



little
KITES

ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ്
ഹൈടെക് വിദ്യാലയങ്ങളിലെ
കുട്ടികളുടെ
ഐ.ടി കുട്ടായ്മ



little
KITES



ilam ithalukal

ഇളം ഇതളുകൾ

{DIGITAL MAGAZINE}

st.★thomas h.s.s

keezhillam

LITTLE KITES STUDENTS WORK

2018- 2019

ഇളം

ഇതളുകൾ

{DIGITAL MAGAZINE}

ST. THOMAS H. S. S KEEZHILLAM

editorial

Dear readers

you have in hand “ilam ithalukal”

7, The e-magazine of st. Sthomas h. s.s keezhillam

“ilam ithalukal” is the efforts of little kites students

“A flower does not make a garden beautiful but

A bunch of flowers does and the colourful world of

Flowers, butterflies and rainbows has paved way to

The blistering neons, celluloids and LEDSS.

Best regards

Basil siji

Chief editor

Ilam ithalukal

Little kites magazine 2018-19

Basil siji {chief Editor}

Ashik babu

Anzil bava p s

kite master: sri. Varghese A Joseph

kite mistress: Smt. Simi M Jacob

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SONG OF THE FLOWER

I am a kind word uttered and repeated
By the voice of nature
I am star fallen from the
blue tent upon the green carpet
I am the daughter of the elements

with whom winter conceived
To whom spring gave birth
I was reared in the lap of summer and
I slept in the bed of Autumn

At dawn I unite with the breeze

collected by,
ADHIL NOUSHAD



SOLITUDE

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 its 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 you pleasure, But they do not need your woe.

Be sad, and you lose them all.

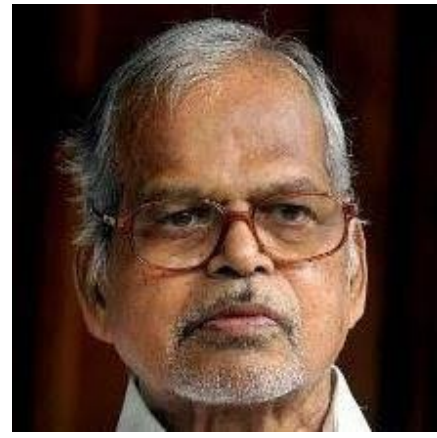
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink your life's GOALLF

collected by,

• HARIKRISHNAN V.S



• ആറൂർ രവിവർമ്മ (ജനനം 1930)



തൃശൂർ വടക്കാച്ചേരിക്കടുത്തുള്ള ആറൂർ ജനനം.കവി,വിവർത്തകൻ എന്നീ നിലകളിൽ പ്രശസ്തൻ.

പ്രധാന കൃതി:കവിത,ആറൂർ രവിവർമ്മയുടെ കവിതകൾ,(ഭാഗം1 ,ഭാഗം 2),ജേ .ജേ . ചില കുറിപ്പുകൾ,പുളിമരത്തിൻ കഥ,പുതുനാന്തൂറ്, നാളെ മരൊരാൾ നാൾ മാത്രം.

മുഖ്യബഹുമതികൾ:എഴുത്തച്ഛൻ പുരസ്കാരം,കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി അവാർഡ്.

Submitted by
TREESA BABY....



MY GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE



There is a house now far away where once
I received love....that women died
The house with drew into silence,snakes moved
among books,I was then too young to read;
and my blood turned cold like the moon.
How often I think of going
There,to peer through blind eyes of windows
or just listen to the frozen air.
Or in wild despair pich an armful of darkness to bring it here to lie
Behind my bed room door like a brooding dog....you cannot believe,
collected

by_

SAHEED SAJI





TO MY MOTHER

To-day's your natal day
Sweet flower I bring;
Mother, accept, I pry
My offering.
And may you happy live
And long us bless;
Receiving as you give
Great happiness,

Collected by



ANURAG



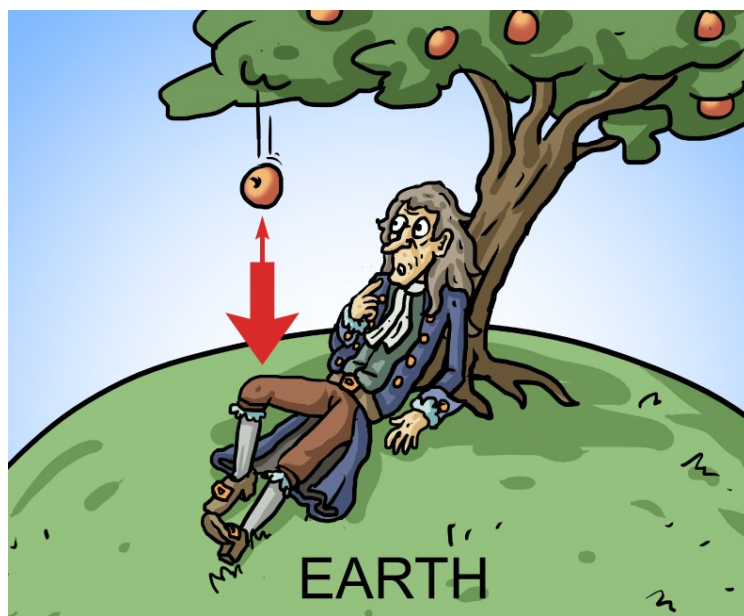
LOVE

Love is a magic ray
emitted from the burning core
of the soul
and illuminating
the surrounding earth.

It enables us
to perceive life
as a beautiful dream
between one awakening
and another.

COLLETED BY
ASHIK BABU





NEWTON'S LAW

I WAS INATTENTIVE IN SCIENCE CLASS ONE DAY WHEN THE TEACHER AT RANDOM
LOOKED MY WAY I DIDN'T LOOK UP , I WOULDN'T DARE THERE'S NO ESCAPING
THAT INTENSE GLARE .

ASKED ME TO EXPLAIN TO THE CLASS
NEWTONS LAW TO GRAVITY AND MASS
MY MIND WAS A BLANK ,HEARTBEATS LOUDER
FOR AN ANSWER I STARTED TO FLOUNDER

I STOOD BEFORE THE CLASS TREMBLING WITH FEAR
"GRAVITY' I SAIDAND THEN OH DEAR
I FELL OFF THE STAGE ON TO THE FLOOR
HOW THE CLASS WITH LAUGHTER DID ROAR

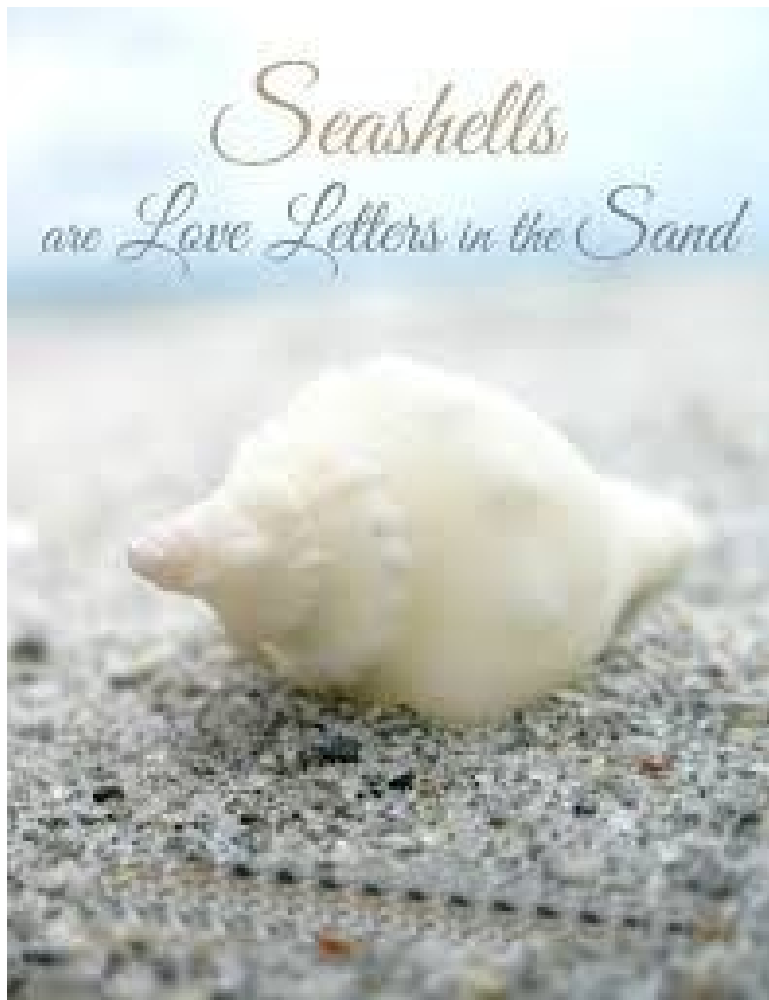
THE CHILDREN TITTERED IN GREAT AMUSEMENT
THEY DIDN'T KNOW MY SAD PREDICAMENT
THE TEACHER SAID ," YOU'VE DEMONSTRATED GRAVITY
ALTHOUGH YOU DID IT WITH MUCH LEVITY

AT LENGTH I RETURNED TO MY SEAT
WITH MUCH APPLAUSE DID THEY GREAT
NOW I LOOK BACK UPON THIS AND PONDER
I DECIDE TO LISTEN AND NOT LET MY MIND WANDER

COLLECTED BY

FAVAS HASSAINAR



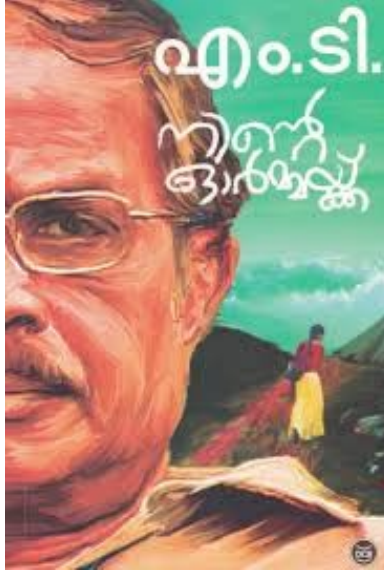


Love Letters in the Sand Quotes

“Hearts united in pain and sorrow
will not be separated by joy and happiness.
Bonds that are woven in sadness
are stronger than the ties of joy and pleasure.
Love that is washed by tears
will remain eternally pure and faithful.”

BY
Khalil Gibran
COLLECTED BY ANZIL





നിന്റെ ദുർമ്മയ്ക്ക്

20 - 9 - 1954

ഒരു പന്തിരാണ്ടിനുശേഷം ലീലയെപ്പറ്റി ഞാനിന്ന് ഓർത്തുപോയി.

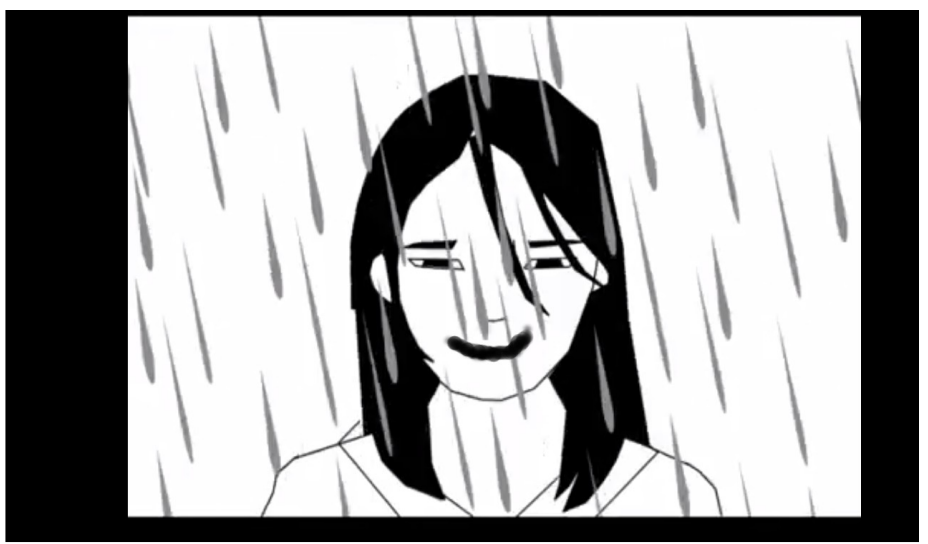
ലീലയെന്നു കേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ നിങ്ങൾ പെട്ടെന്ന് വിചാരിച്ചേക്കാം. തെറ്റിദ്ധരിക്കാതിരിക്കാൻ നേരത്തേ പറഞ്ഞുകൊള്ളട്ടെ. അവൾ എന്റെ സഹോദരിയാണ്.

ഈ വസ്തുത അറിയുന്ന വ്യക്തികൾ ലോകത്തിൽ വളരെ കുറച്ചേ ഉള്ളൂ.

ലീലയെക്കുറിച്ച് ഓർക്കാൻ കാരണം പെട്ടിക്കടിയിൽനിന്നു കണ്ടു കിട്ടിയ റബ്ബർമുണ്ടയാണ്. റദ്ദുചെയ്ത ഷർട്ടും മുണ്ടും പഴയ കടലാസുകളും ഇട്ട പെട്ടിക്കകത്ത് ഇന്നൊരു പരിശോധന നടത്തി. നോക്കുമ്പോഴുണ്ട് ആ പഴയ റബ്ബർ മുണ്ട കിടക്കുന്നു. അതിന്റെ നിറം മങ്ങി ആകർഷകതയില്ലാതായിട്ടുണ്ട്. സ്ഫടികംകൊണ്ടുണ്ടാക്കിയ കണ്ണുകൾമാത്രം മങ്ങിയിട്ടില്ല.

collected by
mufena





FIRST SHOWER

As I returned from my workplace

Cool drops kissed my parched face
Soon the first shower caught me unawares

And soaked me, soothing my frayed nerves

The weary lines did it promptly erase

Of day long heat and fugitive from my visage

Wet clothes clung to my body like an infant
To its mother's bosom; unsteady my gate

The dusty trees stood bathed in an instant

Dressed in washed green looked magnificent

The scented earth resplendent in dampened glory

Sucked in dust giving respite to the travellers weary

To thank the rain god I looked up in the sky

Marvelling at this wonderful gift of nature

I hurried home wading through the gurgling water

ADOPTED BY BASIL SIJI





MARVELLOUS WORLD

MARVELLOUS TRAVEL

I Travel with my eyes
watching those silently cry,
Asking themselves the question why,
someone left them without saying GOODBYE,
I travel with my thoughts
I travel with my pen
To write about children,women and men
I travel with my voice,
I travel with my hope,
That something new,would spring into my horoscope
Weather in Asia,America or Europe,
There'll always be something interesting to scope

BY
JOSHUA FERNANDEZ

COLLECTED BY DARSHAN

==





ABOUT THE AUTHOR;

JULIANE DILLER

Juliane Diller [born on 10 October, 1954], alias Juliane Margaret Koepcke, is a German biologist, born in Peru. She is best known as the sole survivor among 92 passengers and crew in the 24 December 1971 crash of Lansa flight 508 in the Peruvian rainforest. Her memoir *When I Fell from the Sky* is an international best seller and is "a gripping account of a harrowing adventure and an inspiring life".

Collected by

ALEENA LONS





FOREVER

*Forever we remain
oblivious to the future
lost to the past and
enduring our fortune.
Forever we take chance
to settle our scores
losing some battles and
winning some wars.
Forever praying out loud
hoping someone will hear,
forever crying softly but
never shedding a tear.
Forever exists behind a
disguise,
but the belief in forever
keeps our hearts a live.*



Collecting by
BILTA MARIYAM SAJU



SONG OF THE DREAM

Once in a dream of night I stood
lone in the light of a magical wood.
Soul deep in vision that poppy like sprang
And spirit of truth were bird that sang
And spirits of love were stars are glowed
And spirit of peace were stream that flowed
In that magical wood in land of sleep

Lone in light of that magical grove
I felt stars of spirit of love
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth
And I heard song of spirit of truth
To quench my longing I bent me low
By streams of spirit of peace that flow
In that magical wood in land of sleep

COLLECTING

BY

GOPIKA. R. NAIR



سَجِّلْ !

أَنَا عَرَبِيٌّ

أَنَا إِسْمٌ بِلَا لَقَبٍ

صَبُورٌ فِي بِلَادٍ كُلِّ مَا فِيهَا

يَعِيشُ بِفَوْرَةِ الْغَضَبِ

جُدُورِي

قَبْلَ مِيلَادِ الزَّمَانِ رَسَتْ

وَقَبْلَ تَفْتِحِ الْحَقَبِ

وَقَبْلَ السَّرْوِ وَالزَّيْتُونِ

وَقَبْلَ تَرَعْرِعِ الْعُشْبِ

collected
by
safwan



അമ്മ

പണ്ടു കുറുകുഷ്ടഭ്രമിയിൽ വൈരികൾ
രണ്ടുപക്ഷത്തായ് നിരന്നു,
രണ്ടു ഭാഗങ്ങളും തമ്മിലൊരു കൊച്ചു
തുണ്ടു ഭൂമിയ്ക്കായിടഞ്ഞു.
സത്യധർമ്മങ്ങൾ പരുകേറ്റുവീണൊരാ
യുദ്ധപ്പറമ്പിന്റെ മാറിൽ
മൃത്യു വിനാശംവിതച്ചുകൊണ്ടുന്മാദ-
ന്യുത്തം ചവിട്ടിത്തിമിർത്തു!
ആനയും, കാലാൾപ്പടയും, കുതിരയു-
മാ ചതുരംഗക്കളത്തിൽ
വെട്ടിയും കുത്തിയും വെട്ടേറ്റുവീണുമ-
ന്നൊട്ടേറെ നാശം വിതച്ചു.
നീളെത്തറഞ്ഞു കിടന്ന മൈതാനിയിൽ
ചാലിട്ടൊഴുകിയ രക്തം
നീചമാം രാജാധികാരമോഹങ്ങൾക്കു
നിത്യദൃഷ്ടാന്തമായ്തീർന്നു!

യുദ്ധം കഴിഞ്ഞു; ശ്മശാനവൃത്തങ്ങളിൽ
കത്തും ചിതാഗ്നിതൻ മൂന്നിൽ
ബദ്ധാഞ്ജലിയുമായെത്തിനാളെന്നൊരു
തപ്തമനസ്കയാമ്മ.
പാതിദഹിച്ച കബന്ധങ്ങൾ കാൺകെയാ
മാതൃഹൃദയം പിടഞ്ഞു,
ഓരോ ചുടലയ്ക്കരികിലും തന്നിയാ-
ളോടിക്കിതച്ചു നടന്നു.

collected by Badra





പഴയ ചൊല്ല്

കാക്ക കുളിച്ചാൽ കൊക്കാകുമോ.....

ആന വായിൽ അംബഴുങ്ങ.

പിടിച്ചതുമില്ല കടിച്ചതുമില്ല.

വേണമെൻകിൽ ചക്ക വേരിലും കായിക്കും.

ഇരുന്നിട്ടേ കാൽ നീട്ടാവൂ.

വെളുക്കാൻ തേച്ചത് പാടായി.

കാക്കയ്ക്ക് തൻകുഞ്ച് പൊൻകുഞ്ച്.

അണ്ണാരക്കണ്ണൻ തന്നാലായത്.

ഒരുമയുടെകീഴ് ഉലക്കമെലം കിടക്കാം.

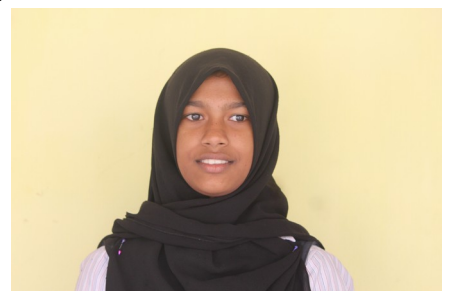
വടികൊടുത്ത് അടി വാങ്ങുകഅട്ടയെ പിടിച്ചു മെത്തയില്

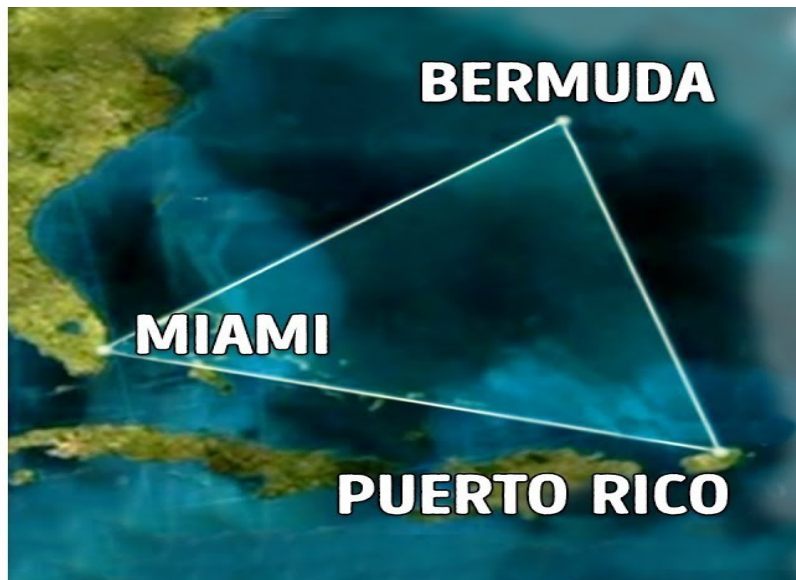
കിടത്തിയാല് കിടക്കില്ല.

SUBMITTED

BY

AYSHABI E.S.





THE MYSTERY OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

Before beginning my speech let me ask you, how many of you like mysteries? How many of you love to engulf yourself in a mystery book? Well apart from these mystery books bizarre unsolved mysteries can also be found right here on Earth, at the Bermuda Triangle, "a region in the western part of the North Atlantic Ocean where a number of aircraft and surface vessels are said to have disappeared under mysterious circumstances."

Good afternoon, respected Principal, teachers and my dear friends today I am standing in front of you to take you all to a mystery, the mystery of the Bermuda triangle.

Long before the legend of the Bermuda Triangle became popular, Bermuda had already earned a reputation as an enchanted island. It was nicknamed "The Devil's Islands" by early sea travelers, frightened by the calls of cahow birds and the squeals of wild pigs that could be heard on shore. But perhaps the most thrilling tales were told by sailors terrified of shipwreck on Bermuda's treacherous stretch of reefs.

The imaginary area referred to as the Bermuda Triangle covers about 500,000 square miles of ocean off the southeastern tip of Florida; an area roughly bounded by Miami, Bermuda, and Puerto Rico. Stories of strange happenings and mysterious disappearances in the Bermuda Triangle have entertained the superstitious for many decades. Everything from disappearing airplanes and boats to reports of deadly whirlpools and malfunctioning mechanical equipment have helped to perpetuate the idea that something "otherworldly" has made its home in the western Atlantic Ocean.

It all began when Vincent Gaddis wrote a cover story on the disappearance of Flight 19 in 1945, it grabbed the interest and curiosity of many and so the mystery of the Bermuda triangle began.

The story that started it all; Dec 5 1945, Flight 19 disappeared off the coast of Florida. Flight 19 was a schedule routine navigational training machine where 5 TBM Avenger torpedo bombers carrying 14 men were assigned to fly a training through the route. Approximately 2 hrs after Flight 19 had left a radio contact intercepted between the lead pilot of Flight 19 and another pilot of the same plane reporting that the aircraft's compasses were malfunctioning. Furthermore the general confused and panicky sounds of the pilots' voices, and several unusual statements were heard made in the various radio transmissions. Among these statements was a comment by Taylor that he couldn't "be sure of any direction," and that "everything looks strange, even the ocean."

How could something so unexpected and strange happen?

Twenty minutes passed, and then another flier began communicating back with the tower. Finally, he speaks the last chilling words ever heard from Flight 19: "It looks like we are entering white water ... We're completely lost." Flight 19 then disappeared forever. Never seen nor heard from again. Despite the fact that a rescue mission went underway

Written by kripa



Thank



you.....