

# SCIENCE SHORE

exploring the ocean of life

ONLINE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

VOL 4 | ISSUE 1 | APRIL 2023

*It's an  
Anniversary  
Issue!*

*Thank you for the  
years of support*

SCIENCE ARTICLES

SHORT STORIES & ARTICLES

POETRY

HOBBY & ART

AUDIO & VIDEO

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Ms. A ANNAPURNA SHARMA  
Ms. MALATHI

**MANAGING EDITOR / WEB DESIGNER**  
Ms. SREEPRADHA VENKATRAMANAN

**EDITORS**  
Rtd. Prof. LATHA PREM SAKHYA  
Ms. SUJATHA VARADARAJAN  
Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI C. J  
Dr. K. VEENA GAYATHRI

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## **LETTERS OF APPRECIATION**





QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS)  
(AFFILIATED TO UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS)  
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY

**Dr. S. KARPAGAM**  
Head, Department of Botany

Phone : 9444944835.  
E-mail: [s.karpagam98@gmail.com](mailto:s.karpagam98@gmail.com)

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19.04.2023.

My heartfelt congratulations to Dr. K. Srikala Ganapathy, for her achievement as the founder editor of "SCIENCE SHORE" that bring arts and science together in one platform. The e-journal is a scientific endeavour with literature touch, which is a new venture and I hope that her dreams have come true. I went through some of the articles in the e-journal it promises both light reading and heavier subjects. Her endeavour is really appreciable and I hope she is successful in her futuristic dreams. She constantly updates her knowledge and motivates the readers and the student community as a whole. I congratulate her for successfully releasing the e-journal for three years and may GOD ALMIGHTY shower her with all success for her innovative and hard work and I also appreciate the efforts put forth by her team members and family members.

BEST OF LUCK !

[S.KARPAGAM]

Dr. S. KARPAGAM, Ph.D.,  
Associate Professor and Head,  
Department of Botany,  
Queen Mary's College,  
Chennai - 600 004.

Science Shore, a quarterly online journal is a genuine effort to kindle learning process in young minds and thought provoking for all irrespective of age. It provides a very broad platform for multi disciplinary interactions and exchanging ideas among ambitious seekers of knowledge.

I understand that a wide arena of concepts are being covered starting from lifestyle, environment to medicare and agricultural applications. For example if we take Medicare the knowledge is ranging from base of homeopathy, Ayurveda to modern medicine encompassing genetic counseling leading to gene therapy possibilities.

I would like to appreciate a provision created for reflections of research findings from premier research institutions like CCMB. I hope this will widen scope for all reputed R&D organizations in India and abroad.

I found that the direction set by Science shore is somewhat similar to RESONANCE magazine of Indian Academy of Sciences in collaboration with Springer. It is my advice to look into the modus operandi of that journal to further strengthen its quality in terms of dissemination of knowledge and make it an ISSN authentication.

I wanted to suggest having a cross word puzzle and games of fun one to test general knowledge and another for scientific knowledge but however I am amazed to find these in some of the issues published.

This can be made a regular feature in forth coming issues and those who can do it in a stipulated time can be appreciated. Contributions from poetry, short stories and language skills are praiseworthy.

I also found ignited young minds with day dreaming to publish their innovative ideas especially making best out of waste an environmental concern. I also advise you to create space for innovative ideas from INDIAN KNOWLEDGE SYSTEMS encompassing values of both tradition and Science.

I WISH THE ENTIRE TEAM DEDICATED TO THIS NOBLE CAUSE A GREAT SUCCESS IN FUTURE ENDEAVOURS.

**Dr.V.Venugopal Rao**  
**Associate Professor & Head**  
**Department of Genetics**  
**President IIC-MoE , Convener - Research cell (SACReD) , GB Member**  
**St.ANN'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**  
**Mehidipatnam**  
**Hyderabad**  
**Mobile: 9985065518**

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**SCIENTIFIC  
ARTICLES**



# CURRENT NEWS - SCIENCE SERIES

## SERIES 10 - RECENT HAPPENINGS & SOME EARTH SHAKING NEWS

### GITA BHARATH

In recent years, students have been encouraged to join ISRO programs and learn to become space scientists.

India's first hybrid rocket was launched on February 20th, 2023, at Devaneri Village near Mamallapuram, ECR.

India's first hybrid sounding rocket by private players was launched from Pattipulam village. 5,000 students were involved in the project. The selected students designed and constructed a student satellite launch vehicle (rocket) and 150 PICO satellite research experiment cubes that contained different payloads. The reusable rocket was made by the selected top 100 students, while the rest made the satellites. The rocket can be used for research in weather, atmospheric conditions and radiations.

News flash from ISRO:

The moon lander, Chandrayaan-3, is likely to be launched in June.

From The National Institute of Ocean Technology:

India is all set to send three explorers to a depth of 500 metres under the sea in an indigenously built vessel, Samudrayaan, by late 2023.

Two other current events happened to focus people's attention on geology and the geomagnetism of the Earth. One, the recent series of earthquakes. The worst was in Turkey/Syria.

In Turkey and Syria, 45000 people were killed on Feb 6th due to a massive earthquake. Two huge ruptures can be seen stretching for hundreds of kilometres, where the land on either side moved 23 feet in opposite directions, tearing the ground apart.

To understand what happened, imagine someone skating on a layer of ice above a deep ocean. This is exactly the analogy for people living on landmasses on our planet Earth. The land, continents and even oceans are just a thin layer like a skin, as far as the Earth is concerned.

The deepest man-made hole is the Kola Superdeep Borehole SG-3 in Russian Siberia, 12.3 km deep. But compared to 6,371 km – the radius of the Earth – the Borehole is a mere 0.2 percent.

About 250 million years ago, there was only one huge piece of cooled land-crust, called Pangaea. The single ocean or water body was called Panthalassa. As the inner layers cooled and moved, the continents, on their 'continental plates' started to drift apart. Some collided to form fold mountains, which is why we can find the fossils of whales called *Himalayacetus* in the Himalayas!

The pressures along the edges of these continental plates which grate against each other, build up until they become so great, that they are released by one part of the land slipping below the other, or folding upwards. Sometimes the cracks or tears are deep enough to release lava- the liquefied magma below the surface.

Let us move on to a new topic...

The second unusual news item described the disturbance in bird migratory patterns due to changes in the magnetic field of the Earth. Let us look into the causes of this.

You must have seen compass magnets, magnets to decorate fridges, and so on. How big do you think a magnet can be? Hold your breath...the earth itself, our planet is itself a massive magnet!

Since the centre of the earth is an iron- nickel alloy, surrounded by molten liquid that moves, it acts like a huge magnet, floating in a ball, and slowly rotating. The Earth's magnetic fields deflect harmful radiation from the Sun and protect our ozone layer.

But, recently, the Earth's solid core paused its rotation and has started moving in the opposite direction, researchers say. *Nature Geoscience*, a scientific journal, reported that the rotation of the Earth's core stopped abruptly, and then began to rotate in the opposite direction. Scientists say the back-and-forth of the Earth's core may happen once in 70 years. This is, however, a very slow process. Its impact on technology and communications will have to be assessed, though it may not affect our everyday life.

# IN SEARCH OF (A PERFECT) COFFEE

VISHNU VARADARAJAN

A typical day in a South Indian household starts as the aroma of coffee fills the air. Not just any coffee, but filter coffee. And the unique identifier of this coffee is decoction. The decoction is a coffee extract that is made by passing hot water through compressed ground coffee powder in a coffee filter. Earlier, coffee, to me was just a drink that magically appeared on my desk each morning at 8:00 am. But one day, as I had to make my coffee, my perception changed. I realized that the process was very detailed and had parameters and variables that affected the taste of coffee. Despite many tries, I couldn't make perfect coffee. And so started my expedition to standardize for the decoction.

There are a couple of factors that affect the overall strength of decoction. These are:

1. Quality of coffee beans, roasting of coffee beans, and how fine the beans are ground.
2. Filter used. This closely relates to the next factor since filters of different hole sizes will require different amounts of coffee for the best effect.
3. Amount of ground coffee used. Based on the size of the coffee filter used, this amount can be standardized by multiple trials (for my coffee filter, 3 tablespoons work perfectly).
4. Packing of the powder. The ground coffee powder is compressed to closely pack it which ensures that the extract contains higher amounts of coffee.
5. Temperature of water poured.
6. Amount of water poured.
7. Method of pouring water. As pouring water arbitrarily can disturb the packing of the powder, water is poured gently. This can be done by pouring using the traditional stemmed disk (Kodai), or using a fork or a spoon to slow down the pouring.

Now, almost all of these, except the packing of the powder, can be and are parameterized in the household. Perhaps over the years, one develops an abstract parametric value for this too, but I want to find an absolute.

So let's conduct an experiment following the **Methods of Science**.

## AIM

To determine how varying the packing of the powder affects the strength/concentration of the decoction.

## HYPOTHESES

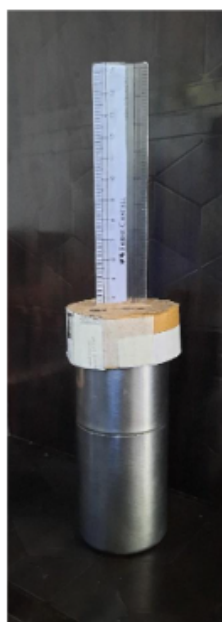
I hypothesized that

1. The concentration of decoction will increase but the volume of extract will reduce, as we increase the compression of the ground coffee.
2. The time needed for complete extraction will increase and in higher compressions complete extraction might not even take place. This is because I think as the coffee powder is packed more tightly, it will be harder for water to seep through the powder layer.

## EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN

Here, the packing is the independent variable and the strength is the dependent variable. We can't measure the closeness of packing, but we can measure the compression.

For this, I made a simple tool. A piston-like device with a scale along the rod of the piston. We know the volume that uncompressed ground coffee acquires which is the number of spoons that we use (3, in my case) times the volume of one hemispherical tablespoon. Since the powder acts as a pseudo fluid, while compression, it can be the shape of a cylinder. This is done by repeatedly tapping the filter. The volume of the uncompressed cylindrical column of coffee powder is the same as what we calculated earlier. Now, using the tool, we can multiply the area of the filter and the length by which we push the piston downward to get the volume by which we compress the coffee powder.



For measuring the strength of the decoction, filter paper can be used. Consider three samples of decoction, of varying strength/concentration. Since the solvent(water) is the same for all samples, the capillary action by the filter paper on the decoction will be the same for equal amounts of the three samples. So dropping equal volumes of the samples on filter paper will make circular blots and the colour of the blot indicates the concentration of the sample. A relative scale can be made by setting the blot colour of pure solvent (water) as the baseline and that of a saturated solution as the end line. Another way is to use a spectrophotometer/colorimeter. There is an application in the mobile phone(Lux light meter). This smart phone app analyses the intensity of the emitted light.

### **Keeping the other variables constant**

For the remaining parameters, the following values were fixed:

- 1.Amount of ground coffee used: 3 Tsp's of ground coffee
- 2.Same coffee powder is to be used for all samples
- 3.Temperature of water poured: 100°C
- 4.Amount of water poured (100 ml)
- 5.Method of pouring water: using a fork (Kodai is misplaced)
- 6.Same filter was used in all samples

### **DATA COLLECTION**

Radius of hemispherical tablespoon = 1.5cm

Volume of hemispherical tablespoon =  $0.5 \times (4\pi/3) \times (1.5)^3 \approx 7 \text{ cm}^3$

Volume of uncompressed coffee powder =  $3 \times 7 = 21 \text{ cm}^3$

Radius of filter = 2.5cm

Cross-sectional area of filter =  $\pi \times (2.5)^2$   
 $\approx 19.65 \text{ cm}^2$

Thus, the height of the uncompressed cylindrical coffee column =  $21/19.65$   
 $\approx 1.1 \text{ cm}$

Reading of scale when the filter is empty and the piston is fully pushed = 6.7 cm

So, the Reading of scale when the piston just makes contact with the coffee powder surface = 5.6 cm

Here are the observations I'm making.

Reading of scale (R)	Volume compressed = $(R - 5.6) * 19.65$	Volume of decoction produced after 10 minutes	Relative Concentration of Decoction

### INTERPRETATION

As per my hypothesis, I expect an increasing curve for the plot of (volume compressed) vs. (relative concentration) on a graph and a decreasing curve for the plot of (volume compressed) vs (volume of decoction produced after 10 minutes). Though I cannot elaborate on the explanation here for the want of data, the data should help me explain my hypothesis and lead me to generate more questions.

To conclude the article, while we might assign these specific scientific terms like hypothesis, experimental design, data collection, observations, and interpretations, the curiosity to explore a phenomenon comes to us very naturally. If we divide our approach to gathering knowledge in this way and find a basis for it, we are on the path of scientific thinking. Making coffee, which seems like a common household practice, evidently holds scope for scientific thinking resorting to evidence/data-based explanations to the observations.





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



# INDELIBLE PRINTS...

## HEMA RAVI

Here is a valuable story from the internet. Once, a pencil maker was preparing to put a special pencil into the pencil box. Before doing so, he took it aside and uttered: YOU WILL

- be able to many great things, but only if you allow yourself to be in someone's hand.
- experience some painful sharpening from time to time, but it will help you become a better pencil.
- be able to correct any mistakes you make.
- understand that what's inside you is the most important part.
- continue to leave your mark on every surface you are used on; no matter what the condition, you must continue to write.

What a valuable message has been conveyed by the wise pencil maker!!  
Assuming the attractive pencil is you or I, what should we do?

We have to remember that amidst several challenges, we ought to stay focused on our goals, move past stumbling blocks, to the right trajectory, steer on .....leave our own 'indelible mark' in the world.



Picture Courtesy : N. Ravi

As poet H.W. Longfellow states: "Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime....."

# UNKNOWN

**JELLIE N.WYCKELSMASMA**

We know what we know and we also know there is a lot we don't know yet, calling it the great unknown. What will we do? Do we fear the unknown, backing away from it and feeling comfortable the way our life is right now, or shall we try to discover what secrets and opportunities the unknown world might have in store for us? Will our courage be strong enough to blindly follow an unknown path into the future, forever wondering what lies beyond the bend of the road of life? Isn't that a daily challenge all of us face mostly every day?

We need not have superman power, just being ourselves and trust also in our fellowmen, who undoubtedly face the same challenge of discovering the unknown. Together we are part of an intricate plot of temptation and inquisitiveness, which will lead us ahead into unknown territory, hoping to win the battle of discovery, unmasking the unknown.

# PAPER BOAT

**JELLIE N.WYCKELSMASMA**

His wife reminded him of their son's tenth birthday and said that he should buy the birthday present, as he might remember what a boy of that age would like. He had agreed, but what do you buy a child that already has his own mobile phone and an iPad, which he never had when he was ten and who was more computer literate than many adults, He checked Toy sites on line. He saw a small battery operated boat with a remote control for children to use on a lake, or a pond. He had never owned a real boat either. His had been made of paper and now memories flooded his mind.

During the school holidays, much of his youth was spent at his grandparents' farm, where in one of the paddocks was a large pond. His grandfather taught him how to make a paper boat from old newspapers and then they launched it on the water, where the wind would blow it all over the pond. In the end he had to retrieve it with a long stick, but often the boat had become fully water logged and sank and it was time to build the next one.

He knew at once what to do. He rang his Dad who now lived on the farm and told him that he and his son would be down for the weekend, also asking him if he had a supply of old newspapers for making paper boats. A paper boat might not be a birthday present, but if would be fun for the three generations. And the real birthday present? He'll solve that problem next week ...

# ABBREVIATIONS, ACRONYMS AND EMOJIS

**T S MANOHAR**

“Brevity is the soul of wit”, proclaimed Disraeli. Nowadays it is true in every walk of life. Gone are the days when one had to be detailed and descriptive. Writing elaborate essays in exams are a passé. MCQs (multiple choice questions, one word answers have replaced them. The GenNext doesn't want a long harangue or a lengthy sermon. One has to be concise, crisp and compact to make an impact.

In the celebrated epic Ramayana, King Rama is distraught and dismayed on the disappearance of his consort, Sita. Hanuman returns from the Find Sita mission and just says 'Kanden Seethai'(found Seetha) and bows in that direction. Rama and his cohorts are relieved. Kamban the author of Kamba Ramayana reiterates the need for brevity to quell anxiety.

Could there be any literature better than Thirukkural on these lines? Potent in content and pregnant in meaning, Thirukkural conveys the message in just and line and a half.

Acronyms and abbreviations signify brevity. Acronyms are part of everyday usage freely and are here to stay.. Sometimes people don't know the expanded form of the acronyms! MS will mean differently in different context. To a cricket buff, it is Dhoni, to an Indian musician it is Subbulakshmi, to a metallurgist it is mild steel, to an IT guy it is Microsoft. So much for abbreviations!

In sports, Cricket has evolved taking a leaf out of football and hockey. T20 format is a great draw nowadays. It is pulsating with action from the word go. Everything is done and dusted in three hours, unlike the five day dreary test matches.

The language on the wireless network follows a set of technical codes and protocol to keep the secrecy intact. The advertising industry in its turn took brevity to a different connotation to be attractive. The ads (advertisements, sorry for the brevity) of Amul products is a case in point. They are many times misspelt but always catchy.

With the advent of instant messaging thanks to internet, smart phone and Whatsapp, letter writing ('snail mail') has gone into oblivion. GenNext has turned to texting instant messages. Twitter is the trendsetter. News and views are disseminated across in a jiffy. Words are downsized and sentences are constricted and grammar thrown to winds. Urs (yours) Ty (thank you) and abbreviations like (ASAP – as soon as possible, LOL - laugh out loud- YOLO – you only live once) G.O.A.T – greatest of all times, have replaced the conventional lingo. The word 'No' is no longer a word. It is a full sentence. While the English protagonists fret and fume, the millennial care two hoots. As long as the message is conveyed loud and clear, the conduit doesn't matter. After all, the purpose is served ultimately, isn't it?

Those senior citizens who need to be relevant are fast catching up with times. Slowly, they are following the current lingo and constricted words, to put their message across.

Of late, emojis have replaced the words to express one's reaction. So much so, we are left to wonder whether English vocabulary will be replaced by them over time!

Going through my article my wife quipped, "a quick question. What is the most common abbreviation in use nowadays?"

"Ok?", I answered a little taken aback.

"You are wrong. OTP (one time password) is the one abbreviation used by all and sundry", she said triumphantly.

Looking back and pondering, we find that means of communication has come a full circle. The Neandradhal cave men used signs and drawings to convey their emotions and feelings. They are slowly back in vogue.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 2

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# A LETTER FOR MY DAD

**NALINI JANARDHANAN**

Dear Dad,

I am writing this letter to you with a heavy heart and tearful eyes. It is my birthday today. I missed you so much and I know that you have sent me your blessings from heaven. I always cherish my childhood memories with you, Dad. In my mornings...when I get up and look at your face, I feel strong and ready to face the world. Your affectionate smile gave me confidence. Then getting ready and going to school with you. My nights...when I listen to mythological stories and folktales from you and fall asleep peacefully on your lap. I never had any nightmares because you were there as my guardian angel. As a kid, I believed that you are a Superman who would protect me from every evil force on earth.

I remember how you used to take me to the hospital for daily antibiotic injections for 5 or 7 days whenever my Tonsillitis gets worsened. As any child, I preferred to hide or run away from painful injections. But Dad, you managed it so easily. You would promise to buy me ice creams or sweets or chocolates. We would climb along the narrow pathway going towards the hospital. We would talk like friends, listen to the chirping of birds and enjoy the beautiful view of mountains, trees and the blue sky. You would pluck colorful tiny flowers and place them on my small palms when my face would brighten up with joy. We would collect small pebbles and beautiful feathers on the way. You would share jokes or humorous anecdotes and suddenly I would realize that we reached the hospital. I would get anxious but you would hug me and reassure me. After the injection, on the way back home, you would buy me chocolates and we used to play or simply sit on the benches in the park. I miss those days of pure joy and happiness shared by us. I miss our friendship Dad! I want to relive those awesome moments of my childhood which I shared with you. You were a cute bundle of love, a precious gift given to me by God for which I am ever thankful to Him.

I remember how you encouraged me to participate in various competitions in school. How could I forget my first participation in a music competition as a small kid? You taught me a good song. But when I stepped onto the stage and glanced through the audience, I lost my self-confidence. After singing the first two lines I stopped singing due to anxiety and fear. When I came back home after accepting defeat, you told me: "Nalini, you are a good singer and according to me you are the winner. Don't worry about the competition. You should focus on your goals and don't accept defeat. Keep trying with confidence. One day you will conquer the world with your melodious voice". Your prediction proved true for me. I am a well-known singer now Dad...And also an All India Radio artist for both ghazals and bhajans. Dad, I remember your words: "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 both in schools and later in college and Medical College. Most of the time, due to blessings from God and you, I came out as a winner. I used to bag either first or second prizes. I remember the pride in your eyes and the affectionate smile on your lips when I bring home trophies, prizes and mementoes awarded for District, Regional or National level competitions. I have also been selected for the National Merit Scholarship when I was in 7th Std.

When you got admitted for Pneumonia in the Medical college hospital, I was so upset and felt scared to come and see you. Then I was a student of 8th Std. When I visited you one day, you told me: "Nalini, you just see those medical students and doctors. Do you know how dedicated they are towards the patients? They save people's lives from serious illnesses and accidents. They are like incarnations of God on earth. So, my dear child, I wish you to become a doctor. I wish to see you walking along these corridors wearing an apron and putting a stethoscope around your neck. I am sure that being an intelligent student, you would live up to my expectations. You would become a doctor, no? For my sake....?"- I felt so sad seeing your tearful eyes. I held your hand and promised you that I would study well and become a doctor.

Dad, today I am proud to say that I became a good doctor and a dedicated medical officer in Army. I have saved many lives from death. Patients and hospital staff remember me even now. They quote my example for being a friendly doctor with compassion, kindness, affection and sympathy. So I have fulfilled your dream. But my beloved Dad, you were not there to see my achievements. The cruel fate snatched you away from me when I was a student of 9th Std. I shudder to think about that cursed day when you were brought home in an ambulance as a dead body. You were a well-known writer, singer and orator. You had gone to preside over a meeting when you suddenly collapsed and left us due to a massive heart attack. When my uncle brought me home from school, was shocked to see your lifeless body lying on the floor. Lamps were lit and religious texts were being read for your noble soul to rest in peace. I embraced you and cried my heart out. For a moment, I wished that you would get up and hug me saying "Don't worry child, it was a joke!"-But that was a cruel joke given by fate for me. Your hands were not holding me anymore. They were cold and your eyes were closed forever. I missed the endearing smile on your lips and your warm hug. When your body was taken for cremation, I felt a searing pain in my heart as I didn't want to get separated from you. You were my mentor, guide and true friend. You taught me to fold my hands and pray to God in bad times for guidance and in good times for thanksgiving.

Beloved Dad, words are inadequate for saying thank you for being my father, for teaching valuable lessons of life, and just for being there with me in every thick and thin. You played with me like a kid, gave advice like a friend and protected me like a bodyguard. The bond between us was unbreakable and your love was unconditional. I knew that I will never be the same again after your sudden death in my childhood. But I learnt that love never dies. I want you to know that I feel your love whenever I am depressed. Your arms were my shelter when I felt sad. Your melodious songs wiped away my anxiety and stress. Your hands lifted me when I fell down. Holding your hand, I walked along the pathway of life. After you left me in a stage of darkness and indecisiveness, it was your diary that



guided me in which I was described as a gift by God and a treasure more than a daughter. I couldn't control my tears when I read those lines. You were so proud of me. Then I decided to embark on my journey of achievements. Starting from the Gold medal at the state level for scoring the highest marks for Malayalam for 10th Std, I have many awards and accolades to my credit, thanks to you Dad...

I remembered your words: "Life is a journey. You have to move on. There may be many obstacles. You may find thorns also along with roses on your path. People may insult you, laugh at you, criticize you, make you feel inferior or make fun of you. But you know very well about yourself. So just listen to your heart and move on in your life with confidence". Dad, I am following your advice to date.

Dear Dad, I will keep writing letters to you as it gives me relief and happiness. I just don't want to believe that you left me for your heavenly abode and you are no more with me. You will always be in my heart because, in my heart you are still alive. Your guiding hand on my shoulder will remain with me forever. Thank you for being there every time I needed a hug to share my joy, or a patient ear to listen to my problems or a shoulder to cry on.

You are a guardian angel who is always with me, protecting me from hardships and encouraging me to achieve more success in life. Dad, keep blessing me from heaven. I am always your good girl....loving and kind to others, showing compassion to the downtrodden and empathy to patients with terminal illness.... being a true friend to colleagues and friends.... showing respect to elders.... giving a smile and reassurance to erase the sorrows of depressed persons...I will continue this journey of life following your footprints. 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 I looked at the star-studded night sky with awe, it was you who told me the memorable words: "Reach for the stars. You can achieve your dreams if you are determined. Believe that nothing is impossible for you!"- So I am pursuing my dreams and continuing my journey of life with determination and confidence. I believe that 'Behind every great daughter is a truly amazing dad'.

You are my Amazing Dad!

I love you and miss you always!

-Your Loving Daughter.

# PARALLEL UNIVERSES: BEING AWARE (PART 2)

## ORBINDU GANGA

We are in a constant flow, the earth is orbiting at a speed that can't be consciously observed by human perception. But one can perceive the flow subconsciously and even more when the state of mind is subconsciously conscious. Such a constant flow to be moving was never accepted before but we live in a phase of life the information is inundated. One thought that is perceived is being shared and consumed. Is it viable to share all the thoughts? Is it necessary to share all your thoughts? It depends on how you perceive it. If you are willing to accept the information available, you will be chock a block. Again it depends on how you take in the information, and what to filter becomes relevant.

When the mind is in a constant flow of accepting anything, the thinking mind is disturbed. The mind finds it cumbersome to let the thoughts flow. Space is scarce because information is abundantly occupying the space within. With no space to think, the thought of the existence of self becomes an archive. Human perception is very much limited when we become information gatherers. The realm of knowing and understanding away from the form is very limited. Very few can find the time and space for the thought of the realm of understanding beyond perception.

With many thoughts clobbered when doing a particular task or without any task, sight is with the form and perception of seeing the known. To look beyond the realm of human perception, one needs to be in the flow. Being aware is not only conscious but also subconscious. To be able to visualize and then observe the existence of another dimension, the flow should be subconsciously conscious. To be still and flow should be the norm to see the self in another dimension.

To believe that the form that exists in one world is both true and false. The form indeed exists in one world to our human realm of understanding. But it is also true that we exist in different dimensions that can't be perceived by our limited human perception. The form that is seen will make you believe we live and exist in one world, it to be life. The formless existence of our duplicate copies exists in different dimensions as a form. Its connotation as a form can be articulated when our observations are very much perceived as seeing the self in another dimension. At the same time, the observation of the form is a formless existence when the perception becomes limited.

The understanding of the existence of such duplicate copies of self in different dimensions can only be observed when the formless form is in the flow of subconsciously conscious form. In such a state the geometry of alignment of the form and formless naturally tend to sync in all means where the displacement is effortlessly moving in the journey. Such a priceless flow is possible through observations. Knowing and understanding the existence of the self in different dimensions starts when the form becomes aware of the formless. The formless vacillates at will with the flow, an experience for life.

# **SUBCONSCIOUS OBSERVATION BELIEF SYSTEM (SOBS) - UNDERSTANDING BELIEF SYSTEM (PART 6)**

## **ORBINDU GANGA**

The belief system of the form is the set of principles that are aligned to act and interpret in a way concerning the world around. The impact of certain entities of the world is so dynamic that it influences the form. The very existence of the arrival of new influences shall make the changes in the belief system of the form. Such a belief system in many ways is being misinterpreted. The influence of any shouldn't have a deeper impact on the belief with the changes happening very frequently. Such a change making an influence on the form can never sustain.

The importance of understanding the belief system is going beyond the form. The form can easily be influenced by any external forces. Such an influence creates a temporary pleasure to form a vacuole. The smaller ones are never seen and have little effect. But as it grows, it amplifies to influence and it comes to a point where the voidness sustains its place. Such an occurrence cannot be known to the form since the signs are been ignored and have never been understood by the formless, the existence of the formless being absent.

The formless existence of self is the beginning of the journey of exploration. Knowing the importance of self is the precursor for exploring the beatitude of life. The journey of life is not about knowing the already existing but exploring the one that has not been explored. The unknown is yet to be explored, the exploration of such is when the unknown is beyond the known. The unknown shall never be seen but only be observed.

Understanding the belief system is pinned on knowing the self and understanding the existence of the self. The formless existence of self shall initiate the signs to be observed. Such observations shall lead to observing the aura of the self, the aura shall whisper the innate. The innate is more pronounced as the journey of exploration flows, and the belief system becomes lucid, unveiling the mysteries. The mysteries are the truth, never been observed before with the formless.

Understanding the belief system shall explore the verisimilitude of truth. The key to understanding the belief system is individualistic and needs to be in a beautiful flow. To be in such a flow one ought to carve a path of the unknown. The state of the unknown has a lucid flow but it requires a higher form of concentration. The Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) provides a state of a beautiful flow where the form becomes the formless entity to be in observation, observing the unknown in lucidity. The realization of self is the beginning of the flow wherein the understanding of the self shall open Pandora's Box which has been never observed before. It will be an experience to unveil the surprising observations.

To be in a beautiful flow shall change the way we see life, the observation of the minutest is very lucid, adding many surprises to make you imbued with the flow. The inquisitiveness becomes more aware as the state of observing the journey becomes a life-changing experience, to be inflow forever.

# LACK OF COMMUNICATION TODAY

## SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Nowadays, the way human beings look at things and follow different criteria to lead their lives is very significant. Joint families rarely are seen, and nuclear families are given importance due to many reasons. Fewer responsibilities, more comforts. This thought has been in the minds of people and most of them are aware of techniques that help them to facilitate lifestyles.

Lifestyles vary from a person to person and place to place based on climatic changes, geographical features, and personal requirements. Desires are unlimited and unsatisfactory at times. As life demands, a man faces challenges to lead his life in a better way. Cultural differences also compel him to change the way he wishes to lead his life. As we know, change is the spice of life, and he has to change food habits, dressing, etc...as per necessities.

Is change compulsory in attitude and having connectivity with fellow beings? Absolutely, yes. As time changes, mankind alters attitudes too. There's a difference between the people who reside in cities and remote areas. If communities are small, the closeness among people may develop abundantly. Man has always been running after money to make his life comfortable or luxurious since the ancient period. Globally, we notice several transformations in countries like the USA, UK, Germany, France, etc. which influence many other nations in general.

All over the world, westernization began which made people focus on the jobs they do and manage their things within their own boundaries. For example, people who live in huge luxurious houses and apartments tend to lose connections with friends and relatives gradually due to lack of time, family responsibilities, and various circumstances. I strongly opine that it is better in a way as they get privacy to lead their lives or manage their own activities independently. Nobody likes others' interruptions, especially with busy schedules. This enables people to think twice before meeting people. Knocking at the door brought happiness then, but it is a disturbance now.

Technology plays a major role in the modification of livelihood which enabled students to attend online classes and job holders to work from home. Some people prefer to work at offices as they can be productive in every endeavour that they take up. But, for some, working online becomes compulsory. In both cases, they feel tremendously busy and will not be able to communicate with neighbours or friends. Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, and WhatsApp made their routine easier and better in connecting with human beings. A message can be sent with a fingertip. Time just flies in accomplishing their tasks and in moving on the path of success.

Is it true that they don't have time, or don't wish to speak to others? Not at all. It's completely due to their inevitable daily chores and incomplete assignments! We cannot

blame anyone for the lack of interactions. Love and understanding or cooperation between folks can bring the right solutions for this serious problem of lack of communication. Thus, silence dances all around silently.

***“Silence speaks louder than words.”***

***“We do believe that residents appear like parrots in a cage without bonding.”***

In my eye, people should know the situation and overcome such issues. As time passes, maturity develops which in turn helps them move on with life. "Take life as it comes to you and happiness lies within." All the past habits must be changed and new habits should be inculcated in order to live peacefully. Expectations are the main cause of sadness, so "expect not, worry not."

As we know, communication is the key to relationships, and it is lacking sometimes. The reasons are plenty. Unlike before, one can interact with a group of people easily now either on official or personal matters. This certainly satisfies them though they often feel depressed with the lack of face-to-face talks. On one side, we feel technology is a blessing, but on the other hand, we believe this is a drawback too. Overcoming such situations is the only solution to living peacefully.

***“The way we communicate with others and with ourselves ultimately determines the quality of our lives.”***

Meeting friends and relatives not only enables us to enhance bonding but also helps us have memories that are long-lasting. In my opinion, it is very important to spend some valuable time in public gatherings, parties, or sightseeing which makes us blissful. Sitting and discussing various topics and solving personal issues can happen in unison. We see these occasions very rarely these days. Neither students nor adults find time to do the same. I firmly believe that everyone needs to realize the value of togetherness and communication so that the moments that we spend will become memorable.

***“No one can whistle a symphony. It takes a whole orchestra to play it.”***



# **POETRY**

# THE HUNGRY HAZE

**ARNAV MISHRA**

Driving dreadfully down the street  
Bopping my head to the beat,  
I often find it strange to see  
The hungry haze near the sea.

The wavering waves take away  
everything that I had kept on the bay.  
Find it hard to understand  
As I drive by in the haze on the sand.

The lights of the other car  
make it perplexing to see far  
into the void where everything evanesces  
crumbled by the hungry people after their successes.

The sheen headlights with the gleam  
And the hazy sea and its streams  
All defenestrate me down into the hole.  
It is time to take control.



# LOST MUSE

**BHAGYASHREE MISHRA**

Did you soar high with the sparrows  
To dwell on those swaying green boughs?  
Or in the hush of an eternal night  
Did you slip away without a sound or sight?

Without you, I'm a nomad wandering aimlessly  
All of my thoughts scattered, unable to fly  
There's a void inside, and scars on the skin  
Invisible, yet they weigh me down within

Like a deer sniffing trees for the fragrant musk  
I seek for you, until daylight fades into dusk  
I search and search, but still cannot find  
The missing piece that was once mine

Come what may, you breathed life into my art  
You were the rhythm of my poetic heart  
Now, my verses are but hollow sounds  
The voice of a poet lost and never found

Days may pass, but my hope won't disappear  
Until you return, I shall wait right here  
For together, we can create art that'll shine  
Filled with beauty and love of the springtime.

# TO NYX

DEEPESH VASNANI

He paced around, flustered, in denial  
The Fates spun in his favour,  
Thought he, "I'll Nyx's acquaintance make"  
So much pleasure took he,  
A fervent knell shook he,  
For Nyx's acquaintance he'd make

The scenery itself did savour,  
Helios above, oversaw the endeavour,  
Eyes abound that fateful Somewhere.  
He then unaware, did remain,  
As anticipation wrung out pain,  
Across Somewhere echoed a strain

Helios hid, farewell bid- heralding,  
Even fearing the primordial's sway.  
Now darkness itself did abound,  
Starlight remained, it did surround.  
He held his ground, "Mustn't sway,  
Under Fear's weight", as stood Nyx Imposing

Stuttering, his tongue failed in composing,  
A single word that could express,  
That which was repressed, for her there being.  
For, Chaos itself was her sire,  
Zeus quivered forth her ire,  
All beneath the Dark's Goddess

A form breathing eyes hadn't seen,  
A majesty none, none compared,  
Obsidian skin, pearls perceived,  
Her hair, Styx's depths had weaved,  
Words symphony of chirps, of rustling,  
But none needed to be said

Her encompassing embrace he felt,  
ram's hide enclosed by its pelt.  
A new pearl in her bosom shined,  
He breathed no longer, it was kind  
His lone company, she'd been for  
Every breath of his, he'd been blind.

# SOMNATH (and the story of a magnetic meteorite)

**GITA BHARATH**

It streaked through the sky one summer night,  
And fell to earth with a thunderous sound  
It dug out a shallow hole in the ground  
And there it stood proudly upright,  
An iron-and-nickel meteorite.

The farmers who found it took it to town  
Where they entrusted it to a scientist of renown.  
He recognised its magnetic properties at once  
And he had an idea of great brilliance.

The king was constricting a great temple  
His coffers overflowing with the ample  
Revenue from the metal industry.  
The unnamed scientist decided that he  
Would make a levitating lingam, seemingly divine  
Using diamagnetic bismuth from a nearby lead mine.

With bismuth embedded in the ceiling and floor  
And bar magnets from the kings own store,  
The meteorite was suspended in air  
To the amazement of men everywhere.

Even the conqueror Mohamud Ghazni  
was filled with wonder  
Asking his men to pass swords over and under  
The lingam and search for hidden chains  
They broke what they couldn't understand  
And left only the remains  
Of their plunder and loot.

The name of the king and scientist  
Have been lost in history's mists  
But the fact of the floating lingam  
Was so striking, it still persists  
In our documented history.

# PEACE

## JAYALAKSHMI

Peace, the pristine ambience  
Paving way to eternal happiness.  
Love and compassion its heart component.  
Enshrine lives under harmonious temperament.

War and rivalry, universal curse  
Turn our planet bloodshed space  
Virtuous nature is God's gift  
Preserve we the genuity firm and intact.  
Peace a divine veil protect, existence  
Adhere to that solace, for life is precious.  
Peace be the rhyme for prayers of hearts  
Away from riots, a new era births.  
Earth is our home, share the continuity  
Flawless peace swear, path to eternity.



# THE QUEEN

## KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

Curled up in a castle Of hexagons,  
The chosen one sleeps  
In her sealed cell in deep zazen..  
There is piping all around  
From her just-born rival sisters,  
The sleeping one knows not  
The danger that surrounds..  
Like swords, their stings  
Could pierce her sides, anytime!  
But she is the Chosen One..  
Her queendom awaits her emergence,  
Her attendants stand alert and ready  
To defend her, should she choose  
To declare herself unrivalled monarch..  
Oh, the delay..! The life-threatening delay..!  
Now ! The awakening is come..  
The new-born stirs, flexing her bee-self,  
Breaking the barrier, head on,  
She emerges with a battle-cry..  
The sisters wage deadly war..  
Dead, the whole lot of them:  
The sentry bow before her,  
She claims the hive as her own,  
It will be so, until the next queen rival arrives,  
From her own eggs, whom she would kill without any qualms..  
The male-drone arrives, the Queen claims him too,  
The queendom is quiet now,  
The workers go back to their work..  
The Golden hoard increases.  
How very sweet it would taste!!

# MY ANCESTRAL HOME

## LATHAPREM SAKHYA

Nostalgic and homesick  
He yearned to go to his native land  
We accompanied him.

The car screeched to a stop  
In excitement he pointed out.  
That was my father's home  
Here I was born and brought up  
Until my father relocated in search of a job.

I stood mesmerized.  
A building that haunted my dreams  
I had seen it many a time  
Luring me over space and time.  
And when we planned our own nest  
I remember drawing it out from my memory.

But until this moment, I never believed  
A similar house existed, my father's ancestral home!  
Where my father had spent his childhood.

Now I had recreated it through my dreams  
Epiphanic or atavistic, my heart raced,  
As I hurried after my father who like a wind  
Rushed towards the building in search of his roots.



# EPIPHANY

LEENA THAMPI

We poets linger between words,  
It's a rare privilege to live within the memories of ourselves,  
Subtly getting detached from our poems,  
Once written we are emotionally liberated ,  
Somewhere we brazenly shatter to rise in our true forms.

The whole story was written  
She lost her somewhere in between the lines,  
She poured out her heart instead of verses.  
Edited and formatted with uncertainties ,  
She invited unusual rain and thunder,  
Uncannily a plant in the corner reminded her life exists.

Etymology never changes ideology,  
She exudes love and light,  
Rekindling the fire to live again;  
Alas! It's too late, no more strings attached,  
Her story is the greatest legacy left behind,  
A footprint on the sands of time,  
Everything is buried, now there's nothing but mud,  
Does everything end in graves?  
Leaving the souls space to converse.



# THERE IS LIFE...

**K MONIKA**

There is winter after every summer  
There is spring after every autumn  
There is light after every dark night  
There is a victory after all the mockery  
There is a blast after all sad past  
There is a master after every learner  
There is a history after all the mystery  
There is a great result after all insult  
There is a glory after all sad story  
There is life after all strife  
There is success after every failure  
There is a living soul behind all the goals.



# TRIBUTE TO MISSILE MAN

**K MONIKA**

An indomitable personality  
And an admiring soul of our nationality  
The man who instilled indelible thought  
And made an impression in every student's heart  
He, the president, scientist and a writer  
Who is an evil killing fighter  
Whenever the youth get tire  
The panacea is his wings or fire.  
With a winsome and unadulterated smile  
He has taught us to come across each of our hardest mile  
To sort out our blues  
He gave us the "Ignited minds" in 2002  
His undying works ,words and wellbeing  
Is still sounding !!

# WOMEN OF INDIA - THE CONSTITUTIONAL STAKEHOLDERS

**NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI**

Epochs later, women, you've effected a 'change' mammoth-sized.  
Speak of liberalization and equality; you came a long way ahead -  
Verily, women, no longer are withdrawn from worldly affairs,  
Your choice of competence pervades the air.  
Stigmas are blown up; cryptic carping isn't paid heed to;  
You don't watch filthy chauvinism being hammered into,  
Let alone swallow your dissents about matters that concern.  
Upholding your burning desires alive,  
Through silent sacrifices, you thrive.  
You don't implore power from the world at large,  
And now, society, with you, holds great promise.  
Erstwhile, you were barred from deciding for yourselves;  
Today, your say counts for huge in this country.  
India sees you standing tall in all glory  
As the women that shall strive unto cause an impact; create history.  
Nari Shakti, our nation in pride beheld,  
For in the light of your wisdom, the world's led.  
Altering conventions, you identify as Alpha Females -  
Strong at the mind and wise at all,  
Contagiously confident and tangibly present.



# I STILL SEE YOU IN EMPTY PLACES

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

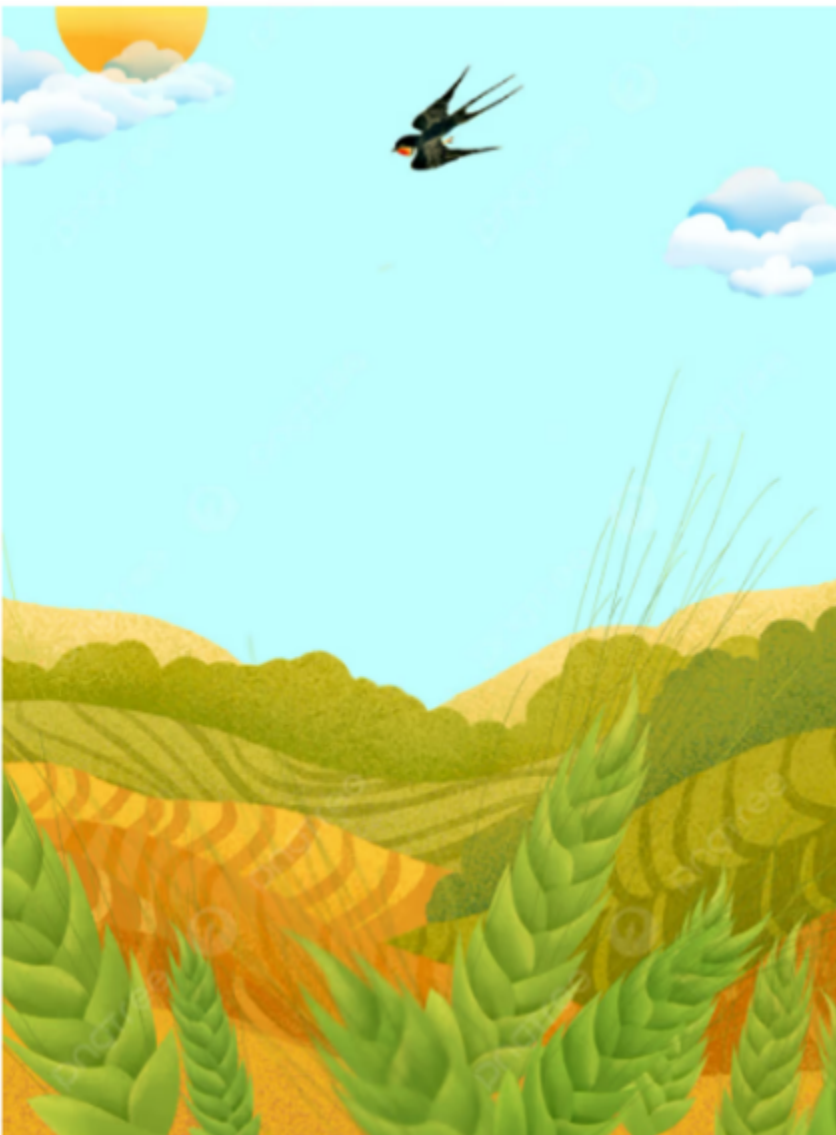
As a matter of fact,  
Thy heart; tis where I belong.  
You occupy my thoughts  
Day in and day out,  
Steadily like torrents on barren tracts.  
I've had longer months and  
Soul ripped to bits like it's never been...  
Yet I know not to complain,  
For in your heart, I belong.  
Nights that fade in are a pain,  
Memories of you, I carry all along  
As I become a Moonflower wide awake  
Speaking a billion yarns 'bout you.  
'I'll come for you,' saying,  
You left me with my thoughts.  
And I still see you in empty places...



# IN HERE, A FIELD OF JOY

**ROOPA SUBRAMANI**

What is this happy place, in me, that beckons to catch a glimpse?,  
the mind sensing it, trying to distract with it's usual tricks and things,  
so I give in, receding without, contented with playing awhile,  
but this Heart being a faithful friend calls unto me to walk with it a mile,  
so where to go now?, as I sit and keenly ponder,  
in that brief moment of silence, Oh, what wonder!,  
for I am already, in here, a field of joy, a place unmatched in beauty and peace that the  
mind could hardly afford to buy,  
now only if I could call this place my own, with wings to fly  
amidst the field of joy,  
that I have been graced to seek and enjoy,  
all a pre-destined and well- intentioned divine ploy,  
that love alone could know the reason why,  
for unto this, the gracious one did supply,  
sturdy, carefree wings to soar high amidst the field of joy,  
traversing endlessly under a vast blue sky,  
where it is always day and the night is never nigh!





# SPRINKLED PAINTS

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

I gazed at the evening sky with awe  
The brownish-dried branches looked lifeless  
Every leaf lost its temporary life  
And the fallen leaves adorned the ground  
That celebrates the festival of colors!

I peeped through the long shaky trees  
Which gave the way to my naked eye  
The confusing artist sprinkled paints  
And uneven patches scattered all over  
Ah! What a treat to my eyes today!

My gloomy thoughts lost their route  
As my mind found solace for a moment  
Awaiting a glance at the azure sky,  
My eyes danced with no right direction  
Yes, it's the setting of the sun at the dusk!

The birds carefully found their favorite nests  
The grazing cattle moved to their shelter  
The playful babies did find their basinet  
Working rigorously with an ambition,  
the residents of the town reached home!



# MATHS IS EASY

## SHARAD GAIKWAD

Actually, Maths is very easy..

Just understand the concept..

And use it in daily life..

Find the average weight of your siblings.. Average height also..

Find the radius of the roti your mother makes.. Calculate it's perimeter..

Find the volume of the bucket and mug in the bath..

Also try how many mugs will fill the bucket..

Find the length of your one step..

Find how many steps in a kilometer you need to walk..

Find any relation between ages of amongst your family..

What was it a few years back..

Mathematics is not just formulae and tables..

Just by heart and forget..

Make it a part of your daily life..

Make him a friend and your life will be beautiful.



# REALITY DREAMS

## SHINY VIKAS

Have you listened to your heart  
There you are performing any task  
The mind juggling with fullness  
Multi-tasking  
A necessity  
To hold on to the daily chores  
Have you listened to your heart?  
It is resting upon a beautiful solitude  
Awaits a more silent journey towards  
Less noise  
Minimal deadlines  
Ample time  
That holds meaning to our life  
The one who ever wakes up with minimal plans  
Live  
Love  
The spontaneity that holds every second with pure authenticity  
Pause for a while  
We truly approve of ourselves, not of the world  
To our beautiful authentic self.





# ANNIVERSARY POEM FOR SCIENCE SHORE ANNI(TRINI)VERSARY!

THIRUPURASUNDARI CJ (DAZZLE)

Happy WE!  
Three, three, three,  
Happy anniversary!

Knowledge sharing with glee,  
Three years young,  
With you, WE sprung,  
Encompassing everything we swing!

Many success stories,  
No absurdity,  
Errors we redress!

Our enthusiastic contributors,  
Oh we adore!  
Many more we implore.

Stress you abhor,  
Pause! We are just next to you,  
Vibrant, as the rainbow hue.

Do ideas spark?  
Write and embark,  
Get creative and rock.

Thoughts entangled?  
Don't you worry!  
We are here, giving you space.  
It's all free!

We are like the sea,  
Art, Literature, Science,  
Facts, Puns, Puzzles,  
Cuisines and a lot more,  
You name it,  
We have it.

Haven't you joined us yet?  
Come on buddies,  
**WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU!**



# IN THE DARKEST NIGHTS...

**VARNIKA SASI MAGESH**

"In the dark, be the moon", they say,  
But, what's the moon without the sun?  
To give it warmth, to give it recognition,  
To the unsuspecting, the sun is a magician,  
The illimitable flame, the eternally upbeat one.  
So, I say, "In the darkest of nights, be the sun."



# MY MAUVE

VARNIKA SASI MAGESH

Thought she was my purple,  
The combination of my unnatural red and blue.  
Little did I know she'd become my corbel,  
That she'd become my partner in crime through and through.  
Pondered the day she took me off from autopilot,  
she could actually be my violet.  
The day she bought in her simple suave,  
I could feel it in my bones, she was my mauve.





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