



*An Annual Publication of the
Journalism Club*
AUXILIUM COLLEGE
(Autonomous)
VELLORE - 632 006



Sibylline

An Annual Literary Journal

Edition XXII

2025-2026



A Festchrift for Dr.Latha E. Assistant Professor of English

By

The Journalism Club

PG & Research Department of English

AUXILIUM COLLEGE (Autonomous)
Vellore-632006

The Journalism Club

Annual Report (2025–2026)

The Journalism Club of the PG & Research Department of English actively fostered student engagement through a range of academic and creative initiatives during the academic year 2025–2026. A Plenary Meet of the Literary Association, the Journalism Club, and the Theatre Club was conducted on 17 July 2025, with Dr. Venum Cecilia P.A.A., Associate Professor and Head (Retd.), as the Chief Guest. Her address highlighted the relevance of literature, critical inquiry, media literacy, and performance skills in contemporary academic and professional contexts. As part of the programme, a dramatic reading from *The Great Gatsby* was presented by Ms. Jerlin Rose (III B.Sc. Chemistry), who delivered Nick Carraway’s final monologue with clarity, sensitivity, and interpretative depth.

The club further organised a Column Writing Competition on themes such as Campus Chronicles, Social Awareness, and India Presidential Awards of 2025, along with a Live News Reporting Competition held on 9 February 2026. These activities provided students with structured opportunities to develop journalistic writing, analytical thinking, verbal articulation, and professional reporting skills. In addition, articles were invited and compiled for *Sibyline*, the annual journal of the Journalism Club, enabling students to participate in editing and creative writing, including poems, short stories, and other literary contributions.

Collectively, these initiatives motivated students and systematically equipped them with essential skills, ethical awareness, and adaptability required to respond effectively to the evolving demands of the contemporary media and professional landscape.

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Vice Principal and Head
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EDITORIAL

A teacher's influence is measured not by accolades, but by the hearts and minds she shapes and our dearest Dr. Latha, Assistant Professor, Department of English, stands as a living testament to that truth. We pay tribute to a teacher whose presence exemplified calm, consistency, and care. She leaves an enduring impact on all who had the privilege to learn from her.

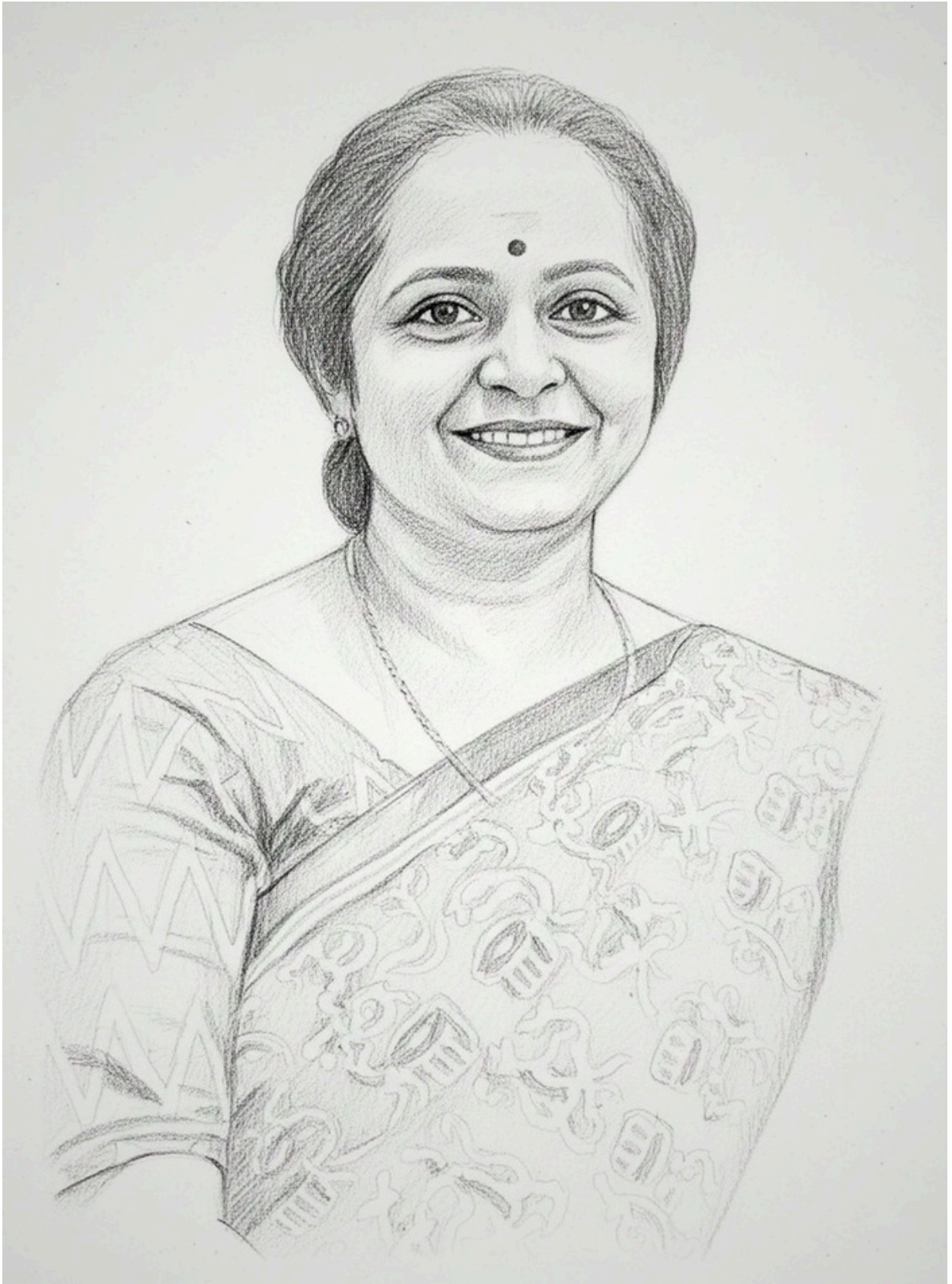
Firm in principle yet gentle in approach, she understood teaching as an engagement of both intellect and empathy. Every responsibility she undertook was carried out with sincerity, discipline, and grace. Her dedication was never ostentatious, yet its impact resonated deeply within every classroom she entered and every learner she mentored. Humility stood as her defining strength. Through her unobtrusive example, she reminded us that true authority is rooted not in assertion, but kindness, fairness, and integrity.

We dedicate this special edition to her, with thanks and admiration from all who have been touched by her guidance. As she retires, her journey as an educator continues through the values she has instilled and the lives she has touched. We offer her our heartfelt gratitude, assured that the legacy she leaves behind is one of lasting influence, tempered wisdom, and unwavering goodness.

Ms. Griffa E. J.
Staff Advisor, Journalism Club
Assistant Professor of English

CONTENTS

1 .An Apology for a Changing Scene	1
2.A Life of Joy in Service	2
3.To Our Soft Spring	3
4.Your Presence Tells a Poem	4
5.Dear Ma'am, a Final Paragraph	5
6.Patience from Kind Heart	6
7.Turning Ordinary Days Warm	7
8.A Great Teacher	8
9.In Rooms That Echo Differently	9
10.A Recipe for Healing	10
11.Where the Light Refused to Stay	11
12.The Door Without a Handle	12
13.North East West South	14
14.It's Not Your Fault	14
15.Her Own Sunrise	15
16.That Kind of Love	16
17.And Only When it Snows Do We Look for The Sun	17
18.Who Am I?	18
19.It's Not Fine!	19
20.The Star	20
21.The Quiet Between	21
22.Like The Moon	22
23.The Broken Window at Hillside	24
24.The Quiet Choice	25
25.Emptiness isn't Pitiful, It's Just Present	26



**A Festschrift for Dr.Latha E.
Assistant Professor of English**



“A paragon of kindness, whose humble grace has bequeathed an enduring legacy”

A Tribute to Dr. Latha E.



*Wishing you blue skies &
sunshine*

Carla

An Apology for a Changing Scene

What feels like the end

Is often the beginning of great things!

Wishing you the best of everything my dear Ms. Latha.

I thank you for those wonderful years in the dept. when I had the pleasure of knowing you.

They were so much easier because of your silent, consistent & meticulous work .

You were the personification of calm resilience & warm understanding; a pillar of strength who almost went unnoticed and inconspicuous.

Your open - hearted approval and endearing encouragement to one and all, big or small, will always be remembered.

Here's wishing you blue skies & sunshine , "trees so green and clouds of white" , moonshine & flowers for you, in the ethereal bliss of your new - found realm of peace & quiet.

Let the stars shine on you & make your life so pleasant that it would all seem like starting - over.

May God shower His abundant blessings on you & your beloved family & His myriad angels protect you always!!



Dr. Venum Cecilia. P. A. A. (Retd.)
Former Head of the PG and Research
Department of English

A Life of Joy in Service

“What we call the beginning is often the end, and to make an end is to make a beginning, from which we do not cease from exploration,” observes T. S. Eliot, a reflection that finds quiet resonance in Dr. Latha E.’s professional journey, where continuity of purpose and disciplined inquiry shaped every stage of her profession.

On the completion of sixteen years of devoted service, we are grateful to Dr. Latha E., Assistant Professor, Department of English, as she concludes her academic tenure and retires with grace.

As William Wordsworth reminds us, “The best portion of a good man's life: his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.” Such unobtrusive acts of care and constancy defined Dr. Latha’s years of service, leaving an enduring imprint on the collective ethos of the Department. Her sustained engagement with English Language Teaching (ELT) informed a pedagogy grounded in clarity, relevance, and learner-centred practice. Her approach towards academic commitments were methodic, balancing timeliness with conceptual depth. She is an embodiment of patience and reassurance. She fostered confidence and goodwill among the students

Dr. Latha's motherly presence in the Department was remarkable that made her approachable at all times. Her conscientious management of academic records and departmental documentation stands as a clear testimony to her precision, discipline, and integrity. Every responsibility entrusted to her was discharged with sincerity and excellence, contributing consistently to the smooth functioning and academic order of the Department.

At this moment of transition, we recall her contributions with gratitude. The insight accrued through years of teaching, learning, and institutional service now stands as a legacy of dedication and professional integrity.

The service of Dr. Latha can be best described in the words of Rabindranath Tagore, “I slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted—and behold, service was joy.”

May her selfless work, that marked her career reward her tranquillity, robust health, and inward fulfilment.

Dr. (Sr.) Amala Valarmathy A
Vice Principal and Head
PG&Research Department of English

To Our Soft Spring

You have a warmth in you Like the eastern sun in the morning who is steady and guiding us, Soft and kind.

We will miss you, Ma'am.
Not only the lessons from books,
but the calm you brought with you,
the kindness in your eyes,
the comfort of your presence
inside the classroom.

You were gentle with words,
patient with our doubts,
cute, charming, and sweet
in ways that made learning easy.

You were a pause in our poem,
a soft line we wished would not end,
a meaning we understood
only when it was time to say goodbye.
These lines are small,
but they come from the heart.
They carry respect,
gratitude, and care.

You will always remain
one of our finest references,
not only in literature,
but in life.

Duvvuru Keertana
II M. A. English



Your Presence Tells a Poem

The simplicity in your heart became our guiding grace,
The elegance in your ways filled every space with peace,

The quiet charm in your voice felt like a soft embrace,
The beauty in your soul taught us the meaning of grace,

The innocence in your smile made our worries decrease,
The bravery in your words gave us inner strength and force,

The calmness in your manner brought comfort and ease,
The respect in your presence taught us values that increase,

The cute smile you carried brightened every place,
The little naughty scolding felt like love in disguise and grace,

The lessons you gave will forever stay in our memories and traces,
The love and light you shared will live on in countless hearts and
faces

Thank you, our beautiful soul for coming into our lives and making
it immense

Indhushree G
I M. A. English



Dear Ma'am, a Final Paragraph (Not a Goodbye)

You taught us English,
yet love arrived first.

You taught us kindness with commas,
patience through poetry,
and confidence between the lines.

Years slipped by
between chalk dust
and quiet encouragement—
we didn't notice,
because you made learning feel like home.

Now you retire.
But good teachers never really leave;
they become footnotes in our lives,
forever quoted.

Sheena Sahana K

I M. A. English

Patience from Kind Heart

You wait so calmly when we make mistakes.

Your smile stays gentle through every try.

No hurry in your voice or in your eyes.

You give us time to learn and to grow.

When questions feel hard and we feel shy.

You listen softly with patient care.

A kind word lifts us when we are low.

Your warmth makes every class feel safe.

In busy moments or when things go wrong.

You never raise your voice or show anger.

Your gentle ways guide us along.

You teach with love that lasts forever.

Thank you Latha ma'am for all you do.

Your patience shines like morning light.

Your kindness touches every one of us.

We are grateful for your gentle heart.

Vaishnavi V

III B. A. English

Turning Ordinary Days Warm

My mam is kindness in human form,
Soft as dawn, gentle as a warm home.
Her words heal hearts, her smile brings light,
Turning ordinary days warm and bright.

She walks with grace, so calm, so true,
Respect lives in all that she'll ever do.
In her presence, love feels near,
A quiet strength, sincere and clear.

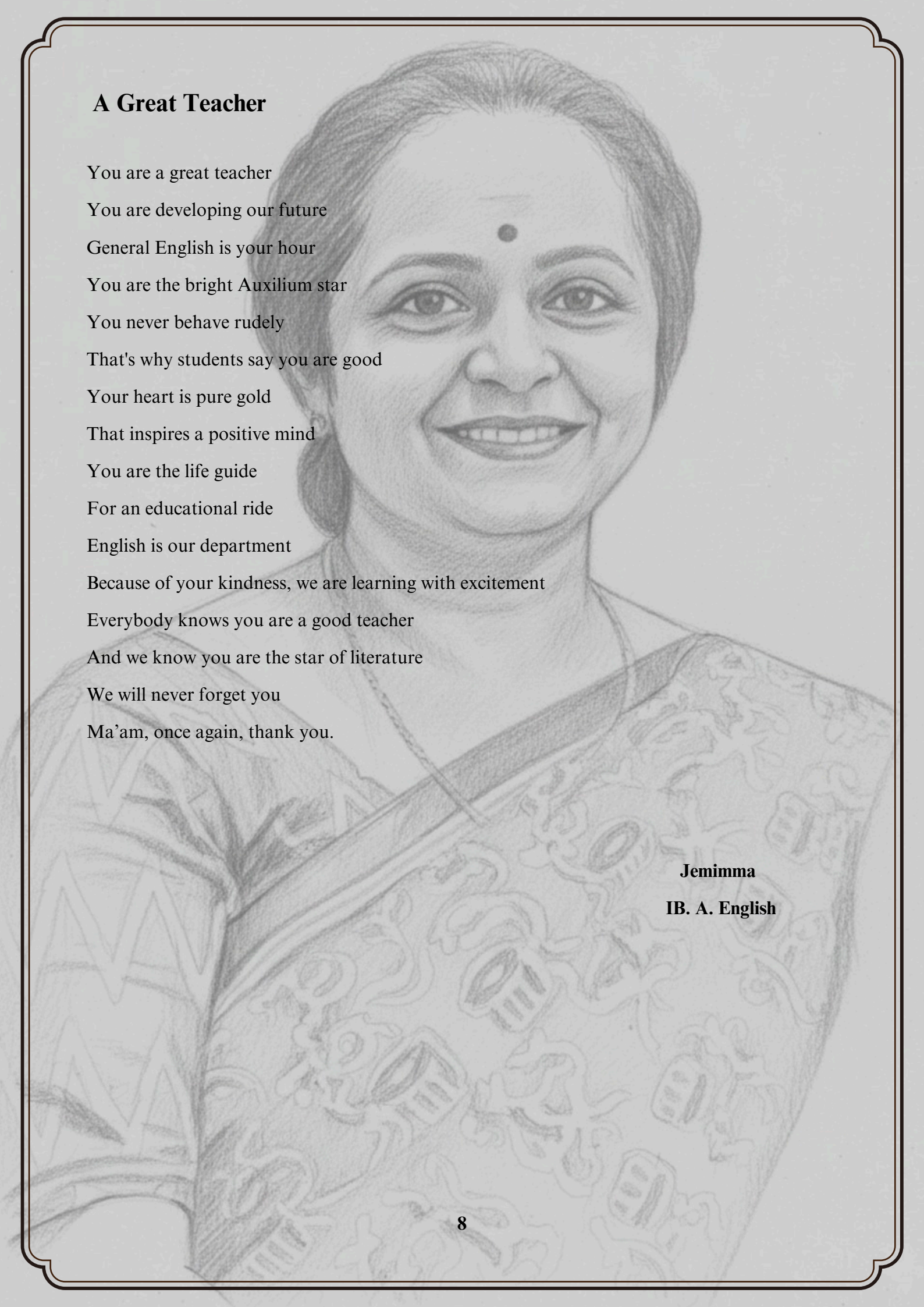
More lovely than flowers after rain,
More beautiful than words can explain.
Not just in face, but heart and soul,
She makes broken pieces feel whole.

O mam, my blessing, my guiding star,
Perfect and precious just as you are.
The world feels safer when you're near,
The most beautiful woman I hold dear.

Rihana Sultana K

III B. A.English

A Great Teacher



You are a great teacher
You are developing our future
General English is your hour
You are the bright Auxilium star
You never behave rudely
That's why students say you are good
Your heart is pure gold
That inspires a positive mind
You are the life guide
For an educational ride
English is our department
Because of your kindness, we are learning with excitement
Everybody knows you are a good teacher
And we know you are the star of literature
We will never forget you
Ma'am, once again, thank you.

Jemimma

IB. A. English

The Ink of Young Minds



In Rooms That Echo Differently

They smile like they know the script by heart-
the right laugh, the rhythm of belonging,
but I sit on the edge of every scene,
memorizing silence more than lines.

My words arrive dressed in questions, always-
too shy, too slow, too strange for the hallway.
I am a pause no one learns to fill in, a footstep
out of sync on tiled floors.

In crowds, my name is a feather dropped
in a place where thunder is the mother tongue.
I keep it close, hidden in quiet corners,
where even echoes are too polite to stay.

I watch them dance in mirrors I can't touch,
while my reflection learns how not to flinch.
I stitch up holes with songs no one will hear,
write letters to the moon and leave them there.

I tried to fold myself into their shape-
smaller, smoother, something easier to love.
But some skins itch when worn too long,
and some hearts tire of begging to be soft.

Is it selfish to want to be seen whole,
not trimmed to fit the world's sharp patterns?

don't break loudly. I splinter in silence,
collecting pieces no one offers hands for.

Being a misfit isn't painted bold-
it's quiet misery, stitched in the seams.
It's knowing even kindness has its rules,
and I forget the language every time.

Duvvuru keertana

II M. A. English

A Recipe for Healing

Take a broken heart, still trying to beat.
Add silence, slow like snow falling at night.
Stir it with hands too tired to ask for help.
Mix in long nights where no one says your name.
Cover all light. Let the dark feel like home.

Let sadness rise like bread left all alone.
Don't rush. Just wait. Let it grow on its own.
Boil old memories till they taste like smoke.
Drink them cold, under a quiet ceiling.
Forget the sun—it doesn't miss you now.

Take time. Maybe weeks. Maybe years. Just time.
No friends. No calls. Lock your door and your thoughts.
Don't answer messages. Erase the rest.
Only speak if silence hurts too much.

If tears come, let them fall where they want to.
If not, that's okay. Emptiness is real.
A quiet room becomes the loudest place.
Your breath is the only sound in the world.

Walk slowly. Taste the pain like bitter tea.
Call it healing when no one calls on you.
This is the way—to disappear inside,
To sit with pain and let it speak to you,
And to stay until you hear your own name.

Duvvuru keertana
II M. A. English

Where the Light Refused to Stay

I used to believe the sun would come back.
Even on the worst days, I thought—just wait.
Wait it out. The light always returns.
But some rooms... some hearts...
they forget how to open.
They stay cold, even when it's noon outside.

I've sat through days that didn't move.
Hours folding in on themselves
like laundry I didn't have the strength to put away.
It's not about tears.
Those dried up a long time ago.
Now it's just this heavy ache,
this strange emptiness
that somehow weighs more than anything.
People talk about meaning
like it's something you can just go find—
in books, in faith, in poetry.
But what if the pain doesn't mean anything?
What if it's just... pain?
Like gravity, like breathing—
just there,
and you live around it.

They tell me healing is a journey,
but they don't say what to do
when every path just loops back to where you started.
Like I'm walking in circles
trying to forgive things I never even said out loud.

Sometimes I feel like I'm not even real—
just a thought someone forgot to finish.
Half-written, half-wanted.
Like I'm here, but not really here.

Is that what isolation is?
Not being alone in the room,
but feeling like no one would notice
if your soul quietly slipped out the back door?

I've carried this pain
not like a burden,
but like a language only I know.
And I speak it fluently—
in silence, in sighs, in pretending I'm okay
when I don't even believe it myself.

I'm not trying to be strong.
I'm just tired.
Tired of explaining a sadness
that has no story.
If I ever fade,
I don't want it to be loud.
I want it to be like breath—
quiet, soft, something you miss
only when it's already gone.

And maybe... just maybe...
the stars will notice,
and whisper,
"I saw you, even when they didn't."

Duvvuru keertana
II M. A. English

The Door Without a Handle

There is a room that no one dares to name,
where light forgets to land, and time dissolves.
I live there now, in silence thick as wool,
a stillness stitched with thread too tight to move.

Each morning comes like news I didn't want—
a call to wear the same unspoken mask.
They say the sun is rising, I don't look.
I feel the weight instead, the ache of breath.

This is not sadness poets like to paint,
nor heartbreak with a song and soft release.
This is the ache that has no metaphor,
the kind of grief that does not beg for love.

The air is loud with all I dare not speak,
and every glance becomes another wound.
I walk through crowds like paper cut in wind,
invisible in places I once bloomed.

There was a time I laughed without a bruise,
when I believed the world might bend toward good.
But hope decays like petals left in rain-too
soft to stand,too proud to beg for sun.

Some say that time will cradle what it breaks,
but all it's done is teach me how to bend.
I do not want to fight another tide,
I do not want to beg for air again.

Death is the name I whisper in the dark-
not out of rage, but something near to rest.
A door without a handle, yet it waits,
patient and still, like old forgotten friends.

And no, I'm not romanticizing ends,
nor casting life in colors made of ash.
I'm just too tired of learning how to swim
when oceans flood before I even speak.

If there is peace beyond this weary skin,
then let it hold me gently, like a song.
Let it erase the sound of my own name,
the ache of wanting what I'll never have.

I am not cruel-I've simply reached the edge,
where even hope begins to eat its tail.
And if you read this once I've slipped away,
don't ask me why, don't call it tragedy.

Just say I tried. Say I held on too long.
Say I was quiet, kind, and made of smoke.
Say I belonged to no one but the stars,
and found my freedom in the final hush.

Duvvuru keertana
II M. A. English

North East West South

I opened the paper at start of day,
And heavy headlines came my way.
Wars and worries, loss and pain,
So many stories filled with strain.
Page by page the bad news grew,
Less of the good, more of the blue.
It feels like the world is breaking apart,
Ink full of fear, line after heart.
But somewhere beyond the printed fright,
A friend still helps, a stranger's kind.
Those small bright acts don't always appear,
Yet they are happening, far and near.
So yes, the news can feel so gray,

But the world is more than what we read—
It's also love in thought and deed. Maybe
one day the news will show The quiet good
that helps us grow. Till then we look, and
still we choose To be the good beyond the
news.

It's Not Your Fault

If you get hurt, don't take the blame,
Their heavy words aren't yours to claim.
It's not your heart they speak about,
It's their own pain just spilling out.

A stormy mind can cloud the air,
But that dark mood was never yours to bear.
So let it pass, stay soft, stay kind.
Their hurtful words aren't from the heart,
But from a troubled mind.

And if your own thoughts start to storm,
Please pause before you do them harm.
If you're in pain, don't let it flare,
Don't throw your anger into the air.
Others don't deserve your wounds to feel;
Let kindness be the way you heal.

Jerlin Rose A.
III B. Sc. Chemistry

Sahhana. K. I
III B. A. English

Her Own Sunrise

Raise her to be her own sunrise,
Not just a dream in someone's eyes.
Teach her to stand, to speak, to strive,
To guard her spark and feel alive.

Not just a bride in borrowed grace,
But strength and truth in her own place.
Let her be bold, let her be free,
Not locked away for "safety's" plea.

Let lessons bloom, not crush her pride,
Let wisdom walk right by her side.
She's more than roles the world has planned,
A whole, bright mind, not just a hand.

Don't ask her just to dim her light,
To fit the mold or make things right.
Don't ask her to adjust herself,
Ask her to choose her truest self.

Though fear may live behind her eyes,
She still can soar and touch the skies.
And if her words remain unheard,
She owns the right to write each word.

Sahhana. K. I
III B. A. English

That Kind of Love

Have you ever heard of "love" ?

To mention just the word is enough.

As streams of fantasies, in seconds, spring

Of dreams and songs and thoughts and things.

But this one's a little subtle and tough,

And perhaps a smidge rough.

Have you ever heard of "love"?

The kind to neither shine nor shove;

A mixture of simple words combined.

Tell not the tale hidden behind.

A scene, no song; A story not long;

A touch, a sound; A bond meekly strong.

Have you ever heard of "love"?

The one meant not for the angels above.

But for the familiar yet distant unknowns,

Coated of flesh and skin and veins and bones.

The kind that all would beg to hold,

A form of love so strong and Gold.

Earned not given; Named not chosen.

There is no age, no case no face,

That falls into the earner's pace.

Sahrish Sanadi
II B. Sc. Psychology

And Only When it Snows Do We Look for The Sun

Today was the day I realized
what I wished so desperately to end;
The "freedom" I idealized...
Never really prepared to tend
To the void that stayed behind.
It was perhaps because the thought
Of the end of it all to occur never lingered my mind;
And now that the "freedom" I sought
Seems to have arrived...
Can't help but long for "just a little more"
Of time and all possible meanings derived.
It feels as though if feelings could be sore
Mine would be a wound soul scarringly revived;
Although it is but a simple scanty score.
Or if right now they could have a hue
Of all the colours that could fill up my core
Bleedsaseeping unexplainable blue.

Sahrish Sanadi
II B. Sc. Psychology

Who Am I?

“Who are you?”, I am asked,
To write on who I am
And I had to think.
Think if I knew. Who I really was.
I knew the hands and the feet,
One writes and the other,
With people meets.
Eyes that see and skin that feels.
Yet the one within, this soul that resides;
The Heart that bleeds; And the Mind
That refuses to forget;
And to remember;
Forgets to remember
Who she is
Who she speaks for
Why she breaths
Spilling a river of tears,
Standing, Waiting, Searching;
For a home,
In every stranger's eyes.
She doesn't remember
The face she has worn
Through days and through nights
Without the mirror's cries.
Have I always been this lost?
I ask myself, “Who am I ?”
And an answer doesn't rise.

Sahrish Sanadi
II B. Sc. Psychology

It's Not Fine!

I wrote down in a piece of paper
Whatever I have in my heart
I want to shout out my emotions but still I can't
I lost my voice; I lost myself
Even if I want to cry I'm tired
My heart worn out still crying for years,
Threatened to fall my tears,
But, I'm still holding onto it!
I want to forget it; but still I'm haunted by it
Is it true? That "memories remains"
People fade away, memories stay
But are those memories?! Or nightmares?!
I'm getting paralyzed by this thought!
Is it fine to be?... I'm still not fine,
I'd still tryna to recover; but
Each day they bring me down; it's not fine
I want to cry out in the days of rain,
Who can hear my cry in between the storm,
It feels good to let it go; my tears feels warm,
It feels like this....
My warm tears are caressing over my cheeks,
Comforting me; when my hopes went in vain,
My warm tears are caressing over my cheeks
Who can see me cry when I'm drenched in rain
Drenched in my own tears of pain,
I want to escape from these danger's
But I'm still collapsed down here in the ember's
Is it fine? No, it's not fine...

Jaya Selvi T.S
I B. A. English

The Star

A big bright star
Shines in the middle of the sky
Carols heard by far
Flocks grazing nearby

To the shepherds the angel appeared
A good great news of joy was proclaimed
Then the angel of God disappeared
Towards Bethlehem they aimed

There heard a cry,
in the midst of the snowy night
A voice of a new born child
In the town of David

Wrapped in linen and placed in a manger
From the east came the magi
They knelt down with gifts to glorify
The most high!

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh were gifted
praised by angels, wisemen and shepherds
They worshipped the incarnated one
Of The Holy Threeness

A star showed them the “Immanuel”
The incarnated one
Who is known to be the “Son of God”

Jaya Selvi T.S
I B. A. English

The Quiet Between

Before the world begins to race,
There's morning light in silent space,
A pale sky stretching, soft and wide,
Cool air moving like a tide.

The smell of earth, the faint bird call,
Shadows fading from the wall.
Day arrives without a sound,
Yet life is everywhere around.

We search for meaning, far and fast,
Through future dreams and heavypast.
But truth appears in gentle ways
In ordinary, breathing days.

A cup gone warm between two hands,
Wind that hums but never demands,
Sunlight resting on the floor,
Moments we are rushing for.

Life is not the noise we chase,
Nor only wins we must embrace.
It lives within the quiet between
In what we feel, but rarely seen.

Shazia Tabasum M

IB. Sc. Chemistry

Like the Moon

I would absolutely give you the moon,
But the moon is not mine to give,
I would absolutely plant flowers on your pillow
But that's not where flowers want to live;

I would go to the farthest limits of the sea
And ask the birds to sing your favourite song
But bird language isn't on Duolingo.
I wish to travel up to the moonlight sky
And take a star and give it to you
To symbolize your beauty,

But; My hands are only flesh, and
I can't reach that height.
So, therefore

I give you my heart, for it lives inside of me,
It's the only thing that symbolizes me as me,
It's the greatest thing that I can offer,
And you will never need a key.

Tabitha Levings
I BBA[HA]

The Broken Window at Hillside

In the green-edged campus of The Hillside Prep in Coimbatore, where gentle slopes rolled like open books under the Western Ghats' shadow, three friends shared secrets as easily as they shared erasers and dreams.

Madhu, the thoughtful one with pockets full of spare sharpeners, always noticed the small things. Raga, quick with sketches and quicker with smiles, turned every blank page into color. And Charu, the fearless one, could outrun anyone on the school's winding hillside paths.

One humid afternoon, during games hour, Charu borrowed a shiny new football from the seniors to show her famous curve shot. She spun, kicked and the ball soared too high, smashing straight through a classroom window on the upper slope. Glass tinkled like falling rain. The ball bounced down the hill and vanished into the bushes.

The trio ducked behind the neem hedge.

Charu whispered, "They'll expel me. My parents will ground me till next Diwali."

Silence hung heavier than the monsoon clouds.

The next day, the principal asked in the assembly who was responsible. No hands rose.

Under the big banyan at the hill's edge after school, Charu traced patterns in the red soil. "If we stay quiet, it's like it never happened."

Madhu felt the twist in his stomach again, the same one from last year when she'd hidden a broken library book. Raga spoke softly: "Charu, we promised we'd carry the heavy stuff together. This one's sinking us all."

Charu looked up, eyes shiny. "But what if everyone thinks I'm just trouble?"

Madhu pulled out a tiny origami crane she'd once folded for her during a boring period. "Hide it, and the wings stay folded forever. Tell the truth, and maybe they fly again even if it's bumpy at first."

Charu held the crane a long minute. Then she nodded.

Friday morning, with the hills misty behind them, Charu marched to the office. Madhu and Raga trailed like quiet guardians.

She knocked. The door opened.

“I broke the window with the football,” Charu said, voice steady despite the tremble. “I’m sorry. I’ll replace it with my savings and help clean up. I promise no more shots near buildings.”

The principal paused, then smiled faintly. “Truth is the hardest lesson, Charu and you’ve just passed it. One week of helping in the library, and we’ll talk to your parents. No expulsion.”

Charu’s breath rushed out in relief.

Walking back down the slope, Madhu nudged her. “Wings are unfolding.”

Raga linked arms with both. “And we’re still flying together.”

That evening, under the banyan, they folded three new cranes—one for courage, one for friendship, one for fresh starts and let them sail on the hillside breeze.

Sometimes the steepest climbs lead to the clearest views.

Vaishnavi V
III B. A. English

The Quiet Choice

Everyone in the town knew Meera as a quiet girl. She sat by the window in class, spoke only when needed, and never tried to stand out. Many mistook her silence for weakness.

One afternoon, the school announced a competition to suggest ideas for improving the town library. Students rushed to give loud, confident speeches. Meera listened carefully but said nothing.

That evening, she wrote a simple letter. In it, she suggested adding reading hours for children, a small corner for local writers, and books in different languages. She slipped the letter into the suggestion box and walked away.

A week later, the principal read Meera's ideas aloud during the assembly. They were clear, practical, and thoughtful. The town council decided to follow them.

True strength and wisdom do not always need loud words, quiet actions and thoughtful ideas can create meaningful change.

M Thaslim Taj

II BCA-C

Emptiness isn't Pitiful, it's Just Present

"Sometimes I think I'm empty. But then I remember: empty is still a space."

I'm not here to give solutions, nor am I seeking conclusions -only to embrace my quiet emptiness. Sometimes, it's loud, louder than anyone knows. But the weight of it, the way it rests, it's different for each of us.

Is emptiness universal, or just something I haven't yet learned to let go of? It's the same space once held by little things I loved, now faded into silence, numbness, and small bruises.

Where consciousness fails, slipping into the unconscious-unable to recognize. The wanting to do more and still, the emptiness lingers. That's the hardest part.

It's not overwhelming like joy, it doesn't rush in or demand space. It just stays. Still. bearable.

Too many deep breaths. Too many sighs. This emptiness never betrayed me, nor gave me hope. It just grew with me. And sometimes, carrying it strangles the heart, not knowing where all of this leads. Sometimes, it suffocates. Sometimes, it just sits beside me.

I don't console this emptiness, nor do I encourage it. I haven't mastered either. Need help? No. Need space? Maybe.

To be honest, I'm not ready to face it. May be carrying the emptiness is more bearable than analyzing it. Because this emptiness comes from things I once loved and now they've become something distant, and quiet unfamiliar.

Is this emptiness a form of healing, or an art form I unknowingly perfected? Even after all this, the words I use feel light while the emptiness keeps its weight.

I don't want this to beautiful note, but an embracing one where emptiness is not really empty, but contained.

So what are you going to do about it? Uhh...I don't know. You tell me. Maybe just let it sit.

Sincerely,
me and my emptiness.

A Symphony of
Shades
and Stanzas

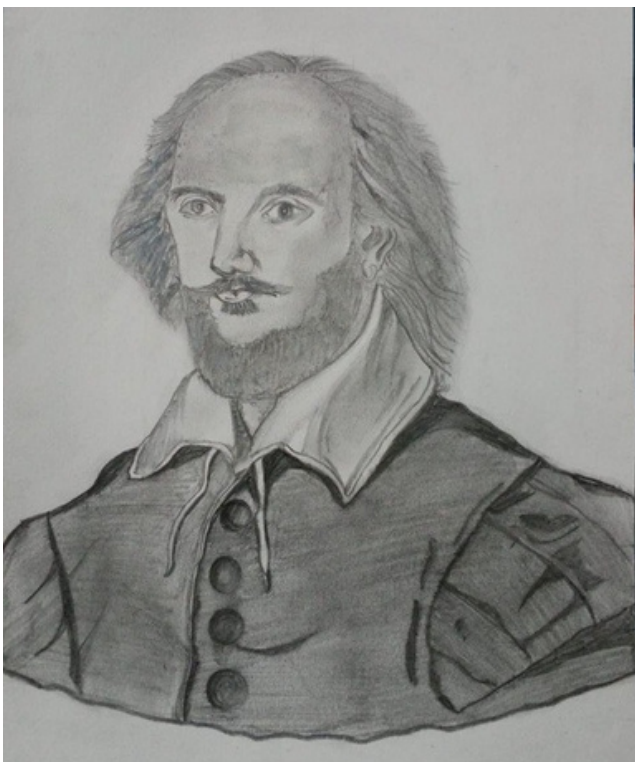




**Vision is the art of seeing what is
invisible to others.
— Jonathan Swift**



**I am learning peacefulness,
lying by myself quietly.
– Sylvia Plath**



**Be not afraid of
greatness: some are born
great, some achieve
greatness.
— William Shakespeare**

**Divyadarshini B
II M. A. English**



**Why would you be given wings
if you weren't meant to fly?**

—Leslye Walton

**-B.Priyadharshini
II BCA-C**



**I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.**

—Joyce Kilmer

**Sumaiya Thabasum I.
II BCA-C**



**Her own thoughts and reflections
were habitually her best companions
—Jane Austen**

**Kartika S
I BCA-C**



**That way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
-William Wordsworth**

**Lavanya M
I BCA C**



**I have nature and art and poetry,
and if that is not enough, what is enough?
—Vincent Van Gogh**

**Harshitha
IIIB. A. English**

