



FISAT[®]
**FEDERAL INSTITUTE OF
SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY**
AUTONOMOUS

Luminance

Where Talents Shine and Ideas Glow



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I, Dr. Jacob Thomas V hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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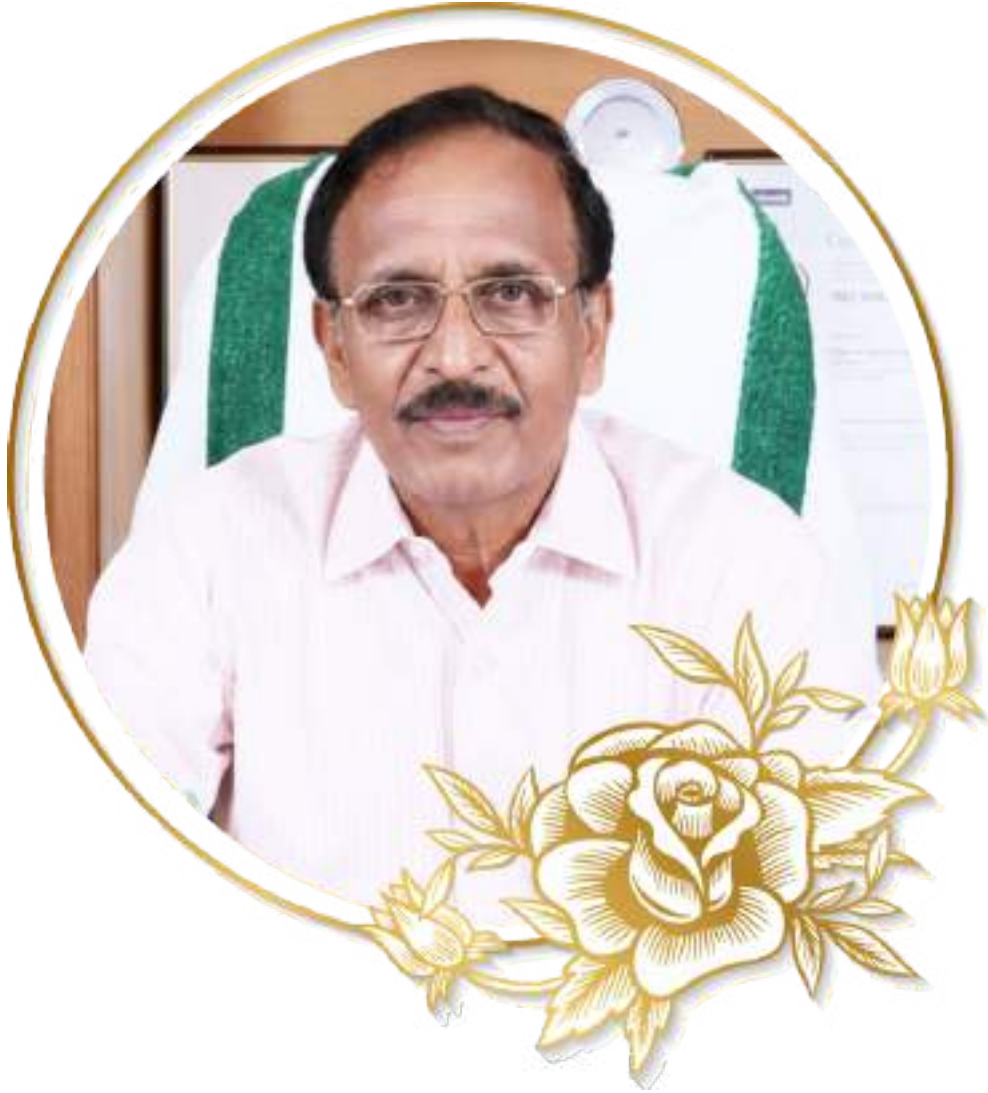
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Remembrance



Prof. Dr. K S Mohanachandra Panicker
(28.04.1950 - 09.01.2026)

Message

Mr. SHIMITH P R
Chairman, FISAT



A college magazine is more than a collection of articles, photographs, and reports. At the moment of its publication, it may seem like just another record of the year gone by. Yet, as time passes, these pages transform into a priceless archive of memories.

Years from now, when you look back, this magazine will remind you of friendships formed, challenges overcome, and milestones achieved. It will rekindle the laughter of cultural festivals, the thrill of sports victories, and the pride of academic accomplishments. What may appear ordinary today will shine as extraordinary tomorrow, carrying with it the joy of nostalgia and the warmth of belonging.

As FISAT steps forward into its autonomous journey and approaches its Silver Jubilee, let this magazine stand as a spirit of innovation, resilience, and unity. May it continue to inspire generations of engineers to cherish their roots while reaching for greater heights.

Message

Mr. SACHIN JACOB PAUL
Vice-Chairman, FISAT



Dear Students, Faculty Members, and the Entire FISAT Family,

As we continue our journey of learning, innovation, and excellence, it is important to remember that true education is not measured merely by the accumulation of knowledge but by the development of wisdom and empathy alongside it. Knowledge empowers us to understand the world, solve complex problems, and create new opportunities. For engineering and management professionals, it serves as the foundation for innovation and progress. Yet, knowledge alone is not sufficient. Wisdom helps us apply what we learn with integrity, sound judgment, and a long-term perspective. Empathy enables us to understand and value the experiences of others, making us not only better professionals but also better human beings.

In today's fast-changing world, success depends as much on emotional intelligence and collaboration as it does on technical expertise. Healthy social relationships, mutual respect, and a spirit of teamwork enrich our campus life and prepare us for meaningful careers. The friendships we build, the mentors who guide us, and the communities we create often become our greatest sources of strength and inspiration.

Equally important is the need to prioritize mental health and well-being. Academic challenges, professional aspirations, and personal responsibilities can sometimes create stress and uncertainty. Let us foster an environment where seeking support is encouraged, where kindness is practiced, and where every individual feels valued and heard. A healthy mind is essential for creativity, productivity, and sustained success.

As members of FISAT, let us strive to build a culture that celebrates excellence while nurturing compassion; one that values achievement while safeguarding well-being; and one that prepares individuals not only for successful careers but also for meaningful lives.

I extend my best wishes to all students, faculty members, and staff of Federal Institute of Science and Technology (FISAT). May you continue to learn with curiosity, lead with wisdom, act with empathy, and achieve success with purpose.

Wishing the entire FISAT community a year filled with growth, innovation, good health, happiness, and outstanding achievements.

Together, let us create not just capable professionals, but responsible leaders and compassionate citizens.

All the very best.

Message

Mr. JENIB J KACHAPILLY
Treasurer



It gives me immense pleasure to extend my greetings and best wishes on the release of Luminance, the annual college magazine of FISAT. Every edition of this magazine stands as a reflection of the creativity, aspirations, and vibrant spirit that define our student community.

Luminance is more than a collection of articles and photographs; it is a canvas where ideas find expression, talents are celebrated, and memories are preserved. From literary creations and artistic endeavors to achievements in academics, sports, culture, and innovation, this magazine beautifully captures the essence of campus life and the diverse voices that make FISAT truly unique.

I sincerely appreciate the editorial team, faculty coordinators, and all contributors whose dedication and hard work have brought this edition to life. Their efforts have ensured that Luminance continues to shine as a beacon of knowledge, creativity, and inspiration.

May this magazine encourage every Fisatian to dream boldly, think creatively, and contribute meaningfully to society. I wish Luminance and all its readers continued success and brighter horizons ahead.

Best Wishes,

Message

Dr. JACOB THOMAS V
Principal



It gives me immense joy to address the vibrant student community and esteemed members of the FISAT family through this edition of our college magazine for the academic year 2025–26. A college magazine is more than a publication—it is a mirror reflecting the creativity, aspirations, and achievements of our students and faculty.

The past year has been one of remarkable progress for FISAT. With the establishment of Centres of Excellence and AICTE's IDEA LAB, the strengthening of industry collaborations, and the expansion of skill development initiatives, our institution continues to stand at the forefront of academic innovation. These milestones are not merely institutional achievements; they are stepping stones for our students to explore, experiment, and excel in diverse domains.

I am proud of the way our students have embraced challenges, demonstrated resilience, and contributed meaningfully to society through academics, research, and co-curricular pursuits. Their energy and enthusiasm remind us that education is not confined to classrooms—it thrives in ideas, teamwork, and the spirit of discovery.

This magazine is a celebration of that spirit. It captures the voices, visions, and values that define FISAT. I congratulate the editorial team for their dedication in bringing together this creative compilation, and I extend my heartfelt appreciation to every contributor who has enriched its pages.

As we look ahead, let us continue to nurture excellence, uphold integrity, and embrace innovation. Together, we will strengthen FISAT's reputation as a hub of knowledge, progress, and inspiration.

With warm regards and best wishes

Message

Dr. MINI P R
Vice-Principal



At FISAT, education extends far beyond the classroom. It nurtures character, encourages innovation, and inspires individuals to become responsible citizens and compassionate leaders. It is a matter of great pride to see our students excelling not only in academics but also in sports, cultural activities, community service, and various co-curricular pursuits. This college magazine is more than a compilation of articles and photographs; it is a testament to the intellectual curiosity, artistic expression, and collective spirit that define our institution and a vibrant reflection of the creativity, talent, and achievements of our students and faculty. The accomplishments showcased in these pages are a source of immense pride for the entire college community.

I sincerely appreciate the Editorial Board, faculty coordinators, student contributors, and everyone who has worked diligently to bring this publication to fruition. Their dedication and creativity have made this magazine a meaningful chronicle of the memorable events and milestones of the academic year. I wish the team every success in their future endeavours.

May our institution continue to flourish as a centre of academic excellence, innovation, and holistic development.

Staff Editorial

It is with immense pride and enthusiasm that we present this year's college magazine, Luminance- the annual magazine of the Federal Institute of Science and Technology (FISAT). True to FISAT's tradition of choosing meaningful themes, Luminance symbolizes enlightenment, inspiration, and the enduring power of ideas to create meaningful change.

More than a compilation of articles and creative expressions, Luminance reflects the academic excellence and vibrant spirit of our institution. It brings together the diverse voices, talents, and experiences of our students and staff, showcasing the richness of our campus community.

At FISAT, we believe that education extends far beyond the boundaries of the classroom. This magazine serves as a platform for creativity, reflection, and intellectual engagement, embodying our shared values of innovation, responsibility, and lifelong learning.

We express our heartfelt gratitude to all contributors, editors, faculty members, and everyone whose dedication and support made this edition possible.

As you turn these pages, we hope Luminance inspires new perspectives, sparks imagination, and celebrates the dynamic spirit of FISAT.



Dr. Keerthi G Nair
Assistant Professor, S & H Department

Dr. Rose Mary Mathew
Assistant Professor (Senior Grade), MCA Department

Student Editorial



“Every voice has a story, and every story deserves to be heard.”

As we present this edition of the FISAT Magazine 2026, we are reminded that a college is more than classrooms, examinations, and achievements—it is a collection of experiences, friendships, dreams, and moments that shape who we become. This magazine is a reflection of that journey, bringing together the creativity, passion, and perspectives of the vibrant FISAT community.

Each page captures a piece of campus life. From thoughtful articles and inspiring stories to artistic expressions and memorable moments, every contribution reflects the diverse talents and voices that make our institution unique. Together, they tell the story of a year filled with learning, innovation, challenges, accomplishments, and growth.

A magazine is not merely a compilation of content; it is a celebration of the people behind it. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to every student who shared their thoughts, experiences, and creativity through these pages. We are equally thankful to the faculty members, mentors, and well-wishers whose guidance and encouragement made this publication possible.

Being entrusted with the responsibility of serving as Student Editors has been both an honour and a learning experience. Working together with contributors, designers, photographers, and the editorial team has shown us the strength of collaboration and the beauty of bringing many voices together under a common vision.

As you turn these pages, we hope you find not only stories and achievements but also memories that resonate with your own journey at FISAT. May this magazine serve as a reminder of the bonds we have built, the lessons we have learned, and the dreams that continue to inspire us.

With immense pride and gratitude, we present FISAT Magazine 2026 to our readers.

Happy Reading!



Annmary Benny
Avanthika Chandrasekharan
Student Editors
FISAT Magazine 2026

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SHINING STAR

She lifts her eyes to the endless sky,
Now the silence of her heart breaks.
Stars don't ask how far they shine;
Her heart murmured—go chase your dreams.

No wall can now stop her path,
No chain can enslave her mind.
The sky roars—there's more to go,
She took it to her heart with no doubt.

Is she meant to be a normal star,
Who glows like all the rest in the sky?
No—she shines brighter than any other,
Unbound by the walls of night.

And in that dark, shining sky,
She learned something she always knew: The stars
she admired, high and free,
Were waiting for her bravery.



Gouthami Vinod
S4 ECE A



LOVING IMPERFECTLY

I have been thinking again about my mother's last letter. She wrote to tell me that my cousin Masha is to be married in the spring, and that the preserves didn't set properly this year because of the rain. She did not ask if "I am eating". She did not ask if "I am alone".

Perhaps she knows, and knowing is already too much for her, so she writes of preserves instead.

I do not blame her for this. I have been trying, these last months, not to blame anyone for anything, though I confess this is a discipline that escapes me most days. When I walk past the bakery on Nevsky Street and smell the warm bread I cannot afford, I blame the entire architecture of the world. When I sit in Professor Lebedev's lecture hall and he speaks of Kant's categorical imperative as though any of us possess the leisure for such moral abstractions while our stomachs protest, I blame philosophy itself. And when I return to my room this small, cold room with its single window that overlooks a courtyard where nothing grows. I blame myself for having come here at all, for having believed that somewhere beyond my village there existed a life vast enough to contain all this hope I carried.

But I am learning. I am learning that blame is just another name for the exhaustion of loving people who cannot love you back in the way you need. My mother is not cruel. She is simply bewildered by a daughter who left. My father does not understand why I study literature when there are more practical concerns. My brother Alexei writes occasionally, brief notes about the harvest or the new horse, and these notes arrive like evidence of a world that continues without me,



Sona Sunny
S4 MCA B

indifferent to my absence, and I realize slowly, painfully that this is not abandonment. This is simply how the great machinery of other people's lives operates. We are all the protagonists of our own novels, and in everyone else's story, we are merely furniture, sometimes beloved furniture, but furniture nonetheless.



There is a girl who lives in the room next to mine. Her name is Katya, and she is studying to be a schoolteacher. Three nights ago, I heard her crying through the wall. The sound was terrible, not loud, but persistent, like a child's cough in winter. I stood there in my night dress, one hand pressed against the cold plaster, and I thought: I should knock. I should bring her the tea I have been saving, or simply sit with her, or tell her about the time I cried for three hours because I had failed an examination and believed my entire future had collapsed in an afternoon.

But I did not knock. I stood there, frozen by the same paralysis that prevents me from writing honestly to my mother, from speaking up in seminars, from asking the boy in the library whose name I don't know whether he, too, feels this terrible weight of existing in a world too large and too small all at once. I did not knock because I was afraid that in witnessing her grief, I would have to acknowledge my own, afraid that comfort requires a reserve of strength I do not possess.

And yet this morning, when I saw Katya in the hallway, she smiled at me. A wan smile, shadowed with whatever suffering she had endured alone the night before, but a smile. And I smiled back. And in that exchange, which lasted perhaps two seconds, I felt something shift inside me—some small stone rolling away from a tomb I didn't know I'd built.

This is what I am trying to understand: that people behave badly not because they are monsters but because they are terrified. My mother writes about preserves because she does not know how to write.

Professor Lebedev speaks in abstractions because the particular is too painful, too immediate. I did not knock on Katya's door because I am terrified of my own insufficient goodness, my inability to save anyone, including myself.

Dostoevsky wrote that to love someone is to see them as God intended them. I copied this into my notebook months ago and have returned to it like a thief returns to the scene of a crime, compulsively, guiltily. Because I do not know how God intended anyone, least of all myself. But I am beginning to suspect that love is not a grand revelation but a daily decision to stop measuring people against the needs they cannot meet. My mother will never ask if I am eating. This is a fact, like rain or gravity. But she sent me a scarf last winter, one she knitted herself, and it is blue, my favourite colour, which she remembered.

Sometimes, late at night, I think about the size of the universe. I have been reading about astronomy, about galaxies and light-years and the eventual heat death of everything. It should horrify me, this knowledge of cosmic insignificance. Instead, I find it strangely comforting. If I am so small, then my failures are small too. This wasted potential I fear, what is it against the vastness of space? What does it matter that I am twenty-two and still do not know who I will become?

And yet this is the paradox I cannot resolve, it matters terribly. It matters that Katya was crying. It matters that somewhere my mother sits at a kitchen table and worries about preserves because worrying about preserves is safer than worrying about daughters. It matters that I am here, in this

room, writing these words, trying to make sense of a life that refuses to cohere into meaning.

Last week, I spent my last kopecks on bread and shared half with an old woman sitting outside the church. I did not do this because I am good. I did it because I was tired of carrying my hunger alone and thought perhaps if I converted it into something given it would weigh less. The woman did not thank me. She took the bread with trembling hands and ate it without looking at me, and I walked home feeling both foolish and clean, as if I had discovered something important and immediately forgotten what it was.

This is what I know: I cannot save Katya. I cannot make my mother love me differently. I cannot promise myself a future worthy of all this suffering. But I can knock on doors. I can share bread. I can forgive my family for being human, for being limited, for loving me in the only ways they know how. I can forgive myself for the same crimes.

Perhaps this is what it means to be alive not to transcend our smallness but to inhabit it with tenderness. To look at the wreckage of disappointed hopes and unmet needs and say: yes, this too. Even this.

Tomorrow I will wake in this cold room and the world will not have changed. I will still be poor. I will still doubt whether I am wasting my life. But I will also wake knowing that somewhere a girl named Katya smiled at me, that somewhere my mother is thinking of me even if she cannot say so, that somewhere in the vast indifference of the universe there are small gestures that matter precisely because they are small.

And today, I think, I think I will knock on Katya's door. I will bring her the tea I've been saving. And if she asks me why, I will tell her: Because last night I heard you crying and I did nothing, and I want to be the sort of person who does something, even when that something is insufficient, even when it changes nothing, even when it is only tea.

I want to be someone who tries.

The thought sits in my chest like a warm stone. I almost smile.

THE SWAN'S PROMISE

On a lake where silence learns to sing
Two swans glide close, wing touching wing.
No hurried words, no borrowed row,
Just ripples whispering forever now.
Necks bend slowly, a heart shaped sign,
Love drawn in curves, patient and divine.
White feathers glow in the evening's hue,
As if the moon itself blessed the two.
Through winter's chill and summer's flame,
They swim as one, yet not the same.
In mirrored grace, they choose they stay
Love that doesn't drift away.
For swans don't promise loud or fast,
They love in stillness, meant to last
A quiet truth that waters prove
The purest form of love....is swan's love



Suja VR
S4 MBA



MY FIRST TASTE OF COLLEGE LIFE: YESS'25

The YESS'25 Event hosted by NIT Calicut was my very first college fest that I'd attended as a B.Tech student from FISAT, and honestly, this event has set the standards for college events up very high. Organized by IEEE, the event had such a fresh and joyful vibe to it the moment I entered the campus. Excited participants buzzing around, Delegates working hard to make the event picture-perfect, you just knew the day was going to be a blast. The campus was lively throughout the day. Games hosted for people to try out, lectures on valuable topics concerning engineering students, quizzes held with sure prizes, I tried my best to try them all out with my friends. We were all given a goodie bag - a tote bag filled with IEEE merch, and could also win additional merch through quizzes, something that I succeeded in. I attended a few lectures which turned out to be insightful and fun - interesting ideas delivered by bright people with a strive to put their ideas out for the world to see. I tried my hand in a few games, more victories than losses, but ultimately what matters is the memories I made with my friends. One of my favourite parts about the event was exploring the exhibitions, watching innovative inventions built by students of engineering colleges all across Kerala. They were keen to explain about their fruitful projects, and I was eager to learn more about them, as well as talk to them about their own interests in the tech world. I'd say the exhibitions are exactly what's needed for 1st year engineering students to garner an interest in their fields. The sky dimmed its colour



Aashna Harindran
S2 CE A

into blue hues, but the festive air was still burning hard, as we were treated to an unforgettable concert by Anju Joseph. We danced hard, sang our hearts out, jumped till our legs gave away, but it was perfect. Along with having been part of an amazing event, I was also able to meet new people, make new connections, and get closer with my own friends. I could tell, based on the way I was not down to leave the campus after the program had finally ended. The YESS event wasn't just any event, it was my first taste of what college life would be like, and what all I could look forward to in the future.



THE UNCHOSEN JOURNEY

A leaf fell from a tree.
It was blown away,
flying across rivers
and over mountains
to a land unknown.

By the time it landed,
it had wilted and dried.
The sun was merciless;
it was dying with every passing second.

It didn't know what to do,
or why it was even there.



Afiyo Tegy
S8 CSE A



215 HOURS OF CODING AND A JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME TO SHANGHAI

First, I want to extend my heartfelt gratitude to my institution, FISAT, for giving me this platform to share a truly formative experience from my engineering journey.

For as long as I can remember, I've been fascinated by the world of robotics. This curiosity, which first sparked in my school days, has been the driving force that led me all the way to Shanghai. My real adventure into the tech world began in the 7th grade, when I started participating in hackathons and competitions. It was in those high-energy, creative environments that I had a profound realization: this was my space. Surrounded by technology, code, and networking with like-minded peers, I felt completely at home. I believe none of this would have been possible without my parents, whose unwavering support from a young age has been the foundation of my success.

A significant turning point came in the 10th grade when I discovered Hack Club, a global non-profit organization for young tech enthusiasts. Through them, I learned about an international hackathon being held in Delhi. After a rigorous selection process, I was not only accepted but also awarded a full travel stipend to attend. That three-day event was an eye-opener and cemented my involvement in the Hack Club community.

Recently, Hack Club announced its most ambitious event yet: a game development hackathon in Shanghai, China, which I attended this past April. The challenge was as daunting as it was exciting. To qualify for a fully-sponsored trip—flights and all expenses covered—you had to be one of the top 100



Mohammed Mohsin U A
S3 EEE

students who dedicated 100 hours to building a game.

The moment I read that, a switch flipped. The 100-hour target became a personal baseline. My passion took over, and in a single month, I clocked in 215 hours of work on my project. I still remember those days vividly. My schedule was a simple, exhilarating loop: finish class, head straight to my laptop, and just work, work, work. Sleep became an afterthought. But I can say with



absolute certainty that I was enjoying every single second of it, and those sleepless nights well and truly paid off.

Landing in Shanghai was a life-changing moment. My first international trip, and that too, solo—it's a feeling that truly hits different.

The hackathon itself was surreal. I was in a room with 100 students from over 35 different countries, representing some of the world's top institutions like MIT, Caltech, and Harvard. To be surrounded by people my age, each possessing an endless well of talent and drive, was humbling and incredibly motivating. It ignited a fire in me to push my own boundaries, to keep learning, and to never stop building.

More than the code, it was the connections that I'll carry with me forever. I realized that the world is filled with brilliant, collaborative people and endless possibilities are within our reach if we just connect with them. Today, I have a global network of friends who are experts in diverse fields. We help each other, share opportunities, and are constantly learning from one another.

This international event didn't just give me a trip to China; it fundamentally changed my worldview. It showed me the scale of what can be achieved and inspired me to strive to become a great engineer. My journey started with a simple curiosity at school, and I hope by sharing it, I can encourage others to follow theirs, wherever in the world it may lead.



FATE

In a world full of stars
I will definitely find you.
You are mine
And I am yours.
No one could separate us!
At times you are my best
And sometimes the worst.
There are times when,
I wanted to leave you.
But you are mine!
You fix my paths
Even though I decide things

You are my final destination.
You are my forever companion.
You are my conclusion!
Sometimes it hurts that
I really wanted to leave you...
I felt like ending this relation.
But it's impossible...



Heera Henry
S6 EIE



കൊട്ടാരങ്ങളും നിലക്കാത്ത രാജകീയ പ്രാവശ്യയുടെയും നാട്ടിലൂടെ ഒരു യാത്ര

വൻ കൊട്ടാരങ്ങളും കൊട്ടകളും അമ്പലങ്ങളും പ്രാവശ്യയോടെ തല ഉയർത്തി നിൽക്കുന്ന രജപുത്രന്മാരുടെ നാട്ടിലേക്ക് ആയിരുന്നു അന്ന് രാത്രി പുറപ്പെട്ടത്. ബസ്സിൽ ആയിരുന്നു യാത്ര, രാത്രി ആയതിനാൽ രാവീൻറെ ഭംഗി ആസ്വദിക്കാൻ നിദ്രഭേദി സമ്മതിച്ചില്ല. രാജസ്ഥാനിന്റെ തലസ്ഥാന നഗരിയായ ജയ്പൂരിലേക്ക് ആയിരുന്നു ആ യാത്ര. പുലർച്ചെ ഉണർന്നപ്പോൾ തന്നെ അതിമനോഹരമായ സൂര്യോദയം കാണാൻ സാധിച്ചു. പിന്നീട് യാത്ര തുടരുമ്പോൾ ശ്രദ്ധിക്കാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞത് എന്താണെന്നുവെച്ചത് അവിടുത്തെ ഓരോ ചായക്കടകൾക്കും വീടുകൾക്കും എല്ലാം ഓരോന്നിനും ഓരോ ഭംഗിയായിരുന്നു. ഒരു ചായക്കട അല്ല 'ധാബയുടെ' മുന്നിൽ കയർകട്ടിലിൻമേൽ തലപ്പാവും വെച്ച് തലയെടുപ്പോടെ ഇരിക്കുന്ന ആ വെളുത്ത താടിക്കാരനായ മുത്തശ്ശന്റെ മുഖം ഇന്നും ഓർമ്മയിൽ തെളിഞ്ഞ് നിൽക്കുന്നു. രാജസ്ഥാൻ എന്നത് വെറുമൊരു മരുഭൂമിയല്ല എന്ന് അവിടെയെത്തിയപ്പോൾ ആണ് മനസ്സിലായത്. അങ്ങിനെ ഒരു ഏഴുമണിയോടെ ജയ്പൂർ ബസ്സ്റ്റാന്റിൽ എത്തി.

മുൻകൂട്ടി ബുക്ക് ചെയ്ത മുറി ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് വേണ്ടി അവർ ഒരുക്കി വച്ചിരുന്നു. രാജസ്ഥാനിലെ ഓരോ കെട്ടിടങ്ങൾക്കും ഒരു രാജകീയത ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ഒൻപത് മണിയോടെ മുറിവിട്ട് ഞങ്ങൾ പിങ്ക് നഗരത്തിന്റെ ഭംഗി ആസ്വദിക്കാൻ ഇറങ്ങി ആദ്യം തന്നെ പോയത് സിറ്റി പാലസിലേക്ക് ആയിരുന്നു. ജയ്പൂർ നഗരത്തിന്റെ വടക്കുകിഴക്കായി സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുന്ന ഈ കൊട്ടാരം. ജയ്പൂരിന്റെ മുൻ ഭരണാധികാരികളായിരുന്ന കചാവ രജപുത്രവംശത്തിന്റെ ആസ്ഥാനമായിരുന്നു. കൊട്ടാരസമുച്ചയം ഇന്ന് മഹാരാജ സവായ് മാന് സിങ് രണ്ടാമൻ മ്യൂസിയം എന്ന പേരിൽ ഒരു കാഴ്ചബംഗ്ലാവായിട്ടുണ്ട്. കിലും ചന്ദ്രമഹൽ മാളികയുടെ ഒരു ഭാഗം രാജകുടുംബത്തിന്റെ വാസസ്ഥലമായി ഉപയോഗിക്കപ്പെടുന്നു. ദിവാൻ ഇ ഖാസ്, സഭാ നിവാസ് അഥവാ ദിവാൻ ഇ ആം.മുബാരക് മഹൽ, ചന്ദ്രമഹൽ.പീതം നിവാസ് ചാക്ക് എന്നിവ കൊട്ടാരത്തിൻറെ ഭാഗങ്ങൾ ആണ് സിറ്റി പാലസിലെ ദിവാൻ-ഇ ഖാസിൽ പ്രദർശിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന ഭീമാകാരമായ രണ്ട് വെള്ളിക്കൂടങ്ങളാണ് ഗംഗാജലികൾ. 1896-ൽ പണിതീർത്ത ഇവയോരോന്നിനും 345 കിലോ വീതം ഭാരമുണ്ട് എന്നാണ് അവിടെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്ന ഒരു ഗൈഡ് പറഞ്ഞുകേട്ടത്. പിന്നീട് ഹവ മഹലിലേക്ക് ആയിരുന്നു പുറപ്പെട്ടത്. അത് ഈ കൊട്ടാരത്തിന്റെ മുന്നിൽ തന്നെ ആയിരുന്നു. പിങ്ക് നിറം ആയിരുന്നു ആ കെട്ടിടം. കാറ്റുകളുടെ മാളിക എന്നാണ് ഹവ



Swetha Santhosh Kumar
MCA S4-B BATCH

മഹൽ എന്ന പേരിൻതമം.

അട കഴിഞ്ഞ് ജന്തർ മന്ദിരത്തിലേക്ക് ആണ് ഞങ്ങൾ പോയത്. ജയ്പൂരിൻറെ സ്ഥാപകനായ ജയ്സിങ് രണ്ടാമനാണ് ജന്തർ മന്തറിന്റെ സ്ഥാപകൻ. ലോകത്തിലെ ഏറ്റവും സൗരഘടികാരമായ സാമ്രാട്ട് യന്ത്ര ജന്തർ മന്തറിൻറെ ഭാഗമാണ്. യന്ത്രരാജ യന്ത്രം, ബുഹദ് സാമ്രാട്ട് യന്ത്രം, ഉന്നതസ്ഥാ യന്ത്രം അങ്ങിനെ കുറയെ ഏറെ യന്ത്രങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ട് ഇവിടെ. ഇതെല്ലാം കണ്ട് തീർന്നപ്പോഴേക്കും സമയം കുറച്ചായി അതിനാൽ തിരികെ മുറിയിലേക്ക് പൊയി ഇത്തിരി വിശ്രമിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു ലക്ഷ്യം എപ്പോഴാണ് അറിഞ്ഞത് ചില ദിവസം സായന്തനങ്ങളിൽ അവിടെ പാവക്കുത്ത് ഉണ്ടാവാറുണ്ട് എന്നത്. അത് കാണാനായി നല്ല ആഗ്രഹം തോന്നി. സിനിമകളിൽ മാത്രമേ മുൻപ് കണ്ടിട്ടുള്ളൂ അതുകൊണ്ടുതന്നെ നേരിട്ട് കാണാൻ കിട്ടിയ അവസരം മുതലാക്കണം എന്ന് തോന്നി അത് കാണാനായി പുറപ്പെട്ടു. വളരെ മനോഹരം ആയിരുന്നു അത്. ആ പാവകുത് നടത്തുന്ന മമ്മാരോട് സംസാരിക്കാനും ഇട കിട്ടി അവരെ ആയി സൗഹൃദം സ്ഥാപിച്ചതിനാൽ എനിக்கும் അനിയത്തിക്കും അവരുടെ കയ്യിൽ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്ന ഓരോ പാവകളെ തന്ന് അവർ അവരുടെ സന്തോഷം അറിയിച്ചു.

പിറ്റേ ദിവസം വീണ്ടും യാത്ര ആരംഭിച്ചു. ഇന്ന് മുഴുവൻ അമ്പലങ്ങളും സന്ദർശിക്കാൻ ആയിരുന്നു ലക്ഷ്യം. അങ്ങിനെ അജ്മീർ ജില്ലയിൽ സ്ഥിതി ചെയ്യുന്ന പുഷ്കർ നഗരത്തിൽ എത്തി പുഷ്കറിലെ മിക്ക ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും ഘാട്ടുകളും പതിനെട്ടാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിലേതാണെന്നും പിന്നീട് ഈ പ്രദേശം മുസ്ലിങ്ങൾ

കിഴക്കിയപ്പോൾ നിരവധി ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങൾ നശിപ്പിക്കപ്പെട്ടതായും പറയപ്പെടുന്നുണ്ട്. പിന്നീട് തകർന്ന ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങൾ പുനർനിർമ്മിച്ചു എന്നും. പുഷ്കർ ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളിൽ ഏറ്റവും പ്രസിദ്ധമായത് പതിനാലാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിൽ നിർമ്മിച്ച ബ്രഹ്മക്ഷേത്രമാണ്. ഈ ക്ഷേത്രം വെണ്ണക്കല്ലും കല്ലും കൊണ്ട് നിർമ്മിച്ചതാണ്. ക്ഷേത്ര ശ്രീകോവിലിൽ നാല് തലകളുള്ള ബ്രഹ്മാവിന്റെയും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഭാര്യ ഗായത്രിയുടെയും (വേദങ്ങളുടെ ദേവത) പ്രതിഷ്ഠയുണ്ട്. അവിടെ ഒരു കുളം ഉണ്ട് അതിൽ നിറഞ്ഞ് നിന്നിരുന്ന താമരകൾ ആണത്രേ ക്ഷേത്ര പുഷ്പം എടുക്കുക. അതിൻ ശേഷം ആറംബർ കൊട്ടാരത്തിൽ എത്തി. ചെങ്കല്ലും മാർബിളും കൊണ്ട് നിർമ്മിച്ച, ആകർഷകവും സമൃദ്ധവുമായ കൊട്ടാരം നാല് നിലകളാണ് നിർമ്മിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്, ഓരോന്നിനും ഒരു നടമുറ്റമുണ്ട്. ദിവാൻ-ഇ-ആം. അല്ലെങ്കിൽ 'പൊതു പ്രേക്ഷകരുടെ ഹാൾ', ദിവാൻ-ഇ-ഖാസ്, അല്ലെങ്കിൽ 'സ്വകാര്യ പ്രേക്ഷകരുടെ ഹാൾ', ഷീഷ് മഹൽ (കണ്ണാടി കൊട്ടാരം), അല്ലെങ്കിൽ ജയ് മന്ദിർ, സുഖ് നിവാസ് എന്നിവ ഉൾപ്പെടുന്നതാണ് കൊട്ടാര ഭാഗങ്ങൾ. രാജാ മൻ സിങ്ങിന് 12 റാണിമാരുണ്ടായിരുന്നതിനാൽ ഓരോ റാണി ഓരോ മുറികൾ വീതം അദ്ദേഹം ഉണ്ടാക്കി. ഓരോ മുറിക്കും രാജാവിന്റെ മുറിയുമായി ബന്ധിപ്പിച്ച ഒരു കോണി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. പക്ഷേ റാണിമാർ മുകളിലേക്ക് കയറാൻ പാടില്ലായിരുന്നു എന്നാണ് പറഞ്ഞുകേട്ടത്. രാജാ ജയ് സിംഗിന് ഒരു റാണി മാത്രമേ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുള്ളൂ. അതിനാൽ അദ്ദേഹം പഴയ മൂന്ന് റാണിമാരുടെ മുറികൾക്ക് തുല്യമായ ഒരു മുറി നിർമ്മിച്ചു എന്നും ആണ് ഇവിടെ ഉള്ളവരുടെ പൂർവികർ പറഞ്ഞ് കേട്ടിരിക്കുന്നത്. മൂന്ന് ദിവസത്തെ യാത്രക്കായിരുന്നു ജയ്പൂരിൽ എത്തിയത് പക്ഷേ ജയ്പൂർ നഗരം ഒരിക്കലും 3 ദിവസം കൊണ്ട് കണ്ട്

തിർക്കാൻ പറ്റില്ല എന്ന് മനസ്സിലായി. മൂന്നാം ദിനം രണ്ട് മംഭോർ നാഷണൽ പാർക്കിനെ ലക്ഷ്യം വച്ചു. അതിനു മുൻപ് ഒരു മണലാരണ്ണത്തിൽ പോയിരുന്നു. അവിടെ ഒട്ടക സഫാരി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അത് ഒരു പുതിയ അനുഭവം ആയിരുന്നു. അതിന്റെ ഉയർച്ചയും താഴ്ചയും ഉള്ള നടത്തം ഒരു ഇത്തിരി ഭയം നിറച്ചു. എന്നാലും അത് വളരെ മനോഹരമായ അനുഭവം തന്നെ ആയിരുന്നു. അവിടെ ധാരാളം സ്ത്രീകൾ രാജസ്ഥാൻ വേഷത്തിൽ നിൽപ്പുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവരിൽ പലരും കൈ നിറയെ വളക്കൂർ ധരിച്ചിരുന്നു. ആ നാട്ടിലെ പ്രധാനപ്പെട്ട ഒരു കാര്യം ആണ് കൈനിറയെ പല നിറത്തിൽ ഉള്ള വള അണിയുക എന്നത്. അവിടെ തന്നെ ധാരാളം വളക്കൂർ വിൽക്കാൻ വച്ചിരുന്നു അതിൽനിന്ന് ഒന്ന് ഞങ്ങൾ വാങ്ങി. ആ ചെച്ചിമാർ അത് സ്നേഹത്തോടെ തന്നെ കയ്യിൽ ഇട്ടു തരുകയും ചെയ്തു. അവിടെ നിന്ന് രണ്ട് മംഭോർ നാഷണൽ പാർക്കിൽ എത്തി. രണ്ട് മംഭോർ അതിന്റെ വലിയ കടുവകളുടെ ജനസംഖ്യയ്ക്ക് പേരുകേട്ടതാണ്. ഇലപൊഴിയും വനങ്ങളും തുറന്ന പുൽമേടുകളും രണ്ട് മംഭോർ ദേശീയോദ്യാനത്തിലുണ്ട്. ഇടതൂർന്ന ഉഷ്ണമേഖല, വരണ്ടവനം, തുറന്ന കുറ്റിച്ചെടികൾ, തടാകങ്ങളും അരുവികളും ഇടതൂർന്ന പാറക്കെട്ടുകൾ എന്നിവ ഈ ദേശീയോദ്യാനത്തിന്റെ സവിശേഷതകളാണ്. അവിടെ മാനുകളും നിരവധി പക്ഷികളും കുരങ്ങന്മാരും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അതിനും അപ്പുറം കടുവകളും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അവിടെ വച്ചാണ് ഞാൻ ആദ്യമായി കടുവകളെ ഒരു മറവും ഇല്ലാതെ കൈ അകലത്തിൽ നേരിൽ കണ്ടത്. അതിനു ശേഷം തിരിച്ച് മടങ്ങുകയായിരുന്നു. ഈ യാത്ര വളരെ മനോഹരമായിരുന്നു. വിവിധ മനുഷ്യന്മാരെ കാണാൻ സാധിച്ചു. അവിടുത്തെ ആചാരങ്ങളും അനുഷ്ഠാനങ്ങളും സംസ്കാരങ്ങളും എല്ലാം തോട്ടനിയാനും സാധിച്ചു. ഒരു പുത്തൻ അനുഭവം സമ്മാനിച്ച ഈ യാത്ര എന്നും എന്റെ ഓർമ്മയിൽ നിലനിൽക്കും.



THE LIGHT OF MY WORLD

I came to you, lost
as a little girl, stood bewildered.
You took me in your loving hands,
caressed my hair and kissed my brow.
You planted me in your heart,
rich in virtue and truth.
You nurtured me in your innocent love,
taught me to love and to forgive.
You wiped away my tears
and breathed joy into me.
When your hand was hard on me,
your other hand consoled me.
I grew rooted in your lessons,
you raised me to be me.
For years you were my solace,
you gave me all that you could
before you let me leave.
From the warmth of your bosom,
I stepped out into the vast world.
The ways of this world frightened me.
I wished I never left you,
I wondered why you let me leave.
And then I realized,
You raised me to be like you,
to be a little light in this dark world.
No night can put off my light
because I inherited it from you.
Light of my world, MY TEACHERS!



Kajol Joby
S2 CSE B



WHAT IIT MADRAS TAUGHT ME ABOUT PEOPLE AND MYSELF

Visiting IIT Madras for the Residential Student Workshop was a meaningful experience for me. This was the first time I travelled outside my home state and stayed in a hostel. Living together, sharing rooms, and managing even small expenses made the experience more real and personal. It helped me understand people in a way I had never experienced before. I realized that we truly get to know people when we travel together, share space, and take responsibility side by side.

Through this journey, I understood that closeness is not about how long we spend with someone, but about character. The people I felt comfortable with were those whose values matched naturally. Living together showed patience, understanding, and respect in small daily moments. These small moments mattered more than long conversations and helped build genuine connections.



Fathima Noushad N
S4 CE A

someone understands technical details, someone points out what is right or wrong, and someone supports the team quietly. Every role is important, and a team works well when everyone contributes in their own way.

Talking with students from other states and



The people who were selected for this program and travelled with us were very passionate about the work they wanted to do. They were curious and interested in learning new things. During this experience, I realized that in a team, not everyone needs to know everything. Each person has a different role. Someone is good at coordinating,

interacting with students studying at IIT Madras changed my perspective. They were the same age as us, but many of them had strong knowledge in the fields they were working on. Seeing the passion of the people who travelled with me and the knowledge of the IIT Madras students helped me understand that growth comes from both interest and learning. It also

made me respect people beyond regions and backgrounds.

Being in an environment where everyone wanted to do something meaningful in life was inspiring. Even though everyone was different, there was a shared sense of purpose. This created a positive

and motivating atmosphere that encouraged learning and self-improvement.

As the workshop progressed, my initial fear slowly reduced. The sessions encouraged open discussion, teamwork, and sharing ideas, which made communication easier. Even though we came from different states, spoke different languages, and had different backgrounds, I realized that our thoughts, values, and emotions were often very similar.

Through conversations and group activities, I understood how much parenting and upbringing shape a person. I am not saying education is not important — it is very important. But character gives value to education. Education teaches us knowledge, but character teaches us how to use that knowledge and how to treat others.

This experience also taught me not to judge people without talking to them. Many meaningful connections happened only after open

conversations. I learned that understanding comes from listening, not from assumptions.

One personal realization I had during this journey was about language and communication. Sometimes I knew what I wanted to say, but I could not express it clearly. This made me understand how important communication is, and it motivated me to improve myself.

Overall, my time at IIT Madras was more than just an academic program. It was a learning experience that changed my perspective and helped me grow as a person. The lessons I learned about character, teamwork, passion, communication, and understanding people will stay with me in the future.



THE UNTAMED

She is going on,
 She doesn't want to be judged,
 She doesn't want to change for others,
 She doesn't want to be loved,
 She just wants to be herself.
 She knows fear will fail her,
 The stares will blame her,
 From burqa to mini skirts,
 The blame will always be in her.
 Everyone wants her to be,
 Either an angel,
 Or a mad woman in the attic,
 If she raises her voice, she's in the attic,
 If she stays humble, she's a man's servant, a wife in disguise.
 The world keeps trying to tame her,
 Like Bellerophon taming Pegasus,
 Forcing her wings into a saddle,
 Calling it grace when she bows,



Aparna Dinesh
 S3 MBA

Calling it pride when she flies.
 But she doesn't want to live in their thoughts,
 She doesn't want to fit in,
 She just wants to be her.
 Imperfect, selfish, happy,
 Not sacred, but scared,
 She may be lonely,
 But she can be a lone wolf.



BOOK REVIEW: MY SISTER'S GRAVE

BY ROBERT DUGONI

My Sister's Grave is a book I recently read, and it left a strong impression on me. It is a crime thriller, but it goes beyond a typical investigation story by focusing deeply on emotions, family relationships, and the search for truth.

The story centers on Tracy Crosswhite, a homicide detective whose life has been shaped by the murder of her sister, Sarah, when Tracy was just a teenager. Although someone was convicted for the crime, Tracy never truly believed that justice was served. Years later, when new evidence is discovered after another body is found, it opens the possibility that the wrong person was punished. This becomes the turning point of the novel and draws Tracy back to her hometown to reopen the case.

What stood out to me the most was the emotional depth of the story. Tracy is not shown as a perfect or fearless hero. She struggles with guilt for leaving her hometown, pain from her past, and fear of what she might uncover. Her relationship with her parents, especially the distance created by grief and unanswered questions, felt very realistic and relatable. These emotional layers made me feel connected to the character rather than just following a crime plot.

The investigation itself is well written and easy to follow. The author explains police procedures clearly, without making them complicated. The clues are revealed step by step, which builds suspense and keeps the reader engaged. There are several twists in the story, and they feel natural rather than forced, which made the ending satisfying.

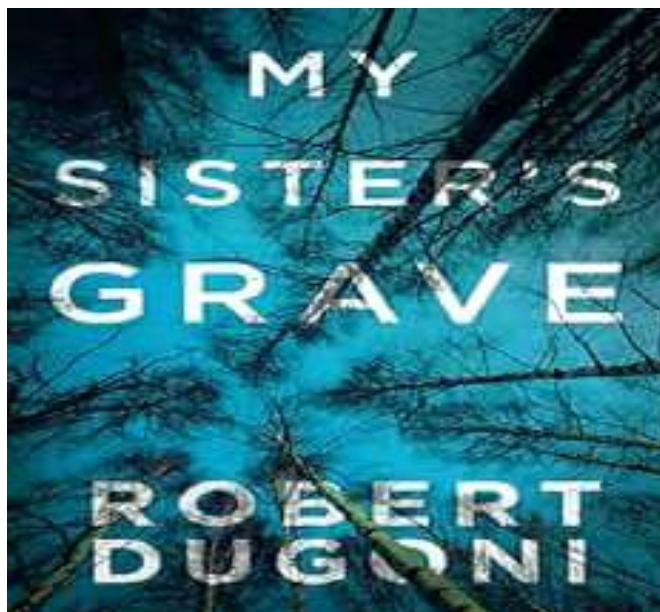
I also liked the writing style of the book. The language is simple and smooth, and the chapters are well paced. This made it easy to continue reading



MERIN THOMAS C
S4 MCA B

without feeling overwhelmed. The small-town setting is described in a way that adds tension and supports the mystery of the story.

Overall, My Sister's Grave is more than just a crime thriller. It is a story about loss, perseverance, and the importance of uncovering the truth, no matter how painful it may be. I really enjoyed reading this book and would strongly recommend it to anyone who enjoys mystery novels with strong emotional depth and realistic characters.



MY PILLOW

Oh my pillow
How can I not write about you ?
Laughed and giggled on my pillow
Framed me the best dream
Adhered my life onto my pillow
Being through my dreams and nightmares
Scared and lonely on my pillow
Never left my bed
Disturbed sink on my pillow
Didn't allow me to drown

Cried onto my pillow
Made sure it got dried
Falling apart on my pillow
Fell on your warm feather hugs
Coming home to my pillow
Made sure I felt safe
Oh my pillow
How can I not love you?



Varsha Johnson
S2 MCA



BOOK REVIEW: THE KITE RUNNER BY KHALED HOSSEINI

Book Details

Title: The Kite Runner

Author: Khaled Hosseini

Genre: Fiction, Historical Drama

Publication Date: 2003

Publisher: Riverhead Books

Summary

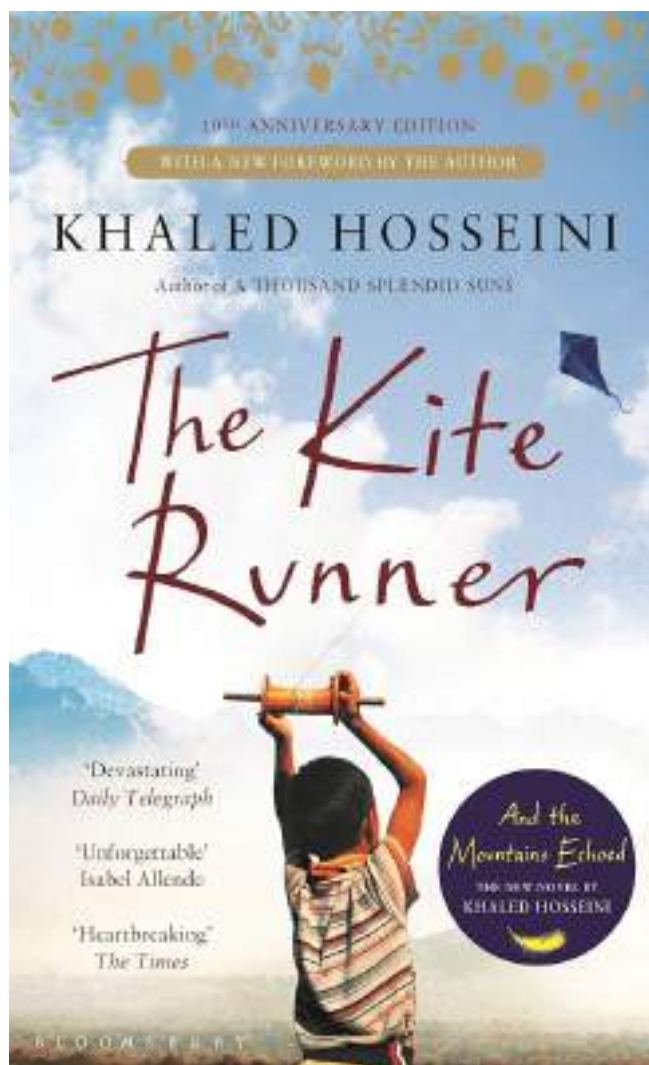
The Kite Runner is the novel drafted by Khaled Hosseini. It looks at friendship, betrayal, and redemption set against Afghanistan's troubled history. The story follows Amir, a young Pashtun boy in 1970s Kabul, and his loyal friend Hassan, the son of a Hazara servant. Their bond, built through kite-flying tournaments and shared experiences, breaks apart due to a painful betrayal. As Afghanistan falls apart during the Soviet invasion, Amir and his father escape to America. However, the burden of his past pushes Amir toward a chance for redemption years later.

Review

Hosseini's storytelling is both heart-wrenching and hopeful, weaving a deeply personal narrative with Afghanistan's cultural and political landscape. The characters are vividly crafted—Amir's guilt-ridden complexity and Hassan's quiet strength anchor the story's emotional core. Hosseini's lyrical prose brings Kabul to life, from its vibrant bazaars to its war-torn ruins, immersing readers in a world of beauty and pain. The book does well in examining universal messages: the price of cowardice, the pursuit of forgiveness, the eternal strength of loyalty. If at times the pace lags, and if some plot turns feel too handy, they can be forgiven in the face of the



Vignesh Murali
S8 CSE C



story's emotional complexity and cultural detail. *The Kite Runner* is a gut-punch of a read, an unflinching portrayal of human weakness and an uplifting in its quest for redemption.

My Perspective

Myself reading this book really messed me up in the best way. I've had times where I let a friend down, maybe not as big as Amir's betrayal, but enough to feel that guilt in my stomach. Reading about Amir wrestling with his mistakes made me think about those moments and how I've tried to make them right. The kite-flying stuff hit me hard—it reminded me of goofing off with my friends as a kid, feeling like nothing could go wrong. The Afghanistan parts were a wake-up call, too—I didn't know much about its history, and it made me think about how where you grow up shapes you. This book pushed me to be braver, to own up to my screw-ups, and to hold my friends closer.

Recommendation

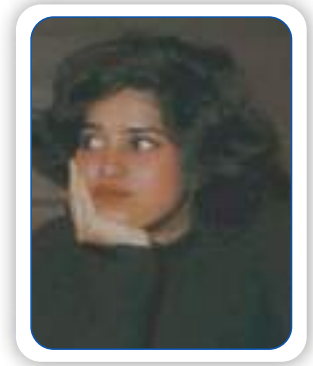
Perfect for readers who enjoy character-driven stories with rich cultural settings and emotional depth. Fans of literary fiction or historical dramas, such as *A Thousand Splendid Suns* or *The Book Thief*, will find *The Kite Runner* a compelling and unforgettable read. Be prepared for heavy themes and an emotional journey.

Final Thoughts

The Kite Runner is the kind of book that stays with you forever. It's sad, beautiful, and so honest about what it means to mess up and try to be better. Hosseini's story is a reminder that even when you've got regrets, there's still a chance to make things right. Totally worth the read.

REBIRTH

Crawl out of the grave,
Make the silence loud!
Let their ears burst open.
Speak with clarity,
Let them wonder, "oh the temerity!"
Praise to the new me
Give a round of applause.
Dusk fades , dawn breaks.
Make mistakes – and strength awakes.
Fight, my child , fight!
Fight as if this is your only ray of hope.
You will win, for this is your life,
And you are its main character.



Archita
S5 EIE



THE RISE OF PET PARENTING IN MODERN SOCIETY

In modern society, pets are no longer just animals but are treated as family members, leading to the rise of “pet parenting.” Animals like domestic dogs provide emotional support, helping reduce stress and loneliness in our lives. This strong bond has encouraged people to care for pets like children. Changing lifestyles, such as smaller families and delayed marriages, have also contributed to this trend. Many individuals now prefer raising pets for companionship and responsibility. At the same time, the pet care industry has grown, offering premium food, healthcare, and grooming services.

Social media has played a significant role in promoting pet parenting culture. Platforms like Instagram and YouTube are filled with pet influencers who have millions of followers. These platforms encourage people to showcase their pets, share experiences, and adopt better care practices. As a result, pets are now seen not only as companions but also as part of one's identity and lifestyle. However, this trend also brings certain challenges. Treating pets like humans can sometimes lead to overdependence or improper care, such as feeding unhealthy foods or neglecting their natural instincts. Additionally, the cost of maintaining a pet-friendly lifestyle can be high, making it difficult for some families. Responsible pet parenting requires understanding the specific needs of animals and ensuring their well-being rather than simply humanizing them. The growth of the pet care industry further highlights this trend. From premium pet foods to luxury grooming services and pet-friendly cafes, the market has expanded rapidly. Companies are now focusing on high quality nutrition, healthcare, and lifestyle products for pets. Veterinary care has also advanced, with specialized



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treatments and wellness programs ensuring pets live longer and healthier lives.

However, responsible care is important, as treating pets like humans can sometimes lead to improper habits. The rise of pet parenting reflects a deeper shift in human values, where emotional connections and companionship are increasingly prioritized. While this trend has brought numerous benefits, including improved mental health and stronger bonds, it also demands responsibility and awareness. As society continues to evolve, the relationship between humans and their pets is likely to grow even stronger, redefining the meaning of family in the modern world. Overall, pet parenting reflects a shift in society where pets are valued as important members of the family.

WAR AND PEACE

War and peace two words so meaningful,
But yet too different
We fight, we kill
But remember, my friend
When we leave this world,
We take back nothing but soul
Life is a single fleeting flame —
So cherish it, my dear one.
For battles may win lands,
But never hearts.
They leave behind
Only graves and grieving hands.
To believe is to trust,
To trust is to love,
And love births understanding,
Understanding gives you peace.
So live, don't war —
Let compassion be your art.
For hatred burns the world,
But peace can heal a heart.



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THE HIDDEN COST OF AI

The unseen environmental effects of modern AI systems.

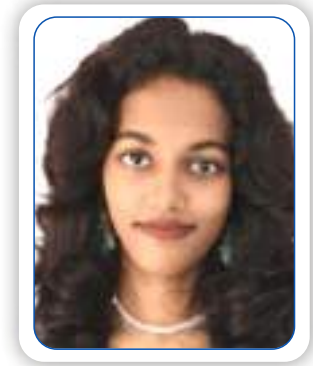
Energy and Resource Demands of Generative AI

The computational power required to train generative AI models that often have billions of parameters, such as OpenAI's GPT-4, can demand a staggering amount of electricity, which leads to increased carbon dioxide emissions and pressures on the electric grid. In addition to high electricity use, generative AI also requires large amounts of water to cool the hardware used for training and running models. This can strain local water supplies and ecosystems. The growing demand for AI applications also increases the need for high-performance computing hardware, which adds further environmental impacts through manufacturing and transportation.

AI-generated text requires significantly less energy than AI-generated images. Videos are also far more intensive than simple text requests, with a late 2025 analysis suggesting that every Sora 2 video burns 1 Kilowatt hour, 4 litres of water, and emits 466 grams of carbon. E-waste is the fastest growing waste streams in the world - and AI can harm the environment by adding to this escalating trash pile. One study found that the e-waste generation of generative AI will grow at a rapid pace - 16 million tons of cumulative waste by 2030.

Generative AI can transform industries but also raises environmental and social concerns.

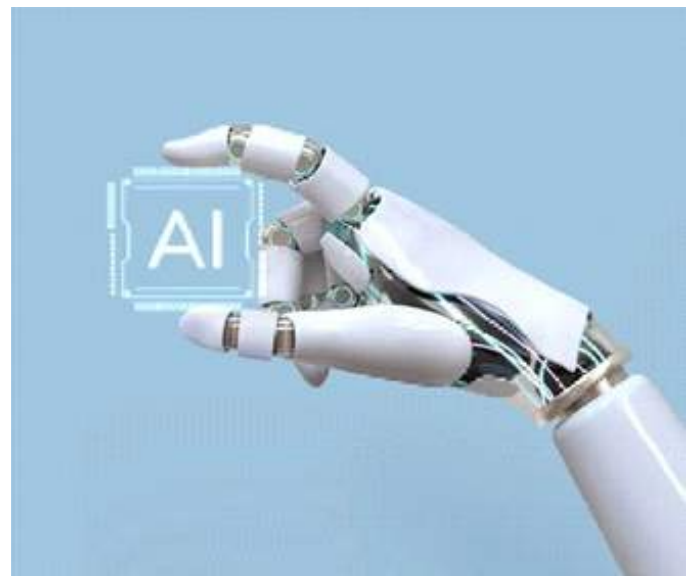
Generative AI could dramatically increase productivity and transform workloads in many industries. It can be used to respond to questions in customer service chats, create schedules, summarize information, produce Internet content-and more.



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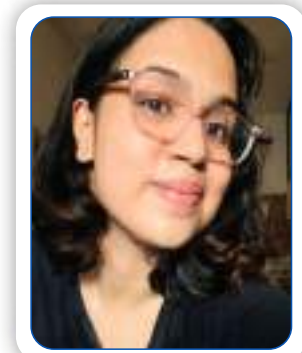
But generative AI also poses potential risks to people and the environment.

For example, the IT equipment that powers generative AI needs a lot of water and electricity to function efficiently and avoid overheating. Also, generative AI could replace workers or be used to create dangerous deepfakes.



STILL, I KNOW

There are stories I never told,
because they grew too heavy
for the version of me that stayed soft.
There are desires that never bloomed,
not because they weren't real,
but because I outgrew the garden-where they were
planted.
Some nights I trace the outlines of things that never
happened -
words unsent, hands unheld, futures I almost lived
And yet,
somewhere inside, I know it was all seen — every
ache, every almost,
folded neatly into a higher calling.
Maybe that's what becoming is —
to miss what was meant, to bless what wasn't,
and to keep walking anyway.
Still, in the quiet,
I know I know



Gayathri K
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“I WAS JUST SCROLLING...” HOW INSTAGRAM SELLS WITHOUT ASKING

Let's be honest...nobody opens Instagram to shop. We open it to relax, to escape, to scroll “just for a minute.” But somewhere between reels and memes, something changes. We don't just watch anymore, we start wanting. And that's not an accident.

Instagram today is more than just a social media platform. It's one of the smartest marketing systems ever created. Unlike traditional ads that clearly try to sell, Instagram blends marketing into everyday content so smoothly that we don't even notice it.

Influencers play a huge role in this. They don't feel like advertisers, they feel real and relatable. When they recommend a product, it doesn't sound like a sales pitch. It feels like a genuine suggestion, and that's why we trust it so easily.

Reels make this even more powerful. In just a few seconds, a product can be turned into a trend or a “must-have.” With the right music, visuals, and storytelling, brands don't just sell products, they sell a lifestyle. And without realizing it, we start imagining ourselves as part of that lifestyle.

What makes this truly effective is the psychology behind it. Phrases like “only a few left” or “sale ends tonight” create urgency and push us to act quickly. At the same time, thousands of likes and comments act as social proof, making us believe the product must be good. Step by step, these small triggers influence our decisions.

I've seen this from the other side too. Running a small Instagram-based jewelry business showed me how powerful this platform really is. Even a small page, with the right content and consistency, can reach people and influence their choices. That's the



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real strength of Instagram; it doesn't just promote products; it shapes what people want.

Of course, it's not entirely negative. Instagram has helped small businesses grow and has made marketing more creative and accessible. But at the same time, it encourages impulse buying, comparison, and unrealistic expectations.

In the end, Instagram marketing works because it doesn't feel like marketing at all; it feels natural. And that's exactly why it's so effective.

So next time you're about to click “buy,” pause for a second and ask yourself: “Do I really need this... or did Instagram make me want it?”

ONE LAST TIME!

If I knew it was the last time,
I would have held you closer.
I would have hugged you a minute longer,
I would have kissed you one last time!
His hands were cold,
but not as cold as my heart when I realised he was
gone.
I was standing helplessly as he slipped from my
hand,
and now I am recklessly waiting!
Covered in blood and death, I felt numb.
We both died at that moment ,
but you were at rest.
If I knew it was the last time,
I could have held you closer!
So close that even death would have spared us!



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IN HER DARKNESS

-By Unknown

The cobblestone streets glistened under the morning sun, its light catching on the last remnants of yesterday's rain. As always, the air was alive with chatter and the warm aroma of fresh bread drifting from nearby bakeries. Paper boys wandered through the bustle, their voices cutting through the morning hum as they cried out the day's headlines.

A young couple stepped out of a fine restaurant, content smiles on their faces. He wore a neat suit and a half-top hat that covered his brown hair, a cane in his right hand. His left arm rested around her shoulders gently, holding her hand. His grey eyes were warm.

"How was breakfast, my love?" he asked with a smile.

She wore an elegant green dress and a feathered hat, her wavy blonde hair neatly tied back. Her features were soft, and her emerald eyes, though distant and unseeing. She returned his smile sheepishly.

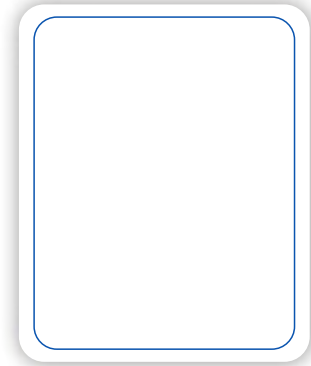
"I told you to call me by my name when we're outside, Sam." She paused for a moment, then added in a cheerful tone, "But the breakfast was great."

Sam chuckled, amusement evident in his tone. "Are you shy?"

She turned her head toward his voice, trying to look him in the eyes, or at least she tried to. Instead, her gaze landed somewhere near his neck. She felt his left hand slip free from hers as he gently lifted her chin, guiding her face upward until her eyes met his.

She smiled, flustered, but her tone was firm when she spoke. "Yes, it's embarrassing. Even though I can't see, I know very well when you're teasing me."

Sam opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it. "Very well, Ann," he said at last, a mock hurt



in his tone. "And here I was thinking we could try dessert from that new place."

Ann's face brightened; however, she hid it instantly, masking it with indifference.

They walked in silence for a moment, his hand steady around hers as he guided her through the busy street. The sounds of laughter, carriage wheels, and hurried footsteps swirled around them, but within his gentle grip she found a quiet sense of certainty.

"Left," he murmured softly, tilting her slightly.

She followed without hesitation.

"I would have refused, you know," she added after some time, pretending to sound stern. "But I suppose it would be rude to reject such generosity."

Sam laughed under his breath. "See? You do love me after all."

She tilted her head toward his voice, smiling.

"Unfortunately."

Eventually, they arrived at their destination, enjoyed their dessert, and then began the walk back. Ann had insisted they not use the car at first; she liked the simple pleasure of walking, of hearing the life of the

city around her, of feeling Sam beside her. So they strolled a few streets farther before Sam finally insisted, and they returned to their car.

The drive home was short. A servant hurried to open the gates as they approached, and the car passed through the wide entrance. Their house rose ahead of them: a beautiful villa standing proud in the quiet countryside, surrounded by open farmland. A few cattle wandered lazily across the fields; they had a few servants who helped manage the farm and kept the household running smoothly.

Sam and Ann had bought it years ago, back when they were both still working, back when Ann could still see.

A servant stepped forward to greet them as Sam helped Ann out of the car. She smiled politely in the direction of the familiar voice, thanking him, and Sam guided her toward the front steps with easy familiarity.

The old butler, Dan, approached with a couple of maids as they stepped inside.

“My lord, will you be resting?” Dan asked politely.

“For the moment, yes. We’ll be in the hallway. Bring us some water,” Sam replied.

He guided Ann to a seat. She noticed he remained standing.

“You’re not staying?” she asked quietly.

“No.” A brief understanding passed through her expression.

“You’re going to your sister?”

“Yes,” Sam said. “Danny’s been having some trouble.”

Disappointment softened her features, though she didn’t voice it.

He sighed as he watched her.

“I’ll be back soon,” he said as he reached forward and gently tapped her nose, the affectionate gesture he always used with her. She smiled faintly.

With that, Sam turned and left.

The car rumbled softly as he settled behind the wheel, the road stretching ahead beneath an open sky. His thoughts drifted, as they often did, to his sister. A widow now, living alone with her son. The boy never quite liked Sam, polite enough, but distant, always watching him with that guarded, uneasy stare.

His thoughts wandered as he drove through the streets, the city gradually giving way to open fields and quiet countryside. His sister lived out here now, a house their late parents had left behind. It should have been Sam’s, but fortune had always favored him, and he’d given it to her instead. She needed it more than he ever would. His mind slipped, inevitably, toward Ann.

A small smile tugged at his lips.

She had always been brilliant, sharp-witted and stubborn when necessary, and far kinder than she ever liked to admit. They had met at university five years ago, laughing over something trivial, never imagining that life would twist so sharply.

It had been three years now since she had lost her sight. The doctors had called it a hereditary deterioration... something no treatment could reverse.

He exhaled slowly, the weight of it familiar by now.

Soon, the road curved, and his sister’s house finally came into view. A modest home, smaller and worn around the edges, standing lonely against the wide countryside.

He parked his car and made his way to the door. He knocked twice before it opened, and his sister

appeared. He noticed the dark circles under her hazel eyes and how pale she looked.

“Sam,” she acknowledged, stepping aside and gesturing him in.

Sam followed quietly looking around.

The interior of the house was unusually messy. Utensils and dishes lay unwashed, clothes were scattered here and there. This was unlike her. She had always been a neat freak.

Pain twisted his features. It seemed she still could not get over her husband's death. She had changed since then.

She spoke again, her tone light. “Danny is very excited to see you. He kept asking.”

Sam frowned. “He did?”

The boy usually ignored him. Sam forced a small smile. Maybe he'd grown up a little.

“Where is he?” Sam asked.

“He's upstairs,” his sister replied, her eyes glistening in a way Sam couldn't quite read.

He nodded absently and made his way up the stairs.

Danny's room was quiet when he reached it. The boy sat on the floor, hunched over a sheet of paper, scribbling with intense focus. Dozens of similar papers were scattered around him.

Sam bent down and picked one up.

Three figures were drawn there. One had long hair, his sister, presumably. Another was a small child. And beside them stood a tall shape, completely black, featureless, towering over the two.

Sam's fingers tightened slightly around the paper. He glanced around the room. Crayons snapped in half. Pages torn. Lines drawn so hard the paper had bruised. Something in his chest ached with a sorrow he couldn't place.

“Danny,” Sam called gently.

The boy turned, and his face lit up the moment he saw Sam. “Uncle Samuel!” he called out, voice brimming with excitement.

Sam blinked, then smiled back, genuinely this time. Before he could say anything, Danny ran to him and wrapped his arms around him. Sam placed a hand gently on the boy's head, relieved by the sudden warmth.

So he had changed. He crouched slightly to meet him. “What are you drawing there, Danny?”

Danny beamed proudly. “Daddy,” he said simply.

Sam's heart softened for a moment. But then he noticed something else. There was blood on the paper.

Sam's gaze dropped to the boy's hands.

There was a deep slit torn across two of Danny's fingers. Blood gathered and rolled slowly down to his palm.

Sam's chest tightened. “Danny! What happened?” his voice shook with concern.

Danny blinked, confused why Sam sounded worried. “The crayons broke,” he said innocently. “So... I used this instead.”

Sam's pupils shrank, his expression uneasy. Danny tilted his head, as though he couldn't understand why his uncle looked afraid.

From the corner of his eye, Sam noticed another sketch. He could vaguely make out two figures: one wore what seemed like a grey suit and a half-top hat. The other was tall, gaunt, and painted entirely in red.

A chill ran down his spine. He turned his head toward the boy, who was smiling at him, chillingly, devoid of any childhood innocence. The smile didn't quite reach his eyes, which held no warmth at all.

Sam staggered back and fell. Suddenly, he felt a grip around his shoulder, so strong his bones began to groan. The hand was unnaturally cold.

He turned slowly.

His sister stood behind him, her pale face wearing that same chilling smile.

A sweet melody filled the air as the record turned gently on the gramophone. Ann sat leisurely in her chair, humming softly along with the music. She tilted her head when she heard footsteps entering the room.

“Who is it?” she asked, raising an eyebrow. Over the years, she had grown familiar with the footsteps of every servant in the house.

But this one was new. Her body tensed slightly.

“It’s me, Ann,” the voice replied.

Sam. His gentle tone eased the tension in her shoulders, calming her at once.

“You’re early,” she said without turning. Then, a little hesitantly, “Are you hurt?”

Sam stopped a few steps behind her. “Why do you ask?”

She hesitated, then forced a small laugh. “Your footsteps... they sounded different.”

“Do they?” he asked softly.

She shook her head, dismissing the thought.

“Forget it. I’m being silly.”

“You were listening to music after all,” Sam said lightly. “Yes,” Ann agreed softly. “I suppose I was.”

There was a brief pause before she asked, “How is your sister? And Danny?”

“She’s fine,” Sam replied. “And little Danny was very excited to see me.”

Ann raised an eyebrow. “Was he? That’s good,” she said with a faint smile. “Seems he’s grown up

since the last time I saw him.”

Sam chuckled. “The last time you saw him?”

Ann laughed quietly with him, though a faint unease crawled through her thoughts. Before she could fully grasp it, Sam spoke again. “Let’s take a stroll, shall we?”

“A stroll?” she repeated, keeping her voice steady. “But you just returned. You must be tired. And the sun will be setting soon.”

“The evening air will do you good,” Sam said gently. His tone was soft and familiar. He stepped closer and took her hands in his.

She flinched at his touch. “Your hand, Sam...” she whispered. “You’re freezing. Did something happen at your sister’s?”

Sam gently dismissed her concern. “It’s nothing,” he said softly. “Just the cold.”

He guided her outside, and they walked toward the farmlands. The wind carried a sharp scent, and Ann’s nose wrinkled slightly.

A faint metallic smell lingered in the air.

“Is that... blood?” she asked.

“Yes,” Sam replied lightly. Unknown to her, he was smiling.

“Some of the cattle. We’ve been running short on meat.”

Ann nodded slowly, accepting the explanation even as unease stirred in her chest.

They continued walking. The sun dipped lower, fading behind the distant fields. Shadows stretched across the land, and the evening wind brushed against her skin. Sam’s steps remained calm beside her.

“Let’s go back,” Ann said finally.

“Of course,” Sam replied.

They walked in silence. Not the familiar, comfortable silence they once shared; this one felt

heavy.

After a few minutes, they reached the dining hall. Dinner seemed early tonight. Sam guided her to her seat, and she sat down quietly. Her thoughts wandered as the faint clatter of plates and silverware filled the room. Something was wrong. Sam was hiding something from her.

The servants began placing dishes in front of them. The old butler, Dan, was there too. She exhaled slowly; she decided it was time to address it.

As the maids served the first course, Ann spoke quietly. "You're acting strange today."

There was a moment of silence as every servant in the room halted at once. Even the air seemed to stop. Ann couldn't see their faces, but a chill crept down her spine. She could feel their attention fixed on her, cold and unblinking.

Across the table, the old butler, Dan, staggered slightly. His breath caught in his throat as he looked around at the servants, horror in his eyes as he realized something was terribly, terribly wrong.

Dan swallowed hard. "My lady..." he said quietly, as if choosing every word with care, "perhaps it would be best if you..."

Before he could finish, two maids moved, their steps silent, so fast he could barely react. Their hands shot forward like claws as they clamped onto him with terrifying strength. One seized his arms, wrenching them behind his back, the other covered his mouth. Dan gasped in shock, struggling uselessly as their grip tightened.

Ann heard only the sudden scuffle, the chairs nudging, the faint scrape of shoes.

"Dan?" she called, alarmed.

Sam rose slowly from his chair, a light smile playing on his lips.

He stepped forward until he stood right in front of the pinned butler. Dan's eyes widened, terror shaking through him as he stared at the familiar yet uncanny face.

Sam leaned in.

"Dan," he said softly, like addressing an old friend, "you shouldn't stare."

Dan's eyes widened further as he looked into Sam's eyes, which were full of pity and something alien. Sam's hand moved as he drove the blade straight into Dan's throat.

A strangled, broken sound escaped beneath the hand covering his mouth. His legs buckled as blood flooded his breath, his eyes bulging in shock and agony. The servants held him steady as his strength drained, as his struggles weakened, as the life slowly left his gaze.

"Dan!?" she cried, gripping the table.

Dan's body went limp. The servants released him slowly as he collapsed onto the floor with a light thud.

Ann flinched at the sound.

"What... what happened?" she whispered, her voice breaking.

Sam turned back to her, wiping his bloody hand calmly with a napkin, that same warm smile on his lips.

"It's nothing, Ann," he said soothingly. "Dan simply slipped. I'll take care of him."

Ann sat frozen at the table, hands trembling in her lap. Her mind tried to make sense of what she'd heard.

The metallic scent of blood still lingered in the air.

Ann sat there in silence. Her hands rested stiffly on her lap. She could not understand what was happening, but fear slowly crept into her chest.

She was trapped in her cold, dark world, hearing

everything, seeing nothing.

A few moments later, footsteps approached. They stopped beside her chair.

Her stomach churned. Something felt wrong. It sounded like Dan... yet unfamiliar at the same time. His steps were slower. Heavier. As if something was dragging behind them.

"Dan," she called quietly, uncertainty in her voice.

"Yes, my lady," Dan replied, his voice hoarse and rough.

She could not see him.

If she could, she would have seen the deep gash running across his neck. Blood soaking through his collar. His head held at a strange angle, like it no longer sat right on his shoulders. His eyes wide, bloodshot, staring straight ahead. Empty. Cold. And filled with something unknown.

"...Dan?" she whispered again, barely breathing. "Are you... alright?"

"Yes, my lady," he answered politely. "I'm quite well. Just a small accident."

Her fingers tightened around the edge of the table.

"But... I heard..." she stopped herself. "You sound hurt. Are you bleeding? Did you cut yourself?"

There was a hoarse laugh.

"Yes, my lady. A small wound," he said calmly. "Nothing to worry about. Just growing clumsy with age."

He continued serving dinner as if nothing had happened.

Ann sat quietly, confused and terrified. Alone in her darkness. Across the table, Sam continued to sit in silence. Watching her silently.

He sighed. "You look pale. Retire for the day," he said. His voice was soft. Gentle. Just like always.

Yet there was no warmth in it. That terrified her more than anything.

Her heart pounded in her chest like a caged beast. A maid took her hand and began escorting her toward her room.

Ann took a step forward. Her foot touched something wet. She froze and shivered.

The maid squeezed her hand lightly.

"Careful, my lady," she said calmly. "Someone spilled something earlier."

Ann didn't reply. She simply allowed herself to be led away.

Outside, dark clouds gathered above, hiding the starlit sky.

Ann lay in bed, staring into the darkness that had been her world for three years. But tonight, it felt different. Cold and suffocating.

She kept shivering.

She couldn't bring herself to move. Couldn't even try to open her eyes. She already knew she wouldn't see anything... yet somehow she feared that if she did, something terrible would be waiting.

She couldn't sleep. Her mind kept circling back to everything that had happened today. The scent of blood when Sam took her on that walk. His cold hands. His strange, careful footsteps. Dan's hoarse voice. The wet floor she stepped in. The metallic smell she couldn't ignore.

And the maid's reply.

Ann's fingers twisted in the bedsheets. She tried to convince herself she was being foolish. Paranoid. Sam was tired from his visit. Dan was clumsy. The servants had simply been careless.

But her body refused to believe it. Her heart hammered against her ribs. Her skin prickled with a fear she couldn't understand.

Then she heard it. A low, scraping sound from somewhere below. Like something being dragged across the floor.

Ann sat up slowly, barely breathing. She strained to hear over the pounding of her pulse.

The sound continued. Ann's hands trembled as she pushed back the covers. She should stay in bed. She should call for help. But who would come?

The dragging sound resumed.

She stood waiting for a long time. Every instinct screamed at her to hide, to lock the door, to pretend she heard nothing. But she couldn't. Not knowing was worse than any truth.

After what felt like an eternity.

Ann moved toward her bedroom door, one hand trailing along the wall for guidance. Her fingers found the handle. It was cold. Everything was cold tonight.

She opened the door carefully, wincing at the soft creak. The hallway greeted her with silence.

The metallic smell hit her immediately, so strong it made her stomach turn. Blood. She felt like she was standing in a butcher's shop.

Ann took a step forward. Her foot touched something wet. She jerked back, this was a trail.

She followed it, one hand on the wall, the other stretched ahead into the darkness. Her fingers brushed against something wet and sticky. She pulled back with a gasp, wiping her hand on her nightgown, but forced herself to continue.

The trail led down the hallway. Each step felt like walking into deeper water, the air growing thicker, harder to breathe. The smell grew worse.

She could hear her own labored breathing.

Ann's hand found a doorframe. The spare room. The one at the end of the hall that they rarely used.

She shouldn't go in. Every part of her screamed to turn back, to run, to lock herself in her room and wait for morning.

But her feet kept moving.

She stepped through the doorway. The smell was overpowering here, thick enough to choke on. Her foot touched something solid on the floor.

Ann knelt slowly, her whole body shaking. She reached out with trembling hands.

Fabric. Rough wool. A jacket. She knew this jacket. She'd helped him pick it out two years ago, running her fingers over the material until she found one that felt right.

Her hands moved upward, finding a shoulder. An arm. The skin was cold. Like touching marble.

She found the hand. The fingers that had held hers every day for five years. That had guided her through crowds, that had traced her face in the dark.

They were stiff now. Lifeless.

'No. No, this couldn't be...'

Her hands moved to the face with desperate urgency, needing to be wrong, praying she was wrong.

But she knew this face. She had memorized every detail through touch. The strong jaw. The straight nose. The small scar above his left eyebrow from when he'd fallen from a tree as a boy, a story he'd told her a dozen times.

Sam.

Her Sam.

Her hands moved frantically now, confirming what her mind could not accept. His chest did not rise and fall of breath. His neck, she touched something wet there, something that had been torn open. His hair was matted with blood.

A sound escaped her throat. Not a scream.

Something smaller, more broken. The sound of a world ending.

Ann's strength left her. She collapsed beside the body, her hand still resting on his cold face. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Sam," she whispered. "Sam, please. Please."

A voice resounded behind her, soft and gentle. It said, "Oh, you found out," it paused for a moment, something akin to resignation in its voice, "No matter, we can still remain as it was before."

She was still touching his face. His cold, dead face. But his voice was behind her, alive and speaking.

Footsteps entered the room. They stopped just behind her kneeling form.

Ann turned around, her shock snapping into a raw, violent fury. She scrambled backward, away from the corpse, her unseeing eyes wide and directed toward the sound of the footsteps.

"What are you?" she screamed, her voice cracking. "Why did you do this to him?!"

"I'm Sam," the voice replied calmly. "I'm right here, Ann."

"No!" She pointed a trembling hand back at the body on the floor. "Sam is dead! You killed him!"

"That?" The voice sounded dismissive, as if she were pointing at a discard piece of furniture.

"That is just a shell. It was weak. It broke. I am here now. I am better."

"You're a monster," she spat, tears hot on her face.

"You killed Dan. You killed my husband. Get away from me!"

She blindly grabbed a small vase from the nearby table and hurled it at the voice. It shattered against the wall, miles away from its target.

The footsteps moved closer, slowly.

"You are hysterical," the voice said. It didn't sound angry, only patient. Sickeningly patient.

"You are confused because you cannot see. But I can see for you, Ann. I have always taken care of you."

"Don't touch me!" Ann pressed her back against the wall, realizing she had nowhere left to run. The room was small. The dead body was on one side, the thing was on the other.

"Why are you rejecting me?" The voice was right in front of her now. She could smell the metallic stench of blood radiating off him. "I am your husband. I love you. I came back for you. Isn't that what matters?"

"You aren't him," she sobbed, her rage giving way to a crushing dread. "Tell me what you are."

"I am Sam," it repeated, the tone flat and final.

A hand reached out and touched her cheek. It was freezing cold and wet. Ann flinched, turning her head away, her body trembling violently.

"Please," she whispered, her voice broken. "Just kill me."

"Kill you?" it asked, its voice full of reproach, "I would never hurt you."

Ann cried in anguish, her mind became numb to the fear, "Leave me alone," she pleaded.

The voice remained silent for a long while.

And then, the soft voice resounded once again. Only it wasn't so soft anymore. And neither did it resemble anything that could be even distantly mistaken for a human voice. Instead, an eerie, deeply disturbing, dreadful rustle washed over her, making her skin crawl,

"Don't worry, my love," it whispered, and she could hear the smile in its voice. "You will never be alone."

NEW KIND OF LOVE

I was at the beach this morning
Loved the way the waves were calling me
I could taste the salt in the air
Loved how the sun tan wore on me
I was waiting for each encore
Loved how the waves tried to pull me
I felt how free I was with the air
Loved the world mute and calm



Varsha Johnson
S2 MCA

I could hear the seagulls and sailing boats
Loved the sound of waves crashing the shore
I held the sun in my palm
Loved how I just left my worries to it's hands
I ran my bare feet through the sand
Loved how the wet sand engulfed me

I cried to the vast blue bed
Loved when shown it's just a drop of water
I was at beach this morning
Loved when I found a new kind of love



STRANGER

She went through a lot, and there a bit far I was watching her cry
She wanted to be alone, but I stood aside,
She wanted to cry, so I asked her not to hide,
She wanted to be stressed free, so I tried to make her smile,
She wanted to stop regretting, so I told that was God's decision besides,
She wanted to rest, so I gave my shoulder for her best
She wanted to share many things, so I asked her to open her mind
She wanted to leave those hands and fall behind, so I pulled her back and gave reason to keep it tight
She wanted the dark rainy clouds, I showed her the rainbow behind
She wanted to die, but I showed her how great was life
She wanted an ideal guy, so I joined friends line
She wanted only few friends, so I went to strangers side
And now I can see that she went through a lot, and from a bit far I was watching her cry..



KUMARI AARTI
S4 EIE



SLEEPYHEAD

Me lying on the bed with my eye open at 12:20
 Thinking about something which really doesn't makes sense.
 Y it's like some people just wanna be rich,
 While rich people just wanna be happy
 Y it's like some kids just wanna be older ,
 While older people just wanna be kids
 Y it's like some people just wanna be alone
 While alone people just wanna stand near someone
 Y it's like some dream of just a nine to five job,
 While other dream of more than that.
 Y it's like some people just keep on getting everything they want
 While other's just keep on struggling to fulfill there one
 Y it's like some people just believes in you
 While you itself just don't
 Endless question kept me up
 I asked her y is it like that
 She replied 'perspective' my dear
 Which proves u ,me and the everyhuman being is not alike.
 And my sleepy eye finally shut while my brain still thinking
 Y is it like that.



KUMARI AARTI
S4 EIE



FROM CLASSROOM TO CONFERENCE HALL



**Neha A R, Poorvaja M Sooraj,
Shivani Krishnan, Vignesh Murali**
S8 CSE C

Presenting our research paper at the International Conference on Recent Trends in Artificial Intelligence, held at Bharata Mata College, Thrikkakkara, was a truly special experience for our team of four. It was the first time we presented a paper at an international conference, and also the first time we stepped outside our college to share our academic work. Naturally, we felt a mix of excitement, nervousness, and pride.

The journey to the conference taught us a lot. From late-night discussions and repeated revisions to practicing our presentation together, every step brought us closer as a team. Standing in front of researchers, faculty members, and fellow students from different institutions was both challenging and rewarding. The questions we received and the feedback shared helped us understand our work more deeply and see it from new perspectives.

The conference atmosphere was inspiring, with engaging sessions and meaningful interactions that encouraged us to think beyond our syllabus. More than just presenting a paper, this experience boosted our confidence and reminded us that learning truly extends beyond classrooms.

This memorable opportunity has motivated us to continue exploring research, collaborate more actively, and aim for greater academic platforms in the future.

അവസാന പ്രതീക്ഷയും അസ്തമിക്കുമ്പോൾ

അന്ന്...ഏറെ വൈകിയിരുന്നു ബെഡ് റൂമിലേക്ക് കിടക്കാനായി എത്തുമ്പോൾ. പക്ഷെ ഒരു കാര്യം പാടെ മറന്നുപോയിരുന്നു. കുറച്ചു മെയിലുകൾ പരിശോധിക്കാനുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. മെയിലുകൾ പരിശോധിച്ചു കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോഴാണ് ഒരു മെയിൽ അവളുടെ കണ്ണിൽ പെട്ടത്. അത് അയച്ച സ്ഥലം കണ്ടതുകൊണ്ടാണെന്ന് തോന്നുന്നു അതിൽ എന്താണെന്ന് അറിയാൻ ഒരു ആകാംശ മാത്രമല്ല അവൾ ഒന്നു പതറിയത് പോലെ. കൈകൾ വിറയ്ക്കുന്നു, നെറ്റിത്തടത്തിൽ വിയർപ്പു കണങ്ങൾ പൊടിയുന്നു. അധിവേശത്തിൽ അവൾ ആ മെയിൽ തുറന്നു. അത് ഡൽഹിയിൽ നിന്നായിരുന്നു. രാജീവൻ എന്ന പേരിൽ നിന്നാണ് അത് വന്നിരിക്കുന്നത്. മെയിലിൽ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നത് ഇങ്ങനെയായിരുന്നു ' കുടുതലായി ഒന്നും പറയാൻ സമയമില്ല നാളെ റെയിൽവേ സ്റ്റേഷനിൽ ഞാൻ വന്നിറങ്ങും കാത്തിരിക്കുക '. അതിൽ കുടുതലായി ഒന്നും ആ മെയിലിൽ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. പിറ്റേന്ന് ഒരു ശനിയാഴ്ചയായിരുന്നു. രണ്ടാം ശനി അല്ലാത്തതിനാൽ ഓഫീസിൽ പോവുകയും ചെയ്യണം. വൈകുന്നേരം ദൃതിപിടിച്ചാണ് ഓഫീസിൽ നിന്ന് ഇറങ്ങിയത്. നേരെ റെയിൽവേ സ്റ്റേഷനിലേക്കാണ് പോയത്. നന്നായി വിശക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. എന്നാൽ ഒന്നും കഴിക്കാൻ തോന്നിയില്ല. ഒരു കുപ്പിവെള്ളം വാങ്ങി. അതും കുടിച്ചില്ല. ബാഗിൽ വച്ചു. സമയം എട്ടുമണി കഴിഞ്ഞു. എന്നാൽ ഈ സമയത്തിനുള്ളിൽ ഒരുപാട് ട്രയിനുകൾ വരികയും പോവുകയും ചെയ്തിരുന്നു. അവൾ ഒരു ബെഞ്ചിൽ ഇരിക്കുകയാണ്. അപ്പോഴാണ് അവൾ അടുത്ത ബെഞ്ചിൽ ഇരിക്കുന്ന നവദമ്പതികളെ ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുന്നത്. ആ പെൺകുട്ടി കരയുകയാണ് അവൻ സമാധാനിപ്പിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. കുറച്ച് അപ്പുറത്തായി അവരെ വീക്ഷിച്ചു കൊണ്ട് നിൽക്കുന്ന കുറച്ചു പേർ. അവരിൽ ചിലർ കണ്ണുകൾ തുടക്കുന്നുണ്ട്. കണ്ടിട്ട് ആ പുരുഷൻ എവിടേക്കോ പോകാൻ നിൽക്കുന്നത് പോലെയുണ്ട്. അങ്ങ് ദൂരെ ഒരു ട്രയിൻ ശബ്ദം കേട്ടപ്പോൾ അവർ എഴുന്നേറ്റു. അവൾ കണ്ണുകൾ മാറ്റി. ആ സമയം അവൾ അതായത് ശാലിനി ചിന്തകൾ പിറകോട്ടേക്കു സഞ്ചരിച്ചു. അവൾ മറക്കാൻ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്ന എന്നാൽ ഓർമ്മയിലേക്ക് ആദ്യം ഓടിയെത്തുന്ന ചില കാര്യങ്ങൾ..... ശാലിനി പ്രീ ഡിഗ്രിക്ക് പഠിക്കുന്ന സമയത്താണ് രാജീവൻറെ ആലോചന വരുന്നത്. ശാലിനിയുടെ അച്ഛൻ ഒരു റിട്ടയർ മിൽട്രി ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥനാണ്. ഡൽഹിയിൽ ഗവൺമെന്റ് ഉദ്യോഗമുള്ള രാജീവനെ അച്ഛന് ഏറെ ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. കാനാൻ സുന്ദരനാണ് അമ്മയ്ക്കും പെരുത്തന്മാർ ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു.



Fathimath Suhara
S2 CE A



പെണ്ണുകാണൽ കഴിഞ്ഞു. പിന്നെ കല്യാണം പെട്ടന്നായിരുന്നു. രാജീവന് ലീവ് കുറവായിരുന്നു. രാജീവന്റെ വീടും ശാലിനിയുടെ വീടും തമ്മിൽ ഏറെ ദൂരം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ടു തന്നെ വിവാഹ ശേഷം ഒരു തവണ മാത്രമേ ശാലിനിയുടെ വീട്ടിൽ പോയിരുന്നുള്ളൂ. വിവാഹത്തിന്റെ ആദ്യ നാളുകൾ വളരെ മധുരീകുന്നതായിരുന്നു. എന്നാൽ രാജീവന്റെ ലീവ് കഴിഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. പോകാനായി ഇറങ്ങുമ്പോൾ രാജീവൻ അവളെ സമാധാനിപ്പിച്ചു. ഉടനെ വരാമെന്നും വാക്കുനൽകി രാജീവൻ വണ്ടിയിലേക്ക് കഴറി. വണ്ടി വഴിയിൽ നിന്ന് മറയുന്നത് വരെ അവൾ നോക്കി നിന്നു. രണ്ട് ദിവസം വരെ അമ്മയ്ക്കു കുഴപ്പമൊന്നും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. പതിയെ പതിയെ അവരുടെ സ്വഭാവവും മാറി തുടങ്ങി. രാജീവൻ അറിയാത്ത ഒരു കാര്യം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു അവളുടെ ഉദരത്തിൽ ഒരു കുഞ്ഞു ജീവന്റെ തുടിപ്പ് ബാക്കിയാക്കിയാണ് രാജീവൻ പോയത്. രാജീവന്റെ അമ്മ അവളെ ഉപദ്രവിക്കാൻ വരെ തുടങ്ങിയിരുന്നു വയറ്റിൽ ഒരു കുഞ്ഞ് ഉണ്ട് എന്ന മാനുഷിക പരിഗണന പോലും അമ്മ അവൾക്ക് കൊടുത്തില്ല. എല്ലാം സഹിച്ച് അവൾ അവിടെ തന്നെ നിന്നു. എവിടേക്കും പോയില്ല. ഇലകൾ കൊഴിയുന്ന പോലെ കാലം കടന്ന് പോയി. ഇപ്പോൾ ശാലിനി ഒരു ഗവൺമെന്റ് ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥയാണ്. കുഞ്ഞിനെ വളർത്താൻ വേണ്ടിയായിരുന്നു അവൾ പഠിച്ചു ജോലി നേടിയത്. അന്ന് മകൻ കുഞ്ഞായിരുന്നപ്പോൾ അവന്റെ അമ്മ എന്റെ അച്ഛൻ എവിടെ എന്ന ചോദ്യത്തിന് ശാലിനിക്ക് ഉത്തരമില്ലായിരുന്നു. എന്ത് പറയണം എന്ന് അവൾക്ക് അറിയില്ലായിരുന്നു. ഇപ്പോൾ തന്റെ മകൻ കുടുംബവുമായി അമേരിക്കയിലാണ്. അവൻ സന്തോഷവാനാണ്. മുടിയെല്ലാം നരച്ചു തുടങ്ങി. വാർദ്ധക്യത്തിന്റെ ആരംഭമായിരിക്കുന്നു. മകൻ പോയതിൽ പിന്നെ ഒറ്റപ്പെട്ടാണ്. അപ്പോഴൊക്കെ അവൾ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്ന ഒരു സാമിളമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അത് രാജീവന്റെ തായിരുന്നു. ഇപ്പോഴും അവൾ കാത്തിരിക്കുകയാണ്. രാജീവൻ എന്തെങ്കിലും തന്റെ അടുത്തേക്ക് വരും എന്ന പ്രതീക്ഷയോടെ.... അങ്ങനെയിരിക്കെ വർഷങ്ങൾക്കിപ്പുറം തന്നെ തേടി വന്ന മെസേജിനെ നിരസിക്കാനായില്ല. അങ്ങ് ദൂരെ നിന്ന് ട്രയിനിന്റെ കൂക്കിവിളി കേട്ട് അവൾ ചിന്തകളിൽ നിന്ന് ഞെട്ടി. ട്രയിൻ പതുകെ സ്റ്റേഷനിൽ നിർത്തി. അതിൽ നിന്ന് ഒരുപാട് പേര് ഇറങ്ങി കൂട്ടത്തിൽ അവളുടെ രാജീവനും. അവളുടെ കണ്ണു നിറഞ്ഞു. അവൾ അവന്റെ അടുത്തേക്ക് ഓടി. ഓടി യിട്ടും

ഓടിയിട്ടും അവൾ അടുത്തേക്ക് എത്തുന്നില്ല, ഇല്ല.... അവൾ സ്പർശിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു, ഇല്ല.... സ്പർശനമനുഭവപ്പെടുന്നില്ല. ട്രയിൻ നീങ്ങുന്നതിനനുസരിച്ച് രാജീവനും ഓടി മറയുന്നതായി അവൾക്ക് തോന്നി.

ശുഭം.....
നന്ദി.

I WISH I COULD BE

I wish I could be "Sita"
The embodiment of grace and patience
I wish I could be "Rani Lakshmi Bhai"
To rule a kingdom with courage and might
I wish I could be like "my mother",
Whose hands are full of work
Yet her heart never tires of giving
I wish I could be "Priyanka Chopra"
So my voice could be heard,
Not just for beauty, but for strength.
I wish I could be like "Malala"
A young soul who made difference in education
I wish I could be a good teacher like her
One who inspires change through dedication.

At times, I wish to be "Kali",
To rise fierce against injustice,
To shatter the chains of silence.
I wish to be "Draupadi"
Who dared to raise her voice
Against warriors and wrongs
Turning pain into pride
They call it feminism
But it is more - It is history
The echo of voices, big and small
That rise to defend dignity
To proclaim strength
To demand equity
Each voice- a spark



Ambili A R
Assistant professor, ECE

Together a fire
That lights the path
For generations to come
I wish to be a guiding light to be young minds
A spark that ignites their imagination
To be a small drop in this vast ocean
Bringing hope and change to their imagination



KALLANCHERRY TRAVELLOGUE

Living in Fort Kochi, I have always taken pride in being surrounded by the charm of heritage streets, colonial architecture, and the endless rhythm of the Arabian Sea. Yet, beyond the familiar bustle of my hometown lies another side of Kerala, one untouched by urban rush and deeply connected to tradition. My visit to Kallancherry's Village Canopy became a beautiful reminder of that hidden world.

The journey from Fort Kochi to Kallancherry itself felt like a gradual transition between two different lifestyles. As I moved away from the lively roads of Fort Kochi, the scenery transformed into quiet village lanes lined with endless coconut palms, flowering shrubs, and tranquil expanses of Kerala's backwaters. The air seemed fresher, lighter, and filled with the earthy fragrance of wet soil and leaves.



Adrian Antony
S2 MCA

As I entered Village Canopy, I was immediately captivated by its serene beauty. Traditional Kerala-style structures with sloping tiled roofs stood gracefully among tall palms, while neatly paved pathways cut through vibrant green lawns. The entire property felt like a peaceful retreat, where nature and heritage existed in perfect harmony. The gentle rustling of palm leaves overhead and the chirping of birds created a soothing soundtrack that instantly calmed my mind.

The first thing that caught my attention was the atmosphere of serenity. The property was beautifully maintained, with traditional Kerala-style architecture blending perfectly into the surrounding landscape. The entire place radiated calmness, making it feel less like a tourist spot and more like a living village preserved in time.



One of the most fascinating experiences was watching a demonstration of traditional coir-making. Under a rustic wooden shelter, I observed an old spinning wheel being used to twist coconut fibre into rope, an age-old craft that showcased the ingenuity and labour of Kerala's village communities. Watching the process unfold by hand gave me a new appreciation for skills often forgotten in modern life.

The cultural immersion continued with interactions with local villagers who demonstrated traditional livelihoods. One villager showed us how coconuts are harvested and explained the many uses of the coconut tree in Kerala life.

Adding a touch of humour and warmth to the cultural experience was an elderly village woman whose lively personality instantly charmed everyone around her. With skilled hands and a playful smile, she made a crown out of freshly twisted coir and gently placed it on one of the tourists' heads, proudly declaring him the "Coir King" to the laughter of the entire group. Her cheerful spirit and spontaneous joke brought the demonstration to life, turning a simple cultural activity into a memorable and joyful moment. It was pleasant to see how naturally she combined humour, making the visitors feel welcomed and comfortable during the experience.



Another villager showcased freshly caught seafood, including a large crab, offering insight into the rich aquatic resources of Kerala's backwaters and coastal villages. Their stories brought authenticity to the experience, making me appreciate the deep connection between the people and their environment.

What struck me most was the hospitality of the villagers. Their welcoming smiles and genuine enthusiasm to share their customs made the experience deeply personal. It did not feel staged or artificial, it felt like being invited into the heart of someone's home and heritage.

Walking through the grounds, I was enchanted by the landscape surrounding me. Towering coconut trees swayed gently in the breeze, casting dancing shadows across the grassy pathways. Tropical plants and flowering bushes added bursts of colour to the green surroundings. The entire environment radiated freshness and tranquillity. As the day drew closer to evening, I made my way toward the waterfront, where the beauty of the setting reached its peak. The sunset unfolded in spectacular shades of orange, pink, and gold across the horizon, reflecting off the still waters like molten light. In the distance, the silhouette of the iconic Chinese fishing nets stood against the glowing sky, adding a timeless charm to the



brehtaking view. The sight was so peaceful and majestic that for a moment, time itself seemed to pause.

Standing there, watching the sun disappear beyond the water, I felt grateful that such a place exists so close to home. Village Canopy was more than a destination, it was an experience that connected me to the roots of Kerala's culture, traditions, and natural beauty.

My visit to Village Canopy reminded me that some of the most enriching travel experiences are found not in distant destinations, but in the hidden cultural treasures close to home. The experience felt like a refreshing retreat into the heart of rural Kerala, where tradition, nature, and hospitality coexist beautifully.

I returned home not just with photographs, but with a deeper appreciation for the heritage and simplicity of village life in my own homeland.



LAMENT OF COCHIN HARBOUR TERMINUS

O queen of Arabian sea, can you
hear a cry,

A cry of despair, a heartbreaking
lament arising from your bosom.

O Cochin Harbour Terminus your
tears can melt any stony heart.

Your platforms once bustling with
life

are now empty and forlorn

and threatening to be invaded by
bushes

Where are your tracks? Where are
your tracks?

They have been shrouded by weeds.

Your tracks cradled the children you
birthed

They have stories to tell of your
golden era.

Alas! they lie enveloped as if
eternally

Madras mail, Island express,
Netravati express, Tea garden
express...

Many were your children. Where
are they? Where are they?

Decades ago they carried many with
their dreams and hopes
to far off destinations



Thomas Philip
Assistant Professor
Dept. Science and Humanities

Many started their journeys to their fruitful careers.

O home signal always standing tall

amidst greenery showing red

an epitome of anguish and hopelessness

but looking far towards Ernakulam junction

waiting for a train of hope.



വൈകിയ വേളയിയിൽ



GAYATHRI P A
S2 ECE A

മഴയൊന്ന് തോർന്നതും ആ പിന്നാമ്പുറത്തായി ജീവനില്ലാത്ത ശരീരം വെന്തുരുകി. അന്ത്യകർമ്മങ്ങളുടെ ബാക്കി പത്രമെന്നോണം ഉടഞ്ഞ മൺകൂടം തൻ ചിളകളും കത്തിതീർന്ന തിരികളും മറ്റും ഉണ്ട് അവിടെ. പലരുടെയും കണ്ണീർ ആ മണ്ണിൽ അലിഞ്ഞിരുന്നു. ആളുകൾ ഓരോരുത്തരായി പോയി തുടങ്ങിയതും ആ മധ്യവയസ്കൻ തളർന്ന മിഴികളോടെ നാലുകെട്ടിൻ മൂലയിൽ നിലനിന്നിരുന്ന ആ കൊച്ചുമുറിയിലേക്ക് കയറി.

ജനലഴികളിലൂടെ കാറ്റ് അനുവാദം കൂടാതെ അയാൾക്കൊപ്പം അങ്ങോട്ട് പ്രവേശിച്ചിരുന്നു. തുളസീക്കത്തിരിന്റെ ഗന്ധം അയാൾ ഒന്നുവലിച്ചെടുത്തു. മേശമേൽ നിരവധി മരുന്നിൻ കൂടുകൾ. പെട്ടെന്ന് വെള്ളികൊലുസ് അയാളുടെ കണ്ണുകളിൽ ഉടക്കി. വിറക്കുന്ന കയ്യാലെ അവയെടുത്ത് ഷർട്ടിൻ പോക്കറ്റിൽ തിരുകി. കണ്ണീർ തുടച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അവളുടെ കസേരമേൽ അയാളിരിപ്പുറപ്പിച്ചു.

നീല ചട്ടമുടിയ ഡയറി കയ്യിലെടുത്തു. കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ട് അവളെന്നും എന്തെല്ലാമോ കുത്തികുറിക്കുന്നത്. ഓരോ താളുകളിലൂടെ വിരലുകളോടിച്ചു.

“കുറുമ്പിയുടെ ഓരോ കാര്യങ്ങളെ!”

ചെറുപുഞ്ചിരിയോടെ അയാളോർത്തു. പെട്ടെന്നാണ് ഒരു പേജിൽ കണ്ണുകുടുങ്ങിയത്.

“15 മാർച്ച് 2020”

അയാളത് വായിച്ചുതുടങ്ങി.

“ഇന്ന് എന്റെ പിറന്നാളായിരുന്നു. 15-ാം പിറന്നാൾ. അമ്മ പോയിട്ടും അത്ര തന്നെയായിരിക്കുന്നു. മുത്തശ്ശിയുടെ കൂടെ അമ്പലത്തിൽ പോയി. ഉണ്ണിക്കണ്ണനോട് എന്നും പറയാനുള്ളത് തന്നെ പറഞ്ഞു. അച്ഛന്റെ ഒരു മുത്തം. പാവുകുട്ടി എന്ന് സ്നേഹത്തോടെ ഒരു വിളി. ആ നെഞ്ചിൽ കിടന്നോന്നു ഉറങ്ങണം. ഉണ്ണിക്കണ്ണൻ എന്നെ പറ്റിക്കുവോ എന്തോ? കൂട്ടുകാരും അമ്മായിയും അമ്മാവനും ഉണ്ണിയേട്ടനും ജന്മദിനാശംസകൾ നൽകി. പക്ഷെ അച്ഛൻ മാത്രം. സാരമില്ല പോട്ടെ. ഞാൻ ഈ ഭൂമിയിൽ ജനിച്ചില്ലായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ അമ്മ ഇന്നും അച്ഛന്റെ കൂടെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നേനെ അല്ലെ? എല്ലാത്തിനും മാപ്പ് അച്ഛാ.

ഇതാവും എന്റെ വിധി. സാരമില്ല. അച്ഛൻ അമ്മയെ അത്ര ഇഷ്ടമുണ്ടോണ്ടല്ലേ? അച്ഛൻ എന്നെക്കിലും എന്നെ മനസ്സിലാക്കുമായിരിക്കും അല്ലെ?

അച്ഛനോട് പറയണമെന്നുണ്ട് ഈ വയറുവേദനയുടെ കാര്യം. എല്ലാം സഹിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതാ. അച്ഛനെ എത്രയാണ് വച്ച ഈ കഷ്ടപ്പെടുത്തുന്നത്. ഈ വേദന മാറിക്കൊള്ളുമായിരിക്കും. എന്തൊക്കെ പറഞ്ഞാലും അച്ഛൻ തന്നെ ആണ് കേട്ടോ എന്റെ സൂപ്പർഹീറോ. ഒത്തിരി ഇഷ്ടമോ എന്നിരിക്കട്ടെ.”



CACTUS

I was once a cactus.
Before that, I was a soft, leafy thing.
But because of my softness,
people took advantage of me.
It became hard to survive in that desert –
it felt impossible.
I was dying quietly,
standing at the edge of death.
Then I decided –
I don't want to die now.
Then came a rain,
who gave me water and life.
I loved the rain,
but he could only provide me so much –

So I changed. I evolved.
I became thorny, harsh, stubborn –
the one who doesn't die in deserts.
But inside,
I was just water and flesh – nothing else.
I was in a hurry to run,
to protect myself
from cruel animals and the heat.
But I didn't realize
I was hurting the ones
who tried to love me.
The ones who stayed
abandoned me too,



SREE DEVI K P
S5 ECE B

leaving me alone.
I was confused –
why did they leave me?
Because I forgot
I have thorns.
The most loving rain stayed with me.
But I hurt him again and again,
because of the wounds others gave me.
Still, he decided to grow through my roots,
not ready to leave me like the others.

Poor cactus, still confused -
why are people leaving her?
Why?
But she can't remove her thorns,
because she's still in the desert.

Yet one day,
she will reach somewhere safe,
somewhere good.
she could finally
shed her thorns,
finally breathe,
finally live.

She could evolve beautifully.
She could smile,
she could hug,
she could kiss.
And she will finally live in peace -
with him,
with rain.



BEYOND THE SCREEN: MOMENTS WITH BASIL

FISAT recently had the rare privilege of turning into a vibrant film set as scenes for the movie "Athiradi" were being shot on campus. The familiar surroundings of the college were transformed with lights, cameras, and action, bringing a refreshing cinematic energy to the atmosphere. Amidst this excitement, what made the day truly special was the presence of actor and filmmaker Basil Joseph.

In the midst of a busy shooting schedule, Basil took time to interact with students, making the experience far more memorable than just watching a film being shot. He was approachable, warm, and instantly connected with the student community through his simple and friendly nature. His smile and calm presence created an atmosphere where students felt comfortable engaging with him without hesitation.

What followed were genuine "moments beyond the screen." Students gathered around him, sharing light conversations, asking questions about his journey in cinema, and expressing their excitement about the shoot. Basil responded with humility and humor, making everyone laugh while also sharing thoughtful insights from his experiences in the film industry. His effortless way of communicating made the interaction feel natural and personal, rather than formal or distant.

Even during short breaks between shots, he made sure to acknowledge students, wave at them, and share a few words, leaving behind countless small but meaningful memories. For many, it was not just about seeing a celebrity on campus, but about experiencing his grounded personality up close.

The few hours spent with Basil Joseph turned an ordinary college day into something unforgettable. It was a blend of cinema, conversation, and connection—an experience that went far beyond the camera frame.

As the shoot wrapped up and the campus slowly returned to its routine, what remained were smiles, photographs, and stories that students will carry for years to come. Truly, it was a day when FISAT didn't just witness cinema—it lived it.

Beyond the Screen: Moments with Basil became more than just a title; it became a memory etched in the hearts of everyone who was part of that day.



In Conversation with Basil Joseph

1. From engineering classrooms to cinema sets — നിങ്ങളുടെ journey എങ്ങനെ ആരംഭിച്ചു? Filmmaking കോളേജ് കാലം മുതലേ ഒരു passion ആയിരുന്നോ, അതോ അത് gradually develop ആയതാണോ?

സിനിമ എന്നത് ആദ്യമേ ഉള്ളിൽ കത്തിയ ഒരു ലക്ഷ്യമായിരുന്നില്ല, മറിച്ച് കോളേജ് കാലഘട്ടത്തിൽ പതുകെ വളർന്നു വന്ന ഒരു പാഷൻ ആണ്. കോളേജ് കാലത്തെ തുടക്കം: തിരുവനന്തപുരം എഞ്ചിനീയറിംഗ് കോളേജിൽ (CET) പഠിക്കുമ്പോൾ ആർട്ട് ക്ലബ് സെക്രട്ടറി എന്ന നിലയിൽ സജീവമായിരുന്നതും, 'CET Life' പോലെയുള്ള ക്യാമ്പസ് ഷോർട്ട് ഫിലിമുകൾ ചെയ്തതാണ് ക്യാമറയ്ക്ക് പിന്നിലേക്കുള്ള വഴി തുറന്നത്. ഐടി ജോലിയിൽ നിന്ന് സിനിമയിലേക്ക്: പിന്നീട് ഇൻഫോസിസിൽ സിസ്റ്റംസ് എഞ്ചിനീയറായി ജോലി ചെയ്യുമ്പോഴും 'ഒരു തുണ്ട് പടം', 'പ്രിയംവദ കാതരയാണോ' തുടങ്ങിയ ഷോർട്ട് ഫിലിമുകൾ ചെയ്യുകയും, അത് നൽകിയ ആത്മവിശ്വാസത്തിൽ ജോലി രാജിവെച്ച് വിനീത് ശ്രീനിവാസന്റെ 'തിര' എന്ന ചിത്രത്തിൽ അസിസ്റ്റന്റ് ഡയറക്ടറായി ഔദ്യോഗിക സിനിമയാത്ര ആരംഭിക്കുകയുമായിരുന്നു.

2. As a successful director and charming actor, ഇപ്പോൾ producer ആയി മാറാൻ നിങ്ങളെ പ്രചോദിപ്പിച്ചത് എന്താണ്? Producing എന്നത് directing അല്ലെങ്കിൽ acting-നെക്കാൾ വ്യത്യസ്തമായ experience ആണെന്ന് തോന്നുന്നുണ്ടോ? നിങ്ങളുടെ productions വഴി, നിങ്ങൾക്ക് promote ചെയ്യാൻ തോന്നുന്ന stories അല്ലെങ്കിൽ themes എന്തൊക്കെയാണ്?

സിനിമയുടെ ക്രിയേറ്റീവ് വശങ്ങളിൽ മാത്രം ഒതുങ്ങാതെ, ഒരു കഥയെ അതിന്റെ പൂർണ്ണമായ അർത്ഥത്തിൽ ജനങ്ങളിലേക്ക് എത്തിക്കാനും പുതിയ പ്രതിഭകൾക്ക് കൃത്യമായ പ്ലാറ്റ്ഫോം ഒരുക്കാനുമുള്ള ആഗ്രഹമാണ് നിർമ്മാതാവ് (Producer) എന്ന റോളിലേക്ക് എത്തിച്ചത്. വ്യത്യസ്തമായ അനുഭവം: തീർച്ചയായും വലിയ വ്യത്യാസമുണ്ട്. ഡയറക്ഷനും ആക്ടിംഗും ക്രിയേറ്റീവ് എന്നർത്ഥം കൂടുതൽ ആവശ്യമുള്ള ജോലികളാണെങ്കിൽ, പ്രൊഡക്ഷൻ എന്നത് കൂടുതൽ ഉത്തരവാദിത്തമുള്ള, പ്ലാനിംഗും മാനേജ്മെന്റും ഒത്തുപോകേണ്ട ഒരു ബിസിനസ്സ് ക്രിയേറ്റീവ് പ്രോസസ്സ് ആണ്. പ്രമോട്ട് ചെയ്യാൻ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്ന തീമുകൾ: ആളുകൾക്ക് പെട്ടെന്ന് റിലേറ്റ് ചെയ്യാൻ പറ്റുന്ന നല്ല ഹ്യൂമറും ഇമോഷൻസും ഉള്ള കഥകൾ, ഒപ്പം ക്യാമ്പസ് ലൈഫിന്റെയും സൗഹൃദങ്ങളുടെയും പശ്ചാത്തലത്തിലുള്ള ഫ്രഷ് ആയ നരേഷനുകൾ എന്നിവ പ്രൊഡ്യൂസ് ചെയ്യാനാണ് താല്പര്യം.





3. Your first production is being shot on our campus — ഈ location തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കാൻ നിങ്ങളെ ആകർഷിച്ചത് എന്താണ്? College life-ന്റെ vibrant energy നടുവിൽ ജോലി ചെയ്യുന്നത് എങ്ങനെയാണെന്ന് തോന്നുന്നു?

ആദ്യ നിർമ്മാണ സംരംഭമായ അതിരടി ഒരു എഞ്ചിനീയറിംഗ് കോളേജിന്റെ പശ്ചാത്തലത്തിൽ, അവിടുത്തെ കൾച്ചറൽ ഫെസ്റ്റായ 'ആരോഹൺ' പുനരുജ്ജീവിപ്പിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാർത്ഥികളുടെ കഥയാണ് പറയുന്നത്. അതുകൊണ്ട് തന്നെ കഥയ്ക്ക് ഏറ്റവും അനുയോജ്യമായ, റിയലിസ്റ്റിക് ആയ ഒരു വൈബ് തരുന്ന ലൊക്കേഷൻ ആണ് ഇതിനായി തിരഞ്ഞെടുത്തത്. സ്വന്തം കോളേജ് ഓർമ്മകളിലേക്ക് തിരിച്ചുപോയ ഒരു ഫീൽ ആണ്. ഒരു കുട്ടം യുവാക്കളുടെ വൈബ്രന്റ് എനർജിക്കും ബഹളങ്ങൾക്കും നടുവിൽ ജോലി ചെയ്യുന്നത് സിനിമയ്ക്ക് കൂടുതൽ പോസിറ്റീവ് എനർജി നൽകുന്നുണ്ട്.

4. മിന്നൽ മുരളി marked a major milestone in Malayalam cinema — ആ project-ിൽ നിന്നുള്ള personally ഏറ്റവും satisfying part ഏതാണ്? You've always managed to blend humour and emotion so beautifully — ആ perfect balance between entertainment and meaningful storytelling എങ്ങനെ നിലനിർത്താറുണ്ട്?

മലയാള സിനിമയിൽ ഒരു സൂപ്പർഹീറോ ചിത്രം പ്രാദേശികമായ തനിമയോടെ (rooted local flavor) അന്താരാഷ്ട്ര നിലവാരത്തിൽ അവതരിപ്പിക്കാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞു എന്നതും, അത് ആഗോളതലത്തിൽ വലിയ രീതിയിൽ ചർച്ച ചെയ്യപ്പെട്ടു എന്നതാണ് ഏറ്റവും വലിയ സംതൃപ്തി. കോമഡിക്ക് വേണ്ടി മാത്രം തമാശകൾ കുത്തിനിറയ്ക്കാതെ, കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളുടെ സ്വഭാവത്തിൽ നിന്നും അവരുടെ സാഹചര്യങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നും സ്വാഭാവികമായി ഹ്യൂമർ കൊണ്ടുവരാനാണ് ശ്രമിക്കാറുള്ളത്. പ്രേക്ഷകരെ കഥയോട് അടുപ്പിച്ചു നിർത്തിയ ശേഷമേ വൈകാരികമായ രംഗങ്ങളിലേക്ക് കടക്കാവൂ എന്ന ധാരണയാണ് എൻറർടെൻമെന്റും മീനിംഗ്ഫുൾ സ്റ്റോറിയെല്ലിംഗും തമ്മിലുള്ള പെർഫെക്റ്റ് ബാലൻസ് നൽകുന്നത്.

5. Many students here look up to you as someone who transformed a technical background into a creative career. അങ്ങനെ സ്വപ്ന കാണുന്ന യുവാക്കൾക്ക് നിങ്ങൾ പറയാൻ ആഗ്രഹിക്കുന്ന ഏറ്റവും പ്രധാനമായ advice എന്താണ്? കൂടാതെ, നിങ്ങളുടെ യാത്രയിലുടനീളം നിങ്ങളെ grounded ആയി നിലനിർത്താൻ സഹായിച്ച personal traits അല്ലെങ്കിൽ daily habits ഏതൊക്കെയാണ്?

ഒരു ടെക്നിക്കൽ ബാക്ക്ഗ്രൗണ്ടിൽ നിന്ന് വരുന്നവർക്ക് സിനിമ പോലുള്ള ക്രിയേറ്റീവ് ഫീൽഡിലേക്ക് വരാൻ ഒട്ടും ഭയം വേണ്ട. എഞ്ചിനീയറിംഗ് പഠനം നൽകുന്ന ലോജിക്കൽ തിങ്കിംഗും പ്രോബ്ലം സോൾവിംഗ് സ്കീല്ലും സിനിമയുടെ പ്ലാനിംഗിലും ഷെഡ്യൂളിംഗിലും വലിയ രീതിയിൽ സഹായിക്കും. നിങ്ങളുടെ പാഷനിൽ വിശ്വസിച്ചു തുടർച്ചയായി ശ്രമിക്കുക. Grounded ആയിരിക്കാൻ സഹായിക്കുന്ന ശീലങ്ങൾ: സിനിമയുടെ വിജയ പരാജയങ്ങൾക്കപ്പുറം നമ്മളെ എപ്പോഴും ചേർത്തുനിർത്തുന്ന പഴയ സുഹൃത്തുക്കളും കുടുംബവുമൊത്തുള്ള സമയം വളരെ പ്രധാനമാണ്. കൂടാതെ, നിത്യേനയുള്ള ചിട്ടയായ ലൈഫ്സ്റ്റൈൽ, യാത്രകൾ, പുതിയ കാര്യങ്ങൾ നിരന്തരം വായിക്കാനും പഠിക്കാനും ശ്രമിക്കുന്നത് എന്നിവയെല്ലാം സിനിമയിലെ വലിയ മാറ്റങ്ങൾക്കിടയിലും പക്ഷതയോടെ നിലകൊള്ളാൻ സഹായിക്കുന്നു.

ARTWORKS



Adwaith K C, S2 ECE A



Helan Mary Biju, S4 ECE A



Adharsh Sunilkumar , S4 ECE A



Anu Mariya Shaji , S4 ECE A



Aafrin Hidayath P K, S4 ECE A



Avanthika Dinesh, S4 ECE A



Devendu Ravikumar, S6 EEE



George J M, S4 CE A



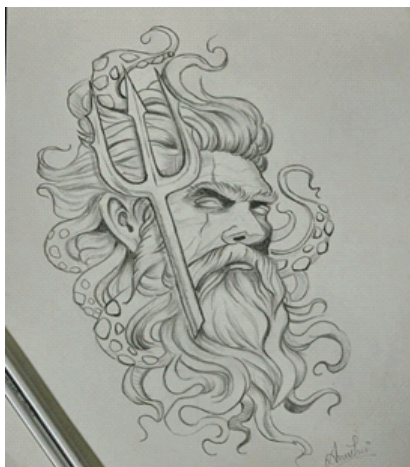
Dhananjay C , S2 CE A



Anna Tomy, S2 CE A



Anushri V, S2 ECE A



Abinav Bino, S6 EEE



Abdullah Lutfi Thayyil, S2 CSD A



Devika Santhosh , S3 MBA A



Urmila Baburaj, S2 CE B



Jackson Koshy Abraham, S2 MBA



Angel Rose , S4 ECE A

ONARAVAM 2025

A Grand Celebration of Tradition and Togetherness at FISAT

The campus of Federal Institute of Science and Technology (FISAT) came alive with vibrant colors, rhythmic beats, and cultural pride as students celebrated Onaravam 2025, the much-awaited Onam fest. The event beautifully captured the essence of Onam, blending tradition with youthful energy and enthusiasm.

The celebrations began on a high note with the electrifying Chenda melam performed by Aattam Kalasamidhi, setting the tone for the day. The powerful rhythms echoed across the campus, instantly filling everyone with festive spirit. Adding to the traditional charm were captivating elements like Thambolam, the elegant display of Nasic Dolls, and the vibrant Kavadi, which reflected Kerala's rich cultural heritage. The campus turned into a visual treat, showcasing the beauty of age-old traditions in a modern setting.

One of the highlights of the day was the Motor Show, which added a unique and thrilling twist to the celebration, attracting huge crowds and applause. The stage events were nothing short of spectacular. The graceful Thiruvathira Kali, performed by the students, mesmerized the audience with its elegance and synchronization. Energetic dance performances by both boys and girls kept the crowd entertained throughout the day, creating an atmosphere of joy and celebration.

The competitive spirit was equally vibrant, with events like Malayali Manga and Kerala Sreeman showcasing talent, confidence, and cultural pride. Fun-filled activities such as Kudam Adi, Pookalam competition, and the ever-exciting Vadam Vali (tug of war) brought students together, strengthening bonds of friendship and teamwork.

No Onam celebration is complete without delicious food, and FISAT ensured everyone experienced the true taste of the festival by distributing traditional payasam, spreading sweetness and smiles across the campus.

The day concluded with students capturing memorable class photos, freezing moments of happiness, laughter, and unity. Onaravam 2025 was not just a celebration—it was an experience that brought together culture, tradition, and the vibrant spirit of FISAT. It reminded everyone of the true essence of Onam: joy, unity, and togetherness.





WHEN CAMPUS COMES ALIVE WITH CULTURE

Music, Dance, Creativity – The Vibrant Spirit of Bharatham 2026 & Arangu 2026 at FISAT

The rhythmic beats of music, the glow of stage lights, and the energy of cheering crowds transformed the campus of the Federal Institute of Science and Technology (FISAT) into a vibrant celebration of culture and creativity. For a few unforgettable days, the corridors of the campus echoed with melodies, laughter, and applause as students gathered to celebrate Bharatham 2026 and Arangu 2026. These cultural celebrations reminded everyone that campus life is not only about academics but also about discovering hidden talents, expressing creativity, and creating memories that last a lifetime.

ARANGU 2026

A CELEBRATION OF ART AND EXPRESSION

Continuing the cultural momentum, Arangu 2026 provided another remarkable platform for students to showcase their artistic talents. Events were organized across several venues including the Auditorium, Main Seminar Hall, MBA Seminar Hall, Library Seminar Hall, and South Quadrangle, ensuring smooth and systematic execution.

BHARATHAM 2026

THE SPIRIT OF CAMPUS CULTURE

Together, Bharatham 2026 and Arangu 2026 created unforgettable moments of creativity, collaboration, and celebration. The events provided students with opportunities to express themselves beyond classrooms and strengthened the cultural identity of the institution. The dedication of organizers, volunteers, and participants ensured the smooth conduct of every program. As the stage lights dimmed and the music faded, the memories of these celebrations continued to resonate across the campus.

“Some of the most meaningful memories of college life are created not just in classrooms, but on the stage where passion, creativity, and talent come alive.”



FISAT FASHION TEAM

The 2025-26 academic year marked a defining chapter for the FISAT Fashion Team. Shifting from a traditional performance group to a professionalized organization, the team implemented a complete structural overhaul that served as the primary driver for an unprecedented winning streak. By the end of the season, the team secured a total prize pool of 1.22L, cementing their reputation as a dominant force in the inter-collegiate circuit.

The Core Team The success of the season was anchored by a dedicated leadership group responsible for the team's strategic direction. Diya Rose and Nihal Mather acted as the primary spearheads of this transformation, driving the total re-structuring of the team's operations. Their leadership was instrumental in implementing the new organizational framework that professionalized the team's approach, setting a high standard for coordination and discipline. Diya Rose (S6 CE A) – Team Head, Nihal Mather (S6 CSE C) – Team Head, Nithara Suresh (S6 CSE C) – Treasurer, Hannah Tresa Renjith (S6 CSE B) – Treasurer, Rohith Jibu (S6 CSE C) – Media Head, Ann Moni George (S6 ECE A) – Team Manager

Strategic Beginnings This professional approach was first tested at the Face of Forum hosted by Forum Mall. After two rigorous rounds, Hannah Tresa Renjith and Rohith Jibu were selected as individual award finalists. The team's Round 2 routine, which featured a stage appearance by influencer Jeemol K James, was a standout moment of the event, culminating in Rohith Jibu winning the Men's Face of Forum 2025 title.

The Competitive Journey The official 2025-26 season debut took place on the Bharatham '26 showcase stage. This performance served as the launchpad for a series of high-profile victories across the state: • 1st Prize: MA College • 1st Prize: Muthoot (MITS) • 1st Prize: Chinmaya Vishwavidyapeeth • 2nd Prize: IIM Kozhikode Model Roster The following students represented the team on the ramp throughout the season's competitive run: • S4 Students: Anjima Baiju (EI), Sara Sunny (EI), Adhik (ECE A), Adithyan (ECE A). • S2 Students: Jewel (CSE B), Rythia Davis (MBA), Kevin (MBA), Desil (ME A).

Design & Production Team The visual identity and logistical backbone of the season were managed by a talented technical and creative crew. Lead Production Coordinators Recognized for their extensive contributions to the season's execution and output: • Avanditha S (S6 CE A) • Vaishnavi Bhagat (S6 CE A)

Creative & Technical Crew • Head Designer: Fida PP (S6 CE A) • Videographer & Editor: Akash (S2 ECE A) • Production Team: Nirupama Anil (S2 ECE B), Ann Maria Tenson (S2 CSE A), Eva Maria Philip (S2 ECE B), Minna Muffin (S2 ECE B), Thwisha (S2 CSE C), Sravan (S4 ME B). Through a combination of disciplined management and creative excellence, the FISAT Fashion Team has set a new benchmark for what a student-led organization can achieve.



ANNUAL SPORTS MEET

The Annual Sports Meet 2026 was held on 26 March 2026 with great enthusiasm, energy, and sporting spirit. The formal inauguration was presided over by the Principal, who encouraged students to embrace the values of sportsmanship, discipline, and teamwork. The meet featured a wide range of track and field competitions for both men and women, including long-distance races, sprint events, relay races, and field events such as Shot Put, Long Jump, Triple Jump, Discus Throw, and Javelin Throw. The competitions witnessed enthusiastic participation and remarkable performances from students across departments. Adding to the excitement, special events were organized for faculty and staff members, promoting inclusivity and camaraderie within the institution. The Sports Meet concluded successfully, celebrating athletic excellence, teamwork, and the vibrant sporting culture of the campus.

SPORTS ACHIEVEMENTS

FISAT

THE ELITE EIGHT!

KTU University Netball Team







Asha Sankar, Anuradha, Anusha, Anusha, Anusha

KTU University Netball Team





Anusha, Anusha, Anusha

FISAT

FISAT'S PRIDE IN KTU COLOURS!

FISAT Women Netballers Selected to Represent KTU in the South Zone Inter University Tournament





Anusha, Anusha, Anusha





Anusha, Anusha, Anusha

FISAT

RAID OF HONOUR!



Anusha Raju (FISAT) has been selected to represent the KTU Women's Kabaddi Team in the South Zone Inter University Kabaddi Championship.

FISAT

THE TUG OF GLORY!



Anusha Raju (FISAT), Anusha Raju (FISAT), and Anusha Raju (FISAT) were first place in the 10th National Tug of War Championship in Pimpri, Maharashtra, with a weight of 420 kg Men's Bunch and 140 kg and 140 kg in Catch Weight.

FISAT

TO STORM THE SOUTH ZONE!







Anusha, Anusha, Anusha, Anusha, Anusha

Selected to represent the KTU Volleyball Men's Team for the South Zone Inter University Volleyball Tournament at JNTU, Andhra Pradesh.

FISAT

PUNCH WEIGHT GOLD!



Anusha Raju (FISAT) clinched the gold medal at the ICF National Kickboxing Championship held in Kottayam.

FISAT

GRACE MEETS GRIT!



FISAT Women's Basketball Team has secured the First Runner-up position in the KTU & Zone Basketball Tournament.

FISAT

EE SALA CUP NAMDU!



FISAT Men's Cricket Team emerged victorious in the KTU District Cricket Tournament, clinching the title with a dominant performance.

FISAT INTERZONE GLORY!



Making history, the FISAT Women's Volleyball Team has emerged as the KTU University Women's Champions of 2025—clocking the first-ever Women's Interzone Volleyball title.

ON INTERZONE PODIUM!



FISAT Men's Football Team emerged as the 2nd Runner-Up at the KTU Interzone Football Tournament.

DUAL VOLLEY GLORY!



FISAT Men's Volleyball Team emerged as the champions, while the Women's Team secured the first runner-up position in the KTU D Zone Volleyball Tournament 2025.

QUARTER MILE THUNDER!



Sangeetha K.S. (S2 CE) sprinted to a Bronze Medal in the 400m race at the KTU All Kerala Inter-Collegiate Athletics Championship.

METAL.MUSCLE.MEDAL!



Basil Paul (S2 IMCA) secured the Bronze Medal in Shot Put at the KTU All Kerala Inter-Collegiate Athletics Championship.

FISAT SPIKE OF GLORY!



FISAT Men's Volleyball Team secured the 1st Runner-up position in the APJAKTU Interzone Volleyball Championship.

REIGNING THE D-ZONE!



The FISAT Men's Football Team clinched the D Zone Championship title for the second consecutive year.

DOUBLE PODIUM, DOUBLE PRIDE!



The FISAT Men's and Women's Kabaddi Teams secured the 2nd Runner-Up positions in the KTU D Zone Kabaddi 2025-26.

SILVER SPEED SURGE!



Sangeetha K.S. (S2 CE) secured the Silver Medal in the 200m Women's Race at the KTU All Kerala Inter-Collegiate Athletics Championship.

ROSTER SPOT: BASKETTED!



Shivani Sanki (S3 CE) has been selected to represent FISAT in the KTU University Women's Basketball Team.

FISAT PITCH TO PODIUM!



FISAT Angamaly created history by winning its first-ever Inter-Zone trophy, securing the 1st Runner-Up position at the KTU Inter-Zone Cricket Tournament.

LEGACY IN MOTION!



FISAT Men's Basketball Team emerged as the 1st Runner-up in the KTU D Zone.

PING-PONG GLORY!



FISAT Men's Table Tennis Team emerged as the 1st Runner-Up in the KTU D Zone Table Tennis Championship 2025-26.

BLAZING BRONZE FINISH!



Shivani Sanki (S4 CSE) secured the Bronze Medal in the 200m Women's Race at the KTU All Kerala Inter-Collegiate Athletics Championship.

THE POWERQUAD!



Selected to represent the KTU Women's Volleyball Team at the South Zone Inter-University Volleyball Championship, to be held at Chennai.

FISAT MOVES

A team born out of dreams and determination. Formed in March 2023 with just 12 passionate individuals, the team quickly grew into a dynamic group of 29 talented dancers. It was the vision of a few dreamers to establish a dedicated college dance team that could proudly represent the institution in intercollegiate competitions and cultural events. Since its early days, FISAT MOVES has consistently delivered energetic and creative performances, earning recognition and appreciation on various stages.

Over the years, the team achieved several milestones and accolades, including:

- ◆ First Prize in Group Dance – FISAT Dance Team Held at Muthoot Institute of Technology and Science (Intercollegiate Techno-Cultural Fest)
- ◆ First Prize in Group Dance – FISAT Dance Team Held at Bharata Mata College (Autonomous)
- ◆ Second Prize in Group Dance – FISAT Dance Team Held at Elims College of Arts and Science
- ◆ 4th Prize – FISAT Dance Team DANZA Season 5 Conducted by St. John the Baptist Youth Association, Nayathode.

The team was previously led by Ajay Renjan, Nandana Sreekumar, and Nakul Sandeep, and is now headed by Rivin Robert and Deon Davis. The team continues to thrive under the mentorship of Dsouls Dance Company and the creative choreography of Rivin Robert and Deon Davis.

Their journey has been made possible through the unwavering support of the faculty in charge — Mr. Sajan S, Ms. Sruthy Suresh, and Mr. Abin Thomas — who stood by the team every step of the way and continuously encouraged the growth and success of FISAT MOVES

Team Members

- | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Rivin Robert | 11. Anna Rose P.L | 21. Samanya Swaroop |
| 2. Abhirami N K | 12. Niranjana R | 22. Alna V George |
| 3. Nandana Menon | 13. Andrea Susan | 23. Dona Elizabeth Benny |
| 4. Deon Davis | 14. Niya Alphonsa Saji | 24. Ashika K |
| 5. Dennis Moonjely | 15. Annisa Sindhath P.Y | 25. Neha Ziyan |
| 6. Anusmitha Senthil | 16. Gowri Nandana Saatvi | 26. Ashna Anvar PV |
| 7. Tia Arun Alapatt | 17. Helen Maria Jomon | 27. Jasmin |
| 8. Diya Manoj Poduval | 18. Sania Saji | 28. A.L. Shabareenath |
| 9. John Peter | 19. Ayush K B | 29. Ann Maria Santee |
| 10. Sourav P.G | 20. Aadithya M Menon | |



FISAT Music Cult (FMC)

A dynamic musical community that brought together students with a shared passion for music. More than just a music band, FMC served as an inclusive platform where individuals from diverse musical backgrounds collaborated, learned, and prepared for various programs and competitions. Throughout the year, FMC actively contributed to several major campus events, The office bearers of FMC are

- ◆ Chairman: Abhinav Sabu
- ◆ Secretary: Karthik K
- ◆ Vice Chair: Ashna K S

FMC marked a significant milestone by securing the Runner-Up position at Melodia'26 Band Wars, conducted by UKF College of Engineering and Technology. This achievement reflects the dedication, teamwork, and musical excellence fostered within the community.

FISAT Music Cult continues to inspire and unite students through music, creating opportunities for expression, collaboration, and growth.



FISAT FRAMES



FISAT-STUDENT COUNCIL



STUDENT VENTURES

Turning Ideas into Enterprises

The entrepreneurial spirit of FISAT students continues to shine through a variety of innovative ventures that blend creativity, passion, and business acumen. From launching trendy T-shirt brands and customized gift hamper businesses to establishing restaurants and cafés, students are transforming their ideas into successful enterprises. Many have also ventured into the rapidly growing skincare and cosmetic industry, introducing products that cater to modern consumer needs while emphasizing quality and sustainability. These student-led initiatives not only generate income but also provide invaluable hands-on experience in marketing, finance, customer relations, and leadership. By embracing entrepreneurship alongside academics, our students are demonstrating that innovation and determination can turn dreams into reality, inspiring others to pursue their own entrepreneurial journeys.

Srushti

Srushti is a small creative venture centered on the art of thoughtful gifting and aesthetic presentation. The business focuses on designing unique gift hampers that combine creativity, elegance, and a personal touch. Each hamper is carefully arranged to create a meaningful and visually appealing experience. A key element of Srushti is its emphasis on handmade creations. The hampers include carefully crafted handmade works that add authenticity and warmth, making every creation feel special and heartfelt. Attention to detail and creativity are at the core of every design, ensuring that each hamper reflects originality and care.

Started with a passion for creativity and handcrafted artistry, Srushti aims to bring joy through thoughtfully curated hampers that highlight the beauty of handmade work and creative presentation. The works and designs of Srushti can also be explored through its Instagram page “srushti_by._lakshmii.”.



Shreyalakshmi Shankar
S8 ECE B



ADRIEL

Adriel is a premium gifting brand specializing in elegant and customizable return gifts crafted to make every celebration memorable. We combine creativity, quality, and personalization to deliver thoughtful gifting experiences for weddings, birthdays, baby showers, engagements, baptisms, anniversaries, and corporate events.

COMPANY OVERVIEW

Adriel offers premium customizable return gifts designed to suit every celebration. Our mission is to create elegant and meaningful gifting experiences through high-quality products, beautiful packaging, and personalized designs.



ANITTA MATHEW
S6 EEE




adriel
THOUGHTFUL GIFTS. LASTING MEMORIES

Adriel is your one-stop online store for *customisable return gifts* for every special occasion.

▼ PERFECT FOR EVERY CELEBRATION ▼

- BABY SHOWER
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- BIRTHDAYS
- WEDDING
- ENGAGEMENT
- ANNIVERSARY
- & MORE

PLACE BULK ORDERS EASILY | High quality | Beautifully packaged | Delivered with care

▼ FULLY CUSTOMISABLE GIFTS ▼
Add your personal touch to make every gift truly special

- YOUR DESIGN
- ADD YOUR TEXT
- YOUR COLOURS
- YOUR WAY

▼ CUSTOMISABLE THANKS CARDS AVAILABLE ▼
Complete your gifts with personalized thank you cards that express your gratitude beautifully

- THANK YOU for celebrating this special day with us
- THANK YOU for being a part of our happiness
- Thank You for your best blessings
- THANK YOU for making this day so special

Follow us on Instagram: @adriel11

PREMIUM QUALITY | FULLY CUSTOMISABLE | BULK ORDERS | MADE WITH LOVE, COLLECTIBLE MEMORIES

▼ Celebrate. Gift. Thank. Remember. | adriel ▼

A Safer Future for Beauty: The Birth of TruDot

The core purpose of TruDot is to empower women to make informed choices. Beauty should never come at the cost of health. I want women to feel confident not just in how they look, but in the safety of the products they use.

TruDot aims to create a shift—from blindly following trends to making conscious, educated decisions. We are currently in its validation phase, where we test the concept using ethically sourced, dermatologically-aligned products before moving into full-scale formulation.”. This allows me to test the concept, understand consumer behavior, and build a strong foundation while ensuring safety and effectiveness.



Nandini B
S4 MBA B

Nashwa Elan – A Journey of Dreams and Independence

Nashwa Elan began as a simple dream of becoming financially independent and creating something meaningful through my own efforts. With no prior business experience, I started the venture with determination and a passion for designing creative hampers, customized frames, bouquets, and personalized gifts. My goal was to make every product unique and memorable for customers. The journey was not without challenges, but the constant support of my brother and close friends gave me the confidence to move forward. As the business grew, I focused on adding thoughtful personal touches to every order, making customers feel valued and special. One of the most memorable milestones was receiving an order from Australia to be delivered in Chalakudy, proving that even a small business can connect people and emotions across distances. Through Nashwa Elan, I learned valuable lessons in patience, creativity, confidence, and responsibility. More than a business, it represents my growth, perseverance, and belief that with dedication and hard work, small dreams can become reality.



Annisa Sindhath P Y
S4 CE A



ANNORA HAMPERS: The Business of Personal Connection

At ANNORA, every hamper is designed to celebrate moments that matter. Rather than simply delivering products, the brand delivers thoughtfully crafted experiences that commemorate life's special milestones. Its diverse portfolio caters to a wide spectrum of occasions and personal preferences:

- ◆ Signature Hampers: Luxury gift hampers and birthday collections curated for elegance and impact.
- ◆ Artisanal Creations: Handcrafted caricatures, customized mugs, and premium-quality Polaroid keepsakes that add a personal touch.
- ◆ Floral & Sweet Indulgence: Freshly arranged bouquets paired with gourmet, bespoke cakes to elevate celebrations.
- ◆ Milestone Keepsakes: Elegant customized frames and traditional wedding Udampadi (ceremonial agreements) that preserve cherished memories.



Ann Mary Benny
MBA 23-25

Sona Sunny
S4 MCA



SWETEN

Sweten is a handcrafted scrunchie brand dedicated to creating stylish, comfortable, and high-quality hair accessories for every occasion. Each scrunchie is carefully made using premium fabrics and meticulous attention to detail, ensuring a soft feel, secure hold, and long-lasting durability. At Sweten, we believe that hair accessories are more than just everyday essentials—they are a simple yet elegant way to express individuality and enhance personal style. Our designs are created to complement a variety of looks, from casual everyday outfits to special occasions, while prioritizing comfort and quality.



Swetha Saju
S8 CSE C



SLUGG.OUT

SLUGG.OUT is more than a brand — it is a culture built around individuality, rare finds, and timeless fashion. Focused on thrift, surplus, vintage collections, accessories, and premium perfumes, SLUGG.OUT brings together unique pieces that blend streetwear attitude with classic style. Every product is carefully selected to give customers a sense of originality, confidence, and self-expression.



Mohammed Hussain N
S6 CSD



Nabeel Navas
S6 ME B



MIQAHWACO.

At MIQAHWACO., our goal is to provide quality food and refreshing beverages in a welcoming environment for students and visitors. Located near FISAT College, we offer a wide range of fast food items, including burgers, loaded fries, sandwiches, tea, shakes, and other refreshments.

We believe that good food brings people together, and we strive to create a space where students can relax, spend time with friends, and enjoy their favorite snacks. Our focus is on serving fresh, tasty, and affordable food while maintaining quality and customer satisfaction.

As a growing cafe, we are grateful for the support and encouragement we receive from the FISAT community. We remain committed to continuously improving our menu and services, making MIQAHWACO. a place where great food and memorable moments come together.



Jazim Ahammed P
S6 ME B



STAFF ACHIEVERS

BEST TEACHER

2025



Dr. Abi P Mathew
Professor
Dept. of EIE

BEST NON TEACHING STAFF

2025



Mr. Shibumon M Thomas
Plumbing cum Maintenance
Assistant (STP)
Administration

STUDENT ACHIEVERS

Best Outgoing Students

2022-2026



Sruthi Sreeni
EEE



Nandakishore Kuruppath
EIE



Amala Pauly
CE



Aleena Paul
ECE



Rhithika M Pradeep
CSE



Midhun Kaipulli
CSD



Akshay Raj
ME

Best Performers

2022-2026



Greeshma M
EIE



Manjima A V
CE



Manoj Kumar M
ECE



Vishnuhari V A
CSE



Karthik Sathish
ME

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