have been a worse misfortune than what had befallen me. It was the death of my grandfather. The sad news was delivered to me on my return for the vacation. He expired a week before I came home and the death rites were still on. My mother was precautious of not having me by not informing about the mishap to me at school, since it would hinder me psychologically. A wise decision was taken by her.

This was the first time I ever attended a death ceremony and understood its requirement. There was an air of remorse and grief. Bawling and shirking could be heard from an adjoining room. Various relatives and friends made visits to pay their condolences and tributes for the departed soul. Most of them were foreign to me, because I was ignorant of their existence, but was soon introduced to them by my mother of their association and relation with me. Sorry, I do remember attending my uncle's death ritual, eight years ago, but cannot recall the experiences I underwent. Despite being aware of the activities in my entourage, I was in a perturbed state. The confusion contained the mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. I was happy over the union with my unkonwn relatives and friends. But, I simultaneously grieved over the demise. Apparently, I did not express my disturbance in any major verbal or emotional form, except that, remained mute. My mother deduced from my behaviour that I was enduring a severe mental distraction and advised me to sleep. I obeyed her instruction, but subjected myself to a heavy doze of sleeping tablets, to release the tension and frustation in me.

I think a caricature of the character of Thathaya (that's how I address my grandfather,) would give the reader a broad view of his personality. Thathaya was a man of exquisite virtues and qualities. The most distinct of the qualities, was his composure. His disposition to remain tranquil during the most grimmest and critical of situation was something remarkable to witness. A benevolent natured man, highly spiritualistic and a prolific reader. He was an ardent devotee of Sri. Rama Krishna Shrine. Most important feature was that I was recognised as Nilakantan's (his name) grandson than as a separate individual amidst the circle of friends. This proved to me the enigma of his character. Despite his death, there exists an augmenting fascination within my heart for him as a paramount figure. His knowledge was vast and

extensive and he imparted the knowledge to me in the form of stories or we engaged in a philosophical dialogue. Philosophy and story-telling were two major subjects that were part of our curricular activities. His facial and verbal expressions were explicit, while conveying stories. He was an able and enthusiastic story-teller, while I was a keen listener. This ever-persistent activity that prevailed between us, will never vanish from memory.

Thathaya was a victim of immense criticism. He was criticized for extravagance and misconduct. This was his character prior to the sixties. It is said that a reformation of his character emerged only after his sixtieth year, reportedly. But I have negated all criticism and validated the refined and spiritualistic life that he had led, which I was a part of.

He had a lanky figure. Erect posture. Bow shaped legs. Fair complexioned, short white hair. Sharp chiselled nose. Hollow cheeks. No teeth, Grave expression on the face and a minor limp in his walk. This was the physical structure of Thathaya.

Those nostalgic days that I spent with Thathaya are afresh in my memory. The potential characteristics and values he developed and possessed during the latter phase of his life, one ought to incorporate these values. I yearn to resume the activities and events we immersed ourselves in. How I wish he could resume from his ashes. Unfortunately fate and destiny are two factors that determine the eventuality of a person. Thathaya's absence will be a significant landmark to my life. His actions and words which created an impression on me will remain a living memory.

Kartik Bomakanti
(15 years)

An Experiment

I am surprised at the rate and way in which babies learn. Since I have experienced it with Shalini, I feel babies can learn a lot before they are six, provided the proper environment is provided. Till Shalini was fifteen months old she just bebbled a few words and our names. Now three months later, although we haven't deliberately tried to teach her anything, she has picked up about a hundred words and behavioural patterns and uses them appropriately.

When children are young they observe and learn whatever is in their environment and learning just takes place.

Then why is it that we don't learn like this? As long as we are children we have the opportunity to observe and learn easily. But as we grow up, likes and dislikes and thinking come in the way of our learning, and our observation is blocked. As we get older if we are watchful we will note that when observation is intent learning takes place efficiently. This makes me feel strongly that children can learn most of the things easily whereas they learn these things in the hard way. This can be done by providing a conducive atmosphere. Since I am taking this as a challenge and an experiment, I must wait and see how much Shalini is able to learn in this way before she is six.

Some one said, "before marriage I had six theories on education and no children, but now I have six children and no theories." Although I do not have six theories I have one let me see if my single theory is able to survive my single child.

L. Prasad

Some Comments by the Children on the Work Shop in English

1. It has helped my pronunciation and spellings

—**Sarojini Jagatham**
(12 years)

2. We watched a documentary. It was very good.

—**Parsu Brozman**
(12 years)

3. It has helped us to write fast.

—**Ranjeet N.**
(10 years)

4. It has helped us in thinking and writing.

—**Waseem Ahmed**
(11 Years)

5. I have learnt how to make a question.

—**Jijin E. P.**
(10 years)

6. I learnt one vowel words, three vowel words. and four vowel words.

—**Noormi Mohamed**
(8 years)

7. I found the beauty and the sweetness of English language during the workshop.

—**Sreyas Rao**
(10 years)

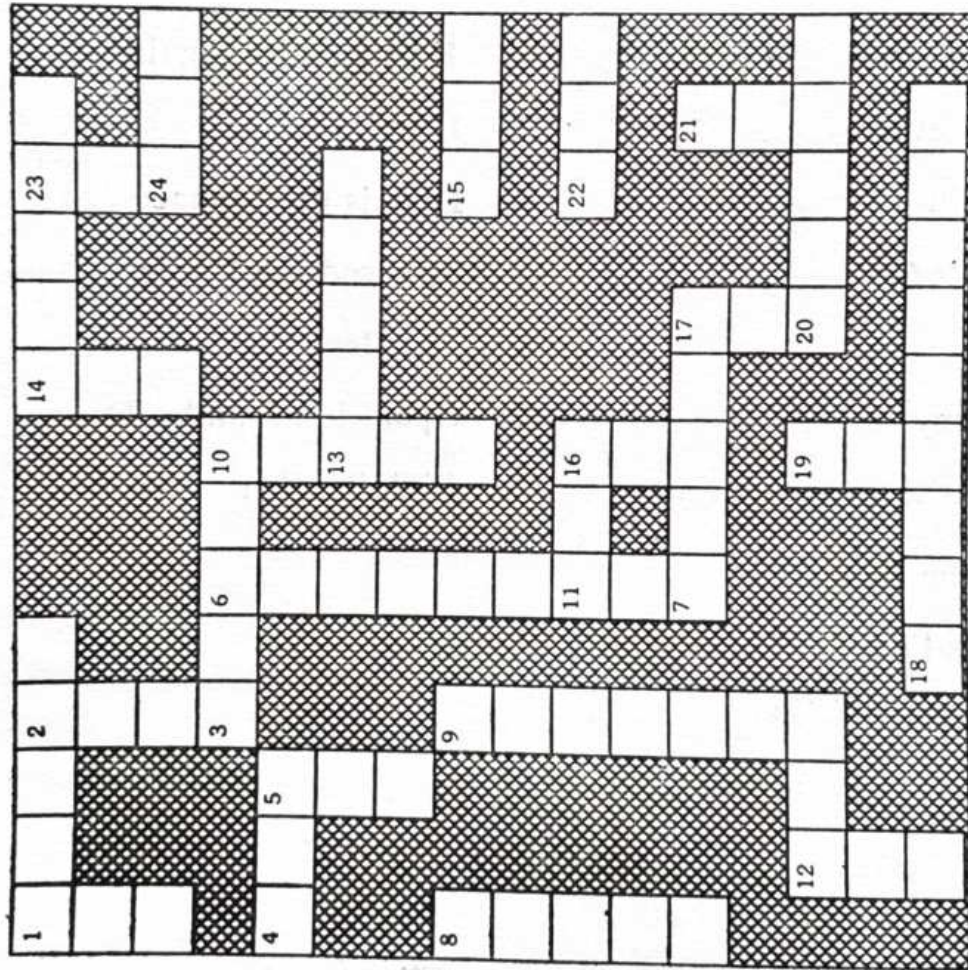
8. I loved the workshop. Could we have it again?

—**Niranjan Vasudav**
(12 Years)

CROSS

1. An animal with black stripes (5)
3. You travel in this (5)
4. Stand in a line (3)
7. Come in (5)
11. A small insect (3)
12. This is on top of everything (3)
13. An unknown thing which scares us (5)
14. Perfume (5)
15. Keep it (3)
18. A month (9)
20. You get this when you sleep (5)
22. Opposite of Stand (3)
24. After nine (3)

CROSSWORD



CLUES :

DOWN

1. Place where animals are caught and kept (3)
2. When you live in other's house you have to pay them this (4)
5. When you stand in rain what will you get (3)
6. Fast vehicle for travellers (9)
8. We keep books on it and write (5)
9. Place where a lot of books are kept (7)
10. African people are called this (5)
12. A group of things (3)
14. You... of your father (3)
16. for tat
17. Your blood is in this colour (3)
19. You hit the ball with this (3)
21. Similar to ocean (3)
23. They catch fish with this (3)

Sreyas (11 Years)

Kiranraj (11) years

Movies shown this Term

SENIORS

1. Wolf
2. Towering inferno
3. Batman forever
4. Death Train
5. Mackenna's Gold
6. Top Gun
7. 5-Man Army
8. Witness for the Prosecution
9. Battle of the Bulge
10. Schindler's List
11. Exorcist (III)

JUNIORS

1. 101 Dalmatians
2. Herby Rides Again
3. Dumbo
4. Dennis the Menace
5. Dot and the Koala
6. The Bear
7. Operation Dumbo Drop
8. Pink Panther

GENERAL

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Pushpak | 4. Flintstones |
| 2. Thalapathi (Tamil) | 5. Richie Rich |
| 3. Gods must be Crazy (I) | 6. Satte Pe Satta (Hindi) |

Committees - Second Term - 1995

COMMITTEES	CONVENERS	STUDENTS AND TEACHERS
Tuckshop	Mr. J. B. Rajasekharan	Ravi, Amit, Rajeswari, Anahita
Entertainment	Mr. Prem Prakash Sahu	Aashish, Hari, Vishak, Aparna, Anahita
Games	Mr. M. H. Parameshwaran	Kartik, Veeresh, Ravi, Vishak, Anshuman, Waseem Mr. Gabriel
Blueprint	Mrs. Panchali Dasgupta	Ravi, Kartik, Shamiran, Aparna, Srinivas, Dhritiman Mrs. Esther
Library	Mr. Prem Prakash Sahu	Parag, Sambian, Sapna, Kishen, Miss Rajeswari
Treks and Hikes	Mr. S. Malik	Kartik, Sarojini, Mr. Rajasekharan, Miss Rajeswari
Electrical Work	Mr. S. Malik	Aashish, Ravi, Rocky, Kannan
Decoration	Mrs. Archana Malik	Miss Shanthi, Sarojini, Anahita, Sapna
World Affairs	Miss Irine Vandana	Kartik, Ratanraj, Miss Sumitha
Mess	Mr. S. Malik	Rajeswari, Vishak, Kishan, Sapna Mr. Gabriel
Wood Work	Mr. V. Gabriel	Sunder, Praveen
Literature Club	Mrs. Panchali Dasgupta	Kartik, Amit, Parag, Sreyas, Mr. Prem, Mr. L. Prasad
Hygiene	Mrs. Archana Malik	Ravi, Ratanraj, Miss Irine Vadana
Nature Club	Miss R. Sumitha	Noormi, Anshuman, Niranjan, Abirami, Satawahana Jerald, Sujith, Mariam, Kiranraj Puneet, Sarojini, Rajeshwari, Arjuna, Gitanjali, Shonali, Tifferet, Srishaila, Diana. Sunder, Girijashankar, Nisheed, Kishen Shamiran, Veeresh, Ravi, Sembian, Mr. Prasad, Mr. B. J. Krishnan, Mrs. Esther Prasad, Miss Rajeswari Hari Krishna

