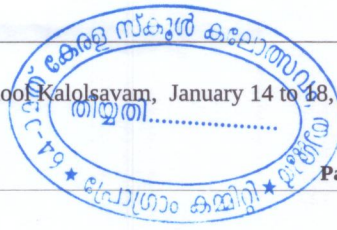




Item Code: 692

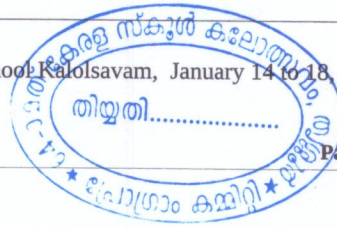
Participant Code: 080



LIES ON DARK,
BUT FLIES TO THE LIGHT

Along the borders of the love lands,
A large, orange maple tree stands,
It stood like a golden coin,
that shines in the nomad's pain.
There was an older leaflet,
hanging on the branches of the tree's wallet
And he was weak, yellow and pale
And had the shape of a whale.

And all the little leaflets pushed him -
so hard,
And always pulled him making him -
so mad
But still the old leaf immersed them -
in love,
And he loved all of them in a row.



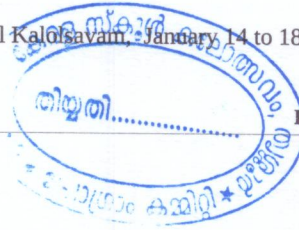
... Every night, he wept,
... cried and then slept,
... And when the moon - the night's pearl,
... appears in the sky and whirled,
... It asks the leaflet of the tree's wallet,
... about the source of sorrow, that he wept,
... And the oldman - the leaf, says everytime,
... that he has to die and have no time.
... The moon asks him again:
... "The death, can't be refrain,
... and why you are still in pain?"
... And that the old leaflet, he said,
... that he don't want to die in red,
... and he will surely miss,
... the leaflets that he kiss.

... He cried and cried,
... and he wept and wept.
... And when the sun - the ruby of -
... the sky.



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... Come and rises so high,
... It reflects the leaf's pain,
... through the dew drops - the tears he gain.
... The old leaflet he was feared,
... "One day I will die, and be alone" he afraid.

... Again the little leaflets, pushed him,
... pulled him and scratched him,
... And when they giggle at him,
... he hides the pain of lose from them.
... And at every night, he cried,
... he cried and wept.

... And when the time goes from:
... October,
... to the freezy cold of december,
... The old leaflet, he grew weaker,
... and he was trembling, cause the
... time was colder.



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And the oldleaf, he cried,
he cried and he wept.

And when the most coldest wind blew,
the oldleaflet trembled, he knew and he flew.

And with the most saddest face -
he closed his eyes.

And he fell on the cloudy ice.

He felt the pain,

But never tried to regain,

But he opened his eyes,

and whirled through the ice,

he started to cry,

that he was alone, and it was high.

And the oldleaflet, he cried,

he cried and he wept.

And there was no little leaflets,

no branches and birds.

(Note: This page will be scanned to publish the article in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Only the ice, the mud,
and the soil and the stones.

It snow covered december,
After the scariest October,
The old leaflet's heart - it wrinkled,
Shraved and it trembled
It holds the hardest pressure,
without the loves and pleasure.

"Am I still living?" he said
And his chins were hard, he can't!
And with tears and cries,
the time it flew and goes.

At the onset of February,
the first light ray, came and -
It was misery
That the old leaflet couldn't open his eyes,
But he tried to blink it twice.



But the ray, it made his heart warm,
And the new thoughts made alarm
And the old leaflet, he looked at the sky,
and to its most vibrant blue dye.
And now a seedling of hopes
began to sprout in the silence he drops
And he saw the flying birds,
and they were rounding in arcs
And then the leaflet took a sigh -
"I want to fly, fly so high"

At the onset of June,
the first raindrop, came -
with the most graceful tune,
But the drops, pierced its heart,
with the most sharpest part
And the old leaflet, he smiles:
"Here comes my rain friend, from sky miles."
But the friend in thoughts,
was not a friend in shots.



Item Code: 692

Participant Code: 080

The drops, they pierced him,
pulled him and pressured him.
But still the old leaf immersed them -
in love,
And he loved all of them in a row.
And he feared, feared of summer,
'It will lose' - he murmured
And he cried, cried and wept.

On the onset of summer,
the rain drop on him - it disappeared.
And the old leaflet it cried,
it cried and wept.
It feared of loneliness,
and fell into the greatest sadness.

But in the onset of spring,
And when the cold wind ring,
The old leaflet, it rose,
It rose from the ground.



Item Code: 1692

തീയതി.....

Participant Code: 080



It flew, flew through the sky,
And there it saw the trees
It enjoyed the rhythm of being free.
And without any pressure,
he fell into the world's greatest pleasure.

He was alone when he fell,
He was alone when he was pierced
But still he rose, rose to the heights,
without the force of the mob,
and the pressure of the mob

And men, women, folks and little ones,
"Sometimes the most brightest light,
come from the hardest silent light.
And still you fly, fly from the deaf,
and see the light of the world!"