

A surreal painting featuring a woman's head in profile at the bottom, with a tree growing from the top of her head. The tree's branches are filled with numerous colorful balloons in shades of red, blue, yellow, green, and purple. The background is a dark, textured space with hints of a landscape and a planet. The overall style is expressive and imaginative.

MIND BREW

English Department E-zine

Durgapur Women's College

2ND EDITION | AUGUST 2022

FIGURATIVE FRENZY

Get Ready to step into the world of creative writing, you might find yourself floating on the boat, crossing many evoking themes, passing by sceneries of poetry, prose, paintings and many more.

Preface

Hello friends,

The wait is over!

We are here with our second edition of the departmental ezine *Mind Brew*. In the previous year, *Mind Brew* was successful in showcasing the artworks and writings of all the students of the Department of English, Durgapur Women's College. This encourages us to keep creating the space for more creators.

Art is the best way to speak your mind. That is why we thought of going with certain themes that may have resonances with the issues that currently concern us. At the outset, we decided to incorporate four themes: "WAR AND US", that'll speak of the purpose of war and how it affects us; "GENDER BENDER", reflecting upon the dilemma and anxiety of gender-neutral individuals who come across social stigma; "MENTAL DEBRIS" that will raise the deep concern and discrete judgement about mental health; and "BIODIVERSITY", a topic connecting us to our roots, 'Nature'.

Although, we did not receive submissions in accordance with the thematic foci, we are grateful to all the contributors who gifted us with a diverse array of creative works (poems, paintings, prose works, photographs) that seems to have a link with the themes mentioned above. We hope these uplifts everyone's spirits and encourage the students of the department to engage more and more with creative pursuits.

Mind Brew is the upshot of diligence and zeal yielded by the teachers and students of the department. We would like to extend our heartfelt gratitude to our teachers, Prof.Chandrima Das, Dr.Shyamasri Maji, Dr.Anugamini Rai, Prof.Runa Chatterjee, Prof.Riman Rakshit, Prof.Ayan Mukherjee and Dr. Amitayu Chakraborty, for their immense encouragement and support.

We are sincerely grateful to our teachers for scrutinising and redacting the creative contributions that have been included in the magazine.

We also want to thank all the students who brought out their wonderful creations for the magazine.

Hope you have a delightful experience with *Mind Brew*.

Regards,

Shreya Das

Anushree Saha

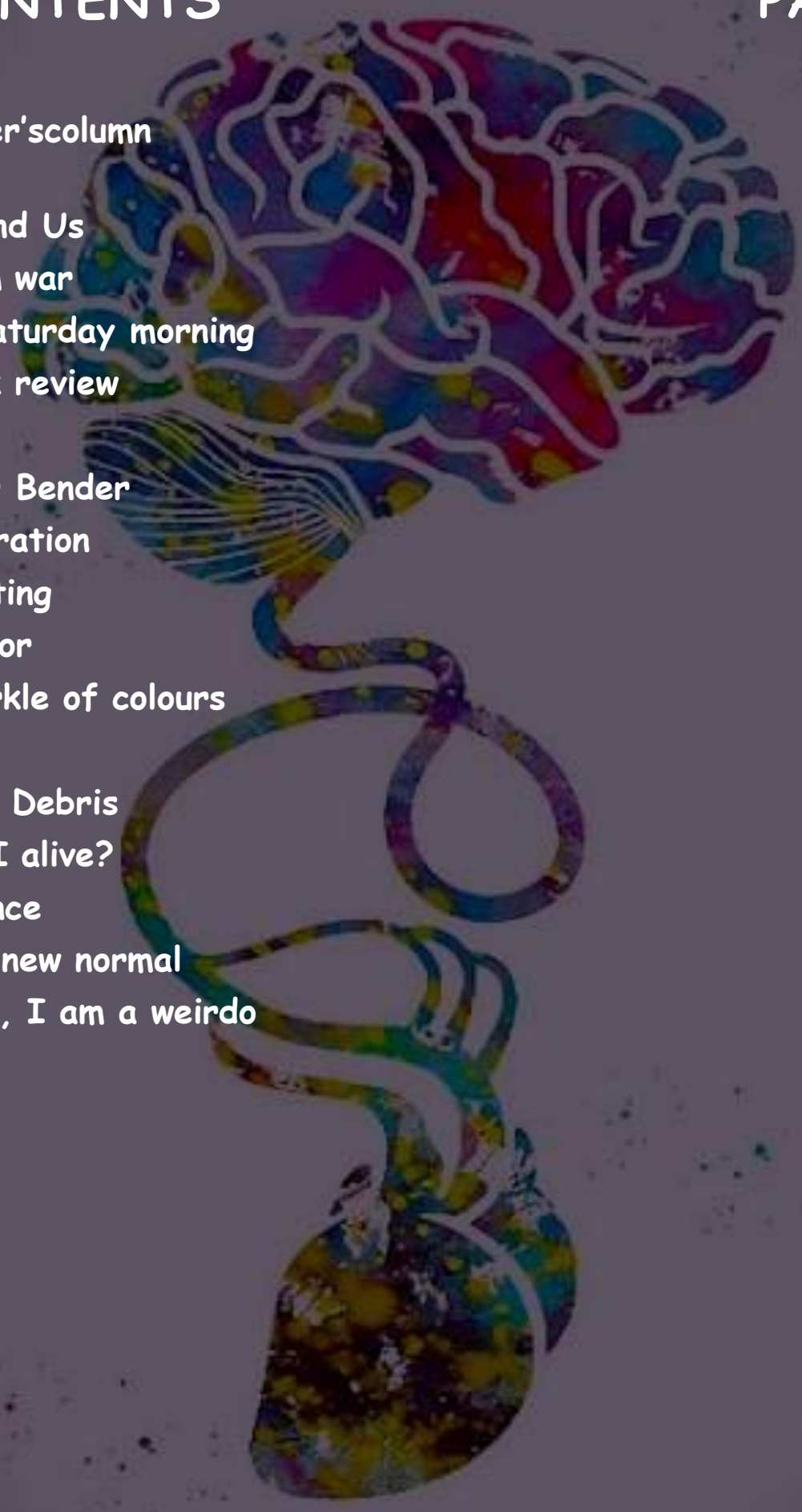
Editorial Team, *Mind Brew* 2022

Department of English

Durgapur Women's College

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FROM OUR PROFESSORS' DESK

We are much obliged to our professors for their kind words and appreciation. Our teachers have truly inspired us and motivated us. They have put their faith in our work and made this magazine a great success. We hope we will always be able to make them proud. We are extremely delighted to share their valuable thoughts here.

Mind Brew has turned two. It wouldn't have been possible without the dedicated and immensely creative group of students we are fortunate enough to have in our department. I am confident that our very own e-zine will have many more successful years ahead.

Congratulations and all the best 🍷

- Prof.Chandrima Das
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.



All of them have got the gift of the gab. They will definitely cruise through this journey with glittering success.

- Prof.Ayan Mukherjee.
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.



It gives me immense joy to see our students try, err and try again for their love for art and literature. I am sure that their creative endeavours will move, enrich and inspire many minds. Great job team *Mind Brew!*

- Dr. Amitayu Chakraborty
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.



Wings of poesy have sought their flight through the soft and skilled quills of our very own young lady writers. Wishing more and more creativity to brew in the minds of our bards. Keep the good work going.

- Prof. Runa Chatterjee
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.



As I scroll down the pages,
the colour of your thoughts
soothes my tired eyes.
I stop to rest a while,
Reading your tears and smile,
Collecting the flowers,
Recollecting the fragrance
Of innocent and youthful love
In the mind-tree
of your prose, poetry and art.

- Dr. Shyamasri Maji
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.



Dear students,

What a treat it is to read the stories created by budding writers and artists such as yourselves! The themes, the styles, the narratives are so well made. As I always tell you, the stylus reveals your vision and your perception and in the process it sheds light on your psyche. So every time you write, you are shedding pieces of you on the paper. Is that not brilliant? Do you know what your e-magazine Mind Brew spotlighted to me? That there is so much hope, even in the middle of war and inflation and waves of viral mass attacks. Hope in a small industrial town. Hope of making meanings out of all these absurdities. That is enough. So here is to hoping and to writing. May this wonderful group effort continue every year.

Love,

Riman ma'am

- Prof.Riman Rakshit
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College.

I am elated to see this endeavour of my students. I take immense pleasure in conveying my heartfelt congratulations to the editorial team, and all the students who have contributed their creative pieces for this magazine. May you all scale higher bars of success in life. All the best!

- Dr.Anugamini Rai
Department of English
Durgapur Women's College



WAR AND US

1. I AM WAR

SREEJITA MITRA(ALUMNI)

2. A SATURDAY MORNING

SHATANTI GHOSH(ALUMNI)

3. A BOOK REVIEW

SONAL MAHANTI(ALUMNI)



I Am WAR

I am WAR.

I have been an integral part ever since the first nano particle breathed the pulsating air, called life.

The rusty pages of human history narrate my story -
Every time a serpent nudges out from the heap of dormant humanity,

To annihilate the sparks of love and peace.

I am cursed as an immortal,

With the deadliest weapon named as "massacre".

I incarnate again and again, I am left with no choice, only to suck more!

I surrender to the smokes of hatred.

The loathing, laments and scared scarred eyes hiding behind the metal guns and nuclear bombs;

So many invisible voices screaming at me all around,

Made my head spin.

Yes, I am a WAR, but I have a heart too.

I desire to choose peace over everything else.

I have tried shouting and growling at the peacemakers and leaders of the world.
But they stitched my mouth and locked me up in rusted chains made of spikes.

I lose my rhythm and transform into "The Villain".

They blow the conch, marking the rise of the monster WAR.

-Sreejita Mitra

Alumni

(2017-2020 Batch, English Honors)

A Saturday Morning

It was a Saturday morning and I was coming back home after three long years. As I walked/was walking through the street of my house, several heads looked out of the window at me. Some were astonished, some a bit sympathetic while others just watched. I entered the gates of my house and closed the door behind me. Mom was smiling faintly while her eager arms wrapped around me with all the warmth in the world. I sat down and kept the crutches beside the sofa. I can still remember that day clearly.

It was an early Saturday morning and I was thinking about one single thing since the last night, my admission letter. I was accepted into one of the prestigious institutions but even after all those scholarships, the amount due was more than my family's annual income. Dreams and reality clashed together. My final hope was Uncle K. He is one of my father's friends. When my father died, he assured me that in my darkest day of despair I could reach him and today was that day. I was rushing through the street when something blasted and my ears felt like it would explode. Sharp objects and an extreme heat engulfed me from all sides. It felt like I was burning in a cauldron of broken glass and lava.

Next thing I knew was that my bike was broken beyond repair while I had a broken leg and a half-flesh-half-bone foot. The smell of fresh blood infiltrated my nostrils. A part of my face was stinging. It had pieces of sharp objects glued to my skin. I was lying down not moving, staring at the open sky filled with smoke. Some people were rushing, some screaming, some crying, some dumb like me, but I could only see them. I realized that after a while, that I was not hearing a single thing. It's like my ears were dead. I could see flesh from my right foot hanging loosely, cuts here and there, blood gushing out. All I felt then was pain and fear; an extreme excruciating pain in my right leg.

I don't know how much time had passed. After a while I tried to get up when I heard the sirens of the ambulance.

Next thing I saw was the hospital room.

".....?..." The doctor asked.

"What?" I replied,

"Can you speak louder ... I can't hear you!"

The doctor passed me a writing pad.

Few lines scribbled in there,

"You, okay? Well, you have some bruises, a broken leg, and they will take a bit of time to heal. Please provide us with your contacts, so that we can contact your family. Its urgent."

I nodded and wrote my mother's phone number. The nurse passed a paper written that tomorrow they will take me to get my ears checked...

Well three years have passed. I had to say goodbye to a part of my right leg, I also have some permanent marks on my left cheek while my ears, well I can hear but it's very faint, that's why most of the time I wear hearing aids. Also had other injuries, all which I don't exactly remember...

Some conflict had arisen between nations and there was an over growing tension in the borders. As we lived near the borders, we were always worrying but as nothing happened for long, we were living all fine until some missiles being fired to a base camp by mistake came down at our town. Diplomats though have settled it after a certain time.

It is all fine now. Life was never easy. I can access the disability scholarship, I guess. Doesn't matter. I don't think about all that now, I just plan to live my life to my fullest. I was deep in thoughts when I realized I can hear mom shouting,

"Go have a bath, don't sit with all that sweat for long."

-Shatanti Ghosh

Alumni

(2017 - 2020 Batch, English honors)




Book Review: *A Thousand Splendid Suns* by Khaled Hosseini.

*"One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs,
Or the thousand splendid suns that hide behind her walls."*

'*A Thousand Splendid Suns*' is the second novel written by Afghan-American author Khaled Hosseini, published in the year 2007, four years after his 2003 bestselling debut novel '*The Kite Runner*'. The story is a bundle of emotions which flashes light on thirty years of socio-political upheavals in war-torn Afghanistan and presents a gripping narrative of female suffering and endurance where two women, brought together by loss and war, navigate life, suffering and political turmoil together. With a deep understanding of the human mind and spectacular portrayal of the myriad human emotions such as love, hate, friendship, suffering, companionship, sacrifice and hope; Hosseini successfully depicts the catastrophe of war, its inhumanity and the emergence of humanity simultaneously.

Set against the backdrop of Kabul, the narrative involves a beautiful description of the city which is in contrast to the ugliness that hides behind its walls. The story centres around two women, Mariam and Laila, born twenty years apart and having completely different childhoods. Mariam is the 'illegitimate' daughter of a wealthy businessman, Jalil and his housemaid, Nana; who is married off at the tender age of fifteen to a much older man and a shoemaker, Rasheed, after her mother's suicide. Laila, on the other hand, is a beautiful, well-educated and headstrong girl with an encouraging father who believes "a society has no chance of success if its women are uneducated...". As their stories progress, some horrific events and cruel twists of fate intertwine the lives of the two protagonists which initiates the story of their sisterly bond.

The novel talks about war, the pathetic status of women in society, male chauvinism etc. And yet among all the hatred and suffering, the story also shows how life can take away everything from people and still "love can move people to act in unexpected ways and move them to overcome the most daunting obstacles with startling heroism." Mariam, who experienced only a few moments of happiness in her own life, sacrificed herself for Laila, the second wife of her husband. The bond that Mariam and Laila share remains the highlight of the novel throughout as they survive through domestic violence, male dominance and abuses of all kinds together while still trying to find moments of joy. The warmth of compassion



between two people who would usually be seen as 'rivals' and the heroism that comes with the empathy for the sufferings of others as well as the inevitable strife that comes with living a hard life and still refusing to give up is incredible as it lights a ray of hope at a time when humanity is in peril.

'*A Thousand Splendid Suns*' sold over one million copies during the first week of its sale and became a number one *New York Times Best Seller* for fifteen weeks following its release. It also received favourable critical acclaim from *Kirkus Reviews*, *Publishers Weekly*, *Library Journal* and other such popular book review magazines which led to a theatrical adaptation of the book by *Columbia Pictures* which premiered at the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco, California.

As Khaled Hosseini remarks, '*A Thousand Splendid Suns*' is a "mother-daughter story" that is beautiful, deep, sad, frightening and infuriating. Hosseini's writing makes you feel attached to both women characters and they stay with you for a long time after you've finished reading the book. The story haunts you, makes you uncomfortable, while reminding you time and again that there are so many women like Mariam and Laila, still struggling with the same fate in Afghanistan and other such areas wrecked by the havoc of war. This book is an insight into such physical and emotional injuries of people who are being deprived of their basic fundamental rights under the name of culture, religion or politics. It is a heart-breaking tale which is a must-read in current times when there is a dire need for some empathy on our part and to do our bit for humanity.

- Sonal Mahanti
Alumni
(2018-2021 batch, English Honours)

GENDER BENDER

1.LIBERATION

SHREYASEE KUNDU(ALUMNI)

2.DRAWING

AISHIKA DUTTA(ALUMNI)

3.MIRROR

SREEJITA MITRA(ALUMNI)

4.SPARKLE OF COLOUR

TIYASHA MAJUMDAR

Liberation

"It's over, now do your family a favor and visit a psychiatrist!", Matthew was stunned. They have given him the wrong timing of the burial of his beloved. 30th July, 2014 ended everything for him and Nazim. All because two men loved each other.

In a night of November' 2001, Nazim and Matthew met at a nightclub and started talking. Soon, they realized that they were the best of friends and can talk about anything and everything. Far away from his orthodox family, Nazim felt liberated being himself. Eventually, Nazim and Matthew started a life of their own, while throughout the whole time, Nazim's family thought Matthew was just a roommate.

"Marry me?", Nazim stared lovingly at Matthew with tears in his eyes. Tears of joy, tears of love and tears of apprehension. "Will they agree?" "What if they don't accept us?" Fear stuck his mind. Soon, Matthew came out to his family. There was a warm acceptance from Matthew's side. As Eid was in the corner, Nazim and Matthew reached Nazim's place with hopes and trepidation.

"Mummy, Papa, today I've something very serious to confess about my own individuality. I'm gay and I love this man. I know it's going to be really hard for you to understand this but at least this time hear me out", said Nazim along with Matthew, sitting in the sofa of the living room after their dinner.

"What? Say again? Gay?!", exclaimed his father.

"Yes Papa. Matthew and I love each other, we want to start a family together"

"Have you lost your mind?! There is nothing called gay! You are a man and you'll start your family with a woman!"

"Papa, I am a man and I will start a family not with a woman but with a man."

And, hence continued the clash between two generations and two ideologies. At one certain point, wrought with misery Nazim cried out, "Why can't you accept me as I am?"

His mother replied, "That guy has brainwashed you, let's go to a psychiatrist and cure you up. You will be alright. You'll see."

They both returned home disheartened and went to bed since the very next day Matthew was going to join his new job. Matthew was saddled with meetings on the very first day of his office. Suddenly, he started getting calls from his family amidst those meetings. When he picked up his sister's call, his sister screamed him to go home. Matthew ran with all his might. By the time he reached home, everything was over. Nazim has ended his life by jumping from the balcony. A white blanket was covering his body up in the floor of their building. Nazim was fed up of his regular clashes with his family. All he wanted was the love and acceptance from his family. When he realized that he'll never be able to get that, he felt hopeless and exhausted.

There is no cure for being LGBTQI+. They don't need to be cured. They are who they are as we are who we are born to be.

Shreyasee Kundu

Alumni

(2017 - 2020 batch, English honors)



Aishika Dutta

Alumni

(2018-2021 batch, English honours)



His thoughts
reflect a
female attire.

Mirror

I am a memory in the lap of silence,
Blissfully lost amid the blurred lines.
This fleeting moment of small joys,
Are like flowers in my hairs!
Instincts hidden no more,
while they smell like a beginning.
Disrobing my name to the world,
is like sitting at the captain's seat of the drowning ship!
I scream I hit the iceberg and they say "You're not valid to sail!"
Suspended between sleep and wakefulness,
I dare to cut my chest open to showcase my blood and my orientation of love,
They pass the judgement against my heart!
I am no clown in the circus of life, I am no shame, I am no longer a name!
I am you, and you are me,
Just let your mind recover!
Recover from the darkness of knowledge,
And reset to the primitive model.
Even though I very well know,
Life will come back in a full circle.

----Sreejita Mitra

Alumni

(2017-2020 Batch, English Honors)

SPARKLE OF COLOURS

Our teacher Mr. Sen gave the students of English Honors' an assignment on the taboo topic of LGBTQ+. It is a big challenge for us to present the entire thing about their lives in a diplomatic manner. It is rather a huge responsibility over us to present the facts correctly, or otherwise it may hurt other's sentiments. In my assignment I clearly states that I respect their community and supports their rights. I have no intention to hurt them.

But the problem is that I am completely unaware about their lifestyle. What if I write something which I shouldn't? I gathered information about them, meet people from that community and interviewed them. I also went to the Public to learn about their ideas on this topic. Some gave positive views while others negative. Neither I agree with them nor deny their objections. I am neutral on my side. I had a huge respect for this community. But I also respect those who has other opinion regarding this matter. As fingers of a hand is different, people and their views differ. Some are liberal, some are not.

LGBTQ+ means Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Intersexual, Queer. Lesbian means two women are in love with each other, Gay means two men are physically attracted towards each other, Bisexual means one who loves both genders, Queer means different, Intersex means one who have sexual organs of both genders or lacks them.

Now Gender means behavior of a person either as male or female or neuter. Sec defines biological structure of a person. Sexuality is a feeling of attraction and love towards other genders. People are either Heterosexual or Homosexual. Most people are generally Heterosexual. The above topics are related to homosexuality. Heterosexuals are attracted towards opposite sex while the ones who are attracted towards same sex is Homosexual.

Members of LGBTQ+ community are given rights to vote as of by Supreme Court of India. Single transgender parent can adopt a child. They can appear for any examination and can apply for job. There are two percent reservation in education field. They are also allowed in Sports. Transwomen can marry men according to Hindu marriage act. Legal punishment was given to criminals for two years for assaulting and raping a transgender. In 2017, Ministry of Drinking Water and Sanitation instructed States to allow transgenders to use public toilet.

I interviewed a transwomen Haseenabai.

Q1) What is your name?

Ans) Haseenabai

2) Your age?

Ans) Thirty-six

3) Tell us about yourself?

Ans) I was born a boy but never felt like that of a man but of a woman. I get inspired by women figures especially my mother. I used to copy her style, the way she talks and the way she cares for others. I tried makeup and female attires on myself. I like wearing sarees and jewelries. I am a woman. My parents were not supportive of this and they ridiculed me. I had to leave my home and lived in the Basti.

4) When did you done your surgery and what did you feel after that?

Ans) Seven years before. I feel relieved and happy.

5) What did you do for living?

Ans) Sing and Dance.

6) Did you get all the facilities?

Ans) Not really, but laws are there and my community arranges for me.

7) What message do you want to convey?

Ans) We are also human, we had feelings like others, we need basic rights like others and need love and support.

In my public interview forty percent of people goes in support of the community, while rest sixty percent are against them. In my survey I am happy that a major portion of people is supportive towards this matter. While others need to change. It is good that everyone is changing and India is progressing towards better.

Note- The names are fictional while the interview part is inspired by real interviews of Trans community from YouTube.

Tiyasha Majumder

4th semester English Honors

Durgapur Women's College

MENTAL DEBRIS

1. AM I ALONE?

SREEJITA MITRA(ALUMNI)

2. SILENCE

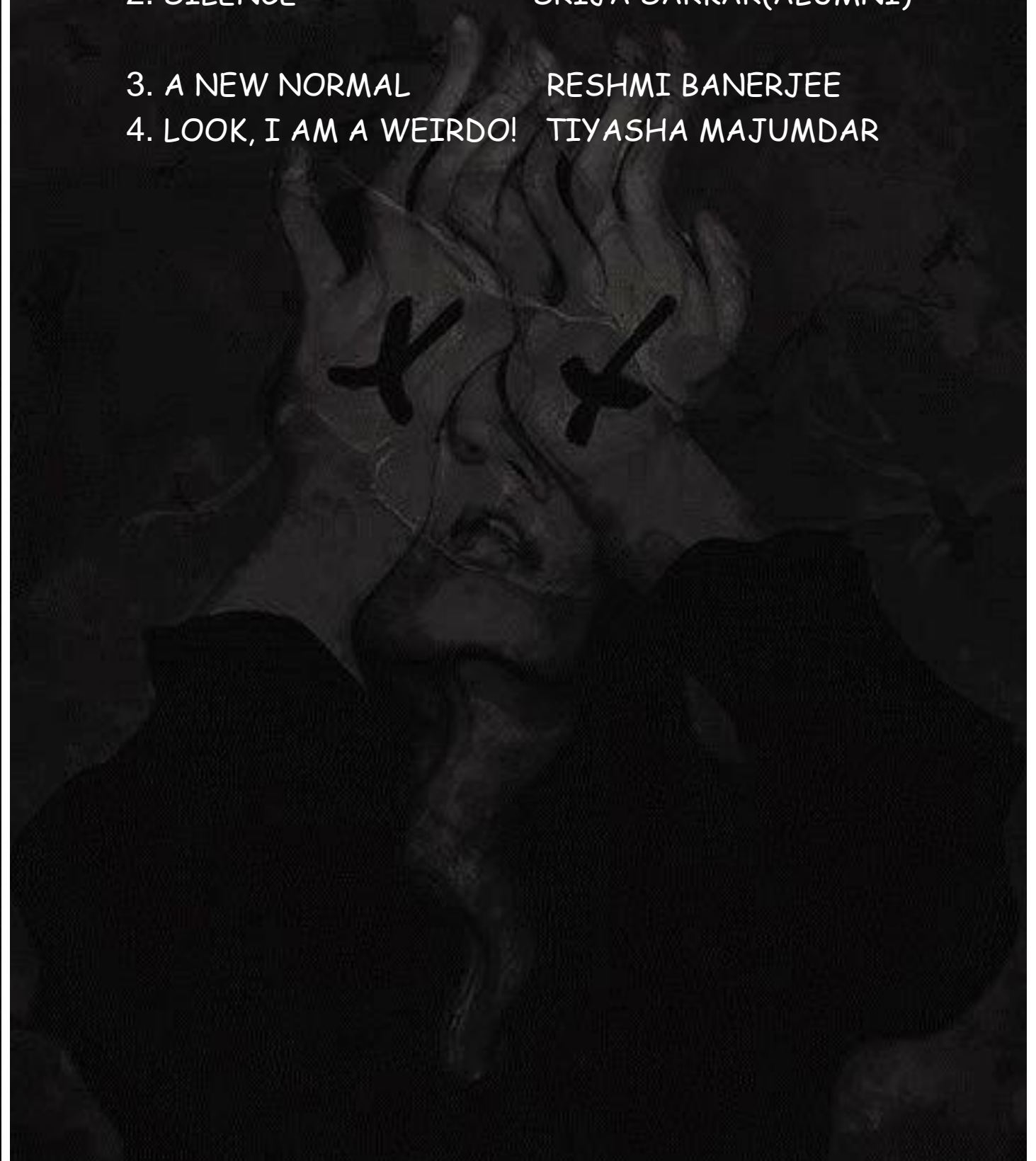
SRIJA SARKAR(ALUMNI)

3. A NEW NORMAL

RESHMI BANERJEE

4. LOOK, I AM A WEIRDO!

TIYASHA MAJUMDAR



Am I Alive?

'Am I alive?'

Standing in front of a broken mirror,

She asked this question to it.

It replied her honestly by reflecting a

pixelated image of a girl on it.

'Am I alive?'

Standing in the midst of a crowded road,

She asked this question to it.

It replied her obediently by making her hear a silence,

much louder than the surrounding noise.

'Am I alive?'

Standing in front of a lonely wood,

She asked this question to it.

It replied her sincerely by blowing a wind towards that direction

where once a little girl used to come regularly,

but now no traces of her footsteps

can be found there.

Perhaps they have given her the real answers.

Perhaps those answers will remain as a secret deep inside her heart forever.

Perhaps no one will ever know this well-hidden truth.

Perhaps when the world will ask her - 'Are you alive?'

She will answer with a smile - 'Yes, I am!'

-Sreejita Mitra

Alumni

(2017-2020 Batch, English Honors)

Silence

My mind wandered into a faraway land
It was a distant place filled with loneliness and sand.
The sky was grey
The winds were calm
But signalled some kind of scary alarm,
A storm was nearby
Determined to destroy
The creations were now endangered
There was pain and despair
Not a soul in sight,
Yet nature cried that night
Fearing the end, I stood still
Maybe I too shall get killed, but I wasn't present there
Was I?
Everything is just a dream
It was something inside me
That was heavy and dark
Yet it persisted so deeply
I almost felt it drowned me inside.

- Srijia Sarkar
Alumni

(2019-2022 batch, English Honours)

The New Normal

Can't blame anyone but me,
For not letting me free
The inner beast holds me tight,
Which almost took the courage to fight
The cortisol making it hard,
To even set a mark!
My mind questions my inner-self
Why are you so selfless? Fixed all your cracks?
Being too much in love with the
Fantasy of someone loving my soul,
The reality hits very hard
Tearing me apart!
Crawling with a good heart
And a mindless brain,
Can't let my tears go in vain
With numbness which can't affect
My bare bones and flesh,
My life seems like a pretty mess
Get a life, Draw a line to your Mental torture!
Convert your pain to a beautiful Nocturne
Give love and care to your inner-self
It will bring peace to your mental health!!



Reshmi Banerjee

4th semester, 2022

English Honours


LOOK, I AM A WEIRDO!

Before Ravi could say something and introduce to us his journey, let me ask you this. What is 'weird'? What is the definition of being a 'weird'?

"I am Ravi Das...mmmmm...my name is Ravi Das, I...I live in Darjeeling. My father was in Indian Army. His name is Col. Suraj Das. My mother died giving birth to me. Her name was Kajal Das. "Look Madam he can't speak properly," said Mr. Sanjay Gupta, a key figure in *Hope Publications*, a renowned magazine in Mumbai. "Ma'am, he's useless. You're simply wasting your time Madam."

"Let him speak Mr. Gupta" said the lady keenly listening to Ravi. She added, "Ravi you continue without any hesitation."

Ravi continued, "I changed school frequently. My father loved me but he rarely visited me due to his job. As a child, I stayed with my grandmother who took care of me. Because of the absence of my parents in my life I often felt lonely and miserable. I was an introvert. I had no friends to share my feelings. I stammered a lot and I was dyslexic. I was a premature baby and that's why my physical stature was markedly different from others. When I was in the tenth standard, I had to change my school once again. In my new school, on the first day when a teacher introduced me to the class everyone stared at me as if I was an alien from another planet. The other students were whispering amongst themselves about me, smiling and laughing at me. My grandmother warned me to behave nicely...otherwise I would be their subject of mockery. No one was ready to sit beside me except one girl, her name was Tara Chowdhury. She was a pretty girl with fair skin tone and brown locks. She was better from others. She was the most popular girl in the school and topper of the class. She was also the monitor of the class. Our teacher Ms. Monika Kapoor asked her to be my friend. Since then, Tara stood by me in every matter speaking for me. The other boys always tried to impress her but she was more concerned about me. Teachers always complained about my poor performance in academics. I always got confused with b and d with c and s with F and T and lot of other letters. Tara helped me in my studies and taught me everything. Gradually I was improving a lot, understanding things more clearly. Tara was the only one who could communicate with me easily. She never behaved badly with me. Seeing my friendship with her, some boys in rage started disturbing me some way or the other. One day, they beat me up, and stole my things. I was not much bothered about the beating or the things that were stolen. They charred my inner self. I felt suicidal. They mocked me by calling me "weirdo," "mental," "shitty-boy"



Sometime passed, and somehow, I passed my examinations. Tara shifted to Mumbai as her father had to relocate. I told my father about my condition and he took me to a renowned psychiatrist for counselling. First, I was apprehensive about seeing a doctor. Had I gone mad!!! But things went really well and I started liking my doctor soon. He used to talk to me and gradually I could tell him so many things! I gained confidence and stopped worrying. I...I still stammer but now I understand things properly.

Few months later, I was shattered once again as my grandmother passed away. I started hallucinating her while being fully aware that she was no more. She was my support in every step of my life. I was lost again. After several rejections I finally got a job but lost it soon. I worked at several places but couldn't focus on my work. Then I started working for an NGO who worked for the depressed and differently abled. There I got the motivation to fight for them. They are outcasts. Instead of supporting them people make fun of them. I can relate to them as I am one of them. Individuals like them cannot express their feelings and end up with suicidal despair. They just need emotional support and love. Accept the way they are. They are normal in their own way...they are special in their own way.

My father died three years back and I am alone now. But now I am not depressed. I have come to you as a voice of over five hundred social-outcasts. It is not necessary that pain can only be physical. Pain can also be emotional and mental. It is others' duty also to make them feel normal. Mental disease is a greater disease than any of other physical diseases. We are also human beings. As people like Mr. Gupta address me "Look there's a weirdo!" I have the only answer to them: "Look, I am a weirdo!"

Tears flowed from Ravi's eyes as he finished speaking. The lady who was listening to Ravi said that she would publish Ravi's story in her magazine and make the readers aware of mental health and the differently abled. The article would be named 'Smile India'. The lady was the founding-editor of *Hope Publications*. Ravi looked back astonished when the speaker signed the agreement document as Ms. Tara Chowdhury.

Tiyasha Majumder

4th semester, 2022

English Honors

BIODIVERSITY

1.THE WORLD

SREEJITA MITRA(ALUMNI)

2.PHOTOGRAPH

SRIJA SARKAR(ALUMNI)

3.PHOTOGRAPH

SHRAYASHREE GHOSHAL

4.PHOTOGRAPH

ANUSHREE SAHA

5.PHOTOGRAPH

SHREYA DAS



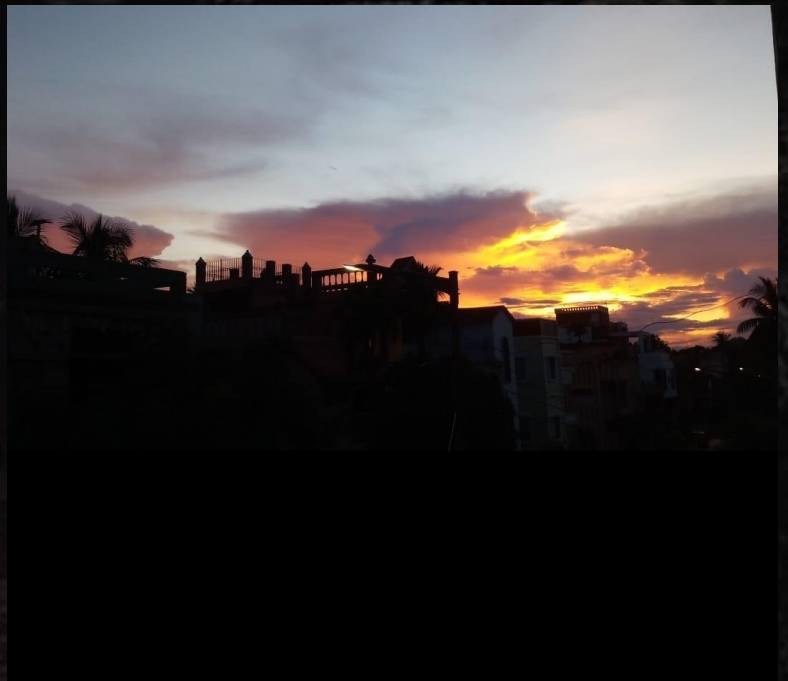
The World

The World refuses to sing,
The verses are long forgotten.
It rejected the chorus of nature
That fill the air with priceless melodies.
The World is run Seemingly by chaos,
Designed to fool Even well-trained minds.
Orchestrated to succeed,
Choreographed to control, As Earth rots
So does its humanity.

-Sreejita Mitra

Alumni

(2017-2020 Batch, English Honors)



-Srija Sarkar

Alumni

(2019-2022 batch, English Honours)



Sense of true belonging in
the sweet little nothings.



Crowd of soothing cirrus, that makes
my doubts disappear,
Beyond the solemn horizon, faraway,
out of the azure, I see my
hopes reappear.



When the purple of twilight
met the panorama of nimbus

22

-Shrayashree Ghoshal

2ND semester, 2022

English Honours



Nature is the greatest gift to mankind
But sometimes it acts a destroyer
And rejuvenates nature as well as
mankind.

Oh, dear water, you make things seem
bright,

You are the harbinger of new life to
the earth,

Because of your presence we feel
whole.

You have many forms like a God or
Goddess,

Sometimes as rain or as ice,

Your purest form do we see.

But only water comes to my when I see
a drop of water. The day starts with u,

As u raise thee head from the eastern
horizon.

And spin our earth in its little axis,

To watch u sleep as u go down the
western horizon

Like the falling star u are.

Oh, moon is thee a god or goddess,

With all the shadows clocking your
beauty.

Your light looks like the....

Shallow curtains of dim rays.

The wispy clouds surround your body,

Like the robe of maiden white.

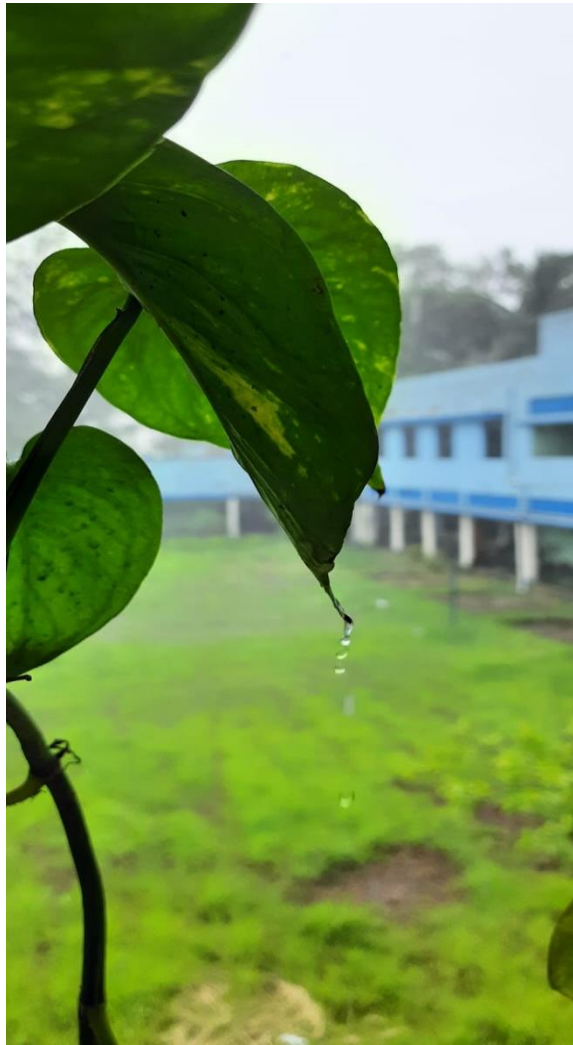
- Anushree Saha

4th semester, 2022

English Honours



Bliss dropped on quivering leaves,
epiphany of childhood reminiscence.



Shreya Das
4TH semester, 2022
English Honours.



MIXED BAG

This section doesn't follow any proper theme so we hope this will be another little journey for our readers.

1.BENEATH THE OPEN SKY ANJALI JAIN

2.BUT PENS MIGHTIER ANJALI JAIN

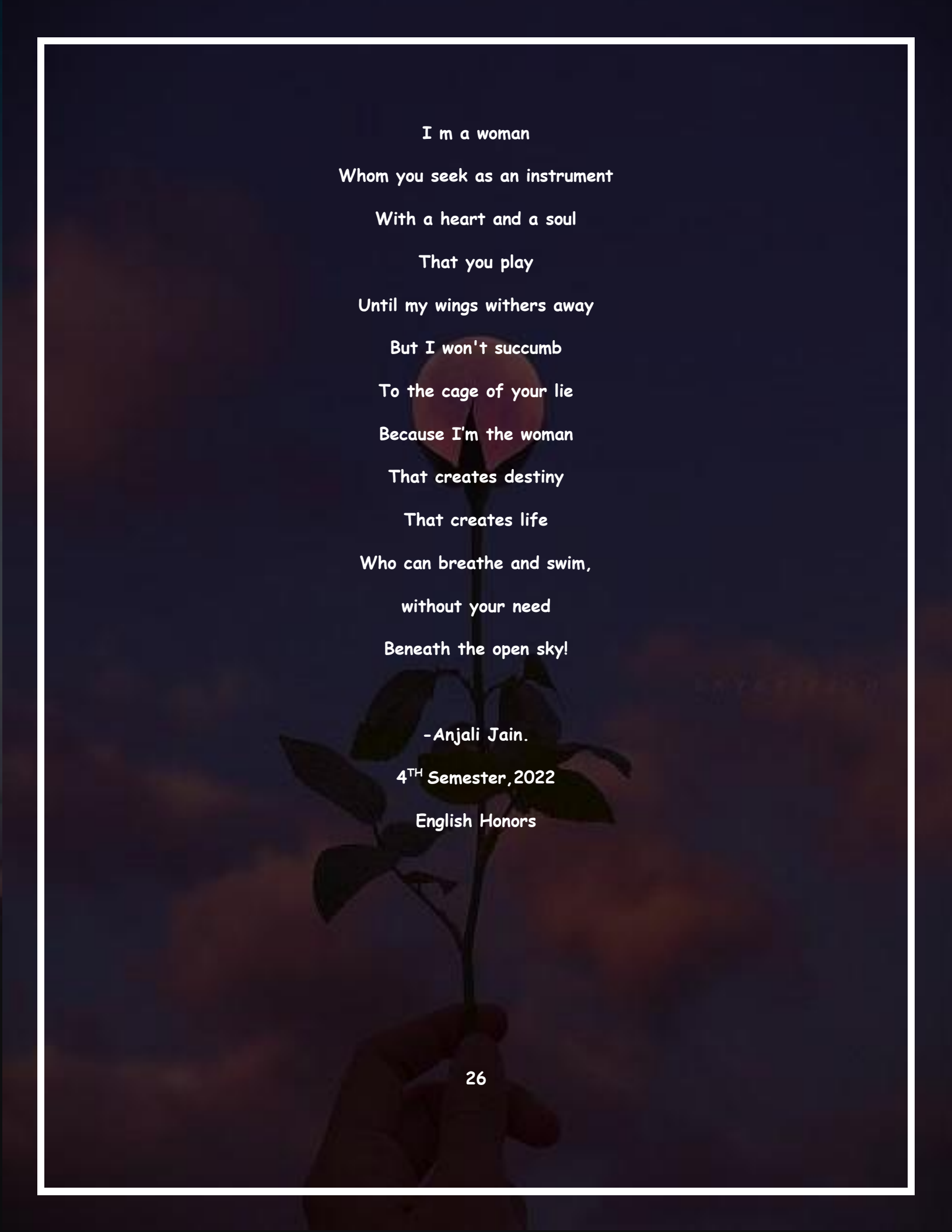
3.I STILL WISH SRIJA SARKAR(ALUMNI)

4.IS THIS WHAT LOVE FEELS LIKE?

SUVAMITRA BANERJEE(ALUMNI)

BENEATH THE OPEN SKY!

I m a woman
Beneath the open sky
Can I not breathe?
In the ocean of life
Can I not swim?
For I see people
Holding me down
Taking away my crown
Because I can be
The woman of my own town
Can I not ride?
The dreams of my tide?
I am not what you think
But I am like the rocks
in that mountain side
With your rituals which
Shall never coincide
Can I not fly?
Like the clouds in the sky
You can't catch me
Because clouds up there
Know it's way to the very high

A hand holding a rose against a sunset background. The rose is in the center, and the hand is at the bottom. The background is a soft, warm glow of orange and yellow light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The text is centered over the image.

I m a woman
Whom you seek as an instrument
With a heart and a soul
That you play
Until my wings withers away
But I won't succumb
To the cage of your lie
Because I'm the woman
That creates destiny
That creates life
Who can breathe and swim,
without your need
Beneath the open sky!

-Anjali Jain.

4TH Semester, 2022

English Honors

.... BUT PEN'S MIGHTIER....

There's Love - There's Passion
You want Roses - that's a Fashion
There's existence but no Life
You die every day - that's a Lesson
There's Crowd - There's Lonesome
You seem to be smiling gracefully
But suffer in your tranquil Isolation;
What makes you think
You're the Only One?
Blinded towards Peoples' demise
Only when you open your eyes
Just to find the same in Everyone
There's Pain - There's Achievement
You can't see the latter
Only scare yourself to step up the Ladder
Open your eyes - just to see
The sky's Wider;
And you're your life's Rider;
Giving up is the act of Coward;
Do your best and be the Fighter;
Remember There's Sword but Pen's Mightier!

- Anjali Jain

4TH semester, 2022 (English honors)

I still wish

I could fly my loneliness like butterflies
I could ship my anxiety away in a loaded vessel,
Could somehow manage to bury my sadness deep
Into the sands of forgotten islands.
Could erase all my memories reminding me of
Woes dark and deep
Oh! What a free-spirited bird I might feel
The land could be my clouds
The flight would take me higher
And not feeling the scare of falling deep down
But what if I fall?
I fall really down and in deep
Could my wings ever mend?
Can I ever be brave enough to fly high again?

-Srija Sarkar

Alumni

(2019-2022 batch, English Honors)

Is this What love Feels like?

Across the road, around a pillar,
Caught my eye, a skinny figure.
Trembling feet, soaked in shiver,
Searching for something to have for dinner.

It was a girl, 7 years old,
I asked her who she was then she told,
Abandoned for money, for food and gold,
Few years ago, I was sold.
You had food, I asked her next,
Shall I take you to a restaurant? Its food is best.

What's best food, how it tastes?
I've survived eating the waste.
My heart shattered as I looked into her eyes,
She was 7, yet she was wise.

Her stinking dress was full of flies,
I picked her up and called my wife.
"You wanted a kid, to adopt one life,"
"She deserves better", I told my wife.
She agreed with me without a strife,
"Let's take her in, as our child."

I gave her a nice bath and a velvet bottom,
Comforted her in the sheets of cotton,
"Is this what love feels like?", She asked.

In my lap, she fell like autumn.

-Suvamitra Banerjee

Alumni

(2017-2020 batch, English Honours)