



Meston College of Education

(Autonomous)

Re-accredited by NAAC at 'A' Grade

No. 10/33, Westcott Road, Royapettah, Chennai - 600 022

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Greetings in the name of Lord Jesus!!!

The longest journey starts with a single step.

Yes, the single step has had leaps and bounds and eventually with a sense of satisfaction and gratitude, we, the Department of English publish this souvenir consecutively for the fourth time to encourage the students in order to sculpt their masterpiece in the competitive world of artistic flavors

The culmination of their ideas and talents, have brought them an indescribable victory.

With an overwhelming heart, I humbly thank the Management, Principal and Staff for their constant support in releasing this souvenir for the academic year 2014-15.

Dear students!

*Let your life illumine those who are in dark.
Wishing you all a great success*

Dr. (Mrs) C. Sherine

2014-15

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them – **Shakespeare**

It is our pride to show the greatness that cometh aboard our ships. Here are the staff of Meston



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Royapettah, Chennai-14



STAFF

2014 - 2015

WHO IS BLIND?

Light external doesn't
reach my eyes,
Do you say I'm blind?
Light eternal illumines
the closet of my heart
So I'm not a blind.



Jemima Devapriya

Does she know my feelings?
Mom's kisses can't heal my pain
I look around and no one stands beside me
I miss

you; I love you,
Daddy, I'm grown up now
And haven't seen you since then
I sit in your favourite chair
And miss your fingers through my hair

Daddy, Be with me
Bless me
Please take care of me
At least, take birth as my son
So that I take care of you as you did.

D. Chalkley Sweetey.

MY DAD AND MY LAST (LOST)

WISH

Daddy, you caught me
even before I fell,
Brushed my teeth;
Bathed me daily;
Fed me from time to
time
And let me try on my
own.



Daddy, you were someone who
Held me when I cried;
Scolded me when I went wrong;
Felt proud when I succeeded
And believed me even when I failed!

Daddy, daddy, daddy, why did you go
away?
Didn't you know I wanted you to stay?
Mom hated you,
But I didn't;
Instead, daddy, I loved you so much.

Daddy, when you left mom,
Didn't you know you left me too?
All that I do now is to cry, cry, and cry!
I want to die!

Daddy, Mom says living alone is fine

MY LOVABLE DAD

I didn't remember
When I saw him,
He didn't take care of
me,
He didn't play with me,
And He didn't come
with me to my
School.



But days passed,
I realized that
He is the one
Who stands by my side;
He is the one
Who sacrificed his life for me;
He is the one
Who never left me aside;
He is the one
Who showered love upon me;
He is the one
Who consoles me when I am Sad;
He is the One
Who guides me,
Teaches me,
Loves me;
That One is none other than
My Lovable Dad.

A. Dhilshath Banu

Poem: 1

MY BEST FRIEND

We are true friends,
 No quarrels between
 us.
 Because of him,
 I proved I can do
 something
 He helps me become a
 master
 He opened my inner
 abilities
 He was decreased to wear and tear
 But I became popular.
 He is my reader
 And my pen and paper.
 He saved my life
 Without fishing for complements.
 I commit mistakes
 But he corrects them.



He is my teacher
 And my preacher.
 Through his face
 I see the world.
 He is always with me
 He doesn't have life but speaks to me.
 If I get a chance to name him,
 I'll do so as "Winner."
 He is none other than my laptop
 Born from the womb of technology.

Edwin Charles

Poem: 2

FROM BRIGHTNESS TO DARKNESS.

To me it was my life's renaissance
 For I achieved something in that patch.
 Disconnection between my brain and my
 eyes,
 As a result, a shadow hung in front of my
 eyeballs.
 My dreams shattered, heart broken,
 All my bosom friends cast me off.

I couldn't see my kith and kin
 Even if they were in front of me.
 They didn't know I couldn't see

And they mistook me that I didn't
 acknowledge their presence.

Now, Faces forgotten,
 Voices into memory taken.
 Textbooks closed, audio books opened
 Facing new challenges, stepping past
 victories.

Now, I'm ordinary for some
 And extraordinary for some other:
 Some take me for a sighted
 And expect I could do better.

Some take me for a visually challenged
 And praise me for my potentials and feats.
 I don't know whether it's true or false
 But what I think is:
 I go up when I've people to push me up
 And fall down when there're people to
 drag me down.

K. Edwin Charles

DISCIPLINE THEOREM

"DISCIPLINE" is
 always 100%.
 To prove:
 a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5,
 f-6, g-7, h-8, i-9, j-10,
 k-11, l-12, m-13, n-14,
 o-15, p-16, q-17, r-18,
 s-19, t-20,
 u-21, v-22, w-23, x-24,
 y-25, and z-26.



SOLUTION:

D - 4
 I - 9
 S - 19
 C - 3
 I - 9
 P - 16
 L - 12
 I - 9
 N - 14
 E - 5
TOTAL = 100%

P. Geetha.

Poem: 1.

The Light

Worship the light that
 came from above,
 Creating every continent
 and country in seconds.
 Came to the earth in
 the form of common man
 Never loved to be in a
 family of his own.
 But spent his life for his
 disciples and creation,
 Taught this world by the way he lived.
 Let us worship him through justice,
 The king who stepped down
 From heaven above and went back
 To the right of the Father's throne
 The one and only existence of
 excellence.



Joel C.J.I

Poem: 2.

*A Ride towards the Outskirts of
Bangalore*

Through the windowpane, the sight was
 good
 The engine revved and roared into the
 wood
 Lush greenery under hot sun,
 Riding for a cause is always fun.

Alive was the place, full of people
 The cause was to relieve bonded labour.
 Too many people, small and big
 Differences ranged from young to adult.

Weary life and worthless living,
 Turned once for all by joyful giving.
 People power produced well,
 Organizations made it dwell.

Labour laws retrieving people,
 Refreshing hopes like stream of joy.
 Willing for a welfare life,
 Happy to spend with children and wife.

Still the struggle is on,
 Bonded labour, an evil phenomenon.
 Pressing hard night and day,
 To progress all the way.

Joel C.J.I

Poem: 3.

Precision

Walking along the lane gutters;
 Flying towards the gloomy sky
 Makes me feel pathetic
 As those are exam times.

Swinging the stupid books around,
 Sweeping all their pages,
 Feeling like falling ill
 Whenever I take that junky bell.

Sleepless nights and stupid dreams,
 Crazy cries and crawling beams,
 Mercy is all I need
 From everyone, especially my teachers.

Surprised by superstitions;
 Sizzled by exam pattern;
 I hate those days,
 When I was forced to attend my exams.

After that hell of a time passed away,
 Every day became dry; everything
 became bored,
 Holidays were the worst thing I faced
 on earth,
 Surpassing and trespassing those campus
 roads,
 Was nothing but catwalk ramps.

The days passed by and the Grand
 finale arrived,
 No mood of checking results
 But forced to do so as no other option
 left;
 The rate of heartbeat rises and settles
 Then the final hour arrives!

Clearing papers was just "OK"
 But arrears take us to a whole bunch
 of unity,
 When I look at my pals
 Oh my God, I have company for
 everything!
 Whether I clear or not,
 It was all a whole hell of mess,
 Filled with fun and happiness.

Joel C.J.I

Poem: 1.

ON MY BLINDNESS

Light half way doused
But not the fire inward.
To see and stalk no more
But envision and run the engine evermore.

Someone asked me, "You achieve a lot without sight
Would you have done better had you with it?"
I'm grateful to my maker for whatever I'm now
I'd never thought "I could've done wonders with eyes."

One who created you created me too
Purpose he has for me beyond my ken.
Darkness is not dark to me
Brightness doesn't fetch joy either.

No regrets for light loss
As warmth ever ablaze per se.

Poem: 2.

TININESS

I'm so tiny, you know
Yes, I'm tiny, I say.
The firmament above, with its looming clouds,
Dazzling stars, deafening thunderbolts, all so big.

Sprawling plain, stupendous mountain shoulders,
Expansive oceans, roaring rivers, all so big.
Awesome valleys, unforgiving deserts,
Brutal glaciers, deadly mires, all so big.

Who made all these big
So that I feel myself tiny?
Because they're here and will never vanish
As I would into the dust.

As I walk with a staring heart Thinking
Of my tininess, I laugh at myself.
Why should I feel proud and big
After all I'd be vaporized from this mud bag?

I'm an insignificant speck in the sea
And leave no trails behind me.
Ant, wasp, moth, cricket
Nothing cares to compare them with me.

So how can I say I'm bigger?
When they're not even conscious of my existence?
Yes, I'm tiny, I confess
I'm created to gape at the colossuses and its creator.

Genius or fool, I'm tiny
To the goliath of death.

Poem: 3.

RATTRAP

Where's kitchen, and where's toilet in this hack?
Is there a nook here for god?
Is there a room for her to wrap her saree?
Where shall she breastfeed her last one?
Is this called a floor on which she's sitting now?
Holes, holes, up and down;
Up for rain to shower its curse
And down for bugs and worms to wriggle at night.
But how does a rat covet this floorless shack?
Didn't they inform it this shack lies below poverty line?
Rat knows how to feed its stomach
What if she hasn't considered the rat as her family member?
You might also find this rat in a millionaire's flat tomorrow

But today,
The rat wants, it wants her food
She thinks of a rattrap to woo
And kill the rat, keeping a piece of coconut
As a draw, but what will she do
When her little girl cries of hunger?
She's trapped now.

S. Krishna Kumar

To My Dear Friend Whom I lost

I squeeze my eyes
My bare hands are
searching in the air
My ears hear your
silent laughter
My skin feels your
touch

Every time I turn back
I see only your
footprints
Imprinted deep in the sands of my heart.
Not finding you, I curse god!

What does he want?
I fight with him
Tears dripping and justifying
May be you were too precious for this
mighty world.

The moments we shared
The lunch we ate
The books we read
The way you taught me things

It was a second's work
As if we played hide and seek,
You hid and the others too
I found everyone but you.
My unbelieving eyes
Believe your presence
Disobeying the rules of the reality
That death has knocked at your door so
early.

May this Brutal god
So selfish a giant
Keep you in the highest position among
the angels.
Years might swell up with your absence

But....
Between the gaps of our heart beats
It still remembers to portray you with
silent tears...

Monika Shalini.B



TEACHER

**My Mother gives me
a feather,
that feather is my
teacher.
without feather I
can't fly with colors,
she is my life,
she fed me love,
confidence, happiness,
I never forget her, because
She is my God!**



Seasons

**When I am born, I am spring,
When I enjoy, I am winter,
When I suffer, I am summer,
When I am hurt, I am autumn.**

Monisha

MY PLEASANT MORNING

Day starts by him,
By his mild, soft touch
On my mind, body and
soul
Showers of his beams
upon me.

I wake up, peep
through the window
To wish my silent
friends in the Meadow;
I wish her with a smile and touch,
She reciprocates the same to me.



Birds chirp and sing as they're free,
By bustling from Tree to Tree.
Butterflies call me to the garden
Where I'm blessed with chill spring;
The cool and pleasant warming
Makes me feel afresh that morning.

P.PAVITHRA.

LIFE IN MESTON

Life in Meston
I came here to learn
I learnt and also made
others to learn
By my teaching.

Change never changes
Meston College made us
to learn
Good changes in our life.

I wish this college should grow years
And make many teachers
Teachers who bring changes in students.

I feel proud that I am a teacher
And bring many students in flying colours.

Philomena Vaishali



MOTHER'S LOVE

Though there're
thousand relations
To embrace me,
My mom, to dote
on me like you
Is there no one in
this world.

DEATH OF THOUGHT

To the thought born in my mind,
Die today!
Don't become a refugee
Like the waves of the sea
Die now.

If I have to express you in words
You'll become twined
In the minds of others.



If I have to personify you
Are you an orphan?
Couldn't be!
Because I gave birth to you
If not me,
Who will own you?
But just die now.

MY TEACHER

Leaving the staffroom thoughtfully
Arriving into the classroom actively
Being welcomed by the students
warmly
Walking up to the board
majestically
Holding the chalk artistically
Explaining sincerely
Lecturing impressively
Speaking the language correctly
Asking questions frequently
Correcting errors immediately
Guiding students to shine brightly
Understanding them lovingly
Treating one and all equally
Smiling at us naturally.

Srimathi .A

MY FATHER

He is my first caretaker,
He is my first friend,
He is my first teacher,
He is my first love,
He dreamt my targets,
He is my first and last world, but
now I lost my world,
He is not my father, he is my
Godfather.

MUSIC

Freedom to our hands given
Still we're slaves forever
Till music reigns.

Sunandha.C

My Best friend

Although you live far
away from me,
I always feel like you
are with me.
I Love to share my
happiness with you,
I love to share my
sadness with you.



To me you are an idol of
glee,
And our friendship means a lot to me.
You are an ocean of happiness; you are a
pond of joy;
You are the rays of sunshine that brought
amusement to my life.

I like sharing my thoughts with you,
Because you are such a wonderful person
to be around.
My life would have been a tragedy
without you,
I am lucky to have a friend like you.

S. Vasudevan

THE FEELING OF MISS_NG

Morns were marvelous,
Noons were naughty,
Eves were enjoyable and
Nights were full of
nonstop giggling
When we were all
together.



But,

Morns are meaningless,
Noons are nuisances,
Eves are irritating and
Nights are nothing
When I'm alone.

My dear friends,
I terribly miss u all!

Yazhini K.K.S

MY SOUL MATE

I never thought of
overcoming all my defeats,
But your hope turned them
into feats.
I was broken and criticised
by everyone,
Only you own the perfect
eyes to see me as the real
one.



If you weren't there to hold me, I might've lost
myself in deep hollows;
My saviour your shadow, me that it always
follows.

Now I feel myself safe even in the tomb,
Because you keep me protected as a mother of
her child in the womb.

I've always asked God, "Troubles of mine be
solved by whom?"

He answered me by presenting the most
precious "You."

When I met you the first time, my heartbeat has
gone slow,

Tears of happiness couldn't be blocked from
flow.

My world was like a lamp without oil,
You lighted it up with your bright smile.

Worries and distress were my companions,
You came in my life as path making fanions.

As you entered in, there is no room for dark,
All my stress broke thanks to your inspirational
talk.

God's blessings on me can't be counted and
don't have any rate,

I thank God a million times for offering "You"
as my "Soul Mate."

Zareen Fathima

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

How can you make fun of
someone for something they
can't control?

"She has acne"

Do you think she chose to have
red spots all over her face?

"She has crooked teeth"

I've never met someone who got



braces just for fun.

"She has a big nose".

Who cares? Is she suppose to get plastic surgery?

"Her hair is frizzy".

Some people don't like frying their hair with a straightner.

"She wears glasses".

Do you think people enjoy being half blind?

"She is not a size 0".

Some people can't control their weight.

IMPERFECTION IS BEAUTIFUL

Stop making people feel like it is not.

Yes she is a **WOMAN**...

She pushes doors that clearly say pull.

She laughs harder when she tries to explain why she is laughing.

She walks into a room and forgets why she was there.

She hides the pain from her loved ones.

She says it's a long story when it's not.

She cries a lot more than you think she do.

She cares about people who don't care about her.

She will forgive you even after you stab her in the back.

She listens to you even if you don't listen to her.

And a hug will always help.

Yes she is a **WOMAN!!**

M.Mercy Evelin.

WHEN I AM

When I am weak

You carried me

When I am afraid

You hugged me

When I am alone

You sat beside

When I am low

You boosted me

When I was lost

You found me

When I was helpless

You helped me

When I was wrong

You corrected me

When I was rejected

You supported me



Because,

When you were on the cross

I was in your mind.

Hepzibah

THANK YOU TEACHERS!!

Thank you for all the
Hours you spent,
Attention you gave,
Needs that you tend to,
Knowledge you passed on,



Your special touch,
Offering guidance,
Undaunted by much,

Time you spent planning,
Efforts you made,
Angles learnt,
Chances taken
Here's to our teachers,
Each one a gem.
Recognized now; we
Salute them!

Alan Lydia.P

TELEVISION

This box is my sustenance
Food and water can wait.

This box is a genie's lamp,
Every whim of mine
It fulfils.

This box is a treasure
trove
Maintains records
Of the many summers of
my life,

This box is my "friend"
Gives the illusion of company
When I need it the most
This box is ME,
We are tuned...



C. Jaiysree

FRIENDSHIP

*Oh what joy it is
To have a friend
like you
For giving me
strength
The way you do*



*For lifting me up
When I'm feeling down
And putting a smile on my face
When I'm wearing a frown*

*Thanks for being there
And helping me grow
Your friendship means a lot
This I'd like you to know.*

S.T Axlin Suji

Eleven Oaths for Teachers

(An abstract from the speech by
Dr.A.P.J.Abdul Kalam)

1. First and foremost, I will love teaching. Teaching will be my soul.
2. I realize that I am responsible for shaping not just students but ignited youths who are the most powerful resource under the earth, on the earth and above the earth. I will be fully committed for the great mission of teaching.
3. As a teacher, it will give me great happiness, if I can transform an average student of the class to perform exceedingly well.
4. All my actions with my students will be with kindness and affection like a mother, sister, father or brother.

5. I will organize and conduct my life, in such a way that my life itself is a message for my students.

6. I will encourage my students and children to ask questions and develop the spirit of enquiry, so that they blossom into creative enlightened citizens.

7. I will treat all the students equally and will not support any differentiation on account of religion, community or language.

8. I will continuously build the capacities in teaching so that I can impart quality education to my students.

9. I will celebrate the success of my students.

10. I realize by being a teacher, I am making an important contribution to all the national development initiatives.

11. I will constantly endeavor to fill my mind, with great thoughts and spread the nobility in thinking and action among my students.

Mohammed Rafi

MY BEST FRIEND

*If there's someone you
can talk to
Someone, none can
replace
If there's someone you
can laugh with
Till the tears run down
your face
If there's someone who
can call on
When you need a helping hand
If there's someone you can count on to
advice and understand
If there's someone you can think more
Of each year comes to its end
You're a very lucky person
For you've found a special friend!*



Aishwarya

SCHOOL

School is something,
we must all embrace.
Knowledge we need,
to seek out and chase.

Subjects and teaching
styles,
are plentiful and vary.
Just like the backpacks,
we all need to carry.

Sports, clubs, and activities,
at every single turn.
So much to do,
study and learn.

To get the most from school,
we should consistently attend.
Around each corner,
there's always a friend.

Our favorite teachers,
are friendly and kind.
Their passion and job,
to expand every mind.

School is something,
we must all embrace.
Just remember to learn,
at your own pace.

Moses Rathinaraj



Mother's Day special

Mom
You have always been
there for me, and
It's my turn to be there for
you

I want you in my life for a
long time
So I'm asking you to start
Making your heart healthy
as a priority

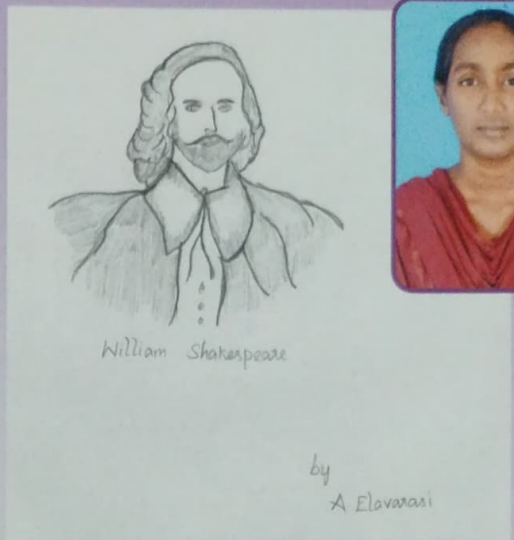
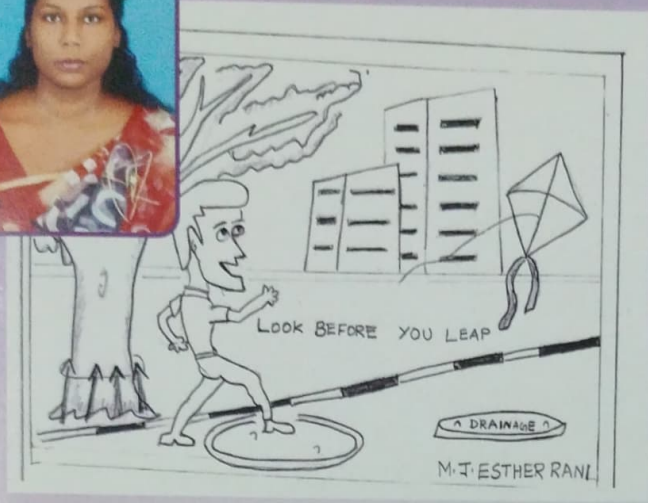
Starting this mother's day,
Please take a little time for yourself
Every day to exercise and relax
And remember to eat your veggies!

This words entitles you to a heart-to-heart
With me valid, valid anytime

Love always,

Pavithra.k



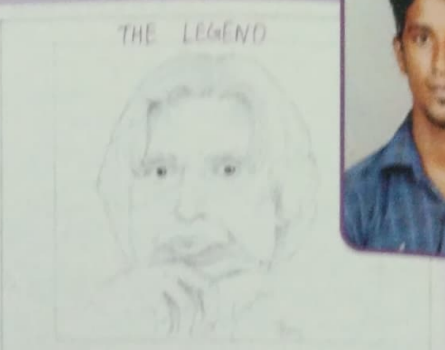




Poojara B
B. Ed. English I & II



THE LEGEND



"Excellence is a continuous process and not an accident"

"Creativity is the key to success in the future and primary education is where teachers can bring creativity in children at that level" - *APJ Abdul Kalam*

✓ ✓
Jehan

S. Praveen Sharmila kumar
B. Ed. English I & II





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GENERAL ENGLISH

2014-15 Batch