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PUT THE GLASS DOWN TODAY

Once a professor began his class by holding up a glass with some water in it. He held it up for all to see; asked the students,



“How much do you think this glass weighs?’50gms!’?’100gms!’’125gms’ ...the students answered. I really don’t know unless I weigh it,’ said the professor, ‘but, my question is: What would happen if I held it up like this for a few minutes?’

Nothing the students said.

OK what would happen if I held it up like this for an hour?’ the professor asked.

Your arm would begin to ache said one of the students.

You’re right, now what would happen if I held it for a day?’

Your arm could go numb, you might have severe muscle stress & paralysis; have to go to hospital for sure ventured another student; all the students laughed.

Very good. But during all this, did the weight of the glass change?

Asked the professor.

No replied the students.

Then what caused the arm ache; the muscle stress?' Instead what should I do?

The students were puzzled.

“Put the glass down!” said one of the students.

Exactly!’ said the professor’ Life’s problems are something like this. Hold it for a few minutes in your head; they seem OK. Think of them for a long time; they begin to ache. Hold it even longer; they begin to paralyze you.

You will not be able to do anything. It’s important to think of the challenges (problems) in your life, but **EVEN MORE IMPORTANT** to ‘put them down’ at the end of every day before you go to sleep. That way, you are not stressed, you wake up every day fresh; strong ; can handle any issue, any challenge that comes your way!

Friends remember to **PUT THE GLASS DOWN TODAY!!!**

That’s life!!!

- M. Brintha, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

A STORY OF TWO FRIENDS

Two friends were walking through the desert. In a specific point of the journey, they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face. The one, who got slapped, was hurt, but without saying anything, he wrote in the sand:



“TODAY, MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE”.

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who got slapped and hurt started drowning, and the other friend saved him. When he recovered from the fright, he wrote on a stone: “TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED ME”

“There you wrote in the sand, and now you write on a stone?” asked the other one. The other friend smiled and replied: “When a friend hurts us, we should write it down in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness get in charge of erasing it away, and when something great happens, we should engrave it in the stone of the memory of the heart, where no wind can erase it”

Learn to write in the sand, when your friend hurt you. Learn to write in stone when your friend has done something really good to you.

- K. Prathiba, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

CLEOPATRA

- L. Divya, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

NATURE

Nature is an integral part of our lives. But even while we appreciate the blessings she bestows on us, we forget that we are plundering her treasures and thereby denying our children the pleasure of enjoying nature in all her abundance and variety in the future. The beauty of nature has been extolled in the works of poets and artists. When Wordsworth describes the daffodils dancing in the breeze our hearts are filled with an indescribable emotion.

If a mere representation can move us so much, imagine the power of the real thing. If you have seen Massachusetts during fall season when the leaves turn yellow, ochre, and red, you can never forget it in your lifetime.

Nature has myriad facets. It keeps changing from season to season, from minute to minute. If the sea was a bright blue in the morning, by noon it has become an emerald green hue. The colors of the sky keep changing throughout the day, from pale pink at dawn to a dazzling blue at mid morning and a bright orange by sunset and purple by twilight. Nature reflects our moods. When the sun shines, we feel happy and hopeful.

When the skies cloud over and the rain falls in torrents, we feel pensive. A balmy moonlit night can awaken the lover in us. Such is the transformative power of nature's beauty.

Even evil surrenders before the beauty of nature. It has been observed that patients in hospital recover faster if they are in a room with windows that offer a pleasant view. Beyond providing pure pleasure, nature's beauty can therefore offer therapy for sick minds and bodies. So it is all the more essential that we do our best to preserve it for future generations.

Every time we cut down a tree, every time an oil spill despoils the ocean, let us remember that we are destroying the most precious inheritance we can leave behind for our children.

- P. Viniciya, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

A cat got to know a mouse, and spoke so much of the great love and friendship she felt for her, that at last the Mouse agreed to live in the same house with her, and to go shares in the housekeeping. 'But we must store up food for the winter or else we shall be hungry,' said the Cat. 'And You, little Mouse, cannot venture everywhere in case you run into a trap.' This good advice was followed, and a little pot of fat was bought. But they did not know where to put it. At length, after long



discussion, the Cat said, 'I know of no place where it could be better put than in the church. No one will trouble to take it away from there. We will hide it in a corner, and we won't touch it till we really need it.' So the little pot was placed in safety; but it was not long before the Cat had a great longing for it, and said to the Mouse, 'I wanted to tell you, little Mouse, that my cousin has a little son, white with brown spots, and she wants me to be godmother to that little kitten. Let me go out to-day, and do you take care of the house alone.'

'Yes, go certainly,' replied the Mouse, 'and when you eat anything good, think of me; I should very much like a drop of the red christening wine.'

But it was all untrue. The Cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, slunk to the little pot of fat, began to lick it, and licked the top off. Then she took a walk on the roofs of the town, looked at the view, stretched herself out in the sun, and licked her lips whenever she thought of the little pot of fat. As soon as it was evening she went home again.

‘Ah, here you are again!’ said the Mouse; ‘you must certainly have had an enjoyable day.’

‘It went off very well,’ answered the Cat.

‘What was the child’s name?’ asked the Mouse.

‘Top Off,’ said the Cat drily.

‘Topoff!’ echoed the Mouse, ‘it is indeed a wonderful and curious name. Are there others called Topoff in your family?’

‘What is there odd about it?’ said the Cat. ‘It is not worse than Breadthief, as your godchild is called.’

Not long after this another great longing came over the Cat. She said to the Mouse, ‘You must again be kind enough to look after the house alone, for I have been asked a second time to stand godmother, and as this kitten has a white ring round its neck, I cannot refuse.’

The kind Mouse agreed, but the Cat slunk under the town wall to the church, and ate up half of the pot of fat. ‘Nothing tastes better,’ said she, ‘than what one eats by oneself,’ and she was very much pleased with her day’s work. When she came home the Mouse asked, ‘What was this child called?’

‘Half Gone,’ answered the Cat.

‘Halfgone! what a name! I have never heard it in my life. I don’t believe it is in any book!’

Soon the Cat’s mouth began to water once more after her licking business. ‘All good things in threes,’ she said to the Mouse; ‘I have again to stand godmother. The child is quite black, and has very white paws, but not a single white hair on its body. This only happens once in two years, so you will let me go out?’

‘Topoff! Halfgone!’ repeated the Mouse, ‘they are such curious names; they make me very thoughtful.’

‘Oh, you sit at home in your dark grey coat and your long tail,’ said the Cat, ‘and you get fanciful. That comes of not going out in the day.’

The Mouse had a good cleaning out while the Cat was gone, and made the house tidy; but the greedy Cat ate the fat every bit up.

When it is all gone one can be at rest,' she said to herself, and at night she came home sleek and satisfied. The Mouse asked at once after the third child's name.

'It won't please you any better,' said the Cat, 'he was called Clean Gone.'

'Cleangone!' repeated the Mouse. 'I do not believe that name has been printed any more than the others. Cleangone! What can it mean?' She shook her head, curled herself up, and went to sleep.

From this time on no one asked the Cat to stand godmother; but when the winter came and there was nothing to be got outside, the Mouse remembered their provision and said, 'Come, Cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we have stored away; it will taste very good.'

'Yes, indeed,' answered the Cat; 'it will taste as good to you as if you stretched your thin tongue out of the window.'

They started off, and when they reached it they found the pot in its place, but quite empty!

'Ah,' said the Mouse, 'now I know what has happened! It has all come out! You are a true friend to me! You have eaten it all when you stood godmother; first the top off, then half of it gone, then—'

‘Will you be quiet!’ screamed the Cat. ‘Another word and I will eat you up.’

‘Cleangone’ was already on the poor Mouse’s tongue, and scarcely was it out than the Cat made a spring at her, seized and swallowed her.

You see that is the way of the world.

- U. Shri Gomathi Namashivayam, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

THE CAT'S ELOPEMENT



Once upon a time there lived a cat of marvelous beauty, with a skin as soft and shining as silk, and wise green eyes, that could see even in the dark. His name was Gon, and he belonged to a music teacher, who was so fond and proud of him that he would not have parted with him for anything in the world.

Now not far from the music master's house there dwelt a lady who possessed a most lovely little pussy cat called Koma. She was such a little dear altogether, and blinked her eyes so daintily, and ate her supper so tidily, and when she had finished she licked her pink nose so delicately with her little tongue, that her mistress was never tired of saying, 'Koma, Koma, what should I do without you?'

Well, it happened one day that these two, when out for an evening stroll, met under a cherry tree, and in one moment fell madly in love with each other. Gon had long felt that it was time for him to find a wife, for all the ladies in the neighbourhood paid him so much attention that it made him quite shy; but he was not easy to please, and did not care about any of them. Now, before he had time to think, Cupid had entangled him in his net, and he was filled with love towards Koma. She fully returned his

passion, but, like a woman, she saw the difficulties in the way, and consulted sadly with Gon as to the means of overcoming them. Gon entreated his master to set matters right by buying Koma, but her mistress would not part from her. Then the music master was asked to sell Gon to the lady, but he declined to listen to any such suggestion, so everything remained as before.

At length the love of the couple grew to such a pitch that they determined to please themselves, and to seek their fortunes together. So one moonlight night they stole away, and ventured out into an unknown world. All day long they marched bravely on through the sunshine, till they had left their homes far behind them, and towards evening they found themselves in a large park. The wanderers by this time were very hot and tired, and the grass looked very soft and inviting, and the trees cast cool deep shadows, when suddenly an ogre appeared in this Paradise, in the shape of a big, big dog! He came springing towards them showing all his teeth, and Koma shrieked, and rushed up a cherry tree. Gon, however, stood his ground boldly, and prepared to give battle, for he felt that Koma's eyes were upon him, and that he must not run away. But, alas! his courage would have availed him nothing had his enemy once touched him, for he was large and powerful, and very fierce. From her perch in the tree Koma saw it all, and screamed with all her might, hoping that some one would hear, and come to help. Luckily a servant of the princess to whom the park belonged was walking

by, and he drove off the dog, and picking up the trembling Gon in his arms, carried him to his mistress.

So poor little Koma was left alone, while Gon was borne away full of trouble, not in the least knowing what to do. Even the attention paid him by the princess, who was delighted with his beauty and pretty ways, did not console him, but there was no use in fighting against fate, and he could only wait and see what would turn up.

The princess, Gon's new mistress, was so good and kind that everybody loved her, and she would have led a happy life, had it not been for a serpent who had fallen in love with her, and was constantly annoying her by his presence. Her servants had orders to drive him away as often as he appeared; but as they were careless, and the serpent very sly, it sometimes happened that he was able to slip past them, and to frighten the princess by appearing before her. One day she was seated in her room, playing on her favourite musical instrument, when she felt something gliding up her sash, and saw her enemy making his way to kiss her cheek. She shrieked and threw herself backwards, and Gon, who had been curled up on a stool at her feet, understood her terror, and with one bound seized the snake by his neck. He gave him one bite and one shake, and flung him on the ground, where he lay, never to worry the princess any more. Then she took Gon in her arms, and praised and caressed

him, and saw that he had the nicest bits to eat, and the softest mats to lie on; and he would have had nothing in the world to wish for if only he could have seen Koma again.

Time passed on, and one morning Gon lay before the house door, basking in the sun. He looked lazily at the world stretched out before him, and saw in the distance a big ruffian of a cat teasing and ill-treating quite a little one. He jumped up, full of rage, and chased away the big cat, and then he turned to comfort the little one, when his heart nearly burst with joy to find that it was Koma. At first Koma did not know him again, he had grown so large and stately; but when it dawned upon her who it was, her happiness knew no bounds. And they rubbed their heads and their noses again and again, while their purring might have been heard a mile off.

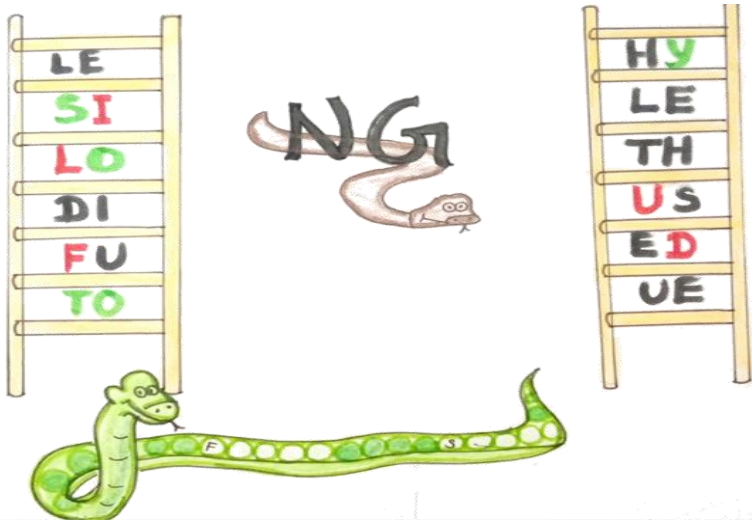
Paw in paw they appeared before the princess, and told her the story of their life and its sorrows. The princess wept for sympathy, and promised that they should never more be parted, but should live with her to the end of their days. By-and-by the princess herself got married, and brought a prince to dwell in the palace in the park. And she told him all about her two cats, and how brave Gon had been, and how he had delivered her from her enemy the serpent.

And when the prince heard, he swore they should never leave them, but should go with the princess wherever she went.

So it all fell out as the princess wished; and Gon and Koma had many children, and so had the princess and they all played together, and were friends to the end of their live.

- A. Annis Fathima, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

SNAKES AND LADDERS



Puzzle One:

Can you solve the six letter words?

Connect the letter pairs in the ladder on the left with the correct pairs in the ladder on the right, with the middle letter NG.

We have solved one to start you off: LONGED

Puzzle Two:

Use the coloured letters to make two five letter words on the snake's back. We have given the first letter of the red word and the green word.

- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

MY LIFE

I take it serious sometimes,
But very careless at times,
I want it to be precious every time,
I want to make the best of my lifetime.

I try to take care of me,
I make errors, I delete them;
I talk errors, I edit them;
Of course, I learn a lot of me.

If life's a game, it's interesting;
If life's a race, it's thrilling;
If life's a skit, it's exiting;
My life's a mixture of all these,
With smiles and cheers ever-blooming.

- G. Santhana Bala, III B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

TRY, TRY, TRY

Try, try and try
The more I could try,
The more I could try,
Though I try with my endeavor
Fate was not in my favour
But still I continued to try
Hoping to reach the high
I tried long with my heart and soul
Focussing on my long term goal
Success was at my doorsteps one day
Joy and happiness filled my way
And I tell with a sigh
Attempts may fail but
Never fail to attempt.

- J. Merlin, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

NAYANTARA WANTED TO PLAY WITH HER CLASSMATES BUT THEN SHE HAD DETENTION

Nayantara gazed out of the window at the bright sunshine and scowled. This was just the kind of day to be outside playing. Instead, here she was, cooped up inside class, struggling to finish her Maths homework while her classmates were enjoying themselves in the playground!



“Nayantara,” the sharp voice made her jump. Her maths teacher, Manjula Ma'am, was glaring at her. “Stop day-dreaming and finish your work. If you had done your homework, you wouldn't be here now; you'd be out in the playground with your friends,” Ma'am obviously believed in rubbing things in.

Nayan grit her teeth and got down to grappling with the impossible ratios and proportions sums wondering what kind of person would think up such problems. Probably someone like Manjula Ma'am! The maths teacher was barely five feet tall but what she lacked in inches she more than made up for in fierceness. In fact, it would be no exaggeration to say she was the most feared teacher in the school, striking terror into the hearts of even the boys of Nayan's Std.VIII who prided

themselves on not being afraid of anyone. Not surprisingly, she was called “The Terrorist”.

“How do I get Manjula Ma'am to let me go?” the girl wondered. Seeing the teacher's head bent over the test paper she was correcting, Nayan darted a glance through the window again. She saw a mouse scamper into a hole near a tree and her face lit up. “Ha, got it!” She looked warily at her teacher. Manjula Ma'am was still busy with her corrections. “If this doesn't work, I'll be killed. But then, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. So, here goes!”

“EEE!” Nayan's scream rent the air. Manjula Ma'am jumped about a foot into the air. “Wha...wha...what...” she stuttered.

“M...M...Mouse, Ma'am... a mouse ran over my foot,” shrieked the girl. What followed took Nayan by complete surprise. The Terrorist sprang out of her chair and clambered on to the table, her screams mingling with Nayan's shrieks. Sheer shock put the brakes on Nayan's shrieks. Was this quivering jelly of a woman really Manjula Ma'am? But quickly realising that it would look suspicious if she suddenly stopped screaming, she uttered a few more very realistic shrieks.

A small ruse

Manjula Ma'am continued to scream.

Finally, Nayan decided that enough was enough. Besides, her throat was beginning to hurt. “Ma'am, the mouse, it...it...it ran out of the door. It's gone, it's gone.”

“That's enough, Nayantara. Stop shouting!” Manjula Ma'am clambered down from the table, trying to look as dignified as possible. Nayan didn't dare laugh. “Ahem!” Ma'am cleared her throat. “I think you can go now. Finish your problems at home and let this be the last time you come without doing your homework.”

Nayan waited till Manjula Ma'am had hurried out of the room. “Yes!!” she grinned gleefully, thrust her books into her bag and rushed out into the playground.

To her surprise, her classmates were standing around in groups looking glum. “What's up?” Nayan demanded. “Why aren't you all playing?”

“You know the primary school had its School Day yesterday,” said Ananya grumpily. “Well, as you can see, the little horrors have dumped their empty chips and biscuit packets all over the playground.”

“So what has that got to do with our playing?” asked Nayan.

“Mahesh Sir thinks as seniors, we should set a good example and clean up the mess. He's gone with Sanjay and Tarun to get dustbins,” wailed Shriya. “Anyway, what are you doing here? We were just thinking how lucky you were to be sitting in the cool classroom, even if it was with Manjula Ma'am!”

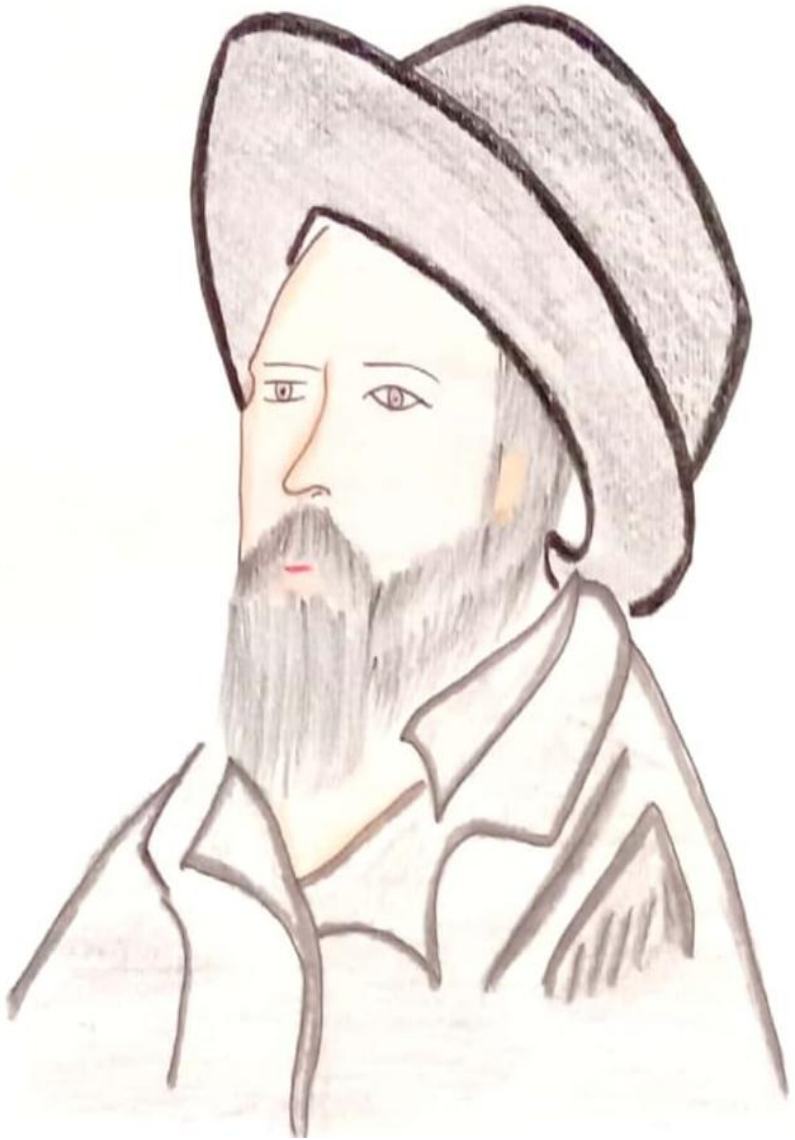
Nayan looked up at the blazing sun, then at the dozens of wrappers lying scattered around the huge playground. “Sometimes,” she groaned, “I'm too smart for my own good!”

- A. Amreen Farzana, III B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

LORD ALFERD TENNYSON



- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

CANDIDA – BERNARD SHAW



- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

- J. Gnana Kiruba Victoria, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

The Department of English – A.P.C.M.

A LOVE STORY



Once upon a time, there was an island where all the feelings lived; Happiness, Sadness, Knowledge, and all the others, including Love. One day it was announced to the feelings that the island would sink, so all repaired their boats and left.

Love wanted to persevere until the last possible moment. When the island was almost sinking, Love decided to ask for help. Richness was passing by Love in a grand boat. Love said “Richness, can you take me with you?” Richness answered, “No, I can’t. There is a lot of silver in my boat; there is no place for you.”

Love decided to ask Vanity who was also passing by in a beautiful vessel. “Vanity, please help me!” “I can’t help you Love. You are all wet and might damage my boat,” Vanity answered.

Sadness was close by so Love asked for help, “Sadness, let me go with you.” “Oh...Love, I am so sad that I need to be by myself.”

Happiness passed by Love too, but she was so happy that she did not even hear when Love called her! Suddenly there was a voice, “Come Love, I will take you.” It was an elder. Love felt

so blessed and overjoyed that he even forgot to ask the elder his name. When they arrived at dry land, the elder went his own way.

Love realizing how much he owed the elder, asked Knowledge, another elder, “Who helped me?” Knowledge answered. “Time?” .Love questioned “But why did Time help me?” Knowledge smiled with deep wisdom and answered, “Because, only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is.”

- G. Suchitra, III B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

JANUARY 11's DESTINY

John and Riya was married on **January 11, 1994**. They lived happily at Madurai. They had a cute baby, Diya, just 3 months old baby. Diya was born on **January 11, 1996**. They three lived peacefully. Riya was a bold lady. She was a moral support for John. John used to discuss his office affairs to Riya to gain some advice. John cannot take any decisions in the absence of Riya.

On **January 11**, they had a plan to go for a picnic in order celebrates their anniversary and Diya's birthday. They went to Kodaikanal by car. John, Riya and their cute child, Diya enjoyed in botanical garden. When they were going to Pine tree forest, they met with an accident unfortunately. Riya died in that accident. John saved his daughter and then they were escaped. That one day changed John's life totally. John cannot accept his wife's death. Every day he used to recollect his memories with Riya. John's mother took care of Diya. John became a drunkard and he became despaired. he hates to live. After one year, he remembers his wife's last words before her death. Riya told that "I'll always be with even if I dead, so take care of yourself and Diya before you two are my soul. Keep me alive by taking care of yourself and Diya." Riya told these words and she died. Because of these words, john started to overcome his depression. He started to live for his daughter to make his wife's wish true. John and Diya started to live a happiest life.

After 22 years - **January 11, 2019**, John and Diya is returning from Chennai to Madurai through bus. When they were travelling, Diya looked out and shouted with excitement, “Daddy, daddy, see here. Trees are running backwards.” John smiled at her. After few minutes, she shouted once again, “Daddy, daddy trees are coming along with us.” She behaved like a three years old girl. John smiled at her and he became happy on seeing his daughter’s happiness.

Passengers in the bus looked her weirdly, because her behaviour is like a child but she is 22 years old adult. After few seconds, she once again shouted, “Daddy, daddy, clouds are in the shape of dog. Look there daddy.”

“Yes my dear, see on the other side, shape of rabbit is on the sky.” John also accompanied her. “Do you feel tired?” John questioned. “No dad, I am enjoying” she replied.

After sometimes an old man, near Diya told to John that, “I think you must take your daughter to psychiatrist because she is behaving like a child. I... I feel like she is mentally retarded... Please take her to hospital.” “Yes we are already returning from hospital. Actually, my daughter lost her mother and her vision in an accident on this same day, **January 11**, before 22 years, “Diya is seeing this world for a first time today.” John explained to the old man.

- L. Divya, II B.A. English, A.P.C.M.

TRUE AND HEART TOUCHING LOVE STORY

Once there was a boy and girl fall in love after conversation with mobile. They are not met each other. One day the girl asked the boy that she wants meet her. The boy was so eager to meet her and he took auto from his office and went to meet her. He bought dairy milk with him for her. Then the girl asked him to come to near to her home. It was very difficult task for the boy who was unknown in that town but the boy went without any second thought to meet his dear one. Then he reached his destination. He asked his girl which place I should come. I am near to your home. The girl just went top of her roof and asked the boy to come near the street. The boy went and talking with her over phone.

Then the boy asked her to come out near that street but the girl denied and said my mother and aunt are in home they may catch me please I will meet you some other day. Now you have to go. But the boy asked him wilfully please come across the street. I want to see you. Then the girl came near to him and the boy see there. However he likes her so much and gives her the chocolates. Then the girl just talking with him may be in walking mode.

Then the girls asked how are you and how did you come here? And after got the feedback she went her home and while she going to her home said that I love you so much. How cute you are. Why you love me I am not beautiful and you look

handsome and cute. The boy said I don't care how you look what you were? I only love you and your heart.

Moral:

I believe that two people are connected at heart. No matter what the culture is.

- T. Bala Menaga, I M.A. English, A.P.C.M.

LAW OF ATTRACTION

The Law of Attraction is one of life's biggest mysteries. Very few people are fully aware of how much of an impact the Law of Attraction has on their day to day life. Whether we are doing it knowingly or unknowingly, every second of our existence, we are acting as human magnets sending out our thoughts and emotions and attracting back more of what we have put out.

History of the Law of Attraction:

Hundreds of years ago the Law of Attraction was first thought to have been taught to man by the immortal Buddha. It is believed he wanted it to be known that what you have become is what you have thought. This is a belief that is deeply intrinsic in the Law of Attraction. The main principles of the Law of Attraction can also be discovered in the teachings of many civilizations and religious groups.

How to use the Law of Attraction?

Once we come to understand the astounding possibilities that life has to offer us, we can also come to realize that we are like artists. We are creating pictures of our intended life and then making choices and taking actions that will realize what we envisaged. So what if you don't like the picture? Change it! Life is a blank canvas of possibility; you are in control of what the finished picture could look like. The Law of Attraction is that simple. All laws of nature are completely perfect and the

Law of Attraction is no exception. No matter what you are looking to have or achieve or be in life, if you can hold onto an idea and see it for yourself in the mind's eye, you can make it yours to have with some effort on your part. Law of attraction steps to creating what you want:

1. Ask – Make a command to the universe:

Get a piece of paper and write down how you would like your life to be. You can say it like – I am so happy and thankful that I have _____ (your wish)_____. Your list can be as long as you want. You must write it in the present tense. You do not have to ask more than once.

2. Believe

You have to believe that whatever you are asking for already belongs to you. You must believe that you have whatever you are asking for right now. You must act the part, see yourself in the house you want or car that you want to drive and the universe will create the circumstance, people or events that are needed in order for you to attract whatever you desire into your life.

3. Receive

The last step is to receive. Get into the feeling of already having whatever it is that you desire. Once you feel really good about having what you want and desire, you are sending good feelings or vibrations out into the universe, which will give you enough power to manifest what you want into your life.

Don't get caught up in the where, when, and how your desires will come to you, the universe will make away. Just feel it and your wants and desires will manifest.

Conclusion:

Thus using this Law of Attraction manifest anything you want in your life and live happily.

- C.J. Maykala, I M.A. English, A.P.C.M.

FACE THE PROBLEMS

Instead of finding the way of answering the problems, we may face it. If we face it we'll get the "success or failure". In which if we got failure, that's too good, because which will give the second chance for us. Moreover says that if we thought leave the problems which is won't leave us. For example, the story is:

The person one who wants to pass the river but he doesn't know the swimming. Fortunately, he is seeing like the black wood, which is floating in the river. So he catch the black wood by through. He is passing the river; but he overcome his way. At there one person who standing there and who says, "Hey! Leave it, which is not a wood; It's a bear" For that he said, "I too know that; and I left it before few minutes; but which is don't leave me!

So even if we thought leave the problems, which is won't leave us! So we have to face it and in which we may learn more and more. Instead of afraid of face the problems, we may face it by throughout our boldness. In which if we get the failure is too bigger success.

- M. Durga, I M.A. English, A.P.C.M.

READING MAKES A PERFECT MAN

Knowledge knows no bound. Even if follows knowledge like a sinking star we cannot exhaust it. Reading books contribute to the enrichment of our knowledge in terms of human experience and information. Unfortunately we in India do not have the habit of reading extensively. This is the reason that in India more than three fourths of total number of books published are textbooks were as in contrary to the western countries where this percentage is not more than 30 percent. Reading is the important skill in English language. It was one of the skills in LSRW (Listening, Speaking, Reading, and Writing). Reading promotes writing. Without reading writing cannot be a perfect. Twice reading in a class easily to understood the lesson or subject well.

When Mulk Raj Anand renowned writer asked about reasons for low reading habit in our country, he replied that India had tradition of verbal communication of knowledge from one generation to another. The Paininiya Shiksha proclaims that those who learnt from written records were the lowest in the rank of the seekers of knowledge.

Reading can be improved by speaking. Reading builds a confident level of learning.

- M. Jenifer, I M.A. English, A.P.C.M.

NO TEARS WITHOUT FEARS

No more tears, No more tears

Get out of thy Fears

Don't be innocent

Come out of that cent

Forget all those worries

Invite all beautiful fairies

Look out your own self

Regret all other self

Determination comes through attitude

Which decides your altitude

One door closes and alternatively one opens

That makes thy powerful weapons

No more tears, No more tears

Get out of thy Fears

- K. Anushya Lakshmi, I M.A. English, A.P.C.M.