

**VOL 01
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**JULY
2021**

EUPHORIA

AN ONLINE PERIODICAL OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, KARIM CITY COLLEGE

**REVEALING THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
MIRROR**

WHAT'S INSIDE

POETRY

FICTION

CREATIVE NON-FICTION

AESTHETICS

AND MANY MORE

"CREATIVITY TAKES COURAGE." — HENRI MATISSE

It is a matter of immense pride for Karim City College to announce the publishing of its first e-magazine by the Department of English. I congratulate all the respective department's faculty members and students.

This magazine will provide substantial exposure to the students and in the upcoming days, ensure their further participation in several more national and international magazines. The mentors will surely steer and modify the ways of our student team, and sow the seeds of distinguished trailblazing talents within our campus. I desire for this magazine to create a new chapter in the history of Karim City College.

DR. MOHAMMAD REYAZ
(PRINCIPAL)

The first issue of our online periodical is here. It is purely an effort of our students and it needs your support. This is what we did for them too. We just said a few encouraging words to them when they were planning this. You may do the same too. Write back to them about your impressions of the magazine and forward it to your peer groups. To my students I just want to say WELL DONE & CARRY ON!!!

DR. S. M. YAHIYA IBRAHIM
(HEAD OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT)

Expressing oneself has always been one of the most cherished tasks of human beings- whether spontaneous, reflective or articulative. A magazine in its varied form, celebrates and acknowledges this effort.

It is definitely a moment of pride that the students of Department of English have decided to come up with their own e-magazine, Euphoria. I am sure it will be a great success in providing a platform to creative and analytical writings of the students.

Publishing a magazine during academic years can be a huge educational and a prominent confidence booster for the students. Heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the team.

DR. NEHA TIWARI

The world is largely divided into two groups of people - those who appreciate the necessity of good writing and those who don't. For the latter, life fails to light up with the ubiquitous wonder of words and the delight of filling them up with new meaning. For the former, engaging with good writing is a need as fundamental and indispensable as breathing. Every act of reading and writing becomes, for such people, an adventure into an open, borderless land where joys are as variegated as the countless overlapping shades in a rainbow. By choosing to come up with a literary magazine, I am glad that the students of our department have identified with the first group and I sincerely hope that Euphoria will go a long way not only in drawing them towards creative thinking and expression but also in making them fuller human beings who can approach and respond to the world with understanding, kindness, empathy and love. I wish Euphoria a glorious first issue and an endearing journey ahead!

DR. BASUDHARA ROY

Nurturing creativity and inspiring innovation are two of the key elements of a successful education, and 'Euphoria' certainly reflects the perfect amalgamation of both. I am delighted with the fact that, the Dept. of English, Karim City College is successful in coming up with its first online magazine, 'Euphoria'. Undoubtedly, I feel that, it would provide the platform to harnesses the creative energies and distil the essence of inspired imagination in the most brilliant way possible. No doubt, this creative endeavour will bring out an array of artistic expressions with distinct individual signatures. I take this opportunity to congratulate and applaud everyone, for their dedication and efforts, in transforming 'Euphoria' from a thought to a reality.

PROF. A. K. DAS

Warm Greetings!

"The artist is always beginning. Any work of art which is not a beginning, an invention, a discovery is of little worth", said Ezra Pound. I am fairly certain that 'Euphoria' will exemplify the literary skills of our students. I wish for the different voices from this platform make the presence of this effort felt far and wide. Best wishes and blessings to our dear outgoing students and congratulations to the editorial team for their determined efforts in bringing out this magazine.

PROF. SAKET KUMAR



WHY PASSION ISN'T ENOUGH

We bleed on new grass, and
starve for a few stars
beneath our lids.
Stars, did I call them?
Euphoria, I meant.

What are we if not our artistry? Do we even exist out of our own fanciful confines?
What's reality if not the result of a million daydreams?

All that we do, all that we click and capture, brush and frame, scribble and close,
pick and gently muse, is an amalgamation of quiet ancient haunts and present
curious probes.

Story isn't simply about the torn wings of a howling dragon surrounded by a crowd of
hundred holding their flaming wooden torches high. It's not simply our imagination;
it's as much the concrete findings of an unrecognised creature in the deep blue, the
conflicts 'tween the action and reaction, the accidents and scams, the reigners and
the reigned, as it's a world inspired and exaggerated in our mind.

Stories are the children of the rubble – a rhapsody uncontained.

Come and find yourself on the other side of the mirror, in pieces of poetries, in
photographs, aesthetics, creative nonfiction, comics and art. Unearth Euphoria.

CONTENTS

TOPIC

PAGE NO.

1.THE PRINCE	06
2.THE PENSIVE BEACH	07
3.STORIES FOR THE OLD	08
4.ETERNAL PROFESSION OF LOVE	09
5.COVID 19: A POETIC JUSTICE	10
6.FOSTERING FINANCIAL LITERACY AMONGST INDIAN WOMEN	11
7.A NOTE ON REMEMBRANCES AND CHANGING SEASONS	12
8.THE HEPHAESTUS WITHIN	13
9.TOP 6 HEALING PLACES IN THE WORLD	14
10.MY ANALYSIS OF PARALYSIS	16
11.WOMEN EMPOWERMENT	17
12.CAPTURING THE RIGHT MOMENT	18
13.DEPRESSION: A SILENT KILLER	19
14.FROM FROM DUSK TO DAWN	20
15.COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE	21
16.A HUNT FOR HER	22
17.LIFE THROUGH LENSES	23
18.THE SAVIOR	24
19.OVERCAST	25
20.IKIGAI:A JAPANESE SECRET TO A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE	26
21.CHILDISHNESS	27
22.SELVAM	28
23.NOT A PANDEMIC IT'S A PANIC	30
24.THE SCULPTURE	31
25.MY FARM	32
26.THE BOATMAN	33
27.IMMORTALS	34
28.REVIEW OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT	35
29.INScribed ADIEU	36
30.NEED FOR SPEED	37
31.CATASTROPHE	38
32.REMINISCENCE	39
33.NATURE IS THE NURTURER	40
34.COVID-19 PANDEMIC- A BOON OR A CURSE	41
35.MIDNIGHT	42
36.THE CURSE	43
37.WHICH PILLOW DO I LIFT	45
38.REVIEW OF THE INVISIBLE MAN	46
39.MEET THE TEAM	47

THE PRINCE

SARFARAZ NAWAZ
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
SHIBLI COLLEGE
AZAMGARH, UP

Soliloquies are my retreat
My corner of peace
I refuse to look straight into the face
The problems I cannot handle.

You cannot tell
If my madness is real or fake
If it is really my mistake
To take things lying down
To be at the receiving end.

I do not pretend
Nor I am the Prince
I do not wear a crown
But the ghosts of sadness haunt
The deserted corridors of mind.

They do their several rounds
The conflicts howsoever much I try to bury
They raise their head,
They address me in the familiar voice
Of 'to be or not be'
I do not claim a kingdom yet
A hundred Hamlets reside in me.

THE PENSIVE BEACH



**KUMAR PRASENJEET
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)**

STORIES FOR THE OLD

The rabbit and the tortoise
Were metaphors
From the many stories of grandma
We never cared for lessons
They had in them.

SARFARAZ NAWAZ
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
SHIBLI COLLEGE
AZAMGARH, UP

We admired the swiftness of the former
We held our breath in wonder and awe
And felt sorry for latter's fate
We foretold was a sure defeat.

The stories have twists and turns
We waited for the end result
With the race having begun
Between the two.

We calculated things in our own way
Overjoyed for the rabbit
And never sympathized for the slow tortoise
Our faces fell at the climax,
The end is too obvious to be told.

Now we are old
And wise,
And take lessons from things
The stories have grown older
And no longer take us by surprise.

ETERNAL PROFESSION OF LOVE



SOURAV SINHA
SEM VI
(ENGLISH HONS)

COVID 19 : A POETIC JUSTICE

**SHREYA GUHA
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)**



A bad dream perhaps we are going through
 Such we will face was imagined by whom?
 The busy world is at a halt, time at rest,
 Overpowered by strong invisible foe being the mightiest.
 A throng may have appeared at Gods Gate at a sudden,
 Mankind must forever remember this loss, a heavy burden.
 Glancing out of the window with Grave thoughts I sought to
 this an end,
 At a flash of thought I asked nature "Is that your friend?"
 It caused immense loss to us but none to you,
 Instead, you haven't been so gracious in a decade or few.
 The flowers like freckles of rainbow, dance with the breeze,
 Enthralled with greenery elated are the trees.
 Glistering is Ganga, at the flash of sun's rays,
 Caressed cheerfully by the climate, waved by the serene air
 through its way.
 Birds seem chirpier rejoicing the sky flying mile,
 Animals to admire this independence came out of the forest
 for a while

Dear Nature you seem unshackled after long, from
 oppression you are freed,
 And now are in Mood to punish us, for our greed
 Hearing this remorseful tone, nature said,
 "I am a mother child for all your losses I regret,
 So brutally can't punish I but your fate,
 The pandemic arrived teach you all a lesson of sate.
 Man forgot his humanism; selfishness was at its rage,
 COVID brought man kind and its ultimate truth to the same
 page.
 It called for unity, for respect to the ones who risk their lives
 for all,
 Insisted a father to focus more than work on his baby's call.
 When this will end the world won't be the same,
 Helping hands will come up in need, regardless of the
 name.
 Life after this I will not just to revolve around work or to
 obtain,
 But a new spirit to live and value for love would pertain.

FOSTERING FINANCIAL LITERACY AMONGST INDIAN WOMEN

Anjali Tiwary
University of Mumbai

Introduction:

Husband, children, parents and household chores; these are basically the four spheres that a typical Indian woman's life revolves around. Starting at around five in the morning, the woman follows a very routinely disciplined schedule to facilitate an accurate management of the chores. Her work involves utmost sincerity and concentration, and yet, it has no financial benefits. She remains unpaid for the jobs she does with such humility. Those who do work as housemaids and other small scale workwomen are paid at a very nominal rate, which does not really give them a financial status. In addition, most of these include illiterate women who find themselves incapable of comprehending the wide range of opportunities present out there in the modern Indian society, owing to the lack of proper education.

International Technique that proved elemental in fostering financial literacy:

A very interesting and effective example of spreading financial literacy amongst women was observed in Massachusetts, where two financially established women, namely Kathy Brough and Anita Saville, came up with the idea of educating homeless women under the principle of 'women helping women'. They started an agency named 'Budget Buddies' where they employed a group of other financially educated women to educate others who were vulnerable and dependent. They started by collaborating with social service agencies to look for those women who were either impoverished, or those who were financially unstable owing to their inability to organize their expenses. Once they fetched the target audience, they engaged employees, who were women themselves, to pass on the erudition to the ones who sought help through one-hour workshops and one-to-one coaching. It proved very helpful to the women who were then able to establish a social status.

With reference to India:

The idea of women educating women can be very effective in India, because not only would the women be able to manage their expenses and gain financial independence, they would also see their educators as role models, which would in turn inspire them to educate the upcoming generations. Since women in India spend most of their time in communicating with each other leisurely, this idea of spreading financial literacy through the same would definitely work out, as it also encourages empowerment of women to a large extent.

Conclusion:

"Educate a woman, and leave it to her to educate generations." Apart from giving them education to gain financial stability, literacy gives women the power to pass it on to countless others. This can definitely be seen as a revolutionizing step taken for the development of the country in the long run.



A NOTE ON REMEMBRANCES AND CHANGING SEASONS

MAYANK SHEKHAR
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)



On days when I'd ask you to accompany me to the old bookstore
 I'd wait for you in a long brown sweater and a knee-deep woolen shawl.
 I'd let snow fall a bit more and winds turn a bit chillier.
 Evenings are perfect for long walks and stories, you told me several times while resting your
 head on my lap and adjusting yourself to meet my eyes.
 You take my hands and pull me towards your face.
 I've been living in this body for so long now, you say.
 Longer than this house existed and longer than the idea of us.
 When people who have never been in love talk about love you said, there is nothing pure than
 this.
 So, when I compare love with young blooming flowers
 I see you turn into lavender with hands so turquoise.
 You say how much you love watching sun and sky changing colors and converging into each
 other every second
 And the tiny little flower bowing before the elderly sun to seek its blessings.
 I love how you weave stories and explain them to me
 Like a child who is experiencing love for the first time.
 You remove a strand of hair from my face
 And wipe a drop of wetness from my cheeks.
 You ask me if it was the same dust that entered inside my eyes
 Only to see me nod away your question and smile.
 I notice your sad face when I tell you this home is a wreck
 And shall collapse soon
 You take both my hands into your hands firmly
 With eyes sunken low and silent.
 You make a soft touch of your lips on my forehead.
 I see you counting dried petals of a sunflower that died young
 And the moisture from your palm touching them as if to infuse life in the dryness.
 In my home there's nothing more than remembrance and stories that maa once told me
 And there's just this veranda where she sat flowering her little saplings.
 As though dead sunflowers have come to life watching your lavender skin
 And matted old walls of home thanking sky god for answering their prayers.
 This year I'd let snow fall a bit more so we could make snowflakes out of it
 Before it turns into vapor under the bright winter sun
 Gleaming with youth.



THE HEPHAESTUS
WITHIN

MANISH MUKHI
SEM IV
(ENGLISH HONS)

Anjali Tiwary

University of Mumbai

All throughout history, mankind has yearned to benefit from the natural healing powers that our planet has to offer. These mystifying places can be found in all corners of the Earth – some are difficult to explain and shrouded in mystery, while others have revealed their secrets through scientific investigation. In either case, these places symbolize a unique quest for healing that resides outside the realm of modern medicine. Let's explore some of the best healing places in the world.

● Onsen - Japan

In Japan, the word “onsen” refers to hot springs, and the country is full of them. Historical evidence of these springs being used for their apparent health benefits dates back as far as 1,200 years ago. The original legend began in the year 807, when a Buddhist monk came across a small boy bathing his ill father in a river. Out of fear that the cold water would make his father even sicker, he used his dokkosho (a ritual instrument) to pry between the rocks and release water from the hot spring below. The story goes that the hot, mineral rich water eventually cured the father, and these onsen have been instilled as a source of healing in Japanese culture ever since.

● River Ganga - India

The river Ganga is known for its beauty and its spiritual significance. The waters of the river Ganga have been found to possess bactericidal activity, which is the ability to kill bacteria. This is due to high concentrations of bacteriophages, which attack and kill bacteria and pathogens in the body. Since phages are highly strain-specific, they're essentially harmless to humans.

● Holy Wells - British Isles

Certain wells have been found to contain specific chemicals. For instance, sulfur is commonly found in these wells, which can have positive effects on individuals suffering from skin ailments. Some wells are thought to be able to “strengthen” weak children. Not surprisingly, these same wells were found to have high concentrations of iron. Similarly, the wells in County Kerry's Valley of the Mad were found to contain high levels of lithium, which is known as an effective treatment for some mental illnesses.





● Marijuana Plantations - Jamaica

Jamaica is a destination known not only for its tropical climate and diverse ecosystems, but also for its supposed healing powers. Unlike most of the places on this list, Jamaica's healing powers do not stem from a specific location, but rather a specific plant. There are a number of well-supported claims about the health benefits of smoking marijuana, including its ability to treat ailments such as epilepsy, anxiety and even cancer. Another claim states that marijuana use can prevent glaucoma.

● Salt Caverns - Berchtesgaden

In a place allegedly referred to by Dalai Lama as the "Heart Chakra of the Alps," a visit to the Berchtesgaden Salt Mine is undoubtedly an enchanting experience. Well-known for its historical significance, the mine is the oldest in Europe, dating back to around the twelfth century. Nestled in Germany's Bavarian Alps, the region offers stunning views, fresh air and a relaxing cave experience like no other.

● Blue Lagoon - Iceland

Renowned for its mineral-rich geothermal seawater, Iceland's Blue Lagoon is natural healing at its finest. The steaming blue lagoon, set within a striking volcanic landscape, promises to rejuvenate your skin and relax your body. Premium entrance to the outdoor spa includes a cosy bathrobe, slippers, and two mud masks, which you apply to your skin in the water.

For many of us, travel is the pursuit of natural healing. It's about discovering places we've never seen, engaging with cultures different from our own, and ultimately uncovering a side of ourselves that has yet to be revealed. We return to our "real lives" with a deep sense of renewal.

MY ANALYSIS OF PARALYSIS

We live in a rather dark visual culture,
 where the paralysed leads our way,
 we never seem to want to go astray.

We give our rather absurd consent,
 surrounded as we are by fools and saints
 to undercover agents in national attire and anonymous belt.

We think of them in singular and plural
 but escapes our dull attention that thick thread called public,
 which, admiringly, continues to live undersea in floral.

And while our guardian angels-or parents- want us all policed
 The above agents get us, in intermittent jabs, released.

Afterwards ...

Our ears cannot learn to doze off
 to the timid tone of death, blood & stuff.

Our kids, fixed at a horizontal axe, aim at flaky birds,
 little do they know birds are flying ants; attendees of foreign
 training camps.

But fear gives birth to a rare breed
 whose teeth are apt to kick off the annual feast.

Seeds, you can and will borrow, amend or steal,
 Summer harvest, however, grows per our rules of appeal.

"Narrating a story is not that big of a deal," the folk said.
 "Why then upon reading they immerse their souls in red ? "

Re-narrating generates a higher alert

Agreed ...

Re-playing dethrones the second first!

ABEER KHATOON
MANIPAL ACADEMY OF HIGHER
EDUCATION

WOMEN EMPOWERMENT

JAGRITI SINGH
SEM I
(ENGLISH HONS)



Not only for a family or country but in order to take forward the entire human race and for its development, the empowerment of women is needed. Many restrictions are imposed on women around the world since the beginning of time. Men around the world enjoy the freedom of their lives and women, even after getting independence are still not truly free. First, they are supposed to listen to their parents and family and follow their instructions and later to their husbands.

Considering the Indian society, in the name of culture and tradition, the women here always been suppressed. Men dominate over them. Women here are taught to compromise, not to speak much, their opinions are not heard and decisions are mostly imposed on them. Here, our ministers, instead of protecting us and correcting the men, are taking away our freedom to dress according to our choice. Women are not allowed to stay out post sunset as the men of our society might not like it and take it as an invitation for someone else. In villages and also in a few states, the girl child is killed and if they are born, they are deprived of their right to education.

Many women are educated and well qualified but are not allowed to work post marriage by their husbands, as for them, it might hurt their ego or harm their dignity, Women are deprived of their basic right which men can enjoy since their birth.

If a woman works she is harassed by her boss and other male colleagues. Women today are not safe anywhere. Women can never gain empowerment unless they are respected by men first. The law and justice of our country should make strict laws against such acts of inhumanity and punish them to set an example for others.

She, a woman, can go from shouting all over the house to delivering a fantastic speech in front of a crowd of thousands of people. She can run a house as efficiently as she can run an entire country. She can be a model, all pretty and mesmerizing as well as a soldier, all strong, rough and tough. She is a woman who can be and do anything her heart agrees to.

A woman, hence, should never hold back and fight for right. She should not only speak up but also if needed, she should stand up and shout for the opinion to be heard. She is special and she should have no reason to compromise.



Photography
**CAPTURING
THE RIGHT MOMENT**

**SHIVAM PARAMANIK
SEM I (ENGLISH HONS)**

DEPRESSION: A SILENT KILLER

UZMA SAMI
SEM IV
(ENGLISH HONS)

India is still a developing country and most of its youth are more engaged in social media than in the real world. From the perspective of most teens this is a good news that social media benefits adolescents and teens by helping them in developing communication skills, pursuing areas of interest and sharing thoughts and ideas. As with every technology, there is a side that is not so good. In particular, social media can have a negative impact on teens who suffer from, or are susceptible of mental illness. The National institute of mental health reports that the lifetime prevalence of any mental disorder among adolescents is 49.5% and 22.2% of adolescents will suffer from a severe mental impairment in their lifetime.

Mental illness can affect anyone, it effect how we feel things and act. It is important at every stage of life so that we can cope with stressful situations, work productively and make meaningful contributions to our community. However the statistics are staggering over 45% of teens suffer from mental disorder and 1 in 5 teens suffer from a severe mental illness that is 20% of our teen population.

Mental illness is an equal opportunity issue. It affects young and old, male and female, and individuals of every race, ethnic background, education level, and income level. The good news is that it can often be treated. Dozens of mental health have been identified and defined. They include depression, generalized anxiety disorder, bipolar disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder and many more. Among them the two most common mental health are anxiety disorder and depression. More than 18% of adults each year struggle with some type of anxiety disorder and nearly 10% of adults suffer each year from mood disorder or depression.

Mental health is not only dangerous towards the mental health but also physically. It makes a person dull, lazy, take away sleep and lots more. It can be improved by small things like exercising, eating a balanced and healthy meal, opening up to other people in life, taking a break when needed, remembering something that are grateful for and also a good sleep can be helpful in boosting emotional health.

Hence, talking about mental health should be made open and comfortable to avoid the minor mishaps that can lead to the major ones from where there is no comeback.



FROM FROM DUSK TO DAWN

I frown every second, peep out of the window and mourn;
My homeland earth is gradually turning to graves.
I shout in pain OH Parallel World, you cannot take away my fellow mates;
With every new case of COVID 19 my heart is shattering into pieces.

Some die by hunger, and some wander for food like Ulysses,
Dreams are fading away, everything seems to be fading.
I'm caged here with sachets of hope around:
Soon, I heard a feeble sound O child! O child!
Be wise like Beatrice, don't be so fragile.

Once again our motherland will smile,
Sun will shine again and stars will glitter,
Lilies will dance again and bloom with joy,
West wind will blow again touching soft cheeks,
Nightingale will again spread the music of love,
And we will smile again and admire daffodils.

Till then, till then ,
Accept this lock-down, stay at home.
Calm down, have faith and you will witness that the homeland will be fine very soon.

ANJALI KUMARI

SEM VI
(ENGLISH HONS)



COMMEDIA

DELL'ARTE

G SASHIKANT
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)

Around the mid-16th century, there emerged in Italy a lively tradition of popular theatre that fused many disparate elements into a vigorous style, which profoundly influenced the development of European theatre. This was the legendary commedia dell'arte ("theatre of the professionals"), a nonliterary tradition that centred on the actor, as distinguished from the commedia erudita, where the writer was preeminent. Although the precise origins of the commedia dell'arte are difficult to establish, its many similarities with the skills of the medieval jongleurs, who were themselves descendants of the Roman mimes, suggest that it may have been a reawakening of the fabula Atellana, stimulated and coloured by social conditions in Italy during the Renaissance.

In spite of its outwardly anarchic spirit, the commedia dell'arte was a highly disciplined art requiring both virtuosity and a strong sense of ensemble playing. Its special quality came from improvisation. Working from a scenario that outlined the plot, the actors would improvise their own dialogue, striving for a balance of words and actions. Acrobatics and singing were also used, as well as the lazzi (witticism).

rehearsed routines that could be inserted into the plays at convenient points to heighten the comedy). Because the actors stayed together in permanent companies and specialized in playing the same role for most of their professional lives, they achieved a degree of mastery that had been hitherto unknown on the Italian stage and that must have made the rest of the theatre seem all the more artificial. Another reason for the impact of the commedia dell'arte was that it heralded the first appearance in Italy of professional actresses (the best known being Isabella Andreini), though the female characters were never as sharply developed as their male counterparts. Most of the characters were defined by the leather half-masks they wore (another link with the theatre of antiquity), which made them instantly recognizable. They also spoke in the dialect of their different provinces. Characters such as Pantalone, the miserly Venetian merchant; Dottore Gratiano, the pedant from Bologna; or Arlecchino, the mischievous servant from Bergamo, began as satires on Italian "types" and became the archetypes of many of the favourite characters of 17th- and 18th-century European theatre.



A HUNT FOR HER

BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA
SEM IV (B.COM)



O Lady of Rajasthan ! full of colours and laughter

Artistically carrying the pots, walking miles having a merry banter

You were her firefly

For she had only you to rely

With you by her side, she wandered every night Mesmerised , to her dreamland with all her might.

You were her Bible

A fire in her that was about to kindle

She fondly narrated all your stories

And sung to me all your glories

But then one night

You showed her a mirage

To tell her that this world is so bizarre

Poor girl! unable to find an oasis

She came back, but this time without you, her hope, her basis.

She now fetched solace through art

Will she ever be able to pursue her craft?

A million thoughts, a billion scripts,

She calls for words to keep them encrypt.

She breaks and builds her own dream, well who's to blame?

Pretty much feels like a block unblock relationship game.

From talking gibberish to now a seldom talk

She now is scared of the path untrodden, let alone walk.

Ah! once being the personification of spring

Now has the resemblance of the autumn king.

She silenced herself not her thoughts

The ink now desperately awaits the paper to be caught.

Wandering like a vagabond,

She got lost while waiting to be found.



LIFE THROUGH LENSES

YOUSUF SARFARAZ
SEM VI (MCVP)

THE SAVIOR

*PREM SHARMA
MAHATMA GANDHI
ANTARRASHTRIYA HINDI
VISHWAVIDYALAYA*

Summer afternoon , hot and humid , I'm standing near water faucet to quench my thirst , I'm trying to send water down through my throat as much as possible and that thirst is never ending . I stand up and in the mirror, which is a bit higher, I see a reflection. Reflection that shows disbelief; pessimistic spectre, hair buzzed close to the scalp. I see a soulless animal. Pain is so intense that I fall back on the ground. Bright sunshine turns to a cold shadow and I see you. My savior, your beautiful glittering eyes, how on earth can I forget that I'm a dead soul? But in those dark eyes, I relinquish my wounds and scars. I see you grasping water droplets to splash that on your face. You look so cute when you slide your fingers across your hair, and then I see serenity, I can easily describe this moment as god's grace upon a lost wanderer. That beautiful face which I can never forget, at this moment I realize that I'm in deep subconscious hibernation, smile that personifies the word 'tranquility'. Somehow I'm not cultured enough to accept that smile graciously, hot blood and throbbing veins and suddenly the devil responds inside me. But then I hear your whispering voice and a cold palm on my shoulders. Believe me it is like dark clouds promising justice for the barren desert. I summon courage and I stand up to look into your eyes. Young lady, I know that mirror is high, and my Lord has accepted my prayers. I hold you up to let you experience your own divinity. You wrap your hands to cling around me and those hands froze my spine. With your head resting on chest, I realize that how lonely I was for ages. If today I have a death wish, it would be you around me and maybe I can kiss your forehead to express my gratitude. I promised you in some other life , that I'll protect you , I'll defend your creed and will stand next to you when you'll feel insecure . You're a part of my soul, without you I'm incomplete. Adversity will face me first before touching you. I'm nothing without you. You redeemed me in my every life. Apocalypse is close and I'm not scared, I choose to sleep forever and ever with you in my dreams, then to live in disbelief. Take my curse back my savior, only your love can bring peace. Day in and day out, you torture me. Take me out of this dungeon of darkness and hatred. Young lady, I'll wait for you till infinity.

OVERCAST

SHREESTI KUMARI
JAMSHEDPUR

*Floating up to their places,
Clouds tenderly overcast.
Yellow, Crimson and Grey all at once!
"Oh, Blue Sky ! Your vigour didn't last."*

*Projected like a dot,
The fierce sun, faintly grumbles.
With lost magnificence and shimmer;
Nature propels to grow humble.*

*Forces all around conspire to sublime.
The day sky into night, an unearthly time!
Waiting to dance, droplets wait high above.
Holding their weights, robust clouds puff.*

*The rustling of leaves, the wind and breeze.
That aroma of ground, mynah's jargon song.
Swift moving branches, parading ants to their
hills.
Patterning the river water, it bustles and trills.*

*A bliss or a bane,
Unanswered is this overcast theory.
For lives a "Grey Tale" ;
Comprising both fortune and misery.*

*On closed eyes I feel
Like clouds- high, free, pure.
Following I realize,
I'm jeopardized along the shore.*

IKIGAI: A JAPANESE SECRET TO A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE

Ikigai by Hector Garcia and Francesc Miralles defines ikigai and the rules of ikigai—they conducted a total of one hundred interviews in Ogimi, Okinawa to try to understand the longevity secrets of centenarians and supercentenarians. The authors of this book wish you a long, happy, and purposeful life.

Francesc Miralles is a lecturer and award-winning author of bestselling books in the areas of health and spirituality. Born in Barcelona, he studied journalism, English literature and German philology, and has worked as a translator, editor, art therapist and musician. His novel Love in Lowercase has been translated into 28 languages. His book Love in Small Letters gained immense popularity. Hector Garcia was born in Spain and worked at CERN in Switzerland before moving to Japan, his home of more than 15 years. In Japan he developed voice recognition software and the technology for young Silicon Valley companies to enter the Japanese market. His popular blog kirainet.com led to his internationally successful book A Geek In Japan.

This book was originally published on 29 August, 2017 under the genre - self help book, with covering more than 1.5 million copies.

In Japanese, ikigai is written by combining the symbols that mean “life” with “to be worthwhile.” Translates roughly as ‘the happiness of always being busy.’ There is a passion inside you, a unique talent that gives meaning to your days and drives you to share the best of yourself until the very end. Once you discover your ikigai, pursuing it and nurturing it every day will bring meaning to your life. Centenarians and Supercentenarians have an important purpose in life, or several. They have an ikigai, but they don’t take it too seriously. They are relaxed and enjoy all that they do. One thing that everyone with a clearly defined ikigai has in common is that they pursue their passion no matter what.

Rumaysa Mehboob
SEM IV (English Hons)





CHILDISHNESS

Kumar Yashwant
Faculty of Apex International
School

Cherishing his childhood days
He looked at his old face
In his reflection, appeared on mirror with
Lump of emotional and unemotional
heath
Driving his body, not the soul
In this world filled with foul...
Sensing his lost emotion;
He admired his actual passion
Needed to be remembered like
Evergreen trees on hike
So that he could forever smell and
Sense the beauty of this colourless land.

SELVAM

R Shanti
SEM IV (English Hons)



The story begins with a very normal man of a village who belonged to a very stable and middle-class family and led a normal lifestyle. He had the worst segment of childhood which later on affected a major portion of his life. After a very disturbing and unstable journey of his childhood, he grew up and started to settle in his life, although he could manage to study somehow, and started earning. He was simple in nature with a calm and kind-hearted mentality. His life wasn't that balanced, as he struggled to make a good living for himself and his family. He had a wife and a son, but despite all the unease and uncountable sufferings and pain, he never used to appear dull or sorrowful. He lived carefree and unstressed because those shapeless problems were not a big deal for him, practically another side of a sinister mirror, which was shocking indeed, because, on the other side, he was a cold-blooded murderer. A psycho who killed for no reason, without any emotional attachment, neither even for revenge nor legal grievances, but simply out of pleasure and satisfaction. It used to make him immensely happy and give the pure natural fragrance of pleasant relief. He used to kill very young girls who did not even know what death was all about. They didn't even know the proper meaning of life. These young flowers were unaware that they were secretly being watched by a hunter who would catch his prey in just a single moment. A person who was so extremely somber and silent from outside could be so harmful and dangerous. Selvam was a devil in himself, a mastermind who knew how to tackle any situation while he was on his journey of planning his next task and landing it onto the right destination — his plans and ideas, the entire concept of his misleading act in a nutshell. His age was around 45 years, physically balanced, and in a healthy state. His main targets were young girls of around 4-5 years, whom he would kidnap and kill with a clean pattern and process without leaving a single hint for anyone to catch him committing this crime every day.



Everyday, a major number of young girls went missing in that area which created havoc in the city. He used to plan out the timing and the location they would generally be at that moment on certain days. These young girls had an expiry date set for themselves. In his childhood, he had a younger brother, a mother and a father. His mother left them, however, and upon seeing this, his younger brother became mentally ill and unstable. Younger him used to watch his father always being alone and getting drunk. People would laugh at them, talking about their family, their well being, and the lifestyle they used to carry. When he saw how other parents treated their child with such care and love, he could not tolerate it. It irritated him a lot and he decided to start killing them and satisfy his anger and hunger of care. However, as a child, he could not kill them, so he would take animal's heads and keep them safely in a container jar at his home. But slowly as he became older, he started following young girls and killing them. The satisfaction that such a haunting act yielded was like that of drinking a glass of water. Our thirst is quenched, coolness is spread all around the body. The same used to happen with him – a sense of pleasure and happiness all around the atmosphere. But one fine day he was caught by his son, who recorded everything and the serial killer was hung.

On one side of the mirror, he was only acting like a mature and good human being, but on the other side, he lived his life in its essence. Revealing the other side of the mirror of the person he was, was how he used to manipulate himself and his mind followed by such a dark shadow. This is about the person called Selvam, whose other side of the life was so interesting and colourful, but for others it was sadness and grief.

NOT A PANDEMIC IT'S A PANIC

**SAIMA SHAMIM
SEMI (ENGLISH HONS)**

Yes! There is fear, isolation and panic.
Yes! There is sickness and even death.

The day is passing as fast as wind.
After a so many years,
There is a loud noise in Wuhan,
Which make all of us panic.
But, No one try to heard,

What! Our Earth want to say.

After just a few weeks of quiet.
The sky is no longer with thick fumes,
But, Blue and White and clear.
All the empty places of street,
Filled with cry and laughter.
Churches, Synagogues, Mosques
And Temples are stand together.
No one wants to harm other.

Yes! There is fear,
But, No one apart from that.
Yes! There is isolation,
But, No one wants to hate.
Yes! There is panic,
But, there not be a loneliness.

Yes! There sickness,
But, There don't to be a meaningless.
There is even death,
There can always be rebirth of love.

If you ask me, It's a great lesson.
For all the human race.
We have to be powerful,
In every situation of life.

THE SCULPTURE

Maybe at this time, I'm like the sculptor who's trying to carve a hard rock in the middle of a desert, and to add to his misery his chisel has turned blunt. The scorching hot Sun, mirages and illusions of past haunting me, but yet I'm there in the middle. Years have gone by, and my hands are shaking, my blood turned cold, but yet I don't stop. My vision is blurred, but there's a image in my heart, a face that I've always cherished. Day in and day out I take the torture, but the idea, and the illusion of her graceful presence intoxicates me. I'm an addict, a dreadful addict and my addiction is a beautiful lady whom I saw in my previous life. Then comes the night, and the wind blows with sands, trying to peel my skin, it hurts, the old wounds starts bleeding, I cry and I scream but no one is there to console me. My body turns blue, the sands covers my art, the beautiful face that I'm trying to carve. I start digging with my bare hands, I keep on digging until my hands turns numb and I fall down in the sand, looking at the crimson coloured sky.

You arrive there, to heal and to help. The white coloured dress that you use to wear on Saturday mornings, your smiling face. That smile lit the light of my eyes, and my heart starts beating again, harder and faster. All those mirages and illusions turned real and I see a big lake surrounded by greenery in the middle of the desert. You sit right in front of me, to listen to the stories of people and past. In this deserted land and you always come to meet your curious broken admirer. You guide me through the cave that traps the daylight. And then you chase fireflies to let me know what light means to life. You ignite the luciferin within my heart. And then comes the time of the ultimate truth, you, and your reality remains like a mere reflection, the mystical world on the other side of the mirror. It creates magic and mystery, fascinates me to no end, but remains untouched and impalpable.

But will this happen to me till the ultimatum, maybe, I'm too fragile and weak. Someday my hands won't be able to dig and I'll be devoured by the sands. The powerful death will win in the end, I'm bound to lose, and see how misfortunate I am. You know even after knowing that the flow is against me, I move towards you, your compassion and love opens a portal for me. I'll die, but this beautiful face that I've craved on this piece of rock will stay, it will defeat death and it will remain untouched by time. I'm dying from inside but still I move, I move just to stand in front of you and the scorching Sun. You'll say I'm mad and lunatic, a soul dead from inside, but I chase your touch, your AFFINITIVE palm on my head and then my ART makes me immortal, for in every life, you're the entity that I've created. Everyday what you see in the mirror is an art that required sacrifice, it's an art that escaped the books of history, but it stays in the hearts of people, and so will you till the time humans can love. And every moment when you'll feel touched by something sacred, I'll win, for me my art is the greatest celebration and you are nothing but the Art of my ardent admiration. And you'll stay.

Vinay Anand
SEM VI
(English Hons)





ANKITA SINGH
SEM I (ENGLISH HONS)

THE BOATMAN

BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA
SEM IV (B.COM)

Is our ethics just confined to schools, colleges or corporate offices? Are the words like 'Sorry' or 'Thank you' only to be used within these four walls too because we get benefitted back in one way or the other ?

The other day, while on a leisure trip to Jagdalpur, Chattisgarh with my family; we went boating near the famous Chitrakote Waterfalls. It was quite a seasoned boat and the life jackets provided were also somewhat damaged. Nevertheless, at least we had them. In these situations something's better than nothing.

As the local folk music and crackling waves reached my ears and a mesmerising orange dusk sky enraptured my heart , my eyes fell on the two young men who were rowing hard as the wobbling boat neared the depth of the falls. Risking their own lives without any safety equipment, brushing aside the fear of any mishap that could have an lasting impact on their whole life, they use the same somewhat damaged boat for multiple trips every day, without repairing it largely; even though acknowledging the fact that it's their only source of income. These men toiled to give me and many other tourists like me our one of the best scenic experiences ever.

Yet as our wet feet first hit the hard pebbles and then sunk in the soft sand, not a single gesture of gratitude was offered. No tourist said "Thank you". All that could be heard and seen were the camera clicks.

It's time to change this Corporate Culture into a Civilised Culture.

Any thoughts?



IMMORTALS

MAHVISH IMTIYAZ
SEM I (ENGLISH HONS)

Dust of sand or flow of time,
Conquering the death to its ultimate
regime,
Where life and death are but one,
Your soul is like the spirit of the sun.

When the praise is one for your
deeds,
Even the time forgets its nurturing
seed,
Even you're not yet heavenly,
Eden you light but not so early.

You are no god, no deity,
Yet you're the site of beauty.
You have no temple made of stones,
You're the king without the throne.

A piece of mind for the piece of
heart,
Or a cry for sorrow in some new
start,
You're the creator for the solid
mettle;
They call you life, I say Immortals.



REVIEW OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

ERAM AKRAM
SEM IV (ENGLISH HONS)

Crime and punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky is a renowned piece of literature keeping its mask on the top list of philosophical fiction. Originally written in Russian in 1866 when the power was not passed from monarchy to the people.

The story revolves around the inner thoughts of the protagonist 'Rodion Raskolnikov' and ex college student forced to leave his studies for the lack of generational wealth. Raskolnikov isolate himself from everyone and dive into deep miserable thoughts. His thoughts to kill the old Jewish pawnbrokers to gain her wealth through stealing the previous item she owns, thinking he was doing it for the betterment of the society and he could escape after the murder.

Eventually the protagonist murders the old woman and her sister changed 'Lizaveta' and that's when the story change.

The story then deftly delves into the mind of a young man after committing the crime, laying bare his mental anguish and the moral dilemmas.

The story reflects how the characteristics of a man changes after committing the crime. The story shows the regret and

thrive for forgiveness and ultimately gaining salvation through attaining punishment in the prism.

Crime and punishment can templates on the sense of being as a human, our morals and religion. Reflecting our inner trifle and unravelling by the end of the book.

The novel crime and punishment initially written in a Russian has been translated and revision in numerous language around the globe selling more than billion copies through out the centuries.

A book is for every generation to read not just once but several times to contemplate what we are and where we come from.



Inscribed Adieu

REEMA ROY
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)

Sojourn indelible began in 2018 with mystical mind,
All seems to be bracing now as three magical years unwind.
I stepped into Karim City College with silent trepidation,
Lots of dreams in eyes, panting heart with wee hesitation.
At the onset itself I fortunately bonded with friends new,
Beautific first day memories settled in my mind fresh as dew.

Fascinating world of English Literature ignited imagination,
Being mentored by Dozens of literary studies amplified my elation.
Dr.S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim, our venerated HOD, always supportive,
Stringent in dealing, disciplinarian to core and aura so positive.
His words of wisdom and motivation were fountains of inspiration,
Though punished by him on the first day for gossiping and negation,
Blessing it was to study under his sheer iconoclastic
contemplation.

With the most beautiful amiable persona and smile beatific,
Dr. Neha Tiwari, everyone's favourite, an angel seraphic.
Rapport she formed with us all enhanced literary inclination,
Replete with zealous pedagogy, amusing was her narration.

A benign benevolent soul Dr.Basudhara Roy whom always
echoed-
" If you want to study sincerely you are welcome", else the door
was shown.
An ocean of knowledge with dexterity in teaching with devotion,
A lighthouse to lighten our literary paths, adhering onerous
notions.

Prof. A.K. Dash a repertoire of incisive knowledge,
Unbeatable in his arena of literature, our real privilege
To be under his brimmed effulgence and deft lectures,
Generously lending a stack of notes, one of his inimitable
features.

Never can I forget the vigor and passion of Prof. Saket Kumar,
Young and efficient, in our Karim firmament, a scintillating star.
Chiseling our fundamentals of literature, From Gulliver Travels to
Tughlaq,
Making all novels interesting, a guide like him we got by good
luck.

All was in hog heaven, our learning and their teaching paradise,
Until anti-hero covid shunned the wonderful offline times with
surprise.
An unprecedented crisis didn't diminish their zest for teaching,
Online regime of literary world these wizards molded for
preaching.

Astounding were the efforts all incurred to impart education,
Writers Beyond Distance, myriad webinars conducted in
acceleration.
From amusing Canterbury Tales to I.A Richard's critical thought,
Dramas like Othello and Wuthering Heights were astutely taught.

Online interface, zoom meets, a new azimuth for all,
Yet college stood for us in difficulties big or small.
I salute the diligence of our literature masters sapient,
Who endured our classes remained knowledgeable and radiant.

Be it Emma's adorable character or Frankenstein's cryptic one,
We all were engrossed in every lecture, 6 online lectures perfectly
done.
Angles to the Modernist, the rollercoaster to Literature, teleported
us,
Everything was shining with engaging insights, learning in flow
thus.

Periods of literature, all melding well together,
Elizabethan Era or Victorian zone, we easily did gather.
A gigantic sense of gratitude I offer to my Alma Mater
immaculate,
For instilling me in the best of knowledge these years, as I state.
I feel fortunate to be a part of this College, carving a high
watermark,
I promise to Kindle this zest for literature and divine learning work.

NEED FOR SPEED



AASHI SINHA
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)

CATASTROPHE

***Clouding sky- glides, drifts at places.
A vehement outbreak,deafening the
senses.***

***Resting on an ebony tree,trembled that
skylark.***

***Oh! Crashing thunder, blistering light in
the dark.***

***A quivering, shivering,convulsing wind
blew.***

***Too rapid to see,fallen leaves it rattling
drew.***

***Tranquility reigned this place once ago,
Born of dust and to dust we shall go!***

***Rustling leaves, screeching owls, striding
ants.***

***Disrupting their comfort, all make
bemused movements.***

***An unrest all around, terrorizing was the
hour.***

***Unweaponed to Nature,for she had
proclaimed a war!***

***No saviour, no mercy, no preaching, no
guide.***

***Tested her patience, her fire
indisputably would ignite.***

***Enough was the trepidation, catastrophic
would be the night.***

***Those vicious, malice, spiteful souls;
Submitting to her, shall all die!***

**SHREESTI
KUMARI
JAMSHEDPUR**



REMINISCENCE

Nafis Mustafa

SEM VI (MCVP)

Like every other existence in this world, the act of reminiscing also has its ways. My judgement on life is, before I indulge myself into any particular activity I should rather understand first what the activity is, but we are Homo sapiens after all, hence flawed, the very existence of humans is a flaw of the universe or perhaps the only mistake by the almighty. We humans indulge ourselves into any random activity because we can't stand emptiness, hollowness, we can never confront ourselves completely, and we hate to be alone because we hate ourselves, and we love to hate. (The proverb "empty vessels make noise".)

It was before I understood what reminiscence is, I did entertain myself by reminiscing nostalgia, I never quite realized the potential of 'present', who is alive and capable of miracles, not dead or illusive like past or future.

I did waste opportunities by using reminiscence as an escape from reality, but it soon resulted in superficiality and



shallowness, fatigue and monotony in life, which luckily caused the introspection regarding reminiscence and finally taught me what importance reminiscing really holds. Now that I realize the potential of reminiscence, I know its best use. I now borrow sparks from my memories which lies folded and wrapped around back in my past. It guides me through the darkness and the evils of my present, it makes my path visible, hence makes it easier to travel further.

It's my reminiscing of loyalty perhaps which helped me to stick to my principles through difficult times. It's my reminiscing of honesty perhaps which helped me to put up with that complex man in me who keeps deceiving me every now and then, and perhaps its reminiscence which turned me into a treacherous weak coward.

Perhaps.



NATURE IS THE NURTURER

HARSHITA PANDIT

St. Xavier's College, Ranchi

COVID-19 Pandemic- A boon or a curse

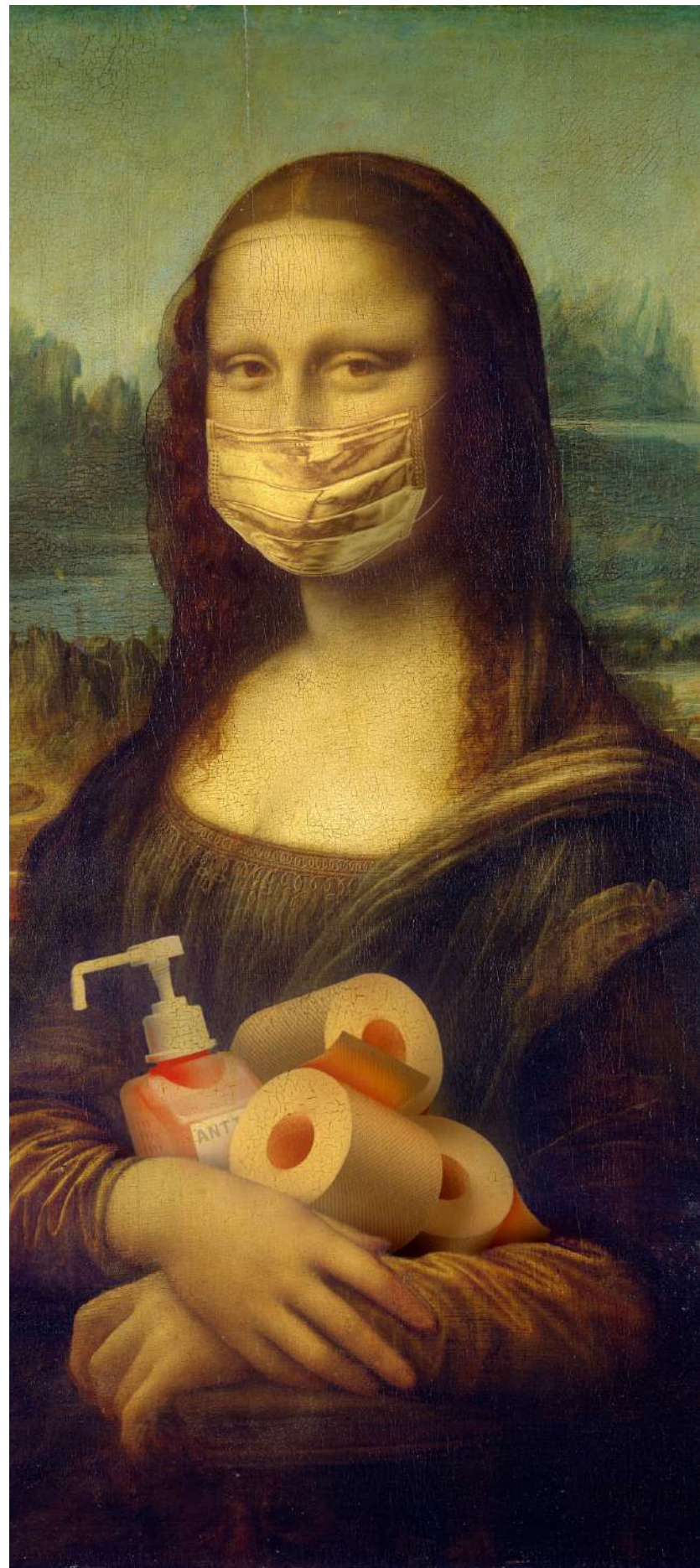
PRIYANKA DAS
SEM I (ENGLISH HONS)

Till date nearly 4 million people died out of this pandemic whereas about 17%-20% global warming reduced due to the same. Is it a boon or a curse then?

Let's take a glance at various aspects of our life and our surroundings. When I took a glimpse at our downtrodden society, I found some common things. Migrant workers especially, drivers like auto-rickshaw drivers, truck drivers or rather rickshaw-walas, labourers working in small industries or hawkers, all those people were starving without food or trying to meet their family members and for this they walked for miles too. Many children from poor society left their education due to financial disturbances in COVID. During COVID rather it be children or old people of poor families, hardly got a meal for one time. And the one who caught the corona virus died of it along with the whole family. After all it also taught discipline to all of us. And taught us not to forget our culture which we carried in ancient times.

I took another glimpse at our affluent society. After decades they were able to spend a splendid time with each other. They got real happiness after years because they enjoyed being with their family members with less tension as compared to before. Although all these happened for a short while, they also faced many crisis. They also lost their own due to this COVID even after they spent a lot of money to save them. After taking a glimpse at human's life I thought that COVID pandemic is a curse for all of us.

Then I also took a look at our environment and animals. Deforestation and pollution got reduced, oxygen levels increased in ocean, rivers, etc., nilgai was also seen, tigers were found sitting in roads carelessly. Global warming has too reduced. These all were proofs telling that COVID-19 is a boon for us. What do you all think of it? Of all these I learnt one thing that we shouldn't try to destroy our nature because it's punishment is more disastrous.





MIDNIGHT

Ekta Dogra
SEM VI (ENGLISH HONS)

Midnight is a glutton for active minds. Not active bodies, mind you, for they grow weary till its ambient accost. But minds — the clandestine obscurity hushes every little name, throws a net of secrecy such, and is easily fed with all the minds caught in its spread, willingly so. Active minds. Restless, sleepless, rapidly flying pages bound by a broken spine of a weary, beaten book. Our beholders of, nowadays, grouchy spirits speak to us of the torments we make them parade through, no less than a jailor, but only under the reign of the head, the mind — we listen listlessly to it, and we blur out each and every sign that our body gives us, much like a local cop restrained in mum under the superintendent, or when we used to slip into our pajamas and let them tuck us in early without any protest because we were told to do so, and we listened. It began with a surge of protest, before we realized that we can simply stop listening. And so we did.

The gaunt crescents, bereft of any luminosity as they purple, sink a seat beneath our vision; we only widen our eyes more.

The bones break out in soft crunches of washed-out life and haggard weight. We only hunch our stance more and snap away our spine. A little more, a little more, a little more. But, regretfully, the needles do not halt the time for us at zero hour. Tick by tick, those long and short ticking arms drip away a small globe of life from our life, and they do not stop. Beduffed, we ruminate madly about the secrets that we burden and which keeps our sight wide, though bleary, and spine stooped, though seated — but not once do we accept, or dare to think, that we've exhausted the discipline of our sleep with our own mind. It grows immune to time the later we stretch it for, one moment more, one more — and it soon falls weak to the starving demands of the deeper, darkening hours — pacing itself loose from the fragile hold of our soul prisons.

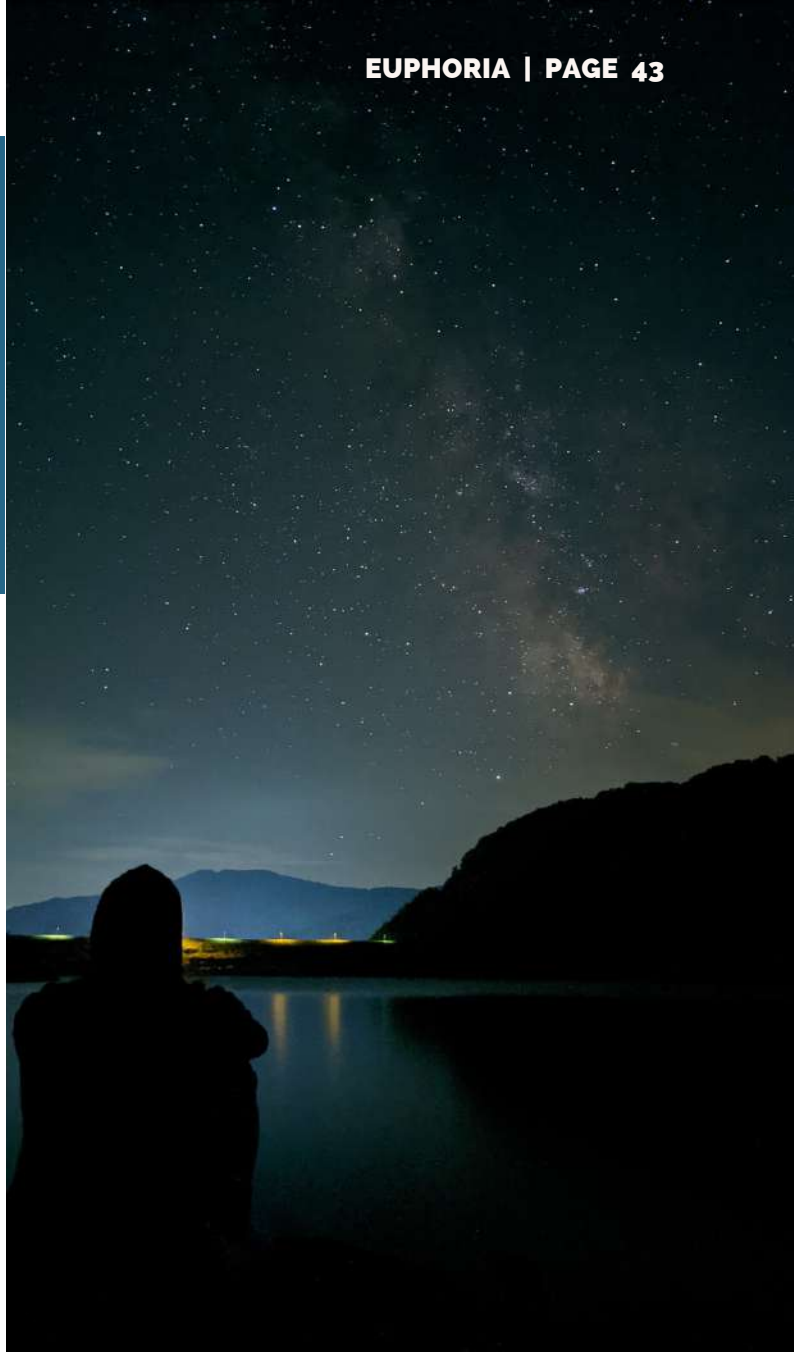
The slipping sheets of silver through the parallel chinks of a green jalousie softly plops us a dose, and we snort it — like the writhing, twitching asylums that we're — till the doses fall short, and we become a meaningless dictionary, torn and stapled in too far, failing to disclose half the slowly seeping manic that smudges over the most profound of new definitions we'd once explored. But hardly do we try anymore.

And we won't stop. For we've stopped listening. The clock will strike twelve. I'll finish this, and put a period. A full stop.

THE CURSE

Vinay Anand
SEM VI (English Hons)

"Its been 78 hours since I slept last time, I can't take it anymore", Ayesha cried in extreme agony. It was the day of her wedding, and here she was sitting beside the resplendent lake in the middle of the derelict forest . The foliage was beaming and sparkling green under the beautiful moonlight. ."How often do you encounter these gloomy clouds in the mid of January ", a faint reply came from behind. "How can I have the courage to forge my entire life when the beginning is so excruciating, my pain never will be intelligible to you" Ayesha shouted fumingly, while her eyes were searching for the voice. "Is it more difficult than seeing the most beautiful thing of your life going away into the infinity", the voice interrogated her. "I've heard this place is cursed and here I am for my salvation, my life has no worth from here on", a pessimistic reply came from Ayesha. "How can I see your beautiful face radiate desolation, my dear ", the wizard teleported himself right in front of her. "The onset of spring is a sign of joy and prosperity in the popular culture, get up young lady, I can feel the retaliation going inside", the wizard replied trying to inspire life in the dead spirit and went on to narrate tribulation of his life.



Exemption from this painful world of stereotypes is not that easy, I've wandered here for ages and still I'm in great ache. A primeval wedding which was the most splendid day that this earth ever witnessed and that day this world became frivolous for me. Isolated in the middle of the lavish crowd, I was stuck in the barren ruins of the brightest palace of the earth. Her Red dress seemed to painted by fresh blood of mine, the pain was inevitably strong and afflicting. I stood on the terrace of the edifice for her last glance, my lady, ever so beautiful , that day each and every direction was diffused by her luminance. That moment stayed with me, and my consciousness was oscillating and was caught in the vicious cycle of doubting self-worth and my soul was questioning my own resolution .I fell down on the ground, my heart which already stopped beating , was now beating faster as she touched my chest , for a moment I gathered all my courage to stand up and defend my creed and my fate but it was too late, my spirit was battered and bruised now. I stood up hyperventilating and again I felt her right in front of me. Why these girls look so irresistible on the day of their wedding, her



bright red dress was graceful and she could ignite vigilance in the persecuted. Every beat of my heart was taking me closer to divinity, it was a discovery for me, I was going to find myself and the truth. My throbbing veins were pumping insulin in my soul, a soul that had lost its holiness. She said that she loved black and she believed in the perpetuity, maybe I was very wrong. It was just her smile and I submitted my will for entire lifetime, but she went away just because my colour and creed was tainted. The lord who made everybody hasn't discriminated with colour, but she rejected a destiny for my credulous shade. I slide forward to reach the home in which I stayed in my childhood, where I use to run to the end of the street barefooted just to see her pass by for a moment in my life . She didn't even remember those cold mornings in the hot season of summer, when I sacrificed my exhilaration for her, I used to run through those green fields just to collect the prettiest flowers for her. The several bouquets of love didn't recur in her mind. In the corner of that exotic villa, I collapsed. My senses were cracking just by the echo of the music that was played in the background .The sweetest trance of her exotic presence was getting plagued by the nescience slow death that was approaching me .' and then the wizard took a pause , there

was a deafening silence in that forest . The moonlit thicket turned remorse.

Ayesha was fascinated by the tale of the senescent old man. She asked "then why still after so many ages you seek your redemption in her". The Wizard turned back and starred Ayesha with his mysterious dark eyes. ' Who got blinded in the darkness, it was my ardent admiration for the light which burned my eyes". This corrupted world is the manifestation of materialistic glory. This life is a punishment for loving the truculent. She wanted her gratification and pleasure . Ah ! Such a arid deposition she had, her eyes were too weak to see my sacrifice and her heart was too cruel to feel my love. 'Ayesha stood there bewildered by the wise answer of the Conjurer .The old Necromancer looked at her, and slided his fingers through her hair and kissed her on her forehead and then disappeared into the darkness".Just take a dip into this oblivious lake , this is your only opportunity don't sacrifice the world on the other side just because of the apprehension of getting drowned , and forget all fear, look up and listen to your heart, you'll find the answer " , the voice of the Charmer echoed in forest . "Ayesha, Ayesha "a sweet voice came from behind , a pat on her shoulder. "Get up everyone is waiting for you downstairs, my child " . Ayesha felt asleep in front of the mirror. She took a moment and looked into the mirror only to be flattered by the affable beauty of the bride. "Maa, I'll be back in a second " Ayesha replied while heading towards the terrace .



Which pillow do I lift
To search for a cotton strand of
peace?
Pressed within another yea small
bed
Of characters that but share our
tongue
Without wearing our flesh?

Behind which grimy jar do I
Strain to look for those
Goldilocks' timberwoods
That will fire the pyre of the
sighing
Lyre – gaunt and heavy –
Placing a chrisom over my
Feverish lyrics, the thump
Beneath my wrist now just as a
muted glow of screen against 3
am.

**EKTA DOGRA
SEM VI
(ENGLISH HONS)**

WHICH PILLOW DO I LIFT

To slide out yet another
Bound one thousand
and eight breathing,
waffling, and heavily
sighed on pages
And feel as if
I've wrenched out the
permission to
Play around the mottled
shadows
When I was five, and
it had been long past 6
in the eve.

REVIEW OF THE INVISIBLE MAN

MUSKAAN CHHABRA

SEM IV (ENGLISH HONS)

The Invisible Man by H.G. Wells is a science fiction classic written in 1897. The novella was first serialized in Pearson's Weekly the same year it was published.

Griffin is a scientist who devotes himself to the field of optics. While working in his research Griffin discovers that he can change the body's refractive index to absorb all light and reflect none, which makes him invisible.

The scientist uses himself as his first experimentation subject but fails to reverse the process. After his friend betrays him, Griffin decided to murder him and begins his own personal "reign of terror".

What if what you consider a blessing is also a curse? The Invisible Man by H.G. Wells touches on this very same question.

How many of us wouldn't like to be invisible? That's what the protagonist, Griffin, thought when he became invisible only to find it to be the bane of his existence. Yes, there are some positives aspects, but H.G. Wells concentrates mostly on the negative ones.

I thought Wells did a good job building up the eerie atmosphere that is prominent throughout the story. Actually, the atmosphere is the star of the book as none of the characters resonated with me and the storyline, which mainly consisted of wreaking havoc for havoc's sake, was not very inspired. The story itself is also quite funny, I thought and many of the scenes played in my mind as slapstick.

However, one could certainly tell that Wells is a master storyteller, and I find myself engrossed in the story for several chapters (mainly at the beginning and end). I also found the period details in the book very interesting.

The Invisible Man is the ultimate story of an insane anti-hero, before insane anti-heroes became popular. Griffin himself becomes more and more pathetic as the story progress and from the comical start Wells moves away to a darker, subtle satire of small minds in small towns can be just as dangerous as any psychopath.

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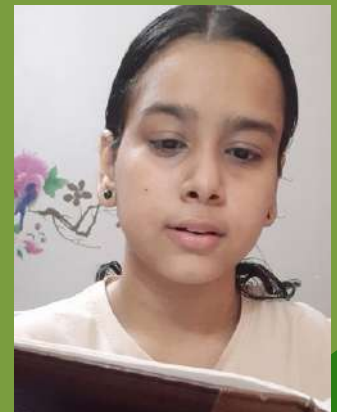
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