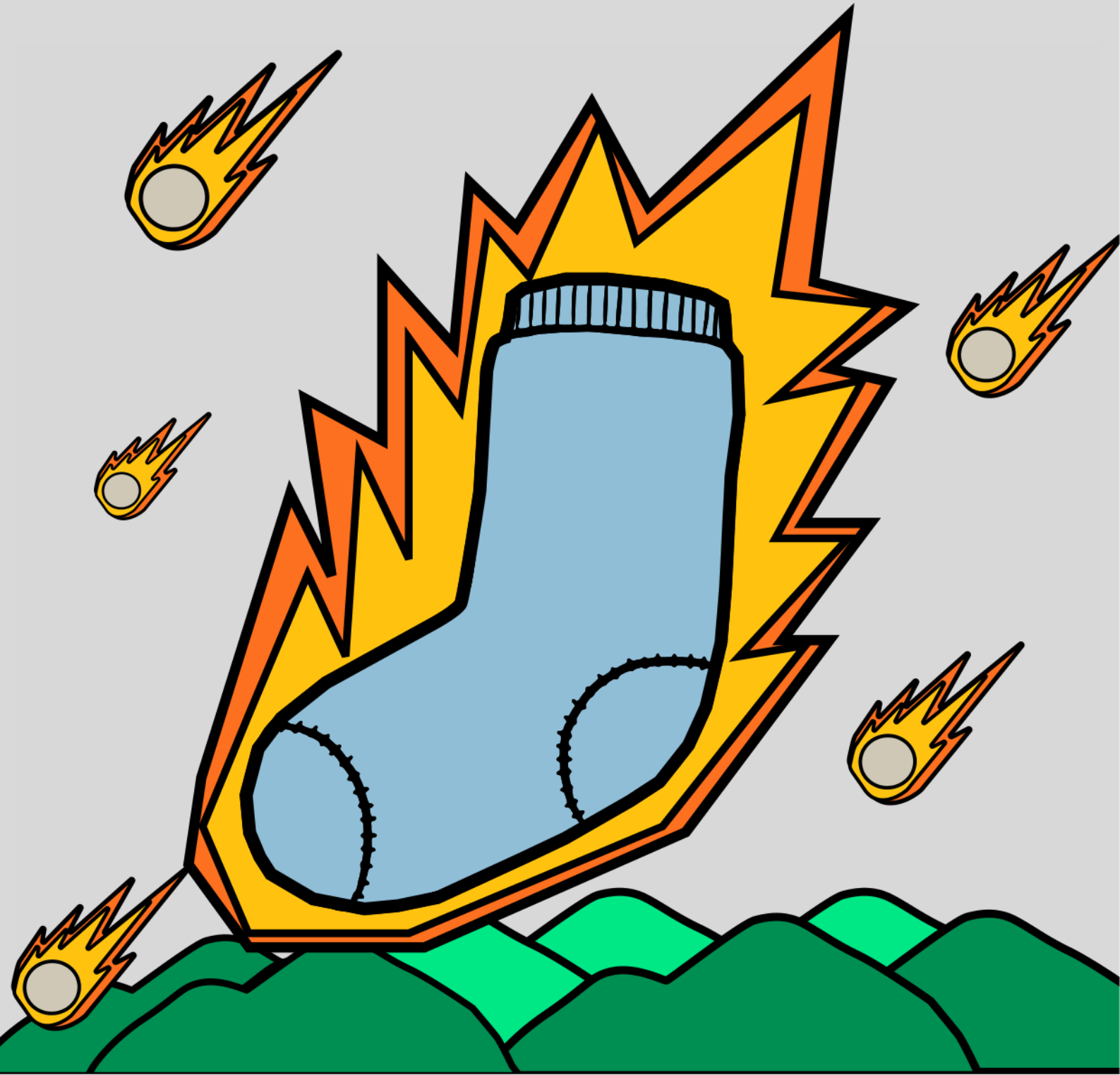
Litsoc's KRONICLES

ED 2



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LETTER

From the editors

To our readers and writers of Kronicles: Edition II,

Don't we all love a time capsule—something to open years later and reminisce about the past? What makes a memory worth remembering? What transforms words, images, and fragments of a year into something that endures?

In a world overflowing with stories—spoken, written, snapped in a fleeting second—what becomes legacy?

Kronicles is our answer. In its second edition, crafted entirely by the students of IIITK, it stands as proof that stories that carry meaning and memories will always matter. From the intricate prose and poetry, to event coverage and our cherished yearbook pages—each word and frame here is a piece of who we are, stitched together by voices that belong solely to us.

The Literary Club of IIITK, unlike many college spaces, holds a unique role—where other institutes boast a separate newspaper team, here it is the Literary Club that carries this mantle (we try our best). And Kronicles is our pride.

To the writers who brought their inner worlds to the page—thank you. You built this.

To the designers who imagined every page before it existed— Jaith, Theertha, Sanjay, Aanchal, Manvith, Pranathi, and Sahaja—your talent shaped the very skin of this magazine. Every spread sings because of your work.

To the artists and photographers who contributed their beautiful masterpieces—thank you for adding that perfect finishing touch, and bringing the magazine to life.

To the readers who paused to flip through moments captured in photographs, who stopped to remember, to laugh, to relive—thank you. You made this real.

And to the batch of 2021—this edition carries a special section just for you. Your spirit lingers in every corridor, every memory. You taught us what it means to lead, to dream, and to create.

We hope this edition of Kronicles finds a place on your shelf and in your heart. Because it already lives in ours.

Warmly,
Bavishya Sankaranarayanan and Yashas Kumar
Editors – Kronicles, Edition II

WELCOME TO IIITK

Where Wildlife meets WiFi

"So, you're 17 or 18, drowning in JEE prep, balancing school, and dreaming of the glorious freedom that college life promises..."

And guess what? You did it! You cracked JEE, and now you're in an **Institute of National Importance**. That's right. You are in **IIIT**. Cue applause. Your parents beam with pride. Relatives are finally impressed. And you? You're glowing with hope and dreams.

You probably pictured college as a dreamland. All-night parties, spontaneous road trips, weekend mall-hopping, coffee dates, musical nights, and unlimited fun. Ah, sweet, naive optimism!

BUT, but.

My dear child, **God had different plans.**

Your golden ticket to freedom? **Shredded.**

Your college? **Smack dab in the middle of a jungle.**

The most happening activity? **Eating.**

And even that requires a **7 km trek** to the nearest town on roads that haven't been touched by asphalt since the Mughal era.

Your New Home: Nature's Lap (Quite Literally)

So, you roll into college, trolley bag in one hand and parental tears in the other. You breathe in the "fresh air," unaware that this particular air contains pollen, insects, and the faint scent of disappointment. You make your way to your hostel, expecting perhaps a modest little room with a view. You open the door and— **TA-DA!**

You are now sharing your room with:

Spiders the size of your palm.

Lizards with anxiety issues (hence the missing tails).

Mosquitoes with PHDs in survival.

And don't worry, they're not going anywhere.

You'll move out next semester. They? Oh, they'll thrive.

You decide to get some fresh air to calm yourself. Bad idea.

Meet the actual residents of the IIITK forest campus:

Snakes.

Not the backstabbing human ones. Real ones. Slithering beside you like casual walkers. Cute? No. One of them is the **second most venomous snake in India**. And he's just vibing.

The ~~Joys~~ of Hostel Life

Your first week, you'll think: "A little dust won't kill me."

By the end of the month, you'll be *immune* to hygiene.

Bathrooms are a social experiment: Who can hold their bladder the longest until that one clean stall frees up.

The water? Either scorching lava or colder than your ex.

Electricity? Most of the time. Internet? Occasionally.

Wildlife?
MORE LIKE WILD LIFE.

Now let's talk about your *actual* college-mates. The human ones. A fascinating species, each with their own ecosystem.

The Nocturnal Roommate

This rare species comes to life between 10 PM and 6 AM. You'll find them gaming, screaming on Discord, or watching anime at max volume while you're trying to sleep before your 8 AM lab. They believe in productivity — just not during sunlight hours.

The Litter Bugs

Ah yes. The self-declared art enthusiasts. Their medium? Trash. Their canvas? The entire campus. They find beauty in chaos, and if you thought nature was untouched here, **think again**.

The One with the Speaker

Found usually in the bathroom. Blasting Punjabi music at 6 AM while you're rethinking all your life choices. Sometimes you'll find them at 3 AM, singing "Kesariya" off-key with tears in their eyes.

The "Only Sleeps in Class" Type

This species is never seen awake in a lecture. No notes, no assignments, just *deep REM sleep* during data structures. Catch them saying, "Bro, what's due today?" three minutes before submission.

The Academics

The lectures start on time (you don't).

Professors talk to slides (you talk to memes).

Assignments will come in waves, like tsunamis, and just when you submit one, five more crash down.

Group projects? You'll do all the work. Every time.

Exams? Let's not even talk about that now, you're still recovering from JEE PTSD.

The Food Adventures

The mess food isn't *bad*.

It's just...a test of your **resilience, faith, and immune system**.

You'll learn to survive on:

*Maggi (flavored with regret)

*Delivery food that costs your semester fee

And Yet... You'll Love It

You'll hate it.

Then you'll laugh about it.

And eventually? You'll **love it**.

Because somewhere between chasing monkeys away, speed-walking to class, late-night tea at the Nescafe stall, dancing in cultural fests, playing cricket at 2 AM, crying over OS lab, and bonding over bad mess food — you'll make memories that are *actually priceless*.

You'll learn to **adult**, to **code**, to **complain creatively**, and to **find joy in the chaos**.

So, welcome to IIITK,

Where the wild things are.

And where *you* will become just wild enough to survive — and thrive

-Atulya Raghuvanshi

AC'S ONLY DECORATION FR

In the heart of God's own country, surrounded by lush greenery and isolated from the actual world, lies an institute of national importance: IIITK. Renowned for taking in Chaitanya & Narayana students, caffeine-fueled owls of the night, and hormones filled couples. This place also hosts one of academia's most fascinating mysteries: the Air Conditioners that must not be used.

Imagine this: You're walking down from the hostel, the Kerala sun beating down like it's personally offended by your GPA. Your shirt clings to your back, your brain is half-boiled, and your water bottle is now a hand-warmer. You finally reach the academic block, and open the classroom door.
And then, a breath of cool air hits your sweaty face.
The air is crisp. The vents hiss. Your soul floats. For a brief moment, you feel alive, as if the universe has acknowledged your suffering and decided to throw you a bone.
But that, dear reader, is pure fantasy.

This is IIIT Kottayam — a place where that scenario is as mythical as a 100% attendance record. Here, the classroom door opens not to cool relief, but to an atmosphere that feels like you've stepped into a convection oven hosting a group project.
The AC is there, yes. Proud. Silent. Untouchable. Like a mirage in a desert. Students don't ask for luxury. We don't ask for massage chairs, or footrests, or even enough outlets. We just want one tiny puff of that forbidden frost. But alas, that's too much to ask. We are meant to imagine. To wonder. To hallucinate our way through lectures on compiler design.

According to college authorities, the decision to ban AC usage stems from "sustainability goals" and "budget constraints." One faculty member even stated, "We want to reduce dependency on artificial environments. Learning to thrive in adversity builds resilience."
Resilience, apparently, means taking Data Structures while slowly dissolving into your chair, or debugging code as sweat drips onto the keyboard, shorting out your only working USB port.
There's a saying here: If you haven't sweated through a semester, have you even earned your degree?

But the mystery deepens — or rather, heats up — when you consider the staff cabins. Yes, dear readers, every faculty room is a frozen paradise. Walk past the administrative corridor and you'll feel it: the subtle drop in temperature, the faint hum of an operational compressor, and sometimes even a teacher stepping out wearing a shawl in February. Some have even claimed their professors walk into class looking too fresh — dry shirts, calm voices, zero signs of heat-induced trauma. How? Why?

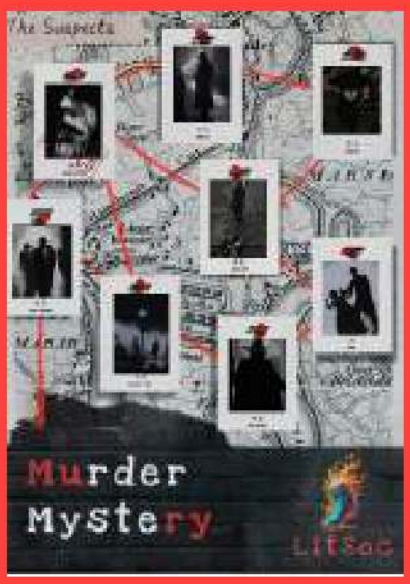
Naturally, this has led to a flurry of student theories:
->The ACs in classrooms are decoys — hollow boxes, possibly stuffed with thermocol and broken hopes.
->There is a secret AC control room under the admin block guarded by CRs and NDA contracts.
->Faculty ACs run on a special solar array that only aligns with the stars during teaching hours.

When approached for comment, one professor smiled and said, "Oh? Your want to use ACs? That's strange. If I give you the permission, I will have to shut down my AC."

So what does it mean to study at a modern institute like IIIT Kottayam, surrounded by cutting-edge tech, 5G routers, and untouchable air conditioners? It means learning to adapt. To code while damp. To dream of cool air while reality bakes your brain like a potato.
But perhaps, just perhaps, that's the true lesson. Not operating systems or machine learning — but patience. Inner peace. The ability to keep a cool head, even when everything else is melting.
And one day, when we pass out of these hallowed halls, into air-conditioned offices and iced-coffee cafés, we will look back and say:
"IITs may have air. We had character."

LITSOC WEEK WAS... A LOT. AND BY A LOT, WE MEAN EVERYTHING.

Bavishya S



Hi! It's us—your resident Literature, Manga, Quizzing, Debate and Movie Club. Or, as we were affectionately (and occasionally fearfully) referred to between February 24 and March 2: the geeks behind the most delightfully chaotic, emotionally charged week this campus has experienced in recent memory.

LitSoc Week 2025.
Seven days. One club.

Let's break it down, shall we?

MONDAY
MANGA TRIVIA + CHARADES

If you've ever wondered what Death Note would look like in interpretive dance—or what happens when someone tries to mime Naruto running without managing to dislocate a shoulder—this was the event for you.

The evening opened with an intense round of Manga Trivia that proved just how dangerously powerful anime fans become when you offer them bragging rights. Teams battled it out over everything from obscure plot twists to voice actor names, and let's just say... Some people's childhoods were clearly spent in the trenches aka Crunchyroll.

Then came Charades. From exaggerated gasps to questionable fight stances, participants fully committed to bringing their favorite anime scenes to life—sans context, dignity optional. The crowd roared, the guesses got wilder, and somehow, "One Piece" was acted out using only unwavering determination.

TUESDAY
BLACKOUT POETRY

We handed participants printouts of pages from old, classic novels, along with an assortment of markers, and gave them one simple instruction: black out what doesn't speak to you, and turn the rest into a poem.

What followed was... unexpectedly profound.
Some crafted punchy one-liners that made us laugh out loud ("I am g-r-o-o-t" stood out, in bold). Others took a deep dive into their own psyche and unearthed nuggets of raw emotion that I understood better than our 9 AM classes. One poem had us rethinking all our life choices. Another, somehow spun out of a page of a enemies-to-lovers romance, genuinely slapped—equal parts angst and artistry. The room buzzed with silence, focus, and that soft sound of minds chiseling meaning from randomness. In the end, the tables were covered in verse, colour-stained fingers, and a collective sense that maybe, just maybe, we were all poets now.

WEDNESDAY
SHARKTANK, SHIPWRECK + IMPROV

Ah, Improv. A beloved staple in any traditional acting class—now given the LitSoc treatment.

From flirting with a cop to avoid a speeding ticket, to a vampire's annual performance review, to a professor catching a couple holding hands in class—every scene promised laughter, but no one was prepared for what actually unfolded.

What began as a light-hearted, "Ha ha, roleplay on a sinking ship" situation quickly spiraled into an incredible mess—featuring Shinchan accusing Einstein of sabotage. Sorry, you just had to be there.

Each team received three things:

1. A character.

2. A crisis.

3. Absolutely no time to mentally prepare.

The results? Utter madness. Sherlock Holmes partnered with Dora the Explorer to ditch the others. Barbie claimed the rest were simply not pretty enough to be saved. We laughed. We gasped. We wondered how so many IIITK students were funny.

If you thought the improv was unhinged, wait till you see what our "entrepreneurs" had in store:

A water bottle that drains itself (patent pending).

A pre-solved Rubik's cube—for those who like aesthetic over effort.

Soleless shoes marketed as the ultimate fashion rebellion.

Participants pitched the most absurd products with the passion of real billion-dollar startups. Logic took a vacation.

THURSDAY JEOPARDY!

You know that strange sensation Jeopardy! gives you—where you feel like a genius one moment and a complete impostor the next? Yeah. That. But live, and with witnesses.
Our version brought the same intensity: rapid-fire questions, mounting pressure, and contestants wagering fake currency like high-stakes gamblers at a Vegas casino.
The highlight? One brave soul bet their entire stack on a sports question... only to answer incorrectly, with complete confidence.
We ascended.
They descended.
But hey—there was no judgment. Only laughter. And the quiet, shared pain of realizing we maybe don't know what year Dhoni hit that helicopter sixer first. Or what Psithurism is. Or anything. Really.
But it was fun. And isn't that the true answer to everything?

FRIDAY MURDER MYSTERY

Nothing kicks off a Friday night quite like watching someone dramatically fake their death five feet away from you. Participants walked into what looked like an ordinary room—until the lights dimmed, the whispers started, and someone screamed.

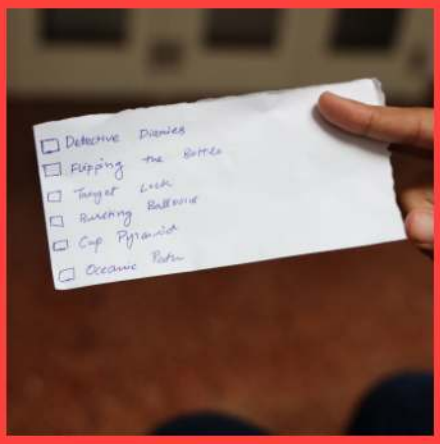
Suddenly, it wasn't just another campus event—it was a full-blown whodunnit.

Characters emerged from the shadows: a jittery mafia boss, a too-calm waiter, a diva with something to hide. One by one, bodies (fake, thankfully) hit the floor. Alibis crumbled. Motives unraveled. And you? You were interrogating your own best friend while silently wondering if they were capable of cold-blooded betrayal. (They were. You were right.)

The cast was magnetic. The drama? High-stakes. The plot twists? Netflix, please call us.

By the end, nobody trusted anyone—but everyone wanted a sequel.

SATURDAY AMONG US IRL



We transformed the humble academic block into a full-blown intergalactic war zone—minus the lasers, but with significantly more running.
Players were split into spaceship crews and sent on missions. The tasks? A chaotic blend of the absurd and the suspicious. Build a cup tower. Search for mysteriously placed objects. Pretend to throw balls into a cup while side-eyeing everyone within a ten-foot radius.
Meanwhile, impostors lurked among them..
As the game escalated, trust disintegrated. Best friends turned on each other. Shaky accusations were thrown like confetti. People defended themselves with a passionate “It’s not me!” monologues we’ll be quoting for weeks.
By the end, everyone was sus.
Including us.
And we ran the thing.

So… What Just Happened?
LitSoc Week wasn't just a series of events. It was a full-body experience—equal parts literature, performance, emotional whiplash, and collective chaos. For seven straight days, we laughed, we cried (from laughter… mostly), and we bonded over cryptic clues, poetic angst, and suspiciously convincing fake deaths.

It was a vibe.
A shared fever dream.
A masterclass in turning utter mayhem into something unforgettable.

If you were there, you felt it.
If you weren't… well, there's always next year.
(Unless you were the impostor. In which case… we know. And we're watching.)

With questionable sanity and lots of love,
LitSoc ❤️📖

PRICE HIKE

in milma and migloo

As the new semester dawned, students returned to campus, bustling with excitement and anticipation. The air was filled with chatter about new courses, fresh faces, and shared stories.

Anya, a second-year student known for her love of chai and late-night parottas, was unpacking in her dorm when her roommate, Meera, burst in.
"You're not going to believe this," Meera exclaimed, flopping onto the bed dramatically.

"What now?" Anya asked, amused by her roommate's theatrics.

"MILMA. THEY'VE RAISED THE PRICES!"

Meera groaned, holding up two fingers. "Drinks are up by ₹2, and food—brace yourself—₹10 more!"

Milma, a cornerstone of campus life, has always been more than a canteen. It's a haven for weary students seeking solace in a hot cup of coffee, a safe space for midnight musings, and a meeting ground for friendships forged over plates of piping hot snacks. But this semester, Milma greeted us with an unexpected twist — an across-the-board increase in prices.

Every sip of chai, coffee, or lime tea now costs an additional ₹2. The once-comforting affordability seemed to have slipped away with the semester break. Even more shocking was the ₹10 hike on all food items. Parottas, biryani, and the iconic samosas that had always been a quick fix for hunger now seemed to echo the weight of a hefty tax bill.

As students gathered in groups to discuss this unsettling change, the term "TYWM tax" began circulating — a playful nod to "Thank You, Welcome, Milma," which students joked was their new way of paying homage to the canteen. "They've added their own version of GST," someone quipped, comparing the hikes to government taxes.

The changes sparked heated debates in the corridors. Many felt it was unfair, as students already grappled with tight budgets. The canteen staff, caught in the middle, shrugged helplessly, explaining that inflation and increased vendor rates left them with no choice.

Despite the grumbling, life at Milma carried on. The lines for coffee remained long, the tables were always full, and the aroma of fresh snacks continued to draw crowds. Milma, like the resilient students it served, adapted to the changes.

Perhaps the price hike wasn't just an economic shift but a reminder of life's ever-changing nature. It taught students to value what they had and adapt to what came next. And as they sipped their now slightly more expensive chai, they smiled, knowing that some things — like the joy of sharing moments at Milma — were priceless.

And so, the tale of Milma continued - a little pricier but still deeply loved.

-Leah Mathew

WRITE-UP : APOORV '25

Srinath Bharadwaj

Okay, so I usually don't wake up early for anything other than exams, but for some reason (probably peer pressure), I dragged myself out of bed at 8 AM to attend the inaugural event of Apoorv at Tapovan. Not gonna lie, I usually just show up for the culturals in the evening, but this time, I decided to be a responsible third-year (for once).

Post-inaugural, I roamed around checking out the carnival games—some were actually fun, but the real challenge was waiting for my friends to get ready. Now, I thought I'd have to wait like, 30 minutes max. But no. THREE HOURS. Because sarees, apparently. In that time, I prepped for my MUN (which was happening on Day 2), stared at the wall, reconsidered my life choices, and still, they weren't done. Anyway, when they finally arrived, we hit the food stalls and had biryani for ₹230. Slightly overpriced, but worth it. Later, I teamed up with my juniors for Bhaagam Bhaag. One of our juniors ditched us last minute (classic move), so we had to scramble for a replacement. We still managed to finish in 8 minutes and came 4th place—which would've been great if not for the fact that only the top 3 got cash prizes. We could've actually made it, but one of the volunteers (a clueless first-year) delayed something. I was mildly salty for a while, but then I realized—this is their first big fest experience, and we're supposed to support them, not get mad.

Anyway, Day 1 ended with the cultural events at the OAT, and the Reverb concert was an absolute vibe(subjective).

Day 2: MUN, DJ Night & Dust Allergies

Another day, another early wake-up. This time for MUN, where I was the delegate of the USA. Went in super hyped, and the whole thing was insanely competitive. The debates went on till 4:30 PM, and in the end, some guy from Trivandrum walked away with Best Delegate. I got Special Mention (a.k.a second place), so not bad at all.

Post-MUN, I crashed the culturals again. Some really cool dance performances
happened in the ground, followed by DJ Ujwal's set, which was 🔥. Everyone was jumping, vibing, and then... bam, half the crowd had dust allergies. Worth it though(subjective again).

Day 3: Treasure Hunt, Trivia & A Concert to Remember

By this point, my sleep cycle was officially dead. I had to wake up even earlier to hide clues all over campus for my event, Treasure Hunt (which, by the way, was a nightmare to organize but super fun to watch unfold). After setting up, I randomly decided to crash Trivia Rush with my treasure hunt co-organizer. We went in as a last-minute entry, completely unprepared, and somehow ended up getting 2nd place (we are just built different).

But no time to celebrate—I had to run back to conduct the Treasure Hunt finals, which went on for 2 hours. By the time it ended, I was exhausted, starving, and possibly hallucinating. I skipped lunch, ran back to my hostel, took a cold shower to revive myself, and rushed to the last set of culturals.

The final concert was by Thamarassery Churam, and OH. MY. GOD. Everyone absolutely LOST IT. The way they covered songs in every language possible had the entire crowd hooked. Easily one of the best concerts I've ever been to, if not the best.
And just like that, Apoorv 2025 came to an end.

Some Realizations I Had This Apoorv:

1. My juniors are absolute legends.

I don't say this lightly—these guys are insanely creative, super hardworking, and always full of energy. Whether it was organizing events, participating in competitions, or just hyping things up, they gave it their all. Seeing them handle everything so well made me genuinely proud. I know for a fact that the next set of leads will do an even better job.

2. My sub-juniors (first years) surprised me in the best way.

I remember my first year—I barely participated in anything because I was still figuring out the whole college vibe. But these first-years? They went all out. From cultural performances to debates to managing events, they were everywhere. It was fun watching them experience their first big fest, and I could already see future club leads and event organizers among them.

3. I actually enjoyed participating and socializing more than I expected.

I won't lie—I usually prefer chilling on the sidelines, watching events rather than jumping into them. But this time, I got involved in so many things—MUN, Trivia Rush, Bhaagam Bhaag, Treasure Hunt—and I had a blast. Competing, winning (or just barely missing out), and vibing with everyone made me realize that fests aren't just about watching performances—they're about making memories.

4. My seniors are genuinely amazing, and I'm going to miss them a lot.

You don't realize how much your seniors mean to you until their last fest comes around. Throughout this fest, they were there—guiding us, cheering us on, giving us last-minute tips before events, and just being awesome in general. Whether it was in Litsoc or outside, they've been such a big part of our college life. The thought that they won't be around for the next Apoorv actually hit me hard, and I'm grateful for all the moments I got to share with them.

5. Litsoc is hands down the best club, and I wouldn't trade this experience for anything.

Being a club lead is no joke—it's stressful, chaotic, and at times, overwhelming. But when you have an incredible team, it becomes the best experience ever. Everyone in Litsoc—from fellow leads to juniors to volunteers—put in so much effort to make each event successful. And even when things went wrong (which they inevitably did at some point), there was always someone to step up and fix it. This fest made me appreciate the club and the people in it even more.

6. No matter how much fun you have, it's your close gang that makes it all worth it.

You can go to every event, watch every performance, and participate in every competition, but at the end of the day, it's your people who make everything special. The ones you go back to, sit with, laugh with, rant with—the ones who make even the most random moments memorable. I'm beyond grateful for my gang—the best mix of people from different backgrounds, different states, different everything, yet somehow we just click. If there's one thing I know for sure, it's that long after college ends, these are the people I'll remember the most.

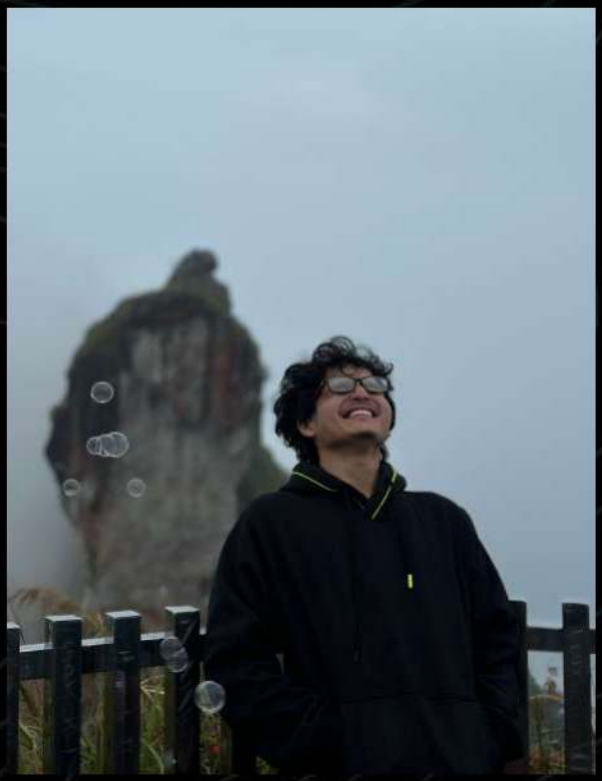
So yeah, **Apoorv 2025 wasn't just a fest—it was an experience, a memory, and a reminder of how amazing college life can be.**

PHOTO GALLERY

SOORAJ

THEERTHA

RINU ANN VARGHESE



SOORAJ

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Hi-Fi and Smart 18 Jan 2025, 18:38

Hi-Fi and Smart 18 Jan 2025, 18:36

BLIND SAGE

Hi-Fi and Smart 15 Jan 2025, 18:19

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BLIND SAGE

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ROHIT STAR

VAMSHIKA G

THARUN

THARUN

The Urge To Be A Poem, Not A Poet

The Urge To Be A Poem, Not A Poet
To Bleed In Ink, Yet Never Know It.
For Words Don't Cry, They Only Stay —
I Saw Poets Breaking, Eventually Drifting Away.

Poems Are The Spring, In Fragile Bloom
Soft Petals Dancing, Yet Chasing Gloom.
Behold The Ruin, The Wreck, The Fall,
The Situation – Fractured And Worn,
As Autumn Leaves In Tempests Torn.

A Melody That Once Was Sung
Now Got Trapped Within A Breathless Lung.
The Situation, Cruel N' Tight;
A Candle Dimming In The Night.

No Verses Left, No Song, No Page —
Just The Poet, His Utter Silence
Confined In A Cage.

— **Vinayak Sharma**

i don’t hate gray

I've heard people say
That the saddest color is grey,
But how can grey be sad
When grey is all the happiness I've ever had?

The color of the storm that brews in her mind
When there's something she can't quite find,
The color of the clouds that bring the rain—
And her love for it, even I can't explain.

Grey is the fog she loves on a trail,
The uncertainty of what lies behind the veil.
Grey are the ashes I now have beside me—
Her last bid to this world, and then she'll be free.

Grey now feels like an old friend;
Maybe it will remain with me till the end.
I'm inside this sea of grey;
The numbness washes the pain away.

I'll feel everything when I get out of this sea:
The pain, the sorrow, the joy, and ecstasy.
But until that happens, here I'll wait
With the color I don't quite hate.

~amit anand

A Life Without You

You Left A Gaping Wound, Refusing To Scar;
A Hole In My Heart—Forever, Part.
There Wasn't A Warning, A Siren, Nothing;
A Disengaged Voice, Scarring The Deepest Parts Of Me.
Sometimes I Wonder What I Would've Been

Without You—Without This.
A Blind Man Can't Miss His Sight, They Say,
But He Aches For It Forever—Something He Never Had.
Maybe That Would Be Me, Wondering What I Was Missing;
A Part Of Myself Never Quite Complete,
Yet Never Quite Broken.

I Still Smile And Laugh, But Inside, I Urge
To Say Everything I Ever Wanted To Before You Left Me Here.
My Greatest Treasure, My Greatest Regret—
Oh, Why Have You Sown Your Roots So Deep In Me?
Why Did You Pull Parts Of Me Off?

Why, Oh Why, Did You Leave Me!
Sometimes I Wish You Never Existed,
Not A Glimpse Of You In My Path.
Sometimes I Wonder If You Deserved Better.
Oh, What If You Had Lived?

Forget Me—I'd Rather Be A Witness To Your Perfection.
I Yearn For Your Last Thoughts—What They Were;
I Try Not To Tell Myself They Were Regrets.
Some Days Are Darker Than Others.
Some Days, I Wonder If We'd Get Reunited
In A Realm Not Of Mortality.

If I Should Give Myself Up In Search Of A Greater Purpose.
Sometimes I Wonder If You Did It On Purpose—
Threw Yourself In The Way Of That Car.
Maybe There Were Hidden Pains I Was Too Blind To See;

Maybe It Was All Me After All
But Some Days I Think You Were Happy.
We Were Happy Together, Both Of Us.
And When I Leave—As All Do—You'll Be There With Open Arms

– Hima Prasobh

The Girl Who Turned to Stone

Kishan Prajapath

She was born soft and gentle, like morning light,
A whisper of warmth, like a flicker of flight.
Her laughter spread like unchained streams,
Barefoot, joyful, lost in dreams.
But the world had hands, cold, crude, and rude,
That carved her ribs, rewrote her mood.
First, the whispers, sharp and sly,
The creeping stares, the silent why.
Hands that held, where none should go,
Took what was hers, left echoes below.
A child trapped in a cage, too weak to break,
Too old to cry, too lost to fake.
They told her SHUT-UP, laced with screams,
Ripped at her soul, unstitched her seams.
She learned that "Nos" were just some sounds.
Drowned beneath the weight of men's given wounds.
She loved once.... once. A foolish thing,
He swore of love, he gave a ring.
But his heart, filled with lies,
He left her hollow, dry of cries.
With every wound, she became a wall,
with every scar, a fortress tall.
Soft turned stone, warmth turned steel,
The girl who once knew how to feel.
No longer a daughter, sister, or friend,
Just flesh and bones, with wrecks to mend.
Yet stone does not bend, does not decay,
It does not beg, it does not fray.
So let them curse, let them pry,
Let them wonder how, let them wonder why.
She walks alone, she speaks in a tone,
She is not weak, she turned to stone.

Piece Of Mine

~Leah Mathew

Flap, flap, a flutter of crystal blue,
Beautiful and defined wings of a soft, tall butterfly.
Your brown eyes, like shots of espresso,
Sparkled in the sunlight, which gave me shivers,
A smile that could leave my face embraced in joy,
And your hands—echoing comfort, a soft haven
I never wanted to leave.
Small steps, but endless—a distance
That stretched into a danger zone of thorny doubts
And muddy conflicts. Yet, as beautiful and crazy as love is,
The butterfly always found its way back to the lily.
A love that blossomed despite the chaos,
A promise of tomorrow painted in little stories—
Future homes, shared laughter, dreams spun like golden threads,
Scenarios so vivid they felt almost real.

Somewhere along the way, a daisy bloomed—
The only love of his,
A truth both sweet and bitter,
That broke the lily into a thousand fragile pieces.
Every text, every call, slipping further out of reach.
The sadness crept in like a shadow at dusk—
A weight I carried in silence,
Sudden bursts of tears, unannounced,
Washing away the fragments of hope I had held onto.
A love that never fully bloomed,
Left with no closure nor goodbyes,
Just the echo of a butterfly's flight.
And so, I let go.
The long-distance chaos, the ache of love untold,
Became part of the story I couldn't rewrite.
Aching—and yet, somehow, free.

Invisible Scars

Unveiling the Pain of Pretense

Who could love a human so broken?
A woman with an ocean of emotions—
Spoken and unspoken.
Constantly jumping to conclusions,
Giving herself mental solutions,
But they're actual delusions.

Imagination getting the best of her;
The entire world is getting all the rest of her.
She's so tired of constantly faking it—
Nodding her head,
Never heard what you said.

She's in a borderline split,
And they think she's alright,
But she feels like shit.
Unworthy of being loved so pure.
Unworthy of a man that's so secure.
Deserving more than a woman so unsure.

She's a walking travesty—
So damn broken, she can't even save... me.

Broken pieces are scattered all over the floor—
Tiny little pieces of a tiny little girl.
Pieces of her soul, pieces she can't restore.

Walking around this humanity
Like she doesn't know this isn't our true reality.
She's smarter than the ones around her,
But not smart enough to know—
None of it matters.

But if she speaks on any of this,
Everyone around her scatters.
No one has the answers.
We're all just walking around,
Like little puppets and dancers—
Acting like we're okay,

When in reality,
Everything is so goddamn grey

--Kondapalli Moulya

No more of You

When Your Eyes Lay Upon
An Unburdened Little Soul
Why Would You Think That To Hurt And To Treat It
The Way You Wouldn't Wish To Be Treated
Was The Right Way To Go?

You Yell, Snarl And Belittle Every Feeling
Turn Joy Into Something Fleeting
Make It Question Every Conceived Thought
And Scar It — Shove Poison Down Its Throat
While You Leave Handprints Upon Its Tender Skin
And Let It Know It's None But A Sin.
It Falls Prey To Your Deceit
For It Couldn't Know Any Better
You Ruin Its Judgement, Maybe Forever
It Yearns For Your Love, And You Trick It
With A Counterfeit Version You Call Love
Make It Feel Normal, Stunt The Seedling
On Every Wind, Let It Stay Reeling.
You Break Down In Tears,
The Sight Of Which Turns Into One Of Its Fears
You Let It Know That It Is The Cause
Of Every Misfortune, Akin To A Curse.

You Deserve Prison, But You Wouldn't Do Your Time
Alone,
All The You's Coming Before Would Come Along.
Your Bloodline's Hoax Of 'unconditional Love'
Wouldn't Be Passed Down In My Ways Of Love.

–Nikhil A

Kintsugi

-Gautham Suresh

Made uncertain of my own emotions,
rife with wrath and grief,
pushed over to the verge of death,
Left behind a path of destruction.

Lost in my mind,
to depths unfathomable,
Were you even mine all this time?
Or should I hug the solace in the lies?

Like Ivan, full of regret,
reminiscing about a time bygone,
shackled by the memories, unforgotten,
Cursed to an eternity of torment.

Perceiving myself from his eyes for too long,
scorched, stuck in time and space,
the heart, unconvinced of forgiveness,
Became one with the pain, a souvenir.

Now, I live with the scars,
Now turned fond with time.
The clocks don't have to be turned back,
For the wounds are now one with the soul.

Her Memory

~Armaan Z Hussain

It was hard to erase her off my memory.
But when I did, to myself, I became primary.

In the volatile thoughts,
she lingered on,
Her values present, though the data was gone.

In the non-volatile mind, I found my way,
Initialized new variables every day.
Characters and integers took their place,
In this programming world, I found my space.

Memory cells now clear and bright,
Her address faded in the night.
With each new code, a fresh start,
In the hexadecimal depths of my heart.

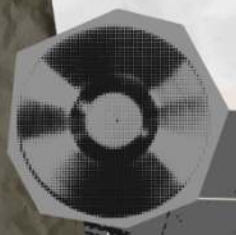
Shades Of Grey

Grey, a Muted Hue

Grey, a muted hue,
A perfect blend
Of black and white,
Day and night.

Like an old picture—
Shades of grey
Are all there is to it...
Until you came along.

Where it all began,
Colors stabbed,
Bled, and splattered
Onto my canvas.



From grey days
To cheery nights,
From perfect sunsets
To warm sunrises.

Eyes—abyss, lost obsidian,
Stars agaze,
Drunk and drowned
In those damning eyes.

Spoken a million,
Yet not enough,
Till we're grey and old,
When our eyes let go.

A beautiful tragedy,
Flames ablaze,
A warm bed—
All that's left

Are ashes:
A perfect blend
Of black and white,
All but the shade of grey.

Gray, a muted hue,
A blend of life and death,
Our perfect in-between,
Where it all started.

–Sai Harvin Kusumaraju

Free Mind's Sail

If You Ever Took A Moment To Pause
Feel Your Senses, What Do They Tell You?
In Moments Of Distress, They Tell You
To Fight Or To Flee
But Your Free Mind Sails Nonchalantly
You Needn't Take It So Seriously
It Shall Pass, Like Any Other Moment
And Life Sails, 'til It Can No More.
In Moments Of Joy, They Tell You
To Keep Living; It Just Feels So Lucky
But Your Free Mind Sails Nonchalantly
You Needn't Take It For Granted
It Shall Pass, Like Any Other Moment
And Life Sails, 'til It Can No More.

Find Your Free Mind Beneath The Senses
Open Up, Break Away The Fences
Your Shipwrecks And Their Casualties
Gasping For Air In A Ruthless Sea
All Aboard A Lovely Vessel Of Peace
That's Ceaselessly Sailing With Ease.
You Just Need To Do A Little Finding,
Tangled Thoughts Could Do Some Unwinding;
And Then You'd Set Sail, 'til You Can No More.

-- Nikhil A

You weren't there, but I wish you had been

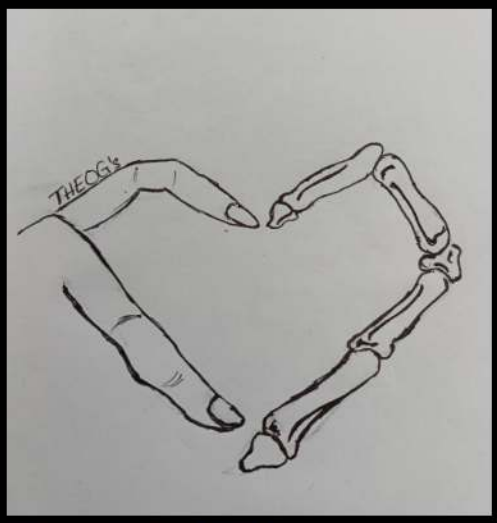
We used to say everything, then suddenly it went silent.
One day, your replies got shorter.
One day, I stopped asking why.
You weren't there, but I needed you to be.
I told you something hard, you changed the subject
like it cost you nothing.
I tried. But it was one person trying to keep a ship from
sinking.
You weren't there, but I kept hoping.
Kept sending pieces of myself into the void.
Kept pretending we were just busy, not breaking.
Kept pretending it didn't hurt.
You won't be there, and I know that now.
I still write things you'll never read.
I still think, "you'd laugh at this", then remember.
You're not mine to reach anymore.
You won't be there, but I'm learning to let go.
Of the jokes, the late nights, the angry fights,
the softer rights, of the idea of something that stays.
Some people are just passing through
And I'm okay that someone happened to be you.
You won't be there, and perchance, that is for the best.
I don't want to imagine Sisyphus smiling.
All the places we said we'd go,
all the hours we spent together,
They seem redundant now.
as if they were never real to begin with.
You will never be there.
And I've finally stopped pretending you might be.
I waited too long for a change that would never come
For a return that was never real.

It wasn't dramatic, wasn't loud
just a quiet, steady drift apart,
And I'll hold on to the memories
until one day, I let go of those too.
Not because there's nothing left,
But because I finally understand
It was never mine to hold.

ART GALLERY

Rinu Ann Varghese

Muvvala Sahithi



Muvvala Sahithi

Muvvala Sahithi

Sarthaki Bhoir

Sarthaki Bhoir

Sarthaki Bhoir

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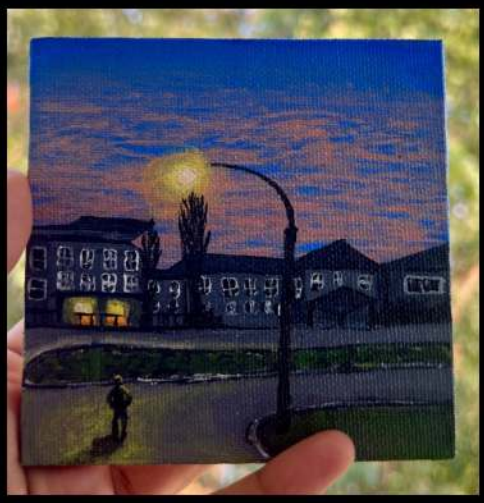
Akshaya S

Akshaya S



Akshaya S

Akshaya S

Akshaya S

Athil Mubarak

Athil Mubarak

Kunamalla Tharun

Gowrish

GONE girl

Book Review

~Hima Prasobh

While on the hunt for something good to read on my flight back home, I came across this book. It was a good size—some 450 pages, plenty to read on a 5-hour flight. I had heard good things about it, and a psychological thriller was right up my alley. It started with a solid two-POV story: the husband, Nick, in the present, and Amy, the wife, in the past. We see a seemingly (hint: seemingly) happy couple, but then Amy suddenly disappears! (Gone Girl, get it?)

The story begins with Nick coming home to find their apartment in disarray, with the furniture all messed up, the clothing iron still on, and most importantly, his wife missing. In the following scenes, we see how Nick is perhaps not the best husband (I mean, we're all human after all, am I right?), and the detectives are immediately suspicious of him—because, well, he's the husband. While all this is going on, we see Amy's diary entries, where we learn how they met, their dreamy romance, and how they were the perfect couple. Amy, despite being rich, is humble, down-to-earth, and the "cool girl." We see how they get married just two years after dating, how they can't believe how lucky they were to find each other, and how maybe it's all too good to be true.

In the present, we see Nick following the elaborate treasure hunt set up by Amy for their anniversary, as she does every year. But this time, he actually gets the clues! She must've gone easy on him and made all the clues about him instead of them as a couple. Totally understandable, I mean, why listen to your partner, right, Nick? Along the way, we meet various other characters: Nick's twin sister (perhaps his biggest supporter, all things considered), his drunk (now dementia-ridden) father, and his warm, lovely mother. We see the inner workings of Nick's character, how he's always the "nice guy"—he never wants to be the villain in anybody's story, and how all of his mistakes are somehow "explainable." We see how this "nice guy" persona eventually works against him, as the media starts to see not a grief-ridden husband desperately trying to find his missing wife, but a potential wife killer—careless in how he portrays himself, arrogant, thinking he'll never get caught.

Concurrently, we see through Amy's perspective a marriage starting to have its troubles. We see Nick as a man with anger issues, a man who's not willing to compromise, who sees himself as the guy who worked hard, while Amy's a spoiled rich girl. Amy's parents, millionaires from the highly successful children's book series Amazing Amy, are sickeningly in love. We see how growing up, there was always an invincible pressure on Amy to be perfect, to be as "amazing" as her character, who only lived in this world through pages. Through this part, in a way, I hated Amy as a character—she was too perfect, her pain caused only by others, never by herself. She seemed to me like the perfect girl in an imperfect world, which caused her pain. Or in other words, a bad character.

Nick, on the other hand, seemed human and strangely sympathetic in a bumbling sort of way. We see him make mistakes, and again repeat those mistakes, but we also connect to him more than we do to Amy. That is, until the narrative takes a turn. Enter Andie. The girl Nick is cheating on Amy with. We see him justifying that too, talking about how Andie is the warmth Amy lacks, how her youth and vibrance make him feel love again. But this time, his justifications are beginning to ring shallow. It's hard to defend him anymore in our heads—maybe it's time Nick grows up and takes responsibility for himself after all. It doesn't help that he's actively engaging in said affair while his wife is missing.

On Amy's side, we see the various sacrifices she makes for Nick. As his mother battles cancer, Amy has to uproot her life as they move from Manhattan to Missouri, trying to make her "city girl" self fit into this small-town life. We see Nick use the last of Amy's trust fund to open a bar, as both of them lost their jobs in the recession. We see Amy accompany Nick's mother to chemo while Nick bails out. We see her donate blood, despite being so scared that she passes out. We see her essentially being the perfect wife. At the same time, we see Nick's deterioration and his apparent tendency toward violence. We see Amy fall pregnant and reveal it to the neighbors, fearing what Nick might do. After Nick shoves her in anger, we see her trying to purchase a gun out of fear. Once again, I felt like the characters were becoming more one-sided. We see Amy as this beacon of good, trying her best to be the perfect wife, while Nick's issues only seem to escalate.

Even with Nick's POV, it starts to feel inauthentic now that we know what he's done. Nick continues his treasure hunt, and we see him following the clues, where he falls in love with Amy again in a way, as she praises him and he feels that spark of their relationship returning. We see him at odds with the police, who begin to doubt whether he is, in fact, innocent. We also see that he's made large, expensive purchases on his credit card and is heavily in debt. Finally, he figures out the last clue and reaches the much-anticipated end of the treasure hunt—his sister's garage. There, he finds all the things Amy supposedly bought with his credit cards. Now this is how you reveal a twist.

We see him go to the center of the room, where a treasure chest is kept. Inside are two puppets depicting characters from a TV show where the husband kills the wife. This marks the second tone change. From now on, we see the truth—at least, whatever versions of the truth the characters want us to see. We slowly find out, along with Nick, that Amy orchestrated her own disappearance. We see how she carefully constructed her character, how she created seven years of fake diary entries, and how she deliberately left traces of her blood on the floor, with the furniture just disturbed enough to make it look fake. It was the perfect crime.

Nick finally decides to hire a lawyer, Tanner Bolt, known for defending wife-killers. Bolt immediately gets to work improving Nick's public image. He tells him to end his affair with Andie, as that might as well be his guilty plea. They carefully orchestrate his every reaction, but unfortunately for Nick, Andie doesn't act how she should. Having revealed her affair with Nick, his image can hardly sink any lower, but he plays his part as best as he can. He becomes the grieving husband he's supposed to be, all while seething internally.

Amy, on the other hand, is struggling with money. Her plans were perfect, but people aren't. Left with no money and no home, she knows she must find a way to survive. Enter Desi, an old fling of hers who never quite got over her. She kept him on his toes by sending him just enough letters to keep him interested. They meet in a secluded location, and she convinces him that she ran away from Nick to escape the abuse. Desi, who apparently has a thing for victims, takes her in. Inside, she's allowed to live in luxury, albeit a luxurious prison, as she's not allowed to leave "for her own safety." Desi starts to romanticize Nick again as he sees him on TV, and Amy realizes that Nick is still missing her. She knows he'd be overjoyed if he realized she wasn't dead

Making up her mind to return, she devises a plan to escape from Desi. Nick finally wises up—he knows the police will never find Amy, and he knows her weakness: her arrogance. He realizes the only way to get her back is by playing to her ego. With every calculated TV appearance, he tries to appeal to her, and he's successful. Amy finally returns, a split image of herself before the disappearance. They hug in apparent joy, but as they embrace, he whispers in her ear that he'll kill her.

Now we're approaching the end of the book, and I was loving it. We see Amy confess to Nick (while she's naked and in the shower, for reasons) and reveal that she had carefully planned for months to set up a scene to make it look like Desi had been essentially keeping her as a sex slave. She details how she murdered him in cold blood. Terrified, Nick is forced to stay with her. He knows she won't confess, and she threatens to reveal her poisoned vomit in the freezer as proof of attempted murder if he ever tries to divorce her. Stuck, Nick lives in fear. Amy knows this is not enough to make him stay, so she gets pregnant—this time for real. How? Because Nick had donated to the sperm bank. Hearing this, Nick decides he has to stay, because despite all his flaws, he at least wants the child to be less twisted than their mother.

The book ends with a final scene of them living together in apparent normality, back to playing their characters. I loved this book. I love how the plots were set up and how the author conveys the unreliable narrators. The characters are flawed, and it's hard to sympathize with either of the main characters, to be honest. The author masterfully cycles through the various roles women have been forced to adapt to in society. Particularly, the mythical "cool girl." She's the dream woman—attractive, low-maintenance, and loyal. But she understands that men have needs. She's interested in the same things her boyfriend or husband is; she's not like other wives. She never nags; she's cool! In this book, we see Amy be the cool girl for Nick—she molds herself into the perfect type. But she finds it hard to maintain because, well, the cool girl just isn't real. It's a fantasy. We see her trying her best to remain Nick's type until he cheats on her. I'm not saying her actions are justified, but it's interesting to see how she's been expected to carry the weight of their entire relationship.

The author is amazing at tone shifts, and the transition between the first, apparently happy couple, the problems under the facade, and finally Amy's true self is done unimaginably well. Overall, a must-read for psychological thriller lovers—even if I've spoiled everything for you.

In A Time When Digital Material Pervades Every Aspect Of Our Lives, The Technology Of Deepfakes Both Astounds And Terrifies Us. Employing Artificial Intelligence, Deepfakes Can Successfully Falsify Videos, Photos, And Audio To Develop Hyper-Realistic Forgeries. While The Possibilities Of This Tech In Art, Entertainment, And Learning Are Bountiful, Its Darker Use Poses Grave Ethical Questions. Deepfakes Can Potentially Manipulate Reality, Spread . Misinformation, And Drive Society Deeper Into A Post-Truth Era In Which It Becomes Ever Harder To Separate Fact From Fiction

Deepfake Technology Uses Machine Learning Models, Specifically Generative Adversarial Networks (GANs), To Create Synthetic Media. The Models Process Large Quantities Of Authentic Data To Produce New, Manipulated Material That Resembles Original Visual Or Audio. Deepfakes Have Come A Long Way In Terms Of Quality, Making It Increasingly Difficult For The Average Individual To Tell What Is Real And What Is Not.

The Word "Post-Truth" Describes A Reality In Which Objective Facts Are Less Powerful In Shaping Public Opinion Than Emotions And Personal Opinion. Deepfakes Speed Up This Crisis By Dissolving The Distinction Between Fact And Fiction. When Deepfake Videos Go Viral On Social Media, They Can Solidify False Narratives, And It Becomes Challenging To Correct Misinformation Even When The Truth Comes Out. This Discredits Not Just Journalism But Also Public Debate And Historical Records

A New CBS News Investigation Underscored The Difficulties That Meta Has Faced In Stopping The Proliferation Of AI-Generated Deepfake Images On Facebook. According To The Report, Intensely Suggestive Deepfake Images Of Popular Female Actresses And Athletes Such As Ariana Grande, Scarlett Johansson, And Retired Tennis Player Maria Sharapova Have Become Common Currency. Even After Meta Took Down More Than A Dozen Of These Deepfake Photos, They Still Proliferated And Gained Immense Popularity On Social Media. This Episode Highlights The Pressing Need For Stricter Content Moderation Policies And Stronger Detection Tools To Block Deepfake Abuse.

Current Studies Emphasize The Increasing Challenge Of Detecting Deepfake Content. One Study In Nature (2023) Examined Various Groups' Performance In Identifying Real Videos Versus Deepfakes. The Findings Indicated That Even Adults And Experts Find It Challenging, With Correct Detection Rates Differing Greatly Across Various Groups. Interestingly, Although CMU Students Were The Best With An 80% Success Rate, Middle School Students Correctly Identified Deepfakes Only 50% Of The Time. This Information Highlights The Acute Necessity For Mass Digital Literacy And Better Detection Methods.

The Moral Implications Of Deepfake Technology Are Deep. Of Prime Concern Are:

Consent And Privacy: Deepfakes Usually Mean The Unauthorized Application Of Someone's Image, Causing Grave Privacy Issues. Without Their Consent, Individuals Can Have Their Faces And Voices Applied In Deceptive Or Injurious Manners.

Trust And Credibility: With Increasingly Advanced Deepfakes, Public Trust In Online Content Erodes. When Individuals Can No Longer Believe What They See And Hear, It Is An Environment Where Misinformation Can Flourish.

Psychological And Social Harm: Targets Of Malicious Deepfakes—Be They Fake News, Or Doctored Personal Messages—Can Experience Reputational Harm, Emotional Trauma, And Financial Loss.

How Do We Fight The Deepfake Crisis? Governments, Technology Firms, And Citizens Alike Need To Come Together To Develop Protections Against Abusive Deepfake Deployment. Encouraging Responsible AI Innovation, Backing Media Literacy Programs, And Enhancing Legislation Are Key Measures Toward Safeguarding Truth In The Digital World. It Is Only Through Cooperation That We Can Ensure Deepfake Technology Does Not Destroy The Very Foundations Of Our Society. It Is Also Our Duty To Maintain Ethical Standards While Sharing And Applying This Technology So That AI Becomes A Means Of Advancement And Not Deception.

The Ethics Of Deepfake Technology: Are We Heading Towards Post Truth ERA??

— Naman Omar , Beta Labs

Behind the Wizard of OZ

-Hima Prasobh

With yet another rendition of The Wizard of Oz hitting theatres today, it seems like the perfect time to revisit the production of the original 1939 classic.

The year was 1939. Cinema had transformed drastically over the past decade —silent films were out, and color and sound were in. Despite the looming unrest of the Second World War, one of the biggest and most expensive productions of its time was underway: The Wizard of Oz. With a budget of nearly $3 million (around $55 million today), it was a monumental undertaking. Technicolor required nearly three times the amount of film stock as black-and-white films, and the fantastical world of Oz demanded extensive makeup, costumes, and set designs.

At the time, it was hard to tell whether it would all be worth it. Despite the effort and innovation, the movie wasn't an overnight success. Upon its debut, the studio was reportedly at a loss of around $1 million. It wasn't until the film's 1949 re-release that it managed to break even.

The Wizard of Oz went on to become one of the most beloved and most-watched films of all time. It may have taken a while—and a few awards along the way—but it eventually earned its place in cinematic. Still, some believe the film to be cursed. Why? Let's take a look behind the curtain.

The Dark Side of the Set

Ah, the 1930s: a time when people were far more concerned about what was shown on-screen than what was happening behind it. The cast and crew of The Wizard of Oz suffered immensely from the lack of regulations and oversight.

Behind the cheerful costumes and smiles lay a much darker reality. The set was notoriously hot—reportedly reaching temperatures around 37°C (98°F)—and riddled with hazards. Stories abound of malfunctioning props and dangerous stunts. Wires holding up the winged monkeys broke, injuring several actors. Stunt double Betty Danko was seriously hurt when her broomstick exploded. Cast members were also known to frequent a nearby pub, returning to set intoxicated and rowdy, with even whispers of sexual misconduct emerging in later years.

The makeup was another major issue. With characters like the Tin Man and the Wicked Witch of the West, heavy prosthetics and unconventional materials were used. The Tin Man's original makeup included aluminum dust, which caused severe respiratory problems for the first actor cast—forcing the studio to replace him. The green copper-based makeup used on the Wicked Witch led to painful burns that plagued actress Margaret Hamilton for years. Unlike her male counterpart, she wasn't replaced.

Judy Garland's Struggles

Then there was Judy Garland—Dorothy herself—who bore the heavy toll of being a teenage girl in Hollywood at the time. Just 16 years old, she was under immense pressure to maintain a childlike appearance. Her controlling mother and the studio forced her onto a strict diet of soup and salad. Drugs were used to keep her awake for long hours and then again to put her to sleep at night, laying the foundation for lifelong addiction struggles.

To make matters worse, she was reportedly bullied by her co-stars, many of whom were disappointed that Shirley Temple hadn't been cast in the role. Garland, then an unfamiliar face, was overlooked and mistreated by those around her.

A Cautionary Tale

Today, The Wizard of Oz is regarded as a timeless classic—a triumph of early cinema. But behind the curtain of Technicolor wonder lies a cautionary tale. It wasn't the only film to exploit its cast, especially child actors, but it remains one of the most notorious examples.

As we celebrate its artistic legacy, we should also remember the human cost behind the magic. It serves as a reminder that behind even the brightest lights, shadows can linger.

SACHIN SINGH | ASTRONOMY CLUB

A Love Letter to the Stars

Have you ever looked up at the night sky and felt like the universe was whispering a secret just for you? Maybe you've traced constellations with your fingers, imagining they were little twinkling freckles on the sky's sleepy face.

Space isn't just a vast, mysterious expanse—it's a place full of stories, soft glows, and a kind of cosmic magic that makes everything feel warm and wonderful.

So let's take a tiny, dreamy journey through some of the cutest parts of our universe.

1. Baby Stars in Cozy Cosmic Nurseries

Did you know stars are born inside giant, fluffy clouds of gas and dust called nebulae? It's like the universe tucks them into a warm, cosmic cradle, letting them glow softly before they burst into dazzling life.

The Orion Nebula, for example, is a pinkish-purple nursery where baby stars are still snuggled up, waiting to shine.

2. The Moon Is Kind of a Softie

Even though the Moon is covered in craters, it's one of the gentlest celestial companions we have.

It pulls on Earth's oceans with a quiet, rhythmic hug, creating the tides. It watches over us every night, glowing like a soft lamp in the sky. And sometimes, when it's feeling playful, it becomes a strawberry moon or a blue moon—just to keep things interesting.

3. A Galaxy Full of Cotton Candy?

There's a real galaxy called UGC 12591, and it spins so fast that its pink and purple swirls look like giant cosmic candy floss.

Some scientists believe it's in the middle of a transformation, like a butterfly in space—changing into something even more beautiful.

4. The Stars That Blink Like Fireflies

Some stars don't just shine—they twinkle, flicker, and even pulse like tiny heartbeats. These are called Cepheid variables, and their gentle blinking helps astronomers measure distances across the universe. Imagine fireflies lighting a path home—only these fireflies are light-years away.

5. A Planet Where It Rains Diamonds

Yes, really.

There's a planet called 55 Cancri e, and scientists believe its surface is rich in carbon, possibly causing it to shimmer with diamond rain.

Turns out, the universe has a soft spot for sparkle.

6. A Hug from a Black Hole?

Black holes might sound scary, but in a way, they're like the biggest, strongest space hugs ever.

They pull everything close with gravity so intense that even light can't escape. And sometimes, when they consume stars, they sing—sending out deep, eerie hums across the cosmos.

A little spooky. Still kind of sweet.

7. The Quiet Glow of a Distant Friend

The closest star to us (besides the Sun) is Proxima Centauri.

It's a small, cool red dwarf—but it glows with a soft, steady light. Even from far away, it feels like a quiet ember in the dark—always there, always watching, like a gentle friend across the stars.

So, the next time you look up at the sky, remember: the universe isn't just a cold, empty place.

It's full of warmth, wonder, and soft, glowing secrets just waiting to be discovered.

Maybe—just maybe—the stars are smiling back at you.

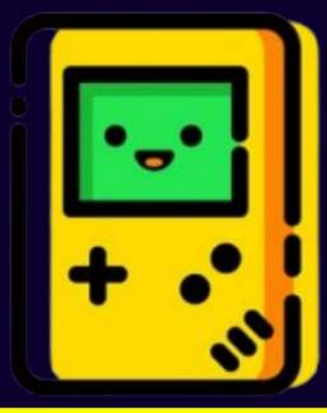
GAME JAMS

THE BEST WAY TO LEARN GAME DEVELOPMENT

Introduction:

Since childhood, I had a strong obsession with creating and playing games, even before I started to learn how to make actual video games. I vividly remember designing a Minecraft- themed survival board game, meticulously hand-drawn on paper and cardboard. The back pages of my school's rough notebooks were often filled with stick-man platforming puzzle levels and gigantic, full-page mazes, all drawn in pencil or pen just so I could 'play' them on paper. I would show these hand-drawn puzzles to my friends and have them 'play' through them using make-believe rules. Despite being nothing more than sketches, we used to have a great time pretending and coming up with ways to make the experience feel real. My friends used to say, "You're so good at making games; you should try making actual video games." Funnily enough, now I'm pursuing game development as a career. Over the course of time, I realized that being good at making puzzles doesn't automatically make you a professional game developer. The amount of knowledge and skills required to create a fun and memorable video game is far more demanding. This challenge becomes even more evident when trying to learn game development as quickly as possible. Most people assume they can simply watch YouTube tutorials and grasp all the concepts, but this approach lacks the practical experience needed to truly understand the foundations of game development. Self-learning is another option – you can experiment with game development tools and try to figure out the best game design practices on your own. However, this approach can be exhausting, and you may struggle to fully understand the reasoning behind certain design principles, often getting stuck trying to figure out why some things work while others don't.

The solution to all this you might ask? It's Game Jams!



In my experience, game jams are the most effective way to sharpen your skills, gain real-world experience, and apply theoretical concepts and design principles to building an actual game.

But what exactly is a Game Jam? It’s basically a time-limited event where participants need to create a game either completely from scratch or using pre-existing resources based on a given theme.

You may be wondering how is it different from learning through online resources or self-learning through trial and error? This article will explore five key ways in which game jams accelerate learning, foster creativity, and prepare developers to tackle real-world challenges.

1. Game Jams Provide Hands-On Learning Experience Through Rapid Prototyping

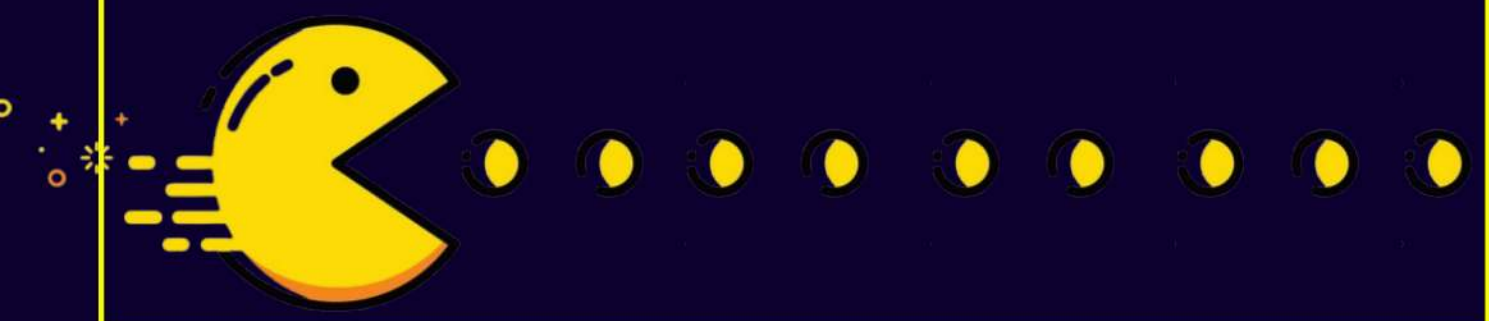
Game Jams basically push you to learn game development through practical application of your knowledge. Since participants get limited time – often only upto 48 to 72 hours – they must quickly:

- Brainstorm game ideas
- Design creative game mechanics
- Implement and develop the game using available tools
- Troubleshoot bugs and optimize the game within constraints
- Polish and submit the game before the deadline

This whole process essentially imitates real-world game development scenarios, reinforcing essential skills like problem-solving, debugging, and feature prioritization.

I personally learned a lot about the game development process by prototyping various game ideas. Quickly iterating through multiple game ideas and trying out different combinations of game mechanics is a very challenging yet fun experience.

"One of my game jam-winning entries, Space Slime Invasion, took a lot of time in experimenting mechanics. Initially, my team was just going to create a simple platformer, but we found it very plain and short, so to spice things up a little bit, we decided to add a space shooter mechanic in between the platforming sections, and it surprisingly made a huge difference!



2. Game Jams Encourage Creativity and Thinking Outside the Box

By making you work under the time pressure and putting constraints such as the need to incorporate a specific theme into your game, game jams really encourage you to think outside the box. Developers need to experiment with unconventional mechanics and storytelling techniques that they might not risk in a full-scale project.
One of the game jams I participated in imposed strict constraints on the game we had to develop, requiring us to incorporate not just one but at least 3 themes at once. These themes weren't straightforward either, making it even more challenging to come up with a fun and unique game idea. My team finally managed to submit a game titled The Cursed Frostbite, which combined the themes Dissociative Identity Disorder, Retro Winter, Occam's Razor, and Murphy's Laws. If you find those themes bizarre and confusing, trust me, I felt the same way! However, embracing these constraints is what pushes participants to innovate within limits – an invaluable skill for any game developer.

3. Game Jams Make You Learn Team Coordination and Effective Communication Skills

Game jams are a great way to learn how to work in teams and coordinate tasks efficiently. Participants get the opportunity to collaborate, exchange cool ideas and learn from each other's work. Programmers, artists, designers, and musicians need to be coordinated and clear communication must be established between fellow team members. So, having these soft skills are just as important as technical expertise.
If you're planning to participate solo in a game jam, be prepared to handle all the challenges and tasks on your own. Taking on multiple roles requires a great deal of skill, determination, and adaptability. Additionally, time management becomes crucial when working under a tight deadline, as you'll need to balance coding, design, sound, and other aspects of development efficiently.

From personal experience, I recently participated in the famous Ludum Dare 56 Game Jam, and my decision to go solo kinda backfired. I struggled to properly implement my game idea, with no one to help me while I was also trying to handle the art and sound design. The 24-hour deadline was closing in, and I found myself working late into the night, desperately trying to make sense of my progress. I was really exhausted and didn't have any time to refine or polish my game.

So, having someone to share the workload not just improves productivity, it also prevents burnout. While working solo forces you to develop multiple skills, team collaboration allows for a much smoother development experience.

4. Game Jams Help in Building a Portfolio and Gain Exposure

If you're looking for ways to fill in those gaps in your portfolio, game jams provide an excellent opportunity to showcase your skills and gain recognition. Game jams help indie developers and newcomers to not only build a strong portfolio but also demonstrate their ability to take an idea from concept to completion — a skill highly valued in the industry. Many employers and indie publishers recognize the significance of completed jam projects, as they showcase:

• Game design expertise – The ability to create engaging mechanics, balance gameplay, and craft a compelling player experience.

• Technical proficiency – A strong grasp of programming, implementation, and troubleshooting within a limited timeframe.

• Creativity under pressure – The capacity to innovate, problem-solve, and adapt within constraints, which is crucial in real-world development projects.

Additionally, game jams can also serve as a launchpad for success. Well-received jam games often attract attention from publishers, investors, or even evolve into full-scale commercial projects. For example, Celeste and Hollow Knight started as game jam entries before becoming critically acclaimed indie hits. While I haven't reached that level (yet!), each one of my game jam submissions has helped me grow as a developer. The feedback I've received from other people has helped me in improving my skills and experimenting with new ideas. One such example is my game "Dungeon Man". Initially, it was a simple jam prototype I had worked on with my team, being barebones in functionality and lacking polish. However, after receiving constructive feedback, I went back and completely overhauled the game. I revamped the mechanics while also adding some new ones, redid the art and sprites, added proper SFX and BGM music, improved the UI, and even created a mobile version. Now, it's one of the best games I've ever worked on.

5. Game Jams Help You Overcome Fear of Failure and Perfectionism

Many people (including me) struggle with perfectionism. The urge to tweak every single detail until it's "perfect" often prevents me from fully completing a project. However, I've found that game jams do a wonderful job of breaking this cycle by forcing you to focus on progress over perfection. In a game jam, you have to build quickly, test frequently, and adapt based on what works. There's simply no time to chase the "perfect" game idea – you have to continuously iterate until you have a functional prototype.

Looking back, I realized that I had started countless new projects but never fully completed most of them, always hesitating out of fear that they weren't "good enough." I kept coming up with new ideas but never acted on them, overwhelmed by the pressure of making everything just right. Game jams changed that for me, teaching me to embrace imperfection and focus on finishing what I start. Now I've learnt that no game is ever truly "finished", you have to embrace the imperfections, and realize that even professional games evolve through trial and error, improving each iteration.

In other words, a finished prototype is much better than an incomplete masterpiece.

Conclusion:

Game jams are time-constrained events that offer a quick and rewarding way to learn game development through hands-on experience. They foster creativity, problem-solving, teamwork, and other essential skills. Additionally, they help build portfolios, provide industry exposure, and combat perfectionism and procrastination by encouraging project completion. Overall, game jams are truly a remarkable way of learning game development in the most engaging and effective manner.

–by gamedev utopia

(Anush Bundel)

VOYGER

Coding in the Age of AI

#FDA555

#FDA355

CAUTION

Will Developers Become Obsolete

Here's The Big Question: Will AI Ever Replace?

A Few Years Ago, If Someone Told You That AI Could Write Code, Fix Bugs, And Even Build Entire Applications, You Might Have Laughed It Off. But Today, Tools Like ChatGPT, DeepSeek, Copilot, Like Platforms Are Doing Just That. AI
Is Making Coding Faster And More Accessible Than Ever Before.
This Raises "The" Question: If AI Can Code, Do We Even Need Human Developers Anymore?
AI In Coding Is A Game-Changer, Not A Game-Ender

Let's Be Honest, AI Is Making Life Easier For Developers. It Can Generate Chunks Of Code In Seconds, Suggest Better Ways To Write Functions, And Even Detect Security Vulnerabilities. Some People Think This Means AI Will Eventually Replace Programmers Altogether.

But Here's The Thing—Coding Isn't Just About Writing Lines Of Code. It's About Problem-Solving, Creativity, And Understanding Real-World Needs. AI Can Assist, But It Doesn't Think The Way Humans Do.

We've All Seen This Firsthand At Our College IIIT Kottayam. Many Students Use ChatGPT Or Copilot To Help With Assignments And Projects, But Let's Be Real—It Doesn't Always Give The Right Answers. Who Actually Succeeds? The
Ones Who Use AI To Study But Make Sure To Understand And Apply Concepts On Their Own. Those Who Blindly Copy-Paste Code Often Find Themselves Stuck When Debugging Or Facing An Interview.

Why AI Won't Take Over Completely?

(There Are Some Major Reasons Why Developers Aren't Going Anywhere:)

Creativity Can't Be Automated

AI Works By Recognizing Patterns In Data It Has Already Seen. But What About Building Something Completely New? Whether It's A New Useful App, A Unique Game, Or A Life-Changing Tool, The Best Innovations Come From Human Imagination—Not AI Suggestions. As The Saying Goes, "Necessity Is The Mother Of Invention." But Does AI Have Any Necessities? Does It Feel The Urge To Solve Problems Or Improve Life? No. AI Doesn't Have Emotions, Curiosity, Or A Drive To Innovate—It Simply Processes Data Based On Patterns. It Doesn't Wake Up One Day Thinking, "I Need To Create Something New."Every Breakthrough In AI, Every Line Of Code It Generates, Ultimately Traces Back To Human Creativity. Humans Created AI, And It Is Humans Who Push Technology Forward. AI Can Assist, Optimize, And Enhance Coding, But The True Force Behind Innovation Will Always Be The People Who Ask, "What's Next?"

Understanding People And Businesses

A Great Product Isn't Just About Well-Written Code. It's About Solving Real Problems For People And Businesses. Developers Work Closely With Teams To Design Solutions That AI Simply Doesn't Understand.

AI Still Makes Mistakes

Ever Asked ChatGPT To Solve A Coding Problem And Received A Confidently Wrong Answer? We've All Been There. AI-Generated Code Often Has Bugs, Inefficiencies, Or Security Issues. Developers Are Needed To Review, Test, And Ensure Everything Runs Smoothly.

The Tech World Keeps Evolving

The Biggest Reason AI Won't Replace Developers? The World Of Technology Never Stands Still. New Programming Languages, Frameworks, And Challenges Emerge All The Time. AI Learns From The Past, But HUMANS Create THE FUTURE.

Future: Developers+Ai = The Winning Team

Instead Of Fearing AI, Developers Should See It As A Powerful Ally. Think Of It Like A Smart Assistant—It Speeds Up Repetitive Tasks, Gives Helpfulsuggestions, And Lets Developers Focus On Bigger And Better Things.At IIIT Kottayam, We Already See How Students Who Use AI Effectively—By Treating It As A Learning Aid Rather Than A Shortcut—End Up Ahead Of The Rest. They Don't Just Copy Code; They Understand, Modify, And Improve It. That's The Real Skill That Will Matter In The Future.
So, Will AI Make Developers Obsolete? Not A Chance. But It Will Change The Way We Code. If You're A Student Thinking About Learning Programming, Don't Let AI Scare You Away. Coding Isn't Just About Writing Instructions For A Computer—It's About Thinking Critically, Solving Problems, And Bringing Ideas To Life. AI Can Help, But It Will Never Replace The Human Spark That Drives Innovation.Instead Of Asking, "Will AI Take Over Coding?" Ask Yourself, "How Can I Use AI To Become An Even Better Coder?" That's The Real Question Of Thefuture.

-- Coders Club , Pranathi TR

Have I Not Fulfilled My Love ?

Lena sat by the window, her worn-out face in the dying light. Years had left their marks on her — fine lines around her eyes, streaked hair with silver, and youth's energy had become a long-gone dream. Yet still, her heart held the burden of memories she could not erase. Her hands trembled slightly as she flipped through an old photo album, the pages yellowed with time. Each photograph seemed to tell a story of days long gone— moments from Anna's childhood, scenes from Lena's youth, and people who were once part of her life. Yet, as her eyes scanned the pictures, one thing became painfully clear: there were no photos of Anna's father, no trace of her paternal side. Just the faces of Anna's maternal relatives, her mother's past, and the people who had walked beside her before the war. It was as if the absence of Anna's father was a space that had always existed in the corners of their lives — unspoken but ever-present. The world moved on, but some gaps remained, quietly festering.

Anna, now thirty years old, stood in the doorway watching her mother. Her heart swelled with curiosity and frustration. She had grown up with the absence of a father, but it was only now that the emptiness truly began to gnaw at her.

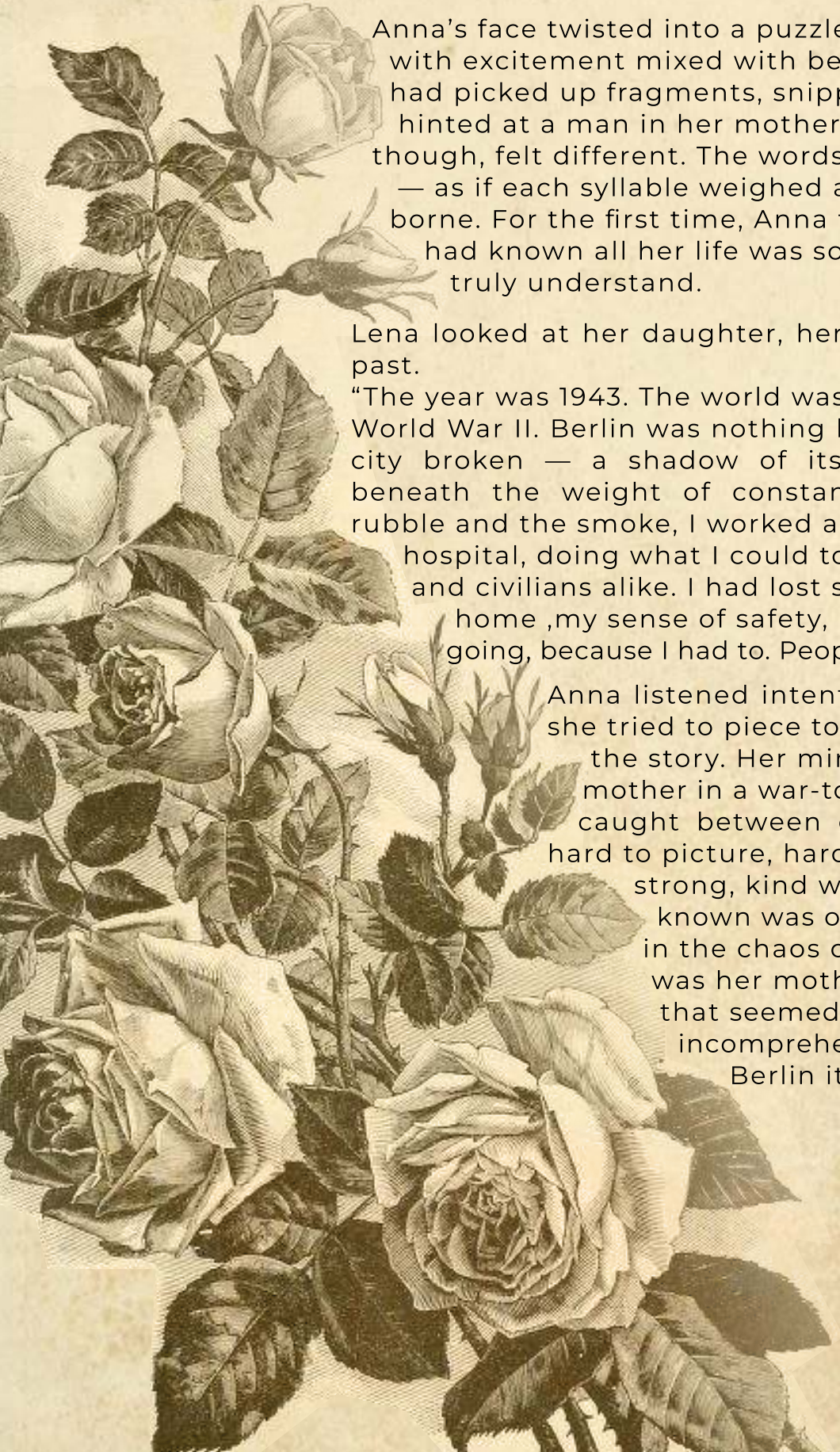
As she watched Lena's fingers gently touch the edges of each photograph, Anna couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing — something that had been hidden from her for years .She had always known that her father was absent; however, she felt an innate urge inside herself to look into the truth standing there. The space wasn't only a vacuum in presence, but a yearning within the vacuum — a hole awaiting to be filled.

"Mom," Anna's voice, shaking with rage and pain, cut through the silence, "why isn't there a single picture of my father in this album? Not one! All I see are your people, your family. Who was he? Where is he? What happened?"

Lena let her fingers rest momentarily on a photograph of Anna taken when she was a little girl — the only family she remembered. A shadow passed over her face, and for a moment, the room seemed to grow colder.

She took a deep breath, as if bracing herself to reveal a truth she had buried long ago. A truth that had shaped the very fabric of their lives, yet remained veiled for so many years. A truth she had carried silently, unwilling to disturb the fragile peace they had fought so hard to maintain.

“Anna, sit down,” Lena said softly, her voice heavy with the weight of years. “There is a story behind that, a story I’ve never told you before. It’s time you knew the truth about your father.”



Anna’s face twisted into a puzzle, her heart pounding with excitement mixed with betrayal. Over the years, she had picked up fragments, snippets, pieces that had hinted at a man in her mother’s past and tragedy. This, though, felt different. The words came slowly, measured — as if each syllable weighed a burden too great to be borne. For the first time, Anna felt as if the woman she had known all her life was someone she had yet to truly understand.

Lena looked at her daughter, her gaze distant, lost in the past.
“The year was 1943. The world was engulfed in the chaos of World War II. Berlin was nothing like it used to be. It was a city broken — a shadow of its former self, crumbling beneath the weight of constant air raids. Amidst the rubble and the smoke, I worked as a nurse in a makeshift hospital, doing what I could to save the lives of soldiers and civilians alike. I had lost so much already — my home ,my sense of safety, my innocence. But I kept going, because I had to. People were depending on me.

Anna listened intently, her eyes narrowing as she tried to piece together the fragments of the story. Her mind raced, imagining her mother in a war-torn city — a young woman caught between duty and survival. It was hard to picture, hard to imagine that this strong, kind woman she had always known was once so vulnerable, caught in the chaos of a world at war. Yet here was her mother, speaking of a time that seemed as far away and incomprehensible as the ruins of Berlin itself.

Lena continued, her voice steady but tinged with sadness.
“I remember one day, amidst the air raids, a German soldier was brought in. His body was battered and bruised, and he was unconscious when they carried him through the doors. He was one of the enemy, but I couldn’t help but feel something deep inside me when I looked at him. His name was Leandro.”

Anna’s brows furrowed in confusion. “Leandro? What happened to him?”

Lena closed her eyes, the memory taking her back to a time she had tried to forget.

“Leandro was different. Despite everything that was happening around us, he had a gentleness in his eyes — a softness that spoke of a life lived away from the horrors of war. He spoke little at first, but over time, he shared pieces of his life with me — his childhood in a small village, his dreams of being a musician, his love for his family. He told me stories of a life that seemed so far away from the destruction that surrounded us. He spoke of peace, of a world that no longer existed.”

Anna felt a pang of something she couldn’t quite place — a mix of empathy and frustration. She had never known her mother to speak like this. This man, Leandro, seemed to mean something to her — something that transcended the war and its devastation. For all the years of silence, for all the missing pieces of her family, Anna could feel something stirring within her — a yearning for answers, for clarity.

“As the days passed,” Lena went on, “Leandro’s condition improved. He woke up, weak but alive, and we began to talk. Our conversations were brief, but they meant something. In those fleeting moments of peace ,when the world was falling apart around us, we found something — a connection that was deeper than either of us could understand. It was like the world around us was broken, but in each other’s presence, there was a small piece of healing. He was more than just a soldier. He was a man who had lost everything, just like me. And we found solace in each other.”

Anna’s voice was soft, almost hesitant. “What happened to him? Why is there no picture of him? Did you love him?”

Lena’s eyes shimmered with unshed tears. “I did love him, Anna. But it wasn’t meant to be. The war took everything from us. Leandro — though he healed from his wounds — was sent back to the front lines. I never saw him again.”

Anna's heart dropped. "But… but why didn't you tell me? Why wasn't I allowed to know about him?"

Lena reached into a drawer beside her and pulled out a weathered letter, the edges frayed with time. She handed it to Anna.
"This is the letter I received after Leandro died. He had kept a picture of me with him, and his final words were my name. He said that even in his last breath, he loved me."

Anna took the letter, her hands trembling as she read the words written in a soldier's shaky script:
"Lena, my love, I don't know if I will survive this war, but if you are reading this, then I am gone. I want you to know that, in the brief time we spent together, I have loved you more than words can say. Even as I lie here, bloodied and broken, your name is the last thing I utter. I will carry you in my heart, always. No matter what happens, know that I loved you, Lena."

Tears streamed down Anna's face as she read the letter. The pain, the love, the loss — it all came flooding back. She had never imagined that her mother's past could be so filled with such deep emotion, such tragedy. The man she had never known — the father she had never met — was real, and his love for Lena had been real. And now, in his final moments, he had carried that love with him.

Anna looked up at her mother, her voice breaking.
"I don't understand. Why didn't you ever tell me this? Why didn't you ever tell me who he was? Who my father was?"
Lena's face softened, and she gazed at her daughter with deep, lingering sorrow. She reached out, placing a trembling hand on Anna's.
"Because, my dear, I promised myself that I would protect you from this pain. The war took so much from me, and the Red Army's atrocities — especially the brutal rapes of German women in Berlin — were something I could not let you face. I wanted to shield you from that horror, the way I had been shielded by Leandro's love. I wanted you to have a chance to grow up with some semblance of peace, without the shadow of a man who never had the chance to be your father. The war had already taken enough from us. I wanted to give you something different. Something better."

Anna looked at the letter, her chest heavy with the weight of what she had just learned.
“But you never married anyone else. You never loved anyone like that again, did you?”

Lena shook her head slowly.
“No. No one could ever replace Leandro. And I never wanted to. After the war, after everything we lost, I couldn’t bear to love anyone else the way I loved him. I never remarried, never sought another man’s love. You were my focus, Anna. You were my light in the darkness.”

Anna stared at her mother, her heart aching. The father she had never known was a man of honor — a man who had loved Lena with a depth that Anna could never have imagined. And now, knowing this truth, she felt an overwhelming sense of connection to both of them. She had a father, even if he was no longer here, even if she had never met him.

Lena reached for her daughter’s hand, her voice trembling.
“Daughter, haven’t I fulfilled my love for you? For your father?”

Anna nodded, the tears flowing freely now.
“Yes, Mom. You’ve given me more love than I could ever have asked for. You’ve protected me, sheltered me from the pain. I just wish I could have known him, too.”

Lena smiled softly, wiping away her daughter’s tears.
“I know. But sometimes, the things we lose shape us more than the things we keep. And you, Anna — you are the best part of all that I have lost.”
They sat together in the quiet room, the silence now a comforting presence. The truth had been revealed; the past was out. While it hurt to listen, it brought them closer together. They were not two separate generations, one shadowing the tale of history. They were two women, born of love and loss — and forever bound by one tie that could never be broken.

— Salil Kumar Jha

THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

Amit Anand

"It's just that one thing led to another."
"Butterfly effect."
"Huh?"
"A butterfly flutters its wings that generates a ripple of wind which travels across the world to cause a hurricane. Or a domino falls, which makes the next domino fall, and so on. Or how a single neutron collides to produce more neutrons, and this continues over and over again, leading to a nuclear explosion."
"Yeah, something like that. Will you come to find me?"
"Even fates themselves won't be able to keep me from finding you."

The dream ends here. The same dream.
It's a nightmare now, coming to haunt me again and again with the memories of a boy who has long gone.

Once again, I wake up feeling numb. I don't even have the energy to be angry at the cruelty of the world anymore.
Aren't my sufferings enough already to deserve some happiness?

I call in sick again at work and order a pizza for myself.
A few minutes later, the bell rings.
I open the door and have to cover my eyes because of the sudden burst of light.
Ugh! I need to go outside more.

When I open my eyes, I see a figure.
It only takes a few moments for the figure to become clear and take my breath away.

For there he is.
Standing languidly by the wall.
His face is every bit as handsome as I remember.

When I look at him, there's a shift in the universe itself.
Somewhere, a butterfly flutters its wings.
The first domino falls.
A neutron collides.

Then he looks at me.
Our eyes meet.
The ripple travels across the world.
The second domino drops.
More neutrons are produced.

And then he smiles.
And oh, it's a devastatingly beautiful sight.

The ripple is now a hurricane.
The dominoes are falling in a heap.
And my heart's exploding, and I'm reduced to nothing but an entangled mess of swirling emotions.

Joy, pain, ecstasy, melancholy, anger, relief.
I'm feeling all of them at the same time.
I can't do anything except stare at the boy I've longed to see so much.

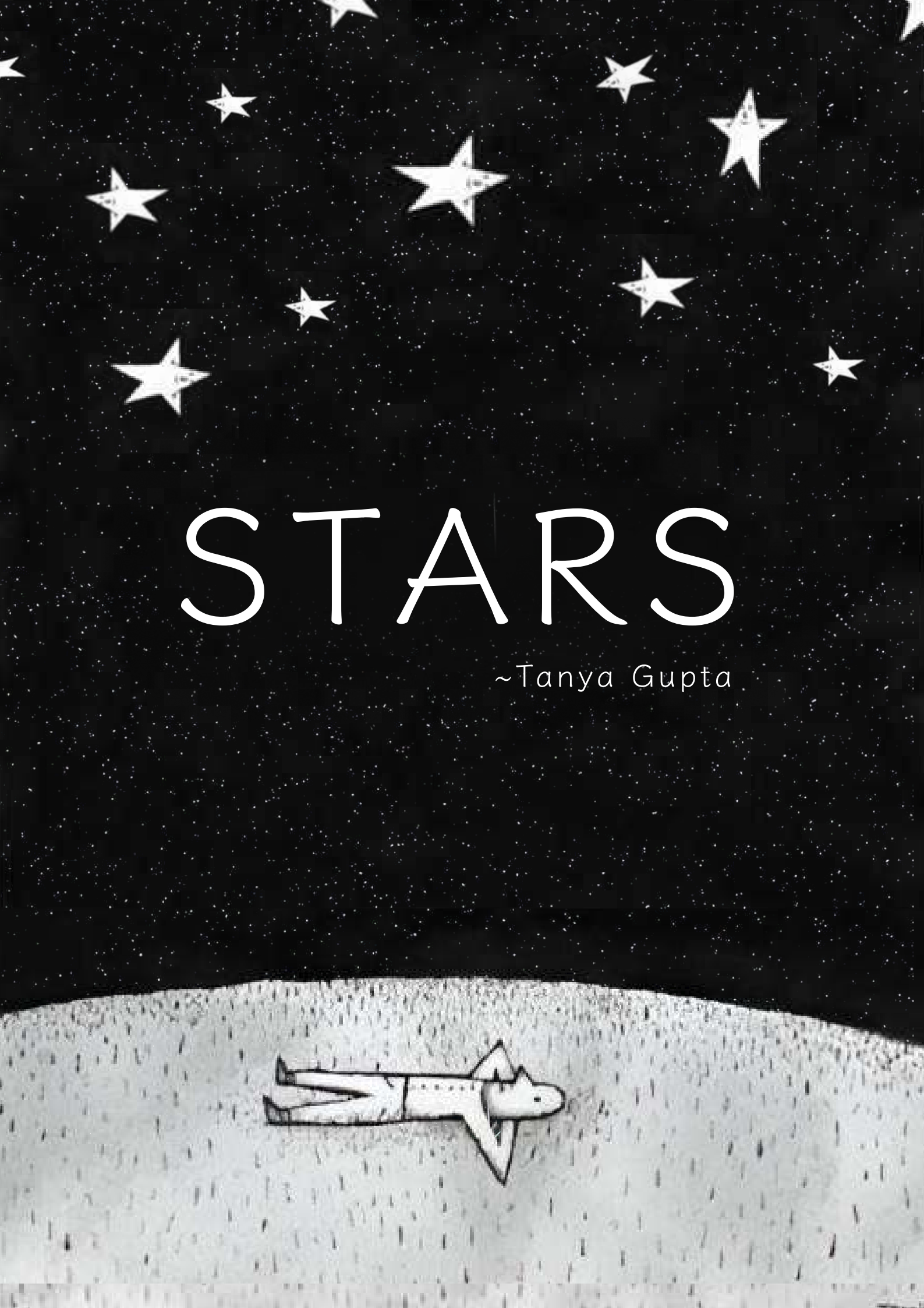
It's too much.
I fell to my knees.

And then he wraps me up in his arms.
And suddenly, everything's right in my world.

There's so much to say.
But in that moment, only one word escapes my mouth.
"How?"
"The fates couldn't keep me away."

STARS

~Tanya Gupta



The sky is tinged with hues of reds and oranges and yellows, a sign that the sun is about to sink into the horizon at any moment. Dead leaves crunch and twigs snap under your footsteps, the tree canopy casting long shadows on the ground. Paired with the early winter mist, all of it seems a bit eerie, almost ghost-like.

The people in the city had said to stay clear off the woods, to not go near them no matter what.People had been reported missing only to be found days later with no recollection of the events whatsoever. It's like a maze in there, they had said, you won't make it out sane. The first time it had been scary, yes absolutely, but now, after having walked this path dozens of times, it doesn't feel as intimidating anymore. The nest of the sparrows up in the deep branches of the banyan tree, the jasmine bush besides the partly burned one, all of it etched into the memory.

While the woods are simultaneously the most beautiful and the most frightening place, they turn pale in comparison to your favorite place. The Pillar Of Stars. Just thinking about it fills your heart with joy and your steps with a little bounce of excitement. Having come across it on a particularly dreadful night, it is now your escape from everything.

The pillar itself isn't all that impressive, just a big chunk of carved rock overridden with vines trying to claim their place back. But the real magic happened at the top. Hauling yourself up with the help of the vines and cracks, you lay down on your blanket and wait.

As the sun goes down and wind becomes chillier, the stars pop into view. One....two....four....eight....slowly the night sky was full of them. The white band of the Milky Way along with its collection of stars, and surrounded by others, illuminate your little hideout better than any light. Patterns are found and lost as you look from one star to the next. And while looking at all these stars, burning bright millions and billions of kilometers away, all of your problems seem to melt away and you just exist. You, the stars and your secret hideout place.

THE POOL

It was the weekend yesterday. I spent the whole day hanging out with my friends and went to bed utterly exhausted. That's why I couldn't quite fathom the sight before me when I woke up.

The moist air.
The sound of water sloshing around.
The white mosaic tiles.
The intense smell of chlorine.

It calms me.

I'm at the pool.
But how did I get here?
I didn't go to sleep at the pool last night.

At first glance, everything seemed familiar. But a proper look at my surroundings said otherwise. The room had all the elements of a pool, yet the architecture made no sense.

Why were there railings on the walls?
Why were there doors high above me, with no way to reach them?
Why was there a mysterious light—reminiscent of sunlight—streaming in from a ceiling with no visible opening?

Fortunately, the room had a door at floor level. I stepped through it.

The next room was just as strange: a hallway with water up to my knees. Another was a pool with a spiral staircase rising from the center, leading to nowhere.

They all shared the same otherworldliness. The same sterile serenity. The same not quite right.

At first, it was soothing.
The calm slosh of water.
The faux sunlight.
A place perfect for sitting. Thinking. Forgetting.

But the calm has been fading.

Each step I take feels heavier.
Has it been an hour?
A day?
A month?
Time no longer makes sense.

Every room distorts reality just a little more.

There are pools on the ceiling, but the water doesn't fall.
There are staircases on the walls, but no doors to follow.
There is light, but no source.
There is air, but no breeze.

I'm losing my grip.
The moist air.
The sound of sloshing water.
The white mosaic tiles.
The smell of chlorine.

It no longer calms me.
It maddens me.

My thoughts feel grated, shredded by the sterility of this place.
I try to remember my family.
Only blurry silhouettes surface.
Their voices—gone.
Nothing but echoes I can't hold on to.

Every door I open brings only another room.
Each one taunts me with its almost-escape.

I haven't seen another soul in so long.
What... was a person again?

-NIVIEN M

F1 FOR DUMMIES

BY ADITYA SRI RAM

Hello there! I'm Aditya Sri Ram, a third-year CSE student. I've been watching Formula 1 for a while now and have noticed that it's becoming more and more popular, attracting new fans from all over the world—and our college is no exception. So, I decided to write a piece that might help you understand the sport better. If you're someone who already watches races, feel free to skip the FORMAT section

THE FORMAT

There are currently 24 races in the F1 calendar, hosted on 24 different tracks across 21 countries. All the races happen over the weekend. Here's how a typical race weekend looks:

FRIDAY

Free Practice 1 & 2 (FP1, FP2) – The main objective for teams and drivers is to understand how the car is performing under specific track conditions. Each car has around 300 sensors, and the driver communicates with engineers via radio. Teams analyze terabytes of data to determine strategies and setups. These sessions are critical for race preparation.

SATURDAY

FP3 & Qualifying – There's one more practice session, followed by qualifying. Drivers get a fixed number of laps in three timed sessions: Q1 (18 min), Q2 (15 min), and Q3 (12 min), aiming for the fastest lap time.

> In Q1 and Q2, the 5 slowest drivers are eliminated.
> In Q3, the remaining 10 fight for pole position.

Final grid positions for the race are based on the best lap times in each session

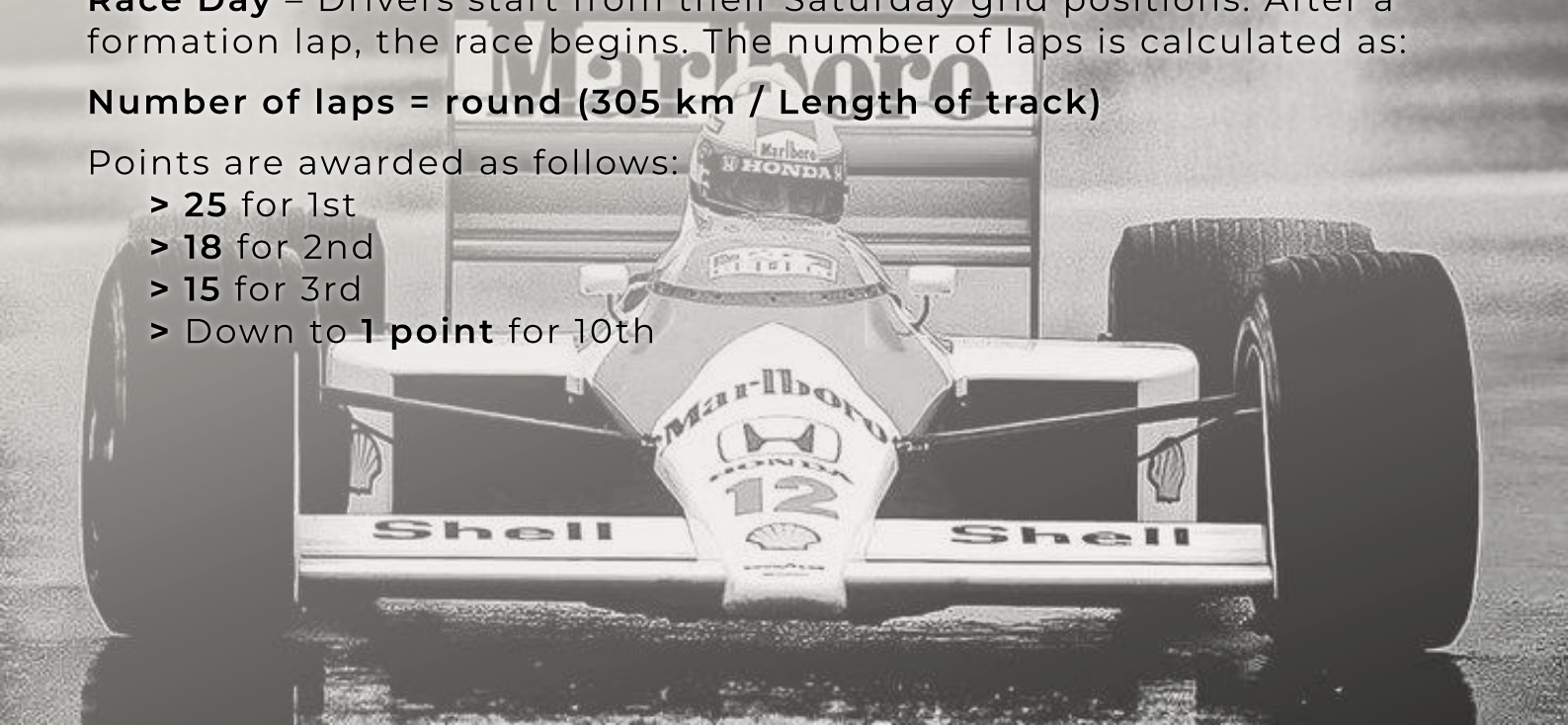
SUNDAY

Race Day – Drivers start from their Saturday grid positions. After a formation lap, the race begins. The number of laps is calculated as:

Number of laps = round (305 km / Length of track)

Points are awarded as follows:

> **25** for 1st
> **18** for 2nd
> **15** for 3rd
> Down to **1 point** for 10th



SPRINT RACE WEEKENDS

On certain weekends, Sprint Qualifying replaces FP2, and a Sprint Race (100 km instead of 305 km) replaces FP3. Drivers earn roughly half the points of a full race.

The driver with the most points at the end of the season wins the World Drivers' Championship (WDC), and the highest-scoring team wins the World Constructors' Championship (WCC).

STRATEGIES

Key strategic decisions include:

> Starting tyre choice
> Number of pit stops
> Tyre compounds for each stint

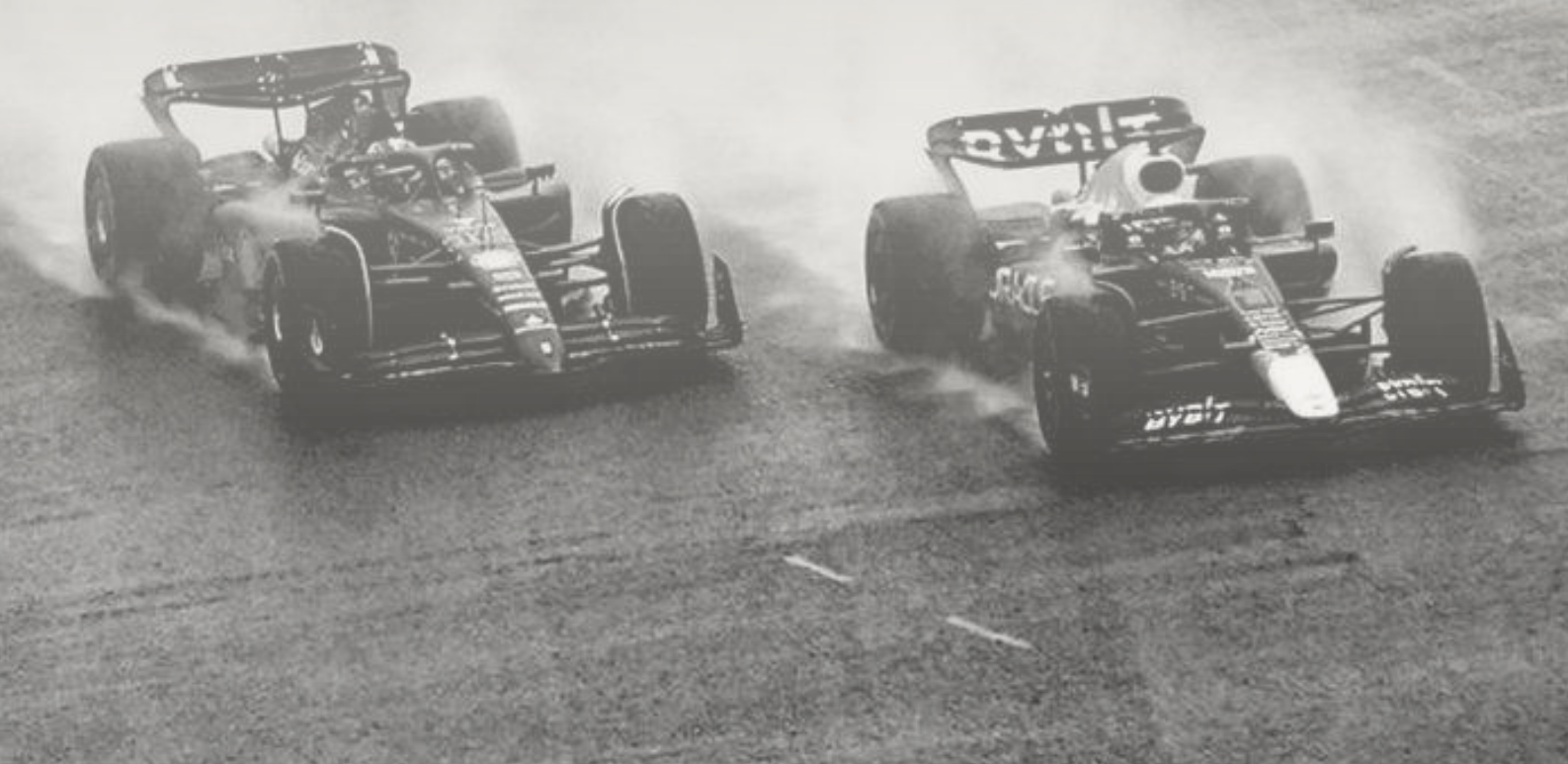
Pirelli supplies all teams with:

> 3 dry weather tyres (Soft, Medium, Hard – in order of increasing durability)
> 2 wet weather tyres (Intermediate and Full Wet)

F1 has five slick compounds (C1 to C5). In a dry race, at least two different compounds must be used

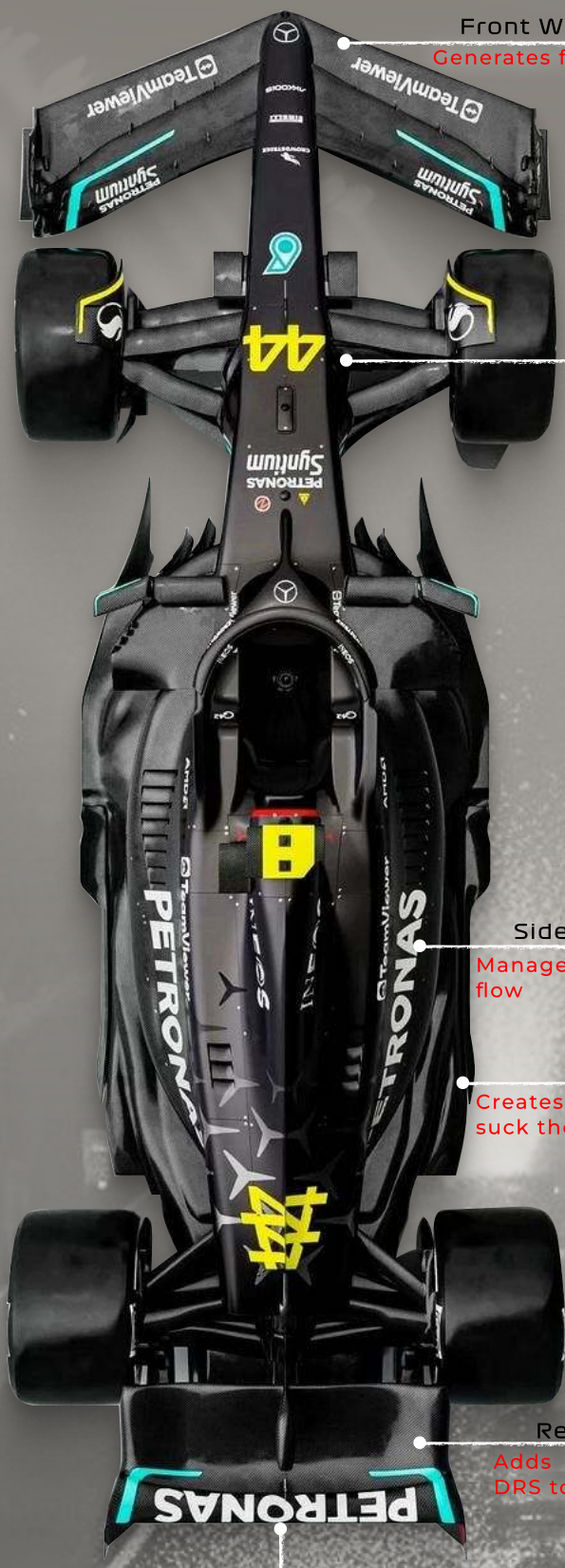
> **Undercut** – Pitting before your rival to gain time on fresher tyres.
> **Overcut** – Staying out longer to build a gap and retain track position after pitting.

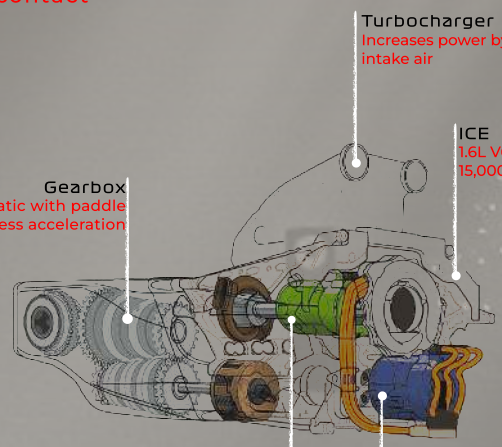
Nailing these strategies can win or lose you a race—or even a championship (ask Ferrari).



THE CAR

F1 features open-wheel, single-seater cars considered the pinnacle of motorsport. They're incredibly advanced machines, combining powerful hybrid engines and complex aerodynamics.





POWER UNIT

F1 cars cost ~**$25 million each**, with ~$15 million spent on the power unit alone.

Only 3 teams make their own engines:

> **Ferrari**
> **Mercedes**
> **Honda (for Red Bull)**

Everyone else buys engines from them

So Why Is It So **Expensive**?

Because of the precise engineering and extensive R&D needed to build them. Every team has a limited number PU components they can replace (4 according to the 2024 regulations) after which grid penalties are given (Mclaren once were given a 105 place grid penalty for multiple changes from the engine) , so durability is also a major factor

Enzo Ferrari once famously said in the 60's that

"Aerodynamics are for people who don't knowhow to build engines".

Ron Denis, The visionary who redefined the art of leading a F1 team, quoted in 2014 that

"A customer team cannot win the championship".

Now last year's constructor's champions are Mclaren (using Mercedes's PU) and the driver's champion is Max verstappen (driving a red bull which uses Honda's PU along with their sister team VCARB).

So what made the **DIFFERENCE**?

AERODYNAMICS

Just to give you some context, back in the late 60s when front and rear wings were introduced, there was no spending limit and the team that could afford to build the best engine would win everything.
But then F1 entered the age of **Aerodynamics**, where engineers played with different aerodynamic designs that brought the cars closer to the ground in a process called "Ground Effect optimization". Although ground effects were banned in 1982 due to safety concerns (before their eventual reintroduction in 2022), that didn't stop the f1 teams from understanding the role played by aerodynamics in building a Dominant Car.

THE CURRENT GRID

Ok , so enough of the technical talk and let's shift our focus on the teams and drivers, the primary reason we watch the races for

>> Constructors

The word **Constructor** refers to the team that designs and manufactures the car's **Chassis And Aerodynamic Parts**. The current format has 10 teams (will be 11 as cadillac is entering the sport in 2026) With 2 drivers each.

You can divide the teams into front runners, midfielders and backmarkers based on their performances.

Let's Start With The **Top Teams** :

>>SCUDERIA FERRARI

Jokes aside, the most decorated team in the sport's history with 16 constructors and 15driverstitles, winning a championship with Ferrari is considered to be the ultimate achievement by many drivers. Football fans might know how crazy Italian fans are but trust me, Ferrari's tifosi are the craziest, embodying Will Buxton's (don't bother if you don't know who he is, he got relegated to indy cars) famous quote : "There are two religions in Italy, there's the catholic church and there's Ferrari " .

Ok, quick fact!! Even after consistently finishing in top 4 in recent times, it's been 17 years since ferrari has won a championship (the latest was the constructor's title in 2008 and massa lost the driver's on the last lap to Lewis Hamilton that year). You can't even say that things used to be better before that.

I mean before and after Michael Schumacher, there have been multiple world champions whocame to ferrari to win wdc and failed to do so like Prost, Alonso, Vettel and Raikonnen (who returned in 2016).

There are many incidents where ferrari F'ed up their strategies which costed their drivers race and championship wins (Australia 25, Monaco 22, Hungary 22, Singapore 19, Abu Dhabi 2010, Singapore 2008 just to name a few) but I don't want to talk about all those and would recommend you to explore those by yourself

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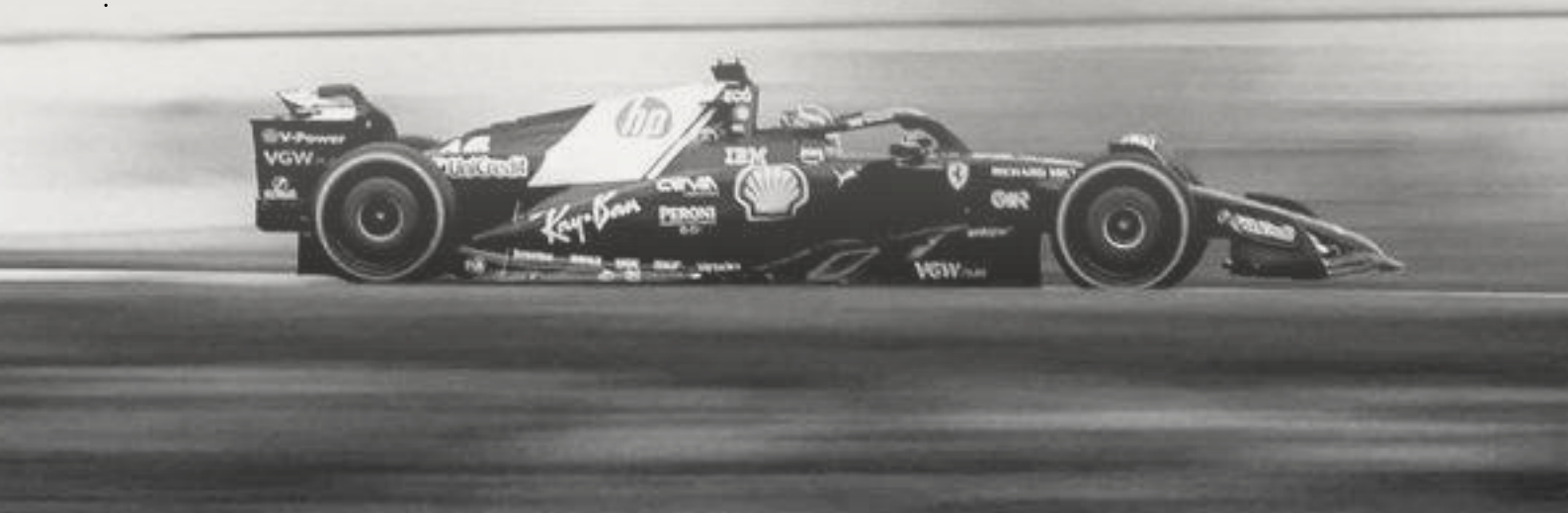


>>MCLAREN

Arguably the second most successful team on grid with 12 WDCs and 9 WCCs, are known for some of the greatest driver lineups in F1's history like Senna- Prost, Prost - Lauda, Hamilton-Alonso and Hamilton-Button. What I like about them is that Unlike Redbull, Mercedes or even Ferrari sometimes, they are not a single driver team, meaning they have the nerve to actually let their drivers go racing and fight for the win instead of just asking one of them to backoff.

Their cars have been the most dominant since last season thanks to their aerodynamic upgrades and floor optimizations which drastically improved the cars downforce and overall balance. Also given a promising lineup of Lando Norris and Oscar Piastri, they are the favorites for both titles this year.

>>Mercedes (9 WDC and 7 WCC's)

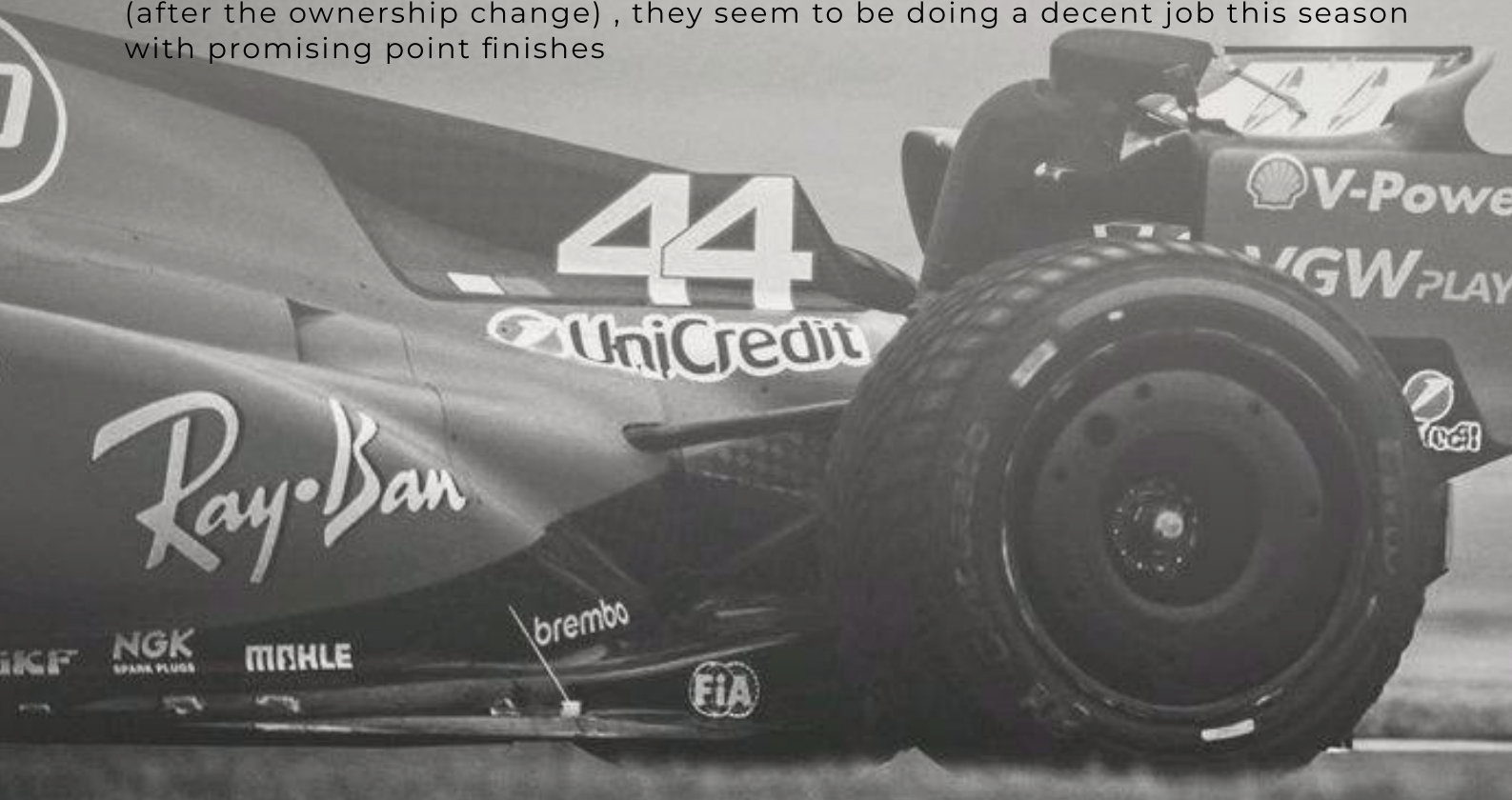
Although backed off from F1 as chassis constructors a few years after the sport's inception, Mercedes stayed as PU manufacturer to championship winning Mclaren and Brawn GP cars before their ultimate comeback to the sport as constructors in2010and had a few foundational years before the regulation change in 2014.

Turbo hybrid engines were introduced that year and Mercedes were all prepared for that with a generation defying PU106 hybrid series power units and a blockbuster driver lineup of Lewis Hamilton and Nico Rosberg, which resulted in a decade long dominance. Their strangleholdonF1 finally came to an end after 2021 with the start of their struggle to adapt to the new ground effects regulations.
Currently, they have addressed some of their problems and their car looks decent enough to challenge for podiums.

>>Williams (7 WDC's and 9 WCC's)

One of the most dominant and influential teams of the90's, they slowly lost their form under the new ownership.

After experiencing some of the worst years in their history as back runners (after the ownership change) , they seem to be doing a decent job this season with promising point finishes



>>REDBULL (7 WDC's and 7 WCCs)

- Have been successful in two different stints, once with Vettel and again with Verstappen, both of them managing to win 4 straight championships. In both of their stints, they had very dominant cars, thanks to their chief of Aerodynamics Adrian Newey, whose cars have always competed for titles.

  Currently they're having a rough patch, with most of their technical leadership including Newey leaving to Rival teams and also their 2nd driver issue is getting worse.

>>Alpine(2 WDC's and 2 WCCs)

- Formerly known as Renault, the French are responsible for ending Michael Schumancher and Ferrari's utter dominance at the beginning of 21st century. They were also the dominant engine manufacturers in the 90s who's customer teams (Williams and Benneton) have won 6 WDC's and 6 WCCs in that period.

  Currently they are known for maintaining a terrible relationship with their drivers and performance wise, they are a midfield team who struggled with unreliable engines last season, but ended it on a high note with a double podium in brazil after switching to Mercedes PUs.

>>Aston Martin

- Started their 2023 in style with podium finishes in 6 of their first 7 races but then they lost their copy of Newey's "How to build a Car" and are currently fighting to get intoQ2

>>Haas

The Only American Team On The Current Grid. They Are A Midfield Team Who've Had Their Moments Like That Pole Position In Brazil But Are Yet To Score A Podium

>>Racing Bulls

Or Visa Cash App Or Alpha Tauri Or Torro Rosso (Even Used To Go By Minardi In Their Pre-Red Bull Days) Are Red Bull's Sister Team. Ok , So Sister Teams Are Supposed To Be Mid And Racing Bulls Are Very Good At It. They Have Also Won A Race With Gasly In Monza, When Maxand Lewis Tried To Take Each Other The Whole Race.
This Season, They Are Exceeding The Expectations By Getting Into Q3 But Race Starts Have Been A Problem.

THE DRIVERS

I'm not going to yap about the all the drivers because at this point I'm realizing that I might havebeen writing too much, so I'll try to keep it as short as possible

>>Max Verstappen (Mad Max)

Reigning 4 time world champion and one of the most competitive drivers on grid. Wet weather master, his feel for grip in rain is just outstanding (Brazil 2016and2024 are perfect examples). Prefers slight oversteer and a very sharp front end of the car similar to Michael Schumacher.

>>Lewis Hamilton (Sir Lewis)

Statistically the most successful driver of all time (Although I consider Schumacher to be the greatest of all) , a 7 (NOT 8) time champion of the world, very experienced and competitive, outstanding qualifier, great at race starts, has a very unique trail- braking driving style which he mastered since the beginning of his career and above all : has one of the most toxic fanbases humanity has ever witnessed (No offense to all those genuine ones who support him)

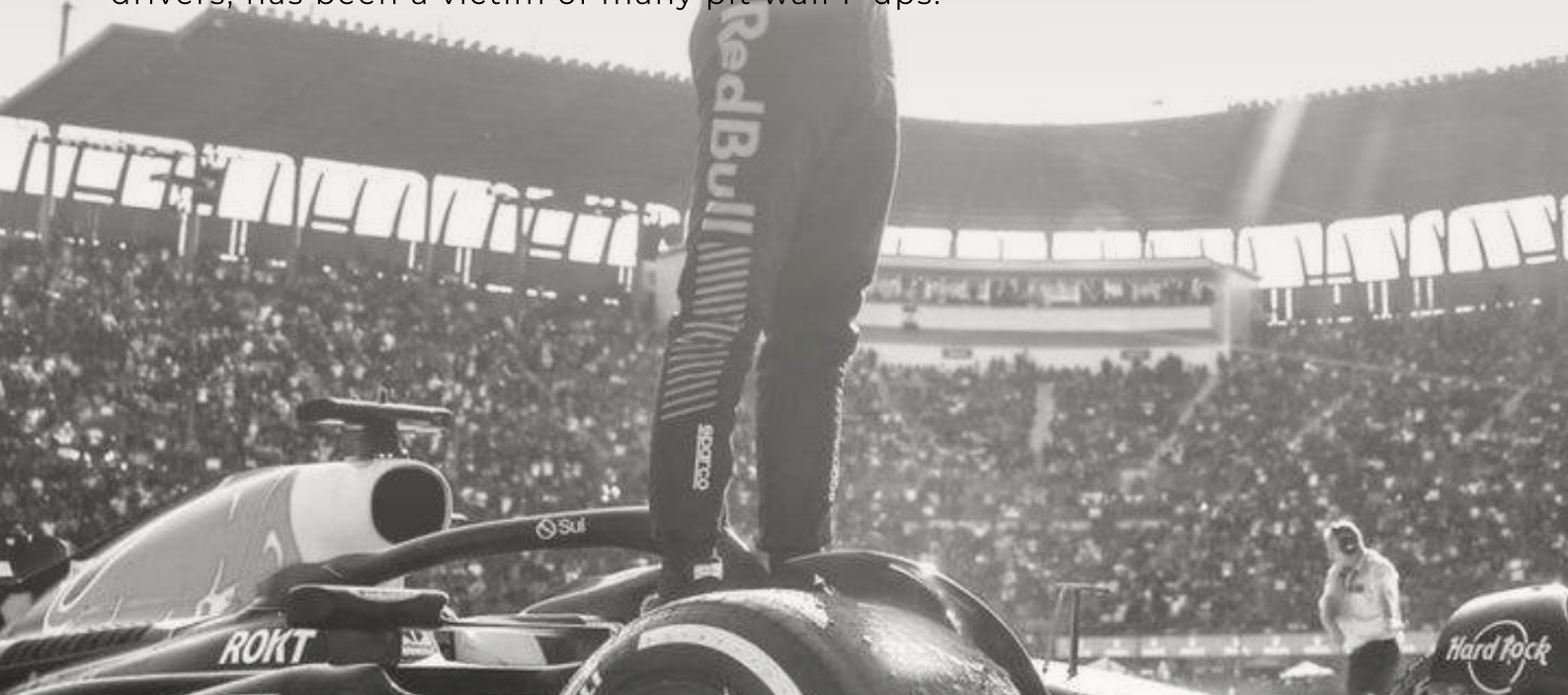
>>Fernando Alonso (El Nando)

The most experienced and adaptable driver on the grid who has driven v10, v8, naturally aspirated and turbo hybrid v6 engine cars with 3 different tyre manufacturers under numerous regulations. Known for his ability to extract 100%out of any car but unfortunate enough to drive unreliable cars for the most of his career. Has been successful in multiple motor sporting disciplines.

Career highlights : Known for dragging midfield cars into championship battles (in his ferrari days) and sending the GOAT Michael Schumacher to retirement home. With all the bragging I did you must've known by now that he's my favorite driver

>>Charles Leclerc (IL predestinato)

One of the best qualifiers in recent times. Had a habit of shagging it into the barriers but surprisingly improved a lot in the last season and showed very consistent performances. Has a lot of raw speed but just like other ferrari drivers, has been a victim of many pit wall F'ups.



>>George Russell (can't use his nickname for some reasons)

Very talented but unlucky driver (spent 3 years at Williams when Mercedes were dominant and joined Merc when their performance started to drop). Good qualifier (known as Mr. Saturday during his Williams days) but yet another serial barrier kisser. Got cracked under pressure on multiple occasions (Singapore 2022, Australia 2024 etc) but still reliable compared to the current grid.

>>Carlos Sainz (Smooth Operator)

A very reliable and smart driver. A really good team player and he can do the one thing Ferrari can't : Making the right calls at the right time (Singapore 2022 and this year's Chinese GP are the examples) .
Currently getting outperformed by Albon but still can deliver good performances once he gets used to the new team

>>Lando Norris (one half of CarLando)

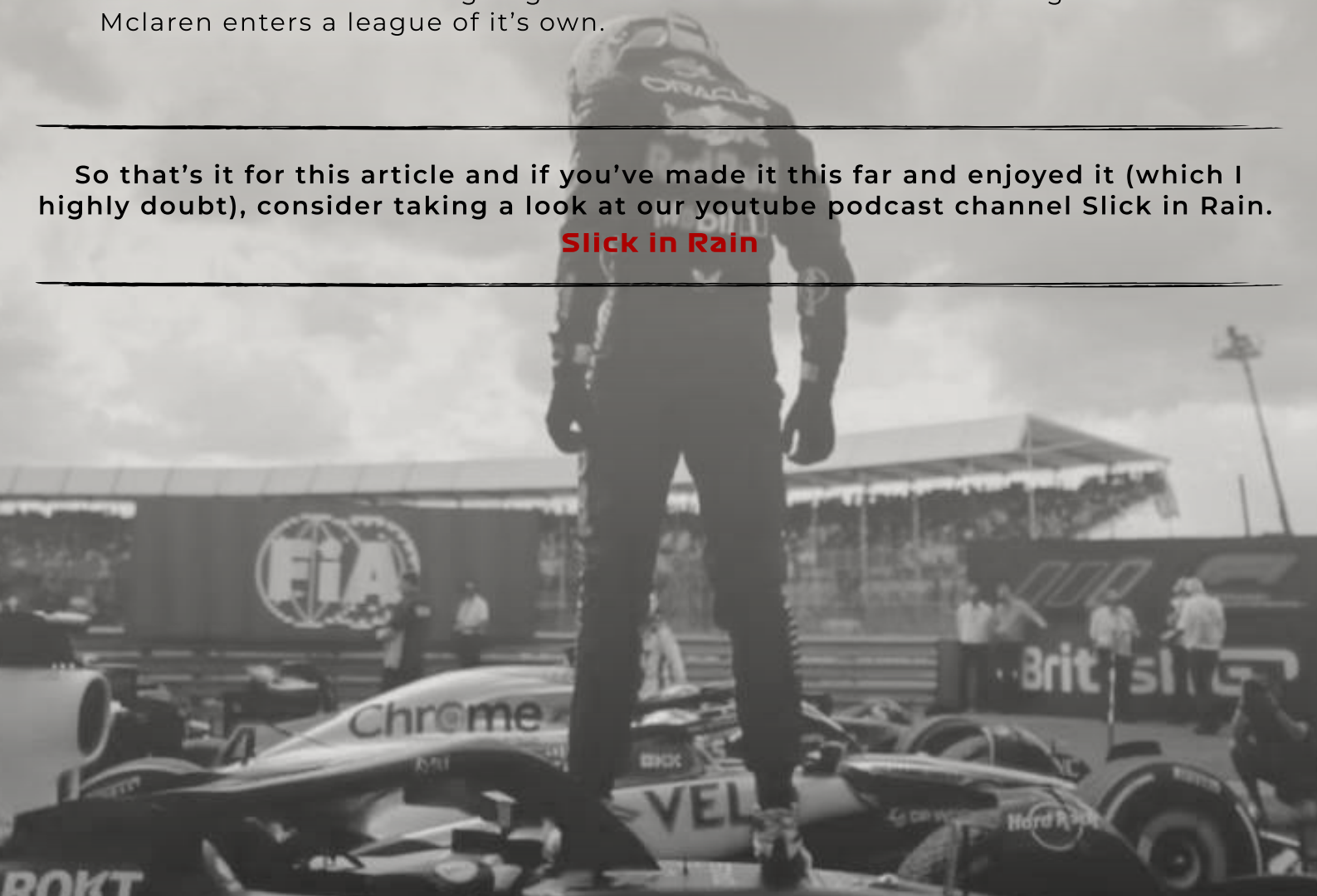
A very good driver overall but struggled to deal with the pressure of being in the title race last season. Also not good enough in race starts as hedropped positions multiple times in the first few corners

>>Oscar Piastri (ethnicity changing chameleon)

Another great team player. Very reliable. Hadone of the best rookie seasons since Hamilton.
A lot of people expect him be Lando's sidekick in the championship battle but the said people don't understand that he's managed by the flying Aussie-man Mark Webber (who himself got effed over by red bull as 2nd driver in favor of Vettel) so Oscar won't be someone who's going to obey team orders in favor of Lando and that's what is going to make the WDC battle interesting even if Mclaren enters a league of it's own.

So that's it for this article and if you've made it this far and enjoyed it (which I highly doubt), consider taking a look at our youtube podcast channel Slick in Rain.

Slick in Rain



FROM ZADAR TO ZENITH

STORY OF A SHEPHERD'S GRANDSON

ARJUN NAIR

In the remote, rugged hills above the Croatian village of Modrići, silence stretches across the landscape like a wound. A rusted gate guards a ruined home, its walls blackened by fire, its roof long gone. Nearby, a faded sign warns of unexploded land mines — a ghostly reminder of what once happened here. In December 1991, amid the chaos of the Croatian War of Independence, a man lay lifeless near a rugged mountain road above the village of Modrići. His name was Luka Modrić Sr., a shepherd by trade, and, like too many others in those days, a casualty of conflict.

His grandson, a six-year-old kid who bore his grandfather's name Luka, fled with his parents to the coastal city of Zadar, joining the ranks of thousands displaced by war. Their new home was not a house but a hotel — Hotel Kolovare, repurposed as a refugee shelter. It was there, amid crowded rooms and the distant thud of shellfire, that Luka first kicked a football in the hotel parking lot. No boots. No pitch. Just concrete, chaos, and the instinct to escape. That pavement became his sanctuary.

Modrić was never the biggest presence on the pitch, nor the loudest voice in the room. Scouts at Hajduk Split dismissed him early on — too slight, too fragile, they said. But what he lacked in size, he more than made up for with vision, intelligence, and a quiet tenacity forged in the harshest of environments. He was shaped not by privilege, but by perseverance-by — by weight of war, the strength of his family, and the discipline of survival. His father, an aeromechanic in the Croatian army, served with quiet resolve; his mother held their fractured world together with unwavering steadiness. And Luka? He learned to see spaces others couldn't — to create poetry in the tightest, most broken corners of the game.

From Struggle to Triumph: His Rise in Croatia and England

Modrić's breakthrough came at Dinamo Zagreb, though his early years were spent being tested in the unforgiving trenches of Balkan football. A loan spell at Zrinjski Mostar in Bosnia toughened him. A season at Inter Zaprešić refined him. By the time he returned to Dinamo, he was no longer just a technical player — he was resilient, mentally and physically hardened.

In 2008, Tottenham Hotspur secured his signature. But England greeted him with skepticism. Modrić suffered a knee injury early on and was widely considered unsuited for the Premier League. Even Arsenal manager Arsène Wenger dismissed him as too lightweight.

Reflecting later, Modrić said:

Critics push you forward to show people they are wrong. Maybe I look lightweight, but I am a really strong person mentally and physically, and I never had any problems with my size."

His early performances were inconsistent. He struggled to settle, played out of position on the left wing, and concerns grew in Croatia over his form.

Teammate Tom Huddlestone remarked:

"His versatility was probably a blessing and a curse — he was that good that he had to play out of position for a bit."

Then Harry Redknapp arrived. He repositioned Modrić in central midfield — his natural domain — and immediately saw his potential:

"He was unbelievable. Magnificent. He's an amazing footballer. The little man takes the ball in the tightest areas with people around him, wriggling out of situations. He could play in any team in the world."

Modrić began to shine. He scored his first goals for Spurs in both domestic and European competition and played a pivotal role in the club's top-four Premier League finish in 2010. Redknapp called him a "manager's dream," praising his work ethic, vision, and ability to dictate play.

A Difficult Transition to Madrid

In August 2012, Real Madrid signed Modrić for approximately £30 million. He arrived just two days before the second leg of the Supercopa de España and debuted by helping Madrid lift the trophy against Barcelona. But beneath the silverware, trouble brewed.

Modrić had missed most of pre-season due to drawn-out transfer negotiations and struggled to find his rhythm in a squad full of stars. With Xabi Alonso and Sami Khedira entrenched in midfield and Mesut Özil occupying the No. 10 role, Modrić was relegated to substitute appearances and unfamiliar positions.

Though he showed glimpses of his quality, including a late goal against Real Zaragoza and two assists against Ajax in the Champions League, he failed to consistently impress. By the end of 2012, Spanish newspaper Marca voted him La Liga's worst signing of the season.

Unmoved by critics, José Mourinho, then managing Los Blancos, trusted his instinct, as he always did.

"All I ask you, Madridistas, is to give Luka Modrić time," he said. "He's so good that the Bernabéu will fall in love with his class."

And they did.

The Conductor of Madrid and Croatia

Modrić evolved into the brain and pulse of Real Madrid's midfield. He didn't rely on flair or spectacle — he controlled matches with precision and poise, dictating tempo like a conductor leading a symphony. While others made headlines, Modrić made everything work. As Madrid dominated Europe with four Champions League titles in the next five years, it was Modrić who pulled the strings — calmly, consistently, masterfully.

In 2018, he captained Croatia — a nation of just over four million — to the FIFA World Cup Final. He covered more distance than any other player in the tournament. He passed, tackled, and led with an unrelenting will shaped by the scars of war and the quiet fight for recognition. He was named the tournament's best player and was awarded the Golden Ball.Later that year, the Ballon d'Or — for a decade the personal property of Lionel Messi and Cristiano Ronaldo — was awarded to Luka Modrić. For the first time in ten years, the duopoly had been broken. And it was not a giant, not a phenomenon, but a shepherd's grandson who stepped onto the golden stage.

In his acceptance speech, he said:

"I am happy that someone normal can win the Ballon d'Or."

It was a statement that echoed beyond the sport.

The Legacy Lives On But Modrić's story didn't end in Moscow.

Far from fading, he continued to defy time and expectation. In 2022, at 37, he once again captained Croatia on a remarkable World Cup run — this time to a third-place finish in Qatar. Older, perhaps, but no less influential, he orchestrated from midfield with the same calm authority, still covering ground, still dictating play, still inspiring a new generation of Croatians.

And at club level, the silverware kept coming. He helped guide Real Madrid to two more UEFA Champions League titles, in 2022 and 2024, further cementing his status as one of the greatest midfielders of the modern era. As teammates came and went, Modrić remained ageless, indispensable, and endlessly elegant, continuing to weave brilliance into every touch.

As the sun sets ...

As Luka Modrić nears the twilight of a career once thought impossible, his legacy is no longer just remembered — it is engraved in silver. With five UEFA Champions League titles, three La Liga crowns, two Copa del Reys, four Spanish Super Cups, four UEFA Super Cups, and five FIFA Club World Cups for Real Madrid, his club achievements speak for themselves.

For Croatia, he led a golden era: a World Cup final in 2018, a bronze in 2022, and a place in the UEFA Nations League final in 2023. Individually, 2018 was his coronation, breaking the Messi-Ronaldo stronghold to claim the Ballon d'Or, FIFA's The Best, UEFA Men's Player of the Year, and the World Cup Golden Ball.

Every trophy polished the image of a footballer who never demanded the spotlight but always deserved it. Because he has already proven the unimaginable:

That war may steal your home, but not your dreams.

That a child who dribbled through debris can one day dazzle on the world's biggest stage.

And that the smallest hands, once calloused by herding goats, can lift one of the most prestigious trophies in sport.

In the cracked parking lot of Hotel Kolovare — once crowded with refugees and ringed by the noise of war — the pavement still remembers. It remembers the boy with a ball and a dream too stubborn to die.

And now, when the Adriatic wind rolls in from the sea and slips between the crumbling curbs and faded concrete, you might hear something else.

Not sorrow. Not fear.

But the echo of a ball, tapping gently against the stone.

A sound that represents not just survival, but triumph

LUKA MODRIĆ

ME, MY PHONE AND Endless Scrolling

Me, My Phone, And The Endless Scroll

I Wake Up In The Morning Feeling Lazy, Rolling Around In Bed, Trying To Convince Myself To Get Up. I've Got Class At 9, But Do I Really Want To Go Just For Attendance? Or Should I Just Stay In Bed, Do Nothing, And Weirdly Feel Okay About It?

My Phone Is Right Next To Me, Fully Charged. 100%. I Made Sure It Was Plugged In Last Night—Probably Checked It Like Ten Times Before I Fell Asleep. There's Something Oddly Comforting About Waking Up And Seeing That Fully Charged Battery.

I Grab My Phone, Open Instagram, And Start Scrolling Through Reels. It's 8 A.M. Thirty Minutes Pass In What Feels Like Five. I Know I've Wasted Time, But I Keep Going Anyway. Still Watching, Still Scrolling. I Carry My Phone To The Bathroom, Eyes Still On The Screen.

Why Do I Do This? Why Do I Need To Take My Phone Everywhere? I Don't Even Stop To Ask That In The Moment. I'm Too Entertained. It's Like A Break From Thinking Too Much, From Stressing, From Overthinking Every Little Thing. I'm Just Watching People Doing Random Stuff.

I Scroll While Walking To Class. And If The Teacher Isn't Paying Too Much Attention, I Open Instagram Again During Lectures. At This Point, I Don't Even Think About It. My Fingers Just Know Where The App Is. It's Like Muscle Memory. I Check It All The Time.

Even When I'm Hanging Out With Friends Or Eating At The Mess, My Phone Is Always With Me. And Most Of Our Conversations Are About Reels Anyway—What's Trending, What's Funny, What's Weird. It's The Same Thing Every Day.

Then It's Night. I'm In Bed Again, Phone In Hand, Eyes Burning From Staring At The Screen. Eventually, I Plug It Back In, Ready To Repeat Everything Tomorrow.

But Right Before I Sleep, A Random Thought Hits Me: What If Reels Didn't Exist? Would Life Be Different? Better, Maybe?

Would People Talk More? Share Real Stuff? Would We Be More Present, More Connected? Less Caught Up In Fake Trends And Weird Online Humor That Makes People Feel Insecure?

It's A Nice Thought, But It Feels Too Hard. Too Far. I Mean, I'm Not Really Hurting Anyone. I'm Not Overthinking Or Feeling Sad. I'm Just Watching Reels.

Still... Something Needs To Change. Even If It's Just A Little. But Where Does That Change Begin?

Maybe With Me.

- Praneeth Kumar

FUTURE OF EDUCATION

Sahaja P

How was education when we were kids? It was mostly theoretical, centered around a fixed curriculum where we memorized facts and followed a standardized pace. Technology played a minimal role, limited mainly to computer labs. There was no AI to assist us, and we wrote all our assignments and essays by hand. Learning relied heavily on direct social interactions, teamwork, and hands-on experiences rather than virtual instructions.

What about now? with Generation Beta approaching, it is right to say that the education system is changing a lot. We are undergoing a transformation where education concentrates on critical thinking, problem-solving, and creativity rather than memorization. Schools now emphasize 21st-century skills like collaboration, communication, and digital literacy.

What about the Future? if today's generation is to become the educators of tomorrow, the future of education is going to evolve rapidly and be largely driven by technology, AI-powered tools, virtual reality, and adaptive platforms which will enhance how students learn. We will be tailoring lessons to individual needs rather than a one-size-fits-all approach which will help the students to learn at their own pace and improve in areas they find challenging. Future education will not only focus on academic achievements but also critical life skills.There will also be a growing focus on social and emotional learning, mental health, and well-being, as we recognize the need to support students' overall growth.

As years pass, we must remember that while teaching methods evolve, core values should remain unchanged. Learning should be fun, personalized, skill-oriented, and prepare students for the modern world's complexities.

EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE

"It took me an existential crisis and being disillusioned with everything I believed to truly appreciate the movie"

- Neeraj P Yatheendran

The first time I watched EEAAO, I loved it, because everyone seemed to love it. There weren't any logical reasons not to love it either — the concept was fun, the characters relatable, and it rode the multiverse hype train of its period. Of course, I didn't know how to feel about the surrealism of it all. It felt quite embarrassing back then, not liking such a universally acclaimed piece of art, and that too without any clear reason to back any of it up. **It felt like calling out the Mona Lisa's smile without ever having picked up a paintbrush.** So I chalked it up to my unsophisticated taste and parroted a few movie reviews to sum up my blissful experience watching the movie.

It took me an existential crisis and being disillusioned with everything I believed to truly appreciate the movie. I love the movie now — the concept explored everything seamlessly, the characters spoke to me unlike anything else in my life, and the gimmicky multiverse served a crucial role for once, becoming the central plot device exploring the ultimate question of existence: what is the meaning or purpose of life? I still can't fathom why it's supposedly so universally acclaimed; I can't imagine most people who have watched the movie having felt this way to this extent and still being able to walk around so seemingly unscathed. Certain aspects might speak to a lot of people (especially Asians with recurrent themes of generational trauma and demanding culture), but as a whole, it isn't really pop-culture material. **But I'll chalk it up to it being an A24 movie.**

Although I enjoyed the universe hopping and the references sprinkled throughout the movie (like toppings on an everything bagel), I only found two universes to be key, narrative-wise: **the discontent laundromat owner with strained family relations and "regretful" life choices Evelyn, and the (extremely meta) "successful" Hollywood actress and martial artist Evelyn**

At the beginning of the movie, we see an extremely frustrated Evelyn, dissatisfied with her life and constantly haunted by the choices she made, forced to live everywhere all at once, unable to find peace with her choices. She can't help herself from wondering what her life would've been if she had made the "right" decisions. Convinced of her failure, she obsessively tries to control every trivial part of her life, flying off the handle when they don't go according to plan and subconsciously harboring resentment and anger. In her dreams of alternate realities, she sees herself happy and fulfilled, having obtained everything she regards as conventionally successful.

Her dreams only leave her present wanting, unable to find satisfaction till she knows she has achieved them. This is what she has known her whole life and something she has never taken a moment to question. Trapped in a vicious cycle, **she projects all her fears, doubts, and insecurities onto her daughter, Joy, trying to save her from making the same "mistakes" she did.** While Evelyn isn't the most optimistic person, it's hard for us to make a case for her life being something to be happy about at the beginning: she has a demanding and controlling father, clearly ashamed and reproachful at how her life turned out, her laundromat's being audited, her husband is filing for divorce and **worst of all, her daughter seems to be turning out exactly like her**. She can't begin to comprehend why others don't live life with the same seriousness she has; she lets the most trivial things get to her head and expects Waymond and Joy to do the same. **In a way, she sees herself as a fighter, and every day and everyone a battle to be fought;** so she toughens herself up, always looking out for the next thing out to get her. This leaves her constantly bitter, patronizing, and frustrated. Evelyn believes life to be not worth living if it's not aspirational; **it's not worth waltzing with a customer when everyone only looks up to the waltzing couple on TV.**

"Everyday I fight, I fight. I fight for all of us. Everyday is a battle here. Oh, your father, he doesn't care about the way things are. I try to make our lives easier and more simple. But your father... sometimes i wonder how he would've survived without me"

When Alpha (shoutout to all my fellow incels) Waymond first performs a "life activation" (not important), **she sees her life branching out based on every choice she made, reflecting on every one of them**

"My dear Evelyn, I know you. With every passing moment, you feel you might've missed your chance to make something of your life. I'm here to tell you: every rejection, every disappointment, has led you here, to this moment. Don't let anything distract you from it."

When she first sees her life without Waymond, she isn't surprised; **it merely confirms a belief she secretly harbored all her life**. Her dissatisfaction with how her life turned out slowly creeps out as **resentment towards Waymond, for giving her a choice and altering her destiny as she saw it.**

"I saw my life… without you. I wish you could have seen it. It was beautiful. I should have listened to my father and not gone with you all of these years ago."

"No, let me keep talking to my husband. He needs to know how beautiful my life could have been."

But then in her alternate reality, she chances upon Waymond, **also extremely successful (as she saw it) without her.**

Joy (or Jobu Tupaki) meanwhile, is going through an existential crisis. She has seen all, felt all, and is conflicted; **desiring meaning and realizing life is ultimately meaningless.** She has taken a nihilist view on life, believing that human values are baseless, that knowledge is impossible, or that everything we do is meaningless.

"Now her mind experiences every world, every possibility, at the exact same time, commanding the infinite knowledge and power of the multiverse. Now she's seen too much, lost any sense of morality, any belief in objective truth. What does she want? No one knows."

“The truth. What is the truth? Nothing matters. Feels nice, doesn’t it? If nothing matters, then all the pain and guilt you feel for making nothing of your life, it goes away.”

“I am your daughter. Your daughter is me. Every single version of Joy is Jobu Tupaki. I have felt everything your daughter has felt. And I know the joy and the pain of having you as my mother.”

When Evelyn begins to see and live through the entire multiverse all at once, all her core beliefs and morals are shattered. Sorting her bills for her audit, something she once saw as having grave significance, now seems completely absurd in light of everything. **She has begun her descent into her existential crisis.** She can’t seem to do anything without plunging into the realization of how utterly meaningless it is in light of everything.

She becomes destructive; not held back by her past apprehensions, she tears down everything, laughing at others for their narrow beliefs and ideas they harbor without possibly being able to comprehend what she sees, laughing at the irony of it all.

In a way, it is liberating for her, to be able to confront everything head-on without any fear, to accept herself for her shortcomings. But it isn’t as cathartic as she imagined; it only leaves her empty, feeling more lonely than ever. She had gotten the world out of her head, but the weight of everything (or the lack of it) kept pressing her down. Without a sense of purpose, she was free as a kite, but all she could see was the vast blue sky stretching itself out, with no end in sight

“You see it all, don’t you? You can see how everything is just a random rearrangement of particles in a vibrating superposition. But you see, how everything we do gets washed away in a sea of every other possibility? You’re everywhere. You’re like me.”

“Right is a tiny box invented by people who are afraid, and I know what it feels like being trapped inside that box.”

“All this time I wasn’t looking for you so I could kill you. I was just looking for someone who could see what I see. Feel what I feel. And that someone was you.”

“Fuck”

“What’s wrong?”

“I’ve been trapped like this for so long… experiencing everything… I was hoping you would see something I didn’t… that you would convince me there was another way.”

Although Evelyn sees every moment, in none of them does she see anything beautiful. In none of them does she respond to Waymond’s pleas without any indifference. For someone who seems to know everything, she (ironically) can’t seem to empathize with anyone. It might be because she has convinced herself of their delusions and their narrow-mindedness and decided them unworthy of confrontation. Only when Waymond relentlessly keeps attempting to fix everything, despite it all falling apart, does she learn that he has felt it too, to a greater degree than she ever could imagine and for way longer, and only then does she hold his hands and learn to see like him.

While she can see the pointlessness of it all as a whole, she fails to see that when everything is absurd, nothing is truly absurd. When you take life in strides, you see that the soul-crushing weight of your insignificance fades away in love and joy (just noticed how ironic the name really is). Every moment is significant because it gains significance with the meaning you assign to it.

While it’s tempting to rage against everything and choose to end it, to love and be loved is something worth fighting for and something we owe to ourselves, because there is still, and always will be, beauty in the world that justifies their presence by their mere existence. We may not achieve the goals we set, and we may not find fulfillment in reaching the end, but we can love the journey, and the meaninglessness of the journey only adds to its ironic beauty. By ending her life, she would, for the rest of eternity, be committing herself to a path, as meaningless as the reality she’s trying to escape.

“Please! Please! Can we… can we just stop fighting?

I know you are all fighting because you are scared and confused. I’m confused too. All day, I don’t know what the heck is going on. But somehow, this feels like it’s all my fault.

I don’t know. The only thing I do know… is that we have to be kind. Please, be kind — especially when we don’t know what’s going on.”

“You think I’m weak, don’t you? All those years ago when we first fell in love, your father would say I was too sweet for my own good. Maybe he was right.

You tell me it’s a cruel world and we’re all running around in circles. I know that. I’ve been on this earth just as many days as you. When I choose to see the good side of things, I’m not being naive. It is strategic and necessary. It’s how I’ve learned to survive through everything.

I know you see yourself as a fighter. Well, I see myself as one too.

This is how I fight.

So, even though you have broken my heart yet again, I wanted to say… In another life, I would have really liked just doing laundry and taxes with you.”

Like Sisyphus rolling a boulder up a hill, we spend all our lives rolling our own boulders, believing we’ll find fulfillment once we finish. As we’re forced to watch, again and again, the boulders rolling back down, we become perpetually disappointed with everything. Instead of detaching ourselves further from reality, we can use this newfound conviction to regain authority over our life, shaping our present to our instincts and intuitions that we now can hear clearly, diving into the beauties and limits of the world without denying ourselves any of our raw emotions and ideas in the face of external pressures of reality. Why should we deprive ourselves of the beauty, of love in the face of our lack of understanding? That would certainly be absurd. Evelyn learns to use her comprehension of absurdity for love, and in turn, lets it consume her.

“Maybe it’s like you said. Maybe there is something out there, some new discovery that will make us feel like even smaller pieces of shit. Something that explains why you still went looking for me through all of this noise. And why, no matter what, I still want to be here with you. I will always, always, want to be here with you.”

“So what? You’re just gonna ignore everything else? You could be anything, anywhere. Why not go somewhere where your daughter is more than just this? Here, all we get are a few specks of time where any of this actually makes any sense.”

“Then I will cherish these few specks of time.”

EEAAO didn’t completely get me out of my existential crisis on its own; maybe it’s always going to be there, maybe I was doomed the moment I chose to question it. It also certainly stands on the shoulder of giants — a culmination of centuries of literature from Dostoevsky to Camus

“If I try to grasp this self of which I am assured, if I try to define it and to sum it up, it is no more than a liquid that flows between my fingers. I can depict one by one all the faces that it can assume… this same heart which is mine will ever remain for me undefinable… always shall I be a stranger to myself” ~ Albert Camus

“When we are stripped down to a certain point, nothing leads anywhere anymore, hope and despair are equally groundless, and the whole of life can be summed up in an image”. ~ Albert Camus

“Yes there is beauty and there are the humiliated. Whatever the difficulties the enterprise may present, I would never like to be unfaithful either to one or the other”. ~ Alberet Camus

“Your worst sin is that you have destroyed and betrayed yourself for nothing.” ~ Fyodor Dostoevsky (Crime And Punishment)

“The two were sitting side by side, sad and crushed as if they had been washed up alone on a deserted shore after a storm. He looked at Sonya and felt how much of her love was on him, and, strangely, he suddenly felt it heavy and painful to be loved like that” ~ Fyodor Dostoevsky (Crime And Punishment)

“The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe. If you try it, you will be lonely often, and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself.” ~ Friedrich Nietzsche

“There is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness.” ~ Friedrich Nietzsche

But for me, it was one of those rare moments where something truly spoke to me. I learned that I want my hands to be pressed firmer when mine go weak, to know if I leave my seat, I won’t come back to an empty one, and to wake up every day knowing they love me no less, to look into their eyes and not have to fear what I see. It sounds pathetic, and maybe it is. But it’s who I am, and it’s certainly worth living for.

“The love I desire exists, because I am full of it”

The Success of Happiness: What Actually Makes Life Meaningful

What's the point of living a life if you are not happy?
Happiness can come from anything—from small everyday things like exchanging a smile, playing with pets, or the little chats you have with your friends, to achieving long-term goals like fulfilling your dreams.

It is something that we create.
Whether you are alone or surrounded by your loved ones, you can always make the moments cheerful.

But does it make life meaningful?
For life to be meaningful, it requires a purpose.

According to the book Ikigai by Héctor García and Francesc Miralles, the purpose of life lies in finding a balance between four key elements:
— what you love
— what you are good at
— what the world needs
— and what you can be paid for.

When these aspects align, they create a sense of deep fulfillment, leading to lasting contentment.
A strong sense of purpose gives life direction and resilience, even in the hardest times.

At the same time, happiness itself is an important part of meaningfulness.
It isn't just that feeling happy leads you to think more about your life and become more satisfied.
There's something more existential about it as well.

When you feel happy, it's clear that you're 'feeling good' in some broader sense.
You can lose yourself in the hedonistic pleasure of eating a ridiculously decadent dessert.
Happiness, easily detectable both from the inside and outside, provides shorthand proof that you are doing well.
It shows that experiencing this moment and living this life meets — or exceeds— some fundamental set of standards you have.

Happiness is not something you find overnight.
It's like living on a floating island—unsettling, eerie even, when you're alone.

You lose yourself, and begin to find who you are.
You have to discover your passions and nurture your skills through constant practice and learning.
You need to give back to something greater than yourself—be it in work, relationships, art, or kindness.

Be open to new experiences, because these will change you more fundamentally than any avatar of success ever could.
And move forward often by facing defeat squarely between its cosmic eyes.

Life is not just about existing.
It's about learning, growing, and making an impact — whether on yourself, your loved ones, or the world around you.

And when you look back at the blissful memories you've created, you won't just feel happy — you'll feel proud of truly living your life with meaning and purpose.

- Theertha S

THRILLER WEBTOON RECS

If you enjoy a blend of suspense, psychological drama, and clever puzzles infused with a touch of humor, Escape Room is the perfect read for you. This webtoon is a psychological thriller that grips readers from the very first chapter. It masterfully combines elements of suspense, horror, and mystery, immersing readers in a chilling world of life-or-death puzzles and a high-stakes game of survival.

The story revolves around Sean, a detached and overly rational man whose cold demeanor and lack of empathy often push people away. But after a night of heavy drinking, he wakes up in a deadly escape room where failure turns out to be fatal. To survive, Sean must work with a group of strangers, all equally confused and desperate to escape, while navigating the sadistic challenges laid before them.

What makes Escape Room stand out is its fascinating protagonist. Sean's logical, almost sociopathic nature is both his strength and his flaw. His sharp mind and detached demeanor makes him a brilliant strategist, but his inability to connect with others creates tension within the group.

The escape rooms themselves are intricately designed, full of cryptic puzzles and dangerous traps that keep both the characters and the readers on edge. Each new escape room brings fresh challenges that test not only their intelligence but also their humanity.

Escape Room is a story that challenges not only the characters' intelligence but also their morality, making it a compelling exploration of human nature in the face of life-or-death stakes.

If you're looking for a story that will keep you guessing until the very last panel, Chasing Tails is a must-read. This webtoon is a gripping psychological thriller that keeps you on the edge of your seat with its tense atmosphere, morally complex characters, and shocking twists.

The story begins with a horrifying event: nine college students are trapped under a collapsed building for 14 days. When rescuers finally reach them, only six emerge alive—and only four can speak. The gruesome condition of the three deceased students raises questions that point to something far more sinister than an accident. As the investigation unfolds, it becomes clear that the tragedy may not have been caused by the collapse alone, but by the dark secrets and motives of the survivors.

The survivors' testimonies are riddled with inconsistencies, and the physical evidence paints a fragmented picture, leaving investigators to question who is lying and why. The webtoon dives deep into the psychological trauma of the survivors, exploring themes of guilt, betrayal, and the lengths people will go to survive. The story builds toward a heart-stopping climax that reveals the shocking truth about what really happened beneath the rubble.

Overall, Chasing Tails is a thrilling exploration of human nature under extreme circumstances, where survival clashes with morality. Perfect for fans of dark psychological dramas and intricate mysteries, this webtoon will leave you questioning every character and motive.

If you're a fan of survival thrillers packed with psychological tension, gripping mysteries, and unexpected twists, Fingers is a story you won't want to miss. It's a story that will keep you on edge, constantly questioning who to trust and how far someone will go to stay alive. Prepare yourself for an intense, heart-pounding ride that will leave you questioning the price of survival.

The story begins when eight creators of a successful entertainment news app wake up in a locked room after a celebratory party. The group is greeted by a terrifying ultimatum: solve a cryptic puzzle by 7 AM or face death. However, obtaining hints to solve the puzzle comes at a gruesome price—sacrificing a finger for each clue. As the clock ticks down, panic sets in, alliances crumble, and hidden secrets come to light.

What makes Fingers stand out is its ability to weave suspense and emotional depth together. Readers are not just rooting for the characters to survive but also become drawn into the unraveling dynamics of the group. Friendships are tested, trust is betrayed, and hidden truths come to light as the friends face moral dilemmas that reveal the darkest sides of human nature.

WELFARE CENTER

Welfare Center is a webtoon that weaves together tension, psychological complexity, and mystery, keeping readers hooked with every page. It's a must-read for fans of psychological thrillers, filled with chilling suspense and a protagonist who must fight not just for her life, but for her sanity.

The story follows Seonghye, a young woman who wakes up in a strange room with no memory of how she arrived. She finds herself trapped in a place ironically named the Pureum Welfare Center—a facility that seems to offer care and support but is, in fact, a nightmarish prison. She is surrounded by women she doesn't know, each of them seemingly caught in their own psychological traps, navigating their environment of manipulation, suspicion, and fear.

What makes the Welfare Center so compelling is the constant tension that it builds around the protagonist's journey of self-discovery and survival. The mystery of her past and how she ended up in the Welfare Center slowly unravels as she faces the manipulation, isolation, and mind games of the other residents.

The social dynamics within the center are intense. Each step Seonghye takes towards freedom feels both empowering and terrifying as she battles the constraints of her mind and the external forces that seek to break her.

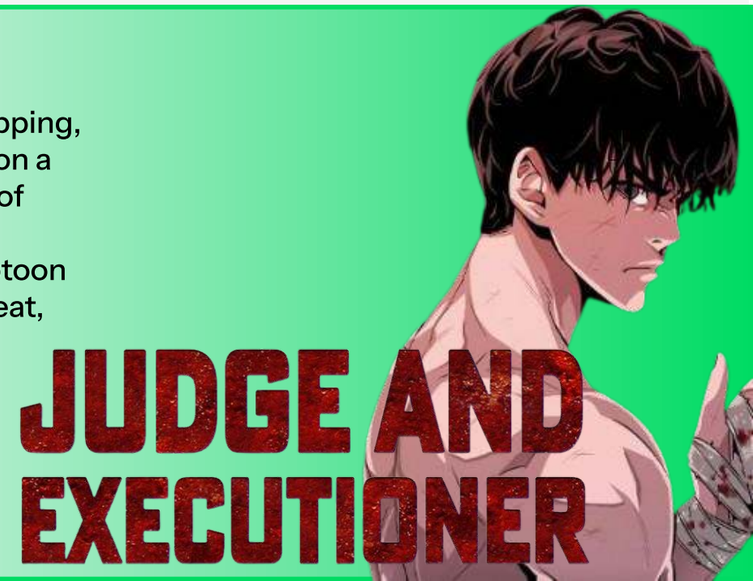
The webtoon excels at creating a sense of uneasiness while balancing suspense and mystery with emotional depth.

Judge and Executioner is a must-read for fans of morally complex stories, filled with raw emotion, unflinching action, and deep philosophical questions. It's a powerful examination of the fine line between revenge and justice, and the price of losing one's humanity in the pursuit of retribution.

The story follows Jihu Seo, a young man who has suffered unimaginable loss at the hands of the notorious serial killer named Shin. When Jihu meets Duseok Kim, a former detective whose family was also murdered by Shin, the two form an unlikely partnership driven by a singular goal: revenge

The webtoon is driven by the moral dilemmas faced by its protagonists. Duseok, deeply scarred by his own tragedy, takes Jihu under his wing with a harsh plan to turn him into a weapon of justice to confront Shin, even if it means sacrificing his humanity. This pushes Jihu, who was once an innocent young man, toward a dark transformation, turning him into the executioner of his own revenge.

The Judge and Executioner is a gripping, brutal webtoon that takes readers on a harrowing journey into the depths of vengeance, justice, and the consequences of trauma. This webtoon will keep you on the edge of your seat, questioning the very nature of justice and the limits of what one is willing to sacrifice for it.



the ENDLESS

struggle of just one more episode

The number of decisions you make in your entire life is immeasurable; the choice of a career, a place to stay, or if you want to try a chocolate-banana pizza. But none of these compare to the actual dilemma of whether you should watch just another episode.
This is a timeless battle between 2 scenarios which will determine if you will be productive or if you will just rot in bed for another day. The assignments, the early 9am class and your sleep cycle are all in shambles, but none of that matters as long as you can watch JUST ONE MORE episode.
There might be a few arguments that you have internally, like:
->The "It is way too intense to stop now": "Did they confess????", "WHO SENT THAT TEXT??", "DOES HE DIE??". The amount of emotions that are to be considered while deciding to watch the next one is just very unfair, and so we just ditch a good night sleep to continue watching forward only for them TO NOT ADDRESS THAT PART AT ALL.
->The "I will be better tomorrow": You just tell yourself that you will wake up the next day, go to the gym, study, be productive and go to bed by 10. Since, you are already a very productive person "tomorrow", why not just ruin yourself tonight.
->The "I deserve this": Life is hard. You woke up facing left side of your bed, or you got a clove while eating your biryani, whatever the reason was, you were done for the day. Watching another episode isn't procrastination; it's self-care. You owe this to yourself.
->The "short episode": The next show is just 20 minutes long. I can easily skip sleep for 20 minutes and I will be fine, is what you tell yourself as your dark circles, darken. I can finish it before I even realize(Completely ignoring the fact that you have been doing the same thing for the past 3 hours).

Of course, after indulging in several "last episodes," you'll eventually crawl into bed, victorious yet defeated, knowing full well that tomorrow's version of you will suffer the consequences. But that's future you's problem.

As your alarm rings after precisely 3.5 hours of sleep, you decide to snooze it and skip the starting 9am class questioning every life choice that led you here. Yet somehow, when night falls again, and Netflix asks, "Are you still watching?", you'll nod solemnly, like a warrior returning to battle..

Because some lessons are never learned. - yashas kumar

WOMEN IN HISTORY

Stories the world tried to forget

-Bavishya S.

Historical accounts favor kings over queens, warriors over scholars, and men over women. But in every empire, every revolution, and every great accomplishment, women have always had crucial roles to play—building, leading, healing, and defying the norms created to hold them back.
Some were erased. Others have forgotten. But their legacies live on — if we choose to remember.

Anna Komnene: The princess who wrote herself into history

In 12th-century Byzantium, amidst war and empire, Anna Komnene chose an alternate weapon — her words. As a daughter of Emperor Alexios I, Anna studied Ancient Greek undercover and read philosophy, medicine, and astronomy. She became a political counselor and a prominent intellectual in Constantinople; nonetheless, her most celebrated work is The Alexiad — detailed, 500-page treatise on her father's rule. Written in the form of Greek epics, it combines sharp intellect with deep emotional insight in an effort to defy conventional assumptions about the literary ability and intelligence of women. Anna's work is not only history, but resistance — a woman's voice carrying over centuries of silence.

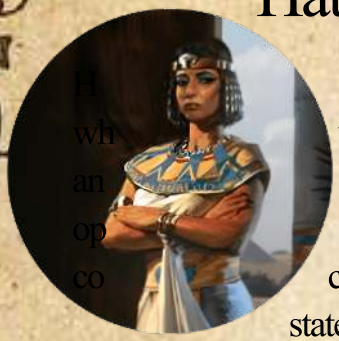
Shajar Al-Durr: The Sultana Who Was a Slave

When Egypt was attacked by the 7th Crusade, it wasn't a sultan who defended it — it was Shajar Al-Durr, an ex-slave concubine who had been crowned queen. Following her husband's death, she secretly ruled on his behalf, arranged a campaign victory, and was crowned Sultana in 1250. Her reign was one of stability and diplomacy, such as ransoming French King Louis IX. Her reign challenged tradition, however. Shajar was married by force, betrayed, and eventually assassinated, and her reign ended. Still, her symbol — the Tree of Pearls — continued in Egyptian architectural tradition and popular memory. Though her rise was temporary, it was bold enough to make history.

Hypatia of Alexandria: Murdered for thinking for Herself

In a fragmented Roman Empire, Hypatia stood alone as a voice of sanity. She was a philosopher, an astronomer, and the leader of Alexandria's school of Plato. She taught mathematics and metaphysics to students of every faith. She taught tolerance and reason in the midst of growing religious intolerance, but that singled her out. When political violence broke out, Hypatia was scapegoated and pulled from her chariot and brutally killed by a mob in 415 CE. It was the end of Alexandria as a learning center when she passed away. But her legacy lives on — a martyr to truth, and a woman who would not cease thinking.

Hatshepsut: The Pharaoh Egypt Tried to Forget



Hatshepsut did not reign Egypt as queen — she reigned as Pharaoh. In a world where power belonged by default to men, she donned the beard, adopted the titles, and reigned for more than 20 bountiful years. She constructed glorious temples, opened up commerce, and consolidated her kingdom. But her gender transgressed convention. Her image and name were removed from monuments decades later, in state-sponsored erasure. Nevertheless, the stone remembers. Her architectural wonders and rediscovered history tell us of a ruler who redefined power — not conquest, but vision.

Hisako Koyama: The Sun-Watcher Who Defied the War

In wartime Tokyo in the 1940s, while bombs rained down and blackouts obscured the sky, Hisako Koyama aimed her telescope at the Sun. Using makeshift instruments and no official training, she started recording sunspots — subtle, regular drawings that would make up one of the world's longest records of the Sun. Her work paid off with awards, a career at the Tokyo Science Museum, and global esteem. Over the course of forty years, she took over 10,000 readings, helping scientists decipher solar cycles that still impact our world today. Koyama watched the Sun, hence becoming an important figure in understanding its nature.

The Women They Couldn't Erase

These were no footnotes. They were forces — in science, in war, in politics, and in philosophy. History attempts to repress them, but memory tends to persist, like roots under ash. It is important that their names are not just recalled, but also respected.

How to Bake Success with a Pinch of Enemies

M. Sivaprasad

The road to one's ambitions and goals is rarely a bed of roses. On this journey, you will encounter people who plot your uplifts and downfalls. Both deserve equal credit for where you are at present. This article is dedicated to all those who helped me by trying to push me down.

For me, my enemies were my taste buds — without them, all my victories would have tasted bland.

Tamil literature offers a saying, "Vallavaṉukku pullum āyutam," which translates to, "Even grass is a tool to the skilled." Throughout history, wise men have been known to make the most of their enemies. The art lies in learning to treat them as valuable resources. Don't worry, they are always renewable.

Here's one quality I admire in my adversaries more than in anyone else: their brutal honesty. Their opinions are often non-sugarcoated, straightforward, and grounded in reality. Friendships based solely on honesty rarely last longer than your New Year's resolutions. And sometimes—if not frequently—we need a glimpse of reality, a glimpse of the actual realm, far from our fantasies. The no-nonsense honesty of your mirror undoes all the hypnosis of Snapchat or B612 filters, compelling you to feel down-to-earth and grounded.

Destructive criticism is a box with unlimited potential. Learn to view it as a free dose of motivation. You may unbox several of these in your journey, and it's wise to prepare for the surprises each box holds. After all, not every box comes with the warning: "Not for the faint-hearted."

Instead of letting the bricks others throw at you become obstacles, turn them into the foundation of your castle. As you rise to greater heights, dream of an even bigger castle, because there will always be a fresh supply of bricks.

In the end, while enemies may try to push you down, they often end up becoming the secret ingredient in your success recipe. Embrace your enemies—just don't invite them over for dinner. They're great for character development, but not so much for bringing dessert.

(If you've got a minute, I'd love for you to share your feedback! You can reach out to me via my Instagram ID: @crystallinec0re)

The Five Types of Group Project Members

(And How to Survive Them)

Ah, the group project. A place where teamwork is tested, patience is worn thin, and friendships are sometimes irreparably damaged. Whether it's for school, college, or work, every group project seems to follow an unspoken law: the roles people assume are eerily predictable.

If you've ever wandered through the labs of IIIT-Kottayam during project week, you've probably witnessed the full cast of these characters in action. From the ML project group still debating over which model to use (while the deadline is tomorrow) to the web dev team where only one person seems to be writing code—the struggle is universal.

1. The Overachiever (a.k.a. The Control Freak)

This person had the entire project planned out before the professor even finished the assignment instructions. They set up a shared document, created a task schedule, and—let's be honest—have already started doing half the work before you even realize there's a deadline. They'll passive-aggressively remind everyone of their responsibilities, and if you don't do it their way, expect **strongly worded** feedback in the group chat.

How to Survive: Smile, nod, and let them do their thing. Offer moral support, and if you feel bad, volunteer for minor tasks like formatting the final document or creating a fancy cover page.

2. The Ghost (a.k.a. Who Even Are You?)

This person was mysteriously assigned to your group but has yet to make a single contribution. They don't respond to messages, they miss meetings, and you're pretty sure they exist solely in legend. They might show up at the last minute, but it's just as likely they'll never be seen again.

How to Survive: Accept that they are now a myth. Plan as if they don't exist, and if they miraculously appear in the final hour asking, *"Hey, what can I do?"*—hand them the bibliography.

3. The Bare Minimum Specialist (a.k.a. The "Just Tell Me What to Do" Guy)

This person will do exactly what you tell them to do and not a shred more. They show up, they complete their portion (usually the easiest section), and they vanish again. If you ask for edits, expect deep sighs and excuses about being "*super busy*."

How to Survive: Assign them the most straightforward, unmess-up-able task. A little oversight may be needed, but at least they'll do **something**—unlike the Ghost.

4. The Idea Generator (a.k.a. The One With Too Many Theories)

They have **ideas**. Big ideas. Ideas that are absolutely, definitely, 100% impossible given the project's time frame and requirements. They will passionately advocate for ambitious features, groundbreaking research, and a documentary-style presentation. They will contribute **exactly none** of the actual work needed to make these ideas a reality.

How to Survive: Praise their creativity, then gently guide them back to **realistic** options. If they insist, say, "That's a great idea! You should totally take the lead on that." Watch them panic and backpedal.

5. The Last-Minute Hero (a.k.a. The One Who Works Best Under Pressure—Allegedly)

This person doesn't touch the project until the night before the deadline, then suddenly transforms into an unstoppable force of productivity. They will write five pages, design slides, and code a website in a caffeine-fueled haze. Unfortunately, their rushed work is often riddled with typos, formatting disasters, or questionable sources from 2003.

How to Survive: If they actually pull through, be grateful (but double-check their work). If not, pretend you knew this would happen and move on with your life.

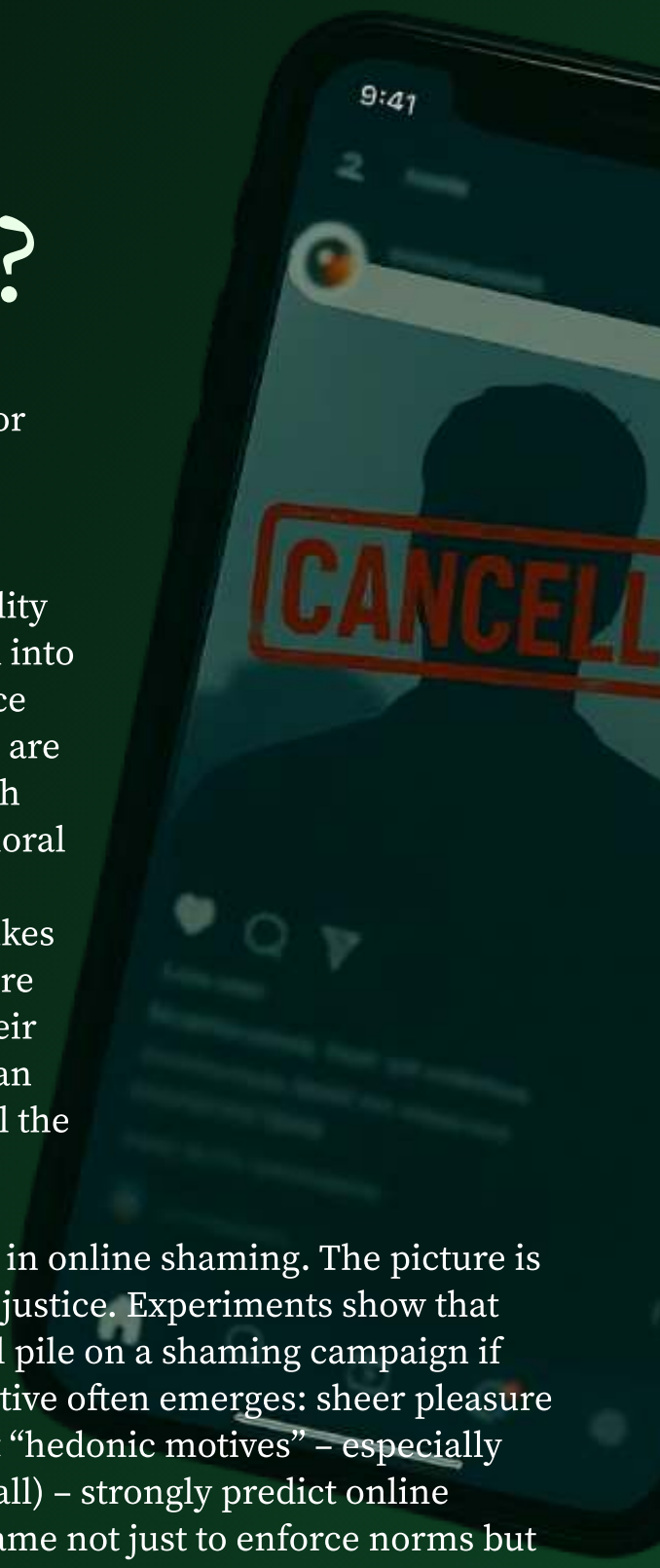
Final Thoughts: How to Actually Survive Any Group Project

1. Set clear deadlines – Preferably ones *before* the real deadline.
2. Divide work fairly – But be ready to adjust when Ghosts inevitably strike.
3. Create a group chat – To send passive-aggressive memes when someone disappears.
4. Embrace the chaos – No project is perfect, but at least you'll have a funny story to tell afterward.

At the end of the day, group projects at IIIT-Kottayam are a shared exercise in frustration, patience, and occasionally, actual teamwork. And if all else fails—just pray your professor grades individually.

-Atharv Mishra

The Psychology of Cancel Culture: Accountability or Mob Justice?



Cancel culture – the practice of publicly shaming or boycotting someone for offensive behavior – has become a polarizing topic. Advocates praise it as a grassroots form of social justice, a way for marginalized communities to demand accountability from powerful figures. Critics warn it can descend into a “merciless mob” mentality that steamrolls nuance and due process. Research suggests both impulses are at play. Social media platforms reward outrage with likes and shares, creating feedback loops where moral indignation snowballs. One study likens the experience to a “Skinner box”: users who gained likes by expressing outrage went on to express even more outrage later, and people seeing angry posts on their feed were more likely to join in. In practice, this can mean a knee-jerk wave of condemnation before all the facts are known.

Psychologists have studied why people participate in online shaming. The picture is mixed. On the one hand, people do feel a sense of justice. Experiments show that individuals with strong social justice concerns will pile on a shaming campaign if they believe the target deserves it. But another motive often emerges: sheer pleasure in seeing others punished. Researchers found that “hedonic motives” – especially schadenfreude (malicious glee at another’s downfall) – strongly predict online shaming behavior. In other words, people may shame not just to enforce norms but because it feels good.

One large Twitter study found that people who had received more positive feedback (likes/shares) for outraged posts kept ramping up their outrage over time. This suggests social media can reinforce and amplify public scolding. Users exposed to angry posts by others were themselves more likely to post outrage. In practice, seeing a friend or influencer call someone out can normalize and spread that anger. In lab experiments, participants' shaming of a (fake) bigoted news story was driven less by abstract principles of justice and more by believing the offender "deserved" it and by feeling vengeful satisfaction. Concern for justice had only indirect effects through these feelings of deservingness and schadenfreude.

A recent survey found that people who view their political identity as central to who they are are more likely to engage in canceling. These individuals often feel a duty to "set others straight" (social vigilantism) or to broadcast their own virtue. In that study, high political-identity centrality led to a greater tendency to call out and "pile on" offenders, mediated by a compulsion to correct others and to signal moral alignment with their in-group. Together, these findings paint a nuanced picture: social media magnifies moral outrage (by rewarding it), and for many participants the line between "holding someone accountable" and "getting a thrill from seeing someone punished" can blur.

Online cancellations rarely happen in isolation. They often take on an "us vs. them" group dynamic. Social platforms curate our feeds, so people mostly see content that aligns with their past likes and friends' activity. This creates echo chambers where a single perspective dominates. Psychologist Renée Klar writes that "herd mentality" online isn't top-down manipulation but simply the result of people conforming to the majority of their group. In practice, this means a person may eagerly pile on when their social circle is already outraged, and demonize anyone who appears outside that circle

Algorithms tend to show users the same kinds of outrage stories their friends engage with. If your network is angry at a public figure, you'll probably see more posts condemning that figure – and that in turn makes you more likely to join in. As one Psychology Today columnist notes, herd mentality leads groups to celebrate their own views and simultaneously demonize outsiders. On social media this can translate to tight-knit factions rushing to the defense of in-group values and treating any outsider misstep as a moral crime. When a critical mass of users condemns someone, it can feel like a digital mob. This "cycle of outrage" is partly driven by social reinforcement: platforms reward popular content. As one observer quipped, "as long as clicks are monetized," outrage has every incentive to grow unchecked. In practice, it means a small incident can spiral as more people want in on the action. These group forces help explain how cancel campaigns can explode online even when only a minority of people actually witnessed the original offense. Social media's reward-and-filter system can make fringe ideas seem mainstream and amplify polarized reactions.

Being “canceled” can be devastating. Studies of people who’ve been publicly shamed report severe personal costs. Targets often feel ostracized, lonely, and fearful. One qualitative study found that victims of cancel campaigns frequently withdrew from social media to protect themselves. Research ties these experiences to real mental health risks: loneliness is linked to higher anxiety, depression, and even suicidal thoughts. Many who are called out describe it as a form of cyberbullying. They feel cut off from friends and colleagues as if “everyone is giving up on you before you’ve even had the chance to apologize,” as one mental health blog puts it. This forced silence robs them of any chance to make amends or learn from the mistake.

Professionals warn that canceled individuals often experience anxiety, shame and identity disruption. One study linked cancel culture experiences to feelings of being “ostracized, socially isolated, and lonely,” which in turn are associated with greater depression and anxiety. Targets often report a loss of self-esteem and confidence as their public image crumbles. In practice, some people lose jobs, speaking gigs or social circles because of viral posts. Psychology Today columnist David Ley notes that cancel campaigns are “far from rational” – they’re often sudden and exhaustive – and can wreak havoc on careers and personal lives. Even after the online storm passes, victims may face lasting damage (comments and headlines can resurface indefinitely).

For public figures whose identity is intertwined with their audience, cancellation can feel like a personal identity crisis. For others it can mean professional exile. (Historically, boycotts and shaming have had real world consequences.) For example, Roseanne Barr famously had her TV show canceled after a racist tweet, and comedian Louis C.K. lost projects after admitting to misconduct. Even ordinary people have found that a past social media post can cost them jobs or graduate school opportunities. Overall, mental health experts warn that cancel campaigns often resemble mass bullying. The psychological fallout – stress, depression, fear of future attacks – can linger long after the tweets are deleted.

To illustrate how cancel culture plays out, consider a few well-known cases. These are not unique; they simply show the range of outcomes. Roseanne Barr, in 2018, lost her hit TV show after she posted a tweet deemed racist. This triggered a huge backlash, including boycotts of her work. In 2017, stand-up comic and filmmaker Louis C.K. admitted to sexual misconduct; soon after, he was dropped by studios and saw several projects shelved. J.K. Rowling, in 2020, faced intense criticism and calls for a boycott after making comments viewed as hostile to transgender people. Interestingly, sales of her books initially increased despite (or because of) the controversy – a reminder that public sympathy or backlash can cut both ways. Shane Gillis, a comedian hired by Saturday Night Live in 2019, was quickly fired after videos surfaced of past racist and homophobic remarks. This case became a flashpoint: some argued the firing was overdue accountability, while others called it an overreaction to old material.

These examples show that being targeted doesn’t always end careers forever – outcomes vary. But they also highlight the intense public scrutiny that ordinary mistakes can provoke online. In each case, social media reactions spread far beyond the original incident, illustrating the scale and speed of digital canceling.

Arguments for cancel culture emphasize social justice and empowerment. Proponents note that public shaming can check powerful figures who’d otherwise go unchecked. A Pew survey found a solid majority (58%) of Americans believe that calling out offensive posts on social media is more likely to hold people accountable than to unjustly punish them.

Cancel campaigns often arise when official channels fail. For example, critics of Hollywood's lack of diversity launched the #OscarsSoWhite boycott in 2016. This public protest (a form of "cancellation" of the awards) helped pressure the film industry to diversify: by 2019, a record number of Black directors were nominated for Oscars. This suggests that collective outrage can indeed motivate institutional change. Social psychologists point out that for victims of injustice, seeing others join their cause can be validating. A recent study argues that cancel episodes can boost collective empowerment: harmed communities gain support and visibility as fellow citizens join in condemning a wrongdoing. In this sense, cancel culture can serve as modern protest or boycott, letting ordinary people withdraw their support from abusers.

Arguments against cancel culture stress the dangers of unruly mobs. Critics (including many psychologists and legal scholars) warn that cancel campaigns often bypass any attempt at fair judgment. As one columnist puts it, these actions are usually "knee-jerk" and rely on cherry-picked information. The result can be harsh punishment without a chance for dialogue or context. Nearly 4 in 10 Americans (38%) worry that social media callouts tend to punish people who don't deserve it. Opponents argue that fear of being wrongly "canceled" may make people self-censor or avoid controversial topics, which stifles open conversation. As one opinion piece notes, cancel culture can "silence" minority opinions or shut down any view that deviates from the majority's comfort zone. Social media is a natural breeding ground for swiftness-over-rationality. Cancel campaigns can spiral into personal attacks and public shaming beyond the original offense. This has led some commentators to describe cancel culture as mob justice. One journalist sums up the debate: Is cancel culture "an important tool of social justice or a new form of merciless mob intimidation"? Psychologist David Ley warns that such "outrage mobs" tend to grow more powerful as long as clicks are monetized, because online platforms reward the storm of outrage.

In short, supporters see cancel culture as a necessary balance of power – a way for ordinary people to push back – while detractors see it as a threat to fairness and free expression. Both sides have empirical claims: studies confirm it can promote change, but they also confirm it can cause real harm. Expert voices illustrate this tension. Clinical psychologist David Ley, who has written about surviving online attacks, calls many cancel campaigns "far from rational" and suggests they require guardrails like due process to avoid injustice. On the other hand, researchers like those in Frontiers in Psychology argue that cancel culture episodes can validate and empower victims of harm, turning anger into collective action. The debate continues even at high levels of discourse: one recent book-length study asks whether canceling is better seen as accountability or as "a modern-day shaming" that risks injustice.

Cancel culture's psychological dynamics are complex. It taps into basic human drives – anger at perceived wrongs, pride in our own moral standing, and our need to belong to a righteous group. In that sense it is a social punishment system built on digital technology. The same network effects that allow communities to mobilize quickly can also turn into digital vigilantism. As one observer put it, cancel culture has democratized the power to critique – but it has also democratized the capacity for mob-like vengeance. Ultimately, whether cancel culture is judged a force for justice or for chaos depends on how these online mobs are guided: by empathy and facts, or by reflex and frenzy.

Sources: Recent studies and analyses in social psychology and media studies have unpacked cancel culture from multiple angles. Survey data from Pew and others provide public attitudes, while commentary from psychologists and ethicists highlights the broader implications. These perspectives together show that cancel culture is a real phenomenon with both costs and potential benefits – and that it operates on familiar human psychology amplified by new digital media.

-Krishna sampath

The Not-So-Great Indian Traffic

-Neeraj P Yatheendran

Developed countries suffer from overtly convoluted traffic laws and systems. At its core, driving can be broken down into two simple principles:

1. Moving on the road to your destination
2. Not crashing into other vehicles or obstructions

Why then, does an intricate system of lines, lights, and signals exist? **Only to serve the corrupt government machinery making a living out of maintaining and enforcing it.** Although this might be hard to believe as years of propaganda have told you otherwise, analyzing the Indian traffic system, carefully designed based on 2 hours of intense research with the only book available in the public library, gives us insight into how placing unwarranted importance on human life significantly affects efficiency.*

In India, the rules are entirely based on the two principles of driving. As long as you drive on the road and don't crash, you'll do fine (The first rule can be ignored under certain circumstances as long as the second rule is followed). This radically comprehensive set of laws gives more power to the driver, **who are rigorously trained and tested on their ability to distinguish between the accelerator and brakes and ensured to have the steering capabilities of an 8-year-old GTA player.** Lines and markings on the roads are removed, preferring minimalism where drivers have the freedom to travel through any part, ensuring superior collision avoidance. There might be a few disadvantages (if there are more than 3 vehicles on the road at the same time, for instance, but which system doesn't?). Leaving segments of roads unconstructed to serve as natural speed bumps, significantly reduced construction costs. **The great off-roading experience they provide while still on-road is unique to India.** Vehicles travel at mind-blowing speeds of 30 km/h on average.**

Until a few years ago, European car companies used to ship Indian models with the same features as International ones. Due to the clearly superior system in place, they are now considering removing unnecessary additions like hazard lights, indicators, and horns which have fallen out of use entirely and are now mere reminders of the failures of the developed world. In an extremely rare scenario

where you'd have to use an indicator, the driving school recommended method of putting your hand out the window and flailing it like a fish on land is followed. Vehicles follow a class hierarchy in India. Larger vehicles, due to their ability to withstand collision, can simply drive ahead without going through the trouble of avoiding others. It is the duty of the smaller vehicles to look after themselves, or risk dying. With buses and trucks driving fast, there's never a point when you're tailgating a slow vehicle; **only one when you're being rear-ended.**

The nation's high population density meant the government had to figure out innovative solutions to parking space issues. The most brilliant of them were utilizing extra widenings in curves as parking spaces. The large curves were simply remnants of machismo displays of American society exhibiting big cars to compensate for their shortcomings. Although a post-colonial India adopted several traffic rules in use at that time (including the widened curves), the government quickly realized the need to adapt rules resolving issues unique to India. By allowing roadside parking, the government saved millions on parking lots and roadside barriers. The absolute convenience roadside parking offers is unparalleled. Although this affects cyclists, **the convenience of motor vehicles is more important than the safety of those too poor to afford any.** Similar techniques have been adapted successfully to curb accidents in junctions. Ideally, the number of accidents should be zero. Through extensive research, the government came to the conclusion that accidents are minimal when vehicles travel at an optimum speed of 0km/h. By ensuring the junctions are always blocked, India has recorded a drop in the number of fatal accidents in a year, from 9 lakhs to 10 lakhs.***

Most of the Indian traffic laws are intuitive and aren't usually written down(Most drivers can't read anyway). But for the sake of being rigorous, I'll pen down a few for the foreign people reading this **who can't even begin constructing a building without creating a "plan" or buying the "right materials"**:

- If a vehicle enters the opposite lane, the vehicles in that lane must give way
- A driver can slow down to avoid the possibility of a collision with an oncoming vehicle, at risk of appearing submissive and dropping a few places in the traffic hierarchy.
- In case of collision, the person with the larger vehicle is assumed to be the offender by default.

Lack of space for footpaths meant the road's shoulder doubles as a footpath and a cyclist track, while every lane doubles as a vehicle track and cycle track. In the past, before the government started its attempt to construct a road, those lands were the natural routes of protestors, religious zealots, and political party puppets. Due to the several attempted constructions over the years, their

natural habitats have been converted to roads. Without anywhere else to go through, these members now encroach the lanes, blocking traffic. This is where India's secularism truly manifests itself. **Doesn't matter which religion; when they're on the road, you hate all of them.**

Although the system prides itself on its superiority, it still has a long way to go before it truly gains independence from foreign influence. Wearing helmets and seatbelts is strictly enforced; becoming the traffic police's major income source. As the last remnants of colonial and international traffic influence tainting the system, public protest against it is in full force. The softest and cheapest helmet, with the durability of a watermelon rind and the sturdiness of a cardboard box, is the preferred choice of most bike riders in defiance of the government's draconian laws. Pillion riders never wear helmets, in accordance with **the latest medical research that suggests they never suffer brain damage****. Crash tests only exist to merely fool the general public into believing the design has any influence on safety. How can crashing a dummy that isn't even alive tell us anything about the survival chances of a person in a similar event? Simply outrageous! Seatbelts only serve to ease our anxiety and nothing else. I don't know about you, **but I want to be able to get out of the car when it crashes, not tied down to it.** One of the other major restrictions that are increasingly being questioned right now is the need for a driver's License. **Why should I, a taxpayer of the country, who contributed to building what I assume to be a road, require the Government's approval to drive, what I call my car, on it?** By classifying a person to be unfit for driving, they are infringing on their fundamental right to endanger others' life.

By protesting against these heinous human rights violations, **India is setting an example to the rest of the world, still fixated on irrelevant issues like "homophobia" and "discrimination".** It's time the world finally took notice and stopped viewing India as a pre-modern, undeveloped nation and started viewing it as the post-modern dystopia it truly is.

*How it affects it is still up for debate
**There might be a slight dip in cities during peak hours from 12 AM to 11:59 PM where the average speed is seen to be -5km/hr, with half the traffic deciding to turn back and leave
***Apparent increase due to population growth
****According to a study conducted by a majorly underfunded research group in a namesake Government College, Out of the 0 people that were alive after an accident, 0 suffered long-term brain damage.

TOXIC POSITIVITY

WHY IT'S OKAY NOT TO BE OKAY

Aysha Lintha

In a world that constantly tells us to "stay positive" and "look on the bright side," it's easy to feel like there's no room for anything else. But life isn't always sunshine and smiles — and that's okay.

Sometimes we feel low, anxious, overwhelmed, or simply tired, and forcing ourselves to be cheerful doesn't fix it. Pretending everything's fine when it's not can make us feel even more disconnected. There's nothing wrong with being optimistic, but when positivity is used to ignore real feelings, it becomes toxic. It tells us that negative emotions are something to hide rather than understand.

The truth is, it's okay to feel sad. It's okay to feel lost, or angry, or confused. These emotions are valid, and they deserve space. Being honest with how we feel — even when it's uncomfortable — is part of being human. It doesn't make us weak; it makes us real. We aren't meant to be happy all the time. Our minds and hearts go through seasons, just like the world around us. And some seasons are quieter, heavier, filled with learning, grieving, and processing.

College life, especially, comes with its share of pressure and chaos. There's the stress of deadlines, the weight of expectations, the messiness of friendships and identity, and the ever-present question: "Am I doing enough?" No one has it all together, even if it seems like they do. Social media may show filtered highlights, but real life is far more complex. So if you're having a rough day or going through something heavy, permit yourself to not be okay. You're not falling behind — you're just being human.

Reach out, take a pause, cry if you need to. Talk to someone, or write it out. There's strength in being vulnerable. And there's peace in allowing yourself to feel fully — without guilt, without shame. Healing doesn't come from hiding. It comes from letting yourself be seen, even in the mess.
Let's stop trying to always "fix" each other with empty positivity. Sometimes, all someone needs is to be heard. To be reminded that they're not alone. To be met with empathy, not advice. And to hear the words: "It's okay. You don't have to be okay all the time."

Because that's the truth — you don't.
And you never have to carry it all alone.

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

YDG

"I will fill this later"

Neeraj PY

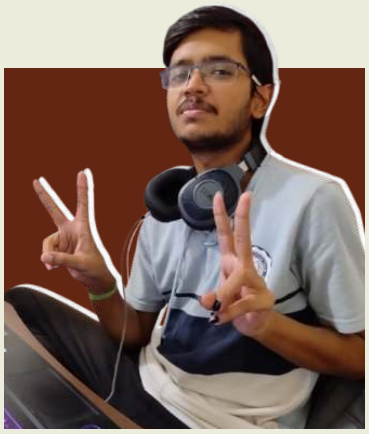
"I thought I selected IIIT Kota during counselling."

AK

"They left with stories. I left with a legacy"

Sam

Don't worry, you will say 'Wait… is that—?' at the reunion.



Satish

"My umbrella and I against the world —we will prevail. Stay kind, stay happy "

Yasin

"Siddharth, could you submit mine too?"

Siddharth

"If you stressin' 'bout DSA, I feel bad for ya hun;
I got 99 problems but a job ain't one"

Riya Bajaj

"Drama? Check. Rules? Broken. GPA? Slayed."

Vinnu

"Final year -still clueless, but experienced"

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Vivekananda Polu

"In case you have trouble finding me - 6 PM sharp, football ground"

Usha

"She is a rare soul - full of fire, with a mind that dances with dreams... and that's me. I'm Usha"

Karthik

"Was the degree worth it? IDK yet. Were the people I met here worth it? 100% yes!!"

Bhanu Shankar Adabala

"We came, we saw, we barely passed... but damn, we had a blast! Here's to the late nights, last-minute submissions, and friendships that made it all worth it. IIITK, you were chaos —and we loved every bit of it"

Maitri D Savla

"In the end, it was all just ctrl+C, ctrl+V —but with confidence"

Hemanth

"Don't live the same year 75 times and call it a life"

Tushaar

"Get suspended once a year"

Veluri Jeevana

"Even embarrassments become memories —so have fun!"

Yaggadi Thipannagari Karthik

"I must be going crazy"

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Keerthana Nyshadham

"I'm the whole damn cake —and the cherry on top"

Jayant Kolapkar

"Please finish your alcohol...There are sober children in Africa"

Kratik

"Enjoy every moment —the rest will fall right into your bucket"

Lohitaksha

"In all this beautiful chaos: I offered my code, my sleep, and my sanity —but the world responded with a segmentation fault. Still, forever curious, always learning, and embracing every challenge with a smile"

Vineeth

"Versatility is just intelligence having fun"

Aryan

"To live is to suffer; to sleep is to find some meaning in the suffering"

S Vamsi Teja Reddy

"Don't cry 'cause it's over, smile 'cause it happened"

Priyatham

"Experiment with everything, enjoy every moment. It's not the destination, but the journey that matters"

Ganesh Nathan

"They said, 'Mess.' I said, 'Goodbye.'"

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Tanuj

"Don't write anything dumb, you have to look back at it" - Mom

Hazarath

Uncertainty is the fun part.

Keerthana Menon

All grown-ups were once children... but only few of them remember it.

Rohith George Ninan

We're all a little weird. And life is a little weird.

Murali Galeti

The real degree is the friends we made along the way

S Prem Ganesh

Keep trying and never lose hope. Your hard work will lead you to success, and God will help with the rest

Yuvan

If something's not right, take left.

ABD

Live your life. Don't give a f* about anyone.

Zayn Rishi sparrow

She became a memory I never had the chance to make

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Anirudh

Kaizoku ou ni, ore wa naru!!
Bankai

Blaize

Want to get high? Don't do drugs-read a book on deep learning instead.

Sukrit

"Aaj deadline hai??
Puchna kisi ne koi quote likha hai kya."

Harish

I joined, I saw, made memories, made mistakes, made maggi in midnight, not always good, but on a whole was the best.

Abhinav Yadav

I once knew what 8 hours of sleep felt like.

Laahiri

Couldn't have done it without coffee.

MVSK

Built more memories than projects.

Sneha Maurya

"Rebooted my brain every Monday... never helped."

Vicky Arav

"You'll meet people here who'll feel like home. You'll laugh, you'll fall, you'll probably break too. Just remember — love is a part of college. Hold close the ones who care, but hold yourself even closer."

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Sricharan

“Not enough yeast in the world for how much bread I’m boutta make”

Kratik

Kartik? No no. We’ve been through this. K-R-A-T-I-K

Sravan

This is your moment —take the risk, do it, and enjoy it with your friends.

Shivani

Wish I could bunk one more class… with duty leave, of course.

Vamsi Krishna Reddy

"Learned late, slept less, laughed more—made it together."

Puja

They said, ’Follow your passion.’ I followed Wi-Fi signals and deadline extensions.

Nived Krishna

Bros before hoes

Chetan Ravipati

Noice!!!!

Hemanth

Don’t live the same year 75 times and call it a life.

YEAR BOOK QUOTES

IIITK 2021 BATCH

Spider-man

See kids, you can't always pick your mother, but you can pick your mommy!!

Hari Meghana

Let your silent strength be yours, share chaos with the few who'll always matter

Dishant Mhakhariya

College taught me how to survive on Maggi and midnight vibes, stumble upon the greatest friends when I least expected it, laugh like toddlers on a sugar rush, pass exams fueled by chaos, caffeine, and divine Wi-Fi, and make the kind of wild, weird memories that not even Google Drive could handle.

K Vishal

This isn't the end of learning. It's the beginning of doing-with meaning.

Harigovind P

കുഞ്ഞൂഞ്ഞിന് ഒരു സവിശേഷ
സ്വഭാവം ഇണ്ട്
പിറകെ നടന്ന പെണ്ണ് വളഞ്ഞു
കഴിഞ്ഞാൽ പിന്നെ കുഞ്ഞൂഞ്ഞിന്
ത്രില്ല് പോകും

bye

With ♡
LitSoc