

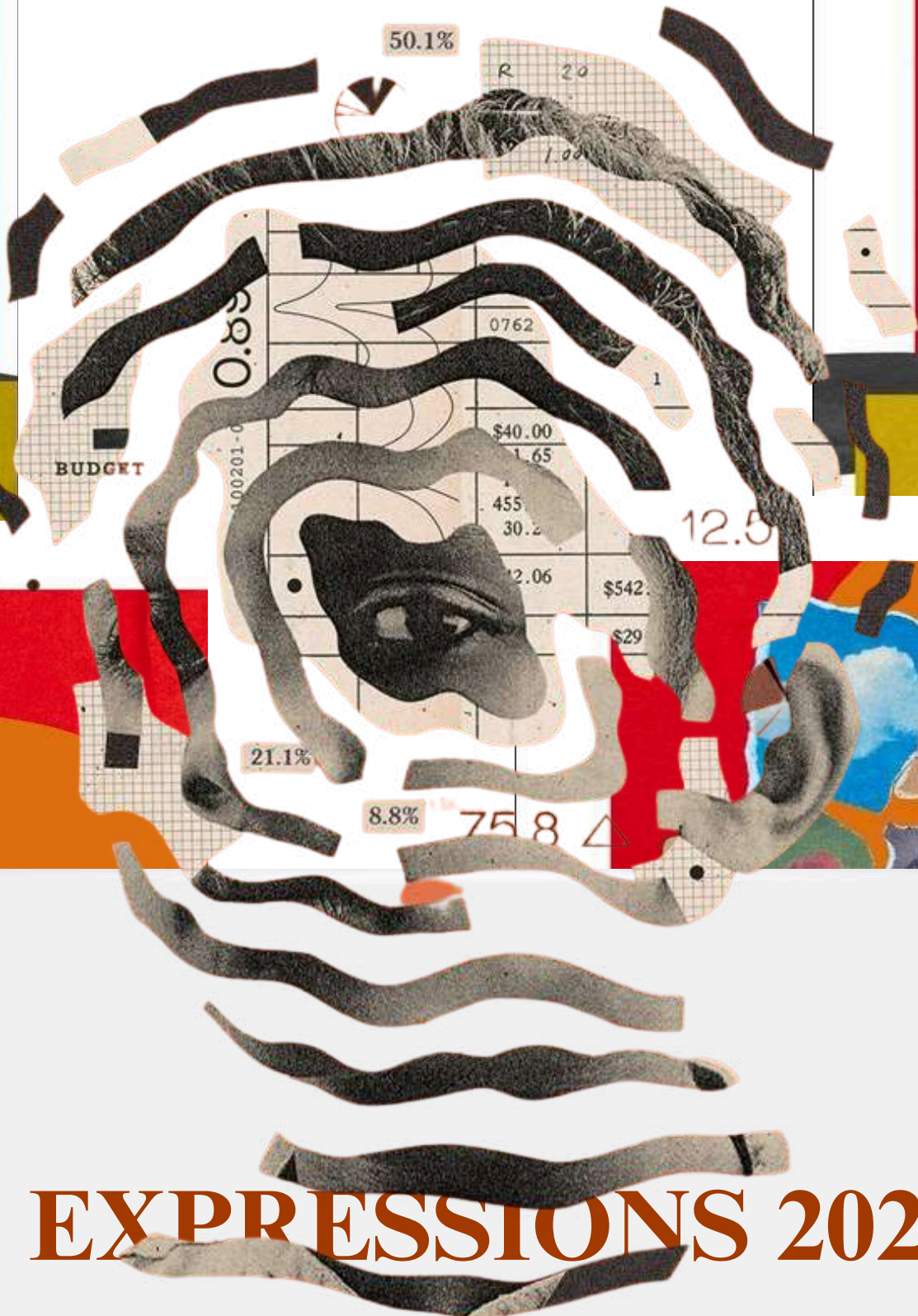


Kristu Jayanti College

AUTONOMOUS

Bengaluru

Reaccredited A++ Grade by NAAC | Affiliated to Bengaluru North University



EXPRESSIONS 2025

Annual Magazine of the Department of English

VISION

‘Light and Prosperity’ : To provide intellectual and moral leadership by igniting the minds of the youth to realise their potential and make positive contributions leading to prosperity of the society and the nation at large.

MISSION

To provide educational opportunities to all aspiring youth to excel in life by nurturing academic excellence, fostering values, creating civic responsibility, inculcating environmental concern and building global competencies in a dynamic environment.

From the Principal's Desk

It is with immense pride and joy that I present to you the latest edition of our College Annual Literary Magazine, *Expressions* 2025. This publication stands as a testament to the creativity, intellect, and passion that thrive within our vibrant academic community. Each year, this magazine captures the essence of our students' voices, showcasing their ability to weave thoughts, emotions, and ideas into words that inspire and provoke. This year's collection is a remarkable tapestry of poetry, prose, essays, and artwork, each piece reflecting the unique perspectives of our talented contributors. From introspective reflections to bold explorations of societal themes, the works in this magazine demonstrate the power of literature to connect, challenge, and transform.



I commend every student who has poured their heart into these pages, as well as the faculty advisors who have guided them with wisdom and encouragement. I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the editorial team, whose dedication and meticulous effort have brought this edition to life. Their commitment to curating a diverse and thought-provoking collection ensures that this magazine remains a cherished tradition, fostering a space where creativity flourishes and voices are amplified. It also renders a space for the art of storytelling to be celebrated and recognized.

As you turn these pages, I invite you to immerse yourself in the stories, ideas, and emotions they hold. Let this magazine inspire you to engage with the world through a lens of curiosity and empathy. To our students, may you continue to explore the boundless possibilities of your creativity, and to our readers, may you find resonance in these works that spark dialogue and reflection. Thank you for supporting this celebration of literary and artistic expression. I hope this magazine serves as a source of pride for our college and a reminder of the extraordinary talent within our community.

Fr. Dr. Augustine George
Principal



From the Head of the Department



I am thrilled to announce the release of this year's issue of *Expressions* 2025, brought out by the Department of English, Kristu Jayanti College. The magazine serves as an excellent platform where our students can explore, nurture, and share their creative, literary, and artistic talents, allowing their unique voices and perspectives to shine and inspire others. At Kristu Jayanti, we are committed to providing a supportive environment for our students across disciplines. Our vision of seamlessly integrating academics with extracurricular activities, thereby fostering holistic development and nurturing multifaceted abilities in our students, finds its expression through the magazine.

True to the saying that “literature enriches the soul, broadens the mind, and brings life to imagination”, the Department of English actively nurtures the literary and linguistic capabilities of the students through various initiatives. The wide ranging programs and publications by the Department offers the students ample opportunities to fine tune and refine their talents.

As I flipped through the pages of the magazine, I could feel a sense of pride and happiness in witnessing the engaging articles, stunning visuals, and thought provoking themes that forms the core of its content. I am sure that our students have truly set a benchmark for excellence with such engagements. The contributions of all our students across various programs has certainly upheld the belief that literature is for all! My heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team and the design team for all the zealous efforts that have gone into the making of *Expressions* 25. Your ability to collaborate effectively and bring diverse ideas together has been truly commendable. Each page of the magazine is a reflection of your talent and commitment to delivering quality content. I would like to congratulate everyone who has been a part of this process, especially our students for their exceptional contributions and efforts in making the magazine a success. Your creativity, dedication, and hard work truly shine through every page. The quality and impact of this release are a testament to your talent and passion and I look forward to seeing the continued success of *Expressions*. Well done!

Fr. Joshy Mathew
Head, Department of English

“From the Department

The Department of English has always been a pillar of support in enthusiastic student-oriented activities. The students' magazine *Expressions*, stands witness to this aim. It gives me immense pleasure to address you through the pages of our department magazine. I am very proud of the vibrant community we have fostered - to be a place where ideas fly, where creativity is nurtured, and where we understand how profoundly language matters.

In such an interconnected world, the importance of effective communicative skills, critical thinking, and “awareness of the world” all found in the study of literature is now more important than ever before. Our department is dedicated to developing these skills and training our students not for exams, but for life. We're still pushing the envelope with new teaching methods, using technology and interdisciplinary science as well.

It gives me great joy to appreciate the efforts of our editorial team behind the unravelling of this edition of *Expressions* 2025. The readers are welcome to witness the display of creative expressions of our students in the forthcoming pages. I take this opportunity to thank all the contributors of this edition for their time and talents.

Let this edition of *Expressions* be a success story to be cherished.

Prof. Jerrin Jose
Program Coordinator (UG)

The beauty of expression lies in its power and ability to reveal the deepest truths of the human soul. When something is exquisitely expressed with the imaginative use of Creativity through words or images—it has the ability to transform minds, stir hearts, and shift the world in small yet profound ways. Creativity is thus a gift and a force that should be treasured and actively nurtured. In a world where originality is often overshadowed by conformity, celebrating individuality and creativity becomes an act of courage and a vocation of hope.

This edition of *Expressions* 2025, stands as a testament to that belief. It brings together unique voices, diverse styles, and honest emotions, capturing the spirit of our times. In these pages, human thought and feeling have been followed through with care, giving rise to work that is not just relevant but also resonant. The uniqueness of each contribution makes this edition not only special but essential. It reminds us why creativity matters today more than ever before because it offers up to us meaningful connection, authentic representation, and unique beauty.

I wish them the very best

Dr. Lyola Thomas
Program Coordinator (PG)

”

Editor's Note

If you're reading this, congratulations. You have managed to rid yourself off the world and its noise, abandoned the pining messages on your phone and given yourself time to read.

Self-aware commentary aside, it is a privilege to have you as a reader with us. The pertinent question that springs up with reading literature and the consumption of all art in general is at its core:

How does it make you feel?

Allow me to answer your question, with another.

Is it important we feel?

Ever since the dawn of the human age, curiosity fuelled by imagination have formed the core of civilization and its sanity. The cavemen and their frivolous drawings on the wall, the cuneiform script written Epic of Gilgamesh and the religious texts that formed one of the core foundations and traditions of civil society.

Stories. That's what the humans crave and thrive for. Stories, words, empathy, rage, fear, understanding, terror, sorrow. We are scientifically bound to express. If we weren't, the animal kingdom would have a one up on us, don't you think? From the most ardent and jaw dropping, genre defining classics to the most casual, simply written and illustrated comics, we have sought an escape from our world to understand it further in made up stories. Is that normal? No. But is something we need? Yes.

But today, it seems to tell a different story (pun intended). All consumed by our need to be lost in something else, the urgent need to escape to understand has now turned into a dopamine fuelled, mind-numbing chaos without which we seem to lose all cognitive function. Yes, we know the usual, the lowered attention spans, the endless scrolling and flitting eyes from one corner of the internet to the other, somewhere along the lines, everything that seemed to define us. That deemed us civil and imaginative. Creative, has been crunched into a mass production of efficient content with hooks and brain decaying, self-proclaimed art.

It might seem like an obvious answer, but to take your attention back to my counter question: Is it important we feel? Absolutely. But the way empathy and general humanistic understanding of the world around us eroded into a blue-screen haze, is not ideal. If I may be so bold, it is abysmal.

Art, literature, poems, music, song, dance, comedy, radio, theatre, film. So much we have strived for to make sense of our lives. Only for all of them to turn into a virtual mesh? Is that ideal?

Our souls weren't meant to be brainless audiences to quick products with no quality of life. They are meant to be fulfilled, challenged and on fire. And that will only happen, when we, as a whole, participate.

Art won't abandon us. Literature won't hang us up to dry. If you've read so far, I thank you, and to conclude with a quote from the renowned F. Scott Fitzgerald who I'm hoping you've heard of.

"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"

-Yuvraj Gowra (VI JOEN)

Chief Editor

Editorial Team:

Afnan Haveli (Chief Editor)
Yuvraj Gowra (Chief Editor)
Natania Daniel
Sabrina Miriam



Design Team:

K.Neha Sri (Chief Designer)
Rachel Kamble
Swathi Ann Jayachandran
Suhasini Thapa Mangar
Steffy N R



Faculty Coordinators:

Ms Preethi S
Dr. Merrin R S
Dr. A. Kanimozhi

The design team for *Expressions* 2025, was passionately dedicated to creating a visually stunning and captivating experience that elevates the content. We focused on blending elegant imagery, thoughtful colour palettes, and evocative expressions to complement the depth and emotion of each story, poem, and essay. Our layouts are crafted to guide readers seamlessly through the pages, ensuring an immersive journey that enhances the impact of every piece.

-Design Team

Expressions 2025: Stories Matter

Expressions 2025 is a celebration of imagination, creativity, and the enduring power of storytelling. This much-awaited UG magazine brings together the vibrant voices of our students as they navigate through realms of thought, weaving narratives that reflect the myriad shades of human emotion and experience. This edition dives into the heart of what makes us human — our tales of hope, resilience, wonder, and transformation.

Our students have ventured beyond boundaries, creating a rich tapestry of poetry, fiction, critique, and exploration. We invite you to immerse yourself in these creative journeys, to witness the passion, vision, and dedication that each contributor has poured into their work. We extend our heartfelt congratulations to the entire team for their relentless enthusiasm and commitment.

May *Expressions* 2025 inspire, provoke, and remind us all why stories, indeed, matter.

Happy reading!

-Faculty Coordinators



NAVIKA

“Is it always going to be this hard, Kabil?”, Sneha asked with tears in her eyes.
“Kya?”

“The Wait, Kabil, this Wait that we do.”

“I don’t know, jaan. But I hope we won’t have any more waiting periods.”

“Me too. We really need this.”

“Han, we do.”, Kabil said, squeezing Sneha’s hand.

Sneha felt comforted and was glad for Kabil’s presence and his source of strength. Her thoughts started drifting back to the magical day they had met at the wedding mandap at Hyderabad, 7 years back. She had known for a while that he was the man for her and even though she was discouraged from marrying Kabil she had still followed her heart.

Sneha had lost her mother to cancer when she was a small girl and was raised by her father and aunt in an orthodox Brahmin family. Her father was a bank officer and had worked for the State Bank of India. Sneha was taught to be a strong and independent woman with a secured sense of differentiating between right and wrong. It was with this young woman that Kabil fell in love with when he met her working at Infosys a year after she had completed her degree. Sneha remembered falling in love with Kabil’s cheeky smile and his amazing way of interacting with people. She was enamoured by the way Kabil would always know the right things to say at the right time.

Kabil remembered falling in love with Sneha’s sweet smile, her innocent looks and her kind and soothing nature. He remembered her contagious sense of humour. Sneha remembered the day when Kabil proposed and asked her to be his wife while walking under the moonlit night at Lumbini Park. She recollected how happy she was when she had said yes to Kabil and had looked into his eyes and found her home. She reme--

“Arrey Bahu! Did you get the results for the test? Are the two minutes over yet?”

Sneha was shaken out of her flashbacks as she heard her Saas call out to her from outside her room.

Shaking with anticipation, she looked down at the stick and to her utter dismay and shock she was unable to find the second line that she was looking for. Sneha collapsed in Kabil’s arms and burst out into tears. The pregnancy test had come back negative for the umpteenth time...

“No, no! Kabil, what am I doing wrong?” Sneha sobbed.

“....”

“Kabil?”, Sneha asked with sobs wrenching in her throat.

“.....”

“Ka..Kabil?”, Sneha uncurled herself from Kabil’s arms and looked at him. She made to speak but looking at his expression, something held her back.

“I...umm...I ...uh have to ... uh tell ma she won’t be a grandmother this time as well”, Kabil croaked out. Saying this, he pushed her to the floor, opened the door, conveyed the sad news to his mother and then proceeded to comfort her when she broke down.

Sneha watched in shock as Kabil left her broken to go and comfort his mother. She wondered if it was always like this and if it was, she wondered if she had been blind before?

Kabil was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rajesh Malhotra, the business tycoon. Kabil was given everything he wanted and was taught to achieve anything. Everyone was surprised when Kabil decided to get married to Sneha. No one could understand what he saw in her and why he had been so insistent on marrying her, including Sneha. When Sneha would ask him what he saw in her, he would always reply that he just knew that she was the one and that was the reason he was fixated on her.

The wedding went on flawlessly despite the disapproval of the union of the two young people by their parents. The first year of their married life as Mr. and Mrs. Kabil Malhotra went by quickly and blissfully. The problems started in the second year of their marriage. Since Sneha never had her Saas's approval, it was no secret that she was disliked by her Saas.

Over the years, the relationship between the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law grew more and more strained.

"I should have got the hints of 'mommy boy' from the very beginning. Sigh, does he really not care how I feel? Why is his mother more important than me? Shouldn't he comfort me first?", Sneha kept mumbling to herself as she dusted herself off the floor and went to the washroom to freshen up.

As the hot water rushed over her however, all the feelings cooped up inside of her came rushing out. Emotions of rage, anger, sadness, guilt, unhappiness, longing, fear and everything inside of her just burst out and she sat there crying.

She remembered all the visits to the doctors, all the high expectations, all the fertility treatments, the medicines, the fights and the tears over the failures. Over all the children that her body refused to bear. She cried for all of them and tried to get it out of her system but knew that it would always stay with her.

Sneha knew she couldn't stay inside the washroom for a long time, so she washed and dried off, and got ready to face the insults that she knew she was going to face. She opened the door---

"Tu na, it is all because of you," Her Saas started screaming at her as soon as she walked out of the room.

"You are the one who has brought this shame on all of us. I knew my son should have never married you. If he had married that Gitanjali girl like I had told him to marry, I would have had lots of grandchildren by now."

"You are the root cause of all our problems. You cannot bear us children nor can you do the housework properly.



What are you useful for? Huh? Bol? Jawab de... You think just because you go to work, you are so great, kya? What is the use, Amma, when you cannot fulfil the basic duty you should fulfil as a wife and daughter-in-law?" Sneha's Saas kept at it for more than an hour in such a tirade.

All this while Sneha stood quietly watching her husband listen to his mother speak to his wife in such a manner and not say anything about it. She watched as all the blame was put on her when it wasn't even her fault or at least when it wasn't in her control. She felt all the walls inside of her breaking down and shattering. She felt her innocence melting away. She just wanted to run away and hide. To go into a shell and never come out.

Once Sneha's Saas's diatribe was over, Sneha quietly walked over to the kitchen and started preparing for dinner. No one noticed as tears quietly stream down her face. Dinner was a quiet affair apart from Kabil's mother passing snide comments about Sneha. Kabil's father did not so much as glance at the rest of the table and was focused on the food and his phone.

Sneha finished her dinner and then rose to clear all the dishes from the table and went into the kitchen to make the evening chai. Kabil also rose up and joined Sneha in making the evening tea as was their daily routine. Sneha generally relaxes when she makes chai but she was unable to relax and was extremely tensed all the while she was having her chai along with Kabil. The calm connect that they generally have while having their evening chai was missing that day.

While getting ready for bed, Sneha's mind was in such turmoil that she was sure she was going to have a sleep that is full of nightmares. Without thinking, the words, "Why didn't you do or say something?" slipped out from her mouth.

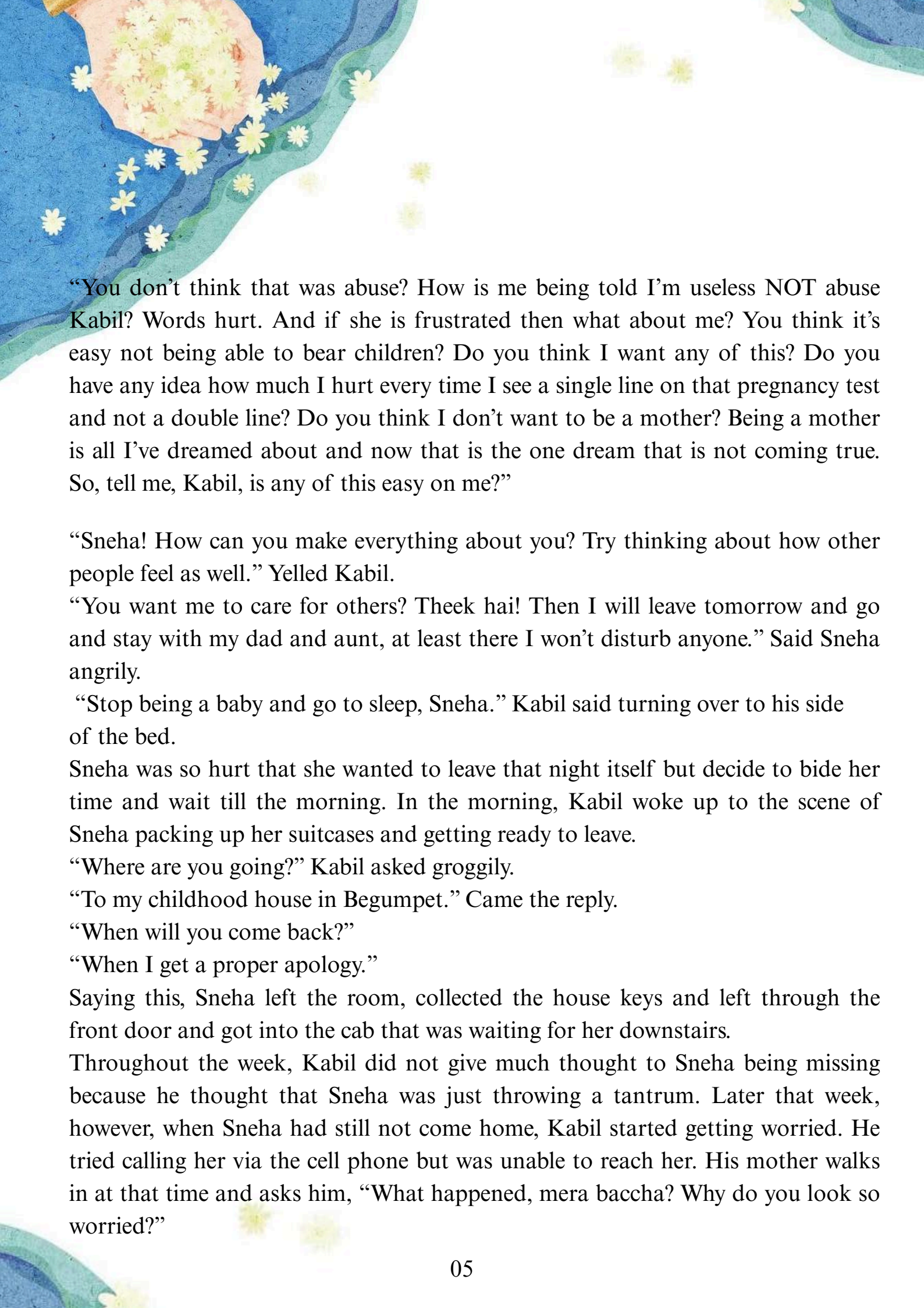
"What?" Kabil asked uninterested.

Sneha made a split-second decision to be bold and brave and very intrepidly asked: "Earlier today, why didn't you say or do something?"

"To whom? To do what? Jaan, what are you talking about?" asked Kabil, sounding confused.

"Oh, please Kabil!" Said Sneha, getting upset, "You know what I'm talking about! I'm talking about the mental and emotional abuse that Saas amma puts me through every time my pregnancy test results come negative."

"Oh, what abuse are you talking about, Sneha? Ma was just frustrated. It hurts her, yaar. She always wanted to be a grandmother. She doesn't mean anything that she says. Relax."



“You don’t think that was abuse? How is me being told I’m useless NOT abuse Kabil? Words hurt. And if she is frustrated then what about me? You think it’s easy not being able to bear children? Do you think I want any of this? Do you have any idea how much I hurt every time I see a single line on that pregnancy test and not a double line? Do you think I don’t want to be a mother? Being a mother is all I’ve dreamed about and now that is the one dream that is not coming true. So, tell me, Kabil, is any of this easy on me?”

“Sneha! How can you make everything about you? Try thinking about how other people feel as well.” Yelled Kabil.

“You want me to care for others? Theek hai! Then I will leave tomorrow and go and stay with my dad and aunt, at least there I won’t disturb anyone.” Said Sneha angrily.

“Stop being a baby and go to sleep, Sneha.” Kabil said turning over to his side of the bed.

Sneha was so hurt that she wanted to leave that night itself but decide to bide her time and wait till the morning. In the morning, Kabil woke up to the scene of Sneha packing up her suitcases and getting ready to leave.

“Where are you going?” Kabil asked groggily.

“To my childhood house in Begumpet.” Came the reply.

“When will you come back?”

“When I get a proper apology.”

Saying this, Sneha left the room, collected the house keys and left through the front door and got into the cab that was waiting for her downstairs.

Throughout the week, Kabil did not give much thought to Sneha being missing because he thought that Sneha was just throwing a tantrum. Later that week, however, when Sneha had still not come home, Kabil started getting worried. He tried calling her via the cell phone but was unable to reach her. His mother walks in at that time and asks him, “What happened, mera baccha? Why do you look so worried?”

“Sneha said she is going home and I miss her.”

“Oh, that girl! Tch tch! So much trouble”

“Ma, must you always pick on her?”

Kabil drove through the city and parked the car in front of Sneha’s childhood house. He rang the doorbell and waited. The door opened and Sneha stood there with tears in her eyes. Kabil took this as a good sign and asked for permission to come inside the house. Sneha slowly nods and let him in.

Once inside, Kabil suddenly didn’t know what to say. There was an awkward silence for a while and then--

“Are you okay?” Kabil asked.

“I’m better than okay. I’m really good.” Sneha replied with real joy on her face.

“I came to apologize. I’m really sorry. I have been a bad husband to you. All the times I was supposed to be taking care of you, I left you alone to fend for yourself. This is a time both of us are supposed to go through it together and here I have been forcing you to go through it all by yourself. And as for Ma, I will talk to her but it is her way of grieving and she has only you to take it out on. I’m really sorry and I hope you will come back with me.”

“I’m pregnant, Kabil.”

Nine months later:

“Mr. and Mrs. Kabil Malhotra, I would like you to meet you to meet your daughter.” Said the doctor while handing over the child to the proud parents.

“Have we decided a name?” He asked quietly.

“Navika Ekta Malhotra.”

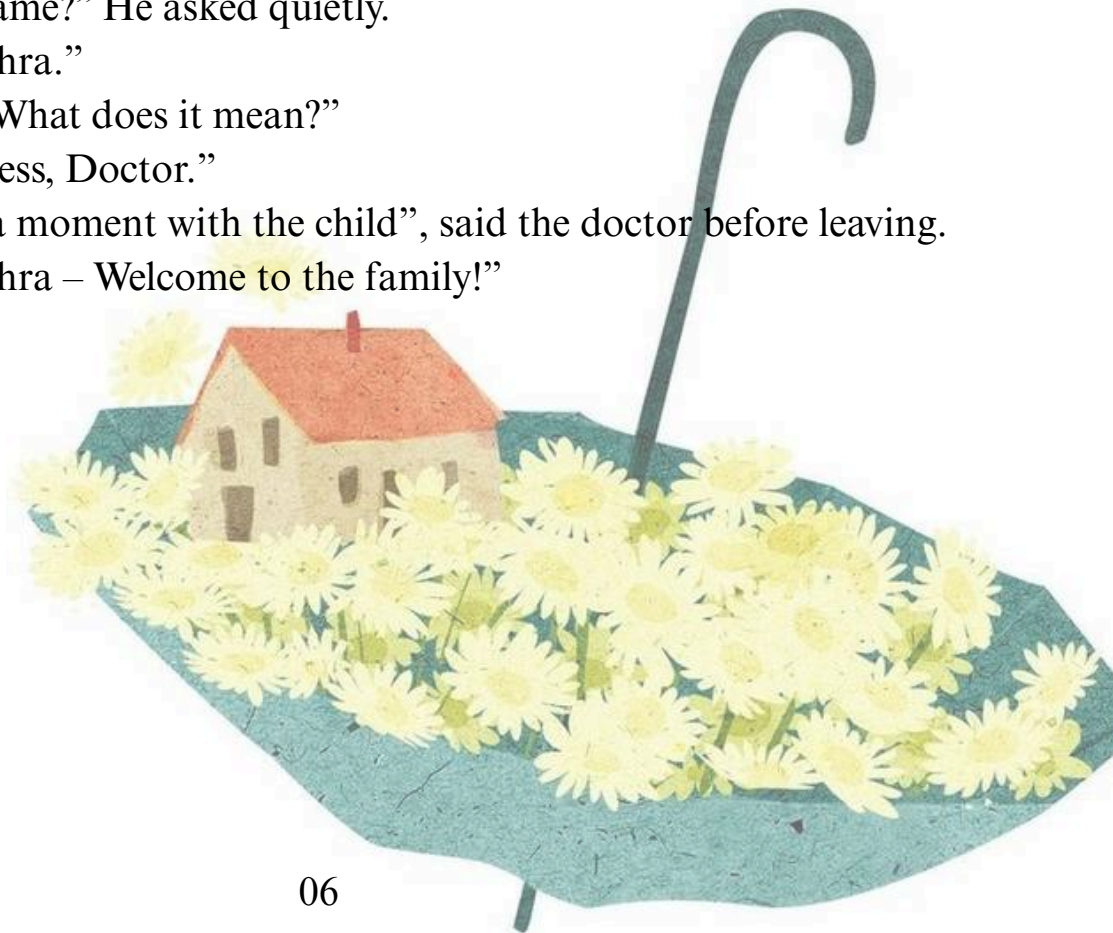
“What a sweet name. What does it mean?”

“Change and uniqueness, Doctor.”

“Well, I will give you a moment with the child”, said the doctor before leaving.

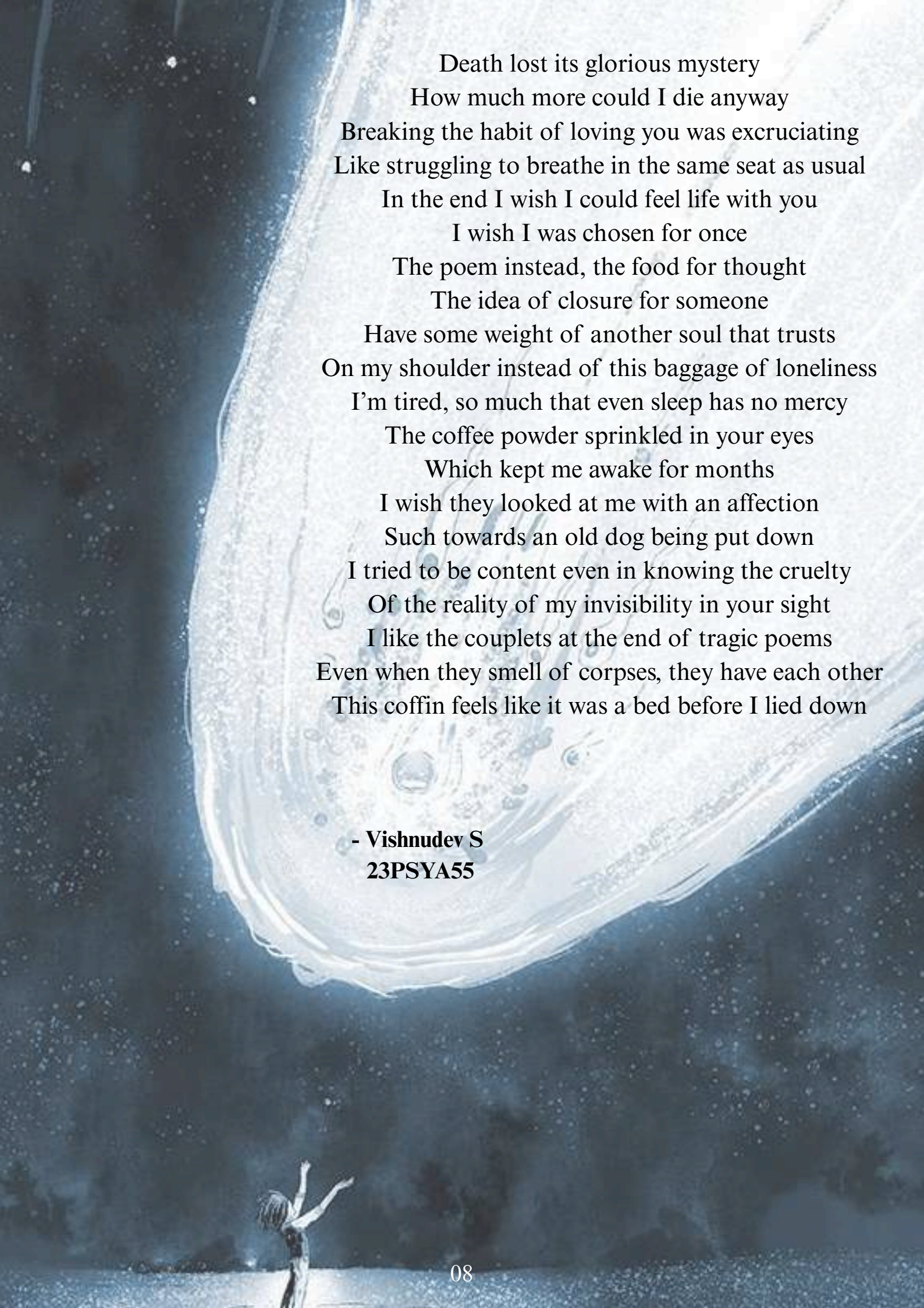
“Navika Ekta Malhotra – Welcome to the family!”

**- Natania Daniel
22JOEN15**



Dead Man's Tale

I lie in the coffin of my disgraced gravitas
I am ill with this pox of self-hatred
It brought a death inside me that ate all
Except for the flesh and decaying bones
It's gnawing tighter than the last with my own teeth
I'm an amalgamation of my past corpses
They yearn for connection or the sweet freedom
Yet they pile up more all the same
I'm hurting so much pain that I'm numb
The knowledge of things that will never happen
Cauterizing the bleeding every time
The shard of mirror shows me hollow
I no longer exist; I am the void staring back at me
My self-pity sprout through my lungs and ribcage
Flowering into hope so cruel that it latches on
I carry misery to the point where I find comfort
In the stage where your heart is torn apart
Soul feels my will to live being shattered
The violence inherited mutilated the inherited empathy
My empty grave at the place I call home
With love enough to make a new universe
Almost melted in the childhood memories
I walk through the ashes still burning in my nightmares
Acceptance broke me into pieces that fell out of reach



Death lost its glorious mystery
How much more could I die anyway
Breaking the habit of loving you was excruciating
Like struggling to breathe in the same seat as usual
In the end I wish I could feel life with you
I wish I was chosen for once
The poem instead, the food for thought
The idea of closure for someone
Have some weight of another soul that trusts
On my shoulder instead of this baggage of loneliness
I'm tired, so much that even sleep has no mercy
The coffee powder sprinkled in your eyes
Which kept me awake for months
I wish they looked at me with an affection
Such towards an old dog being put down
I tried to be content even in knowing the cruelty
Of the reality of my invisibility in your sight
I like the couplets at the end of tragic poems
Even when they smell of corpses, they have each other
This coffin feels like it was a bed before I lied down

- Vishnudev S
23PSYA55

MEANINGLESS

What do people get for all their hard work under the sun?

Why are people so desperate to toil and run?

Don't they understand that everything is meaningless?

We see so many things, yet we are not satisfied;

We hear so many things, yet we are not content.

Everything is wearisome beyond description;

Everything is meaningless.

So many things happen each day, but the earth never

changes.No one remembers what happened in the past,

And in the future, no one will remember what we are doing right now.

We buy lands and build houses; we own large herds and flocks.

After all this, we still say, "I'm not content; I need more"

This too is meaningless – like chasing the wind.

In the few days of our meaningless lives, who knows how our days can best be spent?

People are motivated to succeed because they envy their neighbours,

Their days of labour are filled with pain and grief; their hearts filled with evil and jealousy.

We are just determined to run this race, just because we want to be better than everyone.

But in the end, all this is meaningless - completely meaningless – like chasing the wind.

**Cheruba Lovely Bright
JOPYEN (B)**

ABYSSAL HAVEN



While the room was dark, one could say Juan's mind was darker. Unexplained thoughts rang in his head, tinnitus making him want to pull apart his ears from his head. There was a strange feeling taking over him, but it was so familiar. He knew this feeling, the deep sinking in his chest. The hollow hole sucked in all his emotions like a cyclone engulfing a ship. His blank stare remained at the curtains that swayed from slight breeze, he tilted his head.

"...Oren? Did you leave the window open?" He spoke softly, glancing at the figure that sat beside him. The dull room echoed with his voice as he stood up to close the window, flinching at the harsh sunlight outside. He hated it. The way it pricked his skin like needles.

Once he was done closing the window, he faced his best friend again, "...I like dark rooms."

"It's broad daylight." Oren, with light brown hair and eyes that seemed to match perfectly – smiled and that comforted Juan beyond limits, "Why can't we go out? We've been here all day."

"I don't feel like stepping out." Was Juan's robotic response. Oren just laughed, the sound of his laughter buried the voices in Juan's head.

"That's what you said the past three days." Oren stood up, grabbing his hand and pulling him to his feet. Although reluctant, Juan followed Oren outside, goosebumps rising on his skin as fresh air hit him right in the face and body stiffened as he processed the fact that his neighbour's kids were playing and an old man sat by the bench across the street.

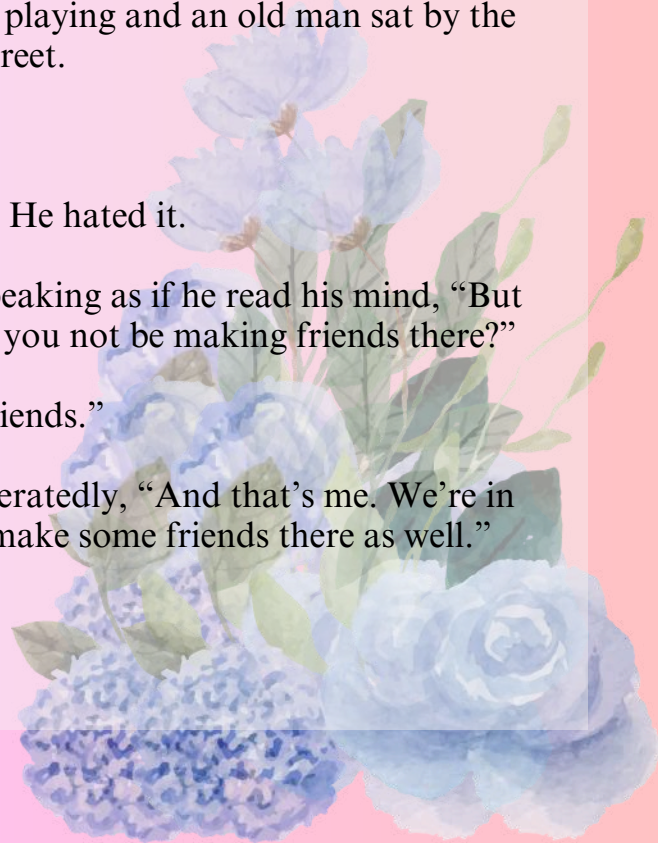
People.

There were people outside. He hated it.

"I know you hate it," Oren nudged him softly, speaking as if he read his mind, "But you will start college tomorrow, you know? Will you not be making friends there?"

"I don't need more friends."

"You have one friend, Juan." Oren sighed exasperatedly, "And that's me. We're in different colleges, unfortunately. You have to make some friends there as well."



Juan gave him an annoyed look, “I don’t need them. Leave me be.” He grunted, opening the door to the cafe Oren led him to, “Besides, I get tired enough interacting with you as is.”

“Rude!” Oren rolled his eyes with a playful smile, “Usual? Go grab a table, I’ll order.”

Juan slumped in their usual table – which was, as always empty – and stared out of the window. He had a permanent scowl etched onto his face. Oren was right, he started college tomorrow, but he was not looking forward to all types of people he will encounter.

There will be grumpy teachers, bubbly students, bubbly teachers and grumpy students...he wasn’t prepared to face all of that and still save his energy. He had a bad temper to begin with, one could hope he won’t be decking someone in the face on his face day. Even Oren wouldn’t be there to stop him if he were to do so.

“Your coffee, sire.”

“Shut up.”

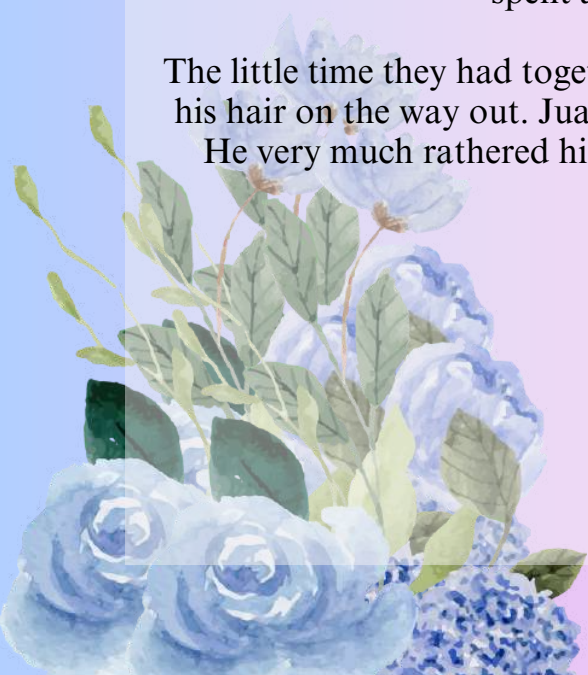
With a smile, Oren sat across from him, “I’ll need to leave soon. Mum called me.”

Juan nodded, although reluctant. He didn’t want to be alone, but he brushed it off. When has he ever wanted Oren to leave? Exactly, never. Ever since his high school, when he moved here to live alone because his parents worked abroad, Oren had been the only one to provide him a haven.

They were only classmates, but that one rainy and gloomy night had been Juan’s best memory as well as worst. There was escaping the daily dose of extreme loneliness but there was also meeting Oren. He was still contemplating if he could even categorise that memory into good memories or bad.

As a solitary soul, he was constantly haunted by the ghosts of his own mind but whenever he spent time with Oren, those voices disappeared. Perhaps he was a little too self-aware, perhaps he was very little self-aware, but that was the reason he always spent as much time as possible with Oren.

The little time they had together came to an end and Oren bid him a goodbye, ruffling his hair on the way out. Juan grumbled under his breath as he too left the noisy cafe. He very much rathered his numbingly quiet and dark room, much like his mind.



The dreadful day was here. Juan was standing in the hallways of his new college, face blank and a heavy sigh escaping his lips as he tried to block out all the excited chatter around him. He pulled his headphones on, soft music filling his ears as he entered the designated classroom. He aimed straight for the chair in the back, hoping to stare out of the window and ignore the world around him.

And so, he did. Somehow, he struggled through his prickling anxiety and introduced himself to the strangers in the classroom, before dissociating himself for the rest of the classes. By the time lunch hour came, he was exhausted.

While looking for a quiet place to eat his lunch, he ended up touring the whole building and finally found the empty music room as his new safe corner. The room wasn't exactly old, but dusty. He wondered, as he sat down, if this room was even used.

Just when he hoped to avoid people, his luck ran out. '...was I even lucky in the first place?' He wondered as he heard the loud chatter, laughter ringing around as the door slid open and three — two boys and a girl — rushed in, talking so loudly that their voices even rang over the music playing in his headphones.

“BAHAHA! Did you see that idiot's face? He looked beyond confused.”

Boy 1: “Shut up, Kaia! You'd have done the same!”

Boy 2: “Kaia would have punched him in the face. Not spluttering awkward apologies when she wasn't even at fault.”

Kaia, as Juan learnt the name of the girl, noticed him first. She cleared her throat, nudging the two. “Guys, we have an intruder.”

“...intruder?” Juan's eyes narrowed. His patience was thinning, ‘I haven't even finished half of my lunch!!’

The two boys faced him too, one of them beaming while the other looked at him sceptically.

“Oh,” said the one with dyed hair, “You new here?”

“...what does it seem like if you haven't seen me around before?”

“...he's got a sharp tongue.” The other one, with hair that painfully resembled Oren — God, he missed his best friend! — stared at him with a frown. Disdain was clear on his features, so Juan stood up as he packed his lunch box, thinking, ‘feeling's mutual buddy’

“Hey, finish your lunch.” The cherry wine-haired smiled, “Ignore these two. They're unnecessarily rude to strangers. I'm Caspian. You are?”

“...Juan.”

“I’m Kaia.”

“I heard.”

Caspian nudged the other guy, “Come on, don’t be rude.”

Sighing, the other guy finally spoke, though his tone sounded irritated, “Seraph.”

“...like the snake?”

“...like the snake!”

Kaia snickered at their dry and wary interaction, slumping on the couch, uncaring of the dust that flew around and made the others cough, “Sit down, losers.”

Juan noticed that they were suddenly quiet, so he sat down to his original position and resumed eating. The three in the other corner also started to eat, talking in hushed voices. It somehow irritated him, although he should be grateful.

“You can speak louder.” He said sourly, “I don’t bite.”

“You look like you do.”

“Says the guy whose name means snake.”

“PFFT—”

“Don’t laugh, Cas.” Seraph glared at his friend, before redirecting that glare at Juan, “..why are you so rude?”

“...that was rude? My apologies.”

“At least sound apologetic!”

“Get off his back, Seraph.” Caspian faced Juan, “Are you from this city? Do you live close by?”

“Yes...and moved here a few years ago.”

“Oh, that’s great!” Kaia sat straighter, setting down her fork, “Listen, we’re from the movies club and—”

“Not interested.”

“You’re being rude again.” Seraph huffed and Juan shook his head.



I knew what was coming so I saved her some energy. “I just don’t like clubs.”

“It’s mandatory, you know?” Caspian moved to sit beside him, Juan flinched, eyeing him warily. Kaia and Seraph shared an amused look, ‘..he’s like a cat.’

“...is it?”

“Yep.” Caspian grinned, “You can join our club. There are not many people. In fact, it’s only us three and two more freshmen. You’ll be able to relax there.”

“I’m not scared of people.”

“I didn’t say you were,” Caspian spoke as if he expected the defensive tone from Juan, “I was saying it’s the club that has the least people.”

“...okay.”

“We’ll be finalising a time for a group meeting sometime this weekend.” Seraph scrolled on his phone, a yawn escaping his lips mid-speech, “Give that guy your number. He’ll tell you the time and place.”

“...weekend? I have plans.”

“You have friends?”

“Seraph, stop being rude to the newbie.” Kaia sighed, “Ignore him, Juan. Do you have plans for the whole weekend?”

The whole weekend...he usually spent it watching movies with Oren — no, it was a must, not a mere hangout. But...if it was mandatory to join a club, then he was fully aware he cannot miss meetings. He sighed, feeling a headache pulse as he shook his head, “...I’ll be free for the second half.”

“Great! We can plan it accordingly.”

Although Juan felt guilty for making them work at his convenience, he refused to sacrifice any more time with Oren than he already was. He nodded, meekly adding his number in Caspian’s phone.

Within a second, he felt his phone buzz and stared at the phone. It felt strange to have contacts other than his only friend, but he brushed it off. ‘It wouldn’t last anyway,’ he thought, ‘I can always delete it if I don’t like the club.’

“I forgot to ask!” Caspian smiled at him, “Where do you live?”

“...a few blocks from the Manor Road.”

“...that’s crazy close! I’m so jealous.” Kaia groaned, “Are you looking for a roommate, Juan?”

“Stop being weird!” Seraph scowled, “Why will he room with a stranger?!”

“...stranger?” Kaia sat up, giving Seraph a ridiculous look, “We’re best friends already! Aren’t we, Juan!”

Juan stared at her blankly, causing the other two to burst out laughing.

‘...friends? Oren would be proud if he heard that.’ He thought as he leaned back, subconsciously relaxing in the presence of the three.

“What’s up with you?”

Juan looked up from his phone, “...nothing.”

“Are you sure? You look sick.”

“...my friend’s ignoring me.” Juan sighed, rubbing his tired and sunken eyes, “...I don’t know what I did.”

Caspian slumped beside him, “...is it the guy you were talking about the other day? What was his name again?”

“Oren.”

“Right. That friend since high school.” Caspian offered him a can of plum tea, “You said he goes to the central college, right? He must be busy.”

“...but it’s been...weeks.”

Ever since Juan went home after the first day and proudly displayed that he was capable of making other friends to Oren, the latter had been acting distant. He barely showed up to his house on weekends and was also ignoring his texts and calls. Juan had let him be for a few days, wondering if he needed some space. But he had noticed earlier this morning that Oren’s texts had gotten shorter and shorter as days passed, and starting at some point, he was left on seen.

Caspian reassured him that there was a high probability that it was nothing serious and once again, Juan set his phone down and focused on his conversation with his friend, occasionally glancing at the blank screen. No matter how much he looked at it, it never lit up.

When Juan went home, he was surprised to see Oren on the front porch. He rushed to his friend, “Oren! Where have you been, you idiot?”

Oren smiled at him, a little startled at his loud voice, “Hey, buddy.”

“Don’t you dare hey buddy me! I’ve been calling you like crazy!” Juan grabbed his shoulders, “What happened? Let me see, are you hurt somewhere—”

“Juan,” Oren said calmly, his tone reassuring Juan a whole lot, “I’m fine. College has been stressful, that’s all. Sorry about missing your calls and messages.” He waved his phone lightly as they entered his studio apartment, “...I saw your texts though. I’m so glad you made friends. Tell me about them.”

Juan wondered if he was imagining it, or did Oren sound sad?

He glanced at his friend before brushing it off, “Those three are idiots, I tell you!” He snickered as he recalled the embarrassing accident Seraph had gotten himself into earlier that morning, “But they’re nice to be around. I joined their club and there’s not many people. It’s fun!”

“Really? That’s great.”

“Yeah! You should really meet them!” Juan beamed, “I think you and Cas would get along well! He’s just like you.”

“No way,” Oren grabbed the glass of cold water he had taken to drink, gulping it down in one go, “No one can be like me!”

Juan chuckled, “What? Jealous that I made friends?” He teased as he snatched another glass, “You’re the one who encouraged me. Don’t regret it.”

Oren rolled his eyes, smacking his arm playfully before slumping on the couch, the TV remote in his hand, “What do you want to watch?”

Juan passed by him, “We should watch this new movie that came out! Seraph loved it. Kaia said he bawled his eyes out, so I want to see what it is and tease him later.” He grinned, “It’s called The Onyx. Put it on, I’ll wash up quickly.”

“...okay.”

Juan paused by his room door, stealing another glance at his friend. He knew it, he sensed something was wrong. Oren’s voice lacked the usual warmth, was college too stressful for him? He quickly joined his friend’s side, the two spending hours watching multiple movies.

In the middle of the night, Oren ended up falling asleep and Juan stared at the blank TV screen. He sighed softly, closing his eyes to enjoy the silence. Although he has come to cherish his three friends from college, this was still the best. Silent nights like these reassured him that Oren was still here.

He covered Oren with a blanket, “Night.” Oren hummed sleepily and Juan chuckled, retiring to his room to sleep.

The next morning, Juan is woken up by the scent of a delicious breakfast. He found Oren roaming around in the kitchen as he used to do every Sunday morning and smiled, “You didn’t have to. We could order in.”

“For breakfast? You must be loaded, Juan.” Oren laughed, “Did you secretly get rich when I was away?”

“Not rich, idiot. I joined part time with Caspian’s help. He works at this convenient store close to college. It helps a lot with extra expenses.”

“...your friends are nice to you, huh?”

“They are. They’re amazing.” Juan reassured him, “Are you worrying?”

“...tsk, why would I?” Oren passed him his breakfast, “Do you want to go out later? We could go pick some groceries.”

“Oh, sorry. Can’t.” Juan sighed, “Have a team meeting with the movie club. Everyone’s planning on going for dinner after. Monday after classes?”

“...I’ll be busy on weekdays.” Oren ruffled his hair as he made his way to the living room to grab his sweater, “Make sure to stock up and don’t starve.”

“...what? You’re leaving already?” Juan frowned, “...what about your—”

The door slammed shut, “—breakfast?”

Something was definitely wrong.

“I’m telling you!” Juan repeated for the nth time, “He’s acting weird! He’s ignoring my texts again! Or he always gives one-word answers!”

“Maybe he’s tired of you—”

Smack.

Seraph rubbed his head with a pout while Caspian sighed, “Maybe you should discuss this the next time you see him, Juan. Maybe he’s struggling with something, or there might have been a misunderstanding.”

Juan slumped, “...could be. I’ll talk to him.”

“Maybe we should meet him and give him a piece of our mind.” Kaia smiled, “Who dares make our little princess sad?”

Juan shivered, “Don’t you ever call me that again or I will murder you.”

The three burst out laughing at Juan’s embarrassed and disgusted face. He simply glared back in return, though a smile threatened to stretch on his lips,

“But I wouldn’t mind you guys meeting. I wanted Oren to meet you too. It’ll be fun if all of us hang out.”

“That’d be cool.” Caspian grinned, “Why don’t you call him to our next hangout?”

“Great. I’ll text him.” Juan typed away on his phone, muttering under his breath, “...though I wonder if he’ll even reply. He might leave me on read again.”

“Just invite him. Let’s see what happens.” Seraph sighed, “If not, we can always kidnap the guy from his house—”

“You crazy—”

“Don’t be mean! I was joking— ouch! Stop pulling my hair, Kaia—”

“...his house?” Juan mumbled, tilting his head slightly in confusion.

Caspian glanced at him, “What is it?”

Juan sighed softly, trying to rack his brain for an answer, “...I don’t...know where he lives.”

“...didn’t you say you’ve known him since high school?” Kaia frowned, letting go of Seraph, “...you never went over to his house?”

“He always came over and he always avoided telling me when I asked.”

“Is that so?” Kaia glanced at the other two, nodding instantly, “Invite him. We want to know what sort of person he is.”

‘Why does this Oren guy sound so suspicious?’ The three thought, ‘...we’ll find out soon enough.’

The hangout spot picked by Kaia was the cafe Juan frequented with Oren, much to everyone’s pleasant surprise. It didn’t take him long to arrive, so he waited by the door, kicking pebbles aside in boredom.

“Juan!”

He faced the source of voice, a smile on his face, “Oren! Glad you could make it. A reply would have been good, you know?”



“Sorry, sorry.” Oren huffed, “Why did you suddenly want to meet here?”

“Oh, my friends wanted to meet you too. So I thought we could all hang out here.”
“...your friends? They’re...coming here?”

“...yeah. Sorry I didn’t tell you in advance.” Juan frowned, “...why are you pale? Are you sick? We can always reschedule this so let’s go to the hospital—”

“No!” Oren escaped his grip, clearing his throat, “I don’t want to meet your other friends, Juan.”

“Oh...may I ask why not?” “...they’re your real friends, after all.” Oren looked away, sadness lingering in his gaze, “...I don’t like that—”

“Juan! He’s there guys!” Seraph’s voice rang a few feet away, Juan ignored it, his attention on Oren, who progressively looked worse at the thought of meeting his other friends. Was it that bad?

“What are you even talking about?” He sighed softly, “...you’re my best friend, Oren. There’s no need to feel that way. I’m sorry if I made it look that way so please just talk to me, okay —”

“Hey, idiot!” Seraph appeared behind him, Kaia and Caspian in tow, “What’s going on? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Me?” Juan muttered, pointing at Oren, “He’s the one who looks like he’s seen a ghost. Anyway, Oren isn’t feeling well, so I’ll take him to the hospital. Sorry, guys. Let’s meet some other time?”

“Uh...sure?” Kaia looked confused as she glanced beside Juan, “...but who are you even talking to, Juan? Where’s your friend?”

“He’s right here.”

Juan blinked, “Can’t you see? He’s turning paler.”

Juan muttered, “I’ll see you guys later. Let’s go, Oren—”

“Juan,” Caspian grabbed his arm, his face expressing something that could be a mixture of confusion and doubt, “...there’s no one.” Juan stared at the three blankly, his thoughts racing miles per minute.

Were they really pranking him right now? When Oren looked so sick? He sighed in agitation, “Guys, he really looks sick. Don’t play these jokes.” He turned to face Oren, “Let’s go—”
“...”



“ ... ”

“...Juan..” Kaia muttered softly, “...are you okay?”

Juan was quick to brush off her grip, “Where did he suddenly go? Did you see him?”

“ ... ”

When they didn’t answer, he pulled out his phone with a curse, “That guy, seriously! If he’s sick, he should have just said so! It’s not like I’d force him—” He scrolled on his phone with a scowl that deepened as seconds passed by, “Where did his number suddenly go?”

“Juan.” Seraph snatched his phone, “...are you drunk?”

Kaia hit his head, intense worry on her features. Juan wasn’t joking with them, she could tell. His hands were shaking and he looked so worried for his friend...a friend...none of them could see.

“No, Juan.” Caspian now seemed to have realised the situation and spoke, his voice trembling, “There was no one standing from the beginning. You’ve been alone here the whole time.”

Afnan.R.Haveli
22JOEN02

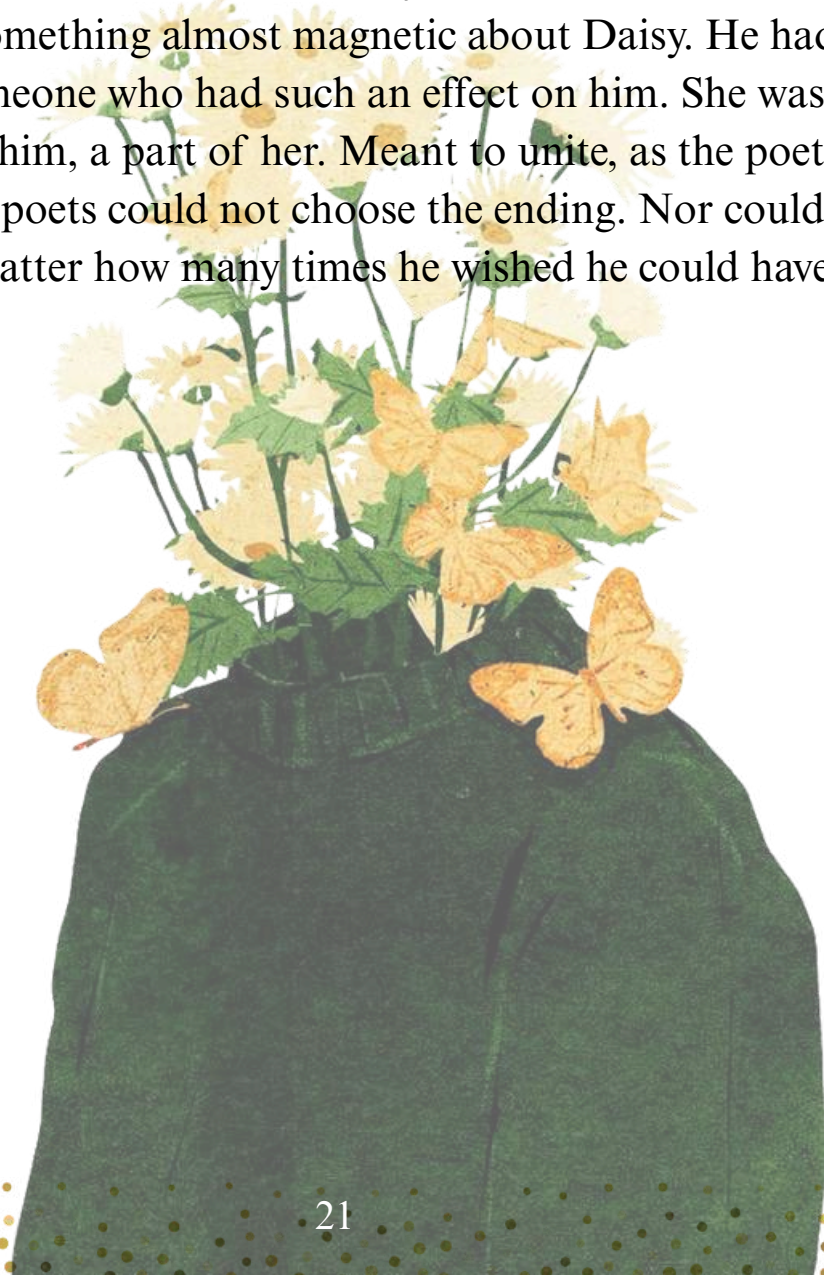
Designed by: Suhasini T. Mangar
24JPEA56



Daisy

Oliver always found it strange how one person could be the sheer source of another's joy. Always found it peculiar how one heart could heal another. How one hand can heal the pains caused by many, such a bizarre thought. All until he met her. She was the light that brought him out of the dark alley he was trapped in. She was the music that opened his ears to the world. She was the fleece that kept him warm in this icy life. She was the sweetness in his bitter coffee. It was all her. Until her, he was not sure if he had lived. Any memories before her had become a blank slate, on which she drew with colour. She was his Daisy.

There was something almost magnetic about Daisy. He had never met someone who had such an effect on him. She was a part of him, him, a part of her. Meant to unite, as the poets say. But the poets could not choose the ending. Nor could Oliver, no matter how many times he wished he could have.



On that fateful night, their story ended by the hands of a careless taxi driver. A man he did not know, took from him, what mattered most. The doctors could not save her. The countless prayers he shouted at the sky made no change. The tears he shed could not bring back the girl that gave him life. Like a glass dropped like it was nothing, his life broke into pieces. Shards of glass piercing through his already bleeding heart. Walking out the hospital door, it all made no sense to him. What was the point of life anymore? He felt the entire world crumbling down and collapsing on him. He knew it wasn't the end of the world. And that made it all worse. The earth would continue to spin, the flowers would continue to bloom and the children would continue to laugh but his Daisy would not be around for any of it. The thought of it made no sense, how could it be possible? How could it be that the purest soul he had ever known is no more with him? He could not grieve rightly, he did not believe it true. Every morning he would wake up, wishing it was all a dream, thinking she would be laying next to him again.

Years passed and he would still continue to make two cups of tea daily, he would put extra sugar in it, just the way she liked. In the evenings, he would lay out biscuits and orange juice on the table, her favourite. Every day he would sleep with the door unlocked, all hoping she would come back. The tea would get cold and the biscuits, eaten by ants but she still didn't return. He never gave up hope. The neighbours always knew, every night Oliver Grant's front door would be left unlocked. But only he could feel the wind that touched his face every night when he went to bed, he knew, it was his Daisy.

Only he saw the flower that sprouted in his windowsill, alive for years. He knew, it was his Daisy

Niveditha Sreejith
I JOPYEN A

Formations

I was enthralled when my grandfather gifted me my first pair of YSL sunglasses. I was one happy camper after weeks of begging my family to buy me those shades. However, after a few days, when my enthusiasm for the sunglasses waned, I found myself questioning why a pair of sunglasses had given me this heightened sense of elation. It felt as if I had bought them to flaunt in front of everyone or just to make myself feel superior. Ever since then, I started observing the lives of people who adorned themselves with branded products, which includes me introspecting as well.

I concluded that everyone buys things to fit in or to boost their self-esteem. Instead of providing a sense of freedom, these products have caged our generation in the prison of materialism, and that's what this poem implies.

Our true purpose as humans, as Robert Greene states in "The Laws of Human Nature," is that "You are here not merely to gratify your impulses and consume what others have made, but to make and contribute as well, to serve a higher purpose." According to me, that higher purpose is to be ourselves. Yet, if we get caught in this rat race of trying to look like the, "It girl" or become the "Starboy," it feels as if we are promoting a cloning culture rather than celebrating individuality.

The greatest gift we can give to this world is our authentic selves—those selves that are silly, quirky, and willing to let go of a perfect image. What people truly want are fellow beings who are willing to show their flawed sides, people with whom they can relate. That's when you start contributing: when you are ready to let loose and be yourself.

**Aaradhana Lissa Santosh
PYEN**

The background of the entire page features silhouettes of soldiers in various combat stances, some holding rifles, against a dark, textured background.

THE SORROW OF WAR

**Where joy and peace
only were heard,
When the land of green and blue
were only seen,
And when laughter and calmness
chancef upon our tears,**

**Did you anticipate a shadow to fall ?
Joy hearing into a grey dismay,
Homes and lives shattered,
Families and lives torn.**

**What was made with blood and sweat,
Crushed into dust and distrust.**

**In all this mayhem, one forgets,
The mental distress pops- up,
Why, who, how, you may know already ,
But the real question is 'What if ? '**

**Fathima Hania K
I JOPYEN A**

**Designed by:
Rachel Kamble**

The Silence Within

Every beginning meets its end,
Nothing holds the weight of time,
All that's bright slips out of sight,
And every heartbeat loses rhyme.

We hold on tight, afraid to see,
That in the end, all things must flee-
Everyone leaves.

You stand amidst the endless race,
A statue in a fleeting stream,
The world moves on, without a trace
Even the clouds float effortlessly-

Why does it seem like this?

Loneliness whispers in every room,
You're the missing piece that doesn't fit,
Why does your echo stall?

They gather close, while you're adrift,
No hands to catch your fall,
Only shadows hear your call.

No one feels the pain you bear,
No one knows the weight you wear,
No one sees your fractured side,
No one questions the smile you try-
No one.

By Anshula Borah
24BCYA31

Designed by: Swathi Ann
Jayachandran



A Weed In Her Garden

You wound me with every thought I have of
you.

Stab me with every breath I gasp;
For love is sharper than any blade,
And cuts deeper than any steel.

Its wounds never heal, for like a poison, it
festers in me,
Tainting my heart and every likeness I have
of you.

The unsullied manifestation of love can
only be seen
in the eyes of 'those innocence',
And I, for once, have forsaken that virtue;
For I know that I will never be loved.
Like the weeds in my garden, I stand in
peace,
Preordained to be plucked aside and wither.

By: Martin Thomas
23PSYB01

Designed by:
Suhasini T. Mangar
24JPEA56



Monalisa - Leonardo Da Vinci



The famous masterpiece “Her eyes seem to follow the room” Monalisa was painted by Italian artist Leonardo Da Vinci. It has been believed that it was painted between 1503 and 1506.

The painting is displayed at the Louvre in Paris since 1797. ‘Monna’ in Italian is a form of address - similar to ma’am or my lady. Leonardo was the first painter who has used aerial perspective. Even people believe that she appears radiant at one moment and serious and sardonic the next in the painting.

Her smile seems different when viewed from different angles or distances, which creates a sense of mystery about her emotions. The expression of Monalisa is calm, serene, and ambiguous which allows for various interpretations. Leonardo employed a technique called Sfumato where

colours and tones are blended to create a soft and realistic effect, especially on her skin and facial features.

Her hands are particularly painted with great realism. The painting exhibits keen understanding of human anatomy, light and shadow making Monalisa appear life-like and three-dimensional. She is depicted sitting with her hands folding, facing the viewers. Her eyes are calm yet full of depth, adding to the painting's emotional intensity. Vinci's technique is so refined that there are no visible brush strokes, giving the painting a polished, flawless finish.

The colour palette has earthy tones like brown, green and yellow. These muted colours help draw attention to her face and expression, which are the focal points of painting. This great portrait is known for technical brilliance, emotional depth and celebrated all the time. It also turned out to be the great masterpiece of the Renaissance art.

Vaibhav Arora
22ENGA25

Designed by: Swathi Ann
Jayachandran



CITIZEN KANE

THE GENIUS OF ORSON WELLES

Why does Citizen Kane stand out as the great American movie?

This film was released in 1941 through an unprecedented deal between the production company and a young and inexperienced film maker named Orson Welles. This man was 24 years old and had no experience in the film industry except for a little radio work. He somehow got himself a big budget, a cast, a crew and a cinematographer. Orson Welles himself was the producer, the director and the lead actor.

Now, here's why Citizen Kane stands out as the great American movie. Through the words of Orson Welles, is it through sheer ignorance. Welles had no formal training in film making, yet he allowed his passion, his creativity, his study of cinema to dictate his work. His 'ignorance' and raw creativity, guided by the direction of cinematographer Gregg Toland led to masterful visual storytelling unlike anything else that had previously come.

Some of the techniques that were pioneered in Citizen Kane are as follows:

Deep Focus Cinematography – This entails the story in the frame, one particular scene comes to mind when I ponder on this technique, that is, a scene where Kane's mother is sending him away to boarding school, here we observe the main focus on Kane's mother, her stoic, yet melancholic expression as she signs to give him away. Behind in the foreground, we can see the person who is going to take Kane away, that is Thatcher and Kane's father who seems to be against the decision but is motivated by money, and finally in the background, through a window, we see Charles Foster Kane as a young boy playing in the snow happily not knowing he is going to be abandoned. In a single frame, there are three narratives that are beautifully woven together to contribute to the enrichment of the plot by this ingenious film making. This is merely one of a plethora of amazing techniques that were used to add to the visual beauty of the film.

The Low Angle Shots, which conveys dominance, power and importance, used particularly when Kane becomes a business tycoon and abuses his power.



The Close Ups which significantly contribute to drama and an intimacy with the viewer.

Citizen Kane also had a non-linear narrative structure, with constant flashbacks, story narrations, time jumps and perspectives. This keeps the audience engaged and instills a deep sense of curiosity.

The Man, Charles Foster Kane. Throughout the film, we learn, observe and study the character of Charles Foster Kane. A very complicated individual to say the least, we are taken on a psychological odyssey through the mind of Kane. Although the narrative paints him as a complicated jigsaw puzzle, I personally believe his character to be very simple in nature.

He is a flawed man. A man who has been hurt from childhood, but offered every pleasure in the world to try and bandage that hurt, that hurt which is abandonment keeps opening up however, due to his own false actions.

Throughout his life, he makes the wrong decisions and is abandoned over and over again. A man who lets pride dictate and control his life as he seeks for more and more control of everything around him no matter the cost. A man with twisted integrity, seeking more power, covering his pain and loneliness with possessions and materialistic obsession.

Such a tragic, brutish and piercingly beautiful character creation, seeing the light of cinema had never been made at that time. Its impact is so powerful that its influence radiates to this very day in cinema. Iconic, is the word to describe it.

There are many parallels that can be drawn between Orson Welles and the character that he wrote, directed and played, that is Charles Foster Kane. It is obvious therefore, that he drew from the journey and experiences of his own life while creating this masterpiece.

Pre Kane and Post Kane Cinema

In the world of film, characters were very one dimensional before Citizen Kane. All of which followed a formula depending on the genre. There were the Westerns, with the tough lone cowboy narrative, there were the Romantic and/or Comedy films with the typical protagonist, there were the gangster and crime films with the rise and fall narrative and a few more. Never had there been such a psychological breakdown of the mind of a man such as Kane, with its complex interwoven themes, its genius is that any common man can relate to Kane through sheer emotion even though they weren't a multi-millionaire business tycoon.





After *Citizen Kane* however, the tradition and formulas slowly melted away as characters got more complex and gained more depth. Orson Welles single handedly revolutionized and transformed the world of cinema.

Citizen Kane is viewed as a bench mark in the entire art of filmography, equivalent to the influence of works like *The Godfather* (1972), *Casablanca* (1942), *Psycho* (1960), *Pulp Fiction* (1994), and *2001 A Space Odyssey* (1968).

Longevity and the Legend of Kane

The longevity of *Citizen Kane* holds up to this very day and has not faltered. In fact, as time goes on its relevance and importance only increases as its narratives highlight so many of the issues faced by modern society such as greed, the folly of being power hungry, seeking control, identity crises, the effects of abandonment issues and abuse of power

Of course, its cinematic influence is also relevant and is unmatched. Welles opened many doors and strongly influenced many pioneers of cinema that followed him. Directors such as Steven Spielberg, Brian De Palma and Martin Scorsese have extensively expressed their love and study of *Citizen Kane*. Director Paul Thomas Anderson has also been influenced by *Citizen Kane* in his masterpiece *There Will Be Blood* (2007) starring Daniel Day Lewis.

The legend of *Citizen Kane*, the influence and style of it has stood the test of time and is a masterpiece. We can learn from the actions of Orson Welles to let loose our creativity and ignore ignorance. To understand that it is okay, or even great, to be unconventional and unorthodox when it comes to Art. Most importantly, to experiment and express yourself.



**Jeremy Daniel
I JOPYEN A**

TRAPPED IN THE ROOM

Trapped in the room full of life
Can't break free you wonder why
I feel choked my vision gets blurred
It doesn't feel right, I might cry.

The beats of music thumping my
ears
The voices inside my head screaming
to get out of here
The sounds of chuckles fill the air
"Are they mocking me or it's just my
fear?"

I cross my arms in front of me
To give myself some type of comfort
A mixture of feelings rose inside my
chest
I can't get it out of my head.

A shiver runs down my spine
When I see someone approaching me
They ask whether I am fine
To which I answer inarticulately.

I go down into the memory lane
How carefree I used to be as a child
Not afraid to show any kind of
emotion
As translucent as mirror, cheerful
and kind.

That child is nowhere to be seen
She is now replaced by a gothy teen
Who doesn't know how to be herself
Slowly sinking into the world of
abyss.

- NISHTHA SINGH
24JPEB37



WHAT BROKE YOUR HEART?

**My mom's childhood picture—
I didn't see my mom in it.
I saw a little girl, unaware of
everything,
A girl with a smile so bright,
Not a tired lady at night.
I saw a big dreams in her eyes,
Not kids to care for all the time.
I saw her small, delicate physique
—
Carefree, careless, with no
worries,
Not shoulders bent by burdens,
Waking up early to make lunch.
I saw a girl who lost herself,
To make a better life for us.
And yeah,
My mom lost herself,
To make room for us.**

**-ABHIRAAM AVALLI V S
(23ACAB02)**

DESIGNED BY : K. NEHA SRI

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DIGITAL NOMAD

Introduction

The early morning sun kissed the cobblestone streets of Lisbon as Maya sipped her espresso outside a quaint café. With her laptop open and a world map pinned to the wall beside her, she embodied the essence of a modern-day explorer. Maya was not just a traveller; she was a digital nomad—a wanderer who had embraced a lifestyle where work and adventure intertwined seamlessly.



Lisbon had become Maya's temporary home—a city of winding alleys, vibrant street art, and pastel-coloured buildings cascading down hillsides towards the Tagus River. From her cozy apartment overlooking São Jorge Castle, she could hear the faint sounds of fado music drifting through open windows and the chatter of locals savouring their morning pastries.

A Typical Workday Unfolds

As the clock struck nine, Maya settled into her favourite corner of a coworking space nestled in the heart of the historic Alfama district. Surrounded by fellow digital nomads from around the globe, each absorbed in their own virtual worlds, she immersed herself in a flurry of emails, client calls, and project deadlines. Maya glanced up from her screen as Luca, an Italian web developer she often collaborated with, approached her with a grin. "Morning, Maya! Another day, another adventure in Lisbon?"

She chuckled, adjusting her glasses. "Absolutely, Luca.

How's the app development coming along?"

"Slowly but surely," he replied with a shrug. "At least the coffee here is unbeatable."



Moments of Inspiration

Between tasks, Maya would steal moments of inspiration from the city itself. Lunch breaks meant exploring hidden bookshops in Barrio Alto or indulging in pasties de nata at a local bakery. The vibrant culture and artistic energy of Lisbon fueled her creativity, infusing her work with a distinct flavour that resonated with clients across continents. At a bustling market in Mercado da Ribeira, Maya struck up a conversation with Maria, a local artist selling handmade ceramics. "Your work is stunning, Maria. How do you find inspiration?"

Maria smiled warmly, gesturing to the colourful tiles adorning the market stalls. "Lisbon is my muse, dear. Every corner tells a story."

Challenges and Revelations

Yet, the life of a digital nomad wasn't without its challenges. Time zone differences sometimes meant late-night meetings or early morning deadlines. Balancing work and exploration required discipline and adaptability—a constant juggling act that taught Maya the importance of time management and self-care.

One evening, Maya found herself on a rooftop terrace overlooking the Tagus River, sharing a bottle of vinho Verde with Miguel, a fellow nomad from Brazil. "How do you handle the time zones, Maya? It's a killer for my sleep schedule."

She chuckled, taking a sip. "Lots of coffee and flexibility, Miguel. And the occasional sunset like this reminds me why I chose this lifestyle." As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a golden glow over the city's tiled rooftops, Maya would often retreat to her favourite "Miradouro" —a viewpoint overlooking the cityscape. With a sketchbook in hand and the city lights twinkling below, she would reflect on the day's accomplishments and dreams yet to be realized.

Closing Thoughts

Maya's story is not just one of wanderlust and remote work; it's a testament to the transformative power of embracing new cultures, forging meaningful connections, and finding inspiration in unexpected places. As she navigates the ever-changing landscape of digital nomadism, Maya continues to redefine what it means to live and work in a world without boundaries.

-REDA RIZWAN
CSMS B

THE WOE OF A WIDOW

Staring at her husband on the funeral
pyre,
She can hear her own death lyre.
The priest's chants ring in her ear,
As she wishes for one more year.
Staring at her husband as she hears the
sermon,
A man who was no less than a demon,
A Raavan who she wished would die,
Free her from a life where she every
day cries.
The men hold her so she doesn't run,
She feels them laugh as if it's fun.
The practice of Sati, taker of two life,
Of the cruel husband and the pious
wife.
The wife looks at her own kin,
While the fire burns her own skin.
She looks at their faces full of snot and
tear,
She knows none of them mourn her
here.

-Blesson Varghese
22ENGA06

S

O

P

P

O

W

My Only Desire

“Locked up in a cage, I wondered when I could fly high in the sky like the others.” I wish to touch the sky again; I forgot the days when I could fly and fly and fly and do whatever I wanted and go wherever I wanted to.

How can I merrily sing when I am sad?

Locked up in a cage,

‘All I want is to fly happily.’

The sound of chirping and singing echoed in my ears, making me wish to be free. I want to smile like the others, spread my wings out, and fly to find new extremes. I just wish I could touch the blazing sun in the pale blue sky.

Even if you have put my wings in a cage, I will never stop dreaming about flying until my last breath.

Happiness is not when I look at you trapped in a cage it is when you set me free and still, I come back to you to sing. The beauty of the bird is seen when it flaps its wings and flies high in the sky, not while locked up in the cage all alone.

- M Shivani

24HSPA50



"Echoes of Silence: A Heart's Unspoken Struggle"

"There are times when words fail me. Insults, abuse, and pain come crashing down, yet my response is always the same: silence. I wish I could fight back or defend myself, but instead, I retreat into the quiet, like it's the only way I know how to survive.

When friends walk away, when family becomes distant, when people who once felt like family drift out of my life, my heart screams to be heard. I want to cry out, to tell them how much it hurts, how much I miss them. But even then, all I can offer is silence. It's not that I don't feel the pain—if anything, I feel it too deeply—but somehow, my voice gets stuck, buried under the weight of everything I carry.

Inside my head, the voices only get louder. They echo, reminding me of things I want to forget, of words said and unsaid, of losses I never wanted to face. And even as the noise in my mind builds to a deafening roar, my response remains the same: just silence. It's as if my soul has made a habit of retreating to that quiet place, as if that's the only way it knows to cope.

The memories come flooding back, the beautiful ones that should bring comfort, but instead bring pain. The happier the memory, the deeper it cuts, reminding me of what's lost. They bang on the walls of my heart, pound against my mind, consuming everything in me, leaving me feeling empty. Yet still, I can't bring myself to react. I remain in silence, always.

There are no more tears left to cry. I've cried them all before, and now my eyes feel dry, as if they've forgotten how to weep. My mind can't scream any louder either—it's exhausted from trying. It's like everything is floating in this endless abyss, where sound doesn't even exist. I'm lost in it, but still, my response never changes. Always, it's silence.

I wonder if this silence is protecting me or if it's holding me back, keeping me locked in a place where I can't truly heal. But for now, it's all I know. And so, I remain, silent as ever, even when every part of me aches to speak."

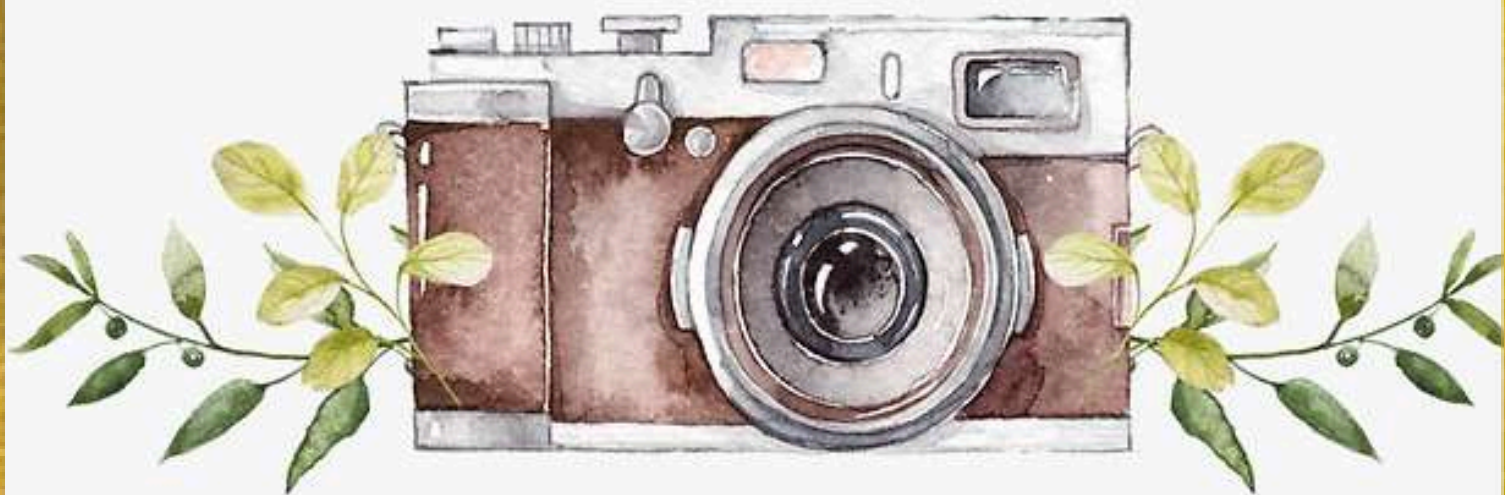
Joel Paul
I JOPYEN B

MERMAID'S TAIL

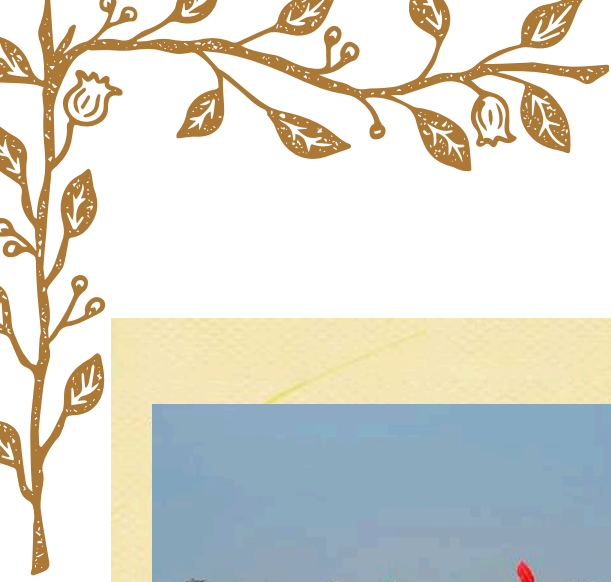


Sparkling scales, a treasure rare
glittering jewels, past compare
a tail of wonder, a sight to see
a mermaid's beauty, natural and free
With every flip, a splash of delight
a sparkling mist, a sunlit sight
the oceans magic , in every sway
a mermaid's tail, leads the way
In coral reefs, a mermaid dances slow
her tail a-beam, as the current flows
a harmony of gesture, a sublime sight
a mermaid's tail, shining so bright
With mysteries hidden, under the sea
a mermaid's tail is a wonder to me
she's a maiden, fair and bright
with scales that shine like stars in night
The sweetest voice, a melodic sound
that echoes through the waves around
she swims through waves with gentle pace
and shimmering tails leaves a sparkling space
Mermaids treasure rare, a sight to behold
a mermaid's beauty that never fades
She guides through the water with a gentle sway
Her magic is here to stay

Rachel Kamble
23JOEN21



photography



K.NEHA SRI
23PSYA29

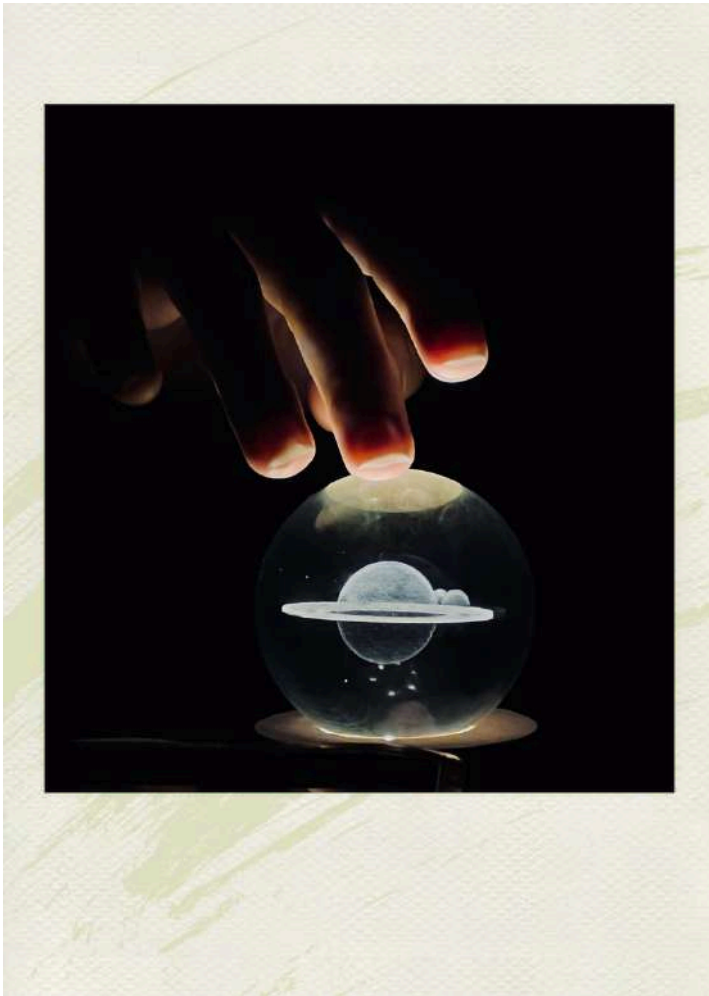




Mohammed Nehban
BCOM E



Cheruba Lovely Bright
JOPYEN (B)



HANNAH VINOD
23PSYA20





Evangelin Vincy R
I JOPYEN B

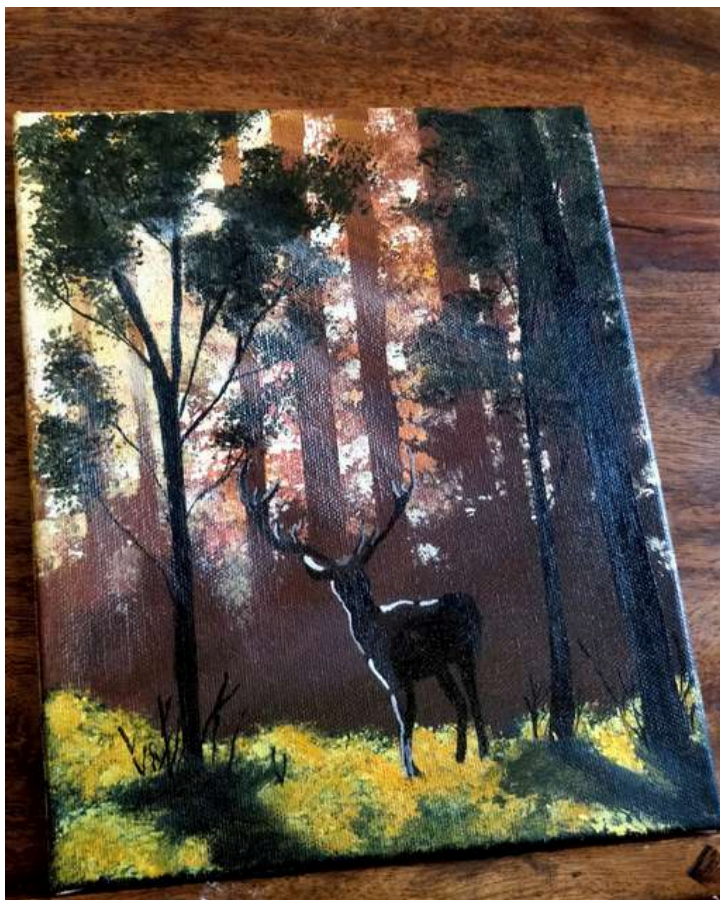




ART



WORK



SANCHIA JOANNA S
I JOPYEN A

ADEEB AHMED SIDDIQUI
I JOPYEN A





Expressions: An in-house Publication by the Department of English (UG),
Kristu Jayanti College (Autonomous)
K. Narayanapura, Kothanur P.O., Bengaluru-560077, Karnataka, India
www.kristujayanti.edu.in

