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The Blue Print

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL, OOTACAMUND.

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SCHOOL NEWS

The Core examination results are out, and our congratulations to our IXth standard boys on their cent percent success - particularly to Nikil Dutt who has topped the list with an aggregate grade of 4, which is excellent.

Mrs. Naoroji, our Chairman, left for Bombay late in September. Before she left, she arranged a get-together of the teachers and local parents and guardians. We hope it is a beginning towards a closer association of parents and teachers leading to mutual co-operation and understanding.

Mrs. Pearce is now back, and we are glad to have her here after quite a long break.

K. Srinivas (X) took part in a debate held at the St. George's Homes, Ketti, in September. The subject under discussion was Modern Progress-Road to Destruction, and his speech was well received.

On October 2nd a few of our boys participated in an 'On the Spot' painting competition at the Anna Stadium, in connection with the Wild Life Week. E. K. Nareshwar (IX) was able to get the Third prize.

The mid-term excursions were arranged between the 7th and 12th October.

The ISC boys, after their trials, attended a JS Beat Contest at Coimbatore on the 30th September, and stayed over the week end.

Standard X - Mysore and Bangalore.

Standards IX and VIII - Malampuzha, Trichur and Cochin.

Standards VII and VI - Madurai.

Standards V and IV - Day trips in and around Ooty.

We are deeply indebted to all the parents and guardians, and friends for the generous hospitality extended to our boys at the various places during these excursions.

An excursion party from Kalakshetra and Basant School, Adyar, Madras, visited us and stayed here for two days during the time the boys were away.

Dushera was celebrated with a puja to the Goddess Saraswati in the school.

We are sure that the boys enjoyed the Diwali celebrations this year, with crackers hitting the skies practically round the week, sweets galore and the lights.

The thrill of the term was an evening of delightful music on the 22nd October, provided by USHA UTHUP, the well-known Pop singer. She quickly set out to establish a rapport with her young audience, after which she went on to entertain us with some of her better known numbers - though perhaps, the lack of an accompanying band was felt by everyone throughout the programme. We are thankful to her for agreeing to come and sing for us, and incidentally, also for coaxing Mrs. Naik to the mike for a brief moment for an old time song. We are indeed grateful to Mrs. Rani Kuttiah, for so kindly arranging this recital for the sake of our boys, a thing which might well have been beyond our slender resources otherwise.

Chess enthusiasm seems to be on the wane; however, a few matches were played. Mr Surendra Singh has wrested the Grandmaster's place for the month from Harshad H. (X) Raoul Naik (IV) won against Krishnan and Kirit (both V).

The following films were seen by the boys :

North by Northwest,
I'll see you in my dreams.
Count Down.
Fluffy.
Big Deal at Dodge City.
Battle Cry.
Those Daring Young Men in their Jaunty Jalopies.
Psycho.
Mere Apne.

In October the weekly show of films in school had to be abandoned, as the projector went out of action.

The ISC examinations are on. We wish our boys the very best, and hope that they would bring credit, both to themselves and the school, by their performance.

IN AND AROUND OOTY ON DAY TRIPS.

MY TRIP TO THE GLEN MORGAN TEA ESTATE

It was a sunny day. We all, IV and V standard boys thanked our stars. The Omnibus was supposed to come at 9-30 a. m. It was 9-45, and there was no sign of the bus. I said to Ravi, "Oh, no, these fellows will always sleep, and here we are waiting for them." Anyway we all worried our Headmistress, Mrs. Naik, to arrange something. She phoned and got us another bus. We started our journey to Glen Morgan Tea Estate. In about 40 minutes we reached Mr. Tanna's office. Mr. Tanna is the owner of Glen Morgan Tea Estate.

Mr. Tanna was very kind to show us his factory, where they are manufacturing green tea. All of us were surprised to see green tea. It is not sold in India, but is exported to Japan and China. The main difference is that green tea is not dried so much as black tea. There were three machines. The first one was used for steaming for drying the leaves a bit, the second one for cooling the leaves, and the third machine was a roller. The leaves were transferred to three rollers in turn, and then to the styling machine and then to the final drier. It was very hot inside the factory.

Then we came out and ran around and played among the tea plants which are very short. We ran in the plantation, of course without trampling on the plants. It was really fantastic.

Raoul Naik,
Standard IV

OUR TRIP TO DODABETTA

We got up at seven, o' clock and got ready. Most of the boys were excited. We had our breakfast, and at ten we left the school in three tourist taxis. We reached Dodabetta at about eleven, and we played for a little while. Then with Mrs. Sreedevi, helped her to pick plants. After that with Mr. Kariabettan we went inside the forest. At two-thirty we had our lunch, after which we went to the stream to wash our plates. When we came back, some students from the Panjab also came there. Some of them gave us sugarcane. After a few minutes Mrs. Naik and Jayalakshmi Akka came there. Then Mrs. Naik gave us non-vegetarian puffs and two sweets, and the vegetarians had vegetarian puffs. Then the three cars came, and we left Dodabetta at four, o' clock. We had a nice time there.

Ravi Annamalai
Standard IV

HOW WE PLAYED IN COONOR

We started for Coonoor at 11-30. When we reached there, we went to the Pasteur Institute. Then went to see the silk-worms. They told us about the silk worms. We then went to have our lunch at the Chinese restaurant. After that we went to Sim's Park and played a lot there. Then we returned to Ooty, had our tea at Shalimar, and then we came back to school.

B. Shreeraj
Standard IV

THE FUNNY KID

He is the clown in the class
who tickles himself to laugh.

He is a silly buffoon
who sometimes eats a teaspoon.

He is a big chatterbox,
and also a cunning fox.

He coughs and sneezes,
and sometimes snoozes,

It is Vidyasagar, the Great,
who is in a no-sense state!

C. R. Ramachary
Standard VI

A PARADISE FOR MORTALS

During our recent excursions we visited a paradise on earth. One might think I need to be in an asylum for talking about paradises on earth, but I am not off my rocker. The Brindavan Gardens at Mysore is very near to being a paradise had it not been for the crowd, bustle and other mundane things pertaining to man.

I at least, (I don't know about the others) went into an ecstasy of delight at seeing my surroundings. It was a sight to make any man oblivious to all his worries-from the tramp who worries where his next meal is coming from, to the millionaire who spends sleepless nights counting sheep, worrying about rising taxes. A solid, bleak, grey wall rose up against the deep blue of the sky, dividing a span of shimmering, silvery water and blocking out everything else. The same silvery water cascaded down the wall at some places like mammoth heaps of white sugar. One side of the wall lay water, calm and placid, its gentle waves rippling timidly against the border, and simultaneously, as if triggered off by this sight, a wave of happiness swept through me.

In the midst of all this, a majestic fountain sprayed out its contents. The water tumbled down in huge masses as if into an eternal precipice. Around this zoomed a steam boat. Across this narrow span of water ran a narrow bridge just below the surface of the water. As we walked along the bridge, like King Neptune in his domain, the waves broke against its sides and sloshed water on us.

Around all this, a jumble of colours dazzled us. A patchwork quilt of flowers, multi-coloured, met our eyes wherever we looked. Row upon row of colourful, blooming fragrant flowers erupted from the lush, green grass, Cement pavements ran behind them for the people to walk upon. The thick green trees yawned and rustled as the wind whistled through their branches. Below, the green lawns looked inviting. The whole place was dotted with fountains, pouring out jets of clear water, and artificial streams, gurgling and bubbling. In these streams and ponds floated elegant lilies, radiating beauty and colour.

Darkness crept upon us, but it was a darkness transformed into colourfulness. We were engulfed in a blinding aura of lights- a thousand lights seemed to have been switched on, and lights not devoid of colour. The crystal-clear water became multi-coloured, each bush had hidden in it, twinkling bulbs, and in mid-air neon lights blazed out. The serene flowers changed colours rapidly, and in addition to all these, were the brilliant stars.

Seeing all this, a hush descended upon us, broken only by the distant babble of voices ; for people there were, and more and more of them, marring this heavenly scene before us. Without them, the unaffected beauty of the place would have been almost divine, lacking perhaps only in actual divinity. I told myself that may be this was what the real paradise was like, or, with the poet,

If there be a paradise on earth, O God,
It is this, it is this, it is this !

K. Srinivas
Standard X

ROSES

I looked at a bunch of roses,
And suddenly I saw a hand rise
to pluck the flower with happiness-
but I was full of unhappiness.

With a start I got up to find
that it was only a dream-
There was no rose in sight,
Instead, the beds all around me.

N. Annamalai
Standard VII

HOW ABOUT IT?

I like keeping pets. I don't mind keeping anything from ants to elephants. Once I had kept two beetles and a lizard in my pocket. The pocket was specially made by me, so as to prevent it from getting through. I think it's better to keep these pets than cats or dogs, because you don't have to feed them-they can easily get food themselves.

These pets helped me very much in life. When any visitor that I wanted to get rid of came, I simply let loose my beetles, and he went scooting off at sixty miles an hour. But when a really unpleasant fellow came along, one glance at my lizard was enough to set him off at ninety miles per hour!

In this way, I found a lot of fun and entertainment in their company. They also proved useful to me on certain occasions. So, if you would ask my advice on keeping pets that are really useful, (and amusing too), I would suggest beetles, lizards, cockroaches, and the like.

Well, how about it?

Hashim Fatehally
Standard VIII

RAIN

The road goes on and on
With the parched sun,
and its benevolent rays
drawing out moisture
from the body.
The tar melted,
sticking fast to the soles,
the effort needed to place one leg
in front of another.
A breeze?
The coolness absorbed,
now reinvigorated,
The globules of sweat
from the forehead to the toes
a stream, bathing the body
in its salty tang,
The dark clouds form,
The sky deprived of heat,
the sun disappearing,
the winds forming,
the rain approaching-
The awesome grandeur
of the rain and clouds.
with the sharp flashes of
lightning,
illuminating the world in its
fiery glow.
The rain as a robe,
The wind as a scarf,
The Rain,

Jerry Earali
Standard X

ELEPHANTS IN MUDUMALAI.

It was Sunday, the 15th of October, and I was in the Mudumalai wild life Sanctuary with my parents. After a short rest at the Sylvan Lodge, we started on our round of the sanctuary in three cars. The first group of animals we saw was a herd of deer. I asked the guide whether we could see any elephants, and he said that we could easily see at least a small herd of them, for there had been lots of rain. After a five-kilometer drive we came near a small lake, and there we saw two elephants running into the forest, because they had heard the noise of the cars. The guide then told me that the twin baby elephants, Vijay and Sujay, would be performing a small puja at the Elephant Camp, and this would be from 3'30 to 5'30 p. m. I was amazed to hear that baby elephants could perform puja !

After we had been to see the Moyar Falls, and the guide had pointed out quite a huge cave in which, he said, tigers and leopards would go and stay, if it rained heavily, we returned to the Elephant Camp, where Vijay and Sujay were to perform their puja. I thought that an image of a god or a goddess would be brought and the twins would go round it, but instead of that, Vijay stood on a grass mound, and his twin brother Sujay took a bell, which was in front of him, and ringing it loudly went round Vijay once. Then he bowed down to Vijay by bending his front legs, and Vijay blessed him by putting his trunk on his head. Then I heard the sound of a bell and I turned and saw a huge mother elephant with her baby daughter Asha, who both belonged to the camp.

We paid the guide, and returned. On my return to Ooty and to school, I went to bed that night, thinking about the twin baby elephants and their interesting puja.

S Mukundan
Standard V

THE SPARROW'S NEST

I wandered lonely in the forest,
when all at once I saw a nest,
A nest of lovely sparrows ;
And as I went and peeped inside,
I could see the mother feeding the babies ;
I was waiting for the mother to go
to see the babies clearly ;
And as I saw the mother went off,
I took one baby, and it started crying,
So I kept it back and kept my distance,
When I saw an enormous bird,
swooping and pecking at the babies,
And as it flew off, I went and peeped in,
But I could see none at all.

Alex Jacob
Standard VI

MY UNFORGETTABLE GRANDFATHER

He was a treasure house of love and kindness, to me, the most perfect man in the world, a veritable God. I saw him, and talked to him, and played with him for more than a decade, till one summer day, the cruel hand of Death snatched him away from our midst. But there is however, one thing that Death cannot carry away, and that is memories—loving memories, sad memories, of a man who unlike others did not take life for his own, but shared his joys with others and shared their sorrows. His expressionful face, his thick, husky voice, to which I was more accustomed than to anything else, will always remain in my mind - a treasured memory.

He tried his best to make a man of me; he would have succeeded too, had not Death carried him away. But, dear grandfather, wherever you are, if I am going the wrong way, would you not correct me and show me the way you want me to go, for only you can do it? As I write this with tears in my eyes, and clouds of grief in my heart, I picture you beside me, smiling at me - that toothy smile of yours, which I used to love, but now can only cherish through my memories.

Yeshpal Levin
Standard X

DARKNESS

Golden are the skies,
As dusk falls.
Hooting are the owls wise,
Motionless seem the water-falls.

The moon has risen high,
Twinkling merrily are the stars,
The clouds cannot be seen passing by,
Far away are the fighting and wars.

As darkness falls beneath,
And the silence descends,
Everyone is in peace,
And in sleep all end.

Ganesh Moorthy
Standard VIII

AN OMATSURI

This festival occurs on the 28th of each month in Japan. Almost all the parks in the cities are occupied by people coming in vans. They spread themselves throughout the park, each of them putting up small stalls in which are sold a variety of things. Everything is ready usually by 5 or 6 p. m. Then people come to the parks. The unusual sight of 'Kimonos' and 'Yukatas' strikes the eye, as people do not wear their original dresses these days.

The people go first to the temple-(most parks have got shrines or temples)-pray and burn the incense, and put their offerings of coins or paper notes in a large box. These people who come in families, after praying, go round the place. It is a happy day for tiny tots and youngsters. The small boys run around, and ask their parents to buy them toys and models of planes, cars and ships, while the small girls go to the stalls having dolls. Some of the children cry and purposely act angry if the parents do not buy what they want. The old people go to a special spot where miniature living trees and cacti are sold. Their hobby is to collect and look after these miniature trees. These trees fit into pots, and their height is about one foot.

At one end of the park there are games, and most of the teenagers are there. There is the King's game, and there is a rotating stand from which people shoot pieces of cork from a toy gun. On the rotating stand are numerous things, such as lighters, boxes of candy, small dolls and many other things. Many of the people bend over the partition through which you can reach the rotating stand.

The festival goes on until about ten at night, after which the families go back to their homes, exhausted. The children go to bed happily, looking forward to the 28th of the next month.

Nikil D. Dutt.
Standard IX

ALKALINE DROPS

Winding Away,
I felt the sway
as the droning machine
took me away from where I had been,
Not to return to that town again;
No more this sort of life again.

Wandering Visions,
caught glimpses of the regions,
where my realisation
had met its germination,
In mountains, valleys, springs and streams:
Still at the spring of life, not even the stream.

Wading Images,
gripping me as I turn the pages,
a week before the exams,
After that, no more mountain goats and rams.
Horses, Mid-horses, Ponies and Mules;
Time moves slowly, like the loaded mule.

The Whispering Breeze,
 passes through my ear to seize
 my heart from this concentration,
 I have to meet this separation;
 The junction, the railway and the station;
 I'm off on some track to a deserted station.

Fading Flowers Bloom,
 In this office; for all there is no room;
 Purple jamines, violet rainbows, and the sky so blue,
 Not everything in this world that spins is true;
 Eucalyptus trees, pansies and daisies,
 Free are the fir trees, but restricted the daisies.

Last glimpses of the swaying trees,
 The frustrated cold wind blows me away where I cannot see,
 All these again;
 No More! Unhappy clouds of smoke, the noise and the pain,
 The sand, the waves, the boats and the horizon,
 My poison dream sets, as the setting sun in the horizon.

P. Radhakrishnan
 Standard XI

HIJACKED!

After a sad parting with my parents and brother and other friends, I boarded the Super VC IO which was to bring me to India from Dar-es-salaam. I like front window seats, and I was fortunate to get one. As the plane started moving, I waved for the last time to my parents, brother and friends. The time was about 7'30 p. m. It was a smooth flight to Nairobi. There was a halt of more than an hour at Nairobi.

It was at Nairobi that I got a companion, a young handsome man. I tried to strike up a conversation with him, but he was stubborn and refused to co-operate with me. So I tried to doze off, as there was nothing else to do. I heard something close by, but did not bother.

"Everyone sit still, or else our beautiful woman dies!"

I sat up straight. My handsome companion was standing up. In his hand was a cocked revolver, pressed against the temple of a stewardess. It was only then that I realised what it was that he had in the left hand side of his coat. I was a reasonably brave person - at home - but not there, when I faced real danger. I kept still. There was a slight tilt in the plane, and I knew we were turning. I presumed that we were going back to Nairobi. I heard feet shuffling a little later, and turned round to see a man running towards the young hijacker. There was a pop sound, and the running man stopped in his tracks-and collapsed! There was a gasp, in unison, from all the passengers. I crossed myself. As the smoke coiled upwards, the hijacker said, "The next one who tries that goes to hell!"

Nobody tried it, for nobody wanted to go to Hell. I could hear the man groaning as he lay in the gangway. I toyed with the idea of charging, but who wanted to go to Hell, or join the sprawling man in the gangway? I tried to close my eyes and get some sleep, but I couldn't, for I had seen something that refused to be cleared from my mind.

At Nairobi, we all disembarked with the greatest of speed. I tried to be cool and composed, but could not. The night was cold, and my hands were covered with goose-pimples, and they were trembling with fear. It was not long before our plane took off. What happened later, I did not know, nor did I care, for I was exhausted. But the thought of the man in the gangway constantly sickened me. At about 2 in the morning, another plane came, and we came to India safely.

The agony on the face of the man who was shot down like a dog remains clear in my mind still - and all I hope is that I shall never be in another plane that is to be hijacked, and face another gruesome situation like this. Touch Wood.

Robin Thomas
Standard X

POPPIES

The hot sun shines by the riverside,
The glistening rays shine on the poppies near by,
The red scarlet colours shine like the blood of the martyrs.
I imagine the shining knights in armour
fighting for the flood
of them and their places.
They are sent to the battle field
to protect their own things,
and as their own people
encourage them, they do not fight for themselves,
but for the lives of other people.

Milind Gokhale
Standard VII

STUDIES ALWAYS FIRST

The I. S. C. came close,
Studies always first -
The jovial attitude of the XIth
Came in intervalled bursts.

Projector got conked,
Fun was cut short,
But the XIth made their own,
in forms of talk and sport.

Fun was always available,
with Shankar and Tanna around,
As Shankar made our stomachs split,
and Tanna made his round.

Coffee time was the best of all,
 Puds finishing two glasses, while we finished one,
 We chatting of the day's good jokes,
 While, unlike us, Puds missed all the fun.

Getting into bed was better still -
 All, but one, joined in,
 The jokes, puns, pranks and pips,
 In one hour's time we'd folded our fins.

Morning came, but not light,
 Few wake up and to class;
 Warming up for the final fight -
 I've said it once, I'll say it again,
 'Studies always first !'

ONE OF THEM.

IT'S LANCs. AGAIN!

Lancashire won the Gillete Cup for the third time in succession. That's a bit of good news for Lancs. fans. I am one, and so I am extremely happy to hear about it. Lancashire is known as the 'big hitting county'. This title is apt and deserving. They have the best attacking batsman in English cricket, led by the lanky West Indian, Clive Lloyd. Skipper Bond must be very happy at this success, as it is his final season. The main factor about the Lancashire players is that they play cricket as it should be played. They get as much pleasure in playing as we do in watching. That is why they never refuse any challenge. They always make a try for it. They are very well equipped in batting, bowling, wicket-keeping, and they have some superlative fielders.

Among their batsmen are, the Lancashire based Yorkshireman, Barry Wood who made a very pleasing test debut against Australia; brilliant batsman David Lloyd, a fine Test prospect; the diminutive Harry Pilling, very correct and always on the lookout for runs; the great Clive Lloyd, the brilliant West Indian left-hander, whose presence has helped Lancashire greatly; Snellgrove, an exhilarating batsman, and our Engineer. Then comes the ebullient all-rounder, Jack Simmons, who is very reliable and always there to help his county. The tail is also good with men like David Hughes, Peter Lever and Shuttleworth backing up. But haven't we missed out one person? Yes, we have - Jackie Bond, the skipper who in spite of his age, is a fine batsman still, but alas, this is the last we'll see of him in county cricket. There is also Frank Hayes stroking away like a veteran, even though hardly 25 years of age. This man is said to have tremendous potentialities. In wicket-keeping, they have the brilliant Engineer with Keith Godwyn as a very good foil for him. In the bowling department, there are the two demons, Lever and Shuttleworth, both very good and both English Test cricketers. Spinners are also above class. David Hughes took 82 wickets in the 1970 season, and has continued to have a good haul each season. Then comes the all-rounder Simmonds, who took

a lot of wickets this season, which places him as one of the leading spinners of Lancashire. Clive Lloyd, in spite of being such an explosive batsman, is also a leg spinner, above class. People like Wood and Snellgrove can also lend a hand in bowling. Besides this, fielding of these players is superb. In Clive Lloyd they have the best fielder in the world. So don't you agree with me that Lancashire is a super county? They defeated Warwickshire, English county champions, this time. Warwickshire is exemplarily good in batting with people like Jameson, Whitehouse, Mike Smith, and Amiss in their ranks, but the men who have the greatest impact are the grand Kanhai and Lance Gibbs.

In spite of this Lancs. defeated them. And the man of the match? Who else but Clive Lloyd who hit a superb 126, batting as usual a couple of sixes.

So here's wishing Lancs. luck in the future too.

Y. Levin

I AM IN A DREAM WORLD.

The dusk comes in
The clouds were like satin,
All was quiet in the dark,
Except for cries from nests of larks.

The stars were shining bright,
When I was dreaming of the Wrights,
I dreamt I was in the '1903's,
When I heard the drone from the engines.

Puffing and panting I pushed the 'Wrights' old plane
To give it a start along the rail,
It buzzed and whizzed and lifted off the ground,
The flight engineer gazing down.

He pushed a lever which made a sound like a bell,
For a moment I thought I was in Hell!
I woke up and saw someone ring a bell!

E. K. Nareshwar
Standard IX

THE BUTTERFLY

Once I was dreaming,
As everybody does,
I became so excited that
it happened so.
And all at once I saw a butterfly,
The butterfly flew and
it went into the park,
which happened to be near my house.

I followed it, and it went
 on flying inside the park,
 Without noticing where I went
 I continued to follow it,
 At last it sat on a flower,
 And suddenly it disappeared.
 By chance I saw another one,
 And I tried to catch it;
 but it did as the other did -
 I was too clumsy.

M. Naresh
 Standard VI

?

The dawn was just approaching
 A red glow covered the eastern horizon,
 He 'floated' to his coffin,
 To have his usual 'sleep'.
 The coffin cover creaked shut,
 The palace was empty.
 The bats hung motionless,
 Upside down.

This was the opening I had looked for so long,
 The palace, empty during the day,
 We went there
 My friend and I,
 And ransacked the place.

Found no evidence of his deeds,
 But discovered many unknown facts,
 What we found was enough
 enough to send him to his doom.

The right time had to be chosen
 And that took quite some time,
 The dawn of Easter was suitable,
 To us as well as itself.
 Most religious and most convenient,

The equipment was brought together
 Picks, axes, shovels and spades,
 Ropes, pegs and hammer.
 All was ready.
 We waited !!
 At last it came,
 We left my house,
 Long before dawn.
 The Count was still awake !!!

Just before dawn we entered the palace,
 And found the coffin empty !!!
 The entrance to the room was locked (by us),
 The Count was forced to stay out,

Patiently we sat, our ears straining,
 To pick up any sound.
 Our eyes nearly dropping out of their sockets,
 Trying to probe the darkness around us,
 Nothing was visible,
 No sound !!!
 No movement !!!
 Nothing...

One more second might have been too late,
 Our nerves about to break,
 Suddenly --
 He came.
 Silently.
 No scraping of shoes.
 He walked past us and suddenly stopped.
 He turned around
 Walked towards us,
 We froze...

He came very close and stopped short.
 Suddenly, he turned and ran.
 We followed,
 He still ran.
 We still followed.

He reached the coffin room entrance,
 Grabbed the handle and pulled.
 The door creaked.
 It nearly gave way.
 He knew what we had done !!

He left the door,
 Ran up the steps,
 Trying to reach the other entrance to his coffin.
 But he was too late,
 Just a bit too late,
 We had kept our distance,
 And now we closed in.
 Closer !
 Closer !!

Suddenly, we had him-
 The end came near.
 At long last.
 We sprang
 Across the room !!,
 And had pulled down the heavy curtains,
 He knew not what had happened.

We were lucky.
 The sun had just come up,
 The sunrays came streaming in,
 There was a blood curdling scream,
 His eyes became blood red,
 Agony was written all over his face.

He collapsed
 And lay there helpless.
 Trembling !!!
 'Light' was his worst enemy.
 To make things worse we made crosses.
 Using our hands.
 He crumbled faster...
 He disintegrated,

And continued disintegrating
 Till
 Till there was nothing left of him.
 Leave aside his ring...
 The wind came in through the windows-
 The dust got blown off-
 So had the Count.

Only the ring remained,
 Its huge, glittering, bright red ruby
 Still remained,
 Embedded in forty solid grammes of gold.
 The Head of the Clan of Vamps was gone
 Gone forever and ever...

Yatin Bhat
 Standard XI

A SUITABLE PET

First I tried keeping a cat,
Though keeping pets are tough jobs,
The difficult thing in that,
Is the milk and other things it robs.

Next I tried keeping a dog,
Which was indeed a change,
It turned over a hundred things
in trying to get something out of range.

Soon I got tired of pets,
I said, "They are regular pests ;
My last try will be a dog,
I'm not giving up with a hog.

I got a dog, a fine Alsatian,
That kept a look over the house.
A robbery was attempted by a mason,
who was caught by my Alsatian.

So I've found a suitable pet, after all,
The trouble I've taken
all because of a robbery
attempted by a mason !

Ahmad Fatehally.

Standard VI

MISSING YOU ?

For today the sun has set,
much so our friendship,
Our echo of friendship is dying,
And the sound that lingers
is filled with sorrow,
Friend, everything has an end,
and so has our friendship.

Padu

ISC Class.

ESCAPE

The deep coral-green sea shimmered brilliantly as the sun sank low beneath the distant hills. Its orange lustre illuminated the surrounding trees. Their lush green foliage swayed in the cool breeze. The tramp shifted his eyes from this blissful placid scene to the other side. The tall, ugly grey buildings hurt his eyes. Far above, smog infiltrated the once cool atmosphere. The hidden noises from the city made him shiver. The shining neon lights which dazzled other light-hearted souls, only filled him with a violent hatred and disgust for everything around him. He had recently escaped from an asylum. His bitterness and cynicism had gone too deep ; and he hated the modern world, of which he was one of the victims and casualties. He hated it like poison.

His mind was in turmoil. Loose ends of these churning thoughts, if found and tied together might well have made him one of the greatest philosophers ever. But who wanted philosophy today? This mad world was not fit for even the most insignificant creature to live in. And they had put *him* into an asylum! Him of all people, when there were hundreds and hundreds of the world's inhabitants who should have been there. 'God,' he thought-but he did not believe in a God either. There seemed no way he could escape from this dreary, soul-killing world.

Memories flitted across his mind for a while. His talks in the University against the modern world and its madness; his campaigns against nuclear weapons; his attempts to move those high up, even the President, to remove corruption so rife in every bit of society - His only son had been killed by an excessive use of drugs; his only daughter by a bomb thrown by irresponsible elements in his town; his wife had run away with a powerful and wealthy Government official, who had got where he was by the most questionable means possible. Even the flowers had lost their colourful brightness, he thought. He remembered the time when he had collided against a young school boy, who had tripped, and out of his knapsack had fallen out a packet of L. S. D. He remembered the time when he had been forced to see a war movie against his will, by his wife. He had come home and retched and retched at the mere thought of those thousands and thousands of people massacred, to satisfy the ego of a few power-mad politicians, and he also remembered how his wife had laughed at him. He remembered the day, when only a few yards away from him, a car had run into a hydrant and burst into flames. And he had been told later that a young man had stepped out of his club, drunk, got into someone else's car, and groggily driven away, and this had been the aftermath. He also remembered when a ruthless killer had entered a nursery, and killed a lot of innocent babes and their young nurse. 'I felt like shedding blood,' he had said later, when the police questioned him.

He broke into a groan when his foot slipped on a stone, and jerked him back to reality. He remained in deep thought for a long time. At last his mind was made up. He stood up, his heart felt lighter, and his step was lighter, as he started walking towards the bridge that spanned the lazy river below. He began to hum, a thing he had not done for a long, long time now. When he reached the middle of the bridge, his hands rested on the cold steel for a second. He took a deep breath and plunged! The river yawned lazily, as a hole appeared. It was only for a brief moment. The hole was no longer there and it had resumed its steady peaceful flow once again.

K. Srinivas
Standard X

THE QUESTIONS OF HISTORY (1066 AND ALL THAT)

1. What would have happened if
 - a) Canute had succeeded in sitting on the waves;
 - b) 'Bloody Mary' had been the daughter of Edward the Confessor.
 Does it matter.

2. Have you the faintest recollection of
 - a) Ethelbreth ;
 - b) Athelthral ,
 - c) Thruthelthroth.
 What have you the faintest recollection of ?
3. Why do you know nothing at all about
 - a) The Laws of Infangthief and Egg-seisin ?
 - b) St. Pancreas ?
4. Trace by means of graphs
 - a) The incidence of scurvy in the Chiltern Hundreds during the reign of Rufus ;
 - b) The stomach of the Pope.
 (Squared paper, compasses, etc may be used)
5. Estimate the size of
 - a) Little Arthur ;
 - b) Friar Tuck ;
 - c) Magna Carta.
6. King John had no redeeming features. Illustrate.
7. How would you dispose of
 - a) A papal Bull ?
 - b) Your cousins ;
 - c) Your uncle ? (Be brutal)
8. Why do you picture John of Gaunt as a rather emaciated noble ?
9. Deplore the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, stating the day and month (but of course, not the year) usually assigned to it.
10. 'An army marches on its stomach' (Napoleon). Illustrate and examine.
11. Write no more than two lines on The Career of Napoleon Bonaparte or The Prime Ministers of England or The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.
12. Examine the state of mind of
 - a) Charles I, half an hour after his head was cut off ;
 - b) Charles II, half a moment after first sighting Nell Gwynn.
13. Would you say that Ethelread the Unready was directly responsible for the French Revolution ? If so, what would you say ?

Contributed By
Jerry.

2. Have you any personal recollection of
 - a) Frederick;
 - b) Albert;
 - c) Joseph?
3. Why do you know nothing at all about
 - a) The name of the hospital and physicians?
 - b) The names?
4. Traced by means of graphs
 - a) The incident of money in the United States history; the
 - b) The names of the books;
 - c) The names of the books;
5. Estimate the size of
 - a) Little Arrow;
 - b) Little Arrow;
 - c) Little Arrow;
6. King John had no redeeming features. Illustrate.
 - a) How would you dispose of
 - b) A good Bull?
 - c) Your country;
 - d) Your waste? (Be brief)
7. Why do you estimate John of Gower as a rather consistent poet?
 - a) Before the fall of the Government; today and
 - b) After the fall of the Government; today and
 - c) After the fall of the Government; today and
8. An army marches on its stomach. (Machias) Illustrate and examine.
 - a) Write no more than two lines on the Government of the
 - b) The Prime Minister of England or the King and Fall of the
 - c) Roman Empire.
9. Examine the state of mind of
 - a) Charles I. Just the hour after he was cut off;
 - b) Charles II. Just the hour after he was cut off;
10. Would you say that the United States was directly responsible for the French Revolution? If so, what would you say?

Contributed by
J. J.