



# IDRIL

**2nd Edition**

Department of English, MDKG College



Editors: *Anubhavi Anukampa Borgohain & Luna Gogoi*



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## নীলা খামৰ চিঠি

1. পীযুষ প্ৰিয়া কাশ্যপ, দ্বিতীয় বান্ধাসিক
2. ময়ূৰী মৰাণ, ষষ্ঠ বান্ধাসিক

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# Editorial

## THE IDRIL INSIGHT

**"A word after a word after a word is power."**

**—Margaret Atwood**

It is with great pride and joy that we present the second edition of *Idril*, our departmental magazine. This publication is more than just a collection of words and images—it is a testament to the creativity, passion, and dedication of the students and respected faculty members of the Department of English, M.D.K.G. College.

Since its foundation in 1963, the Department of English has been a cornerstone of this institution, fostering not only academic excellence but also a deep appreciation for literature, language, and the power of creative expression. The department's legacy is enriched by the contributions of Dr. Jogiraj Basu, the college's first Principal, who later became an esteemed faculty member. Over the years, the department has continued this tradition of leadership, with several former Principals, Vice-Principals, and a NAAC Coordinator among its faculty, shaping generations of students into critical thinkers and eloquent communicators. At its heart, the English Department serves as a space where students engage with diverse literary genres, refine their linguistic skills, and explore the depth of human emotions and experiences through literature. Beyond academics, the department nurtures creativity through poetry readings, drama performances, writing workshops, and more, fostering a culture where every voice finds its expression.

This second edition of *Idril* is a reflection of that vibrant spirit. It showcases the creative writing, artwork, photography, and achievements of our students, bringing together their talent and hard work in one collective masterpiece. Each page speaks of the dedication, patience, and passion that went into making this magazine a reality. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to our Principal, Dr. Anupjyoti Bharali, and Vice-Principal, Dr. Manashi Sarmah, for their unwavering support and guidance. A special thanks to the esteemed faculty members—Dr. Rizia Begum Laskar (HOD), Ma'am Manisha Rudra Tarian, Ma'am Banani Das, Ma'am Shrutimala Bharali, and Dr. Bornali Nath Dowerah—for their immense support and encouragement throughout this journey.

Of course, no endeavour is without its challenges, and we acknowledge that there may be imperfections. However, the dedication and teamwork poured into second edition of *Idril* make it a labour of love, and we hope this tradition continues for years to come. Thank you all for being part of this journey. May literature, art, and creativity continue to thrive within the walls of MDKG College.

*-Anubhavi Anukampa Borgohain*

*Joint Editor, Idril*



# Editorial

## The Dead Library: A Eulogy for Forgotten Books

Once upon a time, libraries entailed the very heartbeats of college life, the sacred temples of wisdom, and the safe havens of the students to avoid social interactions. Rows of books stood tall whispering the secrets of poetry, prose, science and history, waiting for curious minds to flip through their pages. But what about now? Dust gathers on untouched selves, the eerie silence is no longer broken by the rustling pages and the librarian looks at every visitor like a rare pokemon. Hence, we are here to mourn the slow, tragic demise of the college library.

Who killed it though? Some blame the web why browse through ten books, while there is google, AI, PDFs, e-books, those sneaky digital substitutes that rob us from the joy of physically flipping pages. And let's not ignore the ultimate villain – short attention spans of every digitally corrupted student who once spent hours buried in books but now struggle to finish a two minute article. Our library, once a hub of ideas, has become a ghost town, where books cry out, “take me!” only to be ignored for wikipedia summaries.

But does the library have to die? No, right? Imagine a space where books co-exist with tech where students come not just to study but to debate, discuss and create. Libraries could be reimaged as modern knowledge hubs a cozy reading corner with interactive digital archives and yes, maybe a coffee machine? (let's be honest, caffeine is the real MVP of academia). The library doesn't need to be a graveyard when it actually can be a intellectual playground but only if we let it.

So, dear readers, before we declare the library officially dead, let's ask ourselves – When was the last time we picked up a book just because? Maybe it's time to stop endless scrolling and let a book surprise us. Who knows? We might just find that the quiet aisles surrounded by books aren't dead after all and just waiting for us to come back to the real life?

*Luna Gogoi*

*Joint Editor, Idril*

# Whispers in Verse

### **Today Will Be a Good Day**

Cool air seeps through my skin.  
Blow, blow, morning wind,  
I feel so well and fine,  
Early rays rise and shine.  
Let the weather be cool,  
Calm sky is in view.

Morning weather makes my heart feel better,  
They are mesmerizing and bright.  
Sometimes dull, but they still shine,  
Seeing them with my eyes feels fine.  
Morning is nice when I'm alone.  
Today will be a good day too!

*Sufia Borbhuiya, B.A 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **The Sovereignty of Words**

Words are shapeless—moulded by will,  
They can cut like swords or caress like silk.  
  
A whisper can shatter, a silence can scream,  
A lie can be golden, yet truth may deceive.  
  
They dress death in lullabies, soft and divine,  
Turning sorrow into poetry, graves into shrines.  
  
Yet heaven, so bright, may tremble in fear,  
For words can twist light into something unclear.  
  
And what of hell? It once burned, a pit of despair,  
Now words repaint it, make it seem fair.  
  
“You don’t belong,” they sneer, “you never will be.”  
They name you a monster but shaped you to be.  
  
For some are not born wicked, but made to fall,  
Shooed away by cruel voices, unloved by all.  
  
And life? It is fragile, a flickering flame,  
Fuelled by stories, by echoes of names.  
  
A promise can build, a curse can destroy,  
One word can birth love, another steal joy.  
  
So tell me, dear poets, what tale do we weave?  
Are we bound by words, or do we make them believe?

*Florina Konwar, B.A 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **A Morning of My Dreams**

As a tranquil dawn unfolds, and I push open the window,  
I wish to see a long green meadow, with snow-capped mountains far away.

I wish to see a flock of sheep,  
Grazing near the low wooden fences. As I open the window, I wish...  
For a gentle, cool breeze to blow through my hair,  
Leaving me in a state of serenity.

I wish to hear the burbling of water,  
Flowing through the nearby stream. As I look up, my eyes are caught  
By a flock of birds soaring through the vast blue sky.

As I embrace the calmness of nature,  
Little Robins sing in their sweet tones,  
Spreading melodies through the air.

The golden rays of the morning sun  
Warm the winter blossoms,  
And I sit at my table, sipping a hot cup of tea  
By the fireplace in my cozy space.

*Sukanya Kashyap, B.A. B.A 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*

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### **For the Women Who Raised Me**

In the heart's embrace, a love so pure,  
A mother's warmth, forever sure.  
Her laughter, a melody, gentle and sweet,  
In her arms, life's challenges meet.

With hands that comfort, and eyes that see,  
She guides with love, unconditionally.  
Through every storm and sunny day,  
Her strength, a beacon, lights the way.

A lullaby whispered in the quiet night,  
Her love, a flame, burning bright.  
In every hug, a world unfolds,  
A story of love that never grows old.

Moments shared, memories spin,  
A bond unbroken, second to none.  
For in her love, we find our home,  
A masterpiece of love, by Mom, beautifully sewn.

*Suprity Sharma, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **Brim of Fate**

Sorrow and Joy a vessel filled with both,  
The thirsty cannot choose which to consume,  
Say you have everything you wished for yet  
The longing prevails,  
Calling yourself the bravest yet you fail to accept,  
Be it the Good or the evil, the greatest or the unworthy....nothing can suppress the already  
written fate.  
String of golden or red, heart with remorse or faith everything will fall right in its place.  
*Bhumisha Limbu, B.A. 4th Semester*

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### **Thorn Light**

I was a wilted petal on the edge of decay,  
Craving the wind to carry me away.  
Life, a garden I never dared to tend,  
Yet begged for its beauty to end.  
  
In shadowed valleys, I built my nest,  
Yearning for silence, a permanent rest.  
But the sunlit peaks, I chose to ignore,  
Too blind to climb, too numb to explore.  
  
Death, I called, my sweetest muse,  
A tempting void I could not refuse.  
Yet when it came, cold and stark,  
It silenced the songs of my weary heart.  
  
I screamed to the stars, "Let me return!  
For life's bright flames again I burn!"  
But God, a gardener with infinite grace,  
Spoke softly, "You scorned this place.  
  
The fruits I offered, you let decay,  
The rivers of joy, you pushed away.  
Now in the void, you wish to bloom,  
But I gave you life, not a borrowed room."  
  
Now I see, too late to sow,  
Life was the gift I failed to know.



Each thorn a lesson, each storm a guide,  
A path to the beauty I cast aside.

The stars weep softly as I fade to gray,  
A shadow in a grave where regrets stay.  
For life is not a thing to squander,  
But a fleeting flame, a sacred wonder.

*Himashree Gohain, B.A 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*

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### **Little Things**

A slow sip of the morning coffee,  
Whispers of warmth in a world so lofty.  
The left-out pastry from the fridge,  
Still holds the same sweetness at the edge.

The dancing patterns of light and shadow,  
Paint a canvas for hearts to follow.  
The softness of the cozy sheets,  
A tender refuge where comfort meets.

The blooming primrose in the pathway,  
Singing together the song of living each day.  
The laughter of strangers passing by,  
A fleeting joy beneath the open sky.

A life filled with little moments,  
Of quiet beauty in surreal components.  
Celebrating the little things,  
By romanticizing the joy life brings.

*Luna Gogoi, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **Breaking Free**

In the quiet of her heart, she feels the strain,  
A burden of dreams that aren't her own.  
The shadows of expectations like chains,  
Binding her spirit, turning flesh to stone.

Every step she takes, every breath she draws,  
A battle against the voices in her head.  
No more can she bear the endless, silent wars,  
The whispers of failure, the things left unsaid.

She once soared high, striving for their praise,  
Her wings now tattered, her hopes grown thin.  
In the mirror, she sees the girl who stays,  
Trapped in a cycle she can't begin.

Day by day, the hurt digs deep,  
A wound that festers in the dark.  
Her soul, it cries, yet she cannot weep,  
Lost in a quest to leave her mark.

But now, she whispers to the night,  
"I am done, no more shall I bleed."  
Freedom calls her with its gentle light,  
A chance to be, a chance to be freed.

No longer will she chase their distant star,  
She'll find her own in the quiet skies.  
For in her heart, she knows who they are,  
Cannot see the worth in her own eyes.

She will walk away from the heavy yoke,  
Step by step, she'll break the chain.  
For in the quiet, a new voice spoke,  
Promising peace beyond the pain.

No more striving, no more trying to be,  
The girl who fits their narrow mould.  
She'll be herself, wild and free,  
Her spirit no longer bought or sold.

*Anubhavi Anukampa Borgohain, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **Grace in Anguish**

It choked me to death, yet I survived,  
Embracing the beauty of anguish, I thrive.  
In satire's disguise, I wear my pain,  
Tears washing away blood, my body's in vain.

Gasping for love, to truly feel alive,  
Let me live, if only for a moment, before I die.  
Behold, by grace, I'm gone, yet not forgotten,  
The last seven minutes were the most alive, until darkness was all I'd gotten.

Cries and sorrows entwined, as hearts are joined,  
By the heartbreaks of others, our souls are employed.

*Sumu Begum, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **The Lone Bougainvillea**

I remember looking at the stars  
Through my window seat.  
My body, quiet as a cadaver  
Yet, my heart so unquiet.  
The thunders raged across the sky  
Just like the storm within my eye.  
The lone stall by the roadside stood,  
A silent echo of my solitude.  
My heart lay barren, like the field so wide  
As raindrops fell, they soothed inside.  
But through the grey, a blooming bougainvillea  
Stood alone, yet full of light  
It swayed with grace, so bold and free  
And it reminded me –  
Standing alone doesn't make you weak,  
  
Embrace yourself, the love you seek.  
Like nature's beauty, wild and free,  
Flaw and all, you're meant to be loved

*Danisha Hazarika, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **The Little Girl in Me**

She's still raw. She's still tender,  
but the platonic love surmounting the universe amuses her soul.  
  
She feels hesitant. She feels vulnerable.  
Her mother pours might into her sore veins,  
Her father heals the scars she carries on and on.  
  
Man violating man frightens her the most.  
Chaos wrecked upon humanity jostles her, aghast at her.  
  
If the world is nothing but a wasteland,  
How does "she" survive this paranoid state?  
  
Yes, Nature's a great healer. She returns to nature,  
in search of peace and serenity.  
  
She craves the mountain air.  
She finds solace in the morning dews.  
The floral meadows speak to her  
In a voice  
Unheard by the failing humanity.



The pathless woods—  
a harbinger of the secrets resting in the bosom of nature,  
sings songs to her of love and affection.

Nature embraced her like no one else did—  
The raging storms, the dancing leaves, the rustling wind,  
mends her dying spirit.

A question might get born: “Who is she?”  
Oh! She's none other than The Little Girl in Me.

I get lost in the maze of the wild forest.  
I find freedom amidst the chirping birds,  
flying high—without bondage in the blue sky.

I can finally hear the sounds of summer approaching with happy gusto.  
Yes, I do love it all!

I shed tears for the fading fall, bidding goodbye to us all.  
Oh! I love it all.

*Annesha Saikia, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **Enduring Shadows**

To the abyss I stand strong, jaded and sleepy,  
Even my shadow disciplines to this endless venture.

I have finally set out on a journey  
Of discovery, learning and creations;  
Tougher than I ever was, enduring redolent memories along the way.

*Anwesha Dutta , B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

# Symphony of Thoughts

## **The Smile that Faded**

Like a summer song, the soft wind blew through the classroom windows, carrying the faint scent of blooming flowers. The kids sat in complete silence, each absorbed in the task before them, their hands moving swiftly over their books, hoping to make a masterpiece of their own. The art teacher walked silently between the desks, inspecting each student's work, pausing here and there to offer praise or guidance. When she reached my desk, she stopped.

"You draw very well," she commented, her voice warm and full of admiration.

I raised my head, feeling a smile gather at the corners of my lips. The grip on my yellow crayon tightened slightly as I caught the attention of my classmates. Their gazes shifted towards me, and I felt their eyes on my every move.

"What's your name?", the teacher asked as she examined my drawings—a collage of black and white lines and shapes that I had spent hours perfecting.

Shyly, I answered, my voice barely above a whisper.

The teacher looked at my drawings again, nodding thoughtfully. "Your face is very enchanting," she said. "Just looking at it would make others smile."

I could feel the heat rise to my cheeks, my ears turning rosy as my classmates murmured in agreement. The teacher's words lingered in my mind, as if her compliment had somehow stitched itself into my identity. For years, I would carry that image of myself—innocent, sweet, and full of potential.

Years passed, and summer came again. I stood in line at the college admission desk, my heart pounding in my chest. The noise of the bustling crowd around me seemed distant, like a faint echo.

The college clerk, an older woman, glanced up from the papers in front of her. "Which department?"

"English," I replied softly, the word almost foreign in my mouth.

She studied me for a moment before her eyes narrowed slightly. "Why are you looking so dull?" she asked, her tone casual but somehow piercing.

I blinked in surprise, taken aback. The words stung more than I had anticipated. I gave a small, forced smile, trying to hide the flicker of confusion that crossed my face. Why was I looking



so dull? What had happened to that face the teacher had once admired so much? The girl whose smile could light up the room?

I clenched the pen in my hand, the grip tightening as I tried to push away the uncertainty. The smile that had once been effortless now felt like a mask, something I put on for others but didn't feel for myself. What had changed?

As I stood there, I realized that the years between the art room and the college desk had not just aged me, but had somehow taken away the innocence and joy I once carried so freely. I was no longer the girl whose smile could make others smile. Now, I felt like a shadow of that version of myself, uncertain and searching for something that might never come back.

But as the clerk handed me the paperwork, a realization settled in. The young me, the one whose smile could light up a room, is still me. The adult me, who no longer smiles as easily, is still me too. Life happens—things change, time moves forward, but I am still the same person at my core. And for all the shifts and challenges, I'm glad that through it all, I have always been me.

*Bhumisha Limbu, B. A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **The Battle for Peace**

Life often feels like a battlefield where we constantly strive to win, but have we stopped to ask whom we're fighting? Is it society, whose judgments we let seep into our self-worth? Or is it the anxiety and depression we've unknowingly fed by seeking external validation?

We chase victories defined by others—status, approval, perfection—forgetting that we gave them the power to dictate our peace. The truth is, no one can truly burden you without your permission. The chaos within us, the sleepless nights, and the endless self-doubt are often built by the stories we tell ourselves, rooted in fears we allowed to grow.

Winning is not about conquering society or silencing critics; it's about reclaiming your mind from the narratives that steal your joy. It's about realizing that peace is not something to be earned—it's something you protect. Building character doesn't mean enduring unnecessary pain; it means learning to say, "Enough. I choose myself."

So, stop fighting battles that aren't yours. Win back your time, your energy, your peace. You owe it to no one but yourself.

*Anubhavi Anukampa Borgohain, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*



## Post-Colonialism

Post-colonial theory deals with the reading and writing of literature written in previously or currently colonized countries, or literature written in colonizing countries which deals with colonization or colonized peoples. It focuses particularly on the way in which literature by the colonizing culture distorts the experience and realities, and inscribes the inferiority of the colonized people on literature by colonized peoples which attempts to articulate their identity and reclaim their past in the face of that past's inevitable otherness. It can also deal with the way in which literature in colonizing countries appropriates the language, images, scenes, traditions, and so forth of colonized countries. This page addresses some of the complexities of the post-colonial situation, in terms of the writing and reading situation of the colonized people, and of the colonizing people.

Postcolonial theory is built in large part around the concept of otherness. There are, however, problems with or complexities to the concept of otherness. For instance: otherness includes doubleness, both identity and difference, so that every other, every different than and excluded by is dialectically created and includes the values and meaning of the colonizing culture even as it rejects its power to define; the western concept of the oriental is based, as Abdul Jan Mohamed argues, on the Manichean allegory (seeing the world as divided into mutually excluding opposites): if the west is ordered, rational, masculine, good, then the orient is chaotic, irrational, feminine, evil. Simply to reverse this polarizing is to be complicit in its totalizing and identity-destroying power (all is reduced to a set of dichotomies, black or white, etc.). Colonized peoples are highly diverse in their nature and in their traditions, and as beings in cultures, they are both constructed and changing. So that while they may be 'other' from the colonizers, they are also different one from another and from their own pasts, and should not be totalized or essentialized through such concepts as a black consciousness, Indian soul, aboriginal culture, and so forth. This totalization and essentialization is often a form of nostalgia which has its inspiration more in the thought of the colonizers than of the colonized, and it serves to give the colonizer a sense of the unity of his culture while mystifying that of others; as John Frow remarks, it is a making of a mythical One out of many... The colonized peoples will also be other than their pasts, which can be reclaimed but never reconstituted, and so must be revisited and realized in partial, fragmented ways. You can't go home again.

Postcolonial theory is also built around the concept of resistance, of resistance as subversion, or opposition, or mimicry—but with the haunting problem that resistance always inscribes the resisted into the texture of the resisting: it is a two-edged sword. As well, the concept of resistance carries with it or can carry with it ideas about human freedom, liberty, identity, individuality, etc., which ideas may not have been held, or held in the same way, in the colonized culture's view of humankind.

On a simple political/cultural level, there are problems with the fact that to produce a literature which helps to reconstitute the identity of the colonized, one may have to function in at least the means of production of the colonizers—the writing, publishing, advertising, and production of books, for instance. These may well require a centralized economic and cultural system which is ultimately either a western import or a hybrid form, uniting local conceptions with western conceptions. The concept of producing a national or cultural literature is in most cases a concept foreign to the traditions of the colonized peoples, who (a) had no literature as it is conceived in the western traditions or in fact no literature or writing at all, and/or (b) did not see art as having the same function as constructing and defining cultural identity, and/or (c) were, like the peoples of the West Indies, transported into a wholly different geographical/political/economic/cultural world. (India, a partial exception, had a long-established tradition of letters; on the other hand, it was a highly balkanized sub-continent with little if any common identity and with many divergent sub-cultures). It is always a



changed, a reclaimed but hybrid identity, which is created or called forth by the colonizers' attempts to constitute and represent identity. (Hybridity = mixing of cultures; ex. double consciousness – one goes to an American University and gets educated then returns to native land only to find that he/she cannot identify with the culture anymore).

The very concepts of nationality and identity may be difficult to conceive or convey in the cultural traditions of colonized peoples. There are complexities and perplexities around the difficulty of conceiving how a colonized country can reclaim or reconstitute its identity in a language that is now but was not its own language, and genres which are now but were not the genres of the colonized. One result is that the literature may be written in the style of speech of the inhabitants of a particular colonized people or area, which language use does not read like Standard English and in which literature the standard literary allusions and common metaphors and symbols may be inappropriate and/or may be replaced by allusions and tropes which are alien to British culture and usage. It can become very difficult then for others to recognize or respect the work as literature (which concept may not itself have relevance—see next point).

There are other times when the violation of the aesthetic norms of western literature is inevitable, as colonized writers search to encounter their culture's ancient yet transformed heritage, and as they attempt to deal with problems of social order and meaning so pressing that the normal aesthetic transformations of western high literature are not relevant, make no sense. The idea that good or high literature may be irrelevant and misplaced at a point in a culture's history, and therefore for a particular cultural usage not be good literature at all, is difficult for us who are raised in a culture with strong aesthetic ideals to accept. The development (development itself may be an entirely western concept) of hybrid and reclaimed cultures in colonized countries is uneven, disparate, and might defy those notions of order and common sense which may be central not only to western thinking but to literary forms and traditions produced through western thought.

The representation of these uneven and often hybrid, polyglot, multivalent cultural sites (reclaimed or discovered colonized cultures searching for identity and meaning in a complex and partially alien past) may not look very much like the representations of bourgeois culture in western art, ideologically shaped as western art is to represent its own truths (that is, guiding fictions) about itself. To quote Homi Bhabha on the complex issue of representation and meaning from his article in Greenblatt and Gun's *Redrawing the Boundaries*, Culture as a strategy of survival is both transnational and translational. It is transnational because contemporary postcolonial discourses are rooted in specific histories of cultural displacement, whether they are the middle passage of slavery and indenture, the voyage out of the civilizing mission, the fraught accommodation of Third World migration to the West after the Second World War, or the traffic of economic and political refugees within and outside the Third World.

Culture is translational because such spatial histories of displacement—now accompanied by the territorial ambitions of global media technologies—make the question of how culture signifies, or what is signified by culture, a rather complex issue. It becomes crucial to distinguish between the semblance and similitude of the symbols across diverse cultural experiences—literature, art, music, ritual, life, death—and the social specificity of each of these productions of meaning as they circulate as signs within specific contextual locations and social systems of value. The transnational dimension of cultural transformation—migration, diaspora (cultures who have been spread forth; Egyptians move to Jersey—they are not Americans, but they cannot go back to Egypt. They are now Egyptian-Americans)—displacement, relocation—makes the process of cultural translation a complex form of signification. The natural (ized), unifying discourse of nation, peoples, or authentic folk tradition, those embedded myths of culture's particularity, cannot be readily referenced. The



great, though unsettling, advantage of this position is that it makes you increasingly aware of the construction of culture and the invention of tradition.

*Pallavi Dey, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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## **LGBTQ+ Community: An Analysis**

### **Introduction**

The LGBTQ+ community, encompassing individuals who identify as Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, and Questioning, represents a diverse range of identities and experiences. This community has a rich history, marked by struggles for rights, acceptance, and representation. Understanding the LGBTQ+ community is essential for fostering inclusivity and empathy in society.

### **Historical Factors**

The LGBTQ+ rights movement gained significant momentum in the 20th century, particularly following events like the **Stonewall Riots in 1969**. These riots, sparked by a police raid at the Stonewall Inn in New York City, ignited protests advocating for LGBTQ+ rights. Since then, the community has achieved substantial progress, including the legalization of same-sex marriage in many countries and increased visibility in media and politics.

### **Key Problems**

1. **Discrimination:** Many individuals face bias in workplaces, housing insecurity, and social ostracism due to their sexual orientation or gender identity.
2. **Mental Health:** Higher rates of depression and anxiety persist within the community, often stemming from societal stigma, discrimination, and lack of support systems.

### **Supporting the LGBTQ+ Community**

1. **Educate Yourself:** Understand LGBTQ+ terminology, history, and current issues to foster empathy and informed support.
2. **Advocate for Rights:** Support policies and legislation that promote equality and protect against discrimination.
3. **Be an Ally:** Stand against homophobia and transphobia. Use your voice to amplify LGBTQ+ rights and visibility.
4. **Support Organizations:** Contribute to or volunteer with groups advocating for LGBTQ+ rights and resources.

### **Global Context**

While some countries offer legal protections against discrimination, others criminalize same-sex relationships or deny gender identity recognition.

## **Conclusion**

The LGBTQ+ community has made significant strides toward equality, yet challenges remain. By promoting understanding, advocating for rights, and supporting representation, we can build a more inclusive society. Embracing diversity is not only a moral imperative but also enriches communities and enhances collective human experience.

*Shreya Verma, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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## **Mental Health and Women**

Mental health is a crucial aspect of overall well-being, particularly for women who often face unique challenges. From societal pressures to hormonal fluctuations, women experience mental health issues differently than men.

Research shows that women are more likely to experience conditions like anxiety and depression, often stemming from factors such as trauma, caregiving responsibilities, and workplace stress. The stigma surrounding mental health can further complicate their experiences, making it difficult for many to seek help.

Empowering women through education and support is essential. Initiatives that promote open conversations about mental health can help dismantle stigma and encourage women to share their experiences. Community support, whether through friends, family, or professional networks, plays a vital role in fostering resilience and recovery.

Moreover, understanding the intersectionality of race, socioeconomic status, and sexual orientation is crucial in addressing mental health disparities among women. Tailored approaches that consider these factors can lead to more effective treatment and support systems.

As we continue to raise awareness about mental health, it's important to highlight the stories of women who have navigated their mental health journeys. These narratives not only humanize the statistics but also inspire others to seek help and advocate for their well-being.

However, prioritizing mental health for women is not just a personal issue; it's a societal one. By fostering understanding and support, we can create a healthier future for all women, ensuring they have the resources and encouragement needed to thrive.

*Swastika Pandey, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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## **Contribution of Indian Women Writers to Indian Literature**

Women are intrinsically artistic in nature. India, a patriarchal society where men historically occupied prominent positions, posed challenges for women to engage in intellectual pursuits. Women writers have risen to this challenge, excelling across literary genres. Through their works, they express discrimination, dissatisfaction, and agony, channeling a collective urge for freedom and resistance against oppressive forces like gender inequality. Their writings depict women trapped between personal aspirations and patriarchal constraints.



Prominent Indian women writers such as **Shashi Deshpande**, **Nayantara Sahgal**, **Arundhati Roy**, and **Kamala Markandaya** have used English literature to explore women's roles and struggles. They highlight real-life oppression and the fight for gender equality.

- **Shashi Deshpande**: A feminist novelist addressing women's struggles in patriarchal societies. Her works, like *That Long Silence*, *The Binding Vine*, and *Roots and Shadows*, focus on women's quests for self-identity and self-respect.
- **Nayantara Sahgal**: Portrays women suffering from sexist biases in patriarchal systems. Her novels reflect Indian womanhood, with her feminist voice amplified by her own experiences of an unhappy marriage.
- **Arundhati Roy**: In *The God of Small Things* (1997), Roy challenges stereotypes and advocates for social justice. Her activism and writing critique societal norms and redefine women's identities.
- **Kamala Markandaya**: *Nectar in a Sieve* delves into women's emotional and spiritual responses, juxtaposing tradition and modernity in their lives.

### Challenges and Themes

In a male-dominated society, women writers face systemic undervaluation of their work. They confront patriarchal assumptions and critique the "mechanics of patriarchy." Issues like **language style** and representation have been central to their literary battles. While Jane Austen is mentioned as an influence for her natural and elegant prose, Indian writers like **Anita Desai**, Shashi Deshpande, and Arundhati Roy focus on themes such as:

- Sufferings of frustrated homemakers.
- Resistance against patriarchal domination.
- Assertions of boldness, strength, and independence.

Their novels dismantle systems that oppress women, offering windows into suppressed feminine emotions and reconstructing narratives of resilience.

### Impact and Techniques

Indian women writers experiment with diverse themes, techniques, and styles rooted in native contexts. They address intersections of **caste, class, gender, identity, and individuality**, contributing immensely to the Indian novel in English. Their works are pivotal in reshaping literary landscapes and amplifying marginalized voices.

*Neha Kumari Shah, B.A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*

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### The Environment and Its Impact on Life

The environment is the basic life support system for all living things on planet Earth. It is a combination of natural and human-made components. Natural components include air, water, land and living organisms. Roads, industries, buildings, etc., are human-made components. The natural environment can be differentiated into four main components – Biosphere, Lithosphere, Hydrosphere and Atmosphere. The topmost layer of the Earth is called the



Lithosphere, which is a thin layer of soil made of rocks and minerals. The hydrosphere consists of various types of water bodies like seas oceans, rivers, lakes, ponds, etc. Atmosphere, consisting of water vapour, gases and dust particles, is the layer of air that surrounds the Earth. The living world consisting of human beings plants and animals constitute the biosphere.

The environment Is dependent on the interaction between all the different components. However, human beings play a huge role in the making and breaking of the environment. Being the supreme most intellectual power on Earth, human beings influence the wellness of the environment to a great extent. The impact of the environment on all living beings is directly proportional to the way human beings treat the environment. Any kind of existence would not be possible without air, water or land. Nothing to eat, not a drop to drink and nowhere to go is not what we or our future generations should expect to have. Every living thing depends largely on the environment for survival, and having a clean and safe environment is solely in the hands of the human beings.

The Earth's environment makes Earth the only planet on the solar system where life and sustainability is possible. From the beginning of time, the Earth has provided all the inhabitants of the planet with everything they need for their survival. On the other hand, human beings have exploited all the natural resources for their own selfish needs and have rendered the planet like a barn and ramshackle land.

Human beings are an integral part of the environment and hold a huge responsibility to upkeep the living conditions for their own sake and for the sake of all the inhabitants of the planet, including plants and animals The balanced management of natural resources and the environment as a whole is crucial for the well-being of all living beings and for the economic growth of the entire world. Managing the use of resources (both renewable and non-renewable) effectively, can help solve the many disputes between countries, states and people for the power to claim at least a part of the resources as their own. It is high time people understand that the health of the environment is vital, and only if the environment is healthy will all living beings have a chance of survival.

### **Environment and the Need to Preserve It**

The environment is the fundamental source of all possible existence on planet Earth. However, over the recent years, the environment has been exploited excessively because of which the environmental conditions are becoming worse day by day. Pollution of air, water and land, mining. Industrialisation, modern urbanisation, deforestation, release of chemical effluents and landfills are some of the major factors that cause the gradual deterioration of the environment.

It is necessary to conserve the environment In order to protect wildlife and to preserve the different species. With the disastrous pace of climate change, a result of pollution and exploitation of the environment, finding out ways to protect the environment from any further damage should be the first priority. Bringing back the environment to its original state is critically important and is the only solution.

Working towards a common goal will be the easiest and fastest way to keep the environment from any more harm. According to Ban Ki-moon, "Saving our planet, lifting people out of poverty, advancing economic growth... these are one and the same fight. We must connect the dots between climate change, water scarcity, energy shortages, global health, food security and women's empowerment. Solutions must be solutions for all. This is what we have to act on and look forward to-finding the dots, connecting them and providing solutions.



The leaders of the world are working to reduce the rapid degradation of the environment, and there are organizations like the United Nations who come up with initiatives to create awareness and get people to take actions to curb the problems of the environment. Some of these initiatives include the 2019 Sustainable Development Summit 2019 Climate Action Summit 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development. Para Agreement and many other programs that Include river conservation, afforestation, coastal management, wetland conservation and so on. While all these measures are in action, individuals are also obliged to take steps to preserve the environment that everyone is a part of. With everyone's efforts, we can be sure that all of it will definitely make a difference and help the environment in becoming healthy and sustainable.

*Piyali Nandi, B.A.4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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### **The NCC Cadet's Journey: A Transformative Experience**

The National Cadet Corps (NCC) is India's leading youth organization that seeks to inculcate the character, discipline, and leadership qualities of young cadets. As an NCC cadet, I've undergone a transformative journey of self-discovery and growth. From humble beginnings as a fresh cadet, I've evolved into a confident Senior Under Officer, shouldering significant responsibilities and duties. With pride, I've taken on the role of mentoring my junior fellow cadets, imparting the valuable knowledge and skills imparted to me by my seniors. This journey has not only refined my leadership skills but also instilled in me a sense of discipline, camaraderie, and patriotism, shaping me into a better version of myself.

#### **The Start: Enrolment and Initial Training**

The journey starts with joining the NCC through rigorous selection process, then basic training where cadets are exposed to the values, traditions, and activities of the organization. The foundation for the cadet's development and growth in the future is established through this first step.

#### **The Journey Continues: Annual Training Camps and Activities**

Cadets go on to join annual training camps, parades, and activities that educate them in essential skills like:

- Drill and discipline: Cadets come to appreciate discipline, coordination, and teamwork via intense drill exercise.
- Adventure training: Rock climbing, trekking, and camping activities foster self-confidence, grit, and unity.
- Community service: Cadets engage in community service activities including blood donation camps, environmental clean-up, and relief operations after natural disasters.

#### **Leadership Development and Specialized Training**

During their growth to maturity, the cadets are provided with facilities to nurture leadership qualities through:

- Leadership camps: Leadership camps are designed to enhance leadership skills, decision-making, and problem-solving abilities.
- Specialized training: Cadets may also choose specialized training in aviation, naval, or army wings, which offer specialized skills and knowledge.

### **The Pinnacle: Republic Day Camp and Beyond**

The Republic Day Camp (RDC) is the highlight of an NCC cadet's career, where they are representing their directorate or state in the national camp. It creates a feeling of national pride, unity, and friendship. It is widely regarded as the most prestigious and "glorious" camp for NCC cadets, offering a unique opportunity to represent their state at the national level and interact with dignitaries including the President, Prime Minister, and Chiefs of the Armed Forces.

### **The Legacy: Life-Long Impact**

The NCC experience leaves a lasting impression on cadets, enhancing their personality with valuable qualities. It also enhances career prospects by improving opportunities in the armed forces, civil services, and other professions.

As cadets move up through the organization, they acquire a sense of purpose, patriotism, and social responsibility that lasts for a lifetime. Embarking on the NCC cadetship can be challenging yet incredibly rewarding experience. This journey has tested my limits, pushed me beyond my comfort zone. And apart from that, I've had the opportunity to interact with cadets from diverse backgrounds, broadening my perspective and developed my social skills. I've formed countless memories and strong bonds with my NCC family, which will stay with me forever.

*Chandita Borah, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

### **From Trash to Treasure: The Art of Zero Waste Living**

The zero waste living lifestyle is gaining momentum these days and is focused on reducing and minimizing the environmental impact. The zero waste lifestyle offers a practical and impactful approach in reducing ecological degradation and preserving the planet for future generations.

A zero waste lifestyle can be started in one's life by practicing the 5Rs - Refuse, Reduce, Reuse, Recycle, and Repurpose. Applying these in our daily life activities can be a helping hand in the practice of zero waste living.

At its core, the zero waste lifestyle aims to minimize waste generation by re-evaluating consumption patterns and making conscious choices to reduce, reuse, and recycle. It encourages a shift away from the throwaway culture that dominates modern society and embraces a more mindful approach towards our daily lives.

Zero waste living can be started first from the kitchen—minimizing excessive food packaging, reducing buying in bulk, preserving food without the use of plastic polyethenes, and taking into practice composting kitchen scraps. Zero waste living can also include the use of ethical and eco-friendly fashion brands that sustain the positive growth of the environment.



A Zero Waste Community can be achieved through action plans and measures that significantly reduce waste and pollution. These measures will include encouragement of residents, businesses, and agencies to judiciously use, reuse, and recycle materials, as well as motivating businesses to manufacture and market less toxic and more durable, repairable, reusable, recycled, and recyclable products.

Adopting a zero-waste lifestyle may seem daunting, but by following these few easy steps, anyone can start making a difference. From conducting a waste audit to embracing reusable products, each small change contributes to a more sustainable future. The goal isn't to achieve perfection, but to make conscious choices that align with our values.

By committing to a zero-waste lifestyle, one not only reduces their environmental impact but also inspires others to follow suit. Together, we can create a more sustainable world, one mindful choice at a time. Whether you start with one small change or dive into multiple aspects of zero waste living, every step counts toward a healthier planet.

Prerona Deori, B.A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

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### **The Depth of Words Woven Through Poetry**

Poetry is the art of expressing one's deepest thoughts and emotions that emerge from within. Where spoken words often fail to capture the true essence of feelings and emotions, poetry succeeds. It articulates human sensations in a way that transcends ordinary speech, while leaving an authentic flavor. From admiring nature's beauty to exploring the depth of human emotions, poetry gives voice to every thought and experience.

William Wordsworth's *'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud,'* famously known as *'Daffodils'* beautifully illustrates the power of nature's elegance in uplifting the human spirit. Here, the poet is enchanted by the sight of a vast golden field of daffodils. The eye-catching beauty of the daffodils fluttering and dancing along the waves of the breeze leaves the poet in a state of serenity. It symbolizes nature's beauty and its power to brighten up the mind of a lonely individual. Here are the opening lines of Wordsworth's masterpiece that vividly depicts his encounter with the field of daffodils:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd;  
A host, of golden daffodils;"

As the poet's mind wanders in solitude, the sudden sight of the daffodils transforms his loneliness into joy. This reflects the magic painted by nature's elegance. The daffodils, dancing by the lake, leave a lasting effect on the poet's heart, reminding us of the beauty that nature presents before those who pause to appreciate it.

Similarly, Robert Frost's *'Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening'* captures the poet's quiet contemplation as he watches a mesmerizing winter landscape. From his horse's back, he gazes at the snow-covered woods with the frozen lake behind, momentarily lost in their beauty. However, he soon reminds himself of his duties and the promises he had kept, leading to the famous concluding lines:

The Woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

Apart from showcasing a magnificent scenario of nature, this poem reflects a universal truth – life often tempts us to pause and stay in a place where we find love and comfort, yet we must move forward fulfilling our duties. It reminds us to be consistent.

Another remarkable poem, “*If*” by Rudyard Kipling, offers heartfelt advice from a father to his son. The poem teaches the strength of resilience and moral values. In one of the stanzas, Kipling writes:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;

Through these words, the poet encourages taking bold steps and avoiding the fear of taking risks. Even if one loses everything, one must not hesitate to start again from the very beginning without any guilt. In the final lines, the poet urges his son to make the most of his time:

If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And which is more, you'll be a Man, my son!

The entire poem depicts the importance of perseverance and moral values that shape one's character into that of an honorable individual.

Poetry is more than just an arrangement of a cluster of words – it is an art of penning down feelings arising from the very bottom of the heart. Poetry admires the charm of the smallest things that add to the beauty of nature. It transforms ordinary experiences into something profound. Through poetry, untold stories come to life, and unseen pictures are painted with words.

Poetry has an enormous power. Once we fall in love with poetry, it becomes an inseparable part of us. Indeed, poetry remains the most beloved form of literature.

“Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility.” – William Wordsworth.

*Sukanya Kashyap, B.A. B.A 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*

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### **The Gothic Tradition**

The Gothic tradition, originating in the late 18th century, is a literary and cultural movement characterized by its exploration of the dark, mysterious, and supernatural. Rooted in a reaction against the Enlightenment's emphasis on reason and order, Gothic literature delves into the irrational, the emotional, and the sublime. It often features eerie settings, such as decaying



castles, isolated mansions, and bleak landscapes, which serve as metaphors for psychological and societal turmoil.

The genre was pioneered by Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764), which established many Gothic conventions, including melodramatic plots, haunted spaces, and an atmosphere of dread. Walpole's work inspired a wave of Gothic novels, such as Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) and Matthew Lewis's *The Monk* (1796). Radcliffe's novels, known for their "explained supernatural," balanced terror with rational resolution, while Lewis's work embraced darker, more taboo themes, reflecting the genre's capacity to challenge societal norms.

Central to the Gothic tradition is the exploration of fear—both personal and collective. Themes of madness, obsession, and the uncanny recur, often embodied by antiheroes like the brooding Byronic hero or the monstrous villain. Characters frequently grapple with repressed desires, guilt, and the consequences of transgression, mirroring the anxieties of their time. For instance, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) uses Gothic elements to critique scientific ambition and explore themes of alienation and identity.

The Gothic also engages with historical and cultural anxieties. Early Gothic novels often evoked medieval settings to contrast the perceived corruption of the past with the rationality of the present. However, the genre also served as a vehicle for addressing contemporary issues, such as gender roles, class conflict, and colonialism. For example, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847) incorporates Gothic elements to critique patriarchal structures and explore female agency.

In the 19th century, the Gothic tradition evolved, influencing genres like horror, detective fiction, and psychological thrillers. Edgar Allan Poe's short stories, such as *The Fall of the House of Usher* (1839), exemplify the American Gothic, focusing on psychological depth and macabre atmospheres. Similarly, Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897) redefined the Gothic for the Victorian era, blending folklore with modern anxieties about sexuality and imperialism.

The Gothic tradition persists in contemporary literature, film, and art, adapting to reflect modern fears and preoccupations. Its enduring appeal lies in its ability to confront the unknown, challenge societal norms, and explore the darker aspects of human nature. Whether through haunted houses, monstrous figures, or psychological terror, the Gothic continues to captivate audiences by illuminating the shadows that linger at the edges of our collective consciousness.

Parishmita Phukon, B.A.4<sup>th</sup> Semester

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### **The Western and the Indian backbone**

Throughout history, the traditional Indian family ideal has centred on prioritizing family and social responsibilities. The joint family structure is distinctly marked by a strong emphasis on hierarchy, respect for elders, and emphasis on traditional values. From a very young age children are nurtured to recognize and honour their elders, who are seen as the guardians of tradition and wisdom. This foundational teaching instils a profound sense of duty, shaping interpersonal relationship and community dynamics in a way that underscores the significance of interconnectedness and shared responsibilities with the family unit.

On the other hand, the western families often prioritize individualism, personal responsibility and freedom. The western families often emphasize traditional values such as hardwork and



self-reliance. It promotes individualism and independence which can lead to increased pressure on individual, particularly children, to succeed and achieve. Further, it can lead to decrease in family relation. It is important to recognize that focusing solely on personal achievement can sometimes strain family relationships. When individual prioritize their own goal, it can create distance between family members.

The family has been a foundational institution of society in most parts of the world, particularly in India. However, the dynamics of family structure in India have undergone drastic transformation over the years with the increasing influence of western ideologies. The ideologies such as feminism, excessive individualism, the demoralization of Vedic values and the rising trend of divorces are reshaping Indian society in ways that threaten its core structure.

The sacred bond of marriage has always been central to Indian civilization. However, in recent years divorce rates have surged due to changing social norms influenced by Western ideology. Why there is no word for 'Divorce' in Indian languages? In Hinduism, it is a custom that no one takes divorce. According to Vedic values, once two individuals marry, they are bound together not just for this life, but for seven lifetimes. This perspective underscores the importance of nurturing and sustaining the marital relationship. The media glorifies divorce as an empowering choice while ignoring its negative consequences on children and societal stability. The West promotes "following your heart" rather than fulfilling marital duties has led to shorter and less committed relationship.

The Indian belief on *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*, which means the world is one family. But the promotion of self-centred thinking over family relationship has led to destruction of duty-bound mindset that once held families together. The capitalist model encourages materialism, making people more focused on career, wealth and personal pleasures rather than family welfare. The idealization of independent living, rise of singlehood, live-in relationship has further weakened the traditional institution of marriage.

Recently, there has been a growing notion in America on the importance of self-love. This concept encourages individuals to cultivate a strong sense of self-worth and embrace their own value, regardless of the presence or absence of others in their lives. This idea of self-love and self-worth can sometimes serve as a coping mechanism for those who find themselves alone after dedicating a significant amount of time to their career and accumulating wealth. Although it is important for personal growth but it can also mask the deeper feeling of loneliness that may arise from prioritizing professional achievement over interpersonal connection.

The taboo of staying independently, away from family is so common in western culture that the families often place their infants in separate room in the name of bed training. By the time children reach 18 years, they show them the door and ask them to move out to live on their own as western parents believe they have a life of their own apart from children. As they choose this kind of lifestyle, they are facing consequences and back fire which is to live a lonely life in their old ages. So, they started the conspiracy theory of self-love and promoting it to India as well. Further, the value of Indian mothers keeping their infants under their care and protection is considered as stupid by the western.

In an interview, Aishwarya Rai, a well-known Indian celebrity, was asked by David Letterman "...is it that common in Indian for older children to live with their parents?". This comment of David indicates that he struggles to understand the concept of children living with their parents and perceives it as stupid practice of Indians. In reply to this question Aishwarya Rai said "Its fine to live with their parents because it's also common in India that we don't have to take appointments with our parents to meet for dinner.". Her reply highlights the contrast with western culture, where there is a sense of disconnection between parents and their children,

leading to the need for scheduling dinners, which is detrimental for the growth of health family.

Earlier, Indian society was built upon profound spiritual wisdom from the Vedas, Bhagavad Gita and Upanishads, which gives importance on duty, harmony, and self-discipline. However, modern media and academic institutions influenced by Western thought portray these philosophies as outdated. Now, the values of *Dharma* (duty), *Karma* (action with responsibility), and *Grahashta ashrama* (the household stage of life) are often dismissed as outdated. Further the western influence among the youth culture has led to decline of *guru-shishya parampara* (teacher-student tradition).

The unchecked influence of western ideologies, particularly feminism, individualism and anti-traditional sentiments, has created a societal shift that threatens the stability of the Indian family system. While progress and modernization are necessary, but blindly adopting western cultural norms without considering their impact can lead to the breakdown of a social structure that has withstood the test of time. To preserve India's rich heritage, it is crucial to strike a balance between progress and tradition, ensuring that family values and cultural roots remain intact for future.

*Nistha Gogoi, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*

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# নীলা খামৰ চিঠি



## পীয়ুষ প্ৰিয়া কাশ্যপ, দ্বিতীয় ষাণ্মাসিক

মোৰ

প্ৰিয় জন ,

ফাগুনৰ পৰশত পলাশ ফুলাৰ বতৰত ময়ো উকা কাগজৰ বুকুত নীলা ৰঙেৰে বুলাইছো দুটি মান শব্দ হৃদয়ৰ নি ভূত কোণৰ পৰা মোৰ প্ৰিয়জনলৈ। আপুনি ভালে থাকক কেৱল আজিৰ বাবে নহয়; আজীৱনৰ বাবে মোৰ প্ৰিয় জন হৈ। নোসুধিব মোক মই কেনে আছো? ভালে থাকিম আপুনি থকালৈকে।

প্ৰিয় মোৰ, মোৰ শব্দৰ প্ৰেমাঙ্গুৰি অনুপ্ৰাণিত কৰক আপোনাক। মোৰ শব্দৰ প্ৰেমাঙ্গুৰি মসৃন কৰক লক্ষ্য পথ আপোনাৰ।

ভাবিছো, এটা কবিতা লিখিম দুয়োৰ বাবে। শব্দৰ মালিতাৰে সজাম কবিতাৰ পংক্তি। মোৰ কবিতাৰ ছন্দেৰে সন্মোহিত কৰিম আপোনাৰ নিৰল পঁজাৰ অশান্ত কক্ষ। কল্পনাৰ দেশত কাৰেং সাজিব আপুনি আৰু সেই কাৰেঙৰ ফুলাম শেতলিত সপোনেৰে সময় সজাম আমি। জীপাল হ'ব অকৃত্ৰিম মৰম। প্ৰস্তুতি হ'ব জীৱন জীয়াৰ বাসনা। আৰু কবিতাৰ শিৰোনাম হ'ব 'নীলা খামৰ চিঠি'। ধেং, বেছি ভাবিলো নেকি? কিবা লাগেই লাগি গৈছে দেখুন।

যি নহওক, ফাগুন নমাৰ লগে লগেই আমাৰ লগ হোৱাৰ কথা আছিল। বৰ আগ্ৰহেৰে বৈ আছো সেই দিনটোলৈ। ফাগুনৰ পচোৱা জাকে কাণে কাণে মোক যেন কৈ গৈছে 'বাউলি নহবা তুমি। সমাগত তোমাৰ অপেক্ষিত মুহূৰ্ত'

আহিব আপুনি। মনোহৰী দেৱী কানৈ মহিলা মহাবিদ্যালয়ৰ গেটৰ সন্মুখত লগ হ'ম দুয়ো। আৰু তাতেই বাচনি কৰিম আমাৰ মনৰ কথা ব্যক্ত কৰিব পৰা ঠাই ডোখৰ। হ'ব পাৰে সেই ঠাই ডোখৰ— কোনোবা ৰেষ্টুৰেণ্ট অথবা নানা ৰঙী ফুলেৰে আবৃত কোনোবা এখন পাৰ্ক।

সন্ধিয়া নামেই আৰু। বৰষুণ জাকো পৰিছে ছিপ ছিপকৈ। মই কাপোৰ চপাওগৈ দেই। ভাত ৰন্ধিবলৈও আছে। অ' আৰু এটা কথা ক'বলৈই পাহৰিলোঁ, মাৰ গাতো ভাল হৈছে লাহে লাহে। মানুহ গৰাকী বৰ দুৰ্বল হৈ পৰিছিল জানেনে! ভাল হওঁক। বাৰু আজিলৈ সামৰিছো দেই। অতি সোনকালে লগ পোৱাৰ আশাৰে—

ইতি

আপোনাৰ 'গোঁসানী'

মৰমৰ অভিমন্ত্ৰ,

কেনে আছা তুমি? আশা কৰো ভগৱানে তোমাক কুশলে ৰাখিছে। জীৱনটো অতি ব্যস্ততাৰ মাজেৰে পাৰ হৈ গৈছে যদিও নিজৰ যতন ল'বা। সদায় প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰো নেদেখাজনৰ ওচৰত তুমি যাতে সুস্বাস্থ্য আৰু সুমনৰ গৰাকী হোৱা। তোমালৈ বৰকৈ মনত পৰে জানানে, তোমাৰ অনুপস্থিতিত প্ৰতিটো ক্ষণেই যেন অপূৰ্ণ হৈ ৰয় যদিও মই জানো তুমি মোৰ হৃদয়ত সদায় আছা। বহুত দিন হ'ল তোমাক লগ নোপোৱা, বৰ আশা আৰু হেঁপাহেৰে অপেক্ষা কৰি আছো সে ইদিনটোলৈ যেতিয়া আমি আকৌ লগ পাম।

তুমি মোৰ সাহস, প্ৰেৰণা, মোৰ আটাইতকৈ ভাল বন্ধু আৰু মোৰ অনন্ত প্ৰেম। 'তোমাক ভাল পাওঁ' বুলি ক'বলৈ হাজাৰটা উপায় আছে যদিওচোন কোনোটোৱেই মোৰ মনৰ ভালপোৱাখিনি। সেই মিঠা অনুভূতিবোৰ ব্যক্ত কৰিবলৈ যথেষ্ট নহয়। শ শ মাইল দূৰত্ব আছো যদিও এই দূৰত্বই আমাৰ মৰম ভালপোৱাক কেতিয়াও দুৰ্বল কৰিব পৰা নাই, কাৰণ জানানে আমাৰ প্ৰেম শক্তিশালী দৃঢ় নিঃস্বার্থ আৰু চিৰস্থায়ী। এটা সময় আহিব যেতিয়া এই দূৰত্ব মাথো এমুঠি স্মৃতি হৈ ৰ'ব আৰু আমি আকৌ হাতত হাত ধৰি সেই সকলোবোৰ জয়ী হোৱাৰ গৌৰৱ অনুভৱ কৰিম। তুমি মোৰ জীৱনলৈ অহা দিনাৰে পৰা মোৰ সকলোবোৰ সলনি হৈ পৰিল। জীৱনটো যেন আৰু মধুৰ, পৃথিৱীখন যেন আৰু বেছি ধুনীয়া হৈ পৰিল। তোমাৰ মনত আছেনে, যোৱাবাৰ ফাগুনমাহৰ সেই আবেলিবোৰৰ কথা। আমি যে হাতত হাত ধৰি, খোজত খোজ মিলাই মহাবাহুৰ পাৰে পাৰে লাহে লাহেকৈ খোজকাঢ়ি যাওঁতে আমাৰ আটাইতকৈ প্ৰিয় গানটি শুনিছিলো —

‘তোৰ চহৰৰ প্ৰতিটো গলিত  
লিখা আছে মোৰ নাম  
কি ভাৱনো বহি অকলে  
নিজানটো তোৰ মাৰেই গান  
পাও যদি তোক শুनावলৈ সোন  
এনে মধুৰ গান  
সবাক চাওনিৰে ক আহি মোক  
বুকুত কথাৰ অযুত অভিমান...’

নিশ্চয় মনত আছে নে? বহুত মনত পৰে সেই মধুৰ সময়বোৰলৈ। সৰাপাতৰ চিঠি বিলাই আকৌ ৰাঙলী ফাগুন আহিছে, মইয়ো তোমালৈ বুলি লিখিলো একলম মৰমৰ কবিতা। নিজকে বহুত ভাগ্যশালী ভাবো তোমাক পাই, ভৌগলিক দূৰত্বই ইজনক সিজনৰ পৰা আঁতৰাই ৰাখিছে যদিও কোনোদিনে আমাৰ প্ৰেম, ভালপোৱা কমি যোৱা নাই বৰঞ্চ দিনক দিনে বাঢ়িহে গৈছে। আমাৰ আটাইতকৈ ডাঙৰ শক্তিতো কি জানানে? সেইয়া হৈছে আমাৰ বিশ্বাস আৰু সন্মান। এদিন এই সকলোবোৰ দূৰত্ব, বাধাক নেওচি আমি ল'গ হম আৰু বোৱাই যাম মৰমৰ নৈ। অতি সোনকালে লগ পোৱাৰ প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতিৰে —

ইতি  
তোমাৰ মৰমৰ নীলা চৰাইজনী  
ময়ূৰী

# Titbits and Tangents



### Students' Input

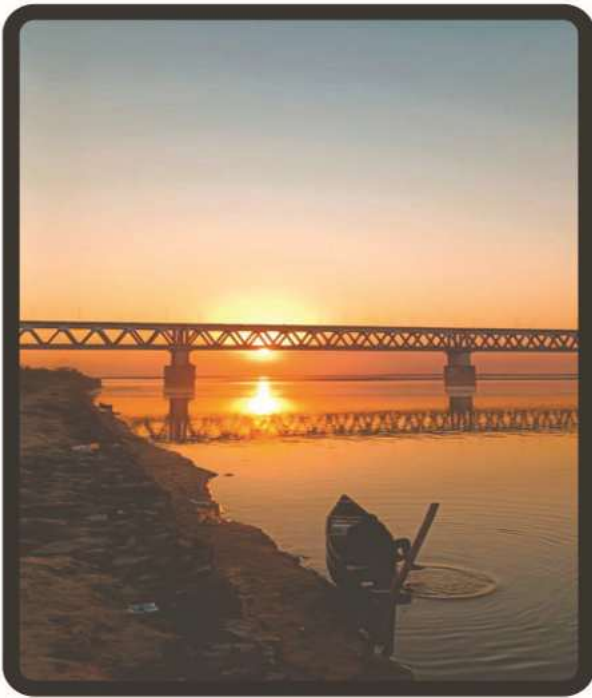
- Remnants of our anguish heart can at times forge into artistic masterpieces entwined with deep pathos . --*Reya Pande, B.A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*
- Life can be messy and unpredictable, but that's what makes it beautiful. Embrace the chaos and find joy in the journey - *Swastika Pandey, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- Remember, you're not Harry Potter to cast neither spells, nor Superman to fly, nor an Avenger to save the world. But you are "you" - with the magic of your thoughts, the power to soar high, and the strength to shield yourself from negativity - *Luna Gogoi, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- Expecting validation without offering any is empty ; true connections thrive when you give what you seek . Bonds that last aren't forced, but nurtured by the care and effort shared.---*Anubhavi Anukampa Borgohain, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- Be a person with a kind heart who spreads seeds of humanity and fills the world with fragrances of love. - *Sukanya Kashyap, B.A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*
- Each step forward is a brushstroke on the canvas of your life – *Fahnaz Begum, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- In every setback lies the seed of a comeback nurture it with resilience - *Shreya Verma, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- One failure isn't the end — it's a redirection. Start again, not from scratch, but from experience. Let society criticize; they'll be the first to applaud when you rise. Believe in yourself, because in the end, it's not their voices that shape your success — it's yours.- *Nikita Konwar, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*
- No matter how deep the darkness of your beginning, you have the fire to rise, the strength to shape yourself, and the courage to shine. Even coal, under pressure, becomes a diamond — and so will you. - *Parshi Borsaikia, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester*

### Famous Quotes on Literature

- "That is part of the beauty of all literature. You discover that your longings are universal longings, that you're not lonely and isolated from anyone. You belong."  
— **F. Scott Fitzgerald**
- "There is no surer foundation for a beautiful friendship than a mutual taste in literature."  
— **P.G. Wodehouse**
- "A classic is a book that has never finished saying what it has to say."  
— **Italo Calvino, *The Uses of Literature***
- "Literature is the most agreeable way of ignoring life."  
— **Fernando Pessoa, *The Book of Disquiet***
- "That's what literature is. It's the people who went before us, tapping out messages from the past, from beyond the grave, trying to tell us about life and death! Listen to them!"  
— **Connie Willis, *Passage***
- "Literature is news that stays news."  
— **Ezra Pound, *ABC of Reading***

# Lumens of Lived Light

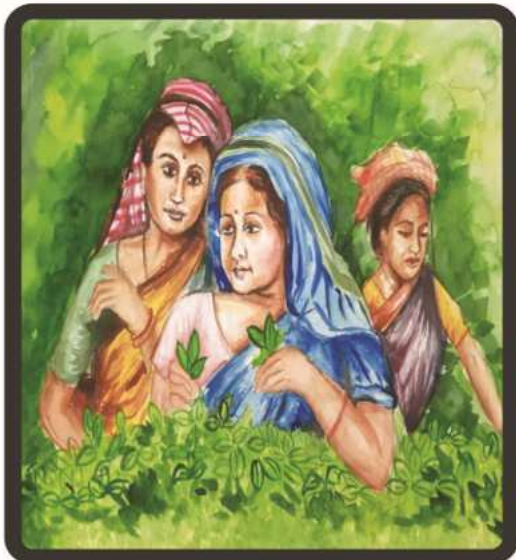




Bipasha Das, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester



Ritika Chakraborty, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester



Anwasha Dutta, B.A. 6<sup>th</sup> Semester



Luna Gogoi, B.A. 4<sup>th</sup> Semester



*“But fairer than all the wonders of Gondolin was **Idril**, Turgon’s daughter, she that was called Celebrindal, the Silver-foot, whose hair was as the gold of Laurelin before the coming of Melkor.”*

*— JRR Tolkien, The Silmarillion, Quenta Silmarillion, "Of the Noldor in Beleriand"*