

The Oblivion

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The Rebellion Begins

The Brain is the most important organ of the body for it processes the information and generates the reaction to a particular stimulus for us.

The Brain can be divided into three parts, namely as the medulla, the cerebellum and cerebrum. Each plays its own important function.

The cerebrum is the part where conscious memory and thought is processed. After many scientifically proved experiments, it has been determined that positive thought and activity takes place in the left part of prefrontal cortex which is the front part of the cerebrum.

On the other hand all

negative and destructive thought occur in the right of prefrontal cortex.

Science has proved after many experiments that meditation helps in movement of the activity from right to left of prefrontal cortex making people thus more optimistic and peaceful. Further still it helps in the increase of immunity.

People today are not happy. The society is corrupting and people want more and more for they are not at peace.

Our religion has given us a proper way of meditation which not only helps us spiritually but in fact physically and mentally as well for we have

to exercise our limbs and keep our consciousness focused. Prayer thus can have a dramatic effect on our focus and health.

Even today people are not happy. The mental activity is focused on the destructive desires. It shows that we have abandoned the focus required and meditation is now just a mere show. Our faith weakens day by day and the devil wins.

We have forgotten our purpose in this world. We have to stop the attempts of devil to corrupt our mind and society. If we achieve that goal then our society will be happy and prosperous. So let the rebellion begin against the evil if you do care for a good end.

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The Summer Camp

Ah, the air is hot, the sun at its full, the mangoes are out which means that summer is at its peak.

The swimming pools are inundated with

children while most people find peace in the cool shelters of their homes.

But the poor students, one of the most hard-working people, are

back to school with their heavy loads.

Generously the school, in this scorching Sun and blistering heat, has provided the children with air conditioned class rooms but how can it revive the spirit of education? We should better leave this answer to school. Good luck for the Summer Camp.

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The Choice by S.O.T. ZAIDI

"I can offer you a price which you would not have imagined all your life. You just have to agree to my deal," said the man with the hoarse voice.

"But I am not a marksman, just a street rat, a green horn in stealing as well," cried Zane.

"Oh no I don't think you need to be a marksman at this. You just have to peek in his house and when the coast is clear, take a clear shot and bring that thing to me," said the man.

"Ok. I agree to your deal. Fill me in with the details," said Zane.

"Very good you can take the advance of \$10,000 from Dan," replied the hooded man.

Zane also smiled after many ages. He had been dirty, hungry and completely without hope. Now there was a chance for a new life.

A great hooting and gossiping went on in the halls of Sir Walter's mansion as people fed on roasted chicken legs, various salads, and spicy sauced Caribbean rice and drank beer. The security was alert and ready despite the great hustle and bustle.

Sir Walter stood on a dice, watching everything. At last he made a note and every one quietened down. Sir Walter, who was the Sherriff of Cape Town, made a speech on the success of his strategy to keep peace and prosperity in Cape Town. Everyone cheered and at last the party ended. Sir Walter, tired after an exciting day, went to hit the hay.

As he passed the book shelf he did not

notice a shadow lurking after him for Zane had been cautious not to be noticed by the security. It was a clever bit of stalking but his entry had become easier because of the rush of the people. As Sir Walter lay on bed, he could feel a gun raised at him by a man with shaking hands, whose mind was having a great battle with his conscience. Minutes ticked by and then there was a loud shot.

The lights went out and the chandelier fell down causing great disturbance. Guards rushed in the room where they saw Sir Walter standing shocked reading a note with a gun which said, "Be Safe," The security breaker had left without harming anyone.

As Zane entered the dark room, the hooded person growled, "Why didn't you kill him? Do you think I will allow you to live after this failure? Don't you fear death?"

"No! But I do fear the life after this one."

"Kill him,"

Then suddenly there was a beep and whole building collapsed in fire taking its dwellers to void. Zane had been completely without hope but he had made his choice and chosen a new life, the eternal one.

Special Offer by S.O.T. ZAIDI

It was a dark room and I was waiting for him to come. He had promised to come surreptitiously so that I can not get caught. My deal was simple but a slight mistake could be disastrous.

The man opened the door. A delicious scent filled the room and I felt my hunger grasp me but I struggled to control my instincts.

"Are you there," said the man named John.

"Yes... Have you brought the bottles?" I asked.

"Of course exactly fifty in number," replied John.

"So where are they?"

"Out in the truck, safely packed but you must pay me first," conditioned John in his wheezy voice.

"Very well, why do not you also contribute in our collection," I said smiling with a warm feeling.

"Huh? What? No...No. I don't want to do it," said John suddenly, "keep your money."

"Come on! Don't be a mercenary, John."

With this I jumped on him to block his escape and patronized on him giving myself to the instincts. Now all threats had been removed and ah the taste of fear in blood is always so good.

We had exposed ourselves in large population outnumbering the humans heavily. The remaining fled into seclusion in secret places of their cities. We needed blood and the prey was low on stock.

At last the "Vampire Committee" put up a special offer. It said that the one who will bring fifty bottles of fresh blood will be made the 'Vampire King: "Dracula.'" As soon as I heard the offer I knew what I must do.

During their reign, humans had built special banks in which they stored blood like wine in bottles. Now after the outbreak few of these banks were left in isolation untouched by Vampires.

I hunted for a day and a night, finally trapping John in my plan: I bribed him to do my work. It was not fair according the vampire law which demanded vampires to hunt to earn a rank, but Dracula's were treated with reverence and granted great powers and so I could not miss a chance like this.

My plan had been successful. I mixed the bottles' blood with some of John's remaining one to give it a fresh taste and set of for the ministry.

Little did I know that death awaited me at the ministry. As I triumphantly raised the bottles in front of the court, I could not help being shocked as the court ordered the vampires to tear me into pieces, while in the bottles I saw nothing but coagulated blood. I was defeated by a simple mistake. I had failed in my plan.

The Visitor by S.O.T. ZAIDI

The light was dim and the room felt like a prison. Rain fell outside and the clouds thundered in rage. It was a weather of dismay...at least for me. Darkness covered my heart just as it ruled the night. The oil lamp began to shimmer and I knew it was nearly empty of fuel; yet I did not have the money to buy more.

I was hungry but could not feed myself as I had spent all my money in help of a helpless old man who was dying in a street of this lightless city. Just then there was a knock on the door and I wondered who it could be in this rough weather at this hour of night.

I opened the door to see a man covered all in darkness; his face was hidden in a hood while a cloak covered the rest of his body. He rushed in without my consent and quickly instructed me to close the door.

As I closed it, I asked, "Who are you and what's the rush all about."

"Yes, I will answer you but first tell me do you have something to eat."

I shook my head feeling humiliated and he replied, "Don't worry I have some food. You can share it with me."

I could not reject the offer even though I felt embarrassed. The man produced two sandwiches filled with some kind of spicy paste. Both of us patronized on them hastily and I must admit they were tasteful.

The lamp flickered again but then suddenly it became bright and I wondered how such a small amount of fuel was supporting this light. Then I returned to my senses and again asked the question from the stranger. The hooded man looked up at me and I felt heated up due to some strange feeling.

He said, "Why don't we forget about my details, after all I am just a traveler, why not discuss about you?"

"About me?" I sighed, "there is nothing interesting about my life."

"Oh yes there is. You work hard every day to earn a small wage and often use that up to help the poor and needy. So many hungry days and dark nights have passed over you," said the stranger and the first time I saw a part of his face smiling at me.

"How...huh...how do you know all this?" I stammered.

"Don't you know me, John?" replied the stranger with a chilly tone and held out a ruby as big as a pigeons egg and as red as blood.

"What is this?"

"Something for your good."

"I ... can not take it," I said firmly.

"It's once in a life time offer John," said the man.

But I refused while my mind was still humming and haring on the decision.

"Suit yourself child," replied the hooded man and disappeared in thin air while I watched agape with shock. The lamp went out.

I smiled as I felt the weariness in my eyes and decided to hit the hay. Money was not for me, a hardworking laborer and smiling I closed my eyes as I heard the visitor's laugh ringing in my ears while I thought of the real treasure I will receive in the heavens

Silence by S.O.T. ZAIDI

The sky was cloudy, the birds chirped in the trees which zoomed with the wind: whishing and whooshing. Rain fell on the earth with a rhythm. In the peaceful city, people enjoyed these light and beautiful sounds except for one person who lived a bit far from the local community in isolation.

Even if she wanted to listen to the tip tap of rain or the sound of wind or the rustling of leaves, she could not for her life was in complete silence. Her name was Jane. She lived alone in the large mansion with every comfort one could imagine.

Even today as she watched the rain and felt the cool wind, she dearly wished for the silence in her mind to

break. Unable to quell the emotion and dejection she let the tears roll out of her beautiful green eyes. Visions began to sweep past her eyes and she remembered how well once she could hear everything.

It was a similar rainy day when in a wide street of the same city played a little girl alone with her toys. She saw a beggar with an emaciated face walking along the footpath. He wore rags in this cold whether. He stopped by Jane and asked for some money.

Jane looked up and said, "Go away lout beggar."

The beggar stood there and Jane said, "Didn't you hear? GO AWAY you IMBE-

CILE."

The beggar pointed to his ears to indicate that he could not hear her. Jane realized he was deaf and pulled of her shoe. Then she slammed the shoe straight in the beggars face and said "Now you get it moron?"

The beggar felt piqued and said, "You crazy girl. What did you do that for?"

Jane's temper hit the ceiling: she began calling names to beggar and threw dirt and stone at him until he got badly bruised. The beggar tried to advocate himself from the incoming bullets of stone but could not.

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“Get some ears and don’t dare to return, moron!” cried Jane.

The beggar went berserk and Jane seeing his rage ran away while the old man screamed at him, “One day you will remember this and cry. O God, bear witness of this.”

Since then Jane began to feel the silence creep in her mind slowly until it took over every sound. The doctors gave up and Jane’s parent died in an accident soon after that. Jane abhorred this silence at first but now she could do nothing and gradually got used to it.

Jane opened her eyes; she was a much changed person. Now she waited when the light will grasp her in its hold and release her from this painful silence to take her into a

deep sleep of peacefulness but until then she had to cope with this pain and live in the large marble halls of her mansion in isolation. Her heart was light after a hard life she had lead and she had learned her lesson

Hate by S.O.T. ZAIDI

It was a dark and stormy night. The streets were empty but who could have known that I would get stuck in this storm? I was comforted by the knowledge that the home was near. I gripped my hood firmly and broke into a run.

After an exhaustive run, I reached my home successfully. Just then the thunder cracked loudly and I quickly entered my house. I hurried towards my private room. As I entered the room, I saw what I hated the most: a piece of garlic set on my bed. Acting like a greased lightning I threw it out of the window. Nausea swept over me and I rushed to the washroom.

Once I had loved the garlic and now I detested it. It had become lethal to my powers and thus to my life. Time had changed me greatly; it had punished for the evil I had done in life. Once I had drunk the blood of the country by looting it off his assets, now the only drink for me was the warm perfumed red coloured human blood.

How this had happened? I can close my eyes and see those events sweep pass my mind. It happened one night when I was dancing in a night club with my friends. I got over drunk and decided to take a stroll home. As I passed through the cemetery which came in my way, I heard some sobs. I looked here and there and saw a woman crying.

I asked her “What are you doing here at night?”

The women lifted her head. She was extremely beautiful. Her face was pale, her hair black as ebony and the thin red lips created a spectacular contrast with the colours she was draped in.

The women said, “My husband needs to be buried but there is no one to help me.”

“I will help you. Lead me the way,” I said unexpectedly: I was mesmerized by her beauty.

The women led me to a grave and I with an extremely dizzy head read, “William Orthodox.” But then an electric surge shook me and said, Hey that is my name.”

Suddenly agonizing pain shot through me as the women sunk her long sharp teeth in my neck. I could not move my muscles as they had swollen up like a corpse in water for many days. The woman then left me weak and I dropped in my grave. I was dead but reluctant to accept the punishment of my deeds.

Three days later, a hand emerged from a grave and I, William Orthodox, rose up as a new curse for the people of this world.

Ollison by S.O.T. ZAIDI

“So that’s it, isn’t it? This is your power?” said Salazar.

In front of him on the floor lay a man with a beautiful Chinese face and long hair tied in a pony tail. On his face ran streams of blood. He quivered but could not reach the staff just an inch away from him. Salazar looked at Ollison and closed his eyes allowing creases to appear on his forehead and muttered something due to which Ollison screamed in pain and by an invisible force he was thrown back at the edge of the chess board tiled floor.

Ollison heard Salazar mocking him and he dissolved into a deep thought. Ollison was a great leader. His origin was from the yellow race. He was the chief of a great city in “Opal Empire.” In those days, use of magic was common. Even the most illiterate knew the basic principles of magic.

One day while his court was going on, a person with an extremely pale face entered in the halls gloriously. He wore a dark green robe and held a staff in his hand. He seemed to carry a strange atmosphere of dismay and fear for wherever he passed, people felt there grieves returning to them. The person

stepped on the stairs approaching Ollison and said, “O king! What do you desire the most?”

Ollison looked at the man whose eyes were sly and had gone deep in his sockets. He felt his spine tingle and he said, “Great power.”

The man laughed and said, “Marry your daughter with me and gain what you desire the most.”

Blood came into Ollison’s eyes and he screamed in rage, “How dare you...You fool?” He ordered his soldiers to kill the man but the man laughed as the soldiers who moved were lifted up in the air.

The man said, “You are a fool, missing a chance like this. You will pay for I will not forgive this insult..”

Two days later, Ollison’s city burned away in a series of troubles like storms, thunder strikes and earthquakes but Ollison escaped from that place. Many months he wandered in the jungles, sheltering in caves or branches of trees. His clothes turned into rags and soon his beard grew. Anyone who knew him well could not have recognized him.

Ollison opened his eyes and saw Salazar moving towards his throne. Could he defeat him? He had suffered greatly and he had to get revenge. It had taken Ollison nearly

Four years to get to Salazar. He could not allow such a chance to get by.

One night after many months of wanderings, Ollison saw strange lights deep in the jungle. As he approached them, he was astonished to see a clearing in the dense fold of trees where a party was going on.

In this clearing were rabbits dancing on two legs in a circle, around which sat squirrels doing some trick with acorns. Above this group fluttered small pixies sprinkling glitter all around the circle. Further in this space sat two fairies on thrones; one was male while the other was a female. They seemed to be kings and queen due to the gracefulness they held and the Royal dress up.

The fairies and animals dispersed as they got sight of Ollison but the king and queen got up to greet him. The king told Ollison that they had been waiting for him from many days for he was the only great white hope they had against Salazar, an evil wizard who planned to take over fairy land. Ollison was given food and water and a resting place. He enjoyed these leisures for many days after which he asked the kind for departure.

The king gave him a staff and said, “You should know that this is the same wizard who caused you so many days of great suffering. Use this staff to defeat him.”

Ollison scorched in fury and the desire to take revenge reignited. He went through deep mountains and snowy peaks finishing many slaves and helpers of Salazar and at last he had reached on the “Floor of Decision.”

Ollison’s power had wavered away strangely on encountering Salazar. “How could he defeat him,” thought Ollison.

Ollison’s hand touched something on his chest; it was a ruby gifted to him by his teacher after he became the king. It was supposed to help its master in need but even this had failed. Salazar turned his hand towards the sky and said in a loud commanding voice, “Take him Hama and Kharan.”

With this the sky cracked and out came two birds but they could not locate the target which had been present at the location a minute ago.

Salazar also noticed it and then the magic staff hit his head badly. He fell on the ground and Ollison threw his ruby on him and his body burst into flames. A hurricane of fire came and destroyed whole of the palace but Ollison had been whisked away into fairyland. He rests there now though it is said that often on full moon, different jungles in the world lighten up while an old man with two fairy nobles enjoys the ring dance of herbivores and pixies and repeats the story of Ollison in a song all night.

A Tribute by a student

Just a few days ago one of our most respectable teacher, Mr. Salik retired. It is an extremely sad event for he is one of the greatest teachers who ever stepped into FGS. He is an epitome of punctuality and discipline. One of the most wise person I ever met. The loss of his departure will undoubtedly be suffered by his recent students and the upcoming classes. Clearly those who were taught by him even for a small time felt a big improvement in their English language. We, his students in the end will wish only one thing: May the light of his knowledge and experience reach all ends of the world. Fare well our great teacher Sir Salik.

Summer Camp (CONTINUED FROM PG 1)

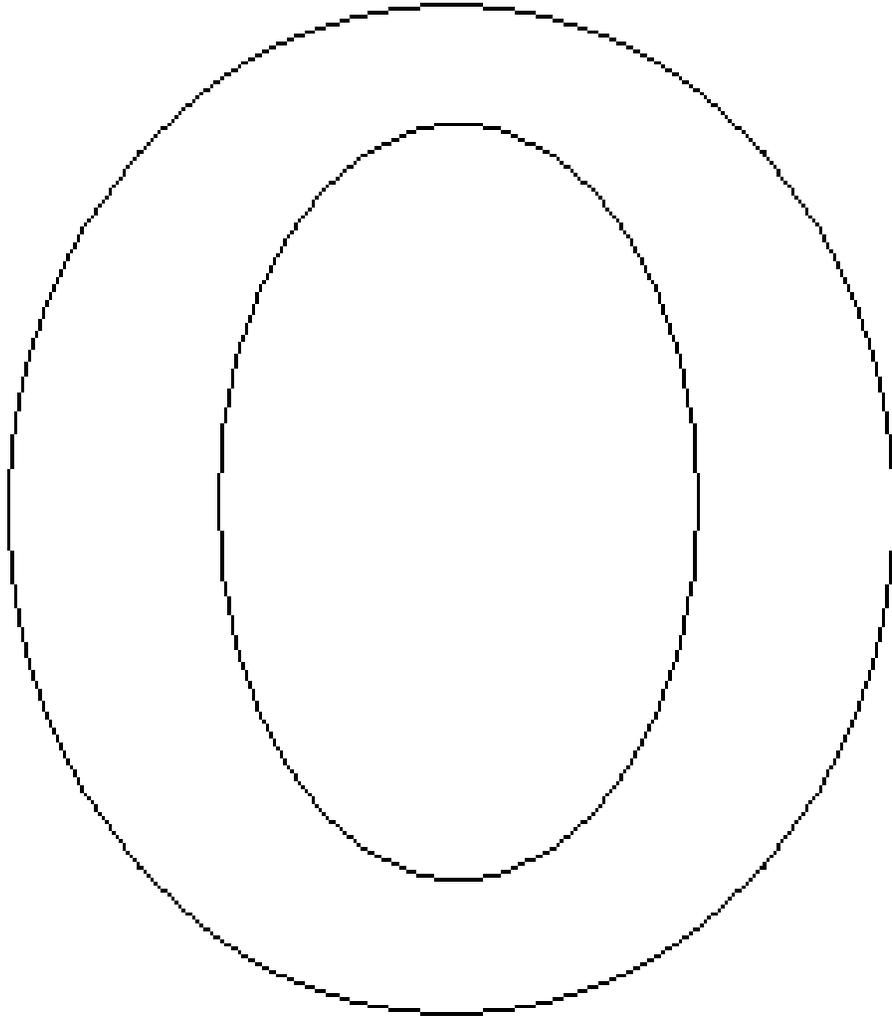
Though Summer Camp puts a student into constant practice of work but recently it has been object of great resentment among students. Among themselves they condemn it and pity themselves on coming extremely early in the morning and returning in the basking heat of the Sun.

They suggest some changes in the strict schedule of the summer camp. One of the most popular is that the reporting time should be shifted

From 0645hrs to a bit later. Further more even in the comfort of A.C. the total affect of heat can not be wiped out and students continue to suffer from tiredness and headaches so the pack up should be earlier.

Some students even suggest that there is little need for studying in a summer camp if the whole year is followed in an organized way. Eventually rest of it is upon the school to realize that this is the age of students to play and rest after this come jobs and other duties so they should be given a full time to relax so they don’t develop any anger against life and get their minds corrupted due to anger. However the most students can do is only hope for the school to listen their call.

SOTZ



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