



ISSUE #9



Illustration by Nitimey, age 8, Squeak illustration by Oliver, age 7

EDITORI-Haiku (Don't rap it read it)



By Petra

The cat meows

The mouse squeaks



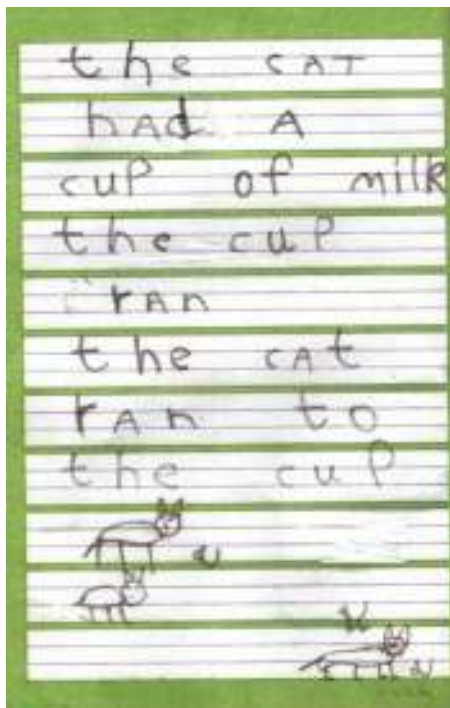
The owl hoots

The kid writes



Picasso cat paintings made in a one week workshop at school start

Facilitator: Auromira



Cat story by Sitara, age 7.

Picasso cat paintings by Tzur, Aria, Ayan, Chandani, Leloo, Erhel, Malik, Max and Oliver

(skwēk)

squeaked, squeaking, squeaks

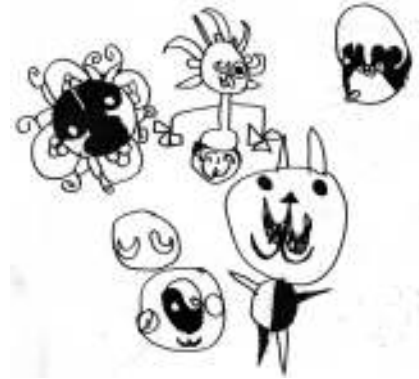
For feedback, questions or to request a pdf-version of the magazine please e-mail TLCsqueak@auroville.org.in. To donate, use TLC Trips Account 3229, and mention "SQUEAK".

Issue #9: December, 2017. This magazine is by kids of Auroville's The Learning Community (TLC). Kids aged 7-14. We aim to develop an interest in writing and to improve on skills. You can pick it up at PTDC or read it in various places around Auroville. Facilitated by Petra.

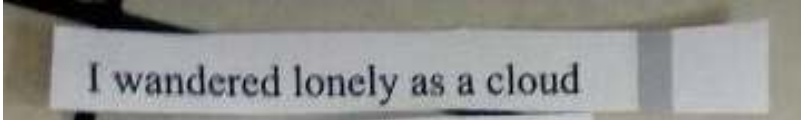
We thank all for the continued support, especially **Isai Ambalam Guest House and Upasana!**

(Are you) CONTENT?

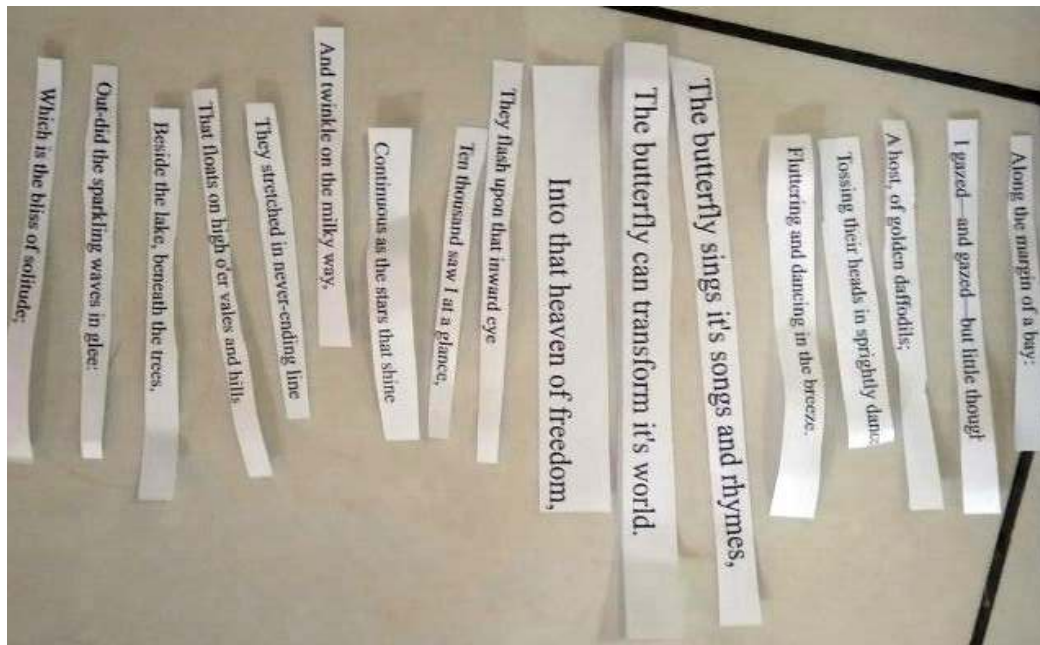
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Doodles by Oliver, age 7



A cut up poem by Aiyana, age 10



Mummies

By Mohini and Aria, age 9

Why mummies?

The priests of the Egyptian Pharaoh made mummies to preserve the bodies for the After life.

There are three different kinds of mummies. We wrote about the red shrouded mummies because there are very few that exist. We love this project so much!!!

How they made the red shrouded mummies

Step 1. All organs were removed except the heart.

Step 2. The body was put in salt, but not any salt. The salt was made with soda ash & baking soda. The body was in salt for 40 days.

Step 3. Salt was removed & perfumed oils were rubbed on the body.

Step 4. Resin (a sticky substance produced by some trees) was applied to the body.

Step 5. Linen was wrapped around the body

Step 6. They placed the mummy on a wooden board.

Step 7. A pouch with precious stones was placed on the chest & an ibis* was placed on the belly button. This was mummified with the body.

Step 8. A portrait would be put on the face.

Step 9. Long linen cloth was wrapped around the body.

Step 10. The mummy was painted red. There were protection symbols.

Very few red shrouded mummies exist!

Jokes about mummies

What did king Tut's secretary say on the phone the king can't talk right now he is all wrapped up!

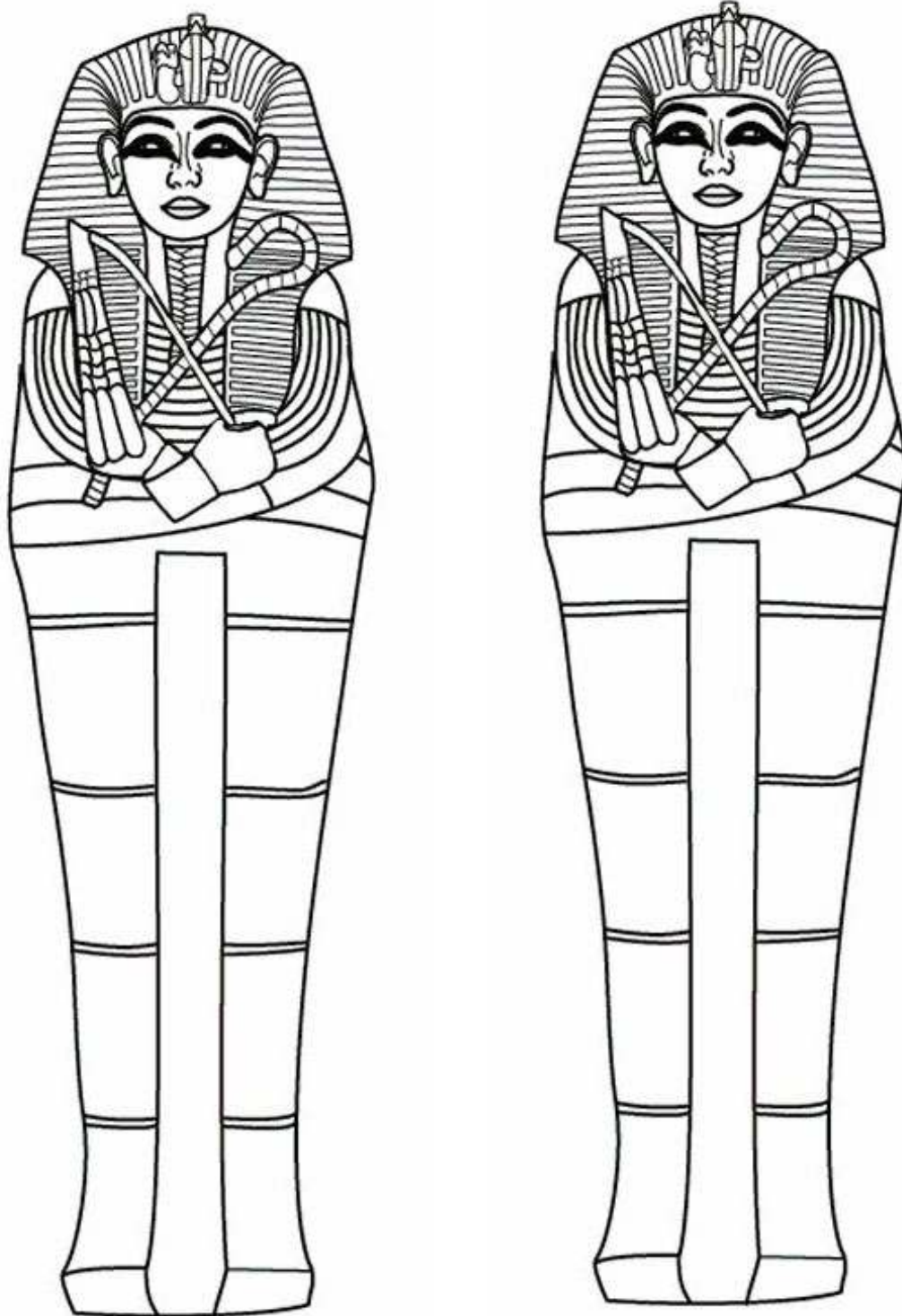
Where did the mummies go for a swim? In the Dead Sea.

Why was the Egyptian kid confused? Because his daddy was his mummie.



Colour the mummies

Add detail and e-mail us your scanned image, for a collage for the next issue.



Except the night creatures

Poem and illustrations by Aiyana, age 10

In the distance snowcapped mountain peaks
Birds with shiny beaks
An old oak tree
Rooted to the spot in front of me



Many a flower bobbing their heads in the meadow
Far far away the silhouette of a doe
The noise of gurgling water from a river
As the wind gives a long gushing shiver



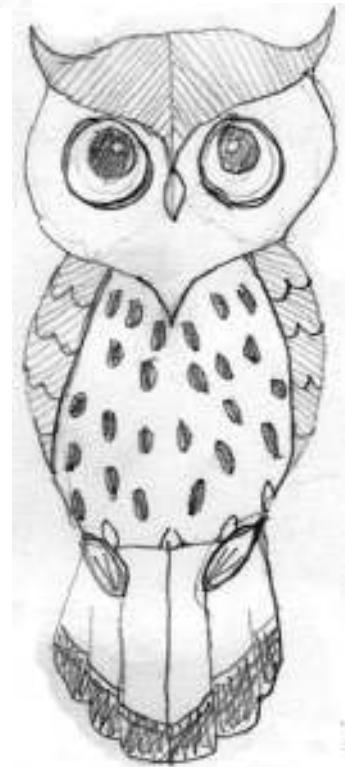
All the autumn leaves
Gently sail from high trees
Soon dusk begins to fall
All the creatures of the night start



Their evening call:
The piercing screech of a Slender Loris
And the daily Cricket chorus
A hoot from an owl
Or a jackal's howl



Now the sun has set far towards the west
Some birds are safe asleep in their nest
Soon everyone and every animal asleep
Except the night creatures



CELL 25

A short story by Ameya, age 11

Pearl and Dawn were cousins. Pearl was a rough girl, a punk with a rainbow coloured Mohawk. She wore a leather jacket, a black crop top and a pair of black shiny leggings. Her earrings doubled up as lock-picking tools. But the queen of pick-pocketing was Dawn. Her long thin fingers were quick and sensitive.

In 1995 they were the most beautiful girls I had ever met. Unfortunately, that was in block 7, cell 25 of Hackney State Prison, where I got my first job as a prison warden. They were not only pretty, they outsmarted all of us.

One day the new prison warden came to their cell. He stopped in the corridor, put the tray down and pulled out a map from his back pocket. "Cell 25", he muttered under his breath. Pearl had an idea. She tugged at the cable connecting the only light in the room. It flickered out. As the prison warden came to put the tray through the hatch, he saw that inside it was pitch black. "Hello?" he called out. "Is there anybody there?"

"Yes, the light just broke, can you help us?" said Pearl.

"Uuuhhh..."

"Please!" she said.

"Oh, alright then." The key clicked in the lock as the heavy iron door swung open. As he came in, Pearl started chatting:

"Hello, you must be new, I haven't seen you before."

"Yes, I just started yesterday."

She chattered on a little more, while the warden was fixing the light.

"Do you know the joke about the policeman and the driver who was speeding? The cop pulled him over and said "papers." The driver replied "scissors! I win!" and drove away."

They laughed. While Pearl was distracting him with all her talk, Dawn snuck up behind him and gently tugged the map out of his back pocket.

Over the next few weeks, the girls studied the map and developed a plan to escape.

Two weeks later, during their free time in the gym, Dawn pretended to twist her ankle on the treadmill. With Pearl's help she limped over to the prison warden, who was now on duty in the gym, and Pearl told him,

"I'm taking her to the first aid room to bandage her ankle and get some crutches."

But instead of going to the first aid room, they snuck off to the laundry room. They carefully opened the door and peeked inside. There was a door on the far side of the

room with a sign saying "Office – do not enter." The door was ajar and muffled voices could be heard. They carefully climbed into a laundry basket, covering themselves with dirty clothes. They could hear footsteps coming towards them. The basket started to shake violently, they whacked their heads, and then it stopped. They heard the engine start, and felt the vibration as the truck drove off. They climbed out of the trolley and hid behind some boxes. A few minutes passed as the truck drove to the laundrette. The driver pressed on the squeaky brakes as he drove into the parking lot. He got out of the truck.

"Morning, Pete!" called Phillip, one of the workers at the laundrette. "Morning, can you give me a hand with unloading the truck?"

As Phillip and Pete walked to the back of the truck, Pearl and Dawn climbed to the front seat. Once the two workers had disappeared inside the building, Pearl short-wired the truck and drove off.

Five years later. *I had been fired from my job as a prison warden, because it was my fault that Dawn and Pearl had escaped. I was living in a different city, working as a librarian at the local library, surrounded by books instead of criminals!*

One day in my lunch break I went to a new coffee shop, called Red Velvet that had opened the week before. I ordered a sandwich and a coffee. The place was on a market square. It was cosy, golden baby angels decorating the ceiling. Comfortable red velvet sofas lined the walls, and a big book case was stuffed full with books.

While waiting for my coffee I walked over to check out the books. There were The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe, Harry Potter, The Lord of the Rings, and Cell 25. I picked Cell 25, written by Ameya Lulu Pathak Attewell, off the shelf and started to read the first page: "In 1995 they were the most beautiful girls I had ever met ..." I closed the book, rubbed my eyes and opened it again. *I was puzzled, I recognised it somehow.*

Just then a beautiful waitress brought my coffee and I recognised her. She was Pearl!

"Pearl!" I said.

"Prison warden", she said, looking scared. "How are you?" She almost looked like she would run away.

"Fine", I answered. "It wasn't my kind of thing seeing people locked up."

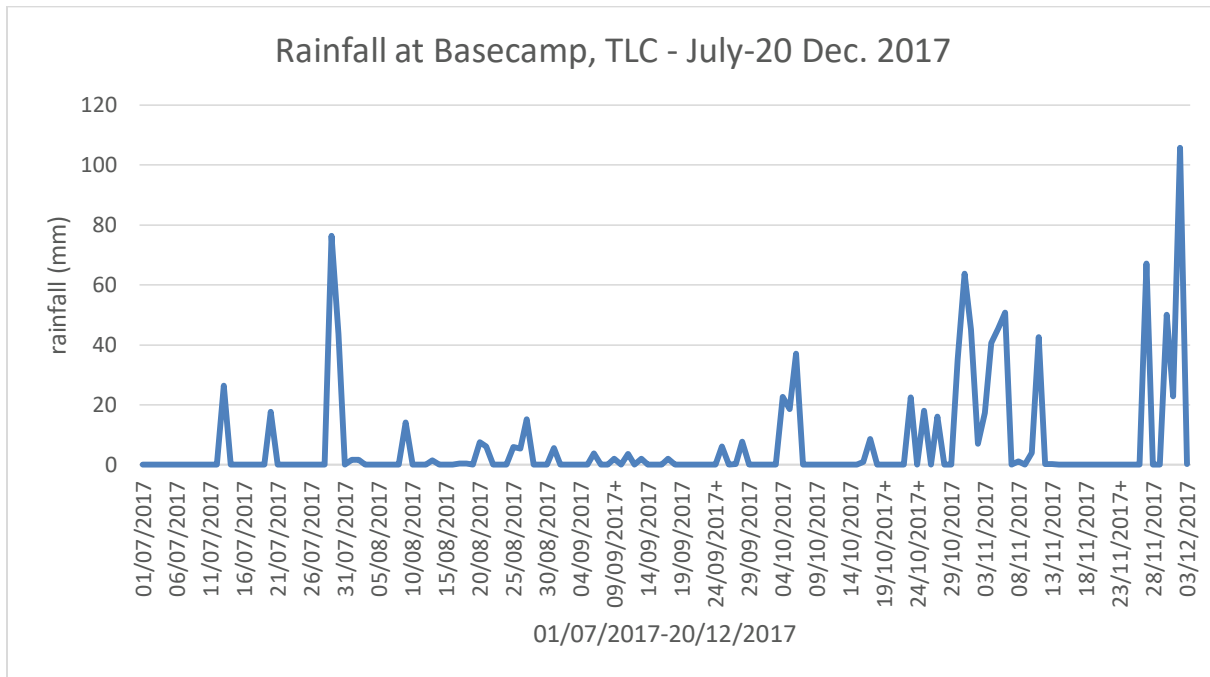
"So you're not angry?"

"No way! My life now is much better. It's so quiet and peaceful, I love it."

Over the next few weeks we started chatting and one day I asked her out for dinner. I promised to keep her and Dawn's secret safe. We fell in love and got married. Dawn gave us a wedding present. It was the book Cell 25.

Cloudbursts!

Our Climate & Change project group has been taking daily measurements of rainfall at TLC-Basecamp. Here's a graph showing the data we collected from July-20 December this year. The data entry and graphic were done by the Rain Teams – Ayan and Jalin, Aliya and Claire.



Highest 24hr maximum: 105.7mm (03/12/17) Total rainfall so far: 1000.5mm

A note on the measurements: the rain gauge is a standard 200 cm² gauge as used throughout AV, along with a specially calibrated measuring cylinder. The gauge is checked every day at 08.30 a.m. A big thanks to Tom (water service) for his inspirational role in setting us up and keeping us on target!

Climate & Change project (October 2017-April 2018), participants: Aiyana, Aliya, Ameya, Ayan, Claire, Jalin, Pele, Veerle, Guy (facilitator), Gijs (facilitator). With assistance from Malvika.

Look out in the next issues of The Squeak for the results of our “Heat at the Beach Study”, where we measured the differences between sand and water temperatures at Srirna. We then ask: what does this have to do with the North-East Monsoon?

Trip to Nagalapuram, A Collage by the younger kids.



Fun Page

Moody and Smiley

By Mael





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