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कला साहित्य पत्रिका

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The Bi-annual Journal of Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology

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(December 2023)



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Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology

वलियमला, तिरुवनंतपुरम Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram

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From the Editor's Desk



Dear Friends,

The December issue of Surabhi carries a bouquet of creative articles, both fictional and technical. There are articles highlighting the significance of reading, psychological significance of brainwashing, science fiction and fantasy stories, a collage of photographs, tale of a scooter, a family story and a mythical tale, and this time we have an Odiya story as well. We have a few poems and artwork by our contributors, and to cater to the intellectual exercise of our readers we have included a crossword puzzle also. The issue concludes with a beautiful painting. Thank you readers for your valuable support, creative suggestions and contributions.



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Reading is to the Mind; What Exercise is to the Body.

Smt Ancy Austin
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Print Reading or E- Reading?? This has always been a topic of discussion. Yet, both have their own benefits. But, can we ponder for a second on the “real book effect?” We're all for the convenience of digital downloads and portability, and have adapted ourselves to the technological advancements. Today, we have boundless access to online resources for different academic and R&D requirements of significance. But, does reading print books serve any added benefit?

Reading has always been prized as a resourceful habit. But, did you know that reading print books can have a positive impact on your brain and health? Just like how music, games, dance, travel, walking, exercise, art, etc. can benefit you, research shows, reading print books can be advantageous.

How do our brains respond differently to onscreen text than to words on a paper? Should we be worried about dividing our attention between pixels and ink or is the validity of such concerns paper-thin?

Modern screens and e-readers fail to adequately recreate certain tactile experiences of reading on paper that many people miss. Such a deficient experience prevents them from navigating long texts in an intuitive and satisfying way. Compared to paper, screens may also drain more of our mental resources while we are reading, and thus make it a little harder to recollect once we have covered it. In a 2003 study, Kate Garland of the University of Leicester and her colleagues asked 50 British college students to read study material from an introductory Economics course either on a computer monitor or in a spiral-bound booklet. After 20 minutes of reading, Garland and her colleagues quizzed the students with multiple-choice questions. Students scored equally well regardless of the medium, but differed in how they remembered the information. Psychologists distinguish between remembering something—which is to recall a piece of information along with contextual details, such as where, when and how one learned it—and knowing something, which is a feeling that something is true without remembering how one learned the information. Generally, remembering is a weaker form of memory that is likely to fade unless it is converted into more stable, long-term memory which is considered as "known" from then on. When taking the quiz, volunteers who had read study material on a monitor relied much more on remembering than on knowing. Whereas students who read on paper depended equally on remembering and knowing. Garland and her colleagues think that students who read on paper learned the study material in a thorough manner quicker than the other party; they did not have to spend a lot of time searching their minds for information from the text, trying to trigger the right memory. They often just knew the

When you read a book of your choice, by losing yourself in an immersive narrative, you can escape from the worries and stresses of the everyday world, and spend a while exploring the domain of the author's imagination. Only with printed books can we completely engross ourselves in a captivating story; there are no distractions, no notifications, and no ads to interrupt. Our minds are focused and engaged longer, so they can work as serious stress-relievers.

Many people turn to reading to wind down after a long day, and to hopefully help them fall asleep. Unfortunately, digital reading before bed may hinder our sleep cycles. In 2014, Harvard scientists conducted a study involving participants reading before bed with either a print book or an eReader. Their study found that participants using the eReader took longer to fall asleep, felt less tired before bedtime, and had more suppressed levels of melatonin. It was also found that the quality of their sleep, including REM sleep cycles, was average.

Increased screen reading causes screen fatigue, which may lead to blurred vision, redness, dryness and irritation. Because many of us spend hours on a screen all day, reading a printed book can be a great time to give our eyes a break.

Can we have some attention to self-care by deliberately attempting to include real book reading in our routine? Seems like we can.

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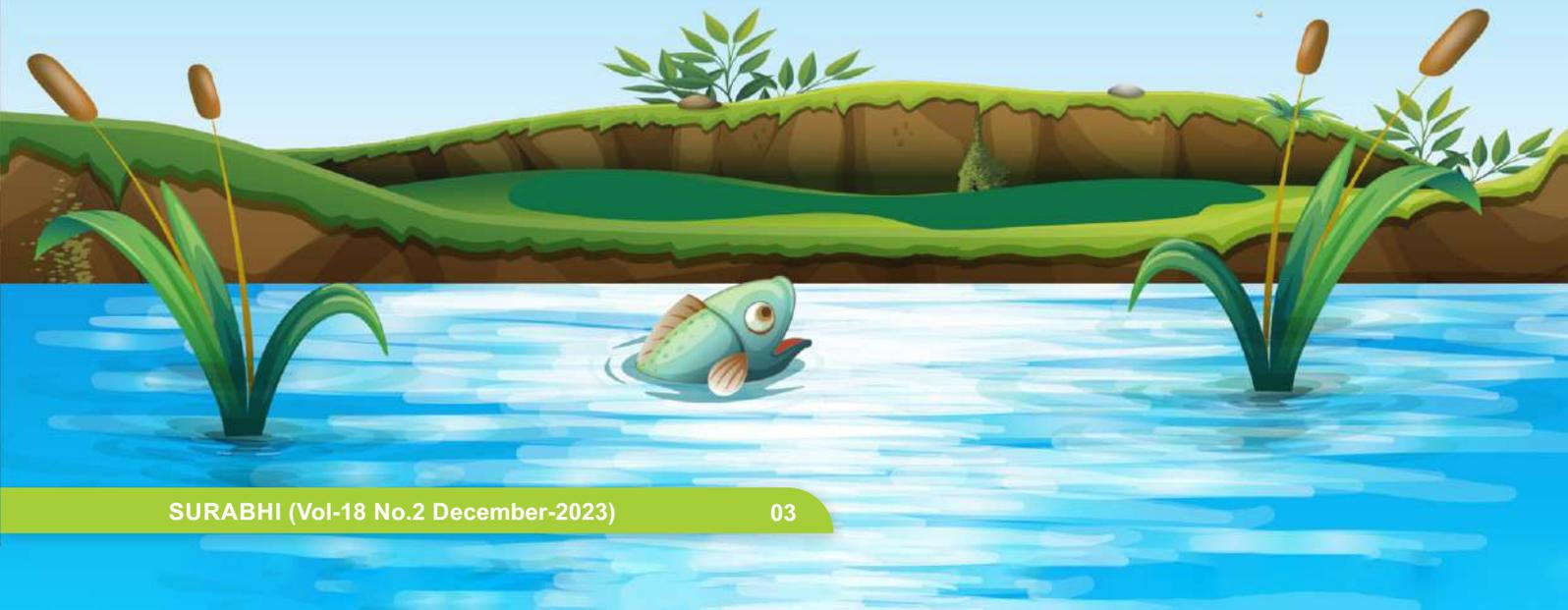




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Existential Quandary

Like a fish in a pond,
I'm stuck in this deep universe.
If I cross the horizon,
I might die bound by the curse.
If I survive by any chance,
I'll be alone forever in the hearse.
I have a winning poem to write,
but nobody to read my verse.
Except you who read this.
How can I ever reimburse?





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Edo's Echoes

In the heart of the bustling metropolis of Bengaluru, hidden away from the eyes of the world, Dr. Akira toiled to complete his groundbreaking invention—a time machine. The persistent clinks of machinery were only interrupted by the faint sounds of ninja training that echoed in his mind whenever anxiety gripped him. Though the dojo on the top floor of his house hadn't been open since his parents' retirement, he often wondered how these sounds came about. It might be a reverberation of his parents' dreams, he thought. They had fervently urged him to learn Japanese and embrace the discipline, hoping he would take the reins of their martial arts school named 'Arika' one day.

Despite their hopes, Akira had been reluctant to fully embrace his heritage. He learned the language. But, his passion leaned towards the world of science and exploration. Sometimes, he questioned why his family was so passionate about ninjutsu—a Japanese martial art practised only by ninjas. It remained as a constant chain of thought in his mind that seldom got an answer.

Time passed. One stormy evening, as the clouds roared outside, Akira made a pivotal breakthrough. The time machine was finally ready for testing. With a mix of excitement and curiosity, he stepped into the machine, ready for a journey into the future. He started the machine and set the time to 10 years ahead. A peep into the future would give him much clarity. When the time machine riveted into the temporality, little did he know, fate had its own plan.

Moments later, when Akira opened his eyes, he found himself in a quaint garden surrounding a traditional minka. With disbelief coursing through his veins, he realised he had been transported not to the future, but to 18th-century Japan, the Edo period. This was the time of economic growth in Japan. The tales his parents told him resonated in his mind as he jumped out of the machine and set foot on the ground.

In the midst of the timeless beauty of Edo, Dr. Akira found himself grappling with the reality of his temporal displacement. The questions of going back let out the sounds of ninja training in his mind. But, this time it felt as if it came from a distance. The quaint garden, the traditional architecture—every detail screamed of a bygone era. The realisation hit him like a torrent. His time machine has been rendered dormant. It needs to be repaired, which could take months. Stranded, he faced the challenge of adapting to a world far removed from the haphazard life of Bengaluru.

As Akira tried to acclimate to his unexpected surroundings, the distant echoes of ninja training became more pronounced. The serenity of the Japanese landscape belied the inner turmoil that brewed within him. Seeking solace and purpose, he approached a dojo where the rhythmic sounds of ninjutsu reverberated. There, he encountered a

"What madness is this? A foreigner seeking the secrets of ninjutsu in my humble dojo?" roared a muscular figure who seemed to be the dojo head of the Kanto region.

Akira sheepishly replied, "Uh, yeah. Hi. I thought I'd give this whole ninja thing a try. You know, family expectations and all." Irritated by his approach, the head questioned: "Family expectations? The ninja arts are not a mere buffet for you to sample, young one. You shall address me as Hiroshi-sama."

"I get it, Hiroshi-sama. I'm not asking for the full menu, just a ninja appetiser. Maybe some stealthy spring rolls?" Hiroshi-sama looked more annoyed than before. Akira extended his hand shakingly and said, "I'm Akira". Suddenly he realised his mistake and took his gesture back. Hiroshi-sama retorted ferociously. "Stealthy spring rolls? This is not a culinary class, Akira-san. The ways of the ninja demand discipline, not dinner ideas."

"Fair enough. But can you at least teach me to sneak around quietly? I always sound like a herd of elephants when I try", chuckled Akira. "Silence, foreigner! The ninja walk is an ancient art. Light as the cherry blossoms in the wind. Imagine you're walking on clouds, not cobblestones. Soft, silent steps."

Akira gasps, "Clouds? I can barely stay on my feet walking on solid ground. How am I supposed to walk on clouds?" Hiroshi calms down. "Patience, young one. The path to ninjahood is paved with pratfalls. Now, let's talk about blending in. Have you ever tried wearing all black?"



Akira said to himself, "Not at all. Maybe I'm not cut out for this ninja business."

Hiroshi laughed, "Nonsense! Every ninja stumbled before they soared. Now, let us commence your training. Prepare to tiptoe on the delicate petals of destiny, Akira-san. There's a ninja competition for newbies like

you to prove their worth. Don't disappoint me". Before Akira could say another word, Hiroshi-sama took him in. His training began then and there with the first lessons of discipline.

Word spread of a grand ninja competition, a rare event where the winner earned the privilege of embarking on a world tour. In a society closed to outsiders, the prospect of international travel was a teasing prize. Akira, compelled by his desire to understand and integrate into this unfamiliar world, decided to participate. With Hiroshi's mentoring, he learned the ways of the ninja. Gradually, he flourished in the art. He honed his skills and eventually became a master of the craft owing to the undisclosed voices he continued to hear. Somehow or the other, those voices guided him in every move he executed.

Amidst the contestants, he encountered a figure that shattered the boundaries of Japan's isolationist mindset—an Indian girl named Aisha, who claimed to have been smuggled from Burma to participate. To Akira's astonishment, she matched his skill in combat. Curiosity sparked a companionship as they trained together. Conversations didn't flow as quickly as one would expect. The gap of centuries filled between them only to be shattered by their common love for ninjutsu.

One day while they passed each other on the practice grounds, Aisha finally spoke to him with a hint of a smile. "So, fellow ninja, you don't seem to be from around here. Do you always find yourself in unexpected places, or is this a special skill of yours to pretend like an outsider?"

Akira witted, "I prefer the term 'unconventional explorer.' Let me say that fate brought me here." Akira shrugged and smiled back. "And you? Smuggling your way into ninja competitions. Quite the rebel, huh?"

Aisha smirked, "Well, when life gives you lemons, make sure you know how to throw a ninja star. That's my philosophy." Her reply sealed their camaraderie that only grew from then.

As the competition unfolded, Akira and Aisha emerged as formidable contenders, showcasing their unique blend of techniques. In the semi-finals, however, a disaster struck. Akira, reliant on the guiding voices that had become his second nature, suddenly lost that connection. The sudden silence echoed louder than the sounds of clashing blades. Akira had lost the semifinal. Aisha made it through, but she was badly wounded and exhausted. After the fight, she just lay on the ground with blood oozing from her injuries.

Akira stood by her side through the procedures. She was unwilling to back off. She wanted to defy the fate that was not taking her side. Akira was moved by her courage. But, he had to share his experience with fate. In a poignant conversation with Aisha, he grappled with the complexities of temporal manipulation. He told her about the time machine and how life toppled just within a moment. After opening up with Aisha, he felt lighter and less denser. He could feel the universe ripping him apart shred by shred. Running to his time machine, he was devastated to see it fall apart. As Akira's physical state deteriorated, a breakthrough was needed, he thought. Aisha was already contemplating on forfeiting the final match.

In her weakened state, Aisha vented out in Kannada. Akira gasped. He wondered, maybe she has roots in the plateau region. Aisha faintly pulled Akira closer, "I don't know much, but I do know a thing or two about stubbornness. We've come too far to give up now." Urging her to persevere, Akira decided to do whatever he could to help her back on her feet. He said, "Maybe I can teach you my signature move. I haven't mastered it yet. I'm still stuck at the cryptic way it was taught. It goes on like this. Try to figure it out what it means":

"In the dance of shadows, swift and sly, A kick unfurls, a foe will sigh.

With soaring grace, a fierce eclipse, A knockout blow, in shadows flips."

He was hopeful his guidance, a fusion of martial wisdom and the cryptic quotes that had perplexed him earlier, breathed new life into Aisha's resolve. The morning of the

final bout arrived, and Akira, witnessing the clash from the sidelines, felt the weight in his limbs lift as he observed Aisha's renewed vigour. In a breathtaking display of skill and determination, Aisha struggled in the finals, eventually realising the power of the code Akira had taught her. The answer to her problem was between those lines. A backward flip kick. She sighed. With a graceful movement, deciphering the words, she knocked her opponent down, securing victory in the competition. The crowd cheered and celebrated with amazement. They had never seen a backward flip kick before.

Collecting her prize, a ticket to freedom, she held the promise of a new chapter where she would establish the legacy of ninjutsu. Akira, no longer bound by the stiffness that threatened to erase him from existence, went to bid farewell to his newfound friend on the departing ship.

Aisha said to him, "You'll always be special to me, and your name will echo through generations." To which Akira chuckled, "I never thought a simple kick could have such a profound impact." She said, "Well, we'll never know".



As they parted ways, the echoes came back to Akira's ears. Surprised as to where it was all this time, he stumbled on the truth. His dojo's name, 'Arika', was just Akira in reverse. Aisha, the champion of ninjutsu, reversed his name for her dojo. 'Arika' stood for her beloved friend and backward kick he had taught her; a symbol of their

intertwined destinies and her cheeky nature. Aisha was none other than his great, great, great grandmother, who had not only shaped the legacy of ninjutsu, but had played a crucial role in his own existence. Hence, her failure suggests his non-existence and the disruption of the voices in his head. The voice had disappeared momentarily as Aisha was not able to complete her destiny and was poised to lose until a miracle motivated and pushed her. The poem passed on as a legacy was 'the miracle'.

Akira walked to his master's laughing on his own and smacking his own head for not realising it earlier in spite of his framed Ph.D. He approached Hiroshi-sama to thank him for everything. Hiroshi stated, "In the tapestry of fate, young one, your steps were woven with the threads of destiny. I, as your master, merely unfolded the scroll. For in the shadows, I discerned the script of your purpose all along."

With tears in his eyes, Akira restarted his time machine, which purred to life. The hum of the time machine's engine resonated through the corridors of history, marking the end of a journey through time and space.



Are you prone to being brainwashed?



Dr. Nikhil Eyeroor
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Brainwashing is a term that carries a negative implication. Typically, it refers to the coercive alteration of an individual's beliefs by another person. Brainwashing, commonly known as thought reform, falls under the umbrella of "social influence." Social influence occurs constantly, every minute of every day. It encompasses various methods through which individuals can modify the attitudes, beliefs, and behaviours of others. Brainwashing represents an extreme manifestation of social influence, wherein a person's rational thinking is overridden by their emotional state.

This psychological ordeal is believed to diminish an individual's capacity for critical or independent thinking, allowing for the implantation of new, unwelcome thoughts and ideas, as well as the alteration of attitudes, values, and beliefs. Systematic brainwashing involves a calculated and structured attempt to influence or govern an individual's thoughts, ideas, and actions through psychological methods. This often entails the use of repetitive messaging, propaganda, coercive tactics, and psychological manipulation.

However, cultural brainwashing pertains to implanting particular cultural standards, convictions, and principles in people to comply with a specific cultural doctrine. This happens when a community or faction enforces cultural outlooks and prejudices on individuals, frequently through upbringing, schooling, and cultural customs.

Instances of cultural brainwashing can be witnessed throughout history and in present-day situations, where societies or factions exert control over individuals' beliefs and actions. These instances may encompass authoritarian regimes employing systematic propaganda and ideological campaigns to manipulate the thoughts and convictions of the populace. Certain cults or extremist religious groups use psychological manipulation and social isolation techniques to indoctrinate their members into their belief systems. Media platforms also selectively present information, promote specific ideologies and shape public discourse. In some instances, the media can reinforce cultural biases or narratives. This phenomenon is effectively demonstrated through the subtle incorporation of doctrines in commercial advertisements. The influence of brainwashing is evident all around us. We need to closely look at this process to learn more about it.

How do people fall prey to the brainwashing of cults?

During moments of emotional instability, we become particularly vulnerable and easily swayed. We are most likely to accept information without further verification. This susceptibility is what allows cults to effortlessly manipulate individuals who are already weakened, suffering, or lost. They use several techniques to accomplish their mission.

The first method used is targeted repetition.

The power of repetition cannot be underestimated, especially when combined with preaching from birth and impressionable minds, such as teenagers. This combination creates the perfect environment for individuals to accept everything without questioning and become sincere adherents to what they have been taught. Brainwashing becomes problematic when it is imposed on minors without the consent of their parents. Human psychology dictates that if specific actions, views, or opinions are constantly reinforced in our minds, we begin to believe them subconsciously, leading to brainwashing.

Brainwashing starts from the rituals associated with the induction of a person to the cults. The initiation process of most cults involves suppressing critical thinking. Individuals undergo significant changes by adopting a group's shared values and beliefs. We are all susceptible to peer pressure and the influence of groups. In isolated environments, susceptibility to stress increases, especially for those who feel marginalised and seek a sense of belonging and purpose.

The conducted experiments have verified that the forceful manipulation of a confined individual can dismantle their previous beliefs and implant a new set of ideas chosen by the manipulator. Brainwashing is distinct from the actions of advertisers, politicians, educators, and evangelists, as their target audience is not held captive. If one can disengage from unwanted persuasion, it cannot be considered brainwashing. However, if one is unable to walk away, it is possible that brainwashing is taking place.

One of the least severe forms of brainwashing is Indoctrination. It employs a direct conversion system that aims to alter an individual's perspective while they still possess the capacity for critical thinking. Brainwashing techniques that are more severe and traditional distinguish themselves from indoctrination by aiming to alter an individual's thoughts without any input or autonomy from the victim. By exerting complete control over the person's surroundings, these methods enable the manipulation of their psyche to an extreme extent. The approach employed by extremist organisations for brainwashing entails absolute external control, a high-stress environment, and various psychological induction methods that heighten suggestibility. It is important to note that stress amplifies suggestibility, and in extreme cases, it can induce a trance-like state.

Many extremist organisations have a structured procedure for brainwashing. The process of purposeful brainwashing involves three stages: deconditioning, breaking, and indoctrination. Radical groups require their members to sever all ties with family, friends, and other social organisations, which creates a greater dependence on the cult and helps to establish a new identity. Members are then subjected to strict rules and regulations, which are enforced to ensure loyalty and obedience. Recruits are pushed to the brink of physical, emotional, and mental exhaustion and are deprived of sleep. The goal is to make them feel like they cannot leave the cult and that they will be outcasts if they return to society. The path back to critical thinking will be hard for a severely brainwashed individual. But, there are a few ways that can be utilised.

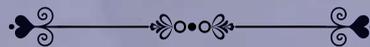
How do you reverse the effect of brainwashing?

When someone becomes "brainwashed," they genuinely hold unwavering convictions in line with their beliefs. Convincing them otherwise is a formidable task comparable to altering deeply ingrained convictions. The concept of being brainwashed revolves



around the denial of one's ability to recognize the influence of a powerful ideology, propaganda, or a series of falsehoods. In order to unlearn this ideology, it is crucial to first acknowledge its deceptive nature. Many individuals cling to ideologies because they have invested their identity and sense of self in them. Letting go of these beliefs can lead to an existential crisis. However, it is possible for people to detach themselves from these ideologies.

To achieve this, they need to recognize the imperfections in their way of thinking. This process requires introspection, intelligence, and bravery. The natural defences against brainwashing are intellectual sovereignty and critical thinking. It is vital to critically analyse information, maintain an open mind, and consider diverse perspectives in order to protect oneself from undue influence and ensure independent thinking. It is advisable to not to believe everything one reads and watches and not to accept something solely because others do. Those who have succumbed to brainwashing can only be liberated by employing the formidable arsenal of logical truths to challenge their irrational convictions. Hence, to shield yourselves from brainwashing, one must structure a strong critical mind proficient in deflecting baseless arguments. Surround yourself with people who think with an open-mind and be sure you can trust them to tell you the truth if you lose your way. With your circle of trusted fellows, you will not be prone to brainwashing and its dark antiques.





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I Hate My Father

I hated my father.

When I was younger, I had a favourite stuffed animal. However, I couldn't pronounce my v's properly. So, I affectionately called it 'My Beaver'. I carried my beaver everywhere I went. I loved the stuffed animal so much that I couldn't part with it, no matter how many people tried to take it away from me. Cousins would always torment and tease me by playing keep away. But I knew the secret to getting my beaver back. All I had to do was cry, and the boys would quickly stop playing their games.

One night, I left my beaver outside in the yard. It was shortly after dinner that I realised that I left my beaver outside. Now, I should tell you that we used to live out in the country. Let me tell you when I say that it was dark outside, I mean that it was pitch black. This was the kind of dark which tends people to say to themselves, "who knows what evil villains are lurking in the dark." However, this was the country. So, those evil villains could range from scary monsters to zombies to ferocious animals with huge, pointy teeth! And, to make matters worse, dark storm clouds were rolling in. My beaver was going to get washed away in the rain!

But never fear! I knew what to do. All I had to do was cry, and I'm sure that my father would go outside, beat the dark and all the monsters that lurked in the shadows, beat the incoming storm, and retrieve my beaver. After all, no one likes it when a girl cries. All the boys melt and do what I want when I don't get my way.

But, my father was not the kind of person who fell for my childish squabbles. No, he had the audacity to tell me to go get it myself. Even with all my tears, my sobbing, and my pouting, my father refused to go get it for me. How could he do that to me? Didn't he love me? Additionally, he had the nerve to ask me: "If you love it that much, why did you leave it outside in the yard?" Before I could even answer the question, he said "If you truly love your beaver, you would face your worst nightmares to have what you wanted most."

Well, I decided to show him what I can do. I stomped right up to my room, slammed my door, and cried all night. Mom tried to comfort me. I could even hear them yelling downstairs. Mom knew the rule about what boys are supposed to do when girls cry. With each lightning strike and thunderous roar, my heart broke into pieces. My father didn't care enough about me to go get my beaver. Didn't he know he was supposed to do it? I loved my beaver. It's not my fault I forgot about it in the yard. It's always going to be there for me regardless of what I do.

Needless to say, when the morning came, I still didn't have my beaver. Fine, I would just go get it myself and give my father the silent treatment. I've seen Mom do that many times. I've even heard her on the phone talking to other boys, making fun of my father though I didn't understand everything she was saying. She could even make him sleep on the couch when she was truly mad at him. I couldn't wait to have those powers. I was sure that Mom would teach me these powers when I got older.

When I went outside and looked for my beaver, I simply couldn't find it. The storm must have washed it away. Again, I started crying. But now! Now, my father responded to my tears. He came over to where I was and asked me what was wrong. I refused to answer him. I simply crossed my arms and gave him a mean, pouty expression. With a furrowed brow and pursed lips, I just glared at him. I've seen mom give this look when she's angry. Maybe it will work for me?

Not a chance in Hell. My father simply laughed and told me to go get the mail. I stood my ground. I was not going to let him make fun of me, like my cousins did. I was going to be just like Mom. She just had more practice at doing this. Though, I will admit when my father raised his voice and demanded that I go get the mail, I lost my resolve. The last thing I wanted was a whipping. Not that my father ever raised a hand to me, but the tone in his voice was intimidating enough.

I walked down the gravel easement to the row of mailboxes. I would kick a stone or two along the way, pouting and mumbling some curse about how I wish my father would go away forever or how he needed to be left out in the dark with all those monsters. Let's see how he would like it. That was my favourite stuffed animal, and he didn't care.

When I got to the mailbox, the tears started flowing even more so than before. But, these were not tears of sadness. These were tears of joy! Inside the mailbox, protected from the torrential rain that had come down the night before, there was my precious beaver. It wasn't ruined. It wasn't lost. It was safe and sound, and now back in my arms. I was NEVER going to let it go again. I promised beaver over and over that I truly loved him, and that I would never abandon him again.

While I learned that the crying game was not going to work on my father, Mom refused to give up. The yelling never stopped. Doors slammed. Dishes broke. And, the phone calls increased when my father was away. I could never truly hear what Mom was saying because she kept whispering on the phone. But, I could hear her giggling. Plus, she always hung up when my father would come into the house.

One night, there actually was no yelling or screaming. There was no crying or tears. Mom simply walked into her room, packed up a couple of suitcases and walked out of the house. There was some strange man in a red pickup truck waiting out in the driveway for Mom. She dropped her suitcases in the back of the truck, climbed into the cab and never looked back. I couldn't believe it. Why was mom leaving?! Who was going to teach me the rules of the crying game? Who was going to show me those powers that she used on my father, so that he would sleep out on the couch? She was

supposed to teach me everything. Sure, my father spent hours telling me that her leaving was not my fault. He explained how it was a problem between him and Mom. He said that they both loved me, but that they needed some time apart to straighten out their differences.

I was so mad at him for making Mom leave. I even spat back at him “If you truly loved her, you would face your worst nightmares and go get her!” Let me tell you something about my father. He was a big man, or at least in the eyes of a child. He was strong. Superman had nothing on him. When a child sees this giant of a man break down and cry for the first time, it changes everything. Mom made me see that he had a tender side. He was a wimp. I think that was the word she used on the phone to one of her boyfriends.

Unfortunately, I was still developing these powers that Mom had. Despite the fact that my parents were getting divorced, I still had to stay with my father. I begged and pleaded to live with Mom. After all, my father was a wimp. Plus, I needed to learn what other powers girls had over boys. Out of spite, my father insisted that I stay with him. He made it so that I never saw Mom at the courthouse, during the divorce hearings, or even when I spoke to the judge. He made sure she was never there.

In fact, he went so far as to force me to have only one Christmas. All my other friends who went through their parents' divorce said that they loved Christmas time. Instead of having one family Christmas, they would get to have two. Some of them would tell stories about how one parent would always feel guilty and smother them with gifts, while the other one would give a few presents but they were really expensive. How come I never got this? Why didn't I have this power? See! This was all my father's doing. If I would have lived with Mom, I'd know how to have two Christmases.

Uhhh! I hated my father.

When I started getting older and was going to high school, I hated doing homework. I hated going to class, especially biology. Do you know how disgusting it is to dissect a worm? What was even worse was when we had to cut open a pig! The stench was something fierce. It was like going into a boy's locker room after football practice, but the odour was on steroids or something. Who cares about anatomy? Who cares about recessive genes and chromosomes? It's not like you hear people talking about this stuff in real life.

Fortunately, I discovered that there were other people who hated their parents as much as I hated my father. I would get every chance I could to spend time away from the house, and away from my father. While I knew that my friends hated their parents, I was envious of them. I would go to these huge houses in housing additions. They had all the latest gadgets and computers and everything. My father never had anything like that. This was one more reason to hate my father. He didn't buy me all the cool stuff. This was another power that I lost out on.

And it didn't stop there. No. Going out on dates was the worst! I'd go out on a date with a really cute boy. He did things that made my heart race, whether it was speeding through town at nearly 100 mph, or breaking into places where we weren't supposed to be. The danger and the excitement got my heart racing. I was caught between fear and that adrenaline rush, much like a roller coaster ride. When the boy kissed me, it felt like my entire world was spinning. My head was swimming on cloud nine. This boy was taking me to heights I never thought possible.

Unfortunately, my father had a way of bringing me back to Earth in a hurry. When the boy dropped me off at home, my father was waiting for us. He had a couple of shotguns out that he was so conveniently cleaning at the time we pulled into the drive. He forced me to go up to my room, so that he could have a little chat with my boyfriend. Needless to say, I never went out with that boy again.

Ever since that night, boys refused to go out with me out of fear of my father. I knew that crying on the staircase would do me no good. If I stayed out all night, he would simply come looking for me. That was even more embarrassing than the gun cleaning incident. I could not believe that my father was doing this to me. He was ruining my life. Just because Mom left him for some hunk that doesn't mean he could take it out on me.

But, there comes a time in a child's life when they start to view their parents differently.

While being grounded for yet another offence in defiance to my father's house rules, I decided to clean up one of the walk-in closets. After all, it would be a place where I could put my clothes and my shoes. While I may not have had a lot of the latest toys, gadgets and electronic devices like all my friends, I did have all the clothing I could want. Walmart street fashions may not have been quite as trendy as Gucci or Balenciaga and Dior, but getting three T's for the price of one made sense to me. I worked hard for my money, and I wasn't going to throw it all away on a blouse that would be out of style by the next year. Ok, so maybe my father's teachings weren't all bad.

This closet was in desperate need of cleaning. Time must have forgotten about this place because there were cobwebs everywhere. Ok, maybe not everywhere, but there was definitely one when you first walked into the closet. The one that you don't see that gets into your hair and sticks to you no matter how many times you try to pull it off. Some of the clothes that were hanging up in this closet were definitely from a time warp. I couldn't believe that people actually chose to wear some of these things on purpose!

While putting the old clothes into garbage bags, so that they could be given away to Good Will, I found my parents' wedding album and some other keepsakes. Flipping through the album, despite the outdated fashions and the long forgotten hairstyles, my Mom looked absolutely gorgeous in her white wedding dress. You could see the love in her eyes that she had for my father. Plus, my father, who never wore a tie or a jacket for anything, looked very dashing in his rented tuxedo. Picture after picture, the album

brought back memories of when my parents were together. When they were in love.

But, just like the faded photos and the dust covered album, that was so long ago. Still, it was different to see my father in a much happier state of mind. For the last several years, ever since Mom left, there was no sparkle in his eye, no spring in his step. The only time that I would get a glimpse of this reaction was when I won some kind of award from school, regardless of how stupid it may have been. Regardless of the function or the reason, my father was there to cheer me on. In my own mind, he was doing this to embarrass me to no end. But, after looking at these photos, my mind began to wonder if I wasn't seeing things as clearly as I should. Especially, since not once did I ever see Mom at these events.

Putting aside the photo album, I stumbled across a collection of letters. Judging by the size of the steel container, there were a ton of love letters. It's amazing how sentimental these can be. It's not like now where people post their status to Facebook, or tweet their feelings for someone, or even send a quick text of 'I love U'. No, these letters were long and drawn out. They even had these funny things on the outside of them called stamps and postdates. I guess this is what my teachers were talking about when they were talking about the Pony Express.

It may have only been a month, but I can't believe how much in love I am with you. I can see the sun shine in your hair, and your smile warms my heart. Your beautiful brown eyes have me under your spell. With but a word, I would reach up to the highest of heavens and pluck out a shining star just for you. There is nothing that I wouldn't do for you. I would go to all ends of the Earth to retrieve your golden fleece. Your beauty is beyond compare, and the fact that you even entertain the thought of loving me in return is much like Aphrodite and Hephaestus. You are my Venus. You are my Juliet. I can see me living my entire life by your side.

That was only an excerpt from one of my father's love letters. They were long and colourful. My father was such a romantic back then. What happened to that magic? What happened to that spark? Obviously, Mom loved these letters because she saved so many of them. Though a quick perusal of the envelopes and handwriting written on them, I noticed that there was a change. Not just in the penmanship, but also with the tone of the letter:

I can't wait to see yor naked body again. And the way you mon when you cum. I love you.

Aside from the misspellings, these letters in the back of the container were much different. They were short. They focused on physical sex, rather than emotional love. They used vulgar language, rather than poetic expressions of love. And yet, the writer still used the word 'I love you'. Why did Mom have these? This definitely was not written by my father. What was worse, these letters were dated after my parents' wedding. What was going on? A bunch of these letters were romantic and sweet and could melt a girl's heart. They focused on love and living a life together. The other letters were crude

and nasty, and focused on physicality and living in the moment. The grammar and spelling errors were enough to make me sick.

However, my stomach churned when I stumbled across the last find in that walk-in closet. It was from a laboratory out in California. The contents of this letter would change my life forever. It changed everything except for one thing.

How could he hide this secret from me? Although, if I really thought about it, it should not have come as a surprise. My father may have worn his hair high and tight, it was still dark and brown. Mom always loved the way her long brown hair cascaded down to her shoulders in dark curls. Even in the wedding photos, their brown eyes danced with love and happiness. Maybe my blonde hair and blue eyes were just recessive genes. That's what they taught in Biology. How could my father be so mean and hide the truth from me?

The official looking letter stated that I was not my father's daughter. How could he do that to me? Why did he hide my real father from me? He must have forced Mom to not say anything to me. I never knew that he wasn't my real father. With all the things he did for me, I can't believe he would lie! He made me call him "father".

I needed answers, and I certainly could not trust the person who had been hiding it from me for all my life. No, I needed to find Mom and make her tell me what was going on. Maybe, then, she could explain how she could marry such an evil monster like my father.

Tracking her down required more effort than I thought. I tried Grandma and Grandpa, but they haven't seen her since she left my father. All the aunts and uncles didn't seem to know or care too much about her whereabouts. I was about ready to give up when I was reading the paper and came across the police blotter. There was a domestic disturbance out at one of the trailer parks, and it listed Mom's name and some other guy. Finally, I would get my answers.

I'm not sure what I was expecting. Perhaps, I was hoping the heavens would open up and all that was wrong in my life would be undone. That Mom's home would be Utopia, and I could run away from the evil that lurked in my own home. Unfortunately, that was not the case. Instead, the front yard of this trailer park home was cluttered with litter and garbage. I wasn't sure if the owner of the house was also running a junkyard or simply having a rummage sale for the last two years. The grass was either dead or overgrown. My father would have a stroke if he saw the way this yard looked. With as much time as he put in tending to his lawn, this place was an absolute disaster and a complete contrast from home.

Mom must have seen me pull up, because she was the first to greet me. At first, she didn't recognize me. I know I didn't recognize her. Her store bought blonde hair looked fake; and you could easily see the dark roots. While the tattoos were probably a good idea at the time she got them, but not so much now. She had let herself go since she left

my father. When she finally realised I was her daughter, she hugged me and I could smell the nicotine on her clothes. It was enough for me to worry about getting cancer from second-hand smoke.

The 'tearful' reunion didn't last long though. I immediately asked her who my father was. At first, she tried to lie and say that my father was my real father. However, I held up the letter from that laboratory out in California. She frowned and eventually said that my real father was a 'mistake'. She loved my father, but my biological father was just some guy she met at the diner where she worked. They had some fling that lasted about a year, but that he skipped town one night and was never seen again.

It was about this time that a balding, potbellied beast of a man stepped out of the trailer as well. My biological father may have been a mistake, but I realised at that point in time that the summer clothes that I chose to wear that day was a huge mistake. This ugly looking pervert eyed me like I was a piece of meat. You could almost envision this twerp jacking off to porn and having the same look in his eyes as he did that very moment when he was looking at me. This was the guy that Mom left my father for? I threw up in my mouth, and then left. And just like Mom, I never looked back.

I finally met a boy, who survived a shotgun cleaning talk and endured whatever else my father could throw at him in order to make sure that he respected me and loved me for who I was as a person, and not because of my looks. I finally met a boy who could make my heart race, not with actions of living in the moment, but because of the time that we spend together. All those other boys who my father protected me from had gotten girls pregnant before they even graduated high school. Some of them tried to be good fathers, but most of them ran away from their responsibilities. This boy is different. He even earned my father's approval to ask me to marry him.

But, who will walk me down the aisle? Who will give me away at my own wedding? Who will be the last man to hold mine before I become Mrs. Banks-Williams? I can't ask my biological father to do it because I don't even know who he is. I'm certainly not going to ask my Mom's boyfriend, or whatever he is, to do it because the mere thought of being that close to him makes me vomit. No, my father is supposed to hand me over to my fiancé.

My father raised me like his very own daughter. He loved me as if I was his own flesh and blood. He made me feel loved, and provided for me all the things a child could ever want. He forgave my mom because he loved her and truly believed that she was sorry. He taught me the difference between love and lust. He taught me that love should be unconditional, but that it should also be two ways. He taught me that you should want to do all that you can for the person that you love, but as long as there is the same kind of love in return.

My father also taught me the difference between living and having a life. Living in the moment lasts but a few seconds in time. It's forgotten before you know it. Having a life, especially with someone you love, lasts a lifetime.

My father was a wimp and a cuckold, according to some of the people in the community. But, he was more of a man than any of Mom's lovers. Tell me of a man who has the strength to accept that his daughter is not his own flesh and blood, but raise her and love her like she's his only angel? Well, that man is my father. I hate my father because he died before I could tell him that I love him with all my heart, and I will forever be grateful to him for the things that he taught me. And if my fiancé can't deal with the fact that I want to hyphenate my name so that everyone will know that I am my father's daughter first and foremost, then he doesn't know me and doesn't deserve me.

Dad, I love you so much!





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Mayamyth

Once upon a time, there was a village named Asthithva. People of Asthithva made their living by rearing cattle and cultivation of fruits. The golden years of the village were a few hundred years ago when tourists used to flood the place to see its beautiful fauna. But, those days are passed now. No one visits Asthithva any more. They suspect Mayamyth to be the reason behind this.

Mayamyth was a hill not very far from the village. It had some unusual stories to tell. Many villagers who went on this hill laughing returned as lifeless corpses. Some were driven mad forever, talked erratically, and cawed at intervals. Even if the elders of the village huddled together and pondered on this mystery, they never revealed it to the younger generation of the village. They called it a haunted place and restricted anyone from entering the grounds. They kept it a secret and resolved to never ask for its reason. In the peace ignorance gave them, they lived in silence. But, fate had something else in its books.

A 16-year old Dhairya was always tempted to climb the haunted hill. Since her mother and father left her long ago, there was no one to warn her of the impending death there. She believed God will always be by her side no matter what happened. On the day of kovil vilayattu, everyone was in the heart of the village near the great hall. Dhairya sneaked past the tea shop and set her first foot on Mayamyth.

With a few steps, she could feel something was off. With her first foot on what felt like the hilltop, she felt dizzy. Suddenly, the air lightened and her vision blanked. When the light came, she was on the hill which seemed to have extended beyond the edge. But, her feet could sense the edge of the hill. She closed her eyes and believed in her tactile sense. The wind was blowing swiftly through her hair. Her heart pulsed faster. She thought to herself. This place is bewitched. She took two steps back and started to walk downhill.

As she walked downhill as fast as she could manage, the clouded atmosphere cleared suddenly to reveal a hut. Made up of mud and straw, this hut resonated memories and a dark aura. Dhairya's heart skipped a beat when she saw a hooded figure sitting inside it. The figure turned its head to see Dhairya and gave a calm smile with pain in his eyes. Dhairya was stuck for a moment trying to think how to flee. But, she was tempted to know more. She stepped into the hut and looked around. The fog lifted to reveal books and several bird nests. As Dhairya seemed amused to see his beloved belongings, the man said, "I can talk with birds. I can understand them. So, they chose to stay with me." Asthithva was once home to several birds. Dhairya thought of the stories her grandmother used to tell about the migrating birds that brought them prosperity and hope. But, they vanished long before she was born. She looked at the man who was lost in his thoughts. How does his hut have so many nests even now? Her eyebrows

knit in confusion brought a thought into her mind. He may not be real. Once he understood Dhairya was expecting an introduction, the man spoke with a light voice, "I am Bhranthi".

Bhranthi used to practise law in Asthithva long time ago. He came here after studying Jurisprudence in his hometown and settled on the hilltop. He helped to resolve many cases of divorce, crime and forgery. But, the villagers suspected him for his unique traits. He used to caw and chirp with the birds and feed them every day. If someone visits his hut for a case, they could see the nests hanging from the roof and birds flapping their wings ferociously. But, his unusual silence at times created an eeriness that scared the villagers.

A few years back, in the months of September and November when it was the migrating season, the birds started to behave abnormally. Birds that came to Asthithva will fly into the windows of houses and buildings, and fall unconscious on the ground. Hundreds of birds from Jatinga bird sanctuary started to divert their journey away from the village. This incident continued for five autumn seasons and the villagers were devastated to witness the vanishing fauna. The tourists who came to see the birds returned disappointed. People of Asthithva started to face poverty and starvation. They looked around for a reason and found a person to blame. Bhranthi's hut still housed birds unlike the rest of the village. They assumed he was the one responsible. They accused him of black magic and cornered him on the cliff. His leg slipped and Bhranthi fell off the hill.

For years, his soul craved redemption. So, he crafted illusions in thin air that trapped anyone who trespassed the hill. Even after 100 years since his death, he drove people mad. For the wrong accusation that killed him and the life he lost, he hated the villagers and swore to harm them. But, Dhairya's bravery and diligence gave him hope. He wanted to tell her he was innocent. He wanted to redeem his ghostly ways.

Dhairya listened carefully. She thought of her parents. They were falsely accused of bringing bad luck to the village. The villagers burnt them alive because the cattle were dying of some disease that year. She grew up with her grandmother who died two years ago. She never questioned the village law. But, now, something needs to be done. She looked at Bhranthi who was transfixed with tears running down his cheeks. She said, "I will return to the vilayattu and tell them what you said. I don't know if I could convince them. But, I will find a way." Bhranthi looked at her with the joy of being understood. He sat upright and wiped his tears off. All of a sudden, he vanished. The hut cleared off. Dhairya was sitting on the hilltop with a mission at hand.

Dhairya went straight to the vilayattu ground and talked to the village head. She was a helper at his house and a close friend of his daughter. He couldn't believe his eyes that she was alive after climbing the wicked hill. He was moved by Dhairya's courage to face the situation. But, what could be done about this, he wasn't sure. He told Dhairya he believed in her and asked her to take rest for the day.

The next morning, the people of Asthithva woke up to birds chirping. They woke up as if in a dream and walked out to see the birds. Mayamyth was adorned with light never seen before. A flock of birds were flying around it. The village regained its lost prosperity. Dhairya had freed them from a poor soul's curse and granted them an epiphany that was a long time coming. Gradually, Mayamyth became a famous spot where tourists came from far away places to treat themselves to magic of nature.





Jadhav Omkar Manik

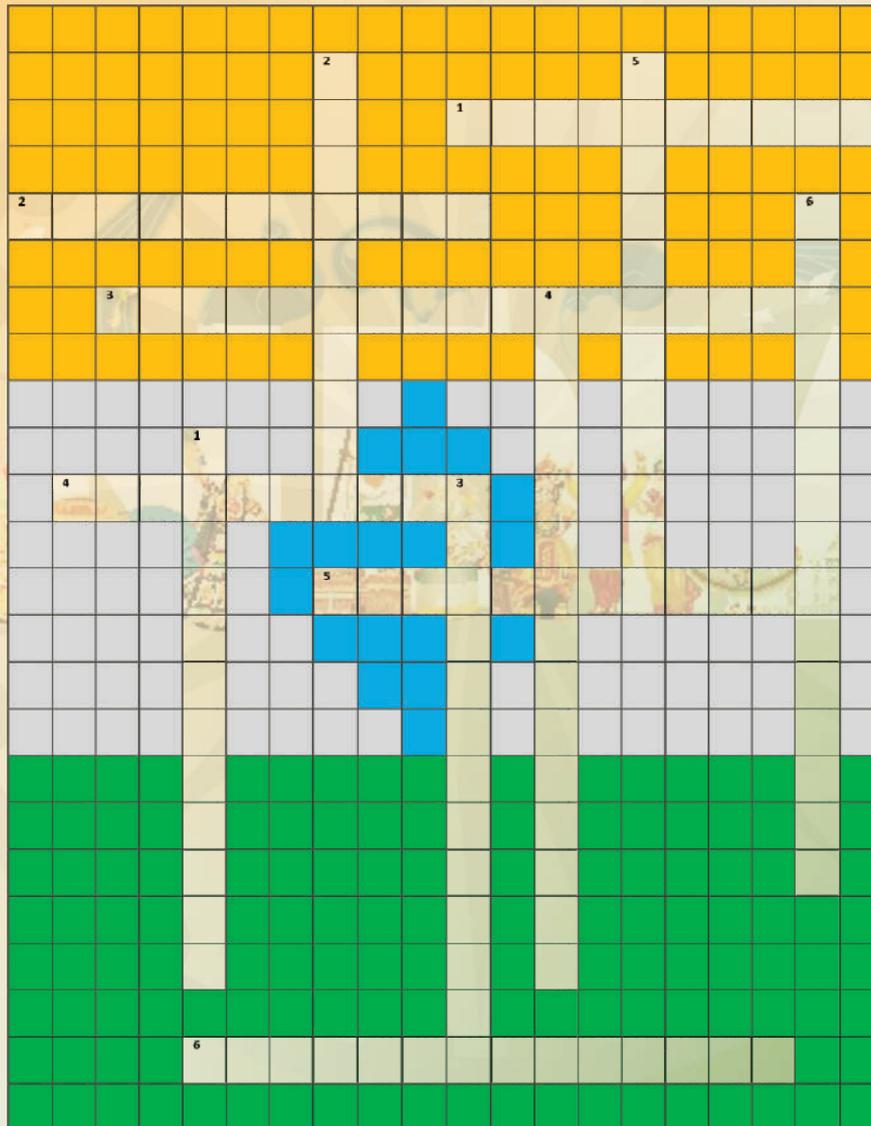
SC23B016

B.Tech Aerospace Engineering

INDIA - CROSSWORD

India is developing at a rapid pace, with advancements in technology, infrastructure, and economy. The country is embracing innovation and making great strides in various sectors, contributing to its growth and progress. It's an exciting time to witness the transformation and see India's potential unfold!

Here is the fun activity for you to check that how much you know about our developing modern INDIA



ACROSS:-

1. Magician of Hockey
2. Flying Sikh
3. Man of peace
4. Missile Man of India
5. The man who bought a financial status to the nation with his (tata) industries and hotels.
6. Nightingale of India

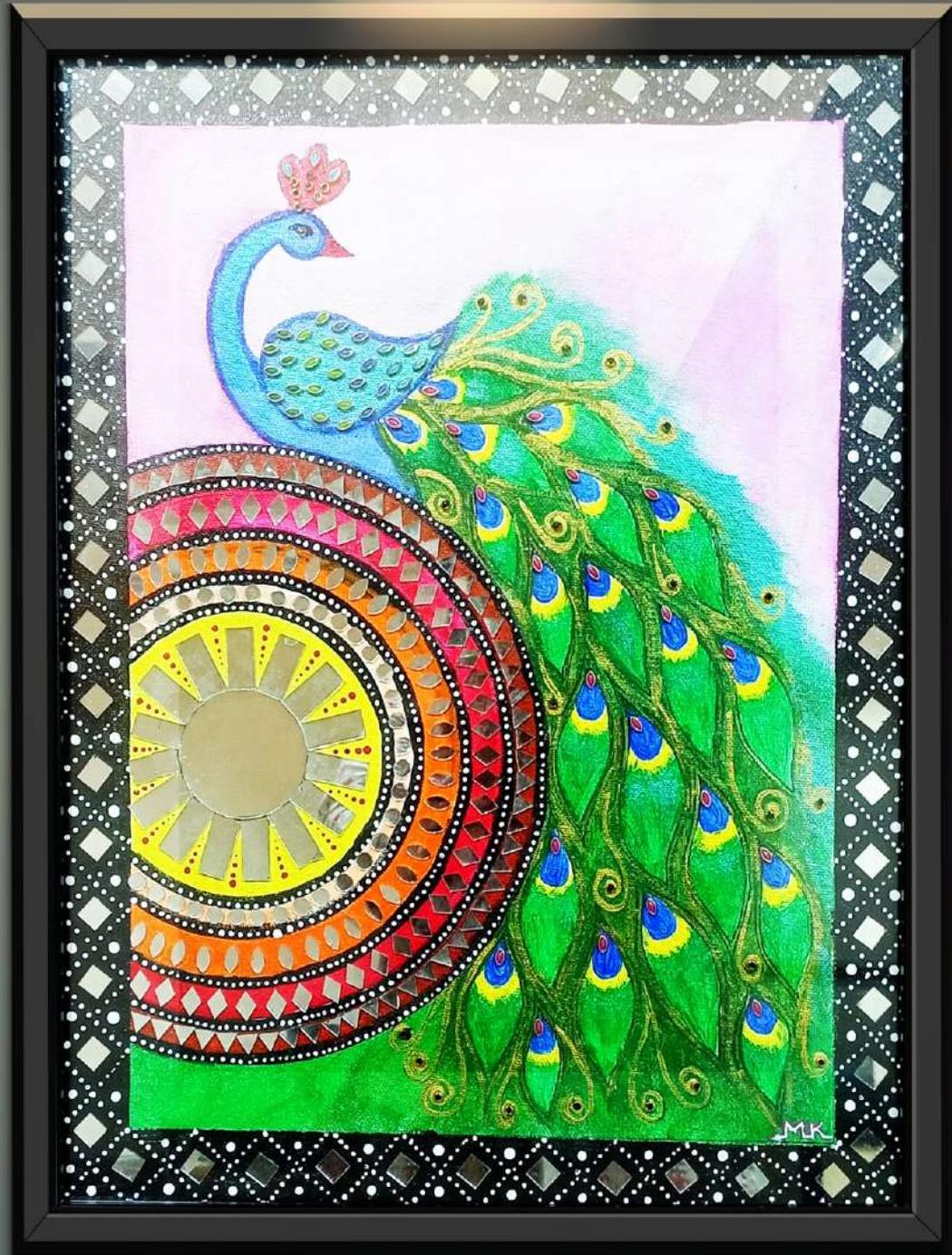
Down:-

1. The man who took India to the post of CEO of the world's largest search engine
2. Father of nuclear energy
3. Father of green revolution in India
4. Man with a 100 centuries
5. Iron lady of India
6. Bollywood's shenshah/ Angry young man



Mini Kumari R G
Senior Project Assistant, IIST

Mirror Work







Nagesh G
Engineer "SF"

Optics Systems Area, LEOS, Bangalore

My First Scooter

One day, I was standing in the library with my colleague, Mr Dhanunjaya. I just casually told him that I was buying a second-hand scooter from our Division head, Mr Kanakaraju. Dhanunjaya admonished me and asked why would I want to buy such an old one that has finished its life. He went on to explain that Kanakaraju has used it thoroughly and the odometer has stopped working as well. The vehicle has done over one lakh kilometre and was skidding through its last days. His haughty derision made me second guess my plan. I was almost sure of going back on my decision.

As he kept on diminishing the scooter, Kanakaraju walked in from the department-side. We both were startled to see his sudden appearance. Before we could gauge the situation, Kanakaraju shot his question: "Hey Dhanunjaya, how are you?" Dhanunjaya, feeling embarrassed about his striking comments, shrunk to a side nodding his head. We both were damn sure that he had heard our conversation. Dhanunjaya sheepishly remarked goodbye and escaped from the place leaving me alone for the ultimate question. "So, what have you decided about the scooter?", Kanakaraju asked. Though I had changed my mind not to buy it by then, I couldn't dare to negate a senior person like him. I said with a start, "Sir, I will buy it."

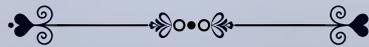
So, that's how my first second hand scooter was bought for Rs 3000/-. After filling its tank, my brother somehow managed to drive the vehicle to our house about 20 kilometres away. There were some issues with the transfer papers. Kanakaraju had to personally come to Indiranagar RTO and sign the papers. The lady at the RTO didn't believe that I was buying a scooter waiting for its last rites. But, it has been my dream scooter ever since I saw it. It was an old Allwyn Pushpak from 1976. I modified the scooter by removing the Stepney and attaching a long single seater. I got it painted a lily white shade. After all the modifications I attributed to it, my scooter looked sleek and pretty.

Though I loved the scooter most, the scooter probably didn't like me as much. Because every time I wanted to start it, the scooter demanded a century kick. First fifty from the right leg, and another fifty from the left leg. Then slowly it will rise from its slumber, let out a loud yawn before going back to sleep again. Since all my life I had a wave of empathy to my fellow beings, I would feel for the kicker rather than my thighs that would rant of my ignorance.

I gradually started to learn automobile engineering. There was not a single day that passed without me folding up my sleeves and cranking up its knobs. Most of the time, after kicking for a while, I'll take it to the garage. The mechanic was always happy to see the scooter which inevitably made him rich. After a while, I realised the cycle of financial status here. The vehicle and the mechanic became richer and I got poorer. The scooter will confront a problem that will make it rich with the new parts. A problem with the carburettor means a new carburettor is in place. Sometimes, the gear wire

gets cut off or the accelerator cable will get snapped. A few times, the side panel fell down while the vehicle was running. Everytime, the scooter gets something new. Sometimes when the scooter didn't start, I would sit and go down the gradient in anticipation of starting a motion. But, at times, it still won't start and I had to bring back the scooter walking all the way. Once in a while, Kanakaraju would ask me about the scooter. Despite its adventures and constant pestering, I will hide behind a smile and say "it's great".

Finally, I had enough of this headache and left the scooter in a secluded place along with the keys. That day, I came back home dreaming of a good ride. But, luck didn't stand by me then also. In the evening, a gentleman came along with the scooter and said he found my address from the RC book. Finally I settled down with a feeling that maybe the scooter is fond of me as well. It's hard to let go of some things, isn't it?





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ART WORKS









Mritunjay Singh
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कवि के खयाल

लिखने बैठा तो ये खयाल आया
कि कुछ बात नहीं है लिखने को।
मेरे मन में ये सवाल आया
ये खालीपन ही दिखने दो।

हर वक्त ज़रूरत शब्दों की नहीं होती
खामोशियां भी गहराई दे जाती है।
ज़रूरत समुंदर को नहीं होती
खुद नदियां उसमें बह आती हैं।

बीच समुंदर सुनसान बिलकुल
क्या खूब नज़ारा है।
पर ये हमने भी है जाना
कि समुंदर ये हत्यारा है।

लहरें इसकी लुभा लुभा के
अपने पास बुलाती हैं।
फिर अपने प्रचंड रूप से
सब कुछ वो ले जाती हैं।

इस खालीपन से जो मन ने
की थी अपनी ये शुरूआत।
अब ये देखो कहा से पनपा
समुंदर का ये वाद विवाद।

ये मन तो है ही चंचल
बस ज़रिया ढूँढता रहता है।
इन्हीं कविताओं के बहाने।
कवि सारे जग से कहता है।

वो कहता है कभी सीधा
कभी बात घुमा के करता है।
इन्हीं काव्य रचनाओं के ज़रिए
कवि ये संसार विचरता है।





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pen sketch









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यादें

तू से तुम, तुम से दोस्त और दोस्त से भाई बोलने की ये बारी थी,
क्योंकि ये हमारी हॉस्टल वाली यारी थी।

आए थे सब यहाँ अपनी मंजिल हासिल करने,
मंजिल का पता नहीं पर यादें साथ ले जाने की हो रही तैयारी थी।

चार साल की दोस्ती कुछ पल में टूटने वाली थी,
क्योंकि अब हॉस्टल छोड़ने की हमारी बारी थी।

वो दिन न था जिसकी शुरुआत तुम्हारी गाली से न होती,
अब तो महीने बीत जाते हैं जब हमसे तुम्हारी बात तक नहीं होती।

आज मिनी मिलिशिया मेरे फ़ोन में इन्सटाल्ड तो रहता है,
मगर मोस्ट अन्यूस्ड ऐप्स में उसका नाम सबसे ऊपर रहता है।

तो चलें उस घर में जहाँ मिलकर हमने फिर एक दूजे को खोना है,
और कुछ पल साथ बैठ हमारी यादों को उन दीवारों में फिरसे पिरोना है।



Shutter space

The Photography Club @ IIST



Sayam Chakraborty SC22B147
Insta: @timetraveller_277

Nature's spontaneous artistry during heavy rainfall turned an ordinary college spot into an extraordinary sight. Capturing the transformative power of rainwater cascading down steps, creating a mini waterfall. My photo captures a moment of raw beauty and unexpected serenity, encouraging me to seize the magic in the mundane and appreciate the fleeting marvels of nature, with the glistening water lending an ethereal touch to the surroundings.



Saurabh Kumar SC22B145
Insta ID : @kumar_900632

In our prestigious institute focused on engineering flight, I unexpectedly encountered a serene moment from nature amidst my search for a conference hall. Planning to attend a meeting on flying techniques, I navigated the Aero block, but couldn't find the hall. As I ventured towards Bhagirathi, I spent 1.5 hours coaxing a beautiful dragon fly hiding among the bushes for a photograph. It's fascinating how the universe takes time but eventually agrees. Listen to the silence of nature; it resonates no less than the enchanting melodies of an imaginary heaven.



Om Atmaram Khairnar SC23B029
Insta: @om_khairnar2

In the photo, the ground is illuminated by a spectacular burst of firecrackers. The sparks shoot up from the ground, creating a dazzling display of colours and lights. The vibrant reds, blues, and yellows paint the night sky, contrasting beautifully against the darkness. The crackling sounds of the firecrackers add an extra layer of excitement to the scene. It's a moment frozen in time, capturing the energy and joy of the celebration. We can almost feel the festive atmosphere just by looking at the photo!



Ramakrishnan P V SC23M060
Insta: @insta9.81ram

Stunned by the symmetry and listening to the story of the ornate sculptures, this click has captured the Marvel of the Chola Dynasty's exemplary architecture. The composition and the perspective of this photograph essentially brings out the magnificence of the art, with the enormous granite structure shining under the sun. It's a picture to read and remember, of the Tanjore Big temple with its engineering mysteries, that's standing " Tall and Immortal " .



Malligari Vineeth SC23M130
Insta: @litttlelife.clicks

Sound of breath from the silence of earth,
Standing alone and smiling around
Embracing the apparent pleasure,
Making the reality blur.



Deva Nandan SC23M066
Insta: @its_devn

Immerse yourself in the captivating moment captured at the heart of AKPESSC'23's musical concert, meticulously organized by IEEE. Witness the sheer passion as the artist, deeply engrossed in the rhythm, took centre stage in this mesmerizing snapshot. The ethereal ambiance, painted in hues of blue from the background lights, cast a spell, enveloping the artist in a stunning silhouette. Relive the magic of music at its finest, as this snapshot transports you back to a night of unforgettable melodies.

Camera: Fujifilm XT200, Lens: Sigma 56mm f/1.4, Shutter speed: 1/800 sec, ISO: 200



Tanmay Dash
SC23B155
B.Tech Avionics

କୁଆଁରୀ ରୁ ନାରୀ

କୁଆଁରୀ ରୁ ନାରୀ ଗୋଟେ ଅପୂର୍ବ, ଅଭୂତ ଓ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟଜନକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ। କୁଆଁରୀ ସମୟରେ ବାପ ଘରେ ରାଜୁତି କରୁଥିବା ଝିଅଟିକୁ ଶାଶୁଘରେ ହଜାରେ ନିୟମ ଲକ୍ଷେ କଟକଣା ଭିତରେ ଦିନ ଅତିବାହିତ କରିବାର କୌଶଳରେ ସିଦ୍ଧହସ୍ତ ହେବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ। ନୂଆ ଲୋକ... ନୂଆ ଜାଗା... ଅଚିହ୍ନା ଅଜଣା ଲୋକଙ୍କ ମନ ଜିଣି ଚଳିବା କଣ ଏତେ ସହଜ..? ଏପଟେ ଛାତି ରେ ଛନକାକୁ ସେପଟେ ମନରେ ଦୁଃଖ... ଦୁଃଖ ହେବନି ଅବା କିପରି..! ଦୀର୍ଘ ପଚିଶ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଯେଉଁମାନଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ ଉଠୁଥିଲା ବସୁଥିଲା, ଆଜି ତାଙ୍କୁ ପର କରି ଚାଲିଆସିଲା ଅଜଣା ରାଇଜକୁ। ବାପା ବାପା କହି ଯାହାଙ୍କ ପଛରେ ଦିନରୁ ରାତି ଦୌଡ଼ୁଥିଲା, ଆଜି ପରଗୋଡ଼ୀ ହେଇଯିବ ବୋଲି ବାପା ବଞ୍ଚିଥାଉ ଥାଉ ଶ୍ରୀକ୍ଷ ବାଢ଼ିଦେଲା। ଏଥିସହ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ ଶାଶୁଘର ଜୀବନ। କେତେଜଣଙ୍କ କପାଳରେ ମନଲାଖି ଶାଶୁ ଘରଟିଏ ଥାଏ..? କିନ୍ତୁ ମନ ନେଇ ଚଳିବାକୁ ହୁଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କରା ବହୁ ପ୍ରତିଶତ ମାଆମାନେ ଚାହାନ୍ତି କି ମୋ ଝିଅ ତା ଶାଶୁ ଘରେ ରାଜୁତି କରୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ବୋହୂ ମୋ ଅଧୀନରେ ରହୁ।

ଅବଶ୍ୟ ପୁଅ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ବି କିଛି କମ୍ ସହିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େନି। ଏପଟେ ନିଜ ପରିବାର ସଦସ୍ୟ, ସେପଟେ ସାତ ଜନ୍ମକୁ ସାଥୁ କରିଥିବା ନୂଆ ଅତିଥି। କାହାକୁ ଆଦରିବ.. କାହା ପକ୍ଷ ନେବ! କିଏ ବା ଏଠି ପର ଯେ କାହାକୁ ହତାଦର କରିବ..! ଶାଶୁ ବୋହୂ ଲ ଭିତରେ ଉତ୍ତମ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୁଏତ ସବୁଠୁ କାଠିକର କାମ ହୋଇପଡ଼େ ତା ପାଇଁ ଏ ସବୁରେ ଧୂଳି ହେଇ ଗୁମୁରି ଗୁମୁରି କାନ୍ଦିବା ଛଡ଼ା ଥାଉ ଅବା ଚାରା କଣ ଅଛି...?

ହଁ, ସମୟ ବହୁତ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେଲାଣି। ଲୋକ ବୁଝିଲେଣି ଯେ ଝିଅ ବୋହୂ ଭିତରେ କିଛି ତପାତ୍ ନାହିଁ। ହେଲେ କଣ ହେବ, ଆଜିବି କିଛି ପରିବାର ରେ ଏପରି କୁଣ୍ଠିତ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଲୋକ ଅଛନ୍ତି ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଏଭଳି ନୀଚ ମନୋଭାବ ରଖୁଛନ୍ତି। ଏତିକି ଅନୁରୋଧ ଲୋକ ନିଜ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ବଦଳାନ୍ତୁ।

~ତନ୍ମୟ ଦାଶ

painting



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कला साहित्य पत्रिका

भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान की अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका

सुरभि: कला साहित्य पत्रिका भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान द्वारा प्रकाशित अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका है जिसमें कलाकृतियों एवं सर्गात्मक रचनाओं का प्रकाशन किया जाता है जैसे – कहानियाँ, कविताएँ, अनुस्मरण, फिल्मों एवं पुस्तकों की समीक्षाएँ, यात्रा विवरण, भेंट वार्ताएँ, रिपोर्ट, आरेख, छाया चित्र, वैज्ञानिक साहित्य, पेन्सिल ड्रॉइंग, चित्ररचनाएं आदि। अंतरिक्ष विभाग के विविध केंद्रों के लोगों की सर्गात्मक प्रतिभा को प्रोत्साहन देने में यह पत्रिका विशेष रुचि रखती है। इस पत्रिका में अंग्रेजी, हिंदी एवं भारत की किसी भाषा की रचनाएँ शामिल की जाती हैं। पत्रिका में प्रकाशन के लिए उपर्युक्त प्रकार की रचनाएं आमंत्रित की जाती हैं।

Surabhi: Journal of Arts and Literature is a bi-annual art and creative journal published by Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology. It publishes creative and critical literary pieces like short stories, poems, memoirs, film/book reviews, travelogues, interviews, reports, sketches, photography, science fiction, pencil drawings and paintings. It has special interest in boosting the creative talents of people from various Centres of DOS. It intends to publish articles in English, Hindi, and in any Indian regional language. The Journal invites submissions in the above category for publication.

आप अपनी रचनाओं की सॉफ्ट कॉपी सह संपादक को निम्नलिखित ई मेल पते पर भेज दें। /
You may please send soft copies of your submissions to the Associate Editor to the following e-mail ID:
gigyjalex@gmail.com / gigy@iist.ac.in

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