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Topic : "With a heavy heart, burdened with all that had happened, she started out. The road to future stretched out before her, uncertain yet hopeful....."

A Cure for the madness

5 days..... It had been 5 days since she had felt the presence of another human being. The world had been infected by a deadly virus, the madness they liked to call it for it made a person to go mad and kill everything on its sight. Rachel was one of the many biomedical engineers who were kept locked inside the giant



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Border to find a cure, to find hope. But within a mere 5 days, The patient zero - first person to be infected by madness had made sure to spread this virus to every nook and corner. To conceal patient zero a giant border with a diameter of 30 km was made. The infected had breached our lab, even though we had escaped to the basement to lock ourself, a colleague friend of mine had been bitten. She hid the wound from us and slowly turned mad after 2 hours causing the death of the other 3 scientists who hid in the basement with me.

How am I alive?

Honestly I'm not sure. It's been 4 days since I moved from this position



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My arm was bleeding for a wound caused by the mad could not heal itself or in other words my blood had lost the ability to clot itself. Then why haven't I turned yet? Clearly the virus is inside me. I'm slowly going insane. I can feel it.

"I'm hungry" I said to myself. The dead bodies were staring at me. I had an axe in my hand. I grabbed it tighter. I was crouched down at one corner of the lab. Killing an infected was easy, just chop of the head. But a 23 year old woman killing her own friend, who had taught her the basics of the lab. That.... That was hard.



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"Move, Rachel" I forced myself not letting go of the axe. I was worried, shivering. Am I really alone in this room? Any answer to that question was terrifying.

"What happened has been done..." I paused realising how crazy I sound. "Grab a beaker and collect your blood" I said moving slowly to the cabinet in front of me. The room was mostly white. White counters, white wall and white tiles. I hated it. The white highlighted the blood in the room. I had killed all my friends. I repeated again still unable to find comfort in my unspeakable actions.



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"I should have been infected
by now. The time limit is 2 hours,
It's been 4 days!" I exclaimed holding
a beaker in my right hand. I kept
the beaker on the counter and squeezed
my left hand to make the bleeding
faster. Screams escaped my mother.

"For good, Haze Rachel! Everything
you do is for the good of this world!
I screamed, my lungs gasping for air.
If my blood is immune to the virus
then maybe I can create a cure. But
I need a subject to test on. I looked
around the room. I need subjects which
are alive. I glanced at the door then
at the first aid box.

"Bandage your aims then try to



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paralyze tranquilize a mad person outside")
I said, narrating my own actions felt
good. It was hard to explain but I
thought that every man - living object
here is waiting to hear from me.....
I'm definitely going insane

I opened the first aid box
and wrapped my aim. I did not
have the guts to pour alcohol,
thought it would have slowed the
bleeding just a little bit. I took
the tranquilizer - a gun loaded with
darts that could paralyze a person for
hours and slowly moved towards the
door. I kept my hand over the door
knob and paused.

"A radio, there is a radio in



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Jennifer's room" I peeked outside opening the door slowly to spot any infected. Sure, I am immune, that doesn't mean I won't die from excess bleeding. My bandage was already half soaked.

"The radio is your number one goal right now" I whispered to myself, the walls listened unable to respond.

I walked slowly through the hall. Have they left? Where is everyone? I looked sideways, alert for any type of movement. The infected were quite smart, they were even reports of them making traps to lure humans. I walked towards Jennifer's room. I knew the whole tale like the



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back of my hand. It was compulsory for us to know for obvious reasons. I heard a metal drop behind me. I turned as fast as I could. It was a soda can. I clenched my axe with both hands ready to swing, ready to see blood.

I could hear my heart beat thumping fast. I slowly walked towards Jennifer's room turning at the slightest of sounds. The exit was far from Jennifer's room. I was still in the basement. The lights worked here due to the sun.

I sighed, trying to calm my nerves. I entered the dining hall. Tables and chairs in front of me. The whole lab followed the same theme, white.



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"Jennifer's room is right ahead"
I assured myself. I walked with small
steps. I left the dining hall entering
another hallway that lead to multiple
private rooms. Suddenly I felt my leg
stuck to some kind of wires.

"A trap!" a helpless scream
escaped me as my leg tightened around
the wire and pulled me towards the
wall by the leg. I hit my head
on the tiles causing me to faint.

Memories faded in me
as I slowly opened my eyes. I was
being dragged by the leg by a person,
no an infected. I forced my eyes to
widen and realised this was not a
normal infected person. This was
patient zero.



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"Patient zero" I said taking heavy breaths to gain control on my body

"I have been feeling ~~an~~ ennui for the past few days" He replied, he was wearing a torn shirt and ^a pants. The virus had caused him to mutate. Muscular arms which were designed by black holes of different sizes. Something was oozing from those holes.

"You were hit, yet you seem to be normal" He continued in a tone of amuse. I looked around, my axe was missing and I was near Jennifer's room? No I was in Jennifer's room. The room had its walls demolished. He let go of my leg and turned on the radio which looked 'ungraded'.



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"What do you want?" I asked as he turned the knob of the radio to find the right track.

"You are immune" He turned and glanced at my wound. I quickly held the wound with my right hand and tried to get on my knees. "I have no intention of killing you, I would have done that when you fell unconscious"

"You require my blood, correct?" I asked slowly becoming aware of his intentions. "Trading my blood for money?" I inquired.

He laughed audibly. "Why go for money when you can go for nuclear weapons and world domination"



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"By giving what kills you?"
I raised an eyebrow.

"I would have to drink the
antidote and that is practically impossible...
Fumes, you may say. Why not just
release a 'gas bomb'?" The infected does -

"does not breathe" I completed
him.

"And the only person who knows
that is you" He smiled and looked
at the time. The radio stuttered and
began:

"Attention, all listeners. This is
Delta 01 speaking. An rescue helicopter
will be flying across the giant border
and over it to look for survivors.
If there is anyone listening to this
message, please stand atleast 30 feet



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above ground. I repeat

My thoughts drowned out the rest of the words. Why is he telling me all this? Why did he let me listen to the radio? To destroy my hope? To make me realise that I had the chance to save this world but couldn't? Emotions overwhelmed me. I looked around the room. Patient zero was humming a familiar rhyme. Where is the safety axe?

I slowly stood on my feet. Head dizzy but thoughts clear. I was going to kill patient zero and escape this place. Adrenaline rushed through me. Patient zero turned to me, opening his mouth to say



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something but, I did not wait. I pushed my whole strength to my legs and ran towards the door. Patient zero was taken aback. I heard him curse under his breath. I heard heavy footsteps following behind me. I ran towards the kitchen. Slipping here and there but maintaining my grip. I grabbed a metal spoon and shoved it inside a microwave turning it on as fast as possible. I proceeded to break the glass to get the axe hanging on the wall. I immediately swung it behind me. He ~~was~~ is quick! He grabbed my axe and shoved me towards the ground. I glanced at the ~~oven~~ microwave, it was about to explode just as I intended.



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"Nice knowing you" I smiled getting up on my feet and rushing outside

"Wha - " He paused and realised what I had done. The kitchen exploded, fire embracing everything on its way. I hid behind a wall. My skin felt warm. It felt like a hug. . . .

"No time to waste" I could hear a helicopter. I rushed towards the stairs. Heavy breaths following me. I could see light streaming outside. I climbed the stairs with much effort until I could feel the sun on my skin. I saw the helicopter. It was like a ray of hope.



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"Hey! Over here!" I screamed hoping they would notice. I couldn't feel my legs, they felt numb. Soldiers came down using a rope. One of the soldiers covered me with a blanket and asked "Are you alright? We heard an explosion" I didn't reply, I was not able to. I slowly got on the helicopter. Shivering and scared. I sat in a seat with a heavy heart burdened with all that had happened. I looked outside. The way to the future stretched out before me, uncertain but hopeful.....