

THE LITERARY CLUB

LITERARY CLUB

EDITION

III



We lit the path

MALNAD COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
HASAN

INSIDE

FEATURES

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Naa Kandanthe

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ದಿಸುವಾಗ ಕಾಣಬೇಕು ಕನಸಲ್ಲ, ಅದು ಮನುಷ್ಯನನ್ನು ನಿದ್ರೆಯಿಂದ ಲಭ್ಯರಿಸುವಂಥದು. ನಮ್ಮ ಈ ಗುಂಪು ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಅನ್ವಯಿತವಾದುದು. ಹುಟ್ಟುಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಸುಮಾರು ಮೂವತ್ತ್ಯಾದು ಜನರು ಏನನ್ನು ಕಿತ್ತು ಗುಡ್ಡು ಹಾಕದಿದ್ದರೂ magazine ಮಾಡುವ ಸಮಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಲಿತ ವಿಷಯಗಳು ಬಹಳಷ್ಟು. Noesis ಎಂಬ ಕನಸು ಒಂದು ಕಡೆಯಾದರೆ ಅಜ್ಞ ಪ್ರಲಾಘ ಬಯಕೆ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಕಡೆ. ಈ ಪ್ರೇರಣೆಗಳೇ ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನೂ ನಿದ್ರೆಯಿಂದ ಎಳೆತಂದು laptop ನ ಮುಂದ ಕೂರಿಸಿದವು.

ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರೂ ಸುಡೋಕುವಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಅಂಕಣಕ್ಕೆ ತುಂಬಾವ ನಂಬರ್ ನಂತೆ. ನಿರ್ದಿಷ್ಟ ಜಾಗಕ್ಕೆ ಅವನೇ/ಅವಳೇ ಸೂಕ್ತ. ನಾವ್ಯಾರೂ Picasso ಗಳಲ್ಲ, ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಯಾರೂ ರವಿ ಬೆಳೆಗೆರೆಗಳಿಲ್ಲ (ಬಹುಶಃ ಅವರ die hard fans ಇರಬಹುದೇನೋ). ಎಲ್ಲರ "ಲಿಚಿತ್ರ" ಚಿಂತನೆಗಳೇ ಈ magazine ಗೆ ಆಧಾರ. ಇಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಕಥಾವಸ್ತುಗಳು ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಯಾವುದೋ ಪುಸ್ತಕದ ಹರಿದ ಹಾಳೆಗಳಲ್ಲ, ಮುಂದಿನ ಪುಟಗಳನ್ನು ತಿರುವಿ ನೋಡಿಸುವಂತಹ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಗಳಿಂದ ಹೆಚ್ಚೆಯಲ್ಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು.

ರಾತ್ರಿಯ deadline ಒಳಗೆ design ಮಾಡಬೇಕಾದ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಲುಕಿ ಹಲವು ಬಾರಿ ಮುಂದಿನ ದಾರಿಯೇ ಕಾಣದಾಗಿ ಅನ್ನಪೂರ್ಣೀಶ್ವರಿ ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದ ಪಡೆದ ನಂತರ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ ಹುರುಪು designers ಕ್ಕೆ ಹಿಡಿದು ಮುಂದೆ ನಡೆಸಿತು. ಇರುವ ಒಂದು bluetooth speaker ನ ಸರ್ವಾಧಿಕಾರಕ್ಕೆ ನಡೆಸುವ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಗಳ ನಂತರ ಬರುವ ಹಳೆಯ ಹಿಂದಿ, ಕನ್ನಡ playlist ಗಳ ಜೋತೆ ಕೆಲವು ಕೇಳಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಾಗದಂತಹ ಹಾಡುಗಳ ರೋದನೆಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ಬೇಸತ್ತು earphone ಗಳಿಗೆ ಮಾರುಹೋದ ಜನರ ಮಧ್ಯ ಮುನ್ನಲೆಗೆ ಬಂದ ಹಲವು bathroom singer ಗಳು, ಶುದ್ಧವಾದ dialogue ಗಳು, ಒಟ್ಟಾರೆ ಈ ಎರಡು ಮೂರು ತಿಂಗಳ ಅನುಭವ ಯಾವುದೇ horror family comedy entertainment ಚಿತ್ರಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊಂಡಿಲ್ಲ.

ಈ ರೀತಿ ಬೆಳೆದು ಬಂದ Noesis edition 3, ಬೆಂಚಿನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು "ಎನೋ ಪ್ರತೀದಿನ ನಿದ್ದು ಹೊಡಿತಿಯಲ್ಲೋ, ರಾತ್ರಿ ಎನ್ ಮಾಡಿತ್ತಿರಾ!" ಎಂಬ friends ಗಳ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳಿಗೂ, "attendance ಇಲ್ಲ parents ಕ್ಕೆಲೀ phone ಮಾಡಿ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದು ಏನು ಉದ್ದಾರದ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೀರಾ!" ಎಂಬ lecturer ಗಳ ಮಾತುಗಳಿಗೂ ಸಂದರ್ಭ ಸಹಿತ ವಿವರಿಸಲಿ ಎಂದು ಆಶೀಸುತ್ತೇವೆ.



SUPER HERO

- Ananya

He is the king, who rules her happy little kingdom.
Holding her tiny fingers, like petals of rose,
Walking her along the royal path,
He took her to his castle of dreams filled with hopes!

He was at the top of the world,
His eyes were filled with the sparkle of joy,
It was the day his princess was born.
The day tears turned into jewels of his crown!

Of all the fictional characters, he is her superhero,
A proud father who makes her soar to greater heights!

Who stands by her, before anything else
A smile on her face is his ultimate happiness!





ದುಬೀನ್

- Shankar

2-3 ಇಂಚು ಮೇಕಪ್, ಸೂಟ್ ಬೂಟುಗಳಿಂದ ತುಂಬಿದ ಈ "ಪೋಲ್" ಲೋಕವನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿದ್ದಿಗೊತ್ತಿದಾಗ ಸಿಗುವ 'ಕಾಯುಕವೇ ಕ್ಯಾಲಾಸ'ವೆಂದು ನಂಬಿ ಬದುಕುತ್ತಿರುವ ಕೆಲವು ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಜನರ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಪ್ರಪಂಚಕ್ಕೆ ದುಬೀನು ಹಿಡಿಯುವ ಒಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗಿದೆ. 'ಇರುವ ಭಾಗ್ಯವ ನೆನೆದು ಬಾರದೆಂಬುದನು ಬಿಡು ಹರುಡಿಕ್ಕಿದೆ ದಾರಿ' .. ಡಿ.ವಿ.ಜಿ ಯವರ ಈ ಸಾಲುಗಳ ಹೊತ್ತು ಬಾಲ್ಯದ 'ಕೆ.ಎನ್.ಆರ್.ಟಿ.ಎಸ್.ಎಸ್.' ಎಂಬ ಆಡು ಮಾತುಗಳಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಇಂದಿನ ಕೆಂಪುಬಿಸ್ಸುಗಳ ತನಕ ಏರಿನಿಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಸಾರಿಗೆ ಬಸ್ಸುಗಳು.

ಸಿಗುವ 45+6 ಸೀಟುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ಕೆಜೀಫ್, ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಬ್ಯಾಗ್ಜ್ ರಿಸರ್ವೇಷನ್‌ಷೆಳ್ಟ್ ನಡುವೆ ಜಾಗಕ್ಕಾಗಿ ವಿಫಲ ಪ್ರಯೋಜನವಾಗಿ ನೆನ್ನುತ್ತಾ ಮುಂದಿನ ನೀಲಾಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಆದರೂ ಸಿಗಬಹುದೆಂಬ ಹಿಡಿಯನ್ನು ಕಾಣತ್ತಾ ನಿಂತಿರುವ ಚಿತ್ರಣವು ಜನಸಾಮಾನ್ಯರ ದಿನಚರಿ. ಬಸ್ಸುಗಳು ನೀಲಾಣಕ್ಕೆ ಬರುತ್ತೇ ಬಕೆಷ್ಟಿಗಳಿಂತೆ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಜನರ ಹೋರಾಟವು ಕೆಲವೊಂದು ಕಿತ್ತಾಟಕ್ಕೆ ಎಡಮಾಡಿ ಬಹುಮೆತವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿದ ಕಂಡಕ್ಕರ್ ನ ಮಧ್ಯಸ್ಥಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊನೆಗೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಕಾಣಬಹುದು. ತಮ್ಮ ತಮ್ಮಲ್ಲೇ ಗೊಣಗುತ್ತಾ ಅಥವಾ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಸೀಟಿನ ಹೊನ್ ಗೆಳೆಯನ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ತಮ್ಮನ್ನು ತಾವೇ ಸಮರ್ಥಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ಕಿತ್ತಾಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕಾರಣವಾದ ಪ್ರಭಾವಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಒಂದೆರಡು ಬ್ಯಾಗ್ಜ್‌ಗಳನ್ನು ಹರಿಬಿಟ್ಟು ಆತ್ಮಪ್ರತಿಷ್ಠೆ ಕಾಯ್ದಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಮಹಾನುಭಾವರು ಸರ್ವೇಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ. ಹಲವು ಜನರು ನೀದಾರಿದೇವೀಯ ಮಾನಸಪುತ್ರರು, ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಹುಡುಗರಿಗೆ ಕ್ಷಾಸುಗಳಿದ್ದಿಂತೆ, ಇವರಿಗೆ ಈ ಬಸ್ಸುಗಳೇ ಶಯನಗ್ರಹ. ಕೆಲವು ಸಲವಂತೂ ಬಸ್ಸಿನ ಎಂಜಿನ್ ಶಬ್ದ ಯಾವುದು, ಗೊರಕ ಶಬ್ದ ಯಾವುದು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಯಿದವನಾಗಿ ಸ್ಥಳ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯ ಒತ್ತಡಕ್ಕೂ ಜಗಾಗುವುದು ಸಹಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕನ ದುರಾದೃಷ್ಟಿ. ಹೆತ್ತವರ ಒತ್ತಾಯಕ್ಕಾಗಿಯೋ ಅಥವಾ ತನ್ನ ಸ್ಥಳಿಯಿಂದಲೋ ಹಾಫ್ ಟಿಕೆಟು ಪಡೆಯಲು ಮತ್ತು ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಪಾಸು ಇಲ್ಲದ ಪಾಸಾಗಲು ಹರಸಾಹನ ಪಡುವುದು ಅಳ್ಳಿರಿಯ ವಿಷಯಗಳೇನಲ್ಲ.

ಇಂತಹ ಬಹಳ ಕಥೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಬಸ್ಸುಗಳ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಜನರ ಒಡನಾಟವೇ ಹಾಗೆ, ಅಲರಾಂ ಗಡಿಯಾರಗಳ ಮಧ್ಯ ಇವರಿಗೆ ಕೆಲವು ಬಸ್ಸುಗಳೇ ಸಮಯಸೂಚಿಗಳು. 8:35 ರ ಬಸ್ಸು ಹಿಡಿಯುವ ಹುದುಗರ ಧಾವಂತ, ಬಾನ್ ಗಳ ಬ್ಯಾಗುಳ ತಪ್ಪಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೊರಟ ತೆರಿಗೆರಹಿತ ಜೀವಿಗಳಿಗೆ, ತಮ್ಮ ಪಾಡಿಗೆ ಜೀವನದ ತುದಿಯನ್ನು ಅರಸುತ್ತಾ ನಡೆವ ಬ್ಯಾರಾಗಿಗಳಿಗೆಲ್ಲ ಇವುಗಳೇ ಜೀವನಾದಿಗಳು. ಸಮಾಜದ ವಿವಿಧ ಕರೆಲುಗಳಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಜನರು ಸೇರಿ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸರ್ವಧರ್ಮ ಸಮ್ಮೋಜನವನ್ನು ಪ್ರತಿನಿತ್ಯ ನಡೆಯುವುದುಂಟು. ನನ್ನ ಈ ದುರ್ಭಾನಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಿಡಿದ ನೂರು - ನೂರ್ತೆ ಪತ್ತು ಪದಗಳಿಂದಲೂ ಆಚೆಗೆ ಕಲಿತು ಬಲಿತು ಬಂದ ವಿಚಾರಗಳು ಮತ್ತಪ್ಪು.. ಮೊಗೆದಪ್ಪು... . ನಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನದ ಈ ಅತಿಧಿಗಳಿಗೂ, ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೂಂದು ಸಣ್ಣ ಅರ್ಥವನ್ನು ನೀಡುವ ಈ ನೋವು ನಲಿವಿನ ಸೂತ್ರಧಾರಿಗಳಾಗಿ ಬಂದ ನಿಮಗೆಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ನಾನು ಸದಾ ಚಿರಭೂತಿ.





- Yatin S Naik



- Vijay



Naa Kandanthe



THE RED SEA DIVING RESORT - The movie tells the true story of a group of Mossad agents in the 1980's who rescued hundreds of Jewish - Ethiopian refugees. It's the kind of script that highlights every character. We can't expect any regular entertainment here but it showcases the content in its own way. The basis of this movie is great and it is being loved for its captivating, heartbreaking and life saving story line.

TUMBBAD - Get ready to be dazzled by the lavish display of story telling and screenplay. The movie begins with a fictional mythological story and how it blends in with the movie's actual story is quite commendable. The movie then revolves around a family whose descendants have been enjoying the riches as well as paying for the curse of building a temple of demon. The ending is based on sacrifice, love and the end of greed beyond limits.

BIOSCOPEWALA - A movie based on Rabindranath Tagore's short story 'Kabuliwala'. A woman meets her dead father's old friend, who was the operator of a bioscope show which she loved in her childhood. The movie explores relationship values at many levels and the beauty of humanity. Nostalgia is the background theme of the movie.

NORTH COUNTRY - It's all about a woman's right to lead a life with dignity. It is based on the true story of a single mother struggling to support her family. While working she deals with the family issues as well as mental and physical harassment.

CHAMBAL - It is a cinematic version of an upright IAS officer's fight against a corrupt system. His relentless and uncompromising way of working sends shivers across the corridors of power, cutting across political and business circles. Being incorruptible and principled, his idealism and righteousness soon become a threat to the entire system.

The world's cacophony over his tiny screams,
No one to listen except his dainty dreams.
In the darkness with brimming fear,
And the god who forgot his bead of tear.
He roped off the love in his empty pocket,
The only that he got was black rose bouquet.
His fierce desire is only a glimpse of family,
Who left him alone and doomed in murky tragedy.

His grievances which left unsaid,
Who will listen until they were fade.
He reminisced, on how he was dandled,
Now his adorable tantrums won't be fondled.
Time has never been the same,
He could reach the zenith of his game.
He will be veteran of his destiny and fate,
Wake up and climb, it is never that late.

- Shreyas Shetty





- Sonam Norzom



- Sonam Norzom



ಮಂದಿನ ದಾರಿ

- Ranjitha V L

ಮೆಟ್ಟೆ ನೀಂತಾಗಿದೆ ಮಧುರ ಕೆಡಕುಗಳೆ
ಮುನ್ನಗ್ಗುವುದೊಂದೆ ಉಳಿದಿರುವ ದಾರಿ
ಕಡಲಲೆಗಳೆ ಕರತಾಡನದ ನಡುವೆ
ಹೊರಟಾಗಿದೆ ಕೋಟಿ ಕನಸುಗಳೆ ಬೆನ್ನೇರಿ

ಹುಚ್ಚು ಕಾಮನೆಗಳೆ ಹತ್ತಿಕ್ಕಿ ಮೆರೆದು
ಕೆಚ್ಚೆದೆಯ ಶಿಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಉರಿದುರಿದು ಬೆಂದು
ಕಾದ ಕಬ್ಬಿಣದಂತಹ ಕನಸಿದು ಸುಡುತ್ತಿಹುದು
ಬಡಿದು ಬಗ್ಗಿಸಿ ಗುರಿ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಒಡುವುದೇ ಸರಿ

ಸುಮೃನೆ ಕುಳಿತ ಈ ಹಾಳು ಹೃದಯದ ಮೇಲೆ
ಹರಿಹಾಯುತಿವೆ ಬಡಿತಗಳು
ಎನೇ ಬಂದರೂ ನೀಲ್ಲುವ ಪ್ರಮೇಯವಿಲ್ಲ
ಎಂದು ಕೂಗುತಿದೆ ಪ್ರತಿ ವೀಡಿತವೂ

ಮುಂದೆ ಎಂದಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ದಿನ
ತಲುಪುವೆನು ಆ ಕೊನೆಯನ್ನು
ಅಲ್ಲಿಯವರೆಗೆ ಬಿಗಿ ಹಿಡಿಯುವ
ಜಂಚಲವಾದ ನನ್ನೇ ಉಸಿರನ್ನು!!

THE ALCHEMIST

- Parvathi V

The waves were dancing to the rhythm of the wind. They came upto him, touched his feet and retreated back into the darkness of the sea. He stood gazing at the inky blackness. He felt strangely alone that night. The roaring sea and the salty wind only seemed to add to it.

He felt forlorn. Failures had haunted him inspite of hardwork and he had started feeling lost. His friends seemed to have done better in life. Many didn't have plans and weren't half as ambitious as he was; but had somehow 'safely settled down' in life by just doing normal things. They didn't take the risk of choosing a different road but went on the commonly taken roads of safer success. But he had always thought differently and done differently. He had taken the road less taken. He had dared to dream better. But now he wished he hadn't. He cursed the day he decided to be unique.

'Be unique!!!' When did that thought happen to him?? What made him madly pursue his weirdest passions?? What had kindled his dreams of being an entrepreneur?? He went back to his first year of engineering.

His uncle had gifted him a book. A book that had the Pyramids of Egypt on its cover.

A book that told the story of a shepherd, Santiago, who followed the trail left by his dreams and found his destiny. It was The Alchemist. Each word in the book had struck a chord in him. It told him that desires originated in the soul of the universe and that his dreams were his mission on earth. It told him that when he wants something, all the universe conspires in helping him achieve it. He had read the book with all his heart. He had decided to strongly pursue his dreams of becoming an entrepreneur upon reading it. When Santiago, sleeping inside an abandoned church, dreams about a treasure, he is directed by a gypsy and then by the King of Salem towards it.



The king tells him that omens will lead him to his destiny and gifts him two stones that will guide him. As he sets out to the pyramids, his way to his dreams get blocked in many ways. He loses all his money, he gets stuck in the midst of a desert, he is stopped by a war. But he never loses heart. Years pass by and yet Santiago believes in the strength of his dreams and moves forward. He befriends an alchemist and motivated by him, continues his journey undaunted.

The book taught him many things. How the whole world was one and how we come close to the Soul of the World when rushing towards our dreams. He learnt how failures were part of the journey and that they all lead him to his destiny. The shepherd reaches the pyramid after facing many challenges only to learn that the treasure was lying in the abandoned church where he had dreamt about the dream.

Instead of getting disheartened he realizes that the real treasure lies within; and that all journey, all obstacles are to help you explore yourself and to find your true self.

The waves were lapping up his legs making them cold. He had woken up with a start as if from a deep slumber. Alchemist had inspired him once, many years ago. And now, on the verge of death, the book was beckoning him back to life. The lessons he had learnt from it were asking him to explore himself, to chase his whims and to know his heart. He wanted to be

the Santiago of his story. He wished not to be the entrepreneur who runs away from risks and ends his life but to be the shepherd who doesn't turn his back to challenges but faces them bravely. He turned around, walked to his car and drove home.

Years passed by and he was getting ready for an inspirational talk show. His business had grown, making him successful in his venture. Today he was the chief guest at his college and he was preparing himself for a speech there. From a little cupboard under his table, he took out a tattered copy of a book. He smelt it and smiled to himself.

'Thank you' he said to it.





गज़ल

- AntriKsh

अश्क का एक कतरा ही काफ़ी है दर्द दिखाने को

यह ज़रूरी नहीं कि फुरक्त मिलेगी दिवाने को

इस शायर को कोई कारिद-ए-उल्फत बना दो

कब तक फिरता रहूँगा नफ़रत की आग बुझाने को

सब फना कर दिया तेरे अय्यर मरासिम ने

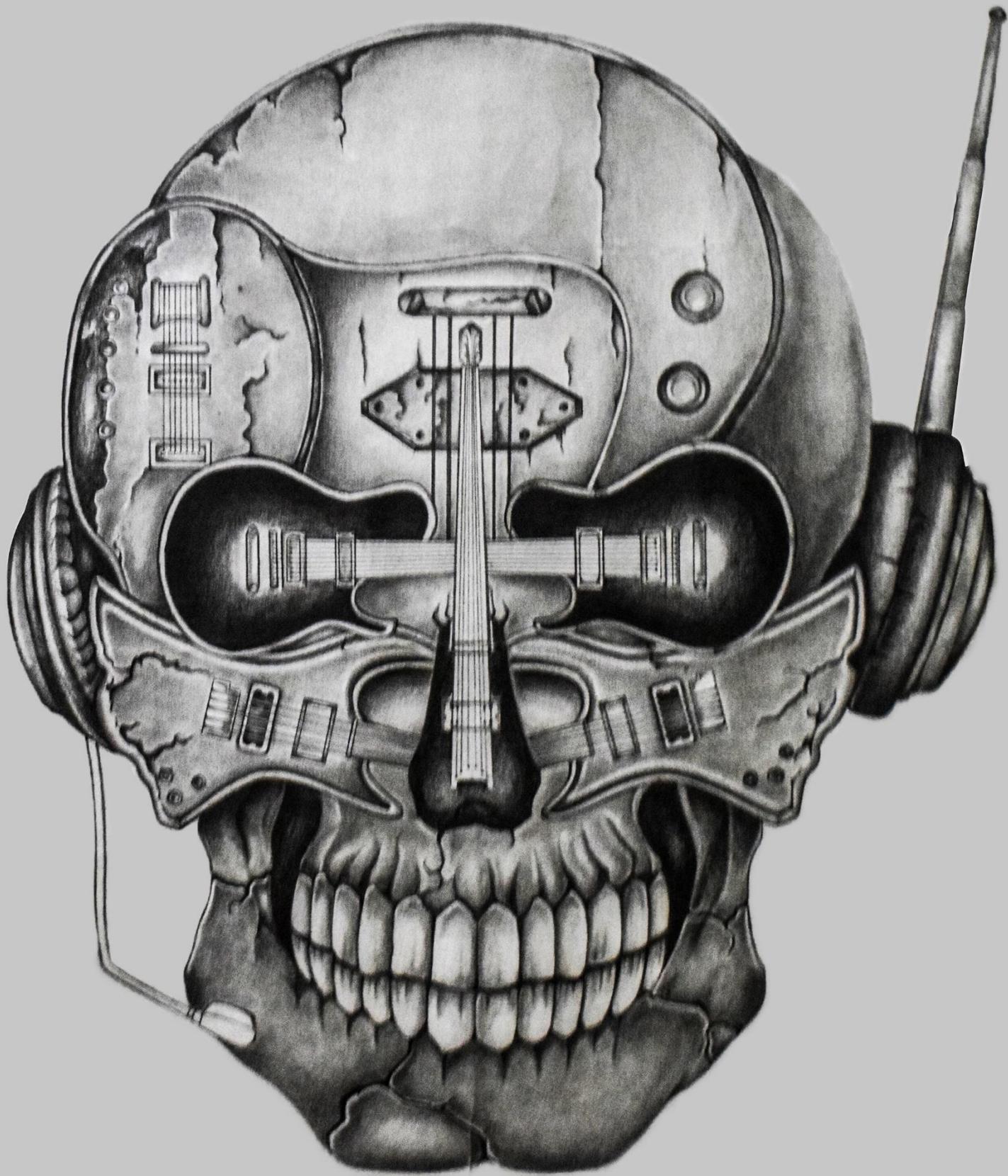
अब बचा नहीं कुछ मकबूल पहचान बनाने को

सब रिवायत मुखतालिफ हैं तेरे धोखे के आगे

मेरा दिल मयस्सर है दर्द छुपाने को

तू मेरा आशना फ़क्त मुखतासर ख्वाब में है

अफताब को ग़म-ए-उल्फत ही काफ़ी है आँसू बरसाने को



-Shrinidhi

SAANG SI DINGUNI

- Likhita

He was trying to stop himself from tearing up but the tears kept their pace, streaking down his face. Dragging tracks through the dust that had painted his cheeks.

"Look, fatso can't even walk straight. Look at him waddle." They'd screamed at him, puffing out their cheeks, mocking him. It was the tall one who'd knocked him to the ground though, laughing when he'd fallen on his face.

He wiped his face again in an unsuccessful attempt to stop himself from crying as he opened the door to his room. Looking for a place to hide. From the bullies, from the world, from himself.

The mirror in his room hung, derision clear across its surface. He glared at the blurry image. Too big, too round and too soft.

"What a pig! Shouldn't he stop eating when he already is so fat or does he not realize that?" They'd murmured, in the cafeteria, at restaurants. Everywhere.

His shirt was ripped in places, patterned with dirt. His own body stretched it to its limit. The seams barely held together, the fraying visible.

"Woah. Can you see those rolls of fat?" A girl who sat behind him in Math had exclaimed, loud enough for it to shatter the dregs of his fragile self confidence.

He wished his size was the side effect of a disease. He wished he didn't love food the way he did. He wished he was comfortable in his own skin. He wished people would stop talking.

He wished that the tall guy would go back to being nice and drawing unicorns, like back in kindergarten.

He wished.

He pinched himself hoping that the physical anguish would overwhelm the one that pricked at his insides. The feeling of guilt didn't fade.

He couldn't tell why he was feeling it all today. He'd gotten used to going around and bullying people. He'd gotten used to teasing and prodding and keeping at it until the tears came and the heads hung low, trying to hide them.

He'd gotten used to the person the world had made him. The human that his own friends had moulded him into. The person he'd let himself become. Losing all restraint.

Today, something had changed. And he didn't know when it had. Had it been when he'd laughed along with his friends when they'd watched the boy walk down the steps of the library. Had it been when he'd sneaked up on the boy and tripped him onto the ground. Had it been when he'd laughed at how the boy had toppled onto his face under his own weight.

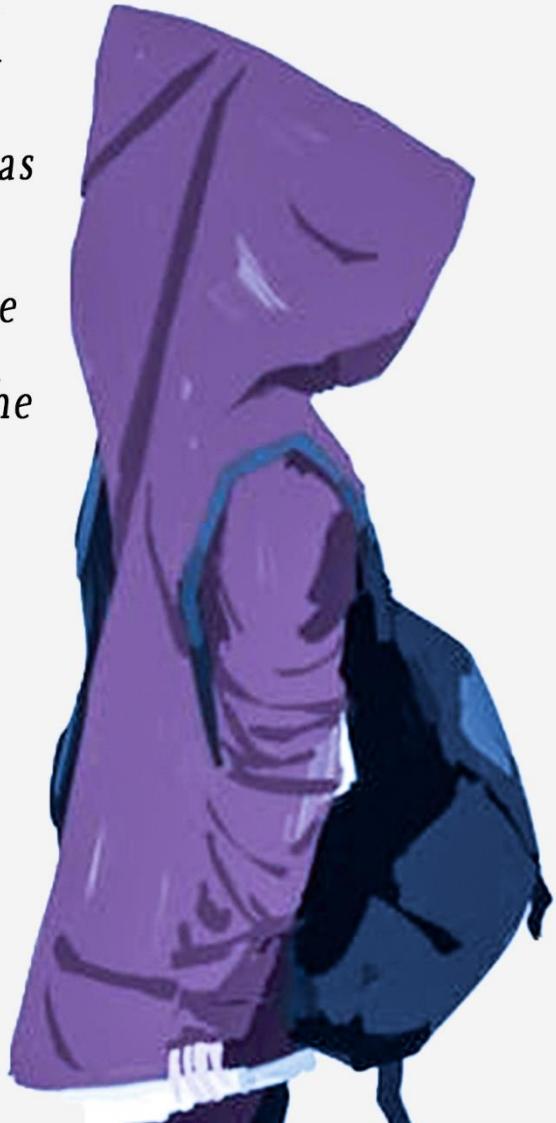
But he clearly remembered how the laughter had died down his throat and he'd flinched when he'd seen the boy's face.

How the feeling of familiarity had washed over him. The times of kindergarten when they'd sat together and shared chocolates. Moulded unicorns and drawn princesses with brown tiaras onto their notebooks.

The times before he was told that unicorns were for girls and so was the color pink. That crying was for girls and the weak and spineless. That he was a boy and that boys never cried. And being vulnerable would make you the victim and nothing else.

The times when he'd been nobody else but himself. He wished he could go back in time and change that. He wished to be himself again. But he swallowed his tears in.

He wished.





ನನ್ನ ದುರ್ಬೀ ಪ್ರವಾಸ

- Amrutha R B

ಅಂದು ನನ್ನ ವಿದೇಶ ಪ್ರವಾಸದ ಕನಸು
ನನಸಾಗುವ ದಿವಸ. ವಿದೇಶ ಪ್ರವಾಸದ
ಕನಸು ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವುದಕ್ಕಿಂತ
ವಿಮಾನ ಪ್ರಯಾಣದ ಕನಸು ಎಂದೇ
ಹೇಳಬಹುದು. ವಿಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ
ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಸುವ ಉತ್ಸಾಹದಲ್ಲಿ ಏನನ್ನು
ಬಿಟ್ಟೆದ್ದೇನೋ, ಏನನ್ನು
ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೇನೋ ತಿಳಿದಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ,
ಕುಣಿಯುತ್ತಲೇ ವಿಮಾನ ನೀಲಾಣ
ಪ್ರವೇಶಿಸಿದೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ಕೆಂಪೇಗೌಡ
ವಿಮಾನ ನೀಲಾಣ! ನೋಡಲು ಎರಡು
ಕಣ್ಣು ಸಾಕಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿಗೆ
ಇದು ಕಳೆಶಪಾರ್ಯವಿದ್ದಂತೆ. ಹೇಳಿ
ಕೇಳಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರು
ಶ್ರೀಮಂತಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬಾಳಿದ ನಗರ,
ಕೇಳಬೇಕೆ?

ವಿಮಾನ ಹತ್ತುವ ಸಮಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ
ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ನನ್ನ
ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚಿಟ್ಟೆಗಳು ಹಾರಾಡಲು
ಶುರುಮಾಡಿದವು. ವಿಮಾನ ಹತ್ತುವ
ಸಮಯ ಬಂದೇಬಿಟ್ಟೇತು. ಆಗಸದಲ್ಲಿ
ಸ್ವಚ್ಚಂದವಾಗಿ ಹಾರಾಡುವ ಚಿಕ್ಕ
ಪಕ್ಷಿಯಂತೆ ಕಾಣಾವ ವಿಮಾನ ಇಂದು
ನನಗೆ ಬೃಹದಾಕಾರವಾಗಿ
ಕಾಣತೊಡಗಿತ್ತು. ನಾವು ಕೊನೆಗೂ
ವಿಮಾನ ಹತ್ತಿದಾಗ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು.
ಎಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಿದರೂ ಕತ್ತಲು,
ಕಿಟಕಿಯಾಚೆಗೆ ನೋಡಲು
ಬೇಸರವೆನಿಸಿ ತುಸು ನಿದ್ದೆಗೆ ಜಾರಿದೆ.
ಮರುದಿನ ಮುಂಜಾನೆ ಎದ್ದಾಗ ನಾವು
ದುರ್ಬೀನಲ್ಲಿದ್ದೇವು!

ದುಬ್ಬಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಳಿದ ತಕ್ಷಣ
ಕರೆನ್ನಿಯನ್ನು ಬದಲಾಯಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ
ನಾವು ಅಲ್ಲಿನ ಅತಿದೊಡ್ಡ ಮಾಲ್ ಗೆ
ಹೊಡೆವು. ಅದನ್ನು ಪೂರ್ತಿಯಾಗಿ
ನೋಡಲು ಅದೆಷ್ಟು ದಿನಗಳು ಬೇಕೋ
ಹನೋ! ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆದಿದ್ದೇ
ತಿಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ಹಸಿವು
ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ನೆನಪಿಸಿತು. ನೀವು
ನಮ್ಮ ಭಾರತದ, ಅದರಲ್ಲೂ ನಮ್ಮ
ಕನಾಟಕದ ರುಚಿಕಟ್ಟಾದ ಸ್ಸಾಹಾರಿ
ಅಡುಗೆಯ ರುಚಿ ಸವಿದಿದ್ದರೆ,
ಬೇರೆಲ್ಲೂ ಅಡುಗೆಯನ್ನು ಅಷ್ಟು
ಇಷ್ಟುಪಡಲಾರಿ. ನಾವು ಅದೇ
ಕೊರಗಲ್ಲಿ ಇದೆವು, ಎಂಥಾ ಉಟ
ತಿನ್ನಬೇಕೋ ಎಂದು. ಆದರೆ ನಮ್ಮ
ಅದೃಷ್ಟವೇನೋ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಒಂದು
ಉಡುಪಿ ಸ್ಸಾಹಾರಿ ಹೋಟೆಲ್
ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತು. ಸಂತೃಪ್ತಿಯಿಂದ ಉಟ
ಮುಗಿಸಿದೆವು.

ದುಬ್ಬಗೆ ಹೋದಮೇಲೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿನ
ಬುಜ್ಜ ಖಲೀಫ್ ನೋಡದೇ
ಬರುವುದಾದರೂ ಹೇಗೆ? ಆಹಾ!
ಅದೆಂತಹ ಗಗನಚುಂಬಿ ಕಟ್ಟಡ!!
ನೋಡಿದವರು ಕಣ್ಣ ಬಾಯಿ ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾ
ನಿಂತುಬಿಡಬೇಕು ಅಷ್ಟು
ಅದ್ದುತ್ವಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಮಾರು
ಹೊತ್ತು ಪೋಟೋ ಸೆಷನ್ ಗಳು

ನಡೆದವು. ಪೋಟೋ ಸೆಷನ್ ಗಳು
ಮುಗಿಯೋ ಅಷ್ಟುಲ್ಲಿ ಕತ್ತಲಾಗಿತ್ತು.
ದುಬ್ಬ ಮಲಗದೇ ಇರುವ ನಗರ, ಅಲ್ಲಿನ
ರಾತ್ರಿಯ ವಾಕಿಂಗ್ ಮತ್ತು
ರಾತ್ರಿವೇಳೆಯ ಶಾಪಿಂಗ್ನ್ನು ನಾವೂ
ಮಾಡಿ ನೋಡಿದೆವು. ಅದೊಂಧರ
ಮಜವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಹೀಗೆ ಆ ದಿನ ಕಳೆಯಿತು.

ಮಾರನೇ ದಿನ ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಹೋಟೆಲ್
ಬಿಟ್ಟೆವು, ದುಬ್ಬ ಮರಳುಗಾಡುಗಳ
ಕಡೆಗೆ ಹೊರಟೆವು. ನಾನಂತೂ
ಬೆಳಗ್ಗಿನಿಂದಲೇ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇ, ಒಂಟೆ
ಮೇಲಿನ ಸವಾರಿಗಾಗಿ. ಅಂತೂ
ಮುಧಾಹ್ಯದ ವೇಳೆಗೆ ನನ್ನ ಒಂಟೆ
ಸವಾರಿ ಸಂಭ್ರಮ ಮುಗಿಯಿತು.
ಮುಸ್ಸಂಜ ವೇಳೇಲೀ ದುಬ್ಬನಲ್ಲಿ
ವಿಶೇಷ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ
ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮಗಳೇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು.
ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ವೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ಅಲ್ಲಿಯೇ
ಭೋಜನ ಮುಗಿಸಿ ಹೋಟೆಲ್
ರೂಮಿಗೆ ವಾಪಸ್ಸಾದೆವು. ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೇ
ನನ್ನ ದುಬ್ಬ ಪ್ರವಾಸ
ಮುಕ್ಕಾಯವಾಯಿತು. ಪ್ರವಾಸ
ಮುಗಿದರೂ ಆ ನಗರ ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಟ್ಟು
ನೂರಾರು ನೆನಪುಗಳು ಮಾತ್ರ ಇನ್ನೂ
ಮುಗಿದಲ್ಲ. ನೆನಪುಗಳನ್ನು ಬಳ್ಳಿಸಲು
ಶಬ್ದಕೋಶದ ಪದಗಳೇ
ಸಾಕಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.

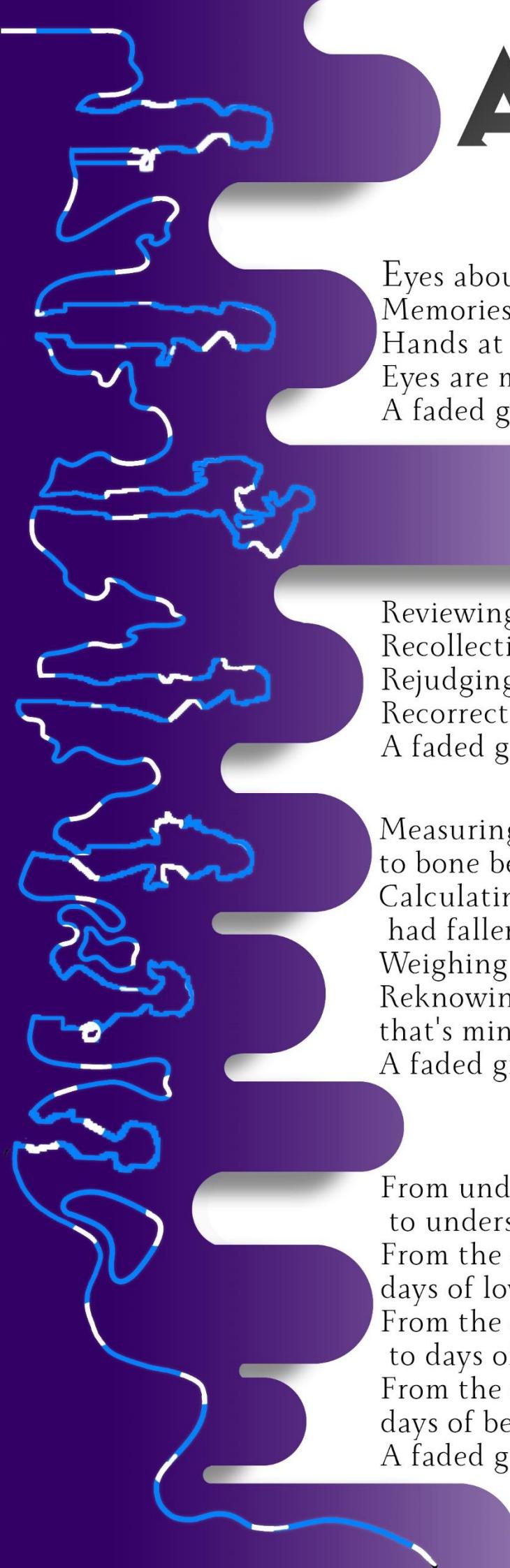




- Harshith



- Vijay



A FADED GIRL

- Deepanjali

Eyes about to close
Memories about to brace
Hands at the edge of satisfaction line
Eyes are much brighter than infant
A faded girl is the complete woman

Reviewing steps of past
Recollecting jumbled time of past
Rejudging the life of past
Recorrecting the furies of past
A faded girl is the complete woman

Measuring the distance from crawling
to bone bending
Calculating the times that she
had fallen from teenage to adult
Weighing the weight of smile and tears
Reknowing the maturity from
that's mine to that's ours
A faded girl is the complete woman

From understanding the pain of difficulties
to understanding value of pain
From the days of loving others to
days of loving ourselves
From the days of smiling with happiness
to days of crying with happiness
From the days of being far from love to
days of being love with loved
A faded girl is the complete woman

पहचान

- Sonam Norzom

ज़दिगी की राहों में अपने आपको
खोजती हुई चली जाती हूँ।
जीत का एहसास हार की चूक साथ
लेकर न जाने कसि ओर चली जाती हूँ।
ज़दिगी की राहों में अपने आपको
खोजती हुई चली जाती हूँ।

जो रशिते शमलि है जीवन में मेरे
उन रशितों को और सँवारना चाहती हूँ।
सपनों के लए नहीं अब
अपने आप के लए जीना चाहती हूँ।
जनिदगी की राहों में अपने आपको
खोजती हुई चली जाती हूँ।

हर एक कदम पर एक नयी कसौटी में
अपने आपको बराबर पाती हूँ।
सकृत तुफान को रगड़कर
हमिमत से सबसे लड़ जाती हूँ।
जनिदगी की राहों में अपने आपको
खोजती हुई चली जाती हूँ।

जीवन के हर कदम पर हर लक्ष्य को
जीत लेना चाहती हूँ।
चमत्कार से नहीं अपने वशिवास के
दम परचमक जाना चाहती हूँ।
ज़दिगी के राहों में अपने आपको
खोजती हुई चली जाती हूँ।



YES
NO

DEAR
SELF

- Harshitha

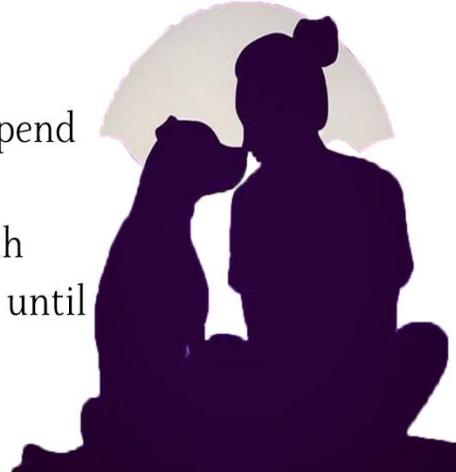
I know you are confused right now. You have always felt lost, you've always wanted to do things, but could never figure out how. You have always had this fear in you, this fear of something that you can't even specifically explain. You are not getting any younger, that something that you are aware of. You know your life won't wait for you and you know that it's your responsibility to find what's in store for you. But that doesn't make you any less scared, any less lost.

I am here to tell you that it's okay. I am here to tell you to stand up for who you want to be. Those big decisions that you have to make? Go with your gut. Never ignore your intuition, it will never fail you. Sometimes there are things that your heart knows and your mind can never explain.

Do what you love. You don't have to apologize for doing things that you know can make you happy. Not everyone thinks the same way you think, but it doesn't matter. Listen to what your heart is telling you.

It is never too late for anyone. If an opportunity doesn't exist, create it. Self doubt will be your worst downfall. Everything begins and ends in your mind. Breathe in the future and breathe out the past.

If something makes you nervous, it's worth doing. Don't spend any more time thinking about it. You will never find happiness exclusively from other people - it must always start by being with your own self. Figure out exactly what you want and don't stop until you get it. I will never be too late for you. It's never too late.





- Rachith



- Sonam Norzom



- Sonam Norzom

ಚಂದರ

- Shashank B M.

ಚೆಳ್ಡಿಂಗಳ ರಾತ್ರಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮನತುಂಬಿತು ಜೀರುಂಡೆಯ
ರ್ಯುಂಕಾರ

ನೀ ನಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಬಾನಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತೋರುತ್ತ ಮಮಕಾರ
ಅಮ್ಮೆ ತಿನಿಸಿದಳು ಉಟವ, ಪಡೆದು ನಿನ್ನಯ ಸಹಕಾರ
ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೇ ನನ್ನ ರಾತ್ರಿಯ ಉಪಸಂಹಾರ!

ಸುತ್ತಲೂ ಹರಡಿರುವುದು ತಾರೆಗಳ ಚಿತ್ತಾರ
ಅದರ ನಡುವೆ ನೀನ್ನ ಹೊಳಪು ಬಂಗಾರ
ಆ ಬಾನಿಗೆ ನೀನೊಂದು ಮಥುರ ಅಲಂಕಾರ
ಹಿಗೆ ಇರು ಪ್ರಕಾಶಿಸುತ್ತ ಈ ತಿಂಗಳ ಚಂದಿರ!

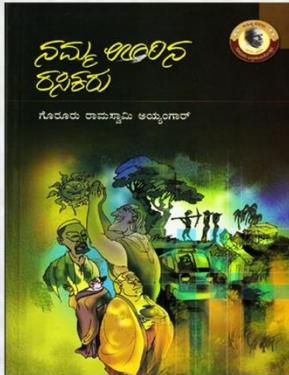
ನಿನ್ನಿಂದ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಬಾಲ್ಯ ಸುಮಧುರ
ಪೀಠಿಸುವ ಹೃದಯಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ನೀ ಸಂಭಾಷಣೆಕಾರ
ನೀ ತುಸು ನಕ್ಕರೆ ಜಗಮಗಿಸುವುದು ಸಾಗರ
ನಾಡಿನ ತುಂಬೆಲ್ಲ ಹರಡುವುದು ಸಡಗರ
ನಾ ಬಯಸಿದಂತೆ ನೀನಿರು ಸದಾ ಅಜರಾಮರ!!



FEED YOUR SOUL

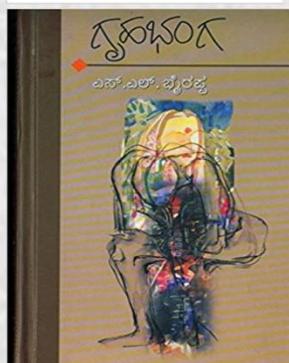
ನಮ್ಮ ಉರಿನ ರಸಿಕರು : ಇದೊಂದು ಹಾಸ್ಯಮಯ ಉಪಾಖ್ಯಾನಗಳ ಸಂಗ್ರಹ. ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ಜೀವನದ ಬಹುಬಗೆಯ ಸೋಗಸುಗಳು, ಅಲ್ಲಿಯ ಶಾಂತಿ, ನಿರಾಳವಾಗಿ ಹರಿಯುವ ಬದುಕಿನ ಒಟ್ಟ, ಕಷ್ಟನಷ್ಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಜೀವನ ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಸೌಹಾದರತೆ ಈ ಎಲ್ಲವನ್ನೂ ಈ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ತೆರೆದಿಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಆಗಿನ ಕಾಲದ ಪರಂಪರೆ, ಹಬ್ಬದ ಪದ್ದತಿ, ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ನನೆಪಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

Eight Cousins : From the author of "Little Women", this book is a different kind of story by itself. It portrays a thirteen year old girl, Rose who having lost her only family is adopted by her uncle who she's never seen all her life. The writing lets us revisit the kind of bliss we've experienced as children, being carefree and just enjoying each day to its fullest without thinking of the future beyond.

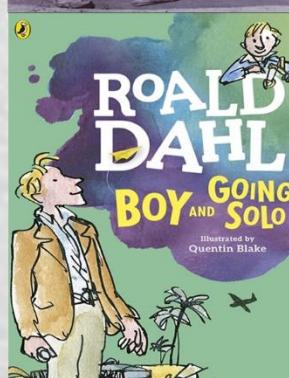


ಗೃಹಭಂಗ: ಒಬ್ಬ ಹೆಣ್ಣುಮಗಳ ಜೀವನದ ಸುತ್ತು ಸಾಗುವ ಈ ಕೃತಿಯು ಅಂದಿನ ಸಮಾಜದ ಕಟ್ಟುಪಾಡುಗಳನ್ನು, ಬಡತನವನ್ನು ಹಾಗು ಅದರ ಹುಳುಕುಗಳನ್ನು ಓದುಗರಿಗೆ ತೆರೆದಿಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಸ್ವತಃ ಲೇಖಕರ ಬಾಲ್ಯ ಜೀವನವೇ ಆಗಿರುವ ಈ ಕೃತಿಯು ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಆಳದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಪ್ರಕಟವಾಗುವಲ್ಲಿ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗುತ್ತದೆ.

Jootha Sach : Probably the best-written novel on the worst humanitarian crisis that modern India was forced to enter, the partition. This is a book that moves your conscience from the very ground. The burden of war was borne by the women and children while men take out their masks of civility revealing their brute character. It leaves an impact which makes it worth revisiting.



Boy and Going Solo : It is an epic tale of the life of Roald Dahl. Boy is the story of his childhood days, full of spirit and relatable nostalgia. Going solo is the story of his adult life before he got into the writing business. No matter your age or your taste in books, this book will have you laughing and giggling and holding your breath till the end.





LIFE IN THE PARK

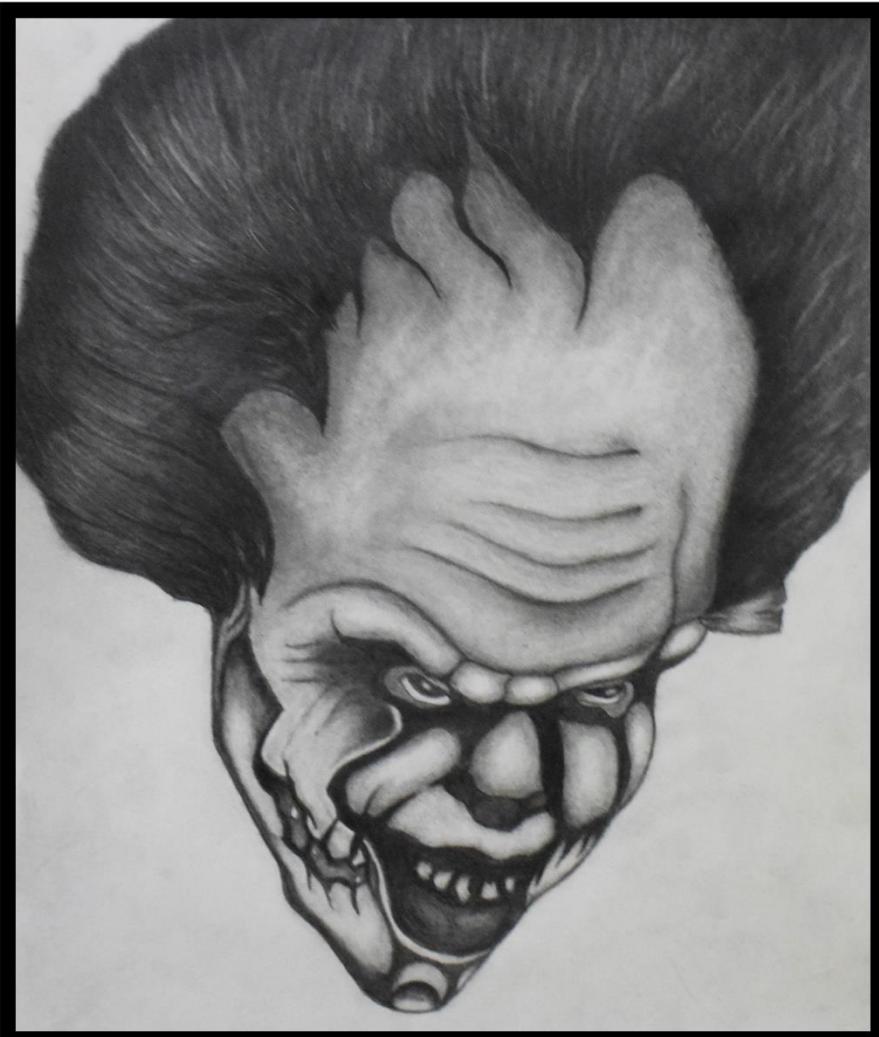
- Vitsou

Once in a while you decide to take a stroll around the neighbourhood you're so familiar yet unfamiliar with. You see faces you've never seen before. A park which you think is empty but once you go in, there are people engaged in different activities. The first person you see is reading a Bible sitting on a bench. Then you see an old lady with a young lad playing see-saw. A woman in her fifties circling the park for her daily dose of exercise. A mother pushing the stroller where her baby child lies. You sit on a bench isolated from the rest to listen to a sermon but three minutes later, the pesky mosquitoes hover around you. You get up and go to a bench near the playground. A girl cycling, a father playing frisbee with his two kids, a man exercising and a lady clothed in purdah sitting idly on a bench are what you see. By the way, I'm not sure if the benches are made of marble or stone. Nonetheless, they're beautiful. The half dead trunk of a tree has mushrooms growing on it. It's amazing that there's life even in the shadiest tree. How young and carefree are these children, shouting and playing? How little things make you happy? How life makes you happy? How life is all about the little things?

So once in a while, when you decide to take a stroll, remember to find joy in these little things. life is all about little things.



- Aishwarya, Nishchita



- Harshith

ಸೆಕೆಂಡ್ ಇನ್‌ಎನ್

- Pruthvi Raj

ಇರುಳು ಮೂಡುವ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಅಮೃನ ಕಣ್ಣ ತುಂಬಿತ್ತು, ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಆದರೂ ಕರುಳು ಸುದಿಯಲ್ಲವೇ, ಇನ್ನು ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟಿರಬೇಕು ಎಂದು ನೆನೆದು ನೆನೆದೇ ಸಂಕಟಪಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು. ಕೊನೆಗೆ ಕಣ್ಣಂಬಿಕೊಂಡೆ ಕಾರು ಹತ್ತಿದಳು. ಆದರೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಣ್ಣ ಮಾತ್ರ ಅಪ್ಪನ shirt ಜೀಬಿನ ಮೇಲೆ ನೆಟ್ಟಿದ್ದವು. ನನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಓದಿದವರಂತೆ ಮೂರು ಗರಿ ಗರಿ ನೋಟನ್ನು ಎಳೆದು ಕೊಟ್ಟರು ಅಪ್ಪ, ಅಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಶುರುವಾಯ್ದು ನನ್ನ hostel ಜೀವನ!!

ಪರಿಚಯವೇ ಇಲ್ಲದವರು ನನ್ನ roomatesಗಳಾಗಿ ಬಂದರು. ಅವರ ಅಪರಿಚಿತ ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ನಕ್ಕಾಗ ನನ್ನ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭವಾಯಿತು. ಕೆಲವೇ ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಮಗ, ಮಚ್ಚಿ, ಶ್ರೀಷ್ಯ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ ಸಂಬೋಧನೆಗಳು ನಮ್ಮೆ ನಡುವಿನ ಗಳಿಗೆ ನೆನ್ನು ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಸುಣ್ಣ ಮೆತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಗೋಡೆಗಳ ಮೇಲೆ Seniors ಬರೆದಿದ್ದ ಸಾಲುಗಳು ಗೋಡೆಗಳಿಗಲ್ಲದೆ ನಮ್ಮೆ hostel ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೂ ರಂಗು ತುಂಬಿದ್ದವು. ಅಲ್ಲದೇ lecturers ಮೇಲೆ ಬರೆದಿದ್ದ ಕವನಗಳು, ಇಟ್ಟ ಅಡ್ಡ ಹೆಸರುಗಳು ಹಾಗೂ ಇನ್ನೂ ಒಂದಷ್ಟು ಬಿಸಿ ಬಿಸಿ ಸುದ್ದಿಗಳು ನಮಗೆ ಬಳ್ಳವಳಿಯಾಗಿ ಬಂದವು. Hostelಗೆ ಬಂದ ಎರಡೇ ತಿಂಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಬೆಳೆದವರೇನೋ ಎನ್ನುವಷ್ಟು ಬಿಗಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದೇವು.

ರಣ ಹದ್ದುಗಳಂತೆ ಕುಳಿತೆ cc camera ಕಣ್ಣಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿ cricket ಆಡುವುದು ಒಂದು ಸಾಂಪರ್ಕ, hostel ನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಚಪಾತಿಯನ್ನು ತಿನ್ನುವುದು ಇನ್ನೂಂದು ಕರಿಣಾದ ಸಾಂಪರ್ಕ. ಇವೆರಡೂ ಕಷ್ಟಸಾಧ್ಯವೇ ಆದರೂ ನಾವು ಬಿಡುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಮಾಡು ಇಲ್ಲವೇ ಮದಿ ಎಂಬಂತೆ ಮಾಡೇಬಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇವು. ವಾರದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಬಾರಿ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆ chicken ಮಾತ್ರ ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರ ಪಾಲಿಗೆ ಮರುಭೂವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕ ಓಯಸಿಸ್ ನಂತೆ ಇರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅವಶ್ಯ ಮಾತ್ರ ಉಂಟಿದ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಸರಿಯಾಗಿ ಮೆಸ್ ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಜರಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದೇವು.

Hostel ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಂತೂ ನಿಜ, classನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರೌಢಸರ್ ಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆದರದವರೂ ಹಾಸ್ಪಿಲ್ ವಾಗಿದ್ದರು. Watchman ನಮ್ಮೆಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಸಿಂಹಸ್ನಪ್ಪವಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಹೀಗೆ ಕುಂಟುತ್ತಾ, ಕುಗುರುತ್ತಾ ನಮ್ಮೆ hostel ಜೀವನ ಸಾಗಿದೆ, ನಾಲ್ಕು ವರ್ಷ ಮುಗಿದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ನನಗೆ ಕಾಣಬುದು ಬರಿ ನಗು, ತಮಾಷೆ ಹಾಗೂ ತಲೆಹರಟೆ ಮಾತ್ರ.

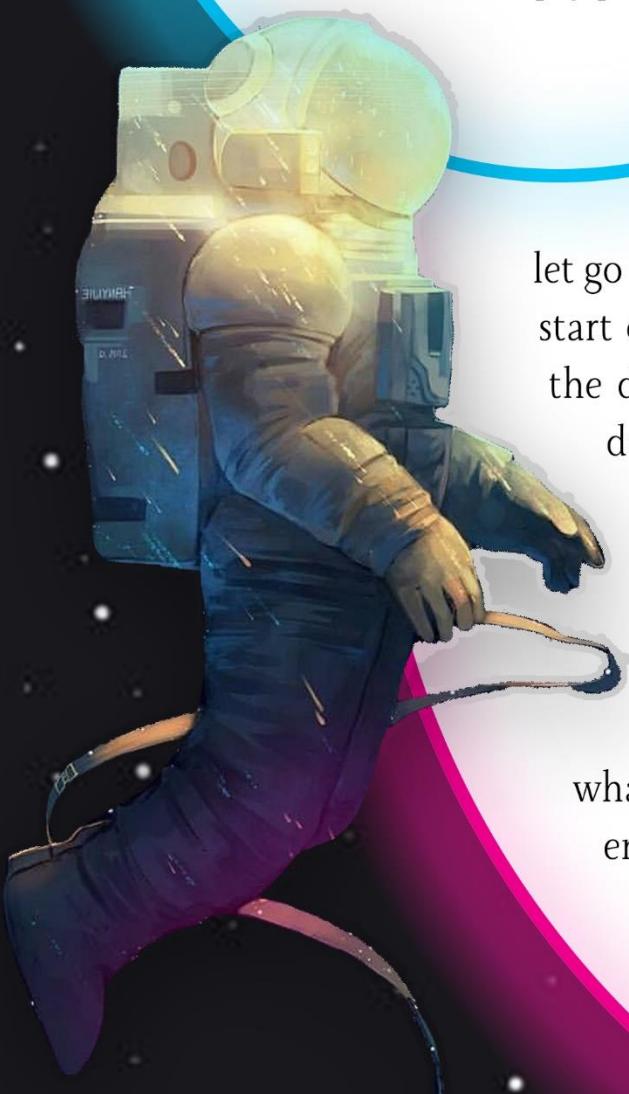


MAROONED

- Yatin S Naik

When

you look up at the sky what do you feel about breaking boundaries? Swinging into the paradise of emptiness and solitariness who knows what mystery it beholds. For the space is never heard and never known to mankind. Anytime you look at the stars you are throwing yourself deep back into the past, the light that reaches out to your eyes has already travelled light distances. The trillions of psychedelic stars dancing like a ballerina in the empty plate called space.



The shining sun that makes our heart warm and refills our souls is always been around the clock. The big black hole at the size of an atom large enough to fill millions of suns inside it. As much as the sunsets in one dimension makes us realise there is a small window when the day turns into night. A chance to let go of all the dull moments and start fresh. A new day to start over from all the misery. Beyond the horizon when the dawn breaks into day, when the source dilutes the darkness and rises over the deep blue sea, we are reborn. A circle of life repeats itself. Let us free ourselves from all the attachments and truly live in the moment. Every day is a new day of opportunity, a chance to makeover the things. I'm chasing those feelings because life isn't about what you have or possess; it is about the moments you embrace. Let us treat ourselves nicely and honour ourselves like the true particles of the space and the space between it.



- Sonam Norzom



- Ashitha



- Ashitha

THE UNKNOWN

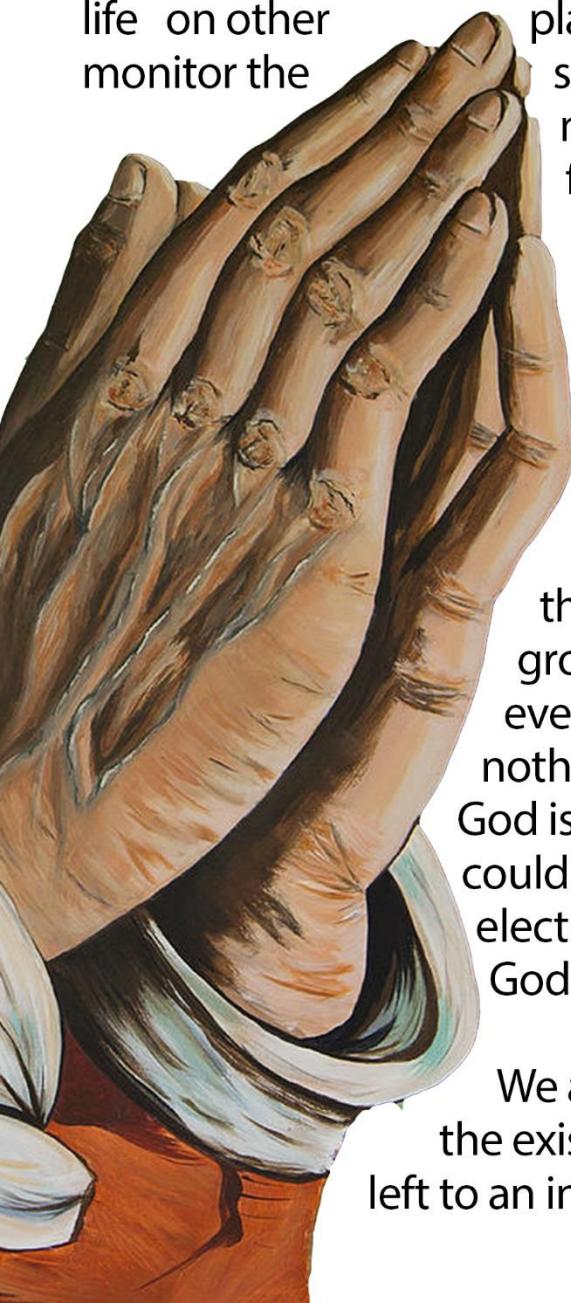
- Vikas

GOD !!! The eternal power who is remembered easily when we are in trouble. And barely remembered when we are having good fortune. Some people demand not pray. They even try to bribe him by their offerings to fulfil demands.

Some people believe in God completely, some partly and few don't. In future, if a person can prove the inexistence of God should he disclose it to the world? The word 'God' is which brings a sense of security in weak, confidence in strong and hope in a loser. It is an unseen or blind belief which gives faith to live and look forward to a better future.

Did God create this universe for timepass or entertainment? On the other thought, we may be the experiment of a higher level alien species to create life on other planets. God maybe this alien who had come to monitor the

situations of the world he created. In every mythological story, God resembles the human form. Because God or the alien might have created us based on their physical looks.

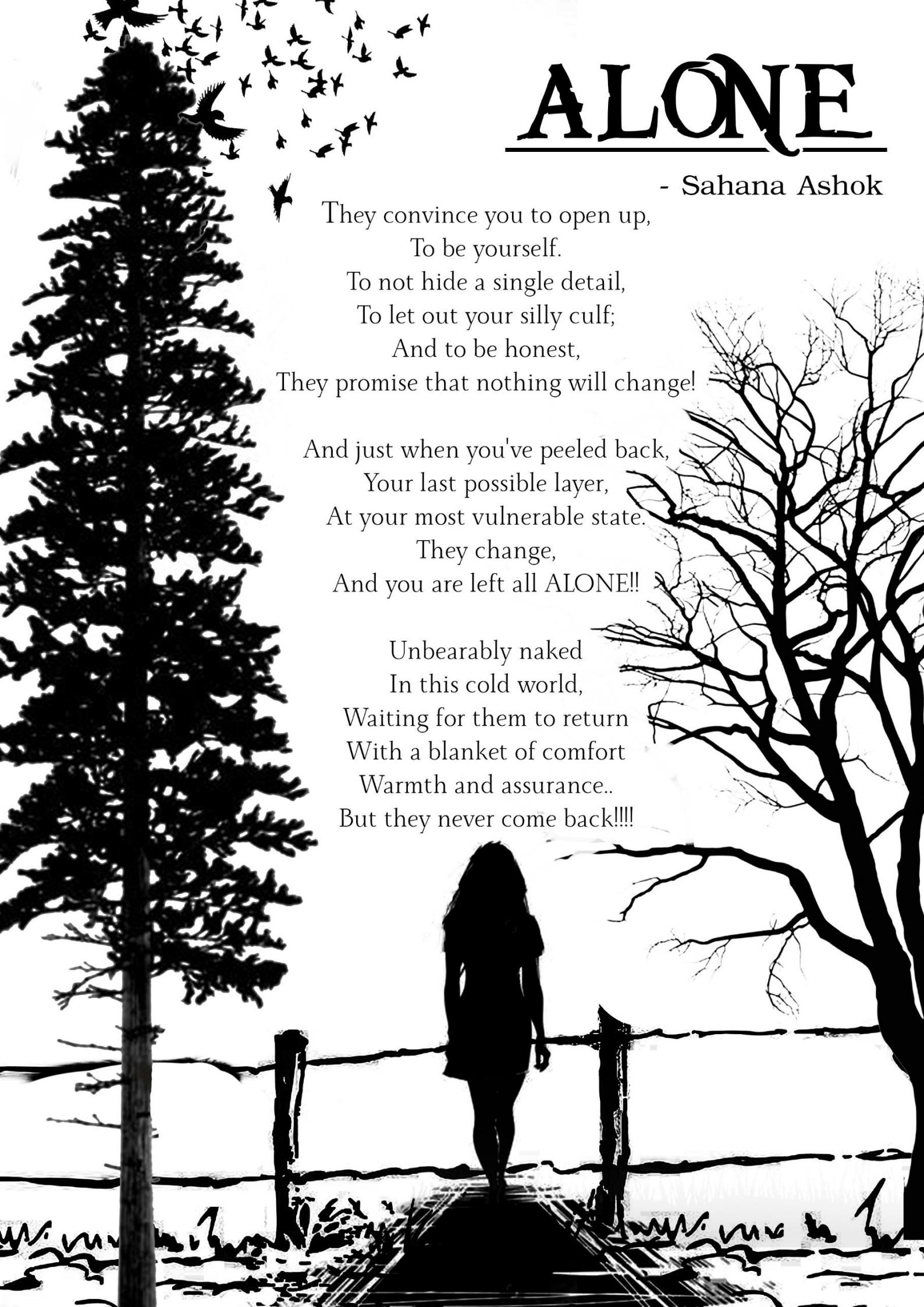


Everything is made up of atoms. Our ancestors may have referred these atoms as God, saying God is everywhere. An atom is 99.999999999996% of void space. That means this world is made up of literally nothing. Even the remaining 0.00000000004% is energy. The ground we stand on, the person next to you and everything that one can see is nearly a 100% nothing. Everything is just like an illusion. This justifies God is everywhere but we can't see him. We humans couldn't find the position and momentum of an electron. And here I am, talking about the existence of God.

We are not yet developed to that stage to decide on the existence of God or purpose of our creation etc. It is left to an individual whether to believe in God or not.

ALONE

- Sahana Ashok



They convince you to open up,
To be yourself.
To not hide a single detail,
To let out your silly culf;
And to be honest,
They promise that nothing will change!

And just when you've peeled back,
Your last possible layer,
At your most vulnerable state.
They change,
And you are left all ALONE!!

Unbearably naked
In this cold world,
Waiting for them to return
With a blanket of comfort
Warmth and assurance..
But they never come back!!!!

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- Deepanjali

We always welcome your thoughts! Please provide comments or suggestions for improving our content to the below address.

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