



# UINTESSENCE

संस्करण: 2017-18

RESEARCH SCHOLARS MAGAZINE



## Perception of editorial committee

*We don't continuously break our heads in research work, Do we?*

The voyage of our enclave magazine started with '*Reflection-2015*'. '*Esperanza-2016*' lit the flame of hope for a long one year. This time we are up with '*Quintessence-2017*' which is going to 'reflect' the 'classy' ideas of enclave.

We have gathered here from all over India to pursue our doctoral degree. A fresher becomes an integral part of enclave life. No doubt we have experienced a quality life as a part of this enclave family. Among all these our days pass by fighting and restoring friendships, very happy moments of celebrating birthdays, playing badminton, getting wounded and breaking rackets, between strings of tensions of hitting ball or hitting stamps, bitter-sweet chats with the special one, occasional celebrations in enclave. Some days will be full with the smell of chicken curry or shahi paneer...some nights' friend will be Maggie. Journal papers are not effective for us, because the genie of ideas is hidden in a quality mug of coffee.

Apart from our normal research skills we have numerous hidden talents. This is our earnest attempt to bring front the quality of their philosophies through writings, their passions with brilliant sketches and photography along with '*Atavegah 2017-18*'. We '*hope*' to see more '*reflections*' of the '*classy*' works by our friends in the coming year.

*Happy researching!!!!*

Authors wish to thank Dr. T. S. Lakshmi Narasimhan for his support and encouragement and to all contributors of magazine.

Editor  
Magazine committee

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# Message from Director

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Dr. A.K. Bhaduri  
Director, IGCAR

*I* am happy to greet the new batch of young scholars joining the team of talented Research Scholars of our Centre. We are happy to be able to attract bright students from across the country. At this time we have about one hundred and forty seven research scholars who are pursuing their Ph.D. in different laboratories of IGCAR including twenty three scholars who have joined this year.

Research scholars at IGCAR are pursuing high quality research in some of the exciting interdisciplinary fields linking basic sciences with engineering. Their presence and contributions have excited the academic community of the Centre. Scholars have ushered in a “University like” environment amidst the mission oriented programmes being pursued in the Centre. Their success is reflected in excellent achievements by way of awards, noteworthy publications and placements beyond completion of the programme.

Scholars have adapted to the working environment and hostel life very well and are making the campus lively. Our efforts have been and will continue to be focused on nurturing their talents and shaping them into mature, efficient and highly productive R&D personnel of the brand “IGCAR” as also providing amenities for extra-curricular activities so that they have a enjoyable experience.

I am glad that research scholars are organizing this annual celebration towards welcoming the new comers and also bringing out a publication to highlight their extra-curricular abilities.

Dr. A. K.Bhaduri

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# Message from Dr. G. Amarendra

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Dr. G. Amarendra,  
Director MSG,  
Director MMG,

My dear young colleagues,

I am very happy to know that you are bringing out a Freshers' magazine as a part of welcoming fresh students, which has now become a tradition as a part of the student community in JRF Enclave.

As I can see, the formative years for the young students are very precious and important not only for them to get a groove on the professional front, but also to forge new friendships and bonds which may be lasting throughout their professional careers. It is nice to be surrounded by like-minded friends having zeal, enthusiasm and purpose towards achieving While the role of the guide and challenging goals in the pursuit of scientific research. While the role of the guide and doctoral committee is critical in shaping the professional careers of the students, it is also equally important to have congenial and conducive environment to interact with friends and peers. I am sure that the phase of JRF enclave is very significant, exciting and important in all these aspects. With cheering young friends and encouraging buddies, every challenging and difficult task becomes simple and easy. Certainly it also brings in a sense of bonding because of sharing of ideas, problems, challenges, solutions etc. I am extremely pleased to know that senior students are organizing the welcome get-together for the freshers in terms of in-house talents of the students. I really appreciate the spirit of the function and wish you all the best for the success of the function.

Dr. G. Amarendra.

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# Message from Dean, Student Affairs

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Dr. T.S. Lakshmi Narasimhan  
Dean, Student Affairs

It gives me immense pleasure to be part of the get-together of research Scholars of HBNI at Kalpakkam. I am very happy that the tradition of welcoming the freshers' at JRF enclave is continuing and with increased enthusiasm. It is very gratifying that the Research Scholars of HBNI have contributed quite significantly towards the research programs of our Centre. The HBNI campus at Kalpakkam being away from the city always brings a good ambience and learning takes place in all walks of life and at all times a day. In the short time since I have been associated with the research scholars, I have realized a strong bond with them and recognized an approach in these young and budding Scientists, which always had a sense of purpose.

Occasions like this create opportunities for students to throw open their extra-abilities and bring out the diversified talent in them. My special appreciation to the second years' for their efforts in organising such a wonderful event. I always enjoyed the talents displayed by the enclavians and the exuberance shown by them is really contagious. It is nice that a souvenir has been brought out on this occasion which I expect it to be fun filled and interesting.

My best wishes to all the newcomers who have stepped into the world of scientific research and am sure will join hands with seniors in their pursuit in achieving scientific excellence and bring glory to HBNI and IGCAR.

Dr. T.S. Lakshmi Narasimhan

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# Message from Dean, Chemical Sciences

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Dr. N. Sivaraman,  
Dean, Academic (Chemical Sciences)

New Year Greetings to all Research Scholars. Let's focus on all that is good and right in the world, knowledge, learning, family, and so much more. We do have the power to change the world, and education is the key to all. We at HBNI encourage you all to remain focused on your academic goals and to forge ahead on the positive path that you have chosen. As an Institute of international repute, our core culture drives us to innovate and excel. Always and in every field honestly do the best you can and nobody can stop you from being successful.

Let's give our best and make this institution a modern temple of learning through our diligence, devotion and dedication.

We look forward to working with you all, to lead our Institute to new heights.

Wishing you all the best...

Dr. N. Sivaraman,

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# Message from Dean, Physical Sciences

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Prof. N.V. Chandra Shekar  
Dean, Academic (Physical Sciences)

Welcome to freshers. I am proud to bring to attention that you have joined a very prestigious Institution under the Department of Atomic Energy! Very recently DAE has started the process of converting HBNI into an Institute of National Importance, realizing its significance and vast potential.

It will take you a while to absorb and understand the plethora of activities at the Kalpakkam, wherein every activity is focused on a single mission - to march towards a complete indigenous nuclear technological capability. We have to keep up the tempo in order to retain the already established fact that we are one of the world leaders in nuclear technology.

Quoting our First Prime Minister: "Scientific temper is temper of a free man/woman" (Discovery of India). In spite of the fact that there is tremendous growth in science and technology and dependence on it for the growth of the country's economy, scientific temper is to be improved further. As flag bearers of science, which is nothing but pursuit of Truth, we must spread the message of scientific temper as it is not only important for science but also for social issues.

Freshers Party is a function for the fresh entrants to be welcomed into the institution and let go of their inhibition. My congratulations to the Seniors for taking up this activity for the sake of new entrants. I am sure that they will find in our Centre the right ambience and spirit for pursuing their scientific work.

I wish that the freshers as well all the people associated with this programme grand success.

Prof. N.V. Chandra Shekar

# Seniors' desk

## MESSAGE FROM ZAIBUDEEN

“ Though, I don't prefer to advice people yet it is always better to follow some code or principles to make our life better. So, I would like to share very little information that I try to follow (though not always) in my life. They are:

'Like no one can judge you better than yourself, no one can also motivate you better than yourself. So try to motivate yourself.

Do your duty and don't bother about the result.

Always pay attention to wise people and learn from their past because good advice comes from bad experience.

Finally, instead of wasting time by thinking about your past and worrying about your future, do your best in the present moment.”

## VOICE OF PREETHI

Dear Juniors,

This is Preethi, worked with Dr. Tom Mathews in Thin Films & Coatings Section, Surface and Nanoscience Division, MSG. I took 5 years time to finish off my thesis. I am presenting here a small set of advices and hints from my PhD experience thinking that it would be useful for my juniors.

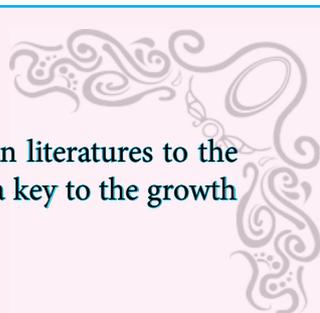
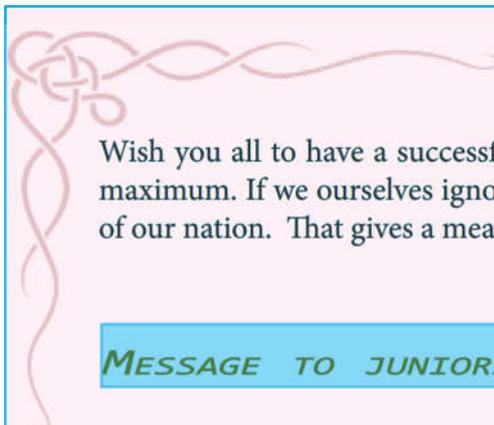
First and foremost advice is always have a open mind to see what's going on around you in different laboratories, what facilities they have, who is in charge of every facility etc. This information comes in handy when you are stuck with your work and nothing seem to work out. At that point of time, you can venture the same sample with other techniques, do an elaborate study and can make a unique manuscript.

Next important hint is always gain contacts from different laboratories all around India, if possible different countries. This can be done through effective utilization of researchgate, google scholar, and the papers you have cited or the one who cited your paper. You can opt to work in those laboratories. Remember, once you start your application to post-doc, minimum three international referee's report is needed to support your application. Referee reports from the same institute doesn't have much impact. In such circumstances, all these contacts gained by you would help, giving weight to your application. Even you can gain a chance to work in these laboratories for your post-doc.

Always utilize the departmental facilities to the maximum. How many of you know that you can send samples to abroad / Indian Institutes for characterizations free of cost (through your guide) ? How many of you know that you can claim your TA and accommodation charges for the official visit to other laboratories (conditions apply) ? So be aware of all the ways around you and effectively utilize it.

Our students are always keen on attending only conferences either in India or abroad. There are many institutions or science academy's all around the world conduct workshops, trainings etc sometimes in free of cost. Instead of going only to abroad conference, try to attend such workshops, schools and training which is much useful compared to a conference. DST, HBNI funding for abroad conferences can also be utilized to attend workshops, schools or trainings. Beyond DST and HBNI, there are various funding bodies around the world. I request all of you to venture those areas by asking our dear Google.

Last but not the least, always have your options widened during and after PhD. Most of us know only two options i.e. to join a university or college as assistant professor or take a post doc. There are plenty of options available such as DATA Scientist jobs (where you have to learn certain programming languages in addition to your PhD), Industries (Use LinkedIn to know various opportunities), online tutoring (This can be done part time even during your PhD to have a touch with basics in addition with gaining pocket money) etc. Also for those who work in experimental, try to gain a introductory knowledge on computing and theory, and vice versa as people outside require a bundle of skill set to be selected for a position. The more you know, more it will bw better.



Wish you all to have a successful PhD carrier. My request to all juniors is to cite the Indian literatures to the maximum. If we ourselves ignore our own articles, then who will respect them! Always be a key to the growth of our nation. That gives a meaning to our research. Aim high..! Achieve big..!

### *MESSAGE TO JUNIORS BY NILAKANTHA*

When you see a good medical doctor, automatically respect comes from our heart. They are the specialist, I mean they know how to cure a disease and what are the medicines required for that. They can solve any issues related to their field. They deserve the respect from people.

After some years, we are also going to be awarded as a doctor. We will write our name as “Dr. XYZ”. We will have a different honour in the society. When people will read our name, they will think about us in a very different way.

So one thing I will say, just prepare yourself in such a way that you should feel yourself as a specialist in your field. You should feel that you deserve this award. Learn enough, do smart work and keep patience.

Good Luck.

Nilakantha Meher

### *EXPERIENCE OF NAVEEN'S ENCLAVE LIFE*

Dear friends,

I convey my deep thanks to all who made me happy and sorry to those who were made unhappy by my actions. Like many others, even I entered enclave as an emotional color blind. But all these blissful days, made me gain a whole spectrum of colorful memories. Memories of utmost joy to deep depression, extreme anxiety to complete melancholy, love to hate, where they were all in a never ending salsa with each other. As a man still staying afloat on such dancing tides, I am penning my humble suggestions to my fellow researchers.

Strengthen your skills and work hard on your responsibilities. Gain technical and moral support from your mentor and seniors. Make more friends and have good health, anyway, the former will take care of the later. Beyond initial years, research will go fine and relishing. But, at times things may not feel satisfying. Even if so, stay calm and proceed with the work at hand, but persistently look for something mightier than you to fight for. You may find it someday or it may find you someday. Occasionally, step out of your room to have a little walk. But it's ok if you are alone on your path, there is always a bright sun, a blue sky and the sparrow in the woods awaits your company. Try to be thankful to the god or nature or big bang or whatever you wish to call the one which made you to feel, the way you feel. Never lose hope, the world is very rich to provide. Someday, somewhere on this beautiful planet, when you don't even notice, your life's best moments with a special someone may bloom and pass....



# How to Cook...???



You may ask any of my friends...I am the best cook in the world.....hmmm...means..best cook in my country.....oh.. ...actually ...best cook in my state... ok sorry at least best cook in my room>(\* when my roommate is absent). “How to cook????”...this question contains three words and was out of my syllabus since my childhood. It is not because I don't have any inclination towards food items...but kitchen always seems to be a mysterious place for me ...and the secret art of converting hard, white and odorless rice into soft, colorful and of course aromatic Kheer ( my favorite) is always more than any magic for me. But life is always unpredictable...and that is why it's more beautiful than any unrealistic Hollywood movie.... This unwanted..not exactly unwanted but of course unknown question finally came into my life as a cyclone after a unavoidable and simultaneously unacceptable mess bill hike.....Now what??? The consequence was a great revolution initiated under the leadership of Darpan Sukla...a descent Gujrati boy and a true follower of M K Gandhi. Hence, enclave got one more historical moment and that is famous as “Quite Mess Movement”. We all gathered in a Pizza hub and took the vow to leave the mess. The necessary and sufficient criterion to be the part of historic path is to know the answer of a very simple question.... “How to cook?? ” That day for the first time my hand was shaking while signing on application but with a great courage,I held the pen and prepared myself for a painful and adventurous war. Those days I was doing my initial experiments with Maggi and If I remembered correctly I could break the record by making Maggi in exactly forty seven minutes instead of the well claimed two minutes and finally, it was thrown by my roommate into the dustbin because it was smelling like H<sub>2</sub>S(I think...I don't have to mention what H<sub>2</sub>S smell like???). In this dangerous situation I had only one solution... my mobile and my favorite 10 digit numbers. The phone was ringing and from the other side I could hear the most pleasant voice...the voice of my mom....In this kind of situation she used to be my fire-brigadier. I asked her a very simple question, “How to cook????” For the next one minute..no sound from the other side.....followed by a very intense , “Are you ok????”...

I told her the complete story and finally convinced her to teach me “How to cook???” Anyhow...now it was a matter of self-respect, self-dignity, self-integrity and self-torture.....Next half an hour was the class time.... she explained me each and every thing and I noted it down in Lab-copy with a title “How to cook???” Next day was a Sunday and more importantly I had to cook .So I went to bed little early ....next day my alarm cried “Chanda mama so gaye Suraj chachu jage...” I woke up and rushed into the kitchen with the book with the instructions instructed by MOM. My kitchen was password protected and I unlocked it and wore the apron and gloves. I decided to cook fried rice, Aloo Paratha and cabbage curry..... Moving on to the first item I measures the rice with a weighing machine with a milligram precession and put it for ultra sonication for fifteen minutes to remove the unwanted coating....In the mean while all the utensils were cleaned with Ultrapure Ar plasma. Then I just kept the ultrasonicated rice with necessary ingredients in the newly purchased Autoclave and set the temperature and put the timer for 1hr. Next, I had to start with making Paratha...for that, required amount of flour was kept in a thermal evaporator and prescribed current and voltage were given.... Sound of my mom was vibrating in mind, “ A perfect measurement is the identity of a best cook... beta”...I told myself “Yo..mom” and took out the Paratha from the thermal evaporator and Push inside ALD(Aloo Layard Deposition) machine....Now I was just one step behind declaring myself as “The best cook of the world”.....and for that I had only one more item to finish....I took out a diamond cutter and jumped into a poor cabbage and cut it into pieces..and added little NaCl . The final thing was kept in a magnetic stirrer with 80°C and 350 rpm and suitable amount of oil was mixed with a burette and the mission was about to be completed ....in next five minute I had all the three delicious dishes ready.....that too all prepared by myself....By the time I had realized the answer of the question, “ How to cook???” is , “not very difficult”.....I took out the phone and typed that

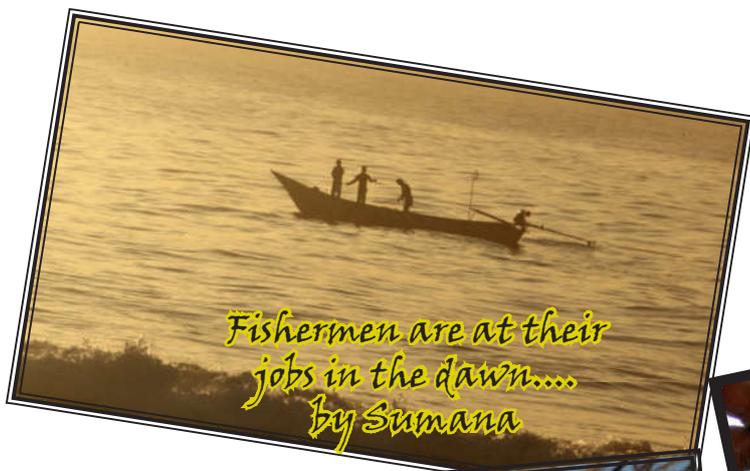
of my....girl friend.....But, that time I got a calling bell on my door....oh! it was my roommate ...Deepak Deepak (Actually I have three friends Dillip, Gopi and Alok...so combinedly it's like Deepak)...Last night he went to Chennai to meet someone special....He got a shock to see me in that gesture ....and before telling anything he took one spoon of cabbage curry into his mouth...oh.... no what happened...doom...boom....blash.....one light ...followed by a thundering sound and Deepak got disappeared .....Oye! where did he go??...I put on my microscope.....what!!! Deepak has been converted into a 6 mm tiny boy... what to do???? I kept him in a beaker and put him for ultra sonication.....he started vibrating.....darrrrr....daarrrrr.....no I was vibrating....and I was hearing my roommate's voice..... and he was telling..... "Binaya!! wake up ....wake up... Binaya...time..... is already 9.30...I am going to mess... Are you coming?????" I woke up with a Lab copy on my bed and with a list of instructions instructed by my dear MOM with a title..... "How to cook ???/!!!!" (This story is dedicated to the real best cook of the world....my MoM.... Vindi fry synthesized by her is most cited dish in my village.....)



*First successful experiment .....  
With the instruction of my Dear Roommate..  
Dillip & Sanjeev Kapoor*



*Followed by Veg Special With the  
instruction of my dear cook buddy....*



**Binaya Kumar Sahu**  
SRE, NCSS, SND





## Effect

Life is really un-certain. Oh ya...whenever I utter the word uncertain it reminds me Heisenberg uncertainty principle. But here I am explaining Zeeman Effect. The effect of magnetic field on a spectra line and bla..bla... bla....Fortunately or un-fortunately I was enrolled in department of physics in Rajendra Auto. College, Bolangir to finish my graduation. Oh, those days I always consider as the golden era of my life. Me and my cool dudes Gyanu and Debu enjoying our life like emperor Akbar and of course no need to mention back bench was our throne. Ya I had one more friend. She was little more than a friend. I fell in love with her in our first meeting itself and after a long argument with my father she came to my home.....my cycle "Hercules Rodeo". I am having a habit of giving name for all beloved things what enforced me to choose a name for her.

If someone is really close to your heart it is little difficult to do something special for him or her. Being a great fan of Alexander, Gyanu suggested a name Bucephalus. This was strongly opposed by Debu as he had a strong inclination towards the great hero of India Rana Pratap. "Chetak" we will call it 'Chetak'....that was the word from Debu. Finally the name was decided by a great fellow (ya that's me of course) and the name was "Zessi". It was neither related to world history nor Indian. There is one more story cum experience behind the name. That I will share latter. Oh I forgot completely we are supposed to discuss Zeeman Effect. The effect of magnetic field on a spectra line and bla..bla bla....These reminds me Room No 186 . Our laboratory room. Well equipped with lots of experimental instruments and decorated with lot of untold memories. Honestly, I liked this practical section over the boring lectures and note making. There also we were not following any syllabus strictly but we were doing something interesting .....means something really nonsense and idiotic. I can remember some of the incidents, there was a cooling system in the lab but suddenly it stopped working. After two weeks other student could see a homemade refrigerator in our hostel room. Some of the CPU fan got converted to homemade cooler and many more. Oh sorry ... I forgot again...we are in a path to explore Zeeman Effect...The effect of magnetic field on a spectra line and bla..bla....bla.... A great discovery in Physics.

Oh... Physics! this reminds me semester exam. Finally the auspicious day was declared. The day decided by our education system to make us realize that "Death is the ultimate truth of life". Now what , Budhadangar the God of my village Kudasingha was the only hope for me. On fine morning I started my journey towards my village with my beloved friend "Zessi", my cycle. My aim was to pray before the God not only for me but also for my friends. In my school days so many times I have written essay on "My Village". But that day I was really feeling something special about it. It was around 20 km away from my college and I had to pass through a small forest. After my lunch I started the historic journey of my life ...time was around 3.30 p.m. There is a small hill exactly at the center of the forest. I could not control myself to climb the hill and behold the natural scenery. The best part of that mountain is that one can see both village and town from th at point. It is like the origin point of two parallel lifestyles. One means for simplicity, natural beauty and honesty and the other means for development, growth and security. One will teach you to follow your heart and the other will make you a slave of your brain. One will tell you to believe everyone and everything and other will ask you to analyze the fact and then accept it. Suddenly I realized it was 5.30 p.m. and still I had to cover 10 more kilometers that to in forest. 'Miles to go before I sleep....' So I left all my thought on the top of that hill and rode my cycle downwards as fast as possible. Put my earphone and play the music

Suddenly something odd happened. I saw an old man asking for lift. I was confused.... lift that to on cycle. "Mad or what???" I murmured inside. But I didn't know why I stopped near to him. He jumped and sat behind me. My friend "Zessi" was also seemed to be unhappy with that "unwanted visitor". Thousands of questions were going inside my brain. His face was looking familiar to me as if somewhere I had seen this fellow. This gray color hair and mustache...it was not new for me. My conscious and subconscious minds were fighting. That time he broke the silence and asked, "Are you a physics student???" I nodded my head. Then he put a smile and asked me back "then tell what is Zeeman effect???" So now I got the connection. He



must be newly joined physics professor in our village. That's why his face was looking known to me. So now I got little relax and just copied and pasted the same definition what I had just read last night from a well known Modern physics book, "The effect of magnetic field on a spectra line and bla ..bla....bla...."Then with a great satisfaction I looked back...with a victorious smile...but I replied back with a mischievous smile..... "Did I tell anything wrong?????" I questioned myself. "No" ....then he took a long breath and started . His sound was heavy. I could feel a different vibration in his every word.

situation...accept the defeat ...hide somewhere.....and finally extinct.....and other is more difficult than this..... It will tell you to fight back... face the difficulties...and finally evolve....choice is yours..." I was listening him with a great enthusiasm. "When you plant a tree always two situations happen...and here overexcitement is the magnetic field. You may pluck the fruit... when it is completely raw or when it is completely rotten... but you need to wait for the

perfect time for harvesting..... and of course choice is yours....." Whatever you were thinking on the hill about two parallel lifestyle that's also reflection of Zeeman Effect." Then I got shocked "How did he get to know what I was thinking 15 min. back?????" Without any interruption he was keep on telling, "None of the lifestyle is bad....both of them have their own advantage and specialty.... but always choice is yours." I tried to stop him and ask "How do you know what I was thinking fifte....." He didn't allow me to complete and with the same flow he continued, "Between two parallel line of death and birth there is one

was waiting for him to complete the sentence...and I asked, "that is...?????". But he did not reply....I saw some of the people coming from the other side....I looked back ....But what....there was no one..... oh..no... "where is he???" I waited there for next 15 min. But I couldn't see him. I was in a dilemma. Finally I moved forward with a heavy heart. On the very next day I came back to my college. That was the last day for that semester. We were in lab and coincidentally sir was explaining Zeeman Effect. First he show a Photo and told , "He is the Dutch Physicist Peter Z e e m a n . " ... Ah....The same face ... t h a t same gray hair and mustache. What.... I had met this f e l l o w ... . . just one day back..... . He

was on my cycle.....I didn't know how to react.....and Sir was explaining..... "Zeeman effect is about the effect of magnetic field on a spectra line and bla ..bla....bla...."I was unable to hear him.... Only those words were vibrating in my ear, "Between two parallel line of death and birth there is one more state and that is....." Choice is yours.....and there is no witness for the entire incident except me and "Zessi".

 **Binaya Kumar Sahu**  
SRF, NCSS, SND



have foxes and wolves which cannot be seen in circus. Since Shiva is Suyambu, the entire region is holy. It is open during summer season only, since the footpath itself made by the water and for the water. I requested some of my friends to meet that poor guy (Lord Shiva); who is sitting alone with broken heart. We, under the Prasanna Gandhiraj guidance, the crew got the tickets after self created crisis. After reaching there, I found that our crew is not alone.

Having a companion is an option if you are happy. It is vital, if someone is Broken. Broken pieces of heart coupled with the silence due to the own silence is the worst to be faced. When I had such a personal crisis about couple of years ago, I prefer the company only to listen not to respond, that screened all the living beings. I searched in mythological world to choose my companion along with the meeting place. I came across the information that the fellow, who was not born; who never dies; Lord Shiva



also had a crisis like me. He is a very interesting character having full of contradictions worsen than me. He has a school of thoughts for vegans and cannibals. He created the creator to create everything and he is responsible for destructing everything. He is a symbol of celibacy and also immense pleasure. He is a savage to live in graveyard, wearing live snake and skin of deer, but the elite in fine arts. I decided to be a companion for sharing the grievance, but the place?



rode his bull towards southern India and get tired by

reaching Koyambathur, just one day before the dead line. The residents of the region misinformed about the time to keep him there for some more time. After missing the dead line, the cute girl announced herself as sinister. Kumari region remembered her by changing its name as Kanniyakumari. By knowing that, Lord Shiva got psychological upset and wanted to have isolation and reached "VELLIYANGIRI" near Poondi village in Koyambathur.

Velliyangiri is the dry hill; it is not having falls or lakes to have many birds but more reptiles. It is not so dense to have lions and tigers, but

The story is about the cute girl (Kanni) lived in Kumari region in Tamilnadu, southern tip of India, while our guy supposed to live in northern tip of India. She took a decision to marry him and the irresponsible guy delayed to response. She announced the dead line to accept her proposal; she took a vow that she won't marry after that. After hearing that he

We had thousands of companions to share his grievance. It is a collection of seven hills. First one is so steep and high. We conquered with lot of difficulty as much as doctoral thesis. We got the inspiration after having the snacks. Second one was little bit small and smooth, even did not satisfy the Rayleigh criterion to be resolved. Third one is so tricky. The rocks are slippery. Water source is available here only, so preparation should be elaborate. After careful journey the fourth hill was reached. It is contradicted to the earlier. The land was flat, but the foot path is only 3 feet width. There is vertical slope; careless walk could cost life even. Fifth one is user friendly as much Windows XP, just

more like Green Park. Sixth one is enriched in Calcium carbonate named as Thiruneeru malai. So the name White hill or "Velliyangiri" has come. The water flow etches way the foot path preferably, so the path is irregular. At the beginning of Mammoth part of the journey, there is another water source, like pond with 3 feet depth. Some of the crew lost the hope to conquer this to meet Shiva. Then we got the inspiration by the name of sceneries. We started to walk, walk then walk about half an hour to see the tip of the hill. Then we fed ourselves and the cameras. Cameras enjoyed a lot more than us. Greenery scenes near to Siruvani dam and the clouds mesmerized everyone. We felt the chillness of drizzling that worth for this pain. We met Lord Shiva as a Suyambu accompanied by his family separately. Tip of one of the rock is being remembered for saints to do meditations.



Thangam M.  
SRF, SAMS, PMD



## BEAUTY LIES IN THE THOUGHT

I have seen people describing so many physical things to be beautiful to them. But I strongly disagree to them. In my perspective out of my experience, it's they, who are beautiful because of their thoughts to see the world beautiful. Because beauty lies nowhere but in their thoughts.

If we think in a pleasant mood, we feel everything to be a rainbow.

It's not unusual in the nature to give thunderstorms in our life but the same reminds me to shine to the high and roar to show my strength. So my dreams are impulsive thunderstorms who light and roar every moment.

The way the sky goes silent, we too undergo stagnation. But if you observe, it accumulates the purity out of far deeper salts to shower for making your thoughts pure to see the so called beauty. Understand the stagnation of your daily to pave the way to achieve the throne of your dreams.

The ray of hope that we see in our thoughts becomes the reality to achieve the crown of our own destiny. We think the time decides when to make us sit on the royal throne of our dreams. But it's not true all the way. Because how strongly we dream of our destiny, we run much faster than time without feeling the stress for which we have been bowing our heads so far.

Harish Madupu,  
JRF, SWNS, CD, EIG



# # Kalpakkam to Kanyakumari on Pedal

It was a long born dream, to leave my little foot prints on the path taken by my dad's mighty feat in his youthful days. However, as any other dream, with time, it succumbed to the dread of losing the comfort zone. But the very same comfort zone vanishes, when there is nothing dear to the heart left in it anymore. On such moments, our long lost dear dream comes to us and whispers into our ears the spell, which makes us to unfold the most exciting pages in our life.

The journey began on a mist filled winter morning, when the sun still sleeps under the horizon. The back bag was stuffed with goods (chocolates, glucose, blanket, cloths, cycle-pump, torch and a medical kit) and the distance to cross each day was planned (Kalpakkam-125km-Vilupuram-157km-Trichy-140km-Madurai-60km-Virudhunagar-112km-Tirunelveli-85km-Kanyakumari). With every little thrust to the pedals, the mind starts to revolve only around the present, forgetting the past and the future. On a lone trip, in an unusual manner, one can witness a whole mix of interesting characters, some will cheer, some will ridicule, some will patiently guide us to find a night residence after a tough ride, some will sponsor a little snack, some will share the little shade, some gets inspired, some gets scared, some will be kind, some will be rude. But whoever I meet, how much ever tired I am, the day always ends peacefully with a heavy dinner, which my tummy would never able handle on a normal day. At times, my venture gets more interesting, like the one when a stiff thorn kissed the front tire. But the pump I carried helped me cross few miles to reach the puncture shop. Though I serviced my cycle, she had some minor issues right from the beginning, but still she kept me safe till the last mile. After crossing the stretches of green fields, broken bridges, broken rivers, dry lands to bustling cities, series of hills, hill like highway bridges, inspiring sunflower gardens, humming windmill gardens, nice friendly wind, punishing counter wind, sorrow of a dying dog, cheer of flying flock, burning sunshine, chilling drizzle, my tired foot was finally soothed by the waves rushing from the great Indian ocean. Like a little drop of water, emerging and falling back into the sea, my journey which started on seashore, ended in seashore.



-Naveen Raj,  
SRF, NSAG,  
RDG

*Now we  
are all safe on the toy...  
clicked by Harish Madupu*



*Where the Blue sky meets the  
sea and distant line of trees...  
by Hiranmayee Vadlamani*



## DARING ISHQ

**B**oom boom boom! “Stay away from her, I am warning you for the last time” Arup said angrily.

Before Rohan could understand anything, another punch (boom!). Arup took his bicycle and paddled away. Rohan finally shook his head up only to see him surrounded by a pack of unknown faces. The pain made him realize what just happened to him in last few minutes. If the pain is not sufficient, the only known face in the surroundings started killing him now. OMG!! It's him. “He is Sima's father”. He saw two boys fighting on roadside because of his daughter. Rohan now realized actually what just happed. Any father will be happy to see two boys fighting to get his daughter but may not be for those boys who took literal meaning of fight.

In next few minutes he took himself up and his bicycle and rushed towards Arup. Rohan was able to chase Arup. Arup was surprised to see him there by his side. “Why did you do that?” Rohan asked.

“I warned u earlier. I told you to stay away from her!” Arup replied.

“Okay! But according to you, she is your girlfriend. Then why the hell you are threatening me instead of stopping your so called girlfriend to come to me” Rohan said in louder voice.

“I already told her not to meet you” Arup replied.

“Ohhh! I got you. Since your self-assumed girlfriend is not listening to you, you decide to threaten me”. Wow! You don't have control over her so you decided to beat me? Bravo” Rohan clapped.

“I didn't wanna beat you, I warned you but you didn't listen to me” Arup replied raising his voice.

“Did she tell you that we are in relationship?” Rohan asked.

“No” Arup replied.

“Then what forced you to attack me from back?” Rohan asked.

“You ask that to your friends” Arup replied in annoying voice.

‘So you do not have any confirmation but out of your insecurity you straight way decided to attack me from back like a coward.’

Arup wanted to tell something but Rohan stopped him.

“Look! Be a man first. If you have any problem with me and you want to settle it like beast then just text me the

date, time and place. I am sure you will appreciate my punctuality” Saying this Rohan sped up.

.....

Night 2 O'clock! Rohan's Phone rang.

“Hey” Rohan greets.

“Sorry baabu. All these are my fault” Sima said while crying and her voice was choking.

“Hey, nothing happened. Why you are worried? I am fine now” Rohan replied.

“I know he hurt you. I decided to leave college. I will take admission in some other college under the same university” Sima said.

“Why are you thinking all these nonsense? Nothing happened.”

Rohan said this and continued to comfort Sima. At the end he was able to convince Sima to not to leave college.

After that incident Sima stopped meeting Arup. She was not replying to his phone call in order to reduce tension between Arup and Rohan. But things started moving in the other direction. Arup found out that Rohan and Sima were spending time privately. But he was unable to catch them red handed. So he decided to show up in Sima's residence and inform her father that his daughter is spending quality time privately with Rohan. Arup's intention was to prove to Sima's father that something is fishy about her daughter. But he didn't know that Rohan was meeting Sima mostly in her residence. So that naïve idea didn't click. Instead Sima's father kicked him out of their compound.

After running short of ways out to meet Sima, Arup used his last card. He asked Sima to return his 2GB micro chip which he gave her 2yrs back by taking her 1GB chip. Sima asked him to return her chip back to which he agreed. Sima was looking for another chip to transfer her data. In the meantime Arup got hold of her. He stopped her on the way in front her college at evening while she was going for a private tuition. Rohan use to come to the same tuition but late. That day Rohan saw them together and got very angry.

“Do you want to be here with him?” Rohan asked Sima. Rohan's face was beaming with his inner rage.

“You please go I will handle it” Sima requested Rohan foreseeing another uncanny situation.

“She doesn't want to go. What the f\*\*\* can you do?” Arup replied to Rohan sternly.

“If you don't wanna be here, nobody can stop you” Rohan said to Sima.

“You mother f\*\*\*\*!” Arup was trying to beat him but this time Rohan stopped his hand.

In fear of another fight, Sima told Rohan "Rohan please go, please go for the sake of your mother".

Sima used her trump card nicely. She knows Rohan loves her mother more than anything. So her trick worked. Rohan bicycled away from the situation.

Rohan entered the tuition room. All were waiting for him and Sima. He was sweating profusely and couldn't stop thinking about leaving Sima alone with Arup. Finally he narrated everything to his friends. He asked everyone whether they should go and rescue her. They all agreed and came together to the front of their college. In the mean time Rohan informed Sima's father too. By seeing the gang coming Arup got scared and angry. He wanted to take the shit out of Rohan but he couldn't. Sima's father also came there. So now a biologically related person came, Arup has to leave Sima. But he realized the trick was played by Rohan. He couldn't control his anger and punched Rohan but before he could place another punch on Rohan's face Rohan's friend came in between. Arup was forced to stop.

"I will show you mother f\*\*\*\*s" Arup said while dialing his friends' number.

While Arup was busy in calling his friends, Sima headed to her home and Rohan and his friends paced to professor's room for tuition.

"All these things happen because of cell phones. These type of girls talk with several boys over cell phone. When the boys find out they fight like dogs on road. All these because of these girls" some people were discussing while passing by. Rohan heard these and felt bad for Sima. He does agree with them that one lady is responsible for all this, but Sima is not that one, its Arup's mother.

### *In to the past*

Sima met Arup 2 years back. Sima just shifted to the town as her father got transferred to a new school here. Arup was known as a bad boy to all in the town. He used to drink and fight with people. Moreover he then had a girlfriend too which he started denying after meeting Sima. Being unaware of Arup's background Sima became friend with him. Arup used his friends nicely to hide his dirty work and tried everything to keep boys away from Sima. He started threatening boys who came little close to Sima. Even Arup beat several boys on roadside with help of his gunda gang. Day by day Sima understood what was happening. She felt really bad when she found out that all of her good friends were either threaten or beaten by Arup.

When Arup realised that nothing was working, he became impatient and drowned himself in alcohol. He even came to Shima's residence at midnight to threaten her but Shima's father managed that situation.

One day afternoon Sima's Phone rang.

"Hello" Sima greets.

"Sima?" A middle-age lady asked.

"Yes! Who is this?" Sima replied.

"I am Arup's mother" Arup's mother replied.

"Yes auntie" Sima replied.

"Beta can you meet me in front of city hospital?"

Arup's mother asked.

"Why? What happened?" Sima asked.

"Nothing beta. Just wanna talk with you for a couple of minutes" Arup's mother replied.

"I am in school now auntie, I cannot come immediately" Sima replied.

"No problem beta, you finish your class and come I will be here in the hospital" Arup's mother replied.

"Ok auntie, I will call you once I reach city hospital" Sima said in a hurry.

"Ok beta, bye" Arup mother replied and hanged her phone.

After finishing her practical class Shima went to city hospital and called Arup's mother.

"You are Sima right! Arup's mother asked while approaching Sima.

"Yes, But..." Sima wanted to ask something but Arup's mother replied before she could finish.

"I am Arup's mother"

"Ohh! Hello auntie" Sima replied with a smile.

"I call you to tell something about Arup. I know he is troubling you too much. But I know my son will never hurt you" Arup's mother said sadly.

Sima didn't know what to say, so she kept quite.

"Come with me beta" while pointing towards the hospital.

"What happened auntie? Sima asked curiously.

"Come with me" Arup's mother replied.

They entered to the general men's ward of the city hospital. Arup's mother was taking Sima towards bed no. 7 where a person lied there sideways unconsciously. "Oh God!" Sima said while placing both of her hand on her mouth.

It was Arup lying unconsciously with a thick bandage around his left wrist. The dark circle underneath his eyes was clearly visible.

"Since you started avoiding him, he couldn't take that pain. Yesterday night he cut his wrist and wrote

YOU SIMA with his blood on the wall of his room. His father broke his door and rescued him from his room where he was crying madly and kicking things” Arup’s mother explained and uncovered his legs.

Sima scanned his bare legs with bandages at 2 places. Sima was silent. She didn’t know how to react. She kept quite while Arup’s mother explained something to her. But nothing went inside Sima’s head. She started walking out of the room. She felt guilty for all these, tears started rolling down from her eyes reaching her lips.

“I know what people think about my son” Arup’s mother said while putting her hand on Sima’s back.

“He may be an anti-social but I know my son. He can’t live without you” Arup’s mother said.

Sima looked towards her and before she could say anything Arup’s mother started again.

“Don’t misunderstand me. I am not telling you to marry my son. I know it’s not possible. You are a good girl and my son doesn’t deserve you. I am just asking you to be his friend for few months, once he finishes his 12th I will send him to his uncle for higher education. Please be with him beta. I am begging you for my son’s life” Arup’s mother asked with both hand folded in front of her and her tears were about to flow down her cheeks.

“Don’t say like this auntie” Sima replied.

She actually didn’t know what to say. But they way things happened she could see herself responsible for everything. She started moving out of the hospital quietly. Arup’s mother assumed her quite movement as yes. Arup recovered and they became friends again. But the threatening to Sima’s friends remained as earlier. To save her friend Sima started spending time with him. She thought it’s a matter of only 4 months until their 12th final exam. But Arup’s mother seemed to forget her promise or maybe she pretended not to remember it. She didn’t send her son to his uncle. Now Arup became more ruthless and confident as he was able to kick all Sima’s friends out of her life except those friends who were common to both of them. New boys were also not ready to become Sima’s friend. Shima tagged as Arup’s maal. Sima became the most discussed girl in the town. But nothing good was being discussed about the beautiful girl.

When she entered college her life remained same, i.e., only Arup and his friends. New girls didn’t like her as she was an established characterless girl in the town and boys decided to stay away from her beauty and

Sima and 10 other student, was unaware of all this drama. So when Sima started spending time with him she was able to find the old Sima in herself. She wanted to be the old forgotten Sima by being with Rohan and at the same time she wanted to protect him. So she couldn’t resist spending time with Rohan and she also pretended to be Arup’s friend to protect Rohan. But unfortunately some of her good friend leaked her relationship with Rohan to Arup despite knowing that she didn’t want it. Soon Arup found that she was spending time with Rohan and Rohan also found out about Sima and Arup. Friends started advising Rohan to stay away from Sima. Now Rohan was well informed about Sima’s past but couldn’t able link those stories with his princess. Finally, Rohan decided to ask Sima directly.

Sima told everything and explained how she was forced to meet Arup in order to save Rohan. She also told that she already informed Arup’s mother that Arup is troubling her too much and she cannot be his friend anymore. Sima asked Rohan to give some time to finish this.

### *Fast forward to present day*

Finally, the big fight was going to happen. Arup called his gunda gang in front of college. He decided to kill Rohan’s entire friends group who came with Rohan. But finally he decided to kill Rohan alone. All of them were ready with hockey, wicket stick, and bat. But this news went to College Principal through his son (Sayan) who came to know from Subrata. Subrata was a Student Federation of India (SFI) activist and interested in one of Rohan’s friend Puja. He was also the one who passed all the information to Arup about Rohan and Shima. Anyway, Subrata got a chance to save Rohan and become a hero to Puja. So he informed Mr. Roychoudhari (principal) through Sayan. Mr. Roychoudhari was not only the college principal; he was also a Naxalite during his days. He had a lot of influence in local politics.

”Uncle! Can you leave Rohan for few minutes” Sayan asked prof. Achinta

“What happened?” Prof. Achinta asked

“Papa is calling him” Sayan replied pointing towards Rohan

“Oo! Roychoudhari da is here! Sure” prof. Achinta replied

Rohan stood up and left the room. Prof. Achinta also came with him.

“What the hell are you doing here? Am I looking like

Mr. Roychoudhari bursted with loudest of his voice and continued.

“Do you think I don’t have a personal life? Why I should be called here at night 10 o’clock? Is this why you came to college? To become a gunda!! Tell me how much marks you got in 1st year?” Mr. Roychoudhari asked with a louder voice.

“74% sir” Rohan replied.

“Then why you are doing this?” Mr. Roychoudhari asked in a comparatively lower voice.

Rohan kept quite. He was thinking that being one of the top 5% in college saved him today. He kept quite while prof. Achinta was enquiring the situation from Subrata and Sayan. Subrata was trying to tell prof. Achinta about the Arup’s gang, Mr. Roychoudhari started.

“I have checked around the college nobody is there. Either they hide or escaped by seeing me” Mr. Roychoudhari said to a concerned prof. Achinta.

“They may hide inside college’ Sayan replied

”May be or may be on the way somewhere” prof. Achinta said with concern.

“How did you come here? Mr. Roychoudhari asked

“On my bicycle sir” Rohan replied

“Achinta! Call all of them” Mr. Roychoudhari said looking at prof. Achinta

Sayan went immediately and called everyone from prof. Achinta’s quarter.

“Friendship does not mean supporting your friend in whatever he is doing; rather it’s a responsibility to guide your friend to proper way when he is wrong. You people decided to fight for your friend against Arup. I heard that all of you went together to threaten Arup” Mr. Roychoudhari said angrily.

“They just wanted to save their friend Sima” prof. Achinta replied gently

“Haan! Sayan told me that but from outside I heard that these people came to beat Arup” Mr. Roychoudhari said in a convincing voice.

“All of you come behind me. I already checked around the college, they are not here right now” Mr. Roychoudhari said

Mr. Roychoudhari started his Ninja bike and started driving slowly while the Rohan and co. followed him. Mr. Roychoudhari stopped his bike where Arup’s gang used to sit and instructed other to go to their respective resident.

“Rohan, you come and stay with me in my room tonight” Arnab (Rohan’s friend) asked. “No no! I can stay alone” Rohan replied and convinced others to not to worry about him.

Next day morning Rohan and co. went to Mr. Roychoudhari to thank him for rescuing them. The principal instructed them (in his normal voice) not to get involved in this kind of affair in future. He also told them “You shouldn’t fight with them, they are anti-social. They can go to any extent but you people can’t. You came here with a motive. Be focused and achieve you goal. Now go and concentrate on your studies.”

Nobody knows what actually Mr. Roychoudhari did but after that day, Rohan and Arup were never been seen in a single frame. Sima stopped all connections with Arup and she politely refused to entertain Arup’s mother, who came with another emotional story about her son. Rohan stopped meeting Sima outside their college and her residence and continued their love story.



Surojit Ranoo, SRF,  
SMARTS, CSTD



Look at the moon of  
Kaspakgam....!!  
clicked by Surojit Ranoo



Kittens greeting each  
other before a boxing war.



## *Darkness : An Irony*

Darkness spread, though pretty,  
Over the vast stretch of eternal sky  
Till infinity.

Yet, that pinch of sun-light  
Peeping through window between clouds  
Instills new hopes in my heart.

Throwing its last beam over streams  
That drowning sun  
Personifies my dying dreams.

But the sun would rise again  
And my little heart  
Would have a new world to begin.

Those birds, returning in fleet.  
Ask my dreams  
"Should not thou retreat?"

Now, my heart skips a beat  
And I ask you birdie  
"Shouldn't thou come in fleet?  
Again in clear skies  
Again in day light  
Again with a new sunrise."



Ijee Mohanty, SRF,  
SQUID and Application  
Section, CMPD

## *Sketches by Shradhanjali Sahoo*



*Soft kitty warm kitty little  
ball of fur.....happy kitty sleepy  
kitty..purr purr purr*



*Pika pika pika piii.....*



*The kind Mrs. Potts and her  
soni.....Beauty and the Beast*

A call from unknown number came to me at 10:30 PM, 'To whom am I talking to?' he wondered. I gently replied with stricter voice 'Bhai, you have called so you tell first.' He said, 'Am I talking to S. D. Krishnakumar.' I heard just last part, ' Krishnakumar.' I said, ' Yes, I am his son.' Then he told me that he has found a membership card on roadside. Thinking of someone has mistakenly dropped it, he has done a service to return it to whom it belong to. I jumped in air around 2m (not really). I got delighted, thinking I found the bag, stolen a day before from car, I told father we found our stolen laptop bag and without waiting for any response, I started bike and rushed to the place he told me. Though he told me full address, I went to Mavdi Chowk (Mavdi cross road), the nearest landmark place he mentioned in that address, I told him, I will contact after reaching the Mavdi Chowk. Within few moments, I reached there, I stopped for a moment. I called for further location, he said you went further then his place. There itself my father called me, voice was worried but not words, behind mother was shouting, why I went alone and why my father even allowed that. Father said go carefully, be alert. I was knowing what they were thinking. Yes, it might be a trap. I ensured father that I will take care and father told don't do any monetary reward or deal just ask for tea and Gathiya (snack) in any restaurant near by as part of gratitude. Then, I started.

With somany thoughts streaming in and out, trying to scare me, I was scared though. I reached his place looking for his blue shirt

## HAPPY DIWALI MR. PI

that he mentioned. I intentionally parked my bike ahead of the place he mentioned and hurriedly rushing here and there looking for him, in ATMs and Pan shop, and, simultaneously I was scanning people's response on my rushing here and there, of course, I was



doubting everyone, because the place I came was dark, located in a side of a bridge construction site so vehicles were going only in one way direction. I didn't ask anyone around. From there I called him again. After confirming in phone that I am alone came in that blue Honda Shine bike, he came out from behind the car, the car was parked next to my bike. Here, I noticed he has given me his different location. First thing first. He has directly handed over me the "NESCO SWIMMING POOL MEMBERSHIP CARD". I asked where are the other things. He was wondering what I am asking about. Then I narrated the full theft story - "I along with my nephew and father visited Bal Bhavan park yesterday evening. From my car, parked in somewhat dark place near ticket window of the park, somebody took my laptop which I was taking for repairing. I am going to make FIR..."

I then asked him don't you have that laptop bag. Actually by that I was expressively doubting him whether you are the thief we are looking for. Then I inquired positively where you have found this, what you are doing here, ( he said he is a wall color painter and doing job here and native is in Uttar Pradesh. Though he was speaking good Gujarati. So point for my doubt.), do you want some tea or Gathiya, where are you staying, etc. As soon as he said he is color painter, I was looking his hair for some proof of that whether color is there or not, his hand, cloths, but no, nowhere proof is hiding, I was not listening that while I was investigating for color marks. (Then I thought what he said I didn't listen but how Sherlock Holmes (SH) does this simultaneous things. Yes SH is high functioning psychopath; I cant do that here in a simple situation) I felt something different, some movements behind me. With that, I shouted, 'Santosh is your name.' He was worried how I got his name, at the same time he showed me his Aadhar Card from his pocket with name SANTOSH KUMAR YADAV. (How fast, how handy he has kept his Aadhar Card. I doubt.) I felt he was doubting me whether am I a policeman. By showing me Aadhar Card, I felt he has given some signal to the people surrounding, I am not sure about this that whether that was a signal. Because my saying his name, my feeling movements behind, and his showing card occurred in fraction of seconds. Then I didn't felt much movements, I watched around and confirmed. Okay. That's it of the deal with the person. I started back. And went to the place where he has found the card and, I was sniffing around the place to one kilometer in each four

direction with a hope of finding green belt IGCAR ID. I found only cement road and green grass, some dustbins and nothing else. I came back with NESCO card in hand and hence with that I have at least saved that paid fee - one year membership fee of 1100. Whatever saved is earned.

Next day, 'Happy Diwali, Mr. PI', I said immediately after entering into his office for meeting for case summary of the events occurred in the theft of my laptop bag. The meeting was arranged by Head Constable (HC), Narendrasinh Chavda in his duty period. Yes, I have reported about theft to the Head Constable on the same day of theft to the Pradhyumnagar Police Station, Rajkot at around 8 PM. Theft taken place between 6-7:30 PM. The meetings with HC from that day onwards can be possible in his duty period only, between that nothing can be moved further. Our goal of filing of a FIR took all of my holidays at home.

I have lost something but this is in a different way then all my previous tragedies - this is as always the case. Every time a new method and a new solution for the problem. I was happy about that. Here, I never dealt with policeman and police station before. I even don't know the hierarchy of posts of officers in a police station. In meeting with Police Inspector (PI) which lasted for more than one hour, first thing I noticed upon entering his office was his name, Pradhyumansinh Vaghela. (I joked with me see name of PI and of the police station is same; hmm.) HC was there with me to enter in the office. Then after PI show me a chair to sit, I settled till he finished with his other appointments, I was scanning his office even, that

was useful relaxation because after that it was an prolonged session of questions from him to judge my case, which I was not expecting while that relaxation. He asked me about almost everything of last five days, though theft taken place just day before. What happened on the day, where am I working and my full background etc. He was noting everything, date and time especially, (he is taking my case seriously, I thought that time, wow), hence, I was answering all his questions with full nano-scale details. I got tired giving answers, but at the same time I remembered IGCAR interviews. Still the story is not finished. Most important learning experience is coming now.

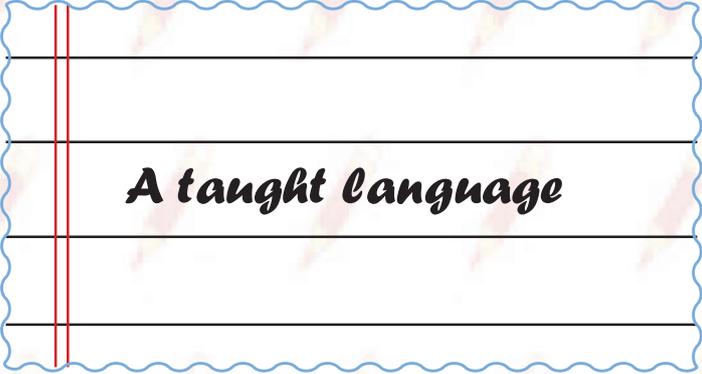
After listening to the case, PI explained me very clearly two procedure we can start for investigation. Those are, one in which I can give an application to Police Station regarding missing of the laptop bag from car, which was parked outside of the park. With this application, HC will search for my laptop and then if finds, they can directly give to me without much official procedures. Second way is filing of a FIR, which involves court in all procedure from start to end, in searching, in getting back things from the recovered stolen items. One important point he mentioned that if they would be able to discover the thief and the items, in case of FIR, I will need permission from the thief that these items are belonged to me and hence should be given to me - this should happen in district court. Oh, in such case we are having more procedural steps to follow. PI ensured that in any one of two ways, they will try their best to locate thief and items.

Mostly, I was convinced to go with

the application rather than FIR, but later, in delay of meeting with HC due to his duty gaps, one thought came in one night of Diwali Days. If I file just an application of missing of items rather than theft of it, then, clearly telling, it demonstrates my carelessness in handling the things. I have kept the bag openly for a thief to enjoy it. But, in reality, this is not the case. It is a clear theft. I have to go with FIR, otherwise in starting of a responsible career in leadership in science and technology this would be a bad start. Then, I have convinced somehow PI and HC for FIR with other reasons of governmental procedures of IGCAR. In addition, The doing of two tasks at once - of taking my nephew to fun park and making plan of going to laptop service center, has created many problems and consequences in my life. Going confidently with intuition is important. Remember - "Intuition is not freak of nature. Man develops it through self culture. Sublimation of life leads to intuition."-Vedanta. These experiences I feel are simple lessons to learn about responsibility and our limit of responsibility in limitations, and hence I willingly shared in the magazine. The End.



**-Darpan K Shukla**  
**DJFS, RDG, RSDD, PSAS**



## *A taught language*



At dawn, the day instigates to get longer as the sunshine starts to peek. Though summer is still upon us, summer is getting closer every day. A classic contour I started when my fellow pal Parth asked me an article for the freshman magazine. Why did I write down? In order to remember, of course, but exactly what was it I wanted to remember? An exquisite shoreline? A stunning sunrise? Or never-ending summers in Kalpakkam? ... Lost in my breezy thoughts, I sailed across the sky. That is when I hit- 'boom'!!

Why not write about 'writing'? In today's world of networking, clouds, and other all manner of 'social hyperconnectivity', it seems as if anyone can be a writer—or at least call themselves one. Is it so simple? Well, perhaps. It's as simple as typing a paragraph and hitting a Submit, and suddenly one is published. On a more orthodox note, the mere mention of terms used in social hyperconnectivity can be almost enough to make a serious writer's skin crawl. To see their craft dumbed down to arranging of letters into cohesive sentences which seems like a stab in the proverbial back. Many aspects of writing trend are quite provocative among writers and let's roll over as to why...

It's hard. I admit it. Trust me I went back to my buddy to enlighten. Luckily, my buddy, who happens to be an elderly Oxford was far fetched in lieu of my understanding. That is when I hit the google and I get- eh!! 'GM'- general motors or general manager or grandmaster or simple good morning, 'BTW'- by the way, 'OMG'- oh my god, 'LOL'- laugh out loud, 'ROFL'- rolling on the floor laughing, and it vgets better- 'LMAO', 'ROFLMAO'...

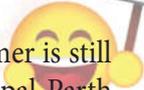
That's right, these are the very acronyms we were once barred from using. Ironically, it was unprofessional, even to use b/w (between) in a sentence to save time. Almost it appeared as if all the rules of English literature, were completely thrown and blown away. However, out of the blue, the same acronyms pitches out and now perfectly acceptable in hyperconnectivity? Well, times change and often people are prompted. It's as contagious as many laud their updates that flutter around.

Yet,

Another overarching trend- many contribute to the writing, That's perfect!

But why an annoying, compelling encouragement to link and like? though uninteresting. Many times I wonder amidst a busy schedule with day to day chores, how we find time to shower the words on updates, agonize over every word to sound beautiful and forget the authenticity and swiftness of the language. Well, one can always debate but we are always advised to keep on nodding to the terms of usage.

Alas! It's time to thaw out and get used to it. Embellishments are shooting-up, it's up to us, embrace it. After all, it was just a thought of taught language.



LOL



Sarvajith, M  
Biofouling and Biofilm Processes section,  
WSCD,  
Bhabha Atomic Research Center,  
India

# Life @ Enclave

Here we come to do research. We all are absorbed in our research, in spite of worries we are sailing through inside each one of us. Somebody is worried about their research problem, somebody is worried about their family to be taken care of and missing them often, somebody has problem with their guide, somebody is worried about their thesis to be written or to be corrected or evaluated, somebody is being affected by their relationship, somebody has health problems and recovering from it, somebody's work has been stalled due to certain problems. More or less, we all are stuck up in the same loop.

Among all these, what keeps us motivated and happy is the daily dose of research we do and the things we learn every day. We become happy with the knowledge we gain. Every day we think about authoring a research paper, with a hope of better future.

With growing age and worry about marriage from our parents, forcing us to marry, we are constantly being haunted with these thoughts. We sustain through all small and big struggles in the path of achieving PhD. We become wise and strong with passing days. We experience various ups and down. In research, one day we get good results, one day we don't know what we are doing. We share our problems in our research and life with friends and guides, seek their advice. We learn how to deal with problems in research as well as problems in real life. We learn how to deal with people. We meet a lot of good people. Our enclave is a nest of young talents and learning intellectuals. We are like an army of soldiers working for the same cause of achieving PhD but with different research problems. With time we grow more patient and calm. We understand things more clearly; of course, that is what research embeds into us. We start to see each and everything precisely in life and in research.

With parents and people we care for are far off, we miss them often, for those who are being away from home for the first time suffer this a little more. Of course we miss our home food. We seek shoulders of friends to lean on. We seek for the comfort of having a friend beside. We seek happiness in the happiness of friends and by helping them. We are like a family here.

A little gesture of happiness, a small help, a little smile you throw and a little appreciation which costs you nothing can make some others life a little happy, this way we can make the life of others in our enclave a little more ambient and comfortable.

Jai Hind!!



Rajakrishna Kalvala,  
RSS, RSD, HSEG



# YOU HAVE NOT NOTICED....

When I talk with you ,  
My heart beat increases,  
But you have not noticed....

When I look at you,  
My eye says something,  
But you have not noticed....

When I walk with you,  
I try to join my steps with you,  
But you have not noticed....

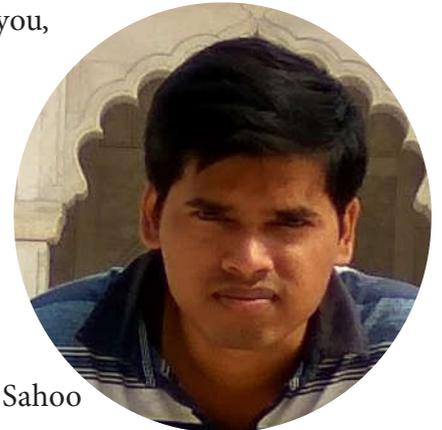
Your every expression is a symbol of beauty for me,  
Which I noticed....  
But you have not noticed....

I always turn around to see you again,  
But you have not noticed....

I always search you in a crowd,  
But you have not noticed....

I always find me in confusion what to say in front of you,  
But you have not noticed....

Your every madness is a symbol of cuteness for me,  
Which I noticed....  
But you have not noticed....



Gopinath Sahoo



*A sweet lily in litoon's garden*



*Spectacular Sunset - Flicked By Litun Sarin*

# *Light upon light*

Rafeek was silent. His mother was laid to rest in a well-planned and perfect funeral. Death was imminent and everyone was expecting that too. The continuous battle of her's with stage IV colon cancer was too much for her to bear and she succumbed. He was thinking of the verse which was being recited, "Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un" ("Verily we belong to Allah, and truly to Him shall we return"). Although, he was not a believer, he respected the self discipline that people who truly follow the religion attained. He felt, that even the verse that he was thinking of, can offer great consolation, for someone who strictly followed the religion. Rafeek seemed to be stable. People who visited him were consoling him. They said 'We join you in your grief', which was obviously not intended. "How fake those words are", he thought.

Jalaluddin, his uncle was literally cursing him, "Bloody atheist. He has not shed a single drop of tear. What is his heart made of? This is what happens when you don't have faith in HIM. You Will remain as the slave of Satan forever. Is he going back today itself?!?! Raziyaa!!" Raziya had no reply. Though she was his elder sister, she never knew him. After Rafeek went abroad for higher studies, she had hardly met him. She only knew that Rafeek was a writer.

Nobody knew who Rafeek was, except his mother. She was the one who brought him up. Rafeek's father passed away long back when he was three years old. As he was a government employee, the associated pension and large scale agriculture, in large number of acres of land, they had, as part of their family property, helped her sail smoothly ahead through all the turbulent times. After the funeral, Rafeek left the place as soon as he can, he was driving now and a train of thoughts were haunting him. Strangely he was not feeling anything about the death of his mother. He was going to meet his friends on that very evening. He was not very excited about that but "It's been a long time", he thought.

It was as if all those memories he had about her were being played right in front of him. He thought about the school days. Rafeek was not one of those guys who used to feel nostalgic about the schooldays or childhood. When people used to say 'Those good old days...' He used to scoff at them. "The present is the best thing you can have. I won't glorify

my childhood, the innocence, the excitement, where everything was like a fairy tale. I hate perfection. I am happy the way I am. I am imperfect. I am a man now with all my follies and foibles, pros and cons, good and bad. I am now what I should be, a Man."

Noora, his mother never used to agree with him on everything, but she was always ready to accept him the way he is. She felt free to disagree with him and still co-exist. She knew that unlike Raziya, Rafeek had that individuality, an identity. Rafeek was not meant to be a caged bird, he belonged to the skies. That was why she took the challenge of bringing him up differently.

Rafeek couldn't help thinking about the many conversations, they had. Some of them which were lovely and some of them had a profound impact on him and his life. Some of them have always haunted him and now they were even more intense.

"Ammi, I don't want to go to school"

"Ok, don't go"

"What about my class teacher, she will ask why I am on leave?"

"Say to her that you did not wanted to come"

"She won't agree."

"Let her not, but if you don't want to go don't go"

Roughly after a week, he ended up getting bored in home and he started going to school. When the class teacher called his mother and enquired. The mother was not going to be any different. The class teacher thought that this lady was crazy. She felt bad for him and said "I know that no one cares about you, not even in home. But, don't worry, we will take care of you"

He could not stop smiling thinking about that episode. "Noora, you crazy lady" He said to himself. It was a long 8 hours drive, at least by his standards. He hated driving. The beach was nearby and he thought of spending some time there. During his college days, he used to to come here along with his mother on weekends. Since he was in the College hostel weekends was the only option. It was around this time he came to know about her relationship with, Afzal uncle. He was a distant relative of hers from her mother's side. They had studied together. Rafeek did not know much about it. He never bothered too. He was only aware that things never worked out between them and they parted ways. Afzal was working as a college lecturer and he lived in the same town. He was a bachelor. He was a good friend of his father too. His father knew about their history. But both of them were matured enough to understand things and bury the past. Afzal remained a good family friend. The relationship he had with Noora evolved into a platonic one. In fact,

Rafeek, was a bit relieved as he was sure that Afzal uncle will take care of his mother and she was not alone. But still deep inside he was indifferent to all these things. He did not care. That was his truth. Years ago, on the same beach, Noora asked him “Do you really care for me? Or is it just out of obligation, that you come every weekend?”

Rafeek had a smile on his face “Noora Madam, what do you want, hypocritical humility or brutal honesty?”

“The latter, Mr. Rafeek”, she was giggling.

“It’s a bit of both. A bit of compassion and a bit of what others will say, if I am not coming”

“That’s ammi’s boy” Both of them burst out laughing.

“You are not this free, when you speak to Raziya. Why is it so?”

“There are only a few out there, with whom, we can remain true to our own self, isn’t it?”

Rafeek just smiled.

“In my case, it has been you and Afzal”

“What about dad?”

“No. Don’t get me wrong. He was one of the best human beings that I ever came across in my life. But if you ask me, whether I could remain as “myself”, when he was around, I cannot say that.”

“What about Afzal uncle?”

“Yes, he can. Sorry, if that hurts you, but this is my truth”, Noora said sadly after a pause.

“It won’t hurt me. Why should it hurt me? He is a guy whom I respect and whom even dad respected, as far as I’ve heard from others. You guys have remained friends for so long. It’s sad that you two never thought of.....” Rafeek did not finish, may be he couldn’t..

“That is why you are different, Rafee. Raziya, our family members, they would have never approved of this relationship. Raziya’s future would have been at stake. I had to think about you, Raziya and about others”

“You should have lived your life for yourself. There is only one life Ammi.”

This time, tears welled up in Noora’s eyes.

“It is so easy to say that isn’t it? The world and life in it is not just all colourful and bright, but along with them it constitutes of shadows, abysses and chains too, everywhere”

“Aah.. Literature!! Noora ma’am is on song today”, Rafeek said that with a cheeky smile, just to lighten the mood.

“Yes. I am on song. I must be. Rafee, when Jalal wanted

to sent you to study religion, I fought very hard against that. I wanted you to read, read and read. It’s not that religion is a bad thing but as you know imposing it, or anything for that matter, from childhood itself, for me it’s the best example of human rights violation. As you know, I will never say this publicly. I fear for my life” She said that in a serious tone.

“I know ammi. But what is right and wrong? Those are just perspectives. You do what you want, that is my way”

“That is your way because you were brought up that way, Raziya was not. I can talk with you on a range of topics, which I doubt whether any other son and a mother can have. I once asked Raziya when she was unnecessarily arguing with me, on the issue of Afzal. Afzal has always treated me with respect. She was hurling abuses on him. I wondered why.”

“She cannot take it, Ammi. Have you noticed, most of them can come in to terms, with a father remarrying but they would find a tough time, even thinking about their mother remarrying. .Why is it so?”

“For the same reason, that you call a girl who sleeps with many as slut, what about a boy. The term “man whore” is not as common as the other counter -part, isn’t it? Virginity for a girl is a taboo. What about the boy? It’s ok, no big deal, isn’t it?” The tone of her voice was raising.

“Mmmm..True”

“You asked me what is right and wrong. Rafee, it’s true that nothing is absolutely right and wrong. You see, how do you end up liking someone?”

“You just like, isn’t it?”

“I am not talking about selfless love. That’s a far destination where you have to evolve too. Usually, you love people who strengthen your ego. You hate people who weaken it or hurt it. Someone who smiles at you daily, acknowledges you. Wow, he is a nice guy, isn’t it? Someone who does not acknowledges your presence, who avoids unnecessary chit chat, who hates gossiping. He is the arrogant guy. We hate him. You can observe, that the people who live according to the unwritten script by the society, are the good people. If you do anything out of it and if you don’t fit into the system, then you are the outcast, the social leper.

“How can you fully generalize?”

“I am not Rafee, but this is the fact in most of the cases. There are cases of selfless love too and compassionate people do exist. But that’s a rare species or endangered” That statement brought a smile back to Rafeek’s face.

“Ammi...you might hit me, if I say anything against you today, you are a volcano ready to erupt” He could not

stop laughing. Noora instead was caressing her son's head. Above all she was a mother with all the weakness and strength merged into one.

He recalled what he had said to his mother on that day, "Ammi, if what you said is right, don't you feel that is applicable to all relations, even parental. We get too attached to our parents, because we have been with them always. Our sense of self, the ego, has always strengthened because of them. It's always 'my' father, 'my' mother etc. The same goes for parents too. A woman feels complete when she delivers a child. A father feels the same too. The ego's search for wholeness gets a big boost. Then years and years of communication, interaction and love, makes the attachment too strong. The same goes for loving relationships too, the rate of ego feeding and strengthening there, is far far higher, it requires less time to get attached."

"It's true, Rafee, but I have seen some parents, some loving relationships too, who love the other, without expecting anything in return. They have crossed the barrier. As I said, they are rare."

"Have you crossed it??" Rafeek asked with a naughty tone.

"I am nowhere near it. I know things, but I am still a human with all my flaws. We all know what should be done, what is truth, we just can't do it. That is the sad part. Maybe that's what makes us humans. Perfect will be boring. I can't even stand that thought."

"We can preach but not practice. Mmmm.....Do you think I love you, Ammi?" It was time to ask her the inevitable question.

"You care for me, but you are not attached and I am ok with it. Be selfish. I want you to be selfish. If you can't love yourself, then I don't think you can ever love someone. Never ever stay back for me. You have to explore yourself. This is your journey and there is only one journey."

"Ammi, you have to come along with me. Once the post graduation is done, I have a guaranteed job, we will live there."

"You had plans of going abroad. You were talking about PhD in mass communication, where was it?"

"Germany."

"Rafee, tell me the truth, what do you want to do really?"

Rafeek knew that he can't argue with his mother, she was built different, though she lived or acted as per the norms of the society.

"I want to go."

"Then go. Period"

That was it. That's how Rafeek's life changed. It has been a great journey. He pursued his Ph.D in mass communication in Germany which was followed by a Postdoc in U.K. For a couple of years, he worked for a famous broadcasting company. It was then, that he realized that there was only one job that would make him happy. He wanted to be a writer. He left the job with full support from his mother's side. Roughly after one year, it was a miracle that his first work, a novel titled "Beyond right and wrong", was on U.K's best seller charts. He dedicated the work not to his Ammi, but to Afzal and it was written,

"To a man called Afzal, who evolved and crossed The Barrier..."

The sun was going down and it was time to leave. He wanted to meet his friends. He didn't even inform his friends that his ammi passed away. He wanted to avoid fake condolences. Deep inside he knew, that nobody cared. "Unless it's your own father or mother, you don't care, you show up, as that's an obligation. It's not a fault though, that's how we are wired" He thought.

Six months back, when he came to back to meet Ammi, after she was diagnosed with terminal cancer, he had felt this void. Strangely, he was not sad. It was a void. It was even more depressing because we can cope with sadness but not with emptiness. We can tolerate when people hurt us but we can't tolerate indifference.

Meeting Noora in the deathbed, was something that was inexpressible. She was weak and skinny and bald. Her words choked and she had a persistent breathing problem. But nothing could stop her from talking to her Rafee.

"Rafee... The volcano is about to erupt, isn't it?" She tried smiling but couldn't.

"Shut up." He was angry.

"How are the things over there, Mr. Writer, the most popular writer in Britain, right now, isn't it?" This time she could bring in a smile and Rafeek was a bit relieved.

"You could not stop teasing, even now, isn't it?"

"No."

"Everything is fine, over there"

"What's the title of your book which is under preparation now? And, I must ask the same question again, why did you dedicate the first one to Afzal, it should have been me you idiot?"

"Don't you think he deserved it?"

There was a long pause. She looked at Afzal, who was standing there, outside the room. He was calling,

perhaps talking with the oncologist and discussing about the medicines required for her.

Tears rolled down her cheeks and she said “Yes, he does”.

There was no Jalal, her brother, as he never approved her relationship with Afzal and even Raziya was not there with her, during these tough times, as she was not allowed from her husband’s home. There was only one person to take care. Afzal.

“You have to finish the work, Rafeek” her voice was loud due to the excruciating pain she was going through. It was time for the dosage of painkillers.

“I am not going back, ammi” He told after giving her the required medicines.

“You must. Period.”

“It won’t work this time, Noora Ma’am.”

“No, you have to. Finish the work fast and comeback. I think it’s in its final stage, please do it that’s my wish. Afzal will take care of me”

“No.” Rafeek could never agree. “No, I said.”

“This is my last wish, you finish that and please send it to me, I must read that”

“I can write it from here, you crazy lady” He was both smiling and crying.

“You can’t, I don’t think you can when I am here, in this situation, go back and finish. I am begging you, Rafee” He had to agree. Now his only aim was to finish the work and give her an opportunity to read that. He left after a week. While leaving, Noora told him, though playfully.

“We might never have a conversation again, Rafee”

“Shut up. Devil speaks through you, do you know that?”

“Of course” She could find strength to have a muffled laughter.

After four months or so, Rafeek could manage to publish his second work, titled “Noor un Ala Noor”, a verse from the Quran, which means Light upon Light. It was loosely based on his relationship with his mother. He wrote in his book, “The book is again dedicated to Afzal”, the only purpose was to annoy Noora. Noora got the first copy and she enjoyed reading it, although she was miffed with Afzal, saying that Afzal again stole the limelight. She had enjoyed reading it but also had a complaint Rafee could have praised her more. She never stopped being naughty, even in the death bed. Noora breathed her last, one month after. Rafeek was in U.K, as he had to finish some more work, which was more of technical issues, related to publishing. He

could come back on time and see her one last time.

It was already dark. He had to go. “What she told was true, we never spoke again, he thought. She was not a typical mother, she was different. She was adamant that he must be true to his own self. She was not always showering him with affection but rather she was honest. A lady who never tolerated nonsense yet had a naughty side to her. A person who taught him to think differently and never be a puppet which dances with the script that the society has written. She made him a man.

Rafeek wasn’t able to get up. Even with all the defence manoeuvres he had, with all the strength that Noora gave him, he could not stop that one solitary tear. He did not know whether he was sad but yes, there was again this void, a scary one.

The sun has gone down with a promise to come back tomorrow. The sun within him was not different either. He had to move on. He had to make the comeback. As Noora told him in her last message “Do not mourn my death, rather celebrate it. Because I am contented with whatever I have achieved. And deep inside, I know that nobody is mine, even you Rafee, I belong to none. You have read Kahlil Gibran, I am sure. I love these words written by him..

“Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They came through you but not from you and though they are with you yet they belong not to you.”

Remember only one thing Rafee. You be what you want to be. Don’t be what others want you to be. As you said to me once, “There is only one life”.

I hope I see you again, my dear friend (first) and son (next) :-)

--Noora.

*Note: The writing has been inspired from the conversations I have had with many of my friends. I would like to dedicate this work to these three crazy people, as most of the writing was inspired from the discussions I had with them. Sujith, (the Zen monk), Shafeer (the Psychologist) and Rasitha (the Irritator), this is for you all. You people, should please forgive me, if you don't like it. I am sure Shafeer won't. Cheers...!!!*

--Radhikesh Nair



Master Piece By Suman Saurav



## Teena's Gallery

Glass Paintings



Drawings



# గమ్మ నిర్దేశం

ఎందులకెందులకీ దాహం! గరళం తాగినా ఆరని ధన దాహం!  
 దేని పైన నీ ఆడ, ఇంకెవరి వల్ల ఈ విమర్శ. సంతోషం లభించిందా! ప్రశాంతత సిద్ధించిందా!  
 కష్టపడను-కలిసి రావాలి, ఇష్టపడ్డాను-దరికి వచ్చేయాలి! నేనేమన్నా సృష్టికర్తనా?  
 వాడికున్నది నాకిప్పుడు లేదు. నాకు దక్కింది వాడికీ దక్కలేదు. త్రాసు ఎప్పటికైనా తూగేదే కదా!  
 నిన్నటి శ్రమ వృథా పోదు. అలాగని ఈ నాటి సుఖం శాశ్వతమూ కాదు!  
 ధన మూలం ఇదం జగత్ అన్నావు నువ్వు! జ్ఞాన మూలం ఇదం ఆనందం అంటావేను!  
 బంధాలు కాదనుకున్నాను, బంధుత్వాలు దూరం పెట్టాను. ఏదో సాధించాలని తాపత్రయం.  
 ఎన్నో పగళ్ళు శ్రమించాను, ఎన్నో రాత్రులు నిద్ర మానుకున్నాను.  
 గమ్మమింకా తెలియలేదు! చివరి మెట్టు కనిపించలేదు!  
 ఎవ్వరు కాదన్నా ఎందరు వద్దన్నా నిర్ణయమూ నాదే! నిర్ణయగా ఫలితమూ నాదే!  
 ఎప్పటికీ ఇలాగే ఉండిపోను, ఏ నాటికైనా గెలుపు రుచి చూడకపోను  
 నా ఆలోచనే నా ఆయుధం! నా పరిశ్రమే నాకు పెట్టుబడి!  
 సమయమే నాకు బాట! గౌరవమే నా గమ్మం!

-Harish Madupu,  
 SWNS/CD/EIG



## Teena's Gallery



# Journey with VOWELS

అలనాటి నాకు ఆశయమూ లేదు. అరుగులెంట కూర్చొని ఆడుకోనూ లేదు  
ఇంతలోనే బడి నన్ను ఈడ్చుకెళ్ళింది. ఇదే ఇక నీ బ్రతుకని ఈలలేసింది  
ఉరుకులు పరుగులు తప్ప ఊరడింపులు లేవు. ఉయ్యాల జోలలూ ఊసైన కరువు  
ఎరుగననీ ఏ పాపం ఎక్కెక్కీ ఏడ్చాను. బనా ఎందుకీ చదువులూ ఏనాటికాగేనా.  
ఐతే!  
ఒక్కొక్క ఓటమీ బెణధయ్యింది. ఒర లోని కత్తికి ఓర్పుగా బెన్నత్యమిచ్చింది.  
అందాల నవ్వులిప్పుడు నాకు స్వేహితులు, ఆనంద నిలయాలు అనిశలు.

-Harish Madupu  
CD, EIG



## Kashinath Bhau's gallore



# My confession to my U. G professor:

Let me start with the story for what I want to make the confession. I received my U. G. degree from Rajendra Autonomous College, Balangir, Odisha. I (Nilakantha), Rajesh and Bibek were room-mates. We were very close friends and still we are. We had loads of fun among us. We were mimicking our professors as well as our friends. If our professor is not teaching well or could not give answer to our questions, then we were thinking that we are genius. Of course, everyone do this in their school/college days. One day we got one SIM card (without any documents) with sufficient balance to talk. That brought an evil mind within us to prank others. In that night, we called some of our friends and our professor around 12:00 O' clock, using that SIM. Of course, it is an unknown number without any documents related to that SIM. So were fearless.

\*\*\*\*\*

Call 1:

Tring.....Tring.....Tring.....

Friend: Hello, who is speaking?

We: This call is from customer care. We were checking whether you are alive or not.

..... Phone disconnected.....

\*\*\*\*\*

Call 2:

“Hood hoodDabbangDabbang.....Hood Hood Dabbang” (hey...It's a caller tune)

Friend: Hello, who are you calling in this mid night?

We: I am speaking from Balangir Police station.

Friend:Ohh...sorry sir... Tell me sir, what can I do for you?

We: I just called you to listen your caller tune “Hood HoodDabbang...Hood Hood Dabbang”.

.....Phone Disconnected.....

\*\*\*\*\*

Call:3(To our professor)

“Jai Hanumaan gyaan guna saagara, Jai Kapeesa tihun loka ujaagar” (Hey...HanumaanChalisa caller tune)

Professor: Hello, Hello, Hello.....

We played a song from another mobile phone and we kept both phones close to each other. Song was

“Mere sapno ki raani kab aagegiyu tu, biti jaye zindegaani kab aayegitu....”

We: To make this song as your caller tune please press '5'.

.....phone disconnected.....

Next day, we went to college. We shared this incident with our classmates.

Professor came to our class to teach “Electromagnetic Waves”. Somehow the class was dragging towards radio wave and mobile phone. Finally he told:

In Hindi: “Ye customer care walone raat ko sone bhi nahin de rahe hain. Raat 12 baje phone karke gaana sunara he hain”.

Translation: “This customer care fellows are not allowing me to sleep. 12 O' clock at night they are calling and making me to listen song”.

“Ha ha ha..... We just looked each other after listening him. Whole class bursted out laughing”.

(Just imagine what would be the situation in the class.)

But now I am here because of my parents and all teachers. Among them he is having a significant contribution to my achievements. We made fun of him, but still I am respecting him. In future, wherever I may reach, I will always remember him.

# TINY TALES

## BURDEN

She held the umbrella more tightly and continued to walk. It started to pour even heavier.

The merciless wind chose to ally with the spurting anger.

\*\*\*\*

She stood still, took a deep breath.

Threw the UMBRELLA and rushed towards her destination.

## COMPASSION

Hey! The pace of rain has decreased. She wiped her face using both her hands.

The paths were clearer. She smiled and continued.

\*\*\*

A constant murmur drew her attention, at the end of which were the innocent eyes belonging to a snowy soft puppy.

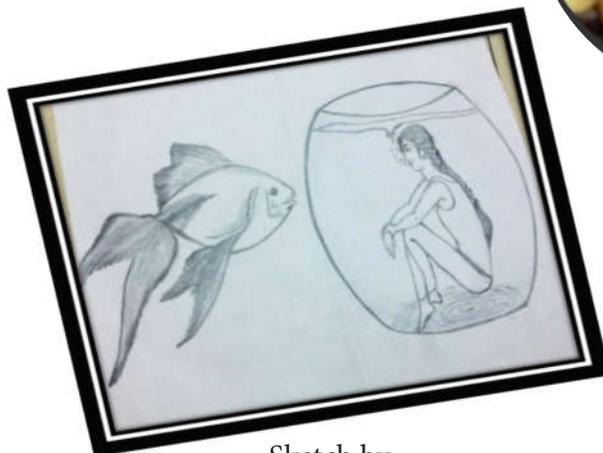
With her untouched smile, she lifted and wrapped the puppy with all her WARMTH.

## BRIGHTNESS

She pushed the door wide open.

She is amazed. At her back- a damp evening, in front- a welcoming LIGHT.

Arpita Aparajita  
SRF, CMPD, MSG



Sketch by  
Madhura, CSTD, MMG

# *My Name is Lima*

“I am not a prostitute, I have no relation with him. He is my teacher and I respect him”, I screamed and it echoed, inside a closed, dark room. No one were understanding my tears. No one realized that I had not taken food for last two days.....

I am Lima from a small village, an intermediate student. I joined in a nearest college. Life was flowing smoothly. Sorrow comes to everyone’s life. None can escape from it. My life became ruined when my neighbours looked at me in a different way because my womb started growing after six months of joining in that college. Everyone started doubting on my character. They didn’t feel guilty while calling me as a pregnant prostitute. That street where my childhood was over, I was completely banned from walking there. People who were smiling at me when I was child, they started spitting on my face. People avoided me. And....finally my parents also lost their trust on me because my womb was looking so weird.They locked me inside a dark room when they felt I am a symbol of bad luck. I started hating myself.

I got a rope and a chair inside the dark room. A fan was there.....  
everything got over.....

Police came and took the dead body for post-mortem. Villagers were waiting for the report to know the foetal age .

Post-mortem reported “A tumour was growing inside the Lima’s womb”.

# *The Lungi.....*

Vairavel observed that his left foot-finger nails are becoming blue. He consulted a doctor for that. As usual, Doctor prescribed some medicines. After few days of intake of medicine, still those fingers remained blue. Again Vairavel went to the same doctor. Doctor conducted some tests and he recommended separating the left leg from his body. Finally Vairavel went for surgery and replaced the left leg by a plastic (Fibre) artificial leg.

After some days, he observed that his right leg-finger nails are becoming blue. Again he went for surgery for the right leg, as he knew the medicines were not going to work. He again replaced the right leg by a plastic leg.

Unfortunately, after a few days he observed that the artificial plastic legs are also becoming blue. God damn.....what is this.....

Finally Vairavel recognized the disease is “Fingers are becoming blue because Blue colour was fading from his extraordinary Lungi”



*Nilakantha Meher*  
*TSS, MPD,MSG*



# My Mother Tongue

## hinglish



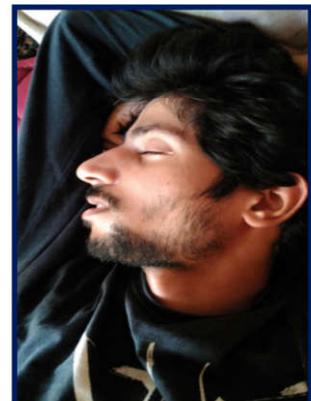
Sorry for wrung Enragi (English), for this work it took me one month how to write, whether English or Hindi because I am worst in both languages. I am from Uttar Pradesh where Hindi is different from proper Hindi (devnagri), you can imagine how well my English will be. I went English school, after passing out, I was in between English and Hindi i.e. we call Hinglish. While explaining something I mix English and Hindi words, and if someone asks to speak in one language, then I was not able to convert the whole sentence in one language because of my Hinglish. My Hinglish was so strong that I was afraid to go to local shopkeeper because I know he tell me the price in Hindi and I don't know the numbers above 36 in Hindi. He would see me with such a face that I cannot express in word and then tell the price in English. Some shopkeeper didn't know English number, then the situation would be worst and can't be explained or I don't want to explain because it will embarrass me more. I was thinking why they are giving below MRP, it will be difficult for me to understand (numbers), government is giving permission to sell at MRP and they were not taking profit. On the other hand, teacher will ask question in English, I never understand the whole question because of high quality words used whose meaning are complex or out of my range. So, I was hanging between two languages.

When I am filling some form, they will ask which language you know, in that also they ask tick the option whether you can read, write, speak or understand. I confidently tick the reading part only, others I am not sure but make the tick in options. My family members were asking to fill UPSC Civil Service Exam but again afraid of writing passage, essay and application etc. in English and Hindi, but they don't understand my situation of mother tongue "Hinglish". When I was staying in hostel, a person came to my room for repair of windows. The college magazine was at the table. Somebody had written a passage or essay about the feeling of kiss, what happens, what type of feeling and romance..... etc. rubbish things. That person has opened the magazine, after few minutes, he gave me to explain that romantic topic about kiss feeling. I didn't know how he was able to find that passage and never understand why people use so difficulty and hi-fi words. In that passage or essay, half things I understood, without the support of "Google Baba". Out of that, only half can be explained because of some words in English whose meaning I know. Unfortunately I was not able to convert in Hindi. I understood little bit feeling of writer but unable to explain in Hindi. I wanted to get ride off that person but he was so enthusiasm of that topic like I was explaining about the physical relationship. He was behaving like a child who was interested in physical relationship.

My age was like 18 and his age was around 26. I wanted to scold & abuse him but he was looking at me like I will explain him how to kiss, what type of feeling come while kissing. At that age I was not that much open to people about these talk because it was starting of engineering, now I can explain but in Hinglish. That writer of essay had explained feeling in two pages. I was in f\*\*king situation, can't explain that situation. He was desperate and not leaving me. Once I told I can't explain this, but he said that whatever you understand in two pages of narration, please explain in Hindi within two lines. At that moment, I felt so embarrassing and thinking about my mother tongue "Hinglish". Many other incidents happened like this, one of horrible incident happened in my early childhood, at age of 7 years, in front of my family, I was thinking "bowl" means boiling. Now I am proud of my mother tongue "Hinglish".



Rajneesh Pal, JRF,  
NSAG, RDG



என்னவளே!

கவிதைகள் எப்பொழுதும்  
கோர்க்கப்பட்ட சொற்களின்  
தொகுதியாயிருக்க  
வேண்டியதில்லை...

(My beloved, poetry is not always a  
string of words)

சிலநேரங்களில்

கலைந்துபோன கனவுகளின்  
கண்ணீர்ப்பதிப்பாகவும்  
இருக்கலாம்...

(It might sometimes be tearful  
records of lost dreams)

கனவுகள் கலைந்துபோக

காலன் தேவையில்லை  
சிலநேரங்களில் உற்றோரின்  
மௌனமே போதும்....

(Death is not always the cause of  
lost dreams, sometimes it is the  
silence of dear ones)

அறிகிறேன் - மௌனம்

என் நெற்றும்  
உலகப்பொதுமொழி...

இன்றுமுதல் உந்தன்  
மௌனம்

என்னுலகப் பொதுமறை...

(I know, Silence is eternally the  
common language of the world.  
From today, Your silence is my  
holy book)

இலக்கியங்களால்

அறியப்படுகின்றன

உலகமொழிகள் - அவற்றின்  
செழுமையோ உன்

மௌனத்தால்

அளக்கப்படுகின்றன...

(World languages are known through  
their literature, but their greatness is  
measured through your silence)

எவராலும் பகைக்கயியலா

இனியயெதிரி - மௌனம்

உன் மௌனத்திற்கு

விதிவிலக்கல்ல நான்...

(Silence is a sweet enemy that no  
one can conquer. I am no exception  
to your silence)

படைத்தவனின்  
பெருங்கொடை

## மௌனஉரை

பிரபஞ்சம் - பிரபஞ்சத்தின்  
பெருங்கொடுமை- உந்தன்  
மௌனம்.

(In this vast universe, your silence  
is the worst kind of torture)

துயிலாயிரவிலும்

கலையாக்கனவுகளாக  
விடையறியா வினாக்களாக  
வினாதேடும் விடைகளாக  
துரத்துகிறதுன் மௌனம்...

(Even in sleep less nights, your  
silence haunts me in the form of  
un dissolving dreams, un answered  
questions, solution seeking riddles..)

என் வரலாற்றின்

மொத்தவரிகளும் உதிராத

உன் ஒற்றைவரியால்

ஆளப்படுகின்றன...

(All lines of my history are ruled by  
your one un said line)

உடையவிருக்கும் உந்தன்

மௌனப் பொழுதுகளில்

எழுதப்படவிருக்கின்றன

எந்தன்

பிரபஞ்சவிதிகள்...

(The laws of my universe will be  
dictated by your silence which is  
going to break)

உந்தன் மௌனம்

தட்டியெழுப்பும் கனவுகளால்

என்னுள்ளும் சந்தங்களே

என் மேல்

போர்த்தொடுக்கின்றன...

(The verses that your silence inspires  
in me are warring against me)

உன் மௌனத்தின்பொருள்

தேடியதில் உடைந்தும்

கிழிந்தும்போயின -நான்

திரட்டிப்

புரட்டியப்

புத்தகங்கள்...

(My collection of books have got  
tarnished in my search for the  
meaning of your silence)

இந்தத் தேடலால் தப்பின

என்னைத்

தீண்டிய

மொழிகள்....

கண்டுபிடிக்கப்பட்டன

-  
பிறரைத் தீண்ட விழையா  
மொழிகள்...

(In this search I lost the languages  
that had touched me and found  
some languages that have not  
touched anyone)

விளக்கின் ஒளியில்

விடியல்தேடும் விட்டிலாக

உன் மௌனத்தின்

பொருள்தேடி

உலகமொழிகளின் முன்  
நான்...

(I am searching for the meaning  
of your silence in world languages  
just as flies search for dawn in the  
lamp)

எந்தன் கனவுகளின் கருவறை

உந்தன் மௌனம் -எந்தன்

கவிதைகளின் நிறைவுரை

உந்தன் முதலுரை....

(Your silence is the womb of my  
dreams. The conclusion of my  
poems will be your preface)

அந்த உரைக்கெனக்

காத்திருந்து.

உறைந்துவிட்டது

என்னுலகம் - அதெற்கெனத்

தொடர்கிறதென் சுவாசம்.....

(Waiting for your words, my world  
has frozen. And my breath continues  
for your words).



Thangam M.  
SRF, SAMS, PMD

## ಹೀಗೊಂದು ಕೊಠಡಿ....

ಒಂದು ಸುಂದರ ಸಂಜೆ ಕಾರ್ಯ ನಿಮಿತ್ತ ನನಗೆ ಹೊಸ ಕೊಠಡಿಯೊಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಹೇಳಿ... ಕೇಳಿ... ಅದೊಂದು ಶುದ್ಧ ಬ್ರಹ್ಮಾಚಾರಿ ಸಂಶೋಧನಾತೀರ್ಥ ಕೊಠಡಿ. ನಾನು ಒಳಹೊಕ್ಕಾಗ ಬಡ ಬ್ರಾಹ್ಮಣನ ಕಳೆಗುದಿದ ಜನಿವಾರದಂತೆ ಒಂದು ದಪ್ಪದ ಸ್ವಾಗತ ಹಾರ ನೇತಾಡುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಅದೇನೆಂದು ಕೊಂಚ ಹೊತ್ತು ಯೋಚಿಸಬೇಕಾಯಿತು. ಆಮೇಲೆ ಹೊಳೆಯಿತು.... ಅದು ಜೇಡರ ಬಲೆಯೆಂದು. ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಳು ಬೆವರು ಕುಡಿದು ಕ್ರಿಮಿಗಳನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸಿ, ಅವು ಮೊಟ್ಟೆಯಿಟ್ಟು ಹಲವಾರು ತಲೆಮಾರುಗಳನ್ನು ಆರಾಮವಾಗಿ ಮುಂದುವರೆಸಿ ಸಂತಸಗೊಂಡಿದ್ದು ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು!. ತಿಂಡಿಯ ಡಬ್ಬದಲ್ಲಿ ತಿಂಡಿ ಪೊಟ್ಟಣಗಳು ಒಂದಾದ ಮೇಲೊಂದು ಶೇಖರಣೆಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆಯೇ ಅಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕೊಳೆತು ಹುಳಗಳು ಹುಟ್ಟಿ ಅವು ತೆವಳುವ ಅವಸ್ಥೆಯಿಂದ ಹಾರುವ ಅವಸ್ಥೆಗೆ ತಲುಪಿದರೂ ಜೀವಕೋಟಿಗಳ ಉತ್ಪಾದನೆಗೆ ಪ್ರೋತ್ಸಾಹ ನೀಡುವಂತೆ ಆತ ಅವುಗಳನ್ನು ಸ್ವಚ್ಛಗೊಳಿಸುವತ್ತ ಗಮನ ಹರಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಬಂದ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ತಿಂಡಿ ಡಬ್ಬಕ್ಕೆ ಕೈ ಹಾಕಿ, ಮೇಲಿದು ಮಾತ್ರ ತಿಂದರೆ ಬಚಾವ್ ಆದ. ಆಸೆ ಜಾಸ್ತಿಯುಳ್ಳವನಾಗಿ ಅಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ತಿಂಡಿಗೂ ಕೈ ಹಾಕಿದರೆ, ಈಗಾಗಲೇ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆಯನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸಿರುವ ತಿಂಡಿಯೂ ಹೊರಬರುವುದು ಖಚಿತ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಒಪ್ಪ ಓರಣವಾಗಿರೋ ವಸ್ತುಗಳು ಅಂದರೆ, ಅವು ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳು ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಆಗಾಗ ಯಾರಾದರೂ ಬಂದು ಹಲವು ಪುಸ್ತಕಗಳನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತಾರೆಯಾದ ಕಾರಣ ಈ ರೀತಿ ಇದೆ ಎನ್ನಬಹುದು. ಉಳಿದ ಸಾಮಾನುಗಳಾದ ಬ್ರಶ್, ಹಾಳೆಗಳು, ಬಟ್ಟೆಗಳು, ಕಸ ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಮಿಶ್ರವಾಗಿ ಯಾವನೋ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಅಸ್ವಸ್ಥನ ರೂಮನ್ನು ನೆನಪಿಸುವಂತಿತ್ತು. ಆದರೆ ಆತ ಅಸ್ವಸ್ಥನಲ್ಲ. ಹಾಗಾಗಿ ಬಂದ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿ ಸಂದಿಗ್ಧ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಪರಿಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ಸಿಲುಕಿ, ಏನೊಂದೂ ಹೇಳಲಾರ. ಅರೆಜ್ಯೋತಿಷಿ ಏನಾದರೂ ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಭೇಟಿನೀಡಿದರೆ ದೆವ್ವದ ಕಾಟವನ್ನು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಖಚಿತವಾಗಿಯೂ ಕಂಡು ಹಿಡಿದು ಪರಿಹಾರ ಸೂಚಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ನಮ್ಮ ರೂಮು ಕೊಂಚ ಅಸ್ವಸ್ಥಗೊಂಡಾಗ ತಲೆಕೆಡಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ರಿಪೇರಿಗೆ ತೆರಳುವ ನಾವು, ಇಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಬಹಳ ಸಂಭ್ರಮಿಸಬಹುದು.



## ಖುಷಿ

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಮಧ್ಯ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಸಮೀಪಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಸೈಕಲ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು ತಂಗಾಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆರಾಮವಾಗಿ ತೇಲಾಡಿ, ದೇಹಾಲಸ್ಯ ಪರಿಹರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳೋಣ ಅಂತ ಹೊರಗಡೆ ಬಂದಿದ್ದೆ. ಆರಾಮವಾಗಿ ಅಲ್ಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲೇ ಸುತ್ತಾಡಿ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಸವಾರಿಯ ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ಮನಸಾರೆ ಅನುಭವಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವಾಗ, ರೊಯ್ಯನೆ ಒಂದು ಕಾರು ಹಾದುಹೋಯ್ತು. ಕೂಡಲೇ ನನಗೆ ನೆನಪಾದ ವಿಷಯವೆಂದರೆ ಸಮಾಜ ಅಥವಾ ಹೆತ್ತವರು ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ಹೇಳುವ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿ ಮಾತುಗಳು. ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಹಾಗೆ ಇರೋದಿಲ್ಲ ಬಿಡಿ. ಆದ್ರೆ ಆ ದಿನ ನನ್ನ ಅಪ್ಪ ಅಲ್ಲೇನಾದರೂ ಇರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರೆ, "ನೋಡು ಅವಳು ಕಾರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದಾಳೆ. ನಿಂಗೆ ಆ ಯೋಗ ಬೇಕಲ್ಲ. ನೀ ಹೀಗೇನೆ ಸೈಕಲ್ ತುಳಿತಾ ಇರು...." ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಮಸಾಲ ಹಾಕಿ ಹೋಲಿಸಿ ಹಂಗಿಸಿ ಅಂತೂ ನನ್ನ ಸೈಕಲ್ ಸವಾರಿಯ ಆನಂದಕ್ಕೆ ಕಲ್ಲು ಹಾಕ್ತಿದ್ದು.

ಕೆಲವೊಂದು ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಪುಟ್ಟ ವಿಷಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿನ ಆನಂದವನ್ನು ನಾವು ಅನುಭವಿಸುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಬಾರಿ ಸಮಾಜ ಅಡ್ಡಗಾಲು ಹಾಕುವುದುಂಟು. ಪಕ್ಕದ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮದುವೆ ಆದ್ರೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಮನೆಲೂ ಆಗಬೇಕು. ಅವು ಮನೆಲಿ ಮಕ್ಕಳು ತಿಂಗಳಿಗೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ದುಡಿತಾರೋ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಇರಬೇಕು. ಹೆಚ್ಚಾದರೂ ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ, ಅಂತೂ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗಬಾರದು ಅಂತ ಹಠ ಹಿಡಿಯುವ ಕೆಲವು ಹೆತ್ತವರು ನನಗೆ ನೆನಪಾದರು. ಕಾಲ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ತಕ್ಕಂತೆ ಏನೇನು ಆಗಬೇಕು ಅದು ಆಗಿಯೇ ಆಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಹಾಭಾರತದಲ್ಲಿನ ಒಂದು ಕಥೆ ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಉದಾಹರಣೆ. ಕುಂತಿ ಮಗು ಹರುತ್ತಾಳೆ ಅಂತ ಗಾಂಧಾರಿ ಗಡಿಬಿಡಿ ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಂಡು ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ಹಿಸುಕಿ ಗರ್ಭಪಾತ ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಂಡು, ಆಮೇಲೆ ಸಿಕ್ಕ ನೂರಾರು ಚೂರುಗಳನ್ನು ಮಡಿಕೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಟ್ಟು, ಅವು ಬೆಳೆದ ನಂತರ ತೆಗೆದ ಕಥೆ ಕೇಳಿದ್ರೆ ನಂಗಂತೂ ನಗು ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದ್ರೆ ಅವಿಗೆ ರಾಜ್ಯ ತನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಗಲಿ ಅನ್ನೋ ಆಸೆ ಇತ್ತು ಅನ್ನೋಣ. ಆದ್ರೆ ನಮ್ಮೆ ಅರ್ಜೆಂಟ್ ಮಾಡಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಮಾಡಿಸಿದ್ರೆ ಎಕ್ಸಾಬ್ಲ ಏನೂ ಸಿಗಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ತಂದೆ ತಾಯಿಗೆ ಹೇಳೋರು ಯಾರು?



ಏನೇ ಆಗಲಿ... ನಾವು ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಪುಟ್ಟ ವಿಷಯಗಳನ್ನು ಆನಂದಿಸೋಣ. ಲೋಕವು ವಿಭಿನ್ನ. ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಮಯ. ಹೋಲಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಖುಷಿಗಳನ್ನು ಕಳೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳದೇ ಇರೋಣ. --Srivalli, PIED, MMG

# STRENGTH...!!

It was late in the night and pouring as I entered the inner room of the clinic and saw his skeletal shape lying on the cot. The nurse was kneeling down next to him and getting a syringe ready under the insufficient beam of an emergency lamp. Rain had knocked out power supply. The patient's daughter, a lady in her mid thirties and mother of a 5 year old stood next to his cot watching the syringe with expressionless eyes, presumably wondering if his emaciated body at 90 would be able to bear the breaking of skin.

The nurse brought the syringe next to his right hand that was lying wrinkled on the cot, and spoke few words of reassurance. He closed his eyes as the nurse spoke. This was not what he needed. He needed a subtler and yet stronger kind of reassurance. His frail hand moved forward with helpless desperation on his flesh-less left femur. They sought his last daughter's hand. She moved closer to his cot and wrapped her fingers around his. His hands, somehow, seemed to convey a sense of relief and he tightened the grip, as if that hand was his one solid life line.



His drawn in eyebrows, crinkled eyes, lines of pain on forehead and lips parted in silent moans of suffering were sure to make anyone's knees buckle in fear and sorrow. But the daughter to whom this man meant the world stood still, silently transferring unshakable confidence to this skeleton of a man through her palm. One could not guess if this image of courage was pretense to make her father believe that all was well, or a natural state of extreme calm that can be broken by no number of clinics, nurses, knives on skin, or the nauseating and overpowering smell of spirit. She was like an electrical grounding passing all of her father's fear and anxiety and her own through her feet to the Earth. As the syringe was withdrawn he relaxed his grip on her hand. She looked up at me and even managed a small, convincing smile.

He slowly opened his eyes and claimed to the nurse with an innocent attempt at pride that this was his first injection life and that he had never been sick enough to ever need a doctor before. I stood there not knowing what was dominating in me- the pain of the sight of suffering on his ancient, wise and yet childlike face or the unmentioned but understood imminence of death diffused in the room. I then realized that it was the awe of witnessing the goddess of strength in this woman's person.  
#respect #prayers for his health



Abhirami, 2nd year, MSG



கணையொழியா ஆவநாழியும்  
தளராவில்லும் தாழாவாரும்  
செறிந்த செருகளத்தில்  
காலத்தை நிறுத்திக் கதைசொன்ன  
தேசத்தின் முளையாக் கவிஞன் நான்.....

(Once time was stopped to have a little chat in the ferocious battle field, though that was filled with an unexhausted quiver, diligent bow and energetic sword. I am an amateur poet from that nation.)

கோர்க்கப்பட்ட எழுத்துக்களால்  
அடுக்கப்பட்ட வரிகளின்  
தொகுதியின்பால் விடுக்கப்பட்ட  
தரமிலாச் சொல்லுக்கெனத்  
தென்னாடுடையோனின் பாதம்வரை  
படையெடுத்துச் சொல்லிற்கென  
கல்லெடுத்துவந்த மன்னவனின்  
மக்கட்தொகுதியின் ஒருபகுதி  
நான்...

(Language is just a highly organized sequence of sentences. Still this land is having a memory of a king who announced war on a fellow king over the substandard criticism on his language. I am one among his fans)

விற்களங்களை மறுத்து  
சொற்களங்களால் தம்மைச்  
செதுக்கும் மாணுடப்பகுப்பின்  
ஒரு துளி நான்....

(This land is having collection of people who denounced war to enhance human life. Instead they choose war of words. I am a drop of that ocean)

அறத்திற்கும் அடையாளத்திற்கும்  
கொள்கைகட்கும் அதன்பால்  
கொண்ட பூசல்களுக்கும்  
சொற்சமரால் தீர்வுகண்ட  
முன்னவரின் மிச்சம் நான்....

(I am a left over part of the glorious ancestors, who found solutions for crises in morality, identity and ideology through constructive discussions, rather than war)

பொன்னை விட சொல்லைக்  
கொண்டாடித் தீர்க்கும்

மொழியாமொழி

## Ode on silence

குறைவிலாக் கூத்தாடிகளின்  
தேசத்தில் ஒரு களிமிசுக் குடிமகன்  
நான்.....

(I am a joyful citizen of the reckless society that celebrates words over gold)

விளையாக் களத்திலும்  
முளைவிடும் புல்லாக  
தொடர்வரலாற்றின் சங்கிலியில்  
காலத்தைப் பிணைக்கும் கண்ணியாக  
நாழிகைக்கு நான்காயிரம்  
சொற்களுக்கு நாவின் நான்...

(I am like grass that sprouts in infertile soil. I am a loop that connects the uninterrupted history of glorifying words for centuries. As per the tradition I speak thousands of words per hour)

கடந்துசென்ற குறிப்புகள்  
குறித்தது உன்னைக் காணாத  
கணத்திற்கு முந்தைய கணம்  
வரையிருந்த என்னைப்  
பற்றியது... உன்னைக்கண்ட  
கணம்முதல் கடந்து  
சென்றவரிகள் என்  
கடந்தகாலமாகின்றன...

This is a monologue of an amateur poet to a beautiful girl who keeps silent with him. He is elucidating to her how words and conversations made his world. He is trying to explain how her silence brought winter to his life and clarifies to her how to break the ice along with its expected results.

(The above spoken lines describe me as I was until before the moment I met you. After that moment they are the descriptions of my lost life)

ஏந்திழையே!  
உன்னோடு உரையாத  
ஒரு சொல்லால் உறைந்துவிட்டது  
என் சொற்கடல்...

(Oh! My dear angel! Your silence brought winter in my life that made froze my ocean of words)

கோடைமழையெனக் கொள்ளாதளவு  
கிளவிகளைக் கொடுத்தவன்  
உள்ளவிந்து சொல்லெரிந்து  
சிலையென நிற்கிறேன்...

(Once I spoke a lot as the rain in summer and now I became merely a statue without words and dreams)

நீ சொல்லா மொழியால்  
வெல்லாக்களங்களை அள்ளிக்

கோர்த்துக்கொண்டு இருக்கிறேன்...

(Your unspoken words make all of my battles as invincible before I encounter them.)

தென்றல் தீண்டி தீப்பற்றி  
எரிகறதென் நெஞ்சம்.

(Gentle touch from breeze is setting my heart on fire)

எரிவிளக்கின் ஒளியில்  
விடியல்தேடும் விட்டிலென  
உன்னிழல் தேடியலைகிறது  
மென்தூறலோடு என்விழி...

(My welled up eyes are searching for your shadow as the flies seek for dawn in the lamp)

குருதியுறையும் கம்யூனிசச்  
சித்திரவதை முகாம்களும்  
மானுடத்தைச் சிதைக்கும்  
நம்பிக்கையாளர்தம் முரண்களும்  
இன்னபிற இனப்படுகொலைகளும்  
என்பாடலில் பாடுபொருள்  
என்பதனைத்தாண்டி வேறில்லை...

(The messages I have known about the painful tortures in communist concentration camps and other inhuman activities due to ideological conflicts, even the genocides are seems to be a collection of data, just data for me now)

என்னவளே!  
என்னளவில் உன்மௌனத்தைத்  
தாண்டிய வன்முறையென  
பிறிதேதும் அறிந்ததில்லை....

(The most cruel violence I ever have encountered is nothing but your silence, My lady)  
முதிராமொட்டுக்களும் உதிராமலர்களும்  
என்னிலொரு சொற்சிதறலையும்  
சேர்க்கவில்லை..

(Blooming buds and un-fallen flowers are failing to get my attention)

கரைதொடும் அலையும்  
அலைதொடும் வலையும்  
அத்துமீறலுக்கு அப்பால்  
ஏதுமென உணரவழியில்லை

(clash between sea shore and tide, struggle between tide and fishing net seem to be nothing more than trespassing ).

பொருளழிந்த கணமும்  
ஆவிதுறந்த கணமும்

சொல்லவிந்த கணத்திற்கு  
நிகர் நிற்பதில்லை....

(Being a beggar or dying is not as painful as having the ocean of words frozen)

இல்லாத பணத்தைக்  
கொள்ளையில் பெறலாம்  
உறைந்துவிட்ட சொற்களை  
என்ன செய்துவிட முடியும்!

(Money can be collected from robbery how could I get my words my Lady?)

ஏதிலியாய் இருப்பதிலும்  
சொல்லிலியாய் இருக்குமளவு  
துயரிருப்பதில்லை...  
உள்ளத்தோடு உடல்  
செல்லரிப்பது இல்லை...

(Living without nation is less suffering than living without words. That will not erode the soul along with body)

உன்பிரியா இதழ்கள்  
மொழியா உரைகளில்  
உறைந்து கிடக்கின்றன  
என்னுலகக் காவியங்கள்....

(My epics are in frozen condition because of your silence)

நின்னிதழ் பிரிந்து மொழியும்  
சொற்களை காவியத்தில்  
வடிக்க வற்றாச்சொற்கடலோடு  
நிகழ்காலத்தின் குறுவியாசனாக  
தங்கம். மு

The words spoken from your lips are awaited to be drafted in epics through my unexhausted ocean of words.....

I am waiting for you to break my forced winter by your words as modern mini Vyasa .... By THANGAM.M



Thangam M.  
SRF, SAMS, PMD

# V I V I D T W I L I G H T

It was October 1st 2016, the first weekend of the month. I was in the middle of the woods on the hillside of a valley. The lower sky was getting painted in saffron as the sun started budding from the eastern mountains. The cloudy mist which filled the woods, started receding and made visible the colorful flower bloomed over the entire valley. While the song of the sparrow in the woods started waking its lazy buddies, a huge swarm of butterflies was fluttering all over the valley to taste the day's first nectar. As this blissful scene unwinds before me, a faint melody approached me from the bottom of the valley.

This time, it was not the sparrow. Tracking the melody, I drifted down the valley, and as I move the grass dew was wetting my sole. When I reached the bottom of the valley, I was stopped by a little stream flowing from the hill. Searching for the source of the melody, I gazed on the other side of the stream. At some distance there was a coconut plantation and a hut in the middle of it. The voice came from behind the hut, but all I could see were her gentle hands, hanging the washed cloths on the string and her lustrous hair, were all together waving in the wind. As I was struggling to see her face, a strong gust rushed through the valley and the clothes in her bucket were all flying in air. As her

hands rushed to catch them, her glowing face emerged from darkness. The leaves of coconut trees, the clothes on the string and her lustrous hair, were all together waving in the wind. The clock went down ticking slowly, and slowly, and for a moment, the time got frozen.

With a great zeal I stepped on the water to cross the stream. The water was chill, but I enjoyed it. Until then everything was fine. Then from nowhere, appeared these black creepy entities, which started crawling over my legs. Oh! "It is leaches"! I was in panic, intense panic. I shook my legs to loosen them from me, but nothing works out. And at that instant, all the beautiful things that I witnessed around me till then went out of my mind and now all that I could see was, only those leaches. More I focused on them, more they got multiplied, and became bigger, and bigger and then finally boom!



I woke up. It was 5:00 in the morning and I was in my home. Yes, it was a vivid dream. I could remember it, in its every detail. It was the most beautiful dream which I ever had. But all I am unhappy was that I could never reach the other side of the stream, to see her face clearly. I tried to sleep and to get back to the dream, but I could not. I felt disappointed with myself for being panicked for such a little thing.

After all, it was just a pack of leaches. I could have crossed the stream and then simply plucked them away. And the funniest thing is that, even in reality I have done that before a couple of times. Anyway, I have lost it, my beautiful dream. Then after staying sleepless for a while, a weird thought emerged within me. What if, our life could be like this dream! We may lose our most blissful moments in our life, which may bloom and pass without even our notice, as we stay busy focusing on the silly little things.

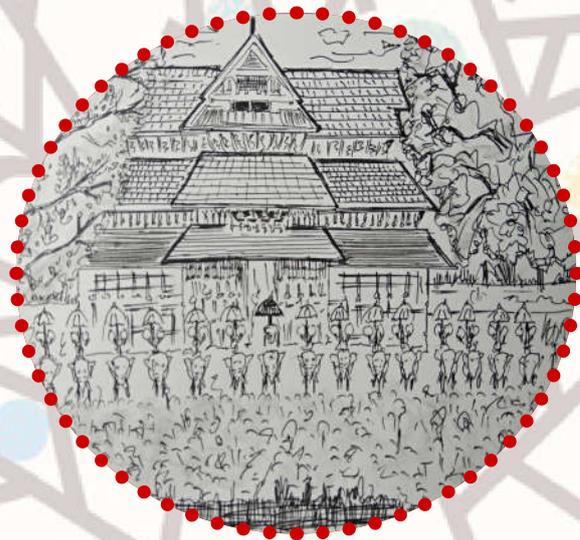


-Naveen Raj, SRF,  
NSAG, RDG





*Murtidhar by Harish Madupu*



*Portrayal of Kerelian temple  
by Anoop K. Unni*



*Beauty of water looged enclave  
which gives tension to each dweller.  
clicked by Shubhra Sarkar*



*Picture of village in Raktima's  
thoughts.*



*Vibrant Sketch by Uday*

## PUBLICATIONS-

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