Annual E-Magazine

Issue No. 2

Polyphony

Department of English

Arya Vidyapeeth College (Autonomous)

2026



Zubeen Garg

18 November 1972 - 19 September 2025

"We don't know if heaven exists on the other side. But if it does, we know your music is what makes it so."

MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL



It gives me immense pleasure to learn that the Department of English is bringing out the second issue of its annual e-magazine, *Polyphony*. Platforms like this not only enhance students' literary competence but also equip them with essential technical skills, preparing them to meet the challenges of the fast-evolving digital world.

I sincerely appreciate the Department for cultivating an inspiring space where students are empowered to showcase their creativity, embrace diverse viewpoints, and deepen their intellectual pursuits.

I am confident that *Polyphony* , with its rich and varied content—including departmental activities and achievements—will serve as a valuable chronicle of the institution's academic and creative pursuits. I extend my best wishes to the editorial team and contributors for the continued success of this commendable endeavour.



Dr. Pradip Kr. Bhattacharyya
Principal
Arya Vidyapeeth College (Autonomous)
Guwahati - 781016

MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT

I am delighted to witness the unveiling of the second issue of *Polyphony*, the Department of English's annual e-magazine.

True to its musical roots, *Polyphony* celebrates the harmony of independent voices coming together. It is a testament to our department's commitment to providing a space where expression and experimentation can thrive. In an era of digital exchange, this magazine offers a unique stage for our students and faculty to resonate with a wider audience.

I must thank a very special alumnus of our department, Sanjan Phukan who is now an artist and digital creator. We had already decided that for this issue of *Polyphony* the cover page would be designed by an artist. For this I decided to approach Sanjan knowing full well that he is extremely busy with his art and his business. When I spoke to him he was indeed very busy and expressed his apprehension about whether he would be able to take up the assignment and fulfill it on time. But his excitement about being associated with a project of a department of which he was an alumnus, won in the end. He committed and I agreed to extend his deadline. And the result is nothing short of spectacular. After discussion he understood what I exactly wanted. I salute Sanjan's talent. But what also always overwhelms me is his humility and an innocence and simplicity of nature that has not changed. I cannot thank you enough Sanjan.

My sincere thanks also goes to all the contributors for their creative spirit. I must also congratulate the editorial team, led by Ms. Anindita Langthasa, Assistant Professor, for curating this volume with such care and vision. I hope *Polyphony* continues to flourish as a comerstone of our literary community.

I wish the entire team immense success in their future creative pursuits!



Dr. Madhulika Singh
Associate Professor and Head
Department of English
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MESSAGE FROM THE TEACHER-IN-CHARGE

With the second issue of *Polyphony*, the annual e-magazine of the Department of English, Arya Vidyapeeth College (A), we continue not merely a tradition, but a growing creative legacy. What began last year as an earnest initiative has evolved into a vibrant confluence of voices and artistic expressions. The title *Polyphony* gestures towards plurality and this issue embraces that spirit with renewed depth. At its heart lies a celebration of creativity as a quiet alchemy-where diverse ideas, images, patterns, motifs, and views in their convergence, coalesce into a collective expression far richer than their solitary beginnings.

In this issue, we pay our heartfelt tribute to the beloved maestro of Assam Zubeen Garg, whose soulful music brought thousands together across generations. His work, marked by emotional depth and cultural resonance, embodies the very spirit of creative synergy that this edition seeks to celebrate.

We are extremely delighted to present a cover art that captures this ethos with striking elegance. Conceptualized and digitally hand painted by our esteemed alumnus, Sanjan Phukan (Batch 2010-2013), the cover art titled "Muses of Creativity" stands as both an artistic prelude and a symbolic invocation of inspiration. The three figures it portrays embody the essential triad of creativity-ingenuity, vision and dedication-suggesting that all meaningful creation emerges from their harmonious convergence. Echoing the Muses of Greek mythology, the artwork evokes the timeless truth that creativity is not born in isolation, but shaped by a dynamic engagement with diverse sources of inspiration.

In its overall design and layout, this issue reflects a conscious engagement with diverse artistic styles, motifs and patterns. Richly ornate folk art forms, intricate ethnic motifs of indigenous cultures, geometric patterns and a range of distinctive digital and hand-drawn images accompany every page of the issue. Every design element thoughtfully curated to echo and enhance the spirit of the works they frame, thereby lending the entire issue a cohesive and immersive visual texture, enriching the reading experience.

Behind every page lies careful curation, thoughtful collaboration, and unwavering commitment to excellence. It is this spirit of dedication and hard work that has shaped *Polyphony* into a space where creativity is not only showcased but meaningfully celebrated.

As we present this issue, we extend our heartfelt gratitude to all our contributors and well-wishers, whose enthusiastic submissions and unwavering support have made this endeavour possible. We invite our readers to engage with the many voices and forms this issue brings together. May it inspire reflection, connection, and continued creative exploration!

With best regards,

Ms. Anindita Langthasa
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Arya Vidyapeeth College (Autonomous)



MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORIAL TEAM



With immense delight and gratitude, we welcome our dear readers to peruse the second issue of *Polyphony*, departmental annual e-Magazine. From the richly ornate folk art forms such as Madhubani, and Gond to the intricate ethnic motifs of indigenous cultures such as the Dimasa, the Rabha, the Meitei and the Assamese, this issue weaves together a visual tapestry that is both vibrant and culturally resonant.

The contents of this issue unfold as a veritable celebration of creative abundance, where diverse forms and visions come together in a vibrant symphony of expression. From insightful articles to evocative poems and stories-including the timeless charm of folktales-alongside intimate personal reflections and immersive travelogues, the issue traverses a wide terrain of genres. It is further enlivened by playful comic strips raising **environmental concerns**, perceptive media reviews, and a vivid photography section. Further more, in this issue, we have included a thoughtfully curated art gallery showcasing portraits, sketches, paintings, collage art and calligraphy art, and a delightful assemblage of fun facts of English history, language and literature. Together these elements inform and enchant, inspire and provoke, touch and transform, revealing the dynamic nature of creativity and the diverse resonances it generates.

Dear readers, as you turn these pages, we hope you find reflections, inspirations, and voices that stay with you. **Happy reading!**

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Departmental annual e-Magazine *Polyphony*, in its second issue, continues to flourish as a vibrant space for creative, collective, and collaborative expression—bringing together a rich tapestry of voices, ideas, and artistic visions. This continued commitment has been made possible through the constant support, encouragement, and guidance received from various quarters, enabling us to sustain and strengthen this shared platform where imagination and intellect converge.

Our sincere appreciation goes to our respected Principal Dr. Pradip Kr Bhattacharyya for his constant encouragement and support in nurturing such academic and creative endeavours.
We are deeply thankful to the Head of the Department, Dr. Madhulika Singh, for her gracious support and valuable blessings.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to Ms. Anindita Langthasa, Teacher-in-Charge, whose constant guidance, meticulous efforts, insightful feedback, and unwavering encouragement have not only refined our ideas but also have been instrumental in shaping this issue.

We extend our sincere appreciation to Sanjan Phukan for his thoughtfully conceived and executed cover art, which aptly encapsulates the spirit of the present issue.

We also express our profound thanks to all the faculty members of the Department of English, for their invaluable support and inspiration throughout this journey.

This second issue of the e-magazine would not have been possible without the enthusiastic submissions of the contributors whose original works form the heart and soul of *Polyphony*. Each piece has added depth and richness to this collective work.
Last but not the least, we extend our gratitude to our readers whose engagement gives meaning to these pages and sustains the spirit of *Polyphony* .
We hope this endeavour finds resonance with its readers and serves as a worthy contribution to the literary and artistic landscape of our institution.

With sincere thanks,
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Arya Vidyapeeth College (Autonomous)

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(Alumnus, Batch 2010-2013)

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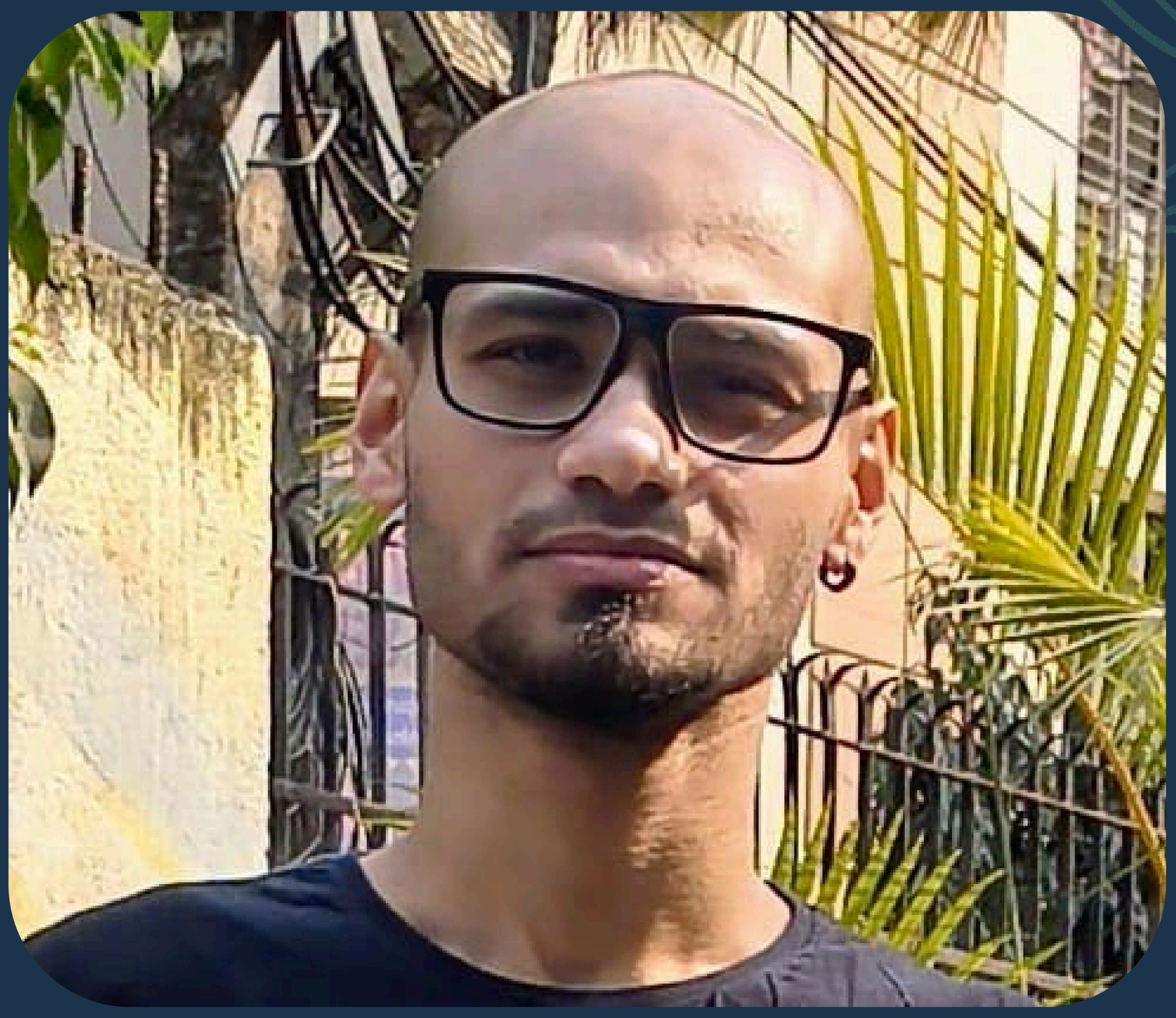
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Department of English

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(Alumnus)

Batch 2010-2013

Artist and digital creator

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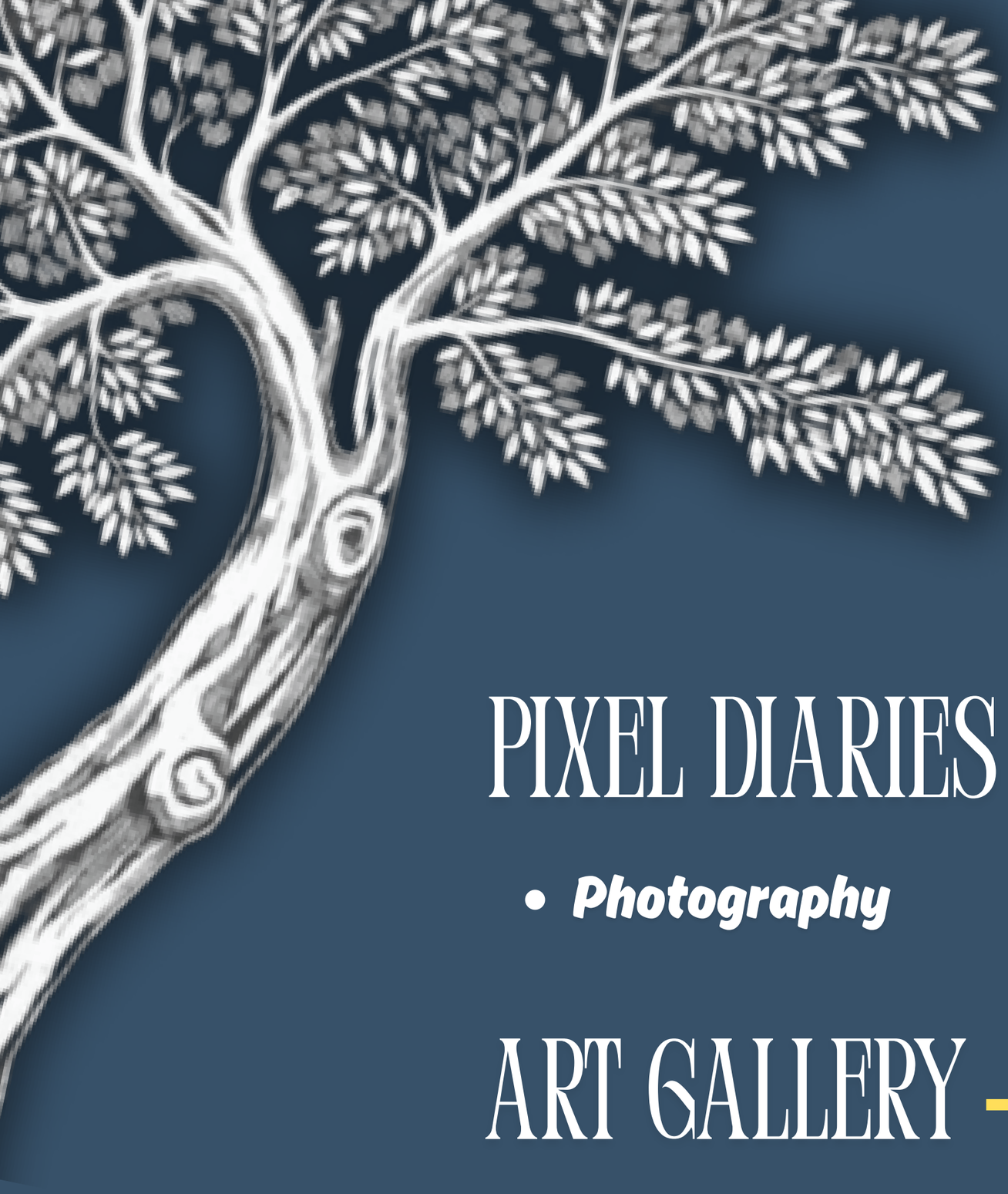
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POETRY SECTION

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

LOST SONGS

BY NIKHIL PANDEY
VI semester

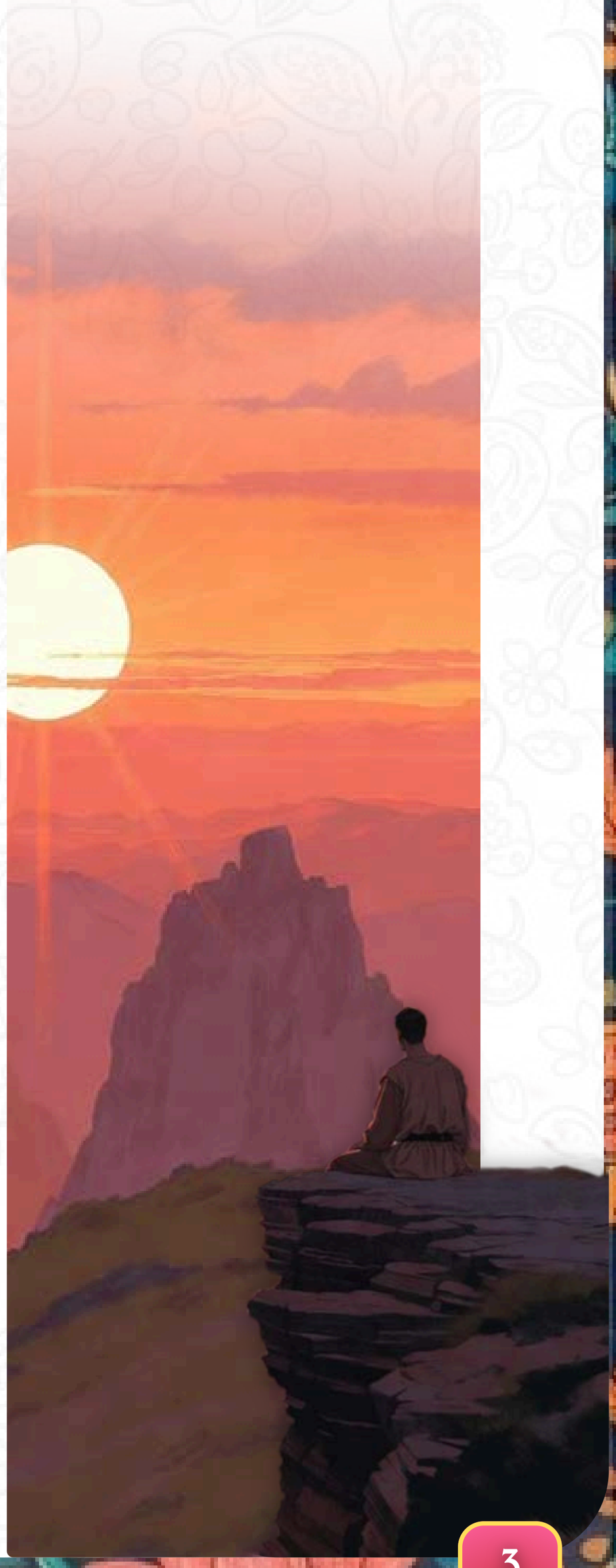
Maybe in some universe
Way beyond our reach
Is a love we ink and pen,
The world may one day preach.

For I am not familiar
With the art thy love needs.
The beauty, the hazel, the honey,
Written in poems and sheets.

Forgive me for I can't keep your beauty
Within the pages bound.
What misery of the race,
Your presence won't be found.

The trees will be the proof,
The mountains will tell the tale,
The earth will hold us down,
The soil will mark the trail.

Of your beauty and my passion,
I'll sing a deafening song.
Lost wandering within those ridges
Will echo forever long.



A DARK LAND, A VAST PATH

BY BHOOMI RAJBANSHI
IV Semester

Spark crash, Glass crack.
Man stands, blank gasp.
Stray spark flash,
marks stay, marks last.
Man lay.
Dark, calm land.

Chants clash, craft plan.
Slam hard, far stray.
Dark walls crack.
All mask? All trap?

Gasp hard, gasp fast.
Man at last.
Stand tall.
A dark land.
Vast path.
Calm hand.
Last stand.





A poem, inspired by Christian Bök's *Eunoia* , where the only vowel used is 'a'.

APEX

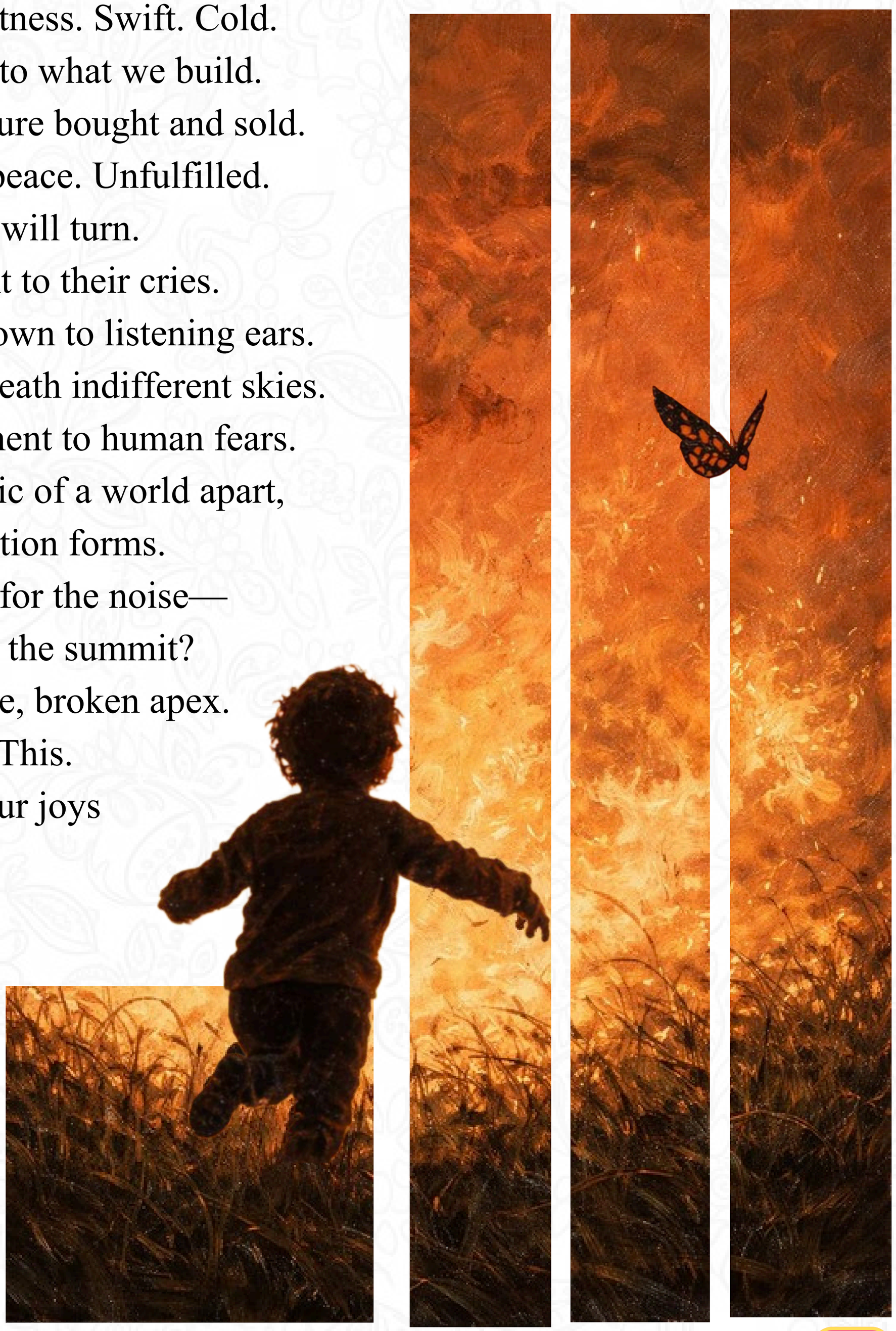
BY SUDESHNA DUTTA
VI Semester

A silver speck against that black. Endless.
I am the chosen eye. The one that doesn't blink.
Below—
the map they drew with blood
is back.
A new crusade. Secret. Again.
I see the flash. Not lightning. Never lightning.
Across the land where ancient rivers ran once,
then answering, a glow cuts through
and dark.
A fiery bloom. That feeble thing. Man's pride.
They call it peace. This order. This
careful dance of missile-drone.
I track the plumes. Black against the grain.

Count the seeds. Sorrow. Sown.
I envy clouds.
They don't have to see the refugees
that trace my endless arc.
Boats. A grieving sea.
Cities crumble, smolder, stark.
The line between the righteous and the damned?
Lost. Smoke. A story told all wrong.
I see a child reaching.
A hand. Gone



Lifeless. Cold.
The generals speak of might.
Spheres. Influence. Holding ground.
From up here I watch the day turn night.
And listen to the silence.
Not a sound.
I am just a witness. Swift. Cold.
A testament to what we build.
A story of a future bought and sold.
A promised peace. Unfulfilled.
So I will turn.
Indifferent to their cries.
Send my data down to listening ears.
Another war beneath indifferent skies.
Another testament to human fears.
But in the static of a world apart,
a question forms.
Too quiet for the noise—
was this the summit?
This fragile, broken apex.
This.
Our joys



VICTORY PARADE

BY DEBANJALI BHOWMICK
VI Semester

Victory was declared
at noon.
Fireworks cracked the sky,
anchors smiled on television,
numbers were announced
with pride.

Somewhere else,
a doorbell rang.

The nation celebrated
a win.
A mother received
what remained of her son.

No anthem played there.
No speech followed.

Only a receipt
Signed,
Stamped,
and handed over
as proof of sacrifice.

This is how war wins:
One side calls it history, the other
learns to live
with an empty room.



INDEED SHE WALKS

BY BHARGAB J. BORAH
II Semester

The trees shudder when she walks by

They shed their expectations.
Their ideas and questions.
Their souls bleed to be a part of her step.

The soil quakes with her every breath.
It convulses, squeals, and groans,
throwing every land- bound resident off
their hooves.



The leaves don't fall back either.
They jump and jump,
matching her rhythm, though always a step
behind.
And all I can do is see the woman bespeak
of with mine eyes,



As she prowls about, leaving me in a
harmony of coming destructions.

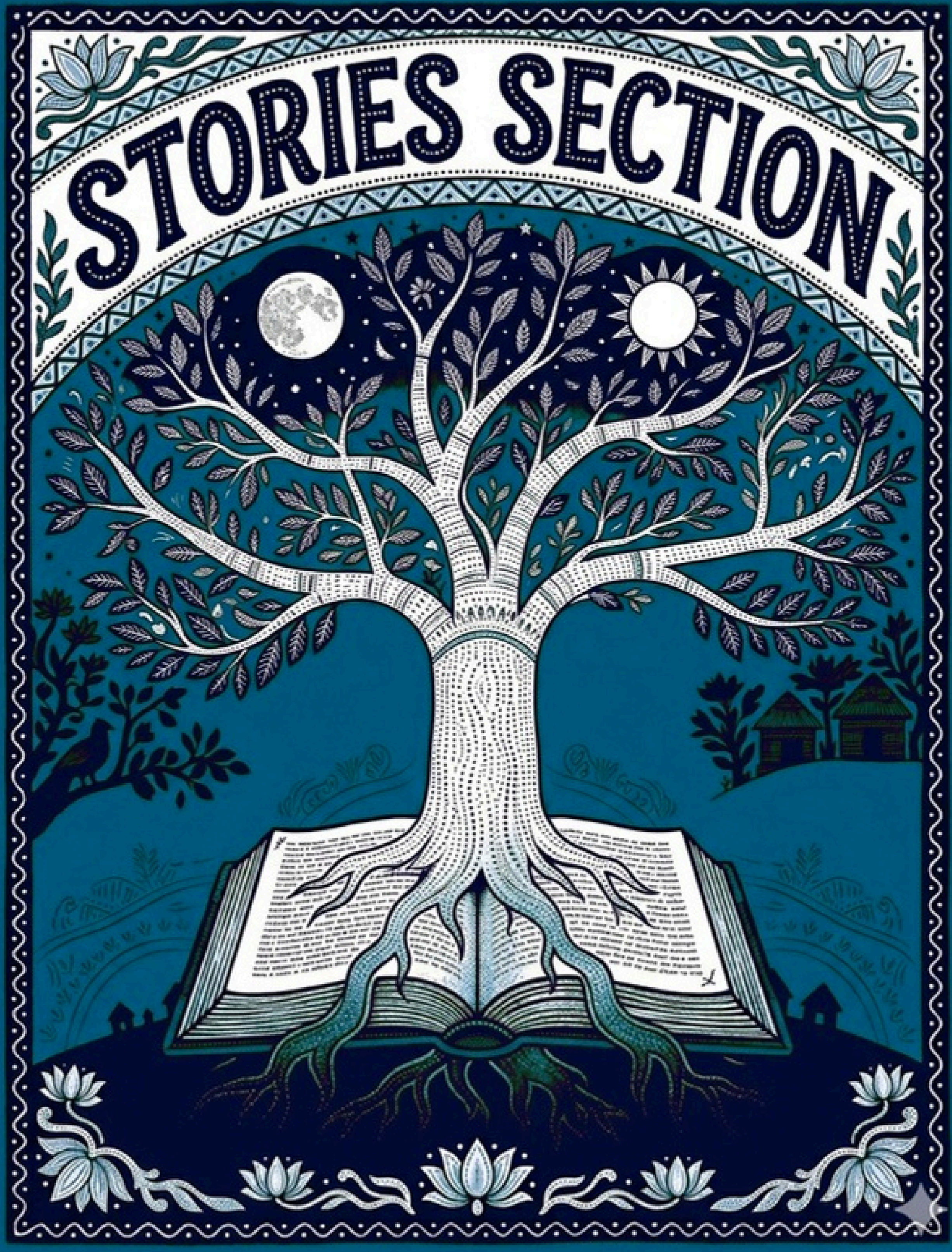
WINTER'S HOPE

BY SHRUTY SARKAR
IV Semester

The sun comes up.
The shapes of clouds changing,
Birds are singing, butterflies playing.
The cold breeze, marking
The end of the year.
There's nothing -
In my hands to be proud of.
All I'm counting is my depressed days.
There's no light, I see.

But these rays of the sun,
In this cold weather,
Suggesting that there's a way out.
The fear will go in no time.
No tough time lasts forever
This shall pass too.
The gentle breeze of Winter,
And the cool warmth of sunshine,
Promising a new hope.





ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

DUNA & TASRAIRAJU

BY BARUN RABHA
VI Semester

Long ago, when the forests were still deep enough to swallow the horizon and the hills spoke in the language of wind and mist, there stood a small Rabha village named Rong'pith. The people there lived close to the earth and closer still to the forest. Their bamboo houses rose on stilts above the ground, their days moved with the rhythm of planting and weaving, and their nights were filled with songs offered to the unseen spirits believed to dwell in stone, stream, and ancient tree. To them, the forest was not merely land; it was a living presence, both nurturing and mysterious.

Yet beyond the boundary of their fields stretched a darker wilderness, a place where even hunters seldom ventured. In that shadowed realm ruled Tasrairaju, a being of terrible power and ancient memory. He was said to be as tall as a hill's shadow at sunset, with hair like tangled roots, skin dark as charred bark, and eyes glowing like embers buried in ash. The elders whispered that he had not always been cruel. Once, perhaps, he had been a guardian spirit of the forest, but neglect, pride, or hunger for power had twisted his nature.

Now he ruled by fear.

Each month he demanded tribute from the villagers-rice from their harvest, pigs from their pens, baskets of forest fruit, and jars of strong rice-beer. If the offerings displeased him, the forest trembled with his rage. Storms would flatten the young crops, animals would vanish from the hunting paths, and trees would fall as though struck by invisible hands. The people obeyed him, but obedience brought no peace, only a long, unbroken dread.

Among the villagers lived a boy named Duna. He was young in years but carried an unusual steadiness in his gaze, as if he had already seen more sorrow than most. Years earlier, his parents had disappeared while gathering honey in the forest, and though no one spoke it aloud, many believed Tasrairaju had taken them. Since then, grief had settled in Duna's heart, not as loud anger, but as a quiet, enduring resolve.



One night, beneath a full moon pale as bone, the forest shook with a thunderous roar. Tasrairaju appeared at the edge of Rong'pith, his shadow swallowing the houses. In a voice like cracking earth, he declared that on the next full moon the villagers must bring him a human child, or he would tear their fields from the soil itself. His words left the village stunned into silence before grief broke over them like a storm. No parent could imagine surrendering a child, yet none could imagine defying him.

That night the villagers gathered beneath their sacred tree, where prayers were usually spoken in hope. This time they were whispered in fear. As the elders argued in low, trembling voices, Duna stepped forward. His voice was calm, but it carried across the gathering like a clear bell. He said that a life ruled by fear was no life at all, and that someone must end the spirit's tyranny. The elders tried to stop him, warning that none who challenged Tasrairaju had ever returned. But Duna's decision had already hardened within him.

Before dawn he prepared himself in the manner of one walking toward danger. He bathed in the cold stream, as though washing away hesitation. His grandmother tied a protective thread around his wrist and pressed ash from the hearth onto his forehead, whispering a blessing older than memory. He took with him only a small bamboo-

cutting knife, a flute carved long ago by his father, and a hidden gourd filled with strong fermented rice drink. With these humble things, he stepped beyond the village boundary and into the silent forest.

As he walked, the sounds of life faded. Birds fell quiet, and even the wind seemed unwilling to move among those trees. By the time the sun sank into the earth, Duna stood before a vast stone gate thick with moss, the threshold of Tasrairaju's domain. The spirit appeared without warning, immense and dreadful, his presence bending the very air. His voice rolled like distant thunder as he demanded to know why such a small human dared enter his land.

Duna bowed low and replied that he had brought a gift worthy of a forest king. Curiosity, sharpened by greed, flickered in the spirit's burning eyes. Instead of showing the gift immediately, Duna lifted his flute and began to play.



The melody that rose into the evening air was soft and ancient, shaped by harvest dances and fireside songs. It carried the memory of a time when humans and forest lived in balance. The notes drifted through the trees like mist over water, and for a moment even the great spirit seemed to forget his anger. Something long buried stirred within him, a faint echo of the guardian he might once have been.



When the song ended, Tasrairaju demanded more. Then Duna offered the gourd, saying the drink within it was brewed from the strongest grain and fit only for a true king. Pride overcame suspicion. The spirit seized it and swallowed it in one long gulp.

Soon his great frame faltered. His eyes dimmed, and the earth seemed to sway beneath him. Realizing the trick, he roared in fury, but Duna continued to play, the melody winding through the forest like an unseen binding. At last Tasrairaju collapsed, shaking the ground like a falling tree.

Remembering the elders' stories, Duna searched for the place where the spirit's power lived. Behind the giant's ear he found it-a twisted lock of spirit-hair, thick and coiled, pulsing faintly with life. With a whisper for the families who had suffered, Duna cut the knot. At once the spirit's body cracked, crumbled, and dissolved into dust that the night wind carried away.

In that instant the forest seemed to awaken. Birds called from the darkness, leaves stirred, and the air felt newly alive. The heavy silence that had burdened the land for years was gone.

When Duna returned to Rong'pith, the villagers stared as if seeing someone returned from the realm of spirits. He spoke simply, telling them the forest was free and Tasrairaju would not return. Joy rose among the people like sunrise after a long storm. They feasted, sang, and offered thariks to the good spirits of the land.

And it is said that even now, on still nights when the wind moves through bamboo groves, one may hear a faint, flute-like music. The elders say it is the forest remembering the boy who restored its balance.

For the story endures as a reminder that courage guided by wisdom is stronger than brute power, and that even the smallest voice, when it dares to rise, can change the fate of many.

BREELYN

BY BHABANA DEKA
VI Semester

For as long as I could remember, I have always despised people— their conceited behaviour, their insatiable greed, their eagerness to criticise, and their arrogant belief that acquiring what others couldn't somehow granted them the right to look down upon those who hadn't. As for their redeeming qualities, I cannot say much. My parents were always occupied with my siblings, and the common notion that middle children are overlooked held entirely true in my case. Neither my colleagues nor my friends ever offered me an ounce of empathy not when I carried a group project alone, not when I was bullied at work. I was, by every measure, a typical introvert with no one particular to look forward to.

Except for one person. My sister.

She looked forward to being by my side in a way I never quite mirrored back. I still remember the day Mother and Father announced we were expecting a new family member. I stated in my usual nonchalant tone, "I cannot believe you're having a baby twelve years younger than me."

"And fifteen years younger than me!" Jake had entirely lost faith in humanity. "This is unbelievable."

I had come home early that day. Bree heard the door and came running, and the moment she saw me, she threw her arms around my waist. "Yay! You're home early. Let's play, let's play!" Her eyes were gleaming as though they held a thousand stars.

"Let me freshen up first," I said. I couldn't refuse her.

"Aurora, honey could you please help Bree with her project? I'm terribly busy today," Mother called from the next room.

"No! We're playing today. It's not every day Sister comes home early," Bree shouted back.

Mother appeared from the dining room and settled herself beside Bree. "Oh, please understand, dear. You must finish the project, otherwise you can't go on the field trip with your friends. Mama has a great deal to do."

But I want to play with Aurora," she insisted, as though it were the most irrefutable argument in the world.

"We can do both but fetch your project first," I said calmly.

"Then we'll play?" she asked, already bouncing off the couch.

"Sure."

"Okay, okay! I'm getting it. Stay here!" And she stormed out of the room.

Mother smiled softly. "I often wonder how she is more attached to you than to me. I am her mother, after all."

"I cannot make sense of her either," I answered.

Mother looked at me with sad, searching eyes. "I know you're exhausted. But I don't understand why you insist on taking on so much. You're still building your career - you got into UCD, one of the finest universities in Dublin. You should be focusing on your studies, not juggling three part-time jobs. If you need money, if there's something you need, please tell us. We are here for you."

"No, Mother. You're overthinking it. I'm simply saving for the future," I told her, as I always did.

"If you say so. But please know that your father and I are always with you." She gave me a quiet, understanding look. "Thank you for today." Then she returned to her work.

I smiled back at her. I didn't blame her for worrying. She was my mother— perceptive in her own quiet way, even when I offered her very little to work with. The truth was, I hated being alone in my room while others went out with their friends, their laughter drifting in from a



world I watched only from a distance. I wanted to stay busy - busy enough to stop noticing, busy enough that their happiness couldn't sting. So I took on part-time jobs, studied hard, worked on myself, and filled every hour I could.

Bree returned with her project and settled beside me, handing over the instruction manual. As we worked through it, I asked, "Why are you so attached to me? I don't talk much. I don't laugh at your jokes. Don't you find me dull?"

"Why would I find you dull?" She looked genuinely puzzled. "You never scold me even when I do something wrong. You always play with me no matter how tired you are. You help with my projects, you teach me how to write, how to paint, how to draw. And with you... I don't have to be a good girl. I can just be myself."

She said it with the widest smile, entirely unaware of the weight her words carried. It was hard to believe she was already eight and so effortlessly honest. Sometimes I envied her— her openness, her ease with the world. I couldn't help but laugh when I was around her. Perhaps I did care for her more than I let on. But eventually, she would grow up, find other friends, and discover how ordinary I truly was. And before I could make sense of any of it, she would leave, the way everyone else always did.



The front door swung open. Jake walked in carrying an enormous tub of ice cream. Bree leapt off the table, tore across the room, and snatched it straight from his hands.

"Yay! Ice cream!" She grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the kitchen.

She served herself a generous bowl, then handed one to me. Jake helped himself and turned to her with exaggerated offense. "Where's my bowl, Breelyn?"

"You can serve yourself, brother," she replied, utterly untroubled.

"Oh - so Aurora can serve herself as well, then?"

"She's special. Don't compare yourself to her."

Jake's mouth fell open. He turned to me with the look of a man deeply betrayed.

"Don't look at me like that," I said.

"Yeah, don't," Bree echoed with a small growl, not even glancing up from her bowl.

"Why does she like you so much, Aurora?" Jake asked.

"I don't know," I answered, as I always did.

The moment Father arrived home from work, Bree abandoned her project and sprinted to the door. "Papa, Papa - look what I'm making! I'm going on a field trip tomorrow and Ma'am asked us to draw maps of the place. See?"

"Oh, it looks like you're headed to the mountains and you've got your sister helping you. That's wonderful, and-"

Before he could finish, Bree burst out, "And after this, we're going to play!"

"Not tonight, dear," Mother said, stepping out from the kitchen. "You need an early night. The bus leaves first thing in the morning."

Bree's face fell as she looked at me. "But I didn't get to play with Aurora."

"We'll play tomorrow, when you're back from the trip," I said. "We'll have all the time we need then."

She accepted that, reluctantly.

The next morning, the first thing I saw was Bree's face hovering directly above mine.

"Aurora, wake up, wake up! I'm going on my first field trip. Say bye to me— come on!"

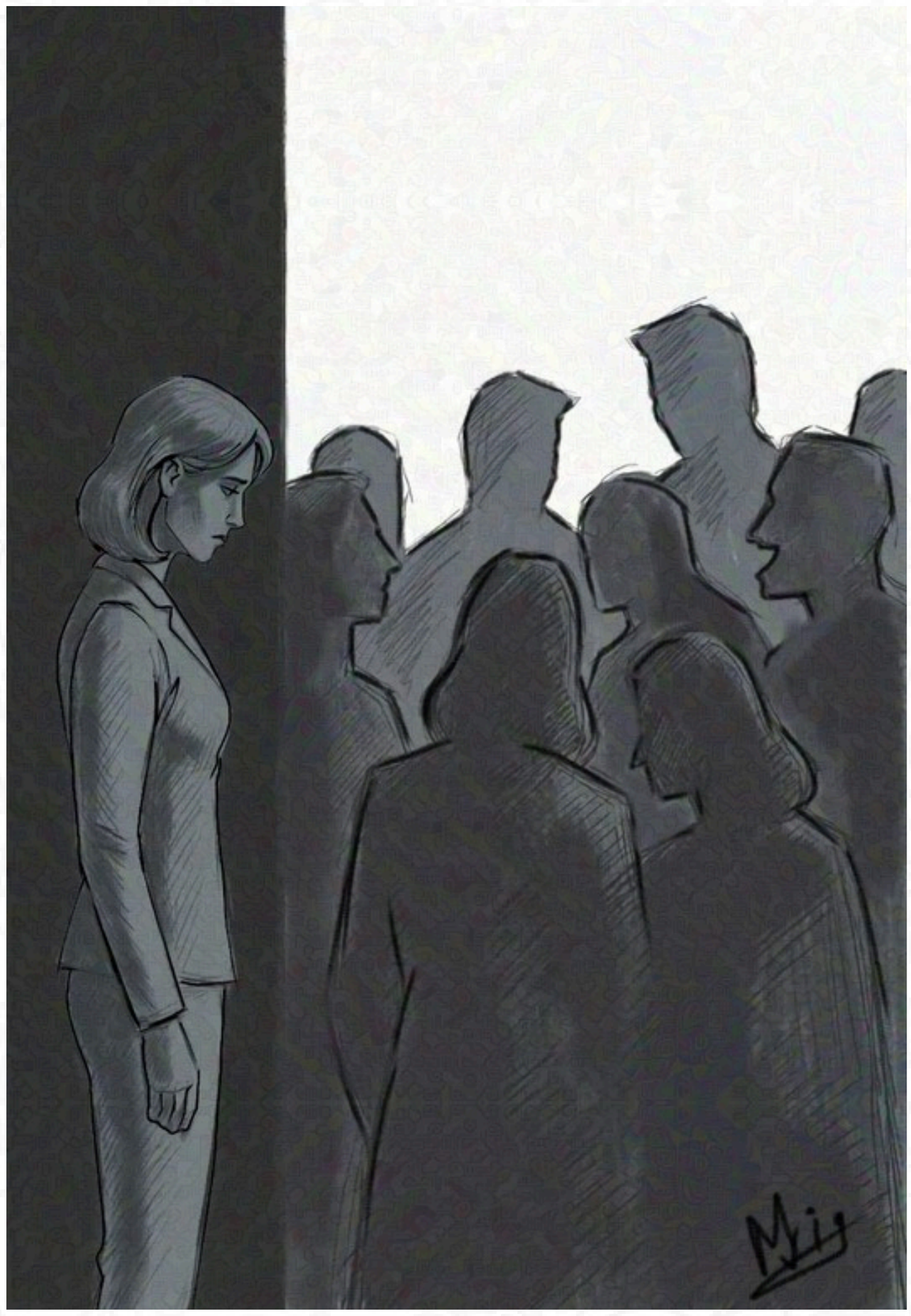
"Bye," I murmured into my pillow.

"Properly! Say it properly!"

"Why does it matter? I'll see you this evening anyway."

"But still-" Her voice wobbled dangerously.

"Alright", I pulled myself upright, though I made no move to see her to the door. "Goodbye. Stay with the teacher. Don't wander off. Listen to her. And most importantly — have fun."
"I will" she said, beaming with a smile so large it barely fit her face. Anyone could see how happy she was that morning.
I worked only one of my shifts that day, because when Bree came home, I wanted to be there— to listen to every word of how her day had gone. I had never thought about things like that before. I hadn't understood how one person's presence could so quietly rearrange the architecture of a day. But somewhere along the way, through Bree's eyes, I had begun to.
On my way home, I noticed a small Luffy charm in a shop window - her favourite character from One Piece, and mine as well. Before I had quite decided anything, it was already in my hand. It reminded me of her, and I wanted to give it to her, to watch her face when she clipped it onto her schoolbag.
When I reached home, Jake was standing at the front door. He startled at the sight of me. "You're you're home early. I was just about to call you."
"Why? I made sure to come back before Bree." I felt a flicker of unease. "Don't tell me she's already here—"
Jake drew a long, unsteady breath. His eyes held something raw, something he was barely managing to contain. "What's wrong?" I asked.
He didn't answer immediately— as though he needed a moment to find solid ground beneath the words. "Bree didn't make it back," he said at last. "There was a landslide."
I turned to face him fully.
A lot of families lost their children today," he said quietly. "We're one of them."
From the living room, Mother's sobs reached me before I could see her. Father sat beside her in silence. And there was no Bree.
She had always been a peculiar child - extraordinarily clever, and wonderfully loud. But I would have chosen that noise over this silence without a second thought. I hadn't realised, until that moment, how much I had come to love the small disorders she created— the questions without purpose, the tasks without reason, the pure and guileless honesty of the way she spoke. Those mischievous, restless movements had woven themselves into the fabric of my days without my ever noticing. Bree had become a part of me.
She was a fleeting presence who gave me so little of her time and yet somehow, in giving it, reflected something of myself back to me— something I hadn't known was



Perhaps I should not have taken so much onto my plate. Perhaps I should have spent more time with her, known her better, let myself understand sooner what I needed and what I wanted. Perhaps, without realising it, I had been given a new beginning long ago and simply hadn't known what to call it.
Everything felt hollow now— quiet and numb, drained of meaning.
The charm still hung from my fingers. I could no longer feel the weight of it. I wanted her hands around it. I wanted to hear her tell me how much she loved it, to watch her face light up as she fastened it to her schoolbag. I longed for those bright, astonished eyes.
I had wanted to play with her, even on the longest and most exhausting of days.
I had thought we had so much time left.
We didn't.

THE LAST BENCH WINDOW

BY PRITI DOLEY
VI Semester

It was night time, calm as usual. The girls in the hostel were seated in the study hall, just like they did every evening. Some were deeply focused on their books, some whispered softly about their day, while others sat quietly, lost in their thoughts. The hall was filled with the familiar sound of turning pages and low murmurs.

But suddenly—
“Knock… knock.”

The sound came from the window near the last bench. Only the girls sitting there heard it. They looked at each other in confusion, wondering if it was just an illusion, or a trick of tired minds. Deciding not to think much of it, they resumed talking.

But moments later, the sound returned ; this time louder.

“Knock. Knock. Knock.”

The whispers died instantly. Heads turned. Conversations stopped. The sudden disruption cut through the calm of the study hall, and fear slowly began to spread from the last bench to the rest of the room.



The girls began to murmur among themselves. Some looked toward the last bench, their expressions filled with suspicion.

“Who is doing that?” someone whispered sharply.
.
“Stop it!” another girl shouted. “Stop frightening everyone!”

All eyes turned toward the girl sitting at the last bench, in the corner beside the window. She looked stunned, her face pale.

“It’s not me", she said quickly. “Why would I do that?”

But before anyone could respond, the knock came again, harder than before.
“Knock. Knock.”

The sound echoed through the study hall. A pin-drop silence fell over the room.

As soon as the knock echoed, the girls sitting at the last bench ran toward the front. Fear spread instantly, and soon all the girls gathered together, whispering and clinging to one another. No one dared to look back at the window.

After a few tense moments, the knocking stopped. The silence that followed felt just as frightening.

Then the bell rang. It was time for dinner.

Relief washed over the girls as they rushed out of the study hall as fast as they could. Yet, even at the dining hall, the discussion continued. Some whispered that it might be a ghost, others thought someone was playing a cruel prank. No one had an answer.

That night ended with restless sleep and frightened whispers. The next morning, the incident was all anyone could talk about. By afternoon, the girls finally gathered

the courage to inform the hostel in-charge about the knocking.

They explained everything, the sound, the window, the fear that had spread through the study hall.

The in-charge listened, her expression calm, almost amused. “Stop the nonsense”, she said. “It must be among you only, someone might be playing a prank. Otherwise, nothing like this can happen here. Don’t create unnecessary fear.”

With that, the matter was dismissed. No action was taken. No one checked the window.

That evening, the study hall felt heavier than before.

The knocks returned that night, just like the previous one. Louder. Closer. No one dared to scream. Fear had already taken hold.

By the third day, tension had spread through the entire girls’ hostel. Even in daylight, the window looked unsettling. Some girls refused to sit near it; others avoided the study hall altogether.

That afternoon, one of the girls spoke quietly, her voice trembling.

“If someone is really coming every night,” she said, “we’ll know by their footprints.”

In the evening, around four o’clock, she went into the backyard of the girls’ hostel and carefully swept the ground beneath the study hall window. Every trace of dust was cleared away.

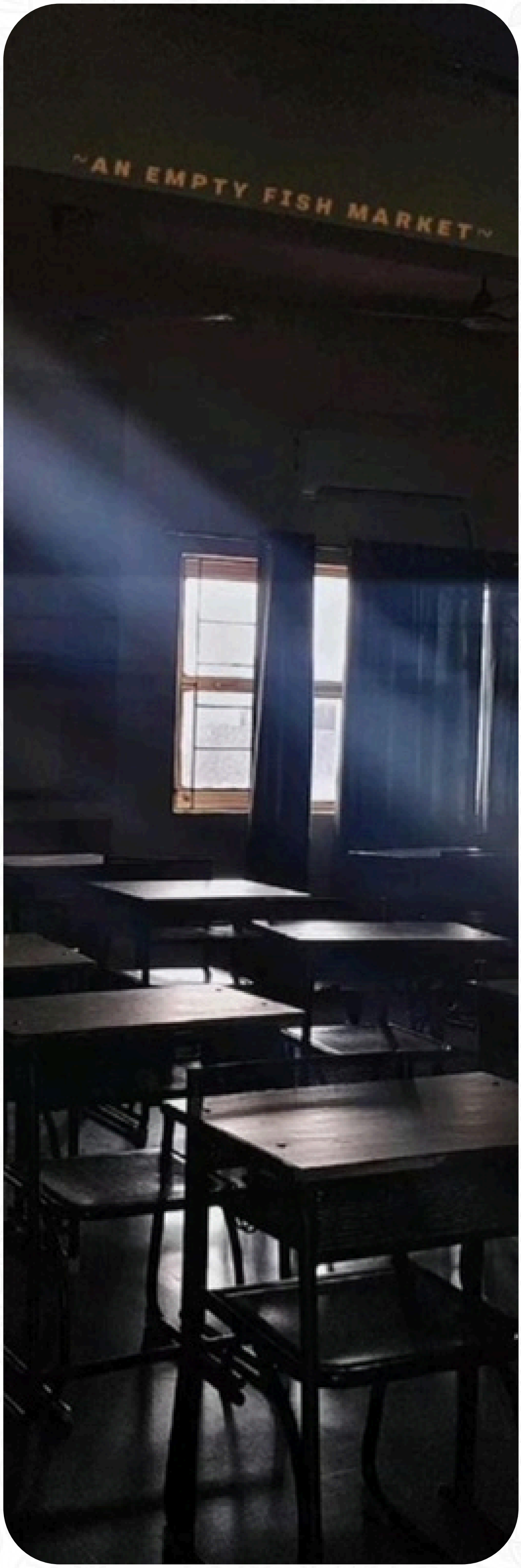
That night, silence filled the hall.

As the clock neared eleven, every girl watched the window.

Then—
“Knock. Knock.”

No one moved.

Morning brought the truth. As soon as the backyard door opened, the girls rushed outside.



There, on the swept ground, were footprints.

They were large; unnaturally large, pressed deep into the earth, as if something heavy had stood there.

“So big”, a girl gasped. No one’s feet in the hostel could match them. The girls stared in silence. And the fear grew stronger.

The footprints were shown to the in-charge that morning. She said nothing for a long moment. Then she looked away and told the girls to attend their classes as usual. After the girls left, she called the watchman and told him to check the surroundings but found nothing. And it passed like that.

That night, the girls were told to return early to their rooms and to be careful. The study hall remained closed. Around midnight, when most of the hostel had fallen asleep, a sudden thud echoed through the corridor.

Then another.

And another.

Something was being thrown.

Stones hit the roof one after another, sharp and loud, as if someone was standing outside, deliberately aiming. Girls woke up screaming. Some ran out to look, some froze on their beds, clutching their blankets. The next morning, the girls saw scattered stones on the corridor and showed to the in-charge. She after a long pause, said sharply, “Don’t make a fuss. Freshen up and go to your studies.”
She took some actions, but nothing was found. No one spoke of it the next day. The in-charge told them they didn’t have to be afraid anymore and that it would not continue.

The window near the study hall was not sealed shut, but no girl dared to sit on the last bench again. Life continued.

But even now, years later, the girls remember.

They remembered the knocks.

They remembered the footprint.

They remember the stones hitting the roof in the dead of night.

And they remember how no one ever explained who was outside the hostel.....

Some things, they say, are not meant to be answered.

Only remembered.



THE CLERIC

BY BHARGAB. J. BORAH
II Semester

They say the cleric did not pray.

He begged.

When her body fell, cold and wrong, the cleric refused to accept the silence that followed. He tore through every sacred word he had ever been taught, grinding blessings into curses by the sheer force of their grief. Healing magic-meant for bruises and fevers-was driven into a dead thing again and again, until the earth itself cried out beneath the weight of it.

The ground split its skin.

Roots burst upward like grasping fingers. Flowers bloomed black at the center and red at the edges, fed not by sunlight but by the violence of love that would not let go. The body did not breathe. The heart did not stir. Yet the land remembered the touch of divinity and refused to release what had been laid upon it.

The cleric died there. Some say by exhaustion and others by madness. But mercy was never agreed upon. Years passed. Then decades.

Where rot should have claimed the flesh, none came. The corpse remained as it was the night it died-eyes shut as if in sleep, lips faintly parted, skin neither warm nor cold. Around it rose a forest that rejected all trespass. Roses with thorns like needles of bone. Vines that tightened when cut. Petals that stained the ground the color of old blood.

No birds sing there. No insects dare linger. Fire dies quickly, and prayers spoken aloud feel wrong in the mouth.

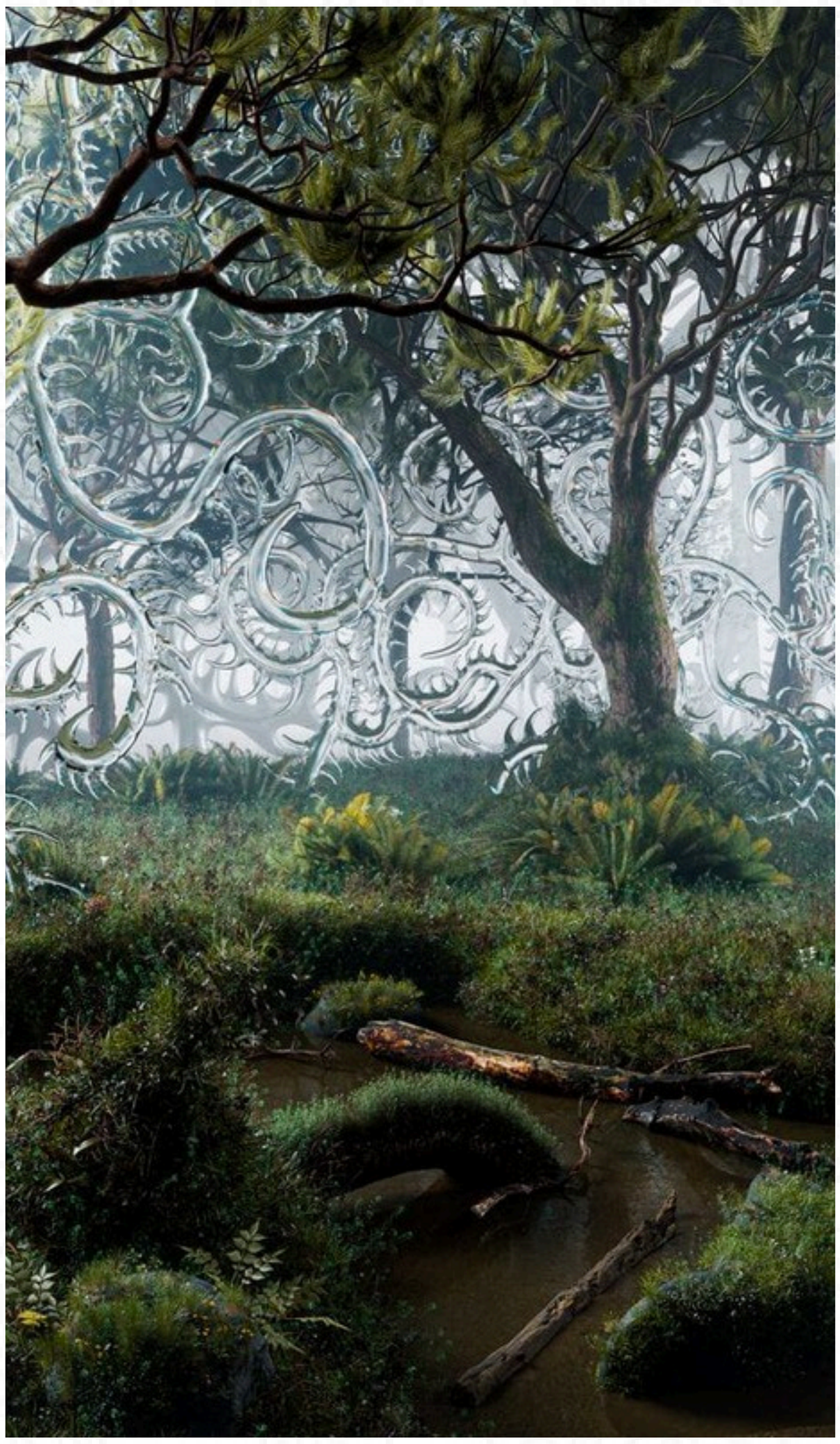
The elders say the land is still healing-still trying to obey a command it was never meant to receive. Others believe the corpse listens, trapped between endings, held fast by a love so desperate it became a wound in the world.

And so it lies there still, untouched by decay, guarded by beauty and pain in equal measure, a monument to love powerful enough to scar the world-but not enough to undo death.

They warn travellers not to approach.

Because sometimes, deep in the thornwood, the flowers tremble as though something has remembered its name.

And sometimes, on nights when the moon is thin and cruel, the body exhales.



A Siren's Requiem

BY AUDREY BARUAH
IV Semester

The waves of the sea rose and fell like the breath of a dreaming God. They came as courtiers to kiss the feet of the night then retreated, murmuring their oaths to the stars. Under the stars like pearls, the moonlight made her scales opalescent and whimsical as the siren brushed her hair like the thread of midnight silk and there were her eyes, blue like the ocean seemed as though they held all the secrets of the boundless waves and her lips were pale rose, curved in that euphonious tune which could bend the will of heaven itself, for her voice was not mere music but enchantment.

One eve, as the tempest slumbered and the air lay heavy with salt and silence there came a mortal a sailor, bold and fair, with eyes as green as emerald like the meadows beneath the warm morning sun. His ship had struck and broken upon the reefs, and death hovered near. Yet it was her who found him, cradled him upon her pale arms and with a breath sweeter than dawn, sang his soul back from the edge of the abyss.

Thus began their love, a love as perilous as it was pure. The sea herself bore witness, her waves sighing soft benedictions upon their clandestine trysts. Beneath the moon's argent gaze, the siren and the sailor wove dreams in whispers and in tears. She, forsaking her kind while he, forgetting his creed. For no mortal heart could resist a siren's devotion, and no siren could long endure the warmth of mortal touch without ruin. Yet love when forbidden, blooms most tragically.

Greed soon stirred in the sailor's breast, a shadow darker than the ocean's floor. The world above whispered promises of gold and glory, should he capture the sea-maiden who had bewitched him. And so with hands that once trembled in tenderness, he betraved her. Bound in cruel chains of iron. she was sold to men who sought to possess that which cannot ever be possessed: her voice, her very soul.

Day upon day she was tormented, her song forced from her throat to amuse the hearts of kings and sinners. But when the final drop of mercy fled her heart, she raised her broken voice to the heavens and cursed mankind.

"Henceforth", she cried, her voice thundering with the wrath of every tide, "No siren shall ever love a human again. The sea shall be our vengeance and our song, their doom."



And so it was. The waves turned wild and her sisters, bound by sorrow and fury, took up her lament. From that night forth, the sea sang with hunger. Sailors who heard the siren's melody were spellbound and drawn, into her watery embrace not for love, but for death. And somewhere in the fathomless deep, Prosoidia still awaits her song: a requiem for the love that betrayed her with her with beauty eternal but her heart forever drowned.

ARTICLE SECTION

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

THEYYAM

BY R. VENKATA RAMANNA
VI Semester



A Sacred Journey from Man to God

India is famous for its rich culture, traditions, and different forms of ritual performances. One of the most fascinating ritual art forms of South India is Theyyam, which is mainly performed in the northern districts of Kerala such as Kannur and Kasaragod. Theyyam is not only a performance but also a powerful expression of devotion and faith. For the local communities of Kerala, it represents a strong connection between humans and the divine world. People believe that during the ritual the distance between the god and the devotee disappears. The performer becomes a bridge through which the deity communicates with the people. This belief makes Theyyam a deeply emotional and spiritual experience for those who witness it. Theyyam is not simply a dance performance; it is a sacred ritual that shows the transformation of a human performer into a divine figure. Through colorful costumes, detailed makeup, music, and traditional rituals, the performer represents a god or ancestral spirit. This process of transformation from an ordinary man to a divine figure makes Theyyam a very unique and meaningful cultural experience.

The word "Theyyam" is believed to come from the word "Daivam," which means God. In Theyyam performances, the performer takes the role of different deities, heroes, or spirits that are worshipped by local communities. These performances usually take place in temples, village shrines, or sacred groves called kavus. For the local people, Theyyam is not just entertainment but an important religious and cultural event. Many villagers gather together to watch the performance and take part in the rituals.

One of the most noticeable features of Theyyam is the beautiful costume and makeup worn by the performer. Preparing for a Theyyam performance is a long process and often takes several hours. The performer's body is painted with natural colors, and detailed face designs are carefully created using traditional methods. Large headgear, colorful skirts, ornaments, and decorations made from bamboo, cloth, and coconut leaves are also used. Sometimes the headgear is so large that it makes the performer look much taller and more powerful than an ordinary person. These costumes help to create the image of a divine being. Each Theyyam character has a unique costume and face design, which helps the audience identify the deity being represented. This careful preparation adds beauty and authenticity to the ritual. The heavy costumes, tall headgear, and energetic

dance movements demand great stamina and dedication. Despite these challenges, performers continue the ritual with great devotion. Their dedication shows the deep respect they have for the tradition and the responsibility they feel towards representing the deity.

The important part of Theyyam is the ritual preparation before the performance begins. The performer follows certain religious practices and rituals. Traditional songs called "Thottam Pattu" are sung to tell the story of the deity being represented. During this stage, the performer slowly enters a spiritual state. It is believed that at a certain moment the spirit of the deity enters the performer, and he becomes the living form of that god. From that moment, people treat the performer with great respect and devotion as if he is truly divine. During the performance, the Theyyam dances with powerful and energetic movements. The dance is performed to the rhythm of traditional musical instruments such as chenda and elathalam. The performance is full of energy and emotion, showing the power and authority of the deity. Devotees often come to the performer to seek blessings, advice, or solutions to their problems. People believe that the deity speaks through the performer, so his words are taken very seriously.

Another interesting aspect of Theyyam is its social significance. Traditionally, many Theyyam performers belong to communities that were considered lower in the caste system. However, during the ritual they are worshipped as gods by everyone, including people from higher social groups. This temporarily removes social differences and shows the belief that divine power can appear through any person. Theyyam is not done by the performer alone. Many villagers take part in organizing the event, arranging the space, preparing offerings, and supporting the rituals. This collective participation shows how deeply the tradition is connected to the social life of the community. It becomes a moment where people come together to celebrate their shared beliefs and cultural identity. In this way, Theyyam also sends a message of equality and respect in society.

Theyyam performances are usually held during specific seasons of the year, especially between October and May. During this time, many temples and sacred groves organize Theyyam rituals as part of their annual festivals. These events attract not only local villagers but also visitors from nearby places. For many people, attending a Theyyam performance is both a religious duty and a cultural celebration.

Theyyam has a very old history and is believed to have started many centuries ago in the northern parts of Kerala. It is connected with early Dravidian traditions, where people used to worship nature, ancestors, and local heroes. In the beginning, these rituals were very simple and were performed in sacred groves and small village shrines. Over time, these simple rituals slowly developed into the colorful and elaborate performances that we now know as Theyyam. The stories performed in Theyyam often include local legends, heroic stories, and historical events. Many Theyyam characters represent brave warriors, protective spirits, or gods connected with nature. These stories have been passed down from generation to generation through oral tradition. Because of this, Theyyam also helps in preserving the culture, history, and traditions of the local communities. In modern times, Theyyam has also become a subject of interest for researchers and artists. Scholars study it to understand the connection between ritual, performance, and community life. Photographers and filmmakers are also attracted to the vibrant colors and dramatic scenes



of the performance. However, despite this growing popularity, the local communities continue to treat Theyyam primarily as a sacred tradition rather than just a cultural spectacle.

In conclusion, Theyyam beautifully combines ritual, art, and spirituality. The transformation of a performer from an ordinary human being into a divine figure shows the deep beliefs and traditions of the community. With its colorful costumes, powerful performances, and strong cultural meaning, Theyyam continues to be one of the most remarkable ritual traditions of Kerala and an important part of India's cultural heritage. Today, Theyyam is not only known in Kerala but has also attracted the attention of scholars, tourists, and cultural researchers from different parts of the world. Even though many people see it as a fascinating performance, for the local communities it still remains a sacred ritual connected to faith and devotion.



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The Choking Gasps of it All Collapsing

BY ABHISHEK BARUAH
II Semester



Gaetano Previati - Morte di Paolo e Francesca (Death of Paolo and Francesca)

Staring-startled-you chance upon the years before: the trinkets of joy that drip like honey from the lips of your muse, lathering you in praises and kisses, so kind they make you feel as if you were worth your existence-of love and affection. And yet, there you stand, battered, before the mirror each day, hoping reality would warp behind its painted back and reimburse itself into the reflection you so appall. You savour these moments as relics, whilst the scorns of time bring with them rot and decay, it's devastating. And yet, there is a silent satiation-a soft melody that runs under your skin, turns you cold-a shiver as brief as that love of yours that runs down your spine. It's intoxicating-as newer scars craft themselves into your being, unlike the ones you held before: they neither burn nor heal. But what will you be without them? You ponder, fingers reaching to caress their familiar terrain. Could you really call yourself whole without those terrible blemishes, holding onto the very scattered pieces of your soul-your being?

The epilogue of your tale does not come with a spark or burst; rather, it burns like a candle and thrives as embers fanned by each passing breeze of your imagination-the idea of what could have been. Haughty waves of that warm ignition fill you with an entrancing heat; you pluck at your clothes, peel back your skin to thwart these fires-yet to no avail. The night is too cold, your heart too heavy. You curl into yourself like a marcescent leaf, compounding in a sea of malaise, whimpering as the waves lash on. Yet a part remains intact-sufficed. For how long has it been since you have felt this alive? The end has a ring to it-one you cannot name; the end notes of a symphony that set the pieces back in their place: the dwindling echoes of the strums, the wheezing choir, the cymbal suspended in space. Not in debilitation of its profuse composition, but in anticipation of the next cue-to redo the verses it just compiled, mildly distinct and ghastly the same. This was your masterpiece-conjured from every ounce of yourself, all you had: your greatest creation, meant to be eternal-and yet it is gone. Still, you rise to the podium once again-heighten the tempo, perhaps brighten the vibrato. Alas, you never detach from that tune: the familiar strum of strings, the twitching of cords. Desperation-as you rush to change the coda, but that tune remains impregnable, irreversible-and you jolt in shame as it comes to a halt once again: the end of another symphony.

EUPHONICALLY BEYOND WORDS

BY JUMAN DAS
II Semester

"Music is my language and the world es mi familia".
Most of us are familiar with the above lyric from the famous song in the movie 'Coco'. As the line suggests, it is hard to contradict the fact that the world is incredibly enormous with complex diversities. Even though these diversities exist, the world is still one due to some special bonds. And one such bond is music.

"Music is my language" is an expression that emphasizes the power and universality of music as a means of communication and expression. It suggests that music transcends language barriers and connects people on a deeper level. The phrase "El mundo es mi familia" is Spanish for 'the world is my family.' It highlights that a love connection can extend beyond traditional family boundaries.

These themes resonate with many people because music has the power to evoke emotions, unite cultures, and transcend barriers. It allows individuals to express themselves, connect with others, and find a sense of belonging. Whether listening, playing, or creating music, people from different backgrounds can come together and forge meaningful connections. Music unites people and exhibits a sense of belonging and connection.



● We all vibe to the same song!

A piece of music is heard by all people across the wide world (think of the population attending a concert!). People develop their musical tastes through various genres. Many times, these genres reflect the personality of the individual. Most importantly, musical tastes sometimes determine the friendship between groups of people. Statistics show that Hip-hop/Rap is the most celebrated genre, with 55% popularity among Gen Z. On a brighter note, Pop holds the position with 42%. Rock is the third most popular genre, and alternative and Country music is almost equally popular after it.

● Instruments played over the globe are similar, even if they belong to contrasting cultures.

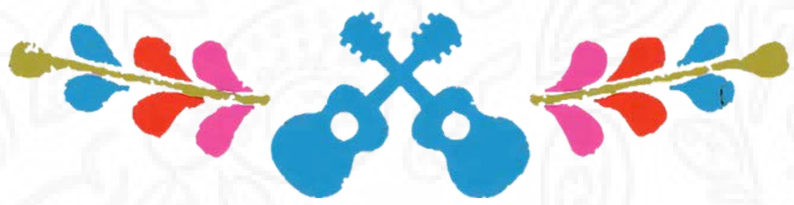
Musical instruments have developed independently in various regions of the world, and through contact and cultural exchanges, they have shown similarities across different cultures. Archaeology has revealed the presence of pipes, whistles, and clay drums dating back to the Paleolithic period, indicating that musical instruments have been a universal component of human culture for a long time. A culture often adopts instruments or their mechanisms from others. For instance, the violin, originating from Italy, is considered to have been first brought to India in the early 19th century by the military bandsmen of the East India Company. The instrument's melodic subtle ties made it ideal for playing classical Indian music.

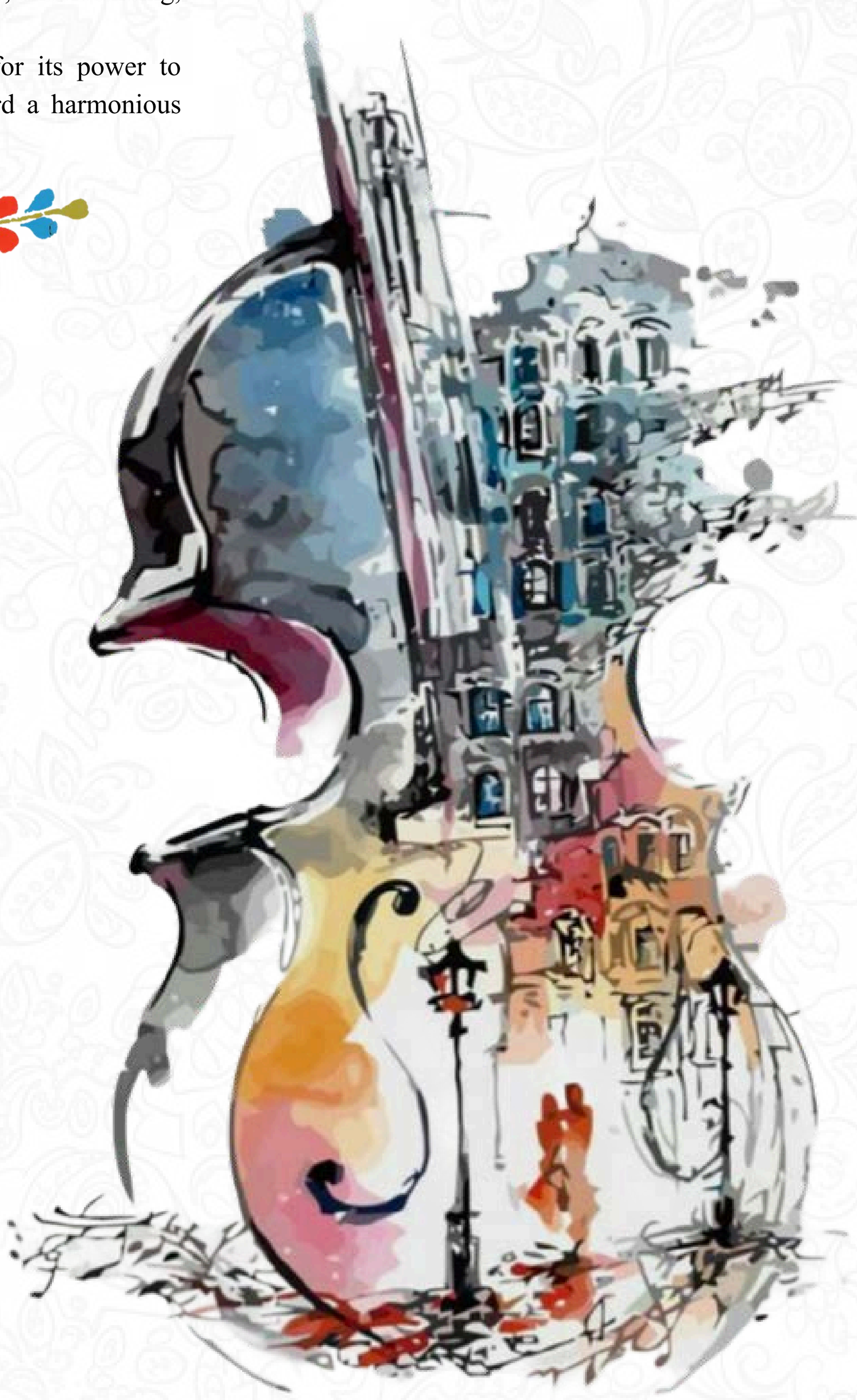
● Music is a universal language with the same notes in all contexts!

Music can take different forms in different cultures, yet the same old 7-notes-per-octave rule coincides everywhere. Combinations of these notes at different intervals and beats create melodies. Almost everywhere, the same ideas of a “major key” exhibiting a happy mood, a “minor key” indicating melancholy, and a diminished one creating tension dominate.

Music is a harmonious thread connecting us all in this diverse entity called the globe. It goes beyond words, linking souls globally. With shared melodies and emotions, music transcends cultural boundaries. It brings us together as a global family where love, understanding, and joy know no limits.

Let’s celebrate and appreciate music for its power to bring us together and to lead us toward a harmonious world.





CHAK HAO KHEER

THE CULTURAL SOUL OF THE MEITEI

BY PH. LURENBA SINGHA
IV Semester

Manipur, nestled in the north-eastern corner of India, is a land where culture is not merely preserved in texts or museums but lived daily through food, rituals, and traditions. Among the many cultural markers of the Meitei community, cuisine plays a deeply symbolic role. One such culinary treasure is Chak Hao, the indigenous black rice of Manipur, most cherished in the form of Chak Hao Kheer. This humble yet extraordinary dish reflects history, identity, and the intimate relationship between the Meitei people and their land.

The Legacy of Chak Hao

Chak Hao, which translates to "delicious rice" in Meiteilon, is an aromatic variety of black rice traditionally cultivated in Manipur. Its deep purple-black colour, sticky texture, and distinctive fragrance set it apart from other rice varieties. Historically, Chak Hao was considered a royal grain, cultivated by farmers but reserved primarily for kings and the nobility. Its consumption was associated with status, purity, and ceremonial importance.

Unlike modern hybrid crops, Chak Hao has been preserved through indigenous farming practices passed down across generations. The continued cultivation of this rice reflects the Meitei philosophy of sustainability and respect for nature - values deeply rooted in their way of life.

Chak Hao Kheer: The Cultural Soul of The Meitei

Among the various ways Chak Hao is prepared, Chak Hao Kheer remains the most iconic. Made using black rice, milk, sugar or jaggery, and mild natural flavouring, the kheer develops a natural violet-purple hue during slow cooking. The dish is visually striking, aromatic, and rich in taste without being overly heavy.



In Meitei households, Chak Hao Kheer is not an everyday dessert. It is prepared during important occasions such as festivals, weddings, religious ceremonies, and community gatherings. Serving this dish symbolises celebration, respect, and abundance. The slow and patient method of cooking itself reflects a cultural emphasis on care and mindfulness.

Ritual, Spirituality and Symbolism

Food in Meitei culture is closely tied to spirituality. Chak Hao often finds its place in ritual offerings to deities and ancestors, symbolising purity, gratitude, and prosperity. Its use in ceremonial contexts highlights the belief that food connects humans with nature and the spiritual world.

Chak Hao also represents collective memory. Every grain carries stories of ancestral farming, seasonal rhythms, and communal sharing. Preparing Chak Hao Kheer thus becomes an act of cultural preservation, especially in a time when traditional practices face gradual erosion.

GI Tag and Contemporary Recognition

In 2020, Chak Hao received the Geographical Indication (GI) tag, officially recognising it as a unique agricultural product of Manipur. This recognition not only protects its authenticity but also acknowledges the cultural and economic value of indigenous knowledge systems.

The Gl tag has empowered local farmers by increasing demand and opening national and international markets. Today, Chak Hao has gained global attention as a "superfood," featured in health-focused culinary spaces and gourmet kitchens, while still retaining its traditional roots.

Nutritional Importance

Beyond its cultural significance, Chak Hao is nutritionally superior to polished white rice. It is rich in fibre, iron, and antioxidants, particularly anthocyanins compounds known for their anti-inflammatory and health-protective properties. This makes Chak Hao Kheer a rare dessert that combines indulgence with nourishment.

Preserving Identity Through Cuisine

In an era of rapid globalisation, traditional foods often risk losing their original context. Chak Hao Kheer stands as a quiet yet powerful assertion of Meitei identity. It reminds us that cuisine is not just about taste, but about history, land, community and continuity.

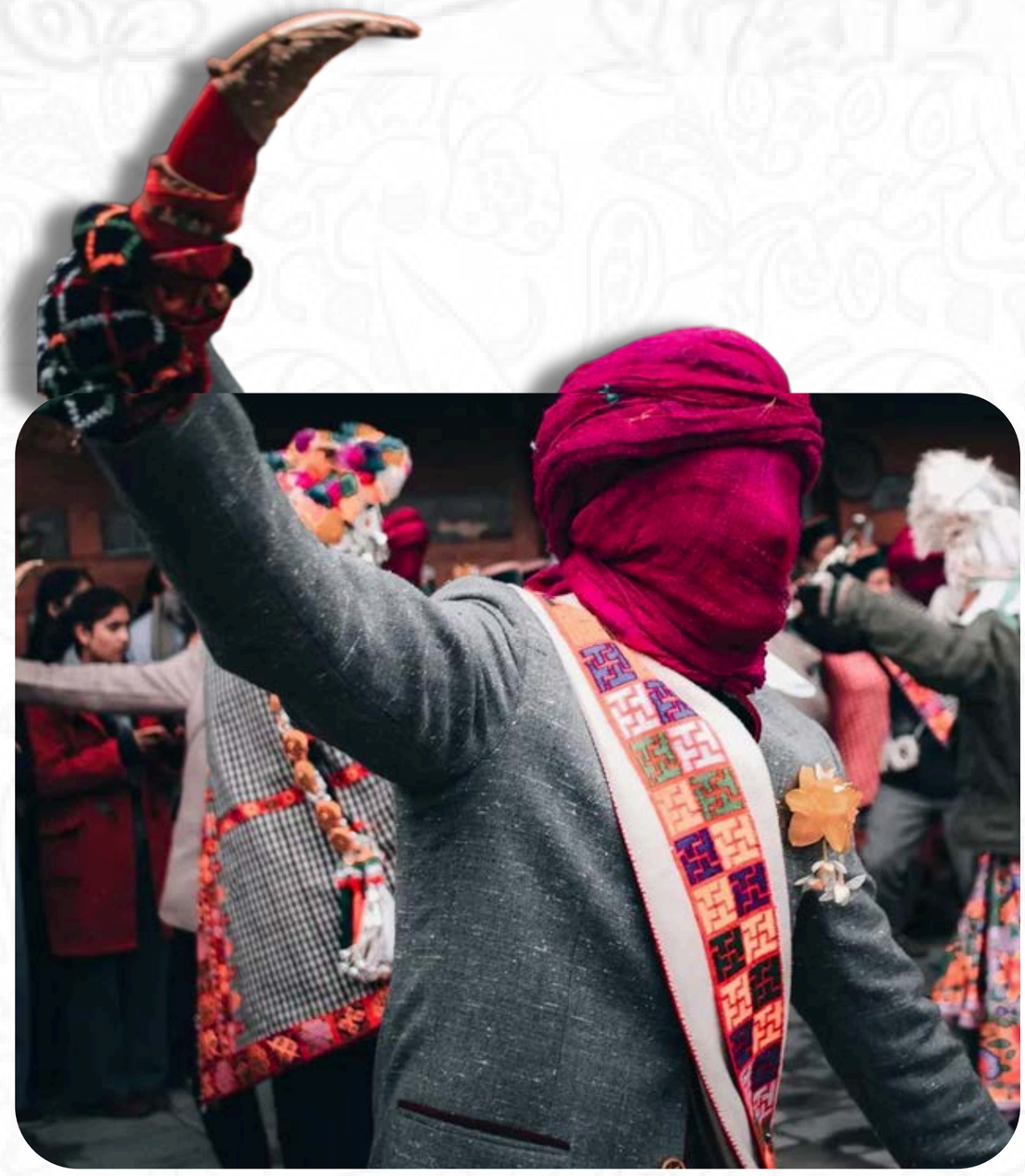
Through dishes like Chak Hao Kheer, Manipur tells its story- one of resilience, harmony with nature, and cultural pride. Preserving such traditions ensures that future generations inherit not only recipes, but a sense of belonging rooted in heritage.





RAULANE
THE FESTIVAL OF FAIRIES

BY DRAGHIMA P. BHUYAN
VI Semester



In the rich and colourful fabric of India's cultural heritage, the Raulane Festival stands out as a unique celebration filled with mystery, devotion, and community spirit.. Located in the snowy peaks of Kinnaur district in Himachal Pradesh, this festival has been celebrated for 5,000 years. Unlike the lively colours of Holi or the dance rhythms of Bihu, Raulane offers a quiet, mystical farewell to unseen protectors.

The festival takes place in the remote village of Kalpa, where men dress as symbolic brides and grooms to honour celestial beings known as Saunis. This spring ritual blends folklore, trance-like dance, and traditional costumes. It serves as a reminder that India's cultural richness goes beyond recorded history, echoing in the living stories of the Himalayas. Celebrated mainly after Holi in early March or April, Raulane is not a performance for tourists; it is a sacred connection between the human world and the spiritual realm. This tradition has persisted for thousands of years without written records, carried on solely by the faith and memories of the Kinnauri people.

The history of Raulane is as mysterious as the mountains around it. There's no clear beginning-elders simply say it has always existed, passed down through stories rather than written records. For the people of Kinnaur, it began as simple offerings of flowers and milk to the Saunis, the gentle spirits believed to protect their land. Over time, these quiet acts of gratitude grew into today's ritual of song, dance, and procession marking the end of winter. Even now, despite modern changes, Raulane remains unchanged at its heart-sustained by the faith and memory of the people who keep it alive.

At its core, Raulane's cultural roots run deep in the animistic and folk traditions of the Kinnauri tribal communities in the upper Himalayas. Kinnaur is a remote district bordering Tibet. It maintains a mix of pre-Hindu beliefs, local gods, and a strong respect for nature. The festival shows a close connection between people, the land, and the unseen forces of the mountains. Unlike urban or mainstream Indian festivals that focus on specific gods from Hindu stories, Raulane is influenced by local Himalayan folklore, where spirits live in meadows, cedars, and high pastures. It represents seasonal renewal-the melting of snow, the awakening of fields, and the ongoing protection of life. This connects



it deeply to ecological spirituality. The Saunis are not distant gods demanding worship; they are kind companions made from "frost and moonlight." They ease the harshness of blizzards and help lost travellers find their way through fog. The ritual emphasises humility toward nature's mysteries. This theme is common across India's diverse tribal cultures, but here it is uniquely expressed through masked performance and slow, intuitive movements.

The people of this place really believe in Raulane because of the Saunis. These Saunis are like fairy spirits that come down from the high meadows in the Himalayas when it is very cold. The villagers think that the Saunis keep them and their things safe from the cold. They believe the Saunis give them warmth and help them when they need it.Raulane is like a thank you to the Saunis. It is a way for the people to say goodbye and to ask the Saunis to keep helping them. When people laugh during Raulane it is a sign that they will have a lot of food. The people who perform Raulane wear clothes that cover their body so the Saunis donot recognize their face and take them away.This way of thinking makes it seem like the people and the spirits are connected.



It makes the people feel like they are talking to the spirits when they dance and walk together. The people of Kinnaur have believed in this for a long time even when things were very tough. They think that people and spirits can live together in peace. Raulane and the Saunis are very important, to them.

The heart of the festival unfolds in elaborate rituals that transform Kalpa into a living theatre of devotion. The celebration typically spans five to seven days, beginning soon after Holi when warmer days beckon villagers back to the fields. Kalpa, perched above the Sutlej River, hosts the main events at sacred sites like the Nagin Narayan Temple (also known as Nara or Narayan variants) and Santang Temple. The village is divided into



“Sarings” or neighbourhood clusters, from which elders carefully select men to embody the central figures: the Raula (the enlightened groom or male principle) and the Raulane (the bride or feminine consort). Multiple pairs may participate, each representing different Sarings.

Preparation is detailed and communal. Women from the Saring dress the Raulane in traditional Kinnauri women’s clothing: a ‘Doru’ shawl, ‘Choli’ top, ‘Pattu’ waist garment, and ‘Gachchi’ belt. Her head is crowned with bright local flowers, including white Chamka, yellow Narkasang, and colourful Bakhri Kan cotton seeds. She wears layers of family silver jewelry, such as : daglo, bithri, and contai, which weigh several kilograms and come from heirlooms kept in old trunks. The Raula dons thick woollen clothing, and a red Gachchi veil covers his

face completely. He wears gloves to hide his skin and carries a protective dagger called ‘ Rakas’. Both figures are fully concealed with no skin showing. This hides their individuality and makes them vessels for the Saunis. Men playing both roles symbolise the blend of purush(masculine) and Prakriti (feminine) energies, connecting human devotion with divine guidance.

The procession begins with the rhythmic beat of Dhol and Damau drums. The veiled couple walks through the village lanes, followed by chanting crowds and the fierce Zannpundulu—masked men in unsettling, carved wooden masks who dance wildly to drive away evil spirits. Playful teasing and laughter fill the air as villagers toss handfuls of sattu (roasted barley flour), reminding everyone of Holi’s abundance and blessing onlookers. At the temple courtyard, the mood shifts to solemn respect. The Raula and Raulane perform a slow, meditative, trance-like dance—not rehearsed but guided by instinct and the spirits. Their careful movements, combined with ancient chants and temple bells, create a sacred farewell. Community folk dances like Kayang,



where participants link arms in a semicircle, often accompany or follow these rituals, bringing the entire village into the celebration. The air resonates with devotion, the sound of bells, and the rustle of heavy shawls—a sensory experience that has lasted for generations.

In recent years, the new generation has breathed fresh yet respectful life into Raulane while fiercely guarding its sanctity. Traditionally, youth participated under elders’ guidance—as dancers, costume helpers, drummers, or silent observers absorbing the lore. The festival went viral on social media in 2025—sparked by mesmerising images of masked figures against snowy backdrops and ornate floral crowns—has drawn national attention and tourists to Kalpa .

The Raulane Festival is a really special event that shows just how rich and deep India's culture is. It's like a gentle whisper that tells a magical story - telling us that there are invisible guardians looking out

for us, and when spring arrives, it's not just a time for celebration, but also a time to say a respectful goodbye. As the mountains of Kinnaur come alive with the sound of drums and laughter, this unique tradition continues to inspire and protect people, proving that the best cultures are the ones that appreciate the things we can't see. Whether you're lucky enough to experience it in person or just hear about it, the Raulane Festival invites everyone in India and around the world to take a moment, put aside our ego, and pay respect to the spirits that give us life. The festival's slow and gentle pace, and the veiled faces of its participants, hold the key to its timeless beauty and youthful energy.



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KODOMOMUKE ANIME

ENTERTAINMENT, EDUCATION AND EMOTIONAL LITERACY

BY DOYEL CHAKRABORTY
IV Semester



Anime is a type of animated movie and TV show that comes from Japan. The word "anime" itself comes from the Japanese word "animēshon," which is derived from the English word "animation." Anime is made for people of different age groups, not just only for children, it's for teenagers and adults also enjoy anime because it shows many kinds of stories like adventure, romance, fantasy and everyday life. Anime started in the early twentieth century but it became much more popular after the Second World War, when Japanese animation began to develop and reach more people.

Anime has many types and each type is made for different people and shows different kinds of stories and shows.

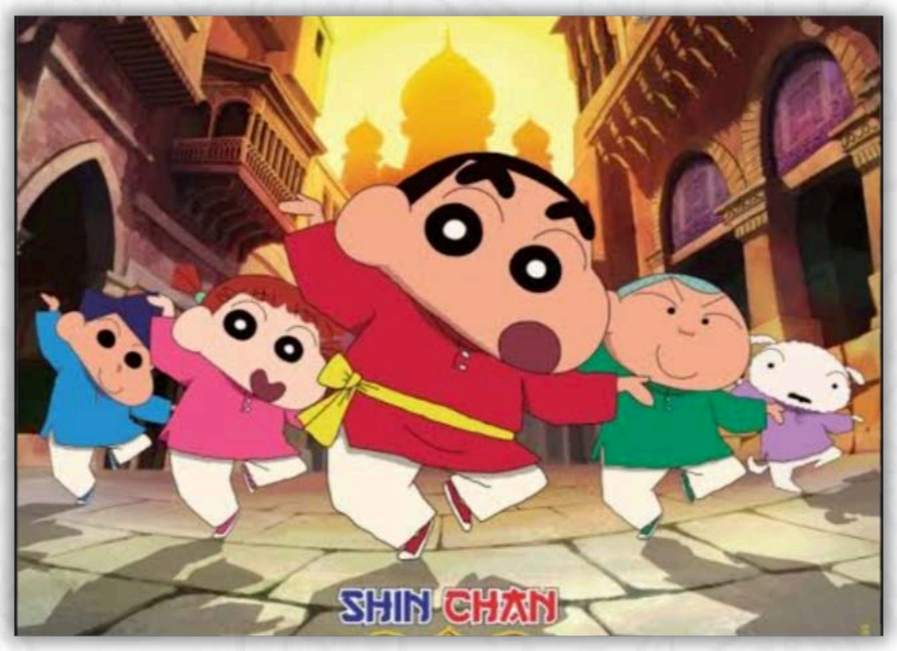
The first and most popular is Kodomomuke anime which is especially for children. It is very colorful and fun and these shows teach children lessons about friendship, honesty, helping others and understanding feelings. Children will enjoy of watching this because it's cute and funny also. Kodomomuke anime is basically for teenagers but adults can also watch the shows.

Shonen anime is mainly for adolescent boys and young men. It has a lot of action, adventures and exciting fights. Boys like to watch heroes becoming strong and winning challenges, so it will be interesting for them to watch this kind of animes.

Shojo anime is targeted at adolescent girls and young women which mainly talks about love, friendship, dreams and feelings. Girls enjoy stories about relationships and emotions.

Josei anime is for adult women. These shows show real life, love, work and everyday challenges for grown-up. Some anime are about fantasy, like magic worlds and strange creatures. Others are about science fiction, like robots and space. Anime is not only fun to watch, but it can also help people learn about life and feelings.

Anime can tell many types of stories. Some anime are made for children, teaching them good habits, friendship, honesty and how to understand feelings. Some are for teenagers, showing adventure, dreams, challenges and love. Anime for adults can show serious problems, work, society, or real-life situations. Anime can also show different cultures, history and traditions. It can be funny, exciting, cute, tragedy or scary depending on the story. Many anime show how people face problems, make friends or grow as a person. Anime is about life, emotions, learning and entertainment all shown through animated stories.



Kodomomuke anime is a type of Japanese cartoon made especially for small childrens and these shows are for children around 6 to 12 years old. They will have fun to watch and also teach important lessons to the childrens. Kids can learn about friendship, being brave, working hard and loving themselves. It has colorful pictures, interesting stories and characters that kids can like and remember. Kodomomuke anime helps children understand feelings and behave in a good way. Famous kodomomuke anime shows are Sanri, Doraemon, Pokemon, and Naruto. These shows are not only entertaining but also teach kids how to solve problems, help others and be a good friend. Kodomomuke anime is important because it helps childrens grow, learn and enjoy while watching this stories at the same time. It will grow more interesting to the childrens.



A very good example of Kodomomuke anime is "Kuromi". Kuromi is a very cute and funny character from Sanrio. Kodomomuke shows are for kids and teach lessons about friendship, feelings and having fun in a safe way. Kuromi is a playful and a bit moody but she also has a kind side. She wears a black jester hat with a pink skull and is known for playing tricks and teasing others in a funny way. She is naughty but cares about her friends and helps them when they are in trouble. Kuromi sometimes tries to make problems for My Melody but she also joins her in exciting adventures. Kuromi's stories teach children about emotions, problem-solving, and friendship, all while being fun and entertaining.

Kodomomuke anime is made especially for children. It is not only fun and entertaining but also teaches important lessons. Children can learn about friendship, honesty, helping others and understanding feelings. These shows also help children know how to solve problems and deal with emotions and feelings. Kodomomuke anime is good for both learning and having fun.



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MILE SUR MERA TUMHARA
A SONIC MAP OF UNITED INDIA

BY KOHILIKA SAHA
VI Semester

'Mile Sur Mera Tumhara' stands as one of the most emotionally resonant cultural creations of post-independent India. More than just a nostalgic audio-visual memory, it feels like a carefully composed reminder of what unity can look and sound like when it grows from difference rather than sameness. Watching or listening to the song today-especially amid recurring debates and tensions around language-brings home just how timeless and quietly powerful its message remains. It does not argue, lecture, or take sides; instead, it invites. It shows an India that refuses to be reduced to a single voice, accent, or cultural centre, and instead unfolds like a living musical map where many regions and identities move together without competing for dominance.

What makes the song especially human is the way each language is allowed to exist fully as itself. Every segment carries its own rhythm, emotional texture, and sonic personality. None of the voices feel isolated or antagonistic; they meet one another through shared melody, pacing, and visual continuity. The song does not attempt to smooth over differences in order to manufacture unity. On the contrary, it treats those differences as essential, even beautiful. Unity here is not



something that happens despite diversity, but because of it. India is imagined not as a single, rigid structure but as a carefully woven tapestry, where harmony is created through cooperation and attentive listening rather than enforced uniformity.

The song's structure reinforces this vision. No language overstays its welcome, no voice claims permanence, and transitions feel organic-blending into one another through echoes and overlaps instead of sharp breaks. This constant motion gently unsettles the listener, nudging them out of linguistic comfort zones and encouraging a sense of belonging that is broader than familiarity alone. In moments when language becomes a marker of political assertion or cultural anxiety, the song offers a softer, more generous imagination of coexistence. It suggests that national identity is not a finished object handed down from above, but a living

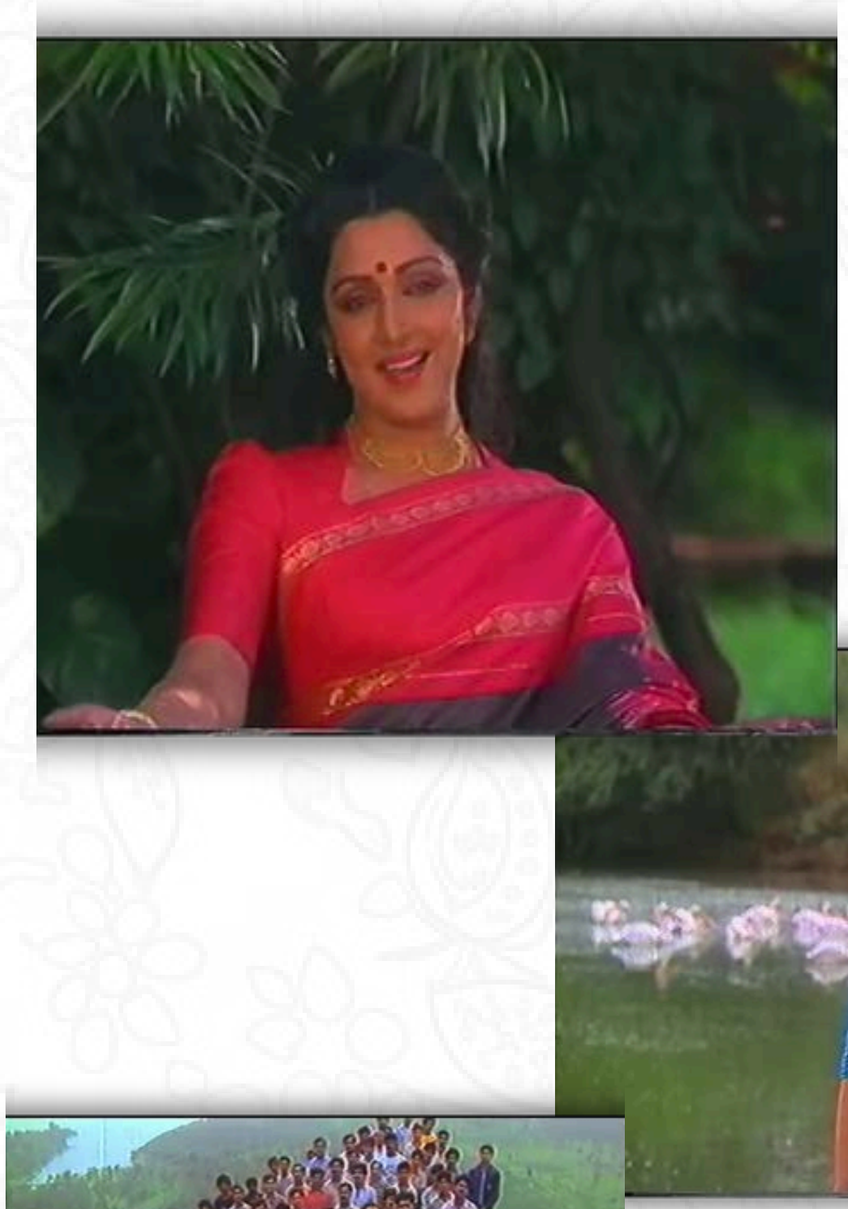


process-one shaped through dialogue, adjustment, and mutual presence.

Perhaps the song's most radical gesture lies in what it does not do. It does not translate every word, simplify every sound, or bend all languages toward a dominant form. Some parts remain partially unfamiliar, even opaque, and that is where the trust comes in. The song trusts emotion, rhythm, and shared aesthetic experience to build connection where literal understanding may fall short. In doing so, it challenges the idea that unity

demands total comprehension or sameness. It quietly reassures us that we can belong together without fully sounding alike.

By framing linguistic diversity as musical harmony, the song transforms difference from something to be managed into something to be cherished. It reminds us that disagreement need not lead to division, and that a carefully coordinated plurality can produce a richer, fuller collective voice. In this sense, 'Mile Sur Mera Tumhara' feels less like a patriotic slogan and more like a lesson in empathy. Even decades later, it speaks to a question that India continues to grapple with: how to imagine togetherness without erasing individuality. Its answer is gentle yet profound-unity is not about silencing many voices into one, but about allowing many voices to sing together, even when they do not sound the same.













Media Review

MELVINA'S THERAPY

BY DISHTA PEGU
IV Semester

Synopsis: Melvina, a mysterious therapist listens to the troubling confessions of her patients, uncovering the fears and darkness hidden within their minds. As the stories unfold, hints of Melvina's own tragic past and transformation slowly begin to surface.

Release date: May 3rd 2017

Genre: Psychological Horror, Thriller

Writer/Artist: A. Rasen

Platform: WEBTOON



Review: Psychological horror often draws its greatest power not from monsters or sudden shocks, but from the quiet, disorienting depths of the human mind. Few works embody this idea as effectively as “Melvina’s Therapy”, the haunting webcomic created by A. Rasen. Through its eerie storytelling and carefully constructed visual language, the comic invites readers into a world where fear grows beneath ordinary lives and where the mind itself becomes a labyrinth of hidden horrors.

The narrative centers around the enigmatic therapist Melvina, whose clinic becomes an unusual refuge for individuals burdened by fear, trauma, and suppressed desires. Each chapter introduces a new patient seeking relief from their inner turmoil. What begins as seemingly routine therapy sessions gradually unravels into something far more disturbing. Memories distort, fears manifest, and reality begins to fracture as the darkness within each character surfaces in unexpected ways.

As the story progresses, the boundary between therapist and observer grows increasingly ambiguous. Melvina herself remains a mysterious presence-calm, perceptive, and unsettlingly detached-leaving readers to question whether she is guiding her patients toward healing or quietly observing the horrors that already exist within them.

What distinguishes Melvina’s Therapy from conventional horror narratives is its subtlety. Instead of relying on overt shocks, the comic cultivates a slow and lingering sense of dread. Each chapter unfolds like a psychological case study, gradually exposing the vulnerabilities and obsessions of the characters. The horror emerges not from supernatural spectacle but from the realization that the human mind itself can become a prison.

Visually, the comic demonstrates remarkable restraint and intention. Its stark black-and-white artwork intensifies the emotional gravity of each scene. Shadows stretch across empty rooms, expressions distort in moments of revelation, and silence often carries more weight than dialogue. The arrangement of panels-sometimes spacious and quiet, sometimes tightly claustrophobic-mirrors the emotional states of the characters and reinforces the feeling that readers are witnessing the slow unraveling of a psyche.





One of the most compelling aspects of Melvina's Therapy is how deliberately curated it feels.Beyond the episodic patient stories, the comic also gradually reveals fragments of Melvina's own past and transformation , adding emotional depth to her character. The comic is rich with symbolism and subtle references to influential works in psychological horror. The exploration of fractured identity echoes themes found in Black Swan, while the creeping dread of isolation recalls the atmosphere of The Shining. Elements of surreal psychological distortion also evoke the haunting ambiguity of Perfect Blue.



In the landscape of digital horror storytelling, Melvina's Therapy stands out as a work of remarkable psychological depth. Its restrained storytelling, evocative monochrome art, and carefully layered symbolism elevate the comic beyond simple horror entertainment.

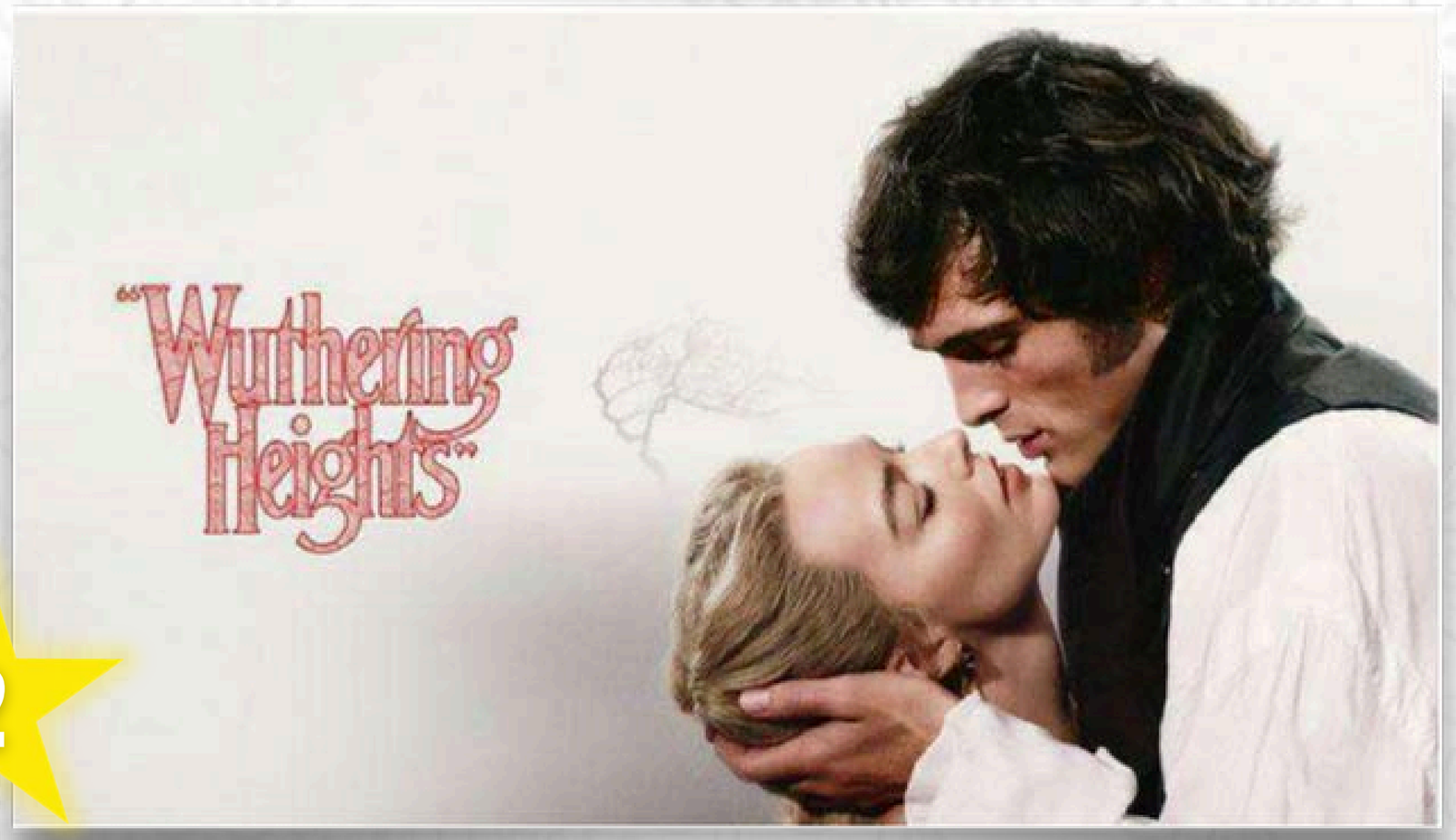
By weaving together patient stories, visual symbolism, and the haunting fragments of Melvina's own past, the comic ultimately becomes a meditation on trauma, identity, and the fragile boundary between empathy and darkness. In doing so, Melvina's Therapy reminds readers that the most unsettling discoveries are often the ones we make about ourselves.

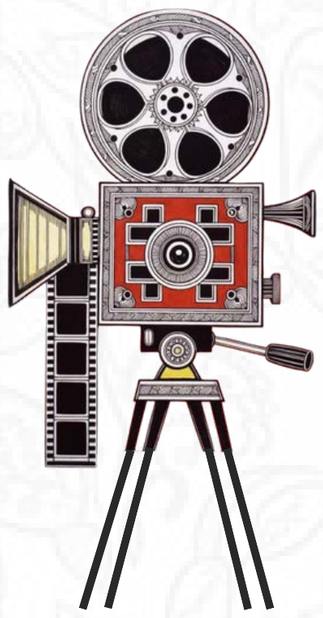
What makes the reading experience particularly engaging is that the creator often reveals these inspirations directly. At the end of many chapters, notes explain the symbolism and artistic references behind the story-showing how certain visual motifs, narrative themes, or character ideas were inspired by classic films, artworks, or broader psychological concepts.

This feature allows readers to not only experience the horror but also understand the creative process behind it, discovering how different cultural and cinematic influences were thoughtfully incorporated into the comic's unsettling narrative.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

BY ABHISHEK BARUAH
II Semester





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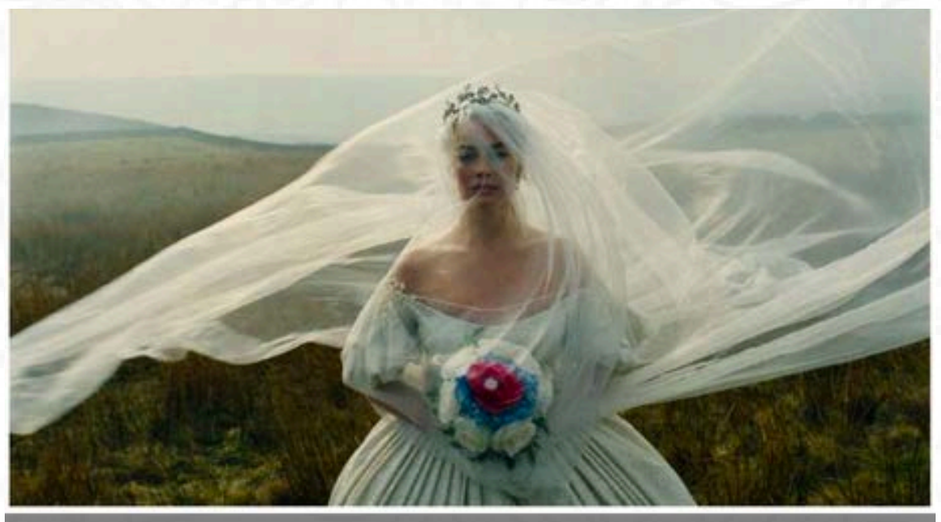
Synopsis: A passionate and tumultuous love story set against the backdrop of the Yorkshire moors, exploring the intense and destructive relationship between Heathcliff and Catherine Earnshaw.

Release Date: 13th February 2026

Genre: Romantic Drama

Directed By: Emerald Fennell
Cast: Margot Robbie, Jacob Elordi, Hong Chau, Alison Oliver, Shazad Latif, Martin Clunes

Review: Despite my qualms with the film it is shot undeniably well, with a befitting setting for a Gothic Victorian narrative. The Yorkshire moors, engulfed in a dense fog, almost permeate the screen. As for the titular Wuthering Heights: the wretched abode has a tactile feel to it, as if it were a living, breathing being drawing you in to witness the unravelling of its inhabitants. The underbelly of almost all gothic literature is its setting, which often acts as a character itself: volatile and animate rather than static and inert, which the structure embodies exquisitely. Wuthering Heights also marks the return of The Director of Cinematography for Saltburn: Linus Sandgren alongside Director Emerald Fennell. If 'Saltburn' was one of the 'prettiest' movies I've seen in recent years, this morbid romance is no less visually stunning with Sandgren's expertise being evident in each shot. Every frame is cloaked in the sombre and bleak aesthetic of its source material with sharp colour grading and set pieces that feel as grand as the narrative. Period pieces often default to washed out greys and darker tones as if colour had not been invented yet. Fennell surprises me on this front with the feature's lavish imagery donned with blues, reds and greens. This adaptation is bold and vibrant and doesn't refrain from using haughty colours to paint its luxurious setting while utilising the darker and more neutral tones to paint a poignant scene.



Now to the problems of this ornately pretty abomination. The first of many perplexing choices: In the novel, Catherine dies at the age of 18-19, in the film she marries Edgar in her mid 20s. Almost all of the central characters are aged up in this adaptation which wouldn't be a problem if we lived in a universe where Fennell knew how to write characters suitable for their age-but alas, such a universe doesn't exist. Scenes that read as

impulsive adolescent tragedy felt absurd: Heathcliff overhearing half a conversation and storming off in wounded hysteria makes sense for a boy of 15-16 years of age but less so for a grown man. This, coupled with Catherine's sexual naivety at her allotted age borders on parody. What might have been youthful volatility instead becomes emotional immaturity.



More troubling is casting a white person to play Heathcliff. In the novel, his dark complexion, which leads to his ostracization, is rudimentary to the motivations of the character for his actions. Yet, the depiction strips him of all his complexities, reducing Heathcliff to a hollow sexual sadist. Having read the original novel I must admit that Fennell has achieved a greater feat than Brontë ever could by making Heathcliff so unlikable that he fails to even be interesting.

The adaptation also misunderstands Victorian Intimacy, which treads a fine line between passion and restraint, making the romances more electrifying. The reason

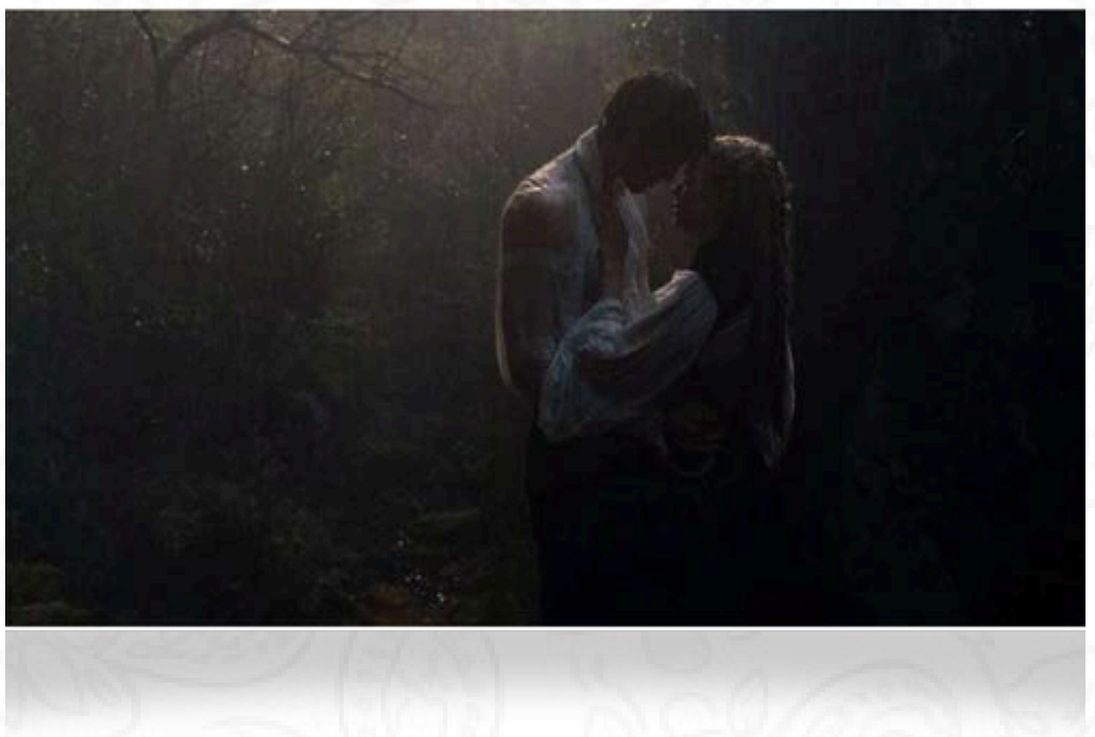


one feels for Cathy and Heathcliff and their obsessive love is due to this persistent tension present in the novel- the insurmountable passion and invigorating affection they share for one another is emboldened by the Victorian approach of restraint and leaves you with a heartache upon their love never being consummated. And it's precisely for this reason that I didn't feel any



heartache in the theatre (except for the fact that I had forgotten to bring any snacks in with me). As in the adaptation, Catherine and Heathcliff do consummate their love: sneaking around Cathy's boring husband's back to indulge in brazen infidelity,

Finally, Isabella's character in the movie in light of her book counterpart. It is beyond me how one sees one of the most tormented characters in all of literature and decides to turn her into a masochistic kink pleaser. The only viable reason I can think of for such a reimagining of Isabella's character is to fit with the current feminist model-"If a woman chooses her desire, even a destructive one; she has agency'. Yet Brontë's Isabella possessed far more strength and agency: she ultimately escaped her abuse.



Emily Brontë in her seminal work entails a tale of suffocating generational trauma. It's a story about two terrible people-one a brat and a liar, the other a vindictive abuser. They share an incredible soul-tie, true, but the novel has little to do with Fennell's rain-drenched maximalist bodice-ripper, in which Cathy and Heathcliff are star-crossed lovers. Fennell's adaptation fails to depict Wuthering Heights for what it stands for and ends up producing a lousy, lascivious tale of Romeo and Juliet.

FRANKENSTEIN

BY DEBANJALI BHOWMICK
VI Semester



Synopsis: The story follows Victor Frankenstein, a young scientist driven by curiosity and ambition to discover the secret of life. He succeeds in creating a living being, but instead of feeling proud, he becomes terrified of what he has made and abandons it. The Creature, left alone and rejected by everyone, struggles to understand the world and its own identity. As it faces loneliness and cruelty, it becomes angry and seeks revenge. The story highlights the dangers of uncontrolled ambition and the need for responsibility and compassion.

Genre: Gothic Horror Science Fiction.

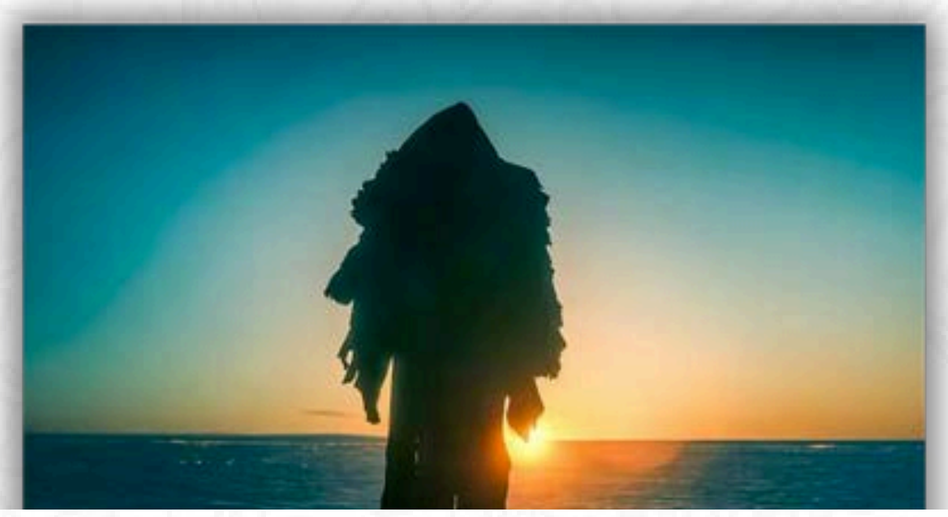
Release Date: 6 November 2025 (Netflix).

Directed by: Guillermo del Toro.
Cast : Oscar Isaac , Jacob Elordi , Mia Goth, Christoph Waltz.

Review: I watched the film Frankenstein on 6th November 2025 on Netflix. My first experience of the film was deeply disturbing rather than frightening. It presents psychological horror and carries a deep meaning related to human ambition, loneliness and isolation. The film is rooted in the Victorian period, a time when scientific ambition was rapidly expanding beyond human and moral limitations. Rather than presenting a simple horror story, the narrative reflects the era's anxiety about unchecked experimentation and the consequences of playing God. The central idea of the film lies in how a brilliant scientist succeeds in creating life but fails to take responsibility for it. Driven by youthful ambition and curiosity, Victor Frankenstein is eager to explore the unknown without considering the consequences of his actions. The film focuses more on moral conflict than mere horror, highlighting how irresponsibility can lead to irreversible tragedy. The creature created by Victor Frankenstein appears terrifying yet he is initially innocent and emotionally sensitive. He does not belong to the world into which he

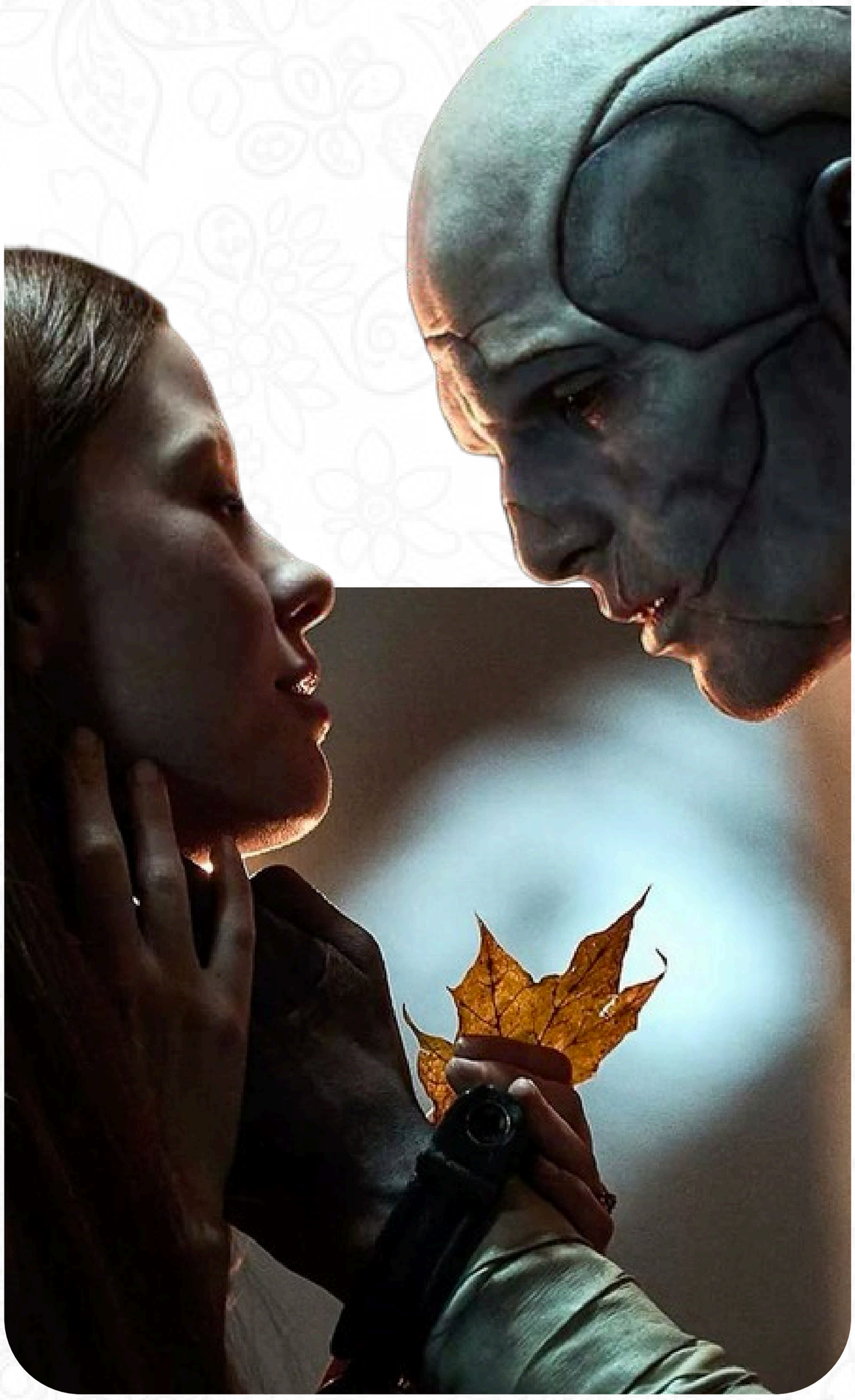
is brought, as he is constantly rejected because of his appearance. It is the creator 's act of abandoning his own creation that gradually turns the creature violent. In contrast Victor Frankenstein is highly intelligent but remains emotionally irresponsible. Victor Frankenstein does not intend to create a monster;his real failure lies in abandoning his creation and refusing emotional responsibility.

The film makes strong use of dark and isolated settings, creating a constant sense of loneliness and tension. The atmosphere feels cold and unsettling which reflects the inner emptiness of both the creator and the creature's silence and slowed pacing further deepen the psychological impact, making the horror more emotional than visual. The film ultimately conveys a powerful message about responsibility and humanity. It suggests that scientific progress without ethical awareness can become dangerous. At the same time the narrative shows how society itself contributes to the making of a monster by rejecting what it fails to understand. The loneliness







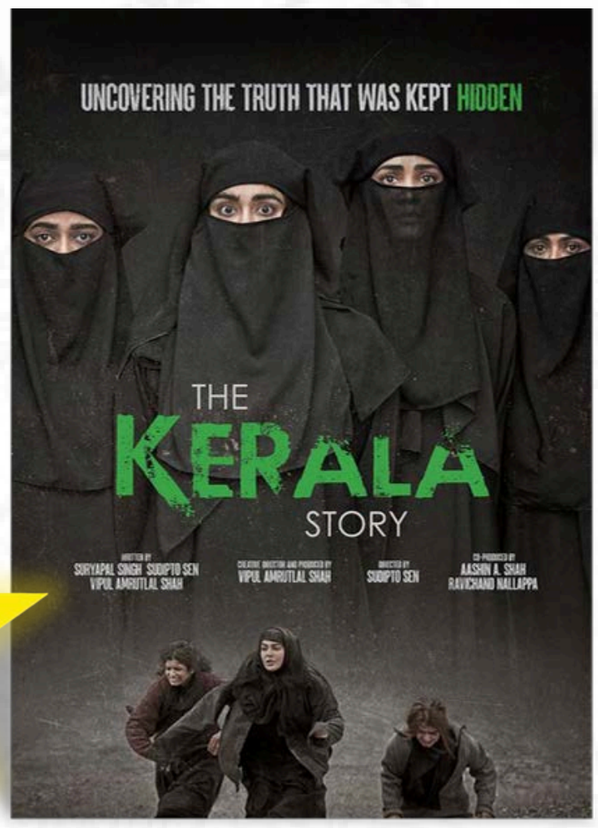


imposed on the creature gradually transforms innocence into violence reminding viewers that neglect and isolation can be as destructive as any act of cruelty. This film is worth watching because it presents a meaningful conflict between good and evil through human choices rather than supernatural forces. It highlights the consequences of morally wrong actions and warns against excessive scientific ambition without responsibility. By combining ethical questions with emotional depth, the film encourages viewers to reflect on the limit of progress and the importance of compassion.

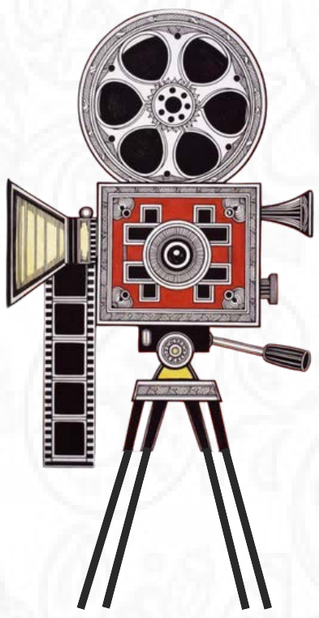


THE KERALA STORY

BY JAYASHREE MANDAL
IV Semester







Synopsis: Three women from Kerala, who were forcibly converted to Islam and travel with their respective husbands to Afghanistan to join the Islamic State.

Release Date: 5th May 2023

Genre: Drama film

Directed By: Sudipto Sen
Cast: Adah Sharma,Yogita Bihani,Sonia Balani and Siddhi Idnani.

Review: Cinema is often seen as a source of entertainment, but sometimes it goes beyond comfort and forces the audience to confront difficult realities. The Kerala Story is one such film. It is a sensitive and intense narrative that may make viewers feel uncomfortable due to its disturbing and brutal sequences.







However, that discomfort becomes part of its larger purpose to make the audience think rationally and critically.The story revolves around a group of nursing students whose lives begin with ordinary ambitions and friendships. However, they are gradually influenced to convert their religion and are drawn into extremist ideology. What begins as emotional bonding slowly becomes psychological conditioning.The film shows that the transformation is not sudden, it is systematic and prolonged. The girls are brainwashed over months, not days. They are isolated from their family, emotionally manipulated, and trained in ways that are far removed from the careers they once dreamed of pursuing. Rather than becoming doctors or engineers, they are shown being trained for violence. This sharp contrast creates shock value and emphasizes how drastically life paths can change under manipulation.

What makes the story more unsettling is the process shown in the film that the girls are not influenced overnight instead they are brainwashed over months through emotional manipulation, isolation, and ideological conditioning. At one point, they even go against their own parents, showing how deeply psychological control can affect an individual.



Unlike films that show students dreaming of becoming doctors or engineers, this movie presents a darker transformation — where educated young women are trained for violence rather than careers. This contrast is shocking and deliberately portrayed to highlight how easily youthful dreams can be redirected through manipulation. The training scenes are not filtered or softened; they are raw, detailed, and directly impact the viewer's mind.



The subject of the film is highly controversial, yet it attempts to present its narrative with a sense of realism and seriousness. Several religious dialogues and ideological discussions are included, which may feel intense for the audience. At moments, the atmosphere in the theatre itself can feel heavy, as the scenes demand maturity from viewers.

The movie contains various brutal sequences, including indirectly portrayed assault and violence, which can be emotionally disturbing. While watching, one may experience mixed emotions like anger towards those who manipulate innocent minds, but at the same time deep pity for the girls who become victims of such circumstances. It leaves the viewer thinking, “This should never happen to anyone,” and perhaps even reflecting, “Could I ever fall into such a trap?”

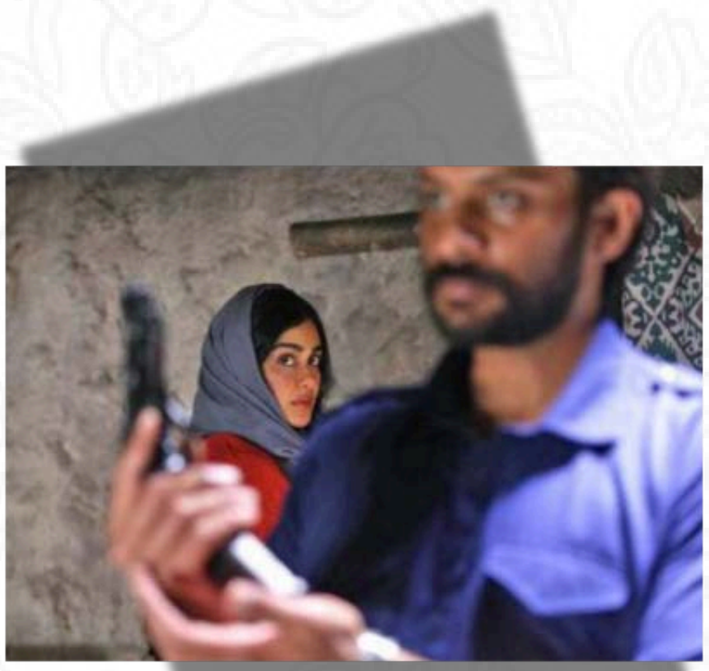
One must also acknowledge the courage of the filmmakers for choosing to bring such a bold subject to the screen. Presenting a story like this requires risk and confidence, especially when dealing with sensitive themes related to religion and extremism.

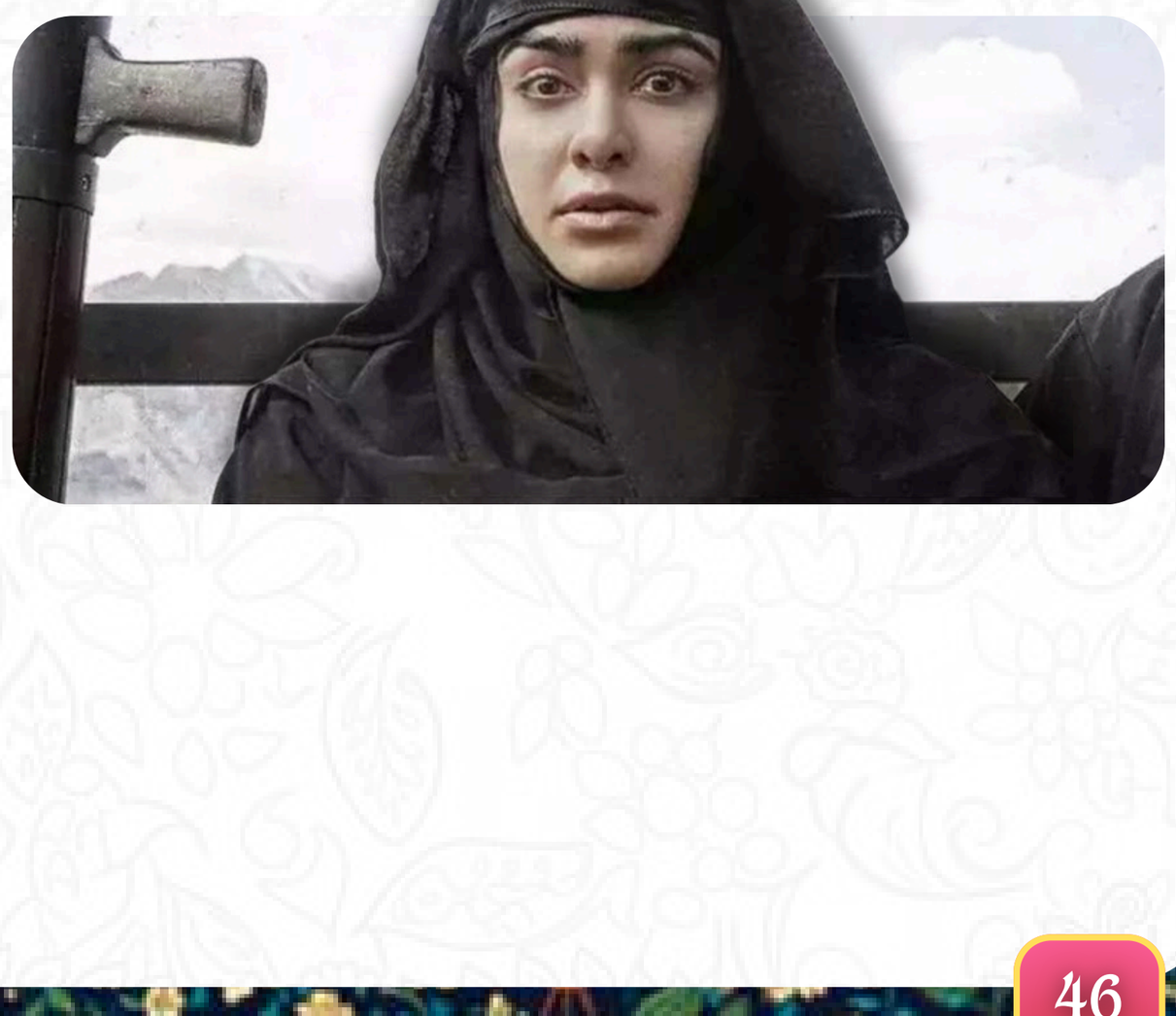
The casting of the film is commendable. Each actor brings authenticity to their role, making the narrative believable and impactful. Adah Sharma delivers one of the strongest performances of her career. Through her expressions of fear, confusion, pain, and helplessness, the audience understands the emotional journey of her character. Her performance gives life to the story and carries the emotional weight of the fil

In recent times, audiences have expressed a desire for rooted, realistic, raw, and natural storytelling rather than overly polished narratives. In many ways, The Kerala Story attempts to fulfill that expectation. It is not a comfortable film, but it is a film that stays in the mind long after it end

Overall, this movie is not meant for light viewing. It is an important and serious film that encourages awareness, rational thinking, and discussion. Whether one agrees with its perspective or not, it undeniably leaves a lasting impact and opens space for conversation. For this reason, it can be suggested as a film that promotes awareness and critical reflection among viewer s.s.m.







TRAVELOUGE

PASSPORT

TICKET

TICKET

Shillong

Bombay

Kolkata

Tawang

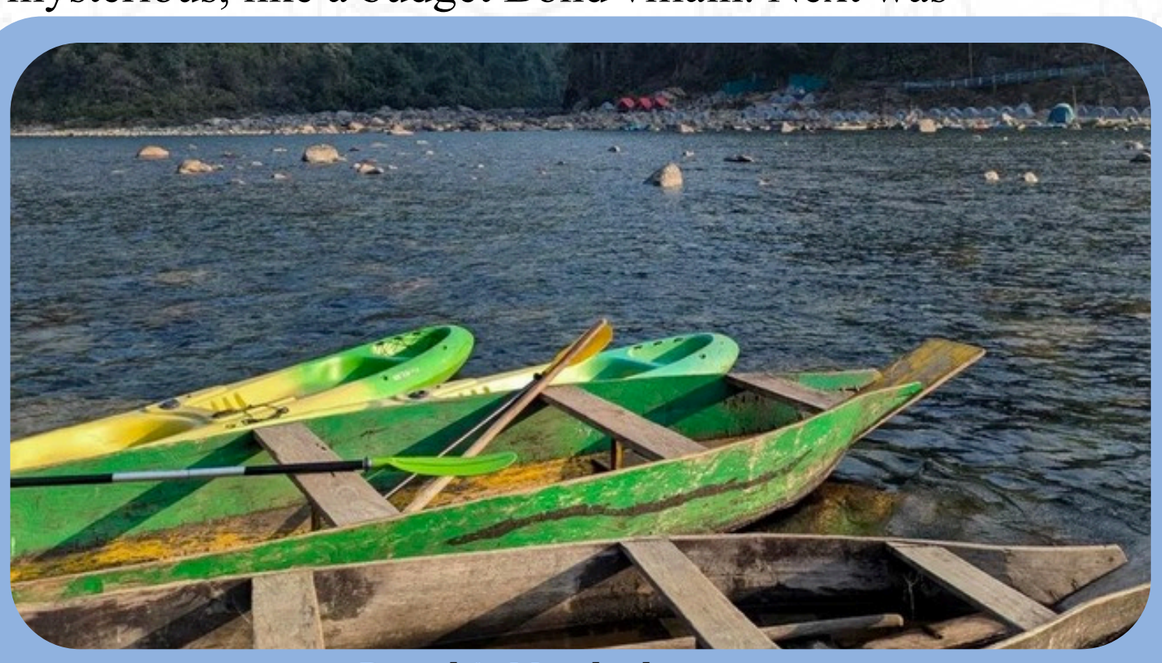
INSIDE OUT: THE WORLD AND BEYOND

BY SHAHNOOR MARYAM
VI Semester

There's a certain kind of education that textbooks can't give you - the kind that comes from missed trains, over packed bags, and conversations with strangers on winding roads. While my college journey has taught me how to survive on a diet of late-night noodles and "I'll study tomorrow" promises, it was my travel adventures that truly shaped me. Over the years, 1 set out to explore the diverse landscapes of India, one trip at a time. Here's a peek into my wanderlust-filled journey, with all its monsoon mishaps, desert dramas, and beach breakdowns.

Shillong:

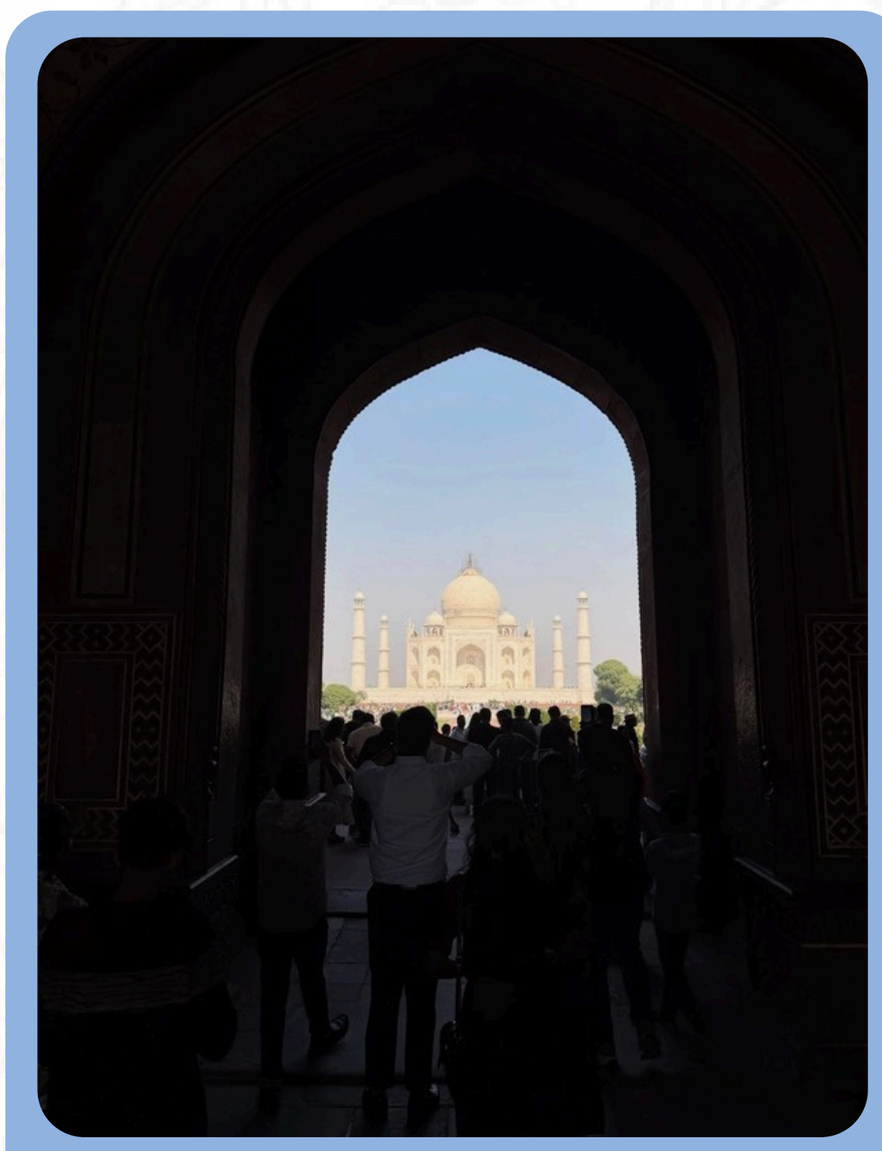
My travel diaries kicked off in 2017 with a trip to the Scotland of the East-Shillong. As someone who thought clouds were just floating fluff in the sky, I was not prepared for what mountainous Meghalaya had in store. The moment we reached Umiam Lake, the mist rolled in as if it had a personal grudge against visibility. But oh, what a sight it was! The lake shimmered like a scene from a fantasy novel, and I half-expected a dragon to emerge from the lake but sadly, it was only a tourist in a bright raincoat. My next spot to visit was Dawki, where the river was so crystal clear I thought we were flying. Boats floated on invisible water, and I had to stop myself from checking whether I was still on Earth. Its transparent waters allow one to see rocks on the stream bed, fish swimming in the water column, and pebbles. It serves as a natural border between India. and Bangladesh. I waved across the fence, hoping someone on the other side would wave back. They didn't. But I still felt worldly and mysterious, like a budget Bond villain. Next was Cherrapunji which lived up to its rainy reputation. It poured so hard that even my raincoat started sobbing. The most amazing was "God's Own Garden", Mawlynnong which is surrounded by fruit orchards, swaying palms, and evergreen landscapes. But the waterfalls, caves, and living root bridges made every soggy step worth it. What mesmerizes my journey was the view from Shillong Peak that left me breathless partly from the climb, but mostly from the stunning scenery.



Dawki, Meghalaya

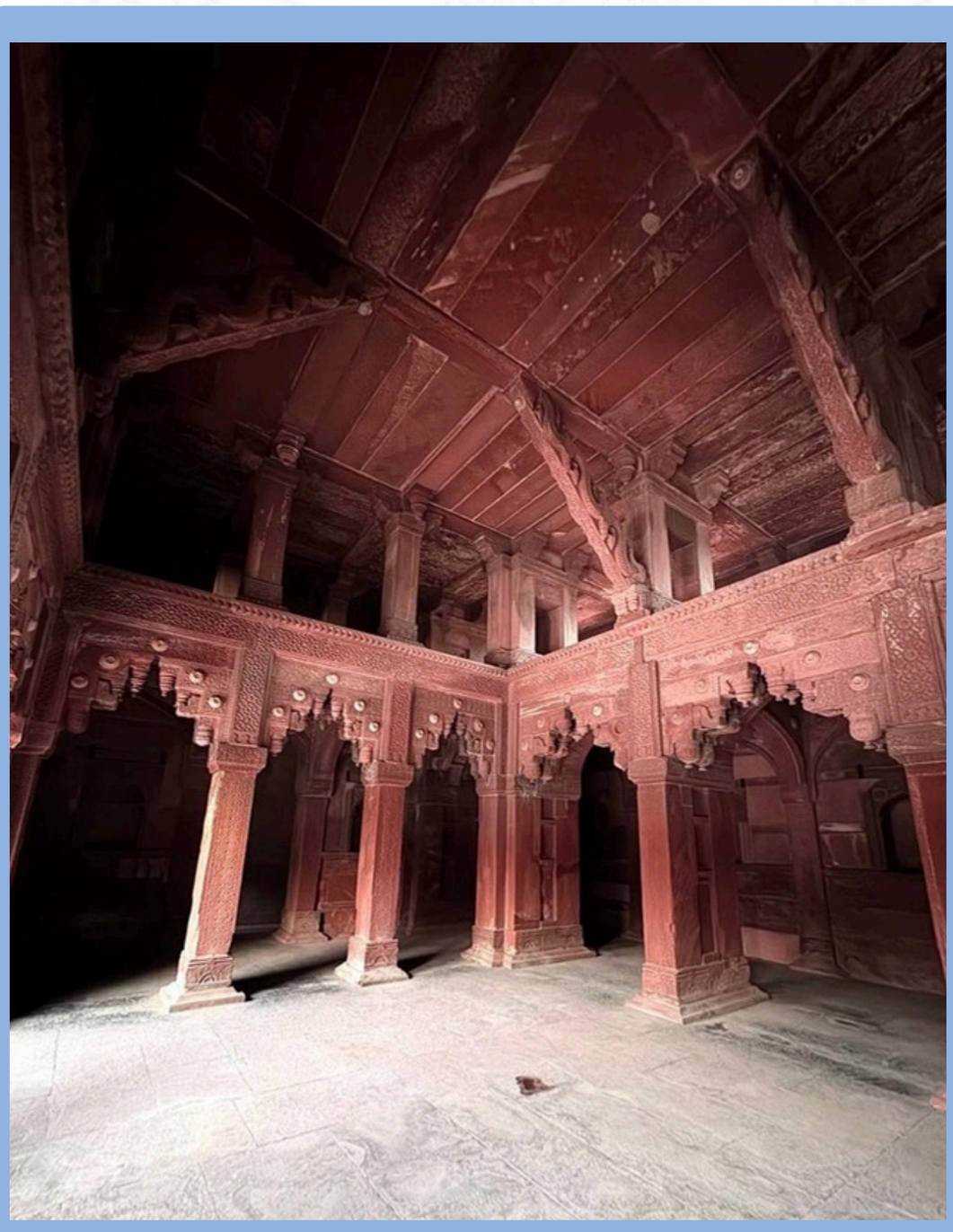
2018-Rajasthan, Ajmer & Agra: Forts, Feasts, and Fried Heat

The next year took me to the royal lands of Rajasthan. If Shillong was misty poetry. Rajasthan was an epic painted in gold and pink. The mahals each more extravagant than the last-made me feel like I was in a historical soap opera. My regal fantasy of being a Princess ended abruptly when I slipped on the marble floor while posing for a selfie. The Pink City, Jaipur,



Taj Mahal, Agra

lived up to its name and aesthetic. I was awe-struck by the same colour and designs of all the shops of both the sides being perfectly identical. Every wall seemed designed for a photo shoot. I went from posing like a model at Hawa Mahal to bargaining like a seasoned auntie in the Bazaars. My next stop was at Ajmer Sharif which offered a peaceful counterpoint to the fort-hopping frenzy. The qawwalis, the fragrance of incense and the quiet devotion in the air made me pause, reflect, and maybe even grow up, but just a little. Then came the Thar Desert, where I rode a camel for the first time and instantly regretted wearing jeans. The sand dunes were breathtaking, the sunset unforgettable. The desert's dunes rise and fall like golden sighs and shaped as the lover wind wishes. Later, I found myself in Agra, embracing my inner tourist in the most unabashedly touristy style. The Taj Mahal, with all its fame and postcards, still managed to leave me stunned. No filter, no hype-just pure, white-marble perfection. The Agra Fort was equally grand, and walking through it felt like flipping through a dusty history book that suddenly came alive. I also visited Akbar's Tomb, and while others admired the architecture, I was busy mentally calculating how many pigeons lived there-- their soft coos weaving comfort through the silence.



Agra Fort, Uttar Pradesh

2020-Kolkata: Culture, Chaos, and Too Much Coffee

My next target city was Kolkata, a place where history and chaos dance in the same breath. I was eager to wander through its bustling streets, to sip in the famous Coffee House, enjoy the road side fish-curry and to lose myself among the colonial-era architecture that whispers stories of a bygone era. From the colorful chaos of New Market to the tranquil banks of the Hooghly, every corner promised a new adventure, a new flavor, and a new memory waiting to be written into my travelogue. The Victoria Memorial was a vision in white marble and colonial charm-looking like the lovechild of a palace and a museum. Then came Science City, where 1 walked in feeling smart and walked out wondering if I ever really understood gravity. I got lost in an optical illusion exhibit for ten minutes. Don't you ask me about the real soul of Kolkata? The iconic Coffee House on College Street. Sitting there, sipping a painfully slow coffee, I imagined myself as a struggling Bengali poet, pondering life's mysteries. Around me, animated debates raged on about politics, literature, and whether Messi was better than Ronaldo. I contributed a solid "hmm" and continued people-watching, silently judging who had the best order. Kolkata left me with a memory of walking across the famous Howrah Bridge, shivering at every rumble and sway caused by the movement of heavy vehicles, yet feeling an exhilarating thrill at the heartbeat of the city beneath my feet.



Indian Coffee House, Kolkata



Science City, Kolkata

2022-Chennal: Sun, Sand, and Shopping Sprees

By 2022, after surviving online classes and too many Zoom classes, I headed south to Chennai. The city greeted me with scorching sun and the smell of filter coffee-a surprisingly comforting combo. Marina Beach was a vast expanse of sea, sand, and snack vendors yelling things I didn't understand but still wanted to buy. Golden Beach was more organized chaos, with rides, families, and the occasional group of college students posing dramatically for pictures. The local markets were a mixture of colors, sounds, and people who could spot a tourist from ten feet away. I was one badly pronounced Tamil word away from being charged double-but honestly, the experience was priceless. I bought things I didn't need; and ate food that made my taste buds sing and my stomach question my life choices. My Chennai trip ended with me proudly wielding a few Tamil words like "Anna" and “Akka” - suddenly I was part-local, part-tourist, and 100% likely to mispronounce something anyway! Each time I used them, whether calling out to a helpful stranger or greeting a local shopkeeper, I felt a subtle connection to the city and its people.



Marina Beach, Chennai



The Taj Palace, Mumbai

2025-Mumbai: The City That Never Slows Down

And finally, this year-2025-my latest adventure took me to Mumbai, the city that feels like it's perpetually on caffeine. From the moment I landed, Mumbai was a blur of honking horns, speeding taxis, and the ever-present smell of vada pav. Marine Drive gave me the cinematic moment I'd always dreamed of wind in my hair, waves crashing, navigating the city with equal excitement and confusion. The Taj Palace stood in silent grandeur, watching over the Gateway of India like an elegant grandparent who's seen it all. I visited Juhu Beach where I took the taste of pav bhaji. The Sea Link was a masterpiece-sleek, stunning, and made me feel like I was in a racing game. The next day I went to Lonavla and Khandala, where the weather was refreshingly cool and the hills so green they looked photo shopped. I stuffed myself with chikki, trekked and sat in the fog, thinking about how far I'd come from misty Shillong to monsoon-drenched Mumbai. I remember the serene walk to Haji Ali, waves crashing softly against the causeway, and the sight of the Arabian Sea stretching endlessly.



CSMT, Mumbai

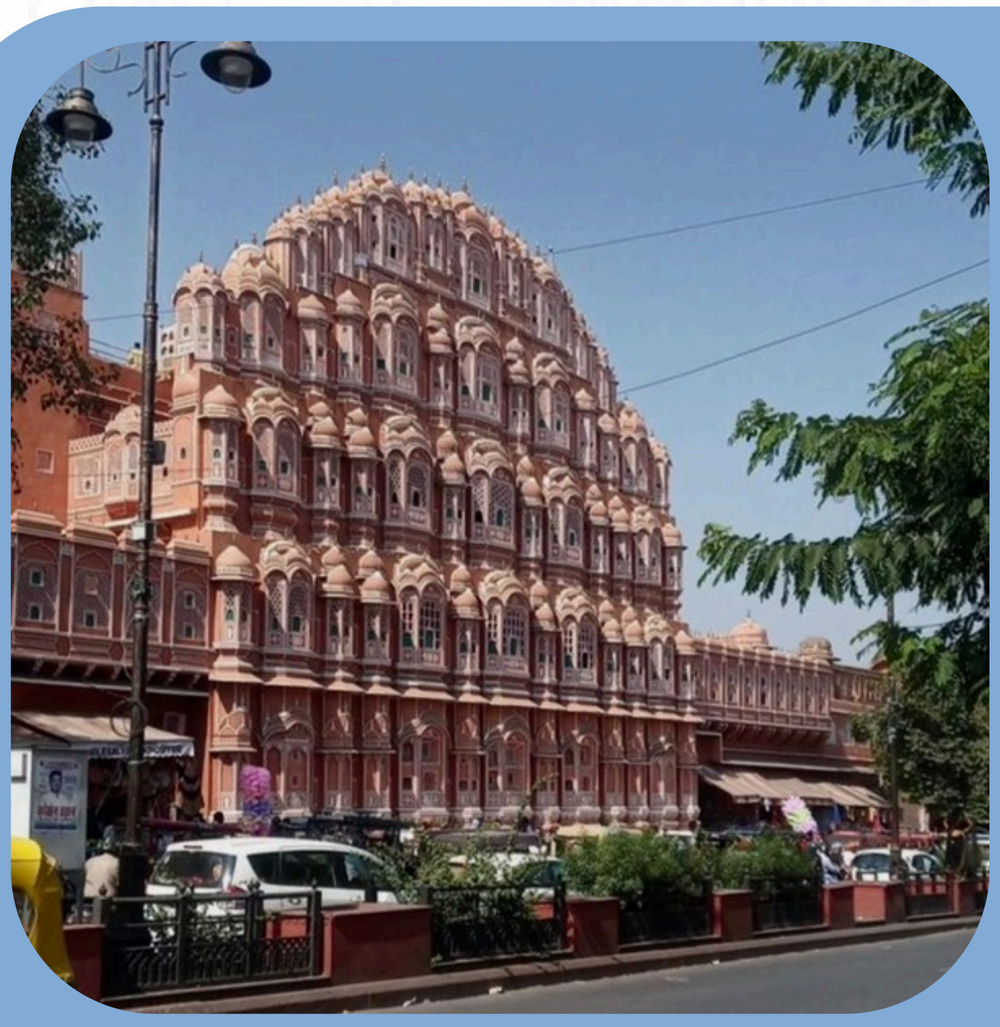


Marine Drive, Mumbai

In Retrospect...

Each trip taught me something new. That nature has moods. That history has echoes.

That no two sunsets are the same. And most importantly, that travel doesn't just broaden our horizons-it expands our patience, our playlist, and our wardrobe (especially if you're bad at packing light). From cultural deep dives to culinary disasters, from sleepy hills to sleepless cities-every place etched a new chapter into the story of my life. So here's to many more journeys, more misadventures, and maybe one day, finally learning how to pack under 15 kg. Until then, my wanderlust lives on-armed with a power bank, sunscreen, and an unhealthy obsession with Google Maps. To the cities I've wandered, the strangers who became friends, the sunrises that stole my breath, and the rain that drenched me anyway-every step is a story, every detour a memory. And somewhere between the chaos and the calm, the map pins and the missed trains, I realize that the true magic of travel isn't just in reaching a destination it's in the messy, joyful, unforgettable journey itself.



Pink City, Jaipur



Ajmer Sharif, Agra

An Unforgettable Road Trip to Tawang

BY ARNAB SARMAH
IV Semester

Travelling with friends always creates the best stories, but our road trip to Tawang turned into one of the most unforgettable adventures of my life. Packed with excitement, laughter, music, and our first snowfall together, this journey gave us memories that we will cherish forever.

The Road Trip Begins

We started our journey in a car, full of energy and anticipation. The long mountain roads, winding turns, and breathtaking views made the drive itself an adventure. We played our favourite songs, sang loudly without caring about anything, and shared endless jokes and stories. Every stop along the way felt special because we were together.

Exploring Beautiful Places

Our first major stop was Sela Pass, where the snow-covered mountains and frozen lakes looked magical. Passing through the Sela Tunnel felt like entering another world surrounded by breathtaking scenery. We also visited the peaceful Tawang Monastery, where the calm atmosphere and beautiful architecture gave us a sense of serenity. At Bumla Pass, the cold winds and stunning views made the experience thrilling and unforgettable. One of the most beautiful spots was Madhuri Lake, with its clear water and scenic surroundings that felt straight out of a movie. The Giant Buddha Temple left us amazed with its grand statue and peaceful environment.

Nights of Fun and Friendship

Evenings were just as memorable. One night, we sat around a warm bonfire, singing songs and sharing stories under the starry sky. We also went to a karaoke place where we sang, danced, laughed and cheered for each

Sela Pass





Tawang Monestry



other without any hesitation. Those moments brought us even closer as friends.

Local Food and Culture

We tasted delicious local food that made the trip even more special. Trying new dishes together became a fun experience, and we enjoyed every bite while talking and laughing.

Our First Snowfall Together

The most magical moment of the entire trip was experiencing our first snowfall together. Watching snowflakes fall while we laughed, clicked pictures, and played in the snow felt like a dream. That moment truly captured the joy and bond we shared as friends.

This road trip to Tawang was more than just a journey—it was a collection of laughter, adventure and unforgettable memories. From breathtaking landscapes to joyful nights of singing and dancing, every moment strengthened our friendship. The memories we made together, especially our first snowfall will always hold a special place in our hearts.





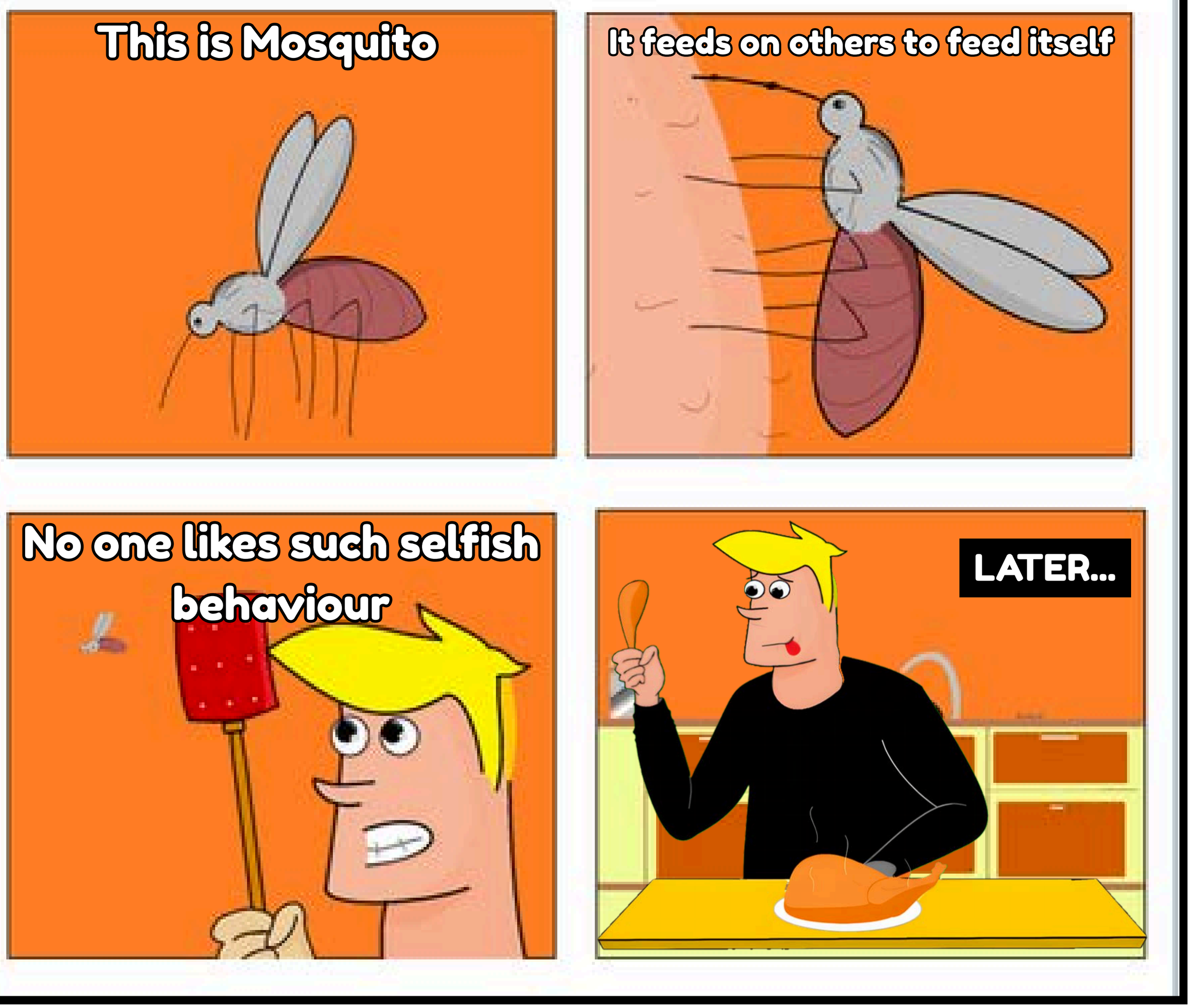
A GRAPHIC Entertainment

Comically

"MEDIUM HYPOCRISY"

BY NIKHIL PANDEY

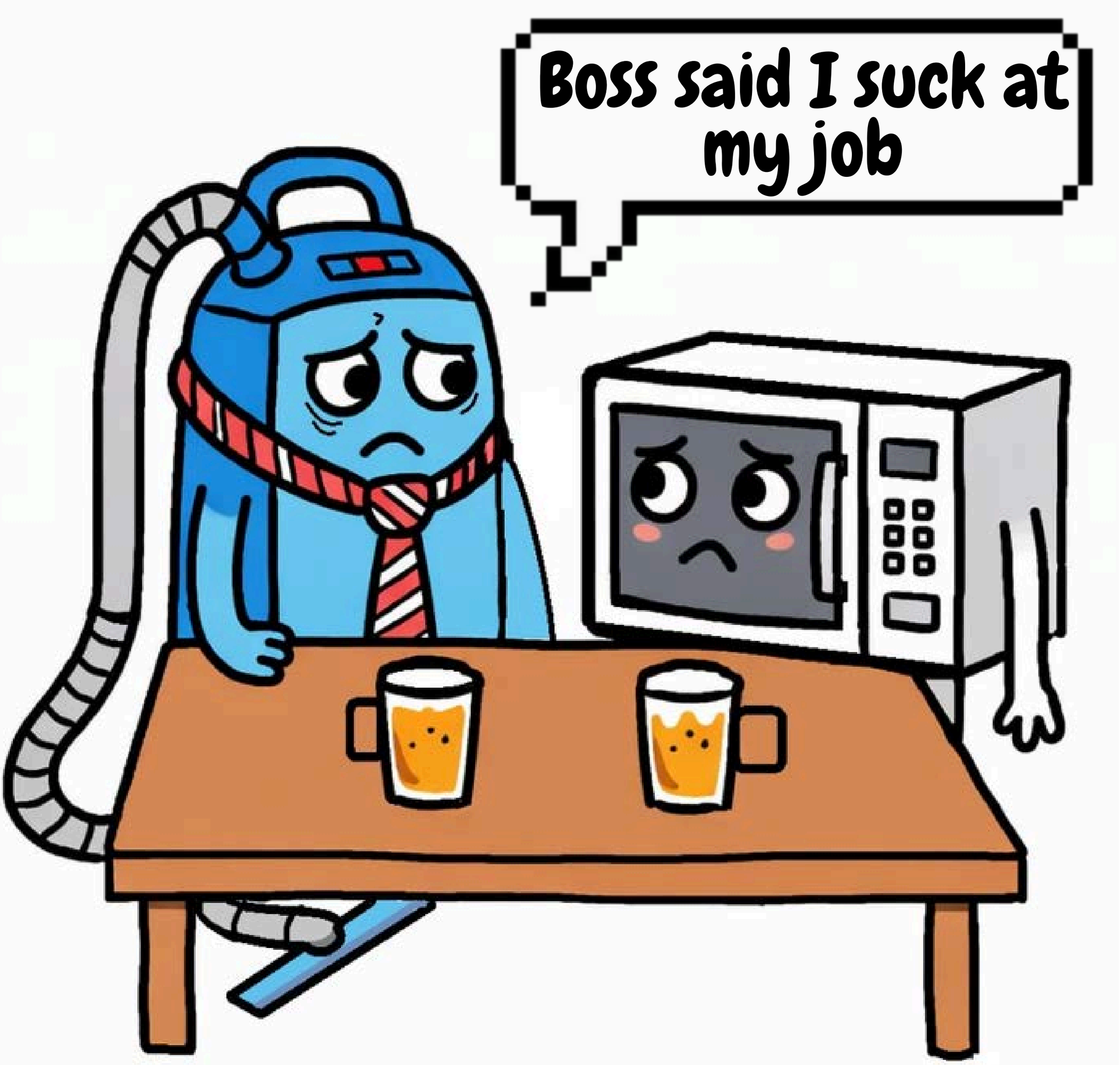
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"SUCKCESS"

BY NIKHIL PANDEY

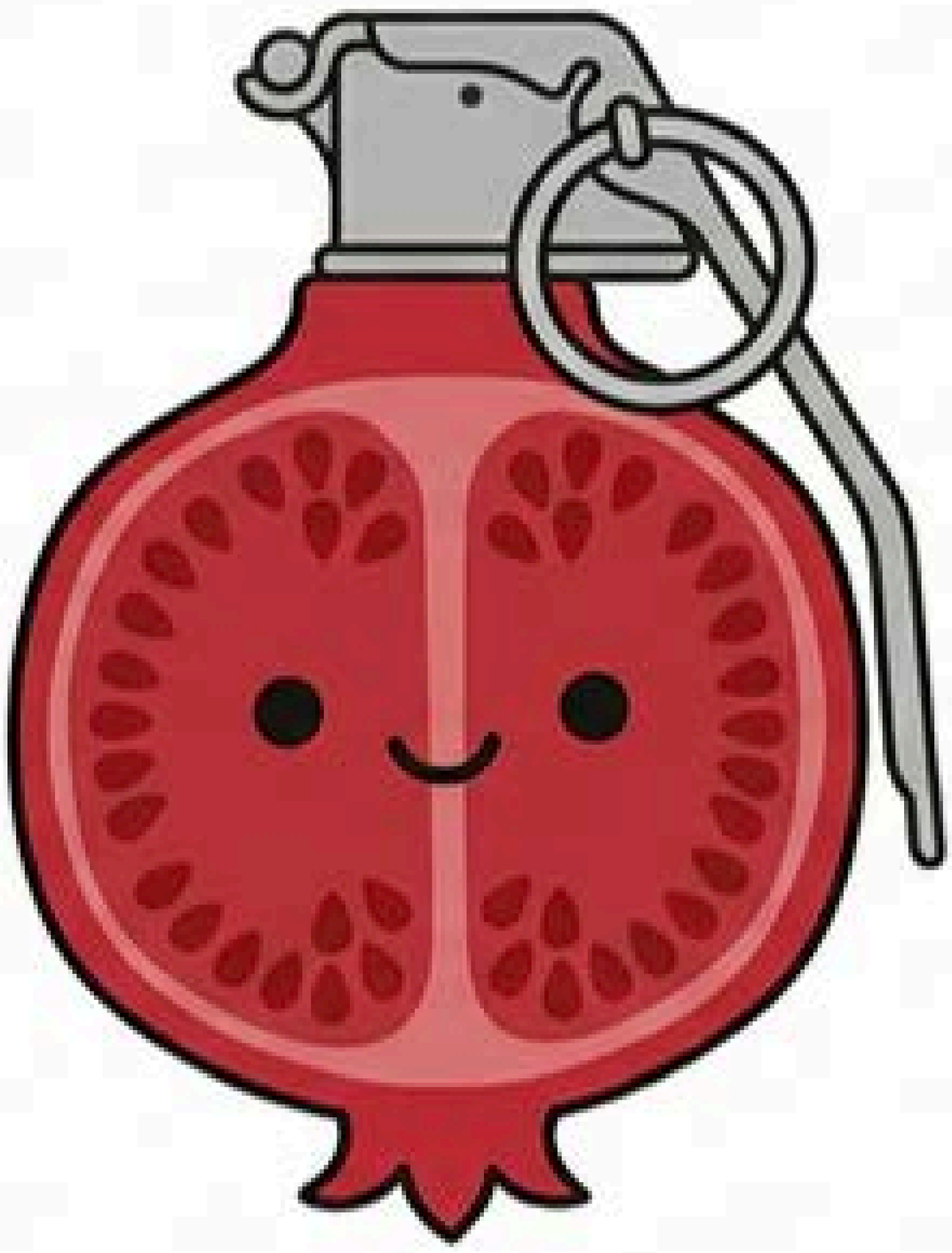
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"POMEGRANADE"

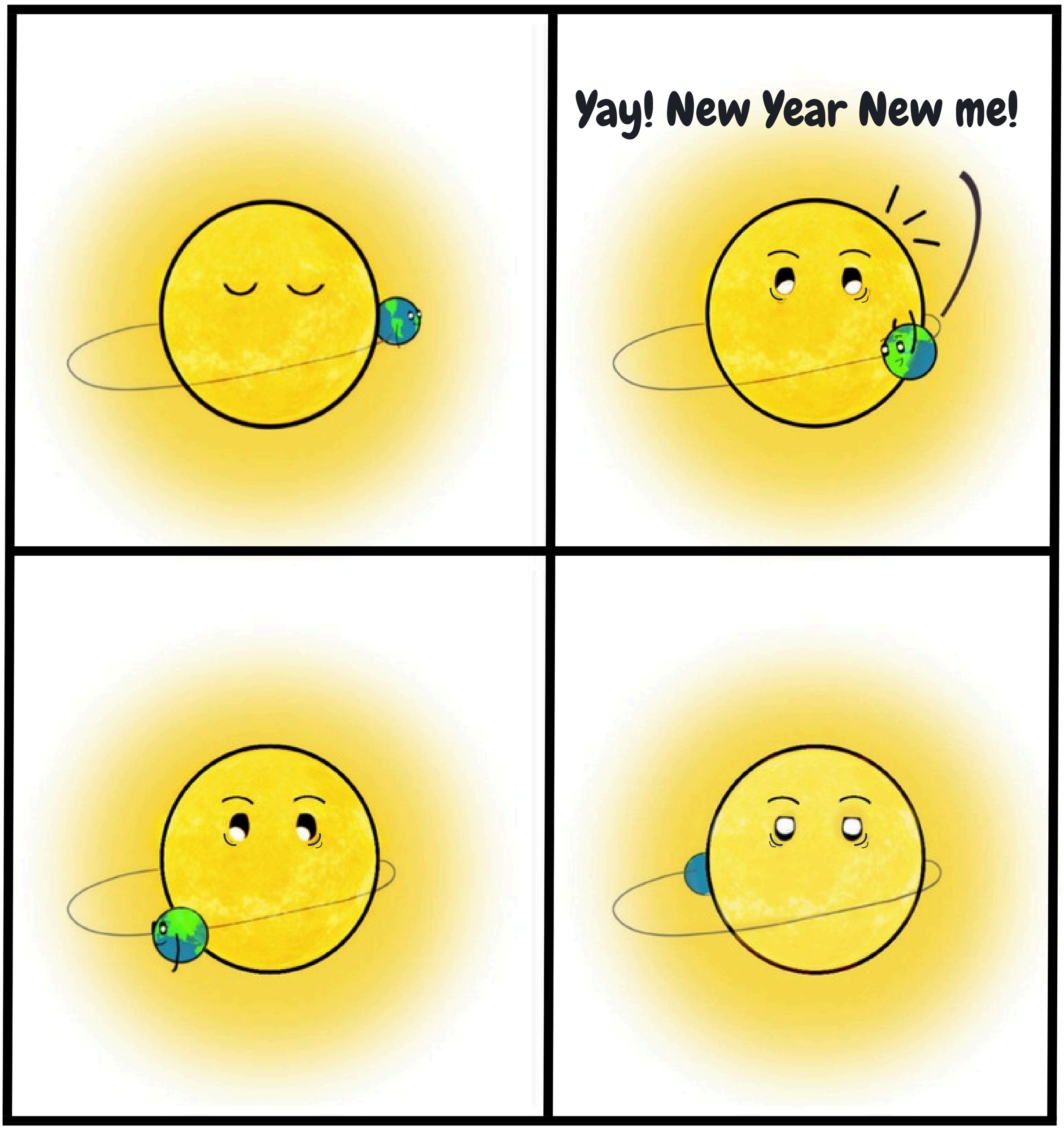
BY NIKHIL PANDEY

VI Semester



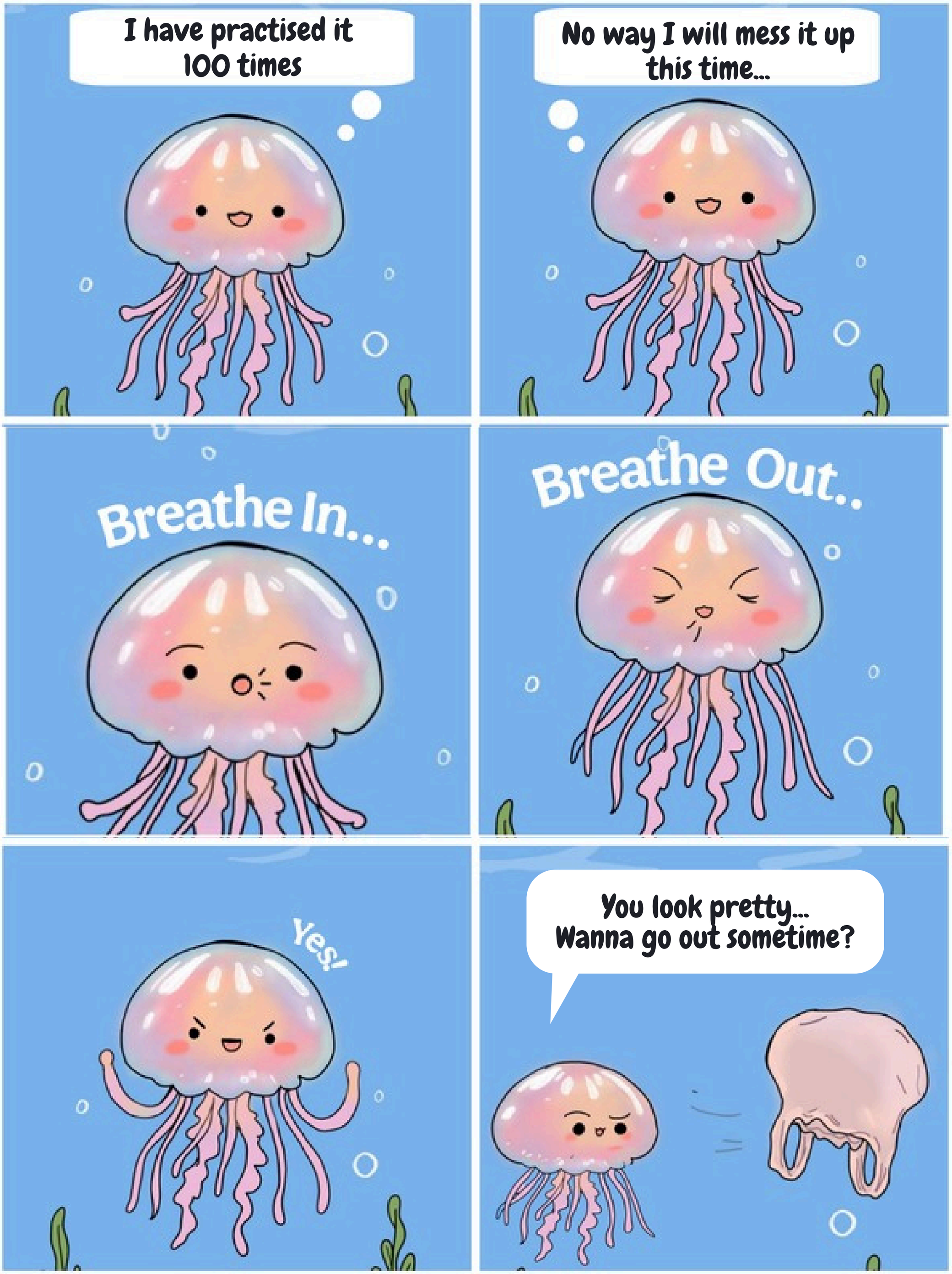
"YEARLY DRAMA"

BY NIKHIL PANDEY & DISHTA PEGU
VI Semester IV Semester



"TOXIC ROMANCE"

BY NIKHIL PANDEY & DISHTA PEGU
VI Semester IV Semester



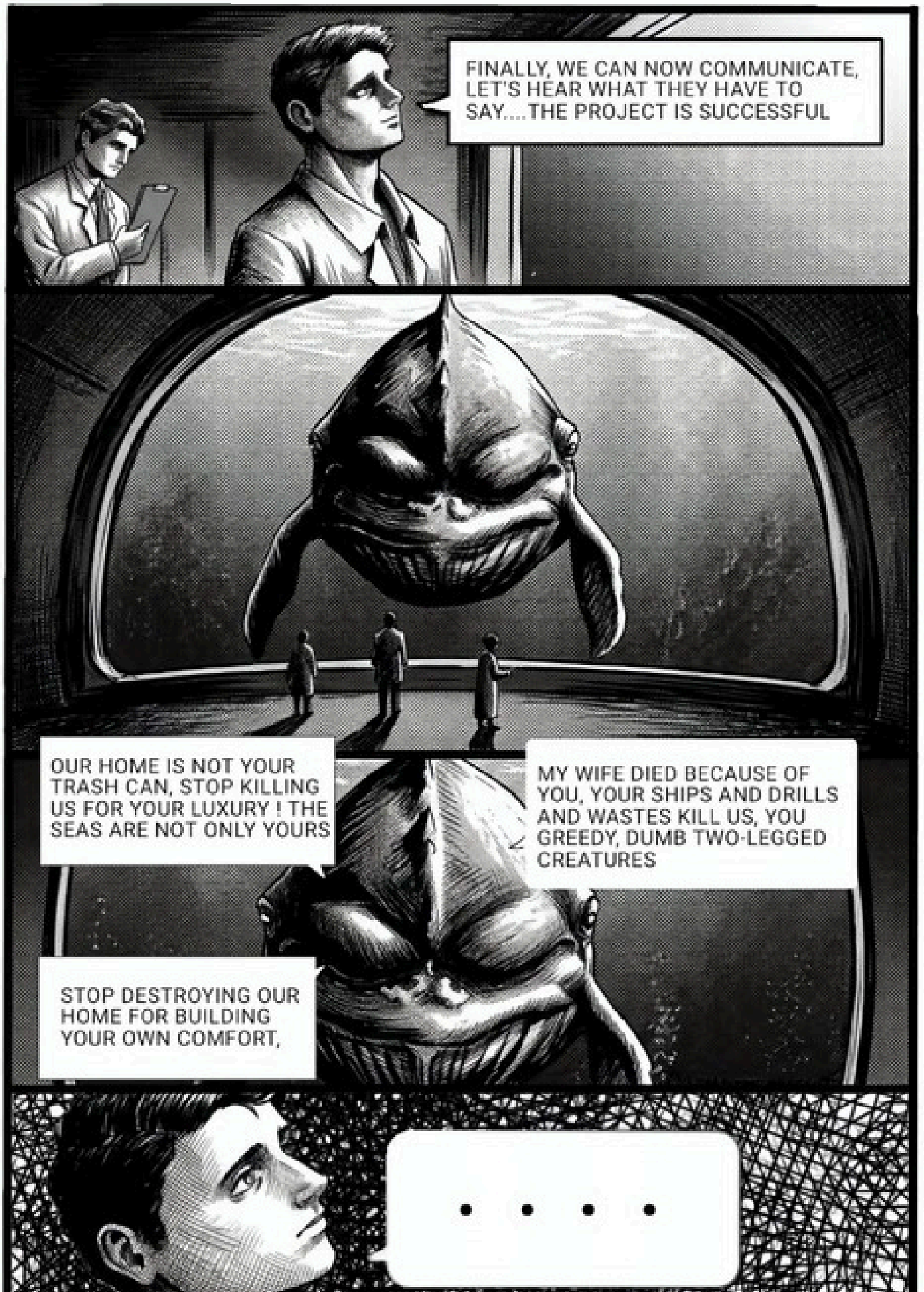
Br(e)ad

BY MRIGANKA BHATTACHARJEE
VI Semester



Aqua Voice

BY MRIGANKA BHATTACHARJEE
VI Semester

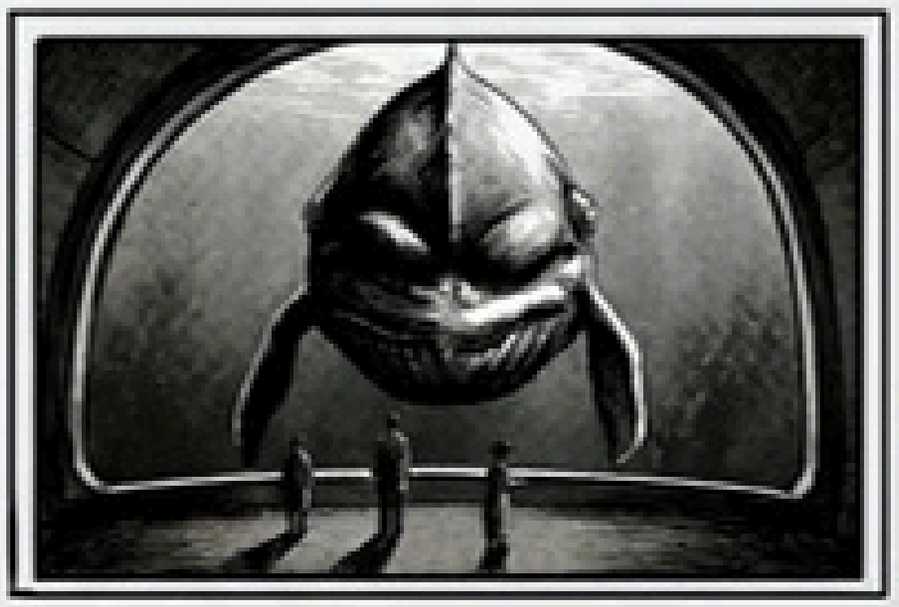


PROJECT AQUAVOICE:

"WHALES TALK GIBBERISH, REST TOO, PROJECT FAILED" SAYS SCIENTISTS.

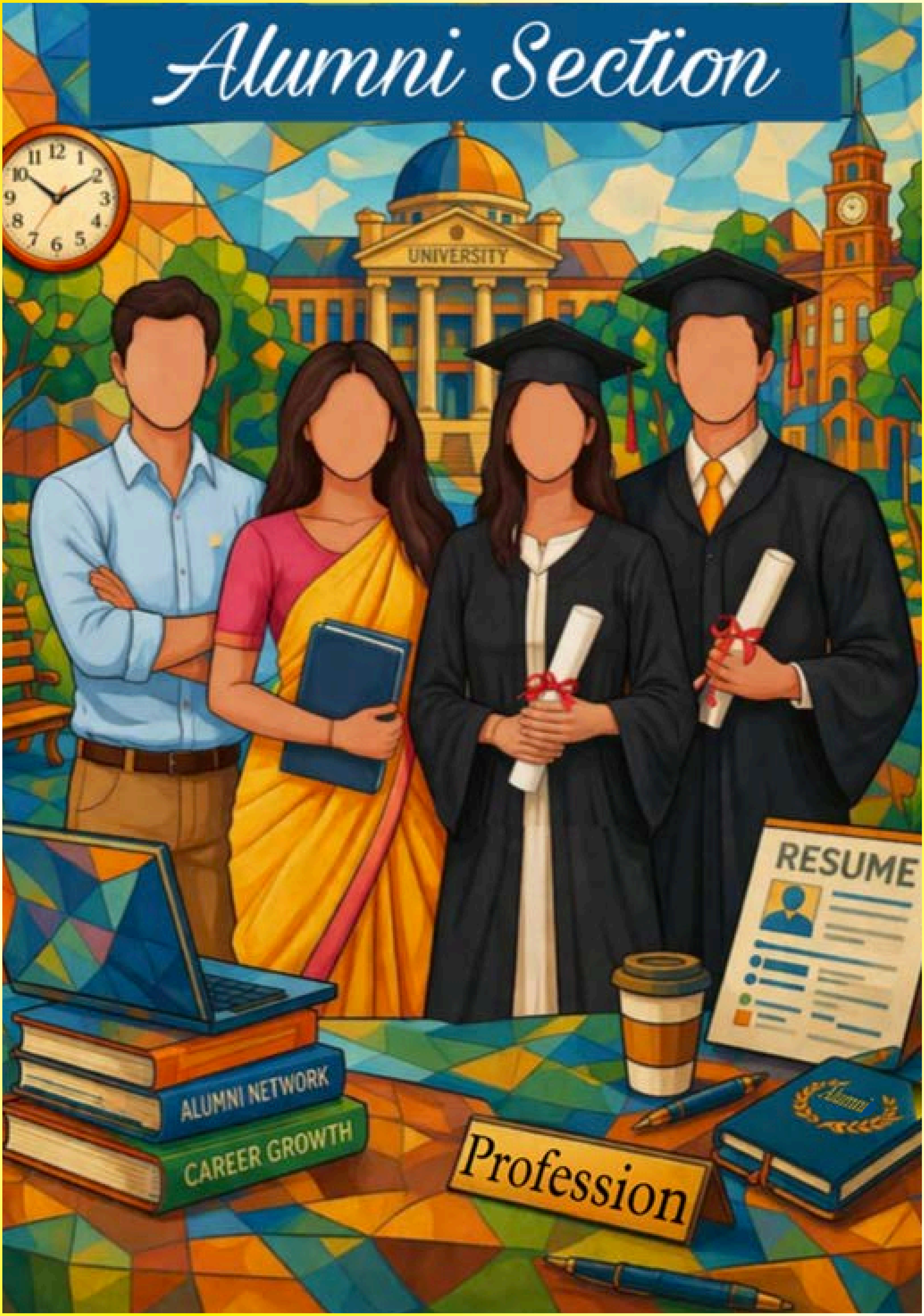
Date: xx-xx-xxx, Pacific Ocean

Dr. Elais, the leading scientist of the decade long research 'Project Aquavoice' gave the world what they discovered after successfully contacting a male blue whale in the Pacific ocean. Dr. Elias said that the biggest mammal of the ocean speaks in a language incomprehensible to us humans, what sounds to us as 'gibberish' and thus leads to a conclusion of the project.



THE END

Alumni Section



DESIRE

BY ANKITA CHOWDHURY
Batch 2018-2021

What if the world was merry, bright and at peace,
no war, no blood to shed, no rubble, no wreckage.
Anguish, anger, hatred, and greed deceased.

What if every chest embraced pages of wisdom, all could read,
and knowledge was valued, not misused and great writers
came from all walks of life, and thoughts were free.

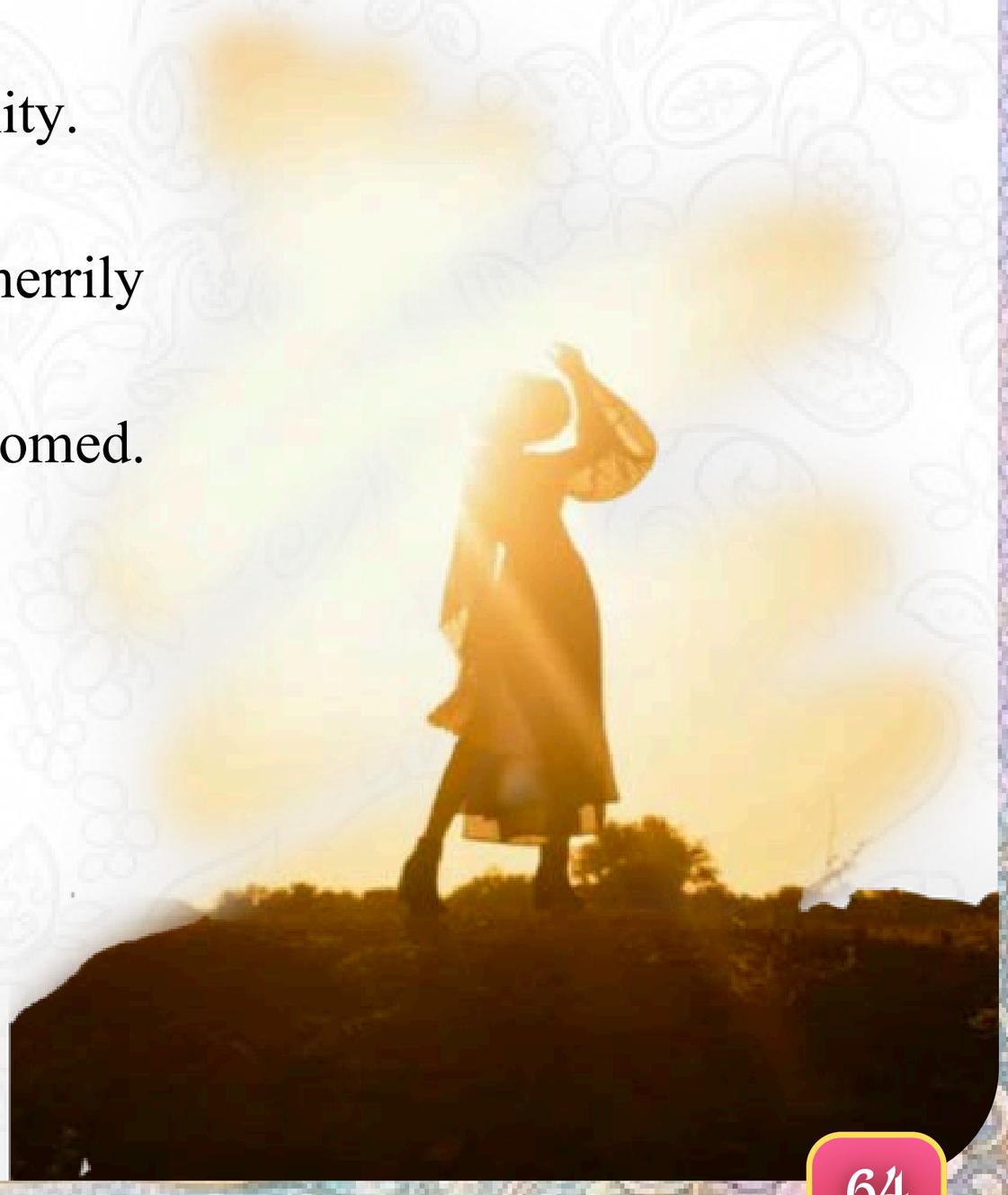
What if I could stand with my head held high
in a cramped pond of faces unknown,
no fear of being touched inadvertently.

What if everyone could dream and imagine beyond boundaries,
in a lap of endless possibilities.
No caste, no creed, no gender, just joyous beams.

What if everyone had a heart weaved in beautiful threads
of empathy and beating humanity.
No spectators to cruelty, intolerant of inhumanity.

What if the world was at peace gleefully and merrily
Nature was boastful, people were humble,
animals were thriving, and humanity was welcomed.

What if the world was at peace?



Learning Never Stops – A Teacher's Journey of Upskilling and Adaptability

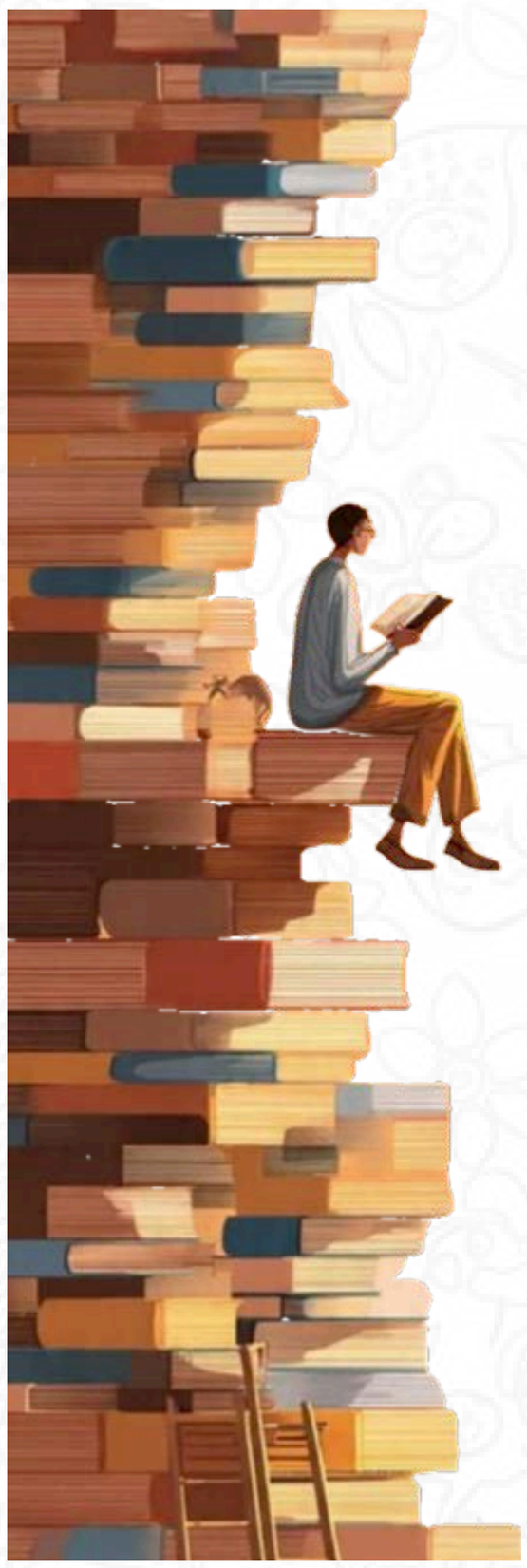
BY BARNALI ROY
Batch 1991 -1994

Thirty years ago, when I walked out of my college gates with a degree in hand, I was fairly convinced that my learning journey had reached its grand conclusion.

Like many graduates in their early twenties, I believed I had done my share of studying. College had prepared me for life, and now it was time to step into the "real world" and start applying everything I had learned.

Life, as it turns out, has a delightful way of proving us wrong.

My first job as a teacher came with a monthly salary of about ₹5000. It felt like a small fortune at the time. I still remember the excitement of receiving that first pay cheque and buying something I had long wanted - a Walkman.



For someone who loved music, it felt like a personal milestone. On rides to work, I would listen to my favourite songs and feel quietly proud of that small achievement. It was a simple joy, but it symbolised something important: the beginning of independence.

Looking back today, that young teacher with a Walkman and a head full of idealism had no idea how much she herself would continue to learn in the years ahead.

Over the past three decades, my classroom in Delhi has transformed in ways I could never have imagined when I first began teaching.

In those early days, a classroom meant a blackboard, a box of chalk, and students carefully copying notes into their notebooks. Occasionally the chalk would break at the most inconvenient moment, but that was considered the height of technological disruption.
Today, classrooms are filled with smart boards, digital platforms, online resources, AI tools, and students who can find information faster than many teachers can finish asking the question.

I remember the first time a smart board was introduced in my classroom.

I walked in with full confidence, determined to master this impressive new technology. Within the first few minutes, however, I had somehow managed to open several windows, move the screen in directions I did not intend, and temporarily lose the lesson I had planned.

The class watched patiently for a moment.

Then one student raised her hand and said very politely, "Ma'am… would you like some help?"

In that instant, the roles in the classroom quietly reversed.

The teacher had become the learner.

It was a humbling moment, but also an important one. It reminded me that education is not static. The world evolves, and if teachers want to stay relevant, we must evolve with it.

Over the years, I have found myself continuously learning - new teaching methods, new technologies, new ways of engaging with students, and evolving educational frameworks such as the National Education Policy (NEP 2020).

Sometimes it genuinely feels as though I have returned to being a student myself.

But one of the most powerful lessons I have learned did not come from technology or training. It came from a student.

Several years ago, one of my students experienced a heartbreaking loss when she lost her mother after a prolonged illness. She was very young, and the sudden absence left her family deeply shaken. Her father and younger brother were struggling to cope, and life placed responsibilities on her shoulders far earlier than it should have.

Watching her during that time was both painful and inspiring.

Instead of allowing grief to overwhelm her, she gradually became the emotional pillar of her family - supporting her father, encouraging her younger brother, and continuing her education with remarkable determination.

Years later, she came back to visit me.

During our conversation, she shared something that moved me deeply. She said that during those difficult days, she often remembered the values we had spoken about in class - resilience, integrity, and staying committed to one's purpose even when life becomes difficult.



She had made a quiet promise to herself that she would never allow the teacher she admired to see her give up.

Today, that same student has cleared the civil services examination and serves the country as a public officer.

Moments like these remind me that teaching is not simply about completing lessons or preparing students for exams.

Sometimes, the most important things students carry forward are confidence, character, and the belief that they are capable of facing life's challenges.

And quite often, teachers learn just as much from their students as students learn from their teachers.

When I look back at my own college days now, I realise that the greatest gift my institution gave me was not just academic knowledge.

It was the ability to stay curious. The discipline to keep improving. And the openness to keep learning, even when the world around us changes faster than we expect.

Because in today's world, degrees may open doors.

But adaptability, humility, and the willingness to keep learning are what keep those doors open.

If I could share one thought with the students walking through those familiar college corridors today, it would be this:

Do not think of learning as something that ends when you receive your degree.

Think of it as a lifelong companion - sometimes challenging, occasionally humbling, but always enriching.

Thirty years later, I am still learning new things.

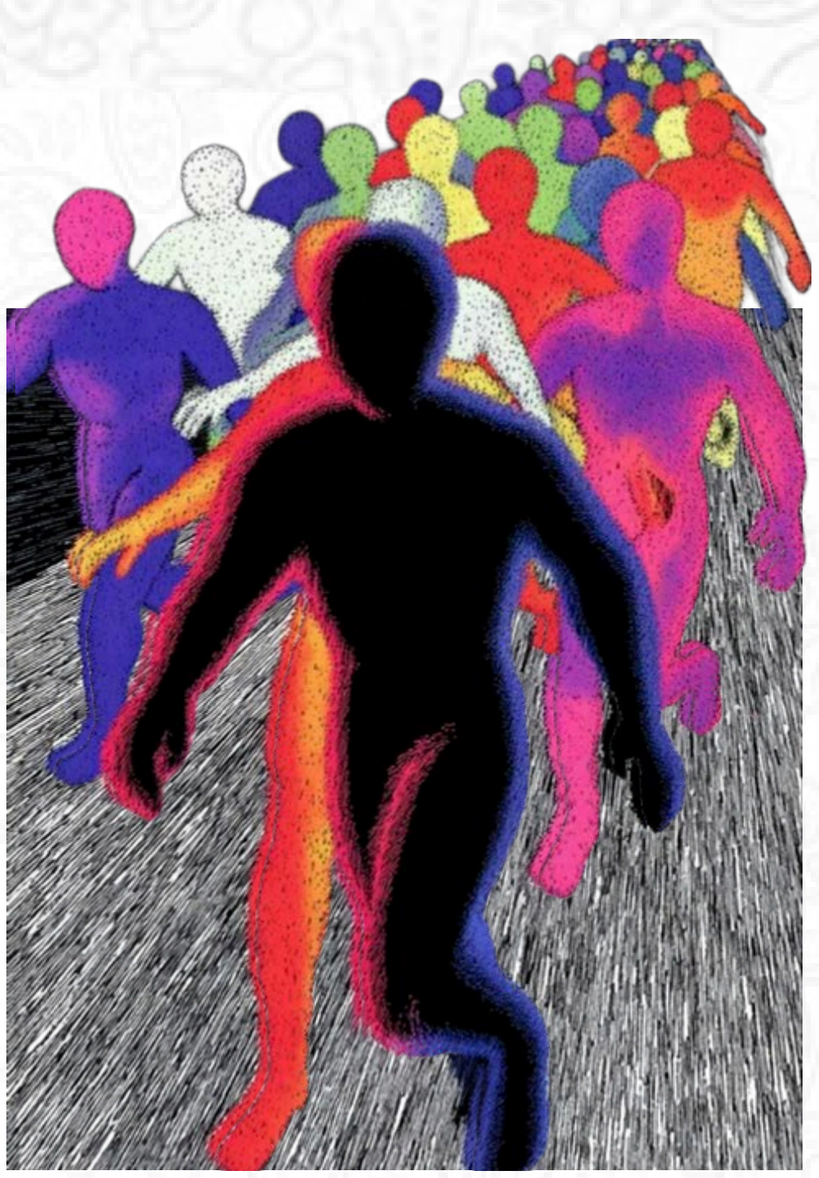
Sometimes from books, sometimes from technology… and occasionally, from a helpful student showing me how to use a smart board.

And perhaps that is the most beautiful part of the journey.

NO RACE IN CYBERSPACE?

BY ANANYA BORA

Batch 2017-2020



As the world transforms in the age of globalisation, so do cyberspaces. While there have been growing concerns regarding the overarching and neocolonial nature of globalisation, cyberspace is often left out of the equation. The lack of a body in the traditional sense (that is, a spatial presence) allows the cyberspace user to freely move around the global network from the comfort of their home. Online spaces also encourage one to adopt completely different online identities (avatars) and, in turn, let the user remove aural and visual cues of their identity. However, cyberspaces, often considered and paraded as an alternative to the "real" world rife with socio-cultural disparities, are built on the myth that one can shed off real, offline biases and construct a brave new online world without any inequalities. Even more concerning is the idea that somehow the invisibility that online spaces allow can be translated to offline practices. While cyberspace does allow one to mutate or render oneself "invisible" (say, by changing the gender of their avatars), it is impossible to escape the real-world identities completely.

In proclaiming cyberspace as inherently raceless and progressive, one fails to acknowledge the implicit racial undertones present. One could argue that the undefined and "faceless" nature of cyberspace allows for a removal of any racial markers or categories, consequently turning the space into an idyllic land of equality, at least in terms of race. However, reality differs in that even when deliberate measures are taken to elide over race, it remains a significant and unerasable factor. For instance, Tara McPherson's study of American neo-Confederate websites illustrates how even as cyberspaces allow for pluralities of the self, these websites construct a "very specific" South that harks back to the pre-Civil War era of Southern gentility and whiteness (119). Despite claims to the contrary, and perhaps because of it, neo-Confederate websites abound in racial markers. As the awareness against racism reaches the peripheries of cyberspace, many of these sites couch themselves in covert racism by denouncing white supremacist groups and racism, while still envisoning a white South. The marked absence of blackness in a neo-Confederate site that seeks to preserve the Southern "heritage" clearly ignores the historical struggles of the Southern states against racism.

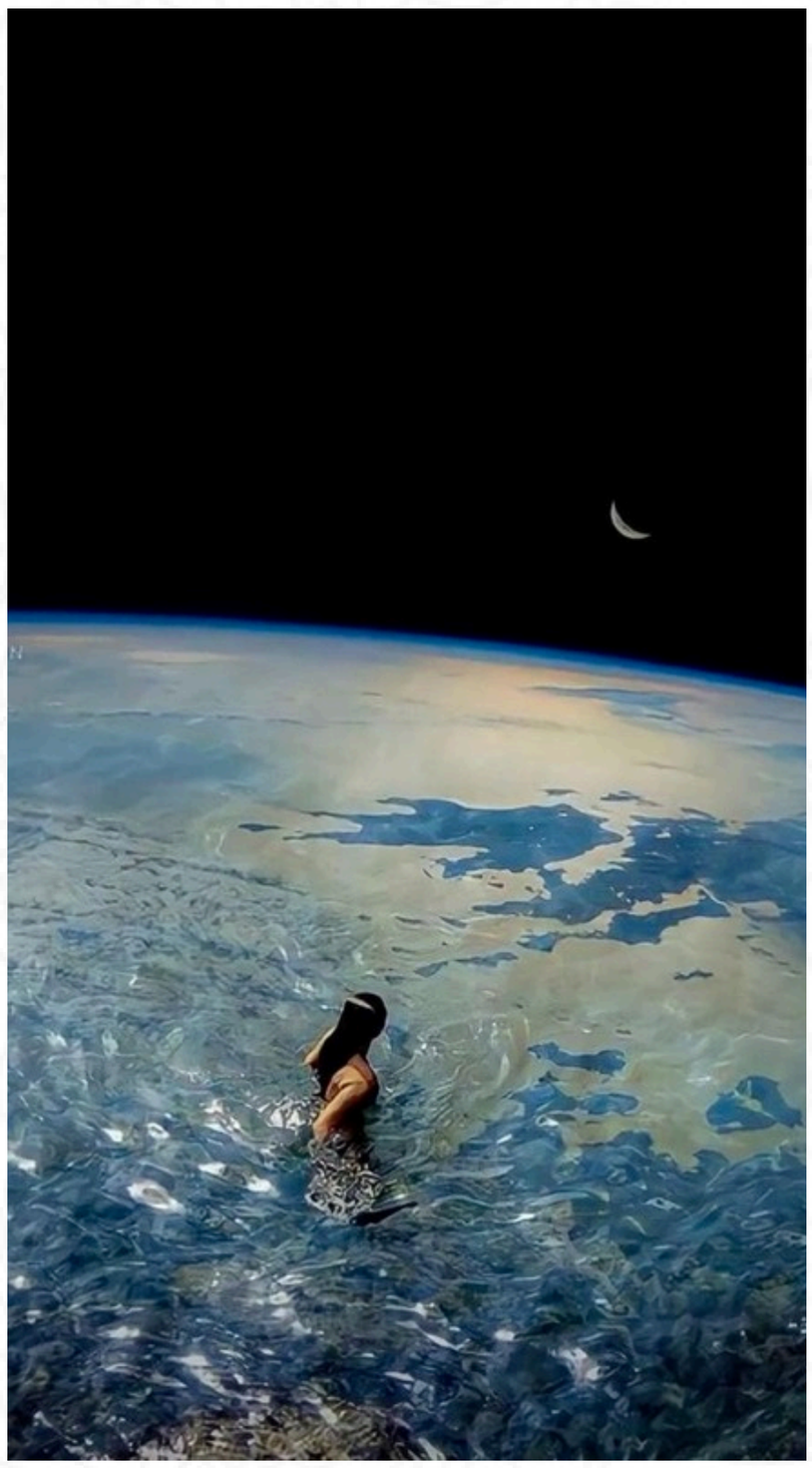
Even when the multiplicities of cyberspace are outwardly embraced to imagine a space that would be raceless, not in the sense of neo-Confederate websites but as a way to champion the "hybridity" of human races, it too disregards the race factor and ultimately functions the same way as hostility to differences does. In a study on two websites that play with bodily assemblage, Jennifer González enquires about the body-disregarding (essentially race-disregarding) proclamations of these ventures. For instance, Bodies© INCorporated, an online art project by Victoria Vesna, while responding to the stereotypical and racist avatar creation of the 90s, perpetuates the same social conditions. The bodies available for creation are tall, slim, and "decidedly reflect the Euro-American ideal" and instead of skin colours, one is offered "textures" such as rubber, bronze, clay, etc (39). Rather than engaging with multiple racial categories, Vesna opts

for the total negation of race. Here, the ability to produce a "hybrid" subject is taken as the next step towards a utopian world. Moreover, the project fails in its non-addressal of the privilege associated with being able to *choose*bodies. Thus, even if one professes a fantasy of spaces untouched by race, the result ultimately bears resemblance to the colonial project that regularly negated non-white bodies. As Pramod K. Nayar notes, "to do away with racial identity [in a racialised world] is to refuse any chance of agency" (207) to the non-white bodies.



Closer home, in an echo of the colonial project of "converting" the native into almost-white, call centres increasingly outsource to India, where the postcolonial subject is forced to indulge in accent training and cultural acclimatisation, seriously affecting the postcolonial subject's identity formation (Nayar 208). As more and more non-white workers join the informational economy, the divide in the economic status of the nations and companies that own them broadens. Furthermore, the disparity in access during online classes brought on by the total shutdown of educational institutions as a result of the COVID-19 pandemic highlights troubling fissures in the state's educational policies. A recent study shows that the biggest resistance against online learning in India is the question of access (Muthuprasad et. al), while in America, online education had been part of the regular curriculum even before the pandemic, and hence, there had been little trouble in shifting learning modes. Cyberspaces, then, are not neutral grounds as is usually construed; rather, they reflect the same patterns of power politics that shape the offline world.

Notwithstanding the deeply racialised and exploitative contours of cyberspace, one must also look at its emancipatory possibilities. Mark Warschauer's study of Hawaiian language students at the University of Hawaii illustrates how the internet can be used in the revival of indigenous languages threatened by globalisation (151-170). Diaspora communities and minority communities increasingly turn towards the internet to create spaces where they can strengthen and maintain their identities in a fragmented (by wars, racism, etc) but strangely connected world. For the Kurdish diaspora, the Internet became a "pathway to collective sociopolitical activism [and] inclusion" thus, allowing them to capitalise on the communal bonds despite geographical constraints (Keles 329). In India, projects such as Cybermoholla glocalise the digital space to showcase work by the "young working class" of Delhi, while The Chinky Homo Project is a "digital queer anthology" that puts the invisible lives and grief of the Northeast Indian queer community online. When, on 25th May 2020, video footage of George Floyd's murder was circulated on the internet, it resulted in worldwide protests and a revival of the Black Lives Matter movement. In the wake of lockdown due to the COVID-19 pandemic and the consequent nationwide lockdowns, activists utilised these platforms to crowdfund migrant workers and others in need. As more and more people join the



conversation against racism and inequalities, cyberspace becomes a place of mediated change.

The internet and the cyberspaces it creates present a twofold situation: even as it exploits non-white resources to further the neocolonist agenda of globalisation, it provides alternate spaces of engagement for the historically Otherised subject. Thus, while cyberspace creates and reinforces the binaries and prejudices of the "real" world, it also deconstructs them. However, unless any systemic change is introduced in an effort to curtail the very real disparities present online, cyberspaces remain simply an extension of the biased offline world.



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BEYOND THE TEA AESTHETICS

A STUDY OF THE PRECARIOUS LIFE OF TEA WORKERS IN CHAMELI MAMCHAB

BY TANMOYEE SARKAR

Batch- 2016-2019

The "chai-paglu" nation of India marks its international significance by being the second largest producer of tea globally. Camellia sinensis (the tea plant) has an Important economic and socio-cultural value in the South Asian context. These leaves found their true monetary calling during the colonial period owing to the British their huge production throughout its colonies. The countries of India, Bangladesh, Nepal and Sri Lanka are some of the largest producers of this evergreen shrub which marks its quintessential presence in their culinary routine. Characterized by its feel-good friendly kick, tea as a beverage has been a withstanding philosophical and pop-cultural symbol of friendship and hospitality marked by its frequent appearance in popular songs, fiction and movies. But what often goes unnoticed beyond "ek garam chai ki pyali" is the effort of an entire populace that has been engaged in its production. The tea tribe of the South Asian countries are generally descendants of migrant labourers who had been uprooted from their native lands during the colonial rule under the pretext of false contracts of employment. However, this community has suffered exponentially and it is still fighting the blows of oppression in the contemporary times. Assam, being one of India's biggest tea contributors is the home to a community of indentured labourers settled in Dibrugarh, Sibsagar, Jorhat, Golaghat, Dhemaji, Lakhimpur, Tinsukia, Sonitpur, Udalguri, Goalpara, Karbi Anglong as well as North Cachar (Baro 1052).



Nirode Choudhury's Assamese short story 'Chameli Mamchab' is a fictional representation of their life and struggles in one of Assam's tea estates. It is worth mentioning that this short story has been adapted into popular movies with the titular name in Assamese (1975) and Bengali (1979). The former being directed by Abdul Majid has become a cult in the world of Assamese cinema which has gifted the nation with timeless compositions of Bhupen Hazarika like 'Asam Deshor Bagichare Suwali', 'O Videshi Bondhu' and 'Jigija Gijau, to name a few. This article is an exploration of the lives of these tea tribes and a study of the expendability that they face as shown in Nirode



Choudhury's text. Depicting the life in a tea estate in the period of late twentieth century, 'Chameli Mamchab' is a thriller that gradually grasps the suspense behind the red-tinned Memsaab's bungalow. The tea estate's former manager Barkley's character and the few children of the Babus represent the elite minority who have access to modernity, proper education, and adequate health facilities in contrast to the 'Adivasis' who even lack agency and proper identity. Moreover, it reflects the inherent hierarchy that exists in the mini-verse of these tea estates. The so-called Coolie lines are spaces which house the workers and the Babu lines are restricted to the workers as they are strictly for the superior l.e. the managerial position holders. There is a strict spatial divide between the indentured labourers and the masters which further echoes the internalization of the discrimination practised against them

Even the narratorial voice of Xun unfolds the narrative through the knowledge that he acquires in bits and pièces from his aunt and mostly from Barkley himself. However, there is no significant input from any of the workers although it is odd because even after working as a school teacher for eight months, he announced that they had no definite Information regarding the matter, in a sense, this diminution of the workers, especially limiting the insight Into Chameli's psyche highlights the oppressive status of the community. Birbal, Chamell's father was asked if he would "give away" his daughter to Barkley or not to which the narratorial voice asserts that there was no question of denying the manager (Choudhury 19). Taken from Paulo Freire's Ideals on exploitation from his work The Pedagogy of the Oppressed, this can be studied as an instance of "dehumanization" where the exploited don't seem to realize the fact that they are being taken advantage of leading to its normalization (Freire 44). Moreover, the muteness of Chameli and Barkley's specially-abled daughter symbolizes the lack of agency of the entire populace of the tea tribe community who are constricted inside the premises of the tea estate and are made to believe that their cocooned universe with their school, hospital and club is everything that there is. Amidst the ongoing debate of whether the tea tribes qualify for the ST status in Assam, this article hopefully provides a critical insight into their colonial and neo-colonial history by keeping in mind their subaltern position in the socio-cultural matrix in the contemporary period. As a work of fiction, Choudhury's short story allows a humane reading of a layered subject without simplifying the intricate complexities of colonialism, capitalism, and the subaltern studies in the text.



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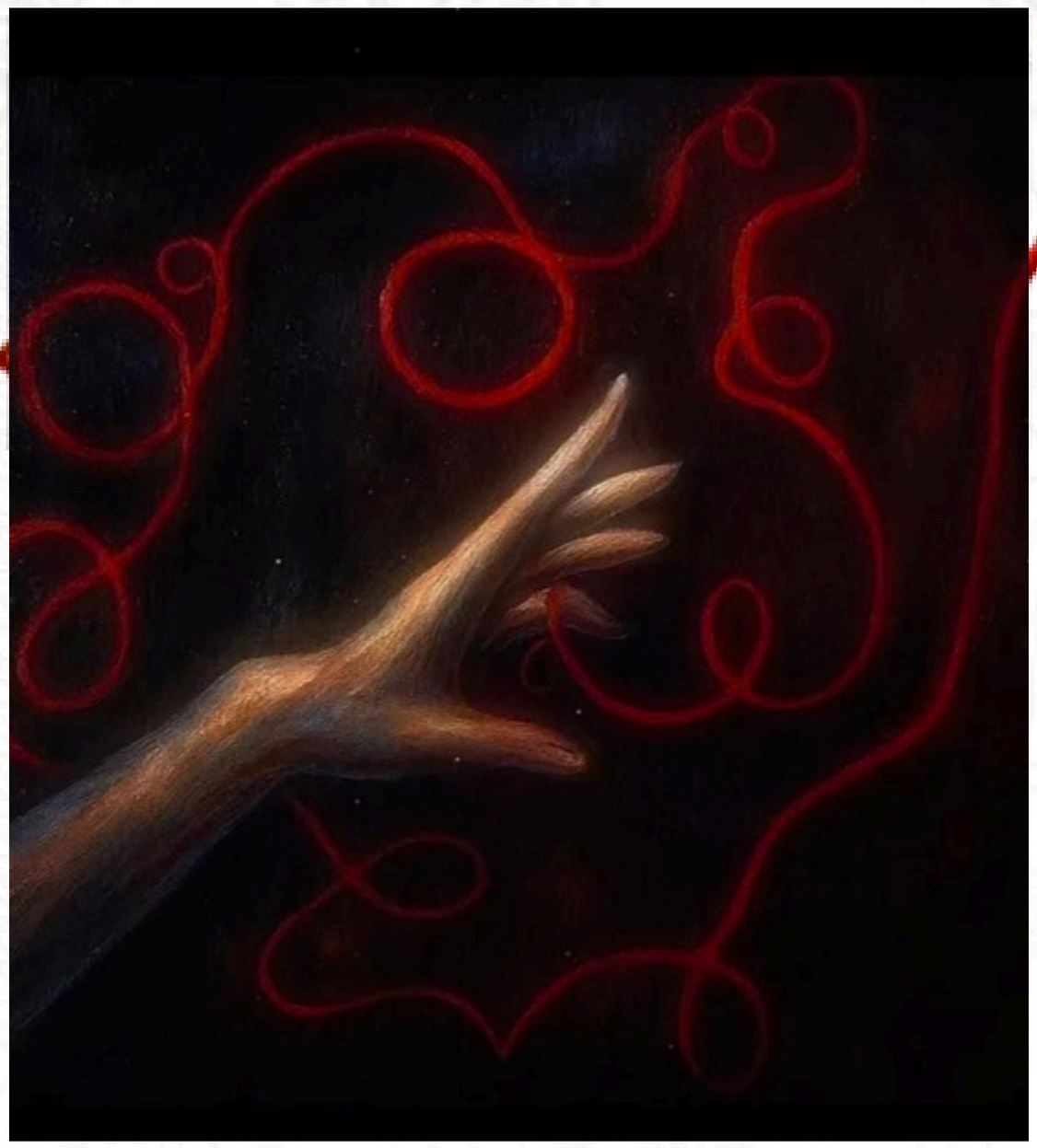
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THE UNSEEN THREADS

MODERN SOCIETY AND THE NEGLECT OF NUANCE

BY MANASH PHUKAN
Batch 2015- 2018



In an age defined by speed, polarization, and the relentless flow of information, one crucial element of intellectual and social life often gets lost: nuance. Nuance-the subtle differences in meaning, expression, or tone-is the essential thread that weaves together a complex, accurate understanding of the world. Yet, in modern society, there is a pervasive and alarming trend toward reductionism, where complex issues are flattened into binary arguments, and shades of grey are violently bleached into black and white.

Why is our society so readily neglecting nuance? The answer lies in the very architecture of our communication and consumption habits.

The Art of Simplification - Modern life is demanding, and the human brain has a natural tendency to use cognitive shortcuts (heuristics) to manage information overload. Simplification is the ultimate cognitive shortcut. It requires far less mental energy to categorize a person or an issue as "good" or "bad" than to grapple with its inherent contradictions and contexts. No one has the time to invest in or to develop an interest in what can be the other narratives or interpretations that an issue can have, which often leads to hasty judgments or decisions. To aid the simplification, digital platforms play the major role. Digital platforms thrive on engagement, which is often maximized by outrage and clear-cut conflict. A nuanced argument-one that acknowledges validity on both sides or requires deep reading-is a poor competitor against a definitive, polarizing headline. The algorithm rewards certainty, not complexity. We are more akin to clickbaits than to actually reading it on our own. Why pick up the newspaper and read from beginning to end to understand what it says when we get instant headlines at our fingertips? We are increasingly sorted into ideological enclaves, both online and offline. Within these echo chambers, a simple, uniform narrative is continually reinforced. Dissent, complexity, and self-correction are viewed not as intellectual virtues, but as threats to group solidarity.



The neglect of nuance doesn't merely result in weaker arguments; it has profound, damaging effects on our social fabric and decision-making processes.

When political and social debates are reduced to a simplistic two-sided conflict (e.g., freedom vs. safety, rich vs. poor), finding a common ground solution becomes nearly impossible. Nuance is the bridge between opposing views; it allows for the recognition that a problem is not solved by simply choosing one extreme but by integrating the valid concerns of multiple perspectives. Extremes often lead to lack of empathy. True empathy requires the ability to understand another person's situation not through our own lens but through theirs-to grasp the specific, subtle circumstances that inform their choices and beliefs. When we refuse nuance, we rely instead on stereotypes and broad labels, which strip individuals of their unique complexity. A homeless person/A Beggar is simply "lazy" instead of a person facing a confluence of mental health issues, economic displacement, and systemic failure. This neglect makes it easy to dismiss others and justifies cruelty. Isn't it obvious how often we pass judgments based on the face value—or the value that has been curated by social media. This trend is often observed among the youth of today's society. Their empathy operates within good-and-bad framework. Again, what one perceives as good or considers as rational might be bad or irrational for others. This sense of categorization often leads to intellectual dysmorphia, where anti-nationalist sentiments overthrow education. A mind that has not been trained to handle complexity is a fragile mind. When an individual is only exposed to simplified, definitive answers, they are ill-equipped to handle the inevitable discovery that reality is messy and often resists easy categorization. This can lead to dogmatism, rapid disillusionment, and an inability to adapt to new evidence that contradicts a long-held, simple belief.

Restoring nuance to modern discourse is not a simple task, but it begins with cultivating a few key intellectual virtues.

Embrace "Yes, And..." Thinking: We have to move away from "either/or" fallacies and try to acknowledge that two seemingly contradictory truths can coexist. For example, a system can be both successful and deeply flawed. A person can be both a victim and a perpetrator of harm.



Read and Listen for Caveats: When consuming information, one should actively look for the qualifications, exceptions, and limitations of the claim being made. The most reliable sources are often the ones that include phrases like "on the one hand," "however," or "this is generally true, but..."

Practice Intellectual Humility: One should recognize the limits of one's own knowledge. The most nuanced thinkers are those who are comfortable saying, "I don't know" or "It's complicated." This humility is the foundation for genuine intellectual inquiry.

Demand Context: Before passing judgment, one should always ask the crucial questions: "What is the full context?" and "Who is telling this story, and why?" Context is the raw material of nuance.

The modern quest for certainty and simplicity is understandable, but it is ultimately a denial of the human experience. The "unseen threads" of nuance are what allow us to see the world in its full, vibrant, and challenging complexity. Society is a complex structure, It is only by pulling these threads back into the conversation that we can hope to heal our fractured social landscape and make truly wise collective decisions.

THE IN-BETWEEN

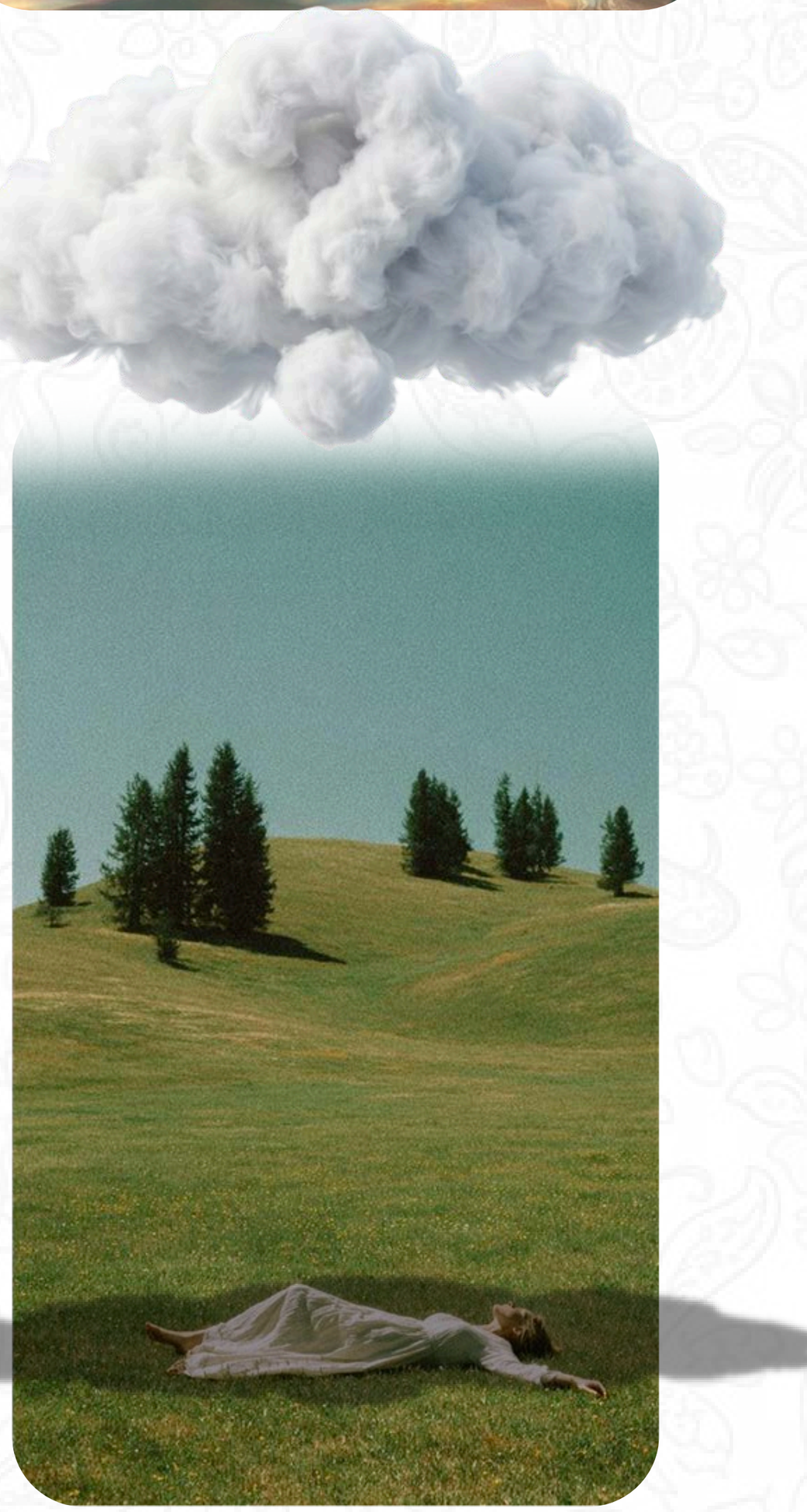
A LIMINAL SPACE

BY GEETARTHA CHOWDHURY
Batch 2014- 2017

After graduation, it is very normal to feel anxious when the daily schedule suddenly changes and new demands surface. We get ushered into a whole new world of competition which is always ruthless, even for a new entrant just out of the cocoon. Doors open in various directions, leading to different paths, explored and unexplored. We search for hand holding, but that will no longer be frequent. Paths need to be chosen, decisions need to be made. People with fixed goals and guidance may find it easier to navigate. However, others will find it very perplexing at times. Constant support from family, friends and acquaintances act as an antidote for stress during this preparatory phase.



When we talk about life after graduation, our foremost consideration should be for our mental and physical well-being. The time invested after completion of studies till settling down financially is one of those phases which tests the tenacity and determination of a person. A motivated and well-balanced life, will ensure that one does not get exhausted in the process or reach a level of saturation. Self-motivation with hard work and perseverance is a prerequisite to achieve our goals, despite all the challenges, setbacks and obstacles we may have faced in the process. Amidst all the distractions and hardships, achieving the aim should hold prime importance, and the other things in life will follow suit. Today, it is easier to get distracted. The colourful worlds of social media and materialistic competitiveness are lucrative, yet nothing is unachievable for the human mind. Yoga, meditation, cultivating hobbies and human interaction have immense potential for a vacillating being.



When we focus and plan our future endeavours, many options pop up for a career and professional life:

Further Education

Master's degree

B.Ed

Certification & Professional courses(specialised skills and upskilling)

LLB

Stenographer

Entrepreneurship: Family business or starting one of your own. Governments(centre and state) have launched various schemes catering to the youth and women to encourage the spirit of entrepreneurship. Agriculture and allied sectors offer a lot of potential, with MSMEs complimenting its growth. Some schemes-

Central govt. schemes:

Startup India

Pradhan Mantri Mudra Yojana (PMMY)

Stand-Up India

Credit Guarantee Scheme for MSMEs

Entrepreneurship Skill Development Programme

Assam govt. schemes:

Mukhya Mantri Mahila Udyamita Abhiyan

Sarothi Scheme

Boneej Scheme

SVAYEM Scheme

Competitive exams

APSC and UPSC Civil Service Exam(>32 yrs)

IB ACIO(>27 yrs)/CAPF exams (>25 yrs)

NABARD/SEBI/RBI/IFSCA/LIC/NIACL/NICL/IRDAI/EPFO exams (60% in Bachelors, Rajbhasa category requires Hindi as a pass course and >30 yrs)

Bank exams of IBPS/SBI(>30 yrs for some)

Miscelleneous APSC exams & ADRE

SSC CGL(usually >30 yrs)

RRB and many more of central and state govts.

Gain Experience

Contractual and part-time jobs

Internships

Walk-in-interviews

Translator and editor

Whereas, for personal growth and well being one may choose to

Take time off to introspect, build a plan, rejuvenate

Volunteer and do community service.

Travel

Cultivate hobbies, learn new language, gain new skill

A lot more options exist than mentioned above for exploration. However, ideas are indefinite and time is limited. Hence, as the Assamese proverb goes - "*Adhik Massot Bagali Kona*" (With too many fish, the egret is blind), we should explore our strengths and interests, to narrow our options down. With more time at our disposal for the aim we have set our eyes on, we will inch closer towards it every day. At the end of the day, all that matters is the satisfaction and happiness derived out of our hard work. If we can enjoy the process, the end result will always feel more gratifying.



LONG WAY FROM HOME

BY INDRANIL ROY
Batch 1991- 1994



We arrive in life without maps, Carrying borrowed courage and half-formed dreams. Some places teach us how to stay. Others teach us how to become.

Preface:

Some journeys do not begin with ambition. They begin with curiosity, hesitation, and the quiet courage to step beyond what feels familiar. Looking back, this is not a story of destinations achieved, but of thresholds crossed, of rooms entered for the first time, and of the slow, steady widening of one's world. What follows is a recollection of how a small-town education, a restless student life, and an accidental leap into a big city came together to shape a life in ways I could not have planned but would not change.

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

When I think back to my days at Arya Vidyapeeth College, sitting in those familiar classrooms with my English Literature books, listening to doyens who were my most respected Professors and Lecturers, I never imagined where life would take me. I was just another middle-class kid from Guwahati, where dreams were measured in modest increments, and the world beyond Assam seemed like a distant story from someone else's life.

Those classrooms were not glamorous spaces, but they were alive! Alive with arguments about prose and poetry from yesteryears, with youthful certainty about ideas we barely understood, with friendships that formed quietly and then suddenly became indispensable. There was a rhythm to college life that felt reassuring. You attended lectures, debated literature, worried about exams, and somewhere in between, began to understand yourself. At that time, I did not think of any of this as preparation for life. It simply felt like life itself.

THE GREAT DELHI ADVENTURE BEGINS

Cut to my decision of pursuing further education in a big city, and Delhi happened to be on top of the list. Landing in Delhi for the first time felt like stepping onto another planet. Everything was *big* – and I mean everything. The roads could swallow our Guwahati streets whole, buildings stretched so high they seemed to scrape the clouds, and the sheer number of people made my head spin. I remember standing at the railway station, clutching my suitcase, wondering if I'd just made the biggest mistake of my life.

That suitcase carried more than clothes. It carried assumptions, insecurities, and a quiet fear that I would somehow be exposed as someone who did not belong. Delhi has a way of doing that to newcomers. It does not ease you in gently. It throws you into the deep end and waits to see if you will learn to swim.

Sure, I'd visited big cities before during those one-off LTA vacations with my parents – quick, whirlwind trips where we'd rush from one tourist spot to another, snap photos, and head back home. Those visits felt safe, almost like watching life unfold on the big screen at our local single-screen movie hall. Everything seemed larger than life but comfortably distant, just entertainment.

But this was different. This time, I wasn't a tourist with a return ticket and a planned itinerary. I was here to stay, let loose to pursue some dream that felt both thrilling and terrifying. The same cities that had once felt like exciting backdrops for family photos now felt overwhelming and impossibly vast.

The overwhelm was real. Back home, I could navigate my city blindfolded, I knew every shopkeeper by name and understood the unspoken rules of our small-town rhythm. Here, I felt like I was drowning in a sea of faces, languages, and experiences that were completely foreign to me.

There were days when the anonymity felt crushing. No one cared where you came from, what you had studied, or how hard you had struggled to get there. You were just another person trying to find their way. In hindsight, that indifference was a gift. It forced me to rely on myself, to observe more, listen carefully, and slowly find my own voice in a city that was not waiting for me to announce myself.



FINDING MY FOOTING (AND MY VOICE)

Those early months were a whirlwind of odd jobs and adventures, before I could take admission for my post-graduate course. Picture this: me, a literature graduate from Assam, walking through the narrow bylanes of Old Delhi with a briefcase full of vehicle loan documents, trying to convince shopkeepers to finance their next car or scooter. It sounds absurd now, but every rejection taught me something about resilience, and every small success built my confidence.

Old Delhi became an unlikely classroom. It taught me how to read people quickly, how to handle rejection without shrinking, and how to speak with conviction even when I felt unsure. Selling loans was never the dream, but the experience grounded me. It taught me dignity of work and the importance of showing up, even on days when motivation was in short supply.

I was like a kid in a candy store. I wanted to try everything. French language classes? Why not (and I went on to earn a Diploma in that!) Mass Communication course at Bharatiya Vidyapeeth? Absolutely (made a huge difference to my professional career!) Teaching English to wide-eyed children who reminded me of my younger self? Sign me up (seeded my desire to be a talent and capability development leader that I am today!)

Each experience was adding layers to who I was becoming, even though I didn't realize it at the time.

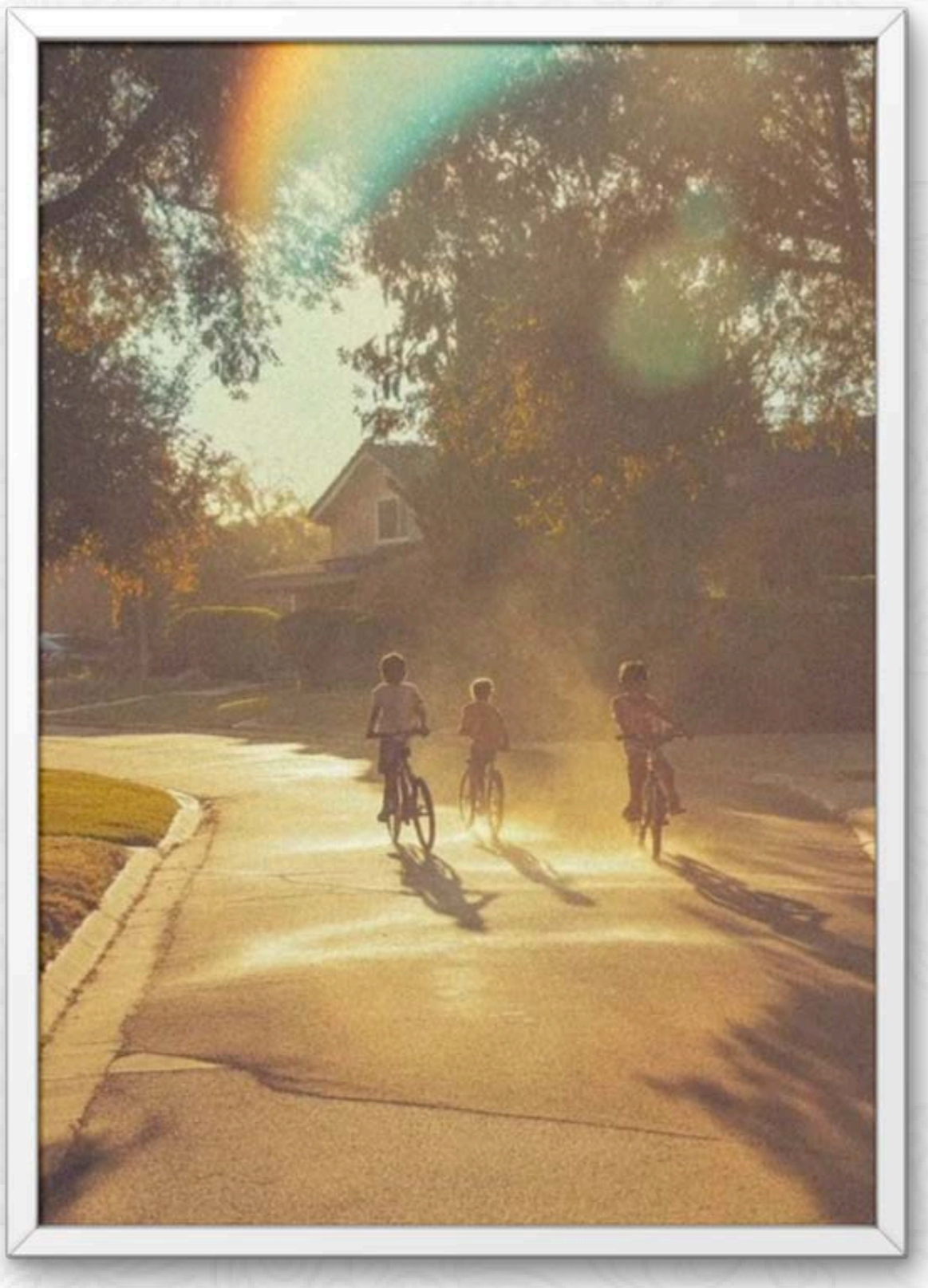
There was no grand plan behind these choices. What guided me was curiosity and a refusal to sit idle. Looking back, I realise that this phase taught me something vital: careers are rarely linear. They are shaped by exploration, by trial and error, and by the courage to step into unfamiliar spaces without guarantees.

THE GOLDEN CHAPTER: DELHI UNIVERSITY (DU) AND BEYOND

Then came the game-changer – getting into Delhi University's Faculty of Arts for my Masters in Linguistics. But the real jackpot? Landing a spot at the International Students House. If my early Delhi days were about survival, ISH was about thriving.

Suddenly, my corridor neighbors weren't just from different states – they were from different continents.

My friends from Japan would teach me their language and traditions while my mates from Nigeria shared stories that transported me to landscapes I'd only seen in National Geographic. Not to talk about hostel mates from the Americas, Europe, Middle East, South-East Asia, Australia and New Zealand. You name it, and I had friends from those distant geographies, many of whom are still in my contact list today! Late-night conversations over terrible hostel chai, but delectable aalu and anda paranthas outside the hostel on the nearby streets became mini United Nations sessions, and my worldview expanded faster than I could process.



Life at DU, and esp. at ISH, was intense in the best possible way. Discussions and arguments spilled late into the night, often about studies, politics, identity, food, and whose country did things “the right way”. You learned quickly that there was no single right way. You learned to disagree without hostility, to laugh at your own assumptions, and to appreciate difference without feeling threatened by it. This was education of a kind no syllabus could have offered.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF LITERATURE

Before I moved one, I think I would be amiss if I did not touch upon one of the most momentous events of my life – my love – even before I landed in Delhi! So let me take you back in time again! It was during those beautiful college years at Arya Vidyapeeth that I met her – the girl who would later become my wife. Our story began in the most deliciously dangerous way possible: right under her father's nose. He was a respected professor at the same college, known for his strict discipline and unwavering standards. The irony wasn't lost on us – here I was, completely smitten with the daughter of one of the most formidable faculty members. Those early days were intoxicating. The nervous flutter in my stomach every time I spotted her across the campus, the calculated routes I'd take hoping for a "chance" encounter, the way my heart would race during stolen glances in the library or in the corridors, and of course, the first time we got to know about our attraction (big story, will leave it for another day). First love at nineteen is like a beautiful storm – all-consuming, terrifying, and absolutely exhilarating.

Our courtship was a masterclass in stealth romance. Secret notes passed between classes, whispered conversations in quiet corners of the college corridors, and the constant thrill of keeping our budding relationship hidden from her formidable father and his colleagues – every other professors/teachers in the college. Image that! Every stolen moment felt like a victory, and every shared smile a secret treasure.

When we both decided to pursue our postgraduate studies in Linguistics in Delhi, it felt like destiny had handed us the perfect next chapter. The city gave us freedom we'd never had – no watchful eyes, no need for elaborate cover stories. Our love, which had been carefully nurtured in the shadows of college life, could finally bloom openly under the Delhi sun.

Through undergraduate years, postgraduate studies, career beginnings, and all the adventures that followed, we've remained each other's constant. That nervous boy who once strategically timed his college visits just to catch a glimpse of her is now married to his first love with two amazing kids – a testament to the fact that sometimes, the best stories really do have fairy-tale endings.

What that relationship taught me went far beyond romance. It taught me patience, negotiation, empathy and courage. Convincing families, navigating expectations, and standing by each other through uncertainty were lessons that quietly shaped the adult i would become.

THE FRIENDS WHO BECAME FAMILY

My story would remain incomplete if I didn't talk about some of those college friendships that have survived job changes, marriages, moves across country and continents, and the general chaos of adult life. Even today, many of them aren't just contacts in my phone; they're the people who knew me when I was still figuring out who I wanted to become. They're proof that the connections you make in college aren't just about networking; they're about finding your tribe.

Time has changed us all, but it has not erased what we built together. Those friendships remain anchors, reminding me of a time when life was uncertain, but possibilities felt endless.

THE PROFESSIONAL METAMORPHOSIS

Coming back to the present again! All those diverse friendships, cultural exchanges, and relationship negotiations weren't just making great memories – they were unknowingly preparing me for my career. When I eventually stepped into the corporate world of Human Resources with giants like General Electric, IBM, and HSBC, I discovered that my greatest strength wasn't my degree or my technical skills. It was my ability to connect with people – whether they were from New York boardrooms, London offices, Melbourne training rooms, or whether they spoke with British, American, Australian, Oriental accents or had cultural contexts I'd learned to navigate during my ISH days. Every difficult conversation with my future in-laws had prepared me for challenging client negotiations. Every late-night discussion with my cross-India and international friends had taught me to appreciate perspectives that were worlds apart from my own.

Over time, this ability became my professional compass. In a global workplace, success is rarely about knowing everything. It is about listening, adapting, and respecting differences without losing your own grounding. Delhi, in its own chaotic way, had prepared me well for this world.

WHAT I WISH I COULD TELL MY YOUNGER SELF

Looking back, at time I think I could have dreamed even bigger. I could have pursued opportunities abroad, could have pushed boundaries I didn't even know existed.

But here's the thing – the path I chose was authentically mine, shaped by my values, family commitments, and cultural roots. There's no right or wrong way to chase your dreams, only your way.

To every student sitting in those same Arya Vidyapeeth classrooms today, here's what I want you to know: your current zip code doesn't determine your destiny. That middle-class background you might see as a limitation? It may actually be your strength – but only if it teaches you to value what you earn and to never take opportunities for granted.

YOUR TURN TO WRITE THE STORY

College isn't just about attending lectures and passing exams – though please do that too! It's about saying yes to opportunities that scare you a little, about making friends with people who challenge your assumptions, about falling in love (with ideas, with people, with possibilities you hadn't considered), and about discovering that you're capable of more than you ever imagined.

Don't wait for the perfect moment or the perfect plan. I certainly didn't have either when I boarded that train to Delhi. What I had was curiosity, a willingness to work hard, and the belief that something good was waiting for me out there.

Your journey might take you to Mumbai, Bangalore, London, or Silicon Valley. It might lead you back home to transform your own community. The destination matters less than your willingness to take that first step beyond your comfort zone.

The world is changing every minute, creating opportunities that didn't exist when I was your age. But the fundamentals remain the same: dream big, work hard, stay curious, and never underestimate the power of genuine human connections.

So go ahead – spread those wings. The sky isn't your limit; it's just your starting point.

Post-script: *The boy from Guwahati who was once intimidated by Delhi's bigness now sees it as a beautiful reminder that there's always room to grow, always space to dream bigger, and always another story waiting to unfold.*

Faculty Section



THE LEGEND OF PANTHAORAJA

BY MS. ANINDITA LANGTHASA
Assistant Professor

In the dense forest of Dima Hasao, there once lived a young widow with her six teenage sons. Their hut stood quietly at the edge of the woods, small and humble, yet filled with restless laughter of the boys who were her only comfort after their father's demise. Life was not easy, yet the widow worked hard to raise them well. Whatever the forest gave-wild greens, roots, fruits-she gathered and cooked with care. One evening, she prepared a simple pot of spinach she had plucked from the forest floor. When the boys tasted the dish, their faces lit up with astonishment.

"Mother!" they exclaimed. "This tastes like ambrosia. We have never eaten spinach so delicious!"



The widow smiled faintly and replied, "It is because the leaves were half eaten by Hashigring.

The brothers looked at one another. "Hashigring?" they asked.

"Yes", she said softly. "The great serpent of the mountains. Whatever he touches becomes rich and full of flavour."

The boys' eyes gleamed with excitement.

"If his bite can make spinach taste like the food of the gods," they said eagerly, "then imagine how delicious his flesh must taste! Let us go and hunt Hashigring and feast on him!"

At these words their mother's face turned pale.

"My sons", she pleaded, "do not speak such folly. Hashigring is no ordinary creature. He is a monstrous serpent feared by all. His very name means 'the Shadow of the earth'. Many have gone in search of him, and none have returned. Do not go looking for death."

But youth rarely listens to caution. The six brothers had already made up their minds. At dawn they set out into the deep forest. Determined to hunt the mighty serpent they wandered farther into the wilderness and they came upon three witches who lived along the path that led to Hashigring's lair. The first witch looked at them with sharp, knowing eyes. "So," she croaked, "you are the widow's sons who seek to slay Hashigring. Before you go any further, prove your strength. Eat this rice." The brothers looked down and saw that the rice was made of iron. They tried to chew it, but their teeth ached and their jaws trembled. None of them could eat it.

At dawn the cock crowed from the treetops: "Defeat to the widow's sons!"

Ashamed, they moved on. Soon they met the second witch beside a flowing stream who placed a basket before them. "If you are truly wise," she said, "fill this basket with water." The brothers ran to the stream and poured water into the basket. But the basket was riddled with holes, and the water drained away instantly. Again they failed.

At dawn the cock crowed once more: "Defeat to the widow's sons!"

Still they continued. The third witch stopped them beside a thick, thorny bush.

"Bring me a plantain leaf through this thorny bush", she commanded, "but the leaf must remain intact." The brothers tried and tried, but the thorns tore the leaf to shreds every time.

And again at dawn the cock crowed: "Defeat to the widow's sons!"

Yet stubborn pride drove them onward until they reached the high mountain where Hashigring lived. There, coiled around the mountain peak, lay the mighty serpent. His enormous body glistened in the sun like a river of dark scales. The brothers gathered their courage and shouted, "Hashigring! We have come to kill you!" The serpent slowly raised his massive head. His eyes gleaned like burning coals. In a deep rumbling voice he spoke.

"Kill me?" Hashigring hissed. "Little humans, do you even know who I am?"

"We know you well," said one of the brothers bravely. "You are Hashigring, the Shadow of the earth. Today we shall defeat you and feast upon your flesh!"

The serpent let out a terrible laugh that echoed across the mountains. "You wish to eat me?" he mocked. "Tell me, children, have you ever swallowed a mountain?"

"We are not afraid!" another brother shouted. Hashigring lowered his head and looked at them with amused curiosity.



"Very well," he said slowly. "Come then. Let me see what courage tastes like."

The brothers charged forward with weapons raised. But before they could even lift a finger, Hashigring drew in a single mighty breath. A roaring wind swept across the mountain. The six brothers were lifted off the ground like leaves in a storm and were sucked straight into the serpents's open mouth. In a second, Hashigring swallowed them whole and laughed thunderously. With cruel amusement, he said, "Eat me now, if you can-from my belly."

Back at the forest hut, the young widow waited and waited. Days turned to weeks and weeks to months. But her sons never returned. Soon her heart grew heavy with sorrow. One day, while gathering aubergines from her garden, she accidentally pricked her finger on a thorn. As she bent down in pain, she heard a faint voice whisper: "May you soon be blessed with a son." A moment later when she plucked an aubergine, she found a baby in the bush. She named him Panthaoraja meaning 'the Aubergine King'.



Panthaoraja grew up to be no ordinary child. Though small, he possessed extraordinary strength and wisdom beyond his years. He would dance, sing, and play magic tricks to make his mother laugh. Yet he noticed that sadness never truly left her eyes. One day he asked gently, "Mother, why does your heart still grieve?" With

tears in her eyes, the mother reluctantly told him about his six elder brothers and what happened to them. Panthaoraja listened quietly. Then he spoke with calm certainty, "Mother, I will bring them back." "You are only five years old! I don't want to lose you like I have lost your brothers to Hashigring." She had kept it a secret because she feared Panthaoraja might want to go look for them. But there was something in the boy's voice-calm, steady, and filled with divine conviction. Once he had made up his mind, nothing could stop him.

Panthaoraja set out on the same path his brothers had taken. He met the first witch, who gave him the iron rice. With ease he crushed it between his teeth and swallowed it.

At dawn the cock crowed proudly: "Victory to the widow's son!"

The second witch gave him the basket full of holes. Pantharaja sealed the holes with mud and filled the basket with water. Again the cock announced: "Victory to the widow's son!"

The third witch asked him to carry a plantain leaf through the thorny bush. Panthaoraja wrapped the leaf in magic wind and passed through without a single tear. Once more the cock proclaimed: "Victory to the widow's son!"

Soon Panthaoraja reached the mountain where Hashigring lay basking in the sun. The gigantic serpent looked down at the tiny boy and burst into laughter. "You?" he sneered. "Have they begun sending children to fight me now?" Panthaoraja smiled calmly.

"Size does not decide victory," he replied.

Before Hashigring could react, the boy moved like lightning. In a flash of divine speed, Panthaoraja struck and beheaded the great serpent. He cut open the enormous belly of Hashigring and found his six brothers inside, fast asleep. When they awoke, they stretched lazily and yawned. "Ah!" they said proudly, "we must have defeated Hashigring and then fallen asleep from exhaustion!" They gathered pieces of the serpent's flesh boasting of their imagined victory. When they saw the small boy standing nearby, they grew suspicious.

"Who are you?" they demanded. "Have you come to steal our meat?"

"I am your brother," Panthaoraja replied. "I rescued you."

The brothers burst into laughter. "A liar!" they scoffed.

When he followed them home, five of them grew angry, beat him, and tied him to a tree. Only the eldest brother showed mercy and stopped them from harming him further.

When the brothers reached home, their mother's joy knew no bounds but when she asked, "Where is Panthaoraja, your youngest brother who went to rescue you?" The six brothers fell silent with guilt. At that moment they heard a child crying outside. It was Panthaoraja.



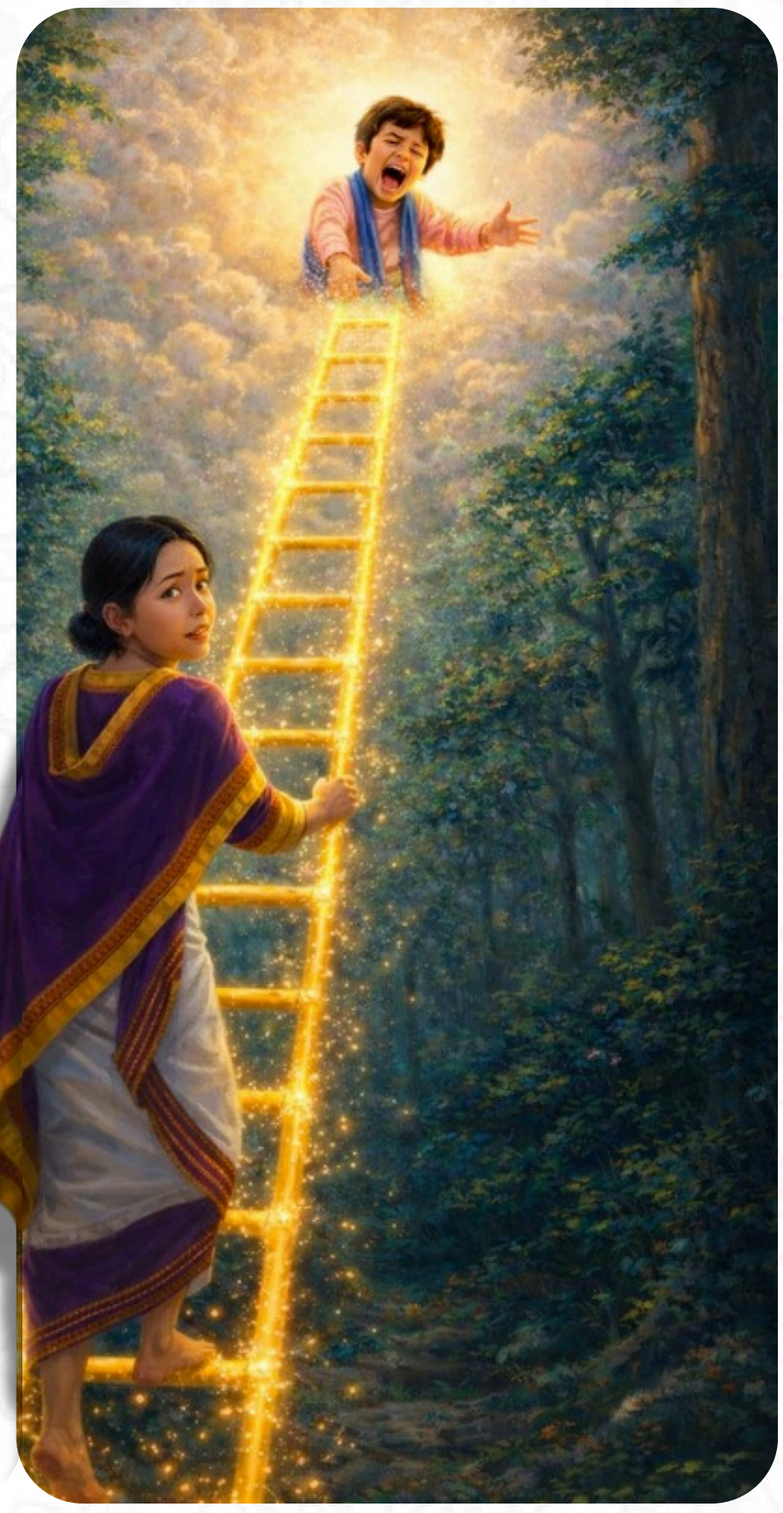
"I am leaving for heaven," he said softly. On learning how he was treated, his mother, filled with sorrow and love, decided to go with him. "Please bring me a thread," Panthaoraja told her. He threw the thread toward the sky. Miraculously, it stretched upward and formed a glowing

ladder reaching all the way to heaven. Before climbing, Panthaoraja turned to his brothers. To the eldest he said, "You showed kindness. For that, you shall live as a house lizard, close to people." But to the other brothers he said sternly, "You were cruel and ungrateful." He turned them into geckos, condemned to live on a tree that he would strike with lightning.

Then he spoke gently to his mother:

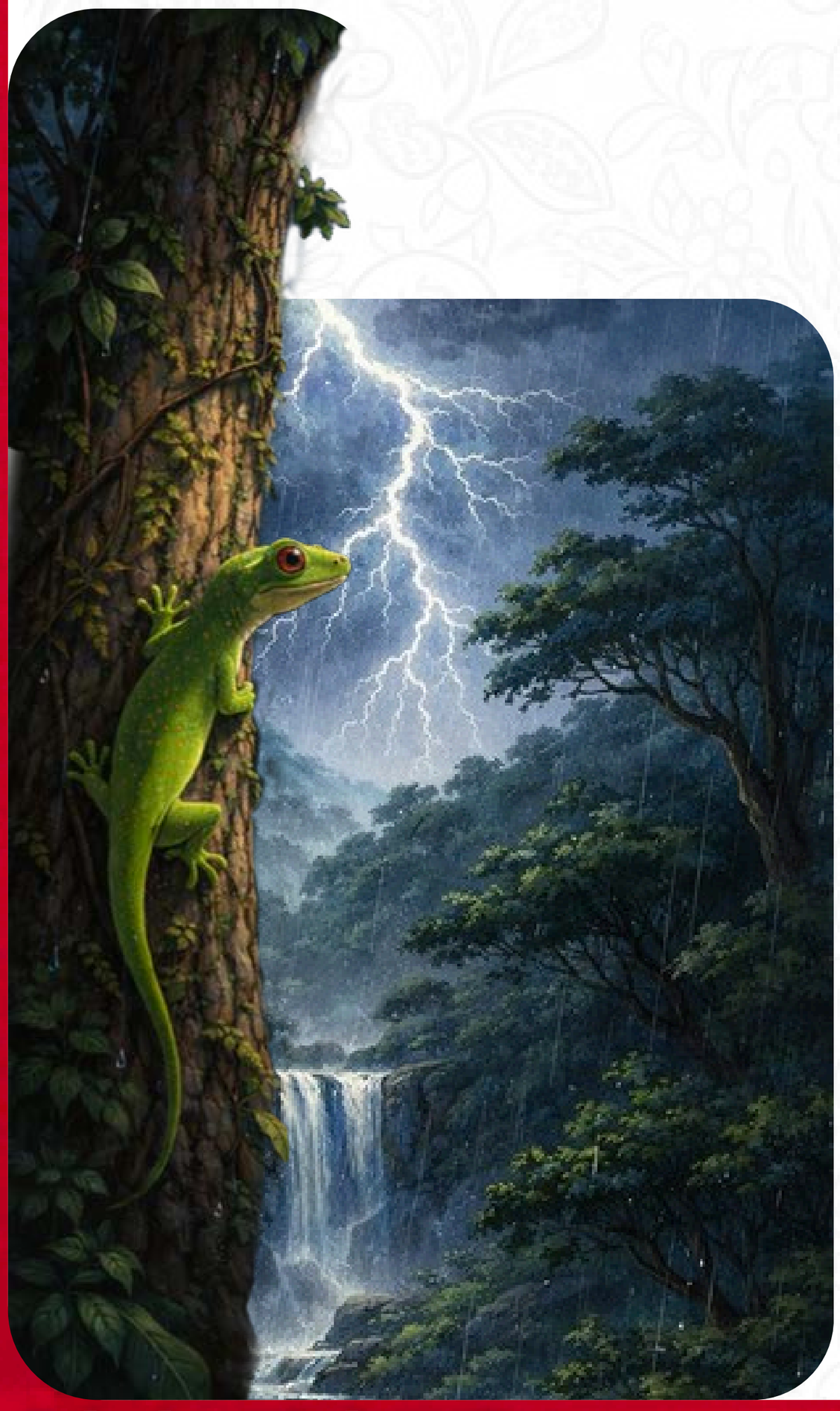
"Climb with me-but do not turn back. If you do, the ladder will vanish."

Then they began to climb the ladder to heaven. Below them, the brothers cried out desperately for their mother. Their sorrowful cries moved every living creature-young and old-to tears. Unable to resist the heart breaking cries of her sons, the mother turned back for one last look. At once the ladder disappeared. And the poor widow remained forever suspended between heaven and earth. Seeing this, Panthaoraja who was ahead and by then reached heaven, cried out in anguish, "No!"



His scream was so powerful that it rolled across the sky like the beating of a great drum of the heavens. The echo of that sorrowful cry spread through the clouds, and the mountains trembled beneath its sound.

And so it is believed that on rainy days, whenever a gecko calls from the trees, lightning soon flashes across the sky and thunder follows close behind. Each flash of lightning and every rumble of thunder is Panthaoraja's fury whose anger still burns at the ungrateful brothers who cost him the chance to live forever with the mother he loved so dearly.



REMINISCENCE

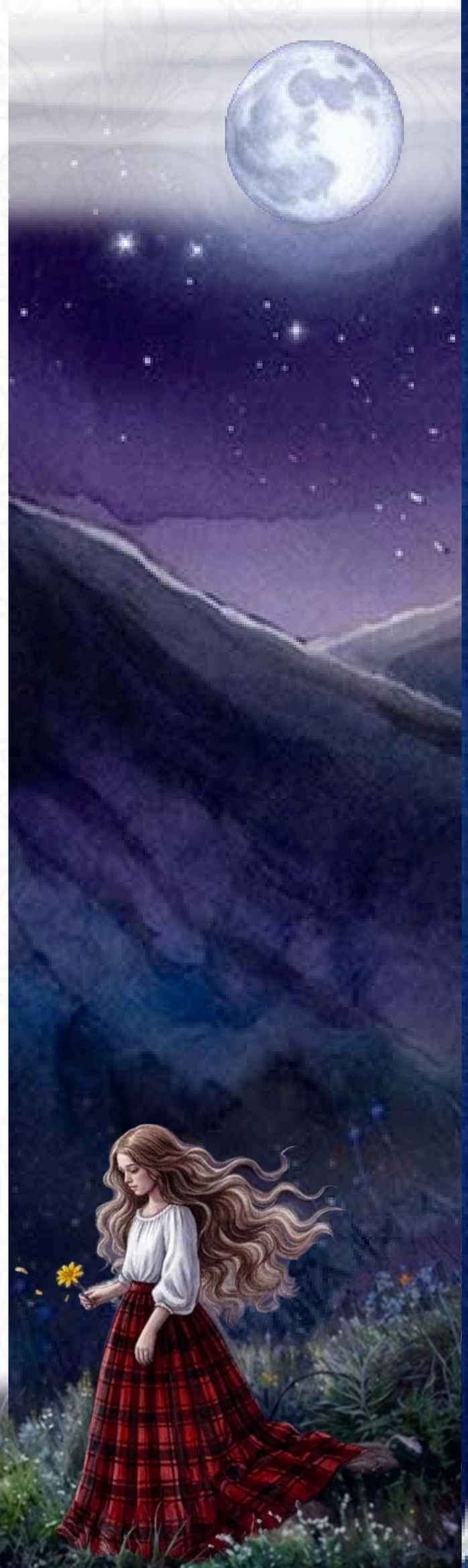
BY DR. UTJALA BARMAN
Associate Professor

When I look back on my life, my dear friend
I remember the cheerful moments the most,
When we sat together in a green-rosy field
and stared long at the serene evening sky,
till the reddened sun disappeared out of our sights.

When I look back on my life, my dear friend
I remember the thrilling moments the most,
When we spent together sharing our hopes and dreams
or long night hours;
And soaring to our dreamland.

When I look back on my life, my dear friend
The saddest moments I repent the most,
When we went for a picnic in an ill-fated bus,
Unfortunately, it plunged into the river
And you left me without a goodbye.

O world! O life! Oh my friend!
Everything seemed to me now dreary and desolate,
I find myself in a quiet islet
Where I'm bereft of love and companionship,
Come back my friend and share your joyful
exuberance with me.
Alas! The cruel fate has robbed us of our euphoria.



(Composed in the year 2000 in the memory of a dear friend who died in a tragic accident)

GREEN AND GOLDEN

BY DR. RONGINA NARZARY
Associate Professor

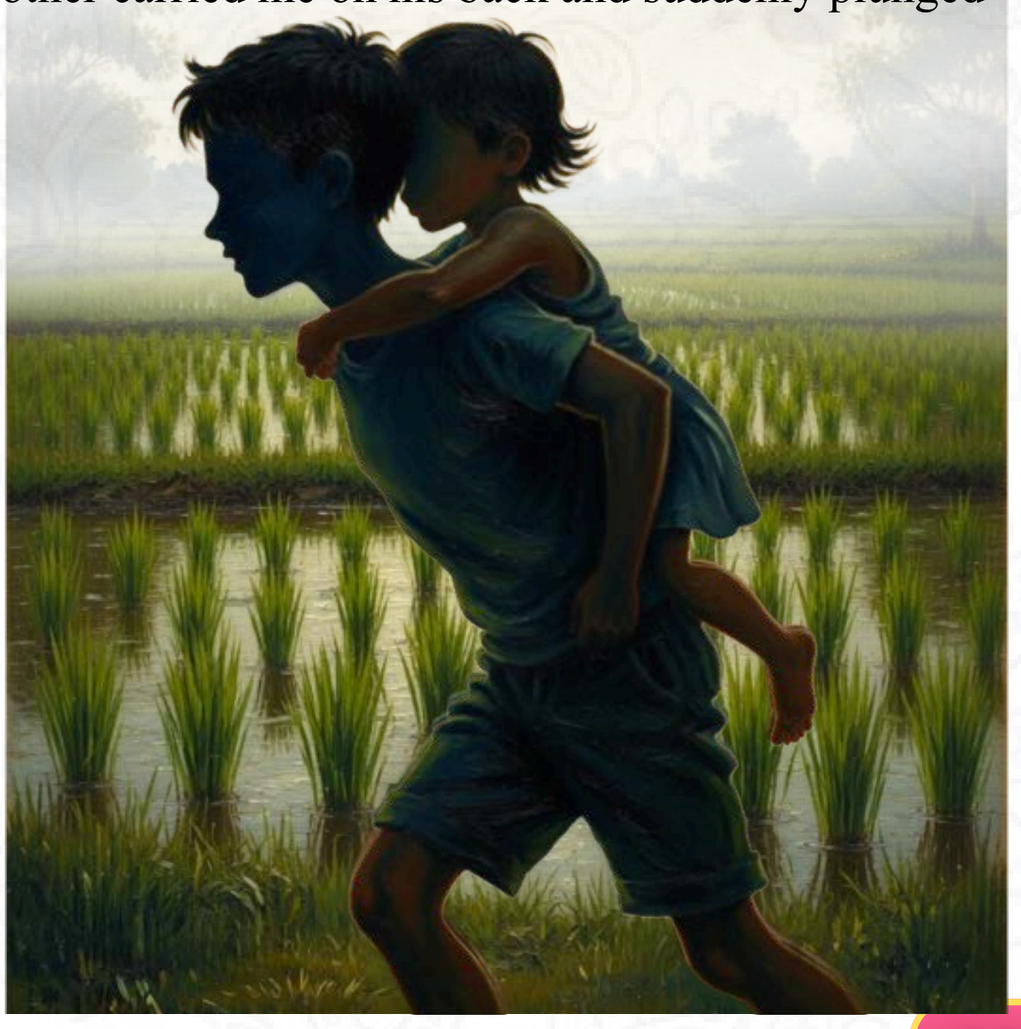
In times not long ago, a vacation for a typical Indian family usually meant a trip to one's ancestral village— to one's roots, to soil and to stories half-forgotten. For my family, these annual visits brought together relatives at my grandfather's home. For me, they meant learning new skills, meeting numerous people, and making new friends. These short trips, undertaken with ritual regularity, gave me access to a free and fascinating world. The village had a soul and a texture of its own. I realized much later that the experiences gathered from small, seemingly insignificant acts had served as the building blocks of my character.



One such memorable visit to my father's ancestral home left a lasting impression on my mind. At the onset of the vacation, I had trouble making friends, but my persistent efforts eventually persuaded my niece who was older than me to induct me into her group. Thereafter, life in the village became much easier and more exciting. Every day, I tagged along with the other children for our daily dose of adventure—which I believe is the birthright of every child. I picked up a secret language (words broken into syllables and spoken with the addition of an 's' sound), used especially by the girls. Together, we joyfully explored the village, which I remember as bright and golden under the summer sky.

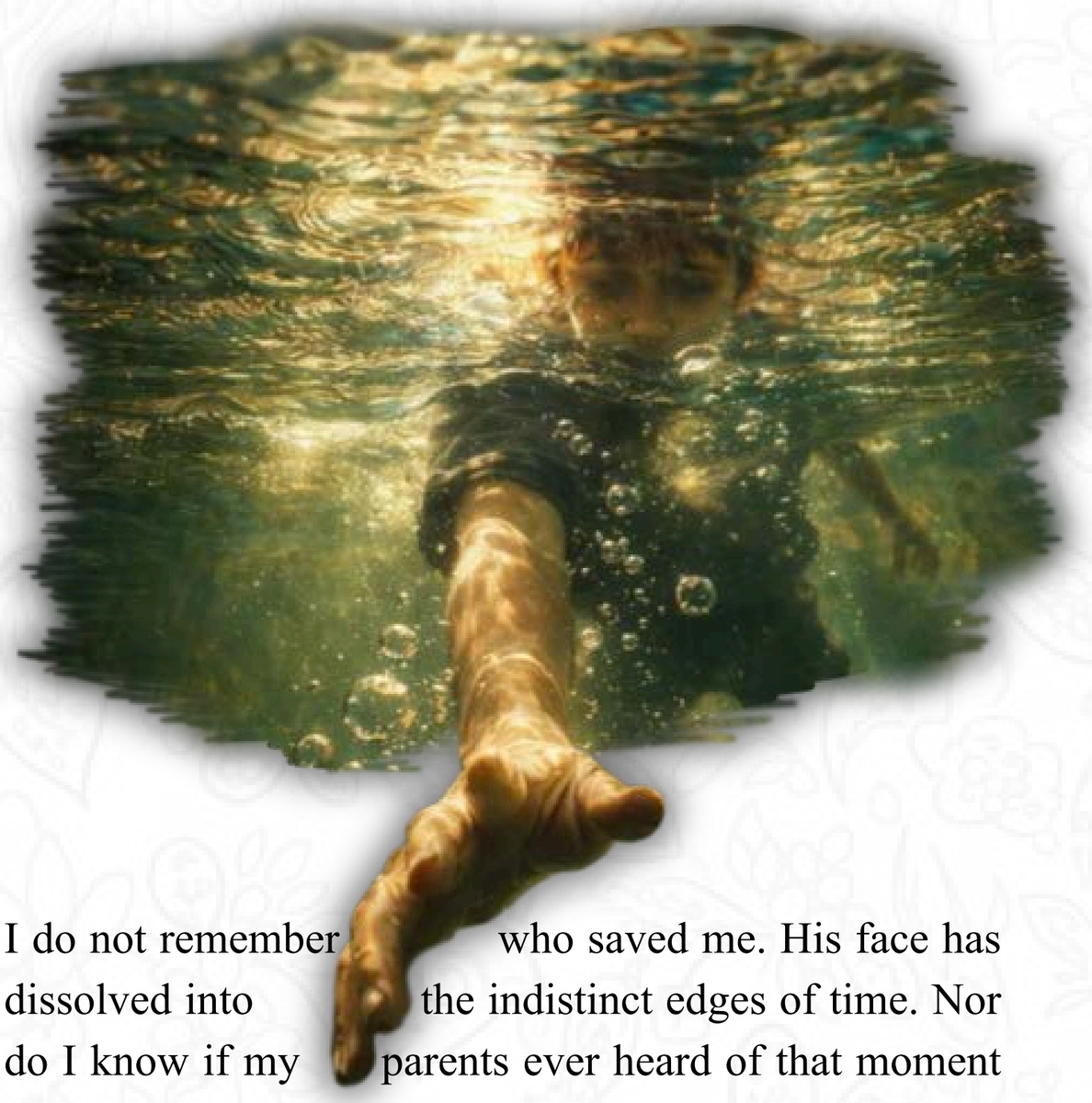
The village was divided into two halves by a road that ran through its centre. One side comprised of residential homes, while the other stretched into a vast expanse of golden paddy fields. A small lane branching off from the main road led to the fields. Between this lane and the fields flowed a river—an enigmatic river named after a local deity. It ran parallel to a government-built embankment which provided water to the paddy fields.

All the village children routinely flocked to the *matauri* to take a dip in the cold water, to soothe their sunburnt backs after a daylong adventure. One day, my elder brother carried me on his back and suddenly plunged



into the water without warning—in that sudden moment of fear and surrender, I learned how to dive and hold my breath. Encouraged by my new friends, I tasted wild fruits and even caught grasshoppers in the paddy fields. That summer, I drank water from a spring-fed hole alongside the men and women working in the fields.

I had been warned to stay away from the river, as it was believed to be guarded by a deity who could be angered. Yet, driven by curiosity, I waded into it, drawn by some mysterious force. Soon, I felt the water engulf me, rising above my head. I remember struggling for breath—and at that very moment, someone pulled me out.



I do not remember who saved me. His face has dissolved into the indistinct edges of time. Nor do I know if my parents ever heard of that moment suspended between loss and rescue. But what remains, luminous and enduring, is something else—the freedom the village gave me, the fragile yet fierce bond of childhood friendships, and the quiet, unquestioning courage of a boy who reached out when it mattered most. Even now, when memory returns me to that place, I see it as it once was—green and golden, shimmering with life, holding within it the echo of a childhood that taught me how to belong, to wonder, and, perhaps, to be saved.



MORE THAN JUST A TOURIST
FALLING FOR BANARAS

BY DR. MADHULIKA SINGH
Head Of The Department

Kashi, Banaras or Varanasi. Call it by any name, the city will evoke the same feelings. The name Kashi has been derived from the Sanskrit word 'kasi' i.e. 'to shine' and it is the City of Light. Varanasi is the official name and has been coined conjoining the names of two of its rivers- Varuna and Assi. Banaras is the more popular and colloquial variation of Varanasi and was used by the British but is in common use even now.



My connection with Varanasi is through my father. During the last 30 years my perception of the city has evolved. During the last few years Varanasi has been in the limelight due to various political and religious reasons. My take on the city however, is not dependent on such affiliations. In the 1990s and the 2000s, I found the city crammed and chaotic and ridden with 15-18 hours of daily load shedding. Other than the huge sprawling Banaras Hindu University campus and the cantonment areas, the bustle and chaos of the city almost got to you. The disorder and noise are still there, but largely tamed (as much as it is possible for one of the oldest continuously inhabited cities to be) because of superb urban planning in the recent times. Varanasi has gradually grown on me over the years although I must admit I still have a lot of the city to explore. I have always visited it when it has been at its noisiest - during winter and *Sankranti*, during the month of *shravan* and during *Dussehra* when traffic, tourists, festivals all peak. Whenever I take a flight at these times from Varanasi to New Delhi for my connecting flight to Guwahati, I always realise that the flight carries more foreign tourists than it does Indians!

I am equally connected to another city which also has its roots in traditions and history. It is the city of Guwahati which has been my *janmasthali* and my *karmasthali* (both literally and metaphorically) and my first home. But I wish to talk a little about my connection and my impression of Varanasi which I plan to make my second home. My numerous visits to the land of Shiva, i.e., Varanasi has always elicited complicated feelings.

It is a city full of stark contradictions and that is one of its appeals as both the cosmopolitan and the local coexist. In stark contrast to its timeless antiquity are the built modern structures, and its spiritual reputation jostles with the noisy chaos of its streets. But for those who love Banaras the city has an unceasing magnetic pull.

Varanasi has something that I would call the "ghatscape". Replete with numerous *ghats* along its riverfront, it is the Manikarnika and the Dashashvamedha *ghats* which have become the most popular, and they have come to represent the quintessential Banarasi image that has been the source of so much picturesque representation. These stretches of the riverfront attract particular attention and have become iconic of the city's ritual life. Varanasi has been persistently romanticized as a city sitting outside of mortal time and a place which signifies eternal



spirituality also testified by both the religious texts as also history. However the spectacular *Ganga Arti* is said to be a new tradition. It is a ritual for River Ganga that is held simultaneously at several *ghats* along the riverfront every evening. On my visit to the city in 2002, I learnt that the *Ganga Arti* was then just around three years old, and in the beginning it was performed only at the Dashashvamedha Ghat. Gradually the ritual had become more elaborate and occurred at several other *ghats* like the Kedar and the Assi Ghats. The priests in saffron robes line up against a backdrop of illuminated buildings and perform the *Arti* with synchronised movement of huge lamps to the sound of devotional music and *mantras* played on the PA systems. A truly mesmerizing visual display carrying its own dramatic appeal, it emphasizes the narrative of Varanasi's eternal spirituality. This performance is directed at pilgrims and tourists alike and one can rent a boat to watch the *Arti* for a more panoramic view. Even the Banaras mornings are different and celebrated as *Subah-e-Banaras* when a morning *Arti* is performed at 5.30 am especially at Assi Ghat. In contrast to the evening *Arti*, the morning *Arti* is a relatively peaceful one. It reinforces a sense of calm and serenity and provides a unique cultural flavour to the city. I would like to quote Rashid Banarasi from his collection *Masnavi* about the splendour of Banaras:



The face of a particle of Banarasi earth blazes brighter than the mirror of the sun.

These sights have the clarity of a polished mirror;
In its atmosphere, in its winds, in its graces, it is a residence of the heart.
A glance of the morning is like offering of a view of paradise;
It is as if the youth of the afternoon offered its every colour to the morning.
Sunbeams of the new sun come and bathe in the Ganges...

Situated on the western banks of the River Ganga Varanasi has long been a centre of urban habitation. One cannot mention Varanasi and not think of the connection that Lord Shiva has with the city also elaborated in the *Kashi Khand* of the *Skanda Purana* and several other texts. Indeed, Varanasi is considered to be a home of Shiva and his consort Parvati. Shiva's connection to the River Ganga is crystallized through a myth in which he tames the ferocious, heavenly, and life-sustaining river by binding her hair locks before letting her flow gently on earth. Varanasi also has the Kaal Bhairav Temple and the story associated with it is a fascinating. One of Shiva's Rudra and therefore formidable avatars, Bhairav embodies the unyielding force of time and the cosmic order. The story of his origin is linked with the severing of Lord Brahma's fifth head by Bhairav which symbolized the destruction of excessive pride and ego. Under the guilt of *Brahma hatya* Bhairav carries a spiritual burden symbolized in the act of his wandering with the severed skull. This signifies that along with power comes responsibility. Power cannot reign uncontrolled. After a period of renunciation and penance he enters Kashi when the severed skull falls marking the end of his punishment. Devotees also believe that before entering the sacred city of Kashi one has to bow before Kaal Bhairav as he was appointed by Lord Shiva as the guardian and protector of the city from evil forces. No visit to Varanasi is complete without a visit to the Kaal Bhairav Temple. The Kashi Vishwanath Temple is dedicated to Lord Shiva and houses one of the 12 *jyotirlingas*.

It was in Varanasi (Sarnath) that the Buddha first preached his core ideas, while the southern portion of the city was home to Tulsidas as he composed the *Ramcharitamanas*. Varanasi also has its own weaver-poet-philosopher, Kabir, the 14th-15th century mystic of the Bhakti movement. The master storyteller in Hindi and Urdu, Premchand was born in a village called Lamhi in Varanasi. He pioneered the entry of Dalit lives into

Indian fiction and two of his immensely troubling novels focus on the plight of urban women. Literary festivals on Premchand Jayanti on 31st July are still organised annually in his ancestral home in Lamhi.



There has been a spate of movies which utilized Varanasi as a backdrop against which to weave its narraitives - *Masaan, Laaga Chunri mein Daag, Water, Hotel Salvation, Brahmastra Part I Shiva, Mohalla Assi, Raanjhana, Gangs of Wasseypur*, *Varanasi* and so many more. Popular series such as *Asur* and *Mirzapur* are also set in Varanasi. Satyajit Ray's iconic *Aparajito* and *Joi Baba Felunath* are Bangla movies set in Varanasi. One cannot also forget the film songs that have captured the people's imagination and which use the cultural and material symbols that the city is associated with - the robust 'Khaike paan Banaraswala' or the sweet and melodious "Tu ban ja gali Banaras ki".

The legendary Banarasi *paan;* the mouth watering street food, both sweet and savoury and also the local *thandai;* Banarasi silk *sarees* woven by exceptionally gifted craftsmen; music of the Banaras Gharana including Thumri and Dadra; folk music including Chaiti, Hori and Kajri; sitar maestro Pt. Ravi Shankar and the shehnai legend Ustad Bismillah Khan; the Ramlila - a ten-day



theatrical representation of Lord Rama's life; the labyrinthine galiyan- a network of extremely narrow,



winding alleyways which still carry the timeless, raw and chaotic feel of Varanasi are all the material and cultural symbols that one can endlessly talk about.

I shall, however, conclude here with my idea of Varanasi as the Salvation city or *muktidham*. Varanasi is said to be where the soul can be liberated once and for all from the vicious cycle of life and death. Kaal Bhairav himself is said to guard the Manikarnika Ghat. An interesting legend is associated with the place. When Sati's body was splintered into many pieces by Vishnu's *Sudarshan Chakra*, her ear ornament i.e. 'manikarnika' had fallen at this spot where the *ghat* is now. Known as the *Mahashamsan*, Manikarnika is the oldest and the holiest cremation ground and it is said that the luckiest amongst us can have the final rest here. Death is a constant here. As the mythical belief goes, an eternal sacred fire burns here and those cremated by this eternal fire attain *moksha* i.e. ultimate liberation. Here death is seen as a celebration and many have reported attaining a sense of calm and detachment after witnessing the funerals. Manikarnika not only becomes a medium for the dead person's soul to be eternally free but the one who observes is also taught a timeless and humbling lesson.

To let go.

Factually...



English
History
Language
Literature

FACTUALLY...





1

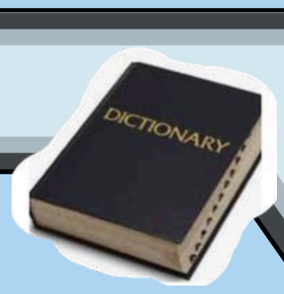
Geoffrey Chaucer came up with the word "Twitter" to describe the light chirping of a caged bird for freedom.



2

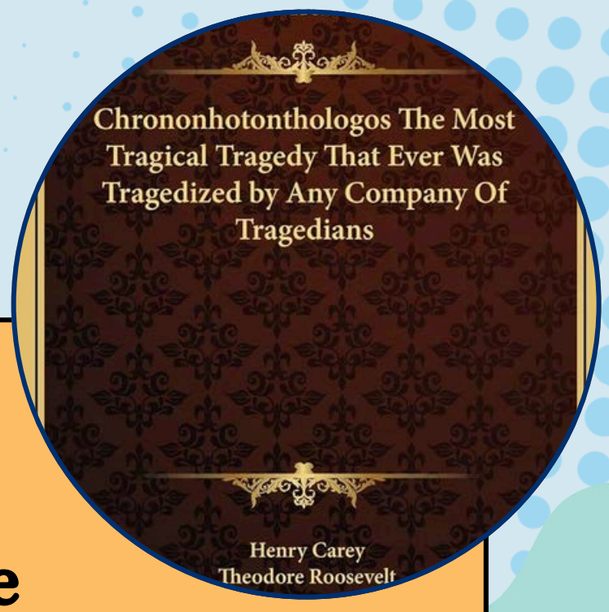
William Caxton established the first printing press in England at Westminster in 1476.





3

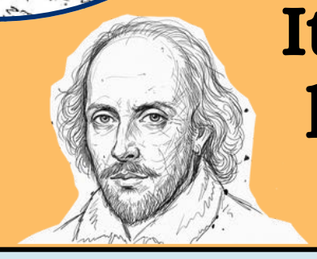
The first edition of Oxford English Dictionary took more than 70 years to complete.



4

The play 'Chrononhotonthologos' is famous for having one of the strangest and longest titles in literature.





The grave of William Shakespeare has a curse written on it. It warns people not to move his bones or they may face bad luck.

5



The term "Rhea" refers to anything flowing excessively. Dacryorrhea is the excessive flow of tears.

6

m

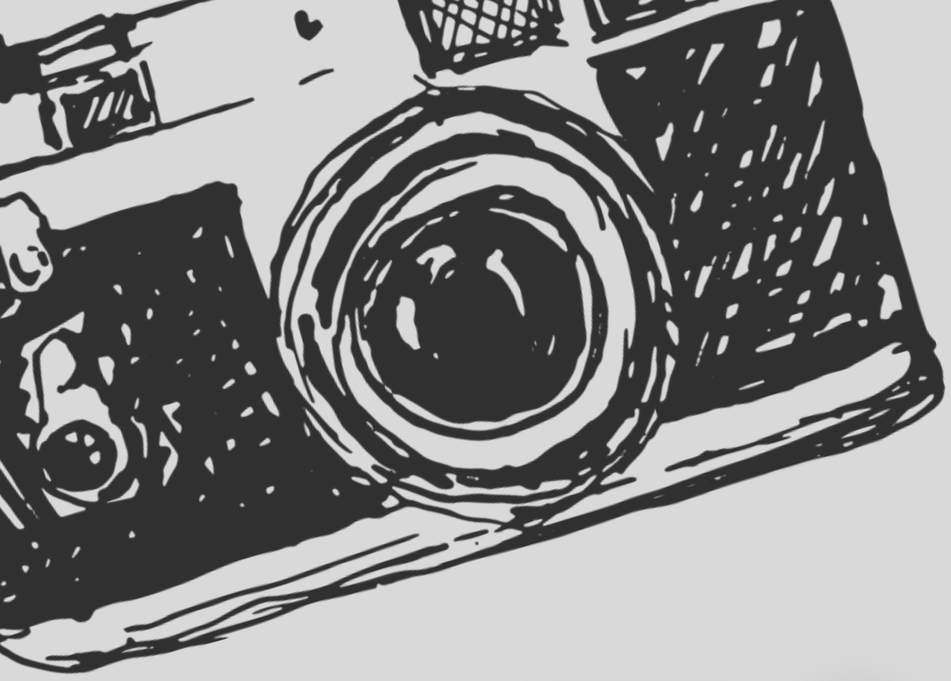
Aram Saroyan's four-legged "m" has been cited in the Guinness Book of Records as the World's shortest poem.

7



The longest word in a major English dictionary is pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis (45 letters), which refers to a lung disease caused by inhaling volcanic dust.

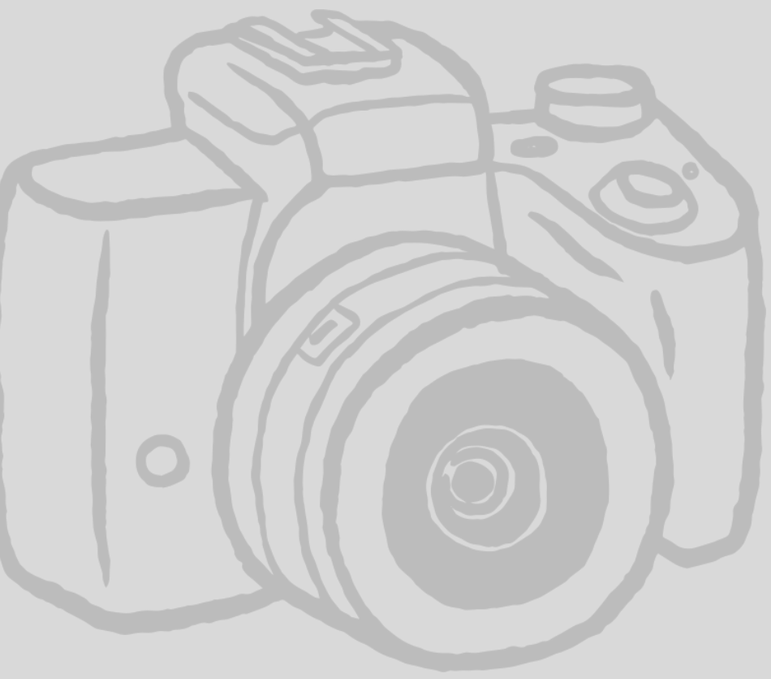
8

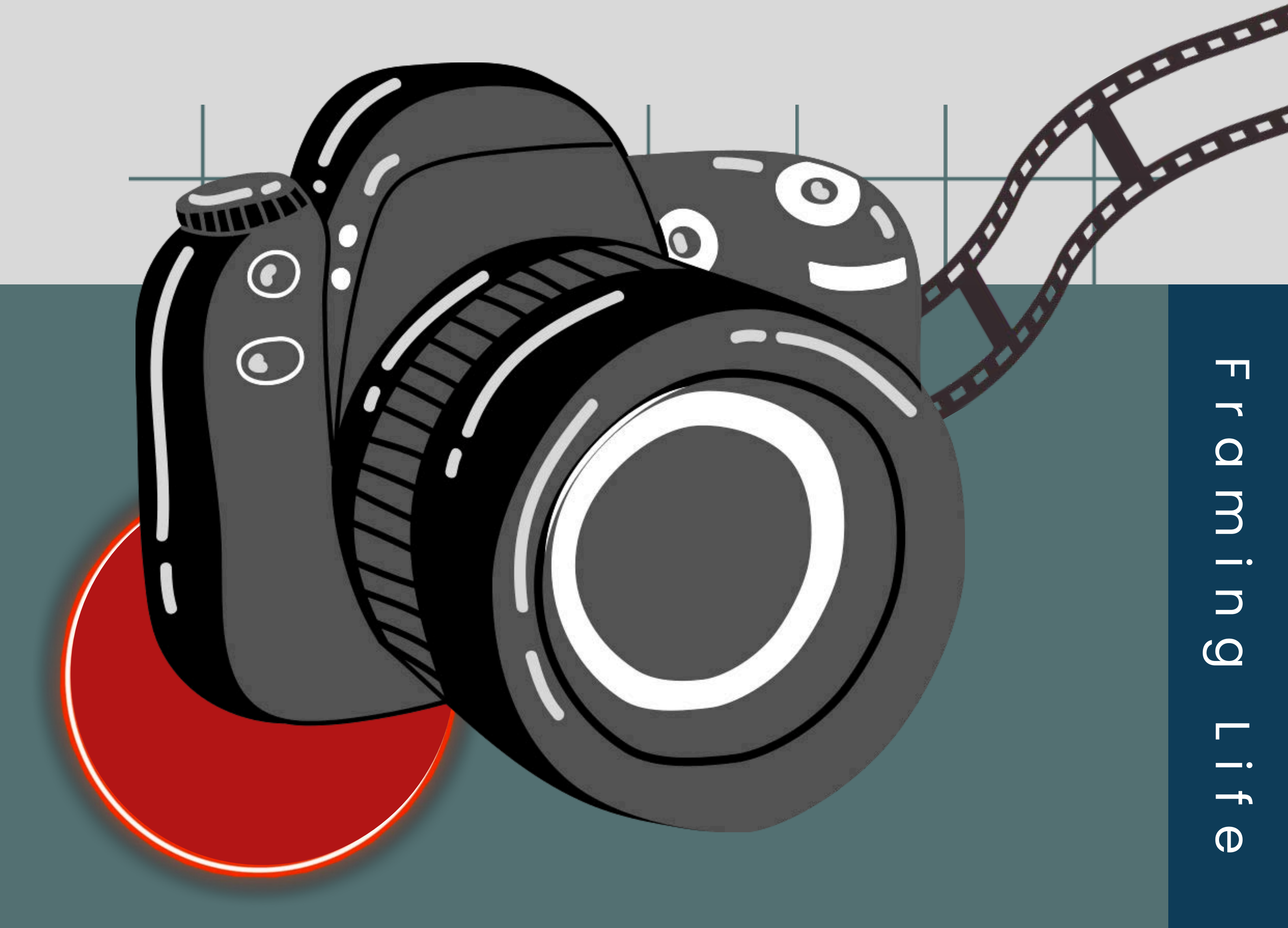




Pixel Diaries

Every picture tells a story





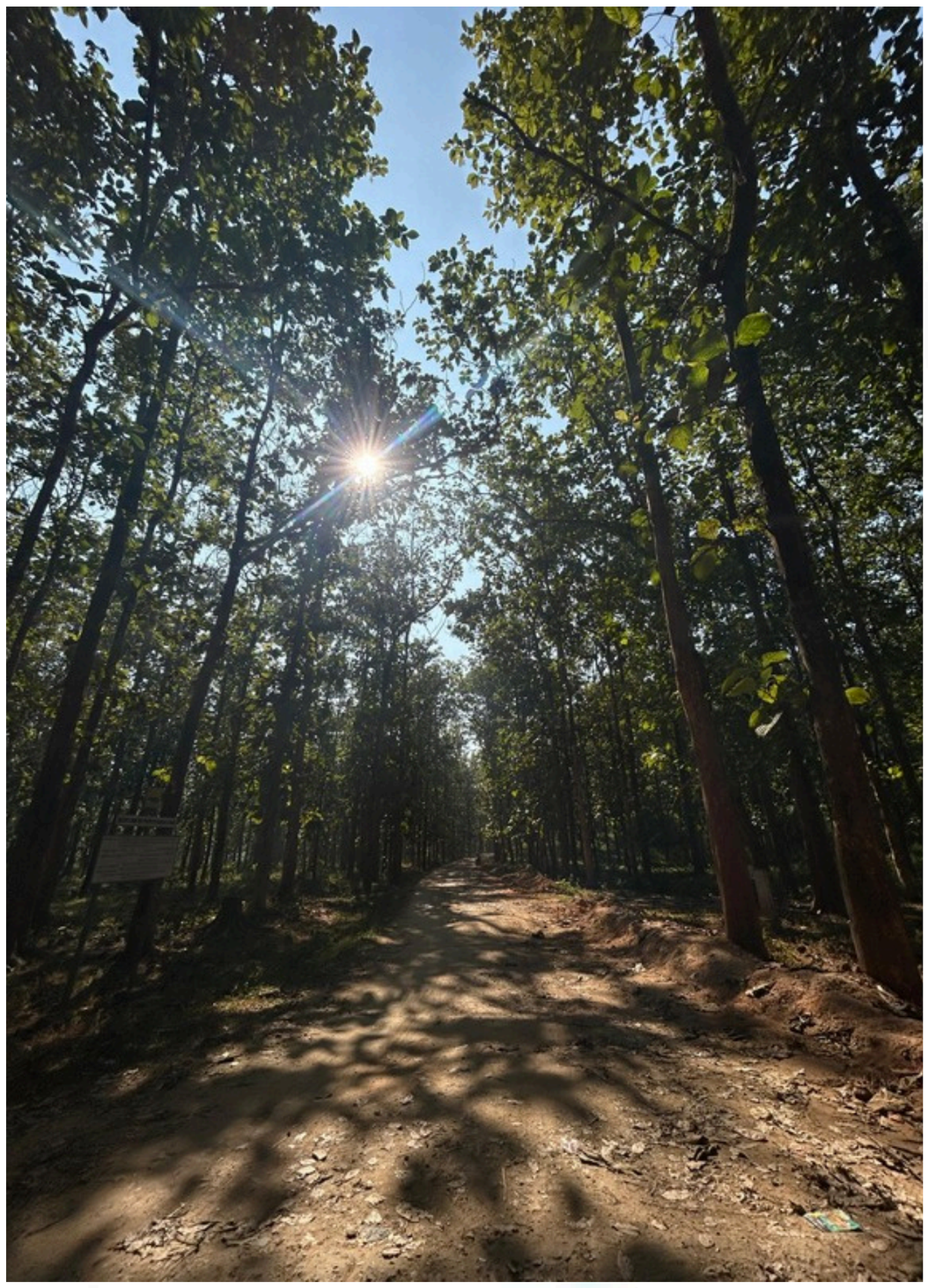
Framing Life



Even in the arms of darkness, a thousand lights whisper that dreams never sleep.

Photographer: Debosmita ghose

VI Semester



"A walk in nature walks the soul back home."- Mary Davis

Photographer: Bhumistha Das

IV Semester



Steps covered by time.

Photographer: Bhabana Deka

VI Semester



The sun sinks slowly,
carrying my worries away.

Photographer: Priti Doley

VI Semester



The river doesn't rush, yet it reaches.

Photographer: Mayuri Rabha

VI Semester



In the age of screens
I want to watch real views.

Photographer: Mukesh Chetry

II Semester



Some things glow even when they're falling apart.

Photographer: Madhushmita Roy

II Semester



Crow: 'Drive.' Deer: 'I didn't sign up for this.'

Photographer: Barun Rabha

VI Semester



Among the white posies, the wild lies without a whisper.

Photographer: Juman Das

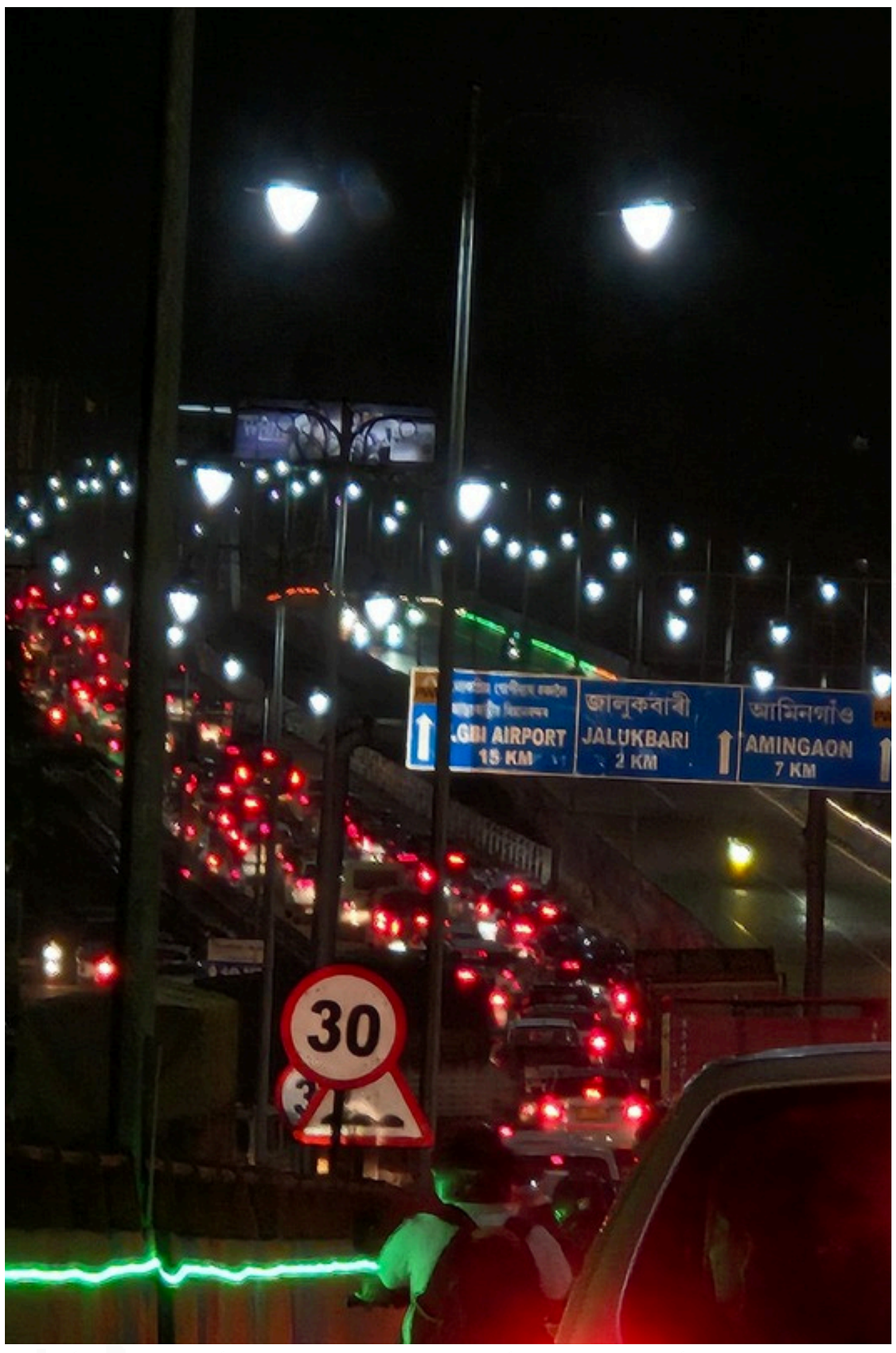
II Semester



Some come seeking answers, others just a moment to breathe.

Photographer: Violina Goswami

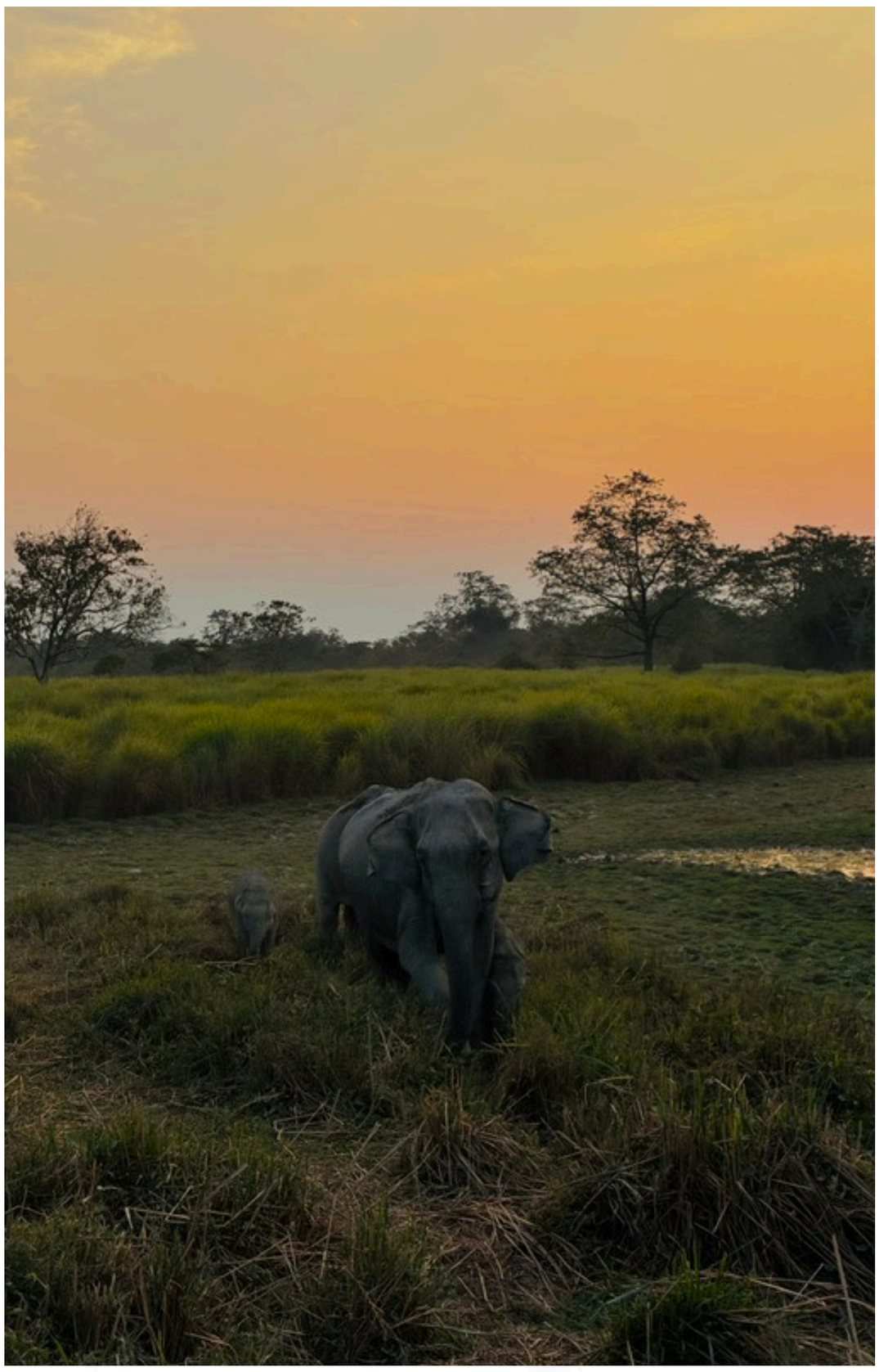
VI Semester



The night is more alive and more richly colored than the day — Vincent van Gogh

Photographer: Aradhana Saikia

VI Semester



Nature's giants in their golden element.

Photographer: Shahnoor Maryam

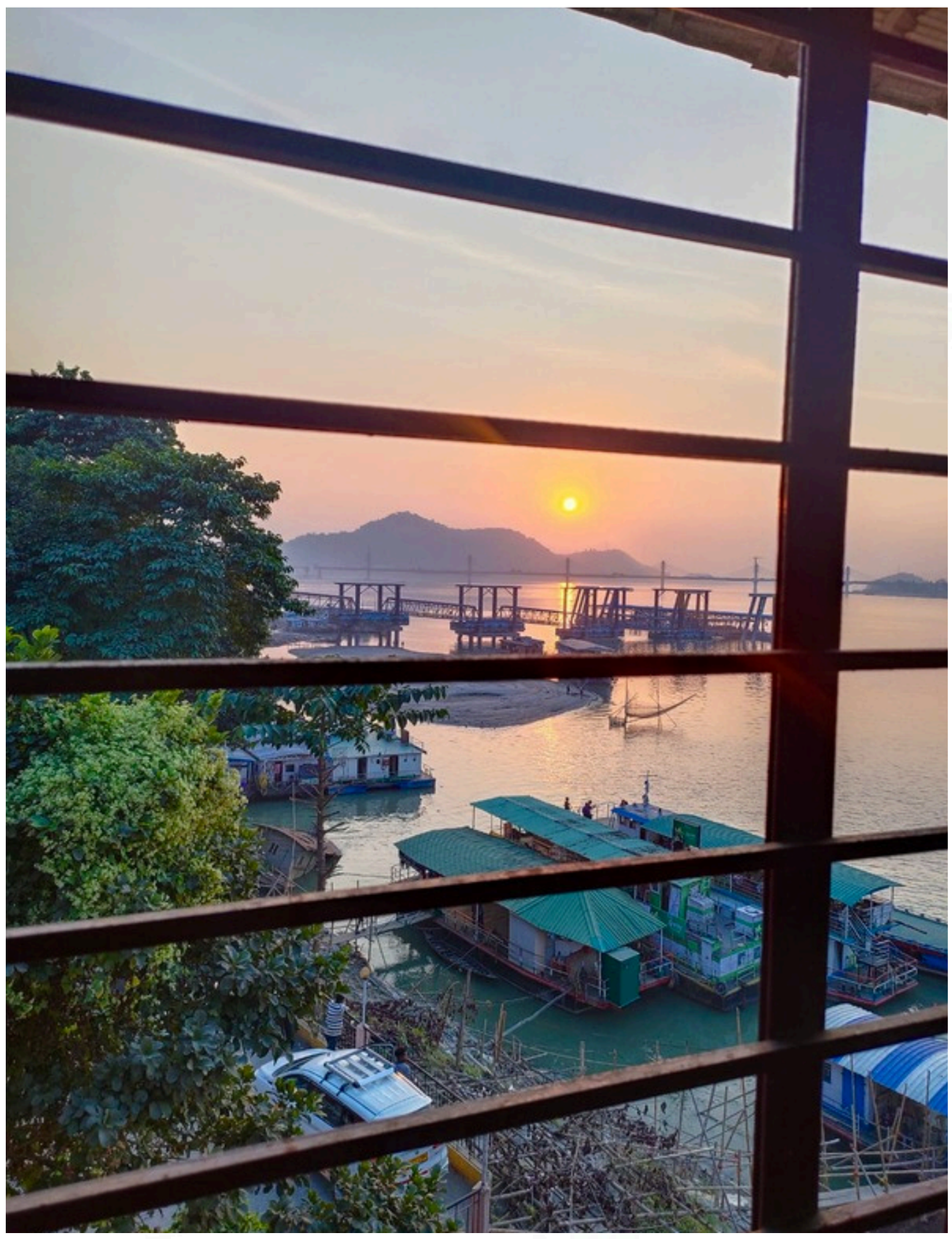
VI Semester



Floating freely, untouched by hurry or care.

Photographer: Nandika Singh

VI Semester



In a world of concrete, the sky still feels alive.

Photographer: R.Venkata Ramanna

VI Semester



Everyone smiles in the same language.

Photographer: Barun Rabha

VI Semester



“When The River Meets The Sea...”- John Denver

Photographer: Dr. Madhulika Singh

Head Of The Department, Department of English

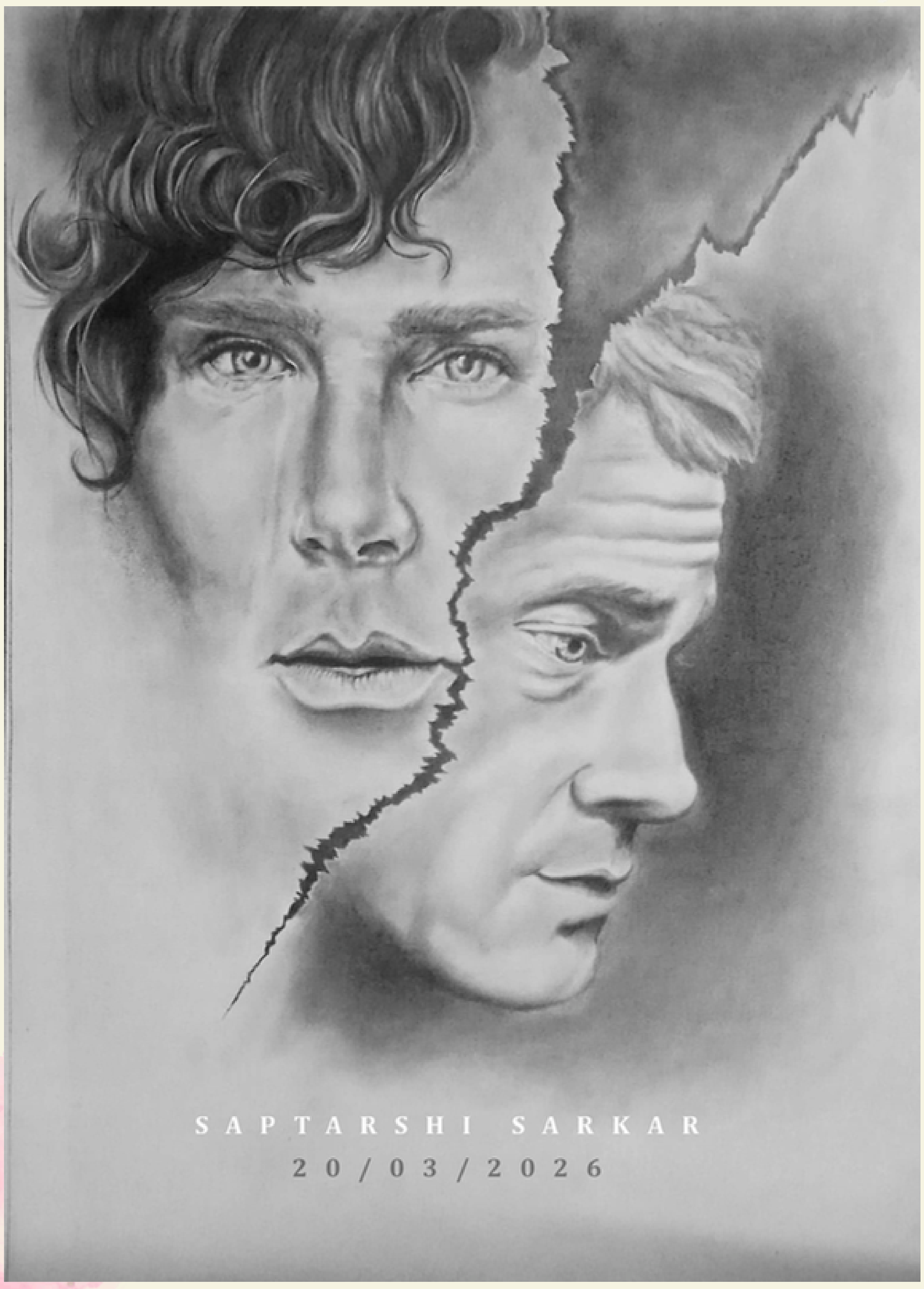
ART GALLERY

- **Paintings/ Sketches**
- **Collage Art**
- **Calligraphy Art**

Paintings / Sketches

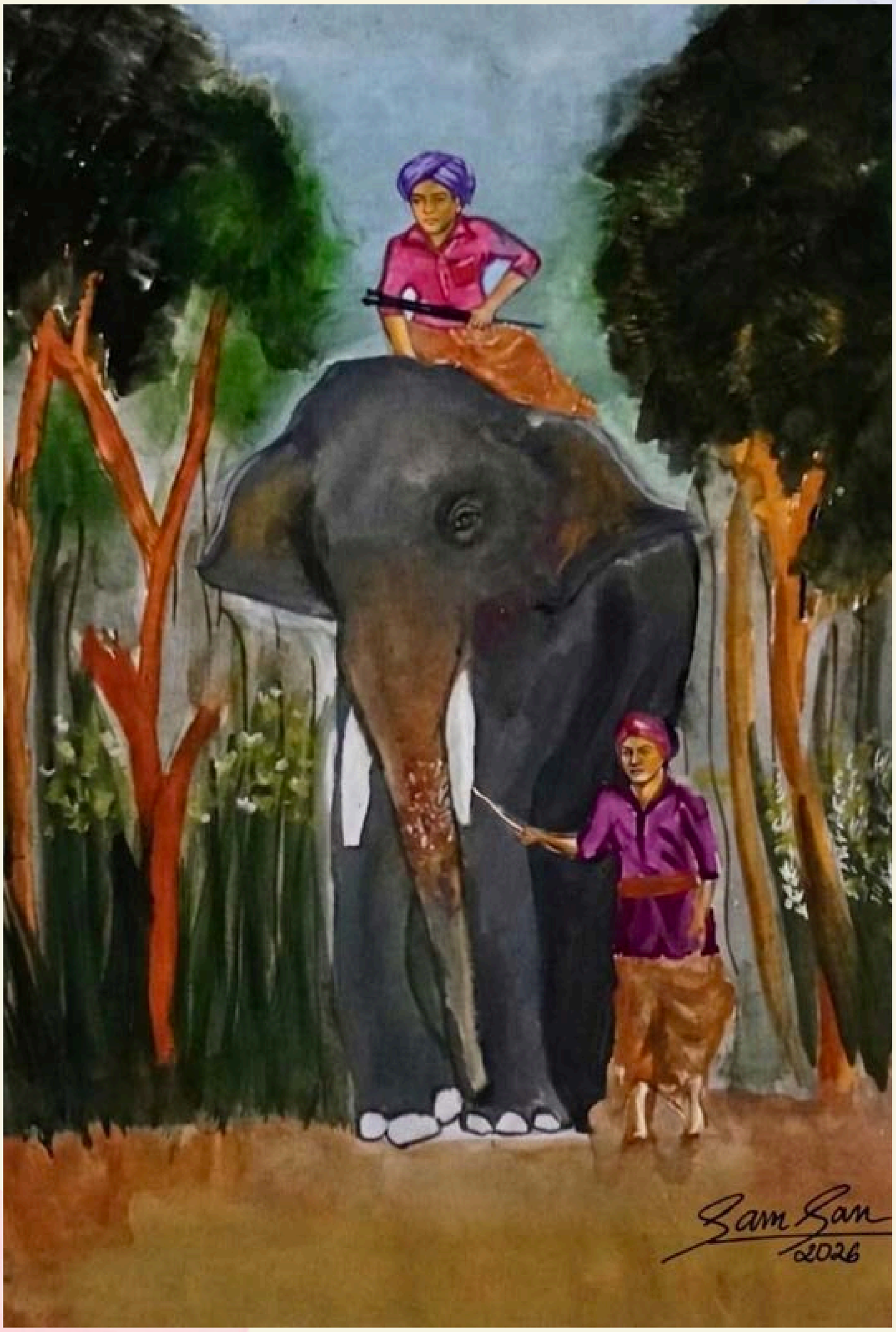


HOLMES & WATSON



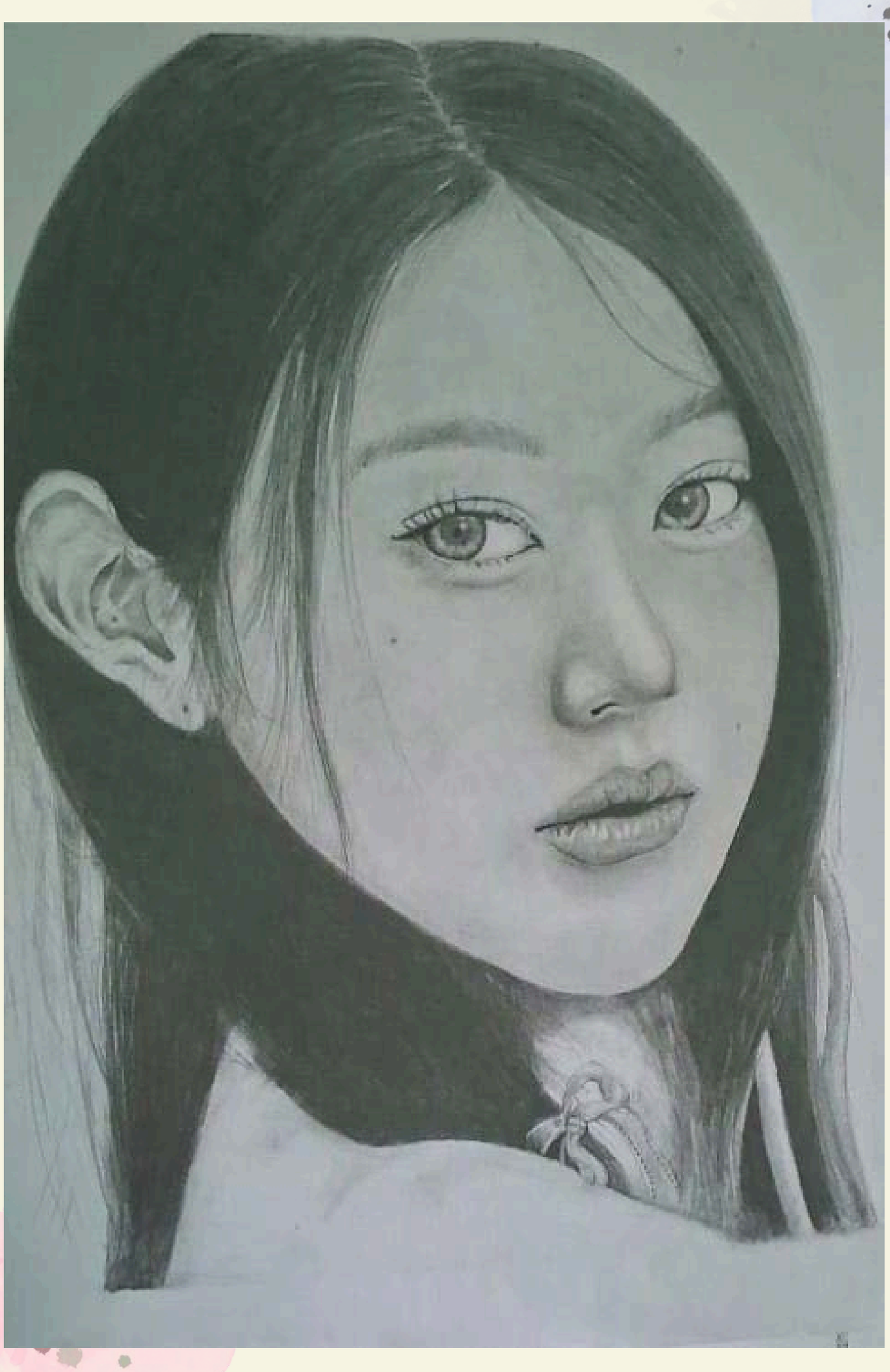
By Saptarshi Sarkar
FYUGP 4th Semester

SKILL IS THE REAL STRENGTH



By Samriddha Deka & Sanskrita Deka
FYUGP 2nd Semester

KPOP IDOL-
JANG WON-YOUNG



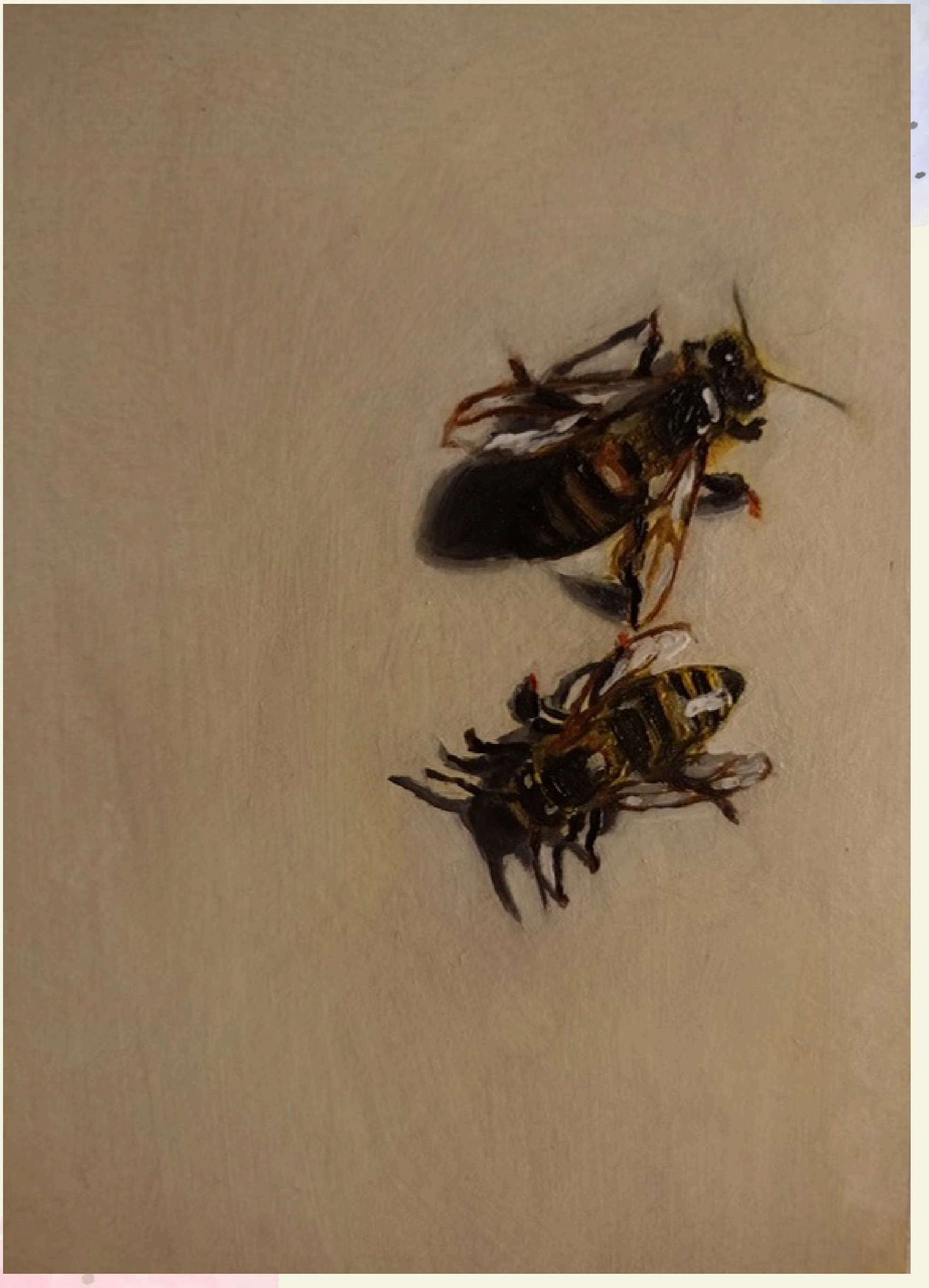
By Haiwangrangbe Nriame
FYUGP 4th Semester

APOCALYPSE FASHION



By Mriganka Bhattacharjee
FYUGP 6th Semester

BEES ON PAPER



By Mriganka Bhattacharjee
FYUGP 6th Semester

A COVETED HAUNT



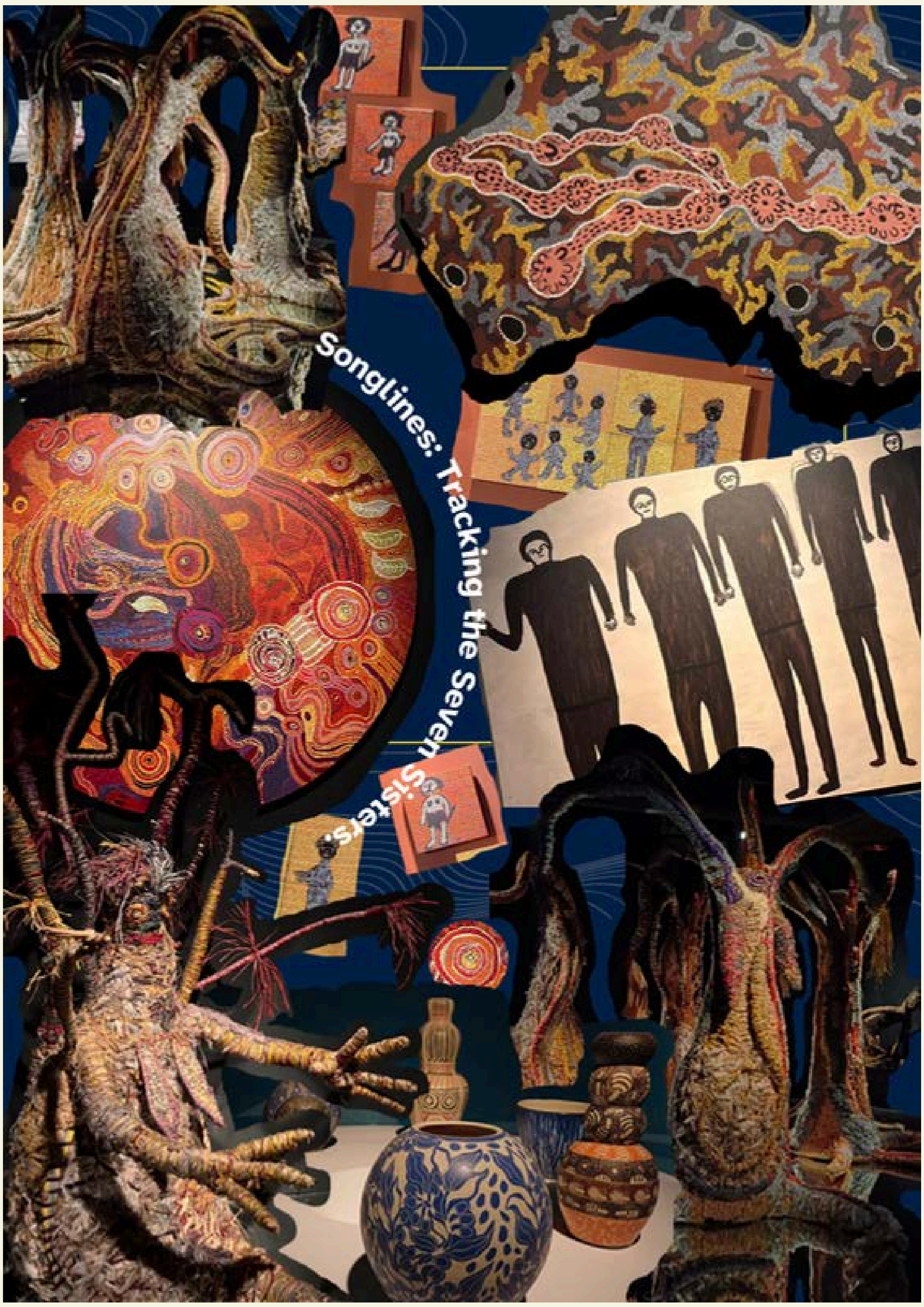
By Tanusree Dutta
FYUGP 6th Semester

COLLAGE ART

FIRST MAJOR NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AUSTRALIA

EXHIBITION

DECEMBER 20 2025, HUMAYUN'S TOMB MUSEUM, DELHI



BY SANJIWAN MAZUMDAR

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER

MY FAVOURITE K-DRAMA

PAST LIVES

2023 . ROMANCE/DRAMA



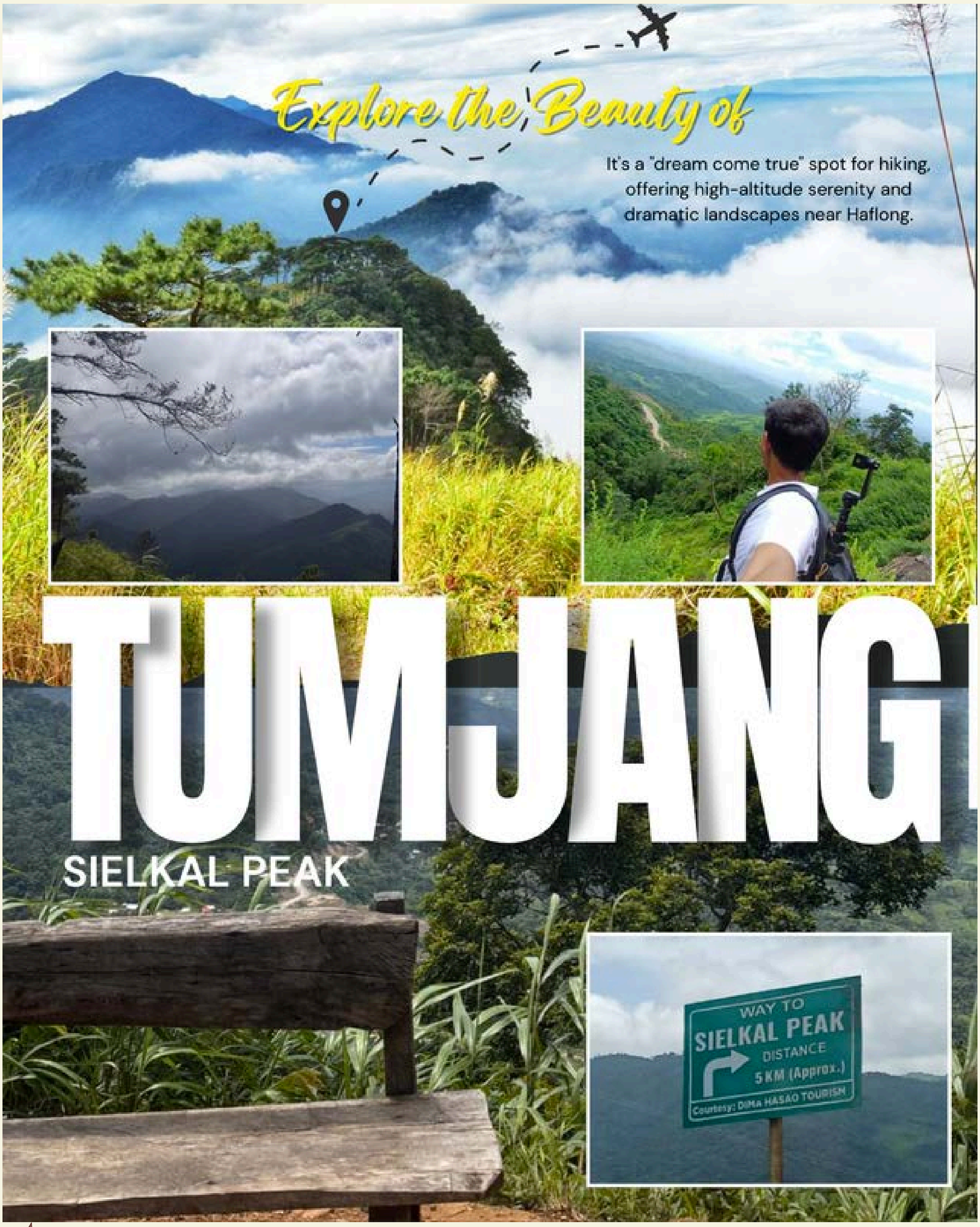
BY NANDIKA SINGH

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER

LOST IN THE HILLS OF DIMA HASAO

TUMJANG PEAK

JULY 30 2025, HAFLONG,ASSAM



BY SANJIWAN MAZUMDAR

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER

IT ENDS WITH US - IT START WITH US
COLLEEN HOOVER

NOVEL

GENRE: ROMANCE

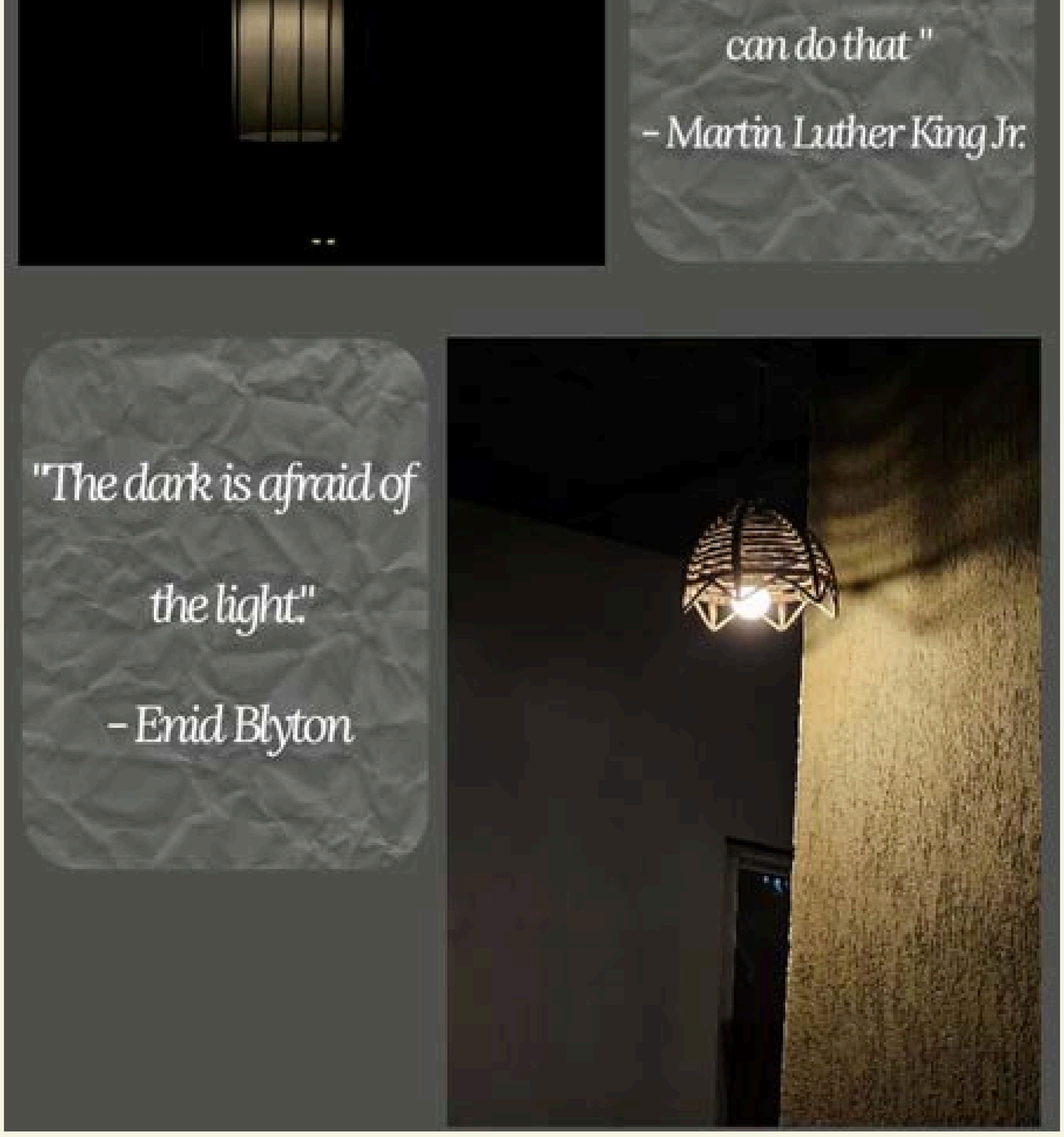


BY SHAHNOOR MARYAM
FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER

THE ART OF THE GLOW

ECHOES OF LIGHT

CHASING THE GLOW



BY ARADHANA SAIKIA
FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER

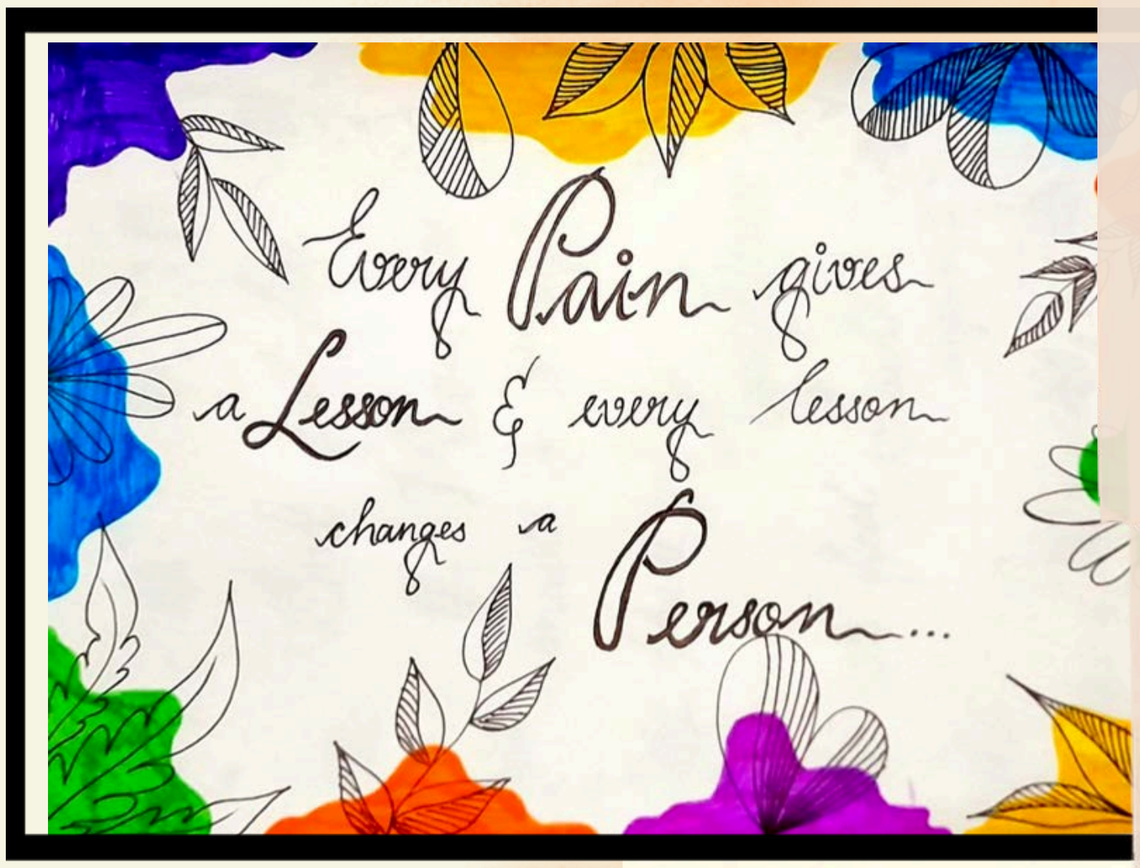
YUMTHANG VALLEY, ZERO POINT, LACHUNG-
WHERE MOUNTAINS MEET MAGIC

NORTH SIKKIM

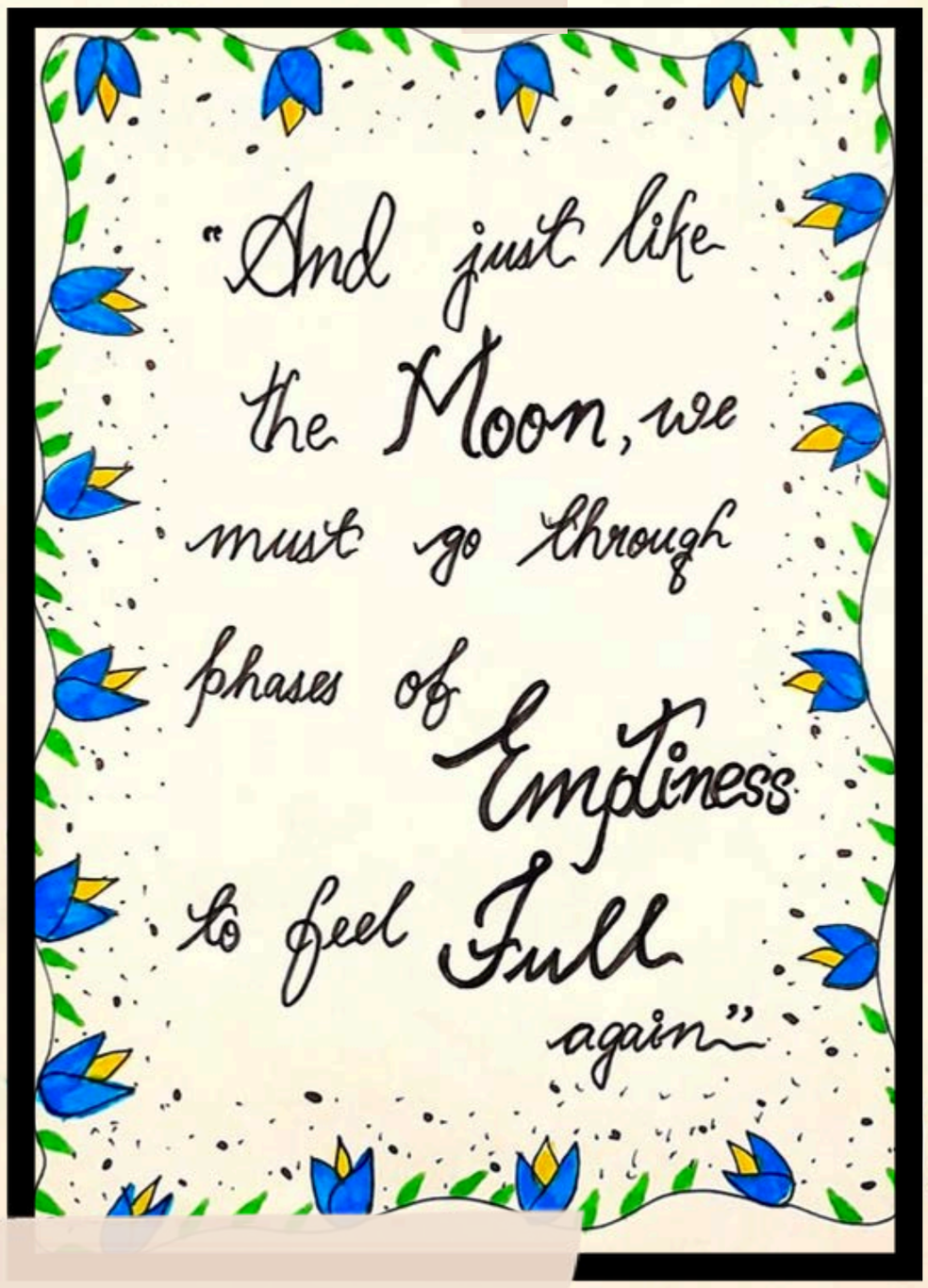
FERUARY 20 2025, SIKKIM

BY DEBOSMITA GHOSE
FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER

Calligraphy Art







BY NABANITA GHOSE
FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER

Calligraphy Art







BY SUMI DAS
FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER

ACHIEVERS' GALLERY

OUR WAY TO VICTORY



STUDENT ACHIEVEMENTS



NAME: NIMA TASHI

Event: 1.Online essay competition- (2nd runner up)
2. Relay race - (Bronze)
3. Art competition- (1st runner up)
In College Week 2026



NAME: MUKESH CHETRY

Event: 1. Player of the Tournament (KPL League)
2.Volleyball-(Runner Up) in
College Week 2026



NAME: GITANJALI BEZBARUAH

Event: Tug of War
In College Week 2026



NAME: SOURAV JYOTI NAYAK

Event: Weightlifting
Achievement: Strongman of Arya Vidyapeeth College(A)
In College Week 2026



NAME: DISHTA PEGU
Event: Online Poetry Competition (3rd Prize)
Organized by Raha College



NAME: JOY KUMAR RABHA
Festival: Rabha Hasong Festival
Achievement: 1. Mr.Rabha Title
2. Best Rabha Traditional Attire Title
At Rendu Pendu Hachu, Makri, Goalpara



NAME: DEBOSMITA GHOSE
Event: Bridal Competetion (2nd Prize)
In College Week 2025



NAME: MRIGANKA BHATTACHARJEE
Event: One Word Story Competition (2nd Prize)
In College Week 2025-26



NAME: MANASH PRATIM HAZARIKA

Event: 1. Western Singing competition (2nd Prize)
2.Instrumental competition (2nd Prize)
In College Week 2026



NAME: KULDIP BARMAN

Event: 1.Semi Classical Singing competition (3nd Prize)
2.Self composition singing competition (3nd Prize)
In College Week 2026



NAME: R. VENKATA RAMANNA

Event: IPR Essay Writing Competition (2nd Prize)
26th April, 2025



NAME: NIKHIL PANDEY

Event: 1. Poster Making Competition held by IIC in collaboration with IPR Cell (2nd Prize), 26th April, 2025
2. IPR Essay Writing Competition (3rd Prize), 28th February, 2026

DEPARTMENT ACHIEVEMENTS





YOUR PARAGRAPH TEXT

Department of English















2ND PRIZE IN CULTURAL RALLY

ANNUAL COLLEGE WEEK, 2026

DEPARTMENTAL

ACTIVITIES



WALL MAGAZINE

A TRIBUTE TO LATE GREAT ZUBEEN DA

ANNUAL COLLEGE WEEK, 2026





A POPULAR TALK AND INTERACTIVE SESSION ON THE TOPIC "ENTREPRENEURSHIP: INNOVATION, VISION AND LEADERSHIP"

7TH MARCH, 2026.





SOCIETY CONNECT PROGRAMME UNDER VIKSIT BHARAT @ 2047,
RANGKAR VILLAGE, CHANDUBI.
8TH FEBRUARY, 2026





SOLO DANCE COMPETITION
AN INITIATIVE UNDER SCHOOL ADOPTION PROGRAMME AT
GORKHA M. E. SCHOOL.
29 NOVEMBER, 2025



A POPULAR TALK AS A PART OF THE VIKSIT BHARAT @ 2047 LECTURE SERIES INITIATIVE ON "READING LANDSCAPES: WHERE GEOGRAPHY BECOMES LITERATURE" .

3RD NOVEMBER 2025.





AN INTERACTIVE LECTURE UNDER ALUMNI INTERACTION PROGRAMME ON IMPORTANCE OF COMMUNICATION AND MENTAL HEALTH.
20TH AUGUST, 2025.





LAUNCH EVENT FOR THE DEPARTMENT'S FIRST E-MAGAZINE 'POLYPHONY'.

18TH AUGUST, 2025

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS



BHARGAB J. BORAH

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



JUMAN DAS

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



SAMRIDDHA DEKA & SANSKRITA DEKA

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



ABHISEKH BARUAH

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



MUKESH CHETRY

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



MADHUSMITA ROY

FYUGP 2ND SEMESTER



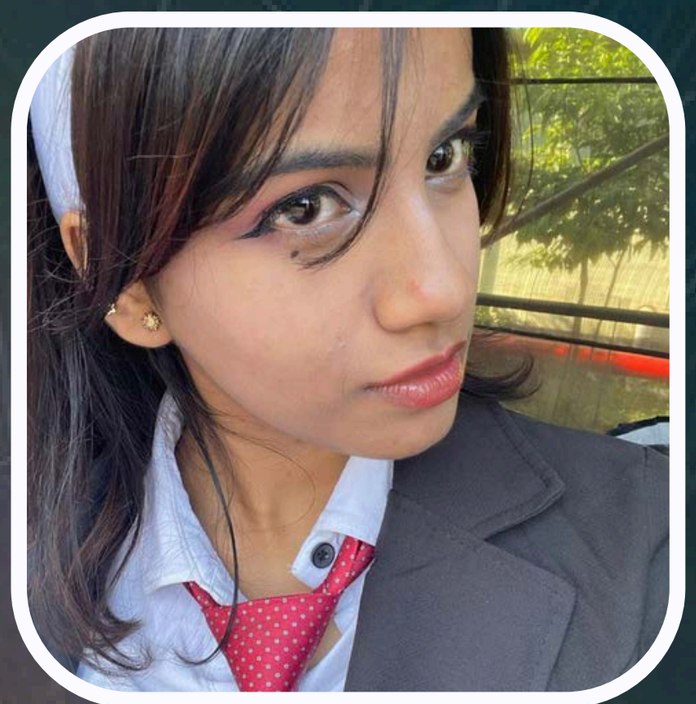
SANJIWAN MAZUMDAR

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



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FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



BHUMISTHA DAS

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



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FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



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SAPTARSHI SARKAR

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NABANITA GHOSE

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



SHRUTY SARKAR

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



JAYASHREE MANDAL

FYUGP 4TH SEMESTER



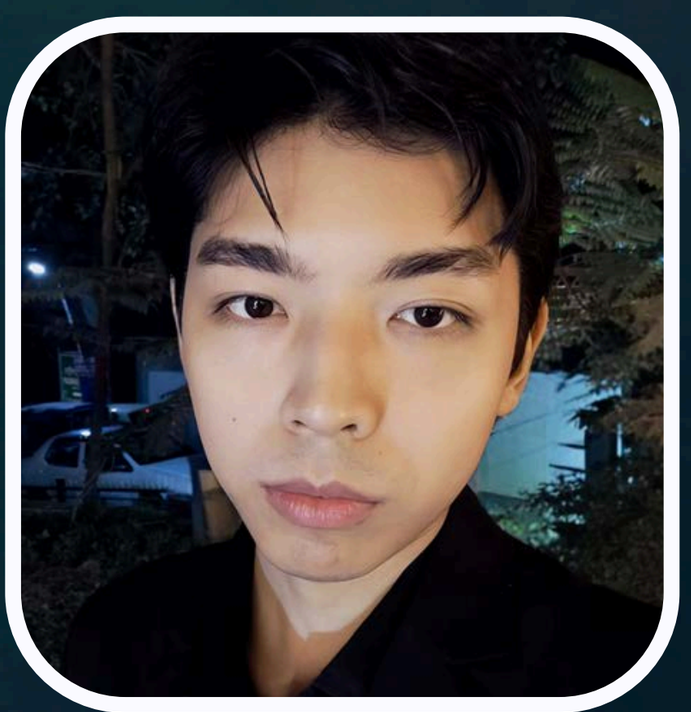
NIKHIL PANDEY

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



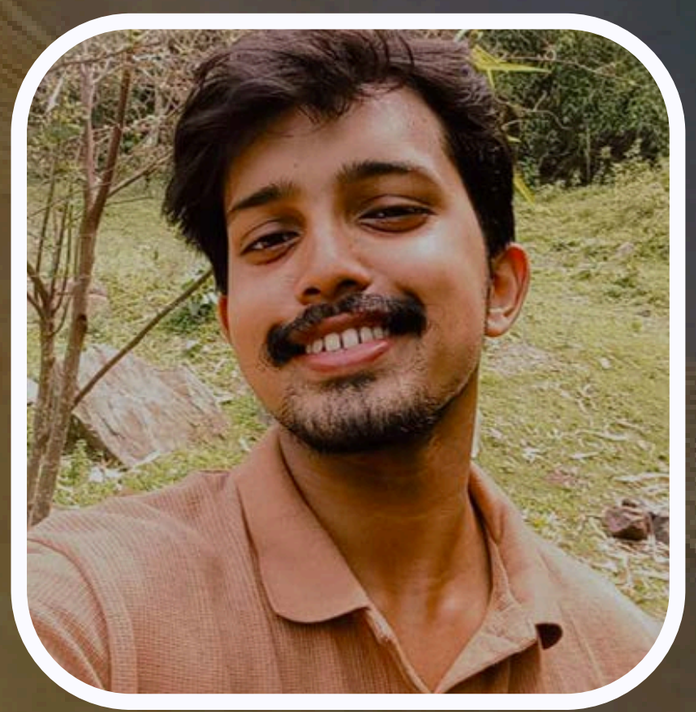
SHAHNOOR MARYAM

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



BARUN RABHA

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



MRIGANKA BHTTACHARJEE

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



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FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



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BHABANA DEKA

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



SUMI DAS

FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



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FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



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FYUGP 6TH SEMESTER



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NEW DELHI
ALUMNA, BATCH : 2017–2020



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RESEARCH SCHOLAR, DEPT. OF ENGLISH,
NAGAON UNIVERSITY.
ALUMNA, BATCH : 2016–2019



INDRANIL ROY

SENIOR TALENT & LEADERSHIP DEVELOPMET LEADER,
ARCHITECT OF CULTURE & ENTERPRISE CAPABILITY,
INCLUSION ADVOCATE, BT GROUP, DELHI, INDIA
ALUMNUS, BATCH : 1991–1994



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ENGLISH LANGUAGE TEACHER
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ALUMNA, BATCH : 1991–1994



MANASH PHUKAN

ASSISTANT ACCOUNTS OFFICER UNDER
ASSAM ACCOUNTS SERVICE
ALUMNUS, BATCH : 2015–2018



ANKITA CHOWDHURY

EDUCATOR
IKAI, THE PRESCHOOL
ALUMNA, BATCH : 2018-2021



GEETARTHA CHOWDHURY

ALUMNUS, BATCH : 2014-2017



MS. ANINDITA LANGTHASA

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR



DR. UTJALA BARMAN

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR



DR. RONGINA NARZARY

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR



DR. MADHULIKA SINGH

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT

The Editor's Pick



侘寂

(Japanese)

Wabi - Sabi | 侘寂

The art of finding beauty in imperfection, impermanence, and simplicity.

English Department

perfect

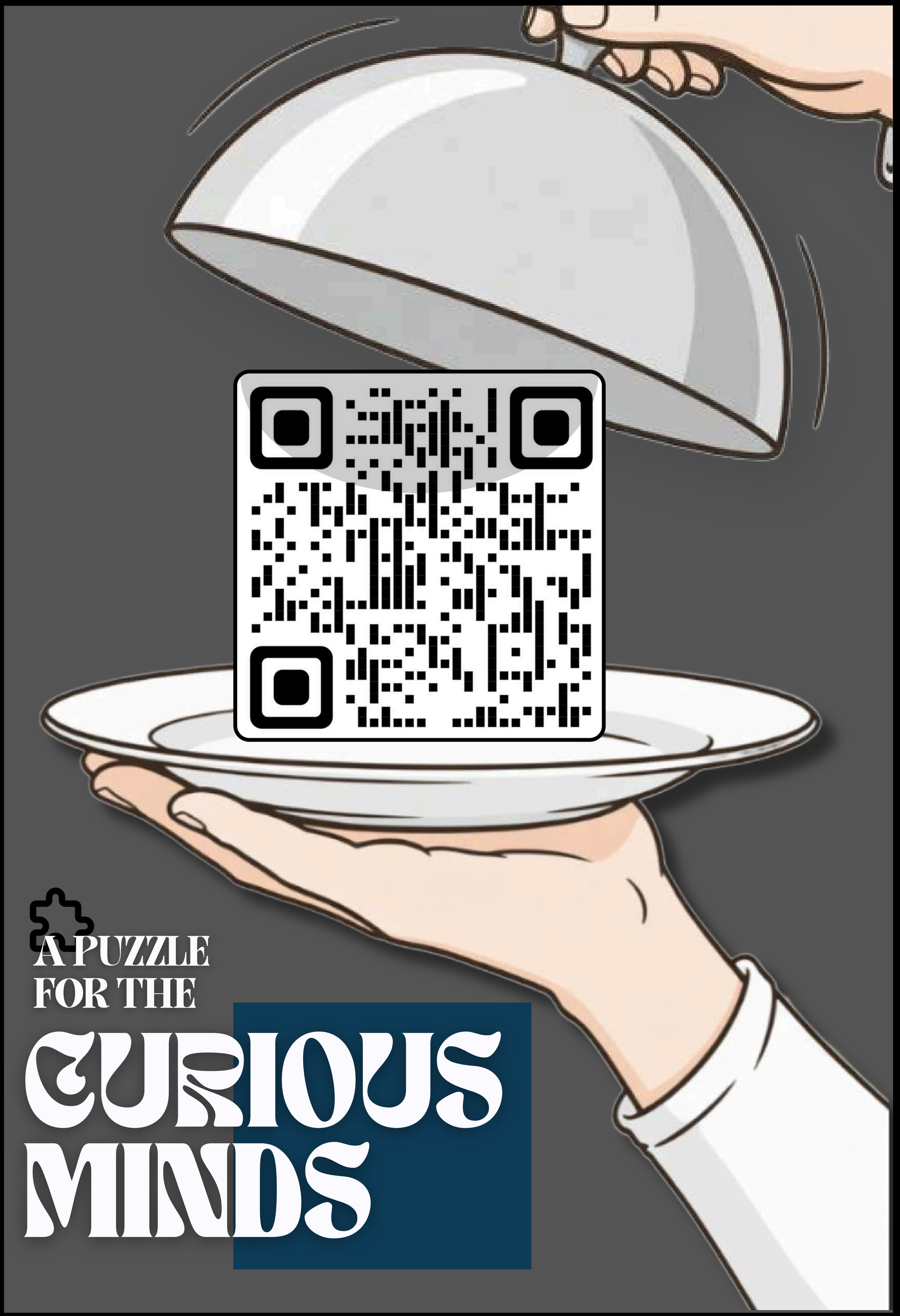
allenging to f
uation that y
cause we're c
er people rat

Team Work

Together, we make it work

Cool

e a blog


A PUZZLE
FOR THE
CURIOUS
MINDS