



# Sat Sophia

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## Technology brings us closer?

- Sabita KS

As I sit and sip my Ice-cold lime juice, lessens the temperature of a hot afternoon, that's when a couple at the next table catches my attention. Its customarily usual witnessing millennial couples around in a restaurant. Physically being together but their hearts and mind far from each other. Ironically, the invention to keep people close is drawing away the closeness. Jobless as I'm, develop interest to subtly observe this couple.

Its been approximately five minutes now, they have not really spoken a word with each other. Its evident that a little handy object has occupied all the interest not the partners. At once the girl gets up and goes next to her guy. She positions her phone to click a selfie with him. The 'object' captures the pretentious 'us' but the reality is still under the veil. They are smiling in front of the 'object', celebrating their togetherness for the rest of the world to see. The girl comes back to her seat and again their sights of love change, making me realise that they achieved in getting adorable pictures.

This incident leaves a deep impact and forces me to think about the present scenario. Nowadays, it is the common sight everywhere, irrespective of the places like restaurants, public transports, family gatherings, get togethers, dining table, even funerals and prayer meetings. People are glued to this 'object' oblivious to be considerate about the surroundings. People even use this 'object's' screens as a shield against awkward confrontations, difficult conversations and to be undisturbed.

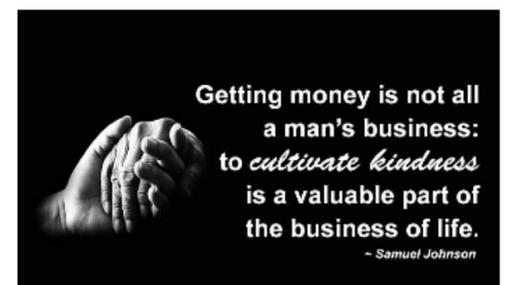


The reminiscences of those days are covered with dust in the memories when the long rail travel strikes up a conversation with a stranger and would turn up to be an unforgettable journey of all time. Everyone around is a slave of this modern age technology failing to get the access of these makes us technically handicapped. Personal conversations seem to be a myth for this age as communication happens only over calls, text, mails, in some set contexts like classroom, interview etc.

The calm sleep when a book rests on the chest of a person is a mirage in this deserted modern world. People avoid to carry the "burden" of a book which is even replaced with the digitalised accessible 'objects'. They call me old school but nothing can beat the rustic and sweet smell of the untouched and unread pages. The indescribable feel of a book in hands, convincingly becomes a part of you which the 'object' fails to become.

The innocent smile on a child's face when he makes new friends, the togetherness in games, the joy of getting dirty in the mud is all beyond description and cannot be even compared to the present day situation. The innocence has faded and smartness can only sustain in this new age world full of competitors not friends.

Not only Technology has made this world a smaller place but it has made smaller places for each and everyone to be isolated.



## "A walk across the street"

- Jenita Maria H

Yippee! Yippee! Guess what's the news  
It's holiday time, it's summer's day  
I stepped outside and a cool wind blew  
tickling my body and calling me to play  
What must this be?  
A bed of flowers, it's red.  
Stretching from one end to the other  
Oh! What a blissful sigh to see.  
I hopped and skipped,  
And zoomed across the street;  
Dancing with the flowers,  
It was summer's best treat.  
The trees were tall with branches spread wide;  
Hurray! Hurray! It's raining flowers.  
The flowers were our symbol  
The Trees were our pride.  
For many years we walked across the street,  
Growing too busy, to meet and greet;  
Till one day we noticed something strange,  
The path was cleaner, the roads were gray.  
The trees were gone, and so was our pride;  
We grew up to be adults, but there our childhood died.  
Now I walk, across the dull grey street,  
Cherishing memories, alas! They were so sweet.

## Write, write'

- Rayappa F M

'Write something' she said.  
What would I write?  
I was not mad yet.  
But sat wondering with blank paper in front.  
Called out for Muse, she was out of reach.  
Mind was dumb,  
Pen idly looked, 'what's next?'  
Hands circled brain's forte,  
To shake her out of her comfy.  
Shook her north and south, east and west.  
She felt like in cradle, didn't yield.  
Strong pillars carried me to shelves  
Pregnant with words, rested the intellectuals.  
I beseeched for help. They were uselessly generous.  
Eyes saw, mouth read,  
Understanding stayed numb.  
Masters drowned me in their thoughts, felt suffocated.  
Back to mind again,  
'Come on, you will embarrass me', I requested.  
'Well, it won't be me, your concern, not mine.  
Mouth pleaded mind's help, others chorused,  
'If he is embarrassed, so will we be too'.  
Time was fleeting gallantly without mercy.  
The mind now buckled up, scratched itself,  
Ordered to shed the ink on the sheet.  
At last, so called free verse looked up with grumpy face.  
Mouth gave a victory shout,  
All celebrated like drunken monkey.  
'Stop jubilation', I said 'let's go face the judgement'. )

## The Abyss In My Life

- Sanjay Christopher

Out of the Abyss, I walk out knackered  
Striving out to see what lies forth  
Wandering about as my time, when it feels  
Anchored so deep, the chains drag me back

The little time dies  
In the dark Abyss I lose my sight  
Wish I could just blitz the damned time  
To a bliss that fits my leisure time

The Charon coin of the Dark Abyss keeps me tied  
To live and to have lived are two different kinds  
Lost with moments the day dies  
Pushing thy way out to lay as a pile

Day in, Day out  
My routine goes  
Where's my Life?  
How should I know!



## The Speaking Face



- Rayappa F M

She is awake while the village still sleeps. She diligently performs her daily chores. The surrounding has become aromatic as she prepares scrumptious breakfast. Madhu's deep sleep is broken by the sound of the vessels. She peeps by the edge of her blanket with her half opened eyes and again covers herself to sleep for little while. "Wake up, warm water for bath, or else you will be late today too", Suvarna says softly. Her sister wakes up lazily and folds her mattress; rubbing her eyes, she turns her way to the bathroom. The house of two rooms is dimly lit. Narayan is close to the wall as his best half is sleeping close to her youngest daughter Achu. As Suvarna keeps the cooker on the gas stove to make dal, she enters the hall and sits next to Pallavi, holding a cup of milk in her hands. As she sips it, her eyes turns on Narayan. Her father, like always, speaks to an imaginative friend in his dream. She sips the hot milk and could hear the heavy breaths of those still sleeping. Madesh changes his position and made himself comfortable. She slowly moves her fingers through Pallavi's hair.

Looking closely at Pallavi, "she looks exactly like her father" she thinks. The rainy evening that brought nightmare to her and her loved ones flashes in front of her eyes. She keeps gazing at the black wall that projects her memory. It has started raining heavily as Manju walks towards the bus stop after his daily labour at a construction site. He runs to find a shelter himself at the bus stop, but his weak body does not really help him. He gets completely drenched. It seems the rain celebrates its victory. Right across the road is his favourite spot and his nostrils could recognise his favourite drink. He shivers with cold "one sip of the drink would help me warm-up myself", he thinks. "You should stop drinking if you want to live longer", remembers the warning of a local doctor. He turns his face and rubs his hands and shoulders. "What a rain", says the one who's stands beside him as he smokes beedi. The vehicles splash muddy water as they wait for the village bus. It is already twenty minutes but no trace of the bus. How could a lover of drinks withstand the temptation standing right in front of it! "Anna, just call me when you see the bus coming, I will be right across the road". Soon his drenched body is drenched again with number of nineties. Man at the stop calls out for him as the bus shows its trace. Manju feels heavy to leave his beloved place but drags his feet towards the stop speaking in a language that he himself could not understand. Just then a speeding red i10 tosses him into the air and drops him on his head. The man shouts at the top of his voice calling others for help as everyone run to see what has happened.

The bus by then reaches the stop and people get down to see the scene as some watches the blood mixing with muddy water from the bus itself. "Ayyo, che che paapa", says a lady in the crowd. "Who is that?" enquired Suvarna. "Some drunkard", she said. With fear on her face, Suvarna holds her pounding heart. She wants to look closely and as she comes closer, bursts into a loud cry beating her breast. Hearing the news her sister suffers a shock. Madesh and Pallavi, her children, are unable to make sense of what has happened. The cooker whistles which brings Suvarna back to herself.

