

MEMORIES TO CHERISH

*Volume 1 –
School Years*



A. ANASUYA THRESE INNOCENT

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Lovely Poets of Volume I

Preface

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Preface

MEMORIES..
MEMORIES...
MEMORIES TO CHERISH!

Memories bring smile,
Memories bring tears,
Memories bring joy,
Memories bring fear,
Whatever be the emotion...
Memories are cherished!

Be the first toy,
Be the first school,
Be the first friend,
Be the first teacher,
Be the first exam,
Be the first bike,
Be the first love...
Memories are precious!
Memories make life lively!!

It's a long time desire to preserve my cherished memories into print form. I started this book series on 'Memories to Cherish' anthology project just for my elder daughter, but seeing her writing my younger one too started to write. This induced a spark on me, 'Why not give a chance to young poets and enthusiastic adults' world wide a chance to cherish their memories...?' Result is this 'Volume 1 – School Years'.

I A. Anasuya Threse Innocent, known as Anasuya Smith alias Anu dedicate this book to the pillars of our family, Mrs. Amala Rani & Mr. Aloysius Innocent and Mrs. Rajammal & Mr. Rajarethnam, the living legends who make me astonish in everything they do. As well to my better half Dr. R. J. Byron Smith & apples of my eye, guardian angels Arshiya & Benesiya A. Smith. My life is bundled around them and they keep me alive.



Mr. & Mrs. Aloysius Innocent



Mrs. & Mr. Rajaretnam

I thank all my lovely poets who have shared their poems to create this book, especially the little ones Benesiya, Bhavika, Ramsha, Siddhant, Yashika and lovely Aslin, Varinder who have made their debut attempt on poems... I can assure you that each and every poem in this book will bring your memories to alive. I extend my gratitude to my elder daughter Arshiya for helping me in editing this anthology. I thank Almighty God, my Xavier for being with me in everything.

Let memories speak...

With Love,
Anasuya

Anasuya Smith



Born and brought up with the nature's bed, the most beautiful and educated land of Kanyakumari standing high and welcoming the world to India... I am A. Anasuya Threse Innocent, known as Anasuya Smith alias Anu, mother of two beautiful little angels. Being an Engineer by profession never stopped my love towards literature. I have been part of few anthology projects and published in many magazines both in Tamil and English. It is my pleasure to write on the book that I am editing.

With Love,
Anu

First Day at Kindergarden

New dress,
New bag,
New books,
All set to start a new journey...

Mamma dropped me at school,
Said, 'Be a good girl!'
All excited,
Merged with the crowd of 80...
Few cried,
Few running around...
Tried to make new friends!

Mamma came back to pick me,
Asked, 'Honey, why are you crying?'
This little girl burst out,
Pointing out the HM saying,
'This lady beat me...'
Mamma asked, 'Why baby?'
I answered, 'I whistled in class!'
Mamma laughed, spoke with HM...

We came back home,
I was annoyed,
Mamma told, 'Don't repeat it again...'
I obeyed her without understanding...

Years later,
Mamma used to recall it,
And tell it as a story to my little girls...
Saying, 'It was your Grandpa's teaching!!'

—Anu

My Journey of School Life

Seeded as an Amalite,
Budded as a Little Flowerite,
Bloomed as a Josephite...
It's my journey of school life!

As an Amalite...

With a memorable first day,
A dramatic journey started...
Falling from swing,
Screaming to get out of merry-go-round,
And caught in-between bars,
Hanging upside down...

But, always proud to carry
The blue plastic school suitcase
When others had aluminum one...
School bus was always a wonder,
For this chubby little 3 year old!

One evening, waiting for bus
It started to pour down...
Without a second thought,
To protect this little one
The fifth grader elder brother
Took an old tin sheet lying nearby
Covered the younger one, and
He got drenched in rain...
This princess was standing comfortably,
Holding her blue school suitcase!

Even though my journey with
Amala Convent was short-lived,
It gave me strong lessons of
Discipline and Caring...!

As a Little Flowerite...

Shifted to a new school,
Near to my home...
Luxury of walking to school,

Holding my Grandpa's hands...
Receiving greetings proudly
Without knowing it is for the
Head of Village holding my hands!

Lunch time was always fun!
Blessed to share Grandpa's plate
Who never allowed anyone to touch his...
He always mixed an extra share of curd rice
Just for the little girl ready to pull his plate...

From mid of nursery to mid of grade four,
It was fun filled journey...
With best buddies for life,
Jumping across the streams,
Running-up the hillock nearby,
Climbing the trees,
Buying 5 candies for 5 paisa and
Breaking each candy into 5 pieces and
eating with them,
Memories for life time...
In Little Flower Primary School!

As a Josephite...

Again shifting...
Now to the best school in town
Where my paternal Grandma studied,
St. Joseph's Convent Higher Secondary School, Nagercoil
Standing high at the heart of city...

An hour bus journey for 15 km,
Five cousins nicknamed as 'Panchapandavas' ...
Was always fun filled
Lots of laughter, chatting & fighting...
60 minutes flies off as 6 minutes!

Mornings were always hurry...
My Supermom prepares & packs food, feeds me and sends me out before
7:15 to catch my beloved bus...the only bus on school time!
The struggle she faced to wake me up,
I face twice that of now!!

Evenings were always cool...
Tired but chatting happily,

Baby-sitting the younger cousins,
Being the elder one has many duties...
From a frightened little girl,
To an enthusiastic young girl,
Fun filled journey of life!

In BharathanatIAM team,
For 5 years from 7th to 11th grade,
Being part of every school cultural, and representing school outside...
A prestigious gift of God well used, known as BharathanatIAM Akka than
School Pupil Leader (SPL), Head Girl with juniors...

Basketball team was sporty...
Jumping, jumping I grew tall!
Winning the seniors was a thrill,
Who were never to accept that!

Appearing for first board exams
With close-knit friends nicknamed 'Trimurthis'...
Learning the lessons in a fun way
Helping each other and highly competitive,
Checking for even quarter marks...
Evening classes and snacks,
Everything was fun till the third day of exams...
All enthusiasm came to a stand-still
And fainted after knowing that I lost one mark in Maths...

Higher Secondary...
Preparatory year for final board exams
Trimurthis cut apart,
Tranquilized with a bunch of state rank holders
Being friends with best of pick of my batch...
Caring for batch mates and juniors as Head Girl,
Performed the best ever and final stage performance of classical dance,
Realized we are next in line while giving farewell to seniors...

It is the year of final board exams,
Gateway to decide our future...
Running for extra classes,
Early morning till night,
Missing food, missing fun, losing health...
Learned the dedicated learning!
How to be self-motivated...

'Be brave, be true whatever you do'

Is not just what we sang everyday
But what is seeded into our lives...

School life

Was always a bed of roses

Except for a few thorns

All were filled with fragrance...

The best years of life!

Rolling down the memory lane

Cherishing the beautiful moments,

Flying high as a carefree bird...

Best buddies for life...

Born on a family filled with teachers...

Counting the endless blessings...

Bring tears to my eyes!

Molding a frightened little girl,

To a bold, calm, enthusiastic, deterministic &

Fighter from inside,

Living 'Be brave, Be true',

A big salute to my schools &

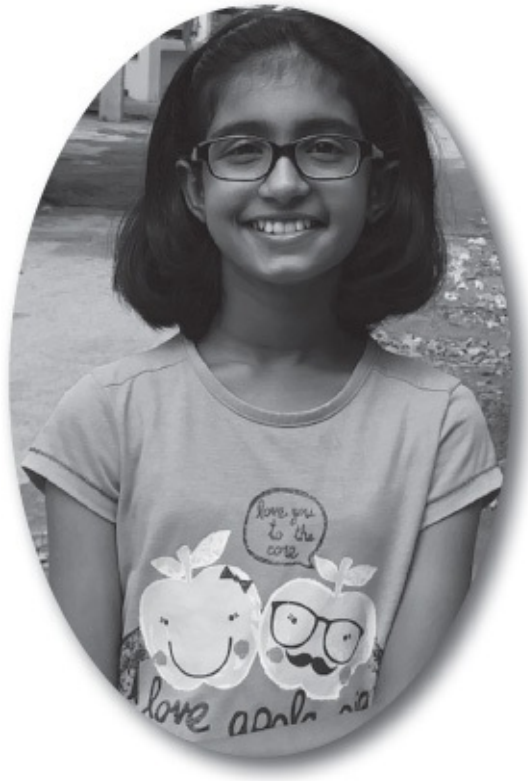
Beloved teachers for

Who I am...

Memories for Life!!

—Anu

Aanya Kamath



I am Aanya Kamath studying in Grade 7, PSBB LLA Bangalore. I have many hobbies like painting, singing, dancing, story writing and poetry. I love nature and am an animal lover.

I like to travel to different places with my family. I am a dreamer and want to contribute to the society when I grow. I have special interest in English literature and actively participate in many competitions.

I have many friends and I love participating in drawing contests.

Aanya Kamath

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