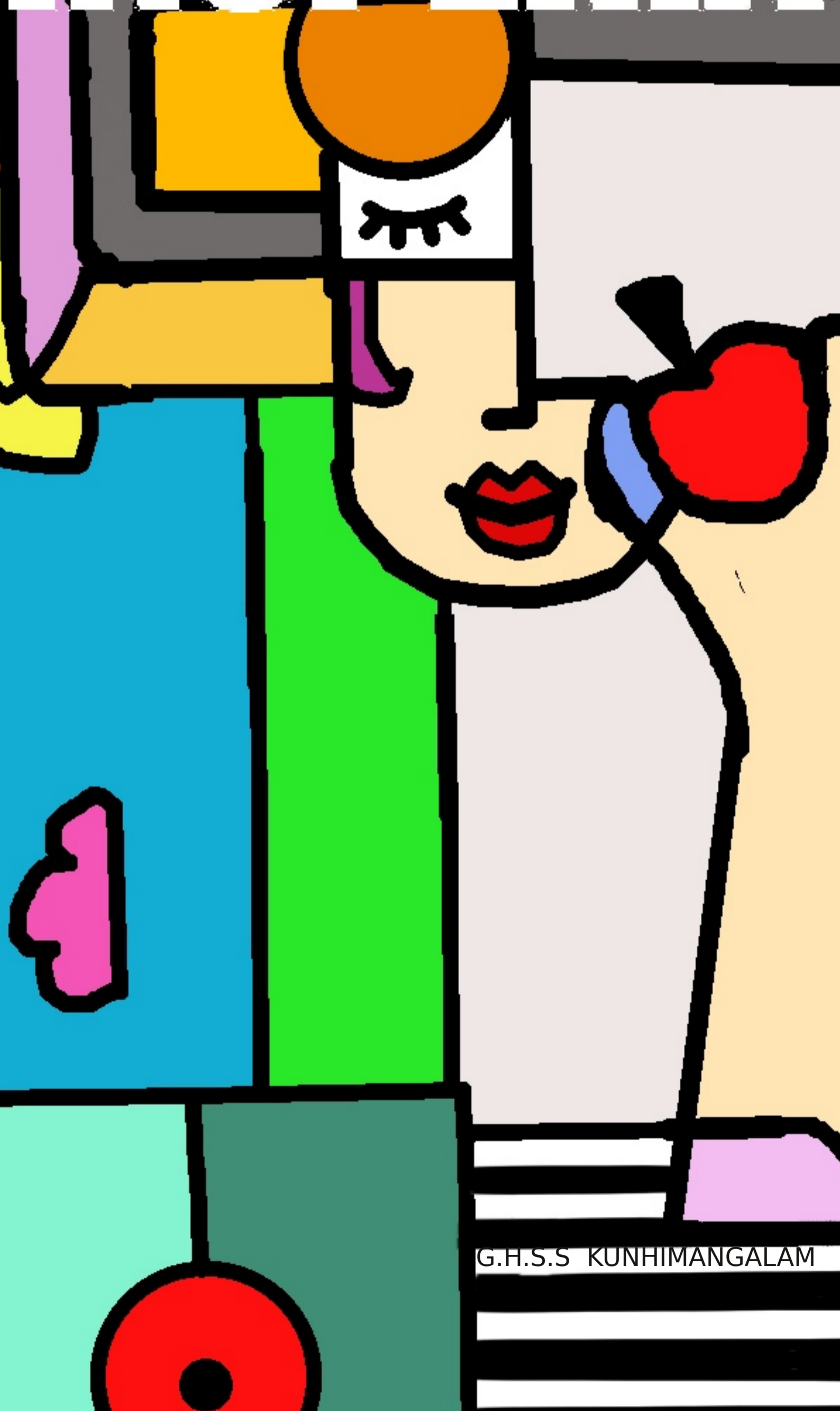


INSPIERIA



G.H.S.S KUNHIMANGALAM

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ആമുഖം

പ്രിയപ്പെട്ട വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളെ
 വിവര സാങ്കേതിക വിദ്യയിൽ വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളെ പരിചയപ്പെടുത്തുന്നതിനും
 പരിശീലനം നൽകുന്നതിനും ആരംഭിച്ച ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് യൂണിറ്റ് നമ്മുടെ
 സ്കൂളിൽ മാതൃകാപരമായ പ്രവർത്തനം കാഴ്ചവെക്കുന്നതിന്റെ
 സന്തോഷം നിങ്ങളോരോരുത്തരെയും അറിയിക്കട്ടെ . നമ്മുടെ
 സ്കൂളിലെ ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് യൂണിറ്റ് ഒരു ഡിജിറ്റൽ മാഗസിൻ തയ്യാറാ
 കിയതിൽ അതീവ സന്തോഷം അറിയിക്കുന്നു. വളരെ ശ്രമകരമായ
 ജോലി താൽപര്യ പൂർവ്വവും സന്തോഷത്തോടുകൂടിയും ഏറ്റെടുത്ത്
 പൂർത്തീകരിച്ചത് വളരെ അഭിമാനകരമാണ്. ഇതിന്റെ പിന്നിൽ
 പ്രവർത്തിച്ച ഓരോ ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് അംഗത്തോടും നേതൃത്വം
 നൽകിയ അദ്ധ്യാപകരെയും പ്രത്യേകം അഭിനന്ദിക്കുന്നു. കുട്ടികളുടെ
 സൃഷ്ടിപരമായ കഴിവുകൾ വികസിപ്പിക്കുന്നതിന് ഇത്തരം മാഗസിനുകൾ
 സഹായകരമാണ്. ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് അംഗങ്ങൾ ഇനിയും മികച്ച
 പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ ആസൂത്രണം ചെയ്യുകയും നടപ്പിലാക്കുകയും
 ചെയ്യുമെന്ന് ഞാൻ പ്രതീക്ഷിക്കുന്നു. അതുപോലെ ആ മാഗസിനുമായി
 ബന്ധപ്പെട്ട് പ്രവർത്തിച്ച മറ്റ് എല്ലാ വിദ്യാർത്ഥികൾക്കും,
 അദ്ധ്യാപകർക്കും കൂടുതൽ നല്ല പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചവയ്ക്കാൻ
 സാധിക്കട്ടെയെന്ന് ആശംസിക്കുന്നു

സ്റ്റേഫപൂർവ്വം, ഹെഡ് മിസ്ട്രസ്

ആശംസ

PTA President

ജി.എച്ച്.എസ്.എസ് കുഞ്ഞിമംഗലം സ്കൂളിൽ ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് അംഗങ്ങൾ 'Inspira' എന്ന ഡിജിറ്റൽ Magazine പുറത്തിറങ്ങുന്നതിൽ ഏറെ സന്തോഷവും അഭിമാനവും ഉണ്ട്. വിദ്യാലയത്തിലെ ലിറ്റിൽ കൈറ്റ്സ് പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ മാതൃകാപരമാണ്. വിദ്യാർത്ഥികൾക്കും പിന്തുണ നൽകുന്ന അധ്യാപകർക്കും രക്ഷിതാക്കൾക്കും ഹൃദയം നിറഞ്ഞ അഭിനന്ദനങ്ങളും ആശംസകളും നേരുന്നു.

ജി.എച്ച്.എസ്.എസ് കുഞ്ഞിമംഗലം സ്കൂളിൽ ലിറ്റിൽ
 കൈറ്റ്സിന്ററെ ആഭിമുഖ്യത്തിൽ കുട്ടികളുടെ
 സർഗ്ഗാത്മകരചനകൾ ഉൾക്കൊള്ളുന്ന 'Insperia' എന്ന
 ഡിജിറ്റൽ Magazine പുറത്തിറങ്ങുന്നു എന്നത്
 ആഹ്ലാദകരമാണ്. ഈ ഉദ്യമത്തിന് ആശംസകൾ.

ചരിത്രമതിൽ

ചരിത്രമതിൽ



കുഞ്ഞിമംഗലം ഗവ:ഹയർസെക്കണ്ടറി സ്കൂളിന്റെ പ്രവേശന കവാടത്തിൽ ഇരുവശങ്ങളിലുമായാണ് ചരിത്രമതിൽ നിർമ്മിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. വെങ്കലപൈതൃകഗ്രാമമായ കുഞ്ഞിമംഗലം പ്രദേശത്തെ വെങ്കലശിലുനിർമ്മാണ ഘട്ടങ്ങളാണ് ചരിത്രമതിലിലെ പ്രധാന വിഷയം. കൂടാതെ ദാരുശിലുനിർമ്മാണം, പരമ്പരാഗതതൊഴിലുകൾ, തെയ്യം, ലോകപ്രശസ്ത ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞർ, കവികൾ, സാഹിത്യകാരന്മാർ എന്നിവരുടെ പോട്രെയ്റ്റുകളും ഇതിൽ ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ചിത്ര കലാധ്യാപകനായ O K ബിജു മാസ്റ്ററാണ് ചരിത്രമതിൽ രൂപകല്പന ചെയ്തിട്ടുള്ളത്. 25 മീറ്റർ നീളത്തിൽ സിമന്റിൽ നിർമ്മിച്ച ഈ ചുമർ ശില്പങ്ങൾക്ക് റെറ്റാലിക്ക് ഫിനിഷാണ് നൽകിയിരിക്കുന്നത്.

THE HOMEWORK

The evil character in every students life.

The burden they must do.

No matter what happend

Even if the sky falls

Even if the stars and moon collide

The burden must be done.

Homework is a hell

That every students must cross

when we think about homework

it is lie walking in a field full of

Rose plants , its throne hurting us

and making us bleed.

Life without homework is like

Having a coffee on a rainy day.

It fells like heaven

The life without homework is every

student dream.

Homework is a satanic ritual

that every angels must do

I know we know everyone know

students are not meant do homework

their life should be full of happy

not full of burdens and sadness

I dont want to know what the person

giving homework is thinking .But

keep it on your hand because

I cant take it anymore.

Woke up in the middle of

the night and i noticed that

My homework wasn't done yet

But my laziness doesn't allow me

to do it but also my mind

can't face the consequences

We will never get free lamb

to the slaughter what you gonna

do,when this homework in your

bag?

I don't know what to do but

going back to sleep is

the only thing i can do

now....

by shreya ravindran

A Long Journey

The train rushed toward as the views of the city became a glimpse of memory.

The crisp wind of August ran its fingers through the maple
The train rushed toward as the views of the city became a glimpse of memory.

The crisp wind of August ran its fingers through the maple leaves.

Rowan's ironed shirt wrinkled against the old leather seat of the train.
He took
in the familiar sights of Chicago. Chicago was the place he grew up.
Him and Aaron. The blonde hair boy that the train passed by reminded
Rowan and Aaron.

Aaron was the dearest friend of Rowan. Both of them were different background and different interests. They cooked nothing alike either Aaron was rich but Rowan struggled financially. Aaron wanted to be a sergeant in the US military but Rowan had set his mind to be a lawyer. Aaron was blue eyed and blonde haired while Rowan was black haired and brown eyed. Nothing about them were the same.

They had a loving friendship. Their childhood was perfect. They grew up together. But still the memories of Aaron clenched Rowan's heart.
It hurt him
like a stab through the heart with one world's sharpest dagger

The train reached the local station of St; Michel's town. The sun was overhead and the warm sun rays broke the chilly atmosphere.

Rowan made his way to the taxi with his bag clenched tightly in his hands.
He held it as if it was a treasure. But the rush around Rowan, failed to make a change in him. He sat in the back of the car. Unmoving, unbothered.
His demeanor was calm. He gave away no signs of his derelict. It was an incident in his life that changed Rowan forever. It was because of that incident that Rowan felt tensed in cars. The incident that caused him to not be a lawyer. Instead he fulfilled the dreams of someone else of someone he loved dearly.

* * * * *

It was a late summer night. Aaron had accompanied Rowan to a party. Rowan was the one most exited. he party was in a famous club. Everybody they knew were there at the party. But it was a bad place. Sweat bodies dancing under the dim light. Loud music banging against their ear drums. The smell of liquour drenched the atmosphere. The breath of people stank with alcohol. All types of drugs covered every table. Cigarette smoke filled the breath.

It wasn't long until Rowan and Aaron were dragged under the influence of such evils. No one was sober anymore. Their eyes were red. Their breath stank. Their feet couldn't stay on the floor anymore

It was soon over midnight. It was time to leave and Rowan happen on to the driver's seat. As Rowan and Aaron drove through the neighbourhood, the drugs slowly kicked in. Rowan couldn't see clearly anymore. Black holes covered his vision. He was slowly falling unconscious. The last thing he remembered was seeing a truck before him and Aaron's scream filling his ears.

* * * * *

The realization of what happened still hunts Rowan to this day. His regret was stronger than his grief it was the night that everything died in his life.

His bestfriend, his dreams and everything else. The regret he felt throughout his life was unending. It chained him. It caused him to give up being lawyer. It caused him to run away from home. It caused him to join the US army. It caused him to change his name. He was now Aaron Blake, sergeant in the US army

He had fulfilled the dream of his bestfriend. He had made sure that his dream didn't go along with him. He had sacrificed his dream to erase a mistake from his past.

Rowan walked through the graveyard as dried leaves crinkled beneath his feet. His long black locks of hair flowed in the wind. A few strands covered the vision of his sunken eyes. His heart pounded against his chest.

Rowan stopped and knelt before a marble gravestone engraved with the name Aaron Blake. Rowan took out a medal from his bag. A medal from the US navy, awarded to the living Aaron Blake. Rowan placed it on the gravestone and rose.

The medal that he just placed on the tomb was the very thing that Rowan carried like treasure. The very medal was that Aaron spent his entire life dreaming of.

Now, Aaron has earned it for Aaron. In his name.

Rowan was now fulfilled. He had walked the journey that Aaron wished to walk.

It was a long journey. A journey in which Rowan did things he never thought he would. A long Journey of life in which Rowan finally found peace.

SHERIN SHAHANA

വഴികൾക്കപ്പുറം

കാലമാകുന്ന നിൻ പാദങ്ങളിൽ
 ദേശഭംഗി ശോഭിച്ചു നിന്നു
 സ്നേഹതണലിൽ ഭംഗിയാർജിച്ചു
 നിൻ കൊച്ചു കടയാം വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ
 അവയുടെ ശോഭയാസ്വദിക്കുവാൻ
 പൂക്കൾ ദലങ്ങൾ വിടർത്തി,
 കളിക്കാൻ കൊതിച്ചൊടുന്ന പൂമ്പാറ്റകൾ
 മറ്റേതൊ ലോകത്തേക്ക് ചേക്കേറുന്നു
 അതിജീവനമാം വേരുകൾ,കൊച്ചുമൺ-
 തരികൾക്കു ശക്തിപകർന്നു കൊണ്ടേയിരുന്നു
 എരിഞ്ഞുതീരുന്ന ശോഭയെ,
 പൂക്കൾ പുഞ്ചിരിയോടെ നേരിട്ടു
 കാലത്തിന്റെ ഇരുണ്ട തേരെന്നു പോലെ
 തെളിനീരുകൾ വിണ്ണിൽ നിന്നുദിച്ചു
 പാദങ്ങളുടെ അകത്തൊളകളിലേക്ക്
 എത്തിനോക്കിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു.

നീവേദിത.കെ
 8-8

HELPER OF MANKIND

The days and night of Russia was finally bright Hugo was sitting alone among crowd in Yauza palace who gathered there to celebrate the end of war and start of peace.

Hugo, the only person left of Carwyn family was there to receive the award for his sister Sasha. After a long period people of Russia was happy again. The president was present at the concert to address them all.

“All my brothers and sisters” sir president spoke breathing the chit-chat noises of the hall,” Welcome. Welcome back to our country, to our peace full Russia.....

Russia was not always the same. There was a time when the children woke up in the morning by hearing the gun fire and screams for life. It was a hell. Each moment 2 or 3 lose their lives. The arsonist and the soldiers were so cruel to the citizens.

Sasha and Hugo was a children of Anya and Ivan Carwyn who were both scientist at the Russian military. Sasha and Hugo was similar in appearance but entirely different in character. Both were brown haired and had blue eyes. Sasha was good at her studies and wanted to become a military officer. While Hugo was lazy at studies and preferred to spend his time with his father who makes weapons for Russian military.

It was a Tuesday. Sasha was making ready to go to school. Hugo has convinced his parents to let him take a leave that day so that he could get himself involved in the new armament that MR Carwyn is inventing.

“Mama, I am leaving its already late”. Shouted Sasha who walking randomly to gather all her possession needed for school. “Bye dear, have a good” Mrs Carwyn said.

Sasha took her school bag and left. It was not is to go to school those days. Students had to avoid coming across any soldiers or terrorist and had to take many short cuts. Also none dared to go alone.

Mostly a group of children from a neighbour hood walks together. Every few children attend schools ‘cause the most parents never dared their children to go anywhere out of their sight. It was because Sasha insisted that one along with her brother was allowed to go to school.

Hugo had his breakfast and hurried to his father's workshop which was at their backyard. "papa, what is it that your making" he asked.

"It is the most powerful and most dangerous one among my inventions. May be this weapon, would alone end the war" Mr carwyn, raised his head from work and said.

"So is this the weapon you told me and Sasha last night?" Hugo asked.

"Yes this is it my dear. And remember that only the 3 of us know how to make it and i hope you'd hide this little secret within yourself.

Mr carwyn uttered.

"But father, I thought you made weapons only for defending" Hugo said.

"Ah yes Thus weapon could be used for defending. But is better for attacking. Could you please help me?" Mr Carwyn restarted his work

It was merely noon. Hugo and Mr Carwyn was still working on the armament. All of a sudden they heard a scream for inside the house. By the time they reached inside the house, Mr Carwyn Was apprehended by a muster of soldiers who were now standing around her

"Hey Mr Carwyn i am junior lieutenant of the military." A perfect gentleman with black hair to match his eyes, well dressed in his perfectly ironed uniform spoke." And we have got an information about your new invention, probably a powerful weapon. We'd be grateful if you lent us your weapon, addressed by the Army as unknown.

"Well sir i am not thinking about lending it. When i do so i shall inform you". Said Mr Carwin sounding more polite that he usually is. Junior lieutenant gave a meaningful look to one of his soldier, Who took out a knife and positioned it at Mrs Carwyn's neck. "I insist, Ivan" The junior lieutenant said in his cold but harsh voice.

"No, Don' hurt her". Cried Hugo. But Mr and Mrs Carwyn didn't utter a word. They scrutinizing each other. It is as though they were communicating through eyes. Mrs Carwyn slowly shook her head negatively.

"you think this can scare me huh? No. I'm not gonna give you any of my weapons to commit murder" he said, like that's what's his wife wanted him to say.

"Papa, they, ll kill her. Are you serious?" But Mr carwyn answered never a word.

The Soldier tightened the grip on his knife under Mrs Carwyn's neck. Tears were falling down her cheeks.

"Your last chance scientist" spoke junior lieutenant breaking the silence. But Mr Carwyn nodded negatively. Firmly standing on his decision.

The soldier pressed his knife on Mrs Carwyn's neck and drew it slightly along it. Blood was oozing from it like a red paint.

"Mama"

"Anya"

Both Mr Carwyn and Hugo shouted and cried. Taking it as a scope the officers arrested both the Carwyns and dragged them to their car. They were completely merciless.

* * * * *

In the evening Sasha was a bit late from home than usual.

"Mama!Mama!" she called out from the courty. And expecting her mother to open the door and scold her for being late. To her disappointment it was her Abram Sokolov, their family friend who opened the door. He had a lamented blood shot eyes. It seems as though he was crying all day.

"What happened uncle Abram?" She asked.

He Abram moved aside and there layed Mrs Carwyn's corpse tied to a chair and blood still dripping from her neck. Sasha was completely shocked and she rushed towards her mother.

But Abram stopped her and spoke after a deep breath.

"Take what you want and hurry to my jeep. They are after you too."

Sasha didn't have a choice. Abram was her only hope to live and retrieve her brother and father. She ran to the workshop behind the house and took the weapon that Mr Carwyn was working on at the morning that day. She entered the Jeep

"Are they alive, Hugo and Papa?" she asked.

Abram nodded.

"Who took them?" she asked again

"The Army" Abram replied. His voice sounded cold and it was lifeless. They maintained silence at the rest of their journey to the safe house, Which was made for Sasha and Her little brother in case of need. But now she is going there alone. She made up her mind to retrieve Hugo and her father and gave hell to those who killed her mother.

The next couple of days was sleepless for both Abram and Sasha. Their mind were deeply sunken in the plans to get back her family. Finally Sasha came up with a plan but Abram had difficulty in accepting it. However Sasha managed to convince him. Their sleepless night continued. Both of them prepared well and set off to find the base where Hugo and Mr Carwyn were hidden. After 2 days of work. They found them at the base in Moscow, completely tired and weak. They received help from a friend of Abram who worked at the military. So the first stage of their plan was a success.

The next day Sasha penetrated into the base. When every soldiers present there aimed there gun at her, one fearlessly spoke “ I am Sasha Carwyn’s suppose that you have my father and brother arrested here. I have also found out that you haven’t yet got the information needed. If you release them i shall lend the information”. Sasha’s face did not reflect the darkness she is going through. She wore a long cloak which seemed heavy. Her words were strong and firm.

“Well how shall i trust my dear” The junior lieutenant asked. This time she didn’t spoke. She opened her coat, a small but massive weapon like object was in her pocket. Mr Carwyn and Hugo along with the prisoners (Probably 100 or more) in the prisons on either side of the path were she stood was now staring at her.

“You should release all of them except your father and if it isn’t real, I shall kill you both” junior lieutenant instructed all the prisoners were freed. Now Sasha along with her father and Junior lieutenant accomplished by the soldiers were left there. One of his soldiers examined the weapon informed the junior lieutenant that it was real. All of a sudden Sasha spoke her last words. “Load

aim and shoot” she said. A bullet fired through her at the moment and she exploded with a bright flame which completely destroyed the base killing all the inhabitants in it.

The expulsion was supported by the weapon ‘Unknown’ which died along with its inventor. Hugo had to witness everything. His mother’s death father’s death and sister’s death. He couldn’t bear it. Sasha’s plan worked well except his sister’s death. He couldn’t save her actions made the Russian citizen’s fight for the end of war which at last found it’s succes

* * * * *

Now Hugo is receiving the award for his sister. He was proud and sad at all of the same time. He after the concert went to the graveyard where his family was buried and laid the medal on the tomb honoring them with his grateful tears and a bunch of roses which froze in the cold. He sat there where his world was buried.

sejal.KC

THE TEDIUS BURDEN

The homework
is what you named
the tedijs burden
you place on my shoulders

Every day and
Every night
you add to my suffering

Each lonely eve
The homeworks i pull out
of my sober bag
makes me choke on
my own tears

Throw me to the deepest
realms of hell
and drag me into the
burning flames

But there is no greater pain
than having to complete
the homework

There is no greater evie
than the lucifer
is what my poor heart believed

But you homework-givers
might have proved it wrong

Everytime my eyes land
on the homework pages
oh! i wonder
what distrous sin
i've committed
to be worthy such burden

Out of all tournaments
i've ever been through
nothing has ever cut my
heart so deep
and left the dagger
still so deep within
like the home work did

But still i go through
such deadly pain
hoping that someday
all this
will come to an end

But each day at school
slowly brings to ruin
this hope of mine

The homework is the cruelest thing
it breats me from within
slowly
yet in a monstrous way.

ഇന്ദ്രിയം കൂടി

ഒരുപാട് നന്ദി ...ങ്ങളിൽ
വിശ്വാസത്തിന്.

അർപ്പിച്ച

ഇനിയും വേണം പ്രേരണയും
പ്രശംസയും.

പ്രചോദനവും

'Inspira'യിലൂടെ ഉയരങ്ങളാണ് ലക്ഷ്യം . യാത്ര
തുടരാൻ ഉണ്ടാകണം കൂടെ.

എഡിറ്റർ.