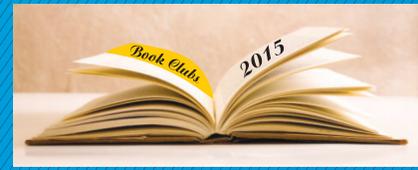




MYSURU LITERARY FORUM CHARITABLE TRUST (R)

# THE BOOK LEAF



ISSUE - 4

NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER 2018



## Founders Note...

**Shubha Sanjay Urs**

Chairperson, Mysuru Book Club 2015  
Mysuru Literary Forum & Charitable Trust

Stay hungry, stay foolish, enticed the magnum opus for a craving and hungry heart. Every writer is an ardent reader and vice versa. Writers of yester world were not the published writers of their times. Most of them are posthumous writers who are known through the voices of their critics, students, friends and family members and not by their individual entity.

“Two roads diverged and took the one less trodden”

We stand strong and united with this line, which resembles a bonsai to everyone and for the one who compares it with a tall tree. We have admired Charles Dickens without an assignment; we have appreciated Jane Austen without any qualms

about the tests. And I especially was nurtured around the original drafts of Chaduranga, Kuvempu, Pu. Ti. Narasimhachar, who lived very close by and my inclination came from the pens that were thrown around. And along with all of you I am revising and revitalizing it today. Hopes and dreams are high that it will be used in the future too. Our club has ardent readers categorized into elite, underprivileged, specially-abled, slums and women with all facets of reading. I remember the tragedy unfolded in the edifices of Premier Studios a memory unmarred forever. The charred bodies are never far from reality. Though these realities are so near yet they are so far for experience and expression.

It endears me to echo my words which resonates the pulses of the common people. Literary Festival 2018 is an amalgamation of the best and the choicest of authors presenting their creations. We are providing inclusive space without compromising on quality and it is an eclectic mix.

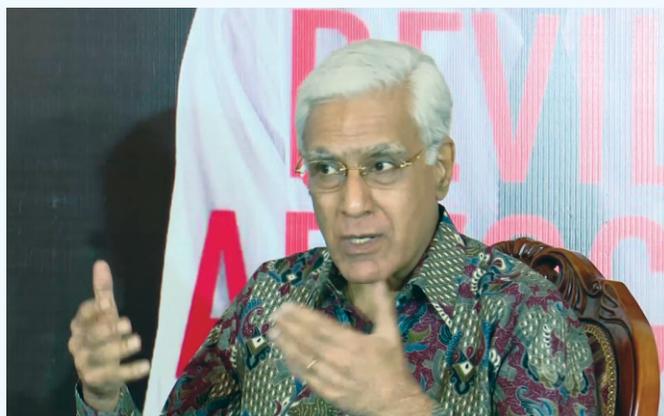
Happy reading....



**Patron & Trustees, Book Club Members with Karan Thapar and Prof. Rajeev Gowda**

## Karan Thapar's affable avatar vows Mysuru

By Maithli Rao



Affable is not an adjective that you normally associate with this celebrated television personality. Adversarial, even abrasive and acutely probing are Karan Thapar's signature traits, setting a new journalistic standard in the rather decorously deferential ethos of our media, both electronic and print. He has raised the staid interview - of politicians and celebrities of all hues - into a highly provocative art of relentless questioning backed by thorough research, not succumbing to sycophancy often demanded by our political class as a matter of right. This made the Karan Thapar interview a unique brand across the many channels he has worked in. He revealed an engagingly warm, witty side to the overflowing audience gathered at Wind Chimes, on August 27, 2018. It was a notable coup for Mysuru Book Clubs -2015, to host the exclusive launch of *Devils's Advocate* in the South. It was the second launch of this book destined to be a bestseller after the initial one in Delhi.

The interviewer became the interviewee to heighten our anticipation. The other eminence of the evening, Prof. Rajeev Gowda, MP, reversed the roles and engaged Thapar in a civilized, wide ranging conversation. Intellectual stimulation and intelligent humour had us asking for more.

The cut and thrust of penetrating questions and honest answers was sharp but courteous. I am all yours, was Thapar's disarming surrender to Prof. Gowda's opening gambit, hinting at his relish of playing the inquisitor! Even for those who had read the book, Thapar's retelling of the circumstances of the famous (or infamous?) interviews with Narendra Modi (the

then Gujarat CM walked out after barely three minutes) and Jayalalitha's glacial riposte that ended the grand audience she granted her smooth-as-cream and sharp-as-rapier interrogator. Thapar is a convivial raconteur with many stories that showed the vulnerabilities and kindness of politicians who wielded enormous power: Sanjay Gandhi, the 14-year-old who visited the Thapar house, obviously crushing on Karan's younger sister; Benazir Bhutto, the new Pakistan PM who unfailingly called every other day to enquire on Karan's wife Nisha, lying comatose in a London hospital. Bhutto and Thapar had forged an Oxbridge friendship (that survived borders and political acrimony) as presidents of their respective college unions.

The most amusing anecdote concerned three interviews with A.R. Rahman, the Mozart of Madras, after he got the Padma Shri. Thapar recalled that the maestro's answers were variations on hmmm (in length and pitch) driving the interviewer to despair. The team had to splice and edit segments from all three to make something more than a series of hmms and hms.

To Prof. Gowda's question about Indian PMs, Thapar spoke with transparent affection and respect for AtalBihari Vajpayee. He relished imitating Vajpayee's dramatic Hindi as he laughingly charged the punctual interviewer of going directly to the high command (his lady companion). Such openness and lack of hypocrisy is refreshing in our puritanical political context. Thapar is a Lutyens' insider with enviable access, a fact he accepts without fuss but reminds us that the route to media success began in England, as a brash young man who gambled with his luck. And won. Thapar knows when to unleash his self-deprecatory humour - a very British trait.

Coming to the current media scene where objectivity is compromised, Thapar cleverly made the audience his accomplices, when he talked about the channel host who browbeats his panelists: we all know who that is but we won't name him. Rather like he who must not be named, as in Harry Potter books. The conspiratorial laughter that rumbled repeatedly was infectious. The evening was more than an appetizer to a book demanding to be devoured.

## An Eye - opener!

By *Yamuna Achaiah*  
*Pritvi Sudhindra*



We, the members of book club Mysore, read a variety of books over the months with a myriad of story lines and different literary genres . All the books we read impact each of us in different ways. One such book we chose was “Lights Out “by L Subramani, the chief copy editor at Deccan Herald. When we began to read this book we went through million emotions. It was as though expecting a warm shower we suddenly found ourselves under a gushing waterfall in the woods. The emotions took us way beyond the language and literary aspects of the work. We went into analysing, wondering and even getting furious about the social systems, educational support to adolescents and family frameworks of our society.

Such was the impact of this book and when we came to know that we would be meeting the author , we were eager yet a little uncertain How would we react to a writer who writes about how he went blind in his teenage and how would we question about his life and work?

In the book he has very sincerely written about the problems he faced not just by the unimaginable horror of a situation where he moved slowly and knowingly towards losing his eyesight, but also about the apathy he faced from people who he thought would be his main support He writes about the dark dread that kept approaching (engulfing??) him without sugar coating the terrible tragedy. He manages to narrate it without an iota of melodrama. How would such a man be in person? Those were my thoughts as I joined my friends to meet him.

He came and addressed us most frankly. His insights into the journey of life were bright and optimistic. His humour was contagious. We often broke into a guffaw. There was absolutely no malice or self-pity towards any [person who could (may?) have hurt him or been insensitive to him along his journey, and scores must have done that. His references to God and his thankfulness were humbling. Neither had any sharp edges in his observations. He travels alone, he works and he is an author. He answered all our questions. In the beginning I had wondered how the Q and A would go because we, the so called normal people, are more conscious of his not being able to see than he himself . He made us understand that life is what we scoop out of the time that we are alive and it need not be limited by any factor, even blindness. Being positive, kind, and forgiving every soul around is his way of dealing with the tough days of life.

He assured us that he would write again to talk more of his life and we, like many of his readers, are certainly looking forward to that. His writings will certainly lead many readers towards light of hope and out of the darkness of despair.



## Foodastic Mystery

By *Swasna*, 7th Std.

On a relaxing Sunday morning, the Larson family were really busy. Mr Larson searched under the bed, Mrs Larson rechecked the larder for what seemed like the hundredth time, John Larson, Danny Larson and Lily Larson all searched the backyard. Finally John called out, "I'm tired out! Let's have a break". Everyone sat at the dining table and Mrs. Larson brought bread and butter. "Where is that pie?" asked curious Lily. Suddenly Danny cried out "let's be real detectives for once. Let's make a list of suspects".

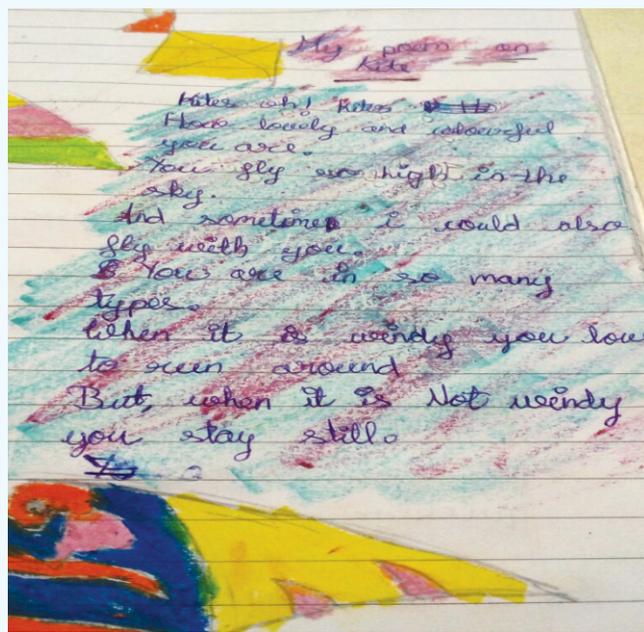
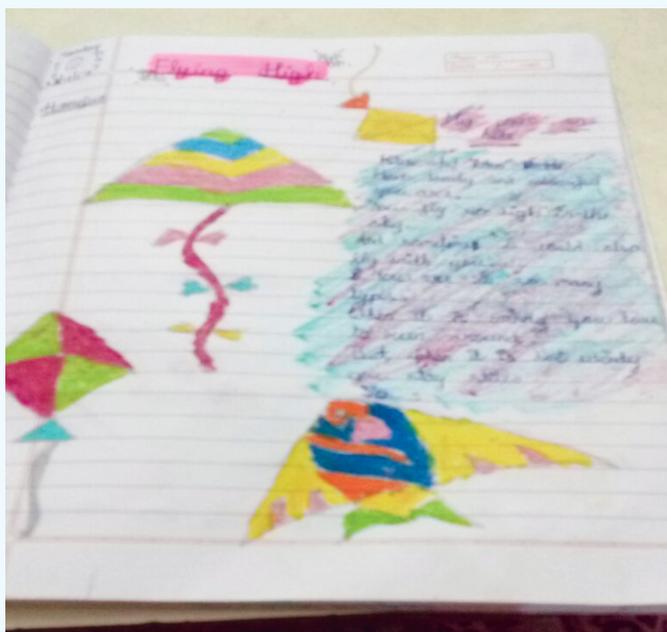
Everyone readily agreed as no one wanted to search again. After a lot of scratching, discussing and arguing, they came up with three suspects. Their prime suspect was the maid. She was a greedy woman and nobody in the family liked her. They went to her house, ready with difficult questions. Though the maid didn't like them either, she welcomed them in. She gave them some strong tea and asked the reason they had come here for.

And Mr. Larson politely asked "do you like pie?" After that question the maid spoke in an angry voice "why, I have always hated pies!! Well, back in my grandma's days..... "We shall take a leave now" said Mrs. Larson hastily. Everyone knew the maid was a very talkative woman. The maid scowled at them yet she came to send them off. Their next suspect was.... the milkman. They all knew he would be selling milk and milk items

in the Sunday market so they set off. After half an hour, they reached the market. They spotted the milkman immediately and to their luck their third suspect was also there!!! The window cleaner!! "Ah! The Larsons! Want to buy some milk?" asked the merry voice of the milkman. "No sir, but we have come here to ask you why you stole our pie!! The two of you!!" screamed Lily. Both were astonished. "Are you serious!! I may be jealous of kids like you but I never steal!!", screamed back an angry voice of the window cleaner. The milkman, though scowling said in a calm voice, "Please, I'm sorry, but we did not steal your pie! Why we have baked one for the both of us right now". He showed them the newly cooked pie. Lily felt ashamed when she saw six accusing eyes looking at her. "I'm so sorry. She didn't mean to scream out like that. We shall take a leave" Mr Larson apologized. Walking down the lane was the disappointed and solemn looking Larson family. As soon as they reached the gate, the sound of Wilfred, their cat, came echoing. He came trotting and in his mouth he carried..... A piece of pie!!!! Everyone ran to the cat's little bed and there was white their cow and barny their goat having a piece too!!!! Everyone though angry at the three mischief makers, they were glad to have solved this mystery. That day they all learnt one thing, never to leave a pie near the window for too long!!!!

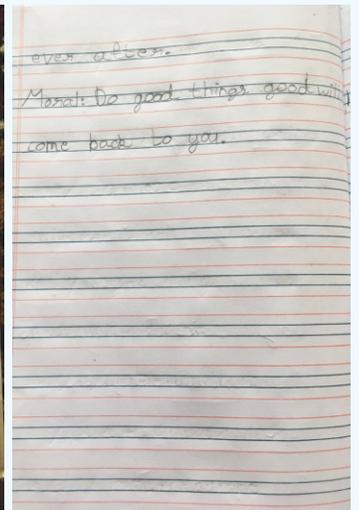
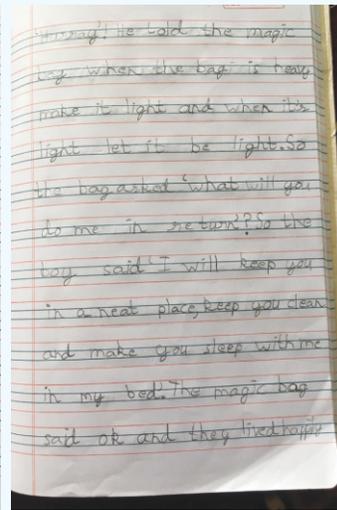
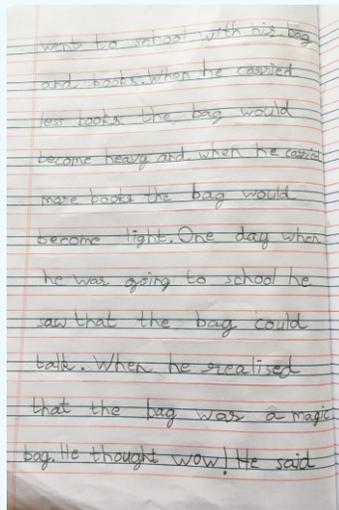
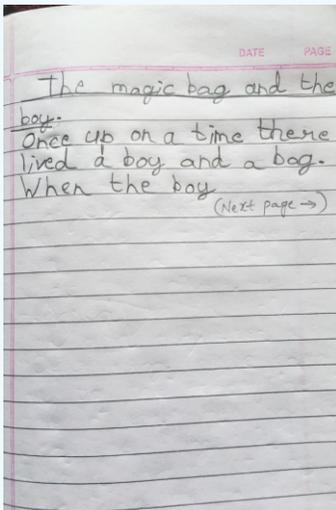
## Pictorial Story

By *Prachi Modi*, 5th Std.



# The Magic Bag and the Boy

By **Samith Hegde**, 3rd Std.



# The Ride

By **Samyukta Vivek**, 2nd Std.

Once upon a time, there lived a herd of elephants. One day, they were travelling to meet their friend, when they met Mr. Fox. "Hello, Mr. Fox!" said Sardar, the head elephant.

"Hello!" greeted Mr. Fox, "where are you going?"

"We are going to meet our friend, Sona the zebra", replied Sardar.

Now, Mr. Fox, who was very sly, wanted to trick the elephants into giving him a free ride to his burrow, in the middle of a dense forest. The following conversation then took place:

Mr. Fox - Oh, Sona? I know her very well. You see, she is my neighbor. I even know a shortcut to her place".

Sardar (excitedly) - Please take us there, as we want to get there before dusk.

Mr. Fox - "OK, OK, I will take you there, on one condition. You will have to carry me on your back, throughout the journey.

Sardar - Fine, I will.

Mr. Fox then mounted Sardar, and everybody set off. The wily fox led them to the dense forest. Once they reached he spot close to his burrow, Mr Fox got off Sardar.

"I am thirsty. I know a secret lake, but I cannot show you. ", he lied.

"Why not? We are tired and thirsty, too", exclaimed Sardar.

"Because, it is too small for big elephants like you. I will fill some water and bring it back for you. Stay here, please", said Mr. Fox.

Without another word, he disappeared, not to be seen again.

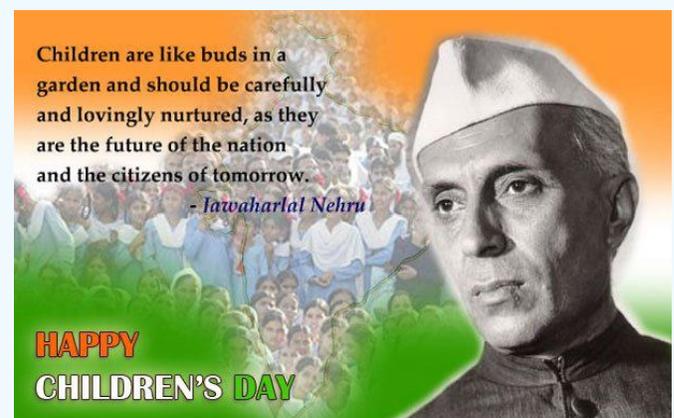
Sardar and the rest of the herd waited. And waited. Soon, it was dark. Now, the herd realized they had been tricked. Not only had they given the fox a ride, they too were taken for a ride!

They were worried now about finding Sona's house. Just then, an old elephant came forward and said, "I know how we can get to Sona's house. We can follow the North Star." Everyone thought it was a very good idea, and soon they were on their way, with the North Star for guidance.

They reached a clearing, where they saw a herd of zebras. On seeing them approach, one of the zebras galloped excitedly towards them. It was Sona!

Finally, the herd had met their friend. They spent the rest of the night with her, and left for home the next morning.

But, that is a different story!



## Indelible Impressions

By *Deepika Rao*

A beautiful morning in October will be remembered for long by a lot of people.

'She came, she spoke, she conquered' - Sudha Murty won many hearts and captured attention of the literati of the city. Having been invited as an author guest, she revealed herself in ways that drew admiration and awe. A true example of 'karma yogi', Sudha Murty is humility, simplicity and passion personified. As she conversed with Vasudendra, a close friend and fellow author, she spoke of her acquaintance with Mysuru as a young girl. Recollecting childhood memories, she reminisced about impressions formed in her mind through the influence of her family's core values and how that led to her becoming the feisty woman she is today, following her own heart, be it through pursuing her career, dreams, family responsibilities and most significantly, finding the purpose of her life through philanthropy.

Under the awning of the two magnificent rain trees at Wind Chimes, conversation flowed and sparkled as Vasudendra drew her to recount the passion with which she has followed her principles, yet never losing sight of reality.

Compassion and mindfulness is the key, she says to living a meaningful life that touches and impacts people around us and society too.

Charity begins at home she reminds all, espousing one of the tenets that Gandhi lived his life by - "Nature has enough for man's need, not greed". She believes that wealth is necessary but an excess of it leads to ruin. Her firm belief in this truth led her to simplify her own lifestyle and pass on the more valuable and immeasurable worth of love of reading and knowledge to her children, grandchildren and also through donation of 60,000 books to libraries all across the country. Sharing anecdotes

about how these values were instilled in her children, it was clear that this is a woman who walks the talk, leading by example, never imposing her ideals on others. Speaking predominantly in her mother tongue, her patriotism shone through as she spoke with deep pride of her love for the country, Kannada, the glory of culture, heritage and truth of life itself embedded in the works of great writers and philosophers like DVG, Basavanna and other stalwarts of Kannada literature.

As a woman who has broken boundaries, her books resonate with stories of her experiences garnered by her reaching out to people across societal barriers. Travelling in second class compartments gave her access to understanding and empathising with the lives of the marginalised, discriminated and the needy.

She eloquently spoke about her book '3000 stitches', the journey that took her to areas where few dare tread and one fraught with obstacles and initial suspicion from the Devadasis whose empowerment and rehabilitation was paramount in Sudha Murty's agenda.

"I like to do anything all alone without anyone's help", she said frankly, without apologies for being a woman who speaks her mind. Stressing that parents are the real role models for children, she said that mothers are not just nurturers in the physical sense, but more importantly are the providers of food for the soul of her progeny.

From 'How I taught my grandmother to read', 'Wise and Otherwise', 'A woman's ritual', '3000 stitches' and many more, 'Something happened on the way to heaven'... - Sudha Murty's collection is replete with stories told with honesty, courage and wisdom. Her appeal spreads across all age groups who she charms with her disarming smile and through her big, kind and generous heart.



*Star of Mysore Editor-in-Chief K.B. Ganapathy lighting the lamp to Inaugurate 'A Morning with Sudha Murty' also seen are Harin Nanjaraje Urs, Shubha Sanjay Urs and S.K. Sanjay*



*Mrs. Sudha Murthy launching the website*

ದಿನಾಂಕ 12 ಅಕ್ಟೋಬರ್ ನಮ್ಮ ಕನ್ನಡ ಓದುಗರ ಒಕ್ಕೂಟ ಮತ್ತು ಮೈಸೂರಿನ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಾಸಕ್ತಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಸುದಿನ. ಎರಡು ವರ್ಷಗಳಿಂದ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿರುವ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಪ್ರೇಮಿಗಳ ಆಸೆ ಈಡೇರುವ ಸುಸಮಯ ಬಂದೇಬಿಟ್ಟಿತು. ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಹೆಸರನ್ನು ವಿಶ್ವದಾದ್ಯಂತ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧಿಯಾಗಿಸಿದ “ಇನ್ಸ್ಪೊಸಿಸ್ ಫೌಂಡೇಶನ್”ನ ಸ್ಥಾಪಕರಾದ ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಸುಧಾ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರೊಡನೆ ಸಂವಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮ. ಆದೂ “ಎಂಡ್‌ಚೈಮ್”ನಂತಹ ಸುಂದರ ಆಹ್ಲಾದಕರ ಪರಿಸರ ಪ್ರೇಮಿ ವಾತಾವರಣದಲ್ಲಿ.

ವೃತ್ತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇಂಜಿನಿಯರ್ ಆದ ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಸುಧಾ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಅವರ ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಆಯಾಮವಾದ, ಅವರ ಚಿಕ್ಕಂದಿನ ಹವ್ಯಾಸವಾದ ಪುಸ್ತಕ ಓದುವಿಕೆ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಪ್ರೀತಿ, ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಿಕ ರಚನೆಗಳ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮೆಚ್ಚುಗೆಯ ಬರಹಗಾರರಾದ ಶ್ರೀಯುತ ವಸುದೇಂದ್ರ ಅವರು ಅಭೂತಪೂರ್ವ ಸಂವಾದ ನಡೆಸಿದರು. ಆ ಎರಡು ಗಂಟೆಗಳು ಹೇಗೆ ಸರಿಯಿತೆಂಬುದು ಯಾರಿಗೂ ತಿಳಿಯಲೇ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ರಸದೌತಣವೇ ಆಯಿತು. ವಸುದೇಂದ್ರರ ಸಮಯೋಚಿತ ಹಾಗೂ ಅರ್ಥಪೂರ್ಣ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳು, ಶ್ರೀಮತಿ ಸುಧಾ ಮೂರ್ತಿಯವರ ನೇರ, ದಿಟ್ಟ, ಸತ್ಯ, ಸತ್ವಪೂರ್ಣ ಉತ್ತರಗಳು ನಿಜವಾಗಿಯೂ ನೆರೆದ ಎಲ್ಲರ ಮುಂದೂ ಒಂದು ವಿಶೇಷ ಜಗತ್ತನ್ನೇ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿತ್ತು.

ಸಂವಾದದ ಹೆಚ್ಚಿನ ಭಾಗ ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲೇ ಇದ್ದು ಇವರ ಭಾಷಾಭಿಮಾನ, ದೇಶಾಭಿಮಾನ, ಧನಾತ್ಮಕ ಚಿಂತನೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಕಲಿಯಲೇಬೇಕಾದ್ದು. ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಬಂದ ಏಳು ಬೀಳುಗಳನ್ನು ಸವಾಲಾಗಿ ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸಿ, ಯಶಸ್ವಿಯಾದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ, ಅಂತಹ ಸಂದರ್ಭಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಇರಬೇಕಾದ ಧೈರ್ಯ, ದೃಢ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಗಳು, ಗುರಿಯೆಡೆಗೆ ಸಾಗುವಾಗ ಬರುವ ಅಡೆ-ತಡೆ, ಸಮಸ್ಯೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹೆದರದೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಎದುರಿಸಿದರೆಂದು ಸವಿಸ್ತಾರವಾಗಿ

ಬಣ್ಣಿಸಿದರು. ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಈ ಮಾರ್ಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೋಗುವಾಗ ಪಡಬೇಕಾದ ಪರಿಶ್ರಮವನ್ನು ಹೇಳುತ್ತ, ಅವರ ಇಂದಿನ ಈ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಗೆ ಬರಲು ಯಾವುದು ಸುಲಭವಾಗಿ ಬಂದಿಲ್ಲವೆಂದು ಸಭಿಕರ ಮನಮುಟ್ಟುವಂತೆ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ಅವರ ಫಲಿತದ ಬಗೆಗಿನ ನಿರ್ಲಿಪ್ತತೆ, ದೇವರಲ್ಲಿನ ವಿಶ್ವಾಸ, ಯಶಸ್ಸಾದ ಬಳಿಕ ಕಾರ್ಯಕರ್ತರ ಬಗ್ಗೆಯೂ ತೋರ್ಪಡಿಸಿದ ಕೃತಜ್ಞತಾಭಾವ, ಕಿಂಚಿತ್ತೂ ಅಹಂ ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಋಣಸಂದಾಯ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿರುವೆ ಎನ್ನುವ ವಿನಯ, ವಿಧೇಯತೆಗಳು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರೂ ತಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಅಳವಡಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವಂತಹ ಮುಸುಕಿಲ್ಲದ ವಜ್ರಗಳು.

ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ರಾಜಧಾನಿಯಾದ ಬೆಂಗಳೂರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರು ಹೇಗೆ ಮಾತೃಭಾಷೆ ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಅಸಡ್ಡೆ, ನಿಕ್ರಷ್ಟಭಾವದಿಂದ ನೋಡುತ್ತ, ಭಾಷೆ ಬಂದರು ಬರದೆಂಬ ಬೂಟಾಟಿಕೆಯಾ ಡುತ್ತಾರೆಂದು ಕಳಕಳಿಯಿಂದ ಹೇಳಿದರು. ದೇಶದ ಬಗೆಗೆ ಪ್ರೇಮ, ಯೋಧರಜೀವನದ ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಕಾಳಜಿ, ಸಾಮಾನ್ಯ ಪ್ರಜೆಗಳಾಗಿ ನಮ್ಮ ಕರ್ತವ್ಯ ನಿಭಾಯಿಸಬೇಕಾದ ಅವಶ್ಯಕತೆಗಳನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿದರು.

“ಧನಾರ್ಜುನ” ಎಷ್ಟು ಮುಖ್ಯವೋ ಗಳಿಕೆಯ ಮಾರ್ಗವೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಮುಖ್ಯ ಎನ್ನುತ್ತ, ಐಹಿಕ ಭೋಗಗಳಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಮಿತಿಯನ್ನು ಹಾಕಿ ಗಳಿಸಿದ ಹಣವನ್ನು ಸದುಪಯೋಗ ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದರು. ಮಾಡಿದ ದಾನ ಹೇಗೆ ಅಪಾತ್ರವಾಗದಂತೆ ನೋಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತೀರೆಂಬ ವಸುದೇಂದ್ರರ ಅರ್ಥಪೂರ್ಣ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗೆ, ಅದು ಬಹು ಕಠಿಣವಾ ದದ್ದಾದರೂ ಈಗ ಅನುಭವದಿಂದ ಸಾಕಷ್ಟು ಕಲಿತಿದ್ದೇನೆಂದರು.

ನಡುವೆ ನಗೆಹನಿಗಳನ್ನು ಸೇರಿಸುತ್ತಾ, ಹಳೆ ಬೇರು ಹೊಸ ಚಿಗುರು ಸೇರಿ, ಎರಡು ಗಂಟೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಜೀವನ ಪೂರ್ತಿ ನೆನಪಿಡುವಂತಹ ನುಡಿಮುತ್ತುಗಳನ್ನು ಸಭಿಕರ ಜೊತೆ ಹಂಚಿಕೊಂಡು, ಈ ಶುಭ'ಮುಂಜಾನೆ'ಯನ್ನು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯಾಭಿಮಾನಿಗಳು ಸುವರ್ಣಾರಕ್ಷರದಲ್ಲಿ ಬರೆದಿಡುವಂತಹ ದಿನವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿದರು.



Mrs. Sudha Murthy with Mysuru dignitaries



**Mysuru Literature Festival 2019  
August 2019**

**We have Author Talks,  
Panel Discussions and Children's event**

## *To Mother Earth*

Our Planet - Mother Earth to all  
Four bounteous beauties immeasurable to recall  
From sky & sea & birds & trees  
The air so fresh, with nature's scent  
upon the breeze Mother earth you nurture with sweet  
And what do I give you in return?  
I cloud your skies with acid rain,  
I poison your fishes from effluent drains,  
I kill your birds with polluted air,  
I fell your trees without care  
Thus mounded and grieving –

should it surprise me that you send us floods and tsunamis?  
With forest cleared to satisfy my greed  
Rain gets scarce, beasts have no feed  
Mother Earth do forgive me –  
I shall strive from now to respect thee  
I'll clear the litter that I leave  
Upon the grass that was once so fresh and green  
I'll use every drop of water with care  
And all my new awareness with others share  
So that, cradled in your arms once more  
With your awesome bounties me shall rejoice and grow

- **Kitty Mandana**

## *We run Book Clubs and encourage Reading*

We run Book Clubs and encourage Reading  
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