



KERALA SCHOOL KALOLSAVAM 2016-17

KANNUR - 2017 JANUARY 16-22

Code No.

683

A Brief History of Tomorrow

"Ah! My Lord Arthur, whether shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?"

(MORTÉ d'ARTHUR)

The silver tongued poet in Tennyson conceptually reiterates the clasp of blinding oblivion that Sir Bedivere bellows out of. The pineal round table, once a gallant reflection of viscous courage and belligerent bravery met the same end as Atlantis. Decapitation is not too strong a word to enunciate on these fatal sinks.

Every birth gone has its own story to tell;
One, bejewelled with paradoxical verse.

A chivalrous spiral has engulfed the current aura humanity propagates. But 'Not Marble nor the Gilded Monuments shall outlive this powerful rhyme' as Shakespeare's sonnet sings. For intertwined words inducing never fluctuations ripple for a very long time. STRUCK BY EPIPHONIES! ENVY ME, HADES!

A scientist assimilates. A litterateur brings about a figurative coalesce.

↳ Symbolic Tapestry, Vigour Invictus!

The right nerve is never the one that throbs faintly. Man's ideologies and herative deductions invoke perpetual perspectives in every other homo sapien. But these synaptic regulations emboss themselves on the timekeeper's flagella only via commensalism.

We have heard the father of REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM Socrates, proclaim his blatant refusal to writing; we have digested Demosthenes' ardent love for language and why he felt *viva voce* is best decrypted by induced phrasal continua. Words have always marvelled man, right from the vedic 'sounds' that have been recorded and kept scripture calm for aeons. His urge to refoliate societal impressions and artefactual poignance ought to have been fuelled by this same vigour for alphabetical concoctions and we respect Shakespeare, but envy his voyeristic phlegm of vocabulary.

Vision? Proclamation!

"There is something worse than blindness,
And that is seeing something that
isn't there!"

The wasp hums.



2) Absolon, Absolon! That Maupassant Rag!

November 8, 2016 saw yet again paper turning back to paper. Jayalalithaa's ascension to heaven brought trawla tears to any newspaper loving perfect. Rage and fury jumps off one's control as the editor manipulates his views frantically on shameless conduct, rapes and murders. No wonder, a cat lost its tail once and ended up buying itself one!

But would that avide named conscience be ever poicked of Shaw had not taught us that 'politics is the last resort of scoundrels'? Would we ever enjoy poetical beauty in a simple, reflecting dew drop if romanticism had not called to Kalidasa or the Mariner?

Frisch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu
Mein frisch Kind,
Wo weilst du? (THE WASTELAND)

Absolutely!

Odysseus would surely have returned fortnights later. But the asymmetrical question is still prevalent? Oh, la paté....

3) Disease crawls, Sceptre of speculation!

These days the word disease is one of egalitarian prevalence. To see to the bias that doctors adjourn and to shoot fragile clauses and blind verbs from accolade angles is surely a gargantuan question.

Recent study has shown that increased inhalation of an organic compound o-nitrophenol ($\text{O}^{\text{H}}\text{NO}_3$) has stabilized the steady increase in chance of a mother's calcified baby turn into a transgender in the near future.

In this sense, the LGBT (Lesbian Gay Bisexual Transgender) community are the worst receivers of justice.

Where are their words?

Where are their questions?

'I wild westwind!

Be thou me!

Be thou me!



That crawling question stains to the plethora. Yes, I was supposed to elucidate on the various phonetical aspects of language and how it remoulds the society. Yes, to amorously marvel the quotations and annotations of legendary writers and numb politicians' proforma was my deemed solace. And indignantly, I ought to have reiterated on the infamous success stories, that brave outbreaks of vision in man have bubbled.

Hypocrites! Poltergeists!

See to the individual incognizance;

Hear, & hear the warrior's cry!

(Isha Radhakrishna)

But which ^{road} am I joining you now in, my confused reader? Intolerable, serene miscalculation of concepts and deranged viewpoints? Scattered Shtolian scriptures and sarcasm in disguise?

Diaspora!

This is Anger! This is Rage! This is not a mere collaboration of eclectic words stimulated to condescending order in chronology any more, is it? This is a blatant mark of refusal to the road not taken that man is infused and mapped in calibration now.

Poets have sung their maladies.

Essayists have brought in their novel frameworks.

But an transition is due!

We were speechless admirers of the Renaissance period when literature was no more the figment of mad men who breathed verse, but an zealous voice of society as an entity.

Anna Hazare's Gandhian nonchalance, Kejriwal's juxtaposition impromptu. See the futile transition?

Breathe fire into me,

Hades looks no more! (THE ABYSS)

This now is an Excalibur!

Use it, my powerful reader and bring about that incognito
a sense to the forefront now. Edison's experiments tantalize
the euphoria surrounding science. Time for more alchemists to
rise!

It was from Sharmila's silent speeches that lead to a degeneracy
nowhere in feeble minds. The father of Reality, Henrik
Ibsen himself was an anarchist and sutures of value have
brought us down to a gargantuan loss of creativity.

Bill Gates stole Jobs' idea, not his words. So, there is that
fine line between one's ordeal and his transcriptions.
fuzziness with alphabets and pronouns can bring about a
newer fragma, anew neural schema let alone fblets of
media.

Sabbaticals arise,
Holidays turn wolly! (SODHA MORTY)

Eliot's wasteland,
Keats' Grecian urn,
Shelley's ozymandias,
all despise the Oedipus in us.

A soup of incoherent words in fraction can mean a lot
of things. That second when you can feel a false allegation
and still not stir up that pompous soup is when you lose
this war.

Critique ! Pique Interest !!

Refoliate lexicous and find that dictionary you emphasize.

For Antony was Caesar's son,
And Bradley, Shakespeare's sun;
But only that much of the artillery
could the Trojan horse fumble on!

" WORDS MAKE A SUCCESSFULL MAN!"

Wise words, that are often misinterpreted. Use your words
not to carve a sanctum for selfish ideals, but to delay
the senescence of rhombic unknowns... To attribute to an
abia and be part of a penumbra!

I have used my words...

Bring success!

Decision forgery!

"A. now va

Pithagum Sathyam!