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LITTLE KITES

THIS DIGITAL MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED BY
LITTLE KITES 22-25 BATCH.

2022-25

SH HS PANGADA

SHHS Pangada

DIGITAL MAGAZINE

FORWARD

Dear LK members

Little Kites is an initiative launched by Kerala Infrastructure and Technology for Education (KITE) in 2018. KITE is a state-owned company that supports ICT-enabled education in schools in Kerala. The Little Kites IT Clubs program provides specialized training to over 100,000 students in the following areas. Animation, Cyber Safety, Hardware, Electronics, Malayalam computing, Artificial Intelligence, Robotics. The government granted 5% grace marks to members of Little Kite units who received an A grade. The CEO of the little kites is K Anvar Sadath

This magazine is designed by little kites 2022-25 batch



Josphin K Biju

leader
little kites 22-25

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Bang the Drum

You and I
Together we reach for the sky
It's not about winning
It's all about playing the game
From the East
From the West
Each of us trying our best
Chasing a dream
Burning to follow the flame

Bang the Drum a little louder
So the whole world can hear
the whole world can hear
Sing the song a little louder
So the whole world can hear
the whole world can hear

From near
From far
it's clear, wherever you are
This is your moment
Your time to run like the wind
Dream big
Aim high
Even believe you can fly
Give it your all
Let the Game begin

SONG OF THE RAIN

I am dotted silver threads drops 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 heart of the sea
Soar with the breeze. When I see 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 turns I kill it,
As women 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 -
Sights from the deep sea of affection;
Laughter from the colourful field of the spirit;
Tears from the endless heaven of memories.

By Nivedhitha M S

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The Golden Egg

Once upon a time, a farmer had a goose that laid a golden egg every day. The farmer used to sell that egg and earn enough money to meet their family's day-to-day needs. One day, the farmer thought that if he could get more such golden eggs and make a lot of money and become a wealthy person. The farmer decided to cut the goose and remove all the golden eggs from its stomach. As soon as they killed the bird and opened the goose's stomach, they found no eggs. The foolish farmer realized they had destroyed their last resource out of greed.



By

Abin Saji

The Pig *and the Sheep*

A pig found its way into a meadow where a shepherd was grazing a herd of sheep. The shepherd caught the pig and carried him off toward the butcher shop when it started crying loud and struggled to get free. The sheep told the pig, “The shepherd catches us regularly and drags us off like that, and we don’t make any noise.” The pig replied, “My case and yours are altogether different; he catches and takes you to shave off the wool, but he wants me to be killed for making the bacon.”

by

Ann Elizabeth Samuel

The Race

Tarun was a mediocre student. His grades could barely satisfy his parents. And, he was not a good singer, dancer painter or even an actor. He always thought of himself as the black sheep of the family. His elder brother, who was pursuing a degree in engineering from a reputed college, always made the family to proud. But Tarun was never good at anything like that.

However, he was blessed with the strength of a great athlete; he was an excellent runner. He would run for hours, be it day or night. Whenever he felt sad and lonely, he exhausted himself by running, thus releasing all his pent-up emotions. At times he would miss his school bus and would then run to school, which was five miles way from his home! He just had on dream-to become the fastest runner in the world. Tarun did not know how to achive his dream. On the one hand, his parents hated his running and wanted him to concentrate more on his studies, which he never did. On the other hand, he belong to a middle class family, and Tarun knew that, to achieve his dream, he needed an intensive training, the mount for which was well beyond his family's reach.

When Tarun failes in his terminal examination, his father was very angry with him. His friends to made fun of him. It was a day he wanted to wipe out from his memory and so he took to running. He ran all around the park. The sun beat down to check his rage but nothing could stop Tarun. After about an hour, he was fully exhausted and his fury having subsided, he threw himself on a bench and started panting heavily.

Suddenly, he heard a voice at his elbow. “What is it, son?”

Tarun turned to his left and their sat a man of above sixty.

“I failed in two subjects,” he replied in a depressed tone.

The man smiled sympathetically and said, “Life is full of ups and downs, my boy. By the way, I am Ram Narayan, and you are one of the best runners I have ever seen.”

“Ram Narayan? Raaaa...m...Narayan! Are you the same Ram Narayan who won an Olympic medal in the 400-metre race in the 1960s?” Tarun could not hide his excitement.

“Yes,” pat came the reply. Tarun was dazzled.

“Son, I have been watching you for the past 45 minutes,” continued Ram Narayan, “and I see a good future in you.”

Tarun could not help but blush.

“All you need to do is keep that passion burning in you and never give up. Have you joined some training school?” the man enquired.

Tarun's smile faded and he seemed distraught. “A training school is very expensive, sir, and I am unemployed,” said Tarun, feeling happy that could joke even in these circumstances.

But Ram Narayan seemed pretty serious. “I will train you if you want, but I put forward a condition.”

“What is your condition?” Tarun's voice showed curiosity and anxiety.

“There is a race on Children's Day at the Nehru Stadium. Children of your age are competing there. If you participate and win that race, I promise I will start training you,” said Ram Narayan.

“That is no big deal. I can do it, can't I?” thought Tarun. “I will, I will, sir!” he heard himself saying with complete conviction.

“Fine boy! It is my job to get you entry in the race and remember, yours to win it. Tell me, what is your name?” asked Ram Narayan.

“Tarun...Tarun Kapoor, sir.”

“Tarun, I will meet you after five days to give you your participation card. All the best,” said Ram Narayan and left. On the way home, Tarun thought that if his father had not scolded him, he wouldn't have this opportunity.

The next day brought a new ray of hope. Tarun got up early, had milk and before his mother could finish her query on what he was up to, he ran out and went to the Nehru Stadium to check the details of the race. He was very happy indeed.

Tarun started practising zealously. Every day he would get up at four in the morning and run up to ten miles. In the evenings, he would time himself according to the 1,000-metre distance prescribed by the competition. He wanted everything to be perfect. It was for the first time in his life that he was demanding such perfection in things he did, he thought. He also wanted someone to Back him up and so he told everything to his mother.

Tarun practised vigorously for five days, and then promptly met Ram Narayan to collect his participation card. He gazed at the piece of paper on which his name had been printed boldly. It meant so much to him.

“However hard, I must win this race,” thought he.

He wanted to show his father that he was not really the black sheep of the family and that he could be good at something at least.

It was 14th November. Bowing low of the blessings of his mother, Tarun pedalled away to the stadium. There was a huge crowd waiting to go inside. Tarun entered the office where a signboard read

'Participants only' with his heart beating faster every second. Inside, there were about fifty participants waiting for the race to begin.

He felt someone patting him on the shoulders. "Hello, Tarun!" it was Ram Narayan. "All the best!" he said affectionately.

Tarun smiled at him but did not say a word. Fear had gripped him from head and foot.

All the participants lined up. Every face glittered with the hope of winning the race. Each one of them had his family and friends in the stands to cheer for him. To his amazement, Tarun caught sight of his mother in the stands. The fear in his eyes gave way to confidence. The whistle blew and all the participants started off their all their might. They were all determined to be the winner of the race. In the lead was the fastest of them all, Tarun. Seeing himself ahead of everybody, Tarun felt very proud of himself.

On the track there was a shallow path. As he was running fast, Tarun did not notice that and he slipped. Breathing fast, he saw the other kids going past him. He could not be a loser today, and so without wasting a second, he got up to run once more. Being quick, Tarun overtook a few kids ahead of him. But as fate had it, he slipped once again.

What was happening to him? He could not bear it. He looked into the crowd and saw his mother. She was saying something to him: “Get up, son get up and run.”

Tarun got up once again. He was among the last few. But he did not give up. Once more he overtook some children. Since he was fretting a little too much, he fell a third! Tears were rolling down his cheeks. How will he get into Ram Narayan's training now? How will he prove to his parents that he was talented? He was the last kid on the track now. He turned his eyes towards the stands.

Then he heard Ram Narayan screaming from somewhere, “Come on, Tarun, run!”

And so he got up a third time. This twelve-year-old determined boy, who was last on the track, got up and ran with all the strength he had.

The crowd was cheering for pawan, the boy who had won the race, but to Tarun's surprise, there was a louder applause when he crossed the finishing line last. The audience cheered for his determination and his valour for never giving up.

He bowed his head with shame and said to Ram Narayan, “I am sorry, sir, I lost.”

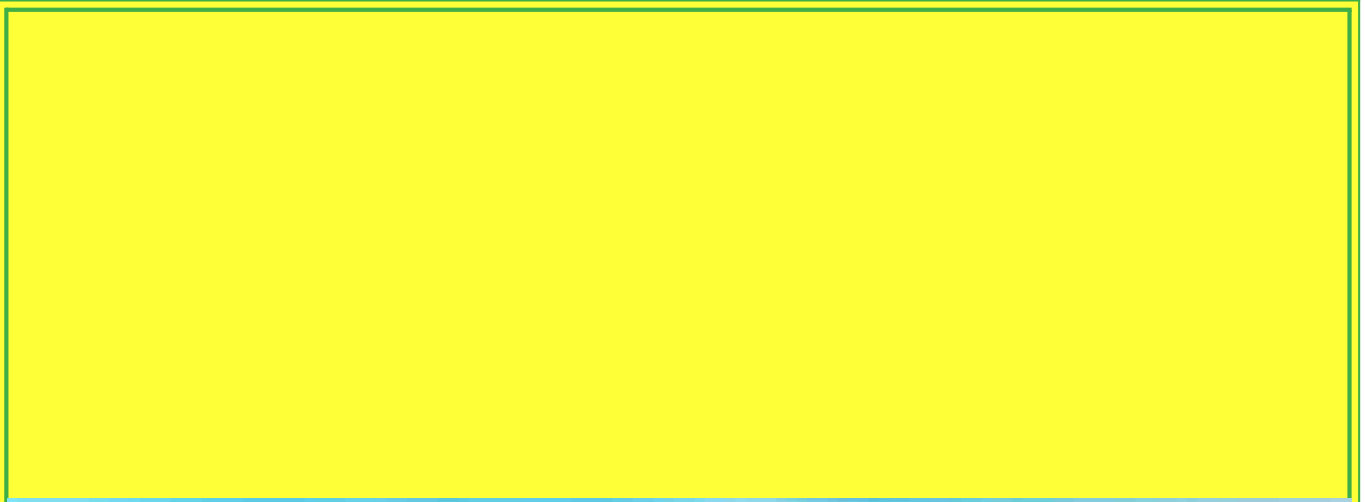
“No, son, to me you have won the toughest race, the race of your life. You got up and started afresh

each time you fell. You are a real-life hero. Your training starts tomorrow.”

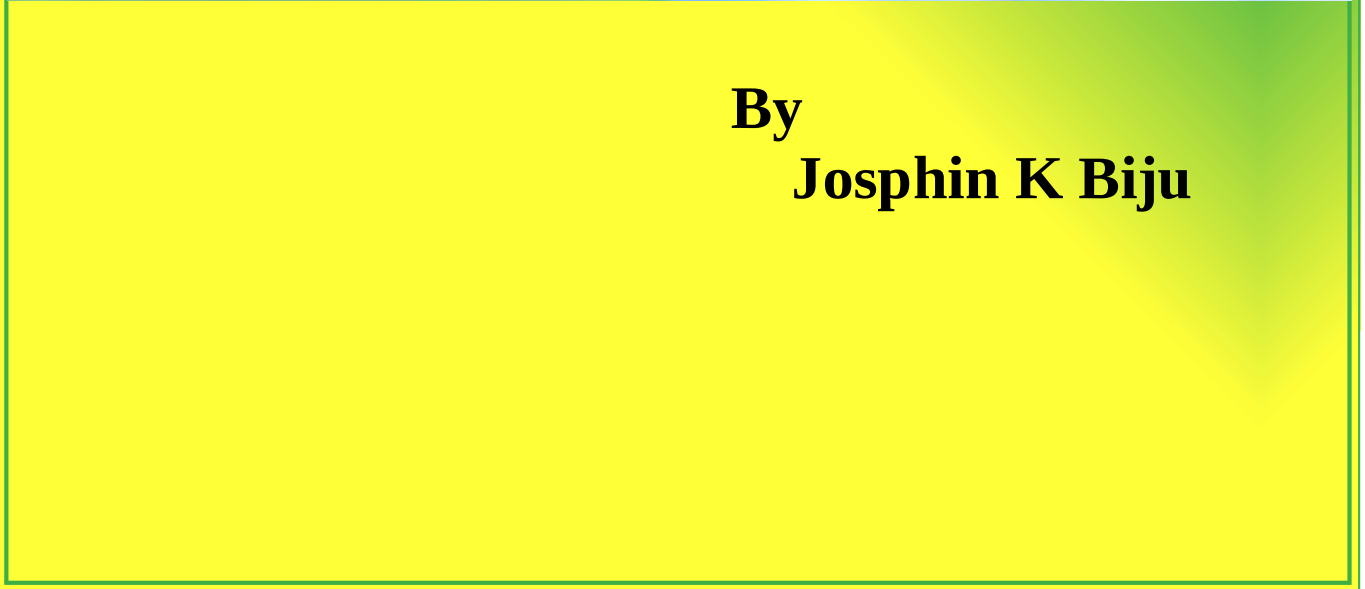
Tarun could not believe his ears. Tears filled his eyes again.

He smiled at his mother who hugged him and said, “You are the best son in the world!

By
Josphin K Biju



By
Josphin K Biju



അമ്മയായ ഭൂമി

തൻ അരുമ മക്കൾക്കായി വേദനകൾ സഹിച്ച് എരിഞ്ഞ്

തീരുന്നു

എന്നും തൻ മക്കൾക്ക് തണലും തുണയുമായി മാറുന്നു

ഒരമ്മ തൻ കുഞ്ഞിനെ

സ്നേഹിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ തന്നെ

അമ്മയായ ഭൂമി തൻ മക്കളെ മാറോട് ചേർക്കുന്നു

തന്റെ മടിത്തട്ടിലേയ്ക്ക് പിറന്നു വീഴുന്ന ഓരോ കുഞ്ഞിനും

ജീവവായുവും ഭക്ഷണവുമേകി വളർത്തുകയാണ് അമ്മയായ ഭൂമി

എന്നിട്ടും എന്തിനാ അമ്മയെ കൊല്ലാതെ കൊല്ലുന്നു നാം . . . ?

പെററമ്മപോലും തൻ കുഞ്ഞിനെ കൊല്ലുന്ന കാലത്തുതൻ

മക്കളെ ചേർത്തു നിർത്തുകയാണ് അമ്മയായ ഭൂമി

അമ്മയായ ഭൂമിതൻ മടിയിൽ ചാഞ്ഞുറങ്ങിറങ്ങിയി-

ട്ടെന്തിനാ അമ്മയെ ഇല്ലാതെയാക്കുന്നു

ഓർക്കുക മക്കളെ കൊല്ലരുതമ്മയെ അറിയുക നിൻ

അമ്മയായ ഭൂമിതൻ സ്പന്ദനം

എത്ര മനോഹരമീ ഭൂമി അമ്മയാകുന്ന ഭൂമി

കാക്കുക ഓർക്കുക അമ്മയായ ഭൂമിയെ



By Ansa Elsa Sam

കടകവിത

പകലിൻ വെട്ടം
പല പല വെട്ടം
വയറിനുള്ളിൽ
നിറച്ചുവെയ്ക്കും
രാവാകുമ്പോൾ
പല പല വട്ടം
പൊൻതരിയായി
പുറത്തെടുകും!

By
Arya Ashokan

പാമ്പ്

കൂടയുമായ് വന്ന പാമ്പാട്ടി
കൂടതൂറന്നൊന്നു കാട്ടാമോ?
കൂടതൂറന്നപ്പോൾ അയ്യയ്യോ!
അടിയിറങ്ങുന്നു മുറ്റത്ത്
വെള്ളിവരയുള്ള പാമ്പാണേ
പത്തിയുയർത്തി വിടർത്തിട്ട്
പുള്ളിക്കുറിയിട്ട പാമ്പാണേ
ചറ്റിയിഴഞ്ഞു പുള്ളഞ്ഞീട്ട്
കുഴലുവിളിപ്പതിൻ താളത്തിൽ
ഇളകിനിന്നാടുന്ന പാമ്പാണേ!
പത്തിചുഴറ്റുന്ന പാമ്പാണേ
കൊത്തുവനായുന്ന പാമ്പാണേ!!
മതി മതി കൂടതൂറന്നാട്ടേ
തിരികെക്കയറ്റിയടച്ചാട്ടേ!



By
Alfa Maria Joshy

മിന്നവിന്റെ ബുദ്ധി

ഒരു പുഴയിൽ കുറേ കുഞ്ഞുമീനുകൾ താമസിച്ചിരുന്നു. മിന്നു എന്ന മീനായിരുന്നു അവരുടെ നേതാവ്. ആ പുഴയിൽ ഒരു ഭയങ്കരൻ മീനും താമസിച്ചിരുന്നു. കീരൻ എന്നായിരുന്നു അവന്റെ പേര്. കീരനെ കണ്ടാൽ കുഞ്ഞു മീനുകളെല്ലാം പരക്കം പായും. ഒരിക്കൽ മിന്നുവും കൂട്ടുകാരും ഒന്നിച്ചുപോകുമ്പോൾ ദൂരെനിന്ന് കീരൻ വരുന്നത് കണ്ടു. എല്ലാവരും പേടിച്ച് വിറച്ചു. മിന്നുവിന് ഒരു സൂത്രം തോന്നി. "കൂട്ടരേ, എല്ലാവരും ഞാൻ പറയുന്നത് പോലെ ചേർന്നു നിൽക്കണം....."മിന്നു പറഞ്ഞു. ഉടനെ മീനുകളെല്ലാം ചേർന്നു മിന്നു പറഞ്ഞതു പോലെ ഒരു കൂറ്റൻ മീനിന്റെ രൂപത്തിൽ നിരന്നുനിന്നു. കീരൻ പാഞ്ഞെത്തിയപ്പോൾ കണ്ടതെന്താ? ഓ,നിൽക്കുന്നു ഒരു ഭയങ്കരൻ മീൻ! കീരൻ പേടിച്ച് തിരിച്ച് പോയി. പിന്നെ കീരൻ അതുവഴി വന്നിട്ടില്ല. "കൂട്ടുകാരേ, ഒന്നിച്ച് നിന്നാൽ നമ്മൾ ഒരാപത്തും പേടിക്കേണ്ട...."മിന്നു പറഞ്ഞു.

by Akhil Mathew

ഉടുപ്പ്

നിഴലുടുപ്പിട്ട,
നങ്ങാതെ കണ്ണിമ
വെട്ടാതെ സിന്ധൂര-
പ്പൊട്ട് മായുന്നതും

ഉപ്പ് ചുരണ്ടി,രു
ജുടുപ്പുരിഞ്ഞതും
കണ്ട,നങ്ങാതെന്നും
കരിപ്പ്രതിമ ഞാൻ

by Robin Binu



***Thank
You...***