കാഞ്ചനം

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Artists corner

Sandhya Hariharan

Doodle art

Standing tall with its proud long neck, the Giraffe teaches us to Aim high and stand out !

President's Message

Biju Joseph

Welcome back to yet another edition of KANJANAM!

A distinguished Indian premier once said, "A great disaster is a symbol to us to remember all the big things of life and forget the small things, of which we have thought too much". The rage that the monsoons unleashed on God's own country brought out the scales to weigh the big and the small things in our lives. The never witnessed disaster of such magnitude rocked the lives and hearts of every Malayalee in all parts of the world.

It was propitious to see each and everyone in the KAN family come together to lend a hand and put their heart in collecting monetary funds to help relieve the distress of our people in Kerala. The outpouring support that we received from other Indian associations in Nashville is a testament to our unity in diversity, the bedrock of our country.

A lot of preparation, practice and anticipation went toward our main event of the year Onam. It had to be called off considering the distressing situation of our fellow countrymen. Trust me, Mahabali would be proud of us this year for all your charitable efforts. You can be proud of the fact that, Kerala association of Nashville along with 15 regional associations and religious organization were able to contribute the most toward the distress relief drive in a national level compared to other associations in the US. The collaboration with other regional association, their assistance and willingness to help us in our time of need fills our heart with gratitude and obligation to their kindness.

With the threat of flooding and loss of life out of our way, now what remains is the extensive rebuilding and restoration of lives. The funds collected would be transferred to the Kerala Chief Minister's distress relief fund.

Wishing everyone all the sunshine and fall this year has to offer, before it gets cold and blurry!

Your President
Biju Joseph

Coexistence
A 36x36 Oil on Canvas by Manoj Rajan

Artist's Note: In a lucid and blissful ambience an enchanting lily and a swift fish exists together and yet may never realize each other's presence. Being part of the same habitat, their existence depends on each other. This painting was inspired by a photo published by my friend Anoop Rajeev and this is one of the biggest canvas I ever painted, and it took 2 long years for completion.

Opinion – This art seems befitting tribute to the aftermath we all witnessed following the floods disaster, where people from our beloved state fought through hardships by helping and comforting each other.

~ KANJanam editorial board

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നമ്മുടെ നാടിനൊരു സഹായ ഹസ്തം

അശോകൻ വട്ടക്കാട്ടിൽ

ഓണാഘോഷ പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾ തയ്യാറായികൊണ്ടിരുന്ന നമ്മുടെ കൊച്ചു കേരളത്തിൽ അപ്രതീക്ഷിത മഴയും തുടർന്നുണ്ടായ ഭീകര വെള്ളപ്പൊക്കവും ജനജീവിതം ദു:രിതപൂർണമാക്കി. കലിപൂണ്ട് ആർത്തിരമ്പിയ കാലവർഷത്തിൽ കേരളത്തിലെ നാല്പത്തിനാലു പുഴകളിൽ നാല്പത്തി ഒന്നും കരകവിഞ്ഞ് ഒഴുകി. അതോടൊപ്പം ഡാമുകളിൽ നിന്നും ഒഴുക്കിവിട്ട വെള്ളവും കൂടിയായപ്പോൾ കേരളത്തെ നടുക്കിയ മഹാ പ്രളയമായി മാറി. വീടുകളിലെ തട്ടുമ്പുറത്തടക്കം വെള്ളം കയറി. കടപുഴകിയ മരങ്ങളും, കന്നുകാലികളും മലവെള്ളപ്പാച്ചിലിൽ ഒലിച്ചുപോയി. മണ്ണിടിച്ചിലും, പെരുമഴയും നമ്മുടെ അടിസ്ഥാന സൗകര്യങ്ങളായ റോഡുകളും പാലങ്ങളും തകർത്തെറിഞ്ഞു. ഗതാഗതം താറുമാറാക്കി. തൊണ്ണൂറ്റൊമ്പതിലെ പ്രളയത്തിനു ശേഷം കേരളം കണ്ട ഭയാനകമായ വെള്ളപ്പാച്ചിലിൽ 380-ഓളം ജീവൻ നഷ്ടപ്പെടുകയും, 6 ലക്ഷത്തിലധികം ജനങ്ങൾ രണ്ടായിരത്തിലധികം പുനരധിവാസകേന്ദ്രങ്ങളിൽ അഭയം തേടുകയും ചെയ്തു. പന്ത്രണ്ട് ജില്ലകളിലായി 700-ൽ പരം ഗ്രാമങ്ങളിലും നഗരങ്ങളിലും 50 ലക്ഷത്തിലധികം വരുന്ന ജനങ്ങളെ ദു:രിതം ബാധിച്ചു. ഒരു ലക്ഷം കോടി രൂപക്ക് തുല്യമായ ഭീമ നഷ്ടമാണ് സംസ്ഥാനത്തിന് ഉണ്ടായത്. ഈ അപ്രതീക്ഷിത പ്രകൃതി ദു:രന്തത്തിൽ ഒന്ന് പകച്ചുപോയ കേരള ജനത എക്യത്തിന്റെയും പരസ്പര സഹായസഹകരണത്തിന്റേയും ഉദാത്തമായ മാതൃക കാണിച്ച് കൊണ്ട് ജനജീവിതം സാധാരണ ഗതിയിൽ എത്തിക്കുന്നതിന് അശ്രാന്ത പരിശ്രമമാണ് നടത്തിയത്.

പ്രകൃതി രമണീയമായി മൂന്നാറും, വയനാടും, പെരിയാറിന്റെ തീരപ്രദേശങ്ങളും, നെൽകൃഷിക്ക് പേര് കേട്ട കുട്ടനാടും, തൃശ്ശൂരും, ചാലക്കുടിയും, ചെങ്ങന്നൂരും എല്ലാം വെള്ളപ്പൊക്കത്തിന്റെ കെടുതിയിൽ സ്തംഭിച്ചു നിന്നു. ലോകത്തിന് തന്നെ മാതൃകയായി, കക്ഷി-രാഷ്ട്രിയ ജതി-മത ചിന്തകൾക്ക് അതീതമായി അന്യോന്യം താങ്ങും തണലുമായി നിന്ന്, ഉറഞ്ഞു തുള്ളുന്ന മഴയിൽ സാവധാനം കേരളം തുഴഞ്ഞ് കരകയറി. കടലിന്റെ മക്കാളായ മുക്കവരും, മത്സ്യതൊഴിലാളികളും, ഇന്ത്യൻ വ്യോമസേനയുടെ മികവുറ്റ സേനാംഗങ്ങളും, കേരളത്തിലെ പോലിസ് സേനയും, സർക്കാരും, സന്നദ്ധ സേവകരും, സകലമാന ജനങ്ങളും ഒന്നായി സമയോചിതമായ ഇടപെട്ടത് മരണസഖ്യ കുറക്കുവാൻ സഹായിച്ചു.

കേരളത്തിന്റെ വികസന മാതൃകയെ പുനർവിചിന്തനം ചെയ്യാനുള്ള ഒരു അവസരമാണ് പ്രളയം നമുക്ക് നല്കുന്നത്. പരിസ്ഥിതി സംരക്ഷണത്തിനും, സുസ്ഥിര വികസനത്തിനും, പുനരുപയോഗ ഊർജ്ജ സ്രോതസ്സുകൾക്കും നാം മുൻഗണന നല്കണം. ഗാഡ്ഗിൽ അടക്കമു വിവിധ കമ്മിറ്റികളുടെ പഠന റിപ്പോർട്ടുകൾക്ക് സഗൗരവം ശ്രദ്ധയും പരിഗണനയും നല്കണം. ഹ്രസ്വകാല വികസന സങ്കല്പങ്ങളിൽ നീന്നും ദീർഘകാല വീക്ഷണത്തിലേക്ക് എല്ലാവരും ശ്രദ്ധ ചെലുത്തണം. കേരള സർക്കാർ അത്തരം ചർച്ചകളിലേക്ക് നീങ്ങുമെന്ന് പ്രത്യാശിക്കാം.

Fund raising at TN Fairground

അപ്രതീക്ഷിതവും അനിയന്ത്രിതവുമായ പ്രളയവാർത്ത, കേരള അസോസിയേഷൻ ഓഫ് നാഷ്‌വിൽ ഒരു അടിയന്തിര യോഗം ചേർന്ന് ഗൗരവപൂർവം ചർച്ച ചെയ്യുകയും, ദു:രിതാശ്വാസ പ്രവർത്തനത്തിൽ അസോസിയേഷന് ചെയ്യാൻ പറ്റുന്ന കാര്യങ്ങൾ ചെയ്യണമെന്ന് തീരുമാനിക്കുകയും ചെയ്തു. ആഗസ്റ്റ് 25-തിയതി നടത്താനിരുന്ന ഓണഘോഷം മാറ്റിവെച്ചു. പ്രവാസികളായ നമുക്ക് ദു:രിതാശ്വാസ പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങളിൽ നേരിട്ട് പങ്കെടുക്കാനുള്ള പ്രായോഗിക ബുദ്ധിമുട്ടും, സങ്കല്പിക്കാൻ കഴിയാത്ത അടിസ്ഥാന സൗകര്യ തകർച്ചയും പരിഗണിച്ച് കാനിന്റെ നേതൃത്തിൽ ഒരു ധന സമാഹരണ പദ്ധതി വിഭാവനം ചെയ്തു. പുനരുദ്ധാരണ പദ്ധതികൾക്ക് സഹായം കിട്ടുന്ന രൂപത്തിൽ മുഖ്യമന്ത്രിയുടെ ദു;രിതാശ്വാസ ഫണ്ടിലേക്ക് കിട്ടുന്ന തുക നല്കുന്നതിനു തീരുമാനിച്ചു. ആഗസ്റ്റ് പതിനേഴിന് നാഷ്‌വിൽ ശ്രീ ഗണേഷ ടെമ്പിൾ ഓഡിറ്റോറിയത്തിൽ ദുരിതാശ്വാസ ധനസമാഹാരണത്തിനായി വിപുലമായ ഒരു കമ്മിറ്റി രൂപീകരിക്കുകയും, വിവിധ സന്നദ്ധ പ്രവർത്തകരുടെ നേതൃത്ത്വത്തിൽ ധനസമാഹാരണത്തിനായി വിപുലമായ പദ്ധതി തയ്യാറാക്കുകയും ചെയ്തു. അന്നേ ദിവസം തന്നെ 7500 ഡോളർ സമാഹരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ധനസമാഹരണത്തിന് പ്രാരംഭം കുറിച്ചു. ആദ്യലക്ഷ്യം പതിനായിരം ആയിരുന്നത് പിന്നീട് 25000-വും, 50000-വും, 75000-വും കടന്ന് ഒരു ലക്ഷം ഡോളറായി ഉയർത്താൻ സാധിച്ചത് വിവിധ സംഘടനകളുടെയും ആത്മാർത്ഥമായ പ്രോത്സാഹനം ഒന്നു കൊണ്ട് മാത്രമാണ്. മലയാളികൾക്ക് വേണ്ടി കാൻ താഴെ പറയുന്ന സംഘടനകളെ കൃതജ്ഞതാപൂർവം സ്മരിക്കുകയാണ്.

1. ഇന്ത്യൻ അസോസിയേഷൻ ഓഫ് നാഷ്‌വിൽ (IAN)
2. സതേൺ സിഖ് റിലിജയസ് സൊസൈറ്റി (SSRS)
3. ഗുജറാത്തി അസോസിയേഷൻ ഓഫ് മിഡിൽ ടെന്നിസ്സി (GAMT)
4. ഗുജറാത്തി കൾച്ചറൽ അസോസിയേഷൻ (GCA)
5. ശ്രീ ഗണേഷ ക്ഷേത്രം
6. ടെന്നിസ്സി തമിഴ് സംഘം (TTS)
7. ടെന്നിസ്സി തെലുഗു സമിതി (TTS)
8. കന്നഡ കൂട്ടം
9. ശ്രീ സായ്ബാബ ക്ഷേത്രം
10. ബംഗാൾ അസോസിയേഷൻ
11. ഇന്ത്യൻ കമ്യൂണിറ്റി സീനിയർ സപ്പോർട്ട് സർവീസസ് (ICSSS)
12. മൗണ്ട് ജൂലിയറ്റ് തെലുഗു അസോസിയേഷൻ
13. മലയാളി ക്രിസ്ത്യൻ ഫെല്ലോഷിപ്പ് (MCF)
14. ലൈഫ് സ്ട്രീം ചർച്ച് (LSC)
15. ജഗനാഥ് സൊസൈറ്റി ഓഫ് അമേരിക്കാസ്, നാഷ്‌വിൽ (JSA)
16. പട്ടേൽ ബ്രദേർസ് (venue for fundraising)

Fund raising at Patel Brothers

Southern Sikh Religious Society

Tennessee Tamil Sangam

Tennesse Telegu Samithi

അമേരിക്കയിലെ ഏറ്റവും കൂടുതൽ ധനസമാഹരണം നടത്തിയ മലയാളി അസോസിയേഷനുകളിൽ കാൻ മുന്നിൽ നിൽക്കുന്നു. അസോസിയേഷന്റെ നേതൃത്വത്തിൽ 86000 ഡോളർ സമാഹരിച്ച് മറ്റ് എല്ലാ സംഘടനകൾക്കും മാതൃകയായി. സമാഹരിച്ച മുഴുവൻ തുകയും നവമ്പർ ആദ്യവാരം മുഖ്യമന്ത്രിയുടെ ദു:രിതാശ്വാസ നിധിയിലേക്ക് കൈമാറും. ഈ സംരഭത്തിൽ സഹകരിച്ച എല്ലാവർക്കും കേരള അസോസിയേഷനു വേണ്ടി നിസ്സീമമായ കൃതജ്ഞത രേഖപ്പെടുത്തുകയും ഭാവിയിൽ ഇത്തരം ദു;രിതങ്ങൾ ഒരിടത്തും ഉണ്ടാകരുതെന്ന് ആശിക്കുകയും പ്രാർത്ഥിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു.

കൃതജ്ഞതയോടെ,
എക്സിക്യൂട്ടീവ് കമ്മിറ്റിക്ക് വേണ്ടി,
വൈസ് പ്രസിഡണ്ട്,
കേരള അസോസിയേഷൻ ഓഫ് നാഷ്‌വിൽ

Onam – A Feast for Kings (and Queens too)

Madhu Nair

Traveling through India, the late Anthony Bourdain exclaimed, "I'm amazed at the way in which millions of people, often living in close quarters, are kind to each other, and are able to move through limited space in a cooperative way. India is a country with a big heart." And as the adage goes, the way to one's heart is through one's stomach. Malayalis in Kerala and abroad alike share this sentiment, particularly during Onam.

Anthony Bourdain

Onam is one of the biggest annual festivals in the state of Kerala. It is a rice harvest festival and is celebrated all over the state by people of all communities. According to a popular legend, the festival is celebrated to welcome King Mahabali, whose spirit is said to visit Kerala at the beginning of the month of Chingam, the first month of the Malayalam calendar, which is usually in August or September. Onam is traditionally a 10-day festival culminating in a communal gathering.

The highlight of the festival is the Onam Sadya (Onam feast). The sadya is reflective of the values Kerala cherishes - community, gratitude, and having a good time. The feast is enjoyed by young and old alike as generations gather around to enjoy a large array of foods neatly decorated on a banana leaf.

Onam is the quintessential Kerala festival – filled with laughter, good food, and happy memories. Sounds like a typical Malayali gathering? Absolutely! But as a proud card-carrying ABCD* the image of what my ideal sadya can best be described as a late-night college snack is like this:

Guess, I forgot to mention, Onam sadya is vegetarian. Not my preferred style, but the typical Onam spread is both appealing to the eye and more importantly, the stomach, even to a voracious carnivore like me.

Over 15 dishes grace the banana leaf for those dining on this feast fit for royalty. The centerpiece is "choru" (parboiled rice) surrounded by a variety of south Indian comfort food.

American Onam?

This large assortment of mouthwatering dishes including: curries like parippu with ghee, sambar, rasam, pulisseri and other dishes like kaalan, avial, thoran, olan, pachadi, kichadi, erissery. The side dishes include: spicy raw mango pickle, lime pickle, puliinji, as well as pappadam, plantain chips, sharkara upperi, banana, plain curd and buttermilk. Onam sadhya is not complete without a dessert called payasam. Three or more types of payasam are usually served at the end of the meal. Some of the varieties are pal ada, ada pradhaman, parippu pradhaman, chakka pradhaman, etc.

This eclectic assortment of bitter, salty, sour, spicy, and sweet creates a wonderful mix of tastes for even the pickiest of taste pallets. The range of colors against a green backdrop of the natural banana leaf makes the entire meal biodegradable. Remember no utensils here; sadya is best enjoyed with your fingers! It can get a little messy but don't worry, finger lickin' isn't frowned upon – it's encouraged!

Traditional Onam Sadya

Onam in our community is a cherished holiday that allows families and friends from all over to celebrate together.

Author's Note: *Recent graduate working in security whose interests include: photography, travel, and most importantly the joys of fine dining.*

And the Rock Echoed

Jean Kachappilly

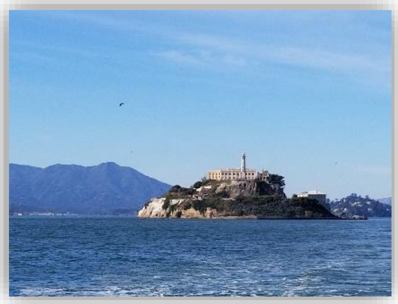
A couple of years ago I got fascinated by a story that I had read in one of the blogs. To date, I remember it as one of the spookiest ones I have ever come across. I got carried away by the surge of eerie descriptions outlined in the article about a rocky prison island located somewhere in the Pacific and how it was impossible to break loose from its monstrous confinement. The story in the article was not about the prison as such, in fact it was about the audacious escape attempt (the second of the two major escape attempts; non-conclusive whether they survived or not) that three inmates carried out on the night of June 11, 1962 from the clutches of an indomitable prison. It was their daring master plan of attempting what was considered impossible, that got me hooked to this place. It was back then, I made a promise to myself. I will visit this place one day. The mighty Alcatraz, also known as the 'Rock'.

It was in the November of 2017 that I could finally give life to my dream of visiting the Alcatraz. I flew into San Francisco last year, along with my family and a couple who were our family friends. I made sure that Alcatraz was the number one destination on our list, indeed, at the very expense of gaining a lot of protest and sulking from other members of the gang. But, I think the effort was worth it. Every little bit.

So, what makes Alcatraz so special?

When we rummage the pages of history, we can find that Alcatraz was a military penitentiary before becoming a federal prison under the US Department of Justice in the year 1934. During the three decades that followed, Alcatraz housed Americas's most notorious and dangerous criminals including the Prohibition-era gangster Al Capone. During that era, Alcatraz served as a treacherous dungeon to enforce law on those who violated it in an outright fashion. As rightly summarized, its motto was "If you break the rules you go to prison, if you break the prison rules you go to Alcatraz."

It was bright and sunny when we visited the Alcatraz. With a playful breeze, swishing across the bay, the 1.5-mile ferry ride from San Francisco to Alcatraz was more refreshing than perplexing. We were quite aware of the fact that we were about to see the place which was once inhabited by people who jolted America with their violence and criminal convictions. The water in the bay that surrounds Alcatraz is icy cold and is jittery with heavy undercurrents. This makes it extremely challenging and close to being impossible to get to the main land, one of the prime reasons why an escape from the dungeon was almost unfathomable.

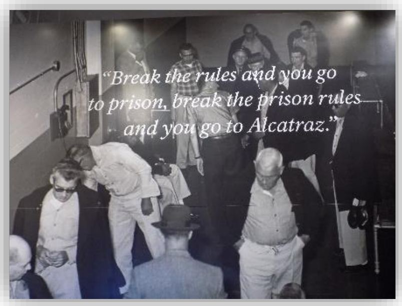


After having been welcomed at a central welcome area, we had to take a good 15-minute walk to reach the prison building which displayed a demeanor of deterioration from outside. Time had taken its toll on the monster. We were given headsets and an audio playback equipment which guided us throughout the tour, explaining the historic relevance of each of the stoppage points. An unprecedented sense of awe swept over us as we entered the building. We saw the places where mass bathing and shaving took place for the prisoners. Also, protected behind glass casings were the paraphernalia used by the prisoners such as their shoes, shaving sets, prison wear etc. Alcatraz prison is three storied and has close to 340 cells spanning across 4 blocks. The cells are very cramped, measuring only 5 feet by 9 feet and 7 feet in height. They are all equipped with minimal amenities such a bed, a small desk, a wash basin and a toilet. D block has 36 segregation cells and 6 solitary confinement cells for prisoners who were violent and for those who attacked the officers. The solitary confinement cell is literally a dark rat hole with no access to light. Life inside a solitary confinement cell is so maddening that one prisoner has been reported saying that he would toss a penny in the darkness and search the floor throughout the day to find it; just so he could while time away and keep his sanity intact.

We also saw the library that the prison had, probably the only place in the entire island, where one might get some pleasant feeling. We were also lead to the Warden's office and had a small description of the four warden's Alcatraz had. It was at this point, that a detailed account of the battle that followed the escape attempt of the prisoners in 1946 and the bloodshed that followed, were given to us. Six prisoners overpowered cell house officers and were able to gain access to weapons, but not the keys needed to leave the prison. A battle followed, and two correctional officers were killed and several others injured. Three inmates were killed in the battle and two others got death penalty in the trial that ensued.

When we re-entered the prison aisles in the B-block, we were taken to the cells where three prisoners made the historic escape in 1962, by drilling a 3 feet wide hole in the wall of the respective cells by using a simple metal spoon that they had stolen from the prison dining area. They had created dummy heads out of Papier-mâché and human hair stolen from the

barber shop, to fool the officers of their presence in the cell. The escapees also constructed an inflatable raft over many weeks, using from over 50 stolen raincoats. Even after making such a brilliant and daring attempt to escape the inescapable, no conclusive evidence (in an investigation sprawling over a decade and half) was amassed of their successful escape and survival.



This is Alcatraz. Once you set your foot on its rocky terrain, it hardly lets you leave. It is said that families and community life thrived on the 'Rock' once, consisting of the families of the officers. School going children and the mirth in the chatter of the women had once brought some life to this otherwise shackled house of isolation. But in 1963, the federal government finally decided to close this facility down owing to the heavy expenses incurred in running such a penitentiary.

In the 1970s, a group of American Indians arrived on Alcatraz claiming it to be a land on behalf of "Indians of All Tribe". They wanted to set up a University and a museum. But they were eventually removed by an order from President Nixon. In 1972, Alcatraz became a part of the Golden Gate Recreational Area and now attracts almost a million tourists every year.

On my ride back, I was following the severing water trail left by the ferry all the way back to the 'Rock'. It stands there like a giant risen out of the ocean. I was wondering about the hundreds of thousands of tales that lay buried in its heart. I kept my gaze on the monster until it faded away slowly into the horizon, summoning the echoes of a thousand large iron gates being closed all at once.

Author's Note: *An avid reader, aspiring to be a writer and a data engineer by profession*

Children's corner

Mind Mover

Dia Manoj

My little brother, he's different from other kids. He plays video games, eats junk food, just like every other boy. But under the normality, is a whole mountain of surprises. I didn't know what he was, until it was too late. But I helped him control it and escape the troubles that were caused. And, from the adventure, I learned a lot - about my brother, and made a new friend on the way.

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"Rachel!", my mom called from the living room, "Can you come down, please". I groaned. I was in the middle of a really good nap. I lazily slugged out of bed, and down the stairs.

"What?", I yawned.

"Can you take care of James, while I'm gone?", she asked, just as tired as I was.

"I can't", I said.

"Why?"

"I just can't"

"Yes you can."

"Ugh."

She smiled. Then, after she gave me instructions on what to do, she left the door. James, my little brother, was SO annoying. He wouldn't eat anything green, puts ketchup on everything, and insists on singing ALL the time. I didn't know how I was gonna deal with this for the whole day. I went upstairs, and tried to wake James up. I told him to come downstairs. He refused. Then, I told him we were walking Olivia. Olivia, you could say she's pretty much the only living being in this house that's CLOSE to being normal -- and she's a dog! James jumped out of bed and ran down. I laughed, and tried to catch up with him.

Finally, we went outside. It was a nice day. The sun shined, and the wind blew against the swaying green grass. It was hard to expect anything bad to happen. Olivia tugged at her leash, wanting to chase a squirrel nearby.

"Here, I'll get the squirrel for you, Olivia!", James laughed, and running after the poor creature. The squirrel panicked, and ran up a tree. Below, James stared at it, furiously. As if he put some kind of spell on it, the squirrel climbed down the tree. It came down and further down and stood right in front of James. James then picked it up and rubbed its face.

"Ha! Good squirrel!", he smiled, his anger melted.

"James, drop it, it might have the rabies.", I said.

He looked at me weirdly. "Squirrels can't get rabies, you dummy.", he replied, as he put the squirrel back down, and ran to Olivia. I was too tired to argue.

When we got back inside, I made lunch, the usual - PB and J. I guess I put the plates a little too far away, because, James couldn't reach his. He put his arms out wide, and stared down at the plate, just as he did with the squirrel. Slowly, but surely, the plate moved a couple of inches, right in front of him.

My jaw dropped. "How did you do that?", I asked quietly, still in shock.

"Oh, the mind thing? Pretty cool, huh?", he smiled.

OH MY GOSH, MY BROTHER CAN MOVE STUFF WITH HIS MIND, I thought. Then a serious matter hit me.

"How many other people did you tell about this?" I asked.

"Oh, just this other guy, he saw me do the thing and asked for my name.", he said very coolly.

"YOU TOLD HIM YOUR NAME?!?", I screamed. Out of all people, only MY brother would tell a complete stranger his name!

This was bad, really bad. That single guy could tell anybody what he saw. Then, scientists would want to study him, and he'll have to leave! In a way, that would be kind of nice, but not so much in my mom's point of view! I grabbed James, and Olivia and ran out the door. It wasn't safe there anymore. We stopped at the bus stop and jumped into the bus. We sat down, and silently hoped we were safe. We were so wrong. We were nearby our

stop, at a place that resembled a forest. The bus plowed through the road, getting ready to stop. The man in front of us looked at his phone, and laughed.

“He he, that’s amazing…”, he said, showing the people nearby him. Soon, the whole bus had seen it. I had a weird feeling it wasn’t a funny cat video…

“Hey, that’s the boy from the video!”, someone shouted, pointing at James. James’ face grew pale. His eyes were filled with shock and fear.

Soon, the whole bus grew louder. People were taking pictures of us. A million flashes blinded our eyes. As soon as the bus stopped, we got off. Everybody stared out the windows at us, still taking pictures and videos. As soon as the bus left, I looked around, trees everywhere, and there was one road leading one way. There was not a soul there, except for us, and another man who had gotten off the bus.

“Hey you’re the mind mover kid. You could come in handy…”, he sneered, and grabbed James’ arm.

“LET GO!”, James yelled, but the man just swiftly left, dragging him behind. I yelled, as I ran after them. But it was pointless. They were too far away. I hugged Olivia tight, my mind drifting away. What was I gonna do? Well, find James and get him back, of course.

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There was no way to go, but forward, so that’s where I went. I held Olivia tight, and ran down the road. The man couldn’t go forever down that road. He would, have to stop somewhere. To be honest, I don’t know where this bravery suddenly came from. Maybe he thought that my brother was somewhere, close to dying… I had no IDEA where I was, and I had only thought of one problem. What was I gonna do when I reach there? I circled around that thought, and focused on finding James.

Soon, my feet hurt from running, so I slowed down to a steady walk. My hair dripped in sweat. In a normal situation, I would freak out and try to fix my hair. But, this wasn’t normal. None of it was. I was in the middle of nowhere. Olivia had already fallen asleep by the second mile. The road seemed to go on forever. No cars or trucks passed by, and I was all alone. Well, I thought I was.

“You know, it isn’t really safe to walk all alone here.”, said a voice behind me.

I turned around. Right behind me, was a boy, older than me. His hair was kind of messy, and he was covered in these weird furry clothes. He looked like he lived here.

“Who are you?”, I asked.

“The name’s Sean. And you are?”, he said. He had a cool French accent.

“Rachel”, I replied.

Then, we just stood there, with nothing much to say. “Can you help me?”, I asked.

“With what?”

“It’s a long story.”

“Well, then, let’s hear it.”

I smiled. I started talking about everything that morning, how James could move stuff with his mind, and him getting kidnaped. While I talked, we walked down the road, just as we were before we met.

“Wow. That, is one unique story.”, he said, his eyes widened.

“Are there any buildings nearby here?”, I asked.

“Well, there’s one…”

For the rest of the trip, we remained silent, mostly just staring at the road in front of us. Suddenly Olivia jolted out of my hands and ran around. As I tried to catch her, she looked at Sean, sniffed his feet, and proceeded to jump on him.

“Nice dog!”, Sean laughed, as Olivia licked his face. He held her up, and smiled.

“You really like animals, don’t you?”, I asked.

“Yeah, when you live in a forest, you really have no one else to talk to”

We walked for quite a while, and there was nothing. Even though I began losing my trust on Sean, I continued to walk and stare at the hard floor. I guess he sensed what I was thinking, because he told me we were close to getting there.

We were starving, our legs couldn’t move any much longer, and we had not had water in forever. With all this happening, voila – in what seemed like eternity – here we were at a building. It was small, old and seemed like a used house. The garage was bigger than the actual house itself.
“This is it...”, he said.

We decided not to go straight inside but go around, to the back of the house. There was nobody there, so we set up a little camp in the back. Sean did most of the work, making the two shelters. He seemed really good at building, especially when we only had a couple of sticks and a bunch of leaves. I just found the materials to build them. When we were done, we sat across each other in front of the two shelters. We talked for a while, and I learned that Sean lost his parents, and lived in the forest since he was seven! The night moved on, and morning arose. We didn’t have a plan, but we got to work. Sean made a sword out of wood, just in case we needed it.

Finally, we were ready. We had some kind of a plan. We would get into the house (somehow), and find James (OK, not such a great plan). How did we know James was in there? We didn’t. We just hoped. Plus, Sean said there wasn’t another building in a 50 mile radius. We walked, slowly, to the front door. I shook the doorknob. It was locked.

“What are we gonna do now?”, Sean groaned.

But I wasn’t listening. I took a hairpin out of my hair, and put it in the keyhole. He looked at me oddly. I shook it, and the door unlocked. Sean looked amazed. I bet he wasn’t expecting that. I smiled and shook my head at the thought.

I didn’t know what I expected to see when we got in, but I wasn’t imagining that. The house wasn’t that old. In fact, it looked very new! Everything about it was as modern as it could be. We looked around. The coast was clear. We decided to split up. I looked downstairs, Sean, upstairs. I looked everywhere downstairs, every nook and cranny, but James was nowhere. Soon, the only place left to look, was

in the garage. I thought about waiting for him, but I decided this was my fight, and my brother. I opened the door to the garage. The door creaked as it moved. Inside, was exactly what I imagined. James. Strapped in a chair. The man in front of him. The only thing out of place was a small box, right in front of James. I ran down the leading stairs. James looked at me, his eyes wide, his hair all messy, and his face pale with fright. The man next to him, was a complete different situation. He had a funny looking beard, and green, menacing eyes. The most important thing, he had a gun.

"Ha, you're the girl, aren't you?", he sneered, "You really think one small girl can stop me?", he laughed.

I was scared. Frightened. Any other word which means scared - it was me. It was a strange new feeling. I didn't like it.

"One girl, AND a boy.", said a familiar French accent. I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked behind, to see Sean. The man laughed. He took out the thing that I feared the most. The gun pointed straight at me. I almost fainted. Then, I remembered why I was here. James. If I was scared, I couldn't imagine what he was feeling. I couldn't afford to not fight back. My fear drained.

I stepped forward.

"You scared of a fair fight?", I laughed back.

He didn't expect that, and he cleared his voice, "You wanna fight without guns? I wanna see you fail at this.", he smiled. He dropped his gun. My fists balled up. Behind me, Sean, put his hand on his sword. Then I felt it. A huge punch. Right in the face. It hurt, but it made me hate him even more. I liked it. I liked hating him. I swung my fist into his arm. Well, I tried to, he grabbed my fist before it could hit him. Luckily, Sean came forward and swung the sword on his hand. It didn't slice him, but it hurt him, and he pulled back. Olivia started circling the man, and I pushed my fists one at a time forward, and this time, you could tell he was hurt. I kicked him down, and Sean finished it off with his sword.

"You won!", Sean exclaimed.

"No, we won!", I laughed. It felt good. To win. The man, he wasn't dead. But, he was too hurt to get up. I turned, and looked over at Sean and James.

Sean had already untied James out of the chair. James ran to me, and hugged me. I could feel the tears coming, but I didn't let them out.

"You were AMAZING! You practically WRECKED HIM!!!", he exclaimed, "You're the best sister ever!". That's when the tears were let out. I didn't care. We were going home.

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Epilogue

"I can't believe this....", my mom said as we hugged. She turned to Sean, and smiled big,

"You, sir, have saved my son. I know your used to living alone...but, can I be your new mom?", she asked, tears dotted her cheek. He smiled, "As long as I can be your son.". It's official. I have a big brother, now.

"James, I didn't know you're such a mind mover!", Mom laughed.

"Oh I'm not! That was a magic trick I learned! I can't move stuff with my mind!", he laughed.

"What about the squirrel?", I asked, amazed.

"Oh, I fed it peanut butter!", he smiled.

We all laughed.

"Rachel, why don't you show your new brother his room?", she asked. I smiled and Sean followed me upstairs. James trailed behind us. So, I know I said James is annoying in the beginning, but, he really is an amazing kid. And, he may not be able to move stuff with his mind, but he can always figure out how to move my heart!

*** END ***

Author's Note: *I am a 6th grader at Mill Creek Middle school. I love writing stories and sharing them.*

The Missing Puzzle Piece

Gauri Adarsh

She stumbled to the table she always sat at, wiping the tears that were slowly going down her cheeks. She tried to remember the many tricks she had learned to stop crying, but none came to mind and the tears began to come faster. She thought of all the judging, glaring looks and glances thrown her way as she had given her presentation and the small giggles by the girls in the back when she stuttered. She sat down with a sigh at the table right next to the trash cans, where no self-respecting person was supposed to sit. But then again, who even noticed her sitting there? Or … anywhere?

Aria Smith thought of herself as an average seventh grade girl - short brown hair cut in a bob and bright blue eyes hidden by thick black frames with typical clothes and standard grades - average in any category. The "just right" porridge that no one seemed to want. Because no one wanted ordinary - everyone wanted more. Why wouldn't they? It only made sense - you choose average as a friend, you get normal, and why would you want normal?

She took an apple slice in her hand and then, losing her appetite, threw all of her lunch away. Eating with someone else was always better than eating alone. Ignoring the annoyed sounds her stomach was making, she left the lunchroom and locked herself in a restroom stall, trying to process the day's events.

"Okay, hmmm… Ms. Smith, time to present."

Aria had always had stage fright - she walked up, prepared and confident, but the second she met another person's eyes, everything in her seemed to be numbed.

"Umm… uh… my name is Ar-ar-"

"Armpit?" one of the boys yelled, and laughter echoed through the classroom, only making goosebumps erupt on her skin.

"Aria, and I'm presenting about os-os-osm-"

"Ms. Smith, would you like a minute to compose yourself?"

"Um…"

She looked down at her paper, which was shaking as violently as the ground during an earthquake.

"So, tomorrow then, Ms. Smith?"

She sat on the floor, leaning her head against the cool metal door, ashamed. This was the third time she had frozen in front of everyone this month, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop, couldn't take a breath in front of so many people.

Just then, she heard footsteps, and got up on the toilet, not wanting anyone to know she was there. A high-pitched voice rang through the restroom as the girl called out, "Hello?"

Is she looking for me?

"Okay, good, no one's here." the girl said, and Aria smiled. Something about the way the girl said it made her laugh.

"I hate this school! Everyone in it is so horrible! This poor girl was presenting today and instead of helping her, they just laughed at her! We just had to move here, didn't we?" the girl said to the mirror.

Aria froze. "She's talking about me? People talk about me?" the thought ran through her head. But a wide smile spread across her face as she realized that there was someone who cared about her in this school. Someone who felt bad about what happened, so it wasn't just her overreacting. Even though she knew it was silly and she knew the girl would never want to be her friend, she felt just a little bit less alone.

The girl washed her hands and left the restroom, still scowling, and Aria let out a breath she didn't even know she was holding. Maybe tomorrow won't be so bad.

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After classes the next day, the students went to the library and were allowed to pick a book, then sit down and read. Aria had never liked reading, so she would always put together the puzzle in the corner of the library, where no one else would ever go. Sitting in the tall wooden chair, she pieced a new puzzle together - the picture of a forest. It didn't take her much time to finish the majority of the puzzle, and soon enough, she only had one piece left…that she couldn't find.

Looking at the incomplete puzzle, Aria thought of putting puzzles together with her dad. Putting together every little piece and then him spinning her around after they finished the whole thing. She had always loved putting together the puzzle, making everything coming together so perfectly, with everything connected and making a beautiful picture. She was amazed by how when so many little pieces that weren't anything special came together in the right order, they made something so much different, something so… complete.

Aria got down on her knees and looked under the couches for the puzzle piece, but it was gone. She glanced at the unfinished puzzle once more and a tiny bit of disappointment filled her mind. While she knew it was silly, she loved seeing a puzzle finished and perfect - it gave her the sense that maybe someday, everything would piece together like a puzzle for her.

She sat down again on the wooden chair in defeat, opening another puzzle box, when she heard footsteps yet again coming towards her. She frowned in confusion - no one ever came here. A face appeared next to the bookshelves, and Aria gasped silently. It was the new girl.

"Hey, Aria, is it? I'm Ashlynn - I came here a few days ago," she said with a nervous laugh. "The librarian said you might be down here."

"Oh, Hi! Welcome to our school, I guess." Aria said, smiling on the outside but shocked inside - was she looking for her?

"So, um…" she said, opening her hand, which showed Aria a small puzzle piece. "I actually came to put this puzzle piece I found in the box. Would you know where this goes?"

Aria took the small piece from Ashlynn's hand and examined it, smiling when she realized what it was a part of.

"Actually, this is ironic. I was just finishing this puzzle and looking for this piece! You're a miracle!" Aria said, and walked to the puzzle she had so carefully made, and then paused.

"Hey, actually, you were the one to find it - would you want to put it in?" Aria asked cautiously.

"That would be great!" Ashlynn said with a small laugh, and took the puzzle piece from Aria's hand, and pressing it into the incomplete puzzle. Aria walked up to the puzzle, grinning, and Ashlynn laughed, saying, "You look like you just saw the Eiffel Tower."

"It's just really great to see that one piece pull everything together. I've always loved puzzles… how every piece is so important to the whole thing. Seeing it complete is so much different than seeing it unfinished, if you know what I mean," said Aria, looking at Ashlynn.

"Yeah, my older brother used to do them with me all the time. We would always do this one of the Earth, because my mom was obsessed with getting us to learn something. After a while, we started losing pieces, so we would always make new ones out of paper. Eventually, over half of our puzzle was paper!" Ashlynn said, laughing.

"South America was just completely Paper America."

Aria giggled and told Ashlynn about her father, and for the first time in a long time, Aria ate her lunch with a friend.

***

One Year Later

"Ms. Smith, your turn."

Aria got up and walked to the front of the classroom, which used to feel a million miles away. It didn't anymore. She stood next to the board and looked down at her paper, refreshing her mind, then looked up, grinning.

"I'm ready."

Aria read confidently, her voice never fading, her gaze never faltering, her smile never leaving her face. The whole time, she held her new friendship ring in her hand, playing with it every now and then. After the presentation, she walked back to her desk and sat down, then turned her head to where she knew Ashlynn sat and looked at her questioningly. Ashlynn beamed and gave her two thumbs up, and Aria chuckled.

After the class ended, Ashlynn ran over to Aria's desk and screamed, "You were so, SO good!!!" attracting a glare from Mrs. Jacobs, but completely ignoring it as she jumped up and down in excitement.

"That was your best!!!"

"Thank you, Ms. Reynolds."

Aria said, curtseying. "You were… meh."

"Hey!! I come over here to compliment you and you give me that? Mean!" said Ashlynn.

Aria laughed, saying, "Just kidding, you were amazing as always!!"

The two girls walked to the lunchroom, laughing and joking the whole time, and sat

down with everyone else at the table next to the trash cans.

"Well, I guess if self-respecting people don't sit here, me and my friends are just un self-respecting," Aria thought jokingly as she slid into her normal seat, looking around the table happily.

She thought about how lucky she met Ashlynn at the time she did - without her, she didn't know where she would be now. With her, she was able to get past some of her worst fears, knock down the obstacles blocking her from being happy for such a long time. Because of her, Aria was a much better person. She didn't think of herself as "average" anymore - she knew she was different, unique in her own way.

Her puzzle was coming together, and it was all because of the person who had given her the first piece.

Author's Note: *I Am an 8th Grader at Sunset Middle. I love writing and dancing. I have been learning Bharatanatyam for 7 years.*

Adversities eliciting talents

Shradha Raju

Allow me to share with you a statement I find rather interesting. "Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant."

This statement was made by the Roman poet Horace. Horace's statement claims that talents tend to only "elicit", or be drawn out, during difficulties.

Adversity is something that is inevitable in one's life. During these hardships, one tends to be pushed to their limits. The person's depths are discovered. They are more or less "tested", and it shows one's capability.

This is because the individual is responding in shock and with adrenaline that this situation provides. Thus, certain qualities, traits or characteristics will prevail all because of certain decisions they are forced to make. It takes not more than a simple awareness to ignite a realization. This may not occur in everyday situations because a person is comfortable and not urged to show their "talent".

One would not try to dig a hole unless you place a shovel in their hands. Hence why Horace claims that these talents would have "lain dormant" in "prosperous", or as mentioned before, comfortable situations. They have no reason to try harder than they must.

While this is true, some talents can be shown without a situation to provoke it. For example, if you, as a teacher, call on a student who is shy and introverted to answer a certain question, they will most likely stumble on their words and eventually go quiet and wait for the teacher to pick up where they left off.

Do the same with an outgoing student and you will probably get a longer answer than you needed along with some jokes if you will. In this circumstance, the hardship the introverted person had to go through, while small to most, did not "elicit" any talents per se.

All this, however, depends on how you define the word "talents", which is why I find Horace's statement fascinating.

Author's Note: *I'm a junior at Fred J Page High School. England was my class the hardest always for me.*

മധുരം-18 ഒരു അവലോകനം

രാകേഷ് കൃഷ്ണൻ

കാനിന്റെ പത്താം വാർഷികാഘോഷങ്ങളുടെ ഭാഗമായി 2018 മെയ് മാസം പതിനൊന്നാം തിയ്യതി ടെന്നിസ്സി സ്റ്റേറ്റ് യൂണിവേർസിറ്റി പെർഫൊർമിങ്ങ് ആർട്സ് സെന്ററിൽ വെച്ച നടത്തപ്പെട്ട മധുരം പതിനെട്ട് എന്ന ദൃശ്യ-ശ്രവണ പരിപാടി വിജയിപ്പിച്ച എല്ലാവരേയും മുക്തകണ്ഠം അഭിനന്ദിക്കുകയാണ്. നാഷ്‌വിൽ പോലുള്ള ഒരു ചെറിയ മലയാളി സമൂഹത്തിൽ തെല്ല് ആശങ്കയോടെ ആണ് ഒരു മെഗാ ഷൊ വിഭാഗത്തിൽ പെടുന്ന ഈ പരിപാടി കാൻ വിഭാവനം ചെയ്തത്. ഡിട്രോയ്റ്റ്, ന്യൂയോർക്ക് മുതലായ വലിയ നഗരങ്ങളിലുള്ള നമ്മുടെ സഹോദര സംഘടനകളെ പോലെ അംഗ ബലമില്ലായ്മയും, സ്പോൺസർഷിപ്പ് സാദ്ധ്യതകളുടെ കുറവും വെല്ലുവിളിയായിരുന്നു. നാഷ്‌വില്ലിന്റെ സാഹചര്യത്തിൽ മധുരം-18 പോലുള്ള ഒരു പരിപാടി വിജയപ്രദമായത് ബഹുമാന്യരായ അംഗങ്ങളുടേയും അതിന്റെ പിന്നിൽ പ്രവർത്തിച്ച അണിയറ പ്രവർത്തകരുടെ കഴിവുമാണ്.

മധുരം പരിപാടിയിൽ പങ്കെടുക്കുകയും ആസ്വദിക്കുകയും, നേരിട്ടും അല്ലാതേയും പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിക്കുകയും, ചെയ്ത എല്ലാവരേയും ഈ ഭരണസമിതി നന്ദി അറിയിക്കുന്നു.

മധുരം-18 ന്റെ വിജയത്തിനായുള്ള പ്രവർത്തനോത്ഘാടനം ചെയ്തത് നമ്മുടെ മണിചേട്ടൻ (ജോർജ് തോമസ്) ആയിരുന്നു. ടിക്കറ്റ് വില്പന ഉത്ഘാടാനം ഡോ: ജോർജ് മാത്യൂസും ലതാ മാത്യൂസും നിർവഹിച്ചു. തുടർന്ന KCCN അംഗങ്ങൾ ടിക്കറ്റ് നല്കിക്കൊണ്ട് ആദ്യദിവസം തന്നെ നൂറിൽ പരം ടിക്കറ്റ് വില്ക്കാൻ സാധിച്ചു. ഏകാദേശം 25000 ഡോളർ ചിലവ് പ്രതീക്ഷിച്ച മധുരം-18 സാമ്പത്തികമായും, മുന്നൂറിൽ പരം

അംഗങ്ങളുടെ നിറസാന്നിദ്ധ്യം കൊണ്ടും വൻ വിജയമായി. അങ്ങിനെ മധുരം-18 കാനിന്റെ ചരിത്രത്തിലെ മറക്കാനാകാത്ത ഒരു അദ്ധ്യായമായി മാറുകയും ചെയ്തു. ശ്രീ നെപ്പോളിയന്റെ ഉത്ഘാടന പ്രസംഗത്തിൽ കാനിന്റെ പ്രവർത്തനത്തെ പ്രശംസിച്ച് പറഞ്ഞ ഒരു കാര്യം ഇത്തരുണത്തിൽ സ്മരിക്കുകകയാണ്. “നാഷ്‌വില്ലിലെ ഒരു പ്രാദേശിക ഇന്ത്യൻ സംഘടനക്കും സാധിക്കാത്ത തരത്തിലുള്ള ഒരു ഗംഭീര കലാവിരുന്നാണ് കാൻ നടത്തിയത്”.

ഇത് മറ്റു സംഘടനകൾക്ക് മാതൃകയും പ്രോത്സാഹനവുമാണ്.

ഷാഫി സംവിധാനം ചെയ്ത്, കലാഭവൻ ഷാജോൺ കാണികളെ കയ്യിലെടുത്ത്, ബിജ്ജുമേനോൻ, ശ്വേത മേനോൻ തുടങ്ങിയ സിനിമ താരങ്ങൾ ചേർന്ന് സംഗീതവും സ്കിറ്റും കോമഡിയും ചേർത്ത് മൂന്ന് മണിക്കൂറിൽ കൂടുതൽ നീണ്ട കലാവിരുന്ന് നാഷ്‌വില്ലിലെ മലയാളി കൂട്ടായ്മയുടെ ആദ്യാനുഭവമാണ്.

കാനിന്റെ പത്തുവർഷത്തെ പ്രവർത്തന മികവ് എടുത്തു കാണിക്കുന്ന ഒരു സംക്ഷിപ്ത വീഡിയോ ശ്രദ്ധേയമായി. കാൻ പിക്നിക്കിൽ വെച്ച് ഉത്ഘാടനം ചെയ്ത കാൻ ത്രൈമാസികയുടെ ആദ്യ ലക്കത്തിൽ പ്രസിദ്ധീകരിച്ച ഏറ്റവും നല്ല കൃതികൾക്കുള്ള അവാർഡുകൾ ശ്രീമതി ഡോ:സുശീല സോമരാജനും, കുമാരി ദിയ മനോജും ബിജു മേനോനിൽ നിന്നും ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങി. ത്രൈമാസികക്ക് നിർദ്ദേശിച്ച പേരുകളിൽനിന്നും തെരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ട പേര് നിർദ്ദേശിച്ച ശ്രീ അനിൽകുമാർ ഗോപാലകൃഷ്ണൻ തന്റെ പ്രത്യേക സമ്മാനം ബിജു മേനോനിൽ നിന്നും സ്വീകരിച്ചു.

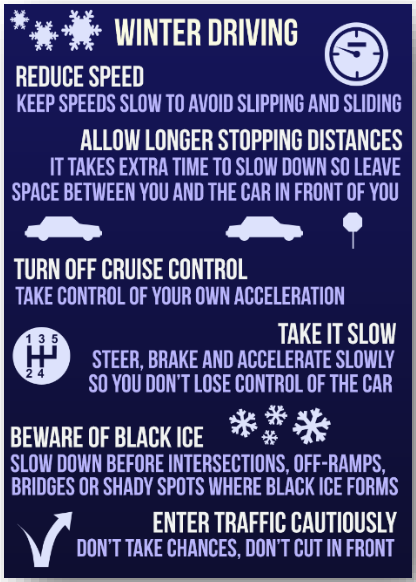
കേരള ലോകസഭ മെമ്പറായി തെരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ട ശ്രീ. ഷിബു പിള്ള, കാൻ സേവന രംഗത്ത് മികച്ച പ്രവർത്തനം കഴ്ച്ചവെക്കുന്നതിനു നേതൃത്വം നല്കിയ ശ്രീ. ശങ്കർ മന, കാൻ ക്രിക്കറ്റ് ടീമിന്റെ ചരിത്രത്തിൽ ഏറ്റവും മികച്ച സീസൺ സംഭാവന ചെയ്തതിന് ടീമിന്റെ ക്യാപ്റ്റൻ ശ്രീ. രാകേഷ് കൃഷ്ണൻ എന്നിവരെ അനുമോദിക്കുകയും, അവർ തങ്ങളുടെ മൊമന്റോകൾ ശ്രീ. ഷാഫിയിൽ നിന്നും ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങുകയും ചെയ്തു.

ഏകദേശം മൂന്ന് മാസം നീണ്ട മധുരം-18-ന്റെ അണിയറ പ്രവർത്തനങ്ങൾക്ക് ചുക്കാൻ പിടിച്ച കാനിന്റെ സാരഥികൾക്കും, എല്ലാ വളണ്ടിയർമാർക്കും, സ്നേഹത്തോടെ പ്രോത്സാഹിപ്പിച്ച കാൻ അംഗങ്ങൾക്കും, അഭ്യുദയകാംക്ഷികൾക്കും നന്ദി പ്രകാശിപ്പിക്കുകയും, തുടർന്നും നിങ്ങളുടെ സഹായ സഹകരണങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടാകണമെന്ന് അഭ്യർത്ഥിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു.

കൃതജ്ഞതയോടെ,
കാൻ ഭരണസമിതിക്കുവേണ്ടി സെക്രട്ടറി,
രാകേഷ് കൃഷ്ണൻ

Health and Safety corner

Courtesy: DDS SafetyNet



Courtesy: YOVASO.ORG

Artists corner

Sandhya Hariharan

Way down inside, we are all motivated by the same urges !

They say, “Curiosity killed the cat”, though the truth is a healthy curiosity only kills sheer ignorance.

Doodle art

Artist’s Note: *Working as a specialist in PMO at HCA, I am interested in different forms of art like sketching, painting, singing, dancing etc.*

Interested to know about doodle art, read it here **https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doodle**

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