

THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
PRESENTS

SOLsCribE

A SUPPLEMENTARY PUBLICATION OF SOLINK

FEATURING

The poetry Club



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EDITORIAL NOTE

The Publication Committee of NMIMS Kirit P. Mehta School of Law, Mumbai, is proud to unveil the debut edition of SolScribe, a supplementary publication of SOLink. This year, SOLink takes on a fresh approach, and we are thrilled to introduce SolScribe as a platform to showcase the literary, artistic, and creative talents of our student community.

SolScribe is a celebration of creativity, it features four diverse sections: Articles, Poetry, Artwork, and Photographs. Each section brings together the talent and imagination of our community, creating a rich tapestry of voices and perspectives.

This inaugural edition is made even more special through a collaboration with the **Poetry Club**, whose members have generously contributed to the poetry section. Their evocative and heartfelt pieces add depth and character to SolScribe, making it a truly memorable first edition.

With SolScribe, we aim to inspire, connect, and create a space for our Student Community to express themselves freely. We hope this edition resonates with you and leaves you as excited for the future of SOLink as we are.

Warm regards,
The Editorial Board'25

A scenic view of a mountain town, likely in the Swiss Alps. In the foreground, a large, multi-story building with many windows and a prominent dome is visible. The town is built on a hillside, with other buildings and greenery scattered around. In the background, a massive, rugged mountain with snow-capped peaks rises majestically under a clear sky. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and picturesque.

WORDSMITH WONDERS



Brain Rotted Our Way Through 2024

By- Nell Crasto, TY-E

Have you constantly found catchphrases and words like delulu, demure and mindful, side eye, coded, core, ate, Roman Empire, rizz, skibidi, slay, ingrained into your everyday vocabulary? Does the older generation look at you as if you speak a foreign tongue even though you're speaking the same language as they are? Do you randomly break out into songs and dances trending on the internet? Are you a consumer of weird and disturbing AI-generated content (Well I think we can agree that "weird" is an understatement) like ganji chudail, a laughing feces-head hanging out of a toilet seat, *cue some other internet trends I couldn't get myself to type because I was overpowered by Herculean cringe?* If you find yourself nodding yes to these questions then it is with deep remorse I inform you that you've been subjected to symptoms of mind-numbing Brain Rot.

Brain Rot, declared by Oxford as the Word of The Year 2024 is a term coined to express concerns about low-quality content consumption especially on social media. It is defined as "the supposed deterioration of a person's mental or intellectual state". Between 2023 and 2024, the frequency of the usage of this term has increased by an astounding 230%. Most often used in a humorous context on online platforms, "It demonstrates a somewhat cheeky self-awareness in the younger generations about the harmful impact of social media they've inherited" says Casper Grathwohl, President of Oxford Languages. Shorter internet clips like Instagram reels and TikToks lead to excessive content consumption or, doom scrolling. This inturn impairs cognitive functioning, critical thinking, memory and attention-span. The digital overload tends to impact emotional wellbeing leading to depression, anxiety, and feelings of emptiness. So the next time your mom tells you that your phone is the root cause of all your problems, she's most likely right.





Finding its origin in Henry David Thoreau's critique of society's suppression of intellectual curiosity in 1854, the term Brain Rot has been subjected to several humorous discussions and social commentary from prominent internet personalities today. From Bo Burnham's song 'Welcome to the Internet' in 2021- which perfectly captures the overstimulating nature of the internet through the lyrics 'Could I interest you in everything all of the time? Apathy's a tragedy and boredom is a crime' - to creators like Heidi Becker addressing unbridled overconsumption caused by social media through her slam poetries on TikTok, the prevalence of "Brain Rot" has become a widely discussed subject today.

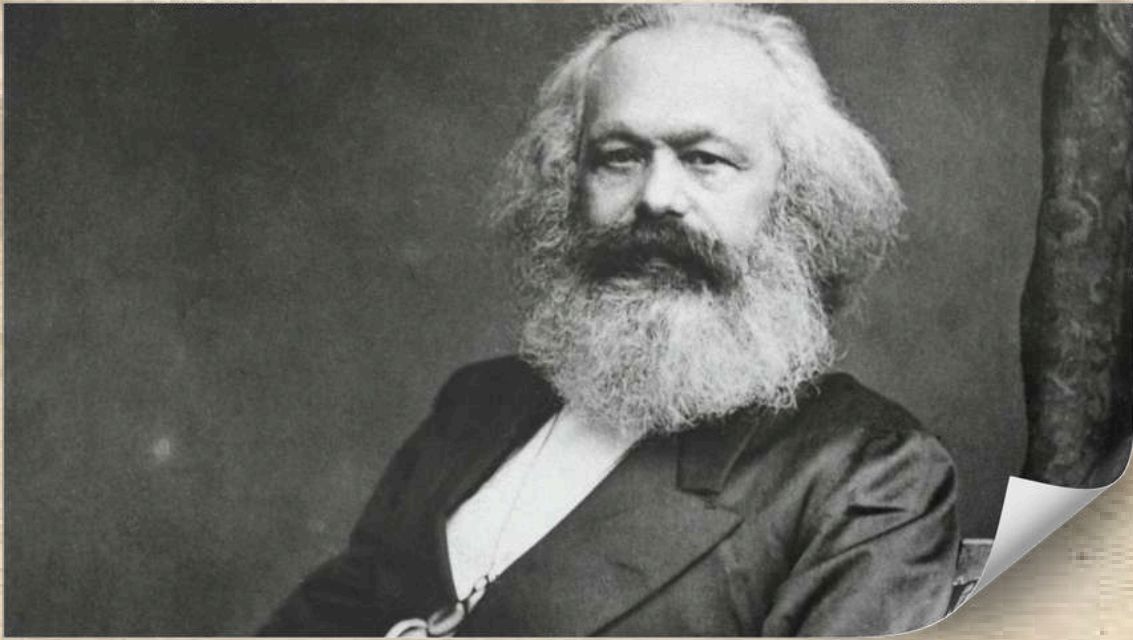
Brain Rot is the latest pandemic infecting Gen Z and Gen Alpha worldwide. What is the cure of this malady you may ask? Experts suggest a digital detox, using a "dumbphone" instead of a smartphone, detaching yourself from the digital world and reconnecting with the real world around you. But be warned of side-effects such as being looked at with squinted eyes by your peers to question if you've been living under a rock, feeling disconnected and socially excluded, experiencing intense boredom now that you seem to have a lot more time on your hands and facing severe withdrawals with a strong desire to relapse.

You may think you're a "chill guy" having your internet consumption under control, but do you, really?



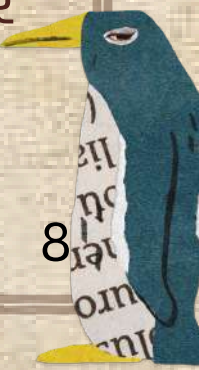
कार्ल मार्क्स का विचार (Idea of Karl Marx)

By- Ansh Tandon, SY



जहां धूप और चांद मे फ़र्क़ मामूली है, एक आसमान ऐसा भी होगा -

जहां तारे भागते मज़दूरों की तरह टूट रहे होंगे, जहां तितलियाँ बदल छु लेंगी, जहां सूरज की रोशनी मांस को समेटे चमड़ों को धोखा देकर दिल के घावों को भर देगी, जहां रेत का जलना - जलना पानी की चाहत से कोसों दूर होगा, एक ज़मीन होगी ऐसी, जहां फूल टूटने से पहले रोते होंगे, जैसे पेड़ के पर भी सुन्न पड़ जाते होंगे, जहाँ झील का पानी उफान पर होगा, जहां पहाड़ भी धूप में शर्माते होंगे, एक नदी तो ज़रूर होगी जहां मछलियाँ रोती होंगी, जहां कशती ठहर जाती होगी, जहां कमल टूट कर बिखरते होंगे, जहां बच्चे डूबने की जगह सिक्के ढूँढने आते होंगे, एक गांव तो होगा ही होगा जहां आम के बाग़ में बारिश होती होगी, जहां झरने के किनारे बगीचे होंगे, जहां मैं और तुम- खैर छोड़ो....



Walls of Safety: The Illusion of Protection

By~ Lilith

"Compromise your freedom so that you can be safe" they said.
It seems to keep us safe, but it does not, and this illusion of safety
will soon end, too.

Recently, I watched a YouTube short in which a man was addressing 'negative' comments under his POV video in which a father is telling his daughter not to go outside the house at night 'unnecessarily' so that she can be safe. He says that all the people saying that men need to change so that women can be safe do not guarantee the safety of women in the present time, and that only staying inside the house after a certain time at night will ensure that. The caption of this video said, "fake feminism is dangerous." But is this really going to keep us safe? The majority of sexual abuse cases involve someone the victim knew – a friend or even a family member. These people have access to you even beyond the four walls you are asked to lock yourselves in since you trust them. How can we keep ourselves safe, employing the above mentioned idea, from these people? What about predatory teachers, professors, colleagues, and bosses? Should we drop out of our schools, colleges, and workplaces too? What about cases of rape that take place in broad daylight? Lock ourselves inside our houses forever? We have been conditioned to believe that if we compromise our freedom, keep quiet, and lock ourselves inside, we will be safe, so to speak. But is it true? I would like to draw an analogy using my favourite anime – Attack On Titan – to prove my point. Spoilers ahead:





Attack On Titan is a very famous anime in which there are humanoid giants who eat human beings. They don't eat due to hunger, but rather mindlessly, driven by instinct. So, humans built huge walls to keep themselves safe from the titans. They built walls inside walls as a backup. They built walls around ten times the size of the regular titans. The people thought they would be safe inside the walls.

But they were not. One day, a titan bigger than the wall - a colossal titan - appeared, and knocked down a part of the wall with one kick. The next thing you know is that the city is swarming with titans. A huge number of people were eaten, and due to a shortage of ships, only a few people were able to escape. All this goes on until the humans decide to finally retaliate, go beyond the walls, and slaughter the titans.

Right now, we are the humans, building huge walls - keeping quiet, shutting ourselves inside instead of actually addressing the problem - believing that it will keep us safe. However, it is only a matter of time before the titans around us break into our homes, and how do you plan to protect yourselves then? It may seem unlikely to you right now. We all think, "It will never happen to me" until it does happen to us. Why let it get that bad?

Telling people to lock themselves inside is equivalent to shoving the problem under the rug - it is no longer visible to you because you are safe inside your four walls, but the problem is still there. Freedom and safety are not exclusive of each other. They are two sides of the same coin. There is no safety without freedom and there is no freedom without safety.

If I am not free to safely go out after dark and come back home safely because there are dangerous people out there, I am not safe in my four walls either, because it's only a matter of time before they knock down the door and make their way in.

I am not asking you to play Justice League and get out there and beat some people up. I am simply saying that keeping quiet and locking yourself in will keep you safe for now, but it is not feasible in the long-run and definitely not a permanent solution. A lot of people plan to take this as a permanent solution and pass down this bad legacy to the next generation, and that, is a huge problem.





The case that shook India: The verdict that led to the Emergency

By- Saniya Dave, TY-D

One day during the summer break of 2024, while I was randomly strolling in the sun scorched streets of Chandigarh, I saw a very appealing book store. This book store, known as English Book Depot, is one of the oldest book stores of the city and is renowned for having unique books, which are not easily available elsewhere. Here, one book caught my attention which was "The case that shook India". This book, written by lawyer-activist Prashant Bhushan provides an in-depth account of the case filed by politician Raj Narain against the former Prime Minister of India, Ms. Indira Gandhi. The original judgment of this case is difficult to find. However, there exist numerous articles about the case. The author being the son of the advocate representing Raj Narain, Advocate Shanti Bhushan, provides a deeper account of the case. He explains in detail the events leading to the case, the retrospective amendments brought in by the Central Government which had a direct effect on the case, as well as the after effects of the judgement delivered by the Supreme Court. The author also elaborates upon the political scenario of the country during this period and how it was impacted by this case. This is a landmark case and all aspiring lawyers must be aware of it, as this was the first time that a sitting Prime Minister of the country appeared for questioning in a court of law. This was, also, the first time that the election of the Prime Minister was challenged, as not being free and fair in a court of law. Prashant Bhushan articulated the arguments of both the parties very well and provides an unbiased analysis of the case and the then political climate of the country. Those interested in Indian law and politics must read this book, as it would expose them to a side of law, not known to many.



It's That Time of The Year

By- Nell Crasto, TY-E

"Rockin' around the Christmas tree
At the Christmas party hop
Mistletoe hung where you can see
Every couple tries to stop"

This verse from the famous 'Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree' by Brenda Lee perfectly encapsulates the cosy spirit of December's holiday season. With your homes, favourite malls and stores adorned with Christmas decorations, millions of WhatsApp forwards wishing you a 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year', and Netflix recommending classic Christmas-themed movies, it's hard to ignore the holiday cheer around us. Wise scholars of the great internet have termed December the Sunday of the year, so if you've been feeling lazy with a very strong desire to do nothing and curl up in bed, you will not be blamed at all.

Christmas trees, decorations, mistletoes, Santa Claus, and Gift exchanges are the essence of Christmas celebrations. But did you know that many of these famous Christmas traditions are not related to Christmas? Not even Christmas might be on Christmas day! Sounds confusing? Well giddy up! You are going to learn some awfully fun facts about Christmas! (Bonus points if you keep count of the amount of times the word 'Christmas' was mentioned in this article)





I. Jesus Christ wasn't born on December 25th

The Bible hasn't mentioned any specific date of the birth of Jesus. The earliest Christians did not even celebrate His birth. The birthday of Christ was calculated to be January 6th in 200 AD, based on His crucifixion. December 25th coincided with the Roman festival of Solstice, marking the 'Nativity of the Sun' as the days begin to lengthen and the nights shorten from that date. There are many counterarguments as to why the Church would have never associated itself with a pagan tradition. Now, I won't bore you with all the details, but the truth is that no one knows for sure when Jesus was born. With time, 25th December was globally accepted (with a few exceptions like Armenia which celebrates Christmas on January 6th) to be the date of Christmas as we know it.

II. Santa is real

Well, was real.

Santa Claus is based on Saint Nicholas, who in the 4th Century was a Bishop in a small Roman town. His kind and generous spirit gave him the reputation of someone who performed miracles for the poor and unhappy. His death day on December 6th is now celebrated as his feast day.

The Dutch Colonists in the 17th century celebrated December 6th by introducing the legend of Sinterklaas and leaving presents outside the doors of children in New York City. The poem called 'T'was The Night Before Christmas' in the 19th Century, and a Coca-Cola ad campaign in the 20th century transformed the image of Sinterklaas as a saintly Bishop to Santa Claus, who is widely known and loved today.

III. Christmas Trees have no relevance to the birth of Jesus

Like most other Christmas traditions, Christmas trees weren't originally associated with Christ's birthday. The setting up of trees, garlands and wreaths was a pagan European tradition to ward off the devil, which continued upon their conversion to Christianity. The modern Christmas trees were introduced in the West through German customs of setting up a paradise tree in their homes on December 24th, the religious feast day of Adam and Eve.





The setting up of decorations and Christmas trees to celebrate Christmas was not well accepted by America. It was declared a penal offence in 1659, as it was considered a "pagan mockery" of the Christian faith. In 1846, Queen Victoria and her German Prince Albert's Christmas Tree depiction was illustrated in the London news and popularised the tradition among the British and the American Society.

No matter what their origins might be, these customs and traditions have undergone centuries of evolution to become widely accepted as the heart of Christmas celebrations today. So as you deck the halls with boughs of holly this jolly season, and joyously sing together heedless of the wind and weather as the old year passes, I certainly hope my scoop of fun facts added to the zest of your Holly Jolly Christmas!



DEATH PENALTY AND WHY IT IS THE EASY WAY OUT FOR CRIMINALS



By- Kanta Krishna, SY-B

The notion that capital punishment presents an “easy way out” for criminals stems from several key arguments about justice, punishment, and redemption. These suggest that execution may actually be a less severe punishment than the alternative of life imprisonment. Proponents of this view often argue that execution can be perceived as a quick and painless end, contrasting sharply with life imprisonment, which subjects individual to prolonged suffering and isolation. For instance, some suggest that criminals who commit heinous acts do not fear death but rather fear being forgotten or living a meaningless life in prison. The case of Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, one of the ‘Boston Bombers’, illustrates this point; His actions were driven by a desire for notoriety, and execution was seen as granting him the fame he sought rather than a fitting punishment for his crimes.

THE BURDEN OF LIVING WITH ACTIONS

One primary argument holds forcing criminals to live with the consequences of their actions represents a more meaningful form of justice than execution. Life imprisonment requires perpetrators to spend decades reflecting on their crimes, potentially experiencing remorse and grappling with guilt. To the contrary, execution could be seen as allowing them to escape this psychological burden. If we look at the physical reality of life imprisonment, it involves significant hardships that execution bypasses. This extended duration, “for life”, serves as its own form of punishment. Decades of confinement can be seen as more punitive than a relatively quick death. Another reason to stray away from death penalty is that it’s morally wrong. Mostly when you look at the smaller picture, the concept of “an eye for an eye” seems more justiciable than anything. However, in the larger picture, “an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind”. Now, I am not saying that there should not be any punishment for the criminals whatsoever, I am just trying to assert that it does not make sense to me that we would kill someone for killing others. Would it bring the dead back to life? No, right? Unless you believe in reincarnation or sacrifice souls!





The point I am trying to make is that everyone has their own set of morals and definition of justice. Sometimes, even the victims do not want the criminals to have an easy death. Imagine a scenario, where the victim is a rape survivor and the court has rendered capital punishment for the accused; Seems pretty justifiable? However, the larger picture here is that the victim has to live with the horrible memories of the heinous crime. Why does she have to carry this burden till the entirety of her life? Why does she have to face society with the same? Consider also the concept of redemptive suffering: A life sentence gives criminals time to truly understand and regret their actions, potentially experiencing genuine remorse and the mental anguish that comes with it. In contrast, the death penalty can cut short this process of reflection and personal reckoning. The major argument here is that death penalty denies the possibility of meaningful accountability and personal transformation.

WHETHER LIFE IMPRISONMENT IS THE SOLUTION?

Life imprisonment forces criminal to age and eventually die in an institutional setting, separated from family and loved ones, missing countless life events and experiences. This slow deprivation of life's meaningful moments and connections can be viewed as a more comprehensive form of punishment than the capital form of it, which ends all suffering relatively quickly. The financial cost to the offender is another factor often overlooked. While on death row, inmates typically spend relatively fewer years awaiting execution. However, those serving life sentences must work prison jobs for decades, often earning mere cents per hours, essentially serving a life of indentured servitude. This prolonged economic punishment adds another dimension to their sentence that execution does not address.





CONCLUSION

When considering these factors, it becomes clear that while death penalty may seem like the harshest punishment available, it could actually be offering serious offenders an escape from the full weight of their crimes. A life sentence without the possibility of parole forces criminals to live with their actions day after day, year after year. Life imprisonment forces these criminals to face the consequences of their actions every day until their death, which some argue is a more fitting punishment for the most serious crimes against society.



Microdosing on Sexism: The Subtleties of Modern Misogyny

By~ Adiah Majumdar, FY~ B

Ken was unaware of patriarchy till he came to the real world. The way it was introduced to him was by a CEO (a man, of course), telling him how they practise patriarchy 'secretly'. It's a fun quirky scene, as Ken and a Horse go on to upheave BarbieLand.

With the rise of the feminist movement and a demand for equal representation, there's a new phenomenon going around: that of under-the-radar sexism or casual sexism. What do we mean by this, and how does it impact women who are trying to make it in the "boy's world"? The term "microaggression" has become a buzzword in recent years, referring to minor, often unintended, acts of bigotry. However, this umbrella phrase includes a particularly subtle kind of discrimination: sexism. This essay investigates the subtle ways in which misogyny manifests in modern culture, frequently camouflaged as harmless jokes, seemingly innocuous comments, or even well-intentioned advice.

"There's so many girls in the class, because the women like arguing. That's why most of the judges are men, because they have to resolve the cat fights." A statement made by a guy to me when I was talking about how my class has only 10guys. It's not as subtle as you'd think, not 'clever'; Guys never are really clever with their sexism. Not to forget the patronising, God, the patronising, the worst form of modern sexism, I think: The excessive, incessant, suffocating patronising. Being spoken to like a child in law school, after you've made it here on your merit, is the most infuriating experience.





While writing this article, I spoke to a few of the women I know and everyone had a story to share, whether it be from law school or not. It's always masked as a joke, a little jibe that must not be taken too seriously, because if you do take offence, then you're "uptight", and you never want boys to think you're not cool or that you get offended: you risk exclusion. Or if you try and tell them it's not as funny as they think it is, then you're just 'being a bitch' because guys have tended to equate that word with women.

It is crucial for us to recognise that sexism is not only an individual pattern, but a deeply rooted systematic issue that governs our societal structures and stems from ingrained biases. Addressing this issue has to be taken up as a collective effort.

Raising awareness about the subtle ways that discrimination may manifest, challenging sexist assumptions and actively trying to combat this issue from its very root is of paramount importance. And maybe we can stop guys from mansplaining stuff to us. This is not a rant, this is not an "all men suck" article. It's a sincere plea to everyone to understand how microaggressions are harmful and demotivating.



MUMBAI-2 WAYS

By- Anshdha Manker, SY C



Navigating the bustling streets of Mumbai is like stepping into an episode of Survivor, where every day is a new challenge and adventure. From the chaotic yet vibrant local trains to the iconic yellow-and-black taxis zipping through traffic like the Fast and Furious crew on a mission, the city's transportation system offers a unique perspective on life in this metropolis. Each mode of transport tells its own story- the rickshaws weaving through lanes like daredevils or the buses rumbling steadily along their routes. Every ride feels like a small adventure, each transit leading you to a new journey and unveiling a fresh part of this vibrant city.

When you first step into a local station, you're stuck in the middle of chaos. The second time, it feels like a cry for help. But as they say, the third time's the charm-the chaos starts to make sense, giving you a sense of familiarity. You become part of it, and that's when you notice the small pockets of tranquillity between two trains. You begin to observe the people around you: some are worried about reaching their destination on time, others restless with anticipation for the next train. And then some seem to have made peace with the turmoil. It sparks a sense of wonder-have they also tamed their inner chaos?

Mumbai's transportation system is a microcosm of life itself. With its ups and downs, twists and turns, it teaches us to navigate through complexity, adapt, and thrive. Much like the characters in The Office, who find humour in the mundane, we discover joy in the everyday hustle and bustle. Ultimately, it's about the journey, not just the destination. In Mumbai, every ride is a reminder that amidst the chaos, there is beauty, connection, and a story waiting to unfold.



Poems

ft. The Poetry Club



Blooming in Self-Love!

Dear Me,

You've been through a journey long,
Crawling and climbing like a
newborn,
Falling down when times went wrong,
But standing back again strong.

All the stones and hurdles between,
But you never went down weak,
Walked past the roads like a queen,
And ignited the streets with your
beauty.

Giving up was never your thing,
Despite being burnt and bleeding,
You hid your pains behind,
And fought them alone with a smile.

I've seen your eyes speak,
And shining bright in ecstasy,
Like an abode of galaxies,
Filled with your fantasies.

But I want to say it loud,
That you have made me proud,
With all your fights and battles,
And mocking down the devils.

I'm falling in love with you,
Even more as days pass through,
And all your scars and flaws,
Deserve the world's applause.

Perhaps I'll say it again,
For my words to remain,
That you are invincible,
And breaking you down is
impossible.

YOU ARE THE BRAVEST WARRIOR I'VE
EVER SEEN

BY
MAHAK BHARDWAJ
(CHAIRPERSON OF THE
POETRY CLUB)
YEAR AND SECTION: TY-E



मैं एक किरदार हूँ

मैं एक किरदार हूँ,
जो अपने पिता का अक्स बन सके
उस प्रयास में सदा बरकरार हूँ,
रूह से उफनती वो बुलंद आवाज
जो बुढ़ापे में ठिठुरे
मैं जीवन का वो अनंत सार हूँ,
मैं एक किरदार हूँ।

मैं ही तो मार्गदर्शन करता मार हूँ
या होंसला बनाने वाला प्यार हूँ
या एक माँ की ममता का संपूर्ण संसार हूँ।

पोशाक अलग, नाम वही, ढांचा अलग
संक्षेप मैं तो यह कहता हूँ,
ज़िम्मेदारियों से बेइंतिहा बेज़ार हूँ,
मैं एक किरदार हूँ।

ADAVYA RANJAN
(VICE-CHAIRPERSON OF
THE POETRY CLUB)
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-A

Life Doesn't Come with a Disclaimer

No disclaimer warns of life's rough
seas,
No contract outlines its mysteries.
A blank canvas, waiting for our art,
A journey starting from the heart.

We stumble, fall, and rise again,
Learning lessons, easing pain.
No guarantees of love or fame,
Just the chance to make our own
name.

Life's a gamble, a wild card play,
No rules to follow, no set way.
We're the authors of our own tale,
Crafting stories, without fail.

o, let's embrace the unknown's might,
And live each day with all our might.
For life's a gift, a precious prize,
To cherish, value, and realize.

**YASHASWINI
JHUNJHUNWALA**
(VICE-CHAIRPERSON OF
THE POETRY CLUB)
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-E

Somewhere Between the Life I Manifested

Somewhere between the life I manifested,
Always thinking about if I could have been waited.
Not to enjoy the process but to realize the after consequence,
Consequences as such are not that bad but never the less it could have
been better than that.
Tried a lot but couldn't get through the best,
Instead of moon just rested at the rest.
Now of no reason just confusing the me,
Within the our that was actually supposed to be.
Can't just forget that's it it's not just about mee, but also the people
who motivated to be just me.
Working hard as possible to stay in race,
I think I am having a little slow pace.
Nevertheless I know I am the best,
Although not today but leaving it to the rest.
But accepting it like a phase of life and still
trying to manifest another dream that lies.

SWAYAM BHOSTEKAR
(CREATIVE LEADER)
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-C

Ballerina; The Human Predicament

As the curtains splendidly rise,
I come before your sight,
You lay your gaze on me
I mistake it for amity.

I twirl around the stage,
And I see your gaze follow my trace,
irredeemably deluded,
I believe to be blessed.

At the penultimate spin,
I gaze into your eyes
And I thus commit the sin,
The sin of affair de couer.

Alas! Reality beckons
and I exit the stage letdown.
The curtains then close mundanely
And so wanes the man's sobriety

SHREYAMSI BRAHMA
(CREATIVE LEADER)
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-C

A pause in thought

I just ask you take a moment to pause,
to appreciate the sparkle in your eyes,
the pure delight when you spot those flowers at the side of the street?
or when sunlight dances in your palms in the light,
the stroke of hair on your cheeks when you dance with the breeze,
and when you laugh "a little too much" at the bad sneeze,
in that moment of anxiety when you simply freeze,
in the midst of their laughs on days when you fail to see,
and when you bathe with love when you feel pretty,
it is evident to those who love you and witness to this is the universe
and the seas, you're loved and you're lovely for you share its light,
you're loved and you're lovely for you are full of its warmth,
you're as serene as the night you're loved and you're lovely for you
love with no fare, you're loved and you're lovely,
for all of your innocence, all as pure as white.

MANASVI RANJAN
(CREATIVE LEADER)
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-A

In Pieces; Heartbreak, Resilience and Hope

Try ripping your heart apart, and toss the remains out in the air,
Watch them fall with no hands ready to catch your ruins, or even care.
No one was there to hold you when you break apart, and you shatter,
You realise that this world is a phony place, that you don't even matter.
And then you muster up the courage to gather each bit and piece,
You glue it with your tears and sew it back bit by bit; Oh, this pain in peace!
You helplessly sit down on your knees and pray for just one thing,
That God, make me go through this again and again
Till someone comes along the way, and heals my heart astray.
That she treasures my heart and hides it from me somewhere far away,
And that I can finally say,
I belong to her, literally, literary, and in every other way.

IQWMASH
YEAR AND SECTION: FY-A

Sachai

Log Khete hai, "Sache pyaar ko uski manzil mill ti hai"

Pta nai mere pyaar mai sachai hai ki nai!

Pta nai mere sachai mai pyaar hai ki nai!!

Chaha toh usse maine apne dil se tha....

Chaha toh usse maine apne dil se tha....

Na jaane mere chahat me sachai thi ki nai!!

RAGHAV TIBREWAL
YEAR AND SECTION: FY-C

This Distance

This distance between you and I,
Although small, feels like miles.
I can see the way you are,
But I can't feel the heart you hide.

Is this happiness a reality,
Or is it just a sham?
I see the mask you wear, yet
The soul beneath is a mystery.

The truth still escapes me,
Or am I too afraid to see?
For this distance between you and I,
Although small, is ever so great-

Is it the space between us,
Or the walls I've built,
Walls unintended,
Yet they stand so firm.

And now, I wonder-
Am I the one who's trapped within?

PRATYUSH MAURYA
YEAR AND SECTION: FY-D

Warm Soup

My friend comes over
I make her warm soup
She combs my hair differently
As we watch our favourite movie
I pack her some food
For when she has to leave
As she's drumming her fingers on the table and watching the pattering of the
rain drops on the terrace
I ask her the opposite of love
"Hate", she says
I look at her and ask her, "and what if you loved that person once?"
She looks up at me
Eyes moist and trembling hands
I ask her if she didn't still hear the echoes of the laughter in her living
room or missed the smell of morning coffee they shared together.
She is silent for a moment as tear rolls down her eyes
She's picks up the lunc kih and walks out the door as sudden realisation dawns
upon her.

TARINEE TRIPATHI
YEAR AND SECTION: FY E

Love's Embrace

We keep seeing each other in
Dreams yet why is that not a reality?
You avoid me, I avoid you, Is there really any clue?
Why is there such a duality?
Our eyes never meet
But we both know whom they seek...
Since no contact, is there really anything intact?
Maybe you just mask it all, overwhelming emotions cask it all Coz when
eyes meet, hearts talk But when hearts meet, souls talk, Therefore,
I'll be on stalk,
Who knows, maybe one day we can talk?"

SAMEERA SIDDIQUI
YEAR AND SECTION: SY-B



Cosmic Reverie

The stars don't just shine—they breathe.

Their light feels alive, like tiny whispers in the dark, telling stories no one's heard before. Above, the galaxy stretches endlessly, a messy masterpiece of gold and silver, as if the universe spilled its heart across the sky.

The Milky Way drapes over us like a soft blanket of light, making us feel safe and small all at once.

Every speck of stardust has a history. Some were born in explosions so fierce they'd terrify us, yet they gave birth to beauty.

The universe holds its breath, letting galaxies spin, letting nebulas bloom like cosmic flowers. Even the silence feels alive, humming with secrets too big to fit into words.

And here we are, tiny and fragile, staring up at it all. We wonder, don't we? If someone, somewhere, is looking back at us from their corner of the sky. Are they asking the same questions? Do they feel the same loneliness, the same awe?

It's funny how looking at the stars can make you feel like everything matters and nothing does, all at the same time. Maybe that's the universe's little trick—to remind us how small we are, yet how much we belong to something so big, so endless, so beautiful and still, we dream. Because that's what humans do—we reach for the stars, hoping to touch the infinite.

HARSHINI MADARAPU
YEAR AND SECTION: FY- E

Haikus: On Nature

Aquamarine shore
Rainbows swimming underneath
Our feet in the sand

Cloud down among us
Their beauty still here with us
Showering romance

Hiding within leave
Malachite turns to a sun
One of soft, sweet flesh

With sandy dirt hair
Bathing in a dying light
Loving selflessly

ADIAH MAJUMDAR
YEAR AND SECTION: FY B

Mumbai ~ The Charming City

Mumbai never fails to amaze as it always functions with restless charm, The narrow eye of an ordinary Mumbaiiya - bustling crowd.

They run to catch their trains, the livelihood beats in them, Life and Resilience defines them. Nearby Tapri Ka Chai, Crying Rains, Empty Roads with late night drives, Bandra's glam, Marine Drive's skyline,

Dreams shaped out of concrete and glow out of the neighbor's properties. While the tabloids unfold the tattle from busy coffee shops, so overbearing is Mumbai that it can be only compared to a pot of pure gold.

AMEYA SHRIVASTAVA
YEAR AND SECTION: TY E

The Love I Once Had

In a room where echoes congregate,
We danced once, time's cruel jest-
Your laughter, a melody that hung
like ill fate,
Now lingers still, a haunting guest.

Our hearts stitched together with
delicate seams,

Woven with hopes of a future we
spun,

Yet the fabric unraveled at the
seams,

As the sunlight faded, our dreams
came undone.

I held you close, a sweet surrender,
Yet your freedom beckoned you with
its piercing song.

Letting go felt wrong,

But it felt like all my right was
wrong all along.

You chased horizons I couldn't
embrace,
For every goodbye wore a familiar
face-

Someone once said that love blooms
only to grow thin,

That is so true.

Here's to the moments we dared to
ignite,

To bittersweet laughter and nights
so divine,

I loved you fiercely-how foolishly
bright-

Yet I had to let go to let you walk
your own line.

GEETANJALI JALAN
YEAR AND SECTION: FY - A



Echoes of my heart

In the depths of my heart, a whisper does reside.
A secret that I cannot conceal, I cannot hide.
It's a flame that burns, a feeling so true.
For every second you're away, I'm lost without you.

In the moments we've shared, my world comes alive.
Your presence, a gift that helps me survive.
Your smile, a beacon, a radiant light.
Guiding me through the darkness, day or night.

With every passing day, my affection does grow.
Like a gentle river, its current does flow.
Thoughts of you consume me, no matter where I roam.
You've claimed a special place, deep within my soul.

When we're together, time dances on air.
But when you're away, my heart can't help but despair.
The minutes turn to hours, the hours to days.
And in the longing silence, my love still stays.

I yearn for your laughter, your touch, and your grace.
For the warmth of your presence, that sweet embrace.
You've become the melody, the rhythm of my days.
And in the symphony of life, my heart forever plays.

So, here I stand, baring my soul to you.
With every word spoken, every promise so true.
Know that in my thoughts, you'll forever reside.
For every second you're away, my love, I cannot hide.

RUCHIT QYANI
YEAR AND SECTION: TY - D

THE BOLD SAILOR (English Translation)

सागरानेनाविका मनी संकट मोठे पेरले,
वादळानेहोडीस एका दशदिशांनी घेरले
शीडतुटले, खीळ तुटले, कथा काय या वल्ह्याची,
नाविकासही फिकीर नव्हती, पुढे राहिल्या पल्ल्याची...

नशीबनव्हते पाठीशी, नव्हता अनुभव गाठीशी
उभाठाकला एकटाच, युद्ध होते वादळाच्या वय वर्षे साठीशी
स्वबळीविश्वास मोठा, त्यास तोड कर्तृत्वही
रौद्रवादळ शांत झाहले, पागळले शत्रुत्वही.

एकवटलाधीर हा, कोठूनी येतो त्या क्षणी,
शतबाहूंचे बळ येते, जव मातृत्व तरळते मनी.

(Original from the Marathi movie 'KILLA')

English Translation

The ocean sowed troubles in the sailor's heart,
Storms surrounded the boat from every part.
Sails were torn, nails broke apart, But the sailor cared not, focused on his
chart.

Luck didn't stand, nor did skill aid,
Alone he stood, where storms had stayed.
With sixty years of storms to fight,
Yet his courage and deeds shone bright.

With faith in himself, he stood tall,
Even fierce storms began to fall.
Raging enemies turned weak and frail,
As his determination prevailed.

Where does such strength in moments arise,
As if a hundred arms lend their might to the skies?
It's the warmth of love and care in the soul,
That turns a simple heart into one bold.

ATHARVA POTNIS
YEAR AND SECTION: SY - A

Hollow Rooms

Have you been left behind
by a shadow you once called a friend?
Have you stood in hollow rooms,
left by every voice,
every name you knew?
If you've been there,
you know the empty ache—
a voice that murmurs:
It must be you.
A flaw etched deep in your heart,
a fracture running through your soul.
Why do they leave,
even when the fault is not their own?
I remain—lost, alone.
Is it me they run from?
Or is this silence
the only true companion I'll ever know?

PRATYUSH MAURYA
YEAR AND SECTION: FY - D

He was not him without her.
He lost himself when he lost her.
In a world of darkness.
His soul began to blur.
His heartache consumed him.
Leaving only a shattered whisper.
Haunted by memories
And a pain that wouldn't wither.
He was not him without her.
He lost himself when he lost her.

RUCHIT QYANI
YEAR AND SECTION: TY - D






Sometimes

Sometimes when I laugh,
I sound just like my dad and,
sometimes when I look in the mirror,
I see my mom looking back at me.
One day, mom and dad will be gone,
that's the way it's supposed to be.
I don't want to live without them but even more,
I don't want to force them to live without me.
So when I'm 92 ageing like a fine wine,
when the earth is dying and
my parents are gone,
All I hope is that my laugh is still my dad's and my face is still my mom's.

ARSHIA KATOCH
YEAR AND SECTION: SY

Disappear

When you start to know someone,
all their physical characteristics start to disappear.
You begin to dwell in their energy,
recognise the scent of their skin.
You see only the essence of the person,
not the shell.
That's why you can't fall in love with beauty. You can lust after
it,
be infatuated by it,
want to own it.
You can love it with your eyes and your body but not your heart.
And that's why,
when you really connect with a person's inner self
all physical imperfections disappear and become irrelevant



ARSHIA KATOCH
YEAR AND SECTION: SY



A Corporate Lament

On a winter evening in a jolly tavern,
Was a surly little man with his face quite stern.
Upon asking he said with an unpleasant grimace,
“Don’t be a rat, save yourself the race”

The man had just been fired you see,
He had worked twenty-five years for this Company
Day after day from morning to night,
He spent his life on a job that did not excite

All he wished for was to survive,
By working hard at this nine to five
It was all work and no play,
Said the man with a whiskey in hand, “I think I wasted my life
away”

An old man now with no self identity,
Was it all worth the corporate amenity?
For his family he had had no time
“You don’t know about our lives” his children would chime

Said another man who was listening to his tale,
“But why did they fire you? Oh pray, tell us and spare no
detail”
With a bitter smile, said the surly little man at the tavern,
“It was because I spoke out of turn”

NELL CRASTO
YEAR AND SECTION: TY E

The Smile

She smiles so hard that no one questions it
She smiles so hard so that she can hide her sadness
She smiles so hard that she fools others
She smiles so hard as if everything is fine
She smiles so hard like she doesn't care about
anything
She smiles so hard so no one knows anything
But she doesn't know someone is dying here just to see
her smile genuinely

KRIPA MOTWANI
YEAR AND SECTION: FY

Ek tu na mila saari duniya mile bhi to kya hai
Mera dil na khila saari bagiya khile bhi to kya hai
Teri soorat na dikhi saato ajube dekhe bhi to kya hai
Humare haath na mile aakash ke sabhi sitaare
mile bhi to kya hai

SURYATAPA BHADRA
YEAR AND SECTION: FY

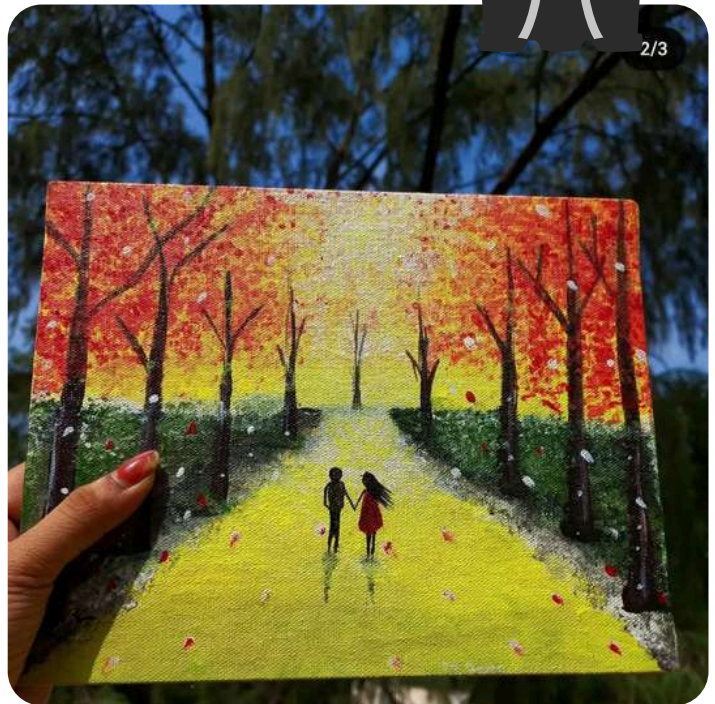




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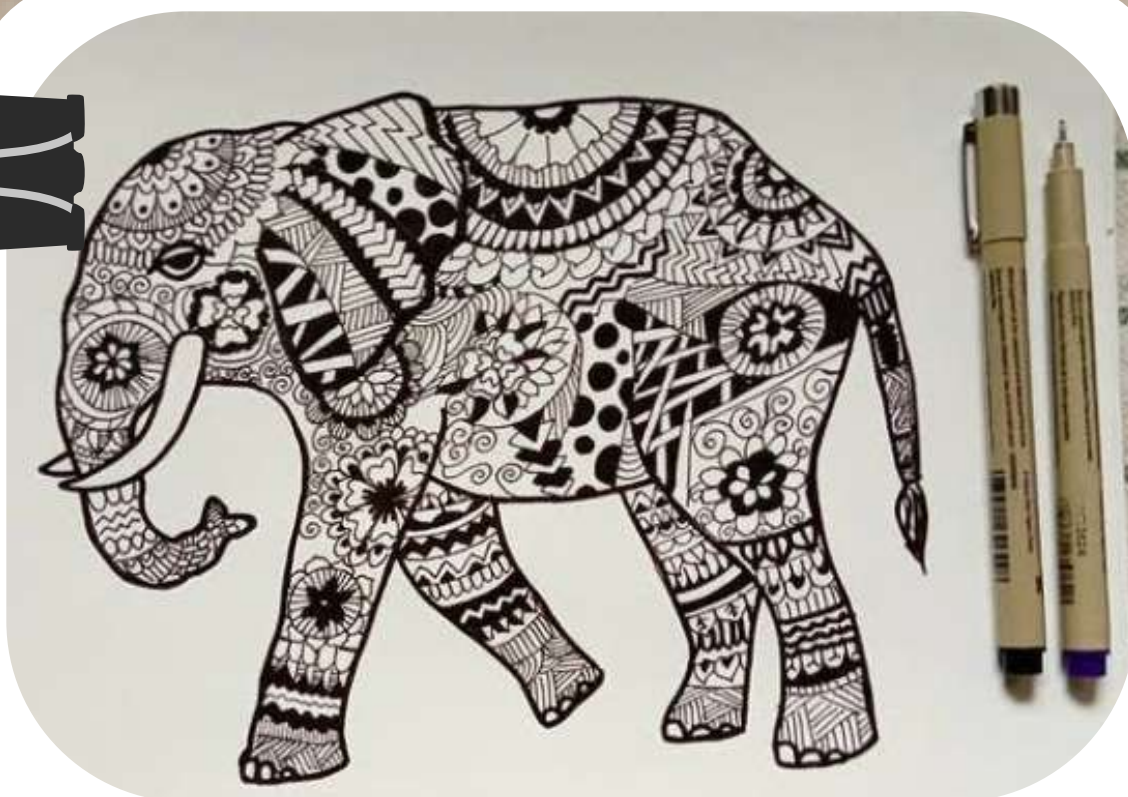
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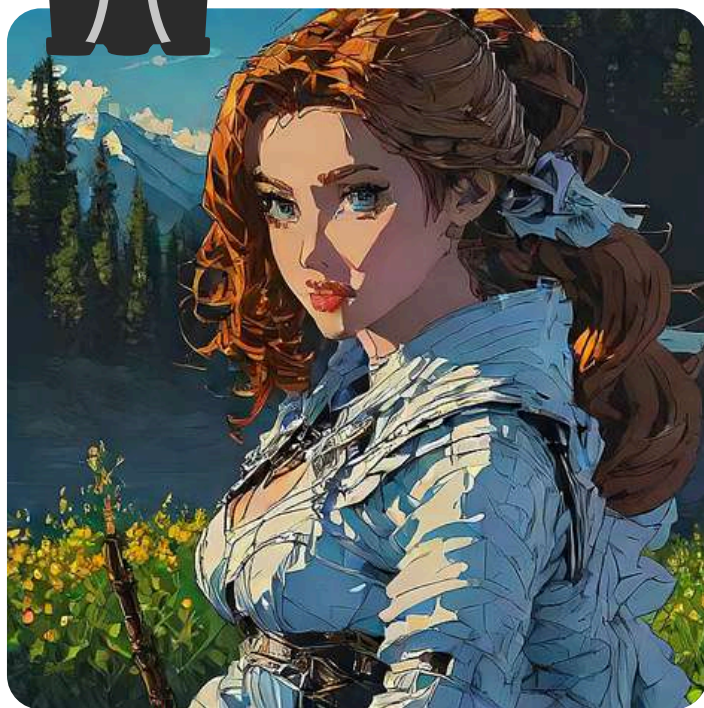


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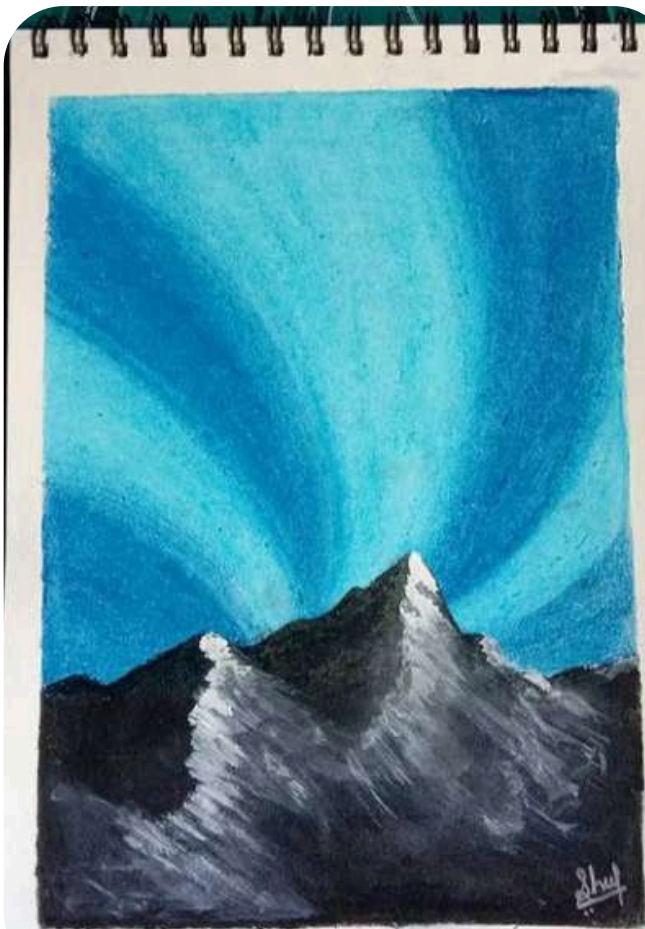
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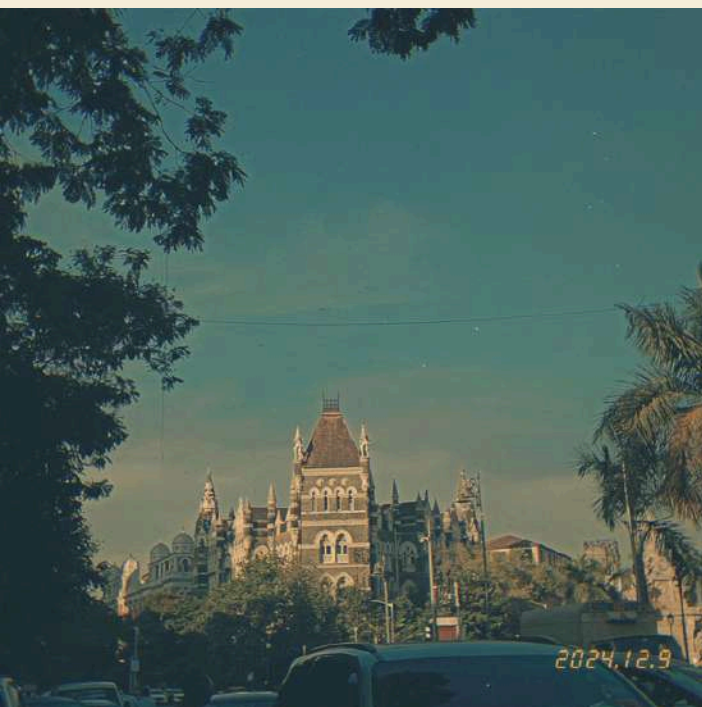


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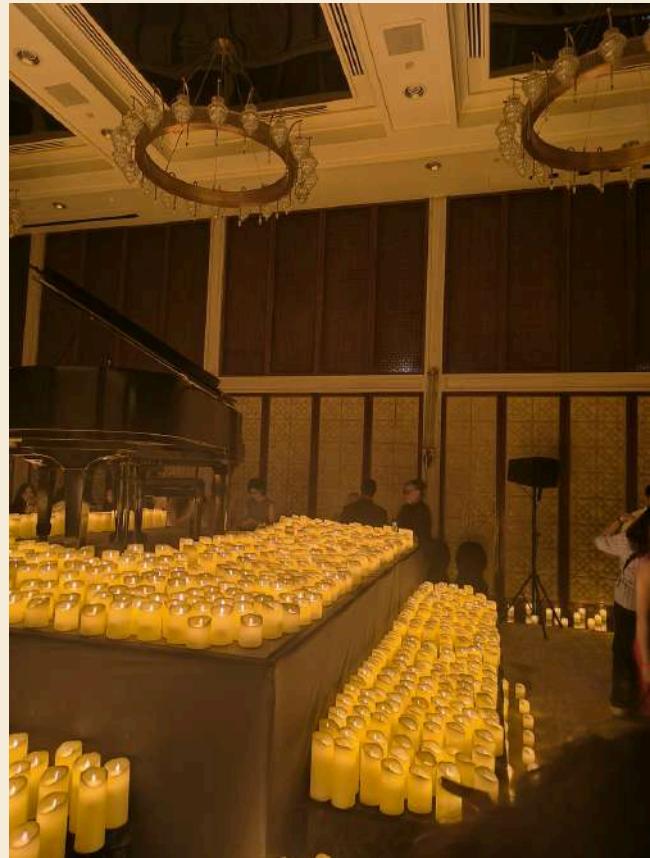
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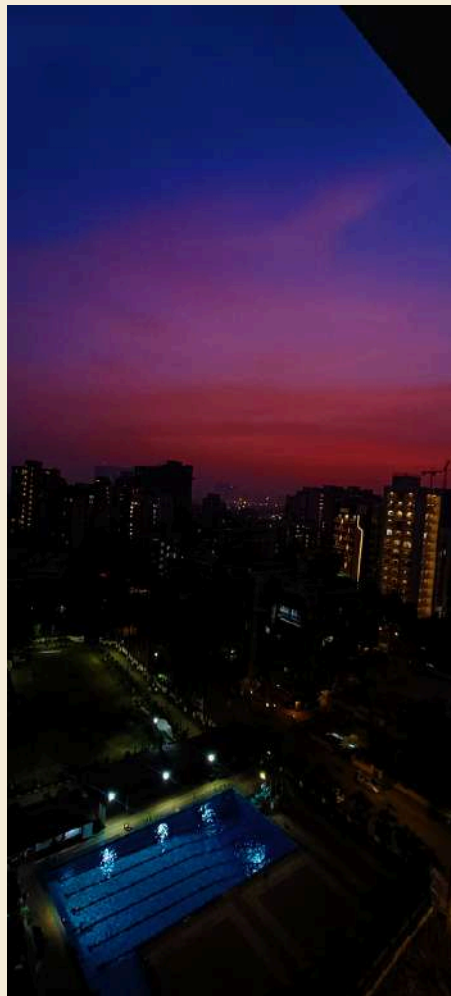
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Thank you for taking the time to dive into this **Supplementary Edition of SOLink**. We hope it brought you closer to the creative spirit of our Student Community. We extend our gratitude to all the students who contributed to this edition.

SolScribe is a platform for all voices, so if you've got an opinion, a story, or any piece that deserves to be shared, we'd love to hear from you. Send in your submissions at pub.solnmims@gmail.com, and who knows, maybe you'll be featured in our upcoming editions!

We'll be back soon, and in our next edition, we look forward to showcasing even more of the incredible talent within our community.

Views belong solely to the contributors.

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