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Dr. A. Biju

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“We were born a refugee.
Our tent on the roadside smoked in the snow.
On your forehead between your eyebrows there is an R embossed my teacher said.
I scratched and scrubbed, on my forehead I found a rash of red pain.
I am born a refugee. I have three tongues. The one that sings is my mother tongue.
The R on my forehead, between my English and Hindi, the Tibetan tongue reads:
RANGZEN
Freedom mean Rangzen.”

Listening to this voice which echoed in the college auditorium was a novel experience for all of us. The pangs and sorrows of a refugee created a void in our minds and we were able to relate the sorrows since it came from a person who is going through the traumas of being a refugee.

Tenzin Tsundue visited MES College Marampally as a part of the ‘International Lecture Series’ conducted by the department on the occasion of International Reader’s Week. Tsundue addressed the students and shared his experiences as a poet, refugee and freedom fighter. He narrated his experiences as a refugee, how hard it is to live without an identity in a foreign country without proper shelter, food and care. Tenzin Tsundue is a young Tibetan poet who’s relentlessly working for the freedom of Tibet in a Gandhian way. Because of his daring protest methods he is often detained and is under constant police surveillance. He enlightened the students with his simplicity, passion and hard work to create an identity for Tibetan refugees and an independent Tibet. He believes and practices the words “pen is mightier than a sword”. We are really honored and excited to be in the presence of an author of a poem, which is prescribed in our university curriculum and also a chance to listen to the same poem recited by the poet himself. After

The formal function, the students got an opportunity to interact with the poet. He inspired each of us by his determination for a cause. He is relentlessly working for a cause no matter what all trauma he had been to. He is motivated by the ideology of India and Gandhi, the reason why he is treading along the path of non-violence. That was a wonderful moment to meet a real life hero and many of us got an opportunity to receive a book ‘KORA’, an anthology of poems signed by the author himself.

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Arunima Arun: The Poet

Arunima Arun, a name that inspires many of the MES students. An author of a published book, "Inked Reveries", her career took a massive leap with the tweet of Paulo Coelho. From her childhood onwards, she gained interest in penning poems and participated in various competitions. Her interest in books and writing got accelerated with the motivation she got from her parents and teachers.

In the beginning years of her writing she carried a false notion that in order to become successful as a poet she has to use unfamiliar words. But later she realized that for becoming successful among readers, what required is the identification with them or the ability to relate with them, no matter what words we use.

She draws inspiration from many poets especially she likes to read African American poet Nayyirah Waheed's poems. She used to recite poems at Ledhi Cafe which serves as a platform for upcoming artists. Being there, she discovered a new world of poetry writing and appreciation. She got herself acquainted with different styles of composing poems. She writes about her experiences, about the world as it appears before her. She uses poetry as an important vehicle of expression as it captures various human experiences in an understandable manner. Her poem won the title for best poem in the university youth festival. Her graduation period at MES College Marampally opened new perspectives and corridors for her literary career. Here she stands tall among all the MES students, someone to be inspired of and really proud.

Dazzling Saga: My First Teaching Experience

- Naveen S Thomas

Model residential public school, Keezhmaadu. When the security opened the gate this was not what I expected - the school campus was dry and the buildings were old. I was pretty nervous since it was my first day. The teachers came and we got to know each other. All of them were down to earth and very humble. There were classes from fifth to twelfth. I was assigned to teach from 5th to 7th. The day started with lots of enthusiasm as it was Kerala Piravi. There was great energy among the students. They were entitled for the raw talent to be shown. There was dance, music. Everyone was involved in the celebration. Many things were made like watches and balls using natural materials like coconut tree fronds. It was very impressive to see the high spirit of the children. A fashion show was organized and the models were students. The traditional “Mundu” was the highlight of the day. Kids dressed in mundu was quite an irony. They were trying to show their manliness even if they were young."Laddus" were distributed, and the Kerala food delicacies were arranged for the students and teachers.

My first day of taking class was an experience ranging from comic to tragic. I found a student with my name, his name was Naveen Krishna. Similar name but quite the opposite personality. The first chapter I took was about computers. I got amazed at the know how of the kids about computers. It’s said that Indians in any place and anywhere would survive and shine. While others showed confidence some of them were tense. I could tell they were scared of the English language itself because quite a few of them had the look as if they saw an alien. Stepping into 7th standard, all the kids were silent. It was for me a walk down memory lane. It is a Malayalam medium school still the students were good at their English. They come from straightened circumstances, yet they put up a smile on their face. Everyone was very cheerful in class. They were well mannered and studious.

I went through my portions to teach, the students immediately responded and were happy to learn computer. Time passed away very quickly and the bell struck. Later there was a trip to Cochin University where the students learnt about basic scientific principles and they were equally amused and enthused at the novelties they experienced. We returned with music and kids slid away to sleep unwillingly.

Colour of Her Ink

She slept with the pen, which spilled like she did, and stained in blue while she did in red. Pen wore no skirt, to call out it bled. But she wore the skirt, and got muliebral specks.

World bothered for the colour of her ink, while that of her pen made no one to frown. Myriad colours existed here, but what made her ink to colour in the red. Pen had the choice to fill in the blue, red and black and sometimes, the green.

She fondled the pen to enchant the world, with ink of her thoughts, and colour of her soul. And then little words were born from her, with loudest of cries.
MES RHYTHMS

- Amina Rehna

The college radio was started with a purpose of providing a wide platform for the students to exhibit their skills in a different style. The programmes were exclusively meant for presenting the creative skills of our students.

MES Campus Radio was launched on 14 December 2017, inaugurated by Dr. A Biju, Principal and switch on process was done by Mrs. Amina Rahana, Radio staff co-ordinator. The College Radio was named as MES RHYTHMS. The events were recorded and broadcasted under the guidance of a team of staff co-ordinators, student co-ordinators (Haseeb Hassan and Mariyam R F) and Sound Editor, Nikhil Mahesan.

A screening session of 55 candidates was conducted to select vibrant RJs, 15 of them were selected and alternatively presented the programmes. The first programme was led by Aaqib J J and Ajeesha Ahana. Later, the programmes were continued by Jubinsha, Vaishnavi, Uvaisudheen, Sajna, Rukhiya and Haseeb. The initial days were really challenging for us as there was lot of objections for our venture. Really, Challenges made us strong.

Our programmes included talks on major issues related to student life, social issues, funny talks, interviews with student achievers from the campus and from nearby schools. It also broadcasted Love letter competition, Quiz Competition, songs of students… etc. Moreover, Murugan R, Head of Department of computer Applications delivered a New Year message along with a song of his own. Heads of other departments also imparted some messages as a 15 episodes. The Principal and Management were highly supportive and pleased with the efforts of the team. As a part of College Day celebrations, the team members were honoured for their sincere efforts for making it a grand success.

As we are on the threshold of success, MES Rhythms has completed more than twenty episodes without any break. The major events of the team include an interview with The Ernakulam District Collector Sri.Muhammad Y Safirullah, Programmes by the Students of Blind School Keezhmadu.
My Tryst with MESians

Teaching was not my cup of tea. It was circumstances that catapulted me into this profession. But, slowly I started enjoying it, deriving inspiration from the words of the great teacher Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, “Teaching is a very noble profession that shapes the character, caliber, and future of an individual. If the people remember me as a good teacher that will be the biggest honor for me”.

Before I started my career at MES Marampally College I had a stint of three years as guest lecturer at a Women’s college, where the management of the classes was very easy. So, I was a little embarrassed with the thought of dealing classes consist of both boys and girls at MES. Even I felt butterflies in my stomach on the first day of my teaching. During my initial years, management of unwieldy General English classes was really a head ache to me. Unable to bear the pranks of the students, I would often leave the classes with the refrain “I’m fed up teaching you” expecting them to follow me with their usual apology “we will never repeat it.” Later, I started practising many a strategy to get my students in my track. According to some students opinion I am adept at emotionally blackmailing them by donning the role of their mother. Often, students exploit my motherly sentiments as well. There are occasions where I create terrible atmosphere in the classroom by feigning uncontrollable anger, when the students go out of my control. Very rarely, I resort to punishments like making them stand in the classroom when they do not follow class room etiquettes. But it never takes more than ten minutes because it is my heart that aches when I see my children suffer.

I have some memorable experiences which offer me side splitting laughter. I cannot suppress my laughter when I think of the answer given by a student to the question based on the line “only one ship is seeking us” from Philip Larkin’s poem Next Please, which points to the inevitability of death. His answer to the question about the ship mentioned in the poem was the ship ‘Titanic’. Similarly, there was a situation when I tried to correct a student at the time of his self introduction, which made the entire class burst into laughter. When he told “my father name”, I corrected him, “don’t say, father name, instead say father’s name”. He looked aghast at first and then retorted “I don’t have fathers. I have only a father”. In the same way, I instead say father’s name”. He looked aghast at first and then retorted “I don’t have fathers. I have only a father”.

Looking back to my teaching career at MES College, spanning ten years I have nothing but hundred percent satisfaction. I can candidly say that I love all my students equally and unconditionally. I feel proud when they make achievements in the field of academics and in the other fields. Except for a few occasions where I am reminded of the words from Shakespeare’s play King Lear, “How sharper than a serpent tooth it is to have a thankless child”, I am always receiving unconditional love from my students as well, which serves as fuel to continue in this profession. I am always guided by the words of Mahatma Gandhi, “A teacher who establishes rapport with the taught, becomes one with them, learns more from them than he teaches them. He who learns nothing from his disciples is in my opinion worthless.”

- Anitha Varghese