

# **Sibylline**

An Annual Literary Journal

Edition XX

By

The Journalism Club

PG & Research Department of English

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# CRACKING CREATIVITY



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## EDITORIAL



It has been a proactive year wherein Auxilium College has embarked on many significant nuances of educative endeavour that denote development and progress.

SIBYLLINE has always looked for the creative strain of thought & action among her target groups of those who are poetically, philosophically and aesthetically inclined. This year's Sci-fi scripts were really amazing. It is the prime focus of the Journalism club to hone such skills in the students. Excerpts of those depictions are included here.

We have highlighted the creative art forms such as poetry, short stories, script writing & painting in this edition.

Thanks to the AIIC, the Auxilium Innovation and Incubation Centre, the brainchild of our beloved Secretary of the college, Dr (Sr) Josephine Mary Rani, her innovative ideas and far-sighted goals are the driving force that transform the skills of young girls into enterprising accomplishments of young women. Hopefully, SIBYLLINE will become a part of Auxilium Publications in the near future.

This year, above all, we acknowledge the excellent service of our dear Sr. Principal, Dr (Sr) Jeyashanthi R, Associate Professor of the Dept. of Chemistry, who retired this academic year. We thank her for her understanding and encouragement that Literature as a discipline requires adequate space and time for those who are in pursuit of its sublimity.

We appreciate the dedicated service of Dr (Mrs) Nisha Santhakumari, Associate Professor & Head, Dept. of Physics, who has also retired from Auxilium. Their contribution to this great institution will always remain. We are grateful to them & wish them the very best in life!

For our students, life has always been exciting, & experiences are ever-new! SIBYLLINE smiles on, that we may continue to believe in her prophetic dreams for the future so that AI may never dampen the spirit of natural creativity in the human mind because a skill unused "will rust unburnish'd", never "to shine in use" as the great poet Alfred Lord Tennyson said. Let SIBYLLINE be a constant reminder of the creative skills in every student and provide opportunities for expression in her pages.

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

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# POETRY



## WAY TO THE THRONE

Dusk came on the purple-shadowed clouds  
A sermon of destined wicked death commencing so loud  
To the name of a valiant warrior triumphing "O, hail Macbeth" with a  
glow Wrapping its fog of sacrifice in a violet flow,  
A dream of life upon that night by night  
Laid his wide and passionate eyes right,  
His heartstrings longed for the melody of a legacy, but his fingertips traced a  
lethal symphony against the red on the sword  
Now seated on a throne of lies built on golds of an unpromised certainty of the  
word Cursed be the foul heart of the desire to reach the throne  
And nature so ruthless he painted a bloody murder with his hands that shone

Sheena Sahana K  
II B.A English A

**(THE WAY TO THE THRONE secured the 54<sup>th</sup> rank in the 15<sup>th</sup> edition of the National Poetry Contest organized by S7 Poetry, India.)**



## **LIFE IN THE FUTURE**

Guess the life ahead will be fulfilled with Nature  
That gives humanity its needed structure  
May people treat relationship as treasure  
And create life as a perfect structure  
Will the Earth have a peaceful measure  
For the progressive growth of its Nature  
Leaders of the world could show light  
To lead their people away from fight  
People could treat each other with Respect  
So the society never regret its prospect  
Children's wish to be a peacemaker  
To eradicate the form of peace breakers  
Thoughts should be shown with  
The Expectation of higher Interest  
That is sufficient for the progress of our Nation.

VinishaLourdu A and Vetriselvi T S

III B.A English A

## WHOSE TEARS ARE YOU?



When everything is dry, we long for your presence;

And you bestow us with serenity.

When the climates are blazing, we weep for a drop of water; And you embrace us with all your mighty drops.

When the fields are thirsty, we seek for your mercy; And you quench us endlessly with your kindness. When our heart is weary, we seek for eternal strength; And you revive our souls with joy.

When you pour down relentlessly, There are signs of shattered emotions.

I wonder whose tears are you.

That is mourning recurrently on someone's loss

Maybe on the loss of humanity,

May be on the loss of pure conscience

May be on the loss of peace

May be on the loss of integrity

May be on the loss of Love.

And above all you have none to console; You have no shoulder to find comfort.

But I tell you to cry your heart out when it's too heavy, That way a weeping soul can hide their tears of pain; Because just like you some have none to solace.

You are the one who cries along with them and they find fellowship in you.

No one ever asks you your pain and the reason behind your tears. Dear Rain,

Whose tears are you?

Are you the tears of joy or of pain?

Daisy Bleshan  
III B.A English B

## THY TENDER AGE



O my beloved childhood!

Why hast thou vanished?

I'm growing weary searching for thee. Where art thou gone?

I look for thee every hour.

The baggages of worry have made me restless. Adulthood, afflicts me more than I could bear.

It has indeed taught me the truth of life, and has trained me to face the worst of all.

But I'm more than grieved because of your absence, Forsake me not my infancy; since thou art my eternal hope.

Though I know the pattern of this mortality, Yet I desire you to visit me oftentimes.

Help me thou to relive the memories, At least then I could have a brief hiatus; From the bitter reality of this world.

O my childhood!

Why hast thou vanished?

My erstwhile comrade;

Come thou to me and be with me.

Daisy Bleshan  
III B.A English B



## **BOND OF DEBT**



Why?

I've been deprived

All the liberty that

Every Individual

Could acquire

Why?

Ain't I a human?

Or

I'm designed to be Roboted

Why?

Shedding tears and blood became

My Everlasting Companions

I saw a child

Playing in meadows

While my children

Were working to

Make their daily bread

No matter

Child, teenager or Elderly person

Everyone has to fulfill  
The Eternal bond of... custody  
A single sin committed  
By our forefathers or  
Us was to tolerate  
We have lost the  
Identity of humans  
Instead named as  
Enduring Animals  
Those tamed creatures  
Who work for their masters  
Day & Night  
In them we see ourselves  
Just like trees we live  
Alive but still numb  
Dumb in the eyes of others  
For whom we're nothing  
More than working systems  
  
We could drain our blood to work  
Therefore become inferiors  
Exactly like circus animals

That act for the whiplash of

THE RING MASTER

Why God? Why!

Is this what we're born for?

If not, then

What are these bonds for????!

**(For the International remembrance of the Slave trade and its Abolition – August 23<sup>rd</sup>)**

Vetriselvi

III B.A English A

## JUSTICE



In a world where things aren't fair, under someone else's care,

No fairness around, it's a heavy load to bear.

Waiting, feeling like stuck in a tiny space,

People judging from outside, putting on a tough face.

Should she stay alone, away from everyone's view?

Or try to make things better, chasing away the injustice hue?

Working hard to rise, but facing dirty tricks,

Dreaming of a time when justice finally clicks.

Break free from this tough situation,

Hoping for a world with a fair foundation.

She'll be the change, fighting against injustice's frown,

Dreaming of a future where justice wears the crown.

DuvvuruKeerthana

III B.A English A

## **YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND**



You are my best friend

We share everything

We share not only the happy things

Even though we share bad things in our precious time

We make others jealous

But we make others talk about it every day

We truly understood our feelings

You are my best friend

I know your feelings

And I know about you everything

Because you are my best friend

You are my best friend

We didn't do that much in our school time

But if we have a second chance to do all the things, then we will do together

And I will be there for you till my life end

You are my soul that makes me happy every time

You are my best friend

Hemalatha.M  
II B.A English B

## RESTART



In the womb, a child in the dark  
First cry brings light, a hopeful spark  
The game of life begins to unfold  
'Restart', whispers the story unfold

Days of age, thoughts kind and serene,  
Pure and great, the mind is keen  
A child's love for everyone,  
Innocence, unaware of danger and fun

A heart of love so innocent  
Softly lightens every smile, content  
But as years pass by and unfold  
A child learns vengeance, wrath takes hold

Concealing splendor, insubordinate ways  
Prisoning the soul, darkening the days  
Living for others, not for oneself  
Love, a star, sometimes darkens like stealth

Guiding in hallow paths, a wretched fate,  
Sins to senses, a circle innate  
Round in itself, enclosing the view  
Staggering in ways, distinction askew  
Dark as fate, Knowing hatred's distinction

Gaudy fake smiles, God sees the affliction  
A life with beloved, guiding to the grave,  
'Restart', echoes the plea to be brave

Hear the children's cries, stuck in their eyes  
Rage in their gaze, future full of lies  
A spirit to save, from tears and fears  
Life's journey, filled with sorrowful tears

At last, alone not with anyone,  
Regardless of who you are, the grave is won  
A backward step to restart life's art  
With the first cry in light, a pure child's heart

'Restart the boon needed, struck in that age  
Longing to live only in childhood's stage  
The most pure time, innocent till the end  
Calm and pure , a plea to transcend....

Janavi B  
III B.A English B

## 'I' AND THE 'YOU' PERSPECTIVE



You will say it's a car,  
I will say it's a four wheeler,  
You will say, "Hey it's a car",  
I will say, "It's just a car".

You will say cars are more price to buy,  
I will say parking is so expensive,  
You love to come in a car,  
I love to drive a car on purpose.

You will say "Things are best",  
I will say things are just like stuff,  
You will say few hearts are pretending,  
I will say that some hearts are like "WOW".

You will say, "I need more money",  
I will say that I need enough of money,  
You will say, "You are acting",  
I will say that I'm not comfortable.

D. Yaswanthira  
I B.A English A



## LITERATURE AND YOU



Many Times you're my "paradise lost"

But sometimes you're my Satan.

Many Times you're my belief like "The Rime of the Ancient mariner"  
Sometimes you behave like a Mariner.

Many times you look at me like "she walks in beauty"

But sometimes you are treated like a slave.

Many times our love story is like "ode on a Grecian urn"

But sometimes we wake up to reality and end our story completely.

Less without you

My whole world is colourless,

I'm waiting for her to be timeless. When she wears flawless pink,

It is like delicious dinner for my eyes,

Though she wears priceless red,

It makes my heart speechless.

But she wears a smile that's seamless

Makes my soul weightless!

Ashiya C

II B.A English A

## THE BETTER HUMAN



If we go beyond the virtual reality,  
You're welcomed by the AI community,  
Even we can't write poems as good as chatgpt,  
That made our works worth no penny.

God created humans to assist him,  
But we humans created deities as AI to worship them,  
Our knowledge is nothing short of a void,  
Where it constructed a world of humanoids.

Dating back to the days of Babbage,  
AI was not even worth Garbage,  
Rather believe in acting your age,  
Now our Brain has become like nothing inside a Cabbage.

Krithikaa T  
III B.A English

## SHORT STORIES



### FORGOTTEN

The fire at the library caused too much confusion and heartbreak. The fireplace at the corner was the root of the incident or rather, accident. Twelve lives were lost that day, both young and old. The government rapidly restored the library back to its former standing, it being the only source of knowledge in that small hamlet. Once completed, Reeta resumed her job there as the librarian. She reclaimed her place behind the counter but she felt as if she had lost something in the fire. Her life resumed, but with something less than before.

The musty smell of used books; the golden light seeping in through the dusty glass of the windows; the silence, exempting the occasional turning of paper and scattered footsteps. The wooden furniture. The old water-dispenser. The shelves lined with volumes of books of every genre. The tranquil. All was familiar to Reeta. She knew every shelf, every book in the library and every table and chair like the back of her hand.

Yet, she never could find what she was looking for. Day after day, she pulled out book after book, flipping through the pages in a daze. She could probably recite all of Shakespeare's sonnets and maybe even the entirety of Milton's Paradise Lost from memory. 37 years as a librarian is no small feat. Especially, 37 years as a literature loving librarian is definitely not something to be taken lightly.

But Reeta has been searching for something for as long as she could remember. She never managed to find what she was missing in her 56 years of existence. It haunted her, every breathing moment. It followed her like a shadow at dusk. It hung over her like a storm cloud. She just couldn't seem to fill the emptiness inside her.

The opening of the door pulled Reeta out of her reverie. She watched as a little boy entered along with his mother. She politely returned the smile that was sent her way and turned back to her book. A sudden cold shiver ran down her spine, igniting a faint memory. She had become used to this by now. Even in warm places with no breeze, she

would feel cold all of a sudden. But this time, a drop of tear slid down her cheek before she realised. She wiped her cheek and shrugged her sweater tight and looked behind her, knowing full well she would find nothing. But something tugged at the back of her brain. She tried to reach out but couldn't quite figure it out. An insatiable itch. Eventually, the clock struck 7. Reeta rose from her chair behind the counter and proceeded to close up the public library. She locked the cupboards, cleaned the counter, replaced the few books lying on the tables and swept the floor. After the last of the visitors had left, she slowly closed and locked the main door, dropped the key into her purse and hobbled along the pavement, to her house.

The golden light was now replaced with a silver, ethereal glow. As hours passed and the stars changed and the hour of the unknown approached, the rays of the moon blazed brighter.

At the corner of the library, near the water-dispenser was a huddled, translucent figure. On closer observation, one would identify that it was the figure of a young boy. The boy's shoulders shook and he seemed to be sobbing. He was frail and his gaunt face held glassy eyes. His see-through body gave one a sense of longing.

He slowly rose up and walked to the counter where Reeta had been sitting. After a moment, he pulled out an old, half-burnt picture from inside his jacket and gazed at it with love and longing. It was a picture of him, with life and vigour and Reeta. A picture of him and his mother.

Naveena Deborah

II B.A English A

## **THE REALISTIC DREAM**



Once upon a time, a girl called Aurora, lived in a town called West Lillyaas. When she was two years old, her parents gave her away to her grandma. She lived in a village. The village was called “Royal village”. Even though it was named as the royal village, people from outside called it as a “haunted village”. Outsiders believed that people wouldn't live for long if they entered the village. They may die very cruelly or unmercifully. Aurora's parents always travelled abroad for work. They barely saw Aurora . They visited her every year on her birthday. Aurora moved to her grandma's house when she was two. Both her birthday and Christmas fell on the same day. On her fifth birthday, at midnight, 11:55 pm on Christmas Eve, Aurora and her grandma anticipated the return of Aurora's parent's to come home to celebrate her birthday and Christmas with her. Every year on her birthday, they showed up on 24<sup>th</sup> December at 11:55pm to surprise her with a doll. On that day she was very excited to see her parents and to receive a doll.

Sharp at 11:55pm, they received a phone call, 'ring ring', her grandma took the receiver even though she believed it might be a wrong call. Inside her something was strange, her lips trembled to say 'hello' .When she gathered all her courage and said 'Hello' in a low voice, no one spoke on the other side of the phone. She said 'Hello' for the third time, suddenly she heard a slow husky horror voice, “I need the soul on her eighteenth.... ” . The phone hung up. When she tried to breathe, she again received another phone call. She took the receiver, but this time she didn't say 'Hello', instead she asked “who are you?” The voice from the other line said, “I am a doctor from the city of West Lillyaas hospital. Two patients died in a car accident. If you are related to them, please come to the hospital immediately” the doctor said. The grandma hurriedly hung up the phone and rushed to Aurora and told her to wait at home. She told Aurora that she was going shopping to buy her a gift which she had forgotten to buy. She left Aurora at home and went to the hospital. Aurora still waited for her parents to show up. Sharp at 12.00am, she heard the doorbell. She got excited and opened the door. No one was there. She was disappointed and closed the door. When she came back to the living room, the candles were already blown out and one piece of cake was gone. Some pieces were on the floor which led upstairs. She followed the cake pieces upstairs. It was dark. She heard a creepy voice sing “Happy birthday to my soul” ... “come near to me” ..,when she went near to that creepy voice, she suddenly heard

he telephone ringing. She ran down very fast when she saw a black hand appear in the dark. She picked up the receiver and said “Hello” in fear.

She heard her grandma’s voice. Her grandma told her to lock the door and sleep tight because she would come only in the morning. Then she said “Happy birthday my beautiful Aurora” in a very soft low crying voice, full of tears in her eyes. Aurora tried to say everything that had happened, but her grandma suddenly hung up the phone because she could not speak a word. Aurora went to sleep. The next morning her grandma came home with a huge gift for her birthday but with a sad face. Aurora ran fast and hugged her grandma. She asked “where’s mommy and daddy”. She replied, “They had an urgent work, so they are not coming this year”. She got sad but she understood the situation. She didn’t ask further questions. Due to her disappointment, she didn’t tell her grandma about the incident that happened the previous night.

She started her schooling in the Royal Village. She celebrated her birthday with her grandma alone every year. When she was seventeen she entered high school. She didn’t have any friends from childhood because she has always been silent and alone, never talked with anyone except her grandma. Her grandma worried about her so much. She always wanted her to have a friend as it would make her forget about her parents. Her classmates always bullied her. She didn’t like any of her classmates. During break she would always hide in the restroom or in the store room. Only when class hour starts, she returned to her class. One day she hid in the store room, but she passed out in that room because of dust. When she woke up, she saw that school had already closed and it was seven o’ clock. She sought help, but no one was there.

She started to panic. Suddenly she heard footsteps . She froze. She barely even moved. She saw a strange girl coming down from the steps. Aurora asked “Who are you?” She replied “Like grandma, like granddaughter”. Aurora asked, “What are you talking about?” She replied, “I want to be your friend until you graduate” Aurora questioned “I don’t need any friend, but why do you want me to be your friend until we graduate?” The girl replied in a mysterious way, “After graduation, I won’t be here anymore; I will disappear after I achieve my desire”. Aurora didn’t ask further questions, she believed she would answer everything in mysterious lines. Aurora called her a mysterious girl and asked her to help her for the way out of the school. The mysterious girl also helped her without any hesitation. When they came out of the school gate, Aurora thanked her. The mysterious girl

replied, “No need for that right now, You owe me one. I will take the favors from you when the time comes.” She said goodbye with a creepy smile. Aurora started to walk home hurriedly because she didn’t want her grandma to worry about her. While on the way to her home, about half-way, she started to think about that mysterious girl and her creepy smile. She asked herself questions about that mysterious girl. She said “Why was she in the school when she knew the way out? I never saw her in this school. Why did she want to be my friend? ” While she was thinking all about all that, she suddenly heard a footstep step in front of her. When she looked up, it was her grandma, standing in the street and waiting for her.

Her grandma asked why she was late to home, but Aurora didn’t explain anything about the mysterious girl. The next day, in school Aurora searched for that mysterious girl in every class but she didn’t see her. She waited for her after school ended. She waited for a long time. Everyone in the school went home. When the sun started to set, the mysterious girl showed up. She called Aurora in a strange way “Hello soulmate ”. Aurora saw her and asked, “Yesterday I forgot to ask your name and to thank you; I have a few questions about you in my mind that I wanted to ask you”. The mysterious girl looked at Aurora and said “I will answer all your questions but under one condition”. “What is that?” Aurora asked. She replied “if you invite me to your eighteenth birthday, I will answer all the questions you ask” she stated. Aurora thought for a moment and then replied “I have never invited anyone. I only celebrate with my grandma. I hope my parents will come to celebrate with me this time on my eighteenth birthday. So I don’t want to worry them that for the past eighteen years I didn’t have any friends, I want to surprise them. So you can come to my house on my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday to celebrate with my family” That mysterious girl replied all the questions Aurora asked. Even though she answered all the questions, Aurora wasn’t satisfied by her answers. Aurora asked to come to her home so that she could meet Aurora’s grandma. The mysterious girl refused to go with her. “I will come to your house on your 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, like how you wanted to surprise your family; I want to surprise your grandma.” Even though her answers didn’t have logic, she believed her. From that day on they met every single day after sunset. Aurora’s grandma asked the reason for her late return to home. She always replied, “We would always meet up after sunset” Her grandma said “you should bring your friend home”. Aurora replied, “I asked her to come with me, but she refused and she always acts weird”. Aurora said that and left the place. Aurora’s grandma got suspicious about that girl that why she wanted to talk with Aurora after sunset and why would she refuse to come to their house? Even though she had questions in her mind about the girl, she was really excited to see her

because she was the first friend of Aurora. Days and months passed. Finally December came. She invited the mysterious girl for her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday on Christmas, one week before her birthday. The mysterious girl accepted her invitation with a strange and creepy smile. Finally the day came. The day before Christmas, Aurora and her grandma decorated the house for her birthday and Christmas. Aurora excitedly asked "Grandma, I know my parents will come and see me tonight at 12:00am like they used to come until my 4<sup>th</sup> birthday. They will be planning to surprise me when I am turning 18, right grandma?" When she asked, her grandma didn't speak anything. There was silence for a moment. Her grandma's face turned pale, her eyes were filled with tears. She was thinking about Aurora's parents' death and also about the phone call she got on Aurora's 5<sup>th</sup> birthday. She still remembered everything about that terrifying phone call. Time passed and it was 11:45 pm before Christmas and her birthday. Aurora waited for her parents and the mysterious girl. Aurora's grandmother was still in fear about the phone call. At 11:54pm there was a doorbell ringing sound. Aurora went to the door and opened it. The mysterious girl was standing there. When Aurora saw her, she was really pleased to meet her. She invited her into the house and introduced her to her grandma. Aurora's grandma felt a strange feeling about that girl. Then, her grandma presented a precious necklace to Aurora. Sharp at 11:55pm they had a phone call. When her grandma heard the phone call, her face totally turned pale and she started to tremble. Aurora noticed that and her grandma came near to Aurora and hugged her very tightly. Aurora asked "what is happening to you grandma? Why are you looking so pale and your body is shaking?" Aurora went near to the phone and took the receiver, kept it near to her ear; no one was talking on the other line. "MY SOUL" there was a voice behind her. It was the mysterious girl. She said "Do you remember that you owe me when I helped you on that day when we first met? Now, this is the time. I want you to do me a favour. You can only help me fulfill my desire" I want to become an immortal soul so I need a soul which can make me immortal. You are the one who has the power to make me immortal because you were born on the same day as Christmas" she said. When it was 12:00 am, "Give me your soul" she yelled. Aurora and her grandmother both froze in fear. The mysterious girl went near to Aurora with a sharp knife in her hand. She went near Aurora and whispered in her ears "Goodbye friend", then tried to stab her but suddenly her grandma pulled her but her grandma got stabbed. She shouted "Run Aurora", but Aurora refused to leave her grandma there. Aurora shouted and cried by saying "Why are you doing this to us? What do you want from us?" The girl replied "I already told you, I want your soul". Her grandma died. Aurora looked at the girl and said "I won't let you have my soul". She ran upstairs. She said



if you come near to me I will jump through the window and kill myself. She threatened her. The mysterious girl still kept coming near her with the knife which she stabbed Aurora's grandma with. Aurora jumped through the window and landed on the floor. When she woke up, her parents were standing in front of her and wishing her on her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. She got off her bed. She was really happy and hugged her parents. She asked her parents "Where is grandma?" Her parents replied, "What are you talking about Aurora? Your grandma died on your fifth birthday." Aurora couldn't understand. Her eyes filled with tears. When she looked at her hand, she was holding her grandma's precious necklace which she had presented before she died.

Indhu. S

II B.A English B

# ARTICLES

## THE DOMINO EFFECT OF WINTER ON MY WRITING



What comes to mind when you think of winter experiences?

Chilly weather where you can snooze comfortably in a blanket in the morning, Christmas decorations, lights, holidays, and a hot fire to sit at to warm up.

While for me, Winter is a silent, star-filled twilight against an empty sky, the trees shedding their leaves one by one, looking at the same tree every day. Life seems a little shorter, but even birds and bees have changed their routines as if they know the meaning of Winter and are basking in the warmth of their loved ones; silence and sleep will give birth to new life.

Now all this absolutely affects my mood to write something. Winter gives us a lazy effect, and we, in the process, tend to feel the gloominess in our writings. However, Winter inspires me to write more. It's a season that is quite easily romanticized, as everything that revolves around it is clean and pure.

I'm more of a fall writer. I love to write more about warm things. Many might say fall is quite sad or brings us a melancholic nature. I describe it as a season of simple yet marvelously beautiful changes that nature undergoes. As a poet and a writer, it provides me with exquisite imagery. It gives a sense of new hope as leaves wither only to be born again.

It doesn't stop there. The transition from warm to cold weather gives the predominant mood to enjoy the autumnal celebrations with Thanksgiving, that is, gladness for the fruits of the earth with the arrival of the season. To end Halloween that kids around dress up only to wander the neighborhood with a knock on the door, "Trick or treat." The fall has so much to showcase as a season and has always been my favorite.

As you can see, fall has more impact on me to write a lot. Yet Winter, the seasons itself, has its own beauty to justify that it can inspire me to bring out an exquisite piece. It has a grip over my writings to bring out the seamlessness of every element that has brought a difference to the other aspects revolving around it by its ripple effect.

Of course, Winter gives me the blues and makes me think more about the effect within me. All blues leave a trail towards brooding dark events and anguish suffered throughout, but it also adds up to be the catalyst to bring a sprouting hope to my writings. It brings positivity after the blues through the domino effect.

The world is going through a pause phase and stalling down for a while. Winters make you aware of your own self by reminding you of the frost personality. It's not just a season; winters are like a memory in their own way. And it inspires many of our minds that want to remember so much that we could be recognized too.

The moment I sit down to write, I feel an ardent passion from my soul toward my mind to depict a glimpse of my soul. The season has its effect depending on the type of people or the events around them. Few of us might say that Winter doesn't make them rely upon their mood swings, but it depends on the experience of that particular day.

Writers who deeply think about the little things are most affected by the weather or the season around them. It is showcased in their line of work through their plot, which makes us think of the unimaginable or the way of perfect execution they've provided the reflections of their own lives.

Winter, in particular, elevates me to write more about what is real. It can entice me to provide what events have proved to be the natural phenomenon of reality. The season has subsequently earned me the reward of seeking the path to bring out my feelings and emotions toward my writings as a writer. It made me dive deeper towards the curves and edges where our common human emotions lie and to the phase of how we react and live the way by building the realms towards a whole new world through writings.

My writings during Winter were created to focus on the adverse effects of the blues I've happened to experience. The purity I have placed in the darkest of the characters produced does not provide the sophistication to reach the depths but serves to testify to the cliché that I wanted to deliver to my readers. The pieces of my work have been entirely built over actual experience, and I have lived through each produced element.

The events and the chain of reactions are the dominion effect that has provided me to look at the simple things introspectively rather than complicate what I have written. The winter season has given me the power to govern myself and overrule the authority of the books I read.

All these years, I realized my writings have been inspired by the weather or nature, as it is the main reason for my writings' purpose. This can be proven when saying the season of Winter brings out specific images, be it scenery, landscape, or the glassy arena; it ventures the possibilities through imagination by bringing a powerful mood while writing. The seasons, especially Winter, held a lot of impact on me to write.

Scientific studies show that during Winter, our bodies adapt to being lazy. We tend to seek the cozy holiday season as an excuse from work. But to writers or at least the population who write, it has allowed us to expand our minds and bend the truth towards our hearts by passing the original feelings and inspiration to write more.

At the same time, it's time when we get to enjoy ourselves with our loved ones and family. Winter has been accustomed as the season for celebration. It also helps develop new elements and characters with a broader setting and enhances brainstorming ideas with reflective thinking.

Despite its gloominess, Winter is a transition from despair to hope. It had a perfect imprint in my heart that, from all the anguish, defeat, sorrow, sadness, etc., it leads and elevates us towards new hope and cheering the wonders of new beginnings. I noticed that when Winter ends, through laziness and inactivity, we feel a lasting effect at the end. It had paced us forward only to learn from our mistakes, giving us a new chance to revive from all the failures, dive, and drown in ourselves to learn more about ourselves.

These abilities to overcome something painful, forget our past, and cherish the good old days have been the Winter's prime aim towards anyone who feels the season has more effect on them. It has given us the pull that wants to seek something we're seeking. Winter is not just some chilly weather where I lie down with the blues, but I have learned to bring out the real version of me as a writer, serve the world with positivity, and look at things in a different light.

There is much scope to write about regarding Winter and its dreariness. The season has given a melancholic nature to the poets and writers of every era and century they belonged to. The season has taken its form through a scary supernatural element, the sad beginning in a tale, a chilly night with heavy storms tossing pirate ships in the middle of the seas, and so much

more. It could not have prevented us from creating apt emotions but delivered a natural and spiritual journey of hope. Through the darkness, it has shunned all the evil and lit the way for new beginnings. This is evident in all the stories we've read, heard, or encountered.

Another important reason for Winter to influence my writing is it helps to better understand and appreciate the summer. As I mentioned earlier, I love to write more about warm things. Now definitely, the inspiration for my writing comes from falling in love with Winter. With this season, I would appreciate the summer, spring, or fall.

Winter motivates me to write, and the idea stems from forlornness. It allows me to spend more time writing down my work than on social platforms or wasting the day. The more I keep myself isolated during Winter, the more I can focus and write.

Winter, in general, and more profound aspects, have influenced me in a more stupendous way, given the motivation and inspired me in all my writings. It is a metaphor with so many symbolic meanings within itself. Winter is not just a holiday but a testimony to finding a vision of the trodden path of new methods and appreciating the randomness through our writings, which has had a colossal influence on me to do so.

Sheena Sahana K

II B.A English A

## **POMEGRANATES: If I were a fruit, I'd be a pomegranate**



If I were a fruit, I'd be a pomegranate.

Clusters of ready-to-burst seeds laced so delicately by translucent layers- all hiding beneath a seemingly unpliant shell. And I wonder, is there ever a right way to break open a pomegranate? But tell me, have you truly--and I mean 'truly' in its truest sense-- ever eaten a pomegranate? Have you ever had to use such brute force with a sharp knife to slice open its shell only to have it spill out all on you, slowly spreading stains of its rupture on your grey clothes? Watching the juice drip over your inadequate hands, have you ever flipped the sharp end of the knife towards you, clutching the cold metal tight in your palms as the stickiness became one with your fingers?

"The power of a knife to slice lies in the hands that wield it." I think about this quite often and, when I said 'inadequate hands', the inadequacy wasn't of yours, it's just that it's just how pomegranates are, you know. I think a good pomegranate knows that itself too, that it's created for spilling all over with no caution, with no restraint and with no warning.

Letting out a sigh of exasperation at the mess in your hands, do you use the blunt side of the knife to gently knock down the seeds through the gaps of your fingers or do you prefer to flip the whole fruit inside out to your liking and dig out each seed with a vicious drive? Is it a time-bound urgency or is it that you so strongly seek something? Either way, it's going to stain you. And I don't think a stain left by a pomegranate can be washed away that easily. Because, I still have deep purple lining the hem of my grey t-shirt that I grew out of, yet still wear every week. In a vain attempt to wipe away all the syrup rolling down your arms and hunger rising up in your gut, your impatient hands grasp for the nearest clean fabric but have you truly eaten a pomegranate? Have you ever chugged down the bubbling fervour and taken one seed at a time? Try it sometime, take just one pomegranate seed and put it into your mouth and feel how it erupts into a plethora of flavours against the force of your tongue, feel the sweetness take over your jaw, how lovely it feels to let go of the very control one strives so much for. To savour and feel it as your own.

If I were a fruit, I'd be a pomegranate.

Glynis E

II B.A English A

## APPLES: An apple a day keeps the what away?



This is an account of the day the bristles of my long-loyal toothbrush inflicted sores on the inside of my mouth. With razor grazes against skin, I've observed that it's the pain that shoots out first, the blood follows later. But strangely, this abrasion in my gums, it was the colour that seeped through first. Now, as I stand at the scene of crime-- the sink-- I watch the subtle scarlet blotted foam swirl down the drain and feel the prick of a fresh, angry wound only when I roll my tongue over it. I wince and the mirror winces back. And that was the start of a day in April.

The day I wounded my spirit with anger and my fist with blunt force and found a week-old apple in my bag that had fallen victim to rot and decay. I looked down at the crinkled and browned flesh and scooped the apple in my shaky hands. The rancidity of rot hit my nose. Was it the rancidity of fleshly decay or perhaps, was it the familiar rancidity of a tortured existence cursed with slow decay that hit me then? The pungence hit my nose stronger by the second as I stood there, staring at the rotting apple in my hands and feeling it grow heavier, as if the poor apple was readily carrying the weight of my spirit-- one that I couldn't-- my spirit that was mine yet didn't belong to me. How did it all come to this?

It was a school day and I was scared. Or was it anger? If it was anger, I don't know who it was directed at. "Both a path and an emotion without direction lead nowhere." So I think it was more fear than anger. Both my messy thoughts and this habit of intellectualizing, I get from my dad. My dad who hasn't rang me yet. My dad who's now miles away and hours apart. It was April and my fourth month of living alone, as a stranger in my own house, as a castaway within the compound built by my dad. Do even bricks know their owner? Is that why when they look at me, through the minuscule pores of trapped air I see back countless eyes all echoing, "Insane! Insane! Insane!" I was scared of turning into a ghost.

And so, I tried my best to stay human. But now, I realise that the opposite of 'ghost' is not 'human', because you can walk, talk, eat, and laugh, all while feeling a greedy hollowness devour your soul and draining every ounce of life from it. You can be a human and walk a ghost. I still haven't found the counter-word for 'ghost' yet, but every minute, I told myself 'I cannot turn into a ghost! I shouldn't turn into a ghost! I am not a ghost!' How foolish of me to not have realised that the very attention I gave this fear was what watered it to become bony

branches that crept into and constricted every corner of my mind. Those branches tainted my memory with forgetfulness- of what I did that day, what I ate, what I wore, where

I'd stepped, and who I was. And so, when I 'tried to stay a human', I thought this curse of erasure could be countered by remembering.

I remember the hushed fall of the last droplets from the faucet as I stepped away from the sink that morning. I remember the chill of the cold-tiled floor darting up my legs the moment my feet stepped away from the bathroom mat. I remember trying to remember every little sensation in a vain assumption that it would help my senses remain where they ought to be- in equilibrium.

I remember ironing my uniform ever so patiently, straightening even the toughest of wrinkles because, shouldn't we as humans, one day, come to accept our hopeless malleability within the roughed up grasp of the smith that is time? Heat flowed from the metallic surface of the iron onto the cotton fabric and onto my hand resting on top of it, steady waves of energy warmed up my palm. My tongue wandered back to the sore and the aggravated nerves sent a surge of heat flow from there. The surge turned into waves and waves rippled their way from my cortex to my fingertips, where the blunt heat from the iron was already waiting.

They met and it was another circuit completed.

Another day of tossing another apple into the bin.

Glynis E

II B.A English A



# ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND ITS APPLICATIONS



Artificial Intelligence is the simulation of human intelligence processes by machines, especially computer systems. Artificial Intelligence requires a foundation of specialized hardware and software for writing and training. Artificial Intelligence is a branch of study that is concerned with the creation of computer systems that exhibit some form of intelligence. Artificial intelligence may be one of the most important developments of the century. The topics which come under Artificial intelligence such as Robotics, memory organization, knowledge Representation storage and recall, learning models inference techniques, and pattern recognition.

## **Applications of Artificial intelligence**

Artificial Intelligence development will affect the country's individuals by the end of the century and countries leading in the development of Artificial Intelligence will emerge as the dominant economic power of the world. The Japanese were the first to demonstrate their commitment. They launched a very ambitious programme in AI research. A computer system capable of understanding a message in natural language would seem then to require both the contextual knowledge and processes for making the inference assumed by the message generator. Computer system exhibiting understanding of spoken and written forms of language. Artificial intelligence methods have been employed in the development of automatic consulting systems. These systems provide human users with expert conclusions about specialised subject areas. Automatic consulting systems have been built to diagnose diseases, evaluate potential deposits and even provide advice about using other computer systems.

The study of theorem proving has been significant in the development of AI methods. The medical diagnosis can be taken as a theorem-proving problem.

## **Robotics**

Research on robots or robotics has developed many AI Ideas. It has led to several techniques for modelling states of the world and for describing the process of change from one world state to another. It has led to a better understanding of generating plans for action sequences. It has led to a better understanding of how to generate plans for action sequences. Practical

applications of robotics in industrial automation are becoming commonplace. A paper by Abraham (1970) describes a prototype robot system for assembling small electric motors. Rosen and Nitzan (1977) discuss using vision and other sensors in industrial automation.

### **AI and related fields**

Fields which are closely related to AI and overlap somewhat include engineering, particularly electrical and mechanical engineering, linguistics, and psychology. Psychologists are concerned with the working of the mind, the mental and emotional processes that drive human behaviour. As such we should not be surprised to learn that researchers in AI have common with psychologists. AI has given psychologists fresh ideas and enhanced their ability to model human cognitive functions on the computer. AI has much in common with engineering, particularly electrical and mechanical engineering. AI and EE are both interested in computational processes and systems and how they relate to sense of perception such as vision and speech. AI have share common interest in their desire to build robots.

The field of linguistics shares an interest in the theory of grammar and languages with AI. Both fields have a desire to build a well-rounded theory and to see the development of systems that understand natural languages that can synthesize speech.

The recognition of the important role that knowledge plays in AI systems has led several countries to commit substantial resources to long-range research programs in AI. We considered some of the basic research priorities related to knowledge-based systems as knowledge representation, knowledge organization, knowledge manipulation and knowledge acquisition.

Learning by analogy requires that similar known experiences be available for use in explaining or solving experiences. Machine learning is the autonomous acquisition of knowledge through the use of computer programs. The acquired knowledge may consist of facts, concepts, rules, plans and procedures. Any model of learning should include components which support the basic learner components. These include a teacher or environment, a knowledge base, a performance component which uses the knowledge and a critic.

Praveena P

II MA English

## THE UNCHAINED DEATH



An excerpt from my novel *The Unchained Death*

### **Clara's POV:**

Mirror. It replicates the exact shade of truth, ridding the fabrication of lies. But sometimes, mirrors themselves can lie.

I blink my eyes as I keep my firm gaze on myself. I look different. Unrecognizable. The sleepless nights are evident around my dark circles. My fake moustache seems quite out of place for my feminine figure. My eyes are bloodshot. The men around me speak to their fellow friends in a loud booming voice. I keep my face devoid of any emotions and eyes from navigating towards any man.

The military van lurches to a sharp turn. I spontaneously bring my hand forward to hold on to the railing in front of me as I turn my eyes away from myself.

I am a woman disguised as a man amidst a bunch of military men. With one slight mishap, I would either be shot dead or taken to the higher official. And for my betterment, I hope it's the latter.

"Did you hear about the outbreak of the disease? Commander is worried about the infection spreading to our part of the land. The government is going hysterical."

I sigh and fist my hand. Though I want to voice my input, I stay quiet. I look out of the window pretending as if their conversation doesn't bother me one bit.

"Maybe the commander is worried about his family. I heard that his family resides there. Quite shocking, right? He is a commander of Jesmah while his family resides in Egmar. I don't understand his twisted loyalties."

I am thankful that it's nighttime as the men around me can't see how flushed in anger I am. I need to get to the military base as soon as possible. This ride seems to take forever before it comes to a lurching stop. I tug my cap and swipe my fingers at my hairline to make sure my hair is hidden intact.

I wait for the men to evacuate as I look out of the window once again. The military base is huge, with too many blinding lights. The sun is fast asleep but the men on this field are wide awake, rushing around with their rifles slung on their shoulders.

"Hey, man, do you plan on staying here even though you know the wrath of our captain?"

I jerk away from the window as I turn to the owner of the voice. I see a tall lanky man, a bag slung on his lean shoulders. He had a crooked smile as he raised his eyebrow. I clear my throat to manifest energy to speak as manly as possible.

But a coward that I am, I just shake my head and grab my own bag, following after him. I keep my eyes focused down, barely making any eye contact. I have one job.

I have to find him. I have to tell him. And I don't have time.

The soldiers from other military vans walk out as all of them make a perfect line of mathematical precision. I gulp as I try to mimic them. They could clearly tell I am the odd one out.

"Did you know about the disease?" The lanky man beside me speaks. I don't look at him but my chest rises and falls unnaturally. "They say that infection has spread to our neighbouring countries. Commander—"

"What?!" I ask, my voice is not masculine enough. The soldier narrows his eyes at my sudden outburst. I clear my throat and speak again. "Sorry. It's just shocking how fast it's spreading."

"I know right? It's all because of that stupid scientist of a woman," He grumbles then turns around to speak with his friends.

I take a deep breath and let go. This is not working. My cover could blow up anytime now. I have to hurry up. I have to speak to him. I look around and notice the soldier's talks die down as they clasp their hands behind their back.

This is my moment. I have to find him. I have to explain to him. I slowly take steps back, my eyes making sure nobody looks at me as I slip away from the group. I walk around in bushes towards the building which turns out to be a garage. Many more vans and tanks are parked. This place is huge. How am I going to find him? I shake my head and slip out of the garage, planning to take a different direction.

"You lost, soldier?"

I stand still. I close my eyes and scold myself for my stupidity. I slowly turn around with my eyes cast on the floor. I hear the clomp of boots and see a black pair of boots in the line of my vision. It stops right in front of me.

"Identify yourself, soldier." His voice is soft and rough on the edges. It sounds like a statement and order at the same time. I don't look up as I keep my eyes focused down.

"I don't prefer to repeat myself. And for your betterment, I would advise you to not waste my time."

His voice right now is anything but soft. My lack of reverence and timidity is getting on his nerves. I slowly look up, all the way from his boots to face. I am starstruck by his emerald eyes, deep green where wild creatures reside. He was built lean and tall, his stance screams power. He raises his eyebrow, waiting for me to talk. I gulp before I speak.

"Sir, I lost my way."

He keeps his face devoid of any emotions. The only visible change I notice is his jaw ticking.

"That doesn't answer my question, soldier. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

My eyes widen as I take a step back. His eyes take a darker shade of green as he matches each step backwards with a step forward.

"Omega team. Soldier five."

He reaches his hand for his gun. I start sweating. This is not going to end well. I am going to die. He is going to kill me.

"That's a lot of nerve, soldier. To lie to your captain." He pulls out his gun, cocking it. The color drains from my face.

"Cap...Captain?" I stutter.

"Now, let me ask you one more time. What's your identity?"

I feel my throat turn parched and scratchy. I gulp but it feels like a rock is lodged in my throat. He's the captain. The ruthless and foreboding persona, who everyone here fears.

"I told you, captain. Soldier five from the omega team."

Before he could talk, I watched another person enter the garage with a tablet in his hands. He taps the screen which emits a clicking chime.

"Cap, the soldiers cleared the security check. All of them were present. I asked them to rest"

He didn't complete the rest of the sentence. The captain didn't wait to listen to him either as he turned towards me with his gun raised. But I was already running, navigating my way through tanks and cars.

"Stop!" I hear the captain's order. Like the good girl that I am, I ignore him and continue running. I hear the sound of boots rushing behind me.

"Find him. He's an imposter," I hear him issue an order. I hide behind a tank and place my hand to cover my mouth. My chest rises and falls as I try to catch my breath.

I could hear the sound of boots and the captain issuing orders through his walkie-talkie. I notice a door by the right. I take a peep around to see the other soldier searching for me on the other side of the garage. This is my chance.

I jump out of my hiding spot and dash towards the door. My hand wraps around the knob then—

Someone grabs me by my shoulders—

Slams me against the wall.

I gasp when pain travels up my spine and bursts behind my eyes. I open my eyes and feel them sting. My eyes meet those emerald orbs again. But this time, I noticed the bewilderment behind those eyes. Shock.

Captain stumbles back, letting go of my shoulder, his eyes wide open, his mouth slightly parted. I hunch slightly in pain. That dude slammed me so hard that I thought I might lose a rib or two. I push my hair out of my face wondering why the captain looks so mortified and—

I pause.

My hair. I look down to see my cap laying on the floor. With utmost calmness, I slowly look up at the captain.

"You're a girl." He says.

"Hi," I replied.

Salika Sabahath S Z

II MA English

**This year the Inter-year Dramatics was based on the theme ‘Science Fiction’.**



**The winners of the competition were the 3<sup>rd</sup> year students who performed FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON by DANIEL KEYES and the runners-up were the 2<sup>nd</sup> year students who performed THE INVISIBLE MAN by H. G. WELLS**

## **THE INVISIBLE MAN**

**(Script written by Naveena Deborah)**

### **ACT I SCENE 1**

**NARRATOR:** What if, around you are things that exist only in your fantasies? What if one day you realize that the superpowers you have only watched in movies or read in books actually exist? What if there was some chemical much more dangerous than corrosive acids or poisonous gases? What if there was furniture moving without any visible external force? And what if, the cause of all this strangeness was a person who cannot be seen?

Ladies of Auxilium College, the second years present to you, “The Invisible Man”.

There is a thin line between genius and insanity. And it is often easily crossed. A fine example is Jack Griffin, an honourable man who was misguided by his motivation for an experiment and his desire to do good for science and mankind, born primarily out of his love for his fiancée. A genius scientist who meddled with things that man must leave alone. Act I Scene I. At Griffin’s Laboratory.

**GRIFFIN 1:** A little bit of this. And a drop of this. Perfect! This is what I need.

[Injects the chemical into his arm while cackling evilly]

For 5 years I’ve toiled. I’ve hid my research and experiments from Dr. Cranley and Kemp. All for this moment. The things one can do with such power. Power beyond imagination. Power beyond anything humans have invented. The power of monocane and a few other chemicals.

Invisibility! That’s right! To do such a thing would be to transcend magic! And I behold, unclouded by doubt, a magnificent vision of all that invisibility might mean to a man- the mystery, the power, the freedom---

[he collapses, spasms and hides behind the table. **GRIFFIN 2** stands up]

**GRIFFIN 2:** So, it’s possible! And I’ve done it! Now I can go around unseen. Men will be baffled at my presence. They will wonder and wonder. But their tiny brains can

never figure it out. I'll take what I need from anywhere I go. In fact, I think I'll make a visit to the bank. Or the store. Who is there to stop me? I will become the richest man alive. But, it is a crime. I think I must not do it.

Hmm. Maybe it won't matter what I do. There is after all no one to stop me. How will they stop me if they can't see me? That's right! They can't see me. They won't know I did it. Poor fools. They will not know what hit them.  
(laughs)

[Exit **GRIFFIN 2**]

## **ACT I SCENE 2**

**NARRATOR:** Act 1 Scene 2, The market in the Village of Iping. There was a certain mysticism in the air. Strange incidents that haven't been recorded in the history of human civilization took place, leaving the citizens quite baffled and gossip spread at the speed of light. Maybe even faster.

**Person 1:** Did you hear the strange tale?

**Person 2:** I did. Most interesting it is too.

**Person 3:** Of the robbery in the house of the vicar?

**Person 1:** That's the one. I heard they found no one.

**Person 4:** No one! How can that be?!

**Person 2:** But it's true! The missus heard noises and woke up the vicar.

**Person 5:** yes! They found a lit candle in the room with their gold.

**Person 3:** And the money was gone.

**Person 4:** Gone?! That's witchcraft I tell you!

**Person 1:** Well I don't believe in that. But something strange is happening.

**Person 2:** don't be silly. It is all some peculiar trick .

**Person 3:** But didn't you hear the news? There was an attack at the Inn.

**Person 4:** Oh! This is getting stranger by the minute. Tell me more!

**Person 5:** Apparently the people of Iping heard a strange voice taunting them.

**Person 1:** I heard about it too. Their hats and coats were pulled and thrown around. Some even distinctly felt the pull of an index and a thumb on their noses!

**Person 2:** And they believe it was an invisible person.

**Person 4:** My goodness! Could this be the same person who robbed that house?

**Person 3:** Hey you! Don't tell me you actually believe that rubbish!

**Person 1:** I'm sure there is some explanation for it.



**Person 5:** oh whatever! I've got to leave. I have work to do.

**Person 2:** I better leave too.

[Exit **PEOPLE 1-5**. Enter **DR.CRANLEY** and **KEMP**]

**KEMP:** These lunatics, doctor. I wonder if they have nothing better to do. Here we are, searching for a missing man and there, an entire village playing the fool?! Lunacy!

**DR.CRANLEY:** I think not Kemp. In fact, I think both incidents are connected. I found a note in Griffin's table drawer. It had a list of chemicals and one of them was monocane.

**KEMP:** Monocane? What is monocane?

**DR.CRANLEY:** Monocane's a terrible drug.

**KEMP:** I never heard of it.

**DR.CRANLEY:** You wouldn't, Kemp. It's never used now. I didn't know it was even made. It's a drug that was used years ago as a bleaching agent.

**KEMP:** That doesn't sound very terrible.

**DR.CRANLEY:** I know, but it has a dark side. It was tried out on some poor animal -a dog, and it turned the dog dead white, like a marble statue, sending it raving mad!

**KEMP:** You surely don't think...?

**DR.CRANLEY:** I only pray to God that Griffin hasn't been meddling with this ghastly stuff.

**KEMP:** He'd never touch a thing with madness. What are we going to do?

**DR.CRANLEY:** There is nothing to be done but hope that Griffin won't make the wrong choices.

[Exit **DR.CRANLEY** and **KEMP**]

## ACT II SCENE 2

**NARRATOR:** Act 2, Scene 1, At the Lion's Head Inn. The warm light of Lion's Head Inn contrasted the heavy snowfall outside. A stranger, clad in a heavy coat plodded through the snow with great effort, a briefcase clutched in his hand. His dark hat kept his face away from view. But when the wind moved it, under it a pair of thick goggles was visible along with cloth bandages. The stranger reaches the inn and asks for lodging.

**GRIFFIN 3:** I want a room and a fire.

[Enter **MR.HALL**]

**MR.HALL:** Jenny?

[Enter **MRS.HALL**]

**MR.HALL:** There's a gent here who wants a room and a fire.

**MRS.HALL:** What, a room?

**MR.HALL:** I said a room.

**MRS.HALL:** We ain't got none ready, not at this time of year. We don't usually have folks stopping, except in the summer.

[Exit **MR.HALL**]

**GRIFFIN 3:** You can get one ready. I want a private sitting room, too.

**MRS.HALL:** Certainly, sir. Millie! Will you come through, sir?

Millie! That lazy girl!

[Enter **MILLIE** slowly and drowsily]

**MILLIE:** Yes ma'am, did you call for me?

**MRS. HALL:** I beencallin' you for ages! Go clean the sitting room! Sir, it's the coldest winter we've--

**MILLIE:** (interrupts **MRS.HALL**) The room? What for ma'am? We don't have guests this time of the year, why should we clean it?

**MRS. HALL:** Just do what I tell you! So, it's the coldest winter we've had for--

**MILLIE:** (interrupts **MRS. HALL** again): Ooh, is he a special somebody? Why's he got those peculiar bandages around his face? Is he blind? Can't he talk?

[**MILLIE** tries waving to **GRIFFIN 3** and curiously approaches him.

**GRIFFIN 3** pushes her away and **MILLIE** begins spinning.]

**MRS. HALL:** Enough Millie! Get to work!

**MILLIE:** On it, ma'am!

[Exit **MILLIE**]

**MRS. HALL:** (sighs) This girl... Anyways. It's the coldest winter we've had down here for years. They put all the sheep and the cows in for a fortnight now. Poor things. They can't get a blade of green grass.

[Stares at **GRIFFIN 3**] You may be near-sighted, but you can't be deaf-and-dumb as well.

[Stares at **GRIFFIN 3** again]

Could I take your coat and hat, sir, and give 'em a nice dry in the kitchen?

**GRIFFIN 3:** No. I prefer to keep them on. I want to be left alone, and undisturbed.

[**GRIFFIN 3** takes a seat near the tables]

**MRS. HALL:** Very good, sir.

UGH!! The audacity of that stranger!

[Enter **MR.HALL**]

**MRS.HALL:** If you ask me, he's a criminal flying from justice.

**MR. HALL:** Go on. He's snow-blind, that's what he is. Has to wear goggles to save his eyes.

**MRS.HALL:** Anyway, you be careful, and lock your money up, I'll try to serve him supper. I hope he'll be a bit more communicative this time.

[Fetches tray and knocks]

Sir, your supper's there.

**GRIFFIN 3:** (yelling) I said I wanted to be left alone, and undisturbed! Take it away.

**MRS.HALL:** You don't want it cold, do you? Do you suppose that I'm going to carry trays backwards and forwards all day?

**GRIFFIN 3:** Just get out!

[**GRIFFIN 3** stomps away angrily while **MRS.HALL** screams.]

Enter **MR.HALL**]

**MR. HALL:** Jenny! What was that about?!

**MRS. HALL:** He's not gonna stay under this roof, not another hour! Crashed the tray out of my hand, and swore at me. Turn my best sitting room into a chemist's shop. Spillages on the carpets! Go and tell him if he ain't packed up and gone in half an hour, we'll have the law in to turn him out. Go on.

**MR. HALL:** Let's leave him a bit, Jenny, till he cools off.

**MRS. HALL:** Go on, do it now! Him and his goggles and his chemist's shop! If you don't kick him out, I'm clearing out myself, and I mean it this time!

**MR. HALL:** There's no need for that. He's just some innocent man.

**MRS. HALL:** You didn't see what I saw. I'm telling the police.

## **ACT II SCENE 2**

**NARRATOR:** Act 2, Scene 2, At the Police Station.

The frenzy of The Invisible Man was greeted with great enthusiasm by the public, but not so much by the police. The police ridiculed the very idea of the existence of an invisible entity.

**OFFICER:** Oh! Here comes the inspector now!

**INSPECTOR:** Nice fool you've made of me. I've got reports for ten miles around. Not a sign of anything. I'll have an inquiry right now. Bring in everybody who thinks they saw or heard anything. I'll get to the bottom of this. Get those tables together.

[Enter **MRS.HALL** screaming and sobbing]

**MRS.HALL:** Help! Help! Police! He's a raving lunatic!

**INSPECTOR:** Please don't cry, now. I'll tell you what I think of your invisible man: it's a hoax. Good business for the saloon bar, eh, Mrs Hall?

**MRS. HALL:** So you're saying I'd break my neck to sell a gallon of beer?

[**MRS.HALL** screams hysterically]

**MRS. HALL:** But you must heed my word! It's the stranger with the goggles! He's a raving lunatic!

**INSPECTOR:** Oh, shut up! Now, you, where were those files I asked you about?

**OFFICER:** Right here, sir, if you will follow me--

[Props start moving, **MRS.HALL** shrieks and clings onto **OFFICER**, they all scream and flee in a fright]

### **ACT II SCENE 3**

**NARRATOR:** Act 2, Scene 3, Back at the Inn. The eccentric stranger is soon revealed to be none other than Dr. Jack Griffin, the scientist who was slowly turning insane under the effect of the drug. Having failed to arrive at an antidote to his misery, he is confronted by the perplexed Innkeeper about falling behind on rent.

**GRIFFIN 3:** If only they'd leave me alone.

**MR. HALL:** Look 'ere, mister, we can't have this no more. You broke the wife's best china, you're behind with the rent. Pack up and go.

**GRIFFIN 3:** I'm expecting some money, Mr Hall. I'll pay you directly when it comes.

**MR. HALL:** You said that last week.

**GRIFFIN 3:** I came here for quiet and secrecy. I'm carrying out a difficult experiment. I must be left alone. It's vital. It's life and death that I should be left alone. You don't understand.

**MR. HALL:** I understand all right. The way you carry on, throwing things about on the carpets and swearing, You're driving folks away. It's no good, mister, you've got to go.

**GRIFFIN 3:** I implore you to let me stay. I beg of you.

**MR. HALL:** The wife says if you don't go, she is. So it's gotta be you. Come on. I'll help you to get this stuff packed up.

**GRIFFIN 3:** Leave that alone and get out of here!

**MR.HALL:** Look here! Is this my house or yours?

[**GRIFFIN 3** pushes down **MR.HALL**.

**INSPECTOR** and **OFFICER** barge in along with a loudly weeping **MRS. HALL**]

**OFFICER:** You!

**INSPECTOR:** Keep back there!

**GRIFFIN 3:** Keep back, me? Do you know who you're talking to? I give you a last chance to leave me alone.

**INSPECTOR:** Give you a last chance? You've committed assault, that's what you've done, and you can come along to the station with me.

**OFFICER:** Come along, now. Come quietly, unless you want me to put the handcuffs on.

**GRIFFIN 3:** Stop where you are. You don't know what you're doing.

**INSPECTOR:** I know what I'm doing all right. Get the handcuffs out!

**MRS. HALL:** Yes!! Lock him up!

[**OFFICER** approaches **GRIFFIN 3** but is pushed away]

**GRIFFIN 3:** All right, you fools. You've brought it on yourselves. Everything would have come right if you'd only left me alone. You've driven me near madness And now you'll suffer for it!

You're crazy to know who I am, aren't you? All right! I'll show you!

I'll show you who I am and what I am.

[Gets on table and begins removing his disguise]

There's a souvenir for you. And here, for you!

**INSPECTOR:** Get a hold of him before he takes off more clothing!

You get down here before I climb up there myself!

**OFFICER:** If he gets the rest of them clothes off, we'll never catch him in a thousand years!

**INSPECTOR:** You! Down. Right now!

**MRS. HALL:** Quick! Just handcuff him already!

**OFFICER:** (in a panic and loud voice) How can I handcuff a bloomin' shirt?!

**GRIFFIN 3:** They were expecting something. Scars, horrible burns, a face disfigured beyond recognition. But the one thing they weren't expecting was nothing! [Laughs insanely]

[**GRIFFIN 3** climbs back down and begins running around.

**INSPECTOR** and **OFFICER** chase him.

**GRIFFIN 3** goes under the table and **GRIFFIN 2** jumps up.]

**GRIFFIN 2:** Are you satisfied now, you fools? It's easy, really, if you're clever. A few chemicals mixed together, that's all, and flesh and blood and bone just fade away. A little of this is injected under the skin of the arm every day for a month. An invisible man can rule the world. Nobody will see him come, nobody will see him go. He can hear every secret. He can rob and kill!

**INSPECTOR:** Not if he can't get no further than this room, he won't. Here, shut that door.

**OFFICER:** Come out now wherever you are!



**GRIFFIN:** You think I'd hide like a common criminal? I'll show you just what the Invisible Man can do!

[**GRIFFIN 2** sneaks up behind **INSPECTOR** and begins choking him.]

**INSPECTOR:** Let go of me! Let go!

[**GRIFFIN 2** successfully kills **INSPECTOR** and begins laughing.]

**NARRATOR:** This curious tale doesn't have a resolution. In fact, the events descend into catastrophe. Griffin, now having already killed someone, becomes more estranged till at the last moments of his life, he realizes his folly. But for now, the story ends here with Griffin on the loose and at the height of his lunacy, Now, let us ask you again. What if around you are things that exist only in your fantasies? What if there were things moving with no visible force? What if the cause was a person who cannot be seen, and what if that person is right there, right beside you?

# **BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS**



## **TINKERS - PAUL HARDING**

"Tinkers" by Paul Harding is a beautifully crafted novel that delves into the complexities of memory, family, and mortality. Set in rural New England, the story follows the final days of George Washington Crosby, a clock repairman, as he reflects on his life and relationships. Harding's prose is rich and lyrical, painting vivid images of the natural landscape and the inner workings of George's mind. Through George's memories and hallucinations, the reader is taken on a journey through time, exploring his troubled relationship with his father, Howard, a tinker by trade, and his own struggles with illness and mortality.

One of the novel's strengths lies in its exploration of the passage of time and the fragility of memory. Harding seamlessly weaves together different timelines, blurring the boundaries between past and present, reality and imagination. This creates a sense of disorientation that mirrors George's own confusion as he grapples with his impending death. The characters in "Tinkers" are intricately drawn, each with their own hopes, fears, and flaws. George's relationship with his father is particularly poignant, as he seeks to understand the man who abandoned him as a child. Through Howard's fragmented memories and George's own recollections, Harding reveals the complexities of their bond, exploring themes of abandonment, forgiveness, and redemption. Harding skillfully explores the ways in which our lives are shaped by the people and events around us, and the ways in which we strive to make sense of our place in the world.

Overall, "Tinkers" is a haunting and deeply affecting novel that lingers in the mind long after the final page is turned. Harding's evocative prose and masterful storytelling make it a must-read for anyone interested in exploring the depths of the human experience.

R. Abirami

II MA English

## **THE HISTORY OF BEES- MAJA LUNDE**



“The History of Bees” by MajaLunde takes the reader on a journey across different time periods and continents, interweaving the lives of three individuals as they strive to understand and protect bees. The novel sheds light on the intricate relationship between humans and nature, putting a spotlight on the alarming decline of bee populations and its potential consequences.

Lunde skillfully presents the narratives of three characters: William, a biologist in 1852 England who is grappling with the collapse of his beehive; George, a contemporary beekeeper in the United States who is confronted with the realities of modern agricultural practices; and Tao, a woman living in a future China where hand-pollination is a necessity due to the extinction of bees. Through these characters, the author delicately explores themes of family, loss, and the deep connection between humanity and the natural world.

The novel masterfully captures the urgency of the issue while weaving together the past, present, and future. Lunde's evocative storytelling draws readers into the lives of the characters, allowing them to experience the emotional and ethical dilemmas they face. The book prompts contemplation on the consequences of environmental degradation and the importance of sustainable living.

Overall, "The History of Bees" offers a compelling narrative, blending historical fiction with dystopian elements to deliver a poignant exploration of the profound impact of bees on humanity and the planet. It serves as a powerful reminder of the fragility of our ecosystems and the potential repercussions of neglecting our natural world.

M. Bakkiyalakshmi

II MA English

## **SLEEPING ON JUPITER- ANURADHA ROY**



Anuradha Roy's *Sleeping on Jupiter* was released by Hachette India and longlisted for the Man Booker Prize. Despite widespread international recognition, *Sleeping on Jupiter* created barely a ripple in the Indian mainstream conscience, most notably due to its taboo exposé of the chinks in a priest's armour.

The narrative of *Sleeping on Jupiter* revolves around the intertwining journeys of Badal, a tour guide struggling to come to terms with his homosexuality and expressing his love for Raghu; Suraj, a graduate cinematographer with drug and temper issues; three elderly women, Latika, Gauri and Vidya, travelling to escape the daily drudgery of household chores; and the protagonist Nomi who is also travelling to Jarmuli, where she grew up, to film a documentary but really to confront the ghosts of her past still tormenting her present.

Through non-linear storytelling, the reader ascertains the psychological arc that Nomi's childhood trauma has precipitated into, namely in the form of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). For Nomi, Jarmuli symbolises a childhood filled with harrowing experiences that she is grappling with, decades later. Here, she was forcefully brought as an "illegal boat girl", a refugee during the violent climax of the Bengal Partition, put in a predatory ashram, her body cruelly exploited by Guruji (the spiritual leader of the ashram), and from where, she escaped first by running away to a girls' home and then by getting adopted by a Norwegian couple. In *Sleeping on Jupiter*, Jarmuli connotes a prison from which she managed to break free – a place where she lost a significant part of herself that she is wrenching to get back. Her return to town warrants painful confrontation with her abuser, even if it is hallucinatory; this return denotes the first step in her healing process.

Roy's *Sleeping on Jupiter*, the Guruji at Nomi's ashram is seen as a figure of god and this perception persists throughout the atrocities committed within the holy space. "She remembered he had looked and sounded as she used to think God must look and sound." An ashram is supposed to be a retreat where people go to seek spiritual peace; it is associated with divinity and sanctity. This image is deconstructed by Roy in *Sleeping on Jupiter* to paint a picture where heinous crimes are committed. Within the iron gates that hold the girls in, contradictory events take place to those of the kind that people reckon. The institution, rather than cleansing oneself of past deeds, contributes to a cycle of pain for young girls and boys.

Playing with the concepts of entrapment, escapism and freedom, the title of Roy's novel enunciates the difference in the way gravity functions on Jupiter and its moons. The force of

gravity on Jupiter is more than double of that on Earth, meaning that the gravitational pull is stronger towards the planet's core. Jupiter being the gas giant that it is, there is also no surface to speak of, meaning one would simply sink inwards. This enthrallment with celestial bodies for Anuradha Roy signifies a dualism in *Sleeping on Jupiter* – Nomi's inertia in the face of her trauma, characterised by her 'sleeping' state, is her succumbing to her demons and freefalling to her inner depths. However, Nomi has the choice of waking up from her slumber and confronting the demons head-on, because on Jupiter, your leaps are as high as your falls.

GAYATHRI B

II MA English

## **THE BOY AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN**



"The Boy at the Top of the Mountain" by John Boyne is a gripping and thought-provoking novel set against the backdrop of World War II. The story follows Pierrot, a young boy who finds himself orphaned and sent to live with his aunt, a housekeeper at the Berghof, Adolf Hitler's mountain retreat. As Pierrot becomes indoctrinated into the Nazi ideology, the novel explores themes of power, morality, and the consequences of choices made in the face of extreme circumstances.

Boyne masterfully crafts Pierrot's journey from innocence to complicity, forcing readers to confront uncomfortable truths about the human capacity for cruelty and the seductive allure of authority. The atmospheric setting and rich historical detail immerse readers in the tumultuous era, while the moral dilemmas faced by the protagonist raise profound questions about personal responsibility and the nature of evil.

Boyne masterfully explores themes of morality, indoctrination, and the consequences of unchecked power. Through Pierrot's journey, the novel delves into the complexities of human nature and the choices individuals make in times of turmoil. The narrative is both haunting and compelling, with Boyne's vivid prose bringing the historical setting to life. While some critics have raised concerns about the portrayal of Hitler and the romanticization of his regime, others praise Boyne's nuanced exploration of moral ambiguity and the impact of ideology on impressionable minds.

As Pierrot becomes ensnared in the Nazi propaganda machine, he undergoes a transformation into the obedient and ruthless servant, Pieter. Through Pierrot's eyes, readers witness the gradual erosion of humanity in the face of unchecked ambition and ideological fervor. Boyne deftly navigates the complexities of Pierrot's moral descent, painting a nuanced portrait of a character torn between loyalty to his surrogate mother figure and the atrocities committed in the name of the Third Reich.

Overall, "The Boy at the Top of the Mountain" is a haunting and unforgettable novel that stayed with me long after I turned the final page. It's a powerful reminder of the dangers of unchecked authority and the enduring importance of standing up for what is right, even in the darkest of times.

Kalaiyarasi  
II MA English

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF A BRIEF MARRIAGE- ANUK ARUDPRAGASAM



"A Brief History of a Brief Marriage" is a compelling and thought-provoking novel that delves into the intricacies of human experience amidst the backdrop of war and conflict. Set against the harrowing backdrop of a civil war in Sri Lanka, the novel follows the protagonist Dinesh, a young man navigating the chaos and devastation of the conflict. AnukArudpragasam's writing skillfully captures the emotional turmoil, despair, and resilience of the characters amidst the relentless challenges they face.

One of the novel's most striking attributes is the nuanced exploration of the human psyche in the face of profound adversity. The author adeptly conveys the impact of trauma, fear, and loss on the characters, offering a poignant portrayal of their struggle for survival and semblance of normalcy. Through Dinesh's introspective journey, the novel offers a profound meditation on the complexities of human existence in the midst of destruction and despair. Arudpragasam's evocative prose immerses readers in the visceral realities of war, fostering empathy and understanding for the characters' experiences. The novel's portrayal of human connection, intimacy, and the pursuit of hope amid devastation lends it a deeply affecting and poignant quality.

The author's insightful exploration of themes such as love, resilience, and the search for meaning amid chaos enriches the narrative, infusing it with a profound sense of introspection and emotional depth. The novel's keen examination of the fragility and resilience of the human spirit resonates powerfully throughout its pages.

"A Brief History of a Brief Marriage" stands as a poignant and masterful work that offers a compelling portrayal of the indomitable human spirit in the face of unspeakable hardship. Arudpragasam's skillfully storytelling and nuanced character portrayal make this novel a profound and deeply affecting exploration of the human experience amidst the turmoil of war.

Komalavalli V  
II M.A English

# A SCINTILLATING SPECTRUM OF SPLASHES AND STROKES



## THE LOTTERY



This illustration depicts the core scene of the short story *The Lottery* by Shirley Jackson. It is a subtle short story that explores themes of tradition, ritual, and the dark side of human nature. Set in a seemingly ordinary small town, the story follows the annual ritual of a lottery where the winner is stoned to death by the villagers. Jackson uses the seemingly normal setting to gradually reveal the horrifying truth behind the lottery, forcing readers to confront the disturbing nature of blindly following tradition and the potential for cruelty within society. The story's shocking ending leaves a lasting impact, prompting readers to question the morality of unquestioned customs and the dangers of mob mentality.

Thejaswini R. S  
II MA English



## HOME BURIAL



Home burial is a poem by Robert Frost, it is about grief and grieving. The poem revolves around a husband and wife who are coping with the death of their first child very differently, and who wrestle with their seemingly irreconcilable approaches to grief.

Esther  
II MA English

## PALANQUIN BEARERS



There is a custom of carrying a bride in a palanquin by the palanquin bearers and the poem ‘The Palanquin Bearers’ by Sarojini Naidu is so finely woven around this custom, which expresses the joy and pride of the palanquin bearers in carrying the newlywed princess to her in- law’s house and while walking they are singing along happily.

Priya. P

II MA English

## MY LAST DUCHESS



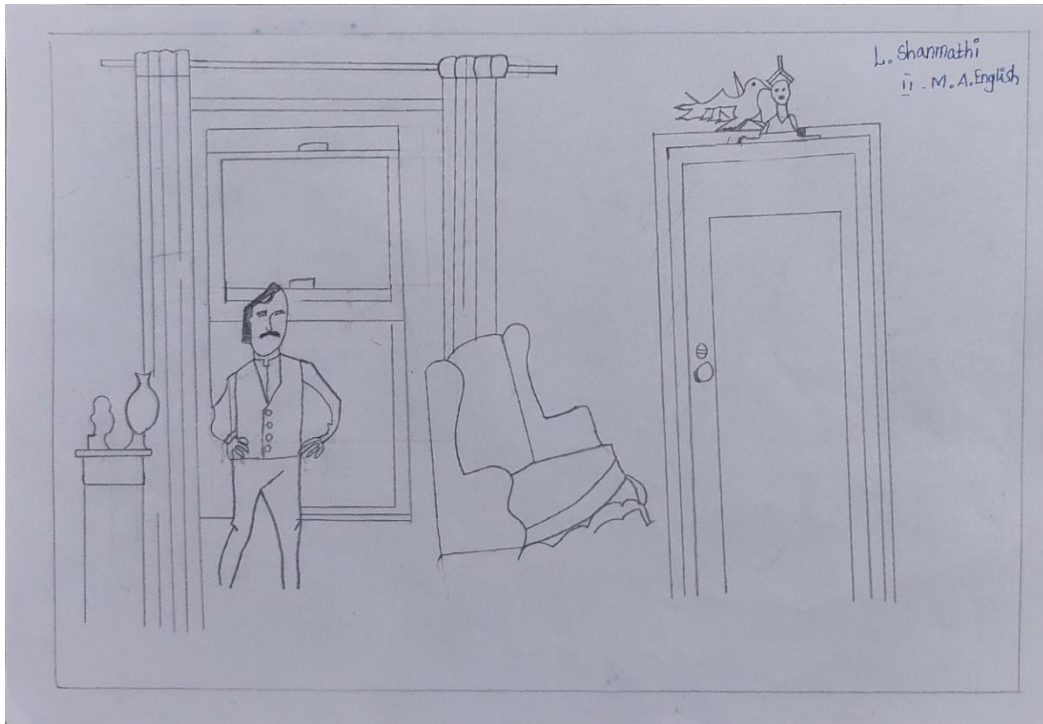
Robert Browning (7 May 1812 – 12 December 1889) an English poet and playwright whose dramatic monologues put him high among the Victorian poets. He was noted for irony, characterization, dark humor, social commentary, historical settings and challenging vocabulary and syntax "My Last Duchess" is a poem by Robert Browning, frequently anthologized as an example of the dramatic monologue. It first appeared in 1842 in Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics*. The poem is composed in 28 rhyming couplets of iambic pentameter. The above mentioned picture illustrate the poem " My Last Duchess " written by Robert Browning. The Duke of Ferrara is in conversation with an envoy of a very powerful Count. He is the speaker of the poem. The Duke is looking to marry the Count's daughter. It is because he lost his wife recently. Thus, he is showing the envoy around his palace. Throughout the tour, we learn shocking revelations

about the Duke. The irony which Browning provides in this poem is crystal clear. On the tour, he comes across a portrait of his last Duchess. He believes that the painter has captured the spectacle of the Duchess's glimpse. But, he also says that her deep and zealous glance was not just for the Duke and her nature was quite jovial. Thus, we see how her jovial nature did not go down well with him. The Duke believed that she was flirting with almost everyone. It becomes clear that he is very controlling as a husband. As he recalls her nature, his tone grows harsher. Humans and nature, both impressed the Duchess easily which was not acceptable to him. My last Duchess tells us how he thinks she did not respect his lineage. Thus, he decides to teach her to love everything so easily. Consequently, we learn that the Duke probably commanded to kill her. After that, he casually gets back to the business at hand. He accompanies the envoy back to the Count. Further, he also asks for a high dowry. Although he mentions that his daughter will be enough. On the way out, he shows the envoy another art piece from his collection like the Duchess's portrait was merely an object. It is chilling to see him move on from the portrait of his former wife without any emotion.

MYTHILI L

II M.A.ENGLISH

## THE RAVEN

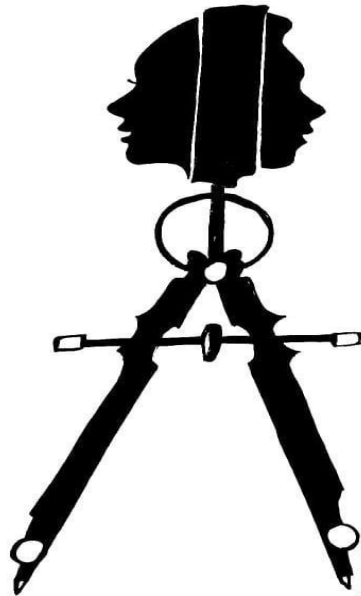


“The Raven” is a narrative poem by American writer Edgar Allan Poe. It was first published in January, 1845. Poe himself meant the “Raven” to symbolize mournful, never-ending remembrance. This picture depicts when the poet is thinking about his love, he hears a much louder knocking at the window lattice. He opens the shutters of the window. A stately raven flies without making a respectful bow to the poet, perching on the bust size statue to the pallas in the poet’s chamber. The Raven represents the grief of losing a loved one and the struggle to overcome it. Poe’s narrator goes mad trying to forget his love Lenore and in the end, resigns himself to a life in shadow of the Raven Nevermore.

Shanmathi

II MA English

## TWIN COMPASS



John Donne's "twin compass" idea is a metaphorical concept from his poem *A Valediction: Forbidden Mourning*. The twin compasses symbolize a stable and enduring connection between two individuals, emphasizing a spiritual and intellectual bond that transcends physical distance. Donne uses this metaphor to represent a connection that goes beyond true love and the strength of a relationship that can withstand separation. It emphasizes the enduring, stable, and intellectual aspects of a profound connection between two individuals.

Swetha S

II M.A. English

## THE VEGETARIAN



In *The Vegetarian* by Han Kang, the tree symbolises the protagonist Yeong-hye's desire for transformation and freedom. The image of the tree appears frequently throughout the novel, representing Yeong-hye's longing to break free from societal expectations and constraints. The tree also serves as a metaphor for the interconnectedness of nature and humans, and the idea of growth, change, and rebirth. Overall, the tree in *The Vegetarian* illustrates themes of autonomy, rebellion, and the search for identity. It also illustrates the struggles and consequences of challenging social norms and expectations.

R. Thenmozhi  
II MA English

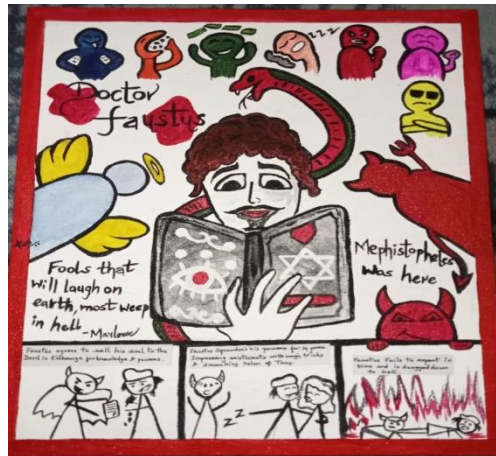


**Keerthiga H – II B.A ENGLISH B    Harshitha V- I B.A ENGLISH A**



**Naveena Deborah D – II B.A ENGLISH A**





**Tanya – II B.A ENGLISH B**



**Kavitha R - II B.A ENGLISH A**



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**S Vinitha**  
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**A Madhumitha**  
**I B.A ENGLISH A**



**G Krishna Kumari**



**Thabassum I**  
**III B.A ENGLISH B**



**Nandhini K M**



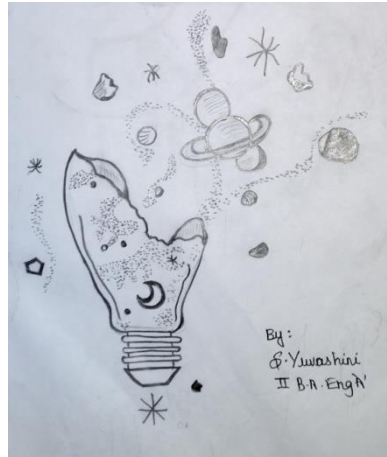
**Yashika J - II B.A ENGLISH A**



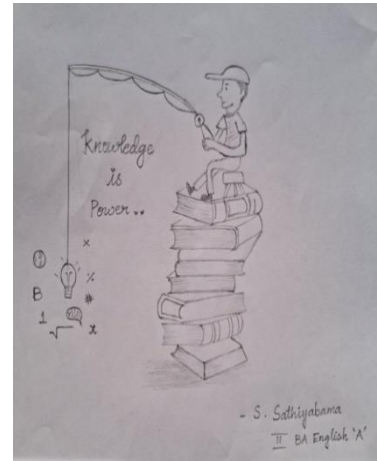
**Rishanthi - II B.A ENGLISH A**



**Yashika**  
**II B.A ENGLISH A**



**J Yuvashini**  
**II B.A ENGLISH A**



**S Sathiyabama S**  
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**P Shiny**  
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**D Rebeccal Rubhavathy**  
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**Preethi Jawahar J R**  
**III B.A ENGLISH B**



**Pavithra A**  
**III B.A ENGLISH B**

**“YOU CAN’T USE  
UP CREATIVITY.  
THE MORE YOU  
USE, THE MORE  
YOU HAVE.”  
-MAYA ANGELOU**