

THE METEOR

A NEW MILLENNIUM SCHOOL NEWSLETTER

VOL 1 - NO. 1

From the Principal's Desk

It's wonderful to start the New Year with the very first edition of *The Meteor*, the newsletter of **New Millennium School**, and I congratulate all those whose articles appear in this, our inaugural issue. It's great to be part of a pioneering outfit!

It will not be out of place, then, for me to share what our newsletter should mean to each one of you.

- Activities follow each other in quick succession throughout the year in our school, almost tripping over each other's heels. The Meteor will **highlight** these events. In other words, the Meteor is poised to *watch you grow!*
- It's something of a mystery. No one can quite explain just how it happens, yet it's truth as plain to see as the nose on your face, that each school fosters its own ethos, creates its own ambience and develops its own inimitable *persona*. The Meteor hopes to capture glimpses of this uniqueness of your schooldays, its some what elusive fragrance and flavour.
- Incidentally, every issue of The Meteor will enter into the archives of the school. Isn't it interesting to think of students of the future taking a walk down memory lane with the help of these pioneering issues! In fact, no Jubilee celebration will ever be complete without them!
- In this our first issue, you will find featured your efforts in the Creative Writing competition. I am sure that you will all agree that this is quite appropriate as it is one of the primary aims of The Meteor to encourage every latent spark of talent in you with the hope that one day you may emblazon your name across the sky!

C. Burke Ojha

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Great Expectations - of the Twenty first Century

My great expectations of the twenty first century include a number of advances:

For starters, we will all stop using cars and switch to Honda fuel cell vehicles as they run on sugarcane after the sugar has been extracted from the cane.

I am actually mystified as to why in this tremendously advanced age, we do not already have **trans dimensional warp portals!** I mean it would be a breeze if we had them; we could open a portal to Pluto and just look around - or even better, we could open a portal *right out of the Milky Way!!!* Think how amazing it would be if we found life on other planets.

You know, with all this fancy scientific stuff, we could recreate *quaggars* or sabre toothed tigers - or even better, we could remake the *carhadon megaladon!!!* If that happened, we wouldn't be able to use ships or boats and we wouldn't be able to go swimming in the sea. Well, I guess that's just a small price to pay to see **the biggest shark that ever lived.**

If we wanted to have a war with another country and we didn't have enough fire power to win-Heck!! We could just blue rinse them!! (That's if we did have blue rinse bombs). But still, imagine being able to build a giant bomb and using it to blue rinse a country. **A blue rinse** is the best kind of bomb because it does not harm any buildings or any non-living things; it just **sends out a blue wave and all the living things in its path get killed.**

The final thing I expect is that the countries of the world come into agreement to put Lockheed - SR 71 Blackbirds back in action. I have a feeling that if they **take a blackbird and cross it with some advanced technology**, they could make it go that ten miles faster, and then there will be no limits to man's exploration of the universe. This will be possible because blackbirds travel ten miles slower than the speed of light and they have 98 engines.

In closing I would like to say that so far the twenty first century has turned out to be just an extension of the twentieth century - but I have not yet given up on my Great Expectations.

Ruedi Chirayath, Class 8

The Day Everything Went Wrong

It was my birthday on the sixth day month of the sixth year of the twenty first century. I woke up on that morning, feeling exalted. Suddenly a twinge of unease warned me something was going to happen that day because it was six six six! I told myself not to believe in silly superstition, put it out of my mind and forgot all about it.

I stepped into the garden to do a spot of deep breathing feeling as bold as a lion, but just as I was about to turn around, a black cat crossed my path. Now that again is another silly superstition! I hurried into the living room. Just as I was about to enter, I slipped and fell flat. It really seemed like I had fallen on an anvil.

Now I began to get a little curious about bad luck. However I really don't believe in such things. So I went off to brush my teeth and take a shower - and then I slipped and fell on the toilet seat. Now I got a trifle more curious.

Finishing my shower, I dressed and sat down to breakfast. As I was about to apply jam onto a slice of bread and butter, a blob of jam slipped off the knife onto my trouser. This gave me cause to wonder if bad luck was dogging me. However in my joyful mood, I dismissed the thought.

As a special birthday treat Father was taking me to an Amusement park. What joy! As I was heading towards the car, I passed under a ladder but I didn't really notice it then. When we got to the park, I jumped out of the car in such excitement that I caught myself on the protruding branch of a tree and tore my favourite jeans. The incident made me think seriously.

Entering the Park, I made for the video arcade and ran into a big bully. The bully punched me and gave me a black eye. To tell you the truth, I almost fainted, but I fought back and the bully ran away. I was left with a nose bleed, a twisted ankle, an aching shoulder and the black eye. But I felt it was nothing and was determined to enjoy my day. I must admit that I was inclined for a moment to dwell upon this bad luck stuff as I was being bandaged and medicated, but I made up my mind to perish the thought.

With band aid on my chin, lip and nose, I went off and queued up for the roller coaster ride. Still thinking of the bully, I forgot to fasten the safety belt and would have fallen off if a man did not save me. This made me a little bit afraid of these strange incidents.

I had been so busy enjoying myself and knocking myself out that I had quite forgotten about Father. Feeling lost in a huge five kilometer Amusement Park I began to run in a great panic. I saw some guards chasing me but I was in no condition to think calmly and ran until I was out of that Amusement Park.

Out of breath, thirsty and hungry, I spotted a restaurant. I ate a slap up meal and began to feel better - until they brought the bill and I found that I had lost my wallet in the confusion of running out of the Park. I told them the truth, but their lack of sympathy forced me into another race and chase - this time with the waiters and cooks behind me. Just as I thought I had shaken them off by jumping over a fence, I fell on a freshly tarred road and injured myself. I picked myself up and ran again - but this time it was the turn of the street dogs to chase me.

I ran all of eight miles from the Amusement Park and found myself at last at the doorstep of my home. My parents found me lying there half dead, injured, dirty, torn and breathless, I was admitted into a hospital unconscious. When at last I opened my eyes, and was able to speak, my parents tried to comfort me. They said I shouldn't worry. They would make it up to me. Father had bought fresh tickets to the Amusement Park. I took one look at them and fainted again.

Ashwin Gowda, Class 8

Should Vehicles be Banned in Towns ?

Today vehicles are being used a lot. Since many people use vehicles, they pollute the air with the smoke their vehicles produce. Unfortunately people use vehicles when they want to travel even short distances. There are public transport services, but they do not use those. Instead they buy and use private vehicles like cars and scooters adding to the traffic woes of the city. Today our streets are really crowded with private vehicles because of which noise pollution levels are also rising, which is very disturbing. So I am tempted to say that vehicles should be banned.

On the other hand, vehicles can prove very useful at times. For instance, they help us transport goods and take us from one place to another conveniently.

There are many amenities today such as hospitals and electric plants, which are not that close to our homes. Having a vehicle at your disposal helps you to get to these places without wasting time. I mean, if you are sick, you can hardly be expected to walk to the hospital! And I shudder to think of what might happen if one had to walk to the railway station carrying one's luggage!

I conclude then that vehicles as such cannot be banned as they are essential to the modern life style. All we can do is to curb or reduce the usage of private vehicles in a sensible and educated way so as to help preserve the environment.

Arun Nirmal, Class 7

Trundling Along

I am a town bus. I carry people from place to place. I was manufactured in 2003. I am as huge as a half grown whale. I am rectangular in shape. I have a steering wheel and gears to help drive me. In all I have five gears including the one used to reverse my direction. I am as strong as a red bull. I carry fifty to sixty people. I live with my cleaner in the bus stand. His name is Robin. My cleaner takes care of me by cleaning and washing me everyday. He also takes me to be serviced every month.

I can pick up speed at certain times if my driver wants me to. Yet, my driver has never caused me to be involved in an accident. He takes proper care of me and supplies me with diesel and oil which are necessary needs.

I am three years old and I don't know how many years I am going to live. Sometimes people destroy my seats and even draw ugly pictures on me. I get really hurt when they do such things. Anyway, when Robin sees such things, he immediately takes me off to be repaired and repainted. This shows me that he really likes me and it is also the reason why I like him.

K. C. Chandan, Class 7

Should Mothers Go Out to Work?

In my opinion, mothers can also out to work. There is definitely no rule which says that mothers should not work. There are thousands of mothers in this world who look after the family and work.

Sometimes I hear the ladies in my family and their friends joke about how men in the offices and working areas sleep the whole time and tell the ladies to do all the work!

Nothing is wrong if mothers work and fathers stay home to look after the family. I have seen some T.V. serials that depict such situations. In real life too, you can take the example of some uneducated men who have educated wives. The family definitely cannot survive only on water or by begging or eating fruit and leaves, can they? So in these families, women go out to work and the men look after the children and the house.

I can tell you about a man named Sillum, who is illiterate. He is a well mannered man. As he is illiterate, he cannot do anything except look after his family. His wife is a well educated woman and works very hard for her family. She works in SAP.

What I am saying is that even in the families of the poor, not all women are illiterate. If the government helps them to help themselves by giving these women jobs, then why should they not go to work?

Of course I am not saying that only women or only mothers should work. Both father and mother can work. The point is that women should also be given a chance to work. I would be glad to see women hold good and secure jobs.

I think that if the children pray, all those mothers who need jobs and good jobs well definitely get them!

Sbaranya S., Class 6

Melting Moments - presented by the Literary Club

Take a fresh and tender heart; Add some learning for a start

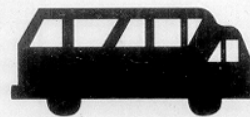
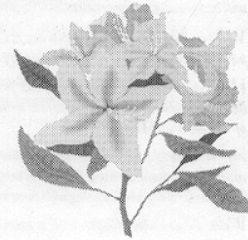
Some girls, some boys
Some grief, some joys



Millennium School days are made of this

Don't forget a bright sunbeam

Fold in lightly with a dream
Your prayers - and mine;
A span of time
Millennium school days are
made of this

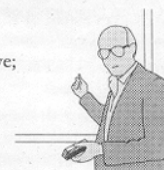


Then add the very best,
Throw in a pinch of zest;



Three R's are just for the flavour
Stir gently through the days
See how the magic stays
These are the bits you will savour

With His blessings from above;
Serve it generously with love
Nothing can beat
These moments sweet -



Millennium School days are made of this!

Adapted by C. Burke Ojha from *Memories are Made of This*

Students of Today, Leaders of Tomorrow

Fahad: I live in a village called Horamavu Agara, which is situated on the outskirts of Bangalore City. In this village, there is poverty, sickness and illiteracy. I hate all this and want to improve the situation and bring the facilities of a town to my village.

The first thing to do is to take the help of older persons who wish to improve the village and form a group of eight to ten members. We can then request the Sarpanch for his permission and for the allocation of funds for making the desired improvements. We would also approach the wealthy for donations for the purpose.

Housing for those below the poverty line: Decent housing colonies for the poor would be a priority. Corporation drinking water pipes would be connected to each and every house.

Roads: I will have the roads tarred and see that the roads linking the village to the city are well maintained.

Schools: I will provide, lease or sell vacant plots to those who will use it to open schools and educational institutions which will provide quality education and higher learning.

Farmers: Chemicals and fertilizers for the crops to grow well and fast, will be provided to the farmers.

Vidya: Many villages in India are today the same as they were in times past. If I had a chance of improving my village, I would do it.

Hospitals: I would build hospitals for those who are suffering from diseases. Patients in these hospitals would be attended by trained teams of nurses and doctors.

Afforestation: Nowadays there is the problem of air pollution. To control pollution, we need to have trees planted. Trees cut down to clear land for farming and housing will have to be replaced.

Wells: Naturally, villages need a number of wells in the area. This I would provide.

Electricity: Power supply would also be provided.

Ashwin: If I wanted to help my village, I would talk to the Sarpanch and talk to him about demolishing any old and abandoned buildings.

Cleanliness Drive: Then I would talk to him about improving their hygienic life style - or I would do it myself. I would gather the villagers, and convince some of them to train in the town as a doctor and come back to serve in the village, to cure for the sick or the injured. Then I would take the help of the citizens and clean up the dirty places like gutters, sewers etc.

Law and Order: After that I would demand that the Panchayat administer speedy justice to those caught up with disputes. I would also like to have at least three police stations so that law and order could be maintained.

Leadership: Then I would also think, "Why shouldn't I take the responsibility and become the Sarpanch? In that case, I could directly take control!"

Price Control: First I would bring down the price of the rations.

Special Schools: I would organize special schools for the handicapped.

Entertainment: I would build a theatre for village plays to be enacted especially during festivals.

These are just a few of the many ways in which I would try to improve my village.

How To Make A Glass Of Lime Juice

To make a glass of delicious lime juice, you first need the ingredients. The ingredients you need are two juicy yellow limes, sugar, salt and water.

First take a bowl and fill it with a glass of water. Now cut the succulent limes into two or four wedges. You can discard the yellow rind of the limes. If you sample the lime juice at this point, you will find that it tastes quite sour!

What you need to do now, is to add two dessertspoonfuls of sugar into the lime juice and stir well. Stir it with a spoon until all the succulent limes dissolve in the water. After the sugar dissolves in the water, for the final touch, you can add a pinch of salt to your lime juice. Then stir once again. Now your delicious, tasty lime juice is ready.

Next, take a large jug and pour the lime juice into it. If it is a hot day and you want a cool, refreshing drink, all you have to do is to pour some lime juice into a clean and sparkling glass and add some ice cubes.

Should you have visitors, you can serve them some of your delicious lime juice in a tall glass with a spring of mint leaves on the top for decoration.

Shanmugha Priya, Class 6

More Beautiful in My Eyes

Once while I was riding my cycle down the road, I met an old man, I usually don't like old people because for everything they need help. Actually, as I was passing by, I didn't notice him until he called out to me and asked me for a lift. I stopped, but I didn't like it at all. I was afraid my friends would tease me seeing an old man seated on my bicycle.

While I was riding and the old man sitting behind, he asked my name and wanted to know all about my family, my hobbies and what I don't like. In response, I asked him why he wanted to know so much about me. He told me that he knew I didn't like old and aged people. I was ashamed when he said this to me.

It was a long way, so I started looking at him. He was as thin as a rake. He had a short beard and his face was brown. He has iron grey hair and his eyes - it seemed to me that he had transplanted and taken a cat's eyes! He wore a long and colourful gown. It seemed he was some rich landlord - but I still didn't like him.

As we had nearly reached his home, I asked him if he was married. He said his wife had recently died of cancer. Then I asked him if he had any children. He said he had three, but all of them had left and gone away. I became more interested and asked why they had gone away. There were tears in his eyes as he said that because he was old, they had left him.

As I turned my bicycle around to return, he invited me to come in and take some rest first. He welcomed me into his house. It was a well furnished house, rather grand. He gave me biscuits and chocolates to eat. He even gave me a bag of goodies to take home with me. He thanked me for giving him a lift and asked me to visit him again.

As I was returning home, I thought that I had been mistaken in thinking that old people were a nuisance. I know now that when a person grows old, he becomes more loving, more caring and more humble.

Joshua Jose, Class 8