



**MES COLLEGE OF
ARTS, COMMERCE AND SCIENCE**

The English Department
presents



MERAKI

TO DO SOMETHING WITH SOUL, CREATIVITY, OR LOVE



Edition 1



-Srinidy
II B.Sc. (D)

Letter from the Team

Hello MESites,

It is finally here, our very first edition of the English Club Wall Magazine, the Creative Corner named “Meraki” now is here to celebrate the creativity of young minds and the beauty of seeing art in everything.

This magazine is all about presenting a platform for our students where they can freely release the artist in them and showcase it to everyone. Art in any form is encouraged because to find beauty in anything is a great gift and should never be looked down upon.

When you have the ability to dream, reality pales in comparison. Here, we honour those dreams and the way you are able to present them. But it is also important to remember that no art is lesser or more than the other. It is quite silly to be ashamed of your art because it is not in a museum or to be ashamed of your voice because it is not selling out stadiums, there will always be people who will enjoy what you can do, what you can create.

The word 'Amateur' is often spoken as if it were a dirty word. 'Amateur' comes from the Latin word 'Amare' which means “to love”, to do things for the love of it, so, it is okay to be an amateur because it just shows that there is something that you love, that your heart is capable of doing something more than just pumping blood.

With that in mind, we hope that there will always be art in the world and we will all try to keep it alive as much as possible.

Hoping to comfort your minds with our vision.

-The Team of Meraki

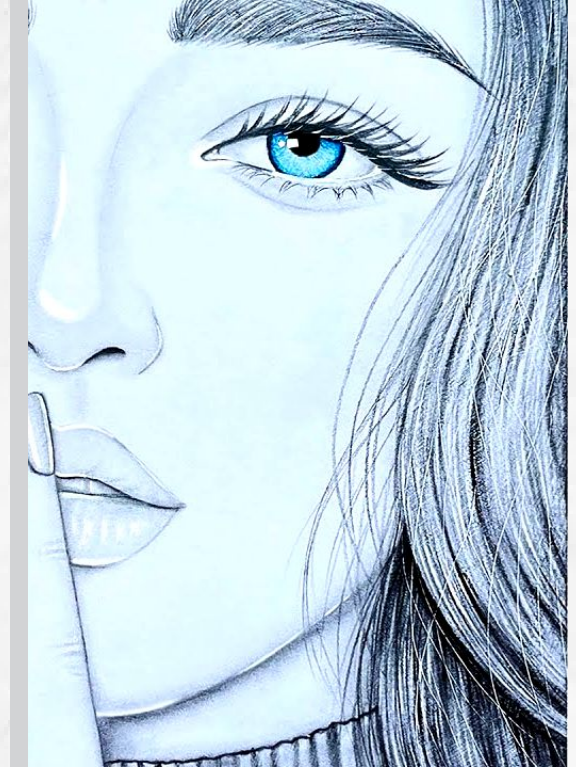
From the Eye of the Strongest Gender

“She/Her”

We scream, shout and let all of our feelings out, but we are always shut down.
The effeminacy has been drowned.
We cry, we try, but you don't always seem to listen.
Rules are made, but never followed.
Is this what we call development?
Or a so-called diplomatic country?
A community not recognized!
We are strong, we are bold.
But all you can think about is what is under those goddamn clothes.
Yes, we look different. But are we supposed to be treated different?
We don't want to beg anymore we want to work, study and achieve.
We want to change the narrow thinking, your dirty looks and teaching something that is worthy.
Institutions never talk about how we see ourselves trying so hard to just survive during the moonlight while walking all by our own.
I guess my mom was always right when she asked me not to wear a skirt often because, instead of respect, I'll get discredited by men.
Is this the place that we were meant to live in? Or should I say how anxiously I'm waiting for my death.
She may like money, doesn't mean she's a gold digger. She just knows what she needs to survive.
Indeed, a place where a feminist strikes up as disgusting and misogynistic as a light-hearted laugh.
Yet I put smiles, to conceal my tears.
NO SYMPATHY, JUST LOVE AND RESPECT TO GIVE.

Because I am a girl
You do not look at me that way,
You can't always have your way,
I'm not someone you say.

I'M A GIRL, A DAUGHTER,
A FUTURE WIFE, A FUTURE MOTHER
I will not go by the fancy of the “OTHER”



Nandhini
III B.Sc (B)

What if?

What if all this time, All the struggle has been,
Leading you to a beautiful chapter in your life?

What if everything does work out,
even if it doesn't seem like it right now?

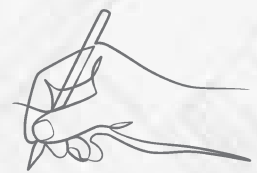
What if who I become is who I needed all along?

What if all this hard work leads to amazing things?

What if you replace negativity with optimism?

Would your thoughts and behavior change too?

I believe so!



Tejas R Gowda
II B.Com (B)

The Plight of the River

This is a song about a river
There once was a river
That flew through the hills
Fast and carefree.
She was happy and cheerful while she ran
Here, there and everywhere!
People loved her for her carefree nature
They talked about the river
She loved the compliments she received.
But as people are diverse so are their opinions
A few had complaints too,
"She's too fast and dangerous!"
She listened to them and slowed down.
She liked it when people were happy around her.
But little did she know that
Those compliments were manipulating her.
People realised she behaved as they want her to.
They started influencing her.
They built dams around her, started contaminating her.
They tried to make her stagnant
She lost her identity by pleasing people.
She kept quiet as she was confused

....*Contd.*

Whom to listen, whom to not?!

She just kept flowing and flowing , never giving up.

The less she listened to others,

The better she was getting.

She broke the dams and freed herself.

Then she met the mighty old Ocean.

She immersed herself into that ocean.

She became salty, but people never complained.

She stopped flowing but there still was movement
in the form of waves.

And that, is how a transformation happens.

You will meet many people trying to influence you

You can only find yourself when you're lost.

Don't stop.



Charitha M
II B.A. (PJOE)



Enslaved

Close your eyes and sit alone,
Don't bother what's there on your
phone.

Pics, clicks and random chicks,
Are playing on your mind some
dirty tricks.

Don't wait to understand the
futility of such life,
Or else you'll be stuck with a life
full of strife.

Think whether you're a modern
slave,
Revelling a hazardous and
endless rave.

This virtual world is doomsday,
where you lose your conscience
every day.

Thought controllers disguised as
politicians and journalists,
Are spewing out venom and
spreading hate,

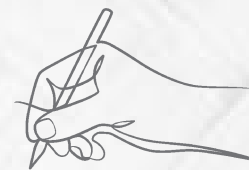
Their arguments ad-hominem
and sources fake.

Close the gap of this "Right" and
"Left",

And save the world from ill-
ethics and moral theft.

Shut the barrage of fake news
for some moment,
And save yourself from this
endless torment.

Have we become so depraved,
That some are enslavers, and
others, enslaved?



Keshav Anand
II B.A. (HES)

Little Sheep

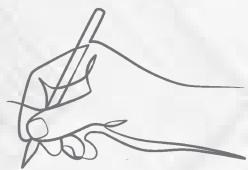
Now you sleep,
My little sheep,
Dawn will come,
Upon us all

Wash your feet,
Have a feast,
Tired of all,
Everyday we crawl

Where are we,
Trying to be,
Like we know it all,
Just to try and fall.

Now you sleep
My little sheep,
Dawn will come
Upon us all.

Wash your feet
Have a feast,
Let's start anew
And get through.



Deekshith Poovaiah

II B.A. (PJOE)

Affinity

Him being around her
Feels like the gentle wind
caressing her.

The rain seems to be more
romantic and everything seems
to be less chaotic.

The storms flee away for a
moment, and the rainbow
comes across like an ointment.

Things appear to be healing;
That's the best feeling



Pallavi M. Hattarki

II B.Com. (B)

Keep Scrolling

Ding!

Was that a notification?
You really shouldn't have looked.
'Just one message' you said,
Before your phone got you hooked.

Saw something you liked?
Go ahead and share.
Sharing is caring, but there's
oversharing,
So just be aware.

Click, click, click;
Your mouse crawls around
Interacting with an interface,
Making the most satisfying sounds.

Scroll, tap, scroll, scroll;
The screen is under your control

The light from your monitor
Makes reflections in your eyes,
Glowing and glowing
Until vision problems arise.

From movies to short films to reels,
The attention span keeps depleting,
Like a kid alone in a candy store
Chasing after pleasures that are
fleeting.

It's too much all at once, and the
brain
Demands to be endlessly
entertained.

Flit and jump from site to site,
Enthralled by your device's cajoling
Like, share, comment, subscribe;
Don't worry, just keep scrolling.

Scroll, tap, scroll, scroll;
Your satisfaction is under your
control

Fiddle with the power button,
Constantly check the time.
Tap your laptop keys absentmindedly;
Restlessness could be a sign
That you have a screen addiction,
Or if it's impending, then a prediction.

It's so easy to lose track of time,
We all can see the appeal.
Can't miss a single update
'Cause the F.O.M.O. is real.



Ramitha C M

III B.A. (PJOE)

A Girl in Today's World

When there is a boy, there is a pry.
When there is a girl, there is a cry.
We have made this a ritual.

Give your child girl an elation of life.
Let her see the beautiful world with
her eyes.
Why to kill her before her birth?
She has the right to see this Earth.

What is her crime?

Why have we made the compulsion
of dowry?

Why do we think the boy is a
PRIME???

Who has given us the permission to
take her life?

Her life is not a vain.
So don't give her pain.

Remember, she is the power of love.
She is the only mother of us.
She is as pleasant as the shadow of
the tree.

And turns our family from 'I' to 'we'.
Give her education, give her
rights.
Give her respect, and the ability to
light.

She is an engineer, an astronaut,
and present in all fields.

So, we have to be the first
To change this attitude,
No matter where,
Across all latitudes and
longitudes.

Just think of a world without a
woman!

A world without a mother!
Without a sister!
Without a daughter!
Without a wife!

So, next time there is a girl,
There must be a pry, and not a
cry...



Thejaswini Manjunath

II B.Com (B)

Forgotten People

He winced up at the blazing sun in pain,
As all his attempts to get some respite went in vain.
Miles were covered, miles were left;
He was an impoverished soul, utterly bereft.

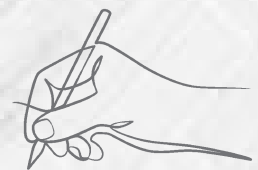
Evicted from his rented home, he travelled barefoot,
He had left the gleaming city, full of apathy,
He was in a dire need of money and a little empathy.

He was not alone, numerous shared his ordeal,
A migration full of tragedy, seemed apparently unreal.
Many perished on this rigorous journey,
he was a witness to this immense agony.
It was a silent funeral procession of humanity,
Which exposed the avaricious society's immorality.

He noticed a woman with a toddler scrounging for food,
much to her dismay, there was neither water nor food.
She was exhausted and her heart filled with despair,
A heart wrenching scene that was agonizing to bear.
He shared with her his already dwindling ration,
It was a human act done out of pure compassion.

He reached his village, he completed a perilous journey,
But a new morning awaited him with another worry;
He had no job and no hope of earning even a penny.

They say the pandemic hit everyone, but that's a lie.
While the rich resided in air-conditioned rooms,
The poor were on the streets with none to hear their cry



Keshav Anand

II B.A. (HES)

Being Yourself



Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
You are the best and
That is true!

So remember, to work for a cause;
Not for applause.
Live life to express;
But not to impress...

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet and
So are you!
So why to worry,
When you are a glory.

For life can never be weary,
Because life is the way you carry!
So don't you worry.

In the meantime, live, laugh and
be merry!

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
You make the world better
By just being you...



Thejaswini Manjunath

II B.Com (B)

Mind Captor

A saying so old,
Immemorially told,
In all hearts to behold,
Love as precious as gold.

Looking around we find,
In every heart, soul and mind,
A profound love of that kind,
But is it truly for mankind?

In a world full of life, I wonder
Who could possess such splendour,
To cast a spell that everyone is under.
Is it family? friends? kinsmen? I ponder.

By chains of addiction, we are confined,
But what about the lively world outside?
Forgotten as we start living inside;
Lost in gadgets, with people by our side.

With a touch or swipe the world is seen,
In our palms and homes it has always been.
What could it be? We wonder, so keen.
Well, of course, it is the addicting screen!



Shivani Vasanth

II B.Sc. (I)

Recent Trends in Indian Cinema

The craze of the Indian cinema Is not less the praise,
Though this phase of modern cinema
Doesn't carry that grace.
The finest art lies in its own artists
Who live in the character
That they present in the theatre.
They come with artistry to
The city of the biggest film production.
These films are absolutely the source of entertainment.

From youngest to oldest,
Poor to rich – all love the cinema.
65 million films produced in large,
Perhaps the quality and content is still in urge.
At certain times the cinema drives us away
From the reality of the world.

Recent cinemas have a commercial base,
And this seems overrated than art movies.
It's not just about the box office,
It's what a film maker depicts about his movies.



Pallavi M. Hattarki

II B.Com. (B)



Recent Trends in Indian Cinema

The Indian Cinema, being one of the most successful industries, has a huge audience and a big fanbase. Cinema caters to the needs of all its audience.

With a dynamic environment, the audience expects a lot more from movies than they did back in the day. The recent trends and changes in the Indian Cinema are a lot more than what one would expect! Surely, these changes and trends did not happen in a single day, but the things that happened regarding the changes in Indian cinema gave an outlook which was new, and also gave people a different perspective while watching these movies.

When someone says "Indian Cinema", only one language would pop up in the minds of people. However, with India being a diverse country, the cinemas it offered to its audience were also diverse. The recent years have seen a change in this mindset of people, and every language has seen a rise in the audience level.

When the word 'Cinema' comes to mind, the first thought that is in the minds of the people are the leads of any movies. The recent trends have shown that all that matters is the content. There are so many actors who have shown extraordinary performance despite not fulfilling any of the criteria in an old-fashioned way. Content is all that matters now-a-days. There are so many movies which show a different aspect than what is expected. The bitter truths are shown in the movies, and the audience appreciate these performances put up by the actors.

....*Contd.*

Back in the day, the box-office played a major role in cinemas: a movie would be considered a good one once it made good money in the box office. Now, people know that the box office game isn't anything apart from money; they have learnt that there's much more than money involved. As mentioned earlier, the genres people prefer now is definitely a huge change from what they preferred back in the day.

We are well aware that, during the pandemic, many movies were released on OTT platforms. Audiences were used to watching movies on big screens, and the new situation had not been favourable for people who preferred the big screen. Definitely, people were very sceptical about movies on OTT platforms, but the immense support that these movies got from the audience was much more than what was expected, and also much appreciated.

In conclusion, the Indian cinema has changed way more than people can imagine, but the changes bring in acceptance among people!



Hitha Vasant Kumar

III B.Com. (C)

Indian Cinema as a Whole

“Indian film industry” is a term ever-so-often heard in the recent film circles in India. Why the word “recent”? India is a country with many different languages, various cultures and unique visions spread out in its vast lands. This also gave rise to a different version of literary works throughout history. As most literary works take inspiration from reality, the experience and events happening throughout the country are different, as are the works born from them. This is also observed in the film industry.

Indian films are diverse and rich in their content and execution. The language of execution has played an important role in the development of Indian film industries. Bollywood, Tollywood, Sandalwood, Kollywood, etc are based on the language it's produced in, though it is considered old-fashioned now as they are called Hindi Cinema, Telugu Cinema, Kannada Cinema, Tamil-Malayalam Cinema, and so forth. Then what is “Indian films” or “Indian film industry”?

If you asked a foreigner, it refers to the movies produced and made by Indians. But when it comes to us, in India, it is a very complicated term to describe. Of course, literally, one knows that they are “Indian films”. On a deeper note, it is tricky to define the numerous film industries that have grown and formed an individual identity through their years of hard-work and accumulation of their exclusive traits and variants unique to oneself.

Times change, so do things. And one such major change in Indian film industry was set about by the movie 'Baahubali' which became a great success, not only in India, but also throughout the world bringing a

sense of pride to Indians. This gave rise to pan-Indian movies and Indian Cinemas as a whole, to be emphasised as one without discriminating between languages. This change in an ever-changing world has a greater impact on Indian films than what meets the eye.

The Indian film industries which have formed their own territories over a long period of time are faced with this drastic change. This change has been stirring up a lot of storms in Indian Cinemas, both positive and negative. As every major change needs a tribulation before it can bloom. Hopefully Indian films will also have better prospects than they have today, making this a wholesome scenario for “Indian Cinemas.”



Harshita Y.S.
III B.A. (P)OE)

Short Story

CAUTIOUSLY CURIOUS

“Curiosity killed the cat.”

We have been hearing this since our childhood. So did Rohan. Kids and adolescents are curious beings. So was Rohan.

Sitting in a rehabilitation centre, with his mobile in his hand, he forgot everything else that was in his surroundings. Beside him was his mother, impatiently waiting for her son's name to be called. Finally, the time came. Rohan had to be dragged into the counsellor's cabin. It took almost an eternity for the counsellor to grab his attention. When his attention was finally gained, the counsellor, Neeti, asked him to tell a few details about himself. After the initial conversation, Neeti asked him a question. “What made you want a smartphone?” This made him think for a while.

One blissful evening, a cool breeze was blowing. The fifteen-year-old sat under the shade of a tree in a park. He sat there with a book in hand. Oh, how relaxing it is to read a book! A young couple walked by him, not paying any attention to him. Why, you ask? That's because they were both busy on their mobile phones. In Rohan's eyes, they seemed far from each other, though they were beside each other. Curiosity overpowered his senses. He wondered, “What's so special about that small gadget? Why would they not talk to each other in spite of having each other's company?” He wanted to test it out. His young mind screamed to experiment and find out the interesting factors that mobile phones had.

....Contd.

And that's how he ended up here. Neeti was quiet for a while. Then she spoke up. "Now, I want you to tell me how you felt talking to me and not using your mobile for..." She paused to take a look at her watch. "...for ten minutes."

At that, Rohan widened his eyes as he realized that he wasn't using his mobile. He immediately panicked and started searching for his mobile. He sighed in relief when he found it. He was lost in thoughts.

Neeti interrupted his train of thoughts. She said, "You were relaxed when you were talking to me without using your mobile. I want you to ponder over the matter for some time – how you felt when you were talking to me, how relaxed you were when you weren't using your mobile. I know it is difficult to concentrate and think about it, but try that once." Rohan took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

He could feel that he was relaxed after a long time when he talked to the counsellor. He pondered over it for a minute and then opened his eyes. Neeti could see that he was convinced that he feels relaxed without his mobile. He confirmed that verbally. He told Neeti that he wanted to control his mobile usage. Neeti was satisfied with what he told and advised him, "Try using your mobile for five minutes less than you usually do each day. Increase the time by five minutes each time you successfully reach the goal. Let us meet next week to see how this affects your mobile usage." She smiled at him and he returned the smile.

Things started to fade away.

Rohan was startled by a loud noise. He opened his eyes. He realized all that was a dream and that he must have dozed off after he saw the couple with their phones. It was thundering. He rushed back home as it was about to start pouring.

....Contd.

He decided to go home and ask his mother to buy him a smart phone. He was talented in persuading others, no matter what the situation was. Getting his mother to buy him a mobile was just child's play to him.

There it was! His brand new cell phone! He was on cloud nine. Now he could find out what was so compelling about it. His friends, who already had their own mobiles, taught Rohan the basics of using the smartphone. Of course, he already knew how to use a keypad mobile phone, but not a smart phone. Just the fact that he could use the mobile with a swipe or by gliding his fingers across the screen made him feel ecstatic. He learnt how to download apps and use YouTube; and that's where all the problems began.

Back to the present, he narrated the whole thing to Neeti. Neeti, being an expert in this field, had seen a lot of clients such as Rohan. She knew what had to be done. She asked, "Do you like to use your phone constantly?" He replied, "Yes, I do." Neeti enquired, "How did you like to use your phone as time progressed?" Once again, Rohan thought about it and narrated it.

Initially, Rohan used his phone occasionally for only useful purposes. As days went by, he became more dependent on his mobile phone. He would never be seen without his mobile phone. Later, it worsened to a point of him not even looking away from the screen. His eyes got blurred and he had to get his eyes checked. The result was obvious. He had to wear spectacles now. But he didn't mind it a bit as it wouldn't hinder him from watching stuff on his phone all day long. Consequently, his grades at school dropped. He lost his appetite. He saw his mobile as if it was his lifeline. He didn't want anybody else and was no longer interested in what was happening around him. He didn't respond to anyone. He was just seated in one place like a log.

....Contd.

He sat on his bed and realized that his dream was not just a regular dream. It was a warning dream to not use mobile phone too much when he would get one. He pushed aside his initial thoughts of experimenting to find out the reason why smartphones were so special to a few people. The dream felt so surreal. He knew that he wouldn't be able to forget this dream and decided that he would not use his mobile phone more than required in the future and went to bed.

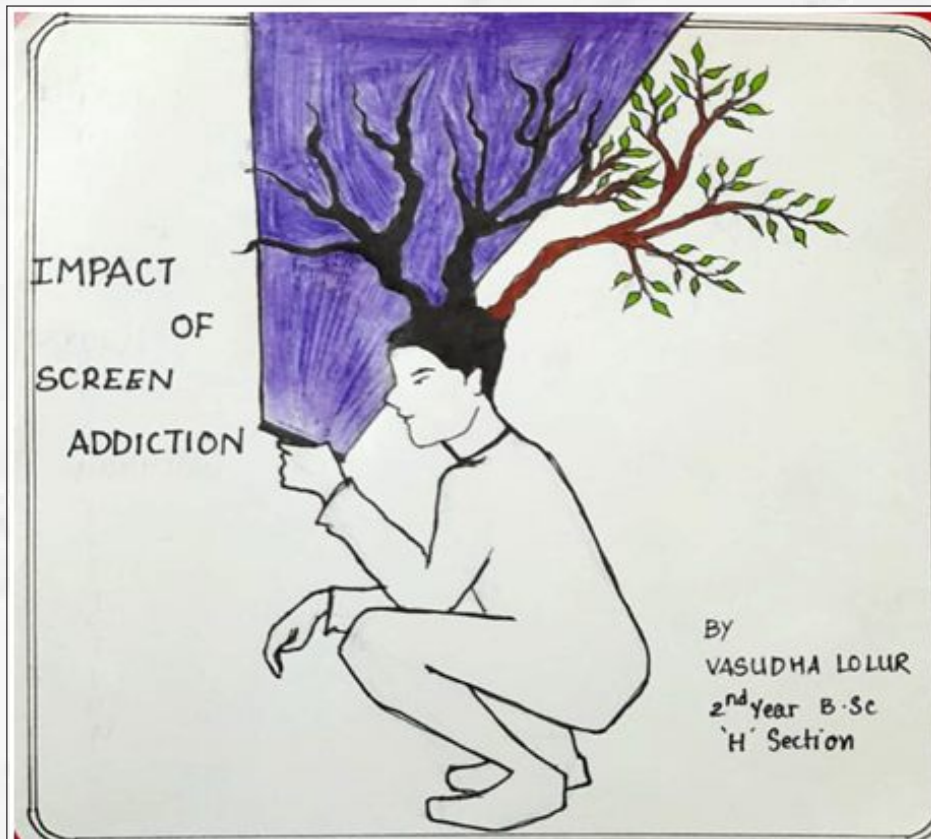


K. V. Vaishnavi

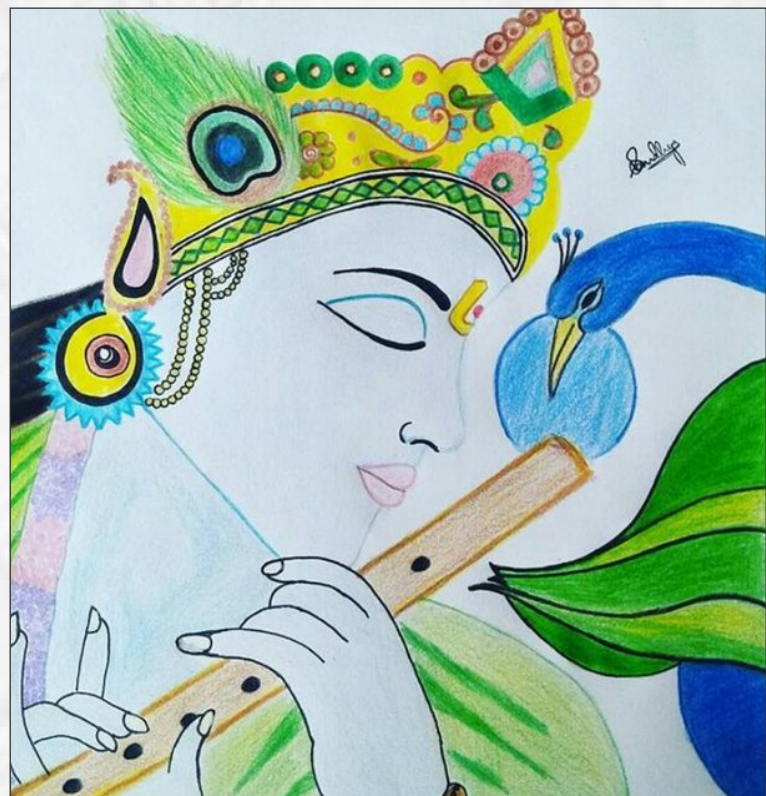
II B.Sc. (I)

Drawings

Screen Addiction



-Vasudha Lolur
II B.Sc. (H)



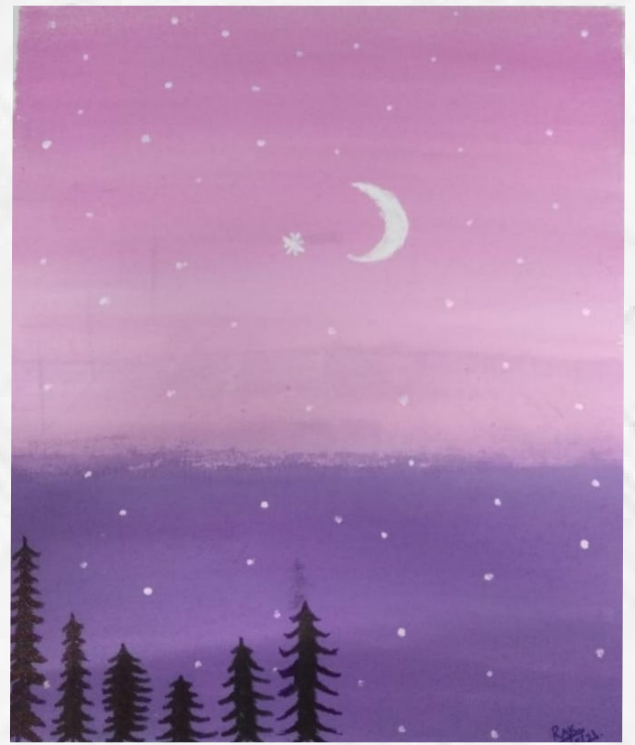
- Sandhya
II B.Sc.(H)



-Vasudha Lolur
II B.Sc. (H)



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II B.Sc. (D)



- Raksha Bhat
II B.Com. (D)





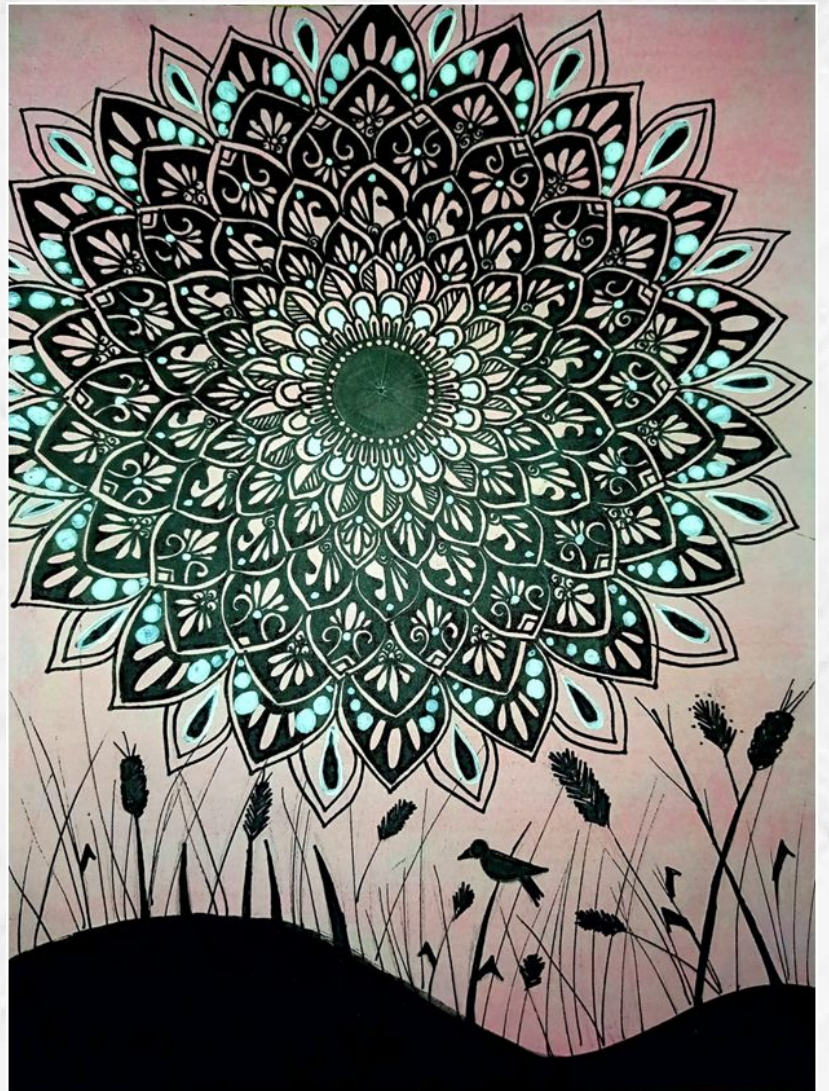
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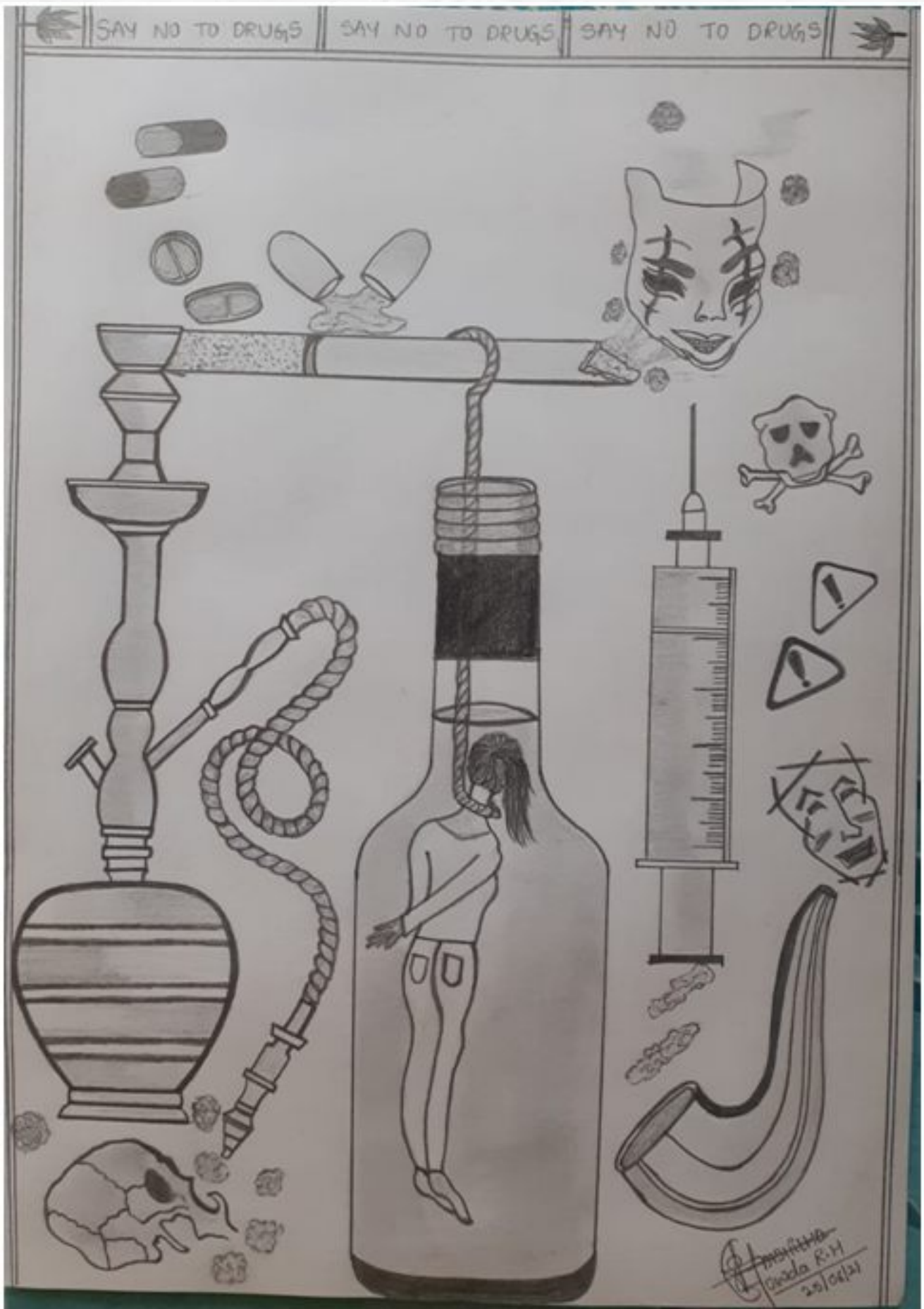


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- Harshitha Gowda R.H.
II B.Sc. (I)





- Harshitha Gowda R.H.
II B.Sc. (I)



The Art of Photography



- Pallavi M. Hattarki
II B.Com. (B)



- Ashwin Pramod
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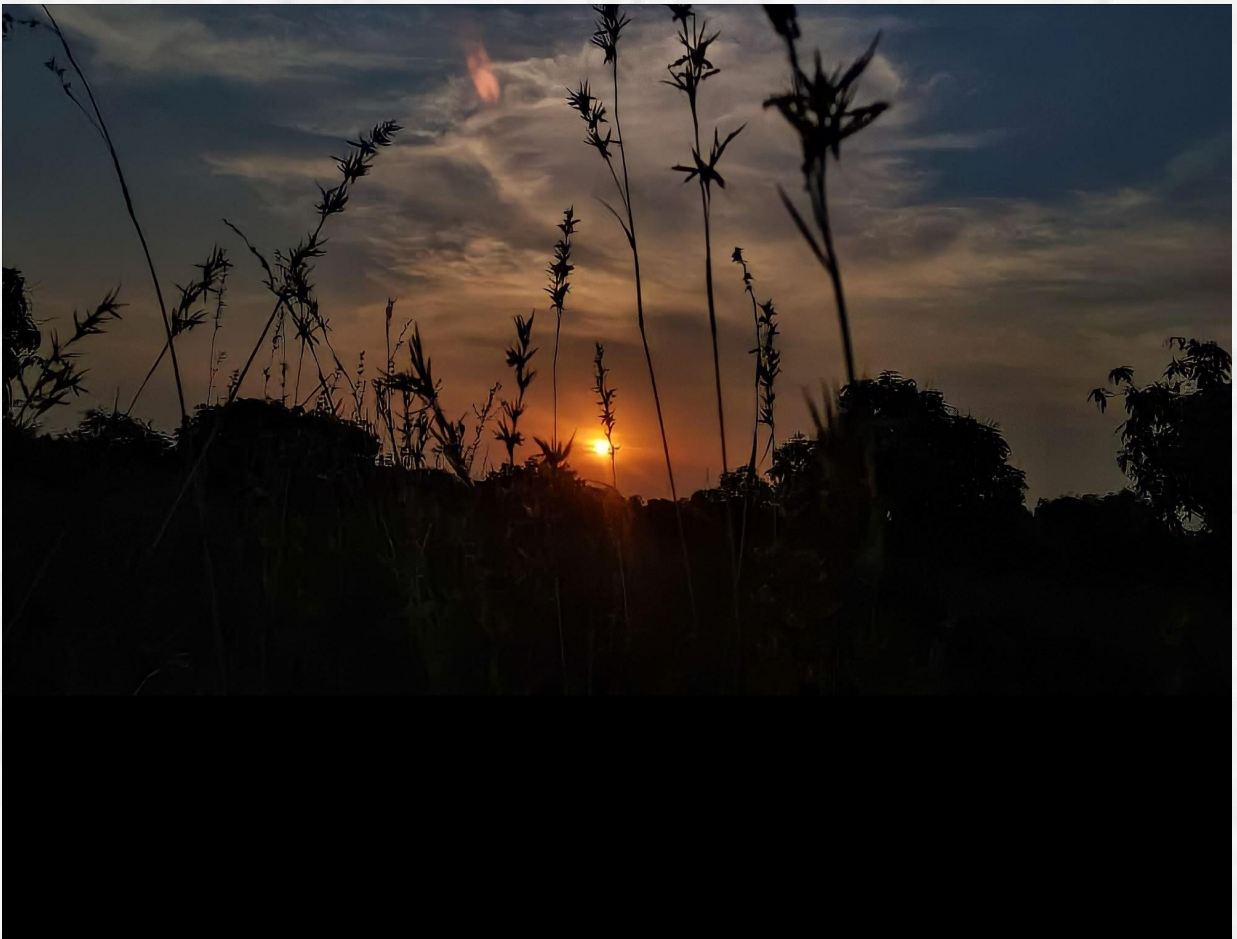
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