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HOLY FAMILY H.S.S
KOTTAYAM

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പ്രകൃതി സുന്ദരി

കൺ നിറയെ കനവുമായി
അവൾ എൻ മുമ്പിൽ നിൽക്കവേ
അവളിൽ ഞാൻ അലിഞ്ഞുപോയി
അവളുടെ കണ്ണിർ തുള്ളികൾ എന്നെ തഴുകി
ഞാൻ അവളുടെതായി മാറി

എങ്ങുപോയി അവൾ എൻ മുമ്പിൽ നിന്ന്
എങ്ങുപോയി എൻ ജീവനാളോ
നിലക്കാതിരിക്കുമാ എൻ പ്രണയനാളോ
എനിക്കായ് എരിഞ്ഞിടൂ അവൾ നെഞ്ചകോ
പ്രകൃതിയാം അവളെ ഈ ലോകമിതാ മറക്കുന്നു.

By : Kester . T . Jiji



The Orphan Girl

There was once a little girl named Lily who lived in an orphanage. She was just three years old when she was abandoned by her parents on the doorstep of the orphanage. Lily had no memories of her parents and the only family she knew were the other children at the orphanage.

Lily was a happy and curious child, always eager to learn and explore. But living in an orphanage was not easy. She had to share a room with several other children and there was never enough food or clothes to go around. The caretakers were kind, but there were too many children for them to give individual attention to. Lily longed for a family of her own, someone to call her own and love her.

Despite the challenges, Lily found solace in the stories she would read in the books donated to the orphanage. She would often imagine herself as the brave protagonist in those stories, going on adventures and finding a loving family along the way.

One day, a kind couple came to the orphanage looking to adopt a child. Lily's heart skipped a beat as she hoped they would choose her. But as she watched the couple interact with the other children, she began to lose hope. They seemed to prefer the younger, more outgoing children.

Just as they were about to leave, Lily mustered up all her courage and walked up to the couple. She handed them a drawing she had made of a family with a big smiley face. The couple was moved by the gesture and after speaking to the caretakers, they decided to adopt Lily.

Lily couldn't believe it, she finally had a family of her own! She moved into a big house with a backyard and her own room. The couple showered her with love and affection, and Lily was finally able to experience the warmth of a family she had always longed for.

As she grew up, Lily never forgot her time at the orphanage and the other children who were still waiting for a family. She made it her mission to spread awareness about adoption and help other children find loving homes.

Lily's journey from an orphan to a loved and cherished child was not an easy one, but it taught her the importance of hope, courage, and the power of love. She knew that she was lucky to have found a family, and she promised to always cherish and appreciate the love she received.

By,
Sefin K Vinod .

THREADS FROM HEAVEN

Oh the rain it falls from the sky
A soothing sound, a sight to the eye
It washes away the dirt and the pain
And brings new life to the parched earth again

The droplets dance upon the ground
A symphony of sound, all around
The puddles reflect the clouds above
A mirrored image of nature's love

The rainbows that appear in the sky
A treasure to behold, oh so high
A promise of hope, a sign of grace
A reminder of the beauty in the space

MELONA ANNA JOBISH

KATHAKALI

Kathakali, the classical dance form of Kerala, a traditional dance which tells stories from the Indian epics and is a unique blend of dance, music, and acting which depicts these epic art traits. Kerala is known for its vibrant arts and festivals, consist of having everything to entertain people all over the world. Kathakali is the best exposure to visual treat in the arena of arts and festivals. Its an art with mudras, those who are well versed with the meaning of mudras, then you can enjoy Kathakali at its best state.



Mohiniyattam

The famous traditional art form in Kerala is Mohiniyattam stands for "a maiden dancing". It is believed to be a combination of Kathakali and Bharatanatyam involves the use of graceful moments. History noted that the Mohiniyattam originating in the 6th century and regarded as one amongst the eight Indian classical dances by the Sangeet Natak Academy. Mohiniyattam is always performed by a solo woman dance and it's known to have acquired its name from the Vaishnava devotees. This art forms of Kerala reveals something colorful and it has everything that you would prefer from an art form.



Theyyam

Theyyam, one of the popular ritual and art form of north Kerala. Theyyam rituals are very colorful. The majestic experience of the art forms leaves viewers speechless and it has everything to attract everyone. North Malabar region in Kerala is known to witness the best art form Theyyam with best expressions. There, they are promoting certain best rituals and art form of ancient traditions. Theyyam has everything to attract everyone. This incredible art form that is the legendary talk of culture, history, traditions, man, his religions and a lot more. Kerala has a few art forms which are really captivating and are incredible sights.



THE PRINCESS'S LOVE

AKSHAYA PRADEEP

Once upon a time, in a far-off kingdom, there lived a beautiful princess named Sophia. She had everything a girl could ask for - wealth, luxury, and a life of ease. But there was one thing missing - true love.

One day, while out for a walk in the castle gardens, Sophia met a young man named Thomas. He was a poor gardener's apprentice, with calloused hands and tattered clothes, but his kind heart and gentle smile captivated her.

Despite their differences in social status, Sophia and Thomas quickly fell in love. They would steal away to secret hideaways in the gardens, talking for hours about their dreams and aspirations. Thomas told her of his desire to one day own his own garden, where he could grow the most beautiful flowers and trees.

Sophia, who had never known love before, felt alive for the first time in her life. She longed to be with Thomas, to support him in his dreams, and to be his partner in every sense of the word.

But alas, their love was forbidden. The king and queen, Sophia's parents, had already arranged for her to marry a prince from a neighboring kingdom, a man who was wealthy and powerful, but also cruel and heartless.

Determined to be with the one she loved, Sophia made a bold decision. She would run away from the castle with Thomas, and start a new life together in a far-off land.

And so, one night, under the light of a full moon, Sophia and Thomas made their escape. They rode horses through the rolling hills and dense forests, laughing and talking, their hearts full of hope and dreams.

As they rode, the wind blowing through their hair, they knew that they would face many challenges and hardships, but they were determined to build a life together, no matter what obstacles lay ahead.

And so, they rode off into the sunset, their love strong and true, their hearts full of hope, and their dreams ready to take flight.



School Days Symphony

In the realm of knowledge, where dreams take flight,
A place of laughter, a realm of light.
With corridors of learning, echoing with cheer,
A haven of wisdom, drawing dreams near.

Morning bells announce the start,
Of a journey so profound, a work of art.
Through the hallowed halls, young minds roam,
In the kingdom of learning, they find their home.

The chalk dust dances, as stories unfold,
In the classrooms of silver, and blue and gold.
Teachers, like guides, with hearts so vast,
Illuminate minds, shaping futures fast.

From alphabet whispers to equations bold,
A spectrum of subjects, a tale to be told.
In every notebook's corner, a secret code,
The language of curiosity, on paths untrod.

Friends become allies in this scholarly quest,
Shoulders to lean on, in moments of zest.
Together they navigate through textbooks and lore,
Building memories that forevermore endure.

The playground resonates with joyous cries,
Where friendships blossom, reaching the skies.
In every game, lessons unfold,
Of teamwork, compassion, and hearts of gold.

As the school bell rings, signaling the end,
A symphony of knowledge, a message to send.
For within these walls, seeds are sown,
To nurture minds, as they've grown.

In the tapestry of life, a chapter so sweet,
School days etched in memories, an anthem complete.
A foundation laid, brick by brick,
In the school of life, a journey so quick.

So here's to the school, a sanctuary of grace,
A timeless space, where futures embrace.
In the echo of laughter, in the lessons learned,
A symphony of school days, forever to be yearned.



Dhyan Navin

IxC

Breaking Chains of Silence"

Once upon a time in a small village nestled amidst green hills and winding rivers, there lived a young woman named Aishwarya. She had dreams as vast as the open sky, but her life was confined within the walls of her oppressive home.

Aishwarya had suffered silently for years, enduring emotional and physical abuse from her husband, Vimal. The village, steeped in conservative traditions, had always turned a blind eye to the plight of women like her.

One fateful day, Aishwarya met Ananya, a social worker who had dedicated her life to empowering women. Sensing Aishwarya's silent cries for help, Ananya decided to become her beacon of hope.

Ananya introduced Aishwarya to a supportive network of women who had also faced abuse. Together, they formed a secret sisterhood, a sanctuary where they could share their stories without fear of judgment. Through this sisterhood, Aishwarya found the strength to confront her own demons.

As Aishwarya's bond with her newfound sisters deepened, so did her courage. They decided to raise their collective voice against the injustice that had bound them for far too long. With Ananya leading the way, they organized awareness campaigns, spoke at community gatherings, and challenged the patriarchal norms that had held them captive.

The movement gained momentum, and Aishwarya's story became a rallying cry for change. The village, once indifferent to the suffering of its women, started questioning age-old customs. The seeds of transformation were sown.

Emboldened by the support of her newfound sisters and the growing movement, Aishwarya took legal action against her abusive husband. The court's verdict sent a powerful message, not just to Aishwarya's oppressor but to every perpetrator of abuse in the village.

The once-silent women now stood tall, reclaiming their lives and rewriting their destinies. Aishwarya emerged as a symbol of resilience, her story inspiring countless others to break free from the shackles of abuse.

In the end, the village underwent a profound transformation. The women were no longer voiceless; they were the architects of their own liberation. The echoes of their collective strength reached far beyond the hills, becoming a beacon of hope for women facing oppression everywhere.

And so, in this tale of adversity and triumph, Aishwarya and her sisters proved that even the darkest nights can give birth to the brightest mornings, and freedom is a journey worth fighting for.

Jefin saiju

class: 9C

THE FORGOTTEN GEM

In the heart of a bustling city, amidst the gleaming towers and modern marvels, there lay a forgotten corner where time seemed to stand still. Tucked away in an old, abandoned garage sat a relic from another era: a once-majestic Lexus LFA, now shrouded in layers of dust and surrounded by the echoes of its former glory.

For years, the old Lexus had been neglected, its sleek lines obscured by rust, its engine silenced by disuse. But fate had plans yet unseen, for one day, a young man named Alexander stumbled upon this forgotten gem. Alexander was the son of a wealthy entrepreneur, accustomed to the finer things in life, but there was something about the dilapidated Lexus that stirred his soul. Intrigued by the car's history and captivated by its potential, Alexander made a bold decision. He would restore the Lexus LFA to its former splendor, no matter the cost or effort required. With the backing of his father's fortune, Alexander set out on a journey of restoration, guided by his passion and fueled by his determination.

The task ahead was daunting. The Lexus had weathered years of neglect, its once-lustrous paint now chipped and faded, its interior worn and tattered. But Alexander refused to be deterred. He enlisted the help of skilled craftsmen and automotive experts, sparing no expense to ensure that every detail of the restoration was executed with precision and care.

As weeks turned into months, the old Lexus began to undergo a miraculous transformation. Bit by bit, the rust was sanded away, the dented panels replaced, the engine painstakingly rebuilt. With each passing day, the car seemed to come back to life, its dormant spirit reignited by Alexander's unwavering dedication.

Finally, the day arrived when the Lexus LFA stood before Alexander in all its resplendent glory. Gleaming under the sunlight, its sleek lines restored to perfection, the car looked as though it had just rolled off the assembly line. Alexander couldn't help but feel a swell of pride as he beheld the culmination of his efforts.

But the true joy came when Alexander turned the key in the ignition and the engine roared to life with a thunderous growl. The sound echoed through the streets, a triumphant declaration of the Lexus LFA's revival. With a smile of satisfaction, Alexander eased the car out of the garage and onto the open road, the wind in his hair and the thrill of the ride coursing through his veins. From that day forward, the old Lexus LFA became more than just a car to Alexander. It was a symbol of perseverance, a testament to the power of passion and determination. And as he cruised through the city streets, Alexander couldn't help but feel grateful for the journey that had led him to this moment, and the extraordinary machine that had become his greatest treasure.

Ezra.Vadasseril
class 9C



ഭൂമിയും സമയവും

മഴയും മായയും, കാലങ്ങൾ മാറുന്നു, പഞ്ചായത്തുകൾ പരസ്പരം സംസാരിക്കുന്നു. ആകാശം ചിരിക്കുന്നു, മുഖങ്ങൾ പൊഴുതുനിന്നു, ജീവൻ തുടരുന്നു, ഹൃദയങ്ങൾ വിരിയുന്നു. സോഷ്യൽ മീഡിയയിലൊരു ചർച്ച, മൊബൈൽ സ്ക്രീൻ മുഖങ്ങളിലേക്കു, രാഷ്ട്രത്തിന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ അവസാനിക്കുന്നു. പ്രതിഷ്ഠയും സത്യവും, സംസ്കാരങ്ങളും സംരക്ഷിക്കുന്നു, നാടുകൾക്കു ഒന്നായി ഉയർന്നുപോകുന്നു. പ്രകൃതിയും മനുഷ്യരും, ഒന്നായി ജീവിക്കുന്നു, സംരക്ഷണത്തിന്റെ അനിവാര്യ പ്രശ്നങ്ങൾ പരിഹരിക്കുന്നു. മാതൃഭൂമിയുടെ ഹൃദയം പരിസ്ഥിതി പ്രകർഷണത്തിനായി, നിന്നെയും ഞങ്ങളെയും സംരക്ഷിക്കുകയാണ് ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്നത്. രാഷ്ട്രം സജീവമായുള്ളൂ, വികാസത്തിന്റെ മാർഗങ്ങളിലേക്കു, സമൃദ്ധിക്കു പിന്തുടരുന്നു, ഏകജീവിതത്തിന്റെ ഒരു പുതുക്കൽ. നവജീവനത്തിന്റെ സ്വാഗതം, വിജയത്തിന്റെ പ്രത്യാശ, ഒരുപാട് സമസ്തതയ്ക്കും നാം സ്വന്തം ഭാവന സ്ഥാപിക്കുന്നു. മാതൃഭൂമിയേ, നിന്റെ കടകത്തിൽ, പുതുതായി വീഴുന്ന സൂര്യപുത്രനും, നിന്റെ സാന്നിദ്ധ്യത്തിൽ ഞങ്ങളെ കൈക്കൊള്ളുന്നു, നിന്നെത്തന്നെ നാം ഏകാന്തകര അനുഭവിക്കുന്നു.

yohannan ignatious

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