

NOESIS

5th Edition



INSIDE

ಬಾಲ್ಯದ ದಿನಗಳು	1-2
Change	3-4
A new life	5
Whispers of The Heart	6
ನಿಲ್ಲು ಮನವೆ	7
ಸವಿ ಸವಿ ನೆನಪುಗಳು	8-9
If life was	10
The Silent Remorse	11-12
Does it even matter	13
Virtually True	14-16
Malnad ಕಥೆ Nimm ಜೊತೆ	17
ನನ್ನ ಅಮ್ಮನೊಂದಿಗಿನ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು	18
ನಿಸರ್ಗ	19
Admiring Itachi : A selfless testament	20
Metamorphosis of Moments	21
ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆ	22
ಸಮಾಧಿ	23
A Fan's Heartfelt Ode	24-25
What it is to like you?	26
ಸಹೋದರಿ	27
Pop Culture	28-29
Mute Witness	30-31
Living Soul	32
Enter the Realm of Facebook	33-34
ಪುಟ್ಟದೊಂದು ಕನಸು	35
The Little Things	36
ಪ್ರೀತಿ	37
Time being	38-39
Near Strangers	40
ಒಂದ್ಸಲ ಬಸ್ಸಲ್ಲಿ	41-42
ಕ್ಷಣ	43
Childhood Bliss	44
You are your own home	45

Elite Dairies



Inhaling determination and exhaling commitment, we embarked on a mission that demanded unwavering dedication. This marked the genesis of countless moments (or rather, hours) dedicated to the creation of something truly extraordinary. Constructing a magazine was not a stroll in the park. The tenacious members of The Literary Club have invested hours together, pouring their heart and soul into this endeavor.



Presenting to you all the embodiment of our collective effort - "Noesis - 5" for the academic year 2023-24. The title might seem esoteric, but it encapsulates the essence of perception, offering a crystal-clear vision of knowledge. Within the pages of "Noesis," you'll find more than just words; you'll uncover a platform that magnifies the literary prowess and innovative ideas pulsating within our students body. This magazine is a testament to the relentless toil and unwavering dedication of our students. As members of this vibrant community, we extend our heartfelt appreciation to every author who contributed to this magazine. Each piece reflects not just information but a profound willingness to share knowledge, concerns, and unique perspectives. It is the collaborative spirit within our society that breathes life into the pages of "Noesis - 5".



This is an electronic version of the magazine. The design and content have been created with a blend of influences and ideas. We hope you appreciate the creativity involved in bringing this edition to life and trust that you will enjoy it responsibly and thoughtfully.

ಬಾಲ್ಯದ ದಿನಗಳು



ಮನೆಯ ಮೂಲೆಯ ಕುರ್ಚಿಯೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ
ಕುಳಿತು ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಜಗಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ
ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು ಆತನ ಮೊಮ್ಮಕ್ಕಳು ನಗುವ ಚೆಲ್ಲಿ
ಹನಿಯಾಗಿ ಉದುರಿದವು ನೆನಪುಗಳು ತಾತನ ಕಣ್ಣಂಚಲ್ಲಿ

ಮರುಕಳಿಸಿದವು ಬಾಲ್ಯದ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು
ಸದಾ ಜೊತೆಗಿದ್ದ ಚಡ್ಡಿ ದೋಸ್ತಿಗಳು
ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ಅರಮನೆ, ಚೆಂಡು, ಲಗೋರಿ ಆಟಗಳು
ನೀಲಿ ಬಾನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಪಟಗಳು

ಮಳೆ ನೀರಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟ ದೋಣಿ
ಕಣ್ಣಾಮುಚ್ಚಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅಡಗಿದ ಓಣಿ
ಮಳೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಹಾವು-ಏಣಿ
ಮಳೆ ನಿಂತೊಡನೆ ಹೊರ ಓಡಲು ಮುಂಚೂಣಿ

ಕಾಡಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳ ನೋಡುವ ಸಾಹಸ
ಬೆಕ್ಕು, ನಾಯಿ, ಕರುಗಳ ಸಂಗಡ ಸಂತಸ
ಹಗಲೂ ರಾತ್ರಿ ಅಡಿ ನಲಿವ ಪ್ರಯಾಸ
ದಿನವಿಡಿ ತಿರುಗಿದರೂ ಆಗದ ಆಯಾಸ

ಶಾಲೆಯ ದಿನಗಳು ಮಧುರ
ಅಧ್ಯಾಪಕರ ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಥರಥರ
ಹಿಂದಿರುಗಿ ಮನೆ ತಲುಪಲು ಎಂದಿಗೂ ಕಾತುರ
ತುಂಟಾಟ ಮಾಡಿ ತಪ್ಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಮಹಾಚತುರ

ಆಟವಾಡಿ ಆದಾಗ ಸುಸ್ತು
ಅಮ್ಮ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಮುತ್ತು
ಉಣಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ಸವಿಯ ತುತ್ತು
ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು ಹೊತ್ತು-ಹೊತ್ತು

ಹಬ್ಬದಂದು ಉಂಡ ಸುಖ
ಮಣ್ಣಿನರಮನೆ ಕೊಚ್ಚಿಹೋದ ದುಃಖ
ಕೆಸರಾಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಮಣ್ಣಾದ ಮುಖ
ಏನಾದರೂ ಬೆನ್ನು ತಟ್ಟುವ ಸಖ

ಆದರೆ ಈಗ ಆ ತುಂಟಾಟ,
ಮಣ್ಣಿನ ಅರಮನೆ, ಅಮ್ಮನ ತುತ್ತು,
ಶಾಲೆಯ ಭಯ, ಸವಿಯೂಟದ ಆಸೆ,
ಬರಿಯ ಸವಿನೆನಪುಗಳಷ್ಟೆ..!



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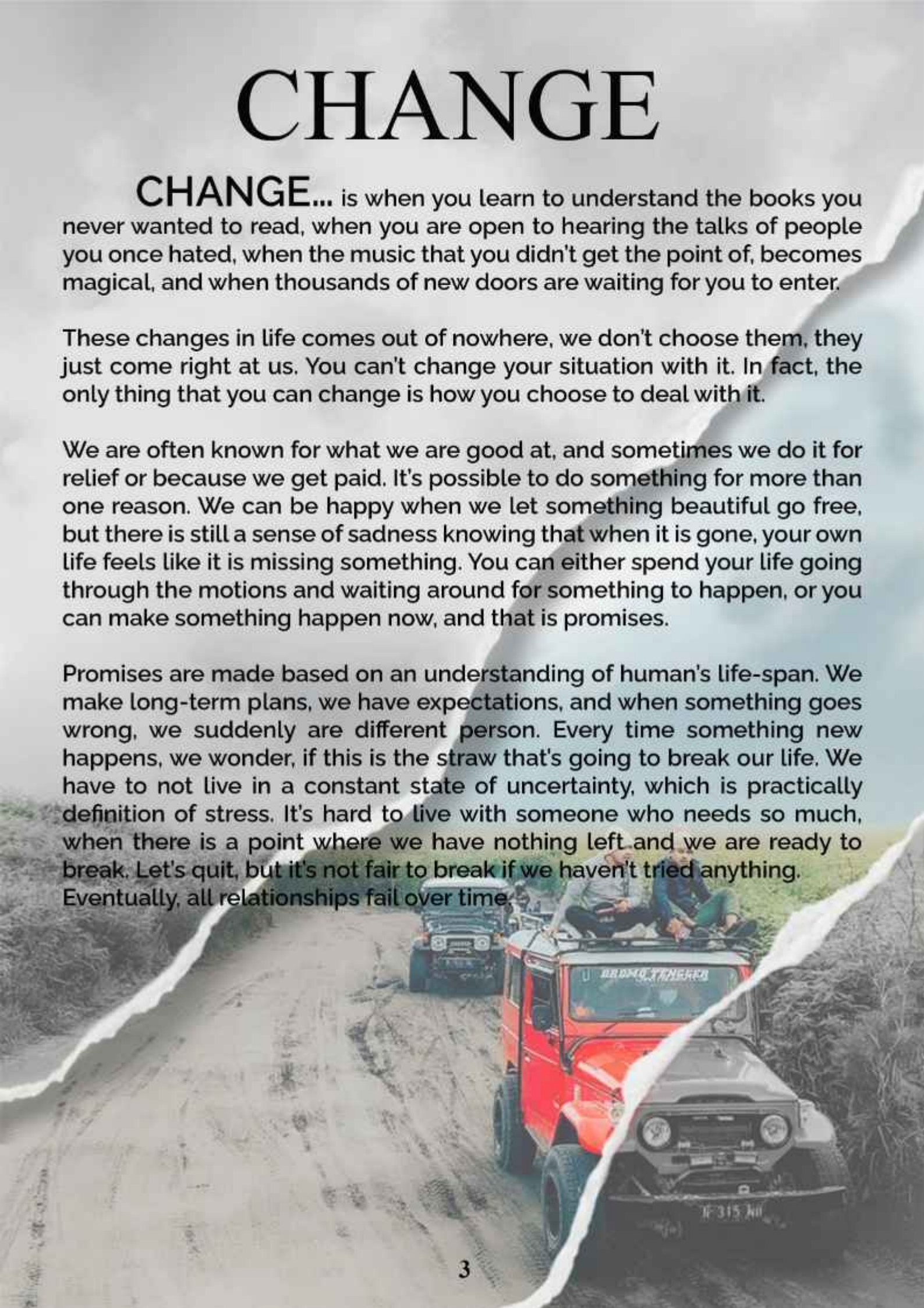
CHANGE

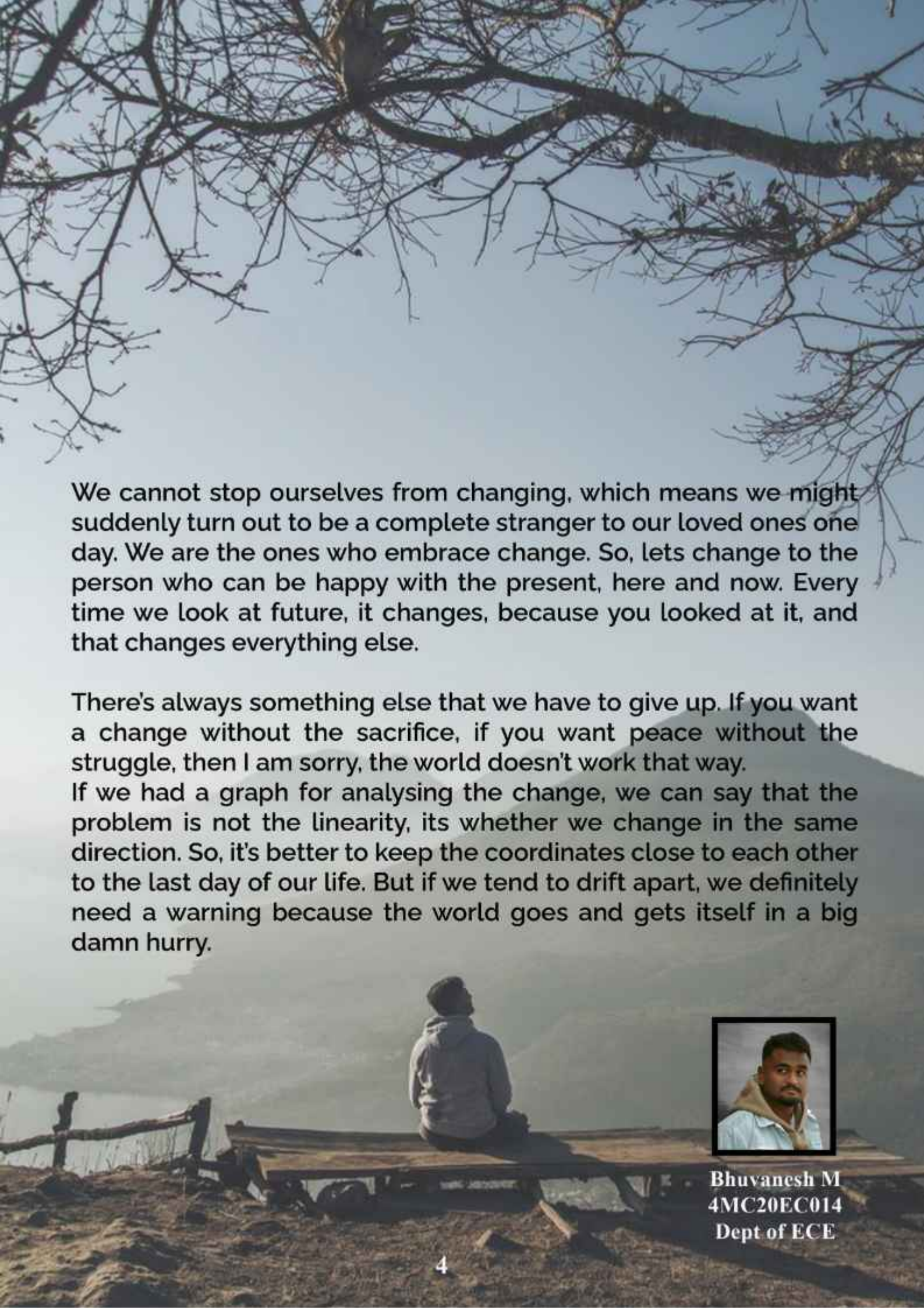
CHANGE... is when you learn to understand the books you never wanted to read, when you are open to hearing the talks of people you once hated, when the music that you didn't get the point of, becomes magical, and when thousands of new doors are waiting for you to enter.

These changes in life comes out of nowhere, we don't choose them, they just come right at us. You can't change your situation with it. In fact, the only thing that you can change is how you choose to deal with it.

We are often known for what we are good at, and sometimes we do it for relief or because we get paid. It's possible to do something for more than one reason. We can be happy when we let something beautiful go free, but there is still a sense of sadness knowing that when it is gone, your own life feels like it is missing something. You can either spend your life going through the motions and waiting around for something to happen, or you can make something happen now, and that is promises.

Promises are made based on an understanding of human's life-span. We make long-term plans, we have expectations, and when something goes wrong, we suddenly are different person. Every time something new happens, we wonder, if this is the straw that's going to break our life. We have to not live in a constant state of uncertainty, which is practically definition of stress. It's hard to live with someone who needs so much, when there is a point where we have nothing left and we are ready to break. Let's quit, but it's not fair to break if we haven't tried anything. Eventually, all relationships fail over time.





We cannot stop ourselves from changing, which means we might suddenly turn out to be a complete stranger to our loved ones one day. We are the ones who embrace change. So, let's change to the person who can be happy with the present, here and now. Every time we look at future, it changes, because you looked at it, and that changes everything else.

There's always something else that we have to give up. If you want a change without the sacrifice, if you want peace without the struggle, then I am sorry, the world doesn't work that way. If we had a graph for analysing the change, we can say that the problem is not the linearity, it's whether we change in the same direction. So, it's better to keep the coordinates close to each other to the last day of our life. But if we tend to drift apart, we definitely need a warning because the world goes and gets itself in a big damn hurry.



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A new life



Late-night calls, whispers in the dark,
Secrets shared, a friendship embarked.
While the world slept, we were wide awake,
In those quiet moments, connections were made.

In the hushed spaces between day and night,
Whispers of your absence take their flight,
Memories linger, like a fading song,
Missing "us" in moments so long.

Late-night calls, whispers in the dark,
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While the world slept, we were wide awake,
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In the hushed spaces between day and night,
Whispers of your absence take their flight,
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Missing "us" in moments so long.

Promises whispered, now lie shattered,
In the ruins, memories are scattered,
A thing lost, like autumn leaves,
Silent sorrow, the heart conceives.

Yet hope remains in the shreds of ruin,
For healing whispers through the peace,
In the wreckage of what used to be,
New beginnings fund their decree.

MISSING "US" IS A CHAPTER, NOT THE WHOLE. "A FRESH START, A NEW LIFE."



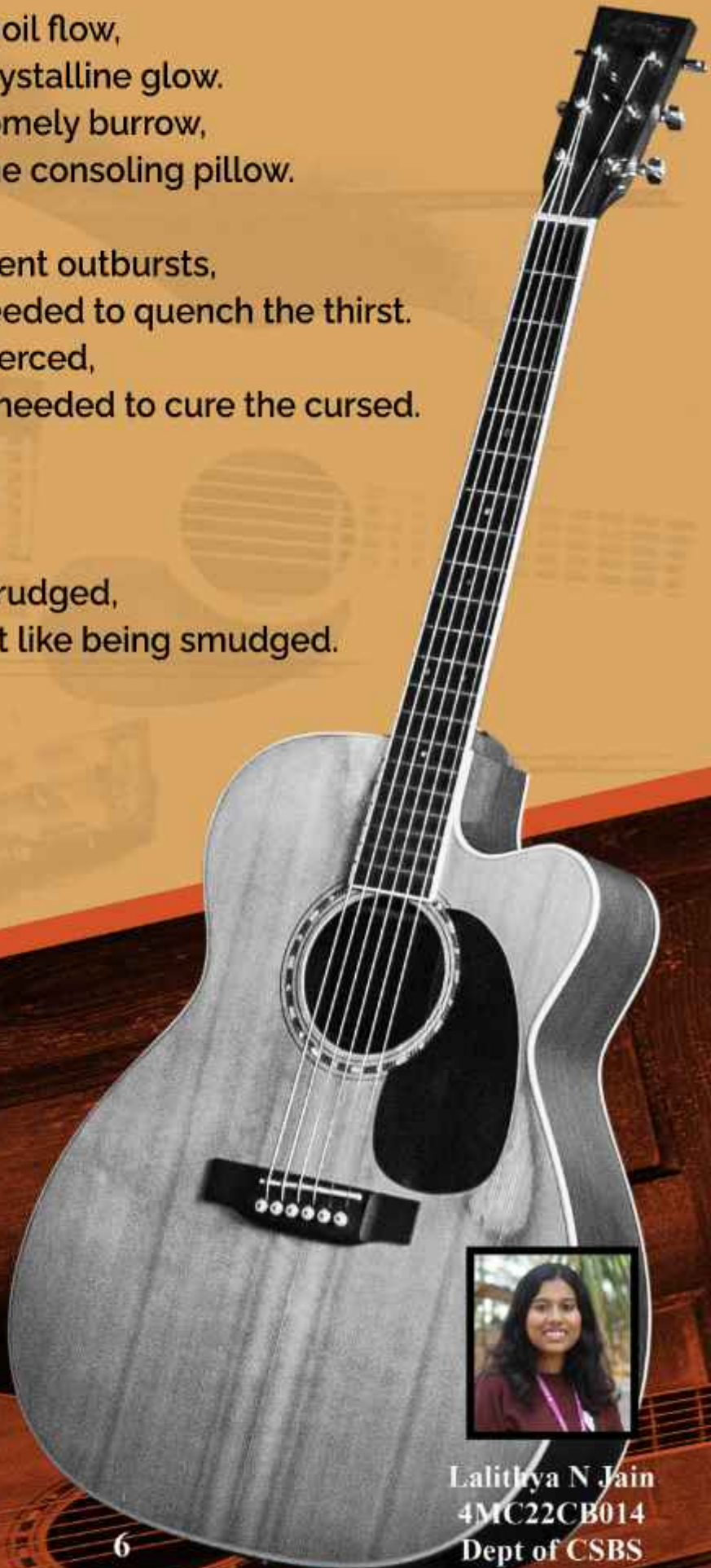
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Whispers of The Heart

The urge to let your inner turmoil flow,
In the form of salty cubes of crystalline glow.
Being held and cradled in a homely burrow,
Alone, but with someone on the consoling pillow.

As silent whispers turns to violent outbursts,
A comforting ear is all that's needed to quench the thirst.
Heart dwells with sufferings pierced,
A warm touch to inner child is needed to cure the cursed.

Fear of being judged,
Is what's making it fudged,
Filled with thoughts that are grudged,
Hoping someone to just wipe it like being smudged.



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ನಿಲ್ಕು ಮನವೆ....



ನಿನಡಗಿದ್ದ ಸ್ಥಳವನ್ನೇಕೆ
ತೊರೆವೆ ನೀ..
ನಿನ್ನಡಿಯ ಗುಪ್ತ
ಮರೆವೆ ನಾ..

ತಾರೆಯಂತೆ ಮಿನುಗುವೆ
ನಾ ನಿನ್ನ ಹಂಬಲದಲ್ಲಿ ..
ಏನ್ನ ಶಕ್ತಿಯ ತೊರೆದೆ ನೀ
ಚೊಕ್ಕ ಹತ್ತಿರದಲ್ಲಿ ..

ವಾಗ್ಗಿಯಂತೆ ನನ್ನ ಕಂಠ
ರುಚಿಸಿದೆ ನೀ..
ಸ್ನೇಹಿಯಂತೆ, ಸರಿಯೇ
ನನ್ನ ದೂರಕ್ಕುವುದು ನೀ..

ಹೋದ ಹಕ್ಕಿ ಮರ
ಸೇರಿ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿಯಾದಲ್ಲಿ ..
ತೊರೆದ ಮನವು ನನ್ನ
ಸೇರಿ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯಾದಲ್ಲಿ ..



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ಸವಿ ಸವಿ ನೆನಪುಗಳು

ಸವಿಯಾದ ಸಾವಿರ ನೆನಪುಗಳ ನಡುವೆ, ಆ ಒಂದು ನೆನಪು
ಸದಾ ಜೀವಂತ, ಎಂದೆಂದಿಗೂ ಅಮರ. ಪುನಃ
ಸಿಗಬೇಕೆಂದುಕೊಂಡರು ಸಿಗಲಾರದ್ದು. ವರ್ಣನೆ ಸಾಕಲ್ವಾ?!
ಅದೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಅಮೂಲ್ಯವಾದ ಬಾಲ್ಯದ ಕಾಲ..! ಈ ಸುಂದರ
ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ನಾನು ಕೊಟ್ಟ ವರ್ಣನೆ ಕಡಿಮೆಯೇ... ಸುತ್ತ ಮುತ್ತ
ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ- ಕೆಟ್ಟದರ ಅರಿವಿಲ್ಲದೆ
ನಾವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಮುಗ್ಧರಾಗಿದ್ದ ಸಮಯ.

ಇಂತಹ ಬೆಲೆ ಕಟ್ಟಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗದ ಬಾಲ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ ಒಮ್ಮೆ
ನೆನಪುಗಳ ಮೂಲಕ ಹೋಗಿಬರೋಣ!

ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ರಜಾ ಸಿಕ್ಕಾಗ ಅಜ್ಜಿ ಮನೆಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದಿದ್ದು, ಅಜ್ಜಿ
ಮಾಡಿಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ತಿನಿಸು, ಅವರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಕಥೆಗಳು,
ಅಕ್ಕ-ತಮ್ಮ, ಅಣ್ಣ-ತಂಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಸೇರಿ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ
ಆ ಟೈಂ! ಎಷ್ಟು ಮಿಸ್ ಮಾಡ್ಕೊತಿವಿ ಅಲ್ವಾ!



ಶಾಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಟೀಚರ್ ಕೊಡ್ತಿದ್ದ ಹೋಂ ವರ್ಕ್,

ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಬಿಡೋ ಹಾಗೆ ಕಾಣ್ತಾನೆ ಇರ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ... ಸಮ್ಮರ್ ಹಾಲಿಡೇಸ್ ಅಂತ 50

ದಿನ ರಜಾ ಸಿಕ್ಕೂ, 50 ದಿನಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಂ ವರ್ಕ್ ಕೊಡ್ತಿದ್ದು. ತುಂಬಾ ಒಳ್ಳೆ ಹುಡುಗು ಬರ್ಕೊಂಡ ಬರ್ತಿದ್ದು, ಇನ್ನು
ಕೆಲವರು ಟೀಚರ್ಸ್ ಕೇಳಲ್ಲ ಅನ್ನೋ ನಂಬಿಕೆ ಮೇಲೆ ರಜಾ ಮುಗಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಶಾಲೆಗೆ ಹೋಗ್ತಿದ್ದು, ಆದ್ರೆ
ಆಮೇಲೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಏನು “ಬಹುಮಾನ” ಸಿಕ್ಕಿರುತ್ತೆ! ನೆನಪು ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಳ್ಳಿ!! ಹೀಗೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಲ್ಯದ
ನೆನಪಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಾ ಹೋದ್ರೆ ಮುಖದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸ್ಮೈಲ್ ಖಂಡಿತ ಬರುತ್ತೆ.



ಜೋಮಾಟೋ, ಸ್ವಿಗ್ಗಿ ಇರುವ ಕಾಲ ಇದು, ಆಗ ನಾವು ಸಣ್ಣವರಿದ್ದಾಗ
ಏನಾದರು ತಿನ್ನಬೇಕು ಎನಿಸಿದರೆ ಅಪ್ಪನಿಗೆ ಫೋನ್ ಮಾಡಿ, ಅದು ಇದು
ತಿನ್ನಲು ತನ್ನಿ ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿ ತರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಲೈಫ್ ನ ಬೆಸ್ಟ್
ಡೆಲಿವರಿ ಪಾರ್ಟ್ನರ್..!





ನಾವು ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆ ಆಟಗಳು ಅಕ್ಕ-ಪಕ್ಕ ಇರುವ ಸ್ನೇಹಿತರ ಜೊತೆ ಆಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ
ಗೋಲಿ ಆಟ, ಕ್ರಿಕೆಟ್, ಕುಂಟೆಬಿಲ್ಲಿ, ಕಣ್ಣಾಮುಚ್ಚಿ!! ಮರೆಯೋಕೆ ಅಗಲ್ಲ. ಗೋಲಿ
ಆಟ ಆಡಿ, ಜೇಬು ತುಂಬಾ ಗೋಲಿ ತುಂಬಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಾಗ ಆಗೋ ಖುಷಿ ಪಬ್ ಜಿ ಆಡಿ
ಚಿಕನ್ ಡಿನ್ನರ್ ಸಿಕ್ಕಾಗ್ಲೂ ಆಗೋದಿಲ್ಲ.

ಗಣಪತಿ ಹಬ್ಬ ಬಂದಾಗ, ಗಣಪತಿ ಕುರಿಸಬೇಕಂತ ಮನೆ-ಮನೆಗೂ ಹೋಗಿ
ದುಡ್ಡು ಕಲೆಕ್ಟ್ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು, ಪಕ್ಕದ ಏರಿಯಾ ಗಣಪತಿಗಿಂತ ನಮ್ಮ ಗಣಪತಿ
ದೊಡ್ಡದಿರಬೇಕೆಂಬ ಆಸೆ, ಗಣಪತಿ ವಿಸರ್ಜನೆ ಟೈಮ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾಕಿದ್ದ ಸ್ಟೆಪ್ಸ್! ಇವೆಲ್ಲ
ಕಳೆದು ಹೋದ ಸಮಯ, ಮತ್ತೆ ಮರಳಿ ಸಿಗಲ್ಲಾ..



ಸ್ಕೂಲಲ್ಲಿ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಆನುಯಲ್ ಡೇ!! ಬೆಸ್ಟ್ ಟೈಮ್ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಅದೇ.
ಡಾನ್ಸ್ ಪ್ರಾಕ್ಟೀಸ್ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ ಕ್ಲಾಸ್ ಮಿಸ್ ಮಾಡ್ಕೊತ್ತಾ ಇದ್ದದು,
ಪ್ರಾಕ್ಟೀಸ್ ಟೈಮ್ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಡಾನ್ಸ್ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬೇರೆಲ್ಲಾ ತರ್ಲೆ ಕೆಲ್ಸ ಮಾಡ್ತಿದ್ದಿದ್ದು,
ಇದೆಲ್ಲ ಮತ್ತೆ ಅನುಭವಿಸಬೇಕು ಅಂದರೆ ಆಗೋದೆ ಇಲ್ಲ..

ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳಿತಾ ಬೆಳಿತಾ ನಾವು ಹೊರಬೇಕಾಗಿರೋ
ಜವಾಬ್ದಾರಿಗಳೆಂಬ ಭಾರಕ್ಕಿಂತ, ನಾವು ಸ್ಕೂಲ್ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಹೊರುತ್ತಿದ್ದ
ಸ್ಕೂಲ್ ಬ್ಯಾಗ್ ಭಾರನೆ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿತ್ತು ಅಲ್ವಾ..!

ಹಬ್ಬ, ಪೂಜೆ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ವಯಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಇರುತ್ತಿತ್ತು, ಹಬ್ಬಕ್ಕೆ ಎಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಇದೆ
ಅಂತ ದಿನಗಳನ್ನು ಲೆಕ್ಕ ಹಾಕ್ತಿದ್ದಿ, ಅದ್ರೆ ಈಗ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಕಡಿಮೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಇಂತಹ ಇಕ್ಕಟ್ಟಿನ
ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತು ಬಳಸಿ, ನಮ್ಮ ಬಾಲ್ಯದ ನೆನಪುಗಳನ್ನು ಪುನಃ ಜೀವಿಸೋಣ!!
ಏಕೆಂದರೆ ಕಳೆದು ಹೋದ ಸಮಯ ಮತ್ತೆ ದೊರೆಯುವುದು ಅಸಾಧ್ಯ.



Yashaswini C H
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Dept of CSE

IF LIFE WAS

IF LIFE WAS...
AS EASY AS YOU THINK,
IT WOULD BE AS SHORT AS AN EYE BLINK.
A LIMITED SPAN IT HAS
LEARN TO ENJOY IT WHILE YOU DANCE TO JAZZ.

IF LIFE WAS...
A LITTLE LESS MYSTERIOUS,
PEOPLE WOULD NO MORE BE PIOUS.
THE GODS DID THINK OF THEIR OWN REPUTE
HENCE CREATING ALL THE DISPUTE!!

IF LIFE WAS...
AS LENGTHY AS WE WANT,
HUMANITY WOULD HAVE EVERYTHING TO FLAUNT,
CLEVER AND WITTY IS DESTINY,
AND THAT'S WHY IT IS SO UNCANNY.

IF LIFE WAS...
FILLED WITH MORE HAPPINESS,
NON EXISTENT WOULD BE THE LESSONS OF SADNESS.
ALL OF IT EQUALLY YOU'LL GAIN,
LOVE, LUST, HATRED, ECSTASY AND PAIN.

IF LIFE WAS...
AS EXACTLY AS A POET SAYS
EVERYONE WOULD FIND THEIR OWN WAYS.
LIFE-SAVING IS EVERY PIECE OF ART,
IF YOU BRING IT FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE
HEART.



Sai chethana S P
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The Silent Remorse

"If you win this round. Then, you will be the winner of the pick and speak 2023 competition!!" Jiya exclaimed as Melody just sighed in nervousness.

"Aren't you excited, Melody? It's your life long dream, and also the very last chance you will ever have...." Jiya spoke with concern, observing Melody whose eyes were fixated on the stage.

"Next contestant, Melody" The announcer announced as Melody walked up the stage with a racing heart and shaky hands. It was do or die. She would either win the title of Pick and Speak Queen or else she would lose her eternal dream.

With shivering fingers she picked up the chit and handed it to the announcer, who then opened it.

Lub...Dub...Lub...Dub

Melody's heart was echoing through her ears as the announcer spoke again, "One thing you regret the most". He then handed the chit to Melody as Melody held onto the only chance she had.

"Your time starts now!"

Melody began,

"One thing, I regret the most....."

She paused for a second and then continued

'I...I had this junior of mine, we were working on a hand made project. We were a group of 20 members. We were divided batch wise, I was in my third year and she was my immediate junior. That particular day, we had to finish the project and she got late. I was fuming in anger at her arrival. Didn't she have a bit of time sense? My anger just shot when my crush of 2 years helped her stack the things properly. Her giggles at his talks increased my rage. I hated her, she was the best in everything. Be it talking, making friends, working, studying, everything. And that bothered me a lot. We were halfway done and there was still a lot of work left when I found her fidgeting in her spot. She wasn't working and that just gave me a moment to reprimand her. I did too, very brutally that she was almost in tears.

I did feel guilty but the jealousy overtook me. After a few minutes she approached me and asked if she could head back home as she had this brutal feeling of something bad happening. I brushed it off, what could even happen? And how could she come up with such excuses? I forbade her from leaving and assigned her more tasks. She asked again and again but I just used it to make her suffer and didn't let her go back. Just because, I wanted to see her upset. Her sadness was like a cooling cream on my burning heart. Lastly, she asked again and I just yelled at her that if she walks away her name will no longer be added in the project and she could decide what she wanted to do. As expected she stayed but I could feel her anxiety, not only me everyone could but no one spoke. Even the seniors remained silent. After 2 to 3 hours, our work got completed and she raced back while we stayed to gossip around. After a few minutes we received a call, specifically he – my crush – received a call. And it was from her. I was boiling in possessiveness and jealousy when he picked the call up and it was connected to the speaker and all of us could hear. There was a brief pause followed by sobs. Was this some new drama? Gosh!! Even the sobs sounded realistic. I thought and rolled my eyes. "Mumma, mumma is unconscious I can't feel her pulse. I can't drive the car, no one's picking my call. Please do something, please.....". Her pleas resonated throughout the room. Why didn't she call the ambulance? We raced to her place and found an ambulance standing there. We rushed in, only to find her mother declared dead and the person said, if you would have called us 20 minutes before we could have saved her. That line haunted me. I looked at her and witnessed an emotionless face. The tears were dried and she looked empty. She gazed at me, and the look on her face is something I can never forget in this life. There was hatred, blame, pain and a lot more dedicated towards me but she didn't utter a word. She didn't scold me, she didn't tell me that if I had let her go, her mother would have been alive. Had I not let my jealousy interfere, her mother would still be alive. How could I? She walked towards the lifeless figure, softly touched it and then walked away, taking the responsibility for the further events. We were dumbstruck. Everyone side eyed me, and I blamed myself. I blame myself, even today for stopping her. It was me who killed her mother, it was me—'

"You have another 2 minutes remaining" the announcer spoke pulling Melody out of her thoughts as she held the chit tightly and sighed loudly. The very next second she took a step down and walked away from the stage.

'Melody! Melody' Jiya ran behind yelling her name out as Melody walked away knowing that her regret was not to showcase for a mere title of winner, it was to hold on forever and die as she indeed killed someone unknowingly.



Lalithya N Jain
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DOES IT EVEN MATTER...?



What do you feel like when you think about looks, our approach, our hardwork, does it even matter? If you ask for my opinion I say yes of course it matters; it only matters that are we statisfied with our life. Lately in this era of social media, we socialize with people way more than we did used to do in past, because of which we get to know many people, we interact with many people, which gives us our own opinion towards them and their opinion towards us. In this competitive world these OPINIONS make us to pressurize ourselves to be the better version of ourselves. Yes, this is right till an extent that even you are happy with that change, We should consider our satisfaction before we think to satisfy the person in the opposite. We all are here for a reason and that reason should be ourselves. We should lead our life for our own sake instead of just appeasing others. There is saying that "There are two lives the second one starts



when you realise that you only have one ", so lead it to the fullest. We keep watching many cases on suicides, depression etc, where each and every stories are scarer in its own way. So, always stay strong, stay confident with whatever you are gifted. It doesn't matter if you are thin or fat until and unless you are healthy, it does not matter that you are fair or dark until and unless you love your complexion, it doesn't matter that what work you do and how much you earn until and unless you are leading a perfect life according to you. So always take everybody's opinion but by the end of the day only

do those things if you feel like doing. Never let very small things to ruin your life, because, again you know you only have one.



SMRUTHI R
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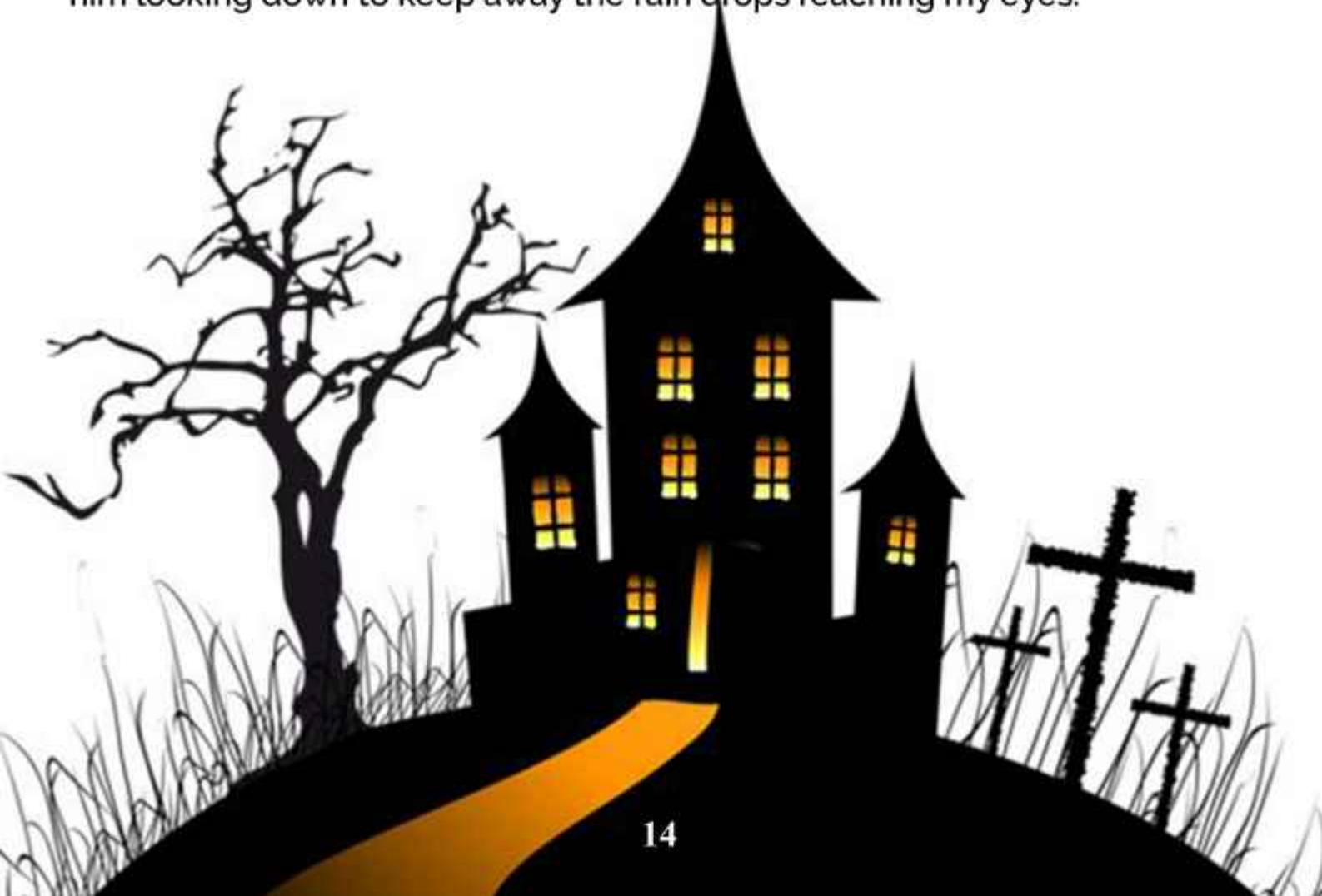
VIRTUALLY TRUE

WHEN MYSTERY COMES INTO REALITY...

It was raining heavily that night when I stumbled upon a mysterious house which I had never seen before in the town. My Gran always told me that there was a bungalow in town. But, I always ignored her. Now, I regret that.

As a beautiful pagan, the moment I saw the house, a deep silence enveloped me, and curiosity led me to step inside. That night was calm with the sound of trickling water. The trees were swaying their high tops when blown from the gust of heaven. The moon was so blushed that he hid himself behind the clouds which were moving as if they were on a race to woo the most gorgeous Portia.

Pushing open the giant gate that extended from the immense walls that kept everyone away from it and I just walked along the pathway. Sarcastically, the garden had no plants, yet a man watered it in the heavy rain. I felt silly. I was unable to link to his notions. I carefully walked up to him looking down to keep away the rain drops reaching my eyes.





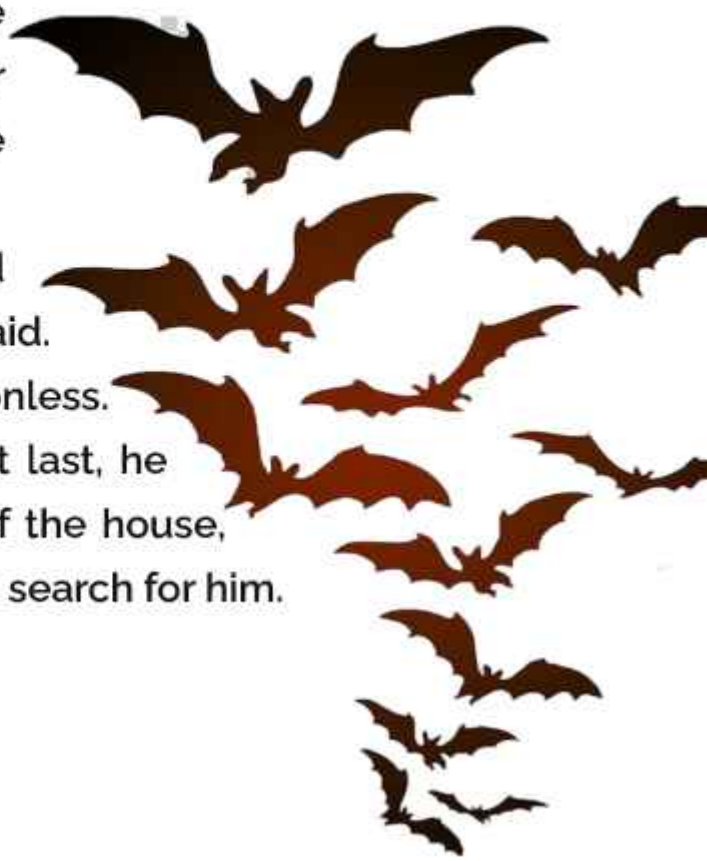
When I reached the place and lifted my head up to look at him, astonishingly he had disappeared. I searched for him, but he wasn't there. Doubtfully, I turned around and walked towards the main door of the mansion. It was a big wooden door, all decayed. It seemed to me that the house was haunted for many years.

I pushed open the door. The door opened with a screeching sound which added more eeriness to the ambience. No sooner I opened the door, suddenly a hand touched my shoulder and whispered 'Anna?' I held my breath and turned around. I was surprised to see Elsa.

"What are you doing here?" asked Elsa. "The man standing at the gate called me in, saying that you were here." I was horribly terrified, knowing it was the same guy watering the plants. "There he stands, isn't he the same guy whom we were speaking about?" I asked.

Elsa gave me a positive reply, and we started walking towards him as fast as our legs took us, without making the same mistake which I had done before.

When we reached there, we greeted him. "Hello, my name is Kristopher," he said. He smiled. Suddenly he seemed expressionless. There was a deep silence between us. At last, he broke the silence and started speaking of the house, then disappeared into the dark. We didn't search for him.

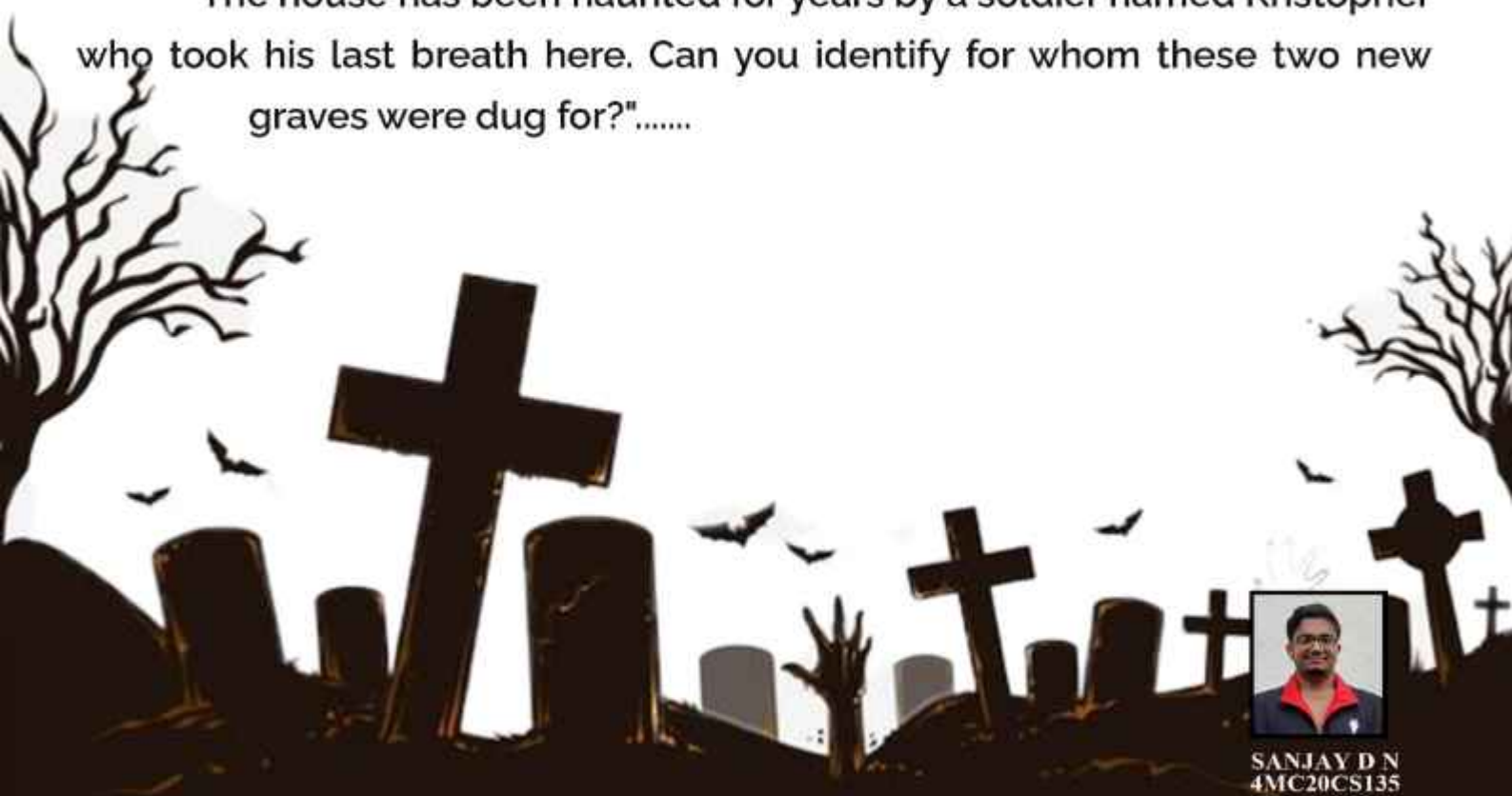




Elsa and I wanted to visit the backyard of the mansion. We went to the backyard and, to our surprise, it turned out to be a graveyard. Elsa and I went on reading the epitaph on the grave one after the other. Elsa moved faster leaving me behind. But then, I could see Elsa standing in front of a particular grave. I moved faster to see what had made her eye fixed on it. When I looked at it, I was stunned and stood frozen.

I couldn't believe that it was the grave of Kristopher! I was sure about that, as I had not forgotten him and moreover this grave held his photo. There was a small scroll lying on the gravestone. Elsa took the scroll and unscrolled it. I couldn't move by the shortest unit of length when I read the printed words on the scroll. It said,

"The house has been haunted for years by a soldier named Kristopher who took his last breath here. Can you identify for whom these two new graves were dug for?".....



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Malnad ಕಥೆ Nimm ಜೊತೆ

Malnad ಕಥೆ Nimm ಜೊತೆ!

ಹೀಗಿದೆ ನಮ್ "Malnad" ಕಾಲೇಜ್ Storiesuu

ಇರೋದು 45 ಎಕ್ಸೆ Campusuu

ಕಾಲೇಜ್ ಶುರು ಆಗ್ತಿದಂಗೆ ಬಂದೇಬಿಡುತ್ತೆ Internalsu

ಈ ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಷ್ಟು Festsuu

Bunking of Classuu

Shortage of Attendanceuu

ಆಗ್ಲೆ ಬಂದೊಯ್ತು final Examsuu

ಗಗನಕ್ಕೆ ಎರ್ತೀರೊ Supplementary Feesuu

ಅದ್ರು ಎದೆಗುಂದದೆ supply ಬರಿಯೊ ನಾವ್ Studentsuu

ಇದ್ರು ಜೊತೆಗೆ, ಸಣ್ಣ ಪುಟ್ಟ Confessionsuu

ಕಣ್ ತಂಪ್ ಮಾಡೊ Girls and Boysuu

ಮಧ್ಯದಲ್ ಒಂದೆರಡ್ Reelsuu, Mirror selfiesuu

ಯಾರ್ ಕೈಯಲ್ಲು iPhonesuu, ಕಾಲಲ್ Crocsuu

ಮೂರುಪಾಯ್ Domsuu

ಇರ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂದ್ರು Marksuu maintain ಮಾಡ್ತಿವಿ Snap streaksuu

ಇದ್ರು ಮಧ್ಯ Placementsuu

ಕೆಲ್ಸ ಆಗ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ ಅನ್ನೊ Depressionsuu

ಅದ್ಲೆ ಆಗಾಗ್ ಅನ್ನಿರುತ್ತೆ ಇಡಣ ಒಂದ್ Aunty canteensu, Vijay net xeroxuu

ನೆನ್ನೆ ಮೊನ್ನೆ ಸೇರ್ದಂಗ್ ಇದ್ರು ಆಗ್ಲೆ ಆಗೋಯ್ತು "7 Semsuu"

Degree ಅನ್ನೊದ್ ಕಲ್ಸೊಡ್ರು "Life lessonsuu"

ಹಿಂದೆ ತಿರುಗ್ ನೋಡಿದ್ರೆ ಕಣ್ಣಂಚಲ್ಲಿ ನೀರ್ ಬರೋ "Memoriesuu"

ಏನೇ ಆಗ್ಲಿ, ಜೀವ್ವಕ್ಕೆ ಅಡಿಪಾಯ ಹಾಕೊಟ್ಟು MCEಗೆ ಒಂದ್ ದೊಡ್ಡ "Thanksuu"



Moulya P Shetty
4MC20CS087
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ನನ್ನ ಅಮ್ಮನೊಂದಿಗಿನ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು...

ಅಮ್ಮ ಎಂದೊಡನೆ ನಮಗೆಲ್ಲಾ ಖುಷಿ, ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಹೆಣ್ಣುಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಭಯ. ಯಾಕೆಂದರೆ ಅವರ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಎಷ್ಟೋ, ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಕೋಪನೂ ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾ, ನಾವು ಅಪ್ಪನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಮಾತನಾಡಿ ಅಮ್ಮನನ್ನು ಸಮಾಧಾನ ಮಾಡಿಸೋದು. ಬೆಳಿತಾ ಬೆಳಿತಾ ಈ ಅಮ್ಮನ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಕೋಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡ ಕಾಣೋಕೆ ಶುರು ಆಗುತ್ತೆ. ಅಂತಹ ಒಂದೆರಡು ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳನ್ನು ಹಂಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಇಷ್ಟಪಡುತ್ತೇನೆ.

‘ಅಡಿಗೆ ಮನೆಯೇ ನಮ್ಮ ಗಾಸಿಪ್ ತಾಣ’.

ಮಗ.. ಬಾ ತರಕಾರಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ನಾನು ಒಗ್ಗರಣೆ ಹಾಕ್ತೀನಿ ಅಂತ ಕರೆದು, ಅವರ ಇಡೀ ದಿನದ ಸುದ್ದಿ ಹೇಳಿದ್ದು. ಅಡುಗೆಗಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚು ಅದು ನಮ್ಮ ವಿಚಾರ ವಿನಿಮಯ ಸಮಯ. ನಿಜ ಹೇಳೋದಾದ್ರೆ ಅವರ ಆ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಕೇಳೋಕೆ ಚಂದ. ನಂತರ ಹಾಗೆ ತರಕಾರಿನ ಒಗ್ಗರಣೆಗೆ ಹಾಕಿಬಿಡು ನಾನು ಹೇಳಿಕೊಡ್ತಿನಿ ಅಂದ್ರೆ, ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಗಮನಿಸಿ ನೋಡಿದ್ರೆ ಹೀಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾ ನಾವೆಲ್ಲ ಅಡುಗೆ ಮಾಡೋಕೆ ಕಲ್ತಿದ್ದು, ಒಮ್ಮೆ ಉಪ್ಪು, ಇನ್ನೊಮ್ಮೆ ಸಪ್ಪೆ, ಬೈತಾನೆ ಮುದ್ದಿನಿಂದ ತಿದ್ದುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು.

ಅವು ಅವರ ದಿನದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಹೇಳಿ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಕೇಳೋ ಅಷ್ಟಲ್ಲ ಅಡುಗೆ ತಯಾರಿ ಆಗಿರ್ತಿತ್ತು.

ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಊಟಕ್ಕೆ ಕರಿ ಅಂದು ಊಟ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ “ನೋಡಿ ನನ್ನ ಮಗಳು ಅಡುಗೆ ಮಾಡಿದ್ದು”. ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ ಹೊಗಳಿ, ಒಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಊಟ ಮಾಡುವಾಗ ಅದರ ಖುಷಿನೇ ಬೇರೆ.

ಹೀಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಾ ನಮ್ಮ ಹಾಗೂ ಅವರ ನಡುವಿನ ಸಂಬಂಧ ಗಟ್ಟಿ ಆಗಿದ್ದು?

ಪ್ರತಿ ಒಂದು ಕೆಲಸದಲ್ಲೂ ಕೂಡಾ ಅವರೊಂದಿಗೆ ನಾವು ಕಳೆಯುವ ಸಮಯದ ಬೆಲೆ ಕಟ್ಟಲಾಗದು.

ನಾನು ಕಸಗುಡಿಸುತ್ತಿನಿ ನೀನು ನೆಲ ಒರೆಸುಬಿಡು, ನಾನು ರೊಟ್ಟಿ ತಟ್ಟಿದರೆ ನೀನು ಬೇಯಿಸು, ಬಟ್ಟೆ ತೊಳೆದರೆ ಅದನ್ನ ಒಣಗಿ ಹಾಕು, ಹೀಗೆ ತಾನೇ ನಾವು ಕೆಲಸದ ಮೂಲಕ ಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದಿದ್ದು. ಕೆಲಸ ಒಂದು ಕಡೆ ಆದರೆ, ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುತ್ತ ನಾವು ಆಡುವ ಮಾತು ನಮಗಷ್ಟೇ ಗೊತ್ತು.

ಮಲಗುವಾಗ ಅಮ್ಮನ್ನ ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗಿ ತಬ್ಬಿ, ಮುತ್ತಿಟ್ಟು ಗುಡ್ ನೈಟ್ ಹೇಳಿ ಮಲಗೋದು ನಮ್ಮ ದಿನದ ಸುದ್ದಿಯ ಮುಕ್ತಾಯ ಎಂದೇ ಅರ್ಥ. ಲೇಟ್ ನೈಟ್ ಮಾತುಕತೆಯ ಈ ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ, ನಮ್ಮದು ಸರಿಯಾದ ಸಮಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮಲಗುವ ಹವ್ಯಾಸ. ಮಲಗುವ ಮುನ್ನ ಆ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಮಾತಿನಿಂದ ನನ್ನ ದಿನ ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ.

ಅಮ್ಮ ಅಂದಾಗ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ನೆನಪಾಗೋದು ಇಷ್ಟೇ ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಮಮತೆ ಇತ್ಯಾದಿ. ಆದರೆ ಆಕೆಗೂ ತನ್ನ ಮಕ್ಕಳೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡುವ, ಸಮಯ ಕಳೆಯುವ ಆಸೆ ಇದ್ದೇ ಇರುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಆಕೆಗೆ ಬಿಡುವಿನ ಸಮಯ ಕಡಿಮೆ, ಮನೆಯ ಜವಾಬ್ದಾರಿ ಹೆಚ್ಚು.

ಈ ಮೂಲಕ ಹೇಳ ಬಯಸೋದು ಇಷ್ಟೇ, ನಿಮ್ಮ ಅಮ್ಮಂದಿರು ಅವರ ಕೆಲಸದ ನಡುವಲ್ಲಿ ಕರೆದರೆ “ಅಯ್ಯೋ.! ನನ್ನ ಏನಕ್ಕೆ ಕರೀತಾರೆ ಅವರ ಕೆಲ್ಸ ಅವು ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಳ್ಳೋಕೆ ಏನು” ಅಂತ ಅಂದುಕೊಳ್ಳದೆ, ಅದರಲ್ಲಿನ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಅಂಶವನ್ನು ಗಮನದಲ್ಲಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗಿ, ನಂತರ ನಿಮಗೆ ಅನಿಸುತ್ತೆ ಅಯ್ಯೋ ಬಾರದೆ ಇದ್ದಿದ್ದರೆ ಎಂಥ ಸಮಯ ಮಿಸ್ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದೆ ಅಂತ.

ನಾವು ಅವರೊಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮೊಟ್ಟಿಗೆ ಇರುವಷ್ಟು ದಿನ ಈ ಖುಷಿ ಕೈತಪ್ಪದಂತೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳೋಣ..



Rashmi M
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ನಿಸರ್ಗ

ಏ ನಿಸರ್ಗ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯೇ ಸಾಕೆ ನಿನಗೆ
ಹಾಲ್ಗಡಲಿನ ಆಗಸದ ಸಿಂಚನ.
ಹಸಿರು ಗಿರಿಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಿಳುಪಿನ
ಚಂದದ ಬೆಳ್ಳೋಡಗಳ ಅಪ್ಪುಗೆ.
ಮುಗಿಲ ಚುಂಬನವೇ ಧುಮುಕಿ
ಬಂದಿರುವುದು ಇಂದು ಧರೆಗೆ.
ಮುಗಿಲ ಒಲವ ಸಂದೇಶ
ತಂದಿರುವುದು ಭುವಿಗೆ.
ಬೀಸೋ ಗಾಳಿಯ ಹಾಡಿಗೆ
ತಲೆ ತೂಗೋ ತರು-ಲತೆಗಳ ಗಾಯನ.
ಈ ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯ ಅಧ್ಭುತಕೆ ನಮದೊಂದು
ನಮನ.



Chandana D
4MC22EC025
Dept of ECE

Admiring **ITACHI** : A selfless testament

Dear Uchiha Itachi

I take a moment to express my admiration for the character you embody. From your unwavering determination to protect your village, to your unwavering devotion to your brother, you truly embody the ideals of a true ninja. Your selfless actions and ultimate sacrifice for the greater good will always be remembered as one of the most powerful and moving moments in the story of Naruto.



Your ability to master the Sharingan at such a young age and displaying proficiency in various jutsu truly showcase your exceptional talent and strength as a ninja. Your unmatched intelligence and tactical skills, combined with your calm and composed demeanor in the heat of battle, are truly impressive.

Your unique perspective on the world and your approach to duty make you a truly memorable and inspiring character. You serve as a reminder that true strength is not solely derived from power or violence but also from the ability to make difficult choices for the greater good.

Thank you, Uchiha Itachi, for being a shining example of what it means to be a true ninja. Your legacy will live on through the generations to come.



Shashank MP
4MC20CS142
Dept of CSE

Metamorphosis of Moments



From pursuing grades,
to realising life's syllabus is etched in moments,
not scores.

From fearing the career's demanding maze,
to realising fulfilment isn't found
in a corporate daze.

From hesitating in fear of judgement,
to embracing the protagonist's vibes,
The heart desires-living that fearless story.

From battling butterflies in the stomach,
to embracing the spotlight with confidence grin,
Turning every challenge into a vibrant page of the story.

From sailing solo in the sea of doubt,
to sailing a ship of authentic bonds,
From being a stranger in a sea of unknown faces,
to departing with tales woven.

A journey scripted in the heart's ink,
destined to be bedtime stories for our future kin.

From craving the grown-up thrills,
to yearning for the rewind button,
longing to be that carefree kid again.
From smartphones dictating our every trend,
to yearning for the timeless joy of handwritten notes,
The old-fashioned way we never knew we'd miss.





ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆ



ಅಂದು:

ವಚನಕಾರರ ವಚನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ದಾಸರ ದಾಸಪದಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಮಹಾಕವಿಗಳ ಕವಿತೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಜನಪದರ ಜೀವನಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಗಂಗಾ, ಕದಂಬ, ಚಾಲುಕ್ಯ, ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕೂಟ, ಹೊಯ್ಸಳರ ಆಸ್ಥಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡವೆಂಬುದು ಕೇವಲ ಮೂರು ಅಕ್ಷರದ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ, ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಅದೇ ಅವರ ಭಾವನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಜೀವವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಂದು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗನ ಹೃದಯದಲ್ಲಿ ನೆಲೆಸಿರುವ ಜೀವ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಇಂದು:

ಅವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರಾಗಿರುವ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರುಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾಗಿದ್ದರು ಪರಭಾಷಿಗಳಾಗಿರುವವರಲ್ಲಿ, ಪರದೇಶಿ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹಿಗಳ ಮಾತಿನಲ್ಲಿ, ಕನ್ನಡರಾಜ್ಯೋತ್ಸವದಂದು ಸೋಶಿಯಲ್ ಮೀಡಿಯಾಗಳಲ್ಲಿ, ರಾಕೇಟಿಂಗ್ತ ವೇಗವಾಗಿ ಸಾಗುತ್ತಿರುವ ಇಂದಿನ ಜನ ಜೀವನದ ಶೈಲಿಯಲ್ಲಿ, ಕನ್ನಡವೆಂಬುದು ಕೇವಲ ಭಾಷೆ ಅಷ್ಟೇ..! ಇಂಗ್ಲಿಷ್ ಎಂಬ ಭಾಷೆಯ ಮುಂದೆ ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತನಾಡಿದರೆ, ಸ್ಟೇಟಸ್ ಹಿಮ್ಮಡಿದಿಗೊಳಿಸುವ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಭಾಷೆ ಹಾಗೆ ಔಟ್ ಡೇಟೆಡ್ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಮುಂದೆ:

ಅವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರು ಮತ್ತೆ ವಿದ್ಯಾವಂತರಾದಾಗ, ಪರಭಾಷೆ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹ ತೊರೆದು ಮತ್ತೆ ಕನ್ನಡಿಗರಾದಾಗ, ಗಾಂಚಲಿ ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತನಾಡಿದಾಗ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕೇವಲ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ..! ಎಲ್ಲರ ಸ್ಟೇಟಸ್ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿಸಿ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಜೀವ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ಜೀವಭಾಷೆ, ನಾಡಭಾಷೆ, ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಭಾಷೆಯಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ.



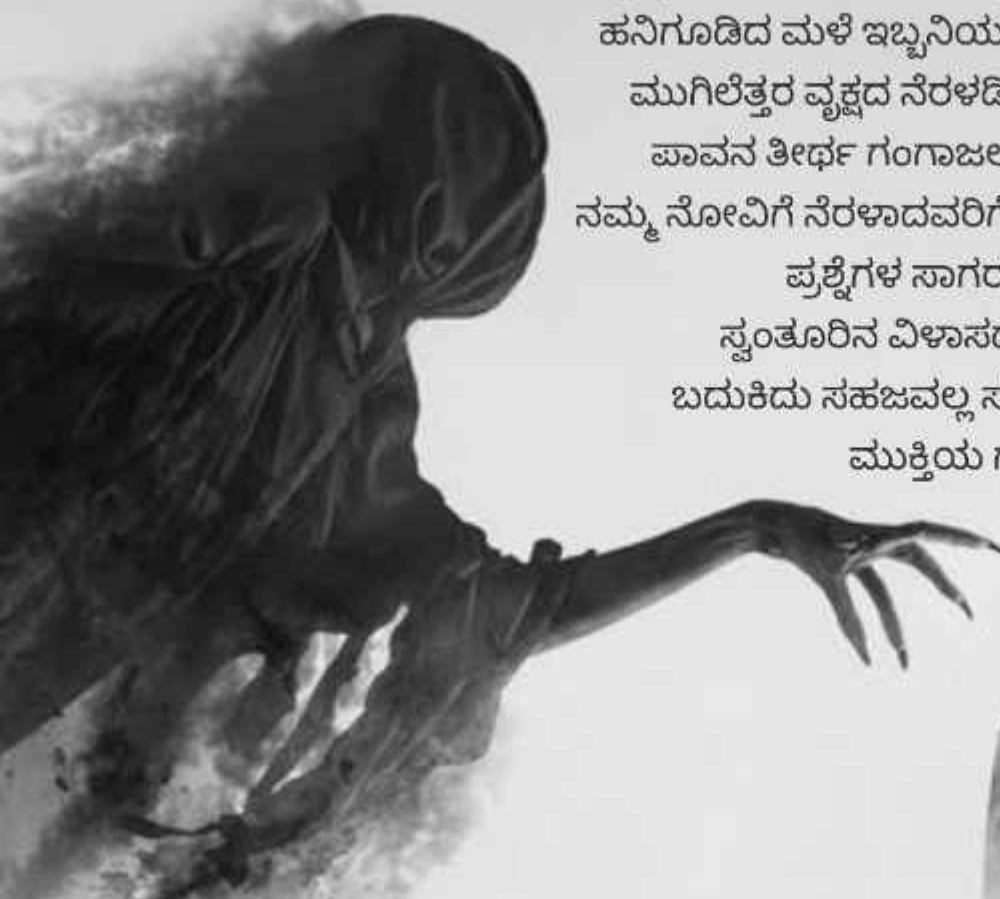
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ಸಮಾಧಿ

ಹುಟ್ಟು ಸಾವಿನಾಚೆಗಿರುವದೊಂದು ಇಹಲೋಕ, ಅರ್ಥವಿಲ್ಲದ ಬದುಕಿಗೆ
ಭಾವಾರ್ಥವ ನೀಡುವ ದಿವ್ಯಲೋಕ,
ತನ್ನೂರಿನ ವಿಳಾಸ ತಿಳಿಯದಿದ್ದರು ಪರವೂರಿನ ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹ ಬಿಟ್ಟಿಲ್ಲ ನಾವು
ಜವರಾಯನ ಆಳ್ವಿಕೆ ಶುರುವಾಗಿದ್ದರೂ ಕಿತ್ತುತಿನ್ನುವ ದಾಹ ಇಂಗಿಲ್ಲ ಇನ್ನೂ
ಮನುಷ್ಯ ಜನ್ಮದ ವಿಕೃತಿ ಇದು ದಾಹವೇ ತೀರದ ದುಸ್ಥಿತಿ.

ಕೊನೆಗಳಿಗೆಯಲಿ ಹೆಗಲೋಡ್ಡುವ ಆ ನಾಲ್ವರೇ ಸಾಕೇನೋ?
ನಿನ್ನವರ ಕಣ್ಣೀರ ವರೆಸುವ ಸಾಂತ್ವಾನಕೇ ಆ ಚುರುಕರವಸ್ತ್ರವೂ ಬೇಡವೇನು?
ನಿನ್ನ ಕರ್ಮಗಳೆ ನಿನ್ನವು ಈ ಕೊನೆಗಾಲದಲಿ, ಎಲ್ಲವೂ ಶೂನ್ಯವಾಗ ಈ ಬದುಕಲಿ.
ಕೊಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು ಬೆರಳಷ್ಟು ತೋರುವುದು ಊರಷ್ಟು,
ವ್ಯಾಮೋಹದ ಕುಲುಮೆಯಲಿ ಬೆಯುತಿರುವ ಕಾಲವಿದು.
ಜ್ವಾಲೆಯ ಬೆಳಕಷ್ಟೆ ಆಸೆಗಳು.
ಬದುಕ ಸಾಗಿಸುವ ಹಾದಿಯಲಿ ತನ್ನೆಸರ ಬೆಳೆಸುವ ಬಯಕೆಗಳು.

ಜೀವನವಿದು ಸಹಜವಲ್ಲ, ಬದುಕುವ ಬವಣೆಯಲಿ ಮೋಹಗಳ ತಲ್ಲಣ,
ಮುಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟ ಸಾಗರದ ತೀರದಲಿ ಬಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟ ಮುತ್ತಿನ ಚೆಪ್ಪಂತ ಮೌಲ್ಯಗಳೆಷ್ಟೋ?
ಹನಿಗೂಡಿದ ಮಳೆ ಇಬ್ಬನಿಯಲಿ ಹರಿದು ಹೋದ ಭಾವಗಳೆಷ್ಟೋ?
ಮುಗಿಲೆತ್ತರ ವೃಕ್ಷದ ನೆರಳಡಿ ಆಶ್ರಯ ಪಡೆದ ಜೀವಗಳೆಷ್ಟೋ?
ಪಾವನ ತೀರ್ಥ ಗಂಗಾಜಲದಿ ಮಿಂದೊದ ಪಾಪಗಳೆಷ್ಟೋ?
ನಮ್ಮ ನೋವಿಗೆ ನೆರಳಾದವರಿಗೆ ನಾವಿಡಿದ ಕೊಡೆಯ ಅಗಲವೆಷ್ಟೋ?
ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳ ಸಾಗರದಿ ಬದುಕಿನ ಪ್ರಬಂಧ!
ಸ್ವಂತೂರಿನ ವಿಳಾಸದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಕ್ತಿಯ ಅನುಭಂದ.
ಬದುಕಿದು ಸಹಜವಲ್ಲ ಸಮಾಧಿಯ ಮಿಲನದಾಚೆಗೋ,
ಮುಕ್ತಿಯ ಗಡಿಯಾಚೆಗೋ...



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A Fan's Heartfelt Ode

When it comes to cricket in India, there is no bigger star than Virat Kohli. His unparalleled batting prowess, fierce determination, and unwavering passion for the game have made him the heartthrob of millions of fans across the country. As a devoted follower of Kohli, I can confidently say that my admiration for him goes far beyond his statistics on the field. In this article, I aim to give you a glimpse into the world of a die-hard fan of Virat Kohli and shed light on the reasons that make him such a revered figure.

One of the most appealing facets of being a fan of Virat Kohli is his insatiable hunger for success. Whether he is leading the Indian cricket team or battling it out for his franchise in the Indian Premier League, Kohli's determination to win is palpable. Every time he steps on the pitch, he exudes an air of confidence and grit that is simply infectious. As a fan, witnessing his unwavering belief in his abilities not only motivates me, but also instills a sense of optimism and perseverance in all aspects of my life.

Kohli's dedication to his craft is truly remarkable. He is known for his rigorous training routines, which include gruelling gym sessions and intense net practices. This level of commitment and discipline serves as an inspiration for his fans, reminding us that success is not achieved overnight, but rather through perseverance and hard work. It is this relentless pursuit of excellence that sets Kohli apart from his peers and endears him to his fans.

Beyond his cricketing abilities, Kohli is a role model on and off the field. He uses his position and platform to address important social issues and advocate for positive change. Whether it is promoting fitness and healthy living or raising awareness about the importance of education, Kohli's altruistic endeavors make him a true leader in every sense. As a fan, I cannot help but admire his desire to make a difference in society and aspire to emulate his philanthropic endeavors.



Perhaps one of the most captivating aspects of being a fan of Virat Kohli is the electrifying atmosphere in the stadiums when he is at the crease. The deafening cheers, the waving flags, and the passionate chants of his name create an unparalleled experience that cannot be replicated in any other sport. As a fan, being a part of this pulsating atmosphere is both exhilarating and unifying, as thousands of individuals come together to support a common cause – their love for Kohli and Indian cricket.

In conclusion, being a fan of Virat Kohli is not simply about idolizing a cricketer; it is about embracing the qualities and values he embodies. His determination, work ethic, and philanthropic endeavors serve as a constant reminder that success and greatness can be achieved through dedication and a sense of purpose. From the electrifying atmosphere in the stadiums to the inspiration he instills in his fans, being a follower of Virat Kohli is a privilege that I am truly grateful for.



What it is to like you?

In a world full of meaningless love and affection, somewhere, I thought I would never know how it is to expose the inner emotions and feelings through me.

Completely giving up on love and hopes just to see myself scared of getting heart broken, I let everything stay inside my heart laying a boundary around my emotions.

Never, would I have thought that I would break all the rules I had laid and let my emotions linger and flow through me just for you.

I never realised when 'You' slowly crawled inside my boundaries and blew away all the darkness I had occupied myself with.

No matter how hard I try, I tend to lean slowly towards you, warning myself of the history that had dug myself deep, questioning myself again and again, because I can't even make up my mind to love myself and build the trust within me that did me wrong. So how could I do it with you?

But realised I just need an excuse to run to you, giving myself another chance to let me feel all the feelings.

I find myself lost in those eyes of yours that hold the eternal love and kindness you show me, leading my emotions to you in the most beautiful way I could never think of.

Everything feels okay when I see you smile at me; it makes me crave you more and more every time you hold my hand. When you pull me into a hug, it feels like you're holding my heart forever. The scent that brings me comfort, I could never let go of you. You connected the dots of love and showed me the most magnificent constellation of stars where I could only see you and nobody else. It would be a loss of words to describe what it is to like you forever.



Chitritha M K
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Dept of CSE

ಸಹೋದರಿ...

ದೈವಸೃಷ್ಟಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊದಲು ಜೊತೆಯಾದವಳು.

ಎಳೆವಯಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ಮೆರಗು ತಂದವಳು.

ಸಂಕಷ್ಟದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೈಯಿಡಿದು ಕಾವಲಾದವಳು.

ಸಂತಸಕೆ ಅದ್ಭುತ ಬೆರಗಿವಳು.

ಕರುಣೆ, ಮಮತೆಯ ಕಡಲಿವಳು.

ನನ್ನೊಲುವಿನ ಪುಟಾಣಿ ಮನದವಳು.

ನೊಂದಾಗ ನೋವಿನಲ್ಲು ನಗಿಸಿದಳು.

ನಗುವಿನ ಆಗಸದಲ್ಲಿ ತೇಲಿಸುವಳು.

ಇವಳಿಂದ ನನಗಿಂದು ಅಣ್ಣನ ಅಧಿಕಾರ.

ನಾನೇ ಇವಳಿಗೆ ಈ ಜನುಮದ ಕಾವಲುಗಾರ.



Chandana D
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POP CULTURE



In this myriad world of 21st century, everyone has their own contrasting thoughts and ideas which all of us express in innumerable ways, as the young generation of the world, we adapt very quickly to the modern culture. To begin with, MODERNISM is predominating in our daily life. The most influential aspect of modernism is pop culture (aka popular culture). Pop culture is a very obscure phrase, it is the culture that we adapt to in order to make ourselves stand out. Pop culture is so predominated in our lives that our body language, way of speaking, mindset, attitude, taste is influenced by it. Genres such as movies, songs, celebs, literature, cartoon make up pop culture. Pop culture influences the modern society both in positive and negative ways. Firstly, pop culture influences teens to define themselves. This definition is an important feature in the maturation process of any teenager as it influences how they perceive themselves.



For teens, images and behaviour they see and learn from its elements like songs, movies and reels influence their personal choices. Actually, many learn from these elements and hence are able to self-define themselves positively.

Pop culture provides benchmarks in which a teen can develop their self-definition. This way, they realize themselves, imitate various characteristics from different celebrities and distinguish whether what some pop culture contexts display is right or wrong. Apparently, Pop culture also has a very dark side to it, as a marvel fan i like Robert Downey Jr.

He himself has admitted that he used drugs before he was a teenager and spent most of his early career under their influence. He had several high-profile arrests in the late 1990s and early 2000s while misusing alcohol, cocaine, and heroin and spent time in a California prison and a state-run rehab facility. With these, it means that the society will be more harmed if more young people imitate his actions. As teenagers, we may opt to go an extra mile to look or act like Robert and this may involve the use of drugs or other unacceptable means.



This is because a person will only be able to imitate him when he or she is high or rather is on drugs since he or she may not be able to express themselves while sober. Therefore, this damages the society by lacking the ability for people to think and act since many young people might engage in drug use thus get out of control by the way they talk and act.



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Mute Witness

A Shoe's Story



Hear! I was a brand - new shoe,
From the factory, I was packed,
Black leather and nice firm soles,
comfortable and cushion - backed.

I had brothers and sisters
In boxes of white and blue,
We knew we were expensive,
And worth the money too.

We were high - end models
And of international standard too,
We knew someone would surely buy us,
But we needed to know who.

And then a man of high repute,
Jacob, my master, was called;
Tried, tested and declared the best,
To him, I was sold.

My master treated me quite well,
So did his other mates,
My master wore me everywhere,
I had no homesick blues.





One day, in my master's bedroom,
I witnessed something cruel,
Master's nephew stealthily sneaked in,
In his hand something immense.

I was witness to this awful crime,
He pierced my master's skin,
Blood sported from his abdomen,
On me, from within him.

Today I'm still in the same room
Where my master gave me a home
I sit here, a mute witness,
All quiet and alone.

They don't know Bren was guilty
No witness to the crime,
None except a pair of shoes
Covered in blood and grime.

Here I sit, a pair of shoes,
In a dark and dingy room,
Although most people know the truth,
They cannot speak the same.

Although I know, I cannot speak,
My future is vague and black,
No one listens to silent shoes,
If only they let shoes speak.



SANJAY D N
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LIVING SOUL

That was a pricey morn for the soul,
Enchanted to meet the new love of his own.
Yes, it was the time for the arrival of his little one;
Her giggle called him dad, and her aura was just dazzling in his
safety arms till the ground down.

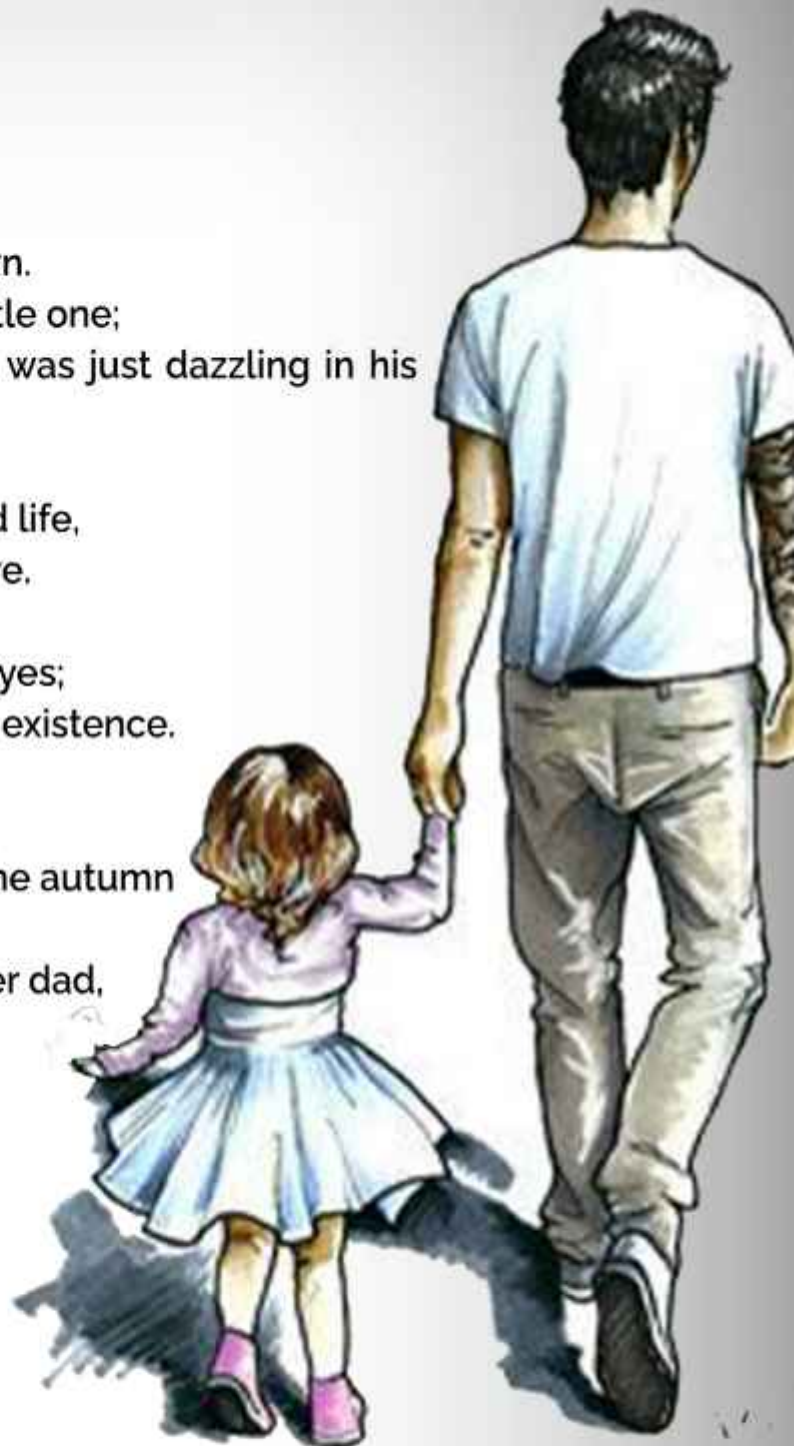
She was the finest chapter in his delighted life,
The depth of his love shows in her eyes live.

He treasured those best bits in his hazel eyes;
She was the only elited descendent in his existence.
He vowed to be with her in everlast lives.

Even so, he shed away like the leaves of the autumn
tree.

That was a fleeting time she spent with her dad,
But all she has is his framed depiction;
and the shady memories rent free.

It was a hardest goodbye she ever faced,
"I'm glad to have you", was the note
she embraced.



Thrisha ML
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Enter The Realm of faceBook

Introduction:

In the ever-evolving world of social media, Facebook has undoubtedly etched itself as a household name. Its digital realm has revolutionized communication, connecting people from all walks of life. But what if we dared to imagine a world where Facebook's virtual universe mirrored our physical reality? What if Facebook was the real world? If Facebook were the real world, one of its fundamental attributes would be the ability to effortlessly connect with people regardless of geographical boundaries. Borders would blur as we transcend our physical limitations, leading to a truly global community where cultural exchanges thrive. The opportunity to foster authentic connections with individuals from diverse backgrounds would enrich our understanding of the world.

While online privacy concerns currently hover around Facebook, in this hypothetical scenario, privacy would take on new dimensions. The concept of personal space would undergo a profound transformation, as the boundaries between public and private would become increasingly hazy. Every interaction, every conversation, and every experience would be accessible to the masses, challenging our perception of intimacy and leaving no room for secrets.






In a world where Facebook intersects with reality, the importance of personal branding would skyrocket. Each individual's profile would serve as an extension of their identity, creating a dynamic where dedicated effort, creativity, and authenticity hold the key to success. The competition to craft an impressive online presence would intensify, pitting us against both friends and strangers vying for attention in a digital ecosystem evolving within reality.

Facebook's role as a catalyst for social movements cannot be ignored, and in a world where it physically exists, this influence would be amplified. Activism would be redefined, transcending online petitions and campaigns with physical demonstrations, protests, and support groups. The transformation from armchair activists to tangible contributors would unleash a new era of social change, where real-life events bear witness to the tangible power of collective action.

Conclusion: Although the notion of Facebook materializing into the real world may appear perplexing, exploring this hypothetical scenario allows us to contemplate the potential repercussions of an interconnected, digital society becoming tangible. The boundaries between our online personas and physical existence would blur, presenting us with both exciting opportunities and critical challenges. Understanding this world stimulates reflection on our current use of social media platforms and encourages deeper insights into the role they play in shaping our lives. Is it possible that, someday, virtual walls may truly transcend reality? Only time will tell.



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ಪುಟ್ಟದೊಂದು ಕನಸು

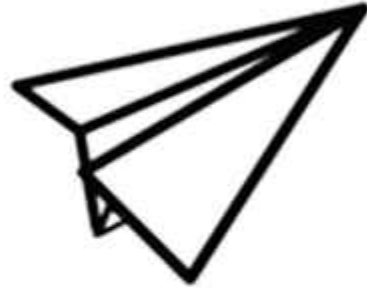
ಕತ್ತಲನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಕೈ ಬೀಸಿ ಕರೆಯಿತು.
ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂತು ಕುತೂಹಲ ಪಡಿಸಿತು.
ಮನಸಲ್ಲಿ ಬಿದ್ದು ಮರವಾಗಿ ಅರಳಿತು.
ಕಲ್ಪನೆಯ ಕಡಲು ಮೈಯಲ್ಲಾ ತುಂಬಿತು.
ನನಸಾಗೋ ಆಸೆ ತಾಳ್ಮೆಯ ಮರೆಸಿತು.
ಸಮಯದ ಸ್ಪರ್ಧೆ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಕಲಿಸಿತು.
ಅಸ್ಥಿರ ಚಿಂತನೆ ಚೀರಾಡಾ ತೊಡಗಿತು.
ಪುಟ್ಟದೊಂದು ಕನಸು ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಮಣ್ಣಾಯ್ತು.
ತಪ್ಪುಗಳ ಅರಿತು ತಿರುವುಗಳ ಪಡೆಯಿತು.
ಬದುಕುವ ಕಾರಣ ಬದಲಾಗಿ ಹೋಯ್ತು.
ಮಗುವಂತೆ ಮತ್ತೊಂದು ಕಥೆ ಹುಡುಕಿ ಹೊರಟಿತು...



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The Little Things

Rain drops trace paths on the glass,
A cup of tea on a rainy day,
Rainbows are painted after a storm's retreat;
The first bloom of spring brings a floral surprise;
Whispers of leaves rustle in an autumn breeze;
The symphony of colours bathes in a sunset's glow;
Cobbled streets hold memories where time is led;
Footprints of moments, where time is led;



Footprints in the sand, waves gently erase;
Nostalgia stirs in a simmering air;
The laughter of friends around a table,
Echoes of joy create a harmonious fable;
Words on paper lay emotions laid bare;



A ballet of moments, soft and bright;
Little things weave life's tapestry,
Cherish the small, the fleeting,
For in the little things, life's magic
appears,
For in these moments, true magic
does dance.



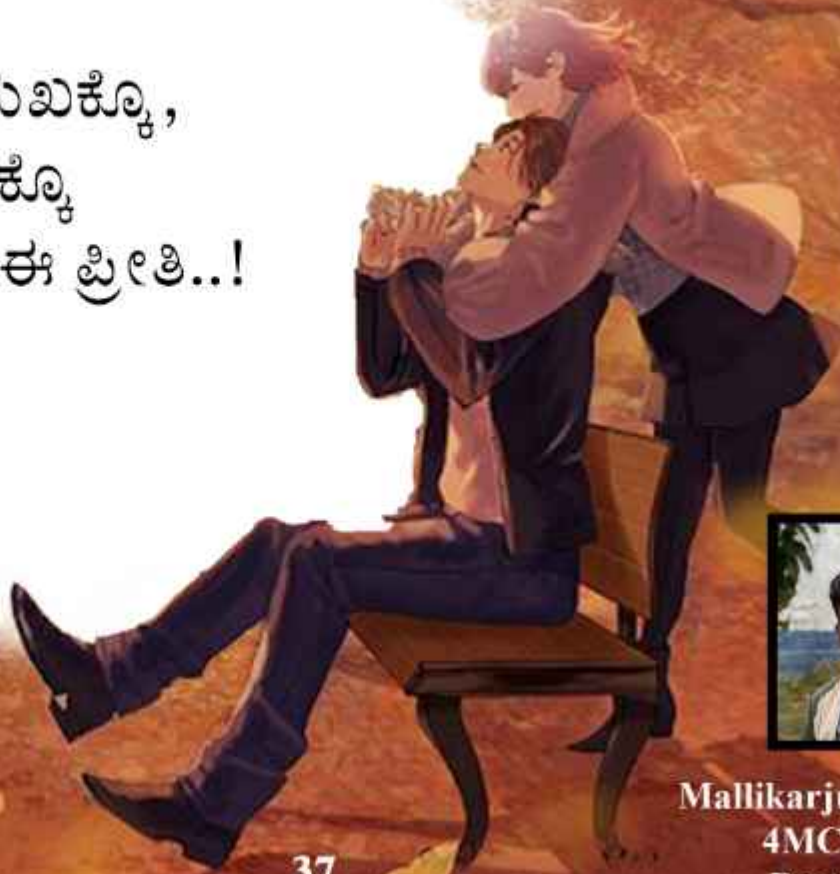
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ಪ್ರೀತಿ

ಮನದ ಮುಗ್ಧ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಅರಳಿತೋ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ
ಅಪ್ಪನ ಬೆವರಲ್ಲಿ ಅವಿತೋ, ಅಮ್ಮನ
ಅಪ್ಪುಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆರೆತೋ
ಆಹ್ವಾನಿತವಾಯಿತಾ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ..!

ಭಕ್ತಿ ಸಮರ್ಪಣೆಯ ಮಂದಿರದಲ್ಲಿ
ಅರಳಿತೋ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ
ನರಕದ ಬವಣಿ ಅಳಿದೋ, ಸ್ವರ್ಗದ ಸುಖ ತಿಳಿದೋ
ಆಹ್ವಾನಿತವಾಯಿತಾ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ..!

ಧರ್ಮ ಧರ್ಮ ಸಂದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ
ಅರಳಿತೋ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ
ವಿಶ್ವಾಸದ ಕಡಲಿನ ಸುಖಕ್ಕೋ,
ವನ್ಯಜೀವಿಗಳ ವಾದ್ಯಕ್ಕೋ
ಆಹ್ವಾನಿತವಾಯಿತಾ ಈ ಪ್ರೀತಿ..!





(00:15 to 00:23) It is when I see you smile, it feels like the day I saw you first time.

(00:24 to 00:30) It just feels, like that first, sweet day...

(00:31 to 00:37) When I see you smile...It feels, as if that day is still fresh in my heart.

(00:37 to 00:43) The first time my heart...skipped a beat, without me knowing why.

(00:45 to 00:51) One beat at a time, one breath at a time, one step at a time, I walk with you with all the love I have.

(00:52 to 0:57) Looking into your eyes, looking through your eyes, searching for all those things you can't say with words.

(00:58 to 01:03) Everything I wanted, everything I needed, everything is with me when you are always by my side.

(01:04 to 01:10) Right amidst the stars, right amidst the angels, right here, I want to let you know that I love you so much.

(01:12 to 01:25) When I see you smile, I smile with you with all the love I have, but I know you will know that I need you so much.

(01:26 to 01:31) Looking at your smile, looking at your glow, looking into your eyes drives away all the pain I have.

(01:32 to 01:37) One second at a time, one day at a time, with you, I am living the best days of my life.

(01:39 to 01:45): I don't want this to end; I don't want this to be the end; I don't want this to be even the end of the beginning





(01:46 to 01:52) Will you let me hold you? Will you let me hug you? Will you let this be a new beginning of our beautiful life?

(01:53 to 02:00) Your smile has the power to make me smile.

(02:01 to 02:10) Your smile is all I need to stay alive.

(02:11 to 02:18) I will walk with you, be with you until the day you want me to.

(02:19 to 02:24) Together, you and I can live a life with all the love we can.

(02:25 to 02:30) Everything I wanted, everything I needed, everything is with me when you are always by my side.

(02:31 to 02:37) Looking at your smile, looking at your glow, looking at you will drive away all the pain I have.

(02:38 to 02:44) One beat at a time, one breath at a time, one step at time, I walk with you with all the love I have.

(02:45 to 02:53) Looking into your eyes, looking through your eyes, searching for all those things you can't say through words.

(02:54 to 02:59) When I see you smile, it feels like the day I saw you for the first time.

(03:00 to 03:08) It just feels, like that first, sweet day...



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NEAR STRANGERS

I am not crazy about you anymore.
Your texts doesn't make me blush anymore.
Your memories doesn't make me feel
occupied anymore.
Your thoughts doesn't give me a dopamine
rush anymore.
Your presence doesn't enlarge my
retina anymore.
You said its not working anymore,
But we could make it work evermore.
I tried evenmore,
But you hurt me muchmore.
I am left with broken pieces and fake
promises,
I know you have already found new faces.
You are not the same anymore,
Anyways, nothing is left anymore
And we shall always remain as
NEAR STRANGERS.



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ಒಂದ್ವಲ ಬಸ್ಸಲ್ಲಿ

ಮಟ-ಮಟ ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನ, ಬಿಸಿಲು ಬೇಗ ತಡೆಯಲಾಗದ ಸೆಕೆ. ಬಿಎಂಟಿಸಿ ಬಸ್ಸಿಗಾಗಿ ಅರ್ಧ ಗಂಟೆ ಕಾಯ್ದು ಸುಸ್ತಾಗಿ ಹೋಗಿತ್ತು. ಅಂತೂ ಇಂತೂ ಬಸ್ಸು ಬಂದಿತ್ತು. ಆ ಮಹಿಳಾ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್ ವೀಣಾ, ಬೇಗ ಹತ್ತಿ ಬೇಗ ಹತ್ತಿ... ಬಸ್ಸು ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ತಡವಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದು ಆತುರ ಪಡಿಸಿದರು. ಆ ರಶ್ಮಿ ಕೂಡ ನನ್ನ ಬಿಳಿ ಕೂದಲು ಬುರುಡೆ ನೋಡಿ, ವಯಸ್ಕನೆಂದೆನಿಸಿ, ಸೀಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ಒಬ್ಬ ಯುವಕನನ್ನು ಎದ್ದೇಳಿಸಿ ನನಗೆ ಸೀಟು ಕೊಡಿಸಿ ಕೃತಾರ್ಥರಾದರು.

ಚಿತ್ರ ವಿಚಿತ್ರದ ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕರು

ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜನ ತುಂಬಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದರೆ ಮಹಿಳಾ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್‌ಗೆ ಕೆಲಸ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಕಷ್ಟವೇ ಹೌದು. ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಸಾವರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಟಿಕೆಟ್ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾ ಹಿಂದೆ ಮುಂದೆ ಓಡಾಡುವುದು, ತಳ್ಳಾಟ, ನೂಕಾಟ, ಚಿತ್ರ ವಿಚಿತ್ರದ ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕರು, ಇವರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಸಹಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಟಿಕೆಟ್ ಕೊಡುವುದು ಮಹಿಳಾ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್‌ಗೆ ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಸಾಹಸದ ಕೆಲಸವೇ. ಗಂಡಸರು ದಾರಿ ಬಿಡುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ತಲೆಗೊಂದು ಮಾತು, ಬೇಗ ಬೇಗ ಟಿಕೆಟ್ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇವರು ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳದಿದ್ದರೆ ಚಿಕ್ಕಿಂಗ್‌ನವರು ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್‌ಗೆ ದಂಡ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಕೆಲವೊಮ್ಮೆ ದೊಡ್ಡ ನೋಟು ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಚಿಲ್ಲರೆ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಜಗಳಗಳು ನಡೆಯುತ್ತಲೇ ಇರುತ್ತವೆ. ಜನ ಇತರರಿಗೆ ಸ್ಥಳಾವಕಾಶ ಮಾಡದೆ ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನೂ ಆಗಾಗ ಹಿಂದೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಬನ್ನಿ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡುವುದು ದುಸ್ತರವೇ ಸರಿ.

ಆತನ ಓಲಾಟ-ಹೆಂಗಸರ ಅಸಹನೆ

ಹಿಂದಿನಿಂದ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಟಿಕೆಟ್ ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾ ಬಂದ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್ ವೀಣಾ, ಮುಂದೆ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದ ದಡೂತಿ ವಯಸ್ಕ ವ್ಯಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ, ಆತನಿಗೆ ಸೀಟು ದೊರಕಿಸಲು ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಬಸ್ಸಿನ ಬಾಗಿಲಿನ ಮೆಟ್ಟಿಲುಗಳ ಹತ್ತಿರವೇ, ಮೇಲೆ ಒಂದು ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ರಾಡ್ ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು, ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಕೈಯಲ್ಲಿ ಭಾರವಾದ ಬ್ಯಾಗ್



ಹಿಡಿದುಕೊಂಡು ನಿಂತಿದ್ದನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಕರುಣೆ ಉಕ್ಕಿರಬಹುದು. ಆತನ ಓಲಾಟ, ಬ್ಯಾಗು ತಗುಲಿ ಆತನ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಹೆಂಗಸರು ಕೂಡ ಅಸಹನೆಯಿಂದ ನೋಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಆತನ ಹಿಂದಿದ್ದ ಸೀಟು ಖಾಲಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್ ವೀಣಾ, ಆತನಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತೆ ಜಾಗ ಬಿಡಿಸಿದರು. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಆತ ಗಮನ ಕೊಡಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಮತ್ತೊಮ್ಮೆ ಹೇಳಿದರು, ಬನ್ನಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ, ಜಾಗ ಇದೆ ಎಂದು. ಆತ ಅಸಹನೆಯಿಂದ ನನಗೂ ಕಿವಿ ಕೇಳಿಸ್ತಾ ಇದೆ ಬಿಡಮ್ಮ ಅಂದ. ಸೀಟು ಖಾಲಿಯಿದೆ, ಆರಾಮವಾಗಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ, ಯಾಕೆ ಕಷ್ಟಪಡುತ್ತೀರಾ ಎಂದು ನಯವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿದಳಾಕೆ. ನಿನಗ್ಯಾಕಮ್ಮ, ನಾನು ಹೇಗಾದರೂ ನಿಂತುಕೊಳ್ಳಿ ನಿ, ಸುಮ್ಮನೆ ಇರು ಎಂದು ಗದರಿಸಿ ನಿಂತುಕೊಂಡೇ ಬಿಟ್ಟ. ಆಕೆಗೆ ತಾನೇ ಏನು ತಪ್ಪು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದೇನೆ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ನಿಂತು ಬಿಟ್ಟಳು. ಅಕ್ಕ ಪಕ್ಕದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ಹೆಂಗಸರು, ಹಿಂದಿನ ಸೀಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ಗಂಡಸರು ಕೂಡ ಆಕ್ಷೇಪಯುಕ್ತವಾಗಿ ಅವನ ಮೇಲೆ ಮುಗಿ ಬಿದ್ದರು. ಡ್ರೈವರ್ ಕೂಡ ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್ ಅನ್ನು ಕರೆದು ಆತ ಏನಾದ್ರೂ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿ, ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಬಿಡು ಎಂದು ಹೇಳಿದ.

ಮುಖವನ್ನೇ ನೋಡದೆ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಿಂದ ಗಂಡ-ಹೆಂಡತಿ

ವೀಣಾ ಕಕ್ಕಾಬಿಕ್ಕಿಯಾಗಿ, ತನ್ನ ಪಾಡಿಗೆ ತನ್ನ ಸೀಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಸಪ್ಪೆ ಮೊರೆ ಹಾಕಿ ಕುಳಿತುಕೊಂಡರು. ಆತನ ಮುಂದಿನ ಸೀಟಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತಿದ್ದ ಇಬ್ಬರು ಹೆಂಗಸರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬರು, ಈತನಿಗೆ ಏನಾಗಿದೆ, ಆಕೆ ಅಷ್ಟು ವಿನಯದಿಂದ ಸೀಟು ಕೂಡಿಸಿದರೆ ಹಾಗೆ ಆತ ಆಕೆ ಮೇಲೆಯೇ ಕೋಪಗೊಳ್ಳೋದಾ ಅಂದರು. ಅದನ್ನು ಕೇಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ಪಕ್ಕದಾಕೆ, ಆತನಿಗೆ ತಲೆ ಕೆಟ್ಟಿದೆ ಬಿಡಿ, ನಿಂತೊಳ್ಳಿ, ಅವನ್ನು ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಹೀಗೆ ಆಯಿತು ಕಪಿಚೇಷ್ಟೆ. ಅಂದು ಏಕ ವಚನದಲ್ಲಿಯೇ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಬೈದು ಬಿಟ್ಟರು. ಆತ ಮುಖ ಸಿಂಡರಿಸಿಕೊಂಡು ಕೋಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುದ್ದು ಹೋದ. ಏನೇನೋ ಗುನು-ಗುನುತ್ತಾ ಸಿಟ್ಟನ್ನು ಹೊರಹಾಕುತ್ತಿದ್ದ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಗಾಬರಿಯಾದ ಪಕ್ಕದ ಹೆಂಗಸು, ಹೋಗಿ ಬಿಡಮ್ಮ ಜಗಳಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದಾರು, ನಮಗ್ಯಾಕೆ ಆತನ ವಿಷಯ ಅಂದರೆ, ಆ ಬೈದಾಕೆ, ಈತನಿಗೆ ತಲೆ ಸರಿ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲೋದ್ದು ಹಿಂಗೇ ಆಡ್ತಾನೆ, ಮನೇಲೂ ಹಿಂಗೇಯ, ಮರ್ಯಾದೆ ಇಲ್ಲೋನು, ಆತ ನನ್ ಗಂಡನೆಯಾ ಅಂದು ಬಿಡೋದೇ. ಕೇಳಿಸಿಕೊಂಡವರೆಲ್ಲ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಗಳ್ಳೆಂದು ನಕ್ಕು ಬಿಟ್ಟರು, ಕಂಡಕ್ಟರ್ ವೀಣಾನೂ, ಡ್ರೈವರನೂ ಸೇರಿ...! ಸದ್ಯ ಬಸ್ ಸ್ಟಾಪ್ ಕೂಡ ಬಂತು. ಗಂಡ-ಹೆಂಡತಿ ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಒಬ್ಬರಿಗೊಬ್ಬರು ಮುಖವನ್ನು ನೋಡದೆ ಇಳಿದು ಹೋದರು. ಮುಂದುವರೆದ ಬಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರ ಬಗ್ಗೆಯೇ ಸಂವಾದ ನಡೆದು ಹೋಯಿತು.

ಇಂತಹ ಪ್ರಸಂಗಗಳು ಕೇವಲ ಸಾರ್ವಜನಿಕ ಸಾರಿಗೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾತ್ರ ನೋಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯ. ಇಂತಹ ಹಾಸ್ಯಾಸ್ಪದ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಚಿಕ್ಕ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳಿಗಾಗಿ ನಾವೆಲ್ಲರೂ ಕೆಲವು ಸಲ ಬಸ್ಸಲ್ಲಿ ಪ್ರಯಾಣ ಮಾಡೋಣ. ನಮ್ಮ ಪರಿಸರವನ್ನು ರಕ್ಷಿಸಲು ಒಂದು ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ ಮುನ್ನಡೆಯೋಣ.



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ಕ್ಷಣ

ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಓಡುತ್ತಿರುವ ಸಮಯ,
ಅದರೊಡನೆ ಓಡುತ್ತಿರುವೆವು ನಾವು.

ಮರೆತು ಜೀವನದ ಗುರಿಯನ್ನು,
ಅನುಸರಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವೆವು ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರ ಹಾದಿಯನ್ನು.

ತಿಳಿಯದೆ ಸಮಯದ ಮೌಲ್ಯವನ್ನು,
ಜೀವಿಸುತ್ತಿರುವೆವು ನಿರ್ಜೀವ ಜೀವನವನ್ನು.

ತೃಪ್ತಿಗೊಳಿಸಲು ಇತರರನ್ನು,
ಕೊಲ್ಲುತ್ತಿರುವೆವು ನಮ್ಮ ಆಸೆ ಕನಸುಗಳನ್ನು.

ಹರಿದು ಹೋದ ನದಿಯಂತೆ, ಬೆಳೆದು ನಿಂತ ಮರದಂತೆ,
ಹಿಂತಿರುಗಿ ಬಾರದು ಕಳೆದು ಹೋದ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು.

ಇಂದು ಸವಿಯದ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು, ತೀರದ ಆಸೆಗಳು,
ಕಾಡುವವು ವಿಶಾದವಾಗಿ ಕೊನೆಯವರೆಗೂ.

ಕಾಣುತ್ತ ಹೊಸ ಸ್ವಪ್ನಗಳನ್ನು,
ಬಾಳುವ ಆನಂದಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಈ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳನ್ನು.

ಕಳೆದ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಚಿಂತಿಸದೆ,
ಚಿಂತಿಸುವ ಕಳೆಯಲಿರುವ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ.

ಕಾಯುತ್ತ ನಾಳೆಯ ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು,
ಪ್ರಶಂಸಿಸುವ ಇಂದಿನ ಚಂದ್ರನನ್ನು.



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CHILDHOOD BLISS



In the enchanting realm of our childhood, the playground became our sanctuary. It was a place where friendships blossomed, laughter echoed and memories were etched forever with the warmth of the sun on our faces. We gathered to chat, roast each other with playful banter and indulge in endless games. Field battles, instant banter, friends fight and chat in the blink of an eye. The mischievous joy of hitting a ball that accidentally found its way to a neighbor's house, accompanied by their playful scolding, added to the thrill. Those carefree days in the playground were filled with pure bliss and the sweet sound of children laughter. As the sun dipped below the horizon, leaving long shadows on the playground, we left with pockets full of memories. Those bonds, forged on the field of dreams, became the cornerstone of enduring friendship would stand the test of time.



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You are your own home

We call ourselves generation z , commonly known as Gen-z. Although it's the most developed generation, we are labelled as the most messed up generation . We are the generation that is scared of attachments and terrified to spend time with ourselves.

I know it's scary to spend time with yourself ,to face your own thoughts and your inner selves .Sometimes, we try to keep ourselves busy with distractions like watching Tv or finding other ways to occupy our minds .We aren't ready to confront the reality , but here's a thing, my friend: it's okay to feel low at times. It's okay to spend time with yourself. It's okay to fight against the thoughts in your mind. It's okay to try to find peace within yourself.

Someone once said "Noise brings confusion, and silence brings clarity" .Because once you distance yourself from the noise, you'll explore and start loving yourself. All I want to tell you is, don't be too hard on yourself because you are not alone in this journey.



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FEED YOUR SOUL

The Silent Patient: I came across this book, and remembering it still gives me goosebumps. The very first page is filled with curiosity, which kept me intrigued to keep reading. The introduction of the protagonist, Alicia, who seemingly had the perfect life, made me want to be like her. She had everything, from fame to a loving husband, but the twisted plot where she shoots her husband and stops speaking contradicted my initial thoughts of wanting to emulate her. The narration from Theo in her life made me grip my seat, eager to learn more about her. The fact that she stopped speaking made me yearn for her to utter just one word. Until the end, I kept guessing various theories in my mind, but the eventual twist added depth to the book in its own way. It's one of the most interesting and gripping novels I have ever read, and it's definitely worthy of your time if you enjoy mystery and suspense. However, one warning would be that you have to be patient with this silent patient book!

-Lalithya N Jain



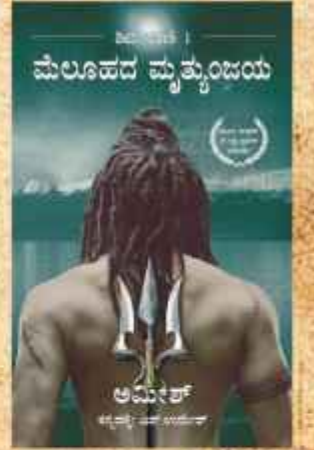
The mystery of the invisible thief: This particular book is a fun going simple detective story. It was very easy to read and understand and if someone's looking to start reading novels then this is the best option to go to. The story is simply built on the fact that a rich mansion's items keeps on disappearing. Then the protagonist with 4 others starts solving the mystery. The conversations between them feels like you are a part too, as everything I thought of was mentioned by the next character and it just made me feel included. I felt the story was simple and involved no unnecessary drama and was just refreshing and cheerful to read.

-Lalithya N Jain



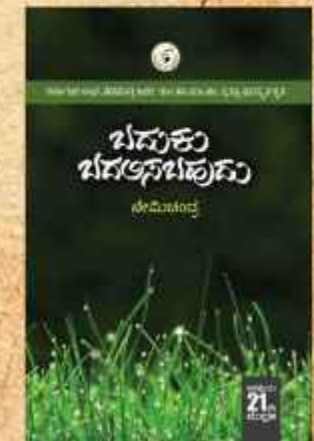
ಮೆಲೂಹದ ಮೃತ್ಯುಂಜಯ: ಈ ಕೃತಿ ಒಂದು ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ ಕಥೆಯಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಈ ಕೃತಿಯನ್ನು ಅಮೀಶ ತ್ರಿಪಾಠಿಯವರು ಆಂಗ್ಲ ಭಾಷೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ರಚಿಸಿದ್ದು, ಕನ್ನಡಕ್ಕೆ ಎಸ್.ಉಮೇಶರವರು ಅನುವಾದಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಈ ಕೃತಿಯು ಓದುಗರನ್ನು ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ ಜಗತ್ತಿಗೆ ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತದೆ. ಕಥೆಯು ಮೆಲೂಹ ಎಂಬ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದಿಂದ ಹುಟ್ಟಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಒಬ್ಬ ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಮನುಷ್ಯ ತನ್ನ ವಿನಯತೆ, ವಿವೇಕತೆ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂತಾದ ಗುಣಗಳಿಂದ ಮಹದೇವನಾಗಿ ಎಲ್ಲರಿಂದ ಪೂಜಿಸಲ್ಪಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಹೀಗೆ ಶಿವ, ವೀರಭದ್ರ ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂತಾದ ದೈವಗಳು ಜನಿಸಿದ ಬಗೆಯನ್ನು ಯಾವುದೇ ಧಾರ್ಮಿಕ ವಿಚಾರಗಳಿಗೆ ಅಡ್ಡಿಪಡಿಸದೆ ಹಿಂದೂ ಧರ್ಮದ ನೆಲೆಯನ್ನು ಒಂದು ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ ಚಿತ್ರಣದಲ್ಲಿ ಸೆರೆ ಹಿಡಿದಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಒಟ್ಟಾರೆ ಒಂದು ಕಾಲ್ಪನಿಕ ಲೋಕಕ್ಕೆ ಓದುಗರನ್ನು ಕರೆದೊಯ್ಯುವ ಪ್ರಾಮಾಣಿಕ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನವನ್ನು ಲೇಖಕರಾದ ಅಮೀಶರವರು ಮಾಡಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

-ಮಲ್ಲಿಕಾರ್ಜುನ ಬಿ ಎಂ



ಬದುಕು ಬದಲಿಸಬಹುದು : ನೇಮಿಚಂದ್ರ ಅವರು ಬರೆದಿರುವ ಕನ್ನಡ ಕೃತಿ "ಬದುಕು ಬದಲಿಸಬಹುದು" ಎಂಬ ಶೀರ್ಷಿಕೆ ಅಡಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡಿಬಂದಿದೆ. ಬದುಕು ನೆಡದಷ್ಟು ದೂರವಿರುವ ಪಯಣ, ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸೋಲು ಗೆಲುವು ಎರಡು ಮುಖ್ಯ ಎಂಬುವ ವಿಷಯ ತಿಳಿಹೇಳುವಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಕೃತಿ ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಏಳು - ಬೀಳು, ಸುಖ - ದುಃಖ, ನೋವು- ನಲಿವು ಏನೆ ಬಂದರು ಎದೆಗುಂದದೆ ಛಲದಿಂದ ಮತ್ತೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಜೀವನ ಆರಂಭಿಸಬೇಕು, ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಗ್ಗರಿಸಿ ಬಿದ್ದರು ಎದ್ದು ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗುವ ಮನಸ್ಥೈರ್ಯ ರೂಢಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಇದು ಒಮ್ಮುಖ ಚಲನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಳೆಯುತ್ತ ಹೋಗುವ ಕಥನವಲ್ಲ. ಭೂತ-ಭವಿಷ್ಯತ್-ವರ್ತಮಾನಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ಹೊಯ್ದಾಡುತ್ತ, ವಾಸ್ತವ-ಕನಸು-ಅಪೇಕ್ಷೆಗಳ ನಡುವೆ ತೊಯ್ದಾಡುತ್ತ ಸಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮುಗ್ಗರಿಸಿ ಬಿದ್ದರೂ ಎದ್ದು ನಡೆಯುವ ತಾಕತ್ತನ್ನು, ಇದ್ದು ಬದುಕುವ ದಿಟ್ಟತನವನ್ನೂ, ಮತ್ತೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಜೀವನ ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಬಲ್ಲ ಛಲವನ್ನು ಓದುಗರ ತಲೆಗೆ ಹಾಯಿಸುವ ಲೇಖನಗಳಿವು.

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