

LitSoc's

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Disclaimer

This magazine is all about satire, so please don't take anything here too seriously. The articles, stories, and descriptions are entirely fictional, crafted purely for humour and entertainment. If something seems oddly familiar, it's purely by coincidence, not intent, and if something sounds too wild to be true, that's probably because it is. We're here for a bit of fun, not to ruffle any feathers.

The jokes, opinions, and observations within don't reflect the views of the writers, the editorial team, or the college. No harm or offence is intended towards any individuals or groups mentioned, including the college itself. Our goal is to provide a humorous take on campus life, not to criticise or cause discomfort. So, as you read, keep in mind that it's all in good humour—designed to entertain, not to offend.

Sit back, enjoy the read, and may it bring you a hearty chuckle or two!

With ❤
LitSoc



AARAVAM

The Melody of Onam





where it all begins...



chitrachaya

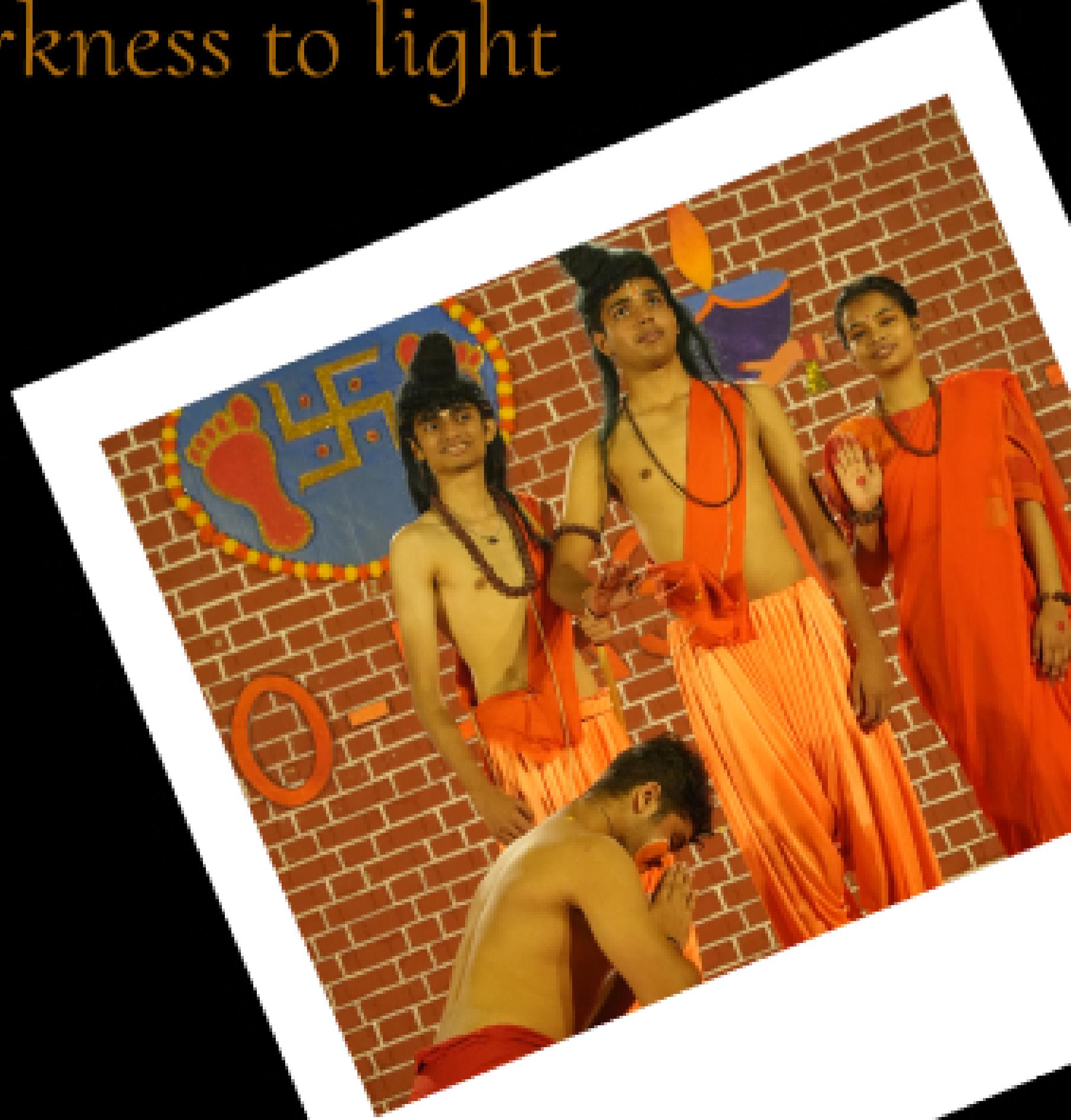


ADAVYA'23



DEEPODASHAMI

from darkness to light





MORYAA



vibrant spirits
& high energy



DEEPOTSAV

Spreading joy and fun!



APOORV'24



THE BEST MOMENTS



THE FALL

OF
The Curious Case of
Neethi's Vanishing Act:
A Tough Pill to Swallow

NEETHI

Amidst the humdrum of college life, an unexpected saga unfolds as the students have come back to a new semester only to witness the sudden disappearance of two beloved establishments: Neethi Medical Store and the snack shop adjacent to it. The act left students scratching their heads and rummaging through their pockets for spare change.

Neethi Medical Store, once the go-to remedy hub for everything from headaches to heartaches, now exists only in the memories of those who frequented its shelves. Rumours abound regarding its abrupt closure, with whispers of clandestine deals and under-the-counter transactions floating around campus.

But it's not just the sudden absence of paracetamol and band-aids that has the student body in a frenzy. The snack shop, known for its steaming cups of chai and variety in icecreams, has also vanished into thin air, leaving behind a void in our stomachs and our hearts.

Adding fuel to the fire are the rumours swirling about the snack shop's replacement – a salon, of all things. Yes, you read that right. As absurd as it sounds, whispers of blow-dries and manicures taking the place of medicines and provisions have sent shockwaves through the student body, leaving us questioning not only the sanity of our college administration but also the very fabric of reality itself.



This guy made the best chicken curry

IIITK Idol defending champion



With Neethi out of the picture, Milma, the lone canteen survivor, has ascended to the throne of culinary dominance. Students now have to turn to Milma, the only other store in the campus that sells toiletries to stationaries, for supplies. Gone are the days of choice and variety; now, students must resign themselves to the whims of Milma's menu, where the only option is no option at all.

As the dust settles on the disappearance of Neethi Medical Store, a sobering reality sets in for students in need of medical supplies. With the convenience of an on-campus pharmacy now but a distant memory, the simple task of acquiring basic medicines has transformed into a quest of Herculean proportions. Thus, in the absence of our trusted medical sanctuary, we are left to navigate the wild and find our own ways to medicines, where every sneeze is a battle cry and every prescription a quest for the Holy Grail. But amidst the chaos, one thing is clear: in a world of uncertainty, sometimes the best medicine is a good laugh.

Weather



Coffe talks



College Life



From Feathers to Freshers: the Coop Chronicles

BUCK?

From Feathers to Freshers: the Coop Chronicles

In the midst of our campus's never-ending quest for space, a surprising contender has emerged: our very own chicken coop (trust me, it exists). The news is abound, once a home for our feathered friends, this humble abode is now set to become the latest and greatest freshman dormitory. Quite the bold decision I believe, with the existing four hostels on-campus bursting at the seams, housing three students per room and barely any to breathe. The horror of potentially adding a fourth roommate loomed over everyone, creating a nightmare scenario that students feared might come true.

The plight of first-year boys, numbering over 300, isn't something we haven't heard of. Forced to stay in off-campus hostels, relying on sporadic college transportation, they've experienced a unique blend of independence and frustration. But fear not, future freshers! Soon, you too can enjoy the rustic charm of a repurposed poultry palace.

Imagine the amenities: spacious rooms (formerly prime real estate for chickens), a nostalgic ambience of farm life, and the fresh aroma of, well, not quite flowers. The new hostels are exclusively 2BHKs, i.e. equipped with two Broilers, a Henhouse and a Kettle. Adding to the charm, the new hostel is to be supervised by none other than the former chicken farmer. With his keen eye for escape artists and unruly behaviour, he's the perfect candidate to keep our new residents in check. With the college's plans to house 650 new students next semester, the coop conversion seems like a stroke of poultry genius. After all, if a chicken can roost comfortably, why can't a freshman?

Of course, this transition has left the original tenants, the chickens, in a bit of a flap. Rumor has it they're being relocated to the campus mess hall (or to AJ, one would never know), where they'll serve a new(albeit more culinary) purpose. Some students are already placing bets on whether "Chicken Surprise" will become a mess staple or if the chickens will stage a coop coup and reclaim their territory. On the bright side, freshers don't need to worry about mess food, they can always pick the alternative to peck at the leftover chicken feed.

The college administration is clucking with pride over this innovative solution, confidently addressing the housing crisis. So, here's to a new chapter where freshers rise with the dawn, just like the coop's former residents, and where the only thing flying higher than our aspirations is the occasional escaped chicken.



ECA

ex-EC student starts EC Anonymous for fellow traumatised EC brothers



Once upon a time, in a far, far land, perched atop a picturesque yet abandoned hill, lived a breed of resilient and brave students who willingly chose "Electronics and Communications" as their dream degree. This is the story of how "Electronics and Communications Anonymous" (ECA) was formed by a survivor who rose from the ashes (quite literally, having burned himself during a lab experiment) like a phoenix and proudly started the organization for his traumatized brothers and sisters. Why, you ask? Because misery loves company, and boy, do we have stories to share.

From the derisive taunts of Computer Science students about our jobless prospects to having professors who might as well speak in binary, we, the members of ECA, have seen it all. Despite the freshman delusion—when the air was thick with the scent of optimism and hope—sophomore year revealed the harsh truths of the ECE branch and why our lab seemed to be in the place of a repurposed storage dump. Professors, with their mystical theories and cryptic formulas, seemed like Dumbledore, but instead of imparting magical wisdom, they left us deriving and deciphering knowledge that appeared to be from centuries past.

Oh, and the ECE Lab—or as I like to call it, the "Tortured ECE Student Department." Here, we were introduced to the wonderful world of breadboards, resistors, and capacitors. Sounds fun, right? Wrong. Imagine crafting a circuit 8723468736873 times, only to realize the multimeter shows a negative voltage. The exam season is no less, much like the dementors - blood sucking and terryfing .The questions seemed to be written in an alien language, and the answers were hidden in the eight semester of engineering hell.

Here's a typical meeting:

"Hi, I'm ABC, and I haven't used Fourier Transform in six months."
"Hi ABC," the group responds in unison.

We share our tales of terror, from the professor who spoke only in binary to the time we accidentally fried a 500 rupees microcontroller. And through the laughter and sarcasm, we find healing.

Despite the trauma, there's a silver lining. The struggle made us resilient, taught us problem-solving, and gave us a unique sense of humor. We learned to find joy in the little victories, like finally understanding what an op-amp does or getting a circuit to work on the first try (a mythical event, but it does happen).

So, if you're an ECE student or a graduate, wear your badge of survival proudly. You've been through the worst and emerged stronger, wiser, and with a treasure trove of sarcastic stories. And remember, in the world of electronics and communications, it's not just about the circuits; it's about the connections we make along the way.

Welcome to Electronics and Communications Anonymous. We've been expecting you.

ERP

Hackers steal semester marks, performs data analysis

Don't be surprised if you happen to get random parcels/envelopes at your doorstep! Our glorious ERP Portal, once a fortress of security and sanctity for our academic records, was the target of a sophisticated cyberattack. For long they have stood tall, shielding our grades, SGPA, ID cards with the impenetrable armor of OTP authentication.

Gone are the days of frantically waiting for that elusive six-digit code, a task deemed too herculean for the "modern academic warriors". Well, who has the time to take their eyes off from the ever scrolling feeds of social media just to authenticate their academic existence, anyway?

is your *data* safe?

Alas! The disappearance of the OTP culture was just the tip of the iceberg. At least one could argue that the portal still needed a valid Roll No and DOB to open up the dream or nightmare of your vacations. The real culprit here is our innocent Admin Office, you couldn't blame them honestly, they didn't know the vulnerability of the ERP Portal. One day, they simply decided that it was a great idea to roll out student information like our roll no, DOB, blood group etc out for verification via mail. Who would have thought that a 72 page pdf would be so much exploited?

Kudos to this move! Now all those who were hiding their marks from us, be it out of modesty or sheer embarrassment, both the parties have come into the limelight. Now, everyone gets an opportunity to know anyone's marks with just some scrolling. Well, now some data science enthusiasts get to analyze the marks when scraped off. At Least somebody benefits.

A Tale of Late-Night Indulgence

Perfecto salt n spice savoured within the rich aroma steam that floats from the tiny plastic cup of none other than the.... (drumroll, please) Ramen cup noodles, aka the crystal meth of the college world. Yes, you heard that right. Both possess an unbreakable grip on an individual, trapping them with the perfect saffron colour, a pinch of spice that just hits different, and when it touches the tip of your tongue, it sparks joy and numbs the never-ending stress. This delightful indulgence turns into a ritualistic addiction, much like a secret vice.

Whether it's the repulsive mess food, a craving for a moment of peace away from campus chaos, or a quick bite while cramming for exams, the noodles become your solace—a warm hug at your lowest point. Surrounded by a crowd but feeling alone, a heavy void creeping up on your heart, you find comfort in the sweet whispers of flavor and convenience. Before you know it, you find yourself skipping meals altogether, opting for the blissful embrace of Noodly McNoodleface. Slowly, you slip into isolation, choosing the company of your trusty noodles over socializing, as the cocoon of solitude grows more appealing.

Tired, gloomy eyes staring at you, noodle-fueled hikikomori is what you see after days past this daily ritual while you decide to take a glance at the mirror. The once vibrant social butterfly is now a noodle-obsessed hermit. It's a wake-up call, a realization that this comforting habit has become a slippery slope. Determined to reclaim your life, you reach out to friends, brave the mess hall with pickles (countless, by the way) by your side, and discover there's a world beyond instant noodles. With laughter and resilience, you break free from the noodle trap, transforming a potentially harmful ritual into a humorous chapter of your college life. The moral? Sometimes, the path to balance is paved with noodle crumbs, good friends, and, maybe a round of cup noodles shared with your homies?



TOKENOMICS

Once upon a time, amidst the lush greenery and tranquility of nature, stood IIT Kottayam (same as IIT with a little extra 'I' for Intrigue). However, the lush greenery of the campus was being accentuated by the colorful plastic bottles, plastic bags and snack wrappers. Following extensive brainstorming by the authorities (source: trust me bro) a solution was conceived.

Enter the grand solution to tackle the plastic invasion on campus:

THE LEGENDARY TOKEN SYSTEM

Milma now boasts a token system aimed at reducing plastic waste on campus. It's an abstract notion believed to be the solution to all these plastic problems.

But hold your breath and pause the applause because, as with all grand plans, the question lingers: Is this token system truly the foolproof solution we've been waiting for?

Let's ponder over it:

As we delve deeper into the intricacies of the token system, an inconsistency begins to emerge. The system's exclusive focus on plastic bottles overlooks the equally concerning presence of other single-use plastics on campus. A packet of chips or biscuits may not come with a token, but its plastic packaging contributes just as much to the waste dilemma.

Let's face it, simply implementing the token system without a clear plan won't suffice. Instead of seeing tokens as a means to keep the campus clean, they are perceived as mere Rs 10 notes (Not that objectification of objects is bad, but it doesn't prove a point!).

Earlier, we had 2 kinds of consumers :
Those who dispose waste properly.
Those who don't dispose waste properly.

Now, we have :

- Students with heaps of tokens but no bottles to return. Where did the bottles go, you ask? Lost in the abyss.
- Students with bottles but no token (rare).
- Students who are disappointed to either carry the token or bottle along until the next time they return to Milma Shoppe.
- Grumpy students who somehow manage to maintain the tokens and bottles

And can we talk about those Milma folks? They're absolutely smitten with the token system. Selling a Rs 20 bottle for a cool Rs 30.



Even if someone miraculously returns a bottle with a token, the likelihood of them claiming their Rs 10 deposit back is slim to none. Instead, they'll eagerly trade their token for a litchi juice or a Smooth.

But hey, it's not all doom and gloom. Despite its imperfections, the token system reflects the authorities' proactive approach to tackling campus plastic waste. While not flawless, it has succeeded in raising awareness among students about responsible waste management. It marks a step in the right direction, emphasising the need for further initiatives to address the plastic monster looming over our campus. Let's hope for more effective solutions in the future.



Getting placed in the Placement Cell

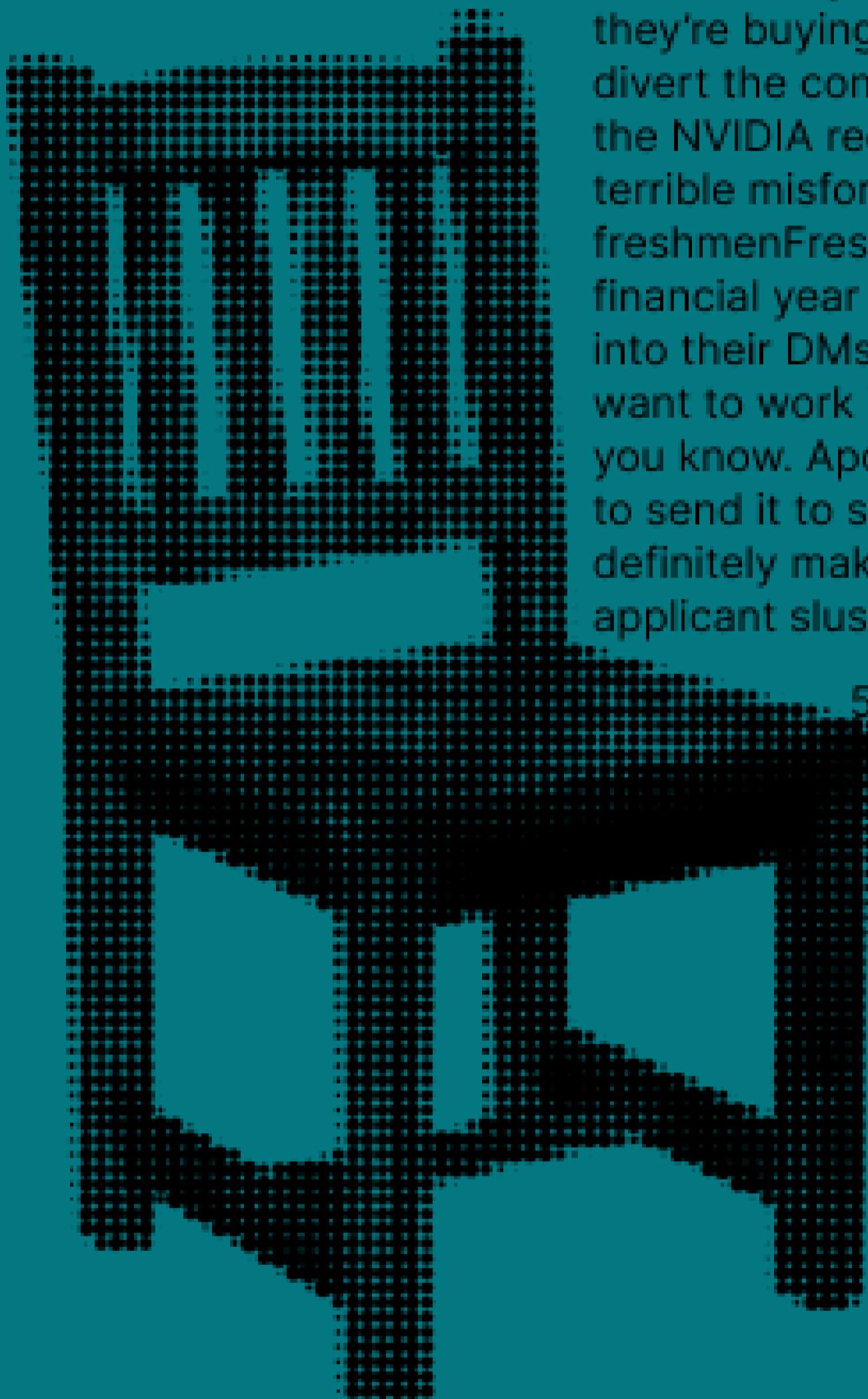
1. Understanding the Elusive TPC: First off, dear freshmen, you might be wondering what the TPC (Training and Placement Cell) even is. Fear not, for this is a journey of discovery! Imagine a secret society within IIIT Kottayam, in the hands of whom the fate of everyone joining the college lies. Start by researching —Google it, ask your seniors (if you dare), or maybe even consult the stars. After all, nothing screams 'dedication' like stalking LinkedIn profiles of every TPC member and trying to decipher their cryptic posts.

2. The Holy Grail of Prep: Remember the good old days of JEE prep? Yeah, neither do we. But fear not! The magic of AI is here to save you. Dive deep into the syllabus by bombarding ChatGPT with questions about TPC. Compile an extensive list of YouTube tutorials, TED Talks, and possibly even conspiracy theories that claim to have the key to cracking TPC interviews. Ask ChatGPT to grill you with the toughest, most obscure questions imaginable. Respond with the confidence of someone who has been living in the matrix of TPC knowledge for years. Bonus points if you can get ChatGPT to say, "Congratulations, you're hired!" because, let's be real, nothing else in life will ever feel as validating. Treat this like your life depends on it—because, let's face it, in the world of Competition, it kind of does.

3. The Legendary Patience Test: You've heard the legends —TPC seniors are like the gatekeepers of Valhalla. They will test your patience like it's an Olympic sport. Show up to your interview and be prepared to wait. And wait. And then wait some more. Just when you think it's finally your turn, wait a little longer. This isn't just a test of your patience but of your very soul. Consider bringing a tent, some snacks, and possibly a therapist.

4. Referrals!: The quickest way to get into TPC? Prove you got connections. Go to LinkedIn and beg for referrals from FAANG employees (make sure you mention it's for your TPC and not for a job posting. A lot of people make that mistake and end up getting hired in FAANG and that's definitely not something we want). Stalk the TPC members online; learn their daily routine so you can sit in front of them when they reach the lab and open a spreadsheet on your laptop to impress them with your Microsoft Excel skills. "Accidentally" run into them while they're buying a coffee in Milma and divert the conversation to your cousin, the NVIDIA recruiter, and their terrible misfortune of having to hire 100 freshmen Freshers before the next financial year with nowhere to go. Slide into their DMs by asking them if they want to work in a startup whose CEO you know. Apologize and say you meant to send it to someone else. You're definitely making it out of the TPC applicant slush pile with this.

5. Two Months to Prove Your Worth: Congratulations! You've survived the interview. Now you have two whole months to prove yourself worthy of the TPC. Think of this as the TPC's version of The Hunger Games, but with less physical combat and more Excel spreadsheets. Remember, just because they gave you this chance doesn't mean you got the job. You're on probation, buddy. Impress them with your dedication, your work ethic, and your ability to survive on three hours of sleep. And even then, don't get too comfortable—job security is a myth.



- Good luck, brave freshmen. May the odds be ever in your favor.

Midsem Miracle: College Discovers the Power of One

Time: Not Real

Writer: Amritha Anujan

Max. Marks:

In a shocking turn of events, our college has declared the end of the era of two mid-semester exams, and is appearing to be embracing its favourite philosophy of less is more. Gone are the days of preparing for the next mid-sem exams before getting the result of the first one. Amidst the confusion and curiosity that has come with the new semester, the students are now left wondering if this change will be the game-changer (or the academic comeback) they knew they needed.

Students, initially unsure whether to mourn or celebrate, are now faced with an unexpected surplus of free time. Some are considering taking up additional work, while others contemplate the profound decision of whether to nap or not to nap. The new era has also led to the resurgence of several student club activities, rising from dormancy, much to the joy of everyone.

With the second mid-exam gone, quizzes and assignments have taken center stage, each one feeling like a mini-battle (serious business, or at least meant to be so). As everyone busily adapts to the new marking schemes and schedules, the lesson learned is clear – one less exam means many more assessments.

Now, students find themselves with only one shot at the mid-exam, a high-stakes scenario where there's no room for slip-ups and no backup mid-sem. So might as well give it without having to wonder why there were two midpoints in a semester in the first place. In the end, the lingering question persists: one mid-semester exam or two? Only time will tell, or perhaps a coin flip.

Librarian Suspended for Ordering Books People Actually Want to Read

they didn't, it's satire, pls don't suspend me

In a shocking turn of events, the college authorities have suspended our beloved librarian for the outrageous crime of ordering books that students actually want to read. The library, long known as a bastion of boredom with its shelves lined with dusty, subject-specific textbooks, except for the couples, was turned on its head when the librarian dared to introduce contemporary fiction and popular science into the mix.

Students, accustomed to sleep-inducing titles like "Advanced Thermodynamics for Insomniacs" and "The Joy of Calculus," were initially baffled by the appearance of books with colorful covers and engaging plots. "At first, I thought it was a prank," said a bewildered final-year student. "I mean, why would the library want us to enjoy reading? And for all this to happen when we're leaving!"

The administration, however, did not share the students' amusement. The librarian was promptly called into an emergency meeting and suspended for her insubordination. "Our library is a place of serious study," stated the Dean. "We cannot have students distracted by enjoyable literature. What kind of message does that send? We do not create future Sherlock Holmes or Harry Potters here. We create the next generation of jobless engineers!"

The news of the librarian's suspension spread quickly, and students who had never set foot in the library before found themselves drawn to the controversy. Crowds gathered outside, chanting "Free the Books!" The once-quiet library had never seen such excitement, not since that time someone found a signed first edition of "The Joy of Thermodynamics" and promptly fell asleep on it.

In the wake of the suspension, a clandestine group of students, calling themselves the "Book Ninjas" began smuggling popular novels into the library, hiding them among the academic tomes. "We're just continuing her mission," said one member.

"Reading should be fun, not a chore. Also, I hear 'The Hunger Games' is way better than the 'Hunger of Differential Equations.'"

Whether the administration will relent and restore the librarian to her position remains to be seen. In the meantime, students are enjoying their newfound literary treasure, while the Dean is reportedly working on a new book himself, titled "How to Kill Joy in 10 Easy Steps."

2024 by numbers

40 states represented

10 countries represented

500 incoming freshers

500 IIT rejects

300 Students who are planning on switching majors after the first semester

10 Who will still claim they're "undecided" in senior year

100 Kids who did competitive programming in high school

99 Kids who will tell you about it

150 Who will realize their high school study habits don't work anymore

150 Who still won't change them

250 Who pull all-nighters before the first midterms

230 Who take power-naps for 8 hours

450 Who will make new friends

100 Who will remain friends after first year

20 Who will remain friends till fourth year

75 Students who will develop a crush on their TA

75 TAs who have no idea

250 Who dropped a class because of an 8 AM start time

200 Who are still be late to their 2 PM class

1 Accidental drunk mishap that will go viral

500 Who will pray it never happens to them

100 Students with caffeine addictions

99 sting chuggers

10% students

95% of them Telugites

300 Who will buy a gym membership

50 Who will actually use it

10 Who will use it without paying

20 Students who think they're the next Zuckerberg

0 Who will drop out to start a company

95% Who will binge-watch a new series instead of studying

5% Who will pretend they didn't

400 Who will attend every campus event for the free food

50 Who will attend only if it's pizza

120 Students who will download every productivity app

120 Who will procrastinate anyway

350 Students who will switch rooms for better Wi-Fi

310 Who will realize the Wi-Fi is bad everywhere

25 Who carry a water bottle for hydration

500 Who actually stay hydrated

500 Who will apply for summer internships

499 Who will realize they should have started sooner

150 Who will start new hobbies

140 Who will forget about them by winter break

ANATOMY OF A FALL : MOVIE REVIEW

"Anatomy of a Fall" is a clever wordplay on the premise of the movie: Samuel, an aspiring writer, falls to his death from his home, and his wife, Sandra, is the prime suspect as the fall is dissected to figure out what happened. But the "fall" at the center of the movie is neither the death nor the season it happened; it's the fall of a relationship, chipped away by years of resentment and betrayals. The movie at heart is neither a courtroom drama, nor a murder mystery (As the movie flows from investigation to tribunal to verdict, it's only interested in the question, not the answer); it is a commentary on how you can drill down into a relationship to a microscopic level, trying to analyze every comment, every small action, every rumor, but the more you try to take in, the less you know.

Huller plays Sandra, who is introduced by giving an interview about her life as a famous author. As the interview goes on and gets arguably a bit flirtatious, loud music begins to pump from above in this remote, snow-surrounded cabin in the French Alps. It's her husband Samuel, playing an instrumental version of 50 Cent's "P.I.M.P." on repeat; louder and louder. He succeeds in derailing the interview and the interviewer leaves. Their son Daniel takes their dog Snoop for a long walk. When he returns, he finds Samuel in the snow, a bloody wound in his head. Did he fall from the attic in which he was working? Did he jump? Or was he pushed?

The next two and half hours surround the investigation and trial around Samuel's death. As experts take the stand to insist that their version of events is correct, the cinematographer, Simon Beaujilis, switches from a composed style to one that zips and zooms, like an on-the-fly documentarian. Watching a witness parry questions from both the prosecution and defense, the image holds on him while the camera sprints back and forth to keep pace with the arguments lobbing from each side. The movie is a brutal commentary on the French legal system, where Sandra and Samuel's relationship is torn open and examined from different angles by people who have never met them in their lives. The entire court trial is infuriating, as words and actions are taken out of context (so far as to even drag her sexuality into question), and moments of slight tension are blown out of proportion to spin up wild narratives. However, unwittingly these narratives succeed in swaying us as we're forced to form conclusions from the bits and pieces of the story we know. Both Sandra and Samuel are perfect characters in a way; both of them are the victims of unfortunate circumstances and their wildly different, incompatible personalities can't be judged by the plain medieval morality of right or wrong. Neither Sandra nor Samuel speak in their native tongue; they find common ground in English. Daniel is blind due to an accident. We don't fully understand each other. We don't fully see each other.

The scenes of the domestic argument presented in court unfold in English, but in the courtroom, the transcript being projected onto the screen is in French. The defendant and the prosecutor fill in for the voices of the people during the recreations of arguments and episodes. Everything is constantly being translated, interpreted. Sandra and Samuel's books draw their inspiration from a blend of biography and fiction. That blur, notes a student who interviews Sandra for her thesis in the first scene, "makes us want to figure out which is which." Sandra smiles at the challenge. Later, however, her freedom will hinge on how a jury parses her truth from others' interpretation

Although Sandra and Samuel and their relationship seem to be the central characters, Anatomy of a Fall is Daniel's coming-of-age story. The French legal system and Daniel's life intertwine and spill over each other throughout the movie as they act as stand-ins for each other. Daniel decided to sit through the court hearings as he wanted to know and hear for himself the truth, rather than speculate based on the narratives others were creating. While he expected sitting in the trial would give him certainty, it is just impossible to be sure as all there is left are fragments of what happened. As he is brought to the stand, the camera focuses on his face from an elevation as it swings from the defendant and the prosecutor visible on either side of the frame turning on each other over him like his parents used to. The trial is him coming to terms with his parents failing marriage. In the end, he is forced to render a judgment even if it seems absurd to do so lacking certainty. He comes to terms with the fact that the truth will never be clear and stands on his judgment as it is torturous and unacceptable to accept that ambiguity or uncertainty will be the only outcome.

The movie isn't built on twists and turns and dramatic reveals. It keeps us wondering whether Sandra is guilty or not till the end and never provides any closure on that, as it wasn't the point of the movie. Anatomy of a Fall is incredibly powerful, as long as we don't try to make it into something it doesn't want to be.



Oppenheimer movie review

Although rumors on the re-creation of the atom bomb explosion dominated the pre-release excitement surrounding the movie, Oppenheimer's greatest allure was neither the visual spectacle a 70mm IMAX film promised, nor its pop culture phenomenon opening day rivalry with Barbie; It was the movie's exploration of Oppenheimer and American society's changing perception of him over the years, the McCarthyism and anti-semitism prevailing during that period intertwining with it.

In contrast to Nolan's previous works, Oppenheimer is a slow-burn drama characterized by dialogue-heavy storytelling. It delves into the circumstances that led to the creation of the bomb, Oppenheimer's internal conflicts, and the aftermath he is forced to deal with. Although it's safe to call it a biopic, the movie aspires to be much more, weaving together a courtroom drama, illicit romance, and a compelling scientific exposition dump. The cinematography and editing seamlessly transform a seemingly boring 3-hour long biopic into a tense unraveling of Oppenheimer's life story. Ludwig Göransson's score is mesmerizing, heightening the tension every moment, capturing Oppenheimer's feelings as he comes to terms with his creation. The movie speaks quite often of one of the principles of quantum physics, which holds that observing quantum phenomena by a detector or an instrument can change the results of this experiment. The editing constantly re-framing our perception of an event to change its meaning, and the script adding new information that undermines, contradicts, or expands our sense of a character's motives and actions, captures this perfectly. It is worth the three hours, if only for the legendary ensemble cast featuring Cillian Murphy, Florence Pugh, Robert Downey Jr, Emily Blunt, Matt Damon, and many more.

The movie has been criticized for lacking focus with far too many overlapping plot points attempting to appear more profound than it is, and not having a more direct reckoning with the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But Oppenheimer still shines as a technical masterpiece, cementing Nolan's legacy as a master storyteller.



MYSTERY OF THE HUTS

BREAKING NEWS - THE OTHERWISE VERY ACADEMICALLY INCLINED IIIT KOTTAYAM CAMPUS INFESTED WITH A NEW SCANDALOUS ARCHITECTURAL ADDITION - LOVE HUTS

Now our campus not only boasts of techies and highly skilled hackers/coders but also of spots exclusively for cozy romantic rendezvous. But , without jumping to conclusions, assumptions, or remarks, let us evaluate if these clandestine huts tucked away in corners away from the prying eyes of professors and peers are a miraculous marvel for "love-techs" or just a genuine attempt by the administration at making a "hangout" corner for their beloved students.

I must admit, I'm not jealous of their romantic escapades, just in awe of their architectural antics. Picture this: A team of architects, their brows furrowed in deep concentration, as they ponder the layout of their masterpiece. "I've got it!" one of them exclaims triumphantly. "Let's put the table as far away from the sitting area as humanly possible!" And thus, the "Epic Table Distant Hut" was born – a marvel of modern design that defies all logic and reason.

But, taking practicality into account, these huts aren't just about ambiance but also about efficiency. With schedules tighter than Python loops, students simply cannot waste time on conventional dating rituals. One can always try speed dating and the cherry on the top is that it's a campus-approved stamp of legitimacy!!!

Now it's up to you whether you decide to code your way through the evening with the tangerine streaks of the sun's halo as the backdrop or to devour a quick Milma samosa as if it's the last one!

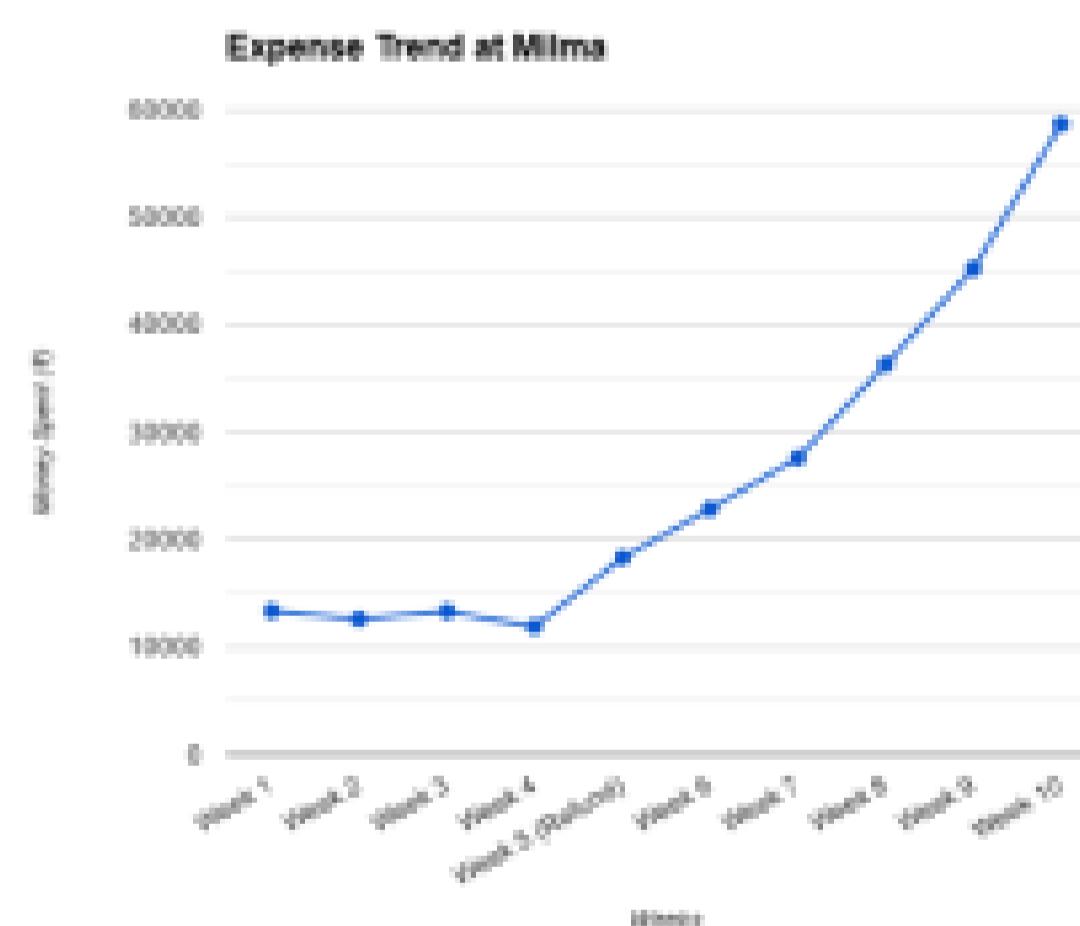
Just remember, whether you're debugging or devouring, laughter is the best syntax error handler!



MESS REFUND

**Students of IIITK rejoice!
Mess Committee finally
disburses refund, economic
trend similar to that of a
stimulus check.**

VALAVOOR, Kottayam. -- In an event that could only be described as the fiscal equivalent of a solar eclipse, the Mess Committee of IIITK has finally disbursed the long-awaited refunds. This extraordinary occurrence, akin to winning the lottery, has sent ripples of joy through the campus. The new check has been the largest amount of money the Mess Committee has refunded so far in the history of IIIT Kottayam's disbursements, considering the newest addition of more than 400 students. The Mess Secretary describing it as "the most sweeping economic package in IIIT Kottayam's legacy." The local community is commemorating, and for good reason. The last time an economic uptrend of this magnitude was witnessed was during the 2023 Even Semester Mess Refund. Prior to that, it was nearly two decades ago, after a Minister misallocated embezzled funds to the local government.



Graph denoting the money spent at Milma by students

With no tax reductions and no penalties, the students are celebrating with a lavish bank account and carefree mindset. Prior to the funds being released, various rumours spread regarding the whereabouts of this money. Some popular theories included the funds being misplaced within Area 51, and some speculating the funds slowly carried away by the notorious Kottayam beetles. Now, a beetle that drains pockets and plays nasty attacks in hostels, what a tale!

Theatre owners have been scrambling to obtain screening rights to the newest Telugu and Hindi movies ever since rumors of the mess refund began spreading two days ago. Despite recent movies underperforming, they remain hopeful as last year's mess refund led to Pala contributing to 50-60% of ticket sales of multiple box-office bombs. The sudden surge in expenditure has also led to an influx of migrant workers from all over India to Pala, hoping to capitalize on this seasonal phenomenon.

A surge in outpass requests has also been observed, professors utterly worn out from signing these slips of paper. One professor, who shall not be named, allowed students to forge his signature as he claims, "I'm sick and tired of these kids flooding my cabin every time the Mess Committee releases the refund, my hands cannot handle this level of signing, just let me know and sign it yourselves!"

The mess refund has been great for local business owners, however it is not good news for everyone. Local Buses have stopped their long-distance bus routes and have re-routed them to the IIITK - Pala route at frequent intervals of the day.

Zomato and Swiggy have stopped accepting orders for the past 3 days after a sudden spike in usage that refuses to plateau led to all the delivery personnel quitting, complaining of being overworked.

Some have alleged pressure from local businesses on the mess to underperform and undercook to ensure a significant portion of the mess fees remain underutilized and flow back into their hands. The Mess Committee refuses to acknowledge these allegations even as utilization of funds drops by 3% every year. Recently, a mess committee member who had gone to Europe to research the latest advancements in mess management had managed to cut costs by 40%, adopting practices used by Irish farmers. This comes at a cost of quality as curries were replaced by raw potatoes.

Similarly, while the joy of the refund has surely surged through the campus like wildfire, many pragmatic students warn the juniors against spending this refund without care. "The next refund may take quite as long, my friends" one student cautions.

As club elections approach, the Mess Secretary will be looking to cash in on their newfound popularity and channel some of the votes their way. This has come as an unexpected blow to the frontrunners who will now be looking for ways to thwart their meteoric rise in popularity.

But for now, the Mess Committee loved by all, student's pockets heavy with rupees and bliss, the entire campus spends its time in smiles. In the scriptures of campus lore, this day will forever be remembered, bringing with it a wave of economic exuberance and a tsunami of celebrations, and instant noodles.

BORDER BRAWL

Reddish n Golden shades of the scorching sun shine up the eyes of Iron Man, sparking up the dedication within as he surveys the battlefield of sports. The cricket team, sporting their whites and wielding bats like high-tech gadgets, channels Tony Stark's precision and innovation. Across the field, none other than Captain America—embodied by the football team in their jerseys and cleats—prepares to defend their turf with the same relentless spirit and grit that made Steve Rogers a legend.

Despite the hectic schedules of never ending classes, multiple assignments, and foreboding exams, our dynamic duo, Iron Man and Captain America make their sporting passions a foremost priority. Their love for the game springs from the deepest wells of their hearts—a fountain of everlasting devotion. For them, playing isn't just about the game; it's a sanctuary where they can momentarily escape the grind of everyday life. It's a moment to forget their struggles, embrace the heat of competition, and relish the tactile joys of the sport—the dust of the ground, the pain from the heat and hits, and the thrill of winning with your team or losing with a fiery resolve to compete again. Each match is a cherished escape, a chance to live fully in the heat of the moment and let their passion shine through when ultimately all are drenched up in dirt (I mean so not looking like 6 year olds).

As Tuesday—the "Judy Day" of sports rivalries—approaches, anticipation is mounting. The meeting promises to be as unpredictable as a superhero showdown. Will they settle for alternate days, perhaps with cricket games gracing the mornings and football matches lighting up the evenings? Or might they opt for a different schedule entirely, balancing the turf in unique ways? The possibilities are endless, from split timings to creative scheduling that allows both teams to shine. Regardless of the outcome, what truly matters is the celebration of their shared love for sports. This border dispute, while intense, only underscores the beauty of their dedication and passion. It's a reminder that, beyond the rivalry, it's the love for the game that binds them and makes every challenge worth the effort. So, gear up for a Tuesday that will be remembered not just for its drama, but for the celebration of sporting spirit that unites us all.

BEST GRADE

Grading Curve in Jeopardy After Professor Marks 10 Students Above 50 out of 50

IITK is grappling with a grading scandal that has turned its academic system upside down. Professor Vegapunk has awarded ten students scores exceeding the maximum 50 out of 50, sending shockwaves through the campus and so many lands sunk in the ocean of tears.

Scene: Dean's Office

A look of utter disbelief on the dean's face, stares at the marks sheet Professor Vegapunk has just submitted.

Dean: "Professor Vegapunk, I need to understand—why are there scores like 52, 55, and even 60 out of 50 on this list?"

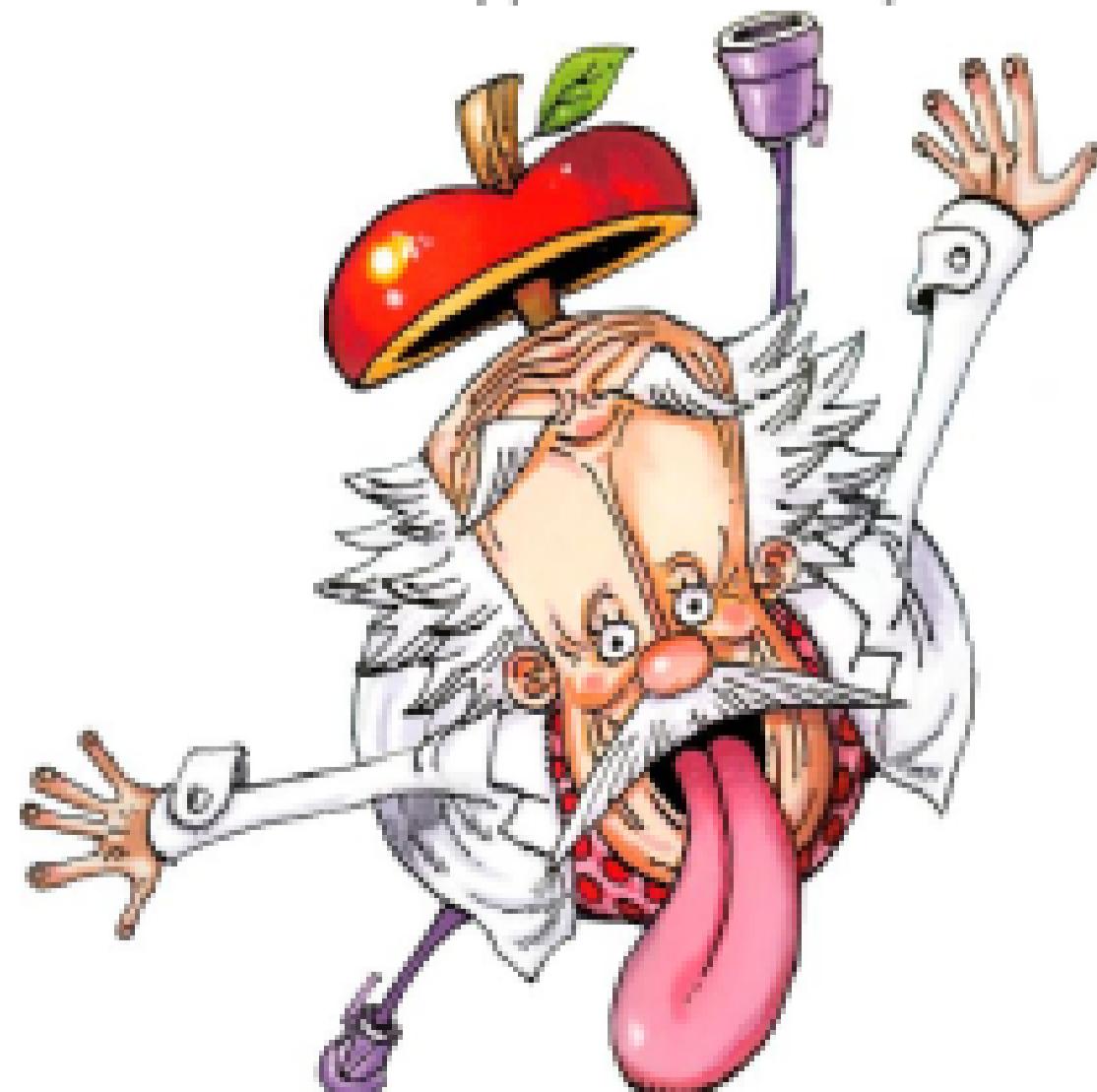
Professor Vegapunk: (nonchalantly) "Ah, you see, I believe in pushing boundaries. Why should we be constrained by arbitrary limits? If my students are extraordinary, their scores should reflect that."

Dean: (voice rising) "Extraordinary or not, this is an academic institution, not a circus! We can't have students scoring above the maximum possible mark."

Professor Vegapunk: "Perhaps we should redefine the maximum score. After all, in the grand scheme of things, who's to say what a perfect score truly is? Think about it. Why are we conditioned to grade from 0 to 50, when we could make a perfectly sensible scale from negative infinity to infinity?"

Dean: (sighs deeply) "We need to sort this out immediately. The entire grading system is in jeopardy. We have parents calling, students in tears, and faculty members demanding answers."

Professor Vegapunk: "Sounds like a typical Tuesday to me."



Scene: Faculty Lounge

Professor Normal: (shaking her head) "This is an academic apocalypse. We're practically in a situation, where everything is upside down and no one knows what to expect. The GPA scale is broken. We have atleast 10 students with a 20 GPA."

Professor Norman: "I've heard rumors about recalibrating the grading scale. But will that even fix this mess? We're dealing with a grading black hole right now. This is some sort of inflation on a scale we've never dealt with before. Some companies have even stopped recognising our college degrees as valid."

Professor Normal: "It's like we're all caught in a bizarre experiment. What's next? Participation trophies for everyone? Good food in mess? Better fests? This is going to be a nightmare to untangle."

Professor Norman: "Participation trophies and good food? Next you'll tell me we're getting air conditioned hostel rooms and working PCs in the lab!"

Professor Normal: "At this rate, who knows? Maybe we'll even get a usable Wi-Fi!"

As IIITK scrambles to rectify the situation, the campus is abuzz with confusion and frustration. With Vegapunk's unconventional grading causing widespread disarray, the university's administration faces the Herculean task of restoring order well enough to convince the next batch of 2000 students to join.

Btech in Plumbing

You know, the world of engineering has always been full of surprises. From the breakthroughs of the industrial revolution to the advent of AI and beyond, engineers have constantly pushed the boundaries of what's possible. But, in a twist that no one saw coming, universities have now decided that the next big thing for engineering students is... plumbing.

Yeah, you heard me right. Plumbing. As if four years of calculus, thermodynamics, and sleepless nights trying to figure out why your circuit board fried weren't enough, now you get to add clogged toilets and leaky faucets to your resume. Because, apparently, nothing says "cutting-edge technology" like knowing how to fix a dripping sink.

A Pipe Dream or Job Security?

So, why the sudden emphasis on plumbing? According to university administrators, the job market is changing, and engineers need to diversify their skill sets to stay relevant. And what's more relevant than ensuring the water flows smoothly in your apartment? Exactly.

You see, the reasoning is that the tech industry is becoming so saturated that there's a real risk of job shortages. But plumbing? There's always going to be a need for that. You can't outsource a broken toilet to a call center in India, can you? At least, not yet. Who knows, maybe next year we'll have toilets that diagnose themselves via an app and send you a push notification when it's time to call the plumber.

The Curriculum

The new curriculum is set to include courses like "Fluid Dynamics for Faucets," "Pipe Mechanics," and my personal favorite, "Advanced Drainage Systems." Students will learn the ins and outs of PVC piping, the art of using a plunger, and the delicate dance of tightening a pipe just enough so it doesn't leak, but not so much that it breaks. I'm getting nostalgic just thinking about it.

And don't worry, there's a practical component too. Instead of building robots or designing sustainable energy solutions, students will spend their lab hours fixing mock bathrooms. Forget the fancy CAD software – it's all about the wrench now.

Reactions from the Students

You can imagine the mixed reactions this new requirement has sparked. Some students are actually pretty excited. "I think it's a great idea," said no one ever. But realistically, a few students have embraced it, seeing it as a practical skill that could save them a lot of money in the future. "I'll never have to call a plumber again!" one hopeful student exclaimed.

Others, however, are less enthusiastic. "I came here to learn how to build bridges, not unclog toilets," complained a mechanical engineering major. Can't blame him – that's a pretty stark career pivot.

The Future of Engineering

So, is this the future of engineering education? It's hard to say. On one hand, it's kind of a genius idea. Plumbing is a stable job with good pay, and knowing how to fix stuff around the house is undeniably useful. On the other hand, it feels like a bit of a step back. Engineers are supposed to be the masterminds behind the next big technological advancements, not the guys you call when your bathroom floods.

But maybe this is just a temporary trend. Maybe it's the universities' way of saying, "Hey, we know the job market's tough right now, but we've got your back." Or maybe it's just a sign that we're all going to have to start wearing a lot more hats in the future. Engineer by day, plumber by night. Who knows?

Anyway, that's all for now. If you need me, I'll be over here trying to figure out how to fix my sink. Because apparently, that's what engineers do now. See you next time!



Students Listen to class

A cloudy day it was, the usual chirping of birds drowned in the dull inauspicious day but behold the sense of foreboding did not stop our mighty warrior armed with the deadliest of weapon the "Digital fundamentals of Thomas L Floyd" as he marched into the arena of war filled with soldiers with their feeble sticks aka "mobile phones" and immersed in their constant scrolling of reels n memes, whispered "talks" about nothing to everything and also none other than the greatest of the artist brushing up their doodle works.

Was it the weather? Or the intriguing Karnaugh Map he was about to teach, or what if it was one of those moments where he questioned his wrong doings as once he have oathed to fulfil his duties with utmost attention and dedication or so he says to his fellow guardians to this day, one of our soldier in an act of defiance of his usual routine even though it lasted only one day (okay maybe just half of it) listened throughout the lesson, grasping each and every word with hunger to learn more. A sparkle of pride and surprise flashed through the eyes of the warrior when he came upon the sheer dedication of our soldier. The eagerness to educate fellow soldiers even though it maybe for just one also one of the most unexpected ones who have indeed shown interest to learn have moved him to share his knowledge with a bit more enthusiasm in him.

Those moments when you are capable of breaking out of your desires to do something that can have a positive effect on ourself brings out the capabilities in us, hope is not lost and life is short , enjoy a little more and make the most out of each and everyday with our our lads but the balance of it with our work or academics carves out the best in us. Cheers to winning more wars, to moments of unexpected dedication, and to the fleeting hope that maybe, just maybe, the next scroll through memes can wait until after the lesson.

Mess Tier List

is this on zomato			
milma or mess			
the insects at hostel taste better			
i can fast today			
now i am become death			



When your 'I in IIT' got a cosmic twist to 'IIIIT'(your family still remains in the dark)

Ah, this one is a classic case of mistaken academic identity where you are bestowed with the achievement of getting into an IIT, a feat unbeknownst to your own existence, and relatives are congratulating you for your unachieved achievement. But step carefully so as to not break their bubble and continue handling this situation with finesse using the following algorithm:

1) Caching your glory:

Accept the misheard proclamation of your achievement with extreme sense of faux pride. Declare that you are indeed a part of the elite students who managed to crack the notoriously difficult JEE advanced while mastering the art of movie marathons and anime binging during the pandemic.

2) Wieve an elaborate fictional alma matter:

You don't stop here! After accepting and declaring the above "fact" you have to create a mythical university which surpasses an IIT with a name enough to make their heads boggle(Indian University of Quantum Astrostructural Robotics maybe..). Then, you describe about the field-changing research that you supposedly conducted on soft robots in anti-gravity conditions.

3) Sprinkle a bit of IIT:

Add in a little spice unlike your chef in your "IIT". It would also help mentioning your very close association with one of India's renowned professors, Dr.Doofenshmirtz who has been helping you learn and grow and his only goal in life is to help you achieve a 4 Cr. package.

4) Unleash vague humility:

If the questions keep pouring in, you start responding with humility that transcends the gravity at the singularity of a black hole. Speak in code languages about late-night coding sessions and competitions, projects with AI prodigies who have been coding since their mother was born and all the moonlit walks you supposedly take for a breathtaking view.

5) Realise delulu is your solulu:

Think about the sheer absurdity of the situation. After all, who needs the mundane reality when you can revel in the glory of an academic utopia. Let this irony wash over you as you dig your way through the family gatherings, keeping the IIT illusion intact for the sake of familial as well as your amusement.

7'0"

6'9"

6'6"

6'3"

6'0"

5'9"

5'6"

5'3"

5'0"

4'9"

4'6"

4'3"

4'0"

3'9"

3'6"

3'3"

3'0"

2'9"

2'6"

2'3"

2'0"

1'9"

1'6"

1'3"

1'0"

CAMPUS MANHUNT

Campus Manhunt Launched After Student Forgets to Sign-In at Hostel

Chaos erupted at the IIIT Kottayam's student hostel last night when a freshman failed to sign in at the hostel register. What began as a routine check quickly escalated into a manhunt, involving campus security, local police, and even a search-and-rescue team with tracker dogs. The incident, which unfolded under the cover of darkness, has sent shockwaves throughout the city as law enforcement agencies launch a massive manhunt to apprehend the fugitive.

The alarm was sounded when the hostel warden discovered a missing signature during a routine roll check. "At first, I thought he was playing a prank," said the warden. "But when we couldn't find him, we knew it was serious." "We are treating this matter with the utmost seriousness," stated the Head Warden of the Hostel in a press conference earlier today. "Our primary focus at this time is to locate and apprehend the inmate before they, God forbid, have fun outside. We are deploying all available resources and working tirelessly to bring the individual behind college bars."

Security personnel swept the hostel while police helicopters searched from above, and students were instructed to stay in their rooms. Social media buzzed with live updates as students chronicled the unfolding drama. "It's like something out of a thriller," tweeted one junior. The public was advised not to approach the fugitive, as they are considered sleep-deprived and highly caffeinated.

The manhunt ended around 2 a.m. when police found Freshman in his friend's hostel room, casually enjoying maggie. When questioned on his gross insubordination, the freshman denied having any prior knowledge about this practice. Reports suggest that the individual is a convicted felon with a history of attendance shortages and run-ins with the Disciplinary Committee for protests against poor mess conditions.

The incident has raised questions about the existing surveillance system in the college, which has been a subject of debate in the recent past after a student entered campus 1 minute after his outpass time. The Authorities are conducting a thorough investigation to determine the circumstances leading up to the breach and identify any lapses in security protocols that may have contributed to the incident. The university is now reviewing its sign-in policy, considering biometric scanners or facial recognition to prevent future incidents. Higher authorities are also discussing banning Maggi due to its involvement in several felonies in the recent past.

"Consumption of Maggi", one official said, "and its preparation are activities that promote recklessness among the youth and should be banned". The Freshman, meanwhile, has promised to sign in from now on and offered a public apology. "I didn't mean to cause such a scene," he said. "I'll definitely be signing in from now on."

(The Freshman forgot to sign it once again.)

7'0"

6'9"

6'6"

6'3"

6'0"

5'9"

5'6"

5'3"

5'0"

4'9"

4'6"

4'3"

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3'9"

3'6"

3'3"

3'0"

2'9"

2'6"

2'3"

2'0"

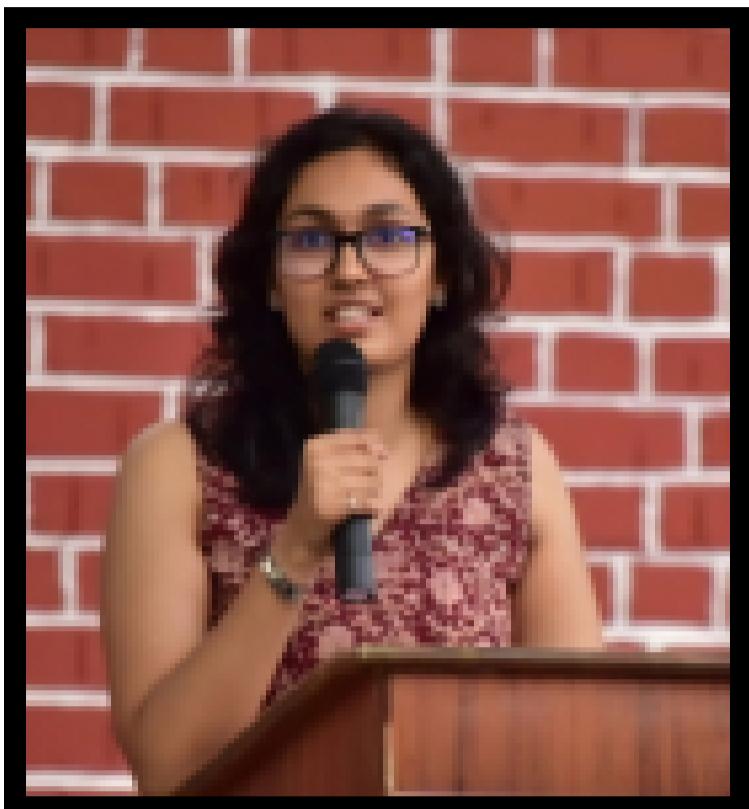
1'9"

1'6"

1'3"

1'0"

IIITK 2020 BATCH



Aditi Shukla

The spotlight is always on me, whether I ask for it or not!



Harsh Raj Gupta

Successfully graduated without paying attendance fine...or attending classes



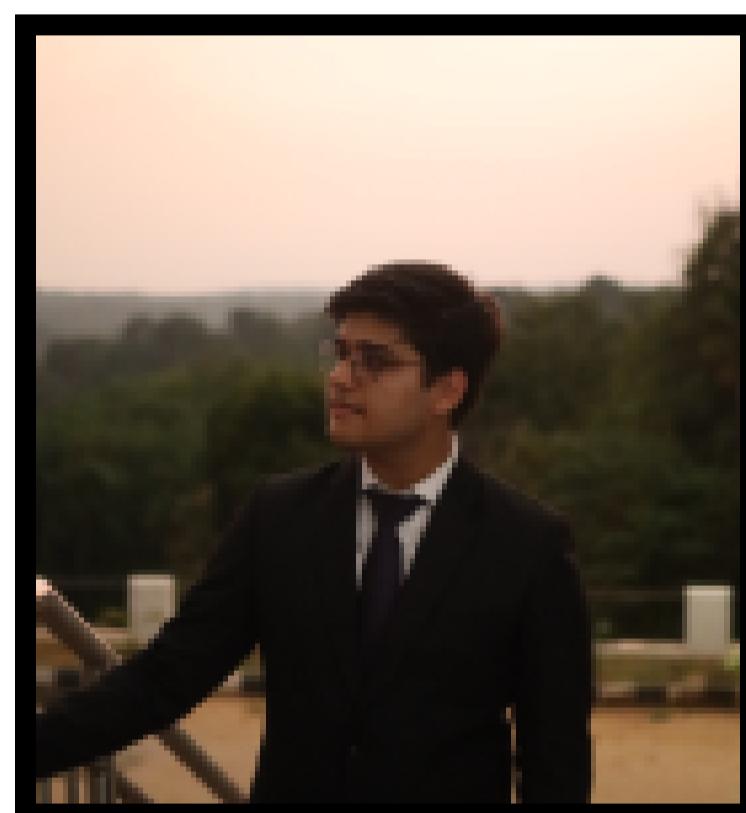
Fathima Hanan Parakkot

Only if I got a penny each time freshers thought I was Hanan bhaiya ...



Karthik Mohan Hegde

Prolly the only Mumbai guy whose beach visits quadrupled in these 2 years of college (was mere 2 before :D)



Govind Nair V

Branch upgrade? Yeah, that was me. Guess I broke it for everyone else. Oops!



Vignesh

I'm so busy
So much that I didn't even write this

I wrote it for him - ydg



Susruth Sai Charith Aalla

Don't let fear and common sense stop you from doing epic shit. Also, the board lies, there is always beyond!



Ankur Kumar Mandal

Btech Survivor



Abdullah Merchant

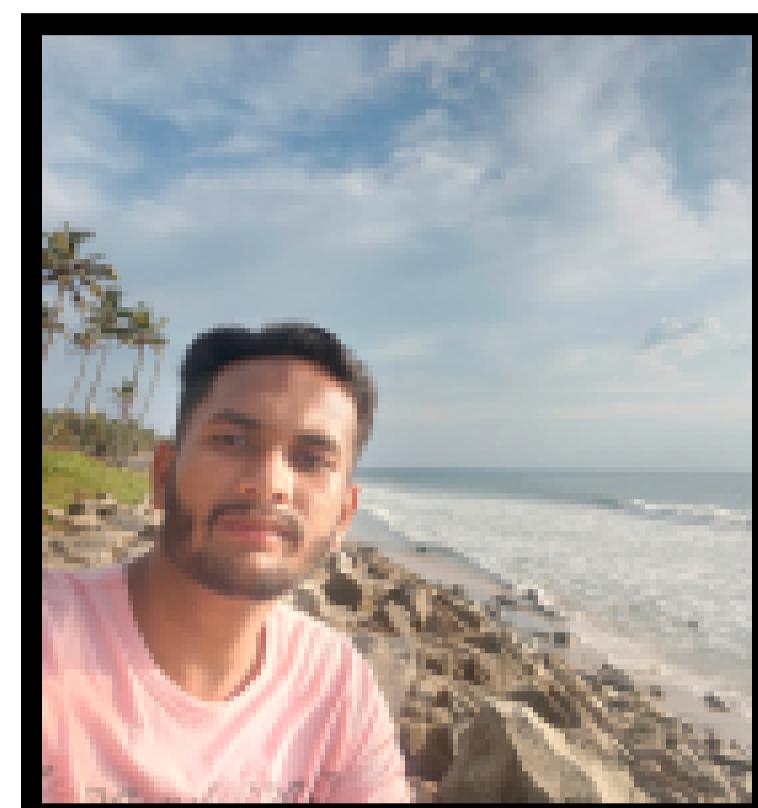
Sukhi jeevan ke 3 C, chai chicken aur chu**y*

IIITK 2020 BATCH



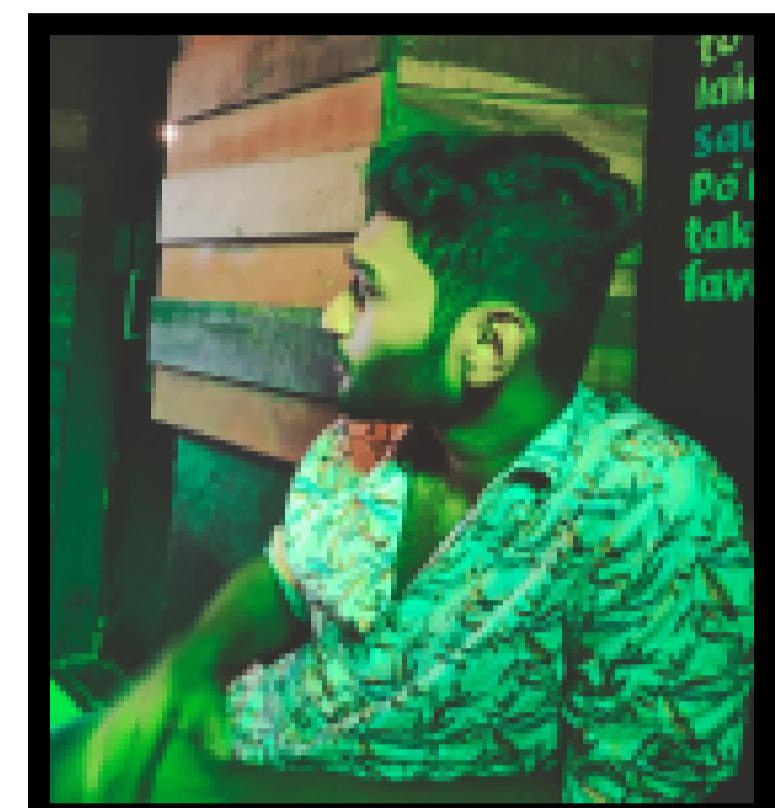
Maridu Laasya Sri

Let's not fabricate
dramas in our minds,
shall we?



Suyash Singh Chauhan

I didn't have much time to
study in college, but even
when I did, I somehow
still didn't



Sravan

Lets pretend we didn't
watch her.



Saket Roshan Rai

"Maene naam Roshan
kr diya!"



Prashant Choudhary

If I could do it all again.... I
won't



Yogesh Raj

We are living in a Fake
World....



Saiprathap

"College late nights will
be worth it... right?"



Uppuluri Divyanth Satya

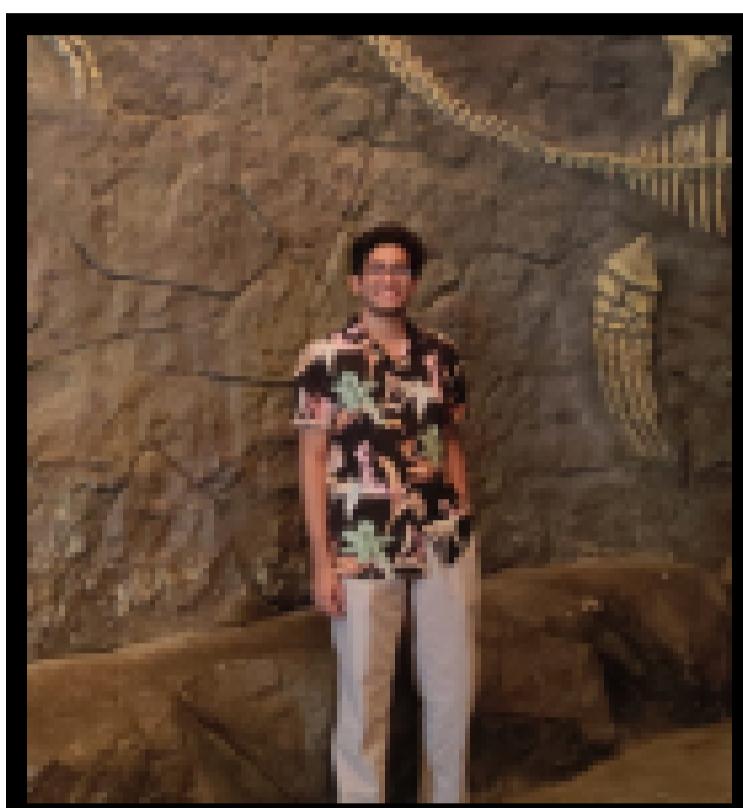
In the chaos of college, I found solace
in living fully, turning mere survival
into a symphony of beauty, etching
unforgettable memories along the
way!



Ishaan Mahesh

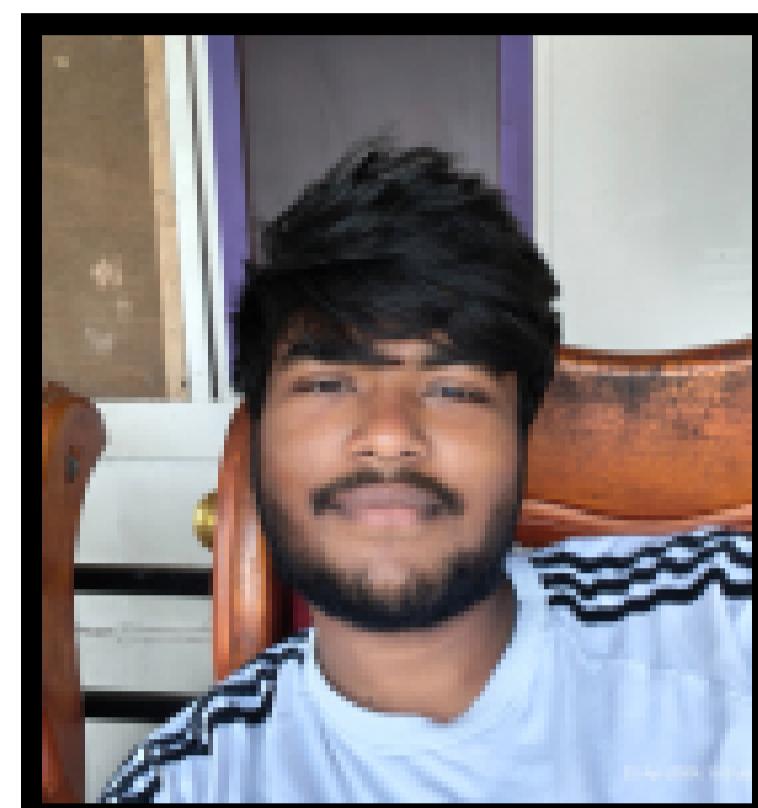
Snakes. Why'd it have
to be snakes?

IIIITK 2020 BATCH



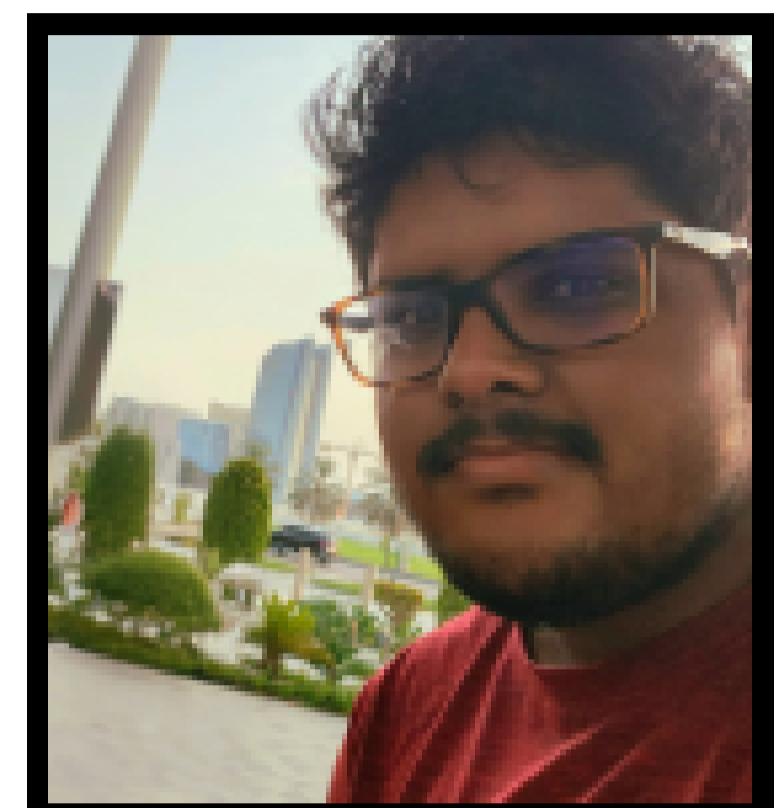
Nikhil Menon

It is what it is



Harish Vishwa

**"There's only one of me in
all the world. I am one in a
krillion"**



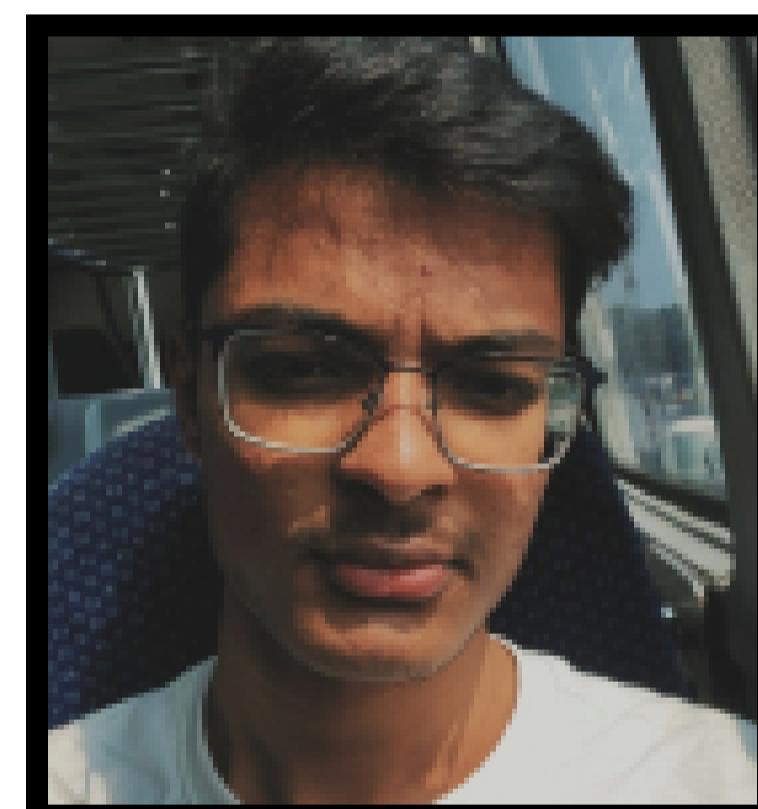
Roshin Nishad

**College was easy, like riding a
bike. Except the bike was on fire
and the ground was on fire and
everything was on fire**



Sanskar Kasoudhan

**Between stars and stories,
between space and time,
between you and me , we
always live and never dies.**



Thirdhakshar

**You probably didn't try to
say my name**



Shaun Varghese

**Only chain I could
afford**



Shravak Zombade

**They asked me to
write something. So
here it is: Something.**



Akhil M Reji

**Just a transition from
core curriculum to all-
elective**



Manas Gupta

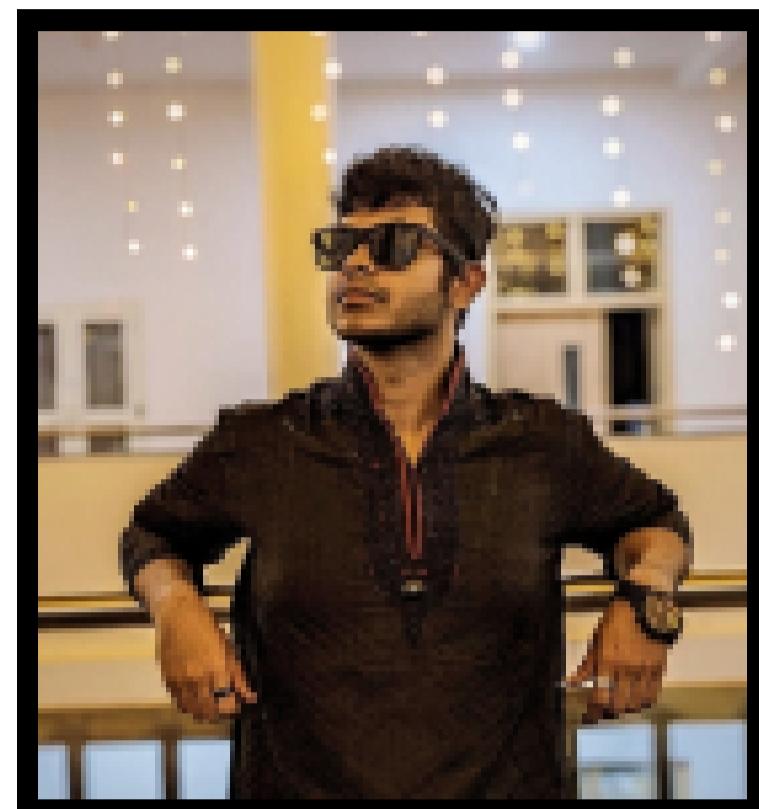
**The k spot near admin
made good memories.**

IIITK 2020 BATCH



Sandeep Gundlapalli

Im not that handsome.
Just editing.



Om Ghumare

Treat People With
Kindness ✌😊



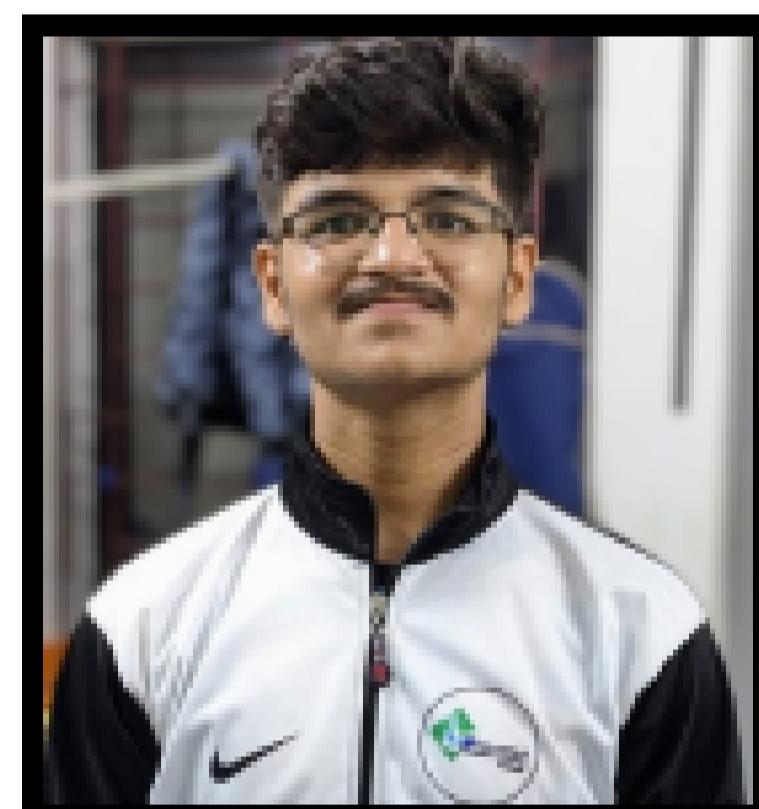
Umesh

"They think i'm hiding
under the
shadows...But i am the
shadows, i am
the shadows."



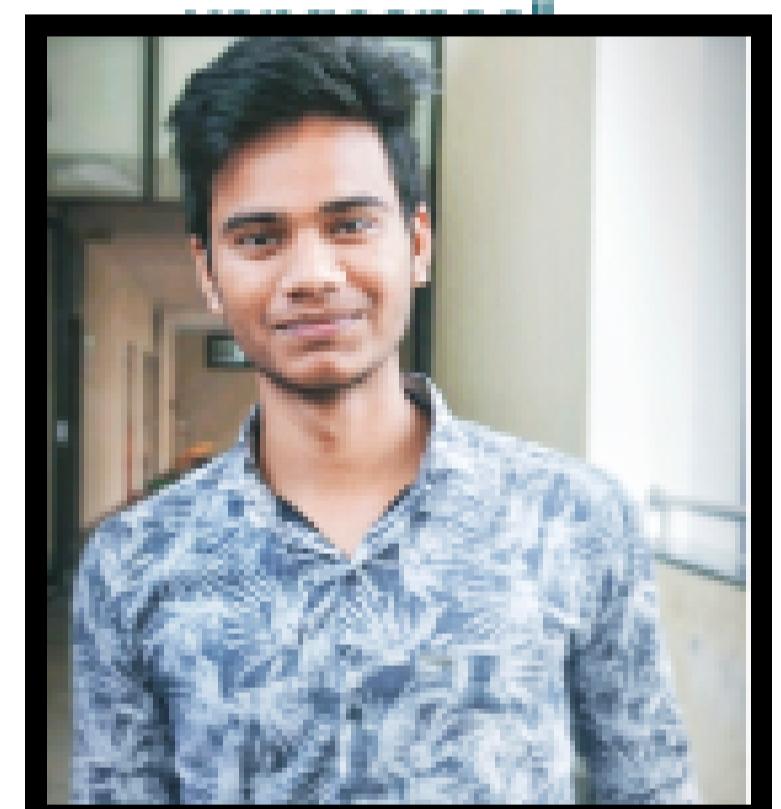
Banoth Baburao

I hate my name and
miss my college life



K Sumanth

Nobody remind them
about the Google drives.



Sandeep M

Its not my attitude its
my body language



B Dhanish Siddharth

Ayoo...I forgot writing
"DXN" on my usual
bathroom wall,
Dagadagadagada....



Muni Santhosh Anjuru

I was never the man I was
before



Sravan

Dangers never come
in solo, they always
come in gangs.

IIIITK 2020 BATCH



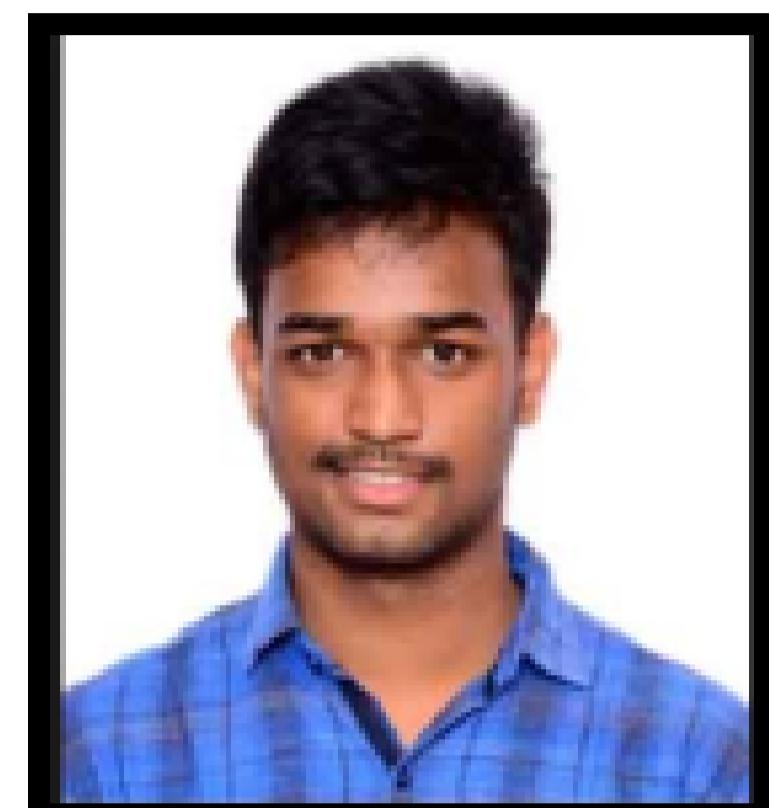
Bala Murali Angati

I got into a 'Last-Minute-Cancel-Plans' Gang.



E Charan Teja

Aa Rojulu Malli Raavu



D Nikhil

Chaduvukondi mundu



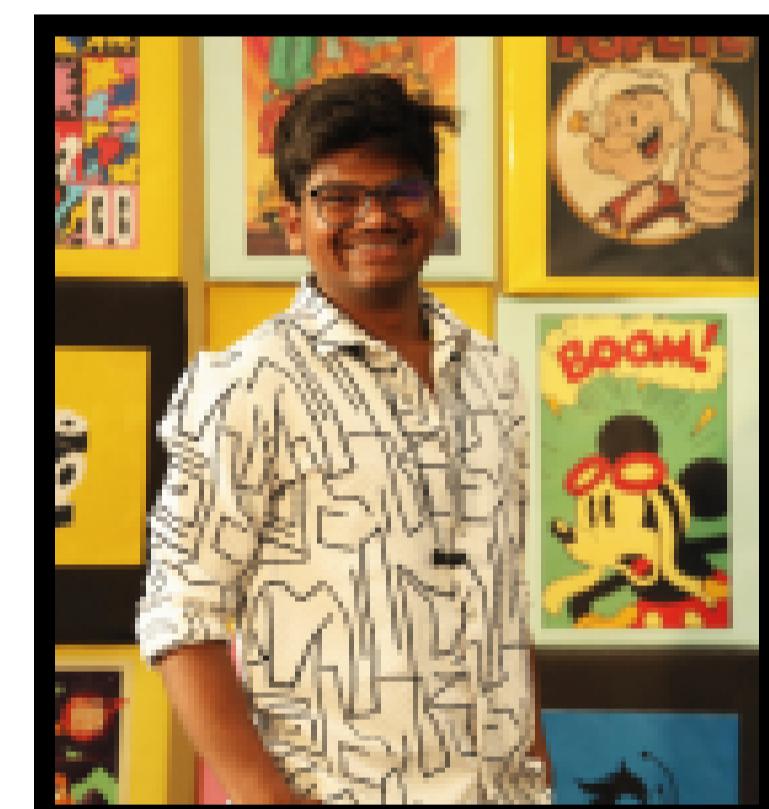
Rishabh Srivastava

To my yearbook neighbour and electromagnetics-I hate you both



Vedha Vamsi Sai

Divided by regions but united by birthday parties



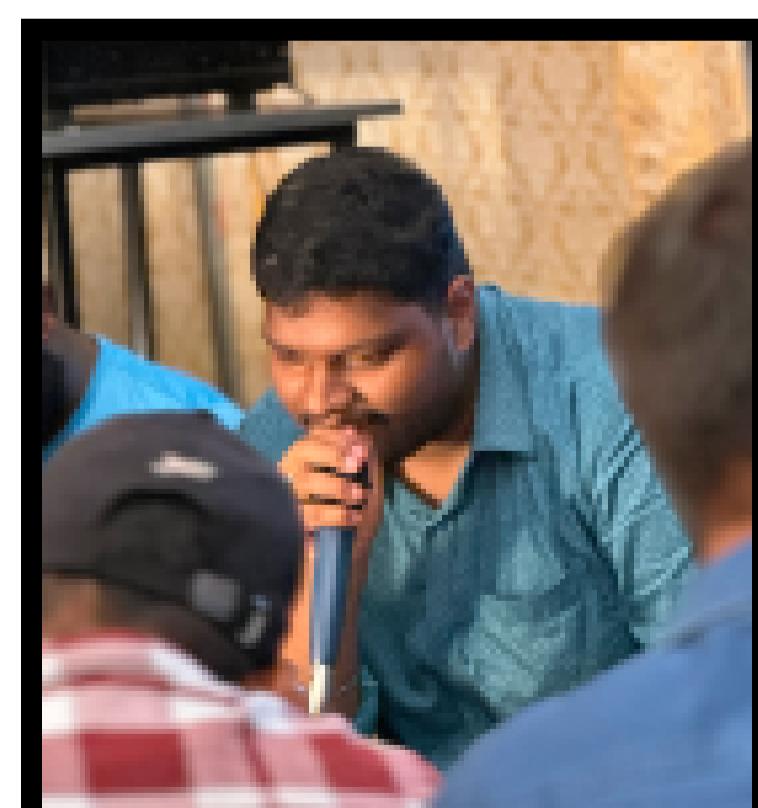
Bhushi Tagore subba rai

No matter what keep your chin up and go for your goals



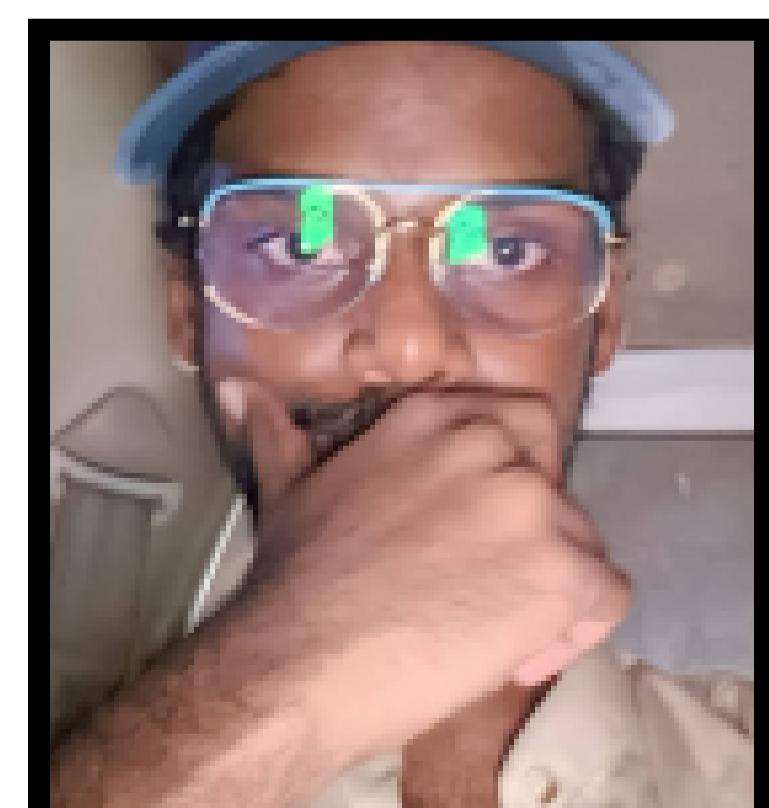
Padarthy Rupesh

Nothing is meant to be perfect



Eenadula Bhanuprakash

"Who knew lip-syncing could turn into a full-blown photo shoot?!"



Shashank Reddy

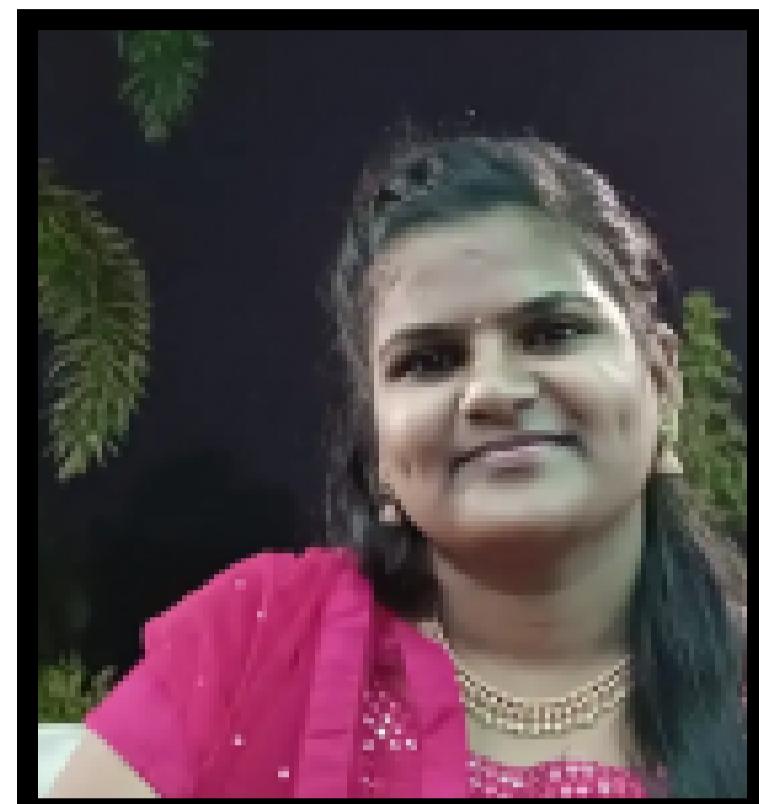
"Reddy" of Batch 2020

IIITK 2020 BATCH



Abdullah Merchant

Sukhi jeevan ke 3 C,
chai chicken aur
chu**y*



Sultan Kavyanjali

"No, I'm not a muslim 😊"



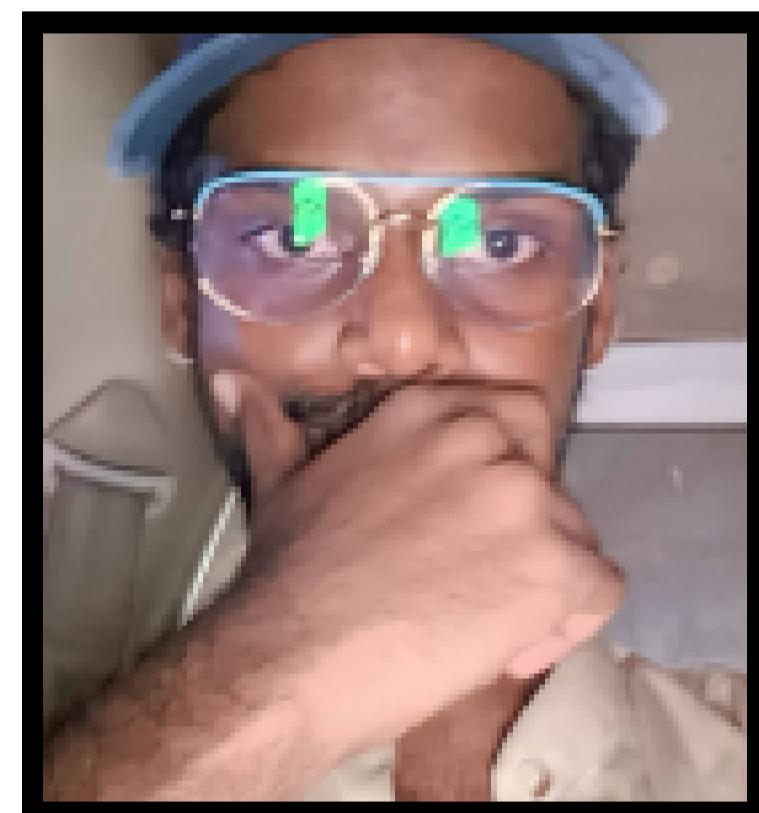
Bhukya Akash

Graduating from our college has been an incredibly transformative experience.



Eenadula Bhanuprakash

"Who knew lip-syncing could turn into a full-blown photo shoot?!"



Shashank Reddy

Reddy of Batch 2020

What if Draupadi never questioned Karna?

Bonkuri Maniraj

Authors Note

This story is a creative exploration inspired by the rich tapestry of the Mahabharata, reimagined through the lens of a pivotal "What if?" scenario. The question at the heart of this tale is: What if Draupadi never questioned Karna about his birth during her swayamvar? How might this single decision have altered the course of their lives and the grand epic itself?

As a longtime admirer of both the Mahabharata and the Marvel "What If?" series, I have always been fascinated by the idea of alternate realities and the infinite possibilities they present. This story aims to blend the timeless elements of the Mahabharata with the creative freedom to explore new dynamics and relationships.

In this reimagining, Draupadi's marriage to Karna sets off a series of events that drastically change the familiar narrative. You'll find beloved characters in new roles, making different choices that lead to unforeseen consequences. Themes of honour, loyalty, and destiny are examined through fresh lenses, offering both a homage to and a departure from the traditional epic.

Warm regards,
Litlen.

Chapter 1: The Swayamvar and a New Alliance

The city of Kampilya was alive with excitement. The swayamvar of Draupadi, the enchanting princess of Panchala, had drawn the greatest warriors and kings from across Bharatavarsha. The grand arena was filled with the scent of jasmine and sandalwood, the air buzzing with anticipation.

Draupadi sat on a raised platform, her beauty radiant in the glow of the setting sun. Clad in a resplendent sari of deep blue and gold, her eyes scanned the assembly of kings with curiosity and determination. The challenge before them was formidable: the warrior must shoot a metallic fish suspended above by only looking at its reflection in the water below.

Among the assembled warriors were the mighty Kauravas, led by the imposing Duryodhana, who was by his closest ally, Karna. Karna, with his quiet confidence, stood tall among the suitors. His friendship with Duryodhana was legendary, and his loyalty was persistent. Yet, beneath the surface, seeds of discord had already been sown.

Shakuni, the cunning uncle of the Kauravas, had been subtly working on Duryodhana's mind. "Duryodhana," he had said, "you have given Karna everything – wealth, power, and honour. Yet does he truly deserve all this? Remember, he is not of noble birth. And now, he seeks to marry Draupadi. Does he not reach too high?"

These words lingered in Duryodhana's mind, planting doubts about his friend. As he stood watching the contest, his mind was full of conflicting emotions.

On the other side of the arena, two Brahmins stood quietly, observing the proceedings. Unbeknownst to most, these were the Pandavas – Arjuna and Bhima – in disguise. They had come to witness the swayamvar and perhaps to participate in the challenge. Arjuna, in particular, was intrigued by the prospect of winning Draupadi's hand.

The contest began with various kings and warriors attempting the feat, but none succeeded. The metallic fish remained unscathed, its reflection in the water a mocking challenge.

The bow itself, named Kindhura, was a marvel to behold. It was enormous, almost as tall as a man, with intricate carvings along it. It had been blessed by the sages and was known to be incredibly difficult to wield.

Finally, Karna stepped forward. The crowd fell silent, watching the mighty warrior with bated breath. His movements were fluid and graceful as he approached the bow. With a calm demeanour, he lifted the massive weapon, his muscles rippling under the strain. His focus was unwavering as he strung the bow with practised ease, the string making a low, resonant sound.

Karna then approached the pond, his eyes fixed on the reflection of the metallic fish. With a steady hand, he drew the bowstring back, the arrow poised for release. The tension in the arena was noticeable as everyone held their breath. Karna released the arrow, it flew with unerring precision, striking the fish above squarely.

A gasp of awe and admiration swept through the crowd. Karna had proven his unparalleled skill once again. Draupadi's gaze met his, a mix of respect and a hint of apprehension in her eyes. She had heard of his nobility but witnessing it firsthand was different.

In that critical moment, Draupadi's mind raced. Tradition dictated that she should ask about the suitor's lineage before making her decision. But something in Karna's eyes – a mixture of pride and vulnerability – made her hesitate. She sensed the weight of his past and the trials he had endured. Draupadi felt a deep sense of empathy and admiration for Karna. Her heart told her he was a man of honour and greatness, regardless of his birth. She took a deep breath and chose to trust her instincts.

The brief exchange sent ripples through the assembly. Karna's face remained stoic, but a flicker of gratitude passed through his eyes as he looked at Draupadi. Their union was sealed, not just by the challenge, but by mutual respect and destiny.

In the shadows, Krishna observed everything with a knowing smile. He was aware of the undercurrents of tension and the larger cosmic plan that was unfolding. His presence, though subtle, was a reminder of the divine influence that pervaded the lives of these mortals.

The celebrations that followed were grand, but the undercurrent of tension was real. Shakuni's machinations had already begun to take effect, and Duryodhana's loyalty to Karna was slowly being eroded by doubt and jealousy.

As the evening wore on, the festivities continued with music, dance, and feasting. The Kauravas, though present, were less enthusiastic. Duryodhana's mind was clouded with Shakuni's poisonous words. The Pandavas, still in their Brahmin disguises, watched with keen interest, knowing that this event would have significant implications for the future. Karna and Draupadi's marriage marked a significant shift in the political landscape. Drupada, the king of Panchala and Draupadi's father, was pleased with the outcome. Yet, he too sensed the undercurrents of tension that this union had stirred.

Just then, Duryodhana stepped forward, his face a mask of barely concealed frustration. "Is this truly the man you wish to choose?" he asked, his voice edged with sarcasm. "Is Karna, of uncertain lineage, fit to be the husband of Draupadi?"

The arena fell silent, tension crackling in the air. Karna stood tall, his face a stoic mask, but his eyes betrayed a flicker of hurt. Draupadi felt a surge of indignation on his behalf. She had heard the rumours about Karna's unknown parentage, but she saw the greatness in him that transcended such petty concerns.

Draupadi rose from her seat, her voice ringing clear and strong. "My choice is made, Duryodhana. Karna has proven himself worthy through his skill and valour. His actions speak louder than any birthright."

A murmur of approval rippled through the crowd. Duryodhana, however, was not so easily convinced. Shakuni's insidious whispers had taken root in his mind, and the seeds of doubt and jealousy were already beginning to sprout. But for the moment, he had no choice but to accept Draupadi's decision.

In the shadows, Shakuni observed with a satisfied smile. His plan to drive a wedge between Karna and Duryodhana was already in motion. He knew that the seeds of discord he had planted would eventually lead to greater conflicts.

Chiaroscuro

Hima Prasobh

Tears drip down her face,
Nurturing the earth beneath,
His ashes scatter,
Soul bound no longer to mortal constraints
His voice, now just memories,
The vibrations once sent shivers down her spine,
His hands, an unbreakable vice around her heart,
Still persist ghostly, everlastingly.

Her mouth open with words imprisoned,
Eyes wide, emotional but constrained
Further, further ashes fly,
Yet his influence is still unchanged,
The words seared onto her flesh,
A voice sounds, a command ingrained.

Her purity he saw, the darkness in him craved,
The feeble light fought desparately to protect,
Each bruise, mark, cut,
He hated himself, the loss of control,
His muse, once unbroken in spirit,
Now brought to her knees.

Her heart still shone bright,
Hope, no resentment in her soul,
Childlike wonder shone in her eyes,
An eternal youth both blessing and curse,
Every hit, every curse pierced her heart deep,
Yet she forgives, how could she not in the face of such sincerity!
"Oh how he loves me!"
He grieves with lost control,
The inevitable darkness hurts him,
Untameable, burning beneath his skin,
Rejoicing every mark,
Yet he grieves! Alas, hope remains.

A living contradiction, is much to bear,
For a mortal such as him,
The darkness hurts him deeply but light cuts deeper,
For it knows the pain he caused,
As the poison dissolves in his throat,
His only thought, "Let her be free!"

As she found him lips blue and cold,
She kisses his poison touched lips one last time,
For she's eternally bound,
A light like hers needs to heal,
Eternally.

Choices

Hima Prasobh

The sound of breaking glass shatters me out of my reverie. I drop the sandwich, the plate bouncing against the floor. The taste of sweet tea turns sour in my mouth. His foul breath blows against my face, the slurred words, the rough shoves. Bruises bloom purple. I look down at my arm, track marks not quite faded, lines I wish were older, and a ring I have yet to take off. A roadmap of poor choices, for fleeting moments of ecstasy. I feel a phantom touch on my palm, soft blond hair, bright blue eyes. Eyes not dim, bruises not bloomed. I protect her mind and body; she protects my soul. I clutch at the memory as I see his approaching form. His voice is getting louder. I step back. I hold tight to my consciousness. My hands are hidden. It's dark. Light from the flickering bulbs glints on the knife's edge as I sink it into his chest. He chokes on his blood, eyes going wide. As he wilts, I see her in my mind's eye. The pills are working now. My vision's blurry, yet it has never been clearer. I see her angelic form. The light leaves his eyes as she runs towards me. We float above, forever alone.

Murder-Suicide reported in Birmingham. Husband stabbed to death by wife who later overdosed on pills. Body of a young girl found in bedroom. Suspected to be 2 days old.

In My Arms, an Eternity

Hima Prasobh

In My Arms, an Eternity

The smooth touch of a new born palm;
Not yet calloused by time and scars;
The little pink face, a slight blue hue;
With every brief look the love grew;
Her heart he touched, in her arms he cried;
The cloudy eyes, like a dark blue sky;
As his eyes closed shut, and his cries grew hushed;
Her arms leaden with grief , a goodbye unjust;
In my arms he lays delicate as spun glass;
A life far too short yet pierced many hearts alas;
My hollow heart trembles imaginary;
As I take him to a world, a final itinerary.

She looks down, a map of scars;
A destination scribbled, a journey past;
The blade pushes in, her hands ecstatic;
The blood boils past the trail of pain, fanatic;
The hands that held her babe ever gently;
The same ones that cut into her flesh relentlessly;
She lies on the cold floor happy at last;
No one would miss her, she made sure of that!
A thousand miles away a trail of tears flow light;
Withered hands, a life, a world apart, trite;
In my arms I take her withered soul;
A body so young yet so old.

His hands shake of age, but with grace;
A life well lived, of mature pains;
He remains, as his children fall;
The mighty oak, ever remaining tall;
The passage of time, an hourglass of memories;
A smiling photograph, an illusion of forever peace;
He lays to rest, time well spent;
Heart heavy as he repents;
He sees in his mind's eye, her emancipated face;
A face which shone with an inner fire, ablaze;
His children, they've crossed to the realm unspoken;
He too falls into my arms, a tree broken.

Surviving the FAYZ: A Review of Michael Grant's "Gone" Series

Bonkuri Maniraj

Imagine this: one minute you're chilling in class, and the next, every adult around you vanishes. Poof! Gone. No teachers, no parents, just you and many other kids left to run the show. Welcome to Perdido Beach, the setting of Michael Grant's "Gone" series, where the only thing more unpredictable than puberty is developing superpowers.

The series starts with everyone over the age of 15 disappearing into thin air, leaving the kids to fend for themselves. It's like "Lord of the Flies" but with a sci-fi twist—let's call it "Lord of the Mutants." The town is encased in an impenetrable dome (known as the FAYZ, or Fallout Alley Youth Zone), and to make things even weirder, some kids start developing powers. Think X-Men, but with more teenage angst and fewer spandex suits.

Let's talk about the motley crew running this show. You've got Sam Temple, your classic reluctant hero who'd rather surf than lead a revolution. Then there's Astrid Ellison, the "smart one" who could probably solve world hunger if she wasn't busy dodging power-hungry maniacs. Their budding romance adds a sweet counterpoint to the chaos. Speaking of maniacs, enter Caine Soren, the villain you love to hate. He's got the charm of Loki but none of the redeeming qualities. And we can't forget the real stars: the talking coyotes and mutant worms. Yes, you read that right.

The series dives deep into some heavy themes. Survival is the name of the game here—who gets the last can of SpaghettiOs can be a life-or-death decision. Power struggles are rampant; it's like "Game of Thrones," but with fewer dragons and more hormonal teens. Morality gets murky, too. When you're stuck in a dome and your biology teacher isn't around to give you detention, what's stopping you from going full supervillain? And then there's love. Amid all the madness, Sam and Astrid's relationship gives us those warm, fuzzy moments that remind us there's still hope and humanity even when everything else is falling apart.

Grant's writing is fast-paced and packed with cliffhangers that make it impossible to stop at just one chapter. It's like eating potato chips—"just one more" quickly turns into "I've finished the whole bag and now it's 3 AM." He switches perspectives between characters, giving you a 360-degree view of the chaos, which is both thrilling and slightly terrifying. The suspense keeps you on the edge of your seat, wondering what fresh disaster will hit next.

Strengths

One of the series' biggest strengths is its complex characters. They aren't just cardboard cutouts; they grow, change, and sometimes explode (literally). The imaginative setting is another highlight. Grant takes the small-town vibe and dials it up to eleven with supernatural elements that keep you guessing. And those plot twists? They come at you like dodgeballs in gym class—unexpected and often painful. The romance between Sam and Astrid adds depth to their characters, making their struggles and victories even more impactful.

Of course, no series is perfect. Some parts of the plot can drag a bit, like a TV show that should've ended one season earlier. And while most characters are well-developed, a few feel like they got left in the oven a bit too long or not long enough. But hey, when juggling mutant abilities, hormonal teenagers, and dystopian chaos, something's bound to slip through the cracks.

In summary, the "Gone" series is a wild ride through a dystopian landscape filled with love, betrayal, and more plot twists than a rollercoaster. If you enjoy intense, character-driven stories with a mix of sci-fi and fantasy, this series is for you. Just make sure you have plenty of snacks on hand—you won't want to leave the FAYZ until the very last page.

Happy reading, and remember: if you start glowing or develop telekinesis, maybe lay off the caffeine for a bit.

The Cyber Meltdown of 2024: A Comedy of Errors

Bonkuri Maniraj

Imagine waking up on a sunny Friday, ready to start your day, when suddenly, the world seems to go haywire. Banks, hospitals, airlines, and even your favourite TV channels are acting like they've caught a computer virus! What happened, you ask? Let's dive into this rollercoaster of a story. CrowdStrike, our cybersecurity superhero, had a bit of a wardrobe malfunction. Instead of saving the day, a new update turned into a digital disaster. Think of it like Spider-Man shooting webs everywhere except where he's aiming.

CrowdStrike usually fights the cyber bad guys. They protect big companies, like banks and hospitals, from hackers. Imagine them as digital bodyguards, always on the lookout for trouble. They use cloud technology to protect devices connected to the internet, sort of like casting a safety net over all your gadgets.

On this fateful Friday, CrowdStrike released an update for their Falcon product. Instead of making things better, it caused computers to throw tantrums. Suddenly, screens turned blue, like Smurfs had taken over the world. This wasn't just any blue; it was the infamous "Blue Screen of Death" (BSOD). Computers froze, rebooted, and got stuck in a loop, refusing to cooperate.

The update fiasco didn't just stop at annoying office workers. Banks couldn't operate, healthcare providers were in a tizzy, and even TV stations went offline. Airports turned into madhouses with grounded flights and delayed services. People were left stranded, staring at departure boards like they were trying to decode ancient hieroglyphics.

Imagine pilots and flight attendants gathered around whiteboards, scribbling flight schedules with dry-erase markers. Passengers, meanwhile, were busy munching on overpriced airport snacks, wondering if they'd ever leave the terminal. Airlines like IndiGo and SpiceJet had to roll back the clock to the days of manual check-ins, making the airport experience feel like a history lesson.

The update clash mostly affected Windows users. Computers crashed and rebooted repeatedly like they were caught in an endless game of musical chairs. Microsoft had to step in and clarify that this mess wasn't their fault. They pointed fingers at the faulty CrowdStrike update.

CrowdStrike's engineers scrambled to fix the problem, but it wasn't easy. They had to manually log into each affected system, navigate to the troublesome file, delete it, and then reboot the system. If computers were locked with complex encryption, engineers had to crack the codes too. It was like a digital escape room challenge but with a lot more stress and fewer clues.

While Windows users were stuck in a digital storm, Mac and Linux users were sailing smoothly. They watched the chaos unfold from the sidelines, feeling a bit smug about their choice of operating system. Mac and Linux systems weren't affected by the update, making them the lucky survivors in this tech apocalypse.

Eventually, CrowdStrike managed to pull the faulty update and started rolling out fixes. Microsoft assured users that their cloud services were up and running again. However, the road to recovery was slow. Engineers worked tirelessly, system by system, to restore normalcy.

This incident became a textbook example of how crucial and delicate cybersecurity updates are. One tiny glitch can send shockwaves across the globe, affecting millions of users. Businesses realized the importance of having robust contingency plans for such scenarios.

So, the next time you see your computer acting up, remember the Great Blue Screen Invasion of 2024. It's a reminder that even digital superheroes can have off days. And if you ever find yourself stuck at an airport, check if the schedule is written on a whiteboard – it might just be a sign of another epic tech mishap!

Whispering Nights!

Vishal Dhawal

In the quietness of the night,
where shadows might softly creep,
the happiest eyes may suddenly keep,
the loneliest tears they often weep.

In love's warm embrace,
A sanctuary, a grace,
Where frozen tears do thaw,
In warmth, they're gently withdraw.

A shower from earth's bow,
Like rain from the sky above,
With each tender love,
A gift of peace, a dove.

Beneath the moon's soft glow we sway,
In love's embrace, our fears allay,
Each whispered word, a healing balm,
In the quiet night, finding calm.

Blockchain in Campus Voting: A Secure Future for College Elections

Saumya Shahi

Imagine this: It's election season at college, and the excitement is palpable. Students are buzzing about who will become the next Club Lead. Campaign posters are plastered everywhere, and the candidates are busy convincing everyone they're the best choice. Now, picture this scenario but with a tech twist—enter blockchain!

The Drama of Club Lead Elections

Every year, elections bring a wave of drama, anticipation, and, let's be honest, a bit of chaos. From campaign speeches that could rival a presidential debate to the inevitable tech glitches during voting, it's a rollercoaster. But what if we told you that the future of our elections could be as secure as your mom's secret recipe? That's right, we're talking about blockchain!

What on Earth is Blockchain?

Before we dive into how blockchain can revolutionize our campus elections, let's break it down. Blockchain is like that mysterious but super smart student who always has their act together. It's a digital ledger that records transactions across many computers in a way that makes them tamper-proof. So, once a vote is cast, it's locked up tighter than your roommate's stash of snacks.

The LMS Voting Saga

Currently, our trusty Learning Management System (LMS) is handling elections. It's good, but it's like using a flip phone in the age of smartphones. Sure, it gets the job done, but there's a lot more potential. We log in, click our favourite candidate's name, and hope our vote doesn't disappear into the digital abyss. Enter blockchain, ready to save the day with its superpowers.

How Blockchain Transforms Voting

1. Transparent Elections: Blockchain brings transparency to a whole new level. It's like having a giant, indestructible whiteboard where every vote is written for all to see (without knowing who voted for whom, of course). This means no more rumours about shady dealings or "ghost votes."

2. Speedy Results: Forget the days of waiting anxiously for election results. With blockchain, the counting process is faster than a college Wi-Fi connection at 2 AM. Votes are tallied in real-time, so we'll know the winners almost instantly.

A Day in the Life of a Blockchain Election

Picture this: On election day, students log into a sleek voting portal. After a quick authentication process (no more forgotten passwords, thanks to biometric scans), they're greeted with the candidate list. They click, confirm, and voila! Their vote is cast and securely recorded on the blockchain. No fuss, no muss. As the day progresses, the blockchain tallies votes in the background. By evening, the results are announced, and everyone can verify the count if they wish. It's election magic, powered by tech.

A Fun and Secure Future

Imagine the possibilities—elections without hiccups, results everyone trusts, and a system so secure even your paranoid friend who covers their webcam with tape would approve. Blockchain isn't just for Bitcoin enthusiasts or tech geeks; it's the future of fair and fun campus elections. So next time you hear "blockchain," don't just think of cryptocurrency or tech jargon. Think of the excitement of election day, the thrill of voting securely, and the joy of a drama-free result announcement. Here's to a bright, secure, and tech-savvy future for our campus elections!

Goodness

J Glen Enosh

What is it like to be good? Are we doing good, manifesting that this goodness will return to us ? By being good are we making ourselves submissive and naive ? Is being good setting a bar too high for us, such that even when we make the slightest mistakes, it appears to be so big? These are some of the questions that had left me pondering. I am not a perfectly good human being. But I think I've had my share of trying to be good and I still strive to become better and better. In this process, I've tried to understand the intricacies of it.

Everyone has their own interpretation of being good. My interpretation is to be true to your conscience. It is the process of channelizing your instinct to do what your conscience feels right. Whenever we make a decision, are we being true to our conscience?

Are we being good, manifesting that this goodness will return to us or because our conscience feels right doing so? The human mind seeks motivation. We tend to do the things which we are motivated to do. But being good is better to be viewed as a deed which would bring contentment rather than gratification. It's not a barter system. Often, we disappointed when the goodness we invest isn't reciprocated as we expected. However, it's better to see this as an investment in our character. Character is what ultimately enables us to achieve big wins in life.

Being good doesn't mean to be naive and submissive. It is to be strong and not rigid. It's about being humble and not submissive. Sometimes, we choose to remain silent, fearing that expressing our opinions might hurt others. This is a valid concern. However, we can analyze our intentions. If we feel our intention is hurtful, it's better to stay silent. But if our intention is not hurtful, there is no harm in expressing what we think and feel.

We should not regret later the opportunities missed by not expressing our thoughts and emotions. If your intention is genuine, then go for it. We cannot always satisfy everybody with the decisions we make. But we must always try to be true to our conscience.

Does being good set a bar too high for us ,such that even when we make the slightest mistakes, it appears to be big? Well yes. It is a continuous journey which involves making ourselves better and better everyday. So if people set the bar high for you, aim even higher, but ensure to have a reality check about it.

Being good is different from being nice. Being nice may prevent us from making tough decisions and can lead to being taken for granted. We must find the perfect balance between being nice and good, which is like walking on a double-edged sword. This approach enables us to stay realistic while maintaining our morale. Let us further explore the intricate realm of complex human emotions and transform our lives for the better.

IIIT Kottayam - “A beautiful Destiny”

Yajjala Anju

A two year roller coaster ride of experiences, uncaptured memories which stay rent free in heart, moments to be cherished for a lifetime, countless stories that will forever be remembered.

It started on 7th Nov, 2022, where I got the first glimpse of this breathtaking campus. Little did I know back then that I would fall in love with this place like an AR Rahman musical “Ee Hridayam”. Met many wonderful people, of which few friends have become an irreplaceable part of my life, who made me see the world differently, teaching me lessons that no classroom could, who have been a positive catalyst in bringing out my best. Some ‘Seniors’ are very special, they gave great insights, guidance, the unknown truth not only for career, but for life.

Now coming to academics, where we had to give the unwanted yet wanted “exams”, where the adrenaline rush we get in the night is unexplainable, a blend of anxiety, depression and a feeling of “kill me I say” that only strikes right before the big day. Despite the stress and sleepless nights, these exams added a rich layer to our college life, teaching us concepts beyond the textbooks and the subject. Amid the chaos of exams, milma became the go-to haven for stressed students in need of comfort. From late-night chips to noodles became an integral part of our exam saga. Milma is more than just a canteen, it’s an integral part of our daily routine – those samosas, pasta, and infamous milkshakes that somehow taste better in the company of friends.

It’s impossible not to reflect on the vibrant energy of our college fests, where creativity and camaraderie reached new heights. Energetic performances, colorful decorations, and gorgeous dressing up, were a highlight of our college life, creating endless joy, cute pictures and hundreds of stories on Instagram. Looking forward to the countless memories that the next two years will bring. The fun, the challenges, the celebrations – I look forward to adding even more cherished moments to this already incredible journey.

IIIT Kottayam, an artist where art meets innovation, has painted a vibrant canvas of lifetime experiences over these two years.

Benevolence

Sadhana

My spine curls up in a plea of clemency.
My marred hands read an answer --
if a tree falls in the forest and no one hears it, does it ever make a sound?
Maybe if you suffered enough.
Don't look at the stars. They tell you the truth and you'll claw your eardrums
out as you hear it. The constellations will circle your
salt-water filled lungs. Leave your entrails to the sun and ocean.
No, that's not suffering. That's mercy.

Remedy for the forlorn

Sadhana

Sickness is incessant; putrefying
Beneath the warmth of dust and blood.
When you pull your hands
From my flesh, I pray you'll learn
To love the rouge stains.
Every fresh taste of dread forever lingers with a familiarity that will never wither.
And as your knife breaks through skin,
The hot gash feels soothed –
By the cold metal blade.

Totality's monster

Sadhana

Tendrils of the void grow through my blood vessels, bronchioles, vertebrae.
The root burrows deep within my atria, I've grown to sympathise with it. A weed
ostracised by everything loveable. A hand that loves and loathes you. A
panopticon where every cell is a pulsating abyss; my duty is her tormented
observer. My eyes are hers.
And love, love is this kind of wretched thing. It feels like fresh, warm food in
your mouth only to become an ulcer in the pits of your gut. Ravenous, I taste
the bile at the back of my throat.

ART GALLERY



Konidena Swapna



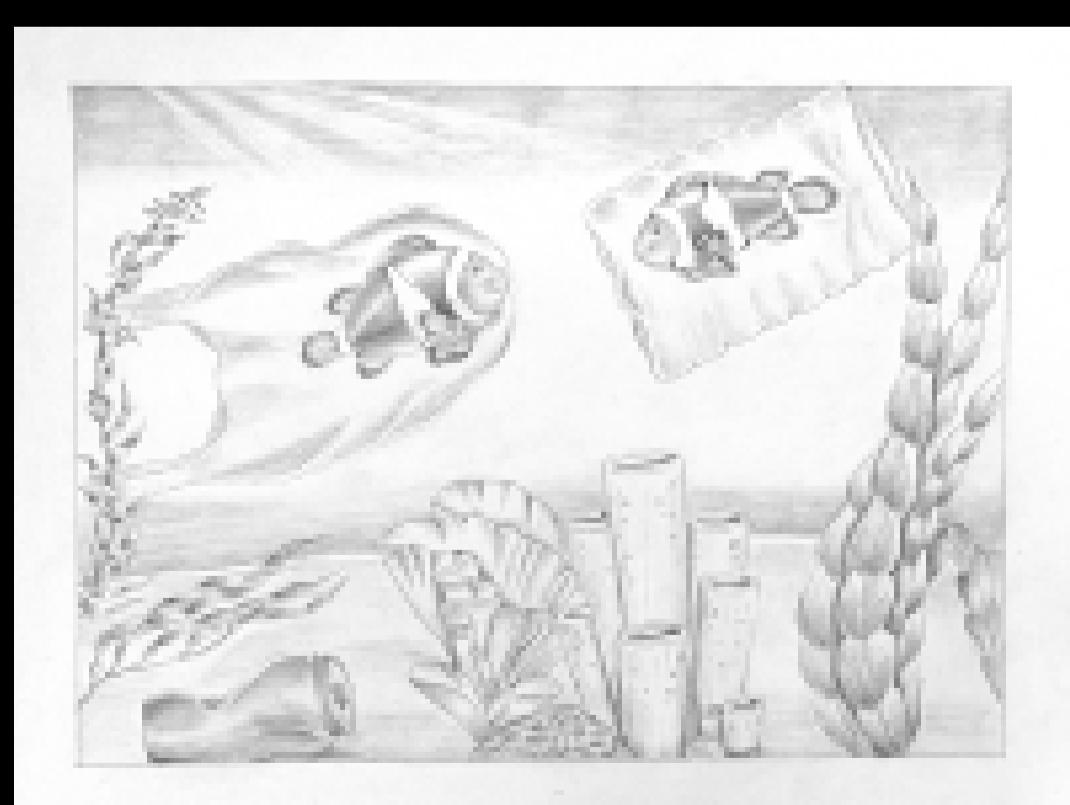
Konidena Swapna



Konidena Swapna



Neha Rajesh



Yuvan Srikanth

PHOTO GALLERY



Nithin Athreya



Ankit Subhash Ayyappan



Suraj Nagunuri



Ankit Subhash Ayyappan



Ankit Subhash Ayyappan



Anushka Nikam



Anushka Nikam



Anushka Nikam

Book reviews

by Bavishya

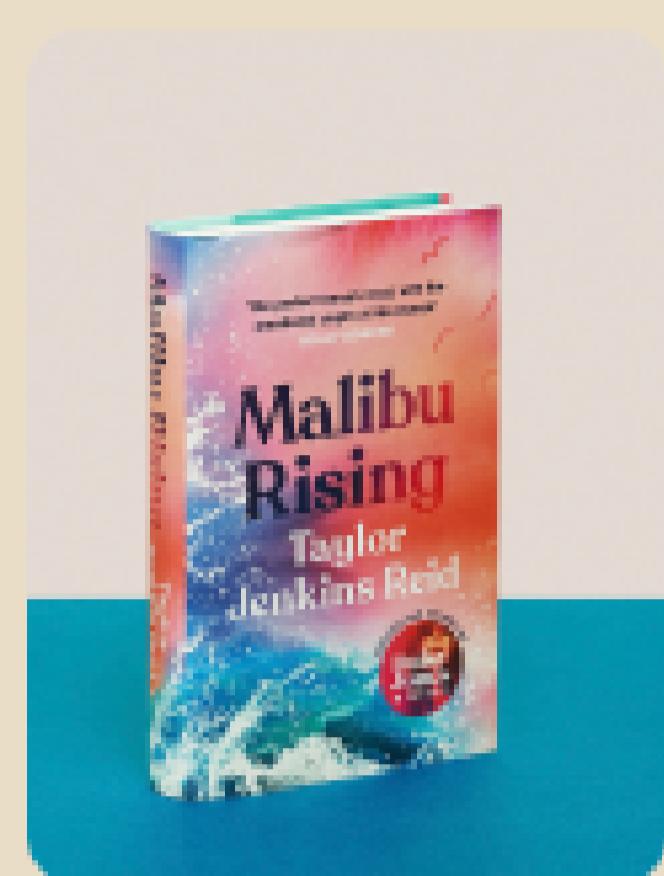
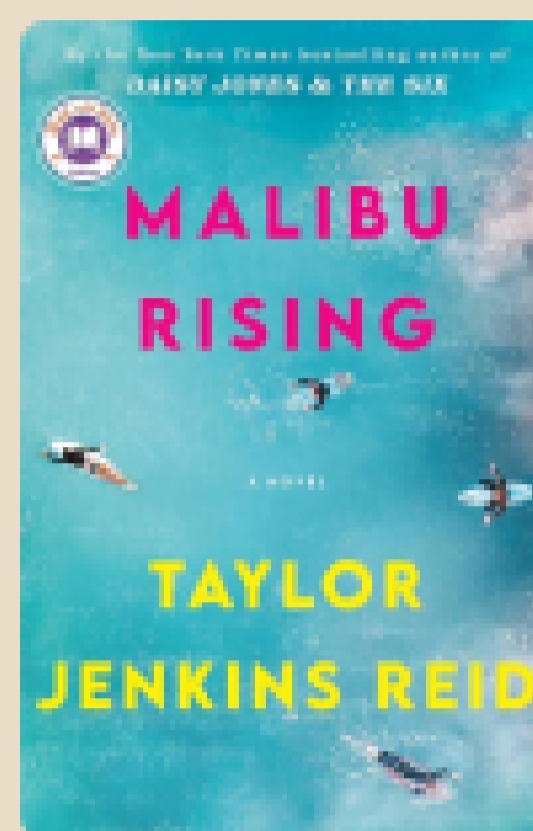
Malibu Raising

Author: Taylor Jenkins Reid

Year: 2021

GoodReads: 4/5

Genre: Historical Fiction, Saga



Taylor Jenkins Reid has done it again with "Malibu Rising," delivering a compelling narrative that grips your heart and doesn't let go. From the very first page, Reid's writing draws you in, weaving a tapestry of emotions that resonate.

The Riva siblings make up the crux of this story, a dynamic, unforgettable bunch. Nina, Jay, Hud, and Kit are flawed and complex, each grappling with their own demons while fiercely protecting each other. Reid's ability to breathe life into these characters is nothing short of remarkable, making them feel like old friends by the end of the book.

But it's not just the characters that shine in "Malibu Rising" – Reid's depiction of the iconic Riva family and their tumultuous history is equally captivating. From Mick's philandering ways to June's quiet strength, every member of the family is given depth and nuance, making their story all the more compelling.

The novel's structure, alternating between past and present, adds an extra layer of richness to the narrative. As we delve into the history of the Riva family and witness the events leading up to the fateful party in Malibu, we become fully immersed in their world, rooting for them even as we fear for their future.

Reid expertly captures the chaos and excitement of the Riva soirée, as tensions simmer and long-held secrets threaten to unravel. The result is a gripping climax that leaves you breathless and begging for more.

But perhaps the true magic of "Malibu Rising" lies in its authenticity. Reid doesn't shy away from the messy realities of life, instead embracing them with honesty and grace. From the highs of sibling camaraderie to the lows of heartbreak and betrayal, every moment feels raw and real, leaving a lasting impression on the reader.

In the end, "Malibu Rising" is more than just a novel – it's a journey of love, resilience, and the enduring bonds of family. With its unforgettable characters, evocative setting, and timeless themes, it's a book that will stay with you. Simply put, Taylor Jenkins Reid has crafted a masterpiece, and I can't wait to see what she does next.

"Our family histories are simply stories. They are myths we create about the people who came before us, in order to make sense of ourselves."

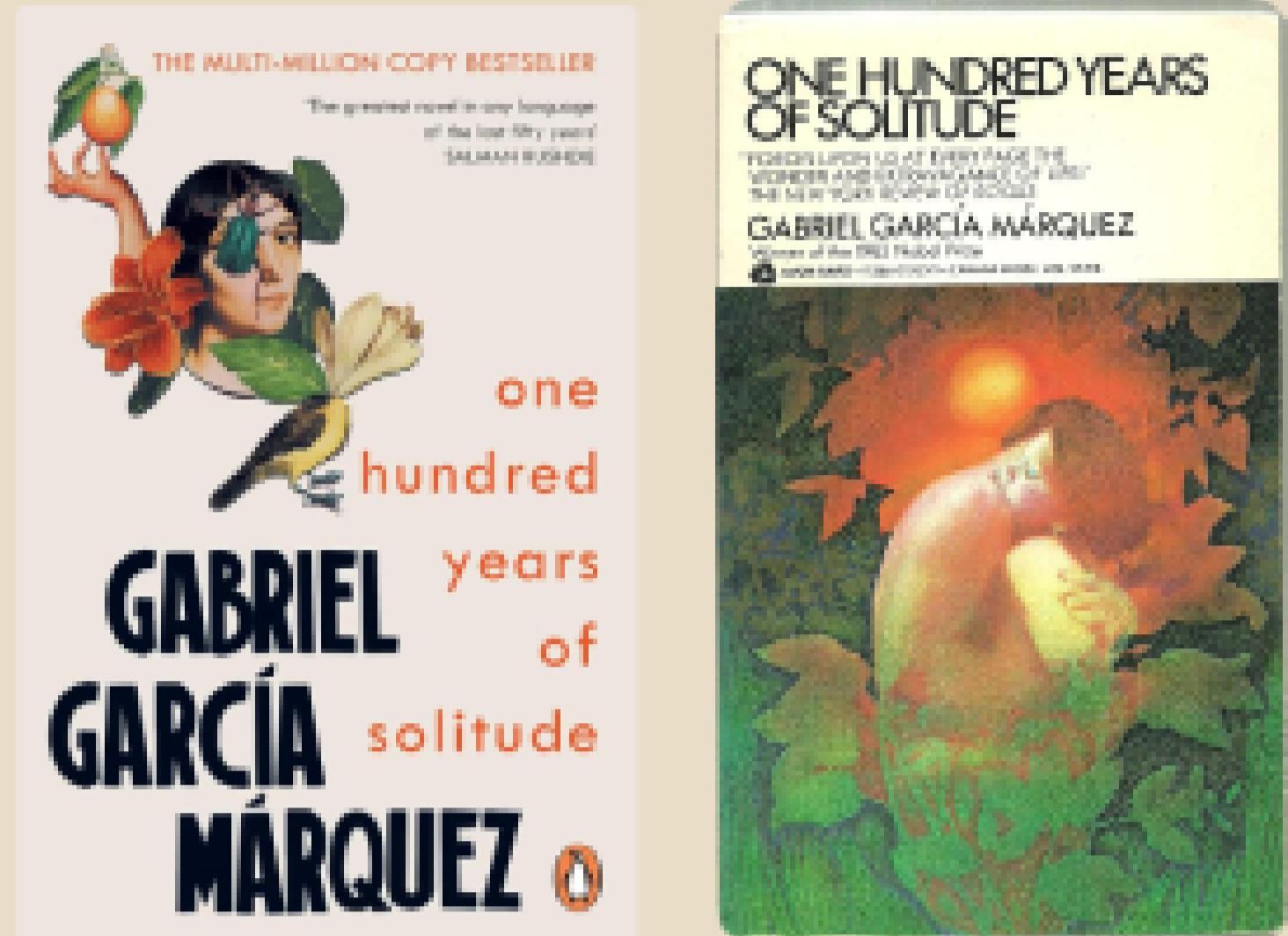
One Hundred Years of Solitude

Author: Gabriel García Marquez

Year: 1967

GoodReads: 4.1/5

Genre: Magic Realism, High Fantasy



If you're looking for a book that will challenge your mind and leave you questioning reality, then buckle up for a wild ride with this one. While I'll admit, it's not for everyone—heck, most people might toss it aside before finishing—but for those of us who revel in the bizarre and the mind-bending, this book is an absolute gem.

Let's start with the good stuff. The author's mind is a labyrinth of brilliance, and reading his work feels like flexing your mental muscles. His descriptions are so vivid and absurdly perfect that you'll find yourself questioning your own sanity (But hey, who wants to be completely sane anyway?). His style of magical realism is like taking a bite of the most decadent dessert—it's deliciously indulgent. Sure, the story might be an epic tragedy, but when people are eating dirt, coming back from the dead, and causing plagues of contagious insomnia, you can't help but be captivated. And don't even get me started on the characters. Each one is a masterpiece of complexity, even if there are about a million of them with the same name.

Now, onto the reasons why this book might make you want to tear your hair out. First off, be prepared to exercise every neuron in your brain just to keep up with what's happening. If you're looking for a relaxing read, this is definitely not for you.

The author delves fearlessly into controversial subject matters, unflinchingly exploring unsettling relationships that may evoke discomfort

But despite all the madness, there's something undeniably captivating about this book. It's like nothing you've ever read before, and you'll find yourself pondering its intricacies. So if you're up for a challenge and ready to dive headfirst into a world of chaos and order, love and sadness, then grab a copy of this book and prepare to be spellbound.

"He really had been through death, but he had returned because he could not bear the solitude."

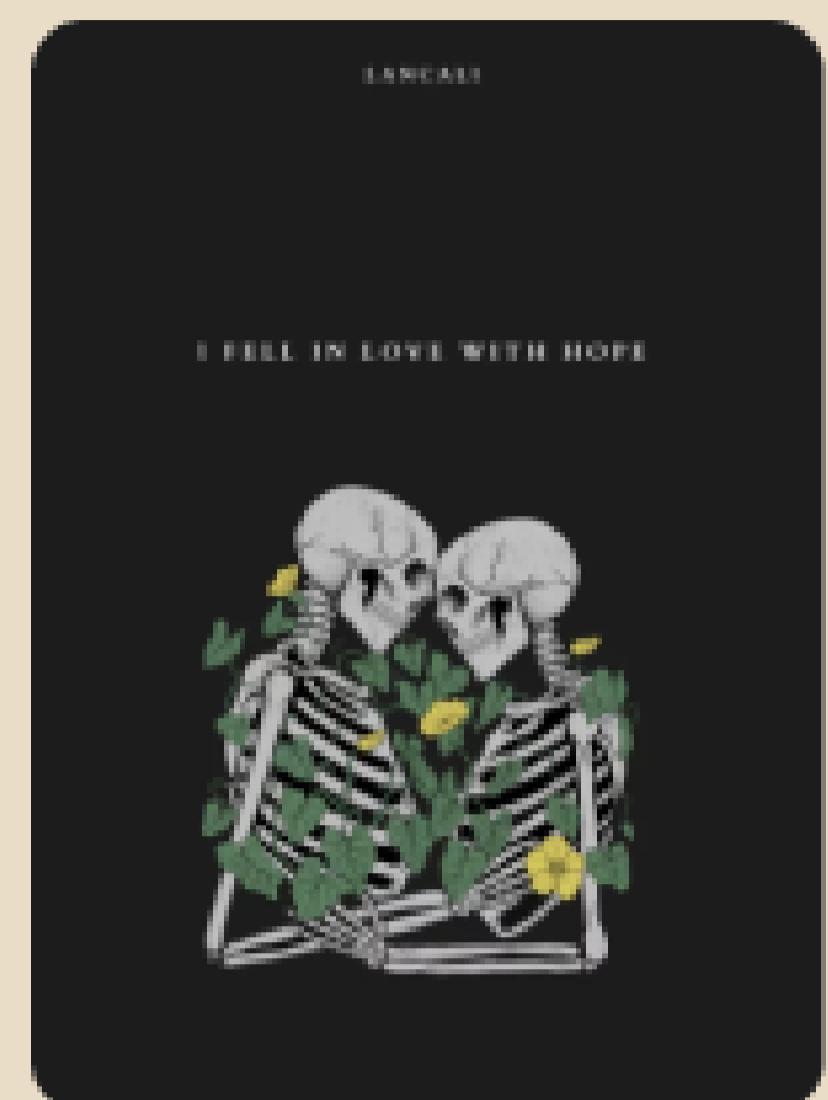
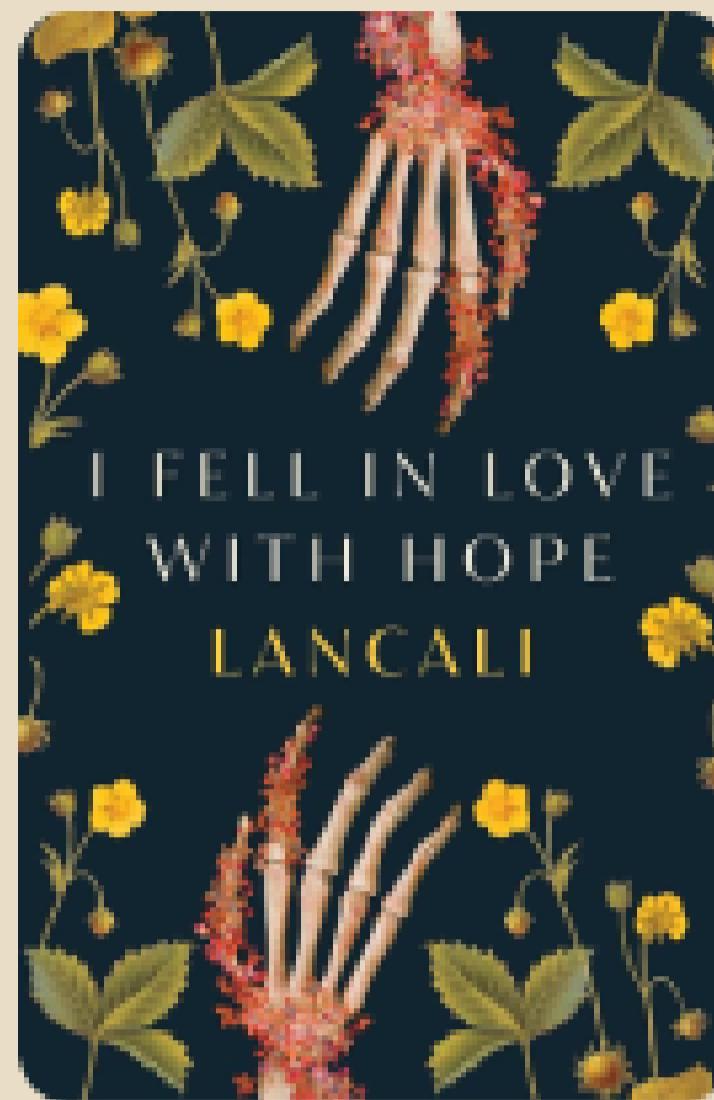
I fell in love with hope

Author: Lancali

Year: 2022

GoodReads: 3.9/5

Genre: Romance



This book is an emotional rollercoaster, pulling you into its depths with every turn of the page. It's a poignant tale that explores the intricacies of illness, time, and the human spirit with eloquence and depth.

Lancali beautifully captures the loneliness and hope that permeate the walls of a hospital. Through the eyes of the characters, we witness the power of hope amidst the harsh realities of life-threatening illnesses. It's a reminder that even in the darkest moments, hope can be a guiding light, keeping us tethered to life.

The themes of mental health and bullying are portrayed with sensitivity and authenticity. Lancali highlights the importance of empathy and understanding, urging readers to consider the impact of their words and actions on others.

Picture this: a hospital corridor echoing with the whispers of hope and the shadows of fear. Lancali paints a vivid portrait of life's toughest battles fought within the sterile walls of a medical sanctuary. It's a tale that'll grip your soul and refuse to let go.

Lancali masterfully weaves a tapestry of characters—Sam, Neo, Sony, Coeur, and Hikari—each with their own struggles and triumphs. Their stories will tug at your heartstrings and leave you cheering for their victories.

The writing style resembles poetry in motion. Lancali's prose dances across the page, painting pictures with words and capturing the essence of human emotion. It's a literary experience like no other.

While the book is not without its flaws, its beauty lies in its honesty and raw emotion. It's a story that will stay with you, challenging you to rethink your perceptions of illness, friendship, and love. "I Fell in Love with Hope" is a remarkable debut novel that heralds the arrival of a talented new voice in literature.

"Grief can be destructive, a parasite that needs expulsion, water rising till you become an overflowing dam, but like most terrible, necessary things, it can be shared. Time is kind with grief. It takes it from you, piece by piece, till the sorrow is a song you remember the beat of but no longer hear."

The Night Circus

Author: Erin Morgenstern

Year: 2011

GoodReads: 4/5

Genre: Fantasy, Romance



Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and behold the marvel that is 'The Night Circus'! It's not your run-of-the-mill fantasy tale, oh no. This isn't your typical hack-and-slash adventure. Nope, not a drop of blood spilled intentionally here. Instead, prepare to be whisked away on a gentle breeze of magic, where enchantments and illusions reign supreme.

This is a world where elegance and beauty take center stage. The author, Erin Morgenstern, has crafted a symphony of delicate enchantments, sumptuous dinners, and exquisite aesthetics. It's like wandering through a dreamland where every corner holds a new wonder.

This is a love story, pure and simple. But don't let that fool you; it's a love story wrapped in a cocoon of imagination, with the dazzling circus itself stealing the spotlight.

At its heart, 'The Night Circus' is a tale of two powerful magicians playing a game of wits through their proteges. But don't expect high-stake showdowns or epic battles. This is a war of ideas, a contest of talent shrouded in mystery and romance.

Still with me? Good, because 'The Night Circus' is a gem waiting to be discovered. It's a book about a thing—the eponymous circus—that'll wrap you in its spell. So step right up folks, and let the magic wash over you. You won't regret it.

"The circus arrives without warning. No announcements precede it. It is simply there, when yesterday it was not. Within the black-and-white striped canvas tents is an utterly unique experience full of breathtaking amazements. It is called Le Cirque des Rêves, and it is only open at night."

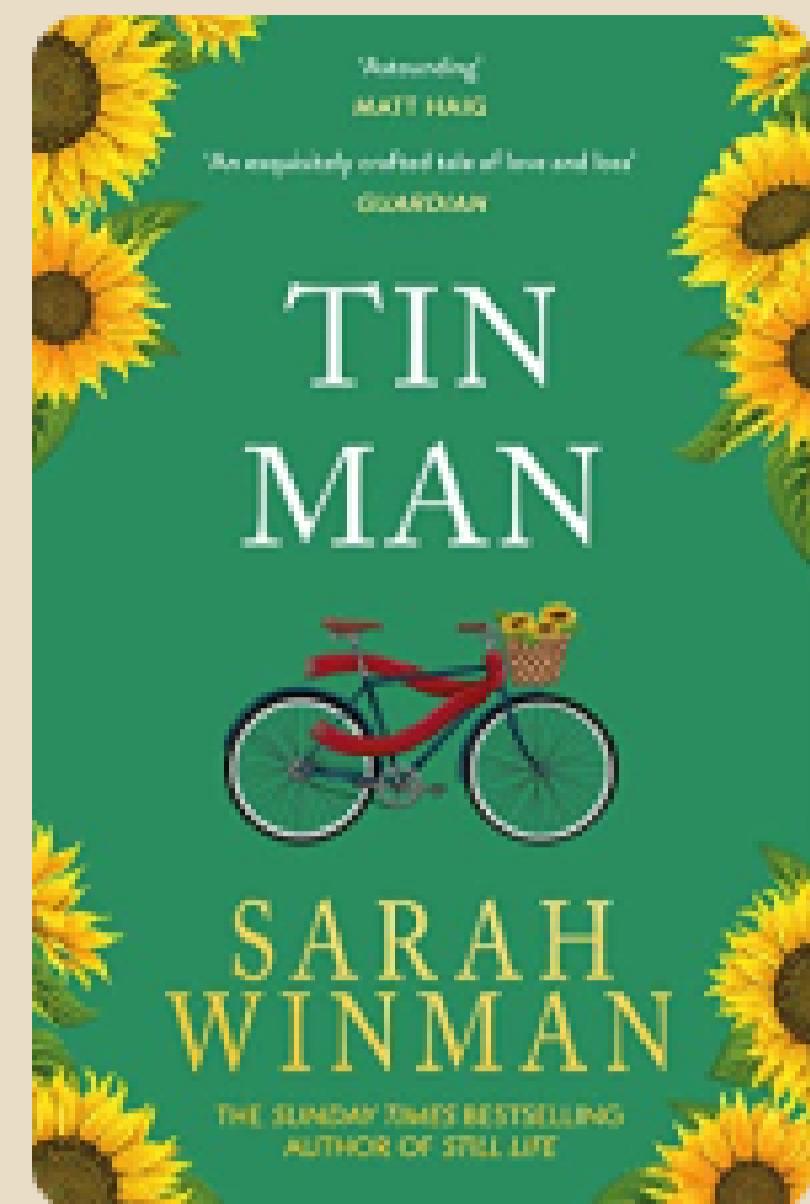
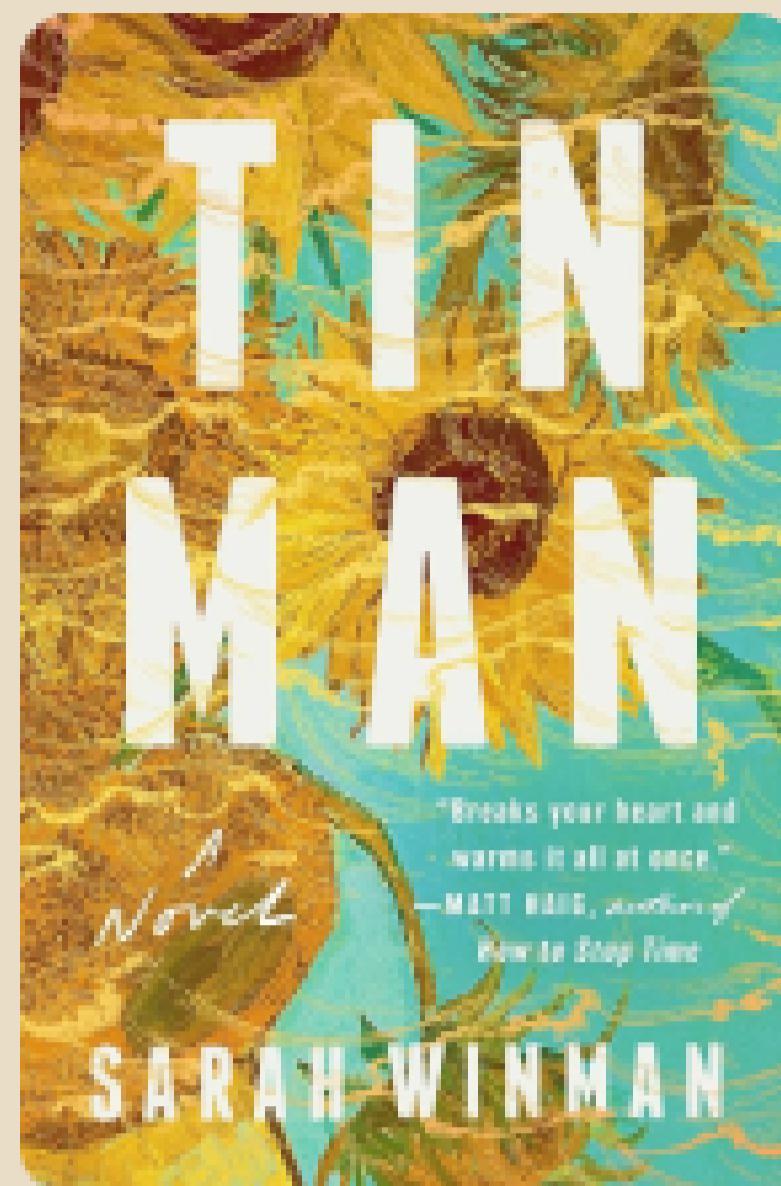
Tin Man

Author: Sarah Winman

Year: 2017

GoodReads: 4/5

Genre: Bildungsroman



"Tin Man" by Sarah Winman is a tender exploration of love, friendship, and the haunting specter of loss. Set against the backdrop of England in the 1960s through the 1990s, the novel follows the lives of Ellis, Michael, and Annie as they navigate the complexities of their relationships and the emotional landscapes of their inner worlds.

Winman's prose is like a gentle breeze, at once soothing and stirring, as she delves deep into the hearts of her characters. Ellis, a quiet boy from outside London, and Michael, the grandson of a local shopkeeper, form a bond that transcends friendship. Their connection, palpable and profound, is the anchor of the narrative, grounding the reader in a world suffused with longing and tenderness.

Annie, the third point of the triangle, brings a new dimension to their dynamic, her presence both a source of joy and a catalyst for change. As their lives intertwine and diverge, Winman deftly explores the ebbs and flows of their relationships, capturing the complexities of human emotion with exquisite precision.

The novel's nonlinear structure adds layers of depth to the storytelling, allowing Winman to explore themes of memory, regret, and the passage of time with poignancy and grace. Through shifting perspectives and shifting timelines, she crafts a narrative that is at once intimate and expansive, inviting readers to immerse themselves fully in the lives of her characters.

At its very essence, "Tin Man" is a contemplation on the profound influence love wields in shaping and defining who we are, even in the face of loss and separation.

"... it was my humanness that led me to seek, that's all. Led us all to seek. A simple need to belong somewhere."

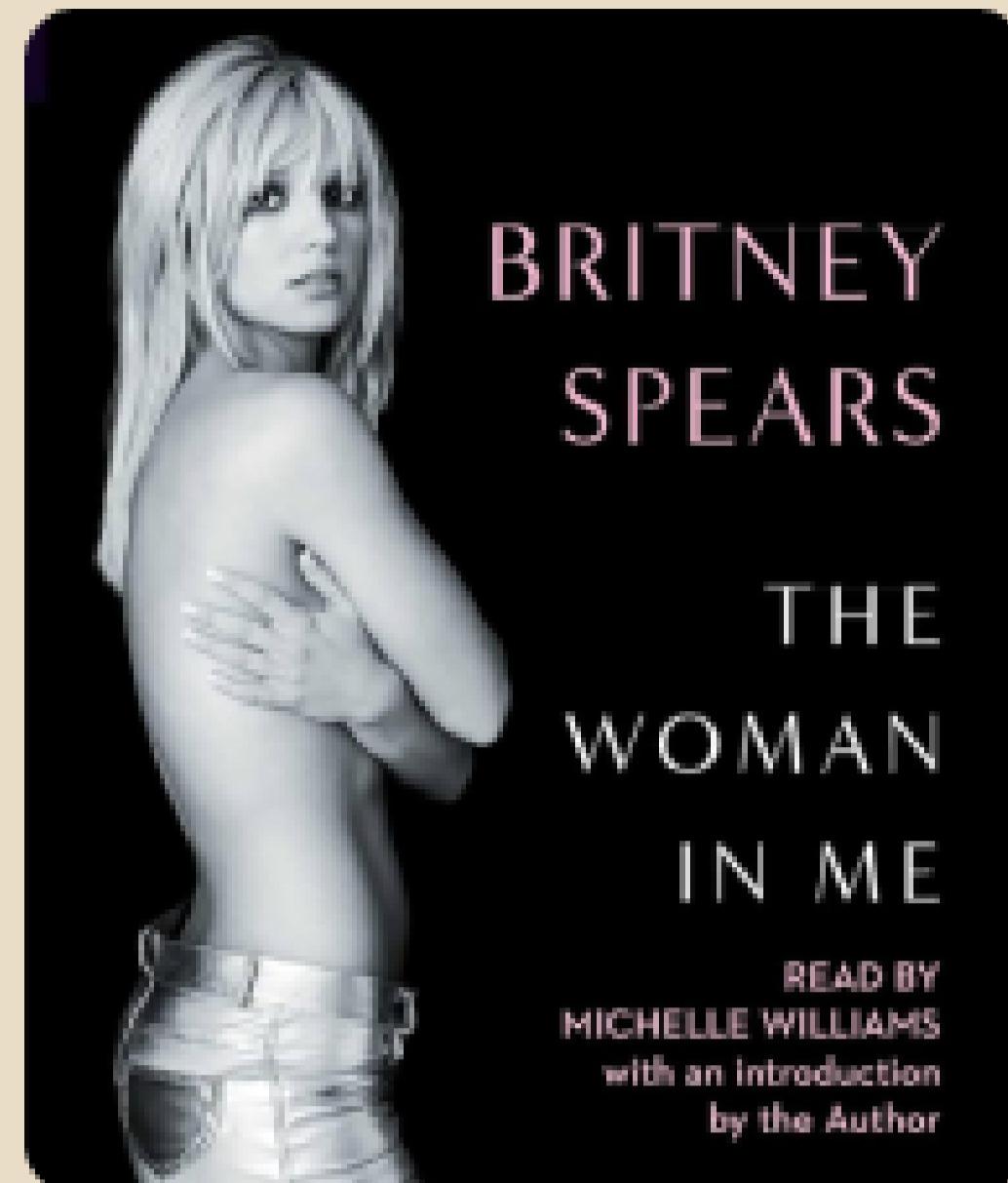
The Woman In Me

Author: Britney Spears

Year: 2023

GoodReads: 3.9/5

Genre: Memoir, Autobiography



Britney's memoir pulls no punches—it's a raw, unfiltered account of her tumultuous journey through fame, family, and personal struggles. Reading her story left me seething with anger at the injustices she faced, from her dysfunctional family's exploitation to the relentless media scrutiny that painted her as a caricature rather than a person.

The book delves deep into Britney's upbringing—a stark picture of neglect and abuse at the hands of her controlling parents. It's heartbreakingly clear how much she longed for escape from poverty and abuse, only to find herself trapped in a cycle of exploitation by those closest to her.

One of the most gut-wrenching aspects of Britney's story is the conservatorship imposed on her by her father, which stripped her of autonomy and subjected her to unimaginable control over every aspect of her life. The toll it took on her mental and emotional well-being is evident in her candid retelling.

Despite the hardships she endured, Britney's resilience shines through in her memoir. Her courage to speak her truth, even in the face of immense pressure and scrutiny, is nothing short of inspiring. Through her words, she challenges the narrative imposed on her by the media, reclaiming her agency.

From anger and frustration to heartbreak and admiration, it's a reminder of the power of storytelling and the importance of listening to the voices of those who have been silenced. Britney's bravery in sharing her story will undoubtedly leave a lasting impact on readers and society as a whole.

"As if gaining weight was something unkind I had done to them personally, a betrayal. At what point did I promise to stay 17 for the rest of my life?

Carrie

Author: Stephen King

Year: 1974

GoodReads: 4/5

Genre: Horror, Horror Fiction



Ladies and gentlemen, let's talk about "Carrie" by none other than the master of horror himself, Stephen King. This isn't your typical tale of teen angst and prom night drama; no, sir. Strap in and prepare for a wild ride through the twisted mind of a girl with some seriously supernatural powers.

From the get-go, we're thrown into the tumultuous world of Carrie White, a girl whose life is anything but easy. Bullied at school and smothered by her religious zealot of a mother, Carrie's got a lot on her plate. But when she discovers she's got telekinetic abilities, well, let's just say things take a turn for the downright eerie.

King weaves a tale so organically, you'll find yourself drawn in from the very first page. Through a mix of traditional prose and excerpts from various documents, we get a glimpse into Carrie's mind and the events leading up to the fateful prom night massacre.

From the innocent and naive Carrie to the downright despicable bullies she faces, each character is crafted with care and precision. You can't help but feel for Carrie as she navigates the treacherous waters of high school and her own burgeoning powers.

But here's where things get a bit tricky. King's decision to structure the story with excerpts from different sources can be a bit jarring at times. While it adds an element of mystery and suspense, it can also detract from the main narrative and leave you scratching your head.

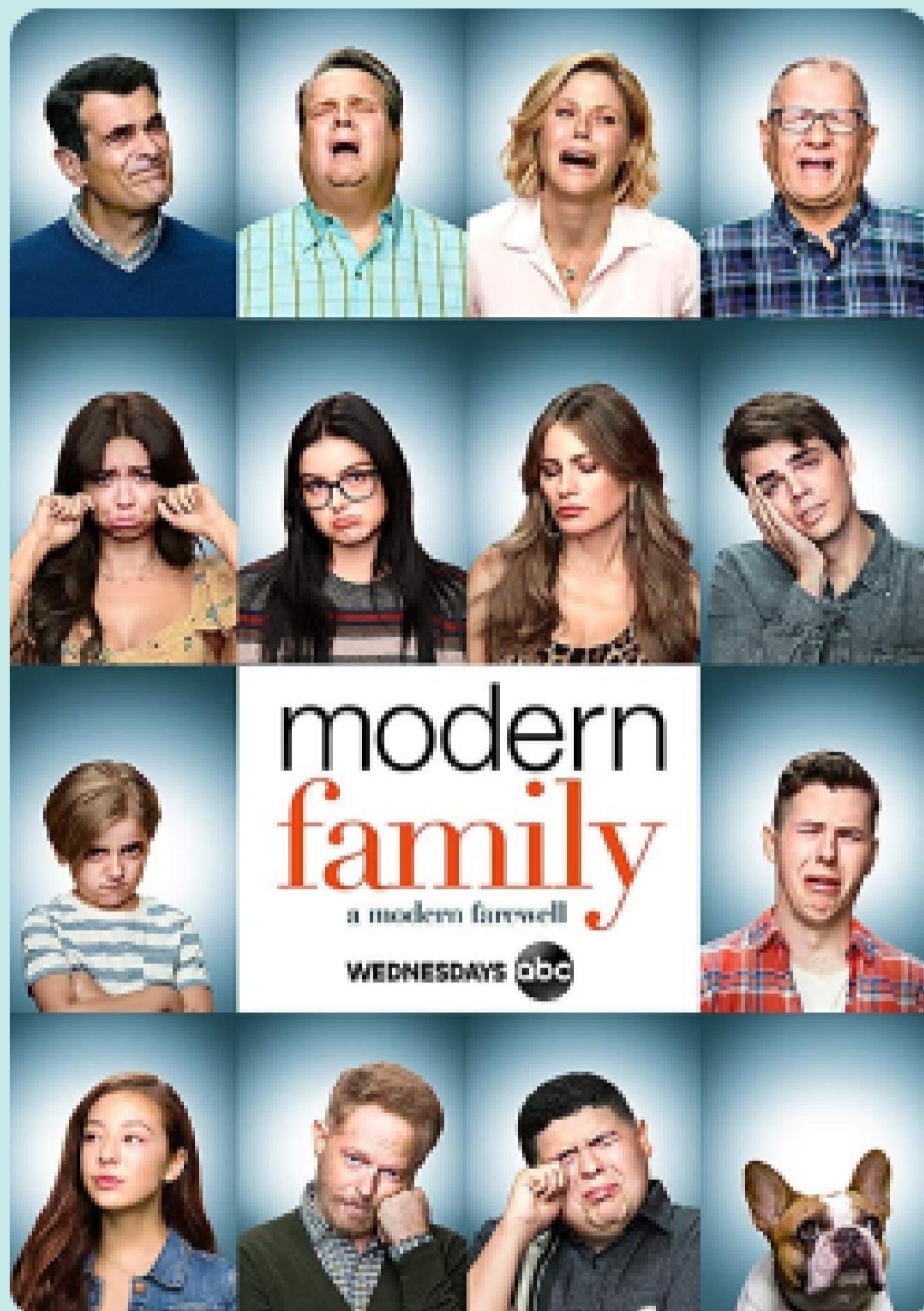
Despite its flaws, "Carrie" remains a timeless classic in the world of horror literature. It's a gripping and haunting tale that delves deep into the dark recesses of the human psyche. So, if you're looking for a read that'll send shivers down your spine and leave you questioning everything you thought you knew about the supernatural, then look no further. "Carrie" is the book for you.

"True sorrow is as rare as true love."

Sitcom Recs

by Yashas

Modern Family



"Modern Family" is the TV equivalent of comfort food—wholesome, filling, and a little bit indulgent. It's one of those shows that you can watch at any point in your life and find something relatable, whether you're a rebellious teenager, a struggling parent, or just someone trying to figure out how to survive in a world that feels increasingly complicated. What makes it so special is how it captures the evolving dynamics of family life. From the goofy dad trying to stay cool to the overachieving mom who's just trying to keep it all together, or an old grandfather who is set in his ways but is trying his best to change for the sake of his family, each character feels like someone you know—or someone you are.

As you watch the families in "Modern Family" navigate their way through life's ups and downs, you realize that it's not just about the funny moments (though there are plenty of those). It's about how people can change, grow, and learn to accept the things they can't change about the people they love. It's a reminder that family is not just about blood relations; it's about the people who stick with you through thick and thin, who challenge you, frustrate you, and love you no matter what. By the end of each episode, you're left with the comforting thought that, no matter how crazy your own family may seem, you're all in this together.

That '70s Show



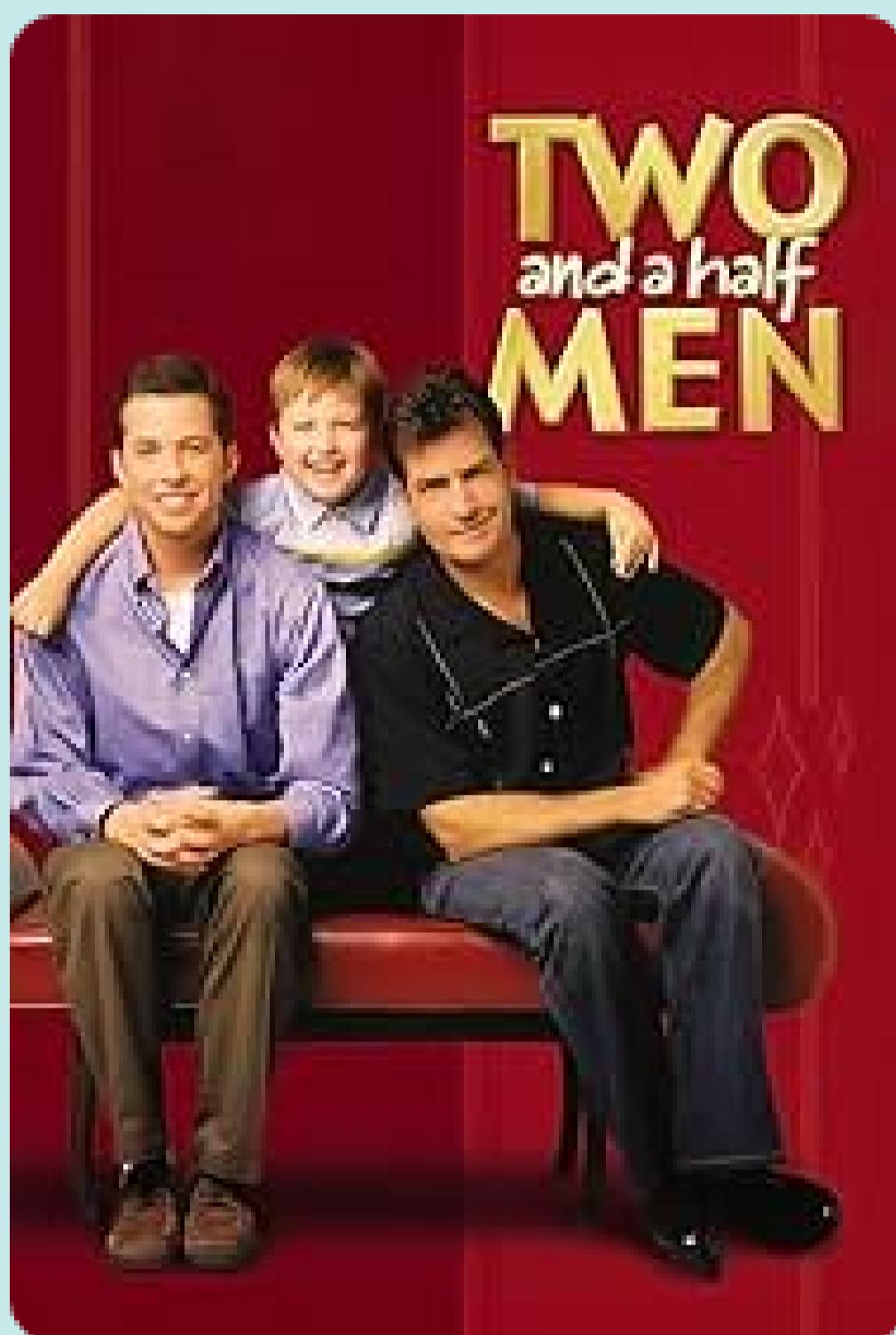
"That '70s Show" is like opening a time capsule to a world where everything seemed simpler yet somehow more exciting. It's a love letter to adolescence, set against the backdrop of an era that many of us only know through our parents' stories or old photos in a dusty album. Watching it, you can't help but feel a pang of nostalgia for a time you never actually lived through—a time when life moved a little slower. It's a perfect snapshot of teenage life, where the biggest dilemmas are whether or not to toilet paper someone's house or confess your crush on the girl next door.

The show captures the essence of teenage rebellion and the awkward, exhilarating journey of growing up. It's a world where the basement is your kingdom, your friends are your loyal subjects, every day brings a new petty crime to commit, and every moment is an adventure waiting to happen. The characters are perfectly imperfect, embodying all the confusion, excitement, and angst that comes with being a teenager. From the hilariously clueless parents to the group of friends who make mistakes but always have each other's backs, "That '70s Show" feels like a warm reminder that, no matter how much things change, the experience of being young and figuring out life is universal and it just might be the best time of anyone's life.

It's a show that makes you long for the days when the biggest thrill was sneaking out after curfew or pulling off the perfect prank. And while we may not have the same hairstyles or wardrobe choices as the characters, the emotions they go through—the love, the heartbreak, the joy, and the sorrow—are timeless. Watching it, you can't help but wish you could jump into their world, just for a little while, to experience the freedom and fun of being a teenager in the '70s.

Bonus: After reliving the carefree days of adolescence in "That '70s Show," be sure to check out the first episode of "That '90s Show" for a heartwarming closure on each character's adulthood.

Two and a Half Men



"Two and a Half Men" is that show you watch when you just want to kick back, relax, and not think too hard. It's like fast food for your brain—satisfying in the moment, even if you know it's not the healthiest choice. The premise is simple: a wealthy, carefree bachelor suddenly finds his life turned upside down when his down-on-his-luck brother and awkward nephew move in. What follows is a hilarious yet sometimes cringe-worthy exploration of relationships, money, and the lengths people will go to avoid growing up.

Charlie, the womanizing jingle writer, is the epitome of arrested development—someone who has everything and nothing at the same time. He's rich, lives in a beachfront house, and has a new woman in his bed every night, but there's an underlying emptiness to his life that the show occasionally hints at, usually before quickly returning to the laughs. Alan, his unlucky-in-love brother, is the polar opposite—constantly struggling to make ends meet, both financially and emotionally. And then there's Jake, the "half" man, whose cluelessness and charm make him the perfect foil to his uncle's cynicism and his father's neuroses.

The show doesn't pretend to offer deep life lessons or profound insights into the human condition. Instead, it's a sitcom that leans into its absurdity, delivering punchlines with the same reliability as Charlie's revolving door of girlfriends. Yet, beneath the surface, there's something almost tragic about these characters' inability to find lasting happiness or meaningful relationships. Watching "Two and a Half Men" is like laughing at the mistakes of others, all while knowing that there's a little bit of Charlie, Alan, and Jake in all of us. It's a reminder that life is messy, relationships are complicated, and sometimes, the best way to cope is just to laugh it off.

Seinfeld



"Seinfeld" is often hailed as the show about nothing, but if you really think about it, it's about everything that makes life both ridiculous and wonderful. It's a celebration of the trivial, the mundane, and the downright absurd. The genius of "Seinfeld" lies in its ability to take the smallest, most insignificant moments and turn them into epic tales of human folly. Whether it's debating the ethics of double-dipping a chip or navigating the minefield of social etiquette, the characters in "Seinfeld" make mountains out of molehills—and in doing so, they hold up a mirror to our own lives.

Jerry, George, Elaine, and Kramer are four of the most wonderfully flawed characters to ever grace the small screen. They're selfish, petty, neurotic, and yet, somehow, completely relatable. Watching them, you can't help but see bits of yourself in their over-the-top reactions to life's little annoyances. Whether it's George's constant scheming, Elaine's never-ending search for the perfect boyfriend, Kramer's bizarre inventions, or Jerry's obsession with cleanliness, there's something oddly comforting about knowing that these characters are just as messed up as the rest of us.

What makes "Seinfeld" so timeless is its focus on the things that most TV shows would never bother with—the tiny, everyday moments that make up the bulk of our lives. It's a show that revels in the idea that life doesn't have to be grand or dramatic to be interesting. Instead, it finds humor in the little things, reminding us that it's okay to laugh at ourselves and the absurdity of our own existence. In the end, "Seinfeld" is a love letter to the quirks and idiosyncrasies that make us human, wrapped up in a sitcom that's as brilliantly written as it is endlessly entertaining.

2 Broke Girls



"2 Broke Girls" is a show about dreams, hustle, and the art of sarcasm. Set in a Brooklyn diner, it follows the lives of Max and Caroline, two waitresses who couldn't be more different, yet somehow make the perfect team. Max is the street-smart, tough-as-nails girl who's been dealt a rough hand in life but never lets it break her spirit. Caroline, on the other hand, is the former rich girl who's lost everything and is now trying to make it in a world she never imagined she'd be part of. Together, they form a bond that's as strong as it is snarky, taking on life's challenges with a blend of wit, grit, and a whole lot of attitude.

The show is a testament to the power of friendship and the resilience of the human spirit. No matter how many setbacks they face—whether it's a bad tip, a failed business venture, or yet another landlord who won't fix the broken heater—Max and Caroline always find a way to pick themselves up and keep going. Their dream of starting a cupcake business might seem like a long shot, but it's that dream that keeps them going, even when everything else seems to be falling apart.

What makes "2 Broke Girls" so endearing is its unflinching honesty about the struggles of life. It doesn't sugarcoat the realities of being broke, nor does it shy away from the tough moments that come with chasing a seemingly impossible dream. But through it all, the show maintains a sense of humor and optimism that's infectious. It's a reminder that no matter how hard life gets, there's always a reason to keep going—and that sometimes, the best thing you can do is laugh at the absurdity of it all. Max and Caroline's journey is one of highs and lows, but it's their unwavering determination and unbreakable bond that make "2 Broke Girls" a show worth watching, even if just to remind yourself that you're not alone in the struggle.

Silicon Valley



"Silicon Valley" is a brilliant sitcom that pulls back the curtain on the tech industry, revealing a world where every coder dreams of being the next Steve Jobs but often ends up more like a middle-manager with a hoodie and a caffeine addiction. It's a show that captures the absurdity and ambition of startup culture, where your competitors are well established industries with sky-high egos, battling it out to see who comes on top.

What sets "Silicon Valley" apart is how it deftly balances humor with a sobering look at the impact of technology on our lives and our future. It's a show that makes you laugh at the ridiculousness of startup life—the pivoting, the desperate scramble for funding—while also making you think about how these innovations, both big and small, are shaping the world around us. The characters' obsession with disruption and exponential growth highlights the double-edged sword of technological advancement: the promise of revolutionizing industries and the peril of unforeseen consequences.

As you watch the characters navigate the minefield of the tech world, you can't help but marvel at how "Silicon Valley" manages to make complex subjects like algorithms and data compression not just accessible but downright funny. The show portrays a world where success and failure can hinge on a single line of code, where fortunes are made and lost in the blink of an eye, and where the people behind the tech are just as flawed and human as the rest of us.

The Good Place

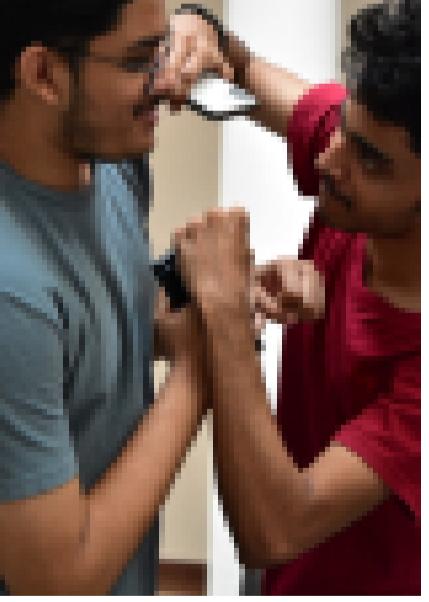
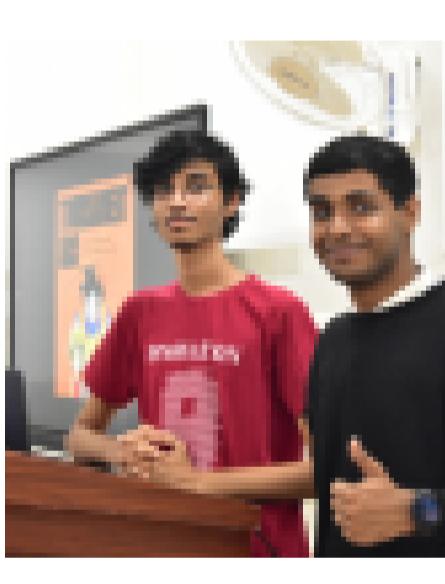
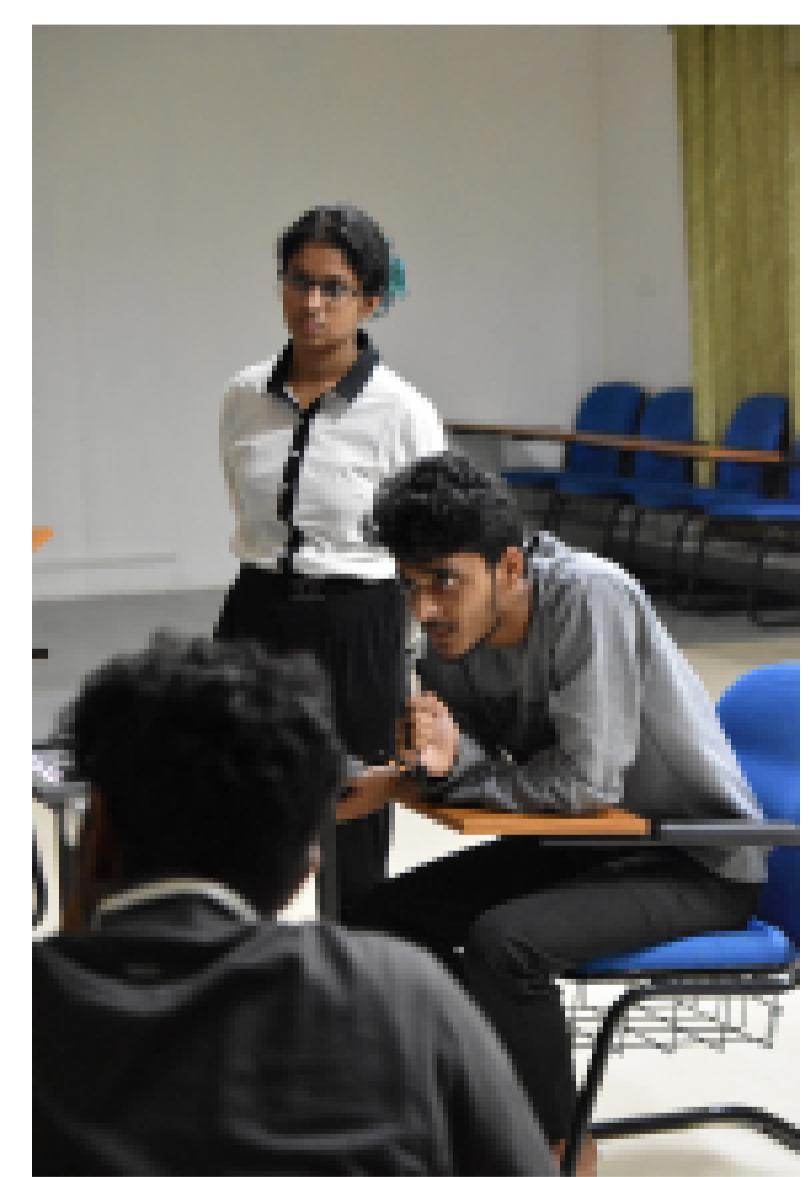
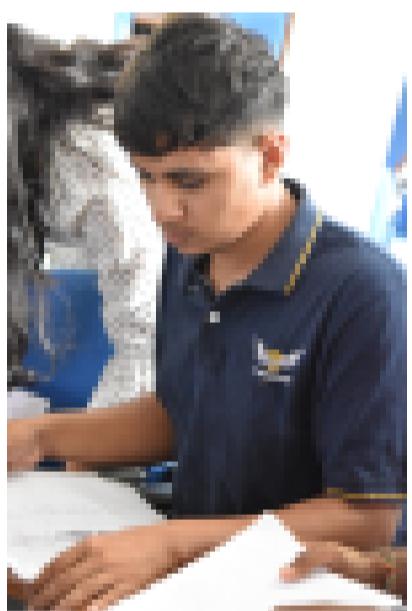
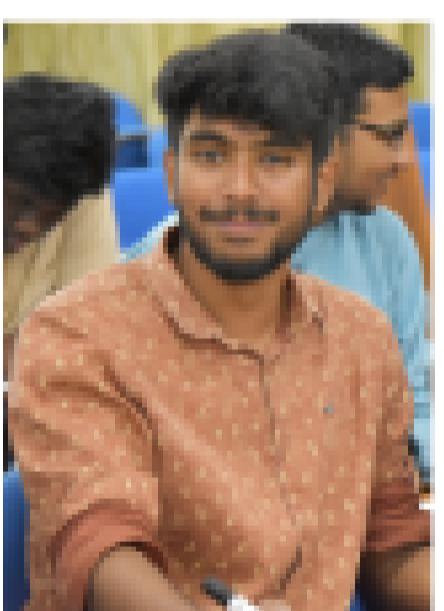
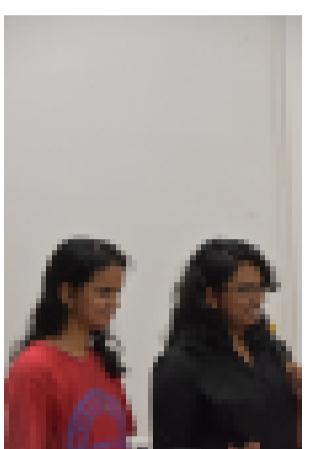


The Good Place is a clever and hilarious exploration of the afterlife that makes you question your own morality while keeping you laughing all the way through. The show starts with the idea of accidentally ending up in heaven and quickly spirals into a comedic yet deep dive into what it truly means to be a good person. It humorously critiques the notion of morality as a points-based system, revealing that being virtuous is far more complicated—and messy—than we might think.

Through its witty writing and lovable cast, it also imparts valuable lessons, like the reality that you can never be good to everyone in the world. It encourages you to live authentically and do what you want while you're alive, without regrets. The show tackles big questions like what happens after we die and whether it's ever too late to change, all while making philosophy fun. It's a reminder that the journey to becoming better is just as important as the destination, and even in the afterlife, there's always room for a good laugh.

THE GAL

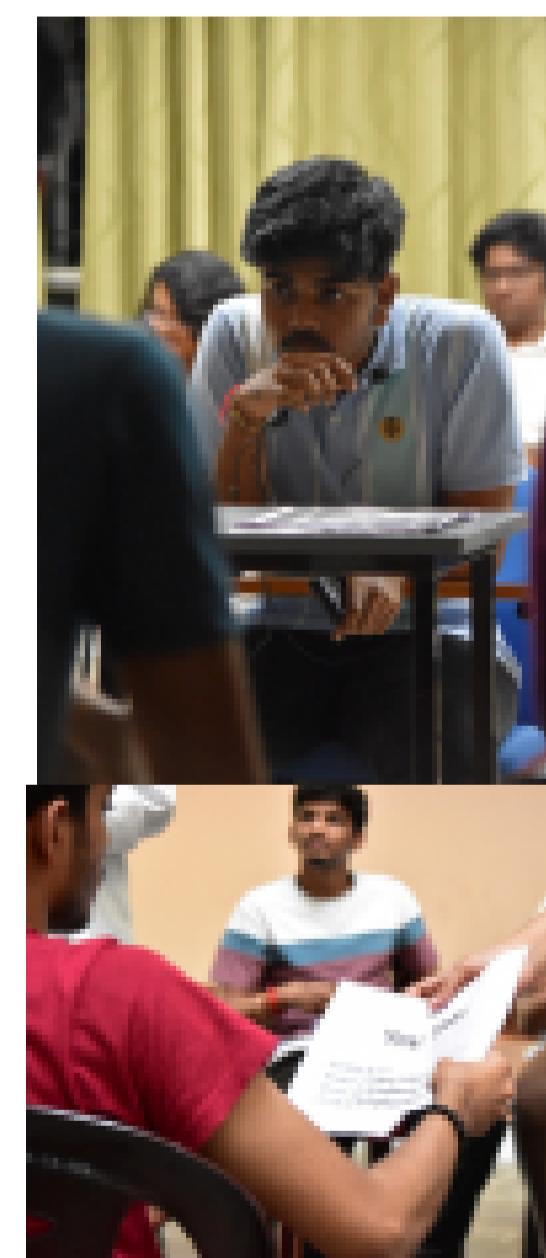
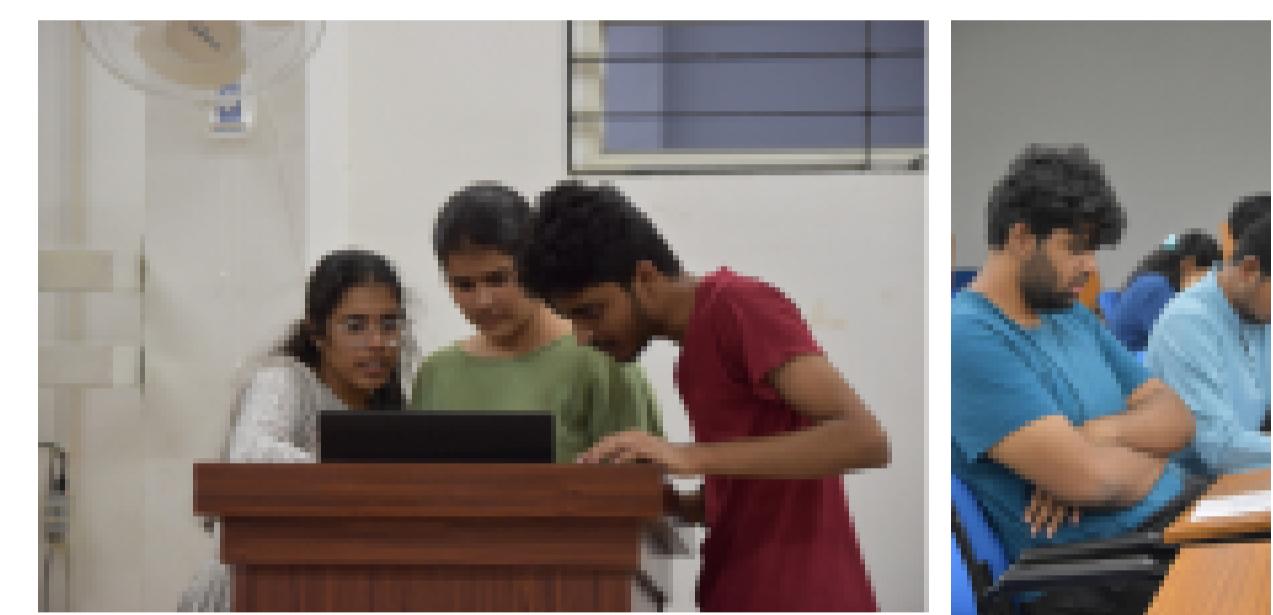
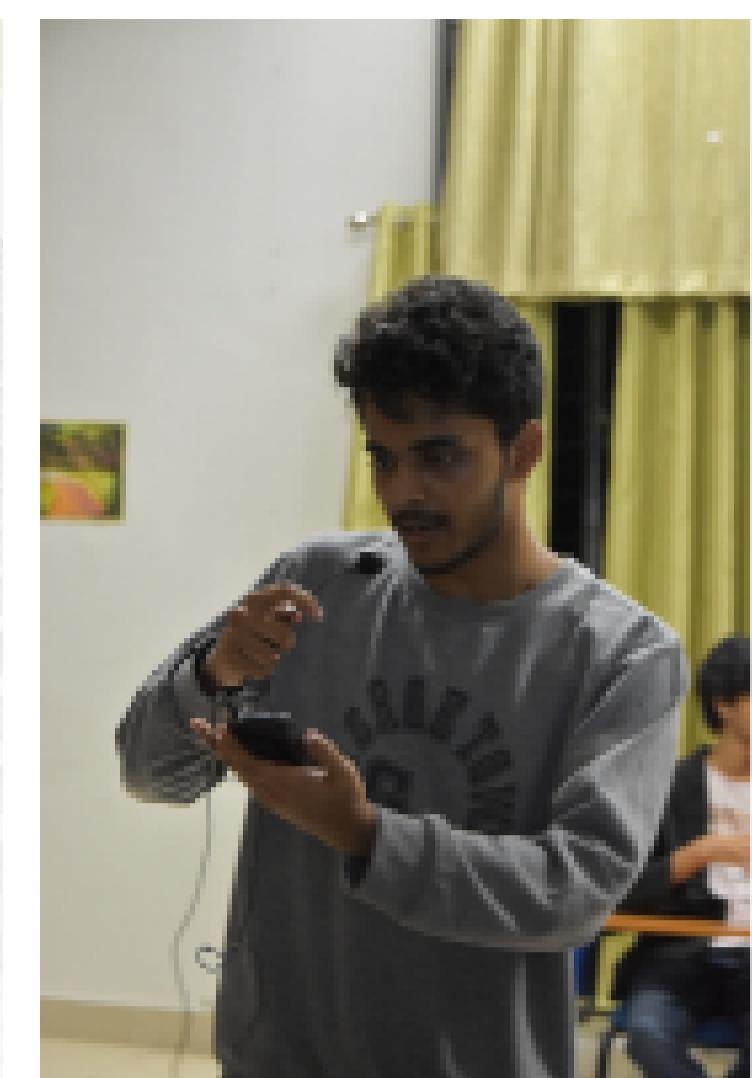
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