



**SAHYADRI**  
EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

**Sahyadri**  
*Springs*  
E-Magazine

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# A Joy of Success



**Unforgettable Friend**  
**Wake up, my Love**  
**Nostalgia**

**When Creativity**  
**is Curbed...**



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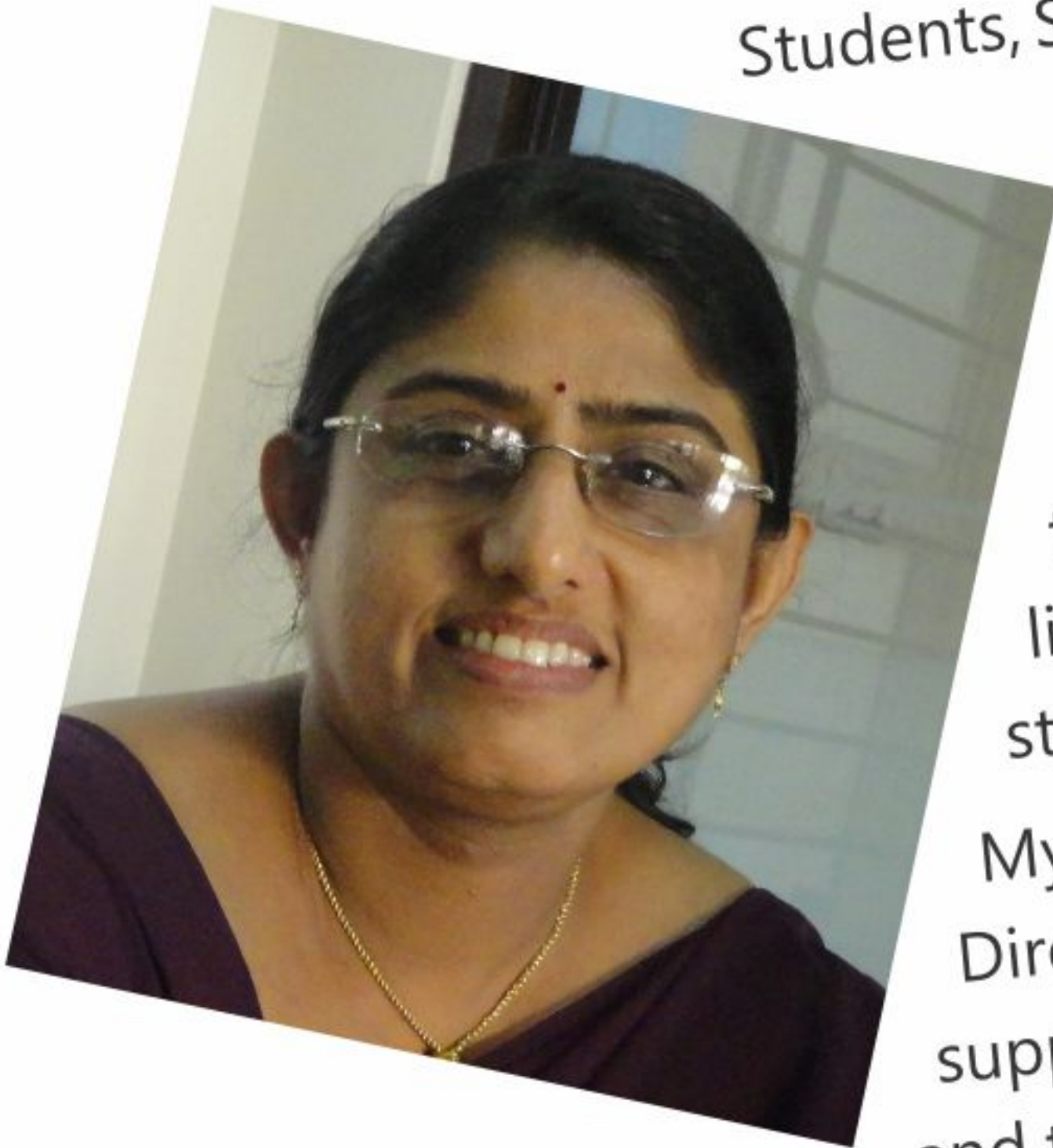
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## From the Editor's Desk

From the Editor's Desk

It is indeed a great pleasure to present before you the fifth 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 fifth issue of "Sahyadri Springs" brings in articles, poems, short stories, photos and art. The E-Magazine is a showcase of the abundant talent and skills of the members of the Sahyadri family. It expresses the vibrant thoughts and real life experiences of the faculty members and students of the college.

My sincere thanks are extended to the Chairman, the Director and the Principal for their continuous support. My gratitude goes out to the editorial team and to all the supporting staff 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](mailto:magazine@sahyadri.edu.in)  
I hope you enjoy reading this issue.

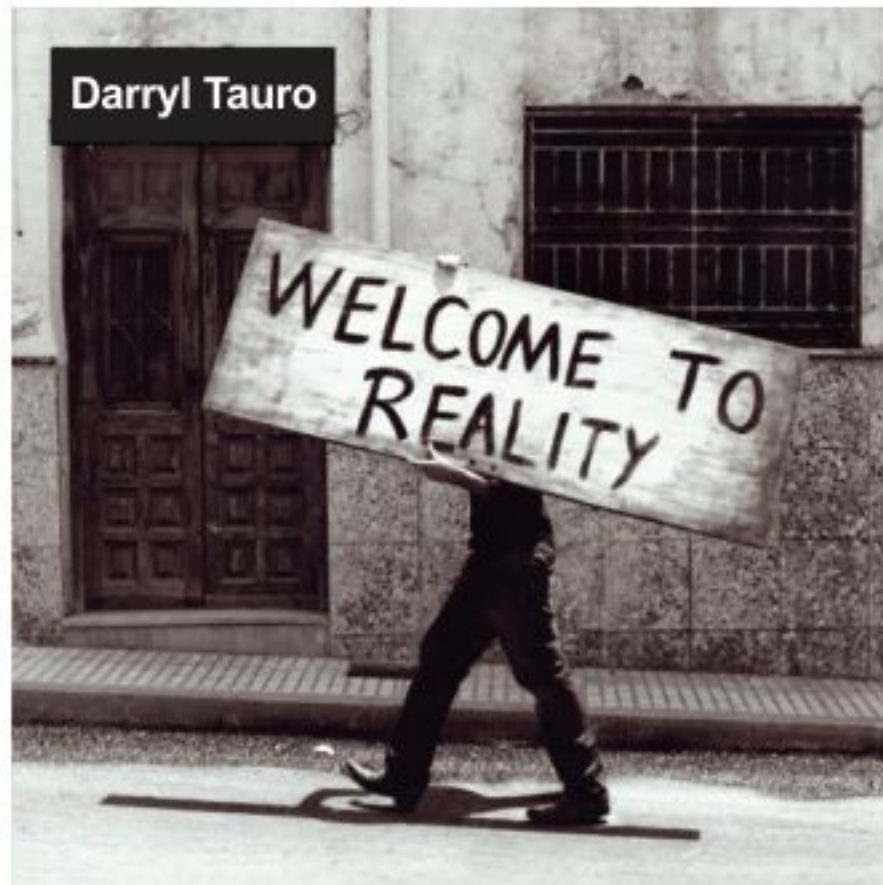
Mrs. Sandhya Kamala Alagade



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## Balance Fantasy and Reality

**For a simple question of "Who am I?"**

**A Kid would say – "I am a child to my Parents."**

**A College going Teenager – "I am an explorer."**

**A Professional – "I am a Performer."**

**A Clergy – "I am a Devotee."**

**A Thief – "I am a wanderer."**

Well, I settle to what a Thief has to say with no intention to be subjective.

We divide ourselves between the haves and have nots. One part of the society never seems to bridge with the other. Sometimes the professionals and the lavish life-livers just 'care a damn' about anything concerned with other categories. Whenever something is not in place as per their expectation in society both have their say in their own frame of thinking. Be it a case of bribe, a moral loot or the unexplained socio-ethical crash-down.

We have face-book friends in Denver, Brazil, Australia and all over the world. And we know them so well and do research in their profile, thus Literally globalizing ourselves. At the same time, if a courier service arrives to confirm the address at your door step and which has the mention of the name of your next door neighbor, often we are found blinking at the address on the postal cover. No wonder, 'we are literates but surprisingly uneducated, socially unconnected.'



**Darryl Tauro**  
Placement

If you ask any professional graduate to explain professional fundamental theory of their subjects, they



might well do it very fluently. The same person may not reproduce the names of 4 Chief Ministers in India. And their claim obviously is - "Why do I need to know?"

For kind information, he better know the answer to differentiate the fantasy world and reality of life. Tomorrow, in case, they face revenue, utility problems, water, power, telephone, sewage, etc, the fundamental knowledge is not the answer.

Local governance, local network and the Co-relation comes to rescue that is the

**R-E-A-L-I-T-Y** of life.

Let us not be the wanderers in fantasy world but know thy neighbor better than all.



## Unforgettable Friend

I always think of my childhood with a tinge of sadness. Like everyone, I too had a friend, a best friend, a unique friend. Her heart was as pure as crystal. I first saw her when I was four. I never thought that the relationship would be so strong and would last so long. I can never forget her face, I cannot forget the moments with her.

But there is one day that will always remain fresh in my mind. I hadn't ever imagined such an incident would occur in my life. That day I was walking on the street with her by my side. I saw some strangers coming towards me. One of the strangers pulled out a gun from his pocket and pointed it towards me. Bang!! A moment later I opened my eyes. I saw my friend lying in front of me. She never got up. She would never walk beside me ever again.

She was my only friend, a unique friend. She was Jennifer, the only dog I had.



Sushanth | Kiran B. G. | Sandy | Akshay



## Nostalgia



Both of them were staring at the grasshopper. The animal urge to pounce on it was not as strong as their curiosity in its activities. So their eyes silently followed its movements.

Manoj suddenly looked into Jimmy's eyes and saw the animal instinct in him. Affection welled up in his heart for his companion, who was brought home when he was tiny.

It was a hot summer afternoon and the duo was exhausted after a morning session of catch. Jimmy looked at the bowl of water next to him. He was so thirsty he could lick the last drop out of the bowl.

Sensing his needs, Manoj led Jimmy to the lake behind their home. They had been here together several times. A nostalgic wave of memories hit them instantly. There was more than nostalgia in Manoj's mind. There was a sense of urgent pressure in his bladder. He immediately ran to a nearby tree, lifted his hind leg and attended to nature's call. Jimmy smiled to himself, wondering, "What will I do when I go to college? I am going to miss this canine!" Manoj, oblivious to his master's thoughts, barked away happily.



Jnanesh | Sharath | Yashwin | Karthik  
I sem F Section



## When Creativity is Curbed...



"Do you know who you are speaking to? You may be a genius but I have seen many students like you," said Professor Richard his blood boiling.

"Sir, I may be good, but I am not perfect, obviously, no one is. And of course, I am aware that I am

speaking to my Professor."

This was the daily scene in the II Year Batch, M.Tech class of ABC University, Chennai.

Entering into the University of his Dreams, Allan was mesmerized by the sprawling campus. ABC University had gifted many scientists to the world and he wanted to be one among them.

On the first day, Professor Richard entered the class room. "Oh, the 73rd batch of ABC University! Let's see how many donkeys and lions are among you!"

He continued, "Do I see any future scientists in this class?" There was a pin drop silence for a moment, and then "Yes Sir," a confident voice came from the third bench.

For the first time there was a person who was bold enough to answer him. But he



Aishwarya Alva | Shreya M. | Chaithra Shetty | Sneha S.  
I sem F Section

remained quiet, thinking that he would deal with him later.

As days passed, Richard slowly realized that Allan was a gift to the Science World. But Richard could not bear the confidence and attitude that Allan had. No matter how creative Allan was, Richard always tried to suppress him.

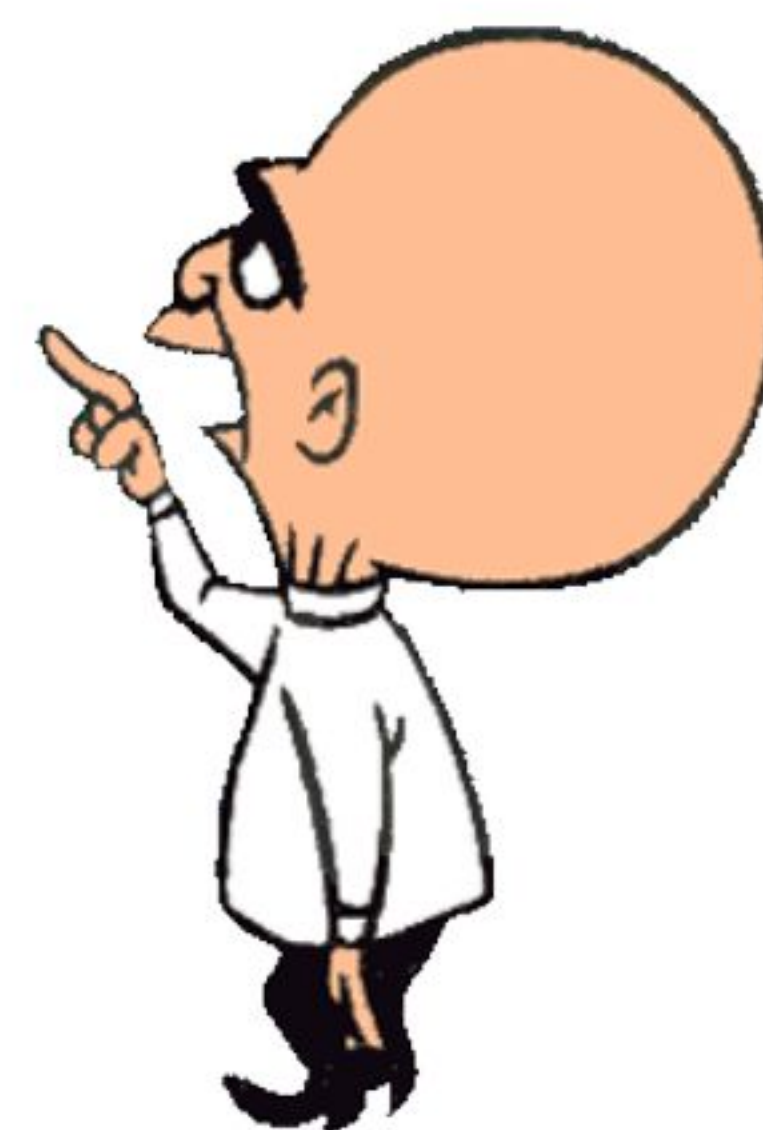
Allan was tortured daily by Richard. Day by day Allan started feeling that he was nothing. He never got a chance to showcase his talent.

Finally, Allan came out with his dream project, "The Time Machine" on which he was working for 4 years. Unfortunately, it was similar to a project on which Richard was working for 12 years.

Finally, the day had come to exhibit Allan's talent to the world. He came with his time machine to Richard and explained about his project. Richard wondered how a boy could achieve something which he could not for 12 years. Jealously, Richard thought that the boy would go beyond him and he started insulting him by saying that Allan's project was the worst project ever from that University.

In the next programme in which the Nobel Laureates were invited, Richard came out with the time machine which was actually Allan's creation and told the world that it was he who had invented it.

This made Allan go into a state of depression and his mind turned antisocial. That night Allan could not sleep, he went to Richard's room and shot him. He was sent to jail. Years later, Allan, who was God's gift to the society, was found roaming the streets.





## Wake up, my Love

I had applied for my annual leave but as the approval was pending I had not planned my travel from Surat to Mangalore. My immediate boss was kind enough to sanction my leave during the Christmas season of 1984. I never dreamt that I would get my holidays during Christmas.



There was no time to plan but rush home as it was Dec. 22nd. Somehow, I managed to pack my hand bag and rush to the railway station. Being the festive season and the series of holidays, the travel crowd was very huge. To my great surprise, two of my cousins and their two friends were also traveling to Mangalore. Our fate was the same; no bookings, no reservations and yet we wanted to reach home before Christmas. The journey was not that bad up to Bombay central.

We had to rush to catch the next train as we were already late. Somehow we managed to get the tickets because of multiple persons coordinating different works. Finally, the train arrived at the platform and we just hopped into the compartment with our luggage.

My cousins, Shirley, Sandra, their friends, Rayan, Rohan, and myself were holding the luggage and searching for seats. It was heavily crowded and we

kept walking from one compartment to the other in search of seats. We three boys had extra enthusiasm and energy possibly to impress the two dames with us. We paved a way through the crowded passages. Finally, we came to a compartment and we saw a young couple occupying a whole

sleeper where six people could easily adjust and be seated. The lady was fast asleep neatly lying down with her hands and legs stretched.

Her husband was sitting next to her, and there was a little place to his left. When he saw us coming, he occupied that place by spreading himself little stouter and keeping his bag. I was so angry at this act, I asked him to move a bit so that one of us could sit. I wanted to impress my cousins too that I had done something what the others were not able to do.

The man argued with me stating that he had reserved the entire seat for himself, and he did not want to wake his wife up. I got angrier and in a very angry tone I told him, "Nothing will hurt you if you give some space for one of the girls to sit!" And I asked Shirley to sit there for a while until I searched for another seat.





The crowd had increased and there was hardly any space to take a step forward either. I was worried to see the girls getting squeezed in the pressing crowd and both of them struggling. Shirley was not able to seat as the man was reluctant to move.

One elderly person opposite to this couple's seat got up and offered his seat to the girls. I felt bad and told him, "No uncle, we can stand for sometime." But he moved a bit in the front and gave them a little place to sit.

He said, "Daughters, don't hurt your feet by standing. Moreover people walking to and fro may have intentions to simply disturb you. Please sit." He, his wife and 7 others on the sleeper adjusted some place for the girls.

I was moved by the kind gesture of this couple and terribly angry with the young couple. After about three hours' journey, the young couple prepared to move out. The couple, who gave us place to sit down gathered a lot of luggage and moved out. I extended my hand to thank the elderly couple and followed them till the steps of the train with their luggage. I did not forget to indicate to my cousins to hold on to the seats.

When I turned back, the young couple was behind us. The pretty lady was on a wheel chair still

partially asleep. I learnt that the lady was the only daughter of the elderly couple and the wife of the man who was seated next to her. She was operated on recently for spinal fracture, and the left side of her body was paralyzed. Her husband did not want to keep telling every single person that his wife is sick and look for sympathy.

I had cold tears running out of my eyes.

I felt ashamed. During the whole journey I kept thinking about the incident. What a loving and caring husband. He did not want anyone to know what his wife was undergoing, so protective and so concerned. And the aged parents, how joyful they were in sharing what they had. It may have been that they knew the value of how to care for others. They never showed any anxiety towards us who got angry at their sick daughter.

I could have shut my mouth by not hurting them. I could have been calm and could have observed things around; I would have noticed a wheel chair folded next to the seat. No, I was worldly not humane. Sometimes in life, we misunderstand people because they are silent about their pain. They don't tell it to us. And inevitably people take them for granted. Just like what I did.

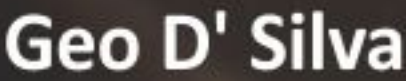
I felt like I had received a slap in my face by their act of love and kindness. I felt no materialistic gift can compromise the love of that husband for his wife. And the best part was that she was asleep, not knowing how much her husband cared for her.



**Geo D' Silva**



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# Hope

It was the time when  
Peace and brotherhood  
Was on every lips,  
When love had its presence everywhere;  
Until destructive words  
Like war, hatred, selfishness, betrayal  
Encroached into people's minds  
Leading to the siege of  
Peace and brotherhood in the world.

To set things right  
We can row our boats to a place  
Where peace dwells.  
No war.  
No hatred.  
No misery.  
Yes, let's row our boats to a place  
Which is surrounded by greenery  
Trees that bear fertile fruits.  
Life is short;  
Then why this bloodshed?  
Why this struggle?  
Hurry; let's row our boats to a place  
Where brotherhood exists,  
Let's row our boats to a place  
Where peace exists until doomsday!



Deepika B.  
I sem - H sec



# Simply Inspirational

I studied everything  
But never topped,  
But today the toppers of  
the best universities are my employees  
Bill Gates said.

What looks to be nothing  
finally that becomes everything.  
And what is everything  
Suddenly changes to nothing.  
That's Life.

Umbrella can't stop the rain,  
But empowers us to stand in rain  
Confidence may not bring success,  
But gives power to face any challenge.  
Face the life.

If you want to be successful,  
You have to know what you're doing,  
Love what you're doing,  
Believe in what you're doing;  
It's so simple

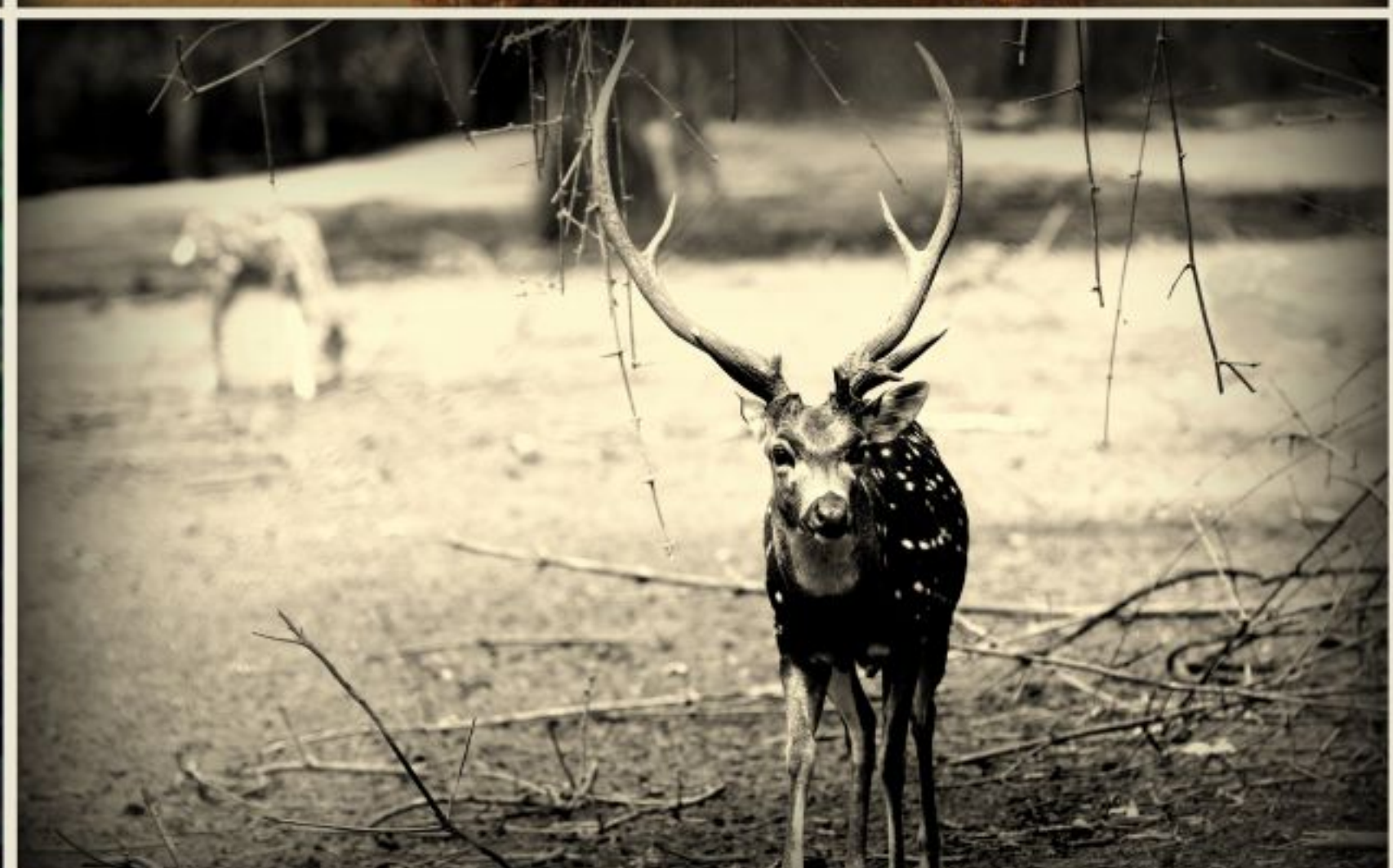
Life is a hard battle  
Everyone wants to fight and win.  
Give thousand chances to your enemy  
To become your friend.  
But never give even one chance to a Friend  
To become your enemy.

What you win you leave here  
What you have lost here you carry  
That's victory, success, and life after living.



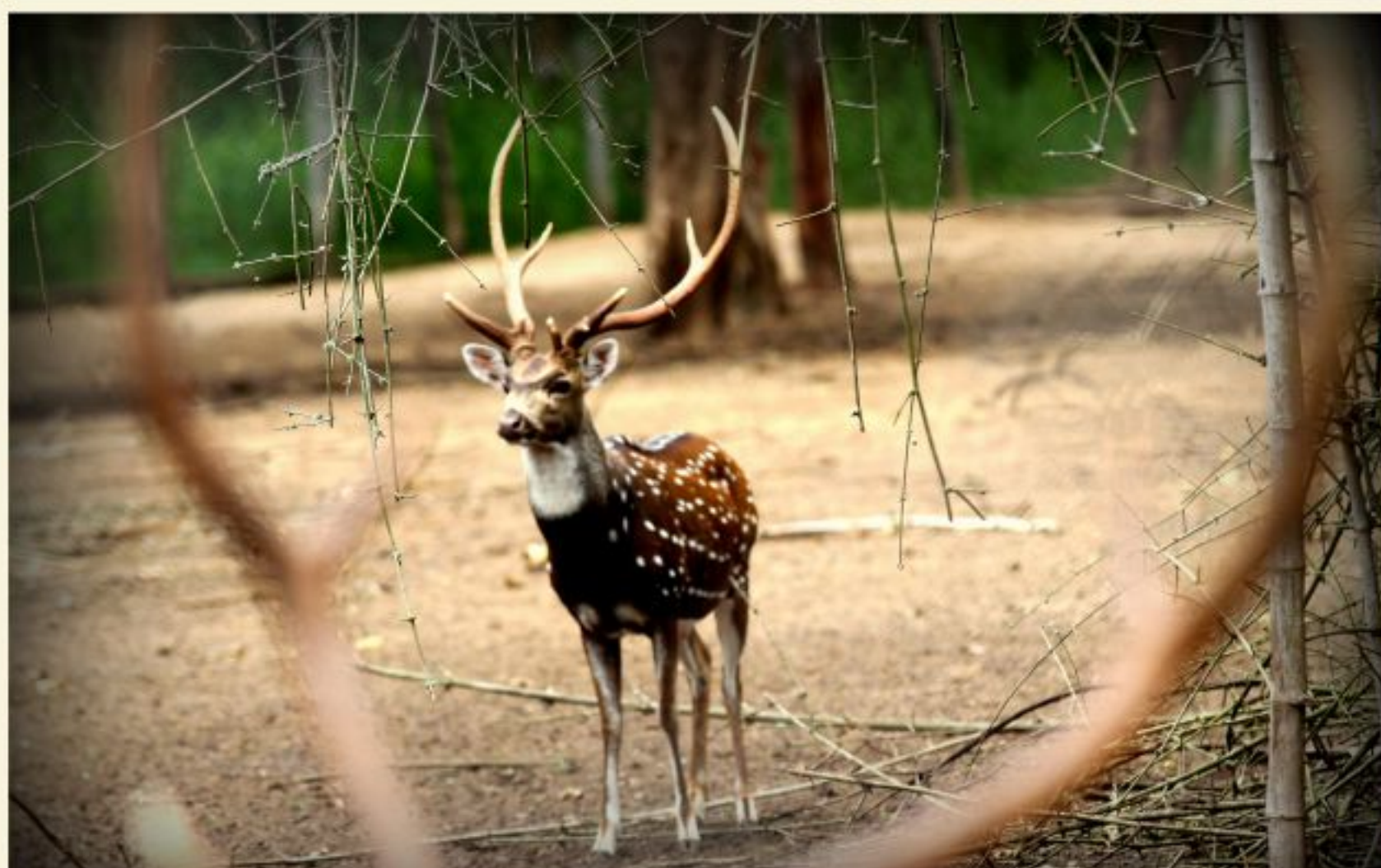
Geo D' Silva





**Madhukar S. M.**  
Asst. Professor, MBA Dept.





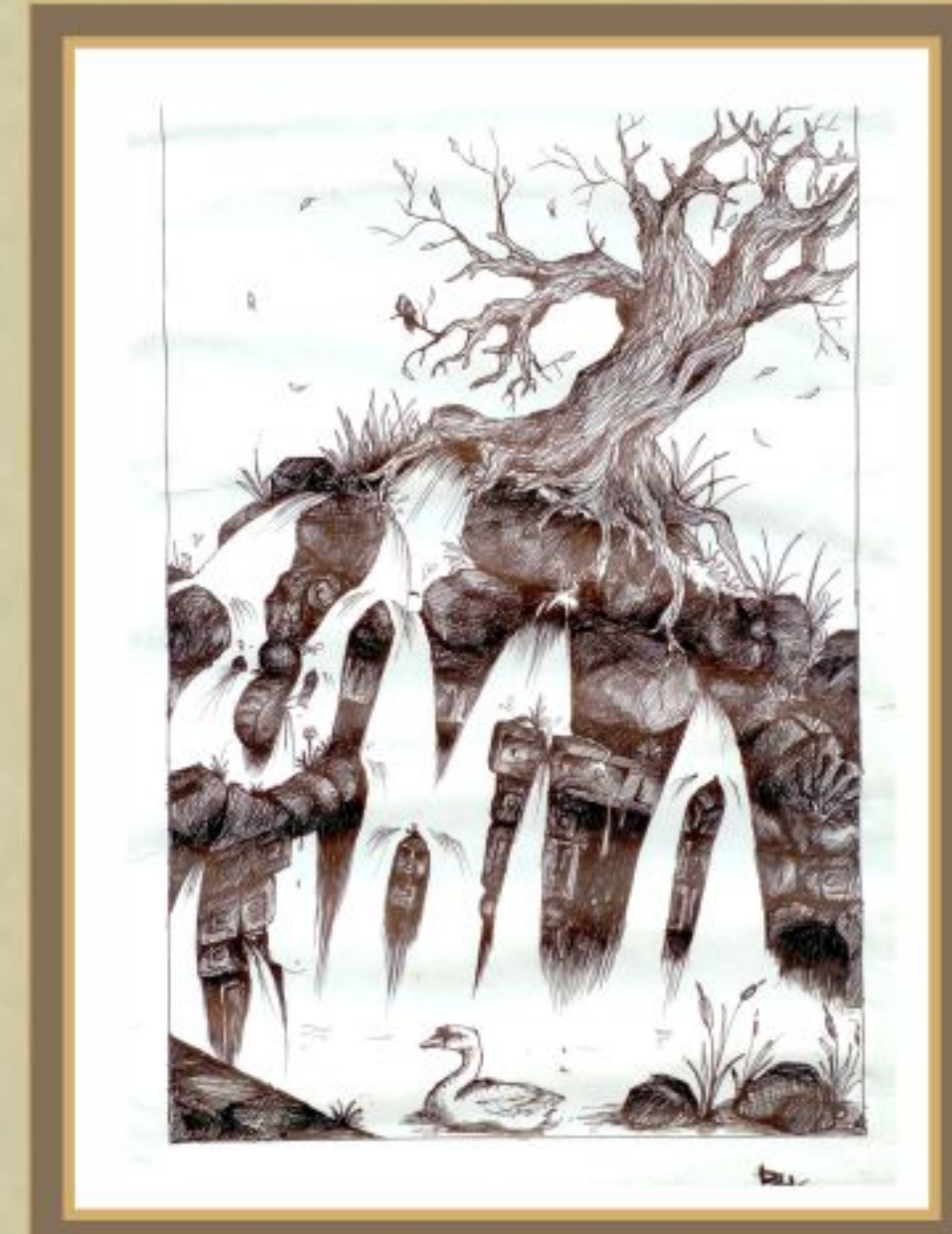
**Madhukar S. M.**  
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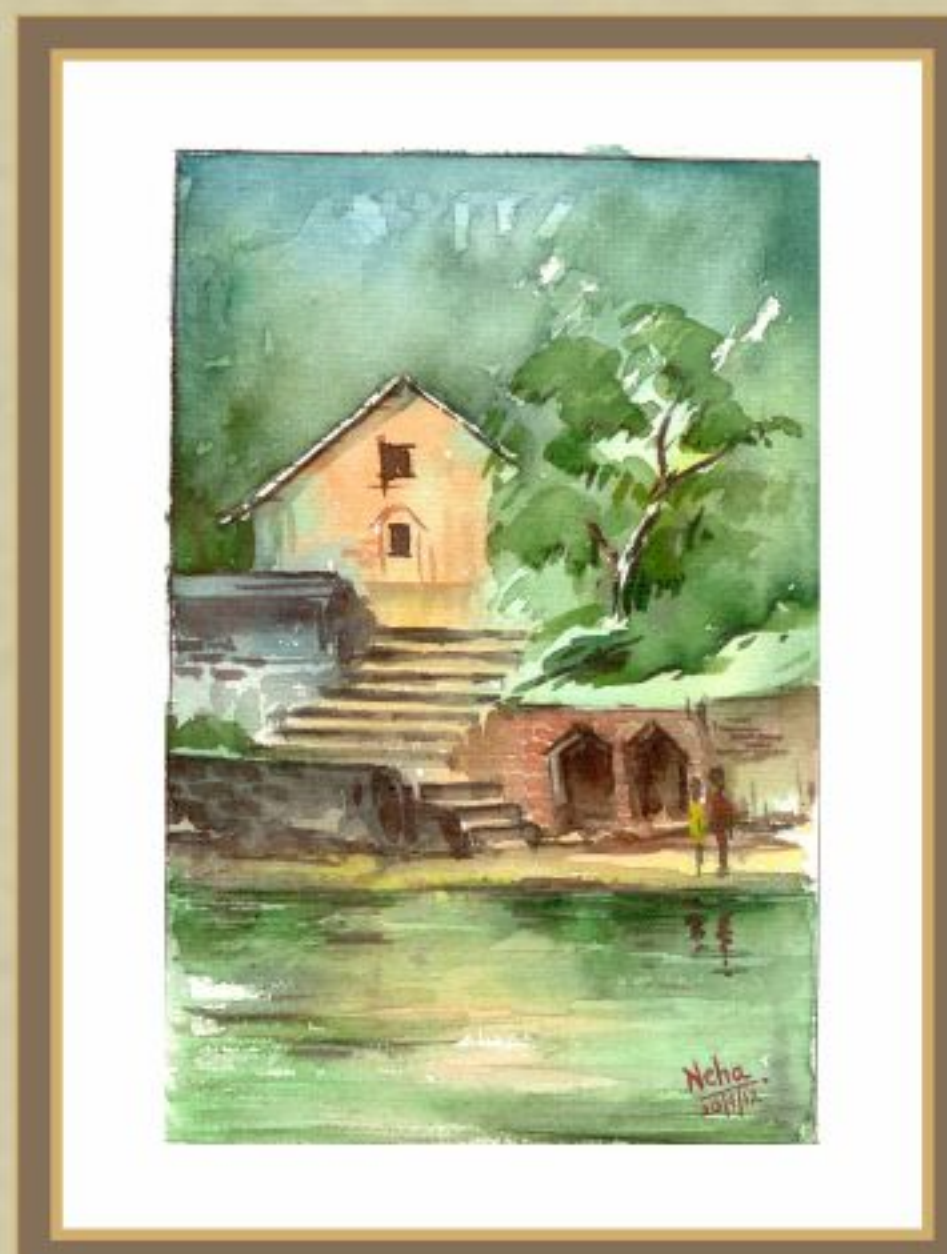
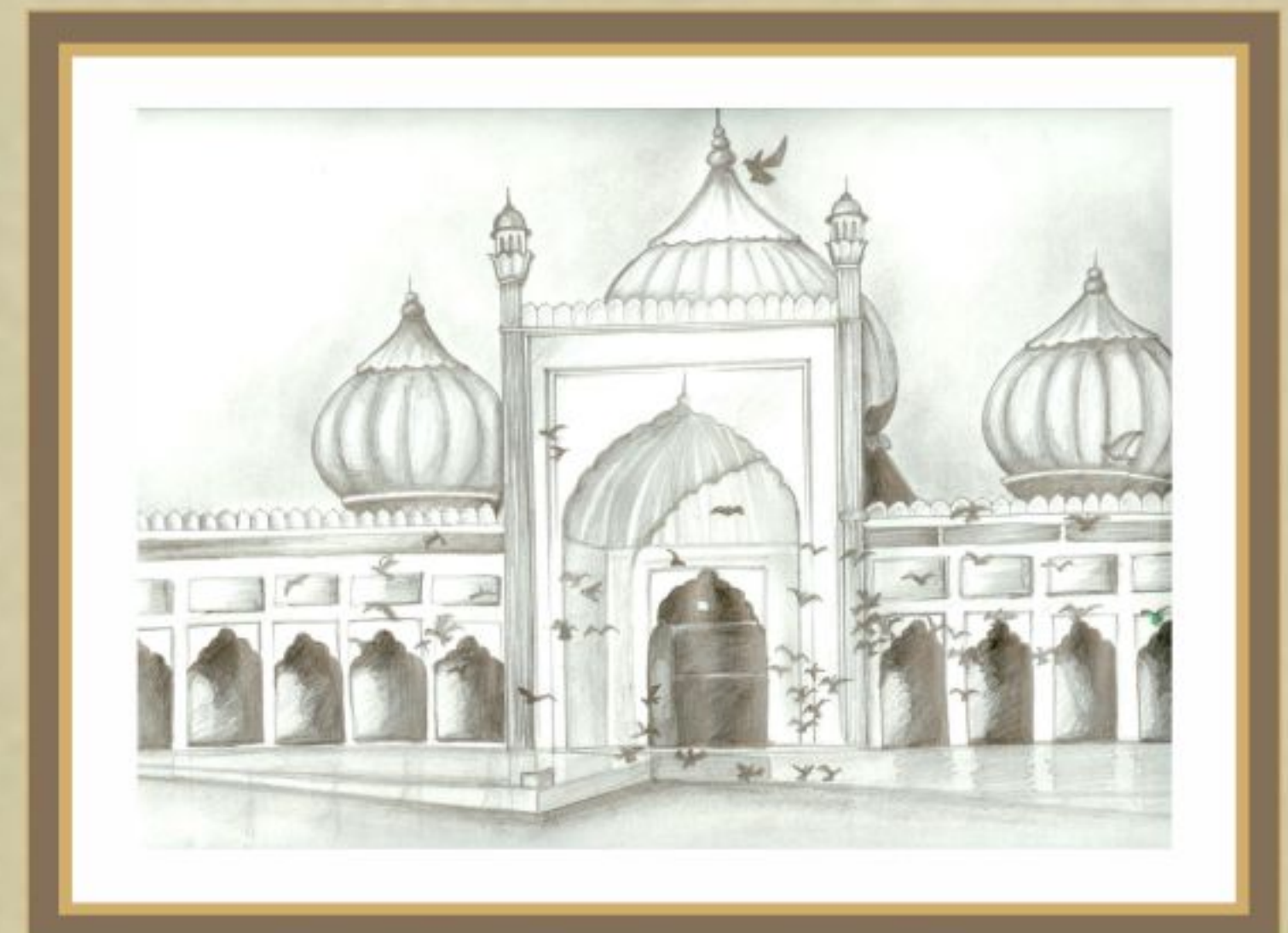
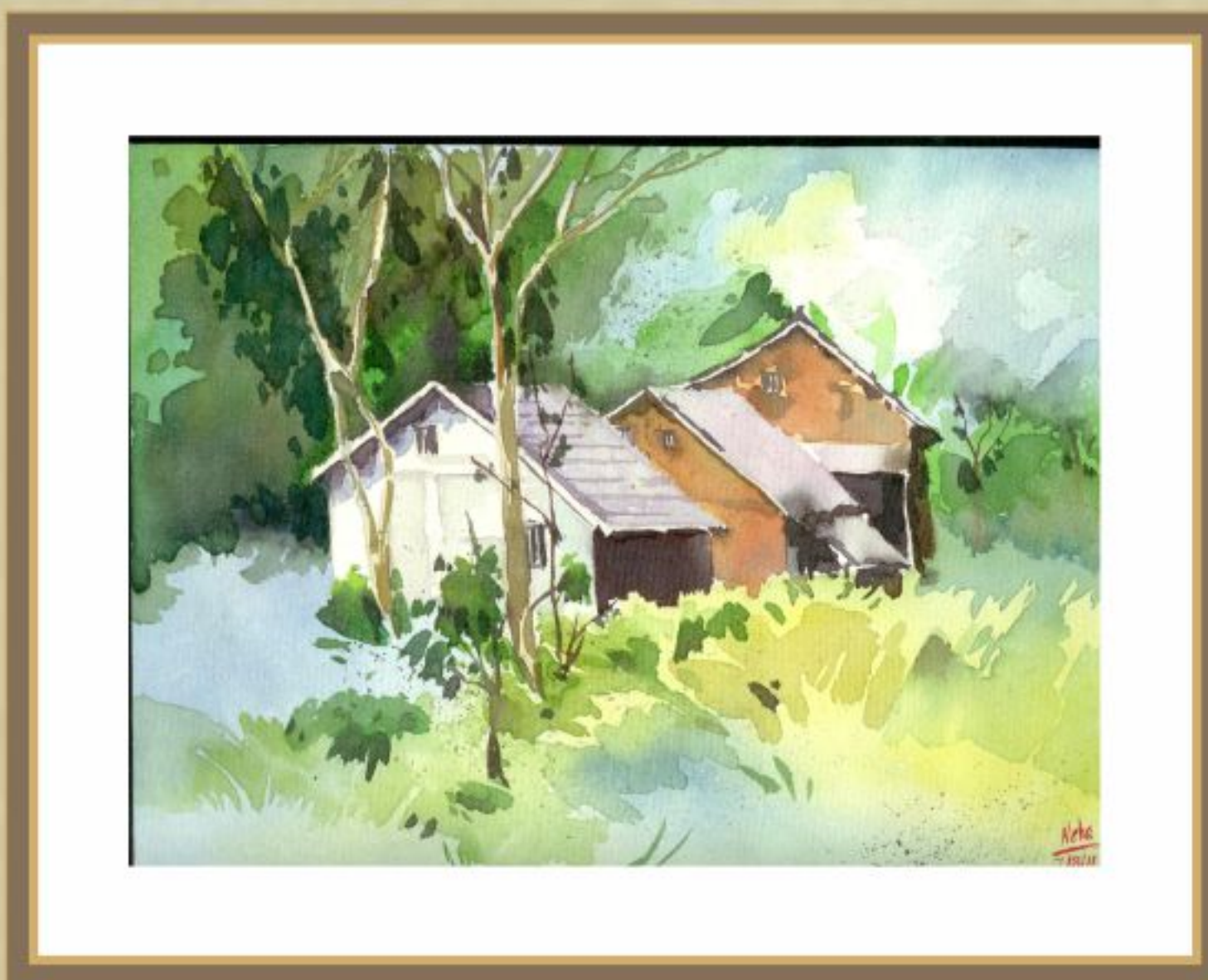
# Painting



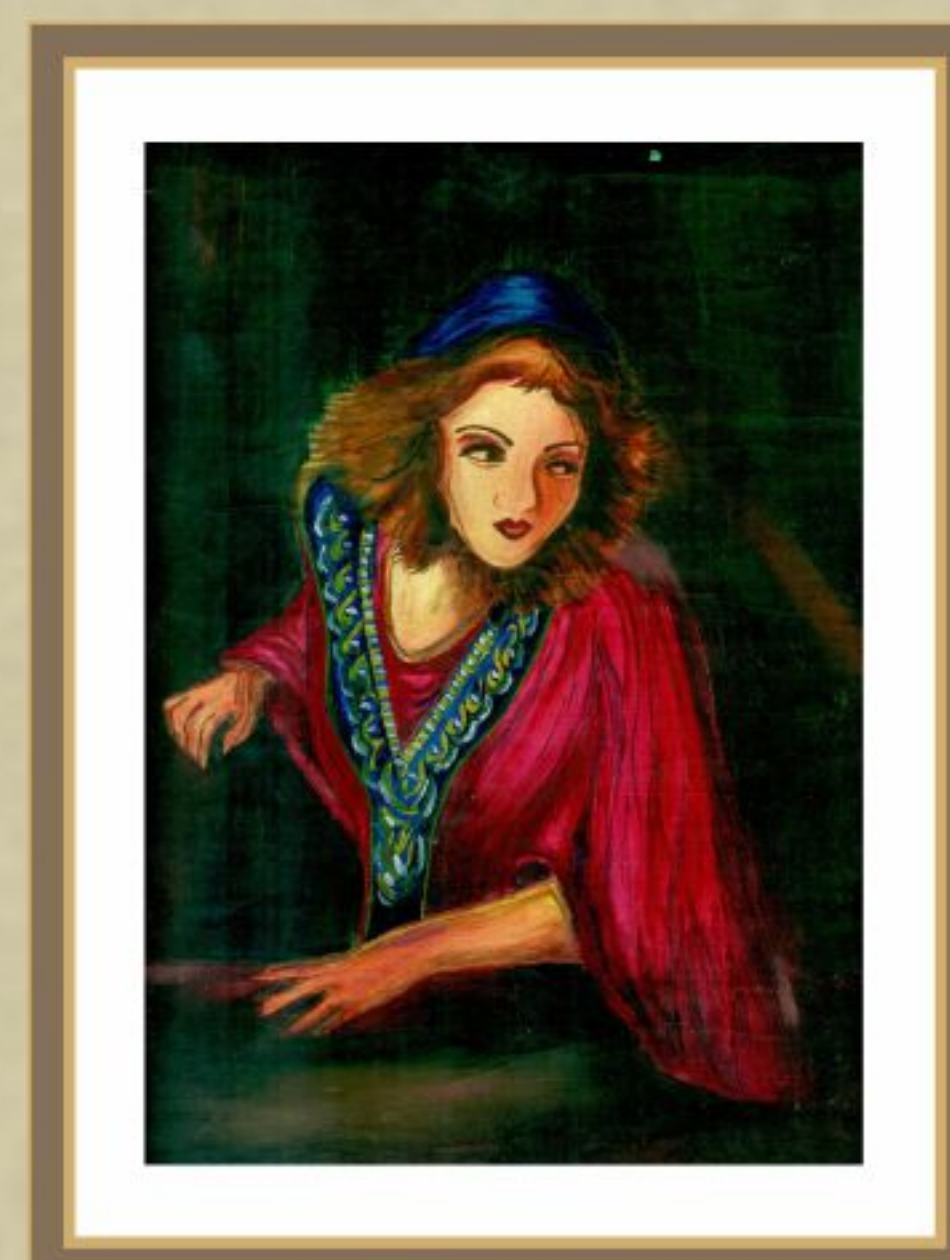
**sushmith**



**Sheetal**



**Neha Jabbar**



**Sneha Krishnan**





## 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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