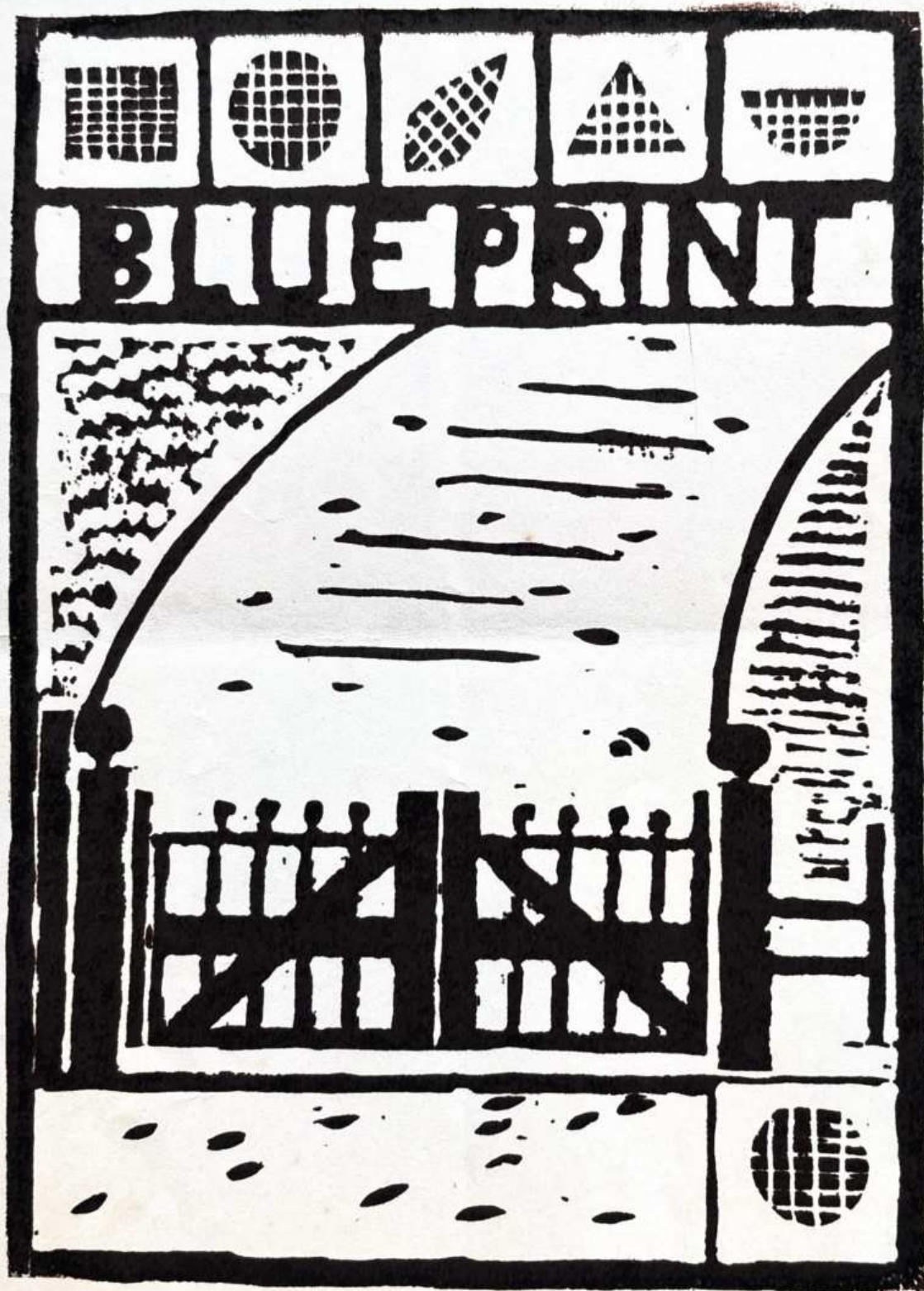


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FIRST TERM

JUNE 1995

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SECOND TERM

DECEMBER 1994

What is the destination of New Education? What did The Blue Mountains School achieve in the last thirty and odd years of its existence? Where do we go from here?

A Young lady teacher of The Blue Mountains School posed these questions in a meeting held under the aegis of the Krishna-murti Centre recently.

It was broadly agreed that conventional education has only led to acquisition of knowledge and accumulation of information; which, of course, was essential at certain stage and level in the educational processes of any young learner. But has this storing up of facts, figures and formulae led to any self-enquiry in the students? Self-enquiry is looking within oneself.

No-the conventional education has not been of much use in this direction; it was agreed in the discussion.

Like in all other spheres of life, people are in search of alternatives in the sphere of education also.

Is there an alternative to the conventional education? Conventional education, of late, represents competitiveness, aggressiveness, unfeelingness and indifference towards one's immediate environment and fellow men. Is there an alternative to this conventional education which has become totally inhuman?

Perhaps the New Education that we have been talking about is such an alternative.

That takes us to square one -
What is our destination?
What are our achievements?
Where do we go from here?

Do we need a destination?
Should the achievements be tangible?
Should we know as to where we go?

Does a meandering brook know its destination, its achievement and its future course?

True Education is like the meandrous river; all that it knows is its direction - not the destination.

People, who set definite destinations and targets for The Blue Mountains School, got themselves dropped out of the school; but the school quietly flows like the Bhavani River, of the Nilgiris Hills.

So what is important is the direction and not the destination.

I am reminded of a Haiku:

"I do not know the destination
But know my direction
Like the east flying butterfly
Of the monsoon rains."

B.J.KRISHNAN,
(Secretary - F.G.Pearce Edl.
and Charitable Trust).

THE MATHEMATICAL TREASURE HUNT

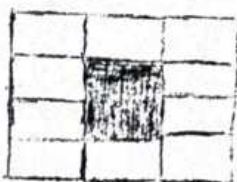
One day while I was busily engrossed in my classwork, Mr. Parmesh, the Maths teacher of our school, interrupted me by asking if I would like to participate in the Maths treasure hunt he was going to conduct. I did not mind his interruption and without hesitation I decided to participate in the treasure hunt.

The day and time for the treasure hunt was fixed. Accordingly all the participants gathered in the library, the venue fixed by Mr. Parmesh. The two groups were announced. Group A had Rajiv, Rocky, Chaithanya, Suchitra, Aditi and Rajeswari N. Group B had Anshul, Kartik, Manoj, Keegan, Rimjhim and myself.

Our first clue had the area of a certain object and something written about it which would lead us to it. Though the clue was a bit vague, we managed to find the object with great difficulty. The object was the school signboard which hangs on the school gate. We found our second clue near the school gate and there were certain instructions written on it. If the instructions were followed properly we would find the next clue. Everytime we found a clue, we had a puzzle or sum to solve. The types of problems we had to solve were like finding the diameter of a place, the height of a cone, the area of a triangle etc. This often involved some physical activity apart from the mental.

I was trying my best to solve the puzzles and sums, but my rusted brain had not been in touch with Maths for a long time.

We were informed that we had to find totally 10 clues along with puzzles and sums set aside to solve upon finding a clue. Upon finishing the ninth clue and puzzle and as we were getting ready to find the tenth clue, my group members started to get excited, as we thought we had almost completed the treasure hunt. But we were wrong. The piece de resistance of the treasure hunt was the tenth clue. We had three difficult puzzles to solve. One of them was to form the letter E with some plastic geometrical figures. Then we had a number puzzle. In this puzzle there were few sentences written and every sentence had one word in the form of numbers. The numbers represent a letter. It was only by guessing that we were able to solve this puzzle. The third puzzle had a figure like the one given below:



In this puzzle, we had to use the numbers 1 to 10 and fill it haphazardly in any of the blocks. The total of the four sides, when added, had to be eighteen. A number used once could not be repeated again. This was the only puzzle we were not able to solve. We also had to calculate the time taken by us to solve the whole treasure hunt in seconds.

Later on, Mr. Paramesh announced the winners. It was Group A who had won. That evening, we were given polo mints. This was only for the participants.

As far as I am concerned, I found this treasure hunt very constructive and interesting. There should be a treasure hunt for the juniors, too. Probably it is a much better and interesting way to revise our Maths.

- Baptisto -
(18 years)

QUOTATIONS

1. But what is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.
2. Old men are fond of giving good advice, to console themselves for being no longer in the position to give bad examples.
3. Architecture is frozen music.
4. Never argue at the dinner table, for the one who is not hungry always gets the best of the argument.
5. A banker is a man who lends you an umbrella when the weather is fair, and takes it away from you when it rains.
6. It is the beginning of the end.
7. One boy is more trouble than a dozen girls.
8. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
9. She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork.
10. Common sense is very uncommon.

- Rajiv M and Aditi C -
(16 years) (16 years).

GROUP I SHOW

On the 17th of September was the 1st group show. There were altogether eight items presented by them.

The first item, "Two Vultures", was a mime done by two boys. Their steps were in tune with the music. It was acted out well.

"Terrible terry's surprize" was the second item. It was about a boy called terry who was very naughty in his school and at home. He was taught a good lesson by the April fool angel and his little follies. After that he never troubled or played his mean tricks on his teachers or on his grand mother.

The third item was a mime called "The Statue". It was about a robber who has robbed money from a gentleman and pretends like a statue at a park. The police man finally catches the robber whom he always mistook for a statue. The mime was a good comedy. It was extremely enjoyed by the audience.

The fourth item was a pepsi add and after this came a Tamil song. It was sung by our music teacher, Shanthi Akka. She sang melodiously.

A Tamil skit was the sixth item, It was funny but many from the audience did not get the joke.

Seventh item was a Hindi skit and the last was the English play called "At the Stroke of Twelve". This play was acted out very well. The audience enjoyed and congratulated Mr. Abraham Patrick who directed this play as well as played the main role.

On the whole it was a good show.

- Rajeswari N -
(16 years).

THE DANCE PRACTICE OF GROUP B

Our dance was directed by the B.M.S. Speilberg, Baptisto. His style of directing the dance was different from the style of others. His idea for the dance was to have it performed in a dark room using torches. He took four people for this performance. They were Veeresh, Ravi, Dhritiman and Vishak. One day, when the practice was in full swing, a great disaster happened. Veeresh broke his collar bone. Baptisto had trouble in choosing another person. So we carried on with three people. The song for the dance was 'Vogue' by Madonna. We had trouble in getting the same kind

of torches. So we bought some torches. We practised for a week, 30 minutes everyday. Before the show we also did the trial performance of dance in a dark room to see how the effect was. Since we were one person less and could not get another person, we practised simple and easy steps. Actually we didn't have to practise much because the steps were simple. On the day of show we were a little nervous. The effect came as we had planned but there was a little more light than we thought there should be. The feedback we got from the audience was that it was a fantastic performance.

- Hari Krishna and Vishak .
(14 years) (13 yrs)

THE FALL - A DREAM

Lingering along the crystal blue rill
Leaping from slimy rock to rock
pausing-enchanted by pools clear and still,
And stopping atop a steep boulder
I peered down into the murmuring gleaming pool.
Then slip I did and went sliding down
Slipping wet into the beaming deep wetness below;
And suddenly I was slipping no more
I felt myself falling down, down a cascade
The roaring white gushing enveloping me.
And then instantly the scene changed
I was falling down the sky
mirrored behind by sky scrapers
And almost ecstatic fall!

Jerking back into waking consciousness
I tried to relax and recapture the dream.
Alas! Only a spherical white luminosity
Laved my mind's eye
Lingering for a while.

- Abraham Patrick -

Right education from the very beginning should eliminate this inner conflict. It is the fault of education that makes us have these inward struggles, inward battles, inward conflicts.

- J.Krishnamurti -

CRIMSON RED

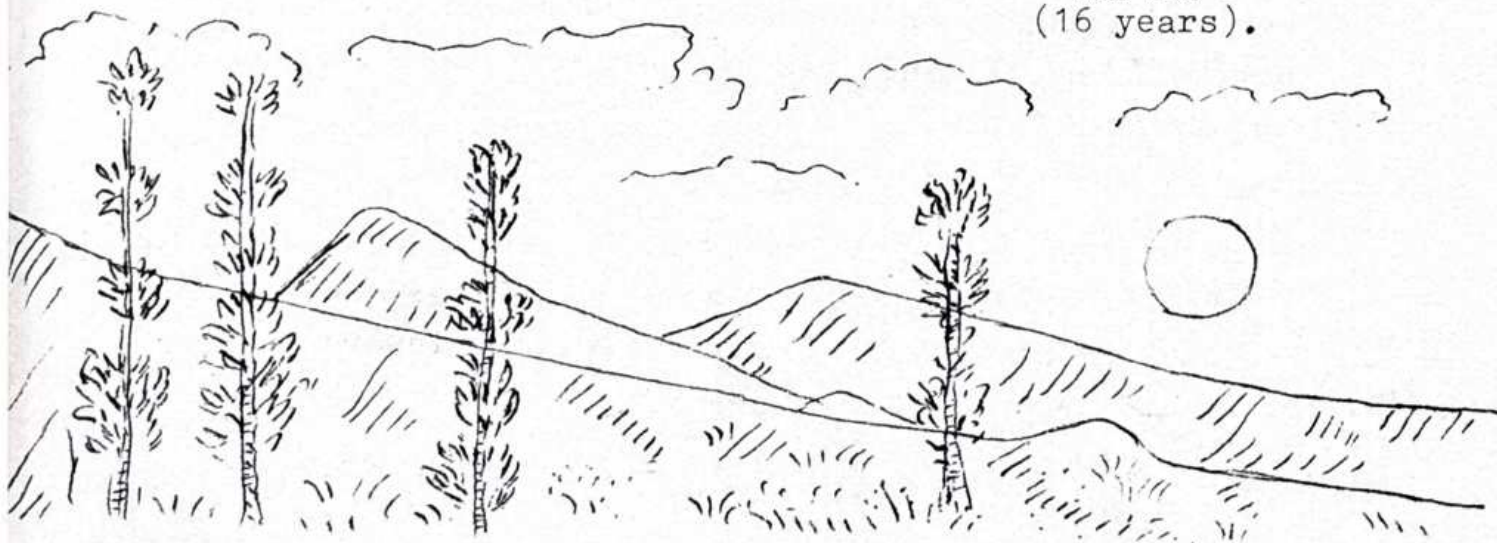
The sanguine rays of the sun cast a bloody gory effect on my drowsy face. My body convulsed with a start when one of the fellow passengers exclaimed, 'look at the sunrise'! I instinctively jerked open my eyes. I had dreamt right! The bright red sun did cast a crimson red effect on my face. In fact it cast the effect upon the world it shone over. This crimson red ball of heat and light ran over the landscape of green fields, mountains, trees and windmills. Amidst this view ran a star road on which our vehicle travelled.

I looked out of my window to see the road along which we were travelling. The sun made a moving wavy crooked shadow from our bus. The wind was blowing hard. The windmills towered over the green fields. The tinge lingered on the place and spread over the landscape. It blended with the natural colours of the trees and the fields and created a fairy-like-landscape. The blades of the windmills sliced around in gentle motion through the red air of light. The wind blew with moderate speed, yet with its gentle motion made the blades go around merrily. They striped the green land around with circular shadows and bound the earth below in chains, whilst the sun with its red light bound the windmills below.

The green paddy fields across were spotted with a flock of birds. There was a sudden strong wind which brought an instantaneous reaction amongst the birds. They flew back into the red air, that floated alone above the green fields.

I, who was keenly observing, realized that the red light was becoming a bright white light. The view was losing its charm and beauty. The plain white light bounded across the landscape. The temperature rose, the wind blew hard. There were a few houses which were sprinkled in the distance. We were now reaching city limits. Slowly the magnificent and mind blowing view faded out of my sight.

- Kartik -
(16 years).



FRESHERS' SHOW

The Freshers' Show was on the 28th of August. I was feeling very excited and nervous because I myself was a fresher and I was going to act in that show. The first item was recitation of a Sanskrit Shloka by the youngest of the freshers, Dwarakesh. It was good to see him acting. The way he recited the Shloka made the audience enjoy very much. The next item was 'THE BEGGAR'. It was about a king who wanted to test his subjects. Many 'KANJUS' people came, looked at him and went away. At last a billionaire came and started comparing himself with the beggar (king). The beggar (king) got very angry and got up. Suddenly the lights were switched off and you could hear some banging and when the lights came the king was bashed up by the billionaire. The audience enjoyed thoroughly. The third item was 'TWO IN ONE'. This item was very comic. The audience enjoyed this item also. The fourth item was a Tamil song sung by our music teacher 'SHANTHI AKKA'. The song was CHINNA CHINNA ASSAI. She sang very melodiously. The fifth item was two Hindi skits. The first one was a stunt which was made up by the freshers and the second skit was a scene from the movie SHOLAY. The next was a dance performed by Shanthi Akka. The dance came out well. After the dance there was a Tamil song sung by three of our freshers. The song was 'CHIKKA BAKKA CHIKKA BAKKA RAILE'. The next was the second last item and the main play of our show. It was 'THE GHOST'. All the freshers from the youngest to the eldest acted in that play. Small students got frightened by this play and many big students found it comic instead and laughed at the ghost. One of the actors instead of saying 'sister' to the Nun, said, 'fahter'. I myself got little scared when I saw the ghost in the play because it was dark outside and I could imagine the ghost coming. The play was directed by the eldest of the freshers, Gautam. The last item was a mime by the teachers. It was funny and the teachers who acted in this mime were Mr. Abraham, Mr. Prasad and Mr. Paramesh. The show came out well and all the freshers enjoyed themselves acting in the freshers show.

- Aparna -
(12 years).

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THE PIG

I'm very sorry for a pig
He's very fat and very big.
His face is not a pretty one,
To be a pig can't be much fun.

He's got a long thick snout
Which he likes poking around.
He's got a curly, curly little tail,
Which he twirls and twists as he runs along.

He's fond of eating lots and lots of cabbage
But he really doesn't mind eating garbage.
And that's why one who hogs and hogs
Is called by us a hog.

He loves to roll in mud and roam on roads
Giving short grunts with his funny looking snout
And when he grows too fat and stout
There's danger of his landing up in hungry tummies.

I wonder whether to him I'm unkind
Perhaps he really doesn't mind.
For what I said is just for fun
I wrote this poem to have some fun.

- Veeresh -
(14 years).

THE CRICKET MATCH AGAINST HEBRON

I was going up for games when Mr. Sivakumar called me and asked me whether we would be interested in a cricket match. I was pretty surprised because this was the football term and somebody was asking for a cricket match. I asked him against who and was told it was against Hebron School which was even further surprising. I told him that I would ask my team-mates and inform him if they wanted to play. I did ask everybody and everyone agreed to the idea of such a match.

From the next day onwards we started our practice. But to our bad luck it started raining and we had to stop. Again the next day we practised on the big field. Though we could practise, it was not enough. There was another problem, we didn't have enough players so we had to take three teachers

and Sharon (Esther Akka's brother) into the team.

The next day we were pretty excited because that was the day of the match. We reached Hebron's playground early and as time was precious for us we practised even in those 10 to 15 minutes we got.

The match was due at 9.30 a.m. Their captain and I went onto the pitch and tossed. I won the toss and chose fielding. Soon the match started and Sharon, our strike bowler, started with a good over. He just gave away 2 runs in his 1st over. Next we got Manoj to bowl and he gave away just 3 runs in his 1st over. After Manoj we got in Srinivas who bowled an expensive over. He gave away 14 runs. So we had to take him out of bowling. Next I came in and gave only 1 run in my 1st over. Next Paramesh came in and got a wicket for the team and gave away 3 runs. Siva was the next to bowl and gave two runs in his 1st over. And then the wickets tumbled. Paramesh bowled an excellent spell getting another 2 wickets. Manoj got 2 wickets, Sharon got 2 wickets, Siva got a wicket and I got a wicket. Their final score was 80 for 10 in 23 overs.

After a break it was our turn to bat. The openers of our team were Srinivas and myself. I faced the 1st ball. I was quite nervous but after facing my 1st ball my nervousness vanished and I found their bowling easy. Right from the beginning we had a good start with Srinivas giving me good support, I saw to it that the runs kept coming. The opening partnership lasted above 30 runs.

Then came Chris, a leg cutter bowler of their team. He got me out. Next came in Kartik who got out after hitting 2 runs. After I got out the whole team just collapsed. Chris was a scourge to our team, he got 6 wickets for his team.

We lost the match by 21 runs. Our final score was 59. We were planning to have another match but it hasn't materialised so far.

The Scores

<u>Hebron (batting)</u>	<u>B.M.S. (batting)</u>	
J Adrian b Paramesh	7. M.Rajiv b Chris	20
C.Sam lbw Siva	25 V.Srinivas c Adrian b Chris	15
J.Alvin lbw Rajiv	10 B.Kartik lbw Adrian	2
M.Roby c Rajasekharan B Paramesh	0 G.R.Siva c Sam b Adrian	7
T.Simon lbw Paramesh	2 M.A.Manoj cb Chris	3
C.Elvis c Ravi b Manoj	15 Sharon lbw Chris	0
T.Obed lbw Paramesh	4 H.Paramesh b Roby	1

T.Chris b Sharon	6	Rajasekharan b Roby	1
K.George b Manoj	0	M.Anshul b Chris	0
G.Stephen not out	●	J.Ravi lbw Chris	0
Jonathan b Sharon	2	M.Gau am not out	1
Extras (b-4,lb-1,w-6)	11	Extras (b-2,w-4,NB-1)	7
Total	8●	Total	59

THE BEACH NEAR KANYAKUMARI

By a chartered bus we all reached Kanyakumari at 10.30 p.m. on 7th October. On the following day of our excursion we went straight to the beach by our bus covering a distance of a few kilometres. The road first led to a fort. We climbed the fort and saw the beach, but didn't know how to reach there. After about half an hour, one of the watchmen of the fort showed us the way to the beach. Actually we had to go round the fort to reach the beach.

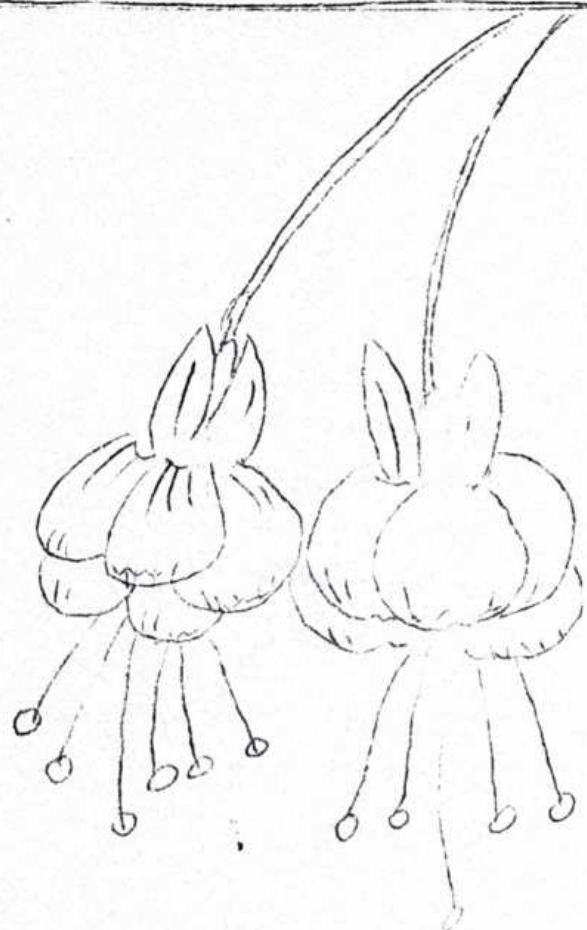
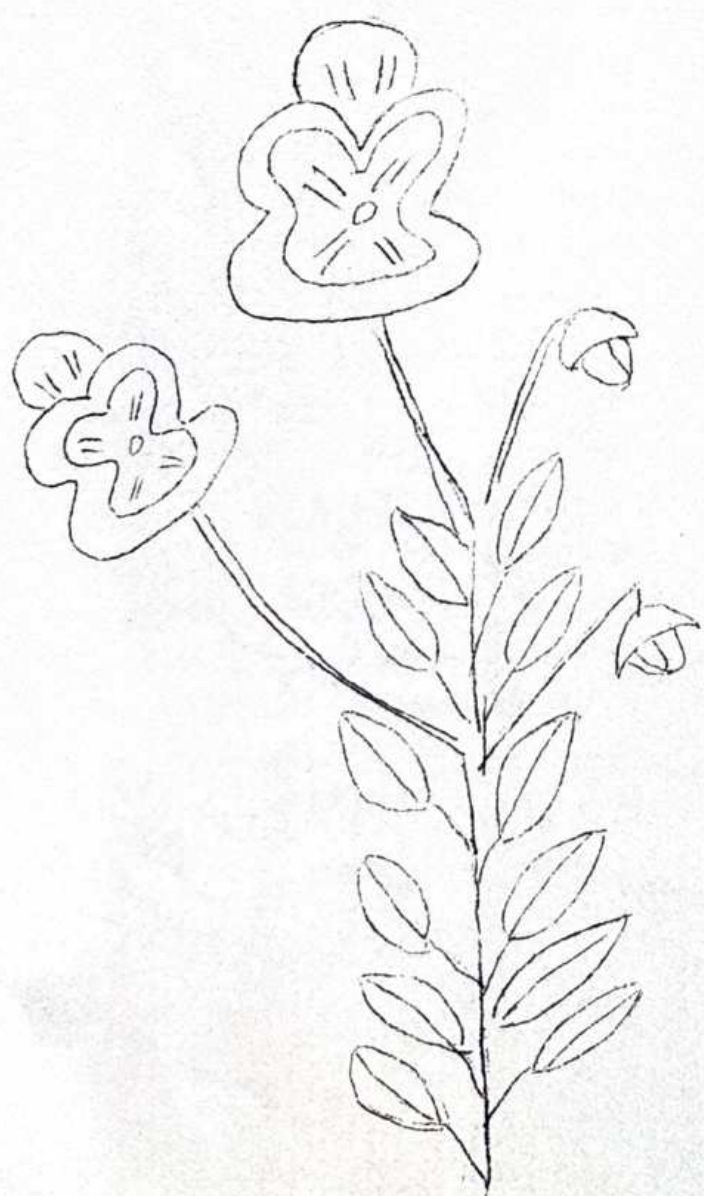
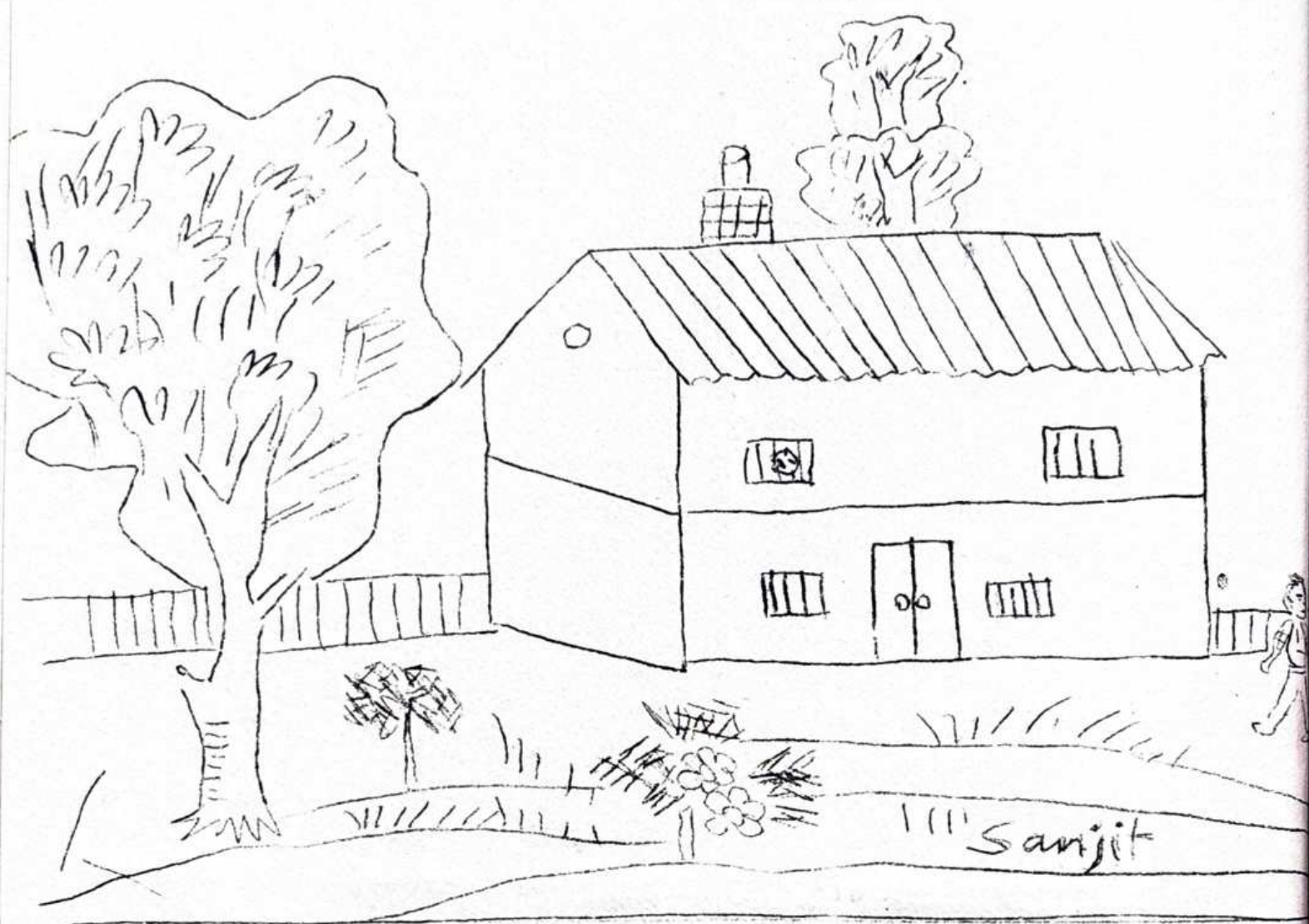
It was a lovely scene indeed. As soon as we reached the beach the boys took off their T.Shirts and got into the waters with the teachers, Mr.Abraham Patrick and Mr.Sivakumar. While the small kids remained in the shallow waters, the guys who knew how to swim were allowed to go further into the deep waters.

Giri, Kishen and I were at the neck level water with Abraham. The sea was really rough. Then Anshul came to us and challenged us for a race (swimming). Kishen and I agreed to that. We had to swim to the shore, run across the beach, touch a tree, run back and swim towards Rajiv.

We started off. Anshul was leading while swimming. But on the shore Kishen and I over took him running towards the tree and back. But on re-entering the waters Anshul swam past us and over took us once again and reached Rajiv first. Kishen just managed to reach Rajiv before me.

We had similar fun during our next sea baths which we had at Kovalam beach near Trivandrum and back at Kanyakumari on the last day of our stay there.

- Dhritiman -
(12 years).



Ratanraj.
out door sketch

THE EVENING I WAS SHOT AT

I was on my daily evening walk, but the only difference from the other days' walks was that my father did not join me on this walk. I was eleven years old and I was walking down Palk Street towards the town. Our house was about two kilo metres from the town. Actually we owned a villa, not just a house.

I entered the town and I was walking past a toy shop on my way to the book shop. In the toy shop I saw a nice robot, about 30 cm in height. I went inside the shop and asked the shop keeper to show me the robot. It was a nice piece of metal, well shaped. It functioned with two big sized cells. The robot was controlled by a remote. It could move forward, left, right and it could move backwards, too. By pressing a button on the remote, the robot could be converted into a car. I liked it very much and asked him to keep two pieces for me as I would buy them the next day. One robot to play with and the other robot to open up and see the parts inside. Actually I was very interested in electronics.

I walked out of the shop and continued towards the book shop. After a few stores was a jewellery shop. I stopped at the big window outside and peered through it to look at the beautiful pieces of jewellery, the type my mother wears. There were many different types of chains, ear-rings and rings. There were gold rings with different types of stones in them. There was one gold ring with nine different stones.

I again started walking to the book shop and got the books I needed. Two of the books were for me and one for my mother. My mother wanted the latest recipe book for cooking. I needed two books for my studies.

My next stop was at the Photo Studio. I needed three passport sized photographs. They took the photographs necessary and I continued towards the customs' notified shop. I had always loved cameras, and I always had my eye on a particular camera in the shop. It was an excellent one but it cost Rs.8250/- During my evening walks I was always tempted to eye the camera, with immense desire. Today was my lucky day. I had been allowed to buy the camera by my mother. I bought the camera, loaded a reel, hung the camera around my neck and triumphantly headed back home.

As I passed the jeweller's shop, I noticed to my surprise all the jewellery on the front window conspicuously missing. I peeped into the shop and saw a few men pointing

guns at the people there and looting all the jewellery.

I don't know what prompted me, but I just picked up my camera and took a few snaps of the entire scene. I then pointed my camera to the robbers and took snaps of them and started to run away. One of the men with guns came running after me, and at quite a close distance he fired at me.

As soon as I felt the bullets in me, I screamed, and then suddenly realised I was sitting on my bed. It was such a relief to find it was all but a dream.

- Manon K. Agrawal -
(15 years).

LIMERICK

If you see a tortoise eating jam,
Take him to a canteen and buy him some ham
And if you see another eating bread,
Send him straight upstairs to bed.

- Veeresh -
(14 years).

GHOST IN B.M.S.

This is an incident which happened really and truly as told to us by a few students of B.M.S. what happened is as follows:

One night a few guys were playing a game called Surrender. The game is played like this. There are two teams who are supposed to capture each other, and get them under their control.

Two boys, Srishaila and Amit, went into the garage where our school trekker is kept. They hid inside hoping to catch someone. Suddenly they saw a black figure. They were petrified. They were really very scared. The black figure then moved towards the two terrified boys. It caught hold of Amit's neck and Amit and Srishaila screamed with fright. The black figure ran away as the boys shouted. They both came to our dorm gasping for breath and with terrified faces. We still do not know if it is true but according to them it really happened. We talked about this for a long time. Many were scared to go out alone in the night for the next few days.

- Srinivas and Girijashankar -
(14 years) (13 years).

मूर्ख रामू

एक दिन रामू ने मालिक को अपने लव इस्तिरी करने
 लाना मशीन खरीद ली। और उन्होंने उस को लव पर
 रख दिया। जब जरूरत पड़ी तो मालिक ने रामू को बुलाकर
 कहा, "रामू, जाकर इस्तिरी करने लाना मशीन लाओ, वह
 मेज़ पर है"। रामू जाकर उस लव आया। फिर रामू ने
 कहा "मालिक, यह वरा है"। मालिक ने कहा, "इसको
 इस्तिरी कहा है"। रामू ने ~~कहा~~ पूछा, "मालिक इसका
 क्या काम है"। मालिक ने रामू को बताया "इससे
 कपड़े पर पड़ी सिलवटों को सीधा करते हैं"। तब रामू
 ने मालिक से पूछा "मालिक वरा में यह इस्तिरी
 मशीन एक दिन को लीरा धर ले जा सकता है"।
 मालिक ने रामू से पूछा "क्यों"। रामू ने कहा,
 "क्योंकि मेरी बूढ़ी दादी के मुँह पर बहुत सारी
 सिलवटें (WRINKLES) हैं, मैं सबको ~~इस्तिरी~~ इस्तिरी
 करके सीधा कर दूँगा" यह सुन कर मालिक हँसने
 लगा।

श्रीनिवास वर्मा
 14 वर्ष

और चली उठी।

मुर्गा बीला कुकड़-कूँ फिर भी हम हैं और क्यों ?
 पापा कहते उल्टे जाओ, गंजन करके तुम्हें बूढ़ा करेगा।
 मम्मी बीली हुआ सबेश बहा धीकर फिर कसे कलीवा।
 मुर्गे से अनुशासन सीखो, ठीक समय पर जगना सीखो।

मुर्गा और काँयल 3 वर्ष
 मुर्गा बीला कुकड़-कूँ काँयल बीली बीला तु।
 मुर्गा बीला नहीं सोऊगा, और चली उठी।

पन्ना पालीवाल
 13 वर्ष

THREE EPONYMS

INTRODUCTION :

The English language contains a large number of eponymic words - words derived from the names of people.

To give advice on how to get your name in the dictionary, or how to become eponymous, would be difficult. And easy answer might be to suggest, 'Become a famous Scientist'. Most of the eminent men of science (Ohm, Ampere, etc.), have given their names to something or other.

PASTEURISE PASTEURISM :

Louis Pasteur (1822-95), was surely one of the greatest benefactors of mankind ever in the field of science. His numerous discoveries ranged from an effective treatment for hydrophobia and rabies (named after him as Pasteurism) to a method of preventing disease in silk worms, which virtually saved the silk industry in his native France.

Pasteurism is in fact regarded as the founder of the science of bacteriology and it was through his research that the English Surgeon Joseph Lister (later to become Lord Lister) was able to perfect the antiseptic treatment of surgical wounds.

But of all his achievements, the majority of people undoubtedly remember his name from the pasteurised milk products they consume. Pasteurisation - the method of sterilisation by heating which destroys bacteria in milk etc., without affecting its food value - is of course, named after Louis Pasteur.

FUCHSIA :

Leonard Fucus (1501-66) was the German naturalist and botanist who gave his name to the genus of South American flowering shrubs, fuchsia. Fuchs was a Professor of medicine at the University of Tübingen and compiled a book of medicinal plants, which became a standard work. The fuchsia was named in his honour in 1703.

PARKINSON'S DISEASE:

James Parkinson (1755 - 1824), was an English Surgeon who identified and gave his name to Parkinson's disease (also known as Paralysis agitans, or Shaking palsy), a disease marked by a stopping and shuffling way of walking, and shaking of limbs. It was Parkinson too, who was the first to describe Appendicitis and to attribute perforation of the Appendix as a cause of death.

Parkinson was also interested in Paleontology (The study of Fossils) and wrote a number of books on the subject

- Bhagyalakshmi E -
(Biology Teacher).

GEETA AKKA INTERVIEWED BY RAJESWARI N

- R: Well, I must start off by asking how and when did you first hear about this school?
- G: Can't remember precisely when I first heard about the school. It was some time during my studies in Rishi Valley School.
- R: What made you decide to join this school?
- G: I knew it was based on unconventional method of education - one which is similar to the kind of education which I had received in Rishi Valley School. So I was interested in joining this place.
- R: As you had the privilege of studying in Rishi Valley School, do you think you have imbibed and learnt something there which is not available in other schools?
- G: Yes, it was different from other schools because they emphasised perfection in whatever one undertook to do, not for any kind of reward but simply for the love of doing it.
- R: What are the specialities of Rishi Valley School and in what way our school is different from Rishi Valley School?
- G: The main speciality of Rishi Valley School is that it gave us a lot of freedom but also emphasised that with freedom comes total responsibility. The main difference that I found between this and that school is that in Rishi Valley School there was a lot more discipline. This discipline is not a contradiction of freedom. In fact, it is most essential.
- R: Did you ever hear J.Krishnamurti's talk sitting in his presence?
- G: Yes, a few times.
- R: Tell us something about your later part of education.
- G: After I left Rishi Valley I completed my I.Sc. in Bangalore (I found it very difficult to adjust to the pattern of that school). I went on to do my B.A.Economics from Avinashi Lingam College in Coimbatore. I have just completed my M.A.Economics from Stella Maris Girls College in Madras.
- R: What are your observations of this school--including things which you liked and those which you did not?
- G: The thing I liked most about this school is that the children are really friendly both among themselves and also with the staff. This is probably because this is such a small school. However, I feel that academics should be taken a little more seriously. After all, it is an essential asset of a student. I also wish that the children develop other

interests such as reading good books and having meaningful discussions. Of course, some are interested in these things.

R: Are you planning to get married soon?

G: It all depends on when I find the right person. May be, not in the immediate future.

R: What are your future plans?

G: I am going to join an eight-month-training programme on Environment Awareness at The Centre for Environmental Education, Ahmedabad.

R: After you leave us, would you like to return and visit the school in the future?

G: Definitely, yes!

R: Thank you very much. I wish you all the best in your pursuit of further studies.

T O R T O I S E

Poor old tortoise is so slow,
No matter where he wants to go
He cannot hurry even if he tried.
But I think he is really wise
Because he carries his house with him
And if it rains he just goes in.
Though he is slow he is clever and steady,
And that's why he won the race
With Mr. Rabbit, who ran at such a pace
Which proves true the saying
Slow and steady wins the race.

- Veeresh -
(14 years).

THE PROS AND CONS OF EXAMS

Many people sit for exams. Some people write exams for a career in life. Many people write exams to get a higher post in their jobs. I have never sat for an examination. But I would like to know how it feels to write an examination.

The things we need for an examination are a pen and a board on which we can put our paper and write. Then you should be neatly dressed and you should have your hall ticket. If you are not, you cannot enter the exam hall. There we should sit away from one another because we might peep into other's paper for the answer.

Many people fail in exams. Some people get scared when

they will pass or fail. Some people commit suicide when they fail. This is not good because they study for themselves, not for others. Only if they study properly they can pass, because no one else can study for them. I know of a boy in our school who failed twice in his final exams.

Exams are good because they help us know what our level is in studies, and we get to know in which subjects we are good and in which we are not good. In this way we know the subjects in which we need to improve. Then if we study well, we are sure that we will do better in the next examination.

This is what I feel about exams. I feel that there should be exams in all schools in India. Now Indians are regarded as one of the cleverest people in the world.

- Ravi -
(13 years).

THE CHUBBY PIGLET

Once there was a chubby piglet,
Who always used to chew chicklets.
His mother one day chided him for chewing chicklets,
But he never stopped chewing chicklets.

He chewed all day, all night, all year long,
And forgot to eat his food all along,
And as he chew chicklets everyday,
He got thinner day by day.

Then one day he died chewing chicklets,
And he came to be known, all over the land,
As the chubby piglet, who died chewing chicklets.

- Parag Paliwal -
(13 years).

A SAD STORY *****

Last week I did something which I feel very ashamed of. Giri and I had gone for a walk. In the middle of our walk, we saw that an old lady was trying to cross the road by herself. She had a stick in her hand and a rag over her shoulder. She had no shoes on. She asked many people to help her cross the road but nobody helped her.

Among those people who did not help her were my friend and me. After our walk we came back to our school, had dinner and went to sleep.

The next morning when I woke up, I thought of the walk. I felt very sad because I did not help the old woman.

-Ravi-

A FANTASY

I am old. Very old indeed. I just sleep most of the time. Sometimes I read, but I am losing my eyesight, inspite of glasses. I have cut down on my reading considerably. I am very lonely and have no one to talk to. My only friends are the birds and Tim, my cat. I have lost everyone in my family. There is no one to take care of me. My house is in a mess. I barely have any energy to clean it up. But today, I must clean it. If I don't, the authorities may declare me unfit to take care of myself and transfer me to the home for the old and uncared for.

The first thing I should tidy is the shelf in the living room. It is very dusty and the books need to be arranged properly.

While arranging and tidying the shelf, I notice a book which doesn't belong to the shelf. It is quite small and the cover is caked with dust. I take the book, wipe it, sit on a chair and open it.

As I open the book and see the first page, tears begin to roll down my cheeks. I just cannot help crying. The book is a photo album and the first picture is of my family. The edges of the photograph were terribly eaten up. I guess it's those wretched silverfish. The photograph is black and white and has a few light brown blotches on it. On the extreme right is my wife Nancy. She was a good mother and a wonderful wife. On the extreme left is myself. Between both of us are our two children, Ronald and Susan. Ronald was the eldest and Susan was the youngest. Ronald and myself were very close to each other.

As I flip over to the next page, I see the photograph of my mother-in-law, the lady whom I detested so much. I found her formidable and arrogant. We would always argue. The only thing I liked about her was her cooking. She was an excellent cook.

The next page has a photograph of my beloved mother. She was the most important person of my life. Mother was always understanding and kind. Surprisingly Nancy and Mum got along well. I was happy about that.

The next photograph is of some garden. I can't exactly recollect when this photograph was taken. On switching over to the next photograph, I smiled looking at it. It is the photograph of my first car. It was a black, sleek Austin. This car had served me for fifteen years and had hardly given me any trouble. I can recollect those Sundays when the whole

family would get together and go picnicking or just have an outing. The drive through the countryside used to be enchanting and exhilarating.

The following photograph which I found very interesting was a photograph of myself with my best friend George. George was a true and honest friend. He would always console me whenever I was in distress. He helped me many a times when I had financial problems. When George died, I had felt terribly lost. He was the closest friend I ever had.

Once again tears are rolling down my cheeks.

Next came the last photograph. It is in fairly good shape. It is a photograph of my last Christmas with my family. I can see my wife, children and myself clearly. Behind us are some other people but we stand out prominently. We all looked so happy and cheerful. How I wish they were here with me. I started to cry again.

My wife and children had died many years back. They were all travelling in a bus to Wales when they met with a terrible accident on the highway. They were immediately hospitalised. All the three had gone into a coma and died a few days later. This incident was the calamity of my life.

- Baptisto Fernandes -
(18 years).

A WILD-LIFE STUDY AT AVALANCHE

The trip was organised by Niranjan's father, Mr. Vasudev. There were about 18 of us going to Avalanche. We left school at 9 O' clock. Mr. Hareesh, his wife and son, Mr. Prasad and Miss Geeta came along. The bus by which we went was small but we all managed to squeeze in. The journey took one hour. We completed our journey listening to songs on the stereo system. We reached Avalanche at 10 O' clock.

We had to wait for Mr. Vasudev to come. In the meantime we went to a stream which was near by and started to play in the stream. Mr. Vasudev came and introduced us to the people who were going to take charge for the day.

First we went to see the Trout hatchery. We were asked not to touch the water because the fish were very sensitive. After some time, in two groups we went to see the fish eggs. After having a guided tour of the whole place, we were going to see sholas. At the fishery we were given some instruments to measure humidity and temperature inside the fishery and outside and also to check how much light was inside the fishery and outside. Later, we went to see the difference between a man-made forest and a natural forest.

Then we made two groups and went into the sholas. When we had left Ooty the weather was fine but now it started raining. When it started to rain we ran and returned to

to the forest guest house, where we had our lunch and cool drinks. It was still raining. We watched a slide show. By the time the slides were over it was about 3.0' clock.

The rain had stopped, so we went for a walk. Mr. Hareesh, his wife and son stayed on. We walked about 3 kilometres and started to walk back. Back in the guest-house, we had tea and biscuits. Then we all got into the bus and started heading back for school.

- Hari Krishna -
(14 years).

A VIEW FROM THE WINDOW OF MY ROOM

On the bank of a small river sits a poor old man with a fishing rod clasped in his hands, patiently waiting for the fish to bite the baite. The placid movement of the stream does not indicate any signs of fish, yet it doesn't irk his patience. The dry leaves from the trees standing on the river banks drop into the water, lifelessly, creating tiny ripples. At times it looks as though fish are swimming around. But it doesn't deceive him. He is used to it. After all he earns his livelihood from this. In fact, this profession has been handed down to him from his father who, in turn, had received it from his father and so on and so forth. It had been going on for generations together. But he hoped to break this long followed and well established tradition someday by making his grand son a big officer. He wanted his grandson to be rich, to have fame and more comforts in life. To put it in simpler words, he wanted his grandson to have all the privileges he himself was deprived of by the cruel turns of destiny. This is the factor responsible for the determination, immense effort and devotion in his work.

People nowadays usually flock in thousands to the huge metropolitan cities from the villages in search of fortunes and end up finding menial jobs to do, having no other option. But this poor man knows the fate of all these people migrating to the cities. Thus, he stays back in this small village, self-sufficient and contented with life. Of course the temptations have been strong but not strong enough to surmount his determination. Besides, he couldn't bear to leave this place. His entire childhood has been spent here. All the memories - so sweet, so tender. How full of enthusiasm and zeal for life were all his neighbourhood friends and he himself. His childhood memories always lingered at the back of his mind, flooding him with nostalgia, whenever he was found free of his daily worries. The way they

used to frolic around, climb trees, hunt birds with catapults and do acrobatics on the rope swings etc, etc..

He stopped himself just in time from taking a long stroll down the memory lane, as he felt a tug at his fishing rod. He started rolling the reel with great expectation and excitement only to find a small fish struggling on the hook. He sighed and was about to throw it back into the water with sheer exasperation when it suddenly struck him that even this small fish would make a big difference to his family's measly meal tonight. He decided to put it away from the fish he was going to sell. He would fry this small fish for his little grandson. **He and his wife could manage without fish for their next meal.** Besides, the very sight of their grandson enjoying the meal would satisfy their hunger. The thought of his grandson sleeping on a full stomach left him ecstatic.

He looked around with a new sparkle in his eyes. He could see the outlines of three boats etched upon the horizon.

He looked to catch the last glimpse of the sun dipping gradually into the river. The fading silhouettes of the three boats also disappeared in the darkness. The birds flew frantically towards their nests and the voluminous sky was coloured a pale crimson, indicating the approach of the evening. It also indicated that it was time for him to go home.

He got up, gathered all his belongings and slowly trudged home with a satisfied expression on his face.

-Rimjhim -
(14 years).

"CAUGHT IT"

One day at six O' clock in the evening, I was in my garden with my dog and my father. My father was reading the news paper. Inside, my mother was cooking and my brother was reading stories. Just then my father asked for a glass of water. I went in and got him a glass of water. Suddenly my dog started barking. I wanted to investigate why it was barking. I looked around and caught sight of a blinking object of red, blue and green colours in the sky. That weird object landed a bit far away from us on the ground.. From it came a creature. It had long ears and a thin face and body. It was green in colour. It moved about slowly. I went and reported to my father. He asked me to catch it. I along with my dog ran after it at a great speed. It saw us and started to go back. But I dived and caught it. I shouted with joy. "Caught it, Caught it". Just then I fell off my bed holding a pillow in my hands. It was after all a dream.

- Sembian -
(12 years).

A DAY-DREAMER

It was eleven O' clock in the morning. The bell had rung and it was time for us to eat fruit. So I took my fruit, went next to the well and sat down. And soon I entered my own world of dreams. I saw that I was in a film studio. I was acting as the hero of a movie. The role I was playing was that of a soldier. I was fighting with my machine gun and other weapons. I had killed many soldiers of the enemy.

Suddenly, while I was fighting, from behind came five people and knocked my head with a gun and then they dragged me to their camp. They tied my hands and feet and then tortured me very badly. They put me in a freezer for about five minutes. Then they gave me electric shocks. They whipped me very badly, too. And in the night they gave me just one glass of water and put me in a dark dungeon.

At midnight, when all were sleeping, a plan suddenly struck my mind. I had a screw-driver in my pocket. With the help of that I managed to break open the wooden door. I went out and started running. At one point there were two guards standing and pointing their guns at me. I got scared and I tried to run away but they shot at me. And just then the film producer shouted, "Shot okay, stop". Suddenly I came back to my real world. The next bell had gone a long time back. The next period was English. I was worried that I had got late. So I ran to my class. When I entered the class Abe asked me where I was. I told him I was day-dreaming. He asked me to narrate what I day-dreamed to the class. So I told the whole class about my adventurous fight with the enemy. Everyone listened to it with great amusement and had a hearty laughter.

- Gautam -
(15 years).

MY FIRST DAY AT KANYAKUMARI

I got up at 6.30 in the morning, changed and went to play with my friends. When it was 7.30 we all had breakfast. Then we got into the bus. The bus started and brought us to the beach. We saw a place where the soldiers used to stay. After seeing that place we went to the sea. Everyone had a bath, but I did not have a bath because my hand was fractured. After everyone finished having bath we came back to Vivekananda Kendra and had lunch. After having lunch everyone got into the bus. By bus we came to the sea shore to catch a ferry. We had to line up to get in to the ferry. We got into the ferry but I could not sit because the ferry was crowded. After five minutes the ferry reached the Vivekananda Rock memorial. We got down from the ferry

and went to the rock. We sat down on the bench. We had to go without our shoes to this place. I saw the statue of Vivekananda. I roamed all around the rock. We returned to the sea-shore by the ferry. Then we went in to the temple. Later, we had tea and then went shopping. When it was 7.30 we came back to Vivekananda Kendra.

- Sanjit -
(8 years).

THE PLANE ON FIRE

One day a boy and his grandfather were travelling in a plane with 6 passengers. Five people were important officers and the other man was a funny guy called Choru. The plane was flying from Bombay to New York. In the middle of the journey the plane's tail caught fire and the pilot announced the passengers to get ready to jump off. Then they found that they had only nine parachutes. Both the pilots got off. So did the five officers. Now there were three people and two parachutes. Choru also jumped off with one. Now the boy asked his grandfather to jump. But the boy's grandfather was astonished to see him having two parachutes. The grandfather asked him how he got two. The boy told him that he would answer the question after they land on the ground. So they both jumped and landed down. Then his grandfather repeated the question. The boy told him that the guy Choru, in a hurry, wore his (the boy's) rucksack and jumped off the plane.

- Put together by F.G.7 -

THE FLOP SHOW

The third group's show was on the 5th of November. The group had advertised its show to be a flop show. What it turned out to be was a melange. Some items were a great success, a few others a partial success and a few others a partial flop. The partial flops were due to forgetting of scripts or boring plots or lack of seriousness of actors. Another chink in the group's armour was the long pauses (delays) between items. But on the whole it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening for the audience, I thin. Kudos to Shiva, Jeeta and their group!

To me, the cynosure of the show was the short play, "Punch and the Dragon." Shiva, Kartik, Gautam and the

Dragon (Manoj) played their respective roles without a flaw. It was a comedy and had the audience roaring with laughter. A truculent wife-beating husband, a loving wife to whom the otherwise craven husband runs for comfort when in danger, an ineffective policeman and a Spielbergian Dragon formed the characters of the play. It was perhaps the best of the hilarious plays that I had seen for some time.

I have rated the two dances as the next best items of the show. First, the dance to the tune of 'Urvashi' composed by Rahman, the young music composer, who has had a meteoric rise in Tamil cine music. What with colour lights, Shiva doing a fusion of classical and modern dance, Sunder and Ratanraj supporting him with their jigs, the appealing music and the enthusiastic cheering spectators - it was a dreamlike performance. But the one who stole the show was Parag who appeared in the dance for a few seconds in the beginning and in the end. He came in dressed as "Urvashi", the short, plump fair young lady with rosy cheeks. He was dressed in mini-skirt carrying a hand bag that alluring ladies carry and put on a luscious smile. As he ambled across the stage with hip-swinging walk, ripples of laughter came from the audience.

The show began with a dance, the announcer, Parag, trying to dance to one of Michael Jackson's tunes. Then Gautam, Amit and Ratanraj took over the stage, the dance was performed well showing good co-ordination bringing cheers from the audience, especially for Gautam who did break dancing quite well.

Now to the plays. The senior play called "Crimson Coconut", saw some good acting from several students. What marred the play was its progress in fits and starts due to characters forgetting their scripts and smiling sheepishly for it. The play had a good plot. Amit and Ratanraj deserve to be commended for their acting - Amit for putting on and keeping up a foreign accent successfully and Ratanraj for playing the role of a lady well.

The girls of the group put up a play called "The Midnight Burial". In contrast to "The Crimson Coconut", this play went at super speed, the girls rattling off at such a speed and only occasionally forgetting their parts. What is commendable is the girls' pluck in putting up a play by themselves. There was a lot that could have been improved in their acting.

A few skits were enacted. The younger students in the group staged a skit in which a boy tries to learn English and

prove himself to his teacher. He picks up bits of English from different people and situations which he uses to answer the questions of the teacher. What results is humorous irrelevant answers that irks the teacher much. Congrats to them for acting without inhibitions!

Another skit enacted a scene from a Hindi movie. One could see efforts at recreating a typical hotel cum bar scene with fashionable youngsters trying to court and impress glamorous girls in mini-skirts, and the usual wrangling over girls watched by the sadistic girls. The students did a good job in speaking Hindi and staging the stunts. Probably some of them could aspire to become Hindi movie stars.

A class room skit involving students and the teacher was also put up. The jokes were good and the audience enjoyed it. The students seemed to prove to the teacher, that occasionally, he too gets to be a stumblebum.

Two items stood apart by being quite different from the rest. Kartik did some n mono-acting imitating a few people in school. He was so good at imitating how they walked, that the onlookers guessed immediately the person he was imitating. The funniest part was when he imitated himself, the way he used to walk earlier as if constipated. Sunder played the mrithangam accompanied by Shiva singing the first few lines of "Hari bol". I am no musician but I can say that Sunder played well changing the 'thalams' (I hope I am using the right word) appropriately.

I've always felt that shows are an integral part of the school's activity. It is a complex learning activity. The students learn to work with others, organize and plan, face the audience, learn a language and most importantly, improve his talent for acting. This show, I hope, has helped the students to learn.

- Abrahm Patrick -

HERE AND THERE

JULY

- 30th - Teachers return to prepare for the term ahead. Ms. Shanthi joins us to work as music teacher. A warm welcome to her.
- 31st - Mr. Chandra Mouli, one of the Trustees, arrives for a short visit. He meets and talks with the teachers during the days that followed.

AUGUST

- 6th - Students return, happy and cheerful to begin a new term.
- 8th - Classes begin. F.G.7 comes into existence.
- 9th - Mr. Chandra Mouli takes the assembly. He leaves for Bangalore. We wish him all the best.
- 15th - A Special Assembly on the occasion of Independence Day. In the evening, a quiz is conducted by Mr. Hareesh and Miss Bhagyalakshmi. Questions are mainly based on the history of the Freedom struggle of India.
- 20th - Hikes according to dorms.
- 22nd - Trials for ICSE and ISC begin.
- 24th - Mr. J. Singh, a Scientist working on Solar Energy in Varanasi, gives an informative and enlightening talk on Environment, Ecology and the future of Solar Energy.
- 26th - Krishnamurti Centre meetings begin, attended by lecturers of Arts College and J.S.S. College.
- 27th - The Freshers put up an interesting, entertaining show.

SEPTEMBER

- 4th - Scouts is inaugurated under the leadership of Mr. Sivakumar and 'treasure hunt' is conducted by Baptisto and Vishak.
- 17th - The first group puts up its show. It is an entertaining evening for the audience.
- 25th - Mr. Abraham Patrick gets married. Mrs. Patrick is a Physics teacher in a Madras school.
- 28th - A Maths Treasure Hunt is conducted by Mr. Paramesh. The students enjoy this new type of treasure hunt.

OCTOBER

- 1st - The School cricket team plays a match against Hebron School and gets defeated.
- The second group entertains the school with its interesting show.

- 2nd - Miss Geetha joins school as a teacher.
Mr. Abraham Patrick arrives in the school with his wife to a hearty welcome by the students and staff.
- 3rd - A formal reception party is organized in the honour of the newly wed couple.
Congratulations!
- 4th - The school goes on excursion to Kanyakumari.
to
8th
- 14th - The P.T.A. Workshop takes place. A number of parents take part in it.
- 26th - Mrs. Jeyasheela gives birth to a girl child.
Congratulations!
- 30th - A group of students and teachers go to Avalanche for a Shola study organised by the Rotary Club through Mr. Vasudev.

NOVEMBER

- 5th - Mr. J. P. Gunawardhana leaves for Sri Lanka with his grand daughter, Varsha.
- 5th - The third group entertains the school with its interesting show.
- 14th - Trials for ICSE and ISC begin.
- 15th - Miss Geetha leaves to do a course in Environmental Studies in Ahmadabad.
- 15th - Ms. Sakina comes as a visitor and stays on to help the school till the end of the term.
- 19th - The school team plays a cricket match with Hebron School and loses.
- 19th - Mr. Ramachandran, a former Maths and Biology teacher, pays a three day visit. A hearty welcome to him.
- 30th - The school goes for a picnic to Golf Links.

DECEMBER

- 2nd - The school gathers for assembly in the evening.
Everyone prepares to leave for vacation.
