

# THE CREATIVE LAIR



Photographed by

MAHITA SURAPANENI

## HOME

WRITTEN BY MEDHASWI P

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this place i call home,  
I've hated for years.  
I've seen my life turn to sorrows here,  
I've seen my happy turn to empty here.  
but something about it  
holds me close;  
maybe it's the glitter and gold,  
maybe it's the sleepless nights,  
maybe it's the pink,blue and orange skies.

no one is poor  
in this city of gold.  
all the gold, silver and ruby  
lying on the streets;  
treasure hidden in plain sight  
and ours to keep.  
I want to leave,  
I want to reach new goals,  
but I'm trapped here in this city,  
because i can't let go.

A COLLECTION OF

# ARTWORK



Artwork by  
AKSHAYA REDDY



Artwork by  
ANOUSHKA MERGOJU



Artwork by  
C VINAY

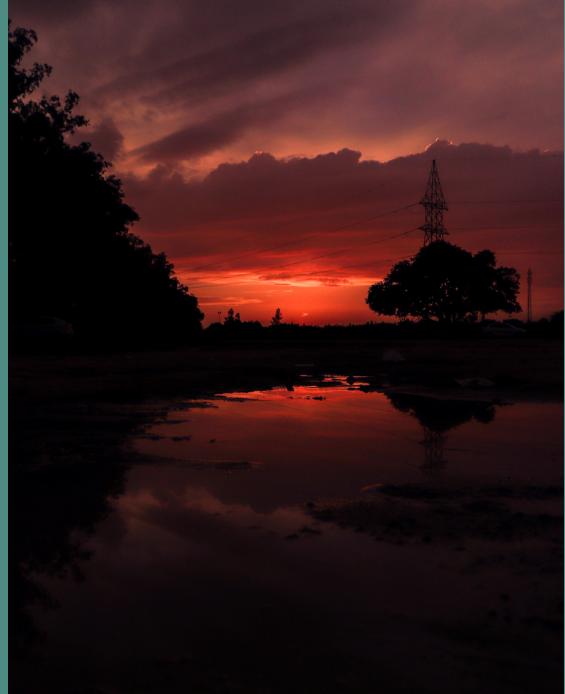


Artwork by  
RASHMITHA C

# I REMEMBER

WRITTEN BY CHINMAY

I remember you ,  
A flower with petals of joy,  
A melody so sweet ,  
A song never ending.  
I remember,  
How we captured the sun in a jar,  
So we could live in sunshine eternal,  
How roses fell for us from the sky ,  
Spread their wings and soared high ,  
Throughout the days with  
happiness we cried,  
How did this relation shrivel up and die ?  
Back then,  
I imagined better days for you and me,  
I dreamt of our unattainable eternity,  
I should've expected from that start ,  
That you'll leave me with a broken heart.  
All is lost,  
I know that's true,  
But all I can think of is you,  
Something is missing in me,  
Is it my heart which you have ?  
But,  
No matter how much time goes forward,  
No matter how much you go back,  
.I promise to remember you  
now and forever.



Photographed by  
**HARSHITH KOTHAPALLI**



Photographed by  
**MAHITA SURAPANENI**

A COLLECTION OF

# ARTWORK



Artwork by  
RASHMITHA C



Artwork by  
NITIN VEERAMALLA



Artwork by  
NITIN VEERAMALLA



Artwork by  
K CHARAN TEJA

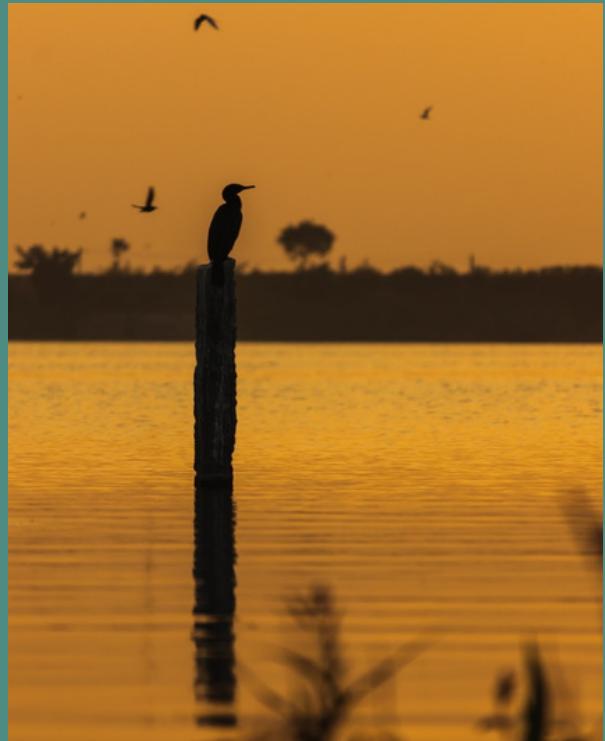
# FRAMES PER HEART

WRITTEN BY VIGNESH

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Imagine staring into "The Starry Night" and the painting starts playing a melody for you. While the lights flicker, life kicks into the painting and you start feeling the night. Flashes of hundreds and thousands of Van Gogh's paintings. Imagine all of them swaying with a story. Well, that's the love child of all the art forms-Cinema.

Cinema fills our hearts with layers of happiness. Breaks our hearts. Puts us in a frenzy. Amazes our little brains. Scares our insides. From ethics to etiquette's, it teaches us everything. Lovers to rebels, cinema shaped them all. A pure chaotic brilliance which reflects the society.



Photographed by

HARSHITH KOTHAPALLI



Photographed by

DEEPTHI NARAYANA

Cinema is not just for entertainment. It's the modern form of art. Documentaries to melodramas, biopics to rom-coms, Neo noirs to musicals, westerns to wars, cinema told us every story possible. If you feel cinema isn't art, it's just a money-making piece of entertainment, start watching better movies.

A COLLECTION OF

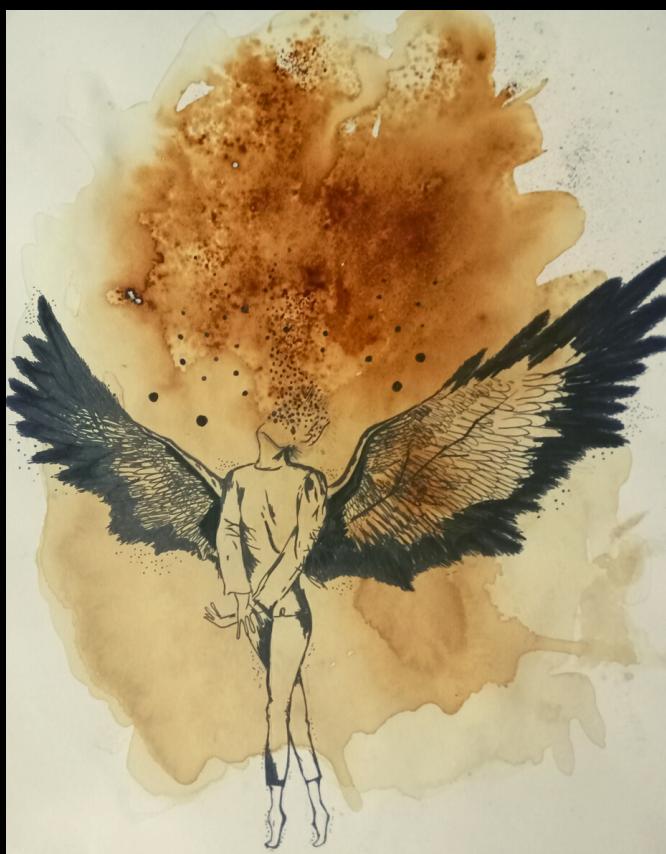
# ARTWORK



Artwork by  
**KETAKI KASHTIKAR**



Artwork by  
**PREETI KULKARNI**



Artwork by  
**MRUDHULA REDDY**



Artwork by  
**KARRA VIVEK REDDY**

# YOU

WRITTEN BY SANJNA ADIBHATLA

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To my beloved,  
If my life were a poem  
You'd be my favourite line  
The one I repeat in my head  
Becoming a constant thought  
A hymn that I cannot forget  
Chanting it in whispers  
Throughout my day  
You'd make me go on for another day  
If my day was a song  
You'd be my favourite verse  
The part I know by heart  
Without having to rehearse  
I sing it loud  
When the song comes on  
You give me reason to go on  
Out of all the flowers in my garden  
You are a tree  
Tall and evergreen  
Always to be seen  
Unplucked and not tredded on  
You're strong and beautiful  
You brought new meaning to my life  
For all the times I had taken for granted  
The beauty before me  
I do apologize  
For as you see, I have ever-changing eyes  
Though I cannot pass blame  
And take upon myself  
To be sorry for missing out on times  
When you needed help  
I love you and promise to never leave you  
behind.

# OH! I WONDER

WRITTEN BY RASHMITHA C

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Oh! I wonder how the snowflakes  
shine on a winter's night.  
Oh! I wonder how the toothed  
whales swim in the shallow sea.  
Oh! I wonder how the sandalwood  
smells with a soothing aroma.  
Oh! I wonder how the Brook flows  
past many places before reaching the  
river.  
Oh! I wonder how the waterfall flow  
in the course of stream.  
Oh! I wonder how dewdrops enhance  
the macro nature.  
Oh! I wonder how a Sierra redwood  
grows out of a tiny sapling.  
Oh! I wonder how the chirping of birds  
is a wake up call to people.  
Oh! I wonder how stars shine  
the brightest in the dark.  
Oh! I wonder how the buttercup shines  
when kept under chin.  
Oh! I wonder how the rain gives birth  
to petrichor.  
Oh! I wonder how mother nature  
is an aesthetic pleasure.

A COLLECTION OF

# ARTWORK



Artwork by  
Y SAI HARSHA



Artwork by  
KUSHAL KRISHNA



Artwork by  
KUSHAL KRISHNA



Artwork by  
Y SAI HARSHA

# WHAT I LEARNT FROM A HUMBLE PENCIL

WRITTEN BY HARSHITHA SUNKAVALLI

1. Everything we do will always leave a mark.
2. We can always correct the mistakes we make, but will it go back to being like nothing ever happened?
3. What is inside you is more important than what is outside of you.
4. In life, we undergo painful sharpening which will make us better in whatever we do.
5. Lastly, to be the best, we must allow ourselves to be held and guided by the hand that holds us.



Photographed by

PERISETLA HARI NAGA SAI



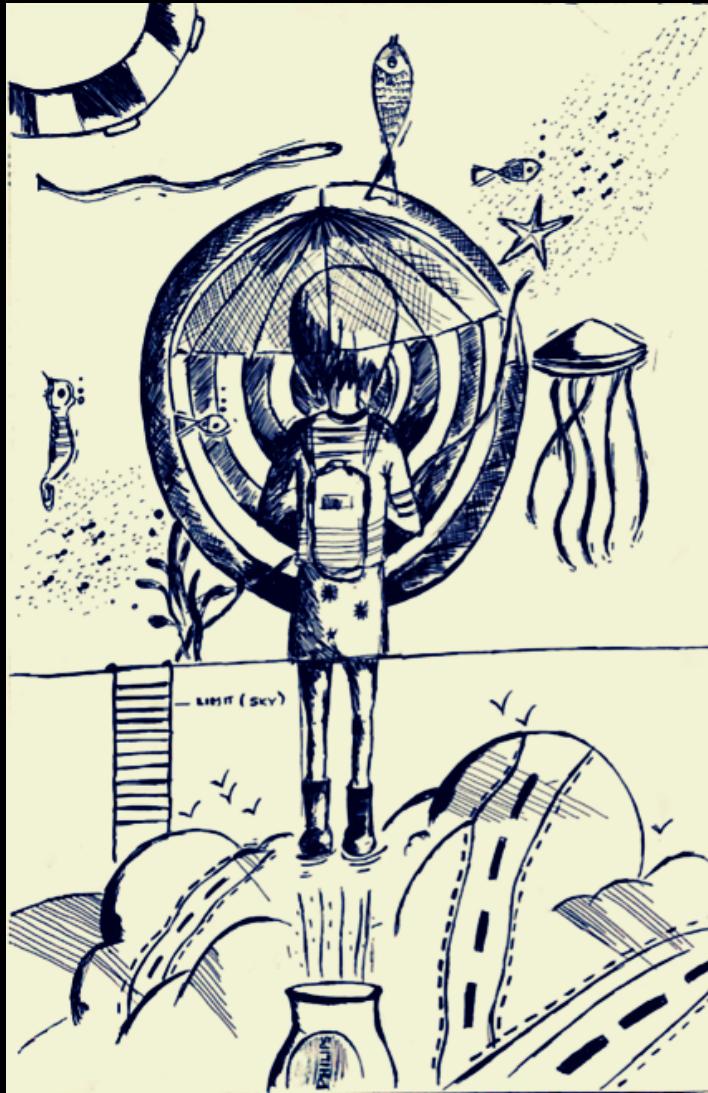
Art by

CH SAI RAJ



WINNERS

# ARTBEAT 2019



01

MRUDHULA REDDY  
II-YEAR, CSE

56



02

ANOUSHKA MERGOJU  
II-YEAR, CSE



03

IMADHUMITA  
III-YEAR, CSE

56

WINNERS

# ARTBEAT 2019

ROUND 2

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



01

KRISHNA PRASAD  
III-YEAR, ECE

01

HARSHITH KOTHAPALLI  
III-YEAR, ECE

INSTAGRAM –  
@EMOTIONSBYHARSHITHKOTHAPALLI

WINNERS

# ZENITH 2019

## FROM A TALE OF FOUR PICTURES

### SUPER YOGA

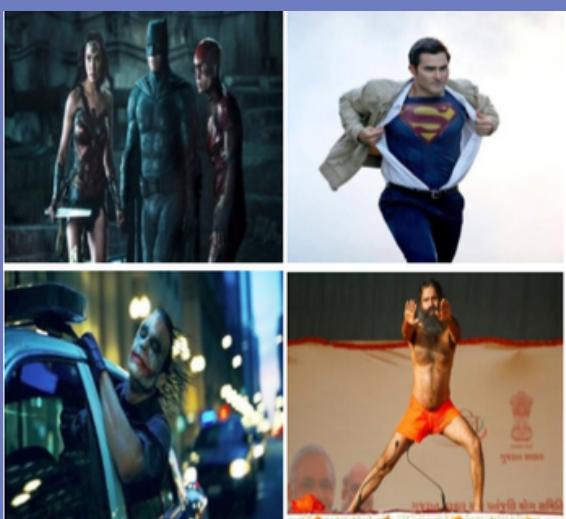
WRITTEN BY MEDHASWI P

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"Are you ready for your super strength training session?"

Wonder Woman quivered.  
Batman started to feel the pressure.  
The Flash couldn't move an inch.  
Superman wanted to fly back to Krypton  
And the Joker felt an impending cardiac arrest.

"Yes Baba Ramdev", they replied as he started to perform kapalbathi.



### THE BLUE CAR

WRITTEN BY A. POOJA

---

Sun shining bright like a blooming flower, as warm as the soft touch of wool, leaves fluttering with the glittering flow of Autumn air. He felt like the aura of the present just washed off insecurities from the past, it was like the literal representation of living in the moment. They say, "The journey seems shorter with companions", but I wanted this journey to be much longer. I wanted it to be like a never-ending loop of infinity. I look at faces full of smiles, compassion and enthusiasm, it's filling my heart drop by drop with pleasure. It's the kind of feeling I want to cherish for life.

Standing in a row, gazing at the sea, wondering how far the sea would be. Laughing, living and dancing in the cold sand with bare feet, all are common things but extraordinarily special. Cozy, fuzzy and warm in a tent, telling the tales of each other's failures.

The starry night sky never felt so satisfying. Could these feelings be because of some random people in my life who we call “friends”? Could this be what it means to be sailing in the happiest sea with this thing called “Friendship”?

I don't really know the answer to that, but what I do know is that my friend's blue car crashed on the way is definitely gonna get him in trouble.



## THE CARETAKER

WRITTEN BY ADITYA BONEPALLI S

Its Summer! And unlike every other guy, I wanted to spend it with my grandparents in the countryside. That definitely sounded weird but that's my way of passing time. I stay in the beautiful city, Monte Carlo. I've got a small villa by the coast.

My parents unfortunately passed away in a car crash a few years ago. I, obviously had to start working to keep myself alive. Now, things have finally fallen into place and, it's summer! I packed my stuff in a small bag, similar to a messenger because I prefer travelling by my motor cycle. Once I reached my grandparent's house, I was welcomed in a really warm way which totally made me forget about the hectic journey I had. I noticed a tall bearded guy at home. I was a little transfixed in the beginning but he seemed pretty nice. He was my grandparent's caretaker.

I was sorting my stuff in the room when I discovered a book hidden under my bed. It was a little old and felt a bit strange.

I was surprised to find a few news articles in the book with the caretaker's face on them.

It so happened that the caretaker was a fugitive on the run and was being harbored in my grandparent's house. I also found a pocket-knife near the book. I didn't think twice in calling the cops and got him arrested.

