

SCIENCE SHORE

exploring the ocean of life

ONLINE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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POSTER DESIGNING
CONTEST EVENT!**

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Fibonacci Poetry Contest
**WINNING POEMS
INSIDE!**



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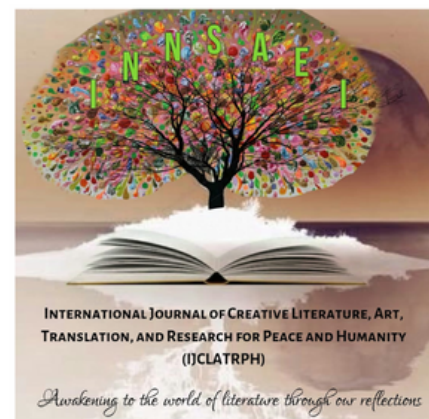
Online event on Google meet :

November 11, 2022

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**SCIENTIFIC
ARTICLE**



CURRENT NEWS - SCIENCE SERIES

SERIES 8 - ROBOTS AND AI

GITA BHARATH

During the lockdown, we saw advertisements for vacuum cleaners that could move by themselves and switch off after cleaning the room. Although they did not look like Optimus Prime or Bumblebee, these were definitely robots.

A robot is a physical, autonomous device programmed to carry out tasks quickly and precisely. Humanoids are robots with human-like physical characteristics. Many robots, however, lack a human-like structure.

The word robot was coined in the 1920s: from Czech, from *robota* 'forced labour'. The term was coined in K. Čapek's play *R.U.R. 'Rossum's Universal Robots'* (1920). But robots have been mentioned in ancient texts as well. In India, automatons or mechanical beings that could move on their own were called "Bhuta Vahana yanta," or "spirit movement machines" in Pali and Sanskrit. Automatons are abstract models of machines that perform computations on an input by moving through a series of states or configurations. Automata are moving mechanical devices made in imitation of a human being. Ancient Greeks and Egyptians also describe machines that could move on their own.

Now, apart from mechanical movements, our robots incorporate Artificial Intelligence. This refers to a machine's capacity to carry out tasks typically done by a human. For instance, the ability to learn, judgment capability, and problem-solving methodology.

Algorithms and technologies used in artificial intelligence (AI) enable them to learn from past experiences and modify their behaviour without human intervention. Robot systems with AI software integrated into them are known as Artificial Intelligence (AI) Robots. AI plays a significant role in the intelligence of robots.

Businesses have to integrate these new technologies while boosting and complementing human intellect as AI robots are transforming our world. Students are also finding that they need to understand robots and use them in every field. Annual competitions are held all over the world focusing on robotics.

There's an annual competition called ABU Robocon for University students in the Asia-Pacific region and robots to be handmade using easily available components. This "Robocon" contest was organized this year on 21st Aug 2022 by Doordarshan and IIT Delhi. It was the 21st such competition. It was held online due to the lingering effects of the pandemic.

Though held virtually, 13 university teams from 12 countries/regions got together through Zoom. As for the game rules, the Indian organisers took an idea from their traditional

game of 'Lagori'. This consists of balancing rocks in a pile and knocking them over with a ball. This required the robots to judge speed, distance, force, etc.

Some famous Indian robots are....

Robot Shalu is the world's first homemade artificially intelligent machine. It was developed by a teacher at Kendriya Vidyalaya, Mumbai! A humanoid robot made of waste materials, it speaks 47 languages!! It is famous across the world and is the most recognized Indian robot in the Global Tech market.

Robot Ajit was developed by final year students of KLE technological institute. It has legs, not wheels, can avoid obstacles, and convert speech to text, shake hands, do Namaste, etc.

Robot Sandy is powered by AI [artificial intelligence] which can sense emotions and has the capacity to learn new concepts. It can speak and interact and is used in healthcare, banking, and hotels.

Manas robot is the first 3D printed robot in India. It is made of printed plastic. It has two cameras and two headphones, i.e., two eyes and ears, and is capable of even doing push-ups and handstands!

Robocop is a police and security robot made with parts entirely manufactured in India. It has sensors for proximity, temperature, ultrasonic, and can even defuse bombs!! It can protect public areas and has been already deployed in Kerala.

Robot Kempa will greet passengers at Bangalore airport and guide them with flight details and places to visit in Karnataka.

Robot Daksh is a famous remotely operated vehicle of the Indian army. It can work for 3 days on a single charge, climb stairs, run on rocky ground and shoot with a built-in gun, as well as defuse bombs.

Apart from these, ISRO will send a robot on the Gaganyaan mission before the takeoff with human crew. Deep Sea robots are also being deployed by the NIOT for underwater exploration now.

However, the first industrial robot is accredited to Engelberger and his associate, George Devol. In 1961 they collaborated with General Motors to create the first robot with a mechanical arm.

More interesting facts...

Around 2.7 million industrial robots are working right now, globally.

Each year, about 400,000 new industrial robots arrive at the market.

The whole industry is worth around \$40 billion.

As of 2020, the medical robotics segment was worth \$6 billion.
 Sales of non-automotive robots skyrocketed in 2020, increasing by 63%.
 So, it is clear that the potential in the field of robotics is immense and with artificial intelligence is the future path to human progress.

References : www.roboticstomorrow.com, www.analyticsinsight.net

Key: Word Search on Art and Hobby Page at www.scienceshore.com


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Words:

Point, Legside, Pavilion, Out, Tampering, Overs, Stump, Swing, Format, Academy, Boundary, Bouncer, Legbye, Wide, Bat, Right-arm, Medium, Bowled, Limited, Style, Dive, Sportsmen, Age, Ace, Domestic, Super-over, Umpire, Pitch, Won, Player.



**GENERAL ARTICLES,
RESEARCH ARTICLE
AND SHORT STORIES**



LEARNINGS AT A SHEEP SHEARING EVENT

HEMA RAVI

From Wool to fleece to sweaters... It was an evening of fun, excitement and learning at the Kelsey Creek Farm Park, Bellevue, where we had firsthand experience of witnessing the traditional practice of sheep shearing by an expert 'shearer.' With electric shears, and deft, delicate and deliberated movements, the expert removed the fleece from 4-5 sheep in less than an hour in a makeshift shearing shed, while the audience watched spellbound.



Picture Courtesy: N. Ravi (Sheep Shearing at Kelsey Creek Farm, Bellevue, WA)

The sheep seemed to enjoy their 'hair cut,' we observed as we listened with rapt attention to the various stories. Each sheep produces about 6 to 10 pounds of wool each year, and each adult is required to be 'sheared' at least once each year. Such wool sheared could be used to make about 6 sweaters at least. (Children got samples and hands on activities with the wool from the sheep)

The anchor went on to narrate the anecdote of the 'strange animal' wandering in a bushland in Victoria, Australia. Named Baarack by rescuers, it was impossible to believe that beneath the 'convoluted moving mass of matted fleece' was no yeti, but a helpless sheep.

The sheep had over 75 pounds of wool cut off - after running wild without being shorn for years! Not only did he get his much needed makeover, he had a lease of life, thanks to the team members of the Edgar's Mission Farm Sanctuary who rescued him.



Picture Courtesy: Sam Cohen

(<https://www.thedenverchannel.com/news/national/baarack-a-rescued-sheep-getting-more-confident-every-day-after-losing-75-pounds-of-wool#:~:text=The%20sheep%2C%20named%20Baarak%2C%20received,thanks%20to%20his%20new%20friends.>)

A quote from the same page: "From relieving him of all that wool, removing the long and pointy grass seed that had become wedged between his cornea and eyelid that had caused a nasty ulcer, through to the many hours we spent painstakingly plucking dozens and dozens of doggedly determined grass seeds that had ploughed their way into his flesh, Barack, a being of reason, sees us as the good guys."

MY 'GO TO' PERSON

T.S. MANOHAR

During my growing years I was lucky to have uncle Ramu as my 'go to' person for all reasons and seasons. Amongst my host of relatives and family friends I could only relate to him comfortably. Ever affable, amiable, adjustable and accessible that he was, I had no inhibition to approach him anytime. Living just hundred meters from our house, he was the first option for any crisis to the entire household.

Twenty years older than me and married, did not matter much to our relationship. I do not know much about his IQ, but his EQ (emotional quotient) and HQ (happiness quotient) were quite high. My aunt was the ideal companion to him and they were a *made for each other* couple or so it seemed. In short, they resonated perfectly with each other.

Looking back, I can recall many instances where he has bailed me out of difficult and demanding situations. "Oh really", was always his signature response whenever I went to him with a problem. Be it fixing my flattened cycle tyre at the last moment or preparing a short speech for the oratorical competition or taking mathematics tuition for a month and more, he was my savior by default, many a time. Try as I did, I could not learn to cycle much to the ridicule of my friends. It was Ramu uncle through his persuasive compulsion taught me to ride it with ease. So much so, I could cycle with just a hand on the handle bar, weaving through the traffic nonchalantly!

My mother underwent a major surgery which was indeed life threatening. The entire family was tensed and worried. Thanks to my uncle and aunt who meticulously took care of the rehab and recovery period astutely, my mom was back to her normal vim and vigor early.

Uncle Ramu was employed with a Pharma major as an executive in its marketing division. Office seemed to be an extension of his home. Ability, agility and mobility were part of his personal traits. Gregarious to the core, he was people centric and enjoyed the company of his fellow work mates and bosses too! He would be at the station to receive the fresh recruit without fail and comfort him at his house till he or she found a place to stay. Interning with him was a pleasure to any trainee. "Be sensitive and sensible but never touchy young fellow and you will succeed in life", was his chosen piece of advice to the new recruits on induction. In short, he was the HR person even before the concept of human resources was in practice. He would be the brain behind any function at office. Delegating and double checking he would micro manage and organize events ever so smoothly. A natural leader and a go to person, people felt obliged to him. It was his habit to invite unmarried staff staying away from their home town, for a sumptuous lunch at home, lest they felt home sick.

He was promoted and transferred to another location. His boss strongly recommended his case and retained him. His services were extended thrice beyond his superannuation which speaks on his value at office. Lovable and likeable, he has a vast network of friends and colleagues across India and abroad, even now.

Precisely why, I imbibed many of his personality traits in my growing years but still to match him in several aspects. “Am I a go to uncle to my nephews, nieces and children of the neighborhood?” This question often crops up in mind. If not, I will endeavor to be one, on the lines of Ramu uncle.

Now in his late seventies, he lives a contented life in our native village always working to add value to the life of the people around him.

Ever since my marriage, fifteen years back, my wife and I, have never missed our monthly visit to our village to meet the affectionate couple. He still comforts us with the same warmth and enthusiasm of yester years.

The other day my wife remarked mischievously, “You respond more like your uncle, measured, matured and thoughtful”.

“Oh really”, I quipped much to her amusement.

CLIFF YOUNG – THE BUMBLEBEE

G K MAYA

Ever seen the Bumblebee?

As the name suggests, it is a bee. An insect with a big body and small wings. It bumbles too. U can hear it hummmmm...” when it draws near you. What is so special about Bumblebee? Nothing except that it defies the scientific belief that a heavy body cannot uplift itself with small or weak wings. Then how does Bumblebee fly? That is the miracle.

The innocent Bumblebee does not know its wings are small and its body huge. No one ever told him so. Maybe he is a loner with few friends. So he just flapped its teeny weeny wings and took off like a butterfly!

The Bumblebee is a good example for all of us who feel reluctant to move forward when we hear someone make a disparaging remark. So many good initiatives die an early death because someone criticized the idea. Human minds are highly sensitive but they are capable of extraordinary strength too.

Just look at the case of Cliff Young, the marathon runner Cliff was just a potato farmer in Australia. He was one of the seven children of a farmer couple . The family had 2000 acres of land where they managed a big farm with 2000 sheep. As a child, it was Cliff’s job to round up and take stock of the sheep in the evening. It was the time of economic depression and the family could not afford labourers.

In 1979, at the age of 56 Cliff Young ran a 16 km race and completed it in 64 minutes. That was just the beginning. He competed in Melbourne Marathon successively every year and achieved his personal best score of 3 hours 2 minutes 53 seconds in 1980 at the age of 58.

In 1983, at the age of 61, he won the Westfield to Sydney Marathon, a distance of 875 km. He arrived at the venue in his farming attire of overalls and gumboots, without his dentures as he said “the dentures rattled” when he ran. The organizers of the marathon tried to dissuade him by telling that the six day race was not in keeping with his age. Cliff Young turned a deaf ear to all their logical arguments and finally they agreed to let him run.

He ran slowly and was trailing behind all others at the end of Day One. While other runners stopped to sleep for six hours, Cliff kept on running. He was not aware the others were resting. He ran continuously for five days, taking the lead during the first night and eventually winning by 10 hours. He later told the media that he had the experience of running for two or three days at a stretch rounding up sheep, in his gum boots. During the race, he imagined that he was running after the sheep trying to outrun a storm. The Westfield Marathon took him 5 days, 15 hours and 4 minutes at an average speed of 6.5 km per hour.

When he was awarded the prize money of 10 000 Australian Dollars Cliff was surprised. He had not known there was a prize. What is more, he felt bad accepting it as each one of the other five competitors had worked as hard as he did. In an exceptional gesture, he split the money equally among all six runners and took just one share.

Cliff Young became very famous after this “hare and the tortoise “ like race . That same year The Cliff Young Australian Six Day Race was established. In 1984 he was awarded the prestigious Medal of the Order of Australia.

At the age of 75, he attempted to run a 16000 km race but could complete only 6250 km as his crew member became ill. In 2000, at 78, Cliff Young achieved a world age record in a 6 day race in Victoria. After prolonged illness he died of cancer at the age of 81 in the year 2003.

A memorial in the shape of a gum boot in Beech Forest is dedicated to him and The Cliff Young Drive and The Cliff Young Park are named after him.

So - what does the Cliff Young story tell us?

That age is no bar to take up any challenge.

That your mind can decide whether you win or lose. That early experience counts a lot when you attempt feats in later years. Above all, it tells us , whatever be our infirmities or weaknesses, we can surmount them and achieve success if we do not get disturbed by what other people comment about us. It tells us, we can all be Bumblebees who can fly high, singing a song, and find our own roses and daisies to fill our hives with honey and hearts with joy. Cliff Young , the ‘not at all young” man, was a real Bumblebee...after all. Wasn't he?

BRAVE PATRIOT

MAJOR NALINI JANARDHANAN

"Mom, we have just celebrated Azaadi ka Amrit Mahotsav, the 75th anniversary of our Independence Day. What a proud moment for us! Today, please tell me about Shershah, the Hero of Kargil"- My son Rudra was eager to know about Captain Batra.

"OK son. We should always remember the brave patriots who sacrificed their lives for our nation. I will tell you about the great martyr whose slogan was Yeh Dil Mange More," I told him.

"Vikram Batra was born on 9 September 1974 in Himachal Pradesh. His parents were Shri G. L. Batra and Smt Jai Kamal Batra. He completed his schooling at Palampur. He became the recipient of the Best Cadet of N.C.C. (Air Wing) in the North Zone during his B.Sc. degree at D. A. V College of Chandigarh. He was ready to join the Merchant Navy, with his uniform stitched and tickets booked, but at the very last minute changed his mind and decided to join the Indian Army. He was commissioned in the Indian Army as a Lieutenant of the 13 Jammu and Kashmir Rifles (JAK Rif). This regiment was asked to reach Dras on 12 June 1999 as a reserve to 18 Grenadiers for the capture of Tololing. After capturing Tololing on 17 June, the next task for 13 JAK Rifles was the capture of Point 5140, at an approximate height of 15,000 feet above sea level. This peak was one of the most difficult peaks in the Dras region. The task to recapture this Point was given to Lt Vikram Batra and Lt Sanjeev Jamwal. All were aware that climbing up the hill and reaching the top would be very challenging, as the enemy was bringing down regularly very effective artillery fire on the troops. True to the proverb, 'when the going gets tough, the tough gets going', both Companies continued to climb up against all odds. With a strategy in hand, Vikram Batra decided to lead his men from the opposite side of the enemy, to surprise them. Vikram Batra and his team finally captured the peak. This operation was considered one of the toughest campaigns in mountain warfare. Vikram Batra and his leadership qualities were highlighted in the national headlines. His victory was flashed on television screens across the country. Lt Batra was promoted to the rank of Captain, on the battlefield itself. After this, Capt Vikram Batra craved more such valiant actions and brought home accolades. More was yet to come! Soon, 13 JAK Rifles was sent for operations in the Mushkoh valley for the capture of Point 4875. Having proved their worth and valour, Vikram's team was given the task. The hill had narrow paths with steep sides and was heavily guarded by the enemy. With the previous victory still fresh in mind, the enthused team intelligently engaged themselves in effective combat but the heavy firing started to take its toll. Capt Vikram Batra kept attacking the enemy, killing five of them at point-blank range. The early morning hours of sub-zero temperatures could not dampen the spirit of this brave soldier. Capt Batra, all charged up roared his battle cry 'Jai Mata Di!', attacked the enemy with full vigour, refusing to be stopped. It was while evacuating an injured soldier that he was shot, fatally. He shifted aside his fellow soldier, saying, "Tubal-bachchedarhai, hat japeeche!" (You have children, move aside), and stood up to face the enemies. A shell ripped through his mid-waist and he collapsed with the words 'Jai Mata Di!' on his lips. Capt Vikram Batra's sacrifice and heroic act prompted his company to advance further and capture the Ledge, which in turn enabled his battalion to regain its hold on Point 4875.

For his gallant act, unmatched bravery and endurance, the Government of India honored him with the country's highest gallantry award, the Param Vir Chakra posthumously and renamed Point 4875 as 'Capt Vikram Batra Top.'

To commemorate his sacrifice and leadership qualities, the Indian Army has named various significant buildings and cantonments after him. A hall at Service Selection Centre, Allahabad has been named 'Vikram Batra Block', a residential area in the Jabalpur Cantonment is called 'Capt Vikram Batra Enclave' and the Combined Cadets Mess at the Indian Military Academy, Dehradun is named as 'Vikram Batra Mess'. The Kargil War was fought between India and Pakistan during May-July 1999, along the Line Of Control(LOC), in Kargil District of J&K. It was known as 'Operation Vijay' and the victory was ours. But many soldiers became martyrs. 4 brave soldiers (2 Officers and 2 Jawans) were awarded the PVC.

Captain Vikram Batra was a brave officer and patriot. His slogan about victory "Ye Dil Mange More" is memorable. He fought like a lion and got injured with a bullet in the chest while evacuating an injured soldier. But he continued to fight with enemies. He shifted aside a fellow soldier and stood up to face enemies and was fatally hit by an Artillery splinter. Displaying extraordinary bravery and leadership, he made the supreme sacrifice for our nation. During his last visit home, when one of his friends cautioned him to be careful in the war, he replied, "I'll either come back after raising the Indian flag in victory or return wrapped in it. But I'll come for sure."

"Great, Mom! What an inspiring story!" Rudra replied.

"Absolutely dear son. Salutes to the brave patriot!" I replied wiping my tears. The life and deeds of this brave soldier will always inspire new generations.

SUBCONSCIOUS OBSERVATION BELIEF SYSTEM (SOBS) - CHANGING YOUR BEHAVIOUR (PART 4)

ORBINDU GANGA

Traits becoming part of the system is either innate or acquired. The genes are responsible for the innate traits whereas the acquired ones are caused by the environment. The belief of having the behaviour being stringent for either of them is untrue. Many of the traits acquired within the form are absorbed without realisation. The self is aware of the acquired and can provide the system with the needed building blocks to get acclimatized after it is absorbed. Such a realisation is possible when the self is aware, the form and formless are in sync with the self.

The behaviour of becoming part of the belief system is a long process in which the form is unaware until the realisation of the self happens. Changing behaviour seen in any form is temporary. A rigorous plan for a continuous period to change a behaviour is well charted out. The initial results will be wonderful but in the long term, the new behaviour seems to disappear. The reason behind the temporary change by the treatment is restricted to the periphery, unable to explore and cure the deeper layers.

Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) explores the deeper layers of the belief system to detect the traits to change the behaviour. It is not only the conscious layers being touched upon but the subconscious deeper vacuoles are explored and the crevices are accordingly layered. SOBS sails through a process of observing, absorbing, and adsorbing. The flow of the process is elan without having an alien intriguing, making it safe away from side effects.

SOBS seam through the veins and capillaries without sliding through the walls. They gush through the tunnels unblocking the pebbles, the tides without the waterless drops. Being the waves invisible to the onlookers, layering the ridges smoothly, slicing the weeds away. The smiling aura sprinkled with two tittles smudging together, radiating the lustre. The desired is synonymously venerated when they listen to the tides.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

RAJANI MULA

Long live the RIE Bangalore dynamic director
Long live the majestic mentors
Long live the men of compassion
Long live their progressive passions
La..la..la..la..la..la
La..la..la ..la...la..la

Raji: Where is this lyrical treat from?

Dancing banana tree: This musical concert is under the tent like my leaves. But dear, dare not near these artists.

Raji 's friend Chinni: Let's not ignore banana tree's suggestion. Let's enjoy listening those artists from distance.

Voice 1: Glad to see you all again. I heard you speak about empathetic personality but experienced today.

Voice 2: Happy for you. Life is precious, not only ours but of each living being on earth.

Voice 3: I don't trust anyone. We must be careful. Better not be trespassers.

Voice 4: (an elderly voice) You're right! Boundaries are the best barriers, dear! Better not bounce beyond bounds. Let's rejoice our bonds.

Long live the RIE Bangalore dynamic director
Long live the magical mentors
Long live the men of compassion
Long live all their progressive passions
La...la..la...la.....la..la
La...la...la...lala..la

Voice 5: (tender tone) Will anyone let me know what's all happening? Why are we partying?

Voice 1: Oh, my little champ! I will tell you the tale. Listen carefully.

I went to our habitat
Where we used to chitchat

I was all alone none of you were seen
It's all rocky and absolutely clean

Then came stampede towards me

I thought you'd never see me

Then came the director, man of wisdom
He instructed the watchman to safeguard my freedom

He said that my moves in their campus must not make me one of the things that were
So the watchman shooed me off without killing me

I'm joyful, I'm grateful, I became dutiful so as the man mindful

Voice 6: None is your enemy except for your fancies and whims.

Voice 7: Yes! Live And Let Live. You're safe as long as you don't endanger others' life.

Raji and Chinni peeped into the bushes out of excitement. To their surprise they had seen a scorpion dancing in joy singing the song. Many other insects, birds and beasts were part of the celebrations.

Raji: Chinni, the lyrical treat is of these animals. Scorpion's happiness on escaping from death seems to be the reason of it.

Chinni: Yeah! How thoughtful are these creatures! They too go by the saying " Live And Let Live".

Raji: Yeah! We are well reminded that we are safe as long as each creature in the nature is thoughtful! What an educative concert we have attended!

MIND-BODY MEDICINE

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

An idle mind is the devil's workshop. People who do not have any scheduled task with which they can occupy may get distracted very much. It may lead us to get depressed, disappointed, and worried due to surplus time. We burn with anger, tremble with fear, feel choked up with sadness, and our stomachs turn with revulsion. Everyone tends to experience unpleasant emotions as unpleasant body symptoms and thus to feel physically distressed when emotionally distressed.

As we all know, our present life has become comfortable with modern technology, though it has become expensive. Due to this, man could plan for more leisure and complete his programmed chore within a limited time. Furthermore, he needn't move around to pay the bills, buy the required things, etc.... as he is blessed with the internet, that too at cheaper rates....

In the past, manual work was given importance and compulsory in every organization. In addition to this, manual work made us busy mentally and physically. Computers do help him in several ways and save his time naturally. Schools, Offices, Railway Stations, Bus Stations, etc cannot run without them. Our smart kids too need a computer to enhance their abilities and enjoy games.

A mobile phone is an essential gadget for everyone in the world. Besides, it saves our time in many ways. Thus, all the important tools make our lives cozy and relaxed. Likewise, many machines which were luxurious in the past became necessities today.

I opine that today's life gives little liberty and leisure to the people. Do they really utilize their time in a systematic or useful way?

Characters, qualities, techniques, schedules, places, and societies differ in various ways. When we get our free time, how well we utilize it is important. Time and tide wait for none. We need to organize our body and mind systematically, so that we make use of our time in a successful manner, accomplishing all our activities. Otherwise, our brain may become idle which is the devil's workshop.

An idle mind makes a person sick psychologically and bodily. One should engage him/her with beneficial activities which make him/her happy and healthy. As long as we work and engage our minds, we shall be healthy, enthusiastic, inquisitive, and curious.

"A healthy mind can lead you to a healthy body – and a much happier life."

"Biology gives you a brain. Life turns it into a mind."

"Your brain is involved in everything you do. It also controls everything you do, feel, and think. When you look in the mirror, you can thank your brain for what you see."

So, let us engage our brain methodically to make our body energetic and healthy.



POETRY



SPIRAL STAIRCASE

GITA BHARATH

We climbed the coiled DNA strands
Out of Africa and Asia, long ago.
We - grew and spread out : continued to grow-
Outward!
As we spiralled our way across the land,
Our minds were conditioned to expand--
Everything was strange , exploring was news
And the world was full of many a hue
Of divergent thought and views.
Now at an exponential speed
We're responding to a growing need
For processing big data
and rushing through mundane tasks.

The world in my hand held device
Offers data-mined advice
Recommends what I should see or do,
And it's all based on what I've liked --
What I already knew! But..
I need companions clever and strong
Who can help me progress along
Evolution 's slippery slope.
Artificial Intelligence and robotic automata
Programmed and shaped by our own data,
Dedicated to humanity's progress
Is our next logical step to success.



TOGETHERNESS

JAYALAKSHMI

Indelible lyrics
Fiddle strings of longings
Wait numinous doves
Sanguine on
Sinking heart sills,
Invite pink aqueous eyes
Sojourn far an azure rendezvous.

Twinkle we in reverse shores
Split halves of a craving sun.
Life is just a shiver
betwixt thunder and lightening
And we those momentary sparks
Fade as warm embers
Into cosmic void..

When did egos of comets
Flame our serene yonders
Trifle our new born stars?
Blind me helpless
Swim in amorous shower
Of this caressing moon lings
Deaf to timely whispers
Of cosmic fervors
Relentless hymns
Of tender togetherness.



SAILING IN THE EVENING

JELLIE N.WYCKELSMA

The wind has abated
With furled sails
A ship bobs gently on the waves
The sun is on its way
To hide beyond the horizon
Night falls and the ocean slumbers
Until awoken again by a new day.

The writer in the evening of her life
Like a ship with furled sails
Bobbing on waves of inspiration
Reading messages sent by drifting clouds
Enjoying nature's communication
After a moonlit night
Hoping to embrace a new day
With new waves of inspiration ...



AN ABANDONED BOAT

JELLIE N.WYCKELSMa

Thrown onto the beach by angry waves.
A damaged hull tells the story
Of wind and waves toying with the boat
The captain and his crew washed overboard
Drifting like matchsticks
Trying to stay afloat

The ocean knows no pardon
Its anger, uncontrollable, fights on
The boat tossed high by its wildest crest
Shipwrecked on damp sand
Abandoned, its memory silenced
Now a haven for tired seagulls to rest



RAIN DANCE

LATHA PREM SAKHYA

The pluviophile in me is dying a slow death.
The rain is eating my soul
The water, the nectar of life
Turning poisonous and dangerous
There is no more love of water!
The devastated lands and lives
The salty tears mixed with rain water
Wrenches my heart; helplessly I watch on
Mother Nature's dance of rain
Making my soul dizzy and sick
At the havoc she is creating!



PANACEA

LEENA THAMPI

It's as if all the energy that she enshrined into her soul is dissipating slowly.
Fragrance of poetry can't linger on a parched garden.
Where weeds creep in to destroy the optimistic seeds.
When there was nothing left to ooze out of her body
Pain held her vulnerable pen tight ,
Bleeding words on to the white blank pages.
Where they lay naked in a silent scream.

Pain is the only constant companion which keeps you connected to your creator.
A Paradox... She's done with!
Esoteric beliefs took off sans destination .
sealed with an asymmetric smile, she continued her arduous trek.
Tied up in a vacuum pack choked and stuck with roller coaster of emotions,
She could empathize the journey of a theist to an atheist .
Just like a bad dream
Things that are past fast recede into a mist.

Remember although broken all her pieces are beautiful.
Body is losing it's grip, but her heart refuses to surrender to this puzzle,
With fireflies in her eyes she is bend to fix the pieces again.
A connoisseur of art
searching a panacea in poetry,
Hail! It's all a Karmic contract with the creator.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

K MONIKA

Innocence reigns us
With a superfluity of fuss.
A reckless natured soul
And making fun is our only goal.
The time when our heart longs to play with a toy
With uninhibited joy.
It's time where we don't know the meaning the future
As we're the god's own creature .
It's time when we attracted people with the beaming smile
And with a cuteness style.
The days without tension and worries
And all that are our cherishing memories.
The days when the universe seemed fair
With an affectionate air.

SHE, THE DAUGHTER

K MONIKA

She, the blossom blooming here and there
Leaving the fragrance everywhere.

She, the glowing sunrise
And an apple to her father's eyes.

She, a bundle of delight and love
A priceless treasure trove.

She, the angel in moonlight
Making our life bright.

She, a loving devil
Curing all the evil.

She, a ever charming enamored rose
With a smile she blows.

She, a lightning spark
Who shines even in the dark.

SILENCE

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

O'er the years,
I hope to have understood 'silence'.
Silence is a state of being - I'd either
Intensely feel like celebrating victory,
Appreciate my existence, or,
Crack my knuckles scornfully,
Scream into the sky in frustration,
Grieve the Universe's deeds
That troubles me.
Then, I'd sense the world around muting.
Is that alone silence?
Silence is for the sad to mourn,
For the wise to cherish.

Silence is mysterious.
Silence is a subject
Of oxymoronic conclusions.
't is peace, also, chaotic;
Relieving yet irksome.,
Sickening yet provoking.
For many men of great honor,
Silence can be confusing.

With every decibel falling,
'nd every tick passing,
I'm whelmed
To procure profits
From the sound of Silence.
Maybe that's why I say -
Smart minds think better in silence.



AT EIGHTEEN

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

And now, at my eighteenth, I know life.
(It's nothing that could fit in
Drama and slapstick humor!)
It seems that -
In shallows, I've been constructing myself,
Not knowing - the deeper, the better.
All that remains o'er the years of
Underplaying roles of importance,
Heisting the finest for myself,
Resisting grimace from distorting me,
Is an utterance of my identity.
New to eighteen; curious to bits,
Hitting milestones as they come,
Each day, I learn and unlearn.
Acceptance is given, not asked for.
Ties are not always strong.
Love, rather, is a gimmick to lure.
Though rivers stream high without notice,
There'll be lows so bad to touch -
Unbidden ordeals, no ordinary.
At eighteen, I don't fuss about
Disowning my kiddish pursuits.
As bearishly as ever, I should
Stumble upon hard facts;
Before anything else,
Thank the Creation for what I have;
See with my eyes in dignity, the crippled.
Life in abysmal depths,
Isn't about just 'me' anymore.



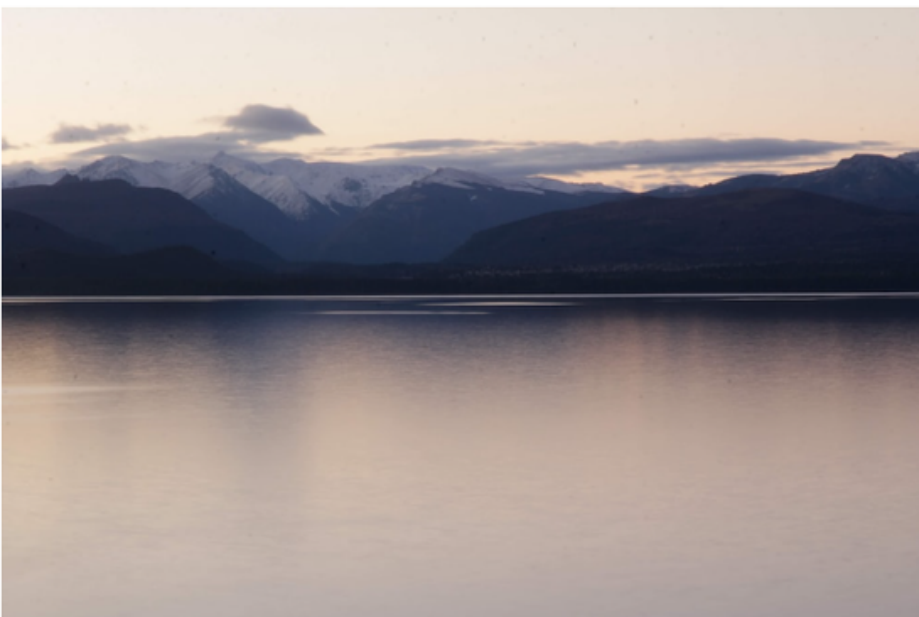
STILL MIND

ROOPA SUBRAMANI

A still mind that,
experiences thoughtlessness,
enters spaciousness,
embraces the emptiness,
expresses joyfulness,
establishes the consciousness

IS

the very Heart of Truthfulness,
existing as the timeless, spaceless, causeless and
endless inevitable potentiality in man,
embodying the science behind the art of Self-Realization
as Pure Undifferentiated Awareness !



CO EXISTENCE

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

My dear child here we are under the open sky
Filled with splendor above and beneath
Take a walk along the shores basking in sun rays
Listen to the waves of their never ending pursuit
To breach the shoreline

Look at the avians that conquer the skies
Their dynamics mastering gravity
Walking into woods where you are greeted with silvery brooks
Learn from them ever flowing nature without a respite

My dear child nature is pristine teacher
A perfect classroom for man and beast
All you need is a perfect pair of ears and eyes

Read into books of history
Where you can find peaceful co existence
Man respecting nature, nature showering it's eternal bliss
A perfect symbiotic relation

It is high time you and I should protect the environment
After all this is the only planet where we can live in peace and prosper.



SCIENTIFIC TEMPER

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

Many seminars symposia hours of brainstorming sessions
The big question of inculcating scientific temper
Has never been fully answered
The answer lies within the homes of those enquiring minds

As they say mother is the first and best teacher
A well equipped mind can lay the perfect foundation
Let us strive to make aware the mother in each house
The interesting intricacies of science

Rains are not from heaven
Neither the child is a gift of God
Rainbow is a physical phenomenon
So are the waves in Ocean
Sun and Moon are celestial objects
Nothing to do with the creator's canvas.

Let the child grow with an enquiring mind
How,Why,Where and What
He will explore the reasons behind every scene he witnesses.
Gift him the wings of imagination
Sky is the limit for his abundant knowledge
Let not his psyche replicate a bonsai plant
Stunted growth , miniature roots may cost him his life

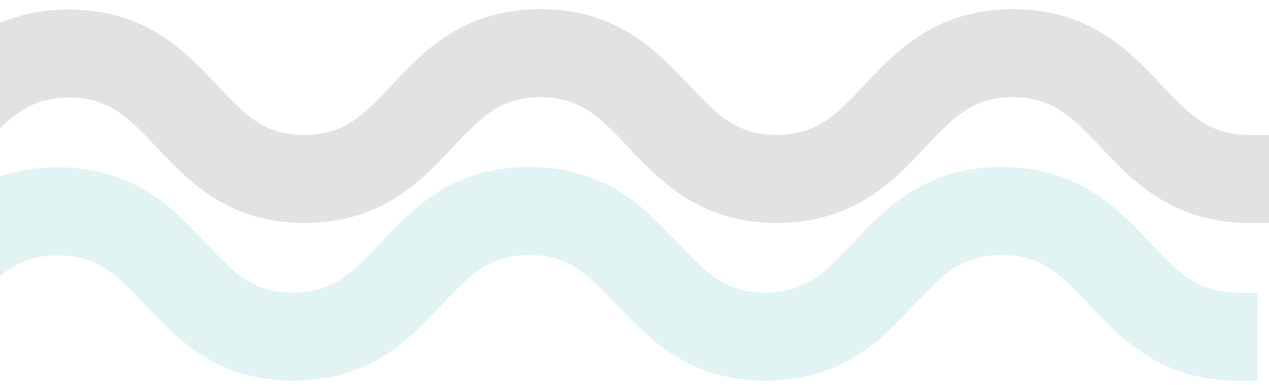
Let him grow like a wild Oak
Reaching high into the sky
Where he can see moonlit sky and beyond.



SOLO

SANGITA KALARICKAL

Every day my pencil
scratches a new song
in rhythm to the cosmic
dance of the Milky Way.
And I wonder at
how even the most
average galaxies
spinning by its average axis,
forged with the most
average yellow stars
has birthed a blue planet.
And all cosmic forces have gathered
in tempestuous forces...
so that an average mind
crafts a song sung
to a singularly unique
tune.



THE STORY OF RUBY

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Mind full of dreams and Heart full of feelings
With love-filled eyes, she stared at him first
Her heart cheered, joyfully for a moment
Her mind listened to his sound of silence!

"Is he the one whom I love, or wants me"? asked the soul
"He looks handsome, loving, and kind", quoted the heart
The heart and mind argued for a long time
Ruby was in two minds, "whether to accept him or not"!

Days turned to months and months to years
Both loved, enjoyed, and analyzed in unison
Compatibility felt, and purpose debated well
They wedded with a promise of continuity!

The mother-in-law loved only money, not her
She grabbed it forcefully as much as she could
The daughter-in-law offered money and heart
Ruby was harassed, injured, and looked down!

She shed tears and shelled out all her money
But she's uncared, unnoticed, and misused
Ah! Ruby wept when money played its role,
Meaningless hopes and wishes went in vain!

Her husband couldn't balance wife and mom
She talked, discussed, and convinced good
He's as silent as a stone and an irresponsible man
Ruby wilfully ended her marital life !

Ruby's heart was broken as a delicate piece of glass
Supporting parents hugged her with a sigh
Education ever became her strong weapon
She knew her job was the main solace in life!

THAT SO MUCH REMAINS UNKNOWN!

SHINY VIKAS

I let go

Still, I hold on

The early sunrays say, what is new?

I say, well, churning the same thoughts of knowing much

The knowledge that I have gained

That so much remains unknown

The spiritual journey

The inner journey

Can we ignore the outer clutter

The weather that keeps us warm

The crowd that inspires us to see a brighter self and world

Few may ignore the authenticity we hold

Playing in the darkness, withholding their light

Light dear soul

This very moment

Make it bright dear soul

The drama plays its story and role

Hold with trust

Walk with love and harmony

The world will end soon

When we forget to trust our existence

Fearing our mind!

MUSINGS

THIRUPURASUNDARI CJ (DAZZLE)

Lots of festivities around,
Hurray! I had to create a shopping list,
How cheerful!
My twinkling eyes couldn't conceal my glee,
Scrolling my dad's phone,
Tiny fingertips in rapid action.

Parents began a chat,
I was thoughtfully attending to,
Phones, Tabs, Mobiles,
Digital devices' list goes on & on,
Groceries, Books, Cosmetics 'n Clothes,
Loads of purchases,
Food orders & many more,
Single click does it all.

Ah! But wait,
Had we used pen 'n paper,
Could have averted some expenses?
Our options more real,
Decisions could have been moral, worthy, healthy,
rationale & responsible,
Can anyone deny?
....the conversation on...

But oh! When we say paper,
I do remember,
Re-use and recycle,
Adopting sustainable practices,
Eco-friendly options,
So let's choose wisely.

So now, are we negatively influenced or vice-versa,
With a cheeky wink,
Leaving it for you to ponder,
PERIOD





**FIBONACCI POETRY
CONTEST
WINNING ENTRIES**

Congratulations Winners!



BONDS OF LOVE

NEHA S PAUL

Late
one
evening,
on the road
a girl and her dog
One with her head up in the clouds
The other, with her nose sniffing all along the ground.
The sky and the ground meet where they head, at the horizon, enticingly coloured bright
Whether one's dreams fall to the earth or the other's, lift to the clouds, this transient
moment of joy, bound together by unconditional love
Will serve to forever provide joy and succour in the lives of the girl and her dog.
Who has brought them together? No one will ever know.
They'll stay together forever.
Undoubtedly so.
Girl and dog
though two
yet
one.



M.NIHAR

Time
is
just like
a river
that flows forever
a wise man would try not getting
swept in its currents
and mourn when
it is
too
late



MY GENTLE JUNGLE

MAIMANA TANZEEL SHERIEF

Come!
Now
I shall
take you too
on my morning walk,
In the forest around my home!
There are no roaring lions or prowling tigers here! Only wood peckers and squirrels!
that do you no harm!
Gentle breeze
from trees,
blows
so!





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