

GIRIDEEPAM HERALD

NEWSLETTER VOL. VII MARCH 2025



Annual Day Celebration 2k24



Star Girideepam
JOEL LITSON



Principal's Trophy
NIHARIKA P SURESH

The Student Editor *Speaks*



Ruth Mariam Jacob
XII-A, PCMB

Girideepam is happy to announce the release of the seventh edition of the Hillock Herald. I am really grateful to everyone who helped in making this bulletin possible. We hope you enjoy reading these poems and stories that have been written in many moods and genres. This work of love and art will definitely help you relive the past and make you smile.

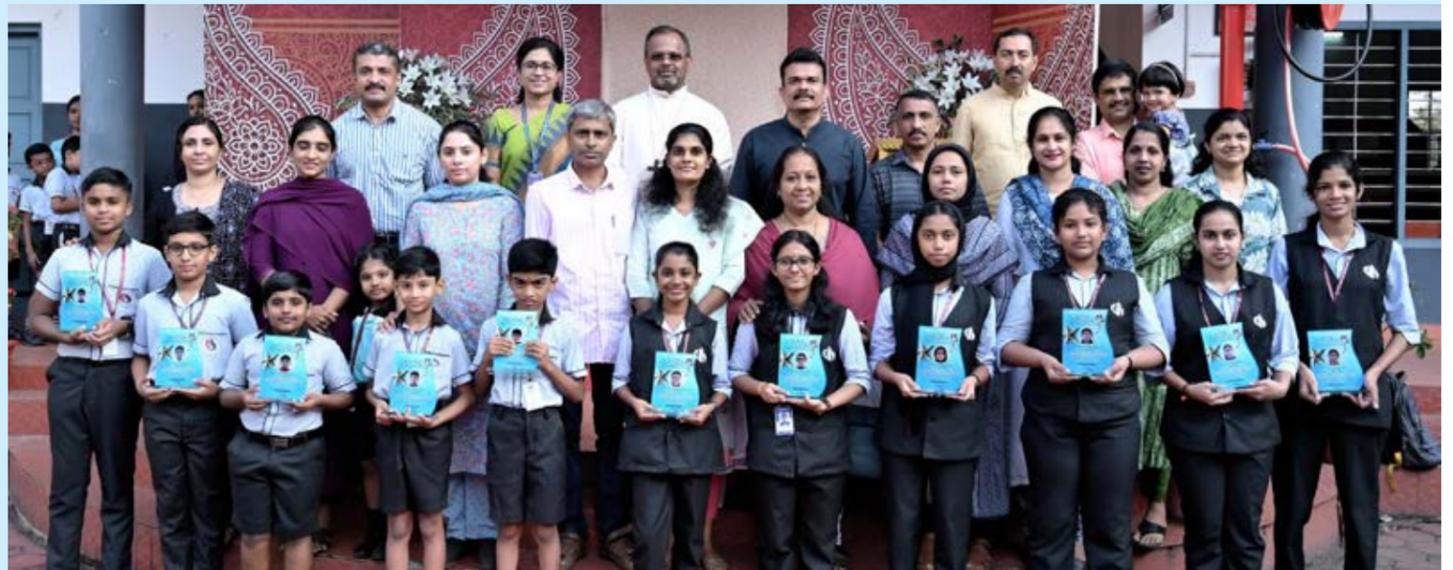
I am glad at having been given the chance to be the student editor of the school for the academic year 2024-25. This was a time of learning for me, and I am very grateful to all those who helped me grow. The chapter of my life in Girideepam ends and I have to go; but before I do, I want to share a few last thoughts with you – life lessons that I learned from my experiences.

First: We are created for a purpose. There is no meaning in living one's life for oneself; life becomes valuable only if we fulfil what we are meant to do. A short life that does what it was supposed to do is always better than a long life spent in pursuit of pleasure.

Second: There are always lessons to be learned from the past, especially from failures. This is when the saying 'Failures are the stepping stones to success' becomes true. And implementing these lessons in our lives is just as important as learning them.

Finally, we need to seek and live for the truth; for what is good. You may have to take difficult choices in life that may harm your interests, but you must always choose to live for the better. Never do anything that you will regret later on.

I hope that you'll remember these lessons someday in the future. May your life be blessed by the Almighty.



Proficiency Prize Winners 2024-25



Saavan Arun (1B) bagged first prize in All Kerala Painting Competition (Group B) and Aivin K Shaji (8A), took home the Second Prize in the All Kerala Cartoon (Seniors) Competition, both organised by the YMCA. Andrews Christy Babu (4B) secured 3rd Runner Up Position (Under 8/ open) organised by Kottayam Chess Academy in association with Girideepam Bethany Central School on behalf of Chess Association.



Winners of Kids Fest 2k24 - 25



Gandhi Jayanti



Teachers Training Session by Sri. Shaji C. Mani



GBCS is happy to share this news as Dr Chandra (in reference here) is the father of our std 3A student -Sneha Chandra .

Hearty Congratulations to Dr Chandra -Senior Scientist at the MG University IUCBR on securing this prestigious grant !

ഡോ. ഗൗതം ചന്ദ്രൻ്റെ 7 കോടിയുടെ ഐസിഎംആർ ഗ്രാന്റ്

കോട്ടയം

ഇന്ത്യൻ കൗൺസിൽ ഓഫ് മെഡിക്കൽ റിസർച്ചിന്റെ(ഐസിഎംആർ) ഫസ്റ്റ് ഇൻ ദ വേൾഡ് ചലഞ്ച് ഗ്രാന്റിന് എംജി സർവകലാശാലയുടെ ഇന്റർ യൂണിവേഴ്സിറ്റി സെന്റർ ഫോർ ബയോമെഡിക്കൽ റിസർച്ചിലെ ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞൻ ഡോ. ഗൗതം ചന്ദ്രൻ ഹനായി.

4ഡി ബയോ പ്രിന്റിങ്ങിന്റെ സാധ്യതകൾ പ്രയോജനപ്പെടുത്തി നാഡി കോശങ്ങൾ പുനർസൃഷ്ടിക്കുന്ന സാങ്കേതികവിദ്യ വികസിപ്പിക്കാനാണ് ഏഴുകോടി രൂപയുടെ ഗ്രാന്റ്. തലച്ചോറിലും നാഡി വ്യൂഹത്തിനുമുണ്ടാകുന്ന പരിക്കുകളുടെ ചികിത്സയിൽ ഏറെ നിർണായകമാകുന്ന പഠനമാണിത്.



ഡോ. ഗൗതം ചന്ദ്രൻ

പശ്ചിമ ബംഗാൾ സ്വദേശിയാണ് ഡോ. ഗൗതം ചന്ദ്രൻ. കോട്ടയം മെഡിക്കൽ കോളേജിലെ ന്യൂറോ സർജറി വിഭാഗത്തിലെ ഡോ. പ്രസണ്ടിത് സഹ, സെന്റർ ഫോർ

പ്രൊഫഷണൽ ആൻഡ് അഡ്വാൻസ്ഡ് സ്റ്റഡീസിലെ ഡോ. സിബി പി ഇട്ടിയവിര, ഐയുസിബി ആർ ഡയറക്ടർ ഡോ. കെ പി മോഹനകുമാർ, ഐയുസിബിആറിലെ ഡോ. രാജേഷ് എ ഷേണായ്, ഡോ. ഉഷ രാജമ്മ, ഡോ. ശ്രീതമ സെൻ എന്നിവർ ഈ പഠനത്തിൽ സഹഗവേഷകരാണ്. ഗവേഷണ വിദ്യാർഥികളായ ജിന മുഹമ്മദ് അമീർ, ആനന്ദ് കൃഷ്ണൻ എന്നിവരും പദ്ധതിയുടെ ഭാഗമാണ്. ഗ്രാന്റിന് തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ട 27 ശാസ്ത്രജ്ഞരിൽ ഡോ. ഗൗതം ചന്ദ്രൻ ഇടം നേടിയത് സർവകലാശാലക്ക് അഭിമാനകരമാണെന്ന് വൈസ് ചാൻസലർ ഡോ. സി ടി അരവിന്ദകുമാർ പറഞ്ഞു.

FLOODS

Floods are natural disasters that occur when water overflows in nearby water bodies. These usually appear in the monsoon season. A few districts in India have been flooded, with a large number of people dead or hospitalized.

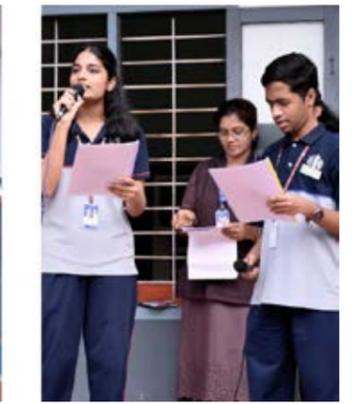
The main causes are intense rainfall, which fills up water bodies, leaving the excess water to flood the dry lands. Rapid snow melts can cause flooding through the build-up of water that cannot flow away quickly. Some other cases are cyclones or tsunamis in coastal areas. Our state is highly prone to floods. Floods are one of the most devastating natural disasters.

The catastrophic landslides in Wayanad that killed hundreds and left thousands homeless have been shaking the whole state. To avert floods, we should tend to a few measures. We should prevent the felling of trees and plants and plant new ones in the absence of the trees being deforested. In conclusion, floods can be prevented if soil conditions improve allowing for easier water absorption. Floods can cause severe damage to the environment.



Gowri S. Chandran
6C

GIRIDEEPAM BETHANY SCHOOLS GIRILYMPICS 2024



Winners of Sports Day



Sarga Sangamam 2024 Group Participants & Winners



Individual Participants & Winners





GIRIDEEPAM TROPHY

ALL INDIA INTERSCHOOL INVITATION BASKETBALL & VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENTS 2K24



WINNERS - BASKETBALL SENIOR & JUNIOR BOYS

VOLLEYBALL - RUNNER-UP TEAM



Best Class
awarded for
English Speaking

A NEW ERA OF JUSTICE

What the Latest Indian Laws Mean to Us

On July 1st, 2024, India stepped into a new era of legal reform with the launch of three major laws: the Bharatiya Nyaya Sanhita (BNS), the Bharatiya Nagrik Suraksha Sanhita (BNSS), and the Bharatiya Sakshya Adhiniyam (BSA). These updates are not just legal jargon—they're about reshaping how justice works and how our rights are protected. Let's break down these changes and see why they are so necessary for us.

The Bharatiya Nyaya Sanhita rewrites the rule book for our criminal laws. Just as educational institutions revise their rules to respond to new circumstances, the BNS is designed to address modern crimes, such as cyberbullying and online fraud. This law clarifies what constitutes illegal behaviour in today's digital landscape. It also revises penalties for serious crimes, emphasizing rehabilitation and reform for offenders rather than merely punitive measures.



Niharika P Suresh
XII-E, Humanities

In a fast-paced, tech-driven world, the BNS demonstrates that our criminal laws must evolve to remain relevant and effective.

Meanwhile, the Bharatiya Nagrik Suraksha Sanhita strengthens personal safety by adding extra layers of protection to our rights. This law ensures that everyone's rights are respected and safeguarded, particularly in the context of increasing digital interactions. The BNSS enhances privacy protections by guaranteeing better safeguards for personal data, especially online, reducing the risk of misuse. Additionally, it streamlines reporting mechanisms, making it easier for individuals to report violations of their rights and access necessary support. In an era where personal privacy is paramount, the BNSS acts as a vital shield, prioritizing the protection of rights and safety from intrusion or abuse.

Finally, the Bharatiya Sakshya Adhiniyam modernizes the handling of evidence and trials, making them suitable for the digital age. This law introduces clear guidelines for managing digital evidence, such as texts and social media posts, enabling courts to consider modern forms of evidence effectively. It also implements new measures for witness protection, ensuring that witnesses feel secure and supported throughout the legal process. As technology evolves, so must our approach to evidence in court, and the BSA ensures that trials are conducted efficiently and fairly, employing contemporary tools and procedures to uncover the truth.

As these laws take effect, they mark the beginning of a new chapter in India's legal system. They reflect a commitment to progress and a dedication to ensuring that justice is fair and effective for everyone. As we step into this new era, let's stay informed and consider how these changes can positively impact our lives and the future of our country. The legal system is evolving, and it's set to make a significant difference!



Jenit Mariya of Class 12 B was awarded the certificate and cash prize for winning the 2nd position in the Elocution Competition conducted by the Rubber Board in connection with the Vigilance Awareness Week.

Republic day - "UNITY IN DIVERSITY : CELEBRATING REPUBLIC DAY"



3rd ALL KERALA PAINTING AND CARTOON COMPETITION 2K24



Christmas Celebrations - "CAMPUS CAROL : A MERRY CHRISTMAS"





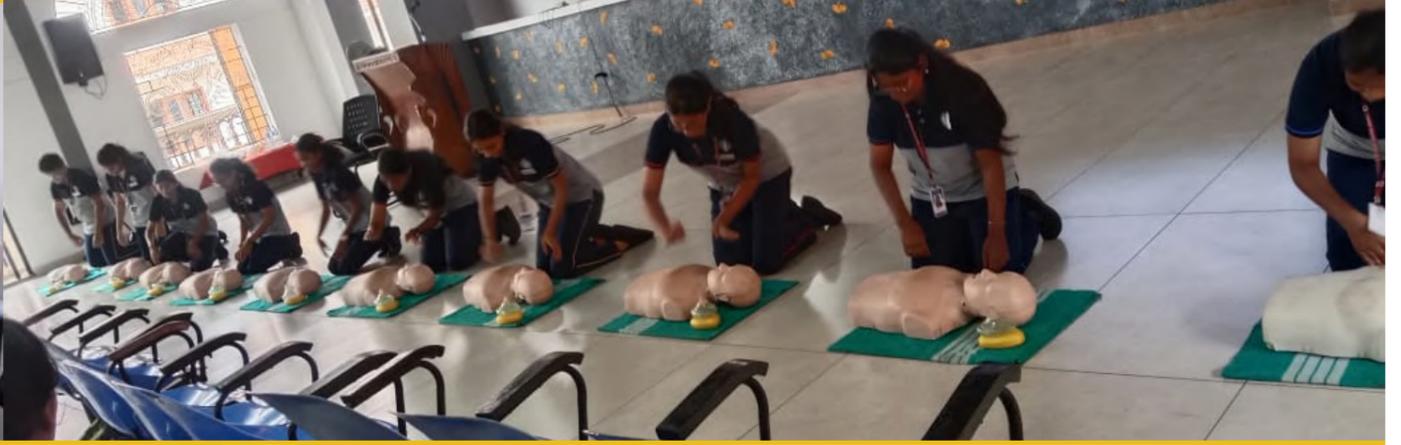
Excellentia 2k24





Children's Day Celebrations



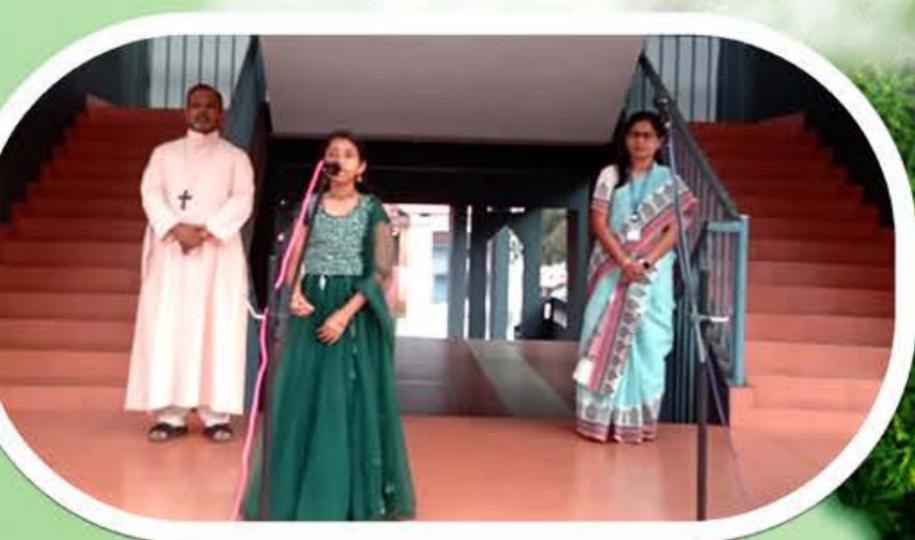


Special Training Programme on Life Saving Techniques

By
Mr Denish Devasia



കേരളപിറവി ആഘോഷങ്ങൾ



"Celebrating Kerala Piravi – Honoring the rich heritage, culture, and natural beauty of God's Own Country."

PASSING THE TORCH CEREMONY



THANKS GIVING



കൂടെ മനുജൻ മാറോട് ചേർത്തൊ-
രാ സ്വത്തുക്കളുമങ്ങുമറ്റുപ്പോയി.

ഉയരങ്ങളിൽപ്പോലും ആശ്രയമില്ലി-
ന്നുരുളുകളായങ്ങു പൊട്ടിവിഴും
ഉടുതുണിപോലും ഉറപ്പില്ല മന്നാ നീ
ഉടനതെന്നിവിടം നീ വിട്ടിടേണം

വെള്ളമതങ്ങനെരച്ചുപൊങ്ങിക്കൊണ്ട്
കണ്ടതെല്ലാം കടലിലാക്കി
ഇതുകണ്ട് മനുഷ്യമനസ്സുകൾ
തെല്ലൊന്നു നോക്കി മറുത്തുനോക്കി
തെല്ലൊന്നു നോക്കി ചെറുത്തുനോക്കി

ഇപ്പേരും മഴയിന്നിത്രയും-
മപ്രിയമായിപ്പടരുന്നതെന്തുകൊണ്ട്?

അതു,
മനുഷ്യൻ ഭൂമിയിലിത്രയും-
മാർത്തികൊണ്ടൊരാടി അമ്മാനമാടു
ന്നതെന്തുകൊണ്ട്

പാഠമതുൾകൊള്ളി
പാടിപ്പറുപ്പിച്ചു
പാടവരമ്പത്തുള്ളപ്പുപ്പന്മാർ

“എങ്കിലും ഐശ്വര്യം
എന്നെന്നുമാനന്ദം
എല്ലാ മനുഷ്യർക്കും
ഈ മാരികൾ”.

കൂടെ മനുജൻ മാറോട് ചേർത്തൊ-
രാ സ്വത്തുക്കളുമങ്ങുമറ്റുപ്പോയി.

ഉയരങ്ങളിൽപ്പോലും ആശ്രയമില്ലി-
ന്നുരുളുകളായങ്ങു പൊട്ടിവിഴും
ഉടുതുണിപോലും ഉറപ്പില്ല മന്നാ നീ
ഉടനതെന്നിവിടം നീ വിട്ടിടേണം

വെള്ളമതങ്ങനെരച്ചുപൊങ്ങിക്കൊണ്ട്
കണ്ടതെല്ലാം കടലിലാക്കി
ഇതുകണ്ട് മനുഷ്യമനസ്സുകൾ
തെല്ലൊന്നു നോക്കി മറുത്തുനോക്കി
തെല്ലൊന്നു നോക്കി ചെറുത്തുനോക്കി

ഇപ്പേരും മഴയിന്നിത്രയും-
മപ്രിയമായിപ്പടരുന്നതെന്തുകൊണ്ട്?

അതു,
മനുഷ്യൻ ഭൂമിയിലിത്രയും-
മാർത്തികൊണ്ടൊരാടി അമ്മാനമാടു
ന്നതെന്തുകൊണ്ട്

പാഠമതുൾകൊള്ളി
പാടിപ്പറുപ്പിച്ചു
പാടവരമ്പത്തുള്ളപ്പുപ്പന്മാർ

“എങ്കിലും ഐശ്വര്യം
എന്നെന്നുമാനന്ദം
എല്ലാ മനുഷ്യർക്കും
ഈ മാരികൾ”.

Farzeen Junaid
XII B

EMBRACING MORTALITY: Finding Purpose in a Finite Life

Aasim Jasim Ajmal
XII-B, PCMC

Getting zoned out wasn't a new thing for me, even in my childhood. This was not because I was scolded for being mischievous or because someone fought with me; it was because I feared death. The fact that I would die one day, the fact that my parents would die one day, the fact that everyone I knew and loved would die one day was something that my little mind could not comprehend. I remember going into the kitchen crying and hugging my mum hard around her legs telling her that I didn't want her to die and leave me all alone, after seeing a horrible dream.

As time passed, I accepted reality and moved on, but a question came to my mind that never left. Why does anything matter? What if I play on my phone after school? What if I don't do my homework? What if I don't become rich and successful? What if I couldn't meet the expectations of my loved ones? Nothing could be worse than death itself. Since I was young, I did everything even though these questions were in my mind. But still, it felt like it was cruelty by God himself; he was making us die.

As a child, I feared funerals. The shiver and fear it gave me originated a phobia which I am still struggling to adjust with. The chance of you being born is 1 in 400 trillion. There are only 8 billion people in this world currently. Only 117 billion people have ever lived till now. Let that sink in. This simple statistic made me realize that we are the lucky ones. We are the ones who get to die. We are the ones who get to feel the happiness and disappointment of success and failure, we are the ones who get to feel the wind on our skin. With this new view and realization on life, I started a new chapter. One that I feel is better than all other thoughts that disturbed me.

Ninety nine percent of you reading this essay will not be remembered by your great great grandchildren. This is when your actual death happens. You are forgotten by your loved ones, and in turn you are erased from this world that once was everything to you. But some people never die, the Newtons of the world, the Gandhians of the world, the Tatas of the world. All of these people were innovators, they were influencers, they had a part in making history. They marked their names in the book of history with their blood, pain and hardwork.

Death is imminent. Bible says, "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted" and "Every soul shall taste death, and to us you shall be returned" says the Quran. As a believer in God, I am well aware that death will find its way to me and my loved ones. But will someone in the coming history challenge the mighty death? That is the goal and dream of my life - to never die. But there is a huge gap between me and this goal. As I dove deeper into computer science, I realized that it's not all about coding and equations, it's about creating something that could potentially outlive me. Every line that I write is a piece that I leave behind, a tiny legacy of mine in the vast growing world. The ethics that this wonderful subject taught me sometimes make me think why the knots of people's belief and science can't be tied. Sure, I probably won't become the next Gandhi or Newton, but if I can make someone laugh or solve a problem, or even just distract them from their own problems, I have succeeded in life. Life is too short to worry about the small problems, at the end you only live once. So enjoy the ride the best you can. After all, if I leave the world with a bit more smiles and a little more joy, I might just be turned into that one grandparent story that gets told on for generations and lives on forever. Life is beautiful, live it to the fullest until the full stop is drawn.

GETTING LOST IN THOUGHTS IN MY BOSOM PAL

I get lost in thoughts,
Sometimes in a
Good dream or when
My book is opened.

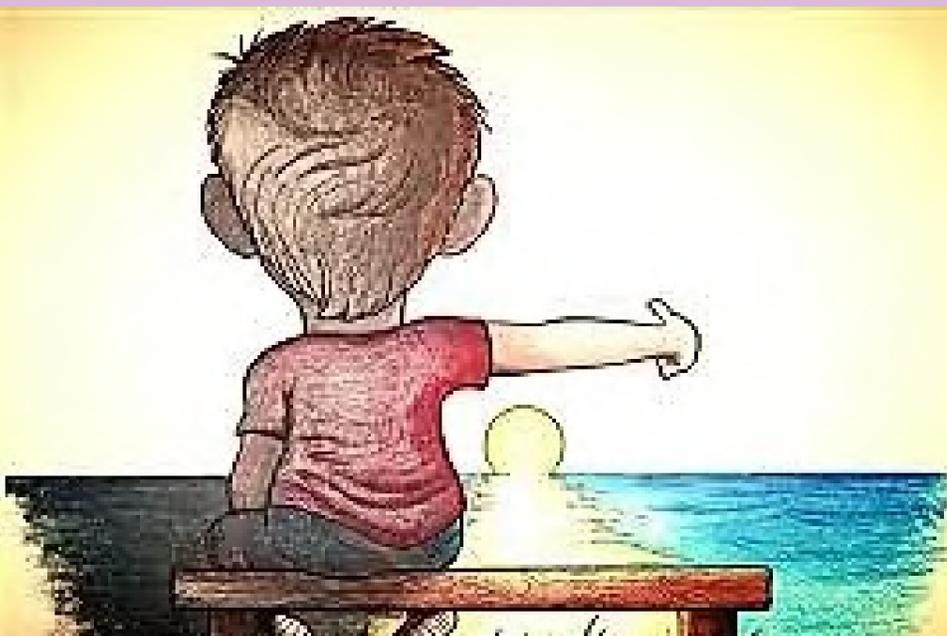
Sometimes my boon associate is a book
Or a daydream,
Where I stay within
An unknown wonderland.

It makes me contented,
If I'm in a distress.

Jeevan J. Puthenpurackal
8C

My love from the bottom
Of my heart is taken by it,
Sincerely, deeply and profoundly,
I'm loving my companion.

I wander in thoughts,
With my boon- companion,
Which taught me
What actually life is.



Rain : A Symbol of Hope and Renewal



Rainy season also known as the Monsoon Season is one of the four main seasons in India. It rains every year between July and September. The monsoon season is considered the best season among all seasons. Rainy day is awaited by all as it is an exciting season! We get to play and have fun in the rain, and get wet in muddy puddles. When it rains in excess, floods occur. Excess rain brings in a lot of destruction to crops and also to lives, like the floods of 2018 which affected many parts of Kerala and the recent Wayanad landslides which caused a lot of destruction. Rains bring down the temperature and makes the atmosphere cool. Plants that are watered by the rain look green and fresh. Rain is necessary to generate electricity. Rains in moderation are a blessing as they are a relief for the farmers and for everyone. If the rains are inadequate, it will cause drought like conditions, which makes life difficult. Rain makes everything look fresh and new. Rain symbolises a fresh start, washing away the old to begin anew.

Trisha Rita John

8C

Dental Hygiene programme conducted by the Indian Dental Association (Kerala State) at Girideepam Bethany Central School



Souvenir-Calendar



Pajer

It was not considered as annoying. It was considered as a tradition. My mother described it as a tax; the tax that the locals imposed on the innocent passers-by for entering their locality during the mango season.

It might prove easier to picture when described from the beginning. People—mostly women, for a reason that escapes me—woke up early in the morning at the welcoming days of summer. They set out with their gunny bags and sacks into the silent, still forests, this time without their cows and goats. Then, they'd climb the champa and frangipani trees, and pick it's flowers. This, by far, proved as my favourite part. I had been climbing trees as soon as I had learned to walk. There was no tree high enough. People often rumoured at my fascination for tree climbing at the incident before my birth: My mother had been travelling from Kerala to Odisha, already heavily pregnant with me. On reaching her berth, she found the lower and middle berth occupied by men. She pleaded with them to move to the upper berth, as she couldn't, being pregnant. They refused. So with me, a gigantic baby, who was to be 4 kg at birth, whose translucent arms clenched inside her womb, she climbed to the top. Most people believe, jokingly, that it was my mother who deserved the credit to my agility on the branches, who harvested pepper and mangoes without a ladder.

Climbing champa trees proved a breeze for me. I enjoyed every moment, from mounting the tree to dropping the orange-and-white flowers into the hands of the people below. Then, to find a makeshift rope to decorate. The rope was really just a bunch of sacks twisted and turned together. To this rope we'd tie the beautiful champa flowers, till it looked like a garland. The steel plates, scented by the crushed flowers. Plates that were shoved in the faces of the people passing by on scooters, motorcycles, tractors, buses, bullock-carts, until they dropped a rupee or two into it. This was Pajer. Women who blocked the roads with a rope stretched by people holding its ends. And the people who wanted to get past this rope had to drop money into the scented plates; only then were they allowed to pass. It was not considered as annoying. It was considered as a tradition. There was at least one Pajer per kilo meter. We dropped the accumulated coins and notes into an earthen pot. We cursed the buses and 'Tata Magics' whose drivers threw a fleeting glance along with a fifty paise coin. Occasionally, some of the drivers would recognise me. "Mathews' sirnkoro jhiyo!", they'd yelp. Then they'd immediately drop a ten rupee note into the plate, with a detailed anecdote of how my father had alleviated one of their grievances. I cringed at the influence I held for being his daughter, for no marvellous, selfless deed of my own. When Madhusmita, a girl who demanded coins with a nervous exhilaration, remarked- "We are getting a lot more money because of 'Bondona'!", I raised my concern, and they all dismissed it



with a wave of their hand. "Use you? How could we? We'd just as soon... Hey! Call that bokua and bokuan! How dare they crash into the ropes?" They'd call everyone to joldi ase, to come fast, and screech a hurl of insults at the couple on the scooter while retrieving the rope.

At around 2 pm, we all sat down for a lunch of ruti and dali, and counted the money we had accumulated, smacking our lips at the rare ₹10 or ₹20 notes, clucking our tongues at the 1 rupee coins. We ate jamuns and drank ice cold milk. Then back on our feet, demanding, threatening for more notes. At the end of the day, we cheered and pressed raw rice and turmeric powder on each other's foreheads. At the end of three days, we'd have accumulated at least four thousand rupees. Someone would slaughter the hens. Someone would have to go to town and buy chicken masala, vegetables, cans of condensed milk. Someone with a passing singing voice would sing a well known Desia song and drum on a bucket-

"Koti koti daboo roke
Narke gale kai labo
Au re babu jisu ro baate."

Our traditional dance was called demsa. People formed a line, held each other's shoulders and copied the dance moves of the first person in line, their footwork, their rhythm. The first person in line would hold either a jadoo of peacock feathers or a towel in his hand. After the people got tired of dancing and settled down, they sat in circles to marinate chicken, chop onions and cucumbers, which they threw in a pitcher of salted, watered down yoghurt to make 'doi'. Mostly, to exchange gossip and laugh at my antics. They boiled rice in a makeshift stove, passed by a fire between bricks and a large spoon to stir it. After it was done, we sat down to eat the batho (rice), the doii (yoghurt), the chicken, the fried cauliflower and beans, and finally, the kheeri. After everyone feasted on mangoes and panted for water, we were on our backs under the shack. I looked at the buffaloes and banyan trees, the kingfishers darting from its branches. I watched the pale yellow mango flowers that awaited pollen. I saw the brown streaks in Madhusmita's hair as she slept in front of me. I closed my eyes.

Vandana Helen Mathews
XIIA, PCMB

Solitude's Embrace

In the silence of the setting sun,
Where the shadows stretch, the day is gone;
I walk alone, my footsteps trace
The quiet path, this tranquil place.

Beneath the sky, so vast and wide
Solitude walks by my side
Whispers soft, like winds that play
Guiding me, both night and day

The stillness stings, a sacred sound
On every leaf that falls to the ground,
A symphony of peace, it calls
In solitude, the silence falls.

Through forests deep, where echoes fade
I find my strength that feel betrayed,
The quiet hum, the whispered tone
Of solitude beneath the moon.

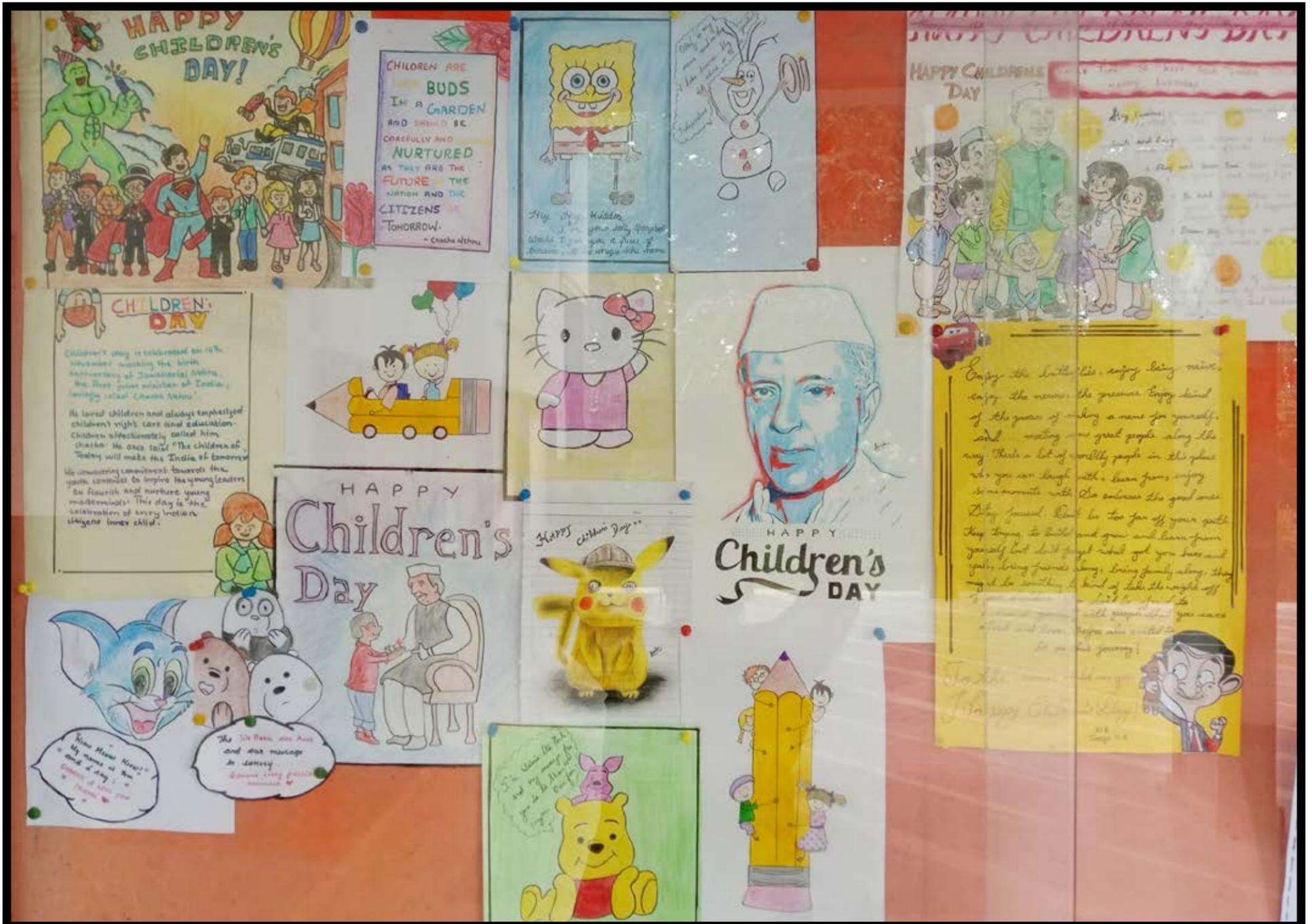
Alone, but never lost, I stand,
The earth, the sky, my only land;
Far in the quiet, I am whole
In solitude, I find my soul.

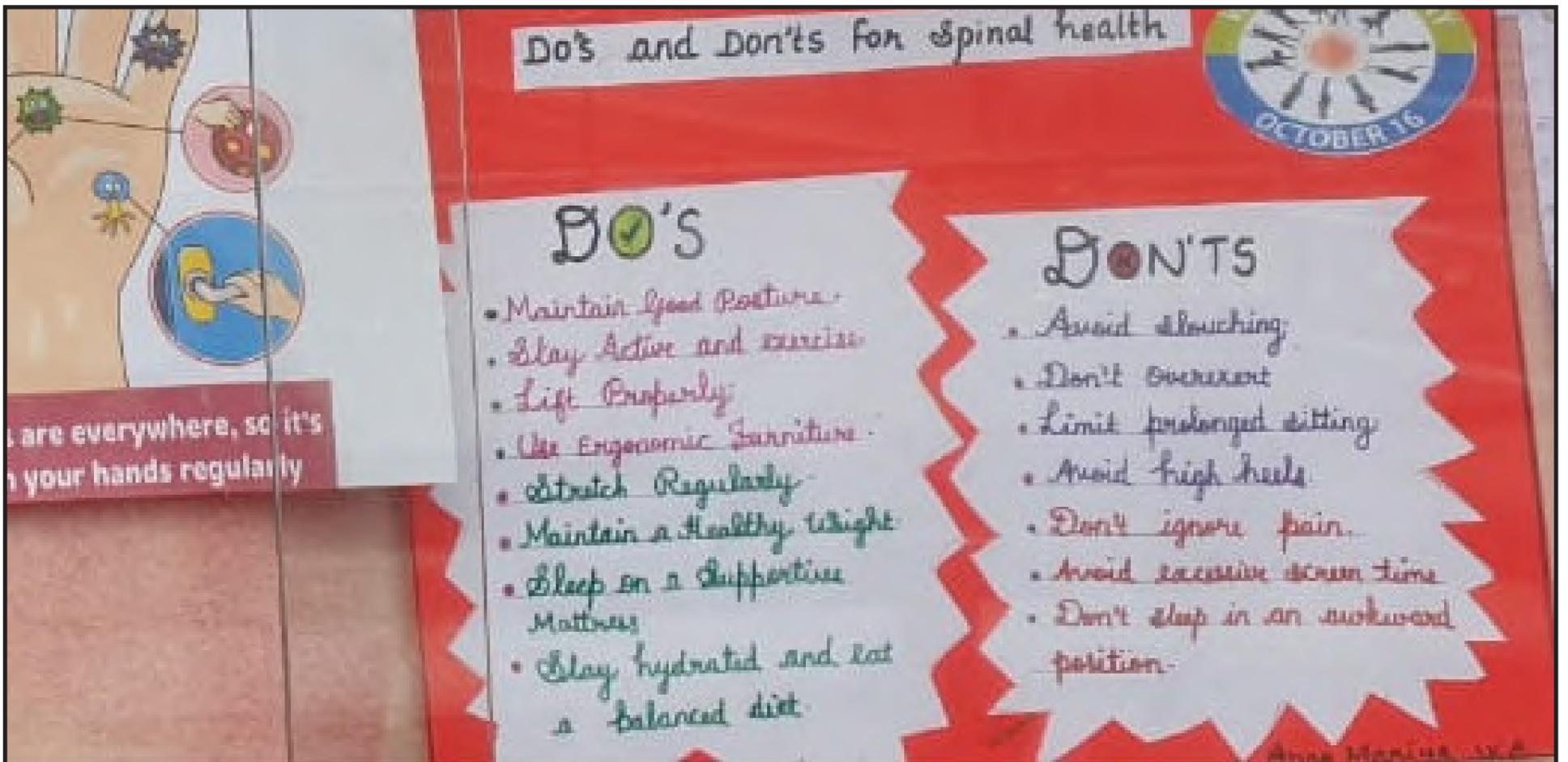
Sania Ann Mathew
XD



SPOT LIGHT

Central

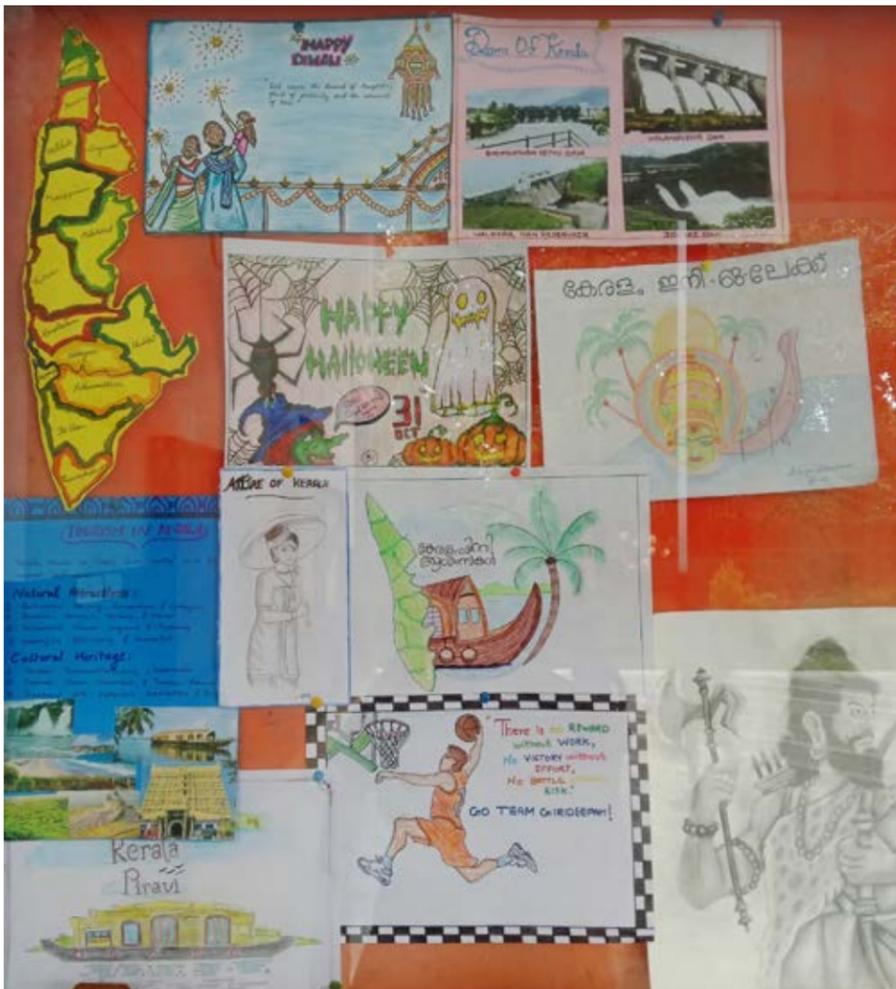






SPOT LIGHT

Central





Motivational session by BABITHA MARIAM JACOB



മഴ

മഴമഴമഴ പെയ്യുന്നു
മയിലുകൾ നൃത്തം വെക്കുന്നു
പലപല നിറമതാമാനത്ത്
മഴവിൽ അത്ഭുതമാണല്ലോ
തവളകൾ പാട്ടുകൾ പാടുന്നു
തകൃതിയായി മഴയും പെയ്യുന്നു.

Thejus Rejeesh
2B





The power of self-compassion: Embracing kindness & understanding

In today's fast-paced world, we have forgotten who we are. We tend to practice self-harm to make up with today's generation, unable to cope with, "Why am I so different?" or the question, "Am I really making a difference in this world?" Well, the answer here, is that one simple term, Self-compassion.

Self-compassion is treating yourself with kindness, understanding, and acceptance, especially during difficult times. It recognizes imperfections and limitations, embracing them with warmth and care. The benefits of self-compassion are numerous. Self-compassion reduces self-criticism and negative self-talk, increases resilience and stress tolerance, fosters self-awareness and personal growth, and improves emotional regulation and well-being.

Self-compassion consists of the three key components: mindfulness, self-kindness, and everyday humanity. Mindfulness acknowledges thoughts and emotions without judgment. Self-kindness treats yourself with kindness and care. Common humanity recognizes shared human experiences.

To practice self-compassion, start with daily affirmations, such as "I am enough" or "I am worthy." Then, prioritize self-care routines like rest, relaxation, and enjoyable activities.

Don't let barriers hold you back. Start small, seek support, challenge self-criticism, and embrace your humanity and imperfections.

By cultivating self-compassion, you can develop a positive self-image, improve emotional regulation, and enhance relationships. Treat yourself with kindness, care, and understanding.

Diya Abraham
XI-C, PCBIF



കുഞ്ഞിക്കണ്ണുകൾ ചിമ്മിത്തുറന്നു ഞാൻ
കതെൻ അമ്മതൻ പൊൻമുഖം
അന്നുതൊട്ടിനോളം എൻ മുൻപിൽ
പുഞ്ചിരിതുകുന്ന പൊൻമുഖം
ഞാനൊന്നുകരയുമ്പോൾ നെഞ്ചോരം ചേർക്കുന്ന
ഞാനൊന്നു ചിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ കൂടെ ചിരിക്കുന്ന
അമ്മതൻ കരുതൽ എത്ര ശ്രേഷ്ഠം
തേനിലും മധുരമാം അമ്മതൻ സ്നേഹത്തിൻ
നീതിത്തുടിക്കുവാൻ എന്നുമെൻമോഹം

Deon Deepu Toms
2A



എന്റെ കേരളം

എന്റെ കൊട്ടുനാട് കേരളം
കേരംതിങ്ങും നാട് കേരളം
മലകളും പുഴകളും പക്ഷികളുമുള്ള കേരളം
കുഞ്ചന്റെയും വയലിന്റെയും കേരളം
നന്മകൾ വിരിയുകേരളം
നമ്മുടെ നാട് കേരളം

Hannah Ann Chinthu
5C

One day in the dry savannas of Africa, the ostrich family known as the ‘Peppers’ went about their daily activities. Mama Sabrina kept her soon-to-hatch eggs warm while Papa Tofu searched for food, and Grandmama Pippa played with her 24 grandchildren. Among them was ‘Feathers’, who dreamed of flying. Each day, he watched the birds soar overhead, wishing to join them. One hot afternoon, while the family feasted on lizards in the woodlands, Feathers tried to share his dream. “Umm, hey everyone?” he said hesitantly, but no one listened. Frustrated, he shouted, “I have something to say!” The group fell silent, and Droops encouraged him, “Come on, bro, let it out!” With newfound confidence, Feathers declared, “I want to fly.” The woods erupted in laughter, and Feathers, hurt, ran to his favorite cliff to cry about his perceived shortcomings.

Noticing Feathers’ absence, Papa Tofu found him and joked, “What do sprinters eat before a race?” “I don’t know,” Feathers replied. “Nothing! They fast!” Tofu continued, but Feathers remained downcast. In a calm tone, Tofu reassured him, “We’re the fastest birds! Those eagles may seem cool, but we’re the real stars. Let’s head home.” Comforted, Feathers hugged his father.

The next morning, Feathers attempted to jump off a boulder to fly but tumbled down instead. As he lay on the ground, Saustrich, the self-proclaimed smart one, chided him for staring at the sun and explained, “We Peppers can’t fly because we’re too heavy.” But Feathers still yearned for the skies. Then Cheesecake joined them, and Feathers spotted a man parachuting. Inspired, he shouted, “The town! I need to go to the town!” Saustrich warned, “Are you crazy? Why be a slave?” But Feathers insisted, “Humans can help me fly”. By then, everyone surrounded him and Grandmama Pippa scolded, “foolish of you to even think of going to the town!”.

Followed by her claim, Tofu asked, “why do need a town son when savannah Biome is paradise?”. This led to a heated discussion among the family. That night, Feathers snuck away, running until he reached a town called Mpumalanga. He slept on the streets before finding a boy named Thabo, who convinced his parents to adopt him. Unfamiliar with domestic life, Feathers caused chaos in their home.

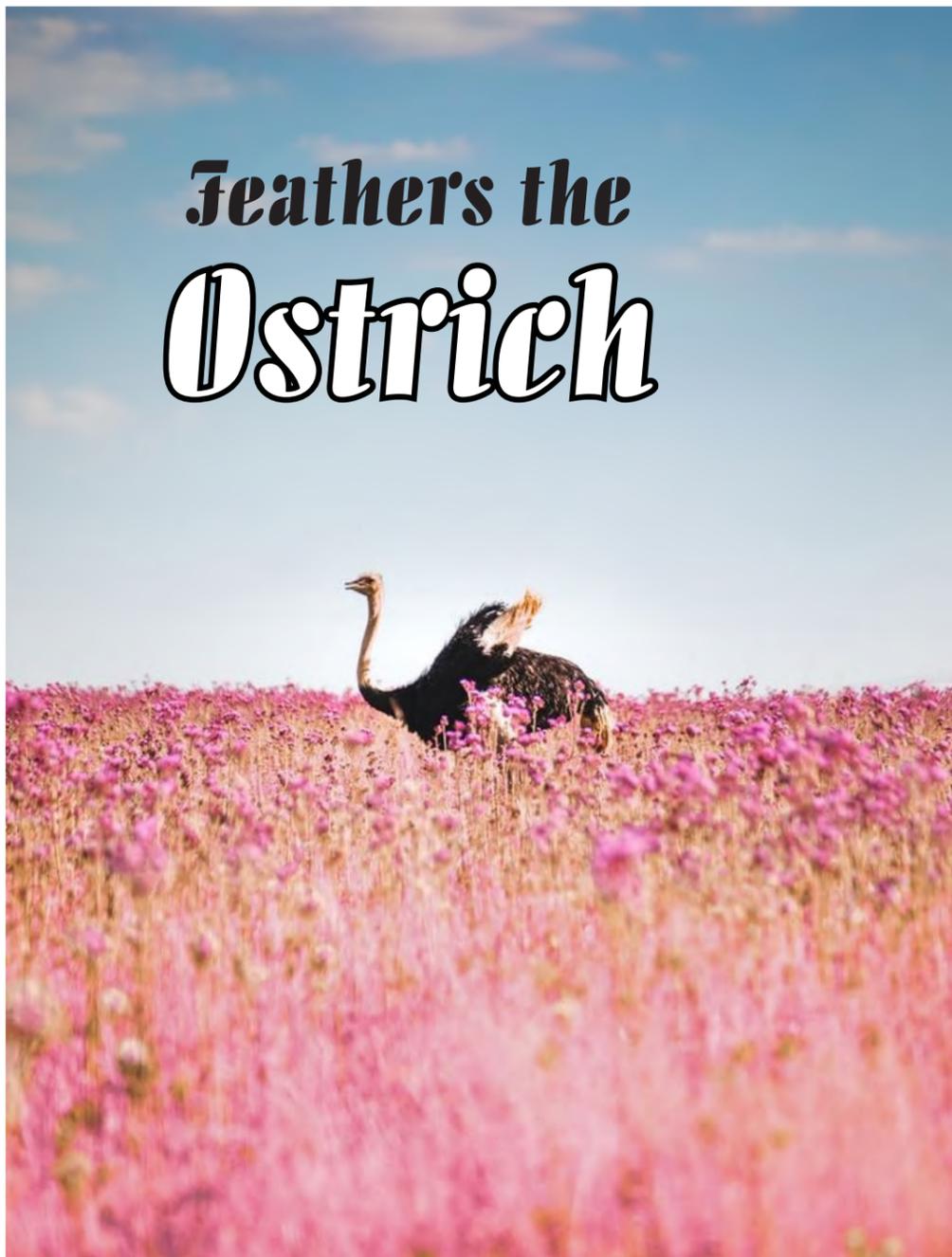
Thabo soon realized Feathers wanted to fly and asked his dad to make wings for him. Reluctantly, his dad complied, hoping to get rid of the bird. After three days of work, Feathers received wooden wings covered in chart paper.

Grateful, Feathers counted down and took off, thrilled to finally be flying. However, he crashed into an elderly woman with Alzheimer’s, who was unaware of his presence. He managed to get up but soon collapsed from his injuries.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself with veterinarians who had discovered him. One assistant asked, “Why can’t this bird fly?” Remembering Saustrich’s words, Feathers sighed, realizing his mistake. The doctor explained, “Ostriches can’t fly due to their heavy bodies and unsuitable bones.”

After escaping, Feathers returned to his family, who were worried sick. As he entered the savanna, Droops shouted, “Feathers is back!” The family rushed to him, and Mama Sabrina cried, “Thank God you’re safe!” She scolded him for leaving without telling them. “Did you get my word?” she asked. “Yes, mama,” he replied, grateful to be home. Grandmama Pippa urged him to drink water, and Papa Tofu shed tears of relief.

When a chick asked why he went to the city, Fluffball, the youngest, suggested he got lost searching for food, while Feathers felt ashamed to reveal his true desire to fly. Everyone was so concerned about Feathers when they heard a crackling sound. It was the new chicks! They finally hatched! And a new atmosphere of peace filled the air. Feathers realized his mistake. He learned a new lesson and he taught this lesson of being happy with what one has and that everyone is unique gifted with their own abilities to his younger siblings and lived happily ever after.



Archa Rejitha
XI C, PCBIP



Andrew Christy Babu
of IV B (2024-25) got a
cash prize of Rs 250
for Maths Talent Search
Examination
conducted by the
Kerala Ganita Shastra
Parishad.



The untold story of **HERWADKHAR**

In November 19XX, Bernald Berthold Gunther, a German theoretical physicist, negotiated a two year research deal with Herwadkhar, an Indian professor in Colombia. During that period, Herwadkhar aimed to publish a groundbreaking theory, which would transcend the speed of light theory; something that would reveal the truth on Quantum systems, potentially overturning established chemical laws.

But on Bernald's case, it was the total opposite. The research was bothering him, and he wanted the solution as soon as possible and claim it as his own, reflecting his hidden dual nature.

The researchers named the particle, Bernalkhar, for study, intending to explore its potential to exceed light speed and propose a new gravitational theorem challenging Einstein's relativity. As they went on though, Bernald realized that such problems, weren't his problems, he hadn't taken notes, yet Herwadkhar meticulously documented everything as "backup."

After 2 years and 3 months, the contract between them was expired, yet they didn't. Bernald was adamant on finishing the work, viewing his insistence as progress, while Herwadkhar misunderstood it as a hopeful sign.

While taking a coffee break one day, Bernald spotted a man in a long coat with a suitcase. He initially assumed the man was a stranger, but when the man took off his hat and winter clothing, he realized that it was Herwadkhar, who looked overjoyed.

"Bernald, Bernald! We did it, we did it Bernald! This is the moment we have been waiting for! We finally discovered Bernalkhar!"

"What? Really? We really did it?" asked an astounded Bernald. The professor smiled genuinely, to which Bernald patted his shoulders and replied, "Let's enjoy this happy moment till it lasts my dear pal".

At night it was a very cold winter night. They were sitting in the courtyard, having drinks and a lit bonfire, keeping them warm. They sat as they enjoyed the night by drinking. Despite Herwadkhar's refusal, Bernald encouraged him to drink, eventually getting drunk and spilling his secrets, including his secret identity that. Herwadkhar, however, dismissed it as drunken imagination.

The next morning though, while discussing their future after the publication, it happened. A cylindrical machine was pointed towards the professor, it was Bernald's pistol. Shocked, he stood up, as Bernald demanded that he leave the paper there and go back to his home. Unlike what one might expect, Herwadkhar remained silent and walked away, emotionless and foolish to believe a false friend.

On that night though, Bernald's revelation about his lineage was indeed true; his parents had been murdered during the Nazi invasion, and Einstein secretly raised him as a lab assistant. Though not biologically related, their bond through mathematics and physics deepened Bernald's intellect. From Albert, as he grew older, he became as smart as he was, smarter than any ordinary student. However, his loyalty to Albert led him to refuse to complete the very formula Herwadkhar had developed, knowing it would contradict his father's theories. He then manipulated Herwadkhar into finishing the work, so as to conceal the truth and claim it as his own.

When Herwadkhar was gone from his sight, Bernald checked the papers to make sure. The first few pages were same, but the last three were unrelated theories that confused him. It was an entirely different subject, a parallel physics, which can be applied to the multiverse. Realizing that he was deceived, he tried to search for Herwadkhar. It was only 15 minutes after the professor left and he tried to search for him everywhere, but could not find him.

But only after 3 months, Herwadkhar was mysteriously killed in India, leaving his incomplete theory and untimely death as enduring mysteries. It is certain that Bernald did not do so, who was still seeking his friend. He had lost the key to the theory, but the paper might exist somewhere, hidden away by the professor. — It was a secret that would remain with him forever.

Ananthapadmanabhan C.R

XI A, PCMB



The Lost Dog

Dear Jacky! Dear Jacky!
How I used to play with you,
With balls and toys and marbles
Messing and throwing everything
And anything kept before our sight,
To all the four directions:
north, south, east and west!!

Oh! How we used to walk in the streets,
Screaming with laughter and joy
Scaring every coward we met on our way,
Barking each and every moment and
Hearing the people say,
"Look! The dog and its mistress advancing,
Make way everyone!!"

And how I loved bathing you,
With soaps and shampoos and brush
The soap went hither and you go thither,
Splashing water here and there
To prove the Archimedes' principle,
And making me fully drenched!!

But now my dear and amazing Jacky!
My good old dog!!
The day you ran out of my house,
With your loosed chain through
the open gate
Frightened by the sound of the firecracker,
Left in me a deep everlasting wound
Which can never be bound up.

I keep pondering about you,
And often become nostalgic
Recollecting all the fun
we had had when together,
How you used to greet me
By jumping on me and licking me lavishly,
Are now, but sweet memories.

I desperately hope that one day or another,
You will return to your beloved mistress
And rejuvenate all the fun I had with you and,
This is the one and only solution to
Heal the deep pain in me which,
No one in the world can ever take away,
But only you, Jacky, my lost dog!!

Sara Elizabeth Jacob
X-D



CBSE SAHODAYA YOUTH FEST WINNERS 2K24-25



MOMENTS FROM THE JOURNEY



It started
12 years ago...



Nissi Cherian
XII-A, PCMB

It all began 12 years ago,
When I woke up early for a journey unknown.
It all began 12 years ago,
Wearing a new uniform, feeling alone.
It all began 12 years ago,
Walking into a place strange and wide,
Holding my mother's hand tightly,
Afraid to lose her by my side.
It all began 12 years ago,
When she left me in that place alone,
With unfamiliar faces and voices,
Where everything felt like stone.
It all began 12 years ago,
When someone smiled and showed me around,
Introduced me as a new friend,
To faces both nervous and bound.
It all began 12 years ago,
When I was told to sit and play,
With two new faces, uncertain,
Their silence a curious display.
It all began 12 years ago,
When I told my mother every detail,
About the new place and the people,
Where my courage felt frail.
It all began 12 years ago,
When that building became a daily sight,
New faces turned familiar,
And mornings felt just right.
It all began 12 years ago,
When the once-unfamiliar grew dear,
The building a second home,
Teachers and friends always near.
It all began 12 years ago,
When we learned and grew together,
Fought and played without pause,
Bonded like birds of a feather.
It all began 12 years ago,
When recess was our special time,
Sharing lunches and laughter,
Moments so simple, so prime.
It all began 12 years ago,
When monthly tests brought us dread,
Yet we'd laugh at our mistakes,
With stories that needed to be said.
It all began 12 years ago,
When we realized joy was in the bond,
Even knowing someday,
We'd move beyond.
And now, as the end nears,
Memories bring both joy and tears.
The past 12 years, I see so clear,
The best part of my life, so dear.



GIRIDEEPAM
BETHANY CENTRAL SCHOOL

Congratulations...



**Hearty
Congratulations to
EVANIA MARIA VINU of
Girideepam Bethany
Central School who has
been selected to the
Kottayam District Kids
Basketball Team for
the State Kids
Championship to be
held at Alappuzha from
27th to 30th
December 2024.**



CBSE STATE KALOTSAV 2024

WINNERS



Aleena Elma John
Collage
1st Position with A grade
(Category 3)



Shahid S
Elocution Hindi
2nd position with A grade
(Category 2)

Congratulations.....

SarO a sanSamam 2024



OPPANA TEAM



GROUP SONG TEAM



MIME TEAM



WESTERN MUSIC TEAM



THIRUVATHIRA TEAM



GROUP DANCE (CATEGORY 2) TEAM



GROUP DANCE (CATEGORY 3) TEAM



MARGAMKALI TEAM



CLASS 10 A



CLASS 10 B



CLASS 10 C



CLASS 10 D

CLASS 12 A



CLASS 12 B



CLASS 12 C



CLASS 12 D



CLASS 12 E



In Loving Memory



Pope Francis
1936-2025

