

SCIENCE SHORE



exploring the ocean of life

ONLINE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

VOL 7 | ISSUE 1 | JANUARY 2026

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*New Year
Edition*

**Students' Corner
News and Updates**

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LATEST NEWS AND UPDATES FROM SCIENCE SHORE

We love to celebrate our team members achievements.

POETRY ANTHOLOGY Book launch of Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI C J celebrated:

Dr. Thirupurasundari C J is a cheerful Biochemist and Molecular Biologist, talented poet, amazing artist and editor at Science Shore. Her first book of poems, LIFE: AN ENIGMA was launched on 19th October 2025 at The Learning Community at Quest, Besant Nagar, Chennai. The book release program was a joyful event graced by her medical and non-medical friends and family members. Her book was very well appreciated.

Dr. Thirupurasundari expresses her deep gratitude for their august presence and happily shares that 24 copies of books were sold out on launch day itself.

The book, Life: An enigma inspires to live a life with positivity.

To discover more about the book, buy your copy:

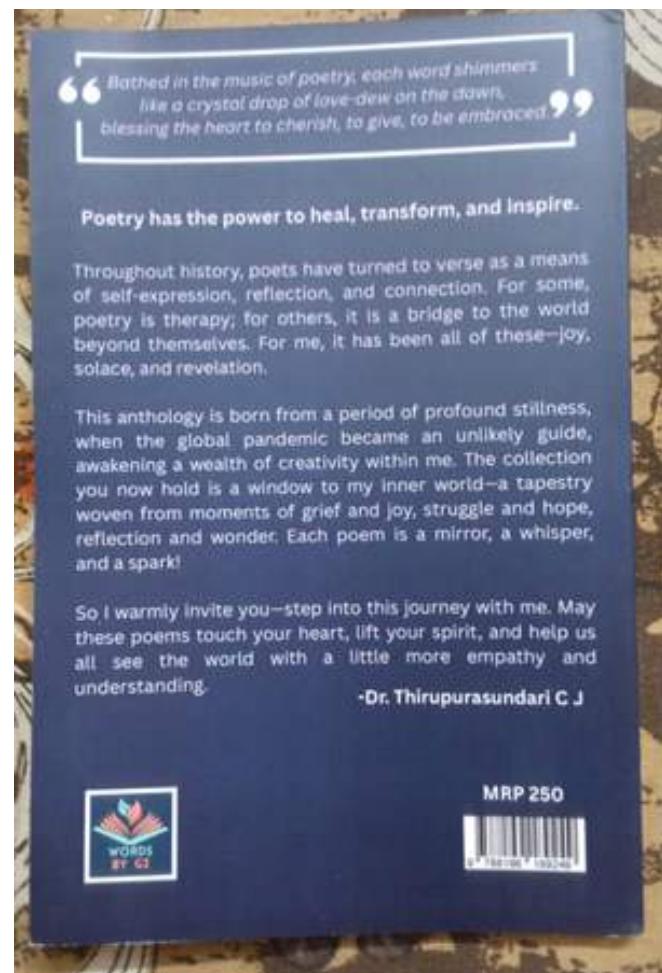
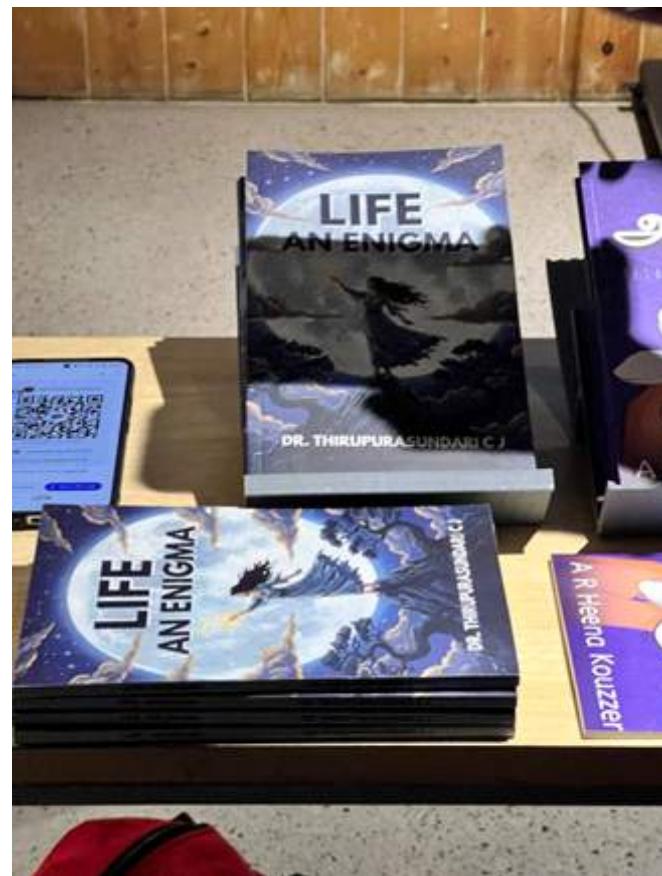
The book is available for purchase on:

<https://www.smartbiz.in/WordsbyG2Books/product/ba429a34-31ee-49a2-8fed-45e2353712b7>

[https://amzn.in/d/3BFmEm2.](https://amzn.in/d/3BFmEm2)

Presenting Life: An Enigma Book Launch Event:









Our Hearty congratulations to her on her wonderful achievement and our best wishes.

Our Hearty congratulations to our Editor Rtd. Rrof. Lathaprem Sakhya on being honored:

Our Editor **RTD PROF. LATHA PREM SAKHYA** was honored by the Prachodana Perumbavoor in Association with Koodu introducing a New Concept, Human Library (Real People – Real Conversations) as the FIRST REAL BOOK OF THE DAY.

The title of her book: Lathaprem Sakhya Weaving the Petals of Life Ch - 10: Pen, Brush, Spade – My Life.

She shared her life story through Pen, Brush and Spade – as a teacher and poet, painter and cultivator.

With honesty and confidence, she spoke about her struggles, achievements, sacrifices and losses. The interactive session touched and inspired the listeners. The Human library session was held on 25th January 2026.

Words from Team Prachodana:

The Human Book of the Day was Prof. Latha Prem Sakhya, retired Associate Professor. The participants were very eager and curious to understand what a Human Library is, and Prof. Latha beautifully clarified the concept by sharing her own life story, which is also documented in her book.

She presented her life journey through the 10th chapter of her book, symbolically titled:

- « Pen – representing her life as a teacher and poet
- « Brush – representing her identity as a painter
- « Spade – representing her role as a cultivator and lover of nature

Through these symbols, she narrated her experiences with honesty and depth. She spoke about her hardships, struggles, achievements, awards, sacrifices made for her students, as well as her personal losses and emotional ups and downs. Her narration was deeply emotional, yet delivered with confidence and inner strength.

The session was highly interactive. Prof. Latha answered the questions raised by the audience patiently, sincerely, and genuinely, creating a safe and inspiring space for dialogue. The participants felt connected, motivated, and enriched by her life experiences.

The Human Library programme truly reflected its theme — “Real People, Real Conversations.” It was a meaningful experience that highlighted the power of listening, empathy, and shared human stories.

The programme was well appreciated by all participants and stood as a proud initiative of Prachodana, reinforcing its commitment to personal growth, learning, and emotional well-being in society.

“Every human being is a living book. When we listen with empathy, we don't just hear a story—we gain wisdom, courage, and connection.”



Prachodana Perumbavoor
In Association
With Koodu



Introducing A New Concept

HUMAN LIBRARY

Real People - Real Conversations

25th January

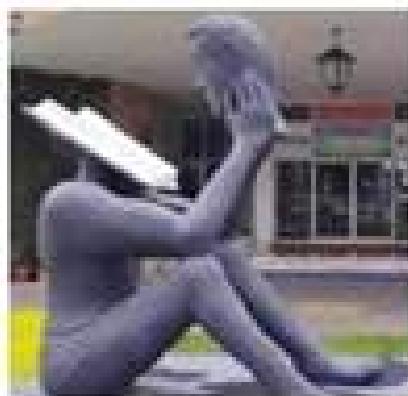
Time: 2.00 pm to 5.00 pm

Sunday



Place: Prachodana Perumbavoor
Near Govt. Ayurveda Hospital Perappuram

Real Book Of The Day :
Rtd. Associate Prof. Lathaprem Sakhya



Only 25 Seats Join To Listen

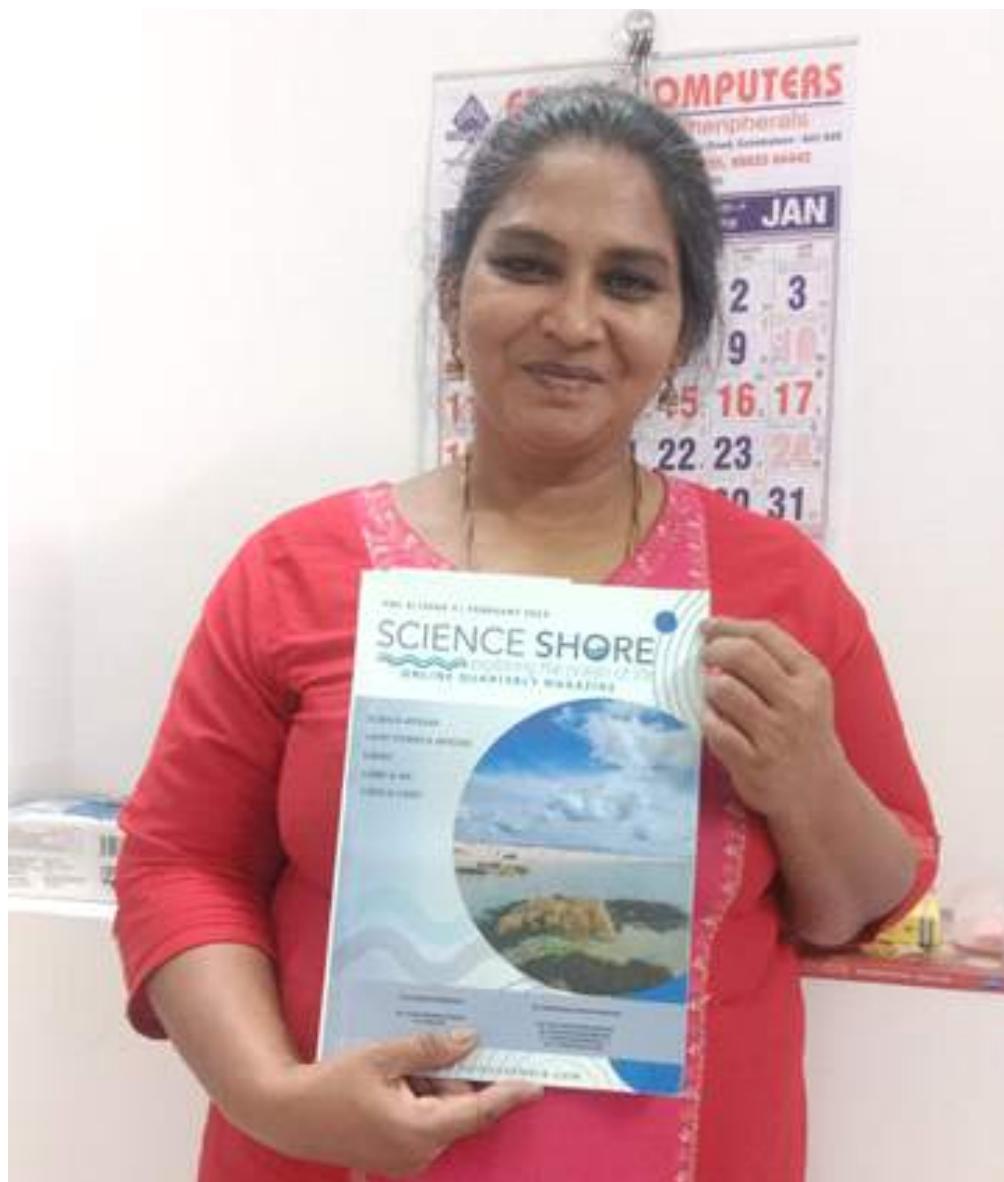
For Details:
8137019298



SCIENCE SHORE OUTREACH Initiative – fostering Collaboration:

We consistently find ways to reach out Science Shore for the benefit of students. We are happy to share that Science Shore reaches Nirmala College for Women, Coimbatore.

Big sincere thanks to Dr. J. Roopavathy, Assistant Prof, PG and Research Department of Zoology for supporting our work and also for her kind gesture sharing the picture holding Science Shore. She expressed appreciation for our work and also willingness to contribute article.



Laxmi Natraj, experienced teacher and author happily shares review of one of her books to Science Shore. She also expressed enthusiasm to write short moral based stories for kids for Science Shore.

She has written 8 novels for kids which were simple adventures with lot of Scfi added. 6 of them were published by Vishyva Vijay publication are still available at Amazon. The last two are short adventure story books. She has distributed her books free to many schools to spread children's reading habit.



Presenting Review of her book: Crime thriller sticky chocolate

Sumi, the owner of a crime magazine tries to help a boy fallen from a motorbike, before his friends came, and picked him up. But later, she found a piece of sticky chocolate, stuck to her palm.

When and how did this piece, coverless, and sticky, appeared in her hand without her knowledge?

If that accident, unconscious boy, had passed it on to her, without her knowledge, what was he trying to say?

Is it because, his life was in danger, and he wanted to pass on some secret, before he gets killed?

As she takes, the piece of stick chocolate, to the Police, a Pandora box of dark crimes, unbelievable, shaking the backbone of our whole country, starts spilling out.

Will that young girl, brutally attacked and murdered, for trying to gather evidence against a worst powerful criminal get justice in the end?

A gripping crime thriller, twists and turns at every page. Grab your book from Amazon kindle to enjoy a roller- coast drive, of a spine chilling, crime story.
https://www.amazon.in/STICKY-CHOCOLATE-Laxmi-Natraj-ebook/dp/B0FZ47QH2B?ref_=ast_author_mpb

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TITLE: FROM ET to AI, A GLIMPSE OF THE SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE..

GITA BHARATH

Current news -- Astronomy

ALIEN Spaceship!! Screamed science podcasts as the 3 i ATLAS (3 i for 3rd interstellar object to be observed), became THE astronomical phenomenon of 2025 - was detected on July 1st, 2025.

Its unusual brightness, shifting colour, and strange orbital behaviour initially puzzled astronomers — some said that it could be an artificial or alien-made object!

All comets have a gaseous tail pointing away from the sun while approaching it, due to solar radiation, and pointing towards it as they speed away, "head-first".

3i seemed to have an anti-tail.

Many anomalous features fuelled wild speculation that this was an "Alien Artifact" .. But the features once considered "strange" — carbon dioxide emissions, presence of nickel and brightness fluctuations — are all well-documented cometary behaviours under intense solar radiation.

It is twice as old as the sun, probably even older than the 7.6 million years estimated by some scientists, composed of material not seen in other comets. It has been traveling for millions of years, too... speeding at 60 kilometres per SECOND!



So 3i Atlas, though not made by ETs, is still a fascinating cometary body that's travelled unimaginable distances from the denser, central part of our galaxy out to our suburban spiral arm...

Current news-- Robotics and AI

Karel Capek's 1921 science fiction play *Rossum's Universal Robots* first used the word ROBOT, which means forced labour in Czech.

This year, the focus was on Indian robots, as the Indian Army used sophisticated robots in Myanmar as part of an aid mission, called "Operation Brahma Mules" following a major earthquake in April 2025.

The operation deployed four-legged robots, along with nano drones, to conduct search and rescue operations in areas where it was unsafe for humans.

Robo Mules: Four-legged robotic machines designed to walk through unstable, debris-strewn terrain.

Nano Drones: tiny drones equipped with heat imaging to scan for heat signatures inside collapsed structures.

For space-use:

Vyommitra is an ISRO humanoid space robot developed for the Gaganyaan mission to assist astronauts in space.

The first uncrewed flight with Vyommitra is planned for December 2025.

Vyommitra will monitor and test critical spacecraft systems, including life support, avionics, and environmental controls, simulating human responses in microgravity.



In the ocean:

Considering the vast resources India's 7,517 km coastline and 2.37 million sq km, NIOT has developed for use --(6 km underwater!) A Remotely Operated Vehicle (ROV) and a crawler-based nodule collector Varaha; and a manned submersible (Samudrayaan) capable of carrying three crew members to 6 kms depth for scientific exploration, successfully tested as of November 2025!

In ordinary civilian life:

If you visit Kempegowda international airport, please meet KEMPA: A customer assistance robot that helps passengers with flight-related queries. Also in Bangalore, start-up Genobotics has developed the "Bandicoot" robot which automates sewer cleaning.

Reliance-backed Addverb is launching humanoid robots to eliminate '3D jobs' ones that are Dull, Dirty and Dangerous.

Kochi-based Asimov Robotics has developed robots for high-risk settings.

Hyderabad-based Svaya Robotics specialises in industrial robots for tasks in manufacturing and logistics.

Kody from Ahmedabad is developing robots for surveillance, office services and industry.

Robocop: A law enforcement robot developed by H-Bots Robotics to assist in security and traffic management.



In a few years, we will surely be dealing with robots on a daily basis.

Current news: Medicine

As we grow older, we forget so much, and our thinking and reasoning slows down, sometimes bringing on Alzheimer's disease. Preventive steps include earlier healthier lifestyles and predictions using AI based on genetics.

Scientists have uncovered how Alzheimer's disease begins. Two proteins (A β and fibrinogen) together create stubborn clots that damage blood vessels and spark inflammation in the brain.

Copper is also said to be linked with Alzheimer's. Hopefully, tiny proteins from camels and llamas, known as nanobodies, offer new hope for brain diseases. These molecules can enter brain cells, a feat difficult for regular antibodies. Research suggests they could treat Alzheimer's and schizophrenia. Scientists are working to make these proteins stable for human use. This breakthrough could revolutionize brain disorder treatments.



THE UN SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT GOALS

KOWSALYA RAGHU

Not all human beings have the luxury to good health, quality education or even clean water and food. Every city dweller is not blessed with clean air to breathe in and animals have started to lose their habitats. Why is this? That is because we have exploited nature to the maximum for our selfishness to live comfortably. Also, it seems that we have lost the capacity to recognise another human being as human and deserving as we are.

Human interaction with the environment to get food, water, fuel and many other things is crucial. However, we have exploited everything that Mother nature had to offer us extensively. This has led to disrupted ecosystems, drastic climatic changes and soil degradation. Humans have caused more damage to the environment in the last two decades and it seems like we will end up leaving a barren land with no water and intense global warming for the following generations.

The solution to this problem is that we work together to promote the progress of the society by sustaining our environment. The world, the nations, cities, in fact, every household should encourage the idea of sustainable development.

What is Sustainable Development?

Sustainable development is the development that satisfies the needs of the present without compromising the ability of future generations to do the same. The idea is to build a society where people's needs are met and living conditions are good, while making sure the planet stays healthy. At its heart,



sustainable development is about guaranteeing the right balance between economic progress, caring for the environment, and social well-being.

Why Sustainable Development Matters

Sustainable development is important because it helps us grow without harming the planet or society. Here's how it makes a difference:

- It encourages ways to protect and conserve natural resources, preventing further damage to our environment.
- It teaches us to use resources wisely by following the 3Rs: reduce, reuse, and recycle.
- It promotes clean energy solutions, making better use of renewable and natural resources.
- It ensures that economic growth happens in an environmentally responsible way.
- It offers alternatives to reduce pollution in our air, water, and soil.
- It supports fairness and equality—regardless of income, gender, age, disability, race, or religion—so everyone has opportunities to thrive.
- It pushes for smart, sustainable cities with reliable transport, clean water, sanitation, quality education, and decent jobs.
- It encourages the use of eco-friendly technologies that make the most of available resources.
- And most importantly, it brings nations together to work collectively toward these shared goals.

In 2015, all United Nations Member States adopted the 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development, a global plan designed to promote peace, prosperity, and environmental protection. At the centre of this agenda are the 17 Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs), also known as the Global Goals. These goals call for collective action from both developed and developing nations, working together in partnership. They emphasize that ending poverty must be accompanied by efforts to improve health and education, reduce inequality, and foster economic growth. At the same time, they highlight the urgent need to address climate change and safeguard the world's oceans, forests, and ecosystems, ensuring a sustainable future for generations to come.



The 17 SDGs are

1. No Poverty - End poverty in all its forms everywhere.
2. No Hunger – End Hunger, achieve food security and promote sustainable agriculture.
3. Good health and Well-being – Ensure healthy lives and promote well-being for all at all ages.



4. Quality education – Ensure inclusive and equitable quality education and promote lifelong learning opportunities for all.
5. Gender equality – Achieve gender equality and empower all women and girls.
6. Clean water and sanitation – Ensure availability and sustainable management of water and sanitation for all.
7. Affordable and clean energy – Ensure access to affordable, reliable, sustainable modern energy for all.
8. Decent work and economic growth – Promote sustained, inclusive and sustainable growth.
9. Industry, innovation and infrastructure – Build resilient infrastructure, promote inclusive and sustainable industrialization.
10. Reduced inequalities – Reduce inequality within and among countries.
11. Sustainable cities and communities – Make cities and human settlements inclusive, safe, resilient and sustainable.
12. Responsible consumption and production – Ensure sustainable consumption and production patterns.
13. Climate action – Take urgent action to combat climate change and its impact.
14. Life below water – Conserve and sustainably use the ocean, seas and marine resources for sustainable development.
15. Life on Land – Protect, restore and promote sustainable use of terrestrial ecosystem, sustainably manage forests, combat desertification and halt and reverse land degradation and halt biodiversity loss.



16. Peace, justice and strong institutions – Promote peaceful and inclusive societies for sustainable development, provide access to justice for all and build effective and accountable and inclusive institutions at all levels.
17. Partnership for the goal – Strengthen the means of implementation and revitalize the Global partnership for sustainable development.

Today, the Division for Sustainable development goals (DSDG) of the UN provide substantive support and capacity-building for the SDGs and their related thematic issues, including water, energy, climate, oceans, urbanization, transport, science and technology, the Global sustainable Development report, (GSDR), partnerships and Small Island Developing states. The Division for Sustainable Development Goals (DSDG) plays an important role in making sure the UN is on track with the 2030 Agenda. It doesn't just monitor progress—it also spreads awareness and builds support for the Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs).

For these goals to become reality, they need more than just recognition. Everyone - governments, organizations, and communities - has to take ownership and commit to action. That's where DSDG steps in: it helps bring people together, encourages collaboration, and makes sure the global vision of sustainable development is something we all work toward.

We shall continue the discussion in the next issue where we will explore the topic in greater depth covering the challenges to sustainable development and the steps taken by the Indian government to align their plans and programs with the UN SDGs. Stay tuned!

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REALITY OF TIME

ORBINDU GANGA

The inception of the river, exploring the diametrical terrains and forming its own path before becoming the sea, has seen many phases, each one having a decisive flow of its own. We capture those phases of flowing motion, and further, we make them into moments captured through a click. Each of them has a time; we fix a time to see them. Time is a variable to be constant. Time's existence as a linear form is captured through a river. Time has been seen as a uniform flow from past to present to connect the future. She flows; as observers, we capture her flow with time. When the observer is a three-dimensional species seeing the observation, the moments are captured, and each becomes an occasion; the time moves, and we move along with it. We frame the moment with yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The way we see in observation is with respect to our perspective; we are restricted to our own perspective. We relish the journey of the river as it moves, and we see its journey for days.

When the body breathes her size to a minimum and travels beyond the light, the time is no longer constant. We will be able to see the whole journey of the river in a few seconds, and we can make a choice of seeing the phase at will. The inception and denouement of the river are seen at will, with the vicious circle also being observed. The observation of being able to live a moment in a definite phase at will is being in a multiverse. Each of our observations creates multiple copies, thereby creating many more as it moves further. We choose our moment; time becomes nonexistent. They become relative and not constant.



Living in a moment to breathe and smell the flow of the Ganges at Varanasi and Kolkata at the same time is possible when our observation of time is relative; we will be able to be present at two places as we duplicate our copies. The places can be more than two, depending on your choice of being. The observation of being at different places makes time relative. Time is no longer constant; the observation of an observer makes the time relative; it varies. Time loses its place as a fundamental entity. Time as a constant was misplaced for years, where human perception was very much limited until the quantum mechanics postulate made the importance of time relative.

Einstein's theory of relativity stated that time is not constant but relative, crushing the theory of time being a constant entity. He also proposed that gravity is a curvature of spacetime formed of mass and energy, as seen in heavenly bodies like the planets, where the curvature of spacetime dictates the motion of objects and the flow of time. On Earth, time is faster at mountain ranges than at sea level because the strength of the Earth's gravitational field decreases with altitude. In quantum mechanics, time is no longer constant but intertwined with space and gravity. With modern research, time is postulated to have emerged from quantum entanglement. It has been stated that time would have emerged between subsystems. If such an entanglement didn't exist, the universe would have been a constant; with the universe becoming constant, nothing would have existed in such a scenario. It ultimately states that time is no longer a fundamental entity that is constant, but a manifestation of quantum correlations that is very much relative. This makes the reality of



today's world not about the past, present, and future, but only about the present, where everything coexists. According to string theory, time emerges from the vibration patterns of fundamental strings, blending with spacetime. Time's existence has become more of a sub-entity than the entity itself.

The reality of time's existence is not as dynamic as we have believed it to be; it is a paradigm shift towards the existence of the present, where everything coexists. The human mind has made perceptions of the past and present for its own belief system, for its own survival. If the thought process of such a belief system is shattered, then reality and free will have their own repercussions to bear. As more and more research uncovers the reality of time, our perception of the present will change.



REDEFINING BONE HEALING: THE NEW ERA OF 3D-PRINTED THERAPIES

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The science of creating living tissues, or tissue engineering, has potential applications in treating human illness. Compared with the last two decades, newer technologies have long been used by the orthopaedic community to manage various bone-related ailments. Though many lifestyle factors contribute to bone diseases, the association between obesity and bone disease was found to be statistically significant in a particular study. A study conducted in 2019 has shown that five countries with the highest disease burden of LBMD (Low Bone Mass Mineral Density) of disability-adjusted life-years (DALYs) number in LBMD-related fractures were, India, China, United States of America (819 445), Japan, and Germany, accounting for 25.59%, 18.75%, 8.35%, 3.29%, and 3.04% respectively.

Orthopaedic surgeons and biomedical engineers have collaborated to develop innovative methods for replacing or repairing damaged tissues, ranging from complete joint replacement to the use of different strategies



like autologous bone graft, allografting, membrane induced bone remodelling and as well use of various types of recombinant human bone morphogenetic proteins and some specific growth factors for bone defects and diseases like Osteoporosis, Osteogenesis imperfecta (brittle bones), Paget's disease, Osteosarcoma (bone cancer) and infections. Regarding orthopaedics specifically, tissue-engineering approaches are being investigated for a number of difficult musculoskeletal conditions, including osteonecrosis, osteochondral abnormalities, non-union fractures, osteoarthritis, and tendon deformities. The pharmaceutical and medical sciences have been transformed by the emerging field of bioprinting, which has attracted significant attention worldwide. By layering living cells and biomaterials using computer-aided design (CAD) transfer techniques, 3-Dimensional (3D) bioprinting is an additive approach that allows for exact customisation of biological constructions. By mimicking 3D microenvironments, a bioprinter reproduces human physiology, unlike 2D cell cultures and animal models. Over the past several years, 3D bioprinting has advanced significantly and has the potential to transform the healthcare industry. The global 3D bioprinting market is expected to grow at a compound annual growth rate of 12.5% from 2023 to 2030, reaching USD 5.3 billion by 2030. By implanting osteoblasts (bone cells) or stem cells into biocompatible, biodegradable scaffolds to promote bone regeneration, bone tissue engineering (BTE) offers an efficient healing alternative. The widespread use of 3D bioprinting in the production of BTE scaffolds has been enabled by its rapid development over the past few years. This technique offers new possibilities for customising BTE scaffolds using

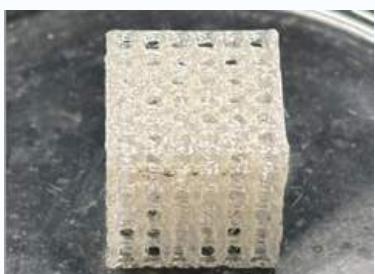


specialised "bio-inks" and computer models. Bioinks are composed of living cells, biomaterials, and growth factors to mimic the natural environment. The biomaterials used can be natural polymers, which are biocompatible but have poor mechanical properties; metals offer high strength but may cause chronic inflammation; bio-ceramics are excellent, biocompatible, but brittle; and synthetic polymers provide strong tunability but may produce acidic byproducts during degradation. Thus, combining 3D bioprinting with unique composite materials may improve the mechanical and biocompatibility of scaffolds, offering practical solutions to current problems. In addition, bioprinting technology shows great promise for creating functioning organs and tissues, which might revolutionise regenerative medicine and help address the severe shortage of organ donors. Personalised medication delivery systems and dosage form optimisation are two areas where this technology has shown great promise in pharmaceutical applications. There is a misconception in BTE that most tissue-engineering-based treatments might not reach the clinic, despite exciting advancements being studied in lab settings and preclinical animal models. However, recent studies have disproved this, showing that 111 clinical studies have been reported in this area.

Furthermore, one recent study has even reported on craniofacial bone defect reconstruction. This clinical trial involved two patients with varying craniofacial defects who underwent reconstruction using customized polycaprolactone with beta-tricalcium phosphate composite (PCL/β-TCP) scaffolds. The scaffolds were designed based on CT imaging and fabricated through low-temperature 3D printing, ensuring

personalized fit and biocompatibility. Postoperative follow-up demonstrated good scaffold integration, tissue ingrowth, and patient satisfaction without serious complications. This pioneering trial confirms the feasibility and safety of PCL/β-TCP composite scaffolds for craniofacial reconstruction, laying a foundation for broader clinical applications. These clinical trials keep the promise of 3D printing and bioprinting technologies in bone tissue engineering, which would eventually lead to a cutting-edge, affordable treatment for bone-related ailments.

Cubical



Circular



Gridded



Bi-layered



Cancellous



Screw model



Different 3D printed bone models for reference

(Biomaterial laboratory, Faculty of Clinical Research, SRIHER)



FEATHERS IN FLUX: BIRDS NAVIGATING THE WINDS OF CLIMATE CHANGE

VAITHIANATHAN KANNAN

Email : kannan.vaithianathan@gmail.com

The avian realm, once a symphony of diverse species thriving in varied ecosystems, is now facing unprecedented challenges due to climate change. Birds, those enchanting creatures that grace our skies with their melodies and vibrant plumage, are at the forefront of environmental shifts. This essay delves into the intricate relationship between birds and climate change, exploring the impacts on migration patterns, nesting behaviours, and the urgent need for global conservation efforts.

Climate change, driven by human activities such as burning fossil fuels and deforestation, is altering the Earth's climate at an alarming rate. Birds, known for their remarkable adaptability, are experiencing disruptions to their traditional patterns and behaviours. One significant impact is that animals are changing their migration patterns due to changes around them. Rising temperatures and changing weather patterns affect the availability of food sources along migratory paths, leading to shifts in timing and destinations. Birds face the challenge of contemporizing their journeys with the availability of resources, a delicate dance disrupted by a climate in flux.

Nesting behaviours, critical for the survival of bird species, are also transforming in response to climate change. Extreme heat can impact the timing of insect hatches and the blooming of plants, influencing when birds choose to build nests and lay eggs. Such mismatches in timing can



jeopardize the availability of essential food sources for chicks, potentially leading to declines in reproductive success. As birds adapt to these shifts, the delicate balance between predator and prey, pollinator and plant, is at risk of being disrupted.

It's essential to recognise that climate change can have a profoundly detrimental impact on birds. If we don't take action, bird populations could suffer greatly. Some species may face increased extinction risks due to habitat loss and the inability to adapt swiftly enough to changing conditions. The delicate ecosystems that birds contribute to, including seed dispersal and pest control, are at risk of unravelling, with far-reaching consequences for global biodiversity.

Conservation efforts on a global scale are imperative to mitigate the impacts of climate change on birds. Protecting and restoring habitats, implementing sustainable practices, and reducing carbon emissions are crucial steps. International collaboration is essential, as birds' migratory paths often span continents, requiring coordinated efforts to ensure their survival. Weather is of major importance for the population dynamics of birds, but the implications of climate change have only recently begun to be addressed. There is already compelling evidence that birds have been affected by recent climate changes. This review suggests that although there is a substantial body of evidence for changes in the phenology of birds, particularly in the timing of migration and nesting, the consequences of these responses for a species' population dynamics is still an area requiring in-depth research. The potential for phenological miscuing (responding inappropriately to climate change, including a lack of response) and for phenological disjunction (in which a bird species becomes out of synchrony with its environment) are beginning to be demonstrated, and are also important



areas for further research. The study of climatically induced distributional change is currently at a predictive modelling stage and will need to develop methods for testing these predictions. Overall, there is a range of intrinsic and extrinsic factors that could potentially inhibit adaptation to climate change and these are a high priority for research.

The impact of weather on the population biology of birds has been a major field of study by ornithologists over the past half-century. Weather not only affects the metabolic rate of birds (e.g. cold weather requiring increased energy expenditure for body maintenance) but also exerts other indirect and direct effects on bird behaviour. For example, it can influence foraging conditions and the ability to carry out other essential behaviours, such as courtship. Weather also impacts breeding success through, for example, chilling or starvation of young. Extreme weather events, such as prolonged frozen spells and droughts, can have catastrophic effects on bird populations, including long-term effects on whole cohorts. An example of regularly occurring catastrophic events that affect seabirds over a large geographical scale is those due to El Niño events, when periodic warming occurs due to oceanic currents, leading to crashes in fish abundance and catastrophic breeding failure or even adult mortality among seabirds. The implications for birds of climate change, i.e. long-term shifts in average weather, have only recently begun to be addressed. There is already compelling evidence that animals and plants have been affected by recent climate change. These effects include earlier breeding; changes in the timing of migration; changes in breeding performance (egg size, nesting success); changes in population sizes; changes in population distributions; and changes in selection differentials between components of a population. Birds can be important bio-indicators, a concept that is readily understandable by the



general public and policy-makers because birds are both popular and often have an iconic or totemic status worldwide.

Changes in the phenology of autumn migration are reviewed elsewhere in these proceedings, but observations made over broad areas, such as in the western counties and those made at point locations show general trends towards earlier spring arrivals for many species. In some areas, although the timing in the arrival of spring migrants is earlier in warmer springs, no trends are yet apparent, because local temperatures have yet to show any trend or there are trends towards later arrival because local temperatures have tended to become cooler. The impacts of climate change on demographic factors, breeding performance and survival, which affect the population dynamics of species, have been less well explored than phenology. There is often a range of interacting factors that may influence any one demographic parameter, such that the influence of weather or climate may be difficult to elucidate clearly. For example, clutch size may vary with laying date (both calendar and concerning the start of the nesting season), age and experience, population density, and a range of environmental factors such as latitude, altitude and habitat. However, several studies have shown trends in various aspects of breeding performance that correlate with trends in climate.

The detection of population change in response to climate change is likely to be affected by the masking effects of density-dependent population regulation. Populations will often tend to regulate themselves to a certain level after transient or longer-term changes in a particular component of a species' demography. The ready response of many species to recent climate change indicates that most species have the



phenotypic plasticity to cope with such change. However, there is growing evidence that some species may find it difficult to adapt to climate change because, for example, of the use of inappropriate environmental cues as phenological triggers, or because different parts of a food chain may respond deferentially to climate change.

Ornithology has provided some of the best examples of the impacts of recent climate change on wildlife from worldwide, but we have only begun to scratch the surface. The best-studied area, primarily because of the existence of long-term datasets, is that of phenological change. The consequences of such change are barely explored, but the potential for phenological miscuing and phenological disjunction to the detriment of the species concerned has already been observed.

In conclusion, the intricate dance of birds in the face of climate change highlights the vulnerability of even the most adaptable creatures in the natural world. As the world warms and weather patterns shift, birds navigate a vulnerable journey, adjusting migration routes and nesting behaviors. The fate of these feathered wonders is intertwined with the urgent need for global action on climate change. Through concerted conservation efforts and a commitment to sustainable practices, we can strive to protect the diverse tapestry of avian life and preserve the beauty and balance they bring to our ecosystems.



ART AND HOBBY

PUZZLE

Created by

BRINDHA VINODH

PUZZLE TIME

Hello Students! Here is a puzzle for you.
How soon can you figure it out?

Step 1: Answer questions 1 to 6.

Step 2: Select one letter from each answer using the hints in the brackets

Step 3: Rearrange the letters and you will find the name of a fruit.

1. The largest planet in the solar system (Select the last letter from this answer)
2. This animal gives milk and is considered sacred in India (Select the first letter from this answer)
3. This animal is considered the largest land animal and has a tusk (Select the first letter from this answer)
4. This flower is beautiful but comes with thorns (Select the first letter from this answer)
5. The closest planet to the sun (Select the last letter from this answer)
6. This is a chemical element and a noble gas and is used to fill balloons (Select the first letter from this answer)

Answers in
Page Number 49



SCRAMBLE PUZZLE

Created by

Mrs. LATHA SHANKARI. K

Rearrange the letters in the four-word jumbles, one letter to each square / circle to make four ordinary words.

Now arrange the letters in the circles to form the answers to fill the missing word in the "Saying" given below the boxes.

AMTE

--	--	--	--

EADR

--	--	--	--

DIPA

--	--	--	--

LERUC

--	--	--	--	--

A winner is a _____ who never gives up --- Nelson Mandela
(7 words)

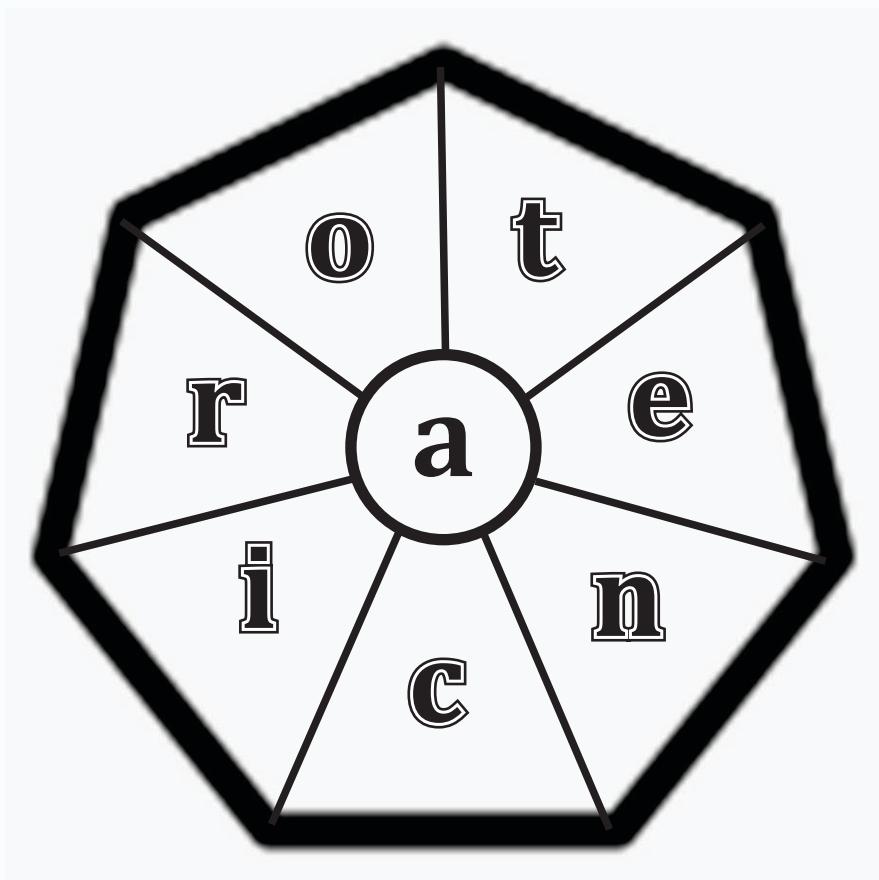
**Answer in
Page number – 40**

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 at least one eight letter word. Plurals, foreign words and proper nouns are not allowed.



Answer in
Page number – 53

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION

by Ms. PRABHA KHADKA



Pause. Observe. Reflect. Wait until the things start to appear on surface. See what is happening around. In the rush of daily routines, we forget to experience the stillness. The restless world demands speed. It disregards the people who prefer own pace. The truth is, people have their own path towards their destination. The energy level, struggle and the obstacles of everyone is incomparable.

Breathe, move and act consciously so that you can allow yourself for becoming. It grants experience of abundance. It offers purposefulness if you are feeling lost. There are complications resulting a long-term tiredness. However, Appreciate the emptiness within. And, awareness matters. To collect resilience. To look inward. To get healed.



ARTWORK TITLED - HUMAN KNIGHT

Medium - Pens
Size - 11 * 9 inches

by RAM KRISHNA AGRAWAL



Note from the artist:

Imagine life as a chessboard, with its twists and turns, opportunities, and challenges. As a human, you're like a chess knight, navigating this board with your unique L-shaped movements - sometimes jumping over obstacles, other times making strategic leaps forward.

Just as a chess knight jumps over other pieces, humans often find ways to overcome life's hurdles. You might face setbacks, but with resilience and creativity, you can leapfrog over them, landing on new opportunities.

Like a chess knight, humans make strategic decisions, weighing options and considering outcomes. You might take calculated risks, make bold moves, or play it safe - all in pursuit of your goals.

The L-shaped movement of a chess knight is unpredictable, much like human journeys. Your path might twist and turn, but each move contributes to your growth and story.

- Embrace your unique path and the obstacles you overcome.
- Trust your ability to make strategic decisions.
- Life is full of unexpected twists - be prepared to adapt and leap forward!



GENERAL ARTICLES, RESEARCH ARTICLES AND SHORT STORIES



THE GREAT EGRET WITHIN

ANANDHI MANI

There is a quiet peace I often discover at my workplace, especially as the year draws to a close. It isn't the festive season or the rush of holidays that calms me, but the sight of migratory birds, particularly the Great Egrets gracing the grounds. They appear like pearls shimmering through the morning mist, as though the earth itself is wrapped in a foamy veil. Watching them forage calmly across the grass, their snow-white presence radiates a sense of belonging.

What amazes me most is their journey, traveling thousands of miles from distant lands in North Asia or Europe, yet arriving here with effortless grace. Their resilience is a silent lesson. Coincidentally, I once read about Carl Bushby's "Goliath Expedition," a daring attempt to walk an unbroken path around the globe. His decades-long trek embodied the same spirit of endurance I saw in the egrets.

As I started deeply reflecting on the connection between a bird's migration and a man's epic journey it is evident that it is all about resilience. It is the invisible thread woven into every life form, urging us to persist despite obstacles. Both the egret's navigation and Bushby's determination reflect courage, grit, and an unwavering refusal to surrender.

We often find our resilience tested in life. We face expectations, comparisons, and the fear of failure. Too often, we abandon projects, habits, or dreams with excuses like "It's too hard" or "I lost motivation."



These exits feel convenient, but they are forms of mental surrender. We trade effort for comfort, protecting our ego with justifications instead of growth.

True resilience lies not in reaching the finish line but in refusing to quit. When doubts creep in and challenges seem insurmountable, we must summon the Great Egret or the Goliath within us. Potential becomes power only when acted upon. The wise choose the discomfort of effort over the ease of excuses, knowing that resilience is not just survival but the art of becoming unbreakable.



THAT LITTLE LULLA IN THE LAP

Dr. GAYATHRI RAMACHANDRAN

As children, many of us are cradled in stories. Stories that fed our imagination, shaped our hearts, and whispered truths that stayed with us forever.

Some made us weep in awe, like those of Mahakavi Bharathiyar or Draupadi. Some filled our eyes with pride, like those of Veer Sivaji and Rani Lakshmibai. And some revealed to us the deepest power of devotion, flowing through the timeless tales of the *Srimad Bhagavatham*.

Among them, two stories of two children have never left me. Children, yes, but not ordinary ones. They carried the weight of eternity on their little shoulders. *Prahlad and Dhruva*.

Prahlad's story was devotion from the very beginning, steady as the rising sun. But Prince Dhruva—ah, Dhruva's story was something else. It was tender. It was aching. It was the cry of a child who wanted nothing more than to sit on his father's lap. That was all. *Just the warmth of his father's embrace. Just the right to be his father's little lulla, if only for a fleeting moment.*

But even that, he was denied. What he sought was not kingdoms, not wealth, not glory. Only love. Only that lap. And yet the world made it the hardest ask of all.

And so, the little prince walked away into the wild forest. He embraced hunger, he faced fear, he breathed only air, and still he prayed. He prayed



with a fire that no storm could extinguish. A five-year-old child, carrying the intensity of ages, yearning only for grace.

And then, one day, the Lord appeared. When Dhruva opened his tiny eyes and beheld the all-pervasive Presence, something happened. He forgot. He forgot the pain, the rejection, the reason he had come. He forgot his father's lap. For in that instant, he found a Greater Lap waiting for him.

The Lord of the Universe lifted him, wiped away his dust and tears, and placed him on His own lap. And there he sat, not as a prince abandoned by a father, but as a child embraced by the Eternal. In that moment, everything dissolved. The wound, the longing, the ache. There was only peace. Only love. Only Him.

And perhaps... isn't that the real secret of Dhruva's story?

He teaches us that the deepest prayers are born not from pride, not from ambition, but from longing, the pure ache of the heart. His journey began with rejection, but it ended in eternal embrace.

And isn't that the story of us all?

All of us, in some way or the other, are Dhruvas. We wander the forests of life, aching for love, recognition, and belonging. We yearn for a place where we can rest without fear, where our tears are wiped away, where we feel truly held.



We run after laps that never last—laps of power, of relationships, of achievements, yet something in us remains restless, unsatisfied.

But the lap we are truly searching for is His. The eternal lap of the Divine. The lap that never lets go. The lap that knows no rejection, no condition, no end.

How do we get there?

Not by grand acts or impossible penance alone. Every small step of devotion takes us closer. A whispered prayer. A song sung with love. A moment of gratitude in the middle of chaos. A surrender of worry at His feet. These little offerings, gathered day by day, become our pathway to His embrace.

And when we allow ourselves to hope... when we dare to surrender... something magical happens. The burdens we thought were ours alone begin to dissolve. The ache of seeking turns into the joy of belonging.

Just as Dhruva forgot why he had come, we too will forget our wounds when we finally find ourselves in His lap. The lap that was always waiting.

The little lulla sat on His lap, and so shall we. That is the promise of devotion. That is the power of surrender.

That is not just Dhruva's story. That is ours.



REDEFINING READINESS: A JOURNEY FROM SCHOOL TO HIGHER EDUCATION

Dr. GAYATHRI RAMACHANDRAN

Every year, thousands of young people step out of the familiar world of school and enter the vast, unpredictable world of higher education. Some walk in with confidence, some with curiosity, and many with quiet fear hidden behind their smiles. As educators, parents, and mentors, we stand at this important doorway with them. And yet, the question keeps returning to us: *Are our children truly ready?*

This question was the heart of the panel discussion, that I was part of recently, organised by Shrimathi Devkunwar Nanalal Bhatt Vaishnav College, Chrompet, on the theme, "*Redefining Readiness: From Higher Secondary to Higher Education.*" It brought together school principals, college educators, psychologists, and industry experts -each holding a different piece of this big, beautiful, complicated puzzle called "student readiness."

As I sat as the moderator, listening to these voices, one thing became clear: **readiness is not a single dimension. It is a journey. A preparation of the mind, the heart, and the spirit.**

More Than Marks: The Academic Shift

For years, we have measured a student's future by their marks. Board exam results have become badges of honour, or at times, silent burdens. But the transition to college tells a different story.



College educators shared how students who topped their exams often struggle in their first year- not due to lack of intelligence, but because the rules suddenly change. Memorising lessons is no longer enough. College demands critical thinking, research, exploration, and independence.

School principals agreed that the foundation must shift from textbook learning to curiosity-driven learning. The goal is no longer just to “complete the syllabus,” but to cultivate the courage to ask questions, challenge ideas, and think deeply.

The Emotional Journey: A Silent Transition

But academics are only one part of readiness. The deeper challenge often lies in a place we rarely measure: **the heart**.

Psychologists on the panel offered a powerful insight: Students entering college face anxiety, loneliness, identity confusion, and pressure to “become something” even before they understand who they are. Until yesterday, they were protected by school routines, teachers who closely guided them, and parents who held them. Suddenly, they are expected to be adults overnight.

One psychologist said something that stayed with me long after the discussion ended: **“Emotional readiness is not a skill. It is a culture we build around our children.”**

Schools and families both play a role - by listening more, judging less, and allowing children to fail safely. Counseling and wellness programs are not luxuries anymore; they are necessities.



Skills for Tomorrow: Beyond Academics

Industry experts added another powerful lens: the future.

Our students are entering a world where job roles change faster than textbooks. Creativity, resilience, digital literacy, communication, adaptability—these are becoming as important as academic knowledge.

One expert put it beautifully: **“A student who can solve problems, handle change, and manage emotions will always be more ready than a student who only knows formulas.”**

Readiness, therefore, must include life skills. The ability to work with people. The discipline to manage time. The confidence to speak. The courage to try. The willingness to learn continuously.

A Collective Responsibility:

What touched me most during the conversation was the realization that readiness cannot be built by one group alone.

- Schools cannot prepare students alone.
- Colleges cannot fix everything in the first semester.
- Parents cannot carry the entire emotional load.
- Industry cannot wait for perfectly polished graduates.

True readiness happens when all of us work together.

When we move from competition to collaboration. When we stop asking, “Is the student ready?” and start asking, “What can we do to help them be ready?”



A Vision Aligned with India's Educational Future:

The National Education Policy (NEP 2020) encourages exactly this: a holistic, flexible, multi-disciplinary education system where learning is not confined to exams, and readiness is not measured in percentages.

And perhaps that is the promise we must carry forward - **to build an education system that prepares young people not just for college, but for life.**

A Closing Reflection:

As the discussion ended, I looked at the panelists, the educators, and the students in the hall. And I felt a gentle truth rising within me:

Readiness is not a destination. It is a journey.

A journey we must walk together—with patience, empathy, and vision.

For when our students step into the world, they carry not just their marks,

but our collective hopes, guidance, and belief in them.

And that is what truly prepares them for the path ahead.

**Dr. Gayathri Ramachandran, Correspondent and Chief Principal,
Shri Natesan Vidyasala, Mannivakkam, near Chennai.**



MENDING HEARTS: GENTLE STROKES FOR HEALING MINDS

GLADSON MATHEW

Love is a light in a sea of darkness when I see a human with a heart of blackness. I seldom wish to be free lace, but it seems to be a laugh in a sea of sadness. If I'm enthusiastic mentally and physically, I feel as proud as a peacock that jumps with joy! This period helps me act as brave as a lion everywhere! What a human tendency! Even though I will become less energetic one day, I feel I shouldn't depend on others as much as possible.

Though I wish to be independent, it's highly impossible to survive without human relationships either with my relatives or close friends in this universe. We are all social animals and depend on each other for many things and reasons. Is it possible without love? Never! I assume that we evoke others to love us, and it is known as true love in any kind of relationship. As we all know no one can be pretentious to love someone else. Indeed, every human being feels the same!

In modern society, the proverb "the blood is thicker than water" is used to imply that family ties are stronger than bonds between friends. On the contrary, we see the decline in large families which emphasized societal ties, and the increase in nuclear families which made us feel our life is easier. This separation brings inevitable changes in culture, traditions, and customs that are unavoidable. Likewise, life is an adjustment in this long journey, experiencing gains and pains.



Today's younger generation is as different as chalk from cheese since they think life is very practical and prefer to reduce societal gatherings for immense reasons. In my view, most of them are immature and lack exposure that helps them analyse humankind. A man began using able men and loving things at this juncture.

The world is a global village that makes our correspondence much easier due to the development of science and technology. However, this communication never equals the meeting of people which creates a special room for mental attachment. Is this human connection steadily disappearing? Do people still maintain true love and affection? We often see nomadic lifestyles in every nation due to varied reasons which make men ignorable in this regard as they want to prosper either academically or professionally.

Money also plays a vital role in developing relationships and showing the standards of life. Money, which is essential to lead lives brings troubles, inferiority complexes, disputes, and mental discomforts undoubtedly. Besides, it increases the distance between relationships and friendships. "Desires are unlimited, and comparisons become compulsory in neighborhoods.

"If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed."

In nuclear families, the presence of grandparents has become rare which disables the children from learning moral values, beliefs, and societal bindings. Families only could enable them to learn and follow the societal



principles and rules that make them grow as good citizens of the nation. This in turn gives them an opportunity to explore various circumstances and situations automatically.

I strongly believe that wherever people reside and work continuously, they often will be ignored or paid less attention to their valuable presence. It is not the result of the lack of time; it is just because of the lifestyle and busy schedules. On the other hand, as human beings live together, connectivity is generated.

Nothing in the world is more dangerous than sincere ignorance and conscientious stupidity. The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or touched; they must be felt with the heart!

“Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength while loving someone deeply gives you courage. Eventually, everything connects – people, ideas, objects.”

The answer for scramble is DREAMER.



5 DRABBLES

Rtd Prof LATHAPREM SAKHYA

TEMPTATION

The clucking music woke me up.

“What a sight! A brood of hens! I delightfully joined them. I found worms and won their hearts. Thrilled, I lost count of time. The hot sun made us sleepy. I perched on a nearby branch and dozed off. When I woke up it was night the hens had disappeared. Frightened I moved towards a lit shed, and crouched in a corner. The lady left me alone. I slept fearlessly. Crowing my thanks in the morning I moved towards home. I learnt a lesson too. Never to follow bewitching hens again. (100 Words)

DEATH

All alone in the red Taj Mahal he built, nurturing her sick heart for her babies, she lived for fourteen years until they were comfortably settled. One day she invited her friend to accompany her for a checkup. The Doctor let her go home after a thorough examination. Saying nothing much could be done. She returned in the evening with plans to call all her loved ones. She called them, talked to them to her hearts' content. Ignoring death in the form of three men slouching outside including her husband. She was smothered never to see daylight again. (100 Words)



JUDAS

The panchayat hired him to kill stray dogs. The last one was a pregnant bitch. He spied trust in her large eyes as she followed him wagging her tail. The villagers wanted him to kill her too, before being paid. He pleaded. But they were adamant. As he put the noose around her neck he felt like Judas and his heart broke. He ran off without his wage, tears streaming down his eyes and the comments in his ears "Why is it taking so long to die?" and a reply, "The dog would have delivered in a day or two". (100 Words)

LOVE BIZARRE

She loved him with an inexpressible passion. Poor, uneducated, homeless, unkempt, tramp yet she wanted to take care of him and give him a good life from the day she met him. She knew she could never marry him. But she wanted to take care of him, too. Her naivety was her support. She never thought he too had a mind of his own. So, she married the rich one who loved her and proposed first, happy that she would have everything now to look after him too. But the day she married he disappeared leaving her heart broken. (100 Words)

KITTEN

The lonely farm was her bane. Her happiest moments were with her friends on market days. One day on the way from the market she found a stray kitten. She revelled in its kittenish love. But her husband hated it and was jealous too. One morning she found it strangled. She knew the perpetrator. All the hatred she had smothered surged up to uncontrollable fury. One night she did it. Then calling her nearest neighbour and informing them about her husband's death she sat on her favourite chair and slept peacefully while the police came for inquest. (100 Words)

FOOTPRINTS

Dr. (MAJOR) NALINI JANARDHANAN

Nandini glanced through her album of photographs. She likes to capture precious moments in life. Every picture has a story to tell. Those pictures are little moments but nostalgic memories.

The Blue City Jodhpur Is a beautiful place with many forts and palaces. She has a special attachment to that city because, there she met Shri Ramchandra Goyalji, her guru in the music field. She remembered how she met him and later became his favourite disciple and adopted daughter.

'This photograph clicked with Goyalji and his family is very close to my heart. I miss him and his family. Today is Guru Purnima. So, I should write a letter to my respected guruji and send it to him as email'-Nandini thought.

"Dear Papaji,

Namaskar! Saadar Charan Sparsh!

I remember meeting you in a hospital. You were admitted with a heart attack. Bohraji introduced you to us. "Shri Ramchandra Goyalji, the famous bhajan singer of Jodhpur"- I touched your feet and paid obeisance. I was introduced as a singer, writer and Army Doctor. You told me to meet you after discharge from the hospital. When we visited you, I humbly touched your feet and expressed my wish to learn Meera Bhajans from you.

"I stopped teaching students since my son's death in a tragic accident." Seeing my sad face, you continued: "But don't worry. Sing a bhajan for me."



After hearing my bhajan, you smiled with tearful eyes and told me. "OK Beti, come after a week. I will teach you 3 or 4 bhajans." I was astounded and couldn't believe my ears. I knew that it was God's blessing.

That was a memorable day for me when you took me to your Puja room and performing the rituals, accepted me as your disciple. I touched your feet and you blessed me. Seeing my power of grasping the nuances of music, devotion to God, humble personality and dedication, you were impressed and taught me more bhajans.

"Beti, when you sing Meera bhajans, close your eyes for a moment and imagine that you are Meera Bai. Try to visualize and feel the pain, devotion and surrender to God in her bhajans. Think that you are Meeraji singing for Lord Krishna"- I am still following your inspiring words in my music career in AIR recordings and Bhajan programmes. Your melodious compositions had the power to touch the hearts of listeners taking them to a world of devotion and divine music. By God's grace, I learnt the correct pronunciation of Rajasthani words in Meera bhajans. I decided to make an audio cassette.

Touching your feet, I gifted you my first music album 'Araj Meera ri sun re' and expressed my gratitude to you.

"No beti, no need to thank me. It is the Guru who selects his disciples. You have passed my test with flying colors touching my heart with your melodious voice and soulful singing. I consider you as my daughter. You should call me Papaji. My blessings are always with you."



You refused to take money saying "You are my daughter. How can I accept money from you? If you want to express gratitude, try to make Meera bhajans reach the maximum audience." I was overwhelmed. When we left Jodhpur, I gifted you an idol of Goddess Saraswati as my Guru Dakshina.

Whenever I talked to you, I could feel a father's love in your affectionate words. Today, on Guru Purnima, I pray to God for your good health and long life. You are my Guru who introduced me to myself. I feel that the soul of my late father is still alive through a loving and pious person like you. And I am your humble daughter seeking your blessings, Papaji.....

Your daughter,

Nandini".

Nandini remembered the Meera bhajans taught by her Guru. They are very melodious and well appreciated both by the audience during music festivals and devotees in temples. She missed her guru and those bhajans. She sighed and wiped her tears. 'I can visualize the smile on Papaji's face when he reads this. I know that his blessings are always with me'-She smiled.

Dr (Major) Nalini Janardhanan

GURUDAKSHINA

Dr. PADMA SASIKUMAR

The six-storeyed building housed a multispeciality hospital, an object of pride for the city. Multiple blocks, concerning various disciplines of modern medical science, cardiology, neurology, urology, oncology and many more, bustled with activity. Patients, bystanders, visitors, nurses and doctors hustled round the clock, in a flurry of files and medicines, all in varied pursuits of a common goal: to keep the fragile but priceless human body alive and well. The hospital never slept.

On one Wednesday morning, anxious faces kept turning directions as their eyes, some weary, followed the nurses, staff and the occasional grave-faced doctor moving into and out of the department of surgery. The ears however, paid attention to the nurse addressing bystanders with instructions to procure medicines and updates about their kin undergoing treatment. Another nurse stepped out calling out: 'Any bystanders of Sankaran?'. She paused for a moment and called out again, 'Anyone who has come along with Sankaran?'

She caught sight of a frail old woman straightening up on a seat in the corner and then standing up slowly, as she covered her head with the end of her sari which clearly had seen better days. She stepped up close to the nurse and asked, 'How is my Sankaran Chettan doing?' The nurse replied, 'Dr. Suresh, the senior surgeon, is in charge of Mr. Sankaran's surgery. However, he is not available because of his preoccupation with an emergency at home. Dr. Sreekumar, who is a junior, has stepped in for him.'



I want to get your consent regarding Dr. Sreekumar performing the surgery.'

The woman froze for a moment as she searched for words to reply. Her eyes welled up as she reminisced the previous day as she watched Sankaran Chettan rolling around on the bed in extreme pain. The pain was due to a stone in one of his kidneys for which he was injected with a pain killer for temporary relief, following his admission to the hospital. A decision to quickly remove the stone, surgically, was made. The woman nodded and signed on the papers the nurse handed her. She then opened a small purse and fished out a wad of currency notes. She handed the wad to the nurse with a bow and said, 'Dear child, this is all I have as of now. We haven't received our pensions over the past 4 months. Please save my husband!' The nurse replied kindly, 'Mother, this is far from sufficient. The doctor's fee and charges for the operation theatre services would amount to a lot more. However, please wait while I consult the doctor regarding the same.' The woman sipped some water and wiped her face with the sari and sat back down on a chair. One plea and prayer flashed through her mind on repeat: 'Oh my God, please save my Sankaran Chettan'. Time flew by as the woman dozed off on the chair.

She snapped awake as she heard the name Sankaran being called out. She hurried to the door as two attenders rolled out a stretcher carrying Sankaran Chettan. A green blanket covered his body and he was only semi-conscious. She followed the stretcher as it was rolled into a ward and watched the attenders shift him onto a bed. She perched on a stool next to the bed and fixed her gaze on the husband's closed eyes as she waited for him to gain consciousness.



She felt a hand on her shoulder, making her turn around to see a handsome young man. He wore a white coat and a stethoscope hung around his neck. He kneeled before the woman and looked up at her as he took her thin hands in his. 'Do you recognize me? Shreedevi teacher'. She wondered, racing through her memory as she stared at him, trying to recollect the cute and kind face. She shook her head a moment later as she couldn't recognize him. She had seen thousands of young faces across the 36 years she had been a teacher at various schools.

'I am Sreekumar. I can't count the afternoons you fed me lunch at Chirakkal L.P. school. I can still taste the morsels of rice from your hands, teacher.'

Her grip on his hands tightened as recognition dawned on her and she exclaimed, 'Oh! My Sreekuttan. Is it really you Sree?' as she shifted her right hand to the top of his head. More memory now flooded in.

Sumathi was her maid servant at Chirakkal. She was a quiet lady, struggling away to take care of her son. She had lost her husband when the child was just a year old. Sreekumar was a bright child. Shreedevi used to bring him lunch and snacks and fed him with her own hands. He was one of her numerous children albeit, none of them were born to her. Sreekumar had shifted to another town when he passed out of class 5, as his maternal uncle took him under his wing. Shreedevi too had moved to different schools across her career. She lost contact with Sumathi and her son, over time. She had seen many other children travel to success propelled by the light of knowledge she had ignited in them.

Dr. Sreekumar instructed the nurse who had stepped in to check Sankaran Chettan's vitals, 'Please take care of him until he is discharged tomorrow.



Send all the bills to my office during discharge.' The nurse nodded as she smiled at Shreedevi teacher. Dr. Sreekumar sat with his teacher as they waited for Sankaran Chettan to come awake. The doctor's face lit up with a bright smile as he watched Shreedevi teacher cover her husband's face in kisses as he came conscious, ten minutes later. The smile was powered by gratitude for his life, the teacher had facilitated. Was it his Gurudakshina?

Answers:

1. JUPITER (select the letter R)
2. COW (select the letter C)
3. ELEPHANT (select the letter E)
4. ROSE (select the letter R)
5. MERCURY (select the letter Y)
6. HELIUM (select the letter H)

Rearrange the letters and you will find CHERRY.

Are you ready to taste the fruit that is rich in Vitamin C?



JANUARY 6

THE SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE

N. RAMAMANI SAMPATH

After a fall from her cot, my mother-in-law was almost withdrawn into her own world. Often, she shouted out that her father and grandmother were calling her. They were the ones who brought her up and certainly she was experiencing her second childishness as Shakespeare has clearly stated. Nobody could sleep in the house and my husband sat beside her throughout her last days. Two days before her death, she alerted him in the middle of the night asking him to push away the samanthy flowers which were put on her body. After an hour or so, she told him to pour some Ganga water into her mouth and gulped it. When my children arrived from Chennai the next day early morning, she forcibly opened her eyes and asked them to take rest.

Around 9.30 a.m. that day she passed away peacefully. Relatives and friends started paying homage to her. One friend brought a samanthy flowers garland and placed it on her. I couldn't control my tears and stood beside her unbelievably!



POETRY



BARIPADA IS WELL

Dr. ALOK KUMAR RAY

You don't know perhaps!
Not everything has altered
During these three decades long stretching of time.
Even now pulling the veil of cloud
Moon of "Radhakrushna Bhanja"
Keeps its dazzling chalky face hidden.
When the lights of the town switch off
Chatting Box and wakeful eyebrows of the sweetheart combust.
Bearing not pitiless thrashing of time
Your long and waist touching braid
Though becoming shrinky!
But now here Baripada long ago
Taking a lengthy sigh
After winding up a sweeping jump to Palbani.
Like in the past when dusk wraps 'Swagatika'
Aroma of Mahua imbues throughout.
When rain fashions honeymoon in Simlipal
Who will become the heroine of the partridge
Becomes the subject of debate in Baripada.
From that day yours' kohl scribbled
Black and white rough tale pail
On the chest of Baripada, Bhanjabhumi



Appears as greenish as folioles of Sal tree.
Whose long, pressed chuckle
Audible from the chamber of Bishram Lodge!
Mild gossip but heighten panting!
Like before luckluster post office
Dispenses service increasingly.
Seems you are there,
There rest your virgin mind bathing place steps.
No one sees movie of 'Bijoy Mohanty'!
No movie, no rush
You are not, am not
Many sensations of past still remain amidst unscratched nope.
Equal footing with the high speed of night time bus
Boils the body in boundless heat.
Generates in mind killer waves,
Dimness fabricates illimitable fright.
'Garamagaram' and 'Mohapatra Hotel'
On the go in trading,
Taste buds emanate in tongue, luscious.
Picturesque, fabulous Baripada 's greatness
Unfeasible to be dismantled with,
'Ambika' has kept its pristine under the veil of Her saree.
Yes, Baripada is well
Just like you.
On her voluptuous body depicted



An overflowing unbridled river.

Trasposed geography only,
Ever growing body posture
Calling you waving hands,
Finding the back of time
To offer here
Once again gifts of love.

Answers

4 Letter words	5 Letter words	6 Letter words	7 Letter word	8 Letter words
1. Care	1. React	1. Action	1. Certain	1. Creation
2. Cart	2. Caret	2. Retain		2. Reaction
3. Coat	3. Canoe	3. Octane		
4. Acne	4. Actor	4. Trance		
5. Race	5. Crane	5. Carton		
6. Tear	6. Train	6. Ration		
7. Near	7. Trace	7. Cation		
8. Rate	8. Ratio	8. Retina		
9. Rain	9. Crate	9. Ornate		
10. Earn	10. Cater			



VYOMMITRA

GITA BHARATH

She never gets tired, can recognise and respond,
Handle spaceship switch panels, and perform
The many functions that astronauts must do.
Assistant and companion in the face of any danger
Built-in safety factor, for any space-ranger,
She was named Vyommitra, the "Spacefarer's Friend",
A humanoid robot that India plans to send
Ahead of a manned spaceflight.



OCEAN SPIRIT

GITA BHARATH

I am fluid, adapting, changing,
Between the shores of life and death,
Restless, birthing waves, eroding
Cliffs, slowly grinding stone to sand.

I have deep depths where you may find
Fantastic fish of every kind.
I play in the shallows, I ride the white foam
Gently I carry many fishermen home.

I throw up great ships, tumble them down
My titanic slopes.
I clasp to my bosom the sailors that drown.

I wear sun-sparkles over robes of blue-green,
The full moon covers me with a silver sheen.
But exuberant at high tide, or despondent at low,
I am confident that I truly know
My unchanging role
As immortal soul.



VOICE OF HEART

HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA

In waves of solidarity persists the ocean of humanity

In symphony of sublimity houses the spring of serenity

In glimpses of actions genuine lies the cream of life divine

In harmony of hearts flows the stream of peace pristine.

Time goes and flows according to its table

Making or marring us in its own way

Showing the path of truth for evolving life and destiny

amid all clouds and storms.



BUTTERFLIES

JAYALAKSHMI KARINDALAM

Fluttering merriments
Shivering smiles
You flicker and alert me
bewitching wholly with
Myriad flaps of ecstasies
that scintillate Mother Nature.
Mornings are slides of blossoming
Positive vibes to awake creatures
For the perenniability of life.
Where you, the dream bits waltz and disappear.
Scribble herbaceous notes
On pinning lyrical hearts on earth.
Transformation is beautiful
Not only
Biotic evolution
Unknowingly
too in psychic transmutation.
Sucking out pain, drop by drop
With your magic filaments
At least for a moment
to revel with blooming pansies
Drowsy zephyr and rhyming rays
Turning my heart
Into pensive planet
that rotate and reminisce
In this garden of euphoria of silence.



TOYS

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA

Give me childhood toys again
Balls to throw up into the air
Catching them be the challenge then
Jumping ropes to keep me skipping
Hoping I won't end up tripping

Lots of wooden building blocks
To build the castle of my dream
Near a hill and a fast flowing stream
Three stories high and four towers too
A door, just one huge building block
That only I can unlock

Picture books with fairy tales
With Kings and Queens wearing golden crowns
And about handsome Princes and pretty
Princesses
In those long flowing dresses
Jigsaw puzzles to test my brain
So please, can I have all of it again ...



COMPUTER-SCREEN

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA

I stare at the screen
Overwhelmed with all the icons I see
Documents, Pictures, Videos, AI
Google, Firefox, Windows, Microsoft Word
Facebook, Twitter etc, or LinkedIn
Which one to click to start the day
My decision depends on the mood I'm in ...

My mouse hovers over the screen
Not confused at all by all the icons it has seen
Does it feel that a story is mulling in my head
It stops at WPS Office
Telling me to hit the keys at a phenomenal
speed
Knowing that writing is my special need



CONSCIOUSNESS: THE INFINITE MIND

JULIE MILES

In the folds of thought, there's space,
an echo that we cannot trace,
a ripple in the cosmic stream,
where minds are born and thoughts take wing.

We think we're whole, yet still we reach,
to understand what lies beneath,
our consciousness, a quiet sea,
stretching to infinity.

It whispers in the threads of light,
a spark that crosses day and night,
a wave of energy so pure,
it dances where our hearts endure.

The mind is both the sky and ground,
it reaches far, yet still is bound,
in cells, in waves, in silence deep,
where dreams and waking moments sleep.



THE CONSECRATION

KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

Thinking myself not pure enough
To worship from within,
I consecrated the Beloved without;
Lo! It became so many worship houses..
So much ritual, so much show..
The shy beloved hid
Behind the Veil...!
In vain I called out
Again, and again..
To no avail..
Silently I stepped
Into the home-shrine
The one so well hidden
In my heart,
That I often forget it's existence..
There! He sits as always...!
Ready to welcome me.



BRAHMRANDHRA

KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

In Me, Light years abide,
Into Me, a thousand rivers flow;
Here, He dances
Here, She sits in Majesty..
I am the witness
Of the great cessation..
Of seeing and becoming and existing..
And the Great Being just 'IS',
A thousand petals am I,
Ready are you to wear me
On your head?



BENEATH THE BEAUTY LIES A TRUTH

LEENA THAMPI

Those who sowed bitterness around her
Didn't wait to see what would bloom
The seed took root in fertile ground
Now the plant stands tall, swaying gently in the breeze.

Its fragrance fills the air
But beware! for beneath the beauty lies a truth,
The petals may seem delicate, yet they'll cut you deep,
The fences around it are guarded by thorns.

This flower holds its head high with dignity,
Call her 'Gladiolus' - or did you hear it as 'Gladius'?
It will wilt one day, but when it does,
It will fade away with grace.
Just like a poet leaves behind her timeless poetry.



ALL ABOUT MY PET

T S MANOHAR

Off for a walk, it's 6 AM says the clock
As winds give in a push, never I miss a bush
While the sky loses its dark, atop I gaze at the hawk
Susu makes me rush, I mind not to blush

Oh! I am their chappie, sure they are happy
Together we make it three as they call me Albe

"Food time" I hear, goes back my ear
I don't have a bib, but I have to crib
I care not to fear, when the food bowl is here
After all the fib, I only get a drib.

I am their chappie, sure they are happy
Together we make it three as they call me Albe.

This is my day and here comes the play
I know that trick and I can do it pretty quick
Zoomies my way, you don't have a say
Any toy you kick, but rainbow is my pick

I am their chappie, sure they are happy
Together we make it three as they call me Albe.



A bark at the gate, to get to the crate

Beeps the AC, and now its breezy

This is late, so I am half sedate

I start feeling sleepy, let me get cosy!

I am their chappie, sure they are happy

Together we make it three as they call me Albe.



THE JOURNEY OF DNA

MOHAN SANJEEVAN

When we are born
We Carry a DNA
A Carrier of our Parents' traits
The Parents carry their parent DNA
DNA our ancestors' imprints

Me, you, all DNA is on timeless journey
Yet it needs us to make babies of our own
When no offspring generates
No baby born the journey stops

DNA story drops
The Chain in time breaks
Timeless journey of our family DNA ends
Journey continuing or breaking in our hands, Nature's hands.
Is the story of the journey of DNA.

Note : This poem is intended for science outreach.



AUTUMN'S UNFURLING TAPESTRY

PARVINDER NAGI

Vouching the embers of autumn

Sitting on a lonely wooden bench

Revealing a dazzling spectrum of vibrant colour

Whispering winds chasing the fallen leaves in wonder

Shedding their lush canopies to unveil resplendent shades

Remarkable transformation of red and gold

Heralding a season of wonder and endless possibilities to hold

Inspiring and embracing the beauty of unfurling tapestry

Welcoming autumn and its abundance of treasures

Cherishing the moments of fleeting gleam

Under the canopy of golden light she dreams

She sits enjoying a new page in

unfolding breathtaking brilliance

Enjoying the magic of falling leaves

Watching the guys through the symphony of colours

In autumn's twilight embracing the unknown paths in splendour.



"TAKE ME WITH YOU TO YOUR GENTLE WORLD, MY LITTLE BIRD"

PREMA MURUGAN

I'm coming with you, my little bird,
Take me with you to your gentle world.
My wings have healed — see, they gleam anew,
Coloured by hope, inspired by you.

Take me with you to your gentle world,
My little bird.....

Through years of silence, I learned to hide,
Yet now I long to soar beside.
Your song awakens the dream I stored,
The tune my weary heart once adored.

Take me with you to your gentle world,
My little bird....

The sky is vast, the winds are kind,
Let's leave the heavy world behind.
Beyond the clouds where sorrows cease,
We'll find our flight — and endless peace.

Take me with you to your gentle world,
My little bird....



FREEDOM

PRIYALAKSHMI GOGOI

Under the vast open sky
Who am I?
A soul in a body
Soaring high.
What do I want?
Do I want to get caged
In all that is materialistic?
No. I want freedom.
Waiting for no one's validation,
I want to breathe the air of hope and trust
To be one with the sunshine
Shining bright upon my soul.
I want to grow the wings of strength
To take me to places with courage.
I want to embrace the freedom
With its everlasting fragrance
Of joy and contentment
I want to wander
Yet find myself back at home
To nestle
In the warmth of solitude.



HAIKU

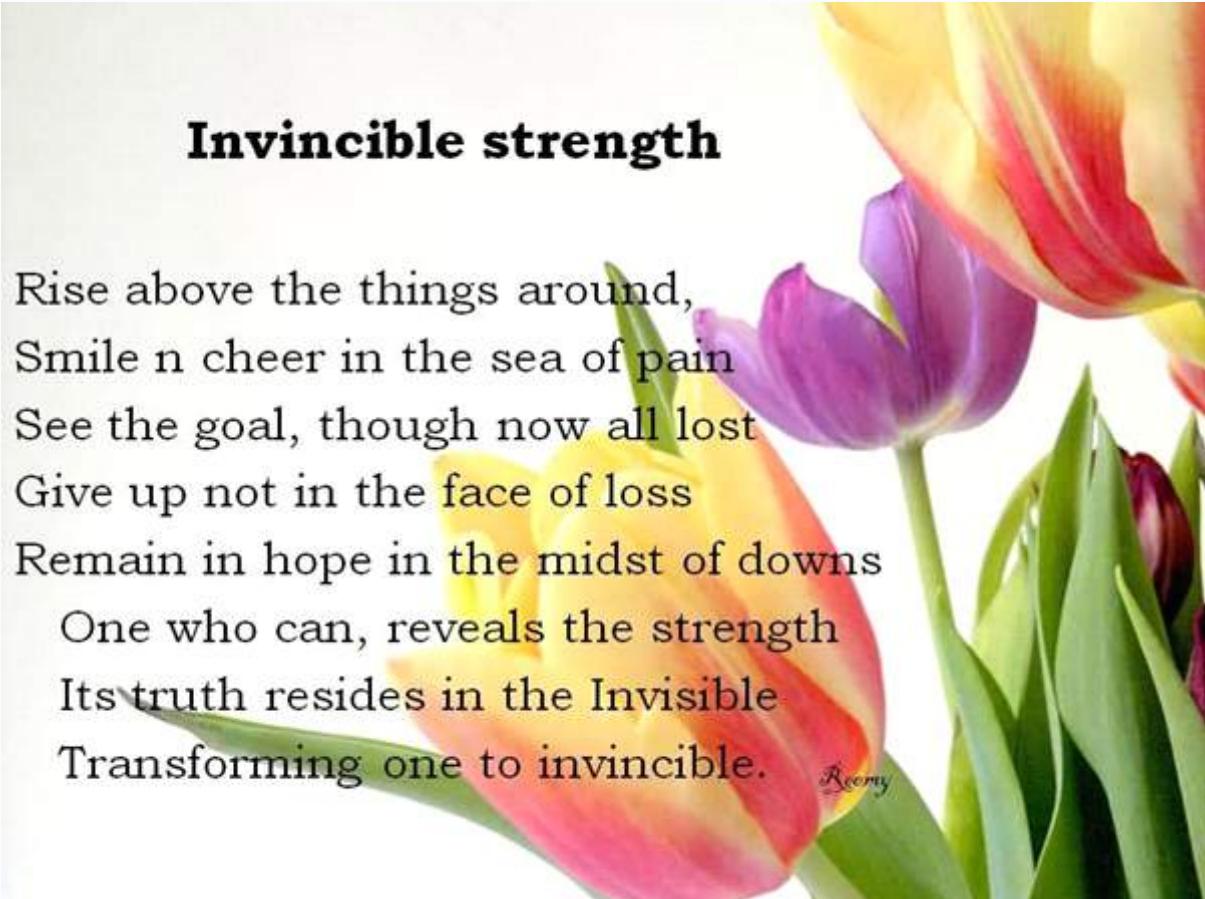
Prof. RANDY BROOKS

beach umbrella
a few drops of rain
Picasso my glasses



INVINCIBLE STRENGTH

REEMY SARA MATHAI



Invincible strength

Rise above the things around,
Smile n cheer in the sea of pain
See the goal, though now all lost
Give up not in the face of loss
Remain in hope in the midst of downs
One who can, reveals the strength
Its truth resides in the Invisible
Transforming one to invincible.

Reemy



THE DISTINCTIVE SENSATION OF MY HEART

RIYA HAITH

I diligently seek my mother in the courtyard of the land of the stars
The placid night echoes my agony
My tearful eyes gaze intently at the stars
The cadence of my mother's footsteps reverberates in my ears
Her presence instills a profound sense of tranquility within my heart
The fragrant flowers fill my soul with distinctive sensation
A lot of sweet memories peek into my heart's courtyard
My heart weeps in pain
But just then, her gentle touch takes away all my pain
I cannot visually perceive her
I merely perceive her impalpable presence
Cruising through the ocean of love, I delve into her heart's abyss.

THANKFUL HEART

ROOPA SUBRAMANI

Being thankful is a great art supreme,
that which a dull, unsatiated mind could hardly dream
of all things having been bestowed upon so graciously,
all in accordance with one's past deeds most impartially
being born rich or poor, sick or healthy has forever since been a timeless
gamble,
but to accept everything with a calm sense of equanimity is to have tamed
the mind so humble
to receive is to have first given is the infallible law of universal abundance,
and to expect otherwise is the greatest folly of the mind essence
for happiness and sorrow are small acts in the bigger drama of life which
under time's watch must duly
depart,
but bliss everlasting is the final abode of that which always expresses a
thankful heart!

Thank You!





DOUBLE EDGED KNIFE

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

These days we have been hearing a lot about
A.I (Artificial Intelligence) and M.L (Machine Learning)
Phenomenal inventions of the human endeavours
From Fire, Wheel and Aeroplane
From Moon to Mars and beyond
The human brain never paused
From Industrial revolution to Computer
Many revolutions made human life more comfortable

Then why, A.I and M.L attracting divergent views
All the inventions preceding the above have the human control
Whereas A.I and M.L are mostly independent and can evolve on their own
Undergoing Mutations
They may write and design their own future
At times insensitive to the human intervention and supervision
Many legends warned and continue to warn the catastrophic effects of
unabated progress of non-humanistic development
Where one day the entire human race may face the threat of extinction

When a Slave becomes the Master
It's been observed in history
Revenge is the order of the day



Until proper checks and balances are put in place
We may end up losing human supremacy over machines
The double-edged knife is a tool that maybe useful and harmful at the
same time
May Good thoughts and actions prevail
Long live human race



SUN-SKY

B.S.SAROJA

She blushes like a bride in my presence..
Her bashfulness makes me smile brightly
and her blushes reflect around me..
Clouds like cotton wipes come to her rescue and I hide behind
them looking at her stealthily
with a mischievous smile..

Suddenly from nowhere,
zephyr touches her
whispering something to make her feel normal...

Singing Robin cleverly hum a song in spiritual ecstasy and her
whole body turns golden reflecting her emotions
on the flowing waters too...

I slowly rise from my hideout and we both hold each other in cyclic
moves as though enacting a dance drama in an opera house...

She is my inspiration and
I scribble my verses all over her...

At night a poet arrives looking like a mirror
singing the verses written on my beloved's bosom..



You should see her beauty while she sleeps in dark night dress
amidst series of stars adorning her..

Who sways the swing dear?
Susurrating wind or my loving arms?



SILENCE

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

I cherish my leisure at the beach,
spending hours together with sound
of the blue waters, sea creatures
fluttering wings of resting birds,
though I find complete silence!

All of a sudden the tides stop sound
The branches stop to nod their heads
The flying birds rest far away from the sea,
thinking that's the time for the sun to sleep
that's the way I find true silence!

Finishing off all the routine jobs in a day,
I move to the beach for a peaceful way
though the noisy folks wander around
and the energetic swimmers thrash the waters away,
amongst all these deeds, I once again find silence!

I joyously attend gatherings of people
for serenity, love and so much warmth



people do stare at me, their eyes question me,
More than their hearts communicate to me with love
thus, I find silence all around me now and then!

People come and go on a regular basis
with a purpose of mental connection,
Words become too less in number
Hours appear too long in a day
When I find silence once again and again!

Is silence incredible?
It matters in my mind and body forever
whenever I avoid my pondering thoughts
and put a full stop to lingering ideas,
I find silence without fail ever!

Silence changed its name and face
It does not look so precious today
as one-to-one talk vanished slowly
I cannot bear this unimportant silence
I sadly name it an intolerable silence!



SHH! DO NOT OPEN YOUR LIPS!

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Do not utter a word ever
Keep your eyes open
Gaze at the world around you
It's filled with lots of
discontented people, why?
Is acceptance, a sin?
Everyone thinks of perfection
and covered with blemishes!
Alas! What a world am I in?
Shh! Do not open lips!

Do not opine frankly
Do not utter a word, please!
Listen to the folks, keenly
They adore it, not to hear you!
Advisors more, followers, rare,
Speakers more, listeners, scarce!
You're precise, who believes?
You wish to please, who notices?
Keep the eyes open!
Shh! Do not open your lips!



FROM WORD TO WORDLESS

SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

In the pause of every letter,
I wish to delve, wholly completely.
Their silence draws me in,
An unspoken invitation,
A deep thirst, an irresistible yearning,
Beyond the sound of words,
beyond borders, beyond boundaries,
I embark on a journey from word to the wordless, form to formless
Drifting on the waves of letters,
Its soulful smile – a reassurance...
An unexpected resonance,
like an unforgettable Omkar.
All- pervading, omnipresent.
I find only You,
in the song of words,
and in the silence of the wordless.



WINGS MADE OF SCARS

SHALINI SAMUEL

They told me healing comes with time as if the
clock could mend my skin,
As if the past would fade like dusk or winds erase
the victim I have been.

Does the sky have a memory to remember, dusk or
dawn? But I do.

I have learned that pain still sings in hollow bones
and restless dreams,
And every wound I stitched alone still stays softly in
silver seams.

I walk through a floor made of embers and carry
fire in my chest,
Each bruise is a lesson carved in gold, a burning
book, and a final test.

Why does the book keep sticking to me? Can I
discard it? Why don't I do?

They see the light upon my face but not the
fractures left inside,

They see the flight but not the fall, the parts of me
that had to die.



The world is jam-packed with perfect masks. Voices
hide their cries,

Yet, with every step, I hear the purr of a whispered
ghost that never dies.

The sky calls out for open wings but never grants
fresh air to me,

For I come from a broken world, from storms that
scar me endlessly.

And so I rise on borrowed strength, with bones
rebuilt from shattered years,

Each feather stitched in quiet grief, each flight line
paved from unshed tears.

For every time the floor below disappeared, for
every time I fell too far,

I carved a lesson into flesh and built these wings
out of scars.



NEVER FORGET, TO LOVE AND SHARE THE JOY OF LIVING EACH DAY

SHINY VIKAS

The usual pause in the midst of the busy day

No rush

Neither emptiness

Nor fullness

The deadlines may not diminish the light and the beautiful rays that illuminate my true existence.

I face my true existence

In harmony with daily mess

I hold the beauty of the simple task

Never rushing over to gather the best

To believe in the crowd

To make the moment as it flows with ease

And never to lose the mind

Remember to pause in the midst of a busy day.

Never forget, to love and share the joy of living each day.



haiku – short form poetry originated in Japan

STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU

harvesting sunset...
in her calloused hands
first blackberry

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

STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU





A PIECE OF MY HEART

SUJATA PATNAIK

In the middle of a cold December night,
I wake up and see her snuggling into the half-slipped bedsheets,
I kiss her forehead while covering her,
Tears well up in my eyes,
I look back,
Realise it has been long twenty one years,
She has been there,
Next to my skin,
Like a sweet fragrance,

I look back still further,
She was born pink,
Like a bunch of pink roses,
Everyone was happy,
Forgetting for a moment,
What was in store for her,
And soon dark clouds would
hover around
her,

She grew up in my care,
Under the constant guidance of specialists,
But alas!
She grew up in size only,



Otherwise remained a child,
Never opened her mouth to speak a word.
Maybe it was my inadequate care,
Or her destiny,
She made little progress.

Till date she remains clinging to me.
Every night when I watch her sleeping,
Speak to myself,
"Here lies, as people think, not a bundle of flesh and blood,
But a beating heart.
Not a soul mad,
As people think,
But a soul, silent though,
Can speak volumes to me,
With her big sparkling eyes,
And an innocent smile,
As wide as the Universe.
I celebrate her presence in my life.
She is a boon to me.
But mourn her existence in this cruel world.
She is a bane to her.

She is Stuti, my special GRANDdaughter
A child 'special' indeed.
Whom I have always mothered,
Never othered.
She is my ultimate prayer."



CAN MONEY BUY?

SULAGNA KAR

Body, brain and heart are
Precious treasures of God;
Market money fails to purchase
The sweet gifts to human
From lord.

Money can buy costumes but not beauty;
Can create swimming pools but
Not oceans with salt in plenty.
Money can buy flowers but not fragrance
And sweet scents;
Can buy luxury but not happiness.

Money can neither avoid war, death and
Destruction
Nor can change the position of stars
In universe and constellations.

Money can never change climate nor streams flow
Nor can buy the bright sunshine
For arctic hemisphere
Which suffers cold waves flow.

Money can neither buy time nor the seasons
Nor it can buy family or change human nature with reasons.
For it can never buy happiness or relationship
Without human heart indulging
Nor it can enrich quality of life
With fulfilment.



CADAVER: IT'S VALUE SUCCEEDING DEATH (ECHOES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT)

Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI C J (DAZZLE)

Dead is that life,
Yet, it lives!
Nothingness prevails,
Once within a family,
Once love within,
Once a commendable personality,
May it be respected,
Now, even now.
Oh! Just a history,
Yet, it had held up pain.
It had encompassed happiness,
Seen care and detachments,
Emotions umpteen,
Worthy of respect.
Once a gift,
Memories built in,
How remarkable?
The dead impart knowledge.
A new living blooms,
That Oath remains,
The crucial lessons,
May compassion spur,



May I live with dignity,
May I be selfless,
Cadaver.....
My first formless form of knowledge.
Within lies the utmost silence,
With zero ego,
Just the silence,
That blends Science and Humanity.



SPIRITUAL PEACE

VARSHA SARAN

Where two edges of weather cut together,
I want that divine touch of zephyr,

On the arrival of beautiful pink winter's whisper
On the departure of suffocating sticky humid,

A flourish, feathery kiss of
Nature invites me
To dance on the rhythm of flute,

From where it is coming!
I don't know!
May be, it's a divine music of
My spiritual sublime

Away from every chaos
Away from every useless attraction of
Illusions
I embrace my own peace of new texture

That was vanished somewhere in me
Ah, finally I have found it, as a treasure
And celebrating it with more pleasure.



STUDENTS' CORNER



I ADMIRE WOMEN

ANJANA SREENIVAS

I admire women
Who never ask for validation,
But prove their value to themselves,
Quietly, fiercely, fully.

When putting kohl in her eyes,
Just to stare at herself..

When wearing a pretty dress
And walks through the city,
Not searching for admiring eyes,
Still knowing she is beautiful..

When dancing in an empty hall,
Knowing she owns the best moves..

When reading a book,
And slips into the skin of the main character..

When tasting a meal she cooked,
And being swept away by the flavours..

When laughing heartily amidst a crowd,
And not caring about the stares they give..



When holding back the tears,
And knowing its not worthy to be shown ..

When loving unconditionally,
And yet not waiting to be appreciated..

I admire women..
Women who know themselves are-
More than Enough!



MURMURS OF A BROWN GIRL

MONIKA. K

Her mother was told
to eat saffron,
so, the child born would be fair enough.
But she never chose the color —
the color chose her.

With her beautiful brown skin,
she entered the world.
She was told to apply natural skin-whitening creams
and powders,
told to hide,
told to lighten —
because in every picture,
white always dominated.

They called her names,
just to look prettier beside her.
They criticized,
they taunted,
they laughed.

It took her twenty years
to understand
that color means nothing.
She didn't choose.
The color chose her.



Dusky, fair, white, or black —
it is all color.

Your skin getting tanned
or glowing bright —
remember, it's just skin.

When you take your last breath,
no one will say,
“a fair-skinned girl died peacefully”

or
“a brown girl died brutally.”
They will only say
a girl lived,
and a girl left this world.

Remember —
it is just color.

Skin changes with treatments,
with creams,
with juices,
with sunlight.

But no AI,
no treatment,
no beauty ritual
can ever manufacture
character.



WOLVES

NANDANA MURALI

Hound like eyes glaring through the trees,
Furry tails and tales to tell,
They live in the woods just well,
From the outside, as hard as the mountains,
But on the inside, as soft as a breeze.

Tell me about thee my friend,
Don't worry the story won't end,
The mighty paws, the fearful gnaws,
Fly away by seeing you my canine friend,
When I see thou, the story will flow.

Your eyes are raven,
Your mighty crest ne craven.
Your coat just caramel;
Your eyeballs burning and braving,
Your fierce teeth are always craving.

The majestic claws,
The flawless glamour,
The love of a pack,
As a matter of fact,
Really! Nothing does lack!



Beneath the lush green canopies, you feast,
Below the shelter of caves, you sleep,
And in the afternoon you nap with the rest,
You do know what's best...
You sleep but to me you do peep.

Among the thick trunks,
Your fiesta begins,
The hunting commences,
To seize the day,
Bring down everything that stands in your way!

In the late evenings the pack goes for a run,
Has a bit of fun,
But then they search to sleep,
Over the fallen trunks you leap,
Leap to sleep.



WHAT I SEEK IN STILLNESS

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

Some days pass without colour, yet
The world moves fast leaving me in a blur.
There's no thrill in stillness or in
Watching my dismaying grades with a frown.
Then I wonder what it'd be like
To settle gently into this offbeat flow -
If someone showed up,
Not with answers or with plans to fix it all,
Just with something simple to say
Or maybe even nothing at all;
And slow my day to a pace I can keep,
Read my silence like a page.
To let me glance at them a little longer,
For their presence to live softly in my head,
And become the haven I return to
More often than I could admit.



ELEGY FOR A ROSE THAT VANISHED

NIVEDITHA K. A

I saw it once—
a rose in the hush of morning,
not blooming, but waiting.
Its petals cupped light like secrets,
and I believed they were mine.

I reached gently,
as if trust could be touched.
But the moment before my fingers closed,
it disappeared—no wind, no sound, just absence.

I think about that stillness—
how something so vivid
could vanish so easily.
You were never thorns or fire.
You were softer.

And somehow,
that hurt more.

There were no lies,
only the silence
that let me build my belief.
You smiled, and I saw shelter.



But it was only a shadow
on borrowed ground.

The world still offers flowers.
But now I wonder
what disappears
when I blink.

I walk past roses now.
I do not stop.
I do not trust softness
without roots.

Yet part of me—
a quiet, unbroken part—
still hopes
something true
will choose to stay.

Let the rose be gone.
Let the lesson remain.
Not all beauty is meant
to be held,
and not all words are true.

Some are simply
truths
we were not ready
to know.



THE HEAVEN OF CREATURES

PARVATHI DAS

On the lap of the nature
Where the tenderly leaves chatter
Live a lot of creatures
The tiny rainy drops patter

The grassy hills are wrapped by the blue flowers
Through the flower beds come the cattle
There comes a soft wind when the blossom showers
The bushes covered the sticky wattle

Bees buzzing all around the flowers
The sun shines like gem
Clouds hover, that the sky covers
Ants roaming on the stem

Trees shed leaves forming bed
Wind patting the green leaves
Birds flew up to nests at red
The mighty moon comes as the bright sun moves



POSITIVE THINKING

PORKODI M

Drowning in a long deep sea,
I see a gentle light calling me.
A well of hope begins to rise,
Lifting me softly; toward the skies.

It fills my soul with sudden energy,
Reminding me, who I am meant to be.
Keeping me bold, keeping me true,
Showing the beauty in all I do.

Good spirits whisper in my ear,
Their little echoes pulling me near.
They tell me the world can glow again,
Even after the storms and pain.

Alone I stand, yet full of power,
Growing stronger each passing hour.
Success walks with me like a friend,
A loyal shadow that will not bend.

Pouring courage deep into my core,
I rise higher than ever before.
Whatever happens, I turn to gold,
My kite of dreams flying bold.



Wherever I go, I make it a show,
Letting my inner brightness grow.
It's because of you - my guiding light,
Pulling me gently through every night.

You drain the darkness, bring wellness in,
Teaching my heart how to begin.
I imagine you as my sacred boon,
Arriving softly, arriving soon.

I am, I will be, I stand and say—
My hope grows stronger day by day.
Think positive - your mind turns creative.
Think positive - your heart becomes brave.

Think positive - your spirit grows clever.
Think positive - and stay strong forever.
Think positive - you are never alone.
Think positive - your light has grown.



THE CIRCLE OF ZINDAGI

SAHAANA SRINIDHI

A violet whisper folds into the echo of sunrise

Beams of light passing through my face... wondering how could this be...

Shadows dancing in the margins, painting questions I can't name....

There in the suburbs lies a truth...truth to be discovered... is this how it ought to be?

The street sighs, a soft chorus of rusted gates,
While distant trains hum a lode-stone larre,
And every porch-light flickers like a hesitant star,
Asking whether the night is a canvas or a mirror...

Soon...night thrives in ...breeze of wind crossing paths. The night exhales a soft refrain,
A lullaby of rustling leaves and distant laughter,
Weaving threads of memory through the quiet.

It got me thinking... could this be it...?
The life we miss out on, the roads untraveled,
Echoes of what-ifs that linger in the dusk,
Waiting for a breath to pull them into being.



Maybe the answer lives in the space in between,
Where sunrise and night hold hands,
And the suburb's quiet truth whispers back:

"Live the verses you've yet to write"

Straight from the desk of a newbie..

~sahaana



A DECADE AGO, AND A DECADE FROM NOW

SAMIHA MAHNOOR

To the little girl I was a decade ago,
I look at you and remember how innocent we were,
to believe so easily in the words of others.

I went back, searching for the truth—
to see this child who shouldn't have sought
fame, beauty or approval of another,
rather the joy of learning, living, and loving each other.

To the woman I am a decade from now,
there's a lot I wonder about you.

I see accomplished women—wise and strong;
kind women, respected and loved;
powerful women, with knowledge beyond their years.
I wonder—will we make our world a better place?

I strive to be different.
I long for peace; I reach for happiness.
I labor to know life, to know who I am.
I wonder—have you found that yet?

I wonder, wonder, and wonder again—
Are all my fears today a thing of the past to you?
So many questions. I wonder:
Have you finally found an answer?



THE REALMS OF WONDER

VAISHNAVI SAMANTARAY

Beneath a cloak where
secrets are hidden in,
In the forbidden forest,
where shadows spin.

Where the dusty covers
gleam,
With one word the
wands begin to beam.

A humble Hobbit, with
a Ring of Dread,
Or brave Mages raising
up the dead.

The Wardrobe Door
swings open, cold and wide,
To frozen lands where
Winter cannot hide.

When logic takes a
bewildering fall,
And daylight shrinks
beyond a garden's wall.



A curious girl
descends into the
Rabbit-hole,
And loses track of time
and soul.

To break the spell put
on this land,
In these red shoes
you must stand.

The click of heels—a simple, rhythmic sound,
Three taps upon the ground.

Here the air itself is thick with pixie dust,
A fragile mixture of belief and trust.

That lifts the spirit, lightens every load,
To soar above the winding, wooded road.

So turn the page, and
let your spirit soar,
For here,
imagination opens up the door.

And every dream that we ever held,
Is given form, by a story waiting to be spelled.



CREATIVE WRITINGS BY STUDENTS FROM ST PAULS COLLEGE, BENGALURU

THEME: FAITH, REASON, AND THE RENAISSANCE

FOREWORD

SARANYA FRANCIS

Assistant Professor of English ST PAULS COLLEGE, Bengaluru

It began on a routine Monday afternoon, while we were immersed in the rigors of academic toil. Just as the weight of texts and contexts threatened to turn us into pedantic scholars, we stumbled upon the Renaissance and the fiery works of Christopher Marlowe. His writings ignited a spirited debate on the nature of God, individualism, reason, and skepticism.

Inspired by this sudden spark of philosophical inquiry, I invited the students to pen a reflection or a letter addressing the concept of God or the nature of faith. What follows are a few of their responses—candid, questioning, and profound.



ASHES OF A FORGOTTEN SOUL

ADITYA RAJ (II BA)

I do not walk among you now, Not in these streets, nor in this crowd. You sell me in your "holy store," Then ask why I appear no more. "I shaped this world by hand," you say? I shaped it not with stone or clay. With tears, with fears, with grace I trace, Not bricks or rules, nor sacred space.

I wander still, though unconfined, Not lost, but rather left behind. You look for traces in the dust, For symbols that have turned to rust. The footprints carved upon this earth— Are they buried deep for all they're worth? Where are my voices when your nights Are stripped of sleep and guiding lights?

I became your shade when the sun turned cold, I became the warmth when the winds were bold. I held your hands through paths unknown, Even when you thought you walked alone. But now you chase the truth in noise and gold, Seeking peace in hollow words, purchased and sold.

You tie me in frames, in knots, in thread, Then ask me why the soul feels dead. I am not trapped in names or chants, Nor in the temples where you rave and rant. I live where love is brave and still, Where silence speaks and hearts can feel.



You seek me everywhere, near and far, Like the deer chasing its
own musk's scent, bizarre. But you forget I reside in your core,
A truth you miss while searching for more. So ask yourself, not
them, nor me— What if I'm not lost? What if it is... You who
cannot see?



A FORMAL COMPLAINT

GAYATHRI R

To Whom It May Concern (Whoever is up there),

I have never seen you, never heard you, nor felt your presence under my fingertips. Yet, I have been told time and time again to devote myself to you. To worship your name—whichever one that may be among the millions of aliases you go by.

You seem to exist in every language and every place. People claim you are everywhere, residing even in the subatomic particles that make up the tiniest of beings. This philosophy leads me to believe you are likely within me, too. I hope you are. For some reason, that thought brings a quiet comfort.

You are commonly referred to as "God"—a neutral term I hear everywhere: in the quiet hum of early morning temples, under my grandmother's breath, in sterile hospital rooms, and at the precipice of new beginnings.

People claim that every child is a gift from you. It strikes me as a strange way to discredit my mother's doctor, who performed the emergency C-section that actually brought me into this world. But then I reconsider—perhaps you were within that doctor, guiding her hands. It is the only plausible explanation I can



accept regarding your credit. I apologize if you feel offended, but you are responsible for giving me the mind to question things, so I'd say this is on you.

There are other times, however, when I harbor resentment. It stems mainly from what people tell me you do and do not tolerate. Apparently, I am not worthy of worshipping you after puberty during certain times of the month. I would describe what occurs during this "time," but I fear even mentioning the biology might invite your anger—or so I have been taught.

It is ironic, isn't it? That I am a "gift," yet ridden with "impurities"? That there are times I am deemed unfit? That my identity and the respect I command depend on what I sacrifice and how fervently I adore you. You are woven so tightly into the tapestry of my life... or at least, into the rules and beliefs imposed by everyone else.

Still, I like to think you are watching over me. Not as some tyrannical guardian enforcing archaic rules, but as a comforting presence. A blanket of hope.

And I hope, whatever happens, you'll be there. Whoever you are.

With love,

Your questioning but devoted child.



WHAT IS GOD? (SCALE)

OMKAR

Whenever I sit and contemplate the nature of God, I find myself drowning in more questions than answers. It becomes a struggle between blind faith and cold reasoning. We cannot comprehend more than our limited minds allow, yet the thoughts never cease.

We imagine God as a superior being—a wish-granter, a sorrow-ender, a protector who leads us to heaven and grants eternal happiness. But does such a path exist? Or is it merely a comforting fiction?

Then, a different thought strikes me. I look at creation—the sheer randomness of it. Molecules drift around us, countless particles with distinct properties, yet if we zoom out, we are all composed of the same stardust. We are intricate, random, and completely different all at once. It makes no sense, not even to the greatest scientific minds. And perhaps, if a thing makes no sense, it is a miracle. And a miracle is the work of God.

But then, I observed an anthill. Millions of lives scurrying in the dirt. Do they believe in a god? Do they see me, a towering giant, as a deity? I am a moving force that could destroy their entire colony in seconds, bringing instantaneous disaster. Or, if I found



them interesting, I might drop a crumb of sugar, granting them a feast.

But mostly? I ignore them. I have bills to pay and a life to lead; I do not have time to play god with ants.

What if God is simply a superior entity to us, just as we are to the ants? What if He is busy with His own cosmic problems, leaving us completely unchecked? Perhaps He is occupied expanding and conquering the universe, and He rarely finds the interest to bat an eye at a dusty corner of the galaxy named Earth. Does He even know we exist? Or are we merely entertainment—a reality show viewed from an 8th-dimensional window, where He laughs at our follies?

Is God a benevolent guardian, or just a distracted giant dropping candy from time to time, while we foolishly convince ourselves that He cares?



WHAT IS DEVOTION?

SINCHANA PALLAVI

Devotion is an ardent expression of love—a profound dedication directed toward a person, a cause, or the divine. It is the invisible thread that binds a parent to a child, or a visionary to their craft.

In its spiritual form, devotion is a sanctuary. It is the act of rising with the dawn to meditate, pray, or immerse oneself in sacred texts. It is the pursuit of inner tranquility, a way to anchor oneself against the chaotic tides of life.

Through this connection, one finds faith, resilience, and a reservoir of strength during times of trial. Ultimately, devotion is a powerful force; it is the embodiment of sacrifice, sincerity, and unwavering commitment.



THE POWER

VAISHNAVI VINOD KUMAR

I consider myself neither blindly devoted nor an atheist. I stand somewhere in the luminous middle—a believer in a Power that steers us toward the right path, a silent force that imbues us with strength when our resolve fractures. It is the anchor that holds hope steady, assuring us that all ends well.

The world does not crumble when we make a mistake, when we lose a friend, or when we fail an exam. Yet, often we ask: *Why does the Universe offer us difficulties rather than an easy road?*

A friend once asked me this very question. He saw himself as perpetually unlucky, a man caught in a storm with no shelter, believing that time itself was conspiring against him. We often see only the struggle; we rarely see the purpose. It took me days to formulate an answer, but I realized this: We have but one life. Do we truly wish for it to be a monotonous cycle of waking, eating, and sleeping?

As James Clear suggests in *Atomic Habits*, we need a trajectory. Progress often invites resistance. Hurdles are not punishments; they are catalysts designed to push us from our



comfort zones. Yes, we may feel hurt, but that pain is growing pains.

This Power, call it God or Nature, believes we are not meant to be merely "normal." We are designed to be extraordinary. The obstacles are there to ensure we build the courage to defeat any giant standing in our way. This force wants to refine us, to indirectly grant us the strength to achieve dreams we haven't yet dared to voice.

When we trust in this process, we begin to walk the true path. It helps us align with our values and shed our worst impulses. God, in this sense, is not just an entity we worship from afar; He is a companion, a protector, a teacher, and above all, the silent strength within our lives.



DRAWINGS AND CREATIVE WRITINGS BY STUDENTS FROM VRUKSHA MONTESSORI SCHOOL, CHENNAI

ETHEREAL

AARABHI RAMAKRISHNAN

Hazel descended from her bicycle in front of Mark's new house. She stood beyond the gate as the enormous shadow of the house loomed over her. "Do you like it?" a familiar voice called out. A wave of relief swept over her as she replied, "It's a little big and spooky but it's good". "This is nothing. The inside is what counts. I'll give you a tour that'll change your mind. Deal?" said Mark. Hazel's best friend for as long as she could remember. "Deal", she replied as she trailed behind Mark for a grand tour of his strange house.

The interiors of Mark's house, however, was a modern mix of calming tints; olive green, ochre and pale pink. Hazel was struck by how comforting the living rooms were with its sofas and fluffy chintz armchairs arranged around a marble table. The bedrooms, which were in the second story of Mark's house, were quite similar



to the living room with the addition of large beds and study tables. Everything here seemed perfectly placed and was exquisite.

"Are you hungry?" Mark asked, when they had finished marveling at the last room. "No", replied Hazel as they exited that room. "What's that room for?" she said pointing to an old door on her right. "We haven't been able to open it because there seems to be no key for it" explained Mark. Hazel impulsively strode towards the door and ran her hand on the rough, chipped wood. It was badly battered and looked like it was weather beaten. Hazel drew in a sharp breath as Mark turned the doorknob.

The door didn't budge.

"See?" said Mark with an air of stating the obvious, "I told you, Hazel tutted firmly as she fished out a pin from her pocket. Mark raised an eyebrow questioningly at her. She inserted the pin into the keyhole carefully and turned it ever so slowly.

The lock clicked open. Hazel let out a sign of relief. Mark pushed open the door cautiously. "Urgh!" he exclaimed and wrinkled his nose as he stepped inside. The room was small, damp and musty.



It looked barren without furniture and there was paint peeling off the walls. Long, dusty cobwebs hung from one corner to another. The room was giving off a strong sense of mystery and unease. Mark let out a small cough as Hazel suddenly realized that the room didn't have windows. "So much for unlocking the door" commented Mark. Dispirited, Hazel was about to leave the room when she noticed the floor. It was covered in a thin layer of...

"Sand?!" Mark exclaimed. Apparently, he'd noticed it too. "It's really brittle and light-colored. Must be desert sand" he mumbled, resorting to his brain which Hazel often referred to as an encyclopedia. Hazel, now sharp with interest, started tapping the walls. "I wonder what this room is hiding" she thought as she reached the wall behind Mark.

Tap! Tap! The wall was hollow! Hazel knocked on it again just to make sure. "Mark?" she called out with an edge to her voice. "This wall's hollow. We should definitely do something". "Okay, we will", said Mark skeptically "Why are you scared?" "I-I-I don't know" stammered Hazel. The truth was she had felt a tug of belonging in her stomach when she'd knocked on that wall. "Do you think there's anything behind it?" she whispered, dramatically.



As soon as the words escaped from her mouth, a door materialized in front of her. It didn't look like a normal door; it was covered in grass and flowers. Hazel and Mark could feel each other's fear as they glanced at each other. Hazel gestured to the door and Mark shrugged. "We should..." he began but Hazel cut him off. "We should first see what's in there" she said with her voice trembling slightly. Mark sighed and placed his hand on the mystery door's handle. He knew that there was no stopping Hazel once she had made up her mind. With that in mind, he turned the handle and pushed the door open. In a millionth of a second, they were pulled through the door as though by a vacuum and then everything went pitch black.

Hazel prised open her eyes and forced herself to sit up. Mark was also sitting up next to her, rubbing his eyes. "We should've thought before entering here" he burst out furiously. Hazel was astonished. Mark never lost his temper even in the most pressuring situations. "Look at where we are, Hazel!" he exclaimed, gesturing around him.

It was at that moment that Hazel felt cold. She looked around and her teeth chattered in response to the cold and fear. They were in



a dense thicket of large trees. A forest. Not just any normal forest though; all the trees, plants and flowers here were thrice its normal size. "This is bad" gulped Hazel, trying to downplay her fear. "H-how do we go back?". "I have no idea but I think it's worth checking out that cave for possible escape routes", said Mark, pointing to his left where the mouth of a large, jagged cave showed uninviting gloom and darkness. "No!" moaned Hazel. "Do we have to go in there?". "Do you see any other way?" shot back Mark "Come on". Trembling, they entered the mysterious cave, putting their bravery and their lives through a daring, and possibly fatal test.

The inside was damp, creepy and dark. Hazel clutched Mark's hand shivering. Hazel slipped on something and fell face first into the muddy soil. "Ow!" she exclaimed. Mark burst out laughing. Hazel gave him a look and turned to see what she'd tripped on. Something was glinting against the ground. Hazel picked it up. It was a pen. She wondered how a pen could have got here as she absentmindedly uncapped it.

The tip of the pen started elongating. It grew longer and longer until Hazel was holding a meter-long, glinting bronze sword, Mark



was gaping at her. She smirked and turned the sword over, testing it. Its weight was perfect for her. They resumed walking and went deeper into the cave, using the glowing sword as a source of light.

As they plunged deeper, the sword seemed to lose its glow with every step forward. After what seemed like ages, they spotted a green glow a few meters away from them. Hazel went closer and discovered that it was a green gemstone, held by two rocks. It was pulsating strongly. "What magic can it have?" Hazel whispered as Mark neared the gem. "Magic? I think this place has creeped you out too much" he replied jokingly. "I'm being serious. We couldn't have just come here without magical aid" said Hazel as her hand reached toward the gem. "No! It could be dangerous" cried Mark. Hazel stretched out her index finger and brushed it. It was really warm. Hazel placed her palm on it. She regretted that at once.

The whole cave started to quake and collapse. Huge boulders started raining down from the ceiling. "Let's go!" shouted Mark, barely heard by Hazel over the din. Mark tugged at her hand and they ran as fast as they could, towards the mouth of the cave,



narrowly missing rocks which crash-landed just inches from them. As they reached the mouth of the cave, a huge boulder fell, blocking their path. "Jump!" bellowed Hazel and they hurled themselves out of the cave and landed painfully. Hazel felt as though her ribs had been broken and Mark was groaning in pain opposite her.

The entire forest was quaking and everything was breaking apart. A horrendous voice filled the forest and Hazel and Mark's ears; a voice so ancient that it sounded like forks scraping over plates, "Mortals! How dare you have the audacity to come to my domain! Get out!". Hazel and Mark were writhing on the ground, covering their ears. The voice sent vibrations to their brains. Once they had recovered from the sound, Hazel cried out joyfully, pointing straight ahead. The mystery grass door was back and hovering midair. They rushed toward it and Mark wrenched it open. Once again, they experienced compressing darkness and blacked out.

"Wake up, Mark. Get up". Hazel was trying to shake her best friend back to consciousness. They were back in the small, dingy room in Mark's new house. Mark groaned and sat up. "Mom's going to kill



me" he moaned as he looked down at his clothes. Both of their clothes were caked in mud and their hair was disheveled. "That's what you're worried about right now?!" scoffed Hazel "You have a forest in your new house" she said, stressing every word. "No, I think we were transported somewhere else" said Mark, slowly and thoughtfully "We should go and see that forest more when...". "More?!" shrieked Hazel, cutting him off. "The best decision is to just forget about that place and" She faltered as she noticed the object in her hand.

It was a pen. The pen. The pen which had turned into a sword in that cave. Hazel was stunned into silence as thoughts slowly crept around her brain. How did the sword / pen get here? Was this something to do with that weird voice? Whose voice was that? She was shaken out of her thoughts when Mark whined "I'm hungry. Let's go and eat." Apparently, he hadn't noticed the pen. Hazel felt glad of that fact.

They cleaned themselves up and then settled to eat. While Mark was gobbling up his sandwich, Hazel poked holes in hers with her finger. She found it impossible to forget the sword and the ancient



voice in the forest. What did it mean by "my domain?" She was brought back to the present with a loud telephone ring. "It's your Mom. She's asking if you want to come back" said Mark's Mom. Hazel sprang up from her chair. "Yeah, I'll go back now" she said, hoping she had hidden the relief from her voice. All she wanted to do now was to get away from Mark's strange house as soon as possible.

As Hazel mounted her bicycle, she looked at Mark knowingly and said firmly, "It's better you don't tell anyone about the forest. Best to just forget it". Mark nodded. They said their goodbyes, the gleam of curiosity and adventure still lingering in their eyes as their thoughts wandered to the giant forest and the voice, which they were unlikely to forget in their lifetime.



DELHI KA ANOKHA SWAD (DELHI'S UNIQUE FLAVOUR)

ADITI VARIER

If Delhi is a living city, then Karol Bagh is its beating heart. Karol Bagh is more than just a polluted and overpopulated place, it's a cultural hub where food, culture and tradition come to life.

Have you ever walked through a street where every corner smells like sizzling food? Where every street is alive with true desi spirit? If not, then Karol Bagh is the perfect place to experience the buzzing energy and the savory delights of India. Every Monday evening a fair takes place where people from the UP-Bihar Delta come to sell their goods. "Sardar Ji Ki Chaat" a famous food stall can offer you mouthwatering Aloo Tikis that will leave you satisfied, yet wanting more.

Beyond the stalls and shops, Karol Bagh tells a story of India itself – it showcases India's unity in diversity. When you go to a sabzi (vegetable) vendor, they will strike up a conversation with you as though you have known them forever.

No matter what event India is celebrating Karol Baghs festive spirit is unforgettable. When India wins a world cup the spectrum of firecrackers burst will leave you mesmerized and when the festival



of Diwali is around the corner, almost every house is adorned with oil lamps.

Karol Bagh is not just another tourist attraction it is a reminder that while India may be a developing country, its rich traditions, vibrant cultures and timeless legacies standout. Every person must get a chance to visit Karol Bagh, because it is not only a market but the very center of Indian flavors. Step into Karol Bagh and you just don't see India – you feel it, taste it and live it.



SILENT STORIES, SHIFTING FATES

DHANYA SANTHOSH

In everyone's life, there is one above all, who plays with life at their own rhythms.

Thud, thud, thud. Pitter-patter. Deep silence. When silence falls, it overtakes what is around, leaving blank thoughts behind. These thoughts may turn toxic and can also lead to something that is unimaginable. I was witnessing that. The one who was going through was a helpless husband waiting to be a father a second time, a patient whose loved one waited not knowing what would happen, a sick man who had nobody to enquire about his welfare or a body covered by a shroud never to rise again. This is a place where the power of a human fails, where hope and despair sit side by side, waiting for a verdict only fate can give. The many stories written on each person's face: abysmal, joyful or incomprehensible.

A nurse with an expressionless face and an unemotional voice that gave no hint of what was happening inside called out a name. Raj. Silence built. The room held its breath. From the shadows beside me emerged Raj with a crying baby in his hands. But its mother was in the delivery room fighting against life to bring a new one into this. Raj seemed to be masking his anxiety with calm and a prayer on his lips.

...



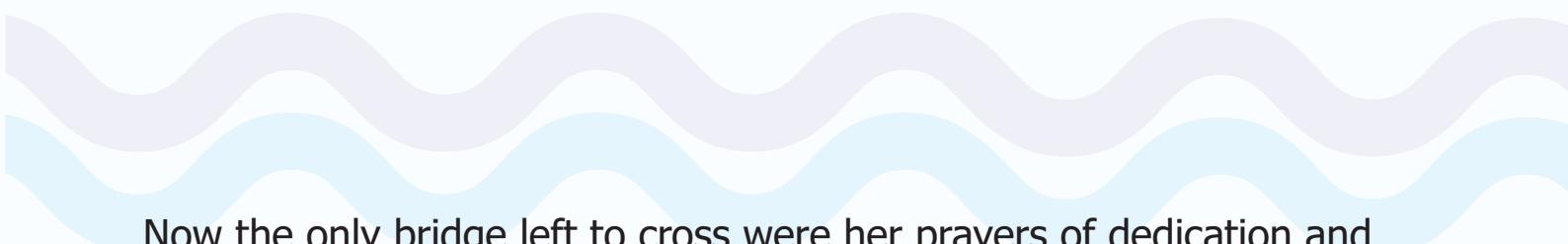
And suddenly, the atmosphere changed. Raj's pent-up emotions now poured down as tears. Of joy. Joy of becoming a father a second time. The cover of serenity fell to pure elation. His hands covered his mouth in shock but relief. He gave a soft kiss to the little one who had become an elder brother now. A smile filled with love and excitement appeared as he ran inside the room. His small newly born infant with its mother was waiting to see the father. The room was filled with positivity.

The waiting room never stayed light for long. Across the room, a woman with dark circles under her eyes, wrinkles etched deep and a chanting chain in her hands waited for her son. Tired. Hopeless. She had no one to lean onto or look up to. Yet she bore the pain. All alone. Life had given her the hardest rhythm to play along with, but she wasn't a woman who would give up. A man was brought in a wheel chair. Moments from death. His muscles were becoming weak. His body trembled. His eyes were hollow. No voice came out from his mouth.

People turned away their heads with disgust, while some stared long with no shame. A mother closed her child's eyes as if trying to hide the cruelty of life, yet only magnifying the emptiness before her. No one offered compassion. Not a single hand reached, for this weak mother.

On one side of the room, light was brightening. On the other, light was fading. The nurse consoled the mother while the doctors folded their hands in defeat.

Everything failed.



Now the only bridge left to cross were her prayers of dedication and devotion.

The pain of death multiplies when it takes a piece of you with it.

Suddenly, a scream of disbelief could be heard. A lifeless man was in coma. Unaware of the happenings of the surroundings. He lay motionless with no laughter or cry. His family was waiting for years hoping for a single greeting. Despite every effort from the hospital, no result was fruitful. Today everything changed. The scream of disbelief was nothing but a scream of gratitude. The impossible had become possible. Sweets were distributed, the doctors celebrated, the nurses exhaled in relief. A miracle had taken place. His eyes opened and light returned to the room. Readings of the monitor steadied. Life's rhythms were rewritten with notes dancing in their own beats.

This was one day at the hospital that I observed. But for the doctors and staff, it was their daily routine - a battle that they had to fight to save lives. Every day, doctors wage silent wars against death, carrying the unbearable weight of countless lives in their hands, feeling every heartbeat, every failure, and every fleeting miracle as if it were their own. All the staff who work with them, run even under the scorching sun or the biting cold, drenched in sweat, shivering with fatigue. At the end of the day, what they get is exhaustion!

But the smallest happiness comes, when the patient takes the first step of recovery. When all the hard work bares fruit.

All meaningful.



There I was, standing inside the hospital waiting room, trying to empathize with every person suffering there. Whether it was a small discomfort or a great pain. These are not stories that people read for enjoyment or entertainment — they are stories that weigh heavy on the soul and remind us that life is fragile and unfair. Yet breathtakingly precious. Life itself seemed to play a symphony inside those walls. Sometimes soft and soothing, sometimes deafening and cruel. No matter how much I tried to lighten their burden with my silent support, it was their battle to fight and lead. A storm that they had to cross alone. To reach the other side of the shore. The waiting room was not just a room with four dull painted walls, or a sharp, cold and antiseptic smell clinging to the air - it was an entirely different world.

One I could only sit back and observe but never truly enter. I was there, at the hospital to capture the stories that go unseen – the lives hidden behind doors and monitors, lived in silence and struggle. Time moved differently here. It marked the rhythm of lives in suspense, as if each heartbeat were guided by someone above it all — the one who writes our fates, shaping every rise and fall, every joy and sorrow, into a greater tune.

“The magic of the ordinary is the most extraordinary thing in the world.” – Ruskin Bond

DRAWING

DHANYA SANTHOSH





DEATH BY A MUFFIN

HEMA KRISHNAMURTHY

A soft scream could be heard echoing through the halls of Fenwick Manor, nestled in the heart of an English village. Quick footsteps. Then silence. Ghostly silence.

The next day, the maid went in. After a while she ran out screaming, "Lady Fenwick is dead!"

Young Sara, sitting atop a tree and watching, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. It had been for the best. She had gotten revenge on Lady Fenwick for getting her parents arrested. She has also managed to steal a wad of cash. Enough to fend for herself for some years.

She had done it and no one knew.

Now 19 years later, a much older Sara opened her eyes. She was standing in the Mayor's room. "If you don't pay me the sum, you will find that your little secret is out," he said maliciously.

Sara clenched her fists and stalked out. Her secret was at risk. She had to do it again to protect...



It was nine in the night. The newsreader's voice blared out of the TV. Reading out the latest, most alarming news. "The Mayor of Manchester has been found dead, earlier this evening. He is believed to have had a freshly baked blueberry choco-chip muffin containing arsenic. We also found a threatening note."

Two girls, Lucy and Mira, who had switched on the TV for a movie stared at the screen, showing a dead body and a note written in beautiful looped writing. It said, "don't dig in too far or you'll find yourself dead."

Just then Lucy's father came in. He was a detective working at a private agency. "Hey girls, I see you saw the news. I have been hired to look at it," he said.

"Ooh can we help you?" asked Lucy.

"Yes. We have started a detective club at school," said Mira. "We want to be just like you. Also, it will be an opportunity to collect best wishes for our detective club at school. We can take cards to write them on and stick the wishes on the club room walls."

"All right but you have to be really good," he said.

So, the next day they all got into the care and drove to the police station where the suspects were being held for questioning."



"You girls get your wishes, while I work on interviewing the suspects. The cameras are of no use, as they were switched off, half an hour before the murder," said Mr. Walker, Lucy's father.

"But the strange thing is that the surveillance system of the Mayor's house is connected to the police station. How did the killer get to that?"

Once they reached there, Mr. Walker began interviewing suspects, while Lucy and Mira began asking the people there for the wishes. Quite a lot of people wrote down their best wishes for the club on the cards they had brought.

That evening as their father sat looking through a list of suspects, the two girls were curled up on the sofa looking through the wish cards when suddenly Mira noticed something, "Lucy, look at this, doesn't this writing look familiar?"

Lucy gasped, "you're right, it looks a bit like the writing on the murder note," she said.

"Yes, but...," Mira's voice trailed away.

"But?" Lucy asked.



"But this is Inspector Brown's writing. She couldn't have done this, could she?" asked Mira.

"We have to show it to dad anyway," said Lucy.

They both burst into the room where Mr. Walker was working brandishing the wish card.

"We found a perfect match Dad. It belongs to Inspector Brown. We know nobody faked their writing because we caught them off guard and made them write quickly," said Lucy.

"Good work you two. I have already ruled out most of the suspects. The servants had all gone for a movie at 5:15pm. They couldn't have gotten the muffin for him as the only shop in town which sells blueberry choco-chip muffins baked it fresh only at 6:00pm and by that time they would have been in the theatre. All of them left only at 8:00 after the move was finished by which time the shop had closed," said Mr. Walker, "The muffin the mayor had was still warm from the oven."

"Oh and we know why you ruled out the secretary. We know he only returned from holiday today when the police called him. He said he left to Spain yesterday afternoon after visiting the mayor to give him some files."

"Yes, and his stamped ticket gives us proof," said Mr. Walker.



"I had initially put Ms. Wilks as the top suspect but now I think we have to change it to the inspector. I know she sees the mayor at about 6:00-6:15 to give him the report of the day. But I never thought of her as a suspect. She is the inspector after all."

"What is her motive? You don't just murder someone without a rhyme or reason," said Lucy.

"Hmmm...we might have some luck if we checked the camera recordings from a few days ago. It might show us something important," he said.

"But she could have already erased any files holding anything of importance, if she is the murderer," Lucy pointed out.

"Leave that to me. They taught me how to retrieve erased files at advanced computing class," said Mira.

So the next day, they all went to the police station and asked the assistant inspector to see the cameras. Luckily the inspector was out or she would have definitely denied permission. But the assistant inspector gladly showed them the camera rooms.

Soon the three of them were seated around the computers as Mira typed away on them. As Lucy predicted, the files had been erased but nobody had thought about looking at recordings of the previous days so nobody had tried retrieving it.



It took a while but she finally managed to recover the recordings. Just then Mr.Walker got an urgent call and he went out to attend it. The two girls began playing and observing all the recordings from before when the camera was switched off.

As they watched the meeting between the mayor and the inspector from the day before the murder, they heard something in it which shocked them so much that they just sat staring at the screen.

Just then Mr.Walker came in.

"What happened girls?" he asked.

Speechlessly Mira played the recording on the screen. Mr.Walker watched it and sank into a chair just as shocked as Lucy and Mira.

The mayor was blackmailing the inspector demanding money, which was shocking, but the inspector's secret, which he threatened to tell everyone was even more shocking.

Mr.Walker recovered first, "I can't believe it. To think we all trusted her when she was secretly evil. Girls this is her motive," he said furiously, "The superintendent is in the mayor's house, we can report it to him."

"And I have got an idea which will help us prove it," said Lucy.



And the three of them raced towards the car, Lucy explained her plan to them. They all jumped into the car and drove towards 'Freshly Baked' bakery. This was the only shop in town which sold blueberry choco-chip muffins. They rushed into the shop startling Mrs. Barret the shop owner.

"Mrs. Barret, 2 days ago on the 3rd September did inspector Brown visit your shop at say six pm?" asked Mr. Walker.

"That's a lot you got to ask. Hang on I'll check the bills detective," she said opening a drawer and rummaging through it. "There, 3rd September. Yes, you are right, she came here to purchase a muffin, a blueberry choco-chip one as a matter of fact," she said frowning, "At exactly six."

"Can we have that bill?" asked Mira excitedly.

"Course, there you go," said Mrs. Barret handing the bill over to Mr. Walker.

"Thank you," said Mr. Walker as they exited the shop.

"You're welcome," came Mrs. Barret's voice.

Soon the three of them got into the car and were speeding towards the mayor's house. They got there just as the superintendent was about to leave.



"Sir wait. We solved the case," shouted Mr. Walker jumping out of the car. The inspector who was with the superintendent saw them and her face filled with horror but only for a moment before she rearranged her features.

The two girls and Mr. Walker showed the superintendent the handwriting samples the bill and finally the camera recording which Mira had uploaded on her phone.

The superintendent turned around and faced the inspector. His face was furious.

"Arrest her," he cried out to the two officers behind him.

Before the inspector even had a chance to move one of the officers handcuffed her. They led her away as she fumed with anger throwing curses at the detective.

The superintendent then turned to face the detective and kids, "Thank you detective. Without your help we never could have solved this case and known about the true nature of the inspector. She will be put on trial as soon as possible," he said.

"You should be thanking these two girls. Without their valuable help I couldn't have solved this case," said the detective.



"Thank you, girls. A suitable award will be issued for you three," said the superintendent, "Guess I will be staying here for a while more until everything gets sorted out with the inspector,"

With that he turned away and walked back to the Mayor's house where the inspector was being held until more police came to help transport her to the prison.

The world was at peace because Sara Brown was finally being punished for her crimes.

As for the girls they returned with their heads buzzing with the day's events and a satisfied heart. This was certainly a day they out never forget!



"EARLY BIRD OR NIGHT OWL? WHAT YOUR BODY CLOCK SAYS ABOUT YOU"

NIKITHA DHARMARAJ

Have you ever wondered why some people can't wait to get up in the morning, ready to start their day the moment the alarm rings, while others stay half-asleep, wishing for just another few hours?

This is because of our body's internal clock or circadian rhythm. Sounds confusing, right? But trust me it's easier than it sounds.

Understanding Your Body Clock

Your body clock, scientifically called the circadian rhythm, is an internal timer that runs on a 24-hour cycle. It controls when you feel sleepy, alert, hungry, and energetic.

This circadian rhythm is what controls your,

- Energy levels throughout the day
- Mood and mental focus
- Hormone release

Your body clock is guided mainly by light and darkness. Morning sunlight tells your brain to wake up and be alert, while darkness



triggers the release of **melatonin**, the hormone that makes you sleepy. This natural rhythm repeats roughly every 24 hours, guiding your energy, focus, and sleep patterns throughout the day.

Chronotypes: Are You an Early Bird or a Night Owl?

Not everyone's body clock works the same way. Your natural sleep-wake pattern is called the **chronotype**; It determines whether you feel most alert in the morning, evening, or somewhere in between.

Your chronotype isn't just about habits — it's partly genetic, meaning your body is naturally wired to be an early bird, a night owl, or somewhere in between.

- ***Early Birds (Morning Type)***

Early birds are the people who naturally wake up with the sun, ready to start their day as soon as the alarm rings. They usually feel alert and energetic in the morning, making it easier to focus on school, work, or other tasks during those early hours.

Morning types often have more consistent sleep patterns, this can help maintain steady energy levels and a balanced mood throughout the day. Some research also suggests that early birds may have certain health advantages, like a lower risk of metabolic issues and better mental well-being.



- ***Night Owls (Evening Type):***

Night owls feel most awake and productive in the evening or at night. They often struggle with early mornings, but their energy, focus, and creativity reaches its peak later in the day. This makes them great for tasks that require problem-solving and brainstorming, uninterrupted focus when the world is quieter.

However, because society tends to operate on early schedules, night owls can face challenges like sleep deprivation, social jet lag, or difficulty concentrating during early classes or work hours. Despite these challenges, night owls can do well by understanding more their body clock and planning their day around their natural energy peaks.

Why Teens Often Tend to Be Night Owls:

During teen years, your body starts producing melatonin, the sleep hormone, later in the evening, hence many teens feel most awake at night, even if school starts early. Early mornings can feel especially tough, while late afternoons and evenings may be when energy, focus, and creativity reaches its peak. Understanding this can help teens plan homework, hobbies, or activities around their natural rhythm instead of fighting it.



Conclusion

It doesn't matter whether you're an early bird or a night owl, your body clock shapes your energy, focus, and mood. There's no "better" type hence the key is to understand your natural sleep cycle and plan your day according to it, while getting enough sleep to stay sharp and feel the best!



SQUARE ONE

SARRAH

It's like every time I try
to stitch up old scars,
the same cut bleeds,
same story
new day but nothing's changed.

I guess we're okay now,
my friends and I,
laugh again, joke again
but sometimes I'm just there,
background noise, haunting my own group chat
while everyone's vibing but me.

My grades slip.
Dad says, "Work harder,"
Mom sighs, I guess she is just tired of fighting my battles
I'm back to square one,
where forgiveness is homework
I keep handing it in,
but it always gets marked wrong.

I keep giving people chances,
I keep thinking this time



they'll see me,
hold a space for me
that doesn't feel empty.

But this pain
it's like a room I keep walking into,
hoping someone's left the door open,
but it's always locked,
windows shut.
It's trying to suffocate me.

I talk, I reach out.
Sometimes it lands,
sometimes it crashes.
Some days I forgive, try to forget,
but it backfires
returns as silent echoes,
hurts that don't soften.

I'm tired.
Not just bone-tired
soul-tired, heart-tired.
Tired of making circles out of straight lines,
tired of giving,
tired of bleeding,
tired of starting over
while everyone seems
so damn unbreakable.



But I write anyway.

This is me, finding words
for wounds that never listen,
for people unwilling to change,
for pain that I can't express in words.

And yet again, I'm back to square one.



LESSONS BEYOND WORDS

SARRAH. M.K

In a classroom of seventeen,
there stands a teacher, strong through storm and fear
an inspiring voice, a guiding light in life.

She's weathered loss with courage rare,
a silent strength beyond compare.
Through grief once shadowed, dimmed her away,
she rose, unbeaten, day by day.

Sickness came, but couldn't claim
the fiery spirit, the unbroken flame.
Warmth and sweetness in every smile
her strength radiates across each mile.

A poet's heart, with words so wise,
inspiring dreams to rise and rise.
No other teacher could ever replace
the kindness and warmth in her embrace.

Grateful am I, beyond what I say,
to learn from her each passing day.
Amazing, tough, and gently sweet
she's the strongest person I'll ever meet.

Note : This poem is dedicated to my teacher, Ms. Vidya Shankar.



LACROSSE STICKS AND JERSEY NUMBERS

SHARADA ARUN

In the Mrs. Lacey's school for young ladies, the morning was a one which radiated a sad one. The girls of the school had lost to Malloy Manor, another boarding school in the lacrosse matches.

A few years later, two girls namely Florence Jackson and Cho Chang walked through the halls of the distinguished school.

They never knew that they were going to change its history forever.

One morning, as they were getting dressed, a bell came. The other girls rushed out, while putting on their jerseys in a higgledy-piggeldy fashion. Only then did the girls know that the tryouts for the lacrosse team were happening.

Finally at the end of the trials, the girls had gotten chosen! The match was against Magnolia ridge high!

On the day of the match, everyone was exited. The two friends were even more so.

The time came when they had to get on the bus. Everyone talked each other's ears off. Soon' the referee blew the whistle and the match was on!



The match went on until, another student tripped Florence! The match was stopped until she could at least limp. As soon as she stood up the referee blew the whistle.

Then out of nowhere, Magnolia ridge high scored!

With the score one to love, the girls from Mrs. Lacey's grew very tensed.

In the middle of the match, somebody passed to Florence. Nobody expected her to run. But, even if she was limping, she twisted and turned until she reached the goal. She blindly aimed and shot for the goal. The ball went in as the goalie tried to stop it but she missed. Then something astoundingly funny happened. The goalie swung her bat in rage and sent the innocent ball flying into her own goal. So much for being the goalie!

Then, the referee's whistle startled everyone. This time, the whistle indicated that the match was over, and the girls from Mrs. Lacey's had won! The girls knew no bound for their joy as they lifted Florence and Cho, for Cho was the one who passed to Florence for the winning shot!

Mrs. Lacey's school for young ladies had won the Lacrosse Championship!

The day ended with the principal, Mrs. Lacey herself giving a speech on Teamwork and the Spirit of Sport

As the midnight bell rang, the exited, whispering girls dropped off to sleep, getting ready for tomorrow's adventure.



A TEACHER WITH AN EXCLAMATION!

TANISHA A.V. RATHOD

You walked into our lives so softly, yet changed us in every way,
With courage stitched into your smile, even on your hardest day.

Though life has hurt your heart, you still chose light instead of fear,
And every lesson that you gave still whispers in our ear.

You taught us more than English
you taught us how to stand,
How to lean on one another,
how to reach instead of demand.

We miss your gentle laughter, the warmth you always bring,
The classroom feels much quieter without your guiding wing.

But we're cheering for your healing, for your strength to rise anew
And when you walk back through that door, we'll stand and smile for you.

Note : This poem is dedicated to my teacher Ms. Vidya Shankar.



TEENAGER LIFE

URJA MEHTA

Being a teenager is a wild ride of ups and downs. It's that time of life when you're discovering who you are, but also facing a lot of confusing feelings, emotions and challenges. Some days you're having the best time of your life with friends and feeling on top of the world, and other days it's like everything is overwhelming or weighing down on you. That's just how teen life is—full of highs and lows that will help shape you into the person you'll become.

One of the best things about being a teen is the freedom to explore new interests and hobbies, find your taste in music, clothes or sports. This is the time when you start deciding what is important to you.

But it's not all fun. Being a teen means dealing with emotional crisis that can sometimes feel beyond of your control. You might get annoyed with family when they just don't seem to get you, or feel stressed out by schoolwork or marks and all the pressure about your future. And then there's the drama with friends or trying to fit in, which can be really hard on you sometimes.

Social media adds a whole new layer to it. On one hand, it's a great way to stay connected, hop onto trends, or just escape reality. On the other, scrolling through everyone's "perfect" lives can make you



feel like you do not have enough. It's a lot to deal with, especially when you're already trying to figure things out in your life.

Still, there are plenty of great moments that make being a teen worth it. Those times you nail a test, share a hilarious joke, or just hang out and feel understood by your friends stand out. It's these small joys that remind you that even with all the challenges and mistakes, this phase is full of chances to learn and enjoy life.

In the end, being a teen means going through a lot of changes—some awesome and some tricky to manage. Everyone is going through a lot, even if they don't always show it. Knowing that can make you feel a bit less alone and ready to tackle whatever life throws at you.

**CREATIVE WRITINGS BY 6TH GRADE STUDENTS
FROM
CENTRAL MIDDLE SCHOOL, MINNESOTA, US**

CELESTIAL DREAMS

AADHIRA PURUSOTHAMAN

Everyone has celestial wonders,
I have something far beyond that...

The Sun and the Moon, strong and bright,
Gleaming in daylight, beaming in the night.

The sun nurtures those in need,
The plants, the animals and even the weeds.

The moon shines bright smiling with pride,
Controlling earth, the waves, and even the tide.

The stars and the planets big and small,
Some still need to learn to crawl.

The stars shimmer as if they could fly,
Weaving pictures through the night sky.

Planets are ready to rock and roll,
unique with rings or even craters.

The sky and galaxies immense and bold,
Old as time and time is gold.

The sky seems so close but also far away,
making us wonder, what is beyond everyday

Galaxies and galaxies, a whole new destiny,
Making us wonder about our reality.

Everyone has celestial wonders,
But I have celestial dreams.



THE REAL PROBLEM

ANNA KRIVOSIK

We take more and more until nothing's left.
Is that how we want this to end?
The Earth has cared for us,
why is she treated like garbage?

There are other ways to live.
We all know many.
So why don't we all use them
Instead of hurting our planet?

All of us can keep talking.
About how we can change the future,
by taking less.
But do we really do anything?
Only some people do.
And that's not enough.

We can't stop this,
but we can delay it.
We can stop destruction.
But most won't.

Not unless someone takes the first step.
The first step into the future,



will only be achieved if we all try.

And we can.

But we

all

have to.

That's the problem.

Answers :

- 1: Star(R)
- 2: Oxygen (E)
- 3: Helium (H)
- 4: Neptune(T)
- 5: Uranus(A)

The planet is earth.



NATURE LAMENTS

SRISHTI SARPAMALE

Nature is peaceful;
She provides for everyone,
She does not discriminate,
Not animal, girl, man, or son.

Nature is motherly;
Her caress cradles us,
She hugs her children tight,
And keeps us safe from each of our siblings might.

Nature is sad;
Her oceans weep,
Her sands sweep,
And the maple trees sway in the breeze.

Nature is irritated;
We are turning away from our family,
We have turned from the forest,
Making houses and homes for tourists.

Nature is angry;
We are wreaking havoc,
We have created storms of dust and fury,
Destruction of creation.



Nature is tired;
She has cared but not been cared for,
Been mistreated for many centuries by her own children,
She must rest.

Nature laments;
She laments for all the time lost,
Weeps for the trees,
Grieves for the animals,
And hopes for the future.



CREATIVE WORKS BY STUDENTS FROM ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY, ADYAR, CHENNAI

SCIENCE QUIZ

HAYDEN MARIO

TIME: 15MIN

Hi guys! I would like to make your mind fresh, here is some fun quiz

EXCITING SCIENCE QUIZ

Round 1: Easy & Fun

1. What planet is known as the Red Planet?
2. Which gas do plants release during photosynthesis?
3. Which is the smallest bone in the human body?
4. Which is the largest organ in the human body?
5. How many bones are in the adult human body?

Round 2: Tricky & Interesting

6. What was the first satellite launched?
7. Which planet has the most moons?
8. What is the only metal that is liquid at room temperature?
9. Which organ in the human body is the strongest muscle?
10. What is the biggest planet in our solar system?



Round 3: Brain-Twisters

11. If you drop a feather and a hammer on the Moon, which lands first?
12. What do you call an animal that can live on land and in water?
13. What is the speed of light approximately (in km/s)?
14. What is the scientific term for animals that sleep during the day and are active at night?

Answers in
Page Number: 176



HERE IS A GRID, CAN YOU FIND IT?

By HAYDEN MARIO

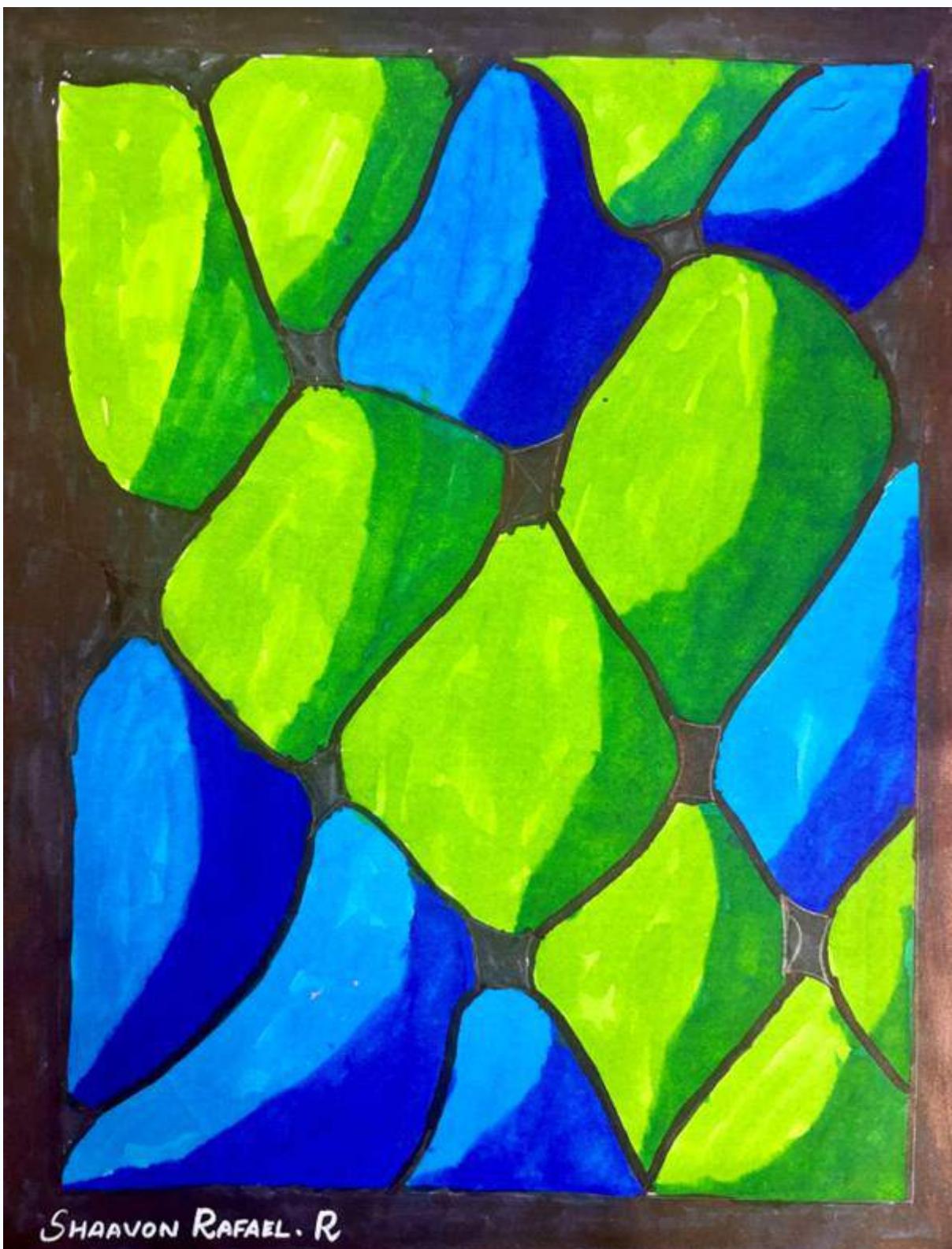
WORDS:

**TELESCOPE, BIOLOGY, SILICON,
PHYSICS, MOON, MERCURY, BONE.**

T	E	I	S	L	Y	P	R	B
M	E	B	I	O	L	O	G	Y
E	U	L	X	Y	B	P	C	R
R	Z	L	E	K	W	Q	S	M
E	P	H	Y	S	I	C	S	B
U	L	B	C	M	C	I	P	O
R	S	I	L	I	C	O	N	N
Y	M	F	J	B	V	M	P	E
S	H	T	L	N	O	O	M	E

ARTWORK

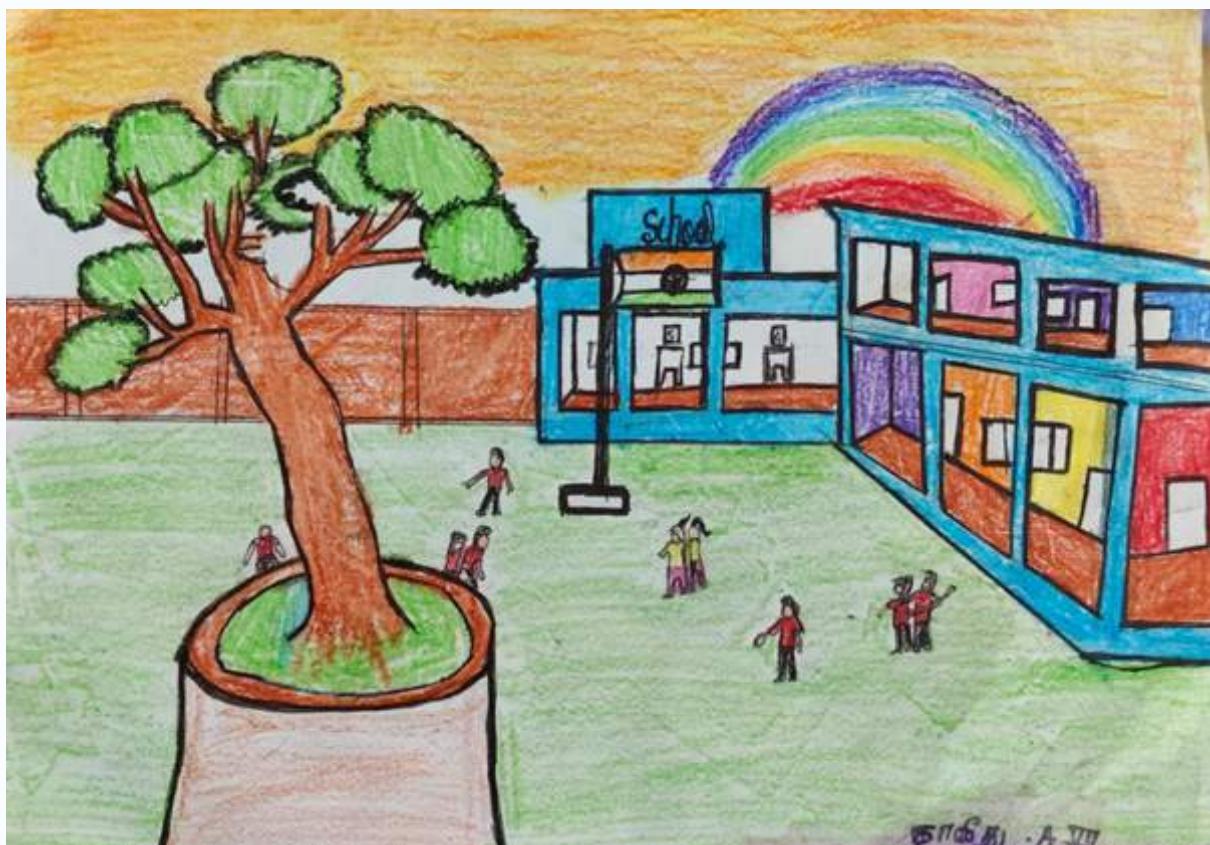
SHAAVON RAFAEL R



**DRAWINGS BY STUDENTS
FROM PUMS SCHOOL, NEDUVARAMBAKKAM**

DRAWING AND COLOURING

A THAVEEDU



DRAWING AND COLOURING

K. YABESH



ART AND HOBBY

DRAWING AND COLOURING USING WATER COLOUR

TITLE: CHRISTMAS TREE

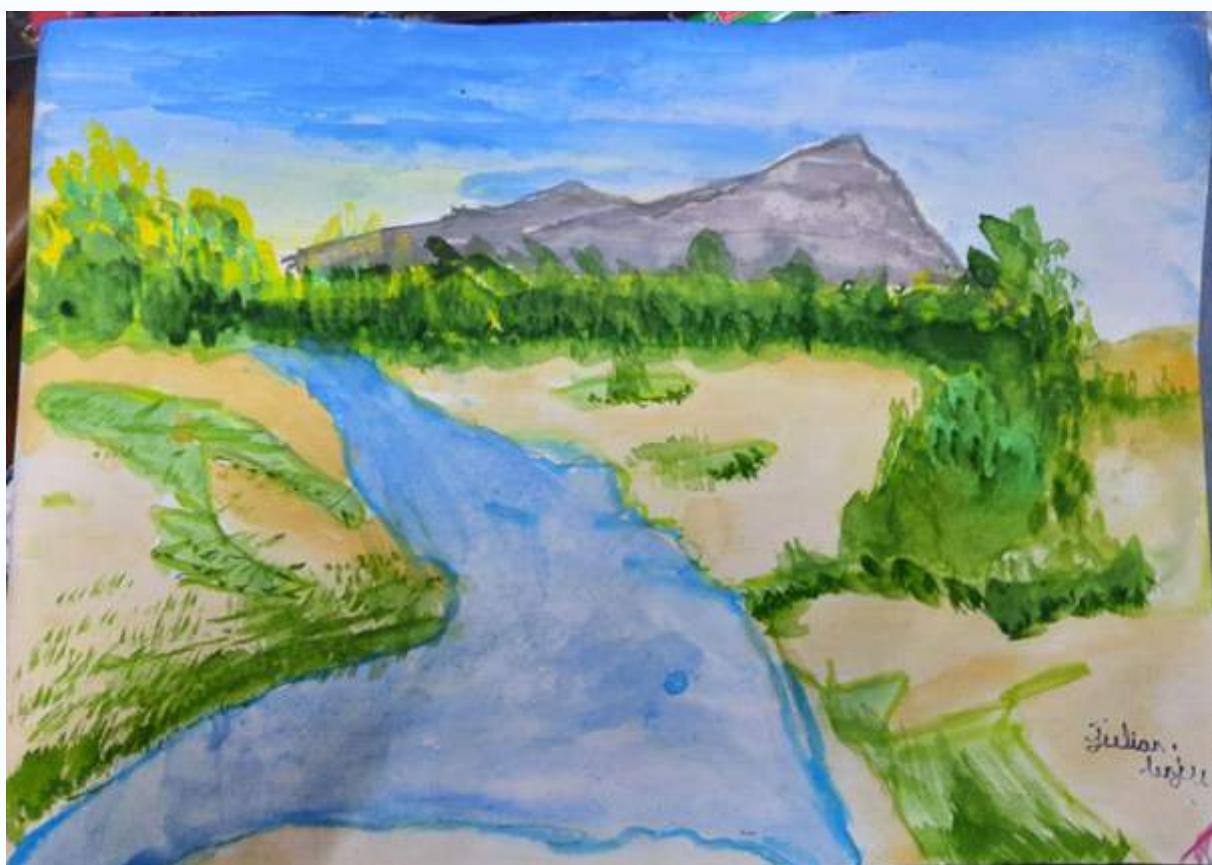
JUAN LENJU



DRAWING AND COLOURING USING WATER COLOUR

TITLE: COUNTRY STREAM

JULIAN LENJU



DRAWING AND PAINTING

TITLE: X'MAS SEASON

PARVATHI DAS



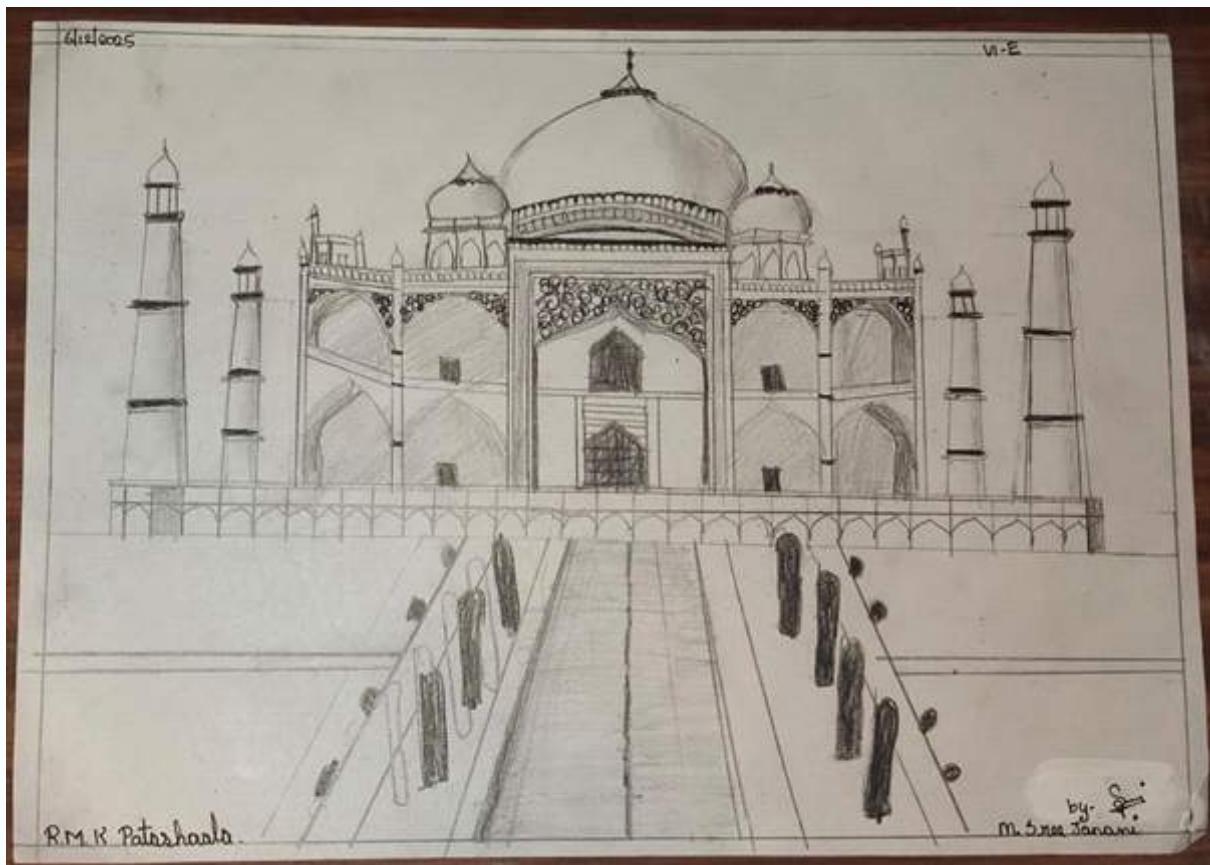
PAINTING

D. RUPPESHWARI



DRAWING

M. SREE JANANI





SCIENCE PUZZLE

VIBHISHRI VINODH

Science but fun!

Hi everybody!

I'm here to teach you science you will actually understand and enjoy. Let's be honest; even I don't like science but some things in science are actually cool and make you say "Wow". I'm just a normal 11-year-old who wants to make all boring and hard subjects not so boring and hard. For example, at the end of this lesson there will be a puzzle for you. Isn't that fun?

Now I'm going to tell you some random fun facts!

Helium is the gas that is used to pump balloons and is the second element in the periodic table. You have probably pumped a balloon without knowing what helium is.

You may hear people say cutting down trees is bad but you probably don't think much about it. Here is why you should. If people continue cutting trees and somehow manage to cut all of them, say bye bye to oxygen because trees produce oxygen. When you say bye bye to oxygen you say bye to life because you need oxygen to breathe and you need to breathe to live and you need to live to read this amazing, educational, and fun passage.

The planets of the solar system (in order starting with the closest to the sun) are: Mercury, Venus, Earth (our planet) , Mars, Jupiter,

Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and some say Pluto is a planet and some say it's not. The Sun is actually a star and is the biggest star. Mercury is the closest to the sun but Venus is hotter. Earth is our planet and Mars is the red planet. Jupiter is the biggest planet in our solar system and Saturn has a ring around it. Uranus is the coldest planet and Neptune is farthest from the sun if you don't consider Pluto. Pluto is the tiniest planet (if you consider it one) and it is scientifically classified as a dwarf planet. So overall don't mess with Uranus because it's very cold and Jupiter is kind of massive and Pluto is a dwarf. Now this is getting kind of long so I am going to have to end the lesson. As promised you do have a puzzle waiting for you. Hope you had fun; stay smart and cool and peaceful.

Answer these questions and then follow the instructions to get the name of a planet (remember to rearrange the letters).

1. The sun is the biggest _____. (take the last letter of this word)
2. We need _____ to breathe and live. (take the fifth letter of this word)
3. _____ is the gas you use to pump balloons and is the second element in the periodic table. (take the first letter of this word)
4. The planet furthest from the sun is _____. (take the 4th letter of this word)
5. The coldest planet is _____. (take the third letter of this word)

Name 3 facts about this planet!

**Answers in
page no: 160**



Check your answers

ROUND 1

1. MARS
2. OXYGEN
3. STAPES [IN THE EAR]
4. SKIN
5. 206

ROUND 2

6. SPUTNIK 1
7. SATURN
8. MERCURY
9. TONGUE (commonly considered, though technically the masseter jaw muscle is strongest by force)
10. JUPITER

ROUND 3

11. If you drop a feather and a hammer on the Moon, they land at the exact same time due to the absence of air resistance in the Moon's vacuum environment. This was famously demonstrated by astronaut David Scott during the Apollo 15 mission.
12. Amphibian
13. The speed of light in a vacuum is approximately 299,792.458 kilometers per second (often rounded to 300,000 km/s).
14. Nocturnal.

Hearty congratulations to all our Students' contributors of January 2026

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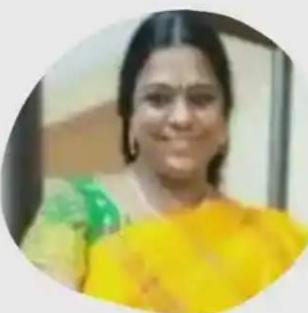
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