FATHIMA MEMORIAL TRAINING COLLEGE PALLIMUKKU

Department of English

ARS VITAE



Le Herms Club

BATCH 2023-25

ARS VITAE

Department Magazine
2023-25

FATHIMA MEMORIAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

FATHIMA MEMORIAL TRAINING COLLEGE

Affiliated to the University of Kerala (Accredited with 'A' Grade by NAAC)
VJHG+87G, Vadakkevila, Pallimukku, Kerala 691010
Phn: 0474-2727368 Email: fathimabed@gmail.com
Web: www.fmtcpallimukku.org

VISION

To be a teacher education institution par excellence striving to professionally empower the prospective teachers in the art and science of teaching and be competent enough to synergize the challenges of the changing world.

MISSION

We are committed

- To the moulding of teachers excellent in quality and values prioritizing equity, ethics and devotion in service.
- To equip the prospective teachers to meet academic challenges with openness, enthusiasm, and a willingness to solve problems.
- To enable the teacher trainees develop knowledge, attitudes, and skills essential to reach their true potential.
- To help the trainees become life-long learners by developing intellectual curiosity and a thirst for discovery.
- To have access into the best interest of the underprivileged section of our society.
- To help trainees make use of the best in information and communication technology.

MOTTO OF THE COLLEGE

The motto of the college "LEARN TODAY LEAD TOMORROW" encapsulates our belief in the transformative power of education . We strive to empower prospective teachers to become reflective thinkers and innovative leaders in the accounting profession.

Our Founder



DR A YOUNUS KUNJU EX.MLA

Founder Chairman (1941-2022)



Fathima Memorial Educational Trust

Chairman **Dr. A. Younus Kunju Ex.MLA**, Secretary **Smt. Dhareefa Beevi** and Board of Directors (Sri. Shajahan Y, Sri. Noushad Y, Smt. Noorjahan Noufal, Adv. Ansar Y, Smt. Mumthaz Sharaf, Smt. Razia Nasmal & Sri. Hashim Y)



Our Principal

Dr. Anitha N



Vice Principal

Dr. Mini.K.S



Head of the Department

Ms. Ambili R

Our Teachers



With Love

Dear ones,

As we embark on the journey of creating our class magazine, a proud endeavor of our literary club, "Le Hermes," excitement and anticipation fill the air. This project is a testament to the creativity and expression of our talented students, showcasing their thoughts, ideas, perspectives, and design skills in a collaborative effort. The magazine is a reflection of our class's unique spirit and passion, highlighting the diverse talents and interests of my students. Through this collective endeavour, our class has come closer together, fostering a sense of community and shared purpose that extends beyond the classroom.

Flipping through the pages, I'm reminded of the boundless positivity and energy my students have shared, echoing the joy and laughter that filled our campus. The magazine is a treasure trove of creative expression, featuring articles, stories, poems, and artwork that showcase the students' skills and imagination. I extend my heartiest congratulations to all 24 students who have worked tirelessly to bring this project to life, showcasing their dedication and enthusiasm. Their hard work and commitment to excellence are truly inspiring, and I'm honored to be a part of this educational journey.

Ms Ambili R



Dear Readers

As the Secretary of the English Club, it is my great pleasure to extend my heartfelt congratulations to the entire Le Hermes magazine team on yet another remarkable edition. This magazine stands as a testament to the creativity, dedication, and literary passion that define our club.

Through its pages, Le Hermes continues to be a platform for artistic expression, critical thought, and linguistic excellence. It inspires, educates, and brings together voices that echo the spirit of storytelling and intellectual curiosity.

To our talented writers, editors, and contributors-your hard work and commitment make this publication a beacon of literary brilliance. To our readers-thank you for your continuous support in keeping the love for literature and language alive.

May Le Hermes continue to thrive, inspiring minds and shaping the literary landscape for years to come. Wishing this edition and all future ones immense success!



Warm regards,

Aswani Abhilash
Secretary, English Club

LE HERMES

UNLEASHING THE PATH TO A WORLD OF ANGLOPHONES

Le Hermes: Unleashing the path to a world of Anglophones, the Literary Club by the Department of English Batch 2022-2024,was inaugrated on February 15, 2024. The club aimed to provide a platform for creative expression, critical thinking and appreciation of various literary forms. The convenors of the Club are Ms Ambili R, Department of English and Ms Jayakumary, Department of Malayalam. The enthusiastic leaders of the club included the president Ms Chippy Satheesh and the general secretaries Ms Kareena S Kanth, Batch 2022-24 and Ms Aswani Abhilash, Batch 2023 -25.

The Club activities began with the enacting of 'The Curse of Medusa' by the Department of English Batch 2022-24, which was a mesmerising journey into the myth. Thus started a legacy to exhibit our creative output and served as an inspiration for our creative journey.

Now its time to showcase our creativity through a magazine. The Department of English Batch 2023-2025 presents 'Ars Vitae' - The Art of life

Editorial Board

EDITOR:

Ms. Ambili R



STUDENT EDITORS



Swathy S, Anjali Kishor, Dayajith, Aswani Abhilash, Thasleema Salam, Liya Treesa David, Kavya Asok

Batch of 2023-25





Our Pride

CTET QUALIFIERS-2025



KAVYA ASOK



LIYA TREESA DAVID



SREEKUTTY G J



SWATHY S

NET QUALIFIERS



SWATHY S



KAVYA ASOK

SET QUALIFIERS



SWATHY S



ASWANI ABHILASH

ADMISSION TO PHD QUALIFIERS



ASWANI ABHILASH



DHANYA ANIL S



SARATH KUMAR R



SWATHY S

Achievements



First prize in face painting competition held at Don Bosco College, Kottiyam as part of the intercollegiate fest 'Nova'.



Participated in 'Aurora' drama competition held at Kerala University College of Teacher Education, Karyavattom.

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

- First in Inter collegiate Face Painting Competition conducted by DBC , kollam
- First in Book cover Design competition conducted by FMTC,Mylapore
- First prize in a digital poster making competition held at our college on World Environment day
- First in Poster making competition held at our college against Ragging
- 2nd prize in creative Brochure making competition conducted by KUCT Nedumangad
- 2nd prize in Photography competition held at our college on World Environment day
- 3rd prize in Digital Poster making competition conducted by Christ Nagar college, Thiruvallam
- 3rd prize in Digital Poster making competition conducted by Sobha college of teacher education, Mararikulam
- 3rd prize in Video making competition conducted by Ramavilasom training college, Valakom



THASLEEMA SALAM

First Prize in Intercollegiate Photography Competition conducted by Fathima Memorial Training College, Mylapore



DAYAJITH



SAFNA RAFEEK

Second Prize in Intercollegiate Photography Competition conducted by Fathima Memorial Training College, Mylapore

ARS VITAE



GIFTED

- Aswani Abhilash

The movie is entitled *Gifted*. In St. Petersburg, Florida, seven-year-old Mary Adler lives with her uncle and in fact as a guardian, Francis "Frank". Her best friend is her 43-year-old neighbor, Roberta Taylor. This film is an educational drama. 7-year-old Mary is just like every other little girl, but with one extraordinary quality, she's a genius. On Mary's first day of public school, she demonstrates her mathematical talent to the class and reveals her secret intelligence , which impresses her teacher, Bonnie Stevenson; soon the school Principal is recommending that Mary go to a school for gifted students. That plan is endorsed by Mary's maternal grandmother Evelyn, a bossy and controlling upper-crust woman who wants her grandchild to take advantage of her superior nature. When Frank disagrees, Evelyn sues for custody of Mary.

Although this sensitive man loves everything about this little girl and has poured his care and compassion on her over the past seven years, Evelyn's lawyer makes a good case for all the advantages her grandmother can offer her. Frank tells Bonnie that he just wants to do what is best for Mary. *Gifted* gives us the idea that even how smart a person is, it will never give a perfect happiness.

Balance in life is important. Mary is extremely gifted in math. She would rather solve calculus equations rather than make friends her age and play.
Mary's life was filled with books and adults. She had no balance. So embrace the happy moments in life; not everything in life will be fun or delightful. So when happy moments do come along, it's important to embrace and enjoy them.

This story also tells us that when someone has an intellectual gift a lot of people surrounds them to take advantage of them. But the thing is you must be aware of those people who genuinely loves you. More than focusing on intelligence, we must focus on the individuality of a person and the need to socialize in order for them to avoid loneliness which might lead to depression. By the end of the movie, Mary is able to begin living a balanced life, one that includes being a child and also includes her love for math.



SLANG : THE SECRET CODE OF COOL.

- Kavya Asok

Welcome to the ever-evolving world of slang, where words are flipped, shortened, and reinvented to keep language fresh, fun, and sometimes downright confusing! Now get ready—we're diving into the freshest, quirkiest, and most internet-approved phrases taking over right now!

- **Drip –** Stylish clothing or accessories. ("That outfit has serious drip.")
- **Stan –** A devoted fan of someone or something. ("I totally stan that singer.")
- **Sus –** Short for "suspicious." ("That deal sounds kinda sus.")
- **Yeet –** To throw something forcefully (or just an exclamation). ("He yeeted his phone across the room!")
- **Lowkey/Highkey –** Lowkey means subtle or secretly; highkey means obvious or strong. ("I lowkey love this song." / "I highkey need a vacation.")
- **FOMO –** Fear of Missing Out. ("I have major FOMO about that party.")
- **Slaps –** Means something is amazing. ("This song slaps!")
- **Dead –** Used when something is really funny. ("That joke was hilarious, I'm dead.")
- **Rizz –** Short for charisma; used when someone is good at flirting or being charming. ("He's got the rizz.")
- **It's giving… –** Used to describe the vibe of something. ("It's giving main character energy.")
- **No cap –** Means "no lie" or "I'm serious." ("That was the best pizza I've ever had, no cap.")
- **Mid** – Used to say something is average or disappointing. ("That movie was so mid.")
- **Touch grass** – Telling someone to go outside and get off the internet. ("Bro, you've been online all day. Go touch grass.")
- **Delulu** – Short for "delusional," often used in a funny way. ("She thinks he likes her back? She's so delulu.")
- **Moots** – Short for mutuals, referring to online friends or followers. ("Let's be moots on Twitter!")

Cool . . .

You Made Me

- **Manjima A**

You made me hear the rustle of leaves,
Feel the warmth of the gentle breeze.
You taught me to see the sky so wide,
And find calm where the stars reside.

You showed me colors in the flowers' bloom,
And the soft embrace of twilight's gloom.
You gave me the song of the flowing stream,
Whispering life into every dream.

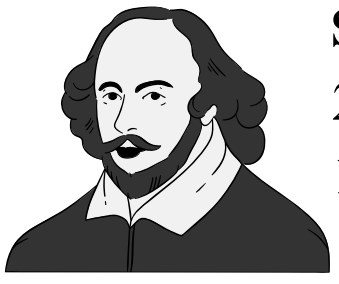
In your silence, I found my voice,
In your beauty, a reason to rejoice.
You made me feel, you made me see—
Nature's wonder alive in me.

Fascinating Literature



-Fathima

The Shortest Story – Ernest Hemingway is often credited with the six-word story: "For sale: baby shoes, never worn." Whether he wrote it or not, it's a powerful example of flash fiction.



Shakespeare's Vocabulary – William Shakespeare used over 20,000 different words in his works, and he invented more than 1,700 words still used today, like bedroom, swagger, and gossip.

Dr. Seuss's Challenge – *Green Eggs and Ham* was written as a bet that Dr. Seuss could write a book using only 50 words—and he did!

A Book with No 'E' – *Gadsby* (1939) by Ernest Vincent Wright is a novel of 50,000 words, and it doesn't contain the letter 'E'—the most common letter in English!



The Book That Never Ends – *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce is written in a cyclical structure, meaning the last sentence loops back to the first, making it an endless novel.

Longest Sentence in Literature – Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* contains a sentence that runs 823 words long!

The Fastest-Selling Book – *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* sold 8.3 million copies in just 24 hours after its release in 2007.



Mark Twain and Halley's Comet – Twain was born in 1835, the year Halley's Comet passed Earth. He predicted he would die the next time it appeared—he did, in 1910.

Jane Austen was Anonymous – Her first novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, was published under the name "By a Lady", as women weren't widely accepted as authors at the time.

The Mysterious Edgar Allan Poe – Poe accurately predicted the scientific theory of the Big Bang nearly 80 years before it was proposed.

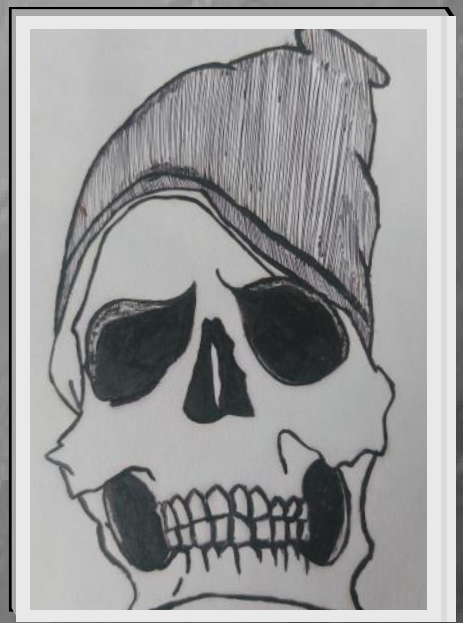


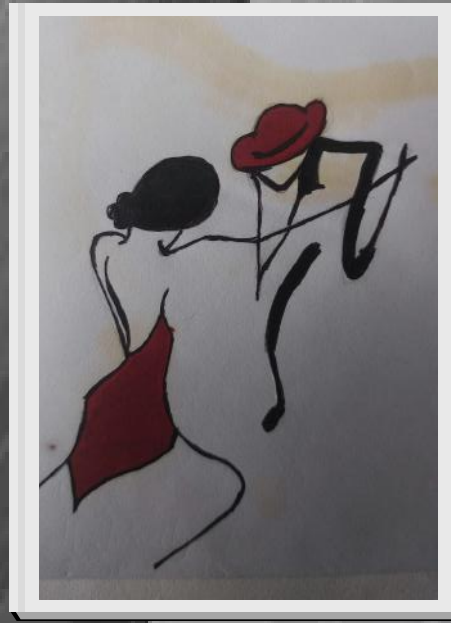
Art Fair





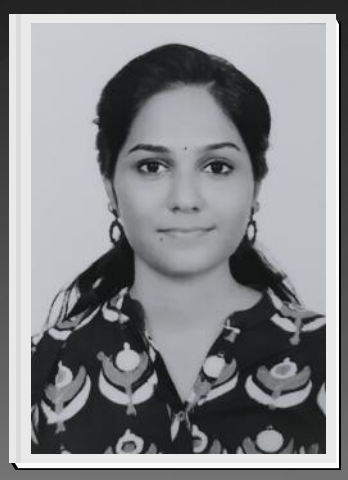








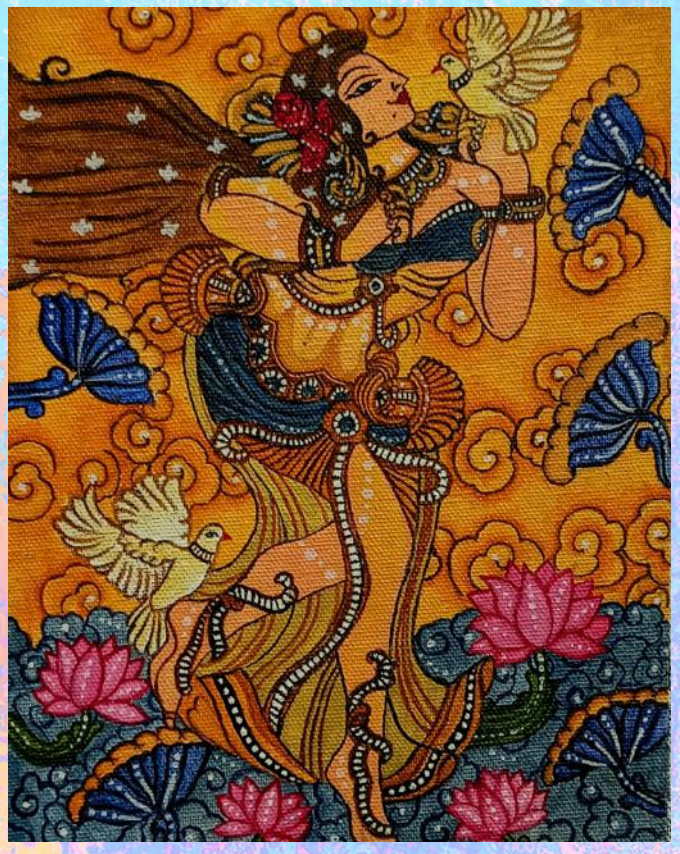
SWATHY S



Art Gallery

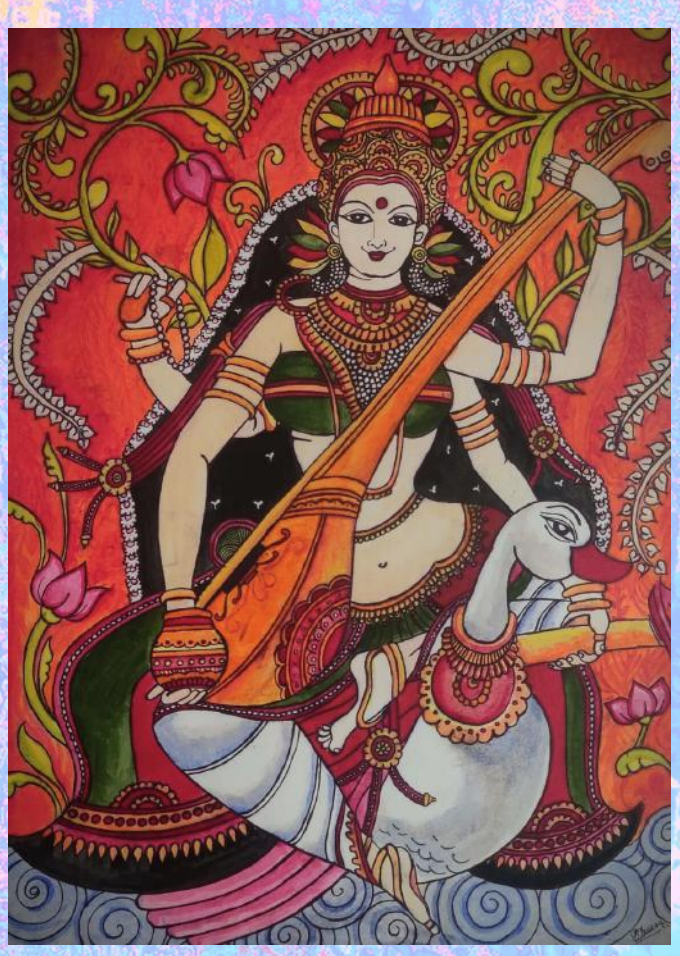












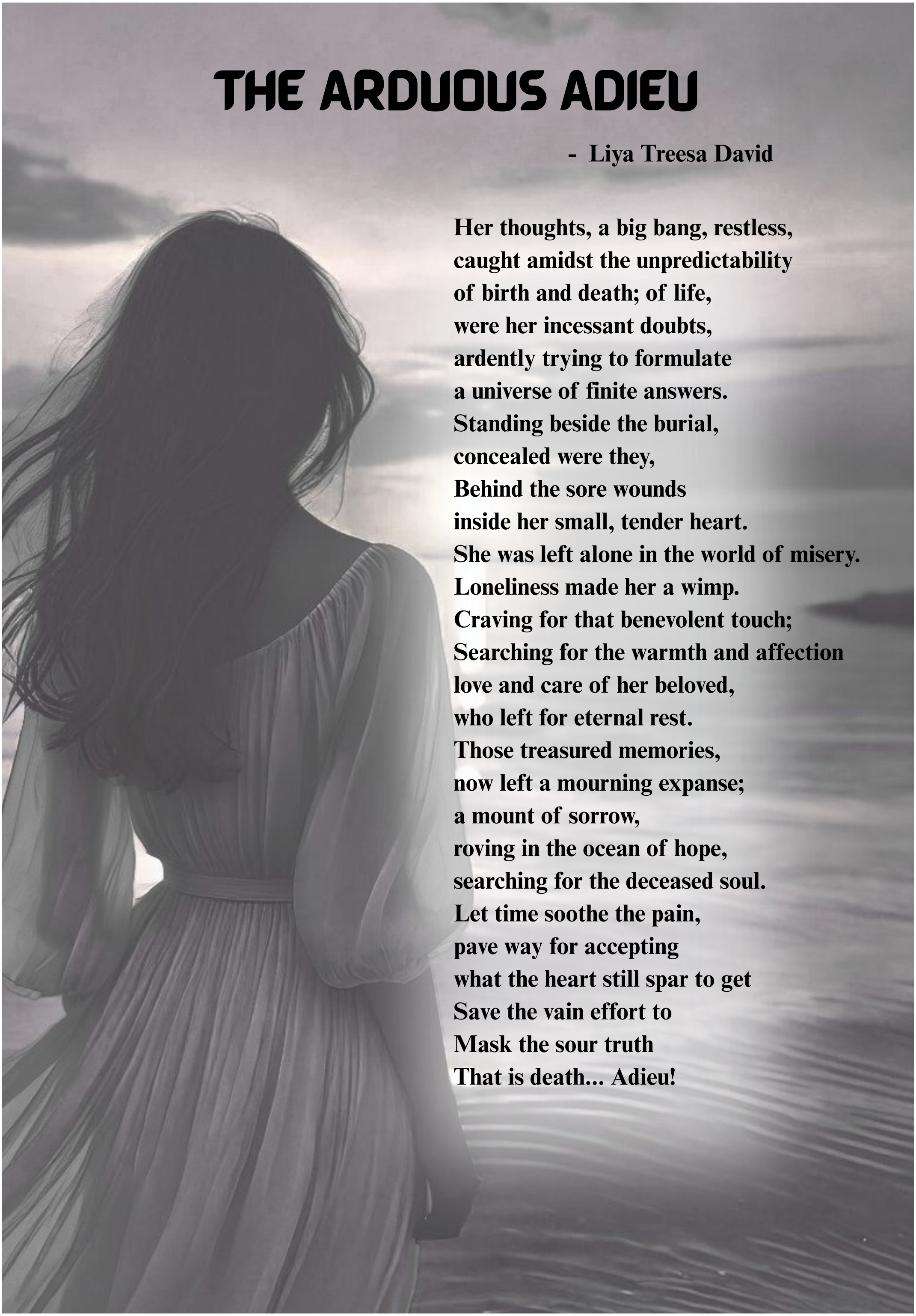




LIYA TREESA DAVID

THE ARDUOUS ADIEU

- Liya Treesa David



Her thoughts, a big bang, restless,
caught amidst the unpredictability
of birth and death; of life,
were her incessant doubts,
ardently trying to formulate
a universe of finite answers.
Standing beside the burial,
concealed were they,
Behind the sore wounds
inside her small, tender heart.
She was left alone in the world of misery.
Loneliness made her a wimp.
Craving for that benevolent touch;
Searching for the warmth and affection
love and care of her beloved,
who left for eternal rest.
Those treasured memories,
now left a mourning expanse;
a mount of sorrow,
roving in the ocean of hope,
searching for the deceased soul.
Let time soothe the pain,
pave way for accepting
what the heart still spar to get
Save the vain effort to
Mask the sour truth
That is death... Adieu!

APOLOGY

-Hima P Jacob

It's been a long time since I wrote.
Life goes on and on, but
Now am sorry for all,
That's happened in my life.

I must not have done so-
Everytime I think, everything I touch,
All that I've done-
Haunts me so!!

When it comes to you, dear,
Take my apologies here.
That's all I have to say,
Accept my apologies, sincere.

When I sip the last drop,
Of the foamy white champagne;
When I play soccer-
In my heart, I say-
I am sorry, I apologize.



BOOK REVIEW

RAM C/O ANANDHI

Ram C/o Anandhi **is a novel by Akhil P. Dharmajan, published by HarperCollins India. Originally written in Malayalam, the book has been translated into English by Haritha C.K.**

The story revolves around Sriram Aravind, a young man from Kerala who moves to Chennai to pursue filmmaking. There, he meets a diverse group of individuals, including Anandhi, a spirited college receptionist, Vetri and Reshma, step- siblings with a deep bond and Paati, their affectionate landlady.

As Ram navigates his new life in Chennai, the narrative delves into the intertwined lives of these characters, exploring themes of love, friendship, loss, and the vibrant tapestry of Chennai's culture.

Throughout the book, the author seamlessly weaves together various themes from the complexities of human relationships to the challenges faced by the marginalized communities

One of the standout aspects is the portrayal of Malli, a transgender woman at the Guindy station, whose story adds depth to the narrative, shedding light on societal prejudices and the resilience of the human spirit.

The character development is commendable, with Ram's evolution from a newcomer in a bustling city to someone deeply connected with his friends and surroundings being particularly heartwarming. The camaraderie among the group, especially the unique friendship between Ram and Malli, is both refreshing and thought-provoking.

The translation by Haritha C.K. ensures that the essence of the original Malayalam text is preserved, allowing readers unfamiliar with the language to appreciate the nuances of the story. The simple yet evocative writing style makes it accessible to a wide audience.

Upon finishing *Ram C/o Anandhi*, I felt a deep emotional connection with the characters and their stories. The author's thoughtful exploration of complex themes and realistic portrayal of life left a lasting impression. This book celebrates the transformative power of human relationships and the beauty found in everyday life, making it a highly recommended read for those seeking a heartfelt and thought- provoking story.

- Anjali Kishor

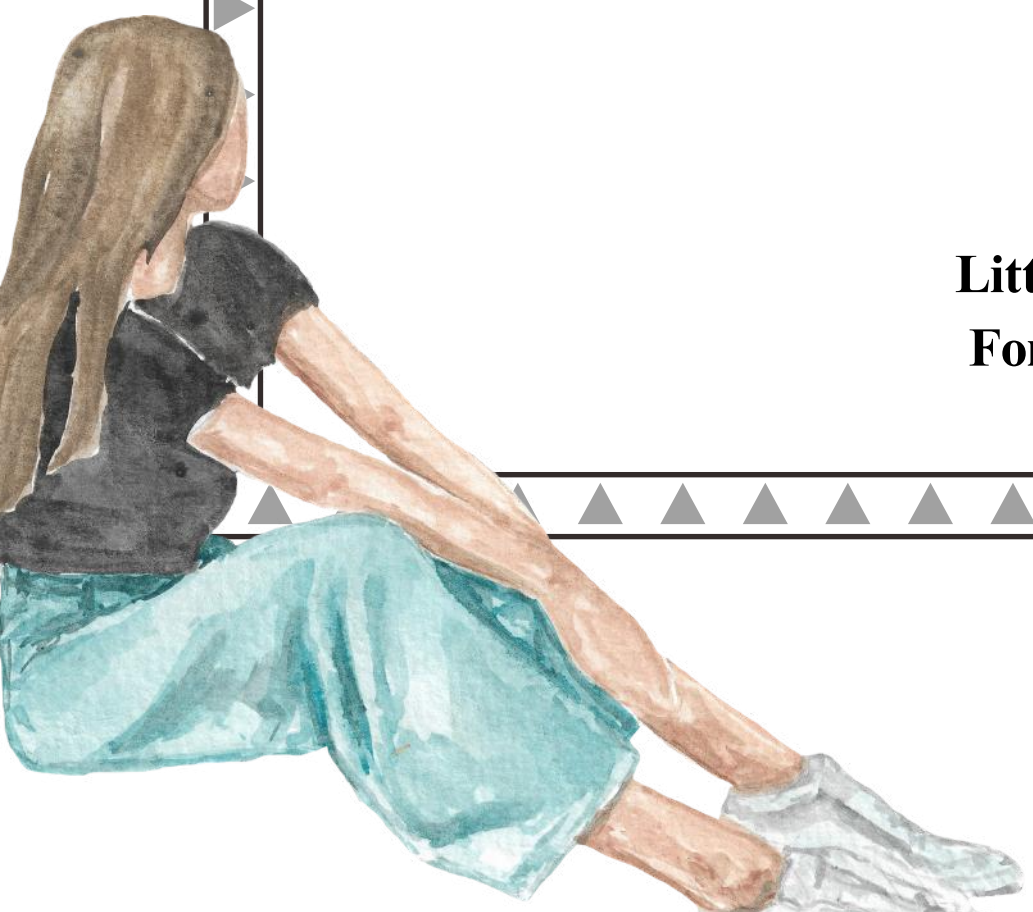
Forever is a Lie

-Swathy S

With aching heart,
I welcomed the impermanence
Of life.
I saw
a puzzle piece
fell down.
Wonder where it went,
But I stopped hunting for it.
Different pieces joined
In the course of time.
Some fits well,
Some not.

Moments slipping,
Tales untold.
Still
I accepted the change.
I grew with it.
The change changed me,
To witness
To suffer
To ache
And yes
To smile.
Little did I knew
Forever is a lie.





BOOK REVIEW

The Palace of Illusions: A Feminist Retelling of Mahabharata

***The Palace of Illusions*: A Feminist Retelling of Mahabharata from the eyes of Draupadi, one of its most compelling female characters. This novel, blending history, mythology, and fiction, offers a fresh perspective on an age-old tale, highlighting themes of destiny, power, and womanhood. Draupadi, also known as Panchali, is often depicted in traditional retellings as the catalyst for the great war of Kurukshetra. However, Divakaruni's narrative presents her as a strong-willed, intelligent, and complex woman who struggles against the constraints of a patriarchal society. From her miraculous birth to her role as the wife of the five Pandavas, Draupadi's journey is one of resilience and self-discovery. The novel explores her emotions, her relationships, and her deep-seated desire for justice and autonomy. One of the most captivating aspects of the book is the portrayal of Maya Sabha , the legendary palace built by the asura architect Maya for the Pandavas. This palace, symbolising illusion and grandeur, serves as a metaphor for Draupadi's own life – filled with dreams, betrayals, and fleeting joys. The title itself suggests the impermanence of power and the deceptive nature of reality.**

The novel also delves into Draupadi's complex feelings for Karna, the tragic warrior who stands on the opposite side of the battlefield. Unlike conventional versions of the Mahabharata, *The Palace of Illusions* adds layers to Draupadi's character by exploring her unspoken emotions and inner conflicts, making her more relatable and human. Divakaruni's lyrical prose and rich storytelling immerse readers in an evocative world where myth meets modern sensibility. Through Draupadi's voice, the novel challenges traditional gender roles and questions the fate imposed upon women in history and mythology. Ultimately, *The Palace of Illusions* is more than just a retelling of an epic; it is a poignant commentary on identity, fate, and the resilience of women. It invites readers to view history through a different lens and appreciate the untold stories of those who have long been overshadowed by dominant narratives. For those who love mythology, history, and strong female protagonists, this novel is a must-read. It remains a timeless work that continues to resonate with readers across generations. The novel's enduring popularity is a testament to its powerful storytelling and its ability to connect with readers on a deeply personal level.

- Dayajith

Finding My Voice

-Dhanya Anil S



I used to be quiet, always alone,
Lost in my books, in a world of my own.
Talking to people felt so tough,
Being on stage was way too rough.

During my degree and pg days,
I stayed away, stuck in my ways.
Crowds and noise made me hide,
With fear and doubts deep inside.

Then B.Ed. came, and things changed,
Life felt new, fresh, and strange.
I made friends, I laughed out loud,
I found my place among the crowd.

Step by step, I faced my fear,
I spoke, I stood, my voice was clear.
The stage once scared me, but not anymore,
I felt strong, ready to explore.

Now the course is coming to an end,
I have a voice, I have a friend.
But one big question stays with me—
Will I find more chances to be free?

Yet deep inside, I know what's true,
No matter what, I'll find my view.
The world is big, and I will see,
There's always a stage waiting for me.



Arts day CHILAMBU



























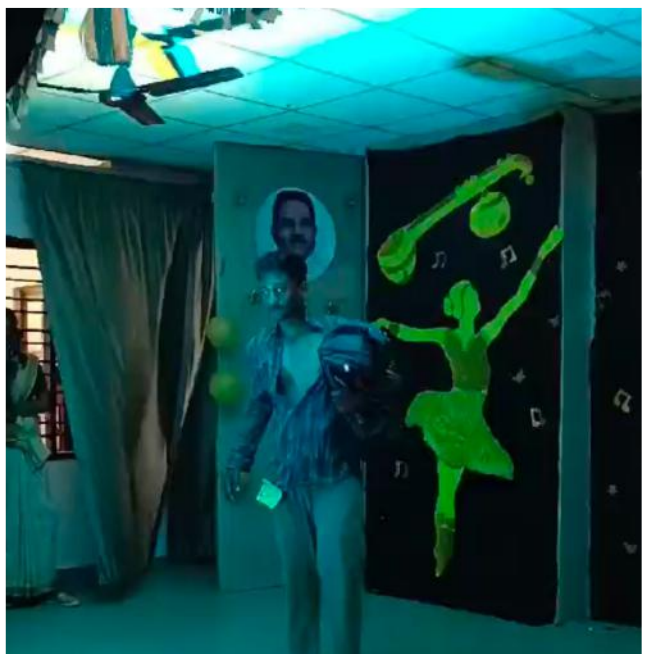
















Echoes of a Lost Heart

-Jennifer J

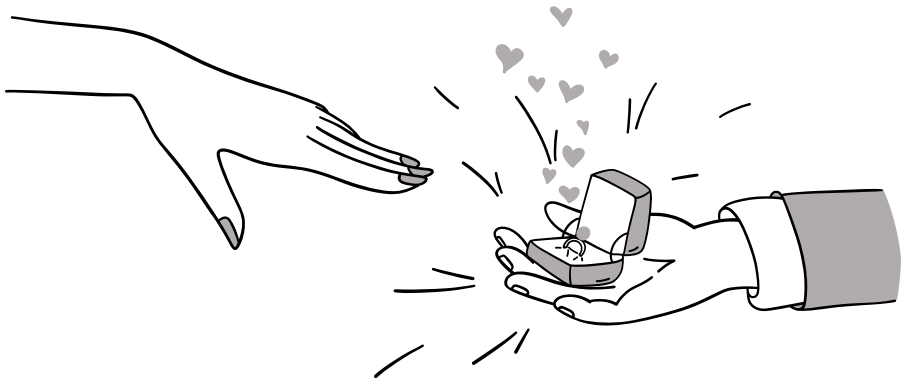
The rain whispers secrets to the empty street,
As memories fade where our hearts used to meet.
In the silence, I hear the ghosts of your name,
And every shadow now feels the same.

I searched for you in dreams, but you were gone,
A love once bright, now a distant dawn.
The ache in my chest is a story untold,
Of a love that once sparkled, now grown cold.



Marriage for sale

- Devika A C



A price to pay, for a life to lead.

Dowry's dark shadow, on a bride's sweet dreams.

A marriage built, on a foundation of gold.

A husband's love, depends on weight of the gold.

A gift of love, turned to gold and greed.

A family's worth, measured by the dowry's deed.

A women's value, weighed by the price she brings.

A dowry's curse, destroyed the beauty of love.



THE DIALECTICS OF MASCULINITIES AND FEMININITY : CHITRA BANERJEE DIVAKARUNI'S 'INDEPENDENCE'

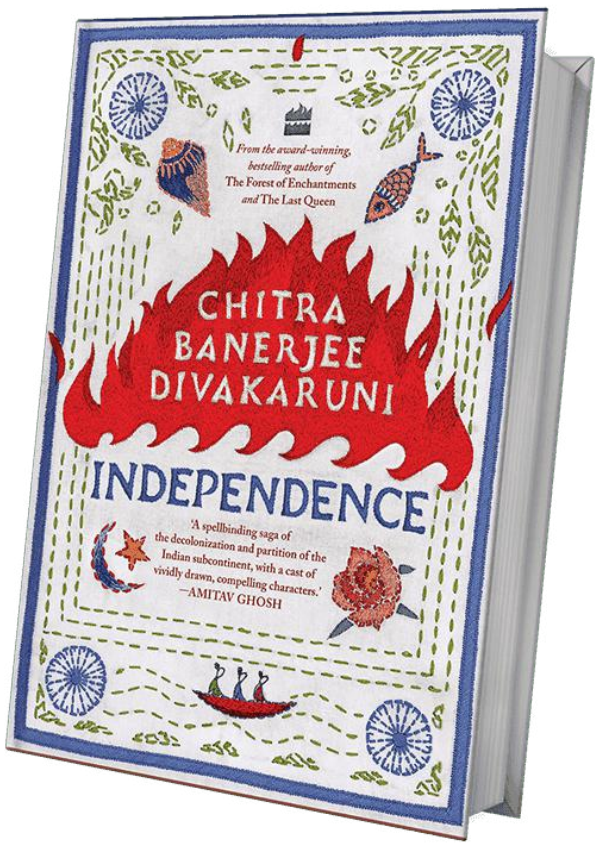
-Anitha John

The exploration of female psyche and the powerful storytelling have earned Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni an unrivalled position among Indian women writers in English. In her novels, she gives voices to marginalized women and provides a platform for their narratives to be heard. In her work *Independence*, Divakaruni brings a moving story of loyalty and love, nationhood and sisterhood as she narrates the story of three sisters Priya, Jamini and Deepa, set against the Indian independence movement. The three sisters adopt different ways in their life journey to become independent. The article seeks to analyse how the independence of the women characters as well as that of the nation get conditioned by different positions of masculinities. Thus, the dialectics of masculinities and femininity get exemplified both at the political and personal level.

The novel has at its centre, a series of women characters whose stories are unravelled in relation to the male characters in the text. It is in this context Divakaruni exposes different shades of masculinities. If on the one hand, there are 'men' characters who provide them support to the women and stand as pillars of support, there are others who are out to victimize them. Just as in the lives of the sisters, there were men who played a very constructive role, helping them find fulfillment, there are many men who contributed to the making of a new nation.

Alternative Masculinity: Breaking the Gender Stereotypes

The norms and behaviours related to masculinity, such as being tough or not displaying emotions, are supported by society. There is a symbiotic relationship between masculinity, violence and societal gender norms, which is to say that they reinforce each other. Men and boys are conditioned to believe that an ideal form of masculinity comprises violence; this idea is in turn held together by societal structures. It is this traditional notion of masculinity that is exploded by Alternative Masculinity, which stands for the prevention of gender violence and overcoming it.



Divakaruni presents a set of male characters who exemplify this principle and stand by the three sisters, offering them support and courage during moments of crisis, especially after the death of their father. It is this principle that Nabakumar and his friend Somnath represent in the novel. He wants to give wings to his children's dreams and not to get them married soon.

Alternative masculinity as the very term suggests, embraces alternative expressions of masculinity. Somnath's son Amit is Divakaruni's one such character, who is ready to go to any extent to support Priya to help her fulfil her dreams. It cultivates meaningful and supportive connections with others and fosters a positive friendship and partnership. Alternative masculinity is a concept that recognizes masculinity which is not a monolithic, fixed or inherently toxic but rather a diverse and multifaceted aspect of human identity. It demands emotional openness, equality, respect and personal growth. It challenges traditional gender norms and encourages men to embrace a more empathetic and nurturing role in their relationships. Deepa -Raza relationship stand testimony to this tenet. Deepa found her complete solace in Raza.

In portraying a set of male characters who play a very supportive and creative role in the life of three sisters, Divakaruni conveys the message that when societies break free from traditional gender roles, it allows both men and women to explore their potential without limitation based on stereotypes.

Hegemonic Masculinity: The Patriarchal Stereotype

Gender Studies designate the term Hegemonic Masculinity to the concept that refers to the dominant and culturally accepted form of masculinity in a given society or culture. In her novel *Independence*, Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni presents a group of male characters who play a supportive role in women's life, as representative figures of alternative masculinity. But in a predominantly patriarchal society, Divakaruni is not blind to the fact that such men are an exception, not a norm. Hence, she reserves another set of male characters who embody the principle of hegemonic masculinity. If at a personal level, there are men characters who asserts their authority over women, at the political level of the story which unfolds against the background of the independence struggle, women are also at the receiving end. If at one level, the lives of Priya, Jamini and Deepa are moulded by supportive men; at another level they fall victims to the patriarchal attitudes of men folks in their lives. Bina is a representative of women in a patriarchal society. She herself believes that the society is more right than the individual freedom of her daughter's. To an extent both men and women want women to be within the confines set by society.

At the political level, Divakaruni presents how in spite of the efforts of men like Gandhi and Tagore, the nation was partitioned. Women were victimized as a result of the communal conflict.Thus independence, both for the women characters as well as for the nation, comes at a very heavy price. But indeed, they attain the glory of independence. Thus, dialectics of masculinities and femininity get exemplified both at the political and personal level in Divakaruni's Independence.


Thasleema
@Lavender_fai

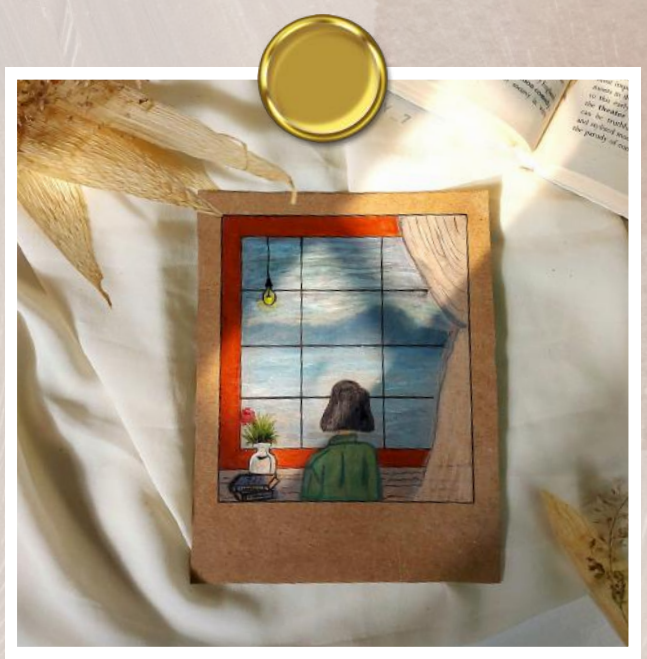

its reconstruction, since the analysis of signs and their
tation in the interpretive process is like a continuation of the
lf. Traditional divisions into primary and secondary literature
dissolve when one regards interpretation as a continuation or
part of the text.
nstruction is intricately interwoven with the works of the
philosopher Jacques Derrida (1930–2004) and the literary
Paul de Man (1919–1983). This approach does not provide any
guidelines for the analysis of texts and does not consider itself
monolithic method or model. Despite the complexity of its
ical bases, deconstruction developed into one of the most
l theoretical trends in literary criticism during the 1970s and
d has continued to provide basic notions and terminology for
ublications on literature.
mportant example of Derrida's concept of *différance*. While
saw a "signified" as a central concept behind every "signifier"
rder to explain meaning, deconstruction deliberately does
th the signified by only allowing the interaction between signi-
times, the concept of the dictionary is used to explain how
derived. In this
mbedded in a
ces. For example, if you
definition might be
ggest that to grasp
subsequently look up the explana-
"bush" and
ould find that "bush" could also be a "plant bigger than
plant" – and so on. The meaning of the specific term, therefore,
in the
terms or
s. The
towards "to defer" and
r,"
tant "deferral" to other
s and the
distinguishes the various
s in the
According to this model of
tion (meaning in general
difference and difference on
l of the signifier only. The
of explaining the production
sing in language does not
rely with the notion of an
and immaterial signified and focuses instead on the material
the signifier.
ful adaptations of this theory are postmodernist "dictionary
" such as *The Dictionary of the Khazars* (1984) by the Serb author
Pavić (1929–2009) or Walter Abish's (1931–) *Alphabetical*
THEORETICAL APPROACHES TO LITERATURE 113


Autumn Vibes
LAVENDER_FAIRY_7


family
writer and joint bookrunner


Temporal dimension

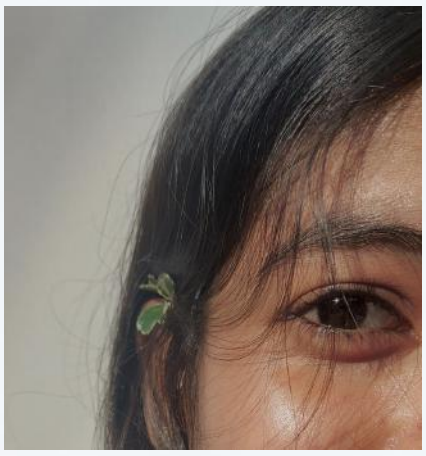

Too much on my mind
But
Nothing to Say...
1%
writer and joint bookrunner



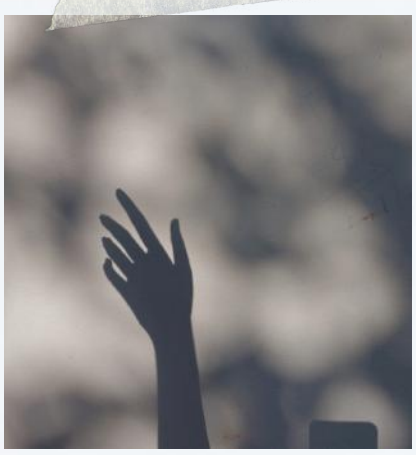
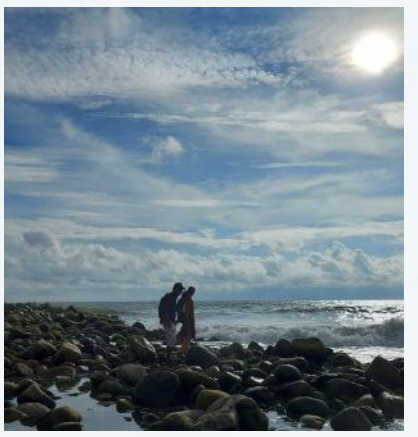

anywhere
Somewhere
far away
LAVENDER_FAIRY_7
writer and joint bookrunner

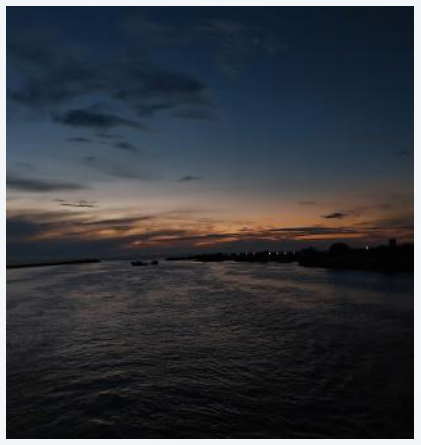
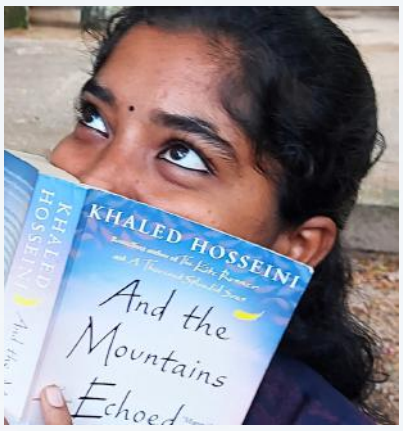
Thasleema










Framing Life

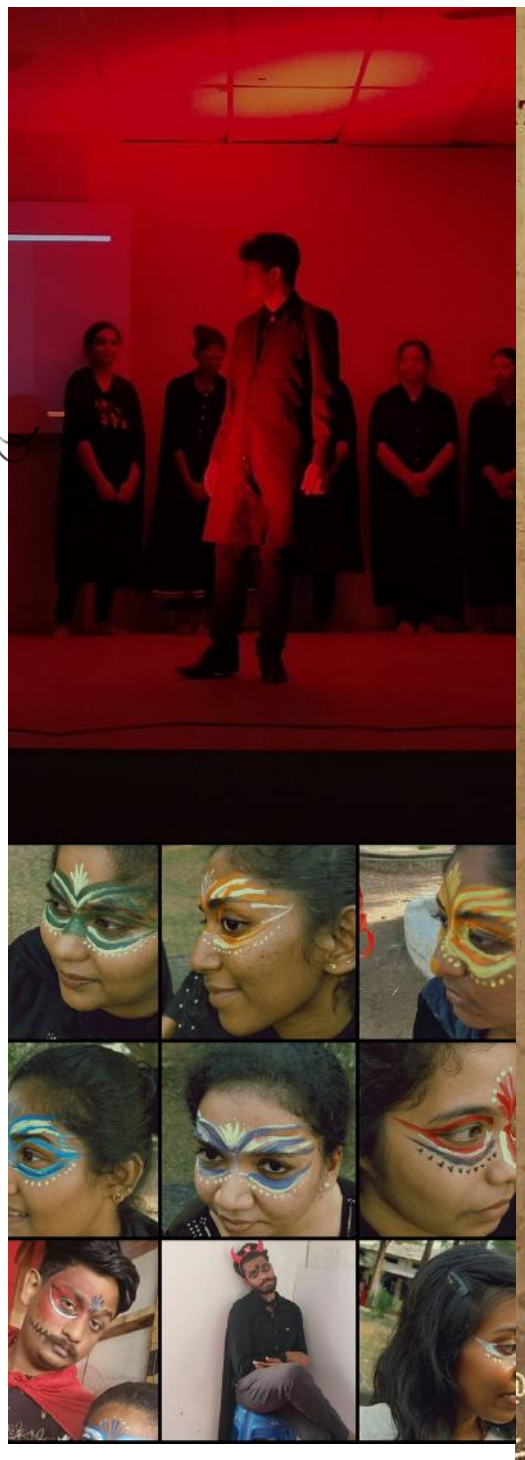
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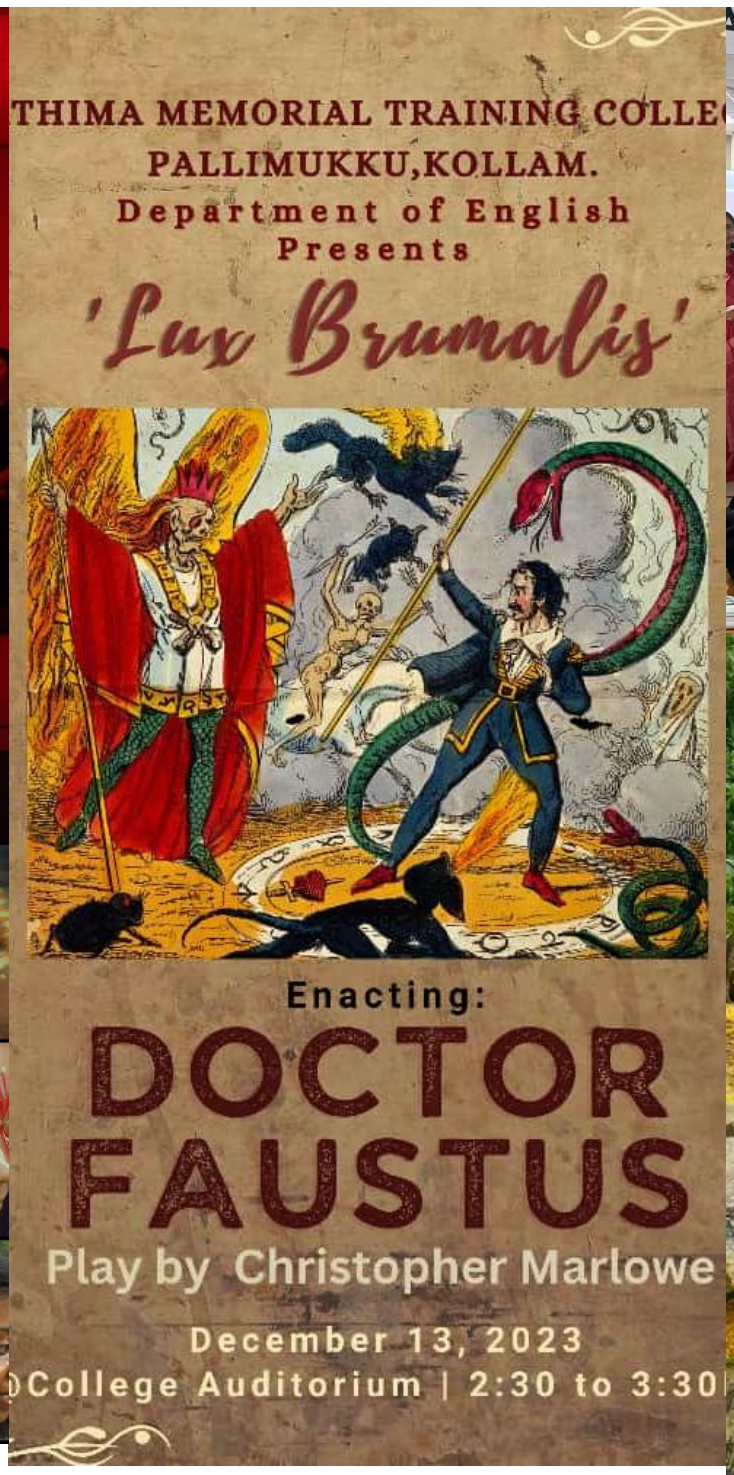


Subject Association programme

Lux Brumalis

Enacting Doctor Faustus















Excursion


GURU GOPINATH
NATIONAL DANCE MUSEUM
ENTRY














ALPHA
HOLIDAYS
ALASKA
TRAVEL COSMOS

BOOK REVIEW

THE FORTY RULES OF LOVE

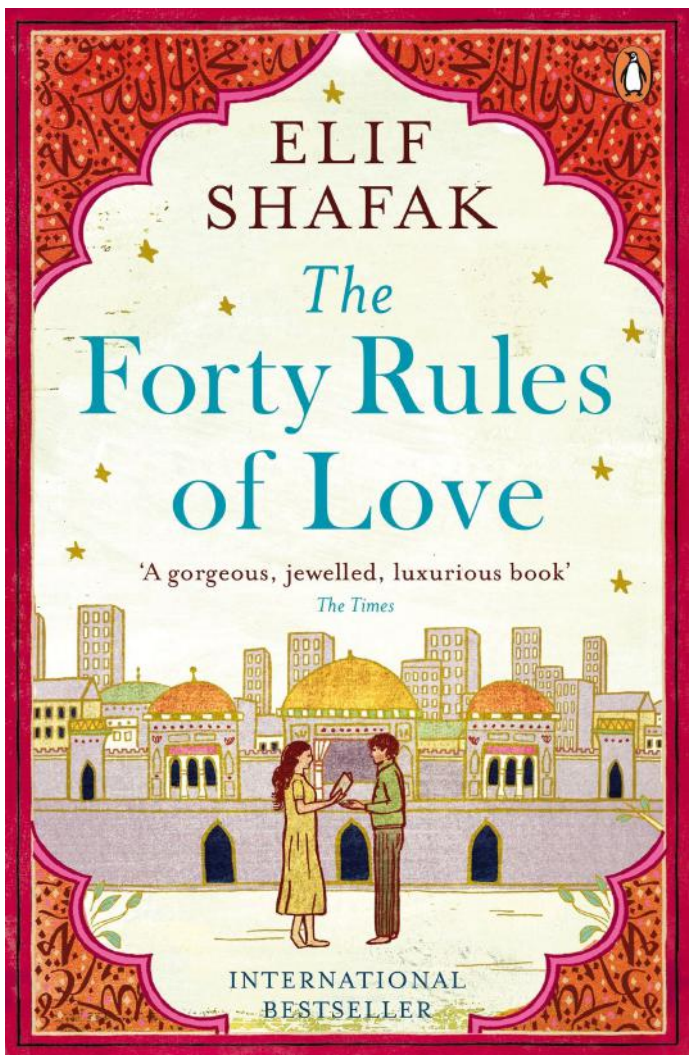
THE FORTY RULES OF LOVE….! What a masterpiece this novel is…I must say Elif Shafak knows true power of wordsss..! Love..friendship..Sufism..relation with God..these terms have been explained in a completely different and beautiful way by her..! RUMI.. HIS COMPANION : SHAMS OF TABRIZ, two personalities linked by love for religion and friendship..!🌸 *The Forty Rules of Love* by Elif Shafak came into my life thanks to a friend's recommendation, and I couldn't be more grateful. It's funny how sometimes the universe aligns things just right, isn't it? Well, this book was one of those moments for me.

Let me tell you, from the moment I cracked it open, I was hooked. It's not often that a book grabs hold of you so tightly, but this one did. I mean, I devoured it in a single day! Every word felt like it was speaking directly to my heart, especially since I'm going through a bit of a journey with love myself right now.

What really struck a chord with me was how Shafak weaves together the stories of her characters with the timeless wisdom of Rumi and Shams of Tabriz. It's like she's unravelling the secrets of the universe right before your eyes.

And let me tell you, if you already have a soft spot for Hafiz and his poetry, like I do, this book will speak to your soul on a whole other level. It's like Shafak took everything I love about Hafiz and infused it into her own storytelling.

By the time I finished the last page, I felt like I'd been on this incredible journey of self-discovery and enlightenment. It's a book that stays with you long after you've closed the cover. So yeah, I'm giving it a solid 5 stars. It's an absolute gem of a book, and I'll be recommending it to anyone who'll listen. Trust me, you won't regret giving it a read.



Few lines just kept me in awe for hours…when the writer says.. "she should not show him, or anybody else her imperfections, her vulnerability, her humanness. If they knew u carried a heart of glass.. they would break it..!" And then one of the lines of tabriz,"the quest for love changes us. There is no seeker among those who search for love and has not matured on the way. THE MOMENT U START LOOKING FOR LOVE,YOU START TO CHANGE WITHIN AND WITHOUT..!"

How unexpectedly Ella's life changes when she meets Aziz Z. Zahara makes me think someone can live their whole life, get married.. and still it takes a second for love to enter their life when they need it the most…! Shams's encounters with different people with different backgrounds and difficulties and his urge to Rumi for looking more deeply into his people make me realize some people are born to bless others'…!! POETRYYY: because of having a special love for poetry and how it gets pierced into your soul. I felt quite a unique feeling when read about Rumi's journey of being a poet…! Rumi actually became a sufi when he became a poet..one knows God too deeply when he or she goes through some suffering and Rumi got through it when he met Tabriz…!🤍 Desert rose…her decision to change her life from nothing to life dedicated to God…(what reason do we have to stay away from Allah..!?)

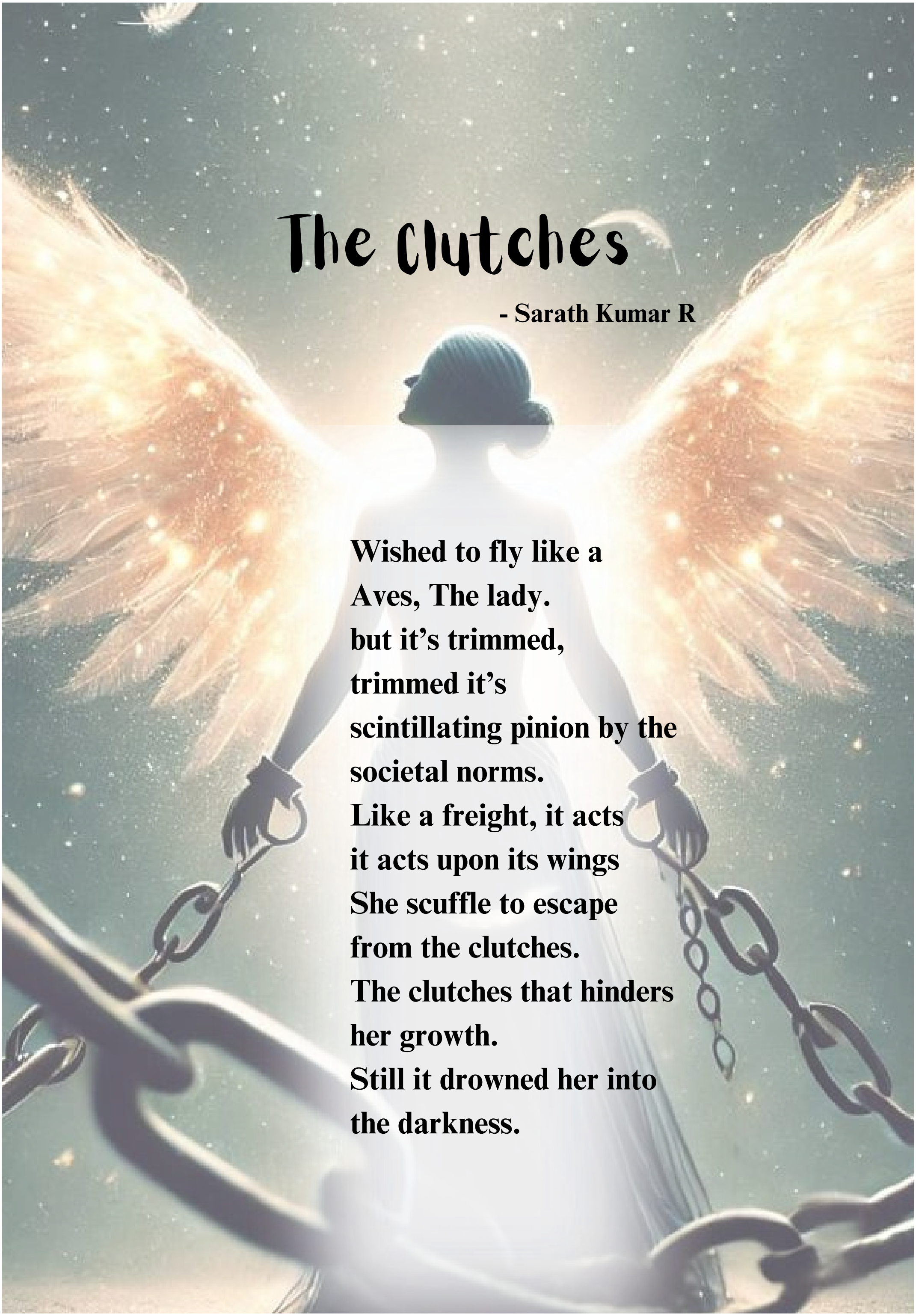
The end was just fascinating when Ella utters the last rule: "DON'T ASK YOURSELF WHAT KIND OF LOVE YOU SHOULD SEEK.. spiritual or material, divine or mundane, eastern or western…..division only lead to devisions. Love has no labels, no definitions. It is what it is, pure and simple. "Love is the water of life. And a lover is a soul of fire!....The Universe turns differently when fire loves water…!!!"🕊️



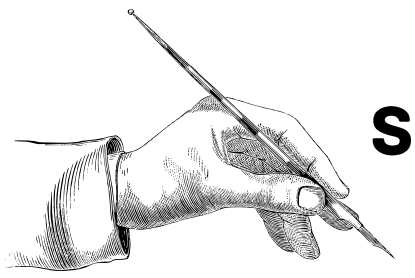
- Mekha P

The Clutches

- Sarath Kumar R



Wished to fly like a
Aves, The lady.
but it's trimmed,
trimmed it's
scintillating pinion by the
societal norms.
Like a freight, it acts
it acts upon its wings
She scuffle to escape
from the clutches.
The clutches that hinders
her growth.
Still it drowned her into
the darkness.



SHELLEY: A FLAME THAT REFUSES TO DIE

- Fathima

In the corridors of English literature, where poets come and go like echoes of past eras, Percy Bysshe Shelley stands apart—not just as a master of verse, but as a spirit of resistance. For me, reading Shelley is not a mere literary experience; it is a stirring of the soul, a quiet awakening of the rebel within.

Shelley wasn't the kind of poet who simply described nature or meditated on love—though he did that beautifully too. He was, above all, a revolutionary. A visionary who saw poetry as more than art—as a force. In an age gripped by tyranny and inequality, Shelley wielded words like weapons. His poetry burns with indignation, yet it is always lit with hope.

"Rise like Lions after slumber / In unvanquishable number,"
he wrote in *The Mask of Anarchy*—a response to political violence, but also a timeless rallying cry for justice. In those lines, I don't just hear 19th-century outrage; I hear today's struggles, today's voices rising against oppression. Shelley's words cross time and speak directly to the conscience.

Among all his poems, it is *Ode to the West Wind* that touches me most deeply. Shelley's invocation of the mighty wind as a destroyer and preserver, a force that clears away the old to make space for the new, resonates with a fire inside me. He ends the poem with a plea that still echoes through generations:



"Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
…O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

I, too, wish to be like that 'West Wind'—fierce yet hopeful, wild yet purposeful. A force that carries change wherever it moves. Shelley teaches me that to be revolutionary is not always to be loud—but to be unyielding, like the wind that reshapes the world with silent power.

What draws me most to Shelley is his refusal to conform—to politics, to religion, to expectations. Exiled, criticized, and misunderstood, he still wrote fearlessly. In *Prometheus Unbound*, he reimagines the myth not to glorify gods, but to celebrate human resilience. He believed that love, reason, and liberty would eventually triumph—and that poetry could pave the way.

As a student navigating a world of uncertainties, Shelley gives me courage. His verses remind me that the fight for truth is never in vain, and that ideals, no matter how fragile they seem, have the power to change reality. He makes me believe that even quiet voices can ignite revolutions.

Shelley died young, but his spirit didn't. It lingers in every cry for freedom, every movement for change, every heart that refuses to surrender. And in reading him, I feel not just inspired—but connected. As if across centuries, he hands me the torch.

A poet. A rebel. A flame that refuses to die.



Dreams, I see

- Swathy S

In quiet dark, where light won't tread
I close my eyes, to dream.
No colours danced, no shapes appear
Yet dreams arrive, born from sound and sight.

I hear the wind, I feel the rain
A whispered voice, a far-off train,
The scent of flowers, soft and sweet,
The sound of laughter and giggles,
The rustling leaves, the gurgling river,
The warmth of sun, all these paint my dreams.

I dream in sounds, in touch, in songs,
In echoes where my heart belongs.
I do not see the way you do,
Yet dreams are real, and senses true.
For blindness isn’t just the lack of vision,
But it is the art of sensing deep,
Of finding light where shadows sleep.
There's beauty in the dreams I see.





The Power of a Smile: Small Acts, Big Impact

- Safna Rafeek

In our busy daily life, we often forget how powerful a simple smile can be. A smile may seem like a small gesture, but it carries the ability to brighten someone's day, reduce stress, and create a positive environment. It doesn't take much effort, but its effect is deep and long-lasting. Whether it's a smile shared between friends or a kind smile to a stranger, this small act can build connections and spread happiness around us.

Sometimes, when we are feeling low or tired, one smile from someone can make us feel a little better. It reminds us that we are not alone and that there is still kindness in the world. Even when we are going through tough times, if we try to smile, it can lift our own mood and make us feel stronger. Smiling has the power to heal not just others but also ourselves. It helps reduce tension and brings a calm feeling to our hearts.



A smile is also a universal language. No matter what country we are from or what language we speak, a smile is understood by everyone. It crosses all boundaries and shows love, care, and acceptance. In schools, colleges, workplaces, or even in public places, a simple smile can make people feel welcome and included. It is a small act, but it can change someone's day or even their life.

In today's world, where people are often stressed, busy, or lost in their phones, we should not forget the value of human connection. A smile is a free gift we can give to anyone, anytime. It shows that we care. It spreads joy. And most importantly, it reminds us that even the smallest acts of kindness can have a big impact.

So, let's smile more, not just for others, but also for ourselves. Because one smile can start a chain of positivity that makes the world a better place.



The Lost Me

- Sreekutty G J

I don’t know when it happened.
Maybe it was in the small moments—
when I said “yes” when I meant “no,”
when I stayed silent when I wanted to scream,
when I became who they wanted
instead of who I was.
I wake up and wear a face
that doesn’t quite fit.
The mirror shows a stranger,
someone with my eyes
but not my fire.
I used to laugh louder, didn’t I?
I used to dream without asking for permission.
Now, my thoughts are whispers
even inside my own head.
Somewhere along the way,
I traded pieces of myself
for acceptance, for peace, for love.
But peace never came,
only a quiet, aching emptiness
that hums beneath my skin.
I look for myself in old photographs,
in the songs I used to love,
in the words I once wrote.
But they feel like echoes
of someone I used to know.
How do I find my way back?
Do I follow the trail of forgotten joys?
Do I call my own name until I answer?
Or do I tear it all down
and begin again?
I don’t know.
But I have to try.
Because I miss me…

പൊന്മാൻ PONMAN

FILM REVIEW

-Sruthy J



Ponman, directed by Jothish Shankar and starring Basil Joseph, is a Malayalam film that delves into the socio-economic challenges associated with the dowry system in Kerala. The narrative centers on PP Ajesh (Basil Joseph), a middleman who supplies gold to families for weddings, expecting payment afterward. The plot unfolds as Ajesh faces significant obstacles when a bride's family fails to repay him, highlighting the financial strains and moral dilemmas induced by dowry practices.

Critics have lauded *Ponman* for its authentic portrayal of the dowry system's impact on individuals and families. The Times of India praised the film's script, acting, and direction, noting that Jothish Shankar's subtle touches elevate the movie. Similarly, The New Indian Express highlighted how the film exposes the dark side of the dowry system from a unique perspective, blending tension, humor, and deep-rooted emotions.

By weaving a compelling narrative around the dowry system, *Ponman* serves as a poignant social commentary, shedding light on a practice that continues to affect many lives. The film's realistic depiction encourages viewers to reflect on the ethical and societal implications of dowry, making it a significant work in contemporary Malayalam cinema.









Camp Memories
Nammalidam























BOOK REVIEW

CUCKOO'S CALLING

Cuckoo's Calling **by Robert Galbraith (pseudonym of J.K. Rowling) is the first book in the** ***Cormoran Strike*** **detective series, published in 2013. The novel is a compelling, intricate mystery that introduces readers to Cormoran Strike, a down-on-his-luck private investigator, and his assistant, Robin Ellacott. Through its layered narrative and complex characters, it weaves a story of celebrity, deception, and the undercurrents of London's high society, all framed around a seemingly straightforward death that turns out to be far more complicated than it initially appears.**

The story begins with the apparent suicide of supermodel Lula Landry, who has fallen from her balcony in a fashionable part of London. The media and public are quick to label it as a tragic but inevitable end for a woman who has lived a troubled life in the spotlight. However, the victim's brother, John Bristow, refuses to accept the conclusion of suicide and hires Cormoran Strike to investigate. Strike is an intriguing protagonist. A war veteran who lost part of his leg in Afghanistan, he is a private investigator with a tarnished reputation, struggling financially, and living in a cramped office. Despite his challenging circumstances, he is sharp-witted, meticulous, and determined. His assistant, Robin Ellacott, who begins as a temporary secretary, becomes an integral part of the investigation. Her enthusiasm for the job grows as she is drawn into the case, and her development over the course of the series becomes one of its key emotional threads.

As Strike digs deeper into Lula's life, he discovers a web of lies, jealousy, and dangerous secrets. There are numerous potential suspects, ranging from family members to fellow models to people from her past. The investigation moves through the world of fashion and celebrity, giving readers a fascinating glimpse into this often opaque world.

The book is heavily concerned with themes of identity, public perception, and the disparity between one's public and private selves. Lula Landry is a perfect symbol of this duality: a beautiful model adored by the public but haunted by a past marked by abuse and neglect. Her fame makes it difficult for anyone to see beyond the persona the media has crafted for her, and this mirrors how people's private lives are often overshadowed by their public image.

The class divide is another important theme. Strike's background as a working-class war veteran contrasts with the world of the wealthy, famous, and privileged that Lula inhabits. Cormoran himself, though cynical and blunt, is empathetic toward the people he encounters, and this empathy is crucial to his ability to unravel the complexities of their lives.

Robert Galbraith's writing is detailed and evocative. The pacing is methodical, giving readers time to absorb the intricacies of the plot and develop their own theories before the big reveal. While the plot follows a familiar structure, it doesn't feel formulaic. Galbraith (Rowling) has a way of leading the reader down several false paths, making the eventual solution satisfying and earned. The mystery itself is well-crafted, filled with red herrings and twists that keep readers engaged without feeling manipulated. The revelation of who is responsible for Lula's death feels logical, though not entirely predictable, with clues that have been subtly planted throughout the story.



The heart of *Cuckoo's Calling* lies in its characters. Cormoran Strike is a deeply flawed but likable figure. His war injury, financial troubles, and personal history (including a complicated relationship with his famous father) add depth to his character. He's not a conventional "hard-boiled" detective; rather, he's a man with integrity who's just trying to make a living and come to terms with his past.

Robin Ellacott is an excellent counterpart to Strike. Initially presented as a somewhat naive character, her progression into a competent and engaged assistant makes her a standout in the narrative. Their professional relationship evolves over the course of the novel, and by the end, it's clear that their partnership will be central to the future of the series. Supporting characters, from the wealthy Bristow family to the people in Lula's life, all serve to add layers to the investigation. While some may appear to be minor players, they are important in revealing the complexity of Lula's life and the layers of the mystery.

The setting of Cuckoo's Calling is essential to its atmosphere. London, with its blend of old-world charm and modern celebrity culture, is the perfect backdrop for a novel that delves into issues of fame, wealth, and personal identity. The descriptions of various locations, from high-end fashion showrooms to gritty streets, contribute to the novel's tone of contrast and tension. The city almost becomes a character in itself, with its multifaceted layers mirroring the deception and contradictions present in the lives of the novel's characters.

The strength of *Cuckoo's Calling* lies in its characters. Cormoran and Robin are wonderfully complex, and their evolving relationship is compelling. The way their professional and personal lives interact adds emotional depth to the narrative. Galbraith excels at building atmosphere. London's high society is depicted with a critical eye, but also with understanding. The world of fashion, wealth, and celebrity is dissected with both respect and scrutiny, offering a nuanced perspective on the pressures of fame. The mystery is well-plotted, with numerous twists, false leads, and shifting perspectives. It's a thoughtful puzzle that keeps readers engaged, but also emotionally grounded by its characters.

<u>Subtle Social Commentary</u>: Beneath the surface of the detective story, there's a deeper exploration of themes like the impact of fame, the fragility of human relationships, and the ways in which people hide their true selves behind a facade. This adds layers to the narrative and elevates it beyond a simple mystery. Some readers might find that the pacing is slower than expected. While this allows for thorough character development and a detailed investigation, there are moments where the story feels a bit bogged down in description or repetitive details. For readers used to faster-paced thrillers, this might feel like a lull. While the solution to the mystery is satisfying, there are moments in the book where the plot veers toward predictability. Some of the character motivations feel familiar, and certain twists can be anticipated by those familiar with the genre. However, the journey to the conclusion is still enjoyable, even if some of the twists aren't shocking.

The *Cuckoo's Calling* is an engaging and sophisticated debut for the Cormoran Strike series. With well-developed characters, a nuanced exploration of fame and identity, and a compelling mystery, it offers much more than a typical detective novel. Robert Galbraith (J.K. Rowling) deftly balances intricate plotting with rich character development, making this book a standout in contemporary crime fiction.

- Mekha S R

How to Stay Positive During Tough Times

- Safna Rafeek

Life is full of ups and downs, and everyone faces difficult situations at some point. It could be a personal loss, exam stress, failure, or even just feeling low without any reason. During such tough times, staying positive may feel impossible, but it is one of the most important things we can do for our mental and emotional well-being.

One of the first steps to staying positive is to accept that it's okay to feel sad or stressed. We often try to hide our feelings or ignore them, but it's healthier to express them. Talking to a trusted friend, teacher, or family member can really help. When we share our thoughts, the burden feels lighter. Knowing that someone understands us gives us strength.

Another way to stay positive is to focus on the things we can control. We may not be able to change a situation immediately, but we can change how we respond to it. Doing small things like keeping a daily routine, taking breaks, going for a walk, or doing something creative can slowly bring a sense of normalcy back. Even writing in a journal or listening to uplifting music can shift our mood in a positive direction.

Gratitude is also a powerful tool. When we are going through hard times, it helps to remember the good things we still have our family, friends, health, or even simple moments like a beautiful sunset or a kind word from someone. Focusing on what we have, instead of what we lack, brings hope.

Most importantly, we should be kind to ourselves. We often expect too much and blame ourselves when things go wrong. But we must remember that it's okay to take time to heal, to make mistakes, and to not have all the answers. Positivity doesn't mean being happy all the time, it means believing that better days will come, no matter how dark it seems today.

In the end, tough times are a part of life, but they also help us grow stronger. With patience, support, and a little hope, we can get through anything. Staying positive is not always easy, but it is always worth it.

Finding My Way Back to Me

- Sreekutty G J

There was a time when the world felt like a playground. I was that girl who could light up a room with just her presence-a chirpy, bubbly soul who thrived on conversations, laughter, and the joy of making people happy. I loved deeply, cared immensely, and believed in the magic of dreams.

But life has its way of testing the strongest spirits. Loss came knocking on my door more times than I could bear. The people I held close, the ones who felt like home, slipped away, leaving behind an emptiness that no words could fill. Pain became a silent companion, grief a weight too heavy to carry, and yet, I never let the world see the cracks. I bottled it all up, tucked away my sadness behind forced smiles, and convinced myself that being strong meant never breaking.

Somewhere along the way, the vibrant girl I once was began to fade. My laughter wasn't as carefree, my energy wasn't as boundless, and the charm I once carried effortlessly started to feel like a distant memory. The struggles, the heartbreaks, the burdens- I let them define me, and in doing so, I lost touch with the essence of who I was.

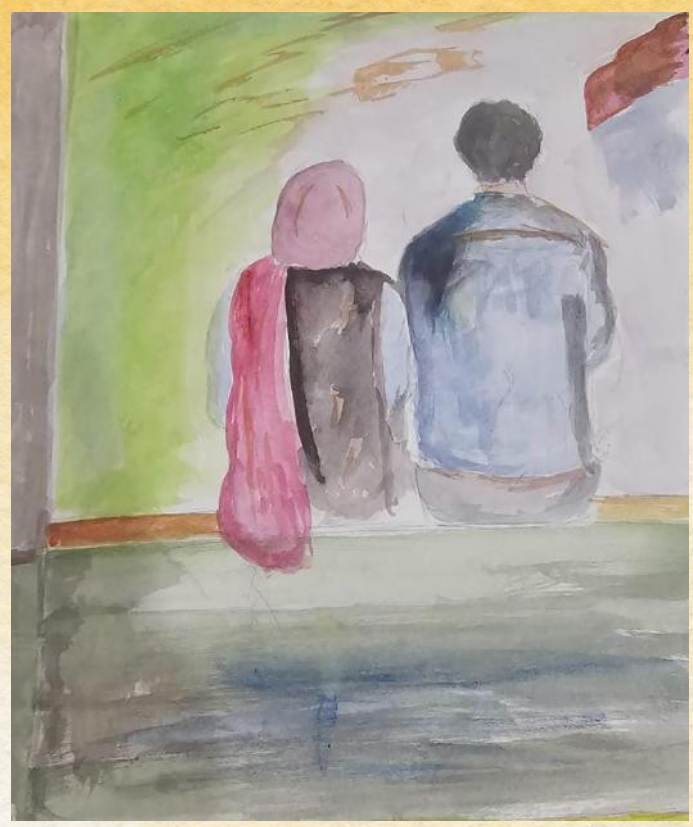
But now, something is shifting. A small flicker of light has found its way through the darkness. Maybe it's the realization that I deserve to feel alive again. Maybe it's the quiet voice inside me, whispering that my story isn't over yet. Maybe it's the simple desire to dream again, to rebuild, to find the girl who once believed she could fly.

This journey back to myself isn't easy. Some days, I feel like I'm still wading through the fog, trying to remember what it feels like to be truly me. But I'm learning. Learning to give myself grace, to let go of the guilt, to embrace the scars as proof of my resilience. I am not broken-I am evolving.

The past has shaped me, but it does not define me. I choose to take its lessons, not its burdens. Life is too short to live in the shadows of yesterday. So, I will let go, embrace the present, and move forward with hope. Because happiness isn't in clinging to what was-it's in cherishing what is and creating what can be. And that is a choice we all have the power to make.



Art Gallery



















SREEKUTTY G J

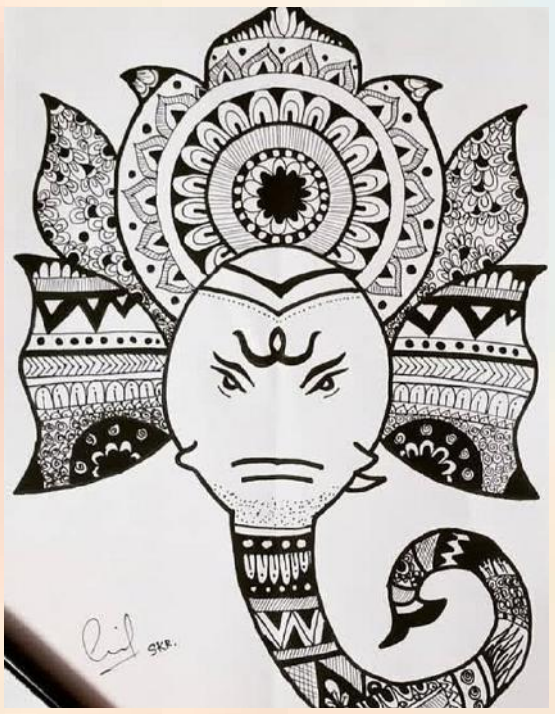
Art Gallery



















SARATH KUMAR R

Portrayal of Mythology in 'The Shiva Trilogy' by Amish Tripathi.

- **Rameez Aslam S**



In *The Shiva Trilogy* by Amish Tripathi, myth is central to the narrative, but it is presented in a reimagined and rationalized form that blends mythology, history, and fiction. Rather than treating the characters as divine from the beginning, Amish portrays Shiva as a Tibetan tribal leader who migrates to the land of Meluha and rises to legendary status through his actions, choices, and leadership. This humanized portrayal of Shiva challenges the traditional mythological image of him as a god, and instead focuses on his journey to becoming the Neelkanth, a prophesied savior.

The trilogy consists of *The Immortals of Meluha*, *The Secret of the Nagas*, and *The Oath of the Vayuputras*. Throughout the books, Amish uses elements from Indian mythology—such as the concepts of devas and asuras, the river Saraswati, the Somras (a mythical drink of immortality), and characters like Sati, Nandi, Parvateshwar, and Ganesh—but he reinterprets them in a more logical and scientific framework. Myths are not depicted as magical or supernatural; instead, they are explained with reason and socio-political context, suggesting that myths are distorted memories of real historical events.

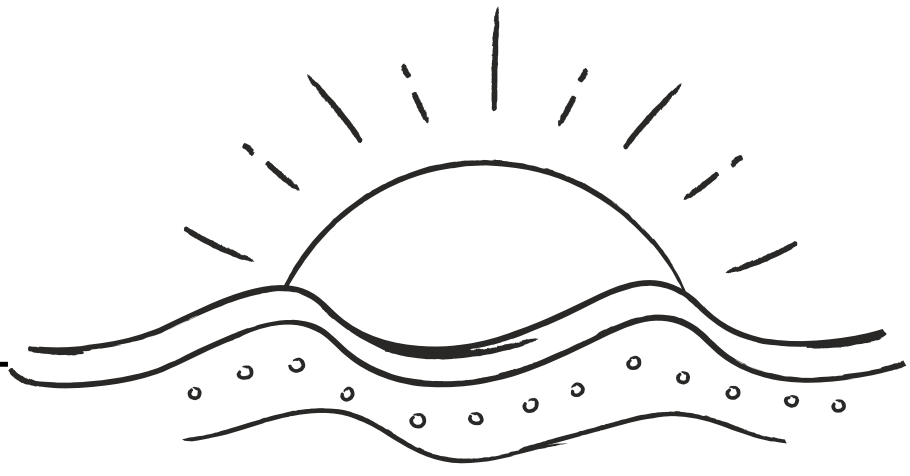
Amish's approach emphasizes that what we consider mythology today might have once been real history, remembered and passed down through generations with embellishments. The trilogy explores how myths are born out of human experiences and how the line between good and evil is often blurred, depending on perspective. Through Shiva's transformation from a tribal chief to a divine figure, the novels explore deep philosophical themes such as duty, honor, love, and the burden of choice. In essence, *The Shiva Trilogy* transforms ancient myths into an engaging, modern saga, encouraging readers to view mythology not as fantasy, but as a symbolic reflection of human history and values.



THE SUN AND THE MOON

- Kavya Asok

I behold those lovers every night,
Sharing their warmth beneath the moonlit sky.
I can't help but wish with all my might
That those lovers were you and I.
Jealousy stirs when I see you melt into her,
Shimmering as her waves crash with fervor,
Painting the sky with your ruddy hues
While I, so distant, watch her embrace you.
Yet your eyes find only me,
A blissful light washing over me.
You share your warmth with me alone,
For all the world to see.
When the whole world sleeps,
I glow brighter than the stars,
Bathed in your quiet fire,
Bound to you from afar.





Stitches of Joy

- Thasleema Salam

As I grew older, I realized that art is my true passion. I love creating new things and recycling old materials into unique crafts, even with limited resources and zero encouragement. I continued to pursue my hobby, setting up a small art space in my room. There i spent hours playing with colours. Over time, my love for art grew stronger.

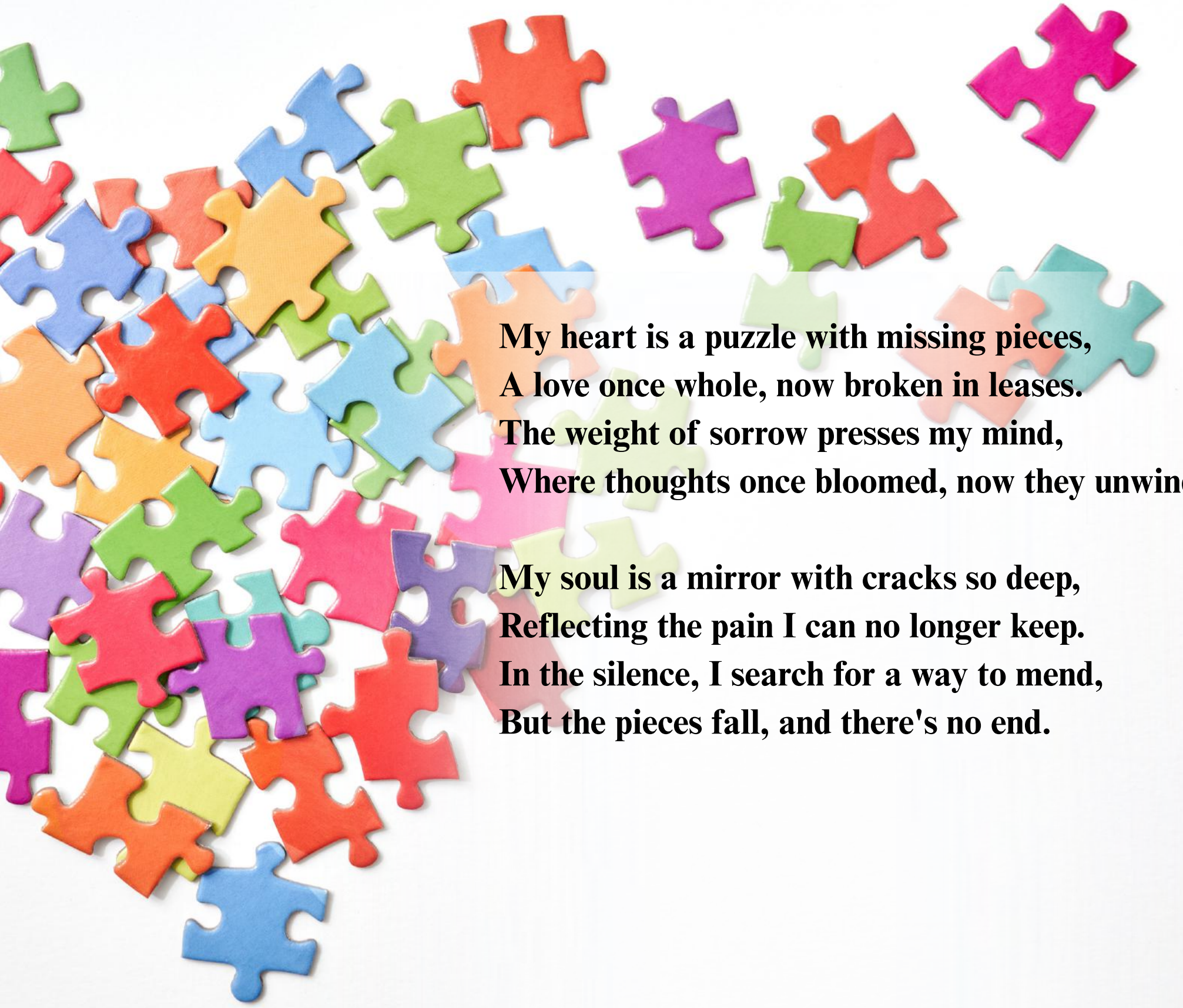
My passion for art deepened day by day. I began creating handmade crafts, bottle art, hampers, polaroids, frames and shoe paintings. People complemented me on my work, and I realized I could turn my hobby into something more. Today, I am happy to say that my art has become part of who I am. I make and sell my creative pieces according to the needs of the client. It's an incredible feeling, knowing that something I created brings joy to others.





SHATTERED PIECES

-Jennifer J



My heart is a puzzle with missing pieces,
A love once whole, now broken in leases.
The weight of sorrow presses my mind,
Where thoughts once bloomed, now they unwind.

My soul is a mirror with cracks so deep,
Reflecting the pain I can no longer keep.
In the silence, I search for a way to mend,
But the pieces fall, and there's no end.

Sports day


RAVENCLAW
RAVENCLAW


RAVENCLAW


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2


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YOUNUS KUNJU PAVILION


YOUNUS KUNJU PAVILION









ENIGMA

- Christie G

The silence of the house was usually a calm, a welcome change from the boisterous energy of my parents. But tonight, the quiet was a thick, oppressive blanket. They were away on an official trip, leaving me alone in the old house, its creaking timbers whispering secrets I couldn't understand. Bored, I wandered through the familiar rooms, finally ending up in my mother's study. Her bookshelf, usually a forbidden zone, beckoned. Amongst the well-worn novels and scholarly treatises, a single book stood out. Its leather cover was dark and cracked, the title long faded. Curiosity gnawed at me. Pulling it from the shelf, I felt a strange tingle in my fingertips. The pages were brittle, filled with archaic symbols and unsettling descriptions of rituals, entities, and… evil forces.

As I delved deeper into its forbidden knowledge, a subtle shift occurred. The air grew heavy, tinged with the scent of ozone. The room, once bathed in the comforting glow of the bedside lamp, began to darken. Outside, the wind howled, escalating into a ferocious storm. Rain lashed against the windows, and the old house groaned in protest. Suddenly, the ground beneath my feet began to tremble. The lamp flickered violently, then died, plunging the room into near darkness, punctuated only by the flashes of lightning that ripped through the sky. One particularly brutal bolt struck the floor nearby, a searing white light that erased everything for a moment. Then, nothing. Consciousness returned in a slow, agonizing crawl. Every inch of my body throbbed with pain. I lay on something cold and rough, tasting blood in my mouth. Groaning, I pushed myself into a sitting position.

The landscape that greeted me was nightmarish. Jagged, obsidian rocks jutted from a desolate ground. Above, a perpetually churning sky bled shades of crimson and sickly green. The air hung thick with the stench of sulfur and decay. I was surrounded by a darkness so profound it seemed to press in on me, suffocating me. Panic clawed at my throat. I was covered in cuts and bruises, my clothes ripped and torn. Where was I? This couldn't be real. I stumbled forward, desperately searching for any sign of life, any indication that this was all a terrible dream. "Hello?" I croaked, my voice a mere whisper against the howling wind. "Is anyone there?" But only the wind answered, carrying with it the faint, chilling laughter of something inhuman. Terror struck me dumb. I continued to stumble through the desolate landscape, my bare feet scraping against the sharp rocks. Just when despair threatened to consume me, I heard it – a sound that pierced the very core of my being. A deafening, ear-splitting screech that resonated through my bones.I whirled around, heart hammering against my ribs. There, looming before me, was something impossibly large. A single, colossal step, carved from the same obsidian rock as the landscape, stretched skyward. It was a staircase, but on a scale that defied comprehension.

Driven by a desperate instinct for survival, I began to climb. Each step was a monumental effort, testing my battered body and dwindling strength. Up and up I went, the screeching now a constant, maddening presence. The air grew thinner, colder, and the darkness even more palpable. The climb seemed to last an eternity. Doubt gnawed at me, whispering insidious suggestions to give up, to succumb to the darkness. But the primal urge to live, to escape this horrifying place, drove me onward. Finally, after what felt like an impossible journey, I reached the top. The staircase ended abruptly, leading to a vast, open space. And there, dominating the scene, was a figure of unimaginable power and terror. He sat upon a throne of twisted bones, his form impossibly large, radiating an aura of pure malevolence. His eyes, twin pools of burning inferno, fixed upon me. It was him. The embodiment of evil. Satan. A wave of icy dread washed over me, paralyzing me with fear. He was even more terrifying than the legends, the rumors, the forbidden texts had described. He was the source of all the darkness, the master of this horrifying realm.He smiled, a slow, cruel expression that sent shivers down my spine. His voice, a guttural rumble that seemed to shake the very foundations of reality, echoed in the vast chamber."Welcome," he said, his gaze unwavering. "You opened the door. Now you are here, where you belong." The enigmas surrounding me intensified. The air crackled with demonic energy. Grotesque figures emerged from the shadows, whispering promises of power and unimaginable torment. I wanted to scream, to run, to disappear. I was trapped. Trapped in a nightmare of my own making, face to face with the source of all evil. I had to escape. I had to find a way back. But how? How could I possibly escape the clutches of a being so powerful, so malevolent? The answer, I knew, would determine not only my fate, but perhaps the fate of the world. And in that moment, facing the ultimate evil, I knew that survival meant more than just running. It meant fighting. But how could a single, broken human fight the Devil himself?

Summer Sun

-Kavya Asok

Here comes the summer sun
Alone, mellow round she spun
There I saw in the sky
Empty; not a speck of white.

Majestic she stood in the blues
Blazing, burning all the hues
Up there I saw a pit of fire
Burning us to her heart's desire.

She flares up in the month of May
As she stares us down with her golden flare
Weary, dreary as I lay
Waiting for some cool air.

Here comes the summer sun
Her intense fiery gaze I shun
Dazzling, gleaming falls her ray
Under her we all fall as prey

With open arms here I lay
In hopes to see myriads of grey.

Whispers of Rain

-Brinta Mary Yesudas



The sky, a canvas, vast and gray,
With quiet tears it seems to sway.
Each drop, a story, soft and sweet,
As nature's pulse begins to beat.

A rhythm born from silent skies,
Where every droplet softly flies.
They kiss the earth with tender grace,
Leaving traces, a soft embrace.

The air, now heavy, thick with dream,
Of memories caught in silver gleam.
In puddles deep, the world reflects,
The rain's soft dance that time protects.

The trees, they bow, their leaves unfurl,
A delicate dance, a quiet whirl.
Each branch adorned in sparkling lace,
As rain paints beauty, time and space.

And in this moment, all is still,
A gentle peace, a soft, sweet thrill.
For in the rain, the world will find
A balm to soothe a restless mind.

So let it fall, this silver rain.
And wash the heart of all its pain.
For in the song the storm does sing,
A deeper wisdom it will bring.



The Real Wealth

- Aiswarya B

One day a rich man decided to take his son on a trip to the country. The wealthy man wanted to show his son how poor the people were, so he could be thankful for his wealth. They spent two days on a farm of a very poor family. On the way home, the rich man asked his son , “ How was our trip with this poor family and what did you learn ?” The son answered, “ We have one dog and they have four. We have imported lanterns in our gardens and they have stars at night. We have large walls to protect us and they have friends to protect them” and the son finally said, “Thank you for showing how poor we are.”

Moral: True wealth isn’t about money, it is friendship and kindness.













Art
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MEMORIES





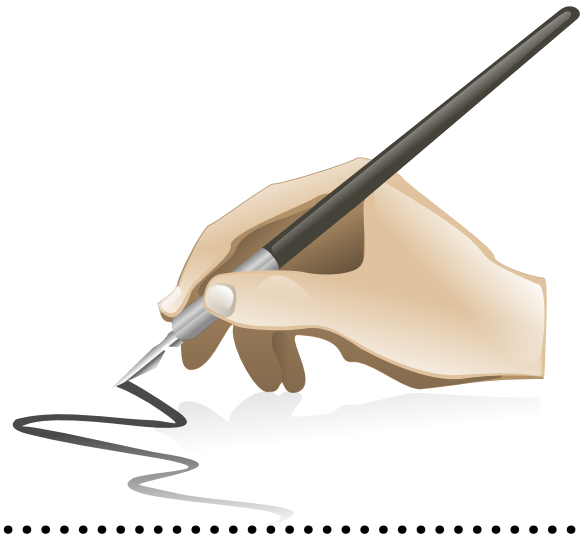






Thank You

We are truly grateful to study in this esteemed institution. We thank each and everyone - Principal, teachers, non-teaching staffs, the management and our friends for the support and guidance given throughout this academic and creative journey. This magazine is a testimony of our co-operation and unity. We extent our heartfelt gratitude to all those who stood with us throughout this journey.



Department of English

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