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SPECIAL COMIC EDITION

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A RETROSPECTIVE - SELECTED WORKS - BILINGUAL - PHOTOGRAPHS

School of Emerging Writers (SEW), TSWRDC, NIZAMABAD



Celebrating the Telescope's First Anniversary Edition

Congratulating all our young writers for
walking all along and making this far....!

A stylized illustration of a birthday cake with lit candles. The cake is decorated with yellow and red swirls. A central sign reads "June 2021 Issue 4".

June 2021
Issue 4

A word after a word after a word is power

- Margaret Atwood



ఎందుకీలా ...?



మనిషి దూరాన్ని భారాన్ని భరిస్తాడు.
 కష్టాల్ని , నష్టాల్ని భరిస్తాడు
 ప్రేమాల్ని భరిస్తాడు.
 నింద, ఆపనిందల్ని భరిస్తాడు.
 విజయాన్ని , అపజయాన్ని భరిస్తాడు
 చింతనని , మనోవేదనని అవమానాన్ని
 భరిస్తాడు
 శీతలంను భరిస్తాడు.
 వర్షపు వరదలని భరిస్తాడు
 చీకటిని , పగలుని భరిస్తాడు
 ఒంటరితనాన్ని భరిస్తాడు
 అదృష్టాన్ని , దురదృష్టాన్ని భరిస్తాడు
 మంచినీ , చెడును భరిస్తాడు
 ఆఖరికి.....!!
 దరిద్యాన్ని కుడా భరిస్తాడు
 కానీ.....!!!
 కోపాన్ని భరింపలేడు మరియు
 పక్కవాడి ఎదుగుదలని భరించలేడు?

L. DIVYA

BZC III, TTWRDC(W)

Medak



Our Future

Yes, It's all in our hands!

It's all in our acts

Birds, worms, ducks, apes, crocodiles

Whatever!

They may not be intelligent, perhaps don't think brilliant

They live just their lives

At the most, die filling other's bellies

But neither snakes think of destroying birds,

Nor eagles try to ruin snake pits

They just live their lives

They live and let others live

They save for their child, but not rob the world

They store their grain, their nests they retain

They struggle for their existence, but do not add pollutants

Who taught them to follow the path of light

Who tuned them to the rhythm of life

Why are we so brutal among the children of mother earth?

Is it for being human? Or for being smartest on earth?

How wise are we!

In jabbing our own legs, Killing the goose for golden eggs

Before Nature roars and smashes, and the earth turns into ashes

Let's wake up! Let's clean up

Let's save tomorrow

Yes! Truly...! It's all in our hands,

It's all in our acts.

MANASA

MPC II year, TSWRDC(W),
Nizamabad

The True Worth of Our Earth

L. SHRAVAN KUMAR

TSWRJC, Bellampally

Our Earth is exactly exquisite
Eradicating the pollution is really requisite
This is the planet of powerful thoughts
Yeah ! Let's shun all the nasty spots

People mustn't be a bit notorious
They've to make everything glorious
Oh God ! Our Earth is so furious
Let's make it even more gorgeous

Our Earth too has a soul
Oh Dear ! Don't make it so foul
You must know the true worth of our earth
Let's draw a remarkable purpose for our birth

It's charming to witness the chirping of birds
That pleasure makes me write as beautiful words
I came across the real beauty of our nature
It's really elegant to give importance to every creature

I know it's hard to say no to our loved ones
Yeah ! It's time to think once
Both the sun and the moon are emitting their indomitable light
Alright ! They make our earth much bright

Why don't you put the beauty of our earth in your heart
Yeah ! Sometimes you people act so smart
Our Earth is utterly gracious
Don't make it ferocious

I know the deepest depths of my delightful dreams , let my
dream of making our earth as an efficacious place must be like
Sensational streams!!

ఎవరు నీవు?

సమాజాన్ని ఆజ్ఞాపించగలను,
కాలాన్నీ శాసించగలను,
కల్పనల తో జనుల్ని కవ్వించగలను,
వాస్తవాలతో ప్రజల్ని మేల్కొల్పు గలను,
ఆకాశాన రంగుల సింగిడిని ఏర్పర్చగలను,
అవనిపైన అంతరాలను అంతం చేయగలను,
నేను అజ్ఞాతాన్ని, ఆలోచనని, ఆయుధాన్ని,
అస్త్రాన్ని, శాస్త్రాన్ని, అనంతాన్ని!

K. PADMA RANI

Lecturer, TSWRJC,
Medak



KRISHNAVENI

BZC II year,
TTWRDC, Medak

పాట

పద పదమని పరుగు తీసెను ఆగకుండా నీపరుగే
కష్టాల కడలిని దాటుతూ చేరుకోవే నువ్వు గగనతలం “2”

నీ దైర్యమే నిన్ను సృష్టించింది
నీ అడుగే నిన్ను నడిపించింది బాటలో
నువ్వు ఎగరవే ఎగరవే కొత్త లోకంలో ఎగరవే
చేరుకోవే స్వర్గం చిన్ని జాబితై చేరుకో “2”

గగనతలం గగనతలం
ఇది మనసుకు తెలియని మరోవనం
గగనతలం గగనతలం ఇది మనిషికి
అందే ఆనందం

“ఎగరవే నువ్వు”

ప్రపంచమే నీకు సాటి కాదుగా
నువ్వే ఎదురు అవుతూ వుంటే వింతగా
నీ కథవిని అందరు మెచ్చునుగా
నువ్వు చేసే పని అని గొప్పగా

“ఎగరవే నువ్వు”

గగనతలం గగనతలం ఇది
మనసుకు తెలియని మరోవనం
గగనతలం గగనతలం
ఇది భవిత పొందే మధుర క్షణం .

గురువు

విద్యార్థులు గురువుల్ని అభిమానించడం అనే విషయం అందరి దృష్టిలో సామాన్యమైంది, కానీ విద్యార్థులకి, గురువులకి మధ్య అవినాభావ సంబంధం ఉంది. ఆ బంధం కి ఉంది అద్భుతమైన శక్తి మహిమలు. అందుకే ఎంతటి మహిమగలదైనను మరియు ఎంతటి దుష్టశక్తి అయినను ఆ బంధం యొక్క పవిత్రత యందు నిలువజాడదు.

గురువులు విద్యార్థులను అంధకారం నుండి తొలగించడమే కాక, మంచి ఋణమార్గదర్శిగా నిలుస్తారు. గురువుకి ఒక విద్యార్థి అభిమానాన్ని పంచగలడు లేదా గురుదక్షిణ ఏదైనా తీర్చగలడు. అంతేకానీ పూర్తి ఋణాన్ని మాత్రం చెల్లించలేడు. అదే ఒక గురువు విద్యార్థికి జ్ఞానదయం అయ్యేలా చేకూర్చడంతో పాటు , ప్రగతి గుణశీలి అనే అమృతాన్ని ధారబోయగలడు.

లక్ష్మణ రేఖ వంటి మార్గాన్ని సూచించగలడు. సంజీవని వంటి విద్యను బోధించి ప్రాణాన్ని నిలుపగలడు. ఆశోక చక్రలో వుండేటటువంటి 24 ఆకులకు ఎంతటి ప్రాముఖ్యత, విలువ ఉన్నవో అదే విధంగా ఒక గురువు 24 గంటల సమయాన్ని సమయస్ఫూర్తి తో పాటించి సంపూర్ణమైన జ్ఞానాన్ని పంచగలడు.

అవివేకులు , దుర్జనులు వీరందరూ ఒక చక్కటి రూపశిల్పి అయిన గురువు యొక్క ప్రకాశితం నుండి వివేకులు, సజ్జనులుగా మారినవారే. ఇంట్లో మంచి, చెడులను నేర్పించేది అమ్మ కానీ బడిలో మంచి చెడులను సూచించేది గురువు. గురువుకి గల ముఖ్య ఆయుధాలు జ్ఞానం , సుద్ధముక్క, తుడుపు సాధనం , నల్లబోర్డు.... అయితే, గురువు తన సుద్ధముక్కతో మంచి అనే పాటాన్ని నల్లబోర్డు అనే విద్యార్థి జీవితంలోకి ప్రవేశపెడతాడు. గురువు తన తుడుపు సాధనంతో చెడు అనే మరకని జీవితం అనే నల్లబోర్డు నుండి తొలగింపజేస్తాడు . గురువు మంచి చెడు అనే విధంగా ఆలోచించే , విద్యార్థులకు సలహాలు ఇస్తాడు.

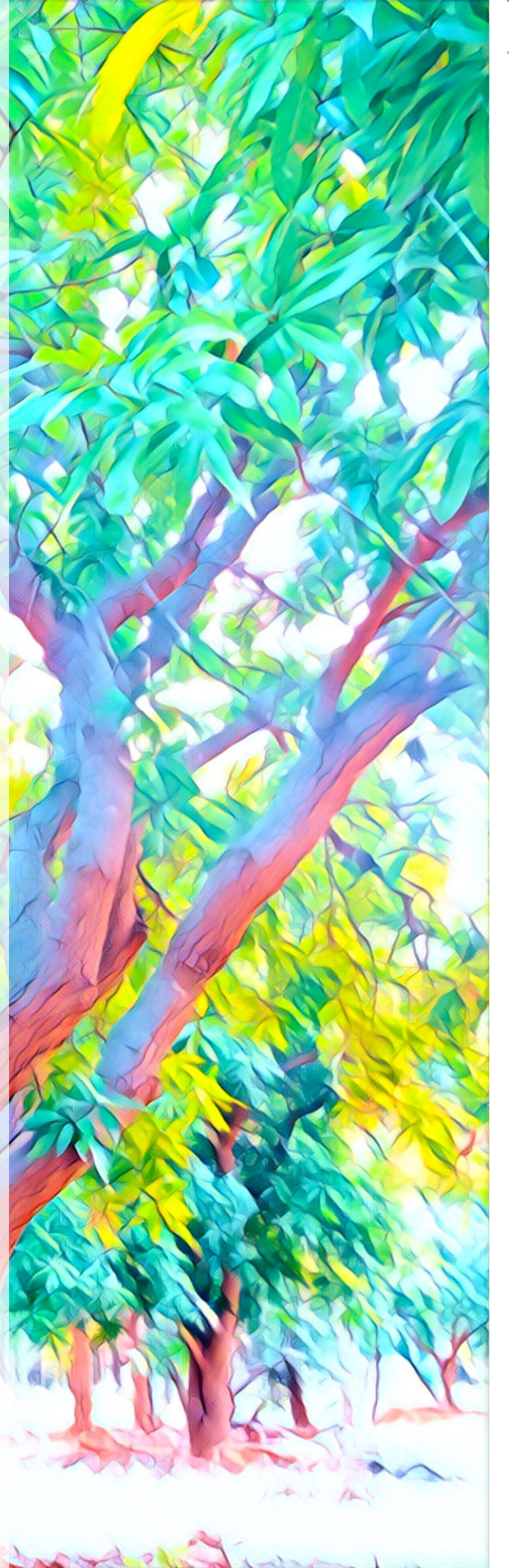
గురువు లేకట్లో సమస్య వస్తే , తీర్చే మిత్రుడవుతాడు. గురువు సాంప్రదాయాలు అట్టడుగున మునిగిపోతే తెలుగు కవి అయి ఆవిర్భవించి గ్రంథాల్ని లిఖిస్తాడు. గురువు ప్రమాదం సంభవిస్తే దైవరూపం దాల్చి రక్షిస్తాడు. పరిపూర్ణ జ్ఞానుల వెంట కల్పవృక్షం వలే విరజిల్లుతాడు.

నింగి వంటి అక్షర సముదాయంలో వెన్నెల వంటి గురువు ప్రకాశిస్తాడు. వెన్నెల యెంతటి పరిమాణం గల గురువుతో పాటు నక్షత్రాల యెంతటి పరిమాణం గల విద్యార్థులు ఉన్నారు. ఒక గురువు తన జ్ఞానాన్ని విద్యార్థులకు ధారబోస్తాడు. అదే గురువు నక్షత్రం వంటి విద్యార్థులను వెన్నెల వంటి పరిమాణం గల జ్ఞానంతో నింగి అనే అక్షర సముదాయంతో ఆకాశం అనే ప్రపంచంలో విహరించాలని కాంక్షిస్తాడు.

L. DIVYA

BZC III, TTWRDC(W)

Medak





K. ANUSHA

MSCs II, TSWRDC(W),
Jagadgirigutta

TEACHER, MY LIFE TRANSFORMER

*Every teacher who teaches has a great and special place in each student's heart. Because they mould them to start the game of life like a sun that rises in the morning; to struggle as a brave and great warrior at noon and finally at the end as moon that glitters at night as it helps blossom like a lotus. I would like to dedicate a **Cinquain 9**, a poem containing 2, 4, 6, 8 and 2 syllables in appreciation of the worth and meaning of a teacher.*

Teacher

Life transformer

Moulds and guides disciples
Like Light at the end of tunnel
Each Day

CLEMENCY GRANTED !

DR. PRABHAKAR JAINI

He

I stood at the petrol station located next to the precincts of the Central Jail and watched. The welcome arch of the Goddess Bhadra Kali temple appeared glowing brightly in the twinkles of the colourful serial lights. Dasara festivities were round the corner. By six in the evening, darkness was scattering everywhere. Winter was sluggishly crawling in to occupy just like the night after the twilight. Feeling cold, I pulled my shirt flaps closer and buttoned it. Felt like having a cup of tea. I walked up to the team-lead, put a word to him and headed towards the Gandhi Hospital cross roads. As I was walking, I experienced suddenly a sting of pain in the heart. Although It has been ten years since the occurrence of that deadly deed, the cries of agony that I emitted are still resonating in my ears. I was standing handcuffed with a bandage on the wrist – sobbing inconsolably. The body of my elder brother, wrapped in a thatched mat, was mounted into a jeep, passed through the very gates of this Gandhi Hospital, driven to the village we were born at- all these scenes - one by one by one appeared live in front of my eyes. I walk through the gates of the Gandhi Hospital and sit in this tea bunk that has a thatched roof to reminiscence those sights. I do this as frequently as I get posted to perform my duties at this petrol station. This petrol station is run by the central prison. Usually there is a lot of work; it is a busy place; when posted, you do not find a minute to rest. On top of it in the evenings, it is all the more hectic with all types of automobiles coming in to fill their tanks and going out into the dusk. Getting posted to work at this petrol station is not easy for every inmate of the prison! It depends on how lucky you are. Out of thousands of the convicts living in this prison, only a handful of us get this prospect for, performing duties at this petrol station depends on many terms and conditions. Good behaviour, non-indulgence in petty feuds with the inmates, moving respectfully with the officers, importantly we should give the officials confidence that this fellow will not run away when sent out on this duty. The convicts who give such confidence will enjoy these 'open air prison' facilities. I have been in this prison for the last ten years. I am not an illiterate. I did some basic level education. I come from a near by village.

One day there was an open brawl. It started in the fields. Not with outsiders. It happened with my elder brother with whom I had a small land dispute. There was a heated argument. I was drunk and blinded under its influence. Grew angry; uncontrollable it turned. I stabbed him with a sharp knife. He fell down to the ground instantly twisting in pain. Seeing my brother collapse and lie in a pool of blood, my intemperance abated. Anger wore out. I wailed heartbreakingly beating head and mouth. I called up the police myself. After the sudden death of my mother and mother, it was my this brother who brought me up with care and concern. He reared me as if I was his son. I stabbed such a noble human with a knife! I took away his life! I repented. Turned inconsolable. In that fit of emotion I cut my wrist deep with a sharp blade, and the blood gushed out. Police entered. My brother's condition grew grim. They brought me and my brother who was barely breathing at that time to this Gandhi Hospital for treatment. Brother did not recover. He died. For a while I was treated in the hospital and later shifted to this open air prison. I confessed to the crime. I was sentenced to a life imprisonment. The two men of my house, one was killed and the other one was penalised for the same crime. Our two families got distraught and subsequently scattered. The two ladies, my sister in law and my wife lived in that village for a while taking care of the children and the fields. They could not mangle for long. They could not endure the denigrating glares from the fellow villagers. After a while it turned too much for them to stand the castigating stares and the belittling talk. They sold the fields and the house for a paltry sum and left the village for good. No word is heard about where my sister in law and her children have gone to, nor how have they been.

My wife went to her parents' taking along our son and daughter. A couple of years later, she married someone, and left with him with our children. So, I learnt. She took all the care in such a way that it would be impossible for me to trace their whereabouts. By now age wise my daughter could be twenty five years, and my son twenty. My daughter could have been married off, and must be living out the children of her own. Sometimes, I am wriggled with this tormenting urge of going to call on my wife, children, sister in law, and my brother's children. But I knew that it would not happen; something impossible, would remain as a wishful thinking. For the dastardly deed that I committed under the impact of alcohol, the people of my village have banished me since from their lives. My people know where I am confined. They could have made an effort to come down to check on me; they haven't, and they won't. Since I do not know where they are, even if I want to call on them, I can't. All doors are closed. An officer from my jail says, " go on a parole; meet up with your people and come back". How can I show them my shameful face? I'll remained rooted in here, in this prison.

Prison is my home!

The inmates are my soulmates!

Besides, I do not have a strong desire to lead a normal long life. I have heard that there is a practice according which on each 15th August and the 26th January, a few of the convicts are granted clemency, and released there upon from this captivity. A lot of my fellow convicts hang on to this prospect that they would get clemency one day, and will walk free into the world from the confines of these highly fortified prison walls. But I don't nurse such a hope; I would not like to file a clemency petition! I live with this optimism, and absolutely nothing else. I am confident that if I'll die inside this prison house while serving the sentence, at least my friends, the fellow convicts will put their hands together, and perform my last rites! I'm not yearning to be liberated! Because if I were freed under clemency and join the mainstream, as nobody would accept me into their folds, outside I would die as an orphan. There was a loud honk from a passing by motor. It made me realize that I had been long entangled in my thoughts oblivious of the space and time. I came back into my senses; to the reality, the here and the now. Walked back to the petrol station; handed over the gutka sachets to the team-lead and took control of the pump. Just then rolled in an Innova SUV for fuel announcing 'police'. I saluted the officer inside, filled the tank to its full, wrote the receipt, tore it, handed IT over to the driver, and collected the coupon in lieu. Upon the request of the driver, I checked the pressure in all the wheels. Having that done, I stood there and saluted the vehicle as it pulled out.

She

The moment I announced "My name's Dheeksha..." Thousands of youngsters, both young men and women, raised their voices to the ceilings cheering, "swaero.. swaero.. swaero". The Tagore Auditorium that they gathered in echoed with their unbounded exuberance. Seeing their electrifying cheerfulness, my heart was flooded with emancipated hilarity! I cried in an animated pitch the volume of which fuel someone after the high skies were conquered in enviable style and elegance! I declared while throwing up my two hands into the air with fists clenched tightly ... "Yes, I'm Dheeksha SWAERO, DSP!" With those positive vibes spread all over, the clouds of sorrows that engulfed in me since morning started fizzling out. The voices raised did not aim to announce my victory That's the war cry made to mark the victory which our SWAERO's institutions have harvested. We hail from the poorest of the poor families! The most pitiable layers of our society!!

We are determined to scale up the heights and reach the acmes.

This conviction was also heard simultaneously in that roar of the war cry. On the stage, there stood our mentor Praveen Kumar sir who has started and strove relentlessly to make our SWAEROS as a synonym for success. He was looking at me with an inimitably impeccable smile. Having beheld him, my sight became blurred and in that blur in his place I saw a lodestar. I bent down and touched feet; stoop up and took the mike into my hands.

I am an alumna of the Social Welfare Residential Educational Institutions. That day, a felicitation programme to the faculty working in these institutions was underway. The teachers who have been striving hard to advance and translate into reality the outstanding ideals of our Praveen Kumar sir and his education crusade were being felicitated. I was the centre of attraction in that event.

Reason - Just then Group-1 results were announced; I cleared it, and was selected for the post of DSP.

I stood there as a reality for the milestones that our institutions have reaped. Praveen Kumar sir told me that I should attend the event and speak. Because, he said, my speech would ignite and inspire many minds. I obtained permission from the department, and came over here to take part. "We are all aware of the connotation of the SWAERO and its objectives". There was a pin drop silence. "Praveen Kumar sir had a lofty dream, a dream that touches the horizons, and scales up the mighty heights of the blue skies. We are its material translation. If SWEIRO is the sanctum sanctorum of a temple, our Doctor Praveen Kumar sir is its God". Before I could utter the last word, the entire auditorium resounded in claps. That's the expression of love, admiration and gratitude that we have for our sir. After a while the roar of mirth has subsided, I continued my speech.

"My real name's not Dheeksha. My name's Deena Nayak. Like most you, I to spent my childhood in deplorable conditions. My father used to get drunk and thrash my mother on daily basis. His addiction to alcohol has degenerated to a stage where he attempted to molest me one day! My mother grew furious; took a dagger into her hands and warned him of the lethal consequences if he repeated this heinous act again. That's when I got to know that he was not my biological father; but my stepfather. My mother lost trust in him. She took along and straight walked to Praveen Kumar sir. She bequeathed me to him". At this juncture, I overcame by emotion; could not stop tears rolling down amidst sobs. I wiped my tears and resumed my speech.

"Sir has rescued me and brought me up standing in the place of my father. My original name Dina, he said, sounds pitiable. He changed that to Dheekha meaning determination. He sensed from the beginning itself that I was aiming to become a government servant. I did M.A. in Telugu literature in this university and secured a gold medal. While doing PhD I prepared and wrote Group-1 exams. I was inspired by our sir and like him I too wanted to become a police officer. As luck would have it, I have been selected for the DSP post. As you can see, I am a physical form of his ideals. Likewise, all of you are the flares in his dream world. I wish that you should rise like the stars in the sky and SWAERO-shine to rule the planet. Sir's blessings are copiously available for you. This is my promise".

Saying thus I ended my speech.

I paid my reverence to all my teachers, and in particular to our sir, and took leave of them.

He and she

Having completed my duty at the petrol station, signed in the attendance register, ate two rotis, walked into the cell and lied down. I followed the same ritual today also. It has been like any other day during my ten years stay inside this prison. But, strangely I am not in myself; I heard the blood spouting noisily out of my pounding heart to gush through the veins while bulging them en-route. I am going through a tensed feeling. There are open signs that something unthought of is going to happen. A guard's sudden appearance at my cell broke the chain of my thoughts. My heart skipped a beat. It pounded violently. Has he come to announce, "the government has granted you clemency; we are releasing you"? Although with a fear induced quiver lurking in the voice I asked him numerous times, "What happening saar"? Without opening his lips, he waved his hand to follow him and started walking towards the office of the prison. I reached the jailor's chamber with several suspicions nagging inside the mind. I walked into the chamber; there were several police personnel including the jailer and the jail superintendent.

After a while they all went out except one police officer.

"what's your name"?

"Veeranna, madam".

"For what crime have you been here"?

"I'm the sinner who killed his own brother, madam".

"How about your wife and children"?

"I used to have. But madam now I don't know where they are. I pray every day for their welfare".

It is my knowledge that the police do not like cross questioning. Still unable to grasp why this madam is asking personal questions, out of curiosity I asked,

"excuse me madam if you don't mind may I know why you are asking me for my personal information"?

The next act that took place was something that I never anticipated. She stood up from where sat. Walked towards me. Stretched her hands and fell on my shoulder while her tender eyes were raining down the floods of tears. "why because.. dad, am your daughter" she uttered softly in a voice that became choked with emotion. I was shocked hearing these words. I pulled myself away from that officer and said, No, never. It's impossible! I'm not your father. I'm a murderer. I killed my own brother. How's that I'm your father? You are a DSP. I'm a convict". Saying such words I stubbornly refused to accept. Dheeksha, holding her father hands, said, "I saw you at the petrol station. A whiff of intimate shine engulfed me. It was a strange sensation. It was perhaps the result of my subconscious search for my long las father. I looked at you. You put the gun into the tank of my vehicle, and were filling it. I looked at the tattoo on your elbow which read L. Veeranna. I was convinced that you were my father. I wanted to get this confirmed. Straight away I drove into this jail. Met the officers and read your personal file". "Yes, dad you are my dad". She walked close, and took me into her embrace. The blood in me seemed to have recognized that the person in my embrace was my offspring; it started rushing through the veins. Awe struck, "is it true my child"? said I. By then there was commotion in my heart. My hapless heart was unable to digest the reality that such springs could also flourish in this barren life. While holding me steadily, as I was slipping down from her hands, she said, "Yes dad, it's true. You are my father". I never experienced this much of happiness in my life; I saw goddess Bhadrakali in my daughter's face. What more could I hope for? In the prison, the place that I liked the most, in the presence of the mother goddess, in the childlike warmth of my dear baby... effortlessly... "Baby! May child!!"

Translated into English by:

DR. K. VENKAT REDDY

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Development
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The Joy of Giving

T. POOJITHA

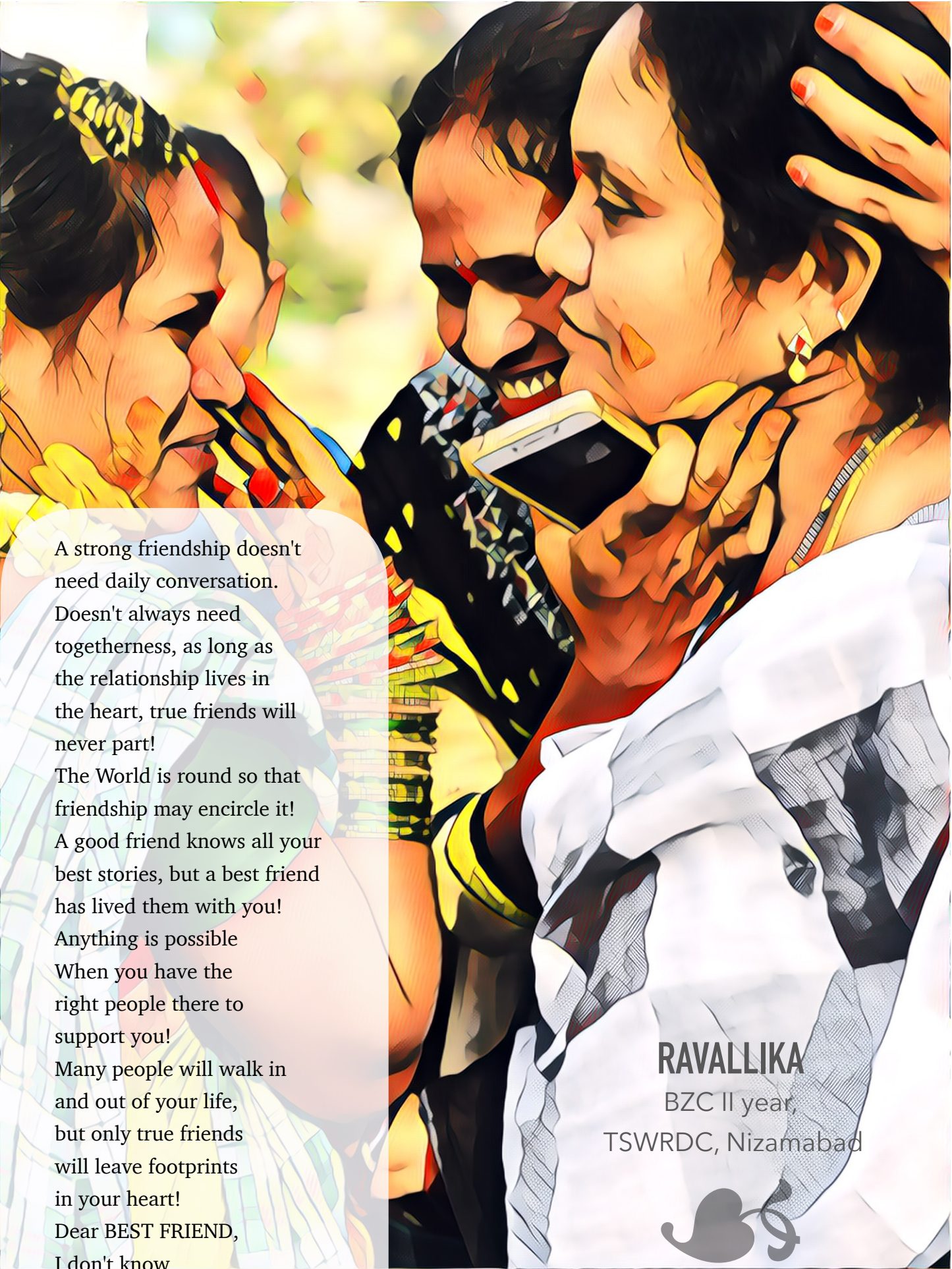
B.Com I year

TSWRDC(W), Jagadgirigutta

A teacher and his student went for a walk near a farm. While walking they came across a pair of old torn shoes most likely belonging to a poor farmer. The student said to the teacher, "why don't we hide these shoes? It would be so fun to watch the farmers reaction when he can't find them !" "Son, it is not okay to play cruel jokes on a poor person. I have a better idea." the teacher replied. "Why don't we put some coins in his shoes? We can hide somewhere to see the farmers reaction when he sees the coins in his torn shoes."

After a while, the farmer finished working and came to collect his shoes. As he slipped his foot in to one of the shoes he felt something hard. He checked and saw that there were coins in his shoes ! He looked around for the coin owner but didn't see anyone so he kept them in his pocket. Then the farmer put on the other shoe again and he felt something hard. He checked and saw that there were even more coins in his shoes seeing the coins made the farmer emotional and he began to cry..."Oh god thank you a thousand times for the person who is helping me in this time of need. Because of their kindness I can now buy medicine for my sick wife and get bread for my hungry children."

Once the farmer left, the teacher questioned his student tell me what would have made you happier hiding his shoes or putting coins his shoes ? The student said, "teacher I will never forget the lesson you taught me today. Now I understand the meaning of these words: Joy of giving is much more than taking, for it is truly limitless, thank you teacher. Instead of causing trouble, we should spread kindness." Help people whenever you can. Joy of giving is much more than the joy of taking!



A strong friendship doesn't
need daily conversation.
Doesn't always need
togetherness, as long as
the relationship lives in
the heart, true friends will
never part!

The World is round so that
friendship may encircle it!
A good friend knows all your
best stories, but a best friend
has lived them with you!
Anything is possible
When you have the
right people there to
support you!

Many people will walk in
and out of your life,
but only true friends
will leave footprints
in your heart!

Dear BEST FRIEND,
I don't know
how to thank you
But I'm lucky to
have you in my life!

RAVALLIKA

BZC II year,
TSWRDC, Nizamabad



BESTIES



ఊరికి జ్వరమొచ్చింది!

P. MADHURI

ZMC III year,

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

Illustration by:

Babu Kairamkonda

Teacher & Artist,

Nizamabad

కొత్తగా భాస్కర్ అనే వ్యక్తి సబ్ ఇన్ స్పెక్టరుగా చెరుకువాడ అనే ఊళ్ళో జాయిన్ అయ్యాడు. అతడు ఫ్యామిలీలోని సిటీలో ఉంచి తాను స్టేషన్ వక్కన చిన్న గదిలో అద్దెకు ఉండేవాడు. ఆ ఊరిలో అడుగు పెట్టగానే భాస్కర్ కు కనబడిన విచిత్రం ఏంటంటే.. ఎవ్వరూ రాత్రి ఏడు దాటితే బయటకు రావటం లేదు ఆ ఊరి పాలిమేరలో ఉన్న గ్రామ దేవతకు ఆకలెక్కువై రాత్రిళ్ళు గ్రామం అంతా తిరుగుతోందని ఏది కనబడితే అది తినేస్తోందని మనుషులు ఎవరైనా బయట కనబడితే రక్తం కక్కుకుని చచ్చిపోతారని భయంకరమైన పుకారు ఊరంతా గుప్పమంటోంది. చంటాళ్ళకు బువ్వపెట్టటం సులువైంది తల్లలకు. చదువుకునే కుర్రాళ్ళు నమ్మకపోయినా పెద్దాళ్ళ మటుకు విలువ ఇచ్చి ఇంట్లో ఉండిపోయారు. కొంతమందికి బయట గజెల చప్పుడు వినబడిందని చెప్పుకున్నారు. మరొకరికి ఏదో నిలువెత్తు ఆకారం చీకట్లోంచి నడిచి వెళ్ళిందని మరికొందరు ముసలాళ్ళు బయటకు వచ్చినందుకు గుండె అగి చనిపోయారు అని రకరకాల పుకార్లు ఊరంతా ప్రచారం చేశారు.

ఏంటయ్యా ఇంత చీకటి పడకుండానే తలుపులు బిగించుకొని పడుకున్నారు? అని భాస్కర్ అడిగాడు అప్పుడు అమ్మోరు ఊర్లో తిరిగి జనాన్ని పీక్కుతింటుందని సెప్పుకుంటున్నారండి అని కానిస్టేబుల్ సమాధానం.

హూ! హూ! జనం ఎంత విచ్చాళ్ళయ్యారో! ఇది అంతా ట్రాప్ అని భాస్కర్ గట్టిగా నవ్వాడు. మరునాడు భాస్కర్ అమ్మవారి గుడి ముందు జనాన్ని చూసి వెళ్ళగా అతనికి ఎముకలు కనిపించాయి అప్పుడు అందరూ ఆ తల్లిని అనుమానించకండి సరే! చాలా వరేపుల్ అమ్మోరండి అని వణుకుతూ చెప్పారు. మళ్ళీ పొద్దునే భాస్కర్ ఉంటున్న తలుపును దబదబ బాదుతున్నారా భాస్కర్ తలుపులు తీశాడు చెమటతో ఒళ్ళంతా తడిసిపోయి నరసింహులు గుమ్మం ముందు నిలబడి ఉన్నాడు ఏమైంది అని భాస్కర్ సాంబయ్య అనే యవకుని అమ్మవారు చంపేసిందండి అని ఆయాసపడుతూ చెప్పాడు భాస్కర్ వెళ్ళి చూసే సరికి సాంబయ్య శవం పరమ భయంకరంగా ఉంది. గుడ్డు బయటికి వచ్చేసి నోట్లోంచి కారిన రక్తం చారికలు చొక్కా మీద ఎండిపోయి ఉన్నాయి సాంబయ్య తల్లి బోరుబోరుమని ఏడుస్తోంది భాస్కర్ కు జాలివేసింది పంచాయితీ స్టాఫ్ అక్కడ నిలబడి ఉన్నారా ఊరి సర్పంచ్ పల్లయ్య నాయుడు అక్కడ నిలబడి ఉన్నాడు.

గ్రామ ప్రజలంతా తల్లి మా ఊరిమీద ఎంతో కోపంగా ఉందో అని గొణుక్కుంటున్నారు. భాస్కర్ గుడి దగ్గరకు నడుచుకుంటూ వెళ్ళాడు. గర్భగుడిలో తలుపులు తెరచి ఉన్నాయి అందరినీ కాపాడే తల్లివి నీవు ఇలా మనుషుల్ని చంపుతావా? నేను నమ్మను అని భాస్కర్ అన్నాడు పూజారి పేరు వీరభద్రం అమ్మవారి పాదాల దగ్గర పూజ చేస్తున్నాడు. అతను నల్లగా నుదిటికి అడ్డంగా వీభూది నిలుపుగా కుంకుమ బొట్టు కళ్ళకు కాటుక రాసుకుని నడుముకు ఎర్రని పంచెను బెట్టుతో కట్టాడు. పెద్ద బాసపొట్ట కాళ్ళకు పారాణి పెట్టుకున్నాడు. అతను భాస్కర్ దగ్గరకు వచ్చి దేవత పట్ల అపచారం జరిగింది ఆ తల్లి ఆకలితో ఉందండి జాతర జరపాలండి అప్పుడైనా అమ్మ శాంతిస్తుందేమోనండి అని ప్రశాంతంగా మాట్లాడాడు

సరే గొడవలు లేకుండా జరిపించమని పర్మిషన్ ఇచ్చాడు భాస్కర్ పూజారి దగ్గరుండి అన్నీ జరిపిస్తున్నాడు డప్పు శబ్దాలకు లయబద్ధంగా నాట్యం చేస్తున్నాడు పూజారి అమ్మవారిలా చీర అమ్మోరు పూనిందని వీరంగం చేస్తున్నాడు అతన్ని చూసి భాస్కర్ కూడా తెలియకుండా దండం పెట్టుకున్నాడు అమ్మ గజెల సప్పుడు వినిపిస్తోంది రాత్రిళ్ళు అనే మాట స్పృహకు వచ్చింది పూజారి కాళ్ళవైపు చూశాడు భాస్కర్. అతని గజెల దండలో రెండు మువ్వలు లేకుండా భాళీగా కనబడింది వెంటనే సాంబయ్య చనిపోయిన స్థలానికి వెళ్ళాడు భాస్కర్. భాస్కర్ అనుకున్నట్లు ఆ మువ్వలు దొరికెను. వెంటనే వీరభద్రాన్ని నాలుగు పీకి నిజం రాబట్టాడు భాస్కర్. వీరభద్రం చంపలేదు సాయం చేశాడు మరి ఎవరు చంపారు? చంపినవాడు పల్లయ్యనాయుడు (సర్పంచ్) ఆ.. ఇదేం ట్రిప్టు నిజం చెప్ప..

నాయుడు కూతురు కాలేజీలో చదువుతున్న సాంబయ్య ప్రేమించుకున్నారు అతను తక్కువ కులం అని ధైర్యంగా గొడవ చేస్తే తన కూతురు ఏ అఘాయిత్యం చేసుకుంటుందో అని ఇలా ఒక నెల ముందునుంచి వీరభద్రం అమ్మవారిలా అర్ధరాత్రిళ్ళు నడిచాడు ఒకరోజు ప్లాన్ చేసి సాంబయ్య పీక నొక్కి గుండెల మీద కాలువేసి తొక్కి చంపాడు అతనికి సాయం చేసే హడావిడిలో కాళ్ళకి ఉన్న గజెలు పోయినవి. ఇద్దరూ నేరం ఒప్పుకున్నారు. ఊరికి భయం అనే జ్వరం తగ్గింది అని నవ్వాడు భాస్కర్.

BHAVANI

TSWRJC, Yedapally

Bodhan



Art Work

B. SWATHI

BZC II, TSWRDC
Nizamabad



ALLARI SIRITHREKSHA

TSWRJC, Yedapally, Bodhan

LIFE POEM

Life is like a rainbow
with multiple colours
It is a way to
achieve anything

No one is nothing in life,
All are everything
Life is a way of enjoying,
Learning, achieving, conflicting!

Life is away with
stones and pebbles
Everyone has stability to
step out from the stones,
Go through a blossoming way.

Life gives such a message that
Learning from mistakes, living for today
Life is like a river,
Which cannot stop until you reach the goal

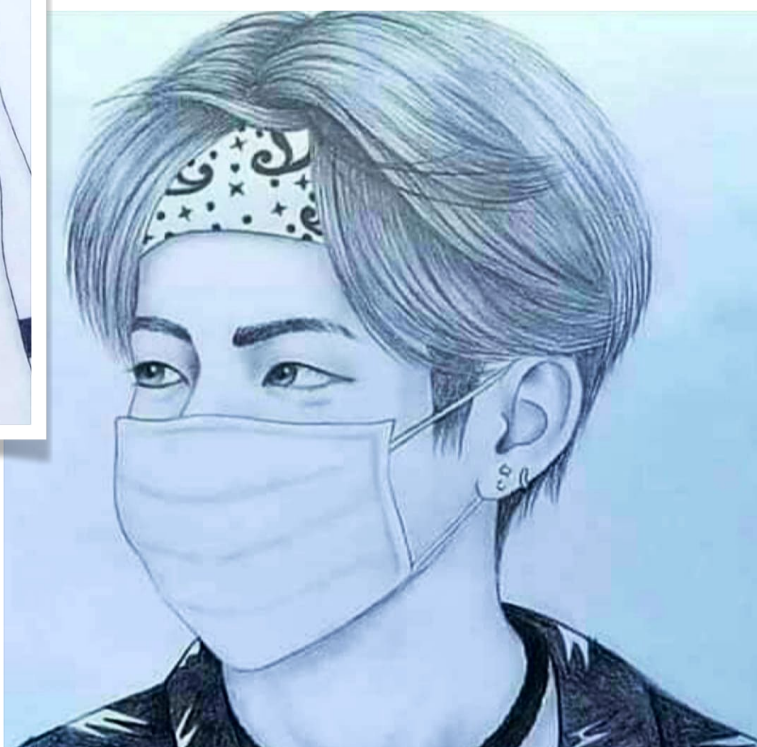
Life educates us with moral values,
good manners and affections.
Life is a tree with multiple branches
We should grow as a tree
But not fall as a fruit

Life, life is a way of multiples
in multiple colors



PULIMAMIDI SUSHMA

MZC I year,
TSWRDC, Warangal East



SMILE

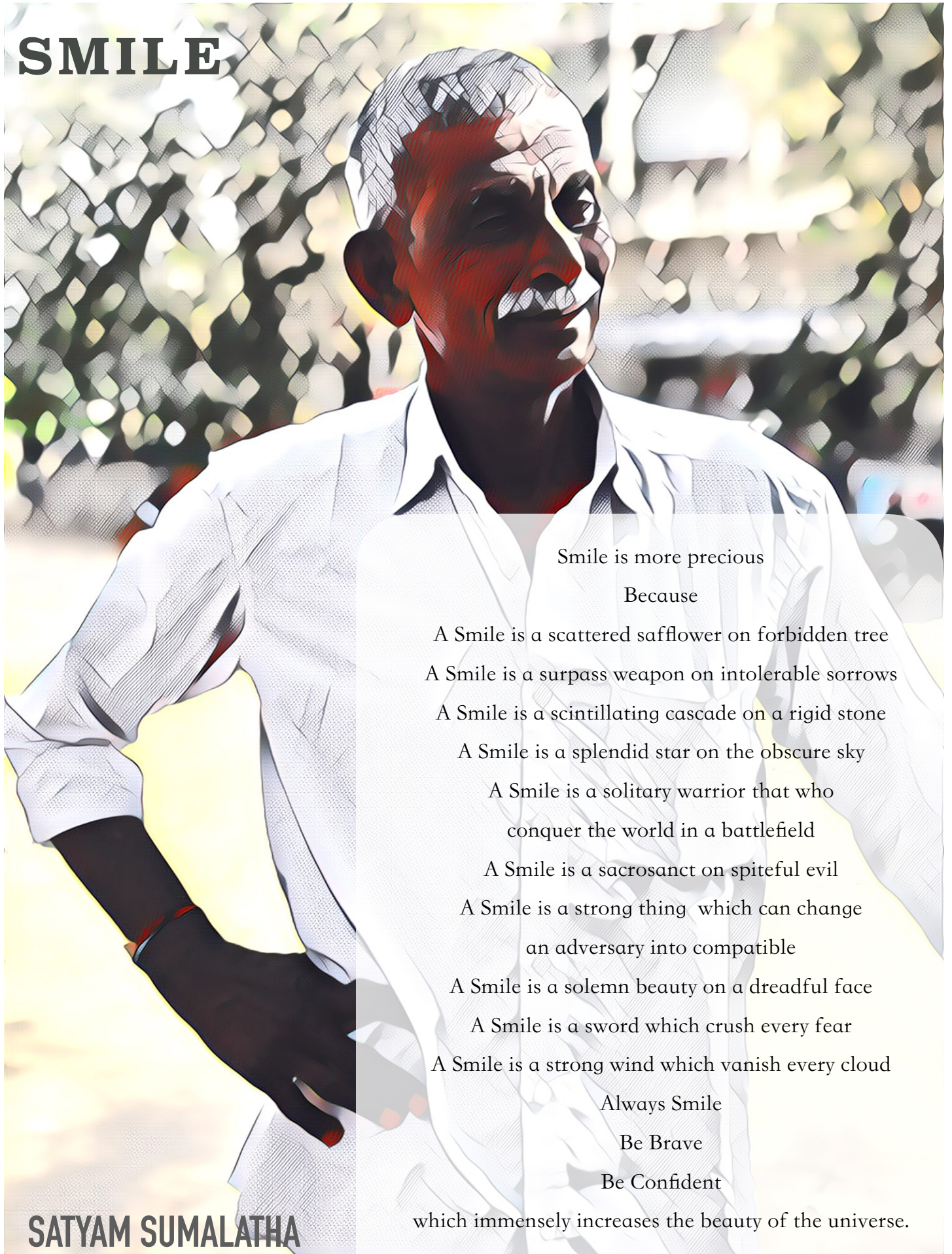


Image : Under a random tree, Armoor

Smile is more precious

Because

A Smile is a scattered safflower on forbidden tree

A Smile is a surpass weapon on intolerable sorrows

A Smile is a scintillating cascade on a rigid stone

A Smile is a splendid star on the obscure sky

A Smile is a solitary warrior that who
conquer the world in a battlefield

A Smile is a sacrosanct on spiteful evil

A Smile is a strong thing which can change
an adversary into compatible

A Smile is a solemn beauty on a dreadful face

A Smile is a sword which crush every fear

A Smile is a strong wind which vanish every cloud

Always Smile

Be Brave

Be Confident

which immensely increases the beauty of the universe.

SATYAM SUMALATHA

Lecturer in English,
TSWRDC, Armoor

Elegance of a Farmer

Farmer is a magician who produces
money from the soil.
Farmer is the one and only person,
who will not bother about glamour.
Farmer is the real worker,
who works irrespective of fluctuations in weather.
Farmer is the person,
who nourishes the all the creatures of nation.
Farmer is the human,
who shows sympathy on every human.
Farmer not only works till the sun goes down,
she works till the age gets down.
Farmer is the God of food,
who is the next to the God.
Farmer is the employee,
Whose profession runs towards hope.
Mother gives us life,
farmer makes us to live.
The beauty of agriculture,
is the farmer's culture.
Let's bow towards farmer attitude,
to shows our gratitude.



PAVANI KALYANI
Data Science I year
TSWRDC, Jagadgirigutta

Arrow and Bow

A fortunate outcome
Here, there everywhere.
Unless Teacher
No student
Unless student
No Teacher.
Teacher and student,
Is a sigma bond.
Student is a ray,
Facilitate with a way.
Love the student,
Don't leave (them) the student.
Always, teacher be a sage,
Not be a judge.
No good or bad student,
Only student.
Student, Boost for Teacher,
Teacher, Role model for student

K. MAMATHA

Lecturer in English,
TSWRDC, Jagadgirigutta



Trees, My Family

Image : Neighbourhood, Nizamabad

Trees are disappearing now-a-day as deforestation has spiked in recent times. None comprehends the feelings of trees as they simply don't initiate them. I exist because of trees and breathe because of them. An altruist shall hear this: People know that trees are their only producers. One keeps the effort to plant this God's produce. People think that they live with just trees around, but they don't realise that they lose their life without trees. I beseech people to feel themselves as trees. Please do not let me be an orphan without this family. Live and let live is the modern saga. I love trees and I feel it as my family. Trees are a shadow like my mother's care. Trees inspire to achieve like my father. They play as the fruits fall every season. Like my brother, they teach me to be strong. Although I don't have anything to play, I am no loner as my trees are a cradle to play. Although my house does not have an AC, I don't feel hot as my tree gives me cool breeze under it. Like a cushion, trees offer me to sleep in nature's lap. I pray this small message to be empathised by my fellow beings for planting trees will enlarge your family who will protect you and bless you for donating a potted plant on your birthday! So why kill them and be killed one day?

K. ANUSHA
 MSCs II year
 TSWRDC,
 Jagadgirigutta

As I see an empty tumbler in my house, for days I could not find water in it. I am so thirsty at night but no one gave me any drop as yet. My mother went to my neighbour's house and asked them a glass of water but she had only one mug of water. The four members had each one glass of water just enough for them. I ran to the well to drink the water as much as I could, but there the queue was long. So, I changed my path and thought of a plan. With no water to drink anywhere, I could only find a single drop as my tear dropped. I felt satiated quenching my thirst with a few tear drops. But like a helpless traveller I feel they are my own tear drops. Even though my stomach is happy my eyes are not happy as my tears would soon stop and there would be no water. Suddenly, the sky above me changed. The clouds started to move, the night began to sparkle and the thunders roared. It rained and people started filling the tumblers. The rain filled rivers and lakes. There is so much water everywhere but not a drop to drink to quench the thirst of millions of people who survived because of water today.

I'M THIRSTY, OH ALMIGHTY

K. ANUSHA

MSCs II year

TSWRDC,
Jagadgirigutta

T. POOJITHAB.Com I year

TSWRDC,

Jagadgirigutta

Life is so strange
 Nothing stays the same
 Everything changes
 But whom to blame?
 Life is a game
 Where you have to lose
 before you can gain
 To win you have to face
 the fearful rain
 In life they always say
 Don't use your heart,
 only use your brain
 In life there is love
 But hatred is also more
 No one decides
 Everyone hesitates
 Who knows the fate?
 The closest people you need
 go away when you
 need them the most
 You find them lost
 Day after day
 Days go by
 People are born and
 Others die
 Year after year
 No one understands
 Nothing is clear
 Nothing in our hearts
 Except fear
 Today you walk and walk
 Tomorrow you lay
 in your grave
 And nothing it gave
 The money that you saved
 There is no use of gold
 When it won't be sold
 You have to be strong
 Stop doing the wrong
 And never lie
 Be ready for your last
 Good bye.

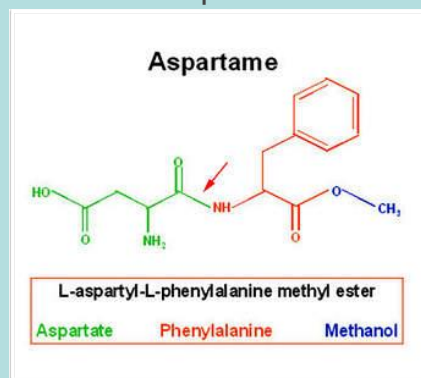
The Life Poem

The Adverse Effects of Contents of Soft Drinks

Usually we prefer soft drinks during summer instead of water. Now let's see if the soft drinks healthy or harmful for our health. Soft drinks do not contain alcohol. They refer to carbonated flavoured drinks like co-cola[coke] and contain carbonated water, a sweetener and a natural or artificial flavour.

A Sweetener is a food additive that provides a sweet taste like that of sugar while containing significantly less food energy. Sugar has been largely replaced by high fructose corn syrup, Sucralose, aspartame, saccharin. Sucralose is a zero calorie artificial sweetener. Sucralose is 400-700 times sweeter than sugar.

Aspartame is an artificial non-saccharide sweetener 200 times sweeter than sucrose, and is commonly used as a sugar substitute in foods and beverages. It is a methyl ester of the aspartic acid.



D. SUJITHA

BSC. MPC I year

TSWRAFPDC(W), Bhongir

Saccharin is an artificial sweetener with effectively no food energy. It is about 300-400 times as sweet as sucrose. Food flavourings are ingredients added to food to intensify or improve its flavour. They are usually represented by a mixture of spices, herbs, taste components, and colours. Usually acids are used as food flavours in soft drinks. Phosphoric acid and citric acid is used for citrus flavoured drinks. Caffeine is used as a stimulant. Brominated vegetable oil is used as an emulsifier.

Preservatives:

A preservative is a substance or a chemical that is added to products such as food products, beverages, pharmaceutical drugs, paints, biological samples, cosmetics, wood, and many other products to prevent decomposition by microbial growth or by undesirable chemical changes. Sodium benzoate or sodium citrate is used as a broad spectrum antimicrobial. Potassium sorbate is used for prevention of fungi. Ascorbic acid is used as an antioxidant.

Food colours are colour additive, any dye, pigment, or substance that imparts colour when it is added to food or drink. They come in many forms consisting of liquids, powders, gels, and pastes. Caramel colouring is used in colas. Red 40 is used in fruit flavoured drinks.

Adverse effects:

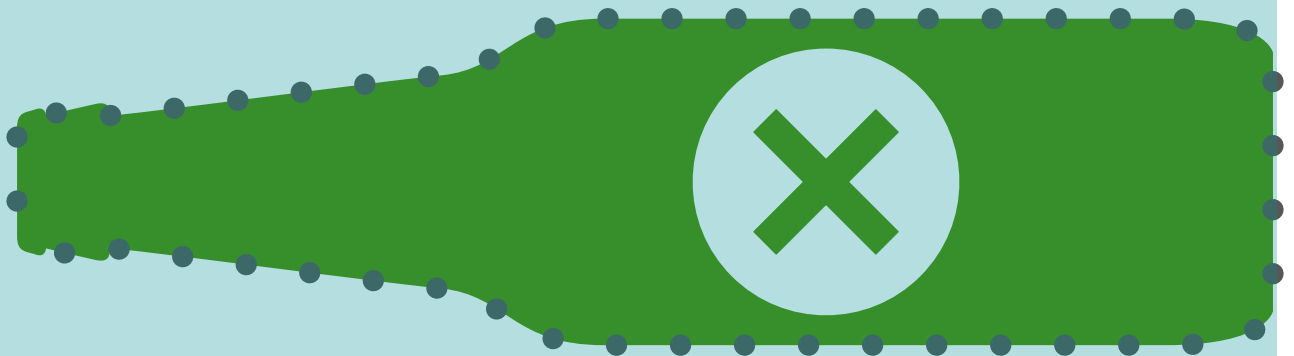
- Drinking too many sugary beverages appears to raise the risk of high blood pressure, obesity and weight related diseases, hypertension, experts are warning.
- Beverages containing phosphoric acid cause stones in the kidneys.
- Bacteria present in teeth when reacts with the sweeteners present in soft drinks releases acids which causes dental decay.
- The three most common ingredients in cola are glucose, fructose and caffeine will contribute to Hypokalemia. Caffeine-free cola products can also cause Hypokalemia because the fructose they contain can cause diarrhoea.
- The theory is that the phosphoric acid (phosphate) used to enhance flavour in some carbonated beverages can interfere with calcium absorption and result in the loss of calcium from bone.
- Cancer is just one of many chronic health conditions associated with sugary drink consumption.

Conclusion:

The chemicals used in soft drinks is very harmful to our health. The green colour used in soft drinks is green monster which is very harmful to our health. If we test the acidity of some soft drinks is too much which can dissolve the rats also with their concentration. People thought that soft drinks can decrease the thirsty, but when we consume it, it causes dehydration by absorbing the water present in our body.

So drink water when you feel thirsty.

Choose your life!



అమ్మ అంటే

అ.....ం (ఓం కారంలో ఆద్యంతాలు)
 అమ్మ అంటేఓంకారం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅంకురం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅకుంఠితం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅంకితం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅగణితం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅజరామరం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅంతరంగం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅతీతం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅందం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅధృతం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనంతం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనన్యం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనిర్వచనీయం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనుకరణం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనుభవం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనునయం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅనురాగం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅపరాజితం

అమ్మ అంటేఅపురూపం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅంబరం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅబ్బురం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅభిమానం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅభిలషనీయం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅభిరుచితం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅభిమతం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅమరం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅమృతం
 అమ్మ అంటేఅసమాన్యం
 అమ్మ అకాల నిష్క్రమణం
 అహం అశ్రునయనం
 అమ్మ చెయ్యి అక్షయపాత్ర
 అమ్మ చెయ్యి అక్షయపాత్ర
 అమ్మ మనసు వెన్నపూస
 అమ్మ చూపు వెన్నెల వాన
 అమ్మ ఒడి విశ్రాంతినిచ్చే గుడి
 అమ్మ అంటేనే అవిశ్రాంతి నిచ్చే గుడి
 అమ్మ అంటేనే అవిశ్రాత ప్రభ
 అనిర్వచనీయమైన ప్రాణమే అమ్మ

SUNITHA DONAPATI

Lecturer in English,
TSWRDC(W), Nizamabad





SADA PANGA

B.A. II year

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

PARODY SONG

కడలల్లే వేచే కనులే
 కరిగేను ఉనయన్ని అస్తులే
 కడలల్లే వేచే కనులే
 పెరిగేను విరివిగా అప్పులే
 అప్పలాల్లు చేరి ఒకటైపోయేనే
 వడ్డీ పైసల్ కోరే
 అంతే లేని ఓవర్ ఆక్షన్ ఏమిటిలా?
 చెయ్యి చాచి అప్పడిగితే చూశావే అల?
 చెంపమీద చెయ్యి పడితే మంచిగుండది మరి
 పైసల్ చెట్లకే కాస్తాయా పొరాపాడ
 కోపం పెరిగేనే దెబ్బల్ తప్పవే
 మాటలు రావులే మౌనం తప్పదే
 కడలల్లే వేచే కనులే (డియర్ కామ్రేడ్)

కడలల్లే వేచే కనులే

SADA PANGA

BA II year

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

ఏక వచనం

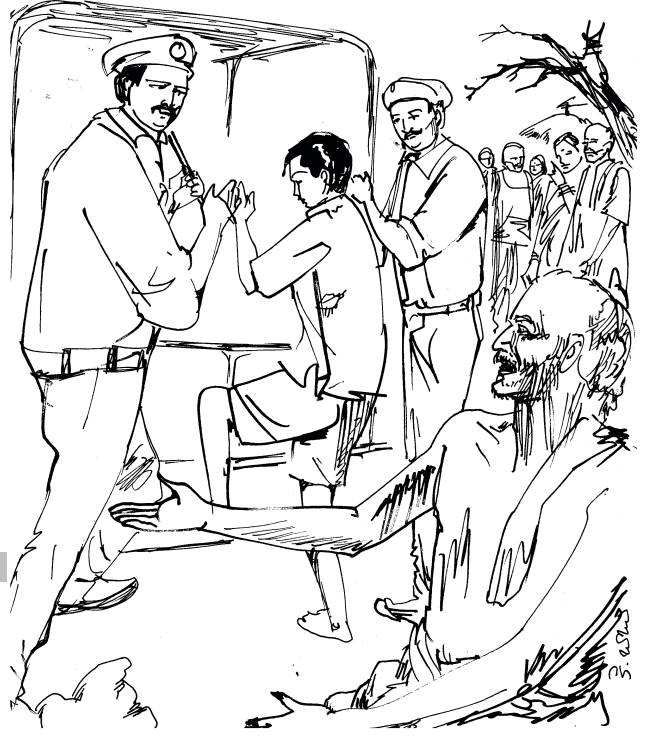


Illustration by:
Babu Kairamkonda
Teacher & Artist,
Nizamabad

అదొక సగం రంధ్రాలు వద్ద విస్తరిసోంటి రేకుల పెద్ద. ఆ ఇంటి యజమానిది(రాములు) ఒక కాలు కుంటిది. “రోగమో రొష్టో అచ్చి కాలు పోలే అప్పట్ల జోడెగావె వడుకొన్న కొమురంభీం” పేరును తల్లుకున్నందుకు దొంగ దొరలు బలి తీసుకున్నారు నా కాలును దాస్కాపిటల్లు నదివితే బెర్రరిస్టు అన్నరు గొంతెత్తి పాడితే బందిపోటు అన్నరు అనీ అనీ అవిటోళ్ళి చేశిండు అని ఆళ్ళ మనమన్న జెప్పకుంటు పోతున్నడు. అన్నట్లు రాములు గొంతు నక్కగుంటది మాటలు గదర్ పాటలోలే ఉంటాయి.

సరిగ్గా అదే యాళ్ళకు ఆళ్ళ కొడుకు చారి అచ్చి గంపెడు దుఃఖంతోటి కింద గూసున్నడు ఇది జూశిన రాములు సవ్వడుజెయ్యలే చారి మెళ్ళగ ఆలోచించుకుంటు అప్రయత్నంగా కండ్లకెళ్ళి లీళ్ళను కార్చుడు తండ్రి సూప్తనే ఎంటనే “రే! చారి ఏమైందిరా?” అని అడిగిండు మాట పెగల్లేదు చారికి “శెప్పరా అయ్యా జెర్ర” అని మళ్ళాకసరి అడిగిండు. “అయ్యా! అప్పులు మెడమిదికి అచ్చినయి ఏం జెయ్యాలె నేను” అని ఏడుస్తున్నడు ఎంటనే చారికి ఏదో యాదికొచ్చినట్లు చారి బిడ్డ (పుట్టి పదమూడు రోజులైంది) దిక్కు సూశిండు అది తప్ప వేరే చారి లేదనుకున్నడు.

ఇంతల్నే ఆరే చారిగా... బయటకు నడవురా నువ్వు ముందుగల్ల, నడ్డి మాట్లాడు. ఇళ్ళు ఖాళీ జెయ్యు మొదట అని బెదిరిచ్చుకుంటునే ఇంట్ల అడుగు వెట్టిండు గోపాలం. గోపాలం ఒక భూసామి అయినెకు చారి యాబైవేలు ఇచ్చేదున్నడు కట్టేటి గడుపు ఎత్తిపోయింది ఇంకా గడ్డలే అని చారి ఇంట్ల గజ్జెలు కట్టుకుని ఎగుర్తుండు. అప్పటికే చతికిలపడిన చారి గుండె జెర్ర వేగంతోటి కొట్టుకుంటుంది. “అయ్యా నీ కాళ్ళు మొక్కుతా జెర్ర బాంచెన్! ఇంకొక వారం దినాలు ఆగుర్రయ్య నా తలకాయ తాకట్టు పెట్టి అయినా మీ బాకీ గట్టేత్త” అని రాములు అంటనే ఉన్నడు. నీమీద నాకు నమ్మకం లేదురా అని చారి భార్య లచ్చిమి సేతుల ఉన్న పసిగుడ్డును గుంజుకుని ‘నువ్వు పైనల్ గట్టేదాక నీ బిడ్డ నాకాన్నే ఉంటది పైనల్ గట్టి ఇడ్డించకువో’ అని పోయిండు. ఆఖరుకు ఆ పచ్చి బాలింత దొర కాళ్ళు మొక్కినా కాతుతోటి తన్ను ఆ బిడ్డను తీస్కవోయిండు. గోపాలంకు మన్న భూములు, బంగ్లలున్నయి గని పిల్లలు లేరు గందుకే గా బిడ్డను తీస్కవోయిండు.

“పచ్చి బాలింత రొమ్మురా అది పసిగుడ్డు పుట్టి పట్టుమని పదిహేను రోజులు కూడా గాలే బాకీ పైనలకు బలైపోతుందిరా నీ బిడ్డ” అని ఏడు మొదలు వెట్టిండు రాములు. అప్పటిదాకా ఏడుపును బిగవట్టుకున్న చారి లచ్చిమి గుండెలు బాదుకుంటు ఏడ్చిండు ఏడ్చులతోటే పొద్దుగూకింది. రాత్రికి వోళ్ళుకూడా మెతుకు ముట్టలే నిద్రలు కూడా లేవు కండ్లకు మబ్బుల నిద్రపట్టింది అందరికీ పొద్దు వొడ్చింది, రాములు మనస్సు రాములను లేపుతున్నడు గదే సవ్వడుకు చారికి గుడా మేల్కొంది మెల్లగ లేకే లచ్చిమి లేపుతుండు “లచ్చిమి లేవ్వే ఎనిమిదైతంది పొడ్చెక్కింది బాగా” అని అనుకుంటు లేపిండు కానీ లచ్చిమి ఉలుకులేదు పలుకు లేదు చారికి జెర్ర అనుమానం అచ్చి నాడి పట్టుకోని సూశిండు ఇంకేముంది ఏడ్చి ఏడ్చి సచ్చిపోయింది. కుప్పకూలిండు చారి ఒకబేసారి. రాములు అది సూశి చారి దగ్గరికి అచ్చి సూశేసరికి కోడలు పానంతోటి లేదు గుండెలు పలసేలా ఏడ్చిన్లు అందరు.

రెండు గంటలైందో లేదో లచ్చిమి సచ్చిపోయి దొరకాడ పనిశేవే ఇద్దరు జీతగాళ్ళు చారి బిడ్డను ఎత్కిచ్చిరు చారికిచ్చిరు బిడ్డ ఏడ్పులేదు కండ్లు తెర్రలేదు అని సూశేసరికి ఆ బిడ్డగూడ పానంతోటి లేదు చారికి బతుకువీద ఆశవోయింది ఇద బిడ్డపాలు లేక ఆకలితోటి సచ్చిపోయిందని యాదిజెస్సుంటు ఏడుత్తున్నడు ఊరంతా రాములు ఇంటి ముంగటనే ఉన్నది నందం జేశినికి అన్ని ఏర్పాట్లు జేశిండు చారి కొడుకుతోటి కొరివి పెట్టిచ్చిరు లచ్చిమికాదు ఆ బిడ్డను లచ్చిమికాదు పక్కపొంటే బొందవెట్టిరు అందరు ఇట్లెన్నకు తిరిగిర్రో లేదో సావైందని చారి కిందకూలవద్ద రాములు అలుముకాని ఏడ్చేసరికి చారి కూడా సచ్చిపోయిండు అని అర్థమైంది అందరికి రాములకు కడుపుకోత మిగిలింది ఉన్నాక్క కొడుకు సచ్చివోయే దిక్కులేని బతుకాయే అన్నంటు కుమిలిపోయిండు

అంతట్లకే పోలిసూలోచ్చి రాములు మన్నన్ని జీపెక్కిచ్చిండు కాళ్ళాయేళ్ళా మొక్కినా ఇన్నే ఏమైందయ్యా గాడ్చెందుకు ఎత్కవోతున్నరు సారూ? అడు శిన్నవిల్లగాడు గాడెం జేశిండయ్యా అని అడిగితే అండ్లకెళ్ళి ఒకళ్ళు ఆ సచ్చిన నీ మన్నురాలను నీ మన్నడే సంపిండంటు మీ ఊరు దొర గోపాలం దొర అచ్చి మాకు ఫిర్యాదు జేషిండు శెయ్యని తప్పకు మన్నని జీవితం నాశ్రం అయితుందని గుండెలుబాదుకున్నడు.

మందిల పులి లెక్క తిరిగిండు గదర్ లెక్క పాటలు వాడిన గొంతు మూగవోయింది ఒకబేసారి చివరికి ఏకవచనం అయిపోయిండు రాములు.

కొడుకా యాడున్నవర!

కొడుకా యాడున్నవర || ప ||

కొడుక కంటికి కానిపిస్తలేవురా
పొద్దు పొద్దున్నే లేస్తే
నువ్వు గుర్తుకస్తున్నవ్ నా కొడుకా
చెల్లి లేసి అన్నా యాడున్నడు
అని అడుగుతుందిరా నా కన్నా

రాఖి పండగ వచ్చినపుడు కొడక || చ ||

రాఖి ఎవరికి కట్టాలి అని అడుగుతుంది నా కొడక
నేను ఏమి చెప్పలేక పోతున్నను కొడక
నా కర్మ కాలిపోయింది కన్న
నా ఒక్కడే కొడుకు అని
నిన్ను నమ్ముకొని ఉన్న నా కొడక || కొడక ||

బూడిద అయి భూమిలో కలిసిపోయావా కొడక

వర్షం కురిస్తే కొడుకా నువ్వు
గంగా నదిలో అలలుగా మారిపోయావా నా కొడక
అడవికి కావలిగా ఉండిపోయావా నా కొడుకా
పొద్దు పొద్దున్నే లేస్తే
నువ్వు గుర్తిస్తున్నవ్ నా కొడక || కొడక ||

L. LATHA

B.A. II year,

TSWRDC, Nizamabad



ఎవరు నేను?

కష్టాలను కళ్ళల్లో దాచిపెట్టి
అవమానాలను అణగదొక్కి
వెటకారాన్ని వెక్కిళ్ళతో నొక్కిపెట్టి
నవోదయానికి ఊపిరిపోసే ఉషస్సుని నేను
రహదారులు కపట బుద్ధితో కంచె అల్లేసినా
ఆకాశమే హరివిల్లుగా సాగిపోతున్న వాన చినుకును నేను
అడుగడుగునా అవమానాలు ఎదురవుతున్నా
తడబడకుండా అడుగులేస్తున్న బాటసారిని నేను
కాలం నా కాళ్ళకి సంకెళ్ళేసి ఆపినా
రెక్కలు తొడిగిన మనసుతో విహరిస్తున్న స్వేచ్ఛా విహంగాన్ని నేను
చీకట్లో బిక్కు బిక్కుమంటున్న ప్రపంచం ముంగిట
ఓ ఆత్మ విశ్వాసపు మిణుగురును నేను
నా చుట్టూ చీకటి ఆవరించినా
మనకబారిని రాతిరికి రంగులు అద్దుతున్న హరివిల్లు వర్షాన్ని నేను
ముళ్ళని సైతం కుసుమాలుగా భావించి
ముందడుగు వేస్తున్న మగువను నేను
ఆగిపోమ్మంటున్న కాలం ముందు
అదుపు లేకుండా కదిలిపోతున్న కలాన్ని నేను
చీకటి కాగితం మీద మెరిసే పాదరసపు పూత కవిత్యమైతే
ఆ అక్షరాలకు మెరుగులు దిద్దుతున్న కవయిత్రిని నేను

[illegible]

SATHVIKA DYAGALI

B.Sc. BZC III year,
TSWRDC, Nizamabad

These are the moments of joy I experienced when I went on a mystical journey into the world of serene society.

The early morning sun was just peeping out of fluffy clouds to see if he was again late than me. He has seen me sitting at the window along with my book and eloquent as well as fearless pen, while the birds were tweeting me the productive day along with my parents. Also, he has seen jaanu, my friend - who sows gracious words in the soft white field that would reap her self - actualisation. I was cherishing positive vibes all around: the gentle breeze made its way along with the twinkling children, who leaped and swirled around, with no pressures on their choices and joy that, they have a gender - neutral day to do many things with their friends and teachers. That day I was cheerful to see smile on my friend's mother's face and pride in her father's eyes. Because, she was on a good pace that laid a beautiful red carpet to her success that day and bagged in many achievements specially peace all over. More courage, desire for independence were added in me, in her elder brother and also in my region where I witness gender neutrality, no objectifications, unprejudiced ambience, on every human through every walk in the society.

On my way back to home from steady study place, the sky was so clear and magnificent when dusk fell. Moving forward, the laughter of two children and their parents caught my attention, while they were talking about children's interests, books etc. Their positive attitude had rejoiced me resembling morning moments. When I reached home, my brother was seeking some lectures on recipes from my mother. As the flowers bloomed, I had the hall marks of deep sleep when a new orchestra was triggered by chirping of birds and rustling of book pages rifled by the wind. Then, this chirping of birds was busted into troubling scream by them to start again those household chores from very morning till dusk falls, I could neither find those books I have to read nor that fearless pen to mark down. No longer I would inhale pure air as I see breath-givers endangering along with birds, society isn't serene for girls and women, no books but prisoned in social norms, not many women independent women but some adapted silent wives and some uneducated strong women understand this, but are quite as they are dependent. I obliterated from my dream. Ouch! Was that just a dream? If it was dream for decades, my only wish now will be to find out that paradise of serene society and pleasant ambience everywhere.

Progress and peace of every child, woman and everyone regardless of gender, counts for all the 17 Sustainable Development Goals because there can be no sustainable development without gender equality (SDG-5) - to be deeply rooted across all countries. Also, as Greta Thunberg already renewed our perceptions in a right way that we already have the facts & solutions for the climate crisis. All we need to do is wake up and change.

Will You Actualise this Dream?

SRAVANI MARIPEDDA

MSCs II year

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

OIL PAINTING



DR. CR ANNAPURNA

DL in Political Science

TTWRDC Men's Kamareddy

This is my latest 'Oil Painting'. I had taken a long break to painting and have revived it in the recent years. During this lock down period, I took out time and did some painting. I wanted to paint something realistic and creative for the Teachers' Day, 2020. The concept of sword and shield was in the mind. I quickly transformed my ideas into a small pencil drawing initially and then tried on canvas. This painting is a symbolic representation that education is the most powerful weapon. I chose pen and a book instead of a sword and a shield. Further to give it an ancient look I inscribed two of my favourite quotes on the book in Greek language. I took the help of Google Translate. On the left is the famous quote of Nelson Mandela "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." On the right is another quote from favourite political philosopher, Plato "Until philosophers become kings or kings become philosophers, cities will never rest from their evils."

The Pairs of Hands

The pairs of hands those till the land
Till the land, those till the land

The pairs of hands those mill the clothes
Mill the clothes, those mill the clothes

The pairs of hands those lay the bricks
Lay the bricks, those lay the bricks

The pairs of hands those dig the mines
Dig the mines, those dig the mines

These are the hands those make the wealth
Make the wealth, those make the wealth

These are the hands those make our lives
Make our lives, those make our lives

But one thing that I understand not
Understand not, just understand not

Why these hands can't feed their mouths
Feed their mouths, just feed their mouths

Why these hands can't weave their clothes
Weave their clothes, just weave their clothes

Why these hands can't build their homes
Build their homes, just build their homes

Why these hands have to dig their graves
Dig their graves, just dig their graves

Why these hands can't make their means
Make their means, just make their means

Why these hands can't make their lives
Make their lives, just make their lives

Just one thing that I understand not
Understand not, just understand not

DR. CR ANNAPURNA

DL in Political Science

TTWRDC Men's
Kamareddy

A poem written for MAY Day

The Old Farmer and His Son

Once there was an old farmer. He had three sons. They were very lazy and idle. They did not like to work. The farmer was worried about the sons. He feared that his son would suffer from hunger. After his death, however, he thought of a plan to make his son's work in the field. One day he was in his deathbed. He called upon all his sons and told them that the treasures were buried in the fields. He died before he told them the exact spot of the buried treasures.

After the father's death, the sons began to dig the field in search of hidden treasures but they could not find the treasures anywhere. Then they sowed the seeds in the field they dug. The barren field in the past yielded plenty of crops. They understood that the crops were the hidden treasures. They became active. They tilled the land and reaped plentiful harvest every year and lived happily.

Moral: Hard labour leads you to success

Y. NIKSHALA
MZC I year
TSWRDC, Suryapet

A picture of you I carry in my heart
I close my eyes to see it
I warp it close around me
When nights get cold
Everyday,
I looked out into the world
And I see you
In everything, everywhere,
You became
A light when I am walking at night
I know you can feel my tears
And you don't want me to cry
Yet, my heart is broken
If my love would be a medicine
for Covid
I'm sure, that u will never
Die with a Covid



Daughter's Pain for Father

P. MADHURI

ZMC III year,

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

Emotions versus Sky

Human emotions are like sky around.
There will be many ups and downs
You will be angry like thunder bolts
in the sky — hold yourself.

You will be quite and calm like
Evening sky — just feel it.

You will be weeping like heavy rain,
— just keep patient

You will blossom like gentle breeze
From the sky — just capture the moment

You will be anxious like sky before
Lightening — just relax your mind

You will break down and scatter like
UV rays without ozone — just be conscious and protect
yourself with great strength

You will be depressed like smoky and Dark sky
— just open the heart's eyes
and find a way

You will be joyful like monsoon wind,
— just enjoy and hold in your memory

MEHERUNISSA

MPC III year

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

"విత్తనం" మట్టి అనే చీకటి గదుల్లో చిక్కుకొని,
 ఆ చిక్కు నుండి విడిపించుకుని చెట్టు పైకి ఎదిగేనా....
 ఎదిగేనా... ఎదిగేనా... ఆకాశం వైపు ఎదిగేనా...
 నీవు నీ కలలు "బాధ" అనే చీకటి గదుల్లో చిక్కుకొని,
 ఆ చిక్కు నుండి విడిపించుకొని శిఖరాలను అధిరోహించి,
 సూర్యుని అందుకుంటివా
 చీకటి అనే గదిలోనుండి వెలుగు అనే
 విజయం వైపు అడుగు వేసితివా !
 చెట్టు కొమ్మలను గొడ్డలి నరికివేసినట్లు
 నీ జీవితంలోని "ఆశయాలను" నీ పేదరికం నరికివేసినా?
 ఆ చెట్టు మాత్రం దేనికి లొంగకుండా
 మళ్ళీ చిగురించేనా, ఆ గొడ్డలికి బుద్ధి చేప్పేనా!
 నీవు కూడా దేనికి లొంగకుండా
 మళ్ళీ నీ ఆశయం వైపు తపన చెందితివా...
 చెందితివా... చెందితివా... తపన చెందితివా...
 ప్రపంచం నిన్ను గుర్తించే వరకు తపన చెందితివా...
 "తుమ్మెదలు" తేనెను వెతికినట్లు...
 ఓటమి... నిన్ను వెతికే లోపు నువ్వు విజయాన్ని వెతికితివా!
 వెతికితివా... వెతికితివా...
 విజయం కనిపించే వరకు వెతికితివా... !
 నీవు కూడా...
 ఓ విత్తనం లాగా చీకటిని చ్చిమ్ముకొని,
 ఓ కొమ్మలా చిగురించి,
 ఓ తుమ్మెదలా వెతికి,
 ఓ పట్టుపురుగుల నీ జీవితం ఓ వరమని,
 ప్రపంచానికి నీవు ఒక
 ఓ మేధావిగా...
 ఓ విజయవంతురాలుగా...
 ఓ గొప్ప మనిషిగా తెలియజేసి నశించు!
 తెలిసేనా... తెలిసేనా....
 ప్రకృతి మోక్ష విజయ సూత్రం తెలిసేనా...

ప్రకృతి విజయ సూత్రం

J. AKHILA

BZC II year,
 TSWRDC, Kamareddy



E. DHANALAXMI

TSWRDC,
Ibrahimpattam

పదాలు కావాలి?

పదాలు కావాలి?
ఎక్కడ దొరుకుతాయి?
ఎక్కడైనా కొనుక్కోవచ్చా...!
ఎంత ఖర్చవుతుంది?
తక్కువ ఖర్చుకి నాసిరకపు పదాలే దొరుకుతాయా?
అయ్యో నా దగ్గర డబ్బు లేదే!
ఎలా? ఎం చేయాలి?
పోనీ ఎవరైనా కొన్ని పదాలు అప్పుగా ఇవ్వగలరా...!
ఒక సారి నా పెన్నుని అడిగి చూస్తాను
అయ్యయ్యో! అదే తక్కువ ఖర్చుకే కొన్నాను గా
నాసిరకం పాదాలే ఇస్తుందేమో!

Pen:

నువ్వు నా గొంతు నలుపుతున్న క్షణ క్షణం
నా శ్వాస కక్కుతున్న రక్తం అప్పుగా తీసుకో...
నాశిరకం పెన్నునే కావొచ్చు కానీ నా శ్వాసకి లేదా
బేధం

పదాలు కావాలన్నావుగా ఎవ్వరినీ అడుక్కోకు
సమాజానికి తీసుకోవడం తప్ప ఇవ్వడం తెలియదు
అయ్యో! పొరపడ్డాను.
ఇవ్వడమే తెలిసిన సమాజం ఇప్పుడు అలా
లేదులే...

పదాలు కావాలిగా నీకు, పద సంద్రం ఉంది నా
దగ్గర

నేను నీకు తోడుగా నిలబడతాను
నన్ను అక్కున చేర్చుకో,
ఆదెరువును అవుతా!

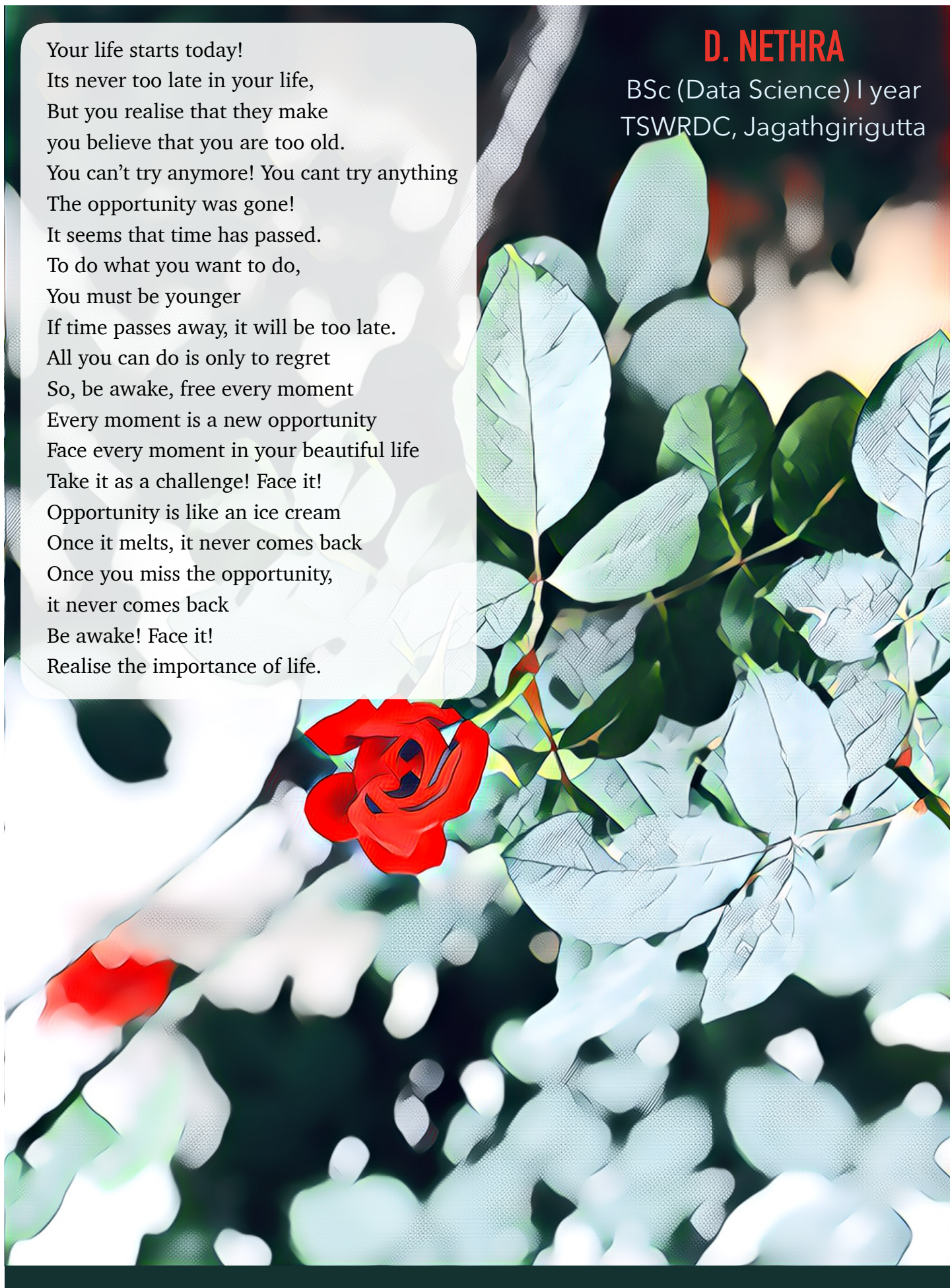
నువ్వు నా కంఠం నులిమేస్తినా కొద్దీ,
కొన్ని కుత్తుకలను లేవనెత్తుతాను
నా శ్వాసే అనంత విశ్వ గళం,

REALITY OF LIFE

Your life starts today!
Its never too late in your life,
But you realise that they make
you believe that you are too old.
You can't try anymore! You cant try anything
The opportunity was gone!
It seems that time has passed.
To do what you want to do,
You must be younger
If time passes away, it will be too late.
All you can do is only to regret
So, be awake, free every moment
Every moment is a new opportunity
Face every moment in your beautiful life
Take it as a challenge! Face it!
Opportunity is like an ice cream
Once it melts, it never comes back
Once you miss the opportunity,
it never comes back
Be awake! Face it!
Realise the importance of life.

D. NETHRA

BSc (Data Science) I year
TSWRDC, Jagathgirigutta



Mandala Art



S. SUPRIYA

B.Com (General) I year

TSWRDC, Jagathgirigutta



Dad by My Side

S. DIVYA

MZC I year

TSWRDC, Vikarabad

The only place where we feel free and being loved is home. It is the place where we feel love which is unconditional without expecting anything in return. Every father trains his children to get success until they become independent. When children do mistakes, instead of punishing them, he truly wants them to walk in a right direction. And he also teaches the values and ethics of family and how to be responsible towards society. Let me tell you a situation I have faced in my life . It is the love of a dad and a daughter. I have lost many things in my life. Even my parents. But this world, I mean this nature was always with me. God, I believe is my strength.

Farming is not a profession. It's our duty . And many of our great personalities have said this in various ways. My love, respect and devotion towards nature made me to select farming. I have completed my Post Graduation in Horticulture. I have purchased two acres of land in a small village in Mahaboobnagar. I have planted variety of flowers in it and it was my dream too. In my college days, I had a friend named Joseph from Mahaboobnagar. With his help I had purchased the land. Now I'm in the middle of the way. In a few minutes I'm going to meet him .

After completion of degree Joseph had stopped his education and started farming as his father said. After that he got married and automatically his responsibilities have grown up! He has a three year old daughter and after the birth of his daughter, his wife lost her memory. Wow what a beautiful nature! The beauty is increasing as I moving. The village has come. I got down from the bus and started walking forward. The fields seemed like welcoming me into the village. I continued my walk and while walking I saw a girl sitting near a well and weeping. If I would have been late by a minute, she would have committed suicide. Somehow I managed her and made her to sit under a tree. After a while I asked her where she is from and why she is doing like this. I have also asked her about her parents.

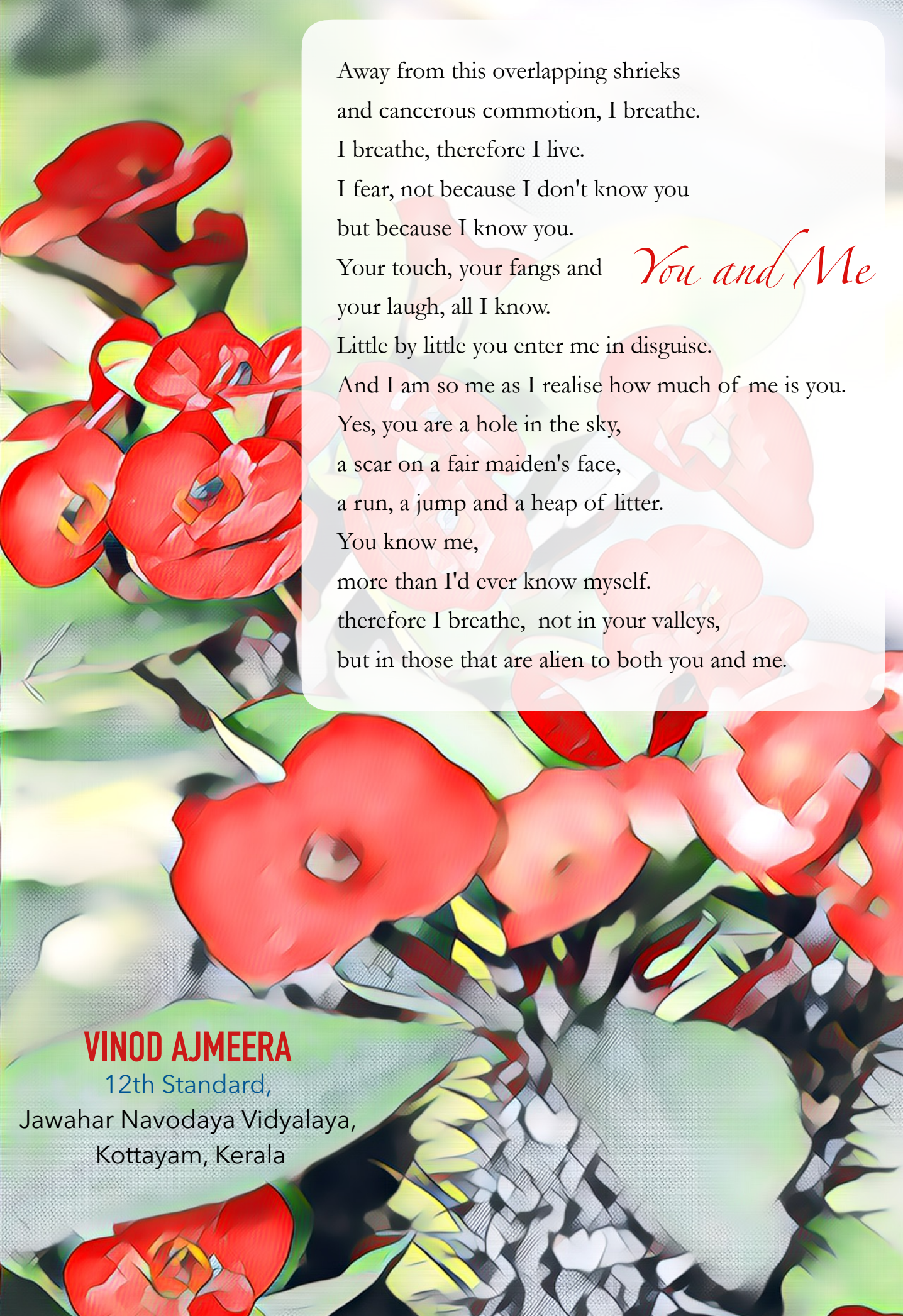
Then she started saying "I'm Sindhu and I live in this village. I lost my mother when I was a kid. For me, my faith, my trust, my God everything is my dad. Father's love is unconditional. He always motivates me, he is my strength, my courage, the only God I worship is my dad. But he is no more. I have lost him. And the reason is me. Because of my mistakes I have decided to go to my dad."

Then I asked her how old she is. She said that she is 19. Then I started telling her "look ! I'm elder to you and I have also completed my higher studies so can I give a solution for your problem?." She agreed to it. I told her "I can understand how you feel now. It may be because of the situations you have faced in your life. But the decision which you have taken is not fair. This world will chase you even after your death. Fine. Tell me why have you decided to commit suicide ? What happened to your father"? She replied "Father's love will never leave us, whatever the situation is. In this world, no love is equal to father's love. It's has an irreplaceable place in our heart. I have cheated that love and my father is no more with me now" she started crying. I gave her some water to drink. She again started telling, "I completed my secondary school education with very good marks. My father always dreamt of seeing me in a good position. So I have joined Bi.P.C in a private college. I am very good at studies and the reason is my dad. He is my strength. I too wanted to study hard and serve the society. Finally I joined the college and completed first year with 90% marks. Struggles entered into my life in the second year. Apart from father's love, new love came and wished me. New friends, new habits came into my life. Since we don't have any relatives I don't know any other love. Then came a boy. He started caring and showing love upon me. The way he talks and the way he cares seemed like my father. I didn't know that he was pretending. Unknowingly I fell in love with him. His love towards me made me feel very excited. We enjoyed a lot. Days passed, exams approached, but this time I have done my exams very bad. I haven't studied anything. All the days I was with him enjoying and talking. Somehow exams has passed on and we got holidays. I used to spend whole day thinking of him and we used to talk daily in a phone call. One fine day he said that we should get married. And he instructed me not to tell to my dad. He said that we can tell everything after marriage. Four days passed and the love that he showed towards me made me to forget everything. I thought that if I could marry him I would get a good family. So finally I strongly decided to marry him. I took permission from my dad saying that I'm going for a trip with my friends. Because of the trust on we he allowed me to go.

Next morning I started my journey to Hyderabad. We met at a bus station. He came with his two friends. We came to a conclusion to get married in a temple. Finally we are done. We took a room and stayed for two days. On the third day he got a call from his home and he sent me to my home. I made a big mistake by trusting him. I called him after a week but it did not connect. One month passed. Our second year results have come. I'm interested to prepare for EAMCET. But somewhere in my heart a fear is stopping me asking, "Why did you do mistake?". I felt very dejected. The boy whom I got married didn't come into contact. So I finally decided to know the details about him. Went to college and searched about him, then I came to know him. He is from Andhra and he lives in Prakasham district. He came to Hyderabad for his studies. And he is staying in a hostel and studying with his scholarship money. I don't know any details of him except his name. I came to home and next day I came to know that I was cheated. I couldn't sleep that night. I cried whole night. I made a mistake by cheating my father also. I decided to tell everything to my dad but it was late night so I thought I can tell him in the morning. I can't say directly to him that I had been cheated. So I wrote on a paper everything which I wanted to tell. It was 7 in the morning. Dad didn't get up from sleep. One hour passed it was 8. Reluctantly I went to wake him up. But he didn't. He was dead. Soon darkness surrounded me. I stared crying loudly. I was unable to control myself. Everyone came. My mind stopped working. And I don't know what to do now. Everything is finished. I understood that my father is no more. I don't have any other relatives. I don't know with whom I have to stay now. "I have cheated my father" this makes me feel more dejected. One week passed, still I can't control myself so I have decided to die"

Then after listening to her I took a decision to join her in a hostel. So that she could study and serve people. I told her that she can ask his father to forgive her in serving the people. She agreed for that. She finally joined in a hostel and continued her studies. With her talent she became I.A.S and she started an organisation to serve people, especially women who are orphans. Many of the girls are studying with her help.

Have you seen how important parents role in our lives ? All those who are reading this, please obey your parents. We get unconditional love only with our parents. They are the only ones who feel happy when you get to a good position. So lets unitedly respect our parents. They give you more than they have. No one can fulfil that place in your hearts !



Away from this overlapping shrieks
and cancerous commotion, I breathe.

I breathe, therefore I live.

I fear, not because I don't know you
but because I know you.

Your touch, your fangs and
your laugh, all I know.

You and Me

Little by little you enter me in disguise.

And I am so me as I realise how much of me is you.

Yes, you are a hole in the sky,
a scar on a fair maiden's face,
a run, a jump and a heap of litter.

You know me,
more than I'd ever know myself.
therefore I breathe, not in your valleys,
but in those that are alien to both you and me.

VINOD AJMEERA

12th Standard,

Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya,
Kottayam, Kerala

NATURE

Enjoying walking through the woods,
Suddenly I heard a Voice
On turning back, I was surprised
Poachers were planning to kill animals.

For their skin, need for mankind,
Trees were being cut down and birds being killed.
On returning home, thoughts in my mind
are revolving around the world.

How beautiful Mother Earth is
Peaceful morning, colourful dawn.
Higher waterfalls, deeper oceans..
Birds chirping, peacock dancing.

Trees flush and sway gently,
Smell of Earth is pleasant on rainy
And the Rain drops with melody
Fills my heart with memories of love and beauty.

But unexpected thing is happening
Man, that is we are threatening
All the Earth's beautiful existence
Into a simple Art which remains on the wall.



CHILUMULA TEJASREE

BZC I year

TSWRAFPDC(W), Bhongir

Education, A Simple Way to Learn

"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world" — Nelson Mandela

Education is one thing no one can take away from you. It is easy to listen to such quotes every day but the real meaning will not be understood until we are educated. There is a lot of difference between literacy and Education. Whoever writes and reads will be literate but the total involvement and implementation by understanding the solution as well as problem will make one an educated person. A person is considered to be educated if he develops his knowledge and skills in such a way which ultimately results in her/ his positive contribution to community. Acquiring knowledge and using it for the happiness and goodness of the society really makes a person educated rather than a literate. If you study up to degree or masters and work mechanically or for others' sake, it will not provide you a satisfied life. Here, what I intent to share is that Education is "Total involvement of our thoughts and experiencing every moment of our life by learning" which means that a student must involve totally into a certain subject or discussion—analyse and experience the actual beauty of the subject. We can't get knowledge by reading answers several times or by forcing our mind to read without any interest. Yes I accept that it may give you short-term pleasure or marks but It will not help in the future. But when you understand the topic or any other information peacefully by yourself, forming your own ideas and answers and enjoying every live class will help you definitely to develop a good personality, that leads you towards being an educated person. This is one of the ways to be educated person rather than a mechanical person. Being educated person also helps you to understand the difficult situations to overcome peacefully.

CHILUMULA TEJASREE

BZC I year

TSWRAFPDC(W), Bhongir

DIVYA RANAMATHI

MPC III year

TSWRDC, Nizamabad

What is meant by respecting women?

Commenting ways:

Is this an attitude?

Where can I get it?

I will buy it and give it to women.

Sympathetic Ways:

Is this is humanity?

Where should I express it?

I will post status on social media about respecting women

Expectation Ways:

Is this a desire of a women?

When do they need it?

I will, if they beg me about treating women with respect

Excitement Ways:

Is this a right of a women?

How will they get it?

I will follow amendments if it is her right

Calculating Ways:

Is there any particular number?

How many of them want it?

I will give respect to that particular women.

Respecting women is not:

Respecting them by buying and giving

Respecting them by women's day posts

Respecting them by following amendments

Respecting them by knowing their achievements

Respecting them by calculations

Respecting women is a position

Every man and women have this position

As the generation changes,

Their position also changes

Men's position is constant

Then, why is women's position not constant?

Only the women's position changes all the time

As generations change

But still women bear

They move with self-empowerment

In this generation, gender doesn't matter

Everyone has a spirit to become greater

Men and Women are human

As a human, we need to respect women

Treat them at least like a human!

RESPECTING WOMEN

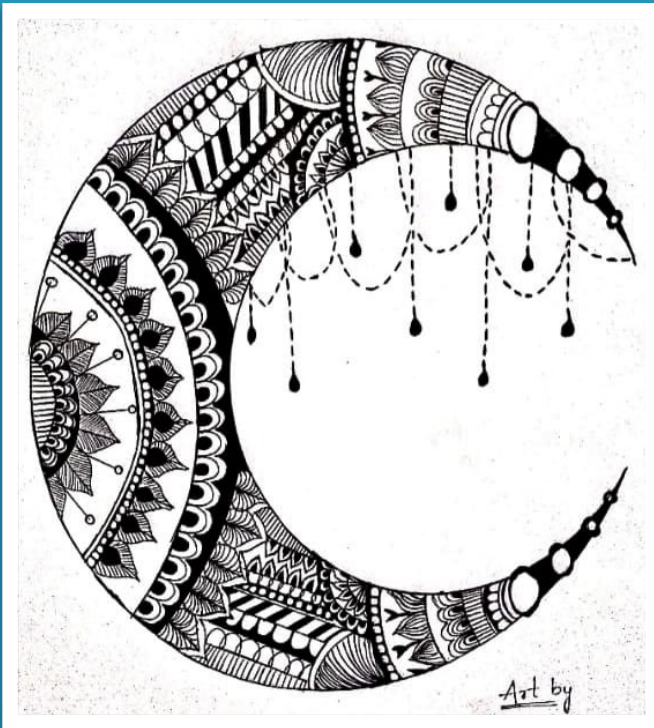
B.SRUJANA

B.Com I year

TSWRDC(W), Vikarabad



Mandala Art



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Share your works!

What can you submit?

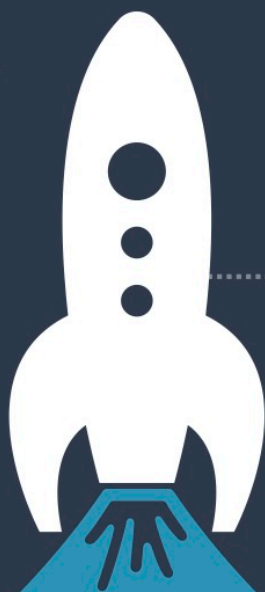
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School of Emerging Writers,
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Coming Soon



Telescope Issue 5

October 2021

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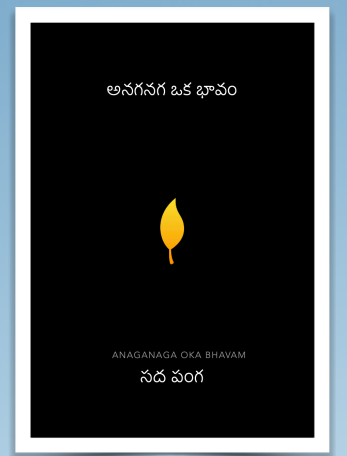
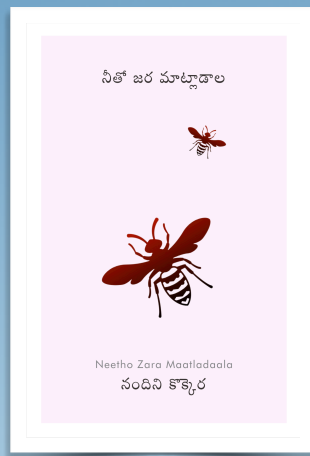
- ✱ Anaganaga Oka Bhavam by Sada Panga
- ✱ Neeli Swapnaalu by Sathvika Dyagali

Forthcoming Books from TSWRDC, Nizamabad:

- ✱ Pichuka Praasalu by Renuka. E
- ✱ Zara Neetho Maatladaala by Nandini. K
- ✱ Munuchupu Muthyaalu by Akhila & Supraja
- ✱ Iruku Sanduku by Renuka. E
- ✱ Crime Stories by Madhuri. P
- ✱ Haiku Poetry by Sathvika. D

Straight from the Schools:

The Entrenched Emotions by Shravan Kumar. L



Special thanks to:

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