

Rules for MAH English Creative Writing Competitions-

1. Students are divided into two groups-
Group A is for students of Classes VII and VIII
Group B is for students of classes IX and X
2. Schools may send 2 students per group.
3. The topic for the competition will be given on the spot.
4. Time allowed – 2 hours.
5. Registration can be done on-line at principal@mariaspublicschool.org
6. No registration fee required.
7. Please confirm your school's participation on or before 7th of August 2018.
8. Students must report by 9:00 a.m. on Tuesday, the 14th of August, 2018 at Maria's Public School Birkuchi, Narengi, Guwahati-26.
9. The date for the prize distribution will be announced on the same day.
10. Students must come in their school uniform and accompanied by an escort teacher.

Teachers in-charge- 1) Ms. KalyaniArandhara – 9957189691
2) Ms. Ellie Dutta - 9864025023

Rules for MAH English Elocution Competition-

1. Students are divided into two groups-
 - a) Group-A Classes VII and VIII
 - b) Group-B Classes IX and X
2. Poems for Junior Section – Group-A (Classes VII and VIII)
Elephant and the Tragopan by Vikram Seth
3. Poems for Senior Section -Group-B (Classes IX and X)
The Prisoner of Chillon by Lord Byron (1st and last stanzas)
4. Schools may send 2 students per group
5. Students will be required to recite their pieces before the judges
6. Registration can be done online at principal@mariaspublicschool.org
7. No registration fee is required.
8. Please confirm your participation on or before 7th August 2018.
9. Students must report on Thursday, the 16th August 2018 at 9:00 a.m. at Maria's Public School, Birkuchi, Narengi, Guwahati-26.
10. Results will be declared at the end of the competition.
11. The date for prize distribution will be announced on the same day.
12. Students must come in their school uniform with ID Card and accompanied by an escort teacher

Teachers in charge - Jabeen Sharma Pathak - 8811074177
NayantaraChaliha - 9954028218

(English Elocution – Junior)

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TRAGOPAN

They talked for hours, and at the close
At last the elephant arose,
And with a modest trumpet-call
Drew the attention of them all:

“O beasts of Bingle gathered round,
Though in our search for common ground
I would not dream of unanimity
I hope our views may reach proximity.
I speak to you as one whose clan
Has served and therefore studied man.

He is a creature mild and vicious,
Practical-minded and capricious,
Loving and brutal, sane and mad,
The good as puzzling as the bad.
The sticky centre of this mess
Is an uneasy selfishness.

He rips our flesh and tears our skin
For cloth without, for food within,
The leopard’s spots are his to wear.
Our ivory unknots his hair.

He sees the planet as his fief
Where every hair or drop or leaf
Or seed or blade or grain of sand

Is destined for his mouth or hand

It is this fate we must forestall.
So let me say to every single
Endangered denizen of Bingle:
We must unite in fur and feather—
For we will live or die together.

(English Elocution – Senior)

The Prisoner of Chillon

BY LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,

Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.