



Blue Print-96

BLUE PRINT

1996 (2ND TERM)

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Mrs . Panchali Dasgupta Sahu

Kartik

Aashish

Parag

Jatin

Tifferet

Ayanjit

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL
OOTACAMUND .

TEACHING STAFF

Mr. Saibal Malik -- B.Fine Arts (5 years)
 Mr. Gabriel -- S.S.L.C. Woodwork (5 years)
 Mr. J.B.Rajashekaran -- M.A., B.Ed (Tamil)
 Mr. H.Parameshwaran -- M.Sc., B.Ed., PGDCA, DACS
 Mrs. Panchali Dasgupta -- M.A., M.Phil (English)
 Miss. Rajeshwari Padmanabhan -- M.Sc., B.Ed (Chemistry)
 Miss. H.Shanthi -- B.Sc (Mathematics)
 Mr. Prem Prakash Sahu -- M.A (English)
 Mr. R.G.Shankar -- M.Sc. Ed (Physics) ., DCA
 Miss. Mona Augustine Karipel -- M.Sc (Zoology)
 Mr. F.J.Naegamvala -- M.A (Sociology)
 Dip in Journalism,
 D.L.F (Paris)
 Mrs. Vijaya Mohan Joshi -- B.Sc., B.Ed., M.A (Hindi)

NON TEACHING STAFF

Miss. K.Suganthi -- Accountant - M.A., B.Ed., P.G.D.F.M.,
 PG.D.C.A.
 Mrs. Archana Malik -- Matron
 Mr.Sagayanathan (Ravi) -- Office assistant
 Mr. B.B. HANI -- Mess Manager

HERE AND THERE

1996 FIRST TERM

We had a privilege of having with us Mr. Scott Alexander Fernsler, a graduate from The Boston School of Fine Arts, who stayed with us for a term and arranged a workshop on photography and painting for the students as well as the teachers (18th March to 22nd March).

1996 SECOND TERM

A hearty welcome to:

R.G.Shankar

: Who has joined this term as Physics Teacher; also capable of handling Mathematics and Chemistry. He also has knowledge of Carnatic music to his credit.

Monna Augustine Karipeli

: Who has joined us to handle Biology for the senior classes. Also teaching science to some of the junior classes.

F.J. Naegamvala

: Who has joined in the 2nd term as a French Teacher. Presently handling Hindi (lower classes) and Social studies.

3rd Aug

: The children return after the holidays afresh.

15th Aug

: A special Assembly held to celebrate 50th year of Independence.

19th Aug onwards

: The seniors had their 1st trials.

31st Aug

: The Freshers (Teachers & students) introduced themselves through an entertaining show.

1st Sept

: The senior boys played a Football match against Good Shepherd School. They lost by 3-1 goals.

21st Sept

: Himadri and Niladri dorms present an exciting show.

- 2nd Oct : 127th Birth Anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi commemorated.
- 19th Oct : Carnation and Ganga dorms present their colourful show.
- 31st Oct - 8th Nov : The children and the teachers venture out on an excursion to Puri, though in vain. Ultimately they enjoyed their days at Mahabalipuram.
- 18th Nov onwards : The seniors (VIII, IX, X and XII) write their 2nd Trials.
- 23rd Nov : The Kurunji and Cauvery present their fascinating show.
- 4th Dec : The whole School goes on a picnic to the enchanting Golf-links.
- 5th Dec : The children go out for their last pocket cum private money.
- 6th Dec : The last Assembly of the term held on Friday evening.
- 7th Dec : Everyone break up for their Winter vacation. All parties leave.

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EDITORIAL

THE LOST SONG

For most of the 20th century, the future of the world feared most was totalitarian control; George Orwell's 1984 was the telling document. Now as we inch towards a new millenium, a new order emerges on the horizon - CHAOS - instead of a New World Order, a New World disorder: that is what the social thinkers say.

In such a global scenerio what is the role of a child: his innocence, his happiness, his future. Do the present children have a childhood?

Childhood, as the age of innocence may be a thing of the past. Today's child has to do his growing up much faster. Adult pressures and the increasingly crooked ways of souped-up world are invading childhood. And childhood, that state of grace which allows children to be children - explore, wonder, play, let their imaginations takes them on uncharted courses or even feel secure - is shrinking. It is almost as if they have been forcibly transformed instantly into little men and women; but leaves them achingly vulnerable within. They are growing up too soon as they bear the brunt of a rapidly changing society where television is the new baby sitter and the family is in a stage of flux. Images of sex and violence have invaded a child's world now, because of the information and media explosion.

The world of child is no more an easy one. Joint family was a wonderful shock absorber. It insulated children from the vagaries of the world without, and the conflicts within. When the parents quarrel, a grandparent or aunt would whisk away the child - there was an emotional safety net. Joint family concept is fast becoming a thing of the past. Parents themselves are going through a period of adjustment. This impacts the child. We have gone from the family centred to the child-centred. In their fights often one parent uses the child against the other. The world of adults and children compact into the same orbit.

Childhood is now under siege in its own citadel; the middle and upper middle-classes in the cities. It is the middle class child, who has to bear the brunt of a rapidly changing society in which restraining traditions have been off loaded in a single minded pursuit of plenty. Yes.. The pursuit for plenty; a plenty that will lead to physical and material pleasure; an untenable situation wherein the child is pushed into the rat-race of competitiveness. An increasing number of parents are now pushing their children on to the fast lane, impervious to the dangers ahead - providing them accelerators to quicken their pace, but no breaks to stop them when they come up against the dangerous bends in

life. The dangerous development is that parents have now begun to put pressure on progressively young children. The career clock is clicking even for toddlers. Hence pre-nursery crammers and tutors, and school bags weighing down tiny shoulders. Delhi based psychologist and counsellor Roop Bran says that children are now facing problems earlier associated with adults. Stress related adult diseases like depression and palpitation are affecting children as young as seven or eight years.

Another major area of retreating childhood is imagination. The serpent of competition has even crept into this little garden of Eden and upset the sense of wonder. Books used to be the hand-maidens to the imagination, the channels of discovery, of inner blossomings. No more so. Children do not read; TV has made them impatient. It gives them instant image. They do not build up their own through words. Children do not play in the play grounds. They play computer games. The brush with nature or knee-scraping adventures like climbing trees are now abandoned. Even the parents do not encourage their children to play; to most of them it is waste of time. They want their kids to become super kids, instant trophy children. Children who can play Bharatanatyam, ballet, tennis, yoga and judo; but not play. Parents programme their children's lives down to almost nano-seconds. Somewhere along the way the child loses its play time and innocence.

Some illustrations will help us to realise the enormity of the tragic situation:

1. Arati Dutta - Fourth Standard - Nine year old girl from Calcutta hanged herself - reason burden of school curriculam proved too heavy.
2. Rohini - Eight years old - from Bombay - ran away from home unable to withstand the pressure of studies.
3. Naina Shah - seven years old - Bombay girl - " Recounting a dream" - for class assignment in a liberal public school, in prose fluent beyond her years, wrote how to make love.
4. Ratna - nine year old girl from Madras - wanted to try one of the M TV scenes in real life and was caught doing something abnormal with a seven year old boy next door.

The scenerio is sad; tragically sad.

Children know what plessure is.

But do not know what happiness is.

Do the parents know the difference ?

The faults and failings of conventional education are becoming more and more manifest. Conventional education is heavily biased towards academic or career achievement and therefore, by its very nature fragmented. Obviously it develops only a limited part of the potentials of the mind of the young learner. A mind which is not fully developed-a stunted mind- is a potentially dangerous mind; a mind that conforms to an insensitive society built upon violence, selfishness and disorder.

In such a grim and tragic scenerio an alternative educational philosophy is both relevant and inevitable. This is the New Education, to which The Blue Mountains School is deeply committed .

The New Education which is being constantly observed by the teachers at the School, does not neglect or under estimate acquisition of scientific knowledge or technological skill. On the other hand equipping the student with the most excellent technological proficiency so that he may function with clarity and efficiency in the modern world, is one of the objectives of the New Education. But far more important is to create the right environment so that the student may flower in goodness to become a complete human being. A learner nurtured in such harmony will be rightly related to the whole of life - people, things and ideas. Says J.K: " To live is to be related".

It is the integration of the scientific mind with the religious spirit.

Conventional schools train their students to pursue the " singer"; but the New Education of the Blue Mountains School encourages the young learners to " Search for the lost song ". The " SONG OF INNOCENCE "

Mr. B.J.KRISHNAN

Secretary

F.G.Pearce Educational trust

" THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION IS TO CREATE HUMAN BEINGS WHO
ARE INTEGRATED AND THEREFORE INTELLIGENT"

..... J.Krishnamurthi.....

AN EDUCATIONIST'S THOUGHTS

One adventure leads to another; who can tell where this may lead? " One teacher, one pupil and one tree " - a school comes into existence when there is one, who feels he wants to teach, when there are those who want to learn and when there is a place, however simple for the teacher and the taught to come together. A school should be able to meet the fundamental needs of the children - sound health, self reliance, creative and sensitive intelligence and an adventurous spirit not daunted by difficulties. No school can create these but a good residential school which can do more than any other agency to help them to develop.

The pupils who come in the picture next for education have already lost their sensitivity residing in urban cities and may be estates around them. In some cases they have been rather spoiled by too much attention. But in most cases, their parents are intelligent people who really want to understand and to provide what is best for their children, and to help them to grow up into self reliant public spirited adults.

The most important work of education is to " educate the educator ". The aim of a school is totally unlike the aim of a mountaineering party; there is no goal that can be achieved once and for all. All members of this profession aim at the understanding of a great mystery, the mystery of the development of the child. Being very well aware that it is a mystery which the limited human mind cannot wholly penetrate; we can only draw aside the veil a little more.

Before concluding it may not be out of place to mention some other ways in which this adventure in education is blazing a new trail. It is generally held that children cannot be suitably trained for adult life without the employment of fear as an instrument of their education. Many justify the use of methods which involves the compulsion of fear in greater or lesser degree. Quite a number still justify even corporal punishment. The great majority justify milder means such as the fear of blame, fear of losing esteem, fear of losing marks and position, and so on. Almost every parent and teacher accepts competition as a perfectly valid and justifiable method of stimulating effort. But if it is closely examined, competition also involves fear. Is fear, therefore, an absolutely unavoidable ingredient of the educational menu? Though we are so accustomed to regard it as unavoidable that we do not usually even give it a thought. Is it not worthwhile, pausing to enquire what is the actual effect on our children of this ingredient, and whether, perhaps, they might grow into more healthy and more peaceful adults if they could be brought up without it.

It is part of the adventure to view such ideas and practices in a new light. Our civilization, our society is what it is because we have educated our children to accept ideas and practices which are destructive of peace within and without. When we see that and understand what we have been doing and realize our responsibility for it, surely we cannot but do things differently. That seeing, that understanding, that doing, is the adventure in education without fear.

But when the battle of Kalings was on;
He saw how the maintained peace had gone;
And in his heart began to ring the bell;
Of good living. Mr. F. G. Pearce.

Founder - The Blue Mountains School
He joined a band of Buddhist students,
And later constructed many a stupa,
Achieving a lot of religious piety,
Time went by, at a pace quite fast,
And by his teacher's influence,
He became a Buddhist monk at last,
And remained religious hence.

The love for his people grew;
All violence within him shrunk,
And to his subjects and all he knew,
He became known as the Royal Monk.
He refused to speak to his subjects straight;
To teach them the spirit of toleration,
But because his empire was so vast so great,
He was unable to speak to his nation.

So with brimming intelligence, edicts he engraved,
On stones and pillars, all round his land.
The tiresome job was by his builders braved;
And by their beloved emperor planned.

He engraved all he thought and said,
And so his worthy people read;
To speak all truth; here not; be kind;
And thus to improve thy heart and mind.
To Lumbini he travelled; the place of Buddha's birth,
Visited Kushinagar, and then passed away.

**" THE RIGHT TEACHER WILL NOT DEPEND ON A METHOD, BUT WILL
STUDY EACH INDIVIDUAL PUPIL "**

(16 years)
..... J. Krishnamurti.....
" WHAT WE NOW CALL EDUCATION IS A MATTER OF ACCUMULATING
INFORMATION AND KNOWLEDGE FROM BOOKS "
..... J. K.

If it is part of the adventure to view such ideas and practices in a new light, THE ROYAL MONK, our society is what it is because we have educated our children to accept ideas and practices within the fold of the Ashoka. Ashoka became an emperor so great, and without. When we are doing and serving others, we have been doing and serving others for some years. He conquered the mighty Kalinga state.

But when the battle at Kalinga was on;
 He saw how the maintained peace had gone
 And in his heart piety began to ring
 To preach the code of good living.

With guidance from his Guru, Upagupta,
 He joined a band of Buddhist students,
 And later constructed many a stupa,
 Achieving a lot of religious prudence.

Time went by, at a pace quite fast,
 And by his teacher's influence,
 He became a Buddhist monk at last,
 And remained religious hence.

The love for his people grew;
 All vileness within him shrunk,
 And to his subjects and all he knew,
 He became known as the 'Royal Monk'.

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 And by their beloved emperor planned.

He engraved all he taught and said,
 And so his worthy people read:
 'To speak all truth; hate not; be kind;
 And thus to improve thy heart and mind.'

To Lumbini he travelled; the place of Buddha's birth,
 Visited Kushinagar and then passed away.
 And he remains acknowledged to this day.

" STUDY EACH INDIVIDUAL PUPIL "

.....Jatin
 (16 years)

.....J. Krishnamurti
 " WHAT WE NOW CALL EDUCATION IS A MATTER OF ACCUMULATING
 INFORMATION AND KNOWLEDGE FROM BOOKS "
 J.K

THE LAZY DONKEY

Once there was a person called Saiful. His work was making caps and selling in the market. All day he made a lot of caps and carried to the market. When he reached the market he was too tired. One day he was sitting on one side of the market and he got an idea. He bought one donkey. The donkey carried the caps. But the donkey was too lazy. He was only good in eating. The next day when he went to the market with the caps the donkey did not move at all. Saiful took a stick and hit him. The donkey took two or three steps and stopped. Saiful got angry and tied the donkey to a tree and went to the market. In the market he saw carrots. He got another idea. He bought carrots and tied one to a stick. The next day onwards Saiful did not have to hit the donkey to move. The donkey in order to eat the carrot followed Saiful. The carrot was always tied to the stick and remained away from the donkey.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS SHEEP

Once there was a poor man. He used to live in a small house. He had three sons and a sheep. They didn't have food to eat. They were very hungry yet they were happy. One day because of their hunger one of the sons told that they can eat the sheep. Their father said, "A sheep is also a living thing, we should not kill it". The poor man loved his sheep and didn't want it killed. The sheep felt the hunger of the family and told them to cut its fur and make wool out of it. The family lived with food from that day on.

Sanjit (11 years) was sitting. A car came and knocked me. All my eggs broke. (11 years) I broke. But now, there is no what can I do. Other than crying. Then the girl started to cry again.

BRAVERY

Yesterday when I was walking on the road, I heard a lot of noise coming from the main street. A boy riding on a bicycle shouted, "Look there is fire in that house". Suddenly a man came out of a nearby tea shop deciding to try and save the lives of the people in the house. He ran towards the house. The people around were pouring water. Somehow he got a ladder and got the children one by one down and rescued an old woman from the fires. The Government gave him a big reward for his act of bravery. He became a famous person.

Today I am still thinking of that ACT.

Varun (13 years) "THE KNOWS HOW TO SPLIT THE ATOM, BUT HAS NO HEART, BECOMES A MONSTER"

" CONFORMITY LEADS TO MEDIOCRITY"

..... J.K

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A BEGGAR WOMAN

One day, while I was coming back from work, I saw a beggar begging for food and not money. It was surprising that a beggar was asking for food and not money. I walked past her and stood a few steps away and observed her. I was curious to know the story of the woman. The next day again I saw her begging. This time, I could not hold myself. I walked up to her and took her home. I gave her food and clothes to wear. Meanwhile, I went for my bath. I came out, I saw her standing at the balcony. I called her in, she sat on the sofa. I asked for her name, first she did not answer, but then she slowly said, "My name is Adrian". I introduced myself to her. Then both of us had a long talk over a cup of tea. She related her story how she became a beggar, while she was telling her story she started to weep. I had to console her. I told her that she could stay with me and the next day I would get her a job at the place, where I worked. She was happy and the expression on her face showed that she did not have words to thank me. That night, I was thinking how awful it must be for a beggar to live his/her life as a beggar.

Once there was a girl. Her name was Diana. She had a brother. His name was John. One day they were playing in the lawn in front of their house. Suddenly, on the road side they saw a girl who was crying. Diana and John went up to her and asked her, "Why are you crying?". The girl said, "I was selling eggs. A car came and knocked me. All my eggs broke. I wanted to sell the eggs and give the money to my mother. But now, there is no egg to sell. So what can I do. Other than crying". Then the girl started to cry again. Diana and John felt very sad. So they took the girl to their father. They told their father to give some money to that girl. When the father asked them "Why?", they told the whole story. Then their father was very happy. He gave some money to that girl. He called Diana and John and said, "You have done a very good thing". Karishma (11 years) Today I am still thinking of that act.

" THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO SPLIT THE ATOM, BUT HAS NO LOVE IN HIS HEART, BECOMES A MONSTER"

..... J.K.

" CONFORMITY LEADS TO MEDIOCRITY"

..... J.K.

AVRAAN AND A GHOST

Once there was a ghost and a boy. The boy's name was Avraan. One day he went to an old palace. It was near the sea. It was dark. He went inside. Then he saw a ghost inside. He got scared of the ghost. But he had a gun in his hand. And the ghost got scared. Then the ghost disappeared.

..... Avraan
(6 years)

WHAT I FEEL

We must not waste paper.
They are made out of trees.
Trees help us by giving oxygen.
They absorb carbon-dioxide.
Carbon-dioxide warms our earth.
So we should not cut trees.

..... Satavahana
(9 years)

TEACHINGS OF OUR SCHOOL

DO YOU KNOW.....

B ... Beauty
L ... Loyalty
U ... Unity
E ... Equality
M ... Morality
O ... Obedience
U ... Uniformity
N ... Neatness
T ... Talent
A ... Ability
I ... Inspiration
N ... Nobility
S ... Sincerity

Is there anything lacking to lead a PERFECT LIFE?

..... Miss. Shivagami.....

" INTELLIGENCE BRINGS ORDER, BUT NOT DISCIPLINE"

..... J.K
" LIFE IS A WELL OF DEEP WATERS"

DEATH

I know you come as an uninvited guest
And carry me to your home to take rest
Every second I hear you call
I pray to god - Oh please don't send me at all
Sadly, I sit beside the rocks
And see my friends all play and laugh
I see them all play many a games
While I sit alone and count my days.
Every night when I go to bed
I wish the night should peace-fully end
So that the day break sees the world once more
And thank Almighty for sparing my life
worth more than a crore.

.....Miss. Shivagami.....

THE PATH TO TRUTH WAS DIFFICULT

Ramu had been working in a jewellery shop for more than ten years. The shop owner Mr. Raja had a lot of faith and trust on Ramu. Every morning Ramu would come at the right time for work. After ten years of work Ramu had been through all the bad times of business.

One evening, when Ramu went home his wife Pooja told Ramu there was shortage of food at home. That night Ramu had nothing and went to sleep. In the early morning when he got up from bed, he saw that his children were fast asleep. He thought to himself that if he kills his children then he would have no problem of food or money. He saw his wife's face, she was fast asleep.

He got up, went to the kitchen and took a knife, then he went to the bedroom, and picked up his son Vijai and took him out. He poked the knife through his stomach. Then he picked up his daughter and did the same. As soon as he did this he felt happy for a moment and then he started crying. His wife saw that her children were missing and came running out. She saw her husband and cried and when she saw his hands, her only words were that "You killed my children". The police was called and Ramu was sent to prison. Pooja went mad. The next day Mr. Raja, the shop owner went to the police station to see Ramu. He met him, but both felt sad and Raja went away. But still he found the path to the truth was difficult, as he could not tell his wife the truth even after three years in prison. One day, he thought of writing to his wife and telling her the truth. When he finished his letter, he saw his neighbour coming. He came and told Ramu that Pooja had died and her last words were that she will never forgive him.

..... Ravi Joseph

(15 years)

"DISCIPLINE, BUT NOT DISCIPLINE"

..... J.K

"LIFE IS A WELL OF DEEP WATERS"

THE CRUEL LADY

Once there lived a cruel lady. She was having an ugly face. Her sister was fair. One day the cruel lady went to her sister and said that, " Everyone is telling that my face is ugly. What shall I do ? I get ashamed ". Her sister said, " So you take this ring and shine it on their faces. It will become like your face". One day as she was walking, a man teased her, " You have an ugly face". She took the ring and shone it on the man's face. Then she left him. She went away. The man's face had turned ugly.

..... Sujith
(10 years)

CHILD LABOUR

When we look at a child, we see his gentle features, with an innocent face and a very callow voice. These are only a few qualities of the innocent child. It is may be this that makes the superior adult to dominate over the poor innocent child. Thus leading him to labour by hardly paying him what he deserves. Also, the adult knowing that the child cannot do anything to him, takes advantages of the situations.

To begin with, in our country, or in any for that matter, child labour is prohibited. The children knowing this still are undergoing through what ever they are told. But why does this happen?

It mainly occurs due to poverty. The parents who are poor and cannot afford to feed their families send their children to work, even against the law.

Adding to this are the dominating people, the greedy shopkeepers who crave for money all the time and will do anything to save themselves money. So they appoint these children to work at a miserly pay which is nothing compared to the work and burden that these children undergo. These are a few crude and mean ways of earning money.

There are some children who are homeless and parentless, looking after themselves with these jobs. One will find them doing work and getting paid for only half of what they are doing. In some places there are men who go after small children, kidnapped them and make them work. Shopkeepers go to the extreme of treating these people as servants. The rise in prices also plays a part in making these children work at tender ages.

Hence child labour is bad and must not be practiced anywhere. Infact, it should be stopped at any cost as the lives of the children are at stake.

..... Aashish
(16 years)

"COMPULSION BREEDS ANTAGONISM AND FEAR" J.K ...

SLEEP

Where shall I find a place to sleep?
In this tumultuous world of ours
To give my body and soul some rest
To escape dulness and distress.

Where shall I find a place to sleep?
In this world of sorrow and pain.
To forget the unforgetful past of mine
To help my mind rejoice in the bliss of peace.

Listen to me! Oh! Passers by
Give me a place for silent sleep
I shall thank and think of you
Till I'm laid to eternal sleep.

..... Mr. Paramesh

HIJACKER GIVES HIM-SELF UP BECAUSE OF A CHILD

I loaded a new colour film, put the camera in my sling bag, took my note pad and my Reynolds pen and set off in my TVS 50 to the Central jail at Madras.

At the door of the jail, I showed my identity card. Only then was I let in. The jail keeper told me, "Mr. Shankar rang up, I suppose you are Mr. Vasu." I replied, "yes". Then he asked me to follow him. He took me to a room which was at the basement. It was a dark room; I was let in and locked from outside. Struck by fear I put my hand in my sling bag, got hold of my revolver and felt little safer. Then I flashed my torch across the room going forward. There was no one there but only a blanket, a plate, a clay pot and a glass of water. I turned all around and all of a sudden the light from my torch lit a face. I was terrified. The torch slipped from my hands and rolled down to the corner of the floor shining at the clay pot. I went backwards towards the wall pointing the revolver at the face. The figure went and picked up my torch and gave it to me. But he did not even speak a word. After this I got some confidence. Unable to move for sometime, I put the revolver back in the bag went towards the door and called out.

Later he was shifted to another cell which had two windows, and the light which was very faint made it impossible to recognise a person next to you. In the middle of the room there was a table on which was a bulb with lamp shade right above. There were two chairs opposite to each other. He was sitting on one. I was let in and locked again. I sat in front of him. He had a pale look and a long black beard. His eyes had the depth of silence. From his appearance I came to know that he was a man in the age group of 23 to 25. His hair was jet black.

" EDUCATION IS NOT MERELY A MATTER OF TRAINING THE MIND"

..... J.K.

I asked him, "What is your name?". There wasn't any reply. As he did not answer I didn't have anymore to ask. So I went off. Next day at eight o'clock I was back at his cell. Again I spoke first, "Good morning, I hope you are fine". There wasn't any reply that day and so the next day also. On the next day at 7.30 A.M I was there again. I was determined to speak to him. Eventhough he didn't reply I kept asking him questions and narrating a few incidents. Later, I told him an incident which had happened to G.B.SHAW. He laughed and said, "That was a good joke". Day by day he started speaking to me and became more friendly. On the eighth day I asked him the question which I had been longing to ask. I asked, "How did you land up in jail?". He said, "I boarded a plane. The plane was to Andaman where I had planned to hide at a secret place, setup in Macoda Island. As planned the air hostess gave me the gun. We were the supposed hijackers in the moving plane. The people were perplexed. Everything worked out fine. The pilot out of fear headed towards Macoda Island.

I was surprised to see through the glass window that the whole place was invaded by police. The plane landed and I slowly came out pointing my gun at a little girl who was one among the passengers. Then I made off in a police jeep leaving the police helpless. I drove straight to the old bar out of the city. The police did not give up. In no time was the bar surrounded by the police. I and the girl stayed inside for two days. We had plain bread to eat. The little girl did not ask any questions or even shout for help. I developed a soft corner for her. I don't know why and when. On the third day as I was looking out of the window the little girl came upto me and asked, "Uncle will you shoot me with your gun?" I was touched by the very first word UNCLE. I asked her why she asked that. She replied, "If you shoot me atleast I will be able to meet my mother in heaven". Her reply made me feel very bad and so I surrendered myself to the police.

I finished listening to the story and told just one word "Thanks".

..... Sembian
(14 years)

THE RAIN

Listen to the rain
It is falling on the roof of my house
It is falling on the grass
It is falling on the cars on the road
It is falling on the monkey on the tree
I am out in the rain
Now it is falling on me.

Noormi
(10 years)

" SENSITIVITY CAN NEVER BE AWAKENED THROUGH COMPULSION"

..... J.K

TIGERS ON THE WAY

One day I was going with my parents to the club. We had to go by the garden road because on the main road there were the ULFA terrorists. While we were going my father saw something shining which look like an eye. My parents thought it was a cow. But it wasn't. It was a tiger. My father drove fast and went past the cubs at a great speed. The tigress started chasing us and jumped into our gypsy taring the plastic sheet. She ofcourse failed as my father drove fast and we reached the club.

Anshuman
(10 years)

WOMEN

Women are less privileged in our country. In the ancient days of Kings and Queens, women were considered lower than men. Those days the women in the Indian Society used to follow the purdah or curtain system. They were not allowed to go out of the house. If they had to go then they had to go in a Palanquin. In the assemblies of the Kings, the Queens and the other ladies of the lower families were not allowed to be present in the assembly with the men but they had to be behind the curtains of the assembly hall. In those days the women were not educated since they were not given the opportunity to study. The schools in those days were only meant for the men.

But today most of the women in our society are highly educated and are equal to men. But there are still many woman in our society who are illiterate and not getting the opportunity to study. They are far behind in our society.

In the last four decades, since Independence, much is being done to emancipate Indian women. Female education is indeed, receving a great momentum in the last decade. Being educated they are working in banks, hospitals, government offices, etc.,

All possible arrangements should exist in schools and colleges to encourage talent for a particular profession, the girls in our country should be educated and trained as to enable them to make themselves equal with men in all respects.

..... Shamiron
(15 years)

" EDUCATION IN THE TRUE SENSE IS HELPING THE INDIVIDUAL
TO BE MATURE AND FREE, TO FLOWER GREATLY IN
LOVE AND GOODNESS"

..... J.K

MEMORIES THAT ARE AWAKENED

As I entered my house after having a hectic day in the busy centres of Florida. I had a good store in the main hall. My house was a small one with one hall, one small room, one kitchen-cum-toilet.

It looked as if this small house had never been cleaned for more than a year. There were books shuffled up in the shelf, my carpet was torn which was originally blue in colour and had turned brown over the past twenty years. Then it was time for my floor to be plastered. My small, cute cupboard which hardly had a few things in it, had been nibbled by rats and in the cavities, it had insects which live on wood particles. My window, where the glasses were brown, you just couldn't look through it. Then just beside it, was a ventilation which just had dirty rotten wood planks intersecting each other, like a game of cross. I walked to my toilet and saw that the basin's pipe was in a pathetic condition with its tape leaking twenty four hours-making a creepy noise. The roof was full of spider webs and the fan had webs connected to the side wall. This again remained me that a year back the fan connection got snapped and, till then my collection of money wasn't enough to meet the repair. I was first thinking that if I hadn't run out of my house when I was small, I wouldn't have been in such a miserable state. But I couldn't see or even think of my father's trusted friends deceive him in his property.

Soon I entered my bedroom which wasn't fit to be called one. It just had one bed which I could barely fit in and just beside it, there was one soap, with brush and paste kept in a mug. My cupboard was in the hall.

Reluctantly I made up my mind to clean up my cute little house. Firstly I started off cleaning the book shelf. I took out all the books, I had around twenty to twenty five. I removed my kerchief from my pocket and just dusted the books one by one. While tidying the shelf I noticed one book which didn't belong to the shelf. The cover had dust on it, as a cake is covered with icing.

I had a good look at the photo album. I knelt down and turned the page. In the photograph, was my first day after marriage, me and my most lovable wife, Georgina. As I flipped onto the next page, I saw that it was eaten by those pitiless termites. I could first make out the dress, which my first child wore when she was just a year old. It was taken at our second honey moon to Canada, Niagara falls. I just couldn't imagine that perhaps it was the last time I was seeing my lovable child in the photo because the very next moment she was choked and... This really made my eyes wet. As I flipped on to the next photograph, I saw my detestable mother-in-law, because all she wanted was my wealth.

" FREEDOM IS NOT A GOAL, AN END TO BE ACHIEVED "

.....J.K.....

The very next picture was my Dad's who was the greatest influence on my life. He was the person who got wisdom and humbleness into me. Perhaps intelligence and bravery also. Hope he is comfortable in heaven. Then came the Photograph of my beautiful wife who had for the first time won 'Miss. Florida' of the year in early 60s. This was a coloured photograph which showed her complexion and beauty.

The next snap was of the New Year's Day when me and my wife were jolly and happy. It was nice to see me and my wife together..... tears were rolling down my cheeks again for how I wished they were with me.... there.

..... Dhritiman

(14 years)

One Night's Experience

I woke up with a shock after a bad dream, it was dark, it was the middle of the night. I tried to go back to sleep. My watch showed 11'0 clock. I couldnot sleep after the dream and the strange disturbance. I felt as if I was getting choked with an odour. I wondered where it came from. I was too sleepy and lazy to find out and the smell was getting stronger every minute.

Then I felt it was becoming really serious and went and checked the toilets first. There was nothing wrong. The smell was stronger near the staircase which led downstairs. Immediately I came to know that something was burning. I ofcourse had a fire extinguisher in the room. Panicked I ran for it. I got it downstairs. The drawing room was connected to the kitchen by a corridor which was filled with smoke. I couldnot breathe.

The drawing room had a large window. I pushed my way towards the window and opened it and took a deep breath of the fresh air coming in from outside and ran towards the kitchen. The smoke was subsiding. The room was filled with smoke and it was difficult to see things. I reached the kitchen door and opened it. The oven was smoking. I rushed towards the switch and turned it off and got a shock. However with the help of a stick I managed to switch it off, remembering then, that I had put some tarts for baking. They were charred.

By this time it was 3'0 clock in the morning. Sleep was welcome. I went back to my bed as I didn't want to miss my sleep.

..... Vishak

(15 years)

" A MIND THAT HAS MERELY BEEN TRAINED IS THE CONTINUATION OF THE PAST, AND SUCH A MIND CAN NEVER DISCOVER THE NEW"

..... J.K

A KING'S LAMENTATION

My life in the jungle was so pleasant that I was treated like the King of the Jungle. Whenever I walked across the animals they bowed and I walked proudly. I was proud to be the king of the jungle. But I was the unfortunate king to get trapped in a trap. I saw a man coming towards me and poking me. The very next moment I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes I found myself to be in a cage. I walked towards the doors of the cage and roared for my freedom. My roars got a man towards me, I got scared thinking of the same fate as before.

I got angry and got ready to pounce on him. But to my surprise the man opened the cage and threw a piece of meat, locked the cage and walked away. I found it strange at what the man did because kings have the habit of hunting for their food. The next morning two men came towards me. I could vaguely remember that one of the men was the man who had poked me and I had fallen asleep and the other man was the person who had given the meat. They had a good look at me and said that they wanted to take me to the International Zoo of Britain. After which I was taken to the zoo and put inside a big cage. I found that many kings like me were also there. They were my neighbours.

It was a holiday and many people came to visit the zoo around 9'0 clock in the morning. I saw a 'herd' of people coming towards the kings of the jungle. They were a combination ! Some were dark, some were fair and some were neither dark nor fair. Some people came towards us and started making faces, throwing peanuts and some were flashing lights at me (camera). I personally felt that kings should not be treated like this. Some of the people were not like this; they were quiet, looked at me and went away. The others made fun of all the animals. I asked the other kings, " Don't you get angry ?" They replied in a single voice, " You will soon get used to it ".

The other animals were least bothered about the people, except a few. The monkeys, the bears and the tigers were reacting in a bad way to the behaviour of the people. I noticed one more thing. I asked the nearest king, " Why is everyone going out of the zoo ?" He said, " It was time for the children to go to bed ".

" THOUGH KNOWLEDGE AND EFFICIENCY ARE NECESSARY,
TO LAY EMPHASIS ON THEM ONLY LEADS TO
CONFLICT AND CONFUSION "

.....J.K.....

The training centre -- The next day I was taken to a room where there were rings, stools, fire and a man with a whip. First the man whipped me and made me do some strange stunts and when I failed he whipped me further. He made me jump through fire and I muttered to myself, " A king cannot be treated like this ". In the night I was taken back to my cage, pushed inside, thrown a piece of meat and locked. I was hurt and was bleeding badly. My neighbours whispered to me, " This is nothing more is yet to come ". I was almost in tears, feeling homesick, wishing I could go back home in the jungle.

It has been three years since then I am used to everything here. But somewhere deep in my heart I pray, 'no one should be treated like this'.

.....Veeresh.....
(16 years)

MY PET

I have a dog. His name is Richie. His colour is black. I love him. He plays with me. I take him for a walk. He loves me. He barks at the strangers. He likes my mother and grandfather. He looks after my house.

.....Jagat.....
(7 years)

MY FLIGHT

I lived on a tree,
A tall banyan tree,
It felt so nice,
Being so high.

The first thing I remember,
Was when, I was born.
I took a tiny step,
But it was a great fall.
Down, down, down,
As I came down,
The only thing I saw,
Was the world turning round.

Atlast I landed,
On the ground.
My back was paining,
And I burst out wailing.

" FREEDOM CAN NEVER COME THROUGH DISCIPLINE "

.....J.K.....

The second thing I remember,
Was when I was learning to fly.
I really tried very hard,
But felt it was a harder try.
Finally I soared,
Up into the sky.
Flapping my tiny wings,
As I flew by.

Now I am perfect,
Like the other birds.
The world is my aspect,
And I love flying with others.
The last thing I remember,
Was when I was flying low.
At high speed I went,
And dashed into a hill.
Down I fell on the Earth,
And lay silent forever.

.....Srinivas.....
(15 years)

AN INVENTION

When I was in college I used to love to try experiments with chemicals. And now I am going to tell about an experiment which I did without knowledge and I became very famous because of this experiment.

One day I was trying tricks with some chemical solutions and by mistake, some fell down and it fell on a dead fly. I watched the fly and slowly it came back to life. I was shocked and before I could do anything, the fly flew off. I told my teachers but none of them believed me.

I worked hard day and night to find out the solution. If the solution could bring a fly to life, it could surely bring a human being to life. I worked harder and harder.

Atlast one day I found out the solution. As soon as I had found it I went and dropped it on a dead bird and it came back to life. This time I brought the teachers with me and I showed them. They then believed me.

My name was then spread all over the college, then all over the city and soon, all over the world. People from far away countries came to see me and how my magic solution worked. I brought all the dead animals back to life. Some people bought the solution from me to bring back their dead family members. My name was there in history.

" WISDOM CANNOT BE REPLACED BY KNOWLEDGE "

.....J.K.....

Then one day something terrible happened. I had lost the paper where I had written down the formula of the chemical solution. I told my family members and all of us looked for it. But none of us could find it.

Many years passed, I was becoming old and soon I was dying. When one day I found some torn paper and I took it out and put the pieces together and I found out that it was the paper where I had written the formula of the solution. I was very happy.

As I was very old and I was dying, I could not make the solution. I had a friend with me and so I gave it to him to make the solution. While he was making it, I died. He did not know what to do but then suddenly he remembered that he had the solution with him. He poured some on me and I came back to life. I thanked him.

This was an experiment which I would remember my whole life.

.....TIFFERET.....
(13 years)

ADVERTISING

We are often irritated by the amount of commercials that interrupt our favourite television programme. Or for that matter we get irritated by the amount of commercials that interrupt any programme. I agree that there are a lot of unwanted commercials but that does not mean that advertising is unnecessary. If there was no advertising there would be no brand names and we would lose something we are entitled to: 'The right to choose'. Every year thousands of graduates compete for jobs in advertising agencies. The average person thinks that advertising is a glamorous exciting business where brilliant young men and women think up catchy slogans at a moment's notice. But in reality it is a business that involves a lot of hard work. To define it, "it is the business of persuading people to buy products and services or accept ideas". Persuading people to buy products and services or accept ideas is a very difficult thing to do, it is like a mother trying to feed a fussy child who does not know what to eat.

" A CONSISTENT THINKER IS A THOUGHTLESS PERSON,
BECAUSE HE CONFORMS TO A PATTERN,
HE REPEATS PHRASES AND THINKS-
IN A GROOVE "

.....J.K.....

Advertising is very old. It first became important in the late 15th century A.D, when the merchants of the rapidly growing cities and towns needed a way to tell people where their goods could be bought. The first printed advertisement in the English language appeared in 1478. This early ad was the work of England's first printer William Caxton. The industrial revolution, in the 18th and 19th centuries brought a new kind of advertising. Manufacturers had to find a lot of customers in order to stay in business. They had to learn how to make people buy things. Thus modern advertising was born. The use of advertising to create wants in people's minds also helped to raise standards of living as people came to feel that they had a right to new and better products.

In order to bring his message to the public the advertiser uses some carrier, such as newspaper, magazines, radio or televisions. These are called media. These four media are the most commonly used. Other types include billboards, advertisements painted on sides of buildings, posters and even sky writing. A medium that was once very common is the old fashioned " Sandwich man", who paraded up and down the streets carrying signboards in front and back. Unusual methods that have been used to attract attention include messages painted on the sails of boats or trailed from high-flying kites.

Magazines cover a wide range of audiences. They offer the advertiser a good way of aiming at a particular group of likely customers. If the advertisers were trying to sell washing machines or electric toasters, he would choose a general family magazines or a women's magazines rather than one for hunters and fishermen. In the same way, he would place an ad for fishing rods in a fishing magazine rather than in a family magazine or a news magazine. News paper, do not reach with the same special interest to audiences as magazines. But they are the most " Flexible" of the media. Advertising can be placed in newspapers on very short notice. Further more, ads can usually be placed for a specific day, for example, to announce a department store sale. The fact that newspapers have local circulation makes it worthwhile for local businesses to advertise in them.

The most dramatic medium of advertising is the one that came last-television. Because, it combines sight, sound and motion, television gives advertisers many ways of catching the customers attention. This is also the medium which had a most powerful influence over audience. All these media depend entirely for their support on advertising for the production cost.

" ONE OF THE DANGERS OF DISCIPLINE IS THAT THE SYSTEM
BECOMES MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE HUMAN BEINGS
WHO ARE ENCLOSED IN IT "

.....J.K.....

Outdoor advertising is one of the oldest of the media. It is usually colourful, strong on illustration and as short selling messages. It consists mainly of billboards and posters. The movie industry usually uses this form of advertising (In India). This is one industry that advertisers throughout the year with its slick, well made trailers (sometimes the trailers are better than the movies themselves). The movies usually bank on stardom. For example, if it is a Robert De Niro, Martin Scorsese movie they would use their names for attracting people. In India they would use Amitabh Bachchan's name, if he is acting in the film. Stardom is not only used in movies but also in the advertising for the products we buy.

For example, Amitabh Bachchan for EPL, Shah Rukh Khan for Pepsi and Monica Sele for Nike. But some also use their own power for advertising like pepsi's rival, coke, uses its Charisma and motto "real thing" and Amul its humorous jokes on current affairs for advertising.

From the marketing point of view, advertising has two main divisions, National and Retail. National advertising is used to promote products that are sold all over the country or over large sections. Retail advertising is used by local businessmen to offer their products and services. Specific prices and dealers addresses are given, which is not the case with most National advertising.

In most cases manufacturers and other national advertisers do not produce their own advertising. Instead they rely on specialists, the advertising agencies. These agencies bring together a number of people with specialized talents to serve clients in various fields. An agency of any size is made up of a group of highly specialized departments that handle different aspects of the work. They include editorial and writing, art, research, marketing, T.V and radio programmes media planning and buying, mechanical production and traffic, client account management, accounting, billing and checking, legal matters and administration. Each client of the agency is served by a team representing all these departments. Although the agency team does the actual work, everything it does must be approved by the client.

Since the purpose is to make potential customers want a product, advertising men have done a lot of investigation of the motives that cause people to buy one product rather than another. This is called motivational research. Motivational research makes use of various psychological techniques in order to uncover unexpected buying motives that can be appealed to, in advertising.

" THE FUNCTION OF EDUCATION IS TO CREATE HUMAN BEINGS
WHO ARE INTEGRATED AND THEREFORE INTELLIGENT "

.....J.K.....

Advertising has received a great deal of criticism. It has been accused of appealing to unworthy motives like vanity, snobbery, and the fear of being "left out". It has also been accused of making people buy something that they really don't need and can't afford. Another common criticism is that some advertisements are deceitful or downright dishonest. Defenders of advertising point out to "The fact that our modern industrial society could not exist without advertising". Advertising also helps the consumer by making him aware of products that he might like.

Advertising has made many contributions to public service. The advertising industry helps to educate the public in other ways as well, for example, in anti-litter campaigns. Advertising brings the messages of charitable organizations like The Red Cross year after year, helping them to gather money to support their work. In India it has helped organizations like CRY and CONCERN. Advertising makes it possible for news papers and magazines to be published at a price any one can afford. Advertising is an important part of modern society. Its importance is likely to grow as more countries become industrialized- and it is growing.

..... Chaithanya.....
(17 years)

LIMERICK

I went to Oberoi lane,
to get some healthy lion's mane,
I couldn't get some mane,
so I walked off the lane.

I went to Gandhi street,
to get some meat,
I couldn't get some meat,
so I walked off the street.

I went to the 'corner of decks',
to buy a small portable deck.
I couldn't get a deck,
so I walked off the 'corner of deck'.

I went to 'Monginis',
to get some manganese,
I couldn't get any manganese
because I walked into the treat shop-'Monginis'.

" IDEALS HAVE NO PLACE IN EDUCATION FOR THEY
PREVENT THE COMPREHENSION OF THE PRESENT "

.....J.K.....

I went to chacha Khurram,
to get some papad khurram-khurram,
I couldn't any papad khurram-khurram
because the Hakim was chacha Khurram.

I then went to a hotel,
which was something like a motel.
the 2 weeks' total,
imagine! was abnormal.

As I was flying above India,
I saw a woman named Cynthia.
she was slim and beautiful,
so I pecked her 'bindiya'.

Then I wanted some amount of hay,
I went to look for it in the Bengal's Bay.
that was the end of my limericks,
instead of getting hay, I drowned myself in the Bay.

..... Parag
(15 years)

REGRET

I Wish you knew,
How much I regret,
Causing you so much of
Pain and anguish, unknowingly;
So here I am today
Weighed down by guilt,
And words somehow
Seem to elude me.
But I believe in you and
Trust you a lot;
For you alone
Understand me-
In a way that
No one else does.
Here hoping you would
Forgive me and things will get
Better between you and me.
The way they used to be
With heartfelt
Apologies

.....Kishen.....
(14 years)

" THE IGNORANT MAN IS NOT THE UNLEARNED,
BUT HE WHO DOES NOT KNOW HIMSELF "

.....J.K....

MY FIRST FRIENDSHIP

I was ten when my parents shifted to a new house. I did not have any brother or sister. When we had shifted to our new house, I saw a lot of children of my age. Where we had lived before, I did not have any friend. I liked the scene I saw. The workers were shifting our furniture and other items into our new house. As the work was finished, my mother told me to go out and play. I sadly told my mother that I did not have any friends. She told me to make some. I was riding my bicycle near the park, which was close to my house. Every boy and girl looked at me and asked me whether I was a new boy there. I replied briefly, "yes". I rode back home, parked my bicycle and ran indoors. I took a comic from my room and sat down on the lawn in my compound. A few days had passed but I had not made any friends.

One evening, when I was reading a book, sitting on the lawn, I heard the faint voice of a girl saying, "Hello". I replied back with a "Hello". She asked my name. I told her "Dinnel" and she told me her name too. Her name was "Alley". She asked me if I would like to play with her friends. I told her to wait and immediately ran and told my parents, "I am going to play with some of my new friends".

The next day I went to a school to get admission. I got a seat in the school and I was supposed to go the next day. Alley was in the same school and the same class that I was in. We both became real good friends. I used to go to her house to eat and she would come to my house to eat. We both used to help each other with the home work.

Few years had passed. One day when I went to school, I found that Alley was missing. I wondered why. Classes were over and I went home and saw that nobody was there in Alley's house. I asked my parents where they were. They told me that they had shifted their house. Suddenly, I heard a voice calling me- it was Alley's. She told me that they were shifting to a Northern part in the country and that she won't be able to meet me.

A week had passed. I had no mood to play and I felt lonely. A month passed by, there was a call for me and it was from Alley. She told me that she was coming back! I was really happy. Alley came back. She had not changed a bit.

....Praveen....
(15 years)

" THE LEARNED MAN IS STUPID WHEN HE RELIES
ON BOOKS, ON KNOWLEDGE, AND ON AUTHORITY
TO GIVE HIM UNDERSTANDING "

....J.K....

THE TALKING BIRD

Once there lived a talking bird in a forest near China. Once a Prince came for hunting in the forest where the talking bird lived. When the prince was running after a deer he saw a bird lying on the ground and he saw that the bird's wings were hurt. He went near the bird. Then the bird asked the Prince, if he could help him. The prince was surprised because the bird was talking to him and he took the bird to his palace and he made the bird's wings proper again.

When the bird was going to go to the forest again the bird said "If you need any help, call my name three times. I will come to you". And the bird went back to the forest again and the Prince came inside the Palace. Then the months passed by. Once the king fell sick. Many doctors came to help him, but no one came to know what had happened to the king. One doctor came from Himalayas to help the king. And he found out what had happened to the King.

When he found out what had happened to the King, he said "There is a forest in Assam, there is a river passing in the middle of the forest. If you drink that river water, you will become all right". But every one was scared to go there because there was a ghost who lived near the river. So no one was ready to go. Then the Prince told I am going to the river to get the water. And he was walking alone that way through that forest, he called the talking bird.

The talking bird came to him. Then the talking bird and the Prince reached the forest. When he was going to take the water. The ghost came out and told, "This is my river, without my permission you took the water, I am going to kill you". The ghost went back. The talking bird said to the Prince, "When the ghost comes, dip your arrow in the river and shoot him. Only then he will die". When the ghost came, the Prince dipped the arrow in the water and shot him. The Prince told the bird thanks, the talking bird told "welcome" and flew away.

.....Jijin.....

(11 years)

" MOST CHILDREN ARE CURIOUS, THEY WANT TO KNOW;
BUT THEIR EAGER ENQUIRY IS DULLED
BY OUR PONTIFICAL ASSERTIONS,
OUR SUPERIOR IMPATIENCE
AND OUR CASUAL BRUSHING
ASIDE OF THEIR CURIOSITY "

..... J.K

CLOUDS

Much have I seen everything in this world,
But nothing more beautiful than the clouds,
With a silver lining bold,
All of it looks better than gold.
I have not seen things so nice and bright,
Which God has created so very right,
But people walking around,
Fail to notice the wonderful clouds.

..... Sarojini.....
(13 years)

A BUS DRIVER

The night was a torrent of darkness and humidity prevailed in the air. It was the last night of 1964 and a huge super-delux bus was carrying its passengers from Bangalore to Mangalore. The bus was sheduled to arrive at its destination a few hours before dawn on New year's day. But it never did....

The driver's assistant was sitting next to him drowsily looking at the seemingly endless road in front. The driver's name was Ramakrishnan. He was a middle aged, unmarried man who was very popular among his fellow bus drivers and friends. He was also acknowledged to a very careful and steady driver. The time now was just past midnight and everyone was rejoicing the New year. The bus radio had been put on full blast and all the passengers were dancing. But Ramakrishnan, kept his eyes on the road not letting his concentration be diverted. He knew that going down the western ghats was a dangerous job and he still had another 12 hair-pin bends to cover. Suddenly he spotted a cyclist coming in the opposite direction. He could not avoid the cyclist as he was right in front of the bus and it simply was too late to apply the breaks, so he just swerved the bus to the right. It lost balance and within seconds it was off the road and tumbled horrifyingly fast down the ghat before it rammed into a huge rock and exploded.

Thirty-two years later the families of the ill-fated passengers still moaned their loved one's death. But Ramakrishnan had been forgotten. And every year after 1964, there wasn't a single accident during bus trips from Bangalore to Mangalore that took place. The bus office had not even bothered to take the names of the bus drivers. And every year the bus driver's assistants were changed.

" RIGHT EDUCATION COMES WITH THE
TRANSFORMATION OF OURSELVES "

..... J.K.....

On December the 31st 1978, exactly 14 years after the fatal incident took place, a very young bus driver assistant was appointed to travel with the driver to Mangalore. It was pitch dark and the only source of light came from the headlights. It was just after midnight and the assistant who seemed to be asleep was wide awake and was staring at the driver. 'Hadh't he seen a picture of this man somewhere?'. 'Who was he?', thought the assistant. Suddenly, he saw the driver began to glow. But before he could say anything, he fell unconscious and didn't awake till the bus had reached its destination. He saw the passengers getting out of the bus with their luggage and went to assist them. After they had all left, he suddenly saw the driver. He ran up to him, but in a flash he had disappeared. The assistant was astonished and went back to the driver's cabin. Just then he saw a note on the dash board. He casually picked it up. It read, "I am Ramakrishnan, the driver who was involved in the fatal accident that took place, exactly fourteen years ago. I have been returning on the 31st of December every year to ensure my passengers safety in their journey. I will never again be returning as I am sure my words will be heeded and all my fellow drivers will from now on be careful. I am dead. I am a 'Ghost'". On showing the note to the bus office and telling them all that had happened, he was sent to hospital for mental evaluation and several doctors there said that he was absolutely sane and that his story might be true.

..... Jatin
(16 years)

THE MAN WHO HAD TWO HAIRS

There was a man. He was very rich and did not want to be poor. His name was Timblack.

Once he left his wife and his sons, and went to a far away place to get more money, so that he could be rich. When he was going on his golden chariot crossing a thick forest, it became evening. The Chariot driver had one small torch to shine it, when it was dark. The forest was a big one. The chariot driver's torch was getting weaker and then the light went off. They stopped and saw an old broken house and thought they could stay there for the night. So they stayed there for that night.

" FEAR PERVERTS INTELLIGENCE
AND IS ONE OF THE CAUSES OF SELF-CENTERED ACTION "

..... J.K"

They lit a lamp and went to sleep. The next morning when Timblack got up, he saw that his chariot and his driver were not there. He was very angry with his chariot driver and if he saw him, he would kill him. Then he thought that perhaps his chariot driver would get him food. Immediately his anger cooled down. He was waiting for the driver to come. He thought of walking back. Then he heard a noise in the house. He went inside and saw a banana. He went to eat it but suddenly it changed into water and he did not have anything.

Again he heard a noise in the house. He went more inside and he saw a man lying down. He went to help him but he could not touch him. Then the man who was a ghost, got up and asked him, " Why did you come to my house ?". Then he said, " I'd give you a wish but it will only come true when you have only two hairs on your head". Timblack was very greedy and he wished that he would have lots and lots of money. So he asked him to cut off his hairs, but only to leave two hairs. Soon he had lots of money in his bag.

Happily he walked back home. On seeing him, his wife wondered, who he was. Then she came to know. He told his sons that the ghost had given him a wish. But the ghost had also told him, " If your two hairs get cut, you will be poor again". When he was sleeping, his sons felt odd about those two hairs which he had. So when he was sleeping they took a blade and cut his hairs which were the only ones he had. Suddenly there was a flash of lightning and they lost all their wealth. Timblack became poor.

.....Arjuna.....
(12 years)

A SIMPLE MISTAKE

From Europe, Daisy's friends came to see Daisy on a holiday. Daisy's friends' names were Fatty, Bitty, Dev and Deepa.

Daisy went to the seashore and there was a programme going on. Daisy was also in the programme. When her neighbour saw her acting, he went and told Daisy's friends about what he had seen. They all went to see Daisy. When they went they saw an old woman walking towards them. They thought that she was Daisy. And when the woman came near them they made her sit down and told her to tell them that she was Daisy, but the woman was deaf and dumb. The woman put her hands on her ears. Daisy's friends were thinking that she was fooling them. So they shouted at her. Then one of the friends saw that there was something wrong.

" OUR ATTITUDES AND VALUES ONLY MAKE OF THINGS
AND OCCUPATIONS - THE INSTRUMENTS OF
ENVY, BITTERNESS AND HATE "

..... J.K

The woman's ear was purple whereas Daisy's ears were pink. Then they realised that they had made a mistake. And then they said that they were sorry because they had insulted her. They went to the place where people were dancing and there they saw Daisy. When the dance was over they all went back home. When they were having dinner the friends told Daisy what had happened. And Daisy laughed.

..... Abirami

(12 years)

ENVIRONMENT

Environment is the sum of substances and forces external to the organism in such a way, that it affects the organism's existence. By environment we mean not only which depend on each other. Our earth has a very complex inter-relationship that balances the existence in the eco system which is so sensitive that even a slight disturbance will imbalance the whole system.

Technology which had seemed to be a boon to the world is a kind of paradox. Advancement in technology has improved not only the standard of living of the people but it is responsible for the degradation of our environment. Man is responsible for disturbing the balance of our eco system. Man depends on environment and becomes an environmental factor with respect to other members in a eco system.

" We won't have a society if we destroy the environment"

..... Margret Mead

Due to industrialization and urbanization which is considered as a development factor of the country, our land has been polluted terribly causing an irreparable damage to the environment. Man is forced to use the land more extensively and intensively because of exponentially increasing population. To boost the agriculture in order to feed the enormous population - insecticides, pesticides and chemical fertilizers have been used which in turn cause water and land pollution. Industries release toxic gases into the atmosphere and dump the wastes in oceans which is threatening the marine life. Nuclear wastes from atomic power plants which are very harmful that they can remain toxic to humans for several billion years. Besides we are increasingly being exposed to cosmic radiation (radiation from outer space) because of deforestation. Due to encroachment of forest area, the conflict arising between animals and humans is threatening the animal life, as animals are important member in the eco system.

" WITHOUT AN INTEGRATED UNDERSTANDING OF LIFE,
OUR INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE PROBLEMS
WILL ONLY DEEPEN AND EXTEND"

.....J.K.....

" The more we exploit nature the more our options are reduced until we have only one to fight for survival"

..... Morris K Udal

Depletion in Ozone layer and green house effect had already started showing signs of environmental ruin. As land is becoming more scarce day by day, people should think on reducing the production of waste by recycling and composting. As we people, the members of our eco-system should contribute to the saving our earth. We should avoid getting plastic bags as it cannot be eaten up by the micro organisms present in the soil.

But there is also a welcoming feature in the development of bio technology which is really going alleviate the short comings of pesticides especially that of causing environmental pollution. We should plant more trees and also adopt some trees which will really help in reducing the Carbon-dioxide level in the atmosphere. The importance of preserving our environment should be inculcated in children. People are required to be well equipped with knowledge theoretically and practically about our environmental problems and help keep our planet green, free from pollutants, to lead a healthy life.

.....Miss. Rajeshwari.....

TODAY

Heard the cry,
Saw the writhing figure,
On the roadside --
A body fighting for life,
A soul struggling to be free.

A bloody message from the fanatics --
To build a Kingdom
Of the haunted,
With the walking dead.

Love and Peace
REMAINS of the past,
Now gun fire scream
With splinters in the sky.

Mr. Prem

" REWARD OR PUNISHMENT FOR ANY ACTION MERELY
STRENGTHENS SELF-CENTREDNESS"

.....J.K.....

ALTERNATE SCHOOLS

To begin with 'education' is derived from the word 'educere' which means, to 'bring out', - the contents embedded in the personality of a person, by the process of learning. 'Education' is often misinterpreted and misunderstood, for being something which centres on the academic proficiency of a child. It is necessary to ponder over the words of Socrates, "Know thyself", which clearly explains the concept of education and stresses on the requirement of mutual learning between teacher and student by means of exchanging ideas, thoughts, opinions, views, etc., This pattern of education has been adopted by a very few schools.

Mainstream education is conventional in nature and has proved to be an utter failure in enabling the complete growth of a child. So in order to achieve the task and overcome the obstacles and loopholes in today's conventional educational system, the factor of creating a conducive atmosphere for learning has to be seriously taken into account. It is important to note that academic pressure on a child has largely contributed to the development of fear and various psychological problems. To alleviate the pressure on the child, the system which employs a method of education that shapes a child's personality and provides individual attention from Kindergarten to the Eighth standard must be introduced. From the 8th onwards the child becomes confident and mature to undergo the conventional and regular pattern of education. It is absolutely indispensable and inevitable that a child should not go through examinations. The most significant aspect and advantage of such a pattern of education is that freedom is provided to children to express their feelings, thoughts, views and opinions genuinely through discussions without fear. Thus freedom has been instrumental in enabling a child to become responsible and mature. The child's personality strengthens when he/she actively participates in educational and constructive activities conducted by the school. For instance, the Blue Mountains School has laid tremendous amount of emphasis on this pattern of education and has effectively implemented it. The B.M.S. has a glorious record of achievements in making such an educational pattern highly successful.

It should not be misunderstood that schools advocating this alternate pattern of education has produced adverse effects on a child. Instead they have helped children to develop a balanced attitude towards life as a whole. On passing out of school a child becomes mature, responsible and is capable of making individual decisions.

" WAR IS THE SPECTACULAR AND BLOODY PROJECTION
OF OUR EVERYDAY LIVING "

.....J.K.....

Education is a multi-faceted concept and a scrutinized analysis of its intricacies is requisite. Education is not just limited to literacy, but is something beyond literacy. The sphere of education embodies a variety of components such as healthy mental and physical growth in the absence of fear, to socialize amiably for strengthening relationships, to learn mutually and to express one's thoughts freely. Hence all these points are contents of educations and play a significant role in establishing a foundation in an individual's life.

Thus, schools incorporating an alternate pattern of education have given vast scope for creativity by means of extra-curricular activities. A conventional school makes an assesment only on the academic aptitude of a child, but in contrast, an alternate school focuses its attention on the general aptitude of the children. The striking and unique features of an off-beat or alternate school is that they are beneficial in helping a child to confront and tackle grim and complex situations with the stable mind.

After a comprehensive study, I think the alternate medium of education should receive wider recognition and acknowledgement and it is also necessary to perceive the fact that conventional educational systems have failed on the whole. To conclude a structural change is needed for the rigid educational system of our country and it should be transformed into a flexible one, so that the alternate form of education pervades.

..... Kartik

(18 years)

AN INNOCENT DRIFT

The smile of a child,
innocent and wild.
Lights up your life,
a pleasure of another kind.

Vices unknown,
virtues yet to learn.
A bud about to blossom,
with tender care and love.

.....Mr.Prem.....

" REPETITION AND HABIT ENCOURAGE THE MIND
TO BE SLUGGISH "

.....J.K.....

G O O D N E S S

Goodness can flower only in freedom. It cannot bloom in the soil of persuasion in any form, nor under compulsion, nor is it the outcome of reward. It does not reveal itself when there is any kind of imitation or conformity, and naturally it cannot exist when there is fear. Goodness shows itself in behaviour and this behaviour is based on sensitivity. This goodness is expressed in action. The whole movement of thought is not goodness. Thought, which is so very complex, must be understood, but the very understanding of it awakens thoughts to its own limitations.

Goodness has no opposite. Most of us consider goodness as the opposite of the bad or evil and so throughout history, in any culture goodness has been considered the other face of that which is brutal. So man has always struggle against evil in order to be good: but goodness can never come into being if there is any form of violence or struggle.

Goodness shows itself in behaviour and action and in relationship. Generally our daily behaviour is based on either the following of certain patterns - mechanical and therefore superficial - or according to very carefully thought-out motive, based on reward or punishment. So our behaviour, consciously or unconsciously, is calculated. This is not good behaviour. When one realises this, not merely intellectually or by putting words together, then out of this total negation comes true behaviour.

Good behaviour is in essence the absence of the self, the 'me'. It shows itself in politeness, in consideration of others, yielding without losing integrity. So behaviour becomes extraordinarily important. It is not a casual affair to be slurred over or a plaything of a sophisticated mind. It comes out of the depth of a being and is part of your daily existence.

Goodness shows itself in action. We must differentiate between action and behaviour. Probably they are both the same thing but for clarity they must be separated and examined. To act correctly is one of the most difficult things to do. It is very complex and must be examined very closely without impatience or jumping to any conclusion.

In our daily lives action is a continuous movement from the past, broken - up occasionally with a new set of conclusions: these conclusions then become the past and one acts accordingly. One acts according to preconceived ideas and ideals, so one is acting always from either accumulated knowledge, which is the past, or from an idealistic future, an utopia.

" EVERY SEPERATE GROUP OF PEOPLE, WITH ITS RULER AND
ITS RULED, IS A SOURCE OF WAR "

..... J.K

We accept such as normal. Is it? We question it after it has taken place or before doing it: but this questioning is based on previous conclusions or future reward or punishment. If I do this - I will get that, and so on. So we are now questioning the whole accepted idea of action.

Action takes place after having accumulated knowledge or experience; or we act and learn from that action, pleasant or unpleasant, and this learning again becomes the accumulation of knowledge. So both actions are based on knowledge; they are not different. Knowledge is always the past and so our actions are always mechanical.

Is there an action that is not mechanical, non-repetitive non-routine and so without regret? This is really important for us to understand for where there is freedom and the flowering of goodness. Action can never be mechanical. Writing is mechanical, learning a language, driving a car is mechanical, acquiring any kind of technical knowledge and acting according to that is mechanical. Again in this mechanical activity there might be a break and in that break a new conclusion is formed which again becomes mechanical. One must bear in mind constantly that freedom is essential for the beauty of goodness. There is a non mechanistic action but you have to discover it. You cannot be told about it, you cannot be instructed in it, you cannot learn from examples, for then it becomes imitation and conformity. Then you have lost freedom completely and there is no goodness.

..... Mr. Paramesh

HOW OLD ARE YOU ?

Expose your friends age without asking anything about the date of birth. Ask to do the following computations step by step without telling anything to you.

(If the date is 15.08.1970 and the date is not known to you)

1. Multiply month of birth with 2 $8 \times 2 = 16$
2. Add 5 with the above value $16 + 5 = 21$
3. Multiply the result with 50 $21 \times 50 = 1050$
4. Now ask to add
 "Your magic number 1446 "
 with the result $1050 + 1446 = 2496$
5. Now, ask to subtract
 the year of birth $2496 - 1970 = 526$

Now ask the answer. The last two digits will be the age of your friend.

.....Mr. Paramesh.....

MOVIES SHOWN DURING THE TERMS

NAME	CAST
-----	-----
Money Train	-- Wesley Snipes & Woody Haarelson.
Maverick	-- Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster & James Garner.
Skateboard Kid	-- -----
Armour Of God	-- Jackie Chan.
Famous Five	-- -----
President's Target	-- John Coleman & Bo Hopkins.
Breakthrough	-- Donald Sutherland.
Lion King	-- Animated.
Stranger In The	
Mirror	-- Christopher Plummer & Perry King.
Indian	-- Kamal Hassan & Manisha Koirala.
Last Of The	
Mohicans	-- Daniel Day Louis & Medeline Stowe.
Heat	-- Al Pacino, Robert De Niro & Val Kilmer.
Assasins	-- Sylvester Stallone & Antonio Banderas.
Rock	-- Sean Connery, Nicholas Cage & Ed Harris.
The Great	
Dictator	-- Sir Charles Chaplin.
Under Siege	-- Steven Seagal.
Back To The	
Future (I & II)	-- Michael.J.Fox & Christopher Llyod.
The Deep	-- Nick Nolte .
Jumanji	-- Robin Williams.
Escape To Victory	-- Sylvester Stallone, Michael Caine & Pele
Where Eagles Dare	-- Richard Burton & Clint Eastwood.
The Frisco Kid	-- Gene Wilder & Harrison Ford.
Sinbad The Sailor	-- Animated.
Out Break	-- Dustin Hoffman, R. Russo, D.Sutherland.
The Untouchables	-- Kevin Costner,Robert De Niro,S.Connery.
Water World	-- Kevin Costner & Dennis Hopper.
Braveheart	-- Mel Gibson.
Witness	-- Harrison Ford & Kelly McGillis.
Dr.Zhivago	-- Omar Shariff,Julie Christie,Alec Guinness
Toy Story	-- Animated (Voice of Tom Hanks)
Nammavar	-- Kamal Hassan & Gautami

Compiled by CHAITHANYA and KARTIK

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL COMMUNITY

