



LEO XIII H.S.S Alappuzha
Digital Magazine

By Little Kites



പിന്നെ യാവാം..

വിഷം തിന്നുമടുത്തു
കൃഷി ചെയ്യണം.
പിന്നെയാവാം..
കൊഴുപ്പേറി വീർത്തു
പുലർച്ചെക്കണീറ്റു നടക്കണം
പിന്നെയാവാം..

അകത്തൊതുങ്ങി മരവിച്ചു
അയൽക്കാരോട് കൂട്ടുകൂടണം
പിന്നെയാവാം..

സുഖിച്ചു മടത്തു
വല്ലതും തൃജിക്കണം
പിന്നെയാവാം

മനസ്സ് നന്നാവണം
ക്ഷമിച്ചു പഠിക്കണം
പിന്നെയാവാം..

ഒടുവിൽ നാട്ടുകാർ പറഞ്ഞു
ഉടൻ വേണം
പിന്നെയാവാൻ പറ്റില്ല

“ഞാനെന്റെ വാല്മീകത്തിൽ
 ഇത്തിരി നേരം
 ധ്യാന ലീനനായ് ഇരുന്നത്
 മൗനമായ് മാനസ്യം.
 മൗനത്തെ മഹാശബ്ദമാക്കുവാൻ
 നിശ്ചയംല ധ്യാനത്തെ ചലനമായ്
 ശക്തിയായ് ഉണർത്തുവാൻ .
 അന്തരിന്ദ്രിയ നാദി പതമത്തിനുള്ളിൽ
 പ്രാണസ്വന്ദങ്ങൾ സ്വരൂപിച്ച്
 വിദ്യരൂപങ്ങൾ തീർക്കാൻ
 അവയും ഞാനും
 തമ്മിൽ ഒന്നാകാൻ . ”

വയലാർ

പുഴ



ചില നേരമിങ്ങനെ
ഏറെ നിശബ്ദമായ്
പുലരിയെ കണ്ണട-
ച്ചേറ്റുവാങ്ങീടണം .

ചില നേരമാ ഗാഢ
മൗനവും, നീലിച്ച
നിലാവിന്റെ പൂക്കളും
ചേർത്തുവെച്ചീടണം.

അതുപോൽ നിരർത്ഥക-
മെങ്കിലും കുരിരൂൾ
കുത്തിയൊലിച്ചുപോയ്
മടുക്കാതിപ്പുഴ!

- Vinod Manammal

നീന്റെ ഓർമ്മകളെ
 ഉള്ളിലേക്കൊടുത്ത്,
 അത്രമേൽ
 നമ്മളുണ്ടായിരുന്ന
 പാട്ട് കേട്ട്,
 ഉമ്മറകോലായിലിരുന്ന്
 ചുറ്റുമു കട്ടൻകാടി
 ചുണ്ടോട് ചേർത്തിങ്ങനെ
 ഓർമ്മയിരിക്കുന്നുണ്ട്,
 ഇപ്പോഴും നീന്റെ പഴ
 ഞാനാൻ..!



ഇ.കു.

Indrapathankutti2018





സാക്ഷി

മനസ്സ് നീ സാക്ഷി
 നീ മാത്രം അറിയുന്ന ദുരന്തപരമ്പരകൾ
 ഇളകി മറിയം തിരമാലകൾ
 ചുടിനിനം ഊട്ടിയെടുത്ത ഷാപ്പൻ
 എലിൻ കൂടു കണ്ടവൻ ചിരിക്കുന്നു
 ഭയം ചിരി എള്ളുപുലിപ്പിക്കുന്നു ചിരി
 നന്നുത്ത സ്വാന്തനം നെലികിയത് ഓർത്തു
 മാറ്റം മാത്രം നൈമിഷികം
 കാലം പാടാം നൽകുമെന്നും പറഞ്ഞു ആരോ
 അവനും ലെബിച്ചത് മുറിപ്പാട് മാത്രം

കാലമോ അവനല്ലേ കാലൻ
 മുറിപ്പാടിൽ തടയുന്നു മേലെ പറയുന്നവൻ
 മരുപടിയിൽ അവനോത്തുഗുണമെന്നോ
 കരുതിയത്
 കാലത്തിൽ നെട്ടം അതിരുനുഅപ്പുറം

READING

3 May. Bistritz.--Left Munich at 8:35 P.M., on 1st May, arriving at Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible.

I found my smattering of German very useful here, indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it. I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey Maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my travels with Mina. It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier--for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina--it has had a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate

occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them. All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had

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It seems to me that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China?

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then.

The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East; the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. (Mem. get recipe for Mina.) I asked the waiter, and he said it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.

In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East and North. I am going among the latter, who claim to be



ON KILLING A TREE*Gieve patel*

**It takes much time to kill a tree ,
Not a simple jab of knife
Will do it. it has grown
Slowly consuming the earth,
Rising out of it,feeding
Upon its crust,absorbing
Years of sun light,air,water,
And out of its leprous 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**

**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.**

THE Trio




River sarayu was the pride of malgudi. It was ten minutes walk from ellaman street, the last street of the town, chiefly occupied by oilmongers. Its sandbanks were the evening resort of the people of the town. THE munciple residend took any distigutioed visitor to the top of the town hall and proudly pointed to him. sarayu in moonlight, glistenting like a silver belt across the north.

The usual evening crowd was on the sand swaminathan and mani sat a loof on a river step with overhanging the river pleasantly. Alight breees played about the bouth and scatted stray leave on the glinting steat below, near nallapp mango grove, a little downstream, a heart of a cattle was acrossing the river

Making Life Worth While

Every Soul That Touches Yours
Be It The Slightest Contact
Get There From Some Good ;
Some Little Grace ; One Kindly
Thought ;
One Aspiration Yet Unfelt
One Bit Of Courage
One Gleam Of Faith
One Glimpse Of Brighter Sky
To Make This Life Worth While
And Heaven A Surer Heritage....



A Prayer In Spring

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

Oh, give us pleasure in orchard white
Like nothing else by day
Like Ghosts by night
And make us happy in the happy bees
The swarm dialating round the trees

And make us happy in the darting birds
That suddenly above the bees is heard
The meteor that thursts with needlebill
And off a blossom in mid air stands still

For this is love and nothing else is love
To sanctify to what far ends He will
But which it only needs that we fulfill

Bird Talk

'Think...' said the robin,
'Think...' said the jay,
sitting in the garden
talking one day.



'Think about people
the way they grow:
they don't have feathers
at all, you know.

They don't eat beetles,
they don't grow wings,
they don't like sitting
on wires and things.'

'Think!' said the robin.
'Think!' said the jay.
'Aren't people funny
to be that way?'



Don't Tell

There are lots of things
They won't let me do
I'm not big enough yet,
They say.

So I patiently wait
Till I'm all grown-up;
And I'll show Them all,
One day.



I could show Them now
If they gave me the chance,
There are things I could do
If I tried.


But nobody knows,
No nobody knows, that I'm
Really a giant,
Inside.

It's such a pleasure and a joy
To have a friend like you.
You always care, you're always
there,
You say the right things, too!

You make me smile when I am low
You're just a pure delight.
We talk a lot about everything;
You make my life so bright!

I hope that I am giving you
Some joy and happiness,
Because you mean so much to me,
More than I can express!

Joanna Fuchs

The background of the page is a photograph of three people standing on a rocky shore at sunset. They are silhouetted against the bright orange and yellow sky. The person in the middle has their arms raised in a celebratory gesture. The ocean is visible in the foreground, and the sky transitions to a darker blue at the top.

Dr. APJ Abdul kalam

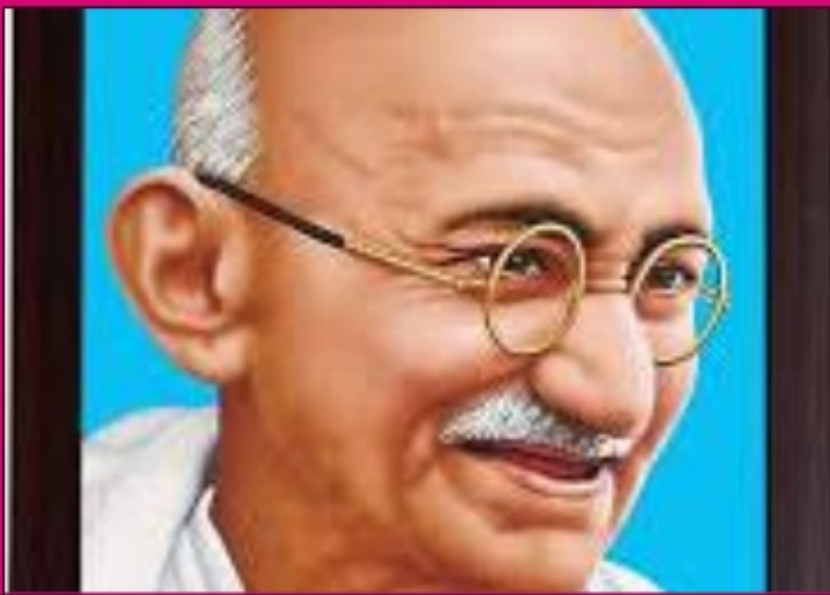
Under his leadership, India achieved remarkable breakthroughs in missile technology, including successfully testing the Agni and Prithvi missiles. In 2002, Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam was elected as the 11th President of India. A deep commitment to education, youth, and technology characterized his presidency

He was known as the missile man of india



Mahatma Gandhi

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, popularly known as Mahatma Gandhi was a major political and spiritual leader of India who led the country in the non-cooperation movement in 1922 and Salt march in 1930 and later in Quit India movement in 1942 during its struggle for independence.



TAJ MAHAL

It was built by the fifth Mughal emperor, Shah Jahan in 1631 in memory of his third but the most favourite wife, in fact a soul-mate Mumtaz Mahal, a Muslim Persian princess. She died while accompanying her husband in Burhanpur in a campaign to crush a rebellion after giving birth to their 13th child.



MICHAEL JACKSON

His influence extended to inspiring fashion trends and raising awareness for social causes around the world. Due to his profound impact on the music industry, fashion, as well as Bollywood and K-Pop, Jackson is regarded as the most influential artist of all time.



Love

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

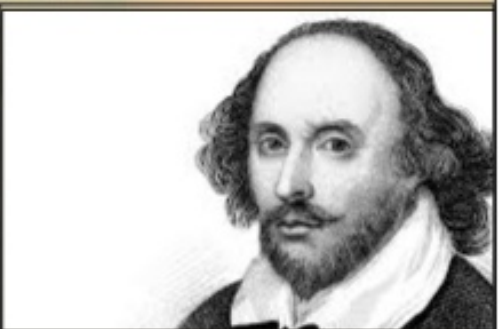
Reply, reply.

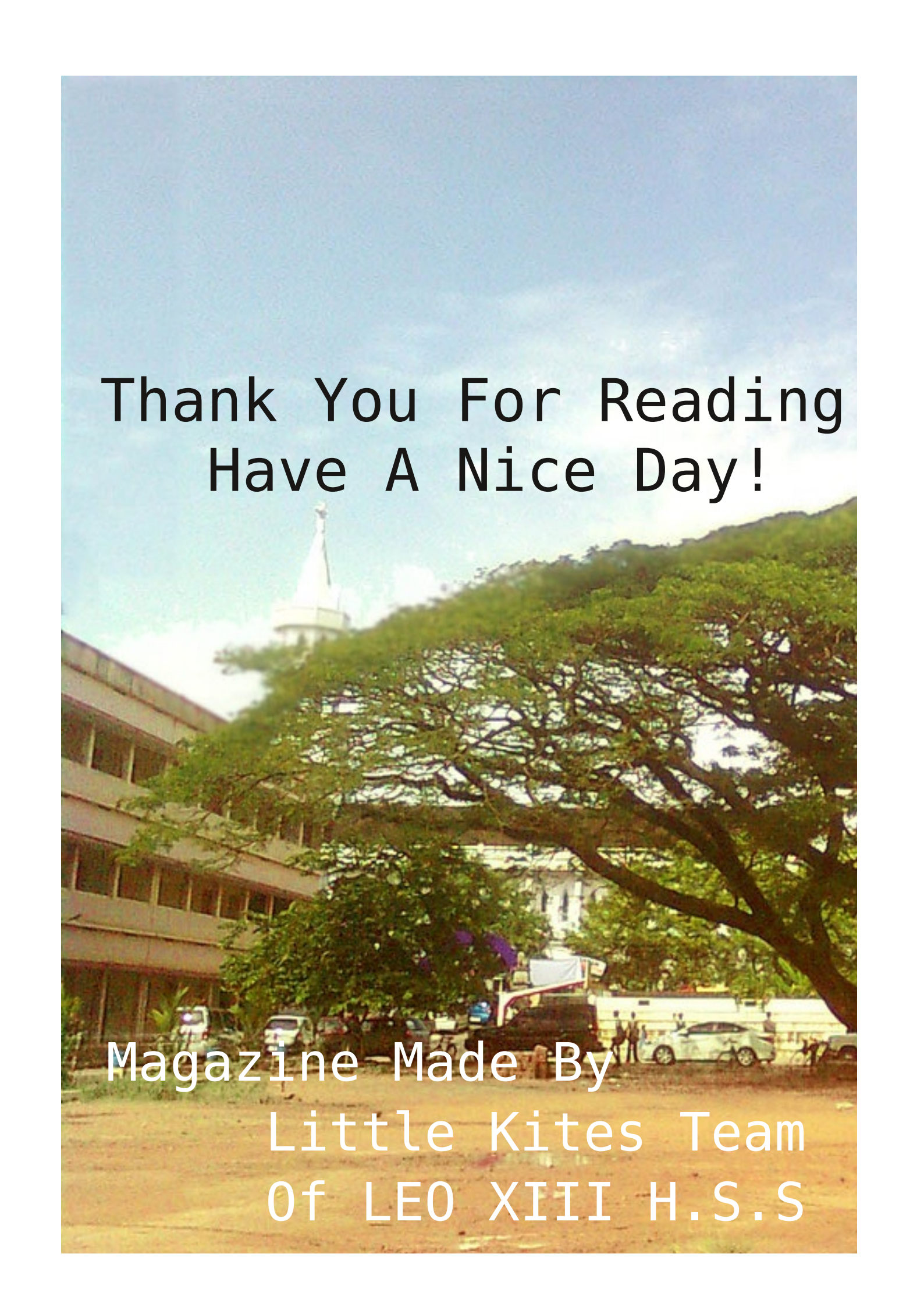
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,--Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

William Shakespeare





Thank You For Reading
Have A Nice Day!

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