

VOL 5 | ISSUE 3 | OCTOBER 2024

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- HOBBY & ART
- AUDIO & VIDEO

Spotlight featuring Woman Scientist
Wire Tree Sculptures : A Unique Art form
Reach out Initiative

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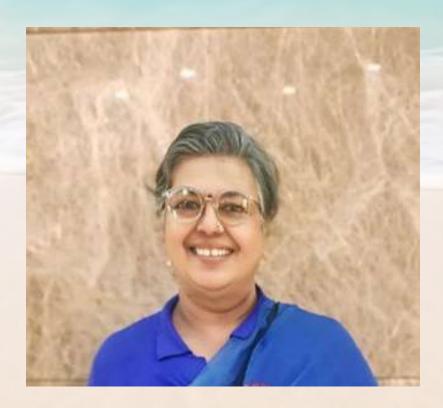
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LATEST NEWS AND UPDATES FROM SCIENCE SHORE

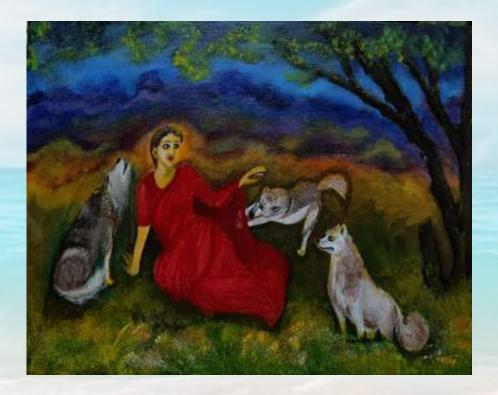
ACHIEVEMENT:

We are thrilled to share the achievement of our esteemed Editor Rtd Prof Latha Prem Sakhya. She won First Prize in the competition held by Gender Justice Forum of Thunchethezhuthachan Malayalam University, Thirur, Kerala.

We extend our hearty congratulations to her.



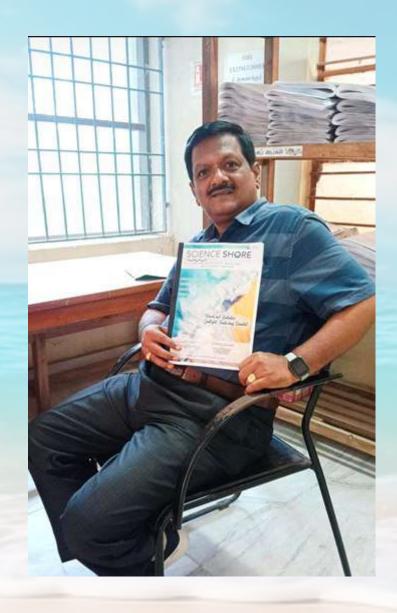
Take a look at her stunning painting!



First prize winning painting - Acrylic on canvas board titled "Kindred Spirit "by Rtd Prof. Latha Prem Sakhya

REACH OUT INITIATIVE - EDUCATIONAL COLLABORATION:

We are grateful for the opportunities to collaborate. We are happy to share that Science Shore is now across 2 libraries in Chennai. It is about spreading and celebrating the spirit of joy of reading and learning to the children and youth making a positive impact. We are happy we have achieved that purpose. We hope to reach out more in the future.



Science Shore in Government Arts College, Chennai Library. College is more than 100 years old (established in 1901) offering courses for students in Science, Arts and Commerce.

Many thanks to Dr. Kothandaraman, College Librarian (Associate Professor) for valuing and supporting our work, including Science Shore in the college library collection and sharing the picture. Dr. Kothandaraman has completed 30 years of service in the Department of Collegiate education. He has written 12 books, 28 articles, received awards for the service in the library and information service field.





Happy to gift Science Shore to the Little Free library in OMR, Chennai. Library initiative is by Mr. Jeyakumar. He also conducts reading programs for kids.

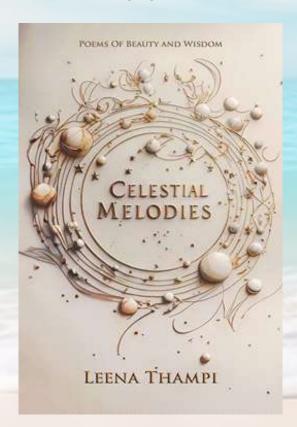
He was kind to share these photographs. Our sincere gratitude to him.

CATCH UP ON THESE INTERESTING BOOK RELEASES:

SCIENCE SHORE team congratulates our regular contributors Leena Thampi, Rajani Mula and Saranya Francis for their latest poetry books! The books are available in Amazon.

Please find information about purchase and links below:

Leena Thampi presents "Celestial Melodies"



The links to order the book:

https://www.amazon.in/dp/9363557502

US- https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

UK- https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

DE- https://www.amazon.de/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

FR- https://www.amazon.fr/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

ES- https://www.amazon.es/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

IT- https://www.amazon.it/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

NL- https://www.amazon.nl/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

PL- https://www.amazon.pl/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

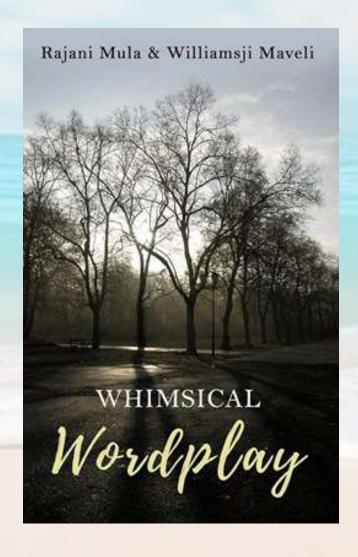
SE- https://www.amazon.se/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

JP- https://www.amazon.co.jp/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

CA- https://www.amazon.ca/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

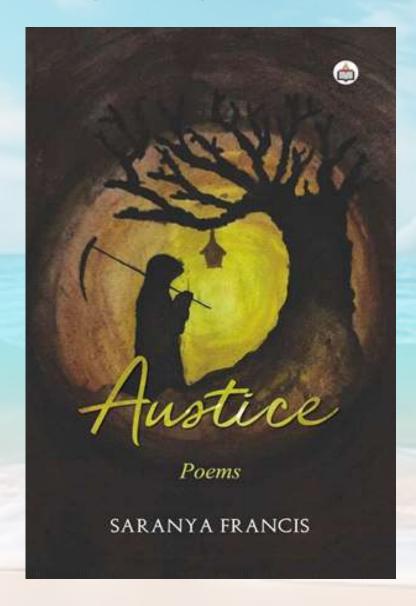
AU- https://www.amazon.com.au/dp/B0DJDGVVMK

Rajani Mula presents "Whimsical Wordplay"



The link to order the book: https://amzn.in/d/8jZgPfA

Saranya Francis presents "Austice"



The link to order the book:
https://amzn.in/d/697sZjR
She has shared these details with Science Shore:

About the book

In "AUSTICE," multilingual poet Saranya Francis offers a captivating new collection that showcases her unique voice and diverse experiences. This anthology, Saranya's fourth, builds on her acclaimed previous works, promising readers a journey through human emotions and societal reflections. Drawing from her extensive work in education and social empowerment, Saranya's crafts poems that both challenge and inspire. "AUSTICE" invites readers to explore the intersections of language, culture, and social change through the lens of a poet deeply engaged with the world around her.

Author Bio

An award-winning author and educator, Saranya blends her roles as an English lecturer, life skills trainer, and women's rights activist into verses that resonate across cultures. She has authored three anthologies of poetry namely: Being Purple, Ambedo and Sonder and has edited Antargata for Bangalore Poetry Circle as it's foudner, curator. Saranya is the recipient of the Star Ambassador of World Poetry and Bharath Award for Literature, she brings a global perspective to her art thanks to her travel love and national and international training experience. She is currently an assistant professor of English at St. Pauls College, Bengaluru Secretary of Zav Foundation and Member, Board of Directors of A Room of Her Own Foundation, New Mexico, USA and is pursuing her PhD in English Studies with Amrita Vishwa Vidyapeetham.

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SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES

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(FROM THE MUD TO THE STARS)
-GITA BHARATH

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-Dr. PADMA S. KUMAR

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SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES

CURRENT NEWS -SCIENCE SERIES ARTICLE No. 16 TITLE: AD ASTRA PER ASPERA (FROM THE MUD TO THE STARS)

GITA BHARATH

Cradle of life

Millions of years ago, life evolved from the ocean depths. Even now, where the crust of the sea floor is thin, the heat from the core of the earth seeps through hydrothermal vents.

The water from a hydrothermal vent is rich in dissolved minerals and supports a large population of chemoautotrophic bacteria. These bacteria use sulfur compounds, particularly hydrogen sulfide, a chemical highly toxic to most known organisms, to produce organic material through the process of chemosynthesis, the building blocks of life.

Some even directly support life, for example- in the case of the

Sea snail or Volcano snail

A golden snail with a foot clad in iron scales seems like a creature from science fiction. But in a few remote spots of the Indian Ocean these snails are very real.

The snails' entire bodies and lifestyles revolve around bacteria growing inside a special pouch in their throat, which convert chemicals pouring out of the hydrothermal vents into energy and thereby provide all the snails' food.

Dark Oxygen

Apart from hydrothermal vents, the deep-ocean floor produces its own 'dark oxygen'. A new study has found that metallic minerals act as geobatteries to split water and produce oxygen -13,000 feet below the surface!

The surprising discovery challenges long-held assumptions that only plants and algae generate Earth's oxygen. But it now appears oxygen also can be produced at the seafloor - where no light can penetrate to support the sea life living in complete darkness. In fact, ocean-floor animal diversity in nodule-rich areas is higher than in the most diverse tropical rainforests!

Now, diving into the oceanic past....

In a remarkable paleontological breakthrough, ancient whale fossils have been unearthed in the South Garo Hills of Meghalaya, India. This discovery offers a rare window into a time when the region was submerged under ancient seas. These fossils, dating back millions of years, provide crucial insights into the evolution of early marine mammals in India.

Imagine a time when the hills of Meghalaya were submerged under ancient seas, teeming with life that would one day vanish into the annals of history.

There are indeed fossils of marine animals even at the top of Mount Everest, whose summit is more than 29,000 feet above sea level - specifically, trilobites, brachiopods, crinoids (which are related to starfish), conodonts (extinct eel-like creatures) and ostracods (tiny crustaceans).

Everest was formed millions of years ago when the continental plate carrying India broke away from the supercontinent called Gondwana and headed for Eurasia. It pushed the waves of the large, shallow Tethys ocean ahead of it, as it moved north and eventually hit Asia. The collision drained the water and lifted the land up to form the Himalayan mountain.

Once, Himalayacetus, an ancient whale, lived in the ancient Tethys Ocean. Now, the fossil of Himalayacetus is the oldest archaeocete known, extending the fossil record of whales some 3.5 million years.

The prized black Saligrams are Jurassic and Cretaceous era ammonite spiral shell fossils, extensively found in Spiti Shale Formations of upper Himalayas and brought to Nepal by Gandak River.

The Y chromosome - shrinking?

Talking of evolution, long back, both X and Y human chromosomes had about 900 genes each. Today, the Y seems to have shrunk, and has only 55 genes left.

We know that two X chromosomes, one from each parent results in a baby girl, and a Y from the father instead of X results in a baby boy. There's been a loss in the 'Y' of about five genes per million years. At this rate, the last 55 genes will be gone in 11 million years.

So will that mean a world of women? Not necessarily.

Some lizards and snakes are female-only species and can make eggs out of their own genes via what's known as parthenogenesis. But this can't happen in humans or other mammals because we have at least 30 crucial "imprinted" genes that work only if they come from the father via sperm.

The mole voles of eastern Europe and the spiny rats of Japan each boast some species in which the Y chromosome, and SRY, have completely disappeared. The X chromosome remains, in a single or double dose in both sexes. A tiny difference near the key sex gene SOX9, on chromosome 3 of the spiny rat was present in all males and no females.

Maybe this small bit of DNA contains the switch that normally turns on SOX9 in response to SRY, inducing development of male characteristics.

Moving our focus higher up...

Using observations from a NASA suborbital rocket, an international team of scientists has, for the first time, successfully measured a planet-wide electric field thought to be as fundamental to Earth as its gravity and magnetic fields. Known as the ambipolar electric field, scientists first hypothesized it over 60 years ago. The Endurance mission has confirmed the existence of this field and quantified its strength, revealing its role in driving atmospheric escape and shaping our ionosphere - a layer of the upper atmosphere.

Moving on to treasure troves ...in space.

Davida, an asteroid in the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter, is estimated to be the most valuable asteroid in our solar system, worth an estimated \$27 quintillion. Davida is 326 kilometers in diameter and contains water, nickel, iron, cobalt, nitrogen, ammonia, and hydrogen.

Another asteroid that's rich in metals is "16 Psyche", which is one of the ten most massive asteroids in the asteroid belt. It's made of solid metal and is estimated to be rich in gold, platinum, iron, and nickel.

No spacecraft has ever visited an object like 16 Psyche, which is thought to be the exposed core of a demolished planet.

A NASA spacecraft, also named Psyche launched in Oct 2023 will orbit the asteroid from August 2029 Psyche uses solar-powered Hall-effect thrusters for propulsion and orbital manoeuvring, the first interplanetary spacecraft to use that technology. It's also the first mission to use laser optical communications beyond the Earth-Moon system.

To end with a galactic mystery....

MUBLO (Millimeter Ultra-Broad-Line Object) - emits only microwaves!

Several explanations were put forward MUBLO, including protostellar outflow, explosive outflow, a collapsing cloud, an evolved star, a stellar merger, a high-velocity compact cloud, an intermediate-mass black hole, and a background galaxy. Most of these conceptual models are either inconsistent with the data or do not fully explain them. The MUBLO is, at present, an observationally unique object. There are no detections at other wavelengths, including X-ray, infrared and radio.

SPOTLIGHT featuring WOMAN SCIENTIST

SPECIAL APPEARANCE: Dr. PADMA S. KUMAR

(RETIRED SCIENTIFIC OFFICER, BHABHA ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTRE, KALPAKKAM, TAMILNADU)



Dr. PADMA SASIKUMAR

Dr. Padma S. Kumar, M.Sc. B.Ed. Ph.D (Chemistry), Ph.D from Anna University, Chennai

Native place: Trichambaram, Kannur district, Kerala

Parents: Shri.V. Kunjukrishnan (Late), Smt.T.V. Chandramathi teacher (Late)

Husband: Mr.M.S. Sasikumar (Retd.Senior Accountant)

Son: Dr. Swaroop Chandra (CALTECH, USA)

Service: 1 year (Teacher in Chinmaya Vidyalaya, Kannur) 34 years (Scientific

Officer, BARC, Kalpakkam)

Publications in Science journals: 23

Publications in Malayalam: 3 books

Started one Children's library in 2014 at home town as memorial of Smt.Chandramathi teacher, now running successfully with 2700 books and more than 100 members.

Interview by Dr. K. Srikala ganapathy

Can you please share about your experience in research? Please add your challenging moments and proud moments.

Foremost, thank you! to the editorial committee of Science Shore for inviting this interview. My journey in scientific research started in 1990 when I joined Bhabha Atomic Research Centre (BARC) Facilities, Kalpakkam, with a Masters in Chemistry. BARC is a premier institution facilitating and sustaining fundamental and applied research across disciplines, alongside other sister organizations under the umbrella of the Indian Department of Atomic Energy (DAE). Nuclear reactors continue to grow, in terms of their contribution to satisfaction of the country's requirement of electricity. They form a sustainable and clean means of producing electricity. Over the 77 years of independence, India has built and operated 23 water cooled reactors and also been successful in the indigenous development of liquid metal cooled fast breeder reactor (LMFBR) technology, with a prototype in the advanced stage of commissioning.

My time at the water and steam chemistry division (WSCD), Kalpakkam, spanned 34 years. The initial years were full of enthusiasm caused by the learning and consequent understanding of various equipments, analytical methods, all focused on the design and operation of reactor technology. Among the first of experiences and one that always comes first in reminiscence, is my participation in chemical descaling campaigns of the primary coolant circuit (of water) of the two units of Madras Atomic Power Station (MAPS), so as to minimize radioactivity (to background levels) at various zones in the reactor building. The procedure was distilled following many trials involving hundreds of experiments planned and executed by a team, including me, helmed by two eminent scientists: Dr. S.V.Narasimhan and Dr. S.Velmurugan, in 1993. The memory is a proud one, given that the procedure was first of its kind and was used in five more Indian reactors in the following years. Streamlining the use and disposal of resins used for selective exchange of ions from the primary coolant stream, was one of the notable challenges. One other project that stands out in terms of the challenges it posed, was development of a

procedure (which took over 4 years) for efficient removal of Gadolinium (Gd) from the heavy water, constituting the moderator system of thermal reactors. Gd is used to rapidly bring down reactivity, within the core of the nuclear reactor, thereby bringing it to shutdown, given the ability of Gd to absorb neutrons. Its efficient removal and controlled rates are essential to bring the reactor back online.

The few minutes, I beheld the core (where nuclear fission occurs, producing heat) of a power reactor unit of MAPS from within the barriers (concrete walls separated by evacuated space), are the happiest ones in my life as a person of science. Other two occasions I cherish in mind are the receipt of my doctoral degree in Chemistry and the Group achievement award from BARC for the research work on Gadolinium removal from the reactor moderator system.

What would you say about critical thinking in Science?

Scientific thinking need not be critical always. Clarity about any science concept is a must. Streams of thought which are thorough, with the sole motive of comprehension, devoid of any prejudice or bias constitute critical thinking, in my opinion. Such thought forms the basis of inferences which, following logical organization, form a theory contributing to one's reality. Thus, critical thinking is integral to all sciences including, but not limited to physical and life sciences.

Do you think there is gender equality in Science and Technology field? Please share your experiences and observations.

Being a man or a woman does not matter, once a researcher. The scientific quest for truth forms their sole purpose, at least when involved in scientific activity. Most researchers follow gender equality. However, there are reports of partiality to women, which have been disadvantageous and advantageous to the individual(s). In India, the tendency of women undertaking the primary responsibility of managing households, continues to be a majority. This poses many practical challenges to researchers who are women. In some cases, coworkers or higher officials display insensitivity as rude behaviour and also retaliate unfairly. These are sad consequences of human beings losing their scientific temper. Sometimes social conditioning also becomes barrier for women and girls in science and technology. Most of the barriers depend upon

how girls are brought up. Women can prove their capability once they are given chance.

Two persons who inspire you. Two reasons why.

There are often more than one inspirations behind every successful life. Mine is no different. However, amongst them all, my mother and my first (and the best) guru: Smt. T.V. Chandramathi shines the brightest in memory and even more in the life I live every day. She was recipient of the National Award for best teacher, from the state of Kerala, in 1978. Words (or even tears) fall miserably short, to explain what I feel for her. I owe my life to her. Learned lessons of honesty, sincerity, kindness to the all living things around, generosity, the efficiency of determined hard work, love for reading & writing, benefits of selfless-service all from her.

The second person who inspired me from my school days was Marya Sklodowska Curie (Madam Curie), the famous scientist in the field of radioactivity who discovered two elements Radium and Polonium, who won Nobel prizes for both Physics (1903) and Chemistry (1911). She fundamentally changed our understanding of radioactivity and championed the use of radiation in medicine. She with her better half Pierre Curie co-won the Nobel prize in Physics (1903). I always admire her curiosity and patience during her research. Her life was a sacrifice for Science.

Later I could get a chance to do research work which included some radioactive experiments also in the department of Atomic energy (BARC).

Your favourite quote

"Reading makes a man complete & A prudent question is one-half of wisdom" by Francis Bacon

Books that have inspired you

- 1. Wings of fire (Dr. Abdul Kalam)
- 2. For the love of Physics (Walter Lewin)
- 3. Alchemist (Paulo Coelho)
- 4. Sita the warrior of Mithila (Amish Tripathi)
- 5. When Breath becomes Air (Paul Kalanithi)
- 6. Sahyahrudayam (Malayalam Author Sugathakumari)

Books that you are currently reading

1. English book - How I killed Pluto and why it had it coming

(Author: Mike Brown)

2. Malayalam book - Narmadippudava (Author: Sara Thomas)

One value of Science Shore you connect with and appreciate.

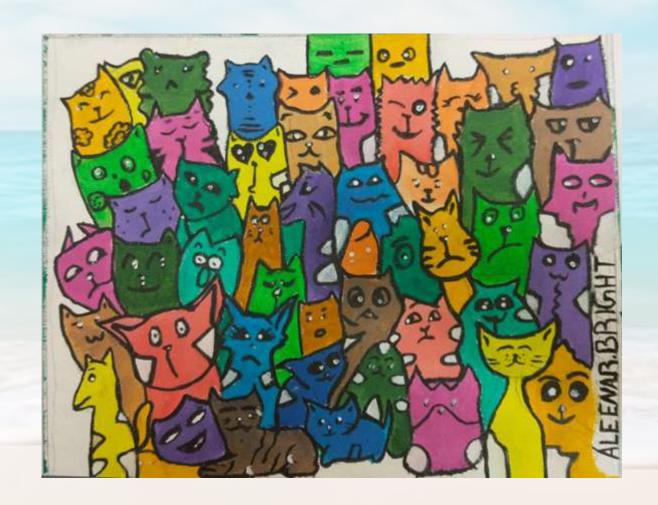
My sincere appreciations to the editors of Science Shore for bringing science, literature and arts under one umbrella. It offers the freedom for talent to manifest in all forms, be it from researchers, writers, poets, artists or any others. The keenness of Science shore in encouraging young talents is very evident. My heart full best wishes to Dr. Srikala who is an amazing artist, a curious researcher and a teacher, herself. Her hard work in birthing and sustaining Science shore is commendable and worthy of reverence. All my prayers to channel more blessings on Science Shore so that it continues to be a medium for insightful and fascinating art/articles which would be inspiring and beneficial to the readers.

Your message to younger generation please.

Try to be simple and truthful in your life. Keep the fire to learn alit. Discipline in small things will lead to greatness in big things. Practise hard work and determination to achieve your goals. At the same time, the pursuit of goals must also be sustainable which is guaranteed when one is conscious of self-love and consequently self-care. Anything that is not sustainable is inherently futile. In the context of hardworking (or smart-working) and ambitious individuals, this translates to, being healthy and alive (not surviving, but radiantly alive) to the life one strives to build.

Note: Once again thanks to Science Shore and Dr. Srikala for this opportunity.

ART AND HOBBY



DOODLE ART by ALEENA R. BRIGHT TITLE: CATS







WIRE TREE SCULPTURES by JEYAKUMAR

Notes from the Artist:

Title: The Living Metal: Wire Tree Sculptures

You might have heard of "bonsai trees", but have you heard of "Wire trees"? Wire tree falls under another art form called "Wire Sculptures" or "Wire Art".

Wire Tree Sculptures: A Unique Art Form

Wire sculpture is the creation of sculptures out of wire. Wire tree sculpture is a relatively recent art form, gaining popularity since the 20th century. Artists began experimenting with wire as a medium to create intricate and expressive representations of trees. The malleability of wire allowed for a wide range of shapes and textures, enabling artists to capture the essence of trees in a variety of styles.

History and Evolution of Wire Tree Sculptures

While the specific origins of wire tree sculptures are difficult to pinpoint, its initial development can be linked to several artistic movements. The Art

Nouveau movement of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, with its emphasis on organic forms and natural motifs, likely influenced the creation of wire tree sculptures.

Initially artists began experimenting with wire as a medium for creating sculptures where wire was used primarily for structural support in larger sculptures. However, as artists became more familiar with the properties of wire, they began to explore its potential as a primary medium for creating expressive and standalone works.

Techniques and Materials

Wire tree sculptures are typically created using a variety of techniques, including:

- **Wrapping:** This involves wrapping wire around a form or armature to create the desired shape.
- **Twisting:** Twisting wire together can create interesting textures and patterns.
- Bending: Bending wire into various shapes allows artists to create realistic or abstract representations of trees.
- Welding: Welding can be used to join pieces of wire together to form more complex structures.

The choice of wire material can also influence the appearance and character of a wire tree sculpture. Common materials include:

- Aluminum: Lightweight and malleable, aluminum is a popular choice for wire sculptures.
- **Copper:** Copper wire can be oxidized to create a unique patina, adding depth and interest to the sculpture.
- **Steel:** Steel wire is strong and durable, making it suitable for large-scale sculptures.
- **Stainless steel:** Stainless steel is resistant to corrosion and can be used both indoors and outdoors.

The Appeal of Wire Tree Sculptures

Wire tree sculptures offer a unique blend of realism and abstraction. They can be both delicate and imposing, capturing the essence of trees while exploring their symbolic and emotional significance. Wire tree sculptures can be displayed indoors or outdoors, adding a touch of nature to any space. Artists often use wire tree sculptures to express their personal interpretations of trees. Most creations focus on the beauty and fragility of nature. Wire tree sculptures can be seen as a form of meditation or contemplation, inviting viewers to connect with the natural world on a deeper level.

As the art of wire tree sculptures continues to evolve, artists are pushing the boundaries of what is possible with this versatile medium. Whether displayed in galleries, public spaces, or private collections, wire tree sculptures offer a unique and thought-provoking form of artistic expression.

My Journey into this Art form:

My journey into wire tree art began around January 2022, when I happened to notice wire tree creations by Andy Elliot's on the internet, that sparked my interest in creating miniature representations of nature. The intricate details and the challenge of capturing the essence of a tree in wire fascinated me.

I started experimenting with different wire gauges and techniques, gradually refining my skills. Each completed piece was a testament to the endless possibilities of this medium. Through trial and error, I developed my own unique style, incorporating elements of minimalism, material reuse and an abstract form of expression.

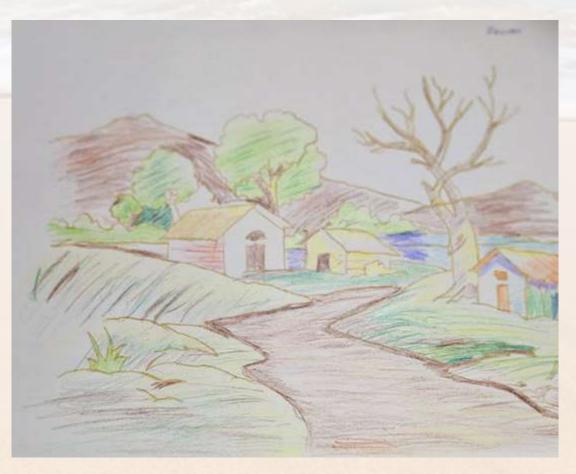
My work at https://www.facebook.com/ShrishtiDesignHouse has allowed me to share my passion for wire tree art with others and connect with a community of like-minded artists.

I would love to guide anyone who gets interested in this Art form. You can reach out to me on sjkmani@hotmail.com

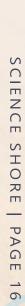




DRAWING AND COLOURING by JUAN LENJU TITLE: COCK CROWING IN THE MORNING



DRAWING AND COLORING by JULIAN LENJU TITLE: VILLAGE HOMES





ART by Mrs. LATHA SHANKARI. K

SCRAMBLE WORD 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 blow boxes.

НТОА			Т	Н	
DATIM	A		M		
GCDAE		A	G		D
SMUNI	M	I			S

_____ is one thing no one can take away from you.

(9 letter word).

- Quote by Elin Nordegren

Answer in Page number - 27



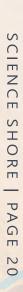
VINCENT VAN GOGH'S STARRY NIGHTS PAINTING
by PREETHI KANNAN



PENCIL SKETCH
CHARCOAL ON PAPER by B. RAJA MARTIN



PAINTING 1 by D. RUPPESHWARI





PAINTING 2 by D. RUPPESHWARI

GENERAL ARTICLES, RESEARCH ARTICLES AND SHORT STORIES

INCY VINCY- INVINCIBLE, NO LONGER!!

HEMA RAVI

"Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain and washed the spider out
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
Now, the Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the spout again..."

A nursery rhyme that continues to appeal to little ones through the ages.

Well, did you know that spiders really do not get trapped in their own webs? Unlike unsuspecting prey, spiders don't come into contact with their webs all at once. Instead, "they move nimbly along the strands of their webs with only the hairs on the tips of their legs making contact with the sticky threads," which minimizes the chances of getting trapped in their web.

The little arachnid once motivated an invincible warrior - Robert Bruce! "After the English repeatedly defeated his armies, the famed King of Scots was forced into hiding. Legend has it that when Robert's spirits were broken, he took refuge in a cave. Sitting in the cave, he noticed a small spider attempting to weave a web. The spider tried and failed over and over. Each time the spider fell, it climbed back up to try again. Finally, the spider's silk took hold, and the spider managed to spin a web. Robert the Bruce saw himself reflected in the spider's struggle. After watching the spider finally succeed, Robert found the inspiration to return and fight the English despite overwhelming odds. He was victorious against the King of England in the battle."

Whether you are an *arachnophile* (a person who loves spiders) or an *arachnophobe* (someone who doesn't), you'll find these facts fascinating.

A spider is *not* an insect; a spider is an arachnid, belonging to the class called *Arachnida*. Arachnids are a separate group of animals to insects that are classified as *Insecta*. Arachnids, such as spiders, scorpions, and ticks, have two main body segments - the cephalothorax and the abdomen. They typically have eight legs and lack wings. Contrastingly, insects such as bees, ants, and butterflies have three main body segments - the head, thorax, and abdomen.

Spiders are predators, living off insects, but it is a sad truth that some species are endangered due to human intervention, climate changes and predator-prey ratios and more... (Spruce-fir moss spider, Kaua'i cave wolf spider and Katipō are some of the endangered species.)

The choices we, as individuals, make in our day-to-day lives can have a positive impact on endangered and threatened species. For instance, unnecessary killing of these helpless creatures will help to keep the ecological balance intact. Again, choosing cruelty-free alternatives helps reduce the demand for goods that contribute to the endangerment of species. For instance, avoidance of products made from animal skins, scales, ivory contributes positively.

Not just spiders, all other species can be conserved for the next Gen in this manner.

Reference : Google



Photo Courtesy: N. Ravi

The Spider and its Giant web

Adyar, Chennai

CELEBRATING MOTHERS

T S MANOHAR

The senior surgeon donned his apron, surgical gloves, cap, et al, preparing himself for the surgery. His assistants were well trained to handle any complicated surgery. But the patient on the table was someone special. He had performed more than 6000 surgeries but still, nervousness was palpable this time. As the senior moved closer to the table he picked up the scalpel only to drop it. He was sweating and his hands trembled despite the cool environs of the theatre. As he wavered and staggered a bit, his assistant took over. Signaling him to take a chair, they completed the surgery in forty minutes. The chief surgeon collected himself and looked at the patient, his dear mother. "How can I make an incision on your body, mom? Would I? My hands tremble and my heart stopped beating for a while".

Everyone at the hospital knew that his mother was dearest to him and had brought him this far, having lost his father very early in life. He became philosophical for a moment. "Mothers hold the children's hand for a while, but their hearts forever. My mother is the bedrock of my existence and has sculpted the very essence of who I am. She epitomizes strength, compassion, patience and stability – virtues that make her nothing short of extraordinary. She is more than a parent; she is my guiding light, my unwavering source of motivation and my ultimate sanctuary of comfort".

I unhesitatingly endorse his feeling and his verbose outburst. 'Mother' echoes a unique sound across languages and civilizations; the linguistic symmetry is testament to the universal essence of motherhood. The 'ma' sound, often among the first vocalization of a baby, is instinctively associated with the most primal and profound relationship – that between a mother and a child.

Mothers, in their silent, often unnoticed ways, are the architects of society. They lay the foundation of our character, instilling in us values and wisdom that precede any formal education. They are the unsung heroes whose dreams and aspirations often take a back seat to nurture the potential (both latent and apparent) in their children. Their love, a universal language, speaks directly to the heart, transcending the barriers of speech and cognition. Our epics and puranas only reiterate the role of mothers and portray them with divine reverence and multifaceted complicity.

I pen this on the occasion of my mom's ninetieth birth anniversary. She was the one who whispered my first lullables in my ears, who nurtured my dreams, sowed seeds of positivity and possibility in minds and heart.

I stay committed to return all the love and care she bestowed on me all these years. Now it is give back time, to keep her happy in the autumn years of her life.

Concern, comfort and care are my conscious and constant affirmations all through and hereafter.

Dedicated to all mothers.

NEW BEGINNINGS

NALINI JANARDHANAN

It was a bright Monday morning. The college campus welcomed Nandini. 'In Thy Light, We See Light'-She read the beautiful motto of the college. Nandini stared at the beautiful college building towering against the calm and cool blue sky. But fear and anxiety gripped her mind when she stepped into the campus. Coming from a small village, she was nervous. She belonged to a middle-class family. The sad demise of her father when she was studying in class 9 made her depressed. Her father always wanted her to be an achiever. Her willpower and determination to succeed made her a rank holder getting admission to this prestigious college in the city.

Many girls dressed fashionably walked past her. They were speaking fluently in English. Some of them looked at her and smirked. Nandini was wearing simple clothes and looked tense walking slowly with anxiety. She was under stress and started thinking about her decision of joining this women's college run by a convent. 'Will I be a misfit in this prestigious institution? I can't even speak English well. So how could I adjust to this atmosphere? Will I be able to get along with these rich and modern girls in my class?' She was depressed. It was her first day in college. Then a girl smiled at her. She was a gentle girl wearing simple clothes. She extended her hand and told, "Hi...I am Subhadra". She was also a student who came from a remote village. When Nandini spoke to her, they felt as if they were friends for a long time.

"Do you know? My Dad used to tell me 'If you sing a song or write a poem or draw a picture, maybe nobody appreciates it or nobody likes it but that is not relevant. It made you happy and you enjoyed it.... that is all that matters in life. Think that you are singing, writing, or drawing for yourself. Dear child, don't forget that talents like singing, dancing, drawing, acting, writing etc. are gifts from God. Not everyone is lucky enough to get those blessings.' For me, there was no looking back after that. I have participated in so many competitions like dance, drama, singing, quiz, poetry recitation, writing (poems, stories, and essays), drawing and painting. And I have

bagged prizes most of the time." Nandini shared her childhood memories with Subhadra.

"Yes, my dear Nandini, talent is a gift from God. Don't worry about this environment and modern girls. Ignore them. We are here to study and be achievers. I am always there for you dear." Subhadra smiled and replied.

Both were genuine and like-minded girls. Meeting and knowing Subhadra was a blessing in disguise for Nandini. Her lost confidence was restored as she found her best friend in Subhadra. When she got encouragement and affection from Subhadra, she decided to study well and prove her talent. Nandini put her heart and soul in studies.

"Now the prize for scoring the highest marks in the English Language...the winner is Nandini! Put your hands together to give her a clap. She is a hardworking and brilliant student. Congratulations, dear Nandini". Nandini was on cloud nine when she received the well-deserved prize during the College Day celebration. After all, it is talent that matters in success, not external appearances. So that was a new beginning with new hopes and aspirations for her.

"God bless you my child"-Sister Edwina gave Nandini a small book of the Bible as a gift. Nandini paid obeisance by touching the feet of the elderly Sister of the Convent. With tears of joy and a smile, she thanked Sister Edwina who was a motherly figure to her.

"Nandini, do you know? Failure is the steppingstone to success. So don't give up and get disappointed when you fail. Keep trying with confidence in your heart. You should focus on your goals and don't accept defeat. One day, you will conquer the world with your achievements!" As she wiped away her tears, her heart was overwhelmed with joy and confidence. Her dad was right. A father's influence in a daughter's life, as a source of support, encouragement, and strength, shapes her life giving her self-esteem and

confidence and making her a winner. As a small child when she looked at the star-studded night sky with awe, it was her father who told her the memorable words: "Reach for the stars. You can achieve your dreams if you are determined. Believe that nothing is impossible for you!" Dreams do come true if you keep trying. Nandini knew that the soul of her loving father is always with her even after his death, inspiring her to achieve greater heights.

Answer for the Scramble Word puzzle: **Education**

EDUCATION is one thing no one can take away from you. (9 letter word).

- Quote by Elin Nordegren

PARALLEL UNIVERSES: THE SELF BEYOND (PART 8)

ORBINDU GANGA

Seeing oneself in front of the mirror is a consent of one's existence in the form and vicissitudes one can notice in oneself. The sheer existence of oneself seeing in front of the mirror is more of oneself imagining the various nuances allied with oneself. Imagination is like an ocean, and by seeing oneself in the mirror, it is the consciousness of how much one sees oneself. Mirroring oneself without a mirror was never considered, but as thinking has evolved, one's existence has gained momentum. The one that exists is not just one entity, but the possibility of mirroring another self has become a topic of discussion as thinking has evolved.

Free-flowing thoughts have been evolving, and with the thought, one's reflection has evolved. Reflecting on thoughts within oneself and outwardly have given one a diverse perspective and interesting insights. Reflecting on oneself creates many possibilities and possibilities for existence. Such reflection of many perspectives leads to many visualizations of thoughts beyond what we could have ever imagined. Such visualization offers numerous, providing different perspectives, adding more dimensions to the existing thought process.

Without seeing the form when we visualize the existence of the SELF, such visualization is not through the eyes. Such visualization is formless, where the sixth sense perceives the existence of another self. It is not sheer coincidence but realizing the existence of self within. Normal vision and mind cannot see or hear to comprehend frequencies existing within our realm, which are formless. When such frequencies are deciphered, it begins the realization of one's existence. When we are about to know and perceive the existence of self within the form, which is formless, we would perceive frequencies beyond the normal mind.

When one can perceive frequencies beyond normal perception, the possibility of another formless form existing becomes more likely. When such possibility is perceived, another self becomes a reality. When the formless form is able to perceive the existence of another copy of self, the possibility of many other copies of self becomes more. Entering the realm of such a universe of another self is being scientifically investigated, but the truth is the other dimension of existence of self is a touch away and not many light-years distance. The whirl to the entry of another

dimension is a clandestine to the scientific world, but it is a touch away to the few who have seen the self within.

Opening to another dimension is perceived by the realized self; the entry of the realm that has been bewildered and remnants a mystery is only to the form, but to the formless form, it is visible like a mirror, a touch away from the point of existence. Realize the existence of self to be able to see the existence of another dimension where one exists. You are the universe, living in the universe yet being far away from the universe. Open your eyes beyond the existence of existing; the universe is made of you, many copies of you.

A NEW DAWN

SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

Today the scintillating morning unfurled her Sun kissed gossamer gown of sheer orange as she danced in pure ecstasy. Today was the dawn of awakening - the soul had a new hue, a new fragrance! The vintage cave, sculpted lovingly by Mother Nature herself had waited aeons for this moment of unfolding bliss. Around her, there was such peace and serenity, a breathless hush of unknown wonderment! Even the waves were quiet and the sea sang hymns never heard before. Her spirits roared higher and higher into the waiting arms of the ever welcoming smiling skies.

She woke up from her reverie, her eyes still moist. Every precious moment deeply etched in the trillion cells ablaze within her. She was in an ocean of light. No, it was not a dream. Something had changed her entire being. It was a blessed dawn of deep realisation, a glimpse of who she really was!

There is nothing more intoxicating, more heady, than being in the lap of Mother Nature. Forests have their own sacred energy. Feeling the breeze softly caress your face, listening to the trees whisper, wrapped in the fragrance of wild flowers, drinking in the wisdom of the babbling brook, melody of the birds. All of these take me to the silence within, to that one thread of consciousness which pervades all.

OUR SOUL CHOICE - TO ABSORB OR OBSERVE THE WORLD

SHINY VIKAS

In one of her workshops, Sister Shivani asked, the audience a simple question regarding how they would react when they were exposed to negative people or environments.

With so much happening around us through social media, news channels or any other means we may reflect, absorb, or transform the negative words. Yes! It could be a tricky choice indeed. When someone hurls bad words or revenge, betrayal, insults, etc. How can one send back positive thoughts?

There were definitely many instances where we may find it very difficult to be positive and forgiving. We may be carried away blindly by our deep emotions.

That's perfectly fine as long as we relate to a change that benefits our thought process and physical and mental health.

There seem to be very awkward moments when we cannot avoid certain people or words.

Take a second to have a look within. Transform the low energy. Detach the self from the words or action of others. The low energy that passes through them. Do not absorb them through the self-talk or repeated churning of negative thoughts.

A never-ending churning or probe into the known and unknown facts. Shivani sister, beautifully said, I know for most it is impossible. Let's remind ourselves that, when we are faced with negative action or reactions, one single moment may create 5000 thoughts within. We may not answer, reflect, or react outwardly to the words.

Rather churn it within or absorb it. Which can lead to the discomfort or hostility.

Let us send them some good thoughts through prayers and empathy.

Let's send forgiveness, peace, and joy.

Words as inspiration rather than to discourage. Sometimes, whatever we may go through, we have to deal with it alone. Especially when it comes to some deep or personal thought or experience. There are times we have so much to reflect,

absorb, and walk the puzzles all by ourselves. We absorb miscellaneous thoughts, emotions, or energy. The hurt, hostility, pain, and attachments once transformed into something creative and meaningful make a lot of difference in our lives and mental health. Few habits where we are responsible for how we may respond to the challenges and demands of our day today requirements.

With ignorance, I am attached to my false image; with realisation and openness, I win my heart and create a divine beauty within which shines outwardly.

The present time may not allow us to stay calm or stand still. As we might be too busy meeting the dead ends.

Here, I stand to reflect, not absorb, but rather transform the inner clutter.

The thoughts may vary from person to person.

The experiences, the challenges to meet the needs of the day.

Let's take a pledge today. Shall I reflect, absorb, or transform?

It's our individual choice to maintain peace within and the peace where we reside.

POETRY

GUTTER OF MY BEING

ALOK KUMAR RAY

Rhythmically random thoughts of my mind when extends
To envelop the vast canvas of bygone days both sweet and sour,

Tear drops accumulate on the corner of the eyes.

Slightly visible smile emanates from lip's distance horizon

And firecracker like light and sound perform somewhere,

Musical notes of an old song pulsate in the backyard.

Thoughts swim in the sea of my mind perturbed,

Drowning may bring havoc as thoughts are cherished but not retailed.

When tides inside me denied overflowing the banks,

I was then extinguishing my own immaculate desire

Using hands soiled by something not discernible.

Welcoming the realisation that me not the heir of that time,

Should I sleep inside the gutter of my being?

Where reigns only glimpses of non-provocation

Adorned with nothingness of a past event, seems blurred.

WHO AM I?

BHAGYASHREE MISHRA

I am the first ray of dawn, Stretching through the gloom, Brightening the world with hope, Dispelling night time's loom.

I am the baby bird fallen
Too early from its nest,
Wobbling yet I trudge on
Undaunted by tempests that test me.

I am the mighty oak tree, Weathered by time and strife, Standing firm through the storms, Anchoring all forms of life.

I am the phases of the moon, Mystical in her ways, Renewing her silver brilliance, Transforming dark to light days.

I am all these things and more, Found in nature's simple grace, But greater than this earthly world, Is the spirit I embrace.

For I am a vessel and vehicle
Of a power from above,
To nurture, transform and lift up,
With kindness and love.

I am a girl but inside me dwells, The essence of the divine, Ordinary nature thus transforms To extraordinary in my eyes.

HOPE!!!

BOBITA SAIKIA

We, the men of clay Of clay, we are born We beautify us with Flowers with thorns

In this earthen world We live in uncertainty This life is a garden Redolent with Parijat

Transient is the body beautiful
Permanent grace resides in heart
In it resides the bliss of life
It is the real secret of our bloom

The mind drunk of fake ego

Adorns ferocity and fervor

*'We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.'

In this mechanical world
We have lost our heart somewhere
Devoid of fellow feelings
Spuriously we clamour for love and peace!!

*From William Wordsworth's Sonnet "The World is Too much with us."

AGE IS JUST A NUMBER IN ITS MATH LIES ALL THE WONDER

BRINDHA VENKATARAMANI

Age is just a number
In its Math lies all the wonder

Dusting the days when ego was at its Prime

Dwelling in the present gives rise to Power sublime

Learning to remain quiet

Lauding that parallels will never meet

Embracing the differences
Eloquently speaking of the congruence

Under a constant urge to upgrade
Unravelling every unknown to its known

Acquiring the GPS of life to navigate
Ascending in the geometry that coordinates

Setting the inner fire to ignite Seeing the infinite in the finite

Age is just a number
In its Math lies all the wonder!

SOLAR WIND, POLAR WIND

GITA BHARATH

We've heard of the solar wind that ionises the atmosphere Splits atoms into electrons and ions high up there... Incredibly light is an electron... ions are heavy, pulled down by gravity.... if gravity alone were in play, ions, over time, would drift away but there is also an electric field, which, though weak, prevents a massive outpouring, a leak of ions out into space... this field is ambipolar as ions push down and electrons push up and, finally, the solar wind propels hydrogen ions pushed up by this field to whizz away at supersonic speed a plasma fountain streaming away earthly polar winds at play....

EXALTED WHALE

GITA BHARATH

Atop the highest crest, the peak of Mount Everest fossils of ancient sea creatures.... how did they wind up here? When what is India now, broke off long ago from a supercontinent that existed in the past and sailed to collide with the Asian landmass, it pushed the ocean before it, like a big bow wave and, as it ploughed into Asia, the edge of the land gave way, pushed upwards, not down, and that is why, now, the crown of the Himalayas, it's obvious wears fossils like the Himalayacetus—an ancient extinct whale!

LOOKING WITHIN

HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA

The world is full of beauty and bliss rendering waves tranquil regardless of any artificial barrier or discrimination when looking within is featured to the fullest

The world is a sacred home of humanity to act with cosmopolitan spirit

Nothing clouds the brain and stunts the body

when we look within with our inner vision and mission

The whole universe is ours; we are the universe 's

It revolves around being and becoming resulting in global fraternity for a global order based on cooperation, not confrontation, harmony, not anarchy, empathy, not disparity when we start looking within!

LIFE ON LEAVES

JAYALAKSHMI KARINDALAM

Emerald green, the palette of emotions
Life bloom, breath and sing elations.
Amorous rays etch destiny's codes.
Life is here, where creations mysteries unfold

Ethereal platform for swaying breeze Beetles and birds swing in peace. Seasons attire myriad in hues Mirror, the whole in glistening dews.

Leaves melt on nights chest with ardent rustle Like silent seducer, drink my dreams awhile. Sleepless they confuse me with riddles of life. Where you and I drop down as lovelorn sighs.

THE MULBERRY TREE JELLIE N.WYCKELSMA

Come along with me
Dancing around the Mulberry tree
A deciduous tree of the temperate regions
Eyeing the fruit
Hoping that soon
The berries will be ripening
Waiting how their colour changes
From pink to red to dark purple and black
Soon to be harvested
Used in tarts and pies
A tempting sight for hungry eyes

Its bark has been used throughout the ages

Monks in the Khmer Empire of S.E Asia

Making paper from bark they cleverly did

Therefor come with me

To dance around the amazing Mulberry tree

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA

When the sun has gone down

I feel lost and sad

In a darkening sky

Wandering as a lonely cloud

While other clouds have been happily blown away

Making me feel as if I have gone astray

Yet all of us are clouds

Drifting along

Sometimes we are fat

Sometimes slim

Some days as high as a colourful kite

Some days low and dark as the night

Yet in the end we are mere vapour Floating on the wind of life ...

MOOD OF SEASONS

JULIE MILES

I live life emotionally becoming a sky I rain, resemble a cloud and thunder. Turning into lightning, ice cold snow, and sweet Virginia breezes blowing alongside the crunchy leaves. Reborn over and over again. I am a season who is home when the rainbow opens it's arms and presses forth the beautiful hues of love. Autumn suits me Like weather And the fragments Of each season When love is Present.

SAVING THE CRAYONS

KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

As a child

I was admonished

Not to waste colors...

Keep it for the whole year

Said the teacher.

I'm not going to buy another box

If you're going to waste it doing your own thing

Do only what the teacher tells you.

Admonished my mother...

And so I started saving the color box

For another day,

When I would get a new one,

And people forgot the old...

But the old colors were not as fresh as the new ones...

They made a dull landscape.

I started doing this to clothes.

Saving new clothes wearing old

Till the new too became old in the cupboard...

And went out of fashion.

Then it became a habit with thoughts

I saved up every new thought until it grew pale

Like a reflected moon

In full grey water.

Every new emotion went into the safe-box

Where I told it, I would cherish it

Sometime when I grew mature enough to handle it...

Until one day...

I went into the gaping mouth of death...

And I saw all of my heaps of treasured colors

My brilliant thoughts, diamond-like,

And my cherished emotions

Bundled into boxes by strangers' hands

And dumped into the vacant spaces

Outside the house...

A fit place for a corpse before it's goodbye...

And then I rose...

Like the Simurgh and the Huma

That I often wrote about...

Renewed and robust,

I picked up those fresh crayons

To paint my life with diamond brilliance

All those thoughts that shone like lightning

And echoed like thunder in my being...

And all those emotions bursting at the seams of my heart...

Here, I'm painting them daily, painting them

Before someone thinks it's rubbish to be thrown away.

SKIN

LAVANYA NUKAVARAPU

I wish I could wear my skin inside-out and let it scream at your white face-anatomically, you and me look the same.

Our hearts pump the blood and our lungs breathe the air. Just because of Melanin why am I bullied by the gang of pretty-white girls?

I do bleed like you once in a month.

I do have the same organs.

Then why am I mocked at my skin colour.

The rainbow is beautiful
because of all of its seven colours,
every colour has its own beauty and place
otherwise, everything and all the things
on this earth would be simply white.

And how plants and seas would look so pale if they weren't green and blue.

I take pride in being brown, the colour of earth, and if you feel you are supreme because of white skin, then toilet paper, too, is white.

A VERSESMITHS VIEW

LAXMAN RAO

How do you write a verse, sans a view that you have never, ever thought of?! the momentum of the mood is maverick, which churns the chalice into sweet nectar.

You are the dream as you are the vision as you witness a reality in its happening you are the beam of happiness, a beacon-of hope in the happening, just believe in it!

You see the emptiness of the mind morphing into something that's the transition of a thought, traversing and transforming into an incredible a concept as you are part of its be-coming!

Dare as you dream - believe as you become, You are the verve, its verse: the versesmiths!

TO MY SIX-YEAR-OLD SELF

LEENA THAMPI

Hey little angel!

Do you know how fast the clock ticks?

I see the world through your beautiful eyes

Oh, how I wish to tell of the wonders and joys

That your innocence unveils

Do not be swayed by words of hate and harm
Keep your heart pure and your mind free from alarm
How to tell that I miss you so much my dear girl
Do not let violence taint your youthful eyes
Hold onto kindness and let it be your guide

And when the road gets tough, and the winds they do howl
Just remember, my dear, that you are not alone
For you have within you, a heart of gold
And the love of those who care, will never grow old

So hold your head up high, and let your light shine
And never let anyone dim your resilience divine
Do not be misguided by toxic confluence
Stay away from temptations and their harmful influence
As you grow older and face the world's trials
Remember this advice and keep your spirit light and agile

To my six-year-old self,

I hope you always find

The beauty in simplicity and the peace in a clear mind

I want to remind you that you are capable of achieving anything

You are curious, brave, and full of wonder,

And those qualities will serve you well on your journey, don't surrender

Never be afraid to take risks and try new things,

Even if they scare you remember that it's okay to make mistakes

Treat them as opportunity to learn and grow.

It's all about integrity not fame

You are innocent but not naive

To my six-year-old self, I repeatedly say,

You're incredible in every single way.

STAR AND THE NIGHT....

K. MONIKA

The light of the night Which is very far from our height... It's perfect aura to freeze And stars are all set with an awesome breeze. The glimmers of skies And a sight for sore eyes... It's twinkling and shining Is the panacea for all the whining. Oh my star, you sit and reign the earth's crust And serves as a beacon of hope and trust. A perfect eye treat for kid And it's luminous beauty nobody could forbid It's twinkling and shining Is the panacea for all the whining. Oh my shimmering star, around the moon And I wish to shine like you very soon... The night and star

Concealing the blemishes and scar.

FRIENDSHIP - A TIMELESS EMBRACE

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

All is fair in friendship Conditioned by care,
Under the warmth of a shared sun.
When I'm so full of life or as my days ebb away,
In Pavlovian reflex, I seek them in tough afflictions,
My pals, the most austere of all the consuming addictions.

In friendship, no trials or judgments to bear,
Untouched by compulsion, bonds strong beyond compare.
Friendship's timeless embrace is a constant reminder
That a comrade ever transcends all challenge and change.

THE WEIGHT OF TIMELESSNESS

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

I'd have fain given anything to take a dip in the sea By the warm sands, sultry breeze, Eyes fixed on the farthest boat by the faint horizon... I walked around like the entirety was mine! My orbit was timeless, infinitely large, And a zillion constellations, my friends; But now I see it narrowing, oh my soul cries. Tell me to wear my age like a special cloak, I'll only try -'Cause days have done what days can; Pains me to chug it down my body with all my might. Age, like a demon that's lost control, Spares nothing along its path. Funny, how I want to jump into my grave When age brings me to an eerie crossroads, The worst place I could be lost. But, Age doesn't ever sign its resignation, Years roll, and so does age. I won't quit halfway through -I'll stay tackling new demons as they come.

My grave isn't the best place I could be.

DECIPHER IF YOU CAN ...

ORBINDU GANGA

Measure my words with your devices,
You shall augment numbers to it; will you ever
Be able to decipher my emotions seriatim
In between the words, they are veiled in
The invisible layers of emotions, away from
Your scientific thoughts; you can converse
About my words, but not her emotions.

I pause in between the words, not to give
Grammar its due, but let my readers
Amble in their world of imagination;
Will you be able to trace those emotions in their
Imaginations? Have you discovered the heave
In the pauses that I let my ink flow?

My colon and semicolons are not directed

For linguists to decipher correctness;

I make my emotions breathe with the stream of words,

To pause and endure; will you ever be able

To gauge the depth of presence or absence?

I conclude with a period, not to complete
My creation, but to endure; many more to follow;
Or perhaps I let not use a period, for you think
If I ever left it, or to convey the unsaid.

Have you ever chased the distance
With which the words had to end abruptly?
Why did I conclude the creation with a long pause,
Or an ellipse, or a period, or with nothing?

You cannot measure my right or wrong;
I am neither correctness to be corrected
Nor the mistake to be rectified;
I live not to be deciphered...

Don't ever dare to know me;
I am the known to the unknown,
And for you all known, I am an equation
Without a solution.

TIME MELTED

RAJANI MULA

Time, you're slipping through my fingers like sand, Days wink at my will, teasing my plans, Nights fold into silence before I can grasp them, Life chuckles at my frantic schedule, While Death whispers of nothingness, A quiet reminder of what awaits us all. Yet here I am, pulling myself timelessly, Caught in the whirlwind of a life I'm blessed with. I shall never know who loves me, Nor will I ever know who harbors disdain. I race against time, though it always wins, Chasing shadows of connection in a fleeting existence. Why do we rush through moments, When each second is a gift, An echo of laughter, a sigh of relief? Is there purpose in this endless cycle, Or are we mere players in a grand illusion? As I wander through this maze of days, I ponder the legacy I'll leave behind, What whispers of my soul will linger, When time finally claims me? Who made me so restless, so alive?

Who crafted this dance with time?

Haiku RANDY BROOKS

marine biologist
his lifelong obituary

of Chesapeake Bay oysters

BORN ANEW

ROOPA SUBRAMANI

All things seemingly true
draw us like glue
to a mind that projects an outward show
keeping us from the urge to know
the TRUTH that is ever aglow
in the HEARTS of all beings, high and low
that is until,
there arises from deep within, a silent bellow
of which the mind has no clue
lending a hard blow
to the over conscious ego
rendering it perfectly still like an unmoving statue
to revel in that state of higher consciousness where no thought can flow
and there, one is BORN ANEW!



WHAT SCIENCE TEACHES

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

Is Science only for scientific purpose!

Only for the progress of human comfort!

Nay not so

Science is a Teacher

Science is a philosophy

Science is an art of living

Science is a discourse

Science is an almanac

Science teaches handling of failures

Science teaches celebration of life

All in all

Try to embrace Science

Spread the essence of Science like a beacon of light

May the fragrance reach every shore in sight.

WHISPERS TO A CLOUD

SARANYA FRANCIS

O wandering cloud, ethereal sage,
Bearer of secrets from the boundless sky,
Have you seen a world beyond this cage,
Where truth and love unmask the sly?

Did you float above lands untouched by strife,
Where dialogue flows like rivers, uncontained?
Were there souls who love without a knife,
And hearts unscarred by treachery, unfeigned?

In your journey through the vaulted blue,
Did you glimpse the waters of wisdom pure,
Quenching the thirst of unity, long overdue,
A balm for the fractured, a potent cure?

O cloud, did you find the menders of wings,
Craftsmen of hearts, stitching with tender care?
Did they speak of a God in formless springs,
Dwelling in goodness, in the open air?

Is there a realm where poets' dreams reside, Inhabited by peace, untouched by despair? Where brokenness heals, hatred cannot hide, And the muse's breath enlivens the rare? Tell me, O cloud, is there such a place,
Beyond the horizon, where hope can thrive?
Or must we dwell in this fractured space,
Longing for a world where peace is alive?

Yet, even as we ask, a glimmer shines,

A world within us, where love entwines.

For in the depths of our shared human heart,

A spark of unity never departs.

So let us tend this flame, and fan its light,

Until the world beyond our sight

Reflects the beauty of our highest dreams,

And peace, at last, its rightful place redeems.

EPIC BATTLE

B.S. SAROJA

Devolved from spirit to matter soul consciousness is bonded to the physical body

Addicted to the senses
the human mind feels it as the soul means of gratification
A battle of opposites,
a constant conflict

Strong sense desires roused by temptations foment turmoil inside us to gain control

Enticed into a deceitful gamble with sense lures all faculties of discrimination and banish them out

After evil experiences and painful hand knocks of sense regime the noble blossoms seeks to regain their superiority

Sure, life is an epic battle inside the human mind between good and bad!!

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 surrounded by blemishes!

Alas! What a world am I in?

Shh! Do not open your 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!

RAINDROPS

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Raindrops fall like pieces of pearls
Slowly, slowly, and gently to the ground,
Sunshine lights the lamp in the sky
Wherever you find the heat and warmth!

Moonlit nights illuminate the globe,
The stars and heavenly bodies
stare at humankind gladly
to make life beautiful and joyful ever!

Different trees in the garden
Filled with green leaves,
Colorful flowers cover the floor
Leaving a scent that we truly adore!

One nature, one sun
One moon and one God
and our life, only one!
Nature gifts us its enchanting beauty
We gift it back our true love and loyalty!

MEDITATION

SHALINI SAMUEL

Searching for stillness amidst the endless chatter of mental imprints

I close my eyes and slowly turn inwards as my mind starts to scatter

Focusing gently on the quiet rhythms of each inhale and exhale

Anchoring wandering thoughts to the feel of breath, my inner sea calms

The practiced art of observing thoughts without getting caught

Letting them drift by like clouds no judgment on where they come from

Bringing back attention repeatedly to sensations of air

Expanding and deflating lungs, a peaceful refuge I find there

In the silence between each breath, the mind learns to steady Noisy thinking settles as breaths get into a melodious rhythm A glimpse of tranquil clarity as I sit emptying the noise within Clutter draining away is replaced with a focus that's stronger

A calm mind sharpens the light behind the eyes and glows bright Meditation sculpts the mind; the debris is gone, and peace returns Concentration increases, awareness expands its view and life blooms Chosen responses make life better, and unwanted reactions are gone

As scaffolding of settled breath and mind supports better thinking Thought patterns align to let wisdom get through the rust mind Meditation brings to the forefront potential yet unseen miracles Training the mind with patience helps me stay serene and happy.

haiku - short form poetry originated in Japan

STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU

an Orionid fills the void...
opening my notebook
with haiku

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

STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU



GENTLE GLIDERS

VAISHNAVI SAMANTARAY

With wings of silk in colors bright,
They dance a gentle, a wondrous sight.
Whispering secrets as they fly by,
Flying high in the sky.
In a garden full of essence they play,
A whimsical waltz on a bright and sunny day.
Unfurling their wings, a treasure rare,
A symbol of hope, beyond compare.
With each twirl a story unfolds,
Of transformation young and old.
In their wake, a trail of delight,
A sprinkle of wonder, a pinch of light.
So let us admire this beauty of nature,
Truly a wonderful treasure.

REVERIE UNDER THE STARS

VARNIKA SASI MAGESH

Lying on the rooftop, we gazed at the stars,
Looking at the sky, like the whole of it was ours.
Wondering what time holds,
As the night progresses, how the sky's beauty moulds.

Lounged, watching the aurora paint the celestial canvas,
We knew that's all the mercy time could grant us.
Had to go our own ways, but were unfazed
For we know proximity is ephemeral,
But our camaraderie and fraternity eternal.

And amidst the chaos of life, the stars' beauty holds,
With the changing constellations the sky's tapestry moulds.
Lain on the rooftop, I gazed at the stars,
Looking at the sky, knowing, the whole of it is ours.

TIME IS DIVINE

VARSHA SARAN

With all the kaleidoscope of my mind I raise, I fall I smile, I cry And show my different reflections According to time and circumstances Every time I get Multidimensional view of my personality People appreciate my capabilities And the glistening rays of my aura, But they forget, one thing Every time.... That I am an ordinary soul Why I am here? The blessings of my divine His shadow Is enough to make me feel like a diamond, Because he gave me difficult challenges

And gave me strength and patience
To face all the ugly realities!!

Individuality,

That cut and beautify the edges of my

Team Science Shore



Dr K SRIKALA GANAPATHY Founding Editor



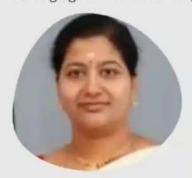
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