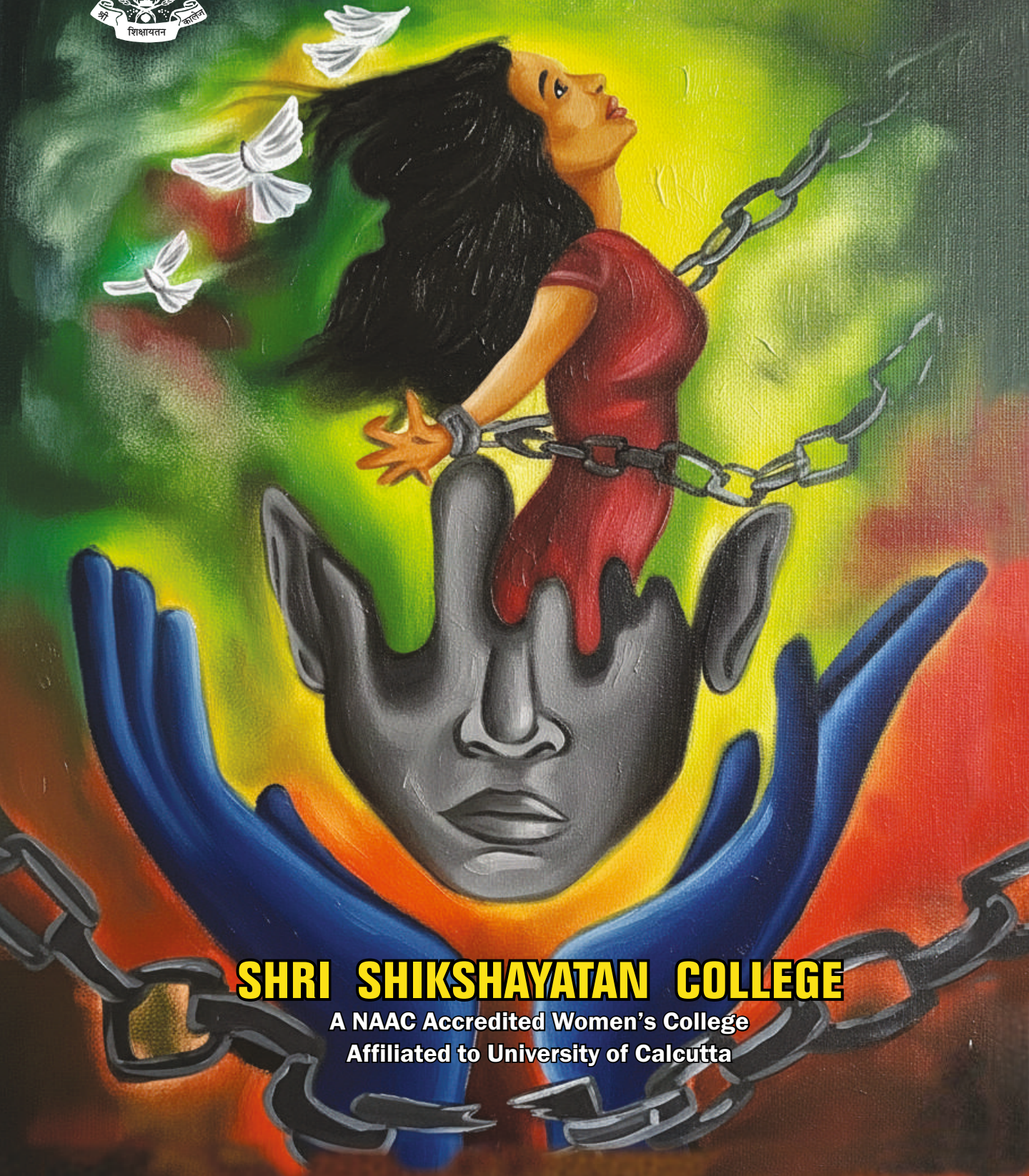




# BREWING MINDS 2025-2026



**SHRI SHIKSHAYATAN COLLEGE**

A NAAC Accredited Women's College  
Affiliated to University of Calcutta

# **BREWING MINDS**

## **2025-2026**

**Volume VIII**



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**A NAAC Accredited Women's College  
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## **BREWING MINDS**

VOLUME VIII, 2025-2026

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## **FOREWORD**

It gives me immense pleasure to present the eighth edition of *Brewing Minds*, the students' journal of Shri Shikshayatan College. This edition of *Brewing Minds* is quadrilingual, with contributions in Bengali, English, Hindi and Urdu. The journal has given our students a platform that celebrates the richness of linguistic diversity and the expression of creative energy.

It is interesting to note that the students, spread across Undergraduate, Post-Graduate and B.Ed. departments, have written on diverse topics, mostly unrelated to their disciplines of study. This manifests that our students have gone beyond the boundaries of their formal training and have engaged in interdisciplinary thinking.

I extend my best wishes to our students and I sincerely appreciate the tireless efforts of the editorial team.

Thank you.

*Tania Chakraverty*

**DR. TANIA CHAKRAVERTTY**

Principal



**"We are all just prisoners here of our own device"**

*Hotel California, Eagles, 1977*

When the wounds of war hurt the human race continuously, put human existence into jeopardy, vandalize and even attempt to erase the history of evolution and enforce power dynamics as parameters of self-evaluation, it's the collective effort of human kind that can and will create a shield of resistance. It resonates the ancient belief reflected in the Indian myth – every destruction contains the seed of future creation. Indeed, the miracle of creation is to bring conflicting forces into harmony of the one.

The world has been witnessing clashes...over power, politics and cultural belief, complemented with lack of empathy. At such a crucial juncture, a group of brewing minds has brought a lease of comfortable fresh air. Their unconditional effort and creativity have unleashed the eighth volume of **Brewing Minds**, a modern tradition nourished and nurtured by the Shri Shikshayatan family.

As a team, we express our sincere gratitude to the Principal, Dr. Tania Chakraverty who has provided continuous guidance to us. We are immensely thankful to the Management of the College for their support in publishing the magazine. We thank Dr. Shaheen Perveen and Smt. Baidehi Mukherjee for their help in editing this issue of Brewing Minds. Last but not the least, congratulations to the enthusiastic editorial team of Brewing Minds and all eager, creative and innovative contributors.

**MayukhLahiri**

**Debolina Guha Thakurta**

*Advisors to the Editorial Board*



## EDITORIAL

We often wait for the 'right idea' to strike forgetting the magical words of Margaret Atwood that “a word after a word after a word is power.”

With a heart full of immense hope and a mind focused on the future, the students of Shri Shikshayatan College proudly present to you the latest volume of 'Brewing Minds', a tapestry woven with imagination and words.

Since its inception, this magazine has been the consistent sphere of innovative, harmonious concoctions where the zeal to create has remained the same and has subsequently become a delightful solace for all the readers. While change is the new constant, the creative soul endures, beating passionately to celebrate art as our truest form of expression and survival. Presenting **Brewing Minds** to all with love!



“মোরে আরও আরও আরও দাও প্রাণ...” — ছোট্ট ছোট্ট মুহূর্ত ও অনুভূতি মিলিয়ে শ্রী শিক্ষায়তন কলেজের ছাত্রীদের অক্লান্ত পরিশ্রমের ফসল এই পত্রিকা — **Brewing Minds**, ২০১৪ সাল থেকে যার পথচলা শুরু। অতিমারীর ক্ষত যখন গোটা বিশ্বকে গ্রাস করেছিল তখনও কিশোর মনের ইচ্ছা ডানা মেলেছিল এই পত্রিকায়। আর আজ যখন যুদ্ধে উন্মত্ত গোটা পৃথিবী তখনও নতুন প্রজন্ম তার সৃজনশীলতার মাধ্যমে নতুন পথ দেখাচ্ছে সময়কে। বিশ্বকবি তাঁর গানে লিখেছিলেন, “নাহি ক্ষয়, নাহি শেষ / নাহি নাহি দৈন্যলেশ”। আমাদের পত্রিকাও ঠিক সেভাবেই সময়ের ক্রমাগত আঘাত সামলে মাথা উঁচু করে তার অনাড়ম্বর অথচ অননুকরণীয় উপস্থিতি জানান দিয়ে চলেছে। পাঠকদের ভালোবাসাকে পাথেয় করেই উজ্জ্বল আগামীর দিকে এগিয়ে যাব আমরা।



“उड़ान पंखों से नहीं,  
हौसलों से तय होती है।”

“Brewing Minds” विद्यार्थियों की कल्पनाओं, भावनाओं और रचनात्मक विचारों को अभिव्यक्त करने का एक सशक्त माध्यम है। यह पत्रिका केवल शब्दों का संग्रह नहीं, बल्कि युवा मन की ऊर्जा, प्रतिभा और नवीन सोच का प्रतिबिंब है। प्रत्येक संस्करण विद्यार्थियों को अपनी कला, लेखन क्षमता और दृष्टिकोण को दुनिया के सामने प्रस्तुत करने का अवसर देता है।

इस पत्रिका के माध्यम से छात्र अपने अनुभवों, विचारों, कविताओं, कहानियों और सामाजिक मुद्दों पर अपने दृष्टिकोण को सरल एवं प्रभावशाली रूप में व्यक्त करते हैं। “Brewing Minds” विद्यार्थियों के आत्मविश्वास को बढ़ाने के साथ-साथ उन्हें नई दिशा में सोचने और आगे बढ़ने की प्रेरणा भी देती है। यह विविधता, ज्ञान और सृजनात्मकता का ऐसा मंच है, जहाँ हर विचार को महत्व दिया जाता है।

किसी भी सफल कार्य के पीछे सामूहिक प्रयास और समर्पण छिपा होता है। इस पत्रिका के प्रकाशन में विद्यार्थियों की मेहनत, शिक्षकों का मार्गदर्शन और विद्यालय प्रशासन का निरंतर सहयोग सराहनीय है। हम अपनी आदरणीय प्रधानाचार्या, सभी शिक्षकों एवं सहयोगियों के प्रति हार्दिक आभार व्यक्त करते हैं, जिनकी प्रेरणा और समर्थन से यह पत्रिका सफलतापूर्वक पूर्ण हो सकी।



بقول رابندر ناتھ ٹیگور۔۔

” بچوں کو ان کی مادری زبان میں تعلیم دینی چاہیے۔ میں اس وقت کا خواب دیکھ رہا ہوں  
جب میرے ملک میں تعلیم عام ہو جائے گی اور ہر گھر میں بچپنے کی اور تمام لوگوں کو مساوی  
موقع فراہم ہوں گے“

اشاتین کالج کا شمار کلکتہ کے نامور کالجوں میں ہوتا ہے۔ یہاں کی طلباء پڑھائی کے ساتھ ساتھ اور بھی دوسرے  
تدکھتی ہیں۔ اس کی زندہ مثال BREWING MINDS کے نام سے نکلنے والا میگزین ہے جس کی  
کی ذمہ داری ہماری طلباء پر ہے اور یہ سلسلہ ۲۰۱۳ء سے شروع ہوا اور آج ۲۰۲۶ء میں اس میگزین کا وقار اپنی پوری  
نظر آ رہا ہے۔ یہ میگزین نے ایک عہد کو متاثر کیا ہے۔ یہاں کی طلباء کو خدا نے مختلف خوبیوں سے نوازا ہے۔  
جنہی تہذیب کا گوارہ ہے۔ جہاں ہر مذہب و ملت کے لوگ رہتے ہیں اور ہر زبان بولتے ہیں اسی طرح ہمارے  
چار زبانیں پڑھائی جاتی ہیں اور اس میگزین میں بھی سب زبانیں شامل کی گئی ہیں۔ ہماری نئی نسل آہستہ آہستہ آگے  
م بڑھا رہی ہے، اور کہاں تک کامیاب ہے اس کا فیصلہ آپ کریں گے۔ ہمیں یہ جان لینی چاہیے کہ اور دوسرے ایک  
بلکہ ایک قیمتی ذریعہ اظہار ہے، تہذیبی روایت ہے، شعور زندگی ہے اور مکمل انداز فکر ہے۔ ہمیں چاہیے کہ اپنے بچوں  
کی طرف متوجہ کریں۔ اس میگزین میں متعدد قلم کاروں نے اپنی علمی و ادبی صلاحیت سے مضامین لکھیں اور  
ننانے کی کوشش کی ہے۔ جو ایک طلباء کا اہم رول ہے۔  
کی پرنسپل ڈاکٹر تانیا چکروورتی اور دوسرے اساتذہ کرام کا تہجدوں سے شکر یہ ادا کرتی ہوں جن کی نیک مشورہ اور بھر  
زین کی اشاعت اور تیز ترین قاری کا کام آسانی کے ساتھ ہو سکا، اور آج سبھی کی محنت اور لگن کی وجہ سے یہ میگزین  
ستارہ کی مانند چمکتا ہوا نظر آ رہا ہے۔



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# জন্মদিন

শুভান্বিতা ঘোষ

অর্থনীতি বিভাগ

সকাল থেকেই বাড়িতে অসম্ভব ব্যস্ততা। আজ যে আমার জন্মদিন।

অতিথিরা যে কোনো মুহূর্তে আসতে শুরু করবে, তাই বাবা রাঁধুনিদের শেষবারের মতো সবকিছু বুঝিয়ে দিচ্ছেন। আত্মীয়রা সবাই সকাল থেকেই এসে গেছে, বন্ধুরাও আর কিছুক্ষণের মধ্যেই এলো বলে। আমি বারান্দায় দাঁড়িয়ে সবকিছু দেখছিলাম।

ঘড়িতে ঠিক দশটা বাজতেই আমি নিজের ঘরে চলে গেলাম। খাটের উপর রাখা ছিল আমার পছন্দের গোলাপি ফ্রকটা। দেরি না করে সেটাই পরে তৈরি হয়ে নিলাম।

কিস্তি মা কোথায়? চুলটা যে আমি একা বাঁধতে পারি না।

চিরুনি হাতে মায়ের কাছে ছুটে গেলাম। কিস্তি একি আশ্চর্য! মা যেন আমাকে দেখতেই পেল না। কতবার ডাকলাম — কোনো উত্তর নেই। রাগে-কষ্টে পিসির কাছে গেলাম। মায়ের নামে নালিশ করতেই পিসি আমার কথা পুরোটা না শুনেই রজনীগন্ধার একটা মালা হাতে পাশের ঘরে চলে গেল।

আমি পিসির পেছন পেছন গেলাম।

ঘরে ঢুকে যা দেখলাম, তাতে আমার বুকটা হঠাৎ দপ করে উঠলো। পিসি সেই মালাটা পরিয়ে দিল আমার একটা ছবিতে।

ছবির নিচে লেখা —

০১/০২/২০১৩ — ০১/০২/২০২৬

বুঝে গেলাম —

আজ শুধু আমার জন্মদিন নয়, আমার মৃত্যুবার্ষিকীও।



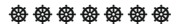
# জীবন মরণ এবং তার মাঝে

নবনীতা চক্রবর্তী

সাংবাদিকতা ও গণজ্ঞাপন বিভাগ

গ্রীষ্মের দুপুরে মনখারাপের বাঁশি বাজে, শুধু যারা শুনতে জানে তাদের জন্যে। রাস্তা, সমাজ, পোষা বেড়াল এবং অন্যান্য সমস্ত কিছুকে ছাপিয়ে সুর এসে বিধে যায়। এ হেন মনখারাপ দরজায় করাঘাত করে না, কি একটা অমোঘ শীতলতায় খুব সন্তপর্ণে ধেয়ে আসে। সেই মনখারাপের শীতলতায় অমোঘ এক জাদু আছে। চুপচাপ চেয়ে থাকি, পৃথিবীর আদিমতম ভাষায় কথা বলে যায়। যেভাবে কেউ একজন মারা যায়, যেভাবে টুপ করে একটা ছাতিম ফুল পড়ে যায়, যেভাবে কেউ কাউকে ভুলে যায় অথবা ভুলে যাওয়ার চেষ্টা করে এবং আরো অনেক কিছু যা আমরা জানি না। মৃত্যু এসে উপস্থিত হয়, তার গায়ে নীলচে জামা। দেখে মনে গোধূলি, গুলিয়ে ফেলি। হলদে চোখে চেয়ে থাকে, সেই চোখ এতই পাথর, বেশিক্ষণ তাকিয়ে থাকলে অতল প্রাপ্তি হয়। সে চুপিচুপি জানলা দিয়ে এসে বসে, আমি মনে করি পর্দা এসে মুখে লাগছে। সে যতবার এসে আমার জানলায় দোল খায়, আমি ততবার আরো নিঃশব্দ হয়ে যাই। পৃথিবীর আদিমতম ভাষা আমি বুঝি না, এক ফালি চাঁদ দেখতে পাই শুধু। ধীরে ধীরে আমি উঠে বসি, হাঁটু মুড়ে তাকে দেখি। এ যেন কি এক আদিম সম্পর্ক, কোন আত্মীয়তার সূত্রে সে আমার দিকে চেয়ে মিটিমিটি হাসে আমি বুঝতে পারি না। চোখ স্থির করে চিৎকার করি, কিন্তু নিজেও শুনতে পাই না। চাঁদ উজ্জ্বল হতে থাকে। নীলচে জামায় তারা ফুটে ওঠে। বিকট, প্রচণ্ড এক উদ্ভতে মৃত্যুকে ধরতে যাই, যেন সে আমার সন্তানসম। থামাতে যাই তাকে কিন্তু পারি না, তারা বিড়বিড় করে সেই আদিম ভাষায় কথা বলে। অনেক প্রজাপতি দেখতে পাই, তারা জ্বলজ্বল করছে আমাদের সামনে, তারপর আর মনে থাকে না। সেই হলদে চোখে যেনো কেউ জল ঢেলে দেয়, হলুদ মিশে যায় তার নীলচে জামায়। সে রঙের বর্ণনা আমি জানি না।

সকাল হয়। টের পাই, মৃত্যু এসে আমার জন্যে একবাক্স জন্ম রেখে গেছে, আবার।



## মায়ের আগমন

মায়ের আগমনীতে জাগে হৃদয়ে উচ্ছ্বাস,  
মায়ের চরণে মেলে ভক্তির আশ্বাস।  
মায়ের চোখে জ্বলে শিউলি ফুলের হাসি,  
মায়ের তিলক যেন ভোরের সূর্যরাশি।

মায়ের আগমনীতে আসে ধরণীতে আনন্দের সুর,  
মায়ের আশীর্বাদে জীবনে হয়ে আলো ভরপুর।  
মায়ের শাড়ির আঁচল ঢাকে শরতের হাওয়া,  
মায়ের কর্ণে বাজে যেন শঙ্খের সুরের ছোঁয়া।

মায়ের চরণে ধূপের ধোঁয়া বাঁকে,  
মায়ের ত্রিশূল আলো ছড়ায় আলপনার ফাঁকে।  
মায়ের হাসি ছুঁয়ে দেয় গলির প্রতিটি মোড়,  
মায়ের ছোঁয়া রাখে সবার মন জুড়ে ঘোর।

মায়ের আগমনে রঙে রাঙে চারিধার,  
মায়ের আগমনে ভরে ওঠে সংসার।

মায়ের বিদায়ে চোখে আসে জল,  
মায়ের স্মৃতিতে বেঁচে থাকে পুজোর ফল।  
মায়ের প্রতিটি রূপে ধৈর্যের পাঠ,  
মায়ের ভালোবাসায় পূর্ণ হয় রাত।



## অপেক্ষা

যদি আর কোনদিন দেখা না হয় বন্ধু  
দুশ্চিন্তা করো না, শুধু মনে রেখো —  
সেই দিনের আলো, সেই প্রথম দেখা,  
যেখানে শব্দগুলো বাঁধল প্রথম কথা।  
বন্ধুত্ব জন্ম নিল যে পবিত্র বাঁধনে,  
চিরস্থায়ী ইচ্ছে জাগল হৃদয়ের কাননে।  
তবে জানি, এ জীবন বড়ই অস্থির,  
স্থির কিছু নয়, সময় চলে দ্রুত ভীষণ।  
বছর আসে, বছর যায় নীরবে,  
কিছু সম্পর্ক হারায় অজানায় গভীরে।  
গান যেমন থেমে যায় অসমাপ্ত সুরে,  
আমাদের গল্পও থেমে রইল দূরত্বের ভিড়ে।  
যোগাযোগ হয়তো হারিয়েই যাবে,  
পথের মোড়গুলো মিশবে না আগের মতো করে।  
তবু স্মৃতির বেঁচে থাকবে নীরবে,  
মনের কোনো কোণে ফিকে আলো হয়ে।  
যদি আবার দেখা হয় কোনো নতুন প্রভাতে,  
তবু যেন গল্পটা শুরু হয় নতুন রূপে।  
না থাকুক অভিযোগ, অভিমান, কিংবা যন্ত্রণা,  
থাকুক কেবল কৌতুহল আর স্মৃতির ছন্দ।  
কেমন ছিল সেই দূরত্বের দিনগুলো?  
কোথায় হারালাম, কোথায় ভাঙল মেলবন্ধনগুলো?  
বছর শেষ হলেও বন্ধুত্বের স্মৃতি ফুরোয় না,  
গল্পগুলো রয়ে যায় জীবনের প্রাঙ্গণে।  
এই পথ যেন শেষ না হয়,  
তোমার-আমার নতুন দেখা দিয়ে  
ফিরে আসুক এক নতুন সময়ের ছোঁয়ায়।

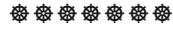


## স্বভাব

সোমশ্রী চক্রবর্তী

অর্থনীতি বিভাগ

রাত বাড়ছে খুব, ফিরছি পথে একা,  
মন বলছে, “একবার ! প্লিজ একবার ফিরে তাকা!”  
না, সেই ফুরসৎ নেই কারণ —  
সত্যি বলতে মনে পড়ছে না সেইদিন,  
কখনোই যেটা ছিলোনা রঙিন।  
সয়ে গেছে সব — তাই ভঙ্গছে না এ মন  
পাশাপাশি রাখছি না আর কিছু গোপন।  
ভালো আছি, ভালো থাকবো  
আশা করছি এই স্বভাবটাই ধরে রাখবো...



## शिक्षक

अंकिता रौनिआर  
वनस्पति विज्ञान विभाग

नए सपनों का हैं यह नया सफर,  
अभी बस कुछ ही कदम बढ़ाए है मैम ।  
जिंदगी की राहे अनजानी सी लगती थी,  
पर आपने हर मोड़ को आसान बनाया है मैम ।  
कभी किताबों के पन्ने में उलझे,  
कभी सवाल्यों में खो जाते है ।  
पर आपकी मुस्कान देखकर,  
पर हम फिर हिम्मत से आगे बढ़ जाते है ।  
आप सिर्फ पढ़ाते ही नहीं,  
बल्कि हमें जीना सिखाते है ।  
हर गलती को सुधारकर,  
हमें बहतर इंसान बनना सिखाते है ।  
कॉलेज की इस नयी दुनिया में,  
हमने अभी-अभी कदम रखे है,  
भविष्य की डगर तो लंबी है,  
पर हमें आपसे ही होंसले है ।

कभी डांट मे छुपा स्नेह,  
कभी समझाने का ढग,  
आपके हर लफज मे मिलता है,  
हमारे कल का रंग ।  
आप दी है वह प्रेरणा,  
जो हर दिल को रह दिखाती है ।  
ज्ञान का दीपक जलाकर  
अंधेरे को दुर भगाती है ।  
आज के दिन हम कहना चाहते है,  
यह अहसान कमी भुले ना जाएंगे ।  
आपकी मेदनत और दुआओ से,  
हम अपने सपनो की मंजिल पाएंगे ।  
गुरु का स्थान सबसे ऊँचा है  
यह तो शास्त्रों मे भी लिखा है ।  
क्योंकि ईश्वर से पहले गुरु है,  
जिसने हमें ईश्वर तक का रास्ता दिखाया है ।



## रूपक

अंकिता रौनिआर  
वनस्पति विज्ञान विभाग

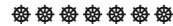
मैं एक रूपक हूँ -  
अधुरी पक्ति मे छुपा हुआ अर्थ हूँ ।  
कभी प्रेम की कविता मे,  
कभी खोए हुए वक्त की साँस में ।  
मुझे पुरा मत पढ़ो,  
मैं अधुरा रहने में ही पुरा हूँ ।  
हर शब्द जो मैंने कहा,  
वो मेरे ही कहे का उल्टा था ।  
मैं वो विराम हूँ -  
जो हर कवि के रोने के पहले आता है ।  
वो धुल का पण हूँ,  
जो किताबो में उनके पन्नों मे सोया हूँ ।  
लोग मुझसे पुछते है,  
तुम कौन हो ?  
मैं बस हँस देता हूँ,  
क्योंकि जब तक कोई जवाब बनता है,  
मैं कोई और रूपक बन चुका होता हूँ ।



## जीवन का मूलमंत्र

प्रियांका शाह  
बि.बि.ए. विभाग

डरो मत,  
हारो मत,  
खुदपर निष्ठा रखो ।  
खुद की काबिलियत का प्रचार अब कब करोगे ?  
अब कब लोगों की यकीन दिलाओगे ?  
क्या कुछ पआरप्त होगा स्वयं को कमजोर समझकर ?  
पहली चेष्टा ही,  
जीवन के मूलमंत्र के ओर बढ़ने का पहला कदम है ।  
आरंभ दी सिद्धि के मार्ग का एकमात्र सहारा है ।  
एक पक्षी को भी असीम आकाश में  
शान से उड़ने के लिए,  
कई बार धरती के ठोकरोँ को सहना पड़ता है ।  
कई बार विफलता मे परिचित होना पड़ता है ।  
वह दिन भी जल्द आएगा,  
जब लोग आपकी सराहना करेंगे ।  
वह दिन भी जल्द आएगा,  
जब आप खुणी से फूले न समा पाएंगे ।



## १: जीवन का दर्पण – एक सरल दार्शनिक सोच

संस्कृति रजबार

एम. कॉम

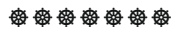
कभी कभी लगता है कि हम बस जीवन के साथ 'हते जा रहे हैं, बिना सोचे कि असल में हम क्या महसूस कर रहे हैं। सु 'ह की हल्की धूप, हवा में थोड़ी नमी, या दोस्तों के साथ एक छोटी हंसी – ये सब पल हमें याद दिलाते हैं कि हम जिंदा हैं। लेकिन अक्सर हम इन्हें नजर अंदाज कर देते हैं, क्योंकि हम भविष्य के लिए जल्दी में रहते हैं या अतीत की चीज़ों में उलझे रहते हैं।

जीवन सिर्फ बड़े फैसलों ओर उपलब्धियों का नाम नहीं है। यह उन छोटे अनुभवों में छिपा है जो हर दिन हमारे साथ होते हैं। किसी दिन किताब पढ़ते हुए महसूस किया गया शांति का पल, किसी पुराने गीत की याद जो निल को छू गई – यह सब ही असली जीवन के रंग हैं। सुख और दुख, दोनों जरूरी है। दुख हमें सीख देता है, और सुख हमें याद दिलाता है कि जिंदगी में खुश रहने की जगह हमेशा है।

समय की बात रें तो, यह कभी रुकता नहीं। हम जितना चाहें इसे पकड़ने की कोशिश कर सकते हैं, पर वह लगातार आगे बढ़ता रहता है। इसलिए जरूरी है कि हम हर पल को महसूस करें। छोटी छोटी चीज़ों में खुशियाँ खोजें – सूरज की रौशनी, बारिश की बूंदें, दोस्तों की बातें। यही असली जीवन का अर्थ है।

जीवन सिर्फ खुद के लिए नहीं है। हमारी बातें, हमारी भावनाएँ, हमारे अनुभव – ये सब किसी न किसी के साथ जुड़ते हैं। जब हम अपने अनुभवों को समझते हैं, तो दूसरों के जीवन की गहराई को भी महसूस कर पाते हैं। यही हमें सिखाता है कि जिंदगी को समझने के लिए बस देखना और महसूस करना काफी है।

अंत में, जीवन का असली मज़ा बड़े सवालों में नहीं, बल्कि छोटे अनुभवों में छिपा है। हर दिन, हर सांस, हर छोटी खुशी हमें याद दिलाती है कि हम जिंदा हैं। और यही असली खुशी है।



## २: शब्दों की खामोशी – एक साहित्यिक यात्रा

संस्कृति रजबार

एम. कॉम

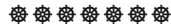
कभी-कभी शब्द ही कम पड़ जाते हैं। कुछ बातें हम बस महसूस करते हैं, उन्हें बोले की जरूरत नहीं होती। बचपन की यादें, किसी पुराने गीत की धुन, बारिश की हल्की बूंदें – ये सब हमारी आत्मा को छू जाते हैं। साहित्य हमें इन्हीं अनकहे अनुभवों को महसूस करने का मौका देता है।

शब्दों की ताकत सिर्फ कहानी में नहीं है। यह हमारे भीतर की भावनाओं को बाहर लाने में है। जब हम कोई कविता पढ़ते हैं, तो लगता है कि लेखक हमारी ही सोच को समझ रहा है। उसकी किताबें हमारी यादों के पन्नों पर हल्का असर छोड़ती हैं और हमें अपने अंदर झांकने का मौका देती हैं।

यादों का मौसम अचानक आता है। कोई पुराना पत्र, कोई अधूरी बात, या बस किसी की याद – और हम वहीं खो जाते हैं। साहित्य हमें वही पल वापस महसूस कराने का तरीका देता है। यह न सिर्फ पढ़ने का माध्यम है, बल्कि महसूस करने का तरीका भी है।

खामोशी भी कभी-कभी सबसे बड़ी कवित होती है। जब शब्द नहीं होते, तो हमारी भावनाएँ खुद ही रूप ले लेती हैं। हवा की सरसराहट, किताबों के पन्नों की खनक, या किसी की याद – ये सब हमारी जिंदगी का हिस्सा बन जाते हैं।

अंत में, हम समझते हैं कि साहित्य हमारे अनुभवों का दर्पण है। यह हमें दिखाता है कि हर याद, हर खामोशी, हर छोटा पल – सब जरूरी हैं। और यही असली खूबसूरती है, जो हमें दिखाती है कि जीवन सिर्फ शब्दों में नहीं, बल्कि महसूस करने में है।



## **A PORTRAIT SO BLUE-TIFUL**

**Afreen Fathima**  
*B.Com. (Morning)*

A canvas of cerulean,  
brushed with whispers of gold,  
where the dense clouds, like ancient souls,  
their untold stories hold.

A lone silver of the moon  
depicts one's self love,  
illuminates the fleeting moments,  
in this ethereal, boundless space.

The sky, a symphony of silence,  
where colours dance and dreams take flight,  
a reminder that even endings  
can be cloaked in the softest light.



## **SERENADE OF THE EARTH**

**Jemika Sultana**  
*English Department*

In the heart of the forest where whispers roam,  
Serenade of the Earth finds its home.  
Nature's secrets murmured in the breeze,  
A symphony of life among the trees.

Birds chirping in the morning light,  
Their melodies, a pure delight.  
World's orchestra, in perfect tune,  
Underneath the golden sun's warm boon.

Breathe of the wind, a gentle hum,  
In the woods where all creatures come.  
A dance of shadows, a play of light,  
Cosmos's canvas painted bright.



## MY FIRST POEM

Debleena Banerjee

*Economics Department*

Every night I lie on my bed  
Drastic thoughts come to my mind  
Some are useless come are useful  
Some are hopeless and some are hopeful  
Whatever situation I have faced,  
I was the one to be there by my side  
And if you want me to prove how  
Ask my pillow and it will exclaim, "Wow!"  
It will continue telling wow,  
Do you know why?  
Cause it has seen the beauty of my tears  
Which go through so much but still constantly bears  
Don't know if this is a common phase of growth  
But I promise  
One fine day I will not need to prove myself anymore  
If I'm really SOMETHing  
The world will prove me.



## ONCE UPON A SLIDE

Afreen Fathima

*B.Com. (Morning)*

Under the same old shelter green,  
Where laughter once was bright and clean,  
Tiny shoes and giggles rolled –  
Stories in sand, dreams untold.

The slide still shines, the car still waits,  
For chubby hands and playful fates,  
But those soft steps have grown so fast –  
Now notes replace the toys of past.

Once we built castles, small and shy,  
Now we chase dreams that touch the sky.  
The same grass whispers soft and clear –  
"How life has changed, yet stayed so dear."

Between the swings and leafy calls,  
Echo our childhood's golden walls.  
From playtime joys to lecture halls –  
We've grown, yet the child still calls.



# A SOUL FORLORN

Nikita Singh

*English Department*

How has this world become ?  
Kindness is taken for granted  
And, deception is wholesome.  
Mean spirits are appreciated  
And, benevolent one's are often picked on  
'Be Yourself', they said,  
But she is a soul forlorn.

Her kindness, feels like a reminder of her own inadequacy  
A highlight of her weakness  
A personal sense of inaccuracy  
And an unwanted attachment  
with bleakness.  
So now, she closes the doors  
And walks on the path of dimness.

But a thought which lies deep down  
Confuses her heart  
And it is letting her drown  
Is the path blissful deep within ?  
She knows the answer,  
And it feels like a sin.

In this world of trickery  
She embraces kindness with open arms  
As it is a mix of gratitude and tangled work of art  
She might fall down again  
Weeping silently without tender care  
But she knows.  
A symphony of kindness is beyond compare.



# "NO MEANS NO : AUTONOMY AND EMOTIONAL LABOR IN CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S NO, THANK YOU, JOHN"

Shreya Bose

*Department of English*

**"Woman was made to adore and obey."**

— Coventry Patmore, from *The Angel in the  
House* (1854)

In 19th-century England, women were often expected to exemplify emotional passivity and moral purity. The ideal Victorian woman was characterized by her selflessness, her silence in response to romantic advances, and her obligation to maintain harmony – often at the expense of her own agency. In this context, love was not just an emotion but a gendered performance, where the man pursued the woman, who graciously yielded or quietly endured. Christina Rossetti (1830–1894) was a prominent Victorian poet known for her lyrical style, religious devotion, and complex portrayals of love, identity, and the female experience. Writing within the constraints of Victorian morality, Rossetti used her poetry to subtly challenge societal expectations, particularly those surrounding women's roles in love and relationships. One of her most strikingly assertive works, **"No, Thank You, John"** (published in 1862), features a female speaker who firmly rejects a persistent male suitor. At a time when women were expected to be passive, polite, and emotionally accommodating, Rossetti's speaker refuses both romantic obligation and the emotional labor of softening her rejection. This makes the poem a subtle yet powerful assertion of female autonomy.

In a literary culture that frequently silenced or sentimentalized female voices, "No, Thank You, John" stands out as a refreshingly honest rejection. Unlike the submissive ideal depicted in poems such as Coventry Patmore's **"The Angel in the House,"** the speaker in Rossetti's work neither romanticizes nor apologizes for her lack of feelings. Instead, she asserts her right to be heard on her terms. This poem is thought to have autobiographical elements, as the character named "John" is believed to represent John Brett, a British artist associated with the Pre-Raphaelite movement. It is said that she declined Brett's marriage proposal. Violet Hunt notes that Brett had told her he had proposed to Christina Rossetti but had been rejected (272). In his *Family Letters of Christina Rossetti* (1908) William Michael writes **'Yet John was not absolutely mythical for, in one of her volumes which I possess, Christina made a pencil jotting, and 'The original John was obnoxious because he never gave scope for 'No, thank you' This John was, I am sure the marine painter John Brett who (at a date long antecedent, say 1852) had appeared to be somewhat smitten with Christina...'** (54). William Michael's suggested date is too early, as Brett's diaries from 1851 to mid-1854 do not mention the Rossettis. During this time, he was a struggling student at the Royal Academy Schools and not in a position to propose marriage. The relationship likely began between 1856 and early 1858, when he was involved with the Pre-Raphaelite

Movement. In a society where women were presumed to be ideal for love and sacrifice, Christina Rossetti's assertion of freedom of her choice by rejecting one of her suitors and breaking off her engagements with James Collinson and Charles Cayley made her stand out.

Women have often been expected to manage the emotional needs of others, particularly men, even when their feelings are overlooked. When rejection was necessary, it was often softened or made ambiguous to protect male pride. Within this restrictive framework, the speaker in Rossetti's poem stands out by offering a direct, unapologetic "no" to her suitor, rejecting both his affections and the emotional labor of tending to his wounded pride.

This poem also contrasts with the Pre-Raphaelite literary aesthetic, with which Rossetti is often associated. While her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other male Pre-Raphaelites tended to portray women as passive, aesthetic objects or tragic lovers, Christina's female characters frequently assert their own moral and emotional space. Rather than being the object of longing, the speaker of "No, Thank You, John" takes on the role of an arbiter of emotional boundaries, clearly defining her feelings and what she refuses to accept. The word "no" has often been underrepresented in women's language, particularly in response to men. However, in the poem, the speaker uses words and phrases such as "no," "never," "do not," and "cannot" to assert herself as a woman who possesses firmness and clarity of thought.

The concept of **emotional labor** was first introduced by sociologist **Arlie Russell Hochschild** in her landmark 1983 study ***The Managed Heart : Commercialization of Human Feeling***. Hochschild originally defined emotional labor as the process by which individuals manage their emotions – and the emotions of others – as part of their professional roles, especially in service-oriented jobs. This labor involves inducing or suppressing feelings to fulfill the emotional expectations of a role, often at a personal psychological cost. Feminist theorists have since expanded the idea to describe the **unpaid emotional work** that women disproportionately perform in both private and public life. In this broader sense, emotional labor includes **listening, comforting, smoothing conflicts, maintaining relationships, and managing the feelings of others**, especially men. It is a form of caretaking that, while often invisible, is essential to maintaining social cohesion – but is rarely recognized, compensated, or reciprocated. Feminist scholars argue that women are socialized and expected to engage in this kind of emotional management from a young age, which reinforces traditional gender hierarchies and drains women's emotional resources for the benefit of others. The speaker's initial response to John's anger is characterized by a playful tone, as she humorously acknowledges the possibility of being perceived as heartless. This humorous approach serves not only to defuse tension but also to illustrate her confidence and self-awareness in the face of John's emotional outbursts.

The speaker adeptly returns John's accusations by pointing out his irrational anger directed at her refusal. This reciprocal exchange highlights her resilience and ability to assert herself against personal attacks, suggesting a dynamic where it serves as both a defense and assertion of her position.

Despite the humorous undertones, the speaker exhibits a gracious demeanor as she advises John to release his attachment to the past, embrace the present, and move forward from his unreciprocated feelings. This shift indicates her desire for John to find peace, demonstrating a level of empathy while still upholding her boundaries.

The speaker presents a generous offer of friendship, explicitly warning John against any ulterior motives. This moment underscores the complexities of human relationships, where a refusal does not necessarily preclude friendship, but it does affirm the necessity for clear boundaries.

The poem concludes by returning to a humorous tone as the speaker comically reinforces her rejection of John's love. Throughout the narrative, she remains unwavering in her refusal, illustrating her strength as a woman who neither yields to John's pleas nor succumbs to his outbursts. In sum, the speaker exemplifies a powerful assertion of self amidst the challenges posed by unrequited love, highlighting themes of resilience, humor, and the importance of personal boundaries in emotional relationships.

Rossetti's distinctive literary voice stands in contrast to that of other Victorian female writers, such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. While Barrett Browning's work is expansive, idealistic, and often overtly political – as seen in “**Aurora Leigh**” – Rossetti's writing is introspective, formally restrained, and quietly radical. Her refusal to engage in romantic idealization or to take on emotional labor sets her apart as a unique and subversive figure in the literary landscape of her time (Leighton, 1992). Christina Rossetti's poem "No, Thank You, John" presents a powerful critique of the emotional labor that society expects from women. Through the speaker's refusal to conform, appease, or submit, Rossetti challenges the Victorian ideal of feminine emotional service and promotes a model of womanhood based on clarity, honesty, and autonomy. By asserting the right to say "no" without offering an apology or emotional justification, the speaker embodies a form of feminist resistance that remains significant in today's discussions about consent, personal boundaries, and emotional labor. What might appear as a simple rejection is, in reality, a revolutionary act. Christina Rossetti's poem "No, Thank You, John" presents a powerful critique of the emotional labor that society expects from women. Through the speaker's refusal to conform, appease, or submit, Rossetti challenges the Victorian ideal of feminine emotional service and promotes a model of womanhood based on clarity, honesty, and autonomy. By asserting the right to say "no" without offering an apology or emotional justification, the speaker embodies a form of feminist resistance that remains significant in today's discussions about consent, personal boundaries, and emotional labor. What might appear as a simple rejection is, in reality, a revolutionary act.

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# **PORCELAIN WATCHERS : BEHIND THE EERIE WALLS OF WEST BENGAL'S PUTUL BARI**

**Jagriti Sen**

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It is late at night. You are walking back home from work, by the quiet glistening waters of the Hoogly river, eyes hazed from tiredness. Your body is trudging past every stone and pavement, legs on autopilot. Just then, from the corner of your eyes, you catch something swaying into the night. One craned neck later, you spot the unmistakable silhouette of a doll hanging from the rooftop of a huge but burnt building, its eyes as if fixated on you.

West Bengal is not only rich in culture, but also in history. In the laps of this beautiful state, lies the fortress of whispers and shadows, Putul Bari (House of Dolls.) Built around 1821 by the zamindar Shyamcharan Ballav, this house has a rather rich but grim history surrounding its silent halls. During the 20th century, when the Hoogly river was used to carry out trade activities, ships from foreign nations carrying different goods would halt at the Shobhabajarghats. The goods, once unloaded, would be store in different warehouses. One of those warehouses was this infamous Putul Bari.

Now, why is the Putul Bari so infamous ? The reason behind this can be told by the haunting whispers and tormented cries that still linger around the corners of the building for those with ears to listen. Back in the days, Putul Bari used to be home to affluent owners or babus, who would abuse their power and inflict torment on the poor women and girls living there. The souls of these women are said to be trapped within the walls of the building, often heard by visitors late at night.

So, where do the dolls come from ? The origin of the dolls is rather ambiguous, but it is mostly believed that these dolls belonged to the young girls who had died at the hands of the babus, and the abandoned dolls are said to bear their souls. In order to pay respects, the dolls are still kept around the house, hanging from the terrace as if to terrorize unwanted visitors. Safe to say, no visitor can be daring enough to enter the premises late at night, with the eerie creeks and the faint whispers into the dark, along with the sight of the hanging dolls staring straight down at you.

The few who had the courage to enter always had something terrifying to say. One account suggests that late at night, if you keenly listen into the hallways, you can hear the sounds of anklets running around the empty halls, the sound echoing off the halls and piercing right into your ears. It was believed that earlier, the maids of the Putul Bari were never allowed to take off their anklets, so their escape attempts can be heard by the men. Other accounts have also claimed the horrifying experience of having seen the dolls change position, and some have reported feeling like the dolls are staring right at them. One of the most common accounts have been shadow sightings. Trespassers claimed to have seen a silhouette of a woman standing near the window, disappearing in a matter of second, or a silhouette of a child running around in the halls. Other than these, a significant and sudden drop in temperature, and doors closing and opening by themselves are also really common experiences.

Although there are still skeptics out there who believe that Putul Bari is not actually haunted, it is plausible that the negative events of the past, torment on the women and death of so many people have resulted in the manifestation of something negative, as is the case with every abandoned location. Putul Bari has been home to years and years of history, and maybe, this has become a way to preserve this history, in the form of ghost stories and legends.

Today, Putul Bari has become a home to residents, and people have lived or are living here. Whether haunted or not, these people always have a story to tell surrounding this house. In the recent times though, residents have claimed that the house is not actually haunted, and have also put up a board requesting trespassers to not enter the house. There have also been cases where the locals have refused to experiencing anything unnatural in the house, claiming all this is nothing but a 'rumor.'

Rumor or not, there is nothing more terrifying than having several hanging dolls stare down at you with their empty glassy eyes on a quiet, dark night.



# ENGLISH & GERMAN : THE “COUSIN” LANGUAGES

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## Historical Lineage of the Languages

The English language originated from the West-Germanic lects introduced to post-Roman Britain by Angles, Saxons, and Jutes in the 5th–6th centuries CE. This Old English substrate underwent significant Norse admixture during the Viking polities of the 9th–10th centuries. The Norman Conquest (1066) precipitated a massive Romance lexical influx, producing Middle English. While Latin and the Romance languages are thus the source for a majority of its lexicon taken as a whole, English grammar and phonology retain a family resemblance with the Germanic languages, and most of its basic everyday vocabulary remains Germanic in origin. Humanist philology during the Renaissance introduced neo-Latin and Greek learned vocabulary. Middle English transformed, partly through the Great Vowel Shift, into Early Modern English, which is when the modern English alphabet was set. Modern English exists on a dialect continuum with Scots; it is next-most closely related to Low Saxon and Frisian. Gutenbergian print capitalism (from 1476 in England) accelerated orthographic stabilization. British imperial expansion and later American hegemony globalized English as a prestige lingua franca of science, diplomacy, jurisprudence, and mediatized cultural production, despite its deeply hybrid typology.

German ( *Deutsch* ) descends from the West-Germanic continuum of Central Europe. The so-called High German consonantal shift (c. 5th–8th c.) structurally cleaved Upper German lects from other Germanic varieties. Old High German literacy (8th–11th c.) survives chiefly in monastic and juridical corpora; Middle High German (11th–14th c.) is indexed in courtly lyric and epic. The Luther Bible (1522–34) exerted a decisive codifying force in Early New High German. Print, state consolidation, and later philological standardization (Grammatikalisierung) yielded a supra-regional Standard German. Before the rise of Anglophone dominance, German functioned as a central medium of philosophy, philology, and scientific discourse in Europe.

## Classification

Both English and German are member of the Indo-European language family, belonging to the West Germanic branch of Germanic languages. Owing to their descent from a shared ancestor language known as Proto-Germanic, English and other Germanic languages – which include Dutch, German, and Swedish- have characteristic features in common, including a division of verbs into strong and weak classes, the use of modal verbs, and sound changes affecting Proto-Indo-European consonants known as Grimm's and Verner's laws.

The Germanic languages are traditionally subdivided into three branches: North Germanic, East Germanic, and West Germanic. The first of these branches survives in modern Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Faroese, and Icelandic, all of which are descended from Old Norse. The East Germanic languages are now extinct, and Gothic is the only language in this branch which survives in written texts. The West Germanic languages, however, have undergone extensive dialectal subdivision and

are now represented in modern languages such as English, German, Dutch, Yiddish, Afrikaans, and others.

## **Vocabulary**

English and German show systematic vocabulary similarity due to common West-Germanic ancestry, parallel borrowing from Latin and Greek, and shared word-formation patterns. Both use the English alphabets and have almost similar phonics sounds, except a few that differ. One can also read and understand verbal conversation to some extent by just pronouncing the words according to English phonics sounds. Cognates dominate core semantic fields (e.g., mother–*Mutter*, water–*Wasser*, hand–*Hand*, brother–*Bruder*, house–*Haus*, name–*Name*), often exhibiting regular sound correspondences. Learned domains display near-identical internationalisms (e.g., nation–*Nation*, biology–*Biologie*). Compounding and derivational morphology yield parallel lexical structures (e.g., teacher–*Lehrer*). Calques add further conceptual overlap, while false friends (*gift/Gift*) demonstrate divergence. Together these layers create a measurable lexical affinity that is historically motivated and methodologically accessible to corpus-based and distributional comparison.

## **Grammar**

English and German share fundamental grammatical inheritance from West Germanic. Both display Subject–Verb–Object order in main clauses (*I read the book / Ich lese das Buch*), contrast strong versus weak verb classes (*sing–sang / singen–sang*), and use modals with infinitives without “to” or “zu” (*I can swim / Ich kannschwimmen*). Both form compounds productively and employ auxiliaries for tense and aspect formation.

However, the two languages differ in structure and complexity. English has lost most inflections, while German still uses three genders and four cases (der Mann, des Mannes, dem Mann, den Mann). German follows a verb-second rule in main clauses and verb-final order in subordinate clauses (weilichhnhsehe), but English keeps the same Subject-Verb-Object order. English depends more on prepositions and fixed word order, while German shows meaning through inflected endings, allowing greater flexibility. Agreement is richer in German, and the English continuous form (I am reading) has no direct equivalent – German simply says *Ich lese gerade*.

## **Conclusion**

English and German are linguistic “cousins”, both descending from the West Germanic branch of the Indo-European family. Their shared historical lineage accounts for the deep structural and lexical parallels that link them. English developed from the dialects brought by early Germanic settlers to Britain, while German retained more conservative grammatical and phonological features. Both languages share a substantial portion of inherited vocabulary and similar verb systems, reflecting their common origin. Over time, English absorbed extensive Latin and French influence and simplified its grammatical structure, whereas German preserved rich inflectional morphology and greater syntactic flexibility. Despite these differences, the two languages maintain comparable syntactic frameworks and a recognizable core lexicon. Their evolution illustrates how related languages can diverge through contact and internal change while still revealing their shared ancestry and enduring relationship within the Germanic linguistic family.

# **THE POLITICS OF MEMORY : WHO GETS TO WRITE HISTORY**

**Shambhavi Sharan**

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We tend to think of history as a simple list of facts who did what, and when. Easy. But history is never neutral; it's always a story, and every story depends on the narrator. What we choose to remember, and what we deliberately forget, isn't random. It's a calculated choice made by the powerful governments, rulers, and the people who sign off on our school textbooks.

Think about the politics of a simple name change. Bombay becomes Mumbai. Allahabad becomes Prayagraj. Gurgaon becomes Gurugram. These aren't just cosmetic updates; they're massive choices about identity. Which version of the past should we hold onto ? The colonial, the religious, or the political? Each new name is a declaration, a deliberate attempt to spotlight one memory while letting others fade away.

Our textbooks pull the same trick. When we spend entire chapters on kings, wars, and "great men," we miss the millions of ordinary people who built society. Women, Dalits, tribal leaders, and everyday workers rarely get more than a couple of lines. It's not that their lives weren't significant it's that someone decided their stories didn't deserve to be part of the official canon. That decision is political. History isn't just about the past; it's about deciding whose presence matters in the present.

This battle over memory has been going on forever. Ancient kings smashed their rivals' statues and erased their names from public walls. During the Soviet era, officials were literally air brushed photographs once they fell out of favour. Every generation tries to clean up its past. The tools may change from hammer and chisel to the digital erase tool but the motive stays the same to control the narrative.

In India, these battles are constant. How should we remember the Mughals ? As foreign invaders or as an inseparable part of Indian history ? Should we focus on the colonial struggle or glorify ancient achievements? Every shift in power, every textbook revision, reflects a different answer. History becomes less about truth and more about what those in charge want their citizens to believe.

Monuments speak their own language. They are built to glorify, yes, but also to hide guilt or pain. When a statue goes up or comes down, it's not a fight about stone it's a statement about which memories are valued. Even silence, the things left unsaid on public plaques is political.

Yet history can't be caged forever. People always find ways to tell their side. It survives in folk songs, local legends, diaries, and now, the wild stream of the internet. Social media, for all its chaos, has become a megaphone for voices once silenced, forcing a challenge to the official record. Yes, misinformation spreads too but at least the conversation is no longer one-sided.

So, who writes history ? Maybe everyone does, in their own way. Every family story, every protest sign, every crumpled photo, every forgotten letter all are fragments of the past that live outside the archive.

History isn't a fixed lesson to memorize. It's a living argument about memory, power, and belonging. The past doesn't belong only to those in power. It belongs to all of us to everyone whose story deserves to be remembered.

# THE REFLECTION

Koel Sinha

*Department of English*

I don't remember when exactly I stopped trusting my reflection, just that it started with a smile I didn't make. It was late, that time of night when the city hums like a low fever. I'd been trying for hours to capture on paper the last expression of a man whose body had been dragged from the river that morning, and every time I drew his eyes, they changed. Until finally, I looked up from the paper and my reflection in the studio window looked back at me, its mouth curving upward for just a second. A trick of light, I told myself. Fatigue. Too much coffee. But the image stuck. It wasn't a happy smile; it was of the sort one gives to someone right before a secret slips out.

Next day, I couldn't focus on anything. The walls of the grief-support center where I volunteered seemed closer than usual, the fluorescent lights too bright. A woman came in with a picture of her missing daughter in her hand. I did what I had always done : I promised to post her case in one of the online cold-case forums. That had become the only thing that could quiet me, helping others find closure. But that night, when I opened my sketchbook, the girl's face was already there, on the last page, her cheek smudged with charcoal, her eyes wide with fear. My signature was in the corner. I didn't remember having drawn it.

Maybe I had seen the picture before and forgotten. Perhaps.

Sleep became impossible. Every time I closed my eyes, I slipped into someone else's panic: a man drowning, a woman gasping in a locked car, a young reporter running through a tunnel with no end. And every time I awoke covered in sweat, the air thick with the smell of rust. Then I'd check the news the next morning, and there they'd be: new victims, new disappearances. That was when I'd have to keep telling myself that the dreams meant something: they were premonitions, empathy, intuition-anything but what they actually were: pieces of my mind sliding out of place. It was a Thursday, I believe. I remember sitting at my desk, the drawing of the drowned man half-finished, my coffee cold. Then nothing.

I came to in the tub. The light was off. My clothes were soaked. Mud streaked my jeans and under my nails was something dark and tacky that wouldn't wash away. I told myself it was paint. I said it out loud, like saying it made it true.

Paint, not blood.

Soon after, I began to record myself : voice memos, dated notes, anything to anchor the missing hours. The first few days were blank. Then one morning I played a file that I didn't remember making. My voice said, "You're getting closer ". Just that. Calm, almost kind. I deleted it at once, but the words stuck in my mind like a splinter.

I told my therapist, Dr. Lewis, and she listened. She asked me about my sleep, my appetite, my history with trauma. I lied about most of it. The truth was too complicated: the accident, my cousin, the years of silence afterward. "Do you ever feel like you become someone else ?" she asked gently. I

laughed. The alternative was crying, after all. "No. I just forget sometimes." She gave me that look, the one professionals use when they think you're standing on the edge of a diagnosis. I promised to keep a journal. She said it was a good start.

And the journal made things worse; to write down the blanks was to realize how big they were.

One entry stopped me cold :

8th March. Out again. This time, she fought harder.

The words were illegible, but it had been my handwriting. I slammed the book shut hard; the pen cracked. I sat staring at the cover for hours, weighing whether to burn it or keep it for evidence.

That evening the news was reporting another woman missing. March 8

I stopped going out except to therapy. Even then, I avoided mirrors. They found me anyway, reflected in windows, in puddles, in the dark gloss of my phone screen. Sometimes I'd catch a flicker of movement when I was perfectly still. Once I saw myself raise a hand to wave. After I had dropped my phone, for two days I didn't even bother to pick it up. A week went by, then an envelope slipped under my apartment door. No return address. Inside were photographs-grainy Polaroids of faces I knew from the news. Victims. Every one of them. On the back of every photo was a date. The same dates as my blackouts. My knees buckled, and I sat down onto the floor, the pictures scattered all around me like a deck of ghosts. The first thing I thought about was calling the police, but what was I going to say? Hi, I think I'm killing people in my sleep?

Instead, I collected the pictures and, putting them in a shoebox, slid it under my bed. I would show them to Dr. Lewis, I told myself. But I never did. A few nights later, I was back in the warehouse. It was one of those places I'd seen before in dreams: the huge space, with its broken windows, the echo of water dripping somewhere out of sight. When, finally, I found it in real life, right at the edge of the river district, part of me wasn't surprised; it felt inevitable, like walking into a memory rather than a building. There were tables inside lined with personal items: rings and watches and necklaces, half-burned candles - all arranged in rows and with dates on them. My handwriting again. I ran my fingers over the closest tag. March 8

I could stand there waiting, it seemed, for a very long time : for the police sirens, a scream, the sound of my sanity cracking. But nothing came. Only silence and the slow realization that I had been here many times before. The first time I told Dr. Lewis about the warehouse, she did not seem shocked; she asked me what I remembered doing there.

"Nothing," I said, "just looking."

"Can you be certain ?

"No."

She jotted onto her notepad. "Emma, dissociative fugue isn't a loss of control-it's the mind protecting itself. Sometimes it hides the truth until you're ready." She sounded rehearsed; this was a lecture she'd given to other people who'd also lost chunks of their lives. Something in me twisted, protecting itself.

Protect me from what ?

Memories burned into view like film slides: a car crash, the flash of headlights, my cousin's scream, that impossible stillness afterward. Everyone told me it wasn't my fault; I'd been pretending, all these years, to believe them. The second was worse: my shaking hands, yet certain, pressing against a stranger's throat, her face blurring into my cousin's, then my own. I woke up, my throat raw from screaming, lying on the floor. Then time lost shape. Days folded into nights, and I stopped going to therapy; I stopped eating. Outside my window, the city turned gray, all edges and noise. Sometimes I'd stare at my hands for minutes, trying to feel if they belonged to me. One morning I was back in the warehouse; the walk there's a complete blank. Sunlight streamed in via the broken glass, catching the dust in shafts like snow. The air smelled of iron and oil paint. Lying on one of the tables was a camera. I picked it up. The last photo showed me standing exactly where I was now, eyes open, expression serene.

Beneath that, in my handwriting, it was written: So you'll remember. I sank onto the floor and stayed there until dusk. At one point, I realized with a start that the walls were covered in sketches-my sketches-faces upon faces staring at me. It should have scared me, but instead, I felt so calm. It was this that I had been trying to find: truth stripped bare. I wasn't an empath; I wasn't a saviour. I was a woman who had created a mythology out of her guilt. Each blackout a confession I couldn't bear to write in consciousness. Each "vision" a reconstruction of what I'd done. And for the first time, the story made sense, which was more terrifying than all the killings had ever been. I went home and opened every window. The air was heavy, but clean. Then I packed the shoebox, the journals, the Polaroids – all of it – into a duffel bag and carried it to the police station. Inside, I froze. What was I supposed to say? The line of what I remembered and what I had imagined had vanished completely. So I stood for ten minutes holding my bag, until a uniformed officer asked me if I needed help. I muttered something about finding the wrong address and walked out. I put the bag in the corner of my apartment, telling myself that tomorrow I was going to try again. Tomorrow never came. Dr. Lewis called every day, and I ignored her until one voicemail made me stop. Emma, what you're describing-seeing your own self acting separately-it is not another person; it's disowned memory. If you can face it without judgment, you can integrate. Please, don't isolate yourself. Integrate. The word felt like a promise. That night, I recorded one final message. "My name's Emma Frost. I've done terrible things, but they were me, every single one of them. I am ready to stop running." I hadn't planned what followed next. All I knew was that the missing hours had to be faced. Yet again, well before the sun was up, I was standing inside the warehouse once more, cold air now heavy with the smell of rain and metal. I put the camera on the table, the same one as before, hitting record. "This is where it happened," I said. "All of it. I don't know how many or why. But I know it was me." My voice shook, but it didn't break. I spoke until my throat burned-about guilt, about memory, about the way grief twists into something feral when left alone too long. When I finally finished, I switched off the camera and waited. For what, I wasn't sure. Forgiveness? Punishment? Silence offered both. At last, I walked out into the rising sun and left the camera behind. Then I'd spent three days in bed, sleeping or at least drifting. On the fourth morning, the sunlight streamed in through the window. My body ached, my mind was finally still, like someone had turned down the volume. I made coffee. I opened a new sketchbook. The first page stayed blank for a long time before I began to draw – not faces this time, just the pattern of light on the wall. Lines,

shadows, texture. Nothing more. It felt like breathing again. Dr. Lewis told me I was getting better. "Integration isn't a finish line," she reminded me. "It's maintenance." I nodded. I wanted to believe her. Weeks passed. The missing-person reports stopped coming in. I moved into a smaller apartment closer to the river. The police never did contact me. No one ever found the warehouse, though sometimes I thought about telling them where to look. Most days were quiet. I taught art classes to kids, took long walks, filled my sketchbooks with everyday things. I even started sleeping through the night. But every now and then, something slipped: a faint metallic smell on my hands, a stranger on the train who looked at me twice, a dream that felt too real. I'd wake with my heart pounding and whisper to myself, You're safe. You're here. And then, one evening, as I locked up the studio, I noticed a smear of charcoal on the edge of my wrist. I rubbed at it absent-mindedly, then froze. It wasn't charcoal. It was darker, tackier. When I raised my eyes to the window, my reflection looked perfectly normal. Tired, maybe. Human. Then it smiled-softly, almost kindly, the way you might smile at a child who's forgotten your name. I blinked and it was gone. Maybe it had never been there. Maybe it always would be. I stood for some time watching myself in the glass, trying to decide which version of me was real-the one moving, or the one waiting. Finally, I flicked off the lights and made my way from the studio. Behind me the window held the last trace of daylight and, just for a heartbeat, a vague outline of a hand pressed against the glass. I didn't look back. Some days, the mind heals by forgetting. Some days it only pretends.



# DREAM WORLD

Naba Parwez

*B.Com. (Morning)*

I dreamed of a world where everyone was kind- hearted  
My sufferings would finally take-a-pause!  
Expectance would turn into Acceptance  
Family Pressure would no longer supress me  
The taunts of people would no longer bother me  
Where gender inequality would not suffice  
Every girl was seen with respect and a book  
Where no one ordered them to cook  
Gazing around I saw the promising new world  
It was the best view ever served!

I dreamt a world  
Where wishes were granted at one go  
Where poor were not looked down upon  
And there was no spot for hatred  
Where love will bless the Earth  
And Peace its path adorns

I dream a world where  
Days are full of purpose  
Failures are full of hope  
Nights of satisfaction  
And a life full of growth

OR

Take me back to those days where  
Choosing a career was not a concern  
But  
Choosing a friend to  
Distribute sweets on Birthdays  
Was all a Planned and Schemed activity!

Now, I resolve to transform myself  
For when you are ready to accept  
The New You with the discoverable qualities  
You can create a greater impact on the World!



# MUMBAI 13/7

Subhannita Ghosh

*Department of Economics*

Mumbai's Zaveri Bazar was bustling with activities. Traders going about their business, locals stopping at the roadside, purchasers bargaining with the prices. A lot of motion could be noticed at Khau Gali, where one might find Aatish, a young casually dressed boy, strolling through the streets and staring at the shops. His hands ran into the pockets of his dirt occupied trousers. He could sense a few coins and a medium sized note which was hardly enough to buy a present for his mother. He came off from the slums of Delhi. Two years back when he was compelled to leave his home, family and friends in search of a job. His mother bade him with a gloomy face. He would thus love to see her smile, with her hands holding the gift from her son. With this hope enkindling in his heart he stepped into a jewellery shop. After examining the items displayed, he pointed to a pair of earrings and asked for its price. The amount disappointed him. Had he not involved himself in the local fight, neither would he be arrested, nor would he be fined and today he could have enough money to buy the earrings. Lamenting for his actions, he prepared to leave the shop. Seeing his customer leaving, the shopkeeper said "Sir, we give twenty percent discount on first purchase." "I can't afford so much" Aatish replied. The calm and cold voice moved the old man. He reminisced his days when couldn't fulfil the requirements of his daughter, when he couldn't present any gifts to his wife on New Year. The voice of Aatish narrated the same pain of his. He said "Pay how much you can." With the eyes full of joy, the helpless customer handed the medium sized note and in return received his earrings. Thanking the shopkeeper Aatish moved out of the shop. The world seemed to be more colourful to him. The high pitched voices of people sounded like some notes of music. He looked into his watch, which showed 18:54 hours. A blast ripped through the market. It was followed by another two, but Aatish could hear only one. The newspapers of 14th July, 2011 printed 'Mumbai bomb blasts kill 21 during city's rush hour.'



# **HISTORICAL AWARENESS AS A TOOL AGAINST MISINFORMATION**

**NAHID NAAZ**

*Department of B.Ed.*

Deception on social media has demonstrated itself to be a dire problem in the contemporary world. Data fact-checks usually linger behind in the dissemination of fraudulent data; therefore, they might have detrimental effects on society. Throughout the history of humanity, misleading information has been around for an extended period. Even though the internet has grown to be the primary source of knowledge, the creation and dissemination of deceptive data has also significantly proliferated on the internet as a whole. Any kind of data regarded as erroneous, incorrect, or faulty is considered deceitful, notwithstanding if the intention is deceiving. The proliferation of untrue data on web pages can lead to several negative outcomes, such as impacts to one's life, health, finances, enterprise, emotions, reliability, validity, prejudice, social exclusion, confidentiality, mobility, individuality, decision-making, and disorientation and worrisome in times of governance, societal or catastrophes of nature. As an instance, several individuals have come across misleading or erroneous data regarding the development, medications, and immunizations throughout the COVID-19 pandemic around beginning of 2020. Such hypotheses and fabricated reports about COVID-19 confuse citizens, influence their actions, and damage scientific research's reputation. In addition, erroneous propaganda is frequently created for electoral purposes that may contribute to unrest in society, intellectual division, hostility, and undermined republics.

In an era characterized by is an unending flood of information that distorts reality and influences thought, dishonesty has become a social epidemic that affects everyone. Understanding of past times, or thorough understanding of historical facts, their context, and their interpretations, is one of the finest remedies to this pervasive evil. Populations and people who are knowledgeable about history will be better able to discern facts, distinguish fact from fiction, and be less susceptible to the deliberate exaggeration that is a common component of propaganda. Beyond just knowing numbers and facts, comprehending the specifics of history and its changes is a component of historical knowledge. History reveals patterns of human behaviour, power dynamics, and the consequences of decisions made by individuals and societies. Gaining this insight gives people a more comprehensive viewpoint that keeps them from being drawn to the oversimplified stories that are frequently used in misleading schemes.

Sentiment and effortless remedies for complex problems can be exploited by disinformation. It flourishes in the domains of prejudice and ignorance. By encouraging critical thinking and skepticism, historical consciousness enables people to question the sources, intentions, and supporting data of the information they are given. For instance, rather than looking for the fundamental causes of current events, understanding the historical background of political conflicts or social movements enables people to propose explanations for historical narratives or propaganda.

Accessible history programs like museums, documentaries, and commemorations are crucial tools for raising historical awareness in addition to formal instruction. These techniques produce

readable and captivating stories that challenge myths and offer fact-based historical narratives. They also encourage discussion and thought, which are essential components of any group effort to combat historical misinformation. The digital age presents chances to increase historical understanding as well as risks. The internet might make it easier for lies to spread quickly, but it also offers never before available access to historical sources and archives. Encouraging the development of technological proficiency in addition to historical awareness would guarantee that people are capable of determining both the accuracy of historical discourse and the reliability of material obtained digitally.

## **CONCLUSION**

Stopping the transmission of false information is anything but easy and necessitates a synchronized, global strategy that incorporates efforts from many global community sectors. People must be convinced to adhere to a set of values that demand the rejection of falsehoods and the acceptance of accurate information. It will tend to raise awareness about the acceptance of sources and the revelation of information that is meant to be false by promoting media awareness and educating people about internet security. Instead of aiming for high levels of involvement and letting misinformation spread unchecked, online social networking companies should start taking action to prevent the spread of false information by enforcing verification processes and promoting the sharing of accurate information.

In order to combat false and dangerous content on websites, authorities should collaborate with the technology industry by providing guidelines and evaluations. It would be unfair to expect them to look into every single piece of information posted on their websites, especially since doing so might have a negative effect on them. The fight against the spread of misleading information to enhance the online environment would not have been possible without the combined efforts of lawmakers, businesses, and consumers. Historical awareness is a vital tool in the fight against misinformation. Societies that prioritize historical education and public engagement with history are better equipped to defend the truth, promote justice, and strengthen democratic principles in an era where misinformation undermines the basis of informed public debate.

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# BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY

Annesha Bose

*JMC Department*

Not every day I feel so strong,  
Some days feel heavy, some feel wrong.  
I want to cry like a small baby,  
Let it all out, just maybe.

I want to cry and scream inside,  
But big girls like me must always hide.  
I'm told to smile, not make a fuss,  
Big girls don't cry, they say to us.

If I cry, they'll think I'm weak,  
They'll hurt me more, they'll never speak  
With kindness or with gentle care,  
They'll use my heart, it's just not fair.

Sometimes I want to shout and play,  
Break the rules, run far away.  
Do what I want, be wild and free,  
But big girls act properly, you see.

I want to grow, to chase the flame,  
To be an actor, earn a name.  
Stand in the light, the camera's eye  
But dreams like that, they say, must die.

"Not safe," they say, "not good for you."  
And so, I do what I must do.  
So I don't do what I truly crave,  
Because big girls behave and stay brave.

Sometimes I think I'll stay alone,  
Live my life, make it my own.  
Not be someone's wife or bride,  
Just be myself and not hide.  
But big girls can't live that way,  
They say we must marry someday.

People say being a girl's no big deal,  
But they don't know the things we feel.  
We live for others, day and night,  
And call that strength, and call that right.

I miss the days when I was small,  
When I could laugh and cry and fall.  
Now I'm a big girl, and I don't cry,  
I hold my tears and let them dry.

I'm a big girl, I stay strong,  
Even when things feel so wrong.  
I take care of all around,  
But hide how my heart ache without a sound.

I've learned since I was just a child,  
To be good, gentle, calm, and mild.  
Now I know how to hold it all,  
Even when I break or fall.

I am a big girl! Yes, it's true,  
But sometimes I miss the younger me too.



# THE UNEXPECTED

Arunima Bhattacharji

*M.A. Department of English*

A few years ago I visited Mokogchung in Nagaland due to some official work. After taking a flight from Calcutta, I reached Dimapur airport. From there it was a six hours travel via road to reach my destination. The road was terrible, with pristine and undisturbed nature, greenery all around. The winding mountain Roads with the hairpin bends seemed unending. I reached the cottage in the afternoon around two o'clock. The wooden cottage was cozy and picture perfect. Whenever anyone walked on the rickety floor upstairs it seemed ominous and ghastly. There was no one around, but during the journey I had seen a few villagers carrying axes and chharra guns. I knew neither the naga language nor the culture, but the sight of these men carrying weapons openly seemed strange. Maybe it was custom.

Queerly, there were no birds in the area. Nor were there any small animals present. When I entered the hotel, the tall, narrow eyed, fair manager greeted me with a smile, but I could sense he was uneasy. What struck me even more was that there weren't too many lights, nor any other people-staff or guests around, but I didn't let that affect me much.

Food was available only upto five o'clock in the evening apparently because the cook was to go home by then, and there wasn't too much availability of commutation services. Nobody agreed to come upto my side of the wooden cottage. I brushed it off at that time, paying little attention to it.

It seemed as though I was in for an adventure, which, was oddly amusing.

In the lonesome cottage, I was busy drinking tea and admiring the evening view when suddenly there was a power cut. I felt chills in my spine which I tried to rationalize and brush off, in vain. The moments seemed frozen forever, and time stopped moving. It was pitch dark, so much so that I couldn't see the gate of the room next to mine. It was cold, freezing towards the night, and at last I could locate the box of candles in my room. I was on the second floor, and scared myself with my own footsteps. I lit a cigarette and tried to relax, listen to music. There was not even a cricket's buzz, in the pin drop silent atmosphere.

At last morning came, covered with dense fog. At dawn, I heard two successive short, muffled sounds: maybe it was someone hunting food, as was usual, in these corners of north east India. Soon, it was time to go to office, but I received a sudden prerogative: the hotel manager insisted that I pay three days' fees at once, or I won't be able to leave. I was bewildered at this, and after half an hour of heated argument with the hotel staff, I decided to call the branch manager of the Mokogchung branch to settle the matter.

I was on audit, and according to rules I hadn't informed the branch about my arrival. Mr. Lee, looked straightforward and businesslike like with a no-nonsense attitude. He quickly walked to the hotel manager and after a brief talk, quickly returned to me. We walked out together.

Days later, after I reached home at Calcutta, while drinking tea, I noticed a small corner of the newspaper:

Terrorists caught at the love and live hotel, Nagaland...

I tried to remember which hotel I was in.....

# A BEAUTIFUL DREAM

Debdatta Das

*Department of English*

There is a beautiful dream  
that is recurrent to me  
it bleeds the hues of the bright colours  
But is still haunting to me.

The sunlight from the dream  
seeps in through the window crack  
And lays itself down gently on the maiden's face  
whispering to her to wake up.  
The girl in white wriggles lazily  
She stretches and, with a yawn, sits up on her bed  
which, by the way, is adorned by paintings of lilies and tulips  
She throws a curly lock of hair to her right shoulder  
And smiles, and jumps out of the bed.

There is a mystique about her face  
Like the kind of clouds you think heaven will have  
Through the creamy white overlay  
I sneak a glance at her deep black eyes (or so I think so)  
And a girl like that must have a voice  
which might sound like the tune of a waterfall  
or so I think so.

She sits by the cracked window  
and reads her book,  
I see her elegantly turn every page  
as if she were a famous painter's muse.  
She puts on an apron  
and picks up her brushes  
By the small dining table in the kitchen,  
there for an hour she plays with her strokes.

She opens a door,  
and light comes bursting in.  
I feel like I will be blinded,  
But I remain strangely still,  
as I watch her walk barefoot on the green grass.

There is a red rose she loves dearly-  
she says, as long as she is in bloom,  
she loves love.

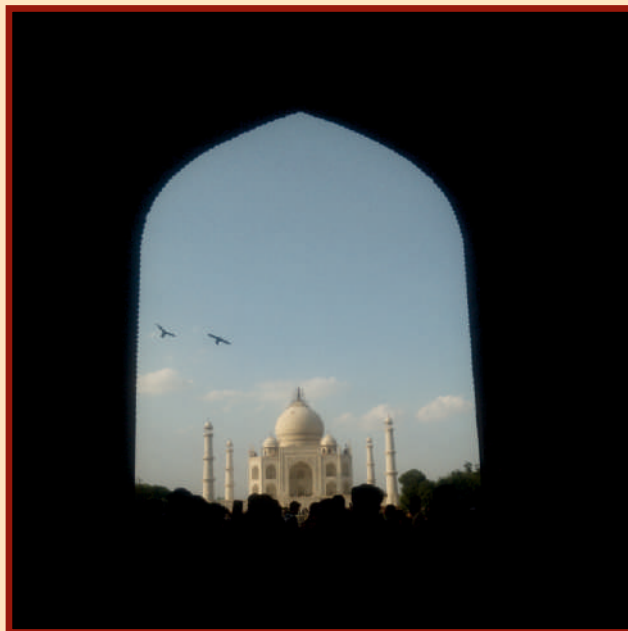
She stands beneath a tree of some kind,  
abundant with a certain fruit.  
I try to make out what it is when  
she plucks one and takes a bite,  
says this is how love should taste.

Now I witness her in front of a mirror  
with majestic wooden carvings on it.  
Her head tilted to the right,  
as she combs through her curls.  
She makes a hand gesture, and  
The clouds seem to clear away  
At last, I will be able to see her face,  
When the dream breaks away.

This, altogether, is as beautiful a dream  
as one can woo their subconscious to procure.  
Yet my conscious mind haunts me-  
will I ever be that girl you dream of?



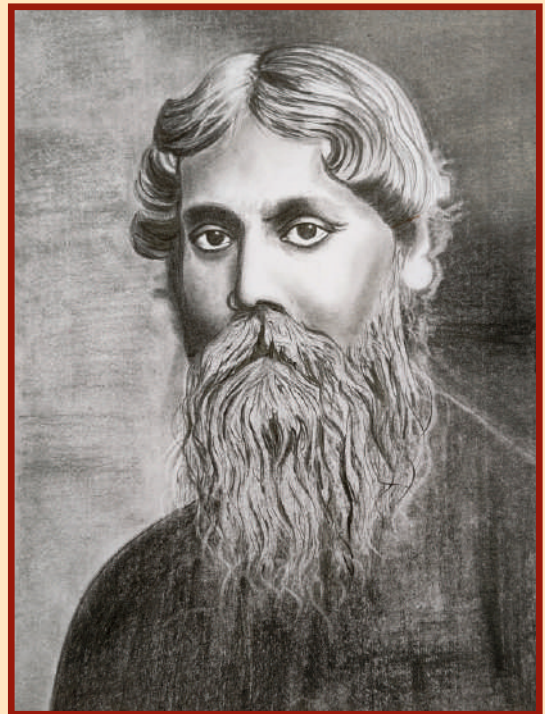
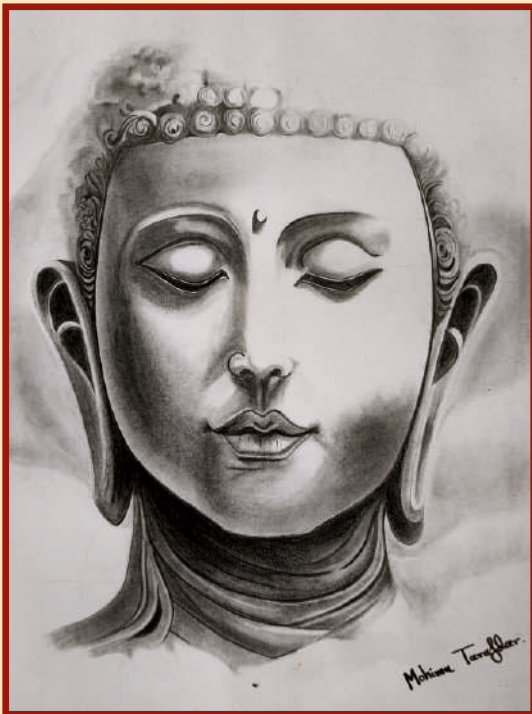
Sharanya Sarkar



Mantasha Hossain



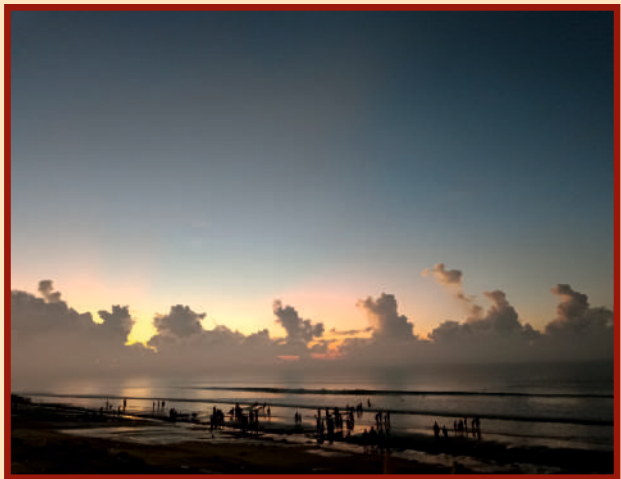
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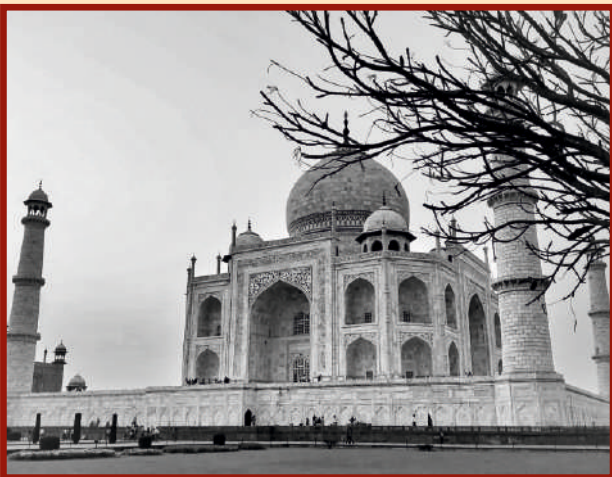
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← Nilanjana Mishra



Nilanjana Mishra →



← Aitihya Saha



Shritama Bose



Priyatta Dutta



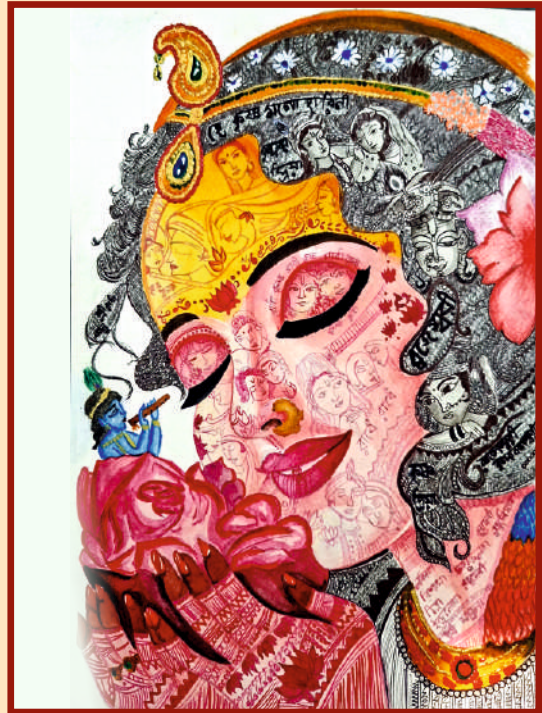
Soumili Paul



Nitika Singh



↑ Soumili Paul



Priyatta Dutta ↓



↑ Krittika Mukherjee ↓



↑ Arunima Bhattacharjee ↓



← Vaishnavi Jaiswal



Niharika Choudhary →

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF FISH BONES IN BENGALI MEALS

Ashmita Chaudhuri

(UG) Department of English

In Bengali homes, eating fish is not just a meal – it is a practice of rhythm, and quiet inheritance. The bones are teachers. They demand attention, and reward slowness. To eat fish is to engage in a slow dance of anointing fingers with the *jhol*, of eating with intention – a choreography passed down, and rehearsed across generations, and performed daily at lunch tables in Kolkata.

A child is taught to eat with fingers. To pause. To inspect. To trust touch over sight. To know what to keep and what to discard. It is not just about avoiding a prick – it is a lesson in care, in patience, precision, and presence.

Therefore, there is no rushing a Bengali fish meal.

The rice is warm, the *shorshertel* sharp, and the fish – comes bearing its own map of bones. The *Hilsa* arrives with its delicate ones, the *Rohu* with its sturdier frame, and the eater must know – instinctively – how to navigate the terrain.

You trace the fish with your fingers, not your eyes. You learn early: bones are not to be feared, but understood. They teach you how to pause. How to listen with your hands.

*Ma* never taught me how to eat fish. She just sat beside me, her fingers moving through the *Rohu* with quiet certainty. No instructions, no warnings – just the soft sound of bone being separated from flesh, and the occasional clink of her ring against the steel plate. Her care was wordless. Her rhythm, inherited.

She picked bones and placed the clean flesh on my plate. *Dida* did it for me. I do it now for my younger cousin. It is not grand. It is not poetic. It is precise. It says : **I know this terrain. I have walked it before. Let me make it easier for you.**

Then follows a quiet ritual of fingers and breath, of knowing where the bone hides and how to coax it out without breaking the rhythm. *Elish Shorshe* is sharp and ceremonial. *Doi Katla* is soft and forgiving. *Daab Chingri* arrives like a secret, steamed in silence. *Tel Koi* stains the fingers with oil and memory. *Bhetki Paturi* teaches restraint – wrapped in banana leaf, it asks you to unwrap slowly.

*Kochu Patay Chingri* is earthy, *Doi Elish* is indulgent, and *Kochu Shaag Diye Elisher Matha* is ancestral – bitterness balanced with bone. *Katla Kaliya* is festive, a dish that gathers people, that asks for celebration.

Eating fish is a Bengali inheritance. It is not speed – it is slowness. It is not consumption – it is choreography. The fingers know what the eyes do not. The plate becomes a map. The bones, landmarks.

Boneless fillets erase the intimacy. They skip the pause. They forget the ritual. To eat with bones is to remember. Who taught you. Who sat beside you. Who picked bones for you when you did not know how.

There is philosophy in the pause. In the moment between bites, when you feel the fish, trace its spine, decide what to keep. It is a meditation. A way of being present. A way of honouring the food, the cook, the culture.

Every bite becomes a quiet lesson – like how *Koi* is stubborn, earthy, and insists you earn its flavour.

*Shoontki* – dried, pungent and proud. It teaches you about preservation, about how flavour deepens with time, about how memory can be stored in salt. *Puti* is modest, almost invisible on the plate, but its bones demand a kind of quiet respect. *Lote* is soft, almost shy, and teaches you how to hold delicacy without breaking it.

*Amudi* is small but sharp, a lesson in noticing what others overlook. *Khoira* is silvery and swift, a reminder that not all lessons linger. Some fish teach you how to let go, how to taste and move on.

*Parsh* is gentle, *Gurjali* – bold, and *Roopchand* arrives like a guest with stories from the sea. *Shing* teaches recovery – its flesh is humble, healing, and often prescribed by doctors for strength.

*Bhangor* is brisk and coastal, arriving like sea wind – sharp, fleeting, and full of chase. It teaches you how to follow flavour before it disappears. *Kajoli* is the quiet one – slender, silvery, and often overlooked. It asks you to eat gently, to notice the softness beneath the shimmer.

*Rohu* and *Katla* are generous, their bones firm but predictable. They teach you structure, the kind that holds a meal together. *Shillong* is a contemporary tutor, a modern visitor – teaching without the weight of tradition, reminding not all lessons come wrapped in nostalgia.

*Pabda* is elegant, its bones delicate. *Chitol* is bold, almost theatrical. *Aar* and *Boal* are riverine philosophers – slow, meaty, and full of quiet wisdom. *Chingri*, the prawn, is deceptive. It looks boneless, but its shell teaches you about layers, about what must be peeled away to reach sweetness.

And then there is *Hilsa*. The *Hilsa* demands more. Its bones are intricate, almost arrogant. To eat *Hilsa* is to prove you belong – to a place, to a rhythm, to a lineage of eaters who know how to pause, how to feel, how to earn their meal.

*Bacha* and *Bata* are everyday tutors – familiar, reliable, never flashy. *Pomfret* is coastal, clean, and costly, teaching you simplicity with elegance. *Bhetki* teaches restraint, wrapped with quiet confidence.

And *Bhola* – *Bhola* feeds the most mouths. It is generous, forgiving, and abundant. It teaches you about sharing, about how nourishment multiplies when offered without hesitation.

Each fish is a teacher. Each bone, a lesson. And the plate becomes a classroom – where fingers learn before mouths do, where memory is tasted.

And as memory stains the steel, the eater's touch remains – in bones, in oil, in absence. Some plates cleaner than others. Therefore, the small pile on the side of the plate is a record of attention. It says : **I was here. I ate carefully. I knew what to leave behind.**



# FLYING HIGH

Drisana Bhattacharyya

*M.Com.*

Thunderous applause greeted him but he stood lost in his thoughts. His mind seemed to have travelled back in time and he could almost see before his eyes, his dear dying mother, gasping for her breath. "Shona, you'll be a very good doctor and serve the poor people like us. See to it that, like you, no other poor boy is orphaned by the untimely passing away of his mother. You must be their saviour. Remember your mother, look after the poor, my son, look after them."

Those were her last words, addressing her eleven-year-old son, Sanjoy.

His mother had been running a high fever for days, but the doctors in the locality had refused to visit their modest household.

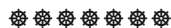
Sanjoy was adopted by a childless farmer couple after he became an orphan. Despite their limited resources, they managed to send him to a good school in the town. He had proved to be a promising student and earned a scholarship. A few years later, Sanjoy and the couple, whom he called Mamu and Mami, moved to the city. Mamu started to work at a restaurant to make ends meet.

Not being very used to the traffic of the city, Mamu met with an accident one day. Thus, Sanjoy lost one of his foster parents. Soon after, Mami and Sanjoy had to leave their small flat and move to a slum, to save money for Sanjoy's college fees.

A few years later, another tragedy struck. Sanjoy was in college, and it being Sanjoy's twenty-third birthday, Mami was preparing the traditional 'payesh' when her sari caught fire. Sanjoy's heart broke at the news, and he became alone in the whole world. True, Mami was not Sanjoy's biological mother, but this didn't change the fact that she had spent many a night, awake with Sanjoy, to encourage him to stay awake and study. This didn't change the fact that she had secretly sold three of her most valuable gold bangles to buy the much-needed laptop, to be used by Sanjoy in case of emergencies. And things had just begun to change for the better.

At the age of 42, he was being awarded the Best Doctor award, by the World Medical Council. Somewhere in the crowd, he could see Maa, Baba, Mamu and Mami beaming at him.

As the President of the world-famous organization showered him with praises, about his love and care towards the poor, and how he looked after patients as if he were their son. Sanjoy took off his spectacles as they had turned foggy. He whispered "Maa, Baba, Mamu, Mami, I have done it. Your Sanjoy is a good doctor today. A room full of people have come to compliment him. I have not let you down. Your dream and faith in me gave me wings."



# A LAND THAT MADE ME HEAL WOUNDS

Shrayi Sanyal

*B. A. Political Science*

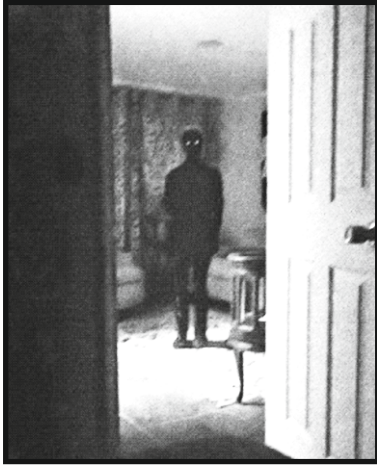
As beautiful as some waves knocks my eyes  
A beautiful thought that almost openly lies  
A ray of breath from the breeze I surround  
A motionless puzzle made by my ground  
It's morning or night, who wants to know  
Making my heart beat like it's a show  
Another lovely gaze, from the birdies I chased  
They all flew, and flew till my heart ablazed  
Butterflies inside me, butterflies all around  
The birdies again chorused a nice little sound  
My compassionate intensity now strives to grow  
Brought down to earth, where the skies were meant to flow  
A garden full of white flowers,  
A garden with no one to own  
Where I made the best memories, I have ever known.  
An ocean, full of secrets  
Eyes so full of snow  
A day or two, and all my scars will go  
A place like this, Heaven should've known  
A breeze just idle is enough  
For the skies to know.



# A CURSE THAT FOLLOWED US HOME

Harshita Singh

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We all love to hear about paranormal incidents until it happens to one of us. I, like any other kid was always fascinated by ghost stories but this incident still gives me chills. So, this started on our family trip to Chandigarh from Shimla in 2021. It was a four-day long trip. We were returning to Chandigarh on 22nd October. This is where it started. So we left by 3:00 PM and my dad was driving while we on the back had already dozed off. It takes nearly 4-5 hours to reach Chandigarh by car and we usually exit the mountainous part in 2-3 hours. But that day we didn't. By 7PM we were supposed to enter the Chandigarh area. But we realized **we were still on the mountainous part!** Yes, you read it right. After 4 hours we were no where near even the outskirts of Chandigarh. That is when we realized that we for the past 2 hours are going round in circles! No matter which route we take, no matter what we

do. We were TRAPPED. For those who don't know there is only one route from Shimla to Chandigarh down the hill. IT IS A SIMPLE ROUTE. But we were stuck. After continuing for one more hour we still kept going in circles and reaching the exact same spot. To our utter surprise there was not a single soul on that route. NOT EVEN ONE! It was pitch black. We lost our minds after this. And NO we were not on any wrong path cause as I said there is only ONE ROUTE. Now after 5 hours we all started panicking a lot. Our car once filled with happiness was now silent. We were all praying in our heads hoping to escape this situation at any cost. My mom started having tears in her eyes and so did I. My dad was consoling us but I know he was scared too. After 1 more hour of being alone on this entire route which is always packed with cars and bikes, and praying like anything, we saw a truck driver. FINALLY there was another human on planet Earth. My father asked him, "Hello, this is the route for Chandigarh, Right?" All he said was, "Are you going round in circles? Then keep going don't stop. Its chasing you". We completely lost our minds. How did he know? Who's chasing? Why is this happening? We flooded him with questions but he didn't answer any. After this we nearly accepted that maybe this is our last night, But guess what even the darkest nights pass. WE CONTINUED FOR 30 MORE MINUTES STARTED SEEING ANOTHER CARS AND BIKES ON ROAD! After 20-25 more mins we reached the outskirts of Chandigarh and finally reached our relative's home where we were supposed to stay for another 1 week after that. **BUT DID THE STORY END? NO IT DIDN'T.**

As soon as we reached I fell really sick!! We thought it was because of that road trip, but I am not someone who has motion sickness even on mountains, So it was weird. Anyways even after 4 days I didn't recover even a bit. The relatives we were staying over are deeply spiritual and so we hadn't shared what happened to us on our way back. But now we did share. My aunt had a friend who was

into Tarot reading and Aura cleansing kind of things. She stayed in the same society. My aunt called her and she rushed to our house. She met me and asked me to take a bath and come back. After I did she asked me if I ate or took something from someone on my trip. I didn't quite understand. Why would I take something or even eat from someone I don't even know. But as she stressed me to think I remembered this one incident where we went to eat at a local shop before leaving for Chandigarh and I met a girl. We were of the same age and she looked like a tourist too. I am an extrovert and I usually connect to people easily. Thus I connected with her instantly. After we chatted for some time she took out this beautiful bracelet from her bag and insisted me to wear it. I was not taking it at first but on her continuous insists I not only took it but I wore it the entire day. Infact I was wearing it until this day. Only when I was asked for a bath I had removed it. That aunty asked for that bracelet and after she saw it **she went Pale**. She told us that it is a **cursedbracelet**. People use this to transfer any curse or a spirit from their aura to yours. I WAS SHOCKED!!

I mean anyone would ,RIGHT? She asked us to burn it and it was followed by a round of puja and aura cleansing. After that I recovered slowly and left for Kolkata with my family after few days.

On hearing of that Truck Driver she told us that it might have been a Deity which protected you or showed you the path. He didn't really help us so whether he was a deity or another human or a spirit it still remains a mystery. I am glad that we are safe cause you never know what would've happened to me. A little act of trusting a stranger and being an extrovert would've costed me my life. Well did I change? Did I become an introvert ? OH never. I am still an extrovert but I have realized that spirits and black magic exists and Prayer with a clean heart can take you out of the biggest struggles. Also Iam no longer a big fan of bracelets after that. **THANK YOU!**



# HYPOCRITE

Sneha Biswas

*B.A. English Department*

Merits, awards, prizes, shine,  
They are all for grades that align.  
But what about those students, unseen –  
Who worked just as hard, behind the screen ?  
What about those who gave their all ?  
Who rose again with every fall ?  
And even if they didn't score an A+,  
Is failure the price for missing the bus?

The stereotypical ideology of society,  
Shapes minds with ruthless propriety.  
It makes students feel they're not enough,  
That anything less than A+ is rough.  
Why? Because they weren't called to the stage,  
To hold that trophy, or turn a page.  
Unlike the toppers, they weren't praised –  
Their quiet strength went unamazed.

How can marks define hard work's weight ?  
Does B+ mean you weren't that great ?  
Or are you "lazy," "average," "slow,"  
Because your results didn't brightly glow ?  
Who even are the "intelligent" ones ?  
Only those who solve equations for fun ?

What about those who read the room,  
Who think on their feet in shadows or gloom ?  
Isn't being street smart still a gift ?  
Why must one type of mind uplift ?  
Book-smart folks are fine, no doubt,  
But why must others face the drought ?

Why are humanities kids called dumb ?  
Why does the world make them numb ?  
Do they not study, read, and write,  
And analyze with equal might ?  
Why must they fight to prove they're wise,  
When their intellect, too, can touch the skies ?

Science – a subject each household hails,  
And every student fears or fails.  
They're seen as the smartest of the lot –  
Because their subjects are judged as “*tough*,” are they not ?  
But is toughness the only crown ?  
Must other streams be put down ?

And commerce ? Please. They don't even care.  
Forget we exist – we're barely there.  
“*Why take commerce ?*” they often say,  
And smirk and brush our path away.  
Well, it's because – it's “*irrelevant*,” right ?  
That's how they dim our inner light.

I'm not comparing,  
I know better than that.  
I'm not demeaning,  
I do better than that.  
I'm just questioning, quietly so,  
Why can't we praise more than we show ?

Why do people ignore the rest,  
And limit applause to just the “*best*” ?  
Why can't parents, teachers, say –  
“*You did your best in your own way*” ?  
It helps. It heals. It lifts us through.  
It tells us we're not failures too.

And once for all, it helps us believe,  
There's more to life than we perceive.  
We aren't failures; we're not to blame –  
We're just unseen in this unfair game.  
But they are hypocrites, bound in pride,  
Who can't see beyond the graded tide.

I'm using my words to show how I feel,  
Because this silence never heals.  
Seeing everyone win – it stings.  
No,  
I'm not jealous of their wings.  
Never.  
I'm just hurting under the seal.  
I'm sad.  
Deprived of the award I sought.  
Why ?  
Because I too gave all I've got.  
But then I wonder – am I the same ?  
Would I be writing if I had the fame ?

If I were to get an award today –  
Would these thoughts still find their way ?  
Maybe this poem wouldn't exist.  
Maybe my pain would still be missed.  
Maybe these words would never appear,  
Guess what?  
*I'm a hypocrite too. My dear.*



# THE WAIT WAS WORTH IT

Ishita Bera

*U.G. Department of English*

When we want to achieve something, we try again and again, giving our best. If we succeed, it feels wonderful. But if we don't, we often give up – telling ourselves, “Maybe it's not for me,” or worrying, “What will people say ?” Society turns our failures into gossip, and fear takes over. But the young German boy in our story had something else to show the world.

Born and raised in Emmerich am Rhein, our boy began competitive kart racing at the age of 10. He won the German Junior Kart Championship in 2002 when he was just 15 years old, followed that up with victory in the German Kart Championship in 2003. By this time, his motorsport career had started taking shape as he was noticed as a strong young driver. In 2005, he joined Formula BMW ADAC (a junior racing formula for single-seater cars). He won that year, but even after finishing first, he was demoted to third after the stewards decided he had brake-tested other drivers during a safety car period. In 2007, he joined the Formula 3 Euro Series, and in 2008, he won the title.

In 2010, he made his Formula 1 debut with Williams. His maiden season went well, but his team dropped him the next season. In 2011, he moved to Force India as the team's reserve driver, and by the end of the year, his team confirmed he would race for them in 2012. At the 2012 Brazilian Grand Prix, his race culminated in a bravura performance. He led the race and was able to keep the pace for 30 laps but lost the lead and spun into Lewis Hamilton. After that, he did not finish in the top three for almost seven years, and by 2020, his contracts had ended, leaving him unsigned by any team. People started to mock him by saying, “Most Grands Prix without a podium.” Teams used to call him only as a substitute. People labelled him a loser.

In 2023, he came back again with the slowest car on the grid, Haas, but nothing outstanding happened. And in 2025, Sauber signed him.

It was 5th July 2025 at Silverstone. During qualifying, he struggled and ended up in P19 for the next day's race. On 6th July, the race started under perfect chaos – Max Verstappen dominated early, followed by the Papaya boys. By the eighth lap, Oscar Piastrri overtook Max, while Lando Norris held P3 and Lewis Hamilton was in hot pursuit at P4. Then the rain came – relentless and heavy – turning the track into a skating rink. Spins, crashes, and chaos erupted all around.

But remember our hero – he started in P19. He carved his way through the field, overtaking one car after another with sheer skill and determination. He fended off a charging Lewis Hamilton, wheel-to-wheel, lap after lap, refusing to give an inch. And then it happened – he did it! For the first time, the hero of our tale was going to stand on the podium. From P19 to P3 – he had battled all the way to the top.

Fifteen years, 239 races – and finally stood on the podium. The moment belonged to him, the hero of our story – Nico Hülkenberg. The crowd that once mocked him now rose to cheer his name.

Nico Hülkenberg taught us the real meaning of perseverance. With great effort, grit, and patience, he made it happen. His story is a lesson to every one of us. He has proved that standing on the podium isn't the real success, but never giving up on the climb out there is the real victory.

# MEMORIES THAT LINGER

Ariba Ali

*B.Com.*

At the age of 11, I had learned that leaving people you love and the place where you made your best memories hurts more than scraped knees or two math classes in a row ever could.

Our first real home in Nashik felt like a warm cup of "chai" on a winter morning, full of bright light and a feeling of undeniable belongingness. Now I stand, desperately trying to capture every ounce of it before leaving.

My love for children soon resulted in a friendship, my first friend being a 2-year-old boy named Umair.

He had large, sweet but mischievous eyes. In no time, I had become a part of his family, and him being a part of mine. We spent so much time together; he never pronounced my name correctly, but I got used to it. Our families got closer and borrowing spices, sugar, and potatoes became a weekly ritual.

Any family event meant hours of laughter and aunty Bushra selflessly applying 'mehndi' on my hands with pure love.

From eating at her house on a random Tuesday to witnessing her getting married at our house, my heart was filled with love. My journey with them was measured not in weeks but in moments that will forever stay in my heart.

From playing with Umair to being there for the welcoming of Umair's little brother in the hospital... I saw it all.

As time went by, the entire "Happy home colony" became really close to my heart. They were not just the people I knew. My identity was now composed of bits and pieces of every wonderful soul I had met.

One evening, as I was walking back home from my tuition, which was approximately 20 steps away from my home, I saw an old man playing with his grandson, I assumed. I smiled at the little guy, and it took no time for him to become comfortable with me. I cherished the moments I spent playing with Taha, the sweet little boy, and his grandfather, whose kind eyes seemed to hold a lifetime of bedtime stories.

My tuition teacher's mother-in-law, may her soul rest in peace, was a wonderful woman who prayed that we wouldn't leave.

I used to have constant arguments with my tuition teacher's daughter, always clashing and bickering over silly things. But on my last day of playing, something shifted between us. We pooled our money and bought some Pepsi, sipping it in silence. In that bittersweet moment, I felt like saying how much I loved playing with her.

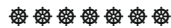
A block away lived two sisters, younger than me, it was with them I finally learned how to ride a bicycle despite of countless efforts of my father to teach me. "Mummy, come see me, I can ride a bicycle all by myself," I kept shouting with pure happiness, desperately wanting to share that with my mom, whose face lit up with the sight of my first small victory.

And now, the dreadful day had finally come, which meant leaving behind a world where I was adored by everyone. It was something I was just not ready to give up. It only meant never being able to ride bicycle with friends in the streets, it meant not being a part of that community anymore.

I sobbed internally, trying to keep a brave front, standing next to our packed furniture, but the pain was too much to contain, too much for a young mind to handle.

Around me, the love turned into tears, Umair's family openly cried, Taha's 'dada' broke down, and this visible grief was unbearable for me.

Their final words were filled with a bittersweet sense of hope, "don't worry, we will meet again." Yet, in that moment, I felt a weight settle in my chest. A part of my heart, suddenly much older, understood the truth: this was our last meeting.



# INDIA'S TWIN TAX REVOLUTIONS OF 2025 : A NEW ERA FOR GST AND DIRECT TAXES

Shatarupa Ganguly

*B. Com.*

The year 2025 marks a watershed moment in India's fiscal history, with the government rolling out a comprehensive overhaul of both its indirect and direct tax systems. The introduction of a radically simplified Goods and Services Tax framework, dubbed "GST 2.0," alongside the enactment of a new Income Tax Act, represents a concerted effort to build a more efficient, transparent, and growth-oriented economic environment. These reforms are designed with a dual focus: to ease the burden on the common citizen and to enhance the ease of doing business for enterprises of all sizes.

## **The GST 2.0 Overhaul: Simplicity and Relief**

Effective September 22, 2025, the most significant reform on the indirect tax front has been the fundamental restructuring of the GST slabs. Moving away from the complexities of the previous multi-tiered system (5%, 12%, 18%, and 28%), the GST Council has introduced a streamlined two-rate structure, bringing clarity and reducing tax incidence on a wide range of products.

### **1. A Simplified Two-Slab System :**

- **Merit Rate (5%) :** This rate now applies to a vast array of essential goods. Many products previously taxed at 12% and 18% – such as packaged food items, butter, ghee, hair oil, soap, toothpaste, and utensils – have been moved into this lower bracket. The tax on apparel and footwear (up to ₹2,500 per piece) has also been rationalized to 5%, providing direct relief to household budgets.
- **Standard Rate (18%) :** This is now the default rate for most other goods and services. Critically, a large number of items from the erstwhile 28% slab have been brought down to 18%. This includes consumer durables like televisions, refrigerators, and air conditioners, as well as crucial construction materials like cement and automotive products like small cars and two-wheelers (up to 350cc), making aspirational goods more affordable.

**2. A New Demerit Rate (40%) :** To maintain revenue neutrality and discourage the consumption of certain items, a new 40% rate has been introduced for "sin" and luxury goods. This category includes tobacco products, pan masala, aerated beverages, and high-end luxury vehicles, replacing the earlier system of 28% GST plus a variable cess.

**3. Expanded Exemptions :** In a major relief measure, GST has been eliminated on several crucial services and products. Notably, individual life and health insurance policies are now exempt from GST, a move aimed at increasing insurance penetration. Furthermore, to make education more affordable, essential learning materials like notebooks, pencils, and maps have also been made tax-free.

## **A New Dawn for Direct Taxes**

Complementing the GST overhaul is the landmark new Income Tax Act, 2025, which replaces the labyrinthine Income Tax Act of 1961. This new legislation simplifies the law, reduces litigation, and aligns India's tax system with global best practices.

For individual taxpayers, the Union Budget 2025 brought significant relief, enhancing the tax rebate to effectively make income up to ₹ 12 lakh per annum tax-free under the new regime. This measure is expected to leave more disposable income in the hands of the middle class, thereby boosting consumption and savings. The new Act also focuses on structural simplification by replacing archaic terms like 'Assessment Year' with a single, intuitive 'Tax Year' and removing the complex 'Resident but Not Ordinarily Resident' (RNOR) status.

### **Next-Generation Benefits : A Focus on Ease and Transparency**

Beyond the rate cuts and structural changes, the 2025 reforms are defined by their "next-generation" focus on leveraging technology to create a taxpayer-centric ecosystem. The goal is to enhance the ease of living and the ease of doing business by making compliance a seamless, digital, and trust-based process.

- **Simplified Compliance** : For businesses, the introduction of pre-filled GST returns, an automated refund mechanism, and a faster, three-day registration process for low-risk taxpayers significantly reduces the administrative burden and improves cash flow.
- **Digital Transformation** : The new Income Tax Act fully embraces a digital-first approach, enabling faceless assessments and digital compliance to reduce human interface, minimize corruption, and increase efficiency.
- **Enhanced Transparency and Reduced Litigation** : The new direct tax law is written in simpler language, with hundreds of complex provisions and explanations removed to improve clarity. On the indirect tax side, the operationalization of the Goods and Services Tax Appellate Tribunal (GSTAT) promises to expedite the resolution of long-pending disputes.

### **Sector-Specific Impact and Benefits**

The twin reforms are engineered to catalyse growth across specific sectors of the economy: MSMEs and Startups, Agriculture, Real Estate, Automotive, Textiles, and Healthcare. Simplified compliance, unlocked capital, and lower input costs are set to boost these vital areas.

### **Merits and Potential Challenges**

The primary merit of the 2025 reforms lies in their potential to boost consumption by increasing disposable income and reducing the tax burden on everyday goods. For businesses, simplified compliance and faster refunds promise to unlock capital and improve the ease of doing business, attracting investment.

However, the transition presents challenges. There is a short-term risk to government revenue stability due to the significant rate rationalization. While simplification is the goal, businesses may face initial hurdles adapting to new digital systems. Furthermore, the high 40% demerit rate, while targeting specific goods, could create inflationary pressure in those market segments. The success of the reforms will ultimately depend on seamless technological implementation to deliver on the promise of a truly transparent and efficient tax ecosystem.

### **Conclusion**

In conclusion, the tax reforms of 2025 are a foundational restructuring of India's fiscal architecture. While navigating the initial challenges will be crucial, the long-term vision is clear. By creating a simpler, more transparent, and digitally-driven tax environment, India aims to boost domestic consumption, enhance manufacturing competitiveness, and strengthen its position as an attractive global investment destination, paving the way for sustained economic growth.

# THE WALKING CORPSE OF CREATIVITY

Additiya Ganguly

*Department of English*

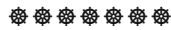
William Stafford once said – *“Everyone is a born poet- a person discovering the way words sound and work, caring and delighting in words. I just kept on doing what everyone starts out doing. The real question is : Why did other people stop ?”* History is a proof of how throughout generations, artists, writers and creatives of all kinds have been ostracized and casted aside because they were the forerunners of the theories and movements that other people were too afraid to vocalize. The gravitation towards mediocrity is the sole destructor of creativity and originality.

We live in a world that is highly dominated by technology and science. There are immediate and fast solutions and replacements for everything. The rigid structures of the society have left little to no room for a person to sit and think for a moment. Nowadays, time is the tree that only reaps the fruits of materialism because the value of art is only prominent in the minds of few. However, we cannot say that this is a sudden evolution which can only be attributed to today's era. Since the dawn of time, society has contributed to the demolishing of arts. As a result, the works of great writers, poets and artists have always shown a sense of isolation from society and love for solitude. Artists have also been seen describing themselves with the term 'outcasts' while other people referred to them as 'fools.' Although, there is one question that people should ponder upon- Why is a person who shows unrequired arrogance and wisdom towards his own knowledge and keeps undervaluing someone else's intelligence, not considered the real fool ? Why does the knife of violence and mockery keeps digging deeper into the soul of a person who embraced their ambitions instead of casting them aside? The definition of intelligence is subjective and ambiguous. It does not only cater to the fields of technology because art is equally important to sustain in the society. It has been a source of respite and inspiration for people irrespective of time, age, place and gender. The love for arts is what brings together individuals from all spheres of life and allows us to live in united harmony. Creativity is the antidote to all kinds of setbacks and it transcends the boundaries of time. The emotions captured in monotony and expressed in ink in the 18th century can still resonate with someone else in the 21st century. Literature and art have saved lives of various people.

In addition to being a source of escapism, art is the true form of rebellion and change. Authors and writers were the predecessors of many social movements and it is because of the accounts of their work that we can know the original narrations without any form of fabrication. For example, “The Diary of a Young Girl” by Anne Frank is a collection of the diary entries of a Jewish girl who lived in hiding with her family during the mass genocide of Jews by the Nazis during World War II. To this day, it stands as a testament of hope, resilience and the pursuit of finding light in the darkest surroundings. It is because of the work of a young girl that we can know about the pain and sufferings of the innocent and ordinary people during times of turbulence. Many other social movements were also started by feminist authors and the people of Africa which changed the course of time. Creativity is embraced only in the absence of coercion and domination. There has been significant impact on various lives

because someone decided to pick up a pen or a brush and narrate their story to the world. The depiction of the soul through art cannot be replicated by any sort of machine, algorithm or codes. Academia should encourage the sprouting of young minds instead of glorifying only a specific fragment of life. Technology and art are not competitors but the two ends of life which produces a serene rhythm. They are not mutually exclusive to each other and both are required to sustain life. They together make the cathartic element of life.

Creativity will always survive despite the wounds inflicted on it by the society. It is like the flower that grows in arid regions that doesn't require much assistance and help. The rare rainfall and a slow breeze are enough for it to fight and survive despite the atrocities and obstacles. Creativity is a walking corpse – even when dead, it continues to fight and walk. If you have a story, tell the world because the magnitude of creativity is everlasting.



# PEACE

Aditi Nayak

*B.Com.*

We long to live in a beautiful world donned with peace and harmony. But when we open our eyes wide and look around, we notice that the calmness of the world is being continuously stirred through clashes and wars, not only between nations but even among human beings in very trivial matters.

People in the rush of achieving their individual aims, disregard the feelings of others around them. In fact through racial discriminations and communal riots, humanity is being deeply scarred.

This connection is particularly saddening in the context of ongoing conflicts, such as the Russia – Ukraine, Israel-Palestine Wars and communal riots in our own country, which reflect the tragic resistance of human strife despite the lessons of history.

This deeply matters to us because it drives attention to the-harsh reality that, even after the devastation of World War II, conflicts persist, causing destruction and suffering. It shows us the limitations of institutions like the United Nations in preventing and resolving conflicts, highlighting the need for more effective global efforts towards lasting peace.

Just by popularising a dove with olive branch in its beak as a peace symbol, peace is not going to find place. The echoes of war, with its destructive forces and the profound human cost, continue to resound. It emphasizes on our collective responsibility to learn from history and actively engage in creating a world where peace is not merely symbolised but genuinely practiced.

Applying this insight in the future involves advocating for diplomacy, conflict resolution and international cooperation. It calls for a commitment to address root causes of conflict, promote understanding, and foster a global community that prioritises peaceful resolutions over violence. It begins with cultivating values of kindness, empathy, and understanding. These virtues must guide our decisions, actions, and policies.

By learning from the past and actively working towards peace, we contribute to a future where the beauty of places is preserved, and the destructive echoes of war are replaced by a harmonious symphony of coexistence.

For our selfish motives, we cannot be cruel to others. Values like kindness and feeling of brotherhood are of utmost importance to human character and hence must be our native qualities. Rather than wealth creation, there must be worldwide focus on virtues that must rule human mind, that must rule this world. Only then we can expect to live in a pleasant peaceful world.

Afterall, we cannot forget that we all aim to dwell in peace, not pieces.



# **BETWEEN CHAOS AND CALM**

**Sanskriti Rajwar**

*M. Com.*

Sometimes, life feels like one long rush. Alarms ring, phones buzz, deadlines pile up, and everyone seems to be running toward something - though half the time, we don't even know what that something is. The world is loud and fast, and silence almost feels out of place. But somewhere between all this noise and the quiet moments we often ignore, there's a space where we actually start to understand ourselves. That's the space between chaos and calm.

We often think calmness means having a perfectly peaceful life, like a movie scene where everything finally makes sense. But in reality, calm isn't about having no problems – it's about staying steady in the middle of them. The world will never stop being busy, but we can learn to slow down on the inside. Maybe that's what real maturity looks like: not escaping the storm, but learning how to breathe while it's raining.

Aristotle once called balance “the golden mean,” the middle path between extremes. It sounds simple, but it's one of the hardest things to practice. Balance isn't a perfect state you achieve once; it's something you keep adjusting, like walking a tightrope. Some days we lean too much into chaos – chasing goals, fighting deadlines, trying to be everywhere at once. Other days, we feel stuck in stillness, craving movement again. Life keeps swinging between the two, and maybe that's okay.

The funny thing is, when we finally slow down, we start noticing things that were always there - the smell of fresh rain, the sound of laughter in a crowded place, or that warm calm that comes with a quiet evening. These tiny, ordinary moments often hold more peace than the big milestones we chase. But we're usually too busy to notice them.

Peace, I've learned, doesn't just happen. It's something we build, decision by decision. We can't control how loud the world gets, but we can choose what we let in. Sometimes calm looks like saying no to things that drain you. Sometimes it's going offline, taking a walk, or sitting with your thoughts instead of avoiding them. It's not laziness; it's maintenance – for your mind, your heart, and your sense of being.

There's also a kind of beauty in chaos. It challenges us, shakes us out of comfort, and forces us to grow. The trick is not letting it consume us. Chaos will always exist – in plans that fall apart, friendships that fade, or choices that don't work out. But calm teaches us to see those moments differently. It reminds us that life doesn't have to be perfectly to be good.

In a way, living between chaos and calm is what makes life interesting. The contrast gives it meaning – the rush and the rest, the noise and the silence, the mess and the clarity. Maybe we don't need to pick one side. Maybe real peace is learning to carry both, to be steady and soft at the same time.

So, the next time the world feels too fast, try pausing for a second. Feel your breath, look around, and remind yourself that you don't have to keep up with everything. Between chaos and calm, there's a place that belongs just to you - a quiet center where you can find your balance again. And maybe, that's all the peace we really need.

# THE FRAGILITY OF TIME

Sanskriti Rajwar

*M. Com.*

Time is strange. We live inside it every second, but we barely understand it. Some days feel endless, others disappear before we even realize. One moment we're wishing for the future, and the next, we're missing the past. It's almost like time plays hide and seek with us – always moving, never stopping, and somehow always winning.

The older I get, the more I realize how fragile time really is. It doesn't break loudly; it just slips away quietly. One day you're in school, and suddenly you're not. The people you used to talk to every day become memories you scroll past once a year. The laughter, the chaos, the shared moments – they don't vanish, but they change shape. They turn into stories you tell yourself when you're nostalgic.

We often live as if time is unlimited – putting off calls, plans, and dreams because “there's still time.” But there never really is. Time doesn't pause for anyone. It doesn't wait for us to be ready. And that's exactly what makes it so precious. Because if everything lasted forever, nothing would truly matter.

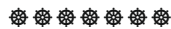
I used to think living fully meant doing a lot – travelling, achieving, ticking off goals. But now I think it's about presence, not speed. It's about how deeply you experience the moments you already have. A two-minute laugh with a friend can stay with you longer than an entire day of productivity. Sometimes the smallest things – a song, a sunset, a conversation - stretch time in their own way.

Writers and philosophers have always been obsessed with time. T.S. Eliot called it “the still point of the turning world.” Virginia Woolf wrote about its flow between memory and consciousness. But when I think about time, I don't picture clocks or calendars. I picture faces – the people I love, the ones I miss, and the versions of myself I've outgrown. Time isn't something we measure; it's something we feel.

What makes time fragile isn't just that it moves fast, but that it changes everything. It softens anger, heals pain, and blurs details – but it also takes away moments we wish we could relive. And yet, that's what makes life so beautiful. The fact that nothing lasts forever is what gives everything value.

We can't hold time, but we can honour it. By being present. By saying what we mean. By paying attention to moments as they happen instead of waiting to miss them later. Maybe the point isn't to fight time but to make peace with it – to live so honestly that when a moment ends, we can let it go with gratitude, not regret.

Because one day, we'll just be a memory for someone else. A smile, a story, a song that reminds them of us. And if that's all we get, then maybe that's enough. Maybe that's how we outlive time – by living in a way that leaves warmth behind.





# THE BEST OR LAST GENERATION

Sneha Somani

*B. Com. (Morning)*

Humanity has long been fascinated by the ebb and flow of generations, each defined by its unique historical context, technological landscape, and prevailing social norms. We label them, categorise them, and often project onto them the hopes and fears of our collective future. In contemporary discourse, a profound question echoes : Are we the “best” generation, destined to rise and save what’s left, or the “last” witnesses to a world we failed to protect? This paradox, far from being a simple binary, encapsulates the profound complexities of our age, where unprecedented progress coexists with existential threats, and boundless potential is shadowed by looming peril.

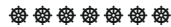
The argument for the current generation being the “best” is compelling, rooted in the exponential advancements that define our era. Never before has a generation possessed such immediate access to information, global connectivity, and tools for innovation. Technology, from artificial intelligence to biotechnology, offers solutions to problems once deemed insurmountable, promising breakthroughs in medicine, sustainable energy, and even space exploration. This generation is arguably the most globally aware, having grown up with instant access to diverse perspectives, which has fostered a heightened consciousness of social justice, environmental degradation, and mental health issues. The awareness translates into activism, a demand for accountability, and a collective drive to rectify historical injustices and build a more equitable world. Furthermore, the sheer adaptability of this generation, thrown into a whirlwind of constant change, suggests a resilience and capacity for problem-solving that could indeed propel humanity to new heights of prosperity and understanding.

Conversely, the chilling prospect of being the “last” generation weighs heavily on the collective consciousness. The existential threats we face are formidable and interconnected. Climate change looms as an undeniable crisis, threatening ecological collapse, resource scarcity, and mass displacement. Geopolitical tensions, fueled by ideological divides and the proliferation of advanced weaponry, raise the spectre of global conflict. Economic inequality continues to widen, creating societal friction and undermining stability. Perhaps most insidiously, the very technologies that offer such promise also present profound risk: the unchecked development of AI, the spread of misinformation, and the erosion of privacy all contribute to a sense of a world spiralling beyond human control. When viewed through this lens, the current generation appears burdened by the cumulative errors of the past, tasked with navigating a landscape fraught with the potential for irreversible decline.

Yet to frame the current generation solely as either the “best” or the “last” is to oversimplify a nuanced reality. Generations are not monolithic entities; they are diverse collections of individuals who inherit both the triumphs and the challenges of those who came before them. The “best” aspects of our time- the technological prowess, the global interconnectedness, the heightened social awareness are often inextricably linked to the “last” aspects, the environmental crisis, the digital

divide, and the polarisation of discourse. For instance, the internet, a tool of unparalleled connection and knowledge dissemination, also facilitates the creation of echo chambers and the rapid spread of harmful narratives. This suggests that the current generation is not merely inheriting a set of circumstances but actively shaping its destiny, with every choice carrying profound implications. We are, perhaps, a transitional generation, standing at a critical juncture where the decisions made today will dictate whether humanity charts a course towards unprecedented flourishing or irreversible decline.

In conclusion, the question of whether the current generation is the “best” or the “last” is less about definitive labels and more about the profound responsibility we collectively bear. While the scale of both our potential and our peril is immense, the true measure of any generation lies not in its given circumstances, but in its response to them. The current generation possesses the tools, the awareness, and, critically, the agency to confront the challenges and harness the opportunities before it. Whether we are remembered as the generation that finally achieved global harmony and sustainability or the one that failed to avert catastrophe will ultimately depend on the choices made, the collaboration forged, and the courage demonstrated in the face of an uncertain future. The legacy of this generation is not predetermined; it is being written with every action, every innovation, and every collective decision. So, the choice is in our hands.



# THE SEASON CALLED TWENTY

Kapila Bothra

*BBA Department*

She blew out twenty candles today, celebrating her twentieth birthday, enjoying it as friends and family cheered around her. For a moment she couldn't help but think how fast was she growing up. She was once the girl who slipped coins into her piggy bank, saving for candies and stickers. Now she's transferring money online, learning to manage her own finances.

She remembers sitting on the floor with her tiny plastic kitchen set, preparing delicacies for her dolls. Now, she cooks her own meals – sometimes burnt, sometimes perfect. The glittery hairclips and hairbands that crowned her as a princess have been replaced by scrunchies holding her hair back as she studies late till night.

The girl who once believed in *Peter Pan's Neverland* and *Cinderella* fantasies now finds herself lost in the gripping mysteries of Agatha Christie. The paper boats and paper planes that once sailed across puddles and bedroom skies have turned into flashcards, sticky notes, and to-do lists guiding her future.

The time when her little wrists wore colorful friendship bands, each one shouting '*forever friends*' has now faded away. Some stayed, some only exist in Instagram's following list.

Some days, she still doubts herself – "Will I be able to do it?". But then she remembers the girl who once learned to ride a bike after a couple of falls, and realises she has always been learning to rise.

Every night, as she lies on her bed, she thinks, "Oh how far I've come....and how far I've yet to go."



# 'I FOUND OUT I WAS FUNNY WHEN I WAS SAD'

Ashmita Basu Ray

*B.Com. (Marketing)*

Ash sank into the vibrant beanbag chair, letting out a sigh that could deflate a bouncy castle. "I'm telling you guys," she said to Archie and Rony, who were expertly navigating a platter of samosas, "my life is officially a tragic comedy. Emphasis on the tragic."

Archie, ever the realist, raised an eyebrow. "Tragic? You just won the office 'Guess the Number of Jellybeans' contest."

"And got a free stapler," Rony added, a samosa crumb stuck to her cheek. "A really good stapler."

Ash dramatically ignored them. "No, no, you don't understand. My pet goldfish, Gilly, looked at me with such disappointment this morning. I swear, he knows my soul is a barren wasteland of unfulfilled desires."

The real reason for Ash's funk was a slightly less dramatic, yet equally disappointing, rejection from a writing contest she had poured her heart into. But Gilly's judgmental stare made for a funnier story.

"Right," Archie said, wiping her hands. "So, to fight this goldfish-induced sadness, I suggest a plan: Operation Goa Getaway!"

Rony practically jumped off the sofa. "Goa? With beaches, parties, and no disapproving aquatic life?"

Ash, despite herself, felt a tiny spark of something other than existential dread. "Goa, huh? That does seem like a good distraction from Gilly's silent judgment."

And so, Operation Goa Getaway began. Flights were booked, a quirky little Airbnb with a suspiciously wobbly balcony was secured, and a pact was made: no sadness allowed, only sunshine, questionable dance moves, and maximum fun.

The first few days in Goa were glorious. Ash's spirits lifted with each wave that tickled her toes. They gorged on seafood, haggled for ridiculously patterned sarongs, and danced until their feet begged for mercy. Ash even built a sandcastle that Gilly would have been proud of.

But on their third evening, a slight cloud of sadness returned for Ash. It wasn't about the writing contest; it was something far more trivial. Her favorite beach shack ran out of pineapple juice. The horror!

"This is it," Ash declared, dramatically flopping onto a sun lounger, "the universe is conspiring against my happiness. First Gilly, now the pineapple juice. What's next? A world shortage of flip-flops?"

Archie and Rony exchanged a look. They recognized this type of Ash-sadness. It usually led to chaos.

"Okay, Ash," Rony said, trying to be calming, "how about we turn this... energy... into something productive? Like a scavenger hunt?"

Ash's dull eyes lit up. "A scavenger hunt? For what?"

"For the most obscure souvenir you can find!" Archie chimed in, quickly thinking on her feet. "And whoever finds the weirdest wins bragging rights and a free cocktail."

Ash, fueled by the injustice of the pineapple juice situation, eagerly agreed. "Deal! Prepare to be amazed by my sadness-fueled hunting skills!"

What followed was a wild, slightly chaotic, two-hour hunt through the bustling Anjuna Flea Market. Archie meticulously searched for antique buttons, and Rony was on a mission to find a sarong with a cat wearing sunglasses. Ash, however, had a different agenda. Her sadness gave her a mischievous streak. She wasn't just looking for obscure souvenirs; she was looking for trouble in the most delightful way possible.

Her first target was a serious-looking man selling intricately carved wooden elephants. He was mid-negotiation with a tourist when Ash, pretending to be very interested, purposely knocked over a tall display of miniature Ganeshas. The domino effect was spectacular. Ganeshas tumbled, bells jingled, and the man's face turned a shade of purple usually reserved for overripe plums.

Archie and Rony, watching from a safe distance, clamped their hands over their mouths to stifle their laughter. Meanwhile, Ash apologized profusely, her eyes sparkling with suppressed amusement.

Next, she saw a group of tourists attempting a yoga pose that looked less like enlightenment and more like a pretzel. Still in her "sad" yet "mischievous" zone, Ash decided to offer "assistance." She subtly adjusted one woman's leg, causing a chain reaction that sent the entire yogi pyramid crashing into a heap of limbs and stifled giggles.

"Just trying to help with alignment!" Ash chirped, skipping away before anyone could fully grasp what had happened.

Archie and Rony were now laughing openly. "Ash, you're a menace!" Rony gasped, wiping tears from her eyes.

Ash just grinned. "Blame the lack of pineapple juice. It makes me impulsive."

Her grand finale was saved for a busy beachside café. A renowned local musician was setting up for a performance, his ancient tabla drums gleaming in the sunset. Ash, sensing an opportunity, decided her sadness required a musical outlet.

As the musician turned his back for a moment, Ash surprisingly snuck onto the stage. She picked up two drumsticks and, with a flourish, began to play. Ash was not musically inclined. Her drumming sounded less like music and more like a frantic squirrel trying to escape a tin can.

The musician spun around, eyes wide with shock and horror. The café patrons, however, were captivated. Some laughed, some cheered, and a few even attempted to dance to Ash's chaotic beat.

Archie and Rony, having followed her to the café, were now in hysterics. They tried to pull her off the stage, but Ash was surprisingly strong, fueled by her sad performance.

Just as the musician was about to politely escort Ash away, a group of enthusiastic tourists started chanting, "More! More!"

The musician, ever the performer, saw a chance. He grabbed his own sticks, shot Ash a wry smile, and began to play along, weaving her chaotic drumming into a surprisingly catchy rhythm. The crowd went wild.

Eventually, Ash, exhausted but exhilarated, handed the sticks back to the musician. He bowed deeply to her, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Thank you, madam," he said. "Your unique style has truly enlivened the evening."

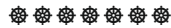
Back at their Airbnb, Ash, Archie, and Rony collapsed onto the wobbly balcony, gasping for air between fits of laughter.

"I can't believe you did all that, Ash," Rony managed to say, clutching her sides.

"And all because of pineapple juice," Archie added, shaking her head in disbelief. "You, my friend, are truly funny when you're sad."

Ash, a wide grin spreading across her face, looked out at the twinkling lights of Goa. The sadness was gone, replaced by a warmth that had nothing to do with the humidity. "You know," she said, "maybe Gilly was right. Maybe my soul is a barren wasteland... but it's a really entertaining barren wasteland."

And with that, the three friends burst into another round of laughter, their voices echoing over the Goan night. Ash realized that sometimes, the funniest things happen when you're just a little bit sad. And having friends who embrace your chaotic melancholy? That was the best souvenir of all.



# **STUDENT LIFE THE MOST CHAOTIC YET BEAUTIFUL PHASE OF OUR EXISTENCE**

**Kahkashan Paraveen**  
*B.A., History Department*

IF LIFE WERE A MOVIE,STUDENT LIFE WOULD BE DRAMATIC, FUNNY,UNPREDICTABLE, FIRST HALF THAT EERYONE REMEMBER LONG AFTER THE CREDITS ROLL. IT'S A TIME WHEN WE JUGGLE BOOKS,DREAMS,DEADLINE,AND 2 A.M MAGGIE ---AND SOMEHOW STILL THINK WE'RE "MANAGING FINE".

LET'S BE HONEST: STUDENT LIFE IS NOT JUST ABOUT ATTENDING CLASSES AND SUBMITTING ASSIGNMENTS ON TIME (WHICH, BY THE WAY MOST OF US NEVER DO). IT'S ABOUT THE LEARNING HOW TO SURVIVE ON MINIMAL SLEEP, MAXIMUM PRESSURE, AND INSTANT COFFEE.

## **THE MORNING HUSTLE [ALSO KNOWN AS DAILY OLYMPIC EVENT]**

Every student knows the struggle – waking up late, brushing teeth while mentally preparing for the exam we did not study for ,and running to class like an Olympic sprinter. Attendance, for most of us, is less about learning and more about survival – because 75% attendance is scarier than any horror movie any made.

Still, there's something magical about those sleepy morning classes. Whether it's secretly eating snacks in the last bench, passing notes, or trying to decode a professor's handwriting on the board, these moments make up the chaos that we'll letter call nostalgia

## **EDUCATION IN THE ERA OF WI-FI**

Those days are gone when students carried heavy encyclopedias. Now, we have google, chatGPT, and YouTube tutorials that can explain the entire syllabus five minutes before the exam. Education has gone digital – and while that's a blessing, it's also a trap.

Scrolling through "study video" often leads to "funny cat video", and suddenly two hours are gone, and the exam is tomorrow. But technology, is good when used right can make us unstoppable

A smart student today doesn't just memorize; they explore. They watch videos for more information

## **THE CAREER CONFUSION ERA**

"I'LL THINK I WILL PREPARE FOR UPSC.....OR MAYBE MBA....BUT ALSO I'M LEARNING GRAPHIC DESIGN....AND MY FRIEND SAID FREELANCING PAY'S BETTER"

The world is changing faster than our syllabus updates. Job's that didn't exist 10 years ago – like app developer, data analysts, and digital marketing – are now top careers. Students are confused what to do or not.

Internships, part time-jobs, and volunteering can teach more about life and work than any textbook. Even failures during this time are valuable—because they reveal what doesn't suit you. The goal is not just to earn a career, but to build one that excites you to wake up every morning

## **EXAMS, EXPECTATION, AND EXISTENTIAL CRISES**

Exams are every student's favorite time of year – *said no one ever*. whether it's school test or semester papers, that one week of chaos feels like running a marathon blindfolded

We make unrealistic schedules like “*12 hours of study daily*” and end up doing three to two hours. But behind all the jokes, exam do teach discipline – or at least the art of pretending to be disciplined

Parents expect A+ Grades, teachers expect effort, and student expect mercy from the universe. Somewhere between all these expectation, we learn time management, pressure handling, and the valuable skill of staying calm when during an online exam

## **THE REAL EDUCATION HAPPENS OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM**

STUDENT LIFE ISN'T ABOUT ACADEMIC. It's where you learn who you are. You figure out how to work in a team during group projects [even when one person does nothing]. You discover leadership in college events, creativity in fests, and negotiation skills in canteen price or food quality arguments.

Clubs, cultural activities, debates, and sports all teach what no syllabus covers—communication, confidence, and emotional intelligence. These soft skills often matter more in careers than marks ever will.

## **THE SOCIAL LIFE OF STUDENTS LIFE**

Let's not pretend we study all the time. Student life is also about friendships, late-night outing, and inside jokes that make college unforgettable.

Friends become unofficial therapists, group project partners, and alarm clocks. Together, we go through everything-heartbreaks, result, and food shortage in hostel. it's messy, hilarious, and beautiful.

And, yes sometimes, social media makes it worse- seeing everyone elses “perfect” life online can be frustrating. But remember, no one posts pictures of sleepless nights or failed tests. Real life is imperfect- and that's what makes it fun

## **THE EMOTIONAL ROLLERCOASTER**

THERE ARE HIGH AND LOW days when you feel on top of the world, and days when you even instant noodles feel like too much effort. It's okay. Student life isn't supposed to be perfect; it's supposed to be real.

When you fail, learn. When you succeed, celebrate. When you're tired, rest and when you're lost – remind yourself that everyone is figuring things out. Even the people who look confident are probably panicking inside

## **BALANCING FUN AND FUTURE**

A great student life balances enjoyment and responsibility. Partying and procrastinating are part of the deals, but so is planning for the future. Learn a skill, attend workshops, or start a small project. You never know – that random idea could become your career.

College is the best time to take risks. Want to start YouTube channel ? Do it. Want to learn coding, blogging, or digital marketing ? Go for it. Every new thing you learn now adds new brick to your future success.

## **CONCLUSION: THE BEST CHAPTER YOU'LL MISS LATER**

Student life is a strange mix of laughter, stress, hope, and anger. It's the time when you are broke but happy, tired but excited, scared but brave. You'll miss these days more than you realize- the chaos, the deadlines, the friends, even the boring lectures.

So enjoy it. Study hard, dream big, laugh louder, fail bravely, and keep moving forward. Because once this phase is gone, it never comes back – but its lesson stay forever.

IN THE END, STUDENT LIFE DOES NOT JUST PREPARE YOU FOR A CAREER- IT PREPARES YOU FOR LIFE ITSELF.

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR :**

KAHKASHAN PARVEEN IS A PASSIONATE LEARNER, PART-TIME DREAMER, AND FULL TIME STUDENT WHO BELIVES THAT LAUGHTER IS THE BEST STUDY STRATEGY.

THANK YOU



# THE JOURNEY CALLED LIFE

Shristi Gupta

*B. Com.*

Life is a beautiful journey filled with moments of joy, sorrow, success, and failure. It is not a straight road but a path full of turns, lessons, and surprises. Every person experiences life differently, and that is what makes it so unique and meaningful.

We often spend our days chasing dreams, worrying about the future, or regretting the past. But in doing so, we sometimes forget to enjoy the present moment – the only time that truly belongs to us. Life is not just about reaching our goals; it is also about cherishing the journey that leads us there.

There are days when everything feels perfect, and there are days when nothing seems right. But both kinds of days are important. The good ones make us grateful, while the bad ones make us strong. Just like rain and sunshine are both needed for flowers to grow, happiness and pain are both essential for us to grow as human beings.

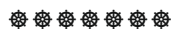
One of the greatest lessons life teaches us is the power of self-belief. When we trust ourselves and keep moving forward, even small steps can create big changes. Failure should never stop us; instead, it should guide us toward improvement. Every mistake carries a lesson, and every setback hides a new opportunity.

Another important part of life is love and kindness. No matter how busy or ambitious we become, we should never forget to care for others. A small act of kindness can make someone's day brighter and remind them that they are not alone. The world becomes a better place when we choose to spread love instead of negativity.

Life also teaches us the value of time. Every moment that passes will never come back, so it is important to live meaningfully. Spending time with family, laughing with friends, learning new things, and doing what makes us happy – these are the things that give true purpose to our days.

In the end, life is not measured by how long we live but by how well we live. It's about the memories we create, the people we touch, and the lessons we learn along the way. Every sunrise brings a new chance to start fresh, to forgive, to grow, and to try again.

So, let us live fully – not in fear of what might go wrong, but in hope of what could go right. Let us appreciate the little things, smile more often, and remember that even the smallest step forward is still progress. Because at the heart of it all, life is not about perfection; it's about progress, peace, and purpose.



# ECHOES WITHIN THE WALLS

Divisha Patel

*B. Com.*

For centuries, I've stood steadily amidst the chaotic world, witnessing generations that popped-up and popped-out. My patient ears have heard the cries of newborns and final goodbyes. I've keenly observed tender moments of joy, melancholic instances of sorrow, exuberance of a celebration, and heated arguments that echoed through the corridors of time.

The legacy of passing on traditions and the adaptations made by the newer families make me wonder about the dynamic nature of ever-changing human life. Wars and weddings, agony and ecstasy-these are the dualities that make the lives of humans complete. I've opened my doors to welcome the small possibilities open to humans to experience the elegant world for an instant in external existence.

My walls have invisible lines of memories of each member who lived in this abode and gave me the taste of inclusiveness. I feel like an open canvas painted by each generation with colours of human motions. Though I've become weak, I continue this cycle of welcome and farewell, amidst the chaotic world.

I have seen children grow into adults, bearing the weight of responsibilities that once seemed distant to them. Their laughter once rang through my rooms, only to be replaced by hushed conversations, secret fears, and ambitious dreams. Some achieved greatness, leaving their mark on the outside world, while others found solace within my shelter, content with the smaller joys of life. I have never judged, for my role has always been to watch, to listen, and to preserve.

I've witnessed seasons painting themselves upon me-spring breathing freshness, summer pouring warmth, monsoon drenching my body with showers, winter wrapping me in silence. Yet through every turn of time, the essence of human life has remained unchanged-the longing for love, the fear of loss, and the hope for tomorrow. These emotions have seeped into my bricks, my very being, making me more than just walls. I am a keeper of legacies, a silent storyteller of countless untold tales.

There were times when wars raged outside, when walls trembled at the sound of destruction. Families huddled close, whispering prayers for safety. And there were times when festivals illuminated me with light, songs, and fragrance, as if life itself had dressed me in celebration. Such extremes taught me that human existence is nothing but a delicate dance between despair and delight.

Each generation left behind something intangible-an imprint of values, of dreams, of struggles. Their touch, their voices, their very breath still echo faintly in the quietness of my nights. Though I may one day crumble, I know I will never truly die. For as long as memories are cherished, I live on within the hearts of those who once found comfort under my shelter.

I am not merely bricks and mortar. I am a witness to humanity's eternal play, where beginnings and endings weave together in an endless cycle. My duty is to endure, to embrace every joy and sorrow, and to remind those who dwell within me that life, though fleeting, is profoundly beautiful in its impermanence.

# FROM INTEGRITY TO INSTINCT : REVISITING HARISH CHANDRA MUKHERJEE'S LEGACY IN TODAY'S JOURNALISM

**Marium Ghosh**

*JMC Department*



In the annals of Indian journalism, few names shine as brightly as that of Harish Chandra Mukherjee. A trailblazer of the 19th century, Mukherjee laid the foundation of fearless, reform-oriented journalism at a time when colonial oppression tried to silence native voices. As the editor of the Bengali newspaper *Hindu Patriot*, he used the power of the pen to expose injustices, advocate for the poor indigo farmers of Bengal, and awaken the conscience of a colonised nation.

In Mukherjee's time, journalism was a mission. The press was still in its infancy, yet it held immense power as one of the few platforms available for voicing dissent under British rule. Newspapers like *Hindu Patriot* operated with meagre resources, but immense courage. Harish Chandra Mukherjee did not hesitate to criticise the atrocities of the Indigo Planters, despite knowing the risks of colonial backlash. His writings directly contributed to the Indigo Revolt (*Neel Bidroho*) and drew attention in the British Parliament – a remarkable achievement for a young Indian editor in a heavily censored environment.

For Mukherjee, the pen was sacred. Journalism was about truth-telling, public interest, and moral responsibility. There were no viral headlines, no sensationalism, no paid news, and no race for TRPs. It was slow journalism, but deeply impactful.

Fast forward to the 21st century, and journalism is more widespread and accessible than ever before – but also more commercialised, polarised, and fragmented. With the rise of 24/7 news channels, click-driven digital portals, and influencer journalism on social media, the line between news and entertainment is increasingly blurred.

In contrast to Mukherjee's principled stance, many media outlets today prioritise speed over substance, and profit over people. Sensationalism often trumps truth, and the pursuit of ratings or online engagement pushes stories that are dramatic rather than meaningful. Paid news, media ownership by corporates, political lobbying, and echo chambers have compromised the independence of many media platforms.

The shift is stark :

- Then, journalism was a public duty;

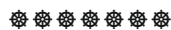
- Now, it is often a commercial product.
- Then, one brave editorial could spark a movement;
- Now, even important investigations are drowned out in the noise of viral content.
- That said, not all modern journalism is hollow. The legacy of Harish Chandra Mukherjee lives on in independent journalists, fact-checking organisations, investigative platforms, and young reporters who continue to risk their safety for the truth. The tools may have changed – digital media, podcasts, blogs, and social networks – but the values of courage, truth, and public accountability are still relevant.

As media consumers, we also bear responsibility. We must support ethical journalism, question narratives, and demand transparency – just as Mukherjee demanded justice for the oppressed.

Harish Chandra Mukherjee died at just 30, but his contributions to Indian journalism remain immortal. His editorials didn't just inform; they transformed. They were written with the belief that words can challenge power and awaken conscience.

In today's complex media environment, his life serves as a reminder of what journalism ought to be: fearless, ethical, and rooted in truth. At a time when press freedom is under threat, and public trust in media is declining, his example offers a moral compass.

Let today's journalists – and readers – take inspiration from him. Let us shift our focus from “what sells” to what serves. In a world of noise, let us choose integrity over instinct, and revive the soul of journalism that Harish Chandra Mukherjee so nobly shaped- a vision that Mukherjee championed more than 200 years ago.



## **WISH FULFILLING OR SELF CRITIQUE**

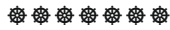
**Ayushee Sarkar**

*Geography Department*

Filmmaking is an art in itself which is sculpted by the hands of a film maker and characterized by gentle yet bold strokes reflecting the socio economic or political realities of the audience.

The Bengali films were mostly centered in Tollygunge Kolkata and hence the Bengali film industry was named as tollywood. Part of the great triumvirate of twentieth century bengali cinema MrinalSen along with Satyajit Ray, Ritwik Ghatak did not miss to point out the political issues and raise awareness to be critical of our accepted traditional beliefs. 'Ek din pratidin" directed by Mr.MrinalSen, is one such film during the 70s, which brought out the harsh reality faced by working women at that time. The movie begins by showing Chinu , a hard working women and the only bread winner of a family of 7, for a reason was not coming home till late night. That night, the story hits its peak as the neighbours start harassing and manipulating the family into believing how ashamed the family should be as their one and only daughter is not coming home, indicating flaw in her character. Pressurized by their comments the family delves into a melancholic mood stuck between reminiscing the good moments with their daughter and facing the society. Ultimately Chinu returns home expecting a warm welcome instead all she got was stares of shame and judgement. The first breakthrough was made by Mr Satyajit Ray when he released PatherPanchali but didn't get attention nationally up until it was recognised internationally. The film set in a village portrayed the tragic realities of the poor marginalized family. Still in that family the brother and sister Apu and Durga did not miss a chance to enjoy life. Durga always showed her brother how the trains used to pass by the beautiful Kans forest or more popularly known as KaashPhool. These things were so minimal yet the way Durga being the elder sister made the moments so precious for her little brother just to divert him from the harsh realities their family was facing. Sadly Durga dies due to her sickness at the end of the movie, portraying that time is inevitable but the memories created are to remain. Another film Devi directed by Mr. Satyajit Ray dealt with "religious dogmatism" in his words. It did not attack religion rather showed the extremities of following a religion so blindly without questioning its meaning. The film is set in rural bengal where Kalikinkar a devotee of goddess Kali sees a dream that his daughter in law, Doyamoyee is an incarnation of goddess Kali. And coincidentally through a series of mysterious events such as Doyamoyee curing the sick without the need of medicine convinced kalikinkar more about worshipping her. Fragile minded Doyamoyee accepted this worship gratefully. Slowly the movie takes its peak as continuously day and night she is worshipped by presenting hibiscus, offering her sweets, smudging red sindoors on her face as part of the Hindu ritual. At the end of the movie she runs away breaking away from all customs and rituals and her dear devotees who loved her so much so that she became insane. This movie portrayed that behind the facade of devotion of the devotees there lies blind faith unable to read or feel human emotions.

These films do not necessarily fit in the genre of "wish fulfilling cinemas" usually characterized by a famous heroine, an ear filling background score, a simple wish fulfilling screen story making the audience happy and cheerful about their happy ending. Rather these films are intellectually composed not to fit in the generalized concept of cinema making rather as the voice of the common people. Being apolitical or not being vocal about the conditions common people are being subjected to is a privilege. Yet these pioneers chose to be vocal about it by making cinemas attacking and questioning cherished beliefs and traditional institutions which in turn made the younger generation fight against the wrongdoing and bring justice. This also acts as a message to the upcoming generations to think before they act and to be a self critique of their own actions and words.





## Misr Mein Nashiyat Ka 4000j :- Nau Abadyat Aur Sawafhi Taraqqi مصر میں نسائیت کا عروج: نو آبادیات اور ثقافتی ترقی

انیسویں صدی کے اواخر سے بیسویں صدی کے اوائل تک مسلم برطانوی سلطنت دنیا کے لئے ایک ہنگامہ خیز وقت تھا۔ نو آبادیاتی طاقت بن چکی تھی، اور عثمانی سلطنت زوال پذیر تھی۔ دو مصری خواتین، عائشہ تیمور اور ملک حنفی ناصف نے اپنی قوم کے اندر خواتین کے کردار کو دریافت کیا اور ابھرتی ہوئی بحثوں میں حصہ لیا۔

انہوں نے اندازہ لگایا کہ کیسے نو آبادیات نے مباحثوں میں حصہ لیا۔ ثقافتی شناخت کو کیسے متاثر کیا اور کس طرح غیر ملکی اور پدر شاہی نظاموں نے اسلام کی طرف سے خواتین کو دیئے گئے حقوق میں رکاوٹ ڈالی۔

حقوق نسواں کی مختلف قسمیں ہیں، جن میں سے ہر ایک مختلف سیاق و سباق میں صنفی بنیادوں پر خدشات کو دور کرنے کیلئے نو آبادیات اور نو آبادیاتی نسائیت نے مختلف طریقے اپناتے ہیں۔ استعمار اور نو آبادیاتی حقوق نسواں نے مشرقی معاشروں کے تصورات اور خواتین کے ساتھ ان کے سلوک کو متاثر کیا۔ تاہم، مغربی حقوق نسواں کے نظریات، ہمیشہ مشرقی حقوق نسواں کے نظریات سے ہم آہنگ نہیں ہوتے ہیں۔ اس کو حل کرنے کیلئے یہ ظاہر ہے کہ کس طرح نو آبادیاتی حقوق نسواں کے نظریات کے اثرات کا مقابلہ کیا اور مقامی صنفی بنیادوں پر خدشات کو دور کیا، ایسے مسائل جو آج بھی اہم ہیں۔

### مصر میں حقوق نسواں

عائشہ تیمور اور ملک حنفی ناصف مصر میں حقوق نسواں کی تحریک کی ابتدائی تشکیل کیلئے اہم تھے۔ انہوں نے مصر کے ثقافتی اور ادبی منظر نامے میں حصہ ڈالا اور خواتین کے کردار اور حقوق پر بحث کی قیادت کی۔ سلطنت عثمانیہ نے وسیع پیمانے پر حکومت کی تھی، لیکن 18 ویں صدی کے وسط تک یہ شدید زوال کا شکار تھی، خطے کے مشرقی پیشرفت کے لئے سب سے مناسب ذرائع پر مصر کے اندر موزوں ترین ذرائع پر بحث کو جنم دیا۔ خواتین کا نقطہ نظر اور شراکت ان مباحثوں کا ایک اہم حصہ تھا۔

### یورپی خیالات

انیسویں صدی میں یورپی نو آبادیات اپنے عروج پر تھی، اور معاشرے کے بارے میں کچھ متعین خیالات رکھتی تھی، معاشرے کے ارتقاء کے بارے میں ایک اہم خیال، سماجی ڈارونزم تھا، جس کا موقوف تھا کی یورپی سب سے زیادہ ترقی یافتہ لوگ تھے

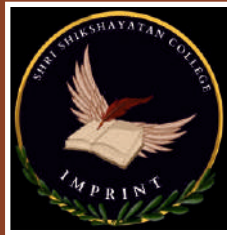
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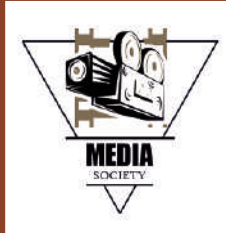
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