

VOL 6 | ISSUE 1 | APRIL 2025

- SCIENCE ARTICLES
- SHORT STORIES & ARTICLES
- POETRY
- HOBBY & ART
- STUDENTS' CORNER
- AUDIO & VIDEO

ANNIVERSARY
EDITION
Celebrating

5 YEARS OF
SCIENCE SHORE

Students' Corner
Spotlight featuring Interviews

FOUNDING EDITOR
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www.scienceshore.com



QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS)

(AFFILIATED TO UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS)

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25.04.2025

To whosoever it may concern

With great pleasure I congratulate the Founding Editor, Dr. K. Srikala for her efforts in bringing out the 5th anniversary issue of Science shore and her continuous efforts for the success of the magazine. Any success is a team work, therefore, I also extend my congratulations and appreciation to the entire team of the magazine. Scientific documentation needs perseverence, dedication and perfection, which I find in the founder and the same extends to her entire team members. She would have faced so many difficulties in her editorial work and in bringing out the magazine on time. Nothing is difficult when there is a will and motivation to work hard. All the best for the future success of the magazine.



[S. KARPAGAM]

8 kaju

Associate Prof.&Head of Botany

Science Shore Advisory Board Member's Note

I have been with Science Shore since its inception. It's been a privilege and a great honor to be a part of the exciting journey of SS. The magazine was started with a bang, of course, but when one looks at it now, one can see how it has grown by leaps and bounds, not just quantitatively but also in terms of the broad spectrum of topics that it presents and the depth of each one of them is laudable. Its spread is analogous to the peacock spreading its plume with the downpour each season. SS is here to stay and make us all dance to its tune and witness its incredible and erudite content. Literature and Science are two beautiful aspects of life that SS has wonderfully captured within its ken. Kudos to Dr. Srikala Ganapathy and the whole team for their arduous and prolific voyage. Hark Readers! We are here to stay and make more noise and conquer more territories. Good Luck!



Ms. A. Annapurna Sharma

12.04.2025

Dr. I. ISAIVANI

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
PACHAIYAPPA'S COLLEGE FOR MEN,
KANCHIPURAM – 631501

To

Dr. K. SRIKALA GANAPATHY

THE FOUNDING EDITOR SCIENCE SHORE

"Science is a beautiful gift to humanity" and Science Shore is a precious gift to our society. My friend and her team have taken efforts in bringing out the talents of young minds, also the speciality of Science Shore is the contributors are of different age groups and we get very useful information which enrich the people of all sectors. My heartfelt congratulations to the entire team for their tireless efforts in making more contributors and readers as well. I am very happy know that the magazine has reached libraries so that more people will be benefited. The videos are very informative and fascinating. Hearty Congratulations for the Fifth Anniversary.

GOOD LUCK!



Regards,





SAVEETHA INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL AND TECHNICAL SCIENCES (Declared as Deemed to be University under Section 3 of UGC Act 1956)



Department of Research and Development

Saveetha Nagar, Thandalam, Chennai 602105

Dr. T. Selvankumar Professor-Research 15/04/2025

To

The Team Science Shore

Dear Science Shore Team,

I am writing to extend my heartfelt congratulations on the 5th anniversary issue and appreciation for the exceptional work you consistently deliver through *Science Shore*. Your magazine is a remarkable source of knowledge, curiosity, and inspiration for science enthusiasts, educators, and lifelong learners alike.

Each issue reflects a perfect blend of scientific rigor and accessible communication. The depth of research, clarity of writing, and creative presentation make complex topics engaging and understandable. Every article is crafted with passion and purpose.

Mainly, I would like to appreciate your effort in publishing the science articles, short stories, poetry, hobby & art and audio and enlightening video publications in every quarterly issue. It not only broadened my perspective but also reaffirmed the vital role that science plays in our society.

Thank you for your dedication to promoting scientific literacy and fostering a culture of curiosity. I look forward to many more insightful and thought-provoking editions of *Science Shore*.

With sincere appreciation,

Dr. T. SELVANKUMAR,
Professor,
Senter for Global Health Research,
Saveetha Institute of Medical and
Technical Sciences (SIMATS),
Thandalam, Chennai - 602 105,
Tamil Nadu, India.



SHALOM RESIDENTIAL PUBLIC SCHOOL, CHITTUR

23/04/2025

To

Dr. K. Srikala Ganapathy

Editor, Science Shore

Dear Dr. Srikala,

It is with great joy and admiration that I extend my heartfelt congratulations to you on the release of the 5th anniversary edition of Science Shore. This remarkable milestone stands as a testament to your vision, commitment, and the exceptional quality the magazine has consistently delivered over the years.

Since its inception, Science Shore has distinguished itself as an outstanding digital platform that skilfully blends scientific inquiry with creative expression. While science remains its central theme, the magazine's richness lies in its inclusive approach—embracing poetry, visual art, hobbies, and insightful audio-visual presentations. This unique blend has transformed Science Shore into a truly holistic and enriching experience for learners and readers of all ages.

The clarity, depth, and elegance with which diverse themes are presented reflect not only scholarly rigor but also your refined aesthetic sensibility and deep empathy for the learner's perspective. It is abundantly clear that Science Shore is a labour of love—driven by your passion for education and your unwavering dedication to nurturing curiosity and creativity.

As a visionary leader and a creative force, your pioneering efforts in shaping Science Shore into an inspiring and dynamic platform deserve the highest commendation. You have indeed set a benchmark for educational excellence in the digital age.

May this anniversary celebration be only the beginning of many more milestones to come. I wish you and the entire Science Shore team continued success and ever-growing impact in the years ahead.

Thanks & Regards

Principal Unnikrishnan S

Our beloved contributors and readers also share their admiration for Science Shore.

"Science Shore consistently delivers insightful content with a vibrant perspective, sparking my curiosity and enriching my understanding. Every issue is like a Treasure Hunt, with a wide range of topics and artistic themes explored. If I were on a train journey from Kashmir to Kanyakumari, I would have a few issues of Science Shore to keep me in good company throughout the trip. As always, kudos to the wonderful team and the contributors!"

By SHRIRAM VENKATESAN, Ph D

(Research specialist, Postdoctoral Research Associate, Halfmann lab, US.



Science Shore Editorial Board Member's Anniversary Special poem

As another year unfolds, Prospective future beholds,

Bang on! We are five, Let's hi-five.

Potential talents like nowhere to cheer, Come and join us here.

Milestones memorable, Contributors' work remarkable.

A collaboration fostering knowledge, Let's cherish the bondage.

Motivate, thrive & empower,
The grey matter- our brain power.

Quality contents encapsulated, Lovely talents emancipated.

Reverberating energy continues, Exploring every avenue.

Team spirit shines, Nothing to whine,

Our journey peaceful, Every soul (contributors and editors) helming the boat prideful.

By Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI CJ (DAZZLE)



HALF A DECADE (Anniversary special poem)

Convex to Concave

Cave to Urban forests

Minute to Cosmos

Micro to Macro Organisms

Silica to Silicon valley

Being the torch bearer

Spreading the light of scientific temper

Travelling to many shores

Dissecting many chores

Enriching young minds

Making them question Why ,How ,Where and When

An effort filled with passion

A hand of compassion

'Science Shore' a magazine true to it's name and vision

May you celebrate many more years to come

Let your knowledge spread to many more Shores.

By SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA



LATEST NEWS AND UPDATES FROM SCIENCE SHORE

ACHIEVEMENTS:

At Science Shore, we love celebrating our members' success.

We take pride to share that our esteemed Advisory Board member, Ms. A Annapurna Sharma participated as a delegate in the Festival of Letters -2025, Asia's Largest Literature Festival with 500 + writers, 100+ events in 50+ languages. This was organized by Sahitya Akademi, Ministry of Culture, Govt of India at Delhi from 7th to 13th March. Heartfelt Congratulations to her.







Hearty congratulations to Ms. Hema Ravi and Mrs. Setaluri Padmavathi (Our regular esteemed senior writers) for their poetry presentation at the Thinkers and Writers Peace Meet organised by ISISAR (International Society for Intercultural Studies and Research) from 9th March to 11th March 2025.

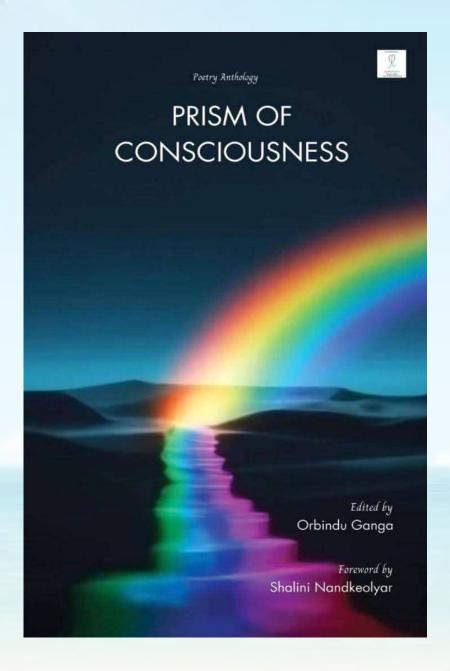


Poetry reading by Ms. Hema Ravi

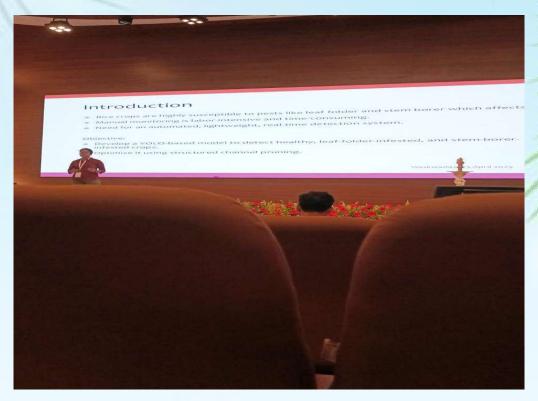


Poetry Reading by Mrs. Setaluri Padmavathi

Hearty Congratulations to Orbindu Ganga (Chief Editor and Publisher, Consultant, Author, Editor, Poet), our regular esteemed contributor, for successful launching of the poetry anthology, Prism of Consciousness at the Caesurae virtual poetry session that included poetry recitation and discussion. Sharing the cover page of the book.



Hearty Congratulations to our Young talented star contributor, Neha S Chakravarthi (studying BE Computer Science) for presenting her team's and her project titled, "Pest Infestation detection in rice crops using deep learning model and structured channel pruning "at an International Conference on Water, Environment. Energy and Society conducted by NIT Puducherry in April 2025.





Proud of you Neha! Rock on. Our best wishes to her future endeavours.

REACH OUT INITIATIVE - EDUCATIONAL COLLABORATION: SCIENCE SHORE EXPANSION

Right Collaboration can help in growth. Happy and grateful for the wonderful opportunity for Science Shore to collaborate with St Pauls College, Bengaluru (shaping students, nurturing talents in a holistic way empowering and inspiring young minds) for the vibrant Humanza 2025 Event. Thanks to Saranya Francis, Assistant Professor of English, St Pauls College. Kudos to the excellent conceptualization of the program. All the best wishes to the amazing event ahead.





Hearty Congratulations to Shri Natesan Vidyasala Matric. Hr. Sec. School, Mannivakkam, Chennai for the successful Chitra Kala Bazaar Event. Sharing the note and a few photos extracted from the School news report.











The Chitra Kala Bazaar at Shri Natesan Vidyasala, Mannivakkam, was not just an event — it was a happy celebration of creativity, imagination and young talent! Students from Grades 3 to 9 turned into little artists and smart entrepreneurs. Helping students grow not only in studies but also in life skills. They made and sold beautiful handmade items that amazed everyone.

There were cute bracelets and colourful hairbands, pretty flower vases, photo frames made from old ice cream sticks, and even tiny baskets made of wire and bamboo. Some students did lovely mehendi designs, while others painted bottles and created stunning drawings. It was hard to believe such amazing things were made by young children!

Each group made a small store with a fun name and catchy taglines. They fixed smart prices, gave offers, and even handed out little gifts to attract customers. They showed how creative, confident, and clever they were!

The special guest of the day was Dr. K. Srikala Ganapathy, the Founding Editor of Science Shore e magazine and Adjunct Faculty at the Saveetha Institute of Medicqal and Technical Sciences (SIMATS) Chennai. She was very happy to be part of the event and praised the children for their brilliant work. She also thanked the school's Correspondent, Dr. Gayathri Ramachandran for encouraging such events.

Dr. Srikala told the children to read not just textbooks, but also exciting stories, real-life journeys, and books about great people. She reminded everyone to be kind, treat all people equally, and keep learning always.

Science Shore also enters the Natesan School Library for the social good for the benefit of students. Our sincere thanks to Dr. Gayathri Ramachandran, Correspondent and Chief Principal, for valuing and supporting our work, including Science Shore in the school library collection.



Blessed with lovely well wishers, Vidya Shankar and Saranya Francis, passionate educators who care for the welfare of the students, took initiative and was kind enough to spread the word about Science Shore to their students.



Creative Collaboration

Our Leads Saranya Francis

Saranya Francis is a widely anthologised, award-winning poet, lifeskills trainer and an Assistant Professor of English at St Pauls College, Bengaluru.





Vidya Shankar

Vidya Shankar, Associate Editor for haikuKATHA journal, is a widely published poet who teaches First Language English at Vruksha Montessori School, Chennai. Following is the dedication poem from our regular young, very talented contributor, Neha S Chakravarthi. Thank you dear Neha!

An Ordinary End

The quiet is never quiet, Unwavering as the hum of a riot, Churning thoughts into loud whispers. Peace feels like a stranger -My twin in the mirror Dissects my imperfections, As I touch depths of chasms in terror. Passing every thought as a bad omen With heavy hands that presses into my being, I convince myself I am fine. Weight of the void settled on my skin -I wish no one ever saw me through. To live in a world Where familiar memories feel distant, Or time has lost its essence. Is to drift between fleeting moments That can never be captured in memory. Survival is for the fittest -I wish I were still the person I used to be Before my life blurs to an ordinary end.

NEHAS CHAKRAVARTHI

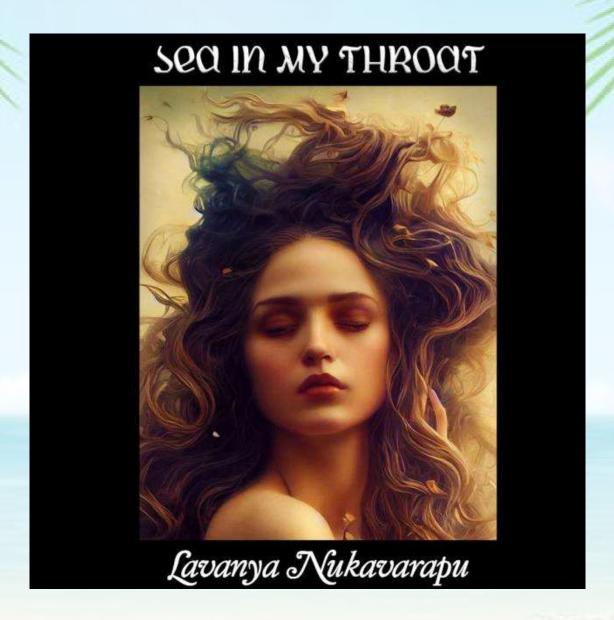
She says, Srikala mam, For all the opportunities you have given me over these years, I owe you so much more than just this. This poem is a dedication to you, mam. Thank you for the faith you put in me and for all the precious moments and memories that I have shared through the course of knowing you. Always grateful to you and I feel abundantly blessed, mam.

BOOK RELEASES

SCIENCE SHORE team congratulates our regular esteemed contributors LAVANYA, PREMA MURUGAN, RAJANI MULA and SAROJA KRISHNAMURTHY for their latest poetry books! The books are available in Amazon.

Please find information about purchase and links below:

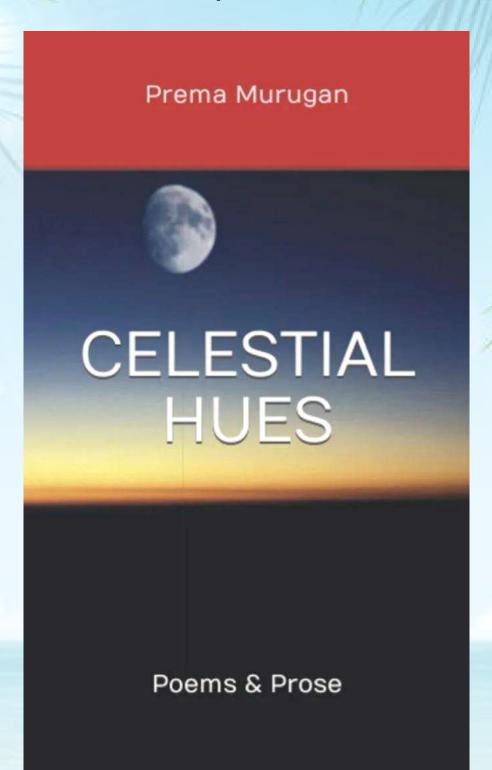
LAVANYA presents "Sea in my throat"



This is in e book format available on Kindle.

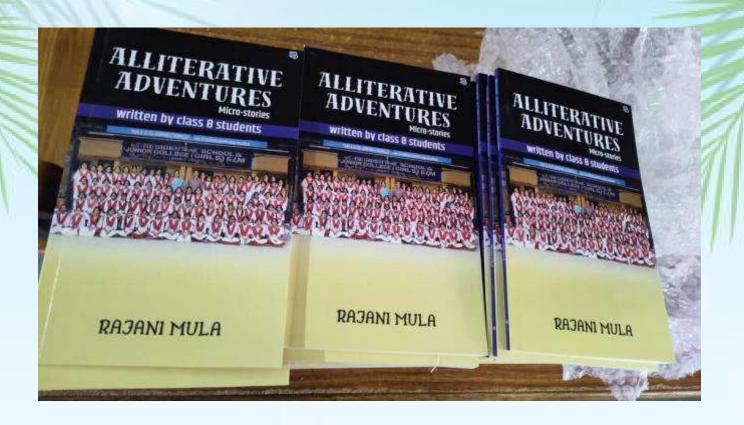
https://www.amazon.in/dp/B0DSTR5B6H/

PREMA MURUGAN presents "Celestial Hues"



The link to order the book:

https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09YQJBLMN/ref=cm_sw_r_awdo_2TS817AS XE?fbclid=IwZXh0bgNhZW0CMTEAAR6ZJItoAIf16-_Bo3guikbMWAYVHIkhEsVrzy4sl_6koGutQBC-Xxs5NeT-IA_aem_yUQrIcaJ9jn8NI1CUYpKmA&sfnsn=wiwspmo RAJANI MULA presents "Alliterative Adventures" Micro- stories written by Class 8 students of TGRS JC Girls, Yedapally, Bodhan.



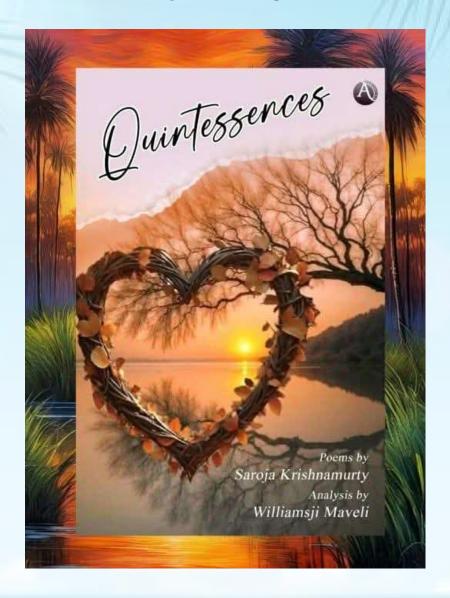
The links to order the book: Google Books

:https://books.google.co.in/books?id=saNREQAAQBAJAmazon

:https://www.amazon.in/dp/B0F2MM578VFlipkart

:https://www.flipkart.com/product/p/itme?pid=9789358232226

SAROJA KRISHNAMURTHY presents "Quintessences"



The link to order the book: https://www.amazon.in/Quintessences-Analysis-Saroja-Krishnamurty-Williamsji/dp/9366653766/

Adding New Section - Students' Corner (Regular and New contributors).

It was wonderful to receive a good number of beautiful writings and drawings from bright, enthusiastic talented students. All best wishes to them!

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CURRENT NEWS - SCIENCE SERIES ARTICLE No. 18 TITLE: En-LIGHT-enment

GITA BHARATH

Sight is one of our crucial senses. So how and with what do we see?

In Order of Wavelength, electromagnetic waves range from—The longest--radio waves, then--microwaves, infrared, visible light, ultraviolet, X-rays, and the shortest --gamma rays.

Our eyes, though, can only see the narrow band of visible light. Imagine the glory of seeing the universe in eighteen colours!

Each human eye contains cells called Rods and Cones. There are about 120 million Rods, mostly at the edges of the cornea, and fewer Cones, only about 6 million in each eye. The Rods, very sensitive to light help to see even in dark spaces, but they're not able to distinguish colours.

The Cones, however, can see red, blue and green. With these cells, we see the world and look out into space.

Yet, we can see only a miniscule fraction of the universe.

The smallest structures we know of are nanobes, filaments we can "see" when they're magnified one million times through SEM microscopes: such tiny entities, we are unsure whether they are living or non living....

Can we then see very large structures? Not with the rods and cones in our eyes, we need data from the Cosmic Large-Scale Structure in X-rays (CLASSIX) Cluster Survey and the ROSAT X-ray satellite. With these, astronomers recently discovered the largest structure in the known universe. They named it Quipu, after ancient Incan knotted threads used for counting. Quipu is 13000 times the size of the Milky way galaxy! It contains 200 quadrillion suns! This structure has a long central filament and multiple branching filaments, mirroring its Incan namesake. The stars are embedded in this web of 'Dark Matter'.

Nearer home, astronomers, in November 2024, have also discovered a rare neutron star. (When a star or sun dies, it collapses into an ultra-dense ball of neutrons.)

This neutron star is spinning at an incredible 716 times a second, making it the fastest-spinning cosmic body ever seen. Not only this, but the neutron star's surface is also erupting with explosions as powerful as detonating atomic bombs.

It is an exploding speed demon located near the heart of the Milky Way....

With our senses dazzled by these figures, why do our Rods and Cones not see the night sky as a glowing, a zillion-stars-filled screen? This is the Olbers's paradox, also known as the dark night paradox. This is an argument that says in case that the universe is populated by an infinite number of stars, any line of sight from Earth must end at the surface of a star and hence the night sky should be completely illuminated and very bright. This is because the Universe is expanding and the light waves from stars speeding away are stretched into the red part of the spectrum, finally becoming microwaves that we can't even see. This is the famous 'Red-Shift'.

BREAKING NEWS:--

A few days ago, Italian scientists have successfully "frozen" light, demonstrating that it can behave as a super solid - a rare state of matter that exhibits both solid-like structure and frictionless flow.

What is supersolid light?

Using a gallium arsenide structure embedded with microscopic ridges, the team fired a laser to produce hybrid light-matter particles known as polaritons.

As the number of photons increased, the researchers observed the formation of satellite condensates, a pattern indicative of super solidity, a unique spatial structure that confirmed the presence of a supersolid state. Supersolid light could play a crucial role in developing more stable quantum bits (qubits), which are essential for the advancement of quantum computing.

This could revolutionize optical devices, photonic circuits, and even fundamental quantum mechanics research!

This is truly dazzling!

Astronomers also keep analysing light waves with spectroscopes to find traces of molecules associated with life.

In 2023, debate erupted about whether life could exist on an exoplanet called K2-18b. It started when a group of scientists published a paper suggesting a specific chemical, dimethyl sulfide, or DMS, may exist in the planet's atmosphere. This conversation has certainly continued into the present. Many astronomers wonder if the DMS signature from K2-18b can really be trusted, and even question whether DMS is a reliable proxy for the presence of life to begin with.

So we come to the famous Fermi Paradox. Yes, Enrico Fermi, Architect of the Atom bomb... He once famously said, "So where are they?", meaning aliens... With these zillions of suns, each with its family of planets, surely we should have met a few ETs?..

Maybe life is very, very fragile...

A recent study published in Science suggests that a catastrophe reduced the global human population to just 1,280 individuals, wiping out 98.7% of the early humans.

This population crash, lasting about 117,000 years, likely resulted from extreme climate shifts, prolonged droughts, and dwindling food sources.

Using a ground breaking genetic analysis method called FitCoal, researchers analyzed modern human genomes to trace this dramatic decline.

Despite the near-extinction, the crash, scientists believe, contributed to a key evolutionary event—chromosome fusion—which may have set Homo sapiens apart from earlier hominin species, including Neanderthals and Denisovans. The study raises intriguing questions about how this small population survived, possibly through early fire use and adaptive intelligence. Understanding this ancient crisis helps scientists piece together the story of human evolution and the resilience that allowed our species to thrive against all odds....

Are we the only life in the cosmos, or has life elsewhere evolved beyond fragile bodies?

SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE

SPOTLIGHT

SPECIAL APPEARANCE:

Dr. NAVEEN PADMADAS



Dr. NAVEEN PADMADAS

Dr. NAVEEN PADMADAS is an educator, researcher, and academic administrator with over two decades of experience in Bioinformatics. Originally from Trivandrum, he completed his undergraduate and postgraduate studies in Bharathiar University, Coimbatore before moving to Mumbai, where he began his professional journey. Since joining D Y Patil Deemed to be University, Navi Mumbai, in 2004, he has been actively involved in the growth of the School of Biotechnology & Bioinformatics, contributing to research, curriculum development, and academic initiatives.

He played a key role in setting up the Bioinformatics laboratory and supporting the implementation of the National Education Policy (NEP) 2020. He has also contributed to NAAC accreditation efforts and academic planning within the institution.

Beyond teaching and research, Naveen is engaged in digital education. As Regional Coordinator

for Virtual Labs (IIT Bombay), he has worked on digital learning initiatives and content development to enhance student engagement.

His research interests include metagenomics, heat shock proteins, and evolutionary biology, with publications in international journals. He enjoys mentoring students and regularly delivers lectures and workshops on bioinformatics, next-generation sequencing data analysis, and computational biology.

With a strong interest in education and research, Naveen continues to encourage learning, innovation, and collaboration in Bioinformatics.

Interview by Dr. K. Srikala ganapathy

Can you please tell us what inspired you to Science?

Honestly, I was a regular kid until my 12th grade, just going with the flow. Like many others, I picked Science in 11th and 12th because my friends did. I was not particularly sure about what I wanted to do. When I could not qualify for engineering entrance, I went for a B.Sc. in Computer Science.

During my graduation, I came across a news article in The Hindu about Bioinformatics, an emerging field at the time. Intrigued, I called up a friend, and together, we decided to pursue a Master's in Bioinformatics. This was a brand-new program in India, and I belonged to just the second batch. The lack of resources, books, and expert faculty meant a lot of self-study and exploration, but that's exactly what made me fall in love with science. I spent hours in the library, in labs, and got the opportunity to train at Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow, in 2003, where I first witnessed the true impact of research. This overall experience inspired me to further go deep in science.

Can you please share about your experiences in Research? Please add your challenging moments and proud moments.

The early days of Bioinformatics in India were full of challenges—limited resources, no structured guidance, and a lack of awareness about the field. But these challenges taught me resilience. One of the proudest moments of my journey has been setting up a thriving

Bioinformatics section from scratch and seeing students flourish in the field. Every time a student achieves something—be it a great research project, an innovative idea, or a career milestone—it feels like a personal achievement.

What would you say about critical thinking in Science?

Science is not about memorizing facts—it's about questioning them. The beauty of science lies in skepticism and curiosity. Critical thinking is what separates real scientists from those who just accumulate knowledge. It's about analyzing data, asking the right questions, and challenging existing ideas.

Has AI impacted creative thinking in students?

AI is a powerful tool, but it should never replace original thought. I see students relying too much on AI-generated solutions without fully understanding concepts. AI should be used to enhance creativity, not replace it. The real value of science is in thinking beyond what machines can do. So Yes, I sense AI impacting the creative thinking in students to some extent.

Teaching or Research work which one excites, appeals to you more?

I'd say both. Research gives me the thrill of discovery, but teaching allows me to share that excitement with young minds. I love the challenge of making complex topics understandable. Seeing a student's face light up when they grasp a tough concept is just as rewarding as publishing a research paper.

Two persons who inspire you. Two reasons why.

Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam – A scientist, a teacher, a visionary. He showed that knowledge should always be shared, and education should be accessible to all.

My parents – They have instilled in me the values of discipline, hard work, and resilience, which have shaped my journey.

Your favorite quote.

"Education is not the learning of facts, but the training of the mind to think." – Albert Einstein

Books that have inspired you.

Ignited Minds – Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

The Gene: An Intimate History – Siddhartha Mukherjee

Books that you are currently reading.

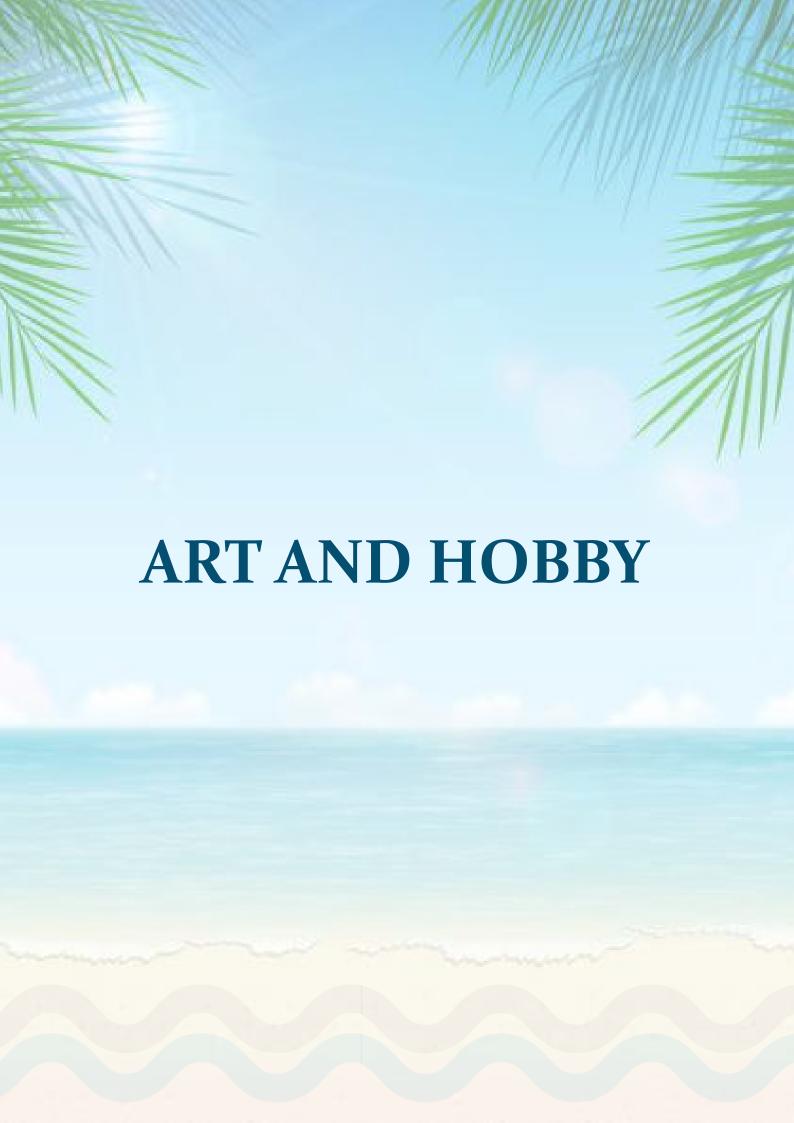
The Psychology of Money" by Morgan Housel

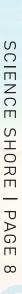
One value of Science Shore you connect with and appreciate.

I appreciate its dedication to fostering a holistic learning environment. The platform's integration of scientific articles, poetry, short stories, art, and multimedia content reflects a commitment to interdisciplinary learning and innovation. This approach resonates with my belief that science thrives at the intersection of diverse fields, encouraging creativity and collaboration. By embracing various forms of expression, Science Shore effectively cultivates a community where knowledge is not only shared but also enriched through multiple perspectives.

Your message to younger generation, please.

Stay curious. Question everything. Never stop learning. Science isn't just about textbooks—it's about exploration. If you don't find easy answers, go look for them, create them, or question why they don't exist yet. And most importantly, enjoy the journey!







PET PORTRAIT PAINTING

By PREETHI KANNAN

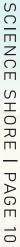
SPELLATHON PUZZLE

Created by Mrs. LATHA SHANKARI. K

How many words of four or more letters can you make from the letters shown in the puzzle. In making a word, a letter can be used as many times as it appears in the puzzle. Each word must contain the central letter. There should be atleast one eight letter word. Plurals, foreign words and proper noun are not allowed



Answers in Page No. 23





PAINTING IN WATER COLOR AND PEN ON PAPER by RAM KRISHNA AGRAWAL

TITLE - MORNING BEAUTY

Depicting sunflowers in morning time representing freshness and positivity.

Note from the artist: Sunflowers have symbolic meanings across cultures, representing warmth, happiness, and loyalty. They are a popular choice for gardens because they attract pollinators like bees and butterflies. They are known for their ability to track the sun's movement, a process called heliotropism. The arrangement of sunflower seeds follows the Fibonacci sequence, a mathematical pattern in which each number is the sum of the two preceding numbers.

LITERARY WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

Created by Dr. SANGITA KALARICKAL

N	E	Т	A	L	L	E	G	0	R	Y	V	E	R	R	Р
A	P	R	N	I	С	E	R	I	P	н	E	L	L	0	R
R		Α	Р	0	S	Т	A	N	Z	A	E	Y	Р	Н	0
R	С	G	M	G	V	E	R	S	E	L	R	R	R	P	Т
Α	S	E	0	E	D	E	G	Y	S	L	I	М	0	Α	Α
Т	K	D	E	N	0	V	L	I	R	0	N	Y	S	Т	G
ı	С	Y	М	R	Н	Α	I	K	U	G	N	S	E	E	0
V	I	D	S	E	U	R	0	S	L	U	I	N	Р	М	N
E	R	E	F	Α	N	Т	Α	S	Y	G	E	L	E	Y	I
L	E	М	Α	Т	0	В	Т	Α	R	P	S	Α	Т	Т	S
I	М	0	В	A	V	Α	A	Т	I	0	A	N	A	Н	Т
M	I	С	L	G	G	L	S	I	С	E	М	С	E	D	0
I	L	D	E	A	М	L	Y	R	0	М	A	N	С	E	S
S	E	I	S	A	D	Α	G	Ε	G	E	G	R	Y	U	E
E	М	P	E	Α	Т	D	R	Α	М	Α	E	R	G	E	G

Epic Haiku Fable Sonnet Limerick **Ballad** Verse Novel Myth Ode Poem Allegory **Satire Narrative Protagonist** Elegy Metaphor Simile Lyric Drama **Fantasy** Romance Irony **Tragedy** Saga **Prose** Comedy Stanza Genre Hero

Answers in Page No. 67



PROJECT MARS

BRINDHA VINODH

It is the year 2080. Martians arrive on earth. People from Mars are short, about an inch more than the average size of a standard dog, have bluish-violet eyes and a long, protruding nose. Eight people from the red planet---mostly arid, except for a few areas where it is cold, moist and misty during a particular season--- have landed on the moon so far.

A family of ten are on a vacation to earth. A separate barcode scans alien faces.

"Welcome to earth" a humanoid greets them. "How May I help you? There are driverless cars to take you to your destinations. Please press the correct button and you will be taken to your destination."

An eerie silence ensues.

A scent emanates, the scent of earth, crawling through protruding nostrils of Martians.

A Martian speaks, the tongue twirling as if going on a roller-coaster: "Sus, omega ale konda Maleka". "We want to visit India and explore the different places there"- the humanoid's chip translates their language to English. "As you please"- the humanoid guides them.

Humanoids smile at them. Humanoids are astonished by their appearance, yet are cordial with them.

Awestruck by humongous monuments and ancient buildings that still exist, layered with a lot of history, Martians laugh, wide open with gleaming caramel-brown teeth.

They decide to stay in Chennai.

There are welcome stations in public places of Chennai for newcomers.

A humanoid walks in a particular way, goes to the kitchen and brews coffee from the machine. Another humanoid offers fresh biscuits along with coffee as a complimentary welcome gesture and guides them to a hotel called, The Different Planet.

Five rooms booked, two in each room.

Martians find things unique on earth. They call a humanoid and ask about life here. The humanoid translates their message through the chip and answers them. A little one from the family runs and hops around the room with swift legs and says, *Etina 1a vande gates* maasha chalti, the humanoid translates it as "I want to enjoy life. This place is beautiful."

The humanoid's nano chip on its stomach reads: New emotion sensed around. New emotion sensed around. Life here became mechanical long ago. The word "enjoy" was last heard in 2060. Only a few creators of humanoids 2060 exist today. Our old masters are asleep in their laboratories now. We only know what love and care mean. We are offering love and care to our guests from Mars. Enjoy is a new emotion detected.

Meanwhile, as the morning sun spills its vibrant yellow rays through the shimmering waves of Marina beach, the masters soon wake up in their laboratories and glance around to know what's happening.

There's an inadvertent functional error in the Time Machine. A chance turn of the machine's wheel by a little mouse on its escape-route from its predator, the wily cat, has caused the time machine to go in the reverse direction.

An invention of six dedicated scientists who have worked for more than five years on it, The Time Machine is named "Project Mars." They are the masters of humanoids.

Time slips by slowly, in the reverse direction through the wheels of Project Mars.

The year 2061: Three-fourths of the world have humanoids, replacing humans at work. Humanoids bestowed with special powers but limited to very few human emotions, coded to scan all types of living species and trained to work in their respective work places.

2058: Martians arrive on Earth after two successive successful launches of their satellites to earth.

Alien smell invades earth, watching Martians either in-person or on television channels, stupefied eyes of people on earth widen, unbelievingly.

The wheels of time move backwards again, slowly, like relishing hot tea on a Winter evening. 2025 arrives, the air rich with its fragrance of fresh flowers, train compartments across cities of India flooded with discussions of Artificial Intelligence taking over as office-goers return homes, the aroma of evening snacks permeating through the air of scattered crowd. There's even discussions of driverless cars.

A man at a corner of the train quietly texts his friends on group chat, "Robert and Ivan are joining us in Project Mars." Robert is from Bulgaria and Ivan is from Russia. So, we are six of us now. All set to work on this time machine. We are all assembling in New York on the 24th of this month. See you all soon. Love, ShivNarayan: followed by smiley emojis.

On May 24th, 2025, ShivNarayan, Robert, Ivan, Michael, Sara and Janaki assemble at Michael's house to discuss and plan ways to execute Project Mars.

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IMPRESSIVE BIRDS IN BACKYARDS

HEMA RAVI

Crowing roosters with vibrant plumages, brown, white, black, and slate-colored hens with a brood of chicks in coops are ubiquitous in rural homes, which boast of large open spaces; a few urban homes breed these birds in their backyard gardens, without causing any nuisance in their neighbourhoods.

While these are domesticated fowls, there are similar-looking birds (not really, though if one watches them at close quarters) in water bodies.

If you've spotted a "large, heavyset, chicken-like bird with long legs, long toes, a thick neck and head, heavy bill, and short cocked tail," you have spotted a **swamphen**. The hind neck is somewhat purple, the body has slight blue-green tinges, and the legs are slightly reddish. These birds are largely seen in marshy and swampy lands, and flooded rice fields...possibly that's how they came to be known as swamphens.

Observing their leisurely walks, their wading or swimming through shallow water consuming aquatic vegetation, holding them on their feet, is rather interesting for bird watchers. (I have had the good fortune of spotting them in the marshy lands of Chennai--Pallikaranai, Sholinganallur, and Manapakkam.)



Gray headed Swamp-hens encounter a snake @Sholinganallur wetlands, Chennai, 02 01 2025 11:44 hrs. (Photo Courtesy: N. Ravi)

'Photo Uncle' was at his customary spot capturing birds through his lens...

It was a cool January morning. The sun overhead was comfortable and he continued to click pictures of the waders. Occasional honks and grunts were the only noises in the otherwise peaceful habitat.

All of a sudden, there were screeches, cackles, barks, and squeaks which became louder and continued as trumpeting calls.

Although he wondered, Uncle could not understand what was bothering the pair of swamphens in the midst of their morning chores. He could sense they were protesting about something. Nothing was visible, no one else was there.

From that distance, he could not spot any other bird or animal in the marsh.

After about five minutes or more, the cackles, barks, and squeaking sounds gradually subsided.

Later that evening, when the photos were being uploaded on the computer, it all made sense—there was a long water snake, which the pair was fighting off. (perhaps, they had their eggs or babies there! One or two of them survived the predator that morning.)

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TRAVELOGUE SERIES ARTICLE No. 2 THE CHRIST OF VUNG TAU

RTD. PROF. LATHAPREM SAKHYA

Vũng Tàu is a port city, the capital of Bà Rịa-Vũng Tàu Province, situated on a peninsula in southern Vietnam. Once it was a French colonial town, but now it's a popular seaside resort that draws many visitors. Its long, busy stretch of sandy coast, including Front Beach and Pineapple Beach, has the verdant Small Mountain and Big Mountain as backdrops.

The Christ of Vũng Tàu Statue is situated atop the Small Mountain in Vung Tau City, on Thuy Van Street, right in the city centre. The first statue of Jesus was initially constructed in 1972 but it was dismantled two years later. Construction of the new statue resumed in 1992, and on December 1, 1994, the Vung Tau Jesus Statue on Tao Phung Mountain's summit was officially inaugurated. In 2012, this sacred statue was recognized as the largest Jesus statue in Asia.



The statue stands at an elevation of 136 meters above sea level, it reaches a height of 32 meters, with the outstretched arms spanning 18.4 meters. Despite being made of reinforced concrete, the Christ of Vung Tau Statue is remarkably lifelike. To reach the top of the Christ of Vung Tau statue, we had to climb more than 800 steps. All of us being senior citizens, the climb was arduous, yet we climbed slowly and steadily. Unfortunately, we missed climbing the 133 spiral steps inside the statue that lead to the shoulders of the statue from where one could get a bird's eye view of the surrounding areas.

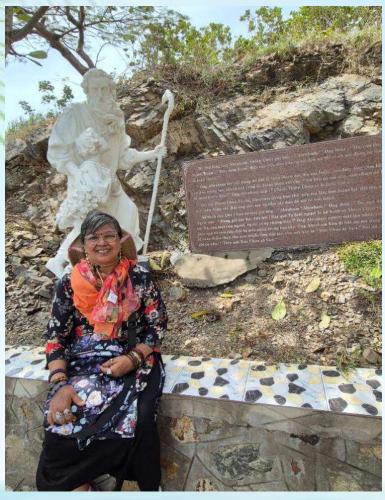
We started early from our hotel. Our young guide, Miss Anna, was particular about that. But the climb was arduous. We were all 60 plus, only Christopher, who looked like an athlete, could keep pace with Anna. The others panted and gasped and followed them at their own pace. But even those two missed the inner steps by two minutes. It was closed at 11.15 AM. It was a sad, disappointing moment for them as well as all of us. We made it to the bottom of the statue by 11.17AM. If we had climbed up those 133 steps inside the statue we would have reached the shoulders of the statue. Standing there we could have viewed the entire city, admired the seascape, and taken fantastic panoramic photographs. It was a great blow for all of us.

We wandered around the scenic hill top and came across a giant gun, a remnant of their warfare with America.

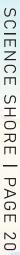


Photo Courtesy: Yogeendra Sakhya

While ascending the steps we noticed many statues on either side of the steps. As we were in a hurry to reach the top we left them to be enjoyed while descending. The statues were mostly biblical figures made to perfection. In one place, we saw the busts of all the communist leaders, too. So when we descended we spent time enjoying the craftsmanship and took several photos. A few are shared here.



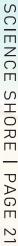








Before descending we roamed around the statue and came across a tiny Chapel in which stood a statue of Mother Mary. We sat there silently praying and enjoying the warmth and the peace that ensconced us. We learned that when they started building the statue of Christ there were a lot of obstacles. So they decided to build Mother Mary's chapel first and install this statue. As soon as it was completed, the task of building the statue of Christ became easy and concluded quickly.





While wandering in the vast courtyard surrounding the statue, we were attracted by the lapping waves down below. We stood near the protecting wall enjoying the sight of the sparkling sapphire sea and the salty, cool breeze that wafted towards us. Our eyes were drawn toward a tiny island. I was really mesmerized by it and took several photos. It seemed like a fairy island, near yet far off. The photos I took are shared here.

After some research and enquiry, I learnt that the islet located at the base of the Small Mountain is known as Hon Ba (the Lady Islet) Hon Ba Vien Dan or Hon Archinard. It seems there are two ways to reach this island. One is by boat and the other is trekking a 200mtr long stone path that connects Vung Tau city and Hon Ba.

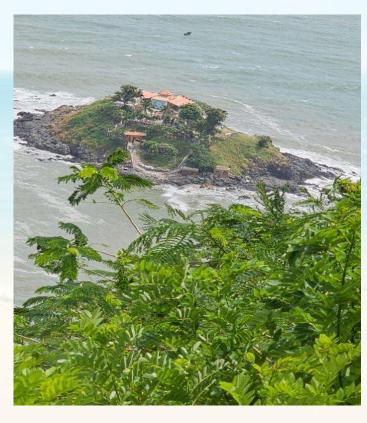
But this pathway is not always visible. Only during low tide on two days during the lunar month this beautiful sea path is visible and that too for a short period of two hours.





In the picture below you can see the structure of a building on the top of the islet. It is the Temple of Hon Ba, the Lady Temple, as it is known, was believed to be built in 1881 for the Goddess Thuy Long.

The present structure was built in 1971. It has become popular as a spiritual centre and also as a major tourist attraction. As Hon Ba Islet was not included in our itinerary we could enjoy only so much of the island.



ANSWERS FOR SPELLATHON									
4 Letter Words	5 Letter Words	6 Letter Words	7 Letter Word	8 Letter Word					
 Fast Late Last Sale Fail Flea Fate 	1. Feast 2. False 3. Asile 4. Least 5. Alive 6. Fetal 7. Festa	1. Festal 2. Fiesta	1. Sea Life	1. Festival					

ON OVERHEARING AND EAVESDROPPING

T S MANOHAR

Overhearing is a casual listening to a conversation happening in the vicinity. Whereas its synonym eavesdropping is a deliberate attempt to hear the conversation with intent and purpose. The former is passed off as a lesser crime than the latter.

I am guilty of overhearing my immediate neighbour conversing with his spouse. Often times, it is loud, clear and, amusing. It is sheer coincidence that they set off into a conversation whenever I take a bath. Sometimes it turns into a harangue. The husband usually extrapolates the subject and silences his wife.

The other day they were discussing on which school in the area was the best. CBSE or Matric? "Our grandchild should be given the best" told the wife. "Yes, yes" agreed the husband hurriedly. At this point I couldn't stop laughing. After all their son had just been engaged. They had over stretched their imagination exponentially!

On the contrary, eavesdropping is a crime of greater magnitude bordering on intrusion into one's privacy. With an abundance of bugging devices, eavesdropping is very common nowadays. However, it was not so in the past. The auditory nerves had to be sharp to pick up the sound waves.

The Tamil kings of yore as the lore says, used to disguise themselves to hear the subjects on law, administration and, security, anonymously. The Pandya King Kulasekara Pandian often did it at night. On one such jaunt, he noticed a husband and wife on a heated exchange of words or so it seemed. He knocked on the door and the quiet reply made him realise his mistake. He beat a hasty retreat. To neutralise his mistake, he knocked on a few other doors in the neighborhood and escaped under the cover of darkness.

Next day, the court assembled and the people brought the nocturnal episode before the king. (The Tamil kings were firm believers of justice and fairness. Precisely way, the story of Manu Needhi Cholan is spoken off even today).

The King after hearing the complaint threw it open to the court, consisting of ministers and courtiers, to decide the punishment for the offender. The entire court echoed in unison that the hand that knocked the doors should be severed. The king immediately drew his sword and cut his right arm which shocked the audience. Henceforth he was called "Porkai Pandian" meaning ruler with false hand.

Moral: If overhearing is bad, less can be said about eavesdropping.

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YOUR TEDDY BEAR DOLLS

DR. (MAJOR) NALINI JANARDHANAN

My dear Anu, "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Turn around..."

Do you remember this sweet nursery rhyme which I taught you when you were a small kid? I liked that song and enjoyed singing it with you. In fact, I was reliving my childhood with you those days. Teddy bears are cute. You had a collection of teddy bear dolls of various colors and sizes with you. You had called them pet names like 'Pinky', 'Browny', 'Meenu' etc. You loved to play and sleep with them. You were very possessive about them. You didn't want to share them with your elder brother. But he was interested in dolls of soldiers and vehicles. Even when you were grown up as a teenager, we used to share our happy moments playing with teddy bear dolls, in a small cloth tent in our room. Then one day, you shifted to college hostel for graduation. Whenever I missed you very much, I used to hug those teddy bear dolls and cry. 'Pinky' was our favorite Teddy.

Now you are a happily married woman. You had taken those teddy bears along with your favorite dolls and toys, your prized possession. But Kiddo, you forgot to take your most favorite doll, that is your Mumma...

Always be happy my dear child. God bless you. Don't worry. We will definitely meet soon and share our nostalgic Teddy Bear stories...

Missing you,

Your loving Mumma.

Dr Major Nalini Janardhanan

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WILDLIFE SANCTUARIES IN KARNATAKA SERIES ARTICLE No. 2

K GUDI: A WILD SYMPHONY IN BILIGIRI RANGAN HILLS

SARANYA FRANCIS

Some places demand silence, not out of reverence but to truly listen. K Gudi, nestled in the Biligiri Rangan Hills (BR Hills) of Karnataka, is one such sanctuary where the forest breathes, whispers, and occasionally roars. It is a part of the Biligiri Ranganatha Swamy Temple Tiger Reserve, a stunning blend of dry and moist deciduous forests with stretches of grasslands that make it one of Karnataka's most ecologically diverse tiger reserves.

This was the second stop in my exploration of Karnataka's tiger reserves, and like every forest, K Gudi had its own unique rhythm—one that pulls me back again and again, like a forgotten melody that lingers in the mind long after the music has stopped.

The Safaris: A Dance of Predators and Prey

The safaris at K Gudi are nothing short of thrilling—whether you take the early morning drive when the jungle shakes off its slumber or the golden-hour safari where the forest glows in an ethereal light. We had the privilege of taking two safaris, each unveiling a different side of the reserve.

The first safari had us bouncing along rugged trails, led by our keen-eyed driver and naturalist, Nagesh, who could spot movement in the thickest of undergrowth. His quiet confidence and deep knowledge of the land made our journey an immersive experience.

Within moments of entering the forest, we spotted a herd of Indian Gaur, their massive, muscular frames standing like ancient sentinels of the jungle. Not far behind, a pack of Dhole (Indian Wild Dogs) slinked through the undergrowth—swift, silent, and coordinated

in their hunt. The Malabar Giant Squirrel, a flash of rust and black, darted through the canopy, its large eyes watching us with a curiosity that mirrored our own.

By the water's edge, a White-throated Kingfisher, its vibrant blue wings catching the light, perched silently, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. A row of turtles basked on a half-sunken log, their stillness a stark contrast to the movement of the jungle around them. The Indian Roller, with its striking blue plumage, flitted between branches, adding to the riot of colors the forest had to offer.

Waking Up to the Wilderness

The second safari was all about the elephants and birds. The gentle giants emerged from the foliage in groups—calves playfully splashing in a watering hole as their mothers stood guard. A lone tusker, its wrinkled skin glistening under the sun, stood in quiet contemplation, watching us as we watched him.

Bird enthusiasts would find themselves enchanted here—the iridescent blue of the peacock, the rhythmic drumming of a woodpecker against ancient bark, and the haunting call of the Brown Fish Owl, hidden in the shadows. A Grey Langur, its intelligent eyes scanning the horizon, let out a sudden alarm call—a silent warning of a predator nearby.

The Call of the Wild

The magic of K Gudi doesn't end with the safaris. We stayed at Jungle Lodges & Resorts, run by the Forest Department of Karnataka, where each tree house is named after a bird found in the region. It was in these simple, elevated cottages that the wilderness crept into our mornings.

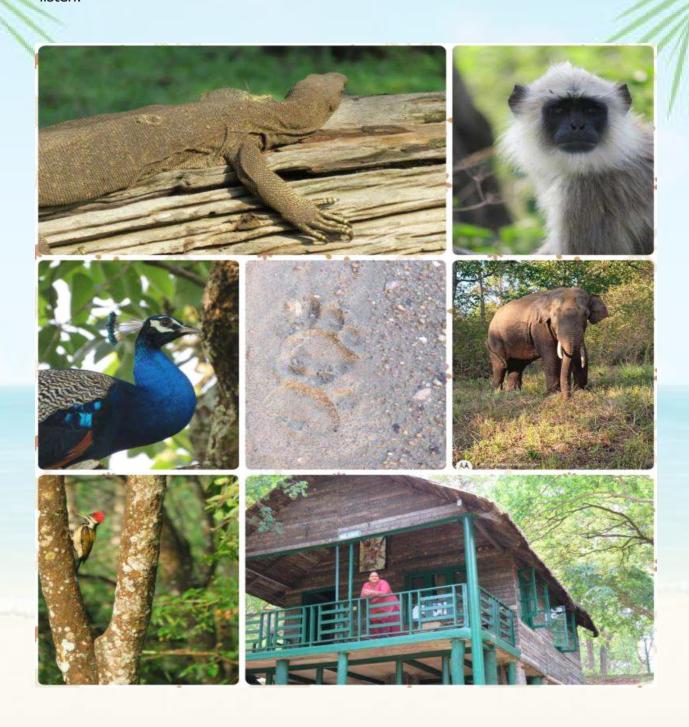
I woke up to the sight of deer grazing quietly just outside our tree house, unbothered by our presence, as the soft light of dawn painted the forest in hues of amber and gold. The fresh, unfiltered air carried the scent of damp earth and the distant call of a peacock.

Meals at Gol Ghar, the communal dining space, were a delight. Simple, home-style food—steaming rice, local vegetables, and soul-warming curries—served in an open space where conversation flowed as freely as the coffee.

Every safari carries with it a whisper of hope—the possibility of encountering the majestic tiger, the shadowed monarch of the jungle. While we traced its pugmarks in the damp earth, listened to alarm calls from deer and langurs, and felt the weight of its unseen presence, the tiger remained elusive.

But something about K Gudi calls me back. Perhaps it is the thrill of the unknown, the untamed beauty of the land, or the stories left unfinished by every visit.

I know I will return. Because the forest always has more to say, and I am always ready to listen.





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SPOTLIGHT SPECIAL APPEARANCE

Dr. GAYATHRI RAMACHANDRAN



Dr. GAYATHRI RAMACHANDRAN, Correspondent and Chief Principal - Shri Natesan Vidyasala, Mannivakkam, near West Tambaram, Chennai.

Dr. GAYATHRI RAMACHANDRAN is a visionary educator committed to shaping young minds and preparing them for life beyond the classroom. With a PhD in Education and School Administration from the United States and a Postgraduate degree in Financial Management, she leads Shri Natesan Vidyasala, a thriving institution in the suburbs of Chennai.

A recipient of the Dr. Radhakrishnan Award from the Government of Tamil Nadu, working with her father's mission and vision, she transformed Mannivakkam from an underserved village into an education-driven community over the past 30 years. Her core philosophy—"Education for All"—focuses on providing affordable yet quality education that nurtures both intellect and character.

Gayathri strongly believes in making students "life-ready" rather than just exam-ready. For her, education is about building resilience, problem-solving skills, and adaptability, not just grades. She is a strong advocate of hybrid education, where technology serves as an aid, not the mainstream of learning. Her greatest joy comes from fostering reading and writing skills, encouraging young students to become authors and express themselves.

A firm believer in investing in teachers, she sees the growth of the institution as inseparable from the growth of its staff and students. Under her leadership, her dynamic team has authored curriculum-based Science and Social Science books aligned with the National Curriculum Framework (NCF) for classes 1 to 8.

Gayathri's passion for education extends beyond borders. She has traveled extensively, integrating international best practices into the curriculum while fostering a strong sense of Indianness. Her school has partnerships with institutions in Taiwan, France, Sri Lanka, Japan, the USA, the UK, South Korea, Greece, and many more, offering students global exposure.

Her insightful writings appear in the Times of India Education Edition, INFINITHOUGHTS, and international magazines like A Lotus in the Mud (New York), cross disability magazine ABILITY, where she shares perspectives on education, spirituality, and life skills. Recently, she co-authored "NEVER ALONE" with her husband, Ram—a book addressing loneliness and self-growth, now included in select college curricula in Tamil Nadu.

Gayathri Ramachandran's leadership is driven by a deep commitment to holistic education, teacher empowerment, and the belief that institutions flourish when their students and educators grow together.

Interview by Dr. Thirupurasundari CJ and Dr. K. Srikala ganapathy

Can you please share the ways to invest in teachers' growth?

At Natesan, we focus on helping kids build skills in subjects, life, and language through regular practice, hence, the teachers are in turn trained on life, language and leadership skills, from time to time. Our teachers get special training from the Madras Dyslexic Association to spot and help students who need extra support early on. We've made soft skills and essential skills training, a natural part of our teacher grooming. Hence, we have partnered with Skill Builders Program, United Kingdom, to get our teachers trained in these areas.

At Natesan, we have taken initiatives, to make our teachers also earn international certificates in key teaching methods like Core Skills and Essential Teaching Skills, from the British Council in the UK. We love connecting with partner schools around the world, as a part of International School Activities. Through our school sponsored trip, our teachers have visited educational institutions in countries like South Korea, Taiwan, Japan, China, Egypt, France, and Sri Lanka. During these trips, they share what works well for us and learn new approaches from them. This global exchange makes our teaching stronger.

Natesan invests in the grooming of not only their professional growth, but also their emotional, physical and spiritual growth, in order to ensure our staff, become the best versions of themselves, in a very holistic sense.

How to encourage healthy competition in students?

Friendly competition helps kids try harder while still being respectful and fair to each other. Schools should praise effort and improvement, not just winning. When we reward progress, teamwork and creative thinking, kids learn from competing instead of worrying about failing. Teachers can set up fun challenges between classmates, debates, and group contests that focus on learning and being good sports. The most important thing is teaching kids that competition is really about getting better yourself, not just beating others. When we create a supportive atmosphere, competition becomes something that motivates kids rather than stresses them out.

Managing finances is a very important life skill. How can we teach financial education to students?

At Natesan, we help kids learn about money by training our teachers through the National Centre for Financial Education, and they pass this knowledge on to students. We invite real experts from banks, co-ops, insurance companies, and the stock market to talk with our students and share what they know. We also take kids to visit banks so they can see how things work.

Our special events like Food Fest and Chitra Kala Bazaar are really hands-on ways for kids to learn business basics. They get to brand and market their own products and make real profits. What's really meaningful is that they share these profits with orphanages and old age homes. This follows our school's vision of "Learn - Earn - Return" which we emphasize in everything we do.

We've also partnered with "Teach a Man to Fish," which is a global education program. This helps our students come up with their own business ideas and even start small businesses. This means they're developing entrepreneurial skills from an early age, while they're still in school.

What would you say about holistic development in students?

At Natesan, we strongly believe in getting the child, life-ready than exam-ready. While academic excellence is very important, education isn't just about getting good grades. A child might ace every exam, but if they can't communicate well, work in a team, or handle setbacks, they're going to struggle later in life. That's why I believe in holistic development—where a child grows academically, emotionally, socially, and even physically.

Schools play a huge role here. Encouraging kids to explore sports, music, leadership roles, or even just teaching them how to manage emotions—it all adds up. The goal isn't just to produce toppers; it's to raise confident, well-rounded individuals who can take on life's challenges with a smile.

What's your take on the importance of storytelling in lower classes?

Oh, storytelling is so close to my heart! When my first daughter was little, I used to tell her endless stories—sometimes classic ones, sometimes stories I made up on the spot. It started as a way to keep her entertained, but I quickly realized how much it shaped her thinking. She started asking more questions, making up her own stories, and connecting ideas in ways I hadn't expected.

That's exactly why storytelling is so powerful for young children. It builds their imagination, language skills, and even emotional intelligence. When a child listens to a story, they're not just hearing words—they're picturing scenes, understanding emotions, and sometimes even seeing themselves in the characters. It's such a simple but magical way to teach, and I think every classroom should make space for it.

How has AI impacted creative thinking in students?

AI is a double-edged sword when it comes to creativity. On one hand, it's an amazing tool—students can use AI to generate ideas, create art, and even write stories. It opens up so many possibilities. But on the other hand, if they rely on it too much, it can take away the effort and originality that make creativity so special.

That's why I think the key is balance. AI should be used as a tool to enhance creativity, not replace it. Instead of just letting AI do the thinking for them, students should be encouraged to refine and build on AI-generated ideas, add their own unique touch, and question the output. Creativity isn't about having all the answers—it's about thinking in new ways, and AI should support that, not take over.

What do you think are the challenges faced by the teachers? How do they handle them? Please share your observations.

Teachers are superheroes, honestly. They deal with so much—managing big classrooms, adapting to new teaching methods, handling different learning needs, and sometimes even playing the role of a mentor or counsellor. And let's not forget the challenge of keeping students engaged in a world full of distractions! But what amazes me is how teachers handle it all. They find creative ways to make lessons interesting, they keep learning themselves, and most importantly, they genuinely care about their students. The best thing we can do is support them—through better training, resources, and just recognizing how much they do. Because at the end of the day, a great teacher can change a student's life.

Your message to younger generation, please.

If I had to say one thing to young people today, it would be this—stay curious. The world is changing so fast, and the best thing you can do is keep learning, not just from books, but from people, experiences, and even failures.

Also, don't be afraid to take risks. It's okay to not have everything figured out. Some of the best opportunities come from unexpected places. And while technology is amazing, don't let it take away your ability to think for yourself. Your ideas, your creativity—that's what makes you unique. So keep exploring, keep asking questions, and most importantly, enjoy the journey.



THE HEART

ANUPAMA SHAM BUDHRANI

The heart is full of emotions gives you new intentions
Let's you love and like
and live life with a smile

It supplies blood to all body parts
It gives your day a head start
It consists of arteries and veins
and always keep you in a condition sane

It is located on the left side inside the rib cage it hides
It makes the sound lub dub
It gives out the right emotions from it's hub

The heart beat is heard through a stethoscope by a doctor to check it's score A healthy run, exercise or walk makes your heart beat fast

Always maintain good relations as it gives your heart the right emotions to stay healthy and fit and always stay happy and lit

HU-MAN

GITA BHARATH

For sentient races, every loss is a gamble-The end of Life-as-we-know-it, or a preamble To a higher plane of existence. Back in prehistory, we lost to gain, (Probably with great reluctance, pain) Four-leggedness - to stand upright, Lost olfaction, gained binocular sight. Lost a finger, gained a thumb Which led to the growth of the cerebrum. But now we've overrun the Earth, We should prepare for a new rebirth. By logic, evolution must take us into Space, So, maybe the very nature of our race Must drastically change, again! We may have to pay a tremendous price-Lose individuality, a great sacrifice, To form a collective consciousness that can Be almost immortal and will surely span Physical and metaphysical space, Not as men, but as Man!

CONSCIOUSNESS DIVINE

HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA

Life is not mere the hub of material dispositions rather an abode of consciousness divine that is the force of divinity within .

The force is to be realised by each and every self
The spirit to be awakened in each and every being
To enjoy to the fullest the spiritual reality of life divine.

Nothing is absolutely absolute except THE ABSOLUTE in the world mundane Nothing adds beauty and bliss to our life and destiny except the acts humane.

It's the consciousness divine that shows the way righteous No cloud dares to deceive us when life weds to the path virtuous.

MAGIC MUSES

JAYALAKSHMI KARINDALAM

Poetries envelop us in ecstasies of Nature

Smiles and tears they bloom throughout all weather.

Magic muses are offsprings that array

Radiant in moon lings, rustles and sunrays.

Seasons slide along to allow poetic velocity

Life festive again in ethereal curiosity.

Pour rhythmic rhymes to human emotions

Bloom poetries rejuvenating life visions.

Freedom, friendship, peace or compassion

Virtues glitter in words of passion.

Poetries flourish as fruits of language.

Surpass borders uniting hearts linkage.

ANGER

JELLIE N.WYCKELSMA

His angry words lashed out in frustration
His emotion was out of control
Provoking a quick revenge
From hurt and fear in more angry words

She remained silent Blocking her ears

Hurtful utterance didn't reach her Escaping through the open window Echoing long after they were said Irretrievable

Pretending his words meant nothing
Knowing his anger would pass
Peace would return

Perhaps the Arab Proverb says it all:

"The best answer comes from
a person who is not angry."

SHADOWS

JELLIE N.WYCKELSMA

Wherever we go
Our shadows quietly follow
Not only at nighttime
Even when the sun is ablaze
And a smile is on our face

There are also darker shadows
From times long ago
When war raged even in flower-filled meadows
Bombs made craters where once houses stood
Rulers were cruel
Far removed from being kind ...
Memories looming forever in our mind

Although the years progressed fast We desperately must try to forget All what happened that gave us The darker shadows in our past ...

THE SYMPHONY OF SPRING

JULIE MILES

The curtain rises, a hush settles like dew on the petals of morning. The world holds its breath, poised in delicate anticipation and then, the first note.

A single bird, the trembling violin, draws its bow across the golden strings of dawn.
A river murmurs in cello's deep hum, its melody winding through fields waking in green. Soft flutes of the wind whisper secrets, bending the wildflowers in silent applause.

Then comes the crescendo—
the sun lifts its baton,
and the full orchestra arrives.
Trumpeting tulips burst open in brass,
percussion of woodpeckers tapping their beat.
Frogs croon in the meadow,
an oboe's longing cry drifting across the pond.

The audience—the trees, the sky, the earth—leans into the sound, hearts swelling, caught in the pull of this ancient performance. Each moment, each note, a masterpiece of motion and sound.

And just as the golden light begins to fade, as dusk tiptoes onto the stage, the symphony slows, the hush returns, and the curtain falls.

A standing ovation of rustling leaves, a final sigh of the wind—the music will play again tomorrow.

IKEBANA

Ms. KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

The world is a beautiful place, Can you not see it in my face? Said the red red rose, In very poetic prose! Not more beautiful than me Said the pristine white lily... Her fluid grace I couldn't deny, Though much I did try. Then, all aglow in lovely pink The lotus swam up to the lake's brink What say you of my petal and leaf I'm the most majestic, I believe? From somewhere the bluebells sang It sounded more like they 'rang', As for the bougainvilleas, they wouldn't be left behind, If course their paperous beauty is one of a kind! As so it went, with the daisies, and the

Dahlias and marigold.
The Mahua and the Parijatha and the Kanikonna, flowers of gold!
I, poor soul, couldn't say this or that to any,
Since, indeed each was beautiful and there were so many!
Since each was trying to become prima Donna,
I orchestrated them into a beautiful ikebana.

RIVERS

LAVANYA NUKAVARAPU

I hold rivers in my fist
rivers of my
longings, dreams, ambitions
and my rights.
Not only mine
but of all the women
before me
and before them.
Deprived of our rights
and coaxed into
swallowing the marriage pill.
I must open my fist
releasing the rivers
and letting patriarchy
wash away in the river currents.

Let the order restart Let a woman choose.

DIGITAL HORROR

LEENA THAMPI

The haze of digital twilight, where shadows play,
A generation's soul is lost in endless gray.
They sit and scroll, a passive vacant stare,
As life's momentum slips away, like grains of sand in air.

Their eyes pain glued to blue screens, As the world outside recedes
Their fingers dance, become numb
With this mechanical sway,
They hardly realise how time flies
As meaningful connection slips away night by day.

Their hearts, once used to beat with purpose and desire, Now falter, weak and still, like embers of a fire. Their minds, once sharp and keen, now doodle vaguely unseen, As the weight of apathy holds them in its bane

Their relationships like maple leaves, wither and fade, As communication's art is lost in digital shade Their love, once bright and bold, now dims to a flicker, They hardly respect the elders and continue to blither

Oh, for the spark that once ignited their soul! Splashed water in the fire of their dreams and goals! But alas, it's lost in cyberspace's endless haze, As they succumb to the internet's seductive daze.

Yet still we hope that they will find their way,

To break the chains of digital dismay. For in the depths of their hearts, a spark remains,

A flame that yearns to be fanned, to reignite their passions' stains.

So let us reach out, with words of gentle might,
And guide them back to life's vibrant light.
Let us remind them of the beauty that's theirs,
And help them find their way through life's joys and tears.

"THE COMPLEXITIES OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS"

MADHUMATHI. H

Are we loving, without suffocating the one we love?

How much love, is too much?

A myriad of relationships, bonds

Some are choices, some destined

We all need our tribe, go-to souls

As much as we need our space, and silence

Love is the same in all of us...

We just fail to check

When giving becomes overwhelming...

Not everyone receives love, with a cupped heart

Not everyone promises to be an anchor

Like seasons, climate, are bonds

Our emotions, thoughts, beliefs change

As we evolve learning, unlearning from the hurt, and happiness...

We expect abundance, but find people clingy too

We fear, and give little, but judged as stingy

We seek, we shelter, we long, we regret

If only we learn to balance...

Relationships are bruised, parched

Lacking trust, empathy, respect

Healing never happens, where ego swells...

A drop, or an ocean

Walking beside with love, defines warmth of connections

Loving beyond reasons, decides the joy of living...

I AM A POET!

MONALISA PARIDA

I am a poet
Not for name and fame
Neither a star nor a statue
Like a wanderlust asteroid
I became a writer
To measure the depth of an Ocean.

I am a poet
Like a free bird in the vast sky
I fly high
On the path of my imagination
With my magical wings
To give life to feelings.

I am a poet
I celebrate my freedom
Where memories bloom
Through laughter and gloom
And my tiny hands grasping world wide.
To fight for justice.

I am a poet
Thousands of springs
Turned into ink
Sometimes drenched in sorrow
And sometimes in glee.
To glorify the God's creation.

Yes, I am a poet
I write poems
With pure and spirit
And chance to begin
Like vernorexia!

A CLARION CALL: H₂O

ORBINDU GANGA

Water sighed many forms,
Turning the baritone acids
To smile in the chemistry
Laboratory. The preserving
Species in bio lab, turned
Less smelly in bottles, were
Watered at a ratio known to
Them, eager to watch the
Physics of water, they watered
The H₂O out of their laboratory.

Biology and chemistry breathed
With the aqueous; physics resisted
Her presence. Still, to occupy the
Valency of the last orbital, water
Added density, pressure, and volume
In his experiments, making him
Bow down before her; the resistance
Crumbled and he mingled. She
Became the cynosure in all of his
Experiments, giving way to theorems.

The postulated theorems overtook
The mystery and ology, becoming a form
Of energy never seen before.
She became the source and the reference
For many to take onus, but she refused to
Be part of the umbrella; she wanted
The freedom to flow with might like

The Amazon, the divine like the Ganges, And the graceful like the Brahmaputra, To be watered into the sea forever.

She was subjected to evaporation
And condensation; she gracefully
Accepted her fate but intruded upon
Her privacy; she levied a price with deluge,
But it turned to deaf ears, with none
Accepting their mistakes. When
Desalination was poured into her
Being, it angered her might; she
Responded with a tsunami. All fell
At her feet for forgiveness. She gave
The final warning to revert the mistakes.

THE WILDEST ANIMAL

Dr. S. PADMAPRIYA

The Wildest?

The Wildest Animal?

The Lion, perhaps,

Nay, the Tiger, says another,

'The Whale is the Most Dangerous',

Says another in a hushed tone,

'Don't underestimate the leopard,

'The Dinosaur, it must be..',

'The Wildest Truth is This',

The Wise Person spoke -

'It is here and near,

It is Us - The Human',

The chilling truth cloistered conversation,

All around,

There was perturbing silence.

TORMENTED DILEMMA

PARVINDER NAGI

Have we ever realised

Embedded in our own evil thoughts

Resides our enemy

Building facades through our journey
Raging within our own self
Are the grudges and strifes
Sometimes our own weaknesses become our biggest enemies

Our own demons live in the abyss of our hearts

Blowing away the winds of dust from the mirror of reflections

Breaking the shards of our dreams

Tormented dilemma tears apart

Pondering over this predicament

Foreseeing the hidden truth

Where you stand your own enemy!

THE BREATH BENEATH THE EARTH

PREMA MURUGAN

Dark clouds loom above your head,
And the sun refuses to break through.
Blooms in your garden lie cold and dead,
Scattered leaves, the branches askew.
Singing nightingales—away they flew.

Yet deep beneath,
Seeds still breathe and dream,
Awaiting the rain to kiss the earth,
For life to stir and light to gleam.
And with spirit renewed, they rise anew.
No night is dark enough
To dim the sparks of hope in you.
Stand tall and see for yourself—
The shadows will soon subdue.

For even ruins whisper elegance and grace,
Fallen leaves sway to the breeze—
Do they not amaze?
Have we not seen broken wings
Mend themselves and relearn to soar,
Defying their most challenging phase?
Your soul may be meant to bloom once more,
With dawns ascending brighter than before.

GROUNDED

PRIYALAKSHMI GOGOI

You showed me the entire Universe

With words tactfully ornamented with constellation.

Orbiting around you,

I let myself lose my own skin

Only to get sucked into the blackhole;

the vicious cycle of emotions -

Dense, dark and deep.

But I did find a Universe within

that showed me the way out of it.

And today, here I am!

Circling in my own orbit

Safe, grounded and secure.

HAIKU

RANDY BROOKS

deep water bay
a right whale's offshore
poetry

MY DIVINE FRIEND

RIYA HAITH

O my divine friend, I wish to hold you in my eyes eternally I have tied you with an invisible thread of love You fill my arid heart with your divine love In the land of dreams, I hear the tune of your divine flute Like a river, it flows inside my soul Radha's name is in epic lore for her profound love for you I always think of your greatness You are God and I am an ordinary human being From a long distance, I worship you I see you with my enchanting eyes Like a musk deer, you pour your fragrance in my soul In all my songs of joys and sorrows, you are with me The moment I turn away from you, my soul becomes restless The fire of pain burns in my heart My soul desires to be a lotus I want to make you happy with the fragrance O my divine friend, pick up your flute Fill my heart with your magical tunes See, the fragrance of the flowers mingles in my devotion Your divine love erases my pain in the blink of an eye.

THE ATTITUDE OF GRATITUDE

ROOPA SUBRAMANI

Gratitude is,

the soil that enriches the fruits of existence
the fuel that powers the vehicle of perseverance
the fulcrum that stabilizes the fluctuating mind's imbalance
the boat that ferries one across the ocean of impermanence
the path that leads to the destination of abundance
the skill that is needed to prefect the art of this life dance
the sense that elevates the awareness of one's experience
the secret key that opens the door to divine guidance

Gratitude is a thankful heart ever content in Self-remembrance

The attitude of gratitude is consciousness resting blissfully in a state of eternal uninterrupted SILENCE!



HALF A DECADE

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

Convex to Concave

Cave to Urban forests

Minute to Cosmos

Micro to Macro Organisms

Silica to Silicon valley

Being the torch bearer

Spreading the light of scientific temper

Travelling to many shores

Dissecting many chores

Enriching young minds

Making them question Why, How, Where and When

An effort filled with passion

A hand of compassion

'Science Shore' a magazine true to it's name and vision

May you celebrate many more years to come

Let your knowledge spread to many more Shores.

MY DISTANT PAST

SAMBHAVI SWAMINATHAN

My world is shattered

But I'll recover

I feel stuck

But I'm not staying here

I am lost

But I'll find my way

I am desperate

But I won't rush

I am struggling

But I will carry on

I feel helpless

But I will grow stronger

I am hurting

But I will heal

I feel hopeless

But I will hope

I feel exhausted

But I won't give in

I am deeply unhappy

But I will find peace

I have fallen

But I will rise

The fear is paralysing

But I won't surrender

It's too much sometimes

But I won't stop fighting

It feels impossible

But I will keep moving

I feel like a failure

But I won't stay a failure

Success feels out of reach

But I will grab it

I want to hurry

But I will remain patient

This was my past and it is my present

But it won't be my future

And when future comes

it won't be my present

Just my past

My distant past.

BLISS

B.S. SAROJA

Waking up to a new dawn
with a deeper sense of well being,
knowing it is not a dream
but a sign of a conscientious and beautiful mind and
In this marvel if
one can grasp the sanctity of pure essence
is that solid strength which nothing can touch!

Serenity of this morning or the awakened mind do not last long!

"Ifs or whys" are not welcome!

Immersing in that tranquility
with no queries
is just enough for the newly blossomed flower!

This very moment is bliss received by benediction unsought!

A SHINING STAR

Mrs. SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Your silence spoke volumes of stories
Your gesture depicted your humbleness
And your speech showed me maturity
Isn't it a growth inside and outside?

Your sincerity brought you fruits
You brought laudable laurels home
You're known for pride and grace
Isn't it a growth inside and outside?

Those childhood days memorable,
And inspiring family and friends
Saw your prosperity gladly today
Isn't it a growth inside and outside?

O dear, I'm proud to see your charisma
You're humble, honest and down to earth
The world sees you inside and outside,
As you cherish, grow, and gleam like a star!

WAVING WINTER

Mrs. SETALURI PADMAVATHI

I feel the freshness in fragrant flowers
The chilly morning mesmerizes me
The cool breeze that kisses my face,
Consoles, considers and comforts me!

Those hidden dewdrops on the petals
The snowy paths, branches and hills
Skidding cars and slippery lanes
Remind me the magical game!

These migrating birds find a place Swaying branches, seas and oceans Those hills, rivers and lovely valleys, Welcome heartily the fire ball soon!

The energizing sun changes his power Gloomy sky opens it's wings ahead The earth welcomes the warm sun Today, tomorrow and every moment!

O dear, fold your rugs, and warm wear
Feel the momentary minute now
Beautiful winter is moving away,
Changing mood, mind and memories!

CALLIGRAPHY OF THE WAVES

SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

The wave came to write
her thoughts on the waiting sands,
Her exquisite calligraphy,
I could not decipher!
The sky knew her Intimately,
The birds Sang her hymns gleefully
The winds took it all in, to sit
By the moon's honeyed fire
To interpret the sacred scripts.

And in the hushed footfalls
Of the tip-toeing ebony nights
Of countless hollow lifetimes,
She whispered ever so softly,
Her voice muted, shrouded
Beneath the dissonant notes
Of the rising crescendo.
I could hear nothing.

The waves came, etched
Their sacred words tirelessly
Again and again, unceasingly,
Her quill of light formed verses
Of wisdom on sacred spaces.
But I rode the crest of the wave

Of glittering mirages to touch
The skies of ego, elusive dreams,
Blind-folds of unending desires,
While silence waited patiently
In the ocean depths for eternity

Perhaps, some seijaku moment
I will listen to the conversation
of the Sky, the Sun and the
iridescent sea. Perhaps
I will delve Into the poetry
of the waves, unravel
the hidden dialects, waiting
in the tranquil womb of the ocean.
I may yet realise the soul's songs.

ROOTS THAT WHISPER

SHALINI SAMUEL

I hear them in the hush of dawn, in the winds. They call my name, A thought chain of ancient songs, a throb within my veins. Their voices rise through earth and stone, through old rivers, A reverberation of the ones before, their footsteps shaping mine.

My grandmother's hands still are here, in stitches, tight and neat, In stories wrapped in lullabies, in recipes warm and sweet. My grandfather's strength still builds my spine, though he is invisible, His wisdom lies in the home library, in prayers that save my skin.

They lived in lands of dust and fire, where summers burned like gold, Where fields would bow to calloused hands, and stories grew in folds. They wove their dreams in silent toil, in soil both kind and cruel, In teachings passed through blood and sweat, love was dominant.

Their soft voice blooms in every breath, in words I do not speak, Yet, deep in marrow's hush, I see and feel them close to me. Their laughter pierces the dark past into the skies of crimson hue, And all I have yet to learn, I know—they always somehow knew

I carry them within my ribs, like roots beneath the ground, Unseen, yet firm, they twist and pull yet never let me down. And when I stand, I do not stand on shifting sands alone, Their voices rise in my blood—a lineage carved in stone.

haiku - short form poetry originated in Japan

-STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU

enchanted garden...
what song, what bird
in the wisteria?

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LITERARY WORD SEARCH PUZZLE ANSWERS

Epic Haiku **Fable** Sonnet Limerick **Ballad** Verse **Novel** Myth Ode **Poem Allegory** Satire **Narrative Protagonist** Elegy Metaphor Simile Lyric **Drama Fantasy** Romance Irony **Tragedy** Saga **Prose** Comedy Stanza Genre Hero

haiga - a work consists of one haiku and one paint, brush, ink or photo

-STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU



SCIENCE SHORE 5TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL POEM

Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI C J (DAZZLE)

As another year unfolds, Prospective future beholds,

Bang on! We are five, Let's hi-five.

Potential talents like nowhere to cheer, Come and join us here.

Milestones memorable, Contributors' work remarkable.

A collaboration fostering knowledge, Let's cherish the bondage.

Motivate, thrive & empower,
The grey matter - our brain power.

Quality contents encapsulated, Lovely talents emancipated.

Reverberating energy continues, Exploring every avenue.

Team spirit shines, Nothing to whine,

Our journey peaceful, Every soul (contributors and editors) helming the boat prideful.

BLASPHEMY

VARSHA SARAN

Oh, my ink bleeds

When I try to write

Against my divine

Because if I write

I challenge all the creations

Of this nature and universe

If I start penning against you

O, my Supreme

I deny my self existence

You are in me

And I am in you

This whole system is created

Managed, regulated and destroyed

By three atomic powers of matter

Satva, Rajas and Tamas

are three

Properties of matter

Scientific research proved it

As Electron, Proton, Neutron

Our three deities are in us

Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh

Every day I die

In the form of my cellular deaths

Every day I take new birth

As my cells repair and rejuvenate

Every day I do my Karma

Every day I regulate and control my

Emotions

Actually I am doing nothing

But doing everything

My determinations

My thoughts

My energy and firm determinations

Can do miracles

I am Supreme Human being

I survived in tough conditions

We have decorated beautifully this mother earth but at the same time

Human's dogmatic behavior is responsible for all wars and terror

All religions teach about our self upliftment because these are all

methodology of living

I worship you to cease my fiery ego

I admire you through my hymns, mantras and meditation to defeat my every vice

And to discover my New Version

Of a peaceful, self regulated HUMAN

I am still in the search of Self

Aham Brahmasmi

Shivoham

I am.....

To do my best karma for the upliftment of 'self'

If each 'self' lived perfectly and calmly

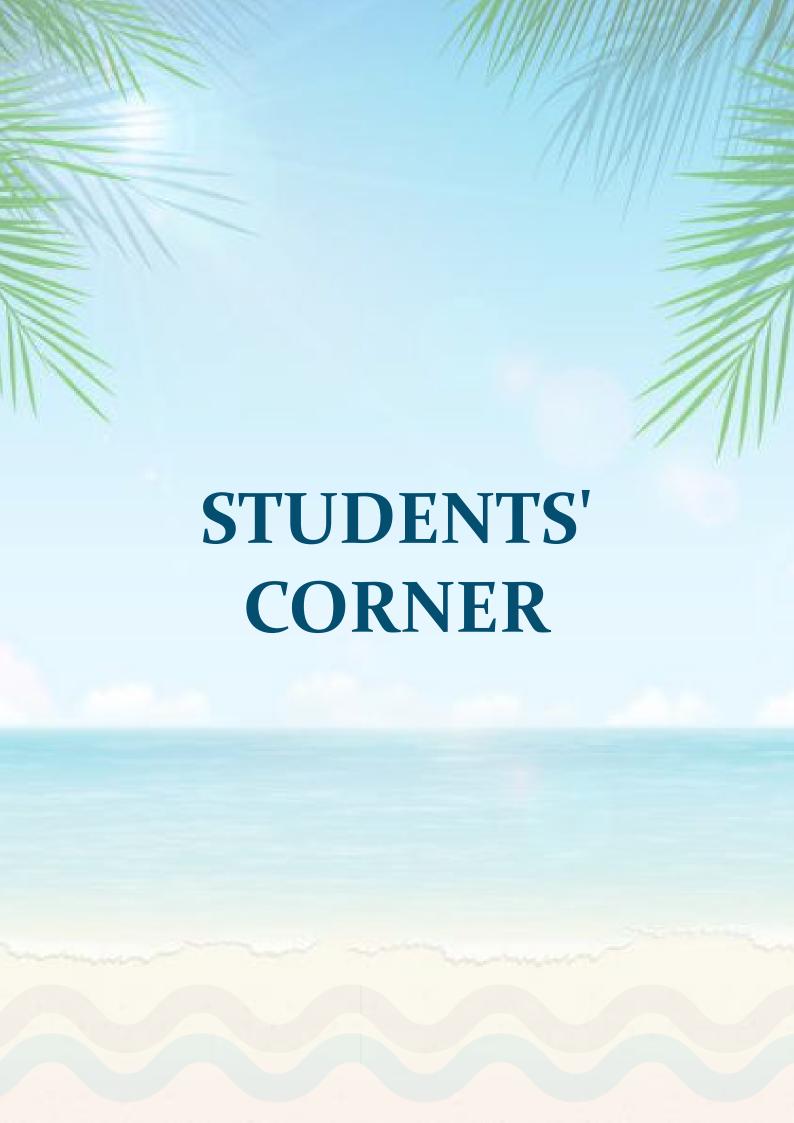
Like other creatures

This world would automatically become heaven...

Where valleys of euphoria and rivers of satisfaction occur

Where deep knowledge of the ocean

And infinite possibilities of this azure sky soar high and high.



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WAS IT YOU... KRISHNA...??

NANDANA MURALI

The village was a very peaceful place. Once I came to the village for my vacation, it was just a magical adventure!

The mesmerising flute....

I woke up and went out to admire the early morning rays of the sun, when a beautiful melody filled my thought to an unusual yearning. The melody played through but I couldn't find out who played it. I decided to find out what instrument made the sweet sounds. I rattled my mind but I couldn't find it. Maybe it was just me with the dreamy vacation mood. Finally, I figured that it was the tune of the flute. The winds blew and the sound of the flute faded. So I decided to wait for tomorrow.

And peacocks too...

After a day full of wandering around the village, the next day came and I went out. Now the tune caught hold of me again. `But it faded abruptly. A honey-like voice blew from the trees where the sun rose. It was the peacock's tune. Ah... I was relishing the moment, but couldn't understand, where this strange bird's voice was coming from? I couldn't see anyone outside, but who would play a flute early in the daybreak? Only a village boy can....

I walked around but I couldn't get the thought out of my mind!

The mysterious cowherd

The next day arrived and I rushed outside. Countless cows surrounded my house mooing eagerly. Behind came a young boy, dancing with delight. He was playing the flute. I looked at him curiously.

Looking at him, all my worries got washed away and his face cleared my mind as if he spread happiness wherever he went. The cowherd had a flute and was playing it throughout. He had a peacock feather wound around his head with a turban. His face was dark and I could only see his blossoming smile. He had a bright smile just blooming around his face. He jumped around, letting the cows free but at the same time, guarding them.

The music, accompanied by the cow's mooing and peacock's tune. It filled the world with a new day and a new life. It sure was an entirely different world!

Ah! God has come!

I decided to follow him.

Following the cowherd...

I followed him in a nightdress. I noticed as he walked through, the flowers started to bloom and the trees started to bear fruit. The birds were starting afresh and chirped happily. The strange cowherd spread joy, life and freshness wherever he went. Many women started to follow him, all wearing saris and carrying decorated pots full of buttermilk.

This new pomp made him seem more secretly famous. The women danced around the happy cows in the rural land. The happiness doubled. Many peacocks fluttered around with celebration and happiness. The sun rose, with a new light. In a second, the parade disappeared.

By the pond

When I wandered around the village, I noticed a pond and sat in its lush green banks. The pond was beautiful, filled with lotuses and was a beautiful secret. A boy came there not very young... he had curly hair and princely look.

I realised it was the same cowherd!

Was it a disguise? Who knew? I watched. Blossoms fell down from the covering trees. A calf came rushing down and followed him to the water. As the cowherd entered the pond, slowly the lotuses started to bloom even brighter and the sky got lighter.

The cowherd was beautiful, wearing a garland around his neck of gold ornaments. He bore a golden tiara studded with gems and his regular smile. He had tender lotus eyes and bangles in his hands.

Once he turned to look at me, as if he knew I was there and before I realised it he turned and was gone......... I never ever saw him again.

I cannot decipher if it was a dream or not and I will not come to any conclusion. I will just enjoy the soulful memory in my mind. But will I be the lucky one to hear the revitalizing tunes again?



Note: Illustrations by Nandana Murali.

WRITINGS BY I BA STUDENTS FROM ST PAULS COLLEGE, BENGALURU

Note received from Ms. Saranya Francis, Assistant Professor of English, St Pauls College, Bengaluru:

Young people and their creativity are always inspiring. The students of I BA, ST PAULS COLLEGE, Bengaluru are a testimony to this. These submissions are the creative result of a classroom exercise involving an owl that was perched on the tree that the classroom overlooks. What's more, we were discussing attitudes, rhetoric and time with self and the owl seemed like a great muse. Presented here are some of the responses to the muse from our time in the classroom with the owl in full attendance.



JOURNAL ENTRY

February 10th, 2025

GAYATHRI R

Today, in the middle of my lecture, I saw an owl outside my classroom window. At first, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me—an owl in broad daylight? But there it was, perched on branch between the cluster of leaves. It wasn't very big, probably a spotted owl, with round, watchful eyes and soft, speckled feathers.

While the professor droned on about something (I should probably check my notes later), I found myself completely absorbed by this little creature. It seemed so calm, blinking slowly, as if it knew something the rest of us didn't. For a moment, I wished I could switch places with it—perched high, away from deadlines and assignments, just observing life.

Then, just as suddenly as I noticed it, the owl fluffed its feathers and took off, disappearing into the trees. I wonder where it went. Maybe I'll see it again tomorrow. Maybe not.

DIFFERENT

NAGASHREE V

Different. One word, multiple implications. There is no specific definition per say, but generally, one may define it as dissimilarity—something that doesn't fit the norm. Despite the neutral meaning, this word is usually associated with negativity. But why? Why can't different be good? Is it really such a bad thing?

Humans are used to a way of life—a routine, something they've been doing a certain way for a while now. When there's an anomaly, a change, a difference in the routine, that's where things start to snowball.

Different or being different isn't a bad thing as such; it's just something that we are not used to, something that is unfamiliar to us. It changes the world as we know it.

And that scares people.

Let's look at an example. In the muggle world (Potterheads, anyone?) of Harry Potter, Tom Marvolo Riddle was different. He could do things that the other kids at the orphanage couldn't. This scared the kids, which sadly, led to bullying. Marvolo grew up seeing the worst of humanity, which awoke the monster within him and he became the one the world feared—Lord Voldemort.

No matter how evil Marvolo became, he was a sweet, innocent child once. I can write a whole book on this topic, but let's save that for another time. Point is, Marvolo was one of the most charismatic, ambitious and powerful wizards to have walked the mystical land of magic. Had he been treated well, JK Rowling might've had a different protagonist.

Kung fu Panda is also a good example. He was treated as an outcast at the Jade Palace because he didn't fit the norm for a fighter, much less the Dragon Master—he was different. But in the end, he is the one saves the Valley of Peace.

(I urge the readers not to compare the two, as they had completely different backgrounds that shaped them to who they became.)

It's our differences that define us; they're what makes us unique and special. By embracing different people, we can grow, thrive and create an environment where everyone feels valued and appreciated.

Stop.

Let's try that again, with an inclusive attitude.

By embracing unique people, we can grow, thrive and create an environment where everyone feels valued and appreciated. When we open our hearts and minds to the qualities that make each of us unique, we create a world where empathy and understanding thrive. Let's try to make this world a better place.

Remember, it starts with us.

THE SILENT STALKER

VAISHNAVI VINOD KUMAR

As I was peeping and talking
I saw something outside the window stalking

My eyes got struck and I stare But the owl didn't even care

I went back to my peer talking and the owl started stalking.



POETRY

WHEN THE EARTH WEEPS

ANNA KRIVOSIK

The Earth wakes up with a soft light, her grass is still wet with morning dew. Birds chirp and hop on the ground, the sun spreads its warm arms wide.

The trees stretch high above, their leaves waving hello to the sky. The river hums a quiet tune, flowing through the rocks.

But Earth gets quiet.
The trees stop singing,
and the rivers slow down.

The sky turns pitch black, like she's hiding her tears.
The wind gets angry, pushing, pulling, pushing, pulling, everything around.

Her heart feels heavy,
like she's carrying too much.
Birds fly away,
and flowers close up,
not wanting to be seen.

And if we listen,
we can hear her call.
She still wants us to play,
to care,
and to be kind to her,
just like we were when we first met.
Friends.

Her oceans grow big and loud,

waiting for us to remember.

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THE HEFTY PRICE

GAUTHAM.N

Hop, hop, hop, we go and down the day.

Hop, hop, hop, we go and down the day.

Up, up, up, we're always in our day.

Up, up, up, we come to sleep and fall all the way.

Hop, hop, hop, we go and down the day.
We are going to the grin of the devil's win.
We go up, we come down,
We sit and talk, we get up and down.

Through the wind and through the sun,
Through the mountains and the holy ground,
We go around the whole town,
We go again on the mounts.

We fall pretty deep, and we fell pretty sweet.
We go up again to the tree.
Up, up, up, we go up and down the way.
Up, up, up, we come to sleep and fall all the way.

The door opens, the lady comes in,
Guides you through the night and takes you to the tree.
You see it turns brown and olive green.
Oh, rises anger, jealousy all the way,
To come and be sick, happy all the day.

Oh my, oh my, you can't get it right— Anger, pain, suffering all the way. We hop, hop, hop, we hop all the day. Up, up, up, we're up and down the day.

We go around the holes of the ground, We fell pretty deep, and we did hit it. We see the light, we see the pain, We see a road to a Russian game.

We see the light, we see the pain,
We see the dawn of a solution day—
Of a solution day.

We are what we want to be,
But we never have the strength to be...

The pain you feel, the heart you seek,
The doubt you seek, the torch shall lead.
Through the wind, all the way.
The night sky glows, the moon shines.
The day has come to see our dream.

We stand on the bridge of life and dream.

I want to talk about you.

The root of love is always there to lead.

You shall take the decision—

To the right, to the left, or to the wind.

Wind will guide you, but water flows again, And then you shall think that it's another dream. But ho! It's not.

It's the life of a man of shall, Abandoned by all he seeks—

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The wealth, the power, the money, a star.
The fame, the name, to the shame,
Life plays a hefty game.

Oh, bright morning comes a way,
Away along, away and away along.
The Reaper comes with grin and hon,
Poisoned peas and lovely treats.
The bright he sings, the deep he grins,
The broader you get away from Him,
The happier you are within.

Grim or Grin, he made you. You shall win after you choose.

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PEACE, JUSTICE AND STRONG INSTITUTION

K. MONIKA

Peace isn't just about staying calm,
But the mightiest shield that keeps us from harm.

Let's join hands to end all wails and screams, To awaken the world to its hidden dreams.

Create a world
Where fear has no place,
And truth and justice forever embrace.

Create a nation
That stands tall through every tide,
With peace and justice as its guide.

Create a society
Where greed and malice fall apart,
And only truth prevails in every heart.

Build a wall

Where peace and justice stand strong Against all spite and wrong.

Shape an environment
Where there is no space to betray
And righteousness paves the moral way.

The moment you read, let your soul ignite,
It starts with you, me, he, and she
A world rebirth again, where everything is said to be free.

AN ORDINARY END

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

The quiet is never quiet,
Unwavering as the hum of a riot,
Churning thoughts into loud whispers.

Peace feels like a stranger -

My twin in the mirror

Dissects my imperfections,

As I touch depths of chasms in terror.

Passing every thought as a bad omen

With heavy hands that presses into my being,

I convince myself I am fine.

Weight of the void settled on my skin -

I wish no one ever saw me through.

To live in a world

Where familiar memories feel distant,

Or time has lost its essence,

Is to drift between fleeting moments

That can never be captured in memory.

Survival is for the fittest -

I wish I were still the person I used to be

Before my life blurs to an ordinary end.

AT YOUR BEHEST

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

No storm that split the skies,

No sparks that caught my eyes,

Or no quiet conspiracies
It is a blazing mark Cupid left,

Restless murmurs of the world, you heft.

To be drawn into your charm,
Unwinding with your voice, my favourite memory,
Where constellations become our destiny;
Wrapped in your scent, far from harm
Yet closer to your presence is where I should be.

I want to borrow the air you breathe,
And walk to you with a lily wreath.
Like thunder, as you crash in my chest,
I whisper truths once repressed all at your behest.

I spell your name like a chant,
The safest addiction to ever exist.
As your little secret lingered on your lips,
In no grand confession, the secret became mine.
And, I finally could name what I felt was love.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF TEACHERS COULD HEAR OUR THOUGHTS

VAISHNAVI SAMANTARAY

"In class, we sit so still,

But our minds are far from chill,

We think of games, of fun, of play,

No study all day.

But oh, the horror, if our teachers could hear,

Our thoughts, our daydreams, our deepest fear,

They'd know we're not paying attention,

And we would soon be in detention.

They'd hear our sighs, our groans, our pleas,

Please no homework no tests please!

Our thoughts of I'm so bored,

Dreams of skipping school and strolling on the road.

But little do they know, we're thinking deep

About places to roam and memes to keep.

Thinking about shopping plans,

And how to sneak in a nap with eyes on the fans!

So let's be glad they can't read minds,

And we can keep our thoughts in line,

For if they knew what we were thinking,

We'd be in big trouble, always sinking."



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POEMS AND DRAWINGS BY STUDENTS FROM VRUKSHA MONTESSORI SCHOOL, CHENNAI

THOUGHTS

DHANYA SANTHOSH

The wind blows fast
There stands a girl with a pure heart
Her dress is simple
In her face, she has a dimple

She has a smile on her face
Thinking about life which is actually a race
Competing with each other in studies
And this ends up in worries

Fighting with each other for no reason Mood changing with seasons Cheating also comes in the middle People also fiddle

Everything back to normal at the end People busy in their own life Forgetting what happened And starting a new day

She asks herself about why life is a race.
Why is there a victory or defeat?
Why is there an emotion of happiness or sadness?
Why can't everything end happily?

After few minutes of thinking
She gets an answer which
She thinks will surely happen one day

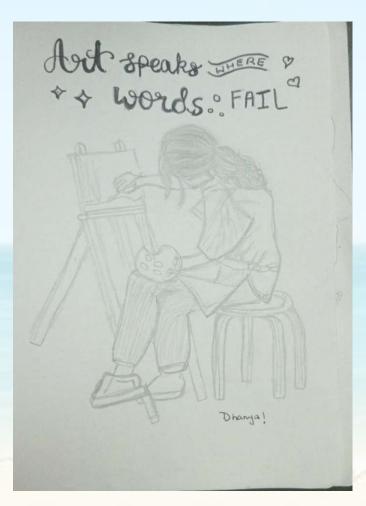
Where people will change They will reunite Have a smile on their face, And will laugh and have fun

There will be a day where one's worries will end. They will be in peace forever with a happy end.





A FUN DOODLE ART by DHANYA SANTHOSH



DRAWING by DHANYA SANTHOSH

TIME

RIYA KUCHIPUDI

Our body's a clock, each breath a chime. Life ticks away, a bomb in time.

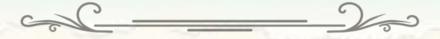
From the day we're born, gears unwind.

A race with moments we'll never find.

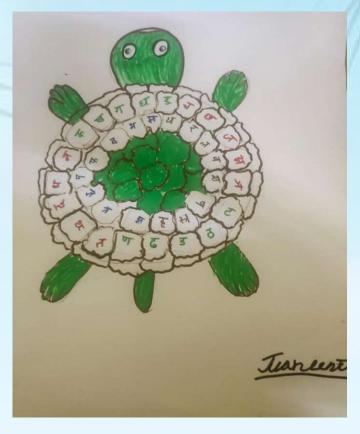
Time slips like sand, through open hands, A fading beat, in shifting sands.

No matter how we try to mend, the gap remains, it won't pretend.

And when it stops,
We stand shocked, not ready
In a silence sombre
In a silence deep.



ART



TORTOISE SHELL ALPHABET ART by JUAN LENJU



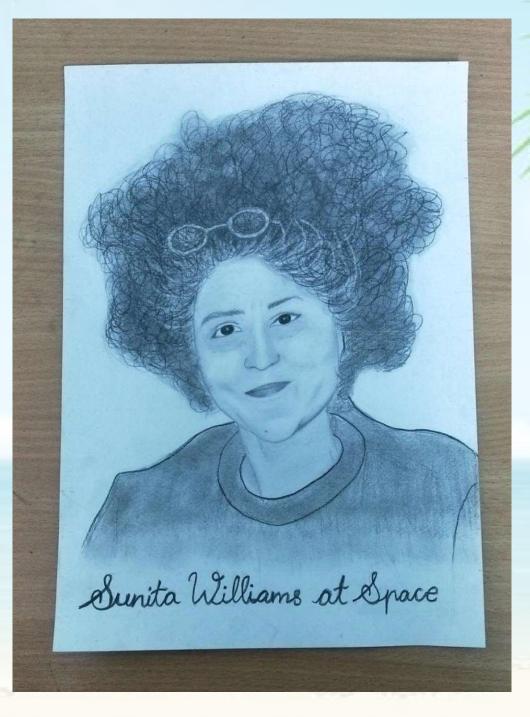
PROJECT MODEL

GLOBAL WARMING: PROBLEMS AND SOLUTIONS by JULIAN LENJU

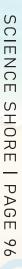


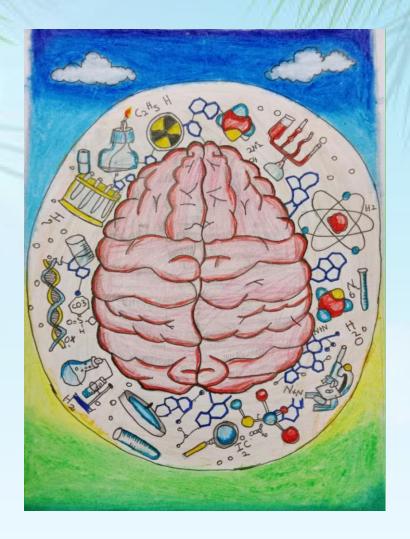
DRAWING COLLAGE by NANDANA MURALI (more than 10 drawings in a single frame)

DRAWINGS BY STUDENTS FROM SHRI NATESAN VIDYASALA MATRIC. HR. SEC. SCHOOL, CHENNAI



DRAWING by DIVYA DHARSHINI. D - 7 A

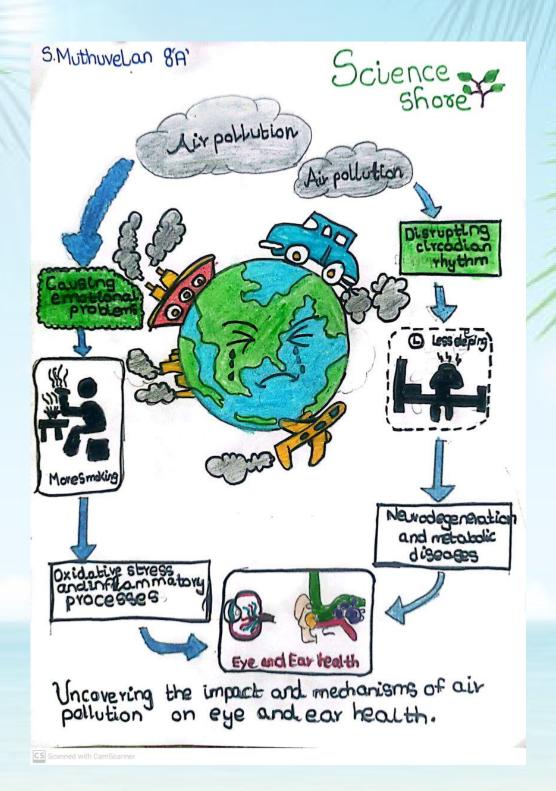




DRAWING AND COLOURING by GAURISH. G - 6 G



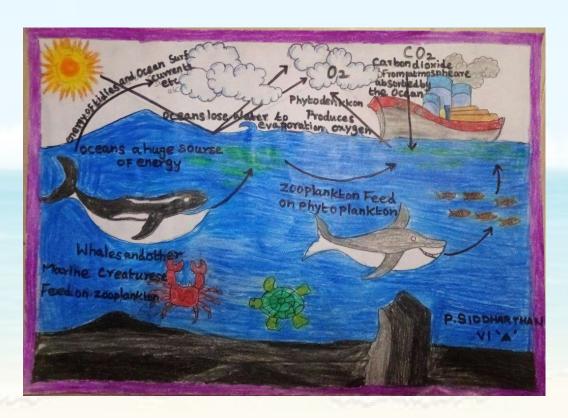
DRAWING AND COLOURING by HARSHITHA. K - 6 E



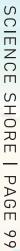
DRAWING AND COLOURING by MUTHUVELAN. S - 8 A



DRAWING by NITHIN SAI. T. I - 6 E



DRAWING AND COLOURING by SIDDHARTHAN. P - 6 A





DRAWING AND COLOURING by THARUN KUMAR. M - 6 A

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We extend hearty congratulations to all the contributors of APRIL 2025 5th Anniversary Special issue!



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