



Meston College of Education

(Autonomous)
(Re-Accredited 3rd Cycle at "A" Grade by NAAC)
10/33, West Cott Road,
Royapettah, Chennai - 600 014.

Department of English

English Tulips



Sparklers

2017-2019

PREFACE

Dear Well-Wishers,

Greetings to you all in the Glorious name of our Lord Jesus Christ!

This is a culmination of sweat of our own student teachers of English department, a fruit of their toil in the creative sense.

As Einstein said and I quote "I have no special talent. I am only passionately curious."

This collection is a perusal of curiosity, a bevy of innovative pleonasm.

The only way to foster this curiosity is to simply pave a way for it, replete with carpet and flowers. This is what we try to do at Meston.

I, hence, thank the Management, Principal and Staff for extending their support in kindling the curiosity of the student teachers.

I conclude with the famous words of Jim Elliot. "He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain that which he cannot lose."

So, go forth and shine, student teachers. You deserve all the best that life brings and then some.

Wishing you all success!

Dr.(Mrs.) C. Sherine

Earth or Hell

-Vinodhini. D

I am a girl
Am I on Earth or Hell?
Hell, the place of torments & punishments they say
Earth, the place where murderers march,
Rapists are roaming,
Law & orders are sleeping,
Cops are bribing
And dowries ruling.
At last I got my answer!
I am living geographically on earth
But practically in hell.

Life

-Christia Sherlin S.D

Life is an untraceable art,
We can write our life,
We can design our life,
But we cannot change any part,
Life goes up and down
Totally dependent on the hands of our own,
To achieve what needs to be, and give it a crown...!

Dear Dad Your Loss Has been so hard to Bear

-Roselyn Rebecca

Dear Dad, as my tears fall. I think back to the times long gone when you would be the strength that my life was built upon. I remember all the happiness you brought throughout the years. Although they are the sweetest memories I cannot stop my tears. You were my protector, my advisor and my guide. My life could never be the same without you. (to walk beside). Daddy, visit your resting place brings back those memories of you walking beside me. I'd like to thank you for the care that I could never repay. Love you dad and miss you.

Monologue of a Confused Writer

-Sathiya Bala

Wondering in delight of what to write, I'm holding a nib without its life.
Topics and titles crossing my mind, I never knew it's a writer's strife.
Waiting for the spark to light, turning around at the gift of Nile.
Opened are they Writer's Cafe, will I get an idea by staying there a while?

MOM

-VishnuPriya. T

Mommy you are my world!
I am proud to say
That I am rich
For you are my asset.
I feel comfort whenever you
Cuddle me, direct me, and
Shape me in
Every step of my life
I have everything now,
That's You, MOM.

Expressing

-Vaishaly

Loaded while sorrow strikes,
Shrinking at the time of delight.
Blinking while in a dilemma
Staring at the time of anger
Expanding while being excited
Expressing fear, anguish, sorrow
Excitement, delight and wonder.
Oh my eyes! You are a true wonder,
Conversing clearer than speech
Capturing minute than cameras
Observing closer than a mind
You! The master of expression!

Government Holiday

-Nikilesh Lingesan

The sky is high, so am I
It's the best part of the year,
Cos you are here.
Many days, many nights, many cries,
Made us wise.
With you I feel good, without you
I am in bad mood.
It's time to meet again, to see you again.
Waiting for that special day Government Holiday.

A Strange Morning Poem

-Marimuthu

This morning I was wiping myself, but suddenly I stopped
The towel I was gripping tightly, in a wink I just dropped
I felt a strange new sensation all over my naked body
Which I have never felt before, so queer you see.

Hundreds of tiny water droplets were sliding towards Earth
Here is gravity in action, I laughed and mumbled with mirth
They were sliding from the back of my head and to the shoulder,
And from my forehead and through those eye-ball holders.

They were determined to reach that elusive final spot
Some successfully travelled towards it but sadly some did not
Some were bold enough to slide through my little bear chest
But a few travelled through my hands and on my towel they fell to rest.

Some brave ones successfully travelled from my head to toe, and to the ground
But a lot of them went the wrong way and an early death they found.
Poor gravity only wanted the fittest to win the goal,
So it guided some drops all the way, and they reached the ground neat and whole.

This sensation just taught me a great lesson, which I will never forget,
Life wants the fittest to win, and the weakest suns will set.
It fired my inner spirit up, and I told the God of life,
That I am not the weakest one, He'll know it when I smash through strife

Live, For It's Your Life!

-Ramya

As soon as you die, your identity becomes a "Body". Phrases like: "Bring the Body", "Lower the Body in the Grave", "Take the Body to the Graveyard", is all that we say. People don't even call you by your Name, whom you tried to impress the whole life...Live a life to impress the Creator not the Creation....

Take chances...Spend money on the things you love...Laugh till your stomach hurts... Dance even if you are too bad at it...Pose stupidly for photos...Be childlike... Be unique...

MORAL: Death is not the greatest loss in life. The real loss is when life dies in you while you are alive...Celebrate this event called LIFE...

Grass is greener on the other side, or is it?

-Rangaraj

There once lived a man called Harry. He was working as a programmer in a great softwear company. The pay was good. He was able to eat good food. But he wasn't living a happy and fulfilling life. It is because Harry didn't like to be a programmer. Instead he wanted to be a wild life photographer. From his childhood he has seen them in action in his TV set. The busy working hours of the softwear company didn't distract Harry from brooding over his unfulfilled dream.

He would often finish his work and think about it in his usual shangry-la. He usually sit under a tree and watch others pass by. By watching them, he would think about many things. Surely, his lost dream is one of them.

As a regular visiter, Harry would notice many persons. One of them was an unknown man with a camera. Harry would see him happily snapping pictures of beautiful flowers and insects. Harry would see him and envy him. To Harry, the man seemed to be living a happy life.

Now let us switch sides. The unknown cameraman was Ralph. He worked as a photographer under a rude boss who often forgot to pay him. Ralph couldn't leave the job because he wasn't qualified for any other job. His parents would ask him to quit the job. But Ralph was not happy. He wasn't ready to face interviews. He wasn't afraid of questions. But he was not confident in the way he looked. To him, he was the ugliest one alive and he often felt lucky to have a job.

His boss often asked him to take pictures of beautiful flowers and insects. He would find a lot of beautiful things near a tree in a park. He usually visited this place and captured many pictures. His regular visits taught his eyes to observe things and persons.

His observing eyes would often notice a stranger sitting under a tree. Ralph would look at him and admire him. To Ralph's eyes, the stranger seemed smart. Being smart, according to Ralph is the source of a happy life.

He named him as the smart stranger and he would search for him whenever he visited the place. To Ralph, the smart stranger seemed to be happy and perfect.

Met one day and broke their silence. They began with a shy hello and soon they were talking like good friends.

When at last they said good bye and walked away, they realised that none of them were happy.

This is the way life functions. It never gives the perfect joy to anyone. There is always someone with a happier life, smarter look or better relationship. There is always something better in life.

Indispensable
-Carolyn Rini Priscilla

I was timid.
No more now...
I was called dumb.
No more now...
I was unlucky.
No more now...
I was branded a fool and cheated by all,
Timid, unlucky and a dumb fool!
With tears wiped and a change of view
The little things were renewed.
From a learner to a Trainer,
From darkness to the light,
A four leaf clover and everyone's delight.
"There are no real failures in life, only results."
Become Indispensable.

Men's Rights
-Archana. N

The term 'Men's Rights' sounds a little weird right? This might be a new term for many.

When we're so familiar with 'Women's Rights', why haven't we even thought about Men?

Don't men need fundamental rights as women do? Don't they go through hardships and struggles? Don't they need laws or protection? Is it that only women suffer to establish their identity?

Tears are the outcome of pain. Our society doesn't allow a boy to cry. When a girl is allowed to cry, why not a boy?

Our minds are parochial that we don't allow our boys to play with his sister's toys. He is supposed to play with 'masculine toys' – bike, car.

A man goes through a lot of pressure as the bread winner of the family. He even starts thinking about the financial exhilaration of his family at his early years of college. Most of the courses selected by the boys are with the economical position of his family in mind.

There are men who leave their families and work abroad to meet the basic requirements of his loved ones. There are men who have taken up degraded jobs to feed their homes.

In marriage, it is the Man who is predominantly victimized as the laws only favour women. Isn't it the right time to talk, recognize or at least think about "Men" and "Men's Rights".

The Gleam
-Keerthana. M

Between the shiny moon
And the cloudy sky
There is a myriad of stars
Fighting its war.
Waiting for its chance
To shine tonight in advance.
If not tonight, will it fall?
One fine day,
The sun is fierce and the moon so bright,
There is always a star which stands so high.

Be Honest
-Anbu Thenmozhi Mary

Once upon a time, there lived a potter Guru, who famous in a village called Mathura. His wife Malini was a well-known tailor. Their only daughter was studying in class 8. Guru was the only source of income for his family. His glory had spread in all the villages nearby, so people came to buy his artful pot. Raja, a rich landlord came with a lot of money from the next village to buy Guru's pot. On his way Raja comes to know about Guru's fame in the entire village. Raja was keen to buy the pot from Guru. He happens to miss his money bag while returning back from Guru's shop. He didn't realize it anytime sooner until he had to pay someone. Raja misunderstood that his bag was stolen by Guru so he rushed to Guru's shop and scolded him harshly. The people in the village didn't believe at Raja's words that Guru had stolen that money.

Due to endless shame to the family, Guru attempted suicide and died. His family felt hopeless. Malini taught tailoring to others and earned money for her and her daughter's living. After a few months, a man came to Mathura and heard about Guru's sad demise. He felt ashamed of himself for he was reason for Guru's death because he had stolen Raja's money. He went to Guru's house and confesses the truth to Malini. He apologized for his mistake which cannot bring Guru back but donated all his money which he had stolen from people to an orphanage. At the same time, Raja had also gone wrong by assuming that Guru was the suspect.

Moral: Don't suspect unnecessarily. It could cause a life.

You Cannot Judge a Book by its Cover
-Thirumalai Kumaran

This proverb means that it is not right to judge someone or something merely by its appearance. Just because the cover of a book is beautiful or attractive, doesn't mean that the content inside will be of immense value or vice versa. An ordinary looking book may contain valuable information. To realize that, one has to read the book fully.

Similarly one has to interact with a person before deciding on his capabilities, character and talent.

When Anbu was selected to be the School Pupil Leader by the Principal, many doubts elevated about his capabilities by the teachers and staff. But the teachers preferred somebody who was popular to be elected as their SPL.

Anbu was a tall, thin and quiet boy who had just started making friends in school as he was new and had joined the school only that year. Although everyone knew that he was good at studies, he did not seem to be a dynamic person and certainly did not impress with his looks.

But Mrs. Sathya, the Principal, was very adamant and told the teachers that Anbu was a boy with many hidden talents who could inspire and lead the other students as an example.

A few months later, Anbu proved that the Principal had undeniably been right in her judgment. Since Anbu was very good at singing and debating, he represented the school and won prizes at all the inter-school cultural events unfailingly. He was selected to lead the Tamilnadu Contingent in NCC at New Delhi for the Republic Day Parade and won many medals in shooting and extracurricular activities.

He was recognised as the Best Cadet and the State won the Best Contingent Award under his leadership; and he returned home to a hero's welcome.

Despite all these distractions, he performed well in academics too and managed to win the National Student Scholarship Award.

It was only then that the teachers realized how wrong they had been in judging Anbu - which this quiet and unassuming lad was indeed a treasure to the school and who could inspire the others by his actions.

Following his foot-steps, many students started performing better at their academics as well as at their extracurricular activities. This made the school one amongst the best schools in the whole state of Tamil Nadu.

Do you think male power is really a myth?

-Aarthy S. V.

As women we feel that we are powerless, because industrialised countries have always concluded that women have a problem, and men are the problem. Here is the truth behind the screen:

People call many group as powerless, but men are instructed to see themselves in a position of power.

1. As we all know blacks die sooner than whites. Black men die early compared to women. Do men have power here?
 2. Suicide is considered as the greatest act of powerlessness. Men experience a higher death ratio compared to women with the pressure of male roles in the society
 3. Women are said to be the victims of the violence – the myth rather, men are twice affected as a victim of violence, and thrice affected as a victim of murder.
 4. Women's command over spending gives ladies power over TV programs
 5. Women have the right of raising a child without the father presence and men should provide the money till the end of his wife's life even after divorce.
- These are glaring examples that show that both men and women are subject to roles that are enforced by society.

Hero

-Vishnu Kumar

He is sincere
But also lethargic.
He's a lover
But not always.
He is innocent
Which is hard to believe.
He is carefree and possessive.
He is a good dancer
But a bad walker.
He laughs at everything
Gets mad at times.
He's my hero
The person I adore.
Want to know who 'he' is?
Well, it's me!
Don't consider others as your heroes.
You're your best hero and inspiration.
Love yourself.

The thief on the cross

-Clement

A bastard, I was known. Though my mother they used, a prostitute she was called.
She died, and I had none.

On my stomach, something fed; another's bread I took, to fight back.

A thief they called me, a name became. On stolen bread, I grew.

Wishing, wishing, if I also could live someday.

Then a Man I heard, preaching hope, love, forgiveness.

Those words, those words, they were not mere words.

Every word He spoke, part of me came alive. I followed that Man everywhere He went.

Help I wanted to ask Him, my guilt stood in the way.

But when His words I hear, I am full. Hunger, guilt, fear and even death its sting, losses.

Lines for hope I began to rehearse. Just a word to Him to speak.

Would He speak, even to me?

Hunger called again. But this time, in the act, I was caught.

I had bread like never before; behind prison doors.

But never, this hungry I was, for His words I could no longer hear.

I had no hope, for from Him, separated I was.

Forever, I feared. I was to be crucified.

Darker, darker, darker it seemed. For help I longed.

The darkest day arrived, my cross I saw.

A huge crowd, some weeping, some screaming, some just standing still.

It was Him! I saw Him! He was there, with a cross, just like mine!

Joy unspeakable filled my heart.

Hope renewed, those lines I began to rehearse again, like a proposal.

To Golgotha our journey began.

The cross, the shame, the pain, the fear; I could not feel.

My eyes fixed on Him, my line I was rehearsing.

He fell to the ground; my chance, it was, I thought.

But a paralysing pain gripped me.

Tears filled my eyes, another man's pain has never hurt so much.

A love for Him consumed my heart.

That bloody, painful journey was the sweetest I have ever had.

For by His side I was.

An unknown peace filled my heart. Him was all I could see.

By His side I was hung; Oh! What an honour.

'Are you not the Christ? Save yourself and us!' cried my friend.

And indignation gripped my heart. My mouth spoke!

'We are suffering justly, but this Man has done nothing wrong.'

His bruised head turned to my side, as though I were the only one.

For the first time His eyes met with mine.

He looked, as though, He has always been watching; as though, He knew me all along.

No longer did I need help, I needed Him.

With passing strength, I spoke; but not the words I had rehearsed.
The only words my strength could muster: 'Jesus, Remember me.'
'You shall be with Me.' The last words I heard.
With His life He paid for my sin. His dying words gave me life.
'Whoever comes to Him, He will not cast away.'

Life Lessons -Daniel

- *Complexities may complicate your life. Take everything in a simple way to lead your life with ease.
- *'Smile' is a precious gift. Smile even if there is a tornado in your mind.
- *Whenever you have questions in your mind, stay calm. Your answers would flow when you're in peace.
- *Everyone is facing obstacles in life. But what speaks about you is 'how' you overcome it.
- *People mistake a talented person with assumptions. They do not understand the struggle everyone undergoes unless they stand in their shoes.

Guess Who -Vibitha

1. A boy entertainer who makes the class fun-filled.
 2. Very efficient in communication
 3. Being creative in all his works
 4. Future poet
 5. Female version of Vadivelu
 6. Can be said in one word 'Love'
 7. Caring and helpful to others
 8. Moves friendly with everyone
 9. Bold and straight forward with good attitude
 10. News updater
 11. Takes care of each and every inspire off the other works.
 12. Grown up Shin-Chan
 13. Filled my life with sweet memories
 14. Mom's girl
 15. Thanjur doll
 16. Very sincere in all her works
 17. Homely girl
 18. A good motivator and a guide
 19. Highly intellectual and an advisor
 20. Helps others though she is busy with other works
 21. Traditional lady
 22. Melody maker
 23. Learn how to be straight forward with values and ethics in life
- Answers

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Daniel | 13. Linsha |
| 2. Carolin Rini Priscilla | 14. Vishnu Priya |
| 3. Vishnu kumar | 15. Keerthana |
| 4. Marimuthu | 16. Vaishaly |
| 5. Sathyabala | 17. Archana |
| 6. Anbu Thenmozhi Mary | 18. Nikilesh Lingesan |
| 7. Ramya | 19. Clement Ponraj |
| 8. Roselin Rebeeca | 20. Vinodhini |
| 9. Aarthu | 21. Christian Sherlin |
| 10. Thirumalai Kumaran | 22. Rangaraj |
| 11. Dr. Sherine Mam | 23. Dr. Gayathri Mam |
| 12. Ayesha | |

Shall I Talk to the Trees?
-Ayesha Siddiqha Khatoon. L

Shall I talk to the trees that give shade?
For they seem to reply without any fade.

A few words to share

A few let in despair

A food for thought

Or a thought for food

Where all that matters is what the eyes have caught,

For never have I fought

Oh shall I talk to the trees?

They reply with some breeze

By not judging my sneeze!



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