

M E R A K I

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From the Editor's Desk

Greetings! We are delighted to introduce the second edition of 'Meraki', the e-magazine of the Department of English, Handique Girls' College. We've tried our best to showcase the skills of the students and to maintain the calibre of the magazine. I would like to thank all the students for contributing adroitly to it, and also offer my sincere thanks and gratitude to the department professors for advising us regarding the same. Working for the magazine was a learning and memorable experience for me. Collection of the documents, staying back after classes to proofread articles (each of those bringing in something new), the late-night discussions, all of which would be a package of souvenirs to take back home. Last, but definitely not the least, I would like to thank the board members for their co-operation and proficient leadership displayed during the process, due to which I'm optimistic that the magazine will reach and be enjoyed by a cosmic audience. Constructive feedback and suggestions would be appreciated from all.

—Avipsa Sharma

Greetings to our readers to the 2nd edition of Meraki, the e-magazine of the department of English, HGC. We've taken the initiative to deliver the abled skills of our fellow students of the department while trying to maintain the excellence of Meraki. We've tried to give a platform to the capabilities of the students and provide our reader a journey filled with excitement, realism and talent. This has been a great voyage comming across such talented people and getting a chance to be a part of their journey. Hope the readers also enjoy the read as much as we enjoyed delivering our sincerest efforts in a bind altogether. Moreover we would like to share our heartfelt thank you to the editorial board members and our faculty members without the help and guidance of which it wouldn't have been a success. At last, we welcome you and hope that it turns out to be a worthwhile experience for you too.

—Nazmeen Islam



Sub-editor's Note

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 2nd edition of the Department of English's very own Magazine "Meraki"!

Meraki is the medium through which our seniors before us had the chance to express their ideas and perspectives, flourish their creativity in the best possible way and it is now our turn to take this legacy forward. Here we can see the diversity that everyone has shown in their works; be it through the medium of art or heart-touching poetry. We are witnesses to the stories born out of their phenomenal skills of imagination, the natural critic and analyst in every Literature student is highlighted in Meraki, alongside the beauty of the environment through their lenses. I am grateful and honoured to have this wonderful opportunity to be a part of Meraki. Working so closely in bringing the 2nd edition of this magazine to life, has made it a part of me. I am also grateful to the editorial board members and each of my classmates who have contributed to this magazine, without their active participation Meraki wouldn't have been a success.

Here lies a humble hope that you will enjoy reading it, as much as we enjoyed bringing it to life.

—Gargee Deka



Poetry Section



Cage: The Unfulfilled Wishes

Mystical miracles that stroke my mind before
the dawn;

In the open meadow they gave me the feeling of
contamination,

now they fall lonely in my vacant lawn;

Oh! but the ghoul of mine now breaks down out of
dejection.

You were the holy season; you were the sun beam
of mine, amidst the cold crushing mist.

The futile ego of my mind;
let my fondness shine.

Then came the fall, where should I find you now?
Are you lost in the chaos of the dead leaves?

The shine has gone, gone the beauty.

The meadow which was full of life, has been
burdened with the dilemma of serenity.

Whom should I chase now? My soul has been crushed
and my dreams have been wrenched.

And my boundaries once again have been caged.

Name: Priya Lakhimi Barman

I Had a Fear of Separation

I had a fear of Separation
I was a cool breeze
eagerly waiting to meet the sea.
A person in a caravan
with no hampering relations
and connections.
But still I had a fear.

I was no longer a person of perception
None formed with the sands of emotions
I was a bird with open wings
being own narration of dreams with no
connection
But still I had a fear of Separation

Name: Puja Saikia

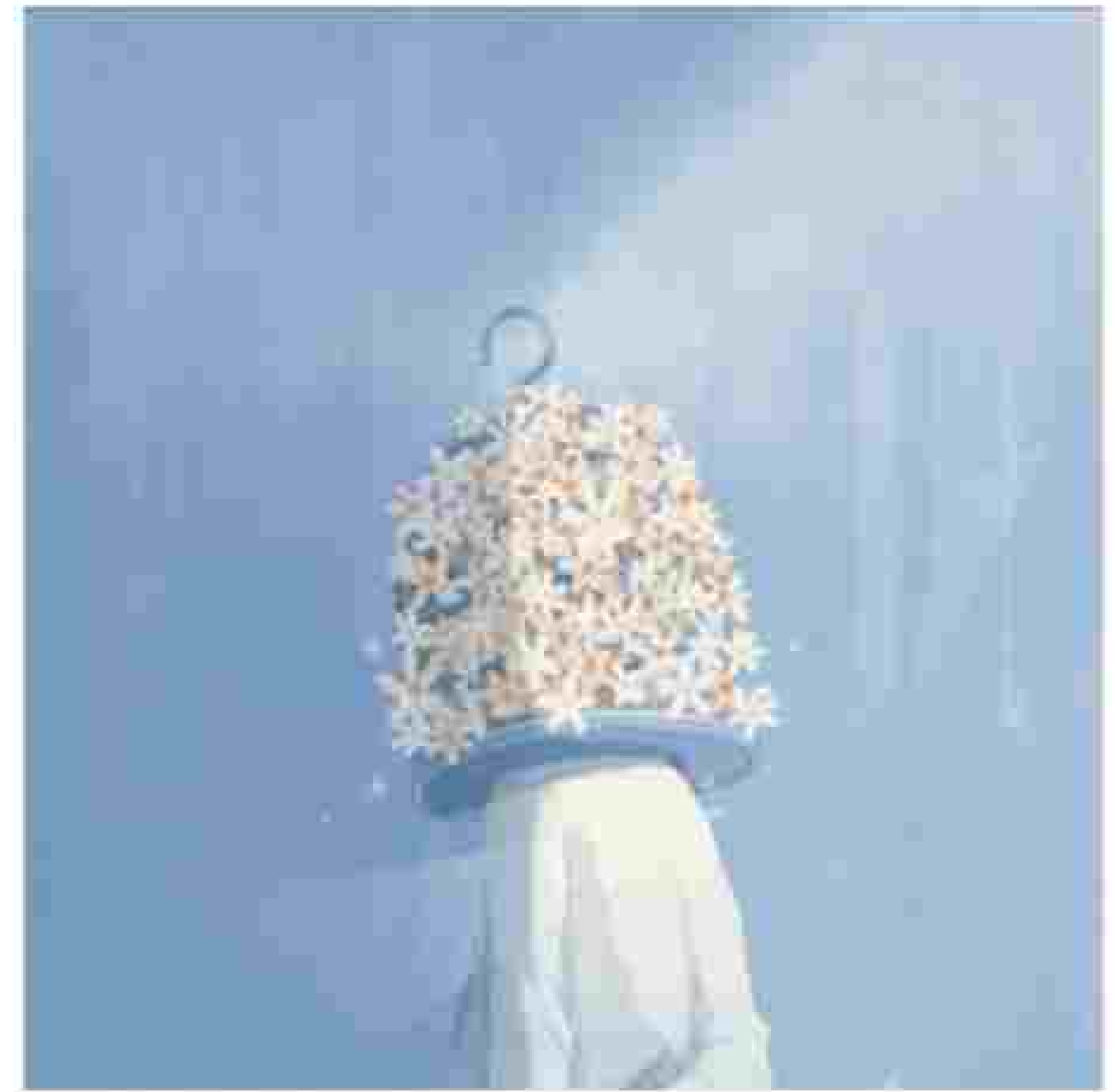


It Never Ends

Darker than blood,
It's rushing in my veins.
These exhausted limbs have
Given up finally.

Let the lights go out.
I'll sleep till the end of the night.
Let the tiredness win.
Let the fatigue win.

Name: Masuma Zannat



Why You?

My heart chose you, but why?
You've never saved my life
From the weirdest disaster,
Then why you?

Is it for your simplicity
Or your ethics?

I still recall your staring eyes,
Loaded with affection and desire.
I still crave for the smile you wear.
But why?

Is it for your honesty
Or your humourous nature?

It is for the love
I gues...
The way you see me,
The way you treat me,
The way you let me be myself
Therefore it's you
And only you.

Name: Bidisha Deka

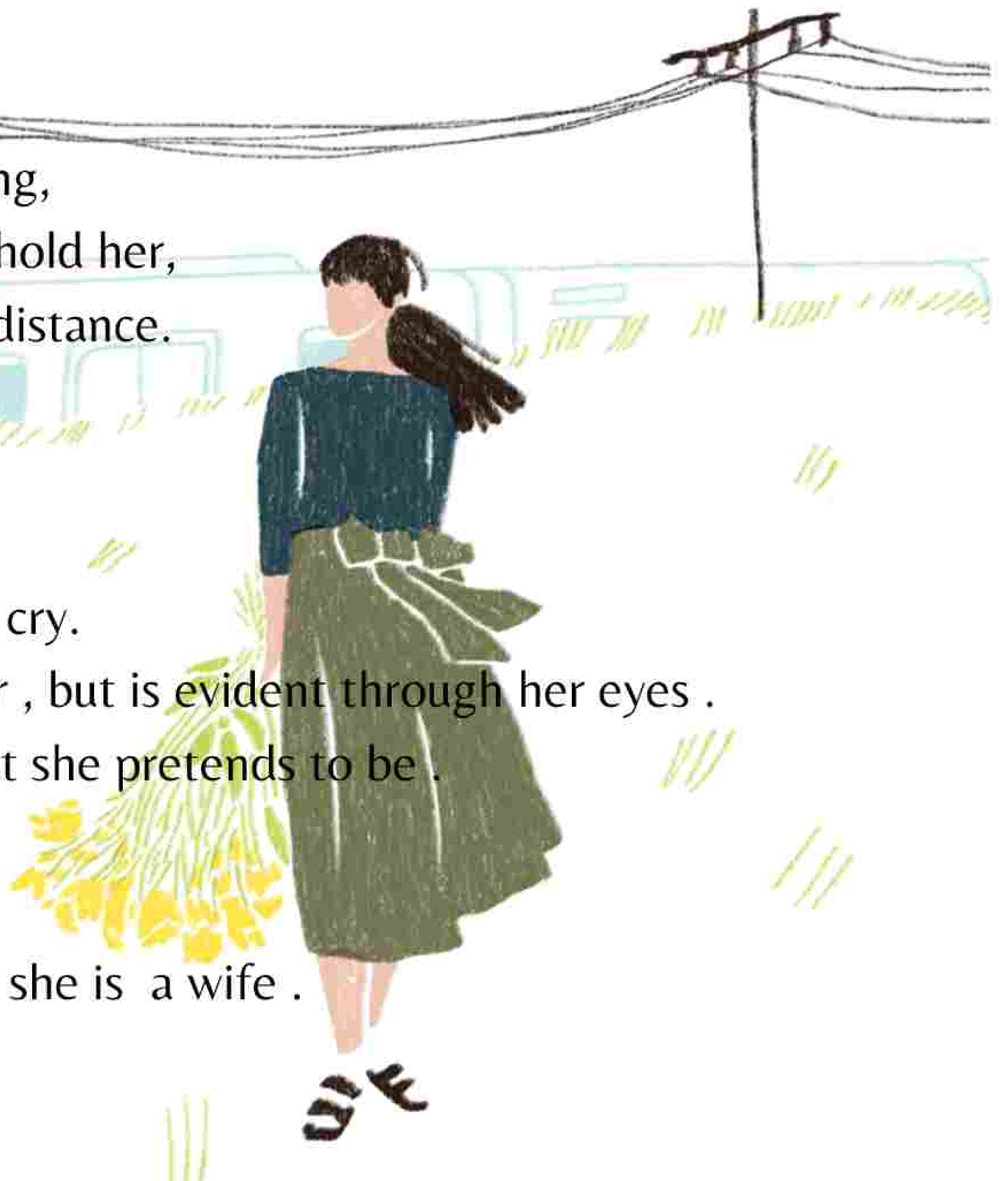
The Rain

Amidst the pain
There was a rain of love,
rain of peace
Was gulped with fierceful heart
But the rain you carried
Was so sweet
Enslaved by the barriers
I was freed
By the rain of love,
rain of peace
The rain that you carried
-Koumudi Barman



She.

Who is she?
Lost the hands that gave her blessing,
Lost the hand that was suppose to hold her,
Lost the unconditional love due to distance.
But still she smiles.
When you look deep inside her,
You see her eyes,
Confessing the pain , the hurt , the cry.
Words that are never spoken by her , but is evident through her eyes .
She is the strongest of all or at least she pretends to be .
She is happiness in a sad day,
And calmness in a tsunami
She is a mother , she is a daughter, she is a wife .
But above all who is she ?
-Rishika Thapa Magar



Journey Goes On

The journey of life
So simply going by,
Solo and mysterious
With struggle and groans
Filled with pain
Full of psychological blows

Life of loneliness? Nothing to gain?
Surrounded by darkness
Overwhelmed by shame
I wished this life with peace,
With no one to blame

Each moment of sadness is too hard to bear,
Tired of living a life with heartache and despair
The bad times,
Trying to forget it every time I respire
Going out a little time & perspire
I still gotta admire
Running away from the storm of nervousness
And still in my full awareness,
Waiting for better me to come up,
As I pass through this immaturity
Where prosperity should be given a place to reside

-Anuska Neog

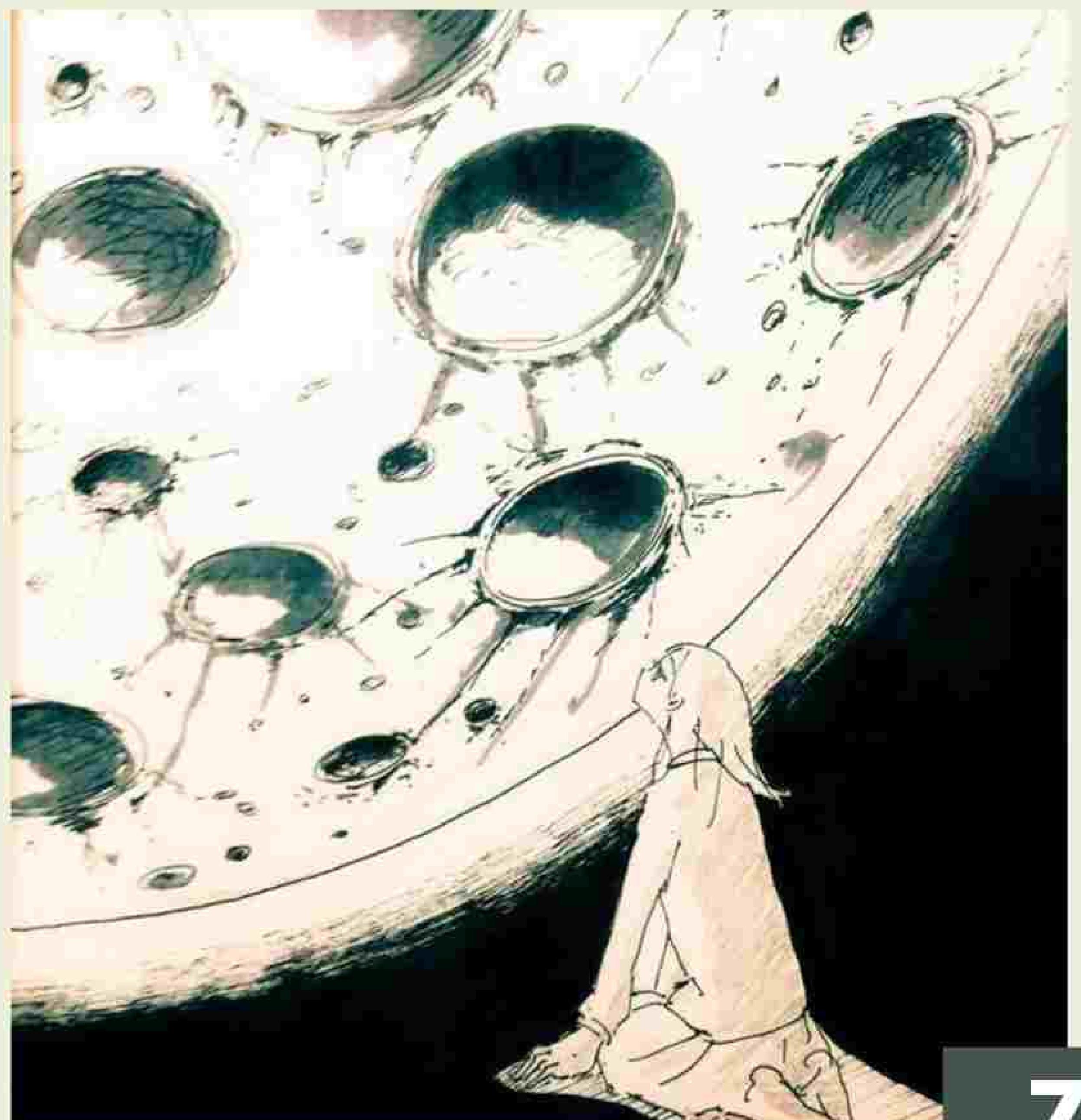


Gazing The Moon

I could feel myself when
I gaze at the moon of the starry midnight
It always had a part of my heart,
Prettier than the heavens eye.

The moon above me, so warm and bright
Always comforts me late at night,
It feels like home even though its too far
I could not claim you as mine
Just because the dawn arrived,
Meet me in the dark until next time.

- Karishma Rabha



YOU ARE FOREVER IN MY HEART

You left this world so quickly
I still wonder why?
For the saddest part of all
You never said me goodbye!
For all you were to me in life,
And all the joy you brought
Your memory is with me,
In every single thought.
I'll never get over the pain
I felt at losing you.
However being aware of your
presence in my heart
Gets me through each day,
When you were here I always felt,
That nothing could go wrong,
You are still my inspiration,
And your memory keeps me strong
And though my heart is heavy
It's also full of love,
When you rest there in heaven
I know, you watch me everyday;
One day I'll get you close again
As we join hands above,
We walk together in the light
Of heaven's perfect love;
While you wait in heaven
And you are watching over me
I know you live within my heart
And will eternally.

Name: Neharika Moran

THE FEAR OF FAILURE

Doubt creeps in slowly,
My mind heavy with fear and worry.
I try to push the thoughts aside,
but they linger, refusing to hide.
What if I stumble and fall?
What if I never succeed at all?
The fear of failure weighs me down,
leaning me frozen, unable to move on.

Name: Madhushree Sarma

A MOMENT OF BLISS

Peeping through the window
I saw the pretty tree
Standing there still
Leaves dancing in the breeze
Oh what a bliss it is
Same peaceful minutes of the day
Till I move back again
In that routine lane

In the evening as rain washed away all the dust
The sweet scent of longing float in the air
The faint sun rays of nostalgic silence
And the sky turned pink and purple again
As if writing symphonies of love
Yes nature is the best healer
And then I walk back home
Bidding goodbyes and humming my tune
Trying to paint my dreams with my sweet little
words.

— Sneha Rani Baishya

A CELEBRATION OF NATURE'S BEAUTY

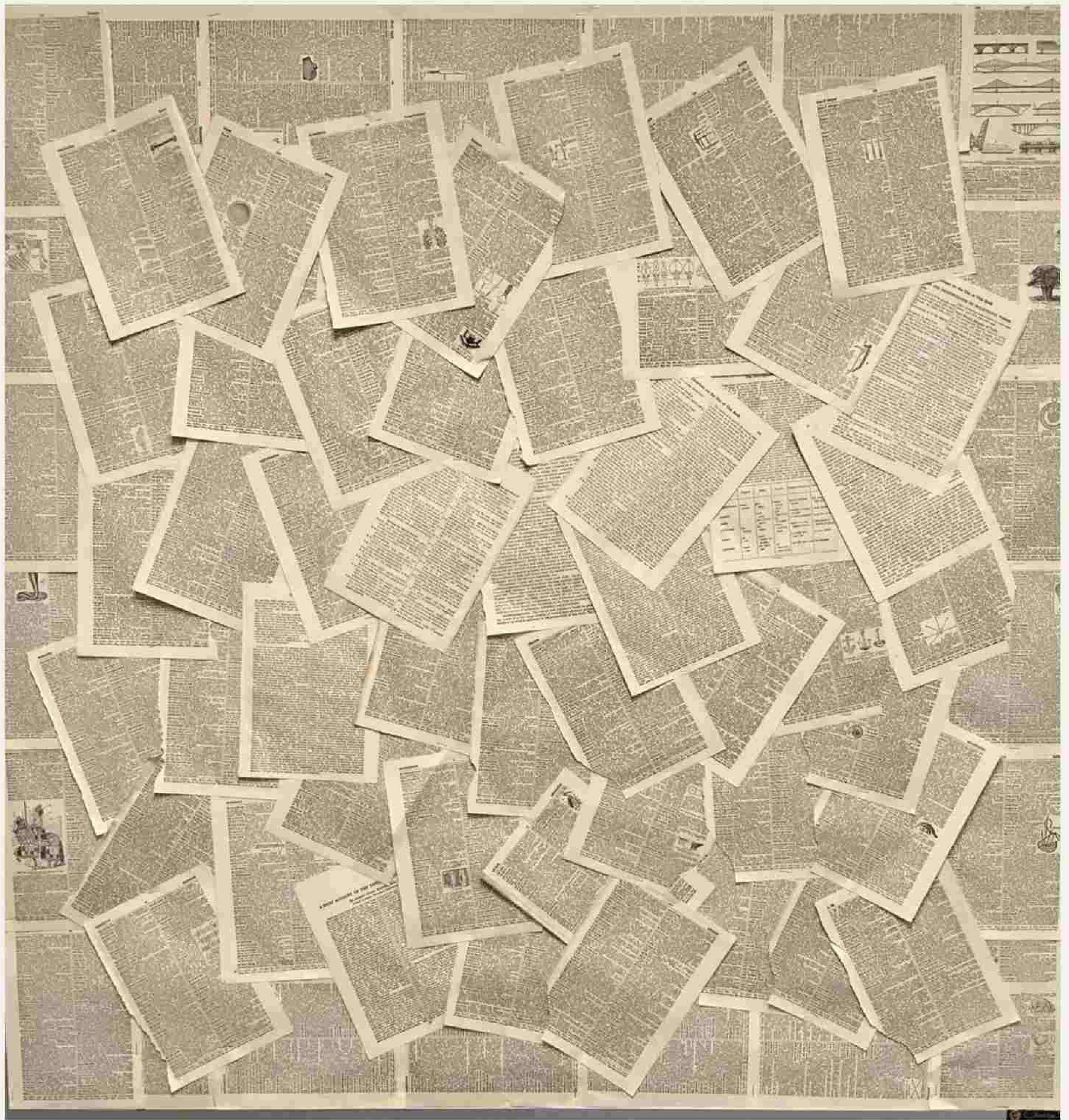
In fields of green and skies so blue,
Nature points a wonderful view.
Mountains rise and rivers flow,
In every breeze, her secrets show.

The whispering trees, the singing birds,
Each melody a symphony heard.
Sunsets ablaze, with colours bright,
Nature's canvas, a pure delight.

From dew-kissed petals to starlit night,
Her beauty fills us with sure delight.
In every leaf and every flower,
Nature's beauty holds its power.

—Himashri Talukdar

Article Section





Haflong: Assam's Only Hill Station

*H*aflong, Assam's sole hill station, offers a pocketful of adventures to the discerning travellers who are looking to feed their wanderlust soul. You can drive to the south side of Haflong to a place called Jatinga that is strangely popular for its mysterious bird suicides. Usually during the months of September & October, thousands of birds fly to this place and are believed to commit suicide, even though a couple of theories declared suicide a misnomer for this phenomenon. The locals here hunt the birds believing that those are spirits flying in from the sky to terrorise them. When here, you can also enjoy the wide variety of orchids, especially the purple ones that makes Jatinga famous to its visitors. Enjoy boating at the marvellous Haflong Lake to dissolve all the weariness of everyday life, a hest a little picnic in the lap of nature with your loved ones. Haflong is a place that binds together the cultures of many tribes y—that are just waiting to be recognised. Haflong was swept by landslides on May 16th, 2022, the New Haflong Railway Station was buried in debris due to mudslides. Heavy rain in & around Dima Hasao caused mudslides which in turn, caused the New Haflong Railway Station to be enveloped in mud. The earliest inhabitants of the present district were Mongoloid groups who preferred hilly terrains and practised their own culture, tradition and land rights, governing themselves as independent tribes. As per records of different british historians and officials, North Cachar Hills was already occupied by the Dimasa Kacharis, erstwhile old Kuki tribes viz Biate, Hrangkhoh, Hmar, Sakachep a d Zeme Naga tribes during the British rule in India. Dima Hasao district is an autonomous district with 6 schedule status granted by the Constitution of India. The Dima Hasao district is administered by North Cachar Hills Autonomous Council (DHADC). Members of the Autonomous Council (MAC) are elected by the people of Dima Hasao. The political party who has majority MACs are from the ruling party. The Autonomous Council is a powerful body and almost all the departments of government are under its control except The Police and Law & Order which is under Assam Govt. Haflong is a Dimasa, meaning ant hill. Haflong has a subtropical highland climate falling just short of a tropical savanna climate.

The Age of AI

—Harshita Saikia



In the words of famous sociologist Daniel Bell, “ Technology, like art, is the soaring exercise of human imagination.“ It is difficult to imagine the world today without the Internet & Cell Phones, but this has not always been the case. It has taken three centuries and four industrial revolutions to reach the world we live in today. Modern technology has become so advanced that it will inevitably replace human activities and emotions. One such advanced forms of technology includes AI or Artificial Intelligence.

Artificial Intelligence or AI is that branch of technology that can process information and make decisions without human supervision. Researchers have been working hard on this field of technology and they still have a long way to go, but AI now has become an inseparable part of our daily lives. Many useful features such as navigation apps, video suggestions, facial recognition and smart assistants are a by-product of artificial intelligence.

The most notable aspect of AI is how robots stimulate human intellect. It is probably the fastest growing development in the world of technology and innovation. AI is a technology that is transforming in every area of life. Today, AI is being used more & more in practically every industry. While technology has improved and ease our lives, it has also put many people’s employment at risk as human labour is being replaced by machines. Artificial intelligence has a huge potential to transform the socio-economic system as its impact on every industrial or service sector is undeniable. It will give a new place to the world through automation, intelligence and creation. Thus it will make some jobs more efficient. AI also has a tremendous effect on the field of education. The education industry is slowly moving towards e-learning concepts such as online education, personalised learning etc. AI programs are available at all times, whereas humans work only a period of time during the day. Machines can work all through day & night, and AI-powered chatbots can provide customer service even during off-hours. This can help companies to produce more and provide better customer experiences than humans can provide alone.

While AI is a boon, it is also a curse at the same time. AI is making human beings lazy as they depend more & more on it for their work. As AI is replacing the majority of repetitive tasks and other work with robots, human interference is becoming less which will cause a major problem in employment standards. Every organisation is looking to replace human individuals with AI robots which can do similar work faster and with more efficiency.

However AI lacks the human ability to use emotions and creativity in decisions. Ai doesn’t have the ability to use emotions like humans, making only the most optimal decision based on the parameter with which it has been provided, regardless of the emotional impact. Even AI that has been programmed to read and understand human emotion falls short.

AI has indeed made the world smaller and life more manageable. The distance that would take months to travel, a few years ago, can now be covered in a matter of a few hours. There is no place on earth that cannot be reached. AI has helped increase the longevity of the entire human population by making health facilities cheaper and more accessible. But like every coin has two sides, AI technology has its fair share of cons. Human beings have become so addicted to their devices that they have replaced it with physical human interaction. Not only is AI taking away from our social life, but it is also affecting their health. Weak eyesight, obesity and cardiovascular issues are just some of the diseases resulting from the continuous use of technology sitting in one place. It has also affected our ability to concentrate on important stuff and takes most of our time. Thus one must be reasonable with using any sort of technology.

Love Yourself



People often don't realise how important it is to love their own self. What does the self love that we often talk about really mean?

We have inter-mingled 'Self-care' with 'Self-love'. For most of us a self-love day comprises of doing skincare, eating the food we love, travelling, resting, etc. But it is so much more than that. It means not beating yourself over things you cannot control. It means loving yourself on days you are not proud of yourself. It means putting yourself first and much more.

There must be things you did that you aren't proud of. A way to love yourself is to let go of those things. Your past doesn't define who you are so it is meaningless to carry the burden. There would be days when you don't like the way your dress fits or how your hair is styled or the way you look when you smile. But the best thing you can do is to not criticize how you look. Instead try to be your own bestfriend. If your bestfriend was feeling insecure what would you do? What would you tell her? Try that.

You must have heard 'we can't expect others to love us if we don't love who we are' And it is a correct statement. You must love and acknowledge the person you are to be happy. And love yourself enough to change the things you don't like about yourself.

There are many things you can do, if you find it hard to love yourself. Take it slow, one day at a time. Take your time to think and write about the things you are grateful for. Think about things you did which made you feel really proud.

Forgive yourself for things you couldn't control.

Most importantly, change the way you think about yourself. After a long day of hard work, tell yourself how proud you are of yourself. Hating yourself won't do any good. Instead appreciate yourself. You only live once, don't spend it hating yourself.

" I have many flaws and I have many fears, but I am going to embrace myself as hard as I can and I am starting to love myself little by little "

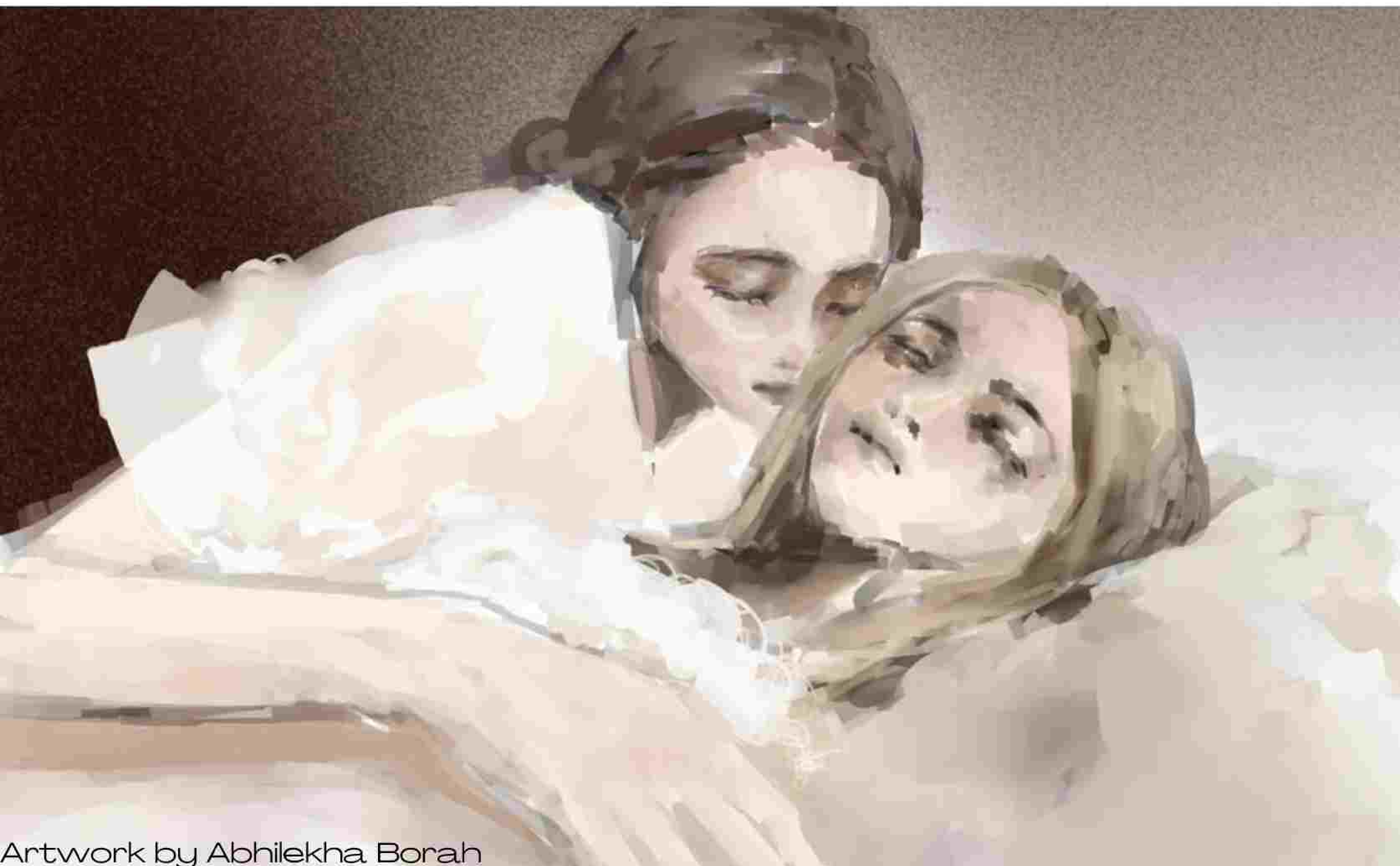
- Kim Namjoon(BTS)

Name: Sushreeta Chakraborty

LGBTQIA+ COMMUNITY

"You don't have to be gay to be a supporter, you just have to be a human"

- Daniel Radcliffe



Artwork by Abhilekha Borah

"Love" in "love", and it knows no gender or sexual orientation. "Love" is pure and true, it is all about the connection of hearts and souls.

People in the LGBTQIA+ community are fighting for equal rights and acceptance. It seems magical how India is making an incredible journey of maintaining the traditions and culture in its roadmap of development. But when it comes to accepting different sexualities, there is still a huge taboo around this subject.

The LGBTQIA+ stands for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer, Intersex and Asexual and others. They are the people who don't identify with cisgender heterosexual "ideals". In India, this community also includes a specific social group, a distinct community—the Hijras. They are culturally defined either as "neither men, nor women", or as men who behaves like a women. At present they are referred to as the "Third Gender".

Ever since our nature created the men and women and their association, it created people with different gender preferences too, who, according to our society, are the 'unnatural beings'. Modern Indian historians have confronted these thoughts of society and stated several instances where homosexuality is proved as a part of society and are considered precisely natural. The renowned characters of Shikhandi and Brihannala are the most respected transgender characters of Mahabharata. In Bhagavada Purana, it is mentioned that Lord Shiva saw Vishnu as Mohini and fell for him and later it resulted in the birth of Lord Ayyappa. In the medieval period according to Amir Khusrau, the real invader of south India Allauddin Khilji and his slave Malik Kafur was in a homosexual relationship. He was the most intelligent slave of Allauddin Khilji. The 19th Century was a period of evolution of homosexuals.

It's not completely known why someone might be lesbian, gay, straight or Bisexual. But research shows that sexual orientation is likely caused partly by biological factors that start before birth. People don't decide who they're attracted to, and therapy, treatment persuasion won't change a person's sexual orientation. We can't turn a person gay or bisexual.

We can see a lot of LGBTQIA+ Movements in India. A commonly stated goal among these movements is equal rights for this community, often focusing on specific goals such as ending the criminalization of homosexuality or enacting same sex marriage. Others have focused on building LGBTQIA+ communities or worked towards liberation for the broader society from biphobia, homophobia and transphobia. Indian Supreme Court, on 6th September 2018, decriminalised section 377, which titled homosexual relations as "unnatural offences". But when we look around in the present scenario, there is still much work to be done.

It's the 21st century, and now is the time that we, as people of this nation, make collective efforts to make the people of the LGBTQIA+ community feel empowered, protected, accepted and loved.

- Queen Nath

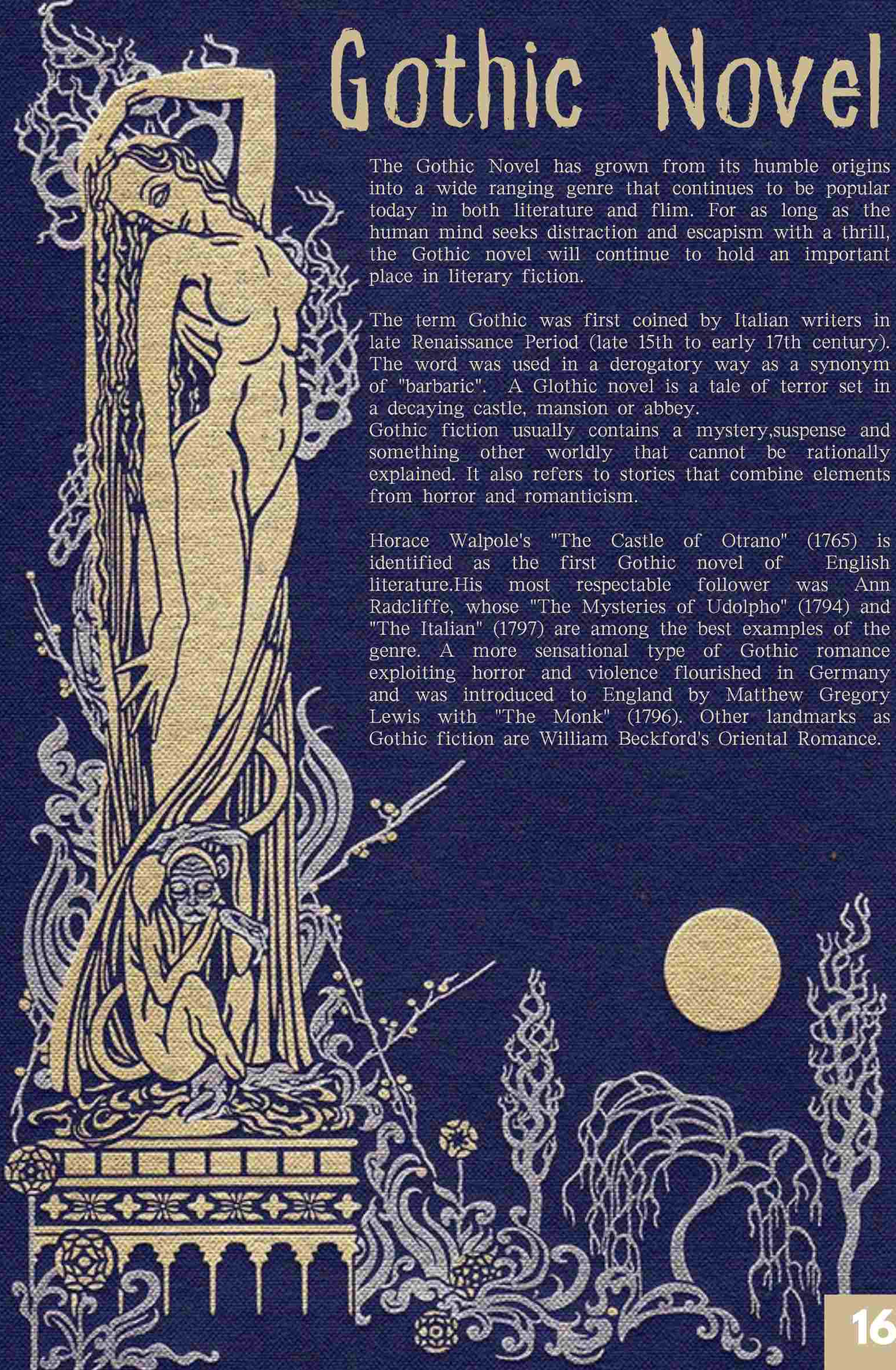
Gothic Novel

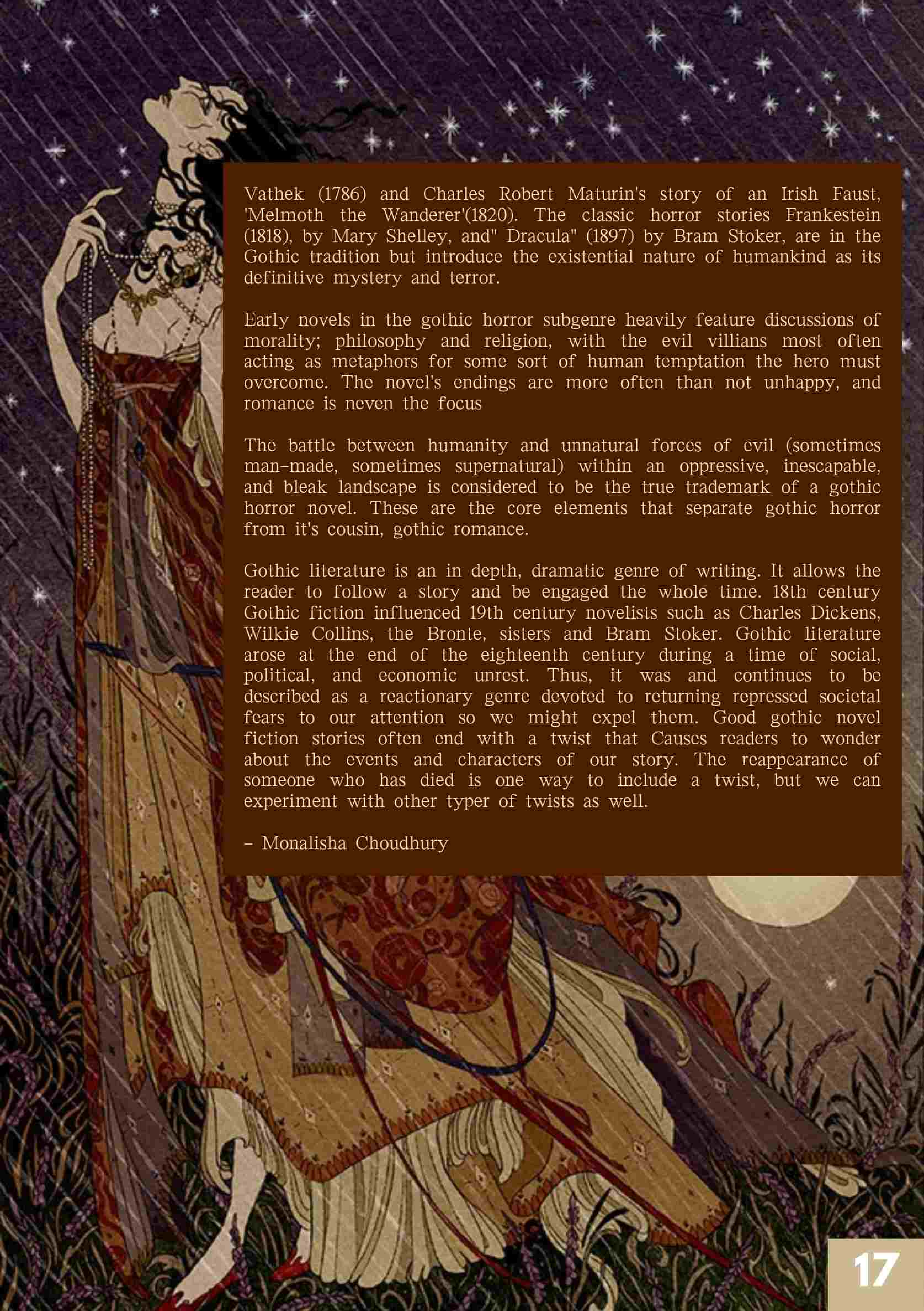
The Gothic Novel has grown from its humble origins into a wide ranging genre that continues to be popular today in both literature and film. For as long as the human mind seeks distraction and escapism with a thrill, the Gothic novel will continue to hold an important place in literary fiction.

The term Gothic was first coined by Italian writers in late Renaissance Period (late 15th to early 17th century). The word was used in a derogatory way as a synonym of "barbaric". A Gothic novel is a tale of terror set in a decaying castle, mansion or abbey.

Gothic fiction usually contains a mystery, suspense and something other worldly that cannot be rationally explained. It also refers to stories that combine elements from horror and romanticism.

Horace Walpole's "The Castle of Otranto" (1765) is identified as the first Gothic novel of English literature. His most respectable follower was Ann Radcliffe, whose "The Mysteries of Udolpho" (1794) and "The Italian" (1797) are among the best examples of the genre. A more sensational type of Gothic romance exploiting horror and violence flourished in Germany and was introduced to England by Matthew Gregory Lewis with "The Monk" (1796). Other landmarks as Gothic fiction are William Beckford's Oriental Romance.





Vathek (1786) and Charles Robert Maturin's story of an Irish Faust, 'Melmoth the Wanderer'(1820). The classic horror stories Frankenstein (1818), by Mary Shelley, and " Dracula" (1897) by Bram Stoker, are in the Gothic tradition but introduce the existential nature of humankind as its definitive mystery and terror.

Early novels in the gothic horror subgenre heavily feature discussions of morality; philosophy and religion, with the evil villains most often acting as metaphors for some sort of human temptation the hero must overcome. The novel's endings are more often than not unhappy, and romance is never the focus

The battle between humanity and unnatural forces of evil (sometimes man-made, sometimes supernatural) within an oppressive, inescapable, and bleak landscape is considered to be the true trademark of a gothic horror novel. These are the core elements that separate gothic horror from its cousin, gothic romance.

Gothic literature is an in depth, dramatic genre of writing. It allows the reader to follow a story and be engaged the whole time. 18th century Gothic fiction influenced 19th century novelists such as Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, the Bronte, sisters and Bram Stoker. Gothic literature arose at the end of the eighteenth century during a time of social, political, and economic unrest. Thus, it was and continues to be described as a reactionary genre devoted to returning repressed societal fears to our attention so we might expel them. Good gothic novel fiction stories often end with a twist that Causes readers to wonder about the events and characters of our story. The reappearance of someone who has died is one way to include a twist, but we can experiment with other typer of twists as well.

– Monalisha Choudhury

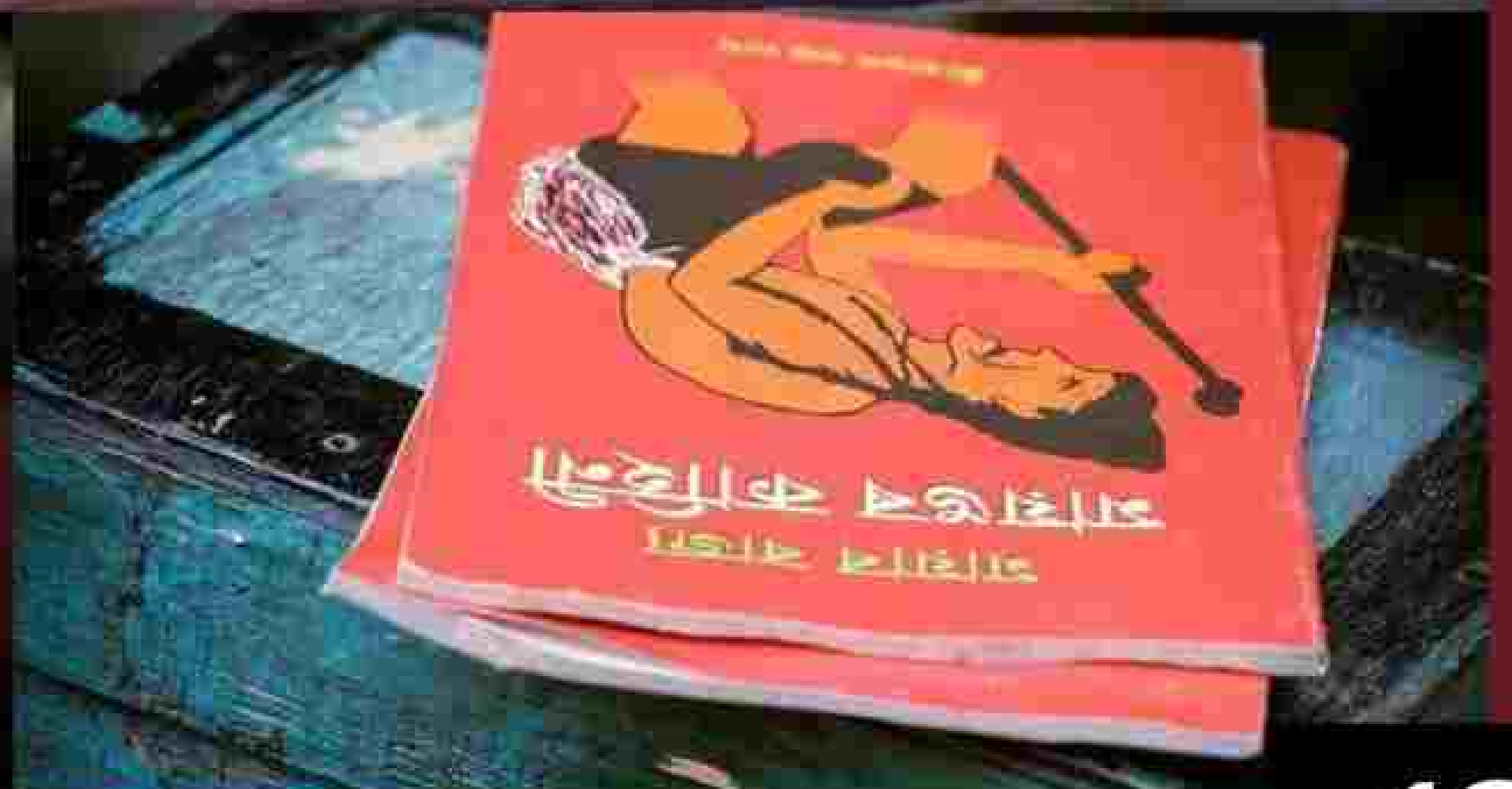
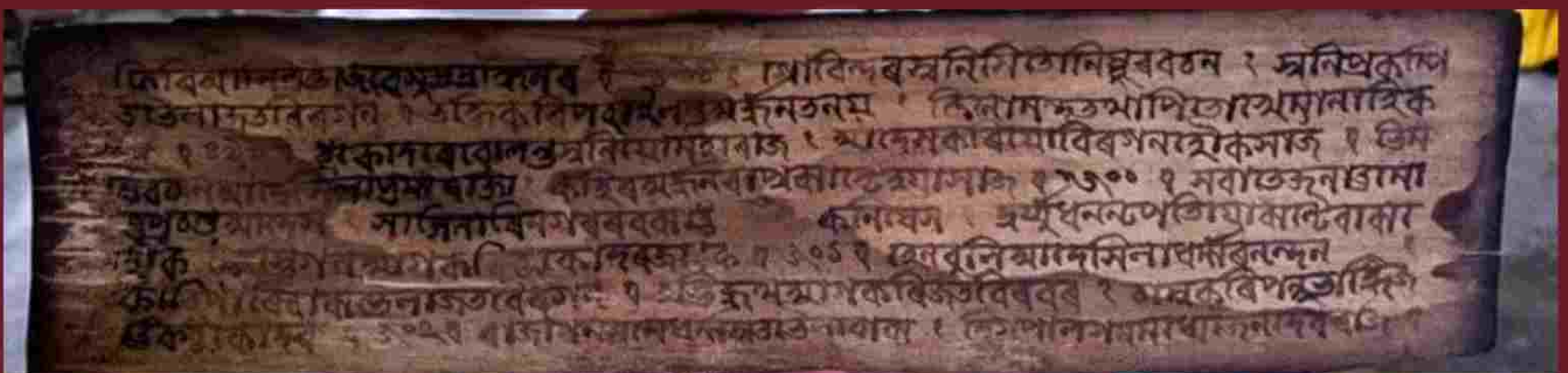
Black Magic Mayong, Assam

Legend has it that the root of black magic in Mayong dates back centuries, intertwined with ancient rituals and beliefs of the indigenous communities. It is influenced by Tantric traditions and it is passed down through generations, blending elements of spirituality, mysticism and folk remedies. The practitioners of black magic, referred to as 'Mayong Bej', cloak their practices in secrecy, preserving the mystique surrounding their craft. Mayong's black magic is believed to wield influence over various aspects of life, ranging from healing ailments to exacting vengeance. Tales abound of individuals seeking the services of Mayong Bej to resolve disputes, cure illnesses or cast spells upon adversaries. However, with each power comes the potential of misuse, leading to tales of curses, hexes and malevolent spirits haunting the unsuspecting. The people of Mayong have so many stories to tell, stories of how people just vanished into thin air, how people turned into animals and vice versa, casting spells on that the root of the problem gets 'cleared', and then, there is also practice of Ayurveda for a number of elements. One of the peculiar disappearances that are still spoken of even today is that of the army of Mohammad Shah in the 1330s, made of 100000 soldiers, this entire group vanished in the forest with not a single body being found. In Alamgir Nama, a chronicle of Aurangzeb's rule, court historian Mirza Muhammad Kazim, states that when the Ahom kingdom was to be defeated in Assam, the leader Ram Singh was more scared of the black magic of Mayong than Ahom army. According to local lore, one of the most prominent practices followed in the past was human sacrifice or Norbali. This was practised as a ritual to attain more black magic power while worshipping Goddess Shakti.

The swords and traditional weapons found in excavation indicate the possible rituals of human sacrifice.

Despite its ancient roots, Mayong's black magic continues to thrive in the modern era, evolving to meet the changing needs and challenges of the practitioners. In a world marked by technological advancements and globalisation, the allure of tapping into ancient wisdom and supernatural forces remains undiminished, with Mayong serving as a bastion of tradition amidst a rapidly changing landscape. The practice of black magic in Mayong is not without its controversies and challenges. Accusations of fraud, exploitation and harm have cast a shadow over the reputation of the Mayong practitioners, highlighting the delicate balance between traditional and ethical responsibilities. Efforts to document and study Mayong's tradition serve to shed light on its mysteries while ensuring that future generations inherit a rich tapestry of folklore and tradition. As Assam marches towards an uncertain future, the enigma of black in Mayong endures as a testament to the enduring power of tradition and the timeless allure of the unknown. In the heart of Mayong, amidst the whispers of spirits and the rustle of sacred trees, the legacy of black magic lives on, a testament to the enduring spirit of a land steeped in mystique.

– Himashree Devi



Odisha Train Collision

A Tragic Tale of Human Error & Infrastructural Challenges



On a fateful day in the heart of Orisha, a bustling city renowned for its rich cultural heritage, a catastrophic collision shook the nation. The tragic incident serves as a stark reminder of the consequences that can arise from human error and the pressing need to address infrastructural challenges. The collision not only claimed numerous lives but also raised crucial questions about the safety of public transportation systems in developing countries.

The ill-fated collision occurred at the city's central railway station at peak hours, when two passenger trains collided head-on. Eyewitnesses described a scene of chaos and horror, with twisted metal, shattered glass and injured individuals strewn about the wreckage. Initial investigation pointed to a communication failure between the train operators, leading to a catastrophic misunderstanding of signals and resulting in the devastating crash.

The investigation revealed that the collision was primarily caused by human error. The train operators failed to adhere to established protocols and misinterpreted critical signals, leading to a catastrophic breakdown in communication. The incident raises significant concerns about the training, monitoring and accountability of the railway staff. Proper training, stringent safety protocols, and the implementation of advanced technological systems are essential to preventing such tragedies in the future.

The Orisha train collision also underscored the immediate need to address infrastructural challenges in developing countries. The Aging railway system, insufficient maintenance and inadequate investment in modernisation projects contribute to a higher risk of accidents. The incident has shed light on the urgent need for government authorities and relevant stakeholders to prioritise infrastructural development, ensuring that transportation networks are not only efficient but also safe for the millions of passengers who rely on them daily.

In the wake of the Orisha train collision, the government swiftly established an independent commission to investigate the accident thoroughly. The findings of the commission emphasised the importance of stringent safety regulations, regular training programs for railway staff, and the adoption of advanced signalling technologies. Furthermore, there is a growing call for increased funding to modernise & upgrade the nation's railway infrastructure. By learning from this tragedy and implementing necessary measures, we can ensure that transportation systems in developing countries are equipped to safeguard the lives and well-being of their citizens.

The Orisha train collision serves as a painful reminder of the consequences of human error and infrastructural deficiencies. It is a wake-up call for authorities to prioritise the safety of their transportation systems and prompt action to prevent such tragedies from recurring in the future.

-Presila Keivom

THE DECLINE OF PUBLIC INTEREST IN BOLLYWOOD AWARD CEREMONIES AND THEIR RELEVANCY

Bollywood award ceremonies, once the pinnacle of recognition and celebration in the Indian film industry, have seen a noticeable decline in public interest and relevancy in recent years. While these events were once eagerly anticipated by both industry insiders and fans alike, they now struggle to capture the imagination of audiences and maintain their significance. Several factors contribute to this decline, including controversies, lack of transparency, and changing audience preferences.

One of the primary reasons for the waning interest in Bollywood award ceremonies is the prevalence of controversies surrounding them. Over the years, allegations of favoritism, nepotism, and lobbying have plagued these events, casting doubt on their credibility. Many believe that certain awards are predetermined or influenced by factors other than artistic merit, leading to disillusionment among both industry professionals and audiences. Furthermore, instances of actors and filmmakers boycotting award ceremonies due to perceived injustices or biases have further tarnished the reputation of these events. When prominent figures within the industry publicly criticize the integrity of award shows, it undermines their legitimacy and erodes public trust.

Transparency issues also contribute to the decline in public interest in Bollywood award ceremonies. Unlike prestigious international awards like the Oscars, which have clear criteria and voting processes, the selection criteria for Bollywood awards are often shrouded in secrecy. The lack of transparency regarding how winners are chosen fosters skepticism and diminishes the prestige associated with these accolades.

Audiences are increasingly demanding accountability and fairness in the selection process, and the opacity surrounding Bollywood award ceremonies fails to meet these expectations.

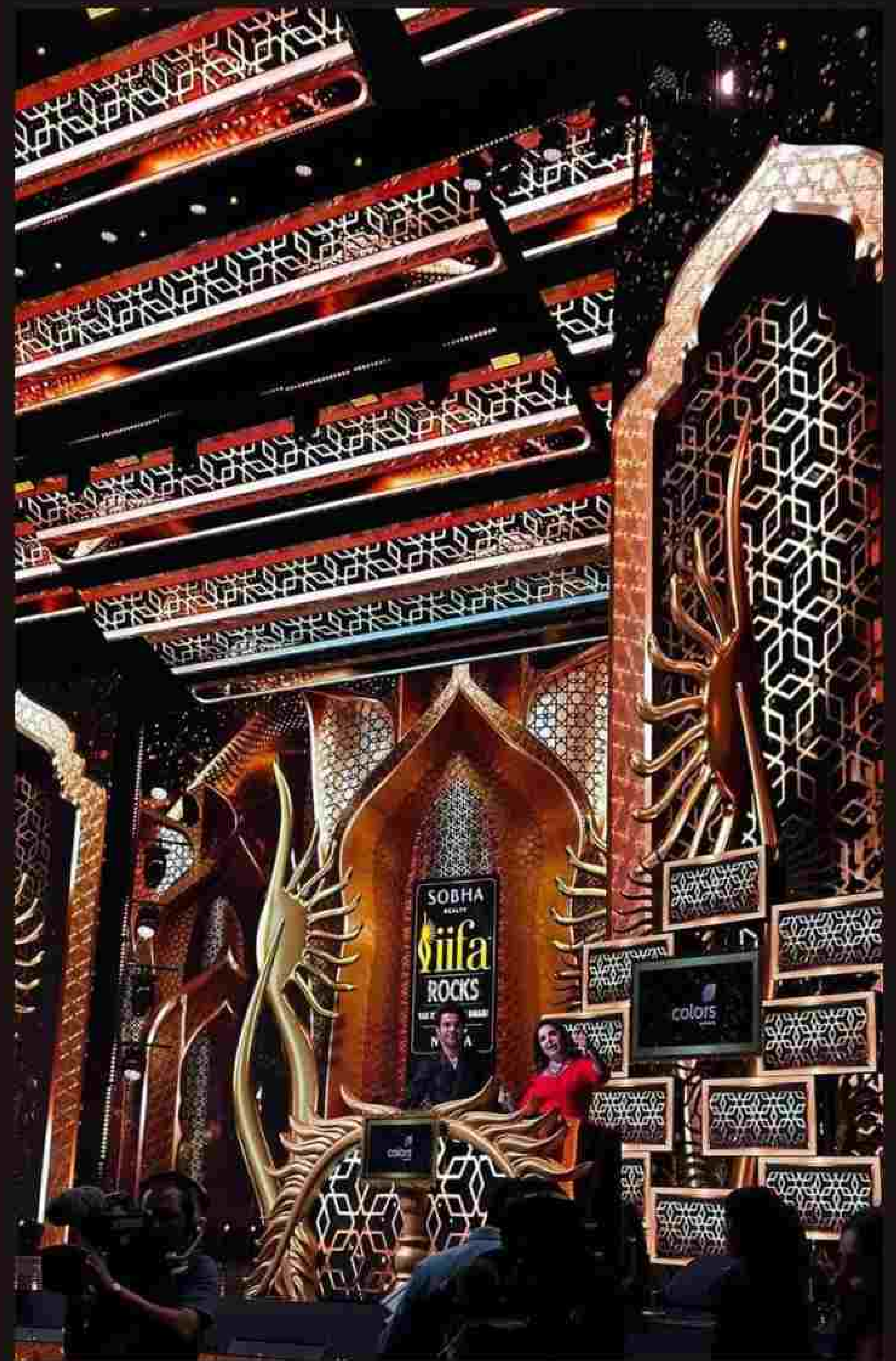
Another significant factor contributing to the decline in public interest in Bollywood award ceremonies is the shifting landscape of entertainment consumption. With the proliferation of digital streaming platforms and diverse content offerings, audiences now have access to a wide range of entertainment options beyond traditional cinema.

As a result, the significance of film awards as a measure of quality and success has diminished. Audiences are no longer solely reliant on industry accolades to discover noteworthy films or performances. Instead, they rely on user reviews, social media buzz, and personalized recommendations to inform their viewing choices.

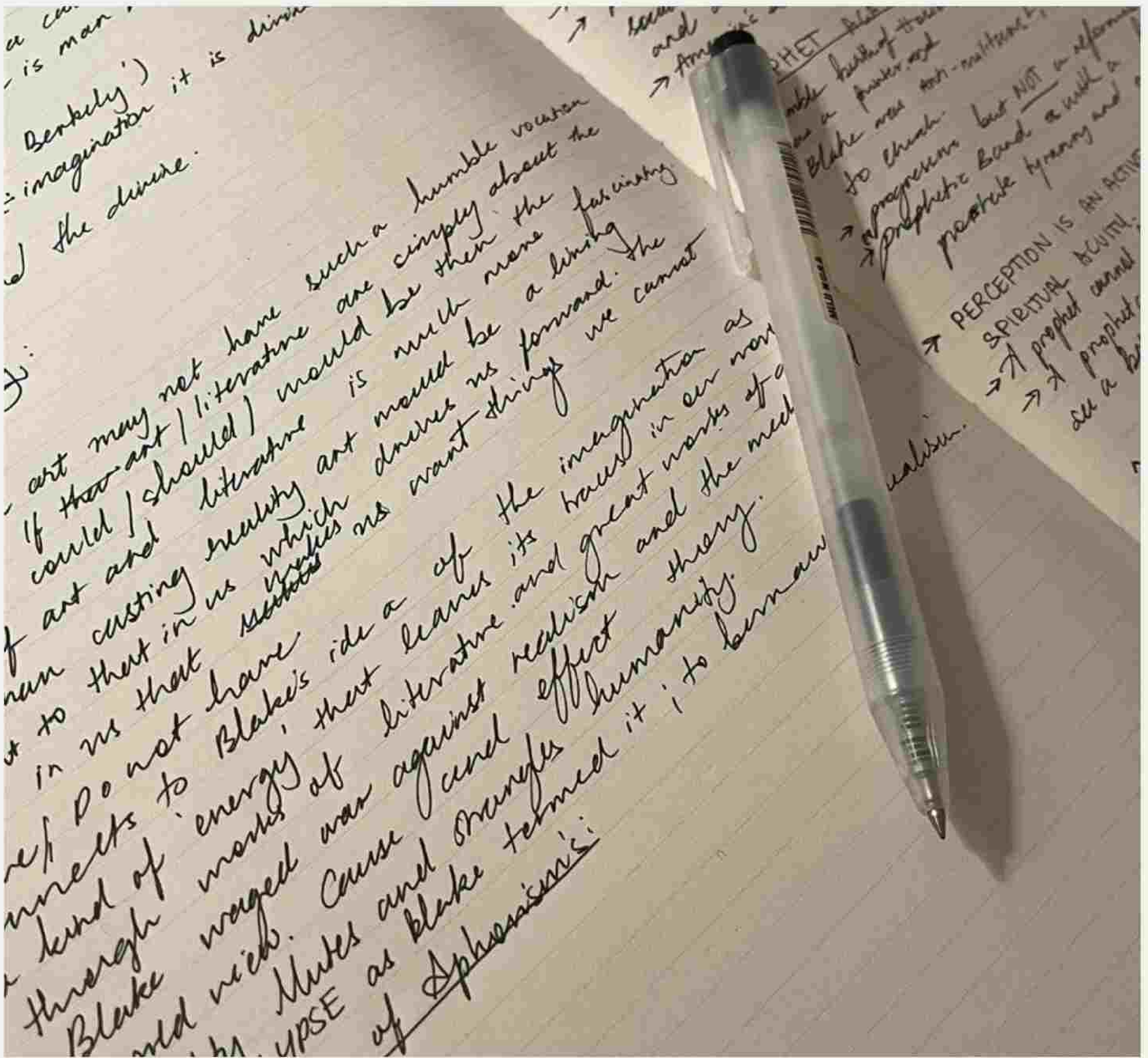
The oversaturation and commercialization of Bollywood award ceremonies have also contributed to their declining relevancy. What was once a few prestigious events has now ballooned into a multitude of smaller-scale award shows, each vying for attention and sponsorship dollars.

This proliferation has led to a dilution of the prestige associated with these events, with many viewers viewing them as mere marketing exercises rather than genuine celebrations of cinematic achievement. Additionally, the emphasis on celebrity fashion, performances, and sponsor tie-ins has eclipsed the focus on honoring artistic excellence, further alienating discerning audiences.

In conclusion, the decline of public interest in Bollywood award ceremonies can be attributed to a combination of controversies, lack of transparency, changing audience preferences, and oversaturation. While these events still hold cultural significance within the Indian film industry, their inability to adapt to evolving expectations and address underlying issues has led to a gradual erosion of their relevancy. To regain public trust and interest, organizers must prioritize transparency, fairness, and authenticity in their selection processes, and refocus on celebrating artistic excellence rather than commercial spectacle. Only then can Bollywood award ceremonies reclaim their stature as meaningful markers of cinematic achievement.



Essay



Section



When Will Kalki Arrive?

"The battleline between good and evil runs through the heart of every man."

- Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

Good versus evil is not just a simple concept. It holds a deep meaning inside it. There is a saying that if good exists, there is also an evil side. Good and evil balance each other. To simplify, there is a concept in Chinese philosophy known as Yin and Yang. Yin represents darkness and Yang represents light and positivity. Whenever darkness (evil) prevails, light (good) always appears, which brings hope.

Keeping in mind the concept of Yin and Yang, we can say that in every person, both good and evil exists. There is always a side which people try to hide. We can't eradicate evil completely, as it is important to balance the society.

In Indian mythology, Kalki is described as the tenth and final avatar of the Hindu preserver deity, Vishnu, who rejuvenates existence by ending the darkest and destructive period to remove adharma (unrighteousness) ushering in the Satya Yuga, while riding a white horse with a fiery sword, though the description and details of Kalki are different among various Puranas. He is described as the incarnation who appears at the end of the 'Kalyuga'.

'Kalyuga', the present era in which we are living signifies the reign of 'Kali'. According to the Bhagavata Purana, the very day and moment the avatar of Shri Krishna left, 'Kali', who promotes all kinds of irreligious activities, came into this world. Kali is the being who reigns during the age of the Kalyuga and acts as the nemesis of Kalki.

According to the Hindu Puranas, Kalyuga is believed to be the 'Age of Hypocrisy'. It's an age where adharma will be at its peak. Sinful people will especially be born in this age and their minds will deteriorate.

The present era is said to be Kalyuga, because the power of evil in people is tremendously increasing and going beyond its limit. Cruelty and unrighteousness is reaching its peak, which is causing the downfall of humanity. All the people have been overpowered with greed and violence. People have become so selfish that they have forgotten about morality and virtue. Everyone has become so obsessed in trying to mug each other, that they have failed to experience the value of helping others or obliging to the duty of humanity. The world is going in the path of evil in such a way that it resides in every person. There is not a single person who hasn't experienced their own dark side. But there is a saying that if evil exists, there needs to be virtue. No matter how much evilness grows stronger, at the end, the victory will be of good over evil.

In order to comprehend this victory, the story of Bhasmasura can be taken into account. Bhasmasura, whose real name was Vrikasura, was an ardent devotee of Lord Shiva. He performed great penance to obtain a boon from Lord Shiva. Shiva was pleased and was ready to grant him one. Vrikasura then asked that he be granted the power that anyone whose head touched his hand should burn up and immediately turn to ashes. Since then, Vrikasura was also known as Bhasmasura. Bhasmasura then wanted to test his newfound power by placing his hand on Shiva himself. Hence, Shiva ran and prayed to Lord Vishnu for help. Lord Vishnu then took the form of Mohini (portrayed as femme fatale, an enchantress, who maddens lovers and demons, sometimes leading them to their doom) and eventually tricked Bhasmasura to death by making him place his own hand on his head.

A key message that this story delivers is that Bhasmasura showed determination and grit in his journey to acquire growth and power from someone he worshipped. But the intention of his devotion was impure, and thus, he ended up being vanished by Lord Vishnu. This shows that no matter how much effort we put into achieving our goal, it will definitely bring turbulence if our intention is sinful and impious.

"हम सबके अन्दर अच्छाई है,
बस उसे पहचानने की आवश्यकता है"

- Adapted from the Indian web series 'Asur'

As we all know, there is Kali (evil) in every person, likewise Kalki (good) also exists. The only way to suppress Kali is - One needs to realise their inner Kalki, which will serve as the beginning of it and result in the end of Kali.

Name: Syamalima Das

Roll No: 200

Borgeet

PRIDE OF ASSAMESE CULTURE

The field of Assamese culture is enriched with a large variety of art, culture, tradition and others. It includes the Sankari Sattriya Nritya, Borgeet, the folk dances of all kinds of tribes etc. However, a major part of the Assamese culture is influenced by Sankari culture; and Borgeet is considered to be an indispensable part of this culture. Borgeets are a class of 'celestial songs'. These are infused with heavenly bliss, that pave one's way to heaven when it is devoutly sung. Because of the spiritual sense of these songs, some of the prominent Assamese literary scholars described it amusingly, such as - Kaliram Medhi hypothesised Borgeet as a "Great song or song celestial", Debendra Nath Bezbaruah described it as a "Holy Song" and Dr. Banikanta Kakati named it as "Noble Numbers". Borgeets are magnificent lyrical strains that express the spiritual and religious sentiments of the poets reacting to different situations, and differ from other lyrics associated with the 'Eka Sharana Har Nama Dharma'. Shankardeva propounds religious creed and philosophy through Borgeet. Shankardeva saw that the dark era was surrounded by utter gloom, brought by the oppression and the immoral, unethical action amongst the masses. Shankardeva proffered himself as a saviour of the people and led them to a new way of life, which is known as 'Neo-Vaisnavism'. Propounding this doctrine, he preached the worship of only one God. Through Borgeet, he propagated his new faith and spread the Bhakti cult among the common masses. Amongst his wide literary work, the Borgeets occupy a prominent position, both as prayer songs and as a medium of classical music. Initially, Shankardeva didn't name it as Borgeet, but later on they were considered so, as these songs are all about the supreme head or the ultimate reality of the universe. The 'Bor' in Borgeet refers to the 'Supreme reality of the universe' and 'Geet' means 'songs'. There are other songs that are spiritual or religious, such as those composed by the Aatapurushas, but these are not considered Borgeet and only those written by Shankardeva

and Madhavdeva are regarded so. It is because these songs talk only about the Lord, which made it august and more auspicious than any other songs. It has deviated from all other songs for not only its musical characteristics, but also for its subject matter. Borgeet paves its way to spiritualism, in contradiction to materialism. Shankardeva is said to have written a total of 240 Borgeets in various 'ragas', out of which only 34 had somehow survived, after being burnt up totally. Grieved at this loss, Shankardeva advised his elite and most favourite disciple, Sri Sri Madhavdeva, to write some Borgeets, as a compensation to the loss. With his permission, Madhavdeva composed almost 191 Borgeets, maintaining the same spirit of his guru's work. In his Borgeets, Shankardeva emphasised upon the glory of Lord Krishna, his various spiritual thoughts and his lordship. Whereas, Madhavdeva particularly talked about the childlike activities of Lord Krishna in his Borgeets. We can also find the heavenly livelihood between the mother-son relationship in his Borgeets. These exquisite songs are composed in a language called 'Brajavali' and are written in the main basis of 'raga'. Borgeets are set to specific ragas, but not necessarily to any 'tala'. These devotional songs are invariably used in prayers, as they offer a deep reverence to God. There are two specific ways or methods of singing it - 'Nibaddha' (confined) and 'Anibaddha' (unconfined). Different bhava (sentiments) are found in Borgeets, such as - 'Batchalya', 'Shanta', 'Dasya' etc. Names of some 'talas' that are used in a Borgeet are - 'Paritaal', 'Rupak', 'Domani', 'Unjyoti', 'Ektaal' etc. These taalas are played in the 'khol' and are sometimes accompanied by a pair of cymbals (taal), the striking together of which shows the unison of a tala. These systems of performing Borgeet with khol and taal is popularly known as 'Khol prasanga'. In the formal prayer, 'Nama-Prasanga', it is sung without any instrument. A Borgeet is a major part of prasanga as it bears the quality of a form of classical music called 'Sankari Sangita'.



Today, Borgeet is becoming more precious and is a flourishing treasure of Assamese culture. It has even obtained much deference, as well as a noble and grand position in foreign countries. Borgeets composed by both the mahapurushas can be claimed as a category by itself, as they are unique both in spirit and style, and have indelible classical characteristics, as well as musical features. Therefore we, as a part of the Assamese culture, should try to learn about its significance, know about its adequacy and engage ourselves with practising these as a medium of classical music at least. Presently, we find different courses in educational institutions that provide recognition to the study of Borgeets for academic purpose. A multitude of people are also doing their research on Borgeet. Several books on both instrumental and vocal music with grammatical theory and notation, specially on Sankari sangita, are available nowadays. We must let ourselves be familiar with these, so that we can contribute in preserving the Borgeets for the future generations. It is our responsibility to establish our culture at a shining stage.

—Arpana Hazarika

Who's Responsible?

- Babasha Rani Sarma

I am neither exaggerating nor hiding it, I am just stating the reality. Gen-Z is outstanding at pointing others out, and by "others" I mean the aunties, or 'the neighbours'. I am not defending them, but disclosing the reality. You see fault in others, but have you ever reflected upon yourself? You say that they gossip about your outfits and your friends, but aren't you doing the same? Don't you comment on your cousins and your peers? Don't you discuss about others' lives too? If you deny, you'll be lying.

If you're searching for love in today's world, then I am sorry to say that you'll be disappointed, because people follow the 'I don't care' notion here. They ask for love and blame the world for not providing it. However, when it's their turn, they act quite indifferent and come up with various reasons to defend their situations. How can you expect kindness from others, if you aren't willing to spread it yourself?

You will find two kinds of people - One who excessively pours out anything and everything that they feel and in return gain nothing but sympathy after being listened to (or not), and the other who is 'self-centred'. I do not wish to take any sides, I just wish to confront the reality. If you ask me how to survive this generation, I would advise you to love yourself first. Yet, don't forget to contribute some portion of that love to this world, because it's needed for healing.

At last, I will let you think who is responsible for this downfall of good will. The society who shaped this thought process, or ourselves who blame others for all our miseries, yet never try to be the change?

MAYBE!

- JIMI CHAMUAH

After spending two days back home, reconnecting with my family, I found myself lying in my room, scrolling through the feeds on my phone. Unexpectedly, my eyes grew heavy, and I drifted off to a sound sleep, reminiscing my childhood. I had been getting adequate rest, but the fact that it left me feeling more melancholic than rejuvenated puzzled me. I had the same experience the next day as well, leaving me bewildered.

Today, as I reflected upon this, tears welled up in my eyes, and I couldn't discern if those were tears of joy or sorrow, or both. Regardless, it brought a sense of relief in me. It made me realise that maybe, at times, we ought to let our inner child resurface, the one that is gradually fading amid the process of growing up. Perhaps, after years of wearisome and solitary nights, all we need is some "intoxicating" sleep.

Maybe, with time, the troubles that once haunted us will transform into a serene stream flowing towards our hearts. Maybe, what we truly seek is a sense of belonging, not necessarily in a new place, but in the place where we all began.



A M I U G L Y ?



You look at yourself in the mirror and think 'Am I Ugly?', Am I Fat?', Am I Too Thin?'. It starts with that single thought and in no time turns into anorexia, bulimia, anxiety, depression, OCD, lots of makeup, shutting yourself inside home, desocialization and so on. But you don't realise what you actually need to tackle is not your body or its proportions but Body Dysmorphia. Body Dysmorphic Disorder is often confused with other forms of mental illness. People are not aware of this mental phenomena and suffer alone most of the time. It's so individualistic that it makes it most harmful for the person who is struggling with it. Let us first know what body dysmorphia is.

Body Dysmorphic Disorder is an anxiety condition in which patients have a complete dissatisfactory fixation on their subjective flaws. The importance of this condition cannot be more stressed as patient go as far as operating self mutation, even in some



extreme cases attempting suicide. Well if we look at the root cause of this condition it starts at a really early age. It begins with socialising, you go to school and by one kid or the other your flaw is marked, then comparing yourself with others, hiding from others and only putting yourself lower and lower until you're drowned in anxiety, low self-esteem, zero confidence and hatred for your body. Bullying can also be one of the main causes of body dysmorphia. Other causes such as disoriented family conditions, not being loved or being abandoned at an early stage of life may also trigger body dysmorphia. The victims of body dysmorphia have such low confidence and low self esteem that it ultimately hinders their daily life and mainly psyche. It is a seed of doubt which turns into a tree whose shade completely darkens your life.

Body dysmorphia ties one's identity to how they look and robs them of their joy and their life altogether. The cruelty of this mental phenomena is that the person is stuck in a loop or cycle until it is completely broken off and if failed to be broken, it consumes more and more from that person until they take some kind of serious steps.

Body dysmorphia is not the actual reality that exists but its a misconception of the brain that leads you on. It's not a reflection of reality on the mirror but what our brain cobbles up together to be true. Our brain is trained to visualise oneself in such and such body proportion that without achieving that standard you are not considered anything but ugly. Our society in a great manner has influenced this standard. You cannot be too fat or too thin, too short or too tall, for women you have to have a good sized breast but not too big to catch attention, you have to have beautiful eyes, nose, hair, lips, even the boys have to be tall, masculine, handsome but not too thin, short, too fair and the list goes on. Society wants everything but for you to be who you are, that is a human.

Body dysmorphia is actually more closely related to our psyche than to our physique. It seems there is a weird inertia between a physical change which the body does instantly and evidently and mental. Our brain can't compensate for these bodily changes and cannot catch up fast enough. Even after putting ourselves through rigner to have that 'perfect figure', what we see in the mirror is what we were before. For example, how people say that they still see the fat person in the mirror, a condition called phantom fat.

Let's take a look at the theory that everything you look for and everything you perceive has a way of proving whatever we believe. Our brain tries to find signs that validate our beliefs. Just as a depressed person only feels negativity, a body dysmorphic person's attention instantly and constantly is directed towards their believed flaws. For example, malnutrition or excess nutrition or over exercise, all of these things cause ambiguity of perception or a complete breakdown of their perception. Then belief compensates and shows us what we believe and fills the gap.

Now-a-days this condition has accelerated as a backlash of social media. Social media has presented us with a definitive form of lifestyle, looks, fashion, manner that we so thrives to follow. We all want to fit into that specific standard of social media category that we are ready to go to any length if necessary. We associate our looks with our success and failure. Posting something on Instagram, Twitter or Pinterest and getting likes, wanting likes, gives a sense of success that we so much want to achieve and put ourselves into a spiral of strict diet, losing all sense of what's important and what is not and deteriorating continuously. Social media uses our insecurities to feed itself and confine us into a dark alley which eventually will lead us to our ruin. A single 'you're pretty' comment can boost our confidence ten times less than a negative comment can drop it. We want validation and reassurance from others instead of seeing ourselves with all the good in us, with all our uniqueness.

Now in the age of social media people are self diagnosing and start making videos about that, when actually one does need to go through the correct process of diagnosis and procedure. Now mental illnesses are used as slang rather than spreading its awareness. This toxic side of social media romanticises even serious matters by which people actually suffer & struggle with in real life. If one is actually suffering from such a condition they should immediately seek psychotherapy or help from a certified psychologist or psychiatrist. Hence now we should be aware and not get caught up in this web of glamorous fiction.

Well it's quite heartbreaking to know that this pressing matter does not have much research out there. Whatever research there is suggests a link between body dysmorphia and OCD which does seem to be correct as the fixation and obsession in both the matters concern itself with. Researchers also suggest that perhaps the serotonin chemicals might be involved which is related to happiness. But then again body dysmorphia is somewhat feeling sad all the time, not being satisfied enough. Thus so much research is still to be done in this field.

METAPHYSICAL POETRY

Taniska Borah

Metaphysical poetry was at its peak during the seventeenth century in England, but at that time, this highly intellectualised form of poetry was not well accepted. People of that era rarely understood the full extent of this new form of poetry, as it didn't follow the conventional norms of poetry that have been followed prior to it.

Metaphysical poetry is a form of poetry that contains metaphysical conceits, colloquial diction, philosophical explanation and platonic ideals. The great poets who wrote this form of poetry were highly educated, and they showed their intelligence through the words and imagination that they used in their poetry. Their poems consisted of metaphors, which at that time were considered shocking and unromantic, but it is only now that we can understand the significant and beautiful meanings of those. Some of the extraordinary metaphysical poets were John Donne, George Herbert, Andrew Marvell and Richard Crashaw.

While talking about metaphysical poetry, we ought to mention the pioneer of metaphysical poetry - John Donne, born in 1572, London. Famous for his love lyrics, erotic verse and sacred poems, Donne had an extraordinary life, but his life wasn't easy. Born in the time of theological and political unrest, he struggled with his identity and his



religion stopped him from getting a degree from well-known universities like Oxford and Cambridge, since Catholics weren't allowed there. People didn't consider his poetry as such because in their eyes, metaphysical poetry was cynical. John lived half of his life in poverty and during that time, he even lost his wife, Anne More, whom he loved dearly. We can get an idea about how deep their love was through Donne's poems like 'The Sunne Rising' and 'A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning'. We can only imagine how devastating it must have been for him to lose the love of his life.

Metaphysical poetry only got its well-deserved appreciation after T.S Eliot, a twentieth century poet and literary critic wrote an essay, 'The Metaphysical Poets' (1921), pointing out the in-depth cognition and wit that are present in this form of poetry. Metaphysical poetry has now become immortal, even though its father, the man who started it all is now lying cold and still. He has achieved the greatness that he didn't while living. Because of his intellect and creative poetry, his name will never be forgotten and his art is now accepted and greatly appreciated.

Short Stories



Section

Lost and Found

Himashree Das

On a sunny Saturday morning, a lively three-year-old Golden Retriever puppy named Max wagged his tail in excitement. His family had planned a delightful picnic at the scenic park on the outskirts of town. Max could hardly contain his joy as he hopped into the car, eagerly anticipating a day filled with joy, frolic, and of course, delicious treats.

As they arrived at the park, the family began to unload their picnic baskets, blankets, and toys. Amidst the commotion, Max's boundless energy got the best of him, and he dashed off to explore the surroundings. The family assumed that Max was simply exploring and would soon return to join them in their outdoor feast.

Unbeknownst to everyone, a squirrel caught Max's attention, and he chased it with gleeful abandon. Round and round they went, weaving through the trees and bushes, until Max realized that he had lost sight of his family. His playful adventure turned into a moment of panic as he was all alone.

Meanwhile back at the picnic spot, Max's family began to grow concerned. They called out his name, but there was no sign of their furry companion. A sinking feeling washed over them as they realized they had accidentally left Max behind. With heavy hearts, they packed up their belongings, frantically retracing their steps in search of their beloved pup.

As the sun began to set, Max found himself tired, hungry, and a little scared. He decides that it was time for him to find his way back home. Using his keen sense of smell and the instinctual guidance of his excellent navigation skills, Max embarked on a determined journey.

He trotted through meadows and crossed babbling brooks, occasionally stopping to ask friendly passersby for directions. Along the way, his adorable puppy eyes and wagging tail melted the hearts of strangers who gave him food and water and also offered encouragement to continue his journey.

Finally, after a long and eventful day, Max arrived at his familiar neighbourhood. He sniffed the air, recognizing the scent of home. His heart soared as he saw his family anxiously waiting on the front porch. They had spent the entire day searching for him, their worry etched on their faces.

Tears of joy streamed down their cheeks as Max bounded towards them, tail wagging furiously. The family embraced him, showering him with affectionate hugs and kisses. Max had come to the end of his adventure, and he was back where he belonged.



The evening unfolded with a celebratory atmosphere. The family gathered in the living room, recounting the events of the day while petting and playing with Max. They realized the importance of always double-checking and ensuring Max's safety during outings.

From that day onward, Max became an even more cherished member of the family. They showered him with extra love and attention, ensuring he felt secure and was never left behind again. Max, in turn, revelled in the abundance of affection and loyalty that surrounded him.

As time went on, the memory of Max's adventure became a cherished tale that the family lovingly recounted. It served as a reminder to always be vigilant and to treasure every moment spent together. Max's indomitable spirit and his incredible journey back home had brought them closer than ever before, creating a bond that would never be broken.

And so, in the cosy embrace of their home, Max and his family basked in the warmth of their love, grateful for the happy ending that had solidified their unbreakable connection.

Au Revoir

As the show nears its end, the boys gather in the centre of the stage, the fireworks exploding high up in the sky. They make sure to bow facing the fans in all the directions, so that they can have a final look at their favourites. And as the lift carrying them goes down, I realise that it's the end of it all. The last time I'm at a venue like this, and the last time I'm having confetti fly all around me. The paper cups stacked below the chairs come into view as the people start leaving. The stadium becomes much more subdued, with the memories of the past couple of months flooding my mind – The reason why I am even here.

Dropping out of school for this kind of business was something I had never expected myself to do. I was just an ordinary school-going teenager. Perhaps extraordinary, because I excelled in academics and was well-rounded. I think it all started when I saw my peers spending their time watching celebrities perform on stage. Seeing them fall for some people on TV was very absurd to me, and to be honest, pathetic. I listened to music only occasionally. I never “decided” to get into this kind of dealings, it just happened naturally without even me noticing, when one day I found a choreography video of a musical group and watched it, fascinated. There were many members in the group, but one of them especially stood out to me. His movements were sharp, yet nimble, energetic, yet graceful. I noticed that they were wearing nametags, so I zoomed in and found out what his name was, and immediately looked up videos of him and searched him on every possible social media platform. Now that I think about it, these were probably the “symptoms”.

However, I wasn't affected to that level as others were. It was okay; I listened to their music alongside my studies. But after a while, just listening wasn't satisfying enough to me anymore. I got into the fandom real quick and in the process, also found “boyfriend memes” of the members. I kept looking for those memes when I should have been studying, and as a result, my grades dropped. Whenever I met my friends, I would only talk about the group and my favourite member, and would ask them, “Isn't he handsome?”, “I heard he's like this...” as if I personally knew him.

Eventually, I dropped out of school. I told my parents that studying at a prestigious school was tough and that the academic pressure was getting too much for me to handle, and therefore, I needed a break, when in reality, I just wanted to be as close as possible to the group, so I started collecting money for their concert by working part-time, and also started visiting restaurants and cafés that the members went to, including those near their company that managed their activities. There, I met “my” kind of people, people who shared the same agenda – Waiting for the group's schedule to be over so that they could meet the members. Once, as I sat by their company, I heard one of the fans narrate how close she was to my favourite member. I envied her. I asked one of them to take me to their concert. There were other people with exquisite cameras waiting there too. I realised that they were either the paparazzi in disguise, or just obsessive fans (like I became one by then); waiting to photograph the idols once they got out of the car. And so they did. I was peacefully sipping my coffee when I heard the people shriek and run. I turned to the source of the crowd and saw a white van approaching, slowing down due to the assemblage of people around it. With great difficulty, the security opened the door of the van amidst the hullabaloo, and from in it came out the people whom I had anticipated meeting all these while – The boys! They got out of the car one after the other, occasionally waving to the crowd. I held my breath as I realised who the last person to come out of the car was. My favourite member! I was mesmerised. I wanted to get closer to him. I did catch his smile, but couldn't make out what he said; the fans' deafening voices overpowered his. I noticed how difficult it was for them to get to the company building because of the crowd, despite it being at an arm's length distance. The fans were relentless, trying to barge their way in, despite the security.

After I went home that night, I thought about how breathtaking all of them looked. I wanted to meet them again, anywhere, anyhow. I wanted to know where they lived. I saw some of the members tag certain locations on their recent social media posts, so the next day I went there and asked the locals around if they knew where the group lived, or, to not make it obvious, if someone moved in recently. Gradually, I found out their address, but it turned out that I wasn't the only one who knew.





There were others too who were waiting, no, in fact, camping in front of their house. We waited for hours, but didn't get to see them. I was desperate to meet the boys again, to see them up close like the last time, or perhaps get even closer, especially to my favourite member. I wanted to share a romantic relationship with him, or at least wanted him to be my male best friend. So I waited, but they never came. We later realised that the company got a hint of the fans' activities; hence they shifted the boys' dorm location to another place.

My attempts continued, but I had no luck meeting the group, until finally, the day came when I would finally see them again. They were supposed to return from their abroad showcase for their new album, and the airport was already thronged by hundreds who wanted to see them, including the media. After waiting for what felt like forever, they finally arrived. Certainly, we rushed towards them, but I immediately stopped on my tracks when I got a hold of the situation. The boys were getting mobbed! The fans were pushing and invading the boys' personal space. They, in fact, remained static since the crowd was wild and everywhere, blocking the way to their transportation. I could see from afar that the boys were terrified and the younger members held on to the older ones. One of them even fell on his knees. At that moment, a pang of guilt rushed past me as I discerned that I, too, served as a hurdle for the boys. I was one of those fans who obstructed their path too. I was doing the same thing that the other "fans" were, instead of preventing it. I understood that I was hurting the very people I loved.

After that incident, I stopped my activities for a while. I just watched them on screen, listened to their new album and watched their live streams, and an interesting episode occurred in one. Two of the members were going live when one of them got a call. His face muscles tensed, but he tried not to make his anxiousness obvious, and hence, cut the call. The live continued, but he got another call, yet another and the process continued. On another occasion, I was watching behind-the-scenes of one of their performances when I saw one of them collapse out of exhaustion. When I watched the individual fan-cams of their performances, I saw one of them flinch during a certain part of the choreography. My guilt only grew stronger at that point. They worked hard, but what we did in return was in no way acceptable – Mobbing them, stalking them and leaking their private information. I wanted to be close to them, but it only hurt them. I wanted to share a special bond with them, but I perceived that it would never be more than just an artist-fan relationship. I was shattered, but somewhere out there I was glad I could acknowledge the fact that no matter how hard I tried, I would have never been able to be more than a fan to them. Harsh realities, as the name suggests, are harsh, hence it took a while to sink in. Letting go of the behaviours of an obsessive fan was never easy. I had to refrain myself from repeating those activities all over again. I felt a void in my heart, as the relationship that I had been passionately chasing actually didn't even exist. I could make out all my wrongdoings and decided to never redo it again. I still listened to their music and loved them, but only as a fan. It would be a lie if I said that the desire to be close to them was no longer there, but I knew my limits. I still had their concert ticket with me, the one that I bought a fortnight ago. Was I still going to go? Definitely, I love them. I just learned how to love them with boundaries. This concert would be the last one that I would go to, before going back and working on myself again.

I guess I have sat here and pondered long enough. I see the staff wrapping up the stage props, and the lights being turned off one after the other. It's time to leave. I get up and stare at the billboard that had the boys' faces on it and a smile forms on my face. That was some good time I spent with the boys, albeit in a wrong way. Thank you. And I'm sorry. **Au revoir.**



-Avipsa Sharma

The Shoebox

By Abhilekha Borah



"Henry's room", the signboard read, hanging on the door.

As I pushed myself into my son's old room, memories of his laughter and the echoing pitter-patter of his childhood feet filled my mind. The room had been untouched since the day he left for college, and I couldn't bring myself to change it. It was a time capsule of his life, a reminder of all the moments we had shared together. I was enveloped by the scent of his childhood, a blend of old books and the faint aroma of his favorite cologne. I walked in slowly, my fingers brushing against the posters on the walls. They were snapshots of his evolving interests over the years - superheroes, bands, and eventually, scenic landscapes.

You always had a knack for picking the best posters, I whispered to myself.

I moved to his desk which was cluttered with textbooks, notebooks, and a few magazines which he snuck in thinking I wouldn't notice. A little giggle escaped my lips. Just then my eyes fell upon the high school diploma that once adorned the wall but now leaned against the bookshelf, collecting dust. I walked over to his bed and ran my hand across the grey bedsheet. Suddenly I noticed a shoebox tucked away under his bed. Curiosity got the better of me, and I pulled it out. Inside, I found a collection of old photographs and handwritten letters from his childhood. I picked up a faded photograph of him riding his first bicycle without training wheels.

You were so determined that day, I whispered, a smile tugging at my lips.
I wish I had spent more time teaching you to ride.

As I continued to explore the contents of the shoebox, I found a letter he had written to me as a child. The handwriting was unsteady, but the words were filled with love. Tears welled up in my eyes as I read his innocent proclamation of love.

"Ma, you're the best in the world. I love you forever and ever" it read.

Forever and ever, I repeated softly, the weight of missed opportunities settling upon me. The conversations left unsaid, the moments not shared, the time that had slipped through my fingers - they all came rushing back, suffocating me. And then, as if in a dream, I heard his voice beside me.

"Ma, remember the time we baked that cake for my birthday?" Came a fading voice from my right.

I turned, startled, but there was no one there. It was just a memory, a ghost of the past. Nevertheless, I continued to speak, sharing stories of our adventures, the laughter we had shared, and the dreams he once held. It felt as though we were finally having the conversation I had always wished for. And then, the room fell silent once more. I placed the shoebox back under the bed and slowly made my way to the window, staring out at the world he had left behind, yearning for another chance to hold him, to tell him how much he meant to me.

"Ma," his voice whispered again, "I'm sorry."

I turned to the empty room, tears streaming down my face.

"I'm sorry too, my dear," I replied, knowing that the words would never reach him. He had left this world before I could tell him just how much I loved him, how much I wished for more time together. If the heavens ever agreed, I'd like to nurture you in my womb again. If I got the chance to, I'd go through it again.

A moment in time



"Oh, look, isn't that Mrs. Dutta?"

"Seems like it is indeed her. I don't think we should bother her."

"Ah, yes, I heard her daughter got rejected for the 5th time in three months."

"Isn't the girl already twenty-seven? Nearing her thirties and still unmarried?"

"Any mother would be depressed with an ageing daughter like that at home. Is something wrong with her?"

The whispers followed Karishma, everywhere she went within the banquet hall. People wondering about her daughter's looks, their curious gazes stuck on her as they thought out loud whether her daughter had any deformities to speak of or was it her lack of proper education that was unappealing to potential matches. Karishma steeled herself before attempting to make small talk with some people ruthlessly badmouthing her and her daughter. She forced a smile on her face and pretended not to hear the several comments being passed about them.

"Your daughter makes a beautiful bride, Mrs. Sen and I pray that her husband treats her well", She said to the bride's mother before leaving. Karishma wouldn't even have attended the wedding in the first place but she didn't want to give these gossipmongers more incentive to speculate about their family in her absence. They were boldly spouting atrocities while she was within hearing distance, Karishma shuddered to think what else they spoke of while she was not present.

"Thank you so much for coming, Mrs. Dutta", Mrs. Sen said, her face glowing with the pride of a mother who had just married her daughter off to a good man, "Soon enough it'll be me congratulating you at your own daughter's wedding ." Mrs. Sen then clasped Karishma's hand in excitement, so absorbed in her own joy that she failed to notice Karishma's smile dimming and a shadow of undisguised sadness taking over her features.

"Are you happy?", Karishma asked her daughter later that same evening. Frustration poured off her in waves at the sight of her daughter curled up languidly on the couch with a book in her hand, blissfully unaware of the humiliation Karishma had to face. "Does it satisfy you to know that I am insulted and looked down upon wherever I go, because of you?" Karishma's voice rose in octaves, tears of anger and disappointment welling up in her eyes.

"What are you talking about, mom? What happened?" Ridhima sighed wearily before keeping her book down. She had a feeling about what would come next, it was a conversation, rather an argument, She and her mother often had. Ridhima, was in no way looking forward to it, but at this point this had become almost ritualistic. "Do you have any idea about the sort of disgusting things they say about you? About us? You got rejected for the fifth time in three months, Ridhima. I really don't know what type of boy I have to find in order for you to not chase him away. Varun was the perfect man for you and even he rejected you!" her mother all but yelled, tears streaming down her face. Her mother sat down on the sofa with a thump, as though the weight of the world that she so loved carrying on her shoulders had finally taken its toll upon her and made her lose her balance.

And Ridhima hated it. She hated watching the anguish on her mother's face, she hated the fact that now, after her father, it was her who was causing her mother so much pain. But Ridhima also refused to hide who she was. She refused to cower before society and change her identity. "Exactly, mom, he was the perfect man and I do not like men. Do you really want to force me into a loveless marriage with a man knowing I'd never be attracted to him? Do you want both him and I to resent you later in the future for condemning both our lives?" She knelt in front of her sobbing mother and asked sadly, "Why won't you understand me?"

And that was the core of it all, wasn't it?

Karishma did not understand her daughter anymore.

Her very own flesh and blood, whom she had taught how to walk, how to talk, how to write, whom she had nurtured like a sapling, watching her grow into a beautiful flower. She no longer understood her own child.

"Ridhima, my child. I have tried to understand you, believe me, I did. When you said you didn't want to continue your education and would rather be an artist, I understood. I went against everyone to support your dream. But I just can't wrap my head around this. How can a woman like a woman but not a man? It's abnormal." Hurt flashed across Ridhima's face at Karishma's words but as a mother she could not let her daughter be ridiculed by the society for her unnatural preferences, no matter how harsh Karishma's words sounded, the society was harsher, more brutal and they wouldn't stop to consider her daughter's feelings. "A marriage is a pious bond, between a man and a woman. A family cannot be formed between two women and two men. It's wrong. Unnatural. Two women cannot make a happy family, Ridhima and for that you need a man."

"Oh, and you're happy, are you? You're bouncing in delight everyday, almost walking on air, unable to contain all that happiness after having married a man, right?" Ridhima asked, feeling her anger spike at her mother's stubborn unwillingness to accept what's true. "Since the day I came out to you, you've called me all sorts of vile things. Ill, abnormal, unnatural. It doesn't even matter to me what the society says anymore because I've heard it all from you". Ridhima hated crying but she couldn't quite stop the onslaught of tears resulting from her outburst, overwhelmed with grief at her mother's blatant inconsideration. "Just because you refuse to see it for what it is, mom, doesn't mean that it's not real. LGBTQIA+ exists and no matter how many pride parades occur in the future to honour the community, it's all futile if a person's own family considers them mentally ill."

Her mother was visibly taken aback by Ridhima's tirade, her shock reflected plainly on her face. In all her twenty-seven years of life, she had never once spoken to her mother in that tone. She was always close to her mom. Having front row seats to the disastrous tragedy that was her parent's marriage, Ridhima had always strived to be the best daughter, doing everything in her power to make her mother happy. She hadn't even been this upset the first few months after she'd come out, when her mother had called her abnormal. Which is why it completely shattered her to think that even after all this time her mother still continued refusing to accept her for who she was and what gender she preferred. "Also, mom, it doesn't take a man to make a happy marriage. Out of all people, you should know that at least." Ridhima had probably gone too far with that, she could tell by the expression on her mother's face but she needed this dose of truth. She needed to see things from Ridhim's perspective for once.

A week had passed since that explosive argument, Karishma and Ridhima were still not speaking with each other but her daughter's words about Karishma's own marriage kept ringing in her ears. Ridhima hit the nail with that and she knew it too. Karishma's daughter had always been too smart, too sharp tongued, not sparing even her own mother in the face of her honesty. Forced to reflect on her own life and marriage; Karishma, with utmost reluctance, resolved to go to that one place she had promised herself she would never step into again. Her mother's house. It was about time Karishma paid a visit anyway. Besides, who would know about the mistakes a mother makes regarding her child better than her own mother?

"I am not on my death bed yet, as you can see. So, pray tell, to what do I owe the pleasure of a visit from my prodigal daughter?" Mrs. Sanyal asked, the fine lines and wrinkles on her aged face did not take an ounce off of her regality, if anything they made her seem more wise, experienced, someone incapable of mucking anything up. "Fancied a look at my future, is all. Look at you, all alone in this big house. This might be me in a few years..." Unfazed by Karishma's bitter words, her mother simply looked at her over the rim of her tea cup, her gaze knowing and penetrating as if silently telling Karishma that she knew there was more to it than she was letting on.

Karishma refused to acknowledge that as being comforting in any way. "What has Ridhima done? Is she still refusing to get married?" Her mother asked and listening to her speak of anything even remotely related to marriage never failed to bring back unpleasant memories for Karishma. "I told you, you shouldn't have wasted so much money on her education. Look at what she's doing now. How much does an artist even earn? That girl always chases after her whims and fancies. Should've married her off the second she turned twenty-one".

Beyond incensed, Karishma glared at her mother. "Like you trotted me off to the nearest wealthy family the minute I turned eighteen?" Karishma had been too young, way too young to be forced to shoulder the responsibilities of a married woman. Add in with it the abuse, the psychological torture from her in laws and the constant disrespect from relatives merely for daring to voice out her desire to study further and she really did not know how she managed to survive all these years, alone and without any support system.

She hadn't experienced marital bliss or what being loved felt like for even a single moment after her marriage. Her husband had started abusing her in the very first week after their marriage before eventually losing interest in even beating her. He soon moved towards having a mistress or two, Karishma never cared enough to keep track because by then she had Ridhima. Her reason and will to live, the only good thing resulting from her marriage to that horrible man. Karishma had gone to her mother several times asking for help, mentally broken and physically bruised and blue. Her mother had driven her away, everytime. Saying, "You're a married woman now. You don't belong in this house", sometimes she'd even say, "He's a man, being violent is in his nature. You know that, sweetheart. Just endure it", and other times she'd say, "Karishma, you can't stay here. People will talk and besmirch our name, saying we couldn't raise our daughter well enough to handle her own family. Do you want that for me?"

It was at that moment, that a horrible realisation dawned upon her, that she was behaving just like her own mother. Selfishly putting her own wishes above her daughter's. Over the years, Karishma had grown to resent her mother. Hating her for not asking her opinion before marrying her off, hating her for making Karishma feel like an orphan right at those moments when she needed her mother the most. "All those times, when I came to you, crying, asking for you to take me away, why did you ask me to endure that hell? Why didn't you protect me?" Karishma asked, that one question that had been plaguing her all this time.

"Because that's what I would have done and that's what my mother would've told me to do as well. There's a pattern, you see. And I, at that point of time, wasn't courageous enough to break it. We don't live in a world yet where women are free to be who they want to without fear of being judged for it. Back then, I was not only a mother but a wife as well. Mind you, seeing you get hurt though made my instincts as a mother overpower all others but I still had to be conscious of the boundary we lived within", her mother explained and looking at her Karishma was suddenly struck by how old she looked. Her mother wasn't as infallible as she always made herself seem and she finally admitted to it. Karishma supposed this was as close to an apology as she'd ever get from her. Of course, that didn't magically make things alright. Nothing ever could. But Karishma would take an explanation, no matter how insignificant, over years of detached silence from her mother any day.

There truly was a pattern though. Karishma accepted that at certain points mothers failed to understand their daughters and realise that sometimes it's not their overprotectiveness but rather their compassion and acceptance is what their daughters truly need. And perhaps it was a rite of passage that at one point or the other, daughters do end up resenting their mothers just a bit.

Perhaps it was wrong to force a daughter to be her mother's shadow, she may want to shine in the light alone or she may want to stay hidden in the dark, but the choice should completely be one of her own. Perhaps it was wrong to assume that she'd want to carry the mantle of her mother's own incomplete wishes and desires. Perhaps it was okay if they stopped knowing each other after a while, people change, parents grow old and children grow up but there's always time to learn about each other anew. And perhaps, sometimes, parents should apologize too.

"My daughter... She's not going to marry a man. She doesn't like them" Kaishma said out loud, for the first time. Garima Sanyal smiled at her daughter, "A wise decision, wouldn't you say?"

A surprised laugh bubbled out of Karishma at her mother's response. She realised that she'd made a mistake and she was definitely going to make a few more further in the future as she and Ridhima start to get to know each other again, but she was sure her daughter would forgive her. Just like she'd forgiven her mother. Because that's just how family works, you may not always like one another but you never stop loving each other as well.

And therefore, Karishma was going to break the pattern for herself and for Ridhima as well as for Ridhima's daughter if she chose to have children. "She is going to marry whoever she wants. Whenever she wants. Or she's not going to marry at all. I am not going to sentence my daughter to the same fate as me."

A tired, yet happier than it'd been in the years her daughter hadn't visited, smile stretched across Garima's face; so much like Karishma's. Her wrinkles deepened with the force of her smile as she clasped her daughter's hand with her own cold, frail, one, "That's my girl."

— Shreya Roy



Critical Analysis



Section



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS FROM A FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE

By Shreya Roy

William Shakespeare's, 'The Taming Of The Shrew' is undoubtedly amongst his most controversial plays. The "shrew" in the title of the play refers to the female protagonist, Katherina (alias, Kate), the headstrong elder daughter of Baptista Minola. Baptista refuses to let his younger daughter, Bianca, marry any of her suitors unless her inflexible elder sister also gets married.

Under the guise of comedy, this problematic play presents both misogyny as well as abuse of power in Petruchio, who takes it upon himself to 'tame' Kate. He initially wanted to marry her not for love but rather for money and status. He uses several impractical methods for 'taming' Kate that are nothing short of barbaric. Petruchio embodies the toxic system of patriarchy and every prejudice held against women as he continues to insult and mentally abuse Kate to shatter her strong will and obstinacy throughout the play.

From the very beginning, the character of Katherina Minola had been posed as a threat to male superiority. There are several allusions in the play which regard her as devilish or similar to a witch because of her sharp-tongue and quick temper. For instance, in scene I of Act 1, during an altercation between Kate, Hortensio and Gremio, Hortensio says, "From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!", with reference to Kate. Again in scene I of Act 2, Baptista Minola, her own father refers to Kate as, "thou hilding of a devilish spirit!". The women in the play are subjected to numerous sexist remarks, prejudice, oppression and objectification. Even Kate's younger sister, Bianca was a victim of this. Bianca was extremely beautiful and the anti-thesis of her elder sister which made her popular amongst suitors and therefore she was bet on by several men wanting to see who could finally woo her. This treatment of her illustrated how women were treated as nothing more than mere objects for the pleasure and amusement of men.

Another example of such objectification can be found in scene II of Act 3, where Petruchio proudly shows Kate off as his property in front of everyone present saying, "She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house, My household stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything." Again, in scene I of Act 2, Petruchio says, "For I am he am born to tame you, Kate, And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate Conformable as other household Kate." His pun on Katherina's name, referring to her as a cat, is his way of further objectifying her in a much subtler manner. Petruchio's comparison of his method of taming Kate to that of taming a wild animal is symbolic of not only Kate's wild temperament but also the misogyny with which the play's male characters regard her. Simply because she is outspoken and witty, Kate is belittled at every turn and deemed 'animal-like'.

When it came to 'taming' Kate, one of the key instruments used by Petruchio was language. It can be seen that his methods mostly revolve around psychological manipulation and twisted play on words. In Act 2 Scene I, Petruchio says, "Say she be mute and will not speak a word, Then I'll commend her volubility and say she uttereth piercing eloquence. If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week." Here, he seems determined to purposefully misunderstand whatever Kate says or does, thereby subtly attacking her intelligence and showing his lack of respect towards her. Petruchio is extremely witty and wields his status as a man with disturbing vanity. He deliberately misinterprets Kate's refusal to marry him and turns it into an agreement. He then proceeds to apply the reverse psychology on Kate after their marriage.

Petruchio makes it seem like he regards Kate with a superiority that is more than his own and then woefully pretends that he could not in good sense let Kate eat his lowly food or sleep on a bed belonging to him, basically starving her and not allowing her rest. As a result, the previously indomitable Katherina grows subservient as it has been planted in her mind through slow and subtle manipulation that Petruchio controls her. The severe change in Kate is made startlingly obvious in scene V of Act 4 when she says, "Forward, I pray, since we have come so far. And be it moon or sun or what you please, And if you please to call it a rush-candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me." It seems that she has apparently succumbed to Petruchio's rhetoric and what he says proves to be more important than her own knowledge or opinions.

Several people have spoken in support of the play. For example, Conall Morrison, director of the Royal Shakespeare Company's 2008 production, called this play a, "satire on male behaviour". He apparently could not believe how some people could find this play misogynistic since it is written by William Shakespeare, the playwright known to always create strong female characters and, "the man who would be interested in Benedict and Cleopatra and Romeo and Juliet and all these strong lovers would have some misogynist aberration". I, however, disagree, and am much more inclined to agree with George Bernard Shaw, who said in 1897 that the play, "is altogether disgusting to the modern sensibility".

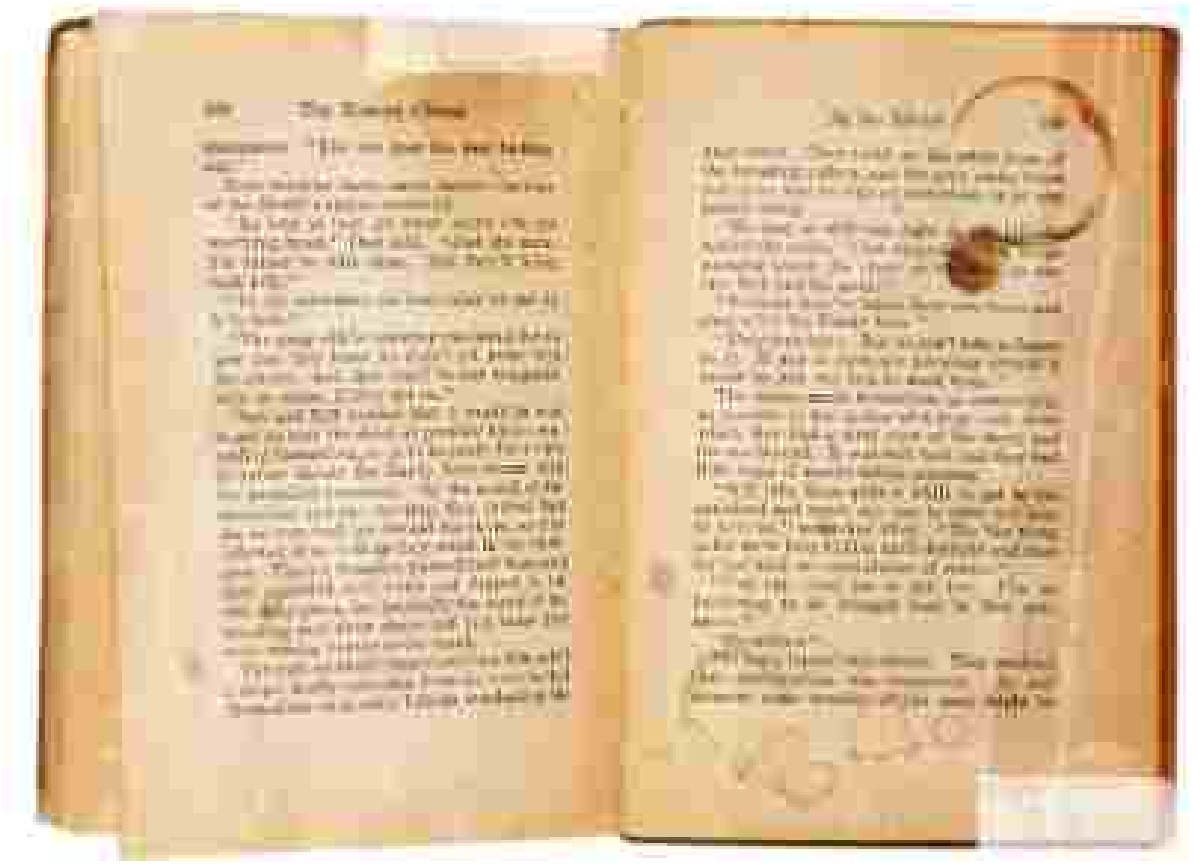
After watching the ending where Kate, now completely changed, proudly declares herself to be a devoted wife and gives a speech on how wives should always obey their husbands, Shaw writes, "No man with any decency of feeling can sit it out in the company of a woman without being extremely ashamed of the lord-of-creation moral implied in the wager and the speech put into the woman's own mouth."

The entire plot of the play seemed to revolve around Petruchio's desire to dim Kate's fire and assert once and for all that as a man he was superior to her and as such was in a position to demand her respect and devotion whether or not he was worthy of having it. He wanted to shape her into the perfect submissive, brood-mare, which according to the patriarchal society is the only acceptable character trait of a woman. And much to the reader's chagrin, Petruchio succeeds. Through the subjugation of Kate's character this can be interpreted to be asked of every woman alive during that period in general.



A Critical Analysis of

'THE WIFE OF BATH'S PROLOGUE AND TALE'



'The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale' is among the last known Geoffrey Chaucer's 'Canterbury tales'. It provides insight into the role of women in the late Middle Ages. It challenges the traditional roles and expectations of medieval society. The wife of Bath is a strong, assertive woman who challenges the authorities of men and advocates for women's autonomy in marriage. She asserts her right to control her own sexuality & relationships, thus embodying a form of early feminism.

The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale explores the dynamics of power in relationships, particularly in the context of marriage. The Wife of Bath shares her experience of manipulating and dominating her husbands through her sexuality. Her narrative exposes the power imbalances between men and women and invites critical reflection on societal attitudes toward sex and power.

It delves into the complexities of marriage as an institution. The Wife of Bath challenges the conventional notion of female submission in marriage and presents her argument for the sovereignty of women. Her tale revolves around a knight who learns the importance of granting authority to his wife, emphasizing the need for mutual respect & understanding within marriage.

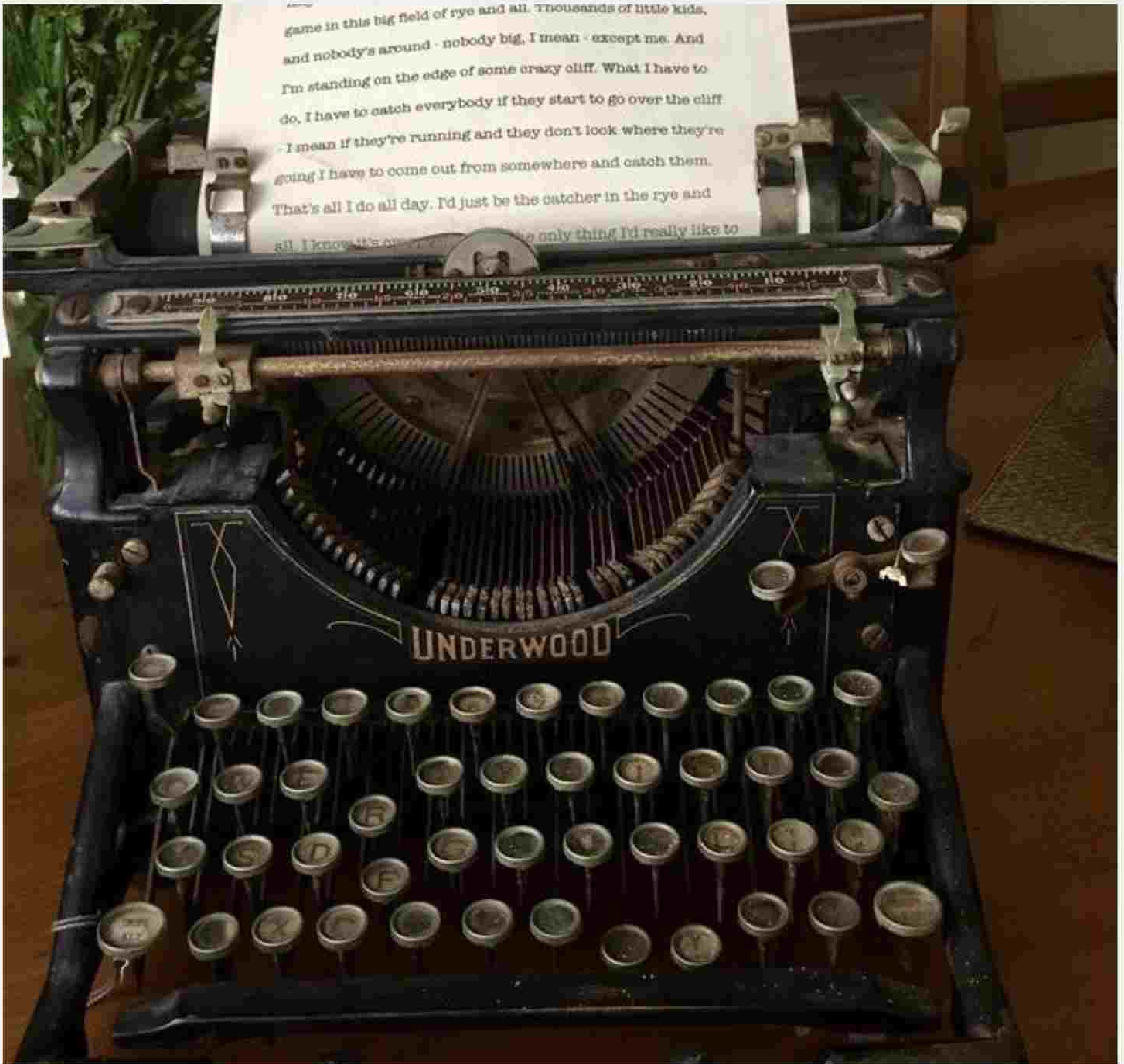
It sheds light on the power struggles and moral dilemmas faced by individuals and exposes the double standard prevalent in medieval society. Her unapologetic and manipulative behaviour serves as a critique to social expectations. Chaucer raises questions about the nature of authority, the role of women and the complexities of marriage.

The Wife of Bath is one of the first characters to openly talk about the concept of androgyny. Androgyny is the assimilation of 'andro'(penis) and 'gyne'(vagina). It is notable as she's representing Androgyne even back in the 1400's when women were considered as merely an object. That just proves Chaucer's critical views and outstripping thinking along with his ability as a poet for expressing and representing the character of The Wife of Bath with such skillful hands.

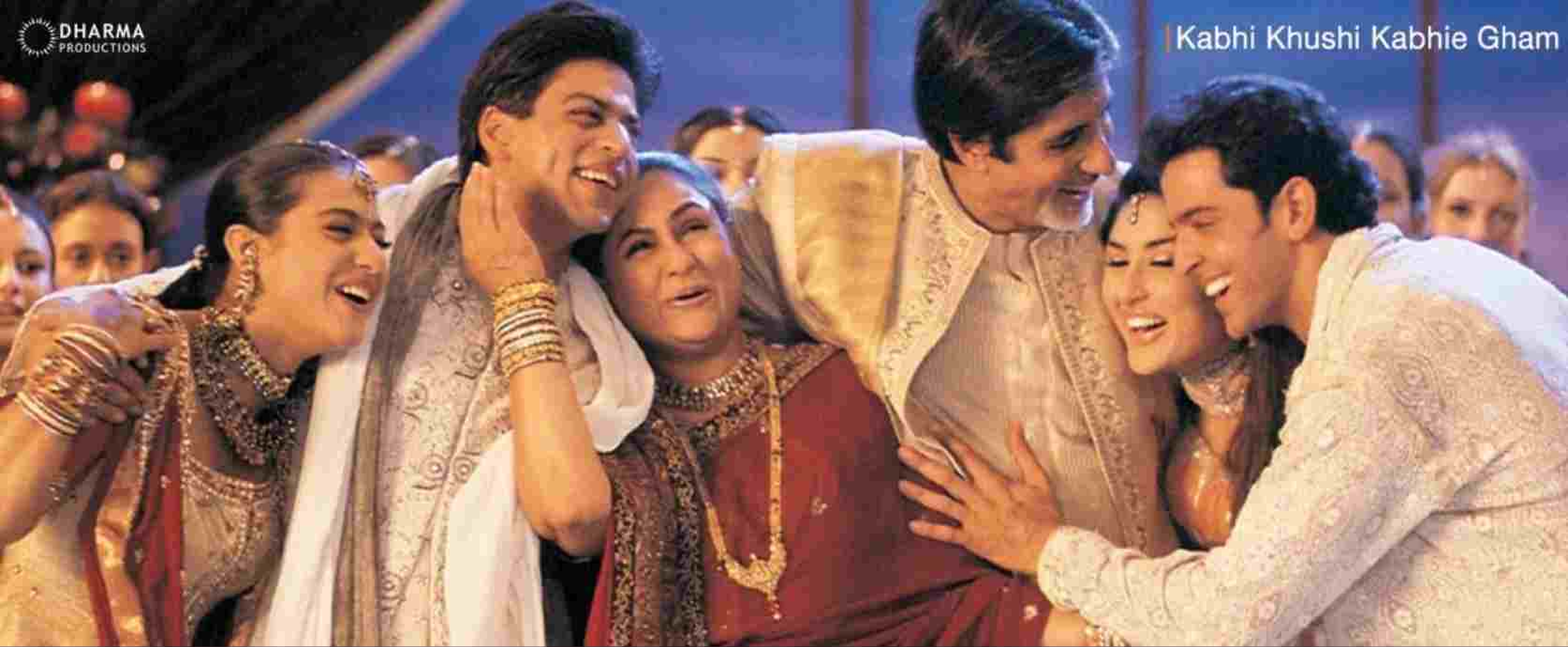
By Ritika Dutta Choudhury



Movie Review



Section



Kabhi Khushi Kabhie Gham

The adopted but much loved elder son of a rich couple is banished by his father when he chooses to wed a middle-class woman. Their younger son sets out to find him, hoping to reunite his family.



Are affluent families always idealistic?

Greetings! This movie is about Rahul, the adopted older son of a rich couple, who is banished by his father, when he chooses to marry a middle-class woman. Years later, his younger brother, Rohan, sets out to find him. That's right, it's none other than the 2001 film by Dharma Productions - Kabhi Khushi Kabhi Gham (K3G) starring Amitabh Bachchan as Yash Raichand, Jaya Bachchan as Nandini Raichand, Shah Rukh Khan (SRK) as Rahul Raichand, Hrithik Roshan as Rohan Raichand, Kajol as Anjali Sharma, Kareena Kapoor Khan (KKK) as Puja Sharma or Poo, Rani Mukherjee as Naina, Farida Jalal as Sayeeda and more, a heartfelt movie produced and directed by Yash Chopra and Karan Johar respectively, with a budget of ₹300-400 million.

This movie is pervaded with a journey of friendship, love, heartbreak and reunion - a movie that holds the hearts of all generations. It brings out the Indian culture, with festivals like Diwali and Karva Chauth, which also attracts international viewers, and brings to light various places of India like Chandni Chowk and Haridwar, whose richness remains profusely unquestioned. We also get a glimpse of London in the later part of the movie.

The plot was prudently planned, as the commencement of the movie begins by showcasing the strong bond shared between a mother and her son, which can be seen by Nandini's intuition about her son's arrival. The rising action in the film occurs when Yash learns about Rahul being in love with Anjali, and the family gets segregated, after which follows the climax - their reunion.

The original idea that struck Johar for creating this movie was to make it a multi-starrer family movie with some of the best actors in the industry. As much as the producers were successful at implementing them, a few of the deleted scenes could have been kept, such as the one where Rohan and Poo meet after 10 years in London and Poo recognises him as the laddoo she knew years ago; and as she slowly approaches him, a flashback of all those events that took place before and after Rahul, Anjali, Puja and Sayeeda left for London was showcased, a vital scene that could have let the viewers know about the process of Rahul and Anjali settling down in London.

The acting delineated by the actors was quite natural, and the emotions were brought out precisely. A special mention ought to be made for Jaya Bachchan, regarding what Johar had to say about her feeling sympathetic towards SRK, since at the time of filming, he was going through a lot and the natural occurrence of a mother's instinct towards him made her shed real tears on the set without the use of glycerin.

As for the characters in the film, one of the most impressive characters has got to be Pooja Sharma or Poo, an icon! Despite people thinking her character was an overact at the time of its release, people now seem to realise that it wasn't an easy character to pull off. This role was quite different from KKK's previous film, Ashoka, where she took up the role of Kaurwaki, and an evident improvement in her could be noticed. The grandmothers (nani and dadi) from K3G played important roles, as they were the ones to let Rohan know 'the truth'. Nani can be seen adding humour to the story at times and dadi was quite resolute about uniting the family.

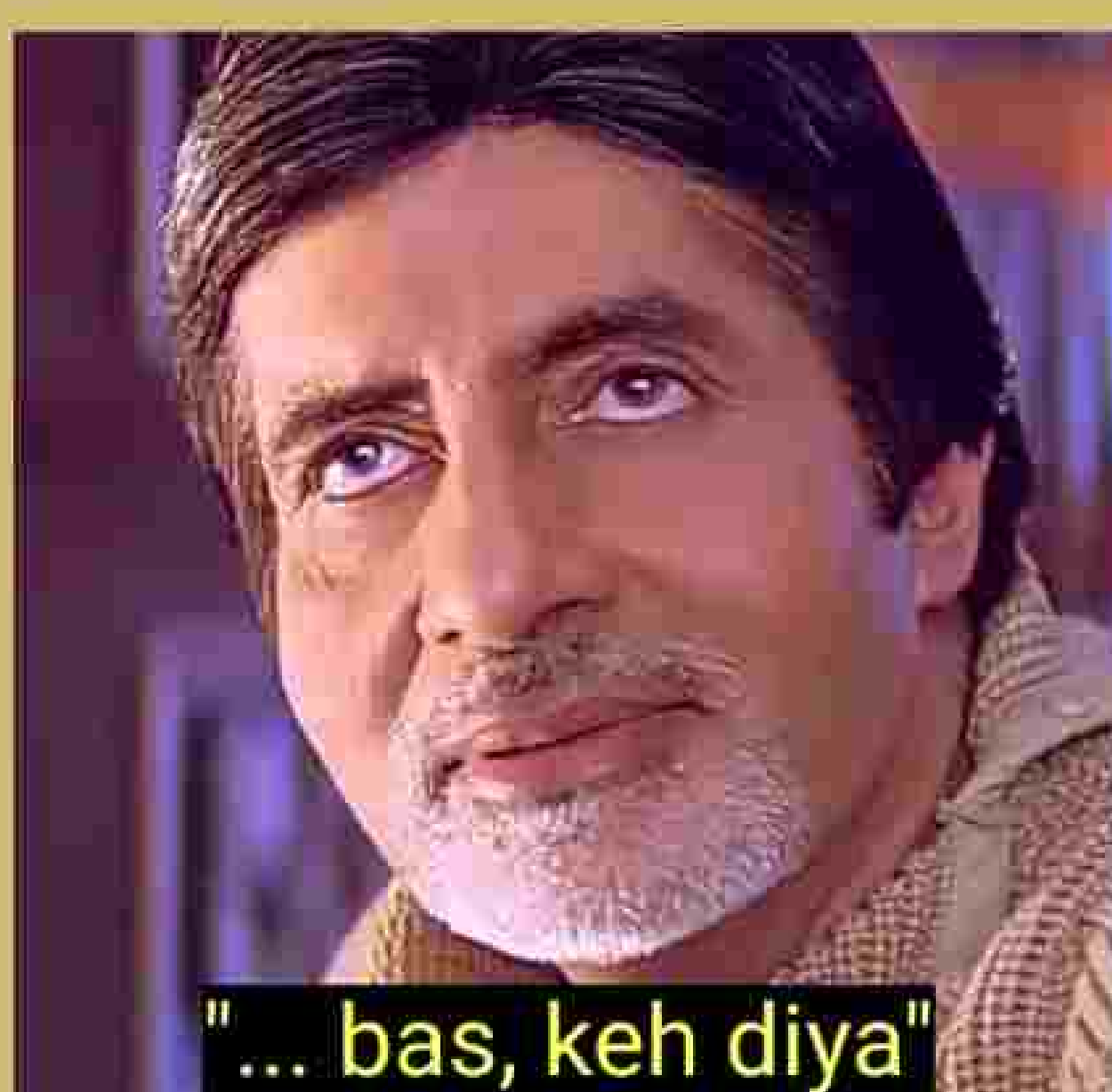
Another character, who is undoubtedly one of the best, is Naina, a pragmatic and compassionate girl. She senses that Rahul doesn't love her back and accepts it, and also confronts him about it. She understands that life doesn't stop because of an unrequited love and a few years later, it may even seem funny to her.

In a social context, an aspect that is to be found in the film is patriarchy, evident from the following scenes:

- Nandini having to tie her husband's tie and Yash saying the following dialogue, indicating that she needs to do his chores in order to hold her position of the 'wife':



- When Nandini mentions that traditions nowadays have changed and children choose their life partners on their own, he silences her by saying one of the recurring dialogues in the film:



- Yash fixing Rahul's marriage with Naina without his consent, and Nandini, knowing about it, couldn't utter a word.



- When Nandini tried to persuade Yash to visit Rukhsaar's wedding, he silences her again by reciting the same dialogue:



- Nandini having to let her son go, without being able to say anything, because if she does, it would be a challenge to patriarchy.



All the aforementioned dialogues by Yash may make it seem like he is the bad guy in the movie, but if we try to comprehend him, we understand that with a revered tag like 'Raichand', comes the pressure of living up to its name, which, to an extent, Yash could fulfil. He may have gone a bit too far with his ways (considering he even lost his son because of 'tradition'), but if we bring back the scene of Yash getting disappointed at learning 'the truth' from Rahul, he still puts his hand over Rahul's head when he falls to Yash's feet and apologise, perhaps wanting to forgive him and say that it's fine and he will accept it, but his commitment towards his duties, or more specifically, 'traditions' prevents him from doing so.



Considering opinions from different people of all ages, there seems to be no one who has hard feelings about the movie. The cinematography was executed brilliantly, which made it easy to understand the plot; and the persona exhibited by the actors brings out the emotions all too well, which probably is the reason why it appeals to all generations.

As much as we can say that it is an original film, we do find traces of it being a remake of Johar's previous movie, *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai* (KKHH), with an increase in the cast and drama, apparent from scenes like Parzaan Dastur acting as the little boy who counts stars and Naina asking Rahul to realise his love story, parallel to KKHH's scene of Tina asking little Anjali to reunite her father with his first love, Anjali. We also get a snippet of the song 'Kuch Kuch Hota Hain' from KKHH in the K3G song, *Suram Hua Maddham*. This can be fortified by Johar's statement in an interview of K3G being the 'single biggest slap' on his face and 'biggest reality check', because he realised that he made the same film as KKHH, merging the storyline of K3G and family values of *Hum Aapke Hain Kaun* into one film.

What I like about the production is the details it captured, and the emotions and delicacy brought out by the film. Manish Malhotra's absolutely stunning designs, Farah Khan's amazing choreographies and the music – all added up to the opulence of the film. Johar decided to have not just one, but 3 different music directors for the film – Jatin-Lalit, Shandesh Shandilya and Adi Srivastava, as the music of the film is situation-based, and they tried to create music that worked within the framework of the film. They tried to balance the music with the screenplay to provide popular appeal – pop, rock and bhangra, which worked towards the basic interest of the film. An impressive fact which I like about the production is that Karan Johar casted the actors on the very same day and all of them readily agreed to do the film (Source: *Indian Idol* Season 12). The 'thunder effect' of traditional Bollywood style along with the zoom-in of the characters following an unfortunate event or a revelation is used here, which maintains the genesis of the film.

If one is looking for a movie to spend a Sunday afternoon, or a picture for a family movie night, K3G is definitely one of the best choices. The turn of events, the humour, the interaction among the characters, the lavish music and the nostalgia that it brings out makes it affable for all viewers.

Since Johar wanted to bring out the best actors of that time in one single movie and showcase their interactions, I believe it was a successful project. This motion picture is helpful in understanding the value of family relationships, and provides a deep insight into the minds of juveniles, as they are often underestimated, but we got to remember that it was Rohan ultimately who united the family. To conclude, we can say that affluent families may not always be happy families, and we learn that there's always the pressure for people with high positions and their offsprings to carry the family honour. We come to know that even the perfect 10s have their own vulnerabilities.

— Avipsa Sharma

Devdas : A Tragic Love Story

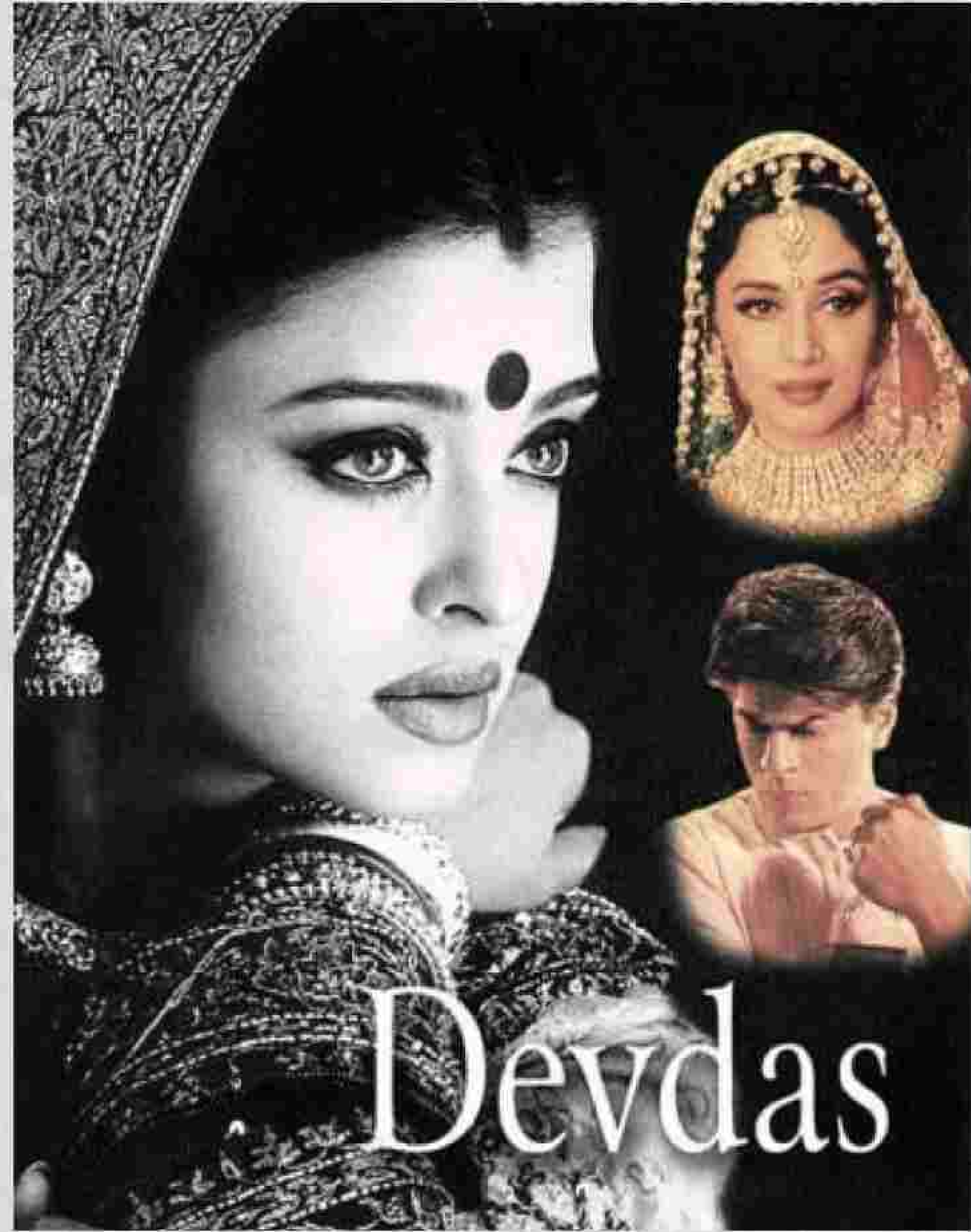
SYPNOSIS

The son of Zamindar Narayan Mukherjee, Devdas was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He grew up in the lush village of Taj Sonapur, where he spent his childhood with his playmate Paro. They grew up sharing a special relationship. Oblivious of all the differences of status and background, a bond that would never break grew between them.

Soon, Devdas is sent to London for his education. Years later Devdas returns. Devdas besotted by Paro's stunning beauty longs to marry her. But Devdas father meets Paro's mother with condescending arrogance. It causes a rift between the families and even though Devdas tries to convince his father, his father doesn't relent.

Paro then enters into a chaste marriage with a wealthy, much older man, Zamindar Bhuvan, while a shattered Devdas walks towards anguish, alcoholism and Chandramukhi, a stunning courtesan, who passionately loves him. Meanwhile, Paro, on the other hand, performs her worldly duties sincerely, but inside her, she could never forget Devdas.

Strange was the fate of Devdas, intensely loved by two women, who were never meant to be his. One whom he could never love and one whom he could never stop loving.



PROFILE



Director: Sanjay Leela Bhansali

Written by:

- Prakash Ranjit Kapadia
- Sanjay Leela Bhansali

Based on: Devdas(a novel) by Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay

Produced by: Bharat Shah

Starring:

- Shah Rukh Khan
- Aishwarya Rai
- Madhuri Dixit

Running time: 174 minutes



Shah Rukh Khan
as **Devdas Mukherjee**



Aishwarya Rai
as **Parvati "Paro" Chaudhary**



Madhuri Dixit
as **Chandramukhi**

REVIEW



When someone asks me about my favorite movie, names of typical bollywood movies like Om Shanti Om, Jab We Met, Kabhi Khusi Kabhi Gham, Kuch Kuch Hota Hai, Wake Up Sid!, Main Hoo Na etc comes to my mind. This might be because I am a big bollywood junkie since my early years which is in a way inherited from my mother who herself is a big bollywood fan. Over the years as I grew older my taste in movies fluctuated, I discovered and enjoyed new genres across different languages. But every time I am in distress, I find myself re-watching these movies, maybe it is because of the nostalgia associated with them or maybe it's just my guilty pleasure but nothing matches the feeling of watching them.

One such movies that I always love bingeing is "Devdas". Adapted from a Bengali romantic novel written by Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay with the same name, this three hour long movie is a year older than me.

Directed by Sanjay Leela Bhansali with a budget of 50 crore and a box office collection of 168 crore. This movie is one of the biggest hits of its time. When I was little and I watched this movie for the first time in my small LG tv, I didn't realize the depth of this movie. I was simply mesmerized by the enormous hawelis, the gorgeous sarees, the pretty gold jewelleryes, the way the ladies put "alta" on their hands and feets and the grand Durga Puja celebration they had. I was awed by how mesmerizing Madhuri Dixit looked when she dance and how captivating Aishwarya Rai looked in every frame. Ofcourse the "king of romance", Shah Rukh Khan drew my attention the most so much so that, I till this day, am his fan and go on to watch each one of his releases. The song "Dola Re Dola" needs a special mention here because that song is unbeatable in my opinion and I remember the hook step of that song by my heart. I can practically groove on this song at any given situation.

Like most of the Bollywood mainstream movies, this too is binded to some of the "stereotypes" related to Bengalis. Some of them would be the dialogues ending with a "isshhh" sound, the only celebration bengalis have is Durga Puja, them wearing lots of jewelleryes and expensive sarees while doing basic household chores. Like any typical Bhansali movie in this movie too, prostitution is glorified and is almost romanticized. The dark side of this practice, the trauma that these girls went through and their exploitation on the backdrop of a society that never accept them as "respectable and marriageable women" is overshadowed by glamorous dance, extravagant and expensive jewelleryes and lifestyle.

Bhansali bravely points out the follies of late 18th century Bengali society. He showcased how people's primary concern for a girl child is getting her married to a man, child marriages, how class and caste played a pivotal role even among the so-called "educated". Wives are merely the ornaments that decorates the households.

GALLERY

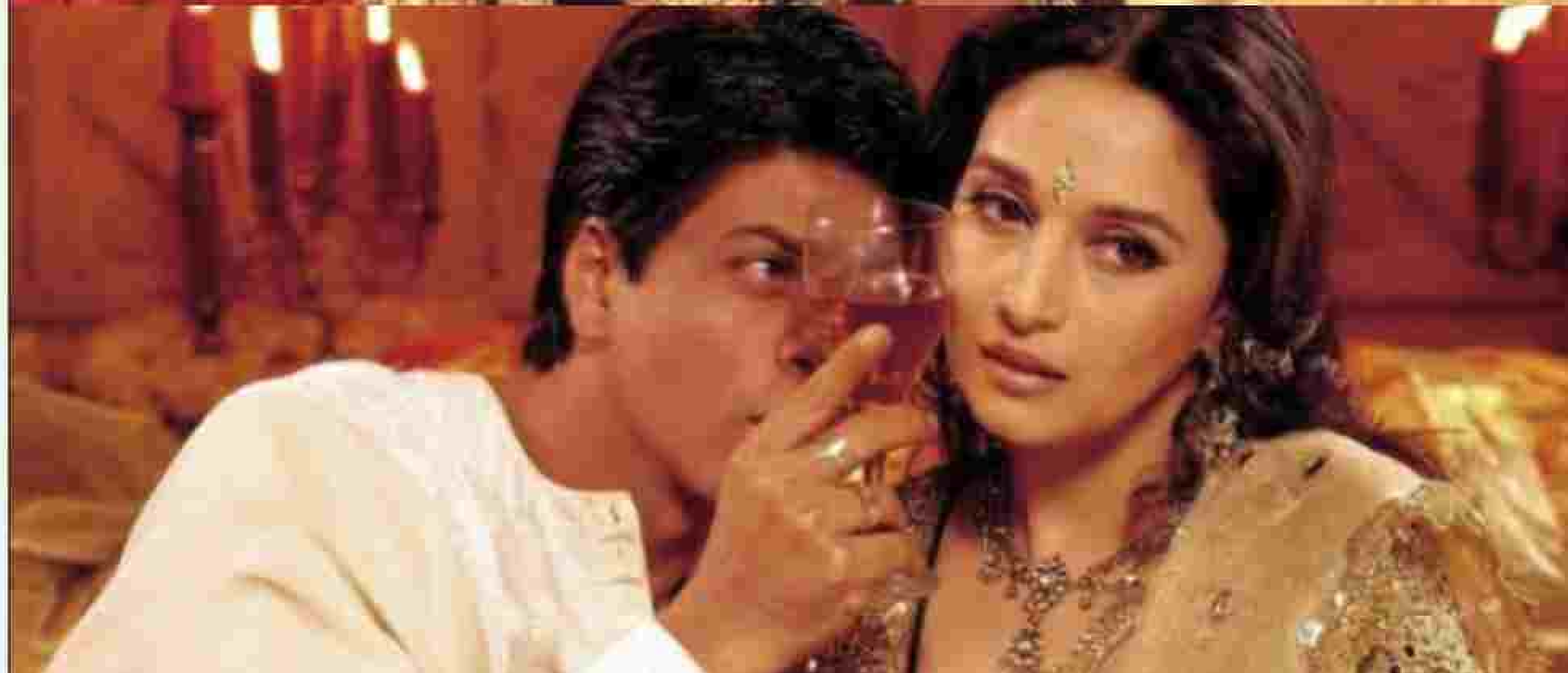
There are other problematic scenes which basically occurred due to exaggeration, the inclusion of number of songs and the most problematic thing being that Parvati being just 16 year old when she got married and she fell in love with Devdas when she was just 6 year old and her mother supporting it. Her getting married to a man twice her age who also has 3 kids , one of them even being married just because of her mother's stubbornness to make her get marry to a rich guy from the upper caste. Her "son in law" advances towards her which was shown almost casually and him facing no consequences.

But we still need to give Bhansali the credit for giving out his best direction. Me being a girl of this contemporary time can't really relate to this movie but there is something about the way Devdas and Parvati loved each other and Chandramukhi loved Devdas and respected his love for Parvati that made my heart swell with emotions.

The movie was a grand success and people like me still enjoy it till date. The poetic dialogues are something that captures you. The confrontation scenes between Parvati and Devdas mother regarding their marriage and the confrontation between Chandramukhi and Parvati about Devdas always keep me on edge and even after knowing what goes on in the movie i somehow find myself excited about certain scenes. I always ball my eyes out when Devdas died at the end and Parvati couldn't see him at his last moments.

Even though the movie ends on a sad note and the inclusion of some seemingly cringy scenes, I would still choose to watch this movie over and over again.

— Gargee Deka



Interview

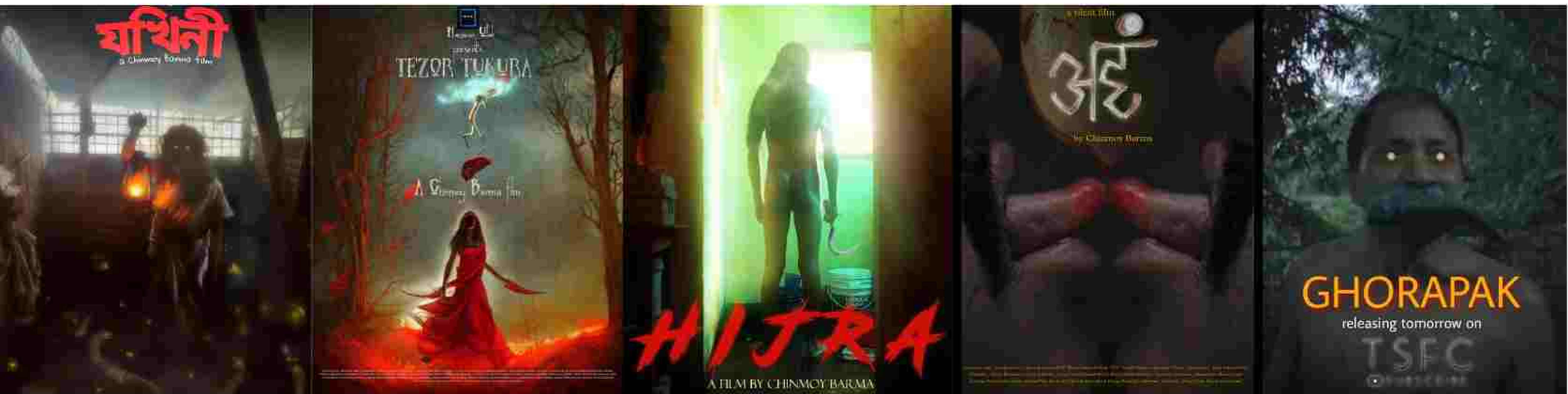




Interview with **CHINMOY BARMA**

ABOUT

Chinmoy Barma is an Indian educator, filmmaker and storyteller, known for his academic achievements, passion for social causes and short films. He has made short films on Assamese folklore, legends and ghosts, and has made an AI series about the same. Some of his short films include 'Tezor Tukura', 'Aham', 'Jokhini' and 'Ghorapak: An Assamese Legend'. He is currently working on two short films, 'Hijra' and 'The White Shadows'.



Q. When did you start feeling that AI is your domain? Is there any particular situation that had helped you realise your expertise in the area?

- I have been associated with art since childhood. Film-making came into my life while I was exploring ways to express myself. I was open to using any tool that I could find to fulfil my purpose, and AI came to me as that tool. I saw people using AI all over the Internet, so I decided to give it a try. There are several folklore and legends about ghosts in Assam, and I wanted to let people living outside Assam and India know about our rich heritage by making short films about these characters. I tried my hand in AI for the first time for the poster of 'Hijra'. And after that, I proceeded with the folklore legends and ghost stories, and that's how my AI journey began.

Q. Can you share why you chose folklore only?

- I grew up in a village that was especially folklore-friendly. Folklore is intriguing because it's our root, and through my work, I talk about what I have experienced. We have a rich culture and folklore is very much a part of it. When I was in Delhi, my colleagues didn't know about Assam. I felt the gap between people and the Assamese culture back then. Hence, I felt that I should show our profuse culture to people.

Q. You leave your films open to interpretations. Do you fear that some section of viewers might interpret it in a negative way, in contrast to what you actually wanted to convey?

- The motive of art is to invoke emotions. Whatever you think will be put forward to the surface. If you believe in ghosts, you may have a fear of it. If you look at the painting of Mona Lisa, you may say that she's sad, smiling or neutral. It all depends on how someone is feeling, so it's okay.

Q. In 'Tezor Tukura', you have brilliantly portrayed the issue of people being obsessed with having a male heir. Sadly, it's a reality even today (after many years of independence). According to you, what would it take for people to get over this mindset?

- Patriarchy has always been there in the society and we must understand why. Initially, there were socio-economic reasons for this. However, we do not have any logical explanation for patriarchy now. People must realise that when it's your child, gender doesn't matter. Poverty might be a reason as to why some might think otherwise, since they might feel that sons can look after them for their entire lifetime, or earn for the family by doing manual labour, if they aren't educated. But daughters are working too, wonderfully at that. One will know the value of this through education. The more educated you will be, the more informed you will be about how the world works. This education needn't be from an educational institution, as many are below the poverty-line and might not afford the costs required for schooling. In that case, we can use art, plays and short films to make them understand this situation, so that rural people and people living in the slums can see the reality and understand why gender shouldn't be a problem. Art in the form of education can play a pivotal role here.

Q. Can we expect any of your work to be performed in the form of drama in the future?

- I have already used bhaona, ojhapali, lullabies (that we've been hearing since childhood) and other Assamese elements in my short films. I don't have much knowledge about drama, but maybe. I am not saying no to anything.

Q. In your short film 'Jokhini', you portrayed jokhini as a savior and an almost God-like creature, whereas most of us are familiar with it as a ghost-like creature. How did you create such a parallel?

- When the poster for 'Jokhini' was released, many people in the comment section seemed not to understand the difference between jokhini and daini, and they blamed me for creating something unreal. Jokhini is a combination of two different folklore, one from Assam, and the other from Meghalaya's NohKaLikai Falls. We must understand why these legends are there – To tell stories. We'll get to learn something from these. It has some logical and some implausible basis. I didn't want to show too much negativity for jokhini and therefore treated it as a positive entity. It was a completely creative decision and not intentional.

Q. We wanted to ask you where the inspiration for your work came from. As we can see it now, is it mostly from the already existing legends that you've been told in your childhood?

- Yes.

Q. The cinematography in your ventures are dark and captivating. How do you effortlessly depict this darkness?

- Everybody has a dark side. Making films give me the opportunity to show another side of me. I have the liberty to use my imagination and therefore, it's a good genre for me to work in. As for darkness, through darkness itself we can see the light. Dark doesn't necessarily mean evil, it can mean something beautiful too. In darkness, I see light. That's the beauty of art. Darkness doesn't always mean dark times, it might mean hope as well. At the end of the tunnel, we will see light.

Q. What are the usual complications that you face while making films?

- The problem of budget and resources. I am lucky to have a good team, so there is a good creative flow taking place when we make films.

Q. Why did you make 'Aham' a silent film?

- A film is generally rich with dialogues and communication, which can happen with the visuals only, like our eyes and our movements. We intended to make an art film and as usual, let it be open to interpretations. We thought dialogues would only distract the audience, hence we made it a silent film with a budget of Rs. 2000.

Q. Were there any fun moments involved in the making of the film?

- The whole process of film making is fun. I'm not a trained filmmaker, so it's a learning process for me, as well as for everyone else, since the whole team works towards a common goal. My job as a director might look like a burden on my shoulders, but looking back, those were fun moments.

Q You've recently resign from your job to follow your passion. How has your life been after this big step that you took?

-I don't know to be honest. You can't work somewhere where you are not happy. And it wasn't like the job wasn't interesting, I worked in crime branch and I loved that branch. The work that I got to do during the short period was very impactful.

Breaking stereotypes isn't an easy task to carry out and not everyone receives it well.

Q How do you take negative feedback made on your work?

-If I have to be really honest I don't like it. I make films to express myself and I have never made any films with the only element of suiting the taste the audience, it might not be suitable for them and it's fine as long as it is appealing, fruitful and meaningful to me first, only then I think of the audience. The negative comments doesn't matter but when someone does it I do take it to heart but I don't allow it to affect me and my art. I welcome the criticism but I personally don't like it and now I do understand it's the part of the process and improving myself. I don't necessarily take all the advice and suggestions but I do listen to it and understand their part so that in the next project I work on it and incorporate those things if I feel I was wrong in those things

Q How do you feel creating films has changed you as a person?

-Art, film making and everything is a part of me. Even talking to people is an art, sharing experiences, being better in the process, those heartbreaks, feelings, all these are part of my life. So it hasn't changed me, it's a part of me like breathing is, so I would continue to make art till the end of my life.

Q You've been in this industry for long now and have worked on various topics. And with each of your content, fans start hoping for more unique concepts. Is it hard to come up with new concepts now?

-Actually it has been pretty easier for me. I think I am fortunate that there is this creative flow that comes naturally to me. I work for myself and as you have mention industry, I have never been in the industry and I am not a part of it. I just make art and I haven't release any of my movies for money. I haven't took film making as my profession yet and what I believe is that when money is involved then there comes other responsibilities like paying my bills and other necessities and then I might need to work in some projects that I don't want to. So I don't want to make it my profession I just want to keep working for my love for art.

Q-You've received immense love and support from fans in the last couple of years. I saw a YouTube comment even comparing your work to that of Hollywood cinematography, thus corroborating your success. After this, what? What else do you plan to receive in the future?

-As of now I haven't thought about it yet. I don't make movies for achievements but I do have some big goals about it and regarding every spere of my life be it personal, professional, art and film making which I believe I would accomplish it. I am not merely thinking about the near future, I am working on where I want to be after 20-30 years because I am not taking this as my profession for the time being. I do have professional goals for that and it's not about money but it's about passion too.

Q We are really excited about your new movies 'The White Shadow' and "Hijra". Can you brief us a little about them?

-I make movies to influence people. The movie Hijra is not an exception. There are many feelings associated with it. We all are familer about the living circumstances of this community and the stereotypes associated with them. This movie is an initiative by me to portray the real side of them and their struggles. The tag line of the movie is "Badhai ho Hijra hua hai".

Regarding " The White Shadow ", since a long time I have been intrigue by the white tigers of the Sundarbans and I have always felt a connection to West Bengal. This movie is about the forest deity that people believe protects the Sundarbans.

Q. You attained the 7th rank in your HSLC exam. Lastly, do you have any advice for our students that might help them get through academic pressure?

-Personally for me when I look back I never studied because I needed a state rank, I studied because I loved the whole process of it. I enjoyed studying be it any subject. I feel when you enjoy the process be it education, art, your professional life you are bound to achieve success. Along with that our life experiences also matters a lot, I remember when I was studying in Cotton University I didn't really studied as much as I did earlier. I explored a lot and tried new things and all these experiences has shaped me as the person I am today. So my advice is that dont just study for the sake of it, enjoy the process and beside that hang out with your friends sometimes, do what you like, persuade your hobby, it helps a lot to relief stress.

Interviewers

Gargee Deka

Avipsa Sharma





Riddles

1. What word in the English language does the following:

The first two letters signify a male, the first three letters signify a female, the first four letters signify a great, while the entire word signifies a great woman. What is the word?

Answer: Heroine

2. You see a boat filled with people. It has not sunk, but when you look again, you don't see a single person on the boat. Why?

Answer: All the people were married

3. I have cities, but no houses. I have mountains, but no trees. I have water, but no fish. What am I?

Answer: A map

4. I speak without a mouth and hear without ears. I have no body, but I come alive with the wind. What am I?

Answer: An echo

5. You measure my life in hours and I serve you by expiring. I'm quick when I'm thin and slow when I'm fat. The wind is my enemy. What am I?

Answer: A candle

6. What is seen in the middle of March and April that can't be seen at the beginning or end of either month?

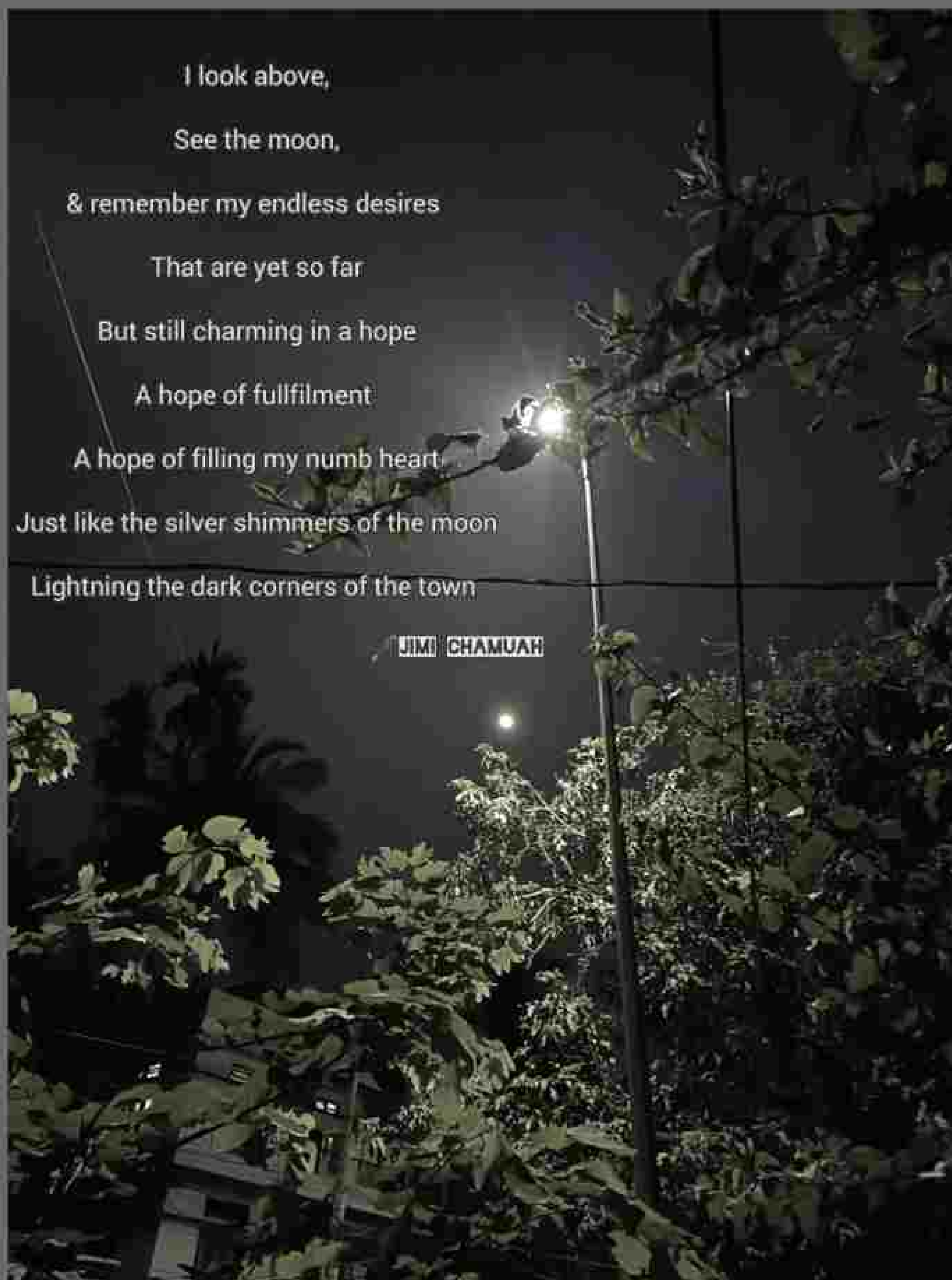
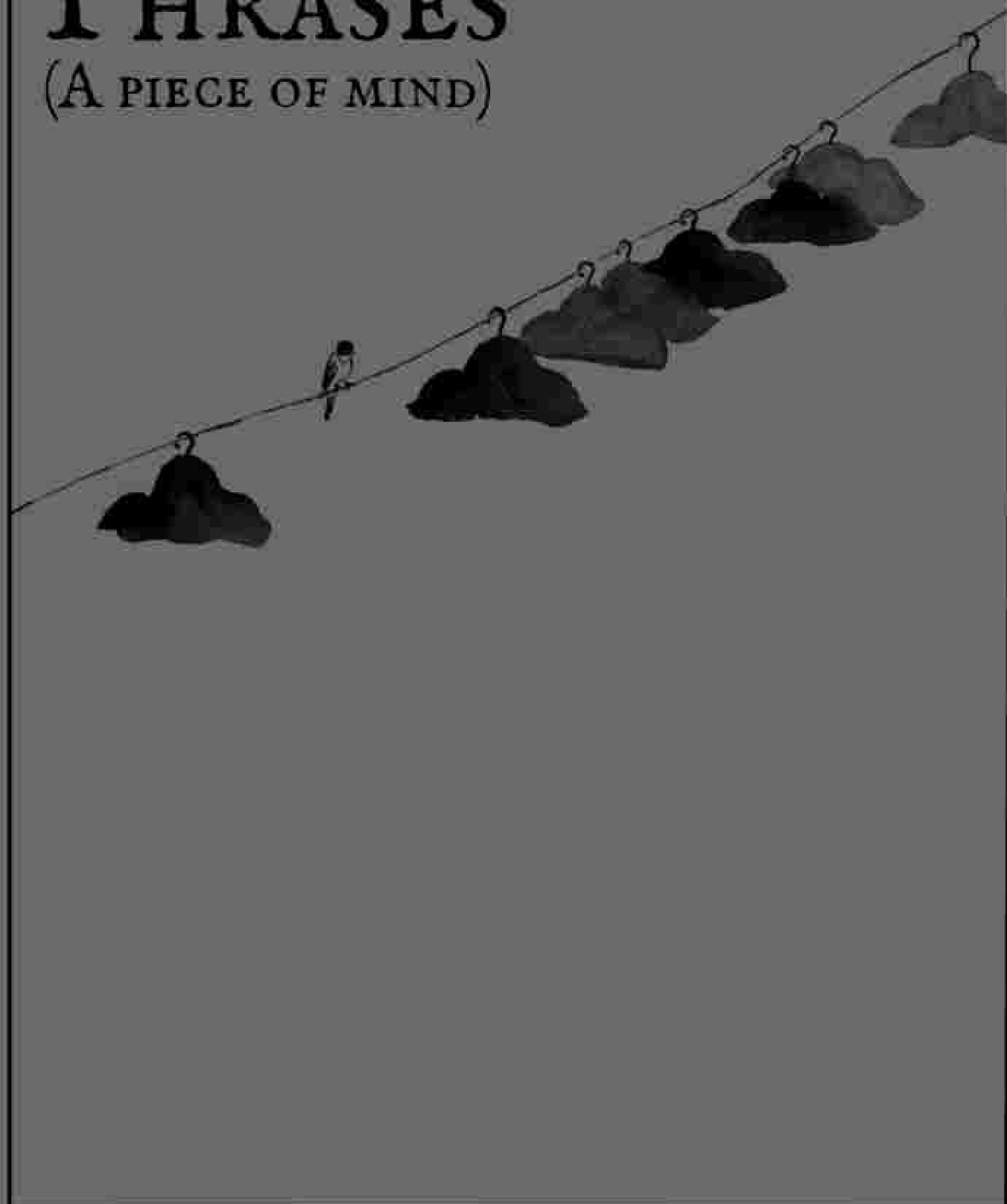
Answer: The letter "R"

Collected by:

Bithika Goswami

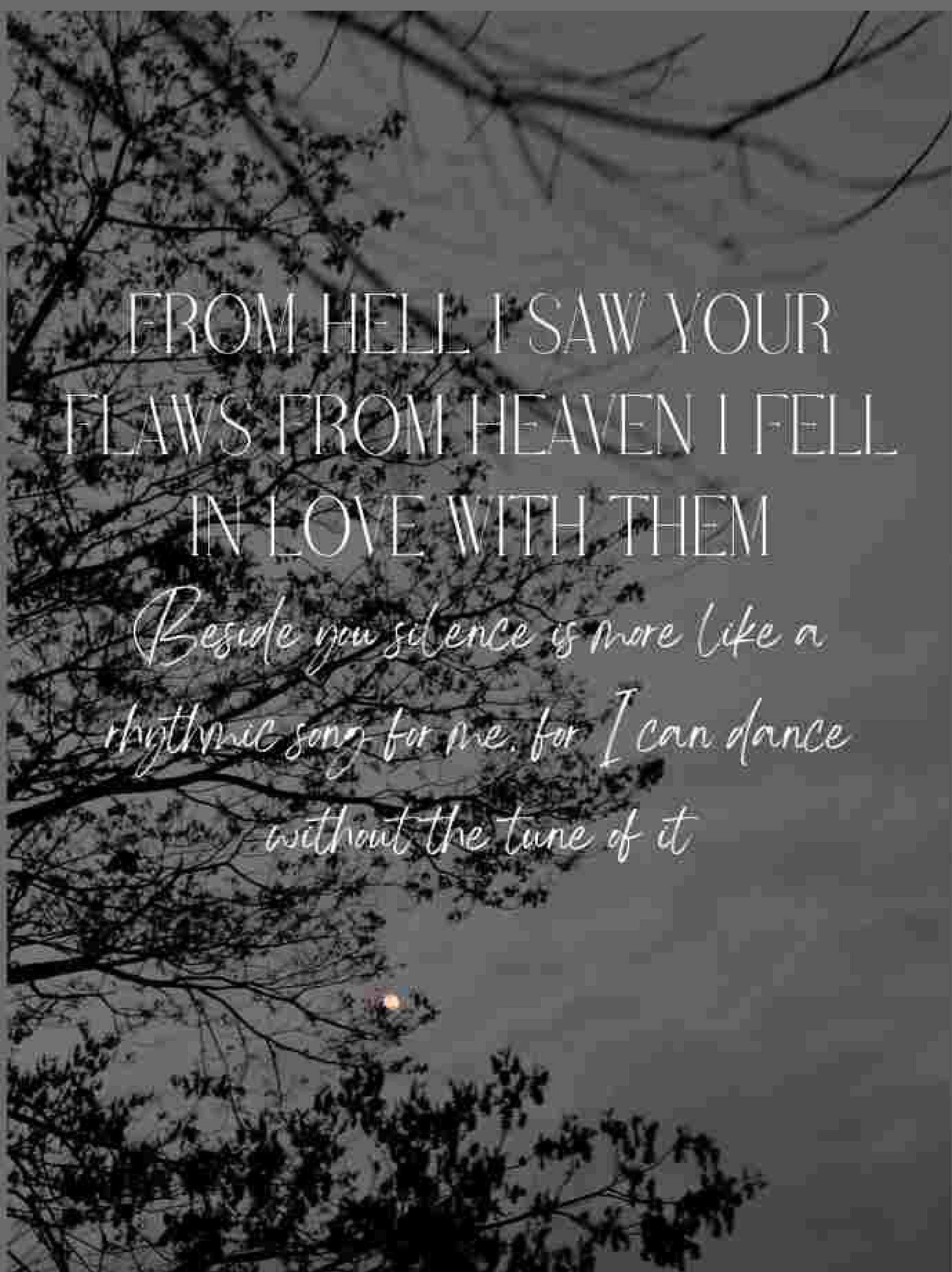
PHRASES

(A PIECE OF MIND)



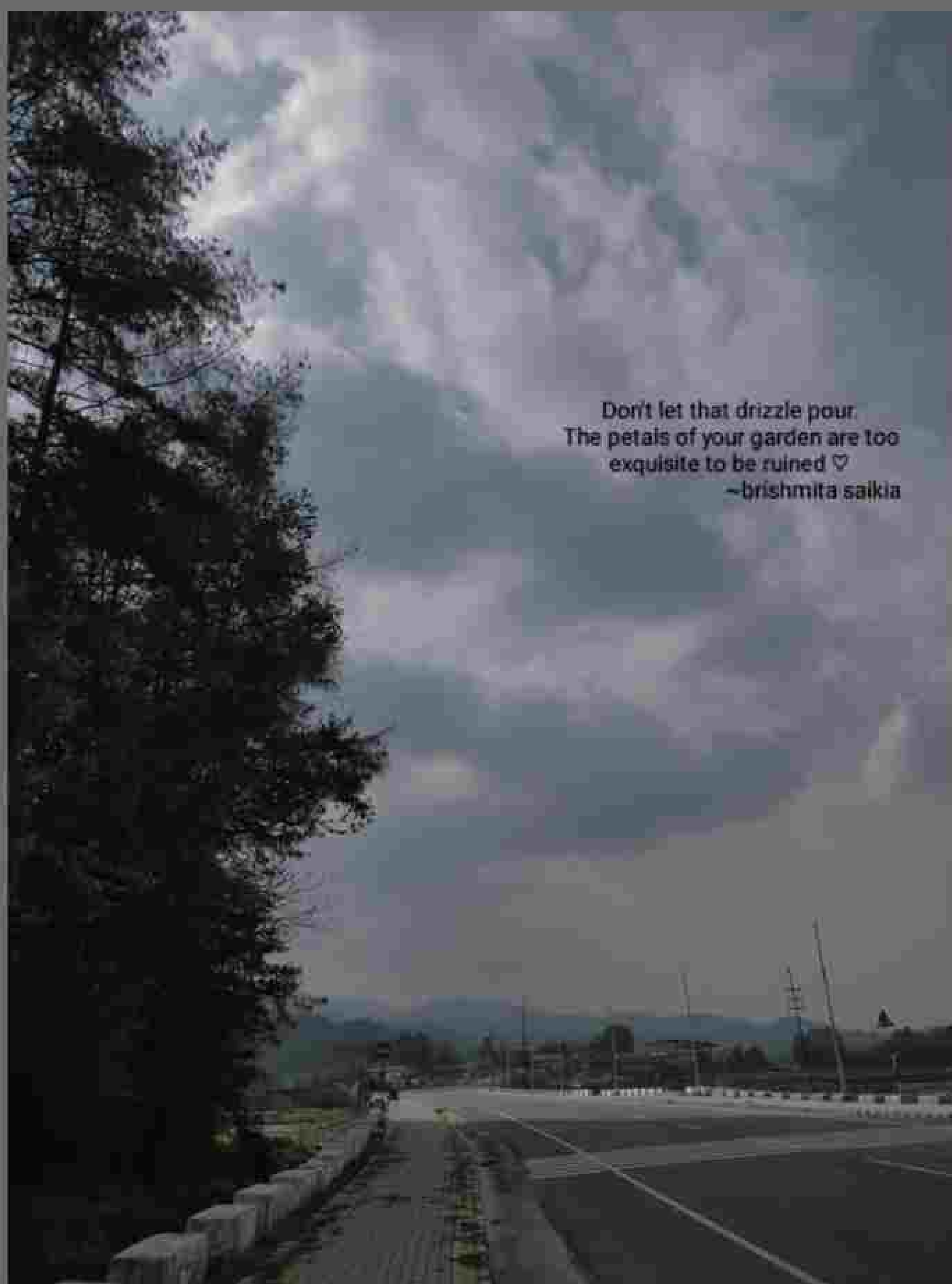
I look above,
See the moon,
& remember my endless desires
That are yet so far
But still charming in a hope
A hope of fulfillment
A hope of filling my numb heart
Just like the silver shimmers of the moon
Lightning the dark corners of the town

JIMI CHAMUAH



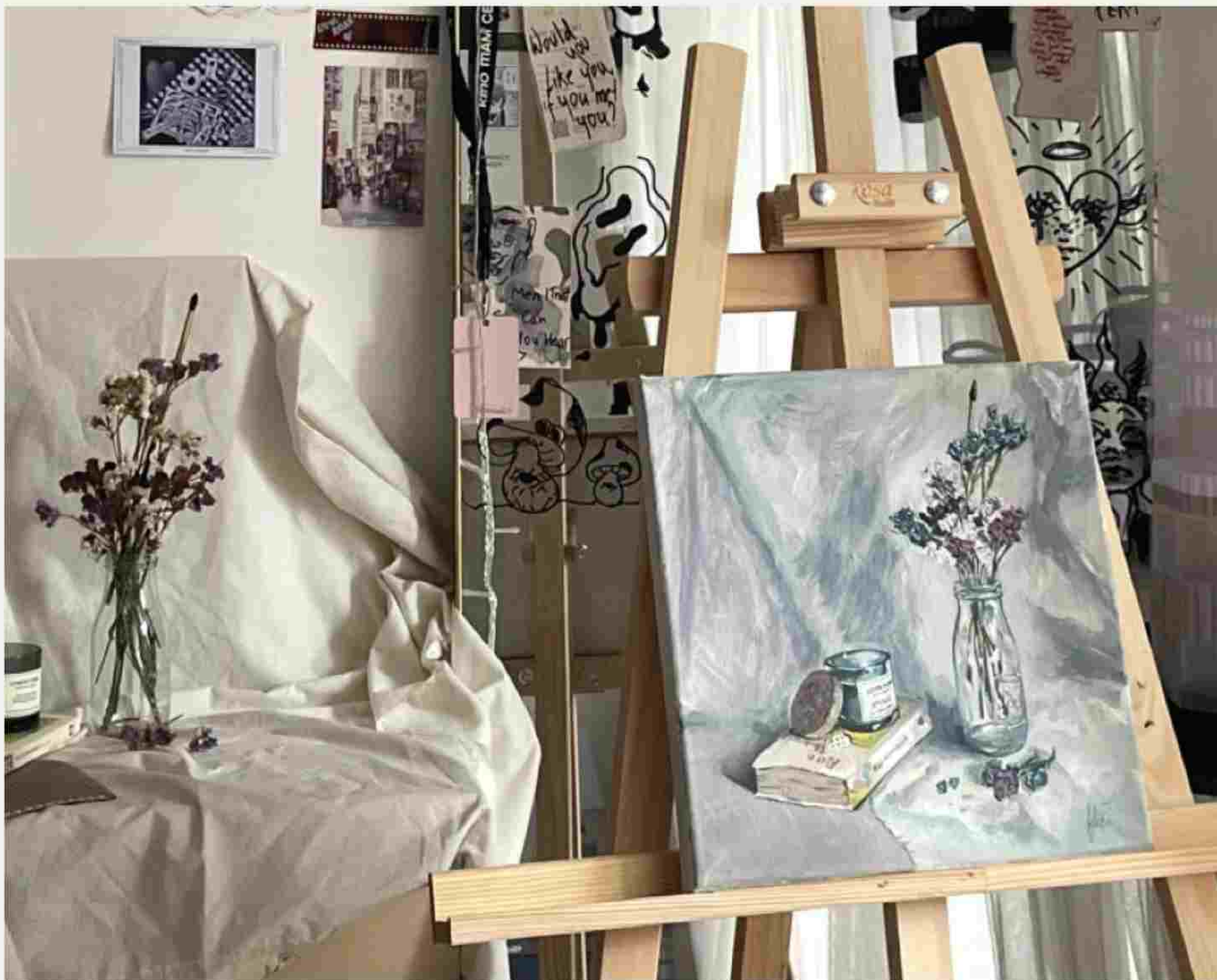
FROM HELL I SAW YOUR
FLAWS FROM HEAVEN I FELL
IN LOVE WITH THEM

*Beside you silence is more like a
rhythmic song for me, for I can dance
without the tune of it*



Don't let that drizzle pour
The petals of your garden are too
exquisite to be ruined ♡
~brishmita saikia

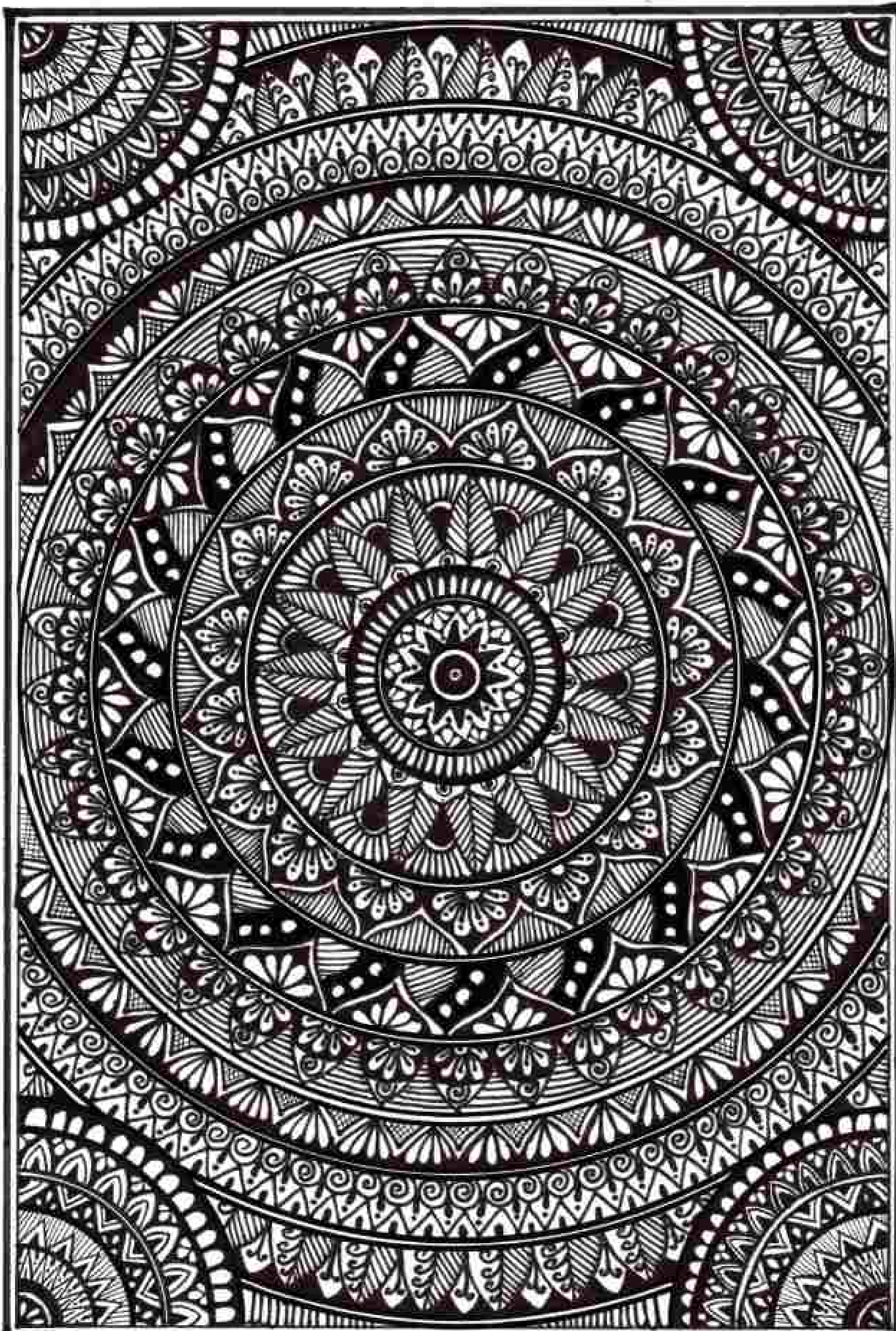
Artwork



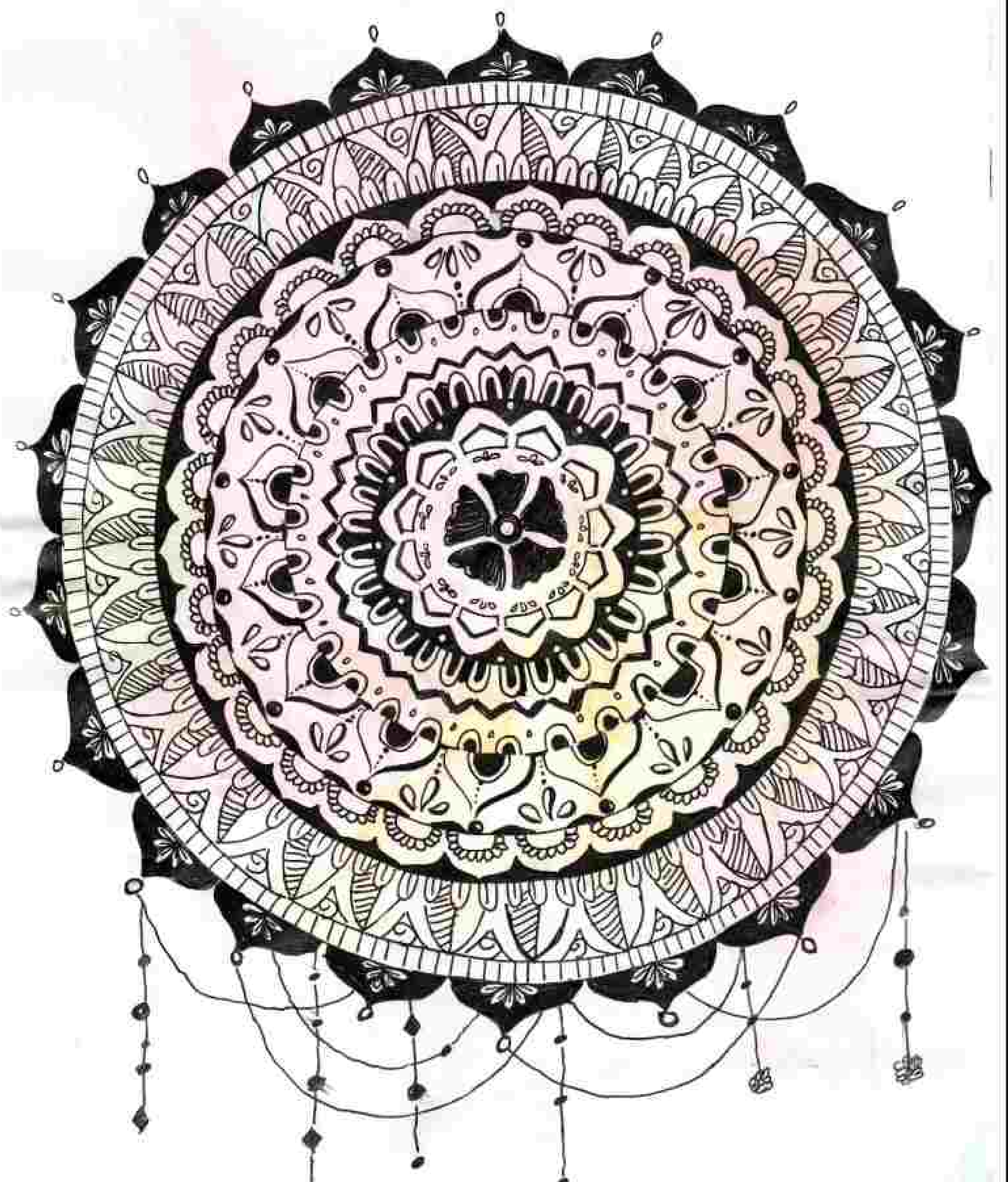
Section

Artworks

Mandala Art



Nikita Konwar



Jyotishmita Kalita

Animal Mandala

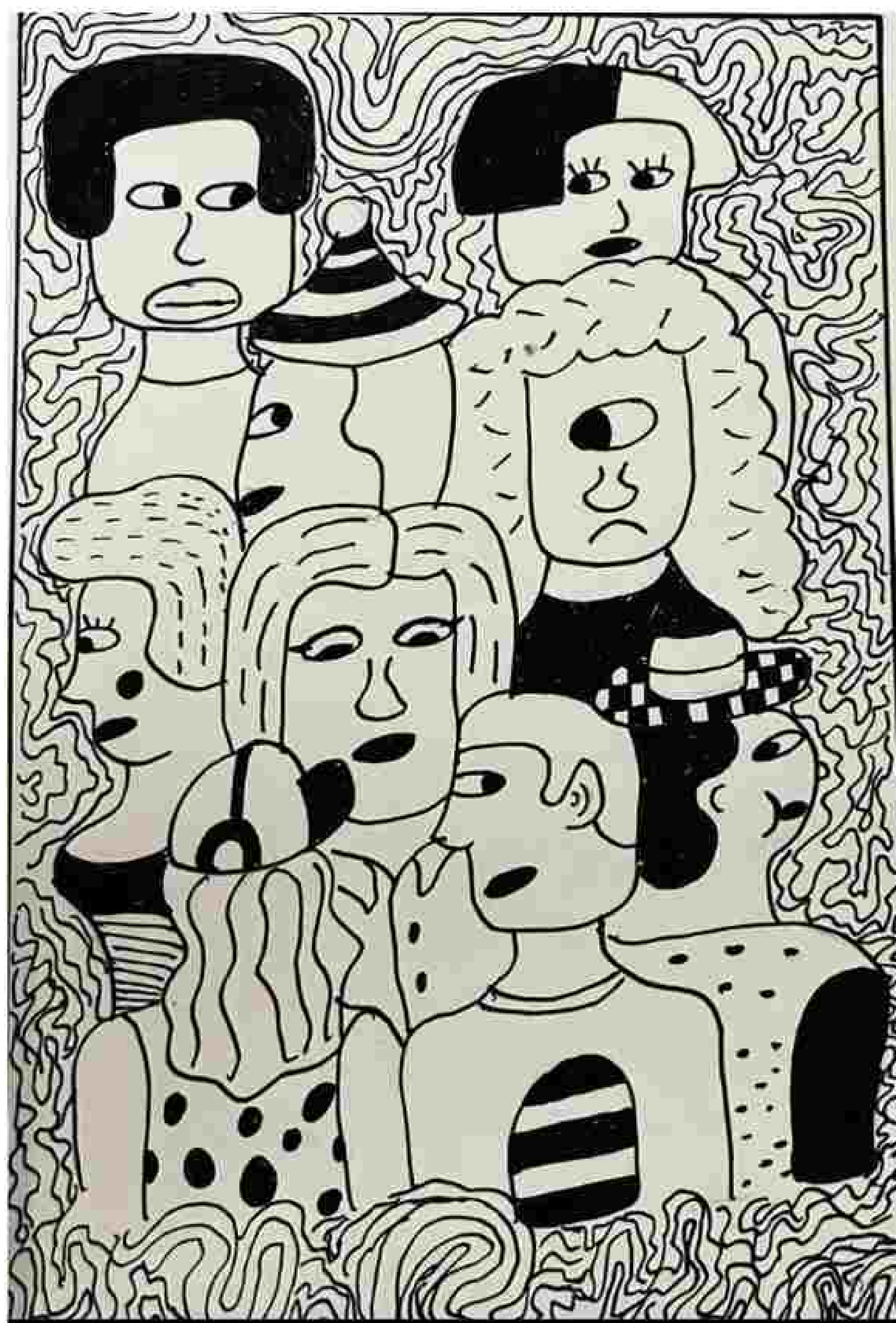


Karabi Kashyap



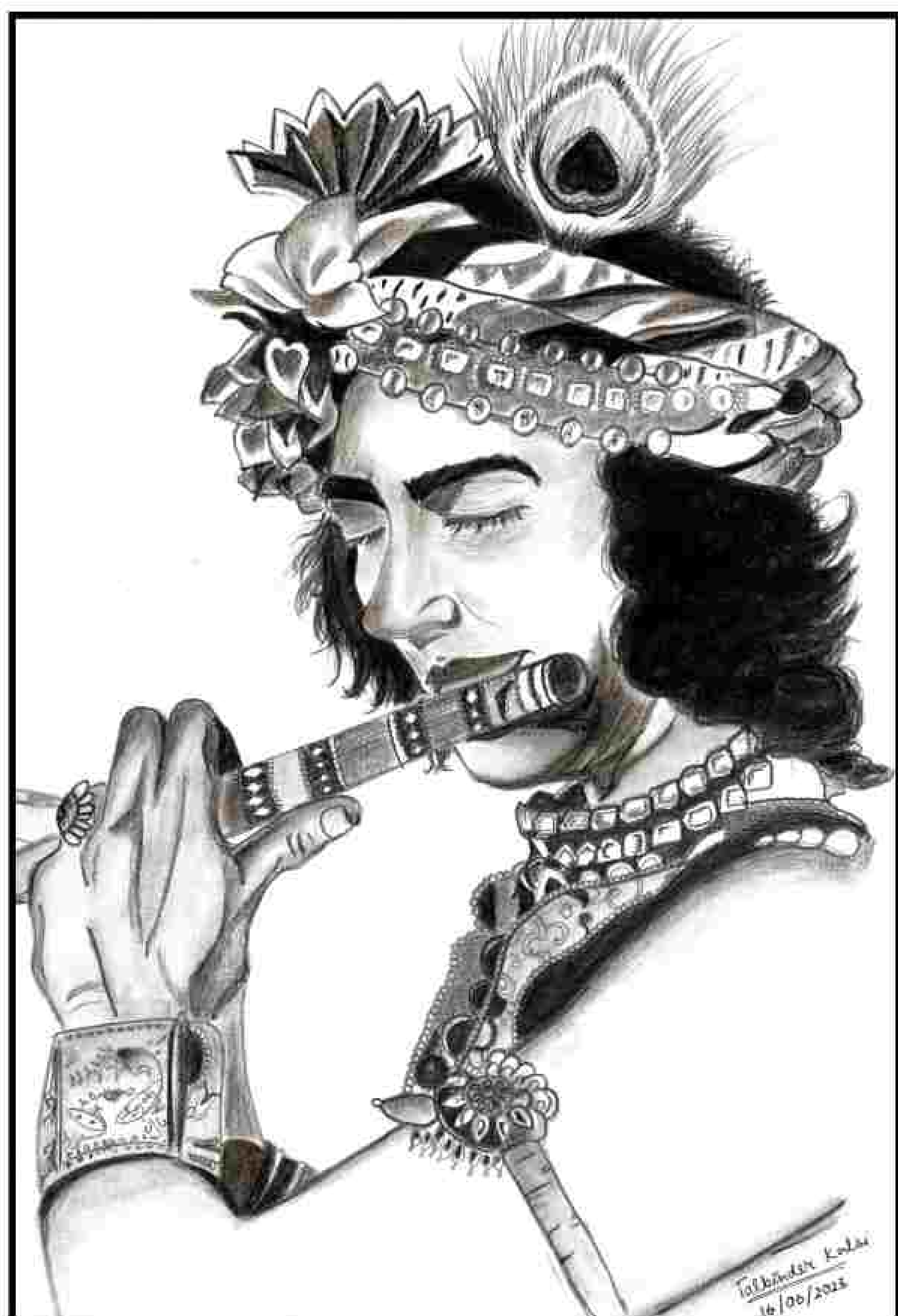
Bipanchi Chakravarty

Doodle Art



Diyana Binny

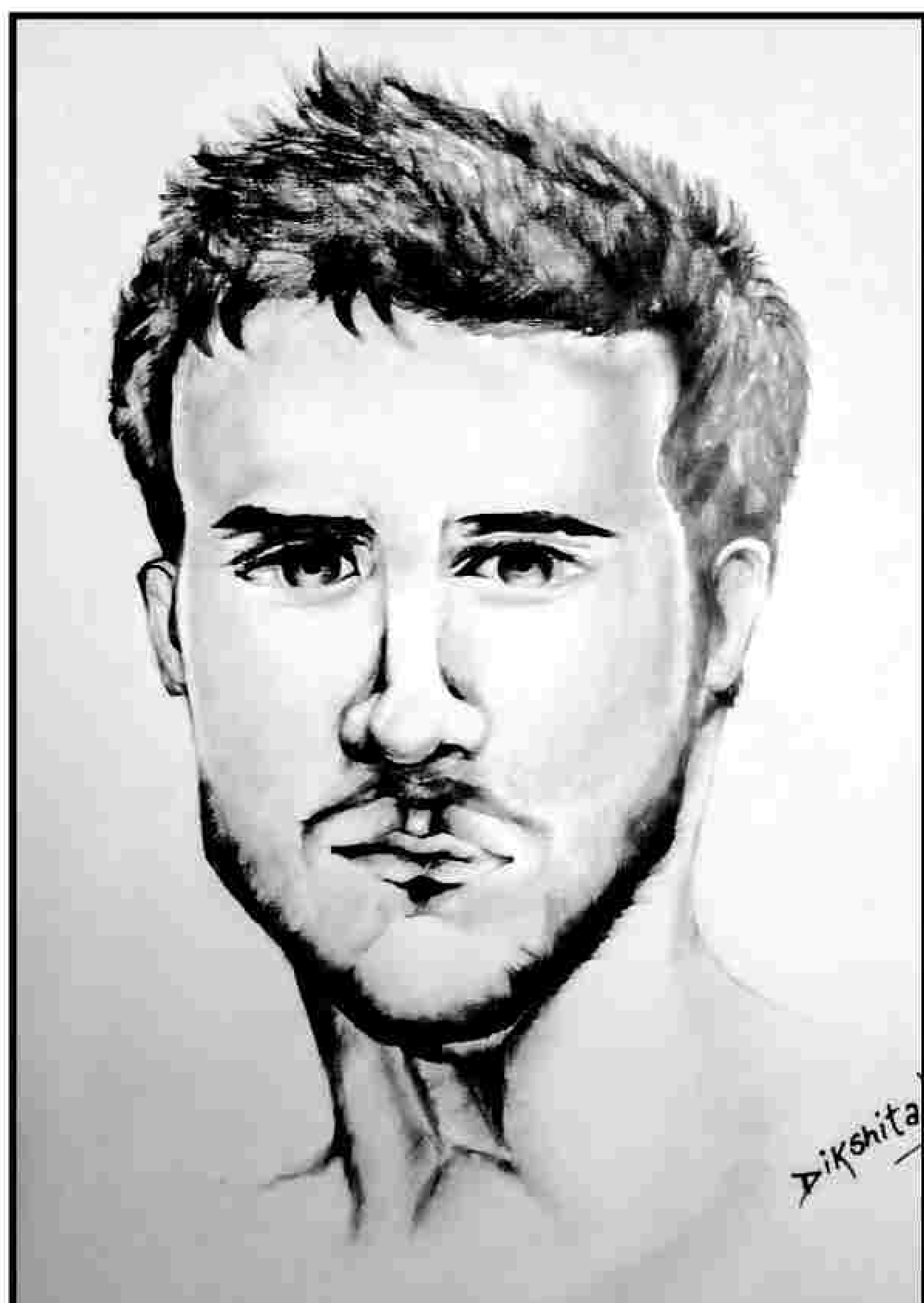
Sketches



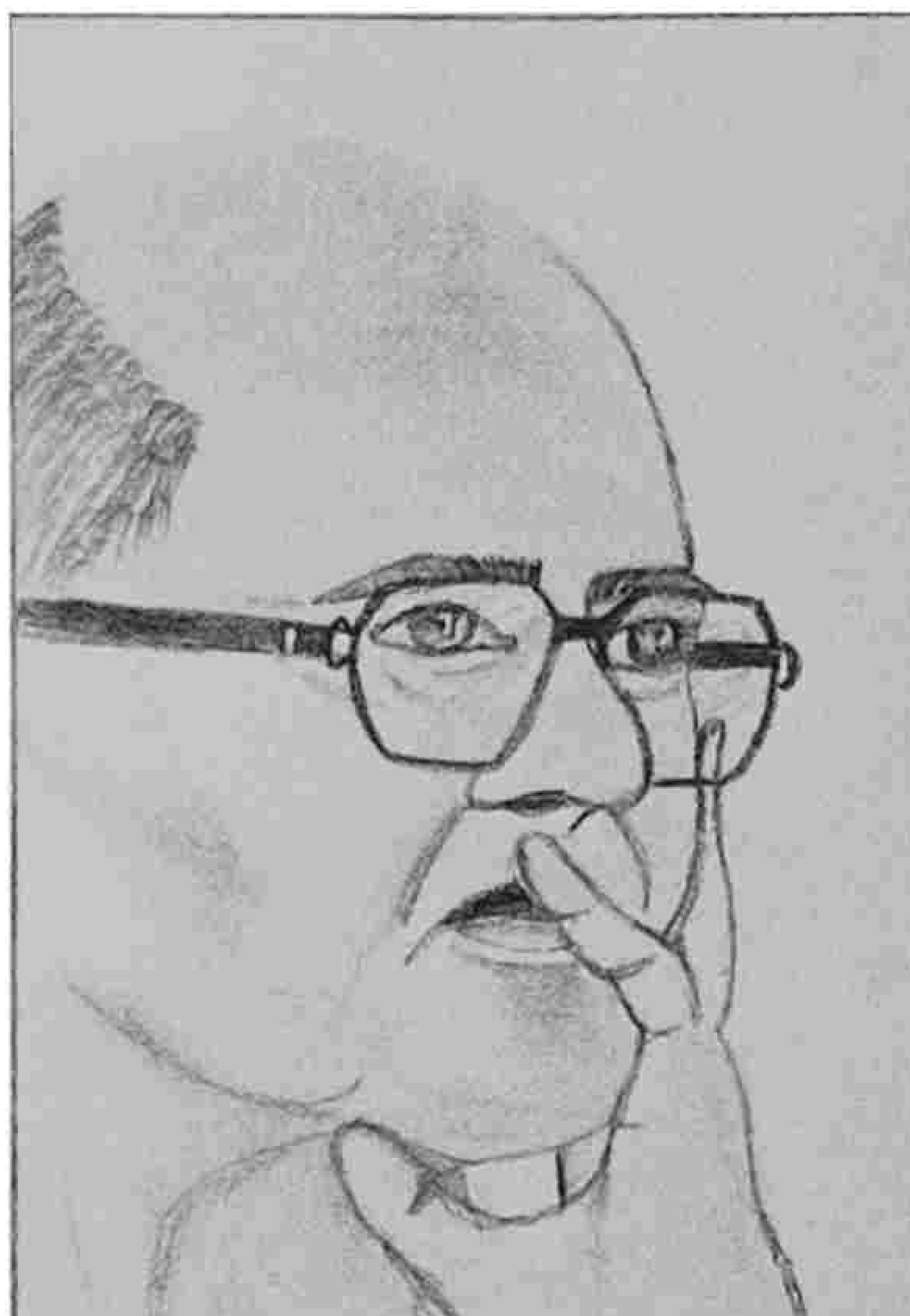
Talbinder Kalsi



Kankana Sarma



Dikshita Das



Sneha Rani Baishya

Paintings



Dikshita Das



Akanshya Kakoty



Hrishya Sharma

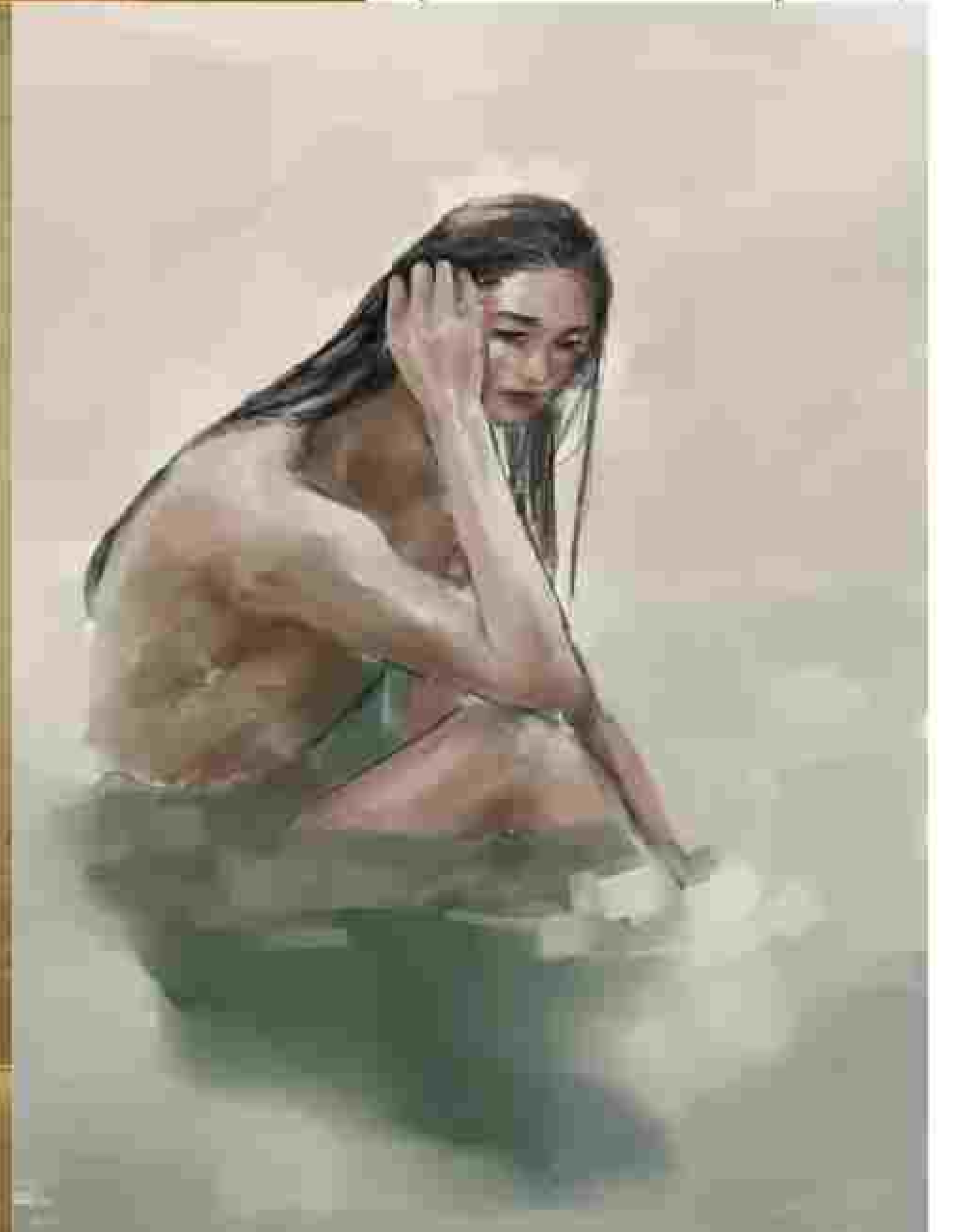
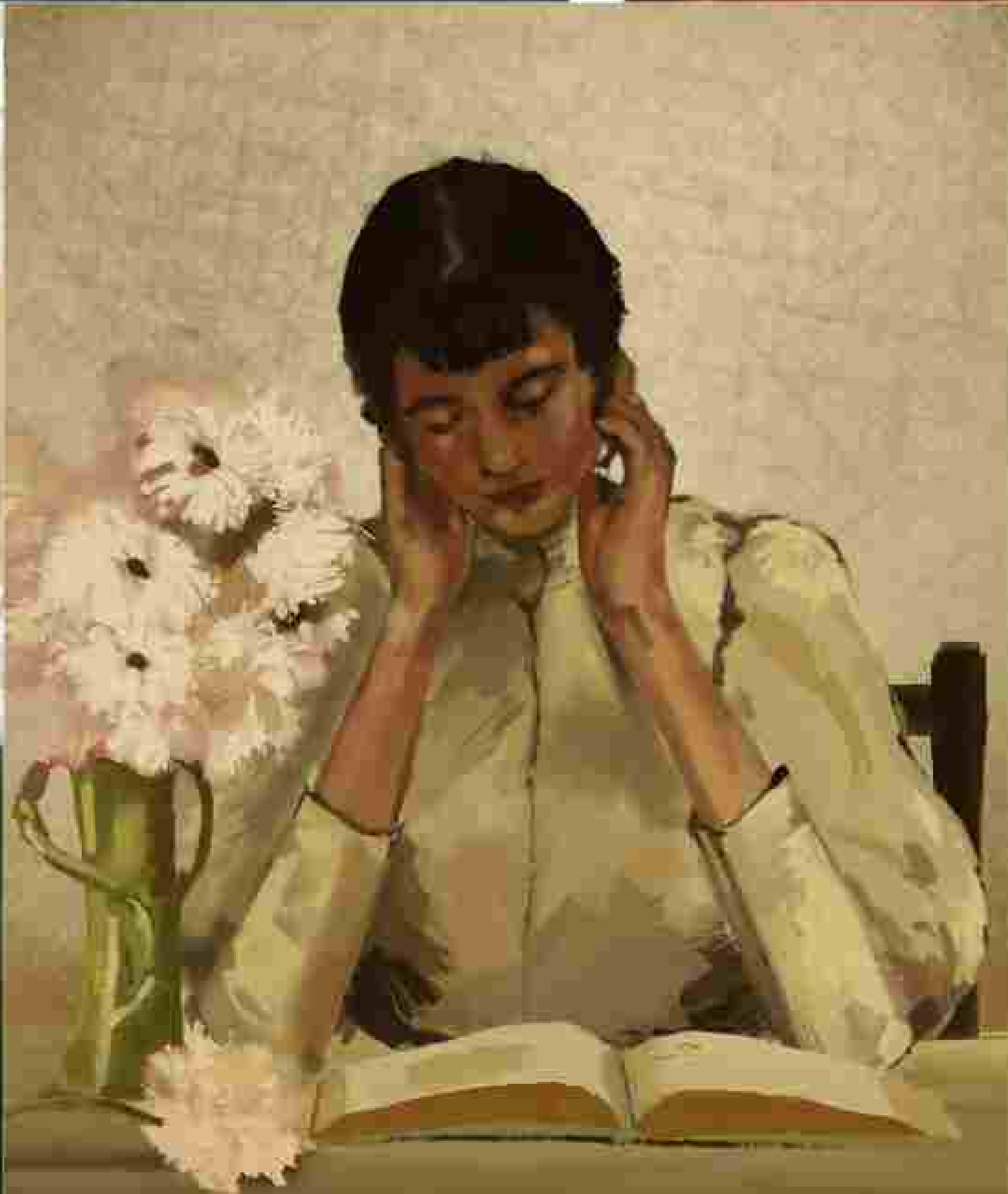


Milky Bhusana Das



Smriti Sarkar

Digital Art



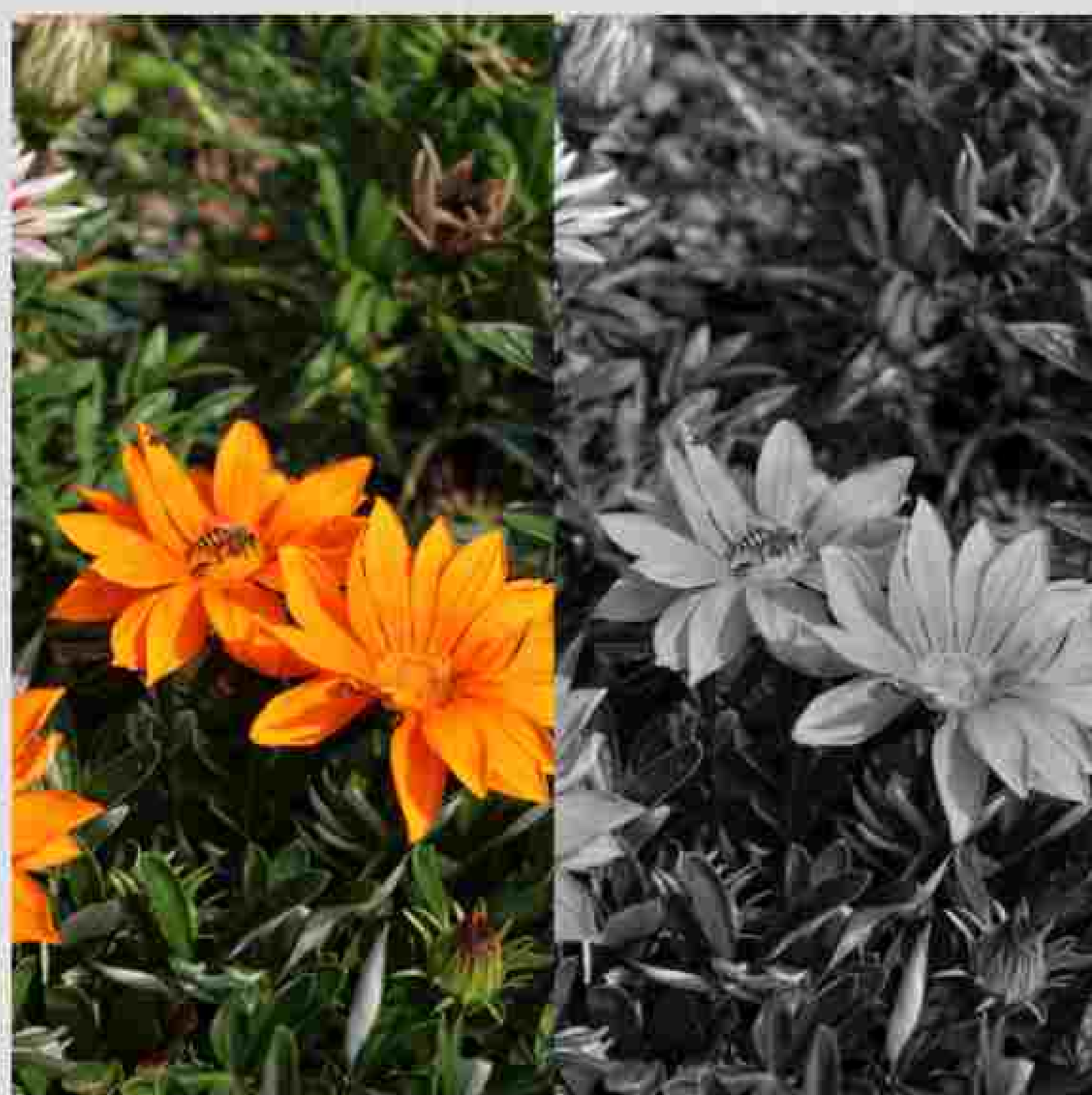
Abhilekha Borah

Picture

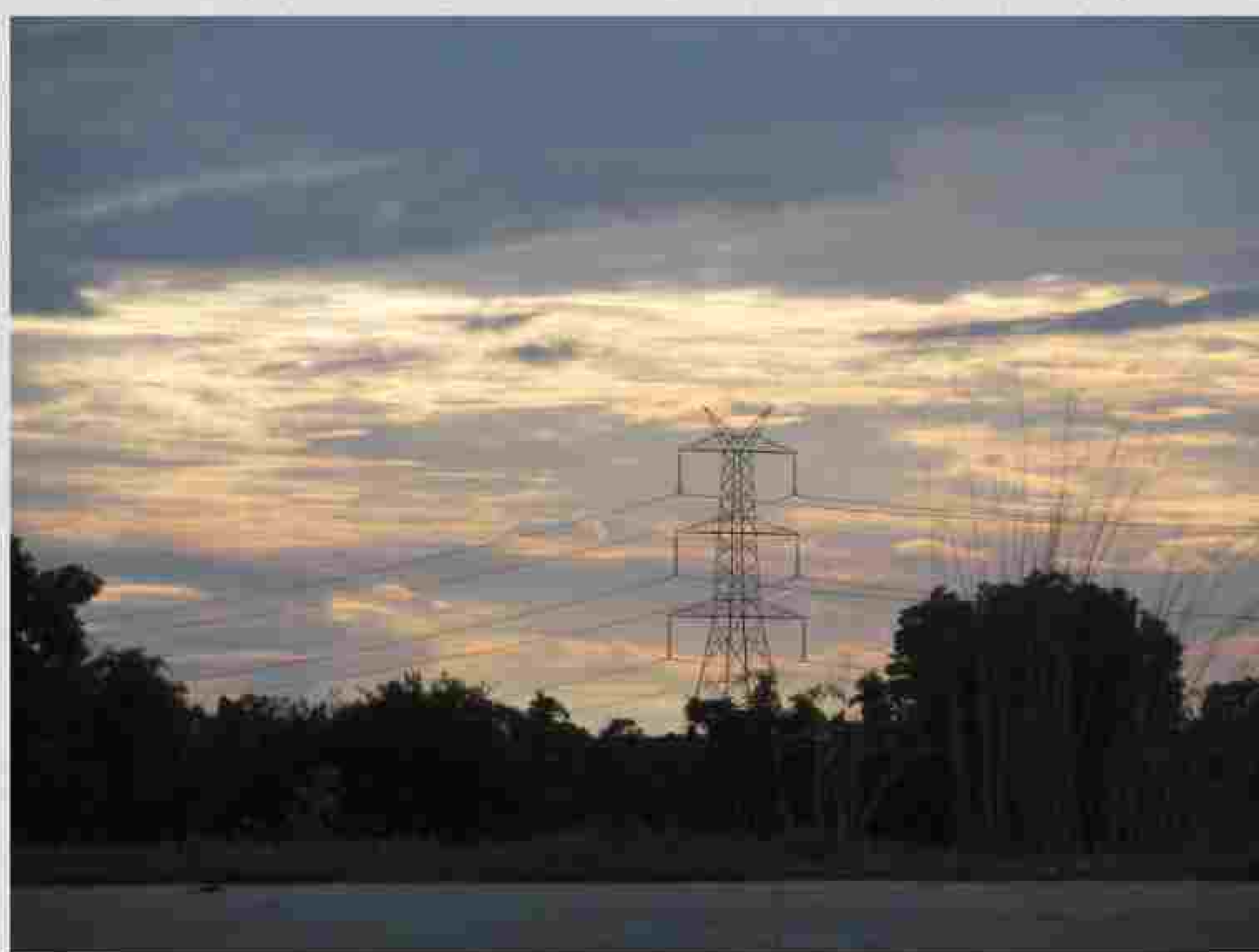


Gallery

Photography Section



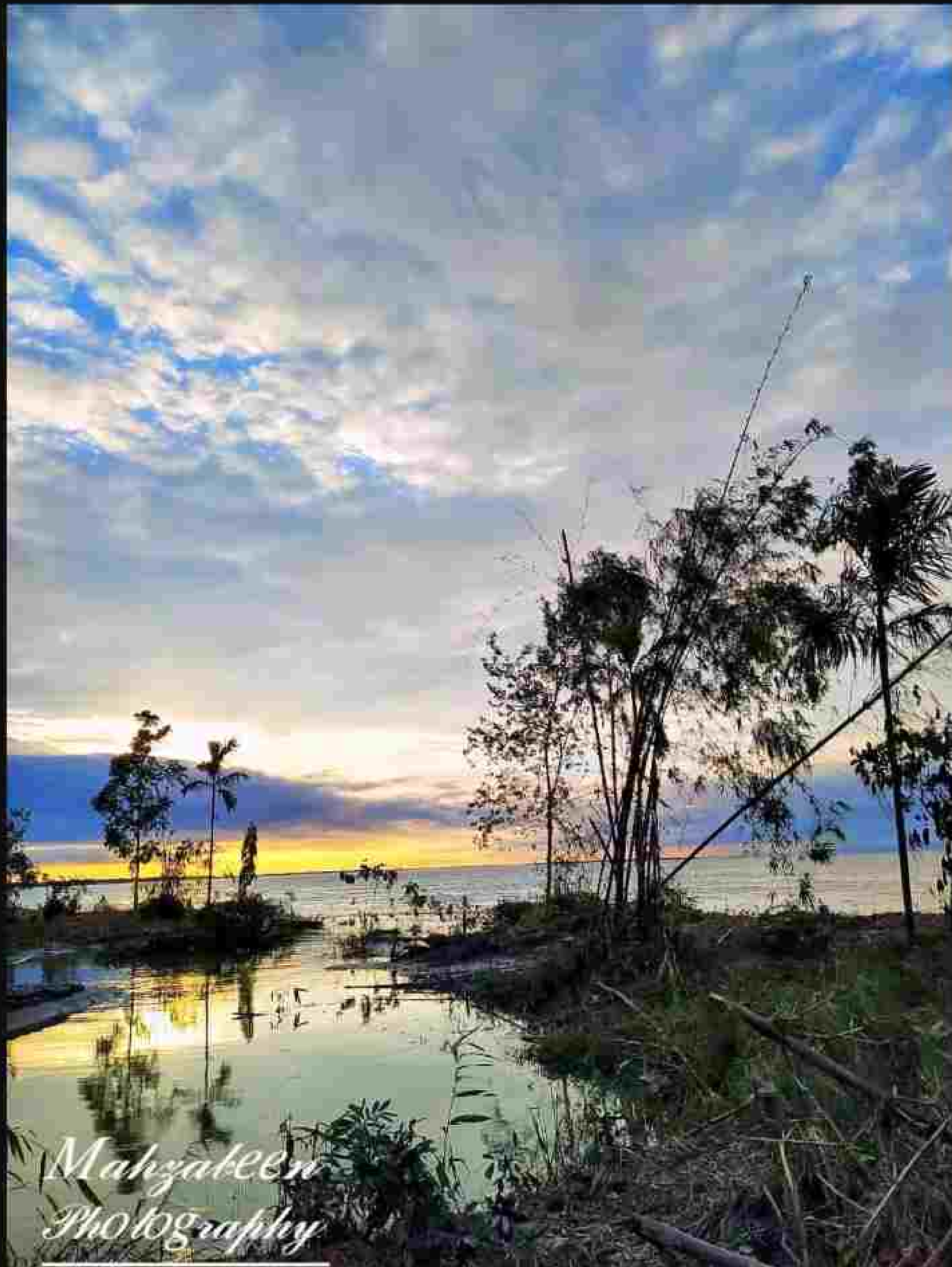
Submitted *by*
Jimi Chamuah



Submitted *by* Taayeen Kalita



Submitted *by*
Farhana Yeshmin



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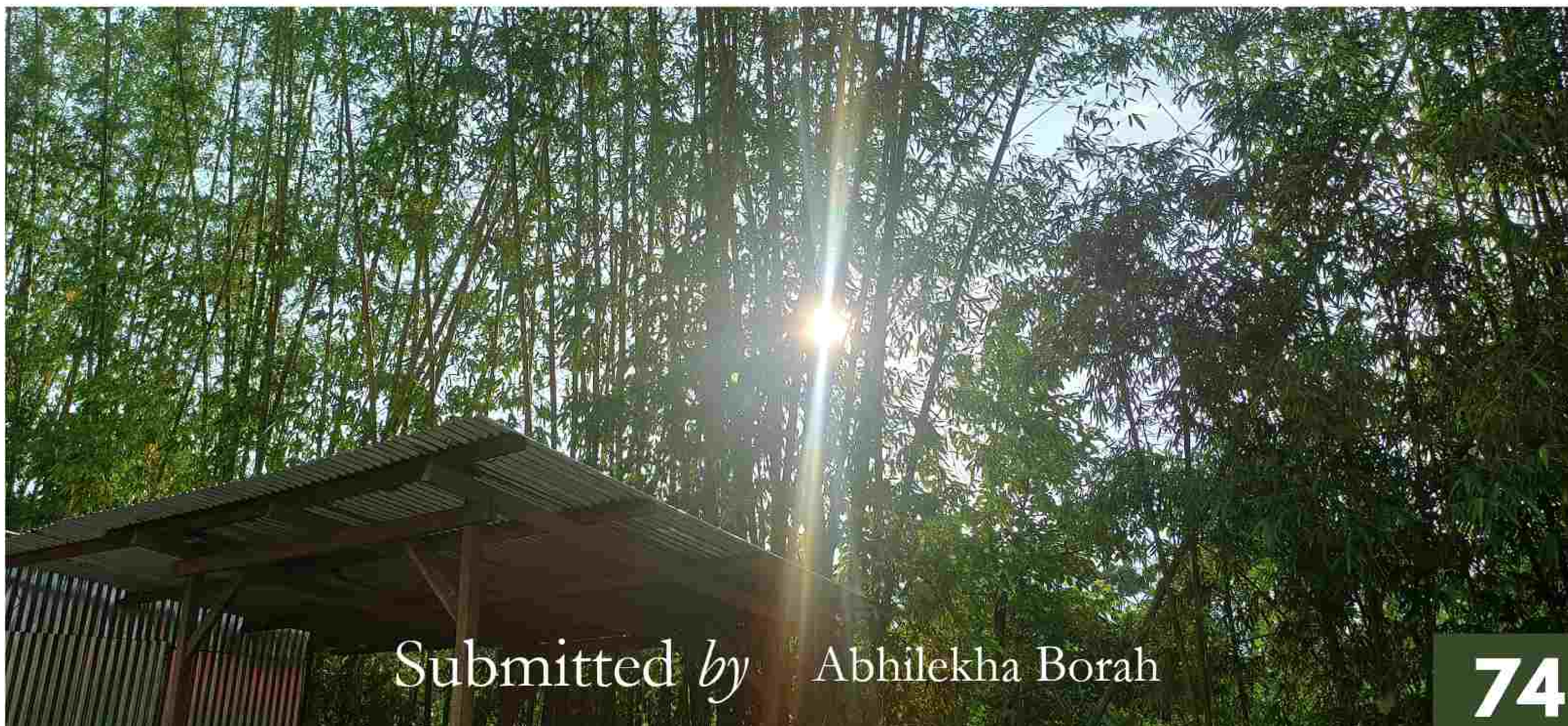


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Submitted by Queen Nath

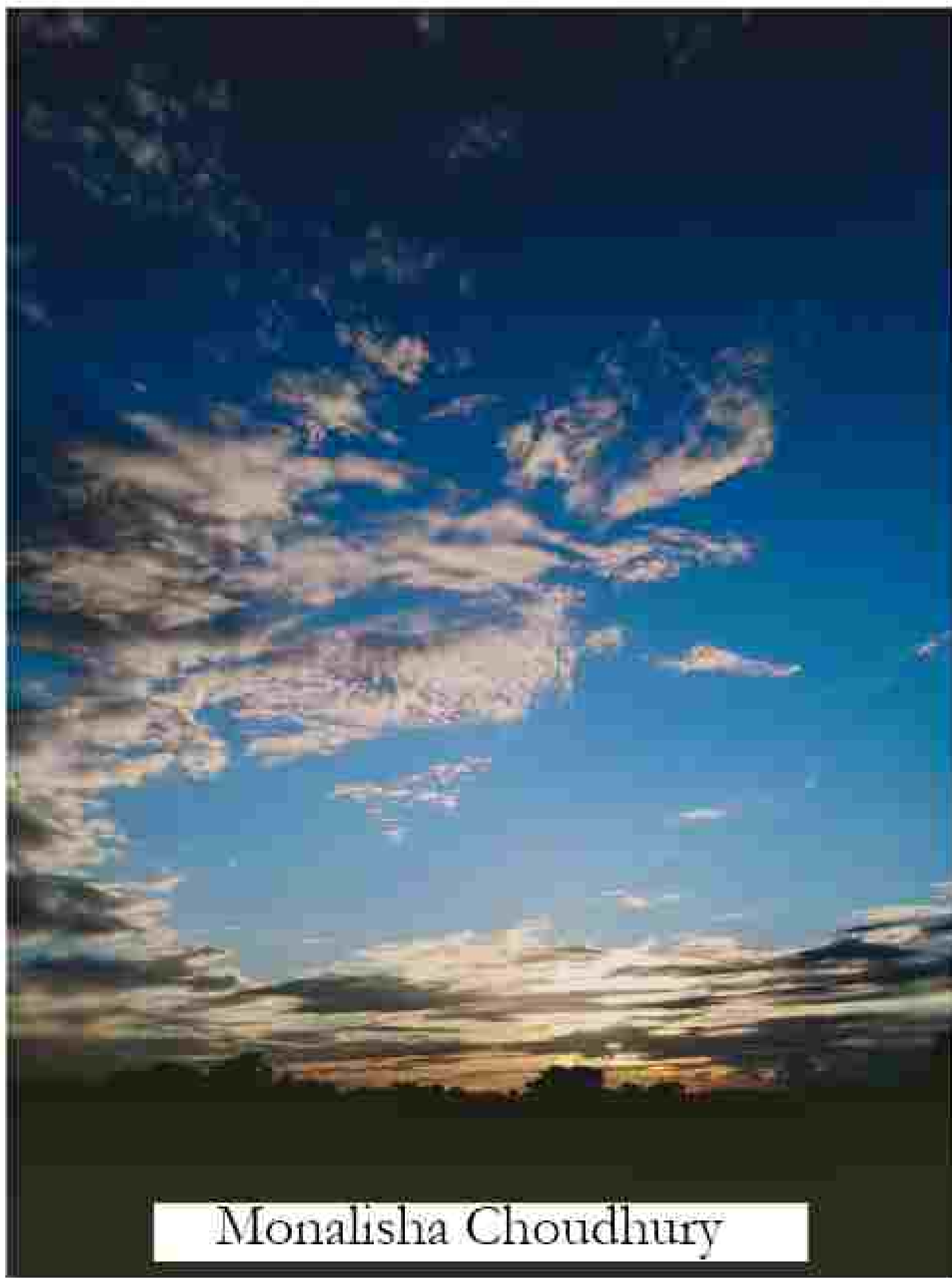


Submitted by Tanmoyee Momi Neog



Submitted by Abhilekha Borah

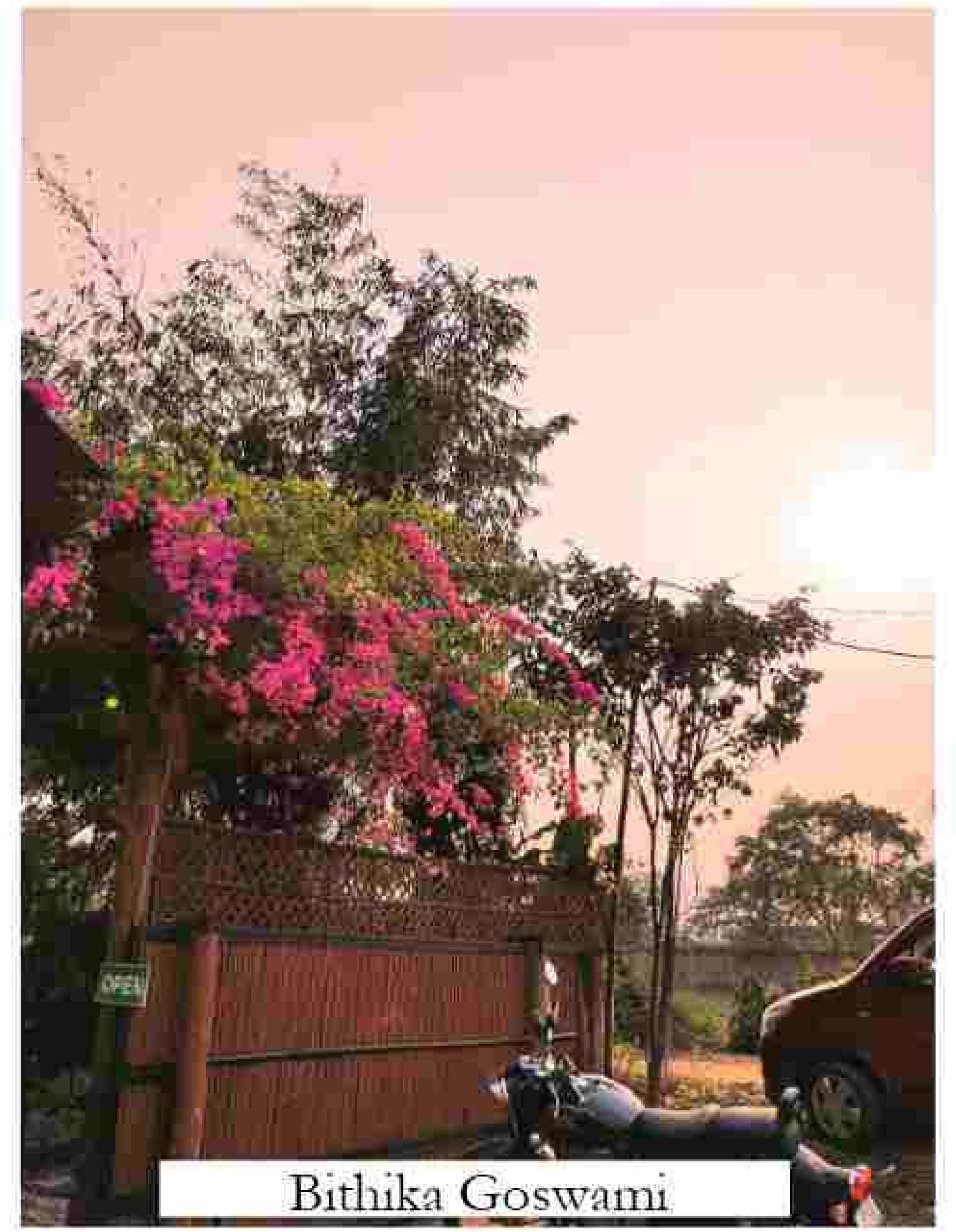
DIFFERENT SHADES OF THE SKY



Monalisha Choudhury



Farhana Yeshmin



Bithika Goswami

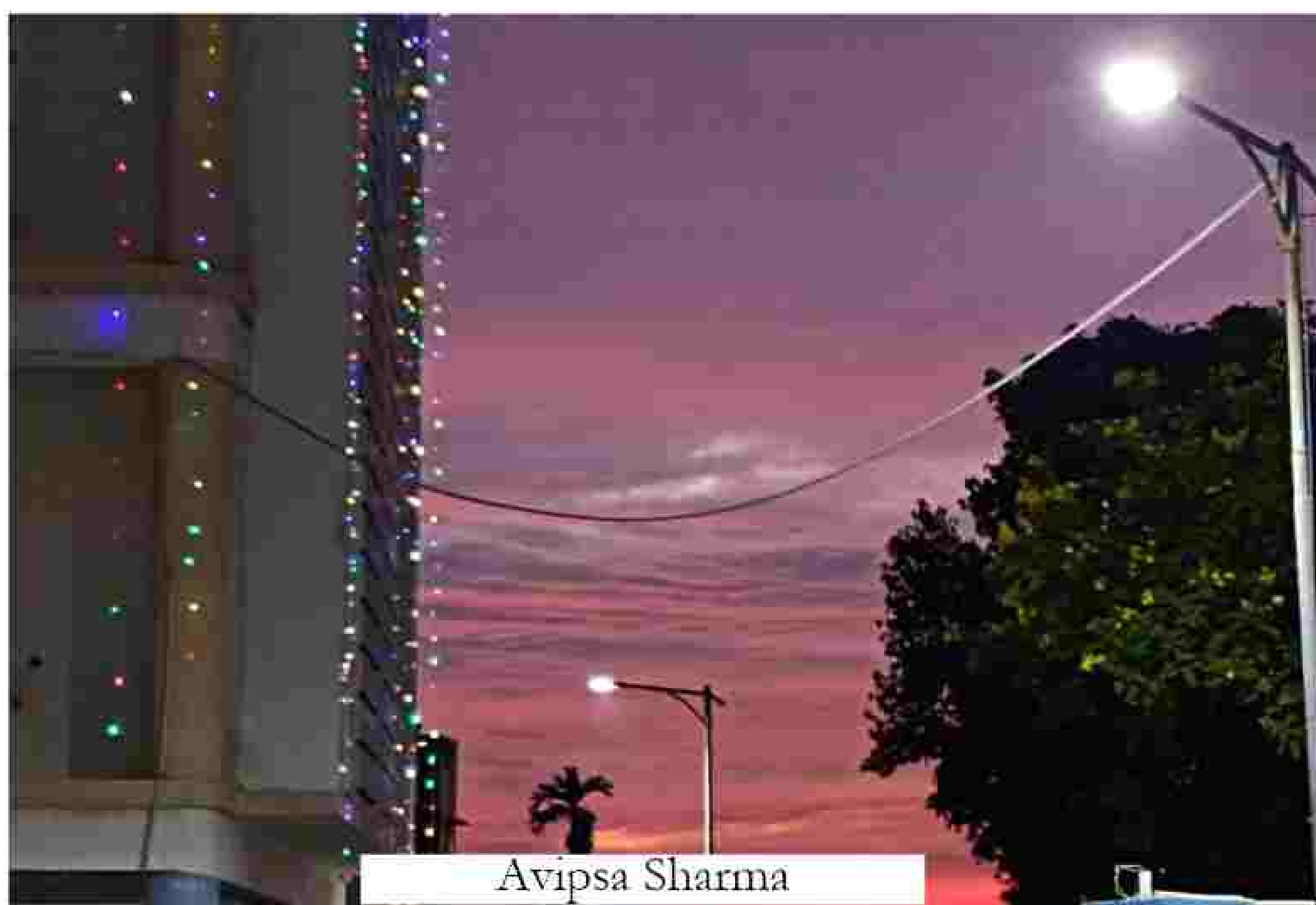


BM
Juli 29, 2024

Himakshi Borah



Farhana Yeshmin



Avipsa Sharma



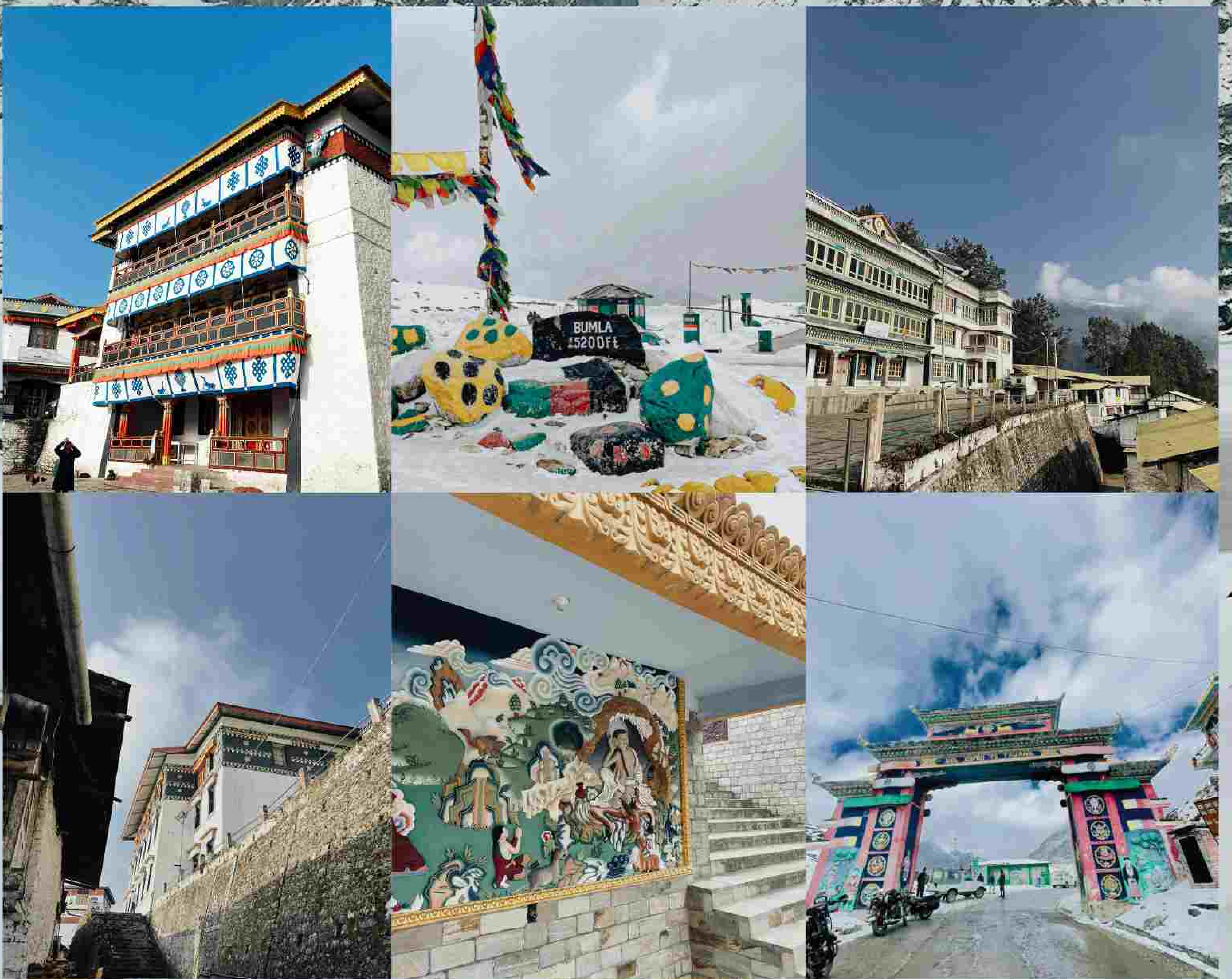
*Mahzabeen
Photography*

Mahzabeen Haque

Tawang diaries

The journey to Tawang was a journey into the heart of the Himalayas. We arrived on 5th March 2023, every scenery was breathtaking. I was taken aback by the scenic beauty of the landscape. One can find peace in the chanting of the ancient monasteries. I'll cherish those memories forever.

By Talbinder Kalsi



Participation of Students



In various different
Departmental activities

CULTURAL RALLY

2023



2024



Class presentation & activities

Twelfth Night presentations

Act I



Act II



Act III



Act IV



Act V



Book discussion session

The Picture of Dorian Gray



The Colour Purple



The Inheritance Of Loss



Animal Park



Cleanliness drive



Annual college week



Other college events & activities



Students exchange programme



Drama in Performanc; A certificate course



THE RECORD BREAKING BIHU



Harshita Saikia



Jyotishmita Kalita

Two of our students performed at the Sarusajai Stadium on April 13, 2023 in Guwahati which broke the Guinness Book of World Records for "the largest Bihu performance" at a single venue with a total of 11,304 folk dancers and over 2,500 drummers in the presence of Assam CM Himanta Biswa Sarma at the event.

OTHER EVENTS



Editorial Team




In the pictures from left to right

Avipsa Sharma

Nazmeen Islam

Gargee Deka

Abhilekha Borah



Mystical moments that stroke my mind before the dawn,
As the sun awakes they give me the feeling of
contemplation,
Now they feel deep in my vacant heart,
Oh for the gift of mine the breath that set
me free.

Oh were the sky broken you were the sun
of mine under the cold crushing void,
The twinkling eye of my mind,
Let my hand stroke

Then came the fall, where should I find you now?
Are you here in the oasis of the dead leaves?
The same two gone, gone the beauty,
The miracle which was full of life, has been
washed into the stream of eternity.


When should I close my eyes? My soul has been crushed
and my dreams have been shattered,
And my wanderings once again have been halted.

Wanted By You: Lakshmi Bhawan

I had a fear of Separation

I had a fear of Separation
I was a tall slender
elegantly walking as were the sea,
A person in a calceum
with no wandering relations
and connections,
But still I had a fear.

I was no brighter a person of separation
When I found with the world of evasions,
I was a tall slender
being, but restriction of around with no
connection.



YOU ARE FOREVER IN MY HEART

I've let myself be taken
I did know what
You were and the wonder
For all I could do was to
stand by the side of
you and watch you
go on your way
I have known the
love of a friend
I have known the
love of a lover
I have known the
love of a parent
I have known the
love of a child
I have known the
love of a teacher
I have known the
love of a student
I have known the
love of a friend
I have known the
love of a lover
I have known the
love of a parent
I have known the
love of a child
I have known the
love of a teacher
I have known the
love of a student

THE FEAR OF FAILURE

Have you ever
felt the fear of failure?
It's a great feeling
to know that you
are not perfect
and that you
are not alone
in your struggle
to do better
than you are
today.




There were others who were willing, in fact, stepping in front of their boss. We waited for
hours, but they got to see them. I was always to meet the boss again, so one of us was like the
last one, or perhaps got someone, especially to my lovely number. I wanted to share a moment
relationship with him, or at least would love to be my work best friend. So I waited, but they were
gone. We later realized that the company got a list of the four activities, hence they decided the best
time to meet in another place.



My attempt was not, but I had no luck meeting the group, until finally, the day came when I
would finally see them again. They were supposed to appear from their shared dinner for their own
about, and the dinner was already changed by individuals who wanted to see them, including the
media. After waiting for what felt like forever, they finally arrived. Certainly, we rushed towards
them, but I immediately stepped on my watch when I got a hold of the situation. The boss was
getting excited, the fans were pushing and pushing the boss personal space. They, in fact,
surrounded him, some were screaming and some were whispering. Making the way to their transportation, I
could see them and that the boss were terrified and the younger members held on to their older ones.
One of them even fell on his hands. At that moment, a group of girls started just me as I thought that
I was about to be killed for the boss. I saw one of those fans who obstructed their path was I was
doing the same thing that the other "fans" were, instead of pushing it, I understood that I was
hating the very people I loved.



After that incident, I stopped my activities for a while. I just watched them on news, listened to
their new album and watched their live streams, and my supporting people around in one. Two of
the members were going live where one of them got a call. His face was shocked, but he tried not to
make his comments obvious, and he was, not the all. The live streamer, but he got another call, so
he had to end the stream. The next morning, I was watching behind the scenes of one of
their performances when I saw one of them collapse on the stage. When I watched the
individual live stream of their performance, I saw one of them black out during a certain part of the
performance. My girls only gave me a thumbs up in the chat. They looked sad, but when we did
to meet me in my way moments - shaking them, making them and having their personal
information. I wanted to be close to them, but it was not their time. I wanted to share a special
moment with them, but I promised them it would never be more than just an online relationship. I was
disappointed, but when we saw them they were glad to see me. They had their own lives, but I
still, I would have been there when they were there, but it was not their time, so I had to
accept my fate, hence I took a while to get in. Having got the permission of an attorney (as
we were not), I had to refrain myself from repeating those moments all over again. It felt a world
in my home, as the relationship that I had been passionately chasing actually didn't work out. I could
make use of my strengths and decided to move on with it again. I still loved to share music and
love, but not as a fan. It would be a lie if I said that the desire to be close to them was no
longer there, but I know my limits. I still had their records taken with me, the one that I bought a
month ago. What I still going to get to know, I love them. I love hearing them to love them with
boundaries. This dream would be the last one that I would get to, before going back and working on
myself again.


I guess I have not been and probably long enough. I was the staff wrapping up the stage props, and
the light being turned off was after the show. It's time to leave. I got up and went to the bathroom
that had the best view on it and a smile formed on my face. That was some good time I spent with
them.

When Will Kalki Arrive?

The battleline between good and evil runs
through the heart of every man.
- Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Good versus evil is not just a simple concept.
It holds a deep meaning inside it. There is a
saying that if good exists, there is also an evil
side. Good and evil balances each other. In
simplicity, there is a concept in Chinese
philosophy known as Yin and Yang. Yin
represents darkness and Yang represents
light and positivity. Whenever darkness
(evil) prevails, light (good) always appears,
which brings hope.

Keeping in mind the concept of Yin and
Yang we can say that in every person, both
good and evil exists. There is always a side
which people try to hide. We can't eradicate
evil completely, as it is important to balance
the society.



In Indian mythology, Kalki is described as the tenth and final avatar of the Hindu
overlord deity, Vishnu, who rejuvenates existence by ending the darkest and
destructive period to remove adharma (unrighteousness) ushering in the Satya Yuga,
while riding a white horse with a fiery sword, though the description and details of
Kalki are different among various Puranas. He is described as the incarnation who
appears at the end of the Kaliyug.

Kaliyug, the present era in which we are living signifies the reign of 'Kali'. According to
the Bhagavata Purana, the very day and moment the avatar of Shri Krishna left, 'Kali',
who promotes all kinds of irreligious activities, came into this world. Kali is the being
who reigns during the age of the Kaliyug and acts as the nemesis of Kalki.

According to the Hindu Puranas, Kaliyug is believed to be the 'Age of Hypocrisy'. It's an
age where adharma, will be at its peak. Sinful people will especially be born in this age.

Thank you
FOR READING

Design & Layout by Abhilekha Borah

