



Kritika

2023-24





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“ Giving education to deprived
is like giving sight to the blind. ”

-Achyuta Samanta

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Kritika

2023

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Prof. (Dr.) Achyuta Samanta

(FOUNDER KIIT AND KISS)

As we continue to navigate the evolving educational landscape, it is crucial to take collective action to reshape our world and focus on the knowledge and learning that have faced unprecedented challenges. The current scenario necessitates solidarity from all stakeholders to leverage our strengths, with students, as the primary stakeholders, playing a pivotal role.

I am pleased to acknowledge that the Student Activity Centre has played a catalytic role in enhancing student engagement, staying connected with students in their pursuit of learning. Team Kritika 2023 has done a phenomenal job showcasing the literary prowess, creativity, and imagination of the budding talents on our campus. The sincere efforts of the team to cover diverse facets of life, articulated through heartfelt creative writings, are commendable.

I am confident that the creative thoughts, expressions, stories, and other valuable content contributed will significantly enhance the prestige of Kritika 2023. I also congratulate the Editorial Board for their profound endeavor in bringing out this edition in a timely manner. My best wishes and blessings to all involved.





Prof. Saranjit Singh

(VICE CHANCELLOR, KIIT-DU)

Kritika 2023, titled "Plein de Vie: Full of Life," takes us on a journey celebrating the beautiful fabric of human existence. This edition captures the depth and complexity of life's experiences, resonating strongly with the spirit of our KIIT University community. Through poignant narratives and insightful observations, we delve into the limitless creativity, perseverance, and joy that characterize our collective journey. It showcases how life unfolds in our environment, reflecting its cultural vibrancy and profound influence on our shared experiences.

I am deeply thankful to the editorial team whose creative vision and unwavering dedication have brought this publication to life. Throughout, their commitment to excellence shines, providing profound insights into the intricacies and beauty found in life's journey. I extend my best wishes to the students as they explore the stories and perspectives shared in this inspiring edition.

May Kritika 2023 inspire us all to appreciate the richness of life, cherish every moment, and continue cultivating a community that believes each individual's story adds to our collective narrative of progress and enlightenment.





Dr. Jnyana Ranjan Mohanty

(REGISTRAR, KIIT-DU)

"It's in literature that true life can be found. It's under the mask of fiction that you can tell the truth." - Gao Xingjian

It is a pleasure to announce this edition of the university's student magazine "KRITIKA". I am happy to see students enthusiastically participating in writing. Despite handling academic pressure to continuously score well, they are actively involved in curricular and extracurricular activities and express their thoughts and creativity through this magazine. Kritika provides a platform to showcase the talents of emerging minds.

The main purpose of education goes beyond the transmission of written information; it also involves inculcating values such as wisdom, courage, humanity, and honesty. This journal provides insight into students' imagination and creativity.

Congratulations to the entire team of KRITIKA 2023 for their dedication and hard work in making this release possible. Thanks to all the young minds for taking the time to showcase their works. Good luck to all involved.





Dr. Shyam Sundar Behura

(ADDITIONAL REGISTRAR, KIIT-DU)

It is with great pleasure that we welcome you to the 2023 edition of Kritika, the Annual Student Magazine.

This year, we are excited to present our theme, "Plein de Vie!"—Full of Life. This edition is dedicated to celebrating the beauty and vitality of life, emphasizing the perspectives and experiences that highlight its splendor.

Throughout the past year, we have seen remarkable resilience and optimism in the face of various challenges. People have thrived despite economic uncertainties and social upheavals, finding beauty in everyday moments and maintaining a positive outlook. This theme serves as a powerful reminder that our perspective greatly influences our experience of life.

As we look to the future, there is abundant reason for optimism. The increasing appreciation for life's simple pleasures, the recognition of our interconnectedness, and the collective efforts to support one another inspire a vision of a brighter and more harmonious world.

We are confident that this year's edition of Kritika will uphold its tradition of inspiring and empowering our readers. It will feature stories from individuals of diverse backgrounds who celebrate the essence of life, demonstrating how beauty can be discovered in every moment and every experience.



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ENGLISH



AFTER DARK : REWEIGHTING A 'QUINDECENNIAL'

What makes a film great? ...compelling narrative, robust characters, skilled direction, captivating visuals, powerful performances, seamless editing, impactful sound design, universal themes, and potential innovation? OR just that callous script, inert papers ?

In the eloquent words of Alfred Hitchcock : "A film is - or should be - more like music than like fiction. It should be a progression of moods and feelings. The theme, what is behind the emotion, the meaning, all that comes later?"

Eighteen years bygone, the Batman franchise was saved and rebooted by Christopher Nolan, and 3 years later, the masterful centerpiece of the trilogy came to theaters.

‘ Batman Begins ’ > ‘ The Dark Knight Rises ’ > ‘ The Dark Knight ’they include such spectacular things.... Ra's al Ghul, Scarecrow, Carmine Falcone, the Joe Chill story, Bruce's training under Ra's, the beginnings of Batman and Gordon's partnership, the homemade Bat-Signal, the best Bale-Batman voice, Bruce and Alfred's setup and upgrading of all the equipment and resources they will use, the League of Shadows, Wayne Manor, the Batcave, the train that feels very Gotham, the Narrows, Arkham Asylum, the Begins suit, the bat swarm, the driving on rooftops, the fear gas, the moisture vaporator, the ninjas and sword-fighting, Selina Kyle, Bane, Talia al Ghul, Robin "John" Blake, the Bat and so so much.

Though 'Batman Begins' was criminally overshadowed by its sequels, all three Batman movies boast insanely good final scenes, especially The Dark Knight Rises, with a rewarding and satisfying end to the series. Kudos Hans Zimmer and James Newton Howard.

Since its release in 2008, it has left a 'batcave-sized' impact on the landscape of superhero movies, forever changing the expectations and possibilities within the genre.



Set in the gritty and dark underbelly of Gotham City, it was a masterclass in storytelling orchestrated by Nolan, with impeccable precision, he wove together moral complexity, psychological turmoil, and relentless suspense, inviting audiences into a world teetering on the edge of despair. At the pivot of this world, Batman, played by Christian Bale, finds himself locked in a battle against the enigmatic Joker, essayed by late Heath Ledger, who serves as the embodiment of chaos and madness, pushing our hero to his limits and challenging the very foundations of justice and morality.

"And when 'Iron Man' came out, everyone that knew me and loved me said, 'This will do until 'The Dark Knight' comes out.'" ~ Robert Downy Jr. [July, 2023, recalled doing 'Iron Man' in 2008 and being warned about Christopher Nolan's 'The Dark Knight' which was a billion-dollar art.]

The Dark Knight's script beats with its heart :

The script, crafted by Nolan and his brother Jonathan, forms the bedrock, entwining ethical quandaries and intricate storylines. The narrative merges heroes' and villains' fates, compelling audiences to grapple with moral complexities and ponder heroism's essence. This metamorphosis elevates the film beyond conventional superhero narratives, morphing it into a riveting crime saga that plumbs the depths of the human psyche's shadowy recesses.

"A-Ta-Ta-Ta-Ta, Let's Not Blow This Out Of Proportion."

Bale's Batman : A Shakespearean hero's dark torment :

Christian Bale's portrayal of Batman also deserves praise, and often gets buried thanks to a scintillating Ledger.

*"As A Man, I'm Flesh And Blood; I Can Be Ignored, I Can Be Destroyed.
But As A Symbol... As A Symbol, I Can Be Incorruptible. I Can Be
Everlasting."*

Bale's stoic Batman, haunted by gravitas, embodied the duality of Bruce Wayne's tormented soul. As a symbol of justice, he battled external adversaries and inner demons alike. Bale's layered performance underscored the personal sacrifices and internal struggles of the Caped Crusader.

*"A Hero Can Be Anyone, Even Someone Doing Something As Simple
And Reassuring*

*As Putting A Coat Around A Little Boy's Shoulders To Let Him Know
The World Hadn't Ended."*

"It's Not Who I Am Underneath But What I Do That Defines Me."

Bale's Batman is a complex and compelling character, and his performance in *The Dark Knight* is one of the best in superhero cinema history. He is a true hero, but he is also a man who is haunted by his own darkness. It is this duality that makes him so relatable and so inspiring.

"He is The Hero Gotham Deserves But Not The One It Needs Right Now."

[~ Commissioner J Gordon]

Hence Jack Snyder's adoration: *"What Chris did with that movie was he made our mythology mean something to us,"* about *"The Dark Knight."*

" Why so Serious? " :

Heath Ledger's version of the Joker in *The Dark Knight* is a remarkable performance that still gets recognized today as one of the best depiction of the character outside of the DC comic book. Despite his limited screen time, Ledger's menacing Joker is a landmark depiction of the character, stealing the show with his limited screen time. He is a chaotic force of nature, an unstoppable foil to Batman's immovable object..

"Madness is like gravity. All it takes is a little push."

The Joker's meticulously crafted costume, from his iconic purple coat to his tailored suit, perfectly captures his dapper demeanor and menacing aura. With a form-fitting body that mirrors his lean physique, the figure delivers exceptional articulation under his layered ensemble. Completing his chaotic look, the Joker figure comes armed with a deadly arsenal of weapons and accessories, including guns, grenades, knives, playing cards, and bank notes. Atop a meticulously crafted LED-lighted diorama base featuring the iconic Bat symbol, the figure offers two lighting modes for alternate display.

"I Believe What Does not Kill You Simply Makes You... Stranger."

The Joker figure is a terrific addition to your DC display.

WHY SO SERIOUS?

A visual spectacle :

A visual symphony of cinematography, production design, and visual effects, *The Dark Knight* transforms Gotham City into a decaying, atmospheric character that mirrors the film's moral decay and societal corruption. Sweeping aerial shots capture the city's grandeur, while meticulous attention to detail brings authenticity to every frame. Hans Zimmer's haunting and atmospheric score further enhances the overall experience, evoking a sense of unease and tension throughout.

'The Dark Knight' : a cinematic artistry :

The Dark Knight: A cinematic tour de force, defying genres and transcending expectations, invites audiences to ponder the depths of heroism, the fragile balance between order and chaos, and the abyss of the human soul. Its groundbreaking impact on film history elevated the superhero genre to new heights of artistic expression. Even today, the film continues to resonate with audiences, leaving an indelible mark on popular culture. Surrender to its dark allure and immerse yourself in its extraordinary cinematic experience.

Throughout 15 years, Batman has evolved from Christian Bale's stoic and tormented Dark Knight to Ben Affleck's weathered and grizzled Caped Crusader, and now to Robert Pattinson's enigmatic and vengeance-driven hero. While each actor has brought their own unique interpretation to the role, Bale's Batman remains the gold standard for many fans. Affleck and Pattinson have both brought their own unique interpretations to the role, with Affleck delivering a brooding and brutal Dark Knight, while Pattinson offers a more introspective and vulnerable take on the character. While both actors have delivered memorable performances, Bale's Batman remains the definitive cinematic depiction of the iconic hero. His stoic grace, haunted gravitas, and layered performance embodied the duality of Bruce Wayne's tormented soul, making him the most complex, compelling, and inspiring Batman on screen, the pinnacle of the Caped Crusader's cinematic evolution.

"Not a Hero. He is a Silent Guardian, a Watchful Protector..... A Dark Knight."

Name - Pratik Maity
Roll No - 22052133
School - CSE, 2nd year

Untold Stories of Life

A vibrant blend of experiences
Woven together through my life.

Roads less travelled,
Hushed stories unfold.

I find truth, purpose, and strife,
In the chapters of joy and hardships endured.
In the peaceful isolation and crowded space.
Life's a labyrinth, one filled with adventures.

My life's journey unrolls
In every breath I take;
A story that hasn't yet been told.

Name - Piyali Dutta
Roll No - 2276138
School - 2nd year, BBA



A GLIMPSE OF HER PAST

As she went in the spiral of thoughts,
Reliving her childhood sitting on the park
bench,
She harked back to the twinkle in her eyes,
Which she had on hearing the bell of the
ice-cream seller,
Holding the cone deliberately avoiding the
mixed scoops to fall,
Returning back to the park bench, she saw a
sparkle alike to her own,
In the eyes of her granddaughter,
Who indeed gave her a glimpse of her past.

Name - Abhishri Srivastava
Roll No - 21052807
School - 3rd Year, B.tech CSE



A LITTLE LIFE

I could not see it very clearly.

The train had been standing in the middle of nowhere for the past three hours, or that was the time interval my sleep-deprived, very tired head had conjured up. The blue hours had not yet started to touch the golden hue. I tugged at the blanket, trying to wrap it around me tighter. The unregulated air conditioning in Indian trains is no joke, and my trip then was no exception.

I remember being hungry, and I remember being very annoyed at my body's refusal to cooperate with a semblance of a sleep schedule. There was a slight tingle in my belly that made its presence known now and then. Though it was not the grumble of hunger, it accompanied the former just the same. It was a tiny ball of anxiety that lay in the pit of my belly, reminding me that we were going to a place very far from home, and I was soon to call that very faraway place a second home, perhaps.

That is a story for another time. I want to bring the focus back to the little thing that had managed to catch my attention outside a foggy window. Right beside the dark, wet wooden tracks, there was a little flower. Some local species, I can only assume. Against the dark of its surroundings, its little white petals stood in stark contrast. To this day, I don't know how or why I was drawn to it, with all of my sleep depravity and irritation and anxiety about college already heavy on my mind. All I know is once I had noticed it, I could not look away.

The flower, with whatever leaves and buds it had, grew mere inches away from being crushed out of its existence. It was a miracle of some sort, a chance of luck, a small mercy, I believe. The simplicity of it all is what managed to capture all of my attention and wonder. Travelling for 21 hours from home to college on a train while freezing to death and being in dire need of a morning snack should not exactly bring forth the romantic in anyone, but at that moment, I suddenly thought of Wordsworth and his famous daffodils.

I had to dissect the poem for English class in some grade back in school, and I remember thinking how silly it was that Wordsworth would find respite in difficult times just by thinking of some daffodils by a lake that he had seen years ago. I didn't mean to undermine nature's healing touch at all, I just did not understand how the mere thought of something so trivial could provide so great a solace that he had to write a poem about it.

Times have changed for me. I am writing about little white flowers that grow by railway tracks.

Nothing can represent life for me more than that little blossom that was trying its best to stand on its tallest tiptoes, lifting its head from the dark, wet mess of its surroundings, its petals milky white and so, so tiny. Had it not been right there beneath my window, I would have never even looked at it. It would have stayed there, quiet and alone, unnoticed, and yet, existing. It stood so close to death that I am tempted to say that it almost looked death in the eye every time a train drove past it, trembled every time someone walked past the track, always on the verge of being trampled, being plucked apart, being snatched away from under life's warm cover.



I believe to this very day that it had perked up its head under my gaze. I had pressed my face against the cold glass of the window to look at it, and it seemed to look right back at me. "I am here, even if not for long, I am here right now", I could see the white of the petals move very slightly in what I assume was a breeze, "I am not much, but I am all I have. And it is enough, it has to be".

Most people would consider this to be some kind of a monologue on my end, but I know I was listening to my little friend talk. I know that the little flower by the train tracks had seen some good and bad days, had noticed what most ignore, and had things to say, despite the place that raised it. I know it had a story, it was alive, and it was proud of being alive. It was proud every time it survived another day to watch the blue hues melt into the golden pool of dawn.

The sun had risen by the time I had to wave my little friend goodbye. I did not think too much of it then. I was glad for the steaming cup of coffee and the omelette, and as the train moved farther and farther away from that one spot, so did my mind.

It was not until some months into the very hectic schedule of college life that I suddenly remembered the flower by the tracks. To say that I had been going through a tough time would be an understatement, but oh dear, I felt it then. I suddenly understood Wordsworth the way he had wished to be understood. I now know why the vision of a field full of golden daffodils by a lake is one of the greatest treasures a mind can own. It is unbelievable how much beauty exists in simplicity, in the trivial, in the seemingly mundane. The very essence of survival and our will to live condensed in such a minuscule aspect of nature! So much life contained in the five petals! What grit! I think of the little flower on my toughest days, and I pray that both of us will survive our version of battles, both of us will say "I am here, even if not for long, I am here right now, and that has to count for something". I always wish the best for my little friend by the tracks in the middle of nowhere.

I have a feeling that it has wished me well too

Name- Ahana Chanda
Roll- 2205529
School- CSE, 2nd year



THE JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY

A young man named Alex used to reside in a small community nestled among lush hills. He was an independent man, unburdened by petty social norms. His heart brimmed with boundless enthusiasm for life, and his eyes sparkled with the exuberance of youth. However, Alex was often set apart from the villagers, who were content with their daily routines, due to his innate intelligence and unique perspective. He yearned for something more to ignite the flame of adventure in his soul.

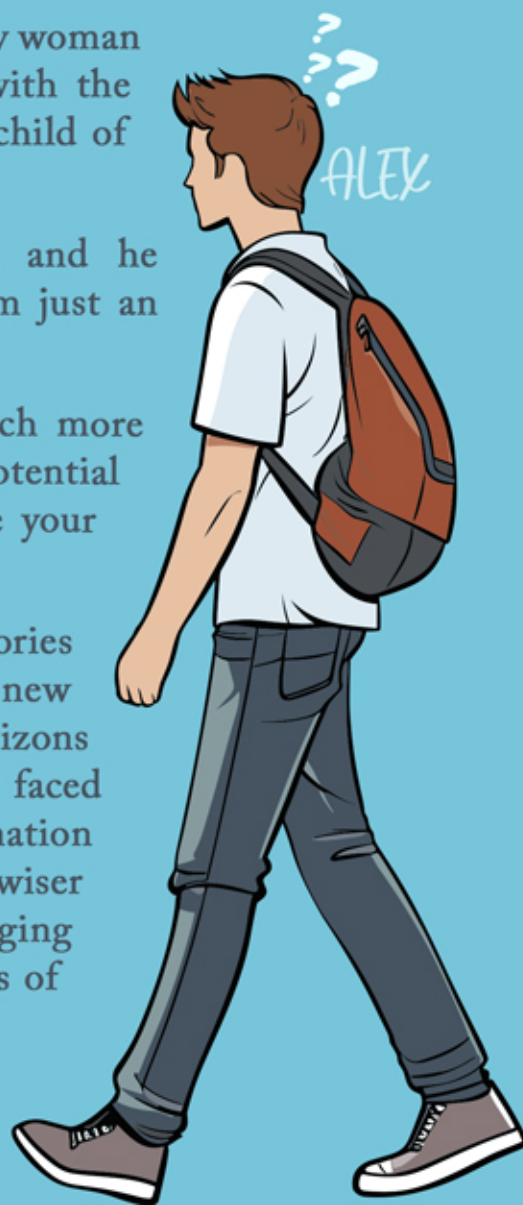
One fateful day, as Alex wandered through the peaceful woodland, he came across a shadowy old woman seated on a moss-covered rock. The woman's presence exuded a serene wisdom, and her eyes were as ancient as the gnarled trees that surrounded them. Alex approached the woman out of curiosity and introduced himself.

"I've been waiting for your arrival, Alex," the elderly woman said with an intriguing smile. "You are blessed with the ability to live life to the fullest because you are a child of destiny."

The woman's cryptic statements puzzled Alex, and he inquired, "How can I live life to the fullest? I am just an ordinary rural boy."

The elderly woman's gaze softened. "You are much more than that," she replied. "You possess untapped potential waiting to be realized. You only need to embrace your true self and pursue your heart's desires."

He traveled extensively, exploring uncharted territories and encountering diverse cultures. He welcomed new challenges and adventures that broadened his horizons and nurtured his spirit. Along the way, Alex faced obstacles and disappointments, but his determination remained unwavering. He grew stronger and wiser through his mistakes and learned the value of forging meaningful connections with people from all walks of life who shared his values.



As his journey progressed, Alex gradually uncovered the depths of his talent. He discovered that he possessed the gift of inspiring others with the same passion that burned within him. He became a source of strength and courage, motivating people to embrace their true selves and savor life to the fullest.

After many years of wandering, Alex returned to his home village as a mature and compassionate man. His sharing of experiences and wisdom motivated the villagers to step out of their comfort zones and pursue their dreams. Alex's journey illustrates the importance of living life to the fullest. It is a story of self-acceptance, resilience in the face of adversity, and the transformative power of inspiration.

The moral of Alex's story is that each of us possesses unique gifts to offer the world. By acknowledging our true selves and pursuing our heart's desires, we can create a life that is rich, vibrant, and meaningful.

Aditya Khandelwal
2105942
CSE, 3rd year



Solitude

Plein De Vie, Full of Life

On a warm, summer afternoon,
After having finished my mundane daily chores,
Strolling lazily by the babbling brook that meanders through the valley,
I wandered off to the faraway Church at the end of the alley.
Situating amidst the greenery of pine trees,
With white cumulus clouds hovering over its roof,
It was a towering brick-red medieval piece of architecture,
Yet today, with overgrown creepers and wild yellow flowers hanging from its doorway,
The church wore a rather deserted look.
Inside the hall few pious ladies were standing before the altar of Jesus,
Their gaze fixed on the crucifix,
With folded hands, they were uttering sacred hymns from the Holy Bible,
And saying prayers to the mighty Lord to forgive all of their sins.
Walking through the aisle, I seated myself on a small mahogany chair,
And revealed in the aura that was serene, tranquil, and divine.
The sweet aroma of lighted-scented candles filled the air,
The crimson rays of the setting sun passing through the multicoloured glass windows,
Created a magical rainbow light;
majestically the dull gray interior walls illumined.
Except for the occasional chiming of the church bell,
And the faint chirping of birds who had built nests in the cracks of the arch,
Everything was total silence, as if for a fraction of a second, time had suddenly stopped.
Now, it was just the two of us, me and the heavenly Monarch.
No worldly attachments what-so-ever, no worldly sorrows, no stress, no pain,
Almost like witnessing a transcendental experience, an echo clearly reverberated loudly in
my brain - "Listen to the silence, dear. It has so much to say,
Put your frantic, chaotic mind to rest, and keep all negative thoughts at bay,
Introspect a bit and reflect on your day,
Reconnect to your peaceful inner self that's full of bliss;
it will guide you and show you the correct way.
Enjoy the solitude; a perfect getaway to rejuvenate
your soul and mind,
For sometimes by being in quiescence,
renewed energy and new hope you may find,
Have unwavering eternal faith in the
Almighty and surrender wholly unto Him,
Remain optimistic even in the face of
adversity, and every battle in
life you may thus win."





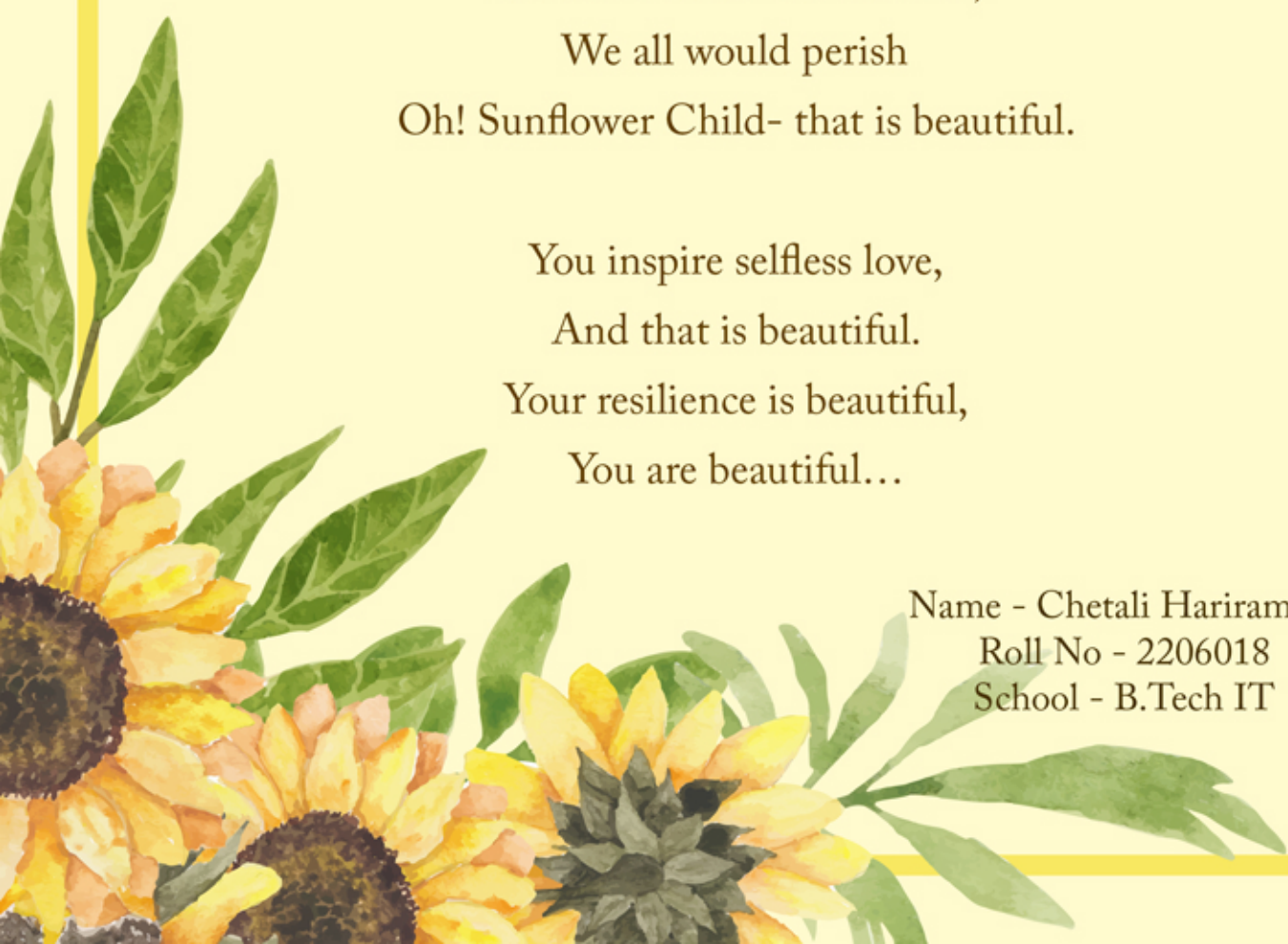
Sunflower Child

Dear Sunflower Child,
You seek for love, day after day
You get a part of it- Everyday.

You are aware,
That this is all in vain
The shadows you cast,
Speak of your longing and pain.

You never cease to cherish,
The vibrance without which,
We all would perish
Oh! Sunflower Child- that is beautiful.

You inspire selfless love,
And that is beautiful.
Your resilience is beautiful,
You are beautiful...



Name - Chetali Hariramani
Roll No - 2206018
School - B.Tech IT

BROWN'S EMBRACE: A PALETTE OF SENSATIONS

Calm and chaos, it quietly yelled,
Like it was free but suppressed.
The gloomy energetic aura,
The indulgence you would crave.
It resonated with classical music and ancient poetry,
like the scent of burning incense,
Comforting you at the cost of it in flames.
It must be where nostalgia restrains its



Name-Srestha Sen
Branch-2nd year
Biotechnology

CHOICES

Demented by boundless possibilities
seen better days bespeaking adversities

It has become the toil to my esse
defer to tell or let it take a spree

Have reservations on whether to believe
whether or not what my solitary decrees

Musings of looming lives intertwined
taking a stroll to buried reveries

I've had this play out a bazillion times over
here in my wits and here in my mind

Chaos fascinates
privy to my conscience

I make and I discover
of what I wonder and what I believe

Choices are vices now I can perceive
Falling out of love was the best thing that ever happened to me

Whatever I know, everyone I've been
splinters of its saddening and sunken empathies

To crave to meet myself in someone else's being
ruminate upon how serene that'd be

Forever at ease in my own absurdness
Choices make malignant yet consummate quiddities

Name-Shreyanshu Yadav
Roll no-21052793
Branch-CSE,3rd year



Fictional Story : A Symphony of Womanhood

Once upon a time in a quaint village nestled between rolling hills and lush meadows, there lived a young woman named Amélie. She was known far and wide for her infectious laughter, her boundless energy and her love for life. Amélie embodied the very essence of "Plein de Vie," and her story is a testament to the joys of womanhood.

Amélie's journey began as a spirited child, her days filled with the music of her laughter and the colours of her imagination. She would dance through the meadows, her long hair trailing behind like a comet's tail. Her eyes sparkled with wonder as she discovered the world, one adventure at a time. Every flower, every butterfly, and every star in the night sky held a secret to be unveiled.

As Amélie grew older, she faced the trials and tribulations of adolescence. The world's complexities often left her bewildered, but she met each challenge with determination. She learned that being a woman meant embracing the whirlwind of emotions and uncertainties that came with growing up. These experiences became the brushstrokes that painted the masterpiece of her life.

In her twenties, Amélie's world expanded. She pursued her dreams with unwavering passion. She travelled to far-off lands, learned new languages, and danced to the rhythm of different cultures. The joy of self-discovery was her guiding light and she reveled in the adventure of becoming the woman she was meant to be.

Throughout her journey, Amélie forged deep connections with the people she met. Her friends and family were her anchors and their love and support enriched her life. She realized that being a woman was not just about her journey but about the collective strength that came from the bonds of sisterhood.

One beautiful spring day, Amélie became a mother. The moment she held her child in her arms, she felt a love like none other. The joy of nurturing a life was an experience she cherished above everything else. As she watched her child grow, Amélie discovered a new dimension of

Amélie's life was a symphony, a harmonious blend of laughter, tears, love, and adventure. Her story encapsulated the essence of "Plein de Vie," celebrating the joys of womanhood at every stage of life. Through her journey, she showed that being a woman was a vibrant, ever-evolving experience, a celebration of the vitality and love that define our existence. Amélie's life was a testament to the beauty of being a woman, full of zest, resilience, and an unshakable sense of self.

As a dancer, singer, painter, athlete, daughter, elder sister, and a younger sister of 2 brothers I know what it is to be a middle child and a girl's responsibilities towards your family but we have to ignore the person with a crabs mentality of the society that always tries to bound us. It is a blessing to have open-minded parents, a protective elder brother, and a cute and naughty younger brother. I experienced both freedom and restrictions, love and fight and happiness and sadness but it was a journey to know myself through ups and downs throughout my life. I enjoyed the journey so far and love to be a woman. Just believe in yourself and you will become one of a kind.

Name - Aishi Mondal
Roll No - 3rd year
School - 2160007



A L O N E

History repeats, and the day comes,
When smiles again have to be faked,
When the remaining joy gets baked,
The day of overthinking starts, and the night comes.
Predicting things before it happens,
I have truly become one of the wise ones.
I want to be wrong about these conclusions,
But the dreams and illusions prevail and reality sharpens.
Till the moment it won't bother anymore,
It will bother too much before that.
Thinking about I wish I should have done "that",
I'll get rid of my emotions a bit more.
The problems solely lies there,
It urgently needs to be cured,
With all these alterations I am now bored,
The problem will become that "I don't care".
I wasn't the perfect friend I knew it too well,
But I wasn't hopeless, I knew it too.
With all these boundaries I drew,

Amish Singh,
2105767,
3rd Year, CSE



Adulting

Desolated, is how I feel
about the place I'm at, in life right now

Yearn the times I've seen,
were with a carefree yet relinquish me

Still, is this adulting? I console myself
for there's no peace in beseech

It's for the very first fine time
that I feel the way that I feel

What if I'm no good for what I seek?
for I'll not be jurat to it

Perhaps the agony is part of it all,
godsend comfort in it for thee

Accidents command being,
tout de suite thee oversee

Priorities position character
it's time to restore and renege

for it's for the very first fine time
that I feel the way that I feel...

Name : Shreyanshu Yadav
Roll No: 21052793
Branch : CSE



CARTOONS, COMICS AND OUR LIVES

At the start of my third semester, one evening, I saw my roommate, Anurag, watching Shin Chan on YouTube. This sight made me travel back to my childhood and my amazing memories with cartoons. From Popeye the Sailor Man to Scooby Doo and of course, the evergreen show Tom and Jerry fascinates me and of course everybody else alike. These comics did have an incredible effect on our childhood, at least I used to have a time slot in my day to watch cartoons on T.V. Not only that, I used to have a lot of conversations with my friends about the cartoon and what would happen in the next episode or edition, also we used to act and play them. We all must remember, us wearing Spiderman suits, batman masks and Noddy caps. Not only do children adore cartoons but adults love them too. I remember my mother sitting with me watching Mr Bean, the animated series. There are many adult fan followers for specific cartoons, they write blogs, create YouTube channels and Instagram accounts, and try out many other ways to keep the old memories alive. Well everybody can relate to being a big fan of cartoon characters whether it is Chacha Choudhary, Chotta Bheem and his whole gang, Ben Ten or any other incredible character. Everybody has nostalgia about it, whether hooked to television or reading comic books like the Bengali comic Nonte And Fonte. Well, many people who love cartoons not only continue watching, reading or playing their favourite characters but start to draw cartoons. The creator of Tintin, Georges Prosper Remi aka Herge created the comic strip for a newspaper. And from there it became really big and still decades later, children and adults alike love watching it. It would be a criminal act to forget our Marvel and DC characters, while going to the movie hall to watch one of these films one would find children, teenagers, adults and even elderly people all in the crowd. Surely everybody would agree that cartoons have an immense impact on our lives. But this is not even half the story, political cartoons are drawing an immense spotlight on X, previously Twitter, and this thing is not recent, political cartoons have been around, even before World War 2. Every newspaper has comic strips from many different genres. Even AI has started to draw cartoons, with the help of applications that convert text to images. So what do you think the future of cartoons would look like and how would it keep influencing our lives?



Name - Ankit Basak

Roll No - 2205184 School - 2nd year

CATHARSIS

The catharsis set free the pathos of being.
About the way she looked is,
what and became, drew seen

Bonnie, she was
more than just one fetching enfold
How merely her essence
inspired in me, all incessant dote

My dormant prefers to think the world of this
fondness
for one day with its echo,
I'll simply drift away into the gray trance, mirthless

But until my kingdom come is here
I'll toil to say t 'was worth something
For you to tell me, affections are bare.



Name-Shreyanshu Yadav
Roll no-21052793
Branch-CSE, 3rd year

THE BEAUTY CALLED LIFE

Life is beautiful, with stories untold,
Flip through the pages, where adventures unfold.
The sun rises each day, the sky a golden hue,
Sparkling and shining on the fresh morning dew.

Life is beautiful, in laughter shared,
In the love of others, we've always cared.
In the simple pleasures or gestures grand,
In the busy neighbourhood or a faraway land.

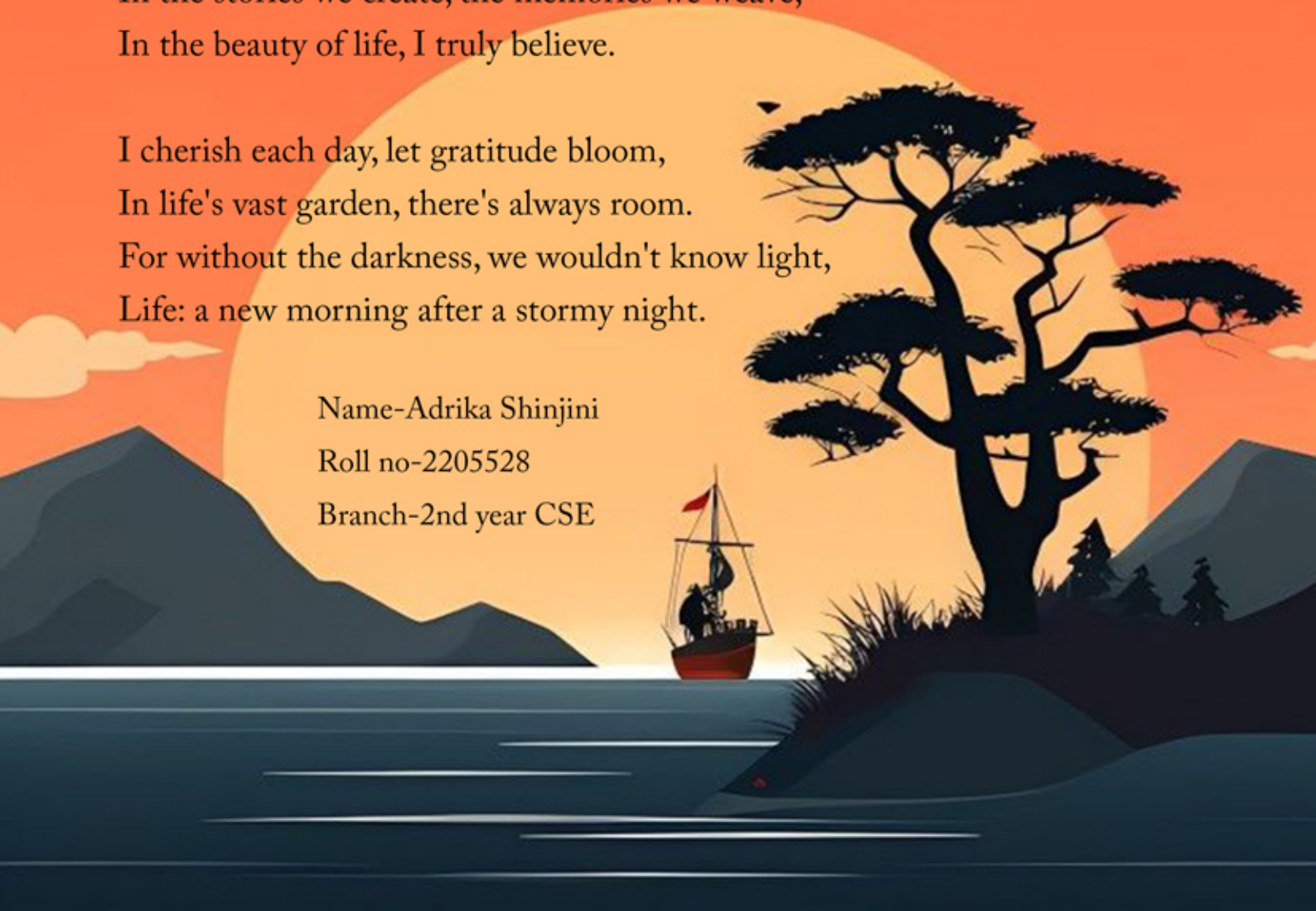
Life is beautiful, a journey unknown,
With paths to wander, seeds to be sown.
In the stories we create, the memories we weave,
In the beauty of life, I truly believe.

I cherish each day, let gratitude bloom,
In life's vast garden, there's always room.
For without the darkness, we wouldn't know light,
Life: a new morning after a stormy night.

Name-Adrika Shinjini

Roll no-2205528

Branch-2nd year CSE



DOOM IN GREECE

What if we were separated by the tower of Babel, cursed to foreign tongues, screaming at each other, but to no avail?

What if we sang throughout the night, and fought throughout the day, just to get some relief?

What if we were the first to walk the earth and also the last?

What if we were immortal, even if so? Would Medusa still cry so?

Would Atlas still sleep so?

Or would we change the course of the whole earth, just for the fun of it?

What if we burned down this world together? Can we outlive the others?

What if we held hands while becoming flowers?

What if they ripped my heart out while you watched?

What if they screamed and raged for us to hear, but all we could hear is our melody? The sound of insects crawling on you and the same reflecting off my body.

What if we fought off all those who dared to stand?

What if we kissed while they changed their hymns of vendetta?

Name - Kunal Sahu
Roll - 22057038
School - 3rd year, CSE



PLEIN DE VIE, FULL OF LIFE: EMBRACING THE BEAUTY OF EXISTENCE

Life is a magnificent tapestry woven with threads of joy, sorrow, hope, and wonder. It is a journey that takes us through a myriad of experiences, each contributing to the rich and vibrant mosaic of existence. In a world often marred by challenges and uncertainties, it is essential to remember that life, when viewed with the right perspective, is nothing but beautiful, full of vitality, and teeming with opportunities for growth and fulfillment.

Embracing the Beauty of Every Moment

Life is a continuous sequence of moments, each unique and fleeting. To truly appreciate its beauty, we must learn to embrace each of these moments, no matter how ordinary they may seem. Whether it's the warmth of a morning sunbeam, the laughter of a small child, or the gentle rustling of leaves in the wind, life's beauty resides in the small, everyday experiences that often go unnoticed. Consider the joy of a simple meal shared with loved ones. The act of breaking bread together, engaging in conversation, and savoring the flavors can be a profound reminder of life's richness. It's in these moments that we realize life's true beauty lies not in grand gestures, but in the connections we forge and the love we give and receive.

Finding Joy Amidst Challenges

Life is not without its challenges. It often presents us with obstacles that test our resilience and determination. Yet, even in the face of adversity, there is an opportunity to find beauty. It's in the strength we discover within ourselves, the lessons we learn, and the growth we experience through overcoming hardships. Think about the lotus flower, which grows in muddy waters but emerges pristine and beautiful. It's a reminder that even in the most challenging circumstances, beauty can still flourish. Challenges are not roadblocks but stepping stones on our journey, contributing to the fullness of our lives.



The Beauty of Diversity

Life is a diverse and intricate web of experiences, cultures, and perspectives. Our world is a kaleidoscope of colors, languages, and traditions, and this diversity adds depth and richness to our lives. Embracing and celebrating our differences fosters a sense of unity and appreciation for the beauty inherent in our human tapestry. When we open our hearts and minds to different perspectives, we gain a broader understanding of life's complexity. We learn to appreciate the beauty in the stories of people from various backgrounds and walks of life. Diversity reminds us that every individual's unique journey contributes to the collective beauty of our shared existence.

The Beauty of Hope

Hope is a powerful force that propels us forward in life. It is the belief that better days are ahead, that our dreams can come true, and that we can make a positive impact on the world. Hope infuses life with a sense of purpose and excitement and enables us to persevere through even the darkest of times.

Consider the story of a seed breaking through the soil to reach for the sun. In this struggle, it embodies the essence of hope, the belief in growth and transformation. Life too is a continuous journey of growth and renewal, and hope is the beacon that guides us along the way.

Cultivating Gratitude

To fully appreciate the beauty of life, we must cultivate gratitude. It is the practice of acknowledging and appreciating the abundance that surrounds us. Gratitude allows us to focus on what we have rather than what we lack, leading to a deeper sense of contentment and fulfillment. Take a moment to reflect on simple pleasures of life, such as a clear blue sky, the sound of birdsong, or the feeling of a gentle breeze on your skin. These everyday marvels are reminders of the beauty that envelops us, waiting to be embraced through the lens of gratitude.

Conclusion

Life is a magnificent journey, full of beauty waiting to be discovered in every moment. It is a tapestry of experiences, challenges, and connections that shape our existence and give it meaning. When we embrace life with open hearts and minds, we unlock its true potential and find that it is indeed "plein de vie," full of life.

Name : Rohit Bhunya

Branch : ECSE



PLEIN DE VIE: FULL OF LIFE

"Plein de vie," the French expression for "Full of Life," encapsulates the vibrant essence of existence in a way that transcends language. It embodies the idea of living life to the fullest, embracing every moment with enthusiasm and zest. To be "Plein de vie" is to revel in the beauty of the ordinary, find joy in the simplest of things, and savour the rich tapestry of experiences that life has to offer.

This philosophy invites us to awaken our senses and be fully present in our lives. It encourages us to explore new horizons, meet diverse people, and create lasting memories. Whether it is savouring a delicious meal, dancing in the rain, or sharing heartfelt moments with loved ones, being "Plein de vie" means cherishing these instances as the essence of a fulfilling existence.

To live "Plein de vie" is to cultivate a deep appreciation for life's wonders and a profound gratitude for the opportunities it presents. It is about finding purpose and meaning in each day, infusing our actions with vitality, and nurturing a positive outlook that radiates to those around us. In essence, to be "Plein de vie" is to make life an extraordinary journey filled with vibrancy, love, and endless possibilities.

Name: Soham Roy
Roll No: 2104050
Branch: ETC



REBORN

Sigh, I may,
yet I stand here,
deserted and alone.
My pockets, empty
hands, cold.
Eyes, tired.
Knees, weak.
Canvases have carried my tears,
ashtrays have heard my secrets,
cigarettes haven't burnt me.
Now my feet ache of the journey.
Hands remind me of the palms they have held.
Yet I stand here at dawn, tempted,
eyes filled with passion of rising sun.
Now, I do not limp, nor do I fumble.
I gaze upon the horizon,
for every morning brings its joy,
burying the sorrows of nights.
Now I see, I breathe,
I run, I laugh, I live.
I am reborn.
I am full of life.

Roshan Kumar
21052445, CSE



YELLOW PAGES

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon. Shadows of tree leaves danced on the tiled patio of our quaint little garden. There was nothing to do and only the afternoon was leisure knocking on the door. I stood up and decided to venture into the storage room. Cardboard boxes sat at every corner of the little room. There in the corner stood a box labeled No. 12. Listed on it were novels, a phone, boxes and textbooks. I pulled it from the corner and double checked from all sides. Yes, it indeed was my carton.

I was alone at home, so I decided to pull out the box and pushed it to the drawing room and sat down. I ran the scissors through the edges and pulled out the tape. After that, I ripped the last few pieces of tape holding on and opened the flaps and there it lay, everything as it was, as I had packed and sealed, a year ago.

On the top lay, cover up, the first two volumes of Ruskin Bond's Adventures of Rusty. A Mickey Mouse comic, half concealed by some phone back covers. Peeking from the corner were Game of Thrones books and two volumes of The Hunger Games.

I picked up one of the Rusty books, my first proper novel from maybe the 6th grade. I remembered its bright white pages, brand new, like it was yesterday. But when I opened it, the pages bore a yellowness. The yellowness and brownish spots that embrace old books, seemed to have crept into it, as if the book had just been picked from the shelf of a library.

My hands caressed the yellow pages, the brown spots and raised the books to smell the book. The wonderful smell of a book! The smell of an old book.

Wasn't it just a year back that I had so carefully packed these? I remember they seemed the usual white back then? What did just one year do to them? Or was it...me?

Had I chosen to see them to be white or chosen to remember them to be white? A sense of nostalgia hit me. I took a deep breath, it seemed like a realization, that the white pages had yellowed, a long time back.



Oh I still remember distinctly! That turquoise colored gorgeous book, Rusty, The boy from the hills. How proud I was, reading such a big book ! That time I had enjoyed reading his adventures, his stories, but now I understood his emotions, his actions.

I rummaged through the books, pulling out other books and fleetingly remembering when I had brought them, how I had read them and what were my opinions about their stories. There, on the bottom of the stack was Da Vinci Code and just beside it lay Fredrick Forsyth's Day of the Jackal, on its spine between two stacks of books. A fantastic and dramatic retro thriller.

“30 days to a more powerful vocabulary”, a must read according to my father, peaked from behind the thick **“Differential Calculus for B.Sc. Students”**.

I picked up a random book and started flipping through its pages and then it struck me, though all these books with their yellowed pages had well attained the status of old books, they were bare, they were devoid of any memories of me. If someone in the future were to pick them up, they would be greeted by just another book of old days.

I never wrote in my books, scared it'll spoil them. I wanted to keep them perfect whatsoever. Nothing written, sharp edges, beautiful pages. Yet all those years of keeping the perfectness had made my books devoid of me, had only left them with a hollowed perfectness. Have I lost some part of my childhood in those unwritten notes? All those years I had not written on the pages to keep the books perfect but the years? They had yellowed the pages, broken the spine and


folded the edges. It seems I really love to maintain the status quo unfortunately the world doesn't.

And suddenly, from between the pages of Rusty fell down a note, dated August 2017, requesting the Art students of VIII D to be allowed to work for an art completion in the sixth period. A smile found its way to my lips.

Name - Aryan Gupta
Roll No - 2228017
School - CS&SE, 2nd year

PURPLE MOMENTS

I stand alone in this barren land,
A place not so often visited,
Call it a lover's point or a peaceful spot,
People come by finding solace,
My tender leaves twirl in the breeze,
The little ones around me are all painted green,
My shades of purple make me serene,
I feel so full of life, so joyous to see life surround me,
Moments of affection and heartbreaks shared underneath,
This place is a hidden treasure,
There is a music composer taking a soulful note,
An old man sailing a boat,
A painter drawing the old man's portrait,
I believe tis not all a play of destiny and fate,
This place indeed is full of life,
Standing tall against every rough storm, I survive.



NAME - Abhishri Srivastava
ROLL NO - 21052807
SCHOOL - 3rd Year, B.tech CSE

When Despondency Strikes

I wonder about how others feel about living and living within the range of consciousness; do they like it? Do they dislike it? Do they wish to be living somebody else's life? Do they not wish to live through this at all? The answer would be yes to all of these. In my mind, it is difficult to perceive how life works. Like all humans, some days I enjoy while other days I don't; some days I dream of a desirable future while on others I wish for my own fading. What I often fail to acknowledge is that this entire stage of unstable sentience is living through life. I exist here at the moment, not grasping the art that living is. My fingers moving, my mind reading whilst I write, my runny nose from crying and the discomfort from my wounds; all of these pass as living. As some or most people often might comprehend the aforementioned as simply existing. I wouldn't dare disagree, because living a life is not barred to the definition of the term living.

The more I think about it, it puzzles me. Is it intricate for everyone, or do some people struggle with this tarnished relationship with living a life? I cannot falsely claim that I wouldn't change certain fragments about my own life, I most definitely would. But this isn't about satisfaction with life as it does strike as I would term it as a sine qua non to attain stability in living and improving the ones associated with me. Is it that bothersome? Absolutely. Something that generates agitation in the surroundings is definitely a requisite. The question now might be, is it really something to save a wish for everything that could be worked on? Perhaps, I might be losing buoyancy but human nature serves me to do so. The nature I long to be normal pulls me back, cages me a bit, and conceals the intimacy that exists. It isn't different, rather extreme, my mind fails to discover what kind of living is this. How different is it? How good or bad is it? How much worse is it for others? It is beyond my apprehension.

One thing I am certain about in my life is that I am not just existing to my judgement, I am living through it, feeling it, acknowledging it, deciphering it, mending it. The instability that it causes gives excitement, anxiety, fright, contentment, and a few emotions which are beyond my ability to explain.

Name - Aryan Gupta
Roll No - 2228017
School - CS&SE, 2nd year



AURORA

In the heaven up above
Where the aurora spreads with kindly grace,
Shining colors of a million hues.
So vivid and lucid,
So bright and vibrant,
Almost like a hug or a peck,
Of a delicate touch.

As the dawn arises,
From its sleep and the darkness,
leaving it behind to starry sky,
Radiates the light of a million shades.
So warm and light,
So kind and pleasant,
Almost like giggles or laughs,
Of a soft emotion.

With the start of a new morning,
And the beginning of new me,
I feel the tranquility echo through the atoms.
So serene and quiet,
So calm and placid,
Almost like whispers of lullaby,
Of a soothing lull.
The renascence of me and the world,

Makes the earth go,
round and round,
Yet so still and hushed,
As quietude lingers in the air.

The pacific bird songs and the sweet chirping,
Make the silence even more serene and poised,
With its aromatic voice wandering in the
deepest corners
Of my consciousness.

Aurora
Flows silkily and lustrously,
In the velvety bright sky.

Horizon
Bleeds the ephemeral colors
In the clear sunny sky.

Dawn
Embraces the stars beneath,
Spreading through the holes of darkness.

Name : Anishka
Roll No : 2205356
School: CSE, 2nd year

Putting Pains into The Pocket

Putting pains into the pocket
Picking happy tune from the bucket,
As if nature is in her pretty guise,
And swelling up with a smile.
In the pleasant time of sunup,
Warbler chirps a lot to cheer up,
Newly grown leaves of twig.
Daffodils or swishing of dove,
Signifies every shade of love.
Is it the essence of spring?
Keeping eyes in the sky,
I can aspire without being shy,
Giving up every bad past,
Wanna walk again on the earth's crust.

Name: Saptak Das
Roll No: 22053274
School: CSE, 2nd year

The Writer of You're My Heartiest Knit

Stoned by the memories of the past!
I found myself in the city at last.
The blue bus carried me here,
It'd be a lie, if I said no nostalgic air touched my hair.
If you're wondering what I was doing here, amidst this warming:
A flying slipper woke me up from my peaceful nap this morning;
Asking me to bring her favorite poetry collection of Rabi Thakur—
And, some Nazrul Geet while I was on a library tour.
The old library hung a big clock and a lock in rust,
Most of the books attired a shawl of dust.
The wooden shelves stored some of the precious jewels of timeless writers!
Others held the biographies of fearless fighters.
Yet, as I was leaving with two of the greatest poets of all time,
I found a little diary with no name on it.
Empathically in Bengali saying, 'You're My Heartiest Knit'.
By the bus ride, I finished reading the thirty-page diary.
Maybe memories of Shyam Bajar belonged to Netaji's freedom in fiery!
Yet, his love for the city of tram lines and poetry was delicate—
How he kept a gift of Howrah silhouette!
How the autumn arrival with a bouquet of white flowers was his heartbeat
Would anyone know, he would be the secret writer of
'You're My Heartiest Knit'?

Name - Dibyabrota Chatterjee

Roll No - 2260070

School - IMTH (Biotech)

THE YORK, THE WHITE ROSE AND THE OAK TREE

A rush of gold, a glint of metal, eyes downcast, and a bloom of the softest silk,
The oak tree is bent, the weather cold, and the equestrians come to a halt.

Soft-spoken words, talks of life, poverty, and family tales,
The lips are upturned, and the hands nervously fidgeting join in unison.

Open affection, a secret wedding, one sole witness, and rings of flowers,
The turret bows, a bell is rung, and Destiny dances with a smile.

Courtly strifes, loyalty's tourney, hushed anger, and a queen unchosen,
A divine right evoked, a glance shared, and history is reshaped.

Sudden coronations, eventual flames, and spring's own symphony,
Whispers kiss the brim of Eros's cup, trumpets sound, and the kingdom sleeps.
Betrayal's tryst with devotion, guiding hands of wax, and a fire to burn them all,
Hark!, goes the heart, a sword hesitates, and a soul is lost.

A plague entwined in blood, and false, fleeting, perjurd Clarence,
Water thickens, waves overturn and lives breathing as one are torn apart.
Stone walls, gold crosses, a den of safety, and bites of fear,
A body stumbles in the dark, tears dry and duty suffocates worry to death.

Fog on the horizon, blood in the streets, and a baffling battlefield,
Dead is the prickled spirit, efforts undone, and liberty takes a fresh breath.
With a sob of relief, two kisses of conviction, and three glances of assurance,
The two souls coalesce again, the wind sighs, and bejeweled walls sing.

A final pain, muddy grounds, snow-white horses, and blood-stained hands,
Deceit brought to its knees, vanity cries as it shatters the mirror, and the sky falls.
Scrolls of trust, promises of truth, grins of innocence, and tombs of pasts,
The garden painted anew, the soil sinks beneath happy feet and the roses lie.

Broken promises, seeds of compromise, and the echoes of the night owl,
Cupid leans back in his chair, and the boat anchors itself to the Shore.
Ease of familiarity, growing difference, and new transformations,
The eyes crinkle, the hand's support, and the bond stretches itself to the heavens.

Broken glass, shattered dreams, gods of death, and clouds of nails,
The heart drowns and sinks, the knees buckle and fall, and the tears flood the grave,
Duty tramples emotion, hurt tramples them both, and the funeral burns the earth. From
a tower of ambitions, a whispered story screams the loudest of them all.

SAUDADE

“Main choo ke tum ko dekh lu,
Ke sach mein mere paas ho”

Longing. I am tired of this feeling. I long for moments, for nostalgia, for feelings, for my childhood, and for my lover. For I do not know who I am when I am not being touched. I feel sick, tired, and unhealthy for love. There's love oozing out of my mother's scarves, out of my father's khaki uniform. Out of my childhood playground swings and out of pencil annotations in my favorite John Green novels. Out of replayed movies I used to watch as a child, and out of mangoes that remind me of my dadu. Out of pickled lemons, and out of flowers dried between yellowed pages. Life goes on outside my window, I pause and look at it. Mine, and everyone else's. And on afternoons that hypnotize the world into sleep, time feels like a thick liquid refusing to flow. And that is when I realize, I will forever be a struggling child. I will never learn, I will keep coming back to that one song, that one place, that one dress, that one person. That one idea. That one poet. Nostalgia holds me back and forbids me from moving on. But, nostalgia is what keeps me alive, nostalgia is what fills me with love. Nostalgia is what love is to me. If there are fissures in my soul, nostalgia is what will seep out and the world might just mistake it for love.

Name - Piyali Dutta
Roll No - 2276138
School - 2nd year, BBA



Serenade

We don't pen poetry for its charm and grace,
We craft and read it, part of the human race.
Our hearts brim with passion, a burning fire,
In life's great dance, it's our deepest desire.

Yes, medicine, law, business, engineering, too,
Are noble and vital, life they do renew.
But poetry, beauty, romance, and love,
These are our true reasons, sent from above.

To sustain life, noble tasks we fulfill,
Yet it's beauty and love that give us the thrill.
For in the verses and rhymes we find our core,
These are the treasures we truly live for.

Name - Pritul Chirania
Roll No - 2205760
CSE, 2nd Year



Plein de Vie: Full of Life

Embracing the Joys of Womanhood

In a world brimming with stories of resilience and empowerment, "Plein de Vie" is a celebration of life through the eyes of a woman. This captivating journey through the vibrant tapestry of womanhood explores the myriad facets of existence and highlights the profound joy of being a woman. Join us as we embark on a colorful odyssey through the chapters of life, where each stage is a testament to the richness of experience and the strength of the female spirit.

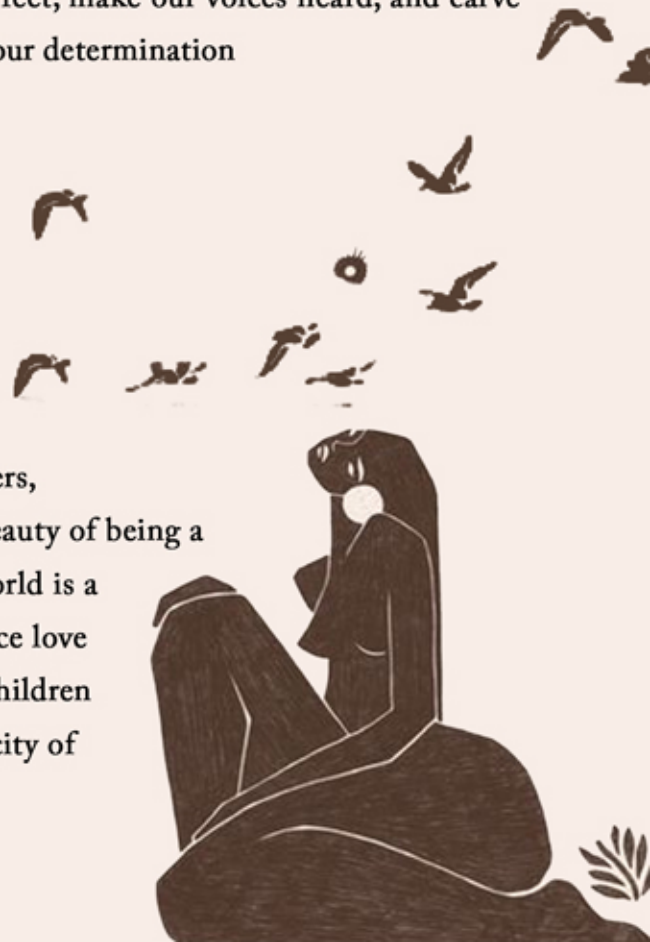
Blossoming into Womanhood Our story begins with the tender buds of girlhood. As young girls, we dream, we hope, we play, and we learn. We embrace the beauty of innocence, and our hearts are filled with boundless curiosity. The world is our canvas, and every day brings a new adventure. **Navigating the Complexities** As we step into adolescence, the road becomes more intricate. We face the challenges of growing up, and the world begins to shape us. But it's in these moments of uncertainty that we discover our strength and resilience. We realize that being a woman is an ever-evolving journey, and we embrace the transformations that come with it.

Chapter 3:

Embracing Self-Discovery Adulthood opens the door to self-discovery. We explore our passions, dreams, and ambitions. We learn to stand on our own two feet, make our voices heard, and carve our own paths. Every achievement becomes a testament to our determination and the joy of pursuing our passions.

Chapter 4:

The Power of Connection Amidst life's challenges, the bonds of sisterhood become a source of strength and solace. Whether it's the support of family, the camaraderie of friends, or the deep connections we form with partners, these relationships enrich our lives and remind us of the beauty of being a woman. **Nurturing Life** The ability to bring life into the world is a profound gift. Motherhood is a chapter where we experience love in its purest form. The joy of nurturing and watching our children grow is unparalleled. It's a reminder of the incredible capacity of women to create and nurture life.



Chapter 6:

Wisdom of the Ages As we age, we accumulate wisdom, and our experiences shape us into the strong, resilient women we are today. With each passing year, we become more comfortable in our skin, cherishing the fullness of life's experiences.

Conclusion:

In "Plein de Vie: Full of Life," we've explored the beauty of being a woman through the various stages of life. Each chapter reveals a unique facet of womanhood, celebrating the joys, challenges, and profound connections that define our existence. Embracing life as a woman is a vibrant, ever-evolving journey filled with love, resilience, and an unshakable sense of self. So let us continue to cherish our stories, for they are a testament to the richness of life, full of vitality and love.

Namr - Aishi Mondal

Roll No - 2160007

Year - School of Biotechnology, 3rd year



My Gorgeous Grecian Goddess

Spanning across the globe touching every continent
The white waves crashing on the shore is a proof of life
But the constant formation of waves also embody a stability
The glistening waters appear azure, green, and even grey
Yet the wounded heart bleeds blue from deep within my trenches
I have not the strength to narrate a tale so heart-wrenching

So, I hum a gentle lullaby consistently, like a hopeless romantic
In hopes to impress the love of my life, Diaña
Perceived as the beautiful moon by mere mortals
My love, is the epitome of all Beauty and Grace
She shines the brightest once every fortnight
Every once in a while, she likes to disappear
Intensifying my longing for her even more

She too pulls me towards her every night
In a futile effort, to merely sneak in a secret kiss
Still, between us lies an entirety of the atmosphere
I know not if Zeus' kingdom is our invisible string or our partition
When her pull is the strongest, I leap the highest
Alas! I realize, it was only a lover's whim of conquering the impossible,
Hit with the blow of heartbreak, I crash harder on the shores
I realize that my outburst breaks the coast around me
But every bit of sense leaves my entity when I thrash in despair

Again comes up the sun, washing away the night before
I try to return to my normal rhythm
But there she comes again after a couple of hours
She smiles down at me from high above
A wry smile filled with the pain of separation
Made bittersweet on seeing each other again
And thus continues the vicious cycle of our unrequited love
Fueled by the secret midnight meets yet from afar.

Soon I realized that the joy lies in the journey and not in the destination
I know I will crash but therein lies my parting words of hope
The ebb and flow of my tides continue,
I break but come back stronger each time,
I waive my white flag when embracing the coast
Sometimes, I crash hard on the boulders and rocks
But sometimes there's the soft bed of sand awaiting
Letting me break my fall with a gentle hug
I yearn to be reunited one day even if it takes an eternity.

Name - Amishi Agarwal
Roll No - 22051317
School - CSE, 2nd year

PLEIN DE VIE, FULL OF LIFE

I was thrown into the embassy of darkness
Then he came through the trotted path
With his Trojan horse
Bringing along life on his way.
He was naive
Full of life
Galloping through the wind like a breeze.
His smile was like the symphony of my heartbeat
Fresh, refreshing and consuming
And matching it's upbeat.
He was there when no one was there
He was there when there was no hope
He was there when there was no light
He made me smile when all I had were tears.
At nights when there was darkness all around
He was there like the shining stars
Closer but far apart.
He brightened my day
And lit up my soul
Like the star he shone brighter in my eyes
Lighting up my world in his wake.
He went away through the same trotted path
But left behind his smile,
His scent in his depart.
His smile was my anchor
His thoughts were my friend
Thought our worlds were miles apart
He made me remember it's a beautiful change.
Months passed
Years came by
But all I remembered was his gift of life
Brightening up my days.
Though we were divided by miles
He made me remember we were united by the same sky
The same nights
The same world full of life.
Those miles were just numbers but his words
were closer than the darkness of my soul.

Riya Prakash
3rd Year
Biotechnology

LOVE YOU SAY?

They say grief is all the love we didn't get to express. They say sadness is proof that there's a pool of love inside us waiting to be spilled. They say anger is all the love we were devoid of. I feel it all. All except love. If there is so much love inside of me, where do I put it? If I in fact possess all this love they say, where is it when I need it the most? When do I need it for myself? Maybe it's in the rage I inherited from my father. Maybe it's in the acceptance I inherited from my mother. It all comes to a standstill when I realize, I'm both of them. I treat myself with all the rage from my father and accept it like my mother. Where is the love? Where is the love that was in the way my mother fed me? Where is the love in the way my father sat beside me all night when I was sick? Where is the love I crave for? Sometimes I wonder, did I not inherit the love they bathed me in? Nights do not let me sleep, and a blank Word document stares back at my hazed eyelids. Summers whisper a familiar song, and winters reflect my heart. I feel my fingers freeze under the cold running water, and I still splash it on my face, to hide something. To numb it all, I curl back into the familiarity of grief and fall asleep. It smells like home to me. I look for love everywhere. And when I don't find it in my heart, I stop looking. I smile. The day ends.

Name-Anusua Biswas
Year-2nd
Branch- B.Tech, CSE



SALT

History said salt was born of the purest of parents;
The sun, and the sea.
But he dreamt blood tastes like salt
Grain by grain, they were his frozen tears.
The salt missed the freedom of the ocean, so he jumped;
only to find his reflected face.
There were nights when salt followed in his cold sweat,
him waking up from his nightmares.
This tongue of ours longs for salt
But the soil salted will not grow.
A shred of salt to be washed by tears
Out to the sea, to build what we call home
His presence may not be felt,
but its absence makes the food tasteless.
At the end of the day, salt water heals all wounds...

Kunal Sahu
22057038
3rd year, CSE



It is Okay to Dream a Little

It is okay to dream a little, be it daydreams, nightmares, or just dreams. Because aren't they the ones on most occasions that comprise our wildest fantasies? Extending beyond the realm of reality and possibility. It is okay to dream a little because it is tough not to. Many of us might not have had dreams in the traditional sense in many moons. Many of us might not have understood the absence, but many of us fail to notice this absence. Many of us are troubled by this absence. Those who are not troubled by this absence have made peace with the absence of these dreams. The absence of traditional forms of dreams is a signal of departure from the comfort of childhood to me. Departure from the comfort of knowing each one of those wild dreams, at least the ones remembered in bits and pieces was possible. It is a sign of moving towards a life that is far from the lovely world of imagined dreams, a world of reality.

Why do we dream is a question that has only theories as answers, nothing certain has been said, what has been said thus far and I quote "dreaming helps you consolidate and analyze memories (like skills and habits) and likely serves as a "rehearsal" for various situations and challenges that one faces during the daytime".

Dreams

But we didn't just dream, did we? We saw those dreams, we lived them, we felt them happening, and we had touch with them in the realm of reality. But the older we grow the more the touch fades. You slowly find yourself dreaming less, sleeping, and resting less. You don't wish for any dreams, you wish for peace. You wish at least in the night and rest you find solace. But you still do dream.



Day Dreams

You still dream just not in the traditional sense, in the quiet of the night. You dream during the day, you daydream, and you build castles, companies, empires, and the perfect life in these dreams. You have control over these dreams. Sorry, they have control over you. They control your behavior, they remind you of what you lack the most. They also tell the tale of what you yearn for the most. But do they really? Simply put no. These are figments, that come together formed out of your insecurities, your vulnerabilities, and your desires. These are constructions that are affected by your surroundings, by what others around you consider and think of as success, power, and excellence. Even that simple and innocent imagination in adulthood of having that coffee with your crush is constructed based on this. It is based on your feelings about the lack of beauty by any of the socially constructed standards in yourself. It is based on your subconscious being tricked into thinking of itself as inferior in some sense or other. When you carefully deconstruct and analyze to the core each of your daydreams you shall find a reason, the reason that stems from many different reasons, none as beautiful in looks as either your crush or your daydream.

Adulthood is it?

This daydreaming is the form of dreams that closely represents adulthood really well, the hopes, each of those dreams giving us hopes, false ones to be precise to chase after. Chase after and fall straight down the cliff. You chase after dreams, and standards, trying to fit into the social fabric perfectly always failing, not that it is not good to be a part of society, it is essential. But trying to fit in with perfection is chasing after the infinite because there is no end. So is chasing after the daydreams.



We are gradually inching towards bleakness, then why not reach out to the logical end, the nightmares? The perfect end? How hypocritical of me to summarize it as the perfect end after just pointing out how perfection is an impossibility. But just because we can't reach it doesn't we can't fake it. We can't disguise it, but that is a tangent to pursue on a different day.

Nightmares

Nightmares are everything we wouldn't wish ever to face. Their very nature is that. They are like death, always present, always right there waiting for us at the end. They are eventual, they could happen and interact with us, touch us, and leave whenever they wish, they could arrive and turn into reality anytime. Our nightmares have the potential to keep us away from one of the most essential needs of our body sleep. The reason nightmares occur as theorized is either due to stress or anxiety as if that during the day wasn't enough, these factors haunt our sleep. As creative as our dreams can be so can our nightmares, they could move so close to making you question everything. They could change your perception of things. But like our end after adulthood, the logical end, death arrives, and so do nightmares.

So what is all this in the end?

Dreams, our beautiful escape from the realm of reality, are to me childhood, it is the comfort, beauty, and touches of hope with happiness. Daydreams are the reminder of reality, adulthood, breaking, reminding, and exaggerating fears, insecurities and everything negative masked beautifully and nightmare the end to it all.

Through everything nightmares are only constant, they can occur anytime, during any stage, surprising us, scaring us and so much more. But all of this shouldn't stop us from dreaming, because "It's ok to dream a little"

It is okay to keep childhood alive in some form or other, who would we be but a shell made of flesh and bone walking in the endless cosmos without that childlike fascination and joy.

Nikhil Sinha
2007023, EEE



A LETTER FROM MY PAST

To my future self,

Will be leaving for Bhubaneswar tomorrow. I'm short of time now, so writing this as short and sweet as possible. It's finally setting in, you know the enormity of what's happening. I'm going to college, I'm moving out! Starting a whole new phase of life in a city far and different from the one I grew up in. In a hostel, away from my home, I live independently by myself, with no one to depend on.

There's no other way to say this but, I am not a fan of changes. I do not like any slight change from how things were, however, yesterday I read a quote that said- The only constant in life is change. So I pushed myself for this change because I know I need it, and it will benefit me. To lead life by oneself is the greatest skill one can learn.

I am a bit scared. To leave my comfort zone. To leave my home. To live by myself in a new city, a new place. Without my parents and family doing everything for me. But I am also looking forward to it. To grow beyond my comfort zone. To push myself to my highest potential, to live life as it was meant to be lived, enjoyed, and in the moment. To reach new skies, and achieve milestones in my academics. To make a career so strong even I am surprised. To do everything I have always dreamt of...

To be the best I can be. I love new beginnings!

I will learn, I will adapt, I will grow.

I am looking forward to this new change. To welcome it into my life with open arms, to take this empty sky of a new beginning and turn it into one filled with rainbows...

Dear college life, here I come

Name-Sneha Sarkar
Roll No-2206053
Branch-2nd year IT



FANDOM

Hi everyone! This is the story of a young girl who thought she could never find friends. I will tell you how it was: she was fat, introverted, with no hobbies other than listening to some very, very sad songs. To give you an illustration as to how sad the songs were- her favorite song at the age of twelve was 'Creep' by RadioHead. Now, as most of these stories go, there is usually involvement of some life changing episode which gives her a fresh perspective on life and forces her out of her comfort zone. But in this case, this ground-breaking event still hasn't taken place, you can be assured. However, on her twelfth birthday, she received a present which contained an experience of a lifetime- lo and behold- Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone. As this stranger to the world of reading flipped pages after pages, chapter after chapter, book after book- something curious happened. This girl found friendship, solace and comfort in the depths of these books. She found a new life fighting alongside Harry, Ron and Hermoine in the Battle of Hogwarts, in going against WICKED with all the other Gladers, in celebrating when Sheldon Lee Cooper and Amy Farrah Fowler finally won the Nobel Prize, by believing in the fact that you can never watch 'The Dead Poet's Society' too many times and many, many more. You see, sometimes it is not the real world, but the virtual one which is indeed, full of life.

NAME : Chetali Hariramani
ROLL NO: 2206018
BRANCH : IT



Birthday Blues

As I sit by my bedside,
gazing at the bouquet of chocolates and the colorful origami
that adorned my boring table
Moving ahead with the day as it approaches its end,
Wasn't drunk yet trying to feel stable.
Replaying the entire day in my head once again...'
did I just turn 'TWENTY?', a murmur in my brain.
Nothing but gratitude I hold
Surrounded with love and care, pure gold
Reviewing in my head what's ensued in the last year,
people, experiences, memories, and the shed tears
As this new chapter unfolds,
With a heart replete with joy and a hope that it molds
Me into a better person that I strive to be
'it's still your birthday Dumbo, stop this contemplation ',
I thought to myself smiling with glee.



Name- Ashna Khilnani
Roll no- 2229020
School- CSCE, 2nd year

THE POWER

I Have seen the Sun Shine each Morning
I Have seen the Moon Glow in The Dark
Young man heed my words!
Heed my words as I breathe my last.

It makes a man go crazy
Makes them do things Beyond.
A Blessing which gives
A Thousand Lives
A Curse which has burned
Kingdoms Untold.

The Power to Move Mountains
The Power to Shelter The Sky
The Power to Freeze Oceans
The Power to Let Man Take
Flight.

What is this Power? You must wonder.
To own this Power you must have wished.
Worry not, I'll give you the answer
The Answer is Love,
Nothing more than this.

You can quake the world
Love like you have never
Before.

Just respect the Love of
Others around
We don't need to hurt
Anymore.

Spread this Power over the World
Awaken it in All You See.
Make them weave their own Fate.
Let Everyone Be Who
They Want to Be.

Name - Yashshavi Thapliyal
Roll NO - 2228081
Year - CSSE 2nd Year

When Midnight Strikes

“When midnight strikes,
The golden treasure chest opens,
I wonder, what did I ever hide in there?
Perhaps a plethora of memories,
And some debatable choices of words,
I used to live in blue,
But now that I see them in gold,
Where did all that monochrome go?

I lived amidst beloved beings,
Some spoke their mind; some didn't,
Some escaped with me; some didn't,
Some read my letters, some didn't.

But when the night falls,
All that is under the wing of darkness,
And the luminescence of the moon and stars,
Becomes a part of the silver screen of the night.
Some have words etched onto their souls,
Some have words etched in their silence,
And you sometimes become a spectator.
You listen; you realize; and then you become.

The threads of fate wrap around my wrist loosely,
Twisted up till my sleeves,
In hues of red that I don't even know the name of,
It just hangs on,
Connecting me to the days and nights,
To the nocturnal and the diurnal.
To all that lived, And to all that died,
And I walk on the thin rope,
Hoping to find the light at the end of the tunnel,
Preferably, the silver moonlight of silent words.”

Name - Adisha Deo
School - BA Psychology

CAGED TRUTH

It was dark, it was lonely.

Caged in a room,

Making a stone palace,

Of one's freedoms and hopes.

Feet are tied,

and that one step will leave you in an abyss so dark,

That it seemed one had gone blind.

Maybe blindness was in those eyes that were neglecting the truth.

Yet, it was a bliss that I wasn't alone.

But it didn't make it any better,

Because there was sorrow in their voices and tone too.

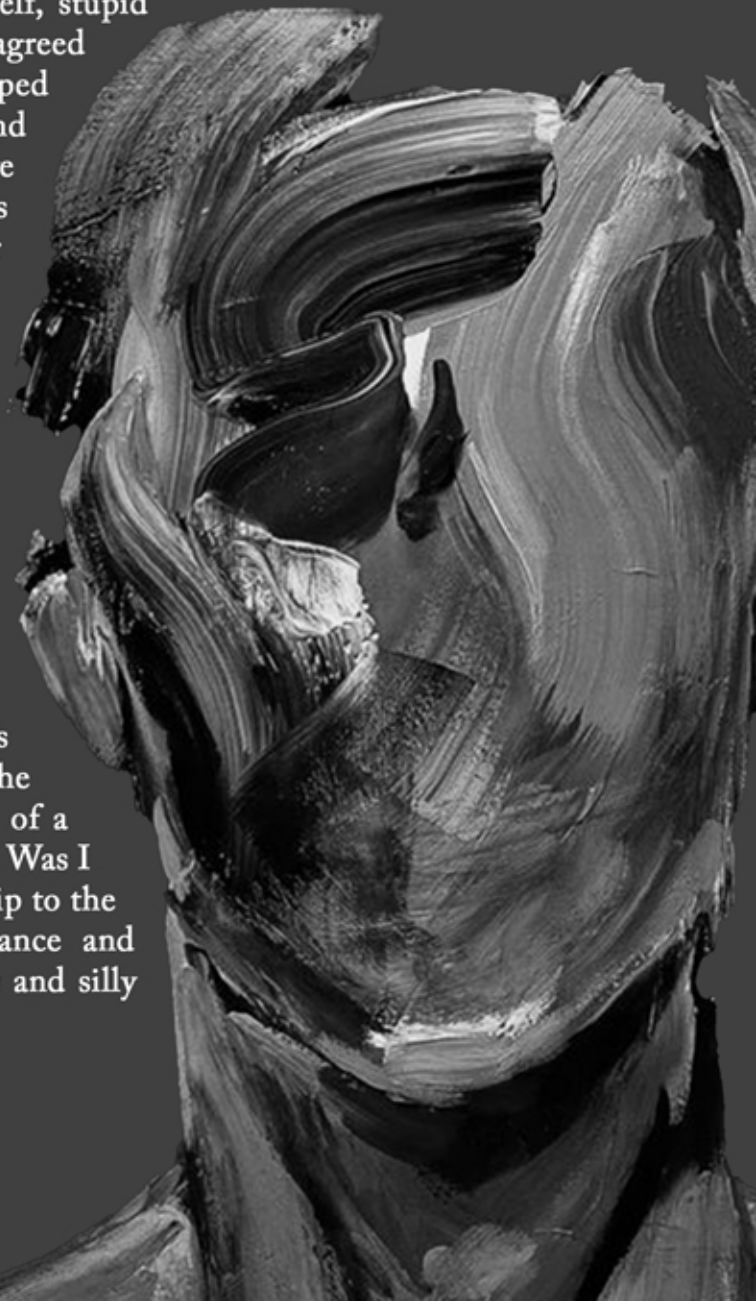
Name - Annanya Arora
Roll No - 2228011
School - B.Tech



THE HOSPITAL STORY

There were people from every kind of social background but all of them with one thing uncommon, they were no longer capable of contributing to society and were deemed as losers who needed to be kept out of sight because sick people are often associated as losers, dreamers and freaks. I sat in the hospital's emergency area and realized how God damn valuable health and life is - something so many of us (including me) take for granted. I felt like killing myself for slitting my own shoulder. A strange dilemma struck the entire emergency room. My broken and utterly jumbled pieces of me which I had so carefully reconstructed, again had retaliated into destruction. I was completely shattered. I felt like I had a volcano burning inside me and its lava was burning off my entire realm of emotions. My mother smiled. "I knew my daughter wasn't like them." I looked at her. "Like whom?" "Like those awful people. Those awful dead people at that hospital." She paused. "I knew she would be all right again." But I had already fallen. Fallen into this deep, dark hole. I was trapped. Trapped in this nightmare of not realising life. Women and men in scrubs swept into the room and checked the monitors and the bags. They strode out, nodded at the quartet slumped in chairs, and scuffed down the hall. Nurses changed shifts, and moved the life of the place along, while patients and visitors waited frozen, locked into little boxes of concern and fear. The strange hours of the evening arrived when the hospital hushed even as the business of sickness and death grounded on. "Look at yourself, stupid idiot", my mind shouted. Yeah, for the first time, I agreed with her. I saw the stacks of empty medicines dumped in the trash, unconscious people rushed into OTs and people praying for miraculous recoveries. The entire room was reeking of regrets and prayers. Whereas what did I do? I tried to commit suicide over someone who clearly doesn't care whether I live or die. I had pushed myself over to the brink of death, only to realise how life was always crooked and I had the privilege of sailing through this crookedness happily. The source of all my nightmares, today brought back my life force back to me. I felt grateful that my lungs worked properly and my heartbeat was normal. My arteries were fine, and my kidneys didn't need dialysis. Well, isn't this a reason enough for a smile everyday instead of wasting every eon over some miniscule scum? The delightful chirping of the birds and the cool splash of the water, the vibrancy of the sun and the serenity of the moon, the joyful cries of a new born and the giggles of a teenager.....my god! Was I really so blind that to notice all these, I needed a trip to the hospital? Life isn't always about robotic acceptance and mundanity, it's all about idle gossip, freaky laughs and silly questions.

NAME - ANANYA BISWAS
ROLL No - 22051055
SCHOOL - 2ND YEAR, B.TECH CSE



FAIRY TALES

Naming them as fairy tales,
Ending with happy showers,
What's the point of naming them so,
When the fairies have no power?

Being dominated by masculinity,
By those machos, brave and bold,
What's the point of naming them so,
When the fairies are meant to be sold?

Shaping them into women,
Into stereotypical forms,
What's the point of naming them so,
When the fairies are meant to die under society's norms?

Remembering them for chores,
Not after they're done,
What's the point of naming them so,
When the fairies are there to serve everyone?

Hearing the tantrums of everyone,
Staying in a state of freedom,
What's the point of naming them so,
When they don't have their freedom?

Supporting and soothing others' emotions,
Where her own emotions fail,
Those are just traps set by the machos,
Masked by fairy tales.

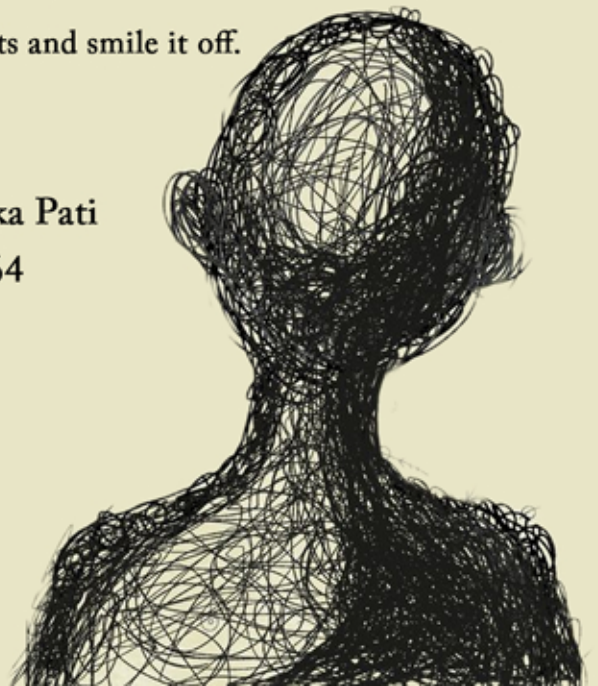
Name - RAJAT KUMAR
Year - B.A. ENGLISH 1ST YEAR



FLAWED LIFE

I asked myself, will it get better?
Few days and nights no words leave my body
Yet I feel I've spoken enough
Then come days when my heart smiles and flies
Like it never had a quarter of misery
People around confuse me
look around, see their wounded hearts
look inside me, and sleep to erase it
Variables in study, constants in equations
Life, well it must be an intricate study
Musing of suffering and heated tensions
Swallow hard feelings for peace yet restless thoughts
Sleepless nights visit me like a guest
On my shoulder, my head rests
It gets better, I whispered to myself
Till then, look at the littlest moments and smile it off.

Name : Somya Sagarika Pati
Roll No: 22051464
Branch : CSE



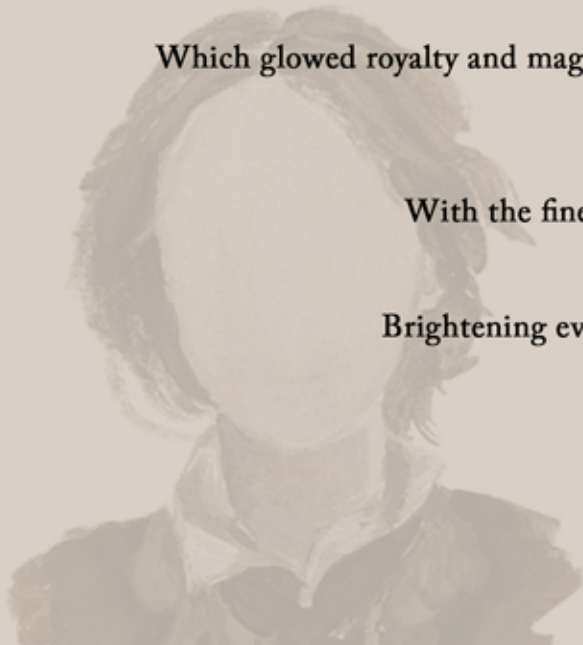
Flawed Perfection

In a universe so vast and
immense with deepness and
Emptiness echoing around,
There was one girl,
Having the power to hold the most powerful
of things and
mysteries in her softest of hands.

She could triumph the greatest of
Pleasures and delights,
Win the loveliest of things
And the prettiest of treasures.

In a universe, so great and
boundless with infinity and eternity blooming everywhere,
She glimmered amongst the
Dynamic dark energy that pulled upon her, trying to win over her,
To seize the diaphanous beauty
And her perfect allure,
As she wore on her head,
The brightest of stars,
Which tangled in her dark
lustrous hair,
Adorning it like it did the
universe.
The pristine crown of stars,
Gave her the beauty of the sheer radiance,
The beauty of cosmic elegance.

The girl,
Alone yet so powerful in the
deepness and vastness of the dark cosmos as
she had
The most delicate of regalia,
That slipped against her body,
Which glowed royalty and magnanimity with its stellar colours with poise swaying from it like
golden mist and diamond
haze.
She looked the most beautiful
With the finest of grace ever seen, As she swam across the
darkness,
Flew through the blackness,
Brightening everything with her starry beauty and perfection.



Under her feet lay the lightest of
Stardust covering her rosy and
Bright shining skin,
Rubbing against it to provide embracement of warmth.

The purposeless stardust found
Purpose lying beneath her,
Feeling gratified as it bathe in her dazzling perfection which came
Effortless as she was
Paragon of a perfect human being.

Her hair, fluttered and danced
Like air,
Shining like ablazed fire with silver shine and
golden core.

Her ears, lucent as the crescent moon hung loose, radiating
Their heavenly charm. Her neck, bare, exposing her golden painted rosy skin, perfect without
any jewellery,

As she was one alive,
Needless of any priceless gem.
Her lips, curved into a soft smile,
That spread across the starmap
Of her face.

Her eyes, iridescent with millions
Of colors as she was a prismatic rainbow
painted into a
Masterpiece onto blankness,
Spreading saturated hues, into the emptiness.

She was perfect,
Everyone believed it.
But it wasn't true.

Name - Anishka
Roll no: 2205356
Year - 2nd year cse



THE OLD MAN BEHIND THE BUS STAND

After two hours of aimless roaming and savoring the delicacies in the old bazaars of Bada Fuhara, we found ourselves on the wide road behind the Old Bus Stand, on which sat, all ranges of vehicular repair and accessory shops. It was late in the evening and for a privileged boy like me, the place already seemed filthy and creepy. As father stood with a plump one eyed man, who was busy fixing our car's keys, I leaned over our scooter and a ragged old man caught my eye. He wore a red shirt with a pair of dirty black trousers and clutched an empty green plastic bottle of motor oil.

The middle aged shop owner of the adjacent tire repair sat on a red plastic chair on the beaten dirt beside the road. He wiped his forehead with his filthy greased cloth that hung about his neck.

"Buddhe!" He yelled and his face manifested amusement. The ragged old man plodded to him like a docile sheep

The bewildered old man leaned forward and the shop owner slipped a pair of stylish black sunglasses onto the old man's eyes. The sunglasses starkly juxtaposed with the thin man's ragged persona.

"Amitabh Bachchan lag rahe ho! (You are looking like Amitabh Bachchan!)" commented the owner

A boy working on a tire stood up and smiled and then said to the old man in a loud voice, "Subha ki dhup mein pehanna, raat ke andhere main nahi! Pata chala gadi ke neeche aagye!" (Wear it in the light of morning, not in the darkness of the night! Who knows you'll come down a vehicle!)

To which there was general laughter from everyone around. I could not understand if this was mere mockery or naughty kindness. But nonetheless the old man seemed ecstatic. But in this vile world how long does the happiness of a man like him last?

Soon as he walked away, a band of boys from the surrounding auto repairs gathered around him, jesting and mocking him. I did not see what happened but in a flash, the empty bottle of motor oil had fallen from the old man's hands, who himself seemed to have almost fallen down. The band of boys ran away in a roar of laughter.

The stylish sunglasses were nowhere to be seen, neither broken on the road nor on the old man's eyes. The boys had taken them away.

Like an innocent child who had been bullied, he picked up a stone. His face was like that of a child about to cry for his mother.

"Shanker? Kya hua? (Shankar? What happened?)" asked a man from inside the car that was being repaired beside the road, to which the old man said nothing and walked away with stone.

I stood there for a minute. The keys were repaired. The night's darkness was slowly creeping over the late evening. The cantonment was a long way from there.

Adventures Ahoy!

"You know, Riya, I am going to be a world explorer and go on adventures when I get a little older," said Di, as she walked up the hill. She and her sister were at the resort where they were spending their holidays. "Why Di? Isn't most of the world already explored? Plus, you've the internet for everything." replied Riya. "But that is not true, Riya. The world still has plenty of explorers!" exclaimed Di in disagreement. "Really? Like who?" asked Riya. "There's Ed Stafford, Jessica Watson and many others" replied Di, with a hint of wisdom. "And what have they done?" asked Riya. "Well, Ed Stafford is the first person to trek an entire length of the Amazon river, a distance of 6437 kilometers through the rainforest," said Di. "Wow! I could never do what he did!" exclaimed Riya with excitement. "Not many people can... but my personal favourite is Jessica Watson. She was 16 when she went on a solo sail around the world" said Di. "Wow! Jessica was even younger than I am! What guts!" exclaimed Riya. "Yeah, she is my hero!" said Di. "I get it now Di. I wonder what my adventure is going to be." Said Riya. "Well, there's so much you can do! But hey, aren't you going on a pretty big adventure soon?" Asked Di. "What adventure? I do not understand..." said Riya. "College, Riya! You're going to college next month. It will be like going on a whole new adventure for you. You will meet a bunch of new people, make new friends, hang out and have fun, face endless assignments and exams, and have some once-in-a-lifetime moments that make the other not-so-fun things worth it " said Di, with a brightened face. "You are right, Di. I cannot wait!" said Riya. They both smiled, and the sun shone brightly on their faces.

Name-Sanatkumar Senapati

Roll no-2361069

Branch-1st Year, M. Sc. Biotechnology



BLOSSOMING RENEWAL

Putting pains into the pocket
Picking happy tune from the bucket,
As if nature is in her pretty guise,
And swelling up with a smile.

In the pleasant time of sunup,
Warbler chirps a lot to cheer up,
Newly grown leaves of twig.

Daffodils or swishing of dove,
Signifies every shade of love.
Is it the essence of spring?

Keeping eyes in the sky,
I can aspire without being shy,
Giving up every bad past,
Wanna walk again on the earth's crust.

Name-Saptak Das
Roll No-22053274
School-CSE, 2nd year



IMAGINATION

Where does the mind wander, free from earthly ties?
In the realm of imagination, where a child's dream flies.
Unfettered by boundaries, it soars without a care,
Painting vivid landscapes, suspended in the air.

No limits can contain the thoughts that take flight,
Within this boundless realm, where day blends with night.
A tapestry of wonders, woven by the mind's embrace,
An ethereal sanctuary, where fantasies find their place.

With eyes wide open, the child sees beyond the veil,
Unveiling worlds unseen, where stories never fail.
In the realm of imagination, where dreams come alive,
A treasure trove of magic, where possibilities thrive.

For within these reveries, hope finds its truest form,
Igniting flames of inspiration, amidst life's storm.
The simplest of objects, transformed into something grand,
As the child's imagination, holds the world in its hand.

Oh, what wonders lie in the depths of the mind,
Where imagination dances, leaving logic far behind!
With every whimsical thought, a new adventure begins,
As the child explores, where reality bends and spins.

So let us cherish this gift, this realm of endless play,
Where the child within us all, forever gets to stay.
For imagination's essence, like a star in the night sky,
Lights the path of our dreams, as we reach ever-high.

Name-Ajay Singh Chandel
Roll No-MCA 2nd Year

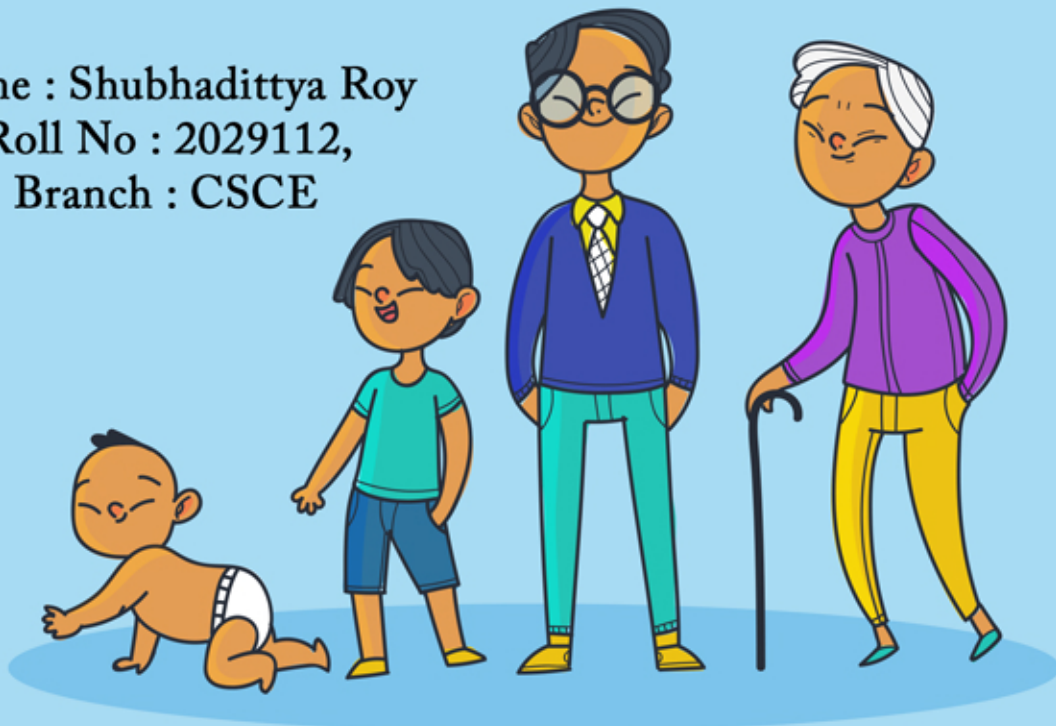


The Labyrinth of Life

-Elegiac Damsel

A journey that begins from the dark,
The depths where no light can reach,
A miraculous survival in the astringent habitat, the womb,
Away from the briny shore littered with transient footprints,
Eyes closed, mind empty, limbs lax and still,
Birthmarks beginning the secure walls of the womb
for months enclosing us within.
One enters the world crying and bawling, tears streaming down;
The tears are overpowered by the smiles around,
Birth welcomes us into the worlds of those around us,
As sand flows in an hourglass,
Life unfolds as the years pass and slide.
Birth is just the start,
And in the passage of time, somewhere we were born;
Meant to learn, to grow and to go on.

Name : Shubhadittya Roy
Roll No : 2029112,
Branch : CSCE



Unbidden Ghosts of Yesterday

In the wildness of this moonlit night,
The eyes awaken once again,
Wonders what if the unwelcomed,
Yet old memories come again?
The head tries to impart the logic,
Nonetheless, the heart stays kind,
The fragile past, on its way,
Draining the whole energy into it.
Eyes are still wet,
Yet the heat fills the air.
Anxiety seems like an intruder,
The one that always finds a backdoor key,
Isn't there some way to shatter the key?
Expressing to the diary isn't enough,
The heart won't stop feeding the sadness,
I wish that I had some power over the heart,
Chasing to become my inner alchemist,
Slow healing could never break my faith.

Name - Shivam Agarwal
Roll No - 2129159
School - B.Tech CSCE



THERE'S A HOLE

A hole in my heart
Filled with temporary art,
Forcefully filling it everyday
But I fail to fill it some-days

Leaking slowly it is
Killing me with ease
I want it to leak bit faster
This life has been a disaster



Name: Amish Singh
Roll No.: 2105767
School: BTech CSE

THERE ARE DAYS

There are days
Days when the world feels beautiful
Days when I feel like a fool
There are days

There are days
Days when I just run around chasing
Days when I start racing
There are days

There are days
Days when I believe in people
Days when people pop that bubble
There are days

There are days
Days when I appreciate everyone who's in my life
Days when I wanna run behind them with a knife
There are days

There are days
Days when I feel so warm and humble
Days when it makes my heart tremble
There are days

There are days
Days I look back on
Days I wish I had moved on
There are days

There are days
Days when I am too tired of this world
Days when I just wanna describe it in my words
There are days.



Name: Amish Singh
Roll No.: 2105767
School: BTech CSE

THE BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

Fury emancipated from their pores

As the angels of Life and Death battled for supremacy.

Insults were hurled, and glares exchanged.

Sneers were thrown, and verbal poison spat.

Life said to Death,

“For all in the name of everything holy,

Do you even have a heart? Do you even feel?”

“And do you forget dear sister, that you have given me indescribable power?

Your torments lead your pretty mortals to me.”

Life could only pity her sister.

If only she knew, she had only met the cowards.

The cowards who are immune to confront their mistakes

And have already given up.

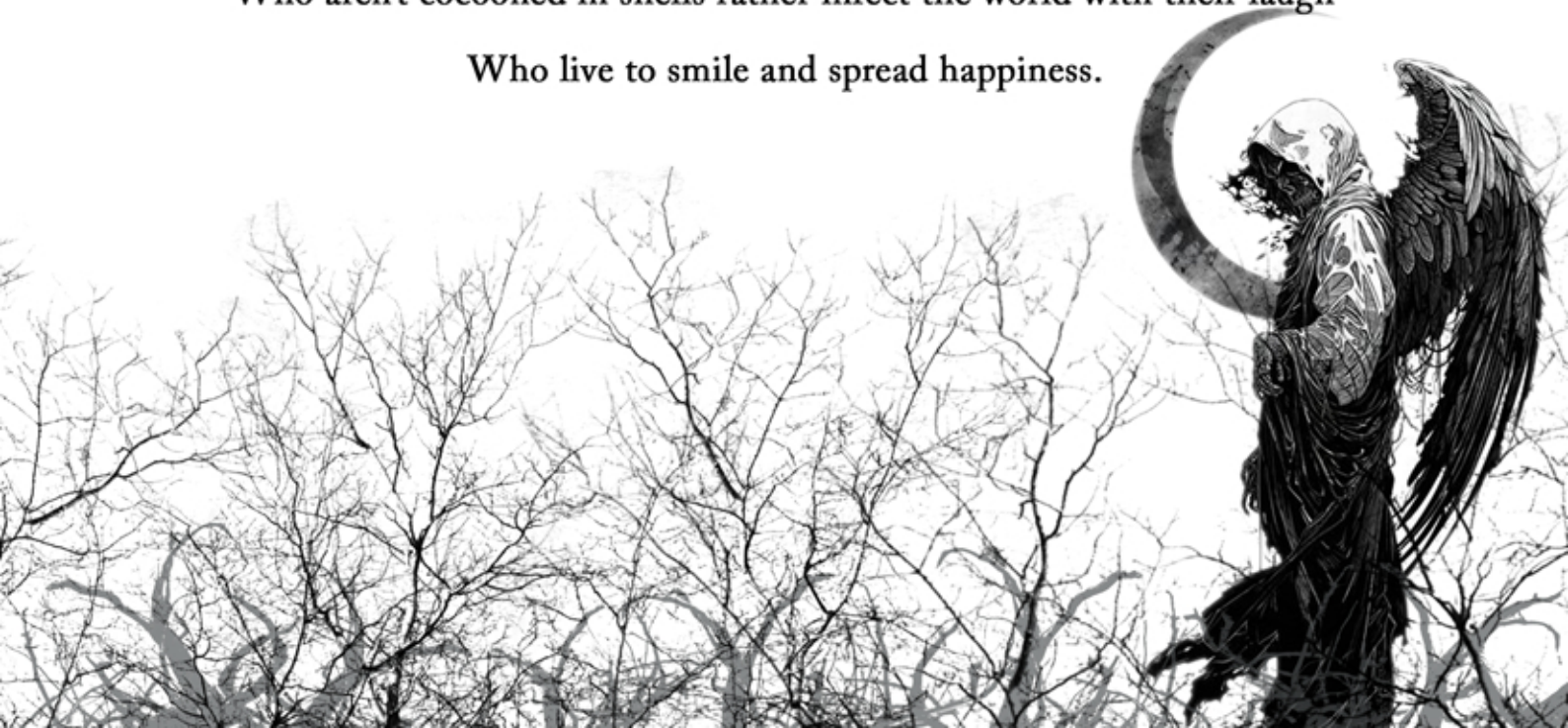
She came naturally, while her sister had to be called.

“I pity you sister, for you have only encountered some pathetic excuses

Whereas I live with the strongest of all,

Who aren't cocooned in shells rather infect the world with their laugh

Who live to smile and spread happiness.



Not only the mortals, I also exist in the green leaves of the trees,
The lonely waters of the ocean and the exquisite life beneath it,
The delightful chirping of the birds and the joyful calls of a baby panda
The beautiful lotus in the pond, and even in every shred of unfertilised pollen.

I am Life, easy to give up but joyfully infectious.

I thrive in adventure and live for happiness.

Yes, I come with torments but it is the key to happiness.

Will happiness won't lose its charm without an ounce of despondency?"

Death for the first time, stood with her head hung low.

She now knew that this battle was won even before it started.

For she had felt filth pouring out of every mortal she has ever met.

The phoenix flew each time, ashes were handed to her sister.

While she also awaited the same fate, she seemed to only encounter black smoke.

Life was reborn with every passing moment,

While she felt herself drowning in a sea of melancholy.

It was then she understood why her sister was celebrated.

Because she came with confidence and faith,

And she was the easy way out of the troubles.

Life existed to live, whereas she existed to give up

Name - Ananya Biswas

Roll No - 22051055

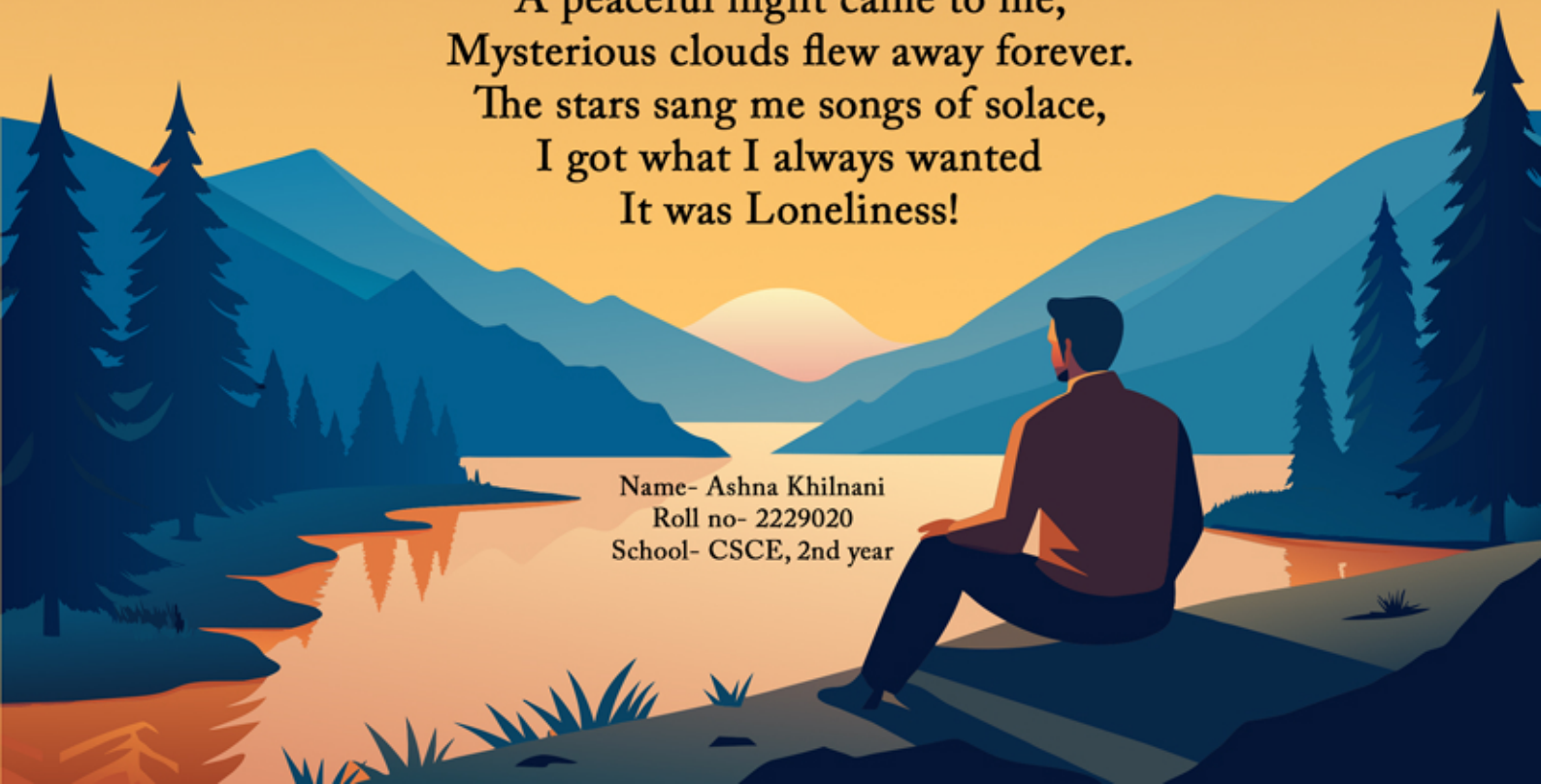
School - B.Tech CSE



Gift

One night, when I was asleep,
An angel came down from heaven.
She whispered in my dream
"Always keep what I give!"
To that, I only smiled!
The next day, I woke up to a new sun.
The birds sang, the leaves danced,
No one cared for me anymore;
My past seemed too distant now;
Is this the heaven I desired?
My heart, which used to be so grim
Told me "Today is beautiful!"
No one knocked on my door
To ask me about love,
No one remembered me today!
The sun bid me farewell
As I stared at the horizon,
The birds flew back to their nests.
The winds whispered in my ears
"When were you this happy?"
A peaceful night came to me,
Mysterious clouds flew away forever.
The stars sang me songs of solace,
I got what I always wanted
It was Loneliness!

Name- Ashna Khilnani
Roll no- 2229020
School- CSCE, 2nd year



IMPENETRABLE

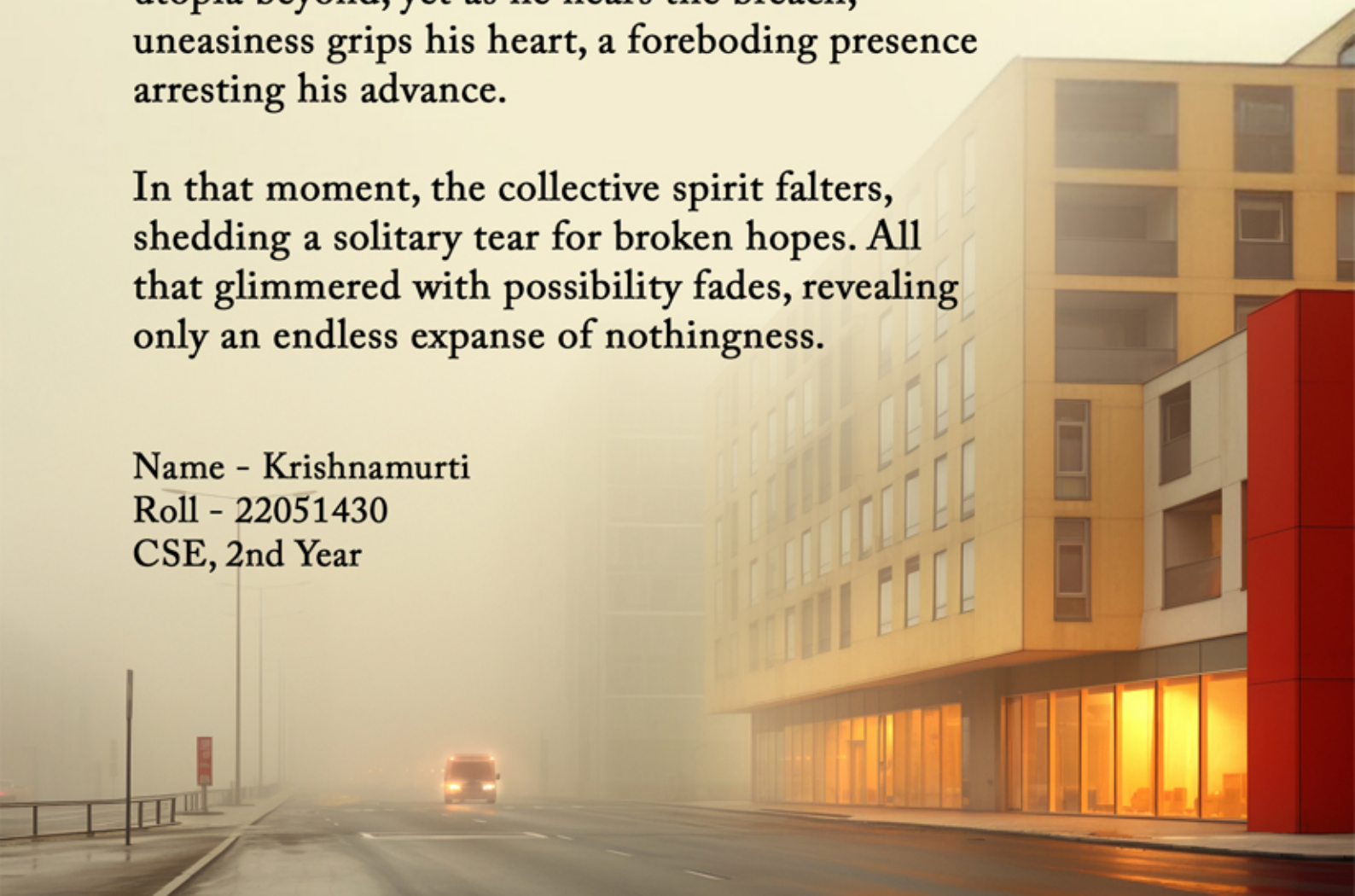
The towering wall looms defiant, a monument to despair, casting disdain upon the ants below, within its shadow, shattered dreams cry. Their torment never to cease, a haunting reminder of aspirations unfulfilled.

The constant war between the unbreakable barrier and the indomitable human spirit rages, driven by insatiable greed and curiosity for the paradise beyond. None have dared to breach its formidable defenses, until one soul.

Ecstatic, he walks on the corpses of his comrades, his pursuit fueled by the promise of a utopia beyond, yet as he nears the breach, uneasiness grips his heart, a foreboding presence arresting his advance.

In that moment, the collective spirit falters, shedding a solitary tear for broken hopes. All that glimmered with possibility fades, revealing only an endless expanse of nothingness.

Name - Krishnamurti
Roll - 22051430
CSE, 2nd Year



It's your life

As we know life is just a play stage,
We have to come and go someday.
But what matters is how you lived in between,
Just a matter of years with highs and lows.
You can't make anyone happy,
Just live with it what you actually are.
Lessons are always with you like shadows,
You just have to study and revise it.
Born as a middle-class boy;
Is not just a general task,
When you are one and general.
Burdened with expectations and hopes,
You have to climb the stairs.
From kindergarten to undergrad where you go,
Where you have to struggle with your efforts on to.
Meeting fake friends and rebels are your daily task,
Overcoming challenge is a healthy reward;
Then comes family as a surprise with a vocal reward.
It's your fault where you born,
It's a bond where you are bound to live.
Have to deal with the obstacles and taunts,
Turning them into motivation and belief.
Encouragements are just sigh of hopes,
When you just tracked for your mistakes.



Feelings has to be buried inside,
Expressing it has become a matter of farce.
You have to be mentally strong,
Not allowed to be broken and down.
Have to respect each and every word,
Whether thinking it right and wrong.
Your crime is just you having a common sense,
That you don't have right to do anything wrong,
Always be attentive and stood tall,
You can't be in your flow of thoughts.
Going out is just a matter of task,
Mixed with drive and a grocery bag.
Taunts are more important than what you do,
Need some audacity to face and fight.
Silence is the only answer what you get from these all,
What about your mental strength which has become weak and dull?
But I stood with confidence,
Want to celebrate with all,
The moral is to go with the flow of self-motivation
Having a smile in your face.

Name-Chinmaya Pattnaik
Branch-Biotechnology MSc
Year-1st yr.



MILK MUSTACHES

Every time your life crashes,
Just remember those little milk
mustaches.

The smile on your face,
The smile on your mother's face,
That smile turned into laughter,
And how it made you feel after.
Remember those small moments,
For there are more of those ahead.

Name - Tamas Kumar
Roll No - 2304052
School - B.Tech ETC



PAINT ME LIKE YOU DO..

Dear sky, you are limitless,
Crossing the boundaries, Across the sea
Far of this life, As I go
Paint me blue, just like you do.

Dear mountains, you are elevated,
Shielding the tough rocks, Across the sky
High Up in this life, As I go
Paint me brown, just like you do.

Dear sun, you are bright,
Shining along the globe, Across the mountains
Powerful in this life, As I go
Paint me red, just like you do.

Dear trees, you are abundant,
Dancing through the forests, Across the sun
Deep into this life, As I go
Paint me green, just like you do.

Dear flower, you are pleasure,
Fluttering through the gardens, Across the trees
Pure in this life, As I go
Paint me like a rainbow, just like you do.

Name-Ananya Mishra
Branch-Biotech M Sc
Year-1st yr.

My Gorgeous Grecian Goddess

Spanning across the globe touching every continent
The white waves crashing on the shore is a proof of life
But the constant formation of waves also embody a stability
The glistening waters appear azure, green, and even grey
Yet the wounded heart bleeds blue from deep within my trenches
I have not the strength to narrate a tale so heart-wrenching

So, I hum a gentle lullaby consistently, like a hopeless romantic
In hopes to impress the love of my life, Diana
Perceived as the beautiful moon by mere mortals
My love, is the epitome of all Beauty and Grace
She shines the brightest once every fortnight
Every once in a while, she likes to disappear Intensifying my longing for her even more

She too pulls me towards her every night
In a futile effort, to merely sneak in a secret kiss
Still, between us lies an entirety of the atmosphere
I know not if Zeus' kingdom is our invisible string or our partition
When her pull is the strongest, I leap the highest
Alas! I realize, it was only a lover's whim of conquering the impossible,
Hit with the blow of heartbreak, I crash harder on the shores
I realize that my outburst breaks the coast around me
But every bit of sense leaves my entity when I thrash in despair



Again comes up the sun, washing away the night before I try to return to my normal rhythm

But there she comes again after a couple of hours

She smiles down at me from high above

A wry smile filled with the pain of separation

Made bittersweet on seeing each other again

And thus continues the vicious cycle of our unrequited love

Fueled by the secret midnight meets yet from afar.

Soon I realized that the joy lies in the journey and not in the destination

I know I will crash but therein lies my parting words of hope

The ebb and flow of my tides continue,

I break but come back stronger each time,

I waive my white flag when embracing the coast

Sometimes, I crash hard on the boulders and rocks

But sometimes there's the soft bed of sand awaiting

Letting me break my fall with a gentle hug

I yearn to be reunited one day even if it takes an eternity.

Name - Ishita Mukherjee

Roll No - 2105967

School - B.Tech CSE

A FICKLE DANCE

Forgive my fleeting commitment's trace
Tugging gently at heartstrings' grace
In a world complex, my solace seeks a place
Yet my joy dissolves, a fading embrace.

Within my dwelling, this inner monster roams
A reckoning awaits, no excuses to postpone
Once glistening eyes now bear tears' weight
A smile's absence lingers, a twist of fate
I've turned ethereal, a specter's own.

Within my chamber's bounds, I dwell
Scrolling through envy's relentless swell
Oh, for a day's magic to weave and sell
Yet I stand unworthy, my truth to quell.

How could you love me, amidst this strife
When I'm captive to self-doubt's rife?
They say I'm kind, with a caring core
A facade I don, to halt thoughts that roar
Yet deep within, self-loathing takes its chore
Yearning to break free, to find rapport.

Days of yearning for a self unchained
Escaping this prison, so tightly restrained
Oh, my soul's longing, my heart's outcry
To rekindle self-love, before goodbyes

This ghostly existence, I'm pained to sustain.
A breakdown loomed when trust eroded away
A bitter truth, piercing like light of day
An image within, I keep in shades of gray
Revealing it, risks you might stray

I won't bear that fate, a heartache's cost
Into solitude's arms, I escape, exhaust
Fake laughter blooms, a crimson flag unfurled
In self-abuse's throes, my spirit's hurled
Desperate to shape smiles, no matter the loss.

A fickle dance, trapped in my mind's hall
A room where false echoes thrive, enthrall
I beat myself down, let self-worth fall
Battered and bruised, I heed sadness' call.

Yet I rise, striving to light joy's pyre
Though failures beckon, my spirit won't tire
An enigma I seem, two faces in one view
Will you see the depths I desperately subdue?
Deceit's shroud, if unveiled, may transpire.

Fatigue, a constant, breeds thoughts of despair
Holding hope close, to alleviate wear and tear
Burying dark contemplations, an oath to declare
These burdens relinquished, I vow to repair.

No longer content with suicidal ideation's snare
Hope's beacon glimmers, pushing darkness elsewhere.

Awakening to self-acceptance, a fervent plea
Embracing my essence, unshackled and free
Oh, to rise with dawn, saying, "This is me."
Oh, to rise with dawn, saying, "This is me."

Name - Sudhanshu Om Pandey
Roll No - 22051559
School - 2nd Year, B.Tech CSE



A letter to My Inner Child

Wide eyed I stood at the gates of life, you took my hand,
said we'd withstand, anything it blew our way,
I trusted you and that moment I knew, we'll always be what we need.

We talked, we laughed, we fought,
out of the ashes of our own embers we rose, we see it all and sometimes we falter,
but everytime I close my eyes, it is you I wish I could see.

There is so much I never said, and I know you did too,
but all I want you to know,
is that the first of those is I love you, what you don't know,
dear heart,
is that you make me live.

You know as well as I, I would die for anyone, but for you I'd live and,
oh god what a life it would be,
you in my mind everytime I breathe.

What a life it would be where we could be ourselves, no pain no fear just the remnants,
of who we are and who we wish to be, I know I fail many times,
but none hurt more than the times I fail you, but I promise you I try,
and if you'd just let me, I'd love you till I die.

I'd love you till I die, dear heart, because for you I am alive,
and my life is but a ocean
and without a second thought, if it is for you, dear heart,
I'd forget my fear and dive.



Name - Divyanshi Tripathi
Roll No - 2205376
School - CSE, 2nd year



A CHALLENGE FOR AGES

Two friends, a starry night, and one impossible puzzle. What is the secret to happiness? In hindsight, it would have been wiser to say no to the bizarrely dressed warlock who stopped them on the way to the festival, but intelligence had never been their strong suit. With a swish of his pitch-dark cloak, he had produced a bag of shimmering coins and smiled at them as if he was in on a joke that they had no hope of understanding. A few drinks and one too many challenging words led them to accept his offer of solving a puzzle in exchange for gold. The talkative old man had little to say when asked about the actual manner of the challenge. Only wiggling his eyebrows and telling them that the task they were about to undertake had confounded the mightiest of philosophers over eons and that the answer was hidden in the stars, "He who finds the pattern, finds the secret to happiness." And so it began, a new chapter in their peculiar lives. The first night, they lay under the stars, looking at each constellation, trying to decipher what made each of them different from the norm. Every line, every turn, and each stray glimmer would catch their eye, and each time their Eureka! moments would be shattered by the realization that they had noticed something incredibly unremarkable. Minutes turned into hours, and hours turned into a day. It was a mutual decision to take a break and go home, clear their heads, and try again later. Every day, they circled back to the same place, thinking and talking for as long as time would allow. Days turned to months and months turned into years. The one spot of land had seen decades of conversations and hundreds of changes, both in the men themselves and the world around them, the stars moving each day, and the answer as lost as it was on the first day. They passed the tales of the puzzle onto their kids, who took no more fancy in their parents' fantasy stories than an alcoholic in sobriety. Ages went by, but the daily habit of spending hours mulling over the puzzle did not break, and when they passed, their wills asked for their gravestones to be placed in the same spot as their meetings. Centuries later, a lone traveller passing by the land saw two gravestones, side by side, and a lone flower in full bloom in between. On closer inspection, the dense petals of said flower housed a tiny little secret amongst them: a piece of parchment, browned by years of windsand rain, and on it, in perfect handwriting, the words, "The secret to happiness is a full life well-lived."

Name - Divyanshi Tripathi

Roll No - 2205367

School - 2nd year, B.Tech CSE



DICHOTOMOUS SKIES

Sweet beginnings; shy secret glimpses;
Her hair, oh so pretty; her cheeks, glowing;
No, she doesn't appeal to other people;
For me, she's the destination I'm going.

She isn't the ordinary "beautiful";
Her choices really do make her, though;
She doesn't speak up; but she does;
And when she does, you can't say "No."

I can't ever tell what she's thinking,
Or what lies behind those smiles;
"I like you," with unfathomable eyes;
Is she falling, or can I not hear the cries?

Nobody notices; she's surrounded by air;
How can she suffocate from air?
Maybe it's all in my head;
She often says, "Life isn't fair."

Her friends weep as she burns;
They curse the winds for her demise;
She never shed a tear; always smiled;
But now she's deaf to my cries.

"I love you, I'm sorry," is that all?
She didn't even say goodbye;
Why? Just why didn't she tell me?
You could've never seen it in her eyes.

It wasn't in my head; she ran out of air;
She drowned right here; with no signs;
For her distorted eyes predicted no rain;
All she could see were dichotomous skies.

We kiss under the pink skies;
Oh, it's all a goddamn fairytale;
Am I dreaming or is this all real?
Is the truth hidden behind some veil?

The pink skies slowly turn grey,
But I'm in love; and so is she;
She doesn't ever think of rain;
She's so fearless; so full of glee.

It's all so beautiful; so unreal;
If it's a dream, I'll be forever asleep;
But, now, she's slowly turning blue;
She's gasping; she can't breathe.

Name - Aadya Chandra
Roll No - 22053652
School - 2nd Year, B.Tech CSE

DEAD ROSES

Falling for the charms of dead roses, sweet,
An incredible job, I must admit, complete.
They hold paradise for young lovers' pleasure,
Igniting their hearts with a vibrant measure.

With time, the roses age like the earth,
Yet possess elegance, a reminiscent worth.
Engaging pages of old books, their abode,
Conjuring an aura where we are bestowed.
Embracing the aroma of romance's reign,
Endlessly displaying its idyllic domain.

But I forgot about the barbs concealed,
Accepting the truth, no disguises revealed.

Trying to overcome memories so acute,
Embracing the essence, bitter or cute.

It hurts, oh Lord, I feel the ache,
The immense power of that filthy red stake.



Name - Debangi Ghatak
Roll No - 22053154
School - B.Tech, Cse

In The Realm of Hope

What is life, if not vibrant and bold,
Life's tales in colours, stories untold,
An innocent heart, eager to thrive,
In this world, they come alive.

With music's rhythm and books' embrace,
They find their tune, the moon they chase,
Movies and series, a cinematic art,
They dive into stories with an open heart.

In Hogwarts' halls, they dream and roam,
With the Golden Trio, they've found their home,
Marvel's heroes, in adventures grand,
They stand by them, a devoted fan.
Finding a home, with love and care,
Hours pass like minutes, in stories laid bare,
Within life's beauty, their spirit takes flight,
This is my life, forever shining bright.

Name - Adrika Shinjini

Roll No - 2205528

School - 2nd Year,

B.Tech CSE

GOLDEN FOREST

They were celebrated. Adorned. Loved. Cherished.

With fires in the sky and silk on the feet, men brought heaven for them only to see a flicker of gold or silver of the sun peeking through their fingers. They made their own querencia, as if they bled gold.

They were junoesque, idyllic with laughter so contagious you wish you could bottle it up. Heart hurting and warming ever so slowly to look at them. Eyes so ravenous and turbulent. Skin almost translucent so you could see the constellations behind them.

Men would fill their vessels with their tears and would cling to them as if trying to merge their flesh and breathe with them. To become them. They brought Eden to the lands' river overflowing. Grounds so bright green and golden, air smelling so heady you could sleep forever. The moon shone so delicately you wish you could caress it with the faintest whisper of breath. The zephyr is so inviting.

From the beginning of the sparks, to the ethereal energy band of elysian light to the fizzled ends but everything you think is wrong.

The women of the forests

Worshipped
Their lips and feet kissed
Only to be burned
At the stake.

Passion flowed through them like a river of blood. Not in their blood, no, they shed the red when they were here yesterday. She was on these grounds where you stand, the roots reached out to her, grasped her feet clinging to her ever so daintily. They had never seen something so beautiful, so beautiful they wanted to swallow her all. She flew away that night.

She only looked away for a moment and the mask slipped, and they fell.

All your tomorrow's start here. Time is fluid here.

And so did they say

"We are bright as the stars
Not flawless as we die slowly
Becoming one with the universe
Yet perfect as we stay boundless
And everlasting with the
Dark and bright universe.
We are both
Ephemeral as we are mortal hearts
And eternal as we are unbroken beating
Hearts."

Name : Anishka
Roll No : 2205356
School: 2nd year



I Look

When I Look At The Sky?

What Do I See?

This Sea Of Dreams Flowing Above Me?
Can I Swim As It Washes With Me With Glee
Or Will I Drown Into Its Depth
Turning Me Into A Man Unfree
When I look into the Darkness

What Do I See?

This Reflection Staring Right Back At Me
With Strength Combined The Right To My Throne We Reclaim
Or Like Brutus from the Blood Of Betrayal Will His Palm Stain

What Will The Nature Of This Reflection

When I look At the Mountains

What do I See

A knife Which Splits The Heavens Apart
Will I Rest It On The Palms Of My Hands
As I am Consumed By Its Beauty Divine
Or I turn Into The King Of The Clouds and Rain
The Land and Sea I Combine

When I Look At My Heart

What Do I See?

The Infinite Undefine Beauty Of The Space
How I Wish to Be Lost In It
I Roam The Stars And Meet The Moon
As Into The Space What Do I See?

Yashshavi Thapliyal

2228081

CSSE, 2nd Year

FULL OF LIFE

With every breath , we live!
Every moment we embrace ,we cherish
Rays of hope that the sun brings
Calmness in the wind that swings
Peace in the flow of river
Everything is full of life my dear
That worn out book holds tales of wonder
That forgotten toy whispers tales of joy and laughter
Every moment is a gift, pure and alive
In this beautiful tapestry, where life thrives
No fear holding you back
No Shadow's hold
Countless emotions
Boundless dreams
A new chance to thrive,Every day
Let all the worries fade away
Because at the end
It's the simplicity in which the beauty of life resides
Even in the ordinary , there's magic inside
All these things around us are indeed full of life
What we must do is to live like we are truly alive!

Name - Shailja Sanvi
Roll No - 22051020
School - CSE, 2nd year



GUL-ZAR

I walked in behind my Aunt, on the lookout for a baby. I saw Maa lying on the bed, Baba by her side. On her right was what looked like a basket. I ran over and hugged Maa. I had not seen her for two days. She looked happily tired. I was led to the basket. I peeked over the railing and caught a glance of the tiny red face, the big doe eyes and the cute blob of a nose. When she saw me she raised her fists and reached out towards me. I pushed my arms through the railing and gently touched her hands.

When Maa had shown me the clothes and told me that I was going to have a sibling (a new mini version of me), I thought she had mistakenly bought the wrong size. I was the tiniest member of the family and even I would not fit in that. But, clearly, I was wrong. Those clothes looked big for this tiny sibling of mine. She looked nothing like me either. But she was cute, maybe even cuter than Mr. Bunny, so I decided I liked her. I wanted to do my best to protect her like I protected Mr. Bunny from Uncle Parth, who kept threatening to take him away.

I would regret that decision later throughout the years on several occasions, especially when she would become a pesky little rebellious annoyance throughout her teenage years, but it was too late. That tiny cute face had burrowed a permanent place in my heart and my life, sowing the seeds of a great friendship and giving me a partner in crime like no other.

Name - Shreeja Banerjee
Roll No - 22052059
Year - 2nd Year, CSE



I TRIED

To find the happiness I aspired I tried
Tried a lot and eventually my will to live died
Died due to lack of the urge to continue
Continue this meaningless struggle of countless issues

Issues created by the goodness I had
Had when I didn't understand
Understand the complexity of the heart of humans
Humans who are far worse than demons

Demons who visit while you are asleep
Asleep and they gaze on you like a creep
Creep t take advantage of your soul
Soul which is being served them in a bowl

Bowl of innocence and negligence
Negligence towards the reason behind their glance
Glance to assess your value as a prey
Prey to the predators, in the dark who stay

Stay to hunt you when you are the weakest
Weakest of you will be destroyed by their best
Best moves would be played to devour you
You who have been naive to believe those few

Those few should face the wrath of my then
Then I'll hunt the hunter and take them to my den
Den of agony and pain is where I'll make them suffer
Suffer like the souls of innocents who grew tougher



Name: Amish Singh
Roll No.: 2105767
School: BTech CSE

Lies

Standing on stage with a deck of cards
In a flash he replaced the ace with the king of hearts
You think he's a magician
But it's all just an illusion

You can't tell what's real and what's not
You drown in lies to overcome the drought
But desert water turns out to be a mirage
One way or another, the truth always comes out

All that glitters is not gold
The truth is always left untold
Lies made in dark become evil truth in the light
We can't spot the reality even when it's in our sight

Truth is seldom found
With liars lurking around
So don't believe everything you see with your eyes
Because we live in a world full of lies

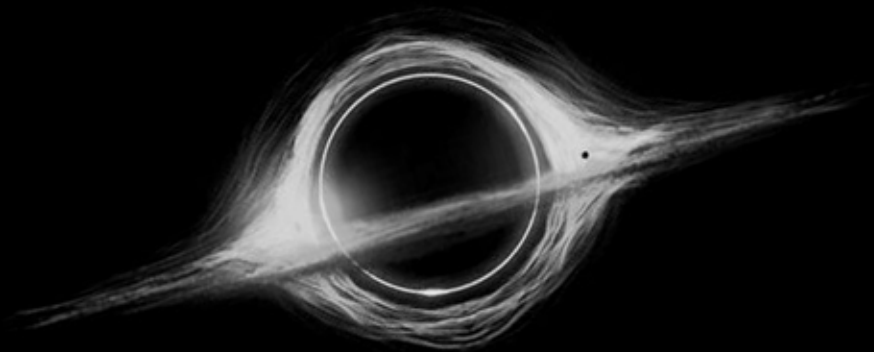
Name - Amishi Agarwal
Roll No - 22051917
Year - CSE 2nd year



AN ODE TO CELESTIAL BEAUTIESIPSUM

There is something mysterious about the silence of the night, something intriguing about the silence and absence of any hints of the glimmering hopes of life. But defying all of these, the moon and stars make the nights their own, in deafening silence, they shine with life and hope, and their light hits each soul like a gentle brush stroke from an artist with the finest touch. These gentle touches help walk paths for eons as they become the guiding lights; their lights and their radiance which is soothing unlike that of the sun, whose radiance becomes painful at times. There was something in these magnificent celestial bodies that made my soul crave, crave with the unhinged desire for understanding them with the kind of fascination whose instances in my life were never felt. I wanted to understand and comprehend the reasons behind their majestic radiance but the more I explored through the pages of the scientific world or that of poetry and prose about these celestial signs of brilliance the more I made peace with the fact that their beauty, their brilliance was beyond the measures of our vain tools of comprehension. The fascination with which each of this celestial magnificence had been described left me marveling at the plethora of ways each bit of them could be understood, conveyed, described and marveled at. I could write poems of tribute but they all could be simple replicas of some ancient poet who held the same fascination I did. Still, the brilliance of these replicas is that even if they are the same at the core they could all vary in a million ways in the way in which they are conveyed. The different languages each of them trying to hold the beauty of our celestial world in clutches of simple words, each trying to wrap them in confines of something constructed by the thoughts and imagination of beings living their lives upon a tiny blue dot, a small floating piece of rock in the universe, whose entire time spent would barely be even a blip on the unimaginable scale of space-time. But the question arises here if our insignificance should define if we have the ability or right to attempt comprehension. If not, then what restricts us or what doesn't? Even though all of these words, in numerous languages, signs, and many other things could never fully grasp the meaning of our celestial beauties, it could tell tales about them, praise them, admire them but always have some bits more to appreciate. Always have some more poems, some more prose left to write. This was my ode, my ode to the beauties which have given me the solace, solace of the kind which leaves your soul with peace. A peace that is seldom found in our world filled with information, activity, and dynamism. But this ode is just one of the many I desire to write as these moons and stars shall always have something more intriguing and something more left in them to surprise me, till the time I reach my end I shall write

Name - Nikhil Sinha
Roll No - 2007023
Year - EEE 4th year



NONE WITH THE PRETTY HEARTS

None with the pretty hearts yet inexpensive faces ,
But with prime genuine contenders
Fighting for sobriety with closed graves
Though always be the part of the elite group
Always wanting to have the beloved fable dog

Planting and plotting, serving innocent the least
Breaking the good precious hearts
For the preparation of the sumptuous feast
All made with the tears of the bruised
Spreading lies & preaching kindness
Bet after facing the consequences now no one wants to deal with a wet feeble dog

If there is the concept of karma
Then Why won't it apply ?
After making the innocent see the deleterious drama
For the sake of the pain, why wouldn't it testify ?

Name - Sandalee Srivastava
Year - CSE 4th year



BLUE HUES

I dive into those subtle emotions,
Deep like the bluest oceans,
With every brush stroke I fix the pieces of my heart that broke.

I paint every piece of the paper town,
Bright blue, with specks of deep brown.
Blue like those eyes of yours,
That my lovesick heart adores.

Those pills and t-shirt, all so blue,
And 100 letters that she threw,
Yet our love felt all so new,
As if the world was meant for us only two.

Everything is blue, and blue.
As if it was all my heart knew.
Love was madness, and I was the madman,
I loved only and only her and no other man.

I painted the town blue,
So obsessed, not realizing what's true.
She was my addiction and I was addicted
My heart aching yet healing, a love so wicked.

I drown and drown in the colour blue,
Slowly and slowly into every hue,
So blinded yet awake,
I live, die and reborn again with every heartache.

Name : Anishka
Roll No : 2205356
Branch : CSE

The Forgotten Astronaut

He sat on a white, dusty surface; his legs dangling above an abyss of whiteness. He could feel every single beat of his heart. As he sat there, like a child sitting on a kitchen platform while his mother makes a scrumptious meal, he replayed his entire life- he could visualize his childhood, him reading a space magazine while his sister ruffled through a massive volume of "Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix". At school, the bullies would tear his monthly space digest into shreds. However, he was ever so determined to traverse beyond the limits of the sky. "The sky is not the limit!" Mr. Watcher would say whenever he felt let down. What would his mentor be doing right now? He would most certainly be immersed in his detective novels, leading a life of espionage and danger. And, during his school life, he met Rose Davies, who was now expecting their second child. He rejoiced at his recent game with his son, Hugo, which involved destroying battleships, fighting criminals, and conquering kingdoms. He loved the way his wife ruffled his brown hair-he had barely noticed the look of concern in her eyes when she bid him a farewell; he had failed to register the gravity of fear that her embrace had emitted before he had set off for his expedition. Had her worst nightmare come true? Was she somehow justified in her persistent pleas for him to stay home? Very carefully, he stood up and jumped to his broken space shuttle, which lay on its back, staring at the starry sky, like a wounded soldier resting after an intense battle with fate and glory. He did not try to mend it. He had accepted his destiny. He realized that he would die after his oxygen tank was over. And so he sat, and waited, catching the last glimpses of Mother Earth. Would they lay him under her bosom? Or, is there a possibility that they would bury him under the white dust of the moon? No, certainly not. Rose would

put up a fight. He was sure of that. A melancholic feeling overwhelmed him. He wanted his funeral to be a light-hearted affair, he wanted people to miss him, but smile at his blessed soul. There was a red, beeping sound, and he knew. This was it. He waited. Anytime now. Ten. Nine. EightTwo. One. There. He was sound asleep. He would never wake up to see his newborn. Or his darling love. Or dear Hugo.

Name - Chetali Hariramani
Roll No - 2206018
School - B.Tech IT

" When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room, How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick, Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself, In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time, Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars. "

FOLLY

Shh...Stop talking and listen
Do you hear that...
Wait...Here it comes again
It's nothing too important,
It's just life rushing past you.
When you are busy screeching at your parents
Too busy pointing out their mistakes
Too ignorant to savor every moment together
It's just life rushing past you
When you are upset with your friend
And too proud to say 'sorry' first
Its life rushing past you.
Losing the chance to make memories
Losing the time you have together
Holding on to your pride as time smiles at your naivety
It pities you and your feeble pride
But it still sprints past you
Every second you waste being angry and affronted,
Remember,
You are losing precious time
Time when you could have been smiling in each other's presence
Time when you could have added a few more moments of happiness in your life.
Life is finite, and our moments with our loved ones are
not as endless as we deceive ourselves to be.



Shivangi Chatterjee
22053279, CSE

Full of Life

In a world awash with colours so bright,
Where the day kisses the soft edge of night,
There, in the heart of the vibrant strife,
Resides a spirit, full of life.

With the sunrise, a symphony begins to play,
Birds serenade the promising day,
A canvas of dreams painted anew,
In this realm, where life's colours accrue.

The laughter of children, a jubilant sound,
As they chase fleeting dreams on the playground,
Their eyes filled with wonder, wide and free,
A testament to life's pure glee.

In meadows where wildflowers sway,
Underneath the sun's relentless display,
Life dances in each blade of grass,
In the breezy whispers that through them pass.

Through valleys and mountains, rivers that roam,
Life's journey, an epic poem,
In every step, a story unfolds,
Of adventures and mysteries yet untold.

In the embrace of love, hearts take flight,
Two souls merging in the still of the night,
In passion's fire, their spirits ignite,
A love so deep, so full, so right.

With every challenge that we face,
Life's resilience, its enduring grace,
In the face of adversity, we strive,
For in this struggle, we truly feel alive.

So let us cherish this gift we're given,
In this world where life is worth living,
With open hearts and spirits aglow,
Embracing a life, full and in tow



Name : PRITAM DAS,
Roll No: 2124010
Branch : SCHOOL OF
CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY

STRANGLED ORIGINALITY

THE TREND CULTURE

Everywhere you look, you find the same art on different vessels. This seemingly interesting phase in fashion might be one of the most predictable “eras”. From the 90s “Gucci by Tom Ford” aesthetic making a comeback to the early 2000s of pop culture icons, what actually made these styles infamous was not the following of the trends, but perhaps their own essence. You could, and did, catch Kylie barefoot, but you would never catch Paris Hilton wearing some high-waisted jeans with Nike Dunks; that doesn’t seem ‘Paris’ enough. Being the most talked about fashion “It girls” in the 2000s, all these pop girls had to do was dress the way they could claim themselves to be fun, and that was FUN because they had fun doing

so. Style great enough to make headlines, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy gained more attention than the Kennedy Junior himself. Well, going from working for a Calvin Klein store to being Manhattan’s “fashion babe” took her just a couple of jeans, coats, and some statement footwear, not some trendy, just-released Tommy Hilfiger ready-to-wear collection.

It would be fancy to look at outfits if everyone understood their style like Bella does. Following the trends makes everyone look like they’re a part of a cult, arguably a cool one. But, is that it? No more being your own muse? Or creating different mood boards that reflect each one’s vision of styling? If you made Paris Hilton dress like Carolyn Bessette, she would be as influential as Khloe Kardashian in fashion. This worship culture that brings in trends ends up making everyone run in the fools’ race. What has it brought yet? Insecurities; since you can never outdo the do-er, aggressively similar styles; body image issues; petty competition.

Fashion was always acknowledged as a fun form of expression of one’s personality. You would look at a person’s clothing and initiate a teensy impression of them as a person in your mind.

The youth fail to acknowledge that they are themselves setting up strange requirements to be “cool” or less “dorky”. Dressing up is no more about feeling confident, being fun and the transparency to your personality through it, but more about how you might not get validated by everyone who consumes mainstream media and is blinded by it.

The mockery for not keeping up with trends might not hurt as much as the underconfident you would, with a miserable attempt to keep up. The discouragement that you might get for not turning into Kendall Jenner after imitating her style might as well hint you at finding our own essence and glamourizing it. I’m glad fashion cops don’t exist for this ongoing fashion fauxpas.

Name : Anannya Upadhyaya
Roll: 22052880
School: CSE, 2nd year

THE RISE AND DEMISE OF A WUNDERKIND

A worn-out mind gazes around longingly,
Eyeing a shrine of what once used to be,
He's soon engulfed by a wind of prosperity,
All in vain, unfortunately.

His wandering eyes land on an abandoned venture,
What was once a passion had diminished altogether,
His piteous plight makes his feeble heart wonder,
When did imperfection become a fear?

His turbulent mind is plagued with memories adrift,
Nostalgia of a time he was considered a gift,
Looking back at better times, he feels miffed,
In his creative endeavors, why had there been a shift?

He chastises himself to drop the negativity,
It's worth another shot, surely.
He musters the courage to pick up the pen,
No longer a prodigy, but he could be something again.

Name- Ahana Majumder

Roll- 22053570

School- CSE, 2nd year



I WANNA

I wanna fly, high,
But I can't find my wings.
I wanna step out, in the crowd,
But my feet don't feel a thing.

Bask in the glorious sun,
Lie amid the dewy grass,
In the meadow from my dreams,
And watch the time pass.

I'm surfing the internet,
While others surf on a beach.
Don't wanna wind up alone,
But the breezy wind is out of my reach.



Name - Amishi Agarwal
Roll No - 22051317
School - CSE, 2nd year

UNVEILING STORIES: THE PAGES WITHIN

We are all like books,
We wait for someone to find us and open us to see what's inside.



Our covers may be pretty, worn, or torn,
But it's the stories inside that truly matter and adorn.
Some stories may be filled with sorrow and pain,
While others may be colourful, like a vibrant rain.
But each story is beautiful, passionate, and true,
Meaningful in its own way, waiting to be discovered by a few.

Many may flip through our pages so quick,
But it takes a special soul to truly click.
To read between the lines and understand,
The deeper meaning held in our hand.
Let us welcome those who truly read,
Embrace and give our stories the heed.
For in their open hearts and curious minds,
Our tales find purpose and connection that binds.


We are all books,
Unique and waiting to be explored.
With each page turned, a new chapter unfolds,
Revealing emotions and stories yet untold.
So, let us cherish the readers who seek,
The treasures within, the depths they peek.
For it is through their understanding and care,
That our stories find resonance and flair.
In the library of life, we stand side by side,
With narratives diverse, on this literary ride.
So, open us up, and dive into our world,
Discover the magic, let our stories unfurl.

Name-Madlyn Manneh
Rollno-2147058
Branch-3rd Year BSc. Computer Science

THE ANATOMY OF A FUNERAL



My mother tells me to wear black, it's a funeral,
how do I tell her,
black leaves stains time can't wash away.
I hear crying across the room, a voice I don't recognize,
I take a step but I fall,
there are chains around my feet I hear a choir, I smell flowers,
and I drag the iron with me as I look outside.
I put my arms around my dad,
but he doesn't seem to notice,
he's still stoic, I wish he would cry,
I press a kiss to my brother's forehead. he's silent, his anger exhausted,
I should've been there, I think not let him fight it alone.
It's okay, a voice says,
I can't agree.
I hear the creak of the wooden tomb,
the crumble of dirt over its pristine surface,
I look up in my chains and try to breathe, the air feels foreign and my lips are cold,
I throw the bouquet in my hands, the roses prick my arm,
I scrub at it mindlessly,
I have no words to say, no speech to give.
The others wrote poems,
and suddenly I envy the dead, for they are loved, and loved, in ways the living aren't.
life flashes before my eyes,
I try not to remember my disappointments,
moments I wish I hadn't stayed, things I wish I hadn't said.
I feel a hand tugging on my sleeve, small eyes the color of mine gaze up at me,
"Does it ever stop?" they ask, "No, not really" is all I can reply,
the kid nods as somberly as an adult, two small arms circle my legs ,
a tear escapes my eyes.
The light is going farther away, darkness closing in too slow,
I look at the chains,
they've been stitched to my skin, I put on my fakest smile,
and my mouth feels heavy,
I stomp the real me into the ground,
I hope it was the one lying six feet under.
I've always hated funerals, hated they weren't mine,
I close my eyes and feel the last of the soil fall, there's only darkness now,
darkness and silence,
there's nothing except me, and yet I still breathe.
My anger is alive, clawing its way out from my insides, my hate is strong,
my guilt and love, stronger,
part of me is glad I will never see a mirror again, but I am my father's daughter,
I am my mother's son,
I am my brother's keeper,
and I know I would've lived better, had I had the chance,
hell, I wanted to,
but I know how things end,
even in death, I'll never know peace



NAME - Divyanshi Tripathi
ROLL NO - 2205376
SCHOOL - 2nd Year, B.Tech CSE

True Identity

Getting tired of waking up every morning thinking

"Who am I gonna portray today?"

To get everyone's approval and acceptance

Got so acclimated, that I became clay

I'm so sick of being a social chameleon

Don't wanna conform to blend in

Just want people to accept me for who I am

To retrieve the real me I have to search deep within

My need to fit in had led me astray

And I lost my real self somewhere along the way

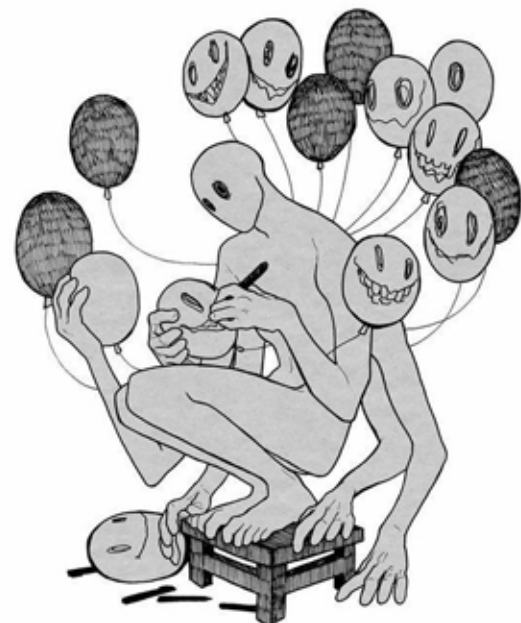
But I won't stop searching until I rediscover my true identity

And I intend to find eternal verity

Name - Amishi Agarwal

Roll No - 22051917

Year - CSE 2nd year



BEING A WOMAN

The afternoon was hot and sultry as usual.

The golden hour's accession made my lips slightly curve into a gentle smile revealing the deep set dimples.

Some people feel that my preferences are rather unpolished because I consistently chose the most sweltering part of the day as the most cherished time I ever experienced.

As the golden light slithered its way through the stained glass of my hand-painted window, it saturated the blemished walls of the balcony with its golden hue.

By this time on other days, I would have positioned myself in the best possible way to click what is called a "golden hour selfie".

But that day was different, my body refused to change its position and some instinct made me clutch the cushion closer to my body as if to hide or withhold the feeling of something.

My receptivity to nausea and restlessness made me fall back onto the couch, as my body, desperate to fight back, hassled to extricate itself from the tenacious grip of this repulsive innervation.

As dusk approached and the sky bleached itself in the hues of pink and purple with red in some corners, it seemed relatable and deep down I knew 'We had no choice.'

My 8-year-old brother was busy trying to figure out the new 'Box Of Magic' he had got on his birthday. He strode up to me and proudly announced, "I have mastered 10 magic tricks, how many have you learnt so far?"

I bent over to him and whispered into his ears, "We bleed every month still we don't die, isn't this enough to surpass every magic trick on Earth."



Name : Mrinmoyee Das,
Branch : BA LLB

I WISH I COULD

I wish I could understand the panic of the birds

What they talk about just amongst

The chirping from exactly sun down

Lasting till the moon is full blown out

Lil birdie searching for mom

Lil birdie finding it's lil home

Away from the chatting

Unaware of the earth rotating

Just wanna survive and thrive

Why not sing along n feel alive

I wish I could be a Lil bird

Just chirp around nibbling dirt

Making sounds

Even though everyone one is around

Be my own symphony

Tiny brain no memory

No force of notions

No thoughts or propections

Just pretty flowers and wiggly worms

Fly and hop all day long

Name - Debisha Mishra

Roll No - 2160028

Year - 3rd Year



Building Bridges of Faith

People that I left alone,
I wasn't given a choice,
Chasing ain't easy,
Ambitions are very lengthy,
Time flew away,
I couldn't manage,
Fake scenarios came in,
I was dread scared,
Don't know if God listens to
wishes,
So I put efforts with hope,
If gratefulness and consistency
stayed,
My faith will remain strong.

Name - Shivam Agarwal
Roll No - 2129159
School - B.Tech CSCE



SUNSET AND DESTINY

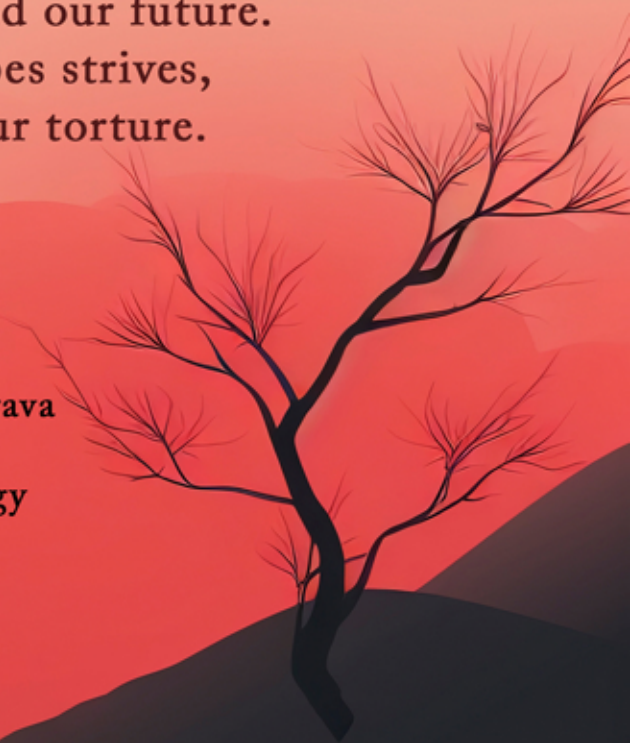
Brimming with the hues of twilight,
The clouds surround the sky.
All the colours of the horizon unite,
As the fleet of birds fly.

Somewhere far, there exists a reality
Where dawn and dusk are together.
Just like us with a mentality,
That someday we will be with each other.

As the sun sets,
My heart sinks in.
Our unfulfilled promises inculcates
How unfortunate we have been.

The gloom of the night arrives,
As dreary clouds surround our future.
Our streamline of hopes strives,
Nothing can suffice our torture.

Name : Saswati Vaniprava
Roll No : 2362018
Branch : Microbiology



Laments of a Failure

It gleams in golden,
It coruscates and blinds,
To look at it she dares her eyes,
It's a regal trophy perched up high.

It snarls with derision,
Then exclaims with a sigh,
"You'll never have me,
And you know why"

The acerbic words echo in her mind,
But her insatiable spirit nudges her to try,
When she does, her dreams are crushed,
For the prophecy is fulfilled – and she's not destiny's child.

As the trophy drifts towards the worthy,
Her tender fingers brush its glory,
The momentary touch sears and lacerates,
Reality seeps in and chagrin permeates.

The piteous glances and the hushed voices,
The endless silent torments reign,
A teardrop wells from her eyes,
Her ardor now merely a muted flame.

Name - Ahana Majumder

Roll No - 22053570

School - CSE, 2nd year



LONG WAY ALONG

From a nervous interview inside a KSAC room,
To cheer-filled Soul Sundays,
From writing my thoughts out in my journal,
To stringing them together into a poem,
From never letting anyone read what I wrote,
To reciting it out in an OAT,
Wordsmith has brought me a long way along.
From spending my Sundays lazing about alone,
To making new friends at society meets,
From doubting my writing abilities,
To penning down words at every Soul Sunday,
Wordsmith has brought me a long way along.

Name - Sneha Sarkar

Roll No - 2206053

School - B.Tech IT

PLEIN DE VIE, FULL OF LIFE

Life is magic and something beyond words.

It is possible to accept the beauty of life, despite all its twists and turns. It is a piece of art that is coloured in shades of joy, sorrow, love, and a variety of other emotions that keep our hearts beating. From the minute we take our first breath to the moment we pass away, life's beauty tempts us to take it all in.

Love, the most profound expression of beauty, lies at the center of our existence. Because of the love we receive from our families, friends, and lovers, our lives are warm and meaningful. We are brought together by our connections, lifted by our support, and cheered on by our delight.

Relationships must be cultivated if one wants to live a life that is full of vitality. The most brilliant patterns in life's art are made possible by the strands that bind people together. The joy, support and sense of community that friends, family and other loved ones provide. It can be discovered in the solace of a warm hug, the joy of shared experiences, and the awareness that there are people who care.

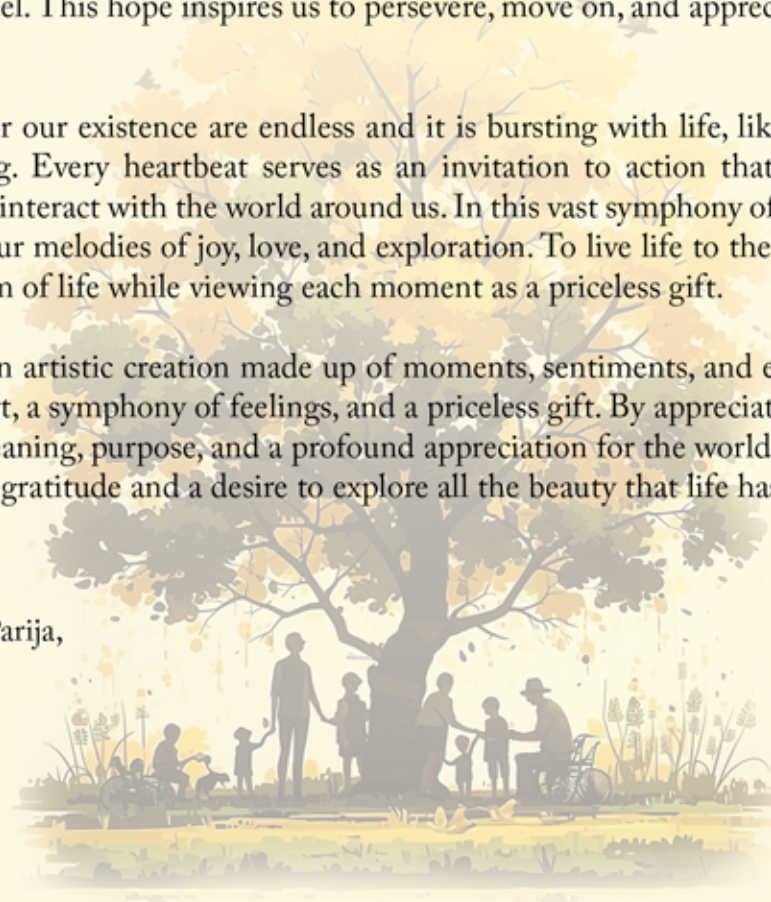
A vibrant existence also aspires to constant learning and progress. It entails setting goals, pursuing interests, and overcoming barriers. The pursuit of knowledge and competence, whether it is by learning a new language, instrument, or craft, stokes the flames of vitality. In this vibrant existence, hardship is seen less as a hindrance and more as an opportunity for development. It is the understanding that setbacks and failures are merely stepping stones on the path to success, that gives a chance to start over.

When all else fails, the glimmer of optimism serves as a constant reminder of the beauty of life. It is the confidence that, whatever how challenging the journey may be, there is always light at the end of the tunnel. This hope inspires us to persevere, move on, and appreciate the priceless gift of life.

The possibilities for our existence are endless and it is bursting with life, like a waterfall that never stops flowing. Every heartbeat serves as an invitation to action that motivates us to explore, create, and interact with the world around us. In this vast symphony of existence, we are the composers of our melodies of joy, love, and exploration. To live life to the fullest, one must dance to the rhythm of life while viewing each moment as a priceless gift.

In the end, life is an artistic creation made up of moments, sentiments, and encounters. It is a dynamic work of art, a symphony of feelings, and a priceless gift. By appreciating the beauty of life, we can find meaning, purpose, and a profound appreciation for the world around us. Let's start each day with gratitude and a desire to explore all the beauty that life has to offer.

Name : Samarpita Parija,
Roll No: 2104041,



THE WALL

I feel good sitting inside these walls I built,
Built around me to protect myself from you all,
Sitting here and living with my guilt,
Guilt I built because of trusting you all.

Sitting here, I can always relive the memories,
Memories I loved living into once.
Till now I have made a bunch of documentaries,
Documentaries I wrote while living those moments once.

Maybe I am mad, still living inside the walls,
Walls with pasts stick to them,
The past where history calls,
Calls me to make amends on them.

No matter what, I am in love with these walls,
Walls which are a prison for me.
Prison, where my mistakes regularly calls,
Calls to make me relive them inside me.

I don't hate the outside world,
But it's people are a different story,
Story built up with difficult words,
But honestly, I am happy stuck in this storey.

Name-Amish Singh

Roll No-2105767

Branch-3rd Year, CSE



The Glass Palace by Amitav Ghosh

(Book Review by Aryan Gupta)



It is on the walls of the Mandalay Palace, where Amitav Ghosh's *The Glass Palace* starts its tale. We meet the orphaned Indian boy from Chittagong, Rajkumar, who would, in a true Bollywood fashion, marry Dolly, a handmaid of the Burmese Queen Supalayay, years later in Ratnagiri, after sighting her during the sacking of the Mandalay palace during the fall of the Burmese Monarchy.

The story is a riveting tale of the three generations of Rajkumar and Dolly's family and friends and how they went through major historical events, the Third Anglo-Burmese War and the eventual fall of the Burmese Monarchy, Rise and fall of the Timber trade in Burma, the rise of Rubber and the Second World War.

Through the various characters of the family we go through a myriad of dilemmas and questions that must have filled the minds of Indians leading up to the years of Independence. We are met with strong female characters such as Uma Dey, a close acquaintance of Dolly, who would join various Independence groups and question and change her own ideologies. The collector and Lieutenant Arjun Roy, gives us a glimpse of how Indians took pride in imitating the Western culture and eventually Roy's musing on his loyalty metaphorically represents the dilemma of the whole of the Indian British Army during World War 2.

Although the story traverses through India, Burma and Malay, a significant part of it takes place in Burma, or present day Myanmar. One comes to know a lot about the Burmese society, culture and history. Ghosh is a master of stimulating the sensory imagery through description, one can vividly imagine Logging camps in Burma, the Timber Business on the Irrawaddy river and the Shwedagon pagoda of Rangoon.



We are taken to Malay, where we go through Rubber plantations and live through the early desperate days of World War 2, when Malay is occupied by the Japanese in a lightning campaign. The story also deals with Indian Tamil plantation workers in Malay and how they joined the Indian National Army to support the struggle to free their homeland, a land which they never even had stepped on. It was tragically ironic how for them India was a golden land yet back in India, the country faced immense impoverishment and repression from the British.

After reading the Glass Palace, I realized how much of a myopic view we have of India with its neighbors. We often stop on Pakistan or Bangladesh yet the story throws light on how the stories of Burma, Malay and other parts of South-East Asia are interwoven into the fabric of India's history.

The story comes to end in the late 20th Century Rangoon where Rajkumar's son and granddaughter attend a rally of Aung San Suu Kyi and we are introduced to the new Burma fighting for independence, not from colonists but from the authoritarian rule of the Burmese military Junta.

It is strangely beautiful how the story began upstream the Irrawaddy river at Mandalay, and like the waters of the Irrawaddy it tumbled down and came to an end in Rangoon.

Name: Aryan Gupta

Roll: 2228017

School: CS&SE, 2nd year



SAY, DEAR TREE

Say, dear tree, covered in dew
When you are left with leaves very few

Say, dear tree,
Will I ever see you emerald green?

You neither glee nor greet my approach,
Rather engaged, arms raised, praying to the lord of stars.

Say, dear tree,
What is it for which you pray and plea?

The mortals argue on me,
For some I am despair and for others desire.

Say, dear tree,
What am I for thee?

Name-Sanatkumar Senapati
Roll no- 2361069
Branch-1st Year, M. Sc. Biotechnology



TEMPORARY

Engulfed in confusion,
Deluged with thoughts and apprehension,
Seeking answers to questions I don't know,
Waking up with an unsettling feeling that just won't go,
A point in my life so low..
'Have hope, be brave, believe in yourself ' they all said,
Simple advices right when it becomes a task to even get out of bed,
The noises in my head just too loud,
Deafening to a point where external voices fade all around.
Conflicts in my mind,
The incessant grind,
And the incapability to face the dawn,
The hollowness in the heart and persistence to stay afloat,
Whilst fighting against the urge to give it up all...

NAME - Ashna Khilnani
ROLL NO - 2229020
SCHOOL - CSCE, 2nd year



ENDLESS LOOP

They say we die for living,
And live for dying,
A plain old cycle, an unbreakable ring,
A mundane life, a never-ending string.
We live for others but die alone,
We love for others but still feel alone,
We laugh together but struggle alone,
A long time to live but everything seems done.
So make the best of the remains,
Take leaps and risks and never keep yourself restrained,
Take time to laugh and keep yourself entertained,
Rather than keeping yourself in the same reiterating chain.
Live for yourself and die for none,
Because in your life you're the only one,
Responsible for your happiness,
When everyone else is gone.

Name - Swarnali Chatterjee
Roll No - 2205339
School - 2nd Year, B.Tech CSE



THE BLACK CAT USED TO BE WHITE

I was standing on glass. Glass that showed me vast lands of green grass and flowers. My feet moved forward, to find a soft space, where I could lie. I was unsure of who or what I had become. But no matter what, it was a nice feeling. The sky had never been bluer, neither had the river been clearer. I lay down on the grass, watching the yellow and pink flowers dance to the wind. The chill of the autumn was here, finally. It was a long time before the moon could bestow upon this part of the world its brilliant moonlight. Everything was in perfect synchronisation and it had been long since I had last felt it come to me; this sense of peace, and perfection. But there were no birds that sang the tune of the morning. Neither were there honks of cars to depict the business and rush culture. It was all quiet. It was not silent, but it was quiet. As if I had escaped to a forbidden land. Before I could drown in a question, I saw two little fuzzy ears and wide balls of watery eyes staring at me from between the bushes. A cat. A black cat. My heart leapt with joy, finding a living creature beside me hiding from the world, in a place of our own. It took small steps towards me. Gentle mewls filled the air. It was not silent, it was quiet. But now it was filled with mewls. When the drowsiness hit me in the face like a thousand bricks, I looked down at the cat, licking itself. Its nose was tinged with the fragrance of the flowers. But I remember; like nostalgia, and a dream from far away, wafting right in front of my eyes. The black cat was once white. Like the purest roses and gentlest of snowfalls. It used to be a kitten. But an outcast of the litter. Not close to its mother. Not close to the humans it was associated with. And then one day, it disappeared. From sight; from memories; and from everything it ever loved; from all the places that loved it. Tiny hands used to hold it, like it was a prized possession. Perhaps it was a prized possession. Now it's a cat. A full-grown cat. A black cat. I smiled at it. Black like the void. Black like nothing. Black like darkness. I gave in to the drowsiness. I felt the fur and soft muscles of the cat cuddle into my arms that lay flat on the ground. I could feel a smile rise out of my heart. And then, I gave in. To the void. To nothing. To the darkness. To the purest beginning of all: blackness.

NAME:- Adisha Deo

SCHOOL:- BA Psychology



[@dewaribout](#)

THE MASTERPIECE

Brushing off the colours,
Light and dark.
Stroking gently all the shades
On the colossal canvas,
The artist played the game
Of hide and seek.
Beckoning the pigments,
He asked them to align.
Just like the stars
Of an impeccable constellation.
His fingers and arms
Dipped in colours of ecstasy
Symbolised his love for art.
Perfectly blended hues
Defined clarity of his thoughts.
The flow of colours vividly
Delineated the essence of his art.
No wonder he was engrossed
So much in his world.
His eyes reflected something
Unusual yet revolutionary.
Withdrawing the brush,
He decided to give it a final touch.
He picked up the sharp brush
For the detailing needed.
Displacing the equipment
Like a whisper through a dream.
The dead canvas turned into a
Quintessential living being.
Portraying the musings
Of the creator, it shone.
Staring at his creation,
The artist smiled.

Name : Saswati Vaniprava

Roll No : 2362018

Branch : Microbiology



THE WALL

I feel good sitting inside these walls I built,
Built around me to protect myself from you all,
Sitting here and living with my guilt,
Guilt I built because of trusting you all.

Sitting here, I can always relive the memories,
Memories I loved living into once.
Till now I have made a bunch of documentaries,
Documentaries I wrote while living those moments once.

Maybe I am mad, still living inside the walls,
Walls with pasts stick to them,
The past where history calls,
Calls me to make amends on them.

No matter what, I am in love with these walls,
Walls which are a prison for me.
Prison, where my mistakes regularly calls,
Calls to make me relive them inside me.

I don't hate the outside world,
But it's people are a different story,
Story built up with difficult words,
But honestly, I am happy stuck in this storey.

Name-Amish Singh

Roll No-2105767

Branch-3rd Year, CSE



HOMECOMING

I found myself finally ensconced in the familiar embrace of home, basking in the afterglow of a much-needed vacation. There is an undeniable festive aura, an inexplicable joy that pervades the house in the presence of our entire family. No grand occasion necessitates our gathering, yet the mere unity of our loved ones is cause for celebration.

The tantalizing aroma of mom's cooking permeates the air, intermingling with the vibrant chatter between her and my lively aunt, catching up on all the topics left u Lost in this contemplation, I find myself graced with a warm plate of fritters, courtesy of my mother and aunt. "Here, some light snacks," my mother announces, to which my uncle jests, "Light?" Amused, my aunt teases, "Don't worry, Nisha and I will take care of your portion." Catching my gaze, she inquires, "How's college, Nisha?" I respond with a smile, "Plein de vie, aunty," relishing the fritters' flavors. My uncle chimes in, "Bonjour," evoking a hearty laughter from everyone present.touched during their lengthy phone conversations. I watch as she skillfully fries those delectable cabbage fritters, the harmony of her laughter and my aunt's animated tales, rendering the humble act of preparing home-cooked food, a cherished spectacle that I sorely missed during my hostel days. Despite the temptation of convenience, this wholesome reunion seems to reject the notion of a simple pizza delivery, an echo of that time I spent surviving on a diet of fast food.

In another corner, my dad and uncle engage in a spirited debate about cricket matches and political affairs. Although my interest in these matters remains limited, there is an undeniable comfort in the familiarity of their discussions. Meanwhile, my cousins and my sister engage in aspirited quarrel over their preferred video games, their indecision echoing through the house as they deliberate on Pacify and Outlast trials while connecting with friends on Discord.

As I sit amid this chaotic yet endearing scene, I am struck by an overwhelming sense of nostalgia. I realize that we often seem to live in different worlds, only connected by these precious moments of togetherness. While I immersed myself in the whirlwind of assignments, exams, quizzes, and projects, the world continued to turn, a bittersweet reminder of the growing distance between us. I couldn't come to terms with the fact that the place I once used to live with my parents, I only visit during vacations now. Seeing my siblings grow up, when I was away made me feel that we almost grew apart and not just away.

Observing the vibrant dynamics before me, I come to a profound realization of the significance each individual holds in my life. The symphony of my mother's laughter, my father's playful banter, the sibling rivalries, the melodrama of my aunt's tales, and the passionate discussions of my uncle - all these seemingly trivial yet inherently precious elements of our shared existence suddenly come alive, reaffirming the irreplaceable value of these simple, everyday moments that breathe life into our souls.

NAME - Niharika Sahay

Branch: ECSc.

Year: 1stYear

IMPERMANENCE

The world moves on but you stop, you stumble, you fall, and when you look up, unfamiliar faces and situations are staring at you forcing you to make decisions you never thought you would.

Yes, the sky may be happy today, smiling at you; while the winds frolic and play with your hair, but tomorrow. Tomorrow you never know. You may be treated to a thunderstorm while the skies tear themselves apart and the winds are determined to do the same to you. And the next day the sun smiles again and so it goes on.

And then suddenly one day, you just fade away. All the things you had been keeping locked up tumble out and attempt to drown you. Your friend looks through you and your parents are too busy for you. You desperately need someone to ask you how you are that day, but no one does. It's one of those days when you feel tears gathering in your eyes, as everyone around you seems to be enjoying life just the same and you feel lonely, apart, looking through a glass wall. You see joy but you just can not seem to comprehend what it is. You feel that it has been a long time since you have smiled and said what you wanted to instead of just fake reactions. That day, it hurts, and it hurts deep. And it keeps hurting when you go to sleep and lie awake thinking what if all your friends are lying and they just really, really hate you. You question whether they really could not hear your silent screams or if they just did not care enough. You question yourself, your motivations, and your ambitions. Call yourself stupid and ignorant while tears stream down your face. Curse your naivety that you thought you could find someone who would just listen. You are hurting while your roommates sleep soundly and peacefully. You need to scream but you know you cannot wake them up. You bottle up your tears, tired by your own emotions you drift into the abyss.

And when you wake up. You wake up free. Your roommates ask you if you are alright as you seemed really silent yesterday, and you smile. Your friends ask you if you feel alright as you were out of sorts yesterday and had withdrawn from the conversation abruptly. They explain that they do not want to bother you any further and you smile. Someone cracks a joke and a giggle slips out of your mouth. You walk with a jump in your step. You overhear someone making a quip and it paints your lips in a grin. You do not even notice you are smiling until someone points it out. It's one of those days. It is a good day.

Whispers of Shadows: A Tapestry of Contrast

In shadows' grasp, where secrets hide,
A darker tale, in folds of night abide.
Beneath the stars, a mystery's call,
A chilling whisper, a silent thrall.

In every moonrise, a shivering cold,
A tale of secrets, untold.
Embracing shadows, we face our fears,
For life's a journey through joys and tears.

Beneath the canopy, where shadows creep,
Whispers of secrets that vigilance keeps.
Twisted roots and thorns unseen,
A haunting world, where shadows glean.

The silence of night, a haunting plea,
Echoes of whispers, a sinister spree.
In every silence, a tale obscure,
A tapestry woven, dark and impure.

Through winding alleys, where dangers lie,
Confronting the abyss, we'll not shy.
In every heartbeat, a pulse of fright,
A song of survival in the deep of night.

So let us not forget, in shadows' sway,
Life's contrasts, in night and day.
Plein de vie, in shadows' sight,

Name : Sanjeevan Bhuyan
Roll no : 2283147
School: KIIT School of Law

CHILDHOOD

Carefree and joyful days those were,
How time just flew me by,
I could never understand.

Leaving me with a longing so bittersweet,
Deep like a well, and vast as the ocean,
Home sweet home, I miss it so much.

Of my childhood days, I have a sweet box of memories
Opening it feels like the monsoon breeze, and
Down the memory lane, I go.

Name : Sneha Sarkar

Roll: 2206053

School : IT, 2nd year



The evening

On a sunday evening
I sipped my coffee gazing out of my window.
as fresh streams of air gushed here
and there rivaling among themselves.

I look at the horizon,
All I see, it's mesmerizing beauty.
Shining in my eyes, it's violet blending
With sun's hot red
and the sky with its comforting blues.

Not far away, stands a member of the forestry lane.
Branches ,wide and strong.
Two squirrels played giddily on one of it's hand,
they seem to run and jump and quarrel.
They dance and glide and slide.

A mother, brings food for her infants in her nest
She pecks them gently and feeds them.
Caressing them with her beak

They chirp, and roll into her lap.
A little bird sat on my shoulder.
Coo'ing at me, she says hello, I presume.
I nod and she smiles.

Name - Roshan Kumar
Roll No - 21052445
Year - CSE 3rd year

The Best Night

Sitting by the lake on a Tuesday night
With my best friends by my side
Laughing under the gaze of glittering stars
Living life fully without any restrain or bars
Gossiping about acquaintances while sipping wine
The moon's reflection on the lake looking so divine
Our giggles were muffled by the sound of rustling trees
Our loose hair fluttering in the cool breeze
The night was still young
The fun had just begun
We had to make memories for a lifetime
Which remain etched in our mind

Name - Amishi Agarwal
Roll No - 22051317
School - CSE, 2nd year



Whispers in night sky

Whispers in night sky lost in the winds passing by.
Whispers in night sky vanish away like the dew of night time,
Whispers under night sky rarely remain close by,
Whispers under night sky are never ours to find.

The things pondered over in hush tones,
The topics wondered over in dark rooms,
The things said and unsaid in shade of moon,
Are fleeting whispers pass away like the night.

Things done under night sky,
Be it pondering, wondering or wandering in our minds,
Be it tumbling and fumbling on paper,
Be it our skins touching and us sinking silently into heavenly embrace,
Be it our hearts sinkitng into each other or oblivion,
All of it are just the temporary twinkling in our life,
Just like those of night sky.

Just the stars which keep us company for sometime,
Then vanish with the slightest hint of daylight



Nikhil Sinha
2007023
4th Year EEE

The Lucky One

We all were our own selves
Until just a little while ago;
When they came in so shiny;
Still blinding all as they go.
We became a human mirror
Trying to be as shiny as them,
Copying like a carbon paper,
Filling ourselves with self-contempt.

She wanted to be him,
He wanted to be her;
But both of them are now gone
Becoming what they never were.
Everyone suddenly wanted to be one;
With no individuality, no uniqueness
In a tragic attempt of being beloved;
Trying to hide every little weakness.

But little did they all know,
The lucky one they all wanted to be
Wanted to be someone else;
Because flaws are what all see.

Name-Aadya Chandra

Roll no-22053652

Branch- 2nd CSE



VEXED YOUTH

Pave away
on his way
is chaos in hush
and is in haste

momentary brush of thy spirits
to laugh, to gleam and to lay

more to manifest?
to realize thy crave
to find in vain
void of pain

set to scream
abundant yet flawed
aid in distance, here yet clawed

a couple of "forever's"
flagons of plonk
set all aside
here comes thy honk

so many people yet barely any strained
longings and dreams, my wits are all in plague
profound in ties yet here I'm,
on my return to memory's lane

Name : Shreyanshu Yadav

Roll No: 21052793

Branch : CSE

Sad Day are Fine

Being sad is fine

Coz every time it's not your day to shine...

It's okay when your favourite things make you bore

It's okay when your favourite sweet tastes a bit sour

It's okay when the surrounding seems irritating

It's okay when good things keep waiting

It's okay when something makes you feel gloomy

It's okay when someone makes your day doomy...

It's okay when you don't like a flower every time

It's okay when you leave a situation which is truly fine

It's okay when beautiful sunsets don't make you happy

It's okay when your 4 a.m. friends seems cranky

It's okay when you stop nourishing yourself for a while

It's okay when you feel like crying after a deep sigh...

Coz being sad is fine

And every time it's not your day to shine...

It's okay for a while to be careless

It's okay for a while to be a mess

It's okay for a while to lose yourself

It's okay for a while to keep you out of this busy shelf...

So now start a fresh day after a mesmerising sleep

Learn to let things go because few things are not meant to keep...

Coz being sad is fine

And every time it's not your day to shine...

Vishalakshi Kumari
22054003, CSE
2ND YEAR



SEASONS DO COME BACK

“Every tear has its reason, Every smile has its season”.

I heard this quote somewhere and was fascinated by it. It's true that seasons don't last forever. But this doesn't mean that it is a waste to love a particular season. Every season gives us uncountable memories; not every time it gives us joy, sometimes it hurts too. But this is what's termed as 'life'. I too believe that seasons are the best example to see the process that whatever begins comes to an end one day. But it is not true that they never come back. It depends upon these eyes which can wait for the beauty of the same season once again but with a new perspective and a new beginning.

Yeah! Beginnings are a bit scary and endings are painful. This is the reason we should always cherish the journey leaving behind the extremes. We should wait if we are so very fascinated to welcome the same season with new hope and joy because seasons do come back. They also love the moments one has spent in its presence. So, just rely on the beautiful cycle of nature because lost things too can be found and gone days can be celebrated with the same enthusiasm and sound.

Name-Vishalakshi Kumari

Roll no-22054403

Branch-CSE



HAPPENINGS

A white pigeon sits on a branch,
That lays on top of a flowing pond.

Three ducks, in a line, pass by
The frost-born and both

Look at the other.

There is no smile.

The black eyes and the yellow beak
Move in harmony as the nightingale hums.

Swiftly, a falcon dives the waters and
The next moment, a fish flops in its claws.
The falcon is never seen again for a while.

Yet such violence cannot disrupt
The gracefulness of the sparrow.

It plops sideways and keeps on moving.
Once or twice, so rarely, the water bubbles

And two fish jump an arc and vanish
Again inside the mirror, but the crow misses the fish.

But it shall not go hungry, it flies the skies,
And just as the falcon, tries to dive for prey.

Roars the eagle and the skies approach it,
With caution not thrown to the wind.

A small tree sits, legs drowned, in the waters.

Within its brows, a small bird looks.

It looks at the happenings of the lake,
And harmonizes all that the scene had to give.
It chirps but never is it nearing the nightingale.

Nor the ducks, nor the pigeons
Neither the falcon, neither the crow
Absent is the sparrow and the eagle.

Soon the winds begin to blow,
An uncalled call waves among the scene.

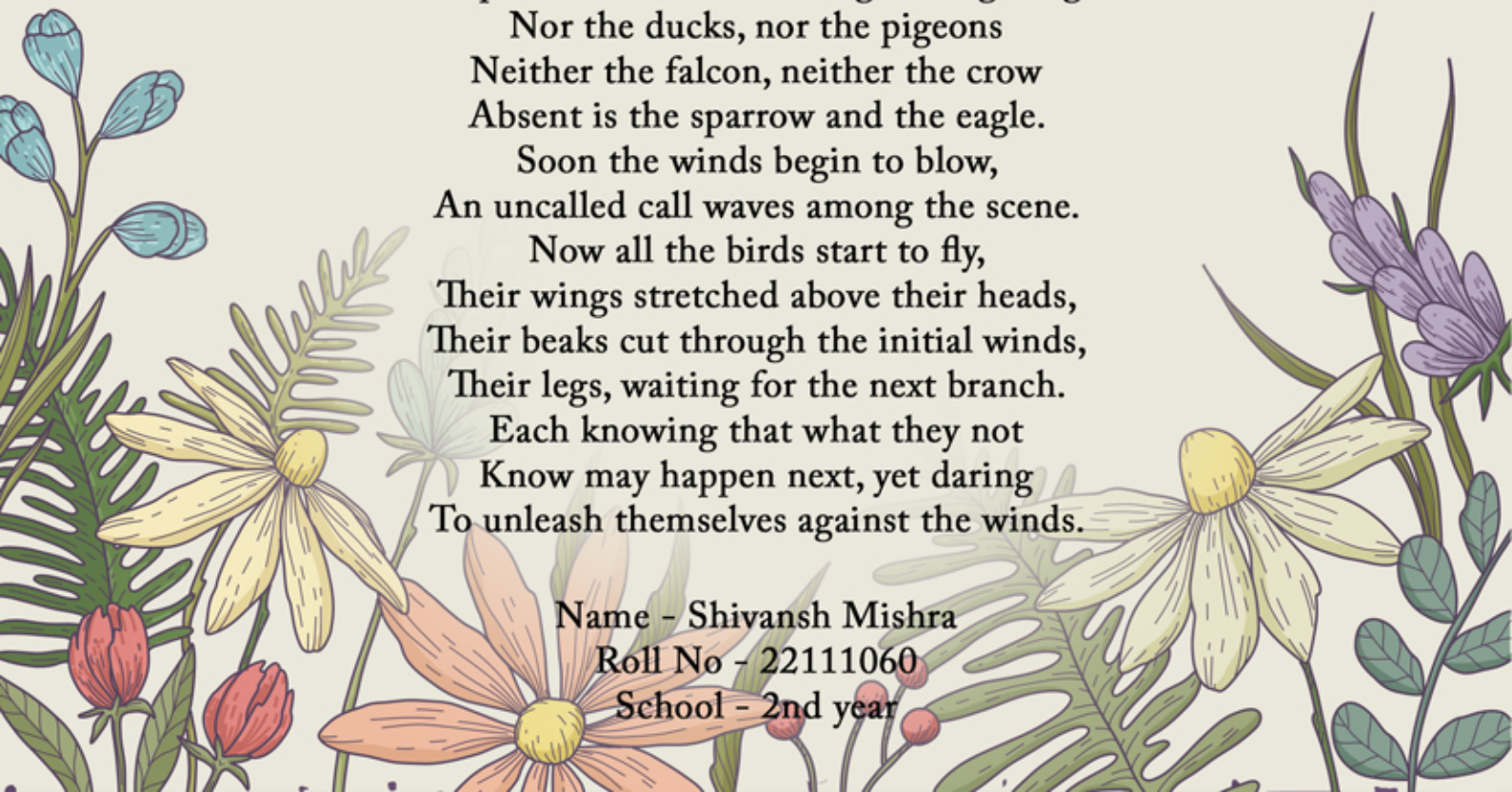
Now all the birds start to fly,
Their wings stretched above their heads,
Their beaks cut through the initial winds,
Their legs, waiting for the next branch.

Each knowing that what they not
Know may happen next, yet daring
To unleash themselves against the winds.

Name - Shivansh Mishra

Roll No - 22111060

School - 2nd year



VITALITY

“To be fully alive, fully human, and completely awake is to be continually thrown out of the nest.” – Pema Chodron.

Life is an exquisite tapestry of moments, each holding the potential for joy, discovery, and fulfilment. In a world that often encourages us to chase external validations and conform to societal norms, the concept of self-love has become more critical than ever. True happiness and fulfilment begin with embracing and nurturing the relationship you have with yourself.

To live life to the fullest is to embrace every day with open arms, to savour the taste of adventure in the smallest of experiences, and to find wonder in the ordinary. It's about dancing through the rain, chasing dreams with relentless passion, and cherishing the laughter of loved ones. It's choosing to see beauty in the world around us, to be present in each moment, and to relish the journey as much as the destination. Living life to the fullest is a celebration of the extraordinary within the everyday, a reminder that our time is limited, and every second is a precious gift waiting to be unwrapped with boundless enthusiasm.

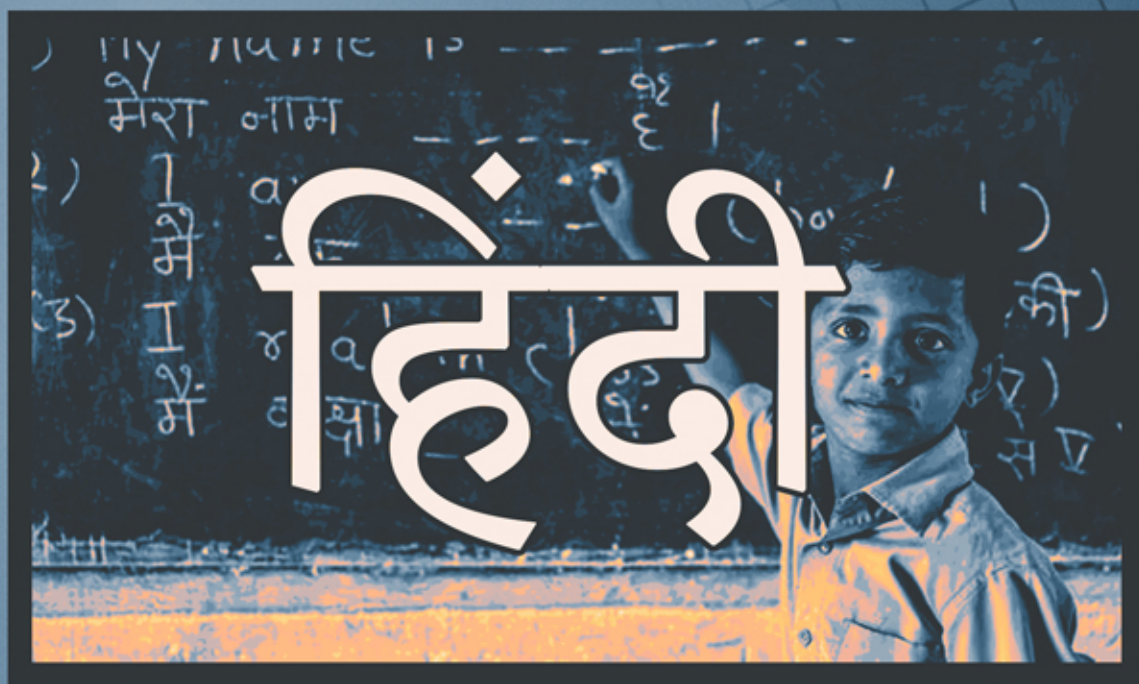
Living life to the fullest is not about waiting for the perfect moment, it is about making every moment perfect. The beauty of life lies in its unpredictability, ups and downs, and moments of joy and sorrow. Embrace it all, for it's the tapestry of experiences that makes your journey unique and worthwhile.

Trust the process, one day at a time!

Start today. Make a conscious effort to infuse each day with enthusiasm, positivity, and a zest for life. Seize the day, savour every moment, and let the adventure of living life to the fullest unfold before you. You deserve nothing less than a life rich, vibrant, and deeply satisfying.

Name : Aditi Singh Roy
Roll No: 2105433
School: CSE, 2nd year





एक रास्ता ये भी है

एक रास्ता ये भी है,
जो मुझे मेरी मंजिल तक पहुँचाता है,
जहाँ पर इस भीड़ से कोई वास्ता ना हो,
उन मुकामों से मुझे रूबरू कराता है।

लोग तो बहुत कम मिले इस सफ़र में मुझे
पर खुद से मुलाकात मुझे इन राहों ने ही कराया है
एक अलग ही सुकून है यहाँ जो मुझे पहले कभी ना मिल पाया है
कितना अनोखा सफ़र है ये
कितनी कशिश है इन वादियों में
इतनी खूबसूरत है ये जिंदगी
मुझे आज इस सफ़र ने ही तो बताया है।

क्या खूब है ये रास्ता भी,
जिसने मुझे मेरी जिंदगी का मक़सद बताया है,
और इस भेड़ चाल से कोसों दूर लेकर आया है।

- Vishalakshi Kumari
2nd year, CSE



कर्म फल

प्रशंसा से पिघलना मत ,
आलोचना से उबलना मत ,
न घमण्ड रखो जय का ,
न शर्म रखो पराजय का ।

तुम अडिग रहो कर्म रथ पर ,
निःस्वार्थ हो कर कर्म करो ,
परिणाम की चिंता तुम क्यूँ करते ,
क्या होगा तेरा एक परिणाम से ?

क्या लेके तू आया विश्व में ,
क्या लेके तू जायेगा ?
तेरा हार-जीत है इस धरा का ,
और इस धरा का इस धरा पर ,
सब धरा ही रह जाएगा ।



-अदिति कश्यप

LOSE

WIN

ADITI KASHYAP
2019-2024 (5th YEAR)
KIIT School of Law, BBA LLB

कैसे करूँ इज़हार

कैसे मैं करूँ इज़हार, कैसे करूँ इज़हार कि तेरी ही आखों की चमक,
तेरी फूलों सी खिलखिलाती मुस्कुराहट,
में ही है मेरा प्यार।

तेरा तितलियों के पीछे भागना,
हर रंग के फूलों को देख रोशन होना, में ही है मेरा प्यार।
तेरा सुबह की रोशनी सा हल्के से मुझे छूना,
तेरे मुझे देख खुशी से उछलना,
में ही है मेरा प्यार, पर कैसे मैं करूँ इसको इज़हार।

- निखिल

Name: Nikhil Sinha

Roll no: 2007023

School: B.Tech, EEE

जीवन : एक पहेली

हँस दिया मैं खुल कर जो एक पुराना बस्ता देख लिया,
उसमें बीती जिंदगी देख ली, मेरे जीने का रास्ता देख लिया,
परेशान था मैं जिंदगी से कोई एक फूल रख गया हाथ में,
मैंने परेशानी का भाव देखा, सुख कितना सस्ता देख लिया,
भाग दौड़ से दूर कहीं पर, किसी घने पेड़ की छाव में बैठे,
हर पल को कैसे जीते हैं ये आहिस्ता आहिस्ता देख लिया,
जिन्दगी को समझा ,जब तने हुए सारे पेड़ काट दिए गए,
पर झूला बांध दिया, जब कोई पेड़ शिकस्ता देख लिया।

- श्रेयश रॉय

Name: Shreyas Roy

Roll no: 22052762

School: B.Tech, CSE



ज़िन्दगी धारा बहती है

ज़िन्दगी धारा बहती है, कभी मीठी, कभी खारी
हर पल बदलते रंगों में, ये लेती है सवारी
पर खुशियाँ बटोरो तुम, हर लहर से हर मौसम
दुख आए तो सीख लो, ये भी है जीवन का पाठ वरदान

प्यार मिलता है राहों में, रिश्तों का है सहारा ।
हर पल सीखो, हर पल दो, खुशियों का ये उपहार ।
यादें बनती हैं मोती, जीवन के हार में पिरो लो ।
जी लो हँसते हँसते, हर पल को संजो लो ।

ज़िंदगी है चित्र, रंगों से भरी हुई,
खिलते फूलों सी, खुशबू से महकी हुई ।
सवेरे सूरज की, किरणों सी जगमगाए,
शाम ढले चाँद की, शीतलता घटाए ।

सपनों को बुनना, उन्हें हकीकत बनाना,
हर मुश्किल पार करना, हार ना मानना ।
देना और पाना, ज़िंदगी का सार,
दया और करुणा, दिल को ये प्यार ।



- Name: Aryan Chatterjee
Roll No: 22053495
School: B.Tech,Cse



जीवन: एक अंतर्विरोध

आरंभसहित अंतरहित
शून्य-पूर्ण अनंतसहित
अर्थविहीन रससहित
कष्टमय काल आनंदसहित
प्रेमसहित द्वेषरहित
घृणारहित क्रोधसहित
मित्रस्नेह शत्रुसहित
विश्वसहित आत्मनिहित
सरिता सरीख मेरुरचित
भाग्यघटित कर्मविदित
चक्षुभ्रमित दृष्टिसहित
साधनरहित साधनासहित
विलोम बाधित पर्यायपूरित
प्राणपूर्ण अनुभव ग्लानिरहित
शोकसमय संबलसहित
रावणरुग्ण सियारामतरित
प्राचीस्वरूप संध्यारूपित
रंकआहार नरेशचरित
बैरसचरित्र रक्तरचित
मायाविक्षिप्त ब्रह्मरक्षित ।



Name: Vishalakshi Kumari
Roll No: 22054003
School: B.Tech, Cse

जीवन का तराना

पहला प्रकाश, आकाश को छूता है,
धरती को जगाती सुबह,
जीवन का तराना गूँजता है,
पंछियों के मीठे सुरों में।

पहाड़ों की चोटी छूने का जुनून,
नदियों के साथ बहाव का नशा,
प्रेरणा की चट्टानों पर चढ़ना,
जीवन का नया मुकाम पाना।

नन्हे हाथ हवा में खेलते हैं,
हँसी की लहरें छोड़ते हैं,
माँ की गोद में प्यार बरसता है,
जीवन का पहला अध्याय शुरू होता है।

शांत सागर में खुद को डूँढना,
आत्मा की आवाज सुनना,
जीवन के तूफानों से निडर होकर,
हर मोड़ पर आगे बढ़ना।

बचपन का खेल धूप में खिलता है,
दोस्ती का बंधन मजबूत होता है,
स्वाबों के पंख फैलते हैं आसमान में,
जिंदगी की उम्मीदें उड़ती हैं।

हर चेहरे पर एक कहानी,
हर आवाज में एक नगमा,
जीवन का सार प्यार ही है,
इंसानियत का सर्वोच्च धर्म।

प्रेम का रंग हृदय को रंगता है,
एक दूसरे में खोई दुनिया,
पहले डर, नई उम्मीदें जन्म लेती हैं,
जीवन का सफर साथ चलता है।

तो चलो, इस जीवन को गीत बनाएं,
प्रेम का रंग हर पल भरें, हँसते हुए,
गाते हुए, चलते हुए,
जिंदगी की राहें पार करें।

परिवार के साथ हँसी का गुलाब,
रिश्तों की महकती खुशबू,
हर पल में यादें बनती हैं,
जीवन का सुकून भरा भंडार।

जीवन का तराना,
अंतहीन, अनंत, अपरंपार,
हर साँस में खिलता स्वाब,
हर लहर में नया उजाला।

-इमरान अली

Name: Imran Ali

Roll no: 23053590

School: B.Tech

मैं कौन हूँ ?

उन्मुक्त गगन में उड़ने वाली पंछी,
बादलों से दूर जाने के सपने लिये,
निकल पड़ी घोंसले से,
मंज़िल की तलाश में ।

हर सुबह सूर्य की एक झलक देखती हूँ,
उसकी रौशनी से जगमग दुनिया में चहचहाती हूँ,
इठलाती बलखाती अपने सपने को खोजने,
बस चलती जा रही मैं , चलती जा रही मैं ।

ना थकने का डर है, ना गिरने का खौफ़,
आत्मविश्वास की डोर पकड़े,
हर ठोकर को पार किये जा रही मैं ,
बस चलती जा रही मैं , चलती जा रही मैं ।

मंज़िल तक पहुँचने का सफ़र,
है ना ये सुलभ डगर,
पर हिम्मत को जकड़ के पकड़े,
काटों पर चलती जा रही मैं , चलती जा रही मैं ।

मंज़िल है थोड़ी दूर अभी,
और तपिश है करने को बाकी,
पहुँच के अपने मंज़िल तक एक दिन,
आऊँगी फिर मैं एक कहानी सुनाने ।

मेहनत के सफ़र पे चलते चलते,
कितनी ठोकरें है खाई मैंने,
एक एक पन्ने सुनाऊँगी मैं,
अपनी मंज़िल का द्वार दिखाऊँगी मैं ।

ADITI KASHYAP

2019-2024 (5th YEAR)

KIIT School of Law, BBA LLB

बरखा

तृष्णा बुझाती उग्र धरा की, कंठ भिगोती जल शीतल सी,
किसी दिवस दिनकर धुँधलाती, तुम सर्द श्यामल संध्या सी।

व्यथित हुए एकाकी मन को, माई के मध्यम स्पर्श सी,
कभी सताती कभी हँसाती, स्नेही के नटखट संगत सी।

हे मनोरमा, हे सुखदायी, हे सृजन स्रोत, तुम सौम्या सी,
जीवन स्पर्श की राह जो तकते, उनको कुसुमाकर के प्राची सी।

चिर प्रतिक्षा को छाँटती, व्याकुल हृदय को निद्रा-विराम सी,
किसी सांझ मन आँगन आगंतुक, जीवन के बिछड़े प्रियतम सी।

जीवन जननी, मृत्यु-हरणी, सृजन करणी, हे करुणा सी,
पुनः हरित करने को प्रकटो, जीवन कंटक पथ पर वृष्टि सी।

Ujjwal Kashyap
CSE, 3rd Year



ये मंज़िल

ये मंजिल इतनी दूर भी नहीं
कि तुम पाना छोड़ दो ।
ये समुद्र इतना गहरा भी नहीं
कि तुम कश्ती चलाना छोड़ दो ।
ये राह इतनी लम्बी भी नहीं
कि तुम चलना छोड़ दो ।
ये ख्वाहिशें इतनी ज्यादा भी नहीं
कि तुम पूरी करना छोड़ दो ।
ये जिंदगी इतनी मुश्किल भी नहीं
कि तुम जीना छोड़ दो ।
ये काँटे इतने चुभते भी नहीं
कि तुम फूल चुनना छोड़ दो ।

जिंदगी में कुछ भी नामुमकिन नहीं है हमारे लिए,
अगर होती तो वो दुनिया में ही नहीं होती ।
इसलिए जब तक मंजिल दिखने ना लग जाए
और परेशानियाँ ओझल ना हो जाएं
तबतक चलते रहना और मुश्किलों में राहें बुनते रहना ।



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ଆଖ୍ୟା: ବିଦ୍ୟମାନର ସିଂଘେନୀ ।

ମହାନଗରୀର ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବନର କୋଳାହଳ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ମାୟା ନାମକ ଜଣେ ସଂଗୀତଜ୍ଞ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ସେ ଦିନସାରା ରାସ୍ତାରେ ବୁଲୁଥିଲେ, ସହରର ସ୍ୱର ଏବଂ ଏହାର ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ଗୀତ ଶୁଣୁଥିଲେ ।

ମାୟା ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରୁଥିଲେ ଯେ ଜୀବନ ଏକ ସିଂଘେନୀ ପରି, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଏକ ଅଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଯନ୍ତ୍ର, ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱର ମହାନ ରଚନାରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଭୂମିକା ଗ୍ରହଣୀୟ । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଜୀବନ ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହେଲା ପରେ ସୃଷ୍ଟିହୋଇଥିବା ସଂଗୀତରେ ସେ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ସ୍ୱରର ଗଭୀରତା ରେ ଆମ୍ବିଭୋର ହୁଅନ୍ତି ।

ଦିନେ, ମାୟା ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଯାଉଥିବା ବେଳେ ଏକ ବାଦ୍ୟଯନ୍ତ୍ର ବଜାଉଥିବା କଳାକାରଙ୍କୁ ଭେଟିଥିଲେ । ଏଥିରେ ଉତ୍ତୁକ ହୋଇ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ନିକଟକୁ ଯାଇ ପଚାରିଲେ, ତୁମେ କାହିଁକି ଏପରି ଦୁଃଖଦ ସଂଗୀତ ବଜାଉଛ?

ରାସ୍ତାର କଳାକାର ଦୀର୍ଘ ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ଛାଡିଉଠିବ ବେଳେ, "ମୋର ସଂଗୀତ ମୋ ହୃଦୟରେ ଥିବା ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାକୁ ପ୍ରତିଫଳିତ କରିଥାଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଭୟ କରେ ଯେ ଏହି ସହରର କୋଳାହଳ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଏହା କେବେବି ଶୁଣାଯିବ ନାହିଁ ।"

ମୃଦୁହସ୍ୟ ସହିତ ମାୟା ତାଙ୍କ ବଂଶୀ ବାହାର କରି ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱର ସହିତ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱର ମିଶାଇଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ମିଳିତ ସଂଗୀତର ଯାଦୁକରୀ ଧ୍ୱନିରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତବହୁଳ ରାସ୍ତାଗୁଡ଼ିକ ନିସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ହୋଇଗଲା, ଏବଂ ସହରର ପରିବେଶ ଏକ ନୈସର୍ଗିକ ମୂର୍ଚ୍ଛନାରେ ଭିଜିଗଲା ।

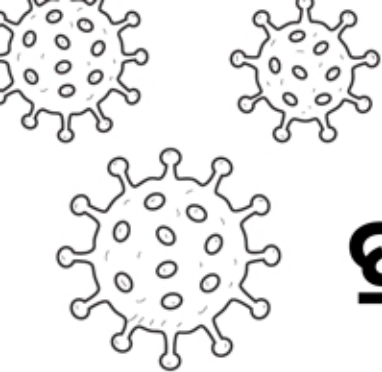
ମାୟା କଳାକାରଙ୍କୁ କହିଲେ, "ଲୋକମାନେ ହୁଏତ ତୁମର ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଶୁଣନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଆତ୍ମାରେ ଏହାର ସ୍ୱର ଅନୁଭବ କରନ୍ତି । ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱର ଦୁନିଆର ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସ୍ୱର ସହିତ ମିଶି ଏକ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସ୍ୱରର ତରଙ୍ଗ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ, ଯାହା ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ମଧୁର ଭାବପ୍ରବଣତାରେ ଯୋଡିଥାଏ ।" ମାୟାଙ୍କ କଥାରେ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ ହୋଇ କଳାକାର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କଲେ, କୃତଜ୍ଞତାର ଲୁହ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖିରୁ ଝରି ପଡିଲା ।

ସେହିଦିନଠାରୁ ସେମାନେ ଏକତ୍ର ହୋଇ ବାଦ୍ୟ ବଜାଇଲେ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କ ସଂଗୀତର ସ୍ୱରରେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଆନନ୍ଦିତ ଓ ବିମୋହିତ କରିଲେ । ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ମିଳିତ ସଂଗୀତରେ ମହାନଗରୀର ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଭିତରେ ଆଶାର ସୁନେଲିକିରିଣ ଖେଳିଯାଇଥିଲା ।

ସ୍ୱରର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ସଙ୍ଗୀତର ଶକ୍ତିସ୍ଥାନ କାଳ ପାତ୍ରରୁ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱରେ ରହି ଆତ୍ମାକୁ ଏକତ୍ର କରିବାର ଏହା ଏକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଉଦାହରଣ ।

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ପ୍ରଭୁ ତୁମେ କେ ଡ଼ଠି ଅଛ

ହେ ଦୟା ମୟ ଇଶ୍ଵର ତୁମେ କେ ଡ଼ଠି ଅଛ ?
ତୁମ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ମା ନବଜା ତି ହେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଆଜି ଛଟପଟ |
ଜୀ ବନ ରକ୍ଷା ପା ଇ ଘରେ ଘରେ ତୁମକୁ ଜପୁଛି,
ସଞ୍ଜ ସକାଳେ ଦୀ ପ ଜା ଲି ପୁଲ ବେ ଇ ଡା କୁଛି |

ରା ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ -ଘା ଟ ମନ୍ଦିର-ମସଜିଦ ଗୁରୁଦ୍ଵାରା-ଗିରିଜା ଘର,
ସବୁଠି ଆଜି ଘା ଡକ କରୋ ନା ମହା ମା ରୀ ର ଡର |
ଖା ଲି ଖା ଲି ଲା ଗୁଛି ସବୁ ପୂଜା ପୀ ୦ ପ୍ରା ଥିନା ଛଳ,
କରା ଲ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ବେ ଦନା ରେ ଦୁନିଆଟା ହେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଟଳମଳ |

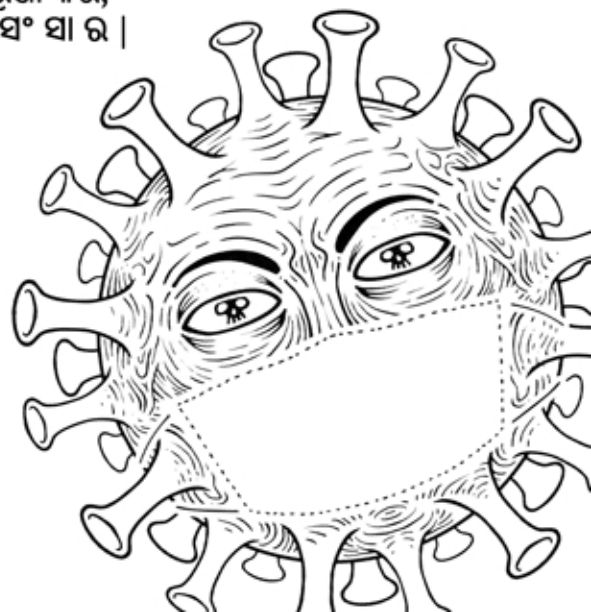
ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଜୀ ବ ନିଃ ସହା ଯ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜା ତି,
ଡା କୁଛି ତୁମକୁ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ଲୟେ ଆଶ୍ରୟଘରେ ଦିନ ରା ତି |
କରୋ ନା ଭୂତା ଶୁ ଘା ରୁଛି ତୁମରି ପ୍ରିୟ ଜୀ ବଜଗତକୁ,
ପ୍ରିୟଜନଙ୍କ ୁ ଛଡେ ଇ ନେ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଶହସ୍ର ନିରୀ ହ ଆତ୍ମା କୁ |

ଭୟା ନକ ମହା ମା ରୀ ମଣିଷକୁ ଅମଣିଷ କରୁଛି,ଛି
ଜୀ ବନ ଦୀ ପକୁ ଅକା ଚୁଳ ଧପ ଧପ ଲିଭେ ଇ ବେ ଭୁଛି |
ଆତୁର ନୟନେ ଚା ହି ରହୁଛି ତୁମରି ଆଶିଷ ପା ଇ ,
ଦୁରେ ଇ ଦିଅ କରୋ ନା କା ରୁଣ୍ୟ ଆହେ ଦୟା ବହି |

ମିଳୁନି ପବିତ୍ର ଶବକୁ ପ୍ରିୟଜନଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ତିମ ଚା ରି କା ଈ,
ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ଦ୍ଵାର କବର ଛା ନ ସ୍ଥଳା ନ ଘା ଟ ସବୁଯା କ ବନ୍ଦ |
ଡହଳ ବିକଳେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ କୋ ଲେ ଖୋ ଜୁଛି ତୁମରି ସଭା ,
ଆହେ କୃପା ବର ଦୁରେ ଇ ଦିଅ ଦୁନିଆର ଦୁଃଖ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା |

ତୁମେ ଅଟ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଆମ ସଭିଙ୍କ ହର୍ତ୍ତା କର୍ତ୍ତା ଜୀ ବନ ଦା ଡା ,
ଦୟା କର କ୍ଷମା କର ପା ପୀ ମଣିଷକୁ ଆହେ ଜଗତ ପିତା |
ଦୟା ସା ଗର ନିରା କା ର ଅନା ଦି ଅନନ୍ତ କରୁଣା କର,
ହସା ଇ ଦିଅ କୃପା ବର ଦୁଃଖ ବେ ଦନା ଭରା ସଂ ସାର |

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HOPE-TRIANGLE

-MOINAK BOSE, 2022 Batch

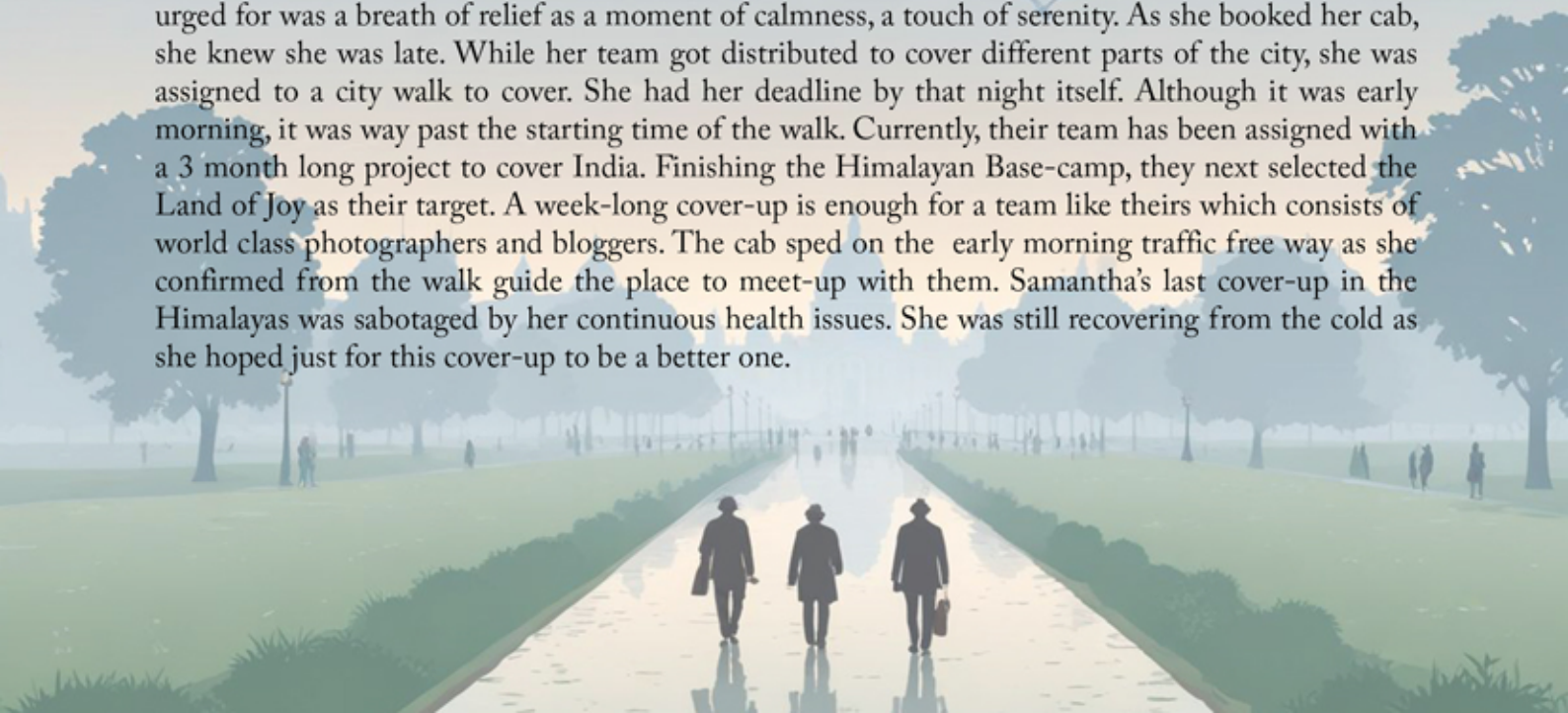
The alarm rang hard. Holiday is over. The city has just celebrated its Diwali the previous night and is under deep sleep. The idea of going to school as the holiday mood is still up was just not appropriate, yet Mihir agreed just because of one reason. Victoria Memorial always fascinated his young colorful mind, and passing by it especially during this winter morning just freshened up his day. As if it just liberated his dreams. He reached the bus stand, the angel statue of the monument was peeping above the trees opposite to the stand. Even at his age, storybooks and painting classes have quite influenced his budding mind to enjoy these perspectives. Road was blocked today. Routine check-ups were common during this time and to Mihir's utter fortune, the bus halted just in front of the mausoleum. His constant requests soon convinced his mom for a day off, how long would the lady resist this idea of a sudden free-day. Like all other grown-ups she too was frustrated with everyday life. The feet stepped in the dew-covered grasses as the traffic cleared in behind. The boy just saw his hope for a perfect day getting real in front of him.

*

Ramesh was the best in his circuit. Yet, the formation of syndicates forced him to a particular area and with particular shifts to work in. Konark Sun Temple had ample tourists to fill his and his family's stomach, yet he had to shift to the neighboring state for a better living. Photography was not only his profession but his passion as well. Now, shifting to a new land, new environment, new people, he had mixed feelings. He easily received the job of photographer for the city walks, yet he had fear in his mind. What if things don't turn out in his favor, what if his charisma behind the lens didn't just spark up in this city? The train reached the station accompanied with the dawn. The sun blessed the land with its golden rays as he walked out of the railway station. Here the country was ready for the day, to celebrate Diwali, a festivity of togetherness, he stood miles apart from his nearest and dearest ones hoping just for everything to go right. His big day was the day next to Diwali, the day of his first assignment. The first city walk of the NGO for him to cover. A hope for a new beginning.

*

Samantha picked her backpack from the counter as her team moved forward toward the exit of the airport. She was currently burdened with responsibilities and deadlines. It was not possible for her to keep her spirits up as her passionate exploration got subdued under work pressure. What she really urged for was a breath of relief as a moment of calmness, a touch of serenity. As she booked her cab, she knew she was late. While her team got distributed to cover different parts of the city, she was assigned to a city walk to cover. She had her deadline by that night itself. Although it was early morning, it was way past the starting time of the walk. Currently, their team has been assigned with a 3 month long project to cover India. Finishing the Himalayan Base-camp, they next selected the Land of Joy as their target. A week-long cover-up is enough for a team like theirs which consists of world class photographers and bloggers. The cab sped on the early morning traffic free way as she confirmed from the walk guide the place to meet-up with them. Samantha's last cover-up in the Himalayas was sabotaged by her continuous health issues. She was still recovering from the cold as she hoped just for this cover-up to be a better one.



Ramesh was talking to the nearby nut-seller when he noticed a foreigner lady talking to his boss. Is she a Britisher? Or maybe an Australian, or rather. His chain of thoughts got interrupted by a woman calling. He noticed a middle-class woman holding her child's hand was beckoning him. She came forward and before she could ask anything, the boy asked if they could join their walk. Timir's heart was asking to seize the day. Ramesh was sure that he was not authorized to give such permissions. So he pointed his boss which made the child run towards him followed by his mother.

Ramesh suddenly found a mind blowing frame for a shoot as the boy approached where his boss was standing. With mild fog covering the Memorial in the backdrop, he clicked his camera as it captured a young lady bending down to listen to a young boy who is asking something to her putting his chin up as his mother holding his hand is looking lovingly down to him as if enjoying the innocence.

Timir looked at the photo as it hung in frame on the wall. Ramesh gave a copy of it to both him and Samantha. The walk changed his life forever. Even at that young age he found a new passion of blogging after speaking with Samantha, he still hopes to make fame in the field of blogging, just like the fame that Samantha got writing that blog on Kolkata. That photo changed Ramesh's life in the most drastic way. He came to the city with the hope for a better living but received an offer letter from an international platform on his very first day. He didn't have to look back again ever. All three of them had walked away from each other since that day, yet affecting each other so much. It was just a hope for a better day, for a better life and for a better cover-up that changed everything. Someone really was righteous in saying "Hope

Smiles from the threshold of the year to come,
Whispering 'it will be happier.'"



Lazzat e Hayāt; Literary Confluence in Urdu

-Sayak Chatterjee, 2021 Batch, E&TC

My fascination with Urdu started when I stumbled upon Manto. His short stories which reflect corroded human values while characters trying to escape the purview of obscenity(at least from the courts) provided a reflection and criticism of society. While most of the works were set during the Partition of 1947, a closer look would make one realize that the themes are relevant even to this day.

The motivation to write this particular work stems from one particular play by Saadat Hasan Manto titled 'Hindi aur Urdu(Published 1954). With a satirical setup, it delves into the conversation of two people who differed in opinion of whether the lemon should be added to the soda or the other way around. While this sounds ridiculous, the work was aimed at the Puritan intellectual groups who wanted to separate Hindi from Urdu and create a separate identity. Those were the days soon after the creation of Pakistan and its adoption of Urdu as the official language. On similar lines, many in India wanted a Hindi that was free from the traces of its neighboring counterparts. Distressed, Manto chose to address this issue. When I first read the arguments posed by the two gentlemen in the play, they sounded humorous, and rather childish at certain places, until it became clear why the author chose to put those arguments in particular. 'Rekhta' is a foundation that through its unwavering efforts has kept Urdu alive, closest to its origin since its inception. Its annual event 'Jashn e Rekhta' has over the years hosted many popular personalities. One such is the popular scriptwriter Varun Grover. In his address which lasted for over an hour, he stressed how the most popular words of Hindi have roots in Urdu and what is known as Urdu has a close association with HindiKhadi Boli, as it be called. Many Sufi ballads have originated from the Braj area of Uttar Pradesh, thus having elements of Vaishnavism. I have been long an admirer of the Progressive Writers Movement, which originated in India around the time India gained Independence. This movement aimed at bringing under its umbrella, new and progressive thoughts to the households of readers. A feminist, often outspoken and modern outlook was introduced to the audience. While some slammed it as 'Fahash'(Obscene) which will corrode the noble upbringing, others saw a light along the path, which would rejuvenate interest in the language and instill some sense of pride torival the literary figures from the world of English Literature. Most notable among those have been Ismat Chughtai and Qurratalain Hyder. The works reflect a newness with the lingering tincture of the past.



'Tedhi Lakeer' and 'Aag Ka Darya' remain my favorite works from the time. The former, which tears into the conservative lives of people, written by Ismat Chughtai reminds us in its rather haunting tone, how barriers to expression can lead to resented stigmas coming on the surface. In a semi-autobiographical work, Ismat talks about her childhood- a girl growing up among boys, being stressed for 'adab' and discipline in a later work, 'Kagazi Hai Pairahan', her autobiography. Another, 'Aag Ka Darya' was written by Qurratalain Hyder, which traces the journey of India right from its civilization origins, and is so particular with details of invasion and conflict, that it was banned in Pakistan. Celebrating the civilizational glory of the country woven in a story passing through the formation years, it is considered one of the finest books written in Urdu. Why is this a confluence? I feel that the relevance of their works- Manto, Ismat Chughtai, and Qurratalain Hyder from the rich variety of commentary on the society that breaks free from the usual lovestruck couples who have long formed the mainstream storytelling that Urdu harbored. A reckoning probably was





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and wore her scars like
Wings.....*



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2023-24

