

# **Sibyline**

An Annual Literary Journal

Edition XVIII

By

The Journalism Club

&

The PG Research Department of English

AUXILIUM COLLEGE (Autonomous)

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# CRACKING CREATIVITY



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## EDITORIAL.



Sibyline is back...post- pandemic but still all- pervading! The creative energies of our students are surging again. No matter what...life has its way of moving onward, upward towards higher realms. Pain, struggle and anxiety have made us stronger and taught us lessons unforgettable! Sibylline has always motivated us like the Greek prophetess who foretells new and exciting literary prospects for the future. And as the poet- artist-Professor Eugene Dvaz who designed her cover page 25 years ago and passed on in 2020, we keep the true spirit of Sibylline alive in these pages.

I congratulate the Journalism club for inspiring its members and taking up this wonderful task of continuing this in- house publication. Sibylline is proud to acknowledge the budding poets, script writers, promising novelists & creative artists in the offing.

I quote “full many a flower was born to blush unseen. And waste its sweetness on the desert air”, but never here do these lively spirits go unnoticed. Let them weather the storm and nurture creativity in all its beauteous forms.

**Dr. VERNUM CECILIA**

Associate Professor & Head

PG & Research Dept. of English.

## FROM THE STAFF ADVISOR'S DESK



The momentous change in the pattern of the world due to the onslaught of the Corona pandemic exposed the young people to unprecedented challenge of coping with the new normal. To prevent the emerging weariness and boredom, channeling the creative energy of the students in the right direction was the need of the hour. With 'Cracking creativity' as its motto, The Club aimed in expanding the Interactive and creative space for the budding writers in all dimensions.

As a Clarion call to rethink about our Environment and future, the club selected the theme for the academic year 2021-22 from Michael Card's song "Heal our Land-A future for the land we love our life our liberty" to awaken the sensory integration and admiration for the environment and to empower young people to live in harmony with the natural world.

In order to boost the students' positive vibes and emotions the club actively engaged in various recreational activities such as Badge-making, Vlogging, Book reviews, Poetry and Short story writing.

The Works featured in the 2022 edition are genuine art productions of the super talented writers and artists showcasing the real power of imagination and creativity.

Enjoy reading the issue

Best Regards

Ms. Nimla Esther B  
Assistant Professor  
Staff Advisor  
Journalism Club



## POETRY

It's not just some words,  
It's not just ink  
It's not just a paper  
It's more than just a link

Suppressed emotions it is,  
Cherished lines it holds,  
It's not just a poetry,  
An unspoken life it is.

Holds the merrier days,  
Holds the gruesome nights,  
A rush of thrill unbounded  
A scream of silence it is.

Poetry isn't just a word  
Betrayal stabs if I praise it less  
A meaning to a life it gave  
A compass for the lost and brave

It is poetry for you,  
It is poetry for me  
A ray of hope,  
A soul for the paper it is.

Salika Sabahath S Z  
Journalism Club Secretary  
III English A



## HOPE

I sit reflecting upon the thoughts within  
Smelling the flowers that failed to bloom  
Beneath the darkness of the gloomy clouds  
Yet the hummingbird hovered within hour  
Thunder foreboding the imminent storm  
Cries of the lovely homeless bird  
Raging in the shelterless landscape  
Swirling clouds driving rain  
Rain falls and falls  
As if it would never end  
Welcoming arm's to stormy whistles  
Eyes found blessing in heavenly skies  
Feet touches the muddy soil  
Lips unfold under rain drops that  
curse like drizzles  
Eyes enchanted by dancing ripples  
To bloom in those stormy days  
A shoot comes out from the ground  
Like a footstep falling on sand  
Now there is peace in this land

Mahashree J  
II English C

## PRETTY UGLY



Your eyes aren't ugly  
Until you perceive others in a wrong way

Your mouth isn't ugly  
Until your words ensnare one's freedom

Your hands aren't ugly  
Until it stops one's pace towards progress

Your mind isn't ugly  
Until it imposes rules to confine one's happiness

We are never made ugly  
We make ourselves ugly

Sandhiya E  
II B.A English B



## PHONES



A stumbling block  
in the path of  
the young.  
who do not  
have the ability  
to understand its  
real use.  
Just a tool  
to pass boredom.  
A playful pastime  
which costs them their eyes.  
I limit well and good.  
in excess Bad  
and evil.  
everything is  
decided by  
your choice ...  
and how you  
use it...

Kavyashree.P  
II B.A English B

## WHEN MAN TURNS INTO ROBOT



What days we have and what days we had,  
Humans are no better than demons, how bad!  
Neither they give nor do they get,  
Carrying a filthy heart that's dead.  
Battered life and shattered heart,  
Feeling nothing by being hit by a dart.  
Didn't care about emotions and gave in,  
Hating his brotherhood, what a sin!  
Once there was a beautiful fairytale,  
Now those are disastrous and a complete fail.  
Like robot, he doesn't care of heart and goes with mind,  
Lost his right way and didn't dare to find.  
Laughter died, children cried,  
He turned into a robot and didn't mind.  
Tables have turned upside down,  
When realization hits, there's no time to frown.  
Unfortunately life has become lifeless,  
He turned into a robot and a complete mess.

Salika Sabahath S Z  
Journalism Club Secretary  
III English A



## DON'T GIVE UP MY FRIEND

Don't give up my friend  
This is not the end  
Yes, the world is damaging  
But its not too late to get it saved  
Don't give up my friend.  
Yes, we will be marshians, sooner or later.  
But yet, earth is our home  
The home God gifted us.  
Don't give up my friend.  
Yes, humanity is fading,  
But it's time to change ourselves  
All are our brothers and sisters.  
Don't give up my friend  
It's our duty to save our land  
Every dusk is followed by a dawn  
So will we.  
Don't give up my friend

Yougitha P

III B.com



## IQRA

Whatever you've heard don't fix it in your brain like it is the only truth,  
The questions that's been rising don't push it down your throat,  
Ask, realize, read, rethink.  
You're not a child no more  
Don't be spoonfed with unsure words  
Don't settle for a hesitant answer  
Don't give in to the argument you were always meant to hold,  
Ask, read, ask again.  
You'd always be certain with truth in your heart when it reaches you,  
I ain't lying  
No I ain't  
You shall see it coming to you,  
Go ahead and let your hand grab the snow, the mist and not the wind,  
Let yourself know things,  
Before it is too late.  
The first word revealed in Arabic was not 'Follow'  
Was not 'Believe'  
But 'IQRA'  
Read!

Haniyyah Saman H.

I M.A.English

## AURORA



Thou daughter of a Titan god,  
And the Roman earth mother.  
The Beautiful pillars on artice sky,  
The waterfalls of god,  
Light show in the sky,  
The moon flower.  
Souse in her colour,  
Souse in her Belle,  
Souse in the universal ardour,  
And admire her awe.  
Thou painted the sky with your colour  
As colourful as a rainbow.  
Thou mixture of yellow and green  
Filled with pale green in sky,  
Blushed with tints of pink between  
She Capable of painting heights  
Thou like princess on the fairyland,  
Unexplainable,  
Unbelievable,  
One lifetime bliss.  
You are the ocean on sky,  
You danced with,  
The beauty of the sky!!

Varshinipriya B  
II M.A. English

## WANT TO BE



I want to be in the  
“Region”  
where country thus vanishes  
from map.

I want to be in the  
“Location”  
where google maps nullify  
it’s direction.

I want to be in the  
“Setting”  
without theme and plot.

I want to be in the  
“Spot”  
with no error.

I want to be in the  
“Point”  
Like a star – so people  
up in their heads too see me.

I want to be in the  
“Scene”  
Which could not  
Re-create again.

I want to be in the  
“Position”  
Which no one can.



I want to be in the  
“Site  
which is difficult to sight me.

I want to be in the  
“Area”  
without towers and people.

I want to be in the  
“Situation”  
with zero love and hate.

I want to be in the  
“Seat”  
filled with of nature.

I want to be in the  
“World”  
Can set down my  
Thoughts and feelings.  
I record my voice with  
The intimacy paper.

Gayathri Srinivasan.

II M.A. English.

## LIFE



Life is like a drama,  
Which is brimming with Trauma.  
I am a bird of unconscious earth,  
Like a Nigel, I started lamenting day and night,  
With eyes bubbling with tears  
The light of day unlatched all my dreams,  
But the dead of night changed my dreams into “nightmare”.  
Like a lonely bird, wandering in the sea,  
With dejection, distress and agony.  
I am a bird who discovered delight in solitude  
Finally waiting for my demise.....

Malini S  
II M.A. English.





## HER LOVE

The place in her heart for me  
gently from the day when I'm a small egg,  
I took her breath;  
her womb held and carried me;  
I was growing-up;  
her hands took me when I was born,  
I took my first breath;  
she wiped my tears with her hands;  
her love shows the beauty of her heart,  
she makes my life better by giving everything,  
She made all my days' rainbow colored  
the one who would hold me every day,  
there's no one like her,  
she's my world, my love and my emotions  
ever I don't need anyone,  
she's my first, the one who is "MOTHER"  
the only word to say, "LOVE YOU MOM."

Akshaya  
II M.A English



## THE SHIP

On a rainy day, a girl named Sharon was sitting near a window. She had long hair and was wearing a pretty lace jacket. She was the daughter of a strict lady named Rosy. Her mom was working in a big hospital. As she was sitting near the window, she came across a piece of paper lying on the ground and had a rough look at it. She threw it in the dustbin and continued with her regular chores.

Suddenly, she decided to see her childhood albums. She searched all around the house and found her childhood album. She sat near the door and started flipping the pages. One by one, as she was flipping through the pages, tears welled up in her eyes.

She was glad to see the picture of Benny, her childhood friend. They were very close and shared a wonderful bond with each other. Their families lived in the same colony. After school, Benny used to wait for Sharon to come home. After her arrival, both of them would play and spend some quality time together. They were inseparable for eleven years. But after some days, they got separated as Benny had to vacate her home because of her father's transfer. They lost communication with each other. They started feeling lonely.

She recalled those memories and felt nostalgic. She had the flash of memories in which she was playing a game called Chrisma. During the game, Sharon had gifted the most precious toy to Benny. It was a wooden ship. When Sharon's parents were back home, she had to place the album back in its place. When she was working, a thought hit her mind as she ran to grab the piece of paper from the dustbin. She saw a beautiful ship portrait in that paper. It was exactly the same portrait of the ship she had gifted Benny. The signature on the portrait read Benny.

She immediately googled and was glad to find out it was, indeed, her friend. With the number provided, she call the manager and after hours of waiting, she spoke to her childhood buddy. They spoke for hours and recalled the memories with big smiles on their faces.

Varsha M

I B.com

## MYSTIQUE



Jo looked inside the cupboard and jumped back in surprise. The cupboard was empty.

Just the day before Jo had done the laundry and had arranged her cupboard, but today the whole cupboard looked like it had been swept clean. It could have been the work of her sister, but even she would at most would have taken a piece or two from her cupboard to match with her own clothes, maybe it could have been the work of a thief. But why would he take only her clothes, while her sister's cupboard was untouched.

Utterly confused and a bit angry as well. Jo looked deeply perturbed and walked down the stairs scratching her head adorably and pouted to herself grumbling in annoyance, she soon reached the dining hall where her parents, her little sister and her elder brother were chatting and laughing with each other telling stories. No one looked up when she stomped her foot towards the table, surprised Jo pulled back the chair with full force intending to announce her presence to her family, even if they were trying to ignore her to make fun of her petiteness. Which they had done a million times already.

But as Jo tried to pull back the chair, her hands went through the wooden frames, and she slipped falling onto the table and through it and onto the floor, she did not even feel any pain and was slowly feeling trepidation for what was happening. Jo could not comprehend the happenings and was confused and growing scared by the second, from the moment she had woken up all that had been happening sent fear running through her nerves. She tried standing up through the table hoping to see that she had imagined whatever happened just a moment ago.

Contrary to Jo's wish, her hopes were smashed to pieces, when she stood straight in the middle of the table amongst the food and utensils, tears formed in

her eyes, as her family did not even seem to see her and were still happily eating and chatting as if..... as if she was not in front of them....literally in the middle of the table.

Jo called out pitifully “Maaa.....Paaaaaaa.....Neeenaa.....K.....can’t you see me, can’t you hear me.... I am so afraid please help me, tell me that this is a prank pleaseee.....pleaseee....” and broke into sobs when no one responded to her. Slowly Jo walked out of the dining hall unable to watch her family without her, as she walked into the hall, she came across the mirror placed near the main hall to look into when someone stepped out to make sure the makeup, dress hairstyle everything looked impeccable and tidy before stepping out. It was a habit everyone dutifully took part in and the full body mirror stayed blank as she stepped in front of it.

Jo was scared to the hilt and screamed as she tried to locate even a small bit of herself in the mirror. Jo pulled her hair and paced around like a wounded animal not knowing what to do, suddenly she noticed that the photo frames on the walls contained the photos of only her siblings, and she seemed to be nowhere in the family photos, it was as if Jo never existed in the house, she ran around in search of her possessions but could not find anything. The room she had shared with Neena only had a single cupboard and she could tell it belonged to Neena, even her cot had vanished and her dolls and teddy were not seen, not even a minute particle indicating that she was resident of the house was seen, it was as if she was not even a human.

Screaming in terror Jo ran down and tried to talk to her parents, and siblings but to no avail, they did not hear her and could not see her, so all her efforts went waste, and everyone soon left for colleges and offices.

Without any idea of what to do next, Jo curled up in her bedroom against the wall in a corner, hugging both her legs to her chest and wept at her fate, soon she was sobbing and hiccuping in

Fear.....fear for her future and fear for herself. Slowly she drifted off to sleep in the same position, tired of the continuous crying.

Jo felt that someone was shaking her vigorously, and she yawned trying to push that person away, but that person became persistent and shouted at her to wake up, annoyed Jo pushed that person and opened her eyes to glare.....at her sister??? Jo sat up quickly to find herself on the bed covered with a quilt, she seemed to have been sleeping and her sister Neena was glaring at her, astonished Jo stared blankly at her sister as her mind comprehended that Neena was in fact talking to her, and to be precise, glaring at her.

Jo to her sister's surprise, jumped up from the bed and hugged her so tight that she could even breath, " Leave me alone 'gasp' 'pushing Jo away' have you gone mad after getting a fever, but how could you become mad if you are already mad" Neena made fun of her sister, but Jo was nowhere in the mood to respond to her jesting, she was feeling immensely happy that she was back to normal, but wait.....Neena said that she had had a fever, but how Jo could not remember anything of that sort happening. So maybe it could have been a dream, or rather a nightmare.

Jo shrugged it off, and smiled whatever it was, everything is the same as before and she could not say anything to jinx it, may it be a nightmare or not. And with so much energy and happiness she pulled her bewildered sister downstairs for an evening snack and some coffee.

But what the sister's failed to notice was, a blue light flickering in the gaps of Jo's cupboard

and a faint voice almost a tiny whisper which could have been ignored if a wind had flown by, “Mission success, target stimulation over, memories will be erased in the targets brain as soon as she goes to sleep, over...’ over’ returning to the base in..

3....2..... 1.....”

And the blue light flickered off.

Kavyashree P  
II B.A. English B

AN EXCERPT FROM A NOVEL *THE ELITE AGENT*



Elena's POV:

Entanglement. Confusion. Fear.

The last one wasn't meant to be in my list but here I am, fearing about myself. These...visions, hallucinations or day-mares are getting worse every day. It feels like an eternal unknown force is pushing me under the water, suffocating me to an extent I feel I am going insane.

"How long have you been having this?" Dr Jones asked, his pen held tight as he scribbled on the clipboard. I take a deep breath and let it out.

"Two."

"Just two?"

I raise my eyebrow and he shuts up. This is why I never go to a doctor. They ask questions and push you over the edge but expect you to not fall down the cliff.

"Agent Eighteen, so you're telling me that you've been having hallucinations for past two days and today, you reacted on it by screaming something which you didn't realize you did?"

"Yeah."

He removes his glasses as he placed them on the table. I see him having a deep concerned look on his face. He nods after few seconds before turning his eyes on me.

"Are the hallucinations getting worse?"

"Yes."

"How worse?"



I look up at the ceiling as I clench my teeth. Those horrible fragments of hallucination revisits my brain. Ben being shot right on his forehead, his soulless eyes wide open as dried blood was splattered on the floor. His body, cold and static, no jokes leaving his tight lips as awful rotten smell of blood hits my nose. Though it was a nightmare, I still gets chills thinking of it. And turns out, I had a massive fight with him the same day which triggered me even more.

The next hallucination had everyone screaming at me for killing my dad which I know I didn't do. Red accusing eyes glared at me. Alex, who I can always rely on for warmth, had hatred in his eyes. My whole team were having angry disappointed scowls as they screamed. No matter how many times I told them, they kept summoning me as a liar and a killer.

Worse of all, in the first vision, I revisited that day. My home. Shattered. Broken. Brunt. My mom pushing me away, so I could live a life off her sacrifice. No matter how many times I told her she would die if she stays, she didn't lend an ear to my words. I was pushed out. I stood there helpless watching the orange flames, spreading everywhere, engulfing my mother right in front of my eyes. And what I did? I just stood there.

Watching.

"Eighteen?"

I blink my eyes as I turn my gaze to the floor, my index and thumb pinching the bridge of my nose. I have seen worse. Been through worse. But going through something I fear over and over again is bruising my soul.

A strong person has her own limited time of pretense before collapsing under the heavy blow of adversity.

"It's eight out of ten," I speak loud enough for him to hear. He looks shocked. His wide eyes shows he didn't see that coming. I've never chosen to define my pain above five. So, his shock is justifiable.

"That bad?" He eyes showed pity. Something I hate just as much as the nightmares. I sit straight as I cross my arms on my chest.

"Dr Jones, I am here not for your pity but to get a proper treatment for this problem. If you don't have a solution, you might as well tell me than wasting my time."

"No, I—Eighteen, I don't pity you. I am sorry, but I didn't realize the problem is this worse."

"I wouldn't have come to you if it was not worse."

He sighed. "Right. Okay. Tell me when and how it started. Did something happen that triggered you to have these..."

"Yes," I cut him off. "I was on a mission and I inhaled a particular gas which evokes hallucinations."

He got up from his chair as he walked towards me. "Why did you not tell me that before?" He grumbled as he reached to grab an injection.

"Are you injecting me with something?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "No. Drawing out blood to run some test."

"Oh," I nod and stretch my hand, pulling up my sleeves. The sharp needle pierces my skin as the blood is drawn out. I barely feel the pain as my eyes diverted away from the needle. The doctor fills it up in a tube as he walks towards the door.

"Dr Jones," I call him out. He turns around with the door held open.

"Whatever I said stays within this room. You know what can happen if the word gets beyond these walls."

He smiles and shakes his head at my threat. "Kids these days," He muttered as he walked away. He seems to get these threats occasionally which made him accustomed to it.

I sigh as I grab my phone. Few messages popped up. I scroll to check Ben asking me where I am. Then I click Jen to see her ask me if I am fine. I had a few missed calls from dad and a message asking me to answer his call. And a bunch of voice mails which I ignore.

My eyes narrow at Agent One's message. I click on the file and open it. A detailed document and report on hallucinator was given. My emerald orbs run through the lines frantically. My brain turning more and more chaotic and worrisome as I register what the lines mean.

I slide through the file quickly and check the results. My breath gets knocked out as I shut the phone and place it on the table. My breaths come out short as I heave for air. My eyes big and wide, stupid ocular fluids brimming in my eyes.

Don't you dare cry! If it helps in solving the problem, then go ahead. But if it doesn't, there's no use of wasting it.

I hear the door open. I don't turn towards it. I know its Dr Jones and in a few seconds, he's going to confirm the imminent fact I am about to face.

I hear the sound of his shoes as he walked towards me. I stay still, showing no curiosity on the results of my test. Why act when you already know what it is going to be? He stands in front of me, silence filling the air, suffocating me more with each passing second. I patiently wait for him to talk as my gaze stayed on my hands.

"Elena," He referred me by my name, his voice thick with emotion as he stood hopelessly beside my slouched body.

"Yes?"

"You're dying."

I shut my eyes as fight leaves my soul. "I know."

Salika Sabahath S Z  
Journalism Club Secretary  
III B.A. English A



# SCRIPT OF "THE SOUND OF MUSIC"

NARRATOR

On this fine breezy day, I would like to wish you all a very good afternoon. The jaw dropping pristine actors of English A are here to present you with a top-notch drama on The Sound of Music. A happy family faces troublesome effects of German invasion. From happiness to confusion, the drama will show you how, despite imminent death on the neck, the characters hold on to hope. Without further ado, let's get the show on the road.

The story revolves around an Austrian family. Captain Von Trapp lives with his seven children. After his wife's death, he lost hope in life. But Maria, the governess who takes care of his children, opens a door for living a worthy life. Slowly but surely, Captain rises in love with Maria.

## **Scene 1: The wedding.**

Maria walks in with her wedding dress as captain von Trapp stood at the altar waiting for her. She walks down the altar towards captain. Captain picks up the veil as they gaze at each other.

## **Scene 2: German invasion.**

NARRATOR

This morning, the armed forces of Germany marches beyond the boundaries of German Austria.

Armed forces March with guns and flags. An uprising starts between the native Austrian and German. Fight and protest breaks out. Bombs are dropped. There is Chaos everywhere. Bloodshed, fire, and death is prevalent.

SOLDIER

When is Captain Von Trapp returning?

MAX DETWEILER

Who knows? When a man is on his honeymoon-

SOLDIER

These are not times for joking! It's been four days since the Angeles, this is the only house in the province that is not flying the flag of the third rank.

BRIGITTA

You mean the flag with the Black Spider on it.

SOLDIER

Do you permit such remarks in this house? Who are you?

MAX DETWEILER

I am Maximilian Detweiler, first secretary to the ministry of education and culture.

SOLDIER

Good. Then you can order them to fly the flag.

MAX DETWEILER

I take my orders only from captain Von Trapp.

SOLDIER

You take your orders from us. And so does your captain.  
(Leaves)

### **Scene 3: A wise decision**

The children play around happily in the backyard. Their uncle walks towards them with a letter in his hand. The children quickly gather around him.

MAX DETWEILER

Children, children see what I have got here a program for the Calzberg festival. And look here, the singers of the family Von Trapp and here are all of your names. So, day after tomorrow all must be ready to leave at 11 o'clock in the morning.

LIESL

Uncle Max, are you sure this is going to be okay with father?

MAX DETWEILER

He would be pleased. Don't you trust me?

BRIGITTA

No.

Before Uncle Max could talk, a Butler places captain and Maria's luggage. The children jump up happily and run to meet their parents. They happily greet each other, hugging them tight with a permanent smile.

MAX DETWEILER

We weren't expecting you until next week.

Maria

Children we missed you so very much.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

We missed waking you all up in the morning.

MARIA

We missed hearing you sing.

The butler brings presents. The attention of the children quickly diverts towards it as they rush to open it. They carry it away as they exit the stage. Captain Von looks through the invitation for the festival.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

What's this?

MAX DETWEILER

If the Von family participate in it, we will be the talk of the town.

Captain VON TRAPP

Not my family. We don't sing in public.

MAX DETWEILER

But Georg, it's for Austria.

Captain VON TRAPP

There is no Austria.

MAX DETWEILER

But the Angeles happened peacefully. Let's be grateful for that.

Captain VON TRAPP

Greatful?! To this swine (walks away angrily)

**Scene 4: An incomprehensible situation.**

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

Berlin has offered me a Commission in their navy. (Passes the letter to Maria)

MARIA

(Looks through the letter) well...

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

I can't just brush this aside. I admit it would be exciting to have a ship under me again. What I mean is that it will be a relief and comfort to know that you and the children are safe but it also means (clicks tongue) please Maria, help me (grabs hold of her hand)

MARIA

Whatever you decide will be my decision.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

We will have to get out of Austria right away. (Speaks quickly) and we can't just pick up and leave. They'll be watching us now. We will have to plan. We'll have to have time...

All of a sudden, the Butler walks in, interrupting Captain Von Trapp. They both turn towards him, startled.

BUTLER

Sir, Admiral Von Schreiber of the navy is here to see you.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

Thank you, Frank.

(Butler exits)



**Scene 5: A narrow escape.**

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

Admiral Von Schreiber, would you gentleman care to sit down?

ADMIRAL VON SCHREIBER

We are here on business, Captain Von Trapp. A Telegram was sent to you three days ago.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

I have just received it sir, I've been away. I've only been home half an hour.

ADMIRAL VON SCHREIBER

Very well then. Let's get to the point. In our Navy we hold you in a very high regard. That explains why I am here. Having had no answer to our telegram, the high command has sent me in person.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

That's very flattering sir but I've had no time-

ADMIRAL VON SCHREIBER

I am here to present you with your commission and your orders are to report immediately to the navy base.

MARIA

(Walks down the stairs)

Immediately? Oh, I am afraid that would be impossible.

CAPTAIN VON TRAPP

Admiral, may I present you my wife.

(Maria shakes hand with admiral)

ADMIRAL VON SCHREIBER

Why is that?

MARIA

The Von Trapp family is singing in the Salsberg festival this evening. It's all arranged.

ADMIRAL VON SCHREIBER

(Looks at the letter) Well, the festival is two days from now so I think it's possible.

(Everyone exists the stage)

**SCENE 6: VON FAMILY IN SALSBERG FESTIVAL.**

The von family enter in a single file as they continue to sing.

THE VON TRAPP FAMILY

*THERE'S A SAD SORT OF CLANGING FROM THE CLOCK  
IN THE HALL POPPING OUT TO SAY "CUCKOO"*

*CUCKOO, CUCKOO*

*REGRETFULLY THEY TELL US CUCKOO, CUCKOO  
BUT FIRMLY THEY COMPEL US CUCKOO, CUCKOO  
TO SAY GOODBYE . . .TO YOU. SO LONG, FAREWELL, AUF  
WIEDERSEHEN, GOOD NIGHT*

*I HATE TO GO AND LEAVE THIS PRETTY SIGHT*

*SO LONG, FAREWELL, AUF WIEDERSEHEN, ADIEU*

*ADIEU, ADIEU, TO YIEU AND YIEU AND YIEU*

*SO LONG, FAREWELL, AU REVOIR, AUF WIEDERSEHEN*

*I'D LIKE TO STAY AND TASTE MY FIRST CHAMPAGNE...YES?*

*SO LONG, FAREWELL, AUF WIEDERSEHEN, GOODBYE*

*I LEAVE AND HEAVE A SIGH AND SAY GOODBYE -- GOODBYE!*

*I'M GLAD TO GO, I CANNOT TELL A LIE*

*I FLIT, I FLOAT, I FLEETLY FLEE, I FLY*

*THE SUN HAS GONE TO BED AND SO MUST I*

*SO LONG, FAREWELL, AUF WIEDERSEHEN, GOODBYE  
GOODBYE, GOODBYE, GOODBYE*

*AND THE BELLS IN THE STEEPLE TOO  
AND UP IN THE NURSERY AN ABSURD LITTLE BIRD  
IS*

MAX DETWEILER

(Announces the winners) The first prize (pause) the highest musical honor in the Osmark goes to the family Von Trapp.  
(Applause)

The Von family don't turn up to the stage. Mimmers start among the spectators as the officers' run to check where they are. They search for them but they aren't found.

OFFICER

They are gone!

NARRATOR

Die as a soldier or win as a survivor. Captain Von Trapp was both a soldier and a survivor. His retreat from his home place is not a symbol of cowardice but a portrayal of his persisting valour to hold his stand against the Germans.

A life led as a common man is better than mutely nodding to the oppressors. Such was the great Captain Von Trapp, his footsteps left behind for us to follow.

**Salika Sabahath S Z**  
**Journalism Club Secretary**  
**III English A**

# SPLASH OF COLORS



*Backdrop presented in the play "The sound of music" in  
Inter-departmental dramatics.*

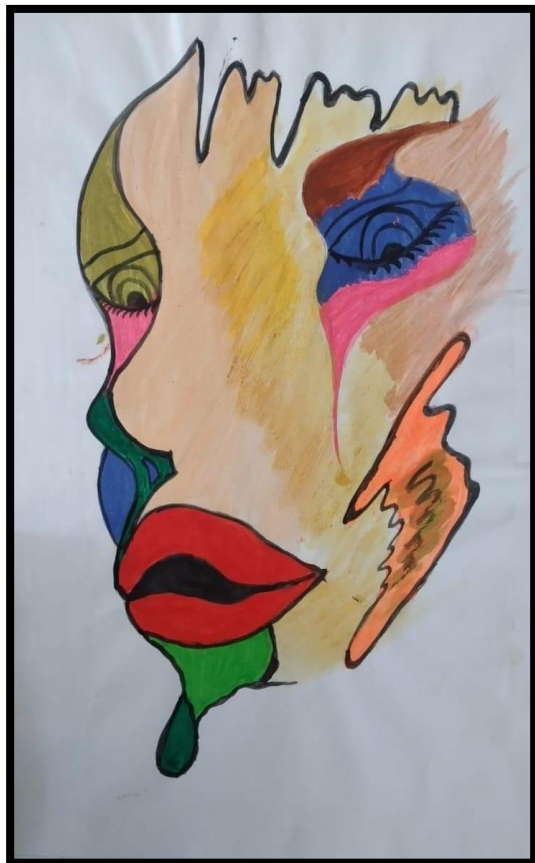
Aashrita Mariam A III English A  
Jasmine Pearl J III English A  
Prasanna G III English A



**Musarath Jabeen M - 1st B. Sc Mathematics**



Top: Jaya Oviya J, I B.com  
Bottom left: Ahalya, I B.com  
Bottom right: Srilekha S, I B. com



Pavalamalar S  
III English C

## THE JOURNALISM CLUB



“YOU CAN’T USE UP CREATIVITY. THE MORE  
YOU USE, THE MORE YOU HAVE.”

-MAYA ANGELOU

For Feedback  
Email: [nimlaesther@auxiliumcollege.edu.in](mailto:nimlaesther@auxiliumcollege.edu.in)