



മുക്തം

ഡിജിറ്റൽ മാഗസിൻ

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St.Teresa's C.G.H.S.S
Ernakulam

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ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

He poetry of earth us never dead
When all the birds are faint with the
-hot sun

And hide in cooling trees, a
voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the
new-mown mead

That is the grasshopper-he take the lead

In summer luxury-he has never

Done with his delights,for when

Tried out with the fun

He rests at ease beneath some

Pleasant weed

The poetry of earth is ceasing

never :

On a lone winter evening-

When the frost has wrought

Silence.

From the stone there shrills

The cricket song is warmth, increasing

ever.

Avelin Maria

IX-E

DID YOU KNOW?

English language has a large vocabulary. It has borrowed words from many other languages. Here's a list of Indian words included in the dictionary.

: Chutney : Pyjamas :veranda

:Khaki : Bungalow :curry

:Avatar :pukka :Yoga

:Guru :pundit :Jodhpurs

:Loot :Coir :Raita

Ann Mary

IX-B

Andre Dubus III's

Andre Dubus III's books includes the new york times bestseller's house of sand and fog,the garden last days and his memori ,townie. His novel,Gone so long, recieved starred reviewe from publisher's weekly and library journal and has been named on many "Bust Books" lists, including election for the boton globe's

"Twenty lest books of 2018" and "The best books of 2018" "Top 100" , Amazon. He has three new books out or forth coming ,his novel such kindness, June 2023 ,a collection of personal essays , Ghost dogs:on killers and kin, due winter 2024, and as editor ,Reaching Inside:50 Acclaimed Authors on 100 unforgettable short stories.

MEREENA MARTIN

IX-E

To My Father

My father, your arms are my shelter

Assuring me that it will be better

your hands is my comfort,

Lifting me up when i fall short.

Your voice make me strong

Teaches me whats wrong and right

You fullfills my needs and desires

Your smile says it all

Father, I love you more than all.....

Ann Sashiya

IX-B

A SMILE

A smile is quite a funny thing

It wrinkles up your face .

And when it's gone

you'll never find it's

secret hiding palace

But for more wonderful it is

To see what smiles can do.

You smile at one,

He smile at you ,

And so one smile

Makes two.

Janita

VIII-C

Funny riddle for

Entertainment

1. Which letter of english alphabet has the most water?

Ans: "C"

2: What is as big as elephant but weight nothing?

Ans: An elephant shadow

3. What word starts and ends with 'E' has only one letter?

Ans: Envelope

4. What 4 letter word can be written same forward and backward as well as upside down?

Ans: NOON

5.I go around the world but never leave the corner.

Who am I ?

Ans:Stamp

6.What english word has 3 consecutive double letters ?

Ans: Book Keeper

Comipled by

Jovita Joseph

River

As a river flows

It begins to change

And that is why river

Never stay the same

And just like a river

My currents shift each day

And the way i am right now

Might not always remain

So if you are searching

for the girl i used to be

She was washed away

All the way out to sea.....

Emilin Grace

IX-B

The Golden Touch of Midas

Once upon a time, there was a Greek King, Midas.

He was very rich and had lots of Gold. He had a daughter, who he loved a lot.

One day, Midas found an angel in need of help. He helped her and in return she agreed to grant a wish.

Midas wished that everything he touched would turn into gold. His wish was granted

On his way home, he touched rocks and plants and they turned into gold.

As he reached home, in excitement he hugged his daughter, who turned into gold.

Midas was devastated and he had learnt his lesson. Upon learning his lesson, Midas asked the angel to take his wish away.

Moral of the story

Greed is not good for you. Be content and satisfied to lead a happy and fulfilling life

Avelin Maria

IX-E

Riddles

1. Riddle: What has to be broken before you can use it?

Answer: An egg

2. Riddle: I'm tall when I'm young, and I'm short when I'm old. What am I?

Answer: A candle

3. Riddle: What month of the year has 28 days?

Answer: All of them

4. Riddle: What is full of holes but still holds water?

Answer: A sponge

5. Riddle: What question can you never answer yes to?

Answer: Are you asleep yet?

6. Riddle: What is always in front of you but can't be seen?

Answer: The future

7. Riddle. What can you break, even if you never pick it up or touch it?

Answer: A promise

Anna Silvy Mishal

IX-E

Solitude

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

**But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.**

Annie Antony

IX-E

T H E R I C H M A N ' S V E S S E L

- Jovitta Joseph 8D

Once upon a time there lived a rich man in a village of beautiful rivers in Kerala. His house was full of vessels in all shapes and sizes. Some as small as a bird others big enough to seat a child. Whenever there was a ceremony in any household the villagers would borrow his utensils after the function they will return it. One day a strange thing happened. A man had borrowed nine vessels from him but he returned as nineteen vessels. He asked the man “How did the vessel increased”. The man told “Master, some of the vessels you had gave me were pregnant and they gave birth to their little one in my house. I am merely sending them with there parents to you. The rich man became very happy to here this. Few days later the man came again and borrowed ten vessels, thinking about getting double money he gave it and he thought the vessels would doubled like last time. After many days had passed the rich didn't get his vessels back with the new one. He went to the man's house and asked about the vessels and new ones. But the man

told:- “ what can i do the vessels are dead “ **DEAD**” what do you mean how can vessels die? Said the rich man angrily. The villager said ‘if they can give birth they can die too. The rich man silently stood astonished.

**MORAL:- GREED WANT'S MORE
BUT LOSES ALL**

MY HERO

She's a hero
protecting me at all cost
flying into my hearts
keeping our family together
making sure to protect me
suffering all the pain
gave up her dream
just to bring me up
trying to keep her emotions
hidden away from me
sometimes could not hear it
making me feel safe
under her wings
maybe angry
but does things
for my own good
after all
she's my mother
my hero

Faustina caney d rose IX-D

BEAUTY OF NATURE

The winds blow
the rivers flows
like a light fireflies glows
the beautiful multi coloured rainbow
the bright sunlight
the stars shining bright
the sky wide
the clouds hide
the rain showers
the beautiful flowers
the green trees
the hard working
little honey bees
with the sound sweet,
every morning
the birds greet
with the sound sweet,
every morning
the birds greets.

between human's
and nature their is
beautiful relation

the nature is the
only creator of
this beautiful creation.

Soumaya .p IX-E

DON'T GIVE UP

A long ago, there was lived a boy named Rodney in a village. He was very happy with his family. But his happiness could not last for long. Rodney and his fellow villagers faced a severe drought. They desperately waited for rains but with no luck. All the crops, land and even trees dried up. The cattle started dying as there was no rain, the stream was drying up slowly.

One night, during a meet with the villagers, Rodney said: " friends, we all have heard tales from our grandparents about an under ground river flowing through our village. Why don't we dig and see? " the villagers agreed and started digging. Then dug for some days but gave up soon. However, Rodney kept on digging. When people told him to give up, he said " god is helping and guiding my way"

one day, when he had dug deep enough, Rodney saw water.

His attitude of not giving up saved the whole village. "Never give up so easily". Rodney advised all the villagers. Now, they had never short of water. And whenever any problem arises, all the villagers came up together and find a solution.

- Emmanuela Theres Jayan

IX-F

A ROBOTIC MAN

looking like a shining moon,
but it is not a moon.
It knows everything in the world,
but it is not a living being.
It provides everything in the world
but it is not a abiotic.
It likes smart work
but doesn't like hard work.
it is very intelligent
but we are very stupid when we use it.
It is a Robotic.
But it is not abiotic.
Finally it is a machine.
Charles Gabbage was invented
but richard braith waist was named it.
It perfomed in calculation or computation
but do not make confussion
so the name got ' **COMPUTER**'

Shivani
VIII-E

WE HAVE NOT LONG TO LOVE

-TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

*'In silence i have watched you
Comb your hair*

*Intimate the silence,
dim and warm.*

*I could but did not, reach
to touch your arm*

*I could, but do not break
that which is still.*

**- FAIROOZA JAHAN K.H
IX-B**

MY NATURE

*Nature is beautiful as green hills,
Nature is amazing as oceans.
She is my mother,
She is my life.*

*She has different moods,
winter...summer...spring...autumn...
I like her voice,
I like her music.*

*Trees and plants gives food,
it helps to reduce heat.
We want to protect it,
it is our wonderful gift.*

*Oh! Nature, you are my mother,
I want to protect you.
You are the gift of god,
You are the wonderful gift ever...*

ANSIYA MARIYA

VIII-D



തേന്മാവ്

ഒരു വലിയ തറവാട്ടിലെ ഒരു അംഗമാണ് തേന്മാവ്. ആ തറവാട്ടിലെ കുട്ടികളുടെ കളിസ്ഥലവും അവർക്ക് തണൽ നൽകുന്ന വൃക്ഷവുമാണ് ആ തേന്മാവ്. കടയിൽ വിൽക്കുവാൻ ഭക്ഷണത്തിനു എന്നിങ്ങനെ പലവിധം ഉപയോഗങ്ങൾ . ഈ തറവാട്ടിലെ കാർണവരാണ് ഗോപാലൻ . ഗോപാലന്റെ കുട്ടികാലം മുതൽ ആ തേന്മാവ് അവിടെ ഉണ്ട് . ഗോപാലന്റെ മകൻ ആ തേന്മാവിനെ വെട്ടിനശിപ്പിക്കാൻ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നു.

എന്നിട്ടു അവിടെ വേറെയേതെങ്കിലും വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ നട്ടുവാൻ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നു. പക്ഷെ അയാളുടെ ഭാര്യ പറയുന്നുണ്ട് വേറെ വൃക്ഷം വച്ചാൽ അത് വളർന്നു വലുതാകാൻ കുറയെ സമയമെടുക്കും. നീ മിണ്ടാതെ ഇവിടുന്ന് വേഗം പോകൊളു എന്ന് പറഞ്ഞു അയാൾ തന്റെ ഭാര്യയെ പറഞ്ഞുവിട്ടു . ആ തേന്മാവിനെ വെട്ടുവാൻ ഗോപാലൻ സമ്മതിക്കുന്നില്ല . ഗോപാലൻ അറിയാതെ തേന്മാവിനെ വെട്ടിക്കളയാൻ മരംവെട്ടുകാരനെ കൊണ്ടുവന്നു . അയാളുടെ ഭാര്യയും മക്കളും ഗോപാലനും മരംമുറിക്കുവാൻ സമ്മതിക്കുന്നില്ല പക്ഷെ അയാൾ അവരെ തടഞ്ഞു നിർത്തി മരം വെട്ടിക്കളയുന്നു . പിന്നീട് കുറച്ചുദിവസങ്ങൾക്കുശേഷം നല്ല മഴയും

കാറ്റും വരുകയും അവരുടെമുറ്റത്തെ മണ്ണൊലിച്ചുപോവുകയും അവർക്കു പുറത്തിറങ്ങാൻ പോലും കഴിയാത്ത അവസ്ഥയിൽ ആവുകയും ചെയ്തു. അവരുടെ കുടുംബം പട്ടിണിയാകുകയും വെള്ളംപോലും ഇല്ലാതാവുകയും ചെയ്തു. ഇതിനു കാരണം ആ തേന്മാവിനെ നശിപ്പിച്ചതാണെന്ന് അയാൾ തിരിച്ചറിയുന്നു .

ജെസ്സ് ജസ്റ്റിൻ

IX-A

Pun -fun with words

'A pun is a humorous use of a word with multiple meanings.'

** The art competition ended in a draw*

**Every calendar's days are numbered*

** A bicycle can't stand on it's own because it is two-tired*

**A pessimist's blood type is always B-negative*

**Two peanuts walk into a bar and one was a-salted*

**Reading while sunbathing makes you well-red*

*-sweethu biju
IX-C*

THEY

Home is a heavenly place when they are active. From the dusk till dawn they work, but not one notice unless they are not well.

She calls us and get us ready of helps us get ready. She runs around like there is no tomorrow. She does all the chores, or have to take care of children or maybe unwell elders, or even adult with child's personality. Even better all of them!

A day won't go well if she misses anything important. But the day when she is unwell and unable to do anything, the dad who can't cook well surely cook, the children who does not even tidy up their own room cleans the whole house as much as they can. And so much changes that day.

And this 'she' can be mom, guardian and so on. Not every were it is same. Some times dad can be the one taking mom's place. But a person learns the value of her is when that person have to be her sometimes. Holding children and working, looking after others and chores between extra jobs. Their life is hard

'May their life teach this weak generation to not loose hope or their life over soft or hard times.'

Mary jenifer

IX-F

FRIENDSHIP

*Either winter or monsoon,
Spring or summer,
This unsinkable ship,
Floats forever.*

*This is my only lifeboat,
On which i can survive
It is warmer than anything else,
And has always helped me to revive*

Aidel Sebastian _
IX-B

A good life

Irin shibu VIII-C

*A good life is a song
when melodies are sung
by the laughter and smiles.*

*A good life is a cup of tears
when days are painted
by all sorrow and pain.*

*A good life is a community
when one ceases to be along
in the sea of love and compassion.*

*A good life is courage
when the heart of faith
announces the drawing of
new day.*

*A good life is knowing
the shipherd who walks with us
even in the valley of death
and brings us to the
mountain of safety...*

DIGNITY

*You get dignity
when you stop thinking wrong
when you do what you learn right
you can live dignity.*

*When you live a lifestyle that,
matches your vision.
You can get dignity.*

*When you renounces that ego
of individuality and rejoine up
and down of life.*

*There is dignity.
When you leave good thoughts
In you heart and mind...*

*-Ashliya Moncy
IX-E*

“Long Live the King”

I was eight years old the first time I heard his name. Shifting in the hard plastic seat, my wrists are shackled to a metal chain link at the center of the table, limiting my mobility.

The officer observes my discomfort passively, already impatient and annoyed with my recollection of events.

I was thinking a little more recent, Miss Clark. Like why you were caught standing outside his home with a bloody—

No, no, you don't understand. I need to start at the beginning. So you can understand; I enunciate, not trusting Officer Dougher, an overworked, underpaid, exhausted, dispassionate cop, to actually comprehend the beauty of my tale.

A tired sigh escapes me, not from lack of sleep but disappointment. Officer Dougher waves his fingers, gesturing for me to continue. I don't trust him, but this is the end of the line. The metal handcuff digs into my wrist as I adjust in my seat so I can really get into the story. Ignoring the pinching skin, I lean forward, welcoming him into my world.

I think back to that day, so many years ago now. Curled up in a ball on the lumpy, plaid couch, the edges of the cushions fraying, made worse when I ran my fingers along the seams. Shivering as the winds howled and rattled the single-pane glass windows of my friend's tiny cabin on Cliff Island, off the coast of Maine.

The day started bright and sunny, and like all the other kids who lived temporarily or year-round on the island, we spent every second playing in the ocean and cutting away debris through the woods like explorers and marauders. My best friend Ella had a neighbor, a boy who was older than us, maybe only a year or two, but at the time, the schism of our ages felt enormous.

He was tall. He spoke confidently and made fewer stupid jokes than the boys Ella and I went to school with on the mainland. Something about that island boy consumed me, and he was all I could think about as we explored the island that summer. I followed him bravely as we climbed up trees and leaped, clutching the makeshift swing as we flung ourselves into the water below.

As that particular day came to an end, I followed Ella, reluctant but resigned, back to her camp; the first dewy drops of rain wet our shoulders, and the shadows cast amongst the trees expanded. A storm was coming, you could smell it in the air.

By the time night fell, it was like a hurricane descended upon the island. Everything shook and howled and whistled, but the adults weren't concerned, and neither was Ella, so I forced myself to pretend I wasn't scared, too.

We curled up on the couch in the small den—Ella called it the inside-outside room because although there were four walls and a roof, the floor-to-ceiling rattling glass windows still made you feel like you were outside. Hovering together under mounds of blankets, Ella's parents flipped through the channels of their old TV—at that time, they could only get basic cable, and it sat like a gargantuan box on the floor, surrounded by towers of VHSs and DVDs—and landed on a movie. A lime-green light and eerie music set the first scene.

Ella's parents argued over whether they should let us watch it or not. In the end, her mom sighed and told her dad he could be the one to deal with us girls if we were up all night crying from nightmares.

That's not what happened, though. Because I was eight years old and about to learn the name of the man who would change my life forever.

What's this movie called? I whispered to Ella, who loudly reiterated my question to her parents.

Her dad responded between chews of soggy popcorn, *Tommyknockers*.

It was a weird movie. I felt like my mind was being twisted and warped and corrupted, then pet gently to rest when the movie came to an end.

It's a Stephen King. You girls've heard of him, right? He's a Mainer, her dad announced proudly. As if we had a claim to him. As if we should know him.

.That was when my obsession started; I return to the present, explaining to the officer in front of me. His pen lifts off the yellow-lined notebook, sparking my curiosity. Why wouldnt he use a laptop to take my statement? Surely that would be easier?

I like the drama of the pen and yellow-lined pages. Like were back in the fifties, and hes trying to get me to talk by making the room a little too hot and the light too bright. Any second now, his partner, the good cop, will come in here and offer me a cigarette and a whiskey.

Miss Clark; Officer Dougher prods, annoyed that I keep getting lost in my head.

I didnt play with the other kids the next day. I didnt care about the tall, handsome boy next door. After the movie ended, I asked Ellas parents about Stephen King, and her mom casually explained, while folding musty old blankets and picking up remnants from our slumber party in the inside-outside room, that she had a few of his books lying around somewhere. I just had to dig around and find them. I tell the story like Im writing it down, with nuance and interiority.

.You see; I tell the cop—or is he a detective? His plain clothes point to the latter, but hes the same man who caught me outside the tall, gothic red mansion, handcuffing and stuffing me into the back of his cruiser. I spent that whole summer, hell, the entire next year reading *The Dark Towers*. I didnt understand half of what I was reading, needing a dictionary to help me translate nearly every line. But it was nothing like the books we were reading in school. I became obsessed.

Dougher reacts to this word. *Obsessed*. Its a trigger word, a small point against me, an indication that I wasnt quite right in the head.

.That led me to other authors, of course. Ray Bradbury, Frank Herbert, Clive Barker, Douglas Adams. Then, as I got older, it became Atwood and Nin, Vonnegut and Palahniuk and Bukowski. I lost myself in—

A gruff throat clearing interrupts my train of thought, and I glance up, wide-eyed and mystified, suddenly immersed in all those unspent feelings of my youth, trapped in a miasma of misanthropy and bibliophilic lust.

But Officer Dougher and his graying, whiskery, late-shaven face is disinterested in my passions. He wants the crux of the story, the meat of it, the spoilers. He doesn't want the prose or tension. Just give it to me, his eyes scream. Just admit what you did!

He would truly hate reading Tom Robbins.

He releases a long, suffering sigh when the door creaks open behind him, and a second officer, this one clad in standard blues, enters the room, holding a clear plastic evidence bag.

I wince when I see the contents.

The new cop drops the bag unceremoniously on the table between Dougher and me, then turns to leave. I look up, making eye contact with the camera in the corner of the room near the ceiling, the little red dot trained on me, recording my every move.

They'll later use the footage as evidence of my guilt; they'll tell people I bared myself open on the table, as raw and exposed as the smashed plastic and metal drone, now covered in dried blood in the plastic evidence bag, the camera above capturing my every thought and memory.

My erratic behavior, the evidence bag, and a signed confession are all Dougher wants from me, though, so I relax; he's only got two out of three.

Ignoring his impatience, I smile wistfully. That was when I began writing. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I took creative writing classes, I got a degree in English and Communications. But I kept getting rejection letters. Over and over again. And then one day, I lean forward, lowering my voice, pleased when Dougher mimics my posture, finally intrigued.

Then one day, I was in Bridgton at a Walgreens, and whos up at the prescription counter but Stephen fucking King.

Dougher lifts his eyebrows, not getting it. Not understanding.

I grunt. His ineptitude is exhausting. Anyway, when he walked past me, I couldn't help it; I tried to talk to him and I was so awkward, stumbling over my words. But he was so kind and polite. I told him I was writing horror, like him, and that he was my inspiration. That I fell in love with writing because of him, but I just couldn't get published. And do you know what he said?

What did he say?

He said, Not everyone can be scary. And then he smiled that stupid, toothy smile and left.

Finally, finally, understanding dawns, the doughy man's cracked lips pressing together thoughtfully.

And that hurt your feelings? You wanted revenge? That's why you flew—

No, of course it didn't hurt my feelings. It motivated me.

Dougher's pen stills on the yellow paper once more, glancing at me beneath his lashes. He's trying not to spook me or slow my momentous storytelling, but he also doesn't want to admit he's still confused.

Look. I was his biggest fan. But his last few books; I lift my palm, bound as it was to the table, and made a so-so gesture with my hand. I think he just needed a little inspiration. It was kind of poignant, too, don't you think? Very Annie Wilkes of me. I smile proudly, but this idiot still looks confused.

Misery? Still, nothing. Kathy Bates?

Recognition passes his face, and I don't resist the eye-roll.

That's the one about the woman whos obsessed with the author, and she kidnaps him and makes him rewrite the story, right?

Very good, Dougher, even if you did get that from the movie. But did you know that Misery was inspired by another short story of a similar premise?

I did not. So... you identify with this... Annie Wilkes character, then?

I shrug.

Miss Clark... what I really want to know is... what happened when you arrived at Mr. Kings Bangor home at 12:36 AM this morning?

I glance back at the evidence bag, the broken drone, which I lost control of, and the smattering of blood on the plastic casing.

On the one hand, I could tell him the story of how it all went so sideways, not at all according to my plan.

Or, I could tell him what actually transpired while adding narrative, a creation of my own making.

Alright, Mr. Dougher. Heres the story of what happened last night when I arrived at Stephen Kings mansion...

Eshani Laiju-
IX-F