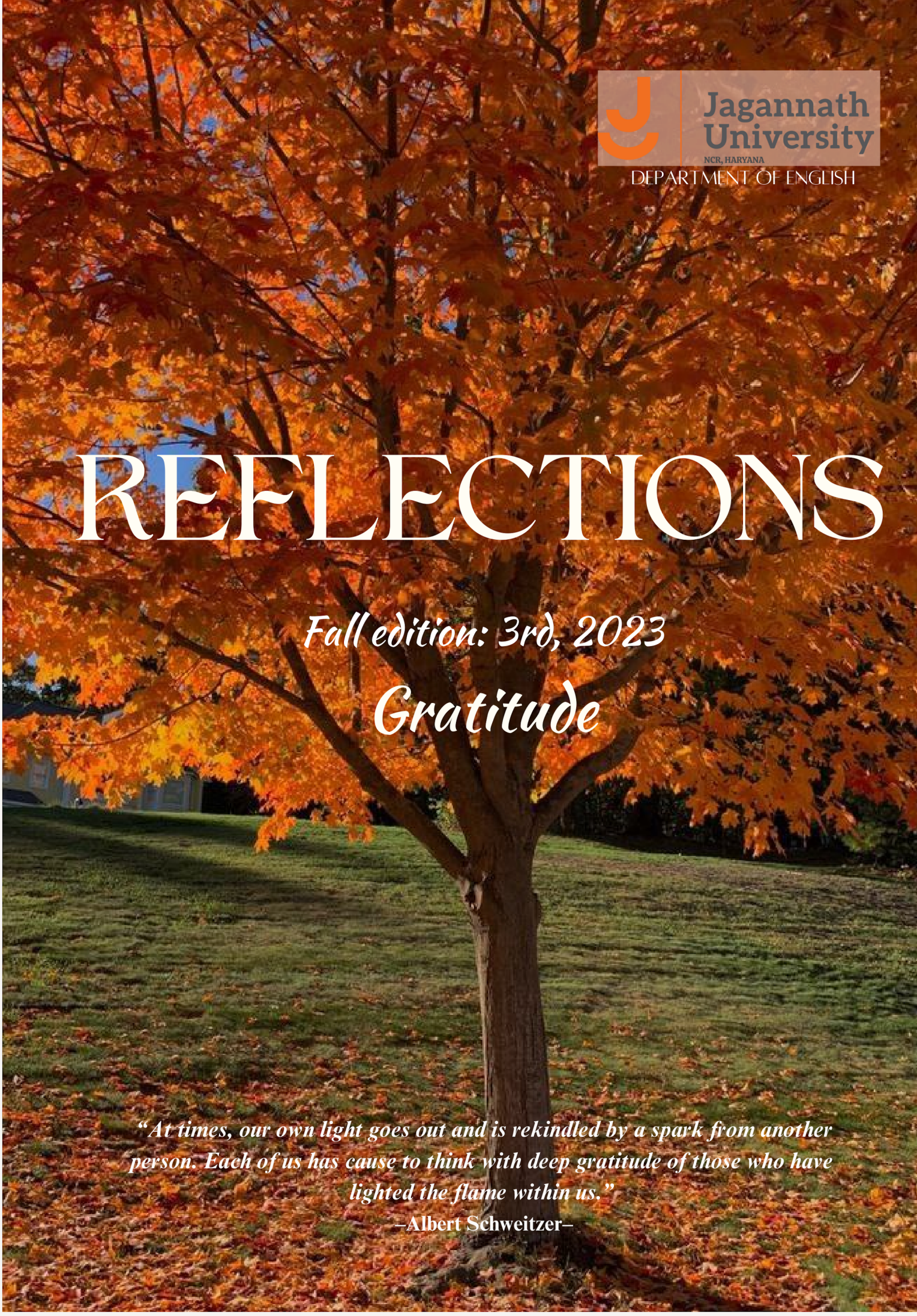


Jagannath University
NCR, HARYANA
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

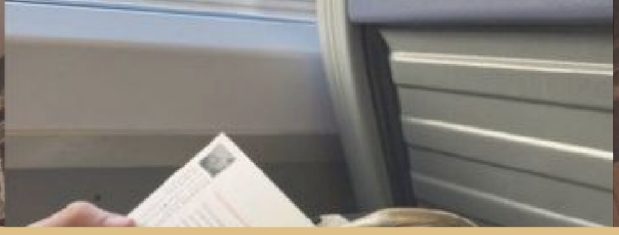
REFLECTIONS

Fall edition: 3rd, 2023

Gratitude

"At times, our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us."

–Albert Schweitzer–


OCTOBER

O hushed October morning mild,
Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;
Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,
Should waste them all.

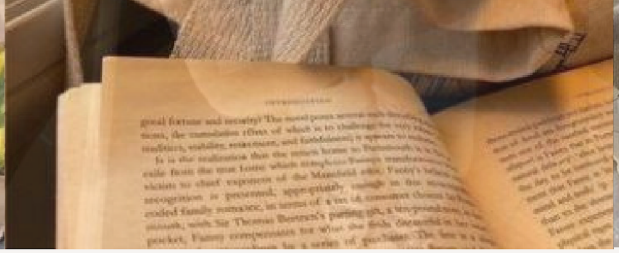
The crows above the forest call;
Tomorrow they may form and go.
O hushed October morning mild,
Begin the hours of this day slow.
Make the day seem to us less brief.
Hearts not averse to being beguiled,
Beguile us in the way you know.
Release one leaf at break of day;
At noon release another leaf;
One from our trees, one far away.
Retard the sun with gentle mist;
Enchant the land with amethyst.
Slow, slow!

For the grapes' sake, if they were all,
Whose leaves already are burnt with frost,
Whose clustered fruit must else be lost—
For the grapes' sake along the wall.

- Robert Frost





MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR



I take the opportunity to congratulate the Department of English for this literary endeavour. I am sure this creative journey is a culmination of artistic expressions with distinctive individual signatures. I applaud the creative efforts of the editorial team for their successful completion of this daunting task of putting together the myriad thoughts and dreams of our students, into a meaningful and delightful fest : 'REFLECTIONS'.

It gives me immense pleasure to see my students strive with perseverance and determination to accomplish the vision of Jagannath University. May all our students soar high in uncharted skies and bring glory to the institution and nation.

Mr. Deepak Gupta
Director

MESSAGE FROM THE H.O.D.

Dear Readers,

Greetings to you all from the Department of English! As the Head of the Department of English, at JCC, it is my pleasure and privilege, to present the Third Fall Edition of REFLECTIONS. Our Institute holds the multitudinous distinction of being one of the best colleges imparting quality education, for more than the last twenty-six years. The aim of our institute is to nurture our students and facilitate their growth as responsible and constructive members of society.

This fall edition of the magazine yet again gives me pride and pleasure, and probes me to be thankful to the almighty for his blessings in helping us bring another successful edition of REFLECTIONS. The theme of the magazine GRATITUDE, works absolutely in sync with my editor Ms. Reena Rai's and my approach; one of gratitude towards the Lord, life and relationships. On this note, I place my hearty thanks to Ms. Rai and the editorial board who brought a beautiful ensemble of their work.

May truth, justice, humility, compassion, and gratitude guide us in this journey that we have undertaken! I seek your good wishes for the continued
growth of the Department of English and this magazine in the times to come.

Happy Reading !

FROM THE DESK OF
Editor-in-Chief

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the latest edition of our magazine Reflections!
Department of English has always strived to walk alongside the vision of the institution. As Editor-in-Chief I am thrilled to present this fall edition on the landscape of a diverse range of segments that we have carefully curated for your reading pleasure.

In this issue, we have focused on a variety of topics that we believe will captivate and engage you. My talented editorial team and contributors have worked tirelessly to bring to you thought-provoking content that reflects the essence of literature and life.

Each segment provides valuable insights, creativity and thoughtfulness. I hope your canvas of knowledge will be enriched by our humble efforts.

Mirroring our theme, I take the honour to express my gratitude to respected H.O.D., for without her guidance the fruition of this journey wouldn't have been possible.I would also like to express my appreciation and gratitude to my student editors for working with much enthusiasm to bring forth a repository of high-quality content that informs, entertains, and inspires. We encourage you to share your thoughts and suggestions with us, as we are always striving to improve and cater to your interests.
Happy Reading!

Ms. R. Rai
Faculty

Editorial Team



Left to right
Ashi Dahiya (III Year) Senior Editor
Dhwani Gupta (II Year)
Monal Mittal (II Year)
Abhishek Manral (III Year) Senior Creative Designer

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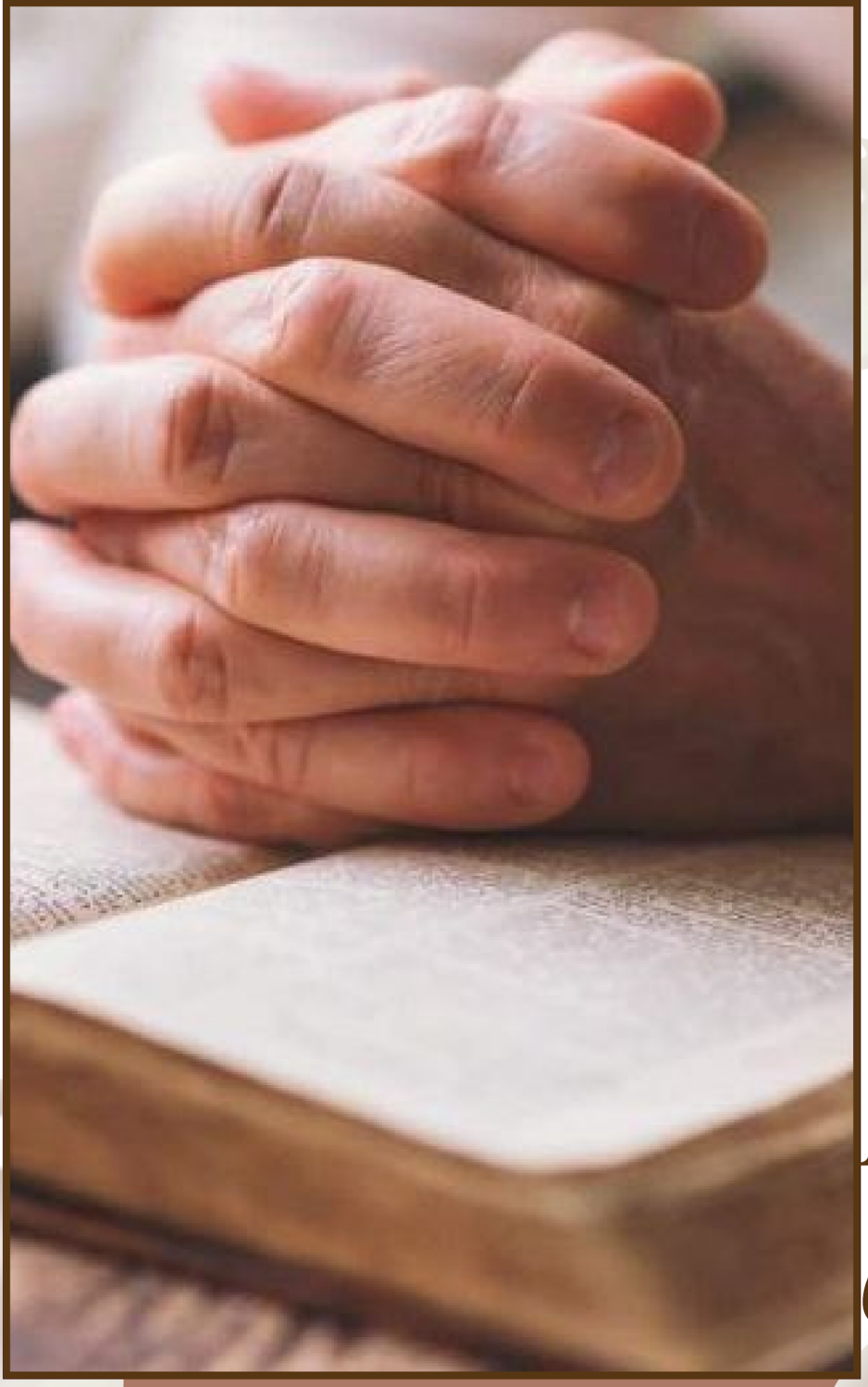
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PEARLS of GRATITUDE

Respected H.O.D,
Thank you for everything, ma'am. Your scolding is forever imprinted on our minds, but it can never overshadow the love and affection you pour into us as our mentor. You've found the perfect balance between guiding us firmly and being there for us whenever any situation calls for it. College would not have been the same without you, and we are eternally grateful for your presence in our lives.

I AM GRATEFUL

Dear Professors, Mentors, Teachers, Guides,
We have a variety of words to describe your status, but none would bring justice to the gratitude and appreciation we feel towards you all.
Your guidance, and patience inspires us.
Thank you for being the shining north star of our lives.

Dear Chavi,
I remember how on our first meeting I thought that we belong from two different worlds. For you and I to be friends wasn't even a possibility. Slowly, I got to see the real Chavi in you who is kind hearted and always high on energy. You amaze me each day with your unwavering support for me showing me what real friendship means. Hey! Thank you for being my friend.

Dear Dhwani,
You've truly been my guardian angel and, for that, I'm grateful beyond words. I think of the time when I came to college unwell, and your scolding, followed by your concern, touched my heart. It meant the world to me that someone other than my family cared about my well-being. Thank you for always being there for me. I hope I can reciprocate the same care and support for you.

I AM GRATEFUL

Dear Muskaan,
I want to extend my gratitude to you, for being an amazing companion on my first day. Your simplicity and innocent outlook on life left me spellbound. I, fondly, recall how at ease you made me feel when I asked for your help with work. Each day makes me appreciate the bond we've created a little more. Thank you for being such a wonderful friend.

Dear Kinjal,
Your unwavering care and willingness to listen and support me, means the world to me. I'm excited to see where life leads us and in what ways we can continue to support and encourage one another. And, of course, thank you for always saying yes to chole-kulches.

Dear Leena,
I am sure you have no idea how much you inspire me. I don't know why but whenever you talk, it brings a smile to my face, maybe because it's your soft voice or maybe it's the sweet smile of yours, it motivates me to smile and embrace any kind of situation that might come. I recall, you were the first one to wish me on my previous birthday among all my friends and, believe me, I was extremely touched. We have known each other for such a short period of time, yet I can vouch for your golden heart. I wish to see our friendship grow.

Dear Monal,
I feel incredibly fortunate to have you in my life. Your support and encouragement have boosted my confidence. As an introverted self, I often find it challenging to engage in conversations, but your eagerness to initiate them is greatly appreciated. Your interest motivates me to speak confidently, especially during presentations. Thank you so much for your support.

Dear Pranjal,
Your honest feedback has always driven me to improve myself. You have helped me navigate through my stage fear. A word of appreciation and a gesture of acceptance can do miracles, and you have done the same. You never fail to stand up for me. Thank you for showing me kindness and being a friend to me.

Dear Riya,
I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for your warm acceptance of me and my troubles. Your help in making me feel at ease and relaxed in my environment is truly invaluable. Your kindness is a shining light in my life, and I cherish our friendship. Thank you, Riya, for being such a wonderful and supportive friend.

I AM GRATEFUL

Dear Sanya,
I want to express my gratitude for turning something as typically dull as an exam into a fun and anxiety-free experience with your delightful jokes and stories. You made me feel accepted as a genuine friend, even though we only had few hours together before having a day we thoroughly enjoyed.

Dear Sakshi,
You have a remarkable ability to bring joy and excitement to even the dullest of days. Your moral support and thoughtful guidance have been invaluable to me. You taught me that it's okay to be vulnerable as long as one maintains composure, and you've been there for me in those moments of vulnerability. Thank you for introducing me to so much in this world during our brief time together.

I AM GRATEFUL

Dear Surbhi,
Thank you for being understanding in so many ways. Your motivation, subtle humor, attentive nature, and support in helping me navigate the ups and downs of life has healed me through time and helped me open up and feel like myself when I'm with you.

Dear Nancy,
I remember when I was running late for an exam and felt overwhelmed with anxiety, fearing the potential consequences. You also had and exam to worry about yet, you patiently waited for me for half an hour. Your offer of support and companionship meant the world to me. That day, your actions truly spoke for your nature and touched my heart.

Dear Alisha,
Fighting with a friend is tough, and dealing with the aftermath is tougher. But I remember how you were always there to support and console me during those times. Whenever I felt like I was drowning in a problem, you acted like a lifeguard, helping me stay afloat. Alisha, I cannot thank you enough for making my life more enjoyable.

Dear Lady,
Helping out a stranger is not something people tend to engage in, but my gratitude towards an unknown lady who decided to wait up one night for me until I boarded my taxi safely is unwavering. A small but thoughtful gesture that she extended for someone as unfamiliar to her as me, has strengthened my belief in humanity and kindness in this world.

I AM GRATEFUL

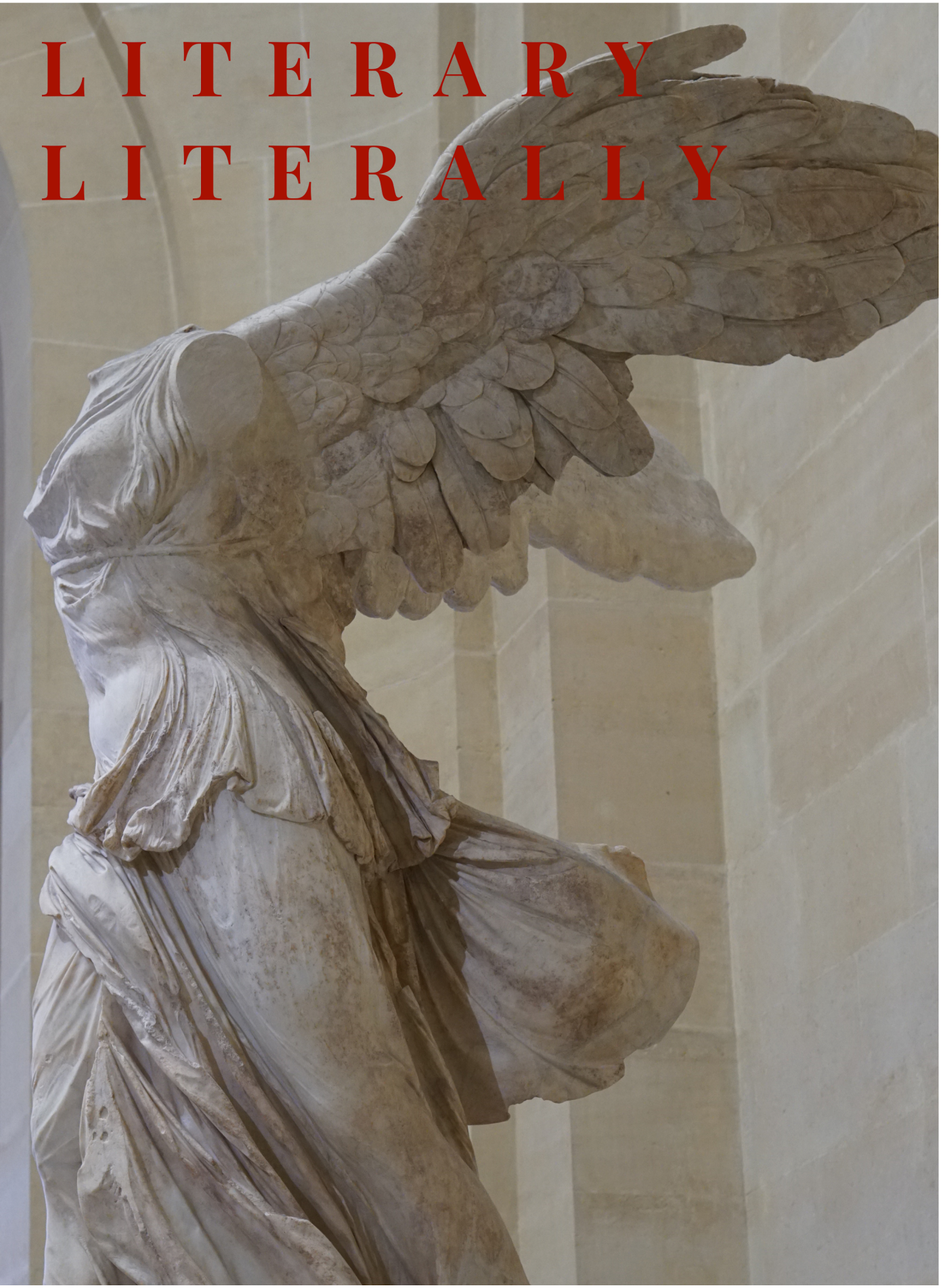
Dear Chetna,
The first thought that comes to my mind is your calls at ungodly hours. If someday by chance you deviate from your trajectory, I just wonder and wait for your call. Your never-ending discussions and the fixed resolution of reaching college "on time" never bores me. I love the way you give insights and I hope your innocence never leaves your side. I cherish our friendship, thank God we are friends!

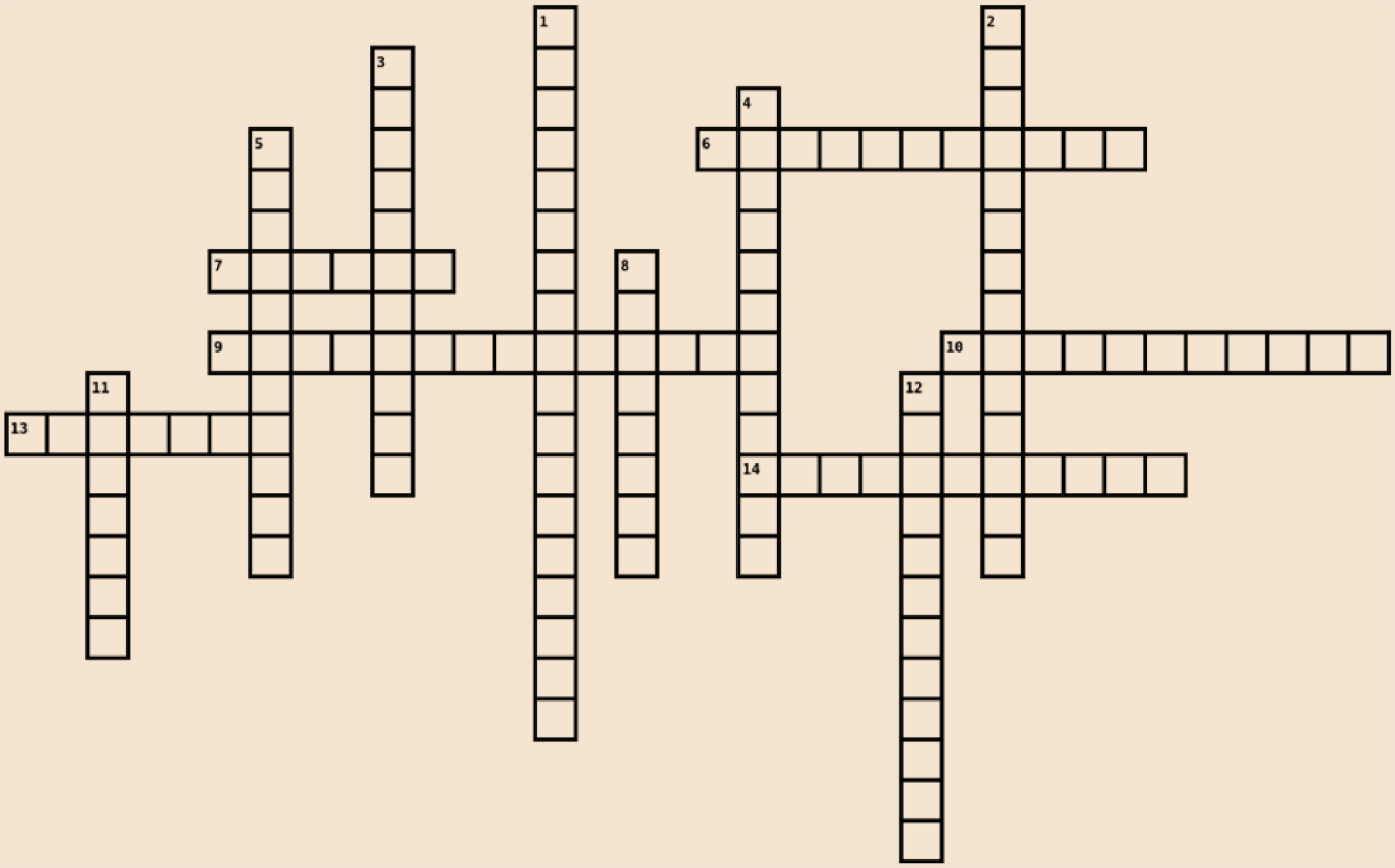
Dear Himanshi,
I can never forget how you made my birthdays the happiest day ever. You persuaded my parents to let me go out, breaking through their over-protective exterior, and it was the best gift. Your daily acts of kindness and generosity make me thankful to have you in my life. I'm truly grateful to call you a friend.

Dear Shruti and Shikha ,
It was clear from the first time we met that you would be more than simply my friends; you became a source of comfort, laughter, and companionship. The moments we've made together, from late-night study sessions to spontaneous road trips, will live on in my heart forever. We will never be able to replace the lessons we've learned, the experiences we've shared, and the connections that we've created. Here's to the exciting adventures ahead and the lasting relationship we share!

The best guide,
I am grateful for my parents for supporting me through the thicks and thins. Thank you mummy for having a bottle of water ready for me in the morning, even though I forget it sometimes. Thank you papa for showing me what unconditional support and safety looks like.

LOVE LITERARY LITERALLY





ACCIO, ANSWER!

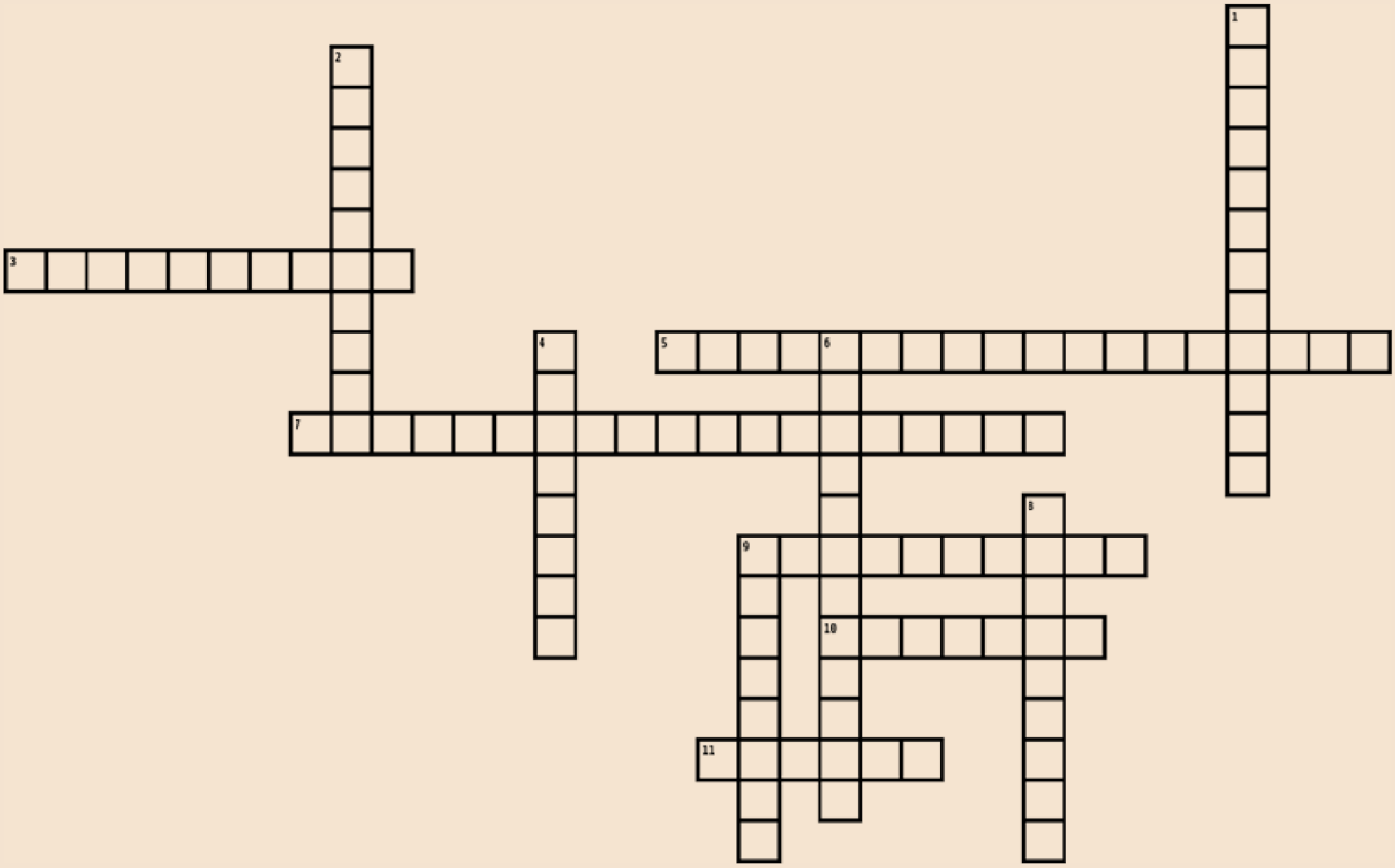
SUMMON YOUR WITS!

Across

6. The most iconic character created by J.K Rowling.
7. The speaker of soliloquy “To be or not to be.”
9. The most iconic character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
10. The place where Gulliver heads to after his voyage to Lilliput.
13. Known as “The Poet’s Poet.”
14. “Some people are nobody's enemies but their own, yer know.”
Clue: Famous text by Charles Dickens.

Down

1. Known as the “Father of English Tragedy.”
2. Known as the “Queen of Crimes.”
3. Pseudonym used by Mary Ann Evans.
4. “Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav’n.”
Clue: Famous text by John Milton.
5. The longest epic in the world.
Clue: Indian
8. Known as the “Shakespeare of India.”
11. The nymph in “The Rape of The Lock.”
12. “Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness trust upon ‘em.”
Clue: Famous text by Shakespeare.



LITERARY DEVICES

DEAL WITH IT!

Across

3. The continuation of a sentence without a pause beyond the end of a couplet, or stanza.
5. A question asked in order to create a dramatic effect or to make a point rather than to get an answer.
7. A literary device that makes a far-stretched comparison between a spiritual aspect of a person and a physical thing in the world.
9. A literary device that positions opposite ideas parallel to each other. Eg: 'To be or not to be.'
10. Literary device used in "Two souls which are one."
11. Literary device used in "Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

Down

1. Literary device used in "She sells seashells by the seashore."
2. A literary technique that involves the repetition of consonant sounds at the end of words or within words, creating a harmonious effect in the text.
4. Literary device used in "Living dead."
6. A literary device that uses words to describe the sounds made by all living things including people, animals, birds and all inanimate objects.
8. A literary device where there is repetition of vowel sound within words, often used for poetic effect.
9. A brief and indirect reference to a person, place, thing or idea of historical, cultural, literary and political significance.



QUIZ



QUESTION 1
In order to marry Elizabeth II, Philip, in 1947, renounced his Greek and Danish Royal titles and adopted which family name to become a naturalized British subject?

QUESTION 2
If a queen consort is the wife of a reigning king, and a queen regent is the guardian of a child monarch and rules in the child's stead, what was the term used to define Elizabeth II as the female monarch who reigned in her own right? How many sovereign states did she rule over the course of her lifetime?

QUESTION 3
This British colony in Africa once had a 'rich' name. Name the original and present name.



QUESTION 4
The only Southeast Asian nation that have never been colonised. Name the original and present name.

QUESTION 5
Mary I was Queen of England until her death in 1558. She was also known by what name?

QUESTION 6
Sometimes referred to as the Virgin Queen, she was the last monarch of the House of Tudor. Her reign is known for the flourishing of English drama led by playwrights such as William Shakespeare and Christopher Marlowe. Name the queen.



QUESTION 7
She was Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland during a period of industrial, political, scientific, and military change within the U.K., and was marked by a great expansion of the British Empire. This period has been marked as an era named after her. Name the queen.

Source: The Hindu



QUIZ

featuring ***AGATHA CHRISTIE***



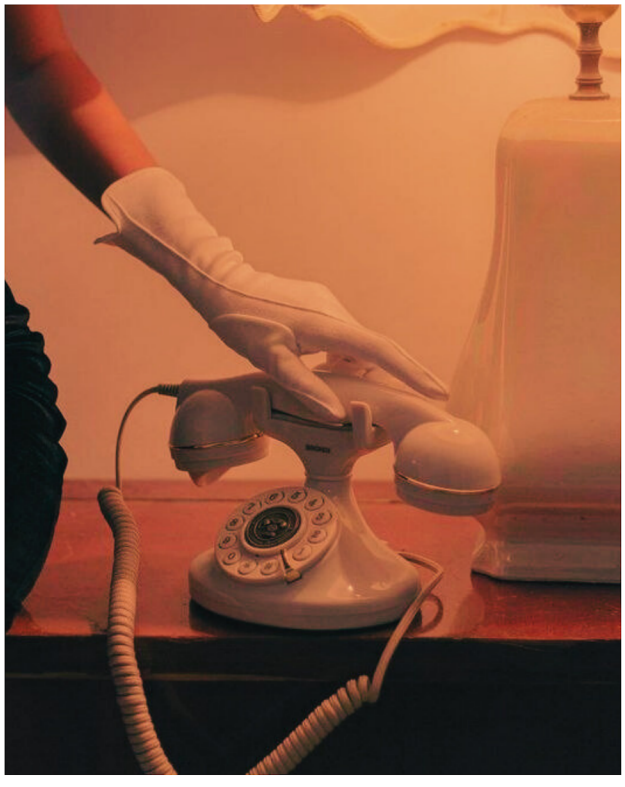
Q 1. Agatha Christie wrote six semi-autobiographical novels under a pseudonym and kept the fact that she was the author a secret for almost 20 years. What was the pseudonym?

Q 2. Christie dedicated her book Halloween Party to a prolific English writer and a noted humorist. She is said to have admired this writer. Name him.



Q 3. The image is from a movie which is based on the 1937 novel of the same name by Christie. Name the Film.





Q 4. The Big Four, The Mystery of the Blue Train, Death on the Nile, The Shadow on the Glass. Which book among the four is not a part of the Hercule Poirot CM K series?

Q 5. One of Christie's plays, The Mousetrap, set the world record for the longest continuous run at one theatre. Which theatre did it play in and how many shows?

Q 6. The noted novelist is said to have disappeared for nearly two weeks. The incident made national headlines and a manhunt was launched with several officers and volunteers. She was found later at a hotel in Yorkshire, England. After what incident did Christie disappear?

Q 7. One of Christie's creations included this detective cum heart specialist. Name him.

Source: The Hindu

OH! I KNOW THEIR *words* BUT

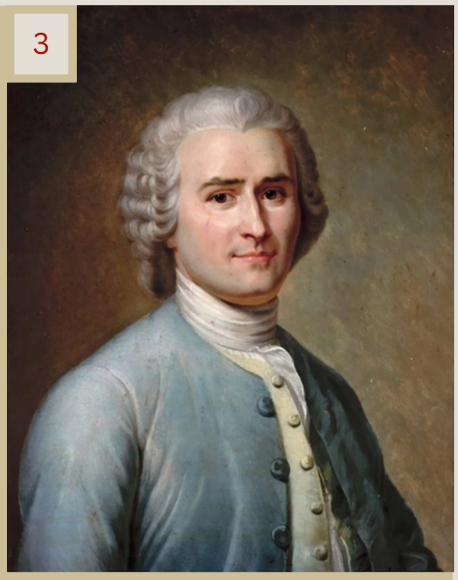
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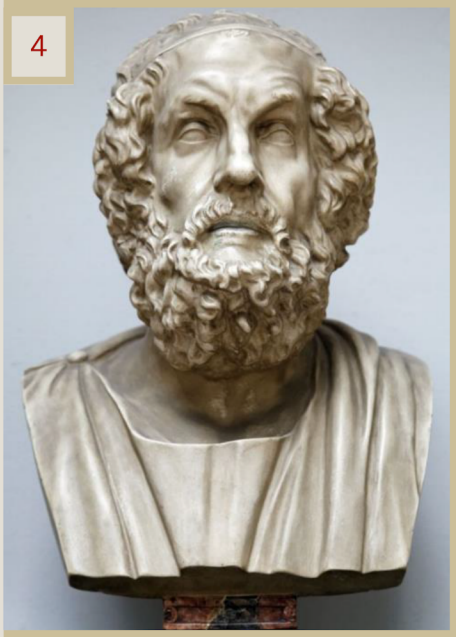
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6



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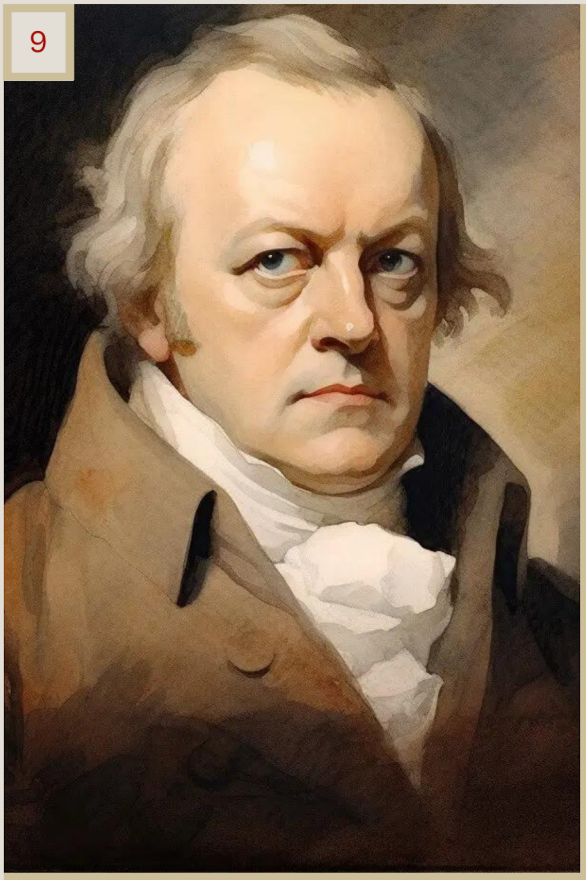


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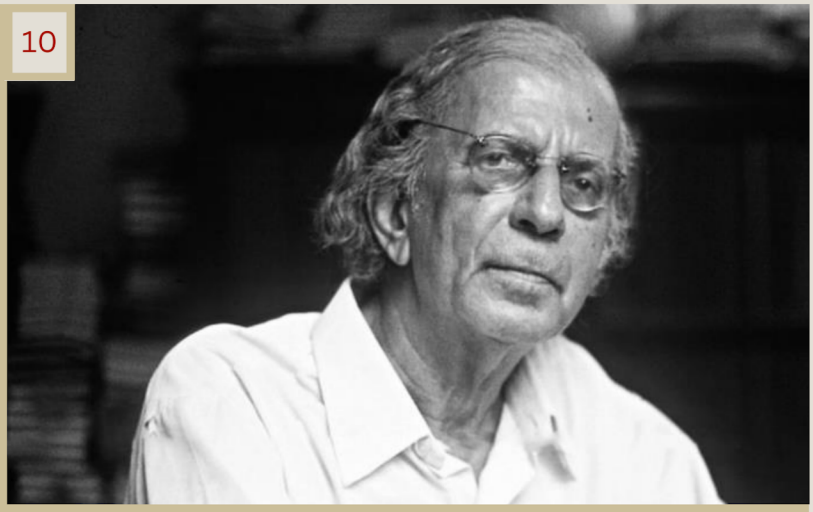


DO I KNOW THEIR *faces!*

9



10



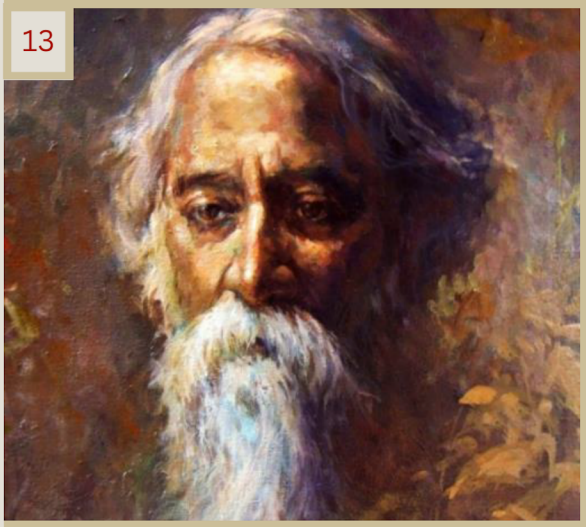
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12



13



14



15



VIRGINIA WOOLF

Virginia Woolf is often associated with the stream-of-consciousness narrative technique. Woolf was a feminist thinker. Her most famous work is *To The Lighthouse*.

25 January

1882

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles John Huffam Dickens was an essayist who made a portion of the world's most popular characters, and is considered as one of the best writers of the Victorian era. One of his most famous works is *A Christmas Carol*.

7th February

1812

FIND YOUR TWIN

TWIN YOUR FIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare was an English playwright, regarded as the greatest writer in the English language.
His some of the famous works are *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear* and *The Tempest*.

26 April

1564

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost was an American poet. He was known for his realistic depictions of rural life. Some of his famous works are *The Road Not Taken* and *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*.

26 March

1874

ALEXANDER POPE

Alexander Pope was an English poet and satirist. He was an exponent of Augustan literature. One of his most famous work is *The Rape of Lock*.

21 May

1688

MARY SHELLY

Mary Shelley was a British novelist best known for her groundbreaking work of science fiction. *Frankenstein* is her most famous work, Mary Shelley wrote other novels, including *The Last Man* (1826) and *Mathilda* (1819).

August 30

1797

GEORGE ORWELL

George Orwell was a British writer, essayist, journalist and critic. He was born in Motihari, British India and was known best for his works such as *Animal Farm* and *1984*.

June 25
1903

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Agatha Christie was a renowned British author known as the Queen of Crime. Agatha Christie wrote more than 66 detective novels, 14 short story collections. Two of Christie's most famous and enduring characters are Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple.

September 15
1890

FIND YOUR TWIN

FIND YOUR TWIN

JOHN KEATS

John Keats was a renowned English Romantic poet. He was born in London, England. Keats left a lasting legacy in English literature, with his notable works such as *Ode to a Nightingale* and *To Autumn*.

October 31
1795

GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot was the pen name of Mary Ann Evans, who was a prominent English novelist and one of the leading writers of the Victorian era. Her famous works being *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner* and *Daniel Deronda*.

November 22
1819

RUDYARD KIPLING

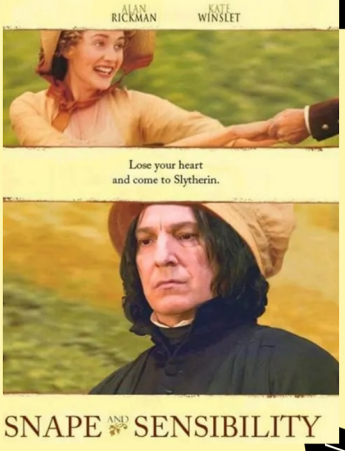
Rudyard Kipling was a British author, poet, and journalist who is best known for his prolific writings. In 1907, Rudyard Kipling became the first English-language writer to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature.

December 30
1865

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Dumas was born in France, best known for his historical novels. His most famous work is *The Three Musketeers*. He wrote more than 250 works during his lifetime including novels, plays and essays.

July 24
1802



SNAPE AND SENSIBILITY

HMM, IT'S SATIRE, I SEE....

Did you know Shakespeare was a soldier?
- He would get so nervous that he couldn't keep his hands from shaking. They say he wielded quite the shaky-spear.

Why does Oedipus hate profanity?
- Because he kisses his mother with that mouth.

What do you call a classic Greek vegetable?
- Brocules.

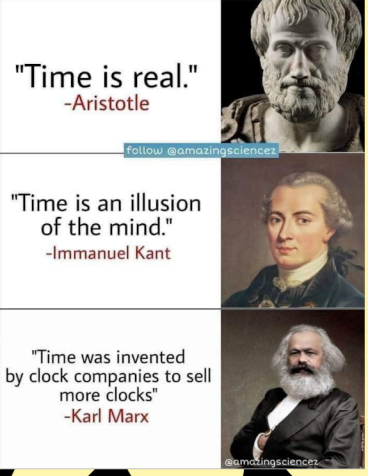
Have you guys read the Iliad?
- It is Epic!

One of my friends is dating a girl who looks just like his mom.
- I think his Oedipus complex is apparent.

Who's the Greek trojan war hero?
- Achilles the leg-end.

Sigmund Freud always used to wear a piece of jewelry on his wrist.
- It was an Id bracelet.

Boom



What do you get if you put Greek food in the fridge?
- The chilliad.

What did the professor say to his chatty class?
- Excuse me everyone, please stop 'Tolkien.'

Boy: Which is the oldest computer?
God: The oldest computer can be traced back to Adam and Eve. It was an apple but with extremely limited memory just 1 byte and then everything crashed.

My son has to read Oedipus for school. He asked me what I thought of it.
- I told him it was complex.

What does Shakespeare call his omelet?
- A hamlet

I named my dog Achilles. He's pretty smart, except when I say heel he plays dead.

My short friend started walking around without any shoes and it became sort of a Hobbit.

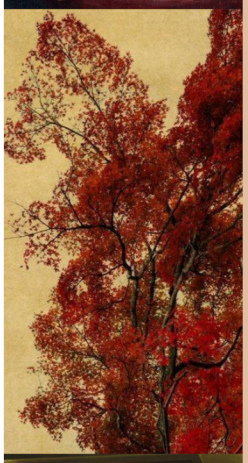
What is the difference between Charlotte Bronte and you?
- She had a breath of fresh Eyre.

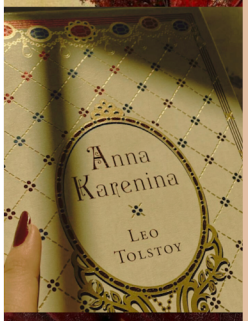
Sanya Sethi II year
Mayank Singh III year

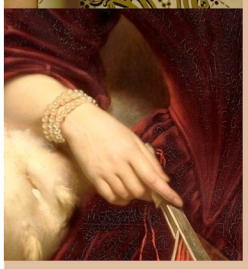












The Faces Now We Know...

1. **William Shakespeare** (1564-1616): He couldn't spell. He tried to be an actor first.
2. **Agatha Christie** (1890-1976): In December 1926, Agatha Christie went missing for 11 days.
3. **Jean-Jacques Rousseau** (1712-1778): Not only was Rousseau an author and philosopher, he was also a celebrated musician! He also contributed to music theory.
4. **Homer** (8th century): He was a singer and performer, thus known as a bard. He composed a collection of poems depicting the Trojan War's events in a book of poetry titled the Epic Cycle.
5. **Virginia Woolf** (1882-1941): She had an unusual pet, a marmoset — a tiny monkey native to South America.
6. **Charles Dickens** (1812-1870): He dreamt of being an actor. Dickens went to work in a factory aged 12.
7. **Jane Austen** (1775-1817): Austen completed formal schooling at age 12. She then found comfort in the family library, where she began to read.
8. **Arundhati Roy** (1961-present): She studied architecture at the Delhi School of Architecture and worked as a production designer.
9. **William Blake** (1757-1827): He was then educated at home by his mother Catherine Blake.
10. **Nissim Ezekiel** (1924-2004): He became art critic of The Times of India and edited Poetry India.
11. **Alfred Tennyson** (1809-1892): Queen Victoria loved his work and found comfort in his poem "In Memoriam A.H.H."
12. **W. B. Yeats** (1865-1939): He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1912. He founded the Irish National Theatre Society.
13. **Rabindranath Tagore** (1861-1941): First Asian to win the Nobel Prize. Man behind three national anthems.
14. **Simone de Beauvoir** (1908-1986): At one point in her youth, she even considered becoming a nun. Thank god, she didn't, right?
15. **William Wordsworth** (1770-1850): Wordsworth regretted his inability to fluently read modern poetic languages such as Italian and Spanish.

Quiz 1

1. Mountbatten
2. Queen/Empress Regnant; 32 sovereign states
3. Gold coast and Ghana
4. Siam and Thailand
5. Bloody Mary
6. Elizabeth 1
7. Queen Victoria

Quiz 2

1. Mary Westmacott.
2. P. G. Wodehouse.
3. Death on the Nile.
4. The Shadow on the Glass.
5. The Ambassadors Theatre, London with 8,862 performances.
6. Her husband Col. Archibald Christie had asked her for a divorce.
7. Parker Pyne.

1

ACROSS	DOWN
6. Harry Potter	1. Christopher Marlowe
7. Hamlet	2. Agatha Christie
9. Sherlock Holmes	3. George Eliot
10. Brobdingnag	4. Paradise Lost
13. Spenser	5. Mahabharata
14. Oliver Twist	8. Kalidasa
	11. Belinda
	12. Twelfth Night

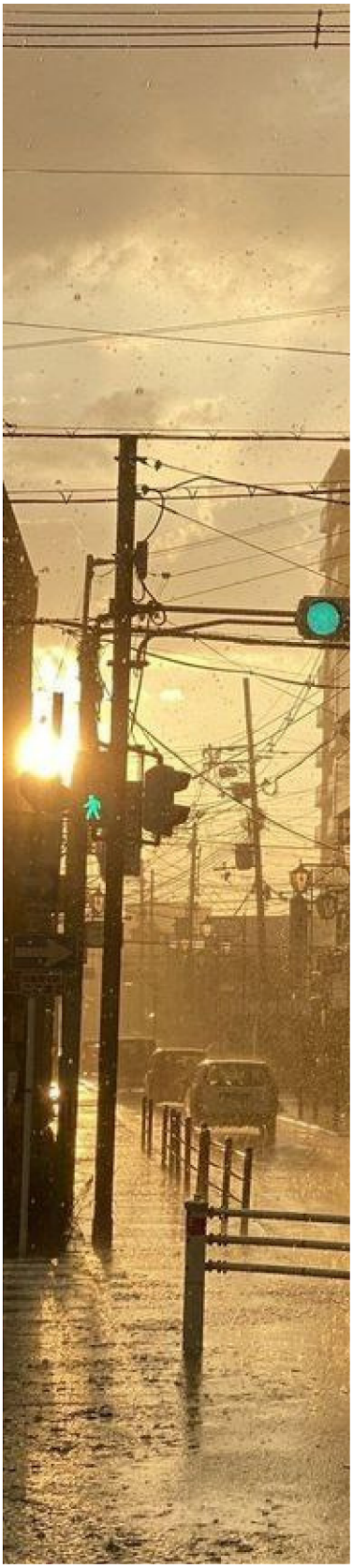
2

ACROSS	DOWN
3. Enjambment	1. Alliteration
5. Rhetorical Question	2. Consonance
7. Metaphysical Conceit	4. Oxymoron
9. Antithesis	6. Onomatopoeia
10. Paradox	8. Assonance
11. Simile	9. Allusion

~Credits~

• Sakshi Sharma • Kinjal Narang • Abhishek Manral • Monal Mittal • Ashi Dahiya •

MOODBOARDS







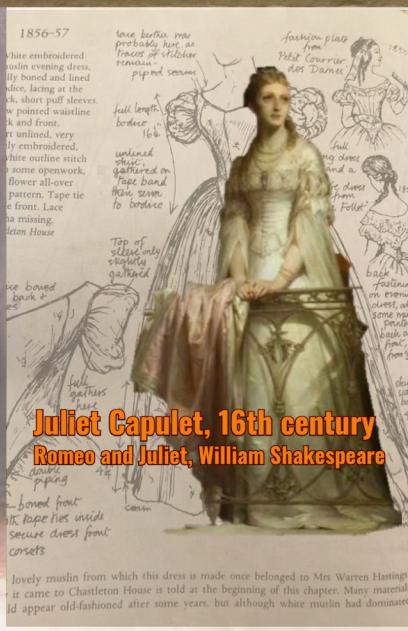
Segment III



The Squire, 14th century

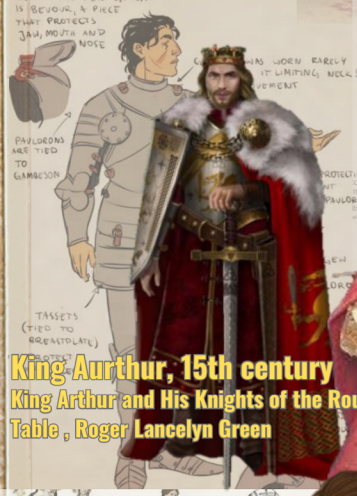
Wife of Bath, 14th century

The Canterbury Tales, Geoffrey Chaucer



Juliet Capulet, 16th century

Romeo and Juliet, William Shakespeare



King Aurthur, 15th century

King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table , Roger Lancelyn Green



Christine de Pizan, 15th century

Italian-French Poet

Eur

(14TH -

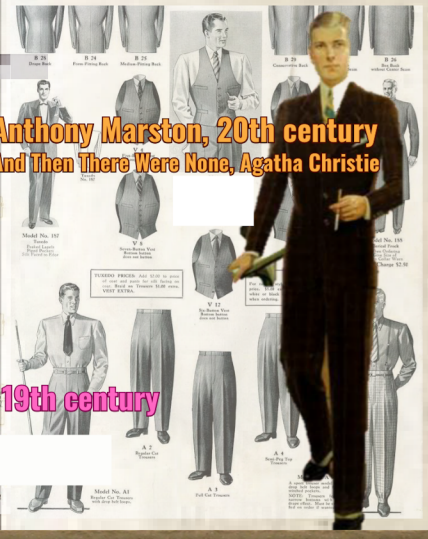
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Elizabeth Bennet, 19th century

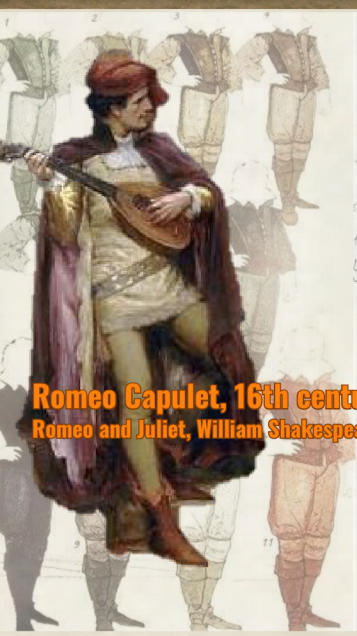
Fitzwilliam Darcy, 19th century

Pride And Prejudice, Jane Austen



Anthony Marston, 20th century

And Then There Were None, Agatha Christie



Romeo Capulet, 16th century
Romeo and Juliet, William Shakespeare



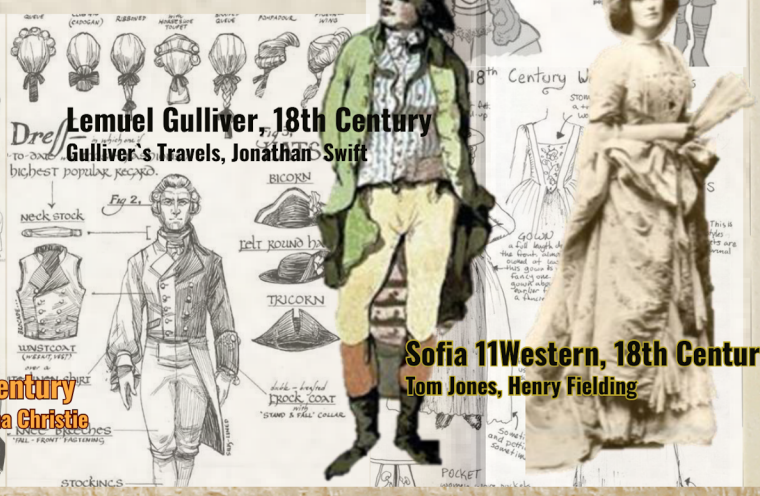
Desdemona, 17th century

Othello, 17th century
The Tragedy Of Othello, The Moor Of Venice,
William Shakespeare

opean
20TH CENTURY)
shion



Vera Claythorne, 20th century
And Then There Were None, Agatha Christie



Lemuel Gulliver, 18th Century
Gulliver`s Travels, Jonathan Swift

Sofia 11Western, 18th Century
Tom Jones, Henry Fielding


SIRIUS BLACK
REWARD
National Weather
Zodiac ✶ Aspects
SIRIUS BLACK
HOGWARTS
LOVE POTIO
WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY
HEADMASTER: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE
DEFENCE
DARK ARTS
KNIGHT BUS
SPECIAL EDITION
HE WHO MUST NOT BE NAME
RETURN
After all this time?
I'm going to bed, before either of you come up with another clever idea to get us killed... or worse, *expelled*.
FLOO POWDER
THE DARK FORCES
A HISTORY OF MAGIC
POLYJUICE POTION
I solemnly swear I am up to no good.
The MARAUDER'S MAP
lumos
Harry- yer a Wizard.

Hogwarts

Hogwarts is a fictional place created by British author J. K. Rowling. She created a fictional world full of magic and wizardry which appealed greatly to the masses.

Chronology:

- The Sorcerer's Stone
- Chamber of Secrets
- Prisoner of Azkaban
- Goblet of Fire
- Order of the Phoenix
- Half-Blood Prince
- Deathly Hallows

The release of the first novel, Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, was on 26 June 1997.

The books have found immense popularity, and commercial success worldwide.

"I'm going to keep going until I succeed—or I die. Don't think I don't know how this might end. I've known it for years."

—Harry Potter—

"Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light."

—Albus Dumbledore—

"Just because you've got the emotional range of a teaspoon, doesn't mean we all have."

—Hermione Granger—


Courage, dear heart
-C.S. LEWIS
HEAR ME ROAR
"The future of Narnia rests on your courage
THINGS NEVER HAPPEN THE SAME WAY TWICE.
"We have nothing, if not belief."

NARNIA

NARNIA IS A FICTIONAL PLACE CREATED BY BRITISH AUTHOR C. S. LEWIS, FOLLOWING A SIMILAR CONCEPT OF *ALICE IN THE WONDERLAND* WHERE NORMAL THINGS HIDE SECRETS.

Chronology:

- The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe
- Prince Caspian
- The Voyage of the Dawn Treader
- The Silver Chair
- The Horse and His Boy
- The Magician's Nephew
- The Last Battle

First book to hit the bookshelves from the series was "The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe" in 1950.
The book follows 4 children and their adventures in the mythical world and Narnia..

"Do not cite the Deep Magic to me Witch. I was there when it was written."

—Aslan—

"As if from a dream, or a dream of a dream"

—Queen Lucy—

"What were you all doing in the wardrobe?"

—Professor Kirke—


"Life is about
making right
things and
going on.."

Malgudi

Malgudi is a fictional place created by an Indian author R. K. Narayan, a small town holding nostalgic adventures.

Chronology:

- Swami and Friends
- The Bachelor of Arts
- The English Teacher
- Mr. Sampath
- The Financial Expert
- Waiting for the Mahatma
- The Man-eater of Malgudi
- A Tiger for Malgudi
- The World of Nagaraj

Malgudi Days, written by R. K. Narayan, was published in 1943 by Indian Thought Publications. The book includes 32 stories, all set in the fictional town of Malgudi, located in South India.

"Life is about making right things and going on."

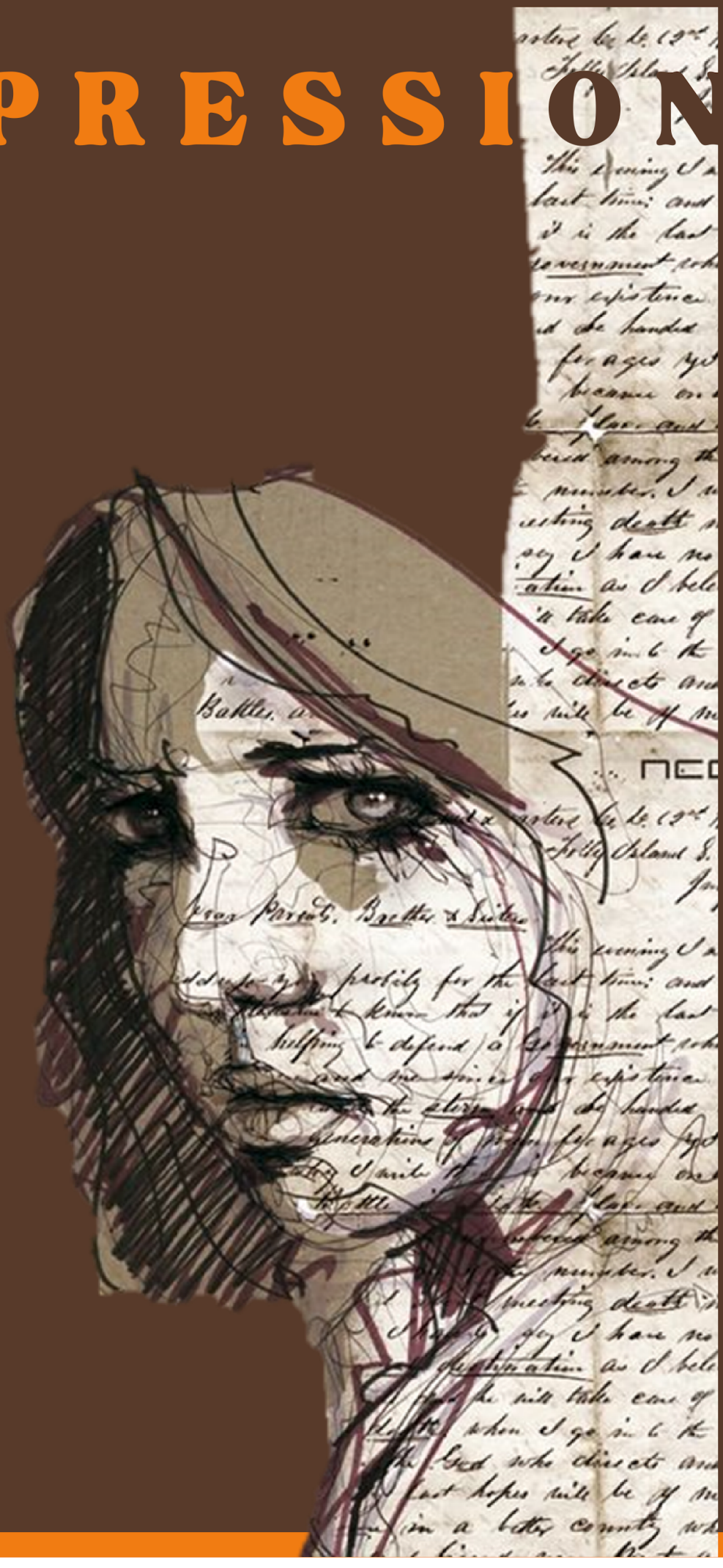
—R. K. Narayan—

~Credits~
• Abhishek Manral • Monal Mittal • Dhwani Gupta • Ashi Dahiya • Muskan Sharma • Khushi Gupta • Ishika Mittal •

PUT IN THE BLACK & WHITE



EXPRESSION



Whispers of Gratitude



Artwork Rashida Fatima
III Year

Gratitude's gentle embrace, a silent gesture,
Whispers in the wind, like a secret shared,
In the 'Thank yous' or the unspoken, it finds its texture,
A symphony of emotions, showing we cared.

A smile exchanged, a warmth in the eyes,
Gratitude's canvas, painted in hues unseen,
Beyond mere words, its essence lies,
A bridge between souls, where empathy convenes.

In the tapestry of life, it weaves connections,
Stitching moments of grace into our days,
Acknowledging the threads of kind reflections,
Gratitude's power in myriad ways.

No need for rhyme to capture its grace,
In prose or verse, its spirit unfurls,
A quiet strength that time can't erase,
Gratitude, a treasure that endlessly swirls.



Kinjal Narang
III Year



Want You.





I want you to walk by my side,
In the darkness, it comforts me.
I want you to hold my hand
In the loneliness,
It makes me happy.
I want you to know all my
secrets,
In all my sorrows, it sets me free.
I want you to adore me,
In my life, it shows me care.



I'm grateful for when you showed
faith in me,
It made me who I am today.
But yet, again, I want you to hold
me dear,
So I get to thank you of your
support.
Every day a little more
refreshing,
Your guidance has stayed
unwavering.
Will words justify my gratitude
for you?
That's all between you and me.





Himanshi Maheshwari
II Year

Grateful



Grateful, I am for the eyes,
Every morning it helps me appreciate the beauty.
Grateful, I am for the body,
Every day it encourages me to accomplish all the tasks.
Grateful, I am for the heart,
Every second it bleeds with so much love.
Grateful, I am for the mind,
Every moment it keeps me engrossed and curious.
Grateful, I am for the people,
Every despair they help me fight.
Grateful, I am to the almighty,
Every breath is a beautiful gift.
Grateful, I am for the moments,
Every sentence that brought me peace.
Grateful, I am for the path that led me,
Everything that has made me,
"ME."

Surbhi Bhardwaj
II Year



Will Thanks Be Enough?

Things you have done,
And the words you have said.
Now they seem so true,
As I step into the real world.

I know a thank you will never be enough,
For the love that you have showered on me.
I might not say it but
Every ounce of my blood is in debted to you.

You have supported me and helped me rise,
Ever since you held me in your arms.
How can someone love so selflessly,
I guess this is what being parents mean.

Words will fall short for me,
To thank you for all that you do.
But I'm grateful,
To be born as a daughter to both of you.

Alisha
II Year



ONE ART

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

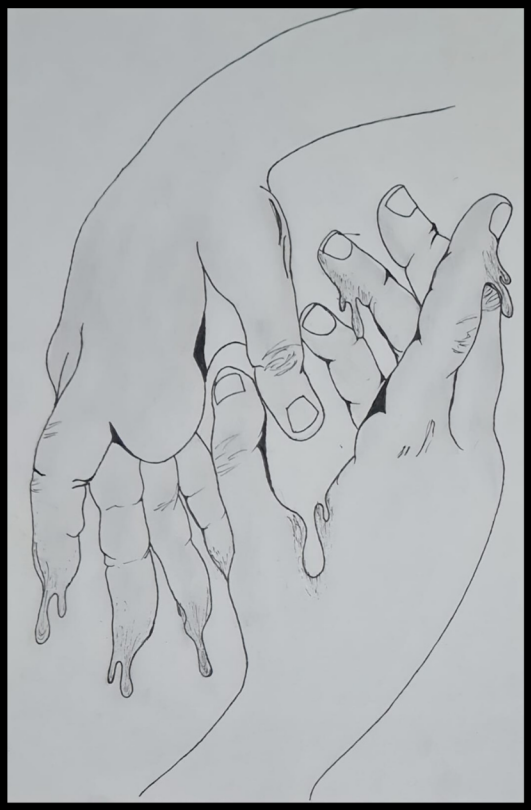
Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster

Elizabeth Bishop



Artwork Kaashvi Malik
II Year



The Treasure of Gratitude

Riya Jain
II Year

Gratitude is a treasure that we should hold dear,
In a world where negativity often appears.
It reminds us of the blessings that comes our way,
And the kindness of others, day by day.

When the sun rises, illuminating the skies,
Gratitude opens our hearts and makes us wise.
For every breath we take, every beat of our heart,
There is gratitude, a powerful work of art.

In the darkest of times, gratitude finds a way,
To turn our sorrows into hope and light each day.
It teaches us to appreciate the little things,
The laughter, the love, the joy that life brings.

In the times of plenty and the times of scarcity,
Gratitude reminds us of life's great clarity.
For in gratitude, our souls find peace,
As we count our blessings, our worries seem to cease.

So let us cultivate gratitude in our hearts,
And from its embrace, let us never depart.
For in gratitude, we find true contentment,
A gift that adds meaning to life's fulfilment.

Let us be grateful and let it be shown,
In how we love and how we've grown.
For in gratitude, we find our true depth,
A treasure that is worth more than material wealth.

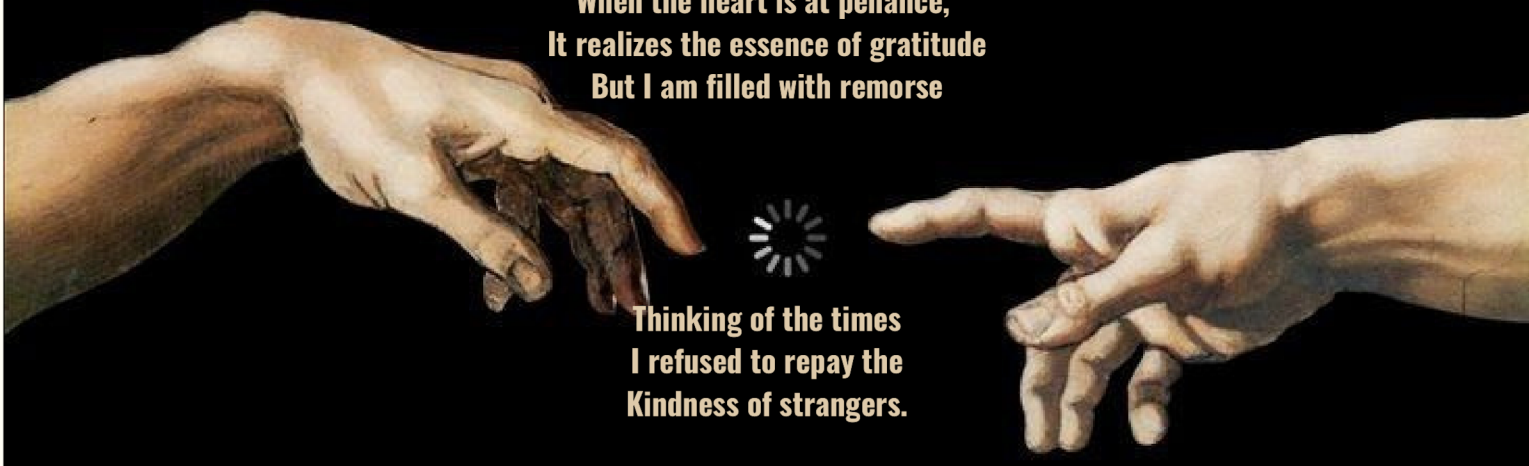
BEAUTY OF HEART

BEAUTY OF HEART
BEAUTY OF HEART
BEAUTY OF HEART

Beauty of heart
Lies in words,
Words that build goodwill
The goodwill must be reimbursed with kindness.

The humble gaze
Is the psyche of the soul
God has made this to
Ease the strain of penitence.

When the heart is at penance,
It realizes the essence of gratitude
But I am filled with remorse

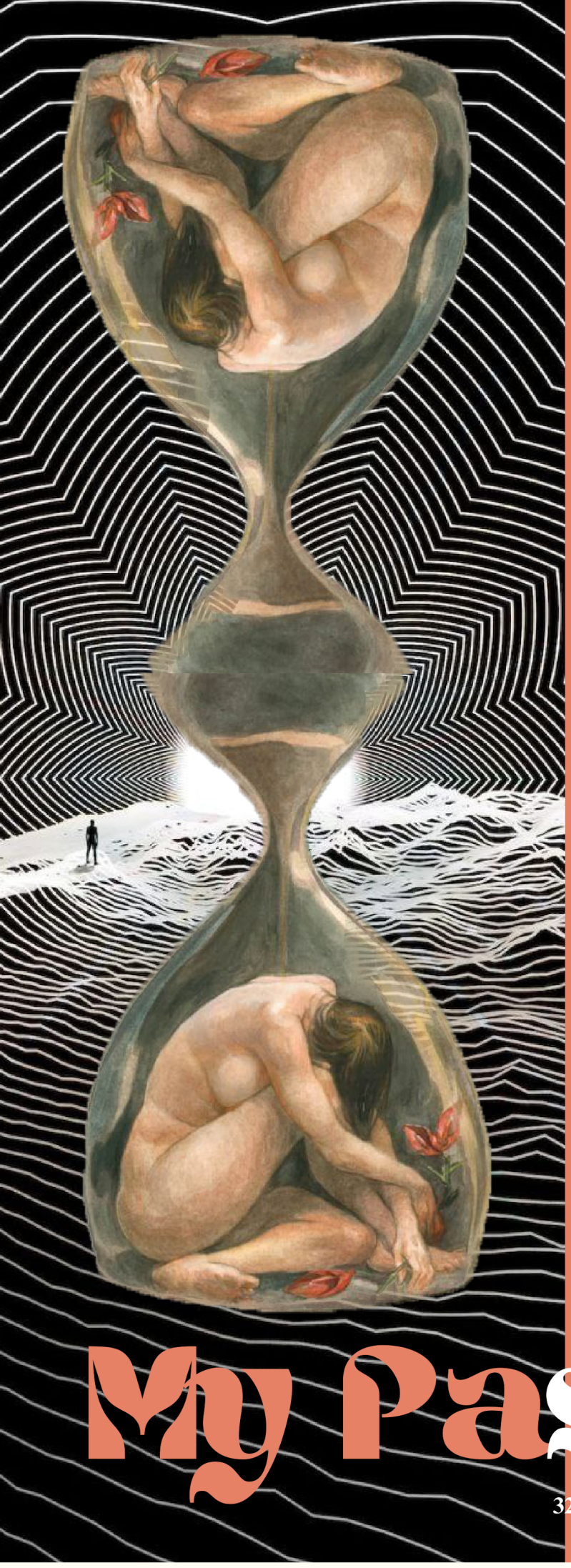


Thinking of the times
I refused to repay the
Kindness of strangers.

At times, I was just a by stander
Untouched by magnanimity,
My heart rumbled in unease
A smile could have washed away the strain.

Isn't it ethical
To acknowledge the one
Who helped you
In things big or small?

Rashida Fatima
III Year
31.



My Past Self

Yes, I know who I was, who I am, and who I will be,
I have walked through flowers and burned in hell,
But I never gave up.

I want to chase the winds and touch the sky,
Not letting the fear of failure chain me down,
I'm a blooming flower, finding ways to turn dreams into reality.

I'm caged in the words of society,
Being mocked every day for how I should be,
Their words imprinted in my head which won't let me rest.

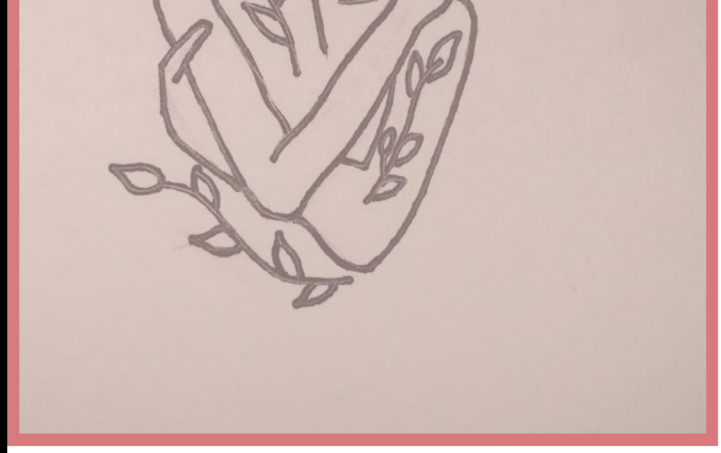
I will move the mountains if I need to,
I will cross the oceans too,
But I will not back down without a fight.

Now, when I reminisce the old days,
I can't help but smile at my innocent face,
That unaware smile has changed with time.

I have now conquered the world, getting rid of all my fears,
But I am no lone warrior, a hand on my shoulder
I see the support of those who cared.

They showered me with blessings and made me a fighter,
I know this is not the end, life has just begun,
But none of it would have been possible without the past me.

Chetna Sharma
II Year



FINDING MY GRATITUDE



Artwork Simran Kakkar
III Year

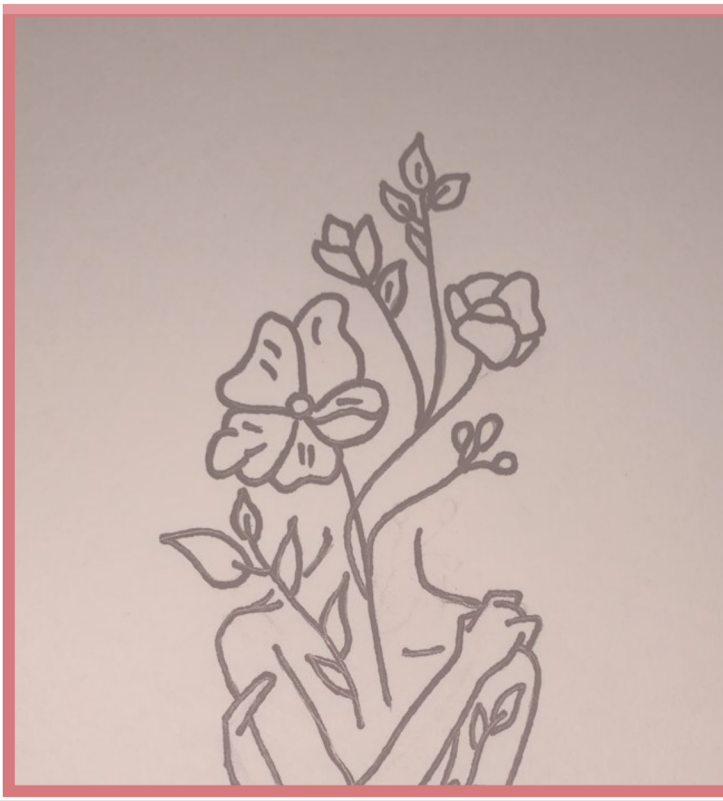
In the era of being grateful for materialistic
things,
They go beyond my understanding.
But I find gratitude for nature,
I find gratitude for the people in my life
Who make every second worth living,
I find gratitude in those warm summer mornings,
And the warm breeze that touches my face.

I'm grateful for the sunlight,
That escapes from between the leaves and
illuminates my world,
I'm grateful for these trees
That stand tall and give shade,
I'm grateful for the scent of the flowers,
That tickles my nose,
I'm grateful for all the warm memories.
That I carry in my heart.

The cratered moon, the shining stars,
Which guides me through the Autumn night.
In this fall season, the season of gratefulness,
Together in peace and harmony we exist.
Let us all unite and bow down to the sources of
this life.
And let us be grateful for the life that we live.

Nancy
II Year

FINDING MY GRATITUDE



THE REMINDERS OF HER

Sakshi Sharma
II Year

Her caramel skin radiant under the sun,
Her downing the whole bottle of wine on our first date,
Her giggles and crackles watching Rachel ramble,
The puffing up of her cheeks in anger,
I remember it all.

The pale-yellow dress she wore in the summer,
Us cuddling in the winters,
The smell of her perfume that revived my senses,
Her happy dancing to no music,
Her loudly singing to the record in the hall,
I remember it all.

The look in her eyes while gazing at stars,
Her excitement to watch the sunsets and the clouds,
Her sitting by the window when it rained,
The water droplets glistening her face,
And the way her hair would flow with the wind,
I remember it all.

Putting the love of my life to rest,
I remember it all.

I remember putting my crying daughter to sleep for years,
And learning to braid her hair when she was five,
I remember the first cake she baked,
A little burnt, but I ate it anyway,
The way she would force me to watch F.R.I.E.N.D.S,
And her chuckles watching Rachel ramble.

She wore her mother's pale-yellow dress this summer,
She puts the record in the hall and sings loudly to it,
She drags me excitedly every evening to watch the sunset,
The soft smile that dances on her lips is a mirror of her mother's,
And in moments like such I see glimpses of her mother in her.

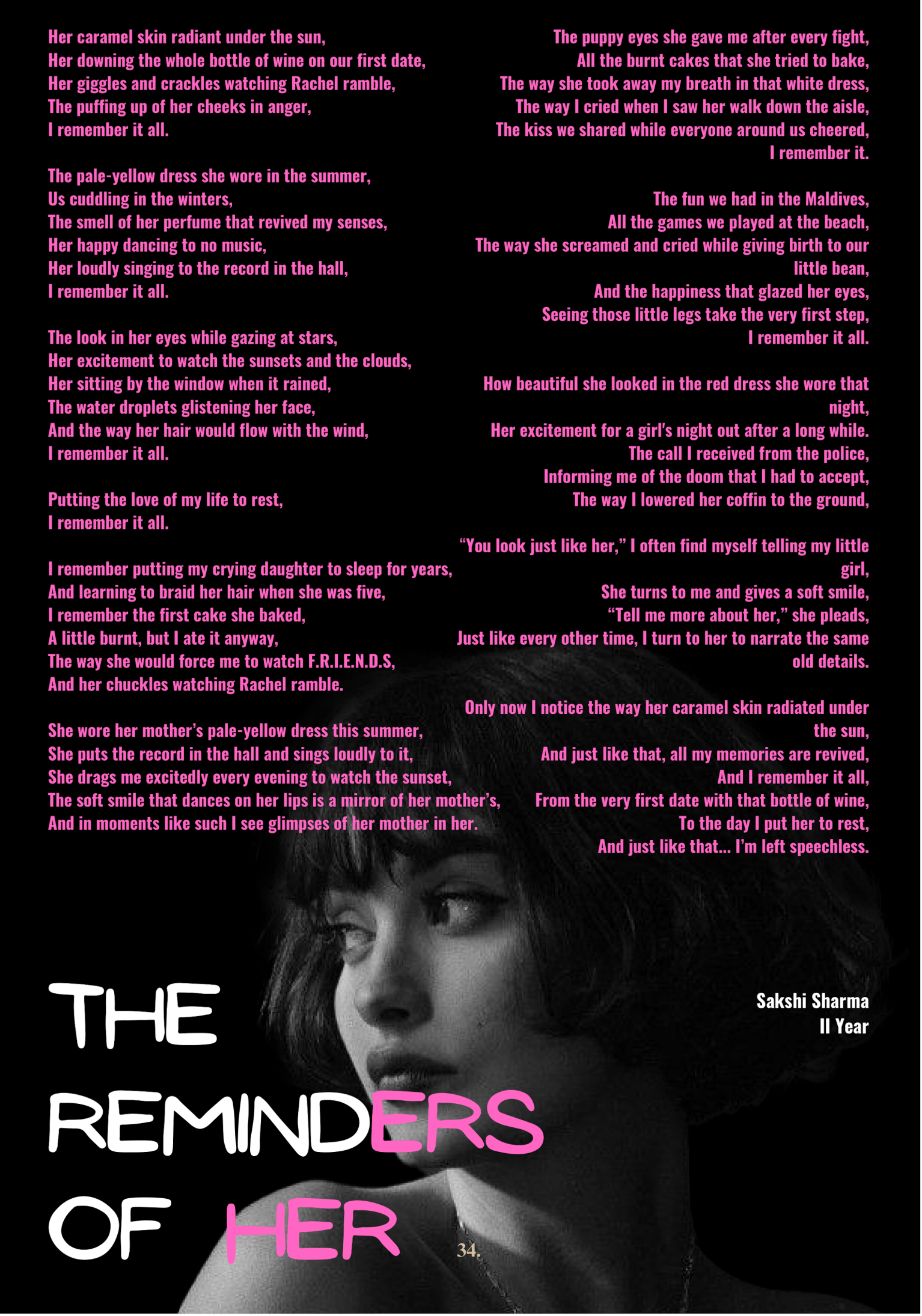
The puppy eyes she gave me after every fight,
All the burnt cakes that she tried to bake,
The way she took away my breath in that white dress,
The way I cried when I saw her walk down the aisle,
The kiss we shared while everyone around us cheered,
I remember it.

The fun we had in the Maldives,
All the games we played at the beach,
The way she screamed and cried while giving birth to our little bean,
And the happiness that glazed her eyes,
Seeing those little legs take the very first step,
I remember it all.

How beautiful she looked in the red dress she wore that night,
Her excitement for a girl's night out after a long while.
The call I received from the police,
Informing me of the doom that I had to accept,
The way I lowered her coffin to the ground,

"You look just like her," I often find myself telling my little girl,
She turns to me and gives a soft smile,
"Tell me more about her," she pleads,
Just like every other time, I turn to her to narrate the same old details.

Only now I notice the way her caramel skin radiated under the sun,
And just like that, all my memories are revived,
And I remember it all,
From the very first date with that bottle of wine,
To the day I put her to rest,
And just like that... I'm left speechless.



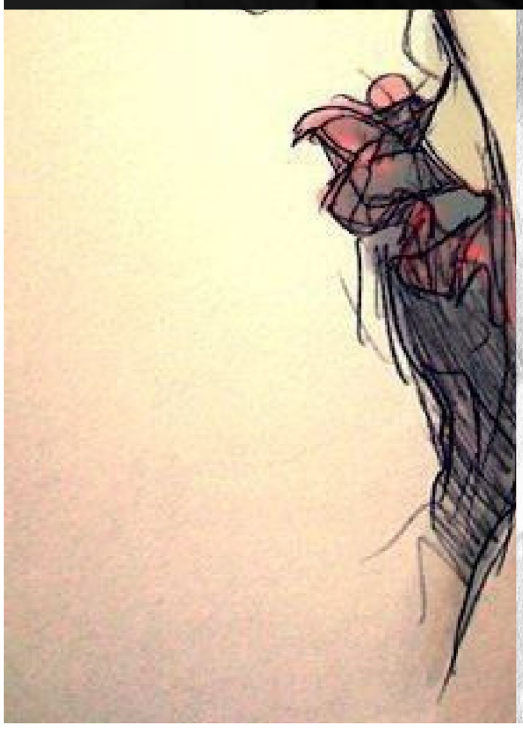


Again she feels like the world doesn't want her,
Again she feels that no one truly loves her,
People just take advantage,
Nobody knows how to love unconditionally,
Everyone is concerned about themselves,
Aren't they?
Who is she to be cared for?

Who is she?
She is full of flaws.
She is unexciting, unexcited.
She regrets her birth.

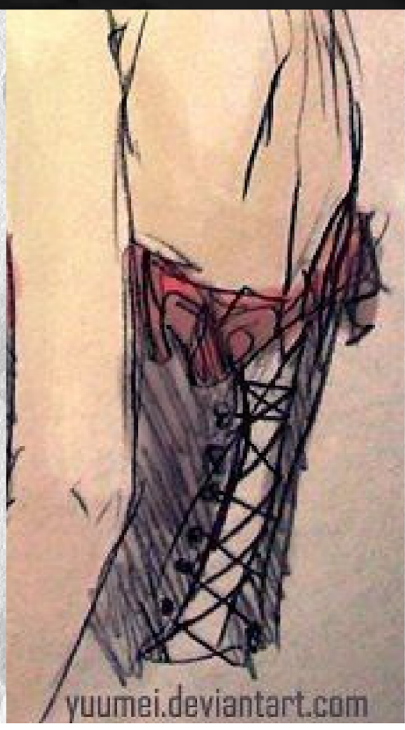


Herself

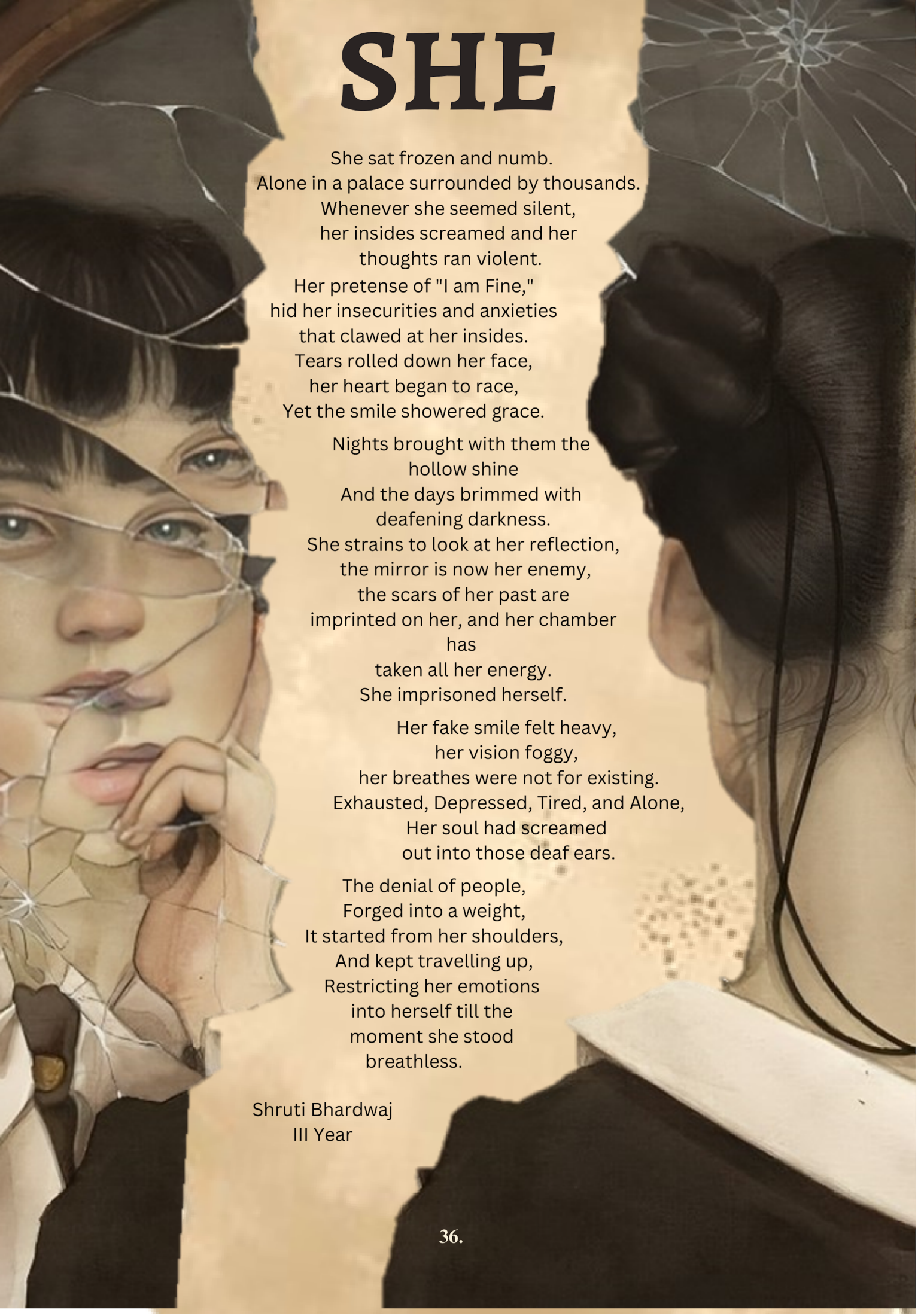


If only she never existed,
If only she felt nothing,
If only she didn't have a mind or a soul or a body,
If only she never existed,
In the end, she will always be alone,
Regretting her
Birth.

Simran Kakkar
III Year



SHE



She sat frozen and numb.
Alone in a palace surrounded by thousands.
Whenever she seemed silent,
her insides screamed and her
thoughts ran violent.
Her pretense of "I am Fine,"
hid her insecurities and anxieties
that clawed at her insides.
Tears rolled down her face,
her heart began to race,
Yet the smile showered grace.

Nights brought with them the
hollow shine
And the days brimmed with
deafening darkness.
She strains to look at her reflection,
the mirror is now her enemy,
the scars of her past are
imprinted on her, and her chamber
has
taken all her energy.
She imprisoned herself.

Her fake smile felt heavy,
her vision foggy,
her breathes were not for existing.
Exhausted, Depressed, Tired, and Alone,
Her soul had screamed
out into those deaf ears.

The denial of people,
Forged into a weight,
It started from her shoulders,
And kept travelling up,
Restricting her emotions
into herself till the
moment she stood
breathless.

Shruti Bhardwaj
III Year

We Wear The Mask



Artwork Muskaan Gupta
II Year

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

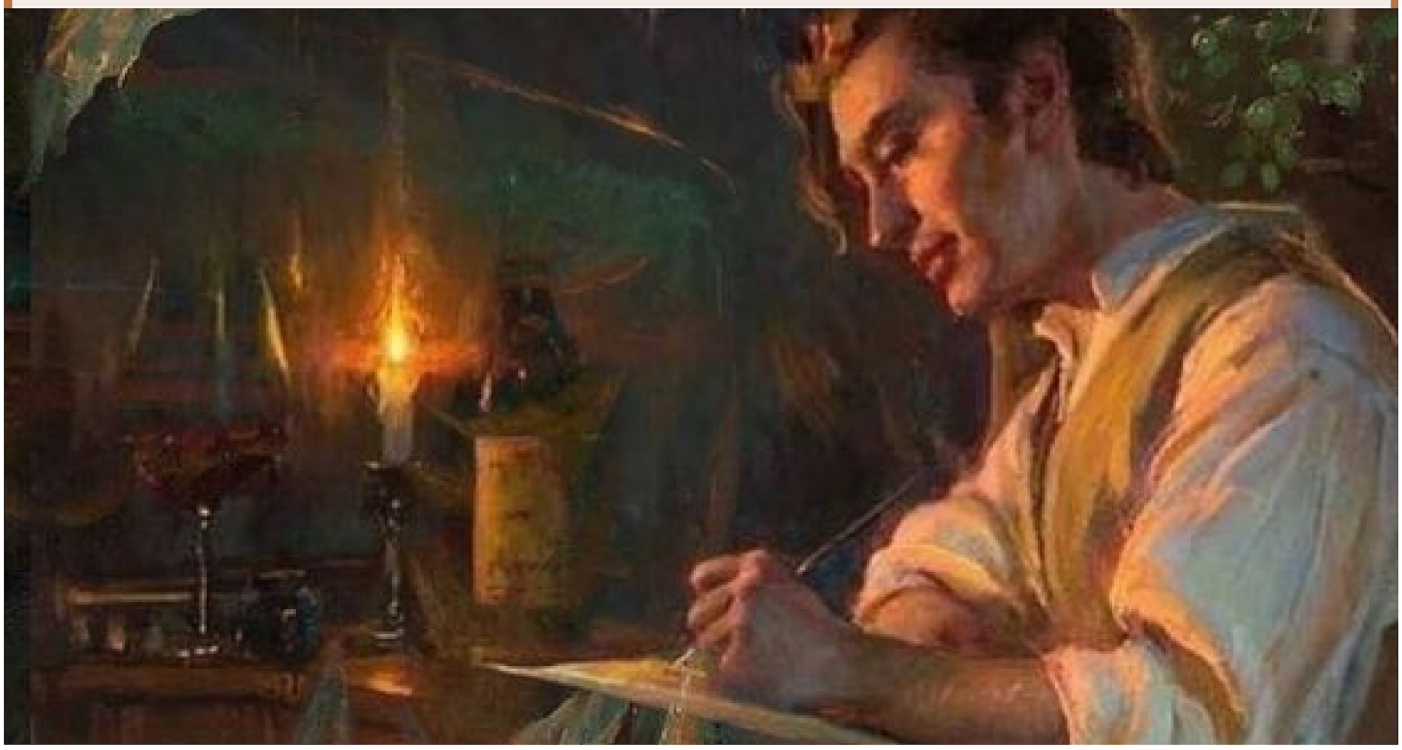
Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask!

Paul Laurence Dunbar



FABLES & CANDOUR



How can I tell HER?



Today, I had my first encounter with those stomach butterflies. I wish it denoted excitement but rather it was extreme nervousness. While positioning my black bow tie, I looked at myself in the mirror and thought of my wedding day. I thought of her, looking all glorious in white. This thought alone was enough to get me all mushy.

What is she doing to me? I sat in the car and drove to the venue. She asked me not to pick her up, to rather save my time and see her directly at the venue. I waited for her outside so that we could go in together.

I love it when she puts her arm around mine. I can feel it so I can tell that we look alluring together. Over the glass of wine, I had the most charming view. "I adore you." She looked me in the eyes and I could see in those tiny eyes of hers, how much I meant to her. I could see that there was so much love in those eyes, so much love to give. I can see that she already chose me. She replied, "You make me feel so special." Whenever I look at her, I feel something is different in me. Whenever I look at her, I feel I'm losing my sanity. Whenever I look at her, I feel my sanctity is bygone. She regresses my desire to be loved and be called 'love' again. My rationality sits in a tiny corner, watching my heart and brain becoming one and taking over my body. To be fair, it is she who is taking over my mind, sanity, sanctity, body and soul. I'm losing my religion and my faith in anything but gaining in everything I see in her, for her and with her. I become one when I see her smile and I shred into thousands of pieces when she frowns. I look at her face and I can't stop telling her how much I adore her. My every sentence begins with a confession. A confession about her beauty, her body and her place in my heart.

When I met her for the first time, it felt like my eyes had shrunk. Every time I would see her, it felt like someone was stabbing my jaw. It took me a while to realise that it's her smile, her laughter and her cute cheeks that make me so jolly that my eyes squint and my jaw hurts. When I close my eyes, I see the face of our adorable daughter. She looks exactly like her, especially her nose and her mischievous laughter. I see our perfect family of 4, she, our daughter, our dog and me. How did I get so lucky? Why are my eyes getting welled up? Why is she not saying something? Why is she looking at me like that? "Are you alright? You haven't said anything for the past half an hour. What are you thinking?", she held my hand while asking this question.





The concern in her eyes makes me even more sure about her but what can I tell her? The biggest question is, how can I tell her that I love her and I see myself spending each and every moment of my life with her? The point is, how can I tell her that I want to be the lucky man who gets to keep her happy when I've known her just for a few weeks? How can I tell her that I want to see the fall leaves falling to the ground from my house window each year with her and I want to make 'my' house as 'our' house? This rapid wave of questions and all I could tell her was, "Nothing darling." "You didn't answer me. Will you go with me to my friend's wedding?" The answer to this question was very obvious. I blurted out, "I can't." If I said yes, she would know I care a little too much about her and like her a lot more than I should at this time. Where I started my sentences with confessions, I couldn't confess this. Not yet.

As I stand on this beautiful ground which screams happiness and celebration, I look at the sky to content myself and be washed away with emotions. I look at the sky to push my tears back. I finally had the courage to look around to see all these happy souls, dressed up waiting for the bride. I was waiting for the bride too. I looked down to check my bow tie if it was placed correctly or not. I take deep, heavy breaths to calm myself down and put a smile on my face. My stomach is growling with impatience. I see her. I see her walking down the aisle, arm in arm with her father. I see her face wrinkled around her lips and eyes with that huge smile and laughter. I, instantly, feel elevated. Black suit, white shirt, black bow tie, black shoes, hair set and freshly shaved, I waited for her. Tears brimming in my eyes and I know nothing can contain them now. They fell down my cheek and merged with the smile on my face. I never saw her like this, I never saw her doing a little dance on her tippy toes, I never saw her laughing and crying at the same time, I never saw her go speechless because she was so overwhelmed. I took my handkerchief from my pocket tao hand it to her but sadly, I couldn't. He did it first. Maybe he was standing closer to her, that's why. Maybe he was standing next to her and I wasn't, that's why. Or maybe he was where I should've been and could've been. Standing far away from her, I thought, I wish could tell her how I've always felt about her. I wish I could tell her that nothing has changed. The question is, how can I tell her? And the point is, if I did tell her, she'd know that I care a little too much than I should and love her a little harder than I am supposed to. How can I possibly tell her?



Tanya Chawla
III Year

The Harsh Reality

Unlike usual days, John woke up to a fine and pacifying morning. The sun painted the sky in hues of gold, casting a gentle, comforting glow upon his picturesque life. He stood in the backyard of his cosy suburban home, its walls adorned with ivy, and the laughter of his children filled the air. A delicate breeze carried the scent of fresh flowers, while his wife, Sarah, tended to a colourful garden. Their love was palpable, their smiles perpetual. John took one day off from his office chores to spend time with his family. Standing in the backyard, he saw his son, Michael riding on their swing, his joyful laughter harmonizing with the chirping birds. Meanwhile, Emily, his daughter, twirled gracefully on the dew-kissed lawn, her laughter a pure symphony of innocence.

Breakfast beckoned, and the family gathered around a table overflowing with delicious food. Sarah had prepared a hearty meal, including John's favourite homemade apple pie. Her eyes sparkled as she regaled them with tales of their life together, each word a sweet melody that echoed in John's heart. He reached across the table to hold her hand, the warmth of her touch felt like a comforting breeze after a scorching sunny day. He kissed Sarah, Michael and Emily, and chatted animatedly about their plans for the day, their
laughter filling the air like sweet music. It was a day of simple pleasures and profound happiness.

The day continued with a picnic near a sparkling lake. John watched as Michael and Emily fed the ducks, their eyes filled with wonder. Sarah leaned against him, her head resting on his shoulder, and he felt the gentle caress of her hand in his. It was a moment of sheer perfection, a lifetime of happiness distilled into one day. As the sun dipped lower in the sky, they returned home, and retired to the porch to watch the changing hues of twilight. Under a shared blanket, they snuggled close, the stars emerging one by one to light up the heavens. The celestial tapestry overhead mirrored the constellation of their perfect life.





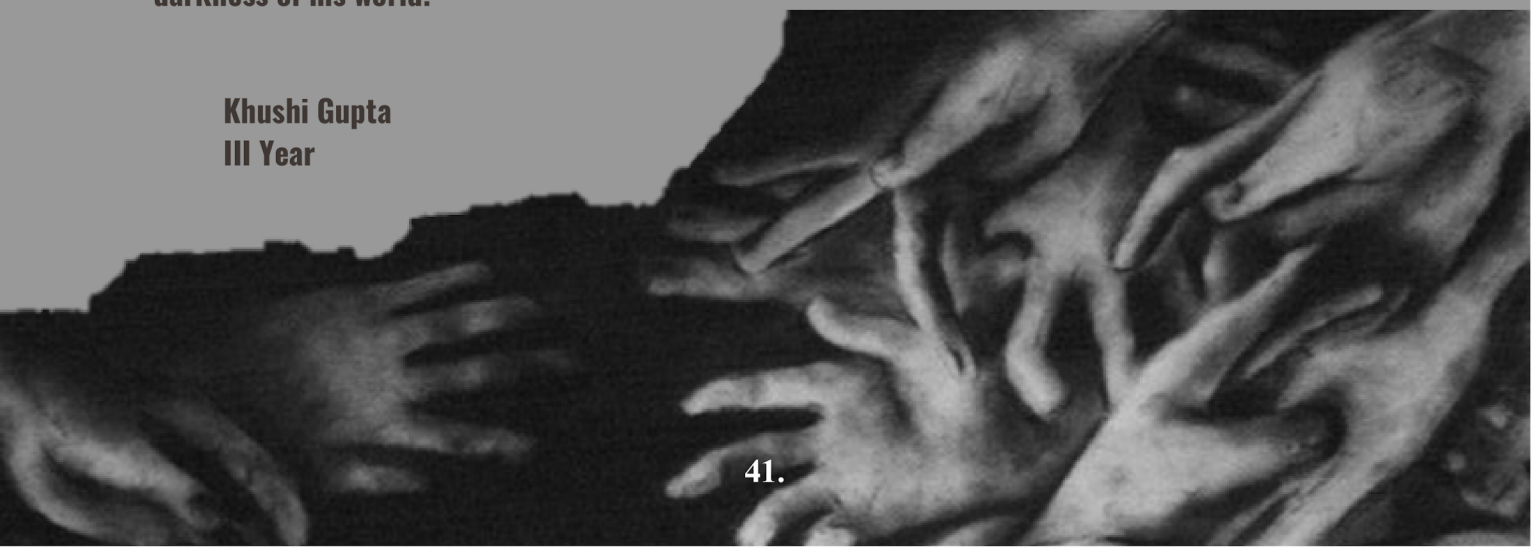


But suddenly, the honking of vehicles shattered this idyllic reverie. John's eyes snapped open, and harsh reality flooded back in. The warmth of the sun, the laughter of his children, the touch of Lily's hand—all slipped away. He lay on a cold, unforgiving footpath alongside the road, dressed in tattered rags. His hands which had lovingly caressed his children's faces in the dream were now reduced to outstretched palms, begging for scraps from indifferent passersby. Before he could fittingly take his present in, a woman, bearing an uncanny resemblance to his dream wife, Sarah, walked by, disgust etched on her face. She tossed a penny onto his cheek, the coin's cold metal contrasting with the warmth of his dream. Tears welled up in his eyes.

As John's dream life crumbled to dust, despair and confusion swept over him like a merciless tide. The gulf between his dreams and his harsh existence yawned wide, leaving him with an unbearable ache, an agonizing reminder of what he had lost. The world had stripped him of his perfect life, leaving only the bitter taste of a beggar's existence, and the haunting memory of a beautiful dream. The turmoil within him was as vast and tumultuous as the gap between the two worlds he now straddled, the dream world of happiness and the harsh reality of his beggar existence.

But then, a soft smile tugged at the corners of his lips. In that fleeting moment, he realized that, even though he could never attain the happiness he had dreamed of, he had experienced it. He had lived a perfect day, a day filled with love, laughter, and the warmth of his family. It was a treasure, a gift from his subconscious, a reminder of what could have been. As the city continued its relentless march around him, John clung to that smile, a beacon of hope in his otherwise bleak existence. He may have been a beggar in reality, but for one glorious day, he had lived a life that was richer than any dream. And as he closed his eyes once more, he knew that the memory of that perfect day would forever be his to cherish, a glimmer of light in the darkness of his world.

Khushi Gupta
III Year



Stand by You



In a distant village, nestled deep within the woods, resided an elderly recluse, Mr. Alden. He was renowned for his peculiarities and solitary habits, seldom seen venturing outside his old creaky wooden house. One summer morning, a vibrant young woman named Lily arrived in the village, her inquisitive nature urging her to uncover the mysteries whispered amongst the trees. Intrigued by the enigmatic existence of Mr. Alden, Lily decided to pay the old man a visit. Approaching the dilapidated house, Lily noticed numerous ancient and unfamiliar symbols etched into the doorframe. Gathering her courage, she knocked on the door. To her astonishment, Mr. Alden promptly answered, his eyes reflecting a mixture of curiosity and wariness.

Inviting her inside, he cautioned Lily about the dangers that could arise from delving too deeply into his affairs. Enthralled by the allure of the unknown, Lily persisted in her request to unveil the closely guarded secrets. Reluctantly, Mr. Alden consented, urging her to listen attentively. He began, “Many years ago, I stumbled upon a concealed realm within these very woods. It was a place brimming with wonders, enchantments, mythical creatures, and unimaginable treasures. The inhabitants of this realm entrusted me with a key—a key that could unlock the portal to their magical world.” Lily's anticipation grew, her heart pounding with excitement. “However,” Mr. Alden continued, “this key bears a weighty responsibility. It is not meant for the faint-hearted or the greedy. It possesses the power to bestow immeasurable wealth, but only upon those who wield it with pure intentions and selflessness.” From a worn leather pouch, he produced a small, ornate key, its surface radiating an unearthly glow that captivated Lily's senses. “For fear of it falling into the wrong hands, I have safeguarded this key for many years. If wielded recklessly, it holds the potential to unleash great chaos and destruction,” he explained, his voice filled with wisdom and caution. Lily experienced a mixture of awe and trepidation, fully comprehending the weight of the choice before her.

Mr. Alden scrutinized her intently, searching for sincerity in her eyes. “Lily, will you accept the responsibility? Will you protect the key as I have and ensure it remains in the hands of those deserving of its magic?” Lily paused for a moment, her mind swirling with endless possibilities. Finally, she nodded, her determination solidifying. “I accept the responsibility,” she declared. “I will safeguard the key, ensuring its safety and entrusting it solely to those who prove worthy of its extraordinary powers.” A flicker of relief crossed Mr. Alden's face as he handed the key to Lily. He was old and had been bearing this responsibility for ages. He felt a sense of gratitude towards Lily. Their eyes met, conveying an unspoken understanding and trust. From that day forward, Lily became the guardian of the key. As time passed, Lily grew more confident in her role, utilizing the key's power to bring joy and miracles to the lives of those in need.



Under her watchful eyes, the village thrived, and tales of her extraordinary abilities spread everywhere. Many incurable diseases were cured, and many children were saved from being left orphaned. The villagers were thankful and grateful for her selfless duty to the folks. However, not everyone who heard of the key harboured virtuous intentions. Whispers reached the ears of a notorious sorcerer named Malachi, consumed by an insatiable greed and a yearning for boundless power.

Malachi set out to acquire the key at any cost. On a moonlit night, as Lily strolled through the village, a shadowy figure emerged from the darkness. Malachi's eyes fixated on the gleaming key adorning Lily's neck. With a wicked grin, he commanded his minions to capture her. Lily fought valiantly, but she found herself outnumbered. Bound and helpless, she witnessed Malachi's triumphant gloating as he seized the key. Despair permeated the village as Mr. Alden sensed the imminent danger and emerged from his seclusion. Determined to rescue Lily and protect the realm from the impending chaos that would accompany the key falling into the wrong hands, he summoned all his strength and devised a plan. Harnessing his knowledge of ancient enchantments, Mr. Alden unleashed a powerful spell, enveloping the village in a dense mist that disoriented Malachi and his minions. Seizing the opportunity, Mr. Alden ventured into the sorcerer's lair, his mind racing to find a way to rescue Lily and reclaim the key. Within the dimly lit chamber, a fierce clash erupted. Sparks flew as he and Malachi engaged in a battle of wits and magic. Driven by his thirst for dominance, Malachi unleashed dark spells and summoned menacing creatures, determined to hinder his opponent at every turn.

Undeterred, armed with a lifetime of wisdom and fueled by his affection for Lily, Mr. Alden fought back with unwavering determination. The confrontation intensified, filling the room with crackling energy as the fabric of reality trembled under the weight of their struggle. At the height of their clash, just as Malachi prepared to strike a devastating blow at Lily, though weakened yet unyieldingly, she summoned the last vestiges of her strength. With a defiant cry, she broke free from her restraints and rushed forward to shield Mr. Alden. In a selfless act of bravery, Lily redirected Malachi's attack, sacrificing herself to save the old man. In that moment, a blinding surge of light erupted from the key, engulfing the chamber and banishing Malachi and his malevolence. Battered and heartbroken, Mr. Alden knelt by Lily's side, cradling her in his arms. Tears streamed down his face as he comprehended the true power of the key—the power of sacrifice and love. Lily sacrificed her life to save humanity from evil. She, without a care for her life, threw herself in front of danger. Mr. Alden sobbed quietly as he felt immense gratitude towards her. In the aftermath of the battle, the mist dissipated, revealing a transformed village. Lily's absence was acutely felt by all who had known her, yet her legacy endured. The village united, vowing to protect the key and honour Lily's selfless sacrifice. They could never forget her bravery and were extremely thankful towards her even after her death. Henceforth, Mr. Alden became the guardian not only of the key but also of Lily's memory. He carried the weight of their shared responsibility, ensuring the key remained concealed and secure from those seeking to exploit its power. As the years elapsed, the tale of Lily and Mr. Alden evolved into a legendary saga, whispered in hushed tones—a reminder of the eternal struggle between good and evil, and the enduring power of sacrifice when confronted with conflict.

Srishti Gupta
II Year

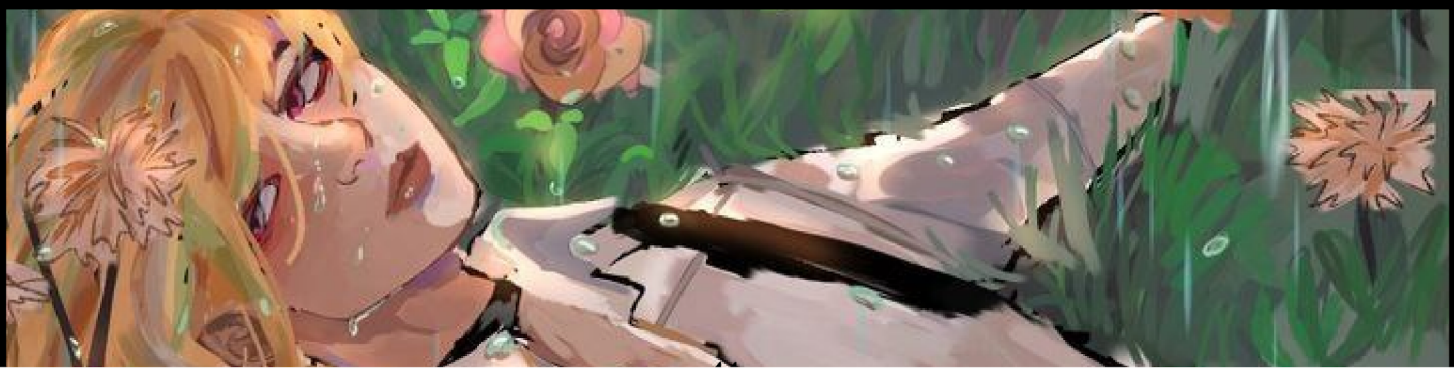


Once in a bygone era, a youthful lad resided in a modest village alongside his parents. Their family ran a successful restaurant, and the boy diligently assisted his father in the daily operations. While he excelled at restaurant work, his true passion resided elsewhere, gazing out of his bedroom window at the magnificent mountains that beckoned him. The allure of those mountains filled him with exhilaration, and he resolved to follow his heart's desire and become a mountain climber. His parents, though concerned, eventually allowed him to pursue his happiness.

Joining a mountaineering organization, he embarked on a journey to hone his skills and tackle thrilling adventures. Under this organization, he encountered six other like-minded boys who itched for the same heights. Despite their diverse origins and backgrounds, they forged a strong bond from the outset.

Initially, they had to grapple with the physical and mental challenges of their newfound pursuit, the demanding training regime often pushed them to their limits, leading to occasional injuries. Isolated from their families, they yearned for the comforts of home. However, as time passed, they adapted to the changes and hardships, leaning on each other for support. Their camaraderie deepened, and they became an unbreakable team. They stood by one another through thick and thin, even facing occasional disagreements and arguments that, while intense, never jeopardized the enduring strength of their bond.

Unaware of whether their union was a mere coincidence or a divine providence, they embraced it as a profound blessing. They embarked on their expedition by taking measured strides toward their loftier aspirations. Their ultimate dream of scaling one of the world's mightiest peaks drew nearer with each passing day. To fortify their resolve and kindle their motivation, they initiated their journey with the conquest of smaller mountains. These initial triumphs stood vital in building their self-assurance and nurturing their determination.



The serene tranquility of the mountains, where the wind whispered and the sunbathed peaks in a golden radiance, rejuvenated the boys' souls. As their journey unfolded, they encountered the mountain's myriad shades. Whether it wore its pristine white cloak or donned a lush green robe, whether it offered the purest spring waters or unleashed furious lava flows, what truly captivated them was the mountain's exquisite beauty.

Their odyssey persisted, and together, they grew in strength while confronting every obstacle that came their way. Their relentless pursuit of the opportunity to conquer the towering peaks remained unwavering, even though they knew they had a long path ahead. The day finally arrived when they received a chance to ascend one of the world's mightiest mountains. They ventured forth, well-prepared after rigorous training, only to fall short on their first attempt.

Yet, they refused to surrender to despair. Instead, they meticulously examined their mistakes and weaknesses. When the next opportunity presented itself, they addressed these shortcomings, bolstered their resolve, and achieved their objective. But their passion was far from sated. Their love for the journey extended beyond its culmination. They persisted in their pursuit, continuously setting new goals and dedicating themselves to their fulfillment.





Self-Love

Your relationship with yourself sets the tone for every other relationship you have.

The capacity to change the direction of your life and provide you with strength and joy lay in two words, self and love. Treating yourselfwith compassion, kindness, patience, and gentle persistence are all necessary components of self-love. Everyone loves their family and friends dearly, but only a select handful of people make desired efforts to love themselves. Loving yourself ought to rank first on your priority list, yet you tend to award the position to other things around you. People often greet others with "I love you" but what about themselves? Many tend to categorize certain people as crazy or insane when they witness someone actively acknowledging and, perhaps, even motivating themselves. Their enthusiasm is not because of their adverse mindset towards other people; instead, their positive approach and attitude of gratefulness toward their own self keeps them moving, which stands admirable and crucial in the modern era. A few years back when all were forced into social distancing and alienation, even from loved ones and friends, it left everyone in a cocoon where they were responsible for their mental and emotional support. This, in turn, emphasized the importance of building a healthy relationship with oneself, making us accountable for being our most trusted companion and guardian.

If asked to choose someone in your immediate vicinity whom you can have complete faith in, someone who possesses the capacity to love you, and someone who can provide you with support in any circumstance, who would you choose? Most of you will choose someone who is your friend or a member of your family, but very few will name themselves and declare with absolute certainty that it is you, alone, who can provide love under any condition. All of you are capable of self-love and self-motivation, yet you shower that love and attention onto others. The most significant and lasting relationship you will ever have is with yourself. You will be the only one leaving this world; since you were the only one who entered it. Self-love is a necessity but berating someone else to achieve that can result in pushing you towards having high standards for yourself in the future.



You'll find that everything in life starts to blossom once you learn to appreciate yourself. Once you make yourself your top priority, you will realize you have the enthusiasm and drive to complete any task, effectively and that you are able to present yourself in a better picture. You will consciously choose actions that give you the ability to alter the course of your life. Being your own boss is powerful because you have complete control over altering circumstances which bring unhappiness or uncertainty.

Trusting others could be risky, but having confidence in oneself is constant and safe. Love attracts and produces more love. You'll be presented with more opportunities than ever before. The interaction you have with others will benefit you in one way or another when you decide to appreciate yourself. When you truly love yourself, you won't accept anything less since you are aware of your value and uniqueness.

Ishika Mittal
III Year

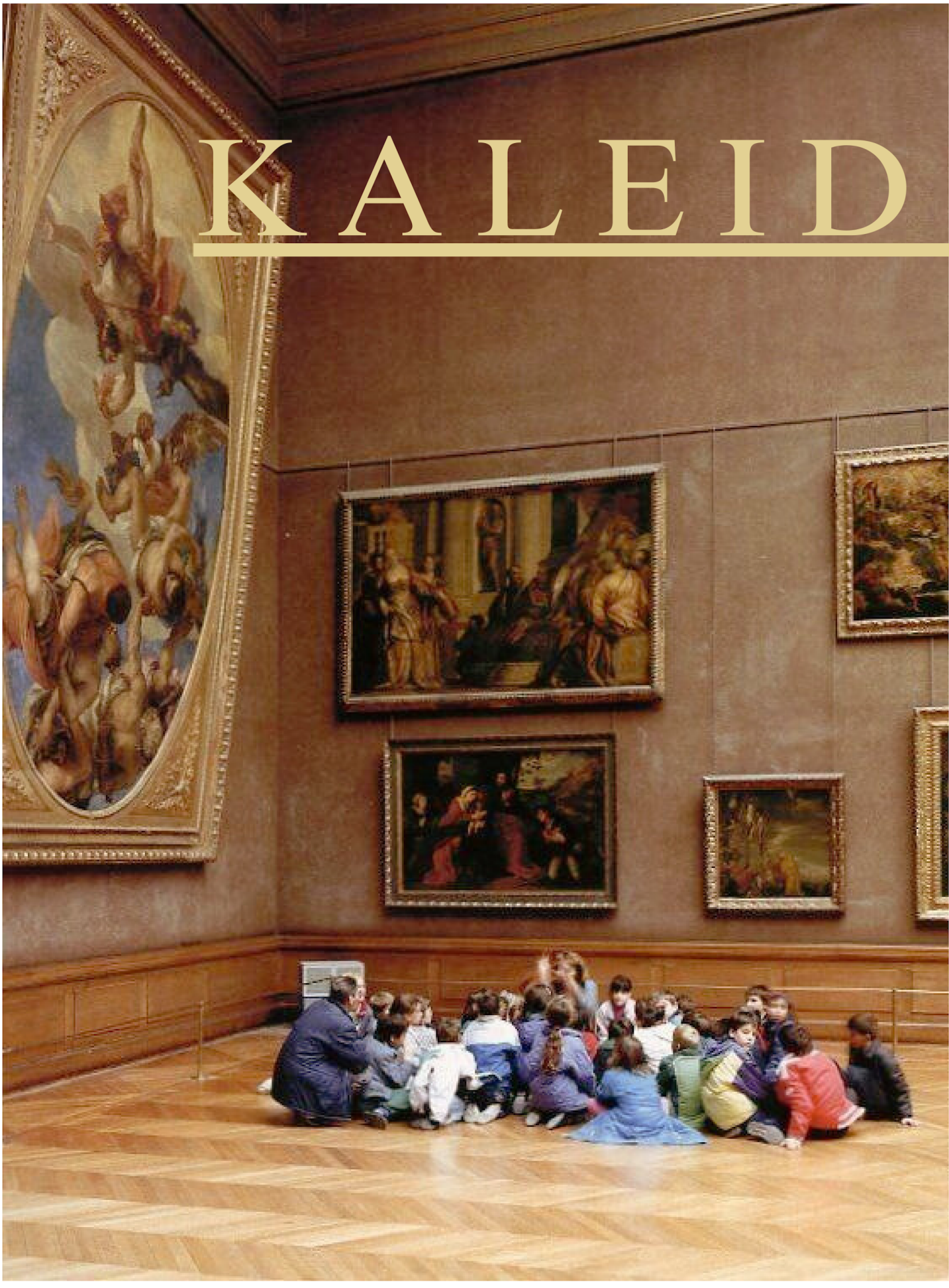
Traversing Hearts

Wanderlust, the compulsive desire to discover the world's many treasures, has captivated the hearts of numerous intrepid travellers throughout history. The spirit of wanderlust compels us to leave our comfort zones and explore the beauty and diversity of our planet, from Marco Polo's fabled journeys on the Silk Road to contemporary globetrotters. In this essay, we explore the beauty of understanding the world around us through the wanderlust for travel.

Wanderlust isn't just a fancy word for travel; it's a strong need to interact with people from all walks of life, experience other cultures, and immerse oneself in foreign settings. This intrinsic urge to explore is a way to escape your world and attempt to step into another's, as well as serves as a journey toward personal development and self-discovery. By straying from our habits, we free ourselves from the constraints of our comfort zones and expose ourselves to fresh viewpoints. We develop resilience and self-reliance when faced with foreign environments and cultures by learning to adapt and welcome change. Immersion in the cultures of other countries offers a unique education that is not possible inside the four walls of a classroom. Gaining knowledge about other cultures fosters empathy and tolerance since we meet people whose lives are so different from our own. Interacting with various societies broadens our perspectives, allowing us to recognize the complexity of human existence and disprove preconceptions. Travellers acquire appreciation and respect for cultural traditions, languages, and conventions that differ from their own. Such encounters cultivate humility by making us aware of how much there is to learn about the earth and its inhabitants.

Travelling with a wanderlust allows us to go beyond simple tourism and comprehend the spirit of a country and its people via experiences like trying unique cuisines and taking part in local festivities. These contacts give us a feeling of connection to the world, which is far more interwoven than we realize. The urge for exploration, personal development, and connection with the world around us is embodied in wanderlust travel. Beyond merely amassing passport stamps, it promotes empathy, understanding, and environmental concern while facilitating individual and societal transformation. Accepting our wanderlust enables us to appreciate beauty of diversity while understanding our shared duty to protect our priceless planet. So let's answer the call, pack our bags, and set out on a lifetime adventure as we succumb to the magnetic pull of understanding those around and far from us.

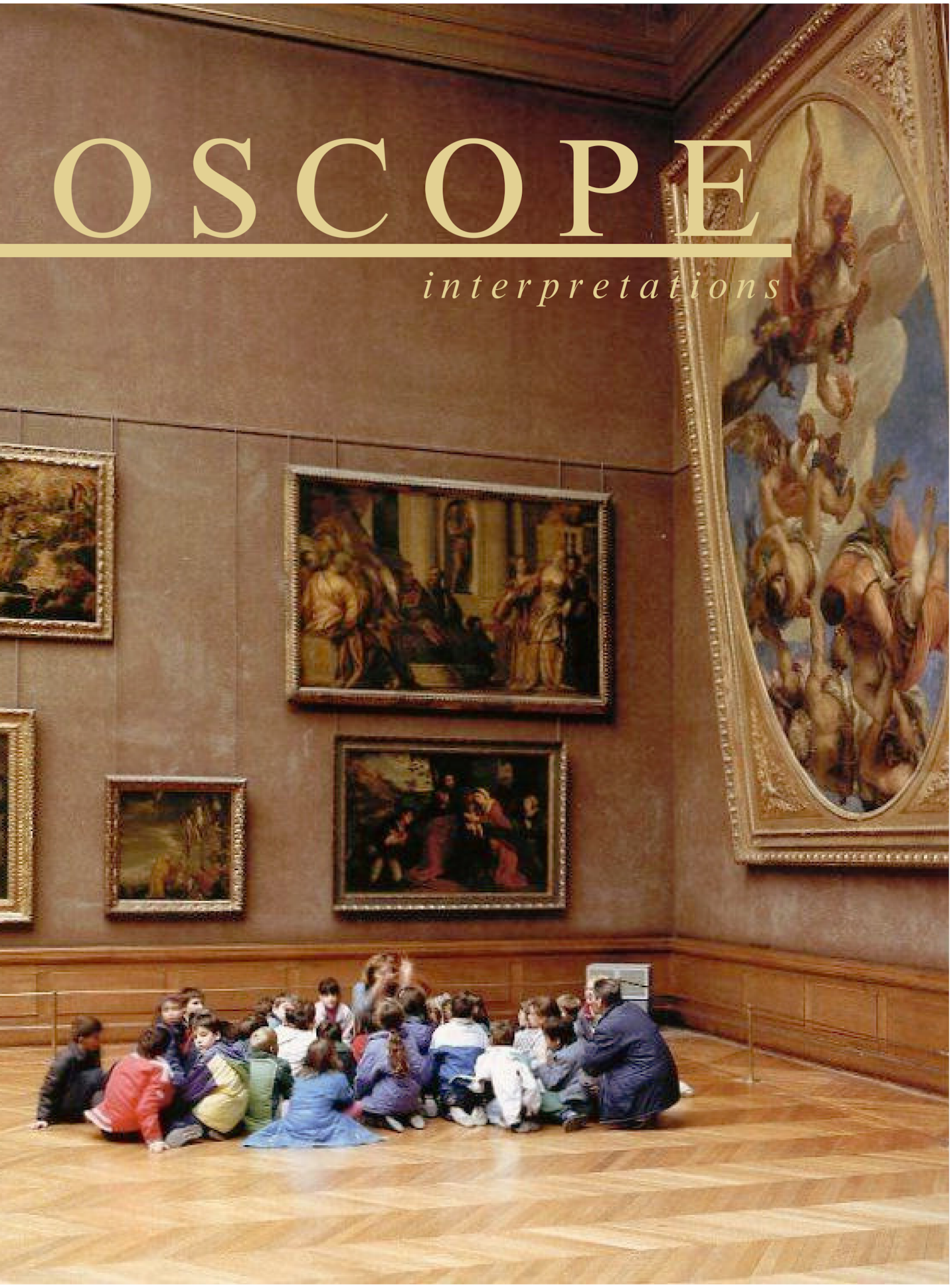
Himanshi Sharma
III Year



KALEID

OSCOPE

interpretations



DEATH NOT AT

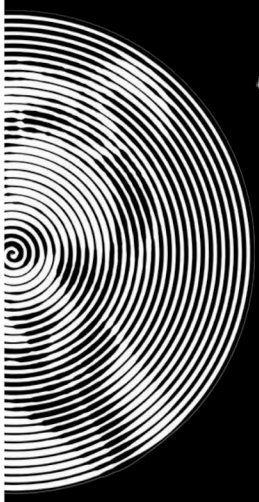
Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.

By Henry Scott-Holland



"Death is Nothing at All," by Henry Scott Holland is a poem where Henry seems to try to convince the readers of a positive outlook on the negative thoughts of death. The poem centers around the idea that the death of a person does not signify their end, the memories and spirit of that person still live on in this world even after their death. It does not affect the past, as the past shall always remain.

Death is seen as the ultimate reality of a mortal's life, considered inevitable. We do not exist to experience death but this inevitable reality takes a toll on the emotions and lives of the people around us, causing them to endure the gut-wrenching pain of losing a loved one.
Losing someone you love leaves you falling into many emotions.
One such emotion that ensnares you is regret: the regret of not confessing your feelings soon enough, which is followed by desire: the desire to meet the loved one for one last time so you can get the desired closure.

In the end, it would not be false to conclude that death is the reality of the mortal life and destroys the mourning person in remembrance of the warmth and affection they once bathed in.

Leena
II Year



Loss is the Shadow that Reminds us of the Light of Love.

IS HING ALL

Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.
What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

EVEN AFTER DEATH, LIFE PERSISTS.

What is death, an end? Death is a mere end of the body, made up of five components, and not of the soul, as it is neither created nor destroyed. Death might be the end of suffering or the end of materialistic and worldly desires, or it might not be. It might be the beginning of suffering, or it might not be. Death can be the ultimate serenity or sorrow, or it can be both. Although it is a hard-core, unavoidable fact, and each person will see it differently. This continuous companionship causes those around to adapt, but is this necessary?

According to Henry Scott, death is a new beginning that does not require the past to end. A deceased person is neither out of mind nor out of life—only out of sight, not audible and out of contact. Not only in his recollections but also the lives of people that his body leaves behind, he wants to be remembered and to continue to be taken into account. Death does not snatch away the individuality of a person; instead, it merely dissolves their physical presence. Love and adoration for the individuals we leave behind cannot ever be forgotten. The poet wants his family or spouse to live the same life as they did before without the intervention of anyone's death, especially his; he wants to be remembered by his existence that was very well-known. He does not want to be regarded as someone who passed, which is the undeniable truth, because he desires absolutely no difference in the emotions that his family associated with him. A person can leave the world, but not the lives of his loved ones as a person stays alive in the memories of his beloved ones. The poet tries to convey the message of the departed by reminiscing about the contented life he shared with his acquaintances. Death is nothing more than a slide into the "next room," where one can't be seen but is still present and sneaking glances at the people in the other room. The poet claims that he has been anticipating the arrival of his beloved in the room he has moved to, where they can be together forever and everything can be perfect once again.

Even though society forbids the surviving family members of the deceased from living their lives to the fullest and pushes them to "practice the loss of a member," the poet proves it as an irrational thought as he writes, "every beginning has an end and every end is a new beginning," and even though humans are mortal, a soul is not. With the immortal soul, the bond remains intact with the loved ones. Unlike life, death cannot be chosen, but both must be experienced: One on earth and the other in the cosmos. The lives of those who are left to mourn do not come to an end; they must continue with or without the deceased.

Ishika Mittal
III Year





Sorrows and Joys are the Threads that Weave the Tapestry of Life

The poem contrasts the free bird, which revels in its liberty and the splendors of the world, with the caged bird, which is confined and constrained within a cage. It can be observed that this stark juxtaposition mirrors society's imposition of rules and norms, often without regard for the turmoil it leaves in its wake. The 'bars of rage' that the bird encounters symbolize its intense longing for freedom, paralleling the societal constraints and discrimination it represents. While the poem frames the bird's plight as that of a creature, it resonates with the readers, invoking the pain and the harsh reality faced by those marginalized and oppressed. Maya Angelou's poem 'Caged Bird' poignantly portrays the tribulations of marginalized individuals and underscores the significance of liberty, empathy, and the indomitable human spirit in the pursuit of emancipation and equality.

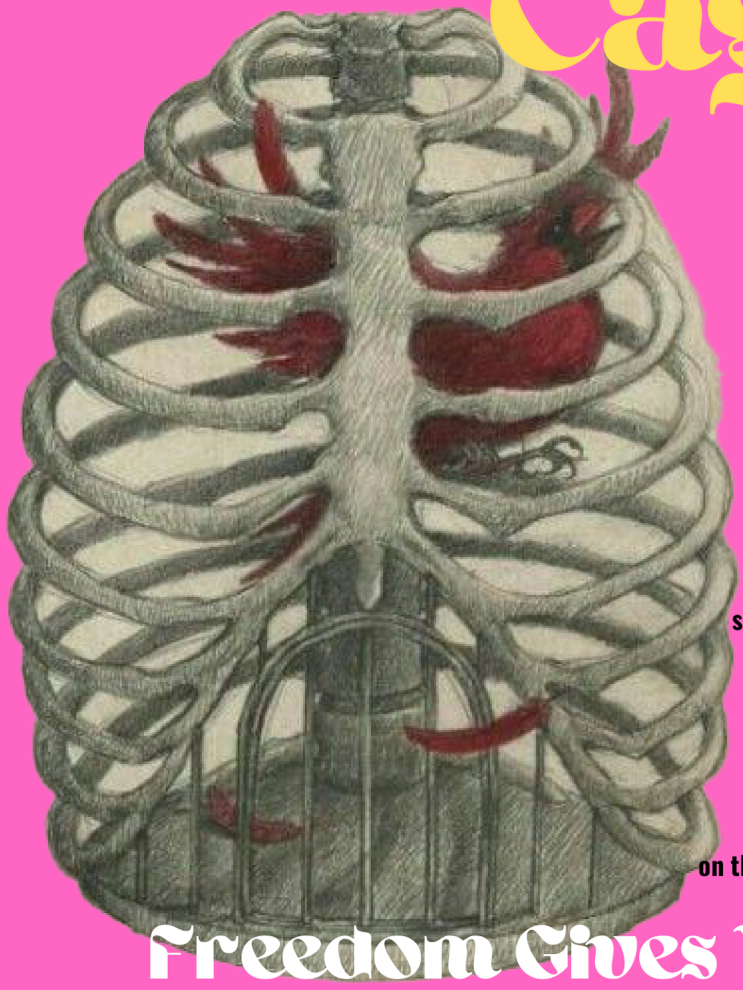
The caged bird's song becomes an embodiment of its yearning for freedom and the distant, unknown, yet desired opportunities symbolized by the distant hill. This song serves as a metaphor for resilience and the hope for a better existence. However, life's tendency to accentuate sorrows and limit moments of joy often leads readers to overlook the high flights of the free bird. The free bird's history, though unknown to the caged bird, remains an inspiration for those confined, igniting dreams of a brighter future.

In life, we often fail to recognize the importance of things until they become absent. The same hunger for flight that drives the caged bird, fuels its fight for freedom, impelling it to raise its voice and craft a melody that awakens other caged birds nearby. This work accentuates the value of compassion and collective effort in overcoming adversity, urging us to acknowledge obstacles and work toward a society where all can experience true freedom.

P. Vaishnavi
III Year



Caged Bird



The free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wings
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with fearful trill
of the things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill for the caged bird
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

Freedom Gives You Power to Fly

To be free is to survive, yet it is not just humans that need to survive but every living creature that walks on this earth wishes to be free. To be free is to be like a wild bird, who is free to spread out its wings and dare to claim the sky. 'The Caged Bird,' a poem by Maya Angelou, uses the metaphor of two birds to mark the contrast between freedom and oppression. The caged bird, unlike the free one, is restrained in the narrow cage. The wings of the bird are clipped, and the feet are tied, leaving the bird with it no other option but to open its throat to sing.

The narrow cage in which the bird is bound could be taken as the restricted conditions and boundaries that one is put under on a daily basis by society. Such restraints leave the caged individual feeling helpless, like the caged bird. However, one should not tolerate such injustices and raise their voice against them accordingly.

The line: "but a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams," represents how oppression often leads to the exploitation of an individual. The poem highlights the hardships of the ones who are oppressed while also shedding light on concepts such as freedom, liberty, and equality. The caged bird is an embodiment of every oppressed or discriminated individual in this society, which holds the courage to raise their voice against the unjust conditions they are met with.

Sakshi Sharma
II Year

Art Gallery

"Everything can be won over by love." Radha and Krishna paint a perfect picture of love. For me Radha and Krishna is one. Whenever my mind drifts in the direction of love, in no time my thoughts are consumed with the innocent beauty, sanctity which their bond represents to this day.

Himanshi Maheshwari
II Year





Positivity flows like a soft breeze, whenever I glimpse at the calm scene of a bird peacefully sitting on a branch, energy travels through me like a jolt, the same way the bird's beauty cuts through the sky. The shrillness of their voice, giving rise to my rush. Yet, the never-ending expanse of the sky makes me yearn for the freedom I await.

Simran Kakkar
III Year

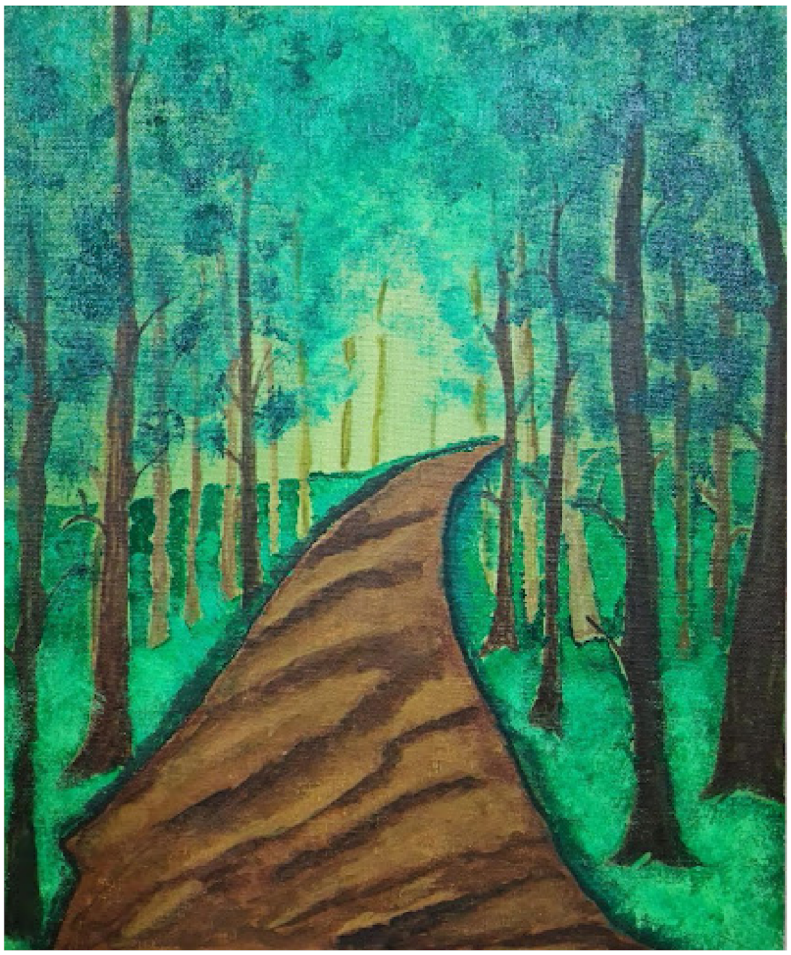


Mesmerising night sky on a beach is my all time favourite view. Water tranquilizes my body and soul. Blue and black highlights hurdles and the white highlights calmness. My all time perfect place for meditation in nature's lap. I like to travel to such places. It is the perfect balance between sky and water.

Muskaan Gupta
II Year

I have always been amazed by forests. They're much bigger and mysterious than what anyone can imagine. From a distance, they seem like one big thing, but up close, they're full of so many different parts, some light and others dark. It, in some ways, is like life – what people see on the outside isn't always the whole story. There's a hidden side waiting to be discovered.

Kinjal Narang
III Year



Art Gallery



TO BE READ

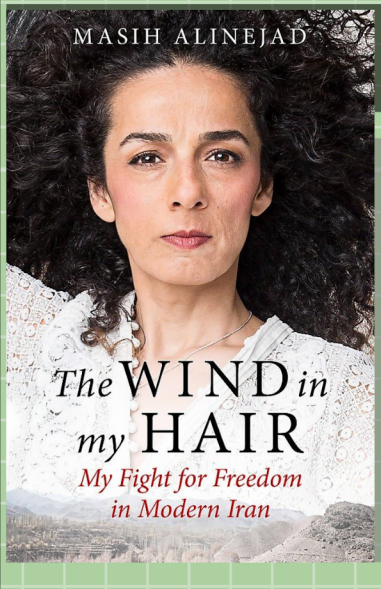
TO BE WRITTEN

TO BE PERCEIVED

TO BE HEARD



The Literary Collective

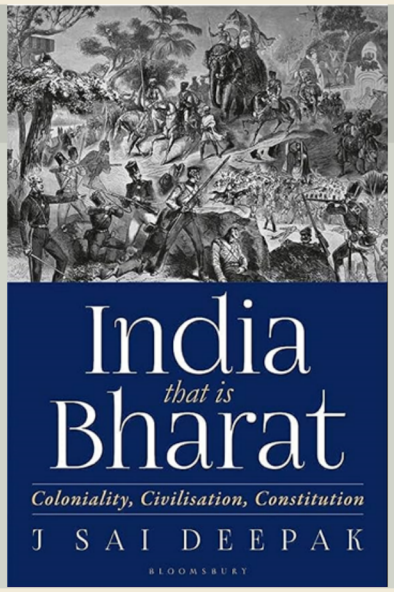


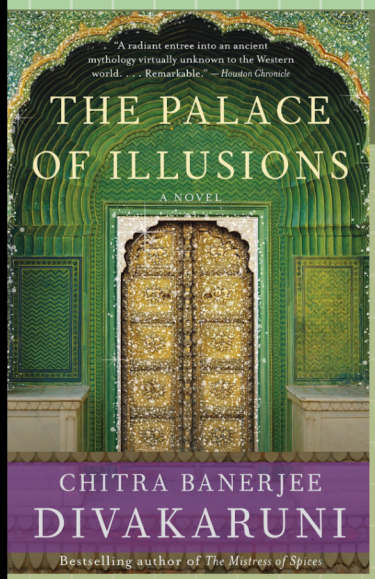
H.O.D.

Description: *Alinejad shares her personal journey and experiences growing up in Iran and becoming a prominent figure in the fight for women's rights in her homeland.*
Author: *Masih Alinejad*
Genre: *Biography, Autobiography*
Published: *2018*
Goodreads: *3.8/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*

Mr. Sanjay Chopra

Description: *It explores the influence of European 'colonial consciousness,' its religious and racial roots.*
Author: *J. Sai Deepak*
Genre: *Nonfiction*
Published: *2021*
Goodreads: *4.4/5*
Amazon: *4.8/5*

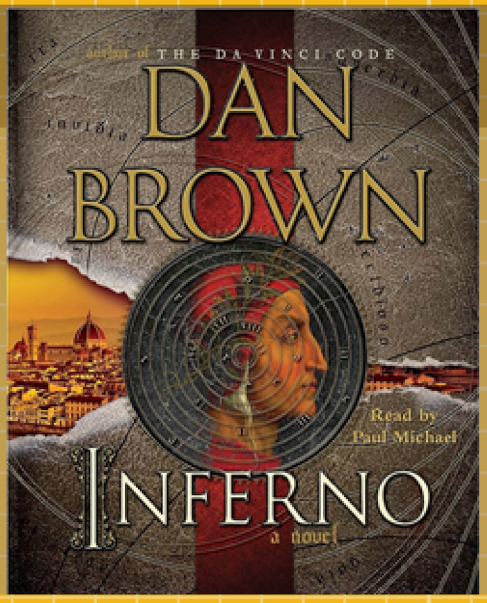




Dr. Richa Pathak

Description: *The novel traces the life of the courageous and divine women Panchali.*
Author: *Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni*
Genre: *Novel, Historical Fiction*
Published: *2008*
Goodreads: *4.2/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*

Ms. Tanvi Garg



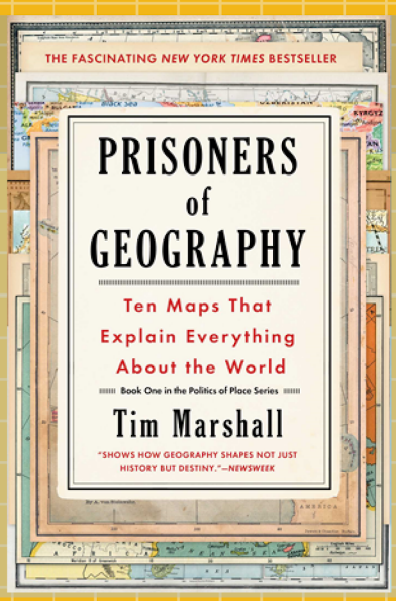
Description: *Inferno, throws the clever professor into another complex mystery with global consequences.*
Author: *Dan Brown*
Genre: *Thriller, Mystery, Suspense*
Published: *2013*
Goodreads: *3.9/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*

Ms. Manisha Raj



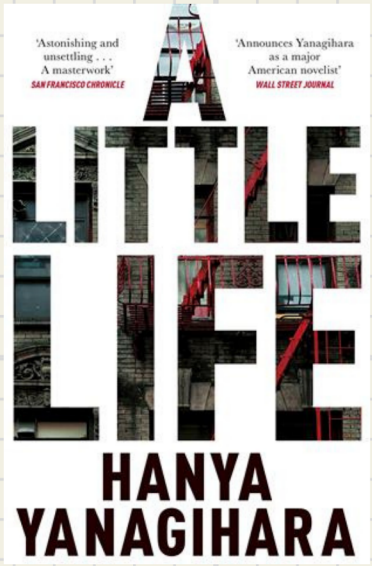
Description: *A perfect example of comical tale of disguise, mistaken identity, and misdirection.*
Author: *Thomas Hardy*
Genre: *Short story*
Published: *1883*
Goodreads: *3.4/5*
Amazon: *3.9/5*

Ms. Reena Rai



Description: *It perfectly describes the impact geography can have on international affairs.*
Author: *Tim Marshall*
Genre: *Non-Fiction*
Published: *2015*
Goodreads: *4.2/5*
Amazon: *4.6/5*

BOOK REVIEWS



A Little Life

By Hanya Yanagihara

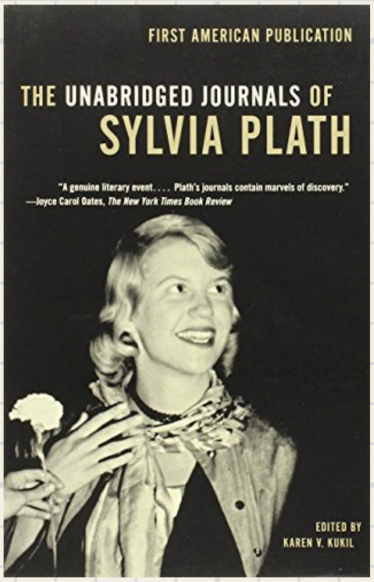
A Little Life can be considered in view of it being a love letter to one of the sub-characters that can easily be ignored by many, New York City itself. The beautiful descriptions which Yanigahara relentlessly follow seem to be the characteristics of the said character. She portrays the love she has for the city, for the people in it, unseen in the mass.

The writing is so immaculate that you can almost grasp the vision of Yanigahara sitting on a bench in NYC, watching the mob carry itself and imagining the story behind each face, each scar, creating a web of stories which is untangled and laid in front of us to observe, read and interpret. How this book does justice to some extremely delicate topics while talking about them brutely and repeatedly points to the never-ending brilliance of this novel. Yet, the graphic details of these delicate topics, the seemingly endless abuse, do not seem forced for an emotional reaction but natural in its inhumanity. It paints a grossly dishonest image of the beauty of life. This book is love, friendship, parenthood, education, depression, trauma and much much more but the only thing this book is not is hate, it is tender and it manages to melt through the fingers holding the book, the words blurring themselves while the tireless attempt of decoding them continues. This book comes with 25 trigger warnings and it's best to read them all.

Ashi Dahiya
III Year

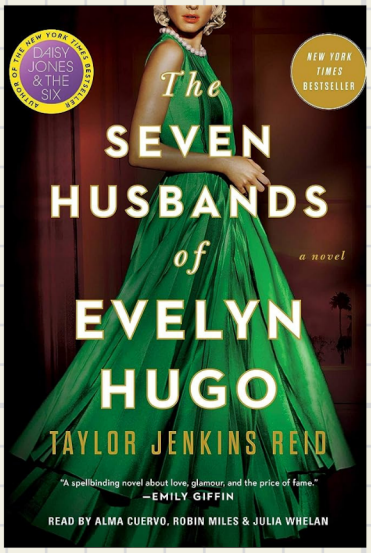
THE UNABRIDGED JOURNALS OF Sylvia Plath

Edited by Karen V. Kukil



We often read books, stories and poetry, and think to ourselves how come the writer came up with such an idea? What were they thinking? What kind of person are they? What's a better way to know someone, to know of their unfiltered version than reading their diary? Sylvia Plath's unabridged journals provides an initiate portrait of the writer from 1950-1962.Even though roughly the two third of this unabridged edition's material has never before been made public, yet the first three lines are enough to inform the reader that they're in for a weird ride but it will be pleasing in the end. The beauty of this book lies in its in-linearity, you can pick up the book anytime, anywhere and you'll find a passage for your time and place and it will all make sense. Each line has a different story to tell and hold the ability to elicit pure bliss or a heartbreak just by using a few of them. The book surely felt like a roller coaster ride of emotions, epiphanies, melancholy and pure joy.

Tanya Chawla
III Year



The SEVEN HUSBANDS of EVELYN HUGO

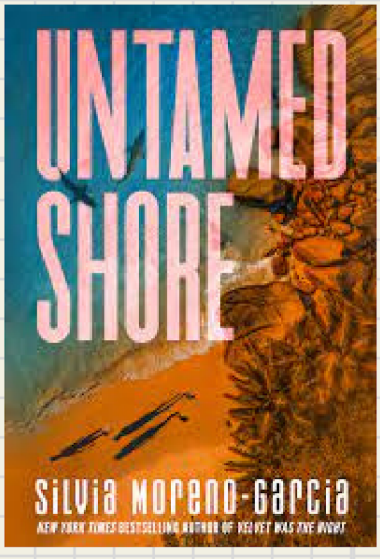
By Taylor Jenkins Reid

Seven Husbands of Evelyn Hugo written by Taylor Jenkins Reed, 2017, follows a first-person narrative, revolving around a not-so-distinguished journalist, Monique Grant, who under very suspicious and surprising events gets an offer from the Hollywood icon, Evelyn Hugo, who had not appeared on-screen or done any interviews since the 80s. With such a groundbreaking project, Monique and the whole world anticipates some clarity on questions about Evelyn's iconic gowns, her break from Hollywood, her seven husbands, and the most important question, "Who is Evelyn's true love?" The out-of-the-blue offer for the interview sounds suspicious to Monique, and this suspicion stands corrected when Evelyn reveals that she wants Monique to write her biography and publish it after the 79-year-old star passes away. Claiming she has nothing to hide and lie about, Evelyn starts unfolding pieces of her life which have been full of pain, suffering, and experiences from being a woman in Hollywood. During the interviews, Monique can not stop herself from finding parallels between her present hardships as a mundane journalist and the past experience's of an iconic actress, whose sufferings were always rejected by the society. Reading the novel unfurls, her true love, the thread which bound her with Monique and some mind-altering perspectives toward life.

Dhwani Gupta
II Year

Untamed Shore

Silvia Moreno-Garcia



Untamed Shore is a book penned by Silvia Moreno García. It is an enthralling, suspenseful mystery set in Mexico. This perfect blend consists of an intoxicating infatuation with a web of deceit and crime. The story revolves around a girl named Virdinia who has mastered multiple languages which enables her to earn a living as a translator. When her financial status remains unstable, it ignites a yearning within her to earn more, already having spent all of her life in this small town and dreams of a better life, than one spent away from the compulsion of marriage and societal norms. But her life seems to be on a roller coaster with the arrival of three Americans and the death of one of them. Getting tangled in a dangerous web of secrets, this novel also displays how she gave in to her greed to lead an opulent life driving herself to darkness. The novel is not a slow-burn novel but rather it is fast-paced. The detailed descriptions make us feel every moment with her. It has a very intriguing psychological element intertwined with it. It is a perfect amalgamation of a tangled mind, inner conflict, ulterior motives and misogyny. If one's preference includes gritty, suspenseful novels then this is definitely worth a read.

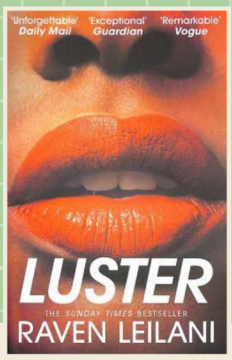
Pranjal Singla
II Year

C.B.C.

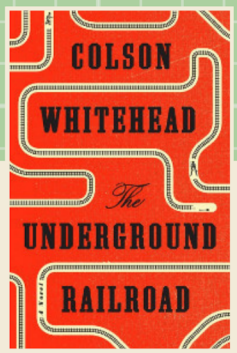
Celebrity Book Club

Dua Lipa

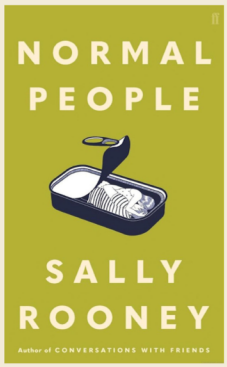




Description: *Luster follows a young Black woman who gets involved with a middle-aged white man in an open marriage.*
Genre: *Literary Fiction, Humor, Bildungsroman*
Published: *2020*
Goodreads: *3.5/5*
Amazon: *3.8/5*



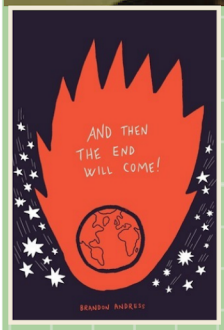
Description: *The Underground Railroad is a historical fiction novel focusing on the struggles of slavery and the cruelty of American history.*
Genre: *Novel, Historical Fiction* **Published:** *2016*
Goodreads: *4.1/5*
Amazon: *4.4/5*



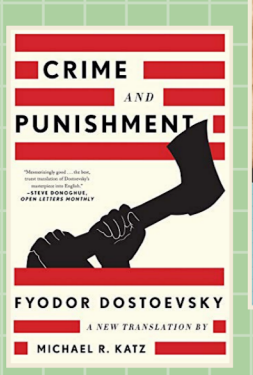
Description: *This one perfectly captures the experiences of university, your first relationship and imposter syndrome.*
Genre: *Novel, Psychological Fiction*
Published: *2018*
Goodreads: *3.8/5*
Amazon: *4.1/5*



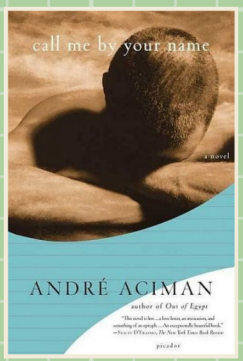
Timothée Chalamet



Description: *Most people, at one time or another, have wondered about the End Times and asking questions but what if we have been asking the wrong questions all along?*
Genre: *Nonfiction, Humor*
Published: *2013*
Goodreads: *3.1/5*
Amazon: *5/5*



Description: *This one follows the mental anguish and moral dilemmas of an impoverished ex-student who plans to kill commit murders.*
Genre: *Novel, Psychological Fiction*
Published: *1866*
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*



Description: *Call Me by Your Name is a coming-of-age novel that centres on a blossoming romantic relationship between a 17-year-old and 24-year-old in 1980s Italy.*
Genre: *Roman Novel, Gay Fiction*
Published: *2007*
Goodreads: *4.1/5*
Amazon: *4.6/5*

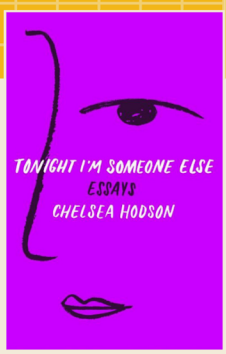




Description: *Like the short stories of Kafka, Poe, or Shirley Jackson, Dávila's stories are terrifying, mesmerizing, and expertly crafted, you'll finish each one grasping for air.*
Genre: *Literary Fiction*
Published: *2018*
Goodreads: *3.7/5*
Amazon: *4.4/5*

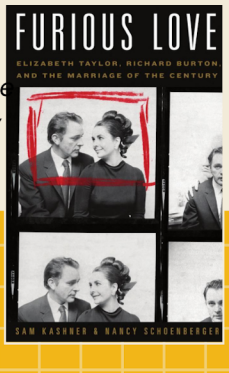
Description: *Miranda July, in her remarkable collection of stories, shows ordinary people living bizarre, extraordinary lives, revealing how a seemingly mundane moment can change everything.*
Genre: *Literary Fiction*
Published: *2007*
Goodreads: *3.8/5*
Amazon: *4.3/5*

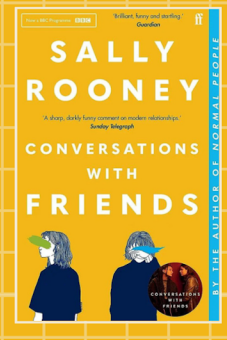




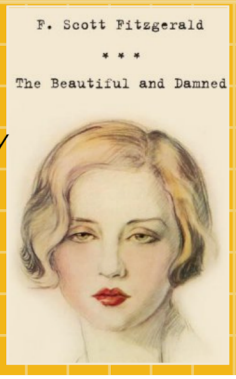
Description: *This collection of essays is introspective, psychoanalytical with a subtle dash of melancholy discussing the experiences of being a woman without shying away from morally grey decisions.*
Genre: *Essay, Nonfiction*
Published: *2018*
Goodreads: *3.8/5*
Amazon: *4.4/5*

Description: *From veteran entertainment reporter Sam Kashner and biographer Nancy Schoenberger comes the definitive account of the greatest Hollywood love story ever told—the romance of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.*
Genre: *Biography, Hollywood*
Published: *2009*
Goodreads: *3.9/5*
Amazon: *4.4/5*





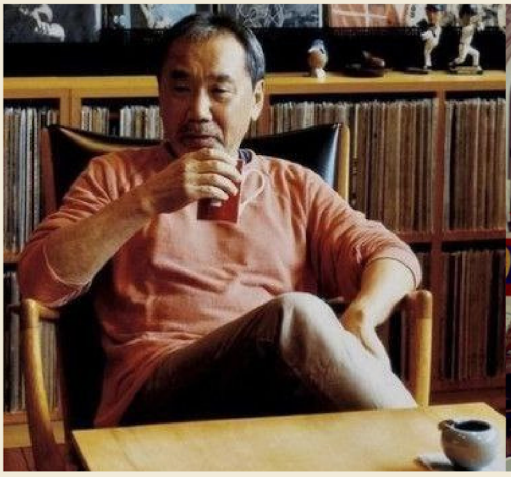
Description: *Taylor Swift said while talking about this book, "I really like her book, I like the tone she takes when she's writing. I think it's like being in somebody's mind." And that is all you need to know.*
Genre: *Novel, Romance, Literary Fiction*
Published: *2017*
Goodreads: *3.8/5*
Amazon: *4.1/5*

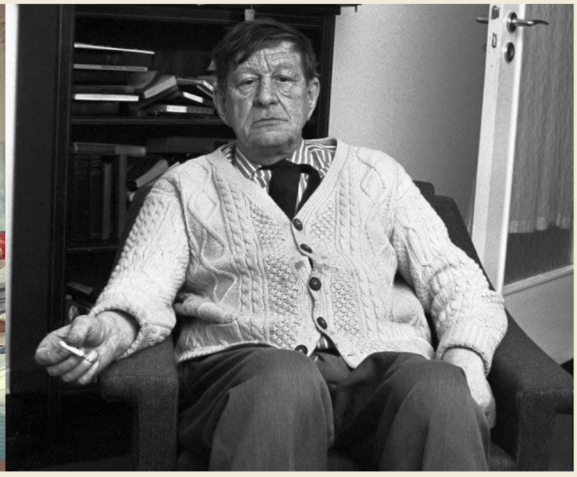


Description: *Set in New York City, the novel's plot follows a young artist and his flapper wife who became "wrecked on the shoals of dissipation" while excessively partying at the dawn of the hedonistic Jazz Age.*
Genre: *Novel, Tragedy*
Published: *1922*
Goodreads: *3.7/5*
Amazon: *4.3/5*



Writers' Schedules





Haruki Murakami

"When I'm in writing mode for a novel, I get up at 4:00 a.m. and work for five to six hours. In the afternoon, I run for 10km or swim for 1500m (or do both), then read a bit and listen to some music. I go to bed at 9:00 p.m. I keep to this routine every day without variation."

Pablo Picasso

Pablo Picasso would wake up in the morning around 11 a.m. He'd then have lunch with friends until 3 p.m. when he would begin painting. He would do that until 10 p.m. then have supper for an hour or so, until finally painting again until 2.30 in the morning.

W. H. Auden

"A modern stoic knows that the surest way to discipline passion is to discipline time: decide what you want or ought to do during the day, then always do it at exactly the same moment every day, and passion will give you no trouble." Auden rose shortly after 6:00 a.m., made himself coffee, and settled down to work quickly, perhaps after taking a first pass at the crossword. His mind was sharpest from 7:00 until 11:30 a.m., and he rarely failed to take advantage of these hours. Auden usually resumed his work after lunch and continued into the late afternoon. Cocktail hour began at 6:30 sharp, with the poet mixing himself and any guests several strong vodka martinis. Then dinner was served, with copious amounts of wine, followed by more wine and conversation. Auden went to bed early, never later than 11:00 and, as he grew older, closer to 9:30.

Maya Angleou

"I usually get up at about 5:30, and I'm ready to have coffee by 6, usually with my husband. He goes off to his work around 6:30, and I go off to mine.
I keep a hotel room in which I do my work—a tiny, mean room with just a bed, and sometimes, if I can find it, a face basin. I keep a dictionary, a Bible, a deck of cards and a bottle of sherry in the room. I try to get there around 7, and I work until 2 in the afternoon. If the work is going badly, I stay until 12:30. If it's going well, I'll stay as long as it's going well. It's lonely, and it's marvelous. I edit while I'm working. When I come home at 2, I read over what I've written that day, and then try to put it out of my mind. I shower, prepare dinner so that when my husband comes home, I'm not totally absorbed in my work. We have a semblance of a normal life. We have a drink together and have dinner. Maybe after dinner I'll read to him what I've written that day. He doesn't comment. I don't invite comments from anyone but my editor, but hearing it aloud is good. Sometimes I hear the dissonance; then I try to straighten it out in the morning."

Charles Dickens

Unlike many others on the list, author Charles Dickens was a fan of doing regular exercise. He used to rise at 7 a.m., wake up, eat breakfast, and then work in absolute quiet until 2 p.m. It's at that point the Great Expectations writer would head out for long walks around London. Around 5 p.m. he'd head home and spend time with his family until going to bed at midnight.





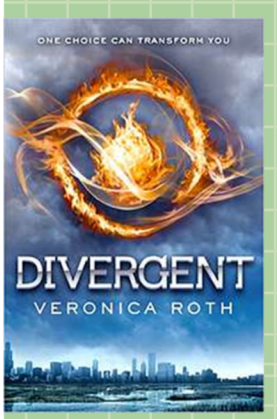

Jane Austen

Austen rose early, before the other women were up, and played the piano. At 9:00 she organised the family breakfast, her one major piece of household work. Then she settled down to write in the sitting room, often with her mother and sister sewing quietly nearby. If visitors showed up, she would hide her papers and join in the sewing. Dinner, the main meal of the day, was served between 3:00 and 4:00. Afterward there was conversation, card games, and tea. The evening was spent reading aloud from novels, and during this time Austen would read her work-in-progress to her family.

Virginia Woolf

"I wrote all the morning, with infinite pleasure, which is queer, because I know all the time that there is no reason to be pleased with what I write, and that in 6 weeks or even days, I shall hate it." She had a structured day throughout, first working on her fiction between 10:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., and then breaking for lunch. Woolf's afternoons were dedicated to letter writing and journaling, and in the evenings she would either entertain (if she had guests) or read until she went to sleep.

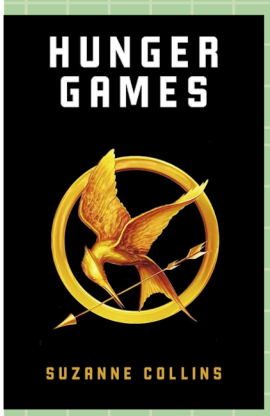
BEST ADAPTATIONS



Genre: Young adult fiction
Author: Veronica Roth
Published: 2011
Goodreads: *4.2/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*



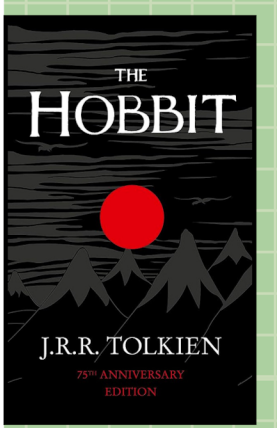
Genre: Action, *Mystery*
Director: Neil Burger
Released: *2014*
IMDB: 6.6*/10*
Rotten Tomatoes: 41%



Genre: Young adult fiction
Author: Suzanne Collins
Published: 2008
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.6/5*



Genre: Science Fiction
Director: Gary Ross
Released: *2012*
IMDB: 7.2*/10*
Rotten Tomatoes: 84%



Genre: *Fantasy Fiction*
Author: *J. R. R. Tolkien*
Published: *1937*
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.6/5*

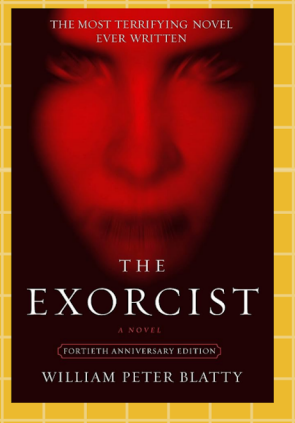


Genre: *Action, Adventure*
Director: *Peter Jackson*
Released: *2012-2014*
IMDB: *7.7/10*
Rotten Tomatoes: *70%*

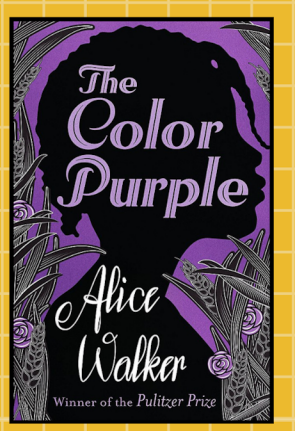
BEST ADAPTATIONS



Genre: *Thriller,Legal Story*
Author: *Harper Lee*
Published: *1960*
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*



Genre: Horror Fiction
Author: William Peter Blatty
Published: 1971
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*



Genre: *Epistolary Novel*
Author: *Alice Walker*
Published: *1982*
Goodreads: *4.3/5*
Amazon: *4.5/5*



Genre: *Drama, Mystery*
Director: *Robert Mulligan*
Released: *1962*
IMDB: *8.3/10*
Rotten Tomatoes: *93%*



Genre: Horror
Director: William Friedkin
Released: *2023*
IMDB: 8.1/*10*
Rotten Tomatoes: 85%



Genre: *Musical, Drama*
Director: *Blitz Bazawule*
Released: *2023*
IMDB: --
Rotten Tomatoes: --

Many have perceived Barbie as a concept filled with fun, imagination, and laughter—something young girls can engage with. However, a little few have tried to look deeper into considering the impact it has had on people, including adults.

Barbie represents the idea that was built to inspire girls who aspired to be more than just mothers; those who sought love, education, and financial independence. Barbie symbolizes opportunities and empowering little girls to help them believe that they can achieve anything, but this all exists in an imaginary world named Barbieland, where everything remains true to its initial intention: "imagination." Barbie is depicted as having her own money, life, friends, and a house. In the first half of the film, Barbie is proud of herself and her fellow Barbies, assuming they have championed women's rights and placed women on equal footing with men in the real world. However, in reality, no such progress has occurred, and the idea of equality has vanished even from Barbieland.

The director, Greta Gerwig, visualises Ken as the male equivalent of Eve from the original story of Adam and Eve, where the purpose behind Eve's existence is recognised solely as a companion for Adam. In the reciprocal world of BarbieLand, this portrayal of society raises discomforting questions about how men in BarbieLand are treated, yet again exposing the hypocrisy of certain individuals in power who fear equality and view it as a loss for them. Upon entering the real world, Barbie encounters young people who blame her for fascism and high beauty standards. However true, with respect to current times these statements, yet to some extent, do confirm that Barbie's dream of teaching girls to have their own money, lives, and homes is restricted to a dream world. In the real world, women still face hate and oppression. On the other hand, Ken, experiencing patriarchy for the first time, receives desired attention and learns about horses and cars, seemingly having it all figured out. When Barbie and Ken return to BarbieLand, many changes occur. Men are now dominant, reflecting society's view of sexism. Initially when BarbieLand is undergoing such drastic changes, Barbies are afraid of losing control to men and afraid of patriarchy not just because of the sexist, discriminative, rude, and problematic way of thinking; but the loss of dominance over Kens comes with it. In the same way in the real world, people are afraid of feminism, even undermining feminists in the fear of being ruled by a woman. Feminism is seen as a concept that keeps women dominant by prioritizing them, mirroring how equal treatment to Ken has been viewed in BarbieLand.

The true essence of feminism is lost in the real world, just as patriarchy has taken root in BarbieLand. The concept of equality remains elusive in our lives. The famous song title "I Am Just Ken" illustrates how men in BarbieLand exist as decorative and unspoken partners, unaware of their purpose in life. Until the very end, where Barbies realize that their little world doesn't have to be dominated just by them and realize the irony of equality Barbieland is built on. Kens break free from being Barbie's companions and discover their own identities, and Barbies work on being more appreciative of their surroundings.

Dhwani Gupta
II Year

Barbie

Is Barbie an emotion, a person, a feeling, or an idea?

Christopher Nolan's Oppenheimer is not a tale of heroes or villains, it is that of destruction; the destruction of worlds, of power, of people and, even, of those who are unborn. The only difference between him and Icarus was that Icarus burnt himself and Oppie burnt the world.

It is not a historical tale; it is a biopic of an ordinary physicist who came across the knowledge which was never meant to be gained. Watching this masterpiece, we come face-to-face with the unfortunate truth of how we hold the power to destroy ourselves within us, "Within me is something stronger (Camus)." Be it by sticking our heads in the oven or spending three years of your life to develop a big enough oven to kill 129,000-226,000 people.

"I desire the things which will destroy me in the end."

-Sylvia Plath-

Plath and Oppie, both attempted and failed in taking lives but succeeded eventually, both came out as legends to their stories but villains to many. The only difference is that Oppie regretted what he did and we'll never know of Plath's truth.

Today, with the value of life being measured with the number of followers, this film comes out of necessity. It forces you to think, to face morality and your actions' unimportance which fuels the almost cold fire of existentialism. Oppenheimer had a weighty script with no action sequences, surprising for a movie based on the creation of a bomb, lands itself well into the three-hour mark; it does not try to appeal to the modern audience but proves itself as a cannon.

"Life is meaningless, but worth living, provided you recognize it's meaningless."

-Albert Camus-

The psychological implications post-bomb gets the viewer into Oppie's headspace and while, still, focusing on him and his emotions, deals with such grandeur topics. The horrific consequences of Oppie choosing to eat the forbidden fruit are contrasted with the beauty Nolan chose to present it with. The repetitive imagery of the particles moving towards the viewers started from the opening image, embodying the familiarity the audience had with the inevitable ending. The force of the, infamous, test-blast wipes away the sense of existence and the meaning it carries from the viewers, they are left feeling alienated from themselves and the time they live in. It, with one button, dissipates our existence.

Many sympathise with Oppie for he had nothing but good intentions, that is to stop the war, but instead gave man the power to end all wars. Others, think of him as someone who should not have been born. Despite the over-bearing burden a man carries after a creation of such magnitude, many agree with what Lewis Strauss said, if given the opportunity, Oppie would do everything all over again. Human beings have failed thinkers and philosophers by repeatedly falling into the trap of power which produces the fall sense control. Control and power, what are they if we turn into dust, right now by a mastermind half way across the world whose mere existence was something we were unbeknownst of?

Ashi Dahiya
III Year



Departmental Activities















The English Department of JCC and its enriching literary endeavors do not only captivate the students but also ignite the intellectual spark within them. The department's mission goes beyond merely teaching literature; they are passionate about instilling a profound love for books and the written word. Through engaging activities and initiatives, the department aims to kindle this love for literature, making it a lifelong companion for the students.

Collaborating on **Mirage**, the annual theatrical event, nurture students' creativity while sharpening teamwork and communication skills. It offers a unique chance to assume diverse roles, express themselves, and collectively bring captivating stories to life.

The **Street Play on Feminism** offered students a platform to explore various perspectives, expand literary horizons, and strengthen friendships while promoting awareness of neglected aspects of female equality.

Departmental Activities

For the batch of 2023-26, our **Orientation Program** aimed to introduce the countless opportunities and experiences that await them at JCC. We extend our warmest wishes for a journey filled with growth, learning, and unforgettable moments. Welcome to the vibrant JCC community!





A monologue is a powerful vehicle allowing the audience to delve deep into a character's mindset, offering a unique glimpse into their innermost thoughts and emotions. It's like a road that takes us on a journey into a character's very heart and soul, revealing their fears, hopes, and desires.







IMERSONATORA, by providing a platform for students to perform monologues, offered them an invaluable opportunity to not only test their acting talents but also to kickstart their transformative journey with us.





Internship



DEEPALAYA FOUNDATION INC.

Deepalaya is the largest operational NGO that has established projects across India. They have been working for four decades and contributing to the crusade against illiteracy.

Having the first-day jitters in my stomach, I never anticipated to settle in my office so quickly. My colleagues didn't make me feel out of place and accepted me as one of their own, helping me throughout my time there.

Ishika Mittal

tsp THE STORIES PEOPLE

TSP, a publishing house, work with their clients to identify, create and narrate their stories helping the author to be notices by their readers amidst the clutter!

Interviewing authors, helping with marketing of various books, coming with up strategies to bring in more readers, gave me a hands-on experience and served as the best first step for my journey, ahead.

Tanya Chawla

ROLI BOOKS

Top 4th publishing house in India. From novels to coffee tables including history books, travel guides, autobiographies, Roli Books has a strong grip on the market since 1978.

Working with the Director, Managing Editor and the Editor in the office, provided me with experience and gave me a deeper understanding of power in a corporate setting.

Ashi Dahiya

TARE ZAMEEN FOUNDATION

A Ray of Hope

The Tare Zameen Foundation (TZF) is a non-profit organization established under the Indian Trust Act 1882. Our mission is to improve the lives of the most vulnerable and marginalized members of society by providing equal access to quality education, healthcare, shelter, food, and water.





During our internship, we had the chance to work on a variety of meaningful projects that allowed us to contribute to the NGO's mission. Whether it was organizing fundraising events, conducting research to support their initiatives, or interacting with the beneficiaries, every task felt purposeful and fulfilling.

Khushi Gupta, Anushka, P. Vaishnavi and Vanshika Garg

Bachpan is the flagship brand of S. K. Educations Pvt. Ltd. – The Nation's leading Preschool Education provider. As on date, we have a nationwide reach with a Chain of 1100+ Pre Schools spread across the length and breadth of the country.



Not being the only intern at my company was a blessing in disguise, from helping each other to having a subtle hint of competition, fueled us to work harder and harder.

Simranpreet Kaur

SERP Sci makes the path to your digital presence. They provide the best digital marketing services in Pilkhuwa, Hapur. SERP Sci pioneers as a digital marketing consultancy, content writing & web development.

This organization helped me a lot to improve my writing skills and knowledge with their wonderful guidance and support.

Rahul Sisodia

TIL Advisors is an Investor Relations, Corporate Reporting & Stakeholder Communication consultancy with integrated offerings that empower organisations to build trust and loyalty with their stakeholders. They help businesses solve their communication challenges by deploying cutting-edge stakeholder engagement strategies that deliver value.

I had the opportunity to work on annual filing and interesting works. Even challenges that were faced, were difficult but, at same time, it was an exciting lesson to learn.

Divya Bhatia



PROJECT GURU

Get your projects done.

We are a team of subject matter experts, driven by research and creativity. We work with leading Businesses, Consultants, Universities, Institutes & eLearning platforms to make an impact. Over a span of more than 10 years, we have collaborated with thousands of independent and qualified subject matter experts to deliver value through our platform.

During our internship at Project Guru, we were tasked with multiple challenging projects. Despite initial setbacks, we collaborated with the team to develop an efficient solution, This experience taught us the value of perseverance and teamwork in achieving goals. It was a rewarding moment when our collaborative solution was implemented, showcasing the real-world impact of our work. Overall, our internship at Project Guru was a valuable learning experience that shaped our problem-solving skills.

Rashida Fatima, Himanshi Sharma, Kashish Jainwal, Simran Kakkar, Shikha, Bhawna and Tanishq Thakur

Snapshotted memories



I Year



II Year



III Year



As long as autumn leaves lasts, I shall not have hands, canvas and colors enough to paint the beautiful things I see.
-Vincent Van Gogh