

ZESHA

Department of English

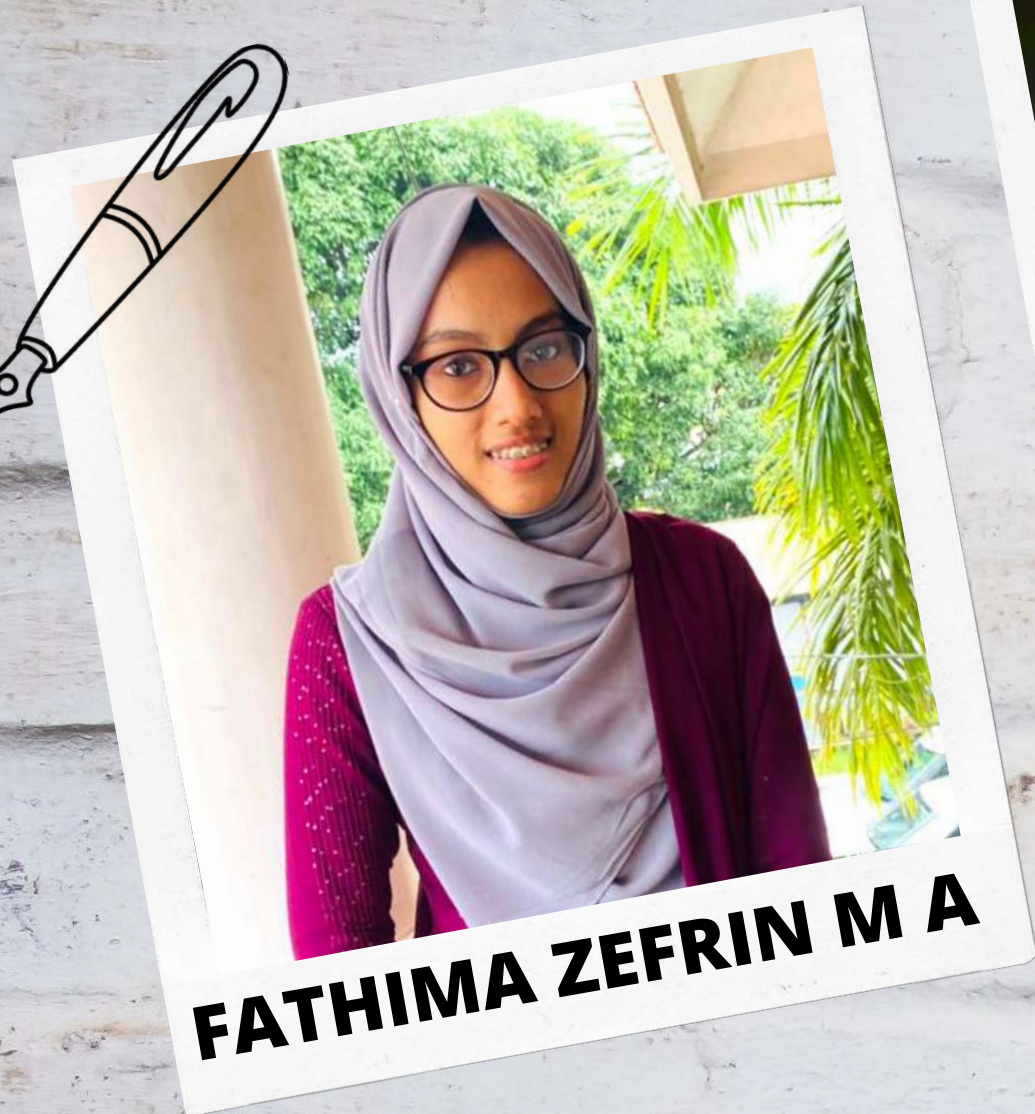


St Paul's College, Kalamassey





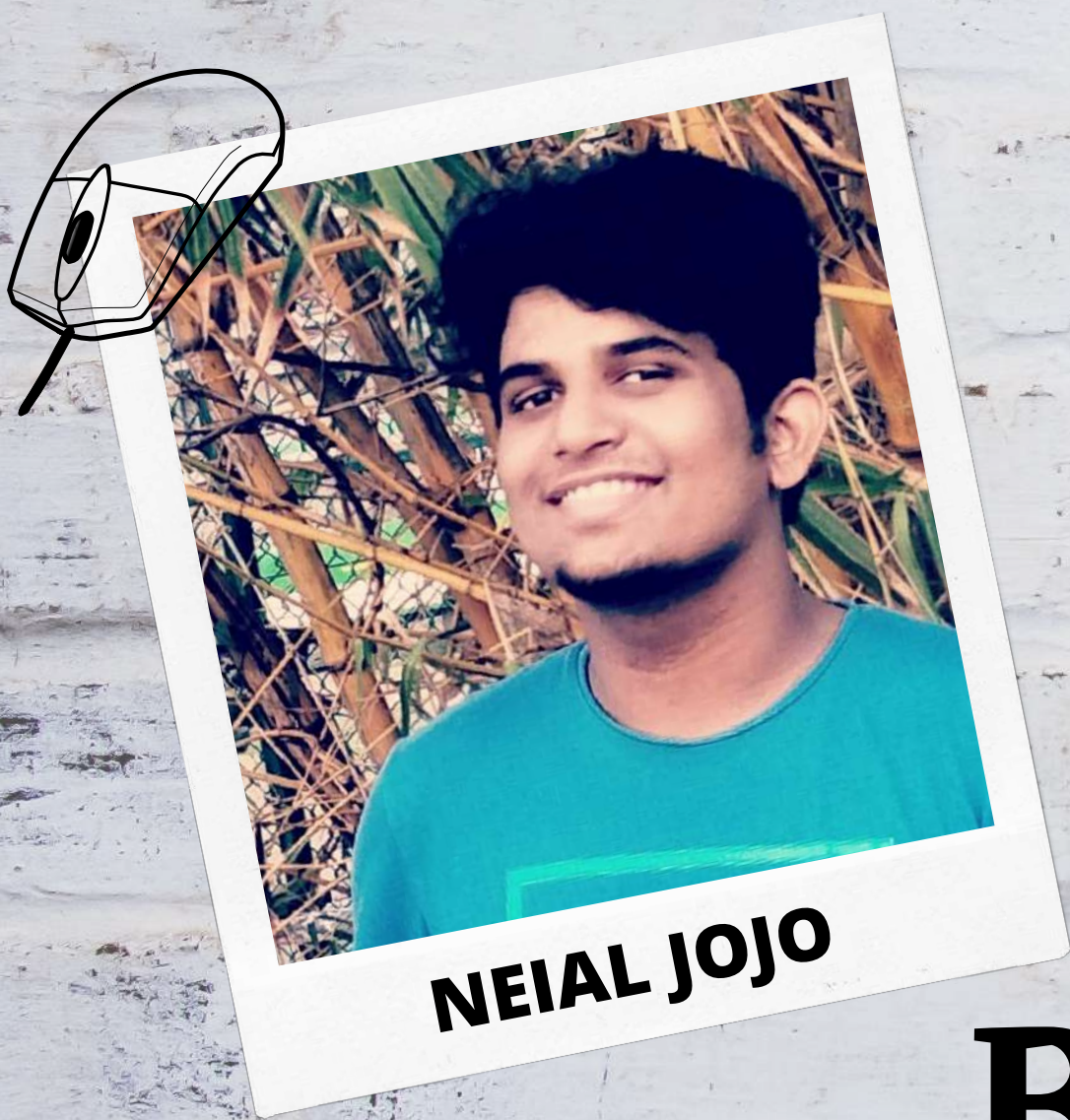
ROHINI KRISHNAN
STAFF EDITOR



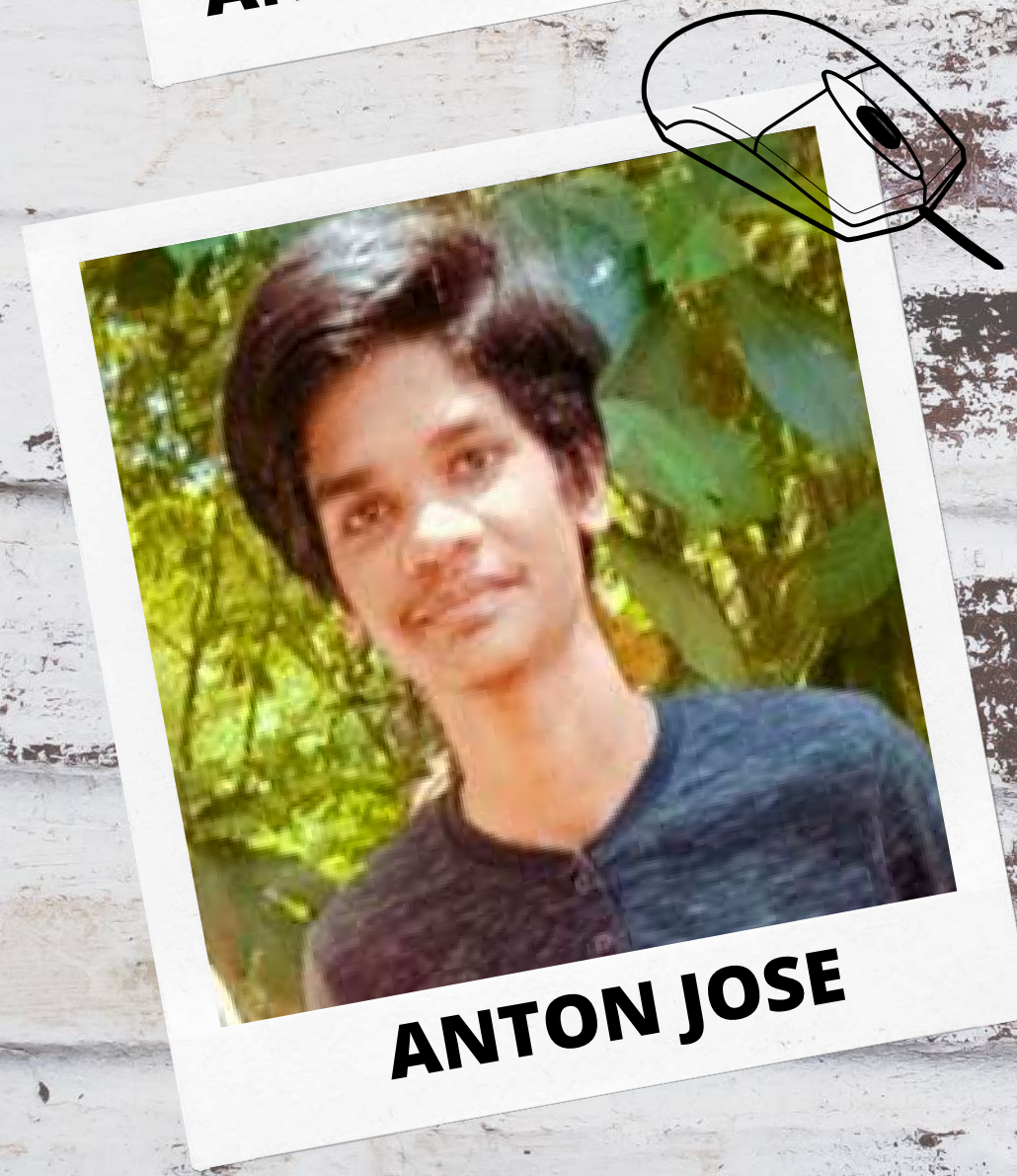
FATHIMA ZEFRIN M A



ANISHA MARIA JOB



NEIAL JOJO



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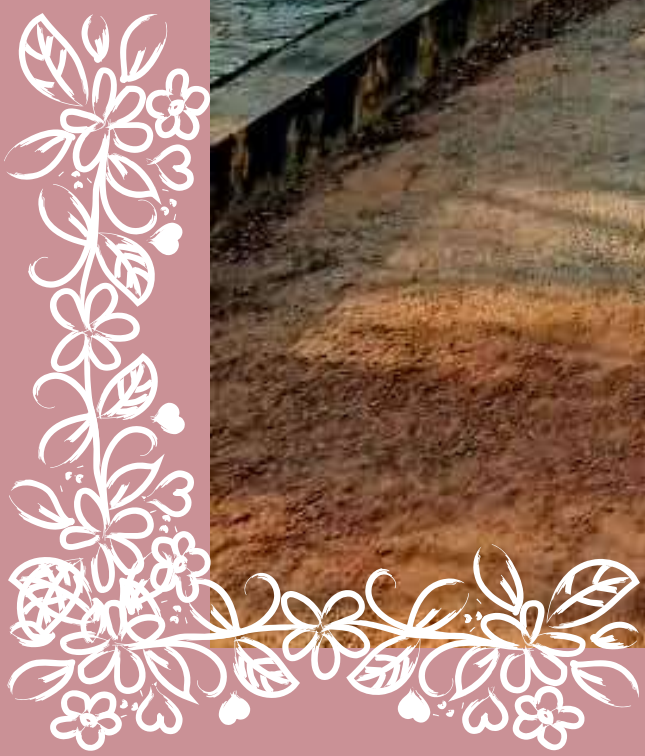
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COVER DESIGN



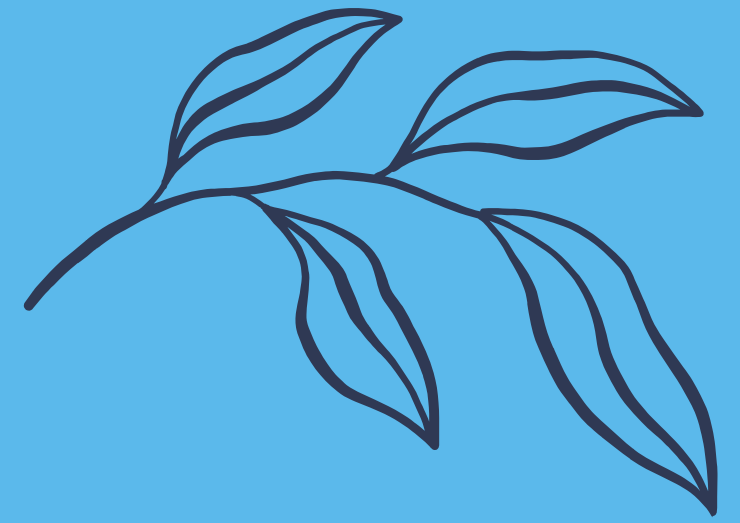
SAHALA MOL K A
MAGAZINE TITLE



Sincere thanks to



**Patron & Managing Trustee
The Most Rev. Dr. Joseph Kalathiparambil
Archbishop of Verapoly**



MANAGER'S MESSAGE



I am pleased to know that the department of English is bringing out their literary magazine “ZESHA” for this academic year 2020-21. It is a souvenir of creativity from the multitalented students of this department. I applaud the zeal and diligence of staff and students in rolling out the current issue of their department magazine. Such constant efforts to maintain the spirit of innovation and learning are undoubtedly an asset to our college. I wish them all success.

**Fr. Antony Vacko Arackal
Manager**



MESSAGE FROM THE ASSOCIATE MANAGER



Learning is a dynamic and never-ending process. It is not confined to textbooks and exams alone. The key to the holistic growth of a learner lies in providing ample opportunities for nurturing and expressing their diverse talents. Kudos to the English department and team ZESHA for providing students with a robust platform to hone their creative skills and capabilities.

My best wishes to all those who have strived for the successful compilation of the department magazine.

**Fr. Joseph Antony Palliparambil
Associate Manager**



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Hearty congratulations to all the students and faculty of the English department. I am delighted to see their united effort to produce yet another bright and thoughtful issue of their department magazine. Even in times of unprecedented struggle, works such as ZESHA embody hope for a better tomorrow. It is this mark of the undiminished spirit of togetherness and strength of community that we foster here. On that note, I encourage all students to continue on the path of learning and innovation and prosper in times to come. I wish them success in all of their future endeavors.

**Dr. Savitha K S
Principal**



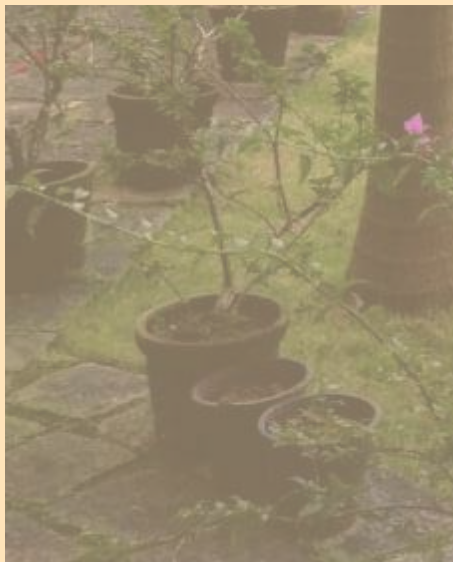
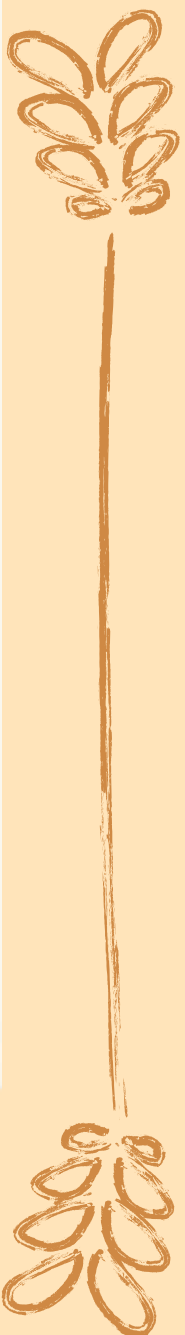
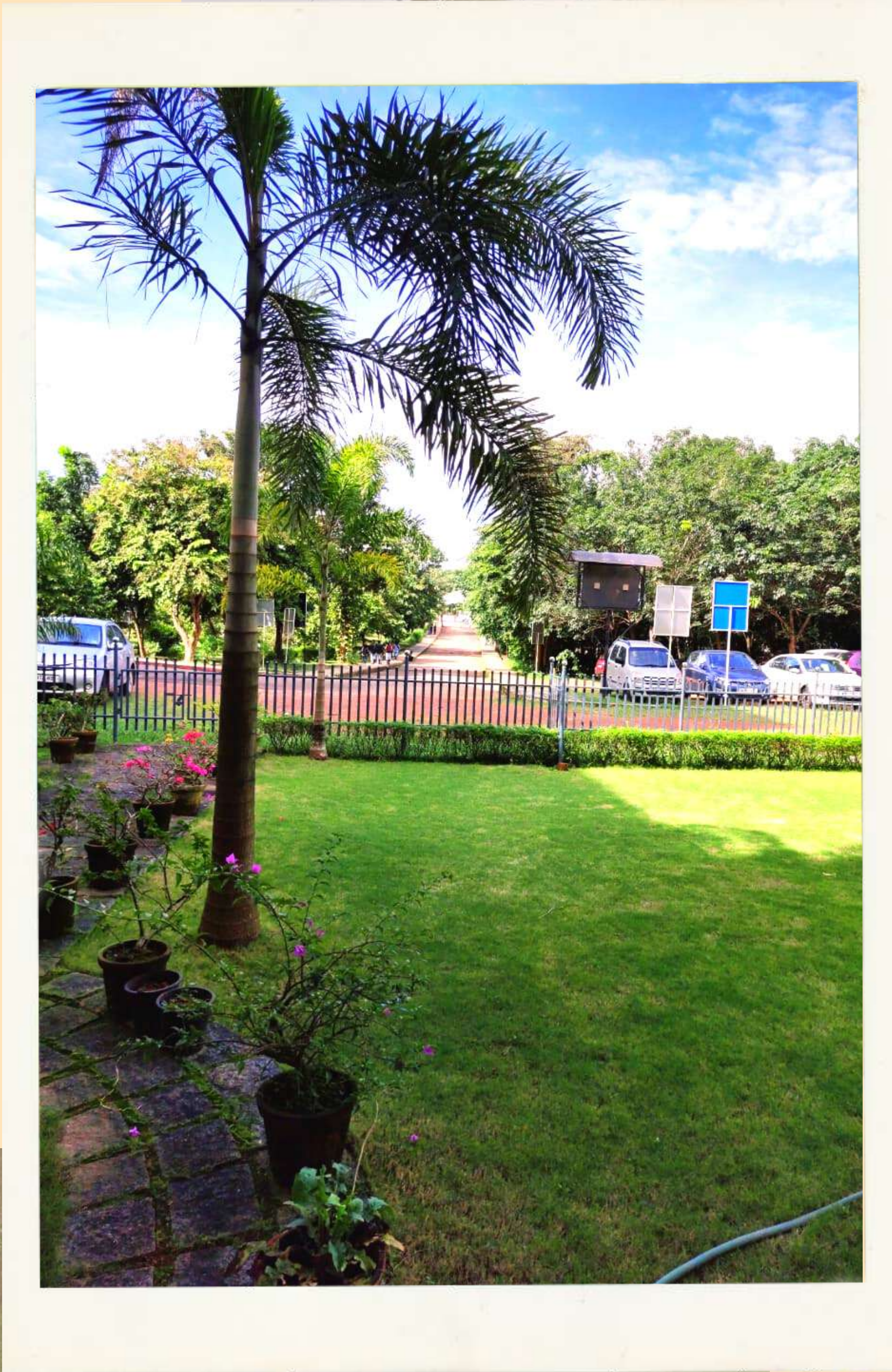
MESSAGE



It makes me warm and fuzzy when I think of the vibrant and jaunty students of the department of English who are about to bring about Zesha, the unique happiness spreading magazine, which is a token of their literary expressiveness. Happiness is a manifestation of the harmony of the minds, a state of coming together, being together, and doing together. Zesha gave a cause for the department to enjoy and savour the zesha time of magazine preparation.

Special congratulations goes to the editorial team headed by the Staff Editor Ms. Rohini Krishnan and Student Editor Fathima Zefrin for their praiseworthy efforts to bring together life and aesthetic experiences of students through their creative output. I also take this opportunity to thank the manager Rev. Fr. Antony Arackal, Associate Manager Fr. Joseph Palliparambil, Principal Dr Savitha K S, my colleagues in and out of the department for their wholehearted support and best wishes and the real binding force of this creative endeavour, the students of the department for their spirit of togetherness. May this Zesha time lead all the readers a step ahead in their life of happiness.

**Ms Deepa George
HOD Dept. of English**



FROM THE STAFF EDITOR

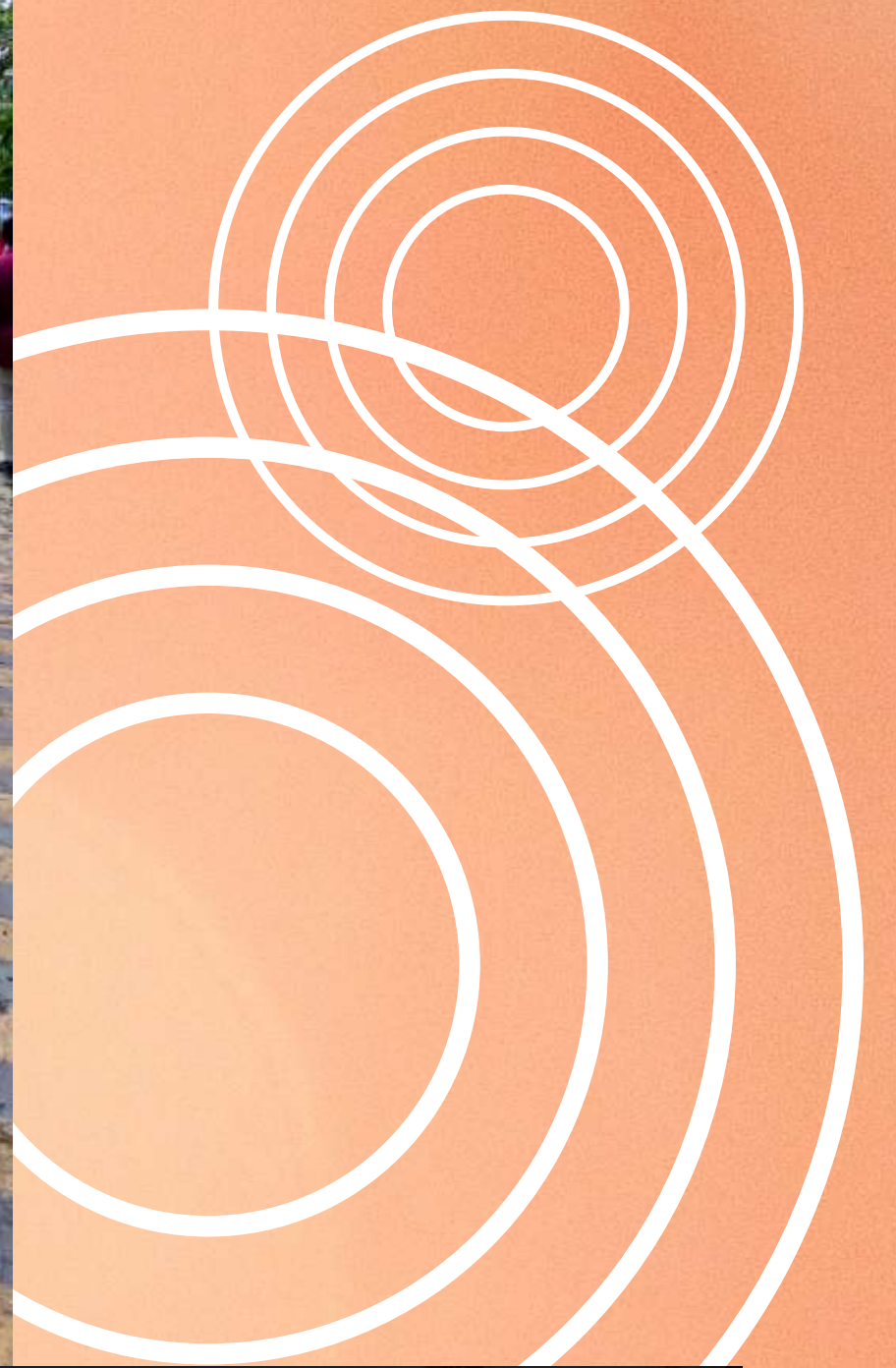


In an unprecedented and seemingly bleak situation, ZESHA represents the spirit of togetherness that drives us towards a common goal. In the course of developing our department magazine, I believe all of us were able to find camaraderie, joy, and most of all hope for a better tomorrow. The craft of words and carefully curated images we present before you showcase tendrils of creativity as well as the sheer power of resilience in our students.

I would like to place on record, my sincere gratitude for the support and guidance extended by the management, our HOD Prof. Deepa George, my esteemed colleagues, and dear students towards rolling out ZESHA.

I wish everyone happy reading and hope this magazine inspires creative thought and zeal for self-expression in you.

**Ms. Rohini Krishnan
Staff Editor**



STUDENT EDITOR'S MESSAGE



“A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies. The man who never reads lives only one.” – George R.R. Martin

I believe in the importance of reading, which leads us to its first phase- writing. To imagine a world without literature feels cold as if it is a distant stare into the abyss of nonchalant voices. Our magazine- Zesha intends to produce fine work in almost all genres and hopefully has done so. Each literary work in our magazine is the result of immense hard work, perseverance, and ever-growing passion. It is a drive to throw light on the hidden gems of our college.

Thus, I insist all, to keep reading and in that process learning, which ultimately gives us the most satisfying result of all-knowledge.

**Fathima Zefrin M A
Student Editor**

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Stuck

Ajex Jacob
I BA English

**I am stuck,
In a blind spot-
Shattered and mould;
 ` `Why in severity-
I shall not know
Being pulled over-
By a thousand menaces;
I creak and cry
my little soul out;**

**But for an answer
my heart then crowds,
all the folks, in my
mind's sound;**

**But,
in the end,
By all powers bound-
The answer then flees
From my sweet Lord; by
He smiles and pleases
All- too kind;
And then in pieces gifts himself-
In wisdom, in fright, in love and pride;**

**Such is the wonder
That works too loud
For in Darkness and light
He guides through - right;**

The Brake

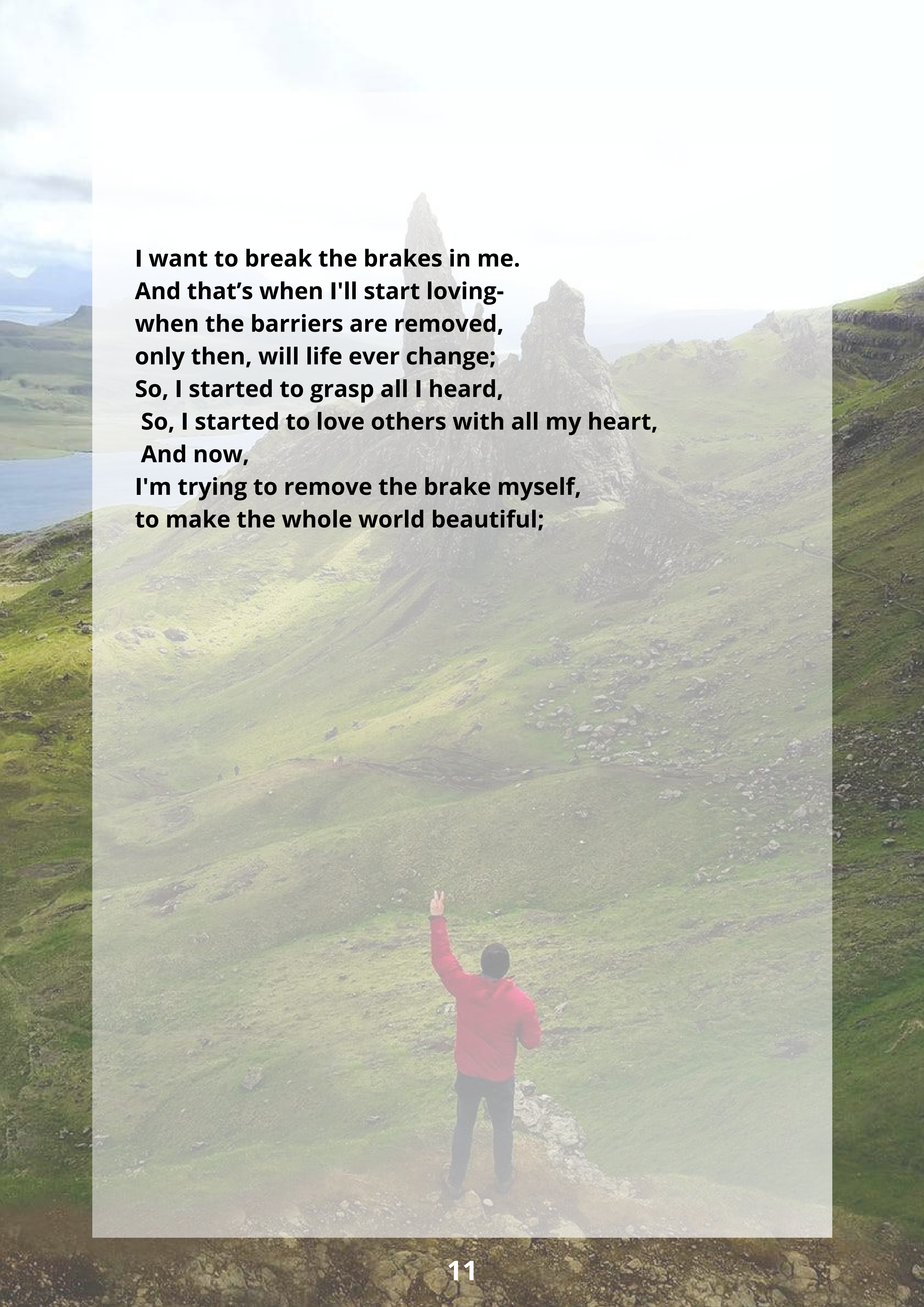
**Anald Thomas
I BA English**

**I want to share a story,
that hit the brakes-
on the habit of love;
I want to say a story,
that hit the brakes-
on the barriers of life;**

**I want to share a story,
that changed the brakes in me-
When I was little, I saw tears
Roll down my mother's cheeks-
But then, later -I saw her -happy;
When I asked my mom about it,
she said-"If there is one to love you, you'll
be happy".**

**During my high school days,
I knew a teacher, who was like mother to
me;
She once said to me-
"To stay happy, there is only one way,
that is to remove barriers "**

**Now I'm thinking-
How swiftly a year passed by,
But then, I forgot to pull my leg-
from the brake I applied.
The brake of love,**

A person wearing a red jacket and dark pants stands on a rocky outcrop, looking out over a vast, green, mountainous landscape. The person's right arm is raised in a peace sign gesture. The landscape features rolling green hills, a prominent rocky peak in the distance, and a body of water on the left. The sky is overcast and hazy.

**I want to break the brakes in me.
And that's when I'll start loving-
when the barriers are removed,
only then, will life ever change;
So, I started to grasp all I heard,
So, I started to love others with all my heart,
And now,
I'm trying to remove the brake myself,
to make the whole world beautiful;**

Soul Of The Rain

Ajmala Raniya

I BA English

Rain,
God's gift to mankind-
cures all chaos
that wanders within;
The darkened clouds -
Sob- of pain;
Just as drops of crystal rain,
Pours down- few drops of love;



When did I say the Last Goodbye

**Anisha Maria Job
I BA English**

**In one serene sundown,
When my blues disappeared into the sky hues,
I met a long-forgotten friend under the oldest
craggy tree in my backyard.
His name I knew – was Childhood.
He hugged me tight with memories I left behind.
We sat on dry grass, under the tree, deeply rooted
brown;
He caressed my grey hair, all he recalled were the
short black curls.
We chatted on,
on the things, I lost count of.
About the sunny days-
tossing stones over the ripened mangoes,
with the yellow stain, to catch the pamphlets that
swayed in the air.
Playing Ring around the Rosie,
Trusting others, holding hands- tightly,
And yet, I fell- each time.

The fairs we yearned for-
dolls, coaster, pink candy, bubbles, gun, and so
much more.
Tethered animals -dancing to their master's
whims,
without letting their face bruise.

Bribing Amma -with a kiss,
to lick my favorite- colorful lollies, before the
paper comes.**

**Recalling the days- when I'm angry at myself
-for sleeping too long.**

**Insomnia was healed -when Appa cuddled.
An evening through the kite filled sky, I wished to fly-
higher, beside the Eagle's flight.
Like a threadless kite, I flew aimlessly,
to an unknown place- where no one knew my name.**

**Now I regret,
regret breaking my strings attached.
It's my fault -I realized,
I became my nightmares -personified.
I asked him when I last bid goodbye?
He smiled vaguely and said - 'it is now my friend'.
'Will I see you again' -I asked,
I waited for a white lie but he kissed me,
Waved me goodbye. 'See you on the other side?'
He escaped into thin air, there is no other side,
Only the tears in my eyes, fond memories, and a
goodbye to reside.**

I Am Never Alone

**Anton Jose
I BA English**

**Take the short way back home,
back to yourself-
and seed these words
deep down in your heart-
you -are never alone;
Look up into the sky-
there are millions of stars,
spreading hope
every night;
Look up into the sky-
you are never alone;**

The Pain

Dixon D'Silva

1BA English

**I'm falling down,
I'm falling down;
The world,
is also falling down;**

**My head is aching,
My heart is beating;
All around me is-
Breaking down;**

**I can't hold it in,
I'm falling down;
Is there anyone- who can
Help me out?**

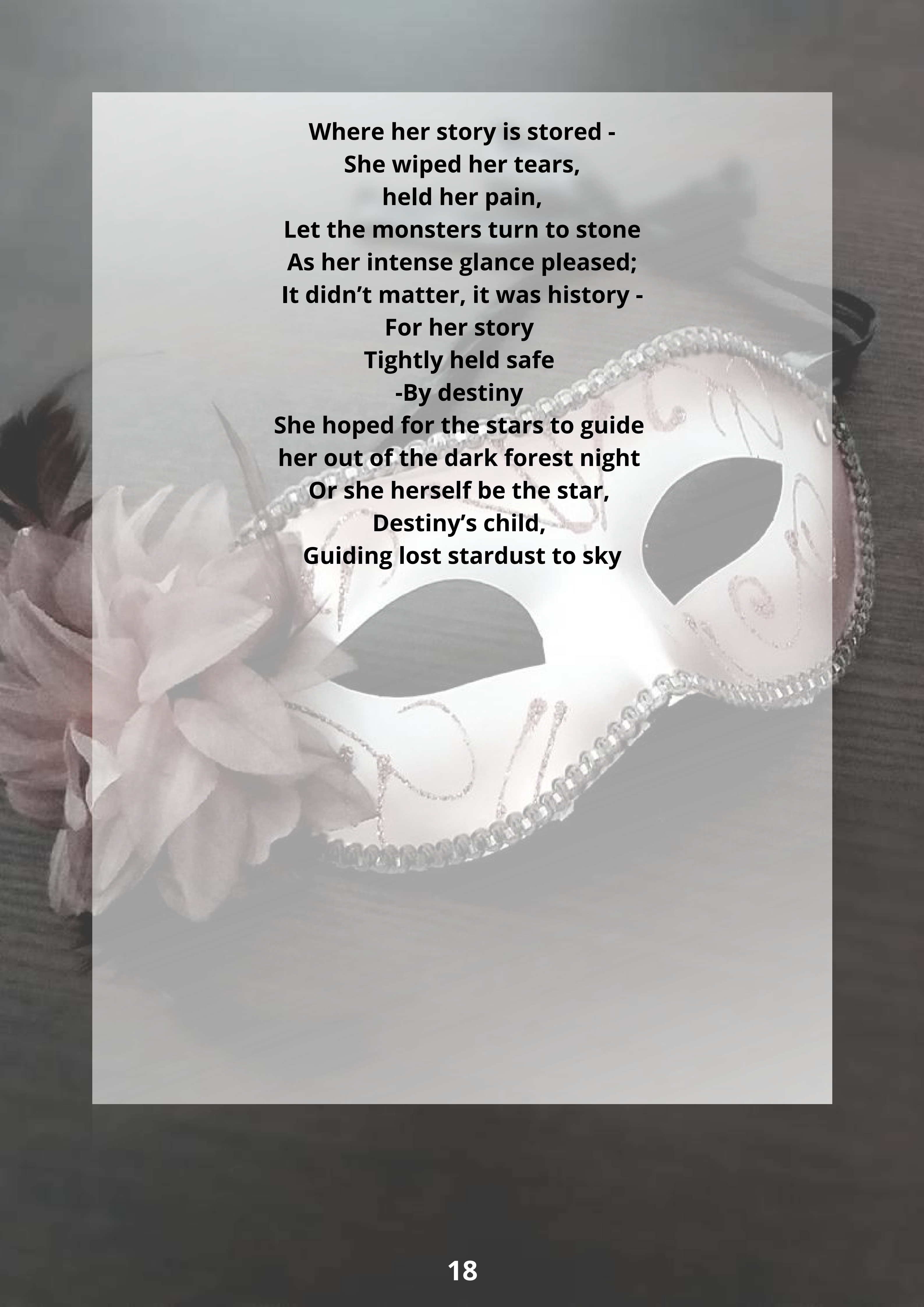
**Pain is the one-
Who does it all
Pain is the one-
Who breaks down the world;
Nobody can stop it,
But then I found out
There is one -who can
Stop it all;**

**The one who takes
Our pain;
The one who lives
for our pain-
And it's Jesus Christ;**

Her Story

Jyothilakshmi R
II BA English

There is a child inside her
Howling, screaming and groaning;
She never knew the world as a good place, but knew that
demons weren't restricted
to fantasies or fairy tales;
Monsters lived among her -
She saw them, sometimes in her loved ones;
She still looked up to them- for the unfamiliar and the
worse,
She closed her eyes and promised never to face;
She decided to move on, tiptoeing on glass shards.
The moment she stepped on safe planes,
the pain kicked in, inch by inch; She always kept a smile
outside-
perks, sly or vex;
Some knew her as an angel, some as a vixen,
Many names she held-
In vain and pain;
But none, knew the venom in her head -slithering,
struggling to get outside to engulf her.
One day she'll accept the poison- running through her
veins and her ophidian hair

A decorative mask with intricate patterns and a beaded border, resting on a surface with flowers.

**Where her story is stored -
She wiped her tears,
held her pain,
Let the monsters turn to stone
As her intense glance pleased;
It didn't matter, it was history -
For her story
Tightly held safe
-By destiny
She hoped for the stars to guide
her out of the dark forest night
Or she herself be the star,
Destiny's child,
Guiding lost stardust to sky**

Life

Devika Pradeep
I BA English

Life is a gift from the divine spirit. It is a word that comes with multiple meanings and experiences. Above all, life is not just about existence but also about how an individual defines that existence. Hence, it is important to look at life not just from a single perspective. Philosophers and poets have written much about what constitutes living and more importantly the fundamentals that define someone's life. Of course, this exercise has been done in various ways. While philosophers try to find the meaning and purpose behind the life of individuals, poets and authors document the richness of life through various stages. Life is thus something that is more than intriguing.

Sample essays on life include the longing essence for life in many streams of educational centers. Existence is however sometimes challenging. There are many who do not have the fortune to get a good education, there are some who do not have access to food and shelter and for them -existence is difficult and life is despicably harsh. But just as existence is an important feature of life, another such element is hope.

Hope is what people cling on to when they find darkness taking over their lives, hope is what gives way to survival. Survival and hope are the two important aspects for everyone as far as life and living is concerned. The world these days, governed by competition, makes survival the most difficult thing. And for those to whom existence is

challenging, hope is the only way of survival. This is only one of the ways life can be summed up in words. The fact however is, life cannot be summed up in words. Words fail to express the meaning and purpose that anyone feels he or she has in life. For some, it might be to create or build something, for someone it might be to gain knowledge, and for someone, it might be to have fun.

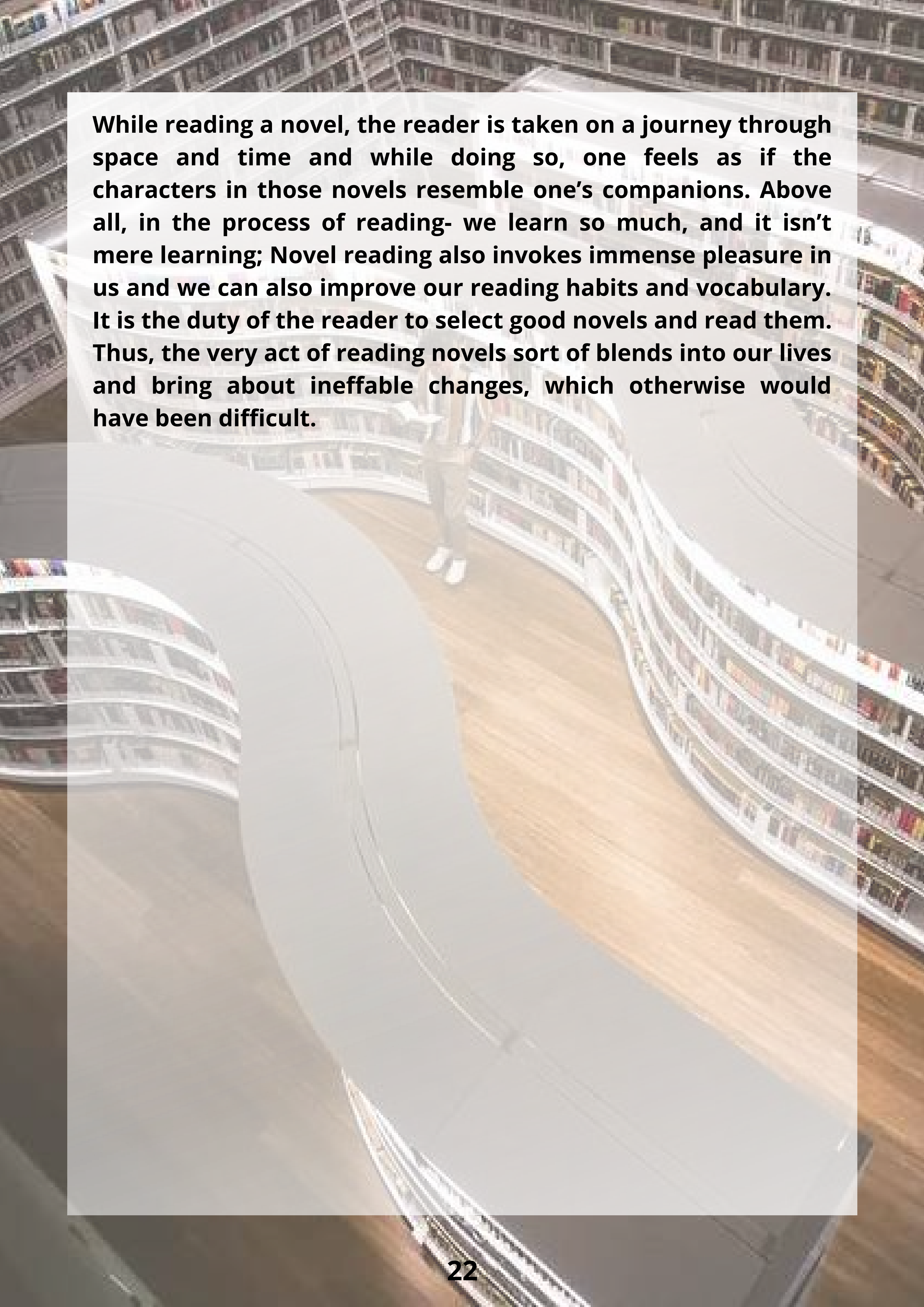
The Pleasure of Reading Novels

**Fathima Nesmin
II BA English**

The novel is the most popular literary form of our generation. They are more popular than poems and plays because a novel usually contains a good story. It is the story that attracts readers to novels. Another reason for the popularity of novels is that they are usually written in a simple style. Anyone who is literate enough can read a novel. That is why most people choose to read them -in order to fritter away time.

Books are our best companions. We receive comfort by reading a novel, it is like talking to its author. When we read a novel, we are not merely conversing with the author, instead, we also get involved in the life described in the novel. A novel resembles life. When a person reads, he feels that the characters are real. Thereby we can increase our imaginative skills. Also, while reading a novel the reader is forced to review his own moral position. When a person reads a large number of novels it gives him an insight into numerous human natures. Novels are usually written in a simple style and so no special skills are required in order to read one.

The disadvantages are greater if one reads tasteless novels. The life depicted in them might seldom be interesting and it is likely to cause a bad influence on the readers. But a good novel can affect the life of a person positively, it can even change his life in a good and interesting manner.



While reading a novel, the reader is taken on a journey through space and time and while doing so, one feels as if the characters in those novels resemble one's companions. Above all, in the process of reading- we learn so much, and it isn't mere learning; Novel reading also invokes immense pleasure in us and we can also improve our reading habits and vocabulary. It is the duty of the reader to select good novels and read them. Thus, the very act of reading novels sort of blends into our lives and bring about ineffable changes, which otherwise would have been difficult.

God is Nigh

Suhail Heukagothi
I BA English

Day is done,
Gone the sun-
From the lakes,
From the hills,
From the sky;
All is well-
Safely rest-
God is nigh;

Finding light,
Dims the sight-
And a star
Gems the sky;
Gleaming bright
From afar,
Drawing nigh,
Falls the night;

Thank and praise-
For our days,
Neath the sun
Neath the stars,
Neath the sky;
As we go.
This we know,
God is nigh;

Are women better leaders than men?

Jyothilakshmi R

II BA English

Leadership is not a quality that is dependent on a person's gender. The social constructs, limitations of gender, biological benefits, or other restraints only have negligible influence on a great leader. A great leader is an idealistic concept. It can't be defined in a few words, as it can't be constructed without specific conditions that are to be followed and looked upon. It is something beyond aspects as mentioned above. If that was the case, we wouldn't have had a group termed 'natural leaders'. The kind of people who have an inbuilt ability to lead people, to influence their thought process, to positively manipulate their minds, to push them ahead as per the goals put forward or nurtured by a particular leader. But leadership isn't a talent acquired through genes. Sometimes, nepotism might offer a great breeding ground for leaders but however, there are so many examples where this concept fails to bring forth great leaders.

It is one of the reasons why numerous popular dynasties turned into ashes leaving behind no trace of their existence. Leadership is an intrinsic quality that individuals acquire themselves and carefully nurture through life experiences and continuous learning. History proves the above.

This world has witnessed women rulers since- times immemorial. However, due to the patriarchal system which seeks to oppress women, the hurdles women leaders face are much greater than that of their male counterparts. In many societies, there were rules set against women, rules that demand women leaders to get married, just so that she will have a man by her side to help her. But leaders like Hatshepsut, the fifth Pharaoh of Egypt had overthrown these oppressive beliefs and ultimately proved to be as great as any other Pharaoh. However, after her death, there were efforts to erase her identity, to remove the very proof of her existence since it offended the patriarchal construction of that era. This ancient act reflects today's world as well. Even though women achieve great heights, being one in a million among the 'she' tribe, one still needs to put in more effort to prove one's capability and to mark one's name, irrespective of the gender. No matter what a woman does, her gender is considered to be the evaluation criteria.

In India we had great women leaders like Razia Sultana of Delhi Sultanate and Jhansi Rani who took over their respective kingdoms and reigned with valor. They are fierce reminders of the strength that women possess. But unfortunately, the truth remained -that even after reaching such supreme positions, almost all these female leaders had to prove their capabilities to be just as good as any other man and as a result, they adopted many ways to prove their "masculinity " more than treasuring their true feminine selves.

Queen Cleopatra, the last queen of ancient Egypt and unarguably the most famous -made her portraits and images in the coin appear with masculine features so that it seemed more manly and strong. Even though this is ancient history, the plight of

women leaders today are still the same especially because many male world leaders still hold onto such strong patriarchal beliefs. It is the reason why the internet is flooded with female leaders being criticized for their gender and are being called names such as - "bitch", "slut", "whore" and much more.

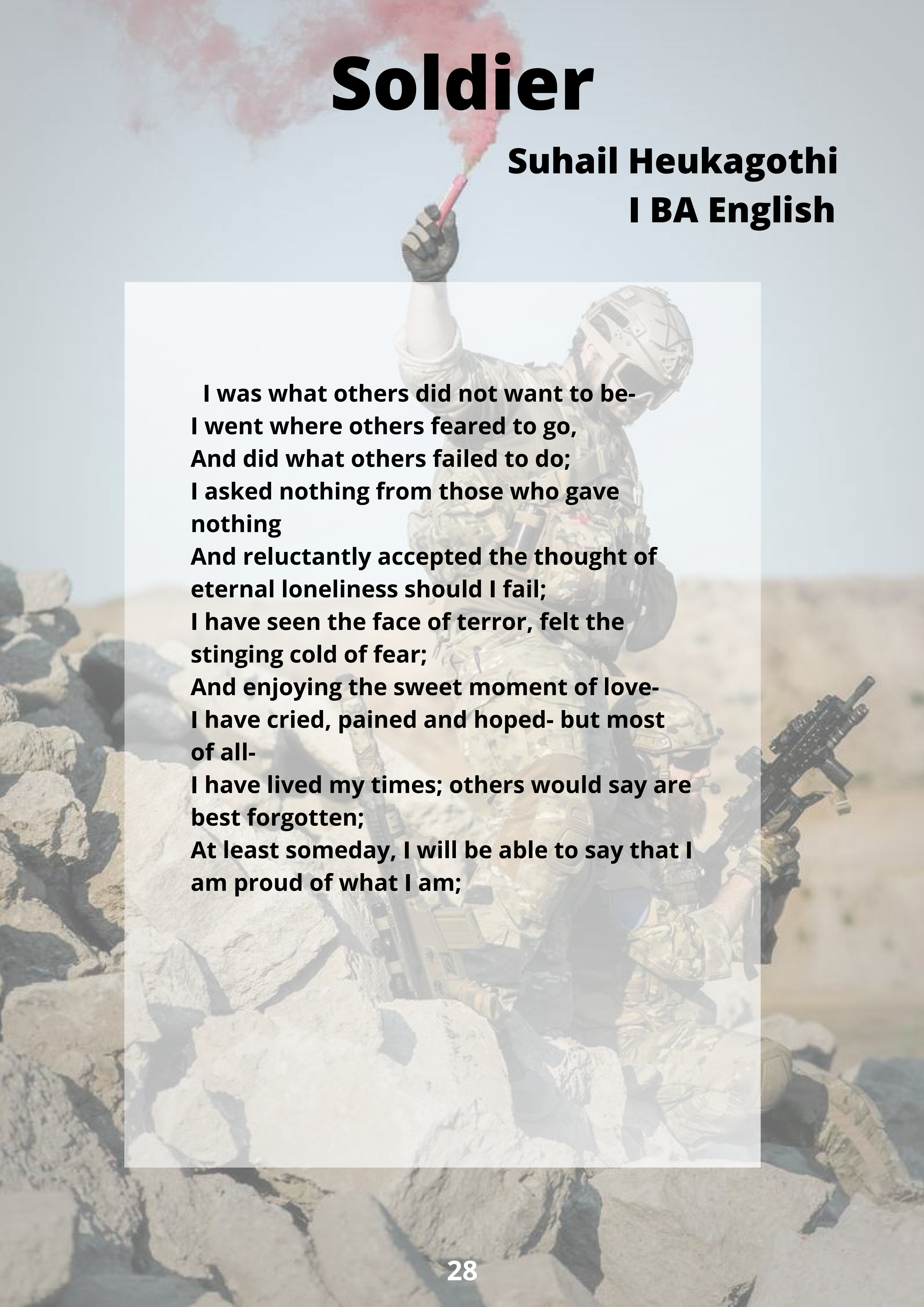
Many women leaders are accused of being involved in sexual persuasion which supposedly gets them instant promotions. It is a bitter truth that no man, whatsoever would have had to face such perverted mannerisms. The recent attack on Alexandria Cortez, an American congresswoman by a senior Senate member that was trending in social media is by far a great example. However, this modern society of ours is also blessed with many amazing female leaders- Jacinda Arden, the Prime Minister of New Zealand who is being showered with praises for eradicating the Covid-19 outbreak in her country, the grave danger that even the most developed countries are struggling to cope up with. Germany, led by Angela Merkel is also showing positive results after months of lockdown restrictions and proper planning. The death rate is much less compared to other European countries. Sanna Marin of Finland with her coalition of female-led parties also experienced lower death rates. Tsai Ing-Wen, President of Taiwan is also another female leader who had amazing success in curbing the death rate of the disease.

These are exceptional individuals who were capable of tackling these dangerous unprecedented circumstances with utmost skill and proper planning and they acknowledge the help they received in numerous ways, unlike some male leaders who prefer to boast their achievements first and thank later, it has been a tendency of world leaders since times immemorial as

the ancient forts and temples dedicated to them. It may be true that certain feminine qualities such as meticulous attention to details, empathy, ability to care and nurture, to acknowledge help, sensitive towards others, teamwork, multitasking, flexibility etc contributed towards their success. But these can be done by men as well but I listed the above points as they are part of the social construct of feminine character. But it's not even necessary that all women possess them. However, the feminine aspects of things can make things better just as well as the masculine methods. However, the women leaders who made it to the top, sure knows how to defy all odds and move forward to create history. Let them make their mark so that many young women will follow their path. May they serve as an inspiration to everyone in the society irrespective of gender, respectful of all the people it constitutes.

Soldier

Suhail Heukagothi
I BA English



**I was what others did not want to be-
I went where others feared to go,
And did what others failed to do;
I asked nothing from those who gave
nothing
And reluctantly accepted the thought of
eternal loneliness should I fail;
I have seen the face of terror, felt the
stinging cold of fear;
And enjoying the sweet moment of love-
I have cried, pained and hoped- but most
of all-
I have lived my times; others would say are
best forgotten;
At least someday, I will be able to say that I
am proud of what I am;**

Sorry Dad

Neial Jojo
I BA English

**You are all I have-
You are the one who stood beside me,
But I hurt you-
I made a great sin,
I didn't obey you-
I didn't heed your words;
I only thought about myself.
I was, too selfish;
Now, I regret my sins-
I am unworthy to be entitled -your son.
And yet,
The only thing I can say is-
Sorry Dad**

A Stolen Moment

**Niya Paul
II BA English**

**I could feel the cool breeze
Caressing my face.
I could feel my hair
Dancing in the wind.
I can see the sun rising
In the distance.
I can feel the waves
Engulfing my feet.
It's an escape from
The real world.
When I open my eyes and
Stare at the four walls of my room
I realize that it was just
A stolen moment.
But a much needed one.**

In the Woods

Fathima Zefrin

I BA English

**I saw a woman
In the woods,
Humming the tune
Of fairy hoods;**

**Her skin was dark
With a blatant mark-
Of battles fought
And won so far;**

**I took to hide in
Pure renounce-
Watching her hum,
Like a lioness darn.**

**Her feet so broad,
Like a warrior's board-
She did then trot
Like a fearless- god;**

**Much in despise,
Yet too wise-
She blinked her eyes,
In fair demise;**

**Her hum was filled -
With sighs so sharp,
Her mouth spluttered -
Deep in wails;**

**I wondered what had
Led to so,
But nothing caught
My vision- raw;**

**She reached her hut
Through shallow muds;
All pale and worn,
With fainting scorn;**

**Not too long
It took to see-
Her withered past,
from inert dreams;**

**She dragged her feet
through battles -hard
Just to feed
Her little bard;**

**Her youth so splendid-
Seemed so far,
As she held herself
Too close -
to- her lad**

**He jumped about
In high spirits,
Gifting his mother
Fond memories-**

**She tucked him in
For a sleep so tight,
Little did she know
He'd leave that night;**

**He left the woman
In a state so mad,
She hurt herself
In mourning - bad;**

**She heard her heart
Now beat so fast-
Just like vessels
Clatter hard;**

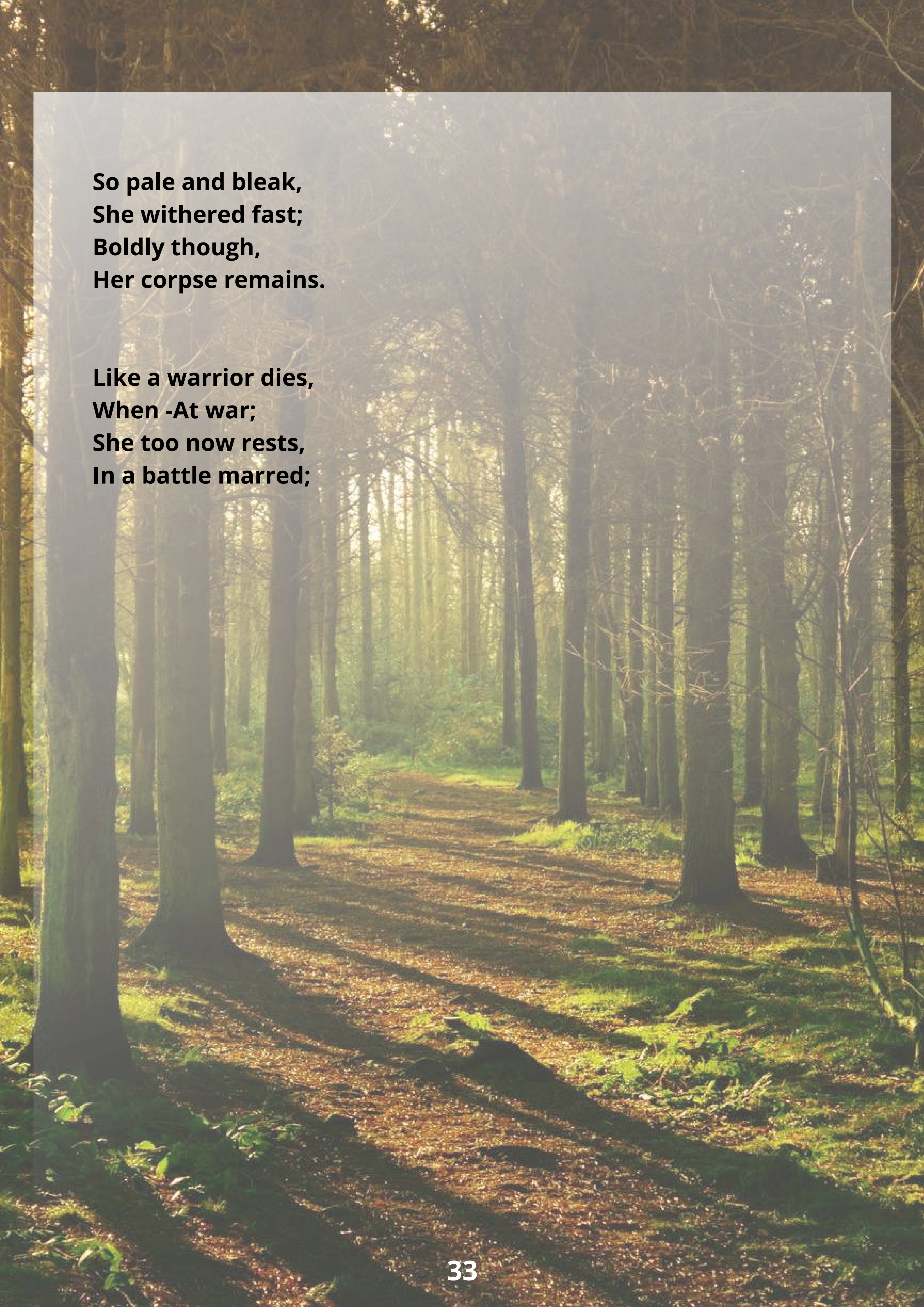
**Her little one
Now left her be-
With a storming soul
And a clenching heart;**

**Her feet -that broad
Now trembled so-
To turn a blind eye
Seemed silly though;**

**With dawn in sight
Her temples worn,
She knelt beside-
Her boy's tombstone-**

**Her eyes swollen
Her feet staggered,
She longed to quaff
Some Adam's ale;**

**But long before,
She sprawled in bare
She came to see
Her end in there;**



**So pale and bleak,
She withered fast;
Boldly though,
Her corpse remains.**

**Like a warrior dies,
When -At war;
She too now rests,
In a battle marred;**

Oblivion

Fathima Zefrin
I BA English

My dreams are not mine,
For which passes in oblivion
shall not claim its Pride.

My dreams are not mine,
They are-but beautiful
With each passing moment;

Someplace afar- to relinquish-
I shall wait,
-wait for its arrival
Like some flower about to bloom
In its brimming beauty;

And in that moment,
The one that-
Clears the void
Between our souls-
Shall lay my mind-
Too restless in pace,
Yet patient- a haze;

For in life, there are things
Things- to dream of-
And then there's the moon,
That sings across my soul
The sweet song of Hope,

-Of Hope -that withers.
The moon's now full today-
And yet shall lose and fade away;

But in its phases through,
Its pride remains;
Just-as it-dreams
-dreams, to be full again;

Horror of present Education System

**Gopika E G
I BA English**

In this article, I'd like to discuss a few about the immense darkness that prevails in the field of education. As a college student, I have experienced all sorts of darkness that floats within a student's mind. Taking into consideration the present mindset of students, it is more of fear than darkness. The fear of mentally exhaustive syllabus, examination, and so on that a student faces is beyond one's imagination.

We are aware that the source of all that fear stems from various educational systems introduced by the governing bodies of all the respective countries. Since we represent our country -India, let's talk about the present flaws of the educational system prevalent in India. It is not the flaw of policies introduced, but the flaw of how these policies and systems are carried out and implemented. First of all, the immense pressure that students face regarding the selection of a particular course that is supposed to determine their career ahead, tends to trivialize their emotional and social needs.

In India, professional courses like engineering and medicine are considered to be the standard education which is highly respectable and pays well. Due to the extensive emotional persuasion by their families, students tend to conform to all such societal norms. This is just one of the many issues that students face. This is where the ineffable need to write a long essay in order to throw light upon all these major issues arises.

Hopefully, in the near future, we will be able to analyze, solve and overcome all these obstacles. For now, let's fall in line with the conclusion by quoting an ever-famous personality- Nelson Mandela: "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world".

ആമനുഷ്യൻ

Aneesh A T
I BA English

കാണുവാൻ നിഷ്കളങ്കൻ
മാംസത്തിൽ മുദുലൻ
തലോടാൻ പരുകൻ

ആയുസ്സിനു നീളമുള്ളവൻ
ശക്തശരീരമെങ്കിലും
ഭയന്നാളിടുമുള്ളിൽ

കഴിക്കാൻ പല്ലില്ല
കേൾക്കാൻ കാതില്ല
വേഗതയുമില്ലാതൊരുവൻ

വെല്ലുവിളിച്ച മുയലിനെ ഓടി
തോൽപ്പിച്ചു പേരെടുത്തവൻ
ആമയെ അനുകരിക്കും
നരൻ ആമയേക്കാൾ കേമൻ

പടിയിറക്കം

Krishnapriya Balan
I BA English

വിശാലമായ പള്ളി കവാടങ്ങൾ
എനിക്കായി തുറക്കവേ
ആൾത്താരകളിൽ ആയിരം
മെഴുകുതിരികൾ തെളിയവേ
യേശുവേ നിനക്കായി ആയിരം
ശബ്ദങ്ങൾ മാറ്റൊലിക്കൊള്ളവേ
പള്ളിമേടയിലെ അവസാന കുട്ട-
മണിയും മുഴങ്ങിത്തീരവേ
എനിക്കായി നന്നത്തെ അവസാന
കണ്ണുകളും വറ്റിത്തീരവേ
എന്റെ കയ്യിലെ പൂക്കളും
കൊന്തയും എടുത്തോളൂ
ഞാൻ പടിയിറങ്ങുകയാണ്
എനിക്കിവിടം
ഇഷ്ടമായിരുന്നു

ഭ്രാന്ത്

Antony Samuel Sam C D
III BA English

എനിക്കുമവൾക്കും ഭ്രാന്താണ്
ആർക്കും മനസ്സിലാവാത്ത ഭ്രാന്ത്
ഭ്രാന്തും മൈത്രി സൃഷ്ടിക്കുന്നു
ഭ്രാന്ത് ഞങ്ങളെ ഉറ്റ മിത്രങ്ങളാക്കി

ഇന്നലെയെന്നെ പനി ബാധിച്ചു
പനി ഗുളിക എന്നെ പിടിച്ചുനിർത്തി
ഭ്രാന്തനിന്ന് വിചിത്രനാണെന്ന് ഭ്രാന്തി
ഭ്രാന്തന് വൈചിത്ര്യത്തിന് കാരണം
പനിയോ എന്ന് ചോദിച്ചു ഭ്രാന്തി

ഭ്രാന്തിന്റെ വിചിത്രലോകത്തും വൈ-
ചിത്ര്യം ഭ്രാന്തിയും, ഭ്രാന്തനും മനസ്സി-
ലാക്കി ഭ്രാന്തില്ലാത്ത ലോകത്തിന്
ഞങ്ങളുടെ ഭ്രാന്തൻ ലോകത്തിൽ
നിന്നുള്ള അറിയിപ്പ്!!

പ്രളയത്തിനോടുള്ള പ്രണയം

Ansiya C A
I BA English

അനശ്വര നിർഗ്ഗള മഴ
മഴയുടെ അന്ത്യം പ്രളയം
ആ പ്രളയത്തിനോടും
തോന്നുന്നെന്നിക്കൊരു പ്രണയം
മാനവർ മനുഷ്യത്വം മറന്നതിനാൽ
പ്രപഞ്ചം നൽകിയ ശാസനയിൽ.

മനുഷ്യത്വം, ദയ എന്നിവയൊന്നാണ്
മാനവനെ മനുഷ്യനാക്കിയ ശിക്ഷ
ശിക്ഷയും ഒരനുഗ്രഹമായപ്പോൾ
പ്രളയത്തിനോടും ഒരു പ്രണയം

മതം എവിടെ ലിഗവ്യത്യാസമെവിടെ
മനുഷ്യന് കിട്ടിയൊരീ ശിക്ഷയിൽ ?
ഉചിതമായൊരു ശിക്ഷയിരുന്നതിനാൽ
ആ ശിക്ഷയോടും ഒരു പ്രണയം !

സൗഹൃദം

John Sebastian
I BA English

എത്ര നാൾ നിൻ ചിത്രം എൻ
മനസ്സിൽ നിറഞ്ഞുനിന്നെന്നോ
അത്രമേൽ നീയെനിക്കരികിലുണ്ടെന്നു-
മെൻ മനസ്സ് മന്ത്രിച്ചു

എത്ര നിൻ പിറകെ ഞാൻ അലഞ്ഞു
വിഫലമായൊരാ പാഴ്ശ്രമം
സൗഹൃദത്തിൻ നെറുകിൽ ചുറ്റും
ചില്ലുകളെന്നോട് മന്ത്രിച്ചു -

"എന്തിനീ പുഷ്പത്തിൻ പിറകെ
പ്രേമത്തിൻ പ്രതീകമായി
വെറുതെ അലഞ്ഞു നീ ?"

മടുപ്പെന്നോശയം എൻ ഹൃദയച്ചില്ല-
യിൽ നിന്നടർന്നുവീണുപോയി
സൗഹൃദമോ ഇന്നൊരു മാന്ത്രിക-
ക്കമ്പിയായി ചുറ്റിപ്പടർന്നു .

അകലുക നീ മനസ്സേ ... നിന്റെ ഈ
ചേതന നീ തന്നെ സ്വീകരിക്കും
ഞങ്ങളെന്നുമി ഉഷ്ണത്തിൻ
മൈതാനത്ത് കാല്പന്തുമായി
പടർന്നുയർന്നുയരവേ.....

സമ്മാനം

Kenes Michael Kaduthuse
I BA English

ഞാൻ അന്ന് പ്ലസ് ടുവിൽ പഠിക്കുന്നു. ക്രിസ്തുമസ് അവധി കഴിഞ്ഞ് പരീക്ഷയുടെ ചുടിലെക്ക് എല്ലാവരും കടന്നുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയാണ്. പരീക്ഷയെക്കുറിച്ച് ഓർത്ത് പേടി ഉണ്ടെങ്കിലും വരുന്ന മെയ് മാസത്തിൽ വേളാങ്കണ്ണിക്ക് പോകാമെന്ന് അപ്പൻ പറഞ്ഞതിന്റെ സന്തോഷം അന്ന് തൊട്ടേ ഉള്ളിലുണ്ട്. പ്ലസ് ടുവിൽ പഠിക്കുന്ന സമയത്ത് 16 വയസ്സുണ്ടായിരുന്നു എനിക്ക്. വലിയ പയ്യനായി എന്ന് ആളുകൾ പറയുമ്പോഴും ഉള്ളിന്റെയുള്ളിൽ കൊച്ചുകുട്ടിയെപ്പോലെയായ ഞാൻ വലിയ പയ്യനെപ്പോലെ ആകാൻ പരിശ്രമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. പ്രേമത്തിന്റെ വാറന്റി എത്ര കാലം ഉണ്ടാവുമെന്ന് അറിഞ്ഞതുകൊണ്ടാവണം, പുതിയൊരേണ്ണം വാങ്ങി മെനക്കേടാനുള്ള ചിന്ത പോലും എന്ന് മനസ്സിലുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. സ്വഭാവം പിള്ളേരുടേത് പോലെ ആണെങ്കിലും ചിന്തകൾ കൊണ്ട് ഞാൻ യൗവ്വനത്തിന്റെ പടിവാതിൽക്കൽ എത്തിയിരുന്നു.

എന്റെ അപ്പനാണെങ്കിൽ ശരീരം കൊണ്ട് മധ്യവയസ്കൻ ആയെങ്കിലും മനസ്സ് കൊണ്ട് ഈ 51 വയസ്സ് തികഞ്ഞ വേളയിലും ഒരു കൗമാരക്കാരനാണ്. കൗമാരത്തിന്റെ പ്രസരിപ്പും, ഊർജ്ജസ്വലതയും അപ്പന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ എന്നും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ഒരിക്കലും അടങ്ങി നിൽക്കാതെ കുതിച്ചുപായുന്ന ഒരു പക്കാ കൗമാരക്കാരന്റെ മനസ്സുള്ള അപ്പനോട് പലപ്പോഴും എനിക്ക് അസൂയ തോന്നിയിട്ടുണ്ട്. ശരീരമല്ല മനസ്സാണ് നമ്മുടെ പ്രായം നിശ്ചയിക്കുന്നത് എന്ന വസ്തുത പലപ്പോഴും യാഥാർത്ഥ്യമായി തോന്നിയിട്ടുള്ളത് എന്റെ അപ്പനെ കാണുമ്പോഴാണ്.

ഒരു ദിവസം, വൈകിട്ട് പതിവുള്ള കട്ടൻചായ കുടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുമ്പോൾ അമ്മ അപ്പന്റെ വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ അന്വേഷിച്ച് തലങ്ങും വിലങ്ങും പായുകയാണ്. ഇത് ഞാൻ കാണാനുള്ള കാഴ്ചയാണെങ്കിലും പതിവിന് വിപരീതമായി എന്തോ സംഭവിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ എനിക്ക് തോന്നി. ഞാൻ അമ്മയോട് കാര്യം തിരക്കി. അപ്പോഴാണ് കര്യം അറിയുന്നത്, അപ്പനും അപ്പന്റെ ഗ്യാങ്ങും

കൂടി വേളാങ്കണ്ണിക്ക് പോകാൻ പോവുകയാണ്. കൂടെ പോകണം എന്ന് എനിക്ക് തോന്നിയില്ല, കാരണം അപ്പൻ ഞങ്ങൾ എത്ര വലുതാണെങ്കിലും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന് സ്വന്തമായ ഇഷ്ടാനിഷ്ടങ്ങളൊക്കെയുണ്ട്. അതറിയാവുന്നത് കൊണ്ടായിരിക്കണം ഞങ്ങൾ ആരും അപ്പന്റെ ഇഷ്ടത്തിന് എതിർ നിൽക്കാൻ താല്പര്യപ്പെട്ടില്ല. എന്തായാലും ഇപ്രാവശ്യം 2 ദിവസം മുൻപെങ്കിലും പോകുന്ന കാര്യം അറിയാൻ സാധിച്ചല്ലോ- അത് തന്നെ വലിയ ഭാഗ്യം.

ഞാൻ എട്ടിൽ പഠിക്കുന്ന സമയം, ഒരു ദിവസം രാവിലെ പണിക്കു പോയ അപ്പനെ വരേണ്ട സമയമായിട്ടും കാണുന്നില്ല. അമ്മ വല്ലാതെ ടെൻഷൻ അടിച്ചു, മുഖമാകെ മാറി, ആകെ വല്ലാതായി. തുടരെ തുടരെ അപ്പനെ വിളിച്ചെങ്കിലും കിട്ടുന്നില്ല. അപ്പന്റെ ജോലിസ്ഥലത്തേക്കും വിളിച്ചു നോക്കി- ഒരു രക്ഷയുമില്ല. ആർക്കും ഒരു വിവരവുമില്ല. അങ്ങനെ ഇരിക്കുന്ന സമയം അമ്മയുടെ ഫോണിലേക്ക് ഒരു വിളി വന്നു. അപ്പനായിരുന്ന് വിളിച്ചത്, അപ്പോഴാണ് കാര്യം മനസ്സിലായത്. പുള്ളി ഗോവക്ക് ട്രിപ്പ് പോയേക്കുവാ, ഇപ്പോ മംഗലാപുരത്ത് എത്തി നിക്കുവാ. അമ്മക്ക് ആ നിമിഷം അപ്പനെ കാലുവാരി നിലത്തടിക്കുന്നുള്ള ദേശ്യമുണ്ടെന്ന് അമ്മയുടെ മുഖത്തിൽ നിന്ന് തന്നെ വ്യക്തമായി. ഗോവയിൽ നിന്ന് ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് സാധനങ്ങളൊക്കെ മേടിച്ച് അപ്പൻ 3 ദിവസങ്ങൾക്ക് ശേഷം വീട്ടിലെത്തി.

യാത്രകൾ അപ്പൻ ഒരുപാട് ഇഷ്ടമാണ്. പലപ്പോഴും അപ്പന്റെ യാത്രകളിൽ കൂടെ പോകാൻ ഞങ്ങൾ 3 മക്കളിൽ നിന്ന് ഞാനായിരുന്നു തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെടാറുള്ളത്. അങ്ങനെ അപ്പൻ വേളാങ്കണ്ണിക്ക് പോയി കൊന്തം, പൊരീം, നേർച്ചയും എല്ലാം കൊണ്ട് തിരിച്ചുവന്നു. കൂട്ടത്തിൽ ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് ഒരു സാധനം കൂടി കൊണ്ട് വന്നെച്ചു - വേളാങ്കണ്ണിമാതാവിന്റെ രൂപം ടോപ്പിലുള്ള ഒരു പേന. അപ്പൻ പരീക്ഷക്ക് വേണ്ടി പ്രത്യേകം ഞങ്ങൾക്ക് മേടിച്ചതാണ്. സംഭവം അടിപൊളി പേനയാണ്. എനിക്ക് ഭാഗികമായി ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. പക്ഷേ നമുക്ക് എന്ത് കിട്ടിയാലും നാലാൾക്കാരെ കാണിക്കാൻ പട്ടിയതായിരിക്കണം എന്ന ചിന്ത എപ്പോഴും ഉണ്ടാകും. ഈ പേന നല്ലതാണെങ്കിലും മാതാവിന്റെ പടമുണ്ട് എന്നോരോറ്റ കാരണത്താൽ ഞാൻ ആ പേന സ്കൂളിലേക്ക് എടുത്തില്ല. ക്രിസ്ത്യാനിയാണോ എന്ന് ചോദിച്ചാൽ 'അതെ' എന്ന് പറയുന്നതിൽ എനിക്ക് സന്തോഷമേയുള്ളൂ.

പക്ഷേ ഞാൻ ആ പേന സ്കൂളിലേക്ക് കൊണ്ടുപോയാൽ ഇത്രയും നാൾ കച്ചറകാട്ടി നടന്നവൻ പുണ്യാളൻ ആയോന്ന് കൂട്ടുകാർ തെറ്റിദ്ധരിച്ചാലോ.

അതിനെ സ്കൂളിലേക്ക് കൊണ്ടുപോകാൻ അനുകൂലമായ ഒരു കാരണവും ഞാൻ കണ്ടില്ല. 3 ആഴ്ചയോളം അത് എന്റെ ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് ടെസ്റ്റിന് ഷെൽഫിൽ കൂട്ടിരുന്നു. ഒരു ദിവസം അപ്പൻ വീട് വൃത്തിയാക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. ഞാനുമുണ്ട് അപ്പന്റെ കൂടെ. പക്ഷേ ഞാൻ സഹനടൻ ആണ്, അപ്പനാണ് നായകൻ. അങ്ങനെ വൃത്തിയാക്കിവരുന്നതിനിടയിൽ എന്റെ ഷെൽഫിൽ അപ്പൻ തന്ന പേന കണ്ടപ്പോൾ അപ്പൻ എന്നോട് ചോദിച്ചു - " ഇതെന്താടാ ഇവിടെ വെച്ചേക്കുന്നത്? എടുത്ത് ബാഗിലിട്." ഞാനത് അവിടെ വെച്ചതാണെന്ന് അപ്പനോട് പറഞ്ഞു. ഈ പേന തെളിയിനില്ലെന്ന് ചോദിച്ചപ്പോ കൂഴപ്പൊന്നുമില്ല ഞാൻ എടുക്കാതിരുന്നതാണെന്ന് പറഞ്ഞു. അപ്പൻ ആ പേന അവിടെ തന്നെ തിരിച്ചുവെച്ചു. ഞാൻ അപ്പന്റെ മുഖം ശ്രദ്ധിക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. ഞാൻ അത് പറഞ്ഞ സമയത്ത് അപ്പന്റെ മുഖം ഒന്ന് വാടി, പിന്നെ പഴയത് പോലെയായി. അപ്പന്റെ മുഖത്ത് ഇങ്ങനെയുള്ള ഒരു ഭാവം ഞാൻ കണ്ടിട്ടേയില്ല. അപ്പന്റെ ആ ഭാവമാറ്റത്തിൽ ചങ്ക് തകർന്ന ഒരു ദുഃഖം ഞാനറിഞ്ഞു. അമ്മ കരഞ്ഞാൽ കണ്ണുനീറയാത്ത ആൺമക്കളില്ല. എന്നാൽ അന്നെനിക്ക് മനസ്സിലായി അപ്പന്റെ മുഖമൊന്നു വാടിയാൽ തന്നെ എന്റെ ചങ്ക് വാടിക്കരിയുമെന്ന്.

അന്നെനിക്ക് മനസ്സിലായി അത് വെറുമൊരു പേനയായിരുന്നില്ല. എന്റെ അപ്പന്റെ സ്നേഹമായിരുന്നു. ഞാനോ അതൊന്നും കാര്യമാക്കാതെ എന്റെ അഹങ്കാരം കൊണ്ട് മാത്രം അത് അവഗണിച്ചു. എന്നിട്ട് ദിവസം ഞാൻ കരഞ്ഞതിന് കയ്യും കണക്കുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. അന്ന് മുതൽ അപ്പൻ എനിക്ക് എന്ത് മേടിച്ചു തന്നാലും അതിന്റെ വില നിർണ്ണയിക്കാവുന്നതിലും വളരെ വലുതാണ്. കാരണം അതൊരിക്കലും ഒരു വസ്തുവല്ല മറിച്ച് അത് എന്റെ അപ്പന്റെ സ്നേഹമാണ്. നമുക്ക് സമ്മാനമായി കിട്ടുന്ന വസ്തു, അല്ലെങ്കിൽ നമുക്കായി മേടിക്കുന്നതെന്നുമായിക്കൊള്ളട്ടെ അതിന്റെ വില എഴുതിയിരിക്കുന്നത് ആ വസ്തുവിന്റെ പുറത്തല്ല അത് നമുക്ക് സമ്മാനമായി വാങ്ങിത്തരുന്ന വ്യക്തിയുടെ ഹൃദയത്തിലാണ് - അതോ ആർക്കും ഒരിക്കലും കണക്കുകൂട്ടാൻ കഴിയാത്തത്രയും കൂടുതലും.

Once upon a time

Once upon a time, in a strange faraway land or perhaps in a more familiar nearby city existed one of the most heavenly places on earth, filled with pupils and knowledge imparting professionals i.e our own blessed professors. It was none other than our campus, peppered with greenery all around its existential base. Students and tutors swamped in and placed themselves in all possible places there. There was joy and laughter, knowledge and belongingness. It's pleasures were ineffable and that was a time where all these seemed to be too overrated. But now everything concerning it is pretty much of a dream.

Here we are in 2021, looking into a bright future with an aim of rightfully denying 2020 any access into our lives. Without any further ado, lets get into the main frame. All these sugar-coated stories about campus life at St. Paul's might seem a bit too much, but the reality here is just as sweet as mentioned below. Except for the picture in which students rush their way through the college gate in large numbers, everything else remains the same. It's beauty-uncompromised, it's aura unmatched.

We, as in the students of English Literature expected a lot out of our time in college.

But unfortunately what awaited us was none other than the villainous Covid-19. We were to enter the golden period of our lives, but in return we were warded off by this new variant. To be honest the admissions were hilarious. All, masked up entered the campus, with hopes held sky high. Walking up those stairs, something inside of us kept screeching - it's a new beginning. The waiting room grew exhaustive, for in there were not many although the sounds of papers flying was something sort of a background music that kept the awkwardness from waving in. With masks on, social distancing marked benches apart, the smell of sanitizers- with all of these, what was supposed to be a college admission day, pretty much turned into a hospital consultation day but instead of doctors we had other professional working their way through it.

The next part of whatever this is, was the meetup. It wasn't a grand event. But it was something we were all looking forward to.

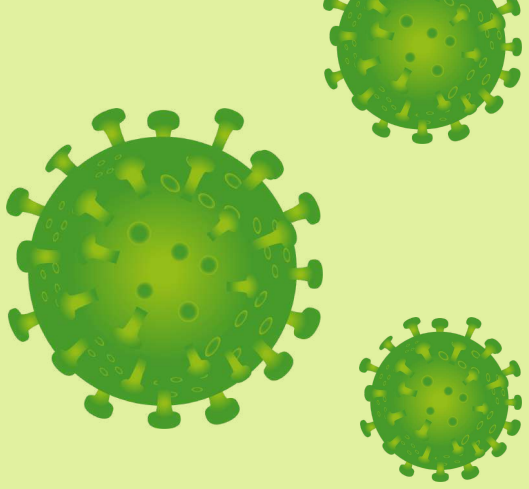
And as decided a few of us met in a mall, the story of which is somewhat cliched. But then, truth won't be denied, isn't it? All unfamiliar faces, but somewhat familiar names.

Individual identities being all that or only that of what was disclosed. It had become a matter of trust and the sheer necessity of bonding was intense. But now delving deep into it, it was so much more than a necessity, it was a luxury, or it had become so, given the circumstances in which we met. It was sort of witty, there was an awkward silence that reigned upon us for the first few minutes of our union. It was as if we knew nothing about each other. The phrase 'love is in the air' was overthrown by the much heavier 'awe is in the air' for one could glibly detect the uneasiness that hovered upon our souls. But with the passage of time, the thickness in oxygen around grew thinner and we started to speak up. And with all the talking and mustering, everything seemed manageable. It wasn't easy, but sure it was worth it. We even captured all those moments, well enough to cherish them far from the future. And since Christmas was around, we even cut a cake. By the time it was noon, almost half of our class was present there and the day took over and handled itself with such an astounding grace, time flew past us.

Towards the end of the day, parting seemed impossible, or maybe possible but unintended. The whole day, when it came to an end felt like a warm embrace in which all concerns seemed an eternity apart. It was an experience, no parallel universe could provide us with. And it'll remain so, till the end of time.

- Fathima Zefrin
I BA English





Karmic Retribution

Salma Sulthana
III BA English

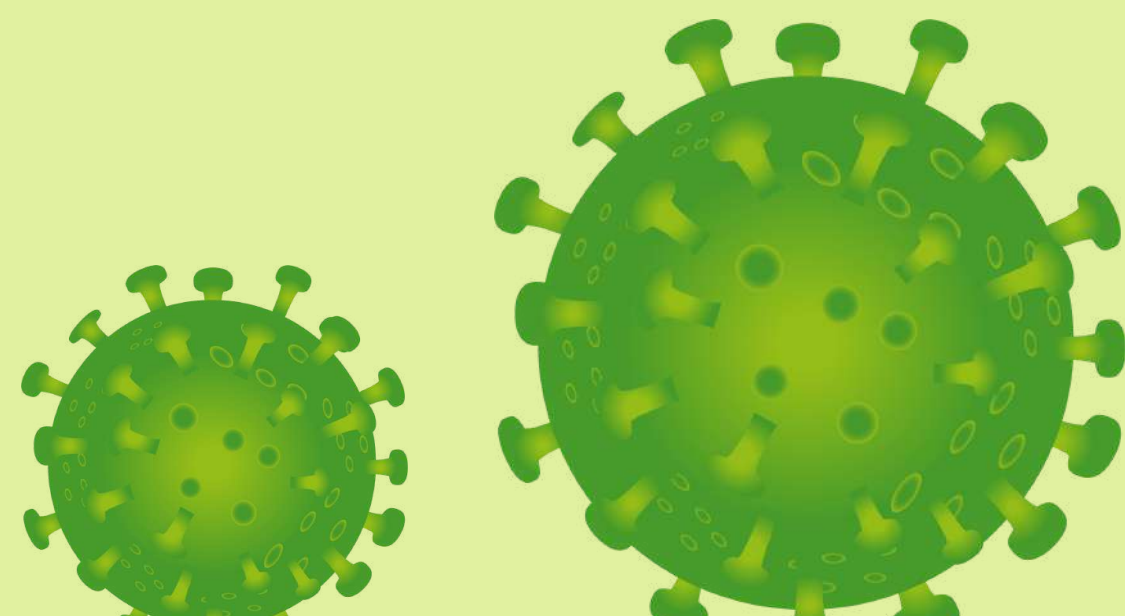
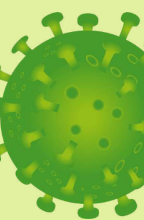
Someone once said, "Man is the virus that plagues the earth". Sounds a bit harsh. But take a look around. What do you see? Birds and animals coming back to occupy the deserted roads and public places. And guess who kept them out of the places they rightly deserve? Yes, that's right. Us.

While we went around colonizing the earth, we neglected the colonized: the life forms other than homo sapiens. Now it seems like they are revolting against us with a bioweapon. Smells like Karma, doesn't it?

The bigger blame is on the capitalists who contribute to enormous levels of pollution. Nevertheless, consumers are also to be blamed. This lockdown was enough to prove that anthropogenic activities are the biggest cause of the Earth's declining health. Remember all those capitalists who went around advocating that 'global warming is nothing more than a hoax'? No wonder they did. Because we all know it is very easy to turn a blind eye on something you benefit from.

Ever since civilizations began, we've been trying to tame and cage the earth's other offspring. And now, a virus of so insignificant a size has terrorized humans to remain locked up inside the safety of their homes. It feels as if the biological world is telling us: "Take that, Humans!".

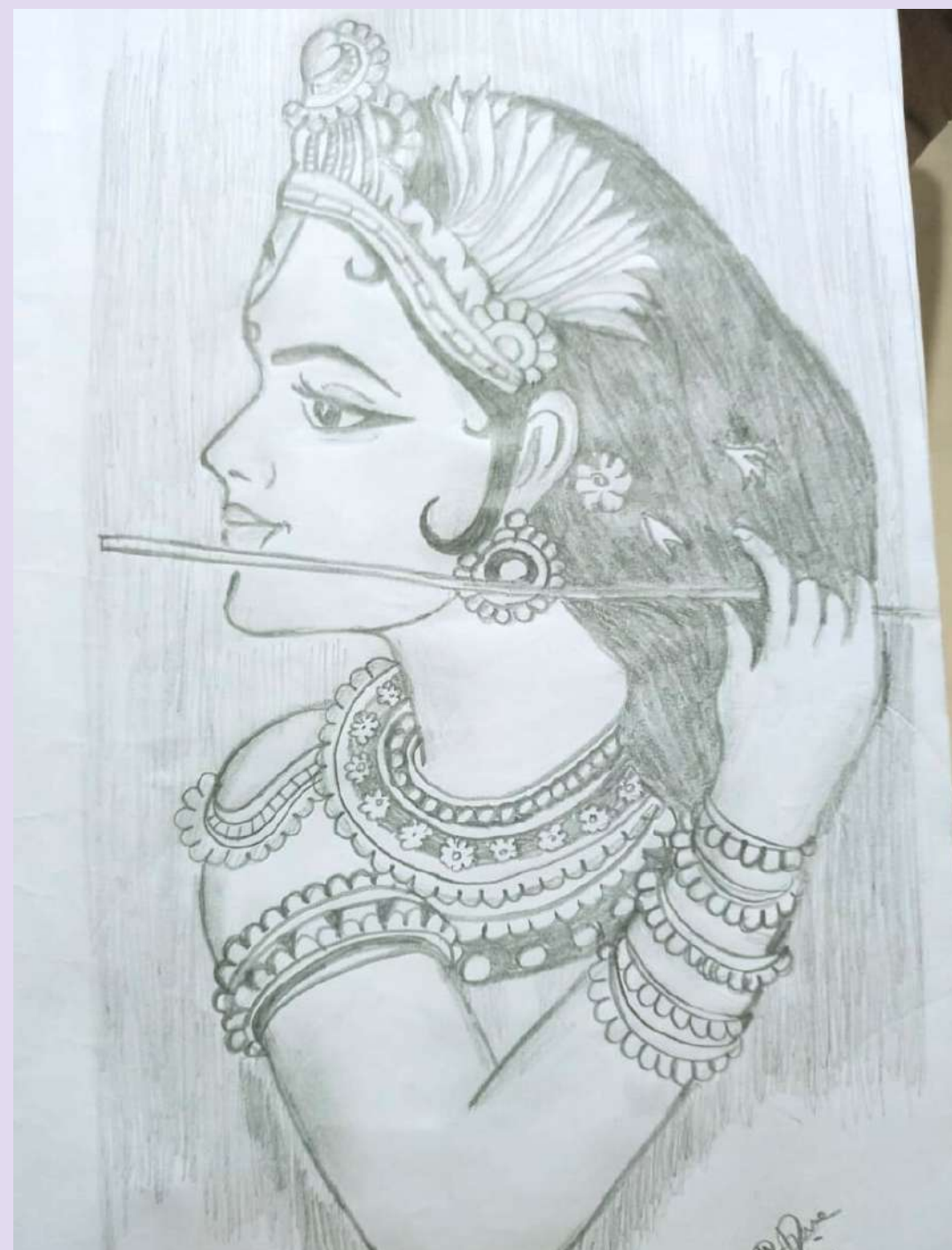
Reports from the past weeks shows pictures of clear water in waterbodies. Air quality is at an all-time high especially in cities and industrial areas. The earth is reviving. And if this lockdown lasts, one thing is for sure to happen. We'll at least have some fresher air to breathe. If we're around to breathe, that is.



GALLERY



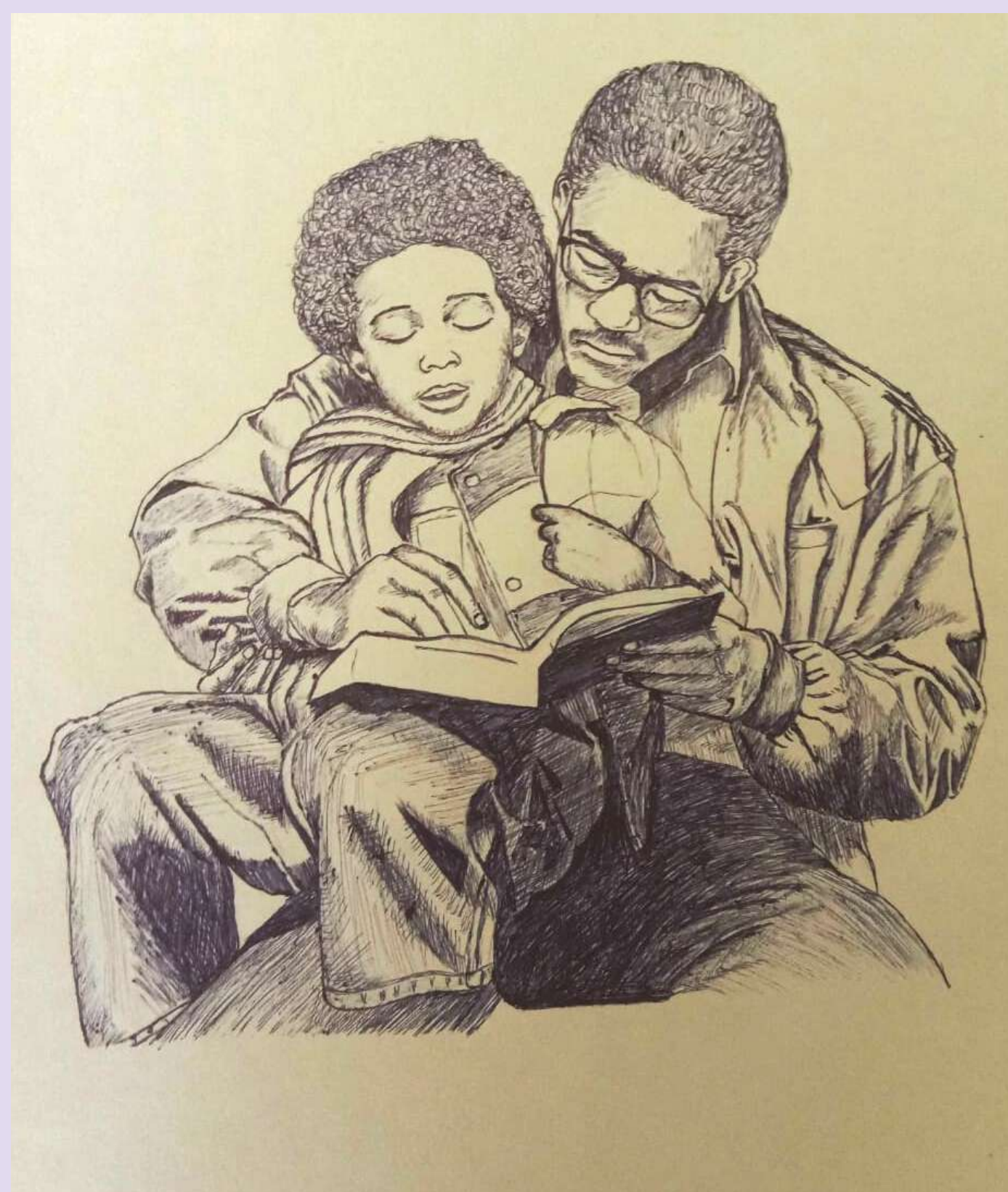
ANSHA MARIA JOB
I BA ENGLISH



AMALA DEVI PRADEEP
I BA ENGLISH



ANCY C R
I BA ENGLISH



APARNA K P
I BA ENGLISH



KAVYA K S
I BA ENGLISH



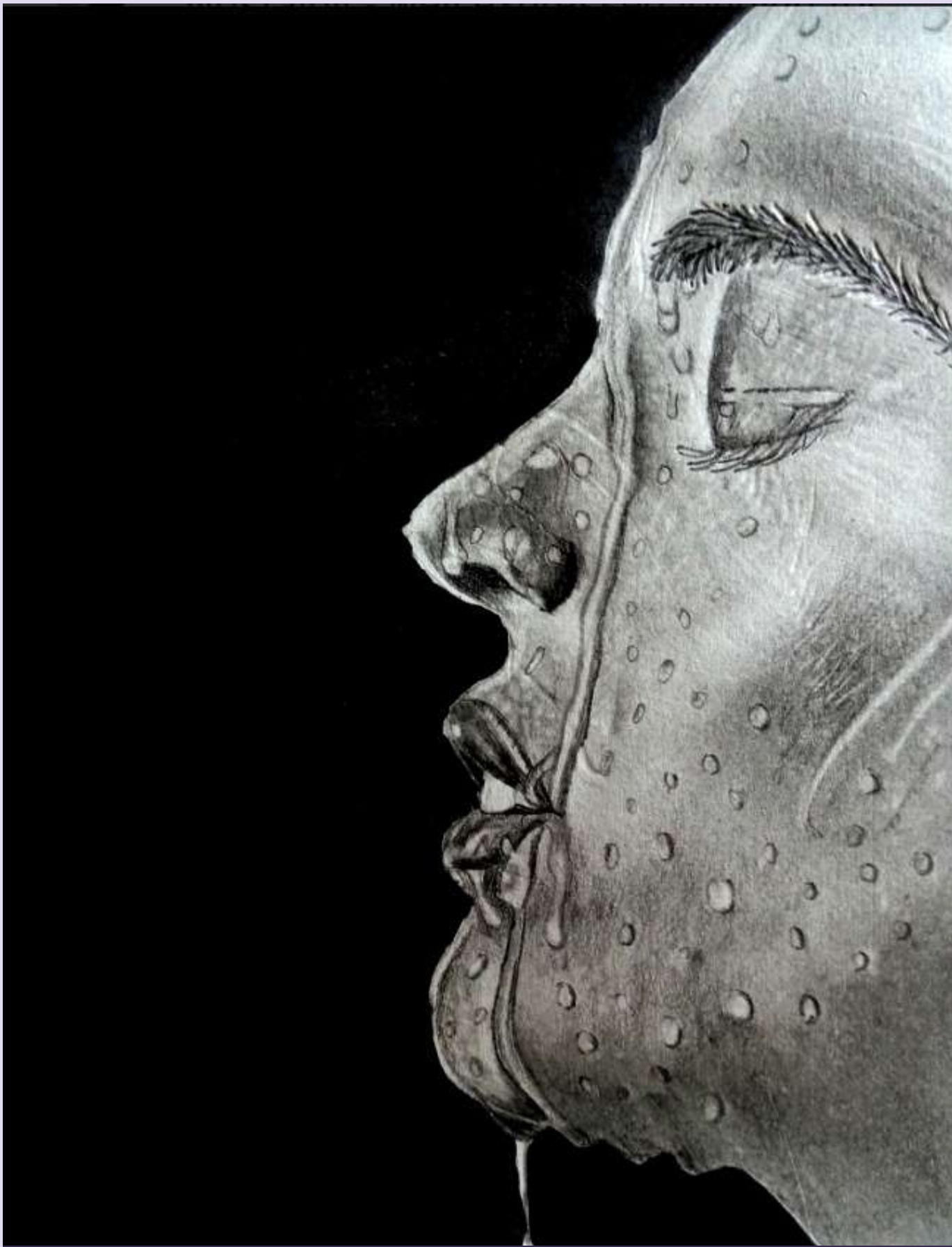
SANDHYA SATHEESHAN
I BA ENGLISH



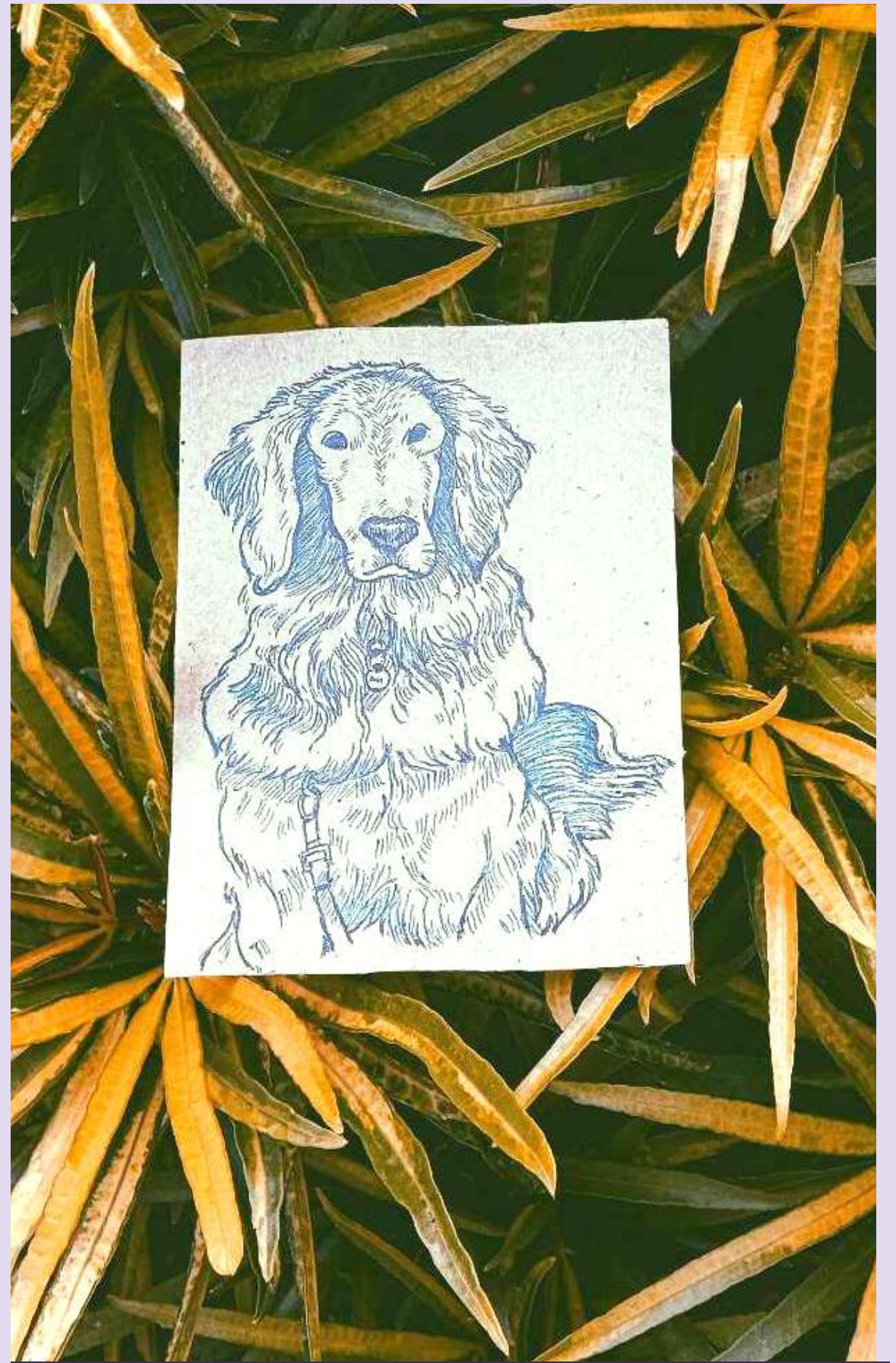
DEVIKA PRADEEP
I BA ENGLISH



DIXON D'SILVA
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**ANSHA MARIA JOB
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**APARNA K P
I BA ENGLISH**



**ASNA T A
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I BA ENGLISH**



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III BA ENGLISH**



**ASHNA BASHEER
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**DIXON D'SILVA
I BA ENGLISH**



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I BA ENGLISH**



I BA English



II BA English



III BA English

