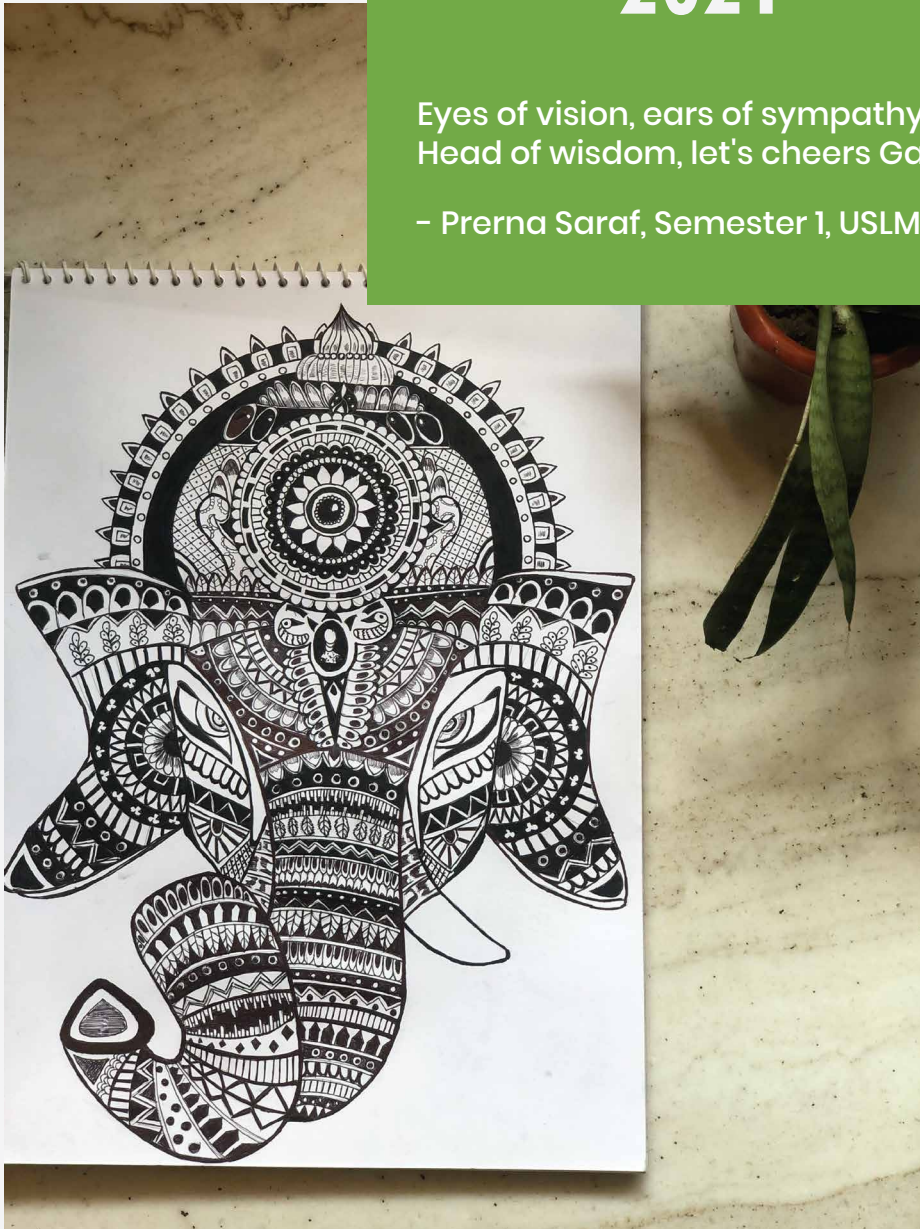


# SEPTEMBER 2021

Eyes of vision, ears of sympathy  
Head of wisdom, let's cheers Ganpati!!

– Prerna Saraf, Semester 1, USLM



NEWSLETTER

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# Joy of Being an Average

By: Shraddha Sharma, Assistant Professor, USLM

One day I was speaking to my friend. She is among my close friends so it was relaxed conversation and she told me how her father is worried because her younger brother is average in his studies. I don't know why but that average word got stuck into my head. May be because I have always been an average in most of the thing I did and still do, or may be because in my childhood whenever I complained about my looks, my skin color, my features, my height or my personality or any other thing my mother always said 'it's ok... there is nothing wrong with you, most of the Indian girls are like this only, why do you think so much?'. So apparently, I realized (took years to accept) that I am an average girl with average looks (you may read it below average also). I am an average girl who is average in everything.

I really wonder why being average is not welcomed in our society. Why do people say being average is not good enough? Why is it not good enough? Why being average is unacceptable and humiliating in this society? Why are we chasing perfection and excellence in everything? No, we don't need to be great, amazing or extraordinary in everything. It's absolutely ok if you are average in studies or in career or in anything else. Only thing that matters is your acceptance. Being average is not the biggest challenge of your life, there are others roadblocks that you have to clear out to make your life easy. Being average cannot be the dead end. Nowhere, I am saying that we should stop trying or stop pushing ourselves. I just want all of us not to be too harsh or angry on ourselves for being average or not matching the criteria of being perfect. Perfection

is the biggest lie created by us only and there is no point of running behind a bubble image which can be burst anytime. Accept the fact that nobody is perfect in this world. Everybody is trying to portray a perfect picture. Everything we do, cannot be the perfect, accept it and by doing so you would learn how to be grateful for small simple things.

We are not average human beings, it's just that we are average at something or in most of the things and it's absolutely ok to be an average and only thing that matters is that who you are as a human being? Always look for to be an amazing human being. Doesn't matter you have an average personality, average intelligence or average performance but never settle down in your life with being an average human being. Do your best that matters the most. Being a proud average girl, I can say that 'this world may not appreciate those who are average at something but this is also a truth that this world, this society cannot run without people who are average'. So, step back for a moment, take a deep breath and appreciate this precious life and joy of being an average.



# 45 Sentence Story

By: Vachana Shah, Semester 7, Advanced Diploma, USLM

1. On the 1st of March, my mother told me she will be visiting her sister in Bangalore for a month.

2. Despite the constant fighting and bickering, mom and my aunt have always been enviously close to each other.

3. As my luck would have it, I couldn't go with her as life got in the way.

4. I had my college classes and examinations going on but I couldn't stop thinking about all the family gossip and fun I would be missing out on.

5. It's always a hoot hearing childhood stories of my mother and realizing she was no ideal child either.

6. Amidst my sulking, a thought struck in my head reminding me that I am going to have the house to myself for a whole month!

7. I realized I could be partying non-stop with my friends, watch TV whenever I want and not worry about cleaning my room for thirty long peaceful days.

8. I realized that I had gone from feeling sorry for myself to feeling like I had the best life.

9. Not surprisingly, my happiness was short lived.

10. While hopping around in the living room, I stumbled upon a box my mom made of my old clothes that didn't fit me anymore.

11. I no longer was in a party mood; instead something in me told me that it was time I needed to bring about change.

12. I promised myself that until mom got back, I would lose enough weight to fit into my old clothes again.

13. I did a lot of research, talked to my friends and a few fitness instructors and concluded that if I run 10 miles a day and stick to a proper diet, I should be able to achieve my goal.

14. My plan looked real good on paper but I paused for a second and focused on the "10 miles a day" part and suddenly I didn't feel too confident.

15. I had to run 10 miles a day! ME! Someone who gets tired while talking too fast!

16. I was very close to giving up and shifting back to the party plan until I saw that ugly, wretched box taunting me from far away.

17. That box reminded me of all the times my mother had pressured me to lose weight, eat healthy and to exercise.

18. The thing that I should have mentioned earlier is that my mother too used to be chubby when she was my age.

19. She felt bullied and undesirable and I guess she just didn't want my story to be similar to hers; she was just being a mom.

20. However, I did not appreciate the unnecessary pressure so I decided to prove her wrong once and for all.

21. I came up with a devious plan; if I didn't want my neighbors to see how funny I look when I run then I needed to out-time them.

22. I woke up at 5 every morning and chose a very different route.

23. I would get tired in the first fifteen minutes, 10 miles seemed impossible to me.

24. I pushed myself every single day because I wanted my mother to see the change in me.

25. The hardest struggle was controlling my appetite; I am not someone who has ever eaten a salad for a meal in my entire life!

26. I craved junk food every single minute of every single day but I knew how much it took out of me to get out of bed every morning and go running while making sure none of my neighbors see me.

27. Fifteen days had gone by and to my surprise; I was halfway done with my goal as I had lost 3 kg!

28. My mother was hell-bent on video calling me every single day!

29. I think she just wanted to make sure I hadn't invited any boy over but I didn't want her to see me just yet.

# 45 Sentence Story

By: Vachana Shah, Semester 7, Advanced Diploma, USLM

30. If she saw me, she would realize that I looked a little different and I couldn't take any more pressure.

31. I never thought I would say this in my entire but I had actually started to like exercise and eating healthy.

32. Have I become a boring person now?

33. I didn't have time to worry about my personality now; I needed to get in shape.

34. Mom was coming back tomorrow and it was time now to open the box and see if the clothes fit me.

35. I couldn't believe it!

36. I had done it!

37. Every single one of my clothes fit me and I felt extremely comfortable in them.

38. I slept peacefully that night as I knew I was going to shock my mother the next morning.

39. I hadn't even bothered cleaning the house as I knew my mother's eyes wouldn't be looking anywhere else.

40. I heard the keys unlock the door and I knew it was time!

41. I wish I could say her reaction surprised me but I always knew what a Bollywood mother I had.

42. As she saw me, the bag dropped out of her hand and I couldn't figure out from her face whether she was about to cry and scream.

43. I had defeated my mother and my life was now fulfilled.

44. I treated myself to a big cheeseburger that day as my mother continued to wonder how I managed to do this.

45. I guess with the right motivation and push, there's not much people can't do.





# Face Masks

By: Anshia Sharma, Semester 1, USLM

There are 2 types of masks. The first is the one we wear to protect ourselves from diseases, pollution et cetera. The second conceals the sorrows which we might otherwise reveal to the world.

The first one is often a necessity but what about the second one? Why do we attempt to hide our emotions with the second mask: fake smiles? Why do we do that till we cannot even do that anymore? Why must we conceal what we truly feel? We are humans and we

have feelings. As humanity, it would do us good to acknowledge them. You should know that it is okay to feel. We are humans.

We are not robots. Our feelings are valid. They matter. We matter. You matter.



# Craftastic

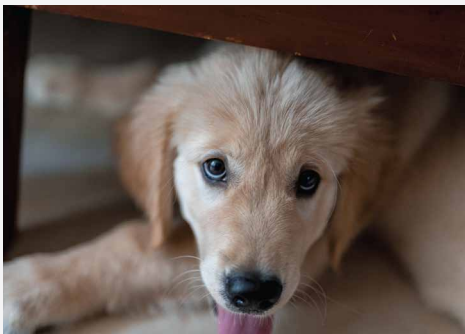
By: Divyajeetsinh Sarvaiya, Semester 3, Uslm



# Photography

By: Nandish Shah, Semester 5, USLM

Here are some wonderful images captured beautifully by our student of Digital Media, Mass Communication, Nandish Shah:





# The Black Shadow

By: Anshia Sharma, Semester 1, USLM

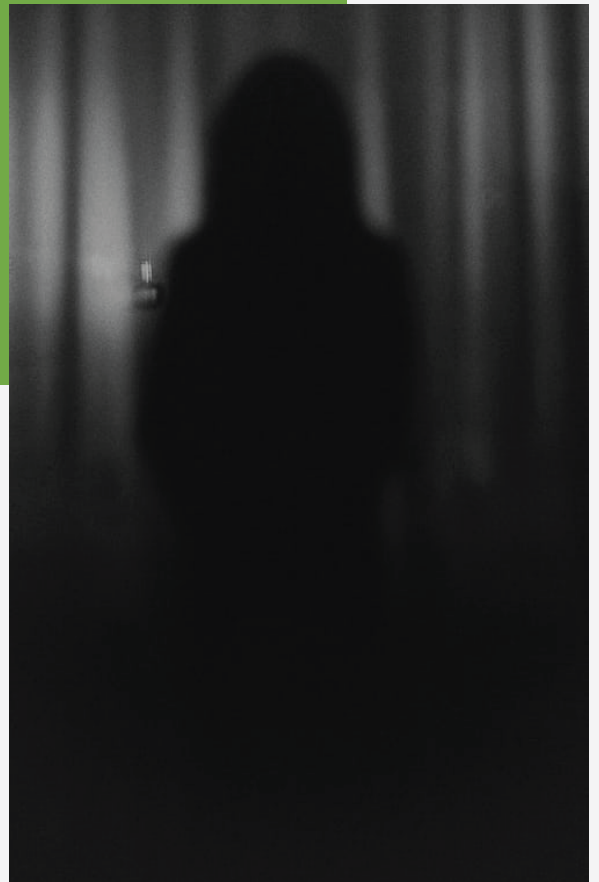
I grew up being told that I must not become weak like my elder sister. I was told I must be strong and so I wanted to be strong. I was told that my sister was weak because she spoke of the black shadow (which I later learnt meant depression) and asked for help. As I became elder, I came across many hurdles in life. I thought a lot about myself and my place in the world. My black shadow was growing, inch-by-inch. For some time I was in denial. For some more time I managed to deny it in front of others.

Then one day, it seemed to have doubled in size. It was weighing me down. I could no longer hold myself up. It was a struggle pull myself out of bed, let alone talk to people everyday. I isolated myself from the world, sitting alone in a corner even amongst company.

The black shadow told me things I didn't want to hear, to know, to acknowledge. I could not smile at myself in the mirror, not even a fake smile. I was sinking and I was only asked to remain strong. I did not want to remain strong. I did not care if they said I was weak. I knew that it was strong of me just to ask for help.

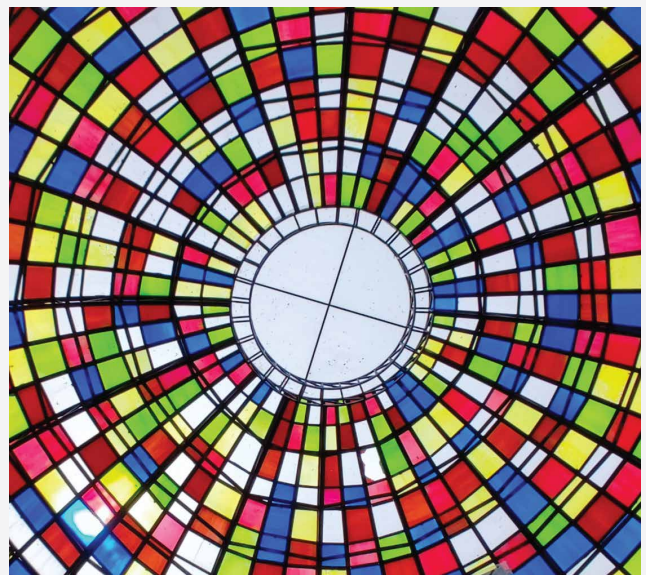
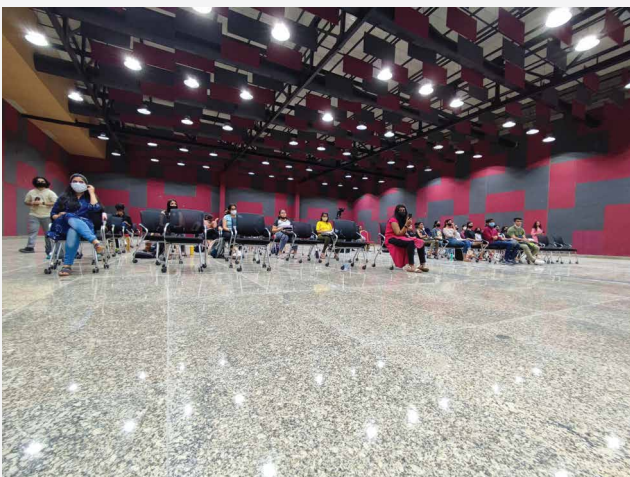
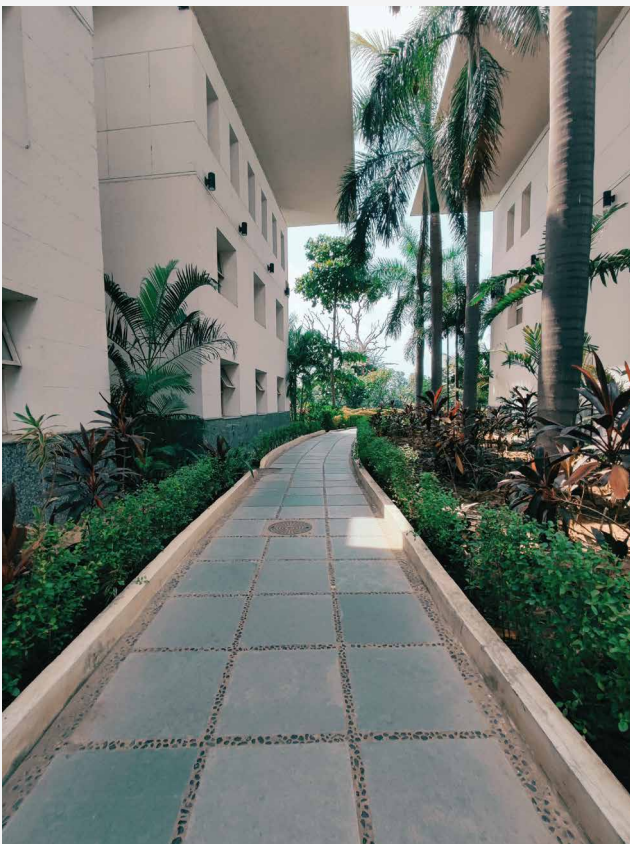
After weeks of therapy, I felt good. I had not felt like that in years. I emerged a new person. A strong new person.

People go for therapy when they get physically hurt but they don't go if they get mentally hurt. We are human and not robots or objects we have feelings which we need to express it and not deny or repress it.



# Karnavati University campus from the eyes of

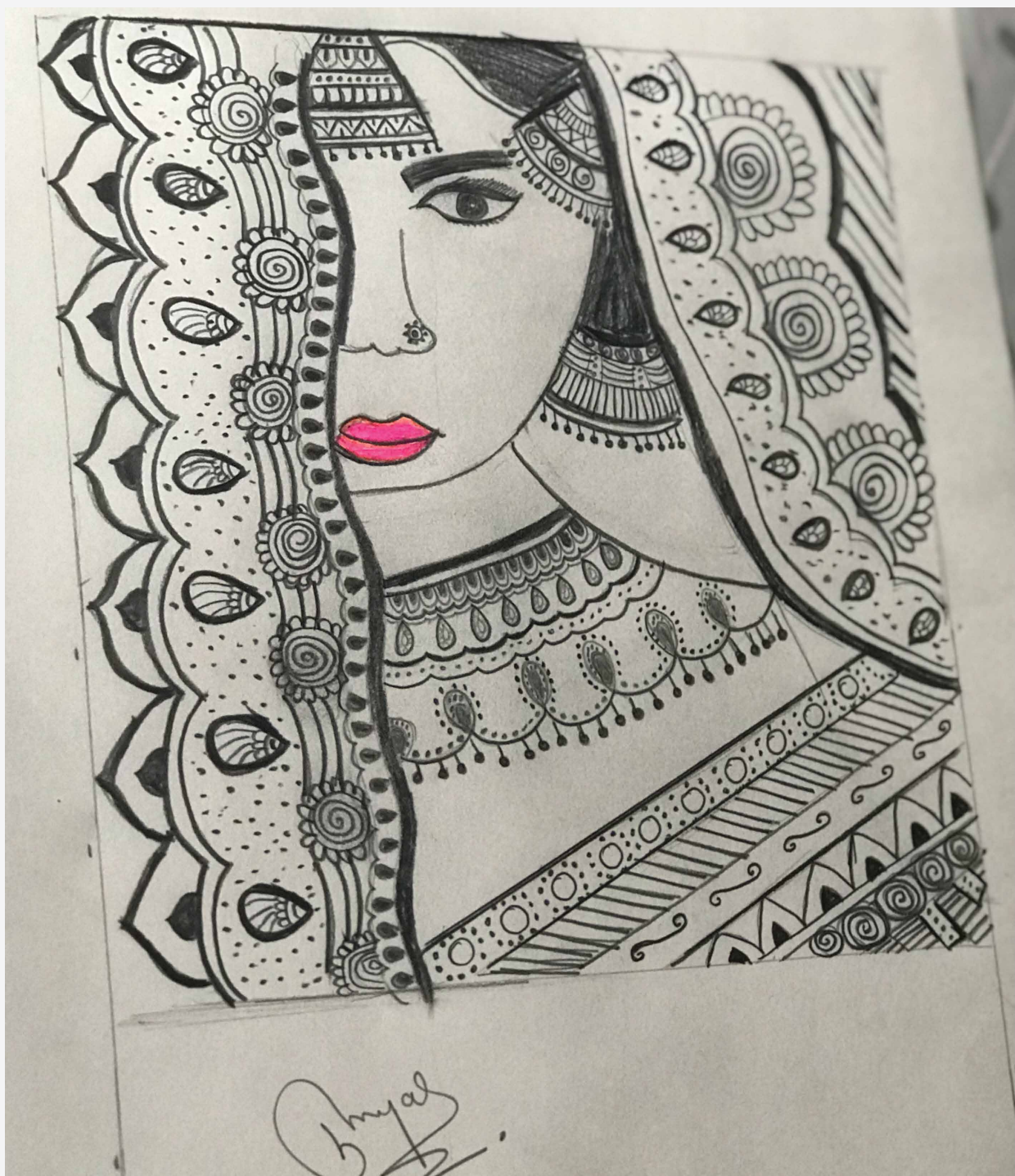
Vedanti Shah, Semester 1, USLM





# Sketch

By: Hema Vyas, Semester 1, USLM



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