

# सुरभि

## कला साहित्य पत्रिका

भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान की अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका

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# SURABHI

## Journal of Arts and Literature

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

Vol.12 No. 2  
(December 2019)



भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान  
Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology

वलियमला, तिरुवनंतपुरम Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram

# **SURABHI**

*Journal of Arts and Literature*

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

**Vol.12 No.2**  
**(December 2019)**

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**Department of Space**  
**Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram**





## From the Editor's Desk

P. Radhakrishnan

Dear friends,

SURABHI is here again wishing you all a Happy New Year.

We are now into the final year of the second decade of the current century. How time flies! Hard to believe, SURABHI is six years old! It is alive and kicking, thanks to the steady, creative contributions from ISRO/DOS citizens.

The past year has been a mixed bag of good and bad news. ISRO has been, true to form, launching satellites in droves. The bad news concerns the unexpected end near the finishing point of the Chandrayaan-2 mission. Pretty much successful, the mission could not, however, accomplish soft-landing of the VIKRAM Lander. Just a few months earlier, an Israeli mission had ended in a similar manner. But then, space is mercilessly unforgiving; space technology exceedingly intricate. No reason to despair. Before the end of 2020, ISRO will, doubtless, make up for this setback in the Chandrayaan-3 mission.

Now, kudos to the IIST Team that won the ISRO Team Excellence Award for the year 2019, for the development of the Advanced Retarding Potential Analyzer for Ionospheric Studies (ARIS).

SURABHI heartily congratulates Dr. YVN Krishna Murthy, Registrar, IIST who has been conferred with the ISRO Outstanding Achievement Award.

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# Nature's Bounty

To wallow in the nature's beauty,  
make afforestation your duty.

To see the creatures walk and fly,  
care about the nature's cry.

To hear the breeze of the sea,  
Protect it as a form of thee.

To prevent the pollution of environment,  
show the hope of its survival with enlightenment.

To taste the beauty of nature,  
stop those which make it denature.

To keep it for the next generation,  
conserve the nature's present incarnation.

The contentment which can be achieved by the nature's look,  
can be seen by returning all those you took.

O listen to thee,  
listen to the dying tree.

# Bhutan - The Land of Happiness



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After watching the Bollywood movie "The Lunchbox" on an Emirates flight to Dubai, I was inspired to visit Bhutan and understand the concept of Gross National Happiness (GNH) put forth in the year 1972 by the then Bhutanese king, Jigme Singye Wangchuck.

Bhutan is a small landlocked country in the eastern Himalayan region that offers a variety of natural splendour and beauty with a number of rivers, lush green mountains and valleys, old monasteries, and above all, rejuvenating climate to a tourist. Indian tourists can enter Bhutan either from Kolkata or Delhi. There are flights from both places. Land routes are also available. If you are travelling by flight then a voter ID would suffice. Passport is not necessary. The currency of Bhutan is ngultrum and one ngultrum is equal to one rupee.

We travelled to Bhutan in the month of July and the weather was very pleasant. We had reached Kolkata by taking a flight from Bangalore on the previous day. There was heavy downpour in Kolkata in the evening and roads had inundated with water up to knee level all over. There was an early

morning flight to Paro from Kolkata and we could manage a taxi to reach the Kolkata airport through the water logged streets.

Paro is a small international airport in the midst of mountains. Drukair operated by Bhutan has flights between Kolkata and Paro. At Paro we were received by our tour guide and there was a Santa Fe SUV waiting for us to take us to Thimphu, the capital city of Bhutan. We checked into a hotel that had very spacious and well-furnished rooms. After visiting a few places, in the evening we opened the room and, to our shock, the entire room was full of water because of some faulty tap in the wash room. Immediately on knowing this Bhutanese girls employed in hotel rushed to the place, started cleaning and shifted us to another room. The hotel staff apologised profusely for the inconvenience and this showed the importance they gave to their guests.

The rivers in Bhutan are called Chu and there are number of rivers flowing across the small country. Unlike rivers that flow in plain lands these rivers are shallow and not very



wide. The water flows continuously and rapidly. I suppose there will be water in the rivers throughout the year because of the melting of glaciers in Himalaya and rain during winter.



Once I happened to travel from Bangalore to Trivandrum by train and as the train entered the state of Kerala, I saw a huge river flowing close to railway line. Though there was not much of water the river was wide and played hide and seek by way of appearing sometimes and again disappearing as the journey continued. I was curious to know about this river and later on I came to know that it is called Bharathappuzha and the word 'Bharat' is used to represent its vastness and might.



On the way to Gaya from Benaras we come across a bridge on Son River that is about 3 kilometres. Perhaps this is the longest bridge over any river in India. On the contrary due to the mountain and valley terrain of Bhutan, the rivers are very narrow but full of water.



On the second day we visited Buddha point where a very large Buddha statue is erected and surrounding construction activity was in full swing. The guide explained elaborately the story behind the Buddha statue. The Buddha statue is built to bestow blessings, peace and happiness on the whole world.

Next day after an early breakfast at our hotel in Thimphu, we left to see the Dochula pass taking a very tortuous route with a number of hairpin bends and mountains full of huge pine trees. The Dochula pass is a mountain pass in the snow covered Himalayas where 108 stupas are built on a hill. There is also a botanical garden with rare flora and fauna.

After Dochula pass we travelled to Punakha and stayed in a resort that was located at a most picturesque place adjacent to a river, and in the valley of huge mountains soaring up to touch the skies, and the setting Sun

behind the mountains transforming the entire place into an ocean of tranquillity. The taste and aroma of the warm rotis and dal makhani at this place is still fresh in my memory.

Bhutan has very few industries; existing ones mainly concentrate on food processing, and as the place is sparsely populated, air, water and land are hardly polluted. Air quality is quite good and highly rejuvenating. River water is very clean without any plastic or garbage. Because of small population you don't find garbage and litter on streets.

Most of the people in Bhutan are engaged in painting, carpentry, weaving, tailoring and embroidery works. Though I am not aware of the intricacies of painting, I could see some of the excellent works showing mountains, rivers and Bhutanese folklore using natural colours prepared exquisitely spending hours and days. Archery is the national sport and played at many of the open fields.

We also visited a local vegetable and fruit market that was bustling with activity. Bhutan jams are very tasty because of the nice orchards and fresh fruits grown in the country. We could see a number of rare and exotic varieties of fruits and vegetables.

Emadatshi is a dish prepared with different types of chillies and fresh cottage cheese. The cheese is generally home-made from cow or yak's milk. In the process the fat is removed from curd to make butter and remaining curd without fat is used to make

cheese. After cheese is made, a watery liquid is left over which is used as a soup with rice by the locals. Generally red chillies are used. We had this dish in a restaurant along with rice.

The Tiger's Nest is another important tourist destination. It is one of the most famous Bhutan monasteries, perched on the side of a cliff 900m above the Paro valley floor. It is said that Guru Rinpoche arrived here on the back of a tigress and meditated at this monastery and hence it is called Tiger's Nest. Up to some point horse riding is possible and beyond that we have trek to reach the top.

During the journey we listened to some of the very melodious and refreshing Bhutanese songs that very well matches the climate, landscape and ambience around and made the travel very pleasant and less tiresome.

While on the way back to Kolkata from Paro, I once again remembered "The Lunchbox" and thought to myself "Yes, Bhutan has lots of happiness to share with the world".





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# The Query

At the end of the decade;

I was with my friends,  
But still wasn't there.  
I had been searching for her  
Everyday and everywhere.

I met her on the van,  
Quiet, calm, composed and pretty,  
Than I could ever have supposed.  
We were onto each other,  
And we both knew that.  
And day by day we became  
Even closer than we sat.

I wanted her to put it up,  
So just didn't say but passed by.  
Don't know why? She didn't say,  
Maybe fear or reticence?  
I knew, I could do long enough  
And just try and try to endeavour.  
But slowly out of impatience,  
I began to realise the flavour.

Time passed;

When she said she was willing,  
I was stupefied  
But in a moment did it shatter,  
When she added, "Not right now...".  
I fought the despair around,  
And thought it was the fate.  
And I decided to hope and wait.

I know what she means to me,  
And she knows that too.  
But the question still remains,  
What would she do?



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# Photography



# Photography



# FOR CHRIST'S CAKE



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I've been in a gang for 20 years now. My elder brother and my elder cousin brother were the founders of this gang. The gang had a vacancy for a brawler so we decided to recruit our younger cousin sister. Then came along the two recent and youngest recruits of our gang: the cupcake, who is the younger sister of my cousin sister, and the frenzy who is the younger brother of my elder cousin brother. But now that some of us are all "Grown-up", we don't meet as often as used to before because we all live in different cities doing our jobs/colleges/schools. But when we get together, we make sure to get all the fun we'd missed. One such time when we all gather is during the winter vacation. The house then becomes even livelier despite of the chaos

that we cause. My grandmother would be back to her original duty of scolding us for anything and everything that we did.

One fine day we simply thought of relieving our elders from their duty of cooking but the elders wouldn't dare give the absolute control over the kitchen to the gang. I think the nightmare of the 'Rasna-Roohafzacocktail' still haunts them. After some discussions and negotiations the elders allowed us to cook one dinner and the Christmas eve was the perfect occasion. My elder brothers took the responsibility of the main course. I took the responsibility of the desert section, my brawler sister just wanted to be a side chef, my cupcake sister just wanted to help with the eating part while my frenzy brother just wanted to play

in the kitchen. I'd never seen my brothers cook in the kitchen, I've only seen them doing experiments in the kitchen for the sake of curiosity. But I suppose that now, since they've been living independently in different cities, they've mastered the art of cooking.

At times I'd seen my mom bake a cake and it seemed so easy. I was pretty confident and all I needed was a little bit of practice. So I started preparing a day before just to be perfect on the Christmas day. My mom doesn't believe in a cake mix. According to her, one couldn't control all the properties of the cake if one decides to use a cake mix.

I was all set with all the ingredients and my mama's recipe by my side. In my first attempt to recreate my mom's recipe with my own touch, I decided to change the measures of baking powder and baking soda because I wanted my cake to be fluffiest of all. I started preparing the batter and in went a little too much of chocolate powder, because why not? The batter tasted all chocolaty and I was happy. While I was baking a few cupcakes, I convinced my youngest sister to volunteer as my "taste" subject. My cupcakes were out of the oven. The chocolaty aroma filled the kitchen. I was mesmerized to see how well the batter had expanded. The only thing remaining that would do justice to my beautiful looking creation was to let the tongues savour it. But I'd to analyse my test subject, which seemed even more excited than I was. I served the baked cupcakes to my little "cupcake" sister. I was keeping track of all the minute

differences in her facial expressions only to imagine the taste. As she took a bite of the cupcake, the excitement vanished, her smile transformed into a frown and she transformed into a drama-queen. She swallowed her bite as if it took a lot of efforts to do so, but she couldn't tell me how it tasted. So I'd to figure that one out on my own. It tasted like a chocolate "Dhokla". It was bitter because of the chocolate, it was sour because of the baking soda, it was fluffy because of the baking powder but at the same time it was all so very dry and dull.

But then I fixed the batter in the next few attempts, until I could bake the perfect cake. I was all set for the Christmas Eve. I was sure that nothing could ever go wrong because I'd made every possible mistake. I brought the frosting and the toppings. I started making the batter from 6 in the evening. And while I was baking, it occurred to me what's up with my brothers? I was so involved in this business that I didn't realize that those idiots simply ordered Mac Donald's. Well I guess I didn't feel bad or left out because I would prefer Mac Donald's over my brother's cooking anytime. The cake was finally baked. It looked wonderful and this time I knew that it would taste delicious. I decided to do the frosting and the toppings later on after the dinner, so I took the cake out of the oven, covered it with plate and went to the living room to enjoy some Mac. Chicken with the family. What a perfect evening! What could ever go wrong! After the dinner, I went back to check my cake. I would have never thought that something so good could have gone so wrong. As I lifted up the plate, I found a crater

in my cake. A crater as if a meteoroid had landed on it. I was dumbstruck and heart-broken. My mom explained to me that my one idea of placing a lid over the cake didn't allow the moisture from the cake to escape, so it condensed into water inside the cake destroying the fluffiness and creating a crater. My spirit was broken. I pledged to myself that I would never bake anything ever again in my life.

While I was traumatized and lethargic to do anything about the situation, my mom skilfully cut the cake into two layers forming: one layer a good base and the other layer a good bowl. She took the ice cream

from the fridge, filled the top bowl layer with ice cream, inverted the bowl layer over the base layer and then placed it in the refrigerator so that the ice cream would hold the whole cake together. I was fascinated by my mom's innovative, rather magical solution. She brought back my spirit which left a few minutes ago. After a half an hour later, we had a wholesome ice cream cake. Now she gave me back the controls and I, with the skills I possess, started with the sloppy frosting and lousy toppings. The cake was finally ready after all these efforts and with the ice cream oozing out of the cake with every bite; all the efforts seemed worth it.







# *The Dusk of the Deep Dark Night*

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I looked and spun and whirled about  
To drip the tear that emerged around  
The cornea that hadn't wept since long  
For all I knew, it wasn't wrong to recall the time

I looked the stars that shine so bright  
In the darkness of darkest night  
The world aghast of the wilderness veiled  
As she held me by her eyes and I did heed

"Be by my side-now and ever" said she  
As she wept at something I couldn't decipher  
But midst of all I realized  
"I feel the same" and there we stood

There in the woods lost we stood  
Two souls, two beings now together  
Together, only to leave the realm  
Or so I thought before the dusk of the deep dark night

And with that dusk she left me alone  
Not in the woods, NOT in the woods  
She left me alone to suffer the loss and...  
And I looked and whirled and spun about...



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# LEARNING TO LIVE WITHOUT YOU

*This article took 614 days to write. Countless drafts, a hundred deleted files and many cycles of depression. This is a tribute to eighteen years. A tribute to the happiness and sadness that equally make our lives, and to the ones who touch upon our lives to leave a mark forever. I hope that this is closure, but deep in my heart, I know there won't be one.*

I was probably four years old when you gave me my first book – *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*. You gave a whole novel to a girl just learning to spell. I accepted it with confusion and turned the pages not understanding anything. When I told you that I did not know most of the words, you taught me to use the dictionary. Because that was you - determined, steadfast, and moreover, always believed in me more than anybody did.

You surrounded me with a surreal world. The walls of our first shared bedroom were filled with cut-outs from *Balarama* and *Balarama Digest*. We wallowed in a childhood with a countless collection of Pokémon cards, wooden sticks converted to magic wands which we pointed at each other and shouted '*AvadaKedavra*', chess boards and our pink tricycle. All these memories fill me up with melancholic and misty happiness. They were stolen bits from someone else's life. But those memories were happy ones because they had you.

Growing up together, we never had a normal sibling relationship. We never felt the need to constantly stay in touch or keep talking. You had made it a point to make sure that I will be independent, and yet, when I needed you, you were always there. Whenever I needed help, you gave me puzzles and pieces of information so that I will fill in my own jigsaw and walk my own path. We had our own dynamic relationship, and I loved the way it was there; subtle, invisible and empowering. We fought our sibling wars, but I always hoped that you'd never go away, not even back to your hostel.

When you were nine, you became passionate about origami and papercraft and spent hours making beautiful crafts with your tender hands. When you came to know that I wanted to celebrate my birthday like my friends from school, complete with cake and candles, you spent the weeks before my seventh birthday decorating our living room with your hand-made buntings and ensured that I wore a new dress and cut my first cake. I realised years later that was the only

birthday the four of us ever celebrated together, given that the family split up soon for the sake of our education and our parents' careers. Having hit my twenties now, and with birthdays becoming more and more depressing and disastrous with each passing year, I can only look back at that night with an ache in my heart and the realisation that I will never have a more beautiful birthday or a more memorable night in my life.

Ten years later, on our last holiday together in Dubai, we were on a cruise when a lady onboard offered to put *mehndi* on my hands. I looked wistfully at our parents who rolled their eyes and asked if it was necessary to pay for this in dollars when I could just do it for myself free back home. I made a puppy face and turned to you, and of course, it worked. You waited patiently till I was done and smiled cheekily at the camera. And then every memory gushes back to me; how you held my hair while I threw up my breakfast in front of the Pyramids of Giza; how you took fifty rupees out of your savings so that I could give it our grandmother to save myself from her scolding over losing money; how you stood up for me every time; how every single time you were there for me, whether I asked or not.

Four months later, my life was sliced neatly into two halves: one before you and one after you. Most of my immediate memory is either vague or blank, but I do remember how everything went spiralling down to a void from that point. I remember how when life changed, I was in my hostel room unaware, reading my Materials Science notes with

'Something Just Like This' blasting into my ears. I remember how when I got to know the next day, I sat there expressionless wondering if I was just in my bed, yet to wake up from a bad dream. I remember the three sleepless days and nights I spent, waiting scared and alone, for Mom and Dad to bring you home. I remember losing my sanity when you finally came, wrapped in a white *kafan*. I remember the nights I spent stifling my sobs with my pillow so that my tears won't hurt Mom more. I remember playing 'Everglow' on loop. I remember realising a few months later that I had sunk into depression. I remember gathering myself and knocking at the college counsellor's door asking for help. I remember picking up my pieces, trying to put my life together again, falling down, and getting up, again and again, and again. I'm still getting up and I know that I am not going to stop getting up because after all, you made me tough.

One year later, when I had finally gained the courage to visit you, in between the sobs I could not stop, I noticed how you slept beneath a mango tree with the fallen mangoes covering you. I was equally happy and sad at that moment. Happy, that you were covered by something you loved. Sad, that we could no longer fight over the fruits that had fallen over your grave.

This is not me letting you go, but me letting you know that you had taught me to stand on my legs before leaving, and stand, I will. This is me learning to cherish our memories together and be happy for all we did together. This is me, honouring you in the best way possible, for being the best brother in the world, and the brightest star in my night sky.

On the seventh night after his burial, the rain lashed down. As I sat at the dining table alone, looking out to the rain, my eyes clouded over with memories - of a little girl and a boy playing with paper boats in the rain puddles. The girl would cry when her boats sunk until her big brother showed her exactly how to fold them so there would be a perfect force balance. A lump rose in my throat. I gulped down my dinner and moved to my room. The house was full

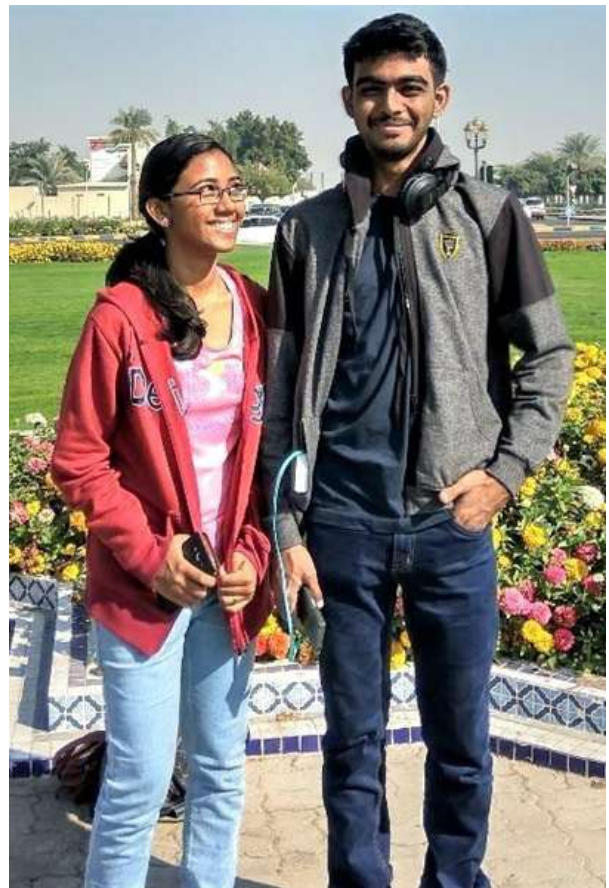
*“Lag jaa gale, ki phir yeh haseen raatho na ho  
Shaayad phir iss janm mein mulaqaatho na ho”*

*“Embrace me, for this beautiful evening may not come again  
Perhaps, in this life, we may never meet again.”*

If I had known, that cool January evening, outside the domestic terminal of Trivandrum International Airport, that it was the last time I was ever seeing you, alive or dead, trust me, dear brother, I would have never let you go.



*One of the earliest pictures together (Entrance to their maternal family home, Haripad, Kerala, 1998/1999)*



*Last picture together (Cultural Square, Sharjah, United Arab Emirates, December 2016)*



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# The Reality

I thought that I have been hurt before  
Like my body and soul were tore  
My memory is still sore  
And heart has burned its core.

Now the night calls me in  
So that I can hide my sin  
But I'm surprised my ears are still hearing  
All the voices I have locked deep down within.

Fake people are all around, calling  
But I'd rather prefer my own company  
And my books that are talking  
Along with the songs and symphony.

I see a sparkle in the dark  
Like a hand reaching out  
But like a mad dog, I bark  
Reject the offer and pout.

I have had false hope all my life  
Some call it love but it's not my type  
While I know how to survive  
The key is not to strive  
Or long for happiness  
Otherwise it would deprive.

Don't be afraid of who you are  
Just follow your heart  
Your dreams won't be much far  
If you learn it's art.

Nobody can challenge your imagination  
But in life at no point take a vacation  
Never think your actions were in vain  
Always get up and try again  
Always get up and try again.



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## Are you Nostalgic ?

*"Nostalgia is a file that removes the rough edges from the good old days." Doug Larson*

Nostalgia is generally a longing for the past. It denotes the feel which helps us to rejuvenate our mind with retrospective thoughts. It can be triggered by an old song from a radio or seeing a place that reminds us of our childhood or a smell that enliven cherished moments in our life. It is a happy travel down memory lane replenishing our mind with fresh energy. At the same time a negative past experience in life can trigger unpleasant feel causing agony.

Interestingly nostalgia was considered as a mental health issue in the 17<sup>th</sup> century assuming it as the problem arising for those whose social contacts are spoiled and disrupted. Now it has turned to an everyday buzzword in the positive sense and deemed as a normal feeling.

William Wordsworth, the celebrated poet, used nostalgia skilfully in his poem Daffodils. Nostalgia is a comfortable emotional state helping to cope with stress and unhappiness to some extent. If we

could recreate the happy moments and happy moods with the time travel, it is worthy. And it's harmful if nostalgia becomes instrumental to live in the past and make one sad for long lost things. It is not a sign of good mental health if one broods over the past glory and get immersed in it.

It is a human tendency to forget the troublesome and scary days and enliven the favourable incidents that had happened in life. Popularly called rosy retrospection, it forces people to think that past was beautiful and present and future are bleak. Progression of rosy retrospection may lead to depression distorting the perception of reality and degenerating the capacity of rational thinking.

Nostalgia is a feeling of closeness with a place, situation or people we once possessed. Once we become nostalgic we may feel about the things which we lost. But the end result will be the warm feeling.



It helps us to feel loved and make us more generous. Nostalgia brings us the cherished experience that we were valued by people once and give the feeling that we are still lovable. This make us more empathic and give us a mindset to care for other people on high priority. Nostalgia helps us to become resilient and become less anxious. However it is interesting to note that the soft side of human mind is utilised by marketing experts through advertisements by connecting the customer with the product in an emotional plane.

To arouse nostalgic feeling in our mind we don't have to wait for random events to trigger nostalgic memories. A song or music from early days or a favourite movie can bring the time back and get the feel. An old family photo or aroma of your childhood dish can bring a wave in your mind. It is fine to keep some articles, photos or age regressing materials as a nostalgic repository to bask in the past glories. However keep in mind that basking in the past memories for a while should be to rejuvenate your mind; otherwise it will make you lethargic and depressed. If we use the memories to compare the past with

present in a bad way we are not going to get the psychological benefits of nostalgia. A desire to escape into the bygone days is problematic. Nostalgia becomes unhealthy when repetitive memories from the past rule over one's mind. If revisit to a past incident helps one to regain strength and optimism it is good.

The warm feel of nostalgia becomes the culprit, if we feel nostalgic too often, and it is a warning sign that something is not working right in our life. It may be due to decreased performance, inability to do a physical activity which we had done with ease once, lack of attention from parents, spouse or other close folks. Avoidance by peer groups and lack of friends to communicate and support also can add fuel to this situation. Being realistic and adjusting to the new phase of life is the only remedy to overcome the situation. Past memories can be a double-edged sword; some memories can cause excessive discomfort and at the same time some regain strength in rosy retrospection. When overwhelmed by this feeling and get affected in our daily life consider seeking help of a mental health professional.



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# PHOTOGRAPHY







# PHOTOGRAPHY





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## मेहफिल- ए- साहिल

तीर्थ सोलंकी (साहिल)

कभी मौका मिले तो पूछो इन हवाओं से 'क्या हुआ है?'  
वो बताएँगी कि मेहफिल-ए-साहिल का आगाज़ हुआ है।

बहुतों ने किया होगा इश्क़ लेकिन हम उन सब से किनारा करते हैं,  
हमारा मिज़ाज़ ही अलग है साहिल हम तो इश्क़ भी आवारा करते हैं।

बदल सकूँ खुद से मैं रूख़ इन हवाओं का,  
इतनी तो शायद मुझमें ताकत नहीं है....  
अजीब दुनिया है, भीड़ में अकेले चलती है,  
इस तरह चलने की मुझे आदत नहीं है।  
ठहराव पसंद है मगर थोड़ा ज़्यादा बोलता हूँ,  
लड़कियों से बात करने की नज़ाकत भी नहीं है।  
मेरे लफ़्ज़ों से मेरे वजूद का गहराई मत मापना,  
नियत साफ़ है इसमें कोई शरारत भी नहीं है।



वो अक्सर कहते हैं हमसे,  
कि रुखसत-ए-विदा का लुफ्त उठाया करो।  
कल फिर मुलाकात होगी,  
यही सोचकर साहिल तुम अपनी रात बिताया करो।

ये रात अभी-भी अधूरी सी लगती है,  
कोई चाँद को मुरझाने नहीं दे रहा,  
ज़हन तो कहता है जले जाने को,  
मगर दिल इजाज़त नहीं दे रहा।

फूल इसके बालों से बिखरते चले गए,  
हम उसकी आँखों में पिघलते चले गए,  
एक नज़र पलट कर उसने देखा भर था,  
हम अपनी ही बाहों में सिमटते चले गए।  
ये दिल है था रेशमी रूमाल है कोई ?  
उसने छुआ, और धागे भरते चले गए,  
मोहब्बत करने का यूँ तो कोई इरादा नहीं था मेरा,  
हम तो टहलने निकले थे, बस टहलते चले गए।



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## प्रश्न

मी एकदा स्वतःला विचित्र प्रश्न विचारला,  
ज्येष्ठ बहिणीला आपण “ताई” म्हणायचं का स्विकारलं?  
थोडा विचार केला मग आठवलं...

घरी दररोज मी चूक करणार,  
तरी ती माझी चूक स्विकारणार,  
मला अडचण आली तर ती माझी तारणहार,  
स्वतःची अडचण विसरून माझी मदत करणार.

आठवलं...

आम्ही क्षणोक्षणी किती भांडायचो,  
उगाचच रागवायचो तरी पण पुन्हा मनवायचो.

रक्ताच्या या नात्याला तू एक नवीन आयाम दिलं,  
तुझ्यासारखी दीदी भेटली मन प्रसन्न होऊन गेलं.

आठवलं...

जेव्हा आई घरात नव्हती, तेव्हा आई सारखं वागायची,  
कधी-कधी तर मस्करीत छडीनं मारायची,  
पण आई सारखं काळजी सुद्धा करते,  
दुःखी चेहऱ्यावर हसु फूलवते  
हे संपूर्ण संसार “ताई” म्हणते,  
कारण “ताई” या शब्दात “आई” सामावते.



# Painting



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# सुरभि

## 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](mailto:gigyjalex@gmail.com) / [gigy@iist.ac.in](mailto:gigy@iist.ac.in)

# SURABHI

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