



SAHYADRI
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Sahyadri
Springs
E-Magazine

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Vol 1, Issue 6

Bi Monthly - December 2012

A Joy of Success



INDIA

– A Modern
Day Marvel
or a Living Hell

**Discovering the
lost excitement**

**Learning what
is mothering**

Mother

MANGALORE - 575007. KARNATAKA. INDIA

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From the Editors' Desk

It has been another spectacular eventful year. We have completed one year of successfully publishing five issues of 'Sahyadri Springs', the College e-Magazine, under the faculty leadership.

On the eve of completing the maiden year, it is a great pleasure to present the sixth issue of our bi-monthly E-magazine by the students who now constitute the editorial team.

While accepting the change of guard we like to thank the editorial board who have set the road map to showcase the literary and artistic talent abundantly present in the students, faculty, and staff.

This issue of "Sahyadri Springs" brings in a kaleidoscope of articles, short stories, poems, and paintings.

We express our gratitude to the management and faculty members for giving us an opportunity to be a part of the E-magazine. We proffer our thanks to everyone who has worked hard to put this issue of "Sahyadri Springs" together.

We welcome your suggestions and feedback. Feel free to write to us at emagazine@sahaydri.edu.in

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INDIA

– A Modern Day Marvel or a Living Hell

It's the country where skyscrapers are soaring to the skies like never before, the place where the economy is on fire, the place where the rich get richer and the poor poorer. With the second highest population in the world India today stands at its peak of development in terms of technology, infrastructure, medical facilities, education, etc. Thus it wouldn't be wrong to say that India has in fact emerged as a 21st century marvel.

Our country which is known for its rich cultural heritage and tradition has not only preserved but also has professed the true meaning of our culture to the world. Today, people from all over the world appreciate the beauty of our rich heritage and our hospitality.

But just as every good has a dark side; India is no stranger to it. The times we live in contradict each other to such an extent that it gets difficult to actually say whether our country is on the path of development and progress or on the downfall to under development.

India is in the grip of deadly viruses such as corruption, rape, terrorism, etc., to name a few, which not only affect the people of the country but also give our country a bad name. If a hassle free work is to be done we bribe the

required official and get away with the job done; women these days are scared of moving freely on the streets for the fear of being raped; we celebrate republic day and independence day with a fear of being bombed - is this the way our forefathers would have wanted our country to be today?

We, the people of this great country, in our search for luxury and wealth have started judging things from the materialistic point of view. If at all there is corruption, rise in the number of rape cases, rise in terrorism, it's WE who are supposed to be blamed. It's WE who have to nurture this mentality to separate the wrong doing from the right. It's WE who have to start understanding the very idea of feminism by respecting women. And above all the responsibility of running this country rests on our shoulders as we elect the ministers who are responsible for how it runs.

Therefore, the bottom line is though we live in one of the fastest developing countries in the world, this kind of development is baseless until the people living in the country are mature enough to live life the way it is meant to be lived.



Veer Jain
IV sem ME

Mother

The Vedas and Upanishads say that
“mother and motherland are greater than heaven.”

Mother is the most precious word that one can remember in each and every moment of life. She is a woman who has given birth to a child, raised a child, and sacrificed her whole life for the betterment of her child. We can find so many stories which tell us the greatness of a mother. She is kind hearted who shows a lot of love for her child. She is greater than all the gods and goddesses in this world. Mother is a source of inspiration. Every mother inspires her child in one way or the other.

I want to share a story of my own. It is the story of the time when I was in the VII Standard. For the first time, I participated in a speech competition and I was a bit nervous. But I didn't tell that to anybody because I was afraid that my friends would

make fun of me later. But that moment my mom came near me. She took my hand in hers and said “Dear, I know you are nervous but believe me, you can do this.” Those two sentences gave me a kind of energy and I delivered my speech and got the first prize for that speech. I could see the pride in my mother's eyes, which told me so many things at that moment.

Mother is well known for her patience and endless care. So, she is compared with earth. She doesn't do anything without a reason. And she loves her children unconditionally. Everybody should love and respect his/her mother. It's not just because she gave birth to us or brought us up but also because she gave us good knowledge, culture and love.



Anonymous

Discovering the lost excitement

On a bright sunny day in Manhattan, Alice was in the cab on her way to the airport, all set to discover her new life in India. Since all the flights to Delhi were delayed due to technical issues, Alice grabbed the New York Times and her favourite cappuccino and sat in the airport waiting for the announcements. She remembered her first day in Yorkster University, all excited to be meeting new people, how amazing her life was there, and also the day when she got selected to go to India to start a career in a very reputed IT company.

She boarded the plane and reached India the next day. As she stepped down the plane, she was thrilled thinking about the wonderful time she would have ahead. She reached her quarters and rested, but didn't get even a wink of sleep due to her excitement about her first day at the office.

Day 1: She entered her office and noticed that her Indian colleagues stared at her in curiosity. She greeted everyone and went to the boss' cabin. The boss then updated her with the rules.

Time flew for Alice between her hard work and trying to familiarize and becoming friendly with her

colleagues. But whenever she tried to get closer to them, they would shy away and not share their experience with her, and she wondered if it was because of her accent.

Days went by and the lively happy-go-lucky Alice changed into a frustrated and depressed person. She shut all the doors of happiness. She stopped mingling with people. The colleagues started noticing the changes in her.

One gloomy evening, after her hectic schedule in the office, she took a cab and went home. She entered her house only to discover the door open. Panicked, she reached for the light switch and switched it on to receive a surprise; "HURRRRAAHHH!!! Happy Birthday Alice." She saw all her colleagues rushing to wish her. They had brought her a chocolate cake with "We love you" written with icing on it. She was happier than she had ever been.

That night all the colleagues spoke openly to her and she felt one among them. She got a feeling of being at home. That night she had a smile on her face. She finally found her lost excitement in life.



Anushree Bhatt
II Sem

An opportunity missed is an opportunity lost

Like most people, Joe had two very good friends, Harry and Edward. Joe always had to keep asking doubts on each and every thing he saw around him. He was pretty famous in his college as “the nerd,” but he was always happy in spite of what others said about him. Harry and Edward found him a nuisance but kept him along with them as they didn't have any option.

It so happened that, once they went to a Science fair. Harry and Edward were fooling around while Joe's eyes got stuck on a very small project. Nobody was interested in that small project but he kept on observing it. He

found something unusual and peculiar about it.

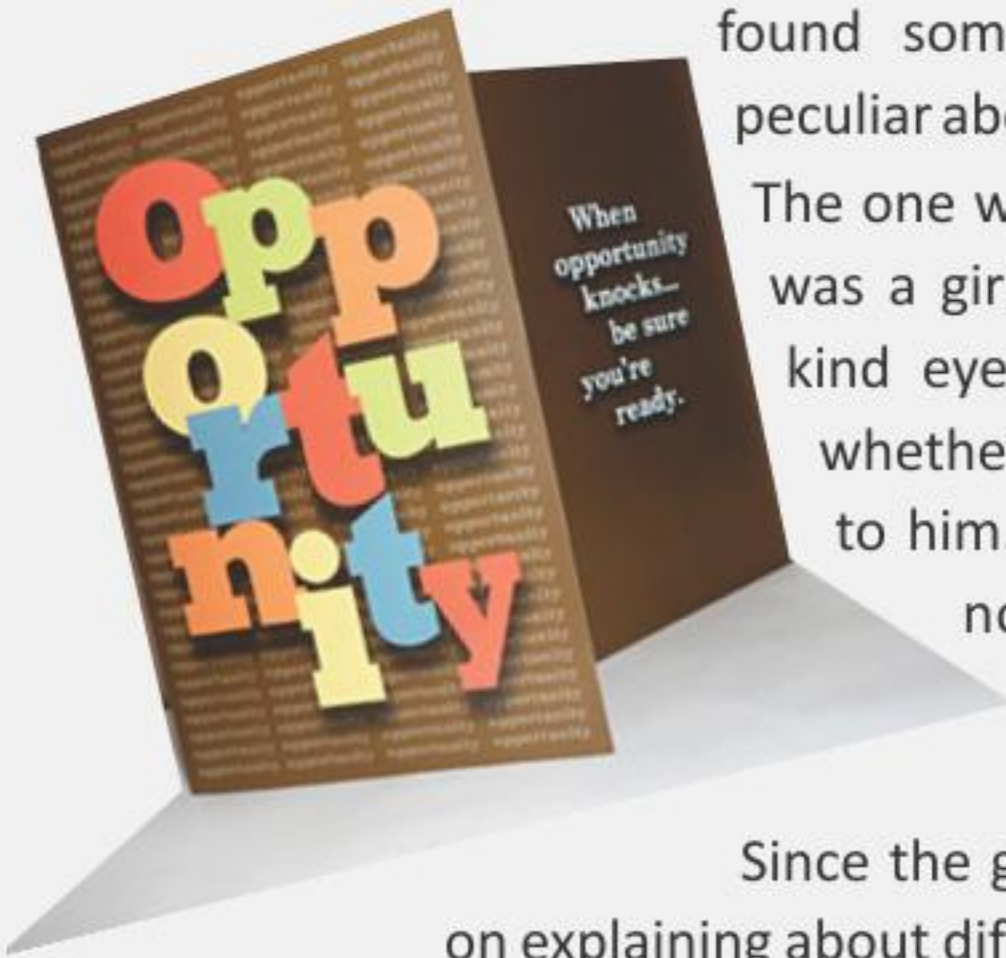
The one who made the project was a girl with curly hair and kind eyes. He asked politely whether she would explain it to him. The other two guys noticed it. As usual they got a new topic to tease Joe with.

Since the girl was free she kept on explaining about different topics. Joe was very happy; it was first time in his life that

someone was patiently answering all his questions.

Months passed by and the boys were called for a job interview. The question was common to the three. The one who answered the question would get the job. The question was based on a very simple object. Harry and Edward were flummoxed as they never expected such a question.

Joe remembered the old science fair and the tiny project. He thought that the idea could be connected to what the interviewers asked. He answered the question based on the answers the girl had given him months ago. The interview board kept silent and observed him keenly. They found it interesting, that he knew something about such a small topic and selected him for the job rejecting the other two. Joe was happy. After coming away from the interview chamber Harry and Edward questioned Joe as to how he knew so much about that topic. Joe made them recall the science fair project from where they had walked away without any interest. They felt sad and regretted their mistake.



Athira P. | Anija | Nireeksha | Vikitha Shetty



Learning what is mothering

The Government of Karnataka had appointed me as one of the members of the District Judiciary Body for Juveniles, for 3 years. It was indeed a great honor. I was one of the most sought after advisors for cases relating to any child in distress in DK district. The police department had a great respect for us for easing their work in the quick response on any emergency rescue operations.

December 2007: We were informed about a domestic servant, who was just 9 years old, and was continuously harassed. We had set the day and time for the rescue operation with the police. We decided to meet at 6.00 a.m. at the police station and proceed.

I was about to take a U-turn at Mangalore RTO circle. I slowed down my car as I saw an unusual movement of a dog, who quickly followed a jogger, returned and jumped into the dustbin.

I stopped the car and tried to walk towards the dustbin. The dog had curled himself and pretended to be asleep. The dustbin was stinky and surrounded by waste. I just crossed the road to pick a newspaper from the nearby shop.

The gentleman whom the dog had just followed had taken a U-turn from

the town hall and was nearing the RTO circle.

The dog suddenly hopped out, made some funny movements, communicated some message to the man and quickly diverted his path. The man stopped. I was curious. I said, "Hi"

"Hello, I am Col. Martis"

"Sir, I am Geo, nice meeting you. By the way this dog..."

"He is my pet. He always follows me. Since yesterday, he had disappeared and suddenly he is here now..."

"Sir, I observed that when you moved this way he just hopped out from the dust bin and when you returned again he is drawing your attention to it."

"Oh no, he may be informing me to clean that dust bin which is full."

We reached the dustbin.

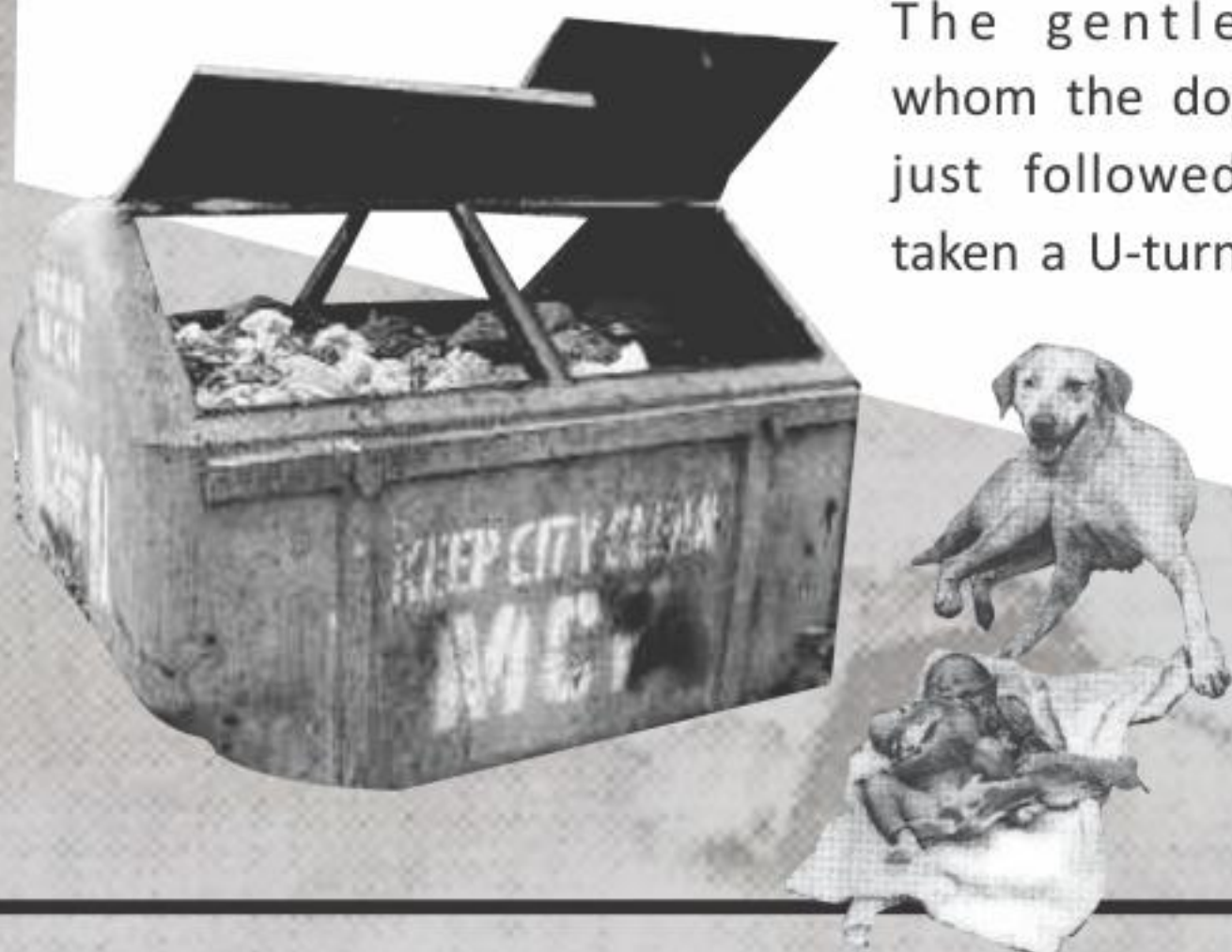
The dog quietly took rounds around the bin.

"Colonel!" I shouted as I was shocked to see a small hand of an infant, "Look at that!"

He slightly bent and made way, slowly lifted a new born infant, may be a day or two days old.

"What! New born baby?"

"What can we do now?" The Colonel was uncomfortable.



I grabbed the babe in my hands, hugged it close to my heart, pulled my identity card and showed it to the Colonel and requested him to accompany me to the hospital. He said, "No. I know the child is in the safe hands of the right official."

My next step would be to take the child to Wenlock Hospital, provide medical care and register the case and report to the police station. The baby had no strength even to cry. Again I peeped into the dust bin. The dog had taken care of the baby at least for the past 24 hours. He had curled himself around the baby to provide physical warmth. Several disposal bags were hurled to the bin from moving vehicles without the least idea of a new born life in the bin.

I literally saw the tears in the eyes of the dog. The Colonel was petting him. But his gaze was on us; absolute caring looks. The feeling of separation was inevitable.

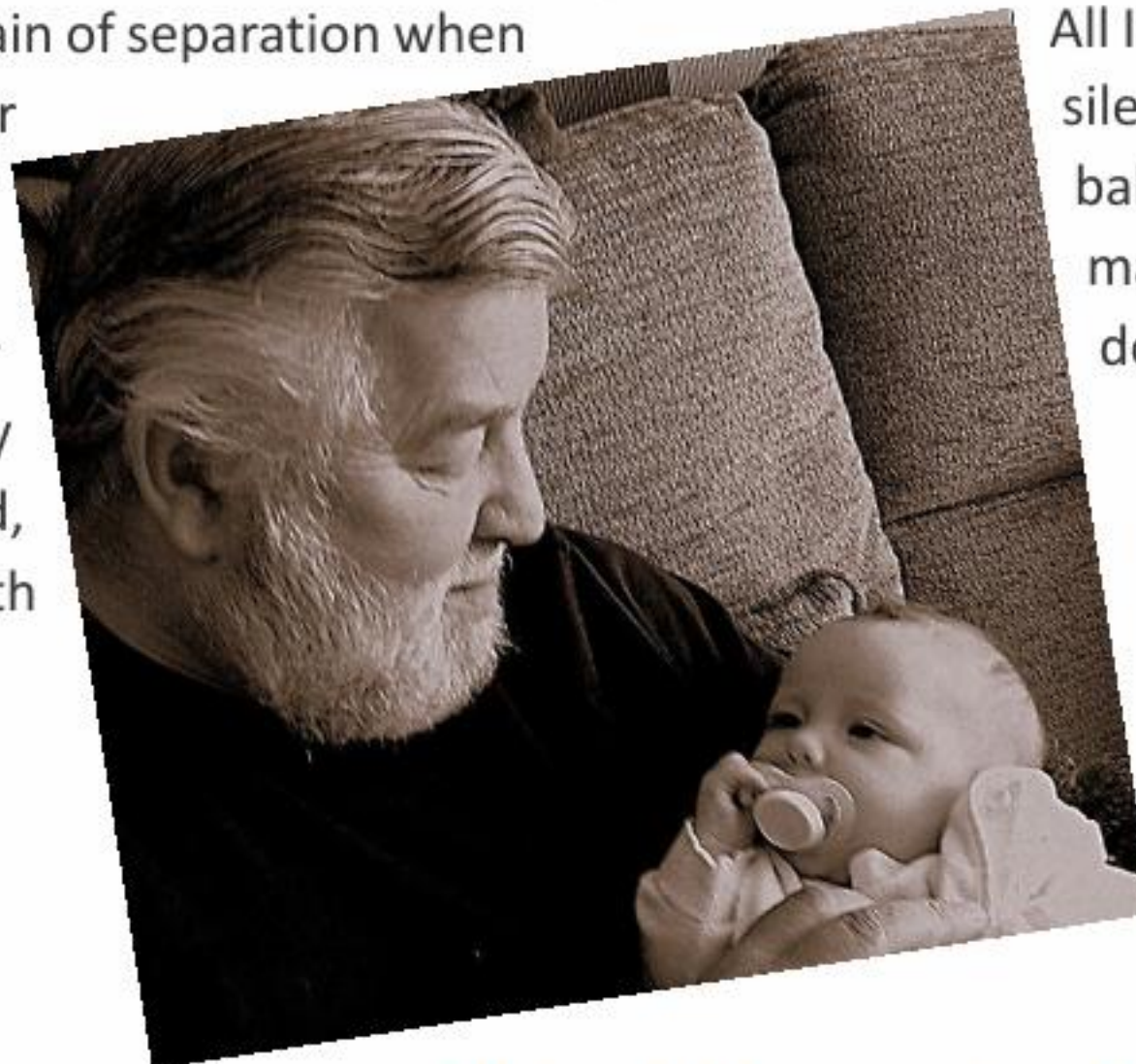
I felt slight moments of the baby too as if she was missing the comfortable warmth. The babe might have not have felt the pain of separation when her mother slipped her into the bin but now she was signaling the loss. Tracing the mother was not at all my priority now; rescuing the child, attending to her health and then legal priorities.

The clothes around the babe were stinking and dirty. A lot of people had gathered around us, each one with a different tale. I had no other option but to start my car. I pushed myself onto the driver's seat with the babe on my lap.

I was eager to reach the hospital quickly and finish the formalities. I took the car to the main road and took the right turn, heading to the hospital. Suddenly the dog rushed out from the embrace of the Colonel and jumped towards my car. A matador van speeding to its destination drove upon the dog, leaving it dead on the spot.

A new born baby girl on my lap, the dead body of the dog who mothered the child for a whole day and a night lying on the road, my eyes brimmed. The more humane heart of the dog that saved the child from street mongrels touched me. The care and concern of an animal to the one unrelated to him, which could have been a sumptuous grub for him made me kneel before him.

All I could do was to hug the owner with silent words, in one hand holding the babe to my heart. Arrangements were made to give a decent burial to the dog.



All I could do was to hug the owner with silent words with one hand, and holding the baby near my heart with the other. Arrangements were made to give a decent burial to the dog who I could say was a martyr.



Geo D'silva

The long lost pure light

The clouds painted in deep shades of grey
Yes, the sunshine has refused to shine in
my life again
Here I am under the clutches of cluster of
emotions
Which appear to reappear like a ghost.
How I wish to be free
Like a bumble bee
From the past feelings which has
surrounded me like a dark cloud
Hiding the pure bright light I crave,
How I crave for the warm breeze
The bright green trees
Which look so grey now
Once green healthy plants
Now tiny and fragile
Yes, the pure bright light I look for
The light I look for is nowhere to be seen.

Here I am thrown into the dark cell
Yes, here I dwell,
Deprived of pure light
Here darkness lingers on
Here I am sitting on the cold stone floor
Awaiting the heaven of freedom
Awaiting the long lost sunshine.



Deepika B. Iyer
Sem II

My First Lesson

Life is an excellent teacher
That teaches us lessons few
This is my first lesson
And here I am to share it with you.

I went with my dad on an escalator
When I was a kid of five
But halfway through, we tumbled down
And we were lucky to get out alive.

Since then, I avoided escalators
And always preferred taking the stairs
My cousins mocked me for my silly fear
But to be honest, I never really cared.

It was not until I was fifteen
That my aunt put a stop to my fuss
She firmly held my hand in hers
And described life thus

"Life is like a bed of roses
But roses too have thorns in it.
If you do not learn to face your fears
Your target in life can never be hit."

Her words struck me like a lightning bolt
Etched in my mind, to erase never.
'Face your fears' was my first lesson
And I will treasure it forever and ever.



A. Sindhuja
VI sem EC



Sachin S.

Guidelines for Submitting Articles

We invite the following for publication in `Sahyadri Springs,' the College e-Magazine:

- Articles not exceeding more than 2000 words on general concepts expressing your thoughts, views, and your experiences.
- Poems in not more than 500 words.
- Short Stories not exceeding more than 1500 words.
- Photo messages with captured images giving appropriate quotes. Please ensure the soft copy is sent to us through e-mail.
- Paintings/Sketches made by Water Color/Sketcher/Crayon/Charcoal.
- Full-length reviews of books; fiction and non-fiction that will help the reader gather the information they seek, to determine if the book is worth their time.

A soft copy of your manuscript for publication prepared in the standard format must be submitted to the office of the editor for peer review. Don't forget to mention the title, your name, semester, and class. Incomplete submissions will be rejected. Plagiarism will not be accepted. Please feel free to contact the Editor or Co-editor for any clarification.

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SAHYADRI E-MAGAZINE

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