



Kristu Jayanti College

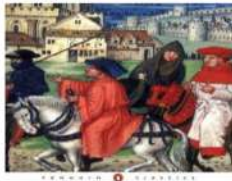
AUTONOMOUS

Bengaluru

Reaccredited 'A' Grade by NAAC | Affiliated to Bangalore University



MARK TWAIN
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer



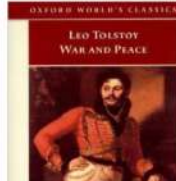
GEOFFREY CHAUCER
The Canterbury Tales



TO KILL A
MOCKINGBIRD

50
ANNIVERSARY

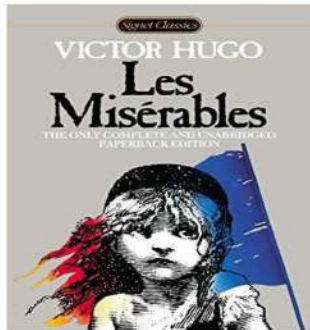
HARPER LEE



LEO TOLSTOY
WAR AND PEACE



Bertolt
BRECHT
MOTHER COURAGE
AND HER CHILDREN

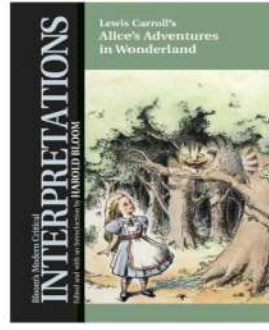


VICTOR HUGO
Les Misérables
THE ONLY COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED
PAPERBACK EDITION



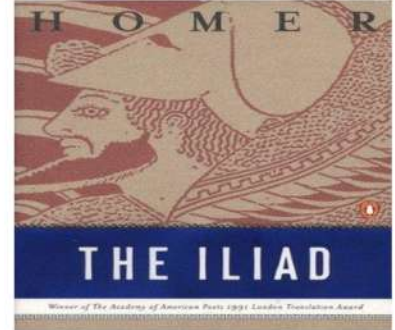
PRIDE & PREJUDICE

MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE
PERFORMED BY JANEY THORNTON



Lewis Carroll's
Alice's Adventures
in Wonderland

INTERPRETATIONS
Brewer's Modern Critical
Interpretations of
Literature
Lewis Carroll's
Alice's Adventures
in Wonderland
LAWRENCE BLOOM



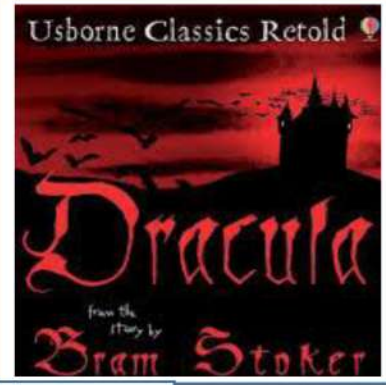
THE ILIAD

Winner of The Academy of American Poets 1991 Lambda Translation Award

Expressions

Volume 4

Issue 1



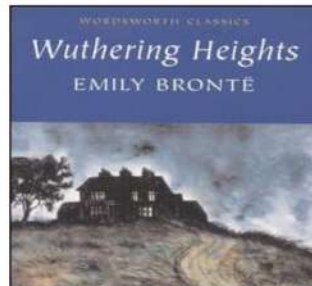
Usborne Classics Retold

Dracula

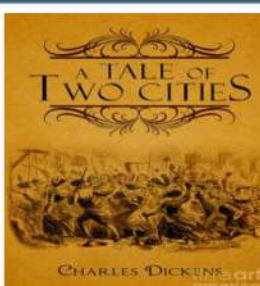
from the
story by
Bram Stoker



J.K. ROWLING
HARRY POTTER
and the
Chamber of Secrets



WORDSWORTH CLASSICS
Wuthering Heights
EMILY BRONTË



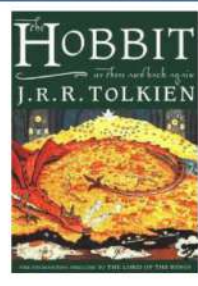
A TALE OF
TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

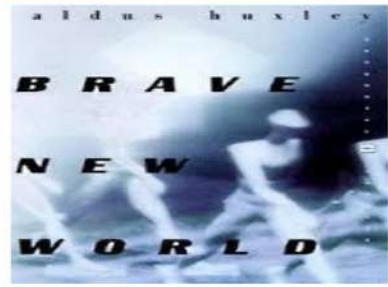


King Arthur Is Now a Major Motion Picture from
Touchstone Pictures and Jerry Bruckheimer Films
**LE MORTE
D'ARTHUR**

Sir Thomas Malory



THE HOBBIT
from the
story by
J.R.R. TOLKIEN

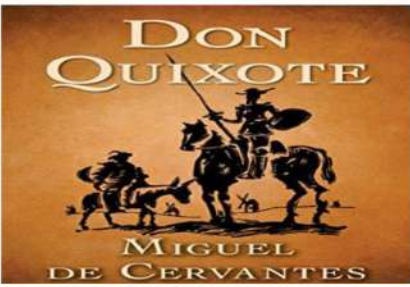


aldous huxley

**BRAVE
NEW
WORLD**

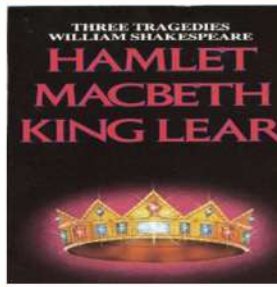


ANNA
KARENINA



**DON
QUIXOTE**

MIGUEL
DE CERVANTES



THREE TRAGEDIES
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

**HAMLET
MACBETH
KING LEAR**



Kristu Jayanti College, founded in 1999, is managed by "BODHI NIKETAN TRUST", formed by the members of St. Joseph Province of the Carmelites of Mary Immaculate (CMI).


The college is affiliated to Bangalore University and is reaccredited with highest grade 'A' by NAAC in Second Cycle of Accreditation. The college is affiliated to Bangalore University and is reaccredited with highest grade 'A' by NAAC in Second Cycle of Accreditation.

The Department of English has been a sacred turf of learning ever since the inception of Kristu Jayanti College. Owing its allegiance to the great tradition set by the torch bearers of education, the department has lit the lamp of wisdom of the students and has been refurbishing its glow to be spread far and wide.



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EDITORIAL

To survive you must tell stories

-Umberto Eco

The term art has different connotations, but in EXPRESSIONS it is about being open to ideas, being open to the world around us. Expressions, a potpourri of writing, painting and photography creates a world where each student can unleash the hidden talents and pursue their passion. It celebrates and exalts love, pain, horror and thrill. The magazine team has worked really hard to create this delightful collection of various genres of art.

The team extends its heartfelt gratitude to the Principal, Vice Principal, financial administrator, management members, Dean of the Humanities Department, Head of the Department of English, Faculty members and all students in the Department of English for their implicit faith and cooperation to make the magazine a reality.

Staff Editor

Minu A

Assistant Professor

Department of English

Student Editors

Ashwita Narain

Alen T Alexander

Amal Geo



Foreword

The sole purpose of this student magazine is to provide an opportunity for our budding writers to air their thoughts and views, to speak loud and clear without fear or prejudice. We intend to make use of this platform to make our students find themselves, listen to their inner voices and make them bold enough to come up with their talents in the art of writing. If we do not hear the voices within us, we may be forced to, as Emerson says, ‘...take with shame our own opinion from another.’

Our students are always encouraged to experiment with their talents, give free expression to their thoughts and are constantly reminded to believe in themselves. We make continual effort to ignite the sparks within the individuals, along with routine academic engagements. In this modest publication, the reader can see the unrestrained and free-flowing expressions of our students. After all, we do not know which seed will sprout and which will wither...

I wish to thank the chief editor Prof Minu A., the members of the editorial team, and the faculty members of the Department of English for selecting and editing the contributions. Also thanks are due to all the contributors who took time to share their creative endeavours.

Dr Thomas Palayoor

Head

Department of English



Laureates of the Department

Nitin Sharma	16HU5H113	Photo story	II	Allura 2018	St Joseph's college
Merlyn Thomas	16HU4A115	Street Play	II	Exalted 2018	Bishop Cotton Women's Christian College
		Collage	I		
Alisha James	16HU4A101	Potpourri	I	Exalted 2018	Bishop Cotton Women's Christian College
Merlyn Thomas	16HU4A115	Street Play	II	Saturos 2018	Mount Carmel College
Amal Thomas	16HU4A102	Sketching	I	Saturos 2018	Mount Carmel College
Alisha James	16HU4A101	Potpourri	II	Saturos 2018	Mount Carmel College
Greeshma Hanna Rajan	16HU5A121	Questionari o(Quiz)	III	Journo	Loyola College
Manu Thomas	16HU5H122	Questionari o(Quiz)	III	Journo	Loyola College
Nilutpal Timsina	17HU41036	Questionari o(Quiz)	II	Journo	Loyola College
Swaminathan S	17HU51020	Questionari o(Quiz)	II	Journo	Loyola College
Priscilla Victor	18HU6K2107	News Writing	I	Journo	Loyola College
Nilutpal Timsina	17HU41036	News Writing	II	Journo	Loyola College
Shruti Manojkumar	16HU4133	News Writing	II	Journo	Loyola College
Priscilla Victor	18HU6K2107	Headline Writing	I	Journo	Loyola College
Arjun A Nair	18HU71032	Headline Writing	I	Journo	Loyola College

Sajan Arun	16HU4A152	Headline Writing	II	Journo	Loyola College
Shruti Manojkumar	16HU4133	Headline Writing	III	Journo	Loyola College
Nilutpal Timsina	17HU41036	TV News Presentation	I	Journo	Loyola College
Swaminathan S	17HU51020	TV News Presentation	I	Journo	Loyola College
Shruti Manojkumar	16HU4133	News Presentation	II	Journo	Loyola College
Sajan Arun	16HU4A152	News Presentation	III	Journo	Loyola College
Nitin Sharma	16HU5H113	Photo Essay Mobile Selfie	I II	Journo	Loyola College
Arjun A Nair	18HU71032	Screen Play	II	Journo	Loyola College
		News Reading	II		
		Best Anchor	I		
Niveda Menon	16HU5H124	Speech Competition	I	Gandhian Studies	Bangalore University
Reshma Rose Baby	17HU5A1051	Speech Competition	II	Gandhian Studies	Bangalore University
Amal Thomas	16HU4A102	Collage	I	Agape	United Mission PU /Degree College
Merlyn Thomas	16HU4A115	Collage	I	Agape	United Mission PU /Degree College
Sajan Arun	16HU4A152	Script Writing	I	Mediatron	Jyoti Nivas College
Varsha Baiju	16HU4A157	Film Reel	II		
Nitin Sharma	16HU5H113	Photography	I	Milange 2018	Jain University
Priscilla Victor	18HU6K2107	Quirky	II	Resonance 2018	St Claret Degree College
MASHITA RUVAIDA	18HU6K1060	Quirky	I	Resonance 2018	St Claret Degree College
Varsha Baiju	16HU4A157	JAM	III	Resonance 2018	St Claret Degree College
		Debate	I		
Nitin Sharma	16HU5H113	Photography	II	Vrittanta 2018	Presidency College
Nitin Sharma	16HU5H113	Photography	II	Slant 2018	National School of journalism

An Apologetic Poem Written by Dr. Frankenstein

The gore of evil thoughts,
The lore of simple minds,
A creation of unassumed thought.

As Prometheus before me,
Punishment will befall me,
Forborne is the day I die.

Plucked clean my liver,
At the thought I shiver,
My fate beckons me.

Death by my own hand,
I but reap the sins of my land,
To await the day of judgment.

I hear the growls, the hell hounds,
But yet the bell sounds,
The true creator watches.

Am I but a lamb, forgiven may I be,
But Ghosts do I see,
My family haunts me.

I may be forgiven,
Alas, here comes my creation,
A monster of no reverence.

My death has come,
Too soon for my repentance.

Nathaniel Philip

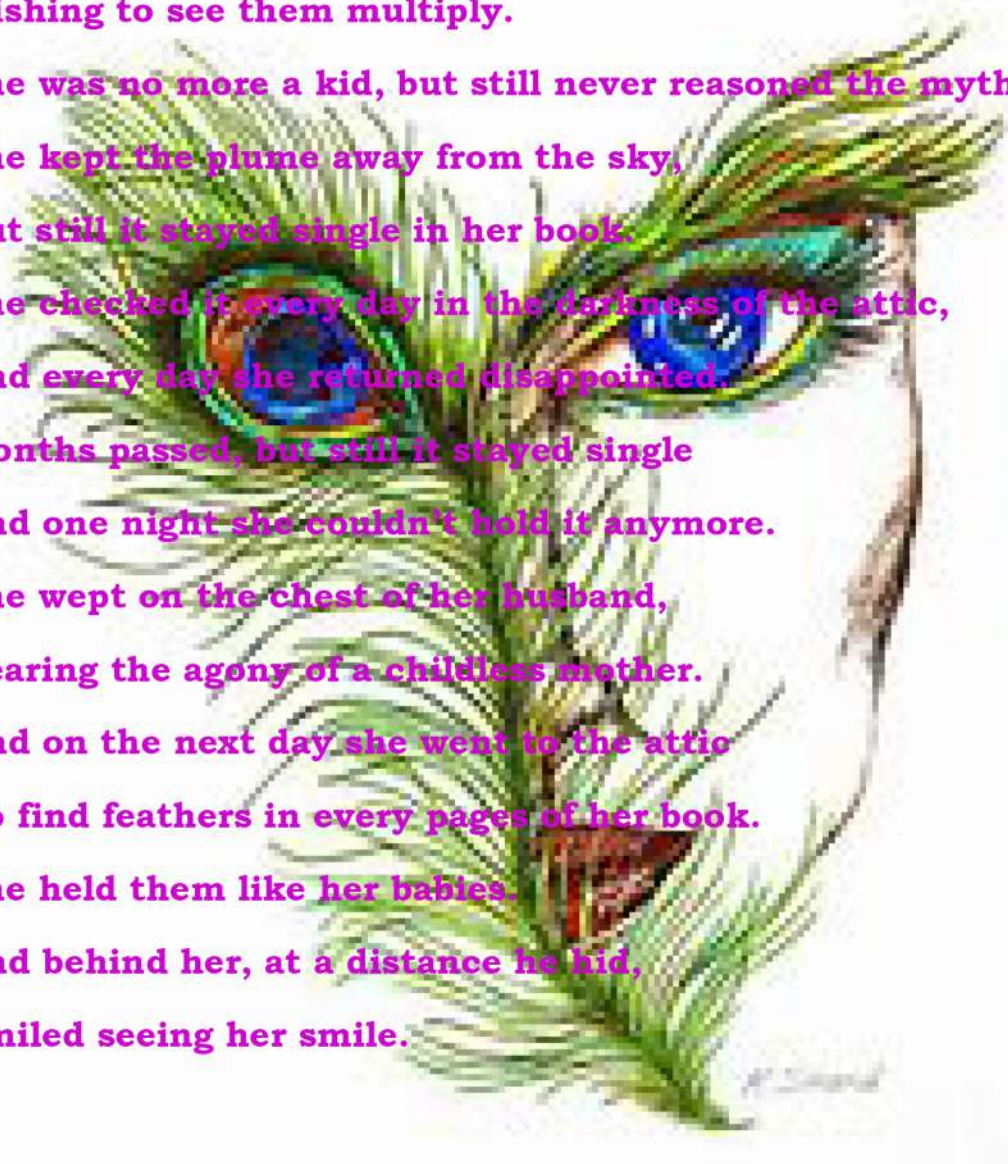
II JPENG B



The Peacock-feather tale.

Swathi Rajeevan

IV JPENG A



She hid the feather inside her book,
Wishing to see them multiply.
She was no more a kid, but still never reasoned the myth.
She kept the plume away from the sky,
But still it stayed single in her book.
She checked it every day in the darkness of the attic,
And every day she returned disappointed.
Months passed, but still it stayed single
And one night she couldn't hold it anymore.
She wept on the chest of her husband,
Bearing the agony of a childless mother.
And on the next day she went to the attic
To find feathers in every pages of her book.
She held them like her babies.
And behind her, at a distance he hid,
Smiled seeing her smile.

Since India is considered as the land of diverse people living together in peace. But is it really the ground reality.

I just want to share my experience as I travel from north to south how people and their discriminative views changes. How saffron, green and white changes into Hindi, Kannada and Malayalam.

In schools we have learned about the history and the type of discrimination present in our so called society and how it is abolished. And in the present day you will find many great teachers teaching about unity in diversity. But I ask you to think yourself, can different things be together, and if they do then why are they different.

How come the opposite ideologies of individual can live together in peace without compromising their beliefs? And when no one seems to compromise how one can say its peace we are seeing. Since when mob lynching is considered as an act of peace in society. Well based on what I have seen it's never the peace in diversity. There is always one community dominating over the other.



Discrimination is a normal part of our lives, it is as normal as drinking water but nobody wants to accept it because we want to present ourselves as we are as clean as fire, as we are civilized and we support freedom of choice but we always forgot one thing that we were always an animal. We are biased and I don't think it's wrong because in order to choose one among many and act upon it we should need to get biased.

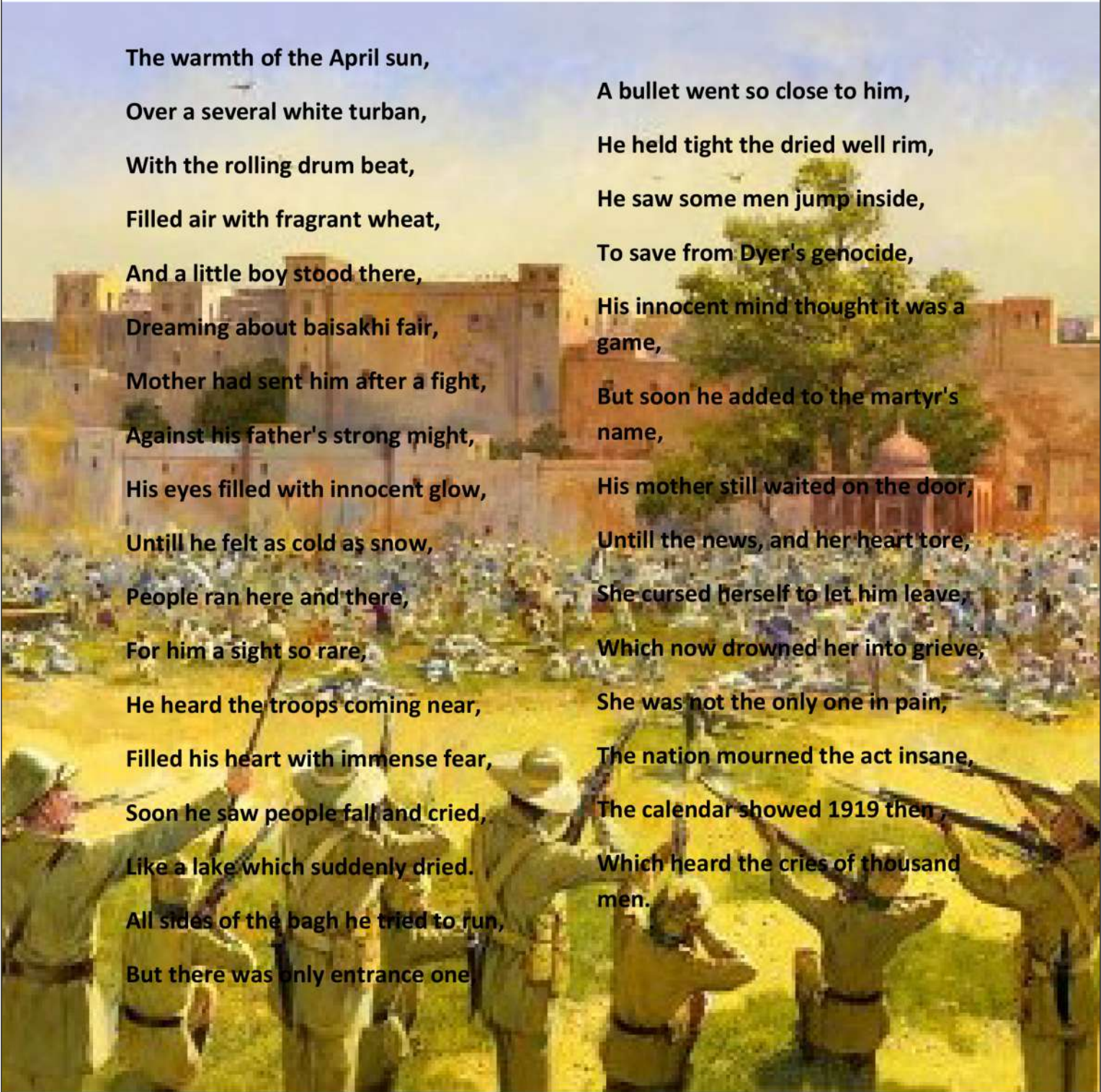
But in one nation there should be one color, one language, one religion, and one people in order to maintain peace and tranquility among people and I am not saying it would be either saffron or green, Hindi or English. It would be a new religion based on new believe. But there is a strong need for oneness.

Or else I would be surrounded with people but still feel so lonely. Or else there will be many colors but there will be no rainbow, as it is happening.

Jalliwala Bagh Massacre

Pankhuri Mathur

IV JPENG B



The warmth of the April sun,
Over a several white turban,
With the rolling drum beat,
Filled air with fragrant wheat,
And a little boy stood there,
Dreaming about baisakhi fair,
Mother had sent him after a fight,
Against his father's strong might,
His eyes filled with innocent glow,
Untill he felt as cold as snow,
People ran here and there,
For him a sight so rare,
He heard the troops coming near,
Filled his heart with immense fear,
Soon he saw people fall and cried,
Like a lake which suddenly dried.
All sides of the bagh he tried to run,
But there was only entrance one

A bullet went so close to him,
He held tight the dried well rim,
He saw some men jump inside,
To save from Dyer's genocide,
His innocent mind thought it was a game,
But soon he added to the martyr's name,
His mother still waited on the door,
Untill the news, and her heart tore,
She cursed herself to let him leave,
Which now drowned her into grieve,
She was not the only one in pain,
The nation mourned the act insane,
The calendar showed 1919 then,
Which heard the cries of thousand men.

PURPOSE OVER HAPPINESS AS THE GOAL OF LIFE

Happiness is perhaps best defined as a state of mind in which the troubles of the past and fears of the future are both absent. In other words, it is a state of perfect tranquility. This in turn means that the search for happiness is a chase for securing perfect tranquility. The question now is: is life capable of producing tranquility or happiness on a sustainable basis when it is (as Lord Buddha stated): primarily suffering? Right from the moment we are born, we are exposed to unbearable light, unrelenting thirst and hunger, and unfortunate vulnerability to injury. Although this suffering in various forms does continue throughout life, we also do experience small moments of happiness that divert our mind from the suffering that is caused due to existence. However, it is hard to sustain and regularise the feeling of happiness. This is the fundamental challenge in orienting our lives based on the search for happiness. How can one make happiness the end goal of life when it is unpredictable and difficult to maintain over a long period? This is where the search for meaning and purpose comes in. We require a challenge, a purpose, a meaning to bear the suffering. Dr. Jordan Peterson, Professor of Psychology at the University of Toronto has been advocating this viewpoint. The rise in suicides, especially among the well to do class of people and the youth in particular is a cry for meaning and purpose which we all need, perhaps even more than happiness itself. This meaning and purpose is developed when we adopt responsibilities which is a part of being an adult. It is unfortunate to note that responsibilities like marriage and parenthood have been a central theme for ridicule in popular culture in recent years when they are capable of giving meaning and purpose to many men and women and help them bear the suffering that life throws at them. To put it simply: happiness is not the end goal of life, it is merely a fleeting emotion. The end goal ought to be voluntarily shouldering responsibilities that give one some purpose that aids them to sail through the troubled waters of life.

Dr. Rama Gokula Krishnan

Assistant Professor

Department of Social Work

Another humid day:

Humidity is fine if you're a young raindrop
Into water-weight training, pumping
moisture.

But when you're too muscular,
You'll be on your own without a parachute.

Then, at best, you might join a scenic river
sailing out to sea, to see the world.

Alternatively

You may rain on an broken road
and disappear in a fissure.

Or you might land on a dry surface
and simply evaporate, leaving
no audit trail of your existence.

Worse though, would be the humiliation
of falling in a sudden downpour and
funneling away down the city sewer.

But there are better scenarios, such as

being

like a moon, have become
Luminous in the light and glory of sun.

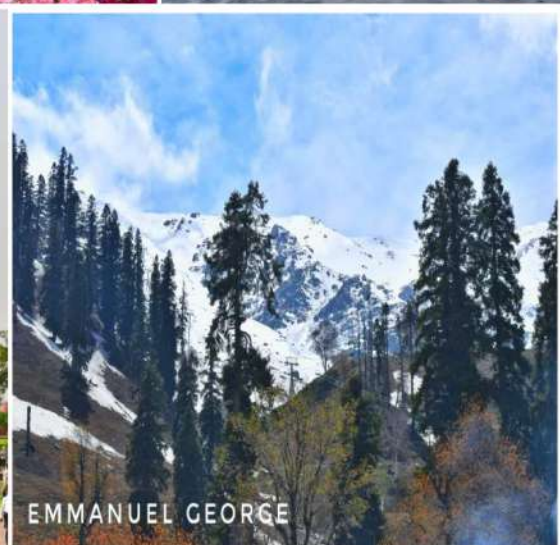
Or better still, like the rainbow-
a sign of the world astray
and the beauty of its return.

Or, the apex of dreams,
to be the descending dew
that revives the moment of present.

But until that exalted moment,
May it come speedily in our days,
please top up the freeon,
batten down the hatches and
let me hear the air-conditioner hum.

Photography

Emmanuel George
II HEP



BLOWING FAR AWAY

**By nature, they said Men don't cry,
We were taught about it at a young age;
"Stop crying, act like a big boy"
We act like we don't get hurt, but we do.
But I can't pretend for too long
As my past memories made me cry.
"You started blooming, but suddenly you are plucked away
As if God wanted you to bloom in his garden.
Shall I say you are the lucky one?
Or shall I say you are blessed?
You might be happy there
But we still miss you.
God made a fatal blunder,
As he chose the wrong person.
I can't erase our memories,
As our amity was tied with love.█**

|Thiyam Ranju Singh

VI BA HEP

H E

W A S N T

F A K E

DOWN ON HIS KNEE
HE WENT TO PROPOSE
THEN HE FELT FREE
'COZ LOVE WAS EXPOSED

GETTING HER LOVE
HE FELT FORTUNE
THEN SUDDENLY
LIFE CHANGED TUNE

FINDING SOMEONE BETTER
SHE WENT OVER
LEAVING HIM ALONE
SHE WAS GONE

KARMA PLAYED HER ROLE
BETTER ONE NOW FALL

REALIZING HER MISTAKES
SHE CAME BACK
HE WAS STILL THERE
'COZ HE WAS NOT FAKE

UVESH TALAB

II BCOM A



I have recently read a novel named 'Lajja', which left a lasting impression in my mind. It showed a burning, real issue which happened in a neighbouring country. Taslima Nasrin, an exiled Bangladeshi writer, wrote this novel. The Babri Masjid Demolition issue and the riots which followed it in India, still remains fresh in the memory of several Indians. But the impact of this issue reached far too many neighbouring countries. One such country is Bangladesh, where communal violence was released upon minority communities as a revenge for the demolition of Babri Masjid. A real account of the cruelties inflicted on the minority communities which involved demolishing temples and personal property, thrashing men and mass raping women, killing scores of innocent, helpless people etc were presented through certain fictional characters in the framework of a novel.

The book also investigates the earlier riots which took place in Bangladesh against Hindus and other minorities. The majority community wasn't even touched but the others were constantly physically and mentally harassed. Even before independence, the country had faced severe instances of communal violence but the situation only turned worse and even more horrible after the Independence of the country.

The main characters of the novel belong to a family. These characters are Sudhamoy, Kironmoyee, Maya (Neelanjona) and Suranjon Datta. The incidents of the novel revolve around them. The men of the family are staunch atheists and humanists who are completely against the prevalence of religion in the society. Kironmoyee, even though a devotee, follows atheism due to the compulsion of her husband. Maya, doesn't hesitate in her decision to marry a man from the Muslim community named Jahangir. She has a fierce desire to live. They didn't practise or believe in any religion but they were considered to belong to Hindu community and harassed in several ways.

The book clearly brings home the foolishness of overreacting to a religious issue in another country and harassing the minority religious community in their country due to the fundamentalists of their religion in another country. It also raises the idea of uniting people in terms of one history, one culture, and one language than one religion. The apathy shown by the government and the majority community on the issue is also brought out. The communal nature deep inside the secular masks of people is also explicitly shown. The plight of the helpless, innocent people will provide a haunting experience as it is based on real life experiences.

**THE WINTER WINDS ARE IN FULL
SWING.
THEIR GUSTS STRONG, UNTIRING.
THE WINTER PRINCE DRESSED ALL IN
FROST,
CALLED TO ME FROM THE LAND OF
THE LOST.**

**HIS WORDS WERE SWEET,
HIS VOICE A TREAT,
HIS MANNER AND DEMEANOUR
NEAT.**

**I RUSHED TO HIM WITHOUT A
THOUGHT
AND IN HIS ARMS I TURNED TO
NAUGHT.
IN HIS COLD EMBRACE I SIGHED,
AND IN THE WINTER WOODS I SHALL
BIDE.**



Anna Felix

II JPENG A



SEVEN & SEVENTEEN



When I was **seven**, as long as I remember, I was fond of monsoons. I used to spend hours sitting by the window and gazing at rain...obsessing over how pretty everything looks during monsoons. I remember vividly the first time I went out in rain. That was the day that got me hooked to puddle jumping and making paper boats sail. Monsoons were more exciting for the craze of wearing pink gum boots and hello kitty raincoat.

When I was seven I was extremely hard to please and stubborn. My Sunday's were incomplete without a long bike ride with my dad and I wouldn't let him take me home without buying me an ice cream. I still laugh whenever I hear stories about how I would cry until my mom bought me a chocolate from market or how quietly I used to study for hours just to get a small dairy milk.

When I was seven, happiness was waiting for dad to return home with a surprise toy. Happiness was playing monopoly with mom. Happiness was getting excited for a new cartoon episode. Happiness was listening to bed time stories and dreaming about being a character in an Enid Blyton book. Happiness was collecting freebies or toys in happy meals.

And now that I am seventeen, Monsoons still make me happy but now rain is an inconvenience and bike rides are merely possible. I have forgotten to find happiness in little things. In fact we have. I hardly remember the last time I spent time by the window marvelling at rain. I hardly remember playing games with my mom.

When I look back at me being seven I smile. I didn't need any smart phone or social media to have a better day. My idea of fun was playing tag with my friends or riding my bicycle across the lanes. Falling in love with rain and the way the sky changes its colours was more fascinating.


And now I wish I could go back to the time when my friends and I could just talk for hours and when we saw each other in person instead of through phone screens. I wish I could go back to the time when playing hopscotch was more interesting than candy crush on phone. I wish I could go back to the time when giving compliments honestly and in person was trendier rather than commenting and liking pictures on social media. I wish I could go back to the time when people used to celebrate festivals at their near and dear one's place rather than wishing and updating status on social media. I wish I could go back to the time when families used to sit and share happiness on a Sunday eve rather than checking their social media feeds.

So this is why I am going off all social media. From now on I am going to focus on things that actually make me happy. I am going to enjoy rain and read all the books I possibly can. I am going to find happiness in chocolates and ice creams. I am going to find happiness in real life friendships and relations. And most importantly I am going to enjoy all the real life treasures.♡

Palak Gujarathi

II JPENG B

Beauty Beyond Life

A man in a light blue suit is walking away from the viewer on a path made of many parallel, glowing white lines that recede into a vast, cloudy sky. The path creates a strong sense of perspective and depth. The man's shadow is cast onto the path behind him.

Unpredictable is the king's heart,
And Unbelievable are the works of God;
Prepare to be raptured with good,
Then to be captured with evil;
Because after life,
There is beauty beyond imagination,
And there is eternal life beyond creation;
Let not your works go in vain,
Because after life,
Two things take place,
Either you're going to reign,
Or going to suffer the pain;
Love not your body anymore,
Because after life,
It appears no more,
And your soul is present ever more;
Strive not for destructible,
Because after life,
There are mansions ineradicable,
And kingdom imperishable;
Live life bold,
Because after life,
You're going to walk in the streets of gold

Simon Peter

II JEENG

THE CLOCK STRUCK 2.05.
A NIGHT FULL OF STARS
AND LOVELY WARMTH.
THE MOON WAS BRIGHT AND PERFECT.
BUT I, WAS WAILING ALL ALONG.
I COULDN'T DISCERN WHY THIS EARTHLY
CREATURE SITTING DUMBFOUNDED;
LAMENTED AT SOMETHING.
"NO BETTER THE STREET SMART SPIRIT
DESERVED, "THEY MIGHT SAY!
HIDING WAS PRETTY MUCH EXHAUSTING;
FOR ONE WHO WAS IN TOUCH
WITH HER DARKEST FANTASIES.
"UNREAL", THEY MUTTERED AGAIN.
'HELLISH' IT WAS, TO LOVE SOMEONE WHO
BELONGED TO ANOTHER WORLD!
THE WET BEDSPREAD STARED BACK AT
ME;
THE GRACELESS LADY.
PERPLEXED THOUGHTS WHIRLED
AND TOOK AWAY A HEART ;
WHICH NO LONGER BELONGED TO ME.
A SUDDEN LAUGHTER ESCALATED THE
AIR.
I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED!!



WORDS COINED BY FAMOUS WRITERS

Superman

This word was introduced and popularized by George Bernard Shaw. This word denotes a superior man that according to Nietzsche has learned to forgo fleeting pleasures and attain happiness and dominance through the exercise of creative power.

Blatant

Blatant was apparently invented by Edmund Spenser in his epic poem *The Faerie Queene* (1596). This word means noisy, especially in a vulgar or offensive manner. According to the Oxford English Dictionary (OED), Spenser used it as “an epithet of the thousand-tongued monster begotten of Cerberus and Chimaera.”

Witticism

English poet John Dryden is credited with coining this term. He first used it in *The State of Innocence*, a musical stage adaptation of John Milton's epic poem *Paradise Lost*. It means a cleverly, witty and often biting or ironic remark.

Robot

The noun robot was coined by Czech author Karel Capek and made its first appearance in a 1920 science fiction play called *R.U.R.*, which is short for Rossum's Universal Robots. The word is from Czech *robota* meaning ‘forced labour, drudgery’.

Cyberspace

The compound noun was apparently invented by William Gibson for a 1981 science fiction short story named *Burning Chrome*, which was published in *Omni* magazine in 1982.

Serendipity

The word *serendipity* was coined by Horace Walpole in a letter he wrote to Horace Mann in 1754. In it he explains how he formed the noun after the title of the fairy tale *The Three Princes of Serendip*, the heroes of which ‘were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of’.

Eucatastrophe

JRR Tolkien is said to have come up with this term to describe ‘a sudden and favourable resolution of events in a story; a happy ending’.

Doublethink

In *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, George Orwell created a language he called *Newspeak*. One of the words that this fictional language spawned – and one that has entered wider usage – is *doublethink*. It refers to the acceptance of contrary opinions or beliefs at the same time.

Banana Republic

A politically unstable, undemocratic and tropical nation whose economy is largely dependent on the export of a single limited-resource product, such as a fruit or a mineral. The pejorative term was coined by O Henry (William Sidney Porter) in his 1904 collection of short stories entitled *Cabbages and Kings*.

Boredom

Charles Dickens is credited with inventing the word *boredom* in his classic 1853 novel *Bleak House*. Dickens’s works also provide the earliest records of the words *cheesiness*, *fluffiness*, *flummox*, *rampage*, *wagonful* and *snobbish* — although *snobbishness* was invented by William Thackeray.

Yahoo

It might be one of the world’s biggest corporations today, but the word *yahoo* has its more humble origins in *Gulliver’s Travels*, Jonathan Swift’s 1726 adventure story in which the “Yahoos” are a race of dangerously brutish men. Within just a few years of its publication, the name *yahoo* had been adopted into English as another word for any equally loutish, violent or unsophisticated person.

Philix George



AN EPITAPH UNSPOKEN: THE DAY I DIE

By my heart that has now gone still,
Where my blood that ran would fill-
The solemn trees with ghastly marks,
Cracked skin, grieving eyes and haunting barks;
Is the den of the Evil Ghoul we fear,
The merry workers of Death, I swear.

'Neath the streetlights I crouched,
My fingers graced the beads I mouthed
As for Dusk, when he had neared,
So had Death, like I had feared.
The missing bones from the dead, I saw
Found latched as jewels, crowning his very paw.
Lying cold, bare foot, with none beside,
As I reckon is the day I died.

Alone, I felt, watching him pass,
My tooth, he took as a souvenir to amass.
On me grew green fungi like grass
And sticky yellow gooey mass.
Who knew when on a street I lie,
Would in fact be the day I die?

I heard no Angels sing,
Nor white church bells ring,
The coffin, grave and stone, my new bed;
Prayers and rites, priests read.
Lying cold, bare foot, with none beside
As I reckon is the day I died.

In utter horror I would be with no solace,
As it is for his that I reckon to be the last face.
My crumbled tombstone and elegy-
Would be no remedy for my dismay and agony.

Aparna Dilip

II JPENG B

Delphia 2018



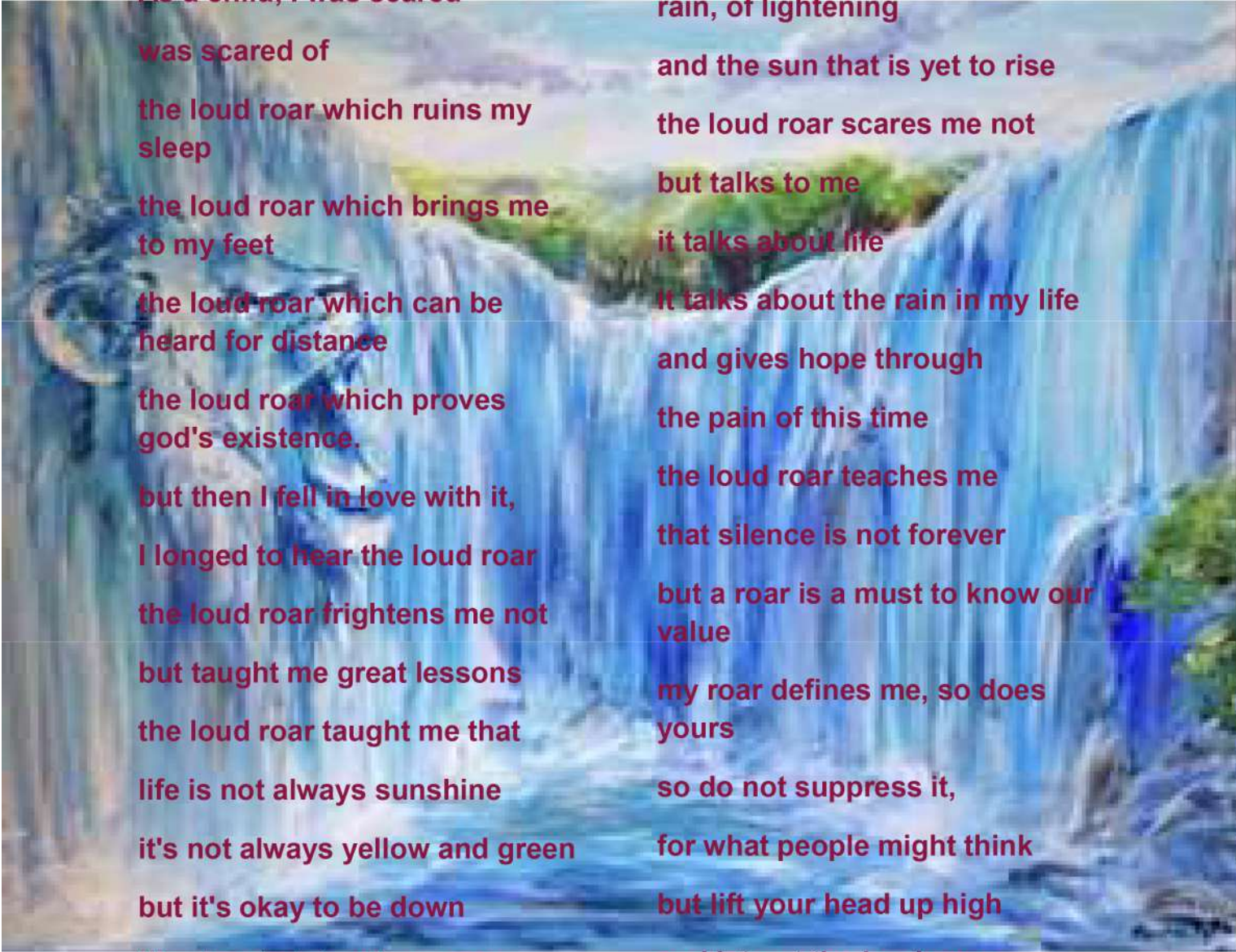
Delphia 2018, the Intra Collegiate Fest panoramizing **The Gothic Chronicles** sbegan with the inaugural session. The Principal of KristuJayanti College, Rev. Fr. Josekutty P. D inaugurated the fest. The inaugural session was presided over by Dr. Thomas Palayoor, Head of the Department of English. In his inaugural speech Rev. Fr. Josekutty P. D exhorted the students to imbibe the eternal values from literature. It was followed by promotion of the fest highlighting the different aspects of gothic narration in the quadrangle. Live Exhibition which unfurled the different layers of gothic territory of literature was the cynosure of the fest. The beneficiaries traversed into the gothic enclave through its unparalleled magical and mystical representation.

The fest enthralled the beneficiaries through the distinct competitions namely: **As You Like It, Creative Writing, Slam Poetry, JAM, Literary quiz, and Narrative Wars.** The competitors excelled in each genre through their mesmerizing performance. The winners were given away the prizes at the valedictory function which was presided over by the Dr. Thomas Palayoor, Head of the Department. The chief guest of the valedictory function was Rev. Fr. Lijo Thomas, College Financial Administrator and Head of the Department of Computer Science. He congratulated the students and encouraged them to explore the numerous opportunities offered by the department in the college.

Beneficiaries were exposed to the **gothic chronicles** and they were able to inculcate a greater passion for gothic literature making it relevant in today's socio political and cultural scenario.



THE ROAR



As a child, I was scared
was scared of
the loud roar which ruins my
sleep
the loud roar which brings me
to my feet
the loud roar which can be
heard for distance
the loud roar which proves
god's existence,
but then I fell in love with it,
I longed to hear the loud roar
the loud roar frightens me not
but taught me great lessons
the loud roar taught me that
life is not always sunshine
it's not always yellow and green
but it's okay to be down
it's okay to let out our roar

the loud roar reminds me of
rain, of lightening
and the sun that is yet to rise
the loud roar scares me not
but talks to me
it talks about life
It talks about the rain in my life
and gives hope through
the pain of this time
the loud roar teaches me
that silence is not forever
but a roar is a must to know our
value
my roar defines me, so does
yours
so do not suppress it,
for what people might think
but lift your head up high
and let out the loud roar.

SHEBA SERLIN

VI JPSENG

MALEFICENT: A GOTHIC FAIRYTALE

Gothic Elements in the Film

Jisha Jijumon

IV JPENG A



Maleficent is indeed, as the introductory narration mentions "an old story anew", revolving around the antagonist of *Sleeping Beauty*, with the same name as that of the title of the film and not to forget, owner of those majestic wings and hideous horns.

Does this mystical creature evoke a dark twist into the fairy tale? Yes, it does! Now do we have isolated heartbroken mystical creatures? Check. Paranoid humans seeking revenge? Check. Castles and ever prevailing gloom? Check. Curses? Check. Damsels in distress? Check. All these and many more factors bring out the gothic side of this cinematic tale, which is quite evidently not your regular Disney movie.

We see Maleficent as a powerful fairy who was betrayed by someone whom she considered as her true love. This brings about a transformation in her. She loses her cheerful self and turns into a monster who everyone is afraid of. We see that she had fallen so deep in her bitterness that she actually curses an innocent infant without thinking, all for the sake of seeking revenge.

Then there is also a man who broke the trust of his lover as his ambition had overshadowed his goodness, so that he could be the king but it was all in vain as he had become absolutely paranoid, having fallen in the deep pit of utter madness, talking to himself, not even seeing his wife for the last time on her deathbed, engaged all of his time and money to kill Maleficent and tortured his workers to even work during the wee hours.

We have a Raven in this movie as well, like how we have in few other gothic works, after all Ravens do symbolise bad luck and just as how the Greek God Apollo used the Raven to spy on his lover, Maleficent also used the Raven, Diaval to be her wings as her own were stolen.

Our dear damsel in distress is princess Aurora who had been cursed to fall into a sleep like death. But thankfully Maleficent was able to leave her bitter ways for good as, both time and Aurora's innocent smiles changes her. She also realized that she loves little Aurora a lot and goes to the castle to save which she eventually does.

But what follows next is a battle where King Stephen has finally caught Maleficent and starts to take his revenge on her till finally when her breath-taking wings are freed by Aurora and joins back with its rightful owner, with which she finally triumphs.

Amidst all of these dark, gloomy and decaying settings, magical folks, highly intensified emotions like pain, betrayal and madness, takes place the film *Maleficent*, undeniably unleashing its Gothic shades – neither black nor white but somewhere in between, just like hoe Maleficent's character was in the film.

For I'm Still A Girl —

I want to hold your hand while walking down the street even though I'm a racing down the street person.

I want to go to movies with you even though I'm a video games person.

I want to hug you sometimes even though I'm a high five person.

I want to go for dinner dates with you even though I'm a midnight bike racing person.

I want you to look me in the eye and know that I'm not fine even though I'm a "I'm fine" person.

I want to cry on your shoulder when I can't fight anymore even though I'm a emotionally cold person.

I want you to search me in the crowd and know that I'm lost even though I'm "on the right way" person.

I want you to make me believe in you even though I'm a non-believing person.

For I may be different from the other but inside I'm still the same old girl who wanted you to sit beside her and buy her a chocolate in 2nd grade.

I want to tell you that I love you even though I'm a non-loving person.

Your Tom-girl Friend.

Lavanya S Nair
II JPENG A

PAINTINGS

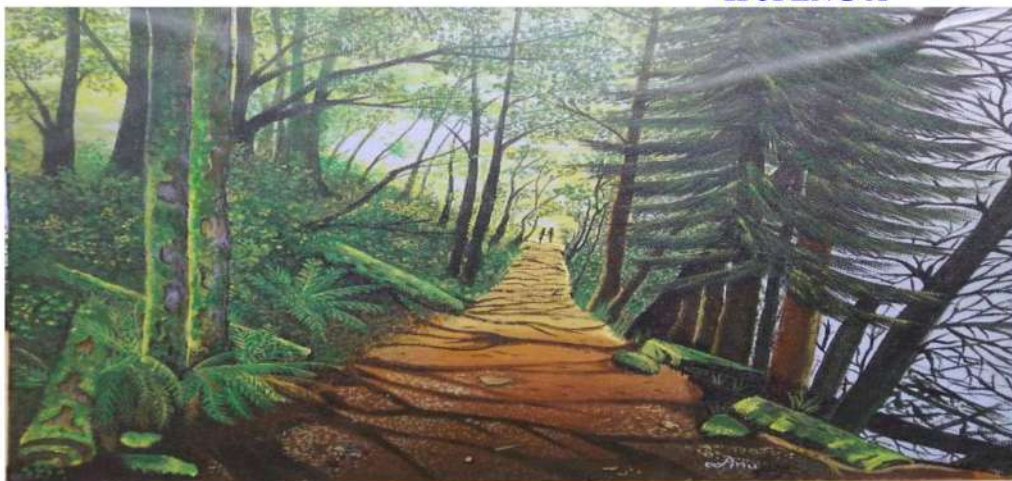


Anusha A



Sanaaz Fathima

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Anusha A

Assistant Professor

Department of English

✦ *Samuel Langhorne Clemens* : *Mark Twain*

(Clemens assumed a number of pen names before settling on Twain, after years of working on Mississippi riverboats where the term "mark twain" was shouted out as a way to mark the depth of the river, as measured on a rope.)

✦ *Charles Dickens* : *Boz*

(The name Boz, according to numerous accounts, is a reference to Dickens's younger brother Augustus, whom he had nicknamed "Moses." When spoken with a stuffy nose, "Moses" became "Boses," which, in turn, became "Boz,".)

✦ *Charles Lutwidge Dodgson* : *Lewis Carroll*

(Lewis is the anglicized version of Ludovicus, which is the Latin form of Lutwidge. Carroll is an Irish surname that comes from Carolus, the Latin word for Charles.)

✦ *Eric Arthur Blair* : *George Orwell*

(He used a pen name because Blair didn't want his family to know the level of poverty he had endured during the writing of his book. Blair wrote that he chose George Orwell partly in tribute to his beloved River Orwell in Suffolk, England, and because it was a "good, round, English name.")

✦ *Mary Anne Evans* : *George Eliot*

(She was not satisfied with light-hearted books, and in an attempt to be granted the same respect as her male counterparts, she chose the pen name George Eliot. Eliot was simply a "good, mouth-filling word," as she later put it, but George was a reference to her lover, philosopher George Henry Lewes, a married man with whom she secretly lived.

✦ *Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski* : *Joseph Conrad*

(He chose an anglicized version of his name because it was more easily remembered and pronounced by his readers.)

✦ *Ricardo Neftalí Reyes Basoalto* : *Pablo Neruda*

(He chose a pen name because his father hated poetry and actively dissuaded him from writing it. Basoalto picked Pablo Neruda as homage to French poet Paul Verlaine, and Czech poet Jan Neruda, both of whom he greatly admired.)

TIMES OF MAN

Dew filled the ground,
Dawn melts the gold sun;
Alas! I will be there for few springs.
I lay, Upon the fresh breeze of a lawn.
Ohh! The siesta gives me; The drowsiness of a lawn.
Waiting for the morn with the hollow moon
Darling river flows and my time is there,
Into the days of untold, all silent.
The frosty line is drawn, never faded.
SLEEP has wrought it in the dark.
Nature so grey sometimes turns her face,
Life is so short ceased in a brace.
None was left, so am I,
SLEEP wrought it again, with a sigh.

Subham Roy
II BCA C



MEMORIES.....



*Memory is a treasure house of the mind wherein the
monuments thereof are kept and preserved*

Thomas Fuller



