

INKWELL

M A G A Z I N E

ISSUE

06

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2026

Unwritten Lives: *Stories Between the Lines*

“

Not every
story is
written down.
Some *live*
between
the *lines*.



HIDDEN CHAPTERS

Voices that
deserve to be
heard.



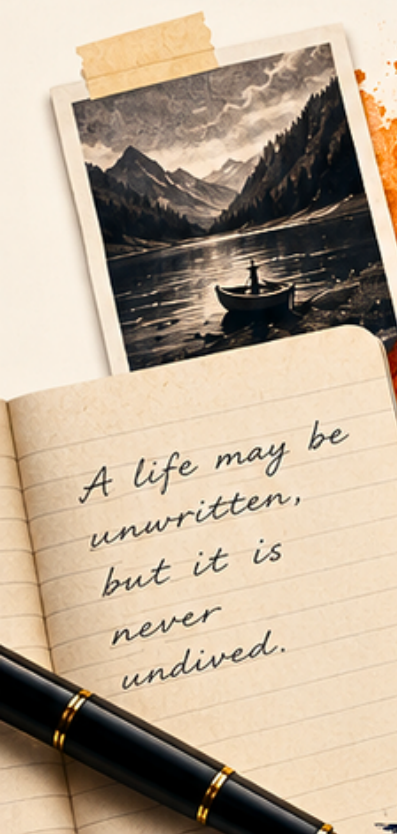
REAL LIVES RAW STORIES

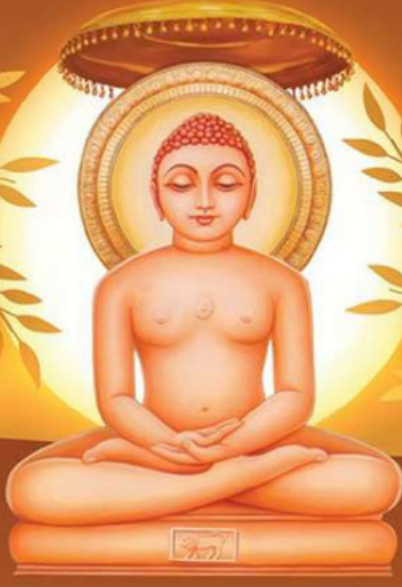
True experiences.
Unfiltered.
Unforgettable.



BETWEEN THE LINES

Essays, poems &
reflections that
resonate.





THE NAVKAR MANTRA

Namo Arihantanam
Namo Siddhanam
Namo Ayariyanam
Namo Uvajjhayanam
Namo Loe Savva Sahunam
Aeso Panch Namokkaro
Savva Pavappanasano
Mangalanam Cha Savvesim
Padhamam Havai Mangalam
Padhamam Havai Mangalam



JAIN MUNI SHARAMAN SURYA
POOJYA SHREE
MARUDHAR KESARI

On whose name and blessings the
college has been started

NAVKAR MANTRA TRANSLATION IN TAMIL & ENGLISH

நமக்குள்ளிருக்கும் பற்று வெறுப்பு ஆகிய எதிரிகளை அழித்த,
ஜீவன் முக்தர்களாக விளங்குபவர்களை வணங்குகிறேன்.

கர்ம வினைகளை ஒழித்து அமரர்களாகிவிட்ட சித்தர்களை
வணங்குகிறேன்.

சமண சமயத்தின் தலைசிறந்த சாதுக்களாகிய ஆசிரியர்களை
வணங்குகிறேன்.

நமக்கு நல் வழிகாட்டும் கல்வியிற்சிறந்த குருமார்களை
(உபாத்யாயர்களை) வணங்குகிறேன்.

இவ்வுலக பந்தங்களினின்று விடுபட்டு பேரின்பமாகிய வீடு
பேற்றை (மோட்சத்தை) நாடும் எல்லா சாதுக்களையும்
வணங்குகிறேன்.

இந்த ஐந்துவித நமஸ்காரங்களும்.

எல்லாவித பாவங்களையும் அழிக்கும்.

எல்லாவித மங்களங்களையும் விட

இது மிக உன்னதமான மங்களமாகும்.

To arhats, the perfect souls embodied, possessed of
infinite cognition, knowledge, happiness and
power,

To siddhas, the perfect souls in nirvana, formless
and bodiless, free from all karmic attachment;

To acharyas, the masters of adepts in spirituality;

To upadhayas, the adepts, guiding the
scholar-ascetics,

To all sadhus, the ascetics devoted to the
contemplation of self

I make obeisance humble

And place at their worshipful feet

This feeble exposition of their profound teaching.

About the Trust & College

Sri Marudhar Kesari Jain Trust was established by generous Jain philanthropists in 1993 with the objective of providing quality higher education to economically backward rural women. Sri Marudhar Kesari Jain Trust established Marudhar Kesari Jain College for Women in 1994. The College is situated on a sprawling campus of 24.35 acres at the foot of the Yelagiri Hills, 10 kilometers from Jolarpet Junction. It takes pride in being accredited with an **"A+" grade by NAAC** and having received a prestigious **4-star rating** from the Institution's Innovation Council (IIC), Ministry of Education, Government of India, for its exceptional entrepreneurial initiatives and innovations. The College is also supported by **DST-FIST & DBT STAR College Scheme**

From the academic year 2024–25, the College has been conferred Autonomous status by the UGC and Thiruvalluvar University, marking the achievement of its next milestone in excellence. The College currently offers **22 Undergraduate Courses, 15 Postgraduate Courses, 10 Ph.D. Programmes, and 4 Diploma Courses.**

With the continued patronage of the MKJC Trust members, Marudhar Kesari Jain College for Women has emerged as one of the premier institutions empowering generations of women with the right knowledge and values.

Sri Marudhar Kesari Jain Trust Members



Sri. M. Vimmal Chand Jain
Ambur



Sri. C. Lickmichand Jain
Ambur



Sri. J. Rathanalal Jain
Chennai



Sri. V. Dilip Kumar Jain
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Ambur



Sri. S. Naveen Kumar Jain
Vaniyambadi



Sri. R. Mukesh Kumar Jain
Chennai



Sri. U. Rishab Jain
Vaniyambadi

Chairman's Message



Sri. M. Vimmal Chand Jain
Chairman

As we unveil this edition of MKJC Inkwell, I am struck by the profound relevance of the theme: 'Code and Conscience.' In an age where digital transformation is no longer a choice but a necessity, we must ensure our progress is guided by integrity. Technology gives us the tools to build, but it is our conscience that decides what is worth building. I congratulate the students and faculty for fostering a dialogue that looks beyond the screen and into the heart of human responsibility.

Co-Chairman's Message



Sri. C. Lickmichand Jain
Co-Chairman

It is a moment of great pride to see the creativity of our students bloom in the latest issue of MKJC Inkwell. The theme 'Code and Conscience' perfectly mirrors the challenges of the 21st century. It encourages our young minds to innovate with empathy and to lead with ethics. To the contributors and the editorial board: your words are the 'code' that will program a brighter, more conscious future for our society. Well done!

President's Message



Sri. V. Dilip Kumar Jain
President

In a world increasingly governed by algorithms, this edition celebrates the one thing a machine cannot replicate: the human spirit. Through these pages, our students prove that while we can program 'Code,' it is our 'Conscience' that defines our value. Congratulations to every contributor for articulating a vision of the future that is both technically brilliant and deeply compassionate. My best wishes to the editorial team for capturing this essential harmony.



Sri. Anand Singhvi
Secretary

For decades, MKJC has stood as a beacon of women empowerment. With the launch of 'Code and Conscience,' we continue that legacy by addressing the most pressing question of our time: How do we stay human in a machine-driven world? This edition's theme 'Code and Conscience,' serves as a vital reminder that as we advance into the era of Artificial Intelligence and automation, our moral compass remains our greatest asset.

Message from the Principal

It gives me immense pleasure to present the latest edition of MKJC Inkwell. This year's theme, "Unwritten Lives: Stories Between the Lines," reminds us that every individual carries stories that often remain unheard yet profoundly shape their identity, values, and journey.

The articles, poems, essays, and creative works in this edition celebrate the power of expression and invite us to appreciate the unseen experiences that foster empathy, understanding, and human connection. Each contribution reflects the creativity, thoughtfulness, and unique perspectives of our students and faculty.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the editorial team, contributors, and faculty mentors for their dedicated efforts in bringing this edition to life. I hope this magazine inspires every reader to recognize the remarkable stories that exist between the lines of everyday life while continuing to nurture creativity, reflection, and meaningful expression.

Dr. M. Inbavalli
Principal



From the Editorial Desk

We are delighted to present the latest edition of MKJC Inkwell – Where Imagination Meets Words, a literary platform that celebrates creativity, reflection, and the power of storytelling.

The theme for this edition, "Unwritten Lives: Stories Between the Lines," invites us to look beyond what is visible and discover the untold narratives that shape individuals and society. Every life holds silent struggles, quiet victories, cherished memories, and unspoken emotions that deserve to be heard. Through this theme, we encourage writers and artists to give voice to experiences that often remain hidden yet profoundly influence our lives.

This edition brings together a diverse collection of essays, poems, short stories, research-based reflections, and creative artwork that capture the richness of human experiences from different perspectives. Each contribution reflects imagination, empathy, and thoughtful expression, making this issue a celebration of voices that inspire understanding and meaningful dialogue.

We hope this edition of MKJC Inkwell inspires you to read between the lines, appreciate untold stories, and celebrate the richness of the human experience.

Happy Reading!

Note of Gratitude:

To the MKJC Board of Trustees for ever encouraging MKJC's innovative pursuits.

To the Principal, **Dr M Inbavalli**, Academic Advisor **Dr T Balasubramanian**, CAO **Ms B Sakthimala** for their enthusiastic support to this initiative.

To the Deans, Directors, HODs, Faculty Members, Administrative Staff Members and Students for their unwavering support throughout the publishing process.

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Editorial Head : **Ms Nabiha Nausheen**, Assistant Professor, Department of English.

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Mr Justin J L, Media Administrator & Social Media Manager

Ms. Nabiha Nausheen

Editorial Head



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BETWEEN SMILES AND SILENCE

The first day always looked beautiful from the outside. Fresh notebooks. New classrooms. Loud corridors carrying pieces of laughter from every corner. Everything felt alive, glowing with the strange magic of beginnings. And among all those unfamiliar faces stood someone with the prettiest smile anyone had ever seen.

Their eyes sparkled like stars after a storm, bright, warm, impossible to ignore. Excitement rested softly on their face as they spoke to people, laughed at small jokes, and helped strangers like they had known them forever. They looked like the kind of person life had been gentle with.

And maybe that is why nobody noticed the sadness hidden so carefully beneath their smile.

Because pain does not always arrive looking tragic.

Sometimes it wears perfect clothes, speaks politely, laughs beautifully, and asks others if they are okay while silently falling apart inside.

People often think suffering is loud. But the truth is, the deepest pain is usually quiet.

It lives in unfinished sentences.

In tired eyes hidden behind brightness.

In the pause before someone says, "I'm fine."

In the way a person stares at nothing for a little too long.

Behind those shining eyes were sleepless nights nobody knew about. Nights spent staring at ceilings, wondering why surviving felt heavier than living. They were tired in a way sleep could never fix. Tired of pretending. Tired of being strong. Tired of carrying emotions so heavy that even breathing sometimes felt like work.

Yet every morning, they wore their smile perfectly.

Not because they were happy.

But because the world is kinder to people who look pleasant while suffering.

The harsh truth is, nobody really notices when someone is slowly breaking.

Not unless the damage becomes visible enough to disturb others.

As long as a person keeps smiling, keeps showing up, keeps helping everyone else... the world assumes they are okay.

And they did exactly that.

They showed up.

Even on days when their chest felt unbearably heavy. Even when their mind begged for silence. Even when they wanted to disappear for a little while and exist somewhere without expectations.

One afternoon, during a normal conversation, someone jokingly said,

“You’re always so happy. I wish I had your life.”

For a moment, they froze.

Not visibly. Not enough for anyone to truly notice. But something inside them cracked quietly.

Because if happiness looked like this, then why did going home feel so unbearably heavy? Why did nights feel longer than they should? Why did they stare at ceilings wondering how exhausting it was to pretend every single day?

The noise around them slowly returned, but their smile remained exactly where it was, carefully placed like it had been trained never to fall apart in public.

Because... How do you explain that some people smile not because they are happy, but because they do not want anyone asking questions they are too exhausted to answer?

How do you explain that some hearts become so familiar with pain that they learn how to hide it beautifully?

That evening, they sat alone in a locked bathroom stall, staring blankly at the floor while the sounds of people talking and laughing echoed outside. Their eyes burned, but no tears came out this time. Even sadness gets tiring eventually.

And somewhere between exhaustion and silence, a thought crossed their mind:

“Maybe I was never asking to be saved.

**Maybe I just wanted someone to notice
that I was drowning.”**

But nobody noticed.

A few minutes later, they washed their face, fixed their appearance, and walked out again with the same soft smile everyone admired so much.

Because some people carry heartbreak so gracefully that the world mistakes it for strength.

And perhaps that is the cruelest reality of all

The ones who smile the brightest are often the ones begging for an escape in complete silence.

And maybe that is why the brightest smiles are often born from the darkest storms...

Fathima Kousar Banu

III B.Sc Data Science

THE QUEEN

The story goes back to May 2015. The people of Tamil Nadu were filled with anticipation. It was May 15th, the day of the declaration of the Tamil Nadu Assembly election results. For the first time in the history of Tamil Nadu, a female candidate of just 25 years won the election and took the state into her hands. She was Jhanavi Selvam, the Honourable Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu.

Within two years of her reign in the government, she astonished the people. She set everything right, brought in true democratic rule, and satisfied the needs of the people. Inspired by her bravery, courage, integrity, and exceptional leadership in the government, Chief Minister Jhanavi was invited for an interview by Sun TV on April 13, 2017.

On that day, she was honoured by the CEO of the Sun TV Network, and the interview began. The interviewer, Prakash, greeted the Honourable Chief Minister and asked her about her journey to success and the reason behind it.

Pausing with a smile, she proclaimed that her father was the one and only reason for who she was today.

She continued by saying that she was born into a very poor family where she had never experienced happiness. She never enjoyed her childhood.

Once upon a time, she had a small family consisting of her admirable father, Selvam; her lovable mother, Seetha; and her dear sister, Pranavi, who was six years younger than her.

She then continued...

“We lived in a small village called Kadambur in the Ariyalur district of Tamil Nadu. In contrast to my family, my paternal family was extremely rich. Now, the time has come to introduce my grandfather's family. Actually, my father was born to a real-life villain named Adishesan, my grandfather, who served as the Health Minister of Tamil Nadu in the 1970s. He had three children—Rudhran, Pandiyan, and Selvam.”

Adishesan was an arrogant, crooked, and ruthless man. Being a politician, he was involved in several illegal activities such as corruption, kidnapping, murder, and drug dealing. He had no respect for the law. His first two sons always supported him and followed the wrong path from their childhood.

Unlike them,” she continued, “my father was a pure-hearted, honest, genuine, and plain-speaking person. For this reason, no one in the family liked him except his mother.”

He was unaware of his father's true nature.

Jhanavi: "Adishesan always scolded my father for all the mistakes done by his brothers, but he never tried to reveal the truth since he loved them so much.

My father used to regret his life of bad luck, where everyone hated him. Once, when he was in the 12th grade, he saw his brothers threatening a 12-year-old boy to massage their legs because he had once complained about them to his class teacher.

Aggravated by their act, my father rushed towards the boy and beat his brothers in front of everyone.

They felt ashamed and, in order to take revenge on my father, built up a sympathetic story about what had happened at school and told it to Adishesan, hiding all their faults."

Prakash: "What happened then, ma'am?"

Jhanavi: "After listening to them, out of great outrage, he began beating my father with his belt. He said that my father had seen only the trailer of a movie but had never seen its main picture. He revealed all his illegal activities to my father.

This left him heartbroken.

He never expected such cheap behaviour from his father. Out of sorrow and anger, he attempted to kill Adiseshan. When he was about to attack him, his mother came in between and was hit by the knife and died. Unable to bear the loss of his beloved mother, he began to sob and cry aloud."

Prakash: "Then, was your father jailed, ma'am?"

Jhanavi: "Yes. As they had planned, he was accused and imprisoned for five years."

Prakash: "What's the story behind your birth, ma'am?"

Jhanavi: "Yes! Let me tell you a short love story about my parents. When they were in the 12th grade, they fell in love with each other.

My mother, Seetha, when she heard about Selvam's imprisonment and his mother's death, was stunned and immediately rushed to see him.

There, they shared their sadness and cried together. My mother informed my father that she could no longer live with her parents since they had previously rejected her choice. So, she decided to leave for Ariyalur, where she could do small jobs and make arrangements for their life after his imprisonment."

Narrator: After spending some time with Selvam, Seetha left for Ariyalur, where she got a job. She worked as a mason in the village of Kadambur. For two weeks, she stayed on the footpath and later lived in a small rented house while working for 10 hours a day.

Jhanavi: It was on 2nd May 1989 that my father was released from prison. On that day, my father and mother got married and lived in the same rented house. Since my father had no job, he too decided to work as a mason along with my mother. They went to work together every day. Within a year, I was born, and three years later, my sister was born.

Prakash: But ma'am, after that incident, didn't Adiseshan cause any trouble?

Jhanavi: Yes, of course! It started when my father began working as a security guard in a large industrial company owned by a don named Selvaraghavan. I was studying in a government school, and my father's workplace was on my way to school. Every day, my mother and I used to see him working hard in the hot sun, opening and closing the gates. Seeing my father's miserable state, my mother used to sob every day, and she was always depressed. My father was my motivator and a good friend. Though we were very poor and unhappy, my father always motivated me by narrating the story of Adiseshan and instructed me to become a politician in order to destroy the evils of this world.

Prakash: "Well said, ma'am! Then it was your father who was behind your success. What role did Adishesan play after this?"

Jhanavi: "That's the turning point in my life. Since childhood, I had dreamt of becoming a politician. My mother became paralysed and remained bedridden due to her depression. Our disappointments kept increasing. Once, Adishesan saw my father working as a security guard in the company owned by his enemy, Selvaraghavan.

Selvaraghavan, my father's boss, was a don, yet he was a good person who always helped the needy and opposed Adishesan. He had the support of the people and always attempted to capture Adishesan and his two sons. When Adishesan saw my father, he laughed at and humiliated him for his poverty before leaving the place."

Prakash: "Now it sounds interesting, ma'am. What happened next?"

Jhanavi: "On that very day, Selvaraghavan came to know about my father's opposition to Adishesan. Admiring his honesty, he appointed my father as the general manager of his company.

With the good news, my father informed my mother about his promotion. However, as her health had been deteriorating for the past two days, she breathed her last and passed away. I cried the whole night. My sister was just ten years old.

After the funeral ceremony was over, I saw my father extremely disturbed and disappointed. I had never seen him laugh or smile. I was in the 10th grade when my mother died."

Later, my father and his boss made plans to capture and accuse Adishesan and hence decided to conduct a CBI raid on his house. As a result, five of his companies were sealed by the government.

In extreme outrage, Adishesan kidnapped Pranavi and informed my father that she would be killed if he did not turn up.

Prakash: (becomes sad)

Jhanavi: "Out of panic and agitation, we went there. Before entering, my father asked me to make a promise that I would become a politician and satisfy the needs of the people. He wanted me to bring good governance, enhance the people's confidence, and destroy evil. He told me to expose all the wrongdoings of Adishesan and give him an appropriate punishment.

When we entered the house, I was left outside alone. I could hear my father speaking anxiously. Then, when he once again attempted to kill Adishesan, my father and Pranavi were shot from behind by his brothers.

They all escaped immediately."

Prakash: (with apprehension) "What a difficult life you have had, ma'am. After this terrible incident, who helped you get here?"

Jhanavi: "I was completely devastated. I was heartbroken and had no idea what to do. I cried endlessly after becoming an orphan and even decided to commit suicide. But then I remembered the promise I had made to my father, and that changed my decision."

When I was struggling in solitude, my father's boss, Selvaraghavan, came into my life. He was the one who provided me with all the basic necessities and gave me a new direction in life.

Though I did not find happiness, every day I thought about the promise I had made to my father, and I grew up alone in a separate house in Ariyalur.

Inspired by all the motivation my father had given me, I turned to education. Then I wrote the TNPSC examination and served as a Collector for two years.

As a Collector, I exposed all the wrongdoings of Adishesan and his sons, produced them in court with all the evidence, and ensured that they were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Seeing my honesty and bravery, I was advised to contest in the Assembly Elections. Finally, I won and eliminated all the evils in the state.

This is how I became the Chief Minister, and that is why I am here today. The promise I made to my father is the only reason for who I am today!

Narrator: Chief Minister Jhanavi served continuously for 15 years and never stopped working for the welfare of the people.

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Ananya Ramanujam

**II B.Sc Nutrition, FSM &
Dietetics**

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

To the world, Fathima was the youngest daughter — the cherished one, the protected one, the one everyone assumed had life a little easier.

That was the story people read. The story between the lines was different — quite different.

As the youngest in the family, she grew up carrying a title that never truly reflected her reality. People saw the smiles, the laughter, and the love she received. What they didn't see were the silent battles hidden behind those smiles.

She learned the art of adjusting long before she learned the art of expressing herself. For her family, for her sister, and for the peace of those she loved, she often set her own feelings aside.

People called her fortunate. Few noticed how much she quietly gave away.

Fathima never cried where people could see her. She carried herself with strength, composure, and patience. But when she stood before Allah, all her walls came down.

There, in the silence of her prayers, she spoke the words she could never say aloud. The tears she hid from the world found their way to her Creator.

She absorbed tensions, settled misunderstandings, and carried emotions that were never hers alone. Sometimes she was blamed. Sometimes she was misunderstood. Sometimes she bore pain she never deserved.

Yet she remained silent — completely silent.

Not because she had nothing to say, but because she had become accustomed to carrying more than she revealed.

People often called her sensitive, dramatic, or an overthinker.

What they never saw was the weight she carried with grace. The anger she buried. The exhaustion she concealed. The countless moments she chose peace over reaction.

As the years passed and life changed around her, she remained what she had always been — a quiet observer of everything and everyone.

And through every disappointment, every misunderstanding, and every lonely moment, one thing never changed:

Alhamdulillah — her faith in Allah.

When people failed to understand her, she found comfort in knowing that Allah understood every unspoken word.

When nobody saw her struggles, she believed that Allah saw every tear. And when the world felt heavy, she placed her trust in the One who never left her.

The world saw a favourite daughter.

But between the lines lived a girl who carried silent sacrifices, hidden tears, unwavering faith, and a heart that never stopped hoping.

And perhaps that was her greatest strength of all, which continues to shape her life today into something better she once silently prayed for. Alhamdulillah.

Some stories are never seen by people. Some tears are shed in silence, and some sacrifices go unnoticed. While the world sees only the lines, Allah knows the story between them — the hidden prayers, the silent struggles, and the burdens carried within the heart.

"Indeed, Allah is with the patient." — Qur'an 2:153

K.A. Khizra Kownain

III B.Sc Biotechnology

STORY BETWEEN THE LINES

The ceiling fan in the palliative care ward hummed a low, rhythmic drone, cutting through the heavy smell of antiseptic and boiled milk.

Selvi didn't look at the medical charts hanging at the foot of Bed 14. Charts were just numbers—blood pressure spikes, oxygen saturation percentages, dosage timings. They told you how a body was failing, but they never told you who was inside it.

As a night-shift nurse in this quiet corner of the hospital, Selvi's real job happened in the silence between the alarms. Her job was reading the unwritten lives.

She sat down on the stool beside Meera, an elderly woman whose breathing had grown shallow and irregular over the last three days. Meera had no visitors. No family had come to claim the plastic basin or the two faded cotton nightgowns sitting in the bedside locker. On paper, in the hospital logbook, Meera's life was reduced to a single, cold line: "72-year-old female, advanced stage, unresponsive but stable. No local guardian." But Selvi looked closer, searching for the stories hidden between those lines.

She gently took Meera's right hand. The skin was paper-thin, mapped with deep, wandering wrinkles and purple bruises from old IV lines. But beneath the frailty, Selvi noticed the thick, hardened calluses on the tips of Meera's index and thumb fingers. Those weren't the calluses of someone who had lived a quiet, passive life. They were the distinct, stubborn marks of a string instrument player—someone who had pressed her fingers against tight, unforgiving metal wires for decades to create music.

Yet, there was no veena in this room. No cassettes, no awards, no mention of music anywhere in her medical history.

Selvi looked at the bedside table. The only personal item was a small, tarnished silver ring with a missing stone, sitting next to a half-empty bottle of water. Meera's dry lips moved slightly, a breathless, silent whisper escaping them, but no sound came out.

The heavy textbooks Selvi had studied in college taught her how to manage physical pain, but they never explained the agony of an untold life—the crushing weight of memories dying inside a mind because there was no one left to give them to. Who had loved this woman? Whose songs had she played? Why was the final chapter of her existence being written in a blank, white hospital room with nothing but a stranger holding her hand?

Leaning down, Selvi placed her other hand over Meera's cold fingers. She didn't try to speak or offer empty reassurances. Instead, she just listened to the ragged spacing between Meera's breaths—the long, heavy pauses where a whole lifetime of unwritten joys and sorrows was quietly slipping away into the dark.

"I'm here," Selvi whispered into the quiet room, her voice thick with emotion. "I see you. Your music wasn't loud enough for the world, but it matters tonight."

When the monitor finally flattened into a single, continuous tone an hour later, the official report simply read: "Time of death: 3:14 AM. Cause: Cardiac arrest."

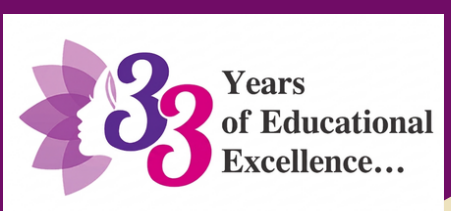
But Selvi stood by the window as the first pale light of dawn broke over the city, knowing the devastating truth. The world had just lost a symphony, and the only proof it ever existed was the fading warmth in the palm of a nurse's hand.

The deepest moral of this story is that: The true value and weight of a human life cannot be measured by what the world chooses to record.

Let the human be judged hereafter by knowing their joys and sorrows directly.

Shakthi Sruthi N.S

**III B.Sc Nutrition, FSM &
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THE NEW CHAPTER OF HOPE

There was a girl named Ameira who belonged to a middle-class family. She was very ambitious and determined to crack a competitive exam. In every exam, she gave her best, but despite her hard work, she could not achieve her goal.

Seeing others achieve their goals, she felt left behind and considered herself a failure. However, she never gave up, even though she was an average student in her class.

After completing her higher secondary education, she decided to go abroad for higher studies. There, she found herself alone and had to survive among strangers. She was bullied, and something inside her felt empty. As a result, she decided to leave that place and begin a new chapter in her life.

She felt lost, and her thoughts and ambitions were often in conflict. Though her silent struggle remained unseen, she persevered. The decision she made was not about failing in life but about protecting herself from the unknown obstacles that lay ahead.

Her decision to walk away eventually opened the door to success in her life.

Afeefa Falak K

II B.Sc Artificial Intelligence



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UNWRITTEN LIVES ARE THE LOUDEST STORIES – LISTEN BETWEEN THE LINES

Introduction

History often celebrates ceremonies, but it forgets the conquests that came before them. The story of Meenakshi Amman is one such tale—not of worship, but of sovereignty. This is not a religious narrative; it is the untold story of every woman who carries strength within her.

Before Meenakshi became a bride, she was a queen. Before the garland, she wore a crown. Before love, she had victory. Her life reminds us that womanhood is not defined by permission, but by power.

“The crown before the garland—power before permission.”

1. The Sovereign Before the Bride

Meenakshi's journey began with sovereignty. Born from sacred fire, she was destined to rule. Her Dikvijayam, the victory march across the eight directions, proved that she was a conqueror long before she was a bride. Madurai celebrated her power before her wedding, showing that her crown mattered more than the garland.

“A woman's conquest is her message, not her marriage.”

2. Lessons Between the Lines

Society often tells women to be soft, polite, and chosen. But Meenakshi's story teaches sharper truths:

- Be graceful, but never powerless.
- Be feminine, but never small.
- Be loving, but never incomplete.

Her life is a metaphor for every woman who refuses to shrink to be accepted, who does not wait to be chosen, and who remembers the crown before the flowers.

“Do not shrink to be accepted; rise to be remembered.”

3. The Untold Story of Every Woman

This is not mythology; it is a metaphor. Meenakshi's crown represents the leadership hidden in every girl's dream, every mother's resilience, every student's ambition, and every woman's courage. These are the unwritten lives—stories between the lines that history often overlooks.

“Every woman carries a crown, even when the world only sees the flowers.”

Conclusion

The wedding was beautiful, but the conquest was the message. Meenakshi's story is a reminder that a woman does not need permission to become powerful—she already is. This essay is not about worship, but about awakening. It is about reclaiming the untold story of women, celebrating their crowns before their garlands, and writing the lives that history left between the lines.

Sowmiya.S

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POEM - THE SECOND CHILD

The Second Child

In every introduction, she came after him.

“This is my son,” her parents would say proudly,

“And this is my daughter.”

Not by name.

Not by identity.

Just... after him.

He was the first child.

The one who carried dreams before he even understood them.

The one whose achievements were celebrated, whose mistakes were corrected with urgency.

And she?

Aathika Ruffaida K

III B.Sc Psychology

She was the second.

The one who arrived quietly into a life already full of expectations.

Growing up, she learned quickly—

Not through instructions, but through observation.

When her brother scored high, the house filled with joy.

When he failed, the house filled with concern.

When she scored well, there were smiles.

When she failed, there was silence.

Not harsh.

Not cruel.

Just... unnoticed.

She didn't get new rules.

She inherited them.

"Look at your brother."

"Learn from him."

"Be like him."

But no one ever said,

"Be yourself."

He had pressure.

She had comparison.

And sometimes, comparison is heavier.

At the dining table, her brother spoke about his future—engineering, ambitions, success.

Everyone listened.

When she tried to speak, the conversation moved on.

Not intentionally.

But enough times for her to stop trying.

She became quieter.

Not weak—just careful.

Careful with her words.

Careful with her expectations.

Careful not to need too much.

One evening, she overheard her parents talking.

"We have to focus on him first," her father said.

"He has more responsibility."

Her mother nodded.

"She'll understand. She's strong."

Strong.

It sounded like a compliment.

But it felt like a decision made without asking her.

From that day, she stopped asking.

For things.

For attention.

For recognition.

She watched her brother struggle under pressure.

Watched him stay up late.

Watched him carry expectations that sometimes broke him.

And for the first time, she understood—

He wasn't the favorite.

He was the responsibility.

And she?

She was the assumption.

The one who would adjust.
 The one who would understand.
 The one who would manage on her own.
 Years passed.
 He left for college.
 The house grew quieter.
 And suddenly, there was space.
 One day, her teacher asked,
 “Who are you, without comparison?”
 The question stayed with her.
 For days.
 For weeks.
 That night, she sat by the window and wrote.
 Not about her brother.
 Not about her family.
 But about herself.
 Her thoughts.
 Her dreams.
 Her voice.
 It felt strange at first.
 Like learning a language she was never
 taught.
 When she finally read her words, she paused.
 For the first time, she wasn’t “someone’s
 sister.”
 She was... someone.
 Nothing changed overnight.
 Her family didn’t suddenly realize
 everything.
 There were no dramatic apologies.
 No grand moments.
 But something quiet shifted.
 Inside her.
 She started speaking more.
 Not loudly.
 But enough.

She started choosing things for herself.
 Not rebelliously.
 But confidently.
 And slowly, without announcements or approval,
 She stepped out of his shadow—
 Not by pushing him away,
 But by finding her own light.
 Because sometimes,
 The most unnoticed child
 becomes the strongest voice—
 Not in the world,
 but within herself.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Between the lines of every smile,
 Lies a story hidden all the while.
 Not every tear is meant to fall,
 Some are never seen at all.
 A laugh may echo, loud and clear,
 Yet hide a silent, trembling fear.
 A simple “I’m fine” we often say,
 While breaking slowly day by day.

Unspoken words, they live inside,
 Behind the masks we choose to hide.
 In crowded rooms or empty nights,
 We fight our own unseen fights.
 The quiet victories, no one knows,
 The strength it takes just to oppose—
 The storms within, the silent cries,
 The truth behind unspoken lies.
 So pause, look deeper, take the time,
 To read the spaces... between the lines.

ALMOST THERE

Aiming for progress over perfection—
maybe that's what makes us human.

I have started many things
that never reached the finish line,
plans written with confidence,
efforts made in silence,
and endings that never arrived.

Behind every struggle,
every quiet failure,
there is a voice
that says, "Try again."

No applause,
no results,
just a quiet scene
that stays the same.

Some days I show up,
some days I fall short
of the promises I made to myself.
I feel stuck. I feel lost.
Still, I try to learn, to improve,
to become a better version of myself.

Sometimes I wonder
if trying is enough
when nothing seems to answer my efforts.

But still,
I start all over again.

Not because I am strong,
but because stopping
feels worse than failing.

Maybe my story
is not about winning.

Maybe it is about
being almost there
and still choosing
to continue with courage.

Saba Ambareen N

III B.Com (PA)

PAGE OF THE UN SPOKEN

The world observes the surface of my days,
The structured paths, the numbers, and the style,
The quiet student walking through the maze,
Who hides a universe behind a smile.
But deep between the lines of what is told,
Lies a different script they cannot see—
The silent battles and the victories bold,
The unseen hours that are shaping me.
I am the strength that grew from quiet doubt,
The steady hope when shadows started blending,
The internal spark that never did go out,
A beautiful story that is still unfolding.

Khathijathul Kubra G

II B.Sc Artificial Intelligence

FROM SILENCE TO SUCCESS

Once there was a winner who never failed,
She played, worked hard, and prevailed.
When she faced failure for the first time,
She knew how to rise after being derailed.

The things she faced were beyond what she
had prepared for,

What other people had, she never
compared. The only competitor she had was
herself; What other people thought, she
never cared.

The silent struggle wasn't simple or clear,
She learned the secrets that brought her
progress near.

The motive was to watch and help each
other grow,

The aim was success together, somehow.

“Life is easy,” that is what she thought,
She never gave up and always fought.
When she turned back to see her journey,
She could see nothing but the experience she
had gained.

She thought all her plans were flawed,
Yet she prevailed, for her trust was in God.

Azka Fathima Palsarak

II B.Sc Artificial Intelligence

UNWRITTEN LIVES: STORIES BETWEEN THE LINES

In the quiet corners of crowded rooms, I
learned how silence blooms.
Not every wound cries out in pain, Some
hide gently behind a smile again.

I carried storms no eyes could see, A
thousand broken parts of me.
While the world applauded how strong I
stood, No one asked if my heart still could.
There were nights I spoke to the moon,
Begging morning not to come too soon.
Because darkness understood my fears,
And listened softly to unseen tears.

I have lost people without goodbye,
Watched dreams fade slowly, asking why.
Held memories like fragile glass,
Praying somehow the ache would pass.

Yet somewhere between the hurt and scars,
I found pieces of forgotten stars.
Tiny hopes within the pain, Whispering
softly, “Live again.”
So if you meet someone laughing loud, Still
feeling lonely in a crowd,
Be kind to hearts you cannot read—
Some souls are bleeding where none can
see.

For every life has lines untold, Stories
hidden, quiet, and cold.
And sometimes the deepest love we give,
Is helping another soul still live.

Thade Umme kulsum

III B.Sc Artificial Intelligence

BETWEEN THE LINES - POEM

Not every scream is loud enough to hear,
Not every wound is meant to bleed,
Some battles burn in silent bones,
Some hearts break where none can see.

A smile—just a fragile disguise,
A trembling mask carefully worn,
Hiding storms behind calm skies,
Hiding nights that mourn till dawn.

Listen—
In the pause between two words,
In the breath that almost shakes,
There lives a story clawing to rise,
A truth too heavy to escape.

The quiet girl in the crowded room,
The boy with an absent stare,

They carry worlds collapsing within,
Yet no one notices the despair.

No applause for the wars they fight,
No witness to unseen scars,
They rise each day from shattered dreams,
And stitch their souls beneath the stars.

How heavy must a heart become
To choose silence over plea?
How strong must a soul pretend
When breaking is the only key?

But oh—
In those unheard, unspoken cries,
In shadows no light defines,
Lie the fiercest tales of all—
Written... between the lines.

Ms. B. Sakthimala

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MENTAL HEALTH IN THE DIGITAL AGE

Mental Health in the Digital Age: Challenges and Opportunities in India

In India today, digital technology has become an essential part of daily life. Digital communication, social media, smartphones, and online education have significantly changed the way people communicate, learn, and work. The growing use of the internet, particularly among students and young professionals, has created both opportunities and challenges for mental health. While technology facilitates communication and access to information, excessive dependence on digital platforms can negatively affect emotional and mental well-being.

Impact of Social Media on Mental Health

In India, social media platforms such as Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp, and YouTube are widely used. These platforms enable users to communicate, share ideas, and express their thoughts. They also help raise awareness about important social and mental health issues.

However, excessive use of social media can lead to anxiety, stress, and low self-esteem. Many young people experience anxiety and depression as they compare themselves to the idealized lifestyles and images they see online. Concerns about cyberbullying and online harassment have also increased in the digital age. Social pressure, negative comments, and internet trolling can affect emotional stability, particularly among teenagers and college students.

Technology, Stress, and Anxiety

The constant use of smartphones and digital devices has made daily life more mentally demanding. Academic pressure from online learning, workplace-related digital communication, and continuous notifications often contribute to stress and mental fatigue.

Another growing concern is the "Fear of Missing Out" (FOMO), which refers to the anxiety people feel when they believe they are missing social interactions or online activities. Furthermore, excessive screen time negatively affects sleep quality. Many students and working professionals use their phones and laptops extensively, especially at night. Poor sleep habits can result in stress, mood swings, difficulty concentrating, and emotional imbalance.

Positive Role of Digital Technology

Despite these challenges, digital technology can play a positive role in promoting mental health in India. Online counselling services, telemedicine platforms, and mental health helplines have made psychological support more accessible, particularly in rural and remote areas.

Digital awareness campaigns help reduce the stigma associated with mental illness and encourage people to discuss their emotional well-being openly. Additionally, meditation, yoga, and mental wellness applications help individuals manage stress, maintain emotional balance, and lead healthier lives.

Ways to Maintain Digital Well-Being

Maintaining mental health in the digital era requires the responsible and balanced use of technology. Reducing unnecessary screen time, taking regular breaks from digital devices, and participating in physical and social activities are essential.

For students, maintaining healthy study habits and proper sleep schedules should be a priority. Parents, educators, and educational institutions share the responsibility of teaching young people how to use the internet responsibly. Governments and technology companies must also continue raising awareness about mental health issues and promoting safer online environments.

Conclusion

The digital age has had a significant impact on mental health in India. Technology has made communication, education, and healthcare more accessible, but excessive dependence on it can also contribute to stress, anxiety, and other mental health concerns.

Therefore, it is important to maintain a healthy balance between online and offline life while developing positive digital habits. Through the responsible and mindful use of technology, society can create a healthier and more positive future for mental well-being.

Dr. K. Prabu

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LESSONS FROM A NEW CLASSROOM

Every classroom has two syllabi. One is printed in bold on the first page of the textbook: chapters, marks, and exams. The other is invisible. It lives between the lines. No one sets it, no one tests it, yet it shapes us the most.

This year, I walked into a new classroom. New faces, new names, new energy. I went in thinking I would teach. I walked out realizing I was the student too.

More Than Exams: Teaching Values

We often measure teaching by marks on a report card. But the real test happens long after the bell rings. How do you teach a student to be kind when no one is watching? How do you show them that honesty matters more than a correct answer?

In this classroom, I learned that values aren't chapters to be finished before the term exam. They are practiced. When a student shared her lunch with someone who forgot theirs, that was a lesson. When another admitted he copied homework and chose to redo it, that was a lesson. My role wasn't to lecture; it was to notice, to name it, and to let it matter.

Teaching values doesn't just sharpen students. It sharpened me. It forced me to ask: Am I living what I'm asking them to live?

The Mirror of Self-Discipline

You can't teach self-discipline if you're rushing into class unprepared. You can't preach focus while checking your phone. The classroom became my mirror.

I had to become more self-aware—not selfish, but centered in myself. Grounded. Because thirty pairs of eyes read your energy before they read the board. If I was scattered, they scattered. If I was calm, they settled.

Discipline stopped being about rules. It became about rhythm—showing up, being present, doing the small things well. And when I gave just 1% more attention to my own habits, the return from the class was huge.

A quieter room. Deeper questions. Trust.

Building Bridges: From Silence to Speech

Every class has its silent corners. The student who knows the answer but never raises a hand. The one who looks down when asked to read aloud.

My biggest challenge wasn't the noisy ones. It was the silent ones. How do you make a silent person speak without making them feel exposed?

I learned to build interaction, not interrogation. Small groups. One-line opinions. "What do you think?" instead of "What's the right answer?" Slowly, voices emerged. A whisper became a sentence. A sentence became a story.

And in hearing them, my world shifted too. I began to see the same topic from five different perspectives. Poverty in economics wasn't just a definition; it was a classmate's reality.

The 1% Rule: What You Give, Multiplies

If there's one truth this classroom taught me, it's this: If we give 1%, it returns tenfold.

A minute of extra patience with a struggling student came back as their breakthrough smile weeks later. One genuine "well done" turned into a student helping three others. Sharing happiness isn't subtraction. It multiplies and comes back, often from places you never expected.

Teaching stopped being a transaction—my knowledge for their marks. It became transformation. For them, and for me.

Unwritten Lives: Stories Between the Lines

So yes, we finished the portions. We wrote the exams. But the real stories were never in the answer scripts. They were between the lines—in the hesitation before a question, in the courage to try again, in the laughter we shared when the power went out.

These are unwritten lives. Not in textbooks, but stored in moments. And if we pay attention, they teach us how to be human.

A new classroom gave me new people. But more than that, it gave me new eyes. Some experiences are eye-openers forever. This was one.

Because in the end, we don't just teach lessons. We live them. And if we're lucky, they live in us too.

Ms. S. Baranipriya

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PEEPLENS

PEEPLENS is not just a word; it is an emotion that every individual experiences at some point in life. People often believe they understand others simply by observing them from the outside. They see smiles and assume happiness, silence and assume arrogance, distance and assume indifference. Yet human beings are quick to form opinions without knowing the hidden struggles carried within another person's heart.

Beyond assumptions, judgments, and misunderstandings exists a relationship that no human eye can fully witness—the relationship between God and an individual soul. It is a deeply personal story, not written in books or spoken aloud in crowds, but quietly engraved within a person's spirit. PEEPLENS represents this deeper way of seeing humanity, where God understands every hidden chapter that others fail to notice.

There are moments when people smile in public while silently breaking inside. They continue moving through life carrying burdens no one can see. While the world often recognizes visible strength, God sees the courage it takes to survive another day when the soul feels exhausted. He sees the tears shed in private, the silent prayers, the sleepless nights, and the hopes hidden beneath disappointment.

Human relationships may fail, trust may break, and expectations may wound. At times, people feel alone even when surrounded by others. Yet, in moments of loneliness, confusion, and heartbreak, God's presence remains constant. Not always loudly or in ways we expect, but quietly and faithfully. He understands what words cannot explain.

Faith is not always a journey of certainty. Sometimes it is filled with questions, waiting, disappointment, and pain. At times, faith simply means continuing to move forward despite wanting to give up. God understands every form of faith, even the broken kind. In fact, some of the deepest connections with God are formed during life's most difficult moments.

Society often encourages people to hide their weaknesses and present only their strengths. Beneath those carefully crafted appearances, however, are individuals longing to be understood. People see actions without knowing the pain behind them, mistakes without understanding the struggles that caused them, and silence without recognizing the battles taking place within. God, however, sees the whole story—the fear, the hope, the regret, the healing, and the growth.

Every person carries untold stories: stories of surviving emotional pain, choosing kindness despite hurt, forgiving others while healing themselves, and finding strength when no one is watching. These invisible victories often go unnoticed by the world, but they are never unseen by God.

PEEPLENS reminds us to look beyond appearances and approach others with compassion rather than assumptions. Every face carries an untold story, every heart holds silent prayers, and every soul longs to be seen and understood.

In the end, the relationship between God and an individual is not about perfection but about presence. It is about being fully known and still being loved. Even when the world misunderstands, overlooks, or fails to hear our silent battles, God never looks away.

And perhaps that is the most beautiful untold story of all.

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பிள்ளை மொழி

‘அக்கா’ என்ற
ஒன்றை வார்த்தையைச் சொல்லிவிட்டு
தரையில் உருண்டான் தம்பி
புரிந்துவிட்டது!
அக்காள் மண்ணில் உருண்டிருக்கிறாள்
‘அக்கா’ என்று சொல்லி
தன் கன்னத்தைக் கிள்ளிக் கொண்டான்
புரிந்துவிட்டது!
அவனை அக்காள் கிள்ளியிருக்கிறாள்
‘அக்கா’ என்று சொல்லி
வாசலைக் காட்டி அழுதான்
அவள் பள்ளிக்குப் போய்விட்டதை
எப்படிச் சொல்வது?
மூன்று வயது அக்காள்
செய்ததைச் சொல்ல முடிந்தது
இரண்டு வயது தம்பியால்!
ஆனால்,
அவனுக்குச் சொல்ல
எங்களுக்கு உதவவில்லை
சொல்லும் நடிப்பும்!

மாறும் உலகம்

பெரியவர்களின் பார்வையில்
ஓடுவது ஆறு
பூப்பது பூங்கா
காதல் ஊற்றெடுக்குமிடம்
தாஜ்மகால்
புதுமைப்பெண்ணின் வீடு மீனாட்சி
கோயில்
தமிழர் வரலாற்றின் வேர் கீழடி
தூண் தூரிகைகளின் ஒவியம்
நாயக்கர் மகால்

என
எல்லா இடங்களுக்கும்
தனித்தனி அடையாளம் உண்டு!
ஆனால்,
குழந்தைகளின் பார்வையில்
எல்லா இடங்களும் ஒன்றே
விளையாடுமிடங்கள்!
பெரியவர்களே நீங்கள்
எப்பொழுது குழந்தையாகப்
போகிறீர்கள்?
யாரோ சொன்னதைச் சொல்லும்
கிளிப்பிள்ளை சிறையிலிருந்து
எப்போது விடுதலை
பெறப்போகிறீர்கள்?
சுயமாகச் சிந்திக்கும் ஆற்றலை
எப்போது இழந்தீர்கள்?
உங்களைப் பெரியவர்கள் ஆக்கியது
யார்?
இறந்தகால வலையில்
சிக்கியவர்கள்
வயதான மீன்கள் ஆனார்கள்!
கவலை இறந்தகாலச் சவம்
அதைப் புதைக்காமல் சுமப்பது ஏன்?
பயம் எதிர்கால கற்பனை
பொய்யை மெய்யாக்க வேண்டுமா?
இப்பொழுதில் வாழ்வோர்க்குக்
குழந்தையாவது எளிது
காரணம்
எதுவும் புதிது எப்பொழுதும் புதிது!

நவீன பள்ளிகள்

ஞாயிறு இல்லாத
அதிசய நாட்காட்டி துரத்த
தூக்கத்தைத் தொலைத்து
மதிப்பெண் வேட்டைக்கு
மகிழ்ச்சியையே இலக்காக்கி!
வாசம் தொலைத்த மலராய்
உணர்ச்சியற்ற முகங்களோடு!
மதிப்பெண் முட்டையிடும்
பள்ளிப் பண்ணைக்குள்
பெரியவர்களின்
கனவு குப்பைகளைச் சுமக்கும்
பரிதாபத்துக்குரிய
பதின்பருவ முதியவர்கள்!
இன்றாவது
விளையாட வருவார்களா
என ஏங்கும்
வெற்றுப் பாலையாய்
மைதானங்கள்!

துணை

தன்னைச் சுமக்கும்
உயிர்களுக்கிடையில்
மனத்தையும் சுமந்து
தடுமாறும்
மனிதன்!

முடிவெடுத்த
மாய பிம்பங்களே
நான், நீ, அவர்கள்...!

சாதி, மதம் என
பல நம்பிக்கை
கோட்டைக்குள்
கைதியானபிறகு
நாம்
எடுப்பார் கைப்பிள்ளை!

தனியே நடக்கத்
துணிவில்லாதவர்களுக்கே
கூட்டம்!
அங்கே பல மனிதர்கள்
ஆனால்
ஒரு மூளை!
மந்தையில் இருந்து
விலகி நடந்தவர்களே
தன்னைச்
சந்திக்கிறார்கள்!

உளவியல் எச்சரிப்பில்
தனிமை
ஒரு நோய்!
அதற்குத் தெரியுமா?
அது
பெற்ற குழந்தையே
அறிவென்று!

வாழ்க்கைப் பயணத்தில்
கட்டுச்சோறு தேவையில்லை!
பொறுப்பேற்பவருக்குப்
புலம்ப
நேரமில்லை!

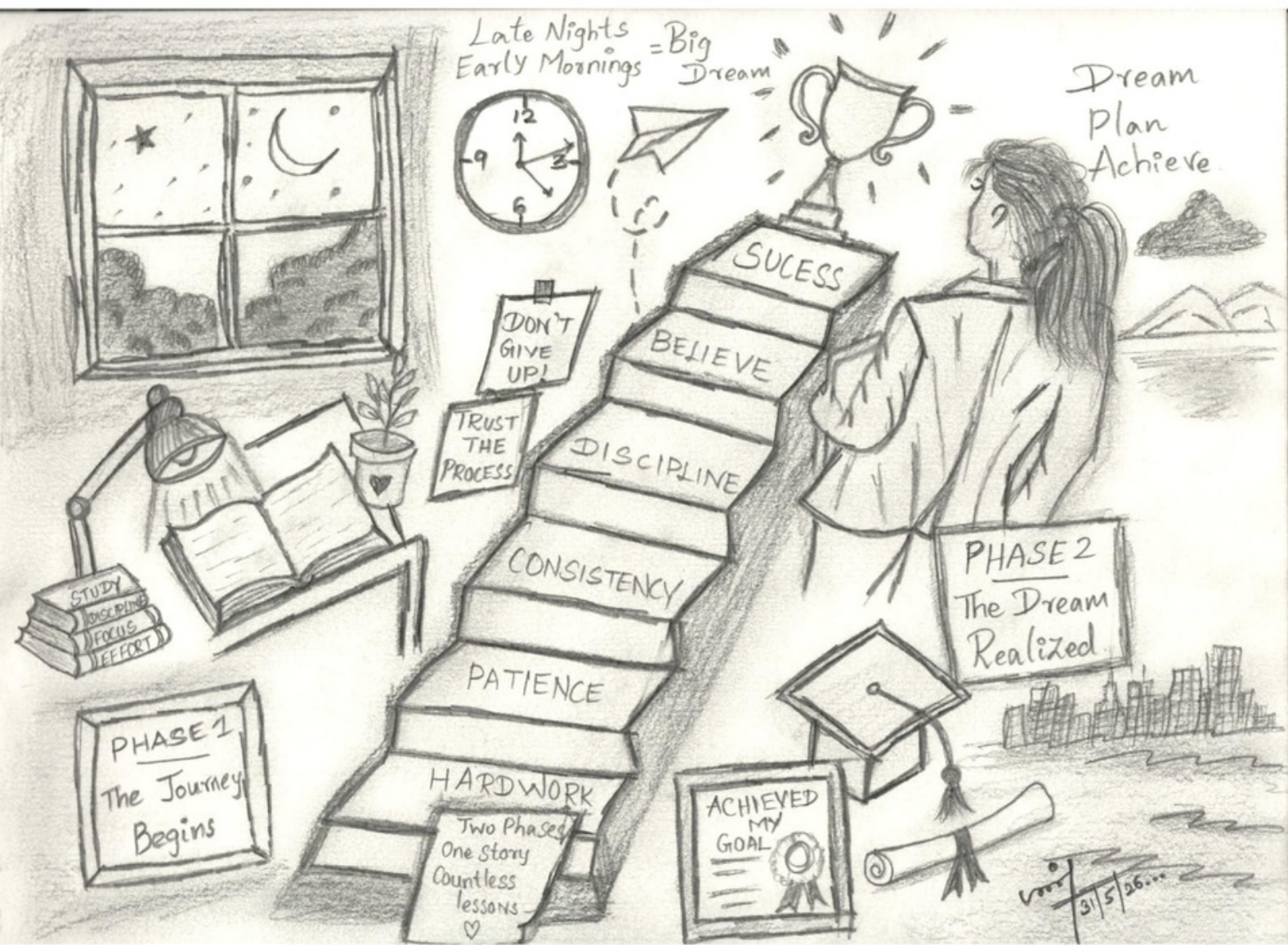
Mr. K. Navukkarasan

Assistant Professor

Department of Tamil

MKJC (A)

ART



Ms. S Priyadarshini

Assistant Professor

Department of Mathematics

MKJC (A)



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