

ROYAL



DIGITAL MAGAZINE 2019-20

പി.എം.എസ്.എ.
ഹയർ സെക്കണ്ടറി സ്കൂൾ
എളങ്കൂർ



പി.എം.എസ്.എ.
ഹയർ സെക്കണ്ടറി സ്കൂൾ
എളങ്കൂർ



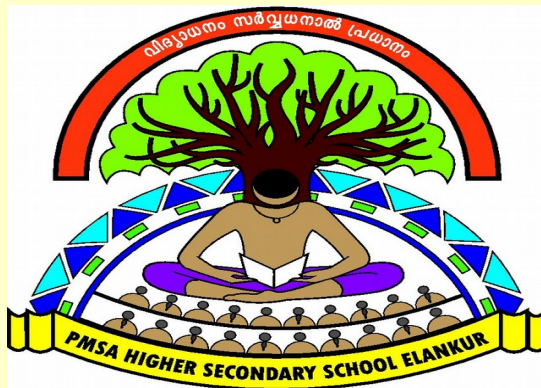
LITTLE KITES

ROYAL



DIGITAL MAGAZINE

Published by- Little Kites , PMSA HSS ELANKUR UNIT
Published on-28-01-2k20



EDITORIAL....

സർഗാത്മകതയുടെ പുതിയ അവതരണ രംഗങ്ങളാണ് ഡിജിറ്റൽ മാസികകൾ.കൈയെഴുത്ത് മാസികയുടെയും അച്ചടി മാസികയുടെയും രീതിയിൽ നിന്ന് മാറി പുതിയൊരു മേഖലയായി ഇത് മാറിയിരിക്കുന്നു.പുതു തലമുറ ഡിജിറ്റൽ ആകാശം സ്വപ്നം കാണുന്നു.സർഗ വൈഭവത്തിൻ അവ ഡിജിറ്റൽ രൂപം നൽകുന്നു.നവം നവങ്ങളായ രചനകളിലൂടെ അവർ ഡിജിറ്റൽ ആകാശത്തിലെ പറവകളായി മാറുന്നു.നമ്മുടെ സ്കൂളിലെ ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് അംഗങ്ങളും മറ്റു വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളും ഒത്തു ചേർന്ന് തയ്യാറാക്കിയ പുതുമയം വൈവിധ്യവുമുള്ള ഒരു ഡിജിറ്റൽ മാസികയാണ് **"ROYAL"** ഈ സർഗ്ഗ പരിശ്രമത്തിന് എല്ലാ ഭാവുകങ്ങളും നേരുന്നു

Flood : The Hunter of Kerala



This Is The Visuals Of Flood Affected Region In Kerala In 2018 And 2019

We Saw The Flood In 2018 in.....

• Pattanamthitta • kottayam • idukki

but, we saw the flood in 2019 at north Kerala

• malappuram • wayanad

The Reasons For Flood

unscientific activities of man

over exploitation of natural resources

we can pray for flood affecters

ഉള്ളടക്കം

The Old Women On The Moon _Story..... 7

Song Of The Rain _Poem..... 9

Green River Valley _Poem..... 12

A Prayer In Spring _Poem..... 14

Send Me An Angel _ Describtion..... 15

On Killing A Tree _Poem.....16

Global Warming _ Information..... 12

പ്രതികാരം..... 13

ജീവിതം..... 14

മുറിവുകളു്..... 15

കരഞ്ഞു കലങ്ങിയ കണ്ണുകളുടെ സ്വപ്നം..... 16



At Inauguration Function

:-The Old Woman on the Moon :

Mona was a young girl who lived in Mumbai. One night she saw the lull moon rise, climbing slowly across the sky. The moonlight was flooding her father's corn fields. It was so very beautiful that she praised God for all the wonderful things around her.

For her the moon seemed to be at a far distance. She looked at the moon and felt that somebody was sitting in it under the shadow of a tree. She had heard, "There was an Old Woman who lived there. How lonely she must be," Mona thought for a while. She felt so sad to think of her.

Suddenly a moonbeam danced right into her room and bowed low and said, "The old woman on the Moon has read your thoughts and invites you for a visit. Won't you come with me? I shall bring you back in a few days."

Mona's parents were away on a visit and only the old servant was in the house. She joyfully accepted the invitation and said, "But how shall I get there? The moon is miles away."

"I shall take you there. All you do is to touch this magic moon rays and sit on my buck and by sunrise tomorrow we shall be to the moon."

Quickly Mona touched the magic rays and away she flew with the dancing. They crossed oceans and continents and Mona who knew her geography saw the outline of the world lade away. Higher and higher he moonbeam ascended. Stars and planets swirled past. She was so excited that she urged the moonbeam to fly faster and faster.

It was dark and the outline of the moon was clearly visible. The light grow brighter and brighter and Mona was almost blind by the shining glow. She could see deep valleys and craters and high mountains. She knew that no humans lived on the moon because there was no air and no living things grew there. She wondered how she would breathe and how the old woman lived. Doubtless, she had some magic powers. She knew that the glorious Sun reflected its light on the moon.

At last they reached the summit of a mountain and the exhausted moonbeam circled low and gently landed at the entrance of a beautiful castle made out of moon-stones. Each gem glittered in every hue and the enchantment of the scene fascinated the girl.

A very old woman, her white flowing hair almost touching the ground, gently greeted the girl and bade her welcome. "You are the first human whom I have ever met. Are they all like you? I have watched the earth for millions of years. Tell me all you can about it. It. is so lonely for me here."

"But how do you live here without air and water?" asked Mona.

"My child, once you touch the magic moonstone, you need nothing. You can live here forever and not want anything."

Mona was a gentle and kind girl and had great compassion for the old woman. Every day she sat with the old woman and told her stories of life on earth. She described the snow-capped mountains, the wide oceans, the green valleys, the bright meadows, the various beasts and the songs of the birds and the laughter of the children. But she sadly concluded that the earth was not all bliss as there was so much discord between different countries and much despair in the hearts of men.

The old woman listened carefully and said that humans would soon reach the moon too. Already she had seen strange shapes circling the hills. "Of course, those are the space capsules. They are piloted by men called astronauts and I know that one is actually going to land on the moon very soon. They don't need to touch the magic moonstone to survive here. They have oxygen tanks and all sorts of scientific instruments to help them."

The next morning, Mona was exploring a crater, looking for pretty gems when she heard a strange whirr and was astonished to see an unfamiliar contraption land bumpily near her. She knew it was some kind of a space capsule and gazed at the young astronaut with wonder. He in turn was so astonished to see a pretty young girl hopping among the craters that he nearly dropped his instruments.

"Who are you and how did you land here?" asked the astronaut. Mona laughed and told her story. "But don't you want to go back to earth? I can take you with me." "Oh yes...I would like to return. But first I must say good-bye to the dear Old Woman on the Moon! She will be so lonely without me." She bade the old woman a fond farewell and flew back to the beautiful earth with all its life. The old servant shook Mona awake with a hard shake and said to her, "Wake up Mona, you have slept the whole day and now it is night again and the moon is shining bright. Come and have your food." Mona at once got up from her sleep and she jumped out of bed. She went to the window and saw if the old woman was still there. But she saw nothing but deep shadows. She sighed and said, "Oh dear, I've only been dreaming!"

Later on, Mona participated in a competition of story writing in her school. Mona had written about her wonderful dream and narrated the story very nicely. The judges liked her imagination and also selected her for the first prize. Mona was very happy and she shared her joy with her parents. Mona's parents were also very happy at what their daughter achieved and encouraged her to write on many things. Soon Mona became a writer and wrote many good stories with facts for children.

The Old Woman on the Moon - The Old Woman on the Moon - The Old Woman on the Moon

:--SONG OF THE RAIN--A POEM

I am dotted silver threads dropped from
heaven

By the gods. Nature then takes me, to adorn
Her fields and valleys.

I am beautiful pearls, plucked from the
Crown of Ishtar by the daughter of Dawn
To embellish the gardens.

When I cry the hills laugh;

When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;

When I bow, all things are elated.

The field and the cloud are lovers

And between them I am a messenger of
mercy.

I quench the thirst of one;

I cure the ailment of the other.

The voice of thunder declares my arrival;

The rainbow announces my departure.

I am like earthly life, which begins at

The feet of the mad elements and ends

Under the upraised wings of death.

I emerge from the heard of the sea

Soar with the breeze. When I see a field in
Need, I descend and embrace the flowers and
The trees in a million little ways.

I touch gently at the windows with my
Soft fingers, and my announcement is a
Welcome song. All can hear, but only
The sensitive can understand.

The heat in the air gives birth to me,
But in turn I kill it,
As woman overcomes man with
The strength she takes from him.

I am the sigh of the sea;
The laughter of the field;

The tears of heaven.

So with love -

Sighs from the deep sea of affection;

Laughter from the colourful field of the spirit;

Tears from the endless heaven of memories.

by Khalil Gibran

:-GREEN RIVER VALLEY

Your face 'tis mirrored in the river-

Along its banks where moss and algae grow-

Shadows of the dark forests unfold slowly-

'Neath the lemon moon- your reflection- simply glows;

Evening has locked its ebony blanket in-
'Cross the rivers green-gardened theme-
Fireflies flutter their brilliance and gossemer wings-
While the river unfolds unfathomable things;

In the valley under the mountains spires-
The zenith touches the skies broken white clouds-
And the fireflies- now even in daylight-
Mirror your reflection- in the river so proud;

Oh such divine whispers you share with me-
Cupping my chin in your most loving of hands-
Moving one in a caressed sweep 'cross my cheek-
Oh 'tis magical-this green gardened river land;

Where love n'er can e'er perish...
As 'tis strong water-'tis strong as death-
Reflections carry on our love song-
That seeps from your fervant and longing breath

BY [Theodora \(Theo\) Onken](#)

:-A PRAYER IN SPRING

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us hear
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by
night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfil.

: - Send Me An Angel



*The wise man said just walk this way
To the dawn of the light
The wind will blow into your face
As the years pass you by*

*Hear this voice from deep inside
It's the call of your heart
Close your eyes and you will find
The passage out of the dark*

*Here I am
Will you send me an angel?
Here I am
In the land of the morning star*

*The wise man said just find your place
In the eye of the storm
seek the roses along the way
Just beware of the thorns
Here I am*

*Will you send me an angel?
Here I am
In the land of the morning star*

*The wise man said just raise your hand
And reach out for the spell
Find the door to the promised land
Just believe in yourself*

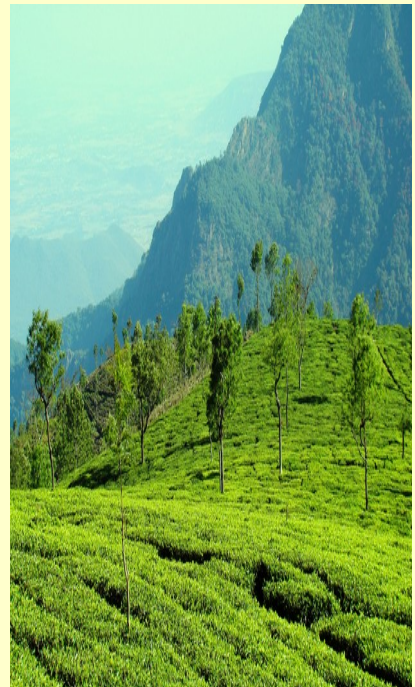
*Here this voice from deep inside
It's the call of your heart
Close your eyes and you will find
The way out of the dark*

*Here I am
Will you send me an angel?
Here I am
In the land of the morning*

:-On Killing A Tree

It takes much time to kill a tree,
Not a simple jab of the knife
Will do it. It has grown
Slowly consuming the Earth,
Rising out of it, feeding
Upon its crust, absorbing
Years of sunlight, air, water
And out of its leperous hide
Sprouting leaves.

**So hack and chop
But this alone wont do it.
Not so much pain will do it**



The bleeding bark will heal
And from close to the ground
Will rise curled green twigs
Miniature boughs
Which if unchecked will expand again
To former size

No,
The root is to be pulled out-
out of the anchoring earth;
It is to be roped,tied,
And pulled out-snapped out
Or pulled out entirely,
Out from the earth-cave,
And the strength of the tree exposed,

The source,white and wet
The most sensitive,hidden
For years inside the earth.
Then the matter
Of scorching and chocking
In sun and air,
Browning ,hardening,
Twisting,withering,
And then it is done.

:-GLOBAL WARMING

What is global warming?

Global warming is the condition which is harm full to human being .

what are the causes of global warming?

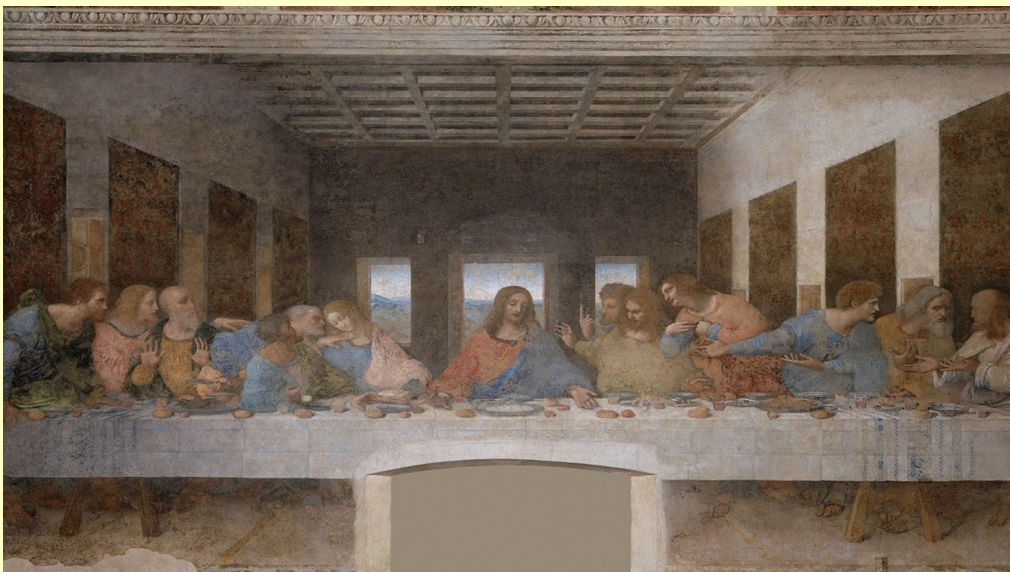
- . over use of carbon in atmosphere*
- . Destroy of ozone*
- . over usage of CFC, Halon*

what are the measures that taken for reducing of global warming?

- . reduce over use of vehicles*
- . use bicycles and public transportation for travelling*



MAJOR HISTORICAL PAINTINGS



How can we be happy?

Happiness cannot be clearly defined as it a mental or emotional state. It can be seen ranging from satisfaction to intense joy. But every one likes to be happy.

*We should have an ambition in life. It makes us active and when we realize our goal we become satisfied. Showing **kindness** and **sympathy towards others** is a way of finding happiness. Being confident also paves the way to joy and happiness. Life without friends is dull and boring. **Friends** can make us happy in many ways. **Positive thinking** keeps our mind fresh and joyous. By practising regular **exercises** and **yoga** we can keep our mind and body healthy. By following the tips mentioned above we can be happy.*

Arts Of Kerala

Graphics

