

What makes your
BLOOD BOIL?

Reserved for the HATERS

Manipal's Favourite Newsletter since 2023

THE ART
OF SURVIVING

A fresher's guide to odd sem labs and buying 6 umbrellas

THE MIT EDITORIAL

MANIPAL MAYHEM



EDBOARD POLLS MITIANS: CONSPIRACY THEORIES INSIDE



INDEX



- **Editor's Note**
- **Meet the Board**
- **I'm Just A Girl**
- **It's Pouring**
- **What Makes My Blood Boil**
- **The Art Of Surviving**
- **Speculation Station**
- **Manipal Mayhem**
- **Classifieds**
- **Student Submissions**





Editor's Note

The Curtain Call

The September edition of the MIT Newsletter marks a fin de siècle for the team that brought the idea and execution to life. This is the second and last newsletter that will be put up under the oversight of the board of 2023-24. —

Like with all swan songs, it serves as both a reflection on our achievements and a celebration of how far we've come. As we turn the page, we look ahead, knowing that the foundation we've built will continue to inspire those who follow. —

The contributions and publicity for this newsletter have been largely- if not wholly- under the creative hats of our incredible Management and Working Committees.

They have ideated over the summer vacation, and brought them to life once they got back. Without them, there would be no tangible final product.

Now, to the board themselves- —

To Jia: no partnership will ever truly compare to yours, the team thrives under your direction.



Snigdha Jha, Editor-In-Chief



Jia Arora, Managing Editor

To the creative team (Writing, Conceptual, Graphics, and Photography & Videography): You have ensured and maintained excellent quality in our publications, thank you for your incredible contributions.

To the administrative, social media and operations team- Your coordination for events, submissions and managerial tasks keep everything running smoothly; it's kept us out of many a bind.

Signing Off,

Snigdha Jha

Jia Arora

MEET THE BOARD



Aviral Malik
Head of Arts and Graphics



Yash Shankaram
Head of Arts and Graphics



Kushagra Gupta
Head of Arts and Graphics



Kanha Aggarwal
Head of Database



Sahil Vikas
Head of Database



Yash Muthanna
Head of Web Dev



Shreyash Shubh
Head of Photo



Harshit Pesala
Head of Video



Mallika Shinkre
Head of Conceptual Team

MEET THE BOARD



Yashwi Sinha
Head of Conceptual Team



Diya Ananteswaran
Head of English Writing



Anusha Arra
Head of English Writing



Akhila B
Head of Kannada Writing



Abid Kapdi
Head of Hindi Writing



Aryenn S Pratap
Head of Admin and Logistics



Bhavna Aggarwal
Head of Admin and Logistics



Dhruv Viswanathan
Head of Social Media



I'm Just A Girl

I'm Just a "Girl"

You know, I've been to my fair share of barber-shops here in Manipal. There's no shortage of places that will give you a decent cut for 300 rupees. Quick, efficient, and done. But here's the thing—every time I walk into a barbershop, it's the same vibe. You walk in, and the barber gives you that look. Not the welcoming "Hey, good to see you" kind of look. No, it's more like "Oh, you again." You sit down, and before you know it, the routine kicks in. A few jokes about my height, a couple of suggestions that I get a tube of "fair n lovely" (hilarious, anna, but you need it more than I do) a couple of comments passed between the barbers in kannada, which I totally don't understand, and boom—cut's done. Efficient, yes. But vibes? Not quite.

And let's not forget the cheapest option of all—the barbershop at Student Plaza. For just 230 rupees, you can get a "haircut." And I use that term loosely. It's less about a fresh cut and more about securing yourself a monthly subscription to wearing a baseball cap. Trust me, you'll need to hide that hair for at least a month while it grows back. You walk out of there not only with a hairstyle that makes you look like you're invisible to your crush, but also with the sinking realisation that your next investment will be in a good hat. That's why I ditched the barbershops and now head to Habit Salon. I'll be real—I pay more than 300 rupees, but it's worth every

extra rupee. You walk in, and it's like stepping into another world. The staff at Habit? They're genuinely happy to see you. The energy is on point. Instead of the tired "What'll it be today?" you get a cheerful "Where have you been?" There's something about that. It's not just about getting a haircut; it's about feeling like you're more than just another customer in a long line. I walk in and I immediately feel very cutesy and very demure.

At Habit, I'm not rushed through the motions. I'm pampered, and I like it. I'll own that. Some people might say it's "girly" to care about things like vibes and energy when it comes to something as basic as a haircut. Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. But who cares? I'm here for the experience. I'm here for the conversation that doesn't make me feel like I'm stuck in some outdated routine. And if, by chance, they happen to take extra care of my hands and feet while I'm there... Well, let's just say I'm not complaining.

I guess what I'm saying is, we all have our preferences. For me, it's Habit over the local barbershops. If that makes me "just a girl," so be it. But hey, I'm embracing it. Because at the end of the day, it's not just about looking good—it's about feeling good too. And at Habit, I get both.

-Nishit Kashyap

Of Course I Overpack, I'm Just A Girl

Whenever I travel, my luggage transforms into a magical TARDIS of necessities and “just in case” items. I start with a small bag, but by the time I’m done, it’s bulging at the seams. I meticulously plan outfits for any situation that might arise after researching my destination, from fancy dinners to spontaneous hikes. I pack a pair of shoes for every possible terrain, and then a few more “just in case”—because what if I just want to wear flip-flops?

I pack an entire pharmacy, just in case I need to diagnose and treat every ailment known to humanity. Then there are the products: lotions, potions, sprays galore. One never knows when a complete skincare routine or a quick touch-up might be necessary. I bring multiple chargers, a stack of books, and of course, a mini switchblade and pepper spray for safety.

By the time I’m done, my suitcase is a heavy, overstuffed wonderland. I feel ready for anything that comes my way—except, of course, lifting my bag into the overhead compartment.

-Sowmya Gopi

I'm Just A Girl

I’m just a girl, so of course, I have everything I could possibly need during an emergency... except for actually attending class. The backpack I haul to class every day is like my survival kit for getting through the boring and mundane lectures. I’ve got a book to read to pass the time, mints so I don’t fall asleep, hand sanitizer because sometimes we’re a little germaphobic, Vicks and paracetamol to drive away migraines. I have all these things with me, but I’d never have a pen. Or I’d be missing a ruler, an eraser, or a pencil. Sometimes even a whole notebook.

No, I don’t have a log graph on me, but I do have wet wipes.

I left my calculator in my room, but I do have lip gloss if you need it.

You can’t depend on me for notes, but you can rely on me for sanitary pads, candy, Band-Aids, medicines, and whatnot.

After all, I’m just a girl.

-Anonymous

The Ties That Shape Us: Reflections on Girlhood and Friendship

One night, as I went about my usual nighttime routine of doom-scrolling through Instagram, a reel caught my eye, and I couldn't scroll past it. The visuals were from *The Florida Project*, a movie I had recently watched and really loved. The visuals initially caught my attention, but it was the audio that truly held it. The reel began with the line, "We were girls together," and something about it stirred a deep sense of nostalgia and emotion. "We were girls together." It's such a simple statement, but it struck a chord within me, and I held onto all the emotions and retrospection that came along with it. As children, we weren't taught how to be good friends or how to support one another. We didn't grow up watching women being especially good friends on screen, in the stories we read, or in the media we consumed. Instead, we were shown women fighting over men, tearing each other down, and constantly competing in a game that was always rigged but never acknowledged. We didn't know it then, but what we saw so often in all these forms of media affected how we viewed our connections with each other, even if it was subconscious. We internalised so many lies about what female friendships were supposed to look like—full of drama, gossip, and betrayal. It's heartbreaking to realise how warped our understanding of friendship really was. But then, the reel continued with a line that encapsulated the truth of female friendship in its rawest form: Girlhood has been part of the foundation of every version

"I have been and will ever be." This resonated with me deeply. The strongest and most meaningful relationships in my life have been with women. These friendships have been there through every phase of my life—through the highs, the lows, and all the transformations along the way—and yet they asked for nothing in return except the promise of more memories together. Growing up with strong female friendships has been one of the most precious gifts and experiences in my life, shaping every version of who I am and who I will become. Another line from the reel that left a lasting impression on me was, "Anyone who has loved me after you, has loved us." It perfectly captures the impact of these friendships on every relationship that followed in my life. My female friendships have been the bedrock of who I am, shaping how I give and receive love, and helping me understand myself better. The people who have entered my life after these friendships haven't just loved me—they've loved the version of me that was built by these connections. They've loved the girl who was nurtured, understood, and uplifted by the women who stood beside her. These friendships laid the foundation for how I navigate all relationships, and their influence lingers in every bond I form. As I reflect on this, I realise how much we've grown and how much we've unlearned. These friendships are not about competition but about connection. They are about showing up for one another, lifting each other up, and growing together—side by side.

-Urja Srivastava

It's POURING!



-Swaroop Diddi & Shreyash Shubh

It's POURING!



What makes my blood boil?

Are we sold the shenanigan of morality to limit our capability? Are we part of a society or a community, given the apparent conflict regarding our status of existence? When we first arrived, we believed we had entered a place where we could finally be with people who understood our emotions, even if they may not resonate or be empathetic. Isn't understanding our feelings the first layer of the statue of ethics?

However, as time passes, it seems we remain stuck in the same boardroom with nicer drapes on the windows! We are not a community for sure. We are merely an extension of the society we strive to join after years of education. Perhaps it is over optimistic to expect people from our side to truly understand what an individual must go through in life; maybe mental scars are just meant for the tormented!

Isn't it ironic? We profess to know more deeply but can't see beyond the surface. If individuals cannot look beyond sight, what makes us believe that we can know a person's heart or understand their mind? We are not the same, even to ourselves. We fear our deepest desires and may even lie to ourselves to protect us from conflict. That's how our society enslaves us—by weaving a cocoon of acceptance, and most of us happily trade our independence for it.

Our thoughts are fighters, but our mentality has colonised our minds. Independence is a leader murdered even before it sets foot on its soil. And what is the guarantee for which we trade our minds? The subtle concept of morality, the so-called social contract. It is an elusive weapon meant for the naïve. An individual with strong character defines his own morality. He is never subservient to a system that is preferential with zero accountability. He is the one who defines our social structure, who truly leads, even if not always from the forefront. It is the morality created by the strong to subserve the will of the weak. The majority buys into this argument. This is what makes my blood boil! The fact that most of my peers are engulfed by the thought of the greater good, of our existence as a community, yet in truth, we remain a system—a system of the strong and the weak!

Do not misconstrue me; I don't wish to topple this system. I just want my peers to understand it. Instead of being protectionist, I want them to open their minds from this single-minded pursuit of communal happiness and look at things more objectively. As mentioned earlier, what goes on inside a person can only be truly felt by that person. We can never fully comprehend it. Hence, our morality is never inherent. Rather, we should view morality as an outcome-based action in which we prioritise our methods based on principles we create—on things that matter most to us—so that we may strive for our happiness and gain.

-Shaswat Om

The Early Morning Class Fiasco: A Tale of Injustice and Rage

Oh, the 8 AM class—the bane of every student's existence and a testament to the academic system's disregard for human decency. If you're reading this, you're either a battle-worn veteran of early mornings or a poor soul about to be thrust into this excruciating ordeal. Brace yourself, because I'm about to lay bare the travesty that is waking up at the crack of dawn for classes that seem to revel in making your life a living hell.

The Cancelled Class Catastrophe

Let's start with the most infuriating of all: class cancellations. You drag yourself out of bed with the resolve of a warrior, only to waltz into a classroom and find it empty. That's right, empty. No notice, no apology—just the crushing reality that your early morning sacrifice was entirely pointless. Your groggy, sleep-deprived body can't help but scream in frustration. All that pain and suffering for absolutely nothing, while your bed lies untouched, mocking you with its comfort.

The Auto Fare Fiasco

And then, there's the two-minute late debacle. You show up a smidge late, and the professor's rigid policy slams the door shut in your face. You stand there, fuming, knowing that the 40 rupees you forked over for the auto from Gate 2 to AB5 have been utterly wasted. It's not just the money—it's the principle. You're penalised for a minor delay, while the universe seems to conspire against your (almost perfect) punctuality.

The Professor's Tardy Travesty

Then, there's the professor's tardiness. You've hauled yourself out of bed, fueled by a grim determination, only to find the professor strolling in 15 minutes late. That's right—15 minutes. All those idlis you sacrificed, that precious coffee you left untouched, all for nothing. Your stomach rumbles with resentment, and you can't help but think that you could have enjoyed those breakfast delights instead of being subjected to this farce of punctuality.

The Free Attendance Farce

And the pièce de résistance: free attendance. The professor, in a display of mock benevolence, doles out attendance to everyone, including those who chose to stay in bed. It's a slap in the face to those of us who dragged ourselves out of the abyss of sleep. You sit there, seething, as others—who clearly had better judgement—receive the same credit for doing absolutely nothing. It's an outrageous injustice that makes your blood boil with a fury that's hard to contain.

In the grand scheme of academia, these early morning trials aren't just annoying—they're a downright affront to our sanity. So here's to the 8 AM class: may we one day rise above this absurd system and reclaim our right to sleep. Because if this is what it takes to succeed, then I'd rather remain an unsuccessful but well-slept member of society.

-Nishit Kashyap: a man perpetually deprived of rest.

The ART of Surviving

The Visibility Game

Visibility is often thrown around when discussing recognition, attention, or validation, whether at work or in life. What people tend to overlook, however, is that visibility encompasses many facets. It affects the development of fundamental systems within us, such as confidence, self-esteem, and the ability to garner credit for one's hard work. Yet, as visibility increasingly becomes a competition, the surrounding work environment is turning toxic. In the pursuit of being seen, many find themselves trapped in an exhausting race, losing sight of their true potential and mental well-being.

Trust me, I've been there. Every time I scroll through LinkedIn or glance at a senior's CV, I am in awe of how much they have achieved and managed to excel. But with that admiration came the inevitable comparisons. A wise man once said, "Comparison is the thief of joy," and he couldn't have been more right. Constantly comparing myself to others took a toll on my mental health. Reality, however, hits hard, and the need to cope with this visibility race becomes ever more pressing.

The key to surviving the race for recognition is to focus on honing and highlighting the skills you already possess. It's like weaving a story—beginning with a solid base, you build the narrative of your work and achievements over time. The story you create becomes the image you want to present to the world that is your audience.

An essential part of this process is leveraging social media. Networking online, especially with your peers, may seem daunting, but it pays off in the long run. Though it appears easy, the real challenge most people face is putting themselves out there in the first place. If you can overcome this hurdle, everything else falls into place.

The truth is, you might not have the perfect start, and you might even face criticism. But criticism can be valuable. Without feedback, how would you know if you're growing as an individual? So, "embrace the cringe", push past the discomfort, and continue weaving your story. Over time, you'll see that visibility isn't just about competition—it's about being authentic, working hard, and building your narrative piece by piece.

- I. A. Ganit Cariappa

The Art of Surviving – By a 3-Year Manipal Survivor

If you're reading this, then congratulations. I have successfully evaded the all-seeing eyes of Manipal's "authorities" and delivered this message to you. Make no mistake, surviving in Manipal isn't just an expression; it's an art form, a delicate dance of cunning and luck. One wrong move, and you might leave this college as nothing more than a shadow of the person you once were. So, buckle up as I pass on the sacred knowledge I've acquired over my three-year odyssey.

1. Never, EVER Forget Your Umbrella

Risks: Picture this: You're strutting down the Student Plaza, drenched to the bone. It feels like a cinematic "main character moment" as the rain pours down on you. Romantic? Think again. Because with every raindrop, the reality of Manipal sinks in. Five days of missed classes due to a runny nose and newfound existentialism later, you'll wish you listened to me. Trust me, the rains here don't just soak your clothes; they strip away your illusions.

2. The Roommate Alliance

Risks: Living with a roommate is all about forging a delicate truce. Fail to do so, and your room turns into a battlefield—disappearing snacks, AC temperature wars, and passive-aggressive silence. But a strong alliance means having each other's backs: sharing laundry days, splitting snack costs, and covering for late-night sneak-ins. Sure, the rich kids with their single rooms might scoff, but they'll never know the true art of survival forged in the fires of shared space.

3. Master the Monthly Budget

Risks: Let's talk numbers. You stroll into the first week of the month feeling like a king, splurging on EOTT, late-night food deliveries, and that fancy haircut at the Habit Salon. But heed my words: if you burn through 90% of your funds by Week One, then Week Two will be the beginning of your 'Monetary Enlightenment.' Weeks Three and Four? You're entering 'Survival Mode,' subsisting on instant noodles and the generosity of friends. So, manage your budget, or prepare to experience the uniquely humbling comedy of borrowing 50 bucks from your junior.

4. Choosing Your Mess Wisely

Risks: Selecting the wrong mess can lead to culinary despair. One bad choice, and you'll find yourself in a daily struggle with unidentifiable 'curry' and boiled veggies. Choosing your mess is not merely a matter of taste; it's a strategic game of social power. You don't want to end up in a mess where none of your friends go—it's like sitting at the wrong table in a high-stakes game of friendship poker. The mess is where bonds are forged, alliances are strengthened, and gossip flows freer than the watery daal. Pick unwisely, and you'll find yourself dining alone, staring longingly at the neighbouring mess where laughter and camaraderie fill the air.

5. Navigating the Library Before Exams

Risks: The library is a battlefield during exam season, and the book section is a maze for those who dare enter it for the first time. If you don't learn how to look up books in advance, you'll be lost, wandering aimlessly through aisles of textbooks and reference materials, growing more frantic with every passing minute. Don't be a stranger to the library's layout; familiarity is your only weapon against the confusion.

As for the study halls, they're another test of survival. Only a select few tables have charging ports, so if you don't come in early to claim a spot, you'll end up in a power struggle of the highest order. Better yet, bring an extension cable and assert dominance—you'll become the saviour of the port-less and make new allies in the process.

Stay vigilant, my friend.

Yours truly,

Nishit Kashyap

(aka The Fresh Prince of Bel-Apur)

Art of Surviving

- The ZOLO umbrella is as important as your self-respect, never lose it.
- Nobody has the time to pay attention to your dressing sense in the rains, so keep it simple.
- Wear crocs, they're an armour.
- Be careful about choosing either SP (Student Project) or SP (Student Plaza).
- This is MONEY-PAL, spend carefully.

-Siddharth Balaji

Speculation Station

The Magic of MIT's Warped Time

If you think magic doesn't exist in Manipal, think again. This place is filled with unexplained phenomena, and no, I'm not just talking about Block 13 (I'm still convinced that the women in there are illusions, but that's a topic for another day). I'm talking about the most bizarre sorcery that every student at MIT experiences daily: the mysterious warping of time. Yes, you read that right—time here bends and stretches, seemingly at its own whim, making every moment a conspiracy in itself.

The Classroom Time Vortex

First, let's address the black hole that is the classroom. Have you ever noticed how time inexplicably slows to a crawl the moment you sit down? You're convinced it's been an hour, but a quick glance at the clock shows only five minutes have passed. This phenomenon is especially pronounced during online classes of CPI ("Creativity, Problem-Solving, and Innovation") and UHV ("Universal Human Values"). You stare at the screen, and the seconds drag by like molasses. It's as if the universe is laughing at you, stretching every lecture into an agonizing marathon of endless slides and bullet points.

The Scorching Sun Slowdown

Time isn't just warped inside the classroom. Step outside during peak sunlight hours, and you'll experience the infamous Scorching Sun Slowdown. It's like a curse has been placed on the campus. Every step feels like a journey across the Sahara, the minutes stretch into an eternity, and you swear you'll never reach your destination. It's not just heat; it's Manipal magic at work.

The Night Out Fast-Forward

And then there's the flip side of this sorcery—the fast-forward effect. This one hits you hardest during nights out. You're out with friends, the music is blaring, the vibes are immaculate, and before you know it, hours have flown by in what felt like mere minutes. The laughter, the stories, the reckless midnight adventures—it all blurs past at lightning speed. You check the time, and it's already 10:15 PM, sending you into a frenzy. Perm time is just around the corner, and there it is: the great injustice of Manipal magic. The fun comes to an abrupt halt as 10:30 PM hits way too soon, like a cruel joke on your freedom.

Manipal Mayhem

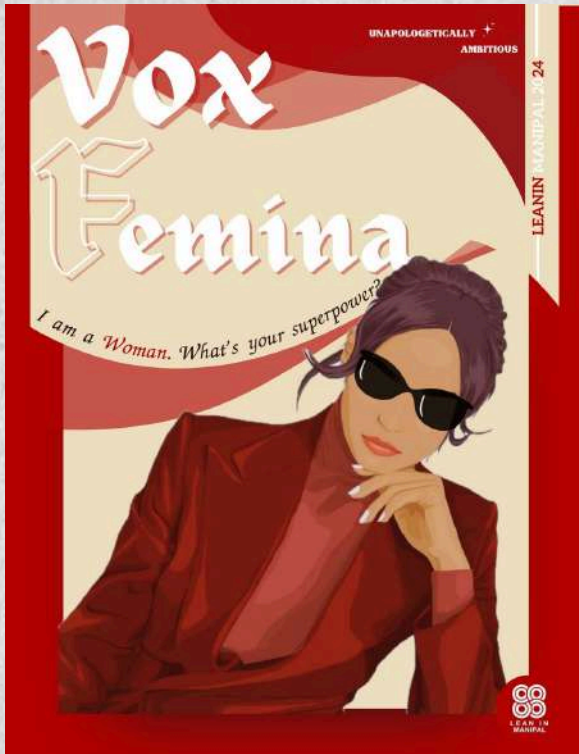


"With great power comes great procrastination... and probably an all-nighter before the exam!"

-Aashi Saxena



Classifieds



A Cover to Remember: This Month's VoxFemina Headliner! Stay tuned for the release date! IG: @leaninmanipal

$\Lambda\Delta Q$

Introducing the
**Literary,
Debate
and
Quiz Club**
of **MIT, Manipal**

The Literary, Debate, and Quiz Club at MIT is where we gather the readers and writers, the orators and the quiz enthusiasts. We bring you well-analysed argumentation and fun word puzzles. We discuss pop culture and decode clues, bragging of many accolades through the years. Don't miss the chance to be a part of this vibrant community!



@ldq_manipal



Scan the QR code to stay updated with our community!

**GREETINGS, FELLOW STARGAZERS
AND ASTRONOMY ENTHUSIASTS!**



Here at **THE ASTRONOMY CLUB MANIPAL**, our passion for the cosmos knows no bounds. Whether you're a seasoned astronomer or a curious newcomer, there's something for everyone to discover and enjoy.

Throughout the year, we embark on thrilling **STARGAZING SESSIONS** allowing us to marvel at celestial phenomena from our campus grounds. In addition to our stargazing adventures, we are privileged to host esteemed guests who enrich our knowledge with insightful seminars and share their expertise and passion for astronomy, inspiring us all to delve deeper into the mysteries of the cosmos.

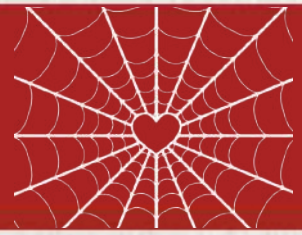
Looking ahead, we're excited to announce our **UPCOMING TECH WEEK**, featuring workshops, demos, and hands-on activities for astronomy enthusiasts and tech-savvy individuals to explore the latest advancements and technology in our field.



**JOIN US AS WE CONTINUE TO EXPLORE, LEARN, AND SHARE OUR
PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY WITH THE WORLD.**

The Astronomy Club focuses on bringing together the students of MIT for their love towards anything related to the sky, whether it be sky gazing, theoretical stuff which was kindled by watching Star Wars, Cosmos by Carl Sagan, etc. Whether it be black holes, flat earth theory, conspiracy theories about Space Agencies, we are up for it all. But our mission doesn't stop there. We also build our own Star tracker and telescope, requiring expertise from different engineering parts. We hold sky watches where we can sit back and appreciate the aesthetic scenery just waiting to be seen like the eclipses, blood moons, or when the planets like Saturn and Jupiter can also be viewed, who doesn't like to watch the beautiful constellations and nebulae.

Classifieds



ESCAPE ROOM

Unlock the Mystery at the Biomedical Escape Room!
Join us for an adrenaline-pumping adventure hosted by the Biomedical Engineering Society of India (BMES/MIIC)! Dive into mind-bending puzzles, thrilling fun games, and an exciting escape room. Gather your friends, challenge your intellect, and experience an evening of unforgettable fun. Do you have what it takes to escape?

**DON'T MISS OUT
REGISTER NOW!**

DATE - 11th-12th August
VENUE - AB 5 (room TBA)
TEAM SIZE - 1-4 members

CONTACT
Poonguzhali: +91 93846 77918
Rajshree: +91 90843 22612

The clock is ticking as you enter a world where every second counts. Face challenging puzzles and uncover hidden clues in a race against time. Each solution brings you closer to escaping the enigmatic scenario, demanding not just knowledge but also creativity and teamwork. This event challenges you and your team to navigate through a series of high-stakes scenarios inspired by real-world scientific mysteries. It's a thrilling test of your skills and ingenuity in an immersive, high-pressure environment. Are you prepared for an intense test of your scientific prowess? With limited spots available, act quickly to claim your team's place in this nerve-wracking challenge. Register now!!!!

MANIPAL

THE DATA ALCHEMISTS
MIT's Official Data Science Club

IF THE DATA IS THE 'NEW OIL' THEN
DATA SCIENCE IS THE 'REFINERY'
AND HENCE...

**WE WANT YOU
TO JOIN TDA!**

OUR DOMAINS:

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SCAN NOW!

The Data Alchemists (TDA) is the official Data Science club of MIT, founded in 2022 by Khushee Kapoor (batch of 2024, branch topper of Data Science). TDA is the

official Data Science club of MIT, founded in 2022 by Khushee Kapoor (batch of 2024, branch topper of Data Science). TDA is the perfect club for all aspiring Data Scientists and ML enthusiasts as we have unique domains that cater to every aspect of becoming a well-rounded Data Scientist in today's tech landscape.

IEEE EMBS
STUDENT CHAPTER MANIPAL

Research and Projects Wing

- Biomaterials
- Clinical Sciences
- Signal & Image Processing
- Electronics & Hardware

Content and Program Wing

- Editorial
- Publicity
- Graphics

New opportunities await...

- Hands-on Workshops
- Connecting with leading industrial experts
- and many more exciting events

for more info!

We are IEEE EMBS Student Chapter Manipal. The IEEE Engineering Medicine and Biology Society is a global community dedicated to

advancing medical technology. Our interdisciplinary club welcomes diverse perspectives from all branches. The club provides various opportunities for career development, including hands-on workshops, networking events, industrial visits, and research project opportunities. Our subsystems span across Biomaterials, Clinical Sciences, Electronics and Hardware, Signal & Image Processing, Publicity, Editorial, and Graphics and Design. Additionally, we offer numerous competitions and conferences. Become a member by registering for our upcoming recruitments. Innovate, Connect, Inspire, and discover your potential with IEEE EMBS.

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

कौन रोकेगा तुझे?

चल पडा तू बन मुसाफ़िर
कौन देखेगा तुझे,
वापस आजा, वापस चल
तक़दीर अब ये कह रही।
भू का काफ़िर, रण का त्यागी
वापस चल रे बावरे।
घर से घर तू घूमे यूँ,
जब चाँद भी ना थाम पाए,
आ गया तू बन मुसाफ़िर
खयाल आया क्या तुझे?
फक यहीं से रूह की बहती नफ़दया
यहीं से तू ये तांकता
पर जा ना तू पाया वो रास्ता
जो तेरे फबन डूबता।
ना बन तू जाललम
ना बन तू ख़ामोश
ना बन तू एक अजनबी अकेला
बस सुन तू धुन ना खुदसे वाफ़कि
गवव से बहती ये नफ़दया प्यासी
पर लौटती वो बन फदल की फाँसी,
बस तेरा ही फंदा है बाक़ी
तोह आके अब बस बाँध ले;
यूँ चल पडा तू बन मुसाफ़िर
कौन सींचेगा तुझे,
जब खुदसे ही तू खो गया
कौन रोकेगा तुझे?

-Atharv

हं दी सी रचती हैतूमेरेहाथों पे येहाथ तो ससफव
तुझेललखनेकी कोसशश करतेहैं मेरेअल्फाज तो
ससफव स्याही केमोहताज हैं येतो बस तुझ सा
फदखनेकी कोसशश करतेहैं

जावेद साहब की कोई नज़्म भी हैतू मेरी सूरतों
मेंजरूरी जम भी हैतू राहत साहब सेफमली राहत
भी तूलेफकन इब्लीस नेखाई थी वो कसम भी हैतू

बोला ना कु छ तो इशारा चल गया यादों मेंतेरी
जन्नत का दरवाजा फपघल गया फकतना फपएगा
शायर भुलानेहीर को? सूरज फफक्र मेंशाम
सेपहलेही ढल गया

जोगी केहुजरेमेंभी हीर है जोगी केख्यालों मेंहीर की
जं जीर है जोगी भुला गया शास्त्र पुराने जोगी रईस
हैलेफकन साला जोगी ही फकीर है |

-Abid Kapdi

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

चाँद की परछाई

च ाँद की परछ ई च ांदनी र त ांकी ख म शी मेंढलतेहुए, हम अपनेजिस्म सिुद ह कर अपनेगुमशुद अरम न ांके स थ खुद क ि ड़नेकी क जशश करतेहैं, बर्ज़ख में। इस पल की गहर ई सौ स ल ांके अनुभव के बर बर है। यह िीवन और मृत्युके बीच क एक ऐस म ड़ है, िह ां ख म शी की आव र्ज सबसेज्य द ग ांिती है, और िीवन की स ांसेंऔर मृत्युकी स रांगी एक स थ महस स ह ती हैं। यह मुक म, यह पल, हम री अस्थ यी जिांदगी क भी जहस्स है, िह ां हम अपने अरम न ांकी तल श करतेहैंऔर समय क ह थ ांसेपकड़नेकी क जशश करते हैं। बर्ज़ख हमेंय द जदल त हैजक हम हमेश िीवन और मृत्युके बीच मेंहैं, और समय जकसी के जलए नहींरुकत । यह हमेंअपनीवन क नए दृजिक ण सेदेखनेऔर अपनेअरम न ांक प र करनेके जलए प्रेररत करत है। लेजकन क्य हम अपनीवन के अथक समझनेकी क जशश मेंइतनेमग्न ह ि तेहैं जक हम आि की जिांदगी िीन भ ल ि तेहैं? क्य हम अपनेअस्तित्व क महस स करनेकी आड़ मेंआि की खुशी महस स करन भ ल ि तेहैं? हमेंयह य द रखन च जहए जक आि ही महत्वप णहै; जिांदगी एक ब र जमलती है, जसर् जिसमें हम खुशी, दुः ख, क मय बी और मौत क अथसीखतेहैं। प्य र भरेलफ़जर्ज, दद्र भरी भ वन णां, गुस्सेसेभरेलम्हे, इस जिांदगी न मक पहेली मेंहमेश मिौ द रहेंगे। यह सब कु छ ि नकर, सुबह क स रि ढलनेसेपहलेर त के दरव िक दिक देनेक क ई र् यद नहीं, िब स रि की जकरण ांनेआपक स थ छ ड़ नहीं।

-Soumya G

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆ, ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಹತ್ವದಿದೆಯೋ, ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಮಹತ್ವದಾಗಿರುವುದು ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಹಾಡುಗಳು. ಸಂಗೀತ ಪಿತಾಮಹರಾದ ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರು ಬರೆದ ಭಕ್ತಿಗೀತೆಗಳಿಂದ ಅರ್ಜುನ್ ಜನ್ಯರವರು ರಚಿಸಿರುವ ಪ್ರೇಮಗೀತೆಗಳವರೆಗೂ ಕನ್ನಡದ ಹಾಡುಗಳು ನೂರೊಂದು ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತ ಪಡಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಬೇರೆ ಭಾಷೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಹಾಡುಗಳು ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಚಂದವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಹಾಡುಗಳನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿ ಅನುಭವಿಸುವ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಹಾಗೂ ವಾತ್ಸಲ್ಯ ಬೇರೆದು. ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಸಂಗೀತವನ್ನು ಶ್ರೀಸಾಮಾನ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸಿದ ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರು ಹೊಸೊಬ್ಬರಿಗೆ ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಸಂಗೀತವನ್ನು ಕಲಿಸುವ ದಾರಿಯ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಯೋಚಿಸಿದರು. ಇವರ ಎಲ್ಲ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಗಳು ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದು, ಭಕ್ತಿ ಮಾರ್ಗವನ್ನು ಜನಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರಿಗೆ ಪರಿಚಯ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುವ ಉದ್ದೇಶವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿವೆ. ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಸಂಗೀತಗಾರರಲ್ಲಿ ಪುರಂದರದಾಸರ ಕೀರ್ತನೆಗಳ ಪರಿಚಯ ಇಲ್ಲದವರು ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಇಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದರೆ ತಪ್ಪಲ್ಲ.

ಭಕ್ತಿಗೀತೆಗಳಿಂದ ಆಧುನಿಕ ಹಾಡಗಳಿಗೆ ಪರಿವರ್ತಿಸಲು ಕಾರಣರಾದ ಪಿ. ಕಾಳಿಂಗ ರಾವ್ ಅವರು ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರೀಯ ಸಂಗೀತಕ್ಕೆ ಜನಪದ ಗೀತೆಯ ಸರಳತೆಯನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿ ವೀಕ್ಷಕರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸಿದರು. 1960ರಿಂದ 1980ವರೆಗಿನ ಕಾಲವನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಂಗೀತದ ಸ್ವರ್ಣಯುಗ ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

ಹಂಸಲೇಖ ಅವರನ್ನು ಸ್ಯಾಂಡಲ್ವುಡ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ನಾದ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮ ಎಂದೇ ಕರೆಯಲಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವರು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯ ಸಂಯೋಜಕರು ಮತ್ತು ಗೀತರಚನಕಾರರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬರು ಮತ್ತು 1980 ರಿಂದ 300ಕ್ಕೂ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಚಲನ ಚಿತ್ರಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮ ಯೋಗದಾನವನ್ನು ನೀಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವರಾದಮೇಲೆ ವಿ. ಹರಿಕೃಷ್ಣರವರು, ಗುರುಕಿರಣ್ಣರವರು, ಸಾಧು ಕೋಕಿಲ ಅವರು, ಅರ್ಜುನ್ ಜನ್ಯರವರು ಹಾಗೂ ರಘು ದಿಕ್ಷಿತ್ರವರು ತಮ್ಮದೇ ಆದ ಯೋಗದಾನವನ್ನು ಕನ್ನಡದ ಸಂಗೀತ ಕಲಾಕ್ಷೇತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ನೀಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನ ಭಾಷೆಯಾದ ಸಂಗೀತಕ್ಕೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಯೋಗದಾನ ದೊಡ್ಡದಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ಯೋಗದಾನ ಮೇಲೆ ನಾವು ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾಗಿ ಹೆಮ್ಮೆ ಪಡಬೇಕು.

- Rachana R Bhat

ಮಿತ್ರತ್ವವು ಮಾನವ ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಅಂಶವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಶಾಂತಿ, ಬೆಂಬಲ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಒದಗಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಿತ್ರರು ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದ ಬಹುಮಾನ ಆಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ, ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಸಾರ್ಥಕತೆಯನ್ನು ಮತ್ತು ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಮಿತ್ರತ್ವದ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವು ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆ ಮತ್ತು ನಂಬಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ನೆರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಉತ್ತಮ ಮಿತ್ರನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಕಳೆಯುವ ಸಮಯ, ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹಂಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಸಮಯ ಮತ್ತು ಹಾರ್ಡಿಕ ಮಾತುಕತೆಗಳು ಸಹಾಯಕರಾಗುತ್ತವೆ. ಇದು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಶ್ರೇಷ್ಠತೆಯನ್ನು, ಆತ್ಮವಿಶ್ವಾಸವನ್ನು ಮತ್ತು ಆದರ್ಶತೆಯನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಿತ್ರರು ಜೀವನದ ಕಠಿಣ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸಹಾಯಕರಾಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಜೀವನದ ಪರಿಕಲ್ಪನೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಎದುರಾಗುವ ಸವಾಲುಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಅವರು ಒದಗಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಸಹಾಯ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶನ. ಅವರ ಬೆಂಬಲ ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹವು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಗಳನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಮತ್ತು ಸಕಾರಾತ್ಮಕ ಚಿಂತನಶೀಲತೆಯನ್ನು ಉಳಿಸಲು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ, ಮಿತ್ರತ್ವವು ಕೇವಲ ಸಹಾಯವಿಲ್ಲ. ಇದು ಎಳೆಯುವ, ಮನೋರಂಜನೆಯ ಮತ್ತು ತೀವ್ರ ಸಂಬಂಧಗಳ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇರಲು ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೀವನದ ಸಂಭ್ರಮ, ಹರ್ಷ, ಮತ್ತು ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಹಂಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಉತ್ತಮ ಮಿತ್ರರು ಅತ್ಯುತ್ತಮ ಸಂಗಾತಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅಂತಿಮವಾಗಿ, ಮಿತ್ರತ್ವವು ಮಾನವ ಸಂಬಂಧಗಳ ಮಹತ್ವವನ್ನು ಸುಧಾರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದು ಮನುಷ್ಯರ ನಡುವಿನ ಸಂಬಂಧವನ್ನು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿಸುತ್ತದೆ ಮತ್ತು ಮನುಷ್ಯತ್ವವನ್ನು ಉತ್ತೇಜಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಉತ್ತಮ ಮಿತ್ರನೊಂದಿಗೆ ಇದ್ದರೆ, ಜೀವನದ ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಜಯಿಸಲು, ಸಂತೋಷವನ್ನು ಅನುಭವಿಸಲು ಮತ್ತು ಉತ್ತಮ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಸುಲಭವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದುದರಿಂದ, ಮಿತ್ರತ್ವವು ಜೀವನದ ಅತ್ಯುತ್ತಮ ಭಾಗವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ನಮಗೆ ಶ್ರದ್ಧೆ, ನಂಬಿಕೆ, ಬೆಂಬಲ, ಮತ್ತು ಸಂತೋಷ ದೊರಕುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಮಿತ್ರರನ್ನು ಹೊಂದುವುದು ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಸಂಪತ್ತು.

-B Akhila

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

Fleabag and the Fox: A love story no one asked for

Once upon a time, in the charming old city of London, where existential crises were served alongside morning breakfast, there lived a woman called Fleabag. Not because she actually had fleas, although, who's to say she didn't?—but because she wore her emotional baggage like a fur coat in July. Heavy, unnecessary, and deeply unflattering.

There's a fox in Fleabag, that much we know. Lurking in the background, a silent reminder that absolutely nothing in life is without consequence.

You make one bad decision, or maybe thirteen, who's counting?

And before you know it, a wild animal is stalking your every move. A very British creature at that, only second to a tea kettle.

The fox is there, padding softly on its little fox paws, watching with its knowing, beady eyes, as Fleabag destroys herself with precision. The show is a “fox hunt”, with Fleabag as the target. No one has the courtesy to tell her she's being chased until the last episode.

The Hot Priest, that man of God who dares to defy heaven by having gin out of a can mentions it in passing to Fleabag. "A fox is following me," he says.

This is met with the humour and intrigue that accompanies any mention of things that stalks one from the shadows.

Let us face it, for Fleabag and the Hot Priest, if they're being followed by a fox, their bigger problem is probably their decision-making process, not the fox itself.

But what is the fox really? Oh, let me get all pop-culture-theory on you: the fox is a metaphor for... well, everything. It's the universe, it's karma, it's the literal embodiment of that one thing in your life that's always just behind you, waiting for you to notice. You know the anxiety, regret, existential dread, or something as trivial as a really awkward encounter.

The fox is omnipresent. The fox is a mood.

The Late Show's Stephen Colbert presented his own take on the mystery. “I think the fox is the hound of heaven,” Colbert said when speaking to Phoebe Waller-Bridge via video call.

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

Fleabag and the Fox: A love story no one asked for

He recited the poem by Francis Thompson, titled The Hound of Heaven, making Waller-Bridge even more surprised.

“And in the end, when the hound finally catches him. Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, I am He Whom thou seekest! Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.”

This interpretation emphasizes the idea that the fox is not just a physical presence but a symbolic one, representing a search for truth, redemption, or understanding—an echo of the quest depicted in the poem as well.

The fox’s return symbolizes how the baggage we carry isn’t just magically resolved overnight. Instead, it hangs around, reminding us that personal growth isn’t a linear path but more of a cyclical journey.

Imagine juggling university life, work, and a social life. You are making some headway, nailing your assignments, and getting a handle on things. But then, out of nowhere, it feels like all those past deadlines, missed meetings, and forgotten responsibilities come back to haunt you. It’s as if every little mistake you thought you had moved past is glaringly present, again, all of a sudden.

But here’s the thing: just like Fleabag, when you encounter these recurring challenges, it’s not necessarily a sign of failure. It’s more about understanding that personal growth and managing your life are ongoing processes. The fox’s return reminds us that while we do make progress, the journey includes revisiting and confronting our past issues. It’s a part of the process, not a setback.

The fox’s role in Fleabag’s life is about helping her accept herself— all her personal struggles, imperfections, and the reality of her situation. By facing the fox, Fleabag is forced to confront and accept her own complexities and the role that it plays in her life.

So, we truly never quite know what the fox means, what it represents, or why it was there. We just know that life is messy, and full of mistakes, but more often than not, there’s a fox trotting behind you, reminding you of all the chaos you’ve caused. The next time you see a fox, tip your hat. It’s there for you. It’s always been there for you. And you’re never going to outrun it.

-Lakshmi Prabhu

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

COERCIVE CONTROL: THE SOFT CAGE

Coercive control is the kind of violence that doesn't leave bruises but leaves deep, invisible scars. It's the systematic, subtle manipulation of someone's freedom. Instead of raising fists, the perpetrator uses emotional, psychological, and financial manipulation to grip a person, often a partner, tighter than any handcuffs ever could. It's a relationship that looks totally normal from the outside, but inside, it's a slow, quiet erosion of autonomy. Think of it like setting boundaries, but those boundaries are walls, and they get closer every day until you can't breathe.

Historically, we've always had a thing for control. It's practically a fetish at this point. Men controlling women, the powerful controlling the powerless is a tale as old as time. But the term "coercive control" itself was coined by sociologist Evan Stark in the early 2000s, who framed it as a pattern of domination that extends far beyond physical violence. "Look over here at this shiny thing called 'love,' while I quietly erase your autonomy over there." Because, really, what's more intimate than owning someone's mind? Forget handcuffs—try emotional bondage.

It's one of those Salvador Dalí paintings, where clocks are melting but nobody's questioning why time is oozing down a tree. In the same way, victims of coercive control are trapped in a world where the reality they're living doesn't quite match the logic they thought they knew. Things that should make sense—like freedom—are somehow melting, sliding away before they can grasp it. But the real genius of this system is that it convinces you to believe that the dripping clocks and warped reality are actually for your own protection. The concern becomes the threat, the love becomes the leash, and the freedom becomes the illusion.

In feminist theory, coercive control is rooted in the dynamics of patriarchy, where men have systematically exerted control over women to preserve power structures. It's a form of gendered oppression where the cage isn't always visible, but damn, it's there. It's not the messy, loud control of dictatorships or outright oppression (we've grown too sophisticated for that). No, coercive control is the invisible kind, the type that sneaks into your life, whispering, "I'm only doing this for your own good." And the reason you don't even notice the cage is because it's built with your own doubts and fears, and the bars are painted the colour of your dreams.

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

COERCIVE CONTROL: THE SOFT CAGE

It's been the same old song and dance. Women's labour, sexuality, and bodies have been controlled since forever, and what's coercive control but a modern version of this same ancient scam? Yeah, sure, we don't call it owning women anymore. We like to think we've evolved beyond that.

But it is essentially the same narrative with brand new titles and taglines.

It is definitely not in your face, not at all. It does not reek of arranged marriages or forced modesty. That would be far too easy to spot, reject and ridicule.

It's all built on the illusion of safety and affection. It's a bait-and-switch where the bait is "I love you" and the switch is your slow disappearance into someone else's shadow.

The world just seems to shrug and says, "But isn't that just how relationships work?"

Spoiler: No, it's not how relationships work. It's how control works.

Femininity, under patriarchy, has long been tied to passivity, submission, and compliance. Enter coercive control, which thrives in environments where those qualities are already celebrated. Traditional feminine ideals — self-sacrifice, nurturing, putting others first — make coercive control not only possible but weirdly acceptable. Women are conditioned to think that "compromise" (read: losing themselves) is part of love.

Coercive control doesn't need to shout to be heard. It simply whispers, constantly, slowly. Women are then conditioned from birth, no surprises there, to see compromise as synonymous with love. It's a bittersweet irony: the very qualities that are celebrated as virtues—being "the better half"—become the tools of oppression, those same expectations are used to gently tighten the noose of control.

Here's the caveat: choosing to live your life on your own terms and conditions is absolutely fine and, in fact, upholds the very values of feminism. Feminism champions autonomy and the right to define one's own life. So if a woman chooses to embrace traditional feminine roles because it genuinely aligns with her personal values and she is doing so on her own terms, that's not coercion; it's empowerment. It's the difference between choosing to wear a dress because you like it and wearing a dress because someone else has decided that's the only thing you're allowed to wear. The former is self-expression; the latter is an imposition dressed up as a choice.

STUDENT SUBMISSIONS

COERCIVE CONTROL: THE SOFT CAGE

Choosing one's path in life is the essence of freedom, and it's exactly what feminism is all about. In the end, it's not about rejecting all things traditionally feminine but about rejecting control.

Coercive control is not about overt violence but about the quiet, creeping manipulation that makes someone's world shrink without them even realising it. The problem lies in its subtlety and its ability to normalise itself as a form of care. From the outside, everything might look perfectly normal, but inside, the dynamics are twisted and oppressive.

For anyone facing or witnessing coercive control, the first step is recognizing. Building awareness, seeking support, and fostering open communication are crucial. It's about creating environments where autonomy and respect are the norms, not the exceptions.