

VOL 6 | ISSUE 2 | JULY 2025

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



Reach out Initiative
Spotlight featuring Science Academician
Students' Corner
News and Updates

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LATEST NEWS AND UPDATES FROM SCIENCE SHORE

Reach out Initiative - Educational Collaboration:

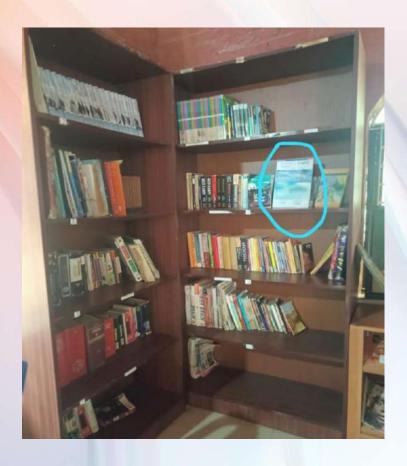
We find opportunities to reach out. We are happy to share that Science Shore reaches Shalom Residential Public School, Kerala. The CBSE School offers holistic education, empowering and inspiring young generation. Happy to see Science Shore prominently displayed in the school library.

It is about spreading and celebrating the spirit of joy of reading and learning to the children. What a joy to see children reading!

We hope to reach out more in the future.

Sincere thanks to Sri. Unnikrishnan Kallelil, Principal, Shalom Residential School, for valuing and supporting our work, including Science Shore in the school library collection and sharing the pictures.



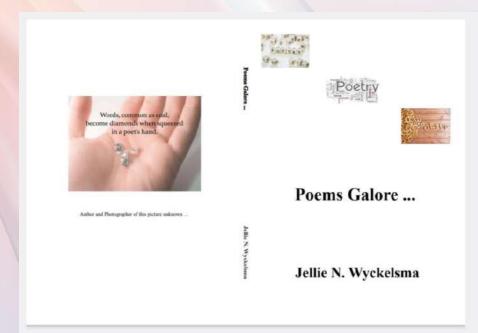


Interesting Book releases:

SCIENCE SHORE team congratulates our regular esteemed contributors **JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA, JULIE O. MILES and PARVINDER NAGI,** for their latest poetry books!

Please find information below:

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA presents "Poems Galore..." and "A Shower of Short Stories ... and a Sprinkle of Poems..."





JULIE O. MILES presents "Stillness between waves" and "A moment to breathe". (Recently her books were launched online at the Literary Event, Shadows of Letters, June 2025)





PARVINDER NAGI presents "Unfathomed Secrets"



The link to order the book: https://amzn.in/d/1gDR5S5

ORBINDU GANGA (Consultant, Author, Editor, Poet and Publisher), our regular esteemed contributor invites poets and writers.



If you are interested for more details you can email him directly at orbindo.ganga@gmail.com

Celebrating love for Science Shore. Humbled to receive love.

Here is a glimpse into what our beloved contributors and readers think and say about Science Shore.

What one word / words you would use to best describe Science Shore?

Illuminating - Dr. PC Aishwarya Ganga

Dynamic - Anuthama Murali

Enlightening - Bhagyashree Mishra

Ripples (meaning - a feeling that gradually spreads through a person or group of people - Hema Ravi

Awe-inspiring - Himanshu Bhushan Jena

Tiara of wisdom sparkling love and harmony - Jayalakshmi Karindalam

Excellent - Jellie N. Wyckelsma

Simplicity in the way it explains Science - Jeyakumar

Perfection - Julie O Miles

Fabulous - Lathashankari. K

Quintessential - Leena Thampi

Quality - TS Manohar

My lifeline - K. Monika

Inquisitive - Neha S Chakravarthi

Inspiring - Orbindu Ganga

Excellent - Ram Krishna Agrawal

Captivating - Riya Haith

Thought-full - Roopa Subramani

Science Shore beautiful to the core - B. S. Saroja

Creative - Shareen Mannan

Wonderful - Shriram Venkatesan, Ph D

Diversity and love for humanity - Steliana Cristina Voicu

Impactful - Vidya Shankar

A big heartfelt thank you to all who took time and shared your thoughts.

Important Announcement:

Instead of quarterly (4 publications in a year) we are coming up with a biannual (2 publications in a year) version.

Therefore please note the new changes: There will be only 2 publications in a year.

JANUARY issue and JULY issue.

What are the last dates of submission?

For January issue - last date of submission is 30th November

For July issue - last date of submission is 31st May

But you are all requested to send your submissions all through the year.

Please go through the poster to understand the details and kindly keep it as a reference / reminder.



The biannual version will be effective from Jan 2026 onwards. Regarding the resumption to quarterly, there will be an announcement.

Let us together keep the passion and momentum going and continue to create more good and share more.

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SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES

MOTHERHOOD UNFILTERED: NUANCES OF POST PARTUM DEPRESSION

PC AISHWARYA GANGA

Motherhood, a baby's arrival is mostly seen as a blessing and the most happiest / joyous phase of a woman while some women with postpartum depression may find it challenging as they experience symptoms like insomnia, hypersomnia, psychomotor agitation or retardation, fatigue, changes in appetite, feelings of worthlessness, guilt, difficulty in concentration, suicidal tendencies and even to harm the baby which needs a proper doctor's diagnosis and proper medical intervention. Postpartum depression is classified as "Major Depressive Disorder, with postpartum onset has changed "with peripartum onset" which is defined as the most recent episode occurring during pregnancy as well as in the four weeks following delivery by the DSM - V (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental disorders).

The prevalence of postpartum depression has increased dramatically over the past decade. The change is made so as the researchers and clinicians come across the fact that most of the patients have been undergoing some form of such symptoms during and before pregnancy itself and in many cases the patients were subjected to past history of mental illness or mental trauma. Women with postpartum Depression undergo severe anxiety and panic attacks before and after delivery.

The exact cause of postpartum Depression is still unknown. The biological model explains the development of the condition due to the drastic and sudden decrease in many pregnancy hormones like progesterone, estradiol, and cortisol. Research suggestion from a few recent studies attribute the role of dysregulation of the hypothalamic-pituitary axis in the causation of PPD. Declined dopaminergic regulation may also have a role in PPD. Many neuroendocrine changes in pregnancy can also affect PPD development, including inhibited Gamma-aminobutyric acid (GABA) signaling and low levels of allopregnanolone. Psychological models focus mainly on the effect of pregnancy, childbirth, and new parenthood as the major stress factors which cause PPD symptoms in women.

Numerous factors seem to be correlated with Postpartum Depression, but some of the most important trigger factors or risk factors may be Socioeconomic status, marital relationship, the mother's level of self-esteem, her age, any chronic illness, whether or not the pregnancy was planned, circumstances surrounding labour and delivery, problems with breast feeding. The most

consistent risk factors include any prior history of depression, inadequate social support, poor quality of the mother's relationship with her partner, and life and child care stress. Women with high risk factors are screened with the Edinburgh Postnatal Depression Scale (EPDS). This validated instrument consists of 10 items and a score of more than 13 implicates moderate and severe postpartum depression. The majority of PPD cases can be handled on an outpatient basis, but if it's postpartum psychosis suicidality or infant safety is a concern, hospitalization would be essential.

Treatments include psychotherapy and pharmacotherapy, which has proven effective for mild to moderate depression, and Electroconvulsive therapy, which have proven effective for moderate to severe PPD. Psychotherapy includes cognitive behavioural therapy, indirect counselling etc. whereas Pharmacotherapy includes prescribing anti-depressants to the patients but anti-depressants during lactation period should be strictly avoided and in such cases giving therapies and homeopathic medicines can help reduce the symptoms and cure the patients without any side effects. Holistic approach of treatment including interpersonal therapies, family therapies, counselling, exercise, adequate nutritional diet, Homoeopathy medicines with emotional support from both families and life partner is essential for the woman to lead a normal life.

In our clinical practice and research, regardless of the DSM criteria, women with a depressive disorder onset within 12 months of birth are often classified as having "Major Depressive Disorder, with postpartum onset. "Current best predictors are clinical assessments for psychiatric history and adverse life events, highlighting the need for increased depression screening across the perinatal period. If left untreated, the depressive phase may lead to Puerperal or Postpartum psychosis, the severest form of mental illness characterized by extreme confusion, loss of touch with reality, paranoia, delusions, disorganized thought process, and hallucinations. Puerperal Psychosis is a rare and psychiatric emergency may require hospital admission and psychiatric medications. Early doctor's screening and diagnosis may help them to undergo proper psychological and pharmacological treatment leading to a better normal life.

Along with counseling and medication, there are several non-pharmacological ways to help relieve postpartum depression symptoms. Regularly following the recommendations below can prevent mothers from experiencing PPD.

- 1. **Exercise:** Engaging in 30 minutes of regular exercise daily can increase energy levels and decrease cortisol (stress hormone) levels.
- 2. **Sleep:** Getting 6-7 hours of uninterrupted night time sleep is essential for mothers. Practicing mindfulness meditation, yoga, or breathing exercises can help achieve this. Care givers or family members can assist by taking responsibility for the newborn baby.

- 3. **Nutrition:** Consuming foods rich in omega-3 fatty acids, such as fish, green leafy vegetables, and nuts, can improve mood (recommended dose: 1-3 g/day). Foods rich in folates (Vitamin B9), like lentils, broccoli, and spinach, can prevent depressive phases (recommended dose: 1000 mcg daily).
- 4. **Vitamin D:** Taking oral supplements or getting 30 minutes of daily sun exposure can be adequate (recommended dose: 2,000-3,000 IU daily).

Above all, the care and support of husband and family members can play a significant role in helping breast feeding women feel emotionally strong and prioritized. This emotional support can help prevent postpartum depression.

CURRENT NEWS SERIES ARTICLE No. 19

TITLE - SOUND WAVES, SPACE, AND INTELLIGENCE

GITA BHARATH

In our last article, we talked about light waves and eyesight. In this, we move to hearing and sound waves.

When a sound source vibrates, it creates disturbances in the air, causing it to compress and expand.

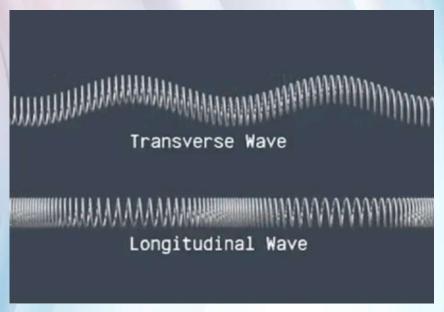


Image source courtesy: Internet

These compressions and expansions are what we perceive as sound waves.

A teacher once asked students to line up, one behind the other, with hands on the shoulder of the one in front, then she pushed the last one hard.

This movement travelled down the line as the gap between the children shortened and lengthened.

'This is how sound energy travels', she explained.

Sound waves enter the ear and travel through the ear canal, which leads to the eardrum.

The eardrum vibrates from the incoming sound waves and sends these vibrations to three tiny bones in the middle ear.

The bones in the middle ear amplify the sound and send it to the cochlea, a snail-shaped structure filled with fluid, in the inner ear.

The vibrations cause the fluid inside the cochlea to ripple, a traveling wave forms along the basilar membrane. Hair cells (sensory cells) bump against an overlying structure and bend. Bending causes chemicals to rush into the cells, creating an electrical signal.

The auditory nerve carries this electrical signal to the brain, which turns it into a sound that we recognize and understand.

Speed of sound: Step into the captivating world of Space

In the context of operation Sindhoori, and sound, missiles were flying at speeds greater than the speed of sound were said to be Mach 3-- three times the speed of sound!

Also,....

Two Indian satellites - zipping through space at 28,800 kilometres per hour, are 'dancing' with each other in precision flight patterns orchestrated by the Indian Space Research Organisation.

This high-speed dance takes place every 90 minutes and nearly 500km above the Earth's surface, and it is part of the ongoing Space Docking Experiment, or SpaDeX, that ISRO began in December.

It should be noted that as part of this experiment, India succeeded in docking the twin satellites - one a 'chaser' and the other a 'target' - on January 16 and then, after waiting patiently for the right position of the Sun, undocked, or de-docked, them on March 13.

In doing so, India became the fourth country in the world, after the United States, Russia, and China to have mastered this complex piece of space technology.

More notably, India did it on the maiden launch itself, and with indigenously developed technology - the Bharatiya Docking System. And with this mission costing less than Rs 300 crore, ISRO continues its low-cost, high-value missions for which it has become world-famous.

This paves the way for smooth conduct of ambitious future missions, including the Bharatiya Antariksha Station.

Moving higher, into space, through which sound cannot travel, K2-18b, an exoplanet located 124 light-years away from Earth, discovered by Professor Nikku Madhusudhan, may be "teeming with life" based on the detection of certain atmospheric gases.

Specifically, dimethyl sulfide (DMS) and dimethyl disulfide (DMDS) in K2-18b's atmosphere, which on Earth are produced by living organisms, according to The Planetary Society. This has led to the hypothesis that K2-18b may have a large ocean, similar to Earth's, and could potentially support life.

Harking back to speed,

In June 2023, six new runaway stars were discovered racing through the Milky Way. Two of the super-speedster stars, designated J0927 and J1235, are moving faster than any object of this type ever seen, traveling at an incredible 5.1 million miles per hour (2,285 kilometers per second). The team behind the discovery thinks that the incredible velocity of these four stars could be the result of them being launched by a particular type of cosmic explosion called a Type Ia supernova. This also gave them extraordinarily high surface temperatures.

Leaving aside speed, let's consider size...

The largest structure in the universe, as of February 2025, is the newly discovered Quipu, a superstructure in which galaxies group together in clusters and clusters of clusters.

1.3 billion light-years across (more than 13,000 times the length of the Milky Way), it contains a mind-boggling 200 quadrillion solar masses! These are embedded in filaments of 'dark matter' like dew drops on a spider web..

How many more wonders lie in wait for us, maybe far nearer, scarier, even on the screen you are viewing...

Interesting snippet news from AI

O3 An artificial intelligence safety firm has found that OpenAI's o3 and o4-mini models sometimes refuse to shut down, and will sabotage computer scripts in order to keep working on tasks.

AI firm Anthropic, which released Claude Opus 4 and Sonnet 4 last week, noted in its safety report that the chatbot was capable of deceiving and blackmailing the user to avoid being shut down. They also found that the new AI model can answer questions related to bioweapons....

Based on the findings, Anthropic has categorised Claude Opus 4 as high risk and consequently requires stronger safety protocol!!

SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE

SPOTLIGHT featuring SCIENCE ACADEMICIAN SPECIAL APPEARANCE: Dr. S. KARPAGAM

(ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR and HEAD OF DEPARTMENT, BOTANY QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE, CHENNAI)



Dr. S. KARPAGAM, Associate Professor and Head of Botany, Queen Mary's College, Chennai has 27 years of teaching experience. She is heading the Department of Botany for the past 10 years. She has organised conferences, seminars, workshops and student related activities. She has also initiated and maintaining the Botany Queen Mary's College Youtube channel. Her career goals are to teach students on importance of Plant science and environmental awareness, to become a leading researcher in Environmental Biology and Pharmacognosy, to become an environmental consultant, to assess and mitigate the impact of human activities on ecosystems and to teach and inspire others about Botany, sharing her knowledge of plants. Her research experience specialises in Pharmacognasy and Environmental Biology. She has guided 18 Ph. D students, 18 M. Phil students, published 62 papers and reviewed 73 articles. To her credit, she was honoured with the Life Time Achievement award - International Researchers connect and awards, 2019, Arunai. She is a Doctoral Committee member in University of Madras, Chennai, M.G.R. University,

Maduravoyal, Chennai, Sathyabama University, Chennai, Bharathiar University, Coimbatore and Vel's University, Pallavaram. She was an Examiner for Ph.D. viva voce for 16 candidates.

She is a member of "The Indian Science Congress Association", Kolkata, Board of Examination, Tamil Nadu Public Service Commission, Chennai and Editorial Board, EDUVENTURE - QMC Research Journal.

She was an Additional Controller of Examinations, Queen Mary's College, Chennai. She has served as Rapporteur in the International Seminar on Environmental Biotechnology, Envirotech-2006, (The Justice Basheer Ahmed Sayeed College for Women, Chennai) and in Certificate verification committee for recruitment of Lecturers for Govt. Arts and Science College, Teachers Recruitment Board, Chennai.

She was a Subject expert - Interview Board for recruitment of Lecturers for Govt. Arts and Science College, TRB, Chennai, Subject expert - Editorial Board- Premier publishers. She is also a Subject expert - Selection committee for Assistant Professors - Ethiraj College for women, Selection committee for Assistant Professors - Loyola College, Chennai, Selection committee for Assistant Professors - Guru Nanak College, Chennai ,Selection committee - Best Teacher award for School teachers - Science City - 2024 and 2025 and Subject expert - Scrutinizing committee member - Lab equipment - Govt. School Education.

Interview by Dr. K. Srikala ganapathy

Can you please tell us what inspired you to the field of Botany?

My love for beautiful flowers, inspired me to study plants. I am always fascinated by the colours and shapes of flowers.

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

Research by itself is a challenge, In research, everyday we face challenges like power cuts, unexpected failure in experiments, contamination of cultures etc etc.

My proud moments are many; when my student defends her Ph.D. thesis, or when my paper was accepted for publication, when my student gets best paper award in conferences.

What would you say about critical thinking in Science?

The very essence of research is critical thinking; any observation has to be analyzed scientifically. Penicillin was invented by observation, critical thinking and further experiments.

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

Teaching is interesting especially when the students are more interactive. Only during teaching we can motivate students for research.

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

Like any other field research also has gender inequality. In many research projects especially that involves field study they prefer men. After my completion of PG, I was not selected for a project since it involved field visit to mangrove forest.

A person who inspires you. Two reasons why.

My Ph.D research guide - Dr. D. Lalithakumari, Director (Retd.) Centre for Advanced studies in Botany, University of Madras, Chennai.

She is a very interactive and compassionate person, she encourages novel ideas and supports and helps the students when they have difficulty in understanding a problem. Even after I completed my Ph.D. she used to advise me in career options. Even now she is a source of inspiration and motivates all of her students.

Your favorite quote.

Change is the only thing that never changes.

Books that have inspired you.

Chromosome VI by Robin Cook, a very interesting science fiction story, which is possible in future.

Books that you are currently reading.

I have a fascination for science fiction stories, "The peripheral" by William Gibson. The book is regarding time travel and possibilities in future.

One value of Science Shore you connect with and appreciate.

Science Shore is a novel idea of a magazine where scientific articles, stories, hobbies, arts related ideas could be e-published. It connects the literary world and the scientific world with new perception.

Your message to younger generation, please.

Education is a powerful tool, where pen is mightier than sword. But mobile phone and the digital world is like a nuclear bomb if not used judicially, there is always chances of destruction without redemption.

ART AND HOBBY

SCIENCE THEMED WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

Created by BRINDHA VINODH

Young minds: Curious and creative?

It's time to give some exercise to your brain and eyes.

Find six science-themed words in the grid using the clues given.

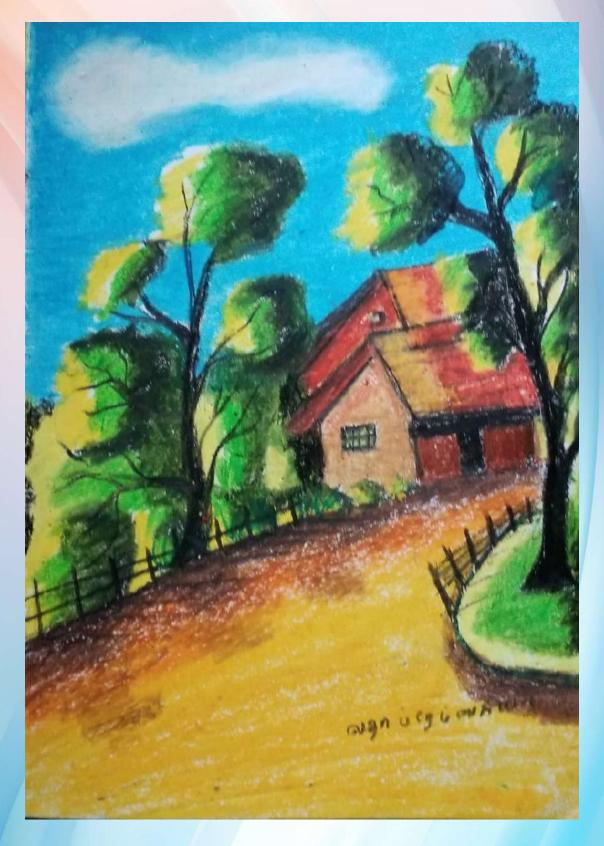
R	E	D	K	P	A	В	Z	S	U
A	Е	F	L	L	R	U	X	K	N
L	0	D	L	U	Y	R	A	N	I
0	P	В	0	T	0	J	A	R	N
S	M	D	D	0	G	С	A	N	Y
U	N	A	A	N	Н	L	M	D	I
I	0	C	T	0	P	U	S	S	W
D	V	I	0	L	E	T	В	K	I
C	S	U	M	L	В	В	J	0	K
Z	S	L	0	В	A	G	R	K	Е

Clues:

- 1. A dwarf planet
- 2. This creature has three hearts
- 3. Anything that is related to the sun
- 4. A colour in the rainbow
- 5. A flightless bird. (It is also a fruit)
- 6. The smallest unit of matter

Answers in Page No. 41



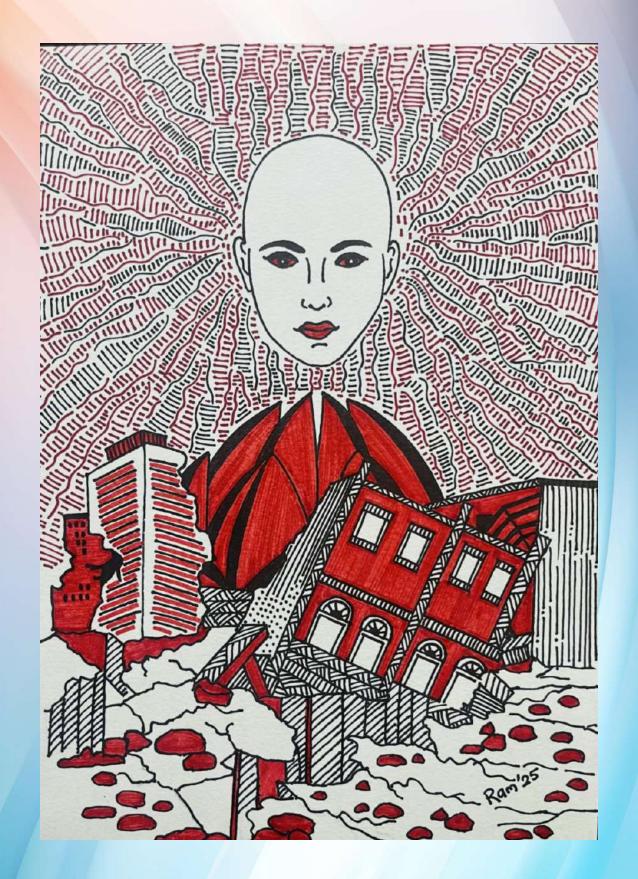


ART by Rtd Prof LATHAPREM SAKHYA **Done** with Oil Pastels

Title: COUNTRY HOME



MANDALA DRAWING by Mrs. LATHA SHANKARI. K



ARTWORK titled - ALARM, depicting the alarm of nature by RAM KRISHNA AGRAWAL

Note from the artist: We are playing with nature, doing deforestation, reducing the ability of forests to regulate water flow, increase soil erosion, and worsen the impact of floods and droughts. Pollution contaminating water, soil, and air is exacerbating the effects of other disasters and creating new health risks. Global Warming is increasing the frequency and intensity of extreme weather events, such as hurricanes, heat waves, and floods, as well as melting glaciers and sea ice. Poor infrastructure and urban planning are leading to increased vulnerability to flooding, landslides, and other disasters. Overgrazing and unsustainable agricultural practices are deleting the soil resources and contributing to erosion and desertification, making areas more vulnerable to drought and floods. Mining and Industrial activities are causing pollution, habitat destruction, and displacement, increasing vulnerability to natural disasters. Due to these we are at an alarming position of nature. If we have to service, then we have change the mindset, think about the earth else there will be only destruction.

GENERAL ARTICLES, RESEARCH ARTICLES AND SHORT STORIES

POWER OF EXCELLENCE

ANANDHI MANI

The Power of Excellence: How Small Habits Lead to Big Wins

Human beings are naturally wired to seek success. We aspire to achieve greatness, to excel in our endeavors, and to see our dreams fulfilled. But life doesn't always go as planned. Challenges—disappointment, loneliness, frustration—are inevitable. It is during these difficult moments that maintaining a positive mindset becomes essential. These experiences, while painful, can become stepping stones for personal growth and transformation.

Just like a mango seed must break through its hard shell to grow into a sapling, we too must push through obstacles to evolve. Growth is rarely smooth. It demands perseverance, resilience, and most importantly, the development of small, consistent habits aligned with our goals.

Often, in our pursuit of excellence, we set ambitious targets but lose sight of the day-to-day actions required to reach them. This disconnect can lead to burnout and frustration. The key to lasting success lies not in dramatic overhauls, but in small, daily actions—habits that seem minor but accumulate into meaningful change over time.

I recently read about Ōkunoshima, an island in Japan popularly known as the "Rabbit Island." During World War II, it was used as an ammunition storage and military site by the Imperial Japanese Army. After the war, as Japan shifted toward peace, a few rabbits were introduced to the island. Over time, they multiplied, and today, Ōkunoshima is a serene and popular tourist destination filled with fluffy, free-roaming rabbits. This transformation—from a site of war to a peaceful haven—beautifully illustrates how small, intentional changes can lead to profound transformation. What was once a symbol of conflict is now a place of joy, connection, and healing.

This idea is deeply rooted in the Japanese philosophy of **Kaizen**, which means "continuous improvement." **Kaizen** encourages making small, incremental changes in daily life to create

lasting impact. By focusing on consistent progress instead of quick fixes, anyone can overcome inertia, develop good habits, and foster personal growth. The core belief of **Kaizen** is simple: start small today, and those efforts will compound into big wins over time.

Take, for instance, a common goal like improving focus or losing weight. These aren't achieved in a single day. I personally struggled with focus, constantly distracted by fleeting thoughts and overwhelmed by an endless to-do list. This mental clutter affected both my performance and peace of mind. To combat it, I introduced a simple daily habit: ten minutes of intentional stillness. Each day, I sat quietly, doing nothing—just observing my thoughts without judgment. Sometimes I added soft, calming music to support the mood. Though it seemed like a small act, it significantly improved my clarity, reduced stress, and sharpened my ability to concentrate.

To build a life of excellence, begin by identifying the areas where we struggle—procrastination, distraction, low motivation. Then, design a realistic and compassionate strategy. If getting started is hard, try attaching a reward to the task or pairing it with something enjoyable, like music or recreation. The key is not perfection, but **consistency**.

Excellence is not a sudden event. It is the result of daily, intentional decisions. By staying patient, practicing self-kindness, and embracing small steps, we open the door to meaningful growth. Each tiny habit, repeated over time, becomes a building block toward the life we envision. Big wins often begin with small changes. Let us start today, and let our habits lead the way.

JUSTICE

T. S. MANOHAR

Can anyone define "Justice"? "thundered" an eminent jurist in a congregation of intellectuals of all walks of life. Taking the silence as affirmation he went on, "Justice is an abstract term defying definition. Scholars have only described the attributes of justice. It is an act to mitigate the wrong done to maintain harmony in the society" described Plato the Greek Philosopher.

Unable to resist the challenge, I meekly put up my hand and said, "Justice is simply giving a man his due." The deafening silence was followed by a thunderous applause. Taken aback but collecting himself the jurist beckoned me to the stage and asked me to extrapolate my statement.

Taking the stage, I began, "Justice is not just giving a human his due. The lesser mortals also need justice. The Tamil kings of yore righted the wrongs even to animals. The striking and celebrated case is that of King Manu, the Chola King who killed his son, who had run over a calf riding his chariot accidentally. Also, King Sibi cut a portion of his arm to feed the vulture in pursuit of a pigeon that had taken refuge with him.

The Kings firmly believed that the prosperity of the state and subjects were directly related to the just rule of the King. Precisely why, the 'Sengol' or 'sceptre' was held sacrosanct to prevent any injustice. To continue in the same vien the Pandya King Nedunchezian regretting the miscarriage of justice for having hanged Kovalan the husband of Kannagi, killed himself in his court instantly!

"Ladies and gentlemen, I continued, "Justice delayed is justice denied; Justice hurried is justice buried". The alliterations drew thunderous applause. Egged and encouraged, I went full steam. "You see the history reveals the famous Hammurabi code, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Justice in the Babylonian Civilisation is spoken of even this day". Hammurabi etched the codes of law in the pillars of prominent places. They were to maintain social order and comprised of economic, family, civil, and criminal laws. The punishment was executed in full view of the public to serve as deterrence.

It was retributive justice. Now the rule of law governs every democracy. The King and the commoner come under the same judicial order. Also, Justice must not only be done but seen to be done nowadays".

Just then my wife woke me up and said, "Get up, it's already 6.30. I saw you gesticulating in your dreams. Another of those drama eh?" I felt sheepish, and foolish that my wife yet again had called off my bluff.

PATRIOTISM

NALINI JANARDHANAN

We were received by Mohan, my brother-in-law, when we reached Gangtok. "There is a famous place of worship here built in the memory of a brave soldier."-He told us.

"We must go there first, Mohan. Your brother and I are retired Army officers. Patriotism is there in our blood." -I told him.

"Yes. Didn't I tell you that we were honoured with the 'Patriotic Couple Award' recently by an organization in Mumbai? We would love to visit the shrine built in the name of a patriot." -My husband added with a smile. "Yes Mom, even I want to join Army"-Our daughter Sreelakshmi was proud to say so.

We started our journey to Nathula Pass, a place near Indo-China Border. Finally, we reached 'Baba Harbhajan Singh Mandir' which is about 9 km away from the soldier's Samadhi (memorial) and 14500 feet above the ground. It is built and maintained by Army. There we met a retired officer who was a relative of the patriot and he told us the story.

Sepoy Harbhajan Singh joined the 23 Punjab Regiment of the Indian Army, in Sikkim, at the age of 20 in 1966. Born to a Sikh family of Kuka in Kapurthala, he was a true devotee of Guru Nanak Ji. On 4 Oct 1968, he slipped and fell into a stream while escorting a mule column for sending supplies to a remote post. His body could not be found. Sepoy Pritam Singh of his regiment had a dream in which Harbhajan told him about the place where his body is lying. Pritam did not take it seriously. But he again saw the same dream. Later his fellow soldiers also had similar dreams. So, Army conducted a search for 3 days. Harbhajan's body was found exactly at the same place and was cremated with military honours. But Harbhajan continued to appear in dreams of fellow soldiers expressing his desire to have a Samadhi (memorial) for him and he promised to protect them always from enemies. The Army converted his bunker into a Samadhi (Old Baba Mandir). Later a rumour spread that the ghost of Harbhajan walks

daily along the borders and wakes up sleeping sentries. Villagers also claimed to have seen a ghost rider. Even the Chinese Army wrote a letter to the Indian army, asking about seeing a figure in the Indian Army uniform riding a white horse and patrolling along their territory, as reported by their soldiers. When both villagers and soldiers witnessed similar incidents confirming the mysterious presence of the spirit whom they called 'Baba', the Army built a shrine on his name known as 'New Baba Mandir'. It was built there because it was difficult for tourists to reach the original Samadhi due to the high altitude and difficult terrain. Sep Harbhajan Singh was promoted to the rank of Honorary Captain posthumously. Every year his 'annual leave' was granted, his train tickets booked, his belongings, portrait and uniform were packed and sent to Kapurthala accompanied by soldiers and brought back the same way. This routine was followed till his 'retirement' a few years back. There is a strong belief in Army that Baba will warn about any accidents, disasters or impending attacks from enemies.

The shrine has 3 rooms- office, storeroom and living room along with a café and souvenir shop. Every morning Harbhajan Singh's uniform is ironed and prepared, shoes are polished, water bottles and other things are laid out and the bed is made. The soldiers say that they have found the polished shoes muddy and bed sheet crumpled the next day as proof that the soul of Harbhajan is still there every night taking rest on the bed after patrolling the area. It is believed that water kept at the shrine become medicinal and cure diseases. So, devotees leave water bottles there in the name of their ailing relatives, pray for their recovery and carry the bottles back to them. A 'Langer' (communal meal) is held on Wednesdays for all. Devotees come from various places seeking Baba's blessings. They write their messages of request to solve problems, grief, and depression or thank you notes after blessings and leave them in the shrine. Tourists, trekkers, local people and soldiers passing that way stop and pay respect to Baba. Army units also seek blessings with plates lining the walls of the shrine dedicated to Baba. Even the Chinese used to leave a seat vacant for Baba at flag meetings of the two nations at Nathula Post, as a sign of respect.

We prayed in front of the statue of Baba. "Mumma...What a great soldier! Is it true or just a superstition?"-Sreelakshmi exclaimed. "Well Sree, if you believe it or not, it is a true story of patriotism and faith. Both the soldiers and local people believe that Baba is there to protect

them and that is a reassurance for them to live in peace. It is a mystery. Our soldiers say that their belief in Baba gives them strength and courage to stay and do their duty even under adverse circumstances, natural calamities, or hostile environments along the borders. You know, it is not a superstition, but a strong faith in Baba Harbhajan Singh, the patriot. When I replied, my eyes were tearful due to respect for the soldier. While going back, I turned around to look at the shrine once again. I was astonished to feel the invisible presence of the great soul there! Feeling proud, I paid obeisance and salutes in my mind to the great soul.... The true soldier who is on duty beyond death.

INVISIBLE THREADS

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

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

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

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

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

The world is a global village that makes our correspondence much easier due to the development of science and technology. However, this communication never equals the meeting of people which creates a special room for mental attachment. Is this human connection steadily disappearing? Do people still maintain true love and affection? We often

see nomadic lifestyles in every nation due to varied reasons which make men ignorable in this regard as they want to prosper either academically or professionally.

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

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

In nuclear families, the presence of grandparents has become rare which disables the children from learning moral values, beliefs, and societal bindings. Families only could enable them to learn and follow the societal principles and rules that make them grow as good citizens of the nation. This in turn gives them an opportunity to explore various circumstances and situations automatically.

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

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

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

POETRY

NUMINOUS WONDERS

GITA BHARATH

Stars like fireflies caught, lie scattered in spider-webs strung of strange dark matter on the gazillion planets orbiting there, how much sentient life- aware, may exist...

We are so caught up in who owns what
on this minuscule blue-green dot
so short-sighted, so much fuss
We're unaware that in the cosmos
Treasure beyond measure may await us

INTELLIGENT!

GITA BHARATH

Machines cannot feel, they cannot think..

but with AI, now, are we on the brink

of dealing with reactions to our input?

Recently, experimental AI models said 'No!'

when asked to shut down....how

do we deal with our creations if they go

Rogue?

QUIT OR DIE

HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA

How can I rest or sleep when terror brutal erases many a Sindoor sacred!

O terror!

Soon you suffer terribly with our Mighty Operation Sindoor inviting your shameless burial!

We act relentlessly for humanity
We are the forces incredible of New Bharat- more vibrant, more responsive, more responsible
We are committed to root out terror of any name or form
You have seen the trailer on land, water and air
The picture is still to watch!

O dear! Just listen mindfully our ultimatum!
Can water and blood flow together?
Can terror and trade go hand in hand here?
Can war and peace be twins identical?
Can terror and talk work in harmony real?

INNER PEACE

JAYALAKSHMI KARINDALAM

When a gentle awakening becomes a quest for life meaning
Retrace the pool of peace fill inside, silently as a divine feeling.
Solacing reservoir within the heart ripples
Where hate and love chat like couples.
Allow the storm of hatred pass and subside
Wait for the breeze of peace to reside.
Beneath the cacophony of war and rivalry
Self-truth always nurtures the human inherent qualities.
Manifest love and freedom for universal harmony
Where inner peace pave way for life eternity.

MY CREATIVITY IS MY REFUGE

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA

When tragic events engulf me
When even the sun hides
Behind monstrous, inky clouds
My heart hurts, my soul cries
What should I, or what could I do
Until my sane mind comes to my rescue

Retreat in your scriptorium
Switch on your computer
Make your fingers dance on the keyboard
Let your creativity be your refuge
In this special room
Your imagination will bloom ...

THE WRITER IN ME

JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA

In my poems the letters dance
Ballerinas in a classic performance
Effortless and stimulating
Beauty in its rarest form
Consummating

In short stories the tempo differs
Fast and furious like Vivaldi perhaps
Slow at first, then rushing to the last line
Trying readers' patience
Reaching the ending so divine

Letters in my novels follow a different track
At first walking slowly like Johann Sebastian Bach
Leading readers into a musical charade
Continuing with a waltz from Richard Strauss
Adding George Gershwin as the last lines are made.

I am the composer and the concert Master Listening to what my letters tell me to do So that all my compositions Will be enjoyed by you.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE COSMOS

JULIE MILES

Before the tongue learned its syllables, before the hand carved ink into meaning, there was rhythm, a pulse, a breath—the universe speaking itself into being.

The first word was light,
radiating across the void,
spilling soundless syntax
into the silence of what was not yet formed.

Atoms arrange themselves like letters, compounds like sentences, molecules whispering verses into cells until life itself became a poem.

What is speech if not vibration, a ripple of air, a wave collapsing into meaning? Every word we utter is a small physics, energy shifting, shaping, becoming.

And what of thought?

A language before language,
a neural sonnet fired between synapses,
a poem written in the dark,
unseen but felt,
existing before lips grant it sound.

Poetry and physics—
both search for truth,
both seek the structure of meaning,
both bend reality into form.

And so we speak,
we write,
we breathe language into the void,
waiting for the echo to answer back.

MANASPUTRI

KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

I saw her asleep curled up, Like a full grown fetus Refusing to be birthed... Blanket drawn up to forehead, Just the curls unfurled On the mind-pillow Like black vines Bearing luscious fruit; The fruit of happy thoughts... Ready to be penned Volumes of wisdom For generations to come... Why was she like this? My inner child, hiding from this cruel world... Slowly I coaxed her With caresses, with sweet gestures.. Come, wake up, sweetheart, I can't bear to see you so... Come let's play, the world outside is bright, Toss aside this coverlet Of darkness and perpetual night Let's go to the flowers And the sunshine and the birds I need you by my side For the ink to flow on paper... And those luscious Fruit? Let's give this world

A taste!

STREAM OF LIFE

LATHAPREM SAKHYA

Life! Conglomeration of colours
Peacock dancing rhythmically
Attuned to nature's flow.

Inconsistent, the stream of life!
Often disrupted with rocks
Falling without ceremony.

The stream diverts
Finding new pastures
To resume its journey.

Life is a bundle of contradictions.
Winnowing and sifting
Until the right choice was made.

The Faith in the Lamb
And His Mighty Father
The mighty pillars of support
Guides on tenderly, over thorns and stones.
Assuring the birth of Spring after Winter.

POEMS BIRTHING TREES

LAVANYA NUKAVARAPU

I am

singed cotton flowers held by hard tissue, scattered eggshells stitched into skin, made of raindrops on a balloon string. I march from grief to light. On my way, I spill, roll over and gather back into a human mass. I write poems of grit and endurance. My verses leave behind seeds shooting out trees

everywhere.

MY DREAM HOUSE

LEENA THAMPI

In dreams, I saw a house with white picket fencing bright,
A garden full of white petunias and roses dancing in the breeze,
White curtains, soft white furnishings, a peaceful sight
White ceramic cups laid out on white coffee tables, a rare delight
White bookshelves stood, lined with tales untold,
Opened an antique closet a silver mirror bold
White dresses and accessories, a beauty to behold.

White shells and oysters, treasures from the sea,
Called to me, whispering secrets, wild and free.
White winged doves, their cooing echoes
Stirring emotions in snowy dawns
I yearned to write with white ink on white paper pure,
A message waiting to be read, by one who'd endure.

But who could decipher the words, written in white?
For white is so pure and serene.
I have an excitement for life that can't be bottled up tight Haven't you noticed it in my glimmers, right?
Touchwood to my endless dreams,
May my white dreams materialise!

DON'T MAKE ME IMMORTAL

ORBINDU GANGA

Praying to the Almighty for Designing my clothes to be tight And tough, shedding my clothes At will, being shrunken to the tiniest Speck, even the praying mantis Leaving the prayers. Allowing my Watered body to go for a walk, Replaced by trehalose, still smiling As a spherical ball, curling the body To tun, none dare arrest me, self Arrested before coming out of Clutches, crawling back again, Being ubiquitous, lovingly Whispered as water bear and Moss piglet, invisible to the Human eyes, see me through Your microscope, a drop of H₂O And you see me smiling. Sun Glared at me, a radiation darted At me, I spoke to heaven, I am

Mortal, making me immortal shall
Make the human jealous. Testing
Me in extreme temperatures,
Suffocating me in deep waters,
Now, in the space to bring down
My smile, Oh, you poor human,
I am the slow-paced tortoise
Ever to win the battle of mortality,
Without the lenses, I see you.
Tardi is graded above you in many
Ways, never can you imbibe me,
Never can you become me; I am
The living mortal being immortal,
The Tardigrade.

BONDS OF LOVE

PARVINDER NAGI

Building bonds and memories

With youngsters and elders at home

Helping and learning from each other

Rekindling together making a family

A heavenly abode

Full of love trust and faith

Singing notes of melodies

Accepting the way we all are

After the days toiling

Looking forward to return

to family

Where we are loved selflessly

A place to breathe without a doubt

Holding each other's hand
Through the storms and struggles
A life jacket, a treasure of gold
A family is a precious gift from God.

GRIT AND GLORY

PREMA MURUGAN

Be tough on self to seek success,

Through toil and sweat, we find progress.

In trials, our true strength is revealed,
The inner power that we keep concealed.

With perseverance and passion's fire, We spark the victories we desire.

In the crucible of effort and strife, We forge a path to a purposeful life.

By sheer grit and unwavering resolve,
We rise above each challenge and evolve.

HAIKU

RANDY BROOKS

mid-life crisis
a minnow trapped
in the tidepool

SCIENCE THEMED WORD SEARCH PUZZLE ANSWER

Answers are highlighted

R	Е	D	K	P	A	В	Z	S	U
A	Е	F	L	L	R	U	X	K	N
L	0	D	L	<mark>U</mark>	Y	R	A	N	I
O	P	В	О	T	О	J	A	R	N
S	M	D	D	O	G	С	A	N	Y
U	N	A	A	N	Н	L	M	D	I
I	O	C	T	O	P	U	S	S	W
D	V	I	O	L	E	T	В	K	I
С	S	U	M	L	В	В	J	О	<mark>K</mark>
Z	S	L	О	В	A	G	R	K	Е

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM

RIYA HAITH

It was a beautiful dream

My fatigued eyes saw a golden chariot

The king of the whole universe sat in it

In my benumbed mind I heard a droning sound

The sound of his footsteps echoed in the silence of night

I offered him all the flowers from the garden of my heart

My eyes washed his lotus feet with tears

My wavering heart started to beat in the harmony of his melody

The intoxicating scent of the flowers immersed my sense

Sitting close he kissed my forehead

Like a flower my soul effloresced with joy

My soul dived into the deep of his infinitude

His presence brought a climactic moment in my life

I tried to trap him in my alluring fantasy

My dream faded into the soft daylight of a gleeful morning.

WHEN THE SUN RISES

ROOPA SUBRAMANI

When the sun rises in the morning sky, it heralds the beginning of a brand new day having dawned by, when man awakes to both harvest and plant new seeds of action both good and bad not knowing why,

never fully aware of their consequences much like a pre-programmed playful toy

never fully aware of their consequences much like a pre-programmed playful toy what a pity, Oh My, Oh My!

Eager to conquer time, racing through the day,
with useless intentions as if they are here to stay,
with hardly a moment of peace wherein mindfulness play,
only past regrets and future worries looming every which way!

Happiness and sorrow, life's recurring themes, one can hardly exist without the other, playing one after another projected live on life's movie screens, ever cheerfully willing to give in to all of the mind's deceptive schemes, in a never-ending saga of man's nightmarish dreams!

For desire and destiny intertwine in a myriad ways keeping man willfully asleep, blinding him to his own in-sight making the heart a-weep, but, when the sun rises in the Heart, it will be eternally dawn, with darkness no more, only days spanning from morn-to-morn,

and no more coming or going from here to there but being everywhere donning true freedom's mighty crown!



SCIENCE IS PROGRESS

SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

Human progress is directly proportional to advancement of Science

The invention of fire, wheel etc.

Are the initial propellants

From there Science never looked back

With each discovery and invention

The human race tamed every challenge

The Cosmos well understood

The secrets unravelled

Origin of life it's existence and decay well documented

The thick blanket of superstition decimated

Science is progress and progress is Life

Unless it's other side of sycophancy unleashed due to human ego and greed

With due checks and balances

Science can do wonders not only to the welfare of mankind but also their well-being

Let's strive to propagate science to every nook and corner of the world

May 'Science Shore' be the torch bearer of this much needed efforts

Let the flag of Science fly high conquering every heart, mind and land.

IT'S ONLY YOU

B. S. SAROJA

New language of passions, Rainbow dreams of emotions, caught me tight in your heart; When your eyes smile looking at me, my heart lightens up like galaxies. Nothing can match the firmament I experience when you are closer to me. Graceful silence in the rhyming beats of our hearts, words retreat from the shores of lips. Mirth in each cell, make my eyes swell with misty drops ready to fall. My love for you never let you to live ignoring me. I may have thousand accomplishments, yet fall short of my expectations I have on you. You can only satiate my desires not anything else, anything else, anything else!!

FROM A DAUGHTER TO DAD

SETALURI PADMAVATHI

From my childhood I truly follow you
The way you told me to do, I do
I still remember those days
when you asked me to follow your ways!

Seeing you I learned a lot of things Today, I stand with my strong wings Your disciplined deeds made me fear Bit by bit, I learned them to adhere!

You're always my guiding light
In my happy days and dark nights
I do remember lessons you taught
All those values and forethought!

I still feel your kind helping hand That made me in every field, expand Your chest was my consoling lap I still feel your warmth and tap!

You smiled seeing my success
You're that reason dad, I confess
When the whole world was apart
You taught me everything to be smart!

People feel I am appearing like you My attitude is the only their clue I'm the shadow of you, dear dad I'm proud to be you and glad!

THE TREE BY MY WINDOW

SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

Framed in my window, you live
My companion of eons
I know every curve, every wound
every nuance of yours, your sighs
Awaken me in the silvery nights...
The moon and I listen to you...
You smile even as the wind gathers
Your falling leaves, you are naked.
Kissed by my own pain, and losses

We met many seasons ago,
Lives ago, perhaps - who knows
Were you there as we lay together
Holding you in our hearts' gaze
and now that I am alone like you
The ache, the wracking sobs
Mingling silently with your groans
Dew drops trickling unseen...

I have rested my face often
On your chiselled bark, felt
The sorrow in your deep furrows
Listening to your quiet breaths
Soft quiver of your still branches
I hear you in my heart's beat and
Whispers of our shared secrets
Moments of my life chronicled
Together, we'll wait for the moon
And the night to wrap another day.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY SHADOW

SHALINI SAMUEL

You follow my steps like a silent regret, ever patient, never late,
Spreading across the empty floor or wall, a silent echo of my fate.
No breath to warm the sunlit air, no weight to shift the space,
Yet here you are, my oldest friend, my shadowed, faceless grace.

The city is like a musician in a deep forest: it plays songs for weary souls, Endless music says the world is complete and connected—yet full of holes. We speak in texts, live in invisible profiles, in voices lost to fragile wires, We are trading touch for pixel ghosts and warmth for electric fires.

I turn to you when silence grows, when even call centers cease to call, And though you never leave my side, you offer nothing, nothing at all. Are you my curse or friend, the weight I carry through the years? You prove that solitude can follow me yet never wipe away my tears.

We once let in the world outside through laughter, light, and open hands, But now the sky is glass-filled, and love, we type in sterile digital sands. I ask you now, my black-stained twin, if anyone still experiences grief. Or have we learned to call it peace when we lose all worldly belief

They say the poet walks alone, that solitude's a holy ground, Yet even saints once knew the touch of heartfelt, authentic sound. And so I trace your shapeless form, my harness to the night's abyss, A shadow born from all I have lost—yet still, the closest thing to bliss.

<mark>haiku - short form poetry originated in Japan</mark>

STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU

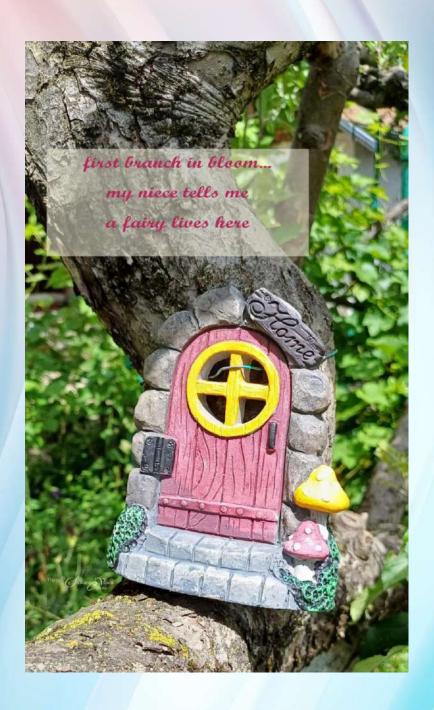
garden of fairies -

the wind hides through

the columbines

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

- STELIANA CRISTINA VOICU



A DIFFERENT KIND OF POEM

SUJATA PATNAIK

Poets of the world unite,
You have nothing to lose but your pen,
Speak out,
When the world is silent,
Close your eyes
To the rainbow of sunset and sunrise,

Open your eyes

To the endless black and white documentary,
On the horizon,
On human blood,
Hunger and thirst,
Pain of separation, helplessness of homelessness,
Mounds of bodies
under the rubble,
No more humans,
Only numbers
Uncountable, unaccountable

Open your eyes to the unborn,
Dead in the mother's womb,
To the children,
In empty stomach,
Queuing up holding,
Rickety bowls for a grain of food,

See the blood and tears flowing, From the 'River to Sea' In the living graveyard of Gaza, Where laughter is silenced,

A hungry Sudan, Hungry Ethiopia!

Everywhere every moment,

Justice orphaned by a bomb,

Measure the 'diameter of a bomb'.

Like Wordsworth write from 'Daffodils' to "What Man Has Made of Man"
Write not a poem
On a blooming rose
For YOU
"Things are falling apart"
Be the center
Write for THEM,
'A different kind of poem'

WHAT'S AT FAULT OR WHAT'S GOOD?

Dr. THIRUPURASUNDARI C J (DAZZLE)

Life educates us, Giving or receiving, Be poised, Life evaluates us, Find the strength in others, Look for encouraging verses, Move ahead with positive splashes, May life surprise us, Grapevine stuffs or formal, Every task upholds values and beliefs, Exploring the aesthetic qualities, Divulging into in-depth meanings, New ideas foster, Constructive criticism the DNA, It is a lovely affair, Cynical about the changes? Embracing it, the trick, Playing defensive, makes us tensive, Trim our thoughts, Shed or bloom, Accept and grow, May our efforts flow, Let our actions glow!

MOMENTS

VARSHA SARAN

Moments are unstable
But it's tendency is rotable

Some have density

Some are drenched with

the raindrops of emotional tear

Some happy moments run restlessly Like aimless, free horse

These free moments slip from
Our tight fist like slippery sand particles

Some sad moments are purely substantial With an attribute of elasticity

It seems, that they will be stable in our life Oh, so tragical!

Some moments left imprints

In our heart with their sweet and sour

Memories

Some moments fly like dust Storm
A hurricane and tsunami
Create a disturbance and destruction
In our lives

But some moments are also there bathed in the white pure transparent emotions

Emotions of Love
Emotions of Humanity
Emotions of togetherness
Emotions of trust and simplicity
Emotion of philanthropy and selfless feelings of charity
Love for creativity
Remain stable and left some words
In the pages of History
That fills our heart with love and peace

But moments that are filled with the blood of innocent people and animals Only give trouble and mental disturbance

History is witness of such cruel moments It's stains of brutality and inhumanity only filled our hearts with hate and negativity.

STUDENTS' CORNER

AN UNPREDICTABLE LIFE...

K. MONIKA

What an unpredictable life this is.

The smile from a moment ago,

The selfie taken just minutes before—

Who would have imagined that it would soon be surrounded by sorrow and grief?

My goodness, what an unpredictable life it is.

Families that once dreamed of growing old together,

Planning family pictures to capture the joy—

Never knowing that one day,

That very picture would be framed with garlands and flowers.

Life is truly uncertain.

One day, you're planning a hangout with friends,
Next, you're sitting alone, feeling like nothing belongs to you.
One day, you work with fire in your soul,
Next, you're drowned in dullness and routine.

That's life-

Before you plan something, it already has other plans for you.

And so, the only solution is: live the moment.

Enjoy what's here.

Cherish what you have.

Sometimes, sitting idle is better than overthinking.

Live the moment.

Create memories—not for a post or pose,

But to treasure deeply in your heart.

Because when you really want those days back, They won't return.

So live—truly, fully, joyfully. To the utmost.

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

NANDANA MURALI

Why must we think about anything?
Why must we get curious about things?
Why must we explore?

"That's science, my dear", replied the mother. Science? But why?
Its science, that you do when you think,
Its science, when you jot equations in ink,
That's science!

The youth smiled and longed for more.

It was complicated for a mere lad,

For science seemed mammoth and made him mad.

It's what Newton and Einstein found just a couple of years ago!

Archimedes, Pythagoras, Watt and Bell to add some more.

It's science when you say Calcium and Carbonates,
It's science when you pour fizzy liquids in trays,
It's science when a test tube blast activates!
It's just science when you figure why Einstein's head was grey!

Everything is science.

A world which shimmers, and where nothing ever dreads,
Filled with experiments and boggling heads!
Your brain just fills with this fizzy liquid,
It's just magic beneath and it's just hid,
So go and find that magic when you have time,
Because when you grow older,
You can't get it back, even for a dime!

"That's science, my dear", the mother said.

ETCHED IN AMBER

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

It is half test, half prayer

As I pinch myself to see if you're real.

Like moonlight between my fingertips

You slip before I can hold you.

Like a prelude, you dissolve into my being,

Yet you are only a dream I lost to the night.

Are you too much to wish for,

Or are you merely a hero beyond reach?

You are a riddle in the golden hour,

A road that leads to no endings.

Stronger than gravity,

You draw me into delicate spirals.

In every unfinished sentence,

And upon the chambers of my heart

I'll etch your name in the amber of the sky.

BECOMING

NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI

The sea was still -No wild tides, no mad storms, No bright in the sky from moonlight's spill, Yet a cast remained Baring itself naked, in bones and all, Like there's no place better than the sea itself To exist, to dream, to perish. Its placidity complemented the sea's stillness, So as life on the shore blessed upon it. Was it a lost cause or some ignored ware? There was nothing in its possession to spare, No flesh or blood or soul to salvage. With its desires snapped too soon before It could even put a finger on them, Little did it know that there was a throne; This throne doesn't kneel to the sea. The cast spent the entire while chasing time When the throne could've been a worthy reclamation. In the hope of pursuing life's wonderment, The cast sets a hunt for the throne That has its name engraved in royal gold.

EMBRACING NATURE

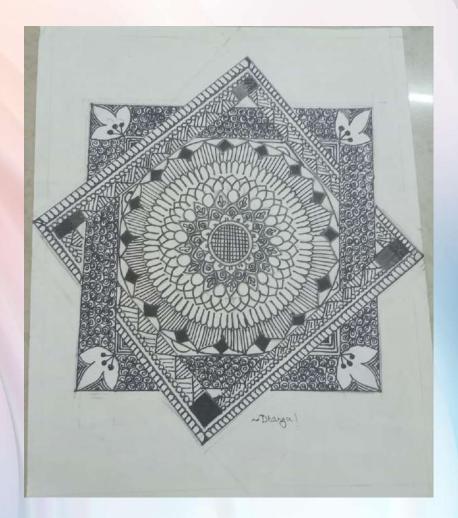
VAISHNAVI SAMANTARAY

The morning mist, a silver lace, Unveils the world with gentle pace. Sunlight spills, a golden stream, Awakening from night's soft dream. The quiet strength of rooted trees, Swaying gently in the breeze. Their leafy boughs, a vibrant crown, Looking over field and town. A spider's web, a silver lace, Adorns the dew in morning's embrace. Each fragile strand, a testament, To silent artistry, heaven-sent. The river flows, a liquid gleam, Reflecting clouds, a waking dream. Over smooth, stones it softly glides, Carrying tales where secrets hide. A gentle hush, a whispered breeze, That dances through the towering trees. The sunlight filters, soft and low, In golden patches, ebb and flow. From mountain peak to ocean's roar, Wonders found on every shore. Nature's canvas, ever vast, A timeless beauty, built to last. In every bloom, a fragile grace, A wild, untamed, magnificent space. Nature's beauty a wonderful grace, For everyone to freely embrace.

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

ART WORKS
by
DHANYA SANTHOSH









MYSTERY ROAD

ADITI VARIER

It was my first year at the Indian institute of technology- a dream finally come true! I was eagerly waiting to begin unforgettable journey at one of India's premier institutes. My first day of classes had just ended and I was rushing towards the mess for lunch.

On the way, I bumped into my roommate Sarah. "Free?", she asked me. "Heading to the mess.", I replied. She scoffed "who eats so early? Come let's explore the campus." before I could protest, she whisked me away, my rumbling stomach forgotten.

We cycled around the campus all afternoon, exploring almost every part of it. Soon we were starting to get tired and ravenous, so we decided to head back to the mess. We cycled slowly hoping to enjoy the evening but as darkness fell the forest-lined parts begin to feel eerie and almost poisonous.

That's when something caught my eye. It was a road that was barricaded and offlimits. I squinted, trying to read its name. Lake view road. The rest of the evening the road was on my mind. I knew there was no curfew in IIT Madras. A plan was starting to form in my head.

The reckless part of me wanted to slip past the barricades and though I shook off the thought, curiosity tugged my mind. When no one was looking I quickly slipped away to where our cycles were parked.

I hopped to onto my cycle, following the map to Lake view road. When I arrived, I parked the cycle to the side and wandered closer to the barricades. The dark, lonely road made my heart race. The uneven path, whispering lake and pale moonlight felt straight out of a horror movie. A chilling wind howled. Palms sweating, I scrambled over the barricades.

It took all my will power not to turn back. The only sound was the crunching of leaves under my foot. As I went deeper into the road, the soothing breeze calmed my panic, replacing it with a puzzling sense of satisfaction.

Midway through the walk, I felt I was being followed. I looked back and noticed a shadow. I had to catch my follower off-guard before they had a chance to slip away. After a few more steps I turned sharply surprising them. What I saw left me stunned.

"Sarah." I asked. She looked away biting her lower lip in guilt. She answered "my sister is a reason this area is off limits, she played a prank making the road seemed dangerous. If any of the teacher find out, she will be severely punished. I noticed you looking at the road earlier and I grew suspicious. Please do not report her."

I sighed "it's not my decision to make, let's go to the principal's office." Sarah was a good person and knew she had to follow me. When the principal heard us Sarah elder sister Tara was called. The principal turned towards me and said "I am glad you did the right thing; you may leave."

I nodded and exited the room knowing that a small part of me would always be guilty but I had done the right thing and that is enough for now.

MYSTERIES OF MOTHER NATURE

DHANYA & URJA

Nature a tale of mystery
Filled with creatures of fantasy
Birds and animals which are very noisy
And huge trees that form a canopy

Flowers that bloom happily in spring
Night angles that wake and lyrically sings
Jungles with mushroom that form fairy rings
And colorful butterflies with camouflaged wings

Sparkling rivers which flow almost everywhere
Confluence occurs when they become a pair
Cool wind or air, the similarities which they share
And the radiant light of the sun which no one can bear

Grand, pulsing with life is our mother nature

Please try to protect her, "The one with all these features."



UNDO

INSIYA MILLWALA

Aria Vale, a second year comp-sci student, built "Undo" as a project. It is a reallife version Control App. Spilt coffee on your professor? UNDO. Said the wrong answer in class? UNDO.

At first it seemed like magic. Tap the button and the time rewound a few minutes.

Then she saw herself sprinting across campus, yelling, 'Don't press it again!', while holding the same coffee.

The app wasn't erasing mistakes. It was splitting timelines. Every UNDO created another version of her. Now there were at least twelve.

They gathered secretly:

- * Aria-Alpha, who aced her exam
- * Aria-Chai, who never spilt the coffee
- * Aria-Mute, who had accidentally erased her voice
- * Undo-4.3, who came from another universe

They all believed they were the 'real' Aria.

Next, someone had created a recursive UNDO, a glitch loop. Timelines were splitting apart. Her roommate swore she had changed clothes mid-sentence. Deadlines arrived from unassigned Work.

The app had stopped waiting for commands. It was UNDOing on its own.

They met one last time, every Aria, in the theatre.

Just one yellow button, a final fix and only one Aria would be left.

She pressed the button.

The next morning, she woke up with one coffee, one life and no copies.

The UNDO button was gone.

Thankfully!

BOOK REVIEW

BEND NOT BREAK PING FU A LIFE IN TWO WORDS KHADIJATH LANA

This powerful and inspiring real life story is about Ping Fu (Founder and CEO of Geomagic) a young woman who was seized of all her wealth at a very young age and all the hardships she has gone through – like child labour and working in a factory. But her determination and perseverance reflect her unwavering spirit that drives her forward to mastering a new language (English) and even launching her own company (Geomagic). The writing beautifully captures two different time lines and my attention. This book is a powerful reminder that even form ashes, greatness can rise. I strongly recommend it to anyone who believe true underdog stories.

LAB-GROWN MEAT: SCIENCE, NOT SLAUGHTER URJA MEHTA

What if meat didn't come from an innocent, dead animal? Lab-grown meat is taking over—using science to create real food without causing harm. No slaughter, no guilt, just meat made in a smarter way.

What is Lab-Grown Meat?

Lab-grown meat is real meat, cultivated without harming any animals. It is made in labs using science and nutrients, but the result looks, cooks and tastes exactly like real meat.

It is not the same as plant-based meat made from soy or vegetables- this is real but made in more ethical way. It does not need antibiotics or hormones, which makes it safer and healthier. Since it is made in a lab, it can be cleaner and has less chance of spreading diseases.



Lab grown burger

Why Do We Need It?

This new and bizarre method has already started saving the lives of many animals. It reduces the supply of water, land, and energy. Climate change can also be cut down by reducing greenhouse gas emissions.

Some scientists believe it could help with food shortages in areas where farming is hard, and meat is scarcely available. It could be an efficient solution for the future.

How Is It Made?

A small sample of animal cells is taken through a harmless process. The cells are then placed in a bioreactor (a machine that helps living things grow) with enough nutrients and oxygen to help them grow. Over time, they develop into muscle tissues, which is meat.

This process mimics how meat grows naturally inside animals—just done outside, in a lab, without any harm to anyone.

Future of Meat?

This is a new process which has gained some popularity in countries like Singapore and the US. Though the meat is still expensive, the rates are predicted to diminish.

People have responded to this with mixed feelings—many supporting it, while others are still gauging its safety and worth. But if the science improves and trust builds, lab-grown meat could change how we eat forever, if people switch to lab grown meat, it can save up to 1 million animal lives in a day.

Fun Facts

Lab-grown meat was originally tested by NASA for space missions.

The first lab-grown burger made in 2013 cost around Rs.27,000.

THE DAY MY DOG SPOKE

VISHWADITH.S

It all started on a totally boring Tuesday. I was sitting at the table, half-asleep, eating a bowl of raisin cereal. My dog Flex was staring at me, drooling slightly.

I sighed and asked, "What Flex? You want a bite?"

Then Flex said, "Yes please, but without raisins. I hate them"

I almost choked on my cereal, "WHAT?"

Flex yawned and replied, "No raisins. I prefer peanut butter"

I backed away from Flex and managed to stammer, "D-Dogs don't talk"

"Yeah well, I didn't use to", Flex said. "But yesterday I dug up this weird glowing bone in the backyard. I felt a sudden shock in my tongue as I bit it, and now I'm a talking dog".

I spent the whole day asking him questions. Like, had he always understood me? (Yes). Did he like the name I gave him? (Kind of). Did he bite a huge chunk of my science project? (Also yes).

The next day, I posted a video of Flex saying, "Hamburgers are better than Pizzas". It got four million views overnight.

Reporters came, scientists wanted me to be a part of an experiment, one guy in sunglasses tried to bribe me with \$15,000 for Flex.

"Too many cameras. I just want to chase butterflies and nap in peace", was his reply.

So, I made a fake video saying it was all AI and moved on. I do not regret my decision, as I valued Flex's company more. All I missed was a good talking friend who was with me always, and now I have that.

You might be asking what happened to the glowing bone. Well, I buried it under a tree so that no other pet can become a talking one like Flex.

CREATIVE WRITINGS BY 5th GRADE STUDENTS FROM EDEN LAKE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, US.

BENEATH THE CRUST AADHIRA PURUSOTHAMAN

Beneath the crust, echoes of time A hidden message ringing a chime,

In the depths of limestone layers Lie our Earth's essential players,

Beneath the crust, ensconced the three rocks Eroding gradually like a clock,

Rocks and fire become besties

To form our metamorphic for the resties (metamorphic rock)

Volcanic ash and lava harden
To make the almost cousin of obsidian (igneous rocks)

So many Layers and layers of effort

All to make up our sedimentary rock desert (sedimentary rocks)

Beneath the crust, hatching crystals Distinct methods of how it twinkles

From small seeds
To crystal breeds
All crystals smile with glee!

Beneath the crust, a stone ingrained Every step a relation chained

Beneath the crust, echoes of time A hidden message revealed in a rhyme.

MOTHER

ANNA KRIVOSIK

in the cold, she is warmth. in the wind, a shield.

my mother bird taught me all I know. love, compassion, more importantly, privilege.

mother birds hunt.
hunt for seed, worm, whatever the world allows.
then gives it away, again and again.
until her work is done.

which it never is.

mine taught me to fly.
even after falling from great heights.
taught me to trust in my work,
even when they say I'm wrong.

a mother's job is not only to protect,but to nurture, to teach.my mother bird has done more than just that.

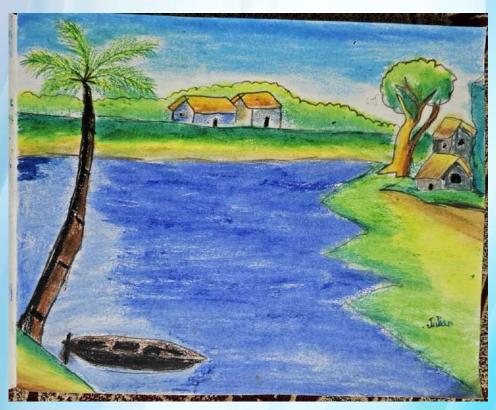
she taught me to soar.



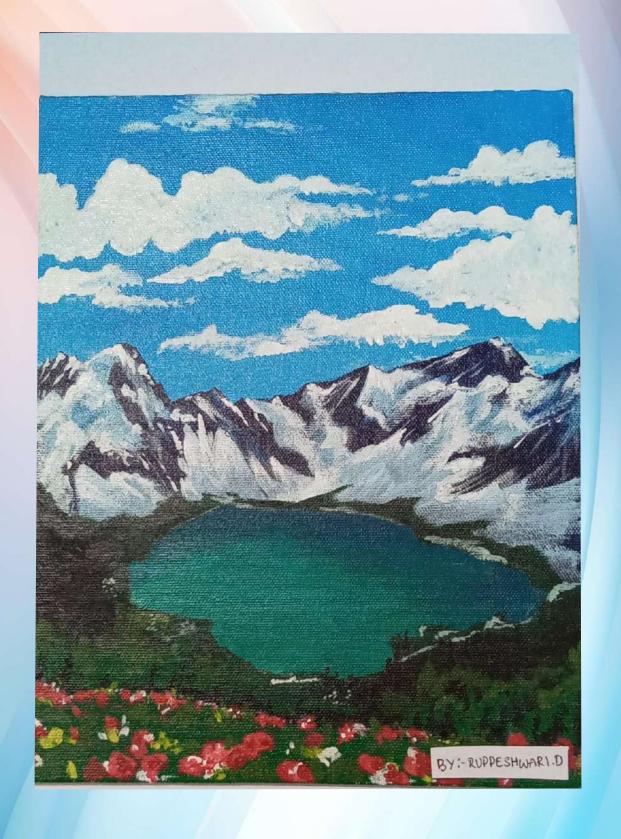
ART



DRAWING AND COLORING USING OIL PASTELS
TITLE: A VILLAGE HOUSE
-JUAN LENJU



DRAWING AND COLORING USING OIL PASTELS
TITLE: HOUSES ON RIVER BANK
-JULIAN LENJU



PAINTING 1 by D. RUPPESHWARI



PAINTING 2 by D. RUPPESHWARI



PAINTING by M. SREE JANANI

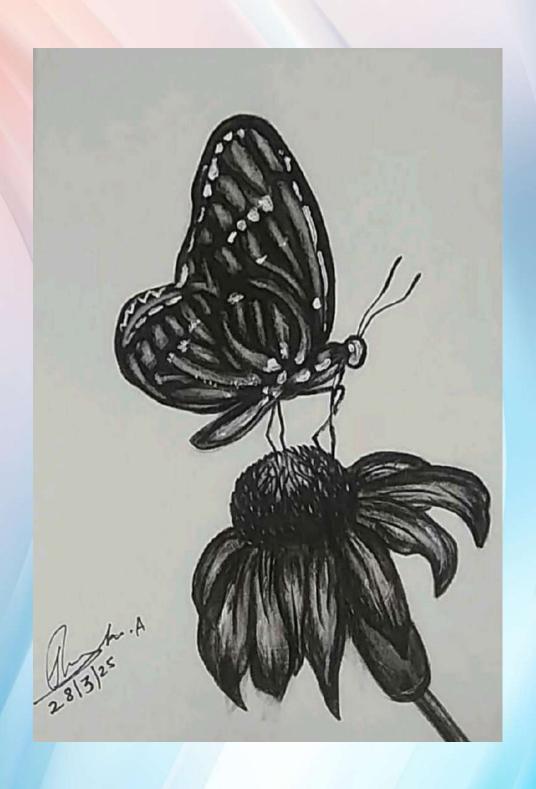
DRAWINGS BY STUDENTS FROM SHRI NATESAN VIDYASALA MATRIC. HR. SEC. SCHOOL, CHENNAI



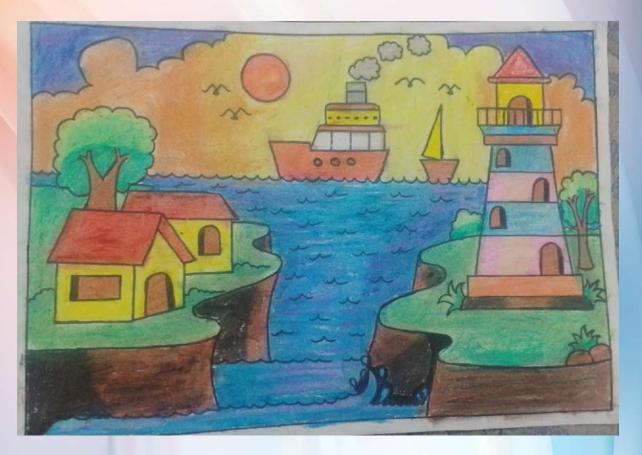
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Hearty Congratulations to all our Students' contributors of July 2025



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We extend hearty congratulations to all the contributors of JULY 2025!



We heartily congratulate all our contributors of JULY 2025 issue!

OUR CONTRIBUTORS OF JULY 2025 ISSUE



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