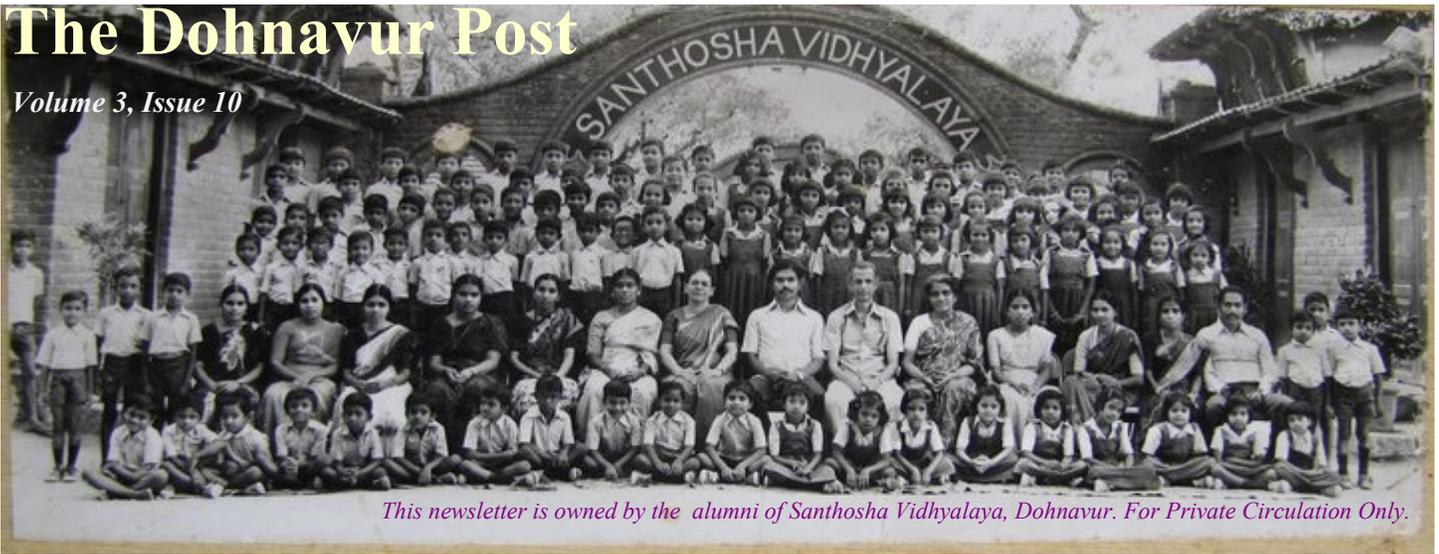


# The Dohnavur Post

Volume 3, Issue 10



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## From the Scribbling desk!

*It is not a desk per se, merely a ruffled up bed with some real books and imaginary popcorn strewn all over it. Someone borrowed my thinking cap—I can not remember who—and so cap less, and shirtless, and with nostalgic thoughts about the Saturday morning Football back home, I wake up to write this modest introduction to the ninth issue of The Post.*

*It has been said—and not without evidence—that the only people who read editorial columns are the writers of the editorial column, and probably their mothers. Clearly, mothers have very busy schedules, and we don't want to slow them down with an unending ode to each article (or the need to run for a dictionary between sentences). In other words, what we are shooting for is a simple, and to-the-point editorial.*

*This issue has five prose articles and one poem. Solomon Rees returns as the writer for the Guest Column with [Karaoke Christianity](#), a very well written article for everyone—church-going Christian, or otherwise. His article has all the ingredients of a good read—humor, smart observations and a message. In [A Teacher from Another Class](#), Immanuel recounts a classroom experience when a wonderful teacher broke down the invisible barriers between students—even if only for a short while. Read Vinaya's [A Visit to the Potter](#), a brave attempt at poetry. Here, she connects incidents in the Bible to the lessons learned from them. For the very first time in the history of The Post, we present to you a tiny glimpse of the private world of school girl gossip. Be surprised, as we were, to run into Bus Conductors and actors from commercials in [The Gossip Gang](#). [The Foolishness of Right](#) by Daniel Ponraj is a reflection on how sometimes our experiences can contradict what we've been taught about being right. Peter, our very own Wodehouse, treats us to yet another classic rendition of stories from school. It is a real pleasure to read [The Eleventh Commandment](#).*

*Also in this issue is a teaser for the next issue, which will be a special one of its kind. For more details, go to the [Rustle in the Backyard](#)*

Enjoy reading the Post. Have a Nice Day!

## Inside this issue:

[Karaoke Christianity](#)  
Solomon Rees

[A Teacher from Another Class](#)  
Immanuel Devasir

[A Visit to the Potter](#)  
Vinaya Christmas

[The Gossip Gang](#)  
Sweety Miranda

[The Foolishness of Right](#)  
Daniel Ponraj

[The Eleventh Commandment](#)  
Dayanand Peter



# A Teacher from Another Class

On a cold breezy morning, the hazy rays of sunlight beamed through the grumpy old banyan tree. This ageless tree stands witness to many a dream, fear and emotion; of the ones who missed home to the ones that failed to finish their home-work; of the ones that found love to the ones that lost it all; of the few that admired nature to the few that responded to the call-of-nature; And of the ones who feared teachers to the ones that fearfully loved them.

The silence, accompanied only by a periodic chirping of birds as we made our way to the classroom from the hostel, gave a tingling feeling in my guts. "My genes are accidental", I cried out. 'Fear' that I will be humiliated and flung out of the class gave no respite to my bowels.

At school our genes mattered. In what was called the 'pooling of similar genes', students in each class were split up into three groups on the basis of intellect - the Brilliant-Bright, the Mediocre-Middles and the Wooden-head Weak.

I was grouped with the Mediocre-Middles, a group that neither got the sympathy of the Brilliant students nor the admiration of the Weak ones. We were abandoned by teachers - the Weak got their attention and the Brilliant's got their praise. We were treated like the Weak but were required to perform like the Brilliant. Talented yet overlooked, that was our funny and desolate world, a world where we didn't feel entitled to the joy and happiness we longed for, a world where resentment reigned supreme.

Under the shadow of the banyan tree that day, I wished for a better day, for a day when I would not be embarrassed by my genes.



Under the shadow of the banyan tree, I wished for a better day...

I got to the classroom, opened my books, and started memorizing things as fast as I could. But the fear I had for the teacher who would, at any moment, be inside the class did not help. I kept glancing impatiently at the door to see if the teacher had arrived and instantly ducking back into the book with bated breath. Several tense moments passed before I could sense the Brilliant getting uneasy and the Weak initiating paper games. Now a shadow appeared in the veranda accompanied with the familiar sounds of the anklet - a moment of complete silence followed. "Good Morning Students" said the teacher in a soothing tone. I looked up as I stood to greet; there in front of the class stood a graceful lady with velvety-black hair that flowed over her shoulders. Her animated smile and sparkling eyes left us collectively breathless. It was a teacher from another class.



*Her sparkling eyes left us collectively breathless*

For once the grouping of genes didn't matter. We were individuals back at square-one trying to grasp the attention of a teacher who had no clue of our segregation.

In a bid to impress, the Brilliant-Bright wasted no time in starting a conversation with her. Bookish as they were, they shared their glorious past; they spoke of their legendary calculus skills and how 'time' had to keep pace with them. They flattered themselves on the awards they won and how their answers forced calculators to re-calibrate. Likewise the Weak too did not miss a chance to impress. Macho as they were, they whistled till she chuckled, winked- so she smiled and flirted till she courted.

Life, they say, is destined; that's not true. Everything is accidental and random, no moment is rehearsed. Like that day, when, for a brief moment her crescent moon eyes met our frozen eyes. The eye of the 'teacher from another class' looked like a beacon perched on a shore far away, staring. Like a beacon on the light-house that did not desire to revolve, she stared at the Mediocre Middles - the isolated genes. Her gaze understood our indignation, her stare liberated us from the prejudice and her look bespoke empathy.

Oh what joy abound! I will never forget that moment, a moment that altered everything that day, a fleeting yet abiding moment, when our genes didn't matter.

And at dusk, beneath the sagacious banyan tree, with my wish for the day granted, I sang an ode to the teacher from another class.

Oh, so seldom do thee arrive, yet dispel my shame  
Gazing, Looking, Staring, you spell not my name

Oh animated smile, velvety hair and sparkling eyes  
My mediocre-gene and bowels are happy for now, just frozen eyes

What I inherited was accidental; my parents didn't get to choose what traits to pass on and I didn't choose which ones to receive. However, at school our 'genes' mattered, up until such a time when a teacher from another class came by.



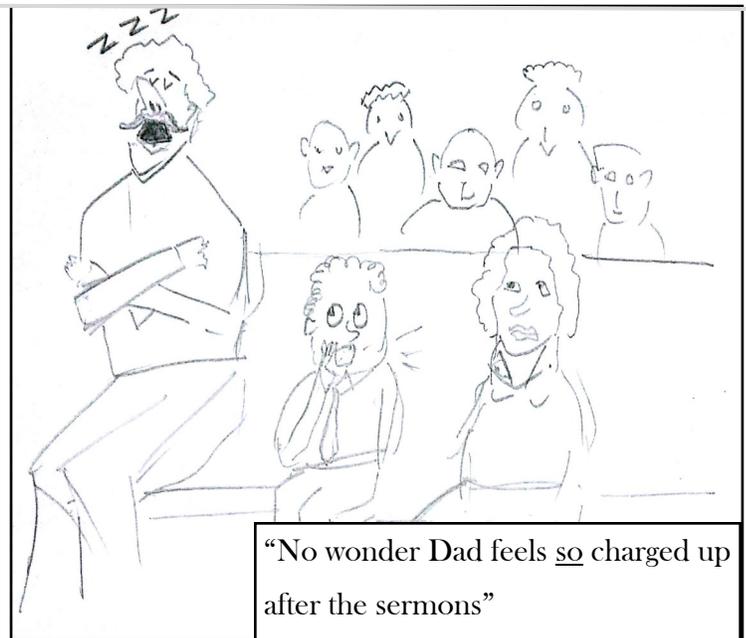
*Immanuel Devasir is a student at the Jindal School of International Affairs, New Delhi, where he majors in International Relations, Law and Business. Immanuel finished High School in 2009. He plays the guitar and listens to Country music when he has the time. To read more of his work, click [here](#)*

## Karaoke Christianity

Come Sunday morning, going to church may be the best thing a professing Christian can do. Call it what you will- ritual, tradition, habit, or mere practice, it calls for a degree of discipline to wake up early on a Sunday morning, when the whole world lazes around either too exhausted from previous night's heroics or a blissful lethargy that comes with the day. For a Christian, the marching orders demand churching on Sunday above everything else in which the binding rule seems so starchy that to bunk church is as sinful as breaking the Big Ten. But to do a right thing for the wrong reasons could be self-defeating if not self-destructive, and it would augur well for Christianity if Christians knew why they do what they do.

Strangely, however, 'to go or not to go' is not the existential predicament that torments a Christian mind in the postmodern context. Those who have crossed the crisis of mid life go to church 'religiously' as they realize it is rather too late to question what they have been doing for ever now; those who straddle between bedwetting and frivolous teen, do it because they are told that they are too young to decide for themselves. Even the youth, for that matter, have found it 'trendy' and 'cool' to go to church flaunting their Christian-themed t-shirts and colorful wristbands, and gyrate to the pulsating rhythm of what has come to be known as gospel music.

Once in church, the infectious logic of high-sounding prayers and high-decibel(ed) worship take over the official proceeding and move the congrega-



tion to a cocktail of emotions before the Word is preached with all the catchy phrases and humorous illustrations in the best possible accent and stage skills that extend a delightful treat to the ocular and auditory senses. The church service is over with a bang of high-five and exchange of other pleasantries (even as refreshments are served) that should last for a week when they would be renewed all over again.

It is also not uncommon to see people frequent the biggest church in town. The crafty architecture with stunning spires and domes, the intricate paintings and sculptures that adorn its smooth walls, the sashaying congregational crowds, soul-stirring music and a famed television preacher are reasons strong enough to sign-up a membership.

**Christians more often than not lose the essence of 'Christ the Crucified and Resurrected' within the safe haven of the church...**

Today's lackluster Christian, sadly, has invented a lot of distractions that cry for attention. If not the overwhelming exuberance of the setting, it is the "worship" that very often ensnares the modern 'worshipper'. The talents that are displayed on stage, the "cute" faces who showcase it, the rock-show-kind-of music and the killer sound offer more means to miss the 'shrill voice' of God in the rather empty noise of so-called contemporary church music. To make matters worse, the devout congregation metamorphose into 'pew-critics'- with an experiential wisdom that comes from sitting in the pews for years- and do not spare their expert opinions on the 'worship-leader' (a conten-

Well, the devil in the detail is, Christians more often than not lose the essence of 'Christ the Crucified and Resurrected' within the safe haven of the church. Is it any wonder that Christians and their hypocritical principles are a butt of ridicule in the secular world? Jesus posed a poignant question to the ebullient crowd that thronged the locust-eating wiry man of the wilderness, "What did you go out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken by the wind? A man clothed in soft garments?" The so-called Sunday-go-to-meeting Christians might want to answer this question to check their spiritual pulse.

tious term in itself!) and the preacher's theological depth and stage skills- a tragic betrayal of our contemporary consumer culture!

Like it or not, the 'church' is not 'dying' or 'dead'. It is the so-called Christians who are 'dying' or 'dead' with their putrefying 'fleshly' flirtations, who need resuscitation in their "dry bones" before revival breaks out in our depleted churches. 'Worship' is not about lifting or clapping hands; it is not dancing and singing karaoke or harmony; it is not even shedding tears and speaking in tongues while singing in church. Rather, worship is 'life', the sweet-smelling fragrance of the chaste life of the bride of Christ! It is agonizing-

ly pathetic to watch people increasingly trade meaning with melody, and the awe-inspiring presence of God with the cheap wow-factor of the human senses.

Going to church is not the same as going to a club, or a concert! “Show me your glory,” pleaded Moses as he entered the tabernacle to talk to God face to face like a friend. Our Church service will not be another showbiz if only we had such a plea that captivates the singularity of our mind. The shepherd-turned king of the Old Testament who also happened to be a great singer, composer and musician had a soul-wrenching cry, “Search me and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me”. It is time Christians went to church to meet and hear from God with a similar cry rather than to get excited by the swaying reeds in the dry hollow wind. If not, it is better we stay in the comforts of our bed and get on with the luscious dreams of our repressed lives. After all, is not sleep a minor pleasure of life?

*Dr. Solomon Rees is becoming a regular contributor to our guest column with his thought provoking articles. He is a professor of English, teaching college students at Buffalo, New York, USA. As a matter of fact he used this particular article as a teaching technique to provoke his students into a reaction.*



### **By the alumni, for the alumni, to the alumni...**

**The Newsletter is run by a virtual team sitting in different places ranging from a plush office in Ohio, USA to a cramped one room apartment in suburban Bangalore. The writers range from a Missionary in Northern India to a Trade International Trade specialist. The newsletter is by the alumni, for the alumni and to the alumni of [Santhosha Vidhyalaya](#). The purpose of the newsletter is to create a literary culture around the school and its associations. Through the months, many alumni have written from various batches and we have all enjoyed reading them. All alumni are welcome to write for the newsletter about their life, work and love. Write in to us on how you enjoyed reading the newsletter and tell us how we can improve on this. Email: [thedohna-vurpost@gmail.com](mailto:thedohna-vurpost@gmail.com)**

## A Visit to the Potter

A visit to the potter's house  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
Surrenders itself, the clay in a potter's hand  
Fixated not, on the hard path to trod  
But on seeing itself emerge, a fine pottery  
So should we surrender wholly, to be shaped  
Into that, which perfectly fulfils His purpose divine

A brief stay inside the fish  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
Despite how far you'd run from His call  
Ever in control, He gets his work done  
To proclaim His grace that could be theirs  
To the ones, who in tears repent and  
Humbly turn from violence and their evil ways.

Just five loaves and two fishes  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
God looks not, for skilled ones but for  
Selfless ones, eager to be of aid. Therefore  
Exercise generosity with the little you possess and  
Watch that, which seems trivial, be multiplied and  
A few weary and thirsty souls be fed.

A furious squall, boat being swamped  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
Although fierce storms might strike hard in life  
Frighten not but stand firm and fight back  
Taking refuge in Him who sails with us  
'Cause able is He to quiten our storms  
For to Him even the winds, waves obey.

Struck dumb until witnessing the revealed  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
A hint of doubt, disbelief in us seen  
Simply speaks aloud we trust not Him  
Never the need but asks He with care  
Is anything too hard for me? So simply  
Believe and gift Him a song of praise.

A denial of knowing His master  
Was God's way to teach mankind,  
Our strength and weakness knows it all be-  
forehand  
Deny to know Him we might, but He  
Abandons us not when we in need are  
found  
While in tears he's sought to be trusted  
His unfailing love tenderly draws us dearly  
close.

Plenty lessons His word does teach  
Do we hear and never perceive?  
Forgetting not the lone purpose of our crea-  
tion  
Shine forth bright, His name to be glorified  
Though in this selfish, dark and weary  
world  
falter and stumble, we might however rise  
To stride forth nevertheless ever holding  
firm to  
The divine lamp given to lighten our way.

*Vinaya Christmas passed out of school in 2007. She works as a Social Media Analyst at Dell. She lives in Chennai.*



# The Foolishness of Right

Why do people dread visiting or traveling through Bihar and Jharkhand? I have friends who narrate experiences visiting these places with expressions equalling been “through the valley of the shadow of death.” You even have war hero stories when you return from such visits. And the reception given to those who live in these places is no less than of a hero. Why? Are the reasons valid?

For me, living cross culture in Jharkhand, I have had a few strange experiences. But you should know that my address for ten years of my schooling life was - Santhosha Vidyalaya (SV), Dohnavur village, Tirunelveli district, Tamil Nadu. You ask, should this mean something? Yes it should because it is an altogether different country by itself. At least, that is what I'd say about it.

At SV, you were kept on the leash with a strict schedule. You woke up at 5am, at 6 you had the morning study. Breakfast was at 7. You knew the entire day's schedule by heart. It was stored in your innermost being. And what kept you on this schedule was the fear of being punished. And over several years at boarding school, you got programmed to this. So by the time you were out of school you were this control freak – on the schedule always. (But there are also a few that leave school and end up on the other side of the fence. They end up breaking

the law and the schedule no longer makes any sense to them.)

Living in Jharkhand, I try and follow the rules as much as possible. And I often realise that this does not get me anywhere. I get to the crossroads and then wait for my turn to go. And I realised after a while that I was standing there, and was there forever. Everybody was gone a long time ago. The bikes, the cars, the buses, the cows, the cycles, they rushed across, honked, jammed on their breaks, accelerated and they were on their way. And I was there standing there and the other response I got was, there were people behind me, yelling at me to go on. Well you had to do what is right – and ‘right’ was to follow the signal and the signal officer. I've often realised I was following the foolishness of right.

And then the other day, I get into the train 3AC traveling from Madhupur to Patna. And I got in with fear and trembling, because I did not have a ticket. But the urgency of getting to Patna was on me and I had taken a big risk. I had no ticket, and was in the 3<sup>rd</sup> AC coach. I said to myself today I am done. Then the Train Ticket Examiner (TTE) came to me and asked me for my ticket. I was trembling and I blabbered out my state.

“No problem, *Hojayega*” (it will be done!) he said.



He allotted me a seat. And just before we got to Patna, he called me over and said, ‘Give me Rs. 3000 and I will make you a receipt’.

I was taking out the money when he stopped me.

“Ticket *bananahe, ya aise hi jayega?*” (Should I make you a ticket, or are you good without one?)

He then returned Rs. 1500 and kept the other Rs. 1500 for himself. He told me that it was beneficial for both of us this way. And he was going to show me out of the railway station without a ticket. I was shocked for a minute. And by the time I knew what had happened, he was gone. All was well, to him at least! I realised I was following the foolishness of right.

And then the other time, my driving license was about to expire and I needed to renew it. I sent it across to the Giridhi office and got a reply message shortly thereafter.

*“Is number ka license record me nahi hey. Ye licence nakali hey.”*

(This number does not exist in our records. This is a counterfeit driving license)

What is going on, I wondered. And I decided that I would get a new one from a different city – Deogarh – this time. And I was not going to go through an agent this time. I land there at the office and I asked for an application form. I got one and filled it up. As I gave it back in, they asked me for my agent. And I replied that I did not have one.

*“Theen mahina ke liya office band he”* he instantly replied.

The office was going to be shut down for the next three months. So what was I going to do, wait for three months? On enquiry, I got a whole load of reasons why the office was on leave. Out of frustration I returned home, and over the three months came back several times and got the same answer consistently. Maybe I was following the foolishness of right again. I decided to get an agent the next time I went for my license.

When I went again – this time with an agent – it seemed like the officer had taken a sudden interest in his duty once again. On seeing the agent, his face lit up. He told me, I’d be getting my driving license right away. When I asked him when the office had started functioning again – given that he had mentioned it was going to be shut down for three months – he scratched his head and pretended like he could not understand my Hindi accent. Anyway, I was happy to get my driving license again.

Life often doles out ironies. The right and wrong we are taught can seem paradoxical in their stance in the real world. Do we choose the foolishness of right or the wisdom of the world? That is a question we’ll all have to answer for ourselves.

*[Daniel Ponraj](#) passed out of school in 1994. Daniel and his wife Asangla—along with their kids—make their home in Madhupur, Jharkhand. Daniel is passionate about missions and you can read his blogs [here](#).*



## Rustle in the Backyard

Although we’ve retained our title for this section, an honest modification would describe the ‘rustle’ as more of a BANG! In fact, since the time of our last issue, the amount of activity within the alumni community can only be described as a series of exponential explosions. We had a historic alumni gathering for the first time in 2014, and the association has been—finally—officially registered with the Tamil Nadu government. The SVAA Meet, 2015 has been confirmed for November 28th and 29th this year, in Mahabalipuram. More updates to be unveiled at the alumni meet. Those of you that can make it, [please register](#). This year’s meet has some exciting surprises in store.

Also the next issue of the Post will be a tribute to one of the school’s most beloved teachers.— Mr. Edison Daniels. Some of the articles for the next issue have been finalized, and a few others are underway. To contribute, or to know more, please write to [thedohnavurpost@gmail.com](mailto:thedohnavurpost@gmail.com)

# The Gossip Gang

Sweetie Miranda

On a lazy Sunday noon I see a notification from a group on Whatsapp named "Gossip Gang" and the corner of my mouth breaks into a smile. We are five people in the group right now and another friend of ours totally repels technology. How we became friends and how it all started is a story that began about 7 years ago. Was it the tea time chats, the late night chats, the fact that we loved to chit chat or random coincidence that we hung out together? Those were the days when we fancied the tea times the most since that was the only free time we got during our "year-long" preparations for our board exams. The playground seemed like it had a sign board saying "Restricted Area" throughout the academic year.

We gathered around during those times at the same spot every day, sipping tea and eating Tiffin. The tiffin being green gram, brown gram, hand smashed chick peas with pickle, crushed tapioca - also with pickle - left-over *Puttu*, leftover *Upma* and anything and everything that came in the basin. Each day the stories we shared were different. Few days they were related to school, classes and classmates and on other days we had funny stories of Bus conductors from the crowded buses in our native towns. Saturday video shows and cute guys who came in advertisements all these came up at some point in our gossip sessions. We also sang tunelessly to West life, Petra, MLTR and BSB songs to the beat of music made with the sounds of plates and tumblers. We had fun imitating others and pulling each other's legs. We even had temporary members who joined us once in a while to add to the laughter. We laughed our hearts out and shared others' secrets in whispers. Those were the best days of my life.



We laughed, fought, gossiped and lived together as a family.

And at around 5:30 our chattering would come to an end with Rani akka shouting "*Chumma arata adikaathinga. Go and get ready for studies*" (Don't just chit chat).

Then we would resume our usual schedules and the rest of the evening would pass. The next day at 4:30 in the afternoon we were back at our spot, doing what we always did.

Little did we know that we were considered a gang by others until another girl mentioned it at some point.

We laughed, fought, gossiped and lived together as a family. Now years have passed and still being able to stay in touch with the same old friends, sharing a close bond like a family is amazing. We cannot do the same things we did back then but having a group on Whatsapp and sharing random stories, discussing our lives, getting excited while planning for get-togethers makes me still feel warm and juiced up. And I thought this was worth sharing with you all.

*P.S* Fellas, we did not name ourselves. We might have given ourselves a better name but considering what we did, the name "Gossip Gang" stuck :)

## The Eleventh Commandment

*Education doesn't prepare you for every situation of life, experiences do.* When I was in college, I happened to read a book by Jeffrey Archer called "The Eleventh Commandment". The commandment that this book referred to was this rule - "Thou Shalt Not Get Caught". Though my class at School was better known for their astuteness of the biblical text (we were termed "Gospel Proof"- w.r.t having known the Bible inside and out, thereby able to always counter argue a point with scriptures itself), somehow this commandment never came to our attention from all our readings. We eventually did learn of this commandment but not in the conventional way of education at School. As you can imagine, the majority of us learnt it through experience. "Experience" in the above statement can be narrowed down to events like having the famous custom-made (SV-carpentry) drumstick play to the tune of "Jin-Go-Lo-Ba" across your bottom instead of the congas. The lessons so learnt always left a strong and lasting memory. However, I think it's time to expound this command (with a couple of case studies) as it may help the younger generation in preserving their "oh- so sensitive hide".

### ***Case 1: Never get caught with your pants down***

The results were out; it was a foregone conclusion that those who did not make it through in the exam would taste wood. Fore armed with the knowledge of events that was about to unfold, our hero set off to the class after spending a wee bit more time before the mirror that day. He walks into the classroom as the attendance is called, and once that is done with, the name register goes down on the desk and up comes the answer sheets. Time was running out for the hero. Apparently, like all good parents who want to give their children a good start in life; our hero's parents thought that giving their child a name starting with "A" would put him ahead of all the others in his class. Of course that day, it did put him before everyone else in the class - for a good caning. Unfortunately, but not unusually, our hero was in the list of those who would be punished that day for poor marks. When his name was called out, the hero stands up; walks up to the master and bends forward (thus pushing his bottom cane-ward). The master swings the cane, and as it makes impact, not a whimper is heard from the hero. The master goes at it till he's huffing and puffing - the hero doesn't even break a sweat, let alone a tear. The tear would have been a bonus but the master knows the hero's quota is up and he still has others to punish. The class eventually ends, the kids leave and the hero makes the long walk back to the box room. He stops in front of the clothesline and pulls down his pants. Off come the trousers, followed by the first underwear, then another and another.....its goes on like a magician's handkerchief. Elsewhere, the master was just closing shop. It had been a tiresome day; the caning had physically drained him. Imagine having to sit down at the end of the class just to catch your breath while your students filed out one by one: well it was that kind of a day. Having shut shop, the master takes the walk back to the hostel. Tiredness puts the master on the shortest route to the hostel (via the clothesline).

Well, well, well.... Whom does he encounter? The hero's back is towards the master as he's peeling off the last few underpants. The cheer on the master's face is back. All the energy that seemed to have drained off his body now has returned with twice the vigour. He waits till the hero is down to the last underwear and then steps up into plain sight. The look on the hero's face is priceless (almost like a rab-

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bit under the flashlights), and then all hell break loose. This time the tears come a rollin' ..... All in a day's work.

### ***Case 2: Climb-up only when you know how to climb-down***

This one is very close to my heart (actually it's in my heart). Boarding School was regimental, especially in terms of time. There was no flexibility in the timetable. Every day at school was almost like every other day. When we were in the 10<sup>th</sup> standard, our Sunday post-lunch schedule was pretty rigid. We would have to somehow force ourselves to sleep till 4:00PM, after which we would go for a walk, be back by 7:00PM for sing-song followed by dinner and then the lights would go off at 10:00PM sharp. Can you imagine 4 hours on a bright sunny Sunday afternoon, caged up in a hostel, trying to put yourself to sleep? Well a few of us thought we could make better use of this time.

So the delegation went to meet the warden with the proposition. We pulled on our 6'oclock face and requested the warden to let us go to the grounds during the sleep hour to read the Bible and pray. Convinced that the kids were on the path to salvation, with a hallelujah, the warden sent us on our way. One doesn't fool around when one goes out in the name of the Lord and so we spread out the blankets, read scriptures and having acknowledged the Lord for his part in the grand scheme of things to come, we set out to play hide and seek. Being the smart one, I proceeded to climb up a tree (a sparsely leafed one at that) and waited for the game to begin.

Further down the ground, the assistant warden and his faithful few were returning from a trip to the mission field nearby and lo what do they behold? The unusual sight of a group of boys sitting under a tree at half past three in the afternoon. They come a little closer and find the boys reading the Bible (apparently someone had sighted the staff way before the staff had sighted them and hence everyone was back on the blanket – at least those who knew how to climb down a tree. Satisfied with the inspection, the assistant warden turns to leave, only to find one of his faithful looking upward with a puzzled look on his face. The assistant warden follows the line of view and there I was, holding on to the tree for all my life's worth looking like a frightened koala bear.

They brought me down eventually (can't remember how). The only thing I remember vividly of the incident is the aftermath of the event. I was asked by the warden to demonstrate how I climbed the tree (the demo had to be done on a tree which stood in front of the warden's house). I stood there teary eyed for more than two hours, during which time the warden even called out (sarcastically) to his wife to bring me "boost". I drank the boost but it didn't give me the energy or the courage to climb the tree. To this day, you can't find me anywhere near a tree.



***In conclusion:*** If you're adventurous, go on, get into a bit of mischief but whatever you do remember — "Thou Shalt Not Get Caught"

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***Peter, the star writer for The Post , is an Assistant Professor at Karunya University, Coimbatore.***

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