



The Sylvan Voice®

Vol 1: Edition 6



Smith Cottage Carol Service



Our smithies were the first ones to celebrate Christ's birth. It was a wonderful sight to see the children all dressed in the brightest of colours. They sang a number of carols in the true spirit of Christmas.

Mrs. Everett delivered the Christmas message after which the children had a tasty meal. The best part of the programme was when Santa made his appearance and distributed gifts to all the little ones. The students of class XI conducted different games for the children.

This was perhaps the most beautiful part of the programme; to see a bond created between the youngest and the eldest of the institution. It was a sight to behold and a wonderful memory to carry through many years to come.



The Eleventh Standard Students contributed a great deal in making the Smith House Carol Service Programme a grand success. The Smithies had such a wonderful time with the Eleventh Standard and they hope for another such evening with the Eleventh Standard.



Christmas Carol Service



Christmas is the season of joy and peace. It brings about happiness and excitement in the minds of all, over the world. It is a season where contradictory to the general belief that you feel joyful only when you receive. This is the season of giving. This year we realized this: truth of receiving happiness by giving.

We invited the under-privileged children and they became a part of our happiness. They were also very happy to receive gifts and kind words from the Laidlaw family. Our school was decorated beautifully in Christmas spirit.

There was a Carol Service in the evening, done by the senior and the junior choir. They sang "Gloria" and "High Dome". Their best song was Noel, which also included a special dance performance done by Sarah Soares, Alicia Boezalt, Micheal Boezalt and Veronica Atkinson.

A beautiful, heart touching song called Mary Did You Know, was sung by Mrs. Monica Ruth, Mrs. Arpana David Mathews and Mrs. Clover Everett. The parents also had the wonderful opportunity to see all the smithies dressed up as wise men performing the song We Three Kings. It was absolutely a beautiful sight to behold.



Mrs. Monica Ruth, Mrs. Clover Everett and Mrs. Arpana David showcasing their talent, singing “Mary’s Small Child” at the Christmas Carol Service.









Exhibition



Mr. Norman Wood and Mr. Gary Everett come around visiting the various exhibitions at display by the Georgians.

The first exhibition in Laidlaw was a great success . It was inaugurated by Mrs. Deadre, our Board Member on the 15th, December and it continued to the 16th .The Exhibition covered all the departments of the school such as English, Tamil, Hindi ,Science ,Mathematics, Commerce ,Art, Music and Sports .The English department had varieties of display of genres. The second language department had their respective chart work related to the Machine.The Sports department displayed the outstanding achievements of the students.

The theme of the art department was recycling the wastes papers into decorative objects. The music department had its demonstration of various instruments and it was a treat to all of the visitors. The teachers played an important role in making this exhibition a success. The guests appreciated the hard work.



The creativity of the Georgians brought into reality in a splendid manner by the Art students.



To the left, Mathematics Exhibition and to the right, the Biology Exhibition.



The Republic Day Celebration Hamilton House Day



Teachers depicting **Unity in Diversity** by dressing up in attires of different traditions across India.

The celebrations of the 69th Republic Day started with the hoisting of the national flag. It was followed by a poem, written and recited by Mr. Ramakrishnan, in Tamil. It was translated to English by Ms. Lydia Dorothy and it focused on how India has changed. An inspiring speech was delivered by Mrs. Indu Nair in Hindi. The formal ceremony came to an end with an informative speech by Mr. Emmanuel and Mr. Nelthropp. After that, the children headed down to the OGA Stadium to see the function performed

by Hamilton. The program was hosted by Aathira of 5th and Adhithya of 12th. There was a beautiful opening dance done by the 9th standard girls, worshipping Lord Shiva. Then there was a small informative game in which the Smithies were dressed up as some of the prominent freedom fighters and we were expected to guess who they were. There was a dance representing the culture of all the states done by the middle school. The entire program showcased a great number of talents on the theme "Unity in Diversity".



To the left, Vande Maataram sung by the Hami Students and to the right, Shivan Dance performed by the Hami girls.



जन गण मन भारत का राष्ट्रगान है। पंडित रवीन्द्रनाथ टागोर के कल्पना से लिखे राष्ट्रगान जन गण मन को यूनेस्को की ओर से विश्व का सर्वश्रेष्ठ राष्ट्रगान का करार दिया गया। इसे पहले बंगाली में लिखा गया है। इस गीत के वर्णन को निर्वाचक एसम्ब्ली ने 26 जनवरी 1950 को राष्ट्रगान के रूप में स्वीकृत किया था। सबसे पहले इसे 27 दिसम्बर 1900 कोलकाता के राष्ट्र कॉलेज के सत्रधन में गाया गया था। साधारणता राष्ट्रगान को गाने में 52 सेकंड का समय लगता है। इसकी एक छोटी प्रतिकृति भी है। जिसमें जन गण मन की पहली और अंतिम पंक्तियाँ को शामिल किया गया है। इसे गाने में तकरीबन 20 सेकंड का समय दिया गया है।

जन गण मन अधिनायक जय है, भारत भाग्य विधाता

Oh! Ruler of the minds of the people. Dispenser of India's destiny

पंजाब, सिंधु, गुजरात, मराठा, द्राविड, ऊतकला बंगा



**Your name rouses the heart of the Punjab,sind,Gujarat,Maratha of
the Dravid, Orissa and the Bengal.**

विंध्या,हिमाचल, यमुना,गंगा,उच्छल जलदी तरंगा

It echoes in the hills of Vindhya and Himalayas. Mingles in the music of ganga,jamuna and it is chanted by the waves of the Indian sea.

तव शुभ नामे जागे, तव शुभ आशीष माँगे

They pray for your blessings and sing the praise.

गाहे तव जय गाथा।

The salvation of the all people is in your hands.

जन गण मन अधिनायक जय है, भारत भाग्य विधाता

You are the Dispenser of India's Destiny

जय हे जय है,जय जय जय है

Victory, Victory, Victory to thee.



दोहे

रहीम देखि बडेन को न जीजिए जरी।

जहां काम आवै सुई, कहा करे तलवारी॥

Rahim says, you should not forget small things/ poor friends just because you now have access to big,rich, important people.

For example, you cannot use a sword where you need a needle even though sword is much bigger than needle.

ऐसी बानी बोलिए, मन का आपा खोय।

औरन को सीतल करै, अपहु सीतल होय॥

Your speech should be such that it should please everyone.

Others should feel happy listening to you and you yourself should also feel happy and content.

रहिमन धागा प्रेम का मत तोड़ो चटकाया।

टूटे से फिर ना जुड़े,जुड़े गाँव पारिजाए।



Rahim says, don't allow the delicate thread of love between people to snap. If it breaks once, it cannot be mended, even if you mend it there will be a knot in it, which means there will always be some awkwardness in the relationship.

रुटे सजन को मनाइए, जो रुटे सौ बार।

रहिमन फिरीफिरी पोहिए,टूटे मुकाहर।

Rahim says, if good people get angry with you, you should reconcile with them as many times as it happens. As you repair a pearl necklace as many times as it breaks.

जो राहिम उत्तम प्रकृति, काकिरी सकत कु सभ ।

चन्दन विष व्यापत नहीं, लपटे रहत भुजंग ।

Rahim says, bad company cannot spoil someone with excellent character as , snake are always there on sandalwood the tree never get poisonous.

Jagat Gowda



Blood On Young Hands

Walking in the scorching sun, Waahil was getting dizzy. He stopped next to a dhabha near the market, waiting for the waste to be dumped out from the newly made back door. He made his way anxiously towards a sole mudpot near the dhabha which was meant for the travellers to quench their thirst. He looked around nervously to see if anybody was watching, and slipped through the shadows to where the pot lay.

He opened the top to find water so less that it could only fill a month or two. He drank deeply of whatever water was left and silently thanked God for the water he had received. Feeling devastated, he went back to where he was hiding, slumping down next to a basket filled with useless clothes, which he had carried for over a mile. Though he hated the job of selling clothes, he had to do it to earn a living as his parents had passed away two years prior. They had left him with nothing but a house full of debt, which was returned to the great zamindar of the town. Though he was only 15 he had clear the debt, as he had no other relations.

Though he paid most of the debt by selling his land and ancestral home, there was still a load of money remaining for paying the debt, he took up a job from the arrogant zamindar himself to do manual labour, but the zamindar tasked him to sell scrapes of clothes that usually no one wanted to buy, which in return gave lesser income than the others.

He didn't spend much, all his earnings went to the Zamindar from which he took fifty paise for rent. The house he lived in was small, far beyond small, it was tiny. If he stood up his head would hit the roof and it was just the width of the hands spread out. He usually starved or would eat whatever he would find on the streets.

The loud grumbling of his stomach got him back to his reality. He covered his mid session with his disoriented lanky arms which reached all the way to his back bone, emphasize the thinness of his body. He waited and waited. He lifted the worn out basket and placed it on his frail head, struggling to walk.

Having snapped his one and only sandal the previous his feet were covered with red angry welts, the size of lizard eggs. Wobbling on his feet like a newborn fawn, he made his way towards the Zamindar's tannery in the market.



The Sylvan Voice- Vol 1 : Edition 6

As he inherited tachycardia from his mother, he could not work for long which left him no other choice but to take shift with his best friend Nazeer, who was working for the Zamindar from the age of five, now 17. Nazeer smiled at him, taking the basket from the hand and starting walking away with a noticeable limp. Waahil made his way towards the Zamindar's house to give the final piece of money owned to him.

He reached the grand alabaster house after a forty-five minutes walk, having people giving him dirty stares as he knew he looked filthy. He didn't take heed of that as it was common for him. He stepped into the stairs of the Zamindar's house, feeling the chill seep into his battered feet, Relieving some pain. Without caring for the he felt, he walked into a gigantic house as silent as he could.

He reached the doors of the Zamindar's parlour and threw it open, to find the Zamindar on a plush bottle green sofa. He walked into the dim room; bowing to the Zamindar. He looked around to see who was there, but no -One was there, as there was usually a ton of guards who were not present. Surprisingly there was a saber thrown on the floor next to his feet.

The Zamindar having finally acknowledged his presence, grunted and was staring at the wall ahead of him. He gave the last piece of money he owned to the Zamindar with a smirk spreading on his thin weathered lips. The Zamindar shook his head, saying that Waahil had to pay the whole amount again as it had been stolen the previous day.

Waahil stood there stunned with his mouth parted and without thinking picked up the saber and ran towards him, but he was not fast enough. Waahil thrust the saber in the Zamindar's broad chest, warm blood oozing in his hand as the Zamindar breathed out his last breath. The Zamindar fell sideways, blood pouring into the plush bottle green sofa, now tinged with red.

Waahil glanced at the Zamindar and took off his heels, running as fast as a stallion. He ran from the town, sobbing and feeling empty. He looked at his hand which was still covered in blood and cursed out loud that now he had blood on his hands, he will always be on the run. Nothing could save him now from the people who will start hunting him very soon.