

Sibylline

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By

The Journalism Club

PG & Research Department of English

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CRACKING CREATIVITY



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EDITORIAL

In this delightful edition of Sibylline, we are looking at creativity surging back into the threshold of young minds. The many poems and literary articles are vivid attempts of budding artists. It is for such as these, the great Greek Prophetess Sibyl foretells a future in which they see themselves as writers and poets and believe that they have the raw material and the creative acumen to work with.

Sibylline has always been a source of inspiration by her very presence and warmly encloses every inkling or inclination towards these exercises in poetry, the short story or literary ventures.

Sibylline has never failed to bid her sad goodbyes to the precious retirees of Auxilium. This year we say farewell to Mrs. Jereen Rex, Dr. Sr. Regina Mary and Dr. Jancy Mary, acknowledging the fact that life is full of meetings and partings, but what lives on are the meaningful moments shared across decades in this great institution.

May God be with them everyday of their lives recounting the best, realizing that life is of the essence, from the smallest molecule to the mighty atom! Your contribution will live on in this small journal as well, which is involuntarily a part of everything that happens.

Creativity is the offshoot of events, and hopes and dreams.

Long live Sibylline!

Dr. VERNUM CECILIA
Associate Professor & Head
PG & Research Dept. of English.

FROM THE STAFF ADVISOR'S DESK



‘Age of Light’ it was hailed! 2022 achieved an incredible triumph and became the center of World’s talk. It all began with the release of the Spectacular image of the cosmos by the James Webb Space Telescope. A bold manifestation of the whimsical conviction, that it is possible to reach for the Stars and beyond. As a commemoration of this momentous achievement, and to encourage students to establish their place in the dazzling Universe, The Journalism club embraced the Theme “Chase the Moon and Ride the Stars” for the academic year 2022-2023.

Inspiring its members always to be creative and artistic, amidst the wear and tear of the common unpoetic life, it sought intensely to provide innovative expanse for the students through various club activities, especially with the ‘Trailblazer Hunt’ competitions this year. It provided an auspice for young minds to explore their skills in the magical paracosm of stars and science.

It has been a precious privilege and a delightful task to have worked with the wonderful team of Super talented young writers and artists who actively participated in all the events conducted by the club. We also deeply acknowledge and appreciate their great contribution in employing their talents and skills for all the social media platforms of the college.

This issue of Sibylline presents a myriad of stunning works of the Joyous Journey of the Journalism crew. May you find within its pages the warm, sweet, tender and exuberant world of imagination brought to life.

Enjoy reading

Best regards

Ms. Nimla Esther B
Assistant Professor
Department of English



MY TEACHER

Hardworking and diligent souls,
Building our life by playing a major role.
Doctor or scientist, no matter who we are,
It's all your selfless dedication that we came this far.
You mold us into a perfect person and shape our future,
What else would we want when we have a perfect preacher?
The world goes blind to your sacrifice of sweat and blood,
But we know you were the one who blossomed the bud.
We recognize the trouble you endeavor to make our pain lighter,
You deserve the world for making our life brighter.

WOMEN

The power we hold is cosmic,
The dedication we show is unrealistic.
Sacrificing our sweat and blood,
Not caring about our needs,
'Cuz our love is mightier than a flood

DECEPTION

You laughed at the jokes I cracked,
A serenity I found in your presence
A promise for eternity we made
A less of 'we', a more of 'I' it was.



Stayed with you from dusk till dawn
Shared with you secrets around
Never knew a smile you carried
Was deception, oh, indeed!

How am I to know you switched face?
Spoke ill of me with a merry gaze
It revolts me to think of the days we shared,
A stab on my back, my heart impaired.

My faith shredded apart after I know the real you.
I should have walked away before out of the blue.

Salika Sabahath S Z
I M.A English

FOR THE SAKE OF CHAOS AND ORDER CALLED LIFE



For the sake of chaos and order called Life
I write this with the simplest of intentions
As a consequence of the extremity of emotions, I'm feeling
In the center of my chest
I feel my bones dragged to the ground,
But I stand tall.
The heaviness weighing my shoulders,
Beckoning me to look within,
I still held my ground
It was such that I could've simply said 'I'm humbled'
But I wish it was all that easy, a chaotic innumerable ascertain.
Had I made sure to be so resilient,
I could perhaps have more control on the way I react
To rushing, surfacing emotion
I feel within.
Disheartened is all that I am.
I failed. I felt miserable.
I failed. I feel blessed to be reminded of many good things I've been granted.
And I felt miserable no more.
If all things seem to go downhill
It isn't essentially all that bad; sometimes it's only a gift in disguise.
It is better that I lost.
Now I see what I never consider looking back to.
The goodness in my life, the best of things in plain sight. Truly delighted.

Haniyyah Saman H.
II M. A English

AH YES! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?



Ah yes! What else could I do?
I was travelling as usual.
I was moved with nature and its ornaments.
It was painted with industrial smoke,
Decorated with deforestation,
Possessed with chemical waste;
Dressed with dumped plastic
Tuned with noise pollution,
And what else?
Perfumed with air pollution,
And finally blushed with soil erosion,
Wasn't it the perfect stage of nature, to mourn.
Of course yes,
It is already mourning
And I too noticed it.
That's the reason I penned down;
What else could I do?
I am one among them,
Yes! "The Great heartless human."

Sneha Shivanandhan
II M.A English

MEMORIES



Sitting on the backbench,
Eating everyone's lunch,
The teacher caught us with a lunchbox,
Standing shameless.
Outstanding students we were,
Had a lot of fun,
with friends,
One caught and pulled all.
Making innocent faces,
Creating memories for a lifetime.
School passed, friendship lost,
Hoped to be together for lifelong
but true face came out.
I wish I told you how much you all mean to me
My eyes filled with tears, hope to see you again.

Preethi. P
III B.A English C
Journalism Club Secretary

GOLDEN MOON



From the cold heaven earth
I look at the beautiful sky
Cloud - mass shadows.
Stars wink with enchanted dreams,
Moon beams dance upon trees

Guiding them to those who need her light.
Warming the hearts of those who cry
Her majestic movement makes me sigh.

Oh! Gracious mine
Her rim still shines
Mesmerized by her beautiful lights.
Oh! The envision
Her light illuminated the whole night
Can you hear her silent plea?
Her beauty resigns
It was dawn for all, for me
She enlightened more!
As I take deep breath of fresh air
My soul got a chance
To admire my Soul's peace.

Her beauty so timeless
Her skin flawless and pale.
Surrounded in mystery with
Grace and elegance
Changing her colour every night
That she borrows from the sun.
To gloom in the dark night
Listening to her glory
Dancing in her glee and glistens.
She promised her company;
My heart pause to breathe.
The night was made up of lights.
The story of a beautiful moon
Whose light glows brightest at night.

Mahashree. J

III B.A English C

A SOLDIER



Bravely standing in the line of fire,
Defending our freedoms from the darkest hour
No task either great, no price too high
Tirelessly serving with courage and might
The Soldier's courage shall never die.

A soldier stands so brave and true,
Defending our nation through and through.
With courage and dignity, they serve with pride,
Their mission is to protect us, side by side.
Their loyalty and bravery will be till the end.

The inner feeling of a soldier,
Is one of strength and courage bold,
But beneath the armor and the uniform,
Lies a heart that can feel and hold,
A secret longing to be back home.

A Lonely Soldier stands in the night
His courage and strength, an inspiring sight
No one to hold, no one to love
His courage and strength rise above
A Lonely Soldier serves his country with pride.

Duvvuru Keertana
II B.A English A

TO MY TEACHER



Dear Mam,
Your teaching made us thoughtful
Your smile made us joyful
Your arrival made us energized
Your style made us mesmerized
Your innocence made us spellbound
Your character made us to rebound
We want this journey to continue as ever
To be in love with you forever
With love and respect

Varsha. M
II B.COM

My Father



My father is very pure,
of that I am very sure,
My father neither rich nor proud,
Is one working in the crowd
Only he gives his all—for me.
He shows the way – And
I’m determined to stay
To follow the path
To reach the goal –
His and mine too.
I would say I am lucky,
As You are the Father to me.
There is nothing special, without a reason
About a father’s love - for a daughter
And all I wanted to tell you is that
You’re my Superhero - not now
But always - Our love is endless.

A.N. Rubaina
II B.A. History

LIVING DRAFT



I try to write, but my mind stays empty as my paper.
Through the most profound emotions that lie within the possession of the ink.
All the conversations with my heart leave no trail of pain but love.

The moments aren't stories yet; however, happening right away.
My past that I buried and my future I never worried about.
As They always told me, living in the moment is significant.

We live every day but die only once
our prophecy of living is read by destiny
A sermon over value for life

To hold oneself inside some pages.
It will not fade away but stay.
But it would be a fragile memory

Sheena Sahana.K
I B.A English A

WAS IT REAL?



Did she fall and bump her head?
Or was it real as it's said?
Talking rabbits running late
Card soldiers spewing hate
Grinning cats that are hard to behead
A Hatter who has lost his head
A red queen to rule it all
And into the rabbit hole she did fall
From a game of croquet with the queen of hearts
To a maddening tea with a rambunctious lot
"Curiouser and Curiouser" she mumbled to herself
As she traversed the world that almost cost her head
So why is a raven like a writing desk?
Perhaps it was just the Hatter's burlesque
Her purpose in Wonderland was a mystery
But her journey, a tale for history
Her farewell was as swift as her arrival
But neither were remotely trifle
Was it a dream or was it real?
But who's to say dreams aren't real.

(This poem is based on Alice's adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll)

Annie Pauline
I B.A English B

THE SILENT PIANO



The cacophony of silence was too much to bear
A portrait of sorrow hung in the air
The light of the house had been put to rout
One could not help but stare and pout
The memories of the past haunted every mind
For she truly was one of a kind
The story of the four sisters began with dreams and plans
Of fairies and witches, of knighthoods and riches
Different in grace, different in beauty
Her fingers dripped ingenuity
She loved her family above all else
And her presence made all the difference
Her music sprung from her heart
It was something beyond a form of art
The keys of the piano danced to her touch
And her piano she loved very much
She was the sunlight on hazy days
She was the star in many ways
The piano sits silent now
With its master nowhere about
Gone too soon from the world
An extraordinary girl in an ordinary world
Her warmth and music brought joy and love
But the Piano sits silent now

(This poem is based on the life of Beth March from “Little Women” by Louisa May Alcott)

Annie Pauline
I B.A English B

SHORT STORY



THE SUITCASE

I had just descended from my return flight from Hawaii. A few weeks back, I felt a major need to take a break from my hectic, mundane routine. So, Hawaii it was. I came to the baggage reclaim to retrieve my luggage. A blue duffel bag and a suitcase in sunset-orange. I spotted the suitcase as it came along the belt. As I reached out for it, a man with a beard suddenly grabbed it and ran away. I let out a cry in surprise and turned to chase him. But my friend who had travelled with me quickly grabbed my arm and pointed to another similar suitcase with my duffel bag. I opened it and was relieved to find my belongings in it.

Just as my friend collected her luggage, an alarm rang throughout the airport. Instantly, police officers and airport security personal surrounded and asked us all to depart immediately. I caught a few of the officers glancing at my suitcase. I looked over my shoulder and saw that bomb searchers too had arrived along with trained dogs. More officers stared at me. My friend nudged me sharply in the ribs and pointed with her chin. I looked at where she was pointing and saw an officer walk toward me.

“Ma’am, I need you to follow me,” he said.

I glanced nervously at my friend. She gave me an assuring look and made her way toward the exit as asked. The officer led me inside a small room and asked to look at the contents of my suitcase. I hesitated. He gave a strange look and left, commanding a security to stand guard. He returned a few minutes later with more men and asked again for my suitcase in a sterner tone. I reluctantly handed over my suitcase.

The officer opened it and had a look at my belongings. A frown appeared on his face. Another officer too looked in.

He then apologized and returned my suitcase.

While escorting me back to the exit, he explained that the airport had received a bomb threat. Someone had informed them that the bomb was in a suitcase of the same colour as mine. I remembered the rude man from earlier and reported it to the officer. That is when the bomb exploded.

Naveena Deborah. D
I B.A. English A

LOST AND FOUND



It happened when Mariam was walking home from work one evening. She bid her goodbyes to her colleagues as she walked across the road. She noticed a small girl, tears running down her face with a petrified look. As if like someone tugged her, Mariam walked towards the little girl, hoping she could help her out. The little girl stood gaping at Mariam as she walked towards her.

Mariam stood in front of the little girl who is probably ten. She gave her a small smile, hoping not to scare her away.

"Are you okay?" Mariam asked after clearing her throat. The little girl said nothing in return.

"Is there any way I can help you?" Mariam tried again hoping to hear her talk. The little girl nodded slightly, wiping away her tears with the back of her hand. Mariam waited for her to speak, but it didn't look like the little girl was going to speak anytime soon.

"Are you lost or something? I have a phone on me and if you want, I can call the cops to get you back to your parents," Mariam said reaching for her phone. The little girl's eyes widen as she shook her head furiously.

"No, no cops," the little girl said frantically. Mariam lifted her eyebrow, clearly shocked to hear her speak.

"Okay, at least can I get your name?" Mariam asked tilting her head to the left.

"I-uh- It's Ayana," the little girl replied. Mariam nodded her head to herself.

Pretty name, she thought.

"Do you have something to eat? I kind of didn't have anything all day," Ayana added slowly.

Mariam quickly rummaged through her bag in search of food. She remembered not eating her granola bar and biscuits due to consistent paperwork in her office.

After ten seconds of wrestling, she finally found the snacks and passed it to Ayana. She noticed Ayana looking around now and then.

"What's wrong?" Mariam narrowed her eyes, looking around. There was nothing suspicious as everyone were minding their own business. "Nothing, it's nothing," Ayana said hastily looking behind Mariam. Suspecting that something is wrong, Mariam turned around to see a stranger approaching her. "Time's up," she said before spraying chloroform on Mariam. Mariam felt dizzy as the whole world around her started spinning. The last thing she remembered was seeing a wicked smile on Ayana's face.

When Mariam opened her eyes she quickly shut them to clear her dizziness. When she

opened her eyes again, she noticed a familiar looking apartment. Or more like her apartment. She saw the same young girl sitting calmly on her couch with a sinister smile.

"Remember me, my dear sister?" the young girl asked.

Mariam blinked her eyes to get rid of the blurred images. She noticed the young girl making herself at home as she walked towards the kitchen.

"You wouldn't mind me having some water, would you?" The young girl asked opening the refrigerator.

"Why am I bound to a chair? Who are you?" Mariam tried to compose her cool but clearly she wasn't succeeding in it.

"I'll take that as a yes." Ayana replied grabbing hold of a bottle before gulping it down.

Mariam narrowed her eyes at the young girl. Ayana walked towards her and placed herself in front of Mariam.

"How about we have a formal conversation?" The young girl asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No thanks. I will pass." Mariam said with frustration coating her voice. The young girl chuckled, shaking her head.

"Either way, I am Ayana zafar khan, your long lost sister."

Mariam didn't even try to cover her shocked reaction. "You have got to be kidding me," she said, frustration coating her voice.

"That's where the problem lies. I am not kidding," Ayana says with a genuine smile which completely contradicts the earlier wicked smile. Mariam was perturbed by new revelation and was difficult for her to wrap herself around the new information.

Suddenly, she heard the footsteps approaching her. Ayana looked over her shoulder to see the stranger approach them. Like a chameleon, the demeanor of Ayana changed from a genuine look to a stern look.

"It's time. We have to leave," said the stranger with a gruff voice.

"Yeah, I will be down in a bit," Ayana replied but her tone had less genuineness.

Ayana turned towards Mariam. "Don't trust anyone," She stressed on the word 'trust'.

"Does that include you?" Mariam asked, tilting her head to the side.

Ayana glared at her. "That's for you to decide. But just know, I am here to help," She said before untying her.

Mariam rubbed her wrist and saw Ayana walking towards the door to leave. Before leaving, Ayana paused near the door and turned to look at Mariam. "It was nice meeting you sister and yes, you look a lot like her," She said before shutting the door.

A lot like who? Mariam thought.

Mariam could barely sleep at night as the previous events kept flashing on her mind. Some part of her was scared but the other part of her felt Ayana was her sister though she barely knows her. She shut her eyes and kept twisting and turning hoping to find some sleep. After two hours, she got frustrated and decided to grab some water.

Just as she was about to get off the bed, she heard her window open. Her protective instinct kicked in as she quickly got hold of her pillow.

As the window opened, a familiar young girl gracefully landed on her feet and dusted herself.

Mariam was awestruck to see Ayana in middle of the night sneaking into her apartment.

"What in the world are you doing here?" Mariam yelled.

"Oh, hello to you too," Ayana said sarcastically. She eyed the pillow and chuckled, "Wow, I didn't know pillow can cause a major damage." Mariam just glared in return and placed her pillow back in its place. "Alright, jokes aside. I am here to inform you something very important. Tomorrow the SZ Tech Academy will get here to get you to their place. They aren't good people. I live in their academy so does mom-"

"Wait, what do you mean mom? I lost my mother when I was in boarding school," Mariam said. She still remembers the day clearly when they informed her that during a laboratory blast, her mother, the most renowned scientist, lost her life.

"No...That was all a lie. They lied to you. Mum is fine and so am I. But they forced mum to join their Academy that creates bombs using Anti-matter. They say it's for a good cause but it's not. They will get here to take you in as well. But you have to secretly get the SWAT team in their Academy. Alright?"

"I can't believe any of this. And what's this SZ Academy? If they are so cunning then how did you escape?" Mariam kept asking questions.

"Do you see this," Ayana asked pointing towards her arm which had a small device attached to her, "They call it Nano-tracker. Nothing gets past their eyes. It took me a whole year to disable it and I don't have much time."

"Why don't you ask the help of police yourself?" Mariam kept firing questions.

"What am I supposed to tell 'em? They wouldn't believe me. The members of the Academy have forced thousands of people to work in their laboratories against their will and you're our only hope."

"I don't know," Mariam said running her hands through her tangled hair, shaking her head. "How do I believe you? What if you're lying to me?"

Hurt was clearly visible on Ayana's face as she retreated her steps. It looked as if Mariam stabbed her.

"Then I guess mum and I have to be working against our will for rest of our life." Ayana left soon after saying that.

Now there is no way I am getting any sleep, Mariam thought.

The next day, just like Ayana said, the members of Academy came to her house and said that she should join the academy and will get to meet her mother.

Mariam knew either way they will force her to go with them so she agreed. They reached the Academy and Mariam was in awe. The infrastructure was so huge that anyone would believe that they serve for a good cause.

She thought that's why ancestors say never to judge a book by its cover.

She stepped in and soon they let her meet with her mother. She was so surprised that she stood still talking in her appearance. Her mother looked so different. She got a little pale but still held the radiance of an angel. Beside her she saw Ayana standing with a small smile.

As she was about to run towards her mother, the fire alarm blared off. She noticed how people got agitated. She smiled at her sister as Ayana reciprocated one, sharing a secret message.

The members of the SWAT broke through the windows with their weapons and infiltrated the building.

Mariam looked through the window nearby to see so many SUVs parked across the lot. Knowing that there is no way the members of the Academy can escape, they yielded.

The commander of SWAT walked towards Mariam, "I am the commander and I assume you were the one who called us?"

"Yes," Mariam replied.

"I appreciate you for what you did. We would have never rescued the innocents without your help."

"It wasn't me," She said and turned towards Ayana, "It was my sister."

Ayana beamed at her elder sister, "You trusted me."

Mariam smiled in return. "I did and always do."

Salika Sabahath S Z

I M.A English

ARTICLES



“ A book is a proof that human beings are capable of working magic”-Carl Sagan.

A Book is a tangible representation of human knowledge, creativity, and imagination. It allows us to explore new worlds, meet new characters, and gain insights into the human condition. From ancient texts etched onto stone tablets to modern digital publications, books have been a fundamental part of human history and culture. But what exactly is "magic"? Magic is often associated with the supernatural, the inexplicable, or the mysterious. It can be a force that defies explanation or understanding, something that inspires awe and wonder. In this sense, a book can be seen as a form of magic because it has the power to transport us to new realms of knowledge and imagination. It can spark our curiosity, ignite our passions, and open our minds to new possibilities.

A well-written book can leave us spellbound, in a state of wonder, and awe-struck by the beauty of its language and ideas. How do books work this magic on us? It's through the power of storytelling. Human beings have been telling stories since the dawn of time. It's how we have passed down knowledge, traditions, and beliefs from generation to generation. Stories have the power to capture our attention, engage our emotions, and stimulate our imaginations. Books take this storytelling to a whole new level. They can tell stories that span generations, that explore complex themes and ideas, and that challenge our assumptions about the world. They can take us on journeys to distant lands, introduce us to fantastical creatures, and teach us about the complexities of the human experience.

Books can also serve as a record of our collective knowledge and wisdom. They allow us to preserve the insights and discoveries of past generations and build upon them for the future. They can inspire new ideas, innovations, and perspectives that can shape the course of history. In conclusion, a book is indeed a proof that human beings are capable of working magic. They are a testament to our creativity, our imagination, and our ability to share knowledge and ideas. Books have the power to transport us to new worlds, expand our minds, and inspire us to greatness. So let us continue to cherish and celebrate this magical gift that humanity has given.

Sheena Sahana. K

I B.A English A

Books break the shackles of time



What an astonishing thing a book is!

It is a flat object made from a tree with flexible parts. One glance at it and you are inside the mind of another person, may be somebody dead for thousands of years Yes its books! They are the strongest source of magic on the planet earth. Books are magic because they change lives. Many of the world's most accomplished people in their respective domains credit books for changing their lives as it set them in the direction of their dreams

Every time you open a book a little magic falls out. A single book can change your view on seeing the world with different perspective. Books are magic because they are like software upgrades for your brains. Regular reading improves brain connectivity, increases your vocabulary and comprehension, also empowers you to empathize with other people. Books can motivate, inspire and lead people. A book is a gift you can open again and again

Books are magic because they are portals into the minds of wonderful people. There is no other medium that allows us to see life with another person's perspectives the way book do.

Books are sacred. They really are. They have magic in them and are meant to be read and cared for. So go ahead open a book and read it. Take note of its magic
Books may well be the only true magic

Nimra Aimen

I BHA

TIME TRAVEL THROUGH BOOKS



I was in physics class and ended up receiving the biggest revelation of my life. The class was about Space-Time Relation and we were talking Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. My physics teacher, while saying that all matter and mass is but energy also dropped down this one bomb upon us saying that time travel was possible! This got me intrigued and I listened on. My teacher said that time travel is possible and something each one of us is doing every day because each second, we travel farther into the future. This piece of philosophy disappointed the geek in me who was looking forward to hearing some mind-boggling science.

But now, as a literature student and a bookworm, if I were to meet my teacher, I think, I would look right into their eyes and say with full confidence, “Sir! I KNOW time travel is possible because I have the best quality time machine that never fails me- Books!” Yes! Books! If time travel is a Phenomena where you hop onto some fancy vehicle and swerve through time lines, books are just the same. Be it a work of fiction or some history text, when you read a book and lose yourself in the loops of the printed letters, you get transported to the world of the characters which may be centuries or eons apart.

It was always during physics classes that my mind would go on a little journey to times of Newton and Einstein, I guess in this way, science is an intellectually provoking subject, one that I was very interested in but just not the way physicists or mathematicians were. So, the day when we discussed about wavefronts and how energy propagates in waves, my mind started painting a mental picture of how it would be if every particle in our body oscillating in energy were to develop wavefronts. I was so caught up with this idea of mine and thought ‘WOAH Glynis! That’s a breakthrough!’, and I flipped a few pages of my text, only to find out that some guy had already thought the same and even went on to invent something solid about it and today we know it as Infrared Thermal Imaging. It was my physics textbook that brought out a common ground of thought between me and a scientist who lived decades ago. In this way, one can say that books are not just time machines, but also telepathy instruments in a way! Books can also help in teleportation because when we read and are able to imagine a setting which we in reality might not have experienced. With books come all these magic works and I guess that’s why they call the reading habit a superpower!

Glynis. E
I B.A English A

Peace Over Happiness



“Peace is the beauty of life” Peace is the most required thing in the world. People always go for temporary happiness rather than choosing peace. It gifts pure thoughts with a clear mindset. It's a beautiful feeling when you experience peace, it takes you to another world of positivity and brightness in life where you see yourself shining in everything you do.

Happiness cannot remain forever but peace can remain as long as you live. It nurtures your being and bring so much of energy and understanding to different things happening around the world. Happiness gives you only the satisfaction for a certain period of time but peace gives you the support to carry on life. Everyone in the earth is searching for peace in different places but they miss to search it inside their heart. Peace is a mental attitude, it welcomes prosperity and pleasant view of things. It gives us confidence to succeed and helps to spread love towards life by sharing thoughts of hope and light to those who lost them.

Few steps to be peaceful- Accept yourself, Value yourself, Love yourself. Tell yourself that you are worthy enough to live and enjoy life. This makes you stronger to reach great heights. Try to do things which makes you feel better and powerful. Take control of your own life. Start telling yourself “Everything happens for a Reason”. Teach your heart to move on and train your mind to accept disappointments. Happiness is an external factor, peace satisfies your soul

Feed your soul with unconditional peace and hope. Life is incredible journey with various ups and downs, it is meant to be experienced. Never lose hope. Have an optimistic view on life. Look at the bright side of Life. Ignore negativity. Spread smile.

Kushmaanjali Anni. V. P

II B.Com

On eating with hands



Grandmother scoops white clouds
Of chawal onto your plate
Even after you tell her to stop:
A side of succulent beads of chickpeas
Near it a stream of orange dal laced with curry leaves,
Brackets of brinjal and a smattering of mustard seeds.
Mother brings you an omelette
Cut using kitchen scissors from the sunset sky.
You gather your aching limbs
Chasing all thoughts out of your mind.
The dust motes of the day settle in your head;
Your soul sits near you
With folded legs on the uncarpeted floor,
With a sigh.
You set the spoon aside,
And take your hands and bury them
In the moist mountain glossed with ghee,
In bits of roti submerged in the red sea of butter paneer.
You like the murmur of the mulch,
The slick sibilance of sambhar
Steeped in your morning idlis.
The chaste fragrance of the coconut chutney,
The gentle hint of ginger,
The fresh breath of mint,
The tart mischief of tamarind on your teeth,
The kiss of the makhan from your midday meal,
The hegemony of the achaar
(That refuses to be rinsed off by cheap liquid handwash)
Linger indulgently on your fingertips

As you go about your day.
The smell of simpler times,
The smell of childhood:
The wet rounds of rice,
A succulence of meat or molasses
Secured in the middle like a surprise;
Morsels perfectly molded
By your aunt as she sat
Ethereal by the sunlight,
Feeding you, magic upon magic
(Food from her hands always tasted different somehow, yummiier, lovelier.)
Until the steel plate was sparkling clean.
You like eating with hands,
Its independence,
Its intimacy, its sensuality,
Its homely ordinary;
The quiet assurance of
The body feeding on itself;
The kindness,
The one consolation
You can give to yourself
In this life, long but short.

Notes

1. Chawal - rice
2. Achaar - Indian pickle
3. Makhan - clarified butter/ghee
4. Idli - Indian rice cakes
5. Paneer - Indian cottage cheese
6. Dal/Sambar - lentil-based vegetable stew

Ms. Uzma Fathima
Assistant Professor
Department of English

SPLASH OF COLORS



(a)



(b)



(c)



(d)



(e)



(f)

Musrath Jabeen, II . B.Sc Mathematics - (a)

Dafflin Sutnga, I B.Sc Mathematics - (b)

Savita Chander, III B.A English-B - (c)

Preethi. P, III B.A English-C - (e)

Glynis. E, I B.A English-A - (d) & (f)

2022- 2023 COMPETITIONS

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Short story writing
Opening phrase : *It was the night when I saw the Green Comet in the sky*
Word limit- 200-350 words
Online Submission : 25.02.2023
Offline Submission : 27.02.2023

Painting competition
Topic : *Any one Image captured by the James webb Space telescope with a Creative caption*
Size - 41 Çhåte (21x 29.7 cm)
Online Submission: 25.02.2023
Offline Submission: 27.02.2023

Short Video Contest
Theme : *"Somewhere something incredible is waiting to be known" - Carl Sagan*
Duration-2-4 mins Size - 10 GB
Online Submission: 27.02.2023,
Google classroom code-6bhwb5

SCI-LIT talk
Topic: *A book is a proof human beings are capable of working magic*
Duration -2-3 mins
Date: 28.02.2023
Venue: Seminar hall
Time: 2.15 p.m

2022 marked the beginning of an era in space, with the release of spectacular images of the cosmos by the James Webb space telescope. On this note, The club embraced the theme 'Chase the moon and ride the stars' for the academic year 2022- 2023. Trailblazer is an emblematic commemoration of this momentous achievement. It is a meditation on the aim of pursuing aspirations and making it come true for oneself.

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Short story writing



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Short Video Contest



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Registration form link-
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2nd PLACE- ANNIE PAULINE(I B.A. ENGLISH B)
3rd PLACE- KAVYASHREE.P (IIB.A. ENGLISH B)

PAINTING COMPETITION

1st Prize -Musrath Jabeen, M(II B.Sc. Mathematics)
2nd Prize-Glynis, E (I B.A English)
3rd Prize-Dafflin Sutnga (IB.sc. Mathematics)

Sci-Lit Talk Competition

1st Prize-Glynis. E &Sheena Sahana.K (IB.A English)
consolation Prize:
Nimra Nimra (I BIA)
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