

# ILLUMINE

IGNITE THE SPARK IN YOU

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WHAT'S  
GOING ON

THINK  
FEEL  
LIVE

REDEFINE  
THE  
POSSIBLE

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# **BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF** **ARTS & COMMERCE**

KAKKANAD, KOCHI





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Gopika P J- Designer  
Hiba Najeeb- Member  
Ruksana K A- Member  
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सरस्वतनिमस्तुभ्यं वरदे कामरूपणि ।  
वदियारम्भं करषियामसिद्धिर्भवतु मे सदा ॥



Let me once set forth the Bhavan's faith for the benefit of students and members, for it is necessary that they should understand it clearly and imbibe its spirit.

The Bhavan stands for the reintegration of Indian culture.

In a world falling to pieces under the impact of an amoral technological avalanche, it tries to hold fast to the fundamental values for which our culture stands - RITA SATYA, YAGNA and TAPAS.

FAITH in God Who in-forms the Cosmic Order;

TRUTH which is accord between mind, word and deed;

DEDICATION which offers all movements of life as an offering to God;

SUBLIMATION which purifies the body and mind and transmutes instincts, passions and emotions into things of beauty.

This, regardless of forms and doctrines, is Dharma, the three-fold aspects of which are SATYAM, SHIVAM, SUNDARAM - Truth, love and beauty.

For these values our forefathers lived and died. So did Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Swami Dayananda, Swami Vivekananda, Gandhiji and Sri Aurobindo, among the moderns. These values are embedded in our national outlook.

We command the respect of the world because of them.

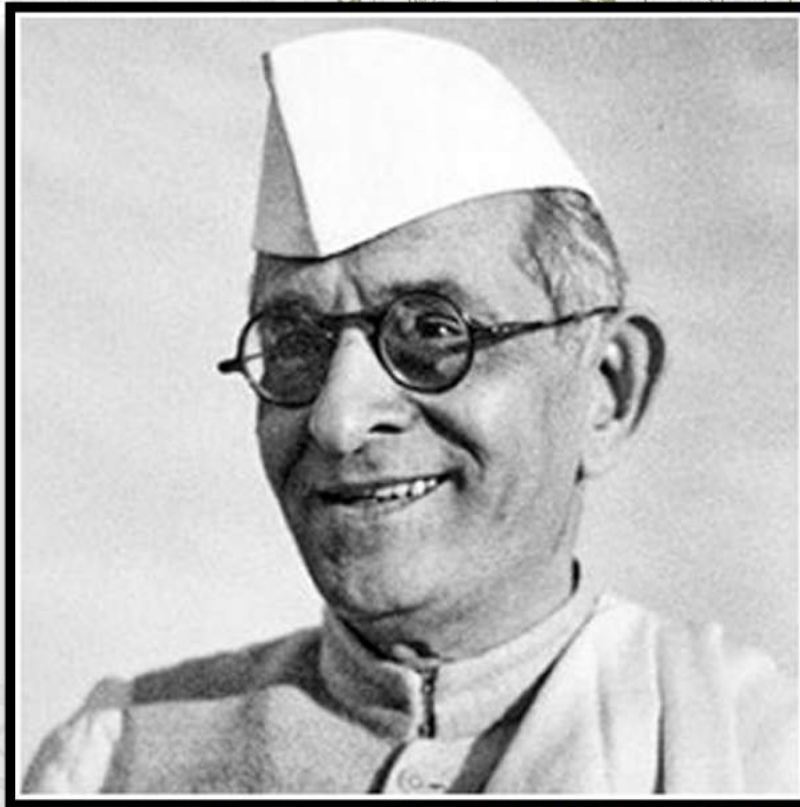
We can look forward to the future with confidence only because they have the vitality which gives the power to indicate their validity even in this fear and avarice-ridden age of ours.

We, the Bhavan's family, whether it is the smaller one or the larger one, must make every effort in restoring an awareness of these values in personal and collective life.



**Dr. K. M. Munshi**



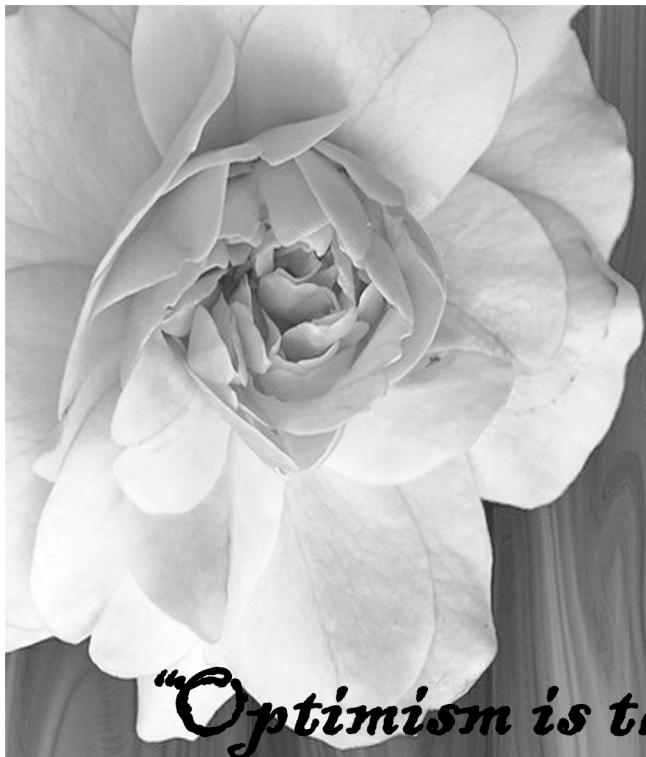


**We salute our founder...**

**KULAPATHI Dr. K. M. MUNSHI**

**1887-1971**

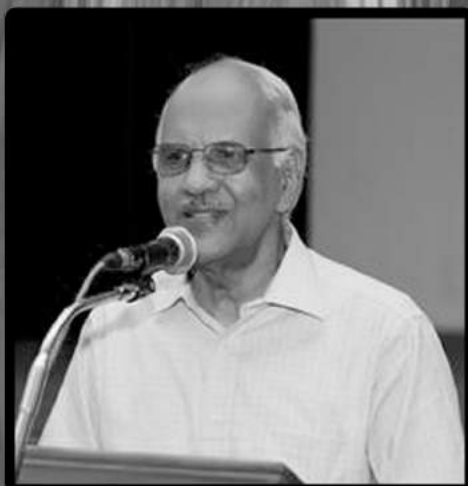
**“A unique representation of and indefatigable crusader  
for the re-intergration of the agelss culture and heritage  
of India.”**



*"Optimism is the faith that leads to  
achievement. Nothing can be done without  
hope and confidence"*

*Helen Keller*





## *Message*

### **Chairman**

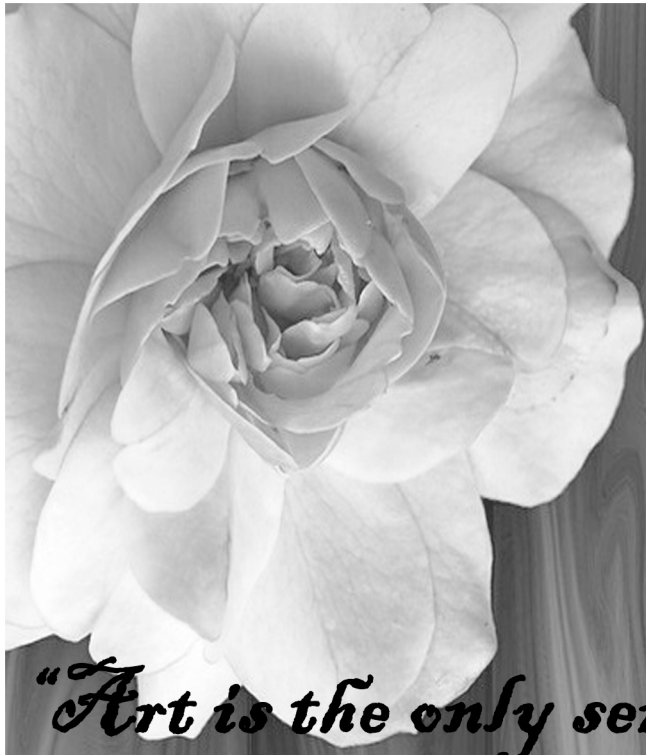
*Dear Students,*

*It is a matter of pride and happiness for us that the first issue of our college magazine is now being brought out. Bhavan's College of Arts and Commerce has established itself as an Institution of excellence in education in a short period of time. Like all our Institutions, our college which is founded on values of Ethics, Character and Integrity with quality, is ensuring that all our students receive the best balanced education that would help them to mature and grow in terms of knowledge and capability. Our highly qualified and dedicated faculty members are giving their very best in teaching, moulding and developing the young ones to become outstanding achievers. I wish them all brilliant success and great careers ahead.*

*Our students have demonstrated their intellectual competence and histrionic talents through their worthy contributions to this publication, which I am sure, will be received well.*

*Best Wishes*

**VENUGOPAL .C. GOVIND**  
**Chairman**



*"Art is the only serious thing in the world.  
And the artist is the only person who is  
never serious"*

*Oscar Wilde*





## *Message*

### **Director**

*Principal, Members of the staff and dear students,*

*I express my great pleasure as you release the first Annual Magazine of Bhavan's College of Arts & Commerce. A cursory glance over the activities of the college amply supports the position of exceptional privilege that this institution occupies in the society. My dear students, as you continue your association in this society which is essentially dynamic, remember to discipline rather than furnish your mind and train it to the use of its own powers.*

*It is not only the knowledge of the physical universe that the happiness and welfare of most men depend on. It leans rather on the knowledge of the minds and the character of themselves and their fellow men.*

*As a Bhavanite, continue to experience and uphold the values and may it rank among the most treasured possessions of your lives.*

*Wishing you the very best.*

*Best Wishes*

**E RAMANKUTTY**  
Director



*“Creativity involves breaking out of  
established patterns in order to look at  
thing in a different way”*

*Edward De Bono*





## *Message*

### **Principal**

*Dear Students,*

*I am happy to learn that after months of hard work we are bringing out the first ever college magazine of Bhavan's College of Arts and Commerce. This is a great moment of pride and accomplishment for all of us. College magazine showcases the literary talents and intellectual insights of our students and also testifies to the organizational and editorial skills of the team behind the venture.*

*Congratulations to the editor Miss. Greeshma George, the staff editor Miss. Joshna Francis and members of the editorial committee who took the initiative, on their own, to publish the college magazine and made it a beautiful reality.*

*Best Wishes*

**Dr. VARUGHESE C ABRAHAM**

**Principal**



# *Special acknowledgement and thanks to...*

Bharath Sajeelv Menon  
Jerry Manoj  
E Saravana Kumar  
M J Muhammed Althaf  
Arun V  
Roy Francis  
Antony Soloman  
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Merlin Aby John  
Akash Santhosh



## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



**“A magazine- a relevant one –should be a sound,not an echo..!”**

***REDEFINE THE POSSIBLE”,that’s what i have learnt from the people around me. The only way of finding the limits of the possible is by going beyond them into the impossible,that is by redefining. With enjoyment and pleasure,we put forward the first dynamic piece of creativity, freedom, self-expression and enthusiasm of a year’s work in our annual magazine-“ILLUMINE” which is an amalgamation of the year long work of talented souls along with the blend of unique taste from each one who have contributed for this magazine.***

***“ILLUMINE” throws light on the best aspects of our personalities through self-expression. Some of the most inspired ideas are ones that start of as crazy concepts. By allowing them to be a possibility they may blossom into something really unusual. Our college, “Bhavan’s” , has always believed in being unique and doing things in ‘it’s own way’. Thus we ignite the spark in each and every soul to illuminate the future.***

**Greeshma George  
BA English**



# *Editorial board members*



Greeshma George  
Editor



Ms. Joshna Francis  
Faculty In-charge



Faras Enoon  
Magazine board head



Sivamithra  
Designer



Gopika P J  
Designer



Hiba Najeeb  
Innovator



Ruksana K A  
Member



# *Union Members*



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**Staff Advisor**



**Jerry Manoj**  
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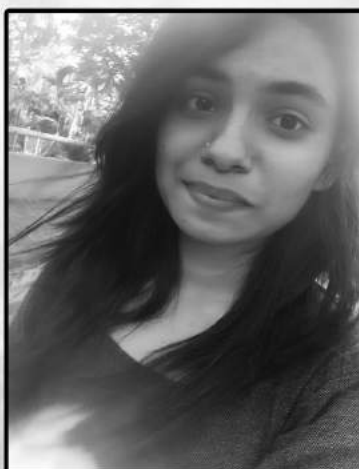
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**Greeshma George**  
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**Drishya Prince**  
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# UNION DAY

## 2018-'19





**2016-'19 Batch**







**B.Com Computer Applications - Model II**



**BA English Literature and Communication Studies - Model III**



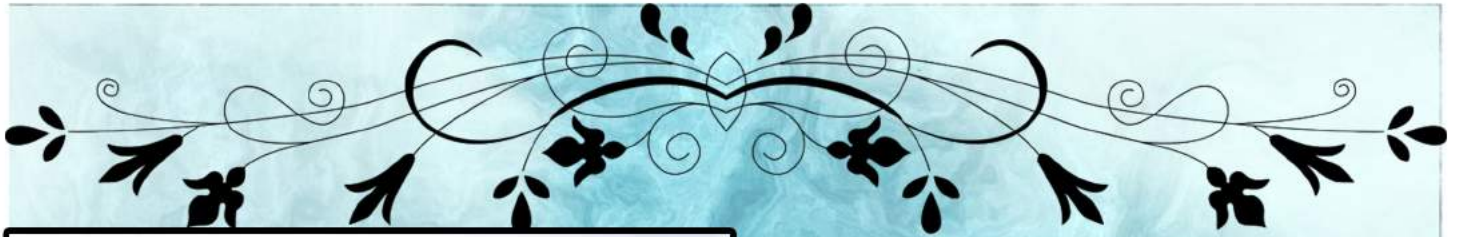


**B.Com Finance and Taxation - Model I**



**BBA Bachelor of Business Administration**









***Congratulations to Geethu Prasanna  
Kumar for scoring aggregate A+ in  
B.Com (Model-1)***



**Congratulations  
GEETHU PRASANNA KUMAR**

**For scoring Aggregate A+ in B.Com (Model -I)  
Finance & Taxation.**

**BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF ARTS & COMMERCE**





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# Bhavans college kakkanad

















*It is never too late to be  
what you might have been.*

*- George Eliot*



Your time is limited, so don't  
waste it living someone else's life.

Steve Jobs



# GOD'S OWN COUNTRY STUCK DOWN BY HAVOC

Havoc struck down God's Own Country in August , 2018. The satellite images showed fractures of cloud cover when it started raining Monsoon. The metrological department sent alerts but what the danger still loomed. The days that followed witnessed real devastation. State was flooded, especially Ernakulam, Alappuzha, Pathanamthitta, Thrissur and Idukki districts. Other districts bore the scars of massive landslides.

The state experienced severe rainfall that affected thousands of people. It led to the loss of human lives, destruction of houses and death of many animals. Dams were blamed for worsening floods. However, counter claims by authorities denied it and said that dams neither worsened the floods nor reduced their intensity.

While 'God's own country' was braving the tragedy with the heroic acts of its ordinary people especially the fisher folk, the nation as a whole stood by it. Army, navy and air force did a job that can speak no praise in words alone.

Now we see the state reviving itself. It's resurrection. God's Own Country is busy rebuilding itself. And we know she is a good fighter.





The students of Bhavan's College of Arts & Commerce offered a helping hand to the locals during the havoc that stuck down Kerala. With a brave face they supported and comforted those in need.





The female population makes up for almost half of the world's population. Therefore, It is of utmost importance that women enjoy equal opportunities as men in all walks of life and have true freedom to make their own choices and decisions.

Women are known to have made extraordinary contributions in making the world as we see it today. Be it Mother Teresa, Marie Curie, Betty William, Virginia Woolf or the many others, they fought for their rights and stood up for their beliefs against all odds. Women like Kalpana Chawla, Sania Mirza, Saina Nehwal, Indra Nooyi braved all the barriers on their paths to become successful and influential women.

Despite all these, there are still women who get so caught up in their domestic lives that they forget about themselves and forego their dreams.

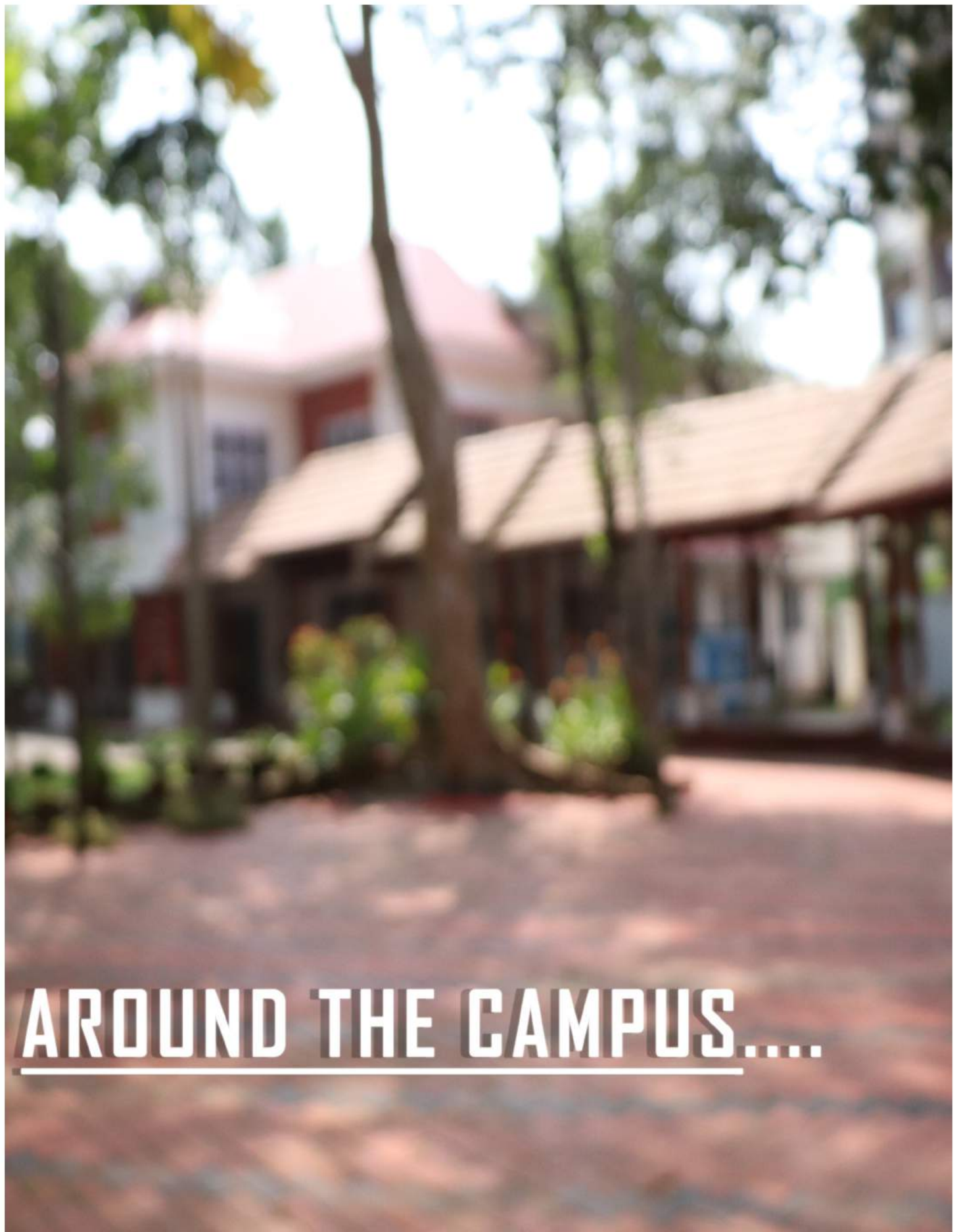
Be it cultural inhibition, lack of financial support, lack of opportunities, gender based discrimination or personal responsibilities, women often give up on themselves, their passions, dreams and aspirations.

Women empowerment in society should generate equality for both genders and help women by providing them strength and courage to make the decision-makers of their own lives. Women empowerment in India has gained strength with the help of various organizations which work for women welfare.

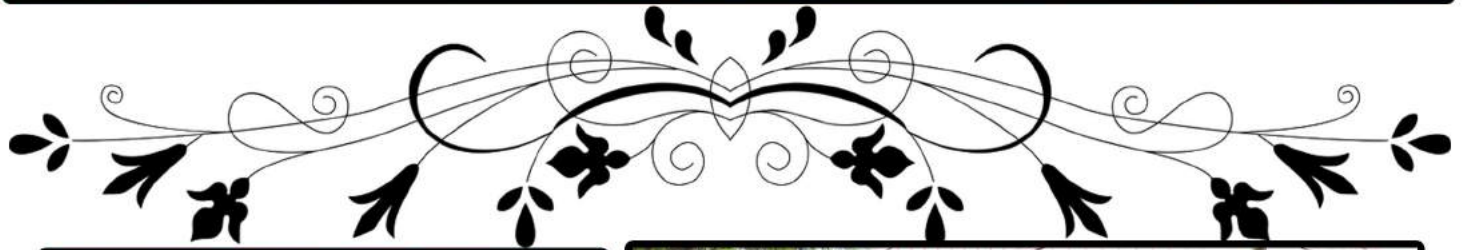


# **WOMEN EMPOWERMENT**





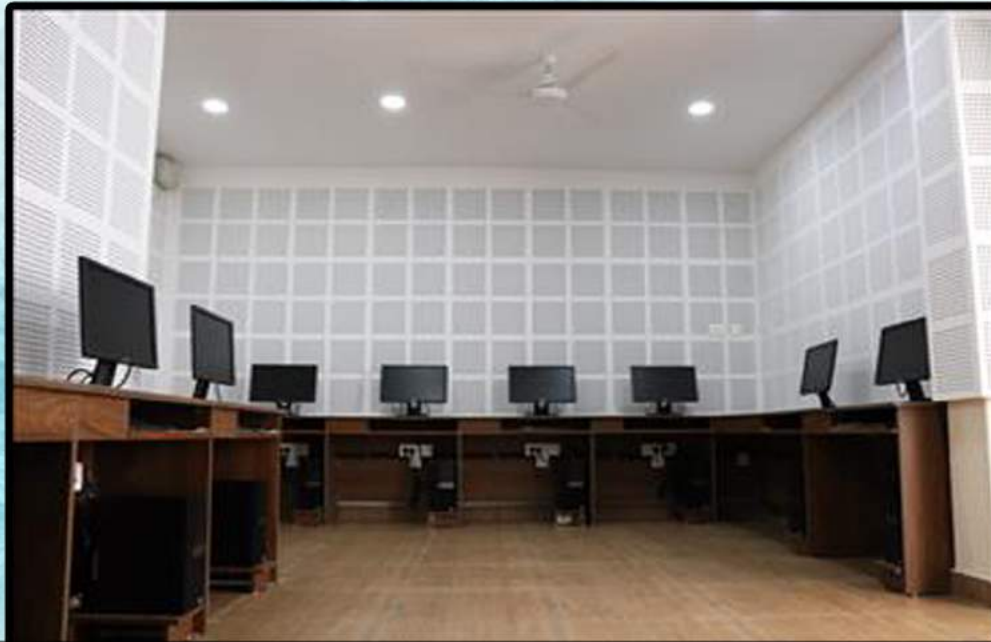




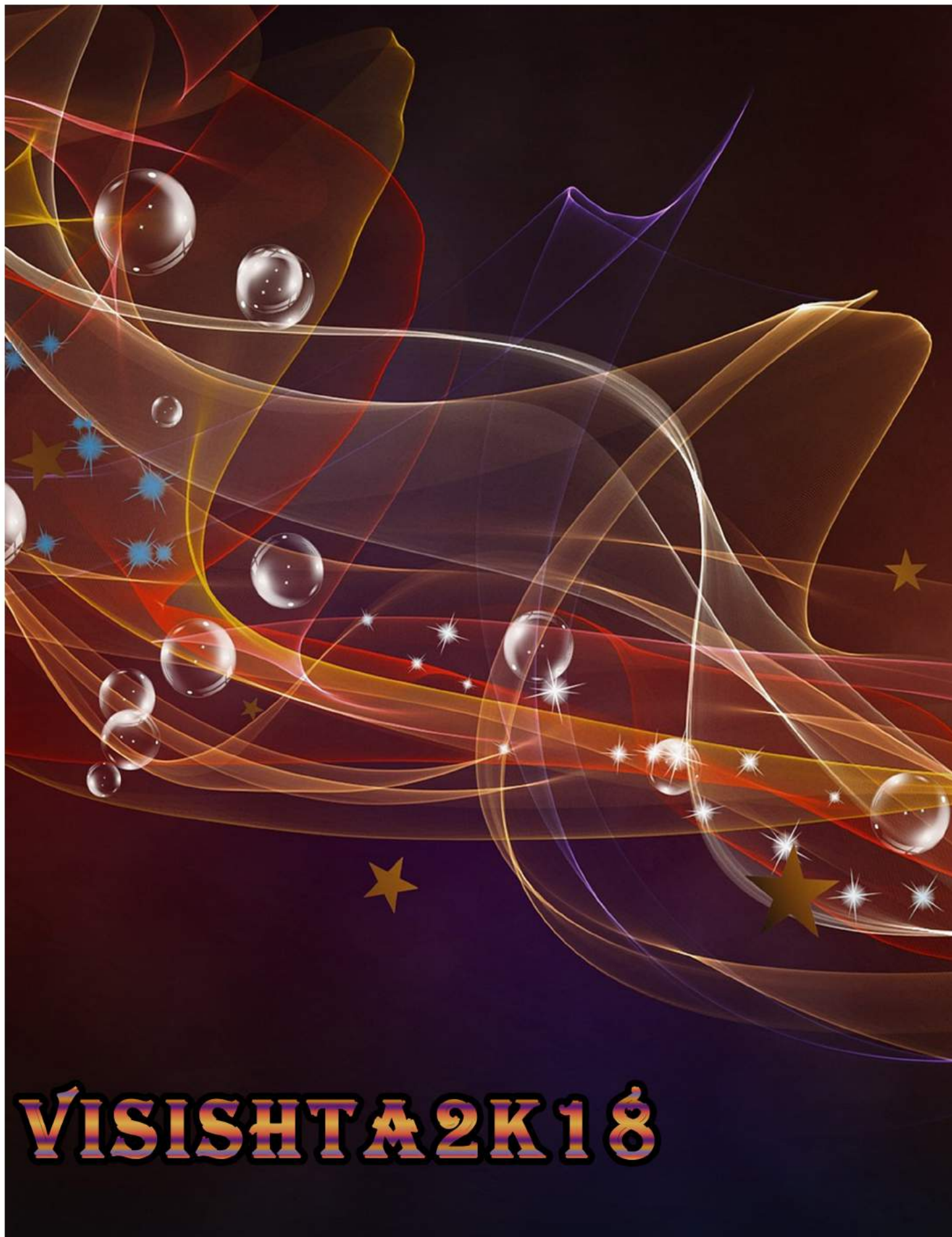












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ANU K S  
IPCC  
All Kerala 1<sup>st</sup>



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JOSEPH SEBI  
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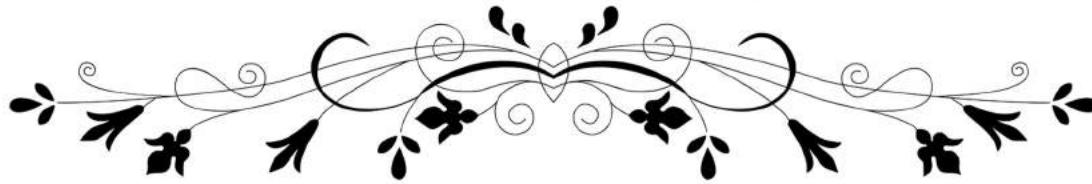








# MOMENTS









# *Friends Forever*

Anonymous

Written with a pen,  
Sealed with a kiss.  
If you are my friend,  
Please answer this.

Are we friends or are we not?  
You told me once but I forget.  
So tell me now and tell me true,  
So I can say I'm here for you.

Of all the friends I've ever met,  
You are the one I wouldn't forget  
And if I die before you do,  
I'll go up to clouds and wait for you.  
you.





# **IN PRAISE OF MOTHERLAND**

**SREELAKSHMI**

**“India is my motherland,  
Of our race, and Sanskrit is the mother  
Of our languages...  
She is the mother of our  
Philosophy... she’s the mother.  
From the village communities  
Of self-government to complete democracy.  
Mother India in many ways is the  
Mother of us all”**





**BE A  
WARRIOR  
NOT A  
WORRIER**

QuotationWalls.com



## THE MOON AND THE STARS

The queen of darkness is  
Along with her knights.  
Will her soulmate come  
To rescue her from  
The kingdom of darkness.  
When the wind blows...  
He reaches in his carriage  
To rescue her from the darkness.  
As the carriage moves...  
The clouds come and fill them  
They don't see each other  
She sees a spark of light  
But the time is now too late.  
The king himself comes  
And stands her way...  
The king of light; 'THE SUN'.

Aardra  
BA English 2



# I FELL IN LIFE

- Atul Ajit, (BBA 1)

I fell in love with you  
I don't know how,  
I don't know why,  
I just did!

Maybe it's because  
Of your mesmerizing eyes  
Or the way you talk  
Or is it because of your dimples  
Which I see while you smile  
I fell in love!

Not with the person who is on the outside  
But with the person who you are deep inside  
You might find it funny  
But I think I know your soul more than you may know  
You are my inspiration  
You are my motivation  
Your smile is my day  
Without , I cannot live  
One thing which I can assure is,  
Take my hand and I won't ever let you go.  
For my love for you is true!



A

G

E

M

I've met so many people  
But none like her  
She's really special  
She's a gem  
I really regret taking all this time  
To meet her  
May be it was because of the  
False tales which covered ears  
And made me blind  
But amidst of all the rumours & tales  
She was like a lotus in full bloom...!  
In a muddy pond  
Beautiful & strong...  
She was delicate at first...

So anyone & anything could hurt her  
But with time  
She became stronger  
When I met her & got to know her...  
I realised what you hear is not always true,  
The more i got to know her,  
The more i got attached to her,  
I don't know why,  
Is it because of her innocent smile?  
Is it because of her beautiful mind?  
Or is it because she is just the way she is  
I really don't know.  
But one thing I am sure about is  
I feel some kind of connection with her...  
And the most beautiful thing is:  
I don't know if she feels it too...  
Or how she feels...

ATUL AJIT, BBA



# EXPECTATIONS

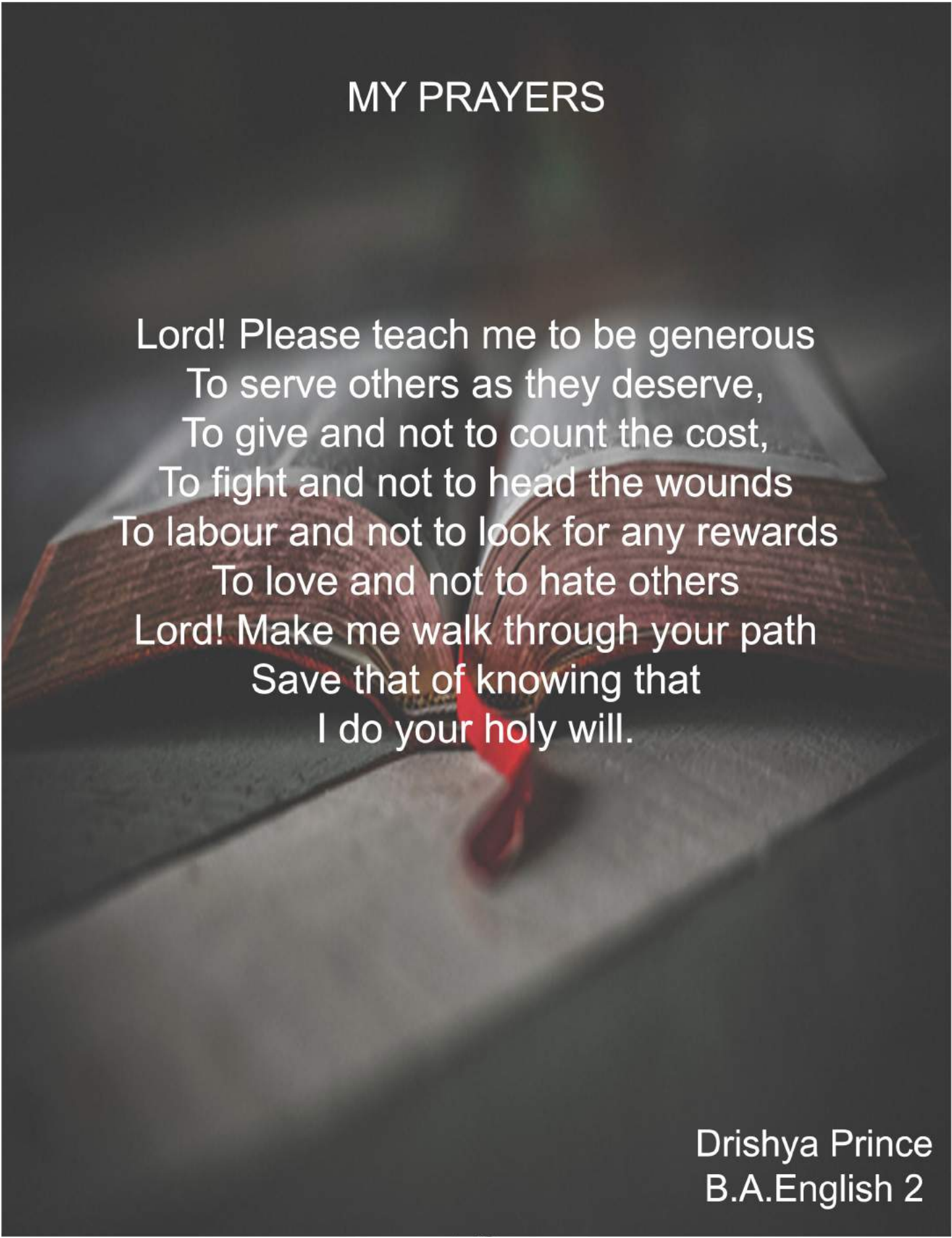
It blooms and sheds  
It is full of odour  
Sweet, sweet, sweet  
It always smells sweet  
It's not a flower,  
Our expectations.  
As a coin rolls, it shows  
Either one of its face,  
Sometimes good or bad  
Expectations may come true,  
They are full of luck  
Luck is full of hope  
Hopes about our life!!!



Drishya Prince, (BA English 2)



## MY PRAYERS



Lord! Please teach me to be generous  
To serve others as they deserve,  
To give and not to count the cost,  
To fight and not to head the wounds  
To labour and not to look for any rewards  
To love and not to hate others  
Lord! Make me walk through your path  
Save that of knowing that  
I do your holy will.

Drishya Prince  
B.A.English 2



# SHE


She once was a bud,  
Now she is a flower  
And she is surrounded with  
A lot of bees and butterflies,  
She's beautiful...

She's an ocean,  
Storms were her feelings  
Feelings for her parents, friends  
And so on...

She thought she was always right  
Yet somewhere she has gone wrong,  
When was it? She had no...  
Account on it!

Recollect the sins... it's not a poem  
As it seems it's just a gist of  
How a typical girl is...





Life is full of love  
See it...  
Life is full of pain  
Bear it...  
Life is full of sorrow  
Feel it...  
Life is full of happiness  
Remember it...  
Life is full of order  
Obey it...  
Life is full of respect  
Give it...  
Life is full of sympathy  
Leave it...  
Life is full of obstacle  
Overcome it...  
Life is full of failure  
Accept it...  
At last life will be full of success  
If you have life  
Mind it...

# L I F E

Nimidha K K,  
(B.A. English 2)



# THOUGHTS

Moments are the roots of feelings...  
And feelings, the cause for thoughts...  
The moment may hide...  
The feelings subside...  
But the thoughts remain on mind...  
They may be the saddest...  
They may be the happiest...  
They may be the brightest...  
They may be only for rejection...  
But they are the only source of realisation...  
One day, the moments disappear, the feelings...  
Fade, but those that are left on our mind...  
are only our thoughts...

v

NIMIDHA K K  
BA ENGLISH 2

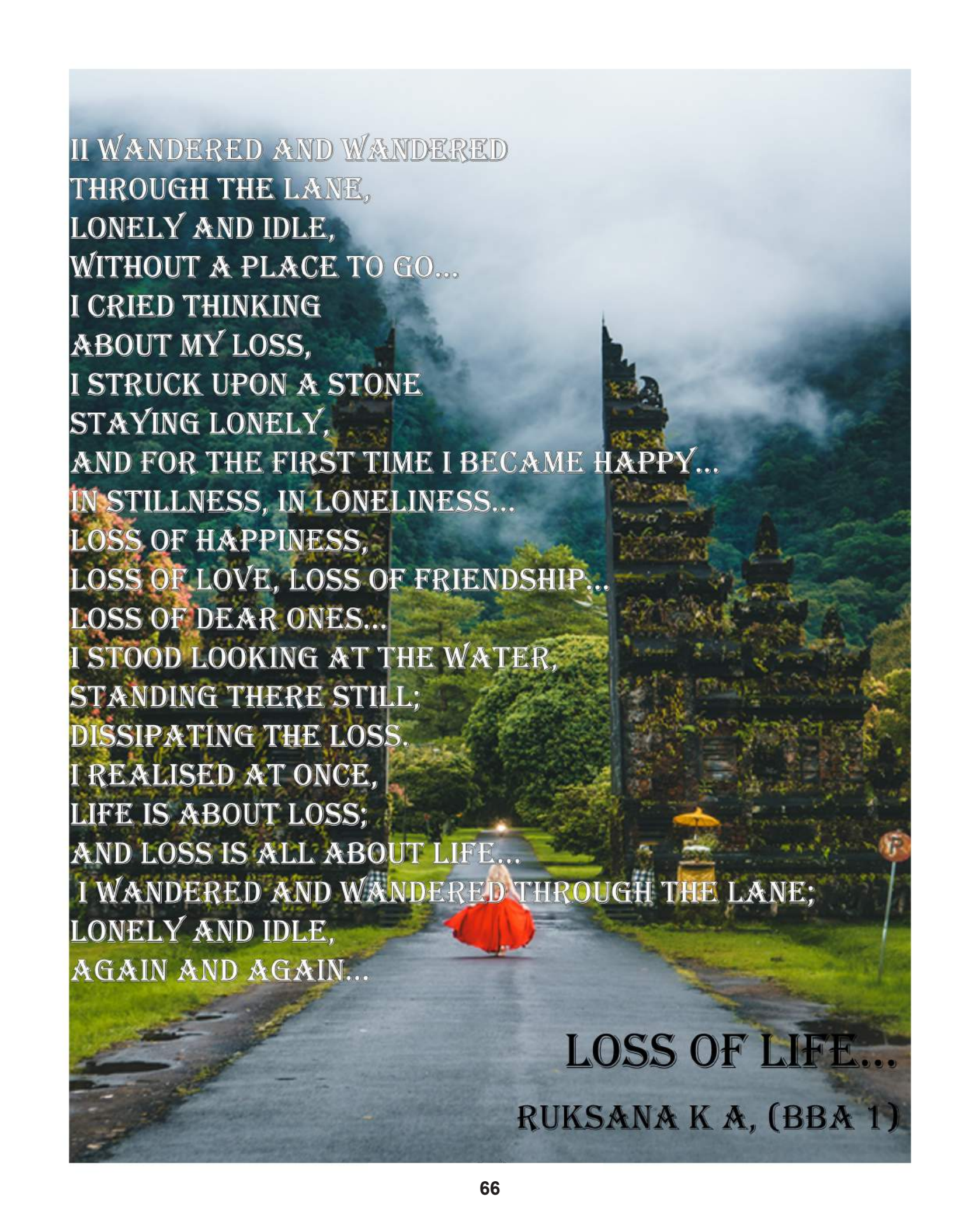


## A WAY TO SUCCESS...

An instinct makes a will  
A will makes a desire  
A desire makes a motivation  
A motivation makes an ambition  
A creation makes an acceptance  
An acceptance makes an achievement  
An achievement makes self-confidence  
Self confidence makes success  
Success makes a mission accomplished.

Nimidha.K.K.  
(BA English 2)



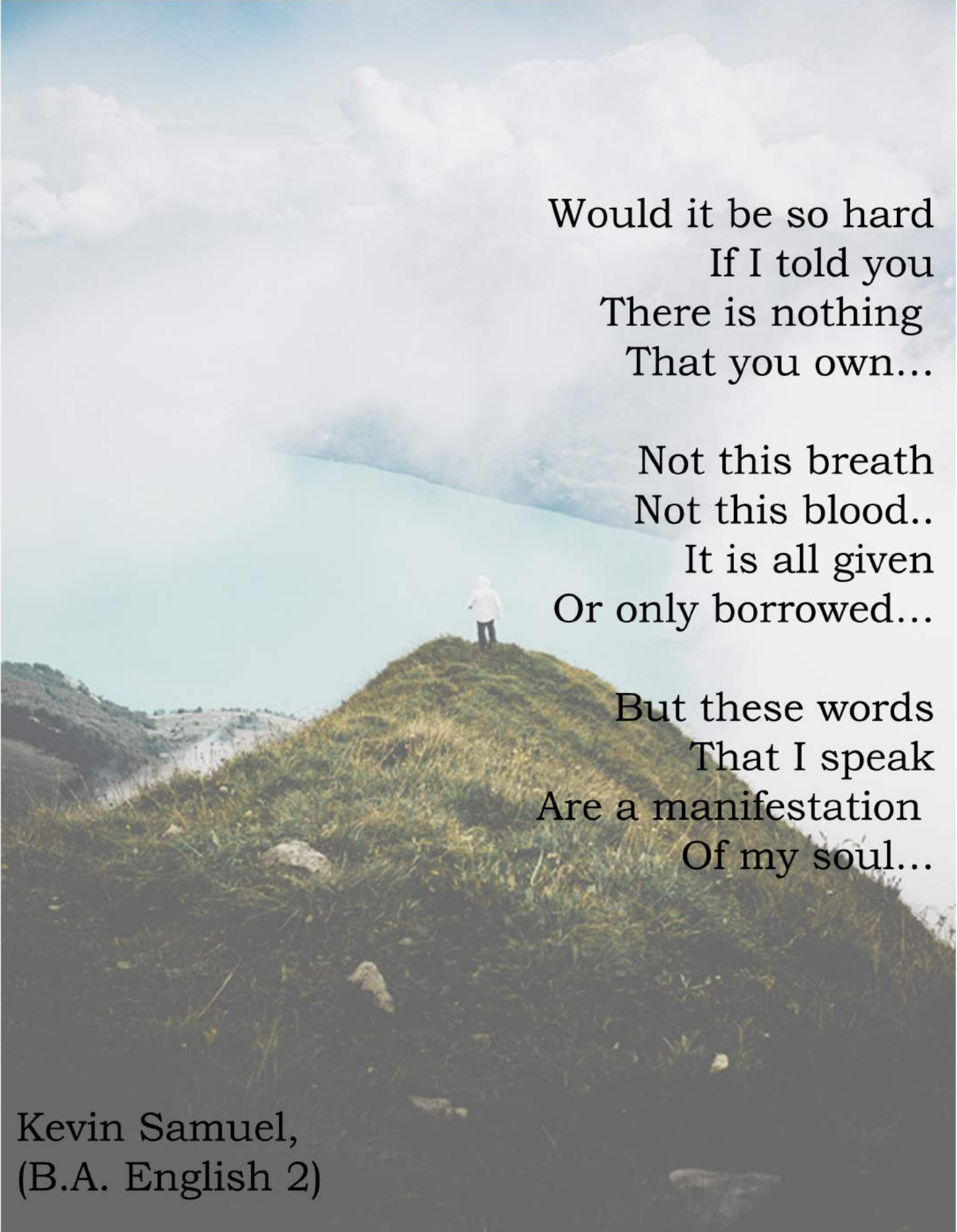
A person wearing a bright red dress is walking away from the viewer down a wet, paved path. The path leads towards a traditional Balinese gate (Pagar) made of dark wood, which is partially covered in moss. The background is a lush, green forest shrouded in mist or low clouds, creating a somber and atmospheric setting. The overall mood is one of solitude and reflection.

II WANDERED AND WANDERED  
THROUGH THE LANE,  
LONELY AND IDLE,  
WITHOUT A PLACE TO GO...  
I CRIED THINKING  
ABOUT MY LOSS,  
I STRUCK UPON A STONE  
STAYING LONELY,  
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I BECAME HAPPY...  
IN STILLNESS, IN LONELINESS...  
LOSS OF HAPPINESS,  
LOSS OF LOVE, LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP...  
LOSS OF DEAR ONES...  
I STOOD LOOKING AT THE WATER,  
STANDING THERE STILL;  
DISSIPATING THE LOSS.  
I REALISED AT ONCE,  
LIFE IS ABOUT LOSS;  
AND LOSS IS ALL ABOUT LIFE...  
I WANDERED AND WANDERED THROUGH THE LANE;  
LONELY AND IDLE,  
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

**LOSS OF LIFE...**

**RUKSANA K A, (BBA 1)**



A person in a white hoodie stands on the peak of a grassy hill, looking out over a vast, hazy landscape. The sky is filled with soft, white clouds, and the distant hills are shrouded in mist. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Would it be so hard  
If I told you  
There is nothing  
That you own...

Not this breath  
Not this blood..  
It is all given  
Or only borrowed...

But these words  
That I speak  
Are a manifestation  
Of my soul...

Kevin Samuel,  
(B.A. English 2)



# Miss My Half

Friends are made in heaven  
And they come to us in life.  
They join us in this world,  
To make our life a heaven.  
Once they go away from our life,  
We miss them.

Yet we must wish that,  
The love of God shine in their life,  
And keep them safe wherever they are.  
Now they may have someone else in their life,  
And their heart, but,  
We must be there for them,  
When they have 'no someone'..

Yokesh N Shenoy  
BBA 1



# *The Swan Tale*

**Greeshma George**  
**BA English 2**

How invisible was I once,  
Poor ugly duckling called they,  
Always longed to be one of them,  
Summoned was I, only to be made fun of,  
But noticed no one, the tears I fought with  
Realized not I or anybody around,  
That pretty swan I am going to be.  
Least taken care of, I grew up  
With that shiny quill unseen within.

Passed are those days of fear and shy,  
Unveiling that glorious beauty beneath.  
All eyes were shocked, all mouths were sealed,  
When realized that I was a swan!  
All yearned to be my pal, all craved to be at my side,  
For now the invisible has become invincible.  
I spread my pearl- white soft feathers, looked up  
And walked past through the crowd of ducks,  
With a big bright smile that never fades,  
With a luminous aura that ever glows...





# **TO ALL OUR DEAR TEACHERS...**

**SURYA MURUKESH.**  
**B.Com F&T (2015 - '18)**

We want to make you feel  
How grateful we are to you,  
As our role model you inspire us  
To dream, to work, to reach  
Every day you plant a seed  
Of curiosity and motivation  
That we'll know and grow to succeed.

You treat us not only as your students  
But as your children as well  
And we want you to know that  
We treat you like parents  
And sorry for the pain we've caused  
And the stress that made you tired.

From the bottom of our hearts  
We thank you for  
Spending your time, energy and  
Talent to ensure the brightest  
Future for us.

We'll remember you always  
Thank you dear teachers  
Yours your loving children.



# LIFE

*Surya Murukesh*

*B. Com F&T (2015-'18)*

**Life is a song, sing it  
Life is a problem, solve it  
Life is a challenge, meet it  
Life is a luck, grab it  
Life is a game, play it  
Life is a struggle, accept it  
Life is a beauty, admire it  
Life is a duty, complete it  
Life is a bliss, taste it!**





# Articles





# CHILDREN OF MEN

What defines life? A question without a fixed answer.

The world is a beautiful place to live in, full of trees, water and magnificent creatures who reside here, until humans came. We are not much different from animals expect we are self – proclaimed intelligent beings. Camels in the desert move from one place to another in need of water. We are similar, we move from one place to another, one person to another for our needs. Needs defines life, all the set of laws are organised for satisfying ones needs.

In the mid of January this year, I was working part-time as a tour guide/translator for a foreigner from Russia, named Ms. Anastasia Ivan, she was here for making a documentary on street children. I was also looking forward as I was in need for a topic to write an article for the magazine. I knew a place near our church, where there was a usual sight of street children handling small jobs here and there. I took Ms. Anastasia over there, she paid me five hundred rupees for the day. We reached there by 10 AM, as they saw her – a foreigner, we were crowded with kids begging for money or offering to do a job. She took videos of the children. We saw a young boy of age ten, he told us his name (can't be revealed for his own safety). He had a cold as he was sniffing using a kerchief, we approached him and asked about him as per her queries.

Me – pere enta ninte? (what is your name)

Him - \*\*\*\*\*

Me – veete evida? (where do you live)

Him – ivide tanne. (here only)

Me – veetil aroke onde? (who all are there in your home)

Him – arum illa (no one)

We didn't ask more about the family as we felt he wouldn't open up more on that topic. Ms. Anastasia asked me whether he goes to school, I asked him and he replied he doesn't, she told him that she was building a new school and whether he was interested in coming, he said he would love to.



While these conversations were going on, he was always sniffing. I asked him that whether he was not well. He replied he was well.

Me – pinne enthina nee valikune? (why are you sniffing then?)

What he said next shocked both of us. He said he was sniffing glue. We asked why, then he said that if he sniffed glue, he wouldn't feel hungry. We didn't know what to ask the boy anymore. We were shocked. He said he had to go, or else the elders would shout at him, she paid him two hundred rupees. He walked away and he turned suddenly and asked her when was she going to start the school, she said not so long, he smiled at us, we could see a small hope in his eyes and then he walked back into his regular life. We went back to her car as she had a flight to catch that afternoon, before she left, I asked her whether she would really build a school, she didn't give an answer and then her car left. She had enough data for her documentary and I had enough data for my article, our needs were fulfilled and we moved on to other things just like a camel looking for water to fulfil their thirst.



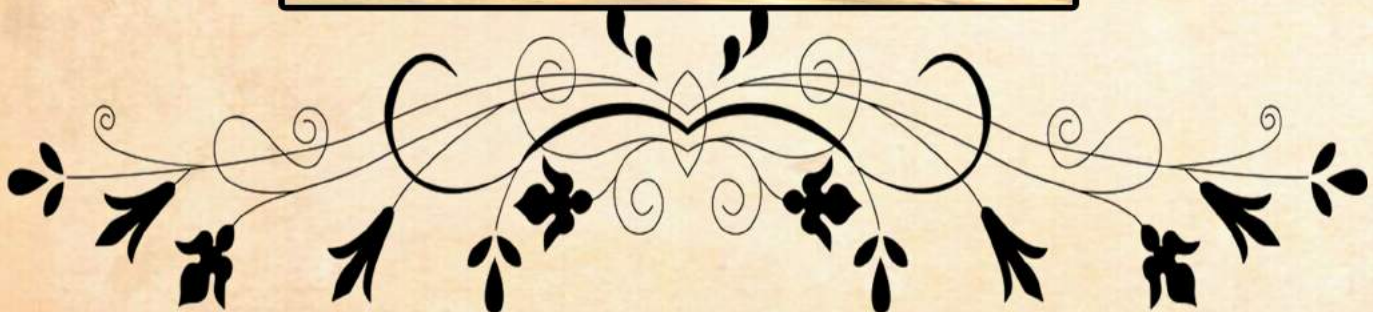


People in the society sees these children and people in the streets and close their eyes and I and you are part of this society. These people also have dreams but there are not so huge like ours, they just dream of having a day with filled tummy and to live under a roof. We take all these virtues in our life for granted. A man I used to see while going to college every day, who was sleeping with a small blanket under a tree, cars and bikes were passing so close to him. One day while I was returning from college there was a huge traffic block as the man who used to sleep under the tree died in a car accident, I didn't see his face as they covered him in his small blanket under the tree. He didn't fear death because he invited it as an old friend, he thought it was rather good to die than to live when people who walked by didn't even make an eye contact even when they saw him and did nothing at least after his death they would carry him to his burial.

This is not a social critique, it is just a self-criticism of forgetting how lucky my life is. With that same glimpse of hope the boy had, I just hope for a better tomorrow where all of the society would be compassionate and selfless to one another and to live in a harmonious world where life has more meaning than one's own needs.

**By,**

**Arun V & Friends  
BA English 1**





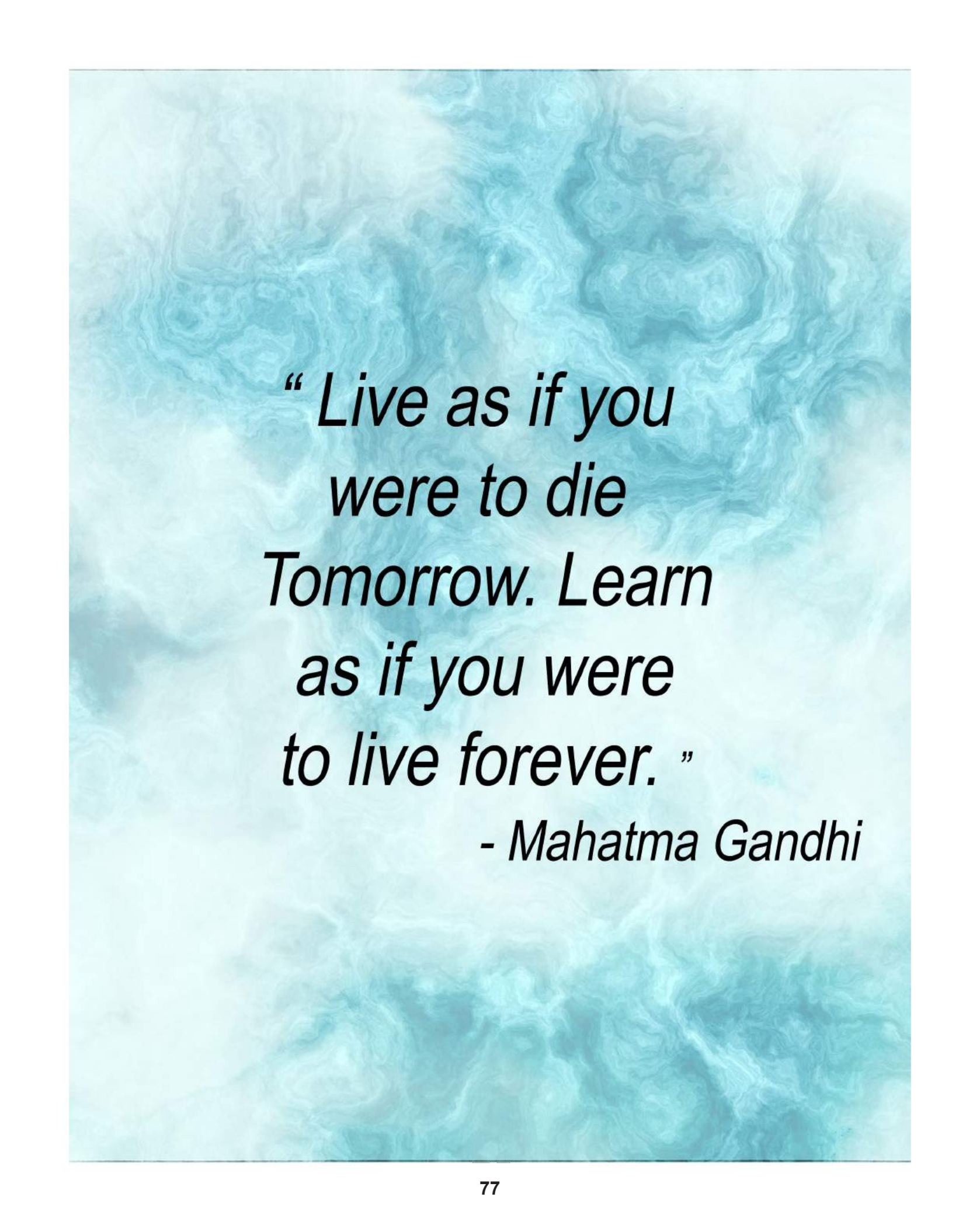
# JE SUIS DÉSOLÉ (*French: I am sorry*)

“The survival of the fittest”- what a beautiful truth, which could be manipulated as a reason to murder millions. I was part of this mass extermination because of my personal reasons I use to defend from my consciousness.

I was born in the year 1898 as Ernst Heinrich the twelfth son of Paul and Marie Heinrich, as I was the youngest and also a drunken mistake my parents committed ten months prior, I was not given much care. I had not seen any of my brothers as all had joined the army and most probably shot dead by the enemies and there was fifteen years gap between the sister just elder to me. Our family was one of the most respected families in our town, as the number of the so-called martyrs or brave soldiers was the scale used to evaluate the status of a family in the society. My destiny was already written by my family. As my black and white childhood progressed, without any excitement or twist to hook any audience to me, she moved into the house next door and into my heart. The pigment which added some colour to me. The name was Isabella Brodeur, her father was a Jew and mother was from French descent. I couldn't believe she was a girl back then, with her brown hair locks and eyes deep as hot chocolate, the only girls I have seen around my town were mostly my sisters and their friends and they didn't look good and they used to kick me around. I grew closer to Isabella, she was the only one who was there to listen to me and I to her. We grew up, along with us there grew a feeling not of friendship but something which was hard to configure. On the top of one of the smaller mountains of Fichtel, we had our first kiss, it was after a shower of rain, we were under a small tree waiting for the rain to end, I looked at her eyes and she into my soul. I looked at her lips they were wet, I went closer to her and took her face to not miss her lips when I landed my kiss. It was the sweetest thing I ever tasted, I didn't want that moment to end nor that rain to stop. Now my lips were dry with cracks, I miss her lips, I miss her a lot.

I married her in the year 1918, the marriage function was a very fancy one, nothing about that day I remember, other than her beautiful smile. But I remember every single second of the night. A bed with petals of roses without any thrones, ironical to marriage always seen as a bed of petals to which we jump into naked, without knowing the thrones hidden by the layer of roses, which was waiting to pierce every delicate parts of our body. But that was not in our case because as I touched her delicate possum and entered into her leaving a part of me inside her, a decree was passed calling all the men of every family to join the global war which would be taught in every history classes to come.





*“ Live as if you  
were to die  
Tomorrow. Learn  
as if you were  
to live forever. ”*

*- Mahatma Gandhi*



They contacted Mrs. Goebbels that they found her son, when she came to the hospital, she identified me as her son even when she knew it was not because deep inside she knew that her son didn't make it, as she was a kind hearted woman she took me to her home and took care of me as her own son.

Two years have passed now I am Josef Goebbels, a farmer and a married man with two young boys. Mrs Goebbels passed away at the beginning of the new year a calm and serene death which was not normal in a country filled with diseases and war. Now a young leader rose in the country, a man considered as a Messiah who could deliver us from the weak, would help in rebuilding our country and avenging those who betrayed us in war. I didn't know back then I had a wife and daughter who were Jew. Hitler was elected as the president and he passed a decree gaining complete dictatorship over Germany and he ordered the punishment of all Jews – the Christ killers, the ones who betrayed us in war to be arrested and to be sent to concentration camp, I was awarded the black badge of honour for my bravery in the war, the same war from which I ran like a coward. I started regaining my memories, by the time I gained them all I didn't tell my wife, I went in search of my real family and at last I reached my town, I went to my home, no one was there it was completely deserted. An old man named Stefan Klaus recognised me and they told me that my parents died a year ago and all the sisters left the town after their marriage, my wife Isabella and my daughter whose name was Irene Ernst Heinrich. Isabella didn't believe I was dead, she waited for me. Until one hour ago some German police arrested both my wife and child as they were Jew descents. They were taken to Auschwitz concentration camp. Hearing this information, I reached Auschwitz as fast as possible, I entered the camp using my black badge of honour, I knew what I had to do find them and escape as soon as possible, leave to the mountains of Fichtel were I had my first kiss with Isabella, live there with them and to grow old together with them. So much dreams which were about to be scattered in a matter of minutes. As I walked inside, I saw kids, women and men some were made to do some work, others were led to take shower. I looked everywhere for my love. I couldn't find them at last I reached the back of the building where people took shower. There were no guardsmen posted. I saw a pile of clothes being burned, then I saw another pile filled with the naked dead bodies of women and children who were gassed to death in pretext of shower. I sobbed hard, I knew I was late, all the dreams were just a mirage. I climbed the pile to find my wife and my child whose face I had not seen until then, I searched past many women and children with puffed, choked up eyes, I was drowning in all the lifeless bodies. At last I found her, her eyes were closed when I tried to pull her out, I saw she was clenching something by her hand, I slowly heard a small girl's cry I pulled her out as she was choking, her mother hugged her close to save her.



I knew I had to save her at least, I took her and was about to run, two guards blocked me. I hit them so hard that they fell back and I took one of the person's rifle and shot both of them. I jumped from the barred wires somehow but I knew I couldn't outrun the other guards who had just found out their dead mates. I reached my town but I was blocked by Stefan Klaus Jr. and his other mates, he was son of the old man who informed me where Isabel was taken, he worked in Auschwitz as one of the camp securities. They attacked me and Stefan Jr. took my girl while I was beaten up, he took her behind a building and I heard a gunshot, only Stefan came back. I cried in vain as I was not even able to save someone the dead had saved. I was beaten up and was dragged out of the town, I lost all my senses as I cried for me lose. They dragged me far from the town by now I had gained my senses, I lunged at the man who was near me and took his rifle and shot all of them. At last there was Stefan Jr., he cried and begged when I put him in gunpoint, his final words were "I didn't ...." I didn't wait to hear the rest, I shot him on his face. Now I wonder what was he about to say. I looked back at my town which was far away, I could see something like a bird flew above my town and burned it down, it didn't just burn the body of my daughter Irene, in that flames Ernst Heinrich was also burned and dead. Josef Goebbels saw the death of Ernst Heinrich. I stood there, didn't weep anymore, I made a decision that moment – to destroy the man who ordered to exterminate my wife and daughter as they were Jews. The Anti-Christ to the Christ like figure – Adolf Hitler.

Many years had passed after I made my mind to destroy Hitler. I was forty years old , I worked as the right hand of Hitler , I was known as the propaganda master, the war hero, the Jew killer- I killed Jews to gain the trust from Hitler , I waited for so long , I didn't just want to kill him ,I wanted to make him feel what I felt ,for that some sacrifices were needed that was why I tracked and killed the Jews who betrayed us in battlefield, by this time I gave many anonymous tips to the allied forces no one knew what I did and my plans was hidden even from my wife and children ,in front of them I was like John the Baptist to their Messiah – Hitler.

During this time Hitler met Eva Strauss, an actress, she was young and beautiful, I could see the way Hitler looked at her, just the way I looked at Isabella. She believed in Hitler's ideologies and idolized him, as they grew closer to each other I thought how perfect they were for each other. Months had passed and now they were inseparable, I think they both dreamt of ruling Germany as king and queen, but what a tragic end awaits the lovers only the writer knew and he laughed inside when he remembered the way he was going to exact his vengeance. World war 2 began and everyone thought they would win the war as they attacked Europe, France and Poland and captured them, but I was the only one who knew the empires Achilles's heel.



I didn't want him to just lose his empire but also his love. I cooked up an affair between Kurt von Polz, a young and attractive member of the parliament and Eva. It reached Hitler's ears and he believed me, his most loyal friend than his own love. I injected the affair slow and steady into Hitler's heart, I could see him on the losing side by now. Poor Eva who became a scapegoat in my revenge. Hitler saw Kurt speaking with Eva and it doubled his suspicions. It reached a point where I was sure he didn't believe anything Eva told him. This moment I knew to exact the next part of my revenge. It was night and late, I have assigned a messenger to deliver a message to the Fuhrer- to reach his master bedroom. I dressed as the Fuhrer and reached his master bedroom and entered the room it was dark and no candles were placed, Eva thought I was the Fuhrer and came close to me, I pushed her and tore her into bits as a wild animal would do. When the Fuhrer reached in front of the locked bedroom, I jumped out through the window, he broke in to find her as he looked around the bedroom for Kurt he found a piece of cloth which belonged to Kurt which was carefully left behind by yours own, he didn't look at her eyes and didn't listen to what she had to say, he saw me and ordered his men to kill Kurt. Now another news would reach him about the defeat of the army and that the allied forces would enter any minute. He was destroyed, Kurt was executed. All the idiotic members of the parliament swore that they won't leave their Fuhrer till death. One of the women wanted to escape and reach her family but she was scared to ask, she looked just like Isabella, she had brown hair locks and eyes deep as hot chocolate. I helped her to escape. When I reached back there was only Hitler and Eva, he told her that he knew she cheated on him and didn't want to listen anything more. She cried and told him he loved her and that she wouldn't betray him, he asked her to prove it by drinking cyanide, I tried to prevent it but it was too late she without any other thought drank from the bottle and succumbed to her death. For the first time a sense of regret fell upon me. I took out a gun and pointed it at him and told him the truth. Seeing the look of betrayal, loss and heartbreak made me somewhat content, I shot him to death and told the people that Fuhrer committed suicide.

As all waited for the entry of the allied forces, most of them were content as the war came to an end and a new dawn awaited them. I went back to the old town where Ernst Heinrich was buried, I wanted to become who I really was before my very end. The town was being renovated after the attack. No one other than Stefan Klaus was alive from my past. I went to see him. As he saw me, he said he was waiting for me this whole time. He wanted to say that his son didn't kill my daughter but redirected the gunshot to make me surrender. Behind the building his son handed over the girl to him and left to never return.



As Stefan went out to look for his son with the girl child they were prevented from the attack, after the death of his son he couldn't take care the child of his son's murderer. She was adopted by a young couple, before saying the name of the couple Stefan breathed his last. I looked into all the files in his house and founded the surname of the family who adopted my little girl- it was "Strauss". Irene Ernst Heinrich was renamed as Eva Strauss, she was raised by a German family. I murdered my own daughter. The revenge spree made me lose the only thing which was left in my life. I raped my own daughter, that was the truth I had to live by - the penance for my sins because I left a fellow soldier to die in battlefield, betrayal of a friend, murder of the innocent and for not keeping a promise.

This is my suicidal note, my second family committed suicide after the defeat in war because they knew they wouldn't be spared as they were mine – Josef Goebbels the right hand of the infamous dictator Adolf Hitler. I have never cared about their lives but I regret of not talking with them, playing with the boys, being a father to them. I am sorry to Mrs Goebbels whose son died in the battle field, I tossed away his sacrifice and the life which was handed to me.

By the time you read it I might have committed suicide or would be dead by the enemy hands even though I was the reason for their victory.

This story is not a hero's tale of exacting his revenge and gaining inner peace, it is a story were a man loses everything he had when he goes behind the small things he had lost.



Ernst Paul Heinrich

**Written By,**

**Bittu Binoy Chirayil**



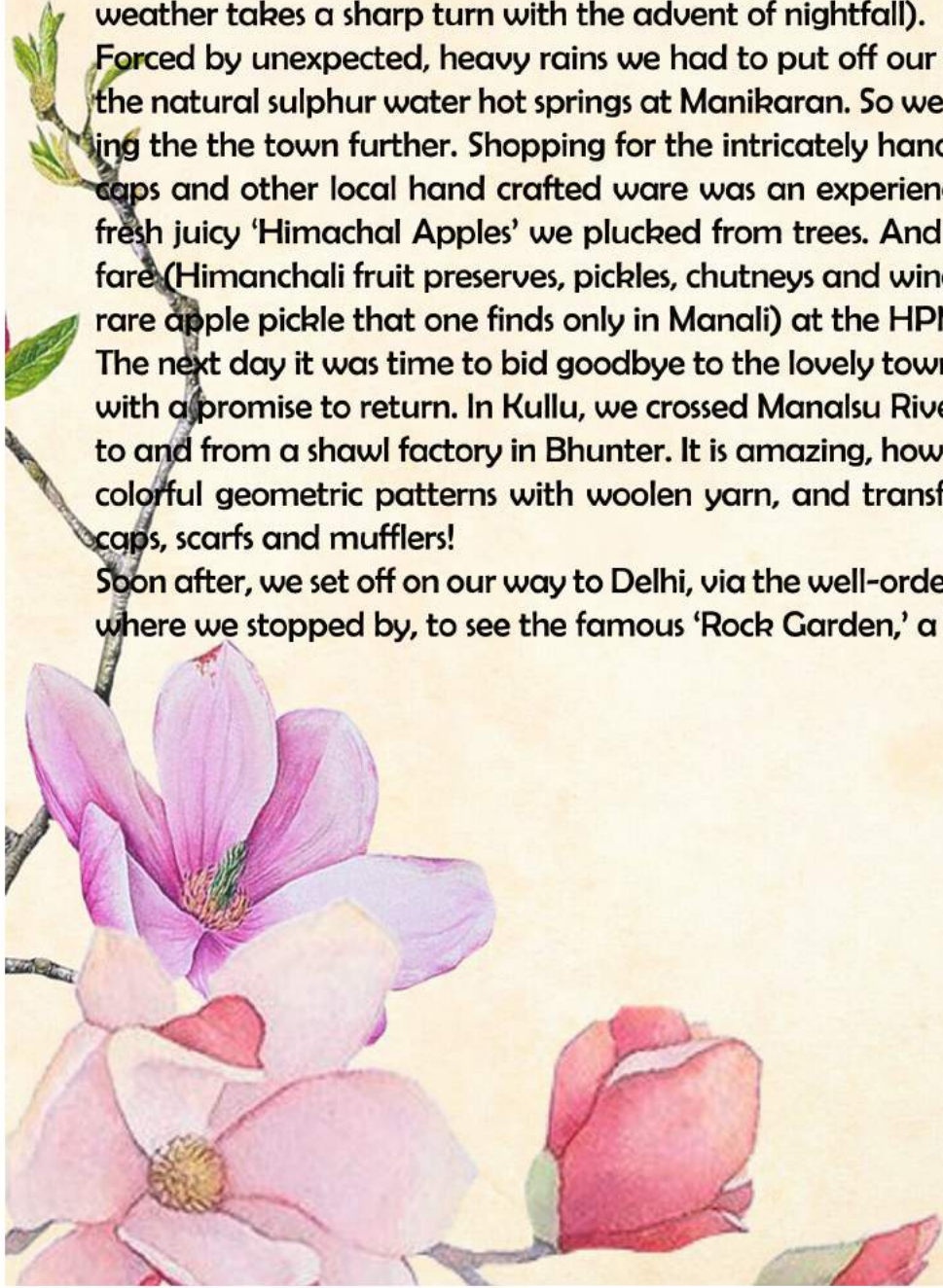
# Manali...

Though the thrilling journey on the narrow, winding road with the mountains on the left and river Beas on the right took my breath away, it hadn't prepared me for what meets the eye when one enters Manali, and throughout the stay! All that I saw of Manali in the next few days is etched on my memory for good. So much so, that I would say yes to visiting Manali at the drop of a hat.

I know, that with my type of love for travel, I wouldn't say 'no' ever when it comes to travelling. What I mean to say here, is that Manali is one among the few places, for which I wouldn't think even a moment before assenting to visit. I was disappointed momentarily, when we entered the town, to see that the boulder strewn "Beas" with its white waters that had heralded our entry into Manali, was no more a part of the scenery. However, the scenic beauty all around held great promise for the days to come, and truly so!

After a good diner and restful sleep I was awake early the next morning to explore the town. A short trek uphill on a cedar wooded slope, with the fresh, cedar scented morning air rejuvenating our souls, we arrived at the "Hadimba Temple". This striking, four storied wooden temple with its 'pagoda' style architecture, nestled in the middle of a forest called "Dhungiri Van Vihar", is dedicated to Goddess Hadimba. After spending some time at the temple and in the garden near it, we climbed down the hill on the other side, to arrive in the heart of the 'original' village of Manali. A walk through the interiors of the village brought us to our next destination, the "Manu Mandir". A temple devoted to the sage 'Manu', who is said to have dwelt here once upon a time. We then trekked through the village to get to the local club, and lo! There it was, my 'white, boulder strewn river!' It seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, all of a sudden, at the club. It was Manalsu River, which culminates in the main Beas River, I learnt later on.





The next day we visited Rohtang Pass, 51 Km from Manali, located at an altitude of 4,111 meters, looking down over herringboned ridges, into the Lahul Valley. I would like to mention here, that Rohtang Pass is also called 'Gateway to Lahaul,' as this is the only route to Lahaul. The view of the lovely glaciers and snow capped peaks beckoned me 'come again,' as I stood there mesmerized, enveloped in a embrace by the clouds! A visit to the beautiful Doshohar Lake left to the pass, Rishi Vyas Mandir, where "Beas" is said to originate from a very small tank, 'Beas Kund,' and the snow view point culminated the day's visual treat, and we started on our journey down by 4:30 pm (Staying back at Rohtang Pass beyond this hour is strictly prohibited for, the weather takes a sharp turn with the advent of nightfall).

Forced by unexpected, heavy rains we had to put off our visit to Solang Valley and the natural sulphur water hot springs at Manikaran. So we put ourselves into exploring the town further. Shopping for the intricately hand woven Kullu shawls and caps and other local hand crafted ware was an experience in itself. As was tasting fresh juicy 'Himachal Apples' we plucked from trees. And did I mention the HPMC fare (Himanchali fruit preserves, pickles, chutneys and wine, and of course, the quite rare apple pickle that one finds only in Manali) at the HPMC outlet on Mall Road?

The next day it was time to bid goodbye to the lovely town, and we set off for Kullu, with a promise to return. In Kullu, we crossed Manalsu River once again, on our way to and from a shawl factory in Bhunter. It is amazing, how the artisans deftly weave colorful geometric patterns with woolen yarn, and transform it into lovely shawls, caps, scarfs and mufflers!

Soon after, we set off on our way to Delhi, via the well-ordered streets of Chandigarh, where we stopped by, to see the famous 'Rock Garden,' a brain child of Nek Chand.

**Himani Chaudhry**  
**Asst. Prof.**  
**Department of English**



# DEALING WITH STRESS DURING COLLEGE

College life introduces a student to a new world of possibilities. They come with troubles, too. Preparing for examinations, handling relationships, struggling to complete projects- college life can be a stressful. But don't freak out and never surrender to anxiety.

## Conquer Your Stress

First of all, we have to accept the reality, and the truths of life may still be challenging. While you can't do away with stress completely, you can fight it on two fronts; taking measures to minimize stress, and by developing skills to relax yourself when things become stressful. Here are some ideas for managing your college life. They will help you to keep stress levels under control.

### 1. Sleep

Get enough sleep. It may be tempting to wake up at 4 am and then attend a 9 am class. Improper rest can increase your stress level.

### 2. Learn to say "NO"

You should be able to say 'no' when you don't want to do things for others. This should be mostly practiced when your peers ask you to help them with the work they are supposed to do.





### 3. Don't procrastinate

It's easy to push off assignments until the last minute but this can end up a burden on your shoulders. Try to complete tasks as and when you're assigned rather than keeping them off until later.

### 4. Avoid relaxing with alcohol

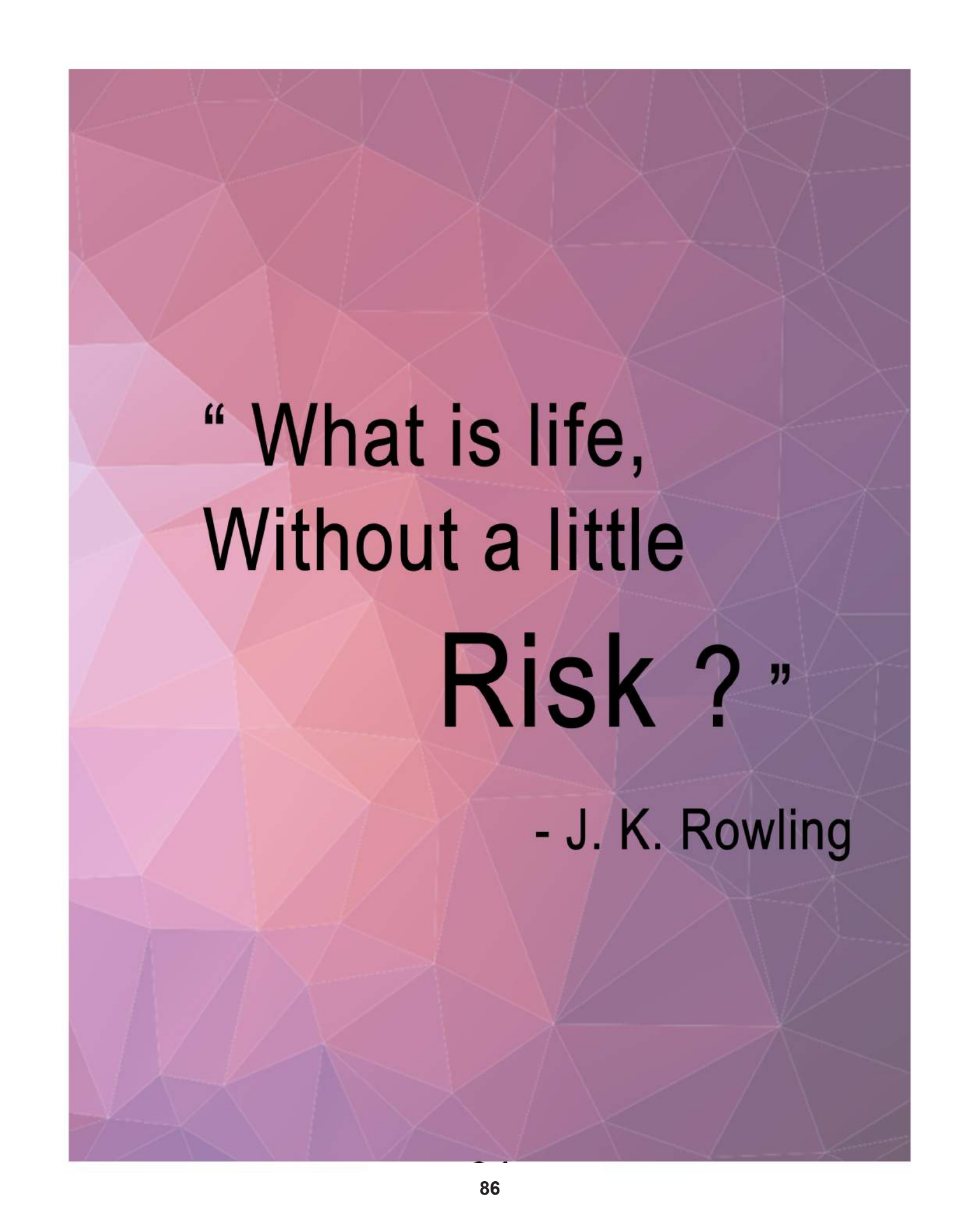
Having a beer to loosen up after a hard hour of studying may seem perfectly logical. Some say it lifts high your mood. However, if you start depending on alcohol to cut stress, you're in trouble.

### 5. Explore and Identify your means of stress reliever

Find some time to relax. Do something like relaxing on your bed by listening some music. Spend time with your friends, maybe, plan a get-together and have some fun. Either walk alone or with a friend.

By  
Kathleen Claudius  
BA English 1





**“ What is life,  
Without a little  
Risk ? ”**

**- J. K. Rowling**



# WHY CITIES NEED TO GO GREEN

Today we are living a fast-paced urban life. Even the sub-urban and rural dwellers are influenced by the cities. High-end facilities and better opportunities attract people to urban regions. There has been an increase in urbanization recently and urban sprawl has resulted in the decline of green space. This will lead to the degradation of natural environment as development overtook the rural areas at rapid rate. This has a huge impact on climate change, and global warming is true. The lack of green space also has posed high risk of flooding. The higher pollution levels lead to health issues. They adversely affect the economic balance of people since it takes a lot to recover from disasters and epidemics.

In such a context, the term 'green protocol' gathers attention. It is essentially a set of methods which if implemented, result in significant reduction of waste and its primary focus is on encouraging use of reusable alternatives instead of plastic. There are several other steps to make sure that our future generations will live in a healthy and pure environmental conditions. We must not litter in streets, parks and forests. We should recycle waste in order to save our priceless natural resources. We should use the public transport more frequently. Next, entrepreneurs should use special filters at factories and power stations in order to reduce the amount of poisonous emission into the air and water. People should stop cutting down trees, because they are the lungs of the earth. Moreover, every forest is a home to thousands of animals, birds and insects. They balance the ecosystem.

In conclusion, our unwise and extensive activities cause harm to the environment. We risk losing our priceless natural resources, fresh air, water and forests. People should change their lifestyle and stop deforestation to stop global warming, pollution and other related problems. We must to go green in order to save the earth for the future generations.

Aiswarya Harish Sinji  
BA English-1



Eight-year-old Rahul had a bright future ahead of him. He was a well-behaved student with a happy family. He loved Boy Scouts and he enjoyed playing with his dog Rufus. Then tragedy struck. A car accident left his mother in a serious physical condition and Rahul and his sister were injured.

For months his mother suffered post-traumatic stress and depression. Unable to cope with what happened to his mother, Rahul secretly started drinking alcohol. He also helped himself using his mother's painkiller tablets. His grades dropped. He bunked classes and began hanging out with other children who were into drugs. At home, he showed angry outbursts and lied often to his family. "We missed these warning signs" said his father. "We took his behavior for a typical childhood rebellion, never imagining Rahul would drink alcohol or use drugs. Not our kid."

## The perishing youth

This is among the many incidents we commonly hear in our society. Today drug abuse is a common issue. It has destroyed the lives of many teenagers. The youth that is to bloom is crushed by drugs.

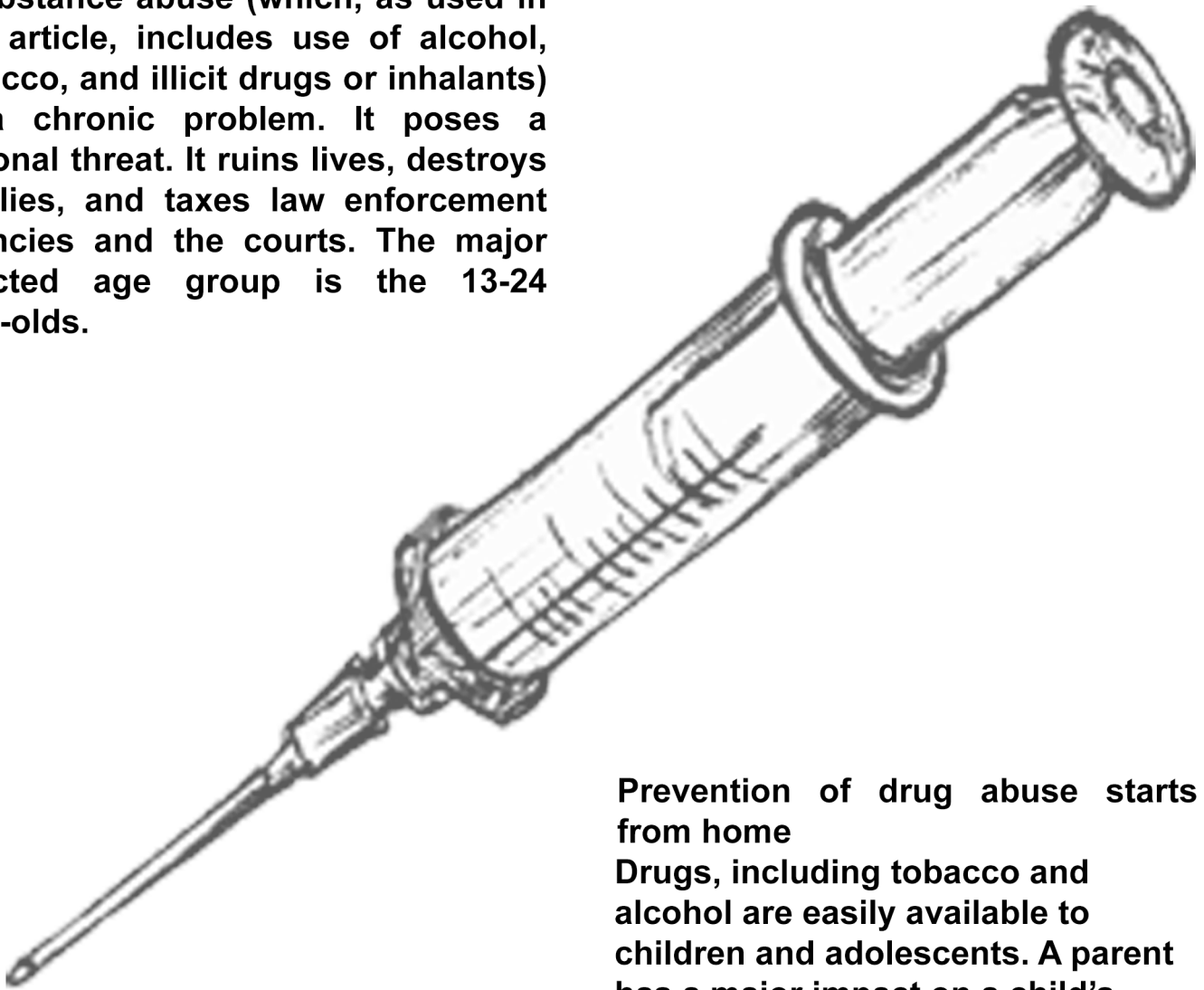


**PREVENTING DRUG**  
**ABUSE BEFORE IT**  
**STARTS**



# Effects of drug abuse

**Substance abuse (which, as used in this article, includes use of alcohol, tobacco, and illicit drugs or inhalants) is a chronic problem. It poses a national threat. It ruins lives, destroys families, and taxes law enforcement agencies and the courts. The major affected age group is the 13-24 year-olds.**



**This age-group is easily influenced by drugs. They see drugs as an escape from reality. The parents may not always see signs of drug abuse because teenage is most often termed as the rebellious age. The recent increase in suicide rates among teenagers has a direct connection with substance use.**

**Prevention of drug abuse starts from home**

**Drugs, including tobacco and alcohol are easily available to children and adolescents. A parent has a major impact on a child's decision on the use of drugs. Prevention starts when we talk and listen to a child. Helping a child make good choices and good friends are ways to ensure their safety. Teaching the child different ways to say "No" from an early age is a good way. That is how they'll say no to bad things in future, no matter how much 'bad others' might try to convince them do wrong things.**



**Children notice if parents use alcohol and drugs at home or in their social life. For a child, his parent is his first role model. They watch how their parents deal with strong feelings, stress, and even minor aches and pains. They mimic them. For a child who is learning the world, following their parents' ways to deal with the world is a natural process. Therefore, to make sure that the child won't fall into the paths of drugs or alcohol, the parents themselves have to clean up.**

**Use the language of love to correct mistakes. Being abusive would only make the child rebel more. By constructively using a mix of praise and criticism, one can correct a child's behavior. Never say a child is bad. A right approach will build a child's self-confidence and will help him learn how to make healthy and safe choices. In time, making smart choices on their own will follow. Letting the child know that someone is there to care for them is the most effective measure. That assurance is more powerful than any drug.**



**Bharath Sajeew Menon  
B.Com F&T 1**



**You can't really become chemically addicted to games, PUBG included. What usually happens is we seek rewards through games. Getting a positive result through something stimulates our brains; it creates a chemistry of goodness. Video games as well as all other activities, even household chores when completed, will give a sense of achievement. Finished with homework? Chemistry of goodness. Got a frag in PUBG? Chemistry of goodness. Won PUBG? A bigger chemistry of goodness!**

**So, in a way, anything can be “addictive,” if we define addiction loosely. Our brains push us to pursue tasks that make us feel good, and in our complex world, video games are said to be effective in setting simple rules with clear and foreseeable rewards. Life itself can become addictive if a**



**person could set his goals and pursue his dreams as clearly as he pursues the video games. Therefore, taking on life as in case of a video game sometimes can be a good thing. Winning and losing becomes a part of it. Becoming better is the goal.**

**PlayerUnknown's Battlegrounds (PUBG) is a trending game among the youth across the world today. It was launched for PC, iOS, and Xbox and then it was available on mobile phones. Unlike many other games that came along; games that went viral, ran their course and eventually fizzled out, PUBG succeeded and survived. This game blazed and its popularity**



and acceptance might have even shocked the creators.

So what do you think keep the players glued to their phones for hours? Is it the cool graphics? Or the smooth controls? Or is it the thrill of shooting down the other players, the blood spill or something else?

The game begins with parachuting down from a plane to an island with 99 other players. The thrill of 100 players wanting to win and be the last one standing all the while, trying to stay in the safe zone, looting in between and trying to be better than others are the prime reasons why players are addicted.

I and my friends play for hours and in the end we got good. We get good at something and when that happens it's natural to get addicted. Just like people are to television programmes or music, we are addicted to games. But I do wonder if this addiction deprives me of my good time; the good time that I could otherwise be spending for creative

**Akhil V**  
**BBA 1**

# **PLAYERUNKNOWN'S BATTLEGROUNDS MOBILE**





# GOODBYE TO THE FATHER OF OUR SUPERHEROES

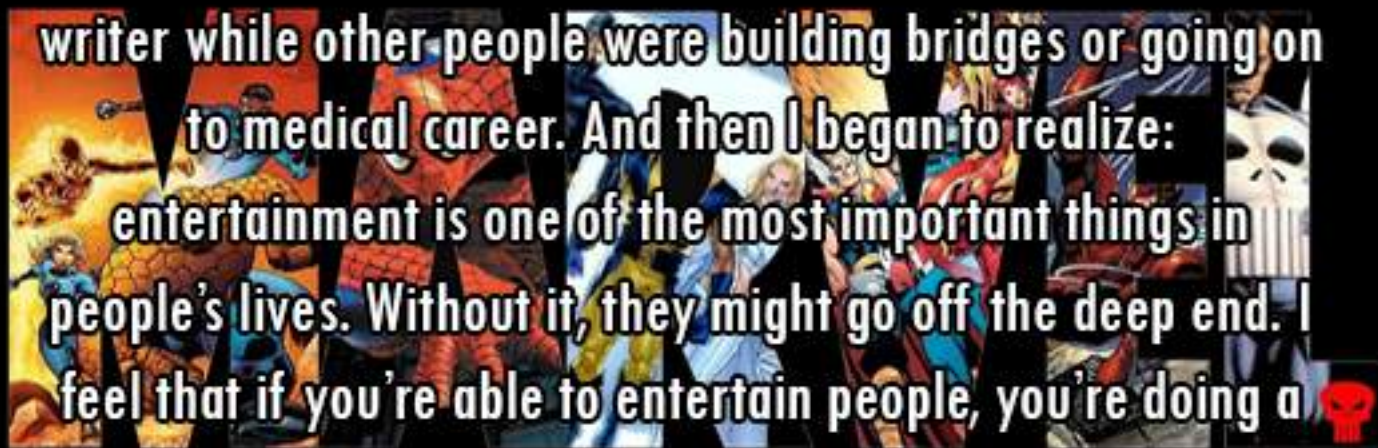


As a child I grew up wanting to be a superhero. I was in love with Spider-Man and his motto; "with great power comes great responsibility". Then I didn't know that the creator of my idols was an ordinary man because I believed that every superhero I read about really existed. When I started growing up I realized they were part of a fiction, yet my love for them didn't cease. The only different thing that happened to me was that I then started admiring the creator.

Stan Lee, original name Stanley Martin Lieber, is the father of many characters from the Fantastic Four, Spider-Man, the Avengers, and the X-Men. Today, most youth adore these superheroes. From comics to animated series, the big screens of Hollywood respect Stan Lee as a legend among legends. He was born on December 28, 1922, New York in the United States. The day we lost him was on November 12, 2018

"I used to be embarrassed because I was just a comic-book writer while other people were building bridges or going on to medical career. And then I began to realize: entertainment is one of the most important things in people's lives. Without it, they might go off the deep end. I feel that if you're able to entertain people, you're doing a good thing."

- STAN LEE





**"THE MORE YOU READ THE BETTER YOU'RE GOING TO  
BECOME A STORYTELLER."**



**-STAN LEE**



**THANKS FOR MEMORIES !  
1922-2018**

**Siva Mithra  
BA English 1**

He was an exceptional American comic book writer, the creator of the marvel universe. His passing away witnessed the outpour of love and respect from all over the world. Stan Lee created most of his characters with artist Jack Kirby. His characters were unique and not just powerful.

The success of Marvel Cinema Universe was built on the foundations laid by Stan Lee and his co-creators. .

In life, other than being a comic book writer he was a man of true humor sense. I also see his contribution that had lead to the employment of thousands of men and women in entertainment industry. Every Marvel fan will miss him.



# **ADDICTIONS NOT BY DRUGS:**

The first mail was delivered in 1971, it's been 48 years since then and the social media has conquered the world by a storm. Today three out of five people use social networking sites like Facebook, Instagram or Twitter. These networking sites may be seen harmless and even very entertaining at first, but researches have proven that they affect our mental health quite excessively.

Some researches have proved that being more active on social media will cause anxiety and the fear of speaking in public, especially for an age group of 10-20 year-olds.

## **SOCIAL MEDIA AND ITS INFLUENCES**

**“Social media is addictive precisely because it gives us something which the real world lacks: it gives us immediacy, direction and value as an individual.”**

**David Amerland**

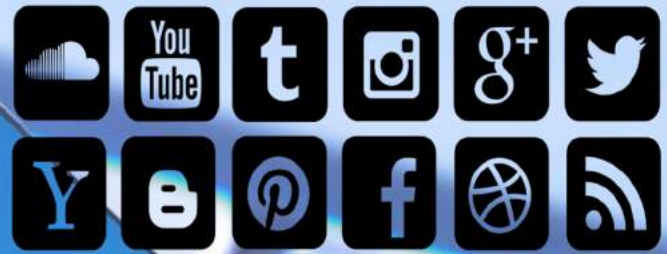
Social media is defined as an array of internet sites which connects people all over the world by photos, audio or video. The social media gives us the power to connect and share. One of the main reasons the social media has become addictive is because it has the power to distract. A person may relieve himself from boredom through social media engagement. The longer we stay online the more distracted we get and it leads to addiction.





A recent survey of social media users revealed that two third of the participants expressed difficulty in relaxing and sleeping. The reason for increase in rate of insomnia in teens is attributed to their social media addiction. Tik Tok is last in the series of addictive social media platforms.

A typical addict might likely say "Look at me, I am insecure. I need your reaction to what I am doing, but you're not cool enough to be my friend. Therefore, I will just pray you see this because the approval of God is not all I need." Funny isn't it? But it's the truth. Addiction turns a person crazy to the extent of absurdity.



In conclusion, although using social media has many benefits in our lives, addiction has to be checked timely. The impact reflects negatively on study and reality is compromised. It takes a toll on health. In order to avoid being addicted to social media, young people should spend more time playing sports, studying and take part in creative activities.



Gopika P J  
BA English 1



# At the Queen of the Hills

Gopika P J,  
BA English 1



The day one began with me and my friends reaching Darjeeling railway station and losing our way around it while trying to find the hotel we were supposed to stay in. Thankfully we got helped out by the locals who were kind enough even to carry our luggage.

After we kept our luggage at the hotel, we went out for a visit at a mall nearby. The morning air was so cool and pleasant. Later on the day because the weather was perfect, we decided to climb the Tiger Hill. It was almost 4 in the evening when we reached atop the hill. The view from the top was breathtaking. The panoramic view of Mount Everest and Mount Kangchenjunga together in the evening sun appeared like a dream. Because going back to our hotel was difficult owing the bad roads, we decided to camp at the base of the hill during the night. Maybe it was our luck, the skies were so clear on that night. Sleeping under the stars was a healing experience for us.

Darjeeling, also known as 'the queen of the hills' was my last travel adventure in 2018. The three days and two nights I spent there were wonderful to be true. Catching the glimpse of the snow-covered peak of Kanchanjunga Mountain, glittering in the morning sun, will remain a precious memory.

As I write, I would like to share some interesting facts about Darjeeling. The name 'Darjeeling' came from the Tibetan word 'dorje' meaning thunderbolt and 'ling,' means a place or land, hence 'the land of the thunderbolt'. The stories say the name also has links to the Hindu mythology of Lord Indra, whose weapon is a thunderbolt. Darjeeling is famous for its tea and its Himalayan railway. Its railways has a steam engine train which still operates and it's in UNESCO World Heritage Site list. The tea of Darjeeling is famously referred to as "the champagne of teas." It's considered luxury in many countries.



The next morning we went back to the hotel, freshened up and went out on a trip downhill to visit the Rock Garden. On the way we stopped by a tea garden to have a closer glimpse of the plantation.

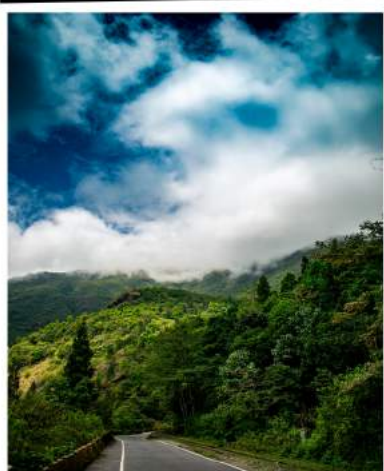
The way to the rock garden was quite bad in shape. We went down the hill slowly being careful of the steep roads. There were quaint wooden bridges across the streams and stairs carved out of the rocks so that one could walk up the hill and enjoy a great view from there. We took the same tortuous road uphill until we reached a smooth and bigger road that would take us to Batasia Loop. It had a war memorial, a garden and a track for the toy-train to go round. We had quite a fun riding the toy train. We retired for the day back at the hotel as we were too tired to continue.

We started the next day with an early morning walk to enjoy the sunrise. And this was our last day there and we were to leave by the evening. We bought some souvenirs for those back home, from the local shops.



Toy train, Batasia Loop

We visited the Darjeeling zoo, too. Usually the zoos aren't a must to visit in such places, but this one is an exception. The zoo there had a variety of animals that lived in the high altitudes. Some of those were in the list of the endangered animals. The Tibetan Wolf, Red Panda and Snow Leopard could be seen living in a semi natural habitat. One could see different kinds of birds including Rose Ring Parakeets, Hill Mynas, Ring Necked Pheasants, Blue Gold Macaw and more. We left the zoo to the railway station and our luggage had already been taken care of. As I left, all I could think of was the good memories of this beautiful place.

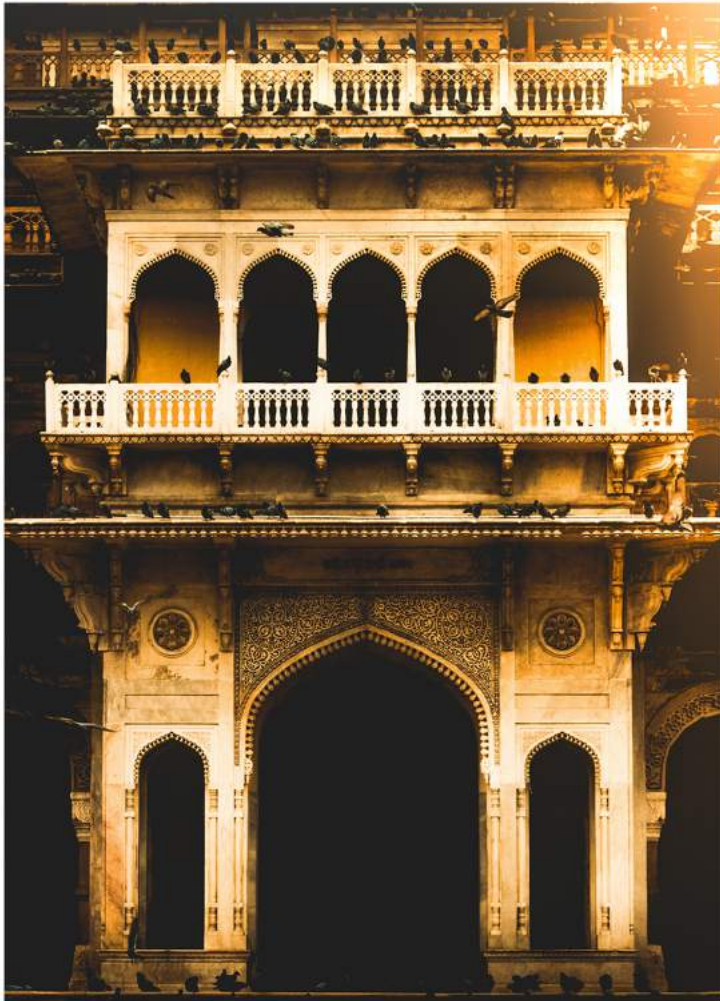


Kurseong, Darjeeling



# In the Land of Havelis

“  
IT’S BETTER TO SEE  
SOMETHING THAN HEAR  
ABOUT IT A THOUSAND TIMES”



On a cold December morning we reached Shekhawati, the land of painted Havelis in Rajasthan. The winter morning welcomed us with sunrays on our face. Another 30 minutes of driving took us to Nawalgarh, a colorful street with many more colorful Havelis. As we walked through the streets, narrow-headed autos, a typical sight in Rajasthan state, started flowing on to the roads in hundreds. As the morning sun rose further into the sky, the streets started becoming more alive.

Later on the day, I visited the profusely decorated Podar Haveli, one of the prime attractions of Nawalgarh. Walls were full of frescos linked with the mythological stories of Hindu scriptures. Watching them was like a travel through the history of arts. Besides, frescos tangled with mythological legends. We could also see some interesting paintings depicting life in that era. Knowing something about the past so closely was a beautiful experience. The intricately carved and profusely painted doorways, lintels, brackets, gargoyles and pillars would catch the attention of every visitor. The skills of people in that era can be seen in every piece of work. The time has not yet ruined the beauty of art.



Not very far, there were some Havelis that had lost their strength through the passage of time. It was quite a disturbing sight to see the ghostly Havelis and temples. Even though partially collapsed they were, they still had the beauty shining.

Later in the afternoon, a drive along the countryside took me to Lohargal, a sacred village settlement. En route, I came across several ruins step wells, hill forts and palaces. The images of easy-pace life of Shekhawati could be seen throughout the drive. We retired for the night at one of the Havelis which had been converted into a tourist resort.



**“EVEN THOUGH SEMI COLLAPSED IT WAS IN ITS INFERNAL BEAUTY.”**



**“THE TEMPLES PROVIDED SCENIC BEAUTY WHICH WOULD AWAKEN THE TRAVEL BUG IN YOU...”**

The next morning we drove through Dundlod and Mukundgarh to the colorful little town of Mandawa. The place called Shekhawati was the main base. Towards the end of two day trip, I drove through the semi-arid landscape and enjoyed the scenic beauty. I briefly stopped at the town of Fatehpur and moved onwards to Ramgarh. I could say that Ramgarh will intrigue and disappoint you at the same time with its photogenic ruins. The Rajrappa waterfalls along the temple provided a scenic beauty which would awaken the travel bug in you. In the end, we visited Sona-ki-dukan Haveli and enjoyed its golden beauty before leaving later in the evening.



# GOAL SETTINGS

A goal is a desired result that a person or a system visualises or imagines as a future possibility. Therefore, it demands planning and commitment.

Setting goal is necessary to move on efficiently in life. Knowing and following the right path is important in achieving the goal. It becomes very tough to achieve anything until and unless there is something to focus on.

A person might have huge potential and a great talent, but the talents are just simply useless without a focus. By setting goals for oneself, a person can keep track one's progress and he or she can set a performance benchmark. He/she can then compare how high or low the performance is, and make necessary changes in the course of action.

Goals give us the feeling of sense. There are some boundaries or limits within which we are supposed to stay. Moreover, at times, we are to break certain boundaries, too. When we set goals, they help us to decide in which boundary to stay and which to break.

They help one to take control of his life.

Simply to put, goals are the roots of motivation. They get the best out of us. They discover what lies inside us and inject fuel to the immense potential.



# I'LL COME TO THEE

Himani Chaudhry  
Asst. Prof.  
Department of English

Beckon me not,  
Oh! don't call me.  
Just some more time,  
And I'll come to thee.

No, vary I'm not,  
Nor I'm weary.  
Don't call me this day,  
I'll come ere I rest.

Oh! mounts to trek,  
And oceans to explore  
Have life's toll to pay,  
Oh! don't call me.

I'll see what you saw,  
Ah! Lands of bravery.  
Just some more time,  
And I'll come to thee.

For now, let me be...

I'll come surely!



# “NO TITLE”

This might be simple an article for those who go through it, for me it's not. I have thought twice whether to write this or not, my mind asked me to say this.

Personality differs from each other, but we all are similar in 'ego'. Ego is an evil which exists within each of us. This can take us from the peaks of success to failure. Ego seems to appear in different forms. The first and foremost is in the form of rumors. Those are just words, but those words are as powerful as an iron rod which can drill someone's heart . It's too mean! Do you people think so? I do think so and I know that most of you has the same answer. Don't hurt someone by your words ,words are powerful like arms. It can do anything with someone's life; it can win someone or at the best, you can even raise someone or at the best. You can even raise someone from the verge of death through your words.

Why should you harm someone, let's smile bloom in the face of others because of you... that's beautiful fair rather, Let me remind you of ,something, the things you do strikes you in the form of karma. The choice is your's "choose your karma".

Drishya Prince  
BA English 2



# BELIEF

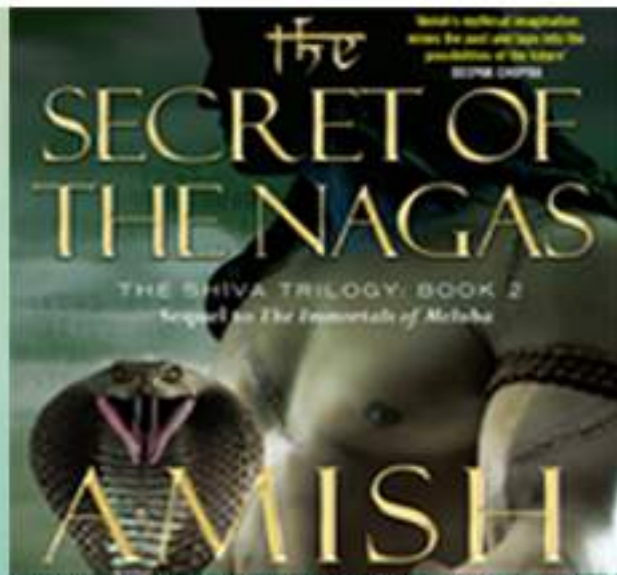
Belief is a mental representation of an attitude positively oriented towards the likelihood of something being true. In the context of Ancient Greek thought, two related concepts were identified with regards to the concepts of belief: pistis and doxa. Simplified, we may say that pistis refers to “trust and confidence”, while doxa refers to “opinion and acceptance”. The word “orthodoxy” derives from doxa. Contrary to common beliefs people don’t collect information from the outside world to form new beliefs but they gather new that supports their already existing beliefs. Beliefs affect behaviour in the following ways:

- a) Limiting beliefs limits people’s potential
- b) Beliefs and information filtering
- c) Beliefs and self confidence

Beliefs can control your actions, behaviour and potential. With a positive and powerful belief system there is no limit to what you can achieve in this world

Raihana K Y  
(BA English)





## Book Review

ARATHI SALEEF  
BA ENGLISH 3

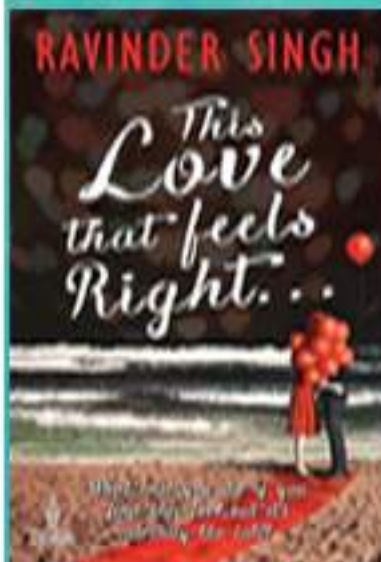
'The secret of Nagas' is the second book in the Shiva Trilogy. The story is crafted by Arish Tripathi in an alluring way. The title of the book itself makes us inquisitive to read the book. As the story is a mythological fiction, the author has beautifully contemporised the myth and made it easier for people especially for the youth to understand the plot. In this book Shiva wants to seek vengeance on the Nagas for killing his friend Brahmaspathi, who was like his brother. The story actually showcases the journey of Shiva and Sati to reach the land of the Nagas. The content of the story has multitudinous twists and turns, but many a times I would sense it miles away. Maybe it must be because of the knowledge from our grandparents. The part about the Branga's tribe, which needed a particular medicine to keep the whole tribe alive each year, was pretty interesting. The concept of Suryavanshi and Chandravanshi was actually a new thing to me. It added a crisp to the content of the story but at times it got a bit confusing here and there. I would rate this book a 4 out of 5. A beginner may not be able to advice and understand the content even though the thread may sound appealing. I would suggest this book for hard-core readers. The author has done a great job in carving a niche in the hearts of the readers. Shiva has tremendous charisma and the author has done an appreciable work in portraying it on the pager creating a more realistic effect for the readers.

In the end, the book did not disappoint me at all. It is yet another splendid creation of Amish Tripathi.



‘What will you do if you find true love, but it’s already too late? Love makes your world go around. We have all had our own share of ups and downs when in love. You cry and laugh, when in love, but we all want to experience it. I love the feeling of being in love and being loved, and that is why I love to read this.

“This Love that Feels Right” is a thoroughly entertaining book that touches upon the controversial topic of ‘open marriage system’. The story revolves around two young modern women who take up the courage to break free from the traditions and the societal norms to find their inner soul and love without boundaries. Naina Singhania is married to Siddharth Singhania- a husband who doesn’t have time for his wife.



## **Book Review**

Aardra R Nair  
BA English 2

Marriage happened in her life before she got a chance to fall in love. But who says love cannot happen after marriage? It happened and it came like a storm in her life burning up her desires to the very core. The only problem is that the man with whom she has fallen in love with is not her husband. He is Arav, a good-looking gym fitness trainer. Manvika, Naina’s new friend and a TV journo, quickly spots the friendship between them. The chemistry between Naina and Arav as Manvika is indulged in a relationship with someone other than her own husband too.

The author starts with a very strong prologue. It is an honest confession from Naina. This sets a very exciting tone for the novel ahead. And the initial few chapters live up to these expectations. It is a delight to read them. The forte of this book is that the characters are developed very strongly.

The book is a mirror to the present times of our society. Couples might agree or not agree with this concept but we all know that it exists. ‘This Love That Feels Right’ leaves the readers questioning their own beliefs. The book focuses on the emotional depth and is a story that is bound to leave its readers with a mist filled with the nation of love, sympathy and honesty.





# LIFE

Life of every person is a treasure hunt with lot of hurdles. But the thing is; when we attain the treasure we may not enjoy the success with complete happiness because a new treasure will appear before us. Thus, the treasure hunt will never end, not until we die.

We will get the unexpected twists and turns in our life. We might be surprised, shocked, or confused of things happening around us. But I believe God Almighty who decides of our future will have a positive note in reserve. But different people conceive it differently.

Life is full of dreams and hopes that may be achieved or lost. We are wandering for happiness outside, yet it is always inside us. That is world; which does not know everything is within it but searches for the better.

Ms.K S Dhanya

Asst. Prof.

Department of Commerce









*Anna Varghese*  
Asst Prof  
Department of English











SNAP-ON!









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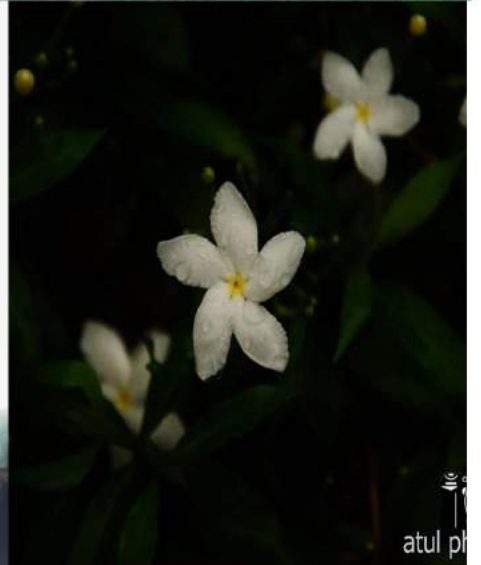
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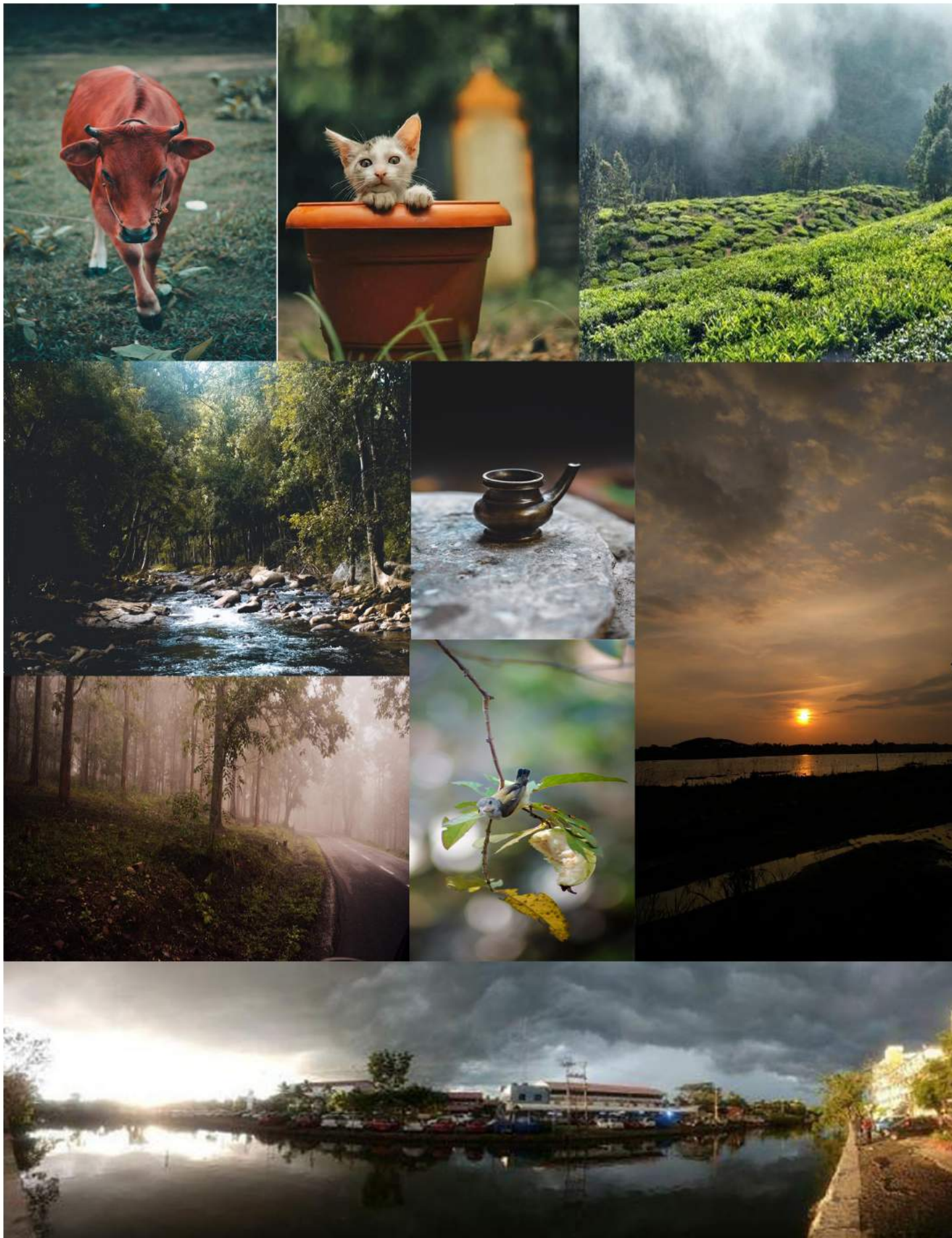
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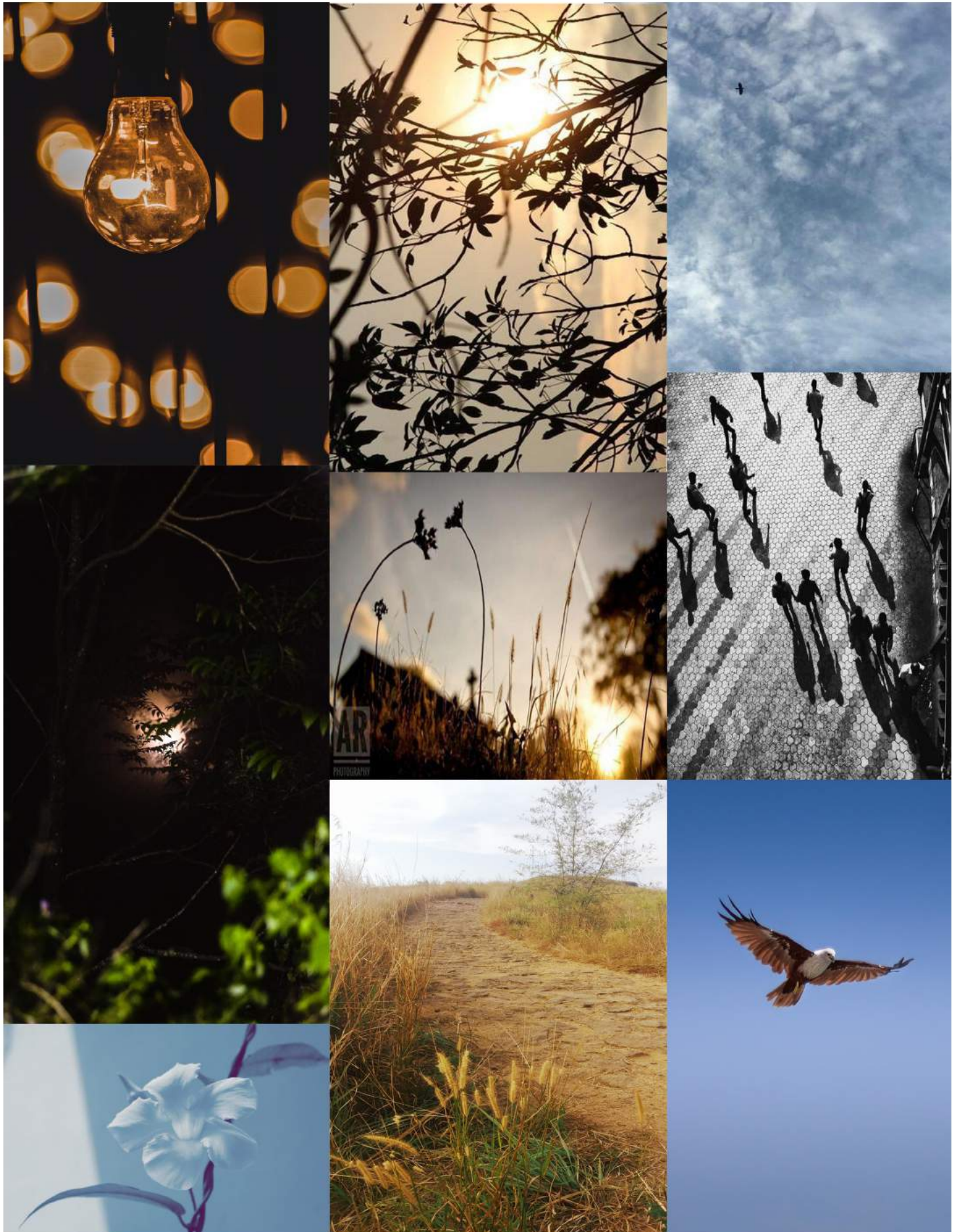


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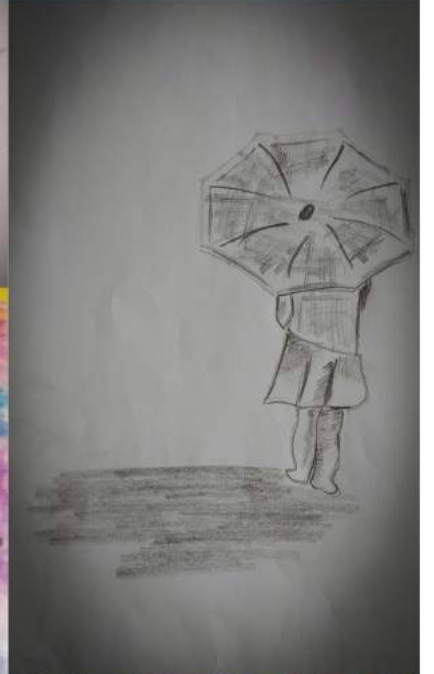




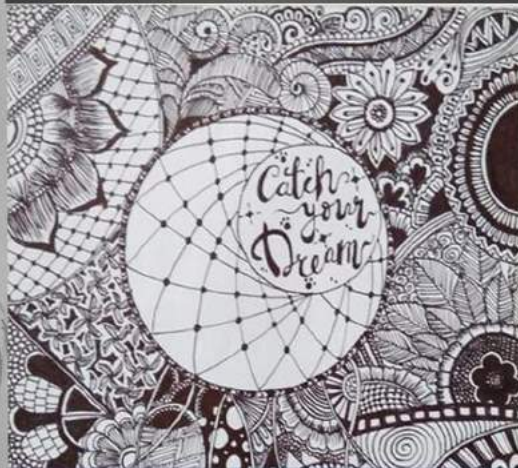
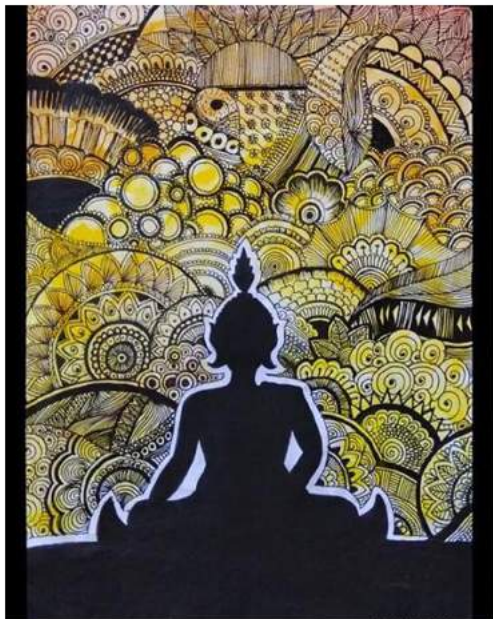
The background is a vibrant, abstract composition of paint splatters and drips in various colors including red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. The word "ART" is centered in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a black outline. Below the word is a decorative black vine with symmetrical, swirling patterns and small leaf-like motifs.

# ART

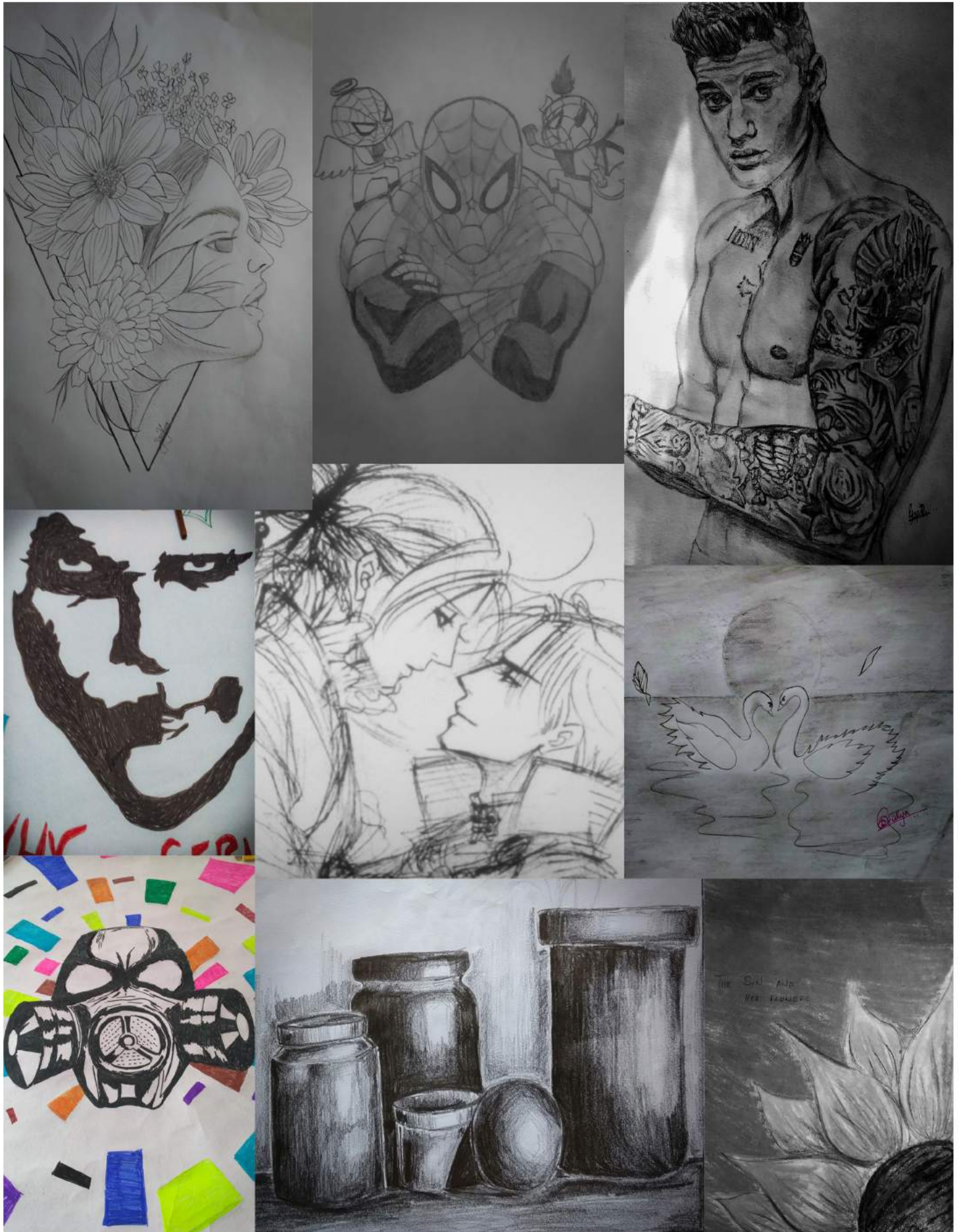














# *Are You Beautiful?*

**GEETHU PRASANNA KUMAR**  
**B.Com F&T (2015-18)**

We are bombarded everyday with countless messages about what beauty is; glaring advertisements, airbrushed models, etc. They seem to define our concept of beauty. As a result, we always and everywhere, try to appear beautiful and in the process a mirror becomes more personal to us than we are to ourselves.

What do you see when you look at yourself in a mirror? Do you see a kind person who goes out of his/her way to do the nice things? Does the person staring back at you give a friendly smile? Or do you see only wrinkles on your face? If so, you have failed to realize that the wrinkles on the face are nothing compared with the spots and blemishes in the heart.

‘Beauty is only skin deep’. Beautiful things have a unique power to please human mind. As John Keats say, ‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever’. However, the ability of beauty to please human eyes does not make it permanent. As everything else in this world, many admire you for your beauty, but tomorrow, when you have lost it, you may be set aside unwanted. It doesn’t mean that beautiful things are to be avoided and that is never possible. But we should not think that physical beauty is the most important factor in life. More than physical beauty, spiritual beauty is to be upheld. Beauty may come today and fade off tomorrow, but good things done make one spirituality beautiful and that beauty will never be lost.

True beauty originates within and you feel it inside. The person who is beautiful within is blessed with an aura that external beautification will never be able to equal itself to. Your noble thoughts and if they are genuine, give life a better meaning. Beauty is about opening your heart and allowing that inner radiance, that divine quality that runs through all of us, to be able expose our true selves and share the good in us with others.

When you make conscious efforts to develop your personality, your beauty expands and radiates exponentially. As you nurture, your own gifts, talents, skills and abilities to live your life become meaningful. Therefore, begin to make up your inner beauty. Now ask yourself ‘are you beautiful’?







# **Child Abuse**

---

**DRISHYA PRINCE**  
**BA English 2**

**While reading the headline of this article you might take it for another cliché. Let me tell you this is just a random topic that came on my mind when my teacher asked me to write something.**

**Child abuse is an everyday news in our society today. The newspapers make us aware on how badly this evil has spread. It's not just the girl children who are abused. News reports on hundreds of boys sexually being exploited in a state like ours, are shocking.**

**The people who abuse a child is all likely to possess a sick mind. They must see their own children in their place. But they don't. Every child is a daughter, a son of someone.**

**Abuse leaves children traumatized. The pain and stigma never leave them. It affects their future. The culprits may do this for a pleasure but it ruins the life of a child, and of his or her family.**

**Children are not puppets to play with. They are the ones who are to build a bright tomorrow. They hold promises. I think it's high time we realize the damage already done and do what is necessary to prevent instances of child abuse. Teach our children to say 'no' to the 'bad touches'.**



# THE GODFATHER

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MARIO PUZO

The Godfather introduced readers to the first family of American crime fiction, the Corleones, and their powerful legacy of tradition blood and honour. The Corleone family are in fact a criminal organization with influence in many areas of crime, notably Protection and Extortion, Gambling and the Unions. "The Godfather", is the account of the rise and fall of the Corleone Empire, ruled by the Godfather himself, Don Vito Corleone. Mario Puzo performs a neat trick by making Don Vito a sympathetic, rather appealing character without sugarcoating Don Vito's sins. Puzo makes the man believable and more important, coherent.

The Godfather referred to, in the title is generally taken to be Vito. However, the story's central character is actually Michael. The eldest son sonny is too impetuous, Freddie is a rebelliously man of passion. Michael fancies a teaching career with his Yankee bride. The manipulative, diplomatic gambles and plays always loom treachery from within. Treachery hatches and most of it comes at uneven times.

The book explores the life of Don, his operations as the head of the Corleone family. We see how the lone Michael Corleone goes on to take up his father's empire. It is Michael, after Don's near-murder-experience and the eventual death, making his father's empire stronger than it ever was. Of these characters, Vito Corleone and his youngest son Michael Corleone are immortalized by the sheer brilliance of Puzo's inconvertible characterization.



The characters, so hardened and caustic at first glance, are in truth foolish or at least under the influence of greed and blood thirsty ambition. All the character in the book are portrayed with such an intelligence that we have an unalloyed delight which creates an afflatus while reading the book.

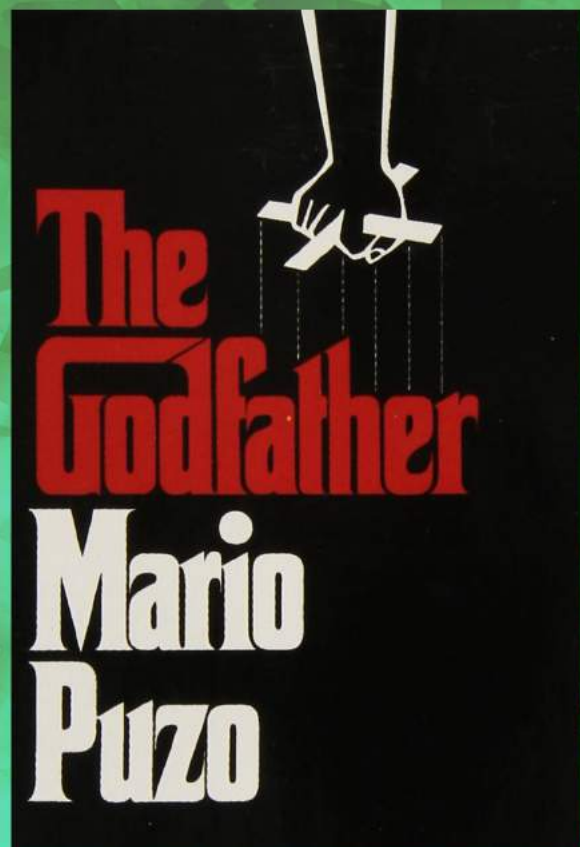
The tone is perfect that it creates a panache that depicts an underground operation, ruled by power rather than reason. The narrative of this book is a cutting Mafia style, gritty and fast. "The Godfather" is such a compelling story that one cannot deny the aura surrounding Godfather.

Apart from the two sections, which I believe, contain some exaggeration, the book is a fascinating tale of a Mafia culture. The sheer power of the book leaves one spellbound. This book is "that something you can't refuse", if I may call it in Don's words.

#### **BOOK REVIEW**

Aiswarya

Bba-3





# കലാരഞ്ജിനി

ബാംഗ്ലൂർ - കൊച്ചി സുപ്പർഫാസ്റ്റ് യാത്രകൾക്ക് എന്നും രഞ്ജിനിയെ തന്റെ ഭൂതകാലത്തിലേക്ക് വലിച്ചിഴക്കാൻ തക്ക വണ്ണം ശക്തിയുള്ളവയായിരുന്നു. ജീവിതത്തിൽ ഇനി ഒരിക്കലും തിരിച്ച് ചെല്ലാൻ താല്പര്യം ഇല്ലാത്ത ആ ഇടത്തെപ്പറ്റിയുള്ള ഓർമ്മകൾ അവളെ ഏറെ അലട്ടുകയാണ്. വേദനകൾ മാത്രം തനിക്ക് സമ്മാനിച്ച തന്റെ പഴയകാലവുമായ് ഒരു സമാധാനസന്ധി ഉണ്ടാക്കാൻ അവൾ നിരന്തരം ശ്രമിച്ചു. പത്തു വർഷത്തെ കാലയളവിനിടയിൽ എന്തൊക്കെ മാറ്റങ്ങൾ സംഭവിച്ചു. പാലക്കാടൻ ഉൾഗ്രാമത്തിലെ ബ്രഷ് മണ കുടുംബത്തിൽ ജനിച്ച ഒരുവളുടെ വിദ്യുര സങ്കല്പങ്ങൾക്കപ്പുറമുള്ളൊരു ലോകത്താണ് രഞ്ജിനി രഞ്ജിനി ചെന്നുപെട്ടത്. കൂട്ടുകാരോടൊപ്പം തൊടിയിലും പാടത്തും ഉല്ലസിച്ച് ഘോഷിക്കേണ്ട ബാല്യകാലം അവൾക്ക് പേടിസ്വപ്നങ്ങളാണ് സമ്മാനിച്ചത്. ലോകം മുഴുവൻ തന്നെ ഒരു വികൃതജന്മമായ് കണക്കാക്കുന്നതിലുള്ള ദുഃഖം ആ കുഞ്ഞു മനസ്സിനെ ഏറെ വേദനിപ്പിച്ചു. എന്നും രാത്രിയിൽ അവൾ തന്നെ അമ്മയുടെ മടിയിൽ കിടന്ന് തേങ്ങി. നാളുകൾ നീങ്ങിയപ്പോൾ ആ വേദനകൾ സമൂഹത്തോട് മുഴുവനും ഉള്ള വെറുപ്പായ് പരിണമിച്ചു. താൻ മറ്റുള്ളവരിൽ നിന്ന് വ്യത്യസ്തയാണെന്ന തിരിച്ചറിവ് അവളിലും വന്നു ഭവിച്ചു. ഈ തിരിച്ചറിവിൽ നിന്നാണ് രഞ്ജൻ കൃഷ്ണമൂർത്തിയിൽ നിന്ന് കലാരഞ്ജിനിയിലേക്കുള്ള യാത്രയുടെ തുടക്കവും. പിന്നീടങ്ങോട്ടുള്ള യാത്ര തന്റെ അസ്ഥിത്വത്തെ അന്വേഷിച്ചുകൊണ്ടായിരുന്നു. അഗ്രഹാരവിമി എന്നും പരിഹാസ മുളളുകളും അവഹേളനങ്ങളും കൊണ്ട് നിറഞ്ഞതായിരുന്നു. നാളേറെ ചെന്നപ്പോൾ അതൊന്നും അവൾക്ക് ഏൽക്കാതെയായി. താൻ ആരെന്നും തന്റെ വ്യക്തിത്വം എന്തെന്നുമുള്ള തിരിച്ചറിവ് അവളിൽ അതഭൂതകരമായ ശക്തി നിറച്ചു. അവൾക്ക് ഒരുപാട് ചോദ്യങ്ങൾക്ക് ഉത്തരവും നൽകാൻ സാധിക്കില്ല എന്നവൾക്ക് ഉറപ്പായിരുന്നു എങ്ങനെയും തന്നെ വരിഞ്ഞു മുറിക്കുന്ന ചങ്ങലക്കണ്ണികൾ ബേദിച്ചു പുറത്ത് കടക്കണം. അമ്മയുടെ അനുവാദം മാത്രമേ ചോദിച്ചുള്ളൂ. അത് മാത്രമേ അവൾക്ക് വേണ്ടിയിരുന്നുള്ളൂ. ഒരുപാട് നാളത്തെ അലച്ചിലുകൾക്കും കഷ്ടപാടിനുമപ്പുറം അവൾ തന്റെ ഉൾക്കാമ്പ് കണ്ടെത്തി. തന്നെ പോലെ വ്യത്യസ്തരായ ഒരുപാട് പേരെ കണ്ടുമുട്ടി. അവരുടെ വേദനകളിൽ പങ്കാളിയായി അനുഭവങ്ങൾ പങ്കുവെച്ചു.



വിദ്യാലയക്കാരിയായി, നാടക നടിയായി, തെരുവ് വേശ്യയായി. അവസാനം നാളുകൾ കൊണ്ട് സ്വർക്കൂട്ടിയ പണവുമായി ബാംഗ്ലൂർ നഗരത്തിലേക്ക്. എന്നോ നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട പോയ തന്റെ ആത്മാവിനെ അവൾക്ക് അവിടെ വച്ച് തിരികെ കിട്ടി. ലിംഗമാറ്റ ശസ്ത്രക്രിയയ്ക്ക് ശേഷമുള്ള നാട്ടിലേക്കുള്ള മൂന്നാമത്തെ യാത്രയാണിത്. ആദ്യം രണ്ടു യാത്രകൾ സുഖമുള്ള ഓർമ്മകൾക്കുള്ള സമ്മാനിച്ചത്. പക്ഷെ രഞ്ജിനി ഇനി അവയൊന്നും തന്നെ കാര്യമാക്കുന്നില്ല. അവൾ വേഗത്തിൽ ചിന്നിമറിയുന്ന നഗര ജീവിതത്തിലേക്ക് ഒരു നിമിഷം നോക്കി. എന്നിട്ട് സ്വയം പറഞ്ഞു “ഞാനൊരു സ്ത്രീയാണ് ഇതാണെന്റെ അസ്തിത്വം. ഇതാണെന്റെ ആത്മാവ്”.

Aiswarya Harish  
BA English 1





## പ്രണയം

- ഷഫ്ന എൻ

രണ്ടു ഹൃദയങ്ങൾ ഒന്നുചേരുന്ന സൗഹൃദമാം  
ബന്ധത്തെ പ്രണയമെന്ന് ആരോ ചൊല്ലി.

രണ്ട് മനസ്സുകൾ ഒന്നുചേരുന്നു,  
സുന്ദരമാം സൗഹൃദ സായാനങ്ങൾ.

സൂര്യൻ ഭൂമിയോട് വിട ചൊല്ലി,  
ചന്ദ്രനെ കാത്തിരിക്കുന്നു പ്രണയം.

വണ്ടുകൾ പൂവിനോട് തൻ സ്നേഹത്തെ  
വട്ടമിട്ടു മൂളുമ്പോൾ, തൻ പ്രണയം  
ശലഭത്തോടണെന്ന് പൂക്കൾ പറയുന്ന നിമിഷം.

കാർമേഘങ്ങൾ തൻ പ്രണയത്തെ,  
ഭൂവിയോട് ചൊല്ലുന്ന നിമിഷം  
ഞാൻ നിനക്കായ് കാത്തിരിക്കാം...





## എറിയുന്ന കനലുകൾ

- റമീസ് നാസർ  
ബി കോം - സി എ 3

മിഴിയിൽ നനവായ്, പുഞ്ചിരി പുൽകുമെൻ  
ഈ കൊച്ചു കലാലയക്കാലത്തെയോർക്കുമ്പോൾ.  
കുത്തിവരച്ചോരാ മേശപ്പുറമെന്ന നോക്കി  
ചൊല്ലിയ കഥകളോ ഓർമയായ് തഴുകുമ്പോൾ  
ഓരോ ദിനവും മധുരിതമാകുവാൻ  
ഓരോ നിമിഷവും ഓർമകളാൽ തൂകുവാൻ  
ഒരു വട്ടം കൂടിയെൻ മധുരിക്കും ഓർമകളെ  
അയവിറക്കിടുന്നു ഞാനിന്നീ സുദിനത്തിൽ

ഓർക്കുവാനായിരമുണ്ടോരാ കഥകൾ.  
വ്യഥ പേറും, ചിരിതൂകും  
മധുവേറും ദിനങ്ങൾ.  
പറയുവാനാതിരില്ലതുമുണ്ടെന്നിൽ ഓർമ്മകൾ  
അതിലുണ്ട് പാടുവാനാകുന്ന കവിതകൾ.

ഓർത്തുവെക്കാനൊത്തിരികഥ  
ബാക്കിയെന്നുള്ളിൽ.  
ബാക്കിവച്ചവ ഓർത്തെടുക്കാ-  
നാഗ്രഹമുള്ളിൽ.

തഴുകുന്ന കാറ്റിനും, ഒഴുകുന്ന നാദത്തിനും



ചൊല്ലുവാനുണ്ടെന്നോ എന്നുടെ കാതിൽ.  
മനസ്സുകമതിൽ ചെറുപൂഞ്ചിരി തൂകിയവർ ചൊല്ലി-  
ഈ കൊച്ചു കലാലയത്തിനാത്മ രാഗം.

മറക്കുവാനാകിലൊരുനാളും  
എൻ കൊച്ചു വനതാരിൽ  
ഓർമ്മകൾ തൻ പൂക്കാലം  
നൽകിയോരാ ദിനങ്ങൾ...

ശുഭശോഭിത സുന്ദര സുകൃത വിധാനമാണിവിടം  
വാരീയിലൊതുങ്ങിപ്പെൻ ഓർമ്മകളോരോന്നും  
തിരമാലപോൽ അയവിറക്കുന്നു ഞാനെന്നും -  
ഈ കൊച്ചുകലാലയ ജീവിതരാമങ്ങൾ...

എന്നിൽ വസിക്കും, എന്നെ ഉണർത്തുമ  
എറിയുന്ന കാതലാണെൻ ഓർമകളിവിടങ്ങളിൽ  
എറിയും കനൽ പോൽ പ്രഭതൂകിനിൽക്കയാ -  
ണെൻ ദിനങ്ങളോരൊന്നുമീ കലാലയത്തിൽ...





## അവളെ തേടി

### -ഗീതു പ്രസന്ന കുമാർ

ഓർക്കുന്നു ഞാൻ നിൻ മന്ദഹാസം  
എൻ ഹൃദയ തന്ത്രികളെ തൊട്ടുണർത്തിയ  
ആ പുലർക്കാലം ഇന്നലെയെന്നപോൽ.

നിൻ മടിത്തട്ടിൽ എൻ തല ചായ്ക്കവേ  
നിൻ കൈവീരലുകൾ എന്നോട് കോർക്കവേ  
നിൻ ചുടുചുംബനമെൻ നെറ്റിയിലുതിരവേ  
അറിയുന്നു ഞാൻ നിൻ വാത്സല്യം.

നിൻ നയനകാന്തിയാണെന് കാഴ്ച kazhcha  
നിൻ ദൃഢസ്വരമാണെന് വഴികാട്ടി vazhikaatii  
നിൻ നിശ്വാസത്തിലാണെന് സുരക്ഷ  
എൻ ജീവന്റെ ഭാഗമായി നീയെന്നും.

ഓടിക്കളിച്ച മാവിൻചുവടും  
കളിപറഞ്ഞിരുന്ന അശ്ശതാരയും  
മണ്ണപ്പം ചുട്ടുകളിച്ച വീട്ടുമുറ്റവും  
ഇന്നെന്നെ പരിഹസിക്കുന്നു.

അന്ധകാരത്തിൽ ഊന്നുവടിയില്ലാതെ  
വെളിച്ചമില്ലാതെ ഞാൻ പകച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്നു  
സ്വന്തം നിഴലുപോലും ഭയാനകം  
എവിടെ നീ? എവിടെ നീ?  
കാലത്തിനാകുമോ ഈ മുറിവുണക്കാൻ?



"To understand the heart and mind of a person, look not at what he has already achieved, but at what he aspires to."

Khalil Gibran

A champion is defined  
not by their wins  
but by how they can  
recover when they fall.

— SERENA WILLIAMS



*"Don't stop  
chasing your  
dreams,  
because  
dreams do  
come true."*

*-Sachin Tendulkar*

inspire 99



***"When you educate a man, you educate an individual; When you educate a woman, you educate a whole family".***

**Education means both the acquisition of knowledge and experience as well as the development of skills, habits and attitudes which help a person to lead a full and worthwhile life in this world. It is, in fact a process of training the individual through various experiences of life so as to draw out the best in him. One of the important social objectives of education is to equalize opportunities enabling the backward or underprivileged classes and individuals to use education as a lever for the upliftment of their condition, but due to the conservative nature of society there is a wide disparity between the education of boys and that of girls at all stages and in all sectors of education.**

**When a choice must be made as to which children in the family should go to school, it is often the boys who are sent. The message here is that once we know the value of education for men in society we should allow women to have equal access to it, Education is used here to mean knowing, through formal or informal means, what is right for the spirit, mind, and body and acting upon this knowledge.**

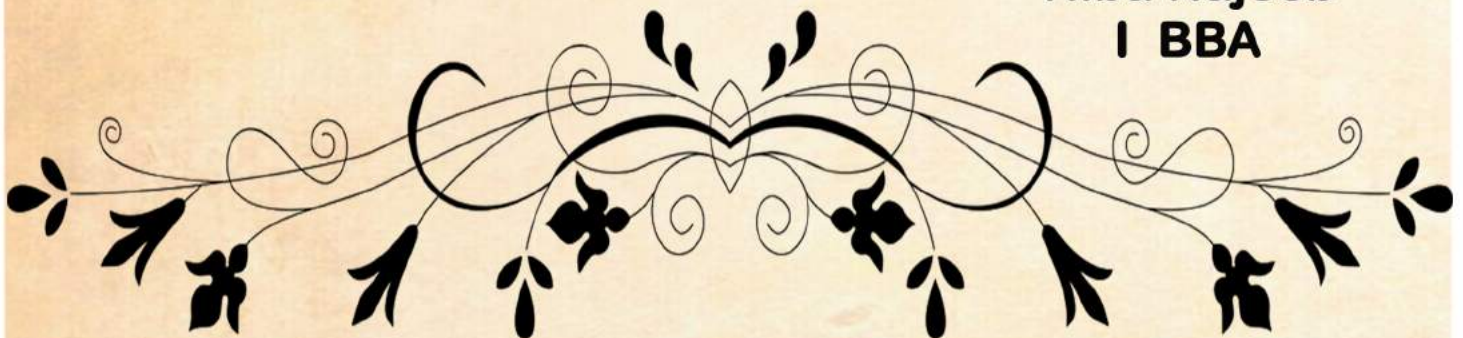
**When you educate anyone, you stand the chance that they will benefit a community by passing information to others. The information men pass on is more practical and constructive. Men never pass on knowledge. They are breadwinners. They think that it is their duty to earn enough to support a family. They sell their soul to employers so their family can eat and have shelter. They don't get to do jobs like teaching kids at home or school but, when girls become educated, they share their knowledge with their mothers who also have been unable to, or who have found it very difficult to, get access to public education facilities. Boys, on the other hand, aren't compelled to share their academic knowledge with their fathers because males have unrestricted access to the educational system. So, the statement 'men never pass on knowledge' is acceptable.**



**An educated woman, on the other hand, brings richness to her posterity, and to her community. Educated women can expand the capacity and potential of her children. A biblical parallel is Exodus 2: 9- Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you your wages". So the women took the child and nursed it. This story of Moses shows the importance of women in raising a child. We should never doubt the value of educated women at home, never underestimate the need. A truly educated woman is resourceful. She has more skills and knowledge at her fingertips than one who is narrowly schooled. The educated woman at home also has the time and opportunity to help her children develop their identities, self worth, gifts, talents, and perspectives on to her daughters, and they pass them on to their. So, it is rightly said that "when we educate a woman, we educate a family".**

**Women play different roles in any given society, and their situation is determined by several factors like legislation, religion, norms, economic status or class, cultural values, ethnicity and types of productive activities of their country, community and household. The services they provide to the family and society at large go a long way to help in national development. For that we should aim at empowering girls and young women through education. We should enable them to get more involved in decision making and to have their voices heard. So, we should no longer oppose female education and should always remember the fact that "When you educate a man, you educate an individual; when you educate a woman, you educate a whole family".**

**Hiba Najeeb  
I BBA**





# കടാക്ഷം

വിശാലമായ മുറ്റത്ത് വിവിധതരം ചെടികൾ കരിഞ്ഞുണങ്ങിനിൽക്കുന്നു. തിണ്ണയിൽ ഒന്നും ചെയ്യാനില്ലാതെ ജീവിതം പോലെ വ്യർത്ഥമെന്ന ഭാവത്തിൽ ചെല്ലപ്പൻ ഇരിക്കുന്നു. അയാളുടെ മുഖത്തു വല്ലാത്ത നഷ്ടബോധത്തിന്റെ കനലുകൾ എരിയുന്ന മനസിന്റെ ഉടമയാണെന്ന് തിരിച്ചറിയിക്കുംപോലെ...

ചെളികെട്ടി ഉണങ്ങിയ ഭിത്തിയിൽ നിന്ന് ഏകദേശം വായിച്ചെടുക്കാൻ കഴിയും നഷ്ടത്തിന്റെ കുത്തൊഴുക്കുകൾ. പൂഴയുടെ തീരത്ത് ബാൽക്കണി പൂഴയിലേക്ക് തള്ളി നിൽക്കുന്ന വലിയ മണിമാളിക എത്ര ആവേശത്തോടെ ഭക്തിനിർഭരമായ ഒരു തുടക്കമായിരുന്നു. ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളിൽ പോയി വന്ന് വലിയ ജ്യോതിഷ പണ്ഡിതന്മാരുടെ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങളോടെ പണിത വീട്. ഒരു പ്രളയം അതിൽ വലിയ കേടുപാടുകൾ സൃഷ്ടിച്ചില്ല എന്നിട്ടും അയാളുടെ മുഖത്തു വേദന മാത്രമേയുള്ളൂ.

അന്നൊരിക്കൽ ശരീരത്തിനെയും കൊണ്ട് ആ വീട്ടുപടിക്കൽ നിൽക്കുമ്പോൾ പ്രഭാത പുജയും ക്ഷേത്ര ദർശനവും കഴിഞ്ഞ് ചെല്ലപ്പൻ തന്റെ ഓഡിക്കാറിൽ ഇറങ്ങി അവഞ്ജയോടെ ഒരു നോട്ടം വർഷിച്ചു. ഇന്ന് ഇങ്ങനെയൊന്നും എന്ന ചിന്തയോടെ അകത്തേക്ക് കയറുമ്പോൾ ചിന്തകളുടെ ഒരു ഒഴുക്കായിരുന്നു. ഒരു പ്രളയം പോലെ...

കണ്ണുകളിൽ ബാഷ്പം നിറഞ്ഞ് ഒഴുകാതിരിക്കാൻ വളരെ ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചു. ചെല്ലപ്പൻ ചെല്ലപ്പന്റെ മുമ്പിൽ വന്ന് നിന്ന് വളരെ പതുക്കെ നിങ്ങളുടെ ദുഃഖത്തിൽ പങ്കുചേരുന്നു എന്ന് പറഞ്ഞ് നീങ്ങി. വിഷാദം തളം കെട്ടി നിന്ന ആ മുഖത്തു നിന്ന് ഒരു ചോദ്യവും പ്രതീക്ഷിക്കുന്നില്ലായിരുന്ന തിന്നാലും സംസാരിക്കുവാൻ താല്പര്യം തനിക്കില്ലാത്തതിനാലും ഞാൻ മകനെക്കൂട്ടി makanekootti പടിയിറങ്ങി.



പുറകിൽ നിന്ന് വളരെ ശാന്തവും ദയനീയവുമായ ഒരു ശബ്ദം കേട്ടു ഏതോ പൊട്ടുകിണറ്റിൽ നിന്ന് വരുന്ന പോലുള്ള ഒരു ശബ്ദം. “മകൻ എങ്ങനെയാണ്?” ഞാൻ പതുക്കെ തിരിഞ്ഞു നോക്കി. ചെല്ലപ്പന്റെ ഭാര്യ; ഒരു ചെറിയ മൗനത്തിനുശേഷം ഞാൻ വളരെ ഭാരത്തോടെ വാക്കുകളെ മനസ്സിൽ നിന്ന് വായിലൂടെ പുറത്തേയ്ക്കു വിട്ടു “ആശ്വാസം; ദൈവകൃപ; സമയത്തിന് രാഘവൻ പണം തന്നതിനാൽ എനിക്ക് മകനെ തിരിച്ചുകിട്ടി. ഇല്ലാത്തവനെ

കാരുണ്യത്തിന്റെ അർത്ഥം മാസിലാകൂ” വീണ്ടും അവരുടെ മുഖത്തുനോക്കി; മൗനത്താൽ യാത്ര പറഞ്ഞ് നടന്നു.

ചെല്ലപ്പൻ ഗ്രാമത്തിലെ ധനികനാണ്. അയാൾ പ്രാഭാതത്തിൽ ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങൾ സഞ്ചരിച്ചു തിരിച്ചുവരും. ഭവാനുമുന്നിൽ പണം വാരിവിതറാൻ ഒട്ടും മടിയില്ല. അയാളോട് ചോദിച്ചാൽ മകന്റെ ഓപ്പറേഷൻ എന്തെങ്കിലും കിട്ടും എന്ന് പലരും പറഞ്ഞു. പക്ഷേ ആളുടെ സ്വഭാവം ആർക്കും അറിയില്ല. ഈശ്വരനല്ലേ അതാവും പുള്ളിക്കാരൻ ദേവാലയങ്ങളിൽ പണം ഒഴുകിയത്. നമ്മളെ സഹായിക്കാൻ അയാൾക്ക് പറ്റില്ലല്ലോ! അതാവും പണം ആവശ്യപ്പെട്ടപ്പോൾ അയാൾ ഒരു ധർമ്മക്കാരനോട് എന്ന ഭാവത്തോടെ പെരുമാറിയത് ഓർക്കുമ്പോൾ കണ്ണുകൾ നിറഞ്ഞുപോകും. എല്ലാം ദൈവഹിതമാകും അന്ന് ഇറങ്ങിപ്പോയപ്പോൾ രാഘവൻ എന്ന ഒരു സാധാരണ സർക്കാർ ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥനെ മുന്നിൽ കൊണ്ടുതന്നു. ഇങ്ങനെ സാധാരണ വീട് ആ മണിമാളികയുടെ വശത്ത് ഉള്ളതായി ആരും ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചിട്ടില്ല. എന്റെ പ്രശ്നം മനസിലാക്കി മകനുവേണ്ടി എന്നെക്കാൾ താല്പര്യത്തോടെ ഓടി പണം ഉണ്ടാക്കി തന്നു. പ്രളയമെന്ന മഹാവിപത്തിൽ പെട്ടിട്ടും നഷ്ടങ്ങളുടെ കണക്കഴിക്കാൻ രാഘവൻ തയ്യാറായല്ല. ആ കാരുണ്യത്തിന്റെ മുമ്പിൽ ഈശ്വരന്റെ പോലും അമ്പരന്നു നിൽക്കുന്നു.

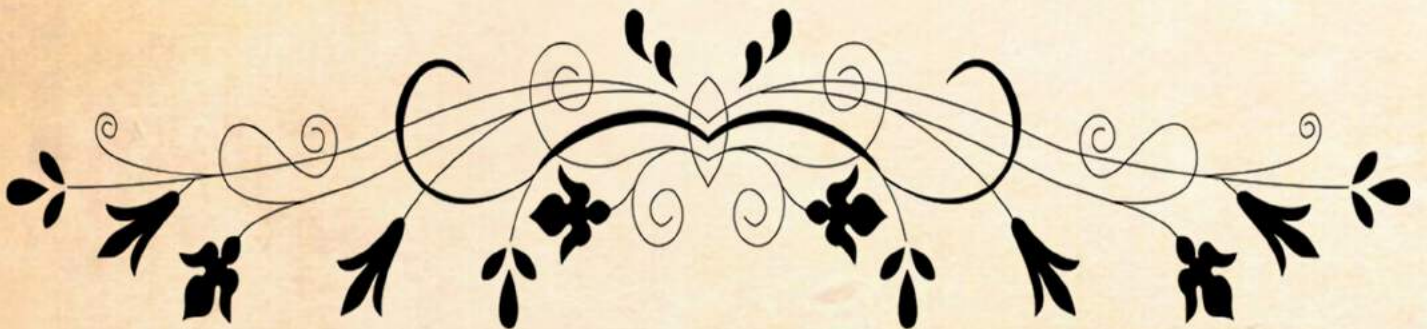
ഇന്ന് ചെല്ലപ്പന്റെ മകൻ മാതൃകരോഗം ബാധിച്ചു മരിച്ചു. ദുഃഖത്തിൽ പങ്കുചേർന്നപ്പോൾ മനസ്സിൽ പറഞ്ഞു കാര്യമാണ് ഈശ്വരൻ ആ കടാക്ഷം അറിയുവാൻ ഇനി എന്ന് ചെല്ലപ്പനു കഴിയുമോ. ചിന്തകൾക്ക് വിരാമമായിട്ട് ബസ് വന്നു നിന്നു.



मुझे अपनी जान बना लो,  
मुझे अपने दिल में बसा लो।  
प्रेम अपने आप मे ही एक दुनिया है,  
अफ़सोस है मुझे उन पर, जिनकी  
ज़िन्दगी रूखी, नफ़सतों से भरी पड़ी है।  
बसा लो मुझे अपनी दिल में,  
बना लो दिल की आवाज़ मुझे,  
अपना एहसास बना लो मुझे,  
बसा दो मुझे अपनी आँखों मे,  
बना दो मुझे अपना ख़्वाब,  
नहीं बताना यह बात किसी से  
बना दो मुझे अपनी रात।

यह एक ज़िंदगी है हमारे पास,  
हम जीते हैं एक बार, मरते हे एक बार,  
घोड़ दो इन नफ़रतों को,  
भूल जाओ पुरानी बातों को,  
चल पड़ो उस पार, और  
कर बैठो प्यार।  
यह ज़िंदगी ना मिलेगी दो बार दोवारा,  
मत भूलना कभी यह बात।

**Aravind R**  
**B.Com (CA 3)**





# Steve Jobs

"The ones who are crazy enough to think  
that they can change the world,  
are the ones who do."





# Automotive Photography







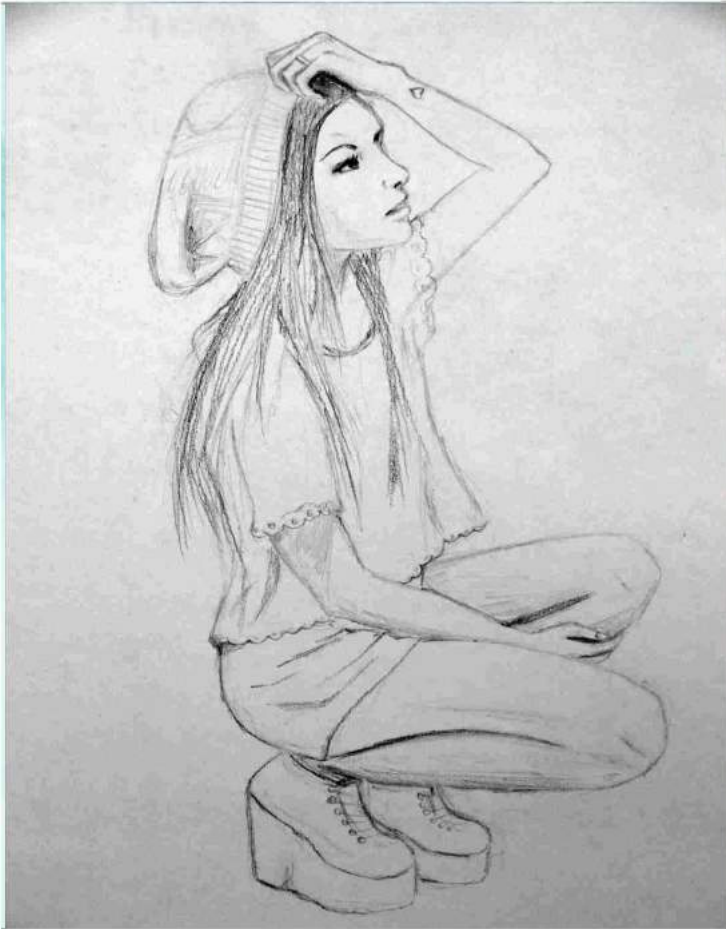
















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