



Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

410

The news struck him like a thunderbolt at first he couldn't believe it.

## THE ROSES

I stare into the void within the coffin still trying to figure out if my eyes were closed or open, either way it is the void that exists. The stare ends up in a phase of terror when I begin to ~~understand~~ see that some places were darker than the others. Being lost in something darker than nothing had always been my greatest fear. Travelling without path or destination to an answer unknown, to a gate into a more darker void. At least these thoughts save me from the trench (hole) sea of ennui.



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410

I was busied long ago, well that's all I know. How could I really count the days or time, this brought me to a realization that everything we know or see is defined with reference to another thing. This pulls me more deep into the question that ~~can~~ <sup>if</sup> we hold the key to what we claim is ours? I could feel ~~the~~ threads wrapped around my fingers pull me up, oh... it's probably night again, down to the ephemeral time over the soil.

As the sunsets and the world draws into the depth of darkness it's the time for me to see the lighter shades of the dusk. Once I'm straight over the coffin on the soil I can once again stare at the land I once lived in. The ghosts



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Surrounding me would ~~start~~ look at me in a mocking attitude. They are always there before the night breaks in, wandering through the corners of the soil they were buried in. They stay there even after the day light breaks in, but I'm pulled deep down to my coffin again. Every time I'm on the soil I could see new faces of the ghost, arising far from my coffin each day time. This didn't really make a difference as I was still drenched in the darkness. The random pulls didn't help me count the days either, nor were the ghosts there every time.

As I walked through the corners of my soil, I was struck by my eyes drenched in the news of its sight. These red sores as dark as blood lay in the middle.



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as fresh as a ~~berry~~ ripe fruit.  
I couldn't help but stare at the shades of  
its colours, the more I stared the more I  
felt the roses breathing. The thorns  
are sharp ~~as~~ more sharp than knife  
clawed into the soil holding it firm. I try  
to extend my arms toward the roses but  
I was slowly pulled into the soil before  
the being able to touch it. ~~Maybe the~~ The day  
light maybe swarming through the corner  
of the horizon. It was time to fold into the  
darkers shades.

The coffin felt as if it grew  
smaller, my legs and arms ~~felt as if~~  
felt the strain of the coffin. The sight of  
~~the~~ the rose was grainy, it looked like  
it was watched ~~from~~ through a fog, a feeling  
that it wanted to say something.



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What was it trying to say? I filled my coffins with questions, each of them running through my brain and scratching <sup>the</sup> walls like a rat, <sup>which</sup> I cannot catch.

Who put them there? ~~was~~ This was the so question that stopped my face here and then. Suddenly all the chain of words condensed into a singular point which opened the key to a greater question. Why was I buried in a coffin that stood upright?

The land of Gelafo was a mysterious city that sprouted in the middle of a desert. I was one of the sons of Cheif Niude who claimed to have founded the city of Gelafo. All the people who lived within its boundaries were restricted to move out as this could welcome ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~city~~ <sup>city</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~Gelafo~~ <sup>Gelafo</sup>. I lived by



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951

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the ~~ruins~~ ruins in the corner of the land. The ruins was the darkest place in Gelato. The people never went ~~thru~~ through it. when the answers are hid deep in the depths, that's when it gets interesting, even though the mystery could be simple and precise.

Nude  
Chief ~~Arbato~~ would roam.

through the city on his hunt for women. ~~and~~ ~~grabs~~ ~~traces~~ once as he passed through the ruins he found a dancing woman, ~~and~~ her arms ~~swaying~~ moved with royal elegance. Nude was later found dancing to the rhythms of this woman ~~besides~~ ~~staying~~ right into her soul, the people of the city would join this grace. Days and nights were forgotten, the sun and moon were mere pictures astonished to the waves of Gelato. It felt like a disease that spread



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951

Participant Code:

410

from houses to ~~the~~ house from the middle of the city to the corners. ~~both~~ The first people that came along was from ~~the~~ this Nanda's home. The dancing never stopped, they moved like snakes, streaming through every spaces on the ground. ~~Men~~ gathered to the remaining gathered to help the city out through this plague, ~~but~~ but through time they were past of these mad snakes.

~~In that case~~ The plague was spreading rapidly, men, women, children all fell into its pit. Something had to stop this. Maybe killing them all could end this, stopping it from crumbling the world I couldn't help but held a machette and slashed through the flesh and bones of my people. Tears would cut through my eyes

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Item Code:

951

Participant Code:

410

and burn my cheeks, my lips were shivering and my hands were cold. I stood didn't stop but kept of slashing the dancing ghosts. Maybe that's all they ask for, a way of this misery. When ~~to~~ each of the body fell to the ground I kept reminding myself that I was saving them but still a pain hammered through my legs to my brain.

Everyone was killed. I stood ~~in~~ in the middle of the fleshes that lay scattered around me. My machette was as dark as blood, stuck to its blades like paint. I couldn't live with this, I had to end myself, indeed save myself. As I began to hold the machette high I found a child flickering to a invisible sythm. I questioned the depth of my fate and walked towards the child. I couldn't slash him with this





Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 410

black. Something held me from moving my hands. I closed my eyes and hit the child with the metal handle of the machette. I could hear the creep of a crackling skull. I opened my eyes but never looked down. Through the cosiness of the my eyes I could see a ~~battalion~~ group of horsemen charging towards me, they circled me and I felt a a large thud behind the back of my head before I could swing the machette through me.

As light began to creep through my eyes I found myself ~~and~~ hung on a branch of a tree. The horsemen stood in lines ~~before~~ behind a man in armour, who was announcing my burial. His voice ~~as~~ as strong as rock ordered that not even my soul should see



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951

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the rising sun or as the dying light. Now  
should my body be dissolved in the soil  
of this land. I should to be chased till  
eternity. I was thrown in an old facing  
box and busied me facing <sup>a</sup> wall ~~off~~  
in the ruins. I ~~couldn't~~ see the warmth  
of the sun never touched me again.

Maybe the light was the answer to my next  
got <sup>door</sup> ~~gate~~ but I'm trapped in this endless  
circular loops.

~~I was happy I felt at ease~~  
~~trapped in this maze~~

I would be ~~as~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~  
worst man, lived in the realms of this world.  
I couldn't blame them, I should pay for  
each ~~soul~~ souls that fell to the edges  
of my ~~me~~ machette, I began to question  
my instinct, was the plague over?



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Who The questions ~~begin~~ began to flicker  
like stars. Who put the roses that was  
as dark as blood. I felt as if insects  
ran through my organs, but I couldn't  
take them out. Who put the roses? I  
could feel myself elevating towards the  
soil, its <sup>a</sup> night again. I kept staring at  
where the roses layed. I found two  
roses more darker than blood. I stared  
around, only to be answered with darkness.  
I ~~mocked~~ mocked ~~at~~ myself, I am  
thrown in the deepest crust of sadness,  
I'll never know who put the roses, but  
still crawled to the ontological fallacy  
of finding it at the end of the ~~book~~ paper.  
~~stare~~ darkness