



SAHYADRI
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Sahyadri
Springs
E-Magazine

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Vol 1, Issue 4

Bi Monthly - August 2012

A Joy of Success

A Sad State of Affairs!

The Power of a
Sense of Humour
Stop Comparing,
Start Complimenting

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From the Editor's Desk

It is indeed a great pleasure for us to present before you the fourth issue of our bi-monthly E-Magazine - "Sahyadri Springs". It is our endeavour to cater to a wide target audience - Faculty, Students, Staff and other Professionals.

This third issue of "Sahyadri Springs" E-Magazine brings in articles, poems, short stories, photos and art. The E-Magazine is a brilliant showcase of the abundant talent and skills from the members of the Sahyadri family. It expresses the vibrant thoughts and real life experiences of the faculty and students of the college.

My sincere thanks to our Chairman, Director and Principal for their continuous support. My gratitude goes out to the entire editorial team and to all the supporting staffs who have worked hard to put this E-Magazine together.

We welcome your suggestions and feedback. Feel free to write in to us at: magazine@sahyadri.edu.in
I hope you will enjoy reading this issue.

Sunil Kumar S.



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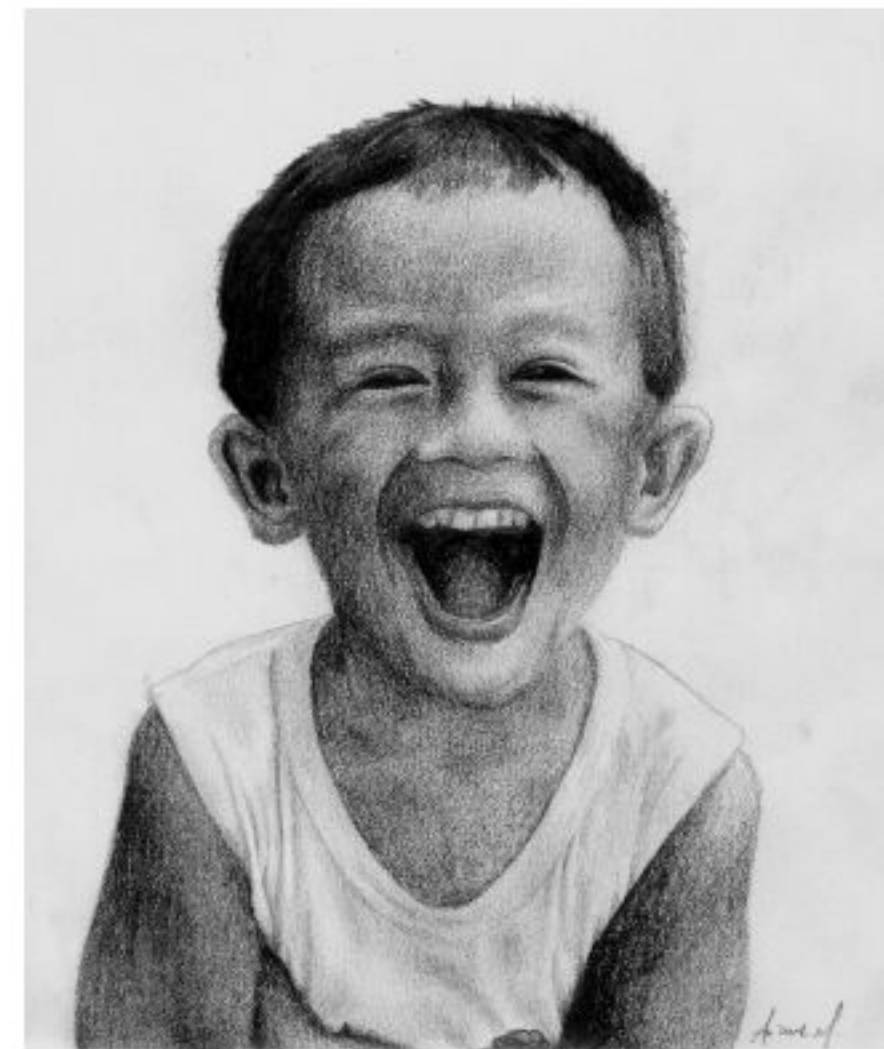
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A Sad State of Affairs!

I feel very sad when people say "India is a developing country"! You might be wondering why? But the word "developing" shows that our country has not developed yet and the word "Developing" denotes that it is still in progress. The sentence "India is a developing country" is being said by many people for decades. But no one knows WHEN India is going to be a Developed country?

Don't know what is going wrong or where is it going wrong? Is it the system that is not correct, or the people who are not supportive, or is the politics of India spoiling it, or is it the government?

Yes! When we hear the word Government or government services, most of us have a bad impression about it. This may be due to the poor services that are provided by the government or bad experiences that we have undergone in government offices or government service centres.

Those who have experienced this know exactly how the government services are and how essential these services are! It may not be all the government services but some may be inefficient. For example, government buses, government offices etc. All of us need government services and facilities but do not know how many work honestly and do the job for which they get paid.

It need not be explained but we all know how most of the government bus conductors treat or communicate with the passengers. Only a few speak in a good manner and the rest treat passengers as if they were travelling without paying a fee! I don't understand why those conductors behave as if they were not being paid regularly for their services! Why do they behave so? Is it because they are not taught manners or are government workers meant to behave in such a manner?

Take an example of a government office. How they treat the common people, unless they are paid extra (a kind of bribe) than the actual amount the work costs! They never respond or behave properly at all. They make people run here and there and cause a delay in completing their work. This is not the experience of only one person but many have experienced this and have suffered a lot to get their work done.

It feels very sad to look at old people who are uneducated and are waiting for their turn to get their work done! Why is the experience such a one? Why are government officials treating the people in this way? Compare the same situation with the private services!

It is really appreciable the way private service people treat their customers with respect and good manners. For example, travel agencies, private services, etc. This is the difference between most government offices and private offices.

Most of us know about or have experienced different problems in many different government services but how many of us have thought about a solution for these problems? We encounter the problems but none of us are bothered to worry about it once our work is done.

If this situation continues, then, as many people say in their speeches "India is a developing country", India will always be a developing country; no one knows when India will be a developed country!



Abhishek Nayak
III Sem Civil



Once upon a Dream

The year was 1986, the place was Mangalore, the weather was balmy, the nights were full of stars and Baila songs, the people were laid back and fun loving. It was as close to paradise as one could get, that is if paradise had the sea and the golden sands, the fried Mackerels and Toddy, and Lionel Ritchie's "Hello...is it me you're looking for" playing in the background.

With five religions and five languages, Mangalore should have been seething with intolerance and unrest, but this picture postcard town was an oasis of serenity and secularism. With close knit communities and deep rooted traditions, Mangalore should have been a bedrock of rigidity and conservatism, but this charming little city was also an epitome of liberalism and modernity. Teenage girls in fashionably tight suede pants could be seen alongside their Kanjeevaram sari wearing grand aunts taking the 'aarthi' in the Mangaladevi temple before rushing to join their friends for some Eid Biryani and Kebabs.

On some special occasions like Christmas and Easter they would also manage to get permission to attend the dance parties at the local clubs.

The years rolled by,



Mangalore grew, the girls and boys got married, some moved away, some settled down and raised families. But unknown to them a serpent made its way quietly into this Garden of Eden. When it looked around, what it saw surprised it, "Hmmm... this is what the Vedas and

Upanishads talk about, this is what Akbar envisioned for this land, this is the ideal Swami Vivekananda wanted the youth to work towards, this is what the Freedom Fighters wanted the whole of India to be. The Mangalorean way of life is what the essence of Hinduism is and this is exactly what I must destroy before the whole of India adopts the Mangalore Model."

And then it worked its sorcery, slowly, secretly, insidiously. It went to different communities in different garbs; it wore green sometimes, sometimes white, but most often saffron and spread its toxic fumes wherever it went. Seeing the serpent thriving others of its ilk joined it, spreading suspicion and insecurity, mistrust and ill feelings among the once friendly peaceful population. The arguments, the discord, the petty fights among neighbors and friends followed. Soon enough the inter mingling among the communities lessened and was frowned upon. Healthy competition turned into bitter rivalry. Everyone felt that their centuries old culture was suddenly at risk.



Once upon a Dream

This was exactly what the serpents were waiting for. They quickly spread among the various communities and positioned themselves as protectors and guardians and the people fell into the trap. They gratefully fed and encouraged these poisonous creatures, lulled into false security that their culture was now in safe hands. They believed that they needed to defend themselves against the very people whom they had lived cheek by jowl for generations, whose births, weddings, and deaths they had been a part of. And they turned to the serpents, fed them, nurtured them, and watched the creatures grow from weak little worms to strong powerful snakes. The locals watched with pride as the reptiles scurried to do their bidding; they laughed and sipped their Scotch while they discussed the latest exploits of their pets.

Days rolled into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, the attacks continued, intolerance continued unabated

and the serpents too had become fatter and



more ambitious. They now wanted newer prey, easier prey and who better than the young ladies of Mangalore. So what if they happened to be members of the families of their benefactors. The attacks were vicious and frequent. The pillars of Mangalore society were aghast, horrified, but the serpents were now beyond their control, beyond anyone's control. The snakes which they had fed had turned to bite them and they were helpless.

The year was 2012, the place was Mangalore, the weather was balmy, the night was full of the hissing of snakes. It was as close to hell as one could get, that is if hell had people with scared pinched faces going about their routine, if hell had girls locked up behind closed doors, if hell had religion shoved down people's throats, if hell was peopled with numbed minds.

And then I woke up terrified and sweating and realized that it was all a dream..... a dream that started in 1986 and ended as a nightmare in 2012. It was only a dream.



Aatma Shetty



Stop Comparing, Start Complimenting

Recently, while visiting my aunt in Chennai, I witnessed the following incident.

My twelve year old niece wanted some test papers signed. Unfortunately, she had not fared well in the test, and fear was writ large on her face as she handed the test paper to her mother.

"What's this?" her mother yelled. "Nine out of twenty-five?"

My eyebrows automatically shot up at her last comment. My mind jumped to my school days, when taking the progress report home (without any progress!) was a nightmare. No matter how good the score was, it was not enough unless it was more than that of my close friends!

I am pretty sure that most of us have experienced this in the past. We were always

expected to do better. But better than whom? Our friends? Our classmates? Our friends in the neighbourhood who studied in a different school? Our parents' colleagues' children who we barely knew? It was in fact all of the above!

Yet, I admit that when we were kids, we needed some sort of motivation. And according to our parents, comparing our performance with that of others was the only way to do it. It did, to some extent, build a competitive spirit in us. As much as we hated it, we got through that phase, and we are now in professional courses. We have grown up, but have our parents? Nah..! They are still holed up in the same spot. Don't believe me? Let me tell you about another incident which occurred three months ago.

I was standing in the corridor with my classmates, when a girl from the Computer Science branch came storming towards me. "Is it really necessary for your mom to gloat about your internal marks? It's bad enough that our mark list is being sent home. Your mother mentioned your marks to my dad and now he wants to know why I scored less while you've done better!!"

She said all of this so fast, I barely had time to register it. Then I realized that her father and my mother worked at the same bank. Apparently they had discussed our internal marks.

"But did you not tell your dad that I'm in E & C branch? I mean, we both study a completely different set of subjects!" I protested.

"I did." She said. "But he does not understand that." I had no reply for that.

But I do have a message for all the parents. Please do not compare your child's performance with that of others. We are not kids anymore. We are old enough to know our capacities and perform according to that. You

have put us in a professional course. It means that you have faith in us and our capabilities. Do encourage us to do better. Not by comparing, but by complimenting. See to it that we do better than our own previous performance. Give us a chance to compete with ourselves! And I assure you that you will not be disappointed.

I know that the message conveyed here is not exactly "college magazine material." But to save yourself and your friends from the entire why-can't-you-do-better-than.... comments, make your parents read this, and start competing with your own self!! All the best!



A Sindhuja
Semester V, EC 'A' Section



The Power of a Sense of Humour

The book of proverbs in the Bible has a very practical verse regarding humour which says, "A cheerful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit dries up the bones." I like the phrase, "crushed spirit dries up the bones", because it gives us a pretty good idea of the state of a person who is a pessimist or who is depressed. Many humour texts tell us that laughter is a natural stress reliever because when we laugh, muscle tension melts away. It's an involuntary reflex – when we laugh our muscles automatically relax.

It's said that even in wartime, laughter is used to relieve tension. After a bomb explodes nearby and the dust settles, soldiers in a foxhole sometimes break out laughing. It's one of nature's way of relieving the stress; a safety valve.

Most humour in the real world setting is unplanned. It just happens. Regardless of where you are now, you can

increase your humour skills. When you study humour, it's obvious there's more to it than just spontaneous laughter. There are times when you may want to deliberately use humour, may be even plan it in advance. Perhaps you want to spice up a training session or a planning meeting, may be you want to lighten up a sales presentation. You can learn ways to administer a dose of laughter to help you connect and communicate.

Before I sign off there are four keys to the effective use of spontaneous humour: preparation, observation, courage, and practice. By using these keys you will become more spontaneous. You will add freshness to your presentation as you customize humour to your audience and your environment. Your talk will hit the mark and the funny bone! So take a dose of humour everyday in anyway and face your problems with a smile!



Nayana B
III Sem A Section

The Challenge

We were in the last week of February. Within a month we would be out of the college portals. Bid good bye to all friends and our teachers. Several programs in the month of march were planned like farewell, photo, exams, results and then of course everything is over. We wanted to have a most memorable day before we could depart. Eight of us known as "wild horses" decided to go on a jolly ride.

The muhurtha was fixed. We decided to drive down to Doodhsagar, a water fall in the forest region of Goa Karnataka boarder. There were no boundaries to our joy. And the bikes were given the kick start.

Awesome experience, unforgettable enjoyment, memorable jokes bundled in our hearts. The day's sun indicated his departure and we too rose to drive back. Some incidents that occur in our lives leave their permanent traces; and although they are buried deep in our minds, they haunt us many a times. Today that memory is brought back on the surface of my minds.

I was seated as pillion rider to Akshay. Before leaving the spot we also placed a bet that whoever reaches the college gate last will pay for lunch on the next day in college. Then we would depart to our homes. With a strong "yes" by all we zoomed off.

None of us knew what was in store for us in few minutes ahead. Akshay and myself, went on joking about the happenings of the day. Akshay was a wonderful rider and we knew we would reach first and escape the bill payment on next day.

As soon we came down the hill track and as the wheels touched the tarred roads one of our friend's pair tried to overtake us. We accelerated and sped up our ride. We tried to overtake our competitor without any consideration of the traffic laws. Our eyes were fixed on the roads and my mind transfixed on somehow over taking my worthy challenger.

We were about to pass a village from where Akshay hails. It was just 15 minutes away from the city and the college, our destination. We were leading the race, we accelerated the bike as Akshya's house was facing the road and we did not want anyone to notice us.

My instinct warned me that I should get over this crazy idea of racing. But I shook off that warning from my mind. The racing friends, cool breeze provoked us to go on with the racing; we got carried away.

The mobike was speeding over 100 km per hour. When Akshya's house neared the speed again increased but the incident took place in a matter of seconds ... a blunder we still regret.. We should have controlled our speed. The biked zoomed into a person right in front of Akshay's gate. It was too late to apply brakes and control. The person showed no moments. Akshay lost his conscious. Other friend who followed came to a still halt.

I had a miraculous escape with very little bruises. We reached to the person lying on

ground almost 30-40 yards away. The person lying on the floor was Akshay's mother, killed by her own son.

We all were shocked and looked as if we are going to faint any moment. Fear, guilt and anxiety locked our mouth. Before we could even talk about anything amongst us, the hue and cry of Akshay's family members, neighbors crowd made all of us leave the spot immediately. I felt the hands of someone holding my back collar. When I turned around, It was Akshay's dad asking me to rush to get a vehicle.

He never enquired what happened, never yelled but controlled.

The entire incident has taught me rich lesson. The man turned out to be very understanding even in deepest distress.

This was one prominent incident of the many memories in the dairy, that is never going to whither away as long as I live. It was one of the experiences from which I learned that being over smart and showy can sometimes cost your life.

Speed Thrills But...



Geo D' Silva

Can you break the chains????

One day I was passing by the elephants, I suddenly stopped, confused by the fact that these huge creatures were being held by only a small rope tied to their front leg, Neither chains nor any cages. It was obvious that the elephants could break away from their bonds at anytime but for some reason, they did not. I saw a trainer nearby and asked why these huge magnificent animals just stood there and made no attempt to get away. He said, "When they are very young and much smaller we use the same size rope to tie them and it's enough to hold them at that age. As they grow up, they are conditioned to believe that they cannot break away. They believe the rope can still hold them, so they never try to break free." I was amazed. These animals could break free from their bonds at any time but because they believed they couldn't, they were stuck right where they were.

Like the elephants, how many of us go through life hanging onto a belief that we cannot do something, simply because we failed at it once before?

Moral:

Failure is part of learning; we should never give up the struggle in life. If we have failed once, it doesn't mean we can never do it again. We need to try again & again if we have to succeed!!

Busy????

Once upon a time a very strong woodcutter asked for a job with a timber merchant and he got it. His salary was very good and so were his working conditions. For that reason, the woodcutter was determined to do his best. His boss gave him an axe and showed him the working area. The first day woodcutter could cut 10 trees and bring them. His boss was very happy and he appreciated it. Highly motivated with it, the woodcutter tries still harder the next day but could finish with only 7 trees. The third day he puts double effort compared to the previous day but still could get along with him only 5 trees. At the end of the day he went to his master and apologized for his failure. His boss asked him, when was the last time he sharpened his axe; The woodcutter tells him that he became so busy with his work that he forgot to do it.

Moral:

Most of us never update our skills. We think that whatever we have learnt is enough. But good is not good when better is expected. Not just hard work but sharpening our skills from time to time is the key to success.

Oh Examination!

Oh! my dear examination
I had made no preparation
You are very tasty
But I am very Chilly
You are so icy cool
But I want to jump into Swimming Pool
You Just get out of my room
Otherwise I will use my broom
Oh! My dear Examination
I had made no preparation



Dharshini P. A.
I PUC

Why Am I Born?

What do you have today, that's yours
Lots of money, a house, a job, land and business
A girlfriend or boy friend, the car and bungalow
It'll all disappear... in one blow. In One blow

When you were born, treasure is stored for you
Fear is built of losing what one has stored
They held you tight but all the treasure still tighter
Close to heart and soul still nothing will remain ever.

Care for life, care for time, care for nature
That's why you are made and here
Care for the needy, wipe their tears
That's why you are made little better

What you think is yours, is never yours
Coz u never brought when you came
Whatever you make here, you leave here.
Naked You came and naked you will go.

You are strong and sound till your heart beats
As long as the blood flows in your veins, you will live,
Your breathe is not with you and you can't hold it all
Then why grab the treasure live the life, make others too live



Geo D' Silva

I am going...

In a few days I will go away,
Please don't cry for me.
I leave my memories on your way
So don't cry for me.

My dear ones have reached there
Anxiously waiting for me
My turn any time from now
But you should never cry.

I think that is a better place to dwell
To be with the one who made us
I need no visa, no ticket, no orders or road
to go back to my own abode

My going is certain but time uncertain
What I cherished I shall carry
My footprints, words actions shall remain
Though am weary now you don't worry

I am going without hugs and adieu
I am going without luggage and baggage
I am going with a request to friends and enemies
Don't cry for me with even a drop of tear in you.



Geo D' Silva



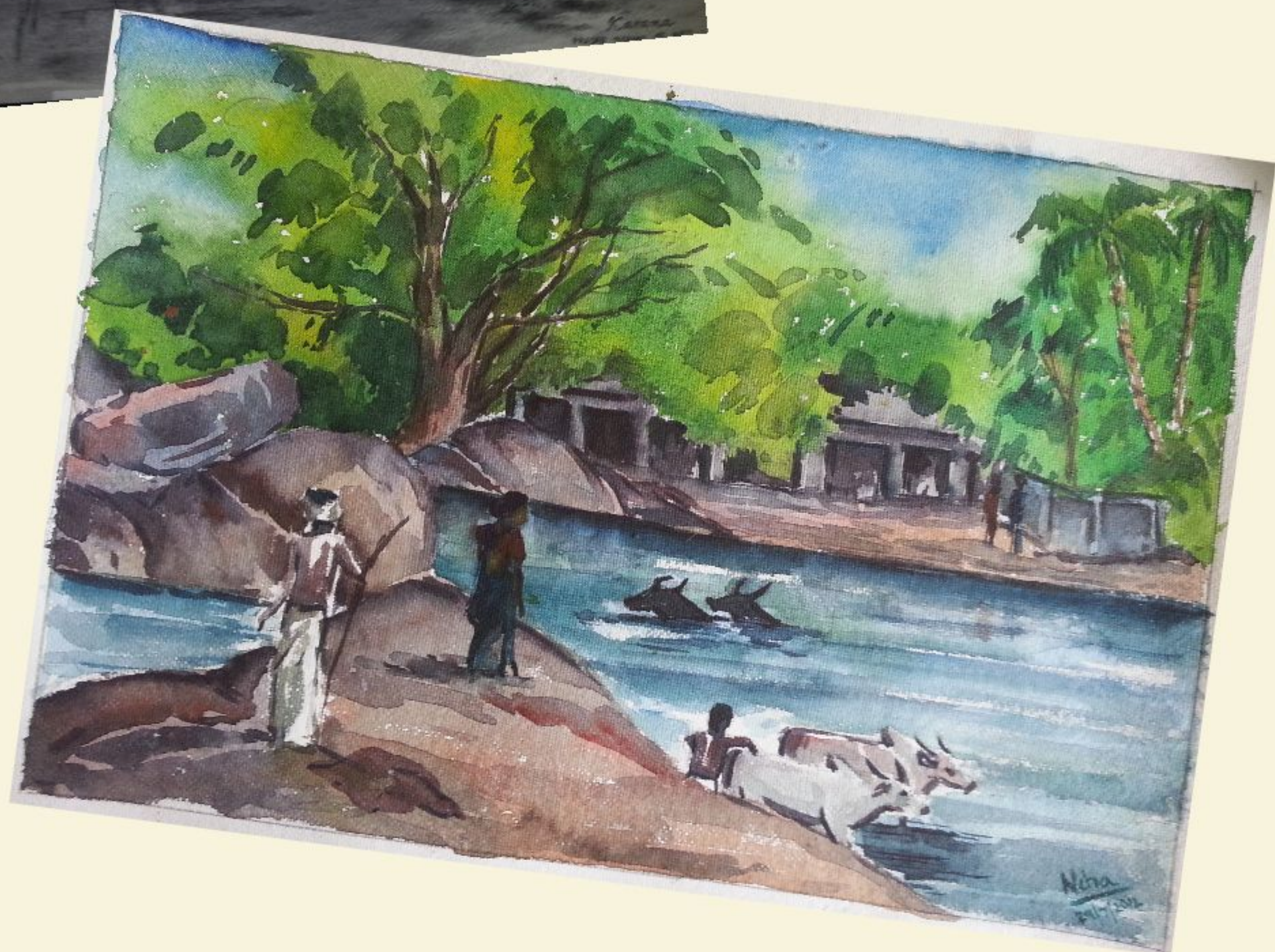
Jolvin Pinto
III Sem Civil



Kavana



Neha



Guidelines for Submitting Articles

Everyone in this world has a unique talent, identify your hidden talent and bring them to the light. Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine welcomes the following categories of articles for publication. Interested are requested to send their articles for publication in Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine

Articles

- Sahyadri Springs E- magazine welcomes original articles on general concepts expressing their thoughts, views and sharing their experiences.
- Article should not Exceed 2000 words.

Poem

- Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine invites original poems.
- Poem should not exceed 500 words

Short Stories

- Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine invites original short stories on motivation, friction, comic.
- Short Stories Should not exceed 1500 words

Photo Messages

- Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine invites best captured images attached with appropriate quotes and messages
- Soft Copy of Photos should be sent by mail.

Paintings

- Sahyadri Springs E-Magazine invites good paintings/sketches made by water color/sketcher /crayon/charcoal.

Review

- Sahyadri Springs E-magazine invites full-length reviews of books that help the reader gather the information they seek to determine if the book is worth their time.

One hard copy, and one soft copy of the manuscript for publication, prepared in the standard format specified in the link given below, must be submitted to the office of the Editor for Peer- Review. The manuscript submitted must be complete in all respects, with the title, names of authors with address and details of the references and sources. Please feel free to contact our Editor or Co-editor for any clarification.

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