

The Dohnavur Post

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From the Scribbling Desk

In almost all respects, the world we now inhabit is vastly different from the world that we are used to. You wouldn't be wrong to think in the middle of a pandemic that the world was made on a Sunday. Our careers and personal lives have collided and become entangled in an inseparable singularity, it might be a while before we recover from this. Our social lives are lived out within the privacy of closed doors. With the internet, even the landscape of the written word has been shifted. It is now fraught with brevity, distractions, and the invasion of emojis. All of us are in a constant state of *déjà lu* - the feeling of having already read something (on the internet).

Is there, in such a time, a place for literature? The alumni newsletter team attempts to answer this question after a hiatus that has lasted over three years. The answer is slow, but it is clear. There will always be a place for literature. The latest short story contest has revived an interest in writing. This issue carries in it stories of nostalgia and reminiscence from faraway *memoryland*. One of the articles reflects upon the rare beauty in the stillness of death with an optimism that is hard to muster sans faith. A popular *esvee* couple present two articles written in widely different formats. We have a terse stoic description of an adventurous trip to the loo by an author to whom even an exclamatory mark can read like a full sentence. One article includes a pun on the famous Egmore station in Chennai. An attempt at poetry by the youngest contributor to The Post so far was a surprise last minute addition to this issue. For the first time, this issue of The Post is punctuated with illustrations from two wonderful artists.

Camus's words from *The Plague* resonate especially at this time: What's true of all the evils in the world is true of the plague (read pandemic) as well. It helps men (and women) to rise above themselves. Especially in the middle of a pandemic, we need our memory and imagination to find strength and solace. Stay safe and happy reading!

Dusting in time... We have landed!

Jemima Samson

Good luck, Time Traveller. The journey had just begun. Traveling back through time the complexity of fate taking you down a train ride hundreds of miles away from a cosy home to a rugged dusty town where the roads are just endless shades of red and saffron. The occasional thorny tree with cluster beans hanging down and an occasional animal tied to it. The smell of dung and hay fills the air and after many a winding roads, we reach some geometrically perfect arched gates whose view gets you confused and you say where am I? Not a few moments go by and you hear a big chime, and look up to something you have never seen before. What would you call it? Bell tower or the "*Ghanta ghar*" if you've been used to saying it that way. All deserted, human life seems non-existent. But then your eye suddenly catches a blue human (definitely not a smurf) pedaling his way through the roads, makes you wonder who it could be? We later chance to hear that those members of the species are called "*Annachis*". As dazed as you are, the view is just plain red buildings everywhere and blue humans on bicycles, definitely another planet, I had arrived at my human abode another haven for the next three years but a pleasant memory for all ages to come.

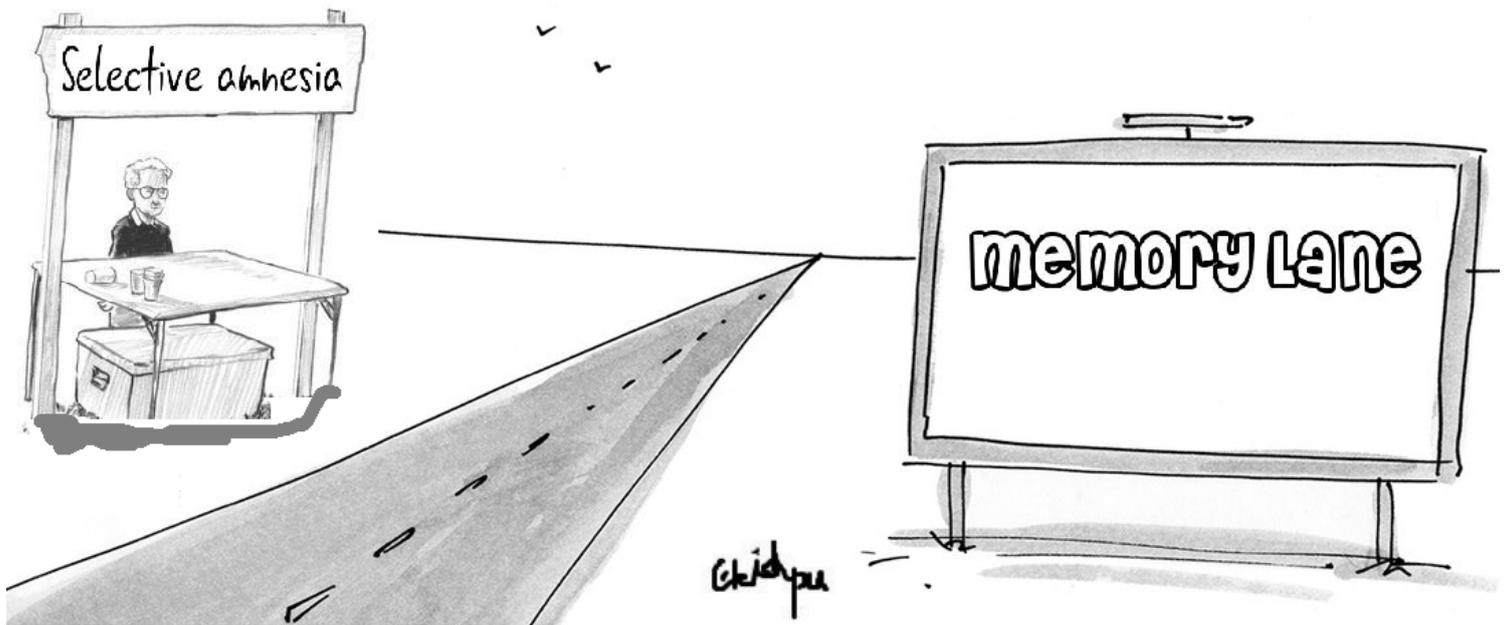
We are tired lugging the metal trunks and look for actual humans. A few more steps and we land into a hall filled with mankind just like us with metal trunks waiting to be ushered to our destined metal beds. A wooden martian land rover appears on scene with an open top, tugged by two blokes who are skimmed and no more than a few pounds. Hurriedly they barge all your belongings onto the vehicle and usher us to walk behind them as they push the martian rover called "*The Vandī*" to our destined dormitories (a word to describe your surviving cubicle). As soon as the ladies destination arrived the blokes signaled us to go inside with our belongings while they turned their faces the other way as it was against the territorial rules to peek inside the girls dormitory.

Once inside, a quaint old pint sized strict Mrs Paul as they address her, peers at you through her bifocals and commands you to open the trunk and display everything in your possession. Shaken by the request, we timidly open our Metal trunks to ledger our belongings of a lifetime. Four sets of party wear, two sets of night wear, miscellaneous fabrics, footwear, the nice fresh bible that was just purchased as I was headed to a religious destination and a bucket and mug with your name blatantly written all over with the initials and with the middle name intact. What an embarrassment to see our possession being scrutinized in public to identify any missing items from the "kit list". Once the sanctification of our possessions is over, we are assigned our respective living spaces on the floor. I was assigned to the kingfisher wing on the station where I was docked for a whole year. That station was for all the lesser nice people or so I thought, the privileged ones were given the woodpecker wing.

Once I loaded my stuff onto my wooden cabinet I was asked to take the trunk to the “bomb room” otherwise called the box room and stack it up as nicely as possible not spoiling the sanctity and decorum of the room that reeked of dust and grime.

By now twilight was fast approaching and as I peeped out of the grilled window I could hear a creaking noise. As I peered over what did I see? Little humans jumping up and down holding on to a metal gear and lo and behold it brought up water from beneath.

'Water pump' was what they addressed it. It smelled of grease and creaked as it breathed in and brought out water each time the gear was throttled. Fantastic I thought, and I waited in line for my turn. What a joy to hold on to the gear, and leap against gravity and be able to draw out water. Nonetheless it had a purpose, a routine that was synonymous to the act of pumping water. You had to either drink it or cleanse yourself with it. A daily course of cleansing which had to be repeated twice daily, once when you rise up in the morning to the loud cawing of the occasional drongos or the the ravens, and once in the evening, when you returned from the daily task of working out to keep yourself fit by practicing various forms of art called the football, basketball, kho-kho, kabaddi and tennikoit.



With the act at the water pump done we heard bells chime, what could it be? Well it was a signal to go for an evening snack to a place called the dining hall. Glorious food was what it meant. Humans just rushed mad towards it but once inside everyone was seated decently in numerical clarity in rows besides huge columns on the floor with their steel platters and ever silver tumblers placed before them. Then came the "servers" with perfectly circled large bowls with yellow chickpeas in them. The locals called them “*Konda kadala*”, and the western nations would use it a decade later as part of their keto diet.

We had to gobble up the beans and the tea concoction served along with it, and rush back to the living space called the dorms. We are signaled to go to the assembly hall for a time of prayer (something that humans do to communicate with their Creator).

At the assembly hall we get to see the Lord of this living realm called Santhosha Vidhyalaya. He is to be addressed as “Sir”, we are told. He gives an introduction of himself and hands over the service to another fair bespectacled lady called “Aunty Nesa”. Her speech was just pickled with advice beginning to end. She cautioned about the do’s and don’ts in the atmosphere. Next to take over the order of service was a gentleman who spoke with an awe of music surrounding him. By description he was a sort of Yoda to be precise. There was a music note in every word, and a weapon called the Guitar hung around his neck. He would use it to raise an army of singers cooing and crooning to the noise that arose from the weapon. The song to begin with was “Don’t build your house on a sandy land”, the house just burst into a forceful singing and making new entrants like me wondering, will I ever roar that way? Or be able to handle the weapon that could contain the mass of singers on such a leveled note? He was a skillful and talented human and a joy to know. He was to be addressed as “Sir” too but we could address him with a smile. Once the crooning was done The Word had to be read. A Madam who had the art of describing physics and chemistry with the Bible read aloud to us. She explained how not to be scared and how the Supreme Creator was with us and would take care of us in the new realm. The day ended with a rhyming chant to the creator, which started with a rather obvious line, “now the day is over...”

As I lay in the cold metal bed that night I stared into the deep starry sky. I could see every star in the sky through those metal lattices, no fans, just the cool breeze from the tamarind trees around. Later I heard many a tale about how haunted those trees were and many swore to have seen a million ghosts on them. The scary jingling noise of the golden bug called the “*chillu vandu*” which sounded like a maiden walking around with her anklets on. I was scared that she might leap out anytime from under my bed and appear before me. I buried my head into the pillow and closed my ears with my hands.

It was daybreak, the First day was over. My mission had just begun, then goes the tower clock ringing one, two, three, four, five and six. Time to be up, grab that bucket and run to the water yielding gear and start pumping...creaks jingle and clutter and lo and behold water springs forth. The time traveler stops. Wonderful memories. Just memories. It's been millions of years since then. I hear life is still the same over there. Many wonderful humans were created and left and are wandering around the universe. I wish to get docked back again to that station some day. Waiting for my turn again. I will be back.



Jemima Samson is from the class of '88 - the "dinosaur batch". She and several others from her batch are constant reminders that age is just a number. In spite of her busy schedule, Jemima enjoys taking time to discuss books and literature.

The Adventures of Two Squirrels

(as narrated by one of them)

Beulin Naladha

We travelled in a car for the first time – all the way from Tirunelveli to Coimbatore. Little did we know we would travel this far.

Exactly three weeks after our birth, my sibling and I fell off the tree along with our entire nest, the cushion of the nest broke our fall, and it did not hurt us. We are now safe in the hands of a warm hearted human parent, and he is taking us by car from Tirunelveli to Coimbatore.

With great joy our human parent shared our story to his long time school buddies. He posted pictures of us on his class WhatsApp group. His school friends responded instantly with terse notes that captured their enthusiasm:

“So sweet”

“Where’s the mother?”

“Reminds me of SV, many used to be play with squirrels.”

“One of our senior used to take her squirrel for Sunday walk.
Her squirrel’s name was Sweety Remember?”

“Are you going to grow it?”

“Give it here, my daughter wants it.”

“Hope you’re not stealing from the nest.”



Now our human parent was very concerned and worried about us. He thought we were too young to survive in the absence of our mother. He was worried we wouldn’t be nurtured well enough. Soon, a shoe box became our new nest, and we were being fed milk through a syringe device. He had to buy milk just for us, since he was used to drinking his tea and coffee black. His life changed after we got into his hands, but luckily he had all the time in the world to look after us. We kind of kept him occupied, during this lockdown era.

After 10 days our parent posted an update of us to his school buddies on the whatsapp group once again. A few of them responded with reference to his school days when he had helped several other furry creatures like me survive on mess food and milk.



“It's not new for him. He has done this in school, many times.”

“Ahhh.... an expert.. got into the right hands”

“Ya, you remember ah?”

“I remember how you used to put the squirrel inside my shirt. I used to be mad at you”

Afterword by Naladha:

The pictures of the squirrels on the class whatsapp group were the reason for these conversations, though only a few were actively involved in responding. As school friends we have spent most of lifetime together and then we went separate ways. Thanks to technology, we have been able to reunite and stay close though we are all miles apart. Experiences like “rearing a squirrel”, elicits nostalgia, and creates resonance across several batches, because this is a common thread that ties several of us who grew up at the foothills of the Western Ghats.



Beulin Naladha is from the class of '97 – the first batch of higher secondary students. She lives in Australia with her husband and her two sons. Her son - pictured along with her - was the youngest contributor to the short story competition earlier this year with a short note carrying his thoughts on the pandemic.

On Forgiveness - A Tribute to Uncle Ivan

Helena Meurial

I told Uncle Ivan that I would not forgive. Why should I when I did not do anything wrong?

Uncle Ivan listened. We were at the rectangular sand pit area in front of the Girls' Hostel. It was late evening.

I don't want to go into the details of what had happened, but it was an incident in the dormitory, where I sensed unfairness on part of a teacher. The word we used back then to describe such observations was "partiality". I was adamant to a point where I refused to forgive the teacher, and had in fact told her that I felt she was being partial. Naturally, my name was complained to one person after another in the line of hierarchy, and eventually I found myself talking to Uncle Ivan.

It was 1988, and I was in my 9th standard.

I had finished recounting the incident, and Uncle Ivan had just asked me to forgive the teacher, which I instantly refused to do. Uncle Ivan tried to get me to pray, but my prayer was still bitter with hurt. He told me to stop midway in the prayer, and asked me to repeat the prayer of forgiveness sentence by sentence after him. I wept a lot when the prayer was over. I was still hurt.

Uncle Ivan paused, and then he held me close, and told me a story. It was more like a recollection of his memory. He was referring to a memory that served as one of the initial triggers in his vision to start a school for missionary children.

Late 1980 or 81, Uncle Ivan visited Danishpet in the summer. That year, my brother Prem and I were staying at Navaneether Uncle's (a friend of my parents) house. My mother was in Scudder Memorial Hospital, Ranipet for a surgery, and so we stayed in Danishpet. Uncle Ivan enquired about my brother and me to my hosts. My parents had been the first FMPB missionaries to Northern India. And since there was no proper school for missionary children, we were admitted to a Children's home in Jhansi, known at the time as Abraham Bal Bhavan. We were in Danishpet for the summer.



Photograph: Abraham Bal Bhavan Hostel (circa 1981)

Uncle Ivan reminded me of his visit to Danishpet, and told me that looking at my brother and me that summer was one of many incidents that strengthened his vision to start a boarding school for the children of missionaries. He told me that he wanted me to become stronger mentally, and that life outside the campus was different. When I heard the story from Uncle Ivan once again, I realized that I was part of a bigger picture in the grand scheme of things. I was no longer bitter with the teacher, or her decision, and these things suddenly became trivial and tolerable.

After he recounted this story, Uncle Ivan told me once again, “I want you to forgive”. This time, I listened without any protests and nodded in silence.

Helena is from the class of '89. She dons many hats, as a mother, a student, a lecturer, and as the head of the Christian Medical Association of India. She travels frequently to hold several lectures and seminars across the country.



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: thedohnavurpost@gmail.com

The newsletter laid the ground for a lot of literary initiatives within the alumni community. One of latest offshoots has been a whatsapp group for all the readers and writers from the alumni community. If you enjoy discussing books, authors, please [click and join](#) this literature whatsapp group exclusively created for our school alum. Discussions for a virtual book club are in progress. Ideas welcome.

The Jittering Brigade

Hudson Timothy

The darkness of the night descends covering the path to the john, as there is no light, a hero emerges among us. The hero that we craved for, who could be a sacrifice to the demons that crawl in the darkness. The brave one, who can lead the pack into the dark, to the promised land. The hero only has his soul, and a memory of the path, which he has to trust without a shadow of doubt. The pack relying on the leader, has to deal with rotten rascals from within who frighten themselves, and others with shrieks. The leader remains unfazed, but the steel of the pack gets tested. Not everyone follows the leader, as some make do with how far their hearts can carry them, and the ones who make it, make do with where they are satisfied, as there are no lights there either. The return journey, however, is much quicker, as the race towards the light is much more assured, and the last man to emerge from the darkness is the hero. -----



Hudson belongs to the tunnel batch (Class of 2005), and works in the field of Intellectual Property Rights. He enjoys playing, and discussing football. He claims that he has been passionately following Liverpool F.C. long before it was cool. Hudson spent several years in South Korea, probably part of a clandestine zen cult that may have influenced this particular photograph.

Periwinkle

Eben Praisny

Death walks into our hospital corridors uninvited. It sneers the living, who do all they can to save lives and walks away with its prey. Some very calm and peaceful and some with tremendous pain. Some almost in an instance and some day by day. My pen fails to justify the moans of the dying and the shrieks of the beloved watching their own depart.

Who doesn't want a beautiful ending to their story; a dignified death - a death where you would have your loved ones at your bed side. Those final moments that you bestow your loved ones with; by just being beside them in their final strides of their journey on earth. But when death walks into your house by the name of Covid-19, it humiliates the very concept of a dignified death. A death where the moans of the dying goes unheard by the beloved whose shrieks are silenced by the stigma of the disease. Death walks into our corridors uninvited. It sneers the living and snatches its prey.



Periwinkle is commonly called as Vinca, graveyard plant, old maid, bright eyes etc.. It is a native to Europe where it was also called the 'flower of death' in their old folk-tales because its vines were woven into ornamental headbands worn by an offender on his way to execution. They are very pretty perennials who just invade the place. I planted two beautiful colours of periwinkle in the month of July last year. Periwinkle is known to flower for a longer period of time. If you have one, they stay. They stay and flower throughout the year. It is very tolerant to harsh climatic conditions and poor soil. They are less demanding.

And here I am this, July 2020 attempting to give death its due hue, while my husband is in the front line fighting CoVID-19.

Death as terrifying as it sounds, is beautiful too. Like they say, beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder.

Death is beautiful if He has charted our plan of life and death (Job 14:5).

Death is beautiful if He has prepared the place (John 14:3).

Death is beautiful if there is a hope of eternal life. (John 5:24).

Death is beautiful if there is a better life after death- a life that is exceedingly beautiful where we dine with our creator; a feast that He had prepared long ago just for the church - His bride.

'He will wipe away every tear from your eyes and death shall be no more, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain for former things have passed away (Rev 21:4)'

Death is beautiful if we believe that death cannot snatch us from the loving hands of our creator.

'For death shall not separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus (Rom 8:38, 39)'

Finally, death is beautiful if we believe that this creator whom we are going to meet and live with forever has himself defeated death. The only ONE to defeat it. 'If we have been united with Him in death like his, we shall certainly be united with Him in a resurrection like his (Rom 6:5)'

"When the mortal put on immortality then shall come to pass the saying Death is swallowed up in victory

O death where is thy sting?

O grave where is thy victory?"

Next time you see the "Flower of death" or Periwinkle by the wayside, let it be a sweet reminder of the crown of thorns that replaced this crown of flowers and the certainty that death indeed is beautiful only because of that victory over death on the cross.

If ever death be beautiful, Soli Deo Gloria.

Eben Praisy is from the batch of 2008. She works as an IT Manager at Christian Hospital Chhatarpur (a unit of EHA) in Madhya Pradesh. She enjoys gardening, and blogging. She married her childhood sweet heart, Lesley Ponraj (batch of 2007), and is blessed with 2 children. She admits that she still has an underlying fear of her boss, just like how it was with teachers in school.



A Note So Random

Nixia Sancy

It was sunny Wednesday afternoon at school. In between the post lunch class, I tore a piece from my notebook page and scribbled a small note. Folded it and pressed on the corners so that they don't unfold. The note had to reach my friend sitting in the last bench from the first bench were I was sitting, without it being seen or noticed by my teacher and without it being read by my curious classmates who were the messengers who needed to deliver this note. There was no secret in the note and yet it should not be seen by anyone else. Why? Just courtesy. Young minds are always inquisitive and curious. They love secrets. Mysteries. Enid Blyton, Nancy Drew and Hardy boys made the most of this I say. How do we teach them to be curious and yet courteous? Now! Now! back to the note. Should I write my friend's name on top of it or should I staple it or stick it or seal it with my signet ring which I do not possess (Alas! If only I were an ancient Egyptian Queen). The note had just one word. 'Sleepy'. Nothing consequential. But I did not want the class to know that, did I?



An idea. I could deliver the note myself. Walking all the way to the back of the class is a sure remedy to wake from my sleep and I could get rid of the middlemen. Nah!! That is a stupid idea when the teacher is in the middle of her lesson. But how else should I pass it?

Another idea. In a notebook. Place the note in between two pages and fold the corner of one of the pages so my friend knows it is a sign for her to check. Well, this is complicated as well.

Another idea. Pass it off as a lecture note. No one is interested in those. The topic of the note can be called.... can be called.... Sigh... My eyes are heavy...I am going to just sleep for now with my head on the desk. My friend will surely know now.



Nixia (2010) enjoys writing short stories, going on bike rides, and watching Formula 1. Nixia and her husband Paul are the first couple from school - and the only one as of yet - to graduate with a Masters degree each from the Indian Institute of Management.

The Eggsamples

Paul Ghugloth

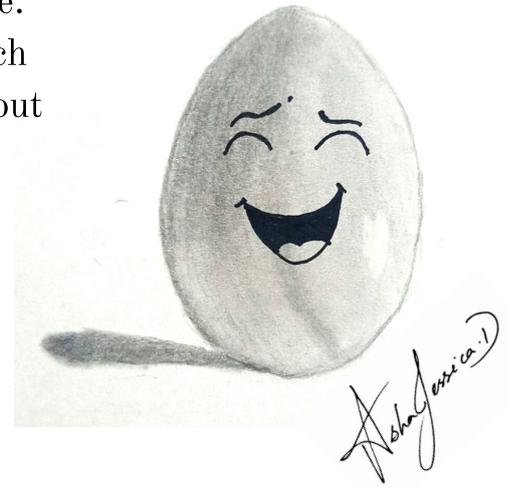
On Sunday afternoons we used to have egg curry for lunch.. Boiled eggs in a yummy gravy of well sautéd finely chopped onions and tomatoes..

These eggs came in different types.

1. The Perfect eggsamples:

These perfect eggs were well boiled, well peeled, bouncy, firm and in shape. These were best suited for the act of circular motion in an empty plate.

We would just nudge them into a rotary motion and watch them whir around the plate. Occasionally they would go out of control from the borders of the plate and would face our wrath for not living up-to the expectations of being perfect. But no one liked these perfect ones because they did not get soaked in the filthy gravy and therefore were masala-less and tasteless.



Then there were the defective ones.

2. The Victims of frustration:

The whites of these eggs were chipped off mercilessly and massacred into oblivion..On these eggs, you could see the peeler *akka's* frustration and almost hear her inner voice of resentment of years of doing repetitive tasks..

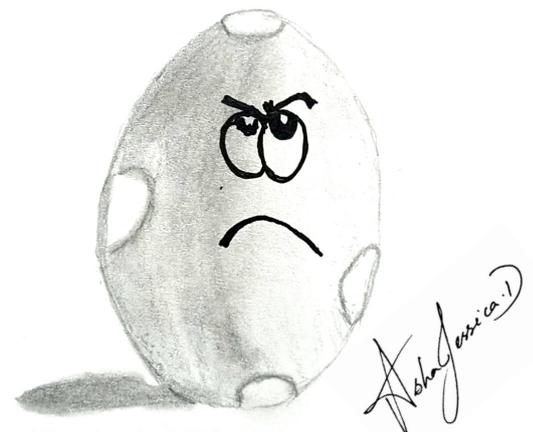
3. The Ha-bayals:

Some were half-boiled. These were shapeless, formless and *gula gula* and were only fit to be taken in a semi-liquid form after a thorough process of piscification and forming a mixture with *mor* (buttermilk).

We had to be a little careful with these because, these eggmor espressos can run through the system faster than the trains at eggmore railway stat'

4. The crunchies:

Some were half half-heartedly peeled with parts of the shell still stuck to the egg. When eaten unnoticed, it gives us a curious elation due to the unexpected crunchy texture. But eventually it forces us to do that weird face and then *kaari thupify*.



5. The Rebels:

Some defective ones came with the escapist mindset (Which most of us relate to) where the yolk has tried to escape from the confines of the shell during the boiling stage, but in the process ended up being boiled into an oddly shaped solid.

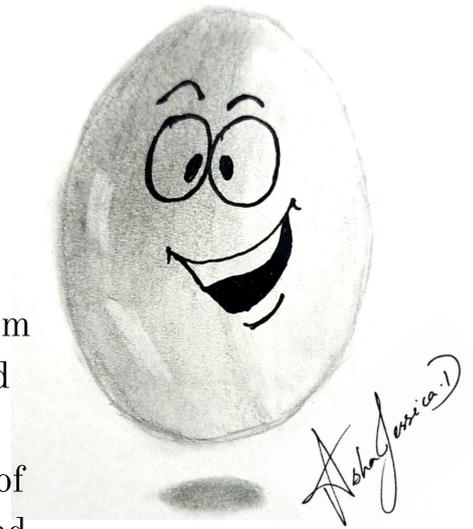
6. Unprotected tender ones:

Some came just as a yolk with very little whites to protect them, making them the most vulnerable of the lot. As the *karandi* pushes and tosses it around, you can almost hear it's prayers. Father, forgive this *karandi* for it knowest not what it doest. Some of these don't see the light of day, they give up their spirit and become one with the trinity. (Oil, *thakkali* and *vengayam*).

7. The hyper-excited:

These eggs are the most dangerous ones. They are super slippery, bouncy, full of energy, adrenaline packed, high on dopamine and hard to get a hold of. They are hard to grab from the plate, they keep slipping out, sliding between the palm and fingers and keep bouncing around on the plate.

Even after you get a grasp of it and bring it near the vicinity of the mouth, it swiftly gulps inside and starts swimming around within the confines of the cheeks like a fish that has just plopped into a tiny water bowl.. The teeth cannot grab it either and it can almost choke you to death whilst it tries to escape into the throat cavity.



8. Your eggcellery:

Then there is the heavily guarded egg for which we build an island of rice in the ocean of mor, guarded with *karvapillai* crocodiles.. And we poke a stick with a leaf and this egg is eaten at the last after the rice and mor is devoured.

In the end, it didn't matter. Every egg was sumptuous and fully devoured and we were all set for a nice nap on the lazy Sunday afternoon.



Paul Ghugloth is from the class of '98. He works on an eLearning project for the Justice Dept. of FSU. He loves making simple DIY things for his kids to play, but that doesn't mean he won't join them. He fondly remembers Hindi madam counting and giving Seeragam mittai.

Weekends: Saturday's @ SV

Samuel Prince

All eyes used to be on the Clock tower which kept the perfect time. But on Saturdays one didn't have to look at the Clock tower; for everyone knew, that classes were just half day. People used to look forward to second Saturday's because they had visitors visit them. But people like me had no one coming, except for the appearance of *Vembu* and the donkeys that I looked forward to. I would talk about them in sometime.

Colorful days: Back then we could wear color dress on Wednesdays and Saturdays. This gave us the space to use one set of uniforms for Mondays and Tuesdays and the other set for Thursdays & Fridays. It was like an ocean of light blue shirts and Navy-Blue pants for boys; while Navy Blue pinafore for girls. These Saturdays were the days to flaunt our clothes if one wanted to.

Sense organs put to test: The aroma up our nostrils from the mess under the leadership of *Valli akka* was a clear indication that lunch was ready. A chosen few were dedicated. The sound of the *Vandi* transporting the food from the kitchen to its destination the boys dormitory was the confirmation that marked the end of classes for the week.

Above all the sight of that royal entry of *Vembu* along with his Donkeys slowly trotting, flagged in the commencement of the weekend. *Vembu* was the Dhobiwala. The one and only, who had access to move in and out of the red fort walls of SV. No one dared to cross that line of control.

Now *Vembu* was very meticulous at his work and so were his donkeys. His team of donkeys were very faithful as ever. They were intelligent and knew, that some of them would need to go to the girl's hostel. While the rest knew that they had to go the boy's junior and senior dormitory. They were obedient. I guess they were familiar with those words from the song we as kids loved to sing... Day by Day! and I am sure that they would have sung it to one another, "Where he leads me, I will follow! Where he sends me, I will go!

What was really surprising is that they never ever made a mistake. Not even once.

Upon arrival, these donkeys would wait for their master to unload the bundles giving them some relief. Once he did that, they would set free and would get a treat to eat the grass in front of the dormitory. Meanwhile our man *Vembu*, had to ensure that all the clothes went to right place and persons.

He kept a count of how many bedsheets, pants, shirts and T-shirts were entrusted to be washed. They always returned clean and pressed. He had code words for each student, which comprised of the initials of ones name. The *akka*'s from the junior dormitory used to help him. He did all this without an excel sheet or computer.

One Saturday while these donkeys were grazing upon the grass, someone told that donkey's milk was good for health. This news fell into the ears of a small boy who was from the junior dorm. God knows if this guy was some kind of a health freak. But this small boy took this up as a challenge and ventured to try his luck. He almost got kicked by the poor little donkey who was petrified by this strange behavior and attempt. But never did that donkey complain to the master *Vembu* and pretended that this could have been some navigational error by the boy and decided to forgive him.



When we met *Vembu* after 25 to 30 years, he looked much wiser. We were all flabbergasted because he still remembered and recognized us by the initials and our names.

Mundane Afternoons: Afternoons were spent scrubbing clothes. Washing and drying. The barber used to be busy at one corner doing what he was good at. The tuck shop was open and soap, oil and shampoo were rationed by the warden.

After tea-time it was time for games. Post which we freshened ourselves and got ready for Study Hour. I disliked study hour because we were forced to write letters to our parents. First a draft, which would be corrected by the teacher and then the same thing would be rewritten.

When the bell rang it was dinner time. There were a few wicked highway bandits who waited at the Banyan tree to stop those escorting the food in the Vandi to the boys dorm. They bribed those escorting the food with chapattis to keep their mouths sealed. It really worked! The smuggled Chapattis would land up for the fittest. This was also used to get petty work done like washing clothes etc.

Who would want to miss the dinner, especially on Saturday night – Chapattis with beef curry? It was like Manna & Quail in the desert of Dohnavur; as it were to the Israelites in the wilderness. Some small boys had too much on their plates, they could not complete the quantity of chapattis they got nor would they give them to those who had great appetite. They would hide them in their trunks only to get caught the next day or week when there is a Kit List check by the warden.

Documentary time: We used to enjoy the documentaries which were censored on National Geography at the quadrangle. Be it the Great Barrier Reef or the Dykes of Netherlands, many looked forward to this time. This was a time to unwind, destress and exchange a few notes. The boys and girls were smart. But for a few it was stressful, since they did not have any CCTV cameras to keep vigilance; lest anything unprecedented should happen.

The day ended with prayer. We had to march back to the dormitory. At 10 pm the lights would power off for a minute and return. It was high time for everyone to hit the bed by now.

Sam Prince, a member of the batch of 1989, currently works as a Voice & Accent/Soft Skills Trainer. He loves cooking, poems, and music. He makes it a point to collect curios from places he visits. His secret skill is making it to the airport well ahead of time, and successfully missing the flight. He yearns to be more and more like God.



Kingsley's Tweets

@OnlyLikethat

Kingsley's tweets have been popular since his days on the IIM campus. His commentary on pop culture, current affairs, and life in general have occasionally gone viral, although they haven't always been credited to him. His characteristic humor and wit is always present.

Campus Life:

Missed breakfast and the first class.

Staying Hungry. Staying Foolish. :)

****India and China Economics class****

[Professor]: 'What is slowing India down?'

[Voice in my head]: 'Tell him Traffic. Tell him Traffic.'

The lakes are lovely, still and deep;

But I've seventy-five percent to keep

Ironically, once u get a job on campus u become jobless.

Current Affairs:

Acche Din will come only if Britannia decides to make Good Day biscuits in Hindi.

Ek tha Tiger. It used to hunt deer n all.

Now it is Being Human.

So Salman resumed his shooting today.

Oh deer.

I don't understand.

My Aadhaar is connected to my PAN and PAN to my bank a/c.

Why can't the government just VLOOKUP?

Why are people boasting about Baahubali's collections?!

I don't buy a Clinic Plus sachet and get all excited over how much money Unilever made!!

Shakespeare: "What's in a name?"

Indians: Religion, Caste, Elections... basically Everything.

This and that:

Be like the 0.1% germ. Never give up. No matter what.

Big Diwali Sale!!

This Diwali get flat 100% off on all the stuff you don't buy.

Fibonacci Soap(n) : When the old soap in blade form is stuck to the new soap.

"I'm engaged"

Rest of the world: "Congratulations"

India: "love marriage or arranged marriage?"

If Samsung was a fruit, it would have never fallen on Newton's head.

It hangs always.

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,

I turned the GPS on,

And that has made all the difference

Nobody understands me like that cockroach.

It literally put itself in my shoes today.

Dear God,

I know u have a good sense of humor. But when I said I wanted to excel at work, I didn't mean MS Excel.



Kingsley belongs to the class of 2007. In 2014, Kingsley cracked IIM-A and IIM-C admission interviews, and went on to graduate from Kolkata. He continues to be an active contributor to the alumni literature whatsapp group. His twitter handle is @Onlylikethat.

Flashback

Gladys Ruth J

When the world would wake on the sound of the alarm,
But we on this side, who waited for the radio to on.
With food in the basket and polished shoes ready to wear,
While we were searching for our socks - found to be nowhere.
On the noise of the bus, they rushed with their bags,
With piled books on our hands, we walked our way to class.
Not as easy for a 5 year-old, who had only learnt to walk and roll,
Through hardships we learnt the simple rule, it's now we must sow for the heights to grow.
From uniform to note books, and pencil to pen, we knew we had a long way to go from there .
We fought, we cried, we laughed and smiled, but just like the banyan tree we stood upright.
Like birds we thought we were caught in a cage, but realized the very process was a gain.
The brownish red walls holds our tears and secrets, those stone pillars stand strong as our boundaries we cherish.
Like a lion on circus grounds we were trained, to find our way in the darkest of days.
Cheers to those good old days, cheers to us whose veins runs the SV blood.
Hats off to those invisible heroes, who stood behind our backs and shaped us with courage,
Whom some of us presumed were messing around us, but are the reason we stand where we are today.

Gladys Ruth is from the class of 2018. She is pursuing a Bachelors degree in Optometry at CMC, Vellore. Some of her favorite memories from school are the Narai kadu trips and Sunday afternoons. Her thought for the students at school is this: "You might feel gloomy one day and highly optimistic the other day. Discover your potential in those days. Only later you will realize that you were a handpicked blessing".

