

From experimentation on newly discovered inflammable substances to running around the resort chasing an unknown caller , we did it all. We just felt sorry for those people who made umpteen number of trips to open the front door upon hearing a knock only to discover no one was there! But curiously they always seemed to hear some far off laughter!!! The next day we were off to the lovely botanical gardens of Ooty , where we saw some of the most beautiful flowers and plants. After that , we were off to the tea factory where they showed us what really good tea should taste like (It needed more sugar though....!). We then made our way to the freezing hill tops of Ooty that is Doddabetta, where a large number of us proceeded to shed out jackets as an act of courage but just ended up sniffing for the rest of the trip.

But the highlight of the entire trip was that night around the camp fire. We were feeling pretty low after our ride through the Ghats which found many of us regurgitating our food out of the window and onto the windshields of passing vehicles(grossss!!) But thank God for the fact that there were a couple of very high spirited girls among us who showed off their dance moves in front of the fire. On seeing this the rest of us could not help but join in. But judging from our dancing , you wouldn't think we had an ounce of self respect left in us. From pelvic thrusts to belly dancing , we attempted it all. We gave a new meaning to the word 'tribals' that night . But , hats off to all the teachers who showed that they could shake it with the best of them that night.....!!!

For anyone who just heard about it, it might not sound like a lot of fun. But, it was one of those things one had to really experience in the company of ones friends. All in all, a really fun time. One that none of us would likely to be forgetting any time soon.....

-Zaid Humayun

# A LESSON TO TEACH



Her name was Mrs. Thompson. As she stood in front of her fifth grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children a lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. But that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a boy named Jeffrey Brown.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Jeffrey the year before and had noticed that he did not play along well with the other children, his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. And Jeffrey was unpleasant. It got to a point where Mrs. Thompson actually took delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold 'X's and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put off Jeffrey's till last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise. Jeffrey's first grade teacher wrote, "Jeff is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners...he is a joy to be around." His second grade teacher wrote, "Jeff is an excellent student, well liked by his peers, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Jeffrey's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Jeff is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem. She was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Jeffrey. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the other children began to jeer at him when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist.

Jeffrey stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my mom used to." After the children left she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit lecturing about arithmetic, reading and writing. Instead, she began to teach children

Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Jeff. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. By the end of the year, he had become one of the smartest children in class and, despite her lie that she would love all children equally, Jeff became one of her "pets". A year later she found a note under her door, from Jeff, telling her that she was the best teacher he had ever had.

Fourteen years went by before she got another note from Jeff. He then wrote saying that while things had been tough at times, he stayed at college, had stuck with it, and graduated from college with the highest honours. He also explained that after he had got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and most favourite teacher that he ever had in his whole life. But now his name was a little longer—the letter was signed, Jeffrey T. Brown, MD.

The story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Jeff said he'd met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the place at the wedding that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom. Of course Mrs. Thompson did.

And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. They hugged each other, and Dr. Brown whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you Mrs. Thompson for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel so important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Jeff, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't really know how to teach until I met you."

Please remember that wherever you go, and whatever you do, you will have the opportunity to touch and/or change a person's outlook. Please try to do it in a positive way.

BY SANDHYA. S  
2 C

# UNSUNG HEROES

They work from eight to four and the word that comes to mind is-inconspicuous. They work hard to make our lives easier in college. From doing all the back office, administration, preparing & maintaining the laboratories & library, keeping our classrooms & campus squeaky clean to serving tea, they do everything to make our lives comfortable.

Shanthi ma'am- the wonderful lady with an open smile who sits in the office- declared that she enjoys the job. When asked about the students, she says, "There is a marked difference from when they came for admissions to when they pass out. They are more... mature." Krishna sir looks very stern but is very helpful.

The lab staff are ever so kind & helpful even to the extent of assisting us in our work. The library & the xerox room have their doors open to us & we can use the facilities anytime. The support staff are all around keeping an eye on us & keeping everything in order.

Hesitantly, but in a firm voice they tell me about their work life. Asanthamma, who has worked here for eleven years tells me shyly, " I'm really happy working here. The teachers and students are very good. A few of the students are very naughty. The Principal is a very nice lady," she adds with a smile.

Sumithra beamed up at me when I tried to use my sign language skills. She's been working here for four years and her dumbness doesn't hinder her bright smile. Julie helps us with her assistance in the lab aswell. Rathnamma & Mameshwari mirror their emotions with a broad-happy grin.

The watchmen seem to have had training at some police academy but their vigilant attitude is worth mentioning.

We believe that the non-teaching staff is as much a part of this college as the students and teaching staff.

-Anonymous

# CULTURAL TRADITIONS UNITE MAN



Once upon a time long long ago, there lived a young fisherman, whose life depended on the seas and the fish he got from it. He lived in a small hut on the shores of the Arabian Sea, in the Andaman Islands. He lived along with his wife . they had no children and longed for one. They loved each other very much . In fact, they were the only ones on that part of the island. One day, there was a huge water inrush. Since, it was an island, they were severely attacked by the tsunami. The wife and her husband got separated in their fight to survive the waves. Fortunately, both of them found a rescue ship and sailed to the land of tradition and culture, India. This man reached the shores of Tamil Nadu and was offered shelter by a Brahmin family, rich in culture, traditions and customs. Their major passion was Carnatic music. There were four people in the family; each one specialized in playing a traditional instrument. This man joined them and perfected the Tabala .

While, then woman, his wife sailed to God's own land -Kerala. She joined an orphanage where they taught people about spirituality and rituals . Here, they also taught about the art of face painting that is usually done in the classical dance form of Kerala-katthakali . She became a highly talented face painter. Once, it so happened that, a conference on the cultural traditions of India was held in Delhi. The conference invited people from all over India to give a piece of their cultural performance. Hence, the man and his new family were invited to give a classical music performance. The kattakali troupe from Kerala was also on the list . So, both the troupes made their way to Delhi.

On the day of the occasion, the woman, on finishing the make – up art for the dancers sat among the audience to watch. She saw all the performances. And now was the performance given by her husband. She was not able to believe her eyes when she saw her husband with the Tabala. It was a marvelous performance. As they finished , they headed backstage . The woman rushed backstage and found her husband there. She had tears in her eyes when she saw him . She went and hugged him and he too was surprised to behold her. He had earlier thought that she was dead and had always dreamt of meeting her and this was undoubtedly a 'dream come true'. The couple were so happy that they almost felt like they were in paradise . They both sat among the audience watching the other performances . There was a drama performance where they enacted a scene from the Ramayan , of Dasharath performing the yagna (Ritual) around the fire. It reminded them their day of wedding- the day when they were seated in front of the sacred fire to get married.

The program ended and they settled down in Maharashtra with the money they earned and started a new life . They lived happily ever after . They also got many friends and got a baby boy . Happiness was abundant in their lives .



# HE CREATED HIS OWN SILVER LINING

Norman Nowitzki, a simple unassuming human being was a man fraught with the thirst of reaching the pinnacle of a mountain we all effortlessly call 'success'. He had heard this word a trillion and two times throughout his childhood; but if you were in Nowitzki's shoes, you would know the real meaning of 'paying the price'. His childhood was rather inexorable- in the real sense though. He was born as a result of sheer impulse, left alone for the dogs on a lonely pavement. If it wasn't for those nuns, a person named Norman would have ceased to exist.

Brought up in an unnoticed orphanage, he had a rather uneventful childhood. He still looks back to those childhood days. The term 'friend' never really applied in his life. Perhaps God was just playing with his powers when he created Norman with a rather debilitating disorder called 'Cerebral Palsy'. He never had a true friend in his life, but had serious contention with an enemy the world called 'abnormal'.

Like a group of defiant fishermen, battling strong waves with an unflinching desire to catch fish-he too had waves- some towering above his head and some waves gnashing against his feet. Sometimes those strong waves plunged him into depression and those waves of short stature reminded him of his true self.

Though born with Cerebral Palsy and partial dyslexia, he was blessed with a brain with convulsions-much more in number than a normal human. Yes, he had intelligence. Thankfully for Nowitzki, the nuns did the work of translating his unclear speech. The nuns stopped his schooling when they realized that he was all alone in his school- one in a million. Instead they would buy few books and ask a few people to teach him in the orphanage.

As the years rolled by, as they always do, Nowitzki gained knowledge.....knowledge in practically everything- from the life cycle of a puny butterfly, to the complex working of a supercomputer.

He also had an amazingly powerful memory. He would sometimes wake up in the heart of the night just to memorise a few computer operations.

It was time for college. The nuns still disapproved on the fact of sending him to a college. He would certainly be a fish out of a pond in a place like college. But, he was now a superhuman. Ironically, sending him to a college would have been a rather insulting affair to a person of his brain competence. Amazed by his uncanny logic and superhuman ability to interpret any complex solution, top computer professionals agreed to work on him-agreed to help him improvise on his abnormal capacity to develop complex computer software.

Among them was Maria. She was instantly pulled into helping him in the field of software development and computer animation. After having helped him for two years-staying with him on his rampage of gaining knowledge, she fell in love with him. Perhaps, she fell in love with Norman's soul which still had the bigger chunk of defiance left in it. The fact that 'beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder' was once again reiterated. She consulted the nuns regarding strange feeling-something like the Greek oracles consulting an Oracle. The nuns would only tell her, "Daughter, do as you please-but ensure he reaches nothing short of the apex."

It took Maria another year to effectively exercise justice on this feeling. Ultimately she agreed to ask him to marry her. You can imagine the shock of Nowitzki! A human who grew up without feeling the sweet caress of 'Love' (except for the care which the nuns provided him). Norman agreed to this proposal.

After two years Jeremy was born. No! Not to worry! Jeremy was not another case of Cerebral Palsy! It took Norman and his wife another two years to develop the most sought after software on earth-'the impermeable firewall'. They named this software, 'The CP Wall'.....The 'C' derived from 'Cerebral' and the 'P' derived from 'Palsy'-certainly it was a wall-perhaps the mightiest of walls. The software provided the ultimate solution to the Hacking problem-a problem that major defense and financial strongholds faced.

This software became the largest selling software on the earth.....beat the Microsoft outright! Within four months of its historic release, 'The Silver Lining Corporation' became the richest establishment on earth. Yes Nowitzki had scaled the ladder of success! Unbelievably, he earned two hundred and fifty dollars per minute! It took them two years to develop this software. Sometimes Norman would sit in front of his computer for seven hours at a stretch with little Jeremy on his big stomach. At times Norman would reach a dead stop. He would then scratch his head a little bit- but would not be able to crack the problem. He then would direct his wheelchair to Maria and both would spend some time praying-sometime in affection and sometime in thanking God; For at such instances he would once again recount his struggles-those dark days when he had given up on his life and his brain would have had enough food to work once again.

Sometimes when lost in his work, his personal speech translator would sit beside him and think of all his struggles. The scenes of his lonely time in his college would come starkly at her face. She would sometimes painfully remember with a silent imputation, the scenes of old, when Norman would watch normal kids play normally. Sometimes Norman's wife would sit next to him and watch his hands move swiftly on the keyboard. How swiftly he took the world by surprise. She would then be reminded of her mortal existence-she would remember the fact the Norman, an abnormal being is going to achieve something not even dreamt of by a normal human such as her. She would then kiss her baby-the little soul-and say, "My dear, I love you....."

# ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.....

I did not attend any dance or tennis classes' last summer vacations. I taught English to a few children. I suppose it was my way of 'giving back to the society' or 'making the world a better place'. Honestly, it did not feel that way as I taught those children. At the end of my course, I felt a deep sense of satisfaction.

My neighbor, a couple from Korea, had set up this organization. They called children who did not have the means to learn English to their home. It was a small room, about 12 X10 ft, for all the thirty kids. A few of the kids were from a Kannada-medium school, a few drop outs. Some studied at St. Paul's school in Chelekere. They would sit on the floor, and the teacher would use a white board and some markers. The youngest one was four and the oldest fourteen. The terms 'underprivileged' and; poor' may make more sense. Don't like using them, because I've seen the children's face when somebody referred to them as 'underprivileged' and 'poor', and it's not something I like to remember. My neighbor, a wonderful lady, once told me, "Do you see that boy? He lives in a tent." I did not know what to say. It's one thing to see a beggar outside your car and another thing to actually know the child.

I agreed to teach from four to six in the evening, everyday. My first class was crucial. It would determine whether the children would nod, blink and listen or blink, stare and sleep. I tried to prepare myself as well as I could. Predicate, subject, verbs, tenses, things that I had forgotten. I entered the class and I was greeted by a loud, uniform and dull, "Good Evening Mees", the word Miss gave me an adrenaline rush. "Good Evening", I replied and smiled. A few smiled back and a few began whispering among their friends. I opened my book, armed myself with a pen and remembered that in all my nervousness, I had forgotten to introduce myself. After my introduction I asked, "Can anyone tell me what a sentence is?" Some murmured among themselves, some stared at me but none answered. "Words", a high pitched voice said hesitantly. Progress. "Words put together to convey a.....tell us more....."

I closed my book, capped my pen and thought, "How will a four year old understand this? And why should a thirteen year old boy bother to listen??" I had to make some changes....adjustments to salvage their concentration.....dumb it down to the basics. It was just 5' O clock.....I had an hour left. I took a deep breath.....

"Do you know the alphabet?" I asked."

"Yes", the older ones boasted. The younger ones blinked and looked at each other.

"Say it with me", I said, "A,B,C,D....."

"ah,bee,cee,dee.....", they continued.

"L,M,N,O,P.....", I continued"

"Yell yum,yen,oo,pee.....", they continued.

"Will you sing a song for me?" I asked.

"All things bright and buootiful.....All cree-tures great and small!!!....." they continued.

I let them go a few minutes before six. "Thank yoo mees...." they chorused and left. One of them dared to say, "Bye aunty."

My neighbour saw my slumped shoulders and my frown and consoled me saying that it was alright and that I could try again next time. I simply smiled and said, "I know.....I am not giving up."

The next day I came prepared. I divided the class into three groups. One group would learn alphabets and numbers, the second group would learn sentences and the third group would learn words. I had the alphabets written on the board and asked the first group to recite with me. " not yum and yun!" I remarked, "Say en and em...." For the second group, I brought charts depicting places of public utility.

I showed them a hospital and asked them what happens there. "Fever people go there", Anita retorted.

"Not fever people, but people with fever go there", I corrected.

Everything fell into place. The adrenaline rush stayed on for two hours. In the last ten minutes, I made them sing. The room sparkled with energy and all the neighbours stared and were bewildered. The clock struck six and I let them go. They left me with the 'customary' good bye mees.... "Wait, wait", I bellowed. I could feel my body pumping glucose to my veins. The world stood still.

"It is not 'mees', its 'miss'", I retorted, almost wondering whether their eyes would pop out of their sockets. 'Miss' rhymes with 'hit or 'lip'.....oh bother it, I'll talk about it tomorrow" I said. Now I shook my head and smiled.....What was I turning into???"

"Thank you, miss", someone blurted out. I looked up and saw Rahul, who had just learnt the alphabets.

"No", I said as I held his hand and looked into his sparkling eyes. "Thank You", I said and left.....

PURNA PRABHAKAR,  
IIG

## MARKS ARE NOT THE PROOF OF USEFUL LEARNING

Everyone says that the education system in India is one of the best in the world. I perhaps would like to call it a 'myth'. Many would disagree with me on this but I would like you to read the arguments below and then draw conclusions.

Let me begin with the roots, the lowest level of actual educational standard i.e., class one. In India kids are taught 'advanced' basics like addition and subtraction (they are still 6 yr olds!), whereas in the west they are just beginning to get the feel of numbers, literally!! This makes their basics very strong which is quite contrary to the Indian system where advancement happens without a solid hold on the basics.

Then comes the secondary education stage. In the western grading system, each subject has two grades, one for practicals and the other for theory.

In India, The marking system only reflects what the pupil has written in the answer paper, nothing more . This gradually leads to an 'informal' rat race. Nobody cares what the child is actually learning but the mere proof of the marks card is what everybody wants.

Finally there is the post-secondary stage where the only aim of the teenage student is to get some marks which is enough to get a good job. This attitude spoils the whole purpose of knowing and learning. The students can't be blamed for this. The immense pressure from teachers and parents for that 'mere proof' is the real culprit. Many a times the student is forced to choose a stream that he/she dislikes and career options like arts and sports are considered to be 'of no use' ...!This also creates a lack of interest among students. Those who get to choose their career are very lucky indeed!!

When teachers teach in class, they don't have the habit of trying to make the topic interesting for the students, but instead use 'marks' as the sole purpose of the topic (exceptions excluded!!). So if you compare the students from the west at this stage, they are the ones who have already started research projects, live reports etc, whereas here in India students are still busy in the race for marks. There is no point in getting marks without any practical application of the things used to get the so called marks. This does not reflect the qualities of a good system because the sole purpose of education is to do something to make the world a better place.

It may be very immature to say this but, this might be among the reasons why India still remains a developing country industrially.

And as they say "education is a system which makes learning more efficient and interesting". So let us try to make full use of our education to learn and not to merely build the tower of marks, as we are fortunate to receive our education at an institution like CMR.

(The purpose of this write up is to make us realize what is happening around and not aimed at anybody intentionally.....)

# MEANING OF F.R.I.E.N.D.S.H.I.P.

"**F**" is for Fun.....That friends share when they are together

"**R**" is for Reliability....A true friend is someone that you can always rely on.

"**I**" is for Interest.....Someone who is genuinely interested in you, your fears, joys, and life.

"**E**" is for Energy.....They pick you up when you are down, and give you the energy to go on and believe in yourself.

"**N**" is for Nothing.....Nothing is ever too much, no matter what time it is, night or day.

"**D**" is for Distance.....Although the miles may separate you, a true friend is never far away.

"**S**" is for Secrets.....Your feelings and personal/private thoughts that you can only share with a friend.

"**H**" is for Happiness.....The way we feel when we are together.

"**I**" is for Inseparable....Through good times and bad, tears and laughter. A friend will always be there for you

"**P**" is for Perfect.....The friendship that we share.

# THE UNFOLDING OF DOOMSDAY SCENARIO

Now the most unanswerable question the world has posed to itself is How And When Is The World Going To End?

Even though it's considered to have no particular or specific answer, it seems that the doomsday scenario may have a series of events unfolding and not just a single event as everyone thought in which each of the events are equally possible and are also scientifically explainable.

According to space scientists, geologists, volcanologists and many more '-ists' there are so many disastrous events to happen in the end of 2012, to be specific -Dec. 21, 2012. Let's go through some of the phenomenons and their scientific explanations.....

## SOLAR FLARES

One phenomenon some people worry about is space weather and solar activity. The fear is that, in 2012, the sun will reach the peak of a 11-year cycle known as solar maximum. When it reaches this peak on or around Dec. 21, 2012, the sun will unleash giant solar flares toward the Earth, causing unparalleled havoc.

## GEOMAGNETIC REVERSAL

What would (or will) happen during a polar reversal?

As strange as it sounds, this is something that might (and eventually will) happen -- although facts have been distorted so heavily by conspiracy theorists that geomagnetic reversal ends up sounding like a doomsday scenario.

The Earth's magnetic field, with its north and south poles, isn't as constant as you'd think. During the 20th century, when scientists began studying the Earth's polarity more closely, the exact location of the poles would shift anywhere between 6.2 and 24.9 miles (10 and 40 kilometers) per year. Even more surprising is the fact that sometimes the magnetic poles completely flip -- so the North Pole heads south and the South Pole travels north. This happens very seldom throughout the Earth's history: The last reversal happened about 780,000 years ago.

So what does this all have to do with 2012? Alarmist Web sites have falsely connected magnetic reversal with a reversal in the rotation of the Earth. Conspiracy theorists also claim that a magnetic reversal is scheduled for 2012 (in most cases, on Dec. 21), and that when it does occur, catastrophic disaster will strike the planet as it starts to spin in the opposite direction.

## **PLANET X COLLISION**

### **Planet X Goes to the Movies**

Sony Pictures' 2009 movie, aptly titled "2012," centers on the theories of Planet X colliding with Earth. Supposedly discovered by the Sumerians and photographed by Russian scientists, Planet X, alternately known as Nibiru, is believed by some to be on a head-on collision with the Earth. The time of impact, according to conspiracy theorists will be Dec. 21, 2012.

If you've heard of Planet X before, it might be because you're familiar with the fact that what the hypothetical planet astronomers were looking for during much of the 20th century. Because scientists couldn't account for slight discrepancies in the orbits of Uranus and Neptune, some believed that an undiscovered planet existed somewhere in our solar system. It turns out, however, that astronomers had been overestimating Neptune's mass, and most experts dismiss the existence of a mysterious Planet X.

## **END OF THE MAYAN LONG COUNT CALENDAR**

### **Mel and the Mayans**

Mel Gibson's 2006 movie, "Apocalypto," is based on the theories surrounding the Mayan calendar. Although there are lots of bizarre theories related to the end of the world, one of the most well-known has to do with the Mayan calendar. Many people wonder if, according to supposed predictions based on the calendar, the world will end on Dec. 21, 2012, which also happens to be the winter solstice. What's bizarre about these fears is how people have distorted the information from the calendar. The Mayans actually use several intricate calendars, each with a different purpose. The one in question is known as the Long Count Calendar. It's a calendar just like any other calendar, and is used to keep track of time, except that it records a unique cycle that's 1,872,000 days long (instead of, say, our 365-day annual calendar). This long period is known as a Great Cycle, and to the Mayans, the end of such a cycle is a time for celebration, not for fear.

Now we have seen the views of the experts. What is today's world without opposition and contradictions. So let's see the contradictory views of experts

And now for some explanations.....

## **SOLAR FLARES**

This scenario is very similar to the previous one involving geomagnetic reversal, in that both poles shift and solar activity occur at fairly regular intervals. Solar flares will likely happen sometime between 2012 and 2014, but they've been happening for years and years, and the worst they can do is disrupt satellite communications.

## **GEOMAGNETIC REVERSAL**

Experts note, however, that it's not possible to predict exactly when a geomagnetic reversal will happen, and as far as we know, such an event doesn't carry any fatal consequences. Additionally, it's impossible for the Earth to change its rotation.

## **PLANET X COLLISION**

Countless experts and theories have supported the existence of Planet X, only adding to the speculation. But officials at NASA deny the existence of Planet X or Nibiru, and denounce the idea of a massive planetary collision as an Internet hoax.

## **END OF THE MAYAN LONG COUNT CALENDAR**

Theorists claim, however, that the Mayan had some foresight into astrological happenings -- according to some experts, the beginning of the winter solstice will also coincide with all of the planets in our solar system lining up with the Sun. Astronomers point out that these claims are false, however, and that it's impossible to predict accurately such a precise alignment.

Sure, we'll all have a good laugh about this 2012 nonsense in January 2013 while celebrating the new year, but first we'll have to brave an entire year of nonstop doom and gloom from pseudo scientists, would-be prophets and outright quacks. That means going to bed every night and asking yourself, "What if the world actually does end tomorrow like Nostradamus sorta-kinda said it would?"

And now after getting a clear view of the scenario, you can decide on which side you want to be on.

# WANDERING SOULS



The sands of time , drawn out  
as far as the eye can see-  
windows to the soul.  
Grains of life shift with  
The stirring gales.



VARSHA  
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Dunes form, Dunes part.  
Moonlight glints off them like diamonds.  
Only the eye can see...  
Somewhere far away, a lone Coyote  
howls in anguish.  
Its fidelity for the sand trap shown.  
sound like a trains whistle at  
The midnight hour.

The echo in the crevasse of a hollow heart.  
the sand shifts.  
Remains uncovered.

Souls captured, now rest in its depths.  
Let them smile their smiles,  
cry their tears.  
Let them speak their say..  
Parting the dunes,  
Shifting the sands...

Esha Navan

ID

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# ((THE ONLY DESIRE))



-DEDICATED TO A NINE YEAR OLD GIRL BATTLING BLOOD CANCER

Trying to smile... but all in vain  
Inside her heart is an epitome of pain.

Everyday for her is burning fire...  
To live tomorrow is her only desire.

Fighting for her life just at nine...  
Pretends as if everything is fine.

Crying to herself all alone...  
Her wishes, desires all are blown.

Asking herself, what's more painful..  
Living a timed life or the thought of death?

With courage she says  
“I trust God, He is the one to give life and death”.

Hearing this, all our hearts melt...  
On her face, courage and innocence can be felt.

Tears in eyes, words unspoken...  
With high hope, she lives with trust unbroken.

- Rumaan Ali, 1B

# COLLEGE MEMORIES

Remembering our classmates, after a few years,  
Our eyes will be filled with tears.  
Everyone will be busy lots,  
None can escape destiny's plot.

Project Reviews to campus interviews,  
Nicknames to last bench games.

Cultural rehearsals to love proposals,  
Short term crushes to class room blushes.

Everything will remain fresh in our mind,  
Wish life could just rewind.

Let's laugh, play and rejoice,  
Once again become college guys.

Tomorrow's life, full of commitments,  
And too many worries.

But these cherished moments,  
Will remain forever in our memories !!!

DURGA DEVARIAH

JG