



# THE LITERARY CLUB

We lit the path



LITERARY CLUB

MALNAD COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, HASSAN

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# Preface

What started as a part of a punishment, the pain and pleasure quickly walked in. It was a surprise that we'd be publishing an e-magazine let alone have this mandated to us. The planning was precise, there were no stones left unturned, no idea that hadn't been discussed, every page was destined to be the metaphorical apple that Adam and Eve craved.

Deadlines were decided, but there was an imminent threat. It

was an issue that hibernated in our minds for over a month because it questioned our aunthenticity. It was then decided that only content exclusively written, illustrated, designed or edited by us would find it's way into the screens engulfed by Noesis. There was no need for a reference from one website or for a template from pinterest. Every photo, every article, every poem, every sketch has a story that binds us together. You've probably only read the next line in fairy tales but, it was a magical experience. Not the one with fiery dragons or fiesty dames but one where people would put a symbolism ahead of themselves. This experience has now turned into a tradition and we here at the The Literary Club, have perfected the art of being imperfect. Our approach towards literature is unorthodox to put it diplomatically, to make new and interesting mistakes page after page became our inspiration. As we realised this wasn't an exercise to please or force others to see your perspective but an improvisation wherein we challenged ourselves to be better than what we were yesterday. This edition covers everything from the nature of love to a dream of infinite ethereal entities in space. The book I believe will be strong enough to emancipate the vigour of LIT.

# SELF CONFIDENCE

A large black silhouette of a person's head and shoulders is positioned on the left side of the page. The person appears to be climbing a vertical surface, with one hand gripping a ledge and their legs pulled up. The background behind the silhouette is white.

This world, in which we live, is a very competitive one. It is popularly described as a rat race, full of competent people, and the fittest of them survives. Success is not a cake walk.

One has to face lots of hardships and obstacles to taste success. The most important aspect in achieving success is self confidence.

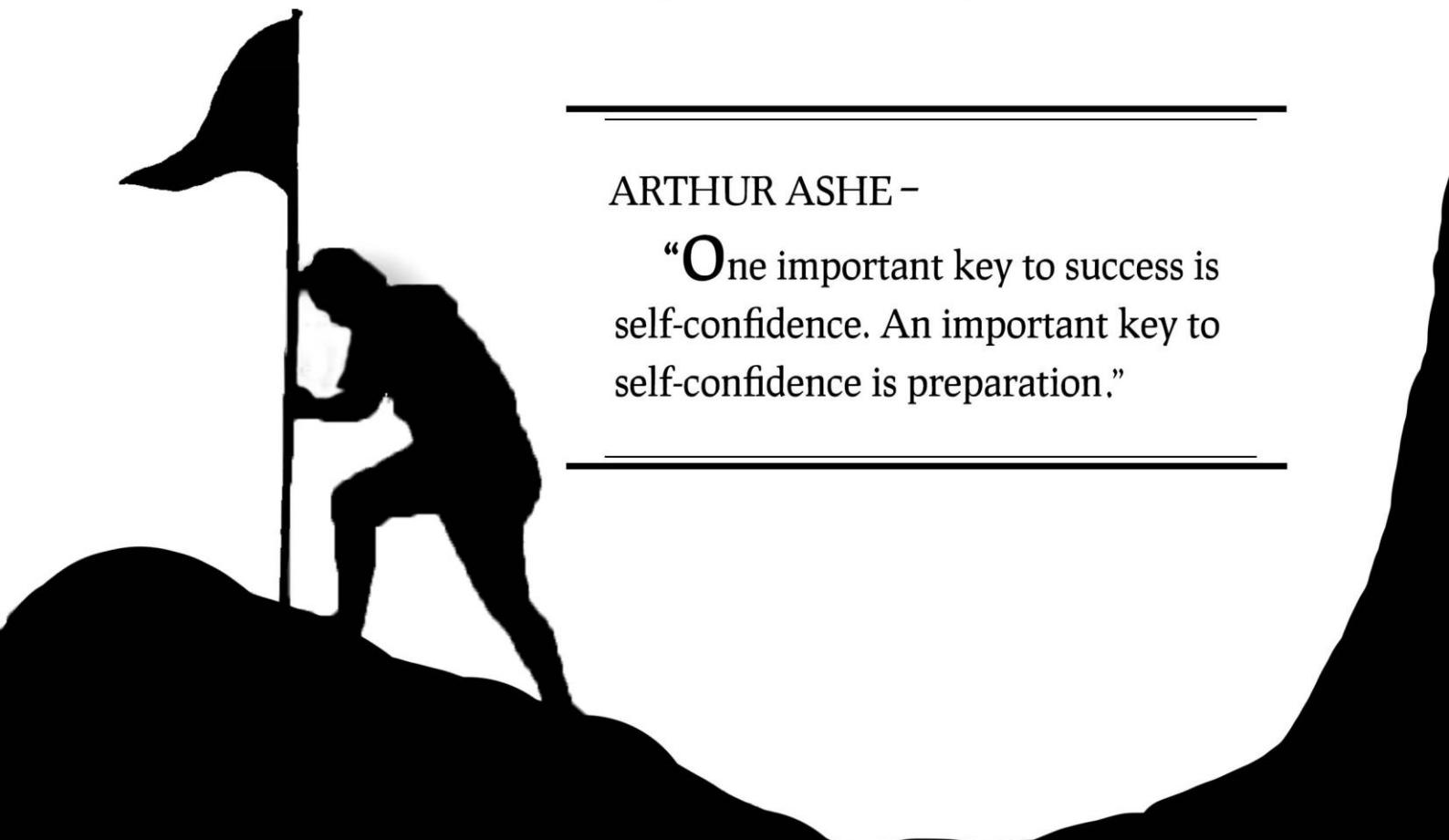
However, people are ambitious but not confident enough to go for it. Infact, most of them don't know how to go about it or are terrified to take risks in their lives.

Self confidence is not something which can be achieved in a day or two. Let us understand that we are not born with it. It's the situation we face, motivation from others and self motivation that make us truly confident. Hence those of us who feel that we lack confidence, have no reason to be upset.

There are 3 kinds of people. One, who dream big but do not have any idea how to pursue it. The second, who are over confident and end up ruining their opportunities. Lastly, the ones who are confident and have talent. This segment knows what they want and how to move further.

For attaining a goal, it is important to strive for it and work on the strategies relentlessly. It is necessary to make proper planning and follow up. We will come across ups and downs but should not lose focus and give up. Work hard throughout and be focused until the desired result is achieved

Now, the question arises as to what are the plans/strategies. At the outset, one has to be disciplined. It is not easy as it sounds, but, requires lot of commitment. However, it is not impossible. Take good care of physique as it is very important when it comes to self confidence. Healthy food habits and proper sleep are very much essential. Since hard work is involved, it is imperative that we do not lose hope or be disheartened. Knowing who you are and what your strengths are, is an area that requires your utmost focus. However, it depends on how we perceive it. Everybody has flaws, but we have to shine through them. Don't lose hope, be patient, take care of oneself and work hard. The puzzle will fall in place.



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ARTHUR ASHE -

“One important key to success is self-confidence. An important key to self-confidence is preparation.”

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# BHAI-BHAI TO BYE-BYE

Every country has moments which it tries its best to forget. That moment for us was October 20th, 1962, when China attacked India at precisely 0500 hrs. What happened to "Panchsheel" and "Hindi-Chini Bhai Bhai" slogans coined by Nehru? How come two countries with almost similar cultures and histories started on a collision course? Could it have been prevented?

If you go by the author of HIMALAYAN BLUNDER, then yes, the war could have been prevented. Brig Dalvi has painstakingly convinced me

at least that it was the fault of Nehru's misguided foreign policy and his mistaken belief that China will never attack India, however great may be the provocation. According to Dalvi, Nehru should have been forewarned when communist China annexed Tibet in 1950 and started to build roads and lay telephone lines right up to the Indian border. But Nehru was more bothered about his international image and his stupid ideals of nonaligned nations. Instead of strengthening the defence forces, he set about (correctly) to alleviate poverty, hunger and unemployment immediately after gaining independence. In such a scenario, knowing that we will never be able to match China's defence preparedness, Nehru should never have started the ill-fated and fatuous "Forward policy" which gave a perfect excuse for China to attack India in "Self defence"! Immediately

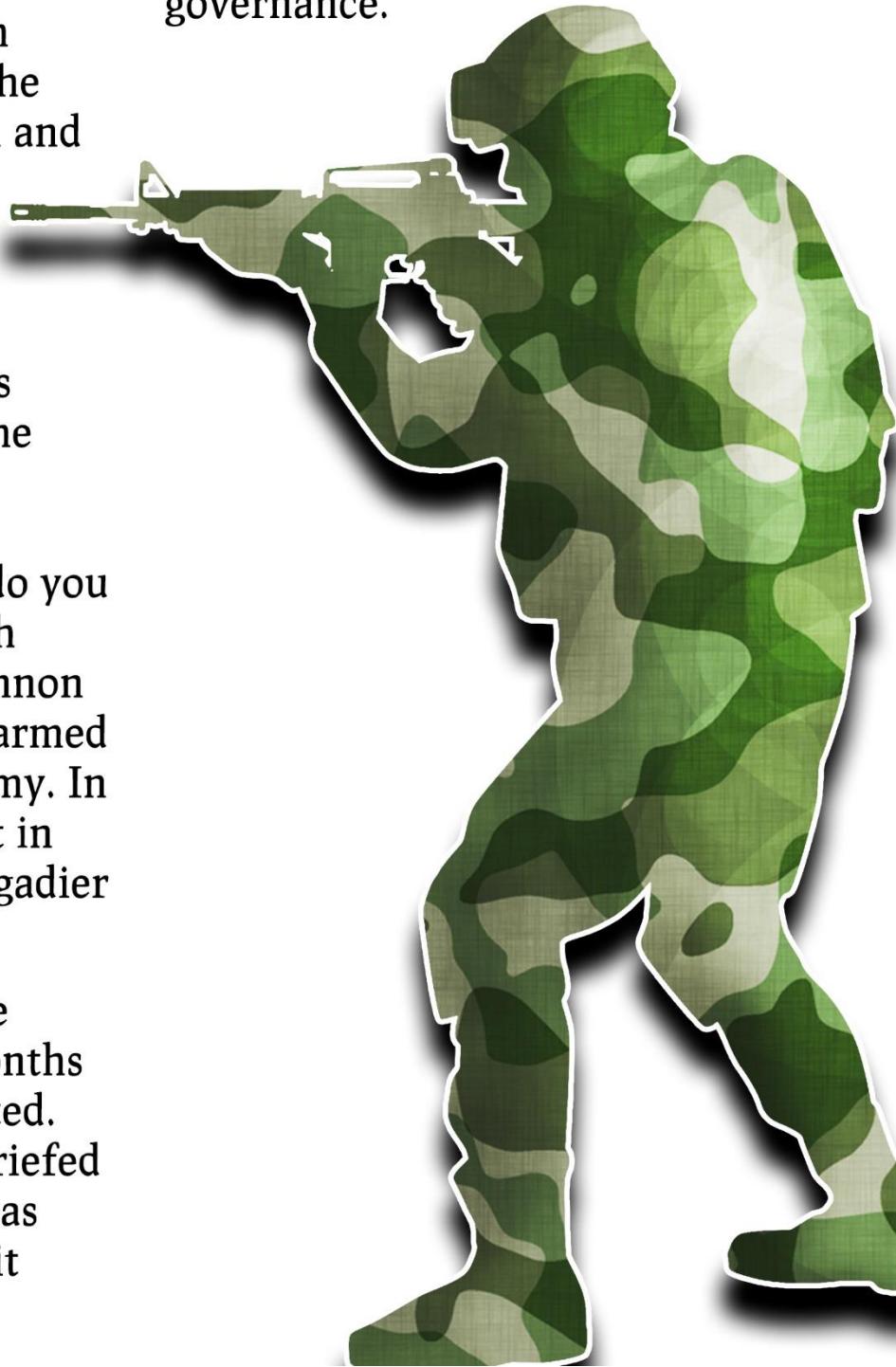


after our independence, when Nehru knew that the British had left us with an UNDEMARCATED boundary with China, shouldn't it have been Nehru's top priority to sort out the issue as we were already having a border row with Pakistan? Even the strongest of nations cannot face two enemies at the same time on their flanks. Finally, Nehru never bothered to shore up our defence forces, neither did he do anything to resolve the border issue with either country! Then when the issue was beyond his control and public opinion in India began to pressurize him to take some action, he ordered our army to "Evict the Chinese out" of our areas (disputed). To their credit, the army did go, but with pea shooters and no worthwhile artillery or air cover. What do you expect the army to do in such cases? They were perfect cannon fodder to the well fed, well-armed and well clothed Chinese army. In fact, an email was wiped out in four hours flat, with the Brigadier (Dalvi) captured as a POIW.

Dalvi remained in Chinese prison camps for about 7 months after which he was repatriated. Upon returning, he was debriefed extensively, but his report was never made public, because it

contained a damning indictment of the failure of our foreign policy for which Nehru and Krishna Menon were solely to blame and not to mention some spineless Generals like Kaul and Thapar who lacked moral courage to stand up to Nehru and oppose his ill-conceived forward policy which led to the war.

All in all, it is a splendid book laying down in great details the failures at every level of governance.





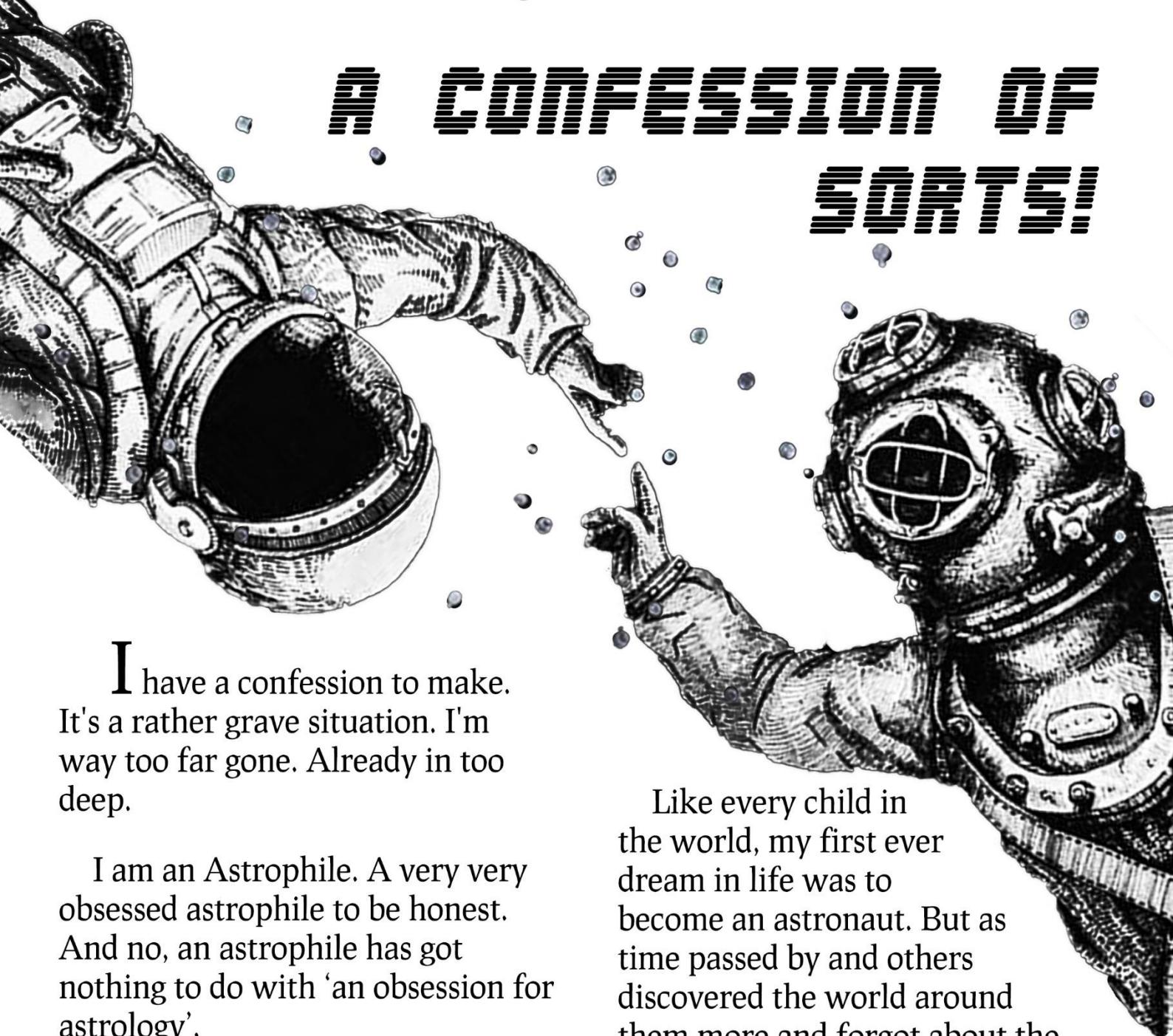
# ಇ ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಕಿಡಿ

ತನ್ನ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಬೆಂಕಿಕಡ್ಡಿಯನ್ನು ಗೀರಿದಾಗ ಸುರೆಂದು ನೀಲಿ ಬಣ್ಣದಿಂದ ಆವೃತವಾದ ಹಳೆದಿ ಜ್ಞಾಲೆ ಅದರ ತುದಿಯನ್ನು ಆವರಿಸಿತು. ಕೈಯನ್ನು ಗಳಿಗೆ ಅಡ್ಡವಾಗಿಟ್ಟು ತನ್ನ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಬತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಮುತ್ತನ್ನಿಟ್ಟುನು. ಅದು ಹೊಗೆಯನ್ನು ಉಗುಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಕೈಬರಳುಗಳ ಎಡೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಬೆಂಕಿಕಡ್ಡಿಯನ್ನು ಆರಿಸಲು ಮುಂದಾದ. ಅವನ ಎರಡೂ ಕಣ್ಣಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆ ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಕಿಡಿ ಕಾಣಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಬಹುಶಃ ಅದು ಸಾಷ್ಟಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಹೋರಾಟದ ಕಿಚ್ಚಾಗಿರಬಹುದು, ಬಿಟ್ಟಿಷರ ವಿರುದ್ದ ದ್ವೇಷವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು, ಭಗತ್ ಸಿಂಗ್, ಆಜಾದ್ ರ ಅಲ್ಪ ಭಾಗ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವುದಾಗಿರಬಹುದು, ಅವನ ಒಡಲಿನ ಕೋರ್ಡವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು, ಅಥವಾ ನಮಿಂದ ನೋಡಲು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯವಾದಂತಹ ಅನಂತವಾಗಿರಬಹುದು.



ಅವನ ಬಾಯೋಳಿಗೆ ಹೊಗೆಯು ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿದಂತೆ ಮನಸ್ಸು ಉದ್ದೇಗದಿಂದ ತೊಯಾಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಬಾನಂಚಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಮೋಂಡಗಳು ಮೇಲೆದ್ದು ವಿಸ್ತರಿಸತ್ತೊಡಗಿದ್ದವು. ಆಂಗ್ಲರ ವಿರುದ್ದ ಏನಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಹಂಬಲ ಪರಿತಪಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅವನಿಗೆ ಆ ಬೆಂಕಿಯ ಕಿಡಿ ದೇಶದ ಉದ್ದಗಲಕ್ಕೆ ಹಬ್ಬಿದ ಕಾಡ್ಡಿಚ್ಚಿನಂತೆ, ತನ್ನೊಲ್ಲಿವಿನ ಜನರೋಳಿನ ಜ್ಞಾಲಾಮುಖಿಯಂತೆ ಕಂಡಿತು. ಎಲ್ಲೋ ತನ್ನ ಸಹಾಯಕೋಸ್ಸರ ಕೆಲವಾರು ಭಾವನೆಗಳು ಕರೆಯುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ಭಾಸವಾಯಿತು. "ಮಗ್ನಿ.., ಅಣ್ಣಾ...ರೀ.., ಇಂಕುಲಾಬ್ ಜಿಂದಾಬಾದ್.." ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಅವನ ಕರುಳಿಂಡತೊಡಗಿದವು. ನಾನೇನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವೇ? ಇಷ್ಟೋಂದು ಜನರು ನನಗೋಸ್ಸರ ಬಾಗಿಲಬಳಿ ಕಾದುಕುಳಿತಿರಬೇಕಾದರೆ ನಾನು ಮೂರಕಪ್ರೇಕ್ಷಕನಂತೆ ಒಂದು ಹುಲ್ಲು ಬತ್ತಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಆದಶ್ರೇ, ಉದ್ದೇಶ ಗಳನ್ನು ಸಮರ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿರುವನಲ್ಲಿ...ಯಂದು ಅಂದುಕೊಂಡು ಬಾಯಿಯೆಂದ ಸುರುಳಿಯಾಗಿ ಹೊಗೆ ಹೋರಹಾಕಿದನು.

ಆ ಹೊಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ತನ್ನ ಸಾಷ್ಟಂತ್ರವನ್ನು ಕಂಡನು. ಬೆಂಕಿಕಡ್ಡಿಯು ಅವನ ಬೆರಳುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಿನಿಸಿ ತನ್ನ ಇರುವನ್ನು ಖಾತರಿಪಡಿಸಿತು. ಅಧರ್ ಸಿಗರೇಟ್ ಇನ್ನೂ ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ತನ್ನ ಬಲಗ್ಗೆಯಿಂದ ಅದನ್ನು ತೆಗೆದು ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಮಣಿನ ಗೋಡೆಗೆ ಬಲವಾಗಿ ಒತ್ತಿ ಆರಿಸಿದನು. ಆಕಾಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಮತ್ತೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನು ವೀಂಚತೊಡಗಿದನು. ಜೋರಾದ ಗಳಿ ಭುವಿಗೆ ತಂಪೆರೆಯತೊಡಗಿತು. ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲೋ ಬಿದ್ದಿದ್ದ ಬಿದಿರ ಕೋಲೋಂದನ್ನು ಕೈಗೆ ತ್ವಿಹೊರನಡಿದನು. ಪಕ್ಕದ ಬೀದಿಗಳಲ್ಲಿ "ಜೋರಾಗಿ" ಭಾರತ ಮಾತಾ ಕೇ ಜ್ಯೇ "ಎಂಬ ಫೋಷಣ ಮೋಳಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು.



# A CONFESSION OF SORTEI

I have a confession to make. It's a rather grave situation. I'm way too far gone. Already in too deep.

I am an Astrophile. A very very obsessed astrophile to be honest. And no, an astrophile has got nothing to do with 'an obsession for astrology'.

According to Merriam-Webster, an astrophile is one who's fond of star lore. An amateur astronomer. (Again, not to be confused with an 'astrologer')

One who is in love with everything that has got to do with the night sky.

I for one, am obsessed about stars and especially the moon and have been so, since I was very young.

Like every child in the world, my first ever dream in life was to become an astronaut. But as time passed by and others discovered the world around them more and forgot about the beautiful world above them, I still clung to my dream like a baby koala does to its mother.

Over the years, as I grew up and read more about the universe and the mysteries it holds, my fascination for everything space related shot up to an obsession for it. And it keeps increasing every time I learn something new. Spot a star that I hadn't noticed before. Watch the moon go through its phases.

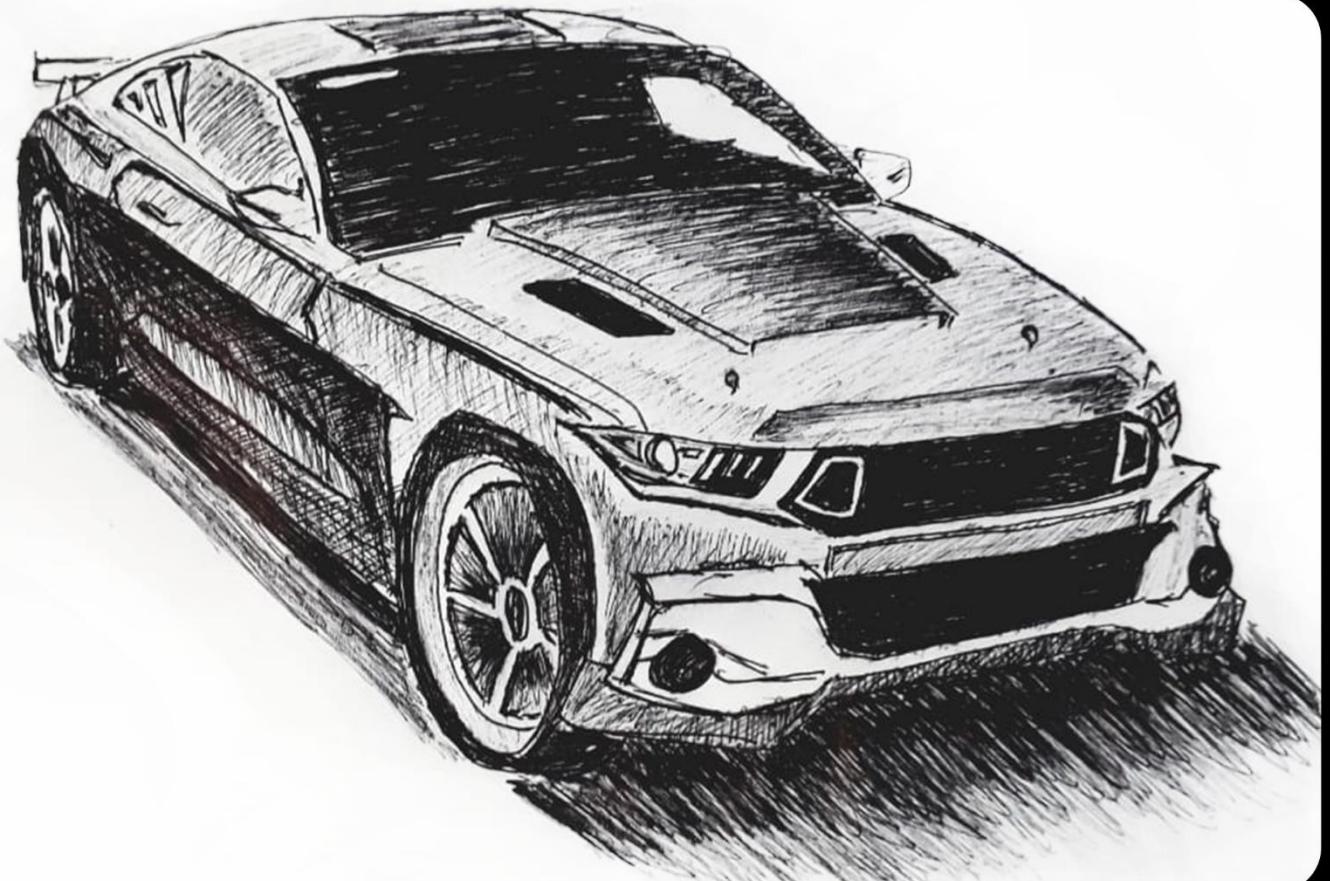
Every time I look up at the night sky, it feels like it beckons to me. Like it wants me to explore its darkest depths. Discover all its secrets.

That feeling of awe and my need to know all the answers fuels my obsession.

I really hope that someday I'll be capable of achieving my dreams. That I'll be capable of uncovering all the secrets. Explain all the mysteries and discover the beauty of the universe in its entirety.

Until then I'm an earth-bound astrophile looking up at the world that I've fallen in love with.





# GORBLIN TOWN

I'd like to go on a journey,  
On a journey far away.  
Down, down, deep underground,  
Into the goblin's bay.

Dark and dreary, bleak and heavy,  
Into a wilderness beyond.  
Not a glare, not a flare,  
In total darkness and despair.

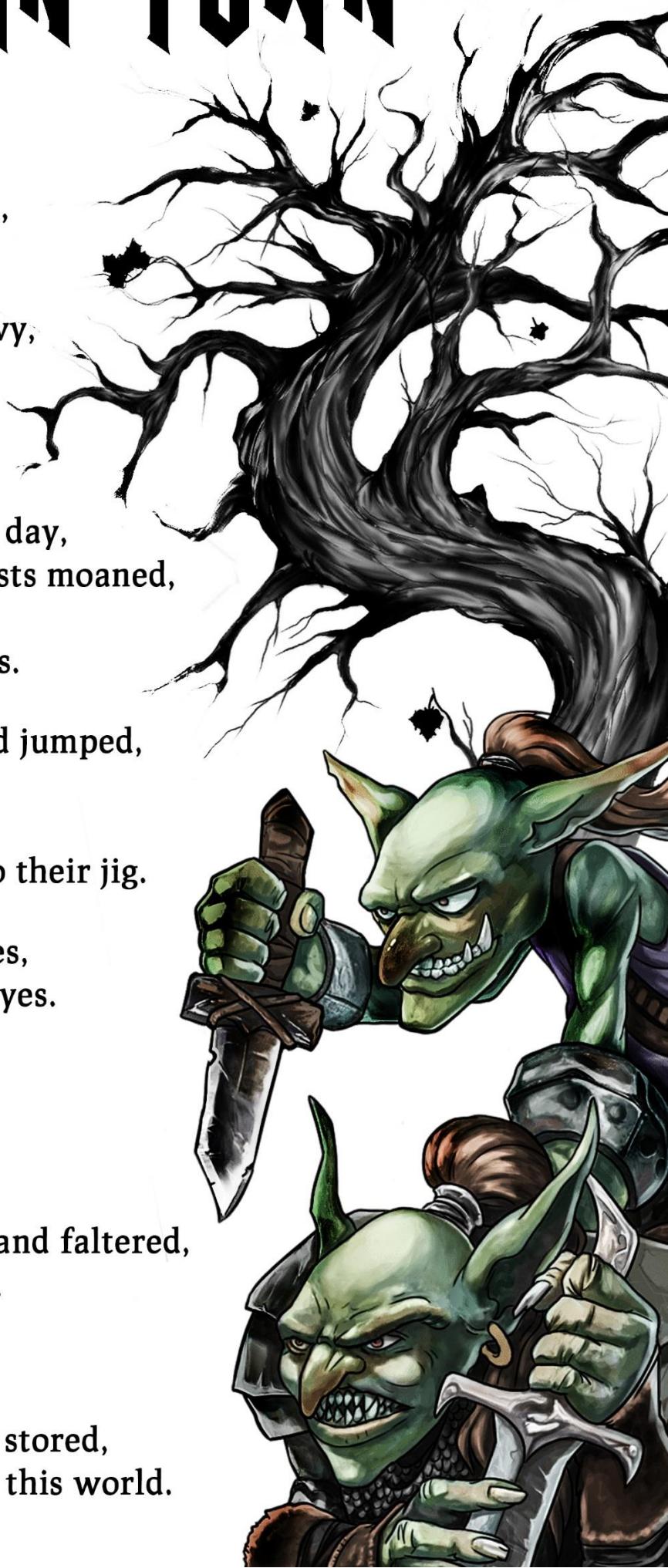
The shadows crept by night and day,  
The branches groomed, the forests moaned,  
Shifting gazes, crafty eyes,  
Wicked grins and stealthy smiles.

The goblins hopped, skipped and jumped,  
Around their little fire space.  
I said, 'Hi, what's your gig',  
As they wriggled and waggled to their jig.

Fingers beckoned, inviting smiles,  
Hearty guffaws and twinkling eyes.  
My fear went away,  
And I joined them in their play.

Not so terrifying as I imagined,  
Their laughter sand in my ears.  
I flounced, fluttered, staggered and faltered,  
And felt that I was one of them.

A certain shout awoke me,  
And reality ready to mock me.  
I will never forget the joy that I stored,  
Thanks for making me a part of this world.



# Fashion

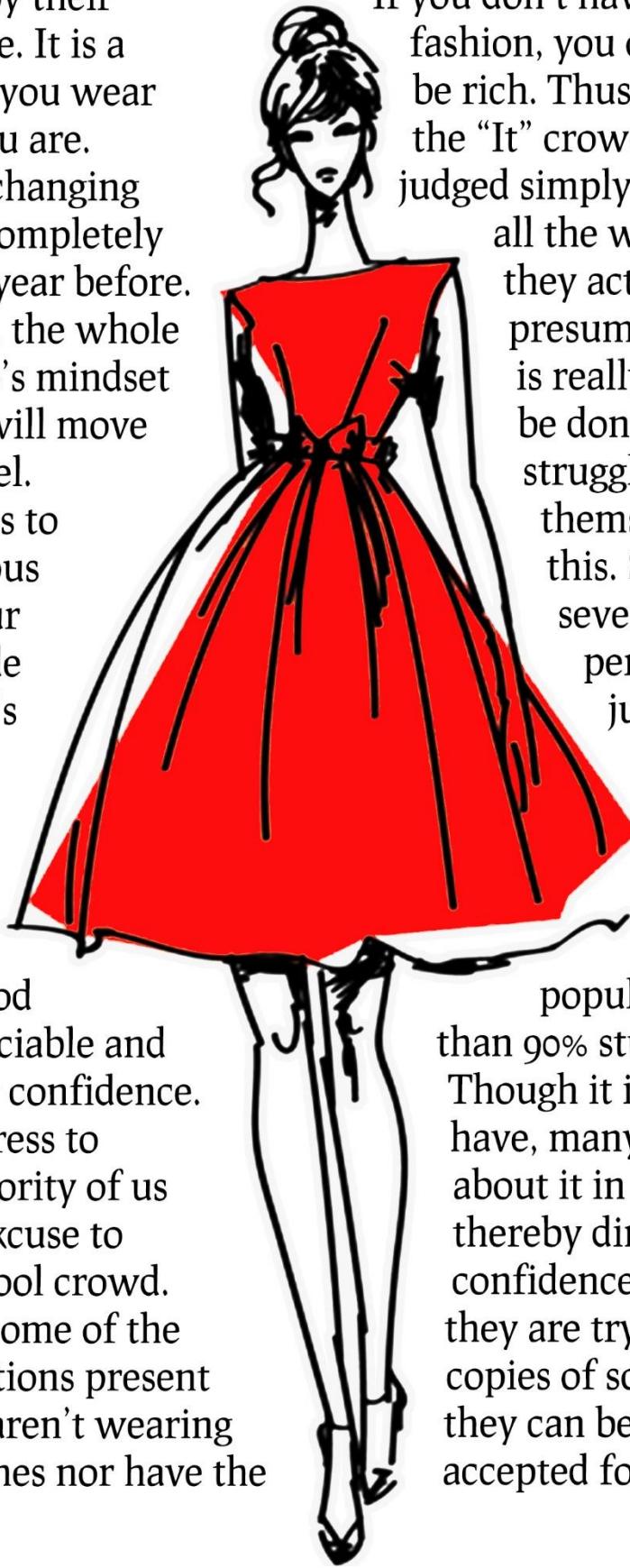
We live in a world where people are judged by their external appearance. It is a world where what you wear determines who you are.

Fashion is an ever changing trend that will be completely different from the year before. With such changes, the whole concept and people's mindset regarding fashion will move to a whole new level.

Hence it is pointless to compare the previous generation's and our generation's attitude towards fashion. It's obvious that such changes happen. Of course, taking care of one's appearance and wanting to look good is very much appreciable and it does upgrade our confidence.

However, not all dress to please oneself. Majority of us use fashion as an excuse to blend in with the cool crowd. The following are some of the interesting assumptions present nowadays. "If you aren't wearing the happening clothes nor have the

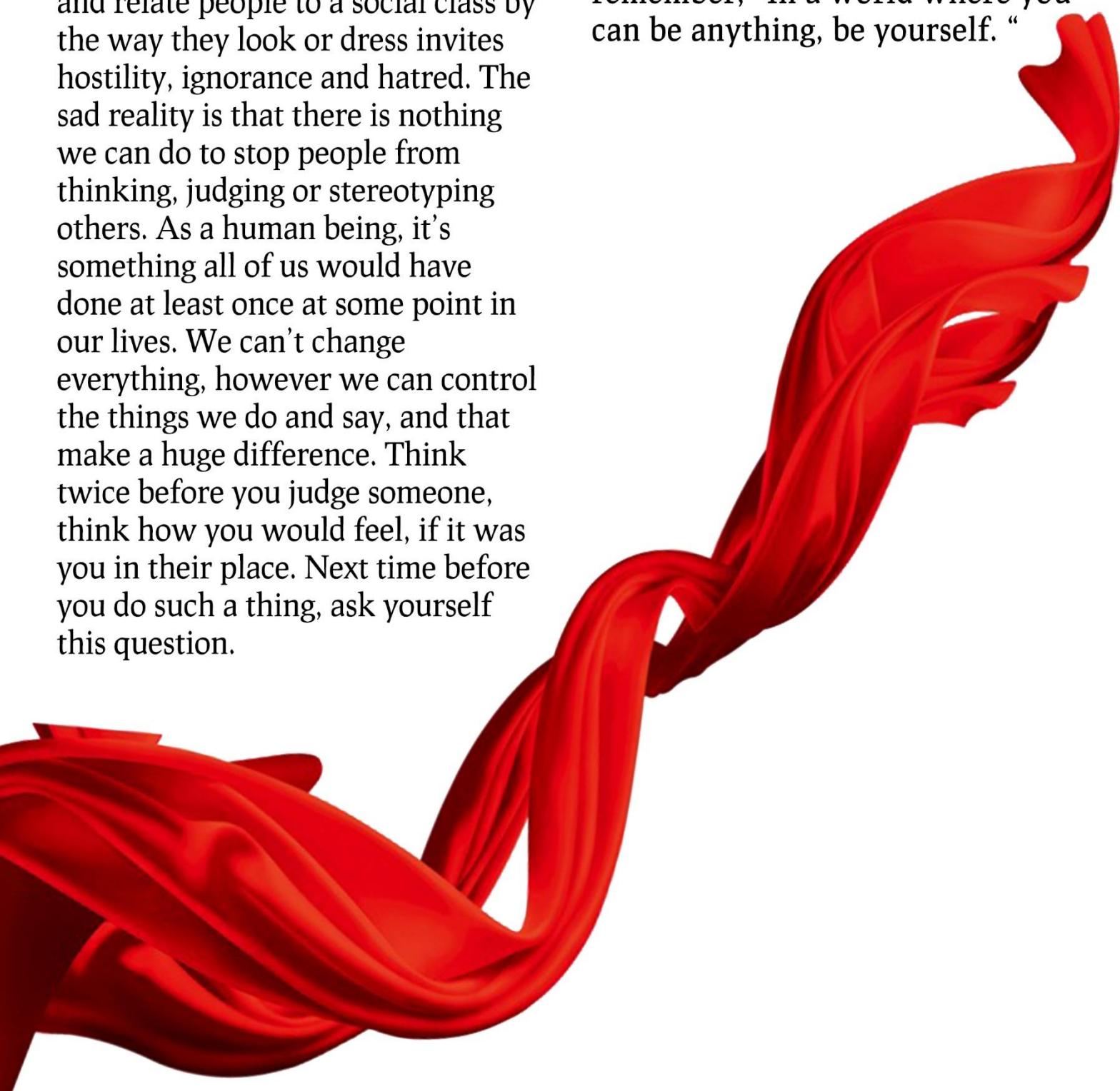
right accessories, you are not cool." If you don't have a good sense of fashion, you obviously must not be rich. Thus you aren't part of the "It" crowd. Students are judged simply by what they wear, all the way down to how they act. Once such a presumption is made, there is really nothing that can be done to change it. Many struggle with finding themselves because of this. Some go through several makeovers and personality changes just to see where they can fit in and who will like them. It's this constant yearning for popularity that more than 90% students strive for. Though it is a nice feeling to have, many approach or go about it in wrong ways thereby diminishing their confidence, not realising that they are trying to be mediocre copies of someone else when they can be themselves and be accepted for it. They wonder



accepted for it. They wonder who they are, what their purpose is in life and where they belong. Such notions can ruin and scar their young lives.

This system where we classify and relate people to a social class by the way they look or dress invites hostility, ignorance and hatred. The sad reality is that there is nothing we can do to stop people from thinking, judging or stereotyping others. As a human being, it's something all of us would have done at least once at some point in our lives. We can't change everything, however we can control the things we do and say, and that make a huge difference. Think twice before you judge someone, think how you would feel, if it was you in their place. Next time before you do such a thing, ask yourself this question.

How would you feel to be in his or her shoes? Nobody is perfect; hence we don't have the right to judge anyone. Moreover, we don't need to change ourselves to be accepted by the society. Always remember, "In a world where you can be anything, be yourself."



" You will have a more interesting life, if you wear impressive clothes "

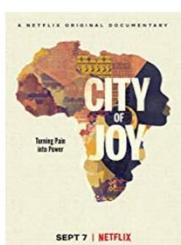
-VIVIENNE WESTWOOD



## GONE BABY GONE



Two private detectives come across a case where a girl is kidnapped and all was linked to her drug addict mother. But the story turns out to be a crisis for detectives both professionally and personally. But somehow they safely manage to return the kid back home as promised to the little girl's mother.



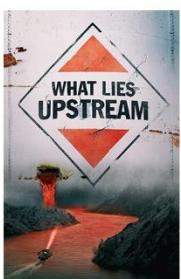
## CITY OF JOY

A heart shattering, yet striking film of women who have been broken, burned down only to rise from the ashes of decade long exploitation of Congo.



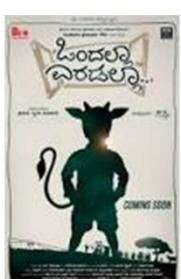
## THE STONING OF SORAYA M.

A tale of horrific injustice, The Stoning of Soraya M, is set in Iran and depicts the horrors inflicted on an innocent woman living under Islam's cruelest regimes where there is no escape.



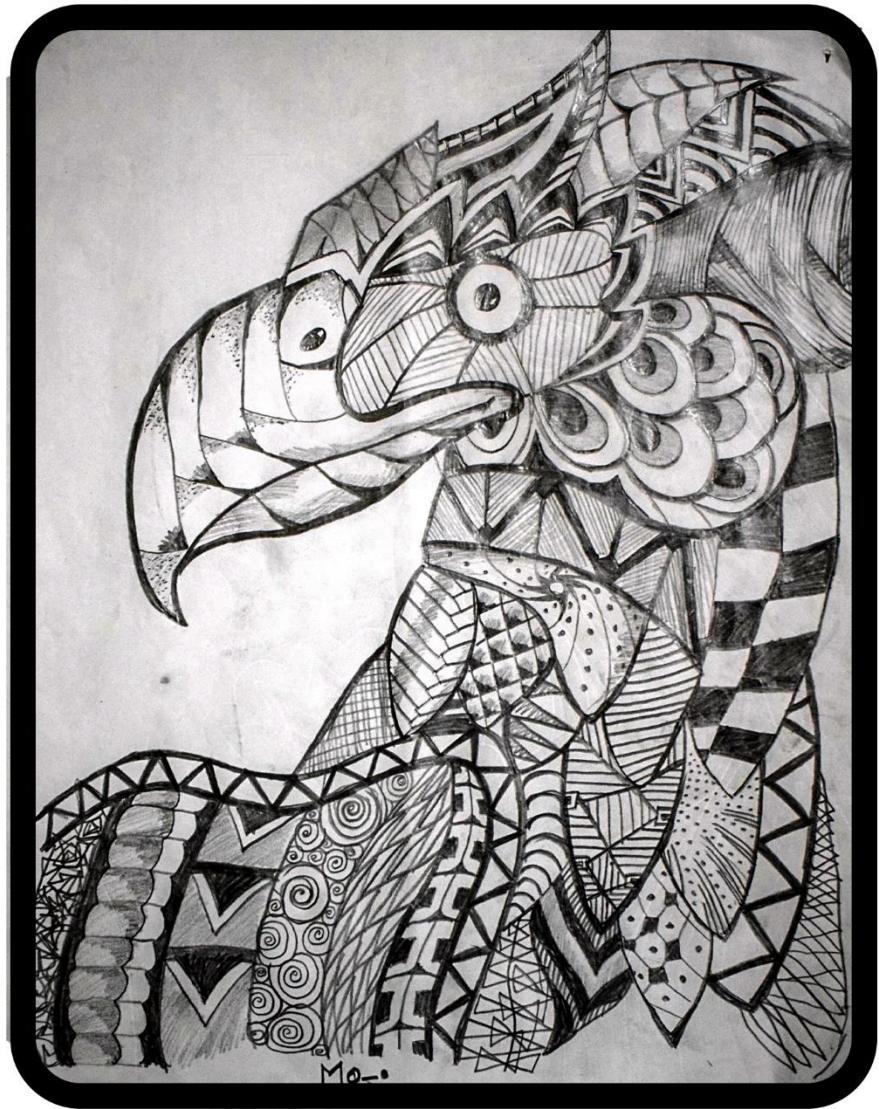
## WHAT LIES UPSTREAM

It's a documented political scandalous thriller, where the indictment on the entire water protecting system was investigated for the spill of chemicals into water. This is the movie which tells us about the corrupted systems and how they play with people's life.



## ONDALLA ERADALLA

The movie explores the unbreakable bond between a young boy Sameera and his cow Bhanu. When Bhanu goes missing Sameera's world comes crumbling down. In his journey towards finding Bhanu he meets interesting characters who make viewers realize the futility of many social practices.



# MATRIARCHY

As the Supreme court ruled a landmark judgement allowing women to enter Sabarimala, furious responses came a way; but hard-core feminists viewed it as a win over patriarchy. It was, altogether, a victory for people advocating gender equality. But the irony is that this is happening in a state which had matriarchy as its norms until more than half a century ago.



Nowadays it would be outrageous even to imagine a woman at the helm of affairs in the house. We don't see women as the sole owners of assets in a family. They seldom take independent decisions concerning the family either. But in a few sects in Kerala , right till the 1930s or 1940s, the inheritance was traced through females. More heinous was the fact that a women could follow polandry as this was not a crime back then. The system called sambhandams allowed women to have more than a husband. Widows were permitted to remarry and were not considered a social recluse. The women also had complete rights to divorce their husband back then; and here we are, still debating on Triple Talaq.

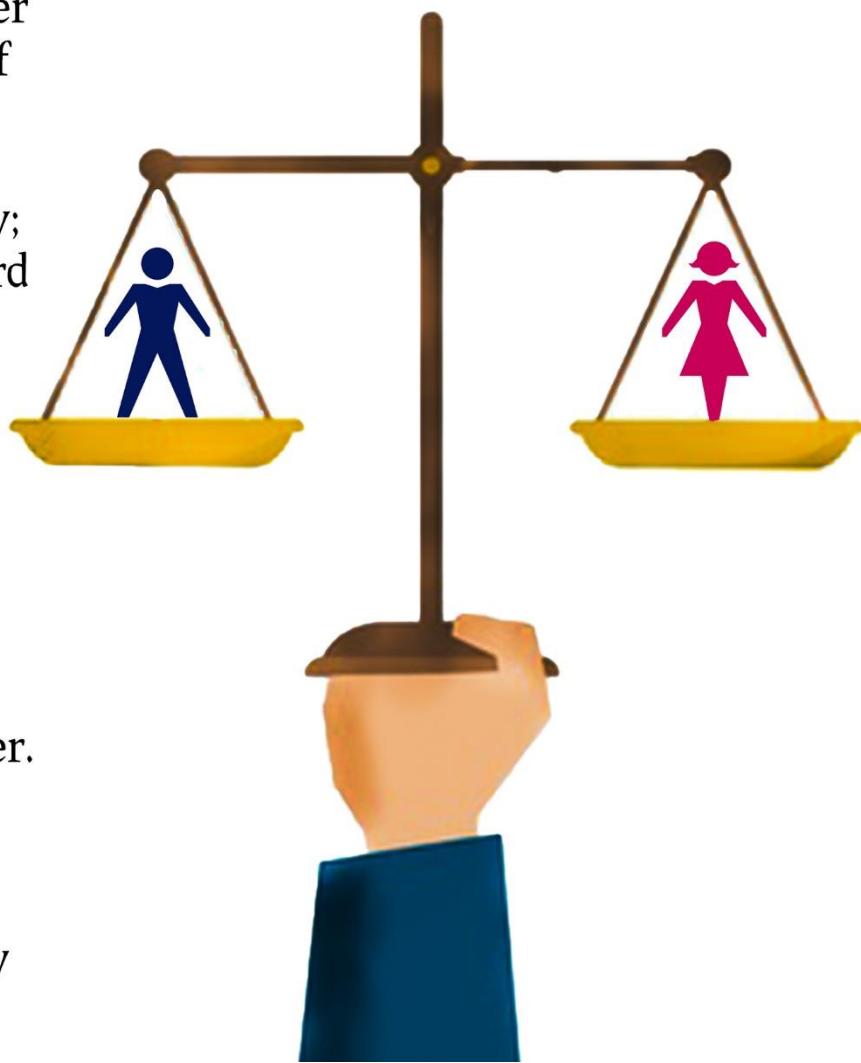
Such complete liberty and rights weren't given to women in Kerala because the people in that society had a profound sense of equality or feminism; but more because that was their custom and tradition. Actually the matrilineal Nair tharawad, for instance, has its roots in patriarchy. The Nair men were warriors who led dangerous and uncertain lives. The idea of ensuring

that the property passed from mother to daughter was designed to keep the property and the women safe.

The Europeans, who we laud as broad minded, came sailing to the ports of Kerala to find such practices intolerable. Following patriarchal norms themselves, they were surprised to find warrior princesses and ruling female monarchs. They found all these customs unnecessary, and stressed on a more male dominant society. It was hugely because of the part played by the Europeans and British that the matrilineal system declined in Kerala. They told and taught how important it is for women to be the dotting daughter of her father, the loving wife of her husband and the caring mother of her children. She was shamed for having more than a husband and for daring to marry being a widow; she was told not to wield the sword or hold assets; she was asked to limit herself and her freedom. The rulers ensured her education and health; but made sure that she followed the patriarchal way of 'womanhood' and 'morality'. She was asked to be satisfied with the new set of privileges that a male dominant society could provide her. Altogether the women of Kerala slowly allowed themselves to become the part of a society that deprived them of the benefits they

once held.

I am not saying that those privileges should be brought back. It just leaves me wondering whether the changes that was brought to a predominantly matrilineal society was for the good or not. As a girl of this century, they all seem so distant and unrelatable. I don't know how different the situation might have been if all that was relevant and in practice even today. But perhaps, a century ago, people were more liberal and progressive than how they are today.



# ಸೀಂಪಲ್‌ಗ್ ಬಂದ್

## ENGINEERING LIFE

ನೋಲ್ಯು ವರ್ಷ- ಎಂಟು sem, ಬೇಟು ಕಾಫಿ- xerox ನೋಟ್ಸು, library ಬುಕ್ಸ್- ಇಡೀ ದಿನ classes, assignments- seminar- internals- events ಇಷ್ಟ್ವೇ ಅಲ್ಲ Engineering ಅಂದ್ರೆ.. Engineering ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಬಂದು ಕನಸು, ಕಲ್ಪನೆ, ಅದೊಂದು ಹೋಸ ಜಗತ್ತು, ಕೌಶಲಕ್ಕುತ್ತಳೆ, ಅವಕಾಶ- ಅನಾವರಣ ಎಲ್ಲಾ!!!

ನಮಗೆ Engineering ಕಾಲೇಜು ಹಲವು ತರದ ದಾರಿಗಳನ್ನು ತೆರೆದುಕೊಡುತ್ತುದೆ. ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಗುರುವನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿದರೇ, ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಗುರುವನ್ನು ಪರಿಚಯಿಸುತ್ತುದೆ. ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಬರಿ ಸೋಲು ಹಿಂಸೆಯನ್ನೇ ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೀಗಾಗೆ Engineering ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೆ ವರ ಎನಿಸಿದರೆ ಕೆಲವರಿಗೆ ಶಾಪ ಎಂದನಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಒಬ್ಬರು ಕನಸಿನ ಅರಮನೆ ಕಟ್ಟಿದರೆ ಉಳಿದವರು ಗಾಜಿನ ಅರಮನೆಗೆ ಕಲ್ಲು ಹೊಡೆಯುವ ಸಾಹಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ.

### ಅದೇನೋ ಗೊತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ,

ಮೊದಲ ವರ್ಷ Engineeringಗೆ ಹೋಗುವ ನಾವು ಹೊರಬರುವಾಗ ನಾವಾಗಿರಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮುಲ್ಲೇ ಬಂದು ರೀತಿಯ ಹೋಸತನ- ಹುರುಪು. ಕಾಲೇಜಿಗೆ ಕಾಲೀಡುವಾಗ ತೆಂಜುವ ಕಂಬಳಿ ಹುಳುವಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ, ಹೊರಬರುವಾಗ ಹಾರುವ ಚಿಟ್ಟೆಗಳಾಗಿರುತ್ತೇವೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಗುರುತು ನಮಗೇ ಸಿಗದಷ್ಟು ಬದಲಾಗಿರುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಆಕಾಶಕ್ಕೆ ಏಣಿ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಿರುತ್ತೇವೆ!!

### ಹೀಗೆ,

Engineering ನಮ್ಮ ಬದುಕನ್ನು ಬದಲಾಯಿಸುತ್ತದೆ, ಬದುಕಲು ಕಲಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಜೀವನದ ಹಿಂದೆ ಓಡುಕುದುರೆಗಳಾಗಿ ಓದುವುದನ್ನೂ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಭೂತ- ಭವಿಷ್ಯ- ವರ್ತಮಾನಗಳನ್ನು ಸಂಭಾಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯುವುದನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡುತ್ತದೆ, ಗುರುವಾಗಿ, ಸ್ನೇಹಿತನಾಗಿ, ಮಾರ್ಗದರ್ಶಕನಾಗಿ ಜೀವನದುದ್ದಕ್ಕೂ ಬೆನ್ನಲುಬಾಗಿ ನೀಲ್ಯಾತ್ಮದೆ. ಅಬ್ಬು!!

Engineering ಅನ್ನು ದಿನವಿಡೀ ಬಯ್ಯಾತ್ತಾ ತಿರುಗುವ ನಮಗೆ Engineering ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿಡಿದ ಕೈಗನ್ನಡಿ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಯುವ ಮೊದಲೇ ನಾಲ್ಕು ಮಧುರ ವರ್ಷಗಳು ಕಳೆದು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನಿಂದ ಹೊರನಡದಿರುತ್ತೇವೆ.

# THE NATURE OF LOVE

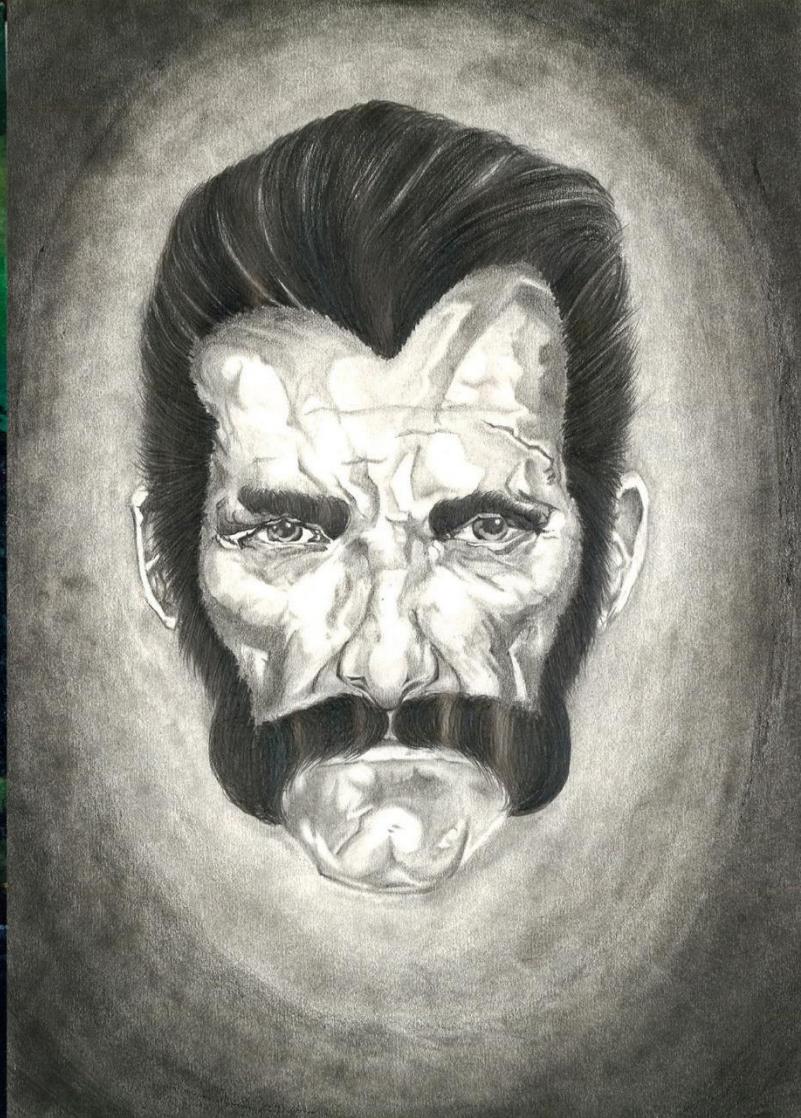
He was her morning sun, embracing her with tender rays,  
She was his pretty flower, adored with delicate petals.

The clouds paved their way,  
The gentle wind decided to blow,  
The birds spread the morning joy,  
As his warmth turned her cheeks red and glow.

Time has come for them to move on,  
For the dark night has conquered their domain,  
They knew it was not an epilogue,  
Yet it was hard for their hearts to live apart.

The morning has again dawned,  
Where she looks forward for him to rise up,  
And he waits to gaze at her pretty face,  
With their hearts promising to stay together.





# TIMBER

Timber had always been their best secret keeper. All seeing, ever present and yet so non-intrusive. It was a whole different world of its own. Filled with strange noises and eerie calm, it held the clandestine rendezvous and hiding spots of everything alive and breathing. From tiny squirrels to nosy ravens, everyone had entrusted their secrets to the wilderness. And so had they.

They'd come to seek refuge, time and time again. Away from the prying eyes of others. The eyes that stared and criticized their identity. Questioned their integrity. Away from all the bias and prejudice, it was among the timber that they had sought solace. The woods, where everyone was equal and welcome. Where no one was an outsider and no one could ever become one. The kind of place which grew onto you, spread its tendrils and wrapped its branches around your very soul. And before you even realized it. You were one of them. One with them.





They had discovered the place a long time ago. A small bit of heaven of their own.

And it had held their secrets. The truth about their true selves. About the love that coursed through their veins.

The woods had brought them together at heart when the world had been trying to push them apart.

Far away from the world, that had only ever shown its back to them. Taken away their sense of belonging. Stolen what they'd loved the most about life.

It had ripped them away from each other. But here they were. Together, among the silent timber. Together at last.



# ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ

ಎನಾದರೂ ಬರೆಯಬೇಕನಿಸಿತು,  
ಪ್ರಸ್ತುತ-ಪೆನ್ನು ಹಿಡಿದು ಕೂತೆ.  
ಮುಂದೇನು? ಎಂಬ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆ  
ಕಾಡತೊಡಗಿತು. ಏನು ಬರೆಯೋದು?  
ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಶುರುಮಾಡೋದು? ಅಂತ.  
ಇಂಜಿನಿಯರಿಂಗ್ ಸೇರಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ನನ್ನ  
ಕವಿತೆ ಪ್ರಸ್ತುತವನ್ನು ಆದಷ್ಟು  
ದೂರವಿಟ್ಟಿದ್ದೆ. ಈ ಅಸ್ಯೇನ್ ಮೆಂಟ್,  
ಇಂಟನೆಚ್ಟ್ ಮುಧ್ಯ ಸಮಯ  
ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಒಂದು  
ಕಾರಣವಾದರೆ, ಈ ವಾಟ್ಸ್‌ಪ್ರೂ  
ಇನ್‌ಸ್‌ಗ್ರಾಮ್ ಗಳನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಪ್ರಸ್ತುತ  
ಹಿಡಿಯಲು ಮನಸ್ಸೆ ಬರುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ  
ಎನ್ನುವುದು ಇನ್‌ಎಂದು ಕಾರಣ. ಹೀಗಾಗಿ  
ನನ್ನ ಡೈರಿಗೆ ತೆರೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಭಾಗ್ಯವೂ  
ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ನನಗೆ ಬರೆಯಲು ಪದಗಳೂ  
ಸಿಗುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

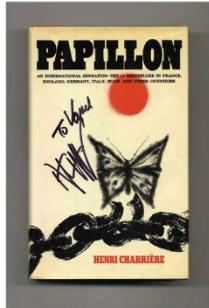
ಈಗ ಕೂತು ಯಾವುದರ ಬಗ್ಗೆ  
ಬರೆಯಲೆ? ಎಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದೆ.  
ಹೂವು, ಹಣ್ಣು, ಗಿಡ, ಪೆಕ್ಕು, ಪರಿಸರ,  
ಪೀಠಿ, ಪ್ರೇಮ, ಒಲವು ಹೀಗೆ ಹಲವಾರು  
ಪಾರಂಪರಿಕ Topicಗಳು ಮನಸಲ್ಲಿ  
ಹಾದುಹೋದವು. ಯಾವುದೂ  
ಸರಿಯೆನಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ, ತಲೆಕೆರೆದುಕೊಂಡು  
ಯೋಚಿಸ್ತಾ ಕೂತಿದ್ದೆ. ಆಗ 'ನನ್ನ ಕಥೆ  
ಬರಿ' ಎಂಬ ಅಶರೀರವಾಣಿ ಕೇಳಿಸು.  
ರೂಮಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬಳೇ ಇದ್ದದ್ದರಿಂದ  
ಇದ್ದಾರಷ್ಟು ಮಾತಾಡಿರೋದು ಅಂತ  
ಒಂದು ಕ್ಷಣಾ ದಿಗಿಲಾಯ್ತು, ಸುತ್ತಲೂ  
ನೋಡಿದೆ. ನನ್ನ ಡೈರಿ ಮಾತಾಡ್ತ ಇತ್ತು.



"ಹೌದು, ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನ ಡೈರಿ. ಒಂದಾನೋಂದು  
ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ಪರ ಪರ  
ಅಂತ ಗೆಚ್ಚಿದ್ದಲ್ಲ ಅದೇ ಡೈರಿ. ಕಥ್ತ-ಕವಿತೆ  
ಅಂತೆಲ್ಲಾ ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬದುಂ ದೂಡ್ಲು  
ಲೇಖಿಕ ಧರ ಪೋನು ಕೊಡ್ಡಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಾ ಅದೇ  
ಡೈರಿ, ಹೋದಲೆಲ್ಲ ಹೂತುಕೊಂಡು  
ಹೋಗ್ಗಿದ್ದಲ್ಲಾ ಅದೇ ಅದೃಷ್ಟವಂತ ಡೈರಿ.  
ನಿನ್ನ ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಜಾಗ ಬದಗಿಸಿ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಆ  
ಉಧಾರ ಡೈರಿ ನಾನೇ. ಈಗ ನೋಡು ನನ್ನ  
ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದಿಂಚು ಧೂಳಿ ಕೂತಿದೆ,  
ಹಾಳೆಗಳನ್ನು ತಿರುವದೇ ಯಾವುದೋ  
ಕಾಲವಾಗಿದೆ. ನೀನು ಹೇಳಬೇಕೆಂದಿದ್ದನ್ನುಲ್ಲಾ  
ನನ್ನ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರದೆ, ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಮಾತು  
ಒಂದು ಸಲಿಯೂ ಕೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ. ನನ್ನದೊಂದು  
ಕಥ್ತಯಿದೆ, 'ತಿರುವದ ಪುಟಗಳ ತೆರೆದಿಟ್ಟ ಕಥ್ತ',  
ನಿನಗೆ ಅದನ್ನು ಹೇಳುತ್ತೇನೆ, ಅದನ್ನೋ ಬರಿ"  
ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿ ನನ್ನ ಡೈರಿ ಕಣ್ಣಿರು ಸುರಿಸಿತು.  
ಗಾಬರಿಯಿಂದ ಅದರ ಕಣ್ಣಿರು ಒರನಲು  
ಹೋದೆ, ತಕ್ಷಣ ಅದು ಮಾತು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿತು.  
ಅದನ್ನು ಕೈಗತಿಕೊಂಡು ಹಿಂದೆ-ಮುಂದೆ  
ತಿರುಗಿಸಿ ನೋಡಿದೆ, ಎಲ್ಲಿಯೂ ಮಾತೂ  
ಕೇಳಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಕಣ್ಣಿರೂ ಕಾಣಲಿಲ್ಲ.  
ಮಾತಾಡಿದ್ದು ನನ್ನ ಕಲ್ಪನೆಗಳೇ ಹೊರತು  
ಡೈರಿಯಲ್ಲ ಎಂದು ನಕ್ಕ ನಾನು ಸುಮಾನೆ  
ಕೂತೆ.ನನ್ನ ಪೀಠಿ ಡೈರಿ ಮಾತು ಲೋಕದ  
ಇಹಪರವೇ ತಿಳಿಯದ ಹಾಗೆ ಪ್ರಶಾಂತವಾಗಿ  
ಕುಳಿತಿತ್ತು.



# FEED YOUR SOUL



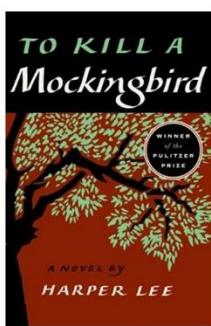
## PAPILLON

Considered to be one of the most adventurous and gripping stories of all time, the book takes us through the harrassment and brutal life in prison to the events leading to the author's release from prison. Sailing on rafts, acting insane and even accompanying a pirate to escape, he ends up getting caught each time. This story of his perseverance and endurance is an all time classic.



## MY STORY

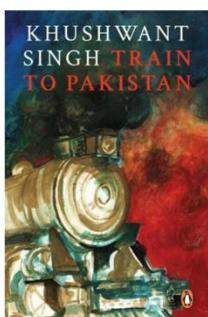
The autobiography of Kamala Das published originally in Malayalam as 'Ente Katha' was translated into English as My Story. Considered the best selling woman's autobiography in India the book pushes its readers into a desire to love and to be loved and a desire to be disloyal. The book evoked violent reactions and admirations equally and still remains one of the most honest autobiography ever written.



## TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

Ranked above Bible as a book " Every adult must read before they die", To kill a mockingbird is considered to be a classic of American literature. Told through the eyes of Scout Finch, it tells the story of her lawyer father, who faces backlash just because he decides to fight for justice on behalf of a black man wrongly accused of rape.

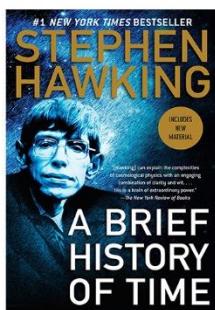
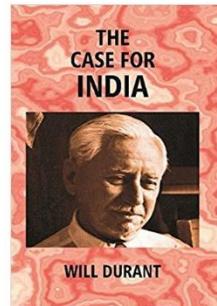
## TRAIN TO PAKISTAN



With a love story between an infamous Sikh thug, Juggat Singh and a weaver's daughter Noora as background, the book revolves around the horrors of partition and the harsh realities that two communities had to face. This conflict of love and self-sacrifice with religion, community, hatred and carnage is lauded as one of the best books of history.

## THE CASE FOR INDIA

In this profoundly written work, Will Durant describes the way he saw India, bleeding under the tyranny of the British. As he glorifies India and its wonders, he puts forward the ruthlessness of the English that left this country in shreds.

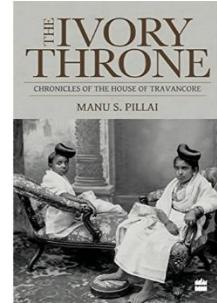
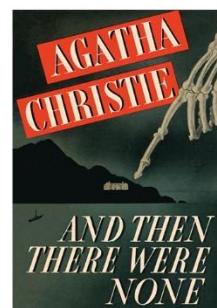


## A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME

One of the most popular books on science by famed scientist Stephen Hawking, A brief history of time is a common man's guide to cosmology and is considered one of the best books for science enthusiasts.

## AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

10 strangers, invited on a holiday to an unpopulated island by one Mr. U N OWEN, find themselves trapped as one by one they begin to die. Haunted by an old rhyme and with a murderer in their midst, they all set up on a race for survival.



## IVORY THRONE

Chronicling the dramatic world of the dynasty of Travancore which began with a rebel prince, the book tells the stories of palace intrigues, dynastic feud between princesses and scheming matriarchs . Well-written and detailed, the book won the author the Yuva Sahitya Akademy Award .





# CRIME

**I**t was a cold night.

And yet she was sweating profusely. Perhaps it was because of the fire of anger that was burning in her. But she didn't even want to wipe the sweat from her face. She was walking fiercely, so fiercely that all that she could see of the surroundings was a haze. Clutching onto her bag, she turned into the darkness of the next lane.

In the darkness, she realised that she was walking at a really fast pace. It was then that she noticed her surroundings. She stopped with a lump in her throat. It was pitch black. Everything was shrubbery and there was no one around.

She jumped even at the sound of rustling leaves. Fear filled in her. She looked around. A cat's green eyes stared at her. With growing fear, she quickly walked down the lane.

She entered the main road. There were no vehicles around. The clock on the tower chimed twelve. She kept her bag on the pavement. Covering her face with her trembling hands, she sat down.

Her mind was racing back; back by a few hours.....It was in the living room of their house.

She didn't know what she was screaming. She was screaming just because she didn't want to listen to her father's words. The fact that she had a boyfriend had come as a storm in her home. She had built dreams for the whole life with him and now her



father was all set to break those beautiful fantasies that she had woven with him. As the word war raged, her temper kept raising. Fuming, she walked into her room and slammed the door. She did not open the door even when her mother came calling for her. She didn't even come out to have dinner. She heard her father who was still shouting at everyone angrily. Amidst the tense atmosphere, everyone went to sleep.

The clock was showing 11 right then. She gathered a few clothes, took all the money she had and stormed out into the night. All that she had in her mind was to get as far away as possible. She had asked her love to meet her near the park.

But now she couldn't even walk a step. More than fatigue what checked her was fear. She had never felt so insecure with her parents around. She was trembling not with cold but with fright. Suddenly she heard footsteps somewhere. Turning around, she saw the silhouette of a man a few yards away. He was slowly walking towards her.....

Fear escalated in her. She took her bag and started walking fast. She didn't know where she was headed to. But she was walking..... walking away from her fear.....from the insecurity that she felt. She cursed the moment she had decided to walk out from her home. She wished and wanted her parents to come there.....to take her into their arms and assure her that everything is alright.....to wipe her tears....to say "We are here for you....."

Very soon she was surrounded by more such silhouettes. She was frozen with fear. They were all strangers....whose cruel smirk was the only thing she could see in the dim street lights. But something else brought her hope. A very familiar silhouette was advancing towards her. As he neared her, she ran into his arms. All that she yearned for was the security her beloved's embrace could give her. But that day, his embrace didn't seem

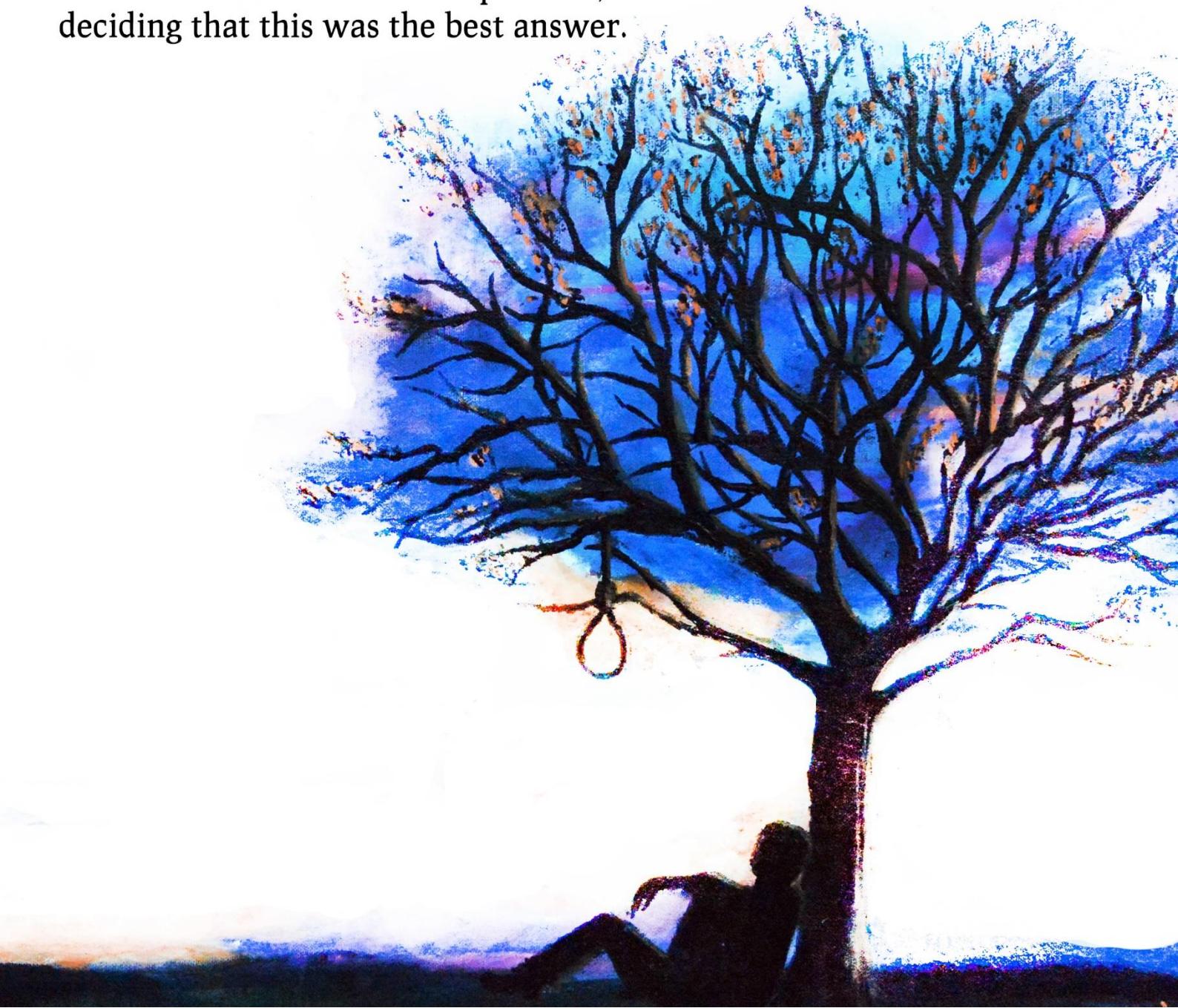


protective. She felt uneasy and looked up into his face. The cruel smirk seemed to be reflecting on his face too.

All of a sudden, something hit her head and she felt dizzy. Her head was reeling and she couldn't walk. The bag dropped from her hand as she fell down. Her head hit the pavement. Pain blinded her as she tried to stand up.

The morning dawned in a hospital. She was laying on a bed. It did not take much to realise what had happened to her. The pain of betrayal was stinging her. She had loved him with all her heart, never realising his intentions.

Days passed but she was shamed for daring to love a guy, to trust him and for defying the words of her parents. She wasn't able to decide who was the criminal. Wasn't it a crime on his part or was it hers? Society debated the answer for this question, as she stood before the noose..... deciding that this was the best answer.



# ಇಬ್ಬನ್ನೆ

ಮುಂಜಾನೆಯ ಸಿಹಿ ಹಗಲು  
ಸೂರ್ಯ ಕಿರಣಗಳ ನಗೆಹೊನಲು  
ಎಲೆಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ ಇಬ್ಬನಿಗಳ ನತ್ವನ  
ಮರದೆಲೆಗೂ ಮಂಜಿಗೂ ಮಥುರವಾದ ವೀಲನ

ಹುಲ್ಲಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ಮುತ್ತನ್ನು ಪೋಣಿಸಿ  
ಇಬ್ಬನಿ ತಾ ನಿಂತಿಹಳ್ಳಿ ಕಿರುನಗೆಯ ಸೂಸಿ  
ಜೀಡನ ಬಲೆಗೂ ಮುಂಜಾನೆಯ ಅಲಂಕಾರ  
ಮೃತ್ಯುಕೊಪವಿಂದು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಸುಂದರ

ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಗೆ ನೀಡಿ ಸೌಗಂಧದ ಗುತ್ತಿಗೆ  
ಅರಳಿತು ಮೆಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಆ ಕಿರುಮಲ್ಲಿಗೆ  
ತನ್ನಿರುಳ ನೋವನ್ನು ತನ್ನೊಳಿಗೆ ಇರಿಸಿ  
ಹಗಲನ್ನು ಕರೆದಿಹಳ್ಳಿ ಇಬ್ಬನಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರನು ಒರಸಿ

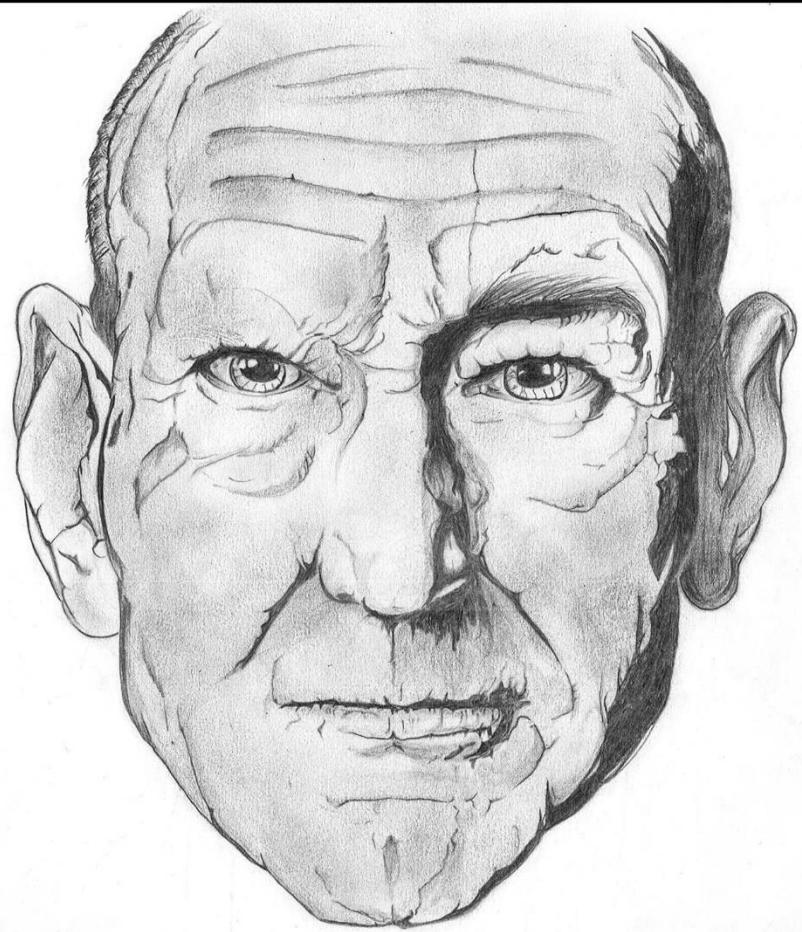


# UNIQUE ONE!

Introvert is one of the major personality traits identified in many theories of personality. Introverts focus more on internal thoughts and feels rather than seeking out external stimulation. The world is designed for extroverts. So it is difficult for introverts to express themselves. So they often lag behind. Introverts really enjoy being alone, self talking, reading books, listening to music, going out on a long drive and they are very creative. Just because introverts don't like to walk into a room full of people and talk to everyone making friends, it doesn't mean that they do don't like having friends and fun. Introverts hate small talks. They are good at thought provoking talks. Introverts ain't quite without a purpose, they observe their surroundings very carefully. As a result, they always give advice to their closest one's. When an introvert tells something don't deny them because they know the world better than you. They can tell your feelings just by looking at your facial expressions. They are extremely good at problem solving. They can notice even the slightest changes. They are highly selective while choosing a friend. They tend to open up completely with their best friend and never hurt or betray them. Always remember that shyness and introversion are not the same. Introverts try to avoid social gatherings. Introverts use their downtime as a moment to recharge after social engagements, as they gain their energy from being alone. Some famous introvert personalities are Bill Gates, Lady Gaga, Michael Jordan, Barack

Obama etc. Introverts like social media. Just think why? When it is necessary introverts explode bringing out everything they've got with minimum and effective words which make direct impact on others. Don't mess with a introverts because they can kill you by words that pierce into your feelings. If every introvert becomes extrovert than you better find a new planet.





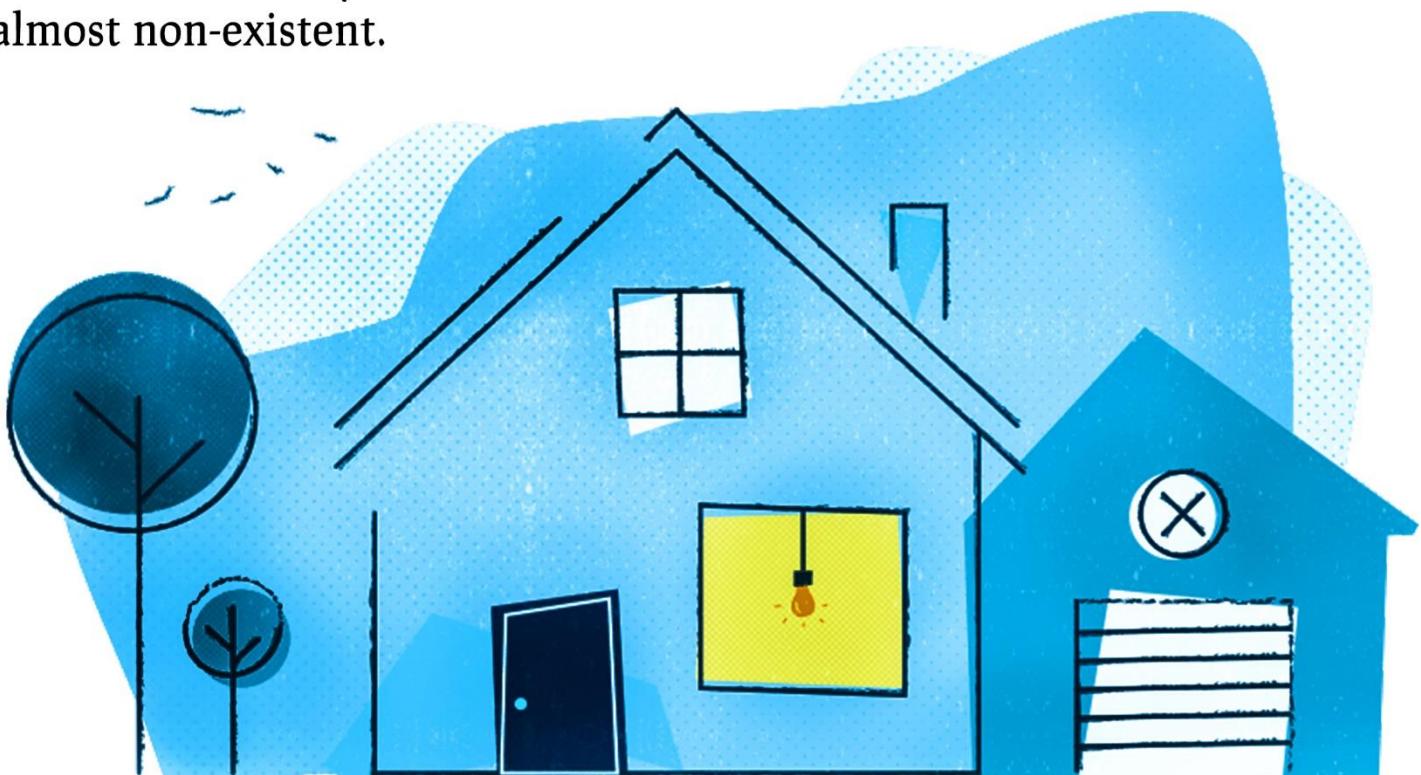
A + b1

# FINDING HOME

It startles you.  
To think about your first time at a new place.  
The unfamiliarity. The paused look.  
Intersection of roads which all look the same that you need to follow a GPS and look for street signs to find the little cafe behind a rusted gate. The baby's breath spread so lovely but disregarded.

Then monotony sets in.  
The road travelled seems tedious.  
The number of trees unchanged.  
The mugs of insipid coffee sipped.  
The sudden squall of driving rain which infuriates you. The bulb outside illuminating your room that once narked you now seems almost non-existent.

Time passes and you start to see everything come to life. The unrepeated patterns of twigs fascinate you. The bulbous ranunculus under the dilapidated, ivy covered stone bench. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee as you enter the cafe behind the rusted gate for the last time. The bliss as you swirl your coffee and see shades of brown you never noticed. Everything was new and strange then. The worn-out red roof that once meant nothing, means so much now. And one day, as you leave, you'll realise you've built a home in a place that startled you the first time.





# Patience



I never hurried up in found of my future  
Because I loved my past  
I never saw skies on fire  
Because I let no tears in my eyes

Living through many experiences and situations  
I took my mind and intellect into enlightening  
Loving each of the fascinating moments of reality  
I saw a silent communication that tells me more  
than normal feelings

At times when failures pulled me down  
My patience held my hand  
At times when criticisms lowered me  
My patience said me not to quit

Although gradually failures tested my patience  
This true gentleman breathed over it, for me  
How could this sentence go out of my sense..  
Yes, all I am is from my patience...



# वह समय अब तक नहीं आया है

वह समय अब तक नहीं आया है,  
जब धरती पर अँधेरा छा जाए,  
बुराई के काले बादल आ जाए,  
सारी दुनिया उसमें समा जाए,  
वह समय अब तक नहीं आया है।

जब लोग तरसते रहेंगे बूँद-बूँद  
पानी के लए,  
नदी का नाम सुनकर आँखे खुलेगी  
हैरानी के लए,  
पानी की नदियों का नाम सुनेगे,  
सरिफ कहानी के लए,  
वह समय अब तक नहीं आया है।

जब हर चेहरा चलिलाएगा भूक से,  
जब अत्र नहीं उगेगा धूप से,  
जब अनाज उपजाना कठनि होगा  
भूसे,  
वह समय अब तक नहीं आया है।

लेकनि वरतमान हालात और  
परस्तिथियों जानकार,  
वशिव के लोगों के चरतिर को  
परखकर,  
दुनिया के परमाणु हतयिरों को  
देखकर,  
लगता है अब वह समय ज्यादा दूर  
नहीं है।



# JOURNEY TO ಚೋಲ್ಫ

ಅದು January 4th 2018. ತೆಂಪನೆ ಗಾಳಿ ತುಂತುರು ಮಳೆ, Goa ದಲ್ಲಿ

4 ದಿನ ಮುಜಾ ಮಾಡಿ ವಾಪಸ್ ಒಂದು ಬರಬು ರೆಡಿಯಾಗಿ  
ಹೊರಟೆವು. ಬರುವಾಗ ಏನಾದರು ಒಂದು place ನೋಡಬೇಕೆಂದುಕೊಂಡು  
Hubliಯ ಸೊಬಗನ್ನು ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗೋಣ ಅಂತ ನಿರ್ಧರಿಸಿದೆವು.

Goa to Hubli ಕಿರಿದಾದ ದಾರಿಯಾದುದರಿಂದ ಒಂದು car ಅಷ್ಟೇ  
ಹೋಗಬಹುದಿತ್ತು. ದುರಾದೃಷ್ಟವೋ ಏನೋ! Road miss ಆಗಿ ಕಾಡಿನ  
ಹಾದಿಗೆ connect ಆದೆವು. ಆ ದಾರಿಯು ಸುಂದರ ಕಸ್ಯೆಯಂತೆ  
ಬಳುಕುತ್ತಾ ಸುತ್ತಲ ಕಾಡು ಹಾಗು ನಿಜನ ವಾತಾವರಣ ಗಳ ನಡುವೆ  
ಸಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ನಾವು ಅದರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮುಂದುವರಿಯುತ್ತಾ ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ  
ಸಮುದ್ರಮಟ್ಟದಿಂದ ಸುಮಾರು 1000 ಅಡಿ ಮೇಲೆ ತಲುಪಿದೆವು.  
ಗಾಡಿಯಿಂದ ಇಳಿದ ನಮಗೆ ಒಂದು view point ಕಾಣಿಸಿತು. ಹತ್ತಿರದ  
'Chorla Ghat' ಎಂಬ green board ತನ್ನ ಇರುವಿಕೆಯನ್ನು ಸ್ವಷ್ಟಪಡಿಸಿತು.  
ಆಕಾಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಮೋಡಗಳು ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು ಮರೆಮಾಚಿದ್ದರಿಂದ ಆ  
ಕಿರಣಗಳು ಪೋಡಗಳನ್ನು ಸೀಳುತ್ತಿರುವಂತೆ ಕಂಡುವು. Chorla Ghat  
ಬೆಳಗಾವಿಯಿಂದ ಸುಮಾರು 50km ದೂರದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿ ಸ್ಥಳ.  
ಹಸಿರು ಹೊದಿಕೆ ಹೊದ್ದು ಚಾಚಿರುವ ಸಹ್ಯಾದ್ರಿ ಶೈಳಿಯಿಂದ  
ಆವರಿಸಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿರುವ ನದಿಯ ಸುತ್ತಗಲಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಳೆಯ ಹನಿಗಳು  
ತೋರಣ ಕಟ್ಟಿದ್ದವು. view point ನಿಂದ ನೋಡುವ ದೃಶ್ಯ.  
ಸ್ವಾಗತ್ಯ ಭೂಮಿಗೇ ಇಳಿದಂತಹ ಅನುಭವ! ಅದು ಇಂದಿನ  
ಯಾಂತ್ರೀಕೃತ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸದ್ಗು ಹೊಡೆಯಲೋ ಅಥವಾ  
ನಮ್ಮ selfie ದುನಿಯಾಗೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿರುವ ಸ್ವಾಗತ್ಯವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಂತೆ  
ಭಾಸವಾಗುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಚೆಲಿ ಪಿಲಿ soundu ಜೊತೆಗೆ ತಣ್ಣನೆ ಗಾಳಿ  
ಸವಿಯುತ್ತ ಕುಳಿತ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ರವಿಯು ಕತ್ತಲನ್ನು ಕರೆದು  
ಬಡಿದೆಬ್ಬಿಸಿದನು. ರಾತ್ರಿ ಕಾಡುವಾಣಿಗಳ ಭಯವೂ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ  
ಮೂಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಎಚ್ಚರಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಕಣ್ಣನ್ನು ಪಾವನ  
ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು, ಅಲ್ಲಿಂದ Dharwadಗೆ ಒಂದು ಹೇಡಾ ತಿಂದು  
Bangaloreಗೆ ಒಂದೆವು.

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