

2018 | Edition-5

Literati

An Endeavour of the Department of English



St. Xavier's College, Jaipur



Faculty, Department of English: (from Left to Right) Ms. Ranjit Kaur (HOD), Ms. Chandrika Das, Ms. Ruchi Sharma, Dr. Ritu Sen and Ms. Roxanne M. Castellás

Message from the Rector's Desk

It is a moment of great pride to see the latest edition of 'Literati'. Ever since its inception the magazine has been an epitome of creativity, aesthetics and well written articles.

I congratulate the whole team for their varied articles, poems and out-of-the-box reports. The myriad of interesting photographs are reminders of the past year's achievements while the illustrations are a window to the students' imaginative minds! The overall design of the magazine is refreshing to the mind as every page turned is a surprise to the reader!

My sincerest wishes and blessings to the hardworking team!

Rev. Fr. Varkey Perekatt, S.J.

Message from the Principal's Desk

I am greatly pleased to see the visualisation of the activities and ideals of 'Literati' in this edition of the magazine. From the beginning of the year, by organising activities like the Power Point Presentation making competition, Group Discussions and INKA, Literati has striven to promote literature and the arts! INKA even hosted two eminent Indian writers of fiction in English: Mr. Kiran Nagarkar and Dr. R. Raj Rao. And finally, with the publishing of the magazine, Literati has realised its dream of putting their thoughts and ideas onto a pedestal. The magazine is the fruit of the team's labour and efforts to make the most of an amazing year celebrating what they truly believe in!

Congratulations to the entire Literati team!

Dr. Sheila Rai

Message from the Vice Principal's Desk

In a world of cut-throat competition and increasing technological advances, it is imperative to keep in touch with one's inner spirit of expression and creativity. Literati therefore, serves as a platform where students break the mould of the normal, everyday clichés and spread their wings to explore newer ideas, worldviews, concepts and to contribute their small bit to the immense universe of literature, begin to claim a part of it, and make it their own!

I wish this edition will live up to its promise!

God bless!

Fr. Joshy Kuruvilla, S.J.

Message from the Administrator's Desk

Over the past year, I have watched the Department of English work assiduously for the accomplishment of their goals. I have seen them grow and flourish and take on new challenges, which they have gracefully conquered. They have remained true to their cause and determined in their endeavours. I congratulate them for the completion of a wonderful year and the publication of this year's magazine which is another feather in their cap! The magazine promises to be a delight to all readers as it boasts of interesting articles, pictures and an impressive design!

Happy reading! And God bless!

Fr. Periya, S.J.

Message from the Head of the Department

As another session draws to a close, I marvel at the kaleidoscope of events that we lived through and learned from! It is delightful to peep into the past and, perhaps, relive the moments that made them up the memories bring joy. Should we, then, be joyous all the time? Aristotle goes so far as to say that, "Happiness is the meaning and purpose of life, the whole aim and end of human existence." To be happy, one does not have to rely on any external stimuli; it comes from the quality of our thoughts, the goodness of our hearts. It comes from the joy of achievement, of doing something we truly love. It defines us as an individual.

Literati isn't just words on pages between covers. It speaks of the aspirations and triumphs of our students, the goals that they set for themselves and the determination with which they pursued them. Literati as always, remains a ready platform, not just for the myriad expressions that demand attention, but also as a mirror that reveals the mesmeric kaleidoscope of an eventful year.

I extend my heartiest compliments to the editorial team and student coordinators who have worked strenuously for their earnest endeavour.
Happy Reading!

Ms. Ranjit Kaur
HOD
Department of English

Message from the Editor-In-Chief

The aim of the Department of English has been not only to teach and study literature but create new literature too! With this edition, students have allowed their pens to run freely on blank pieces of paper and have given the world new stories to tell! As the scroll unfolds, you will be introduced to new dimensions of time, reality and space. The students have been extremely creative in the overall design of this magazine, in the letters they have written to their favourite characters and in the humorous memes they have made on the texts that they have read!

I present to you, to read, to wonder at, and to laugh along with: Literati 2018!

Ms. Roxanne Castellanos
Editor-In-Chief

Literati 2017-2018

The main objective of the Literati club is to celebrate the creative space of young minds, giving them a canvas to play with the colours of the imagination by organising social, cultural, and academic events for students. The establishment of the club Literati was the result of an effort to bring bookworms together, to enhance their potential and provide further integrated growth. With the guidance of the faculty coordinators of the club, Ms. Roxanne Castellás and Ms. Chandrika Das, and with other teachers of the Department of English, Literati has been a prominent factor in achieving new milestones in the session 2017-18.

The club comprises of students who are elected as council members for a period of one year. For the year 2017-2018, the English council executive committee was led by me, Garima Dixit (B.A English Part-III). To begin with, Literati organised a Group Discussion on various literary topics and also, a Powerpoint Presentation Competition for the students of the Department, covering every sphere of historical and literary aspects in order to make students familiar with the essence of literature.

The annual national literature festival INKA 2017 was organised on 16-17 December 2017. INKA derives its name from the word ink and ka bringing forth the very act of creating and writing.

INKA aims at making literature more approachable to students and also initiate participants from non-literary background to the realm of creativity with a vivid artistic approach. As everyone has a story to tell, literature in itself provides a wide spectrum of painted stories. Thus, the theme for INKA 2017 was A Story In Making. The fest was a successful event and it witnessed the unconventional talents of performers and artists from various colleges across the country. I take immense pride in being associated with Literati 2017.

Garima Dixit
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



Say "Hello" to our Editorial Team



Brandishing her pen (mightier than the sword) against bad grammar: Garima Dixit.



Reports have never reported as punctually as when reported by the reporter: Ashruti Seventra.



Handles data collection, research papers, multiple meetings, etc., etc., etc., with a smile on her face and her pet laptop: Mercy S. Philip



He and his inseparable twin (the camera) will leave no event unphotographed: Homender Singh Romare

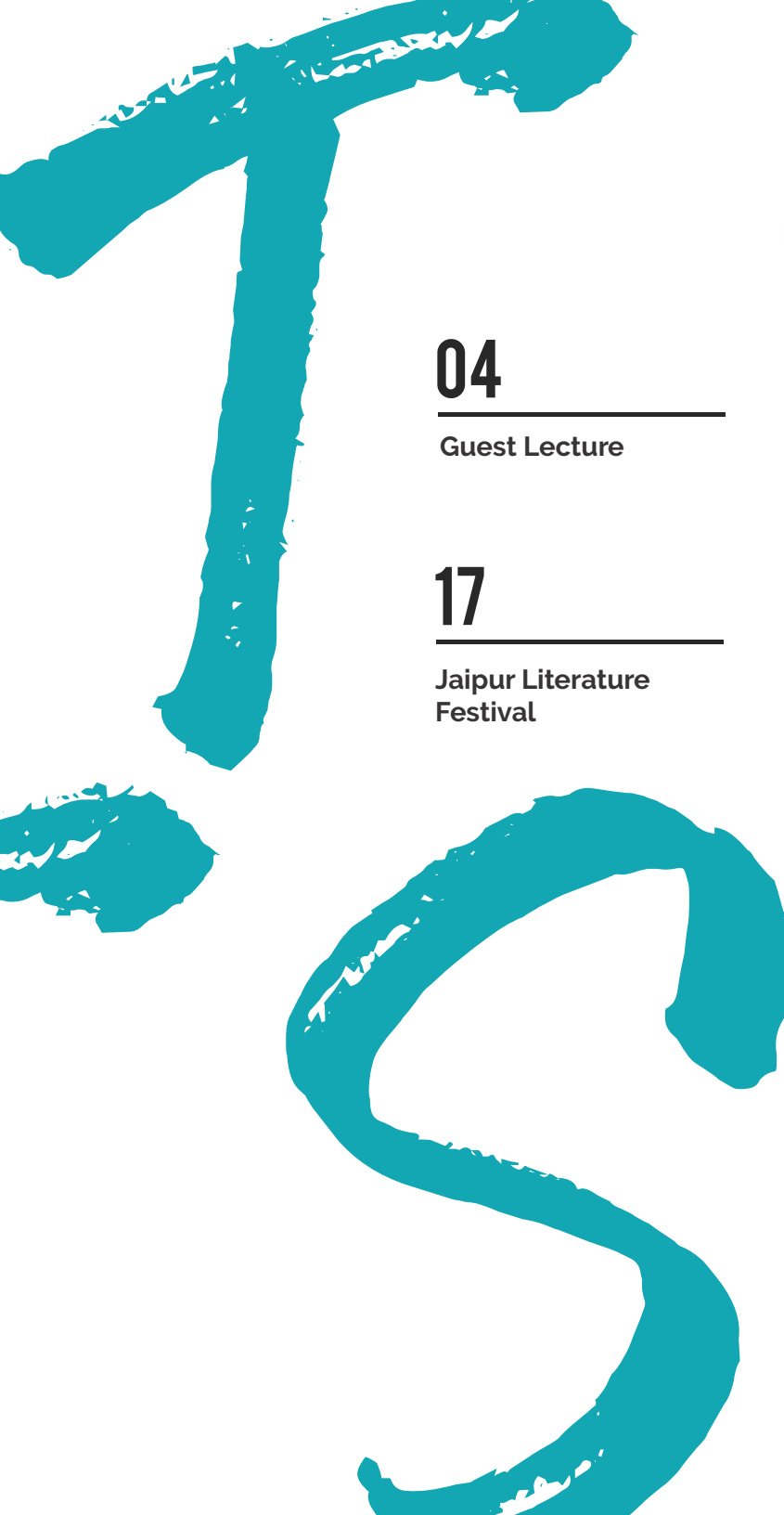


The Great Wall of China will be insufficient to hold all the graffiti she's capable of! Armed with her paint brush tool: Charu Datta.



The unassuming and quiet scholar with a roving mind that's a mine of intellectual gold: Sanya Shah

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ORIENTATION DAY

On the 28th of July, the Department of English, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur, organised its Orientation Program. The event was graced by the august presence of Rev. Fr. Varkeet, S.J., Rector and Dr. Sheila Rai, Principal, department staff and students. The dignitaries spoke about the importance of the English Language and the advantages of studying literature and the students gave musical and dance performances and even presented a self-written and self-directed play, thus showcasing their budding talents. Along with that, the Department's Annual publication 'Literati' was unveiled.

Gauri S. Nair
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



Department Picnic

It was one of those usual noisy days in our classroom when we had an unknown senior visiting us, he had come to enquire about why there were such few students who registered from our class, for the department picnic. He had come to convince us all to jump in and be a part of the group outing so that we could actively communicate and connect with our seniors and our teachers, and believe me I was convinced by him. The college had arranged for a day's outing for the whole department at a beautiful green resort which even had a pool. Finally, the day arrived and all of us were filled up in the bus and thus, the trip began and as far as I remember, the resort was pretty far away from the city, the crowd and the pollution. We had a warm welcome at the entrance with refreshing welcome drinks served to us on our way towards the beautiful garden with the pool by its side. Students were pretty excited to see such open spaces and the pool, that all scattered away with their friends, soon we had a beautiful picture of our lovely teachers sitting together and talking, students playing volleyball, cricket, shooting etc.

The resort even had swings for the “elderly kids” then the breakfast bell was rung and all were gathered for the delicious food served for us. Then everyone was back to their activities, that is when some of us who had not brought swimming suits and could not enjoy the pool, had an opportunity to speak and connect with our seniors we gathered together, conversed with them and played some games. As noon time had befallen, our lunch was served, a large buffet was served with awesome food and desserts. After that lip-smacking lunch, we were filled back in our bus and taken back to the college through the same beautiful road. We all sat in the bus looking at the view passing by, pondering over the beautiful hours spent. At last, we all got down at the college, thanked our teachers for that memorable day and of course, for the safe comeback.

Gauri S. Nair
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



Power Point Presentation Making Competition and Investiture Ceremony

The Literati Club organised an inter-class Power Point Making competition for the students of the Department of English, on the topic of their choice, on 18 September, 2017.

The Judges for this competition were Ms Ranjit Kaur (Head, Dept.of English) and Dr. Ritu Sen (Faculty, Department of English). Shreeja Jain and Hitesha Utmani of second year were the comperes for the day. The competition witnessed the participation of over seventy students. Most of the presentations dealt with texts taken from the syllabus, it proved to be beneficial to the audience as well, as they got to learn a lot of new things about certain prescribed texts. The audience and judges were hugely impressed by the speakers. At the end, the names of the winners were announced. From the first year, Sunidhi, Nikita, Charis, Abhishek, Deepika, Madhuri, Akriti and Shristi bagged the first position. From the second year, Jagriti Parakh, Mercy.S. Philip and Vishwajeet Sehwag grabbed the first position for their wonderful interpretation of The Heart of Darkness and in the third year, the first position went to Charu Datta and Cyrus Derek Edwin, who spoke about Gothic elements in Literature.



Leadership is the capacity to translate vision into reality. —Warren B e n n e t t s

The Investiture Ceremony of the office bearers of Literati Club for the session 2017-2018, was held on the same day with a special ceremony at the college auditorium. The event was presided over by the Vice-Principal of the college, Fr. Joshi Kuruvilla. The Investiture ceremony signifies the reliance and confidence that the club consigns in the newly invested office bearers. The nominated members were conferred with badges by Honourable Chief Guest Father Joshi Kuruvilla and Ms. Ranjit Kaur. The event ended with the vote of thanks by the newly elected President of the club, Garima Dixit.

Sakshi Yadav
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

Guest Lecture

The Department of English, organised a guest lecture featuring Dr. Sanjay Arora at the start of this academic year. The lecture was entitled "How to Write a Research Paper". The aim of this lecture was to help students develop in the area of academic research.

Dr. Sanjay Arora is currently teaching as an Associate Professor of English, at Central University of Rajasthan, Kishangarh, Ajmer, and has a teaching experience of over 25 years.

Dr. Arora discussed with our students the basic rules of research writing and analysis. He talked about the process of framing a paper, how to eliminate common mistakes that are often made during paper writing; the title of the paper and its length and significance. He also talked about data collection and its analysis, phrasing the statements and conclusions and he dedicated a whole segment towards writing an abstract in a research paper.

He also helped students, already working on different research topics, to solve their problems and strengthen their paper by other references. He was facilitated by Head of Department, Ms. Ranjit Kaur, with a token of love and appreciation.

Ashruti Seventra.
B.A. Eng. Hons. II





CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

Chatter filled the room, casual pleasantries being exchanged, some real, some accompanied by an eye-roll. The class began with students, sitting in a circle, interacting with each other, sharing how the day went by when our own Professor McGonigal summoned us: Ms. Ritu Sen, teacher of the dark arts, as we liked to call her, since we either used to cry out in her classes or used to desensitize ourselves with the world and let the banal world revolve around us.

Muggles, she said, for the first time Hogwarts has decided to conduct seminars and lectures on how to be a wizard or a witch. Only some of the chosen ones will be allowed to enter the magical world.

8th November 2017 : *Introduction to Film Appreciation.*

So, our first official class began with an introduction to film appreciation.

Since we weren't familiarized with the magic world movies such as the Grindelwald vs Dumbledore or Sorting of the houses, Ma'am chose a muggle movie named, *Omkara* for us. *Omkara* is an adaptation of the famous play *Othello* by

William Shakespeare, who by the way, was a close friend of Voldemort, given the dark plays that he wrote.

In this class, we learned how to watch a movie not with emotions but through the lens of technicalities that go unnoticed by the casual viewer like the color representations, camera angles, locations, speeches and dialect, was what we focused on.

I loved the scene where the camera moves from a distance and stops on a portrait size image of Dolly being captured in the bars of a window, symbolizing her caged identity after marriage.

9th November 2017 : *Day 2 of Film Appreciation*

Can I say, that after reading Edgar Allan Poe, *Picture of Dorian Gray* and *Game of Thrones*, I have developed a liking for blood and gore? Since I cannot kill anyone in this world, I fulfil my sadistic pleasures by watching movies like *Inglorious Bastards* by Tarantino. Ma'am, taught us to move beyond the realms of physicality and notice the other imageries used in the films, such



as Olfactory, Auditory, Kinesthetic, Thermo-gustatory and many more.

The crunch of the bread, the smell of a boiling hot dish, the heat of the sun, cold weather, we noticed it all. Also, after watching these movies so closely, I don't think I can revert back to the old fun way of watching f i l m s .

P.s. I judged many 'Bollywood' directors after these classes.

13th November : *Bringing in your own favourite clip of a film*

This was one of the best classes we've had in this course. I, being the Harry Potter fan that I am, showed a scene from *Harry Potter: Prisoner of Azkaban* where Harry, for the first time, encounters a Dementor. I related the whole concept of the dementors sucking life out of someone and leaving them lifeless, with Anxiety and Depression, and feeding on the sweet chocolates represented feeding on the good thoughts and memories so as to come back to life. Other favourite pieces include, *Perks of Being a Wallflower* and *Forrest Gump*.

I saw the goblins writing a special letter to the School



of Witchcraft and Wizardry, to give extra points to my house, since I choose the Harry Potter movie clip.

15th November 2017 : *Journalistic Piece Writing*

As a project, we had to write a piece for the class for which we had to go and do the research ourselves.

Hogwarts send the most reputed journalist of all named, Rita Skeeter whose muggle name happens to be Ms. Tabeenah Anjum. Ma'am works both as a journalist to the renowned Muggle newspapers and an auror who keeps on giving the mortal world information to Dumbledore.

In our group, it was Charu, Jesvi and I, who decided that college kids with mental illnesses would be a good topic since mental health is still a taboo in India and we knew kids who were dealing with anxiety and depression who were in our close circle of friends.

16th November 2017 : *Art appreciation*

As soon as I heard the phrase Art Appreciation, I jumped out of my seat with excitement, because this is the class I have been waiting for. I thought, Finally! We'll get to see pictures and landscapes coming alive just like in the Potter movies. Alas! I forgot I was in the muggle world. Nonetheless, Van Gogh did

manage to bring some pictures to life. Out of the sunflower and the field with green wheat, I fell in love with Starry Night. Not because of the brush strokes or the colours used but because the underlying psychological themes that Van gogh painted in his paintings. The upright phallic symbol, the enchanting melancholic twirls of blue and white and especially the two humans witnessing the madness taking place in the heavens; Van Gogh succeeded in engulfing me into his melancholy.

17th November 2017 : *Music appreciation class*
You know this class is going to be amazing when it's you, your best friend, your favourite teacher and your favourite senior, Isha Bhattacharya, sharing their favourite pieces of music. I could understand the phrase, "opposites attract" perfectly in this class as I brought a very sophisticated, classy piece of music called *Last Dance* by Engelbert Humperdinck that involves some slow movements when danced on. On the other hand, my best friend played *Last Resort* by Papa Roach, a heavy metal piece of music that turns people wild. In spite of being two very different genres of music, and thereby, being two different personalities, our souls never cease to unite at one thing and i.e. literature, and you know what? That's all I ever wanted.

18th November 2017

It was like going in for Professor Snape's class. You don't like him but you have to. The author of 10 best-selling romantic thriller novels, Noveneel Chakraborty came to the campus to share his journey with us budding writers and to guide us through his experience by answering our questions and giving us tips and insight in the field of writing.

21st November 2017 : *Indian Women Blog Visits*

If you think feminism has only reached its heights in the muggle world, you could not be more wrong. The Indian Women Blog is a blogging firm run by former students of Hogwarts which is based on the agenda, Women Only or if I may, Witches Only! Ms. Sohini Guharoy and Ms. Anvita came to teach us about how to promote your writings and works via social media. Ms. Sohini Guharoy, who was the social media head at the Quin and a very positive and cheerful person, guided us through the basics of marketing your blog and how to keep readers glued. The workshop had a lot of games, which kept my focus on the class and kept me eager to listen like forming headlines and describing your favourite movies in 6 words. We were provided with the task of doing one good thing in a day and posting it to social media with the hashtag #iwbdogood

27th November 2017 : Anchoring Session

If something is in my comfort zone apart from falling asleep or eating, it is this, Anchoring. I tend to feel very comfortable when I am on stage, especially when I have to speak in public. Everybody had to write something and come in the class and being the forgetful person that I am, I forgot that we had to do something of that sort. So, I managed to go last on the stage and shared a funny story about how I wrecked a muggle in another university during a debate.

Everybody laughed and applauded me, but the one thing I was happy about was the fact that I did not put my hands in my hair and played with them while anchoring (A habit that refuses to leave me!) It was an amazing class too.

28th November 2017

We had to share stories or anecdotes revolving around either fear, happiness or sadness. I could not attend this class, since I wasn't feeling well.

4th December 2017 : Interpretation of art

This class was taken up by Ms. Ruchi Sharma. The class focused on how to perceive certain images and understand the story behind them. One activity that she made us do was imagine a beggar in our head and put to words each detail of how he/she looks and how he/she comes alive in your head, along with what is being done by him/her.

I described a little kid peeping through my car window with tattered clothes and steel bowl in his

5th December 2017 : The review of the journalistic piece.

The topic we selected was 'Athena Inside Zeus's Head- College students with mental disorders'.

We decided our title from one of our subject's, who was from a literature background, explaining how anxiety to her felt like Athena trapped inside Zeus's brain drumming against it to get out, but unable to.

Ms. Rita Skeeter a.k.a. Ms. Tabeenan was there to review our works, and give her thoughts on how it could be improved and where it could be sent.

Our piece came out to be pretty out of structure and she told us to work on it.

Since the majority of students, who were interviewed were diagnosed with anxiety, I could not help but quote one favourite quote of mine from the Harry Potter series, "Of course it is happening inside your head, Harry, but why on earth should that mean it is not real?"

6th December 2017 : Introduction to Advertisements

OKAY! SO! This class was taken by Ms. Renata Milet *breathes heavily* who was the prettiest auror I have ever seen.

She happens to be a very famous ad-writers in the muggle world and in the magical world.

She took us through the various infamous ads which were pieces of art to me, because one picture spoke volumes. She taught us about how ad making works and also some basics about copywriting.

11th-13th December 2017 : Creative Writing

These 3 days revolved around spontaneous writing and development of our writing skills.

These 3 days we were back on the floor, in a circle, with Ritu Ma'am giving us little activities to improve our skills.

The first activity was to choose a character from Omkara and spin a new story with his/her perspective.

The next activity was to create a character based on a reflection of oneself and what he/she will be like. I chose a guy with black floppy hair and grey eyes, who likes to wear only suits but has a lifestyle and most importantly a body language of a Hipster. Another activity was describing a room.

Here's what I wrote,

"It was in the middle of December. The darkness of the night was creeping in from the window and the chilliness of the air creeping through her spine. She could hear the flick of the opening of the lighter, the smell of a burning cigarette and heavy footsteps of two men approaching in the corridor. But didn't her father just tell her on the phone that he won't be home till Sunday?"

Another activity involved the process of eliminating. Ma'am told us to describe a person in 4 lines in our head.

And then she step by step asked us to eliminate lines, till we were left with the one sentence that described him/her the best. I was left with, "I am proud of you", which was meant for me.

One task involved writing a note to your future self. I took my time with this one. Out of all the creative writing tasks, I loved this one the most wherein we just had to pour down our thoughts on a piece of paper, without framing the thoughts!

15th December 2017: Writing for film and T.V. by Manu Maharishi.

Mr. Manu Maharishi, was a student of Ritu Ma'am, took journalism classes and was inspired to go for his writing career, he got A grade everytime in his O.W.L.S and NEWT and was the favourite student of all.

He told us how he had written for Savdhaan India, Nach Baliye and Permanent Roommates. He showed us a scene from the film, A Social Network which was a film on Mark Zuckerberg's life. He explained how each dialogue contributes and says a lot about a person. The class was packed with hilarious anecdotes and weird experiences of his, and more than that he taught us to learn to laugh at our failures and keep on moving forward. He also shared his experiences with various stars, and spilled some tea on them which everyone was most curious about.

16th-17th December : Visit by Mr. R. Raj Rao and Mr. Kiran Nagarkar, The ttt workshop.

Mr R. Raj Rao is a gay rights activist and author and perhaps the only LGBTQ+ activist that is fighting for equal rights in the magic world. His book Boyfriend is one of the first gay novels in India and was a subject to a lot of controversy. The session took off with focusing on the importance of reading and turned to criticism of online fiction which included quotes and microblogs, he commented on how millennials don't read literature at all.

He concluded by reading two of his poems which revolved around religion.

Then the next day, our auditorium was decked up with handmade candles, drapes all around the wall, fairy lights of different sorts and sofas faced towards us. Amused by the scenario, I sat down. Then I saw somebody entering the room. It seemed as if happiness filled the room. I have never seen a humbler person ever talk like this to us muggles. It was none other than Professor Dumbledore. Decked up in white Kurta-Pyjama, I could see his glory spreading all over. He was accompanied by our own Professor McGonagall and some new Professors and since his enmity with You-Know-Who is known to all mankind, he uses a pseudonym of Mr. Kiran Nagarkar so as to not get caught in plain sight. His works in the wizarding world is unmatched but he also managed to establish himself as a well-known person in this world too.

Mr. Kiran Nagarkar, best known for his epic novel Cuckold, is a popular Indian novelist, playwright, film and drama critic. He shared his own journey of writing with us and how he didn't let his academic failures bar him from aspiring for greater things in life.

Cuckold retold the epic story of Mirabai from the eyes of her husband. The book went ahead to win the Sahitya Academy Award in 2001.

It was time for the author signing now. So, I went to his desk nervously, got the book signed and came back to the seat very happily.

After everything was done, he stood up at his place and said, "*Happiness can be found in the darkest of times if one remembers to turn on the light*", he thanked everybody, bowed down to Dr. Ritu Sen in one accordance with her, as if agreed on a mutual thought and suddenly vanished into the air, leaving us speechless.

I heard Ritu Ma'am saying, at the end, Wizards and Witches, Welcome to our world!

Cyrus Derek Edwin
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

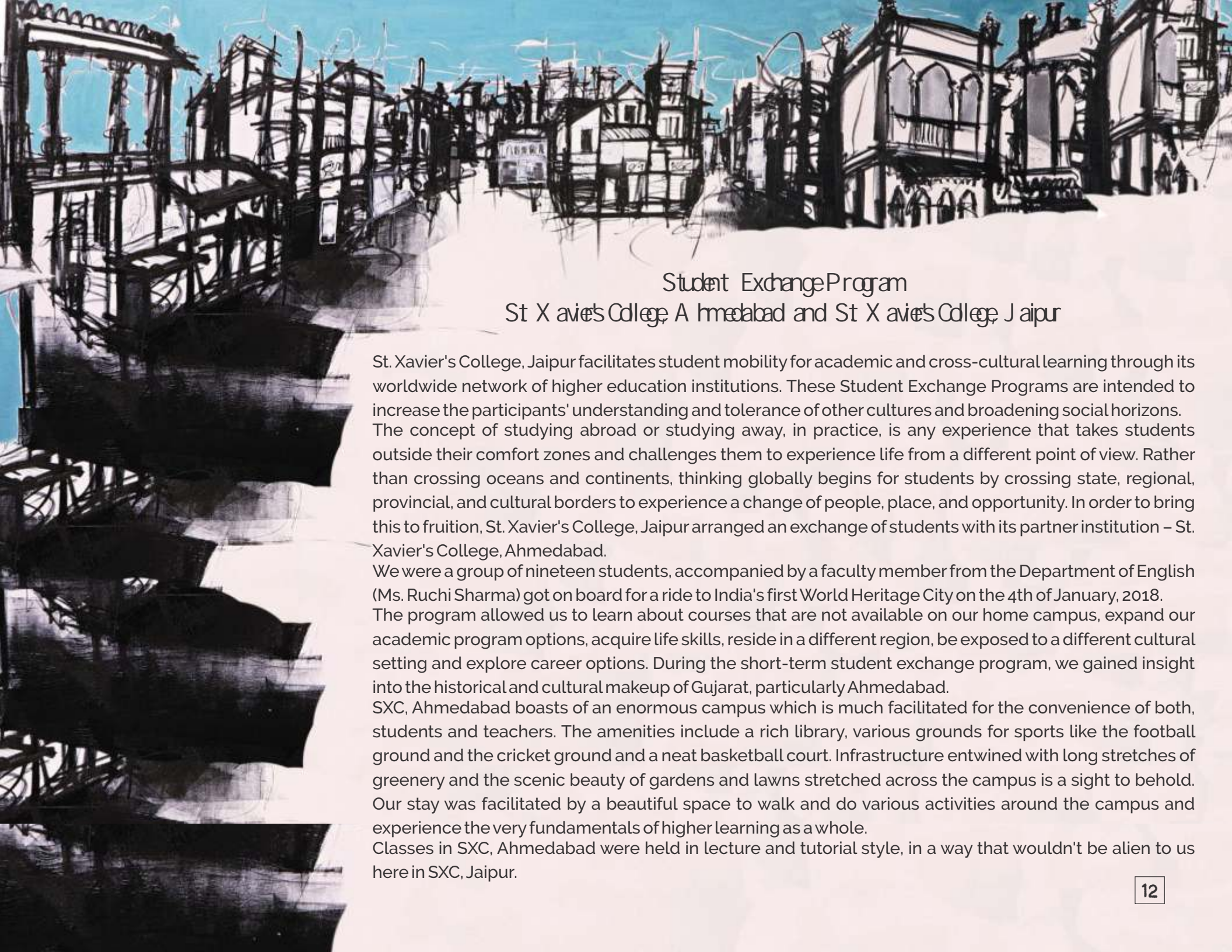
Student Exchange Mumbai

A student exchange was organized, collaborating with St. Xavier's College, Mumbai to taste the multifaceted curriculum offered there and to strengthen bonds with another Jesuit institution. In this enriching exchange of ideas and thoughts, students were accompanied by Ms. Roxanne Castellás. The students were fascinated by the campus of St. Xavier's College, Mumbai, an archaic heritage site having uncanny resemblance to Hogwarts, with various spots in and around the campus having fancy names like Foyer or Woods. The exchange was a gateway to personal development and enhanced the students' exposure to alternative ways of learning. They were also given the opportunity to attend Cross-Culture and Popular Culture classes amidst other classes and

were shown various documentaries and given assignments. Away from the cacophony of industrialization, students were taken on an educational visit to Elephanta Caves, a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Various mythologies were narrated by a cheerful faculty from St. Xavier's Bombay, who was proficient in Ancient Indian History. It is rightly said that, "Life begins at the end of your comfort zone". The exchange was life-enriching, with oodles of exposure and experience.

Ayushi Sah (B.A. Eng. Hons. II)





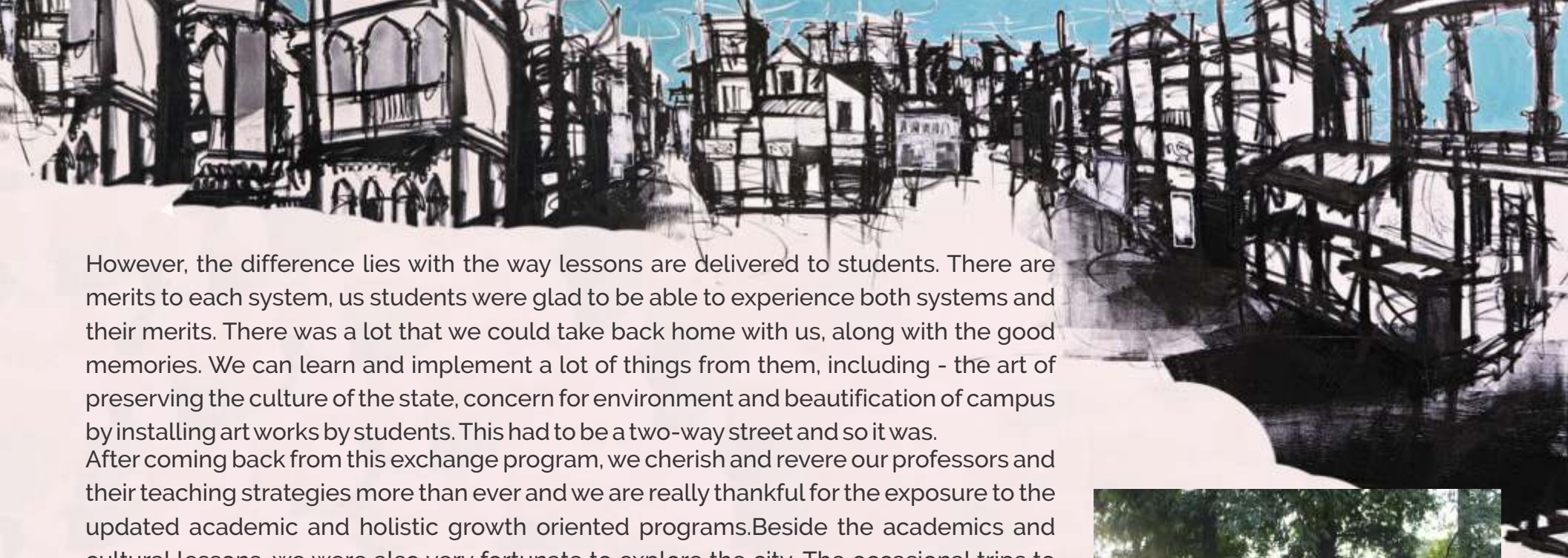
Student Exchange Program St Xavier's College Ahmedabad and St Xavier's College Jaipur

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur facilitates student mobility for academic and cross-cultural learning through its worldwide network of higher education institutions. These Student Exchange Programs are intended to increase the participants' understanding and tolerance of other cultures and broadening social horizons. The concept of studying abroad or studying away, in practice, is any experience that takes students outside their comfort zones and challenges them to experience life from a different point of view. Rather than crossing oceans and continents, thinking globally begins for students by crossing state, regional, provincial, and cultural borders to experience a change of people, place, and opportunity. In order to bring this to fruition, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur arranged an exchange of students with its partner institution – St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad.

We were a group of nineteen students, accompanied by a faculty member from the Department of English (Ms. Ruchi Sharma) got on board for a ride to India's first World Heritage City on the 4th of January, 2018. The program allowed us to learn about courses that are not available on our home campus, expand our academic program options, acquire life skills, reside in a different region, be exposed to a different cultural setting and explore career options. During the short-term student exchange program, we gained insight into the historical and cultural makeup of Gujarat, particularly Ahmedabad.

SXC, Ahmedabad boasts of an enormous campus which is much facilitated for the convenience of both, students and teachers. The amenities include a rich library, various grounds for sports like the football ground and the cricket ground and a neat basketball court. Infrastructure entwined with long stretches of greenery and the scenic beauty of gardens and lawns stretched across the campus is a sight to behold. Our stay was facilitated by a beautiful space to walk and do various activities around the campus and experience the very fundamentals of higher learning as a whole.

Classes in SXC, Ahmedabad were held in lecture and tutorial style, in a way that wouldn't be alien to us here in SXC, Jaipur.



However, the difference lies with the way lessons are delivered to students. There are merits to each system, us students were glad to be able to experience both systems and their merits. There was a lot that we could take back home with us, along with the good memories. We can learn and implement a lot of things from them, including - the art of preserving the culture of the state, concern for environment and beautification of campus by installing art works by students. This had to be a two-way street and so it was. After coming back from this exchange program, we cherish and revere our professors and their teaching strategies more than ever and we are really thankful for the exposure to the updated academic and holistic growth oriented programs. Beside the academics and cultural lessons, we were also very fortunate to explore the city. The occasional trips to places of interest were definitely the highlights of our exchange experience. We've seen some of the best scenery Mother Nature has to offer and also gawked in awe at man-made marvels in the cities. We went to a lot of tourist places around the city and beyond, including Sabarmati Riverfront and Flower Park, Serenity Library & Botanical Garden, Sabarmati Ashram, Law Garden, Kankaria Lake, et al. We also had the immense pleasure of walking down the colossal campuses of IIM Ahmedabad, CIIE and Entrepreneurship Development Institute and knowing about the courses they offer and various career options that are lined up for youngsters like us. Teachers and volunteers at SXC, Ahmedabad arranged a visit to Reserve Bank of India. We were so fascinated and intrigued by the information that we gathered during our visit. This immaculate affair had an even impeccable ending. Folks at SXC, Ahmedabad hosted a spectacular cultural program before bidding us adieu. Various students presented musical and dance performances. It all ended with an invigorating Garba hoedown and we all joined them to add to the glorious mess. Looking back, we've all become a little wiser and more independent. The exchange program provided a unique and fruitful learning experience outside of the limits of a classroom. It was indeed a wholesome experience.



*Jagriti Parakh
B.A. Eng. Hons. II*

Exchange to Jaipur

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur hosted a global exchange program in collaboration with St. Xavier's Kathmandu, Ahmedabad and Mumbai to provide other Jesuit comrades with educationally, academically and culturally rich experiences.

To allow exchange students to immerse themselves in the daily life of the host family, various interactive activities like Open Mic, Newsletter writing, Aircrash Debate etc. were organized. Various lectures on Modernism, Romanticism, Postcolonialism and several other literary movements were organized to instill in the students a deeper understanding of the subject. Various enriching guest lectures were organized too.

An educational visit to Tilonia Barefoot College, a voluntary organization working for society's overall well-being, was organized to create awareness among the students about social upliftment.

It was a delightful experience for the host college as well as the exchange students.

Some excerpts from the exchange students about their experience-

·Priyal from St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad - " Jaipur Cultural Exchange Program was a beautiful journey for all of us. From moving in and around the city exploring the intricate details to attending college every morning, it was more than a regular day for all of us. We are extremely lucky to have experienced your faculty's teaching. They are so knowledgeable and sweet, we felt like home. From the organizers to the coordinators of that one eventful week, we made friends and memories for life."

·Parth from St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad - " Hey! Parth from SY B.Com. here. My excerpt from the trip- "The Rajputs might've lived there for quite a while, but the memories we've left there would leave an even longer lasting impression."

Ayushi Sah
B.A. Eng. Hons. II

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The whole trip was really wonderful! I really enjoyed my time at the JCU. The campus was huge, and the architecture was really great and beautiful. It consisted of several classrooms, extracurricular activities, and some students who were quite friendly and were keenly interested in knowing about our country and our culture. We represented our college and hopefully we did it quite well, but without our faculty's support and guidance it wouldn't have been possible for us to fit in such a different environment. A big thanks to them and also the college management for allowing us to represent our college at such huge institution.

Navdeep Singh
B.A. Eng. Hons. I

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AIRCRAASH

On its maiden flight to Neverland, the Department of English experienced some disturbance in its left phalange. Unfortunately, there was no chance for everyone's survival and the smoking engine meant sure doom. Next to the black box, the air hostess discovered one parachute- which meant, someone could exit! Keeping the situation in mind, the pilot asked the passengers to justify their existence and convince her to give them the chance to live... The one with the story of the Albatross was left to live

(Shreeja Jain - B.A. Hons. Eng. II)

*A tale I once told
Another I tell today,
You might know me as the sinner
Or as Coleridge's ancient mariner*

*Yes! Long ago I did something wicked
and gross,
Alas! I killed the holy Albatross*

*But since then I have atoned
For my sin oh! I have moaned,
From person to person I have gone
And told my tale from dusk to dawn*

*So that, no one would ever again,
Harm a creature just in vain*

*I am old and weak today
And from where I am I may not make history,
But can tell my tale till the end of day*

*Dear pilot, as you fly me to India through this
flight path
To them too I want to tell my 'man ki baat'
So I deserve a chance to live
That pilot is what I believe*

*In closing I would like to say,
Since that wretched day, to no creature I have
ever been rash
That is why sir, I deserve to win this aircrash*

*(By Cheryl Jacob,
St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad)*



THE WORLD OF LITERATURE @ JAIPUR LITERATURE FESTIVAL 2018



'Literature is life..!'

An initiative of the Jaipur Virasat Foundation, 'the greatest literary show on earth', the 5 days, 11th edition of Zee Jaipur Literature Festival was hosted in the Pink City from 25th January to 29 January, 2018, at the Diggi Palace, Jaipur. The fest was the culmination of hard work that led to "unity in diversity".

The festival began with the usual high spirit, tight security and huge crowds. It was inaugurated by lighting the ceremonial lamp in the presence of eminent personalities, like Mrs. Shreyasi Goenka (content advisor, DNA), Mr. Sanjay Agarwal (MD, Au Small Finance Bank) and Mr. Jagdeesh Chandra (executive director, Zee Media). The opening of the festival commenced with a mellifluous performance by Hindustani classical singer and composer, Mrs. Meeta Pandit, which ushered a wave of euphoria among the crowds and with the keynote address by writer Pico Iyer, on 'Charting a world without borders'.

The festival showcased a range of voices from India and abroad. Like other years, the festival brought together a diverse mix of the world's greatest writers, thinkers, humanitarians, politicians, business leaders, sports people and entertainers on one stage, to express and engage in thoughtful debate, panel conversations and meaningful dialogue; which was set against the backdrop of Rajasthan's stunning cultural heritage.

A mélange of interesting sessions took place at various venues at Diggi Palace, during this five-day gala event. There were powerful and motivational key speakers, like Pico Iyer, Tom Stoppard, Zakir Hussain, Nandita Das, Nawazuddin Siddiqui, Hamid Karaji, amongst others, who delivered their thoughtful talks to the audience.

Literature enthusiasts and book lovers from across India and the globe got a fabulous opportunity to listen to keynote sessions on 'The Art of Stillness', 'A Life in Music', 'Dreamers Looking at Young India', 'Manto: The Man and the Legend', 'Litro world Series', 'When the Moon Shines by Day' and other interesting sessions that took place while various authors also launched their books. Apart from these sessions, there was so much more to look forward to, as JLF boasts of fashion, glamour and new trends too.

The splendid 5 day event came to an end with the panel closing debate on '#metoo: do men still have it too easy?' with Bee Rowlett, John Freeman, Pinky Anand, Ruchira Gupta, Sandip Roy and Vinod Dua moderated by Namita Bhandare .

Many students from St. Xavier's College participated or worked as part of the festival crew. Overall, it was a beautiful learning experience, which gave students a golden opportunity to see the world of literature from different dimensions. It was an enlightening experience for the students who were a part of such a great literary festival.



Ajay Vardhan Singh
B.A. Eco. Hons. I

Department Farewell

All good things must come to an end. So did an eventful year with a panorama of memories and an alley of abundant reminiscences... February made us all nostalgic as we had to bid farewell to our dear seniors, so that they can start afresh, leaving behind a baggage of memories and an all-pervasive Xavierite spirit that would haunt the college quadrangle. It was a time to celebrate our seniors and the drastic transformation they had gone through during the years they had spent in their alma-mater.

The venue of the farewell was Deep Purple, a place with fantastic neon-themed ambience and radium art work and graffiti.

An entertaining flash-mob was done by the junior students. The crowd grooved along. The seniors were then awarded with different titles. Emotions stirred up when finally, Dr. Ritu Sen gave a heart-warming speech.

The aura of the hall seemed to be a little nostalgic when realization dawned upon us that it was time to put an end to perhaps such a delightful occasion, an occasion that will be etched in all our hearts for life.

It is rightly said that, "Parting is the sweetest sorrow we will ever know for it brings with it the promise of a beautiful unison and gives us those pretty things called memories to ruminate over." You will be fondly missed, dear seniors.



Ayushi Sah
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



INKA



Literati has always emphasized on speaking up and letting your words turn into verse. With this idea in mind Literati, a club for budding writers, artists and creative thinkers, came forth with the second edition of Inka's poetry slam Weaving Verse. Slam verse is a competitive art of reciting, or I should say, performing original poetry. The judge for the event was Mr. Ankush Nagpal, a published writer and has been constantly working on poetry events. Twenty-

eight students from all across the city, infact, across India came with the best of their poetry to weave the magic of words. This year's Slam verse explored a plethora of themes like bulimia, mental illness, alienation, nationalism and women empowerment. As the event came closer to its climax, the intensity of poetic work increased and the student's lounge heard fingers snapping more than a

hundred times! The event concluded with Mr. Ankush sharing a poem of his own and giving the 'young Eliots' a zealous speech. Deepti Saini procured the first position in Hindi poetry, and in English poetry, Simran Jain and Diksha Harsh shared the first position.

Rajshree Gautam
B.A. Eng. Hons. II

Poetry Slam

Weaving Verse

Marauder's Map

"You're a wizard Harry."

This line has been pretty much the childhood of every potterhead. The tale of the boy wizard and his scar. The boy who lived. While we still wait for the famous dark green ink and the red stamp embodied with the Hogwarts crest letter, The English Department of St. Xavier's College, Jaipur organized 'MARAUDERS MAP'- The Treasure Hunt competition as a part of its annual fest 'INKA-2017'- A Story in Making.

A magical world of witchcraft and wizardry was created. With spells remembered and wands at the ready the competition began. Participants were decked up in a team of 3 symbolizing the great trio. The competition took place in the duration of 2 days, 22 teams were onboard the 'XAVIERS EXPRESS' on a magical journey of divination, transfiguration and what not! The hunt consisted of 3 rounds- 1st was a Questionnaire, 2nd the Quidditch Match and 3rd and the final round -The Hunt.

The Questionnaire, also the elimination round, took place on the 1st day. 22 teams all pumped up, ready to gush about their fandom began with the 1st round. A total of 30 questions were to be solved in a time span of 30 minutes. Results were announced on the 2nd day of the hunt. A total of 12 teams made it to the next round- The Quidditch Match.

Teams were further divided in 4 parts each containing 3 teams and were sorted into their houses by the 'Sorting Hat'. The time limit was 15 minutes. It was Hufflepuff vs. Ravenclaw up front of which Hufflepuff was victorious. Followed by Gryffindor vs. Slytherin. And Gryffindor swept the floor with a 150 points.

6 teams progressed to the next and final round- The Hunt. Each team was given a Marauders Map (containing the first clue)

and a Basilisk fang. Each clue led to another, further twisting it for the participants. Each team had to find their respective horcruxes and destroy them. Each team after finding and destroying their horcrux had to find the last horcrux- Harry Potter. The time limit was an hour.

In those 60 minutes, we witnessed some scintillating and nail-biting moments. Naman Jaiswal, Aaditi Batra, Kajal Agarwal from St. Xavier's College, Jaipur secured the first position.

Divya Sharma
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





VANITY FAIR

With a blend of fashion and literature, St. Xavier's College, hosted a fashion show "Vanity Fair" at their literature fest "Inka 2017: a story in making" on 17th December, 2017. A mini heart attack for all the literature and fashion enthusiasts. Inka is a Literature Fest by the English Department of St. Xavier's College. In last 4 years it was the first time that students witnessed a fashion show at Inka. Colleges across India participated in the show. The fashion show atmosphere was filled with glamorous music and legendary literary characters. The first position was bagged by Allen Institute and Arya Institute of Engineering & Technology secured the second position. Mukesh Chaudhary, a proud winner of titles like Mr Rajasthan and Mr India enriched the event by judging it. The show was a big hit and made the fest a memorable through its inspiration from literary works.

Aarushi Bhatia
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

ttt- Terribly Tiny Tales Workshop

The English Department of St. Xavier's College, Jaipur organized the terribly tiny tales workshop on the 17th of December, 2017. The workshop was a three-hour long event and was graced by the presence of the speaker Me Karthik Krishnan. Mr. Krishnan is the head brand collaborator for terribly tiny tales. The workshop hosted over a 100 participants and witnessed students of all ages sharing their stories and giving us insight into their very own micro fictitious world. The workshop enabled participants to delve into the finer nuances of creative writing and the growing importance of brevity in this age of dwindling attention spans.



The workshop started with the speaker introducing the audience with the upcoming genre of micro fiction, followed by the step by step guide on how to write engaging stories. Participants were given a chance to read out their own stories. The workshop was an engaging and enriching experience for all the participants. Everybody left with their own notepad full of stories. Truly, hosting a platform like ttt has added another star to the collar of laurels of the English Department. It is a story in making.

Hitesha Utmani
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



Wordhive

A combat of words was witnessed in the auditorium during the event Wordhive, which consisted of three levels namely - Wordsmith, Spellebrity and Pictionary. The first round, Wordsmith, was an elimination round where participants had to form numerous small words from a given big word in a jiffy. The ones who made maximal words moved on to the next round, Spellebrity, where teams had to spell words correctly and spontaneously. The ones who hit their buzzers and spelled the words precisely qualified to the final round, Pictionary, where one member of the team had to enact or draw an Idiom or Phrase and the other members had to guess it. No direct references or oral utterances were allowed. The participants with their humour and acting skills left the crowd flabbergasted and chortling with peals of laughter.

Khush Vardhan Dembla and Aditya Agarwal from DPS, Agra emerged victorious in the banter of words.

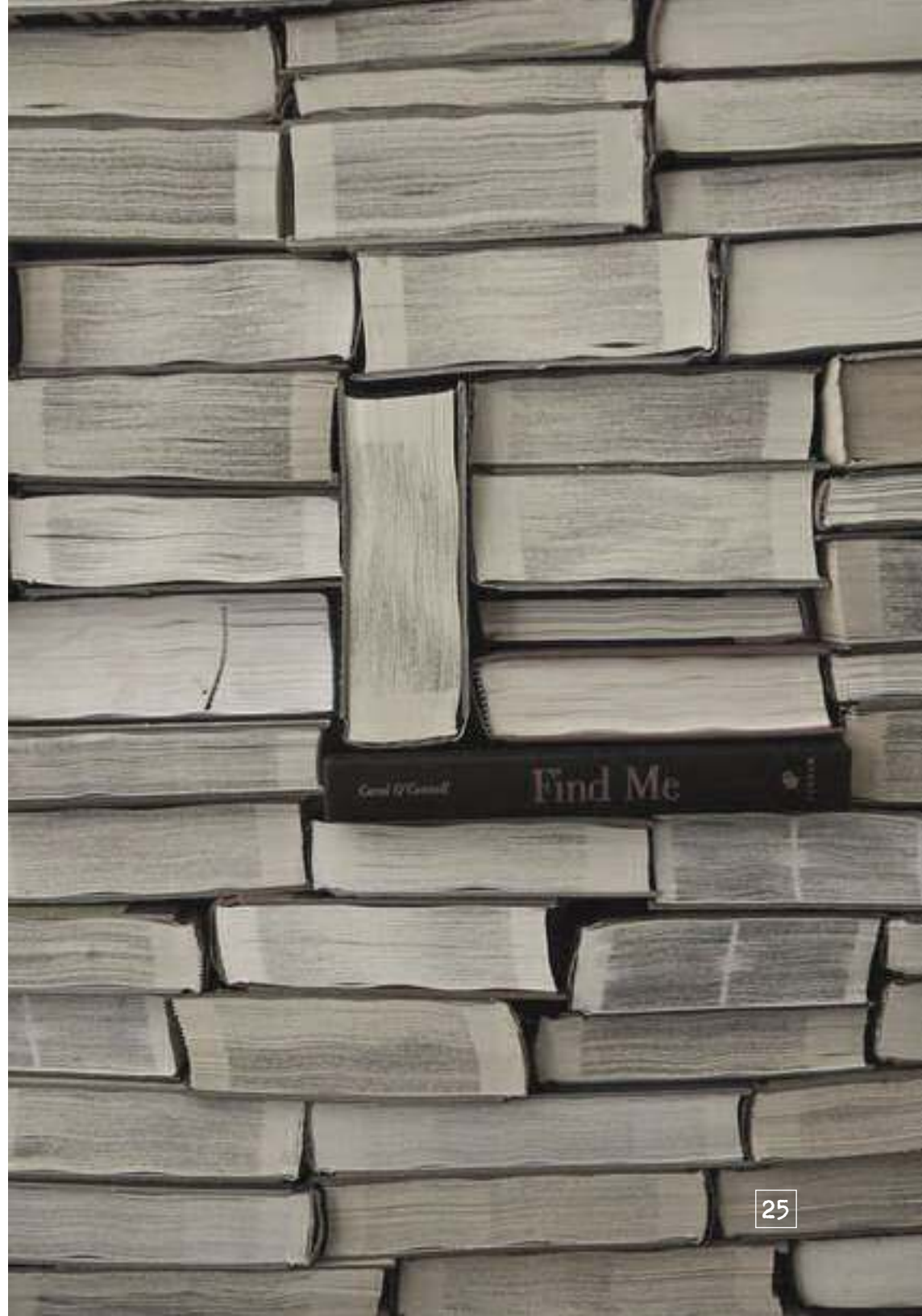
Ayushi Sah
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



METAMORPHOSIS

Don't judge a book by its cover they say but at Inka we do. Inka 18 brought with it many competitions. One amongst these was the book cover designing competition- Metamorphosis. The whole idea of the event was to bring creative side of the participants alive. The contestants were given different topics which they picked up from draw system on the spot. Some of the topics were- the city door, the wanderer, the dancing shoe, the wanderer etc. They were judged on the basis of interpretation of the topic, creativity and design. As many as 15 participants came from different colleges and schools and all of them made an outstanding contribution on making this event a great success. Yaiphabi Pukhrambam from Jayshree Perusal high school, bagged the first position and Sakshi Bansal from St. Xavier's college grabbed second position. The event was brought to an end by the chief guest of the event- Ms Aditi Agrawal, she examined the book covers made by the participants and gave them marks.

Sakshi Yadav
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



SPOT LIGHT //

'Spotlight',

as the name itself suggests, this event was aimed to bring the theatrical talent of students into the spotlight of the stage. We offered the students the chance to live varied lives on stage and engage the audience with their mesmerising performance by way of drama and monologue.

Students from DPS, Agra, Manipal University and Commerce College, etc. took the stage with all the enthusiasm and put up a great show in order to emerge as the winners. Beauty lies in the eyes of beholder, so a judge with an eye for art was essential to evaluate the hard work of students. Ms

Babita Madan, the theatre manager of Jawahar Kala Kendra, was our eminent judge for both the categories. The day witnessed amazing performances depicting diverse emotions of human lives.

The crowd cheered for their favourites and motivated them. The results were announced, and St. Xavier's College, Jaipur, emerged as the winner in the Group Act; and Hardik Sharma of St. Xavier's College, Jaipur won the award for best Monologue. The Runners-up position in Monologue was shared by Muskan Sharma (St. Xavier's College, Jaipur) and Rohan Singh (Commerce College, Jaipur).

The performances and the crowd made the event a great success and everyone was geared up and excited for the next year, waiting for more soul stimulating performances by the budding artists.

Jagriti Parakh
B.A. Eng. Hons. II

Ol' Moon Ball 2017





Inka 2017



EDIT  RIAL
SECTION

TO (BE)LIEVE OR NOT TO (BE)LIEVE.

Dear Diary,

I've not been able to write lately because I've not being able to get over the fact that I travelled in time! I know that it's almost like telling you that our neighbours dog can speak. But, you're the Hamlet to my ghost of ex-King of Denmark; I can only share it with you.

So, last Friday I was roaming in my backyard when I saw this pretty old bluish machine which sort of looked like a golf cart, a closed one (at least to me) so out of the curiosity I hoped in and being the fool that I am, I pushed the glittering red button- much to my amazement the ancient piece of metal actually stared off and the whole world felt like it was spinning way to quickly, I felt nauseous.

When it finally stopped I felt like I've reached some very old English era. I saw the date, on one of the papers, the date was 14th April 1603. I tried to start my time machine but it wouldn't move an inch, so I looked around and figured out where I was- The United Kingdom. All the natives were very excited and people were saying 'let's go and watch Shakespeare's play'. I don't know if the time machine actually understood my immortal love for literature or especially for Shakespeare or not but it had got me at the absolute correct place. I left my magical golf cart behind and due to my ineluctable nature to know things, I went to watch the play. I sat there for hours and every second of it was worth watching, at the end I was so awestruck that I didn't clap. I'm not exalting but it was the best I've seen and it had to be it was Shakespeare's Hamlet.

After watching, I just wanted to meet Shakespeare so I went backstage, it was easy in those days to meet poets and playwrights as they didn't have the spotlight and stardom they've now. I actually had a tête-à-tête with him, even though I looked very inept and alien for that era, he might have thought I'm plausible, so we talked and he thanked me for the praise. And, before leaving I told him that how all his plays will be world famous and how he'll be known till ages, I did to him what he does to us. Left him to wonder. My time machine started and I came back.

So, dear diary there you are; just because I met Shakespeare doesn't mean I'll be grandiloquent. So here's my pukka adventure penned in a very low key way- as you like it.

I hope you won't scoff at it, it's your choice- To (be)lieve or not to (be)lieve.

Divyadarshini Singh
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



T.I.M.E. : Total.Immortal.Memories.Ever

*What is today,
Won't be there tomorrow.
What you have today,
Won't be yours tomorrow.
What you have,
Memories from the past, hope for a future.*

Woke up this morning as usual, and it had already started running ahead of us as always. Asking for more and enough never felt satisfying, the more you asked for it and the less you had it. Always trying to catch it but never got any close, the more you tried the less it seemed. Its cunning nature fooled us all. Duration regarded as belonging to the present life as distinct from the life to come or from eternity; finite duration.

All these years, we all have been guided and instructed about time and its management. What to do, when to do and mostly when's the right time. We all have been chasing deadlines, covering up the back log, racing against the time, doing that extra bit. The sad part is that all that we do half of the time is not for us, we do it because everyone around is or because we have been guided to do so. But being with oneself is real time spent. Not implying all that has been is wrong, it's a need and we have to live up to it.

All this time we have been taught to fear time, once gone it's not going to come back anyhow, but time is the only real thing that makes you alive. The only component of this universe that legitimizes your existence. Who you are today might not be tomorrow but you'll always have the imprints of time which it leaves as memories. How you make use of your time is in your hands now it's up to you to live it for yourself or someone else worth living for or with.

Mistakes are a sign of life fully lived and learned. A winner wins that moment, but a failure wins every time he tries. He wins over his mistakes and that's what makes it worth doing. Make time your ally not a fear. Don't chase deadlines, chase happy moments. Don't race time, take a stroll with it. Don't cover up back logs, cover up on life. Once you settled with the 24hr clock not thinking it was less or more, it is time well spent. Good times are immortal in your memories so don't ask for more time, miserable and hard times last not so long so don't ask for it to end any sooner.

Don't think of today with the past in your mind and fear of tomorrow. Think of today, and how you can live it for yourself.

"kyun ki kya pata kal hona ho"

Nitish Singh Chandela
B.A. Eng. Hons. I

For there he was bathing in the sun, basking in the ever shining light. Letting the star-light pierce through his skin and burn what was there within. He was free from his family now, free from his ever loving wife and the most innocent child one could ever ask for. Life without his wife had become incomplete. She would cook for him, at times serve it herself too on a plate, make sweet little deserts for him, tie his tie knot and bid him to work; with a peck on cheek and sometimes a kiss on the lips.

His boy, on the other hand, was the cutest little creature he had ever seen. He was a good husband and little Charles couldn't beg to differ about him being a good father. Everything was fine in his life. Just fine. But something was missing, he wasn't living like he planned. He used to rush to work early in the morning, come home late and before even loosening up, he would make preparations to go to office, again. Even though very tired, the father won't stop working and the husband couldn't stop listening to the continuous nagging of his wife. So, like all the bad husbands and bad fathers, he did what he was best at, running. He ran from his life and for his life, totally neglecting how those two would survive. Now! There he was... All the 'good' literature consists of wives and daughters leaving the patriarchal society and being applauded for it. But in this parallel universe, let all the Charles, Richard, Peter, Alexis Alexandrovich Karenins, Leonards and Hughes take sadistic pleasure in becoming the God-men they never were and never could be.

Cyrus Derek Edwin
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

**FOR
THERE
HE
WAS//**



VOLUNTEERING AT JLF

Every literature enthusiast waits for the Jaipur Literature Festival which is undoubtedly, one of its kind in this world. And if you get a chance to be a part of the 'Kumbh of Literature', it is like the icing on the cake. I contributed as a volunteer at JLF 2018 and it was a stupendous experience being there. Half a million people, long working schedules, short breaks and late night work at the music stage, gave a strong sense of pressure but this made every second of JLF worth remembering.

Being in the Registrations Department, my work began prior to the festival. The tasks were tiring, but realising I was a part of such a magnificent event, I didn't feel it at all! There are around 300 volunteers and this allowed me to interact with people from different backgrounds and places. The volunteers were prepared in an efficient way by conducting information sessions, inductions, seminars, venue walks, etc. I didn't get to attend the sessions, but again, that gets compensated by everything else I got to do in JLF. The extent to which Teamwork Arts and JLF value their volunteers, can be judged by a simple fact that once selected, every volunteer gets enrolled for the insurance and also, delicious food, refreshments, which are served on time. There were numerous departments and fields to work in, which were assigned to me by the selection team during the interview, based on their judgement of my personality.

JLF was amazing enough to keep me thoughtful about my experience after it came to an end. My life seemed to have halted after the closing of JLF because I had an extensive work schedule there. Nevertheless, I enjoyed some perks. In my case, it was meeting some personalities from the field of literature and politics: volunteers always have access

to the restricted areas making it feasible enough to treat ourselves to a meeting or a snap with a well-known person!

I just had to apply for the volunteer program through an online form on JLF's website and since they found me to be dedicated and passionate, I received a mail scheduling my interview. Being my last year in Jaipur, I had to give it a shot and it truly turned out to be a fabulous journey. JLF gave me a new perspective of life, made me more responsible than ever and of course, gave me an amazing bunch of friends!



Akashdeep Singh Virk
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

Do Clocks Tick in The Fictional Realm?



Even the immortal would die if time were to end. But is there an end to time... and if there is, then what is at its end? Time lives. And it dies for a person who's dying. The characters in fiction, however, never really die until murdered by the creator halfway through the plot. The concept of time is rather playful in the fictional world.

Another human you idolise is different from a fictional character you admire. You may grow up with a certain character, but you would never grow old with them. Time is limitless in fiction, and can be meddled with through the use of flash forwards, flashbacks, or even time travel such as in "The Time Machine" or "Harry Potter and The Prisoners of Azkaban". But in the real world, it can be compared to a limit imposed. But the worst part is that you aren't allowed to know the limit, and as a consequence, it can end anytime for you without a notice.

There are various uses of time in literature such as to set a length of a story, to establish a structure and chronology, et cetera. However, creators like to use it to show only specific parts of their character's life and the life that is imagined after the resolve, otherwise known as fan-fictions. Stories are the tangible products with an everlasting soul. As a reason, the writer such as Daniel Defoe isn't as remembered as Robinson Crusoe continues to live in this epoch.

The movie "Interstellar" by Christopher Nolan, portrays the pace of time outside a composed world, that is earth. When the character returns to earth, he finds his own daughter who has become twice his age. If a writer chooses to stick by a particular time, it helps him to emphasise the story within the timeframe. However, time is moved forward or backward to develop either character or story.

An example where time is disintegrated in backwards chronology is another movie by Nolan, called "Memento". The movie depicts a character who can't make new memories, tells his story backwards. The most recent event is shown first, leading to what happened in the past, thus unfolding the mystery. This disintegration of chronology can be seen in another work of literature, "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button" where a character's physical body takes birth in the form of an old man, growing up to be a child.

Sanya Shah
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



Lured into the Words of India's Tabla Maestro

It was my very first experience at the Jaipur Literature Fest, when I was just roaming around all confused about which session to attend, that is when I met one of my classmates and I enquired the whereabouts of our teachers (as we were supposed to get our attendance marked only when we came into notice by any of our teachers) that's when he tells me that teachers might be at Ustad Zakir Hussain's session and my senses were all mixed up when I heard his name, I confirmed if what I heard was correct or not and on confirmation I went running like a mad person towards the 'Front Lawns' where his session was being held. As soon as I heard him speak, all my jumping heartbeats slowed down their pace, the crowd which surrounded and suffocated me was not of concern anymore, his voice was the only audible thing I heard for that half an hour and all that time I was just lured into the words of 'India's Tabla Maestro'. He seemed to me like a very normal person rather than a 'unicorn', without a bit of arrogance or pride, he sat there in front of me, wearing a white 'Kurta Pajama' and talked about his family especially about his father as he was really fond of him. He talked about his real life incidents and one of such incidents which he mentioned was his naming ceremony where his father was supposed to chant a prayer from the holy Quran into his baby ears but instead of some Arabic verse he recites the beats of his instrument the 'Tabla' and on getting scolded by his family for that abnormal activity, his father had simply said that those Tabla beats were his prayers, his means to connect with God, that was what he practised every day and that was what he had to give to his heir. I was surprised by many more such incidents that he spoke about. That day was one of my best days when I got to meet such a great person. All thanks to JLF!

Gauri S. Nair
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



BOOK REVIEW//

The Room on the Roof

Set in the foothills of the Himalayas, Dehradun, the book depicts the journey of a 16-year-old, Anglo-Indian boy, who had lost his parents at an early age, and who now lives with his guardians in the European community that borders the outskirts of Dehra. The story is set in the 1950s when India had recently gained independence from the claws of the British and the matter of racism prevailed commonly, as is plainly evident in Mr. Harrison's (Rusty's guardian) behavior, since he often told Rusty that going to a bazaar means India, Indians personify dirt and upheaval. He is repulsed by Indians and their culture. On his way back home, Rusty enjoys the drizzling and the drop of water that falls around him. As you begin turning each page the book progressively continues to create a delicate and vivid impression of childhood on your mind. He is hailed by another young boy, Somi. As the rain gets heavier, Somi asks Rusty to hop on to his bicycle. They are joined by two more, and that marks the beginning of a new friendship. Rusty, who earlier was an introvert, suddenly finds himself happy in the company of Somi, and others like Ranbir and Suri. In the euphoria of friendship, Rusty even finds himself being remarkably brave, and raising his voice against his guardian. The climax comes in drastically when Rusty after enjoying a day out on Holi, is bashed by his uncle, Mr. Harrison for doing so. Rusty already seething in the waves of revolt, pays him back by hitting him hard on his face and finally running away from home. Soon Rusty finds a job at a Punjabi family to teach English to their son Kishan. Mr. Kapoor was a drunkard and his wife Meena, was twenty years younger to him. Rusty is so mesmerized by her beauty that he falls in love with her. Even she responds to his feelings, and one day they kiss in the jungle while out for a picnic. The landscape of the advancing Indian monsoon adds euphonious romance to the novel. Bond's bold yet touching style of writing joined with the enthralling plot make this novel an engaging adventure. Meena gives Rusty the best gift of his life: a lonely room on the roof top of their house. His very own room! Sparsely furnished but really close to the Banyan tree and nature in general, "the



room on the roof" is a place he can call home. Here is when Rusty meets LIFE. Every so often he wanders around Dehra eating chaat, pakodas and spends time in silence on the hill tops of Dehra with his friends. Bond has keenly observed and marked on every page the sights, smells and sounds of the Indian Bazaar and the enchanting beauty of the Himalayas. The most important member of the Kapoor family is their son, Kishan, who becomes Rusty's best friend. They have a lovely time. For once Rusty was happy for himself. This evocation of youth, innocence, love and friendship leaves deep and lasting pleasures in the reader's mind. Flames to dust, Lovers to friends- all good things comes to end in life. Rusty was hit by this harsh truth of life, again. One day, Mr. and Mrs. Kapoor leave for Delhi. After a few days, Rusty and Kishan receive a telegram informing the death of Meena in a car accident. Rusty is heartbroken and the reader can feel the pain and the agony of losing a loved one through Rusty's anguish.

Rusty decides to go back to England and meets Kishan before he leaves India. When he reached Mr. Kapoor's house, he learns that he has married for the second time and Kishan is still in Dehra. Soon Rusty learns that Kishan has fallen in bad company and taken to pick pocketing as his profession. Rusty didn't want to abandon his friend in this miserable way, thus decides to stay back and start a Chaat ki dukaaan and in the spare time he may be able to teach English and Kishan would assist him too. Kishan and Rusty both were divorced from mankind, and Rusty was the only one who understood their misery.

Ruskin Bond in his first endeavor at a young age of 17, *The Room on the Roof* keeps people captivated from the very first page till the last one through the simplicity in his writing and spontaneity. The reader will feel the pain of Rusty and laugh at the light-hearted humor.

Mercy S. Philip
B.A. Eng. Hons. II

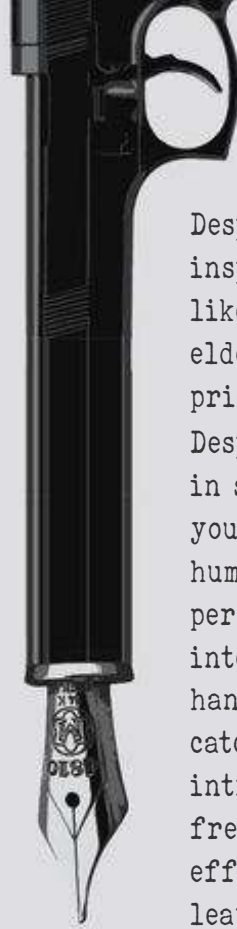
Movie Review

Dead Poets Society is unarguably a remarkable film written by Tom Schulman and directed by Peter Weir with wonderfully portrayed realistic characters, played by Robin Williams, Ethan Hawke and Robert Sean Leonard to name a few.

This movie tells the tale of a revolutionary teacher, John Keating (played by Robin Williams) who sets his foot in a strict preparatory school called Welton, only to change the perspectives and lives of a lot of people.

This movie is a timeless masterpiece with flawless direction woven with intricate details. There is a lot of meticulously put symbolism in this fine film like, the focus of the camera on the sash "Tradition" in the beginning to highlight one of the most focussed upon of the "Four pillars of Welton" which Keating, ironically, breaks to introduce a free, flexible and unorthodox way of both, life and education. The way the boys run free in the woods in dark after the class of this extraordinary professor who intended to set them free, or the way Neil's father arranges his slippers to be perfectly in alignment right after the display of his conformity and discipline, show how creatively characters and feelings have been expressed sans words.

This gem is filled with a lot of scenes where your heart jumps out in awe and your mind acknowledges the cleverness, intensity and development of scenes, and metaphorical visuals.



Despite being unconventional, this source of inspiration is made relatable with familiar concepts like the younger brother bearing the burden of the elder brother's excellent reputation and giving priority to parents' dreams before his own.

Despite being a serious drama film, it is quite funny in some places, and encourages a giggle to escape from your mouth with wordplay, witty one-liners and humorous imitation of Shakespearean characters. The perfectly portrayed character of John Keating is an interesting one. His entry into the classroom with his hands in his pockets and his lips meditating on a catchy tune creates a non-verbal but perfect introduction for the laid-back teacher who makes frequent literary references and possesses an effective and unique way of teaching guaranteed to leave not even the viewers unlearned. Embedded with iconic dialogues like, "What will your verse be?" and

the real meaning of poetry, it does make you fall in love with words, if you didn't love them already.

The characters of Dead Poets Society are uncommon and unique. The person to be the first to engage in poetry is a pretty cool and popular guy, instead of the usual shy nerd; and the guy gang appreciates both poetry and his acting skills rather than calling his floral embellishments feminine.

D E A D
P O E T S
S O C I E T Y



It's fascinating how these two words 'Carpe Diem' drive Neil to pursue acting against all odds and Knox to confess his love to Chris and find pleasure solely in the fact that he 'seized the day' even though Chris doesn't accept his advances.

The bond that the members of Dead Poets Society share forces a smile that covers your face. They clearly display their affection for each other against the socially constructed restriction on boys' expression of feelings. They are invested in each other's lives and extend selfless support regarding Neil's passion for



acting and Knox's passion for Chris. They also try to help Todd with his social anxiety.

John Keating succeeds in changing many people, in the short course of time he spends in Welton. He develops an inclination towards teaching beyond the classroom walls and severely shy Todd is the first to offer his goodbye to their 'Captain', John Keating.

By the end of the movie, you are left with an urge to stand on a table and yawp a 'Barbaric yawp' with the words 'Carpe Diem' echoing in your mind. This movie is the epitome of cinematic excellence and is guaranteed to stay with you. The few criticism-bearing reviews are compensated with the overwhelming response from the audience. This movie is a must-watch for no one in particular but for everyone.

Kalyani Pareek
B. A. Eng. Hons. I



AND STILL SHE RISES//



2017 has shown not only the reel but also the real women who have dared to claim, that they exist as flesh-and-blood, characters who are not just clichés. They all have said #MeToo or #MeinBhi. 2017 will be remembered as the year of the emergence of strong female characters as the year revolved around movies like Anaarkali of Aarah, Lipstick Under My Burkha, Wonderwoman, and the controversial movie Padmavat. 'Me Too' or 'Mein Bhi', the online revolution couldn't have come at the better time! Miramax Boss Harvey Weinstein's long years of sexual harassment and the shameful silence that followed, have broken the real and reel entwined, and left us with the hope of a better tomorrow.

#MeToo is a campaign founded by an activist Tarana Burke to support victims of sexual assaults. This campaign was supported by social media platforms which managed to gather over 12 million posts and reactions on Facebook in the first 24 hours and was tweeted about nearly 1.6 million times within a span of a week. This opened the eyes of people all around the world, women aren't as safe we thought them to be but women are not alone in this cause.

Exploring Bollywood and other film industries, 2017 has helped shift from mainstream Indian cinema, which moulded the 'sati-savtri', 'devi' into the complex and bold Anaarkali (Swara bhaskar as Anaarkali), Simran, Sulu, Insiya, Nagma and S. Durga in various movies. They have shown that making a difference is possible. Bhansali's Padmavat, a film whose release caused ridiculous reactions, actually appeared to be a proper little primer for the "good" woman, contrary to expectations.

Bollywood may not stop flaunting Ms. Priyanka Chopra who has gained her footing in the Hollywood film industry. She really proved that a woman can also have equal wages in a biased industry. She was once asked by a journalist about the fact that she's paid 8 crores for a two-minute appearance; it wasn't the question but the implication of the journalist's expression, that seemed to ask whether she really deserved so much as a woman. She smartly replied that the very same question would never be posed to a famous male actor, clearly showing us that it's not the 'She' who is suppressing 'her' but society which doesn't want to overcome the female stereotypes.



Moving into the sports sector, the Indian women's cricket team might not have won the world cup (cricket) of 2017, but they have proven themselves to be no less than their male counterparts. The captain, Ms. Mitali Raj, has scared the maximum runs record in the world. It's not just cricket where women have proven their mettle, but in other sports, like badminton, where young women like PV Sindhu have achieved many heights. Sakshi Malik in wrestling, and Heena Sidhu in international shooting, have also brought laurels for the country and are breaking all the narrow minded beliefs and challenges. Meanwhile, 22nd August 2017, will be written down as the historic date when "Talaq-e-Biddat" had been declared as an illegal practice in lieu of Shayra Bano Banam, the Union of India by the Supreme Court. And Hadiya shall not switch religions: if she dares to, she will be consigned to being a ward of the state, her adulthood at stake because she exercised her own agency. In the mean time, India's 6th Miss World 2017 title, Ms. Manushi Chillar, who is actually from a state where the veiling system and maximum honour killings prevail, broke all stereotypes and managed to win the title! Women like Ms. Chanda Kochhar, MD and CEO, ICICI Bank; Ms. Angela Merkel, Chancellor, Germany; Ms. Hillary Clinton, American politician, have made their mark, whether it is as the FORBES 'Person of the Year' or whether it is as the 'Leading Financial Sector Tycoon'.

Year Twenty seven has made us all think and ponder upon the new angle of 'SHE' where she has shown more power, anger and forced us to say: Yes, whatever may be the challenges, problems or unfairness comes she will fight for her rights and views and still she will rise.

Shubham Saxena
B.A. Eco. Hons. III

Bare Art

Bare paper and bare walls
The suicide of words
And the suicide of art
As the clock struck the hour
A moment of power
Silent halls echo
The unspoken lies
Breathing stale air
Ragged still with fear
Hands clothed in red
Face glistening with tears
What's the story
What's that catches your eye
Is that the forgotten
Murder or nightmare
Who gets to decide?
Is this real or all made up
Is this art of words
Or is it a hallucination
Created by your fear

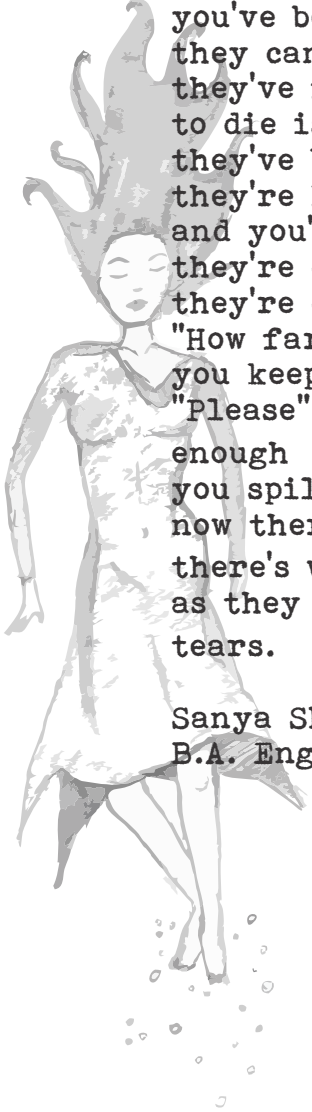


An Epithalamion

I want to fly away
But something keeps me tied
I see my bride
In invisible chains
And down-cast
Misty eyes
Branded a thing
With red glass rings
Decorated with gold
And blushes pink
A shy deity
Soon becomes by moiety
Let escapes
A few shiny tears
Aghast of a life
In a new home
She smiles and waves
As they sing the ancient lays
Carried in a floral coffin
Her identity is now dead
A new name gifted
In holy breaths
It ends, The wedding And with
it
The mournful Epithalamion.

Ashruti Seventra
B.A. Eco. Hons. III

Soaked



they're drowning.
you've been watering my feet,
they can't feel anymore,
they've found their need;
to die is to stay still,
they've been unstirred for hours.
they're living under your will,
and you've been pouring showers;
they're dying to swim.
they're down on their knees,
"How faraway are they from the rim?"
you keep pouring to please.
"Please", they said that was indeed
enough
you spilled some more only to fear
now there's water in their palm,
there's water in their eyes,
as they begin to drown me in their
tears.

Sanya Shah
B.A. Eng. Hons. I

Shadow

You are the only person I've put on a
pedestal,
Because you deserve it rightly so.
When everybody in this world left me,
You were there when I felt low.
Times will change,
But our friendship won't.
You've given me a new definition of
friendship,
You've freed me of all hardships.
Before you, I had forgotten what trust
was,
I was backstabbed and of a support
I was robbed.
If I want people in my life,
I would want them to be just like you.
None too less none too more.
If everything finishes,
Even if I forget the people here at
high school,
I will not forget the memories that
we've made
I will never forget you.
Our secrets are what bind us together
with love,
I'm not ready to share them with
anyone.
Except you,
Except you because to me you're the
closest one!

Soni Kumari
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



A Tryst With Destiny

I have always been the kind of guy who craves for wisdom rather than knowledge, rubies rather than gold. I've been on pilgrimages, not of life but of the soul, for they say, it's the soul that lives and life that ends. I have been on journeys to find wisdom, to find great riches of the mind. Visits to the sorcerers, tryst with the wizards, bidding the commands of the soothsayers and a believer of the one who sold souls. I kept lurking in the dingiest of shells, in the forbidden places just to find a ray of hope, to find a touch of wisdom, and when I mention the dark places I mean not my conscience but, the house of my own thoughts; dark and dirty, that finds beauty in the sight of grotesque gargoyles, accompanied with the memories of filth and blood, conspiring to be engulfed by yet another form of sin... Fantasying about the darkness of life, I get back to sleep.

Woke up to waste yet another day of my life, struggling with mysteries of my mind and people's fake smiles that troubled my sight, I went on, summoned up my strength and entered the class, Alas! The lecture on existentialism was being passed. Frowned, sat down and did nothing but drown, in the sea of despair and the ocean of gloom. Suddenly, I heard a voice, echoing 'round the room,

"Excuse me ma'am!" she said, it was neither shrill nor low, somewhere between the lines of both, as dense as smoke, as soothing as the sound of the creek flow, the kind of voice I never heard before. She spoke with pauses at every line, nodding her head, flopping her hair which brought a smile upon my face. She looked at me, I stared at her eyes, she hesitated, I bowed down my eyes. Something happened, something struck, my heart started beating dubs.

I was shocked, I was afraid for it has been years since I have witnessed this feeling they call love. As soon the lecture was over, people were decked up with fake smiles and truth seeming lies and I was furious with this life of mine, I stood up, pushed my chair, ran out of the room, thinking, how can this happen to me, all my feelings were housed to rust. Yelling, Blabbering, talking to myself, running of the building, running out of this situation of life, with head down staring at my feet that were running faster than Time, questioning myself again and again, did I just smile? Raging with anger, terrified by love, I closed my eyes, not wanting to see the world, not wanting to witness the beauty of world. Descended the stairs, Paced up, moved forward, just when I was about to exit, I hit someone, hit hard, looked up in anger, worse than the rage, again, the smile appeared on my face, those deep poetic eyes, small round face was standing right in front of me

beautified by her purple crowned hair
I was stunned, didn't know what out of my
mouth would have sprung
Bowed down my head and went on again.
This happened for days, she smiled, I ran
a total disappointment to my clan.
For I could never be the one
the one with high cheekbones, flawless skin
tone
and most importantly, the portrayal of
physical stronghold.
Once again, our eyes met, I wanted to look
away
but, I never wanted this to end.
This time, she approached, my legs could do
nothing as they froze,
she took up my hand,
Her touch,
as pale as life, as lively as death,
She made me follow her,
I don't know to whence. A few steps, and I ask,
"Dost thou take me to Neverland?"
She smiled and said, "No!"
"Whiter dost thou taketh me then?"
She looked up to the sky and said
"Let us go then you and I
where the evening is spread out against the
sky,
like a patient etherized upon a table";
Clueless of what was going on, I followed
And as we were about to reach the
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
I lead her to an overwhelming question...
She snapped,
"Oh, do not ask, What is it?
Let us go and make our visit"
So, We finally stopped through certain half
deserted streets, filled with muttering
retreats.
Don't know how to proceed, I stood still
couldn't help myself but look into those

majestic eyes,
Eyes melancholic, stained with the hue of the
ocean,
falling into the depths of the watery
windows,
She clapped
I blinked and fell out of the trance,
I thought, An enchantress maybe!
She Parted her lips and said,
"let's make poetry" and we kissed.
She poured herself into me, degenerated into
small little forms of crumbs, dejected frumps,
spread herself into the air, let herself loose,
let herself free, and entered into the
gateways of my blackened soul, my lips parted
wide, eyes closed, I ceased to breath and my
eyes were white. In the friction of a second
it was done. Nothing remained of her. Nothing!
She dissolved herself in the midst of
nothingness, infusing herself within my
nothingness. She left me, Alone! Just as I was.
I retorted back to my place, lay on my bed and
reminiscence of the day's amazement flashing
in my head. Getting doused in the memory of
that majestic experience, I hear the voice of
the soothsayer which once did say,
At dawn, below the open heavens,
you will find, what you seek for
With eyes as deep as the ocean,
Skin as the color of breathing fire
Studded into the locks of her hair.
The Crown of Amethyst, Topaz and Sapphire
She will be your fortress forever
and will guard your lips with hers,
You will find yourself standing in oblivion
But soon you will realize,
that you have treasured
the greatest mystery of life.
I finally smiled to sleep this night,
for I knew, I have found The Wisdom for which
I always strived.

Cyrus Derek Edwin
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

Let Us Go Then

Sitting in cafés, lightheaded and calm, my
thoughts I let them bubble, I let them swarm.

Her laughter echoing, as they bring out those
guitars, maybe not in galaxies, But I sure took
a trip to the stars.

Walks under those yellow fading lights, that
are as deceptive as Eliot's fallacies, I might
be no prophet, But I'm a big believer of
philosophies.
These streets aren't that tedious, but they do
lead me to my doom, The music resonates off
walls, As smoke fills the room.

Oh, I talk a lot, mumble and digress, I don't
know what makes me lost, Is it the breath on
my neck or the hands that caress?

We'd go for a stroll along the beaches, If
there were any here, But let us settle for
that park with the woods, Since we have
nowhere.

And my demons they call out to me, coaxing me
back to my dark corners, But I shall not
succumb today, I'm not that girl, they've
already torn her.

And as I lay here etherized upon my bed, I
think about how arms are way too frail, I try
to fight hypocrisy, But I essentially fail.

Oh, do not mistake me for a coward, For I am a
daughter of a warrior, I've had my fair share
of battles, But the scars don't show on the
exterior.

My old melancholic friend leaps into my life
again and again, Choking me with her tail
around my neck is not that rare,
'Anxiety' they call her. To run away from her,
Do I dare?

I contain multitudes, I tramp a perpetual
journey, I'm suffocated by these rooms, I go to
seek a great perhaps where the human voices
can't drown me.

They say you'll find it once you 'settle down',
But how should I presume? If disturbing the
universe shall get me out of this labyrinth
of suffering, I shall not be entombed.

When I force the moment to its crisis, Would I
flee or will I turn back and descend to my
trivial paradigm? We might not ever get this
chance again, fear no more, So let us go then?

Charu Datta
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



Perfume

My feet hurt now,
From running or dancing,
I don't know.
Sweat is dripping off your face,
Are you tired of dancing?
Or from chasing my demons away?

My tumbleweed like heart,
Can't push against the wind,
Neither can it cross the river to get to
the green light.

My head hurts because of the tight
ponytail,
And my lips are cracked due to the coats
of lipstick,
My soul is chafed and wanting still, but
you pour ambrosia into her soul instead.

I let my love wander.
Scented candles, warm tea and books can't
keep one's soul from crumbling.

There's a dead body on my living room
sofa,
It reeks of your favorite perfume and
death,
And I have never felt so alive.

I don't remember what I do after I
sedate myself with alcohol,
Maybe it was me,
Maybe it was you.
Whoever it was doesn't matter,
Because the house is filled with it
now.

There are blood stains,
And claw marks on my bed's head board,
I don't know how they got there,
All I remember are how the tear stains
got on my pillow.

Who do I call?
Because though I've been ignoring it,
The smell of the perfume has started to
suffocate me.

Charu Datta
B.A. Eng. Hons. III

Body

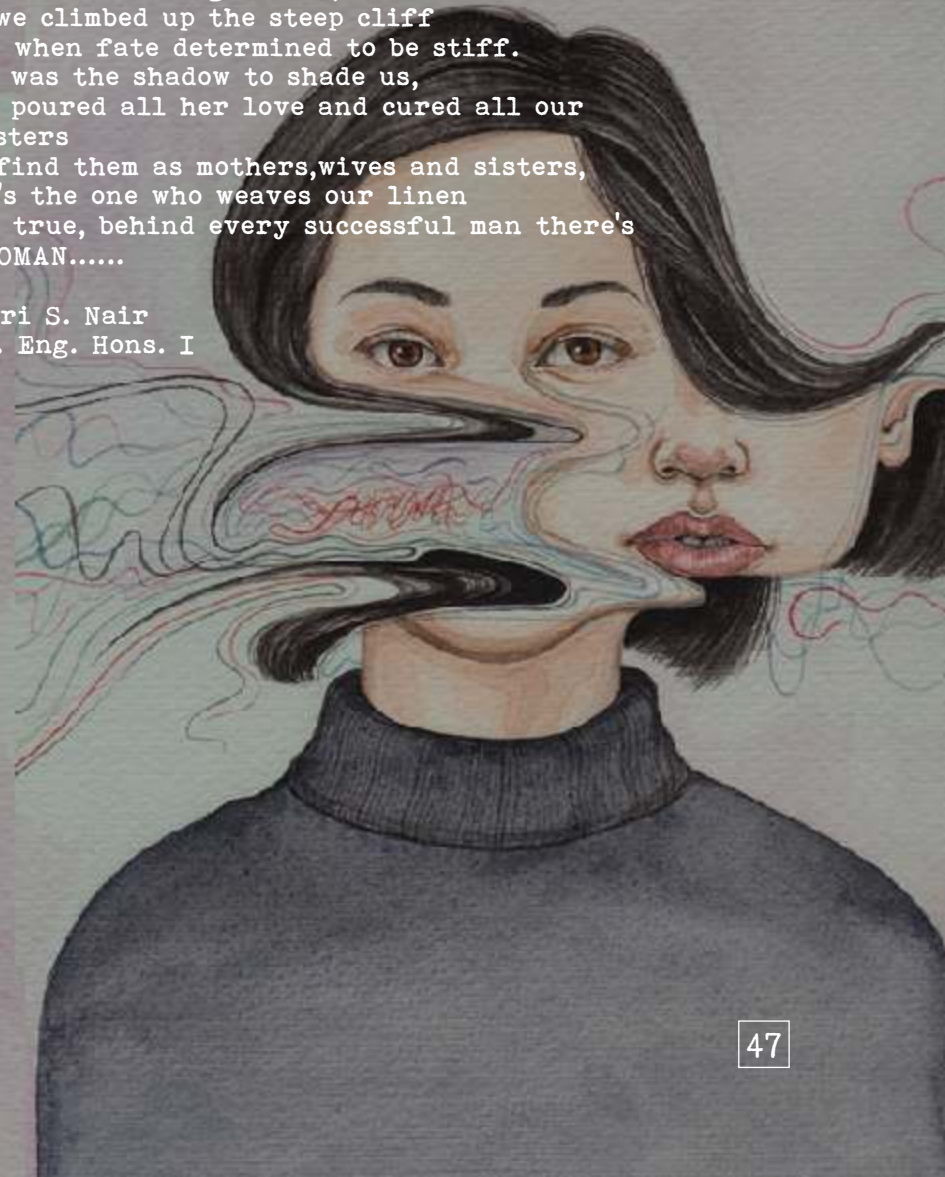
Hey, it seems like you have forgotten something quite important,
That thing which carries your soul,
Which is made of flesh, veins, bones and covered with a few layers of skin, Dark or light,
It is your BODY,
Although it looks different by the time changes, but it's still yours;
The thing which represents your outer appearance is also a part of you,
Regardless the fact that you have tried taming it in such a way that some judgemental people could find it pleasing enough to look at;
Hey, it seems like you have forgotten that there is a reason why we call them 'judgemental',
They'll judge you no matter how skinny or curvy or tall or short or thin or fat or boney or chubby or flat or heavy or petite or hour glass or rectangular or living or breathing the same kind of oxygen as they are;
Hey, it seems like you have forgotten that your body is yours to love and not anyone's hostage,
Eat as much as you want to, sleep as much as you want to, work on your inner self as much as you want to,
and if you want to get in a good shape then do it for yourself, not because some people would want to see you that way;
Because in the end all that is going to matter is how big or small your heart is, and not your body parts.

Sunidhi Shekhawat
B.A. Eng. Hons. I

Woman

To begin from the softness in the womb to when we're ashes in our tomb
We'll find her beside us,
When we stagger in first footsteps
And shatter in our teen debts
She was there to guide us,
As we climbed up the steep cliff
And when fate determined to be stiff.
She was the shadow to shade us,
She poured all her love and cured all our blisters
We find them as mothers,wives and sisters,
She's the one who weaves our linen
It's true, behind every successful man there's a WOMAN.....

Gauri S. Nair
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



Thou Art.. What weighs you down

What weighs you down?
sorrow, fear, despair...
rides on with troops
enough to weigh ye down
to break thy heart
to empty thy lees of spirit
to end up thou soul

Cease duping thyself
Cease moping thyself
who thou art worth than
who thou canst be

Chain is a time
yoked by hideous hunch of thine
once you blink it a space
it will bitter thy taste
turn thy back
give it no try
not meant for a sigh
let it wave its serpentine con
bane thy heart with streaming storm
but ye choose to stay in ark
fill the pierce and kill the sneaking shark
Drinking the cup who thou art?
because worth ye the way thou art.

Jesvi Simon
M.A. Prev.



Adjustment

Adjustments are not just an option, we do
it for those we need in life,
Those adjustments demand an appreciation,
Because they aren't for me alone,
I make it for both of us.
And when I say us, I consider it as a
unification of the two persons,
And not just a union of two letters.

Harshita.
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



The Difference

You stay when you are happy,
You leave when you are not,
Little did you know that there lies a
difference between people and things.
Things once broken can be thrown away
but
People once broken will expect you to
stay.
If you wanna leave just because you
feel like
Remember the times when you stayed.

Harshita
B.A. Eng. Hons. II

The Larks

The larks are flying high in the sky,
Flying high over the mountains,
Flying high over the mighty rivers,
In search of eternal happiness.

The larks are flying high in the sky,
Flying high over the mighty 'flankers',
Flying high over the melancholy Knights,
In search of hope to return Home.

The larks are flying high in the sky,
Flying high over the infinite blue sea,
Flying high over the mighty ships,
In search of a sailor's hope to reach the
shore.

The larks are flying high in the sky,
Flying high over the poor, scolded ones,
Flying high over the depleted ones,
In search of their better de`ja` vu.

Devanshu Tanwar
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



MEMES





Farewell 2018







Class Photographs



B.A. English (Hons) - I

B.A. English (Hons) – II



B.A. English (Hons) – III

M.A. English Previous



M.A. English Final

