



## **VISION OF THE INSTITUTION**

To impart value based education in Engineering and Technology to empower young women to meet the societal exigency with a global outlook.

## **MISSION OF THE INSTITUTION**

- To provide holistic education through innovative teaching-learning practices
- To instill self confidence among rural students by supplementing with co-curricular and extra-curricular activities
- To inculcate the spirit of innovation through training, research and development
- To provide industrial exposure to meet the global challenges
- To create an environment for continual progress through life-long learning

## **VISION OF THE DEPARTMENT**

Electrical and Electronics Engineering Department is to be a center of excellence in technical education and research by producing world-class graduates to meet future challenges of the country.

## **MISSION OF THE DEPARTMENT**

- ✧ To impart quality education to our students and provide a comprehensive understanding of Electrical & Electronics Engineering and produce a new generation of knowledgeable, skilled, innovative engineers.
- ✧ To stabilize the students to understand the responsibility as an engineer who prove to be good citizens having concern for society, environment and ethical issues.
- ✧ To evolve the student community to adapt appropriate sustainable technologies through remarkable contribution for rural needs.

## Short Story

It has been years since I last saw you — yet your face still lingers in my heart like a soft, unfinished dream. Every time my heart dares to long for you, my mind gently reminds me of the emptiness your absence has left behind. I am carried back to those brighter days the golden afternoons when we ran across the yard, chasing shadows, laughter echoing through the air. You were more than just a friend; you were the heartbeat of my childhood. I still remember the first day we met the sparkle in your eyes, the innocent mischief in your smile. It felt as though destiny itself had planned our meeting.

Even now, I can picture your playful leaps, your curious gaze, your soft warmth beside me. Do you remember how we used to share cookies and ice creams, sitting together and watching our favourite cartoon, Oswald? Those simple moments were pure magic happiness in its truest form. The back seat of the car still feels empty without you. I can almost see you, peeping out of the window, ears fluttering in the breeze, eyes filled with wonder.

You made even an ordinary journey feel like an adventure. You were not only my best friend you were my silent protector. When my parents weren't around, it was your gentle watchfulness that kept me safe. During those long evening walks, I would talk endlessly, and though you never replied in words, your eyes said everything I needed to hear. Now, as I walk around the same house alone, your memories rush through my mind, blurring my vision with tears.

I still half expect to see you waiting by the gate, tail wagging, eyes sparkling just like before. Time has moved on, but my heart hasn't. I still come home searching for you in the wind, in the shadows, in the quiet corners where you once lay.

My dear friend, I hold these memories close not as reminders of loss, but as treasures of love. They form the bridge between Earth and Heaven, where someday, perhaps, I'll meet you again and we'll take that walk once more, side by side, just like we used to.

### Haikoo

காலி பாத்திரம், தாலாட்டு பாடும் காற்று, கனவு ரொட்டித் துகளாய்.  
மெளனக் குழந்தை, மாலையக்கதிர் கண்களில் நம்பிக்கை உறங்கும்.  
பொன்னில் விருந்து, ஒரு விதை போதும் வாழ்வுக்கு பசி இன்னும் பேசும்.

Lost Friend

- by VIDHYABARATHI P

**A** Boy and His Talking Dog In the quiet little town of Maplewood, lived a 13-year-old boy named Arjun. He was the kind of kid who preferred comic books over cricket, and stargazing over homework. His parents were always busy, and his classmates thought he was “a little weird.” So, most days, he’d sit by his window with his sketchbook, drawing superheroes and wishing he had a real friend — someone who’d understand him. One stormy evening, as thunder rolled through the sky, Arjun spotted something moving near the old bus stop. Curiosity pushed him outside. There, under the flickering streetlight, sat a drenched brown dog — trembling, mud-covered, and glaring suspiciously at anyone who passed. “Hey, buddy,” Arjun said softly, pulling out half a biscuit from his pocket. The dog tilted his head and — to Arjun’s horror — spoke. “About time! I’ve been sitting here for hours! You humans walk past like I’m invisible!” Arjun jumped back. “Y-you can TALK!?” “Of course I can. You just never listen,” the dog said, wagging his tail. Arjun couldn’t decide if he was dreaming or losing his mind. But when the dog looked at him with those deep, knowing eyes, he knew this was real. He named him Bolt — because the dog had a lightning-shaped patch on his fur.

**Chapter 2 – The Secret Friendship** For the next few days, Arjun hid Bolt in his backyard shed. His parents thought he was spending more time outside because he’d “finally found a hobby.” If only they knew he was talking to a dog about philosophy, superheroes, and the mystery of homework. Bolt wasn’t an ordinary dog. He loved snacks, hated baths, and had a very sharp tongue. “Seriously, kid,” Bolt said one day, watching Arjun’s math homework, “You humans invented rockets but can’t figure out simple fractions?” Arjun burst out laughing. “You’re worse than my teacher!” Every evening, they went exploring — the park, the woods, even the abandoned railway track. Bolt seemed to know things no ordinary dog could. Once, he guided Arjun to a spot under an old tree, where they found a rusted box full of coins and letters from the 1940s. “How did you know this was here?” Arjun asked, eyes wide. Bolt smirked. “Let’s just say... dogs remember more than they let on.”

### Chapter 3 – The Mystery of the Collar

One day, while brushing Bolt’s fur, Arjun noticed something carved inside his collar — “Project ECHO.” “What’s Project Echo?” Arjun asked. Bolt went silent for a moment. “I... I’m not sure. But I keep getting flashes — like someone’s voice, calling me from a lab.” That night, Arjun couldn’t sleep. He sneaked onto his dad’s old laptop and searched online. What he found shocked him — Project ECHO was a secret government experiment from 10 years ago, meant to enhance animal intelligence for rescue operations. But it was shut down after the animals mysteriously vanished. “Bolt,” Arjun whispered the next morning, “you were part of that project.” Bolt stared at him. “So... I was a government experiment?” “Yeah. But you’re free now. You’re not a project — you’re my friend.” For the first time, Bolt didn’t have a comeback. He just rested his head on Arjun’s shoulder.

### Chapter 4 – Trouble Comes Knocking

Things took a turn when strange men in black suits appeared in the neighborhood, asking about “a talking animal.” Arjun realized they were from the same project team. They had tracked Bolt. “We have to run,” Bolt said, his ears twitching. “If they find me, they’ll take me back.” Arjun grabbed his backpack, stuffed some food inside, and the two took off on Arjun’s old bicycle one boy pedaling furiously, and one sarcastic dog holding on for dear life. They hid in an old watchtower outside town. As night fell, Bolt looked at the stars and said quietly, “You know, kid, I used to think humans were selfish. But you... you’re different.” Arjun smiled. “You’re my best friend, Bolt. I won’t let anyone take you away.”

### Chapter 5 – The Goodbye

By morning, the men found them. Arjun stood between Bolt and the agents. “You can’t take him! He’s not your experiment anymore!” he shouted. One of the scientists stepped forward. “Son, this dog’s intelligence is unstable. He could lose it any time.” Bolt looked at Arjun. “He’s right, kid. I feel it too. My voice... it’s fading.” Tears welled up in Arjun’s eyes. “No... please...” Bolt smiled softly. “Don’t cry, Arjun. You gave me something no lab ever could a real life.” As the agents approached, Bolt gently nudged Arjun’s hand. “Remember me, okay? And don’t stop talking to the stars. They listen better than most people.” With one last wag of his tail, Bolt was gone.

**Epilogue : A Year Later** A year passed. Arjun still drew in his sketchbook — now filled with stories of a talking dog who changed his life. Sometimes, when the wind rustled through the trees, he could almost hear Bolt’s voice saying, “Don’t forget to feed the imaginary dog, kid.” And Arjun would smile. Because deep down, he knew — real friendship never stops talking.

# Solar Energy

**S**olar energy is any type of energy generated by the sun. Solar energy is created by nuclear fusion that takes place in the sun. Fusion occurs when protons of hydrogen atoms violently collide in the sun's core and fuse to create a helium atom.

This process, known as a PP (proton-proton) chain reaction, emits an enormous amount of energy. In its core, the sun fuses about 620 million metric tons of hydrogen every second. The PP chain reaction occurs in other stars that are about the size of our sun, and provides them with continuous energy and heat. The temperature for these stars is around 4 million degrees on the Kelvin scale (about 4 million degrees Celsius, 7 million degrees Fahrenheit).

In stars that are about 1.3 times bigger than the sun, the CNO cycle drives the creation of energy. The CNO cycle also converts hydrogen to helium, but relies on carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen (C, N, and O) to do so. Currently, less than two percent of the sun's energy is created by the CNO cycle.

Nuclear fusion by the PP chain reaction or CNO cycle releases tremendous amounts of energy in the form of waves and particles. Solar energy is constantly flowing away from the sun and throughout the solar system. Solar energy warms Earth, causes wind and weather, and sustains plant and animal life.

The energy, heat, and light from the sun flow away in the form of electromagnetic radiation (EMR). The electromagnetic spectrum exists as waves of different frequencies and wavelengths. The frequency of a wave represents how many times the wave repeats itself in a certain unit of time. Waves with very short wavelengths repeat themselves several times in a given unit of time, so they are high-frequency. In contrast, low-frequency waves have much longer wavelengths.

Photovoltaics is a form of active solar technology that was discovered in 1839 by 19-year-old French physicist Alexandre-Edmond Becquerel. Becquerel discovered that when he placed silver-chloride in an acidic solution and exposed it to sunlight, the platinum electrodes attached to it generated an electric current. This process of generating electricity directly from solar radiation is called the photovoltaic effect, or photovoltaics.

Today, photovoltaics is probably the most familiar way to harness solar energy. Photovoltaic arrays usually involve solar panels, a collection of dozens or even hundreds of solar cells.

Each solar cell contains a semiconductor, usually made of silicon. When the semiconductor absorbs sunlight, it knocks electrons loose. An electrical field directs these loose electrons into an electric current, flowing in one direction. Metal contacts at the top and bottom of a solar cell direct that current to an external object. The external object can be as small as a solar-powered calculator or as large as a power station.

Photovoltaics was first widely used on spacecraft. Many satellites, including the International Space Station (ISS), feature wide, reflective "wings" of solar panels. The ISS has two solar array wings (SAWs), each using about 33,000 solar cells. These photovoltaic cells supply all electricity to the ISS, allowing astronauts to operate the station, safely live in space for months at a time, and conduct scientific and engineering experiments.

தண்ணீர் – வாழ்க்கையின்  
மூச்சுதுளி துளியாக விழும் தண்ணீர்,தாயின்  
கருணை போல மென்மை கொண்டது.பாறை  
மோதினாலும் தன் வழி தேடும், மனிதன்  
போல நம்பிக்கையோடு ஓடும். துடிப்பான  
ஆற்றாய் பாடும் தண்ணீர், பசுமையாய்  
பூமியை தழுவும் அன்பு. வறட்சியில்  
நம்பிக்கையாக மழை வரும், வாழ்வை  
எழுப்பும் அதிசயம் – தண்ணீர். தண்ணீரை  
காப்பது நம் கடமை, இல்லையென்றால்  
உயிரே தணியும். ஒவ்வொரு துளியும் ஒரு  
உயிர் நினைவாய்,நாளைய நிலத்தை காக்கும்  
பிரார்த்தனை.

### **Water The Breath of Life**

Drop by drop, the water falls, Gentle and kind,  
like a mother's call. It carves its path through  
stone and sand, Flowing with faith, across the  
land.

It sings as a river, bright and free,  
Embracing the earth with love and glee. When  
droughts arrive, it brings new cheer, The miracle  
of life pure water, dear.

To save each drop is our duty and grace,  
Without it, life would lose its place. For every  
drop is a living prayer, To guard tomorrow  
beyond compare

### **POETRY BY BHUVANESHWARI A**

- ✧ Dreams and Reality Continued I was finally  
free, I could listen to the music people my age  
were listening to, and I could picture art that I  
wasn't able to see. I was free and home, that  
was until
- ✧ I realized later that each night, I would linger in  
my dreams more and more till one day I  
couldn't wake up.
- ✧ I wanted to live in this world being able to see  
and hear.
- ✧ That was what I wanted. But the people I knew,  
my friends, and my family
- ✧ were slowly slipping away. I thought if I just  
never slept again, I could stay with the people  
who cared for me, but people need sleep.

*With every night I fell deeper  
and deeper, slowly drifting into  
the ocean of my dreams. I was  
drowning in the world I  
created to escape*

## பாலின சமத்துவம் — சமநிலை

உலகின் அழகுமனிதன் பிறக்கும் பொழுதே சமம், அவன் ஆண்,  
அவள் பெண் இருவரும் உயிர் ஒளி. ஆனால் உலகம் வரைந்த  
கோடுகள், ஒருவரை உயர்த்தி, ஒருவரை  
மெனாப்படுத்தின. பெண்ணின் குரல் ஒரு இசை, ஒரு தீ, அவள்  
கனவு உலகத்தை மாற்றும் தீ. அவள் வீடு நடத்தினாள்,  
உலகமும் நடத்தினாள், ஆனால் வரலாறு அவளை அமைதியாய்  
மறைத்தது. ஆணின் தோள் வலிமை, அன்பு,  
நம்பிக்கை, அவன் கண்ணீர் மறைந்த வலி, சொல்லாத  
சுமை. சமூகம் அவனிடம் சொன்னது, நீ வலிமையானவன்  
அழாதே. இருவரும் மனிதர்கள் இருவரும் ஆண்மா, அன்பும்  
அருமையும் ஒரே தாயின் பாசம். பாலினம் ஒரு பெயர்  
மட்டும், மனிதம் தான் உண்மையான அடையாளம். ஒரு பெண்  
விமானம் ஓடும் போது, ஒரு ஆண் சமையல் செய்கிறான் வீழல்  
அதுவே சமத்துவம்; அதுவே அழகு. அவள் கனவுகளுக்கு  
இடமளி, அவன் உணர்ச்சிகளுக்கு மரியாதை கொடு. சமத்துவம்  
என்பது சண்டை இல்லை, அது ஒருவரை ஒருவர்  
புரிந்துகொள்வது தான். நீங்கள், நாங்கள், எல்லோரும்  
சேர்ந்து, ஒரு சமநிலை உலகை உருவாக்கலாம் அங்கு  
குழந்தைகள் கனவு காணும் பொழுதே அவர்களுக்கு பாலினம்  
இல்லை அவர்களுக்கு மனிதம் மட்டும்.

## Gender Equality

From the moment of birth, we are the  
same, He or she both sparks of the same flame.  
Yet the world drew lines in sand and stone,  
Lifting one up, leaving the other alone.

Her voice a melody, fierce and pure, Her  
dreams the seeds of change to endure. She  
built homes, she built nations, Yet history hid her  
contributions in hesitation.

His shoulders strength and care  
combined, But behind his smile, a pain  
confined. Society whispered, "Men don't cry," So  
he learned to hide his tears, his sigh. Both are  
human heart and soul, Two halves that make  
the whole. Gender is just a name, Humanity is  
the truer claim.

When she flies a plane through clouds  
and dreams, And he cooks at home with love  
that gleams That is equality, that is grace, The  
beauty of balance, the human race. Let her  
speak, let him feel, Equality is not war it's the  
art to heal.

It's not about power or control, But about  
respect that makes us whole. Together we can  
build a world anew, Where boys and girls have  
skies of blue, Where every child, without a  
chain, Can live with pride, without shame.

In that world of equal light, Every heart  
will shine bright For beyond gender, beyond all  
strife, We'll find the meaning of life

She opens her book,  
The world blooms beneath  
her eyes —  
Dreams learn how to fly.

A pen in her hand, Is a  
sword against  
silence, Light breaks every  
chain.

**Waiting for the Mom**

10:39 AM. Sunday. The Dutch Corner. For twenty-nine minutes, Cynthia and I have been sitting across from each other in a booth against a heavily ornamented wall. The theme of the wall is vintage country. I'm becoming well-acquainted with a certain gingham plate propped on a floating shelf less than a foot from my right eye which displays an interesting, possibly morbid image of a little red chick timidly examining a little red egg. Fading away in the background, watching the chick from behind a yellowily rendered picket fence, looms a pink chicken, bloated and motherly. Even further in the background, almost transparent, like the wobbling hull of a ship that's just fallen over the horizon into view, the purple outline of a farmer materializes as if from the air, with a ghostly purple pitchfork hoisted into the sky. Our server comes back around. "Still waitin'?" she asks. We nod. Cynthia's mother was supposed to arrive at 10:30. Waiting for the Mom Continued It's just become 10:40, and Cynthia, who in restaurants typically sits with her elbows on the table and hands clasped under her chin in the manner of a warrior or travelling mystic, is currently fiddling with the wrapper of her straw and swaying a bit from side to side, as if she's a little top-heavy and standing on an edge.

She's also been muttering silent things to herself, but suddenly, she says: "When she gets here, we'll switch spots." "Okay," I say. "She'll want to sit next to me but I'm not going to." "Okay," I say. "I'm going to be able to see her face. That's all. I'm not going to turn my head all the time." Waiting for the Mom Continued "Okay," I say. "And... she may try to touch my hand, or something." "Ah." Once, and just once, many months before now, with a timid and chick-like motion, Cynthia kissed her hand and took mine by the wrist and put the kiss into my hand. "We'll switch," she says. "You sit where

I'm sitting now, and I'll sit where you're sitting, and she'll sit next to you. She'll try to sit next to me but I'm not going to." Waiting for the Mom Continued Once, and just once, many months before now, with a timid and chick-like motion, Cynthia kissed her hand and took mine by the wrist and put the kiss into my hand. She stops fiddling. Her whole body is hoisted in a sort of corkscrew position now, like the one a person forms halfway through a full body twist, but she's not straightening out. She just stays screwed up in a sharp, still little ball, horribly precarious, as if she's balancing a tower of ornamental gingham plates on the back of her head.

From the precarious position, Cynthia says: "But we'll wait. We'll wait until she gets here." Two more minutes pass. With a start, Cynthia rises. "Wait here," she says, and walks off. 10:43 AM. Our server comes back around. Waiting for the Mom Continued "Suppose' to be three of you, now it's just one," she says. I smile in the apologetic fashion. I say: "My friend is looking for her mom."

## The X-Ring D13



The X-Ring D13 is a multi-functional air mouse and remote that receives positive reviews for its lightweight design and versatility, though some users note limitations like a lack of "back" or "home" buttons in certain modes. It can function as a wireless mouse, trackpad, presentation clicker, and camera remote, connecting via Bluetooth or 2.4G to a wide range of devices like phones, tablets, PCs, and smart TVs. Users highlight its usefulness for navigating media, controlling presentations, and reading e-books.

### Key features and capabilities

- Air mouse and trackpad: Offers gesture-based control and cursor movement.
- Remote control: Can be used for presentations, including advancing slides.
- Media and e-book control: Allows for scrolling through videos and flipping pages in e-books.
- Camera remote: Can take photos or record videos on a linked smartphone.
- Voice control: Supports hands-free operation for opening apps or performing searches.
- Dual connectivity: Functions via Bluetooth and 2.4G wireless modes.

## Samsung AR Glasses



The glasses are expected to weigh around 50 grams, making them very light relative to many XR/AR headsets. Gizmochina+2Technetbook. The Tech Experts+2They are likely to be powered by Qualcomm's AR1 (or Snapdragon/AR-focused) chipset, the same or similar to what other smart-glasses companies are using. Business Standard+2Gadgets 360+2A 12 megapixel camera (Sony IMX681 sensor) is reportedly included. Digital Experience+1Tentative battery size is around 155 mAh, again based on rumors. Digital ExperienceThe form factor: the glasses are expected to look like normal sunglasses / smart glasses more than full XR goggles, aiming for daily-wear comfort.

The Hans IndiaThey may lack a full "display" in the sense of visible AR overlays (in the first generation), instead focusing on camera/sensor/AI features and acting more "smart" than fully immersive. PhoneArenaThey reportedly will integrate with the existing Samsung ecosystem (phones, wearables) and be more "affordable" than ultra-premium XR headsets. thetechworld.orgRelease timing: Many reports suggest launch in 2025, possibly Q3.

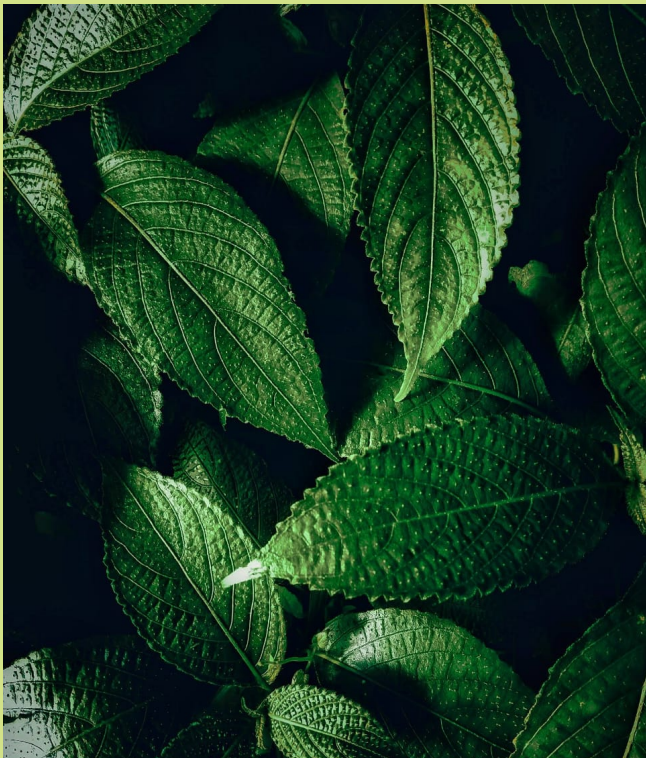
# PHOTOGRAPHY



**AISHWARYA.K.R**



**SOWNDHARYA K**



**ASHVITHA AARNIYA S**



**MANISHA S**



**NARMATHA A**



**POONGOTHAI P**

# PHOTOGRAPHY



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# VIVEKANANDHA EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS



"Vidhya Rathna"

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Chairman & Secretary

## TIRUCHENGODE CAMPUS

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- ★ VIVEKANANDHA DENTAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
- ★ SWAMY VIVEKANANDHA COLLEGE OF PHARMACY
- ★ VIVEKANANDHA COLLEGE OF NURSING
- ★ VIVEKANANDHA SCHOOL OF ANM
- ★ SWAMY VIVEKANANDHA PHYSIOTHERAPY COLLEGE
- ★ VIVEKANANDHA ALLIED HEALTH SCIENCE COLLEGE (Co - Ed)
- ★ KRISHNA INSTITUTE OF OPTOMETRY AND RESEARCH
- ★ KRISHNA INSTITUTE OF HEALTH SCIENCE & RESEARCH (Boys)
- ★ KRISHNA INSTITUTE OF HEALTH SCIENCE (Boys)
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- ★ VIVEKANANDHA PHARMACY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
- ★ VIVEKANANDHA ANM SCHOOL
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- ★ RABINDHARANATH TAGORE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION FOR WOMEN
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