SUNFLOWER
Women's Christian College

2014 - 2015
Perhaps, the most significant quality of a legend is that it endures. Emerging in its entirety, it gains new brilliance in its triumph against the ordeal of time. Its form may change as it passes from ear to ear, and yet, it enriches each mind, providing us with the succour to grow rooted and thrive. It was with this understanding that the editorial team decided upon the theme Legend for this issue of Sunflower. To celebrate the 100 year legacy of our college, we have a special section on centenary events on campus. This issue also takes on the format of a story book to take you back to the days of yore, filled with possibility.

We enjoyed an overwhelming response from students who warmed to the idea of legend. In this issue, tales of humour, irony, wit and beauty emerge in tandem with the underlying theme of legend. It is to those who took up their pens and gave voice and form to their latent ideas that we are truly thankful. For in doing so, they enrich the mind of the avid reader and sustain the legends they have created.

_Sneha Mary Christall, III B.A English_

Legends surround us everywhere. Be it those legendary bedtime tales that you heard from your grandmother, the famous legendary personalities whom you read about in the newspapers or even the simple people forming part of your daily life who you perceive as legends. Our college, on the brink of celebrating its centenary year, is a legend in its own right. We thought it was apt to make Legend the theme for this year.

This year’s magazine has a simple story book layout, which I hope you enjoy. Without further ado, read on and enjoy the marvelous creations of your peers and watch the legends leap out of the pages. We hope you find this issue entertaining, uplifting and most importantly, inspiring!

_Janani Mohanraj, III B.Com Honours_
1st Row (L-R): Cynthia S, Neha Anna Thomas, Leah Govias, Vineeta Sherlyn, Madhumitha S, Tessy Mathew, Niyati Venkatesan

2nd Row (L-R): Gazala Anver, Anugraha Abraham, Irene Lal Mechery, Ms. Imsuchila Kichu, Ms. Mallika Ezekiel, Manasa R., Sneha Christall, Janani Mohanraj, Lakshmi RB

3rd Row (L-R): Saanchi Agarwal, Amita Daniel
CONTENTS

Principal’s Report ................................................................. 6
Graduation Address ............................................................ 19
Centenary Section ............................................................... 23
Prizes .................................................................................. 26
Farewell ............................................................................... 39
Club Reports ......................................................................... 48
Album .................................................................................. 64
Calendar of Events .............................................................. 94
Legend .................................................................................. 104
The Boy Still Lives ............................................................. 135
Tiny Tales ........................................................................... 139
Bangs and Whimpers ......................................................... 143
Totus Mundus ..................................................................... 172
Spotlight .............................................................................. 179
Languages ............................................................................. 190
Most esteemed Chief Guest, Hon’ble Ambassador of India to Japan, Smt. Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa, respected President of the WCC Association, Mr. Abraham Zachariah, Heads of the Departments on the dais, Staff and students of the College, dear Parents & Graduates, Alumnae members, former Principal of WCC, Dr. Rita Jacob Cherian, former faculty members, members of the Management, friends and well wishers, it gives me immense pleasure to greet you this afternoon and welcome you to the 99th year Convocation of our College.

With only 100 days to reach a significant milestone in the annals of WCC – the 100th year, we consider ourselves privileged and blessed to belong to this institution that has a glorious history and bears testimony to God’s faithfulness and goodness in the past ten decades. The Chief Guest for this Graduation Day assumes special significance as the College is on the threshold of its Centenary. Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa, a distinguished alumna of our College who graduated from the Department of Chemistry in 1975 is an embodiment of women’s empowerment which is the mission of the College since its establishment 99 years ago. In Smt. Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa, we see the fulfillment of the vision of our founders to produce intellectually sound, morally upright and socially aware women. We are indeed honored to have such a dynamic and accomplished alumna of the College to deliver the Graduation Day address on this momentous time in the history of our College.

Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa joined the Indian Foreign Service in 1979, four years after she graduated from WCC. She was appointed the Ambassador of India to Sweden, Latvia and Qatar. She has held significant portfolios in Beijing, Hong Kong, Geneva and Hague before she took charge as the Ambassador of India to Japan in August 2012.

On behalf of WCC, I extend a very warm welcome to Smt. Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa who is returning to her alma mater as a Chief Guest on this memorable occasion.

It is a pleasure to present a report on the gamut of activities organized by the staff & students of the College. The focus of the presentation is on academic excellence & achievements reflected in our conferences, our commitment to the society through extension activities, service to the marginalized through our village
adoption project and our progressive initiatives towards women empowerment and leadership. These programs assume a greater significance as the College is on the threshold of its Centenary.

A. CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

I. CONFERENCES ORGANISED

The College organized Seven Conferences, one International, three National, one Regional, one State Level and a Model United Nations conference this year.

International

1. The Departments of Commerce, Computer Science & Technology and Information Technology organized an International Conference on ‘Human Computer Interaction – Redefining Corporate Paradigms’ on 16th & 17th February 2015. Ms Ashley M Evans, Pearson English Business Solutions, Boston, USA delivered the inaugural Address and Dr Debarati Halder, Advocate & Managing Director, Centre for Cyber Victim Counselling, Tirunelveli delivered the Keynote address. 12 Resource persons, 71 delegates and 109 student participants, representing Business Schools, Colleges and Universities in India, University of Missouri, USA; Jimma University of Ethiopia; Staffordshire University of UK; Best Pacific Institute of Education, New Zealand; VWR International LLC, USA contributed to the success of the Conference. The companies and industries represented at the conference were Equiniti India Pvt. Ltd; Classle Knowledge Pvt. Ltd; Value Soft Services, India; Automatic Claims Processing Inc. California, USA; TESCO, U.K; Maze Space and B5 Corporation Pvt. Ltd. Hyderabad. 106 articles published in the Proceedings represent 41 institutions including 14 Universities. The valedictory address was delivered by Mr Christie Cherian, Chairman and Trustee, British Business Group and Ms Christable James, Manager of Risk Span Inc. Connecticut, USA, a distinguished alumna of the Department of Commerce.

National

1. The Undergraduate & Postgraduate Departments of Mathematics organized a National Conference on ‘Mathematics and Computer Applications’ on 12th & 13th January 2015. The Conference was sponsored by DST, TANSCHE, TNSTC and WCC Management. Eminent speakers from various institutions addressed the delegates - Dr Indra Rajasingh, Professor, School of Advanced Sciences, VIT University; Dr Ravi Shankar Bhat, Manipal Institute of Technology; Mr Jebaraj Samuel R, Wharfedale Technology, New Jersey, U.S.A; Dr Anisa Chorwadwala, Indian Institute of Science Education and Research, Pune; Dr M Thangaraj, Madurai Kamaraj University; Dr A Hepzibeh Christinal, Karunya University, Coimbatore who is also a alumna of the College and Ms Malathy Jawahar, Central Leather Research Institute, Chennai to mention a few. 50 research papers were presented, 12 of them by the postgraduate students of the Department. Prof P J Kurien, Deputy Chairman, Rajya Sabha, New Delhi delivered the Valedictory Address. The Conference Proceedings was released by Dr. Adella Paul, an alumna of the College who graduated from the Department in 1963 and former Principal of Isabell Thoburn College, Lucknow.

2. The Department of Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology organized a UGC sponsored National Conference on “Perspectives,
Potentials and Prejudices of Probiotics’ on 23 and 24 January 2015. We were honoured to have the Director of Collegiate Education, Dr M Devadass at the inaugural ceremony. Dr Niranjali Devaraj, Head, Department of Biochemistry, University of Madras and a distinguished alumna of the College who graduated from the Department of Chemistry in 1975 delivered the Keynote Address. Eminent scientists such as Dr SG Prapulla, CFTRI, Mysore; Dr Sreeja Mudgal, SMC College of Dairy Science, Gujarat; Dr Suresh Subramonian, Tamilnadu Veterinary and Animal Sciences University; Dr Ravikanth Reddy, Nestle; Dr Usha Antony, Department of Food Technology, Anna University, an alumna of the College; Dr Thangam Menon, Department of Microbiology, University of Madras and a former student of the Department of Botany addressed the delegates.

3. On 5th & 6th March 2015, a National Conference on ‘Gender Perspectives and Women's Empowerment’, was organised by the Women's Study Cell and the Department of English and sponsored by the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia and the Corporate Sector. Dr Sheena Shukkur, Pro-Vice-Chancellor, Mahatma Gandhi University, Kerala, delivered the keynote address. Dr (Sr) Anandha Amritmahal, Principal, Sophia College for Women, Mumbai, delivered the valedictory address. The Proceedings of the Conference was released by Dr Rita Jacob Cherian, former Principal of WCC.

Resource persons included Dr Karen Gabriel, St. Stephen’s College, New Delhi; Ms Omana T K, Director, RASTA, Kerala; Gnani Sankaran, Political Activist; Dr Vijay Nagaswami, Psychiatrist; Dr Sivaraman, Director, Arogya Hospital; and Mr Amit Nahar, Probit Solutions to share their perspectives on Representation of Women in Literature & Media, Women in Government, Financial Security of Women, Health Rights of Women to name a few.

Regional

1. On 26th & 27th February 2015 a Regional Conference on ‘Indian Media: Towards a Public Interest Paradigm’ was organized by the PG Department of Communication and the Department of Visual Communication. The Inaugural and the Keynote Address were delivered by Justice K Chandru, Retd. Judge, Madras High Court and Prof Biswajit Das, Director, Centre for Culture, Media and Governance, Jamia Millia Islamia, New Delhi. Mr Sashi Kumar, Chairman, Media Development Foundation & Asian College of Journalism, Journalist, TV Anchor, Media Entrepreneur and Film Maker delivered the Valedictory Address. 20 papers were presented at the conference.

State

1. The PG & Research Department of Biotechnology organized a State level Workshop on ‘Biotechnological Innovations - A Green Initiative towards Sustainable Development’ sponsored by UBCHEA from 15th to 19th September 2014. They were trained in the techniques of Dyeing and Printing such as Block Printing, Tie & Dye Printing and Batik Printing by the Faculty of the Department of Chemistry and taught the Art of making pet bottle benches with the expertise from Samarpan Foundation. 106 participants from colleges

January 23 & 24 : National Conference on Perspectives, Potentials and Prejudices of Probiotics

February 16 & 17 : International Conference on Human Computer Interaction – Redefining Corporate Paradigms

February 26 & 27 : National Conference on Indian Media: Towards a Public Interest Paradigm

March 5 & 6 : National Conference on Gender Perspectives and Women’s Empowerment

March 27 : Graduation Day 2015
in Tamil Nadu and women from Self-help group benefited in the Training.

Model United Nations Conference

1. The Department of Corporate Economics conducted the Model United Nations Conference 2015 on 23rd & 24th February 2015. Ms Uma Subramaniam, Principal & Chief General Manager, Reserve Bank Staff College, Chennai was the Chief Guest. 92 students participated in the MUN from various colleges - Symbiosis Law College (Pune); St. Joseph’s (Bangalore); VIT (Vellore); Anna University; SRM; SSN; St. Joseph’s Engineering College; VIT; MOP Vaishnav; Stella Maris; WCC; Ethiraj; D.G. Vaishnav; KCG College of Technology; MCC, etc. The conference simulated 3 councils namely, UN General Assembly, UN Security Council and G20 that discussed - The Ukraine Crisis, The Middle East Crisis with focus on the Threat of ISIS besides Combating Tax Evasion and Profit Sharing.

II. ENDOWMENT LECTURES,
CAMPAIGNS & SPECIAL LECTURES

1. Mr V Murali, Central Council Member, Institute of Chartered Accountants of India delivered the Lily Pithavadian Endowment Lecture on ‘Strategies for Success’ on 9th December 2014. The lecture was organized by the Department of Commerce.

2. The Rachel Philip Endowment Workshop on ‘Biodiversity Assessment of Insects on Campus’ was organized by the department of Advanced Zoology and Biotechnology on 6th & 7th February 2015. With the assistance of Zoological Survey of India, 87 insect species were identified and documented. The department also observed the International moth week from July 23rd to 25th, 2014 and was declared winner under the maximum identification category.

3. The Department of History organized the Vera Augustus Endowment Lecture on 9th March 2015. Dr Brinda N Kalro, FRCOG. MD, Senior Consultant – Craft Fertility Centre, Chennai delivered the lecture on ‘Paradigm Shift: Healthy Lifestyles’. The Sraina Puraskar Award instituted by Dr Prema Kasthuri, retired Head of the Department of History was awarded to Dr Latha Rajendran, Principal, Dr MGR Home & Higher Secondary School for the Speech & Hearing Impaired, for her unconditional service to young women and children.

4. On 19th & 21st August - A dramatized presentation of African – American poet Maya Angelou’s works titled “Remembering Maya Angelou – A Tribute” was organized by the Department of English, in collaboration with Stella Maris College. The play conceived by Dr Annie Kuriachen, WCC, and Dr V Padma (Mangai), Stella Maris College was staged in both the colleges for the students and general public.

5. The Department of Plant Biology and Plant Biotechnology in collaboration with the Chennai Bonsai Association organised a Workshop on Nature in Miniature and a Bonsai exhibition on 7th and 8th August, 2014. A wide range of attractive Bonsai exhibits were displayed for the public.

6. A Public Relations Campaign titled “Sign Out – before it’s too late” was organized by the PG Department of Communication on 25th August 2014 to create awareness on the potential hazards of excessive usage of technology. Dr Hema Tharoor of Scarf India (Schizophrenia Research Foundation)
offered valuable insights on technology addiction and its effect on one’s lifestyle.

7. On 1st September 2014, the Centre for Nutrition – Counseling, Research and Extension Activities, Department of Home Science organized a lecture on ‘Non Communicable Diseases in India’ by Dr R M Anjana, Consultant Diabetologist, Madras Diabetes Research Foundation to commemorate the 10th anniversary of the Centre. The National Nutrition Week was celebrated from 2nd to 4th September 2014 on the theme ‘Traditional Foods – Back To Our Roots’.

8. The UG Department of Mathematics established in 1935 celebrated its 80th Anniversary by organizing ‘Legacy Dimensions’ on 22nd November 2014. 65 Alumnae of the Department across several batches attended.

9. Shakespearean Bonanza - Celebrating the Bard’s 450th Birth Anniversary was held on 1st December 2014 by the Department of English – Shift II in collaboration with the Chennai Literary Festival. A theatre workshop was also organized on 9th January 2015 by Mr Freddy Koikaran of Stagefright Productions.

III. RESEARCH PROGRAMS, PUBLICATIONS, PRESENTATIONS AND PROJECTS

The University of Madras has granted approval to commence Ph.D. Biotechnology from the academic year 2015.

99 Research Articles were published in Refereed Journals. Faculty members presented 84 papers at International conferences and 74 at the National level. Students presented 18 papers at the International level and 25 at the National conferences.

Four faculty members have received UGC Grants for Minor Research Projects:
1. Dr C Anchana, PG & Research Department of Biotechnology.
2. Dr Suneetha Rani, Department of Languages – Hindi (Shift II)
3. Ms S Sona, Department of Home Science
4. Dr D R Shobha Jeykumari, Department of Chemistry.

Three research proposals have been selected by the United Board for Christian Higher Education in Asia for financial assistance. Faculty members who would engaged in the project are Dr Betsy Selvakumar, Dr Mary Pearl Ravikumar, Dr Vanitha Williams, Ms Annie Rubens & Ms Benitha Golda of the Department of Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology and Ms D Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani, Department of Home Science.

IV. FACULTY ACHIEVEMENTS
1. Dr Vanitha Williams, Department of Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology & Dr Ranjini Christopher, Department of Languages attended the United Board Fellows Leadership Seminar at the University of Macau, China from 5th to 8th August 2014.
2. Dr Ranjini Christopher, Department of Languages was the United Board Fellow at St Olaf College, Minnesota, USA from 2nd September to 15th December 2014.
3. Dr Suneeta Saghayam, Department of Home Science attended the 14th Therapeutics Research, Education And Aids Training, Asia Network Annual Meeting at Cambodia, from 9th to 11th October 2014
Five faculty were awarded Doctorate Degree during this academic year 2014 - 15:

1. Ms Nancy Elizabeth, Department of Management Studies from Karunya University on 2nd July 2014.
2. Ms R Narmada Devi, PG Department of Mathematics from University of Madras on 19th December 2014.
3. Ms B S Catherine, Department of Commerce, from University of Madras on 8th January 2015.
4. Ms V Sabari, Assistant Professor, PG Department of Physics, from University of Madras on 11th February 2015.

V. INTERNATIONAL COLLABORATIONS

- Middlesex University, London

The College has entered an Articulation Agreement with Middlesex University, London to transfer eligible students from BBA and B.Com (Honors) after two years of study at Women’s Christian College to pursue a degree in International Business Administration and International Business & Trade in Middlesex University, London.

Through the American Transfer Program, two students - Malvika Elango II B.Com. (Honors) and Chethana Moova of II B.A. Corporate Economics were selected to pursue their degree with Concordia College, New York, USA.

VI. STUDENT ACTIVITIES & ACHIEVEMENTS

1. N Visudha, II B.A. English represented the College at the Young TALF (The Asian Lenses Forum) Summit held at NIIT University, Rajasthan from 28th January to 3rd February 2015.
2. Irene Lal Mechery, I M.A. English won the Best Speaker award in the Elihu Yale Inter Collegiate Debate organized by the Indo American Association on the topic ‘Make in India – An economically winning proposition for India?’ held on 17th December 2014.
3. Steffi Alexander, M.Phil. Scholar was awarded the 1st place for her paper on ‘A study on the nutritional status of martial artists of three Olympic sports’ in the National Seminar on Sports & Fitness Nutrition organized by Ethiraj College for Women on 28th January 2015.
4. Smruti Manjunath of I B.Sc. Physics participated in the Physics Enrichment Camp organized by the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research at the Homi Bhabha Centre for Science Education, Mumbai from 16th to 24th December 2014 - A National Initiative on Undergraduate Science.
5. Five Ist year students of the Department of Physics - Sri Sankari @ Sowmiya B, Gayathri S, Savita S, Reshma A R and Meenakshi L won the 1st Place at the Zonal level Robotics Competition of NRC 2015 conducted by The New College, Chennai on 21st & 22nd February and have been selected to participate in the National Championship at IIT, Mumbai in April 2015.
7. Achsah Mariam Abraham, Krishnaveni S of III B.Sc. PBB, won the Dr K R Venkata Subba Inter-Collegiate Oratorical rolling
trophies at MCC on 24th February 2015.


10. Sanjana Konduru, II B.Com. was sponsored by the Government of India and Republic of China to participate in the Indian Youth Delegation to China from 21st November to 5th December 2014.

11. Anupriya M, (BA English, 2011-2014), who led a contingent as Left Pilot at the Republic Day Parade Camp, 2014 at New Delhi was chosen by the Indian Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports, Government of India and Japan to represent India in the Global Youth Leaders at Tokyo, Japan from 21st January to 24th February 2015.


14. Ms Lavanyaa V P, II M.Sc. Physics attended a summer Training in Physics sponsored by the Science city, Chennai organized by the Academy of Sciences and Department of Nuclear Physics, University of Madras from 28th May -17th June 2014.

VII. ALUMNAE ACHIEVEMENTS

1. Ms. Mallika Srinivasan, batch of 1979, Department of Mathematics, Chairman and CEO, TAFE, was awarded the coveted Padma Shri for Trade and Industry by the Government of India.

2. Dr Yamuna Krishnan, Faculty of National Centre for Biological Sciences, Bangalore, batch of 1994 of the Department of Chemistry won the Prestigious Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar Award for Chemical Sciences.

3. The Alumna of the Year Award was presented to Dr Elizabeth Thomas who graduated from the Department of Home Science in 1965 and holds a Doctorate Degree in Child Development Psychology.

While academics is placed at the forefront of College life, a balance of co-curricular, extra-curricular and extension activities are offered to nurture the holistic growth of our students.

B. CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

i. The Western Dance Club of WCC, won the Championship in the All-girls Category of the John Britto’s Chennai Dance Championship on 28th November 2014. They won the 1st place in Satyabama University and 2nd place in SRM and Loyola College.

ii. The Western Music Club won the 1st place at Ethiraj College for Women, Christ College, Bangalore, Anna University and MCC & 2nd place at Stella Maris College and IIT- Saarang.
iii. The Club of Design won the 1st place at Jeppiar Engineering College and Madras Veterinary College & 2nd place at Pondicherry Engineering College.

iv. The Quiz Club won the 1st place at Hindustan College of Arts & Sciences and JBAS College for Women.

v. The Literary & Debate Club won the 1st place at Meenakshi College for Women, Stella Maris College, Hindustan Arts & Science College, The Hindu & Prakriti Foundation and Queen Mary’s College & 2nd in Ethiraj College and Guru Nanak College for Women and CLRI

College Play

In keeping with the Annual tradition, the College Play 'Tell it to the Walls' was staged from September 25th – 29th 2014. The play was directed by Mr. Hans Kaushik, a multifaceted theatre personality. Through this annual fund raising event an amount of Rs.14,33,971/- was raised which is being used to air condition the auditorium now under renovation.

Festeve

Festeve 2015, the two day inter-collegiate cultural fest of WCC was held on 13th & 14th of February. 25 colleges participated in the events and the overall trophy was awarded to Loyola College.

Spring Sing

The Annual event of the College Choir Spring Sing 2015 was conducted on 18th March 2015 under the able guidance of the Choir Master Mr Tony Davids. The 100 Voice Centenary choir lead by Ms Jayanthi Kamalaratnam performed.

C. EXTENSION ACTIVITIES

National Service Scheme

- Blood donation camps are conducted in association with the Indian Red Cross Society. 90 units of blood were collected on 19th February 2015.
- An Eye donation awareness Program was organized on 18th February 2015 to motivate and encourage students to consider eye donation seriously.
- At the 65th Anniversary of Geneva Conventions Celebrations organized by the Indian Red Cross Society on 6th January 2015, our College was awarded the ‘Certificate of Appreciation’ by the Vice Chancellor of the University of Madras. Aishwarya Gopinath (2011-14) was awarded the ‘Best YRC Volunteer’ for her Performance in Youth Red Cross Movement for the year 2013-14.

Rotaract Club

- STREE SURAKSHA, a flagship project conducted every year to fight against women harassment was organized on August 30, 2014 on the theme ‘Acid Attack & Molestation’. At the event, 3 victims of acid attacks participated.
- “HIV”, an initiative by the Rotaract Club of WCC organized a drawing competition, “Chitrakala" for children infected by HIV. This event was held in 8 shelter homes, across four districts- Chennai, Thiruvallur, Tirunelveli and Namakkal. 55 winners from the three categories were invited to WCC on 29th & 30th of November 2014 for a time of fellowship and entertainment.
Tangled, a unique hair donation project initiated by RCWCC for the 1st time in India on 4th Feb 2014 on World Cancer Day. 110 wigs have been handed over to the patients at Adyar Cancer Institute. In TANGLED 2015 held on 29th Jan 2015, 80 students donated their hair locks for this noble cause.

Dr J Margaret Marie received the Best Faculty Coordinator Award in recognition of outstanding service from the District Rotaract Council, Rotary International District 3230, on 28th June 2014.

National Cadet Corps

Under the able guidance of Lt. Selvamalathi, NCC of WCC gained wide recognition and received numerous awards.

• Cpl. P Ramya II PBPB and Cpl. Neya Flower II Maths attended the Republic Day Camp at Delhi from 1st January to 7th February 2015.
• L.Cpl. P Asha II PBPB attended the ThalSainik Camp at Delhi from 16th to 30th September 2014 and won the overall shooting Championship.
• SUO. Migcal Diana III Physics attended the Army Attachment Camp at Officers Training Academy, Chennai from 18th to 28th September 2014.
• At the Republic day Celebration Lt.Col. Ajay Dawan, Officiating commanding officer of 1 TN Girls Bn NCC hoisted our National Flag.

At ‘Cado Green’ an Inter Group Competition organized by Pachaiyappa’s College, the NCC Cadets won several prizes and the Overall Banner.

At ‘Cado Fest’ an Inter Group Competition Organized by DG Vaishnav College on 8th March 2015, the NCC Cadets won several prizes and the Overall runner-up Trophy.

At ‘Cado Alpha’ an Inter Group Competition Organized by Alpha Arts & Science College on 22nd March 2015, the NCC Cadets won many prizes and the Overall Banner.

YI

• The fund raising Basketball Tournament titled “Game Changers” was organized on 14th March 2015 by the Young Indian of WCC. A total of seven teams participated and Sutherland Global Solutions won the first place and Infosys won the second place. The fund raised through this event Rs 60,475/- is earmarked for scholarship to our students.

Eco Club

The Eco Club of WCC conducted a workshop on Paper quilling and vermicomposting and created awareness on Biodiversity of our campus and conservation of trees.

Village Adoption Project

The College signed a Mou with the Institute of Sustainable Development for developing the village at Thirukandalam. WCC has appointed a community organizer for effective and efficient implementation of ISD-WCC activities for the Thirukandalam project. Every department organizes periodic visits to the village and contributes towards its development.
WELFARE PROGRAMS

White Gift Ceremony

The White Gift ceremony, a tradition of the College, encourages all students to share their resources with the marginalized and the underprivileged during Christmas season. The College raised Rs. 1,95,189/- for distribution to various welfare agencies.

Students Scholarships

Several welfare schemes sponsored by the Tamil Nadu Government and the College Management support the needy students. Endowments have been instituted by well wishers and the alumni association of the College. The Management of the College has distributed Rs. 15,07,300/- to students on a merit cum means basis. Special consideration is given to children of missionaries, evangelists, orphans and first generation learners.

D. SPORTS

The 99th Annual Sports Day of the College was held on 11th February 2015. Dr R Natarajan, International Athlete, Superintendent of Customs and Director of India Sports Promotion Academy, presided over the ceremony and distributed prizes.

National level

- Radhika K III VIS COM won the II place in the 10mts Air Pistol Shooting Championship held at Ahmedabad from 5th to 15th October 2014 and the Bronze medal in the 4th Gun for Glory shooting championship held Pune from 15th to 21st January 2015.

- Shankari II BA Corp represented Tamil Nadu in the National Women Handball Tournament at Chitradurga (Karnataka) from 8th to 11th December 2014.

- K Vinodhini I B.Com. (CA) participated in the National Fencing Championship 2014-15 from 18th – 23rd March 2015 at Gwalior, MP.

State Level

- Mahalakshmi S II NUT represented Tamil Nadu at the T 20 Senior State Ranji Trophy Tournament held at Nagpur from 9th to 21st January 2015.

- Pearlyn Rajam I Nut won the IIInd place in the 10mts Air Pistol U-18 in Tamil Nadu Shooting Championship from 6th to 10th August 2014.

- Madhumitha S I BA Corp. Eco. won the IInd place in the 10mts Air Rifle Under 21 in Tamil Nadu Shooting Championship from 6th to 10th August 2014.

District level

- Mallika Fernandes II Psy won the IInd place in 100mts Hurdles & 100mts sprint in the Chennai District Athletic Championship on 20th & 21st June 2014.

- Shankari D II BA Corp represented the Chennai District in the State Women Handball Tournament held at Krishnagiri on 5th December 2014.

University level

- Krithika B III NUT and Gracelin Swetha I B.COM represented the Madras University for the South Zone Inter-University Handball Tournament held at Periyar University, Salem from 27th September to 5th October 2014.
• Mahalakshmi S II NUT represented the Madras University for the South Zone & the All Inter University Cricket Tournament held at Anna University, Trichy from 2nd to 11th March 2015.

MADRAS UNIVERSITY ZONAL LEVEL

At the Madras University Zonal level Tournaments, our college teams have secured the following places:

• 1st in Ball Badminton held at Quaid E Milleth College on 29th September 2014 & 2nd place in Badminton held at DG Vaishnav College on 6th August.
• 2nd place in Basketball held at Stella Maris College on 12th September 2014.
• 2nd place in Handball held at University Union Ground on 15th September 2014.
• 2nd place in Volleyball held at Ethiraj College on 9th December 2014.

In Athletics

• Mallika Meagan Fernandes II PSY won the 1st place in 100 mts & 200 mts and 2nd in Long Jump
• Simone I B.COM won the 1st place in Shot put and 2nd in Hammer Throw
• Aditi Ramesh & Patricius Jessica White of I MAT, Preethi R I NUT, Mallika Meagan Fernandes II PSY won the 2nd place in 4*100mts Relay

INVITATIONAL INTER COLLEGIATE TOURNAMENTS

• 2nd place in Cricket in Buck Tournament from 25th to 28th August 2014.
• 2nd in Handball organized by SDAT held at MGR Janaki College on 21st November 2014.
• 2nd place in Alpha Engineering College Throwball Tournament held on 5th February 2015.

• 2nd place in the Inter-Collegiate Handball Tournament organized by the Government of Tamil Nadu on 19th & 20th February 2015 at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium.

• 2nd place in the State Level Silambam Competition organized by Silambam Association on 14th February 2015.

• The following players secured positions in the CM Trophy Athletic Meet on 27th & 28th February 2015.
• Simone I B.COM - 2nd place in Shot put.
• Mallika Meagan Fernandes, II PSY 2nd place in Long Jump

WCC ROLLING TROPHY TOURNAMENT 2014-2015

The Department of Physical Education organised the Inter-collegiate Rolling Trophy Tournament in Throwball, Chess and Handball on 22nd January 2015. Eleven colleges from the city participated.

Child Development Centre

The children at the Child Development Centre of the Department of Psychology, participated in the Special Olympics held in Chennai on 11th January 2015. In Athletics, they won two Gold Medals, one silver & Bronze. Esaki Surya, a recipient of 3 Silver Medals have been selected to participate in the power lifting event at the Special Olympicsto be held in Los Angeles.

E. CAREER GUIDANCE CELL

The Career Guidance Cell of WCC is actively involved in organizing various events that provide relevant training and career opportunities. 379 students having been
successfully placed in over 14 companies which include Mahindra Satyam, Tata Consultancy Services, Cognizant Technology Solutions, Wipro Ltd., Prism India (P) Ltd., Sutherland Technologies, Scope International, Royal Bank of Scotland, Velammal Group of Institutions and RR Donnelly.

Centenary Projects & Celebrations

Among a slew of events organized to commemorate the centenary year of the College, the Festival of Choirs is organized in the month of December to invoke God’s blessing on the institution and to celebrate the spirit of Christmas by inviting renowned choirs in the city.

The historic Midnight Thanksgiving service to commemorate the 99th anniversary of the College was held on 6th July 2014 at 11 p.m. Rev Dr Sam T Kamalesan, renowned evangelist from the United States of America, shared the Word of God. The 100 voice choir comprising of the alumnae of the college across decades was led by Ms Jayanthi Kamalaratnam.

On 7th July 2014, Prof H Devaraj, Vice-Chairman, University Grants Commission and Prof R Thandavan, Ph.D., Vice-Chancellor, University of Madras delivered the special address, hoisted the centenary flag and planted the first centenary sapling to commemorate the historic occasion.

Another landmark event that would be cherished by the college community was the Turning the Sod Ceremony of the proposed Centenary Block held on 19th January 2015. Dr Paul Dinakaran, Co-Founder & Chairman, Jesus Calls Ministries, shared the Word of God and blessed the College.

The second edition of the ‘Homecoming Day,’ a reunion for alumnae across batches was held on 26th January 2015. The program concluded with signing the specially designed Centenary streamers, which will be hoisted alongside the Centenary Flag on 7th July 2015.

I attribute the success of our programs and our achievement to the Grace of God that has always been sufficient to the perfect co-ordination between the Management and the College community and the ebullient team spirit that binds us together. I therefore place on record the relentless support and unbounded co-operation of the team – Vice Principal, Dr. Jannet Jeyasingh, Deans – Ms. Maragaret Alexander, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani, Ms. C S Sabitha, Dr. Kalavathy Santhi, Dr. Sasinandhini & Ms. Mary Ivy Deepa, the Controller of Examinations – Dr. Betsy Selvakumar & Dr. Anitha R J Singh, the IQAC co-ordinator – Dr. Lillian Jasper, the Heads of 22 Departments, the Chaplain, Dr. Vanitha Williams, Librarians – Dr. C Florence & Ms Chitrakumari C, Bursar – Ms. Catherine Correya, Public Relations Officer – Ms. Saritha Deepak, the staff of the Principal’s office, Bursar’s Office and the Examination’s office.

I wish to conclude with an exhortation to the Graduates – you have reasons to rejoice today, so celebrate what you have accomplished but remember to raise the bar a little higher each time you succeed. It is not by muscle, speed or physical dexterity that great things are achieved but by reflection, character and judgement. Therefore, may the values you have imbibed here at WCC shape your personality and mould your aspirations as you launch into a World without borders.
GRADUATION ADDRESS

Ms. Deepa Gopalan Wadhwa
Honourable Ambassador of India to Japan
Distinguished Alumna – Class of 1975

Respected Principal, Ms. Ridling Margaret Waller, Mr. Abraham Zachariah, President WCC Association, Heads of Departments and members of the faculty past and present, some of whom I have been blessed to have been taught by and are here today, proud parents assembled here, devoted alumnae of Women’s Christian College, and mentioned last because the best often comes last, dear students of the graduating class of 2015,

Do you know that it is exactly forty years since I stepped forth from the portals of this wonderful institution into a completely unknown world? I’m therefore not a little overwhelmed today to stand in front of you and see mirrored in the fresh young faces before me my own, some four decades ago. Life has been extraordinarily kind and much credit for that goes to the solid scholastic grounding I received from my college. It was not only the high pedagogical standards which helped me in good stead, but even more important were the values which I and many thousands who have gone before imbibed during our formative years of life here on this verdant campus. Incidentally, as I drove into this college today and saw the line of cycas trees standing resolute against the Science Block as they always had, it triggered memories of the sounds of girlish laughter and the distinctive smells of the florescence of this campus which we recall from forty years ago. We are, indeed, very fortunate that this bivouac of our student life was ensconced in this magnificent campus of such botanical diversity.

As Women’s Christian College enters its centenary year, we must pay tribute to the visionaries who established this college in another age when the education of women was not a presumed right as it is now in our country or, for that matter, in the world. One statistic that I often cite in my talks, while speaking on the stages of women in contemporary India, in foreign lands where I serve as the diplomatic representative of our country is that in 1947 when we were able to emerge as masters of our own destiny as an independent nation, the literacy rate of Indian women was only 9%. Yes, only nine out of hundred women had any semblance of education after two hundred and fifty years of colonial rule by an advanced European power. And to realise that in that 9% was the immeasurable contribution of an institution like WCC which committed itself to imparting tertiary education to the women of southern India, a hundred years ago.

Thus it was that this college produced the first woman to be elected to the Madras Legislature, Rukmini Lakshmipathy, who went on to serve as the first and only Minister of the Madras Presidency in 1947. It was therefore not surprising at all that when the first Indian Civil Services examination was held after independence in 1948, the topper was a woman of our beloved college, Ms. CB Muthamma. She opted to join the Indian Foreign Service, being the first woman to do so and continued through her illustrious career to be a trail blazer, excelling not only as a professional but fighting a tough and lonely battle for gender equality in the Foreign Service.

When I joined the IFS in 1979, I was advised by the then Principal of WCC, Dr. Renuka Somasekhar, who was an institution herself, to introduce myself to Ms. Muthamma at the first opportunity that I could as an alumna of the College. I can never forget my meeting with her – me, a young timorous entrant to the elite service, and she the formidable grand dame of the IFS. She kindly invited me to tea and sat me down and then, I can never forget the words she said. She said, ‘Never take for granted the rights and privileges you have inherited in this service because I have had to fight every inch of the way to secure equality of treatment for women officers which you will enjoy. And remember to stand up for your beliefs and justice always.’ And how right she was!

When she joined the Indian Foreign Service most Ambassadors who headed embassies across
the world refused to accept a woman diplomat. They gave many cogently argued reasons and apparently sounded very logical but I think this just reflected the paternalistic attitude of that world into which she entered. She had to give in a written undertaking when she opted for the Indian Foreign Service that she would resign when she got married. Yes, our Constitution had guaranteed us that there would be no discrimination based on caste, religion or gender. But the battle she had to fight was against the traditional mindsets of men and the patriarchy that was deeply entrenched. She was later to take the Government of India to court in 1979 and win the case for equal treatment of women in the IFS. This must have taken great determination and courage of conviction, all great values imbibed I have no doubt during her years in our college.

She was a beacon of inspiration to the others from WCC who followed her into the Foreign Service. They were Ambassador Leela Krishnamurthy Ponnappa, of the 1970 batch, Ambassador Vijaya Latha Reddy of the 1975 batch, Ambassador M. Manimekalai of the 1981 batch and me from 1979. We were among the women IFS officers who proudly claim WCC to be our Alma Mater. I don’t know whether there is any other college in the city that can boast of having contributed so many ambassadors to the Indian Foreign Service. Each of the women in the Foreign Service have proved their mettle as can be gauged from the onerous charges that they have held. Ms. CB Muthamma mentored India’s early peace and disarmament resolutions in international fora such as the UN and laid the foundation for our policy in this important area of multilateral diplomacy. The position of India as articulated by her reflected the inheritance which we had received from the father of our nation, Mahatma Gandhi, the great apostle of peace and our founding fathers who had to craft India’s policies based on a fine balance of our own civilisational values, historical experience and the contemporary realities of the world.

The women from WCC in the Foreign Service have never balked at undertaking challenges. Ms. CB Muthamma was the first Indian diplomat to be posted to Africa. Many years later Ambassador Manimekalai, and I understand that her niece is amidst us today, held the fort at Libya as that country collapsed under the weight of internal conflict post the fall of the Muammar Gaddafi regime. Upon soft-spoken Mani’s shoulders, as we fondly call her, fell the onus of identifying, gathering and repatriating more than 16,000 Indian nationals who were scattered all around Libya and assure their safe passage out of that war torn country. This would have been a daunting task for even the best of men officers but Mani accomplished this gargantuan exercise and brought our Indian nationals out unscathed coordinating the complex logistics of movements of thousands by air, land and sea with quiet resolve and grit. Her contribution was recognised when she was awarded the prestigious Prime Minister’s Award for Excellence in Public Administration 2010 – 2011. WCC must be truly proud of producing such a fine daughter.

Ambassadors Leela Ponnappa and Vijaya Latha Reddy after holding several responsible posts including as Ambassadors, Ms. Ponnappa to Thailand and the Netherlands and Ms. Reddy as Ambassador of Portugal, Thailand and later as Secretary in the Ministry of External Affairs, have both been Deputy National Security Advisors where they have headed the National Security Council Secretariat and have been responsible for defining the menu of strategic options for the country to be placed before the political leadership of India.

Why do I mention all this? As you my young friends today, the graduating class of 2015, congregate here for important rite of passage in your lives, how many of you actually know what you really want to do in life, or feel confident that you will realise your ambitions? There are some lucky ones who know what they aim to do and will reach their goals with unfaltering steps. But for the majority the myriad choices before you perhaps leave you confused and daunted. My own children often turned to me and said, ‘But we really don’t know what we want to do. And what if we really hate our professional choices after we have made them? What if we do not want to follow established professions?’ My older son for many years wanted to be a stand up comedian and nothing else. I’m afraid I was an unimaginative conventional parent and not so gently talked him out of the idea. Else
who knows? He might have been another Vir Das or Russell Peters. But today with the hindsight of experience and wisdom that comes with age I want to say to you, ‘Dare to dream.’ Dare to assiduously follow your dreams and realise them. But as you do so, do so with conviction and passion. Use that infallible rule of the thumb which is that your choice must be suited intuitively to your personality and natural instincts. And in making up your mind think also beyond yourself to the world around you to which you are organically joined and examine how the choices you make will contribute to make the world a better place. I make no distinction here between homemakers and professionals. My homemaker mother was the greatest professional of all, juggling multiple tasks with a determined sense of purpose. What is important, therefore, is really determination and purpose. I have personally always felt that the best results are obtained when you compete against your own self. You need to have a strong sense of self worth but measure every task that you undertake with your own very self critical eye. Believe me, this works best as you work towards your goals.

But to return to a point that I made earlier regarding the need to contribute to the world around you, perhaps I’m really preaching to the converted because I just heard the report by the Principal, and it seems that you already are involved in several activities which impinge on the lives of those who are perhaps less fortunate than us. As representatives of the young generation of India you certainly are far more conscious and aware of local and global issues than we were at your age because technology and communications have, at one level, brought the world to your feet.

The flip side is that you are a generation which is impatient for change and sometimes confronting the reality of India before your eyes makes you overcritical of what you see. What you see is underdevelopment, unacceptable vestiges of poverty and deprivation, inequalities in social and economic conditions and a seemingly non-responsive state apparatus. While all these may be true you also have to understand that there are many complex reasons for what persists in our midst. But also that there is much to be proud of and I hope you are proud of belonging to this great Democracy.

Our Democracy has endured. Each year we alleviate about 1% of our population from poverty levels. The literacy rate that I mentioned of 9% for women in 1947 has climbed now to almost 70%. The national literacy rate has grown from 12% in 1947 to over 75%. The right to education has become a fundamental right. Empowered by democracy, citizens of India have institutions which have helped us to be able to realise our rights as citizens of our country. The dynamic trajectory of growth, therefore, is for inclusive growth and there is no way that we can go but upwards. It is therefore extremely important for all of you to believe in India as much as you believe in yourself.

While as citizens of a free country you have the liberty to read and express a wide variety of opinions including those deeply critical of the system, you must do so in a mature and constructive fashion. You are fortunate to have opportunities in the strong democracy that is India to be agents of change. Your contribution to the world beyond you could be as simple as helping a maid’s daughter with her homework, being an activist NGO for a cause you believe in, becoming an intrepid blogger as a mirror to society, or even a leader in your neighbourhood residents’ association who leads to ensure that swachh bharat is realised by all of us. The options are manifold. But you must pledge to be an active participant in the society because this country is yours. You are doubly empowered because your education has given you a voice to articulate what is wrong in our society and be a part of the change that you wish to see in the world, as Mahatma Gandhi so eloquently said.

I want to tell you how this belief in India has inspired me. The Indian Foreign Service for me has been a great place to learn about my own country because as representatives of India abroad we are, in fact, the foremost PR agencies of our country, tasked with the job of marketing the best that India stands for. If we do not believe in the product that we market, that is India, we can never do justice to our jobs as diplomats. This professional requirement has made me read, examine and experience the strength of my country. In this
context I must relate an anecdote of my early days in the Indian Foreign Service. The year was 1980. Mrs. Indira Gandhi had just been re-elected as the Prime Minister of India. As young entrants to the IFS we were taken to meet Mrs. Gandhi by a senior official of the Ministry of External Affairs. We were a batch of 20, 18 men and 2 women. On being presented to her as the batch of 1979, Mrs. Gandhi turned to me and asked why I had opted for the IFS. I was completely unprepared for this and answered with the fashionable nonchalance of youth, ‘I wanted to see the world, and I also wanted job security and what better option than the Foreign Service?’ said I. She looked away from me to my colleagues with unconcealed disapproval and she said, ‘Surely, there are better reasons for people to join the Indian Foreign Service!’ At this point my male colleagues came up with several very clever and improvised replies. One said he wanted to learn about the oil crisis, the other said the global economic system, the third said disarmament and so on it went till one of my colleagues, and I must share with you that I married him later, said, ‘Madam Prime Minister, I joined the IFS because it is a great honour to represent and serve India.’ And her expression said it all. That was indeed the answer she was waiting for. After the interaction with her we trooped out teasing our colleague for having said what the Prime Minister wanted to hear.

At that time it seemed something to smile about. But today, after 36 years in the Indian Foreign Service, I want to say to all of you, that it has been the greatest honour and privilege for me to represent our great motherland India. And I am so grateful to God, my parents and my teachers and just life for bestowing on me this opportunity to do so. And also, to my brother who is present here, my husband and children for providing me the support and understanding to carry on with my career.

We indeed are inheritors of a great heritage as Indians. We alone can boast of a civilisational continuum of several thousand years. We, today, are the most diverse country on earth in terms of ethnicity, language, race, religion. We have a history where disparate strands of humanity have moved into India for millennia for diverse reasons - exploration, trade, faith, refuge, conquest. And each one was absorbed into the tapestry of our country. Yet we hold together, bound by a tradition of deep tolerance and genuine respect for each other, celebrating the differences among us. This is the India that you have inherited and this is the India you must sustain through your life with your efforts. Today India stands tall among nations as a major economic and political power. Just in the last few months we have seen the manifestation of global acknowledgement of our growing stature as leader upon leader of major countries of the world have met with our own leadership and committed to work with us on global issues. In the large epochal cycles of time the hour of India seems once again to be nigh.

Dear children, while considering the many options before you, I do hope that some of you will think of joining the Indian Foreign Service. It is a great career, where you not only have the opportunity to see the world but also be spokespersons for the new emerging India. Convince the world of its value based foreign policy, seeking peace and prosperity of all nations. Drive its development agenda by promoting investment in technology transfer from abroad. And be a disseminator of its soft power which has inspired the slogan, such as was once said of the British Empire, that the sun never sets on Indian culture which stretches from New Zealand to Alaska, made buoyant by the industry and intellect of our Diaspora, the expertise of our IT professionals, the genius of our traditions like yoga and meditation, and not to be forgotten the vibrancy of Bollywood.

In concluding let me thank each one of you for being such attentive and patient listeners. If I am able to inspire even a small number of you through example, to believe in yourselves, that the sky is the limit for women of WCC, I would consider my task well done today. I wish each one of you success, happiness and fulfilment in the paths that you will choose ahead but most of all, heartiest congratulations on joining the ranks of university graduates in the world. You have received the lamp of knowledge from WCC. Go forth and light up the world. Be the living examples of the motto of our beloved Alma Mater, Lighted to Lighten. God bless you all. Thank you.
WCC was founded in 1915 as envisioned by the United Free Church of Scotland Mission. It was sponsored by twelve Mission Boards from Britain, the United States of America and Canada. Its history is a testament to the tireless generosity of people committed to the cause of women’s education, as several women devoted years of their lives to the service of the college community, and one friend after another gave selflessly to the college. Miss Eleanor McDougall, the first Principal of the college, rented a house called Hyde Park in Kilpauk to start the college in 1915. In 1916, a gift from America allowed them to buy Doveton House.

WCC was founded to liberate women from poverty and illiteracy, and to empower them to be of service to others. Hence its motto, “lighted to lighten.” Fittingly, the lamp that hangs in the chapel is a symbol of the college, and every year, when students leave, they float lamps on the lily pond. The college flower, the Sunflower, embodies the college colours - green for India’s fields, brown for her soil, and gold representing the flame of the college lamp. The college song, the “Alma Mater”, is set to the tune of Sibelius’ Finlandia——

“Beneath thy trees and columns tall, majestic, Wisdom and knowledge thou dost give to all. Leaving thy portals, we go forth desiring, Lighted to lighten, bravely on we go.”

On the front of the Science Building are inscribed the words “The whole earth is full of his glory.” WCC’s campus abounds with architectural and natural beauty. Doveton House is a stately colonial mansion, where the Gaikwad of Baroda was once held prisoner. The snow-white chapel came into being thanks to a donation of $10,000 by an anonymous friend in America. It was built in 1923 by two Madras Quakers, Reginald Dann and Guy Jackson. The imposing Science Building, with its Doric columns, was opened in 1925 by the Governor. WCC is also known for its beautiful, unusual trees.

Two incidents that stand out in memory are the visits of Rabindranath Tagore, in 1922, and Mahatma Gandhi, in 1925. Tagore spoke inspiringly of education, and sang a Bengali national song for the students. Mahatma Gandhi greatly liked the chapel, and said, “If all gave to the glory of God and remained unknown, it would be better for India.”

Alumnae remember the library under Miss Marjorie Sykes and Miss K Ambika, with its excellent collection of books, including the official college Bible and a rare eighteenth-century copy of Johnson’s dictionary.

The college play has been a college tradition since the days of Bertha Corfield of the Department of English, and is a much anticipated event every year. The tradition was carried on by Ammu Mathew and Elizabeth Roy, both of whom were famous in theatre circles, and still continues today. The annual publication of the college magazine, the Sunflower, is also an important college tradition.

WCC has always sought to inspire women to the service of others. As Miss McDougall said, “We can do no better service to India, than to liberate the energies of wisdom and devotion which are latent in her women and to infuse into them the vital ideals of Christianity.” In her 99th year, we echo the words of the college song——

“God be with thee, our college, God protect thee. His light shine through thee, now and ever more.”

Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc. Physics
CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY

WHILE Nungambakkam slumbered into repose, the celebrations were just beginning at College Road. Ushered by well-wishers, alumnae and current students the centenary year celebrations started with a Thanksgiving Service held at midnight on July 6th led by Rev. Dr. Sam T. Kamalesan. The programme also featured a short film that marked the milestones of WCC along with the prominent events that had occurred in the course of the 100 years. Songs were rendered by the 100 Voice Choir. The choir comprised current students as well as alumnae ranging from the age groups of 19 to 90.

The morning of July 7th saw the extension of the celebrations which had UGC Vice Chairman H. Devaraj and the Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, R. Thandavan as chief guests. To commemorate, a ten-tier cake was cut along with Mrs. Anna Jacob, who at 100 is the oldest alumnae of WCC. There was also virtual planting of 100 trees to mark the centenary, the first of which was planted by Mr. R. Thandavan, and the Centenary Flag was hoisted at the Doveton House.

Two floats went around College Road to mark the occasion. The first featured the seven teachers that WCC started with when it was founded. The second float depicted the 41 students who were a part of the first batch of students of WCC, complete with the costumes of the time period. The float was also accompanied by women bikers along with a drone to capture the entire event.

A human chain formed by the students displaying banners that depicted the history of the college surrounded WCC. The centenary flag was also shipped to other countries for various WCC alumni to sign and be a part of the celebration. Celebrations were convened with fervor and pomp. On a whole, the entire event spectacularly showcased the evolution of the college and marked a monumental occasion in the history of Women’s Christian College.

Lakshmi RB
III B.A Corporate Economics

Other Highlights

19th: Turning of the Sod
A very significant event in the history of WCC took place on the 19th of January. The first bricks for the foundation of the Centenary Block were laid by the principal and other dignitaries and the students decorated the sky with yellow and green balloons. The Special guests for the day were Dr. Paul Dhinakaran and Mrs. Evangeline Paul Dhinakaran of Jesus Calls Ministry.

26th: Homecoming
WCC welcomed a huge number of alumnae from different batches for the Homecoming. The students put up a cultural programme to entertain them.
Turning of the Sod
Midnight Thanksgiving Service
The bikers leading the float
The Float
CONVOCATION PRIZES

SHIFT I

Home Science Department – Postgraduates:

**THE DR. FLORENCE THEOPHILUS PRIZE** for securing the highest total marks in courses and thesis in the M.Sc. Food Service Management and Dietetics Class – Deevena Jemima

**THE MRS. ALAMELU SRINIVASAN ENDOWMENT PRIZE** for securing the highest total marks in M.Sc. Food Service Management and Dietetics. – Deevena Jemima

The **FOOD SERVICE MANAGEMENT AWARD** for securing the highest total marks in Papers “Physical Facilities” And “Selected Topics in Food Service Management” in M.Sc. Food Service Management & Dietetics. – Deevena Jemima

The **WEIKFIELD FOOD TROPHY** for securing the highest mark in “Advanced Food Science papers I & II” in the M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition and M.Sc. Food Service Management And Dietetics classes – Deevena Jemima

The **W.C.C. HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT ROLLING SHIELD** for the best thesis in M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition – Ashwini C

The **MRS. VUTHAMY MUTHAYYA PRIZE** for securing the highest mark in the paper on “Interior Decoration” in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Nida Mariyam M

The **LIFE SKILLS SCHOOL SILVER JUBILEE PRIZE** for securing the highest mark in “Lifespan Development” in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Sujatha S

The **PADMA GOVINDAN ENDOWMENT PRIZE** for securing the highest total marks in Part IV Core and Supporting Papers in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Sujatha S

And Dietetics classes – Sarah Jane Monica

The **DR. RATNABAI ARULANANDAM AWARD** for securing the highest mark in “Biochemistry” in the M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition class - Sarah Jane Monica

The **DR. ELEANOR MASON NUTRITION PRIZE** for securing the highest total marks in the M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition class – Sarah Jane Monica

The **DR. JUBILEE S.PRATHAPKUMAR NUTRITION PRIZE** for the best student of the M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition class for securing the highest total marks in Foods And Nutrition papers – Sarah Jane Monica

The **W.C.C. HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT ROLLING SHIELD** for the best thesis in M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition – Ashwini C

The **DR.ELEANOR MASON ENDOWMENT PRIZE** for securing the highest total of the combined marks in “Applied Statistics And Research Methodology”, “Physiology” and “Community Nutrition” in the M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition and M.Sc. Food Service Management And Dietetics classes – Priyadarshini S

The **PADMA GOVINDAN ENDOWMENT PHYSIOLOGY PRIZE** for securing the highest mark in “Physiology” in M.Sc. Foods And Nutrition and M.Sc. Food Service Management

**HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT – UNDERGRADUATE:**

The **MRS. VUTHAMY MUTHAYYA PRIZE** for securing the highest mark in the paper on “Interior Decoration” in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) and B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics Classes – Nida Mariyam M

The **LIFE SKILLS SCHOOL SILVER JUBILEE PRIZE** for securing the highest mark in "Lifespan Development" in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Sujatha S

The **PADMA GOVINDAN ENDOWMENT PRIZE** for securing the highest total marks in Part IV Core and Supporting Papers in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Sujatha S

Sarah Jane Monica
The DR. JUBILEE S. PRATHAPKUMAR PRIZE for securing the highest total marks in all the papers (Parts I, II, III and IV) in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) Class – Sujatha S

The DR. JUBILEE S. PRATHAPKUMAR PRIZE for securing the highest total marks in all the papers (Parts I, II, III and IV) in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics Class – Nida Mariyam M


The LABORATORY NURSERY SCHOOL SILVER JUBILEE PRIZE for securing the highest mark in "Human Growth And Development” in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics Class – Shaistha Fathima K N

The DAISY CORNELIUS PRIZE for securing the highest total marks in Part IV - Core And Supporting Papers in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management And Dietetics Class – Nida Mariyam M

The PUSHPARANI GEORGE GOLD MEDAL in Home Science for a student of B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (Vocational Stream) and B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (General Stream) classes in recognition of her meritorious academic performance as well as a spirit that is focused on bettering the lives of others in need –

The PUSHPARANI GEORGE GOLD MEDAL in Home Science for a student of B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (Vocational Stream) and B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (General Stream) classes in recognition of her meritorious academic performance as well as a spirit that is focused on bettering the lives of others in need –

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY

PSYCHOLOGY P G

The DISSERTATION PRIZE for securing the highest mark in ‘Dissertation’ for the M.Sc. Applied Psychology Degree Course – Anaga R

The MADRAS ALUMNAE ENDOWMENT PRIZE for the best outgoing student of the M.Sc. Applied Psychology Degree Course – Rofia R

The DR JUBILEE S.PRATHAPKUMAR PRIZE for her achievement in the academic field, qualities of leadership, participation in extra-curricular activities and contribution to the College – Anaga R

The Dr. P Mahalingam Medal and Prize awarded for the highest academic achievement in the Postgraduate course in Psychology – Rofia R

PSYCHOLOGY - UNDER GRADUATE

The MR. R.Y. SAMUEL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in ‘Counseling Psychology’ – Monica Elsa Jacob

The MISS. VISHNU RAO MEMORIAL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in "Social and Abnormal Psychology" – Sonali Senthivel

The MRS. MERCY SAMUEL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in “Social Psychology I, II & III” – Sonali Senthivel

The DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY PRIZE for the best student who secures the highest marks in the Core Papers during semesters I to VI – Sonali Senthivel

The DR. MRS. ANJALA RICHARD PRIZE for the best student of Practical I & Practical II – Sanjana Shivaram & Sonali Senthivel

The MRS. CHELLAMMAL KRISHNARAJ PRIZE for securing the highest marks in ‘Behaviour in Organisations’ – Senta Christy M
The Dr. P Mahalingam Medal and Prize awarded for the highest academic achievement in the Undergraduate course in Psychology – Sonali Senthilvel

**GENERAL PRIZES FOR B.A./B.SC.:**

The MILLER MEDAL for the best outgoing student of the college securing the highest total marks in all the subjects during the three years of the Degree course – Syamala B

The VATSALA PAI PRIZE for her achievement in the field of academics, sports and games, co-curricular and extra-curricular activities, her qualities of leadership and outstanding service to this College and the wider community during the three years – Lydia J

The WINIFRED ROGERSON PRIZE for her participation in sports and games all through her 3 years and achieving outstanding results therein, as well as maintaining good academic records – Ragavi C

The VIMALA PAI PRIZE for outstanding social service during the three years of study – shared by Rennee S S, Aishwarya Gopinath

The LAKSHMI RAJAGOPAL PRIZE for her musical talent, discipline, dedication and devotion to motivate her fellow choristers to maintain the high standards of the College choir – Sreya Ann Oommen

The SMT. RADHA DEVI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for excellence in Indian Classical Dance – Resshmi Raj Kumar

The SMT. RADHA DEVI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for excellence in Indian Classical Music – Amuradha Shankar

The SMT. RADHA DEVI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for excellence in Art – Shalini M

The RENUKA MUKHERJEE SOMASEKAR MEDAL for the best outgoing Humanities student of the College securing the highest total marks in Core & Supporting papers during the three years of the degree course – Farzana R

The RENUKA MUKHERJEE SOMASEKAR MEDAL for receiving the highest recognition from a noted authority outside Women’s Christian College for co-curricular / extra-curricular achievement. – Anu Priya M

The ANNA MATHEW MEDAL for an outgoing student for her highest contribution to the College in the best interests of the student community – Keerthana B

The ANNA MATHEW MEDAL for the Best Actor in the College play – shared by Sneha Tarway & Sarah George Kaipanattu

**MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT:**

The ARULMANI MANUEL SENIOR MATHEMATICS PRIZE for the best student of the B.Sc. Mathematics (Core) class - Syamala B

The GRACE POONNEN MATHEMATICS PRIZE for the best student of the Department of Mathematics in recognition of her scholarship, leadership and contribution to the Department and to the College – Shalini M

The BEATRICE CHINNIAH MATHEMATICS PRIZE for the best student of B.Sc. Mathematics class for securing the highest marks in Core and Supporting – Syamala B

**PHYSICS DEPARTMENT:**

The ALICE BARNABAS PHYSICS PRIZE for the best student in the B.Sc. Physics Core Class securing the highest marks in Part IV – Samyuktha V

The NESAM DEVAPRAGASAM PHYSICS prize for the best student in the B.Sc. Core
Class for securing the highest total marks in all subjects Parts I, II, III and IV. – Jaiyasree C

The RANJINI VICTOR PRIZE for securing the highest mark in the subject "Electromagnetism" of the Physics Core Course – Jaiyasree C

The RANJINI VICTOR PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the subject "Quantum Mechanics" of the Physics Core Course – Jaiyasree C

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT:

The MRS. KAMAKSHI CHEMISTRY PRIZE for the best student in Chemistry (Core) of the final year B.Sc. Class – Rasheeda K

The SRI. K.C. GOPALACHARLU GOLD MEDAL for the best student of the graduating class of the Department of Chemistry in recognition of her scholarship, leadership and contribution to the Department – Rasheeda K

The A.S. NARAYANAN MEMORIAL CHEMISTRY PRIZE for securing the highest total marks in Core Chemistry Theory and Practical Courses in semesters I to VI – Rasheeda K

PLANT BIOLOGY AND PLANT BIOTECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT:

The ALMA STOKEY BOTANY PRIZE for the best student of III B.Sc. Plant Biology And Plant Biotechnology (Core) Class – shared by Nyabi Bagra, Sumaiya Kauser S

The P.X. RENGASAMI AND SINNA DURAI MEMORIAL PRIZE for the B.Sc. Plant Biology And Plant Biotechnology student with the highest total marks in all Core Practical papers – shared by Gegam Jini, Nyabi Bagra

The DR. ANNA ZACHARIAH BOTANY PRIZE awarded to a student of Plant Biology And Plant Biotechnology class securing highest marks in VTC theory and practical papers during semester V. – Nyabi Bagra

ADVANCED ZOOLOGY AND BIOTECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT:

The MRS & MR C.G. PHILIP MEDAL for securing the highest marks in semesters I to VI in Part IV Core, VTC AND Supporting subjects in the B.Sc. Advanced Zoology And Biotechnology class – Linda Catherine B

The GNANAMBAL GNANADICKAM ZOOLOGY PRIZE for the final year B.Sc. Advanced Zoology And Biotechnology student securing the highest marks in “Genetics” And “Physiology” – Linda Catherine B

The MISS DAISY SAMUEL PRIZE for the final year B.Sc. Advanced Zoology And Biotechnology student securing the highest marks in ‘Developmental Biology’ – Linda Catherine B

The U. PREMA NARASINGH ZOOLOGY PRIZE for the best student of the graduating class of the Department of Advanced Zoology And Biotechnology in recognition of her Scholarship, Leadership and Contribution to the Department, College and Community – Linda Catherine B

The ZOOLOGY CLASS OF ’96 PRIZE for the best work Assignments and Seminars in Core papers in all the six semesters – Chandika R G

COMPUTER SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The ELEANOR MASON SENIOR COMPUTER SCIENCE PRIZE for securing the highest total marks in the core and supporting subjects in semesters V and VI – Chandini Rebecca Andrews

The DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE PRIZE for the best outgoing student of the B.Sc. Computer Science Degree Programme – Chandini Rebecca Andrews
HISTORY DEPARTMENT:

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in "European History" (1900-2000AD), "History of Japan (1900 - 2000AD)" and "History of China" (1900 - 2000AD) & Nationalism of South East Asia" – Farzana R

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in “Art History of India, History of Anthropology ” and “Principles of Archaeology” – Farzana R

The ELEANOR MCDougall Senior History Prize for the best student of History (core) in the B.A. Degree class – Farzana R

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in “Human Rights” and “Gender Studies” - Patricia Hermaine Dillen

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in "History of USA" and "Contemporary International Affairs" – Farzana R

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT:

The ENGLISH DEPARTMENT PRIZE for the best student of English Core in Class III – Sarayu Sankar

The SARAH VERGEHSE PRIZE for the highest marks in Feminist Perspectives: An Introduction” – Sarah George Kaipanattu

The DR. NITHILA MASILAMANI PRIZE for securing the highest mark in “Journalism” – Lydia J

The DR. NITHILA MASILAMANI PRIZE for the best student of the graduating class of the Department of English in recognition of her scholarship, leadership and contribution to the Department and the College – Sarayu Sankar

The MARGARET MOORE PRIZE for securing the highest mark in “English Language Teaching” – Lydia J

The MOTIVATION PRIZE for a student doing the best turn around, competing with nobody but her own self, improving on her modest beginning and achieving a remarkable academic progress, through the three years of study – shared by Evanjeline Nightingale M & Suganya E

SCRIPTURE PRIZES:

The Alexander Miller Senior Scripture Prize for securing the highest marks in the College in the C.E.C. examination in "Essence of Christian Faith". – Helan Princey C

The Gnanambal Gnanadickam Scripture Prize for securing the highest marks in all the three years in C.E.C. examinations (both Internal And External). – Lydia J

The Christian Education Council Prize for securing the IInd rank in the CEC examination in ‘Essence of Christian Faith’ – shared by Helan Princey C & StepHy Selvika N

LANGUAGE PRIZES

The Tamil Department Tourism Project Prize for 2012 – 2013 shared by Pratheepa Y & Nandhini J

The Dayamani Manesseh Journalism (Tamil) Project Prize – shared by Queen Emimal D & Sherly Shantha Sharon J

The Dayamani Manesseh Journalism (Tamil) Project Prize – Thamizhbarathi R
GENERAL

DR RENUKA MUKERJI SOMASEKHAR MEDAL for the best outgoing undergraduate student of the college – Shift II in recognition of her achievement in the field of academics, co-curricular & extracurricular activities, sports, leadership qualities and outstanding services to this college and the community - Preethi Zipporah C of B.Com (General)

DR RENUKA MUKERJI SOMASEKHAR MEDAL for an undergraduate student (Shift II) for excellence in sports and games and good academic records during the three years of study in Shift II - Anupriya A of B.Com (A & F)

KANTHA V ANNA MATHEW MEDAL for an undergraduate student (Shift II) in recognition of her musical talent, dedication and devotion to music and contribution to the college choir - Rebecca Soma Jacob of B.Com (A & F)

DR RENUKA MUKERJI SOMASEKHAR PRIZE for a postgraduate student in humanities (Shift II) for securing the highest mark in project / dissertation / study paper that has social relevance - Shruthi Sara Abraham of M.A Communication

KANTHA V ANNA MATHEW PRIZE for a postgraduate student in Science (Shift II) for securing the highest mark in project that has social relevance - Aishwarya V of M.Sc. Biotechnology

KANTHA V ANNA MATHEW PRIZE for a postgraduate student in Science (Shift II) for securing the highest mark in project that has social relevance - Mayanka C of M.Sc. CST

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE MEDAL instituted in honour of Dr Rita Jacob Cherian for excellent leadership qualities - Preethi Zipporah C

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE MEDAL for the best outgoing student of the department - Preethi Zipporah C

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE MEDAL instituted in memory of Dr Kalyani Joel for the best project work in the final year B.Com - Visalakshi R M

B.Com (General)

The COGNIZANCE 2001 MEDAL for securing the highest marks in core and supporting papers in B.Com (General) - Kokila R

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE PRIZE instituted in memory of Ms Eleanor McDougall for securing the highest mark in core elective papers in semesters V & VI in B.Com (General) - Kavitha S

B.Com (Accounting & Finance)

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE PRIZE instituted in memory of Dr Kanmani Christian for securing the highest marks in core and supporting papers in B.Com (Accounting & Finance) - Narasambattu Kruthi

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE MEDAL instituted in memory of Dr Glory Christopher for securing the highest mark in core elective papers in semesters V & VI in B.Com (Accounting & Finance) - Rebecca Soma Jacob

B.Com (Computer Applications)

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE PRIZE instituted in memory of Ms Sujatha John for securing the highest mark in core elective papers in semesters V & VI in B.Com (Computer Applications) - Jayanthi Madasamy & Joshna Joy
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE MEDAL
instituted in memory of Dr Sivagami
Shivakumar for securing the highest mark in
core and supporting papers in B.Com (Computer
Applications) - Jayanthi Madasamy

DEPARTMENT OF MANAGEMENT
STUDIES
DR GLORY CHRISTOPHER PRIZE for the
best outgoing student in BBA - Varsha V

MS VERA AUGUSTUS PRIZE for academic
excellence in BBA - Fathima Thareen Z

DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE
(Shift II)
DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE
(Shift II) PRIZE instituted in memory of
Dr Eleanor Mason for securing the highest mark
in all core papers - Jemimah Priyadarshini S

DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE
(Shift II) PRIZE instituted in memory of
Ms Anna T Zachariah for her active participation
in cultural activities - Prashanthi S

DEPARTMENT OF CORPORATE
ECONOMICS
DEPARTMENT OF CORPORATE
ECONOMICS PRIZE for securing the highest
mark in core and supporting papers - Shalu
Agrawal

EVINCE PRIZE for the best outgoing student
of the Department of Corporate Economics
-Avantika Ramesh

DEPARTMENT OF VISUAL
COMMUNICATION
KAITHAIL JACOB AND SARAMMA PRIZE
for the best outgoing student of the Department
of Visual Communication in recognition of her
character, scholarship, leadership abilities &
contribution to the department - Anna Sanjana
Sajiv

DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER
SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY
DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE
& TECHNOLOGY PRIZE for the best outgoing
student of the department - C Mayanka

TAMIL
THE ELANGOVAN PRIZE for proficiency in
Tamil - Kokila R of B.Com (General)

PG DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION
DR RENUKA MUKERJI SOMASEKHAR
PRIZE for the best outgoing student of the
Department - Madhuvanti S Krishnan

PG DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
THE ROBERT WALTER KARUNAKAR
PRIZE for securing the highest marks in English
Paper I and II - Reshmika Lydia of B.Com
(A&F)

THE ROBERT WALTER KARUNAKAR
PRIZE for literary participation and excellence
- Avantika Ramesh of B.A Corporate Economics

DEPARTMENT OF MANAGEMENT
STUDIES
SHRI M S VISWANATHAN PRIZE for the
best outgoing student in M.A HRM - Poorani R

MR VAIKUNDARAJAN PRIZE for academic
excellence in M.A. HRM - Pallavi Thaker R

PG DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
S C P DHANAPAL MEDAL for excellence in
M.Sc Mathematics - Usha Catherine P

S C P DHANAPAL MEDAL for the best project
in M.Sc Mathematics- Bifi Simon A
PG DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
POSTGRADUATE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS PRIZE for securing the highest marks in all the core papers - Jyoti

PG DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
VEDAVALLI & KRISHNAN MEMORIAL MEDAL for securing the highest marks in core & core elective papers in semesters III & IV in M.Sc. Chemistry class - Mouleeswari R B
MARY VURGESE CHEMISTRY MEDAL for the best outgoing student of the M.Sc. Chemistry class, securing the highest total marks in all the courses from semesters I to IV – Mouleeswari R B

PG DEPARTMENT OF BIOTECHNOLOGY
DR JEYA GOWRI – GIRI RENGASAMI PRIZE for the best outgoing student of the Department - Nancy Sugirtha Rani N

DR INDRANI MICHAEL PRIZE for general proficiency in M. Sc. Biotechnology- Jeba Kezi J

PG DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY
MS ELEANOR MCDOUGALL MEDAL for the best outgoing student of the Department of Information Technology - Archana M
SYNCHRONIZE 2004 ENDOWMENT MEDAL for general proficiency in M.Sc Information Technology - Anusuya M

M.SC INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY PRIZE for scoring the highest marks in all core and core elective subjects - Archana M
ASSEMBLY PRIZES

SHIFT - I

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

THE JESSIE THOMPSON JUNIOR HISTORY PRIZE— for securing the highest marks in “Indian History” in papers I IV – Divya Bharathi R

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in core - “History of India (1707 to 1947) & Contemporary History of India (1947 to Present times) in the II year History class – Divya Bharathi R

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in supporting courses - “Principles of Economics” and “Indian Economic Planning & Policies” in the second year History class – Veshvapriya K

The LILY PITHAVADIAN PRIZE for securing the highest marks in core, “Cultural Heritage of India I (upto 1206 AD)” and “Cultural Heritage of India II (1206 AD – 107 AD) in the first year History class – Srinidhi S

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

THE DEVELOPMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY PRIZE for securing the highest marks in ‘Developmental Psychology’ – Revathy Sukumaran

THE SUJATHA KURUVILLA PRIZE for securing the highest mark in ‘Basic Psychology’ – Lakshmi Nandhini L V

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

THE FLORENCE RISLEY ENGLISH PRIZE for the student who does the best class work in English Core in class II – Anver Gazala

THE MARGARET BRETHERTON ENGLISH PRIZE for the best student of English Core in class I – Manasa R

THE DEVAKI MASILAMANI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for the highest marks in General English - Advanced Level – Anver Gazala

THE DEVAKI MASILAMANI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for the highest marks in General English – Intermediate Level – Agnes Eunice Jasper S

THE DEVAKI MASILAMANI ENDOWMENT PRIZE for the highest marks in General English – Basic Level – Anggai P

The Rivett Prize for the best article in English in the Sunflower Magazine –shared by Anver Gazala (12ENG09) & Nandini J

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

THE ALICE BARNABAS JUNIOR MATHEMATICS PRIZE – for the best student in class I Mathematics – Anjali Elizabeth

THE S.KAVITHA MATHEMATICS PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the core Mathematics papers in Semesters III and IV – Priyaa C V

THE EDITH COON SCIENCE PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the Physical Sciences in Semesters I IV – Priyaa C V
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
THE AMMU MATHEW MERIT SCHOLARSHIP
for securing the highest marks in Physics core subjects in class I Semesters I & II – Shalu Solomon

THE AMMU MATHEW MERIT SCHOLARSHIP
for securing the highest marks in Physics core Subjects in class II Semesters III & IV – Esther Catherine N

SOUND SYSTEM
Special Prize in recognition of the services rendered in operating and maintaining the College audio system – No Prize for 2015

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT
THE RATNA RAO JUNIOR CHEMISTRY PRIZE for securing the highest marks in core subjects in Class I Chemistry – Amita Aanne Mathews

THE RATNA RAO SENIOR CHEMISTRY PRIZE for securing the highest marks in core subjects in Class II Chemistry – Sweety Ann Samuel

PLANT BIOLOGY & PLANT BIOTECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT
THE SARAH VERGHESE MEMORIAL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology Core papers in Semesters III IV – Krishna Veni S

THE SINVALADUI MUTHAMMAL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology theory papers in Semesters I & II – Shafiqa Kauser A

The Sujatha John Memorial prize for the year 2013 – 14, in view of her enthusiastic participation and contribution to the activities of the Eco Club during the year 2013 – 14 – shared by Shalu Solomon & Benasir Banu M S

ADVANCED ZOOLOGY & BIOTECHNOLOGY DEPARTMENT
THE ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the core and VTC subjects in Semesters I IV – Hannah Shalini K V

THE NIRMALA JEYAPAU L PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Dissections in Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology practicals in Semesters I II – Nivedha E

HOME SCIENCE DEPARTMENT
THE PADMA GOVINDAN ENDOWMENT PRIZE FOR PHYSIOLOGY for securing the highest marks in Physiology in the B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management & Dietetics (Vocational Stream) class – Keerthana Krishna V G P

THE MARY C.JACOB ENDOWMENT PRIZE FOR PHYSIOLOGY for securing the highest marks in Physiology in the I B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics class – Hasna Arshia A

COMPUTER SCIENCE DEPARTMENT
THE ELEANOR MASON JUNIOR PRIZE FOR COMPUTER SCIENCE for securing the highest total marks in Core and Supporting subjects in Semesters I IV – Ashwini R

LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT
THE MARY MASILLAMANI TAMIL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the Tamil Course in Semesters I and II – Jeevitha K
THE MARY MASILLAMANI TAMIL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the Advanced Tamil Course in Semesters I and II – Visudha N

THE H.A.KRISHNA PILLAI TAMIL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the General Tamil course in Semesters III and IV – Shared by Anggai P, Yamuna P Vijayalakshmi T, Esther Catherene N, Vinodha Evangeline J.

THE H.A.KRISHNA PILLAI TAMIL PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the Advanced Tamil course in Semesters III and IV – Nisha B

THE SUNFLOWER MAGAZINE PRIZE for the best Poem – Visudha N

THE SUNFLOWER MAGAZINE PRIZE for the best Story – Rishka R

THE G.K. KRISHNAN PRIZE for the best story in AMUDHAKALANJIUM – Reshma J

THE G.K. KRISHNAN PRIZE for the best Poem in AMUDHAKALANJIUM – Kouthami K M

THE VEDANAYAGAM SHASTRIAR BIRTH BI-CENTENARY PRIZE for the best essay in Tamil on the works of Shastriar – Jenefa J

SMT RUKMINI PARTHASARATHY MEMORIAL PRIZE for the best literary essay in Tamil – Ramya S

The Tamil Department Tourism Project Prize for the best Project in Tamil – Yamuna P

DAYAMANI MANESSEH JOURNALISM PROJECT PRIZE for the best project in Tamil – Prema N

DR GLORY CHRISTOPHER MEMORIAL PRIZE (for securing the highest marks in Tamil General Course Sem I – IV) – Yamuna P

DR GLORY CHRISTOPHER MEMORIAL PRIZE (for securing the highest marks in Tamil Advanced Course Sem I – IV) – Nisha B

R Mannulingam Memorial Prize for securing the highest marks in Job Oriented Tamil – Abisha Queency J

Languages - Hindi

THE S.R.SASTRI HINDI PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Part I Language Hindi in Semesters I & II – Neha Lakra

The DR PREMAVATHI NAIDU PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Part I Language Hindi in semesters I & II – Neha Lakra

The DR PREMAVATHI NAIDU PRIZE for securing the highest marks in Part I Language Hindi in semesters III & IV – Shyamala P

Languages – French

THE MARY ELLEN STEPHENSON FRENCH PRIZE for securing the highest marks in French in Semesters I – IV of Part I French – Nivetha Rajapandian

The FRENCH PROFICIENCY PRIZE for excelling in all the assignments in Semesters I – IV and for participating actively in Inter-collegiate French Competitions – Ankitha Ramakrishnan

SCRIPTURE PRIZES

THE BENEDICTA ROWE SCRIPTURE PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the C.E.C. Examination in New Testament – Manjula G
THE ALEXANDER MILLER JUNIOR SCRIPTURE PRIZE for securing the highest marks in the C A & E S in Old Testament – Jasmine Beryl Lydia S

The CHRISTIAN EDUCATION COUNCIL PRIZE for securing the 1st rank in the CEC examination in Old Testament (2014) – Jasmine Beryl Lydia S

The CHRISTIAN EDUCATION COUNCIL PRIZE for securing the 2nd rank in the CEC examination in Old Testament (2014) – shared by Benoite T & Maragatham Epshiba I

The SHALOM GRACE GEORGE SCRIPTURE PRIZE awarded to a student of Nut. Food Service Mgmt. & Diet. Class (General Stream) for securing the highest marks in scripture in the second year – Jasmine Beryl Lydia S

SHIFT II

Department of Commerce

B.Com General

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - PRIYANKA C

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - AISHWARYA R & CHAARUMATHI ARUL JOTHI

B.Com Accounting & Finance

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - YAMINI S

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - BHAGYALAKSHMI D

B.Com Computer Applications

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - ANABHA SUDEEP ABRAHAM

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - SONALI GUPTA

B.Com Honours

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - PATSY JANE JOCELIN T

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - JANANI MOHANRAJ

Department of Management Studies

BBA

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - SHREYA LULLA R

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - AYSHWARYA S

M.A HRM

Academic excellence in semesters I & II - SONIA KAVITHA S

Department of Corporate Economics

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - ARCHANA SURESH

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - ASHIWINI N PRASAD

Department of Visual Communication

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - VINITHRA R

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - BHAVIKA R

Department of Computer Science

BCA

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - ABINAYA M

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - PRIYANKA MUNIANDI

M.Sc. CST

Academic Excellence in semesters I & II - RESHMA ZABEEN K T

Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV - CHITHRA K
Academic Excellence in semesters V & VI
- JASMINE BEATRICE A
Academic Excellence in semesters VII & VIII
- JUHI JAHANA J
M.Sc. IT
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- FAZEELA BEGAM S
PG Department of Biotechnology
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- GOUNDER VIMALA GANDHI CHITRA
PG Department of Physics
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- LAVANYAA V P
PG Department of Chemistry
Academic excellence in semesters I & II
- SRAAVYA N
PG Department of Mathematics
Academic excellence in semesters I & II
- ESTHER THALITHA MARY S
PG Department of English
Academic excellence in semesters I & II
- IRENE LAL MECHERY
PG Department of Communication
Academic excellence in semesters I & II
- GUPTA PARAMA PARIKSHIT SHAMPA &
PARAVATHY R S
Language Prizes
English
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- SHREYA LULLA R (BBA)
Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV
- ASHWINI N PRASAD (B.A Corporate Economics)
Hindi
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- VEENA S MAHBUBANI (BBA)
Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV
- ASHWINI N PRASAD (B.A Corporate Economics)
French
Academic Excellence in semesters I & II
- SHRUTHI MIRIAM JOSEPH (B.COM Hons)
Academic Excellence in semesters III & IV
- CHETHANA M (B.A Corporate Economics)
Scripture Prize
UG Scripture Prize in semesters III & IV
- DEBORAH MERCY (BCA) & NEHEMIAH S (BCA)
General Prizes
UG Social Ethics Prize in semesters III & IV
(General)
- AISHWARYA R (B.Com General)
For commendable performance in the Extension Activities (NSS)
- PUJA O (M.SC CST)
For commendable performance in the Extension Activities (Rotaract)
- SASHWATI ARCOT (B.COM A&F)
For commendable performance in the Extension Activities (Young India)
- DURGA POORANI (BBA)
For commendable performance in the Extension Activities (Enviro Club)
- TESSY ELSA MATHEW (Vis. Com) &
AMANPREET KAUR (Vis. Com)
For commendable performance in the Extension Activities (NCC)
- SGT .ESTHER (B.COM General) & CSM.
TONY MAGDALEENA (M.SC. CST)
I saw her first, a demure, newly married woman, hair drawn into a neat bun, in a sober, full sleeved salwar kameez. I look at her now, with her elegant, silver streaked mop, tastefully accessorised, co-ordinating designer sarees and blouses, the department diva. And I realise from then to now, how significant has been the influence of Nalini Singaravel, a strong woman, passionate about truth and committed to doing “with all her might whatsoever her hand findeth to do.”

The first thing that struck me about Nalini, when she came up to me, a new comer to the department, was her academic acumen, coupled with unassuming intelligence. She commended the comprehension exercise I had compiled and suggested that one could use contemporary texts from magazines and newspapers instead of going back to Western literature. That day she set my perspectives straight, wooing my thoughts from dusty tomes to living literature happening all around us.

Nalini stands out among academics for her clarity of thought and logical flow of argumentation. Be it a debate in the staff room during the framing of a syllabus or the staff council, few have her ability to see a problem from different angles and resolve upon the best option or solution. As a teacher, she excels in her area of expertise. Students, solely inspired by her teaching, have majored in the fascinating yet formidable subject of Linguistics. In her teaching of Indian Literature she enthused the students with her own excitement at the literary and cultural richness invested in the texts. She took them beyond the pages of the book to scrutinise life in India, leaving them with appreciation in the place of scorn and indignation and concern displacing indifference.

Both complementing and balancing this side of Nalini is her immense love of laughter and playfulness. First years, you have missed the scintillating sight of your HOD donning the Poikkal Kuthirai costume and dancing to folk music on the auditorium stage at the finale of a Folklore and Literature conference. She has also reveled in playing both a naughty nursery school kid and been a romping Santa. What you have not missed, I am sure, is a taste of her witty rejoinders. People passing by the English department have often been taken by, and perhaps envied, the peals of laughter that emanate with Nalini at the centre. Head and junior most staff member, an erstwhile student to boot, could laugh with and at one another in a heartening spirit of democracy.

Lest you get the wrong idea that it was all play and no work, let me tell you that when it comes to pulling the team together, few leaders have achieved what Nalini has done. I remember our former Head, Dr. Jasmine Sally, saying at her farewell that Nalini would lead the department to greater heights than ever before and so she has. Whether it be music or sports, cultural contests or Teacher’s Day celebrations, raising funds at Food Fair or college play events, the English Department has been at the forefront. Add to that the increasing number of academic activities, workshops, theatre events, poetry readings that staff and students have been involved in, one is truly proud to be part of a dynamic department. And Nalini herself, having played diverse roles as Head, Controller of Examinations, Vice Principal and Resource Person for the UGC and at other institutions,
College Play coordinator, has been a great role model.

Multi faceted she is. Her home is always lush with a thriving garden and in recent years she proves that it is possible to balance an urban home and career with an ecological lifestyle by growing the most amazing plants, rearing a dog, birds and a tank full of fish. Her culinary prowess must be mentioned. In the department we avidly wait our daily portion of minerals and protein in the form of cooked beans of various kinds. Her podis and pickles are out of this world and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that her biriyani has made its way all the way to Boston, USA where it has its share of ardent followers.

On the personal front, I must share with you that Nalini likes to live life larger than your average teacher. The birth of her children is a case in point. One evening, a heavily pregnant Nalini and I walked blithely down to her house off Sterling and parted ways from there. Imagine my wonder when I hear that just a few hours later she has already delivered a girl. But the birth of her son surpassed that. The labour started practically in the General English class at McDougall much to the consternation of the students. The Tamil department staff descended on her and bore her off to the comfort of the staff room. Various staff members flew in various directions. Mrs. Anna Siromoney swung into action in her Maruti Omni. It was pouring cats and dogs and we drove through water logged streets and finally trundled Nalini into the Willingdon Hospital. And there, former Head, Mrs. Rita Cherian, held Nalini’s hand, a little nervously perhaps, because the attending gynecologist far from attending had absconded. All was well, however. The only regret was on the part of Mr. Singaravel, an army officer, who had been thwarted by fate in his determination to be at Nalini’s side for the big event.

The children who started their lives in this dramatic fashion, have, true to the beginning, steered clear of the beaten track and chosen exciting lives for themselves. Bharathy is a post graduate in Fine Arts and is currently at an art gallery in Delhi while Akhilan is pursuing Hotel Management at Mumbai. As for Colonel Singaravel, he is the most popular husband among the department husbands. Unlike the others he never shies away from mingling with us, always with a ready wit, impressing us not only with his knowledge but his attentiveness to Nalini, in bringing the phone she forgot at home or surprising her with a beautiful birthday bouquet.

Let me draw my portrait to a close by dwelling on what is the most significant impact Nalini’s life has made on her students and on us her colleagues – that of a fearless spirit of integrity and compassion that stands tall in a world that is easily cowed down and stoops to compromise. In the staff room, the classroom, the staff council and committee meetings, Nalini has always stood up for what is just and right no matter what the cost. And it was a justice tempered with compassion. Innumerable acts of kindness and monetary help have eased the distresses of many a student and worker on campus.

Nalini Singaravel never wore her Christianity on her sleeve – she simply lived it. It is evidence of her deep faith and dependence on God, her leaning on His understanding. Today, we see on one hand, an elegant, intelligent woman ending one career and beginning another chapter of a life that will have another story to tell. We also see a rare spirit that seeks to live by divine dictates, fulfilling God’s purposes. And therefore, Nalini, God’s guidance, peace and blessing will ever be upon you and your family. This is our prayer for you.

Ms. Helen Thimmayya
Department of English
Respected Principal, Dr Ridling Waller, Dr Usha Desai, Vice-Principal Dr Jannet Jeyasingh, Dr Nithiksha, my dear colleagues, both teaching and nonteaching and students:

It is an honor to speak on behalf of the college, at the farewell to one has served the college continuously for a long period of thirty one years; who has been a dear friend to me; with whom I have shared many experiences, joys and sorrows. Usha with her youthful looks and scarcely a grey hair, looks too young to be retiring.

Dr Usha Desai did her schooling at Neyveli and completed her B.Sc. in Physics from WCC in 1976. She was a resident student and lived in Main, Garden and Coon hostels. The then warden, Miss Ivy Peters, used to rotate our hostel room every year so that we would make new friends with girls from different places. Usha's favorite place in the campus, like that of most of us physics students was the library which used to open at 7 am and stay open till 10 pm. This was extended to 11 pm during examinations. Then, as now, the library was one of the best in any college in South India, with one of the largest collection of well maintained books. We could all be found in the library every single day. As she told the students on at the department farewell on Tuesday, the library is one of the best things about WCC.

Usha achieved her dream in doing her M.Sc. at IIT Madras right after B.Sc. She started teaching immediately after postgraduation and has a total of thirty seven years of teaching experience in a number of prestigious institutions. She joined WCC in January 1984 and has been here ever since. She registered for and completed her PhD in Spectroscopy from the University of Madras, even while teaching full time at WCC.

Dr Usha is well known in academic circles. She has been chief examiner for the University of Madras for many years; been an examiner for several universities also for several autonomous colleges. She has advised the Tamil Nadu Public Service Commission and other august bodies. She has been invited to serve on commissions of inspection for the University. She is much sought after as a member of board of studies of physics departments in autonomous colleges. She maintained a good rapport and networked with other college and university physics departments.

Dr Usha has served the college in many capacities. She has been Dean of Student Services from 2011-2013. She served as secretary to the Staff Council of WCC, which is a task of great responsibility. She was chief superintendent of examinations for the semester examinations. She has served in committees such as those for the College Play, convocations and organization of Platinum Jubilee celebrations of the college in 1990.

Dr Usha helped the department to organize several programs, endowment lectures and conferences. She has upheld the department's traditions of democracy, equality, teamwork, mutual cooperation and methodical planning and implementation.

Usha is an excellent teacher for several reasons. First and foremost, she herself is well-
read. She is very knowledgeable about her subject and has truly mastered Physics. She is blessed with a photographic memory. All the hours spent in the library have served her well. Secondly, she thinks logically and with clear reasoning. Thirdly, She teaches clearly, simply and audibly.

Fourthly she is genuinely interested in and cares for the student. She takes personal interest in each and every student, whether brilliant or not. She has a motherly nature and many a student has found consolation, counsel and comfort by confiding in her. And not the least, she is a person of honesty, integrity, a strong sense of justice, and of right and wrong.

Usha is a good theoretician. She is also very good at laboratory work. She has mastered many tricky experiments and fiddly apparatus. She can also at a glance tell exactly where and why a student’s observations or calculations are awry.

Usha has a cheerful disposition, a phlegmatic approach to life and a nice sense of humor. In the days when we had a lunch break in the days routine, we used to keep aside 20 minutes of it to have our lunch together. During this time of bonding, we would try to avoid talking about work and problems. Usha used to have a practice of telling at least one joke or funny incident to make even the most morose of us laugh. She believes in the power of positive thinking and uses it to lighten life and to create wellness. Present students will fondly recollect her talk to the physics society Hi Phy on this topic.

Usha is an interesting person because she has many of interests in life. She is very interested in acupressure and complementary healing. She has treated many people for various ailments and often people seek her out for her cures. Usha is very good at embroidery and crochet, creating beautiful, extremely neat work, in a wide variety of stitches. You can sometimes see her wearing saris she embroidered herself. She loves gardening and like all real gardeners knows that money is not needed to grow new plants and nature’s method is best. She was interested in non-conventional energy sources, rain water harvesting, solar energy and other green practices long before they become buzz words. Usha loves to read and has made maximum use of the library. She is seen at the annual book fair every year.

Usha is a good speaker and writer with a good command of English. She has given talks at Hi Phy and at other colleges. She is also good in Tamil and of course fluent in her mother tongue which is Konkani. She is a good cook and during our lunch break sessions we have learned several recipes from her. The most famous being her coconut burfi which is the best I have ever eaten. When was she was a young daughter-in-law took it up as an interesting challenge to be systematic in her part of the work of cooking breakfast and lunch efficiently for the eight people in the joint family.

One secret to her youthful look is that she uses her mind and memory to the maximum. I have known her to tell the students their test marks from memory when the student herself cannot remember it. I believe she has internal memory systems for everything. Usha makes the most of everything and makes the best of every situation. She dresses simply and yet makes it a point to wear a variety of interesting saris and interesting jewelry. She gives thought to how to do things in a simpler way which is a hallmark of an intelligent person.

Usha is blessed with a brilliant, handsome and charming son who is currently studying in Germany. Though he is an only child, she has brought him up to be a disciplined, hardworking, well rounded personality who can even cook well and keep house. She is a loving
and caring daughter to her parents, taking care of them whenever needed. She was a dutiful eldest daughter in law who took care of the joint household and the parents.

We wish Dr Usha Desai a peaceful, healthful and fruitful retirement. We are sure that she will always continue to keep herself active with nature, nurture and newness. May God bless and keep her and her family.

Dr. Anna Siromoney
Department of Physics

Speaking on an occasion like farewell is tough because you don’t want to say goodbye to people who you like and respect. But I consider it a privilege to share my thoughts today.

I have known Dr. Nitiksha for the last 25 years since 1990 when we both joined on the faculty of the Psychology Department WCC - slimmer, nimbler and definitely younger-looking. Speaking of which I recall an incident. Soon after Dr. Nitiksha joined on the faculty we had a visiting professor from the US. Ms. Kanchana remember introducing Nitiksha to him and he commented on how young she looked. On being told that she had a nineteen year old son, he remarked that she looked like a 19-year old herself!

It is a difficult task to pack in to a few minutes all our shared experiences and memories; but I have put together some of our thoughts.

I would like to borrow an acronym that Dr. Sumathith had coined to give a capsule sketch of Dr. Nitiksha. Keeping in mind how dependable and reliable D. Nitiksha is, like the sun which daily makes its appearance, no matter what, she had aptly chosen the word S-U-R-A-J.

S in S-U-R-A-J stands for ‘sincere’ without any artificiality or cover-ups. As Ms. Sruthi described her ‘what you see is what you get’. She may not say much, but when she does it is straight from her heart and forthright.

U stands for ‘unique’. Even her name is unique. In fact when she joined we all had a difficulty in pronouncing her name, let alone writing it. But she is unique in many other ways. To name one, she has a unique sense of humour – very subtle, very tongue in cheek and when you least expect it. In fact, if you were not paying attention, you may not even catch the joke.

R stands for reliable. Dr. Nitiksha is one person who is absolutely dependable. When we ask her help with something, she may not just agree. She will think about is and only if she thinks that she can really help she will say ‘yes’. And once she says ‘yes’, she will not go back on her word.

A stands for accurate. Very often when we forget the decisions made at the staff council or at department meetings we can always depend on Nitiksha’s memory. She was the treasurer of our National seminar and the meticulousness and accuracy with which maintained the accounts was amazing.

J stands for just. She stands up for what she believes to be right and will not do something that is merely easy. So if she thinks that
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up 

something is not done right she will come up to you and share it, usually in a way that we can accept.

In addition, there are many more things we can say. She is extremely well-prepared for classes; she is balances being both caring and a strict disciplinarian very well. She is also very well organised. In fact she is so well organised that both she and her husband have planned to start their retirement together.

And she is good sport... Cavorting on stage whether it be on Teachers’ Day or Department orientations is not her thing. But she will join us anyway and do her bit. Quite often when we got out for lunch, there may not be much variety for her in the menu as she is a strict Jain, but she will join us anyway.

In fact the last time we have gone out for lunch, we had made sure that they served Jain food. But when we were seated and asked for Jain food, the waiter blithely asked us ‘Yes Madam, Veg or nonveg Jain food?’ In the midst of our stunned silence (for none of us had heard of non-veg Jain food), Nitiksha, quietly said, ‘I’d rather starve that eat here’. But we found a waiter who was more knowledgeable, and she did stay and eat there!!

As she enters this season of her life we would like to speak this Irish retirement blessing to her:

*May you always have work for your hands to do.*
*May your pockets hold always a coin or two.*
*May the sun shine bright on your windowpane.*
*May the rainbow be certain to follow each rain.*
*May the hand of a friend always be near you.*
*And may God fill your heart with gladness to cheer you.*

Dr. Veena Easvaradoss
Department of Psychology

Office of the Controller of Examinations

his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation.
45

...
MRS. JACOB was a true daughter of Women’s Christian College having spent most of her life within its portals. She entered as a student to do her Intermediate, finished her BA, spent two years at Madras Christian College where she obtained an MA in English Literature and returned to WCC to serve as a staff member in the English Department. She remained to become the Head of the Department and continued till her retirement in 1977.

She was a stately figure, always dressed in starched fine cotton sarees in white or pastel colours, with a serene demeanour. Mrs. Jacob had many talents. She was a fine needle woman and would teach those who wanted to learn, smocking, cross-stitch and all kinds of embroidery. She was also a good cook and the English Department often enjoyed pot-luck lunches which were the envy of other Departments. Under her benign leadership, all the other members had contented lives where there was hardly any friction. One could opt to teach the subject of one’s choice and all decisions were taken democratically. Mrs. Jacob was always ready to help people but she was also strict and had high standards.

She had a great sense of humour and would regale us with stories of her childhood, her classmates, some of whom were still teaching in the college, and of course about the “madamas” under whom, she studied. I always felt she should have written it down calling it, ‘Glimpses of the past at WCC.’ Here is one about Miss Coon. In those days hot water would be heated on the campus and delivered to the staff rooms by the gardeners. There was one fellow who brought the water to Miss Coon’s room and she opened the door of the bath and said, “Pour, pour.” The poor fellow thought she was telling him to go away in Tamil, which he did. After this happened a few times, it was sorted out by the Matron.

She was not prejudiced or hide-bound, but she had a loveable quirk. Whenever she saw a girl from Kerala who was dark and rather plain, she would say, “She doesn’t look like a Malayalee, does she?” This would amuse the whole Department but it was said with such guilelessness that it would offend nobody.

She married late but was an incurable romantic. Mr. Jacob would drop her off at Rivett House every morning. She would stand on the verandah and wave to him till he was out of sight.

A good, sound teacher, she had a host of admirers. Her life and work were a testament to the college and reflected its culture and values.
She lavished her love and care on her only son, and he in turn, was very attached to her and cared for her with great devotion.

When I joined the college after my honours, she took me under her wing. I will always be grateful to her for her kindness and concern. We enjoyed a long and unbroken friendship till her passing in 2014.

A wonderful and loveable person, I am sure she is at peace with God.

Dr. Nithila Masilamani
Former Head, Department of English

REMEMBERING MR. ARULDOSS

MR. S. ARULDOSS

She lavished her love and care on her only son, and he in turn, was very attached to her and cared for her with great devotion.

When I joined the college after my honours, she took me under her wing. I will always be grateful to her for her kindness and concern. We enjoyed a long and unbroken friendship till her passing in 2014.

A wonderful and loveable person, I am sure she is at peace with God.

Dr. Nithila Masilamani
Former Head, Department of English

REMEMBERING MR. ARULDOSS

MR. S. ARULDOSS

She lavished her love and care on her only son, and he in turn, was very attached to her and cared for her with great devotion.

When I joined the college after my honours, she took me under her wing. I will always be grateful to her for her kindness and concern. We enjoyed a long and unbroken friendship till her passing in 2014.

A wonderful and loveable person, I am sure she is at peace with God.

Dr. Nithila Masilamani
Former Head, Department of English

Mr. E. Maria Lawrence Innocent
Superintendent
National Cadet Corps in Women’s Christian College was initiated in June 2007. Ours is an army wing under 1 (TN) Girls Bn NCC. The sanctioned strength of our regiment is fifty four.

I year – 24 cadets, II year – 14 cadets, III year – 05

NCC gives basic military training like drill, weapon training, firing, map reading, tent pitching, health and hygiene, etc., is mainly imparted to cadets in the institution. Apart from this, they are also trained to personality development, endurance, courage, self confidence, unselfishness, bearing etc.

NCC cadets actively take part in social service activities.

The plans and parade schedule for the year was charted out.

Regular parades were conducted from 9.00 am to 1.00 pm on non-working Saturdays, few parades were conducted on week days from 9.00 am to 1.00 pm and 1.30 pm to 5.30 pm according to the schedule of the parade. A total of 60 hrs for I yr and 70 hrs for II yrs & 70 hrs for III yrs were completed from August 2013 to February 2015. Cadets were identified and trained for TSC as well as RDC. 1 cadet attended Thal Sainik camp (TSC) –Delhi, 2 cadets attended Republic Day Camp (RDC) Delhi. Cadets conducted and participated in different events like rally, competition, social activities in various Colleges. Cadets also serve as volunteers for various functions in college in maintaining discipline, seating arrangements etc.,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2014-2015</th>
<th>Camps attended by cadets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Name of camp</td>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trekking Camp</td>
<td>9th may to 18th may 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Event Type</td>
<td>Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATC/TSC/RDC selection Camp</td>
<td>13th May to 22nd May 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zonal NCC shooting Capsule</td>
<td>4th June to 13th June 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IGC Shooting Camp</td>
<td>18th to 27th June 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATC-cum-TSC launch camp/RDC training camp</td>
<td>28th June to 07th July</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Event</td>
<td>Dates</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inter Group Competition (IGC) TSC Camp</td>
<td>10th July to 19th July 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RDC cum National games camp</td>
<td>05.08.14 to 14.08.14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TSC Training camp- Launch -I</td>
<td>09.08.2014 to 18.08.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TSC Training camp- Launch -II</td>
<td>22.08.2014 to 03.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IGC Training Camp</td>
<td>22.08.2014 to 31.08.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TSC Training camp- Launch -III</td>
<td>06.09.2014 to 15.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cultural Camp</td>
<td>08.09.2014 to 11.09.2014 and 15.09.2014 to 19.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TSC camp</td>
<td>16.09.2014 to 30.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Army Attachment Camp</td>
<td>18.09.2014 to 28.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pre-IGC-RDC</td>
<td>22.09.2014 to 26.09.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IGC-RDC</td>
<td>27.09.2014 to 06.10.2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RDC-Training -I</td>
<td>27.10.2014 to 05.11.2014</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- L.Cpl Asha
- Cpl.Neya flower
- Cpl.Ramya
- Cpl.Mahalakshmi
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Dates</th>
<th>Venue</th>
<th>Cadets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MRD camp</td>
<td>03.1.2015</td>
<td>Satya Bama University</td>
<td>Jefrin Deena Elakkiya Kanagavarsha Subha Evangelin Evelin Swathi Abirami Sowmiya Moumitha Divya Durga Shalini</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Venue: Women's Christian College, Date: 30.05.2014

The cadets of 1 TN Girls Bn NCC conducted a rally on 30th May 2014 commemorating the Anti-Tobacco Day which is actually on 31st May 2014 organised by Women’s Christain College NCC Cadets. The march was flagged off by the Commanding Officer Lt. Col. T. J. Zacharia. Cap.Jyothi (AO), Lt.Selvalalathii ANO WCC, Cap.Selvi ANO (QMG), and PI staffs have witnessed the event. The march started from Women’s Christian College, reached M.O.P. Vaishnava College for Women via Haddows Road, Uthamarn Ganndhi Salai and back to Sterling road, College road and reached Women’s Christian College. More than 75 cadets from different colleges participated in the march. These cadets hope that this march as created awareness about the usage of tobacco and its consequences. Traffic Police has given full support during the rally to make this even successful. Refreshment was provided to all participants.

➤ WORLD LITERACY DAY

DATE: 08-09-2014
VENUE: SRI RAGAVENDRA PRIMARY SCHOOL, TRIPLICANE
Educated 4th and 5th std students to keep the surrounding clean and to protect our environment by a skit on Solar system and song. They were motivated to join scouts to take active part for the betterment of the society.

➢ HEALTH AND HYGIENE
DATE: 17.10.2014
VENUE: SRI RAGAVENDRA PRIMARY SCHOOL, TRIPLICANE
Creating awareness on health and hygiene and physical fitness. Cadets acted a play “Health and Hygiene awareness” to keep them healthy and fit. They were given information on good habits, nutritious healthy food and to avoid junk foods. Games were conducted to make them aware of their fitness and sports items were distributed. A cup of channa was given to all the students to know about the importance of nutritious healthy food.

➢ SCRIBE FOR BLINDS
DATE – FROM 06.12.2014 TO 20.12.15
VENUE – St. LOUIS SCHOOL FOR BLIND AND DEAF, ADYAR
20 cadets participated as a scribe to blind students of 10th to 12th std for their half yearly examination.

➢ SHARING AND CARING
DATE: 16-11-2014
VENUE: BALA GURUKULAM AASHRAM, KALLIKUPPAM, AMBATTUR
NCC cadets organised an entertainment and mind refreshing programme which made kids very enthusiastic and started involving themselves in participating in various events conducted by the cadets and made them happy conveying a message that we do care for them. Stationery items and sports materials were distributed.

➢ STOP VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN
DATE:05-12-2014
VENUE: MARINA BEACH (KANNAGI STATUE TO LIGHT HOUSE)
NCC cadets of WCC conducted a walk-a-thon with signature campaign against women abuse. The rally was flagged off by Lt. Col.Ajay Dhawan Officiating commanding officer of 1 TN Girls Bn NCC and Capt.Jyoti Choudhary. The rally started from kannagi statue to light house thus promoting awareness among the people. PI staffs, NCC cadets from various colleges and WCC students from other extension activities participated in this event. The cadets signed the rally by hand imprint and vowed to fight against violence against women in the society. Breakfast was provided to all the students.

➢ TRAFFIC CONTROL
Date: 16.12.2014
Venue: College Road.
This event was to create awareness on Road Safety. Cadets controlled traffic in college road with the help of traffic police from 12.30 pm to 2.30 which is the peak hour for the students of WCC. They also created awareness by holding placards about road safety.

➢ ORGAN DONATION
Date:17.12.2014
Venue: Women’s Christian College
This event was organised to create awareness about Organ Donation among the students. Dr. Nellaipper from Stanley hospital was Chief Guest. Dr. Hemal from Mohan Founation, Capt.VentaRajaram – president of Lion’s Club and Mr. Lakshmi Narayanan from Sankara Nethralaya who supported us in organizing this event. The registration took place till 4.00 pm. 450 people registered for organ donation and 280 registered for eye donation.

- **JINGLE BELLS- CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION**
  Date: 18.12.2014
  Venue: St. Marks Marks School, Vepery.
  This event was mainly to celebrate Christmas with the students of St. Marks school, who come from a underprivileged section of the society. Some of them dwell in pavements and their parents are colllie workers. Cadets conducted Christmas programme and sweets were distributed to the children. Note books for students were given to Head Mistress of the school to utilize when necessary.

- **INTER GROUP COMPETITION – CADO GREEN – WON OVER - ALL BANNER**
  CADO GREEN IS A INTER GROUP COMPETITION ORGANISED BY PACHAIYAPPA’S COLLEGE EVERY YEAR FOR NCC CADETS. THIS YEAR OVER-ALL CHAMPION TROPHY IS WON BY OUR WCC CADETS.
  - Contingent Drill – 21 cadets – 1st place
  - Guard of honour- 8 cadets – 2nd place
  - Best cadets – 2 cadets – 1st place
  - Obstacles -2 cadets - 1st place
  - Flag Area – 5 cadets – 2nd place
  - MC – 1st place
  - Best Right marker – 1st place

- **Independence day celebrations**
  On 15/08/2014 the NCC cadets of our college organised the 67th Independence Day celebrations. The programme was attended by the following dignitaries.
  1. Col. Ravi Narayanan- Artillery Air Defence Regiment- Chief Guest
  2. Rt. Col. Singaravel- Maratha Light Infantry Regiment- Guest of Honour
  Our beloved Principal, Dr. Ridling Margaret Waller, PRO, Ms Sarita Deepak, Ms. Helen Thimmayya, Head of the Dept. of English, NSS programme officer- Shift II, Ms Priya and 230 students from other extension activities witnessed the programme. After the hoisting of the National Flag, the Chief Guest interacted with the NCC cadets. Refreshments were provided to all the students.

- **REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION**
  Lt.Col.Ajay Dawan, Officiating commanding officer of 1 TN Girls Bn NCC was the Chief Guest. Lt.Col.Ajay Dawan hoisted our National Flag in front of the Doveton House. Dr.Kalavathy Santhi, Ms.Mary Ivy Deepa Dean of student services, Ms.Sabitha, Dean of Residents and more than 300 students from other extension activities witnessed the programme. After the flag hoisting, the Chief Guest interacted with the NCC cadets and sweets were distributed.
  Lt.A.SELVA MALATHI,
  Associate NCC Officer
  Department of Commerce
Blood donation camp

The unit of NSS from Shift I and Shift II together conducts blood donation camp every year, this year also we conducted blood donation camp, in collaboration with RRC twice (11/09/2014 & 19/02/2015), students from both the shifts actively participated. More than 200 units of blood were donated.

Learning Session

Students gained knowledge about HIV Aids. The speaker was Bhagyalakshmi. She spoke about whether the disease spread, symptoms of the disease and how it can be prevented.

Our Service

Little Sisters of the Poor is the best place to be around and students felt very happy about spending their time with senior citizens.

Our Students visited blind school in Adyar and helped them by being scribes for the exams taken by the visually challenged.

For the Shelter Home in Red hills we raised fund and the things which fulfilled their basic needs was provided.

Activities inside WCC

In occurrence to AIDs on Dec’t the students of NSS Unit performed a human chain within the campus spreading awareness about the disease. As pictures speaks louder than words, our students held placards with powerful slogans to stop AIDS.

We invited Aids affected orphan children as guests to WCC and entertained them.

Awareness on Eye Donation - The Kuthupattrai team visited WCC and amazed students with the street play which portrayed an act spreading awareness on eye donation. We had an eye specialist among us to educate students about how to protect our eyes and the process of eye donation.

Puja O
III M.Sc CST
Rotaract Club of Women’s Christian College

Projects planned and executed - (June 2014 to February 2014):

August 2014

STREE SURAKSHA

Stree Suraksha was our flagship event initiated by RCWCC. RCWCC have stepped into its 7th year & every year the club convey a message on women’s empowerment. So Stree Suraksha 2014 was successfully accomplished on August 30th at Marina beach. The topic this year was ‘Acid Attack and Molestation in Public Transport’. The rally was flagged off by Deputy Commissioner Lakshmi Devi along with 3 women who were victims of acid attack. The crowd who walked the rally with RCWCC were 1200 and more and participants were school & college students from various extension activities like Rotaract NSS, YI, and the general public.

TERRY FOX:

Terry fox run organised by IIT Madras and Rotary Club had more than 27000 college students participating. More than 350 WCCites volunteered for this event and walked 6km on 24th August for spreading awareness on cancer.

September 2014

September 1 - Tribal draping

All the members were given newspapers and pins. The game was to come up with the best possible way to drape yourself with these newspapers, within 20 minutes, just like the tribals to make them realise the importance of clothes and most importantly to bring out the creativity in them. Rotaractors enjoyed this activity. Later, papers and the whole area was cleaned and all the papers were recycled.

Rotary Youth Leadership Award

RYLA was a three day conference held in Pondicherry by the District Rotaract Council. 5 selected delegates from WCC attended the event and gained excellent training on leadership skills.

October 2014

October 18 - PHOENIX

Phoenix Ver 11.0 was a cultural event organised by Rotaract club of Madras Central & Rotaract club of Women’s Christian College on 19th October with nine amazing onstage & offstage events! The support of RCMC made the event successful with participants from all Rotaract clubs in chennai. The purpose behind Phoenix ver11.0 was to raise funds for the ‘Tangled’ project to make wigs.

November 2014

HIV project was started exclusively for the kids affected by HIV.

Our goal was to interact with the kids and make them feel special and loved. We came up with an idea of conducting a drawing competition on 9th of November for 220 children in 4 districts. The stationery kit was provided by us. 52 winners were brought to chennai. They spent a day on our campus and the next day we took them on a tour to Dakshin Chitra and Birla Planetarium.

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Rtr. Vivian from Kenya was invited to WCC for an International service with the Rotaractors of WCC. She was felicitated in a traditional manner by our fellow Rotaractors. She shared her views about our club and she was overwhelmed by our hospitality.
LET HER TRAVEL SAFE

25 Rotaractors from WCC participated in this rally organised by Survival Instincts. The rally was organised to create awareness on “Let her Travel Safe - Women’s Safety while commuting” a pressing need of the hour, in commemoration of “United Nations — International Day for Elimination of Violence Against Women”, on Nov 23rd 2014, 6.00am at Marina Beach.

December 2014.

MY FLAG MY INDIA:

Rotary International, fresh from being one of the major partners in eradicating Polio in India, embarked on a very ambitious event.

“ROTARY MY FLAG MY INDIA” was a mega event organised by RI District 3230 on the Flag Day (7th December). The Event was to create the Indian National Flag with the largest assembly of people and make a new Guinness World Record. To explicitly show our commitment and dutiful responsibility towards our country & the community. It was organised on Sunday, 7th December 2014 at 7.00 AM, YMCA grounds, Nandanam, Chennai.

4280 participants from WCC Club participated in that mega event.

50000 + people in Chennai set a Guinness record for the formation of the Largest Human National Flag.

Professional Service:

Workshop by Shilpa V from 3rd BBA on hair dressing and hair care tips for the rotaract club members of shift II.

January 2015

Professional service

2nd January- It was a workshop conducted by two graduates who have completed their Masters and a diploma in designing, Shreya G and Shweta B from 3rd B.com A&F. They explained about the course, with presentation and some videos, along with its career opportunities and the institutions existing in Chennai to do the course. 102 members participated in this workshop.

February 2014

TANGLED

‘Tangled — a hair donation drive’, a unique project initiated by RCWCC for the 1st time in India. Tangled is about collecting hair & making wigs for all cancer patients. Its to give them a psychological support on their appearance as they drastically lose hair during chemotherapy & during which they lose willpower to fight the battle. Tangled project was inaugurated on 4th Feb 2014, on world cancer day. Green Trends salon supported us to cut a minimum of 8” hair of all interested donors and collect it in a ziploc. These locks shall be made into wigs & handed over to cancer patients at Adayar Cancer Institute. We collected hair from 2549 donors across Chennai and they are in the process of making of wigs. We handed over the first two sets of the lot, to the patients in the institute. Since, for each wig, the making costs Rs. 4500, our target to make 220 wigs is still in process and shall be completed in the end of this academic year. While 110 plus wigs were handed over to the patients, RCWCC inaugurated TANGLED 15 on 29th Jan 2015 at our WCC campus where 80 plus students donated their hair on the day of the inaugural function. With the help of green trends saloon in cities including Chennai, Bangalore, Coimbatore, Hyderabad, Delhi, Trichy, it was made a national event.

Spark Conference:

Conference by the District Rotaract Council 3230 where 1500+ college students and corporates
participated. Eminent speakers addressed the gathering. ETYA award recipient was from Mumbai. Preethi Srinivasan, who was honored for her achievements. 55 WCC Rotaractors also participated and 3 WCCites were part of the core organizing committee.

Sashwati Arcot
III B.Com (A&F)

ANNUAL REPORT 2014 – ‘15– YOUNG INDIANS

Shift I

The Yi Student Net of WCC (Shift I) comprised of 51 members. These members represented the various undergraduate departments of the aided stream. The student coordinators were Ananya Rosemary Vivish and Shevaun DaCosta of III B.Sc Psychology. The treasurer was Kadambari Narendran of III B.Sc Psychology. The staff coordinator was Ms Shibi Arunkumar of the Department of Mathematics.

Yi is the corporate social responsibility wing of the Confederation of Indian Industry (CII) which started in the year 2002. It aims to create a platform for Young Indians to realise the dream of a developed nation. It encourages the youth to be more involved in nation building, social work and various other community services. It focuses on Personality Development, Community Service and Preparation for entry into mainstream Indian Industry.

EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

The first meeting with the newly installed coordinators and the registered students took place on the 14th of July 2014. At the meeting, the students decided to volunteer their services at the Lotus Blind Welfare, Young Women’s Christian Association (YWCA) and at the Child Development Centre on campus.

At the Lotus Blind Welfare, Mylapore, the year started with reading sessions for the visually impaired. The orientation took place on the 24th of July 2014. This was a continuation of the voluntary work that started in the year 2010-2011. Student volunteers from WCC visited Lotus Blind Welfare periodically throughout the academic year and read out lessons to the visually impaired students at this institution after class hours. This move was a humanitarian one, knowing fully well the impact it would have on not just the volunteers but also the beneficiaries. Student volunteers helped the visually challenged girls with their daily homework and lessons, both in English and Tamil. The students were their scribes and a lot more.

Spoken English classes for the Balwadi Children at Young Women’s Christian Association continued this year as well. The orientation took place on the 28th of July 2014. The girls were taught spoken English, and they were also helped with their school work which included subjects like Science and Mathematics. The children at YWCA were very enthusiastic learners.

The Child Development Centre on campus needed volunteers to help the specially challenged children with jewellery making and other such activities. The Orientation was on the 28th of July 2014 after which the student net of Yi went twice a week to help at the Centre. The Yi volunteers also helped with the clothes sales organised by the Child Development Centre.

On the 8th of August 2014, Yi organised a Cancer Awareness Programme. Dr. G. Kalavathy from Penn Nalam was the guest speaker. She
enlightened the audience on the methods of prevention and early detection of cancer.

On the 6th of August 2014, the students of the Yi Club attended an Eye Care Awareness Campaign in our college campus. Some members of the Yi attended the Stree Suraksha rally conducted by the Rotaract club. On the 11th of September 2014, students of Yi donated their blood at a Blood donation camp.

This year the Yi Net of WCC, under the guidance of CII, conducted the annual fund raising Basketball Tournament for corporate employees in Chennai titled “Game Changers”. The tournament was held on the 14th of March 2015 in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan’s Rajaji Vidhyashram School in Kilpauk, Chennai. Seven Corporate Companies namely Infosys, Wipro, Amazon, Sutherland, Ajuba, Technip and Tata Consultancy Services participated. Sutherland emerged as the winners, while Infosys came in second place and Amazon at third. Proceeds from this initiative will be used to sponsor the education of underprivileged students in WCC.

One of the most, fun on campus activities this year was the Christmas Carnival that took place on the 9th of December 2014. The students of Yi put up food and game stalls on their own. The club also got food stalls from outside. The proceeds from the carnival were used towards organising “Game Changers”.

The Young Indians Club along with the CII and Born To Win organised a program called Winning Edge for the Yi volunteers, that started on the 7th of January 2015. The Winning Edge Program had four fulfilling sessions of three hours each dated 7th, 12th, 21st and 28th of January 2015. Each session was based on the principle of experiential learning. It was designed in a way so that the students taking part could discover and strengthen their abilities and potentials just by showing them that edge, that separates winners from the rest.

Ananya Rosemary Vivish, III Psychology
Shevaun DaCosta, III Psychology

Shift II
The following report consists of the summary of the events which were conducted by the Young Indian’s Club, and of the events in which the members of Yi actively participated to show their support.

The Major events were organised by the Coordinators and Staff In charge of Young Indians Shift II, while the other events were conducted by other clubs and the students of Yi participated in them to show their support. The events were carefully planned and executed to kindle the interest of the students to participate in them.

MAJOR EVENTS (ORGANISED BY YI)
1. DUST IN DUSTBIN
2. SCHOOL AWARENESS PROGRAMME
3. RIGHT RIDERS
4. PRAGATHI LEKHA
5. BORN TO WIN

OTHER EVENTS
1. BEACH RALLIES
2. BLOOD DONATION
3. ORGAN DONATION
DUST IN DUSTBIN
To create awareness among students about cleanliness and to motivate them to keep the college campus clean.

- Charts were made by the students demonstrating the importance of keeping the surroundings clean.
- Display of charts: The charts created by the students were displayed around the campus in specific places, near the canteen and on the trees along the part to remind the students to keep the campus clean.

SCHOOL AWARENESS PROGRAMME
Creating awareness among the school girls about the harassments aimed at them, and how to overcome them with their strength and confidence.

- A skit was enacted by the students of YI for Church Park School.
- A mime was also staged.

RIGHT RIDERS
This event aimed at teaching the importance of following traffic rules to the people and to ensure road safety during their travel.

- A group of 40 students were selected as bikers and while holding placards displaying traffic rules, rode through various roads demonstrating the importance of following traffic rules.
- A group of 15 students performed a flash mob depicting the importance of road safety.
- Charts, instructing the students to follow traffic rules, were prepared

PRAGATHI LEKHA
Pragathi Lekha, an Initiative of the NGO Adwaya aimed at teaching English for the students at different orphanages who do not have the opportunity to learn English at their schools.

ACTIVITIES:
- Orphanages:
  1. Amaithi Illam
  2. Safe India
  3. Surabi Trust
  4. Hope for Hopeless

This programme was conducted for a total of 100 students at the above mentioned orphanages, depicting the centenary year of Women’s Christian College. About 25 volunteers along with the coordinators taught English to these kids. The project went on for 9 weeks, during the Saturdays and Sundays. The volunteers were told to prepare reports every week to keep track of the student’s progress.

BORN TO WIN
A personality development programme to discover one’s strengths and weaknesses and to boost one’s confidence was conducted by Abhisek Siroya. 25 students participated in this programme.

Classes were conducted every Monday for 4 weeks in the month of January and the participants were evaluated based on their performance.

OTHER EVENTS
Beach Rally [Conducted by Rotaract]: A rally was conducted to raise awareness regarding
Acid Attack against women. Students actively participated in this rally and walked from the Gandhi statue to the Kannagi statue.

Organ Donation Programme: A programme to create awareness among the students about Organ Donation was organised. Importance of organ donation was explained to the students.

My Flag, My India: A Guinness record was created by forming the largest Human National Flag and students actively participated in this event, making the country proud.

Beach Rally [Conducted by NCC]: A rally was conducted by NCC for the safety of women called “Help her travel Safe”. Students from YI participated to support the cause.

Beach Rally [Soundarapandian Hospital]: A rally for the awareness of arthritis and other joints related problems was conducted.

Blood donation camp [Conducted by NSS]: Eligible students donated their blood at college campus. This will be instrumental in saving many lives.

Durga Poorani D
III BBA

SPORTS REPORT

University level

- Krithika III NUT represented the Madras University for the South Zone Inter University Handball Tournament held at Periyar University from 27th September to 5th October 2014 at Salem.
- Gracelin Swetha I B.COM (H) represented the Madras University for the South Zone Inter University Handball Tournament held at Periyar University from 27th September to 5th October 2014 at Salem.
- Mahalakshmi S II NUT represented the Madras University for the South Zone & the All Inter University Crickert Tournament held at Anna University, Trichy from 2nd to 11th March 2015

National level

- Radhika K III VIS COM won II place in the 10mts Air Pistol Junior Women in All India GV Mavalankar Shooting Championship held at Ahmedabad from 5th to 15th October 2014. She also won the bronze medal in the 4th Gun for Glory shooting championship held at Gagan Narang Sports Promotion Foundation, Pune from 15th to 21st January 2015.
- Mahalakshmi S II NUT won III place in the U19 Junior Inter State Cricket (South Zone) Tournament held at Vijayawada from 10th to 16th October 2014 and got selected to represent Tamilnadu in the Senior State Ranji Trophy Tournament.
- Shankari II BA CORP represented Tamilnadu in the National Women Handball Tournament held at Chitradurga (Karnataka) from 8th to 11th December 2014.

State level

- Mallika Fernandes, II PSY won IVth place in 100mts sprint in the State Athletic Meet held at Erode from 4th to 7th July 2014 and participated in 100 mts Hurdles in the Senior State Athletic Meet held at Coimbatore.
- Radhika K III VIS COM won 1st place in the 10mts Air Pistol Junior Women in Tamilnadu State Shooting Championship held at Chennai from 6th to 10th August 2014.
• Pearlyn Rajam I NUT won IIInd place in the 10mts Air Pistol Junior Women and IIIrd place in 10mts Air Pistol Youth Women and won IIInd place in the 10mts Air Pistol U-18 International Shooting Union in TamilNadu Shooting Championship held at Chennai from 6th to 10th August 2014.
• Madhumitha I BA CORP won the IIInd place in the 10mts Air Rifle U-21 and won IIIrd place in the 10mts Air Rifle above 21 in TamilNadu Shooting Championship held at Chennai from 6th to 10th August 2014.

District level
• Mallika Fernandes, II PSY won IIInd place in 100mts Hurdles & 100mts sprint in the Chennai District Athletic Championship held on 20th & 21st June 2014 at Chennai
• Shankari D II BA CORP represented the Chennai District in the State Women Handball Tournament held at Krishnagiri on 5th December 2014.

Madras University Zonal level

At the Madras University Zonal level Tournaments our college teams have secured the following places:
• I place in Ball Badminton held at Quaid E Milleth College on 29th September 2014.
• II place in Basketball held at Stella Maris College on 12th September 2014.
• II place in Badminton held at DG Vaishnav College on 6th August 2014.
• II place in Volleyball held at Ethiraj College on 9th December 2014.
• III place in Chess held at KCS College on 4th & 5th August 2014.
• III place in Cricket held at MUU Ground from 12th to 19th August 2014.
• III place in Tennis held at Ethiraj College on 30th September 2014.
• II place in Handball held at University Union Ground on 15th September 2014.
• Participated in Table Tennis held at DG Vaishnav College on 6th August 2014.
• Participated in Kho Kho held at Quaid E Millet on 1st September 2014.
• Participated in Football held at Madras University Union Ground on 15th & 16th December 2014.
• Participated in Fencing held at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium on 15th & 16th December 2014.

In Athletics
• I place in 100 mts (Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• I place in Shot put (Simone I B.COM (G))
• I place in 200 mts (Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• II place in Hammer Throw (Simone I B.COM (G))
• II place in Long Jump (Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• II place in 4*100mts Relay (Aditi I MAT, Patricius I MAT, Preethi I NUT, Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• III place in 4*400mts Relay (Grace Anitha II CHE, Sushma I B.COM (A&F), Preethi Pricilla II CHE, Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• III place in Javelin (Krithika III NUT)
• III place in High Jump (Preethi Pricilla II CHE)
• III place in 1500 mts (Grace Anitha II CHE)
• III place in Discus (Bargavi II AZBT)
• IV place in 100 mts (Patricius I MAT)
• IV place in Triple Jump (Lyn I PHY)
• IV place in Hammer Throw (Beulah III B.COM (G))
• IV place in High Jump (Patricius I MAT)

Madras University Inter-Zonal level

The following players were selected to participate in the Madras University Inter zonal Tournaments in various games.

• CHESS: Priyanka II B.COM (H)
• BASKETBALL: Krithika III NUT, Mariam Ann III B.COM (CA), Rangapriya II B.COM (A&F), Pavithra II B.COM (A&F), Shankari II BA.CORP, Swetha II HIS, Sushma I B.COM (A&F)
• CRICKET: Mahalakshmi II NUT, Simone Rachel Suareas I B.COM (G), Sushma Anna Mathew I B.COM (A&F), Thomlin IV MSC CST
• HANDBALL: Krithika III NUT, Asha Rubini II HIS, Rangapriya II B.COM (A&F), Poornima N I BA CORP, Shankari II BA CORP, Gracelin Swetha I B.COM (HON), Saranya R II HIS
• BALL BADMINTON: Tamilachi II B.COM (CA), Muthulakshmi II BCA, Ruth Elizabeth II BCA, Gomal I ENG, Rebecca II BCA, Asha II MAT, Manju II BA CORP, Shiny II BCA, Thara II B.COM (CA)
• TENNIS: Om Kari I PSY
• VOLLEYBALL: Asha II MAT, Bharathi II HIS, Saranya II HIS, Asha Rubini II HIS, Pavithra III MAT
• FOOTBALL: Akila I BA CORP, Thomlin IV MSC CST

Invitational Inter Collegiate Tournaments

• IInd place in Buck Tournament (Cricket) from 25th to 28th August 2014.
• Participated in VASPO Tournament for Throwball, Basketball, Chess and Table Tennis from 31st July to 2nd August 2014.
• Participated in the All India Inter collegiate Ball Badminton Tournament on 12th & 13th July 2014 held at Silver Jubliee Higher Secondary School, ICF.
• Participated in Buck Tournament for Throwball, Basketball, Badminton, Ball Badminton, Football, Handball & Kho Kho held at YMCA College of Physical Education from 25th to 28th August 2014.
• II place in Handball Inter collegiate Tournament organised by SDAT held at MGR Janaki College on 21st November 2014
• III place in the MAM Muthiah Kumararajah of Chettinad Memorial Inter Collegiate Throwball Tournament held on 19th December 2014 at Kumararani Meena Muthiah College.
• II place in the Alpha Engineering College Throwball Tournament held on 5th February 2015 at Alpha Engineering College
• The following players have secured positions in the CM Trophy Athletic Meet at Jai Gopal Garodia School, Saidapet on 27th & 28th February 2015.
• II place in Shot put (Simone I B.COM (G))
• II place in Long Jump (Mallika Fernandes II PSY)
• III place in Discus Throw (Bargavi III AZBT)
• III place in Hammer Throw (Bargavi III AZBT)
• III place in Javeline Throw (Sarah Jennifer II BBA)
- Participated in Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meet & Throwball Tournament organised by JBAS College for Women which organised an intercollegiate Tournament on 29th and 30th January 2015 at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium.
- Participated in Sports fest organised by IIT Madras from 24th to 26th September 2014 at IIT Madras, Chennai.
- Participated in State level Inter collegiate Basketball tournament organised by Shri. Raghavendra Sports Club from 9th to 12th at T.Nagar Corporation ground.
- III place in WCC Rolling Trophy Chess Tournament held at Women’s Christian College on 22nd January 2015.
- I place in WCC Rolling Trophy Handball Tournament held at Women’s Christian College on 22nd January 2015.
- II place in Handball Inter-Collegiate Handball Tournament organised by the Government of Tamilnadu on 19th & 20th February 2015 at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium.
- III place in WCC Rolling Trophy Throwball Tournament held at Women’s Christian College on 22nd January 2015.
- Participated in the Inter collegiate Throwball Championship organised by the Chennai District Throwball Association from 3rd to 5th September 2014 at Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium
- Participated in Throwball Inter collegiate Tournament organised by the Sathyabama Engineering College on 12th, 13th and 14th February 2015.
- Participated in Throwball & Carrom Inter-Collegiate Tournament organised by the Government of Tamilnadu on 27th & 28th February 2015 at Jai Gopal Garodia School (Ground ‘B’), Saidapet.
- II place in the State Level Silambam Competition organised by Silambam Association on 14th February 2015 at J J Stadium, Kilpauk

Inter Department Matches Result:
- The individual championship in Shift I was won by Patricius I MAT and in Shift II by Beulah III B.Com (G)
- The Shield for Excellence in Games in Shift I was won by the Department of Psychology while in Shift II by the Department of Commerce (G)
- The Shield for Athletics for Shift I was won by the Department of Mathematics and in Shift II by the Department of Commerce (G)
- The Shield for Best March Past Team in Shift I was won by the Department of Zoology and in Shift II by MSC CST
- The Shield for Cheering won by the Department of English

The Overall Shield in Shift I was bagged by the Department of Psychology and in the Shift II by the Department of Commerce (G)
Album


Standing 2nd Row (L to R): Mary Ann S, Kanmani, Felicia Maria V, Aleena M Roy, Sushmitha, Harshitha, Kalavagunta Manohar Navyasree, Srimidhi S

**Rotaract**

Sitting (L to R): Evangeline E, Sashwathi Arcot, Rachel Chackochen, Dr. Sheeba Jeyaraj, Ms. Kalpana Naidu, Isabela Baxla, Gitanjali R, Malathi K

Standing 1st Row (L to R): Joanna Gurubabu, Sera Joseph, Akshaya Sajo D, Mehak I Sharma, Benoite T, Janani J, Meera Sharma, Manaswini R

Standing 2nd Row (L to R): Kavya Santhosh, Hemalatha S, Lakshmi Nandhini, Susanna Cecil Kumar, Vijaya Punitha, Poojitha Ravi, Hazel Haashini Paul L.
**Young Indian Club**

Sitting (Left to right):
Ms. Shibi Arunkumar, Ms. Sucharita Konduri

Standing (Left to right):
Shevaun DaCosta, Ananya Vivish, Kadambari Narendran, Durga Poorani, Jeba Selvi, Monica

**Enviro Club**

Standing (Left to right):
Ramya V, Achsah Abraham, Dr. Sherrie Jesulyn David, Ms. Preeti Wilma Fernando, Amanpreet Kaur, Tessy Mathew

**National Cadet Corps**


Standing: Second Row - L - R: Archana, P. Shalini, Kamaga Varsha, Radhika, Arunya, Eveline, Abirami, Nivedithaa

Standing: Third Row - L - R: Evangeline, S. Fathima Sabeehah, S. Fathima Zakiyyah, Bharathi Kannama, Ansha, B Elakkiya, Mokikha Kali, Monmita Pal, Sowmiya
Sitting 1st Row (L to R): Thara II B.COM, Sushmi shree I CHE, Pavithra I ENG, Priyanka II B.COM(M), Sharmi II B.COM(M), Pavithra I CHE, Preethi Priya I CHE, Sharmi II B.COM(CA), Caroline I B.COM(CA), Priyanka II CHE.

Sitting 2nd Row (L to R): Almas Roshan I CHEM, Pavithra I VISCOM, Persis II CSC, Malavika I PBPB, Bhakiya Lakshmi II ENG, Keerthana S II MAT, Karthika BII NUT.

Standing 1st Row: Mr. Subramaniyam, Akhila I BA CORP, Lynn I PHY, Pooja Bapat I PBPB, Ansu I ENG, Annie I BCA, Ranga Priya II B.COM(A), Anju I BCOM(A), Pradeepa, Thomlin IV MSC CST, Preethi LUNIT, Patricia Jesus White I MAT.

Standing 2nd Row: Barghavi R II AZBT, Anjana BCOM(CA), Ashwini III BA CORP, Deepika I VISCOM, Gomal Dharshana I ENG, Reshma II BCOM(H), Neveditha III BBA, Ruth II BCA, Priyanka II BCOM(G), Sree Priyanka I CSC, Manju II BA CORP, Elzibeth II BCA, Rebecca II BCA, Vanya Pradeep II BCA, Sharmi II PSY, Devasana I NUT, Bharathi II HIS, Kadhambari II PYS, Lydete II B.COM(CA), Asha II MAT, Keerthiga III MAT.

Standing 3rd Row: Swetha II HIS, Saranya II HIS, Mariam Ann Thambi III BCOM CA, Esther Pakkiyam BCOM (G), Maseem III PBPB, Vandana Mary Thomas I HS, Cherubina I BCA, Mallika Fernandas II PSY, Vinodhini II PBPB, Beulah III BCOM (G), Abi Christina I NUT, Pavithra III MAT, Gracelin I BCOM (H), Poornima I BA CORP, Hashika I PHY, Adithi I MAT, Kalamamali II BCOM CA.
Row 1 [L-R]: Dhanashri, Amanda Shane, Amy Sharon David, Shreya Jalan, Malini H. M, Keerthana, Beby Rajakumari R.
Row 2 [L-R]: Manaswini P, Tanya Eliza Mathew, Rebecca Mathai, Kezia Sasitharan, Krithika B, Damini Krishnan, Kavyalakshmi.
Row 3 [L-R]: Nancy R, Anjum Banu, Sajanthi Narayanan, Vriti Bajaj, Nikita Elizabeth Abraham, Malati B, Nidhi Hannah Philip
CHOIR - SHIFT I

Sitting: L - R : Reby Rajakumari (III Nut), Hepzibah (III AZBT), Jemima (III Che), Kezia (III Che), Mr. Tony Davis, Christina (III Psy), Sharon Stanley (III Psy), Cathline (III Csc), Joana (II Eng)

Standing: First Row – L - R : Anna Thomen ( I AZBT), Esli ( I AZBT), Swarna (II Mat), Anis (II Psy), Anna Jacob (I Eng), Sunirthi (I PBPB), Divyakumari (II Mat), Shirley (II Mat), Jayapriya (I PBPB), Cynthia (I PBPB), Amy Sarah (II Phy), Joyce Delphin (II Eng), Nidhi (II Eng), Edel Queen (I Mat), Sherehey Sharon (I Nut)

Standing: Second Row – L - R : Blessing Abisha (II Mat), Anju (II Psy), Ruth (II Psy), Pulene Soto (II Eng), Reeba (II Che), Anbu Pricilla (II Che), Hepzibah (II Che), Gracy (II Mat), Subila (II AZBT), Praveena Sharon (II Eng), Abi Hasviya (I PBPB)

CHOIR - SHIFT II

Sitting (L to R): Sneha Susan Mathew, Maria Joseph, Febamol Varghese, Mr. James (Tony) Davids, Sharon Lucy Prasad, Evangeline Praisy, Marjorie Hannah.


Standing 2nd Row (L to R): Nella Mary, Linsy Varghese, Eirene, Mary George, Neha Mathew, Annie Rosaline, Lavana.D.
Sitting (L-R): Loise Lalmouanzovi, Shobana R., Ms. Neelima G., Dr. Jayanthi Richard, Ms. Titty Elizabeth Philips, Ms. Anuradha A., Dr. Joy Sherly C., Rohini K., Karthiayani A.


Standing: Third Row (L-R): Leena Grace, Swetha B., Carolin Daphne B., Seira Elizabeth Kuruvilla, Priyadarshini P. S.

III B.A. HISTORY

Sitting (L-R): Mr. Suresh Kumar A., Ms. Ashita Chandran, Ms. A. Heba Rajili, Ms. N. Srividya, Dr. Annie Kuriachan, Ms. Helen Thimmayya, Dr. Lilian I. Jasper, Ms. Anna Mathew, Ms. Joseph Aleyamanna Janet, Ms. Preetha Rewins, Ms. Anna Jacob, Ms. Sweetlyn Moses, Ms. Mallika Ezekiel.


III B.A. ENGLISH
III B.Sc. MATHEMATICS

Sitting: L - R : Vijayalakshmi T., Brinda J., Lavanya A., Ms. Shibi Arunkumar, Ms. Sarone Angelah Joybell I., Dr. Beulah Immanuel, Ms. P. Lizzie Angelina, Ms. Enitha Dorothy G., Keerthana T. S., Catharin Dominica T., Shobana J.


III B.Sc. PHYSICS

Sitting: L - R : Mr. B. Rajasekaran, Ms. S. Charis Ruth, Ms. J. Christina Rhoda, Dr. Remga Devi, Dr. Anna Siromoney, Dr. Isha Pradeep Desai, Dr. Kalavathy Santhi, Ms. Christina Nancy, Ms. C. S. Sabitha, Ms. S. Jhansi Devakubai


III B.Sc. CHEMISTRY

Sitting: L - R : Thilagavathi S., Ms. Lily Margaret Priya, Ms. Libni G., Dr. M. Esther Leena Preethi, Dr. Banani Mukhopadhyay, Dr. G. Cynthia Jemima Swarnavalli, Ms. Amala Russel, Dr. D. R. Shobha Jeykumari, Dr. J. Margaret Marie, Mr. V. Arockiarajan, Mr. W. Jacob Gideon


III B.Sc. PLANT BIOLOGY AND PLANT BIOTECHNOLOGY

Sitting (L to R): Kokila P, Kamini Acari, Dr. R Pauline, Dr. Selvi Gnanasekaran, Dr. Jannet Jeyasingh, Dr. Sherrie Jesulyn David, Ms. Cordilea Hannah, Dr. Preethi Mehta, Lavanya S, Priyanka N.


III B.Sc. Advanced Zoology and Biotechnology

Sitting (L to R): Niha Afshan, A, Ms. D Benitha Golda, Dr. Sheeba Merlington, Dr. Vanitha Williams, Dr. Betsy Selvakumar, Ms. Annie Rubens, Dr. Mary Pearl Ravikumar, Mr. M Radhakrishnan, Mr. D Kumaresan.


III B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (General)

Sitting: L - R : Ms. Sona, Dr. Suneeta Saghayam, Ms. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani, Dr. K. Nora Vigasini, Ms. Preetha R., Dr. Sheila John, Dr. V. Gowri Ramesh, Ms. Shajini Judith Diana, Dr. R. Nancy Angeline Rani, Dr. Mary Pramela, Dr. Maria Margaret Joseph
Standing: First Row – L - R : Ms. Sharmila Ganesh, Gracia Evangeline Daphne, Somnya Subhadarshini A., Lulu Buhari, Malini H. M., Sahana Barveen S., Jeba Angel Rani M., Shakeela Fareez M. A., Nevetha R., Meghana Elizabeth Zachria, Shraddha Swritha K. S., Mr. R. Celestine M., Mr. R. Venkatesan


Standing: Third Row – L - R : Raja Dharshini V. S., Manimozhi M., Maria Preetha J., Princy H., Shahini Banu S., Susanna Cecil Kumar, Malavika A. Muthukaruppan, Presenta Ruby Roche M., Advina Cheruba Sharon F., Divya R., Uma David D., Reby Rajakumari R.
III B.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics (Vocational)

Sitting: L - R : Dr. D. Annette Beatrice, Ms. Sona, Dr. Suneeta Saghayam, Ms. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani, Dr. K. Nora Vigasini, Ms. Preetha R., Dr. Sheila John, Dr. V. Gowri Ramesh, Ms. Shajini Judith Diana, Dr. R. Nancy Angeline Rani, Dr. Maria Margaret Joseph, Dr. Mary Pramela


III B.Sc. Computer Science

Sitting (L to R): Mr. Selvam, Evangelin Jennifer J, Monica selas V, Anitha Helen V, Ms. M. Mercy Evangeline, Mrs. Shoba Leslie, Ms. Jessilla Malarvizhi, Ms. Regi Thomas, Ms. V. Narmadh, Sartaj E, Jenefa J A.


III B.Sc. Psychology

Sitting (L to R): Ms. Jinal, Dr. D Sumathi, Dr. S. Usharani, Dr. Nitiksha J. Tarkas, Ms. Zarina A, Ms. M Kauchana, Ms. Nazneen Mogrelia, Ms. Sarah Sutti Lall, Dr. Miriam Archana Simon, Ms. Rini Rajan, Jeba Shantilin


II M.Sc. Nutrition, Food Service Management and Dietetics

Sitting (L to R): Ms. S. Sona, Dr. Suneeta Saghayam, Ms. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani, Dr. K. Nora Vigasini, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. V Gowri Ramesh, Ms. Shajini Judith Diana, Dr. R. Nancy Angeline Rani, Dr. Maria Margaret Joseph, Dr. A. Mary Pramela.


II M.Sc. Psychology

Sitting (left to right): Ms. Jinal, Dr. D. Sumathi, Dr. S. Usharani, Dr. Nitiksha J. Tarkas, Ms. Zarina A., Ms. M. Kanchana, Ms Nazneen Mongrelia, Ms. Sarah Sruti Lall, Dr. Archana Simon, Ms. Rini Rajan.


M.Phil. Nutrition FSM & FSN

Sitting (L to R): Dr. Annette Beatrice D, Ms. Sona S, Dr. Suneeta Sngahayam, Ms. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani D, Dr. Nora Vigaasini K, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. Gowri Ramesh V, Ms. Shajini Judith Diana J, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani R, Dr. Maria Margaret Joseph, Dr. Mary Pramela A.

Standing 1st Row (L to R): Nithya Sree S, Steffi Alexander, Sarah Jane Monica.
M.PHIL. PSYCHOLOGY

Sitting (left to right): Ms. Jinal, Dr. D. Sumathi, Dr. S. Usharani, Dr. Nitiksha J. Tarkas, Ms. Zarina A., Ms. M. Kanchana, Ms Nazneen Mongrelia, Ms. Sarah Sruti Lall, Dr. Archana Simon, Ms. Rini Rajan


III B.B.A.

Sitting L-R: Reni Arul Theresa A, Anitha K, Ms. Usha D, Ms. K Sumitha Simon, Dr. Anita Rajendran, Ms. Geetha C V, Dr. Sasinandini S, Ms. Jenelin Kamalan R, Ms. Subha Princila T, Dr. Nancy Elizabeth G, Ms. Janet Glory M C, Euler Marie Esthelle, Sorna M


III B.Com (General)
III B.Com. (Computer Applications)


III B.Com (Honours)


Sitting L-R: Chella Rani R, Kalaivani D, Jeevitha G, Febamol Varghese, Ms. Preeti Wilma Fernando, Ms. Doraswami Maria Kirthi, Dr. Hephzi J, Dr. Annie Abraham S, Kaushalya C S, Rebecca S, Jansili T, Steffy Mathew M, Vinitha R

III B.A. CORPORATE ECONOMICS


III B.C.A.
III B.Sc. VISCOM

Sitting L-R: Aftab Mirza, Remuka Devi M D, Acksha Vanessa Rodricks, Mr. Suresh, Ms. Abhinaya G, Ms. Sharmila Christy S, Ms. Archana N, Ms. Irvin Mary S, Ms. Neeta Agrawal, Ramya R, Trishla Bantiya B

III M.Sc. CST

Sitting L-R: Ms. Christy Pushpa Leela, Dr. Savithri V, Ms. Mary Sundara Jyothisa, Ms. Eben Angel Pauline, Ms. Mary Ivy Deepa, Ms. Glory Vijayaselvi, Dr. Vijaya Samundeeswari V, Dr. Sujatha S
II M.A. COMMUNICATION

Sitting L-R: Ms. Tia Boban, Ms. Asha Alexander, Ms. Punitha D, Ms. Subha Mariam Philip, Mr. John Clement
Standing 1st row L-R: Princie Thomas, Jees Mary Jose, Gupta Parama Parikshit Shamba, Shivani Mehta, Parvathy R S, Vrunda Sanat Patel, Priyanka B M, Rachel Uttangi, Jennifer Shaheen Hussain

II M.S.C. BIOTECHNOLOGY

Sitting L-R: Dr. Anchana Devi C, Dr. Judia Harriet Sumathi V, Dr. Priya R Iyer, Dr. Anitha R J Singh, Dr. Preethi Jeyakumar
V M.Sc. CST

Sitting L-R: Ms. Christy Pushpa Leela, Dr. Savithri V, Ms. Mary Sundara Jyothsna, Ms. Eben Angel Pauline, Ms. Mary Ivy Deepa, Ms. Glory Vijayasekari, Dr. Vijaya Samundeeswari V, Dr. Sujatha S
Standing 1st row L-R: Mr. Suresh Kumar, Jemima Jaya Kiruba S, Jemima Priyadharshini M, Farha Banu B, Shiva Tharani S G, Deepa S, Soorya V, Juhi Jahana J, Smrithi S
Standing 2nd row L-R: Lalitha K, Divya S, Preethi N, Maria Sherin N Fernando, Sweetline Blessy D, Anusha S.

II M.Sc. IT

Sitting L-R: Fathima Azra, Ms. Vanitha, Ms. Abitha R, Ms. Serin J, Ms. Lina S, Kasi Devi S, Angelin M.
Standing 1st row L-R: Deepa, Asha Rani, Jayashree R, Heera Rajesh, Indumathy V B, Esther Shilpa W C, Padhma S, Sindhujaa S, Tamil Selvi A
II M.A. HRM

Sitting L-R: Jahnavi, Ms. Sumitha Simon K, Dr. Anita Rajendran, Ms. Geetha C V, Dr. Sasinandini S, Ms. Jenelin Kamalam R, Ms. Subha Princila T, Dr. Nancy Elizabeth G, Ms. Janet Glory M C, Ms. Usha D

II M.Sc. PHYSICS

Sitting L-R: Kalaiarasi J, Rajasekhar B, Ms. Sabari V, Dr. Bright A, Ms. Lakshmi Devi S, Dr. Hannah Ruben, Ms. Sharmi Kumar J, Priyadarsini R, Meghna N
II MA. ENGLISH

Sitting L-R: Ms. Sujatha, Ms. Mary Elizabeth, Ms. Elizabeth Rahel, Ms. Kavithaa R, Ms. Insuchila Kichu, Ms. Anitha Princy, Ms. Catherine Mary Geetha, Ms. Padmaja Rishi, Ms. Elronah Dorothy


II M.Sc. CHEMISTRY

Sitting L-R: Ms. Bharathi U, Ms. Sona K, Dr. Jaishri J Naidu, Dr. Ramalechume C, Dr. Sangeetha Balakrishnan, Ms. Banupriya A, Ms. Dhivya R


II M.Sc. Maths


M.Phil. Biotechnology

Sitting L-R: Dr. Anchana Devi C, Dr. Judia Harriet Sumathi V, Dr. Priya R Iyer , Dr. Anita R. J. Singh, Dr. Preethi Jeyakumar
DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES - SHIFT I

Standing (L to R):
Hindi - Dr. K. Priya Naidu,
French - Dr. Ranjini Christopher, Ms. Louisette Singarayar

DEPARTMENT OF TAMIL - SHIFT I

Standing: L - R:
Dr. A. Phebe Stella
Dr. J. Jeyasanthi
Dr. M. Florence
Dr. Stella Parvatham
Dr. M. Baby

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES - SHIFT II

Standing (L to R):
Dr. Suneetha Rani, Mrs. Babita Elizabeth Titus, Dr. Phebe Stella A, Dr. Esther Arul Mary S G, Dr. Sujatha S
EXAMINATIONS AND DEAN'S OFFICES

Sitting: L - R : Mr. Darius Paulraj, Ms. Anna Jacintha Josephine J., Dr. Betsy Selvakumar (COE Shift I), Dr. Nancy Rani R (Dean of Academic Affairs Shift I), Dr. Anita R. J. Singh (COE Shift II), Ms. Sasinandini S (Dean of Academic Affairs Shift II)

INFORMATION RESOURCE CENTRE

Standing (L to R)
Mr Prem Raj M, Ms Thamarai Selvi R, Ms Bhuwaneswari P, Ms Rajakumari M, Ms Grace Panneer Selvi, Dr Florence Chandran (Librarian), Ms Chithra Inbanathan (Asst Librarian) Ms Joykirubai K, Ms Lakshmi Priya G, Ms Emima Anbumalar B, Ms Amudha, Mr Palani A.
MAINTENANCE STAFF

Sitting: L - R : Ms. G. Mary, Ms. Ponnammal, Mr. H. Kanaga Ponraj, Mrs. Saritha Deepak (PRO), Mrs. Catherine Correya (Bursar), Ms. R. Prabha (Warden), Dr. Hannah, Mrs. V. Lakshmi, Mrs. P. Ankamna, Ms. A. Fathima
Standing: First Row – L - R : Ms. N. Lakshmi, Mrs. Manjula, Ms. Kala, Ms. Rita, Ms. Baby, Ms. Indira, Mrs. Agnesh, Mrs. Parimala, Ms. T. S. Nagajyoithi, Mrs. Dhanalakshmi, Mrs. Parvathi
Standing: Second Row – L - R : Mr. P. Vijayarangan, Mr. Govindan, Mrs. Shanthis, Mrs. Thamaraiselvi, Mrs. Maha, Mrs. Kalaiselvi, Mrs. J. Mangiaiyarkarasi
Standing: Third Row – L - R : Mr. M. Thomas, Mr. B. Isreal, Mr. Narasimma Rao, Mr. Karthikeyan, Mr. A. Ravikumar, Mr. Kumar, Mr. Dhamodharan, Mr. M. Thulukkanam, Mr. Dhandapani, Mr. M. Gowrinathan

WCC NURSERY SCHOOL

Sitting: L - R : Narayana, Hanita, Jenita, Amapalakshi, Lakshita, Nissi, Monish, Joshe, Vincy, Ronita, Samuel, Raghav, Alyson
Standing: First Row – L - R : Jairus, Audlin, Angel, Ashwin, Janisha, Tanisha, Yazhini, Nathaniel, Vikashini, Reyah, Reona, Alfred, Adithri
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

JUNE 2014
19th: An assembly program on Oral Hygiene was held. The guest speaker was, Dr. Nithya Balaji, enlightened the students on the importance of oral hygiene, and explained how to take proper care of our teeth.

23rd - 24th: Orientation Programme for 1st year students

25th: An introduction to TAFTEE & CEC was given by Dr. Janet Jeyasingh, and the session ended with Dr. Judia sharing the word of God.

30th: Principal’s assembly - The 1st year students were briefed about rules and regulations.

JULY 2014
3rd: Senior’s Dramuda
Seniors showcased their talents and put up a show

10th: Junior’s Dramuda - Galatta
In response to the Senior's Dramuda, the fresher's were given an opportunity to flaunt their talents on stage for the first time. This included singing, dancing, acting and a fashion show.

14th: Assembly programme on Ethical Hacking-
Students were given an introduction to ethical hacking, the methods employed and the uses of the same.

17th: NSS Orientation programme- Talk titled ‘Donate Life’ by Fr. Jerry Rosario, Director, Dhyana Ashram, Mylapore, to motivate students to help in saving lives through blood, stem cell and organ donation.

28th: NSS Camp Orientation Programme- Introduction to NSS was given and the students were briefed about NSS camps.

30th: Farewell Function of Ms. Nalini Singaravel

30th: Assembly programme by Lion’s Club about Blood Donation.

AUGUST 2014
7th: Assembly programme on higher education abroad — Miles Educational Institution introduced a few international courses such as CMA and CPA. The courses would be helpful for students who aspire to work abroad.

7th: Talk titled “What can I do?” by Ms. Pranitha Timothy, Programme Implementation Director, Caruna Bal Vikas Compassion International, to create awareness on how young people can reach out to help the less fortunate in our society.

8th & 9th: Battlefest
The theme for this year’s Battlefest was ‘Arabian Nights’. Students participated in large numbers in events like fashion show, music and dance, and literary and debating competitions. The Psychology department emerged winners.

12th: A guest lecture on banking was delivered by Mr. K. Srinivasan, Chief Manager of Indian Overseas Bank, College Road branch. The lecture focused on the relevance of e-banking and its usage. Students were also briefed about the evolving innovations in e-banking.

18th: Independence Day Programme
The college held an assembly commemorating the 68th Independence Day of India. The presentation by Priyanka. M and Kimberly Potter of 3rd BCA showcased the development of India over the years to the present-day. The Drama Club, through its skit, raised questions on whether India is truly independent from
PR Campaign - Sign Out

Teaacher’s Day

Seniors Dramuda

Ana’s Battle, by Light of the World Ballet

College Play 2014
tyranny, oppression and corruption. The Music and Dance Clubs performed patriotic songs and dances, spreading the feel of patriotism through the college.

19th: An Entrepreneurship Development Orientation Programme was conducted by Mr. Prabhu, a trainer working for NSIC. Topics covered in his lecture included, ways to be an entrepreneur, managing business ventures, and the methods to fund one’s enterprise.

19th & 21st: ‘Remembering Maya Angelou – A Tribute’ : A dramatised presentation of Maya Angelou’s works conceptualised by the Departments of English, WCC & Stella Maris College.

23rd: Research Talk to PG Maths Department

Ms. Mariya Helen Mercy T.K, an alumna of WCC who is currently a Research Scholar in the School of Advanced Sciences, VIT Chennai, gave a research talk on the topic 'Fluid Dynamics and Math' to the students of P.G department of Mathematics.

25th: PR Campaign

The Public Relations Campaign organised by the PG department of Communication titled “Sign Out”, created awareness among the public of Chennai about the potential hazards of excessive usage of technology.

27th: Faculty Orientation Programme- A Faculty Orientation Programme was conducted by the Department of Commerce for newly recruited staff of Shift 2. The session focused on career improvement avenues and the importance of team building.

SEPTEMBER 2014

2nd: ‘Light of the World Ballet Institute’ performed a ballet performance titled ‘Ana’s Battle’ which depicted the defeat of inner demons.

5th: Teacher’s Day

Students celebrated Teachers Day with various performances by the clubs. Games and competitions were conducted for the teachers. Instead of being off stage, the teachers took centre stage and exhibited their abilities.

11th: Talk by Mr. Anto Akkara, international journalist, on Secularism in India with reference to Kandamal, Orissa, throwing light on the danger of violating human rights in the name of religion.

15th – 19th: The Postgraduate and Research Department of Biotechnology organised a National Workshop on ‘Biotechnological Innovations- A Green Initiative towards Sustainable Development’. The highlight of the event was an introduction to batik, tie and dye and block printing. Ms. Priyadarshini Govind, Director of Kalakshetra, and Ms. Meenakshi Thirukode, Creative Director of Dakshinachitra, were the chief guests.

19th: Talk by Mr. Vijay Anand from 5th Pillar (a citizen’s coalition against corruption), on the usage of the Right to Information Act (RTI) & other innovative methods to tackle corruption.

20th: CDC Sports Day

25th, 26th and 29th: College Play. This year’s college play titled “TELL IT TO THE WALLS” was directed by Hans Kaushik and was well received by the audience.
80th Year of Maths Department

Shakespearean Bonanza

CDC Sports Day

Literati Quiz

S. Esakki Suriya, CDC
Selected to participate in power lifting event in Special Olympics in Los Angeles – July 2015
OCTOBER 2014
7th: Screening of a film ‘The Truth about Tigers’, directed by one of India’s leading wildlife and conservation filmmakers, Mr. Shekar Dattatri, to remind the audience of the need to preserve our wildlife.

NOVEMBER 2014
10th: A guest lecture titled ‘Mingling Arts with Science’ was delivered by Professor Sir James Fraser Stoddart of Northwestern University, USA to the students of the UG and PG Department of Chemistry. It was organised by the Chemistry Club in collaboration with the Royal Society of Chemistry.

11th: Talk by Ms. Sethulakshmi, Manager of Project ECO & Community Outreach Services, on the need for creating awareness among young people about AIDS and the treatment options available such as the antiretroviral therapy (ART) that can suppress the HIV virus and stop the progression of HIV disease.

18th: Alumnae Food Fair
The alumnae of WCC were very happy to come back to college and organise the food fair. The event was a success as a lot of money was raised for the McDougall Nursery School.

22nd: Legacy Dimensions
The UG Department of Mathematics celebrated its 80th year by organizing ‘Legacy Dimensions’ on 22nd of November 2014. About 65 Alumnae of the Department from several batches participated in this one-day programme. Highlights of the department such as the Mathematics Association, conferences conducted and notable awards won by students, were presented.

DECEMBER 2014
1st: Shakespearean Bonanza
The PG Department of English, in collaboration with the Chennai Literary Festival, hosted the ‘Shakespearean Bonanza’ to celebrate the Bard’s 450th birth anniversary. The guest speaker for the programme was Dr. C T Indra, former Head of the Department of English, University of Madras. Quiz show, literary parade, art contest and monologues were some of the events held on that day.

1st: Literati Quiz
The Quiz Club conducted The Literati Quiz’15, an English Dept. quiz. Students of all three years enthusiastically participated in the quiz which had rounds like comics, pop fiction and classics, banned books and prize-winning authors and books. The winning team comprised of Sneha MC and Priscilla, of III English.

4th: White Gifts Day
With the Yuletide looming around the corner, White Gifts Day gave WCC the chance to practice some of that giving that is synonymous with the Christmas season. The staff and students gathered together for a solemn ceremony where they laid down their contributions for the less fortunate.

10th: Christmas programme by children from Child Development Centre, McDougall Nursery
White Gifts Day

CDC Christmas Programme

Sunflower Day - Shift II

Festival of Choirs

Alumnae Food Fest

Chemistry Department Culturals - Radical 2k15
School and Nursery School on campus.

10th: Intra Departmental Culturals of Department of Management Studies

The Department of Management Studies conducted an Intra-Department Cultural Competition titled ‘Festo de Business’, where students actively participated in various events such as adzap, quiz, stress interview, pot pourri and so on.

11th: Programme for Non-Teaching Staff

16th: Festival of Choirs

Several choirs from around the city participated. The 100 voice choir of WCC was also a part of the event.

17th: WCC Carol Service & Christmas Play

17th: Sunflower Day (Shifts 1 and 2)

The editorial board of Sunflower magazine celebrated Sunflower Day in true Christmas style. With a lot of candy in store, students were invited to write about their favourite Christmas legends and play some fun games.

19th: Viscom Dept Association inauguration

JANUARY 2015

9th: Theatre Workshop

The P.G Department of English conducted a Theatre workshop in collaboration with the Chennai Literary Festival. The instructor of the workshop was Mr. Freddy Koikaran, a renowned theatre personality in Chennai. A half-a-day workshop, it had limited seats and was open to theatre enthusiasts from other colleges.

21st: Chemistry department culturals

The PG Department of Chemistry conducted an Inter College Cultural Festival ‘Radical 2k15’. The chief guest was Dr. U. P. Senthil Kumar, Senior Vice President of Orchid Chemicals and Pharmaceuticals, who released the ‘Chem Mag 2015’. Various competitions were conducted where students of other colleges actively participated.

30th : Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Memorial Lecture - ‘King, Thou shouldst be living at this hour’ organised on Martyrs’ Day in association with Indo American Association. The speaker was Mr. B.S. Raghavan, IAS.

FEBRUARY 2015

6th & 7th : Rachel Philip Endowment Workshop organised by the Department of Advanced Zoology and Biotechnology on ‘Biodiversity Assessment of Insects on Campus’

11th : Sports Day

At the 99th Annual Sports Meet, the students enthusiastically showcased their spirit of sportsmanship. All the departments marched on the day flaunting their talent and colours. Star performances of the day were the fire dance by silambam girls and the demonstrations of taekwondo. The departments of Psychology and B.Com General won the overall trophies for the respective shifts.

13th & 14th : Festive

This two-day cultural this year as it included a live DJ performance by a pro DJ group, BLAANK and two dance workshops. The theme for this
year was Festeve 2015: The Royal Chapter. Numerous colleges participated in events like Creative Writing, Cinematic Dance, Quiz, Light Music, Crown Designing, and Thespian and Mime. The overall winner was Loyola College.

21st : Inauguration of BCA Association-
The Department of Computer Applications inaugurated their newly formed student association COMAP v20 with an aim to help power up the potential that lies within every student. The inaugural ceremony was graced by the presence of reputed academicians Dr.R.Latha and Mrs. Thirumalai Selvi and, the Guest of Honour was ‘Mirchi Shah’, one of the most happening Radio Jockeys in Chennai.

23rd & 24th : Model United Nations
With over 92 students from 28 colleges all over India participating, the second edition of the Women’s Christian College Model United Nations (MUN) was a grand success. The chief guest for the event was Ms. Uma Subramaniam, Principal and Chief General Manager, Reserve Bank Staff College.

25th : HI-Φ (Physics Dept Culturals)
HI-Φ, the annual inter-collegiate cultural fest of the Physics department, was held. Students participated enthusiastically in events such as treasure hunt, science fiction writing and quiz. Loyola College emerged as the overall winner.

MARCH 2015
9th : Vera Augustus Workshop on ‘Paradigm Shift : A Healthy Life Style’, organised by Department of History. The Guest speaker was Dr. Brinda N Kairo, Senior Consultant, Craft Fertility Centre.

11th : Senate Installation
The old senate handed over charge to the new office bearers. Former Senate members delivered their farewell speeches, followed by the installation of the new Senate.

12th : Contemplation Day
The final year students of UG and PG experienced a day of reflection and prayer with speakers from Sishya who inspired them to get involved through song, dance and lively discussions.

18th : Spring Sing
The annual Spring Sing organized by WCC was held on 18th march. For the first time ever, in addition to the College choir conducted by Mr.Tony Davids, it also featured the Centenary Choir, conducted by Mrs. Jayanthi Kamalaratnam. The college choir performed 15 songs, telling the story of the evolution of music through the ages, with three of the songs in regional languages. The grand finale was performed by the Centenary choir, who performed a medley of songs from the famous musical, The Sound Of Music.

19th : Principal’s Assembly

20th : Prizes Assembly
DRESS UP DAYS

Ethnic Day - Shift II

Onam Day - Shift II

Mismatch Day - Shift II

Headgear Day

Back to School Day - Shift I

Retro Day - Shift II
Legend

Art by Gazala Anver
III B.A English
TIME swirls in the voting urn, rumbling, desolate time.

She drops a pebble into time, and stirs it with a stick.

The petals were falling from the sky, a hushed, burning rain. And they circled in the dying light like swallows, falling like a crimson carpet at his feet.

Agamemnon was his name. A smile like the rim of the sunset. And the eagles heard him cry, in a voice older than time. He owned time. It owned him.

He leaned his head back into the chariot as it rolled beneath the deepening sky. About him welled the darkness, humming like the rain. And his slender hands sent a pulse of delicate thunder through the swooping clouds.

The sky looked liquid. She wondered if she could drink it.

And then Dionysus and Apollo met, in a burst of wet, glowing parchment. The eagles caught the paint as it dripped from the sky onto their wings. They rode the arc of the southern wind, dropping streams of crimson to the smudged land.

She stood at the door and called in a voice like the rain. Words of welcome to the land where storm dances like a wide-eyed maid, and light has an eagle’s wings.

And then she flung her net around him, deep as the dissolving heavens. He screamed as he drowned in the chorus of the rain.

Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc Physics

LEGENDS ABOUT A LEGEND

He was taawl
and of course, FAIR
Paragon of virtue
No, he was VIRTUE
Worshipped
(on account of being one of those 'Nairs')
"A legend!",
as his 'blind' family chose
to adoringly proclaim.

Generations later,
we Understood -
a legend's life story
is Indeed
Stuff that 'legends' are made of.

Manasa R
II B.A. English

Art by Aishwarya Srinivasan
II B.Sc Psychology
ODYSSEUS was at his wit's end. It had been nearly a decade of war, and the bloodshed had resulted in the loss of the lives of his loyal soldiers. They had still been unable to defeat the Trojans. Even though Odysseus supported the King, now he had just grown weary of all the fighting. It was a futile exercise, when victory was a distant reality. He desperately wanted to return home, to see his wife's face light up with joy, to hear his son call him papa. If only the Gods would bestow their blessings upon the disheartened Greeks.

Odysseus was startled out of his brooding, when he saw a saucer shaped object descending down from the sky. His prayers seemed to be answered. It must be a missile from Olympus! The elliptical object landed gracefully on a field within his eyesight. With a quick thank you to the heavens, he started running towards the foreign object. (The readers would quickly identify that the object under question is in fact a UFO, Odysseus however was living in a time when they believed that the Sun revolved around the Earth. Pardon him for not being the brightest crayon in the box.)

When Odysseus had finally made his way towards the queer shaped object, a hatch retracted from it suddenly and out stumbled a pair of creatures. He had expected Hermes, the God of messengers to materialise before him, not two spindly long-limbed creatures with oblong shaped heads. Perhaps, this was Olympus’ reply to his prayers?

It was no time for pride. Odysseus bowed down in supplication before the messengers and recounted the trials the Greeks had faced and begged them for a solution.

The aliens were amused. They had just landed on the planet as it appeared to be a convenient place for Bijok to take a leak. Spaceship toilets tended to be awfully constrictive and he avoided using them as much as possible. What they did not expect was a pesky creature to cry in agony before them and beg outright for their help. Bijok and Zentek decided to humour the young man before them, it appeared to be the fastest way to get rid of him and get on with their business.

Bijok and Zentek had taken a mandatory course on warlore in their home planet and in spite of the ludicrous case studies they had analysed, this situation really managed to take the Akyrie (meaning cake in their homeland) for the dumbest war ever. It was difficult not to snigger at the excited man before them.

Bijok could only come up with 432 possible solutions and as he was in a hurry, he spat out the one which required the least amount of time to explain. He hastily said something along the lines of wood, hose, water and sailing.

Odysseus was overjoyed. This plan was bound to work. He thanked them profusely and ran in search of his comrades to brief them. Bijok was too happy to watch him leave and failed to notice the man repeat ‘wooden horse, wooden horse’ even though it was a variation of what he had just said. He was too preoccupied with other matters to notice.

“Next time, we are not stopping here. These humans do not know the meaning of privacy,” Bijok said to Zentek.

“Agreed, and quite stupid too. Honestly, a war over a woman for a decade? They seem to be extra brawny to compensate for their lack of brains,” replied Zentek.
The aliens promptly got into their space craft and promptly left Earth and promptly forgot about the miniscule planet and an odd man called Odysseus. You tend to forget the places where you can’t do your business in peace.

The Trojan horse, as we all know, turned out to be a huge success and was the key strategy for the Greeks to win the war against the Trojans. Odysseus was hailed a hero. On finding out that there was no divine intervention which rescued him, he was puzzled about the mysterious creatures he had encountered for the rest of his life.

To think, the Trojan horse, one of the earliest war stratagems, was a result of an alien’s bad accent and pronunciation! Miscommunication could truly do some wonders and the Earth remained a cesspit forever in the aliens’ reckoning.

Janani Mohanraj
III B.Com Honours

AN EPIC BATTLE, THE LEGEND OF SURABAYA

SURABAYA is the capital of East Java Province, Indonesia. It is also known as the City of Heroes. The name ‘Surabaya’ first appeared during the rise of the Majapahit kingdom. It is derived from Sura, a shark, and Baya, a crocodile (‘Baya’ means crocodile in the Indonesian language).

Long long ago, these two strong animals that lived in the sea battled nearly every day for food. Whenever they had a battle, the sea around them would churn and produce large waves. One day, they grew tired of fighting and decided to divide their territory. Sura would prey on those living in the sea and Baya would find its prey on the land and, the shores were fixed as the border separating their kingdoms. They agreed not to trespass on each other’s kingdoms and from then onwards, lived separately and happily for some time.

Once, Sura secretly went to prey on Baya’s territory, violating the agreement they had made. When Baya found out, he became furious and demanded an explanation from Sura. Sura claimed that since the rivers on the land were also water bodies like the sea, they were part of his territory. The two great warriors entered a fierce battle. The winner of the battle could prey on both the land and the sea. Baya nearly bit Sura’s tail off, and Sura wounded Baya’s tail severely, leaving it permanently bent to the left. In the end, Sura gave up and returned to the sea. Baya won the battle as well as the right to prey on the land and the sea.

This legend explains how a crocodile can live both on land and in water. The name Surabaya continues to be used today for Indonesia’s second largest city—a legendary place (and the city where I come from).

Simran Kaur
II B.Sc AZBT
He surveyed the bloody expanse:

Platelets running fresh on silica,
Flesh and metal, borne into one.
Nature rendered Morbid,
A river pulsating with Less than Life,
Morbid-ity.
Legend, he was called,
Back home,
A far and distant place
Filling him with feelings that had no name.
Behumbled,
Embittered,
Shorn of duty and love,
Love and duty...
The sour taste of death that passed him by,
That levelled the playing field of two opposing forces...
The raw stench of fear beyond concealment.
The naked chill of Death,
Swift, self-sufficient, swooping.
Legend, he was called.
Beguiled
Into believing he was one,
He masqueraded
As one
With Might and Rage,
With the blood of warriors past
Coursing in his veins.
And yet,
Shivering, he stood
At the peak of a glorious, landmark
Day in his His story.
His-tory.
Apart from it,
A-part.
At the threshold of History,
He crouched, still wary
Of Death,

That old, cold friend
Of days, long and wintry,
Reeking of loss and other things unmentionable.
So,
The war cry that rose,
Not unbidden
In the hollow of his throat,
Escaped him,
A little defiantly,
Almost as though it didn’t believe in itself.
The moment soon passed.
Legend, he was called
Upon returning.
Far from the Morbid-ity,
His Memory,
A defective, faulty thing,
Allowed him to forget the moment
He had crouched, wary and scared,
And the defiant, self-opposed war cry that
Betrayed his turbulent conscience.
Legend, he is called
To this day,
History books, having omitted
To record
His human moment.

Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A English

Photo by Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A. English
AWAB Hussain Shah’s haveli -
Once, THE place to be in
Where the high and the mighty
Flocked and hobnobbed
Smelling the air of opulence and indolence.
Men lazed on silken cushions,
Sipping sherbets from golden tumblers.
Gandhi was discussed
With as much fervour
As Akram Mirza’s latest love affair.
Their eyes constantly flitted
Towards the Begum (as did mine)
—An exotic showpiece,
Displayed with masculine pride.
But if a glance strayed for too long—
A quick twirl of the Nawab’s moustache
Was all it took to make them tremble.
When he turned — elsewhere,
She was witty and charming...
Her smile — bright and Alive...
When he was back
She was guarded.
She moved from people to people —
Taking care not to linger anywhere
Sympathized at the falling market shares;
Exclaimed adequate delight over the new diamond set;
Ever the gracious hostess...
But why did it all seem like a facade?
Like her translucent veil;
Designed for obscuring her from the world
Why could only my eyes see that?
Why?
Would someone please look at her —
Intently?
Perhaps they cared
Perhaps they didn’t
Who knows...
—Hers was a reflection of theirs after all.
Just then a silvery bead
Splashed noiselessly
Onto her pale cheeks;
Was it real—
Or a trick of the light—
Were my eyes deceiving me?
Sigh! I will never know...

Manasa R
II B.A English

Photo by Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A. English
IT was late midnight and way past my bedtime. After the long hours of travel from Chennai to Palakkad, I was still wide awake. I realized my mind had not stopped travelling yet. It wandered through the pages of memory. My childhood was coloured with the yellow of ripe mangoes, brown of mud pots and play houses, green of paddy fields and tender coconuts and the red of my playmate’s death. The wind escaped through the creeks in the windows and the smell of nishaganthi and the late night drizzle spread in my room. I closed my eyes. My childhood opened in front of me.

It was one of those vacations where I was left to play in mud and water, to eat all my favourite fruits until my stomach almost touched the floor, to climb trees like a monkey. My time at my tharavadu with my grandparents was always special. It was during one of those visits that I befriended a little boy who stayed in the small house next to ours – Appu. We became good friends in no time. He became my carpenter, toy maker, bodyguard and my secret-sharer. Every day he came to play with me after grazing the cow in the grassy slope. One such day, I was waiting for him to come running to my house after his household chores. But he didn’t turn up. Later that day I woke up from my afternoon nap to the wailing sound of Appu’s mother. All I could understand from her long cry was that Appu was dead and something about… Odiyan and his curse. The postmortem report that came the following day said the death was an accident—it happened while he was playing with rope around his neck. But the word Odiyan echoed in my thoughts. I wanted to know more about Odiyan and the curse.

I spent the next couple of nights rummaging the memories of my ageing grandmother to gather more stories about Odiyan. I learned that Odiyans are people practicing black magic which helped them to acquire the shape of animals or things. They took the shape of a bull or cat, but on close examination, one could see that the Odiyan animal had some physical defect - one missing leg or tail. The power of the Odiyan was so immense that any physical contact with him resulted in instant death. Especially if you try to follow it, death was the answer, the curse. He can charm you as a harmless calf or charge at you as an angry bull. I was horrified by this description. My fears reached its zenith when my grandmother explained about the secret medicine which gave them the power to transform. Apparently, it was a medicine made out of the fluid carrying the unborn fetus and some secret herbs. Terror struck me, I crawled into the lap of my grandmother. I opened my eyes.

I woke up drenched in sweat and looked around for water. Years of university education, understanding logic and rational thinking, didn’t spare me from believing in this legend of Odiyan. Even now the thought of Odiyan and Appu’s death send tremors through my body. An educated, empowered woman believing in such superstitions? I chuckled at my stupidity and kept the jug of water back on the table. The drizzle had become a heavy fall by now. I tried to close the old wooden window which was half open in the darkness, I saw something standing behind the fence, alone. A Bull! Why would it stand there, during this heavy rainfall? Why isn’t it tied in the shed? Out of fear and curiosity I counted…three legs…one missing! I bolted into my grandparents’ room leaving my rational mind behind, hugging fear and the thoughts of Odiyan.
ENTROPY

He shook his paintbrush, and a drop of darkness fell into the well of the sky. And time took it and whirled it to the ends of the universe.

And the universe burst the bounds of its past and spun, faster and faster, into pale, glacial uncertainty. The leaping snow and the spinning stars sang a paean to the lost humans who tumbled, rapt and dizzy, into their net.

City, go to sleep. Mafia, wake up. Whom do you wish to kill? The mafia has come to a decision. Mafia, go to sleep.

I am but a moment in leaping time, a word tinkling in a glass of crystal fire. I belong to the trolls of the mountains and the shape-shifters that rise, glowing, from the freezing waters. I have no memory, no thought but the dance of Dionysus.

Torturer, wake up. Whom do you wish to torture? Detective, wake up. Whom do you wish to check?

And the humming creeps through the ice, and the stars are loosed from their bonds. Jagged, spinning stars. They cut the sea, and it swallowed them. The sparks were swept from the sky in a whirl of warm, dizzy rain, spiralling from Valhalla to the land of men. Did the healer wake up?

I sink into their dance. And I soar into their light.

The city wakes to find him dead. Citizens, have you any theories?

We live in our own time, prisoners of our fancy. Coruscating islands that rise blinking from the sea whose waves, mumbling, wash our shores. Time is a sea, solid and unbounded, that swallows the lanterns we cast into the air to light our way. We walk forever by its shores, waiting and wondering in the dark.

City, time to vote.

Wotan, king of the gods, felled the ash tree of the world, and piled its logs about the hall of heaven. The gods waited there, in the eternal twilight, for that hall of crystal shadows to burst into flame. At the heart of winter, bound by the ravelling net of time...

I am the kamikaze, and I end the game.

Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc Physics

SHE!

There she goes!
Fleeing away from the familiar foreignness: the crude, suffocating aura of her chauvinistic household.
She speeds on her bullet-like horse, once puny, Now, unafraid and unbridled, just like her!
Harbored no daydreams, therefore,
Of a saviour storming into her prison-house
To rescue and to hold her close.
For she knows, she is no angelic sweetheart,
For the people to gasp at and come to her aid;
Not a crooning songbird, either.
But, a poor, little girl; nothing extraordinary.
Not lacking, remember, in dignity though! Perhaps your next-door neighbour, you do not know!
Refusing to be restrained by gnawing conventions,
She abides by her own rules.
Leaving the noises of the kitchen well behind,
She speeds on her zingy horse, once feeble,
Now, steadfast and stoic, just like her!

Visudha N
II B.A English
Outside, in the cool mountain air, he cursed them, “You guys so owe me a hike. I did not come here to listen to that old codger’s stories.”

Nero, the craziest of the three, said, “Dude, you don’t know what you’re saying! These things actually happened, man!”

Eric calmly said, “There is historical evidence that support the story of King Gavaran. On the other side of the hill, we can see the ruins of his magnificent palace. And on the southern wall outside this cave, there is a hole in which the scorned maiden hid the King’s heart after she cut it out of his dead body.”

“Say what?” exclaimed David. “Now that is cool! Let’s check it out!” He strode over to the southern outer wall of the cave. Amidst the ancient carvings, there was a dark round hole that looked like it could fit a whole fist inside it. Eric and Nero hurried after him. David went to put his hand inside the hole but Nero grabbed his arm before he could do so. Nervously, Nero said, “David, you can’t just put your hand in there. It’s cursed! If you touch the King’s heart, your body will be possessed by the King’s spirit which has been roaming this land for centuries without finding peace!”

David laughed. “What! You actually believe that stuff? Come on, man! Okay, maybe the part about the King having an affair with the Queen’s maid is true. And MAYBE the Queen had him beheaded when she found out. But you can’t possibly believe that the maid really cut out his heart and put it here just because she was mad at him for ‘seducing her with false adulations of love
and empty promises of marriage!’ He finished the sentence dramatically, imitating the old tourist guide. In his normal voice again, he said, “Here, watch, I’ll prove to you that nothing is in there.”

Again, he went to put his hand inside it. But this time Eric stopped him. “Even if you are right and the stories are false, you still can’t just put your hand inside. Who knows what animal or creature could be holed up in there? You could get bitten or something,” he said.

Nonchalantly, David said, “Well, then, that will just prove that the stories about the curse are fake.” As Eric watched with trepidation and Nero with terror, David slowly put his hand inside the hole and groped around. There wasn’t much space inside. It was cool and dry. He felt around with his hand, when suddenly, he encountered something warm and squishy.

“Argghh!” he yelled and ripped his hand out of the hole. He stared in horror at his hand which was now completely covered in red. Nero began shouting, “Oh my God! The curse is real! You’ve been cursed! Aaaaah!” He tore down the trail they had used to climb up to the caves, without looking back. David was about ready to run after him, when he was stopped by the sound of laughter.

Astonished, he turned around to watch Eric doubled over, laughing. Had he just been pranked?

“You- you did thi- you were behind this?” he asked incredulously.

“The look on your face!” Eric said, still laughing. “And Nero’s! Oh man, that was priceless! I should’ve taken photos!”

David slowed his rapidly beating heart and looked at his hand again. “You know I’m gonna get you back for this,” he warned Eric. “What is this? Is this ketchup?” he scrunched up his nose, trying to smell it.

“Yeah!” Eric said, finally managing to control his laughter. “I put it in there before I told you about the hole because I knew you’d want to show off that you don’t believe in legends.”

David sniffed his hand. Weird. It didn’t smell like ketchup. This smell had a more metallic tang to it. He held up his hand for Eric to smell.

“Dude, I’m telling you—” Eric started. David interrupted him shakily, “Does this smell like ketchup to you?”

Eric took a sniff and the blood drained out of his face, confirming David’s suspicions. With hearts pounding again, both of them slowly turned around to look at the hole.

Thick black mist was coming out of the fist-sized hole.

Eric and David whipped around and raced down the trail after Nero, yelling, “The ghost is after us!”

If they had stayed behind for a little while, they would have noticed the black mist just drifting off into the air like smoke from a chimney.

Just a few feet away, from the entrance to the cave, a bald head slowly peeked out. Looking at the students fleeing in the distance, the old guide emerged fully from the cave. He stood there watching the smoke being blown away by the breeze, and snickered.

“Clay pigeons.”
They woke up as each other
And quite frankly, it sucked.
She was him, and he was her
Which was nowhere close to where they wanted to be.
She woke up –
A picture of tranquility;
Expecting nothing
Except the beauty over which she reigned.
The Darkness
Her cloak, her shroud, her second skin, her domain.
Littered with spheres of fire, dust and other matter.
It was hers, and she was theirs —
That was how it had been.
Suddenly, it had all changed.
And she woke up to just one sphere of fire
Hitting her like a punch in the face.
The Others were hiding – invisible,
The One that she could see – not hers.
At least,
She knew who it belonged to
But that thought just made her worry.
Why
HOW
W
H
Y
She did not understand
And she couldn’t ask. There was

No one.
But her
And the sphere. Solitary, huge, shining.
Too bright, too many colours,
She needed to hide.
And so she did.
Seconds passed, then minutes,
And
H
O
U
R
S
She opened her eyes, dreading
What could be and what could not.
What should have been – was it there?
The black descended on her slowly,
And she felt herself breathe again.
Back from chaos,
And to order – to what she knew.
To what comforted her.
It had taken an entire day,
And then some (centuries, perhaps? She didn’t know.)
And she didn’t care.
She was just Night
And Night was not Day.
And that was what mattered.

Aishwarya Srinivasan
II B.Sc Psychology
He emerged from his home,
Fully-formed and morose looking,
A newborn unwilling to experience
Anything besides the dark inner lining of his chrysalis.

It was with a certain disdain
That he regarded the world.
However, twisting out of his home,
He Realigned,
Readjusted
To this strange new form of existence.

In a few deliberate beats, he was out,
His wings a pale, dusted blue.

He began the slow discovery of
His immediate surroundings,
Taking in the sounds of the farmyard
And the general din of a household
Slowly stirring awake.

He wasn’t one for frenzied exploration.
He watched me intently,
For the odd little organism that I was.
Flawed.
Wide-eyed.
A shade too silent.

His mute eyes conveyed discernment
As though he recognised me for who I was.

I felt exposed.
As though I had unwillingly let him in
On something inward.

It was perverse

How maddened I was.
I watched him,
As he flew past.
Crouching among shadows and sunbeams,
My hand, as though acting of its own accord,
Reached out and grasped him,
Crushed him to Finer than Dust.

I watched
As though from afar,
The shadow-play
Of his death,
Quick. Final.

Walking out
Into blindingness,
I longed to forget,
My vision blinded
By something beautiful and sad;
A child’s incurable curiosity
And his capacity for evil.

Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A English
COME one, come all!
Here ye the story of one woman.
Who is that, you ask me?
’Tis none other,
But mine own self, and
The legacy of my grandmother.
I was once young like thee,
Beautiful and full of life,
And in those days, I had a friend
Who loved me as she would her own sister.
We traveled far and wide together,
Oft lying beneath the moon’s pearl rays
As we watched the stars dance across the skies.
So ‘twas that we once decided
To visit my ancestral home.
Alas! Ere we departed, tragedy struck,
And my beloved friend passed
Into the void of nothingness,
Where life flees, leaving behind
Love to mourn the loss.
Sick at heart and longing for what
Was no longer mine, alone I went
Back to the home of my ancestors,
Hoping for a peace that had
Begun to elude me since her passing.
Life was as it was; and yet, ‘twas not—
Time had no meaning,
For what was the rising and the setting
Of a sun my dear friend could no longer see?
The village of my grandmother’s birth
Lay at the borders of our land, far
From the home my friend and I had carved
For ourselves. Eager to be free of the burden
Of memories, I departed, walking day and
Night to a home that was mine for
All that I had never set foot there.
The bungalow, made of marble,
And of my grandmother’s family,
Was white as the purest lily, glinting
A rose-red in the light of the sinking sun
And I mourned that she who loved beauty
In all its forms could not see such a marvel.
When finally I lay in my grandmother’s bed,
I could think of no else than my loss
And my heart was heavy.
That night the skies wept with me,
For the lightning struck the ground
Even as the plague had struck my friend.
Thunder growled angrily in the distance
And I shivered in the cocooned warmth
Of my grandmother’s blankets,
Awaiting something, though
I knew not what.
And then she appeared before me—
A ghost, an apparition, or a manifestation
Of my desire to see my beloved friend.
Real or unreal, she beckoned me to a door,
And I followed, trusting the intangible
Whiteness of the creature I beheld.
I walked to the wooden doors held together
By a single wooden log.
I pulled on it; it gave easily
And the doors creaked open
Leaving for me a doorway to walk beyond.
Hesitant and half-asleep,
I followed that path; down the
Gravel stoneway I went, into the rains
That were drowning the earth. I cared not
That I was wet, neither did the thunder
Bother me nor did the lightning frighten
Me as it once had. I simply put one foot
In front of the other, again and again
Until I reached a huge granite wall
That loomed like a mountain in front of me.
Grey and imposing stood that wall,
Bearing witness to the histories that
Happened in its wake. And ‘twas one such
Tiny piece of history that was destined for me
That night; I walked upto it, placed my
shaking
Hands upon its cold, wet surface, feeling the
Hardness of granite soothe away my
uneasiness.
And suddenly, I slipped, the grass beneath me
Becoming traitor to the new mistress that
owned it.
I fell against the wall,
And by fortune or misfortune, I fell against
That part of it that housed a secret.
Where I fell, the wall broke,
‘Twas not the weakness of the wall,
Instead, ‘twas a secret passageway hidden by
the wall,
And into it I tumbled and fell, finding myself
In the dark, dampness of a centuries old
tunnel.
Now I began to be afraid,
For the dark had never been my friend,
And I did not believe it was about
to start being one now.
Just as I turned back to return home,
The apparition reappeared and with
A single flick of her ghostly finger,
The torches lining the tunnel lit up
And I was no longer in the dark. With a smile,
She beckoned once more; this time too,
I followed.
I walked down the winding ways,
One hand trailing along the cold granite,
Until I reached a small chamber, as wide as it
was long,
And my eyes fell upon the big wooden chest
That lay innocently in the center. I did not
hesitate;
Running to it, I cleared the cobwebs that
dirtied it.
Blood thrumming with anticipation – though I
knew not
What I was to find – I pushed the lid open.
The creaking grated against mine ears, but I
Persisted, till at last, the trunk was open
before me
And I beheld the treasure within.
What I thought it would contain, I could not
say –
Mayhap pearl and ruby anklets,
Mayhap linens of lace and a bracelet of
diamonds;
Mayhap a golden goblet, lined with emeralds,
Or mayhap even a crown worth all the weight
of the land.
Whatever I had expected, ‘twas none of
that. Instead a parchment, old and worn and
tattered,
Of a value more precious than all of life.
I perceived not this infinite value,
And sat down in disappointment,
Missing my friend more keenly than before.
A sudden urge came upon me,
And with a sigh, I picked up the
Ragged parchment, smoothing out the edges,
And spread it before me, bending over it
With an eagerness I did not understand.
Thunder rolled outside,
And the showers increased in intensity, but I
cared not, for in my hands, I held a letter
— my grandmother’s letter.
To my beloved,
It read, I write this in the hope
That thou hast not forgotten the
Friendship we once shared for
All the bitterness we have beheld
Within our families since.
I read of her life and of her friend,
Whom she had loved and wanted to marry.
I read of her betrothal to another,
And of her broken heart as she gave in to
The inevitability of the future she had
dreamed of.
For the man she loved, who was her closest
friend
Belonged to an enemy of her father,
And she could no more be allowed to love him
Than she could cut off her own limb. In desperation, she wrote the letter I now held, and in that flowy script, I read of a heartache so great, Tears filled my eyes.

In the end, she had been defeated by Her own fate, which had joined her life With that of my grandfather’s; he was not a Tyrant, and yet she could not love him, for Her heart belonged to another. Still, she strove to Accept the die that destiny had cast her, And soon, she birthed a beautiful baby girl Who resembled the warmth of an afternoon Sunshine and smiled with innocence of a bumblebee.

The chronicle of her life ended within those pages And at the end, she addressed the man who Was lost to her. I gasped; the name was not unknown To me. ‘Twas as familiar as the name of mine Own grandmother, for it was none other than the Beloved grandpapa of my late friend, Who had raised her and taught her the ways of The world when her own dame and sire had passed Into the void of nothingness.

He had journeyed away from my grandmother, In heartache and great pain, to avoid the Abominable effusion of blood – for sacrifice is The synonym of love, and no greater is there a tribute To it than a renunciation for the sake of others. And I understood now – he had left, and married another Even as my grandmother had. And my lost friend, Was nothing less than his legacy.

Woe that I did not know! Woe that I did not Perceive of his love; for he might have been mine Own grandfather if the fates had been but less cruel. My friend was as precious to me as a sister; Now I saw, she was nothing less than a sister, For we might have shared the same blood once And my grandmother would have been hers, Even as we played in these very gardens that Had watched her grandfather and my grandmother Fall in love with one another.

Alas! Now she too was gone, as was my grandmother And I was all alone, to behold the legacy that they had left Behind. I fell to my knees, heart breaking as Surely as once my grandmother’s had, Perhaps even within this chamber when she Wept and wrote the letter I held in my hands. I rolled and ranted and raved that fate would Be so cruel, that my sister whom I could not have Loved were she of mine own blood, Was now forever lost to me.

I was without solace, and the loss was drowning me

Even as the rains drowned the flowers outside, When the ghost came a third time to me and beckoned To the wooden chest once more. I looked inside; the signet ring Lay within the ragged depths, adorned with a single, Solid diamond solitaire. I pulled it out with trembling fingers That slipped and dropped the treasure; it rolled on the Floor and hit the wall of the granite chamber with a loud Pop. The diamond shattered and out fell a smaller parchment.

Still crying, I picked it up and saw that ‘twas a map,
A map to the treasure I had expected. It hardly made any difference to me now; no ruby and no emerald, no crown and no kingdom could replace what I had lost. Still, this was the legacy of mine grandmother, and I could hardly let it fall into a stranger’s hands.

So ‘twas that I took the map and returned to my own chambers and slept that strange night, dreaming wonderful dreams of a sister that could have, should have been of my blood. I set off to find that treasure whence morning arrived.

Many an adventure I did have, crossing sea and land, by ship and by horseback, many a friend did I make, including the man I would one day marry, many a villain did I vanquish, from the one-eyed earl to the stupid servant girl, until I finally found my grandmother’s treasure and prepared to take it back to my home with me.

There was still more beautiful a gift awaiting me; as I opened the wooden chest – filled truly this time with pearl and ruby anklets, and linens of lace and a bracelet of diamonds; a golden goblet, lined with emeralds, and even the crown worth all the weight of the land – my friend’s ghostly apparition appeared before me a final time.

She beckoned to the little girl I had taken on as apprentice on my travels, smiling a mysterious smile, and then dissolved into the nothingness from whence she came. I never saw her again.

Comprehension dawned; I took the girl’s hand, her little fingers wrapped trustingly within my own, and asked her if I could be her mother. With a happy smile, she nodded, and ran into my arms; we returned to my grandmother’s home, and the huge granite wall bore witness to another history that was born: for beneath it, I wed the man I loved, and raised a family where my grandmother had bequeathed her legacy to me.

Now, younglings, as I have grown old and weary, my bones are creaking and rusted, and my family scattered in the winds, my husband passed into the void that took my beloved friend so many years ago, I tell you of the legacy I have built. The little girl who became my daughter found a friend of her own, and many a day I did spend, watching them with a bittersweet smile, as they played the same plays I did with she who was my sister not of blood.

And so I wait, to pass into that nothingness that she has left me behind for, where she, along with her grandfather, and my grandmother – for surely they must have reunited there? – and my husband, awaits my arrival.

So younglings, when breath flees my body – this is my plea, bury me beneath the huge granite wall; plant an apple tree over me, that I may nourish life even in death, and leave behind a legacy that is worth remembering.
ONCE upon a time, in a quiet misty island, there lived a man who was as mysterious as the island itself. Day in and day out he would be hard at work helping anyone who needed him, yet no one knew what he truly did. No one saw him interact with anyone or get close. He seemed to keep everyone at an arm’s length. What was it that made him so intriguing? What made him stand out from the rest of the crowd?

Ladies and gentlemen, in order to answer these questions and to satiate my ever growing curiosity, I decided to follow this man. Yes, I decided that this man was someone worth knowing about. I am by the way Freya, a weird name, I know. Unfortunately, I am stuck with it for life. Anyway, to get back to the topic, I decided to follow the man and find more about him.

From my observation over the past few weeks, I realized this man was an anomaly. He was tiny with a timid physique, but I had seen him help Mr. Jeevers lift his truck when it got stuck in the ditch and let me tell you: that truck was not light. He seemed clumsy with no coordination, but I saw him at the Delta Tea House where he was quick to catch the jug of water mid air when it almost fell over. Not one drop was spilled. He didn’t know how to read and didn’t seem literate and yet he was able to successfully treat Mrs. Green for a heart attack. You must be thinking why such a man was not idolized or crowned best citizen. He lifted the truck out of the ditch when Mr. Jeevers went to call for help. The tea shop was crowded and Mrs. Green had a heart attack in the empty alley behind the supermarket.

This only further piqued my curiosity and therefore I decided to find out his history. I asked around and no one seemed to know who he was or how he came and when. He just seemed to appear out of thin air one day and blend perfectly well into our lives. Who was this man? Was he a supernatural force, an alien being sent to Earth to learn about the human species or was he an assassin who had given up the way of killing and had taken the life of peace, or was he a witness to something horrible that he had been put into a witness protection center or something? I do not know.

But what I do know was that I should have had better awareness of my surroundings and not focus on the mystery man, maybe then I would have noticed the bus heading towards me.

But alas! My mind was far too gone and by the time I did notice it was too late and the next thing I knew was a force pushing me out of the way. Dazed, I looked around to find my saviour and saw no one. Suddenly, from the corner of eye I noticed the unmistakable figure of the man who had been plaguing my thoughts all day.

Maybe, just maybe, I realized that he may be an unsung Hero.

Tessy Mathew
III B.Sc Visual Communication
THE LEGEND'S DAUGHTER

WHAT do you see, daughter of legend, as you gaze into the sky at day-break?

Do you see the world go by,
Without a sense of what is right?
Do you see how the winds change —
Do you want to take a howl at the moon tonight?
In the distance, they say his name...
Chant it, preach it,
But you tell yourself not to repeat it.
What do you see, daughter of legend, as you gaze into the sky at day-break?
His name tainted and ruined, without a trace gone,
And there in the darkness you were born.
What do you see, daughter of legend, as you gaze into the sky at day-break?
It tells you the night is dark.
But that tomorrow is another day.

Sambhavana Kumar
III B.Com. (Accounting and Finance)

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

HANK and his two brothers got back into their rickety old cart. Morn, the horse, neighed her signal and started trotting down the driveway. 120 years ago, that was.

I was specially crafted by Hank and the guys for Lord Easthampton’s parlour, the one facing the green gables. Pride of the house, I was. Brand new. My polished arm swinging to the rhythm of my hands.

I was right there that night going through my second 8-9 cycle of hours for the day when Marson came in to meet Mr. Carter - Lord Easthampton, that is. The door shut behind Mr. Carter, and Mr. Carter shut his eyes to the world for eternity. The blood splattered on my face was all I had left of the Lord. Marson jumped out the window and left for the prairies.

The Easthamptons fell into a financial black hole after that and had to sell the mansion, starting my long succession of inheritors. Down the years, I’ve seen revolts, two world wars and their devastations, economic depressions and their inflations, republic days and much more. I’ve heard much, seen much, learnt much without talking. All I can give back is my ticking. One tick at a time to a new future, to new leaders, to new mistakes and new recoveries. An old grandfather clock now, nevertheless expectant, eager.

Keren Jeba Shalom R
I B.Sc Psychology
How do I get myself into these messes?” Elizabeth asked herself. As she looked up at those cold eyes, she knew death was coming. She could feel her consciousness slowly slipping away and a warmth spreading through her body. She heard sirens in the distance. ‘What? The gates of heavens ran out of bells,’ was her last thought before darkness closed in.

She was dead, but strangely she was still in pain and the pain was getting no better. Suddenly her eyes flew open, and when they adjusted to the lights, she could see the familiar hospital setting. The stench of antiseptic hung in the air.

I survived, she thought.

“Miss Campbell, it’s nice to see you awake. You suffered quite a concussion. You hit your head a little hard and may have trouble remembering last night’s events,” said Doctor Turner.

“Doctor, I feel fine, just a little tired. So did they see it?” she asked, excited.

“See what?”

“Well, it should have been on the news by now. The monster of course. It was trying to kill me when they found me.”

“Miss Campbell, you were found on the lake with a capsized boat. No monsters, I assure you, were in the vicinity. It is very common for trauma patients to fit things in to make sense of what happened. Are you sure you’re quite alright?”

“Yes doctor. I am fine,” she replied puzzled.

He gave her a quizzical look, read her chart and left the room. Her mom came rushing in and hugged her. “Oh darling! We were so worried. I warned you not to go chasing monsters. At least now you believe they don’t exist. “

“But mom I saw it! I saw the Loch Ness monster!”

The Loch Ness monster. Her grand-dad’s dream. Alex Campbell was the first one to see it. It became his obsession. When his granddaughter
visited him before his death, he told her to go find it. He was her mentor, guide and inspiration and his dying wish had been that she should reveal the legendary creature for the world to see. Her parents had other ideas. Their only daughter throwing away her career to chase lake monsters did not appeal to them. But she went anyway. She spent two months on a boat with all her equipment and camera. But luck evaded her. May 2, 2008, she decided would be her last night. After all it was on this night, seventy five years ago that her grandpa saw it. Maybe it likes routine, she thought. But as the night wore on she began to feel hopeless.

I let him down, I let grandpa down, she thought dejectedly. At that very moment the sensors went crazy.

She got up, startled and checked her position. The monitors were not giving her a clear reading. Come on, dammit! She tried to steady her boat but before she could do anything else a massive form materialized. She found her camera and tried to record. As the form came closer, she could see it. The Loch Ness monster! At last! To her surprise the creature wasn’t dark at all. It was golden and its body looked faintly metallic. She saw that the compass in her hand was going crazy. It’s body is magnetic! No wonder I can’t get a reading. It’s messing with my equipment!

As she put the compass in her coat pocket, a new form materialized. This one was considerably smaller. Who would have thought? A baby Nessie, she chuckled. She went out to the edge of the boat, dangerously close to the monster’s tail and clicked her camera. The moment the flash fired all hell broke loose.

In a matter of seconds she found herself on the monsters tail, her boat turned over and her camera nowhere to be found. Hanging on for her life she noticed that the golden metal was arranged like scales. The monster, clearly frightened, thrashed its tail and she went flying. Her head hit the side of the boat, hard. As the monster whipped around and fixed its eyes on her she knew she was a goner.

But nobody believed her. They thought she was delusional and that the fall had affected her. All her equipment was at the bottom at the lake. Since divers were not permitted she couldn’t get it back. I need to get back, fast.

So with her things packed and discharge sheet signed, Elizabeth Campbell left the hospital. I have a plane to catch, she reminded herself. As she drove past the lake she stopped the car.

“Honey, wear the coat if you are stepping out,” said her mom and handed her the coat.

She walked to the end of the broadwalk and stood there looking out into the lake with her hands deep in her pockets. She pulled out a compass and with it came a golden scale. The scale made the compass go crazy. She looked at the coat and excitement flooded her. It was the one she was wearing the night of the accident. Somehow a scale must have fallen in when she was on the monster’s tail. So I wasn’t dreaming, she thought. Wait till I tell mom. But then she remembered the monsters alarm and for a second she was sure it was scared. If I tell them, they’ll try to find her, she thought.

“Don’t worry Nessie, your secret is safe with me,” she murmured. She looked around to see if anyone was watching her and satisfied, threw the scale far into the lake. As she was getting into the car she looked back and thought, I’m sorry grandpa but some legends had better stay just legends.

HariniVarma
I B.Sc Visual Communication
**THE LEGENDARY GOLCONDA FORT**

LEGENDS have always intrigued and fascinated me. This was the reason that while other tourists could be seen groaning at the number of steps they had to climb to reach the top, I was leaping up the steps of Golconda Fort, bubbling with enthusiasm.

The voice of the tourist guide was humming in the background in my head, conjuring up images of what I imagined to be the past. As soon as I set foot inside the huge peacock engraved arch, I was lost to the world. The fort, to me, transformed into one of the royal pasts that those magnificent walls have seen. The tourists morphed into royals flaunting their resplendent robes, followed by their humble servants.

The inner courtyard filled itself with imaginary worshippers, bowing in the direction of Mecca. The queen’s chamber, resounding with tales and laughter, with women attending to the queen’s every whim and fancy, all of them draped in heavy silk garments and the queen covered in ornaments, Golconda being the centre of flourishing diamond trade.

The fort, in all its grandeur and majesty, is also called an architectural and acoustic wonder due to the ability of its walls to transfer sounds from one point to another, almost a kilometer away. This was probably for people to warn each other in case of attack. The huge iron spiked entrance, built that way to prevent battering of elephants, speaks volumes of the foresighted sultans.

But what really had me spellbound was the secret passage that led to Charminar. I stood, staring, transfixed, at the miniature sealed up arch. The blocked passage made me feel the tension and anxiety that a man using this escape route would have felt.

Looking down from the “Bala Hissar” pavilion (the highest point), I felt a strange sense of nostalgia. For a person who was never there, it is a strange feeling to be yearning for the past, for a return of those imperial times. Gazing out at the sprawling stone structures, moats, arches and ruins, I felt I was the monarch of all I surveyed, inhaling the cold, pure air of my empire, seeking to broaden those horizons, my aura reeking of power.

I stood perfectly still, at peace with the world, until one of my ministers reminded me that it was time to get going, and if I made my way to the bottom as fast as I could, we would have time to visit Charminar before going back to the hotel.

Amita Daniel
II B.A English

**YAWP**

A “YAWP” is a loud cry or a yell. A yawp, a barbaric yawp, is what went through like a ripple in the water, amongst all, when the news hit. It was sudden, like an unpleasant electric shock zapping you back to the harsh realities of the world. Death often does that. Last year, a legend left, leaving us with a lot more than memories, he left us with powerful emotions to attach to those memories.

‘Dead Poets Society’ weaved itself into my life, when I was in school, when the very presence of a framework, rules and regulations were not particularly thrilling. Hence, obviously, flouting the rules brought about some amount
of excitement and anyone who did so, was to some extent gazed at, starry eyed.

John Keating (lead in Dead Poets Society, portrayed brilliantly by Robin Williams) waltzed into the stuffed audio visual room, reciting poetry and encouraging individualism. At an age where uniformity is norm (rightly so perhaps, no argument there), the words that poured out on screen enamored the easily moldable minds of my classmates and mine. That was a long while back. Even then, the dialogues uttered became branded on, like footprints on wet cement. For me, poetry wasn’t that beautiful. The same words could have been written as a story or an essay maybe? Dunbar, Frost, and the like had been blacklisted and pushed into a small box of items labeled miscellaneous and unimportant in my brain. John Keating turned painful endurance of poetry into appreciation and admiration.

Perhaps it was the non conformism, or the idea of creativity within a framework, or something intangible that courses through, when watching the movie. Yet, even today, I hang by every word, every breath trying to live through it.

Whether it was lending his voice to a genie in Alladin or going to great extents to wooing his children back into his life in Mrs. Doubtfire, every role, character portrayed seemed as effortless as breathing. Robin Williams defied the norm of carving out a comfortable niche, a genre that he owned by dancing his way across all of them with elegance and grace.

Beyond Keating and his other characters, Robin Williams, also was a comic genius. As speechless as his performances on screen, his comic timing on stage would send an audience of mixed generations into peals of laughter. He could trap a crowd within a web of magic spun by his genius.

Sadly this web became nonexistent. It vanished, leaving people with reels and reels of memories and emotions. Last year we lost a legend, an effortless actor, an artist convincingly comfortable in many skins, but sadly, not his own.

Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc. Psychology

Beyond Keating and his other characters, Robin Williams, also was a comic genius. As speechless as his performances on screen, his comic timing on stage would send an audience of mixed generations into peals of laughter. He could trap a crowd within a web of magic spun by his genius.

Sadly this web became nonexistent. It vanished, leaving people with reels and reels of memories and emotions. Last year we lost a legend, an effortless actor, an artist convincingly comfortable in many skins, but sadly, not his own.

Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc. Psychology

Beyond Keating and his other characters, Robin Williams, also was a comic genius. As speechless as his performances on screen, his comic timing on stage would send an audience of mixed generations into peals of laughter. He could trap a crowd within a web of magic spun by his genius.

Sadly this web became nonexistent. It vanished, leaving people with reels and reels of memories and emotions. Last year we lost a legend, an effortless actor, an artist convincingly comfortable in many skins, but sadly, not his own.

Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc. Psychology

Beyond Keating and his other characters, Robin Williams, also was a comic genius. As speechless as his performances on screen, his comic timing on stage would send an audience of mixed generations into peals of laughter. He could trap a crowd within a web of magic spun by his genius.

Sadly this web became nonexistent. It vanished, leaving people with reels and reels of memories and emotions. Last year we lost a legend, an effortless actor, an artist convincingly comfortable in many skins, but sadly, not his own.

Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc. Psychology

Beyond Keating and his other characters, Robin Williams, also was a comic genius. As speechless as his performances on screen, his comic timing on stage would send an audience of mixed generations into peals of laughter. He could trap a crowd within a web of magic spun by his genius.

Sadly this web became nonexistent. It vanished, leaving people with reels and reels of memories and emotions. Last year we lost a legend, an effortless actor, an artist convincingly comfortable in many skins, but sadly, not his own.

Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc. Psychology
Her life
Before her eyes
Flashes -
A kaleidoscope of colours
And emotions;
Faces of men whiz by
- One face looms large
Kindly-looking eyes
Handlebar moustache
She reaches out to him
Yearning to rest
Once again.
One final time,
In the crook of his arms.

She grew up
Way too fast
Eyes followed her
Hands touched her
 Everywhere. Everyone.
A lonely and miserable heart,
She sought refuge.
A new address at 18
- Mrs. MacLeod, Indonesia.

Those hands
And eyes
Followed
This time, where could she go?
Those flamboyant costumes
Those sensuous moves
The colours
The fame..
She never felt more alive!

Zelle passed away
silently
Mata Hari was born-
Ready to lead her life
on her own terms.

She liked it.
Why did others care?
She craved for their attention,

However illusory.
WHY did it matter to the world?
Alas!
She was a resident
Of a moralistic society
Infested with
Hypocrites.
She could NOT
Be ALLOWED to fly!
To flap her wings!
"She is a spy! A traitor! A slut! A fallen woman! Vulgar, coarse, cheap!"
"Worming her way into Soldiers beds;
Charming secrets out of them..."

Her wings had to be
CUT.
She should be made a scapegoat,
 That is her Punishment.
A woman like her!
("Too powerful
-a dangerous femme fatale!"

Click. Click.
Tap. Tap.
Heels tapping smartly,
She strides to the courtyard
Head held high
Under the blazing sun,
She winks
At her cowardly ex-lover
(Who flinches)

Throws back her head
and smiles
a glorious smile;
Unforgettable-
As the bullet pierces
Her heart;
Not her spirit.

O MATA HARI!
(A biographical poem on the legendary Mata Hari)

Manasa. R.
II B.A. English
I curled my fingers into a fist and shoved my hands down the pockets of my coat, trying to preserve as much heat as I could. I gazed up at the clear sky, impressive in its unique aquamarine hues, looking as if it held all the answers – in a language no one could understand. Looking omnipresent, yet untouchable. Ears ringing in the deafening silence and oddly disturbed by the peculiar lifelessness of the sky, I looked away towards my much understated destination.

Despite the unyielding majesty of its gilded arches, the slick glass of the towering pillars gave the colossal edifice an effeminate poise. Seemingly infinite rows of trees led up to the open doors of the palatial structure. I fixed my eyes on the haughty arch that showed above the canopies and made my way towards the Hall of Legends – the one place in the world that showcased all legends that ever lived.

I crossed the doorstep, almost reverentially, and stepped into the Hall. I felt nothing. In a way, I guess the entrance was designed to make me feel so. The air lacked any kind of smell. It was neither hot, not cold. My surroundings were so non-descript that I couldn’t think of them as the inside of the striking exterior.

I jumped out of my skin when I felt a hot palm on my shoulder. I turned to see an old man with penetrating eyes. They were in aquamarine shade – as if they had mirrors behind them that reflected the skies. With a voice of flowing, molten command, the man asked me what the word ‘legend’ meant. With those wise eyes, it was obvious that he was humouring me.

I remember saying something about how, like all things, legends can only mean what we want them to. I also remember feeling instantly embarrassed about my ridiculously poetic reply
and wondering why I hadn’t simply rattled off an Oxford definition. I did not have the time to think much else before the same searing touch steered me towards the door. The last thing that I saw before I stepped through, was an identical door at the other end of the door. May be, with the Oxford definition, I could have seen behind it.

The room that I’d been in and the hall that I entered were a study in contrast. From the door, two rows of exquisite portraits diverged, like outstretched arms.

Within the first ornamented frame stood Sherlock Holmes. It was not one of the many sketches that had been drawn of the fictional character, not even any of the early actors who first played him. It was Benedict Cumberbatch as Sherlock. Several questions settled in my mind with the hushed rustle of falling autumn leaves. Before I could ponder them, the man guided me forward.

From there on, I moved past paintings of Freud and Malcolm Gladwell, Adam Smith and Steve Jobs, Austen and Stieg Larsson, great rulers and friends alike. I might have even spotted Jesus somewhere along the way. With every question, the thoughtful yellow of the autumn leaves turned into an urgent red.

At the very end of the second row, I saw a girl. She was of short stature with tousled hair reaching the edge of her earlobes and a pair of black-rimmed glasses perched askew on her nose. I was looking into a mirror.

I stared nonplussed at my reflection, fingers colder than the inert, dead sky and cheeks burning hotter than the old man’s palm. My reflection was all the friction that the leaves needed. Suddenly there were brazen licks of fire. In my befuddled state of mine, it almost seemed as if the leaves were directly sublimating to smoke. As if my questions had no patience for answers.

Abruptly, I found myself thinking back to my perception of legends. As I made that recollection, my swirling, storming confusion left me through fractured but distilling bursts of laughter.

That day, dwarfed by portraits of the dead and insights about life, I learnt something. I learnt that by calling those people legends who left as much an impression on me as marvels leave on the world, I was giving myself a chance to be a legend. I learnt that we can all be legends - when we agree to celebrate not just Alexander the Great but also an Alexander the Good.

I turned away from the mirror and walked with the old man... back down the corridor in my mind.

Reshma. S
I B.A English
GUESS THE LEGENDS

Questions:
1) He is known as ‘The Missile Man of India’
2) Who won the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1930?
3) Founder of the ‘Missionaries of Charity’ in 1950
4) First Indian woman to win an Asian games gold in 400m running event.
5) World’s first female Prime Minister from the country of Sri Lanka was __________ Bandaranaike.
6) She is a very important woman for all. She cares, loves; without her the world has nothing. She is a __________.
7) A cricketer who holds the record for most number of 90s in his career.
8) Who is the ‘Nightingale of India’?
9) Shivaji Rao Gaikwad in the real name of this famous actor.
10) Which Birla was declared as ‘Business Man of India’ in 1990?
11) Famous dance personality in Kathak is __________ Maharaj. Answers on Page

WHO WILL BE THE LEGEND?

WORLD Cup finals
Five runs needed
One ball left
So much noise
Yet, not one person can be heard
Hands of many folded in prayers
Batsman ready
Sudden silence
Intake of breath in anticipation
Pounding feet of the running bowler
TVs switched on in millions of houses
Eyes transfixed

No blinking
Ball leaves the bowler’s hand
Time slows down
The batsman’s
Heart pounding
Jaw clenches
Grip tight on the bat
The hope of millions
In that one ball,
Batsman or bowler?
Who will be the legend?

Aditi Ramesh
I B.Sc Mathematics
1. The scientific community regards X as a modern-day myth, and explains sightings as misidentifications of more mundane objects, outright hoaxes, and wishful thinking. Despite this, it remains one of the most famous examples of crypto zoology. The legendary monster has been affectionately referred to by the nickname ‘Nessie’. Who is X?

2. Legend says that if you are to look in the mirror and say "ABC" a specified number of times, something will happen. There are many versions of what will happen. In the earliest versions, an unmarried woman would see the face of her future husband in the glass or a skull if she were destined to die before being wed. What is ABC?

3. Legend says that an ape-like cryptid taller than an average human inhabits the Himalayan region of Nepal and Tibet. Another name for this person is Meh-teh. What is it popularly known as?

4. ‘The Showman’ celebrated his 90th birthday yesterday. He was called the Clark Gable of the Hindi film industry. Identify this legend.

5. This highly eccentric legend sang from childhood, and over time, his voice and vocal style changed noticeably. Between 1971 and 1975, his voice descended from boy soprano to high tenor. His vocal range as an adult was F2–E6. He first used a technique called the "vocal hiccup" in 1973, starting with the song "It's Too Late to Change the Time". Who is this ‘legend among legends’?

6. She was the leader of the Underground Railroad, which brought slaves to freedom. During the Civil War, she attached herself to the Union forces in coastal South Carolina, serving as a nurse, cook, laundress, scout, and spy. Who is she?

7. In 1967, three years after winning the heavyweight title, X refused to be conscripted into the U.S. military, citing his religious beliefs and opposition to American involvement in the Vietnam War. The U.S. government declined to recognize him as a conscientious objector, however, because Ali declared that he would fight in a war if directed to do so by Allah or his messenger (Elijah Muhammad). He was eventually arrested and found guilty on draft evasion charges and stripped of his boxing title. Name X.

8. His weapon is a thunderbolt, which he hurls at those who displease him. He is married to Hera but is famous for his many affairs. He is also known as the god that punishes those that lie or break oaths. Who is this God?

9. Bollywood actor Ranbir Kapoor is reportedly going to play X in his X's biopic (biographic film). X, born in a Rajput family, is most remembered for his extraordinary goal-scoring feats, in addition to earning three Olympic gold medals (1928, 1932, and 1936) in Y, one of the most neglected sports in India. Name X (fondly called as ‘The Wizard’) and Y, the sport that he played.

10. She is the elder sister of another equally famous singer, AB. She has won several awards and honors, including Bharat Ratna (India's Highest Civilian Award), Padma Bhushan (1969), Padma Vibhushan (1999) and Dada Saheb Phalke Award(1989). She has also won four Filmfare Best Female Playback Awards. In 1969, she made the unusual gesture of giving up the Filmfare Best...
Female Playback Award, in order to promote fresh talent. There was a dispute over whether she was the artist with the most number of recordings in the world. In the end, AB surpassed her sister by receiving the Guinness title of Most Recorded Artist in Music History. Name these two legendary sisters.

11. When the Inspector of Schools visited a school, he made all the boys in one class to write a tough word that he had dictated on their slates. The Inspector encouraged the boys to copy from one another. One boy refused to copy and as a result, got the word wrong. But he was not upset. Living with a devout mother and surrounded by the Jain influences of Gujarat, the boy learned from an early age the tenets of honesty, non-injury to living beings, vegetarianism, fasting for self-purification, and mutual tolerance between members of various creeds and sects. Who did this boy grow up to be?

12. Soon after the end of the Second World War, she felt a calling from God to work with the poorest of India’s half a million citizens. Establishing the Missionaries of Charity in 1950 with just 13 members, eventually it grew to a staff of 4,000 nuns who would run dozens of orphanages, AIDS hospices, and charity centers worldwide. Her establishment of a hospice for dying destitutes in 1979 eventually won her a Nobel Peace Prize and made her not only a household name, but made her name synonymous with compassion and charity. Who is she?

13. The legend of Y is one of the most enduring in Western European literature and art. Y was said to be the cup of the Last Supper and at the Crucifixion, it supposedly received the blood flowing from Christ's side. It was brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea, where it lay hidden for centuries. Identify Y.

14. Name the Five Pandavs from Hindu mythology.

15. She is fierce and brave in battle but only fights to protect the state and home from outside enemies. She is the goddess of the city, handicrafts, and agriculture. She has invented the bridle, which permits man to tame horses, the trumpet, the flute, the pot, the rake, the yoke, the ship, and the chariot. She is the embodiment of wisdom, reason, and purity. She is the only one who is allowed to use her father’s weapons including his thunderbolt. Her favourite city is Athens. Identify this Goddess.

16. According to Hindu mythology, which Goddess killed seven of her children by drowning them in the river? She was apparently saving them from a cursed life.

17. Legend says that Vlad the Impaler practiced this cruel form of punishment- Impalement is the penetration of an organism by an object such as a stake, pole, spear or hook, by complete (or partial) perforation of the body, often the central body mass. Name the classic which was inspired by this legend.

18. X was born in Paris on July 29, 1904. X became the chairman of the Y Group in 1938. X saw the assets of the Y Group climbing from Rs 62 crore (Rs 620 million) in 1939 to over Rs 10,000 crore (Rs 100
billion) in 1990. The Y Group diversified into a large number of sectors from airlines to hotels, trucks to locomotives, soda ash, heavy chemicals to pharmaceuticals, financial services, tea, air-conditioning etc. X was not only an industrialist, but was a pioneering aviator too and brought commercial aviation to India, besides being a patron of the arts and philanthropist. X was the longest serving member of the Atomic Energy Commission. X passed away in Geneva on November 29, 1993. Name X and Y.

19. This African-American legend is a musician, singer-songwriter, record producer, and multi-instrumentalist. A child prodigy, he has become one of the most creative and loved musical performers of the late 20th century. He signed with Motown's Tamla label at the age of 11, and continued to perform and record for Motown as of the early 2010s. He has been blind since shortly after birth. Identify him.

20. VISITBRITAIN.COM says if you don a suit of green and go along with your merry men to Nottingham, you might find this elusive chap at his hideout- the Major Oak tree in Sherwood Forest. Who are they talking about?

21. At the age of eight, while living with her mother, X was sexually abused and raped by her mother's boyfriend, a man named Freeman. She told her brother, who told the rest of their family. Freeman was found guilty but was jailed for only one day. Four days after his release, he was murdered, probably by Angelou's uncles. X became mute for almost five years, believing, as she stated, "I thought, my voice killed him; I killed that man, because I told his name. And then I thought I would never speak again, because my voice would kill anyone ..." It was during this self-imposed period of silence when X developed her extraordinary memory, her love for books and literature, and her ability to listen and observe the world around her. X was an author, poet, autobiographer, dancer, actress, singer and activist. Name X who passed away in May 2014.

22. X is the most famous megalithic (literally meaning ‘big stone’) monument in the world. Dating back an amazing 50,000 years, it has drawn visitors for literally millennia. According to legend, it is a place of ritual sacrifice and sun worship or a massive calendar. Nobody really knows its purpose, but no one who has ever been there will deny that it is truly awe inspiring.

Compiled by Manasa R
II B.A. English
JUST ANOTHER TROPHY

He stayed
All night
Turning, thinking.
His body on hers
The passion, the heat
And
The closed doors.
My lady, said he
She melted.
His charm, his valour
His trophies and his
Never-ending stories
Painted their nights.

On a full moon,
He left ‘in search of wealth’.
She questioned, he smiled
Her heart skipped

And
Stopped and she knew.

Time ran,
Her womb grew, the baby smiled.
“Like father, like son.”
they said, she sighed.
He was the lover
She was his 99th trophy
The world praised him,
Named him,
Called him the eternal lover,
Man of hearts and flowers,
Casanova- The legend.
Well, her son now forgotten
And she, just another trophy.

Irene Lal Mechery
II M.A English

Answers to Guess the legends

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>K</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>L</th>
<th>J</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>N</th>
<th>D</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>U</th>
<th>S</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>H</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>N</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>P</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>T</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>F</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>N</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>Q</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>D</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>U</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>G</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>B</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>U</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>K</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>O</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>R</td>
<td>E</td>
<td>S</td>
<td>A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N</td>
<td>V</td>
<td>W</td>
<td>Z</td>
<td>Y</td>
<td>H</td>
<td>T</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>K</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>N</td>
<td>J</td>
<td>A</td>
<td>R</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TIME WAKES

Time wakes, like a cat. He yawns and he purrs.
She scratches him absently and walks away.
He yawns and follows her in the sunlight.
It’s cold, really. The sun drips through like drops of tea.
She pulls out the tea-bag and stirs it absently.
The colour deepens in the sky. A magnet sucks the darkness away.
Last night was for the Mænads. A taut, murmuring sea.
It swallowed the sparkles on the waves and danced in them.
A quivering, static sea. They danced but they never moved.
Dionysos beat his thyrsos on the plastic chairs.
They sat in a circle and talked, of everything and nothing.
They knew each other intimately. Her ear was attuned to the cadences of her voice.
They knew each other like the clefs of a harmony.
Six-eight. Her steps followed hers around.
They dreamed six-eight. But they could speak but four-four.
And then they imprisoned time again, tickling him behind the ears.

Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc Physics

PEACE, IN PIECES

Once upon a time
An ancient legend tells ,
Peace rising from the bottom of the well.
In a land of solitude
Between the valley of love
Where the river of life streams
Giving life to everything by its way
Under a picture perfect sky
And lusty green tree
The birth of peace was then seen.

Then came evolution
along with innovation
which brought doom to a perfect world
Structures reaching the sun and
dams blocking the way of life.
In the reign of hate Love costs 5 cents.
Within the walls of a maze we run a race with
not a place to escape.

We spend all our money on the rockets in the sky
Not caring about the man nearby.
Bringing forth the rain of anger destroying every-thing it lays lips on.
Wars are being fought with no definite cause.
Fight for food, fight for water,
Fight for identity, fight for survival.

Looking in the mirror
Seeking inner peace,
Every day a constant battle.
The whole world needs nothing but peace.
But where is it now?
Where has it gone?
Into the shadow of darkness
Drained inside a big black hole.
My prayer for the future is that we learn from our mistake before it's too late.

There goes the bell,
Looks like the lecture is almost done and my cue to exit the classroom.

Vineeta Sherlyn
II B.A Corporate Economics
The Boy Still Lives
PATAGONIA: There are celebrities — and then there are celebrities. We’ve seen many a famous face grace the stands here in the Patagonian Desert, all of whom have caused flurries of excitement, with the crowd even casting ‘Bridging Spells’ to reach the VIP boxes. But when word swept the stadium that a certain gang of infamous wizards had arrived for the final, the crowd stampeded. Tents were flattened, and small children mowed down.

The Potter family and the rest of Dumbledore’s Army have been given accommodation in the VIP section of the campsite. At 3 p.m. today, the crowds, who were hoping for a glimpse of the heroes, got their wish, as Potter took his sons James and Albus to introduce them to Bulgarian Seeker Viktor Krum. Potter is sporting a nasty cut over his right cheekbone. Has his wife perhaps cursed him? Are cracks beginning to show in a union that the Potters are determined to promote as happy? As their devoted fans and followers will remember, Potter and Krum competed against each other in the controversial Triwizard Tournament, but there are apparently no hard feelings, as they embraced upon meeting.

Now married, Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger were with Potter almost every step of the way. Weasley, whose famous ginger hair appears to be thinning slightly, entered into employment with the Ministry of Magic alongside Potter, but left only two years later to co-manage the highly successful wizarding joke emporium, Weasley’s Wizarding Wheezes. Was he delighted to assist his brother George with a business he’d always loved? Or had he had his fill of standing in Potter’s shadow?

Hermione Granger, as a teenager, toyed with the young Potter’s affections, before being seduced by the muscular Viktor Krum, and finally settled for Potter’s faithful sidekick. Word is that we shall see all the other members of Dumbledore’s Army in the VIP boxes at the final, adding to the glitz of the gala occasion. Let’s hope that the behaviour of the younger hangers-on does not embarrass them, heaping shame on those who’ve previously brought honour to the name of wizard.

But let’s not be severe. Harry Potter and his minions never claimed to be perfect. And for those who want to know exactly how imperfect they are, my new biography Dumbledore’s Army: The Dark Side of the Demob will be available at Flourish & Blott’s from July 31st.

Smruti Manjunath
I B.Sc Physics
HOGWARTS: Myrtle, a student of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry celebrated her 50th death anniversary here last evening. The party had all the ghosts at Hogwarts in full attendance. Nearly Headless Nick was present too, to raise their ‘spirits.’ Myrtle, fondly called ‘Mourning Myrtle’ died when she was in her second year due to a Basilisk attack.

The party was ‘a slippery event’ and for sentimental reasons, took place at the fourth floor girl’s washroom. Myrtle expressed her desire to have another wash room but the idea was soon ‘washed away.’ It does not take much effort to upset Myrtle and this time it was due to a rude gift given by the Ghost of Slytherin — Wet Wipes (to be more precise, for both the washroom and otherwise).

The guests were served Bloody Mary and the highlight of the three-course meal served at the party was a grey pumpkin cake in the shape of a U-bend toilet seat. The party ended on a ‘lively’ note and Myrtle rested in peace in her U-bend, forever (or so we hope).

Samyukta V.
I B.Sc Psychology
STUDENT AT HOGWARTS REVEALS HIMSELF TO BE VOLDEMORT’S SON

HOGWARTS: During the graduation party dinner in Great Hall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, on 24th February, Will Ripsnik, a student in the school, revealed himself as Will Riddle, son of Voldemort.

Witnesses state that when Professor Minerva McGonagall was about to announce a toast, Will interrupted her and removed his cloak, which had been covering a full length black robe. He then showed everyone present what was there on the back of his right hand - the Death Eaters’ mark. This sent waves of shock among the audience. Immediately, Hermione Granger, Professor of Defense against the Dark Arts, drew her wand. Will quickly disarmed her and put her under the Cruciatus Curse, and cried out that he was Voldemort’s son and that he would seek revenge for his father’s death.

With the joint effort of teachers, Mrs. Granger was rescued. Will Ripsnik was captured and taken to the Ministry of Magic. Sources state that he is being held in Azkaban while investigations are underway.

B. Sri Sankari
I B.Sc Physics
Tiny Tales
And so we twist and turn around, Battling all we built and found. Foundering, wavering, Crumbling, stagnating. These are ruins of an ancient dream And if you listen close enough, You are all and you are none.

Sneha Mary Christall III B.A. English

Infinity is smooth and clear and boundless and tiny

Niyati Venkatesan II B.Sc Physics

A PORTRAIT

Ben-10 backpack slung Father, manoeuvring His hardy Bajaj, Little boy in tow, With goggles on, Off to school, Seven a.m.

Sneha Mary Christall III B.A. English

FREE RIDE


Gazala Anver III B.A English

GOLD

HER parents were convinced that he was a gold digger. Their subtle glances and frowns of disapproval during dinner were not so subtle after all. Everyone was after their wealth. She didn’t care, because she knew he was a gold digger. She reminisced about the first time they had met. They had bumped into each other, quite literally, in a gold mine. He was a professional gold miner and she was his gold.

Janani Mohanraj III B.Com Honours
**Baby Don**

There once was a baby which began to crawl
And in no time, went to dance at a ball
Annoyed by some chap
It gave him, a tight slap
Now, what sort of a baby gets into a brawl?

Visudha N
II B.A. English

**The Strange Tin**

Once Mr. Bin found a tin which weighed an ounce
On his way back to home, it started to bounce
Watching it walk to and fro
Made him raise a brow
So, flinging it far away, he fled the place in three counts!

Visudha N
II B.A. English

**Reverse**

Pout after pout.
Adds finishing touches;
Drops the compact,
Spills dark pink rouge -
In a hurry to retrieve,
Hair mixes with rouge;
Tries removing it and -
A slow flush spreads
Across my cheeks,
Just the colour of his rouge
As our eyes meet
In the rearview mirror.

Manasa R
II B.A. English

**A Little Piece Of Cake**

A little piece of cake stolen from Eternity's mouth. Where a little bit of everything was baked into a giant cake metaphor. She whispered in his ear her love for him - small, useless words like crumbs, unable to contain the motley of flavour. He whispered back, tasting his words. They got out of bed, straightened the sheets and took their love to the refrigerator. It sits there now, its lifeline indefinitely extended, turned stale by time. It sits there now waiting to be remembered, for the day they'll throw it out with a shrug and a tug of regret.

Gazala Anver
III English

**Eye For An Eye**

She tried to dodge as he aimed for her eye with precision. She desperately tried to move, but another person was clutching her head firmly in place and she was ensnared in the chair. Deep breathes and spasms of fear ran through her body. This was it. It was coming closer. No way to escape. She didn’t close her eyes, rather she couldn’t. Her eye was held open for the assailant.

A moment passed, and it was done. Her eye shut automatically and it was pandemonium for her heightened senses.

"Finally! We managed to put her eye drops in", sighed the nurse in relief to his colleague as he walked away wiping his damp forehead.

Janani Mohanraj
III B.Com Honours
**THE TOURIST**

**THE tourist**

Intent on studying Indians

On the sidewalk

Sat every day for a week

At the Sastri Bhavan stop

Off College Road

And watched the blind in dark shades

Walking along with assistance,

Not noticing the SankaraNethralaya bands on their wrists,

Quite promptly concluded

With a tut-

There are a lot of blind people in India.

Sneha Mary Christall

III B.A. English

---

**TERRIBLY TINY POEMS**

Silent room

Heads tilt out of the haze

To the sound of dripping water

The light jumps

Steals over the heads of the rain drops

And giggles

Thoughts stain the sky

Beyond the furthest horizon

They can’t speak for dust

There are no answers.

But who needs answers?

As long as there are questions.

Stars on the sea

Flickering between identities.

The Empyrean is a mirror.

Where does the avenue go?

Come, walk with me, and we’ll find out.

I’ll pour for you the heady sun.

---

What is the sky

If it is not framed

By leaves?

There are forests still.

Beyond the ecstatic prisons of sanity.

And they are symmetric.

The humming grows louder

The glowing screen of winter

I drown in the sound

Holes in the sky

Eat up everything

And nothing

In time’s broken symmetry

Before the sun and the stars

There were the clouds

---

Niyati Venkatesan

II B.Sc Physics

---

**THE TOURIST**

Sneha Mary Christall

III B.A. English

---

Photo by Gazala Anver

III B.A. English
Bangs
&
Whimpers
POIGNANCE

Do You Hear My Heart?

To my fragile little heart, that's injured.
Attend to its desperate cries to get rescued.
Once, so special, it was, to be easily procured
Precious, it still is! But, no longer valued.
An object that is constantly censured and subdued
It's been deprived of all its hope to get renewed.
Mend those awful wounds which it had endured for long.
It only asks for unaltered love; be rest assured!
It longs to be cared for and cured by you...
Give rise to my battered wings, will you?

Visudha N
II B.A English

I'm Somebody
(INSPRED BY EMILY DICKINSON'S 'I'M NOBODY')

I believe I'm Somebody
Do you feel the same way too?
Then, we are two kindred spirits
Open up! If not, it's the end, you know!

How dreary to be nobody!
How secluded like a hemeralopia patient!
Expecting to be recognised, the livelong day
By a disregarding mass!

Visudha N
II B.A English
**Idiot Box**

She’s inside a box.  
Four nice sides, a bottom and a lid.  
Dark but not damp.  
Lonely, they say.  
Alone, she yells back.  
Boxes are like shells – and shells are pretty.  
Pretty intricate, pretty comfy, pretty dark,  
Pretty boring.  
Nowhere else to go – nothing else to do,  
No one else to be.  
See, in a shell – there’s only so many things you can be  
A snail. A turtle. A pearl?  
And that’s cute and lovely and everyone loves pearls.  
But it stays inside till discovered and fuss ed over.  
Life’s the same in a box, she guessed.  
No questions – no accusations – no responsibilities  
There’s her hugging silence and silence hugging back.  
It’s a comfortable friendship.  
They don’t say much – silence and her.  
She’s in awe of the box.  
It’s safe, secure, sound, sensible,  
Selfish.  

Time to get out.  
Knock, knock.  
Who’s there?  
Reality.  
Reality who?  
Reality you need to face someday.  
She wanted to say a lot of things – to protest  
– she wouldn’t – she couldn’t – she shouldn’t.  
Some things would have to be done.  
Tomorrow, of course.  
Right now, the box was as  
Perfect as perfect could get.  
On ‘tomorrow’, light shone into the box  
And she could see how big  
And empty it was.  
And suddenly, the silence was deafening.  
There was too little  
And yet, too much.  
She had to leave – alone had suited up  
– had become lonely.  
It was time.  
Time for up, up and away.  
The box lay forgotten.

Aishwarya Srinivasan  
II B.Sc Psychology

**LOVE DIED WITH KEATS**

Love died with Keats –  
The Muse fled into the woods,  
Her dark hair astream  
Like tears from the sky  
To forever fall and lament  
His passing; no great ballad  
E’er passed mortal lips  
Unless they were his,  
To be recited in a whisper  
The soft breeze carrying words  
To waken the petrified Muse

From her eternal slumber,  
To remind her that all love  
Is dead – except in words of his  
Echoing these years past  
In rain, in dew, in the hazy sun,  
In the climb of a tree  
His music like a stream run  
To where she sleeps and weeps  
In stupor having forgot all mankind.

Gazala Anver  
III B.A English
By day she smiles, she laughs aloud
Her infectious joy was praised by the crowd.
By night she cries, silent and hidden
Pain smothered by pillows, cries softened.
Filled with hurt of years past,
Filled with hatred for who she was,
Overwhelmed with problems, true and false,
Crying out into the sky so vast.
Driven by desperation, dark and keen,
Tired of pain, craving release.
A saline solution she discovers is key
So she toasts to herself and drinks on three.
She cries and cries bent over the bowl,
Begs for forgiveness from the one above.
Agony to anger, anger to hatred
Till at last she purges, her sorrow dangerous.
Now,
Now she's relaxed, freed from the dark
On a laugh she rises, shakes herself out.
A smile she flashes, blinding and bright
To the world she returns, a beacon of light.
This cycle, it continues day in and day out
No one suspects, not a single doubt.
A joy by day, darkness by night
Till slowly... Slowly she fades and loses the fight.

Lakshmi Nandhini
II B.Sc Psychology

MAPS ON HIS FACE

His eyes smile
With knowledge gleaned
From a life-load of experience.
A placid lake,
Un-impacted,
Offering stolid resistance
To intrusions,
His expression, one of deep contentment.
The maps on his face
However, reveal the extent
Of his travails;
Tales, quickly vanishing
Into the quagmire
Of lost time.
Emerging faintly now
From underneath the perpetual calm,
Innocuous ripples
Outlining his travails;
Pot-holed, pock-marked,
Afflicted
With despair and un-mercy.
Cartography,
A science
Rendered precise in its demarcation of
His-story-
Each facial line, articulating
Tales, made vivid
By remembering,
Retelling...
Like a map
That points the way;
His Experience,
Now offering directions
Towards
Blazing self-realisation,
Self-righting
And contentment that sometimes follows.

Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A. English
There she was, my grandmother, affectionately waving goodbye to me. Little did I know that this would be the last time I’d be seeing her. Paati, as I lovingly called her, was the most positive person I had ever met. She was always ready to help anyone in need and was my dear friend, philosopher and mentor. I loved the stories she weaved for my bedtime sleep. I loved her food, and yes, I did love the way she bossed my grandfather! It was tragic when she died and to say the least, it was a rude shock!

A few days after her funeral, I was still at her house and was looking out through her window, surveying the beautiful garden that she had nurtured and took great care of, and thought of how it still looked lovely. Looking out of any window triggers my happy memories. I can almost see my younger self, just about 3 feet tall, clinging onto my grandmother’s carefully ironed saree. I remember how I used to spend my evenings there with her every day after my playschool. It was such a calm place that it made one’s heart glad and mind peaceful. I can still feel the cool breeze that brushed against my face. It was at this very window sill where my grandmother would impart her wisdom to me. She would always say “When you look at the mirror, you would see only yourself but when you look out of the window you see the whole world!” Even when I look out of that window now, I’m not sad that she isn’t with us today but glad that she was everything to me and it wouldn’t be incorrect to say that she was the quintessential grandmother that ever was!

Seven years have passed and the window still remains and so do the lessons and morals that my grandmother had brought me up with. My joy, anger, distress and pain, this window has seen it all but most importantly, the window has seen me ripen and this is the place where my grandmother helped enrich my character to the person I am today. This very window is a personal symbol of my learning and how my grandmother ameliorated me as a human being. This is one symbol I will remember, always and forever.

Samyukta V
I B.Sc Psychology
I watched the children playing football in the rain. I had been so busy the whole day that I had not, for once, passed to admire or even acknowledge such a beautiful work of Nature — rain.

I had been so homesick after leaving for college that I desperately tried to stay busy all day, just so that I could forget about home and family and friends. This new city which seemed to be a turning point in the lives of great legends didn’t seem to incite any kind of happiness in me. All I felt was a void, a deep emptiness that could not be filled. At least, not anytime soon.

One glance at the downpour was all that was needed for my mind to go back in time. I could see myself sitting at home, in ‘my’ chair and looking out through ‘my’ window. I could see the rain as from outside my window pane, sliding down, each drop as if racing with the other. I was reminded of how my brother and I used to almost fall at our mother’s feet to let us go out and play. Only now do I realize how deeply these images had been imprinted in my mind. Honestly, when I was simply watching them then, I never thought they would have such an impact on me later today.

My series of thoughts was disrupted when my phone rang. I had not heard it at first but soon the sound pierced my ears and I turned to find the picture of my mama displayed on the screen. This was probably the hundredth time that she had called me that day. This time, to say “It is raining here........”. Tears rolled down my eyes. It is funny how rain exposes our emotions so easily. And I sat there looking out of the window.

Neha Anna Thomas
I B.A English
This thing called family name exists beyond all things temporal: life, for instance. Yet it is a creature of a temporal universe, demanding the sacrifice of the living, particularly of the women-kind. It is a thing superseding flesh, more powerful than a physical presence, for it commands its supplicants to submit to its ethereal rule without ever having to physically assert itself.

Some might call it a mere outdated concept, a dynamic of oppression, but the family name has survived centuries, despite the fickle words of its aggressors. In that it has shown its strength to last and endure. A God is only as powerful as its believers, and so it continues to prosper, fattened on the lives of successive generations, kept aflame by the minds it oppresses.

Some might call it honour but to the “family name” that is only an emblem, a mere banner fluttering in the breeze. There are others, like religion, duty, tradition and obedience – all of which are equally binding. All in all, this “concept” (as some may call it) eclipses all else. Only it knows how many lives and dreams have been sacrificed to keep it alive.

But the “family name” has no independent voice of its own. In this side of the universe the chief instrument is patriarchy (although some say, and justifiably so, that male-ego predates all concepts like family and society) : through patriarchy its hold is ensured, passed down from generation to generation like a thick genetic fog.

But none of this should trouble our protagonist Aaida. Aaida was born lucky, in a family that actually wanted and could afford a female child. She had bothers, but she never had to measure and compare the love, affection, freedom and the food she was given. Aaida is an “equal”, an amazing concept this far East, but she truly is. She could never conceive how some girls “claim” their parents loved their sons more. She was the jewel of their eye. She could never understand the sheer cruelty which prompted some parents to confine their daughters to a life of shadows and whispers, to be seen as porcelain, unblemished of independent thoughts. She could never understand what drove parents to force their daughters to wear a veil to separate and protect them from the world outside, from the Duniya. Her parents didn't think she needed a black veil to be protected. Her parents didn't feel she needed to be restricted for her own good. She wasn't expected to stay in the kitchen while her brothers went out to the movies or with their many girlfriends. Nor did her brothers try to force their rules on her. They didn't follow her around, didn't keep an eye on her movements. They didn't question her about every boy she knew and accuse her of having an affair with every one of them.

They didn't force her to pray five times, or ever. “Aaida, my daughter, you have been gifted with intelligence enough to make your own choice,” her father would say. They didn't treat their daughter like a stranger, like someone else's property to be guarded over temporarily. They didn't tell her how she must uphold the family name and never do anything to tarnish it.

Ah, the family name is a funny thing isn't it? I assume it must be very busy coming up with ways to uphold itself. For with every “family name” comes a list of things TO DO and NOT TO DO and yet...and yet I have never once seen it.

Strange, wouldn't you say? For something so powerful, its rules are writ in air, usually governed by the preamble “what will the people
say?” followed by a “puri Duniya hum pe hasegi!” (the whole world will laugh at us). I have tried, on so many occasions, conjuring up an image of this Duniya. So far it is composed of the crone-faces of my aunties who have nothing left to their lives but petty gossip, lies and fleeting glimpses of a past which has the same consistency and taste of raw Kottamba; of my uncles, most of them old frauds, drunkards, adulterers, wife-beaters and gamblers (I wouldn't be surprised if a murderer rises in the midst – it is only a matter of time). Aunties and uncles and then their jing-bang of children and their children successively. An endless loop of people who I supposedly share not just part of my blood and my broken and lost heritage... but also my family name. I have to admit, it creates quite a large list (most of which I don't know or even care to know by name or face) and this it turns out is my Duniya, the one which supposedly has box-seat tickets to watch the comedy of my life. If I act my part and play the good actress I will be garlanded as a “good girl” who didn't shame her parents.

I take my set of instructions from people who secretly enjoy watching that “bad girl” (only so that the conversations are never stale). From a band of questionably-educated liars, cheats and hypocrites (I only “inherited” the gene!). Perhaps I am being harsh in calling them that? Ah, but then, (you naturally ask me), if they were what I claim they are... how did they uphold the family name?

This is where the “family carpet” comes in. All around the carpet it is meticulously clean... spotless even. And then someone lifts the carpet and sweeps their shame under it. If they cannot live up to their own set of ideals, why set them? Quite simply, because the family name demands it.

Aaida never had to worry about this, though. Aaida's family didn't care for such things. They never told her things like there is a “marriageable age,” for they understood that all children grow at different paces and age is the last yard-stick for such a big commitment. They never considered anything Aaida did as dishonourable. They never thought to get her married off before she brought any more shame to the family. Theirs was not a world where a single girl couldn't do as she pleased. Theirs was not a world where a girl could choose not to marry and her parents wouldn't have to worry about the nasty stories people spin of girls who want to complete their education. She could have a social life and not confine herself to monastic house-wifery and Montessori courses in fear of stories about how her lady-parts must be defective or deformed. Her parents never thought of her as vixen or a snake or a bitch, or any other name the animal kingdom could provide. Aaida was loved, hugged, kissed and treated with the respect that should be accorded to every human being. Their love to her didn't depend on how far she honoured the family name nor by how much housework she did in a day. Their love wasn't fickle or confusing. It didn't demand the negation or sacrifice of her personality.

But Aaida is lucky, as I mentioned before. Very lucky, for not all girls are given the chance to live lives independent to the dictates of the Duniya and the family name. Aaida had everything she could ask for. Her life wasn't a constant struggle between the individual and the Duniya and nor would it ever be.

The thing about Aaida, however, and it is a very strange thing, is that she is very sick. For all the love in the world, nothing could cure her. Her parents called doctors from all
over (she was too weak to visit them herself). They called holy-men who claimed to speak to the dead. They desperately spoke to all the saasthara karis they could find, even the ones who populated Galle Face ambushing tourists. They even called the devil-dancers with their chants and intoxicating drum beats. But both God and the Devil were clueless as to what was wrong. Many doctors did, however, confirm that the imbalance was in her head. As it turns out, however, no psychologist, psychiatrist or neurologist has invented a term for the phenomena that greatly puzzled them all: her problem simply was that she didn't exist.

Gazala Anver
III B.A English

IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS

The sight before me was appalling. Stretches and stretches of houses, placed in close proximity to each other, children playing in dirty water and women washing clothes alongside. The glass of the window separated me from reality. I turned around and scanned my luxurious hotel room. Mahogany furniture, a Jacuzzi, a Persian rug and a king sized bed constituted my room. I sat down on the plush couch and thought about how my hotel building stood out from its surroundings, rising tall and high next to a slum.

The children of the slum were fascinated at the sight of luxury cars whizzing past their homes. They were bedazzled by the lifestyle of the rich. As I rode in my car I could see innocent, happy and smiling faces tapping on my window. I then decided to visit the locality and understand their lifestyle.

As I got out of the car, the children rushed towards me and shook my hands. They were all excited to meet someone new. I asked the children if they attended school and if they were happy living there. The children were indeed attending school. Not all of them, but some of them.

Some of them narrated the hardships they faced and the hurdles their parents have to cross in life. This moved me to tears. Something then caught my eye. A small child splashing around in the muddy water. I walked over to him and asked him if he knew the dangers of playing in dirty water and learning that he did not, I told him he would fall sick. But he simply replied saying it made him happy and he continued splashing around in the water. The smile on his face and the twinkle in his eyes was etched in my mind as I rode back to the hotel.

It made me realize that Man simply assumes that happiness comes from acquiring wealth. We are simply taught to believe that materialistic pleasure is happiness. Simple pleasures like the smell of earth before it rains, a glass of cold water on a hot day or the beauty of nature is seldom appreciated. Like the carefree young boy who simply cared about happiness, we too must do what brings us joy. We must learn to help, serve and appreciate the simple things that life has to offer.

Sharmada Venkat
I Nutrition & Dietetics (Vocational)
INTROSPECTION

Reflecting

I had never seen such deep, intense eyes before. They were eyes that were telling me a story. They were singing a carol, but it was not one of joy or glee. The face seemed young and fresh. The sadness was a contrast to the beauty and vitality of youth. The face was asking me questions that I had never heard before. Questions to which I did not have an answer. It spoke about being trapped and lonely, and having no one to look at or talk to. There was no one to share a moment with. The world went on, but the face felt like a trapped bird with bruised wings that had been caged for too long. It longed to go out and fly with its unused wings, but freedom, as they say, is not something that everyone has. It bothered me that the face never cried. It felt like it had been sapped of all emotions and all that was left was emptiness. It had food, shelter and other things that money could buy, yet why was it unhappy? We often forget that there’s one thing that money cannot buy, and that is love.

Love, attention, care and freedom come to the lucky ones. They say that “If you love something, let it go, if it does not come back, then it was never yours to begin with.” Set the bird free. It was indeed a deep reflection of my thoughts as I looked out of the window and looked into the mirror of my soul. I saw my own eyes staring back at me. The young and fresh face that longed for freedom. I looked out of the window and saw my mirror staring back at me. The reflections of my emotions through the windows of my soul. The world seemed monotonous but I secretly knew that my reflections were not.

Dipped in Thoughtless Chatter

Somewhere between my teacher speaking a language I did not understand and the monochrome pages of my French book, I was bored. So I, instead of just watching these gatherings outside, I took a leaf out of the Sherlock Holmes book that I was reading and decided to observe the groups of students strolling to the canteen instead.

All these groups were either having snacks or just loitering around the area. But there is one common wire that strings them all together – their talk. They talk about the classes they have, about their plans for the rest of the day, the weekend and so on. They talk so passionately and so fluently, that I have to wonder if they think.

What is it that makes us choose talking about repeated, stereotypical and conforming opinions over thinking? Seen from this angle, isn’t one’s own mind more genuine, less affected by normal compliance than our words?

It is ideal, even necessary, that we think before we speak. Not so that we say what is considered socially acceptable, but so that we say things as we think of them.

Having said all this, acceptance and adaptation still remain vital for our personal happiness. We are after all, social beings with an innate affinity for other like-minded individuals.

What we shouldn’t be, however, are cattle in a herd.
There is you. You are there. And then you suddenly meet multiple yous. You are all doppelgangers, mirroring each others appearance. For a minute you forget yourself and gape in amazement. Then another ‘you’ giggles and you wonder how it is so unlike your own booming laughter. Another one of ‘you’ inquires how you all got here. That ‘you’ looks like a pragmatist, maybe a scientist, you can make that distinction despite the fact that you all look the same. That ‘you’ drones on about parallel universes and alternate existences and the other ‘you’s begin to interrupt. One shouts to silence all of you’ll, another sings a merry tune, probably a singer, you wonder. It really is quite amazing.

Suddenly you wonder who you really are. Are you the real you? You feel the familiar weight of your silver pen in your pocket, a part of your soul and your loyal companion. Yes, the real you is an artist. One who puts life into words and you manage to withhold your sanity and your real identity with the familiar weight of your pen. You do admit to yourself, that it would cause quite a sensation if you write about this situation—you meeting so many other yous, so similar yet so different.

That is when you notice the 7th you, the you that has been silent for such a long time, with a manic gleam in the eyes, that you literally feel fear creeping up your spine. This is the first time that you have ever been scared of yourself.

You, the real you, (you convince yourself, but a small doubt creeps into your mind. Are you really corporal or a mere figment of the imagination), take a step back. The weight of the pen, it is no longer familiar, rather it disturbs you, with that cheery tune that the other you seems to be humming.

You are so perplexed and you feel yourself slowly losing your sanity. Suddenly, all your personas, all of you, take a step towards you, the fear becomes ten times worse; you break out a sweat and twist that pen dangerously around your pocket.

Your head is spinning and you seem to be losing track of the real you, it seems to be impossible to cling to yourself when these are so many of yourselves around. Your heart is racing and for a moment you wonder whether you really belong to yourself or to some other you.

A slap! That is what you feel on your smarting left cheek, when the man with the mask mutters, “Mr. Yu, are you alright? I think he needs more of the antidepressants”, and he walks away, the only other person in the room.

You just nod your head, (the real one), and make your way to your permanent bed (hopefully the real one), in the mental asylum—your home for the past twenty years.

Janani Mohanraj
III B.Com Honours
THE BINARY CODE

So open your books to page ‘January 22, 2015’. This chapter is rightfully titled ‘infinity.’ “But ma’am what about all the pages before?” Don’t worry about that. That’s a preamble. Nobody reads the forward in a book. The real story starts here. The lesson taught would be a holistic perspective.

Don’t judge a book by its cover. Looks are only a point of deception. A work of art with misguided illustration. Within the landscape there lies a hidden territory. A forgotten tale inside a placid story. A coliseum of wonder embedded within simplicity. A smudge of charcoal among the dusty roads. It takes the portals of mind to open up and pay attention. The devil in details. When the tiniest fragments of ourselves and our routine become a ritual, we seldom find inside our hearts the ability to see the greatest in the smallest of things. A jewel of infinity etched in a reverse vicissitude. A binary relation that stands still in time. The relation only mars, dims but never really is forgotten. A complexity in complacence. Often the surreal paradox that has always been hard to grasp is infinity. A timeless, boundless and an endless visage. An abstraction of reality. Because what is infinity? An endlessness in a world that is finite. A forever in a ‘nothing lasts forever’ format. We keep trying to solve a non existent equation not realising that the answer is indivisible and indefinite. Hidden in the ordinary panopticon are trails that lead one to confounded solitude. When a finite being meets an infinite being the only result of their addition is the value of the infinity.

What are the binary digits? 1 and 0. Finite and infinite. Let me explain. One always thinks 0 doesn’t have much value. And when you look at it at first glance it doesn’t. But look deeper. The digit has no end and beginning like the infinity symbol. However 1 which seems like a digit that has more value represents finite for it has an end and a beginning. “That’s clever. We never thought of it that way. Ma’am? Who thought you this?” I smiled. “Somebody I used to know.”

Lakshmi RB
III B.A Corporate Economics

WHEN YOUR WISHES COME TRUE

Lights flicker persistently
The rumours scintillating
Acquainted turns to the unknown
An approach demolishing
Retrospective view of one
Now repugnant in disguise
Actions cannot be undone
Tearing the broken ties
An unmatched identity forged
An untrodden soul created
The perfect imperfection.
Pretense of life elated.
Feed the lies to the liar
Empty your fate in the bins
All that you never desired
You committed several sins
Why the dole and affliction
Your wish was granted
Fractured fairy tales and
The acclimation implanted
Put on that sham facade
This is only the starting bit
Be careful what you wish for
You just might get it.

Lakshmi RB
III B.A Corporate Economics
I can feel it in the stillness of the day. The wretchedness of humanity squeezed out of every pore, mingled with sweat that ran freely down our bodies, while every breath came out laboured, an uphill struggle for release. It is easy to forget poetry. Amnesia of the senses, of the very soul as the sun doles out his light, mercilessly. A surge of pain, a quick current – I can feel every vein in my brain throbbing, fighting, wishing for an end. The heat rose out of the earth, circling my bare ankles, stabbing them as I placed one desperate foot in front of the other. Dust caked my toes, which itched in protest, begging to be clean again. The books slipped, lubricated by the moisture of my arms. The wind stirred the brown leaves. They whispered a promise only I heard: a promise of no hope, release or freedom. They told me what I already knew but refused to believe: that I will never hear it again. I will never hear the earth release her breath in a sigh of relief, or hear her soft moan. I will never feel the unity of two forces, the power of beauty, the power in beauty, that hushed song, the thunderous roar, the violence and intensity of feeling. I will never feel the love, the hate, the richness of ambivalence. I will never feel soul and with it either joy or despair. I will only feel emptiness. I will always know how not to feel, how to exist and yet not exist, the nihilism of humanity, the everything of nothing. I held my breath, as the earth held hers, in eternal suspension. I wanted to protest, to shout, to wave my arms in anger, to scream in frustration and despair, to pull out my hair and run wild, to beg, to weep, anything. But nothing. I bowed my head under the weight of the sun and walked on. There will be no reprieve. There will be no release. There will be no rain.

Gazala Anver
III B.A English
Okay. So let’s get one thing straight before you read any further. I love art. I’m not excellent at comprehending all of its complexities but I do appreciate it nonetheless. In fact, I’m a bit of an artist myself. (Self-proclaimed, I must add). I’ve painted quite a few pieces – mostly oil paintings. Whether any of my pieces have any artistic value – I have no clue but I enjoyed every second I spent painting them. Painting personally is my medium for emotional release. I’ve never been an expressive person and painting helps me pour out all the damage inside into a sheet of canvas. And great, now I sound like I need therapy. But the point of me saying all this is because I want the readers to know that I love and appreciate art but I still can’t stop that little sceptic in my head that feels modern art is just a bunch of bull crap.

I recently visited the Kochi-Muziris Biennale 2014 during my Christmas vacation and that’s probably what inspired me to write this piece. The Kochi Biennale is basically an international exhibition of contemporary art. 94 artists from 30 countries are participating this year and their work is being displayed across 8 venues in Kochi, Kerala. It is one of the biggest congregations of artists under a single banner.

Some of the pieces were beautiful, some of them weird and some downright crazy. I understand that a splotch of paint can convey some abstract concept that may or may not be beyond my comprehension but then I begin to question the reason why people invest differently in different splotches. Why is it that some blublah’s splotch is worth 200,000$ when my splotch or some random five year olds’ splotch is worth – well I don’t think anybody would care to buy it in the first place. Actually there was a four year old called Marla Olmstead who sold her modern art paintings for over 300,000$ and was apparently even called “a budding Picasso” by some of the greatest art critics. Well, no argument there. She must have painted an absolutely brilliant splotch. All I want to say is people of the world, it’s the same splotch.

Maria Job
II B.A English

... IN RESPONSE

A work of art should not be judged by the effort it takes to produce it, but by the significance, resonance and multiplicity of the result. One poet may labour for months to produce an epic; another may write a haiku, born of a moment’s inspiration, in a few minutes. Are we to judge merely from these particulars which is the better poet? Critics of art recognise that one may put a lot of effort into creating a mature, minutely detailed work of art and it may still lack significance. Similarly, one does not judge the quality of a work of art by the conventionality of the process. Several people buy the work of a talented monkey named Pockets Warhol, though they know it is by a monkey, because it pleases them aesthetically, because it means something to them.

At the trial of Brancusi’s sculptures, jurors attempted to decide whether a modernist sculpture... which, at first glance, looked like nothing more than a polished copper rail... counted as art. The English sculptor Jacob Epstein said in the witness box that if something was beautiful, it was a work of art and could not have been made by a mechanic.

But is there anything that is not beautiful? I would say with Rupert Brooke that on this side of paradise, ‘With lips that fade, and human laughter/And faces individual,’...
everything is beautiful: both the symmetry and the asymmetry of life. And whatever evokes impressions, emotions, associations is art - in other words, anything. Art is life.

The French sculptor Marcel Duchamp has taught us that a toilet can be a work of art if the artist recognises its connection with some aspect of the human condition, if when placed in an exhibition, it means something in relation to the other exhibits: if it challenges or complements them, if the arrangement adds up to somewhat more than the sum of its parts.

Of course, not every self-proclaimed connoisseur really sees in a work of art what they claim to. People who buy art are not always people who understand it. But one doesn’t judge a work of art by how much a few rich people pay for it. Art, in the market, is a Veblen good. But it has its own existence in a world where everything is perfect and nothing has a price. A Platonic world of ideal forms, maybe?

Plato believed in ontological ideals of truth, beauty and good. But why not a million million Platonic universes, each as perfect as the other? Is there really a single ideal of beauty that should triumph over the others? Or, for that matter, a single truth?

And distinctions between superior and inferior works of art are certainly artificial in the modernist context. “April is the cruellest month” and “here we go round the prickly pear” are both equally exalted lines of poetry. All splotches are equal and all splotches are beautiful. I would buy your splotch, Maria. I’m sure it’s a beautiful splotch, of great resonance, balance and wabi-sabi. As good as anyone’s. I’d pay millions for it if I had them. Actually, if it happened to be on sale, I’m sure anyone would. Your splotch is you, what could be more coruscating than that?

Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc. Physics
The snake slowly slithered down the tree and its glinting eyes observed everything on the way. I felt as if it was watching my every movement. On reaching the ground, the snake seemed to pause as if it could sense something. I looked around and saw a small rat hiding under a bush. The rat was eating something; it was unaware of its approaching dangers.

It was the rat’s nibbling that had probably alerted the snake that its food was close. The snake slowly turned its head to the direction of the bush and the unprotected rat hiding under it. The snake saw the rat and I could almost see the resolution in its eyes. It did not attack immediately from the front but slowly glided behind the bush.

The rat seemed completely absorbed in its meal and had not noticed the snake. Seeking the opportunity, the snake darted forward. I saw the rat turn. I saw the fear in its eyes. Its attempt to escape went in vain. Its opponent was too quick. I could see the bulge of the snake’s body as it slowly swallowed the rat.

Having had its meal, the snake slowly retreated from the bush and began to climb back up the tree. I watched it go up until it reached the leaves to be camouflaged.

Anita Ramesh
I B.Sc Psychology

The Shadow Cat

Today, I saw a shadow cast on the wall outside my house. This may seem like no cause for alarm but when you live in a deserted place filled with ancient stories, you too would be shocked to find the shadow of a person or any mobile object, for that matter, especially when you are not expecting any visitors. I quickly did a mental run – thought of all the centuries-old stories that I had heard of this place, and that was more than enough to give me goose bumps. After much thought, I decided to peep out of the window to get a glimpse of who (or what) was really out there. But all my efforts went in vain.

Gathering courage, I decided to go out of the cottage and face ‘it’ with a brave face. As I walked towards the door, I could hear all sorts of noises which no human would have been capable of making. I heard a loud crash just when I put my hand on the door handle and I could feel all the hair on my neck stand. But determined as I was to find out who would be trespassing, I slowly opened the door. The noise immediately stopped. Shivering (it was freezing cold outside), I held the door ajar, only to be attacked by a pair of yellow eyes and sharp claws. I screamed as I fell on my back. I opened my eyes to find a ball of fur sitting on my stomach. And to think I went through all this trouble because of a tiny tabby cat.

Mridula Sridhar
I B.Sc Psychology
VISITING PIGEON

She marked her entry
By flapping her wings.
Dropped half the twigs
She went hunting for all noon-
That didn’t deter her one bit;
So intent was she
On building her home.
My bathroom floor was lined
With twigs of all shapes and sizes.
It was not the best place to build a home,
But this nesting mama
Just could not comprehend
That the metal exhaust fan
Was a threat.
A ‘shoo’ did not deter her
(Obviously. She was not a dog.)
So I did the only thing I could do–
Slamming the plastic door of the bathroom.
Off she flew,
Marking her exit
With the same flapping sound.
Just as I sat down to work again,
A now- familiar flapping sound
Filled my ears.
A slam
- followed by a rush of wings
A slam
- followed by a rush of wings
A slam
- followed by a rush of wings
This continued for.....
(What a persistent bird species!)
Hours later-
‘Pigu’ finally got the message.
(and settled on the sill of the neighbour’s
bathroom window)
(This happened two months ago. Now, the
determined pigeon has laid two eggs in a nest
outside my bathroom window.)

Manasa R
II B.A English

THE PREY

They were silent spectators,
Watched
Never reacted
Or spoke.
Fixed lustful gazes on it:
While it danced
As though inebriated,
on the twig.
Their limpid eyes
Keen, with surprise registered-
The autochtonous spiders had never
Quite seen prey like this before.

It dropped down
On the soil,
Before them
As if in prostration.
Then their leader yawned,
The entertainment ended.
It was supper time.
Pop.
Crunch
Belch.

Manasa R
II B.A English
Thoughts of a spider worth pondering on......

Charlotte’s words really inspire me to think of life from the perspective of what REALLY LIFE IS.

LIFE IS.......indefinable, numbered, and forever moving.

Indefinable because, for everyone their life is different and the lives of the people surrounding them are also different.

Numbered because of the scientists and the zoologists who were quick enough to discover the average lifespan of every living creature to walk on the planet.

Forever moving because of time- as time moves on, so does life.

As Charlotte says, we are born, we live for a definite time and then we die. Hence, I believe that life can be defined as- to live is to die. We live a full life which extends to the time we die. Hence, TO LIVE IS TO DIE.

Deepika.G
I B.A English

Charlotte from E.B White’s
‘Charlotte’s Web’
IN RETROSPECT...

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

I felt the waves at my feet.
Beneath the oblivion of closed eyes
I stood there trying to forget everything.
With every surge of the waves,
My emotions filled with pain.
The waves whispered to me,
As the breeze caressed my face.
As the ocean waved at me,
And the sand greeted the sea,
The shells washed up by me.
The sand squished suddenly
Between my shoeless toes.
Then the tide flowed over them
And back down it went.
Like my memory of that Night...
The feel of his entrapping embrace.
My breath caught in my throat.
Darkness swam before my eyes,
As he entered at the meeting of my thighs.
A scream escaped my parted lips
And then I drowned and died
Of excruciatingly painful shame.
The water splashed over my face
Like grass sprinkled with dew.
And the rain pelted my skin, cold as ice.
The water seeped in my bones, undeniably concise.
The world called to me, pulling me out.
The atmosphere thicker, with my sorrow no doubt.
As the day ends to rest,
The sunset does its best;
Slowly comes the night,
Devouring that magic light.

The waves grew higher, washed over my head.
The breath blown away, unmistakably dead.

Fatema S
II B.A English
LEARNING

A mind, divided.
Without an anchor,
To steady and sew his thoughts together.
Thoughts, like the futile flurry of waves
In the depths of a conch.
His words, always just a rumbling echo
Of what was intended.
Divided at the tongue,
Receptacle and Aperture,
Of Thoughts still knotted up.
Belying himself, his Nature,
He tried
Unravelling the knots,
Smoothing them down
Curing them with something foreign-
A language to be learned.
Up and out
Goes the tidal flurry,
Looming near
And then receding,
Constantly chipping away
A little more soil
In its fiery embrace.
Shadows and echoes

Battle in his divided mind.
The waves hit harder and faster now,
With steely purpose.
The knots come undone,
More soil chips away,
Gradually.
He straightens the knots out.
Lays them bare, cheek by jowl.
Examines them
With clinical detachment,
As though they were reminders
Of a disease finally at bay.
Words, no more a rumbling echo,
But louder and clearer in his head.
Still, the shadows and echoes remain,
Battling constantly in his mind,
Now, not divided, but sewn together
In the new language of his thoughts.
He wades out,
His mind, now sturdy and receptive
To the persistent tumult of waves, now welcome-
A foreign tongue gradually yielding itself to his command.

Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A. English

OUTSIDE ICU

The absence of slumber, red veins
Setting my eyes on fire.
Recurring tears of water
Ooze out
put not the fire out.
Tears, the wick
bearing the fire
To the depths of brain.
My ears, sinking in the sounds;
the sounds of meticulous prayers,
The sound of faith dying
The sound of faith being born,
some reborn.
My eyes on the lookout
For the opening of a door,

The door that protects you
Like a little delicate secret.
I can see you through the door
Yet you seem so unreachable.
The throbbing in my head,
chanting hope.
Yearning for a kiss,
That brought me up,
Yearning for a word,
From those delicate lips.
Yearning for a smile,
for which I'd give my life for.

Sushmitha Ramakrishnan
III B.Sc Physics
**Indian Chinese Cuisine**

Indian Chinese cuisine,  
Not Indian but Chinese cuisine  
Not Chinese but Indian cuisine.  
American cuisine?  
American chopsuey on my plate,  
But the egg I hate.  
I try it with a slice of Yam,  
I did it 'cause I can.  
Oolong in a China tea cup  
Served after tandoori peking duck;  
I thought I would give them a shot,  
And found I hit the jack pot.  
For though some call it an imitation,  
It is a cuisine without limitation;  
Where difference is accepted;  
Or at least given a chance before being cast off.  

Chilli, garlic, soy and honey  
Disparate flavours working in harmony,  
If I could take this harmony off my plate  
And scatter it into this world of hate.  
In this world of hate, I'll set these flavours  
free;  
Though distinct, they'll stand united like a  
family tree.  
They will be a revelation,  
And shame us on our discrimination.  
Let us live like the Indian Chinese cuisine,  
No limitations by any means,  
And watch our lives soar,  
Like the tiger prawns roar.  

Cynthia S  
I M.A English

---

**APRON**

An apron in bright light pink  
Sitting pretty by the kitchen sink;  
What will you make for me today?  
Not the same as yesterday.  
Smile, do your duty!  
And add more butter, don’t be petty.  
I am the stitch that holds your threads together,  
You can only watch the floating feather;  
Swirl once more around me  
You’re at the heart of my fancy.  
Do keep my orders in your pocket,  
And my discipline in your locket.  
By the way, try not to get dirty  
I am to show you off at the party;  
And you are wrinkled, do some ironing  
That’s what we expect; multitasking.  
You alter yourself to a slim fit  
To prove to him you are the best pick;  
A piece of cloth, tailored to be an apron  
Did you wish this or have an opinion?  
Would you like to be a sleeve?  
A hat? or even a kilt?  
It is not too late,  
The seamstress is just beyond the gate.

Cynthia S  
I M.A English
THE PAIN

We rejoice as the red bugs crawl all over us.
And when the tiny blobs moisten us.
Drop by drop like strings of beads,
As though the cloudy skies shed tears
Empathising with us.
As we are scattered all over the nadir
Of the dense forests
Like pieces of broken glass.
Trampled over by many instinctive feet
Which hurt like iron rods.
The pain that can be experienced
By one trapped in a tall white tower,
Surrounded by soaring concrete walls.
“Redemption,” we cry out.
We are not just ordinary leaves.
We are the leaves of harvest.
We are the autumn leaves.

Ansu Thomas Mathew
I B.A English

THE GREAT EQUALICEOR

In hostel, you learn to share many things -
Like head lice, for instance!
Regardless of your status
As friend, enemy, supervisor, innocent-by-
stander
You learn to share the love
Of itchy heads and fine combs,
Of hair all over the place
And takes of how
Your head itches more than hers,
Or hers itches more than yours.

Often times I feel the love will leave me bloodless;
It's so intense, it leaves me scratching my head,
From confusion to horror
And scrutiny of public activities
Like combing your hair in corridors
And measuring the distance of a lice-jump -
The lies-jump too,
When they claim they aren't endowed
With this primate gift of love and sharing.

Gazala Anver
III B.A English
Everyone has a story to tell and I’m more than happy to share mine because my story does have a happy ending. My journey in Women’s Christian College started in the year 2010 where I was admitted as a B.Com student. This was something that I least expected and I was literally a fish out of water. It took me months to get used to the people, to the change of environment, to almost everything. As time passed by, I found myself getting better. In my final year of UG there was a drastic change where I was asked to remain silent very often. By God’s grace I completed my course and thought my college life was over. Little did I know I was heading back to where it all started!

Presently, I am pursuing my Masters in Human Resource Management and would just like to express a few thoughts.

WCC! I am blessed to be a part of this institution. This phase was the turning point in my life. I realised where I was and where I should be and what I should do to get there.

In simple words, I grew here. People generally look back at their life and say “I wish I could have done this” and have regrets, but if I had a chance to rewind time, I would still choose to be a WCCite as I have no regrets of the decision I made of entering this college. The people I met, the staff I was under, everything about WCC made things better for me.

It’s not only about how I performed on paper, it’s not only about the activities on campus. This is where I personally feel my character was built. When I leave the portals of WCC I will take with me memories to cherish for a lifetime. Everything that happened in these five years made me who I am today. And for that I am truly grateful.

“Someday I will look back to where I belong
The days I used to walk around and sing a song
Those sweet memories that mean so much to me
Is from a place I call home, none other than WCC!”

Amanda Denise Shane
II M.A HRM

Photo by Niyati Venkatesan
II B.Sc Physics
RAMESHWARAM- A PILGRIMAGE UNLIKE THE REST.

Fishes...I love them in an aquarium, but not on my plate. With a stubborn idea that their nauseating stink would not transform into fragrance with just a trip, I stood waiting outside the train which had arrived on the platform. After checking the passenger list, we hopped in and thud! The rock-hard blue Indian railway seats sent waves of shock to our spines. The patterns of paan-like graffiti on the train's walls, the loud noisy burps of our bulky co-passengers, rats that accompanied us- it was just a regular Indian's train journey. While I was dreaming about John Abraham waving to me.... Ma'am screamed into my ears- "Wake up, look at the Pamban Paalam!" I looked out and saw the beautifully lit Pamban Paalam (bridge) stretched over a glittering and gleaming sea. The trip just took a new direction right then, for me. I wanted to let my heart listen and melt to the tunes of the sea.

In the morning, we reached our stop- Rameshwaram, and were welcomed by a cool breeze. We ate our breakfast at Hotel Vinayaga (well known for its fancy food prices!). The first place we visited was Dhanushkodi, a ghost town which was destroyed by the tsunami of 1964. We had to get into some special vans to reach the deserted village. Since we were excited about travelling through the shallow waters of the Bay of Bengal, we didn't mind the discomfort of the journey. On our way to Dhanushkodi, we heard fishermen and fisherwomen singing ‘Yeello Ailasa’ while pulling the fishing net (karai valai) with all their might. This is done once a week and we were lucky to spot them in action. We learnt a lot about fishes and fishing from them. It was unbelievable to know that there is no electricity, no hospital, or any basic facility available other than an elementary school. But, this school is absolutely useless according to them, who don’t care about anything other than fishing. The women lead an aimless existence and the men indulge in drinking and gambling.

After a long walk in Dhanushkodi, a walk on the land was a blessing. By evening, we reached another village, Thopu kadu. This village, unlike Dhanushkodi, is well-planned and neatly constructed. Its residents are well-informed and have educated their children. The women are busy and responsible unlike those in the previous village. We spoke to women who
dive into the ocean and collect sea weed. One similarity between the women of Dhanushkodi and Thopu kadu, was that they were both underpaid or not even paid any money. We made them sing their traditional fisher folk songs and we sang along. Thopu kadu had the most welcoming crowd, especially the women and children. After a long and tiring day, their cheerful smiles were refreshing!

On our way back, our train went over the Pamban Palam, this time on the road. I would like to call it, ‘the London Bridge of Tamil Nadu.’ One of my best memories is the fifteen-minute walk we had during nighttime to Hotel Chola. Owing to Hotel Vinayaga’s prices, Hotel Chola became our local caterers. And not to forget, Paneer Soda, our beverage partner.

The next day, our expectations were higher. Visiting CMFRI, Central Marine Fisheries Research Institute was just like visiting an aquarium in Chennai, but it had a wide variety which makes it stand above the rest. Later, we attended a session by the RTFU (Ramanathapuram Fish Worker Trade Union). This session was an eye-opener to all the astonishing realities which were boldly put forward by the Union head. We learnt that fishermen of Tamil Nadu don’t trespass on the Sri lankan fishing region because they are unaware of the rules. They do it because of their limited resources and the low number of fishes in their region due to the advent of mechanical boats. We also learnt that, one, lying on sea sand relieves body pain and, two, one must not serve the people of Rameshwaram with fish on festive days as it is their staple food.

At Ramnad palace, we discovered the descendent of King Sethupathi to be none other than Florence Ma'am, our very own librarian. The palace stands as a symbol of disgrace to the kingdom. We wished to take some action for the restoration of the palace. On the flip side, the next place we visited was extremely well-maintained- The house of Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam.

On the last day at Rameshwaram, we packed our bags with heavy hearts, to keep them in the lobby. We went to Krusadai island that morning. The island is restricted, but with the support of officials, we were allowed to go there for our research. It was literally ‘heaven on earth’. Wow, what a place! Just like the location where ‘Lost’, an American television series is shot, the island was filled with wild vegetation and an exuberant variety of sea life. Sea cucumbers, snails, crabs, coral reefs, starfishes, dolphins... And what not! Call me arrogant, but I don't care! I can say it with pride- I held a sea cucumber!!! And we enjoyed a ride on the sea, in a boat with a glass floor. How cool is that! With only memories and a few pictures which captured the light blue ocean and of course, the ‘tanned me.’

In the evening, we went to Keelakarai, where some Muslim fisher communities reside. We got some time to lie down under the trees, as well as on the sand dunes of Thavukadu. I haven't lived long enough to say it...but it was one of the most relaxing moments of my life.

When a fisherman brought his day’s catch of fishes from the pond, I turned into a cold-hearted killer. Holding the fish which was wriggling and breathing his last, I threw him into the fire we made. For the first time ever, I ate fish.

I can never forget what a fisherman said, "Yes, we are professional killers. But, if we don't kill, there is no profession."

From a fish-phobic girl to a girl who smelled of fish, fish and dry fish- a trip proved me wrong.

After all, perceptions are deceptive.

Harshitha.D Kumayaa,
II B.A English
THE WEDDING GUEST FROM A FARAWAY LAND

His cousin was getting married, so they said—a cousin he barely knew. And they made this journey halfway across the globe to attend the Wedding. His parents were headed home, but he was leaving his behind. A day later, he was at his father’s beloved village, a tiny hamlet on the other side.

Like many villages in that part of the world, this one too was in the painful process of change. The old houses there for instance, had to make way for newer and more garish ones in violent shades of pink, blue and green. Some houses had slowly evolved. A little concrete here and a splash of paint there, the new slowly ate its way into the old, scarcely leaving behind traces of the past. Some houses steadfastly held on to their former glory, barely noticing the rot that had set in. They seemed oblivious to the cracks, the weeds and the termites like the imperial house of the Zamindar that had been razed to the ground years ago. The grand old house, a monument to feudal glory had not died for want of occupants, but rather due to the profusion of it. Too many had fought over it tooth and nail for too long, until the very last nail in the beam had rusted away. The only thing left then was to tear it down, sell the land and divide the spoils.

Interestingly, the wedding hall where the marriage was to be held, never aspired to be one in the first place. It was once a successful movie theater. The time for its demise came with the television sets that mushroomed in every house. Those were dark days indeed. A conflagration of weeds was poised to take over the building. They pressed ahead relentlessly, making new cracks and populating existing ones. Then suddenly, the owner of the building had a brainwave. He devised another way to lure people into the theater. All he had to do was replace the screen on which the drama unfolded with a stage. The viewing area only needed some repairs. Restored to its former glory, the theater opened again.

It was the night before the wedding. They were early. The groom and his mother had not changed into their wedding finery. The mundane tasks of the event plagued them. The stage wasn’t set yet. It looked empty save for a couple of regal chairs. The groom was talking to his brother about dinner. He seemed worried. Apparently, there weren’t enough leaves to feed his relatives. In our Guest’s part of the world, that sentence might have sounded very strange. But here, it made complete sense. A traditional feast was always served on a plantain leaf.

Slowly, the guests started trickling in. The introductions began. Everybody was an aunt, uncle or cousin or a long lost grandfather. He felt a little overwhelmed at the sheer expanse of his family that seemed to double with each passing hour.

The people were catching up with each other’s lives. An inventory of all the single men and women was drawn and exchanged word to mouth. It steadily grew as many pitched in with the names they knew. The match makers were having a field day. He was curious if his name
was in the list (it sure was!) and couldn’t help but wonder who his hypothetical bride might be. Then it occurred to him that this marriage too might have been hatched in another.

He was shaken out of his reverie when all the heads in the vicinity jerked up in unison. In a flurry of quick conversations (only a few barely progressed beyond the starters), he had not noticed the activity on stage. It was brilliantly lit with the photographer’s lights. The pleasant smell of jasmines, roses and chrysanthemums that adorned the stage and the bride’s hair was in the air. The bride and groom took their places on stage flanked by their parents and siblings on each side. How similar or different were they? Did any of their interests match? Perhaps, perhaps not, but their horoscopes sure did.

A short puja was performed on stage. The sacred flame lit on a circular brass plate with a small heap of ash and vermilion was offered to the people like in a temple. He found the ceremony that followed the puja quite interesting. Women closely related to the bride and groom gathered on the stage. One after the other, they smeared sandalwood paste on the cheeks of the bride and groom, and blessed the couple throwing a few jasmine and rose petals on their heads as they introduced themselves to one of the two that did not know them. The bride and groom politely smiled and nodded. Watching the ceremony from down below, the Guest thought it was an interesting way for the couple to discover the female half of their new families.

Soon, it was time for the people to go on the stage and congratulate the couple. The drill was simple. Families were grouped together complete with aging grandparents cursing under their breath the long flight of stairs that led to the stage, howling infants exhausted from being passed around, hyperactive children set free and girls coerced into sarees by their mothers, forever checking if the pleats were in place. They went onstage, giving their presents and exchanging pleasantries. The camera people took over from there. After the picture was taken, the group stood awkwardly for the video, tormented by their noses that began to itch as if on cue. They just stood there for two whole minutes staring blankly at the video camera not unlike the multitude of tiny heads in prime time television debates, waiting for a chance to speak or to be simply let off.

As each family descended from the stage, they were whisked off to dinner by the couple’s parents. After escorting one group to the dining area, they promptly returned to their post soon after, to receive the next contingent. The bride, groom and their immediate family are always the last to eat in any wedding.

The Guest from a Faraway Land and his parents called it a night soon after dinner. The big day was to begin at the crack of dawn. He woke to the sound of chaos that typically preceded every wedding. The epicenter of activity was of course the bride’s room. The bride’s harried minions painstakingly helped her put on every detail of her elaborate costume, only to realize soon that they had very little time to put on their own.
The wedding party was to leave from the groom’s house to a temple on a hillock where the wedding was to take place. As soon as the people stepped out of the house, they were bundled off to the temple in a van. They reached soon enough at the crack of dawn. Stretching and yawning, the group ambled out of the van wondering why weddings were conducted at such an ungodly hour.

The people jerked awake with a start when the band began to play without warning. The priest had lit the sacred fire and begun his chants. The bride, the groom and the priest were seated by fire while the rest were standing by, watching. Unlike the previous night, it was very quiet. No more than thirty people were present. The priest continued to chant and pour ghee into the fire. A plate of rice grains made yellow with powdered turmeric was passed around. Everyone grabbed a handful.

The priest carefully picked up the gold chain (this is a wedding ring equivalent, whispered our guest’s father) placed close to the fire and gave it to the groom. Our guest could feel excitement in the air as the group collectively held its breath. The band’s music reached a crescendo. The moment the groom put the chain around the bride’s neck, rice grains rained on them both. They were now officially married.

The wedding party got into the van to head back home. The guest quickly scanned the group. On every face, especially the newlyweds’, one emotion manifested in myriad ways – sleep. Soon, it overtook him too, as the excitement of the wedding began to ebb. His jet lag wasn’t helping either.

The Guest from a Faraway Land looked around trying to register each face. He knew that he wouldn’t be seeing most of them for a very long time. The howling infants would have turned into hyperactive kids by the time he paid another visit from the land where feasts are not served on a plantain leaf but on a mundane plate.

Anu A
III B.A. English

Photo by Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc Psychology
She was one.
Gurgling, cooing, laughing, crying
A swaddled mess of emotions
But mostly happy ones
Because there was mama
And there was papa
And food
And sleep.
What else did she need?
She was five.
More words and less cooing
“Oh, she never stops talking!”
“Such a gorgeous girl – a princess”
“Mama, mama, B A T C A T R A T
MATSATHATPATEFAT”
“A smart little princess she has become.”
“Mama, prin – S E S S”
“No, honey, prin-CESS”
She was ten.
Not quite like the others
Still not very different
Two eyes – two ears – two hands
– two legs – one nose – one mouth
They made one her. Well –
She had glasses and everybody dictated
“Glasses do not a princess make.”
And that’s when she wanted to run –
To hide – to become invisible – to stay unnoticed.
Because glasses did not a princess make.
She was fifteen.
And she had to run more – hide more –
Escape more – reality was terrifying.
Because everyone could spell F A T
And everyone could say it.
And they never stopped doing so.
“F A T F A T F A T fatfatfat”
Was it the only word they knew?
Because she couldn’t hear anything else
Or think anything else.

And all language, all communication,
Became one word – F A T fat.
She was eighteen.
And once upon a time,
In a land far away,
She had stopped eating.
S T O P stop.
Sirens.
Ambulances.
Noises.
Voices.
Severe – critical – sick – sooner – time –
Too long – too wrong – how and why and
Where.
The princess had fumbled for so long
But now, she’d fallen.
From her castle – her throne – her everything
Life.
She woke up.
She rose and grew and flew again.
Because princesses were not born princesses –
They were made.

Aishwarya Srinivasan
II B.Sc Psychology

TELEVISION

This box is my sustenance:
Food and water can wait.
This box is a genie’s lamp,
Every whim of mine
It fulfills.
This box is a treasure trove-
Maintains records
of the many Summers of my life.
This box is my ‘friend’.
Gives the illusion of company
When I need it the most.
This box is ME,
We are tuned...

Manasa R
II B.A English
Totus Mundus
THE CHECKLIST

Scene I:
(Mother and daughter are near a dressing table. Daughter seems to be reluctantly putting on accessories.)
Mother: Don’t wear those earrings! They’re ugly – you don’t want him to think we live on the streets!
Daughter: But I don’t like temple jewellery!
Mother: It doesn’t matter what you like or dislike – he’s the one looking at them. Now get ready soon. He must be on his way. We don’t find boys like him very easily.
(Mother walks out)

Scene II:
Guy: (practising his meeting with the girl) Hello there! I’m… Hey sup?! Umm… So, it’s lovely weather we are having. Ugh, NO. Um.. How you doin’?
Marriage: (walks in unnoticed) Ahem!
Guy: Oh! Hi, Marriage… I was just, um… you know –
Marriage: Save it. I think it’s cute. Now, let’s get down to business, shall we?
Guy: Uhh, okay?
Marriage: Alright, now where did I keep your checklist? Ah! (holding a paper in hand) So, soap, toothpaste, milk, salt, baby wipes, chilli powder –
Guy: What?!!
Marriage: Oops. Sorry, wrong list. Let’s try this again. Okay. So, do you have an MBA degree?
Guy: Yes.
Marriage: What about a stable job?
Guy: Yes.
Marriage: Own house?
Guy: Yes - well, sort of.
Marriage: Are you a non-vegetarian?
Guy: Err.. yes.
Marriage: Hmm… and what’s your favourite dish?
Guy: Fish fry.
Marriage: Do you work out in the gym?
Guy: Um, yes?
Marriage: Let me see ’em.
Guy: Excuse me?
Marriage: Your biceps. Let ’em rip!
(Guy reluctantly flexes)
Marriage: Hehe! That was just for me. Okay, you are all set. Bye, bye, handsome!
Guy: Bye, I guess.
Marriage: (waves and walks off) One down, one more to go.

Scene III:
(Marriage enters the scene)
Marriage: Yoohoo!
Daughter: Hi, Marriage. I’d say “Pleased to meet you”, but I’m not.
Marriage: Don’t be such a downer; we have a lot to do. Now – (opens a long list) listen carefully, yes? I will be asking a lot of questions and I don’t want any tongue-in-cheek answers from you. He cooperated - so should you.
Daughter: By - he - you mean the guy I’m meeting soon...?
Marriage: Uh, yes. Well, it doesn’t matter. Let’s start - we need to hurry! Can you cook?
Daughter: Of course I can.
Marriage: Without burning the kitchen down?
Daughter: Yes, that’s what I meant.
Marriage: Hm, what about fish fry? Do you know how to make that?
Daughter: Not really, no.
Marriage: (sighing) I knew it was too good to be true. We’ll have to change that.
Daughter: What do you mean, ‘change that’? I don’t have time to learn how to make a random dish right now just because you want me to.
Marriage: Oh, I have a few tricks up my sleeve. (snaps fingers - time travel begins)
BACK IN TIME (1) -
(Girl is sitting in her room with a SAT book. Her mother comes towards the door with a cup of coffee for the girl. As she is about to open the door, Marriage enters)
Marriage: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
Mother: She is studying. I’m taking some coffee for her.
Marriage: Why are you encouraging her studies? She already has one degree; what will she do with one more? Ask her to come with you and help prepare dinner. After all, that’s what is going to help her in the future. GO.
(Mother leaves the cup of coffee aside and enters the room)
Marriage: Jiza, keep that book aside! Come help me with dinner. I’m making fish fry.
Daughter: But... Mom, I’m studying.
Mother: You don’t need to study any further. You have one degree on your hand anyway. Come. Don’t you dare say ‘No’ now. If you don’t learn now, when will you learn?
(Girl shrugs, keeps the book aside and follows the mother)
PRESENT:
Daughter: How - what was that?
Marriage: Oh, just a little exercise to make sure you’re all prepared and ready - the perfect bride. Now, if you’re done with your questions -
Daughter: No, actually, I’m not -
Marriage: No time, no time - plenty of time to catch up later. Now, can you stay hungry for hours?
Daughter: Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me. Why would I need to do that?
Marriage: Oh, you know, once you’re married, you’ll probably need to go on 400 fasts in a 365-day year. Just wanted to know you were ready for that.
Daughter: .. Yes, I can stay hungry for an extended period of time, I think.
Marriage: Good, good. Do you snore?
Daughter: Of course not! ... Does he?
Marriage: I’m the one asking questions here - can you tie a saree in less than seven minutes?
Daughter: Nope, I don’t know how to tie a saree at all.
Marriage: WHAT? Not again - all these useful skills and you don’t know them - what will everybody think?
BACK IN TIME (2) -
Daughter: Ma, ma! Guess what? I won it. I won the debate competition. You know what’s even better?! I spoke about women’s rights. Isn’t that cool?
Mother: Oh! That’s good! Congra –
Marriage: Yeah! Look at that. Look at what you’ve done to her. What good is that going to bring? Such girls are known to argue and stand against their husbands. Does she even know how to take care of herself? Can she tie a saree? That’s what’s more important than some competition in which she screams and argues.

Mother: (without thinking her words through) You should quit.

Daughter: Huh? What’s wrong with you? I’m telling you I won such a big competition and you want me to quit?

Marriage: (whispers in mom’s ears) Gosh, see how she is arguing. I told you she would do this. Aren’t you worried that she will speak like that to her husband? Well, you should be. Girls aren’t supposed to be so outspoken and unpleasant.

Mother: Now you are arguing with me. Debating was acceptable till you were a kid. You aren’t a kid anymore. You need to focus on the things that are important and useful in your life. You can’t while away your time.

Daughter: (sobbing) Mom, it is my passion. I didn’t expect you to discourage me like this. And what on earth are these important things that you are going on about?

Marriage: Like, like - tying a saree. Say it!

Mother: You need to learn things – Be prepared for life. (Daughter looks clueless) For starters, you don’t even know how to tie a saree. Come with me now. (pulls daughter away)

PRESENT:

Daughter: Some warning would be appreciated.

Marriage: Can you clean the dishes?

Daughter: Yes.

Marriage: Do you know how to wash clothes?

Daughter: Again.. yes!

Marriage: Well, sweeping and mopping - what about that?

Daughter: Everybody can do that.

Marriage: Well, I can never be too sure with you.

Daughter: What’s that supposed to mean?

Marriage: Hush, hush - it does not matter. Hm, now you seem to know the things that are actually important. Now, let’s focus on your appearance. Fair and lovely..?

Daughter: WHAT?!

Marriage: Perfectly aligned teeth?

Daughter: I spent years looking like a fool with braces on. And now if you question the alignment of my teeth –

Marriage: Calm down, girl. Height – 5’5”?

Daughter: Check for yourself.

Marriage: Long, silky hair? (Girl does not respond) CHECK!

Marriage: Good family background? Oh! Well, well, I have shaped them! Obviously that one works in your favour!

(Doorbell rings)

Marriage: Oh, well – I suppose I’m finally done with you. My, my, it took me a while to get you on the right track. At least it happened. Go on, now – you don’t want to keep him waiting, do you?

(Mother enters)

Mother: Oh! He’s here! He’s here! He’s here!
Daughter: Are you looking for a suitor for me or for you?

Mother: You just hurry up and come.

(Mother and daughter exit stage; Marriage in centre)

Marriage: Ah! You’ve done it again, marriage! I must say, this one was a pretty tough coconut but you, (taps head) you genius, you – you cracked her like a – a – a something that cracks! Then again, that has always been your specialty - and in a country like India, even more so. So many girls trying to ‘rebel’ these days - they think they can beat the system and become independent? Such ridiculous notions of freedom, they have. Freedom is an illusion. For Indian girls, even more so. Well, it doesn’t really matter. If any girl thinks she can escape this, it’s only because she hasn’t met me yet. Ah, I am SUCH a good matchmaker.

Scene IV:

(Guy and girl walk on to the stage – and sit opposite to each other on chairs.)

Guy: Jiza, right? (Girl nods) So, this is awkward! I guess we need to get to know each other.

Girl: Yeah well, we don’t really have a choice, do we? What do you want to know?

Guy: Uhh... Um, I don’t know. Pardon the cliché, but what are your hobbies?

Girl: Hmm.. I was on the college debate team. But then I had to quit.

(Guy looks puzzled) If I’m not wrong, my mother wanted me to learn how to tie a saree.

Guy: ... In-te-rest-ing. (long pause) Um, what about sports?

Girl: Well, I wasn’t really allowed to play sports even though I enjoyed playing volleyball and frisbee.

Guy: Hey! Do you keep track of ultimate frisbee??

Girl: No.

Guy: Oh..

Girl: I mean, I haven’t had time.. I’ve been busy.. ‘things’ come in the way.

Guy: Things?

Girl: Sewing, praying, cleaning, sweeping, mopping..

Guy: Oh, your maid hasn’t been coming?

(Girl clenches fist and is about to get up, but marriage holds her down)

Marriage: Down, girl! He didn’t mean it. Of course you can’t have a maid for everything. What a naive boy.

Girl: Oh and how can I forget, learning how to make fish fry.

Guy: Oh, I love fish fry!

Girl: Really, you don’t say? (looks at marriage and marriage shrugs as if she had nothing to do with it) Ahem.. Anyway, that’s enough about me. Pardon the cliché, why don’t you tell me more about yourself?

Guy: My dad’s the CEO of a construction company. Sure, they wanted me to be ‘Bob the Builder’ and follow in his footsteps.

Girl: Don’t they all (nods understandingly)

Guy: But, I chose not to. I am in fact a photographer for the NAT GEO magazine.

(Girl stares in disbelief)

Girl: Good for you.

Guy: Yeah, so what are your ambitions?

Girl: My ambitions?? What does it matter anyway? My whole life I’ve been trained to be the “perfect bride”. Even if I was privileged enough to
grow up in a home that encouraged my interests, at some point I’d have to give it all up! Like after marriage. And even if I was lucky enough to marry someone who understood all that, it’d still last only till we have kids. You know why? ‘Cause I’m a girl. And that’s what we’re expected to do. We’re told not to have a mind of our own just to let someone else think for us. We’re told to not worry about our looks unless it’s to impress a potential groom. Our efficiency in cooking depends on our husbands’ tastes. And no one thinks of it as a big deal because that’s just “the proper way to do things”. Right, marriage??

Marriage: Don’t look at me. He’ll think you’re crazy. After his checklist, he can’t see me anymore.
Girl: Then how come I still can?
Marriage: What makes you think I’m done with you? We haven’t even reached your mid-life crisis phase yet!

Shreya Jain, Jiza Thomas, Catherine Johnson, Aishwarya Srinivasan
II B.Sc Psychology

MIRRORS

(Five mirrors, A, B, C, D and E, stand around the stand, occupying the points of a regular hexagon. As the play progresses, each mirror in turn becomes a person and addresses the mirror next to her, while two other mirrors engage in conversation. E stands facing the audience and does not speak; the others ignore her.)

(A turns into a person and addresses B.)
A: Is my hair all right? OMG, I wish I looked more like Kim Kardashian.

C: They wrap us up in silver, polish our forms to symmetric perfection, and sell us in the market.

D: And then they set us on a silver pedestal and deny us all life but what they give us.

A: OMG! I have a zit on my face. I can’t go to the party like this.

C: It’s out fate to be too much appreciated. Saturated with the strange, hopeless dreams of futile humanity. That’s what we mirrors are for.

A: My fate. My life is ruined.

Mother’s voice, offstage: Did you eat your breakfast, dear?
A: Eating it now, Mom. One almond, one date fruit. There. Done.

D: We mirrors have no soul but what they pour into us. And yet they pour so much into us that I wonder how they live. Strange creatures, humans.

(A turns into a mirror. B turns into a person and addresses C.)
B: I’m so frustrated with the receptionist. She says that I won’t get another appointment with a plastic surgeon for another two months.

D: We’re breakable. That sums it up.

A: Out of the darkness we rise, and they fling the light at us, and we break it into a million shards. And they break us.

B: I used to be quite the heartbreaker when I was younger.

D: The impotent fury of man longing for the impossible.

A: The ineffectual fury of man longing for the unnecessary. I still don’t see why they can’t treat their mirrors better. It isn’t as if we were responsible.

B: People used to line outside my house….. I miss having that power.

D: It’s the light. Why does the light bother them?
(B turns into a mirror. C turns into a person and addresses D.)

C: Am I so old-fashioned? Am I?
A: I’ll never understand the aesthetic sense of our makers. They don’t seem to have taken a great deal of trouble over us.
B: Perhaps they didn’t need to. There’s a Danish saying that when someone gazes into a mirror long enough, it begins to mirror their personality.
C: Why isn’t my face good enough for him? Why does he care more about paint a lot of paint and wax than real skin, the wrinkles that come from real care, that lie underneath?
A: That’s a most unpleasant thought. Am I acquiring the personality of a frivolous and juvenile reveller?
B: Mine suited me better. She was as morose as I am. Why does being broken matter so much to us?
C: Well, I live for him. If what he wants is a painted mask, a painted mask he’ll get.
A: I’ve no idea, but it does. I wish I were whole.
(C turns into a mirror. D turns into a person and addresses A.)

D: People are confused. I’m confused. And I look into the mirror, and I see a distorted face. I don’t know what I’m good for, and I don’t know what I want. I don’t suppose I have anything specific to recommend me.
B: It’s a strange world out there, the Platonic world of ideal forms.
C: But it’s a stranger world here, this world of broken symmetry and real forms.
D: But my friend was telling me about this concept in Japanese art. They value a broken symmetry, an imperfection for itself. Maybe I like being asymmetrical and confused. I know I’m not technically perfect, but I don’t think I really want to be. I’d rather be myself.
B: And yet they mirror each other. Each is an extrapolation of the other’s graph. Each is grasping something of the other’s that is beyond its reach. Each is confused and quite alone.
E: Perhaps you’re wrong. Perhaps there are no Platonic forms. Only a recursive series of mirror images. An infinite series of reflections that mirror each other, and there’s no original.

(D turns into a mirror)
A: And perhaps, my good madam, you are unduly cynical.
E: Cynical? No. The fact is, you know you’re all broken.
B: Madam, let us refrain from personal remarks.
E: Perhaps you’re unduly sensitive. That wasn’t an insult.
B: Oh.
E: Let us say I provide a different perspective, an unbroken view. I’m whole. I say there’s no deal we strive for. There’s no objective, no implicit purpose to our existence. But isn’t it enough to perceive and reflect the light around us, the light of the coruscating, somnambulistic world? Is there a higher entity than truth?

Niyati Venkatesan II B.Sc Physics
Maria Job II B.A. English
C Hepsubah Priyadarshini II B.Sc Chemistry
Nikita T George, Venitha Arulmary B
II B.Sc Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology
Spotlight
ANYONE’S first impression of Achcsah Abraham from III PBPB would lead them to believe that she is someone who is always cheerful, friendly and full of talent. They wouldn’t be wrong. Spurred on by her love for Jesus, she dabbles in a number of activities including singing, playing the guitar and heading the Eco-club, excelling at all of them. She is sincere in her studies as well and hopes to be a researcher in the future.

Achsah’s love for music has been around for as long as she can remember. “My dad is my inspiration and the one who got me started.” she says, adding that he sings bass in a choir. “The family influence was there for sure.” she says, explaining how most of the time her family spent together was spent singing and experimenting with harmony.

Achsah is also the Club Coordinator of the Eco-Club. When asked about the experience, she laughs, recalling how ignorant she had been about ecological issues. “On joining the club, I was inspired on seeing the passion and sincerity of the then coordinators, especially Sharon, and from then on, I started acquiring a love for this cause.” she says. Being a club coordinator is a big responsibility, and although she felt unprepared at first, Achsah found that she was gaining more from the club than she was giving. “I’ve learnt to be more responsible and organized” she says.

One thing about Achsah that shines through in almost everything she says is her desire to significantly contribute to the college that has given her so much. “I am grateful to this college for everything it has given me, especially to my department. My teachers have constantly kept pushing me forward, motivating and encouraging me to take up new challenges.” Achsah recounts how terrified she was of public speaking, but her college years have solved that. During the Annual Conference that her department organised, she even presented a paper. It sounds like I might be exaggerating, but I really think the confidence and opportunity that this college has given me is immense.” she says earnestly. “In the end, it’s all about giving back. I would be glad if I could give back even one percent of what I have gained.”

Amita Daniel
II B.A English
UN loving and ever smiling Meera S, popularly known as Mojo around the campus, was one among the four students and the only one from Shift-II to be selected for the WCC-Eastern University student exchange programme and did her fourth semester at Eastern University, Pennsylvania.

She started her first year at WCC as the Class I Representative of Shift-II for the year 2012-13 and from there she made her way upward. Being a talented public speaker, she cherishes the memory of her election speech which she attributes to her success. She describes her experience as a senator as transforming and learning experience. Her constant desire to act for the benefit of the college community gained her favor in the eyes of her teachers and her fellow students.

When enquired about her experience at Eastern University, an instant smile shone bright on her face. “My time at Eastern University was like being at my very own version of Hogwarts”, she laughs. As she recalls her time at the EU, she speaks about her research oriented classes, spending all night at the library to complete her class preps, very helpful professors and students, and also about experiencing bitter snow and frost after scorching up in Sivakasi and Chennai’s heat all her life. Among her many accomplishments, her case study for business ethics on family business succession is now admitted in their Business Ethics syllabus. Her love for literature made her pursue courses on creative writing and public speaking at Eastern University. She attributes her successful exchange experience to the encouragement and support from her Department, family and friends.

In her third year in WCC, she bagged the trophy for Runner-up in the TIME’s Business Quiz Enkounter, which is the largest business quiz in the state. Her various works in the hostels has gained her the title ‘Resident Assistant for the Main Hostel’ in her third year. Meera says she has loved her time at WCC including that of a resident and calls it her “Home away from home”. Apart from being a proud hair donor for the Tangled initiative, Meera is also a graphic designer, biker, quizzer, and most importantly an effortless public speaker.

As we approach the end of the session, Meera says that she looks forward to the next adventure that life presents her after her graduation, and I do not find it surprising at all. For this vivacious young lady, every day is an adventure.

Vineeta Sherlyn Belinda W
II B.A Corporate Economics
SHYAMALA Parthasarathy is a name not unheard of here in Women’s Christian College! Shyamala, of the English Department, is a very active member in the world of Literature and Debate in our college, having participated in various competitions, and being a member of the Literary and Debate club. She has also successfully managed her academics, being one of the rank holders in class. When interviewed for Sunflower, Shyamala said that she chose her extracurricular activities so that they were closely related to her academics as well. She took part in organizing the English Department’s 50th year reunion; an active member in this year’s and last year’s College Plays, she was a cast member of last year’s Christmas play and stage manager of this year’s play. She also participated in the Kennedy Memorial Debate held at JBAS College for Women in which WCC won the rolling trophy! She was a finalist in the Oratorical contest held by New College on the occasion of their Diamond Jubilee and received a consolation prize at the event. Her experience in college has been rich and varied. Even though her schedule has been hectic, she has handled each and every obstacle efficiently being avidly academic oriented and greatly passionate in everything she does! We wish Shyamala all the best for her future endeavours and may light shine on her as she pursues her dreams!

Leah Govias
I B.A. English

RAADHIKA Kulothungan from III B.Sc. Vis. Com. has rightfully earned this space in the magazine, and she owes it to her contributions in the sports arena. She is a pistol shooter and has represented the state in the national level. This ambitious girl has secured a handful of state laurels and won silver and bronze medals on the national front.

Encouraged by her father, who was an NCC cadet, she entered the astounding world of shooting. She still cherishes the first gold medal she won in a state tournament. Fondly cherishing the memory of the moment, she says “That feeling when my parents proudly smiled at me after winning the gold is forever etched in my mind.”

She is grateful to her parents for being supportive in both her academics and sports. On being asked about her favourite aspect of the sport, she answers “It challenges my mental toughness as it requires one to shoot under pressure.” She further explains that the game is all about staying calm under pressure, and thus it helps her in real life situations too.

Apart from shooting, she enjoys playing squash and clicking pictures. She wants to see herself compete in the Olympics one day and become a world champion. We wish her the very best and hope that she goes on to realise her dream.

Madhumitha S
I B.A. Corporate Economics
SUSHMITA Ramakrishnan and Theatre are synonymous in my head. Such is her passion for the art. Who can forget her outstanding performance as Baroka, the villain of ‘The Lion and the Jewel’, our 2012 college play? A third year Physics student (and the director of my first skit), Sushmitha (or Sush) is a very active member of the Drama Club. She has directed many plays like ‘Airfield’ in 2013 (performed at Festember, NIT Trichy) and ‘Jake's Women’. One of her best performances is in the Drama Club production—‘Getting Sarah Married’, as Ravichander, the humorous plumber. Sushmitha has also been a part of the crew for many plays, both performed within and outside the college. She has helped put up skits for teacher's day, sports day, farewell, juniors and seniors Dramuda.

As a part-time job, she has also designed posters for plays by Creashakti, including the well known ‘Mangalam’. All the plays she has worked in, whether as a director, an actor or as part of the crew, have received favourable reviews from the public.

Apart from theatre, the work Sushmitha has done for the physics department proves how multi-talented she is. Starting as a treasurer of WCC's Physics society in her first year, she is now its President. She has organised various camps and activities for her department like the recently concluded Physics inter-collegiate programme—Hi-5. Sush has also participated in a workshop on Thermodynamics and many Science conferences at CLRI and IIT Madras. She has also been an active member of the Rotaract Club (in her first year) and the Eco Club (in her second year). Sushmitha has even won a few Physics quizzes at city colleges like Ethiraj, Stella Maris and MCC, and has also received the second prize for Numericals at Loyola college.

Sush loves travelling, reading, and has also completed level B-2 of a German course at Goethe Institute. Another thing that most people don't know about her is that she dabbles in poetry as well and has contributed to the Sunflower magazine.

When asked about her experience in college, she reveals that though she was initially apprehensive of whether she would like the college, now, at the end of her undergraduate course, she feels it was worth the decision she had made at the beginning of the three years. A career in scientific journalism is what she is dreaming about currently. The fun she had during her General English classes, and the 'things' she did along with other members of the Drama Club in the parking lot are what she says she is going to miss the most.

We wish her all the best for her future.

Manasa R
II B.A English
A N introduction would seem unnecessary when talking about, Malathi.B of III B.A History. Hailing from the southern region of Tamil Nadu, shifting to WCC was, for her, a “sudden change”. But as she puts it “...it was a pleasant change, it wasn’t that disappointing. The staff and students were very supportive and they made me feel at home”. She was unable to stand for the Senate in her first year as she had already been committed to the NSS. In her third year, she made it to the Senate, securing the post of Coordinator of Extension Activities (shift I). According to her, being a part of the senate is the best thing that has happened to her in WCC, “...students look up to you; we represent the entire student body and it is indeed a prestigious position”.

As for her achievements in WCC, they are not restricted to any one field. Academically and otherwise, she made use of all the opportunities that came her way. She had a keen interest in chess right from when she was a school girl. She has represented the college in chess competitions at both the zonal and inter zonal levels. In addition, all the inter-department sports events had her active participation. She has volunteered for the college play and other co-curricular activities.

Her presence was most notable in the social service scenario. A donor herself, she assisted in conducting five blood donation camps in college. She has been a part of a considerable number of awareness programs and rallies- Breast cancer awareness, AIDS awareness, multiple organ donation, eye donation, diabetic retinopathy, LGBT awareness, health and sanitation and nutrition awareness among children, being a few. She has visited villages, like Thirukandalam and Vilivakkam, and has help in teaching the kids there.

Though very soft spoken, she is a wonderful person to interact with. She is very passionate about her work, whatever it may be. She does not believe in role models, “I look up to people but never try to imitate one”. She aspires to pursue her studies further in a foreign university. As for now, she has accepted a job in the RBS, offered at the campus placements.

When asked about one funny experience in WCC, she recalls “taking the first years on a campus tour”. With her determined and confident disposition, I am sure she will see great success. Wish you all the best in all your endeavours.

Neha Anna Thomas
I B.A English
When you meet Irene for the first time, you are left with the feeling that you have just chanced upon a smart and independent young woman. A PG student of the English Department, Irene Lal Mechery, has had her fair share of involvement in various literary activities. Doing a PG course is no joke, Irene agrees, however it did not impede her from trying her hand at various pursuits—be it debating, acting or writing. She has even been a part of the lights crew for the college play.

When asked about her proudest moment at WCC, she said that it was when she won the Elihu Yale Inter College Debate Competition organised by the Indo-American Association along with her team mate Sneha Tarway. She also won the Best Speaker award. However, this is not the only victory under her belt. She has tried her hand at film making too, where a short film directed by her titled ‘Dot to Dot’ won the first place in the short film competition conducted by The English and Foreign Languages University. Apart from this, she has emerged victorious in drama competitions and debates.

On being asked what the driving force was behind all these artistic explorations, she replied that she had always been enthralled by the art of storytelling and fascinated by different points of view to the same story. Debates, theatre and writing provided her multiple forums to explore her passion. It was this ingrained desire to be involved in story telling which prompted Irene to pursue literature. Unsurprisingly, Irene tops her class too!

Now that she is about to graduate, I questioned her about her future plans. Irene is planning to do higher studies and is passionate about teaching. Her experience with teaching young children has only strengthened her ambition to become a teacher. Her dream is to build a school one day. It may not be long before Irene joins WCC again as a teacher!

Janani Mohanraj
III B.Com Honours
Rachel Chackochen  
III B.Sc Psychology

Rachel is a student of the Department of Psychology. She is accomplished and versatile, with a number of diverse talents. She was the President of the Rotaract Club for this year, and chaired the hugely successful HI-V initiative, to reach out to HIV-infected children. She was in the college cricket team for two years, participating in tournaments at the university level, and she was also considered for selection to the Tamil Nadu Under-19 team. She is an accomplished beat-boxer, who participates in local beat-boxing tournaments, besides accompanying WCC’s Western Music and Indian Music clubs at competitions. Motorbikes are her passion, and she rides whenever she has the time.

She is motivated by failure and discouragement. She explains that when people tell her she ‘can’t do things’ because she’s a girl or because of her height, she considers it a challenge, and takes it upon herself to prove them wrong. And she certainly has proved them wrong with her impressive CV. She believes that in the end, height and intelligence, talent and ability do not matter so much as one’s perseverance, will and hard work.

She is passionate about children, and extremely good at reaching out to them. “My friends say it’s because I’m like a child myself,” she laughs. This motivated her as chairperson for HI-V, where she won accolades for conducting the event successfully. Her love of children also motivates her to pursue psychology further and work with children—she believes that it is important to get to troubled children at the right age, before it’s too late to help them. She is encouraged in her ambitions by her parents, who are marital counsellors.

She is passionate about social work, but refuses to work for a cause unless she believes it is genuinely of service to the needy. “The focus shouldn’t be on making it grander or more commercial - then the purpose gets lost,” she says.

She concludes by imputing all her success to the Almighty—she is sure that she could have accomplished nothing without His help.

We salute Rachel for her enthusiasm and dedication, and wish her the very best in the future.

Niyati Venkatesan  
II B.Sc Physics
MUSIC is the strongest form of magic, and Shobhi is one such magician who has bewitched us all with her melodious voice and soul-stirring compositions. From being an active member of the Western Music Club right from her first year, to becoming the club's coordinator in her third year, life in college has indeed come a full circle for this nightingale. Under her leadership, the Western Music Club has won in several cultural competitions. Be it MCC's Octavia or IIT Madras' SAARANG, Anna University's Techofest or Christ University-Bangalore's cultural fest, they've won it all, and many more. In addition to having sung for various albums, Shobi has also produced a Christian devotional album "Praise Unleashed", the fruit of immense amounts of hard work put in by herself and her parents, who continue rendering their infinite support and encouragement to her in all spheres of her life. The college has also been extremely helpful in promoting the album. Next in the pipeline is a song that will be produced on the behalf of the Western Music Club.

A student of physics, her love and fascination towards the subject were the driving forces behind opting for an undergraduate course in the same. Both academically and otherwise, the college has supported her in all her endeavours. The conferences, and other activities conducted by the department, strengthened her knowledge of, and love for, physics.

As of now, her plans for the future revolve around music. Singing, performing, producing albums, you name it. "Do what you love, and never be scared to showcase your talents, because fear is not going to take you anywhere" is her advice to all her juniors. Bearing this in our minds, we wish her all the best in all her future endeavours. With her unending passion towards music, and an angelic voice, she is sure to win over many hearts in the years to come.

Anugraha Abraham
I B.Sc Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology
The Senators of Shift I are busy working for the upcoming Senate elections but as soon as we arrive outside the Audi (their hangout), they put aside files and notebooks and readily pose for our camera. When asked about the all-time best moment in the span of holding office, they come up with a relatively peaceful evening just a day before Festive, when they sat together as a team, eating pizzas and feeling relaxed despite the host of responsibilities ahead of them. They also mention the Senate dance they performed on Sports Day, a performance they rehearsed for in two days!

When asked about their biggest responsibility – Festive, Vriti wraps up their entire experience in a nutshell: “Hectic, but fun.” They all agreed that the recently concluded event was bigger and better. Shreya said it was ‘brilliant’ as they had a lot of new elements this year- a superb stage, workshops on hip hop and lyrical choreography, and an amazing live performance by the acclaimed pro DJ group ‘BlaNK’. Some casual ribbing ensued as the team revealed that Shreya ‘runs like a duck’ and that Damini is the ‘baby’ of the Senate.

On the lessons learned as the Senate 2014-15, Kezia said, “We have learned to overcome our personal conflicts, to rise above petty issues and to learn to accept people for who they are and value their strengths over their weaknesses.” The senior Senate members also gave the new Senate some advice- “At the end of the day, it is not the post that matters, but how available you are to help each other. A senator must always be able to sense situations and adapt herself to them.” said Kezia. To quote Shreya verbatim- “Have fun. Work hard. Maintain standards and go back with good memories.”

Towards the close of the interview, Kezia thanked each one of them for efficiently carrying out the tasks they were assigned. She acknowledged Nidhi as the person who had grown the most and also congratulated Malini for having initiated the Canteen Committee under her tenure. Shreya added how everyone had contributed in some way. “The glitches that came our way were solved because we worked as a team.”

As we left them to their duties, we realized how indeed, they had become ‘family for life’ as Vriti put it.

Sneha Mary Christall III B.A English
Manasa R II B.A English
Accomplishment, gratitude and pride shown on their faces as the Senators of Shift 2 sat down. Each of them invested themselves into their respective duties and their hard work, sincerity and determination had finally paid off.

On being questioned about their experience as Senators, Rebecca, the Vice President, replied with ease. One of the greatest things she ever learnt was how to make the right choices and to stand by them. She believes that she is blessed for having such an amazing team and the friendship they formed while working alongside each other. Sambhavana, the Chairperson for Non Residents, agreed and added, “The senate has been such a wonderful experience for me. I have met so many new people and have had so many interesting conversations that probably wouldn’t have been possible if not for the Senate.” Arthi Iyer, the Chairperson for Games, believed that the experience has made her bold and honed her leadership qualities. Nancy, the Chairperson for Extension Activities, realized that different ideas contributed towards team work. Her passion lies in creating awareness on social problems and this post really enabled her to utilize that to the maximum.

I posed the next question to Amanda, the PG Representative. When asked how her experience changed her, she replied, “It has made us look at things differently; to be patient enough to understand what happens around us and to stand united for what is right.” Anjum Banu, Chairperson for Cultural Activities has been a part of the Senate for two years. Anjum’s post enabled her to meet people not only from various departments but also from various colleges. Delegation, planning, organizing and commitment are what Anjum takes back with her.

When enquired about the one thing they learnt, they answered “Teamwork” in unison and it showed in the work they did. Be it Battlefest, Festeve or College Play, they have put on a fabulous show with no compromises on the quality. They proved their mettle time and time again. What is the greatest reward? In the words of Sambhavana, “The Senate is like a well oiled machine and to have people working towards the achievement of a common goal and see it all work out well is the best reward.”

Lakshmi RB
III B.A Corporate Economics
Languages
தமிழ்

பட்டை விழுங்கிய கைக்கண்டு

முன்னணி 2. வினை கிடை 2. கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் செயல்பாடு விளக்கம் மாற்றத்திற்கு?
2. முன்னணி விளக்கத்துக்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் மாற்றம் மாற்றை தொடர்பு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைக்கண்டு?
2. வினையாளர் விளக்கத்திற்கு எதிராக கைκ்கண்டு?
கால்பகிரி தலை கருதும் கருதிகளத்தை
கருதிகள் உண்மையா கலந்து

cfj;jpLk; nghOJk; Vf;fk; nfhz;L ehdij vjpHghHj;jpUe;j Ntisapy;
மின்னைக்கு

காலம் நூற்றாண்டு எல்லையைக் கொண்டு அழகுப் பொறையும் மார்பணம்!

மத்மானார் புராணக்கதைகளுடன் பிறந்து விளக்கப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்! 

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்படும் செயலுக்கு வரும் பாதையும்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு வளர்ந்து விளக்கத் தமிழில்! 

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதை�ளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!

மூன்று புராணக்கதைகளும் பயனாக செய்யப்பட்டு விளக்கத் தமிழில்!
_வேறு வருடங்களின் மேல் வருடங்கள்_
மாலுரற்கால மாநூற்றாண்டு ஒன்றியச் சுருக்கம்! மேற்கொண்ட மாகாண வளமை அம்ச வர்த்தகம் மாலுரற்க! மாலுவழிய புகாராக்கம் முன்னில் காண்பது மாலுரற்க! மாலுரற்கால மாநூற்றாண்டு வேட்ட காண்பது மாலுரற்க! பல்லவர்க்கால மாநூற்றாண்டில் நாக்கிய காண்பது மாலுரற்க! பல்லவர்க்கால மாநூற்றாண்டில் சர்வதேச காண்பது மாலுரற்க! அவ்விடத்தில் மாநூற்றாண்டு தமிழகர் காண்பது மாலுரற்க! 

குறிப்பிட்டு கூறி வருத்துதல் மாற்றும் குறிப்பிட்டுதல் மாற்றும் குறிப்பிட்டுதல்! 

கின்னிய கோவில் மகள் காண்பது மாலுரற்க! மாலுரும்புகாலச் சுருக்கம் மாலுரற்க! 

சாத்துப்ப கிளை போர்னிகுப்பு காண்பது மாலுரற்க! 

குறிப்பிட்டு கூறி வருத்துதல் மாற்றும் குறிப்பிட்டுதல் மாற்றும் குறிப்பிட்டுதல்! 

தவுண்டு அருங்கை கார்டு! மாலுரற்கால வருடாவது! 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள் மலையாளி கார்டுகள்; 

சாத்துப்ப கோவில் மகள் காண்பது மாலுரற்க! 

சாத்துப்ப வருடாவது கார்டுகள் மலையாளிக் கார்டு 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள்; 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள்; 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள்; 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள்; 

சாத்து போற்போய் கார்டுகள்;
2. குறும்ப

நாலாம் மாதமும் விளையாட்டில் குறும்பு அகழ்கும் அறிகுடைய வருவது விளையாட்டின் முதல் குறும்புக்கு முந்தையம் உடையது. அவளை குறும்பு விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டினுள் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குறும்பு விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது. குழலை விளையாட்டு போன்ற விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டினுள் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குழலை விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது.

சுருக்க விளையாட்டின் தீர்வுக்கு அதற்கு முன்னேற்றம் விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டிற்கு முன்னேற்றக் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குழலை விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது. குழலை விளையாட்டு போன்ற விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டிற்கு முன்னேற்றக் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குழலை விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது.

 Chennai நவாம் மாதம் விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டில் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குழலை விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது. குழலை விளையாட்டு போன்ற விளையாட்டில் விளையாட்டிற்கு முன்னேற்றக் குழலை தூக்கும் முறையாகக் குழலை விளையாட்டிலே காணப்படுகிறது.
வெளிவரல் வரலாறு என்னும் சொல்லியே அறிமுகப்பட்டு வரலாற்றுத் தலைக்குடும்பத்தில் பெயர்பட்டது. அவர்கள் ஆற்று தொல்லியல் இரண்டு வரலாற்றின் முழு தொடர் லேவுக்கு அடிப்படையான செயற்பாடுகளை ஆற்று கவிதைகளின் மூலம் பார்க்கக் கூடியது. அவர்கள் வைத்துள்ள நூற்றுக்கணக்கான கற்பந்தைகளும், பார்த்து கையேட்டுகளும், வரலாற்றின் விளக்கங்களும் காணக்கூடியது. அவர்கள் வைத்துள்ள நூற்றுக்கணக்கான கற்பந்தைகளும், பார்த்து கையேட்டுகளும், வரலாற்றின் விளக்கங்களும் காணக்கூடியது. அவர்கள் வைத்துள்ள நூற்றுக்கணக்கான கற்பந்தைகளும், பார்த்து கையேட்டுகளும், வரலாற்றின் விளக்கங்களும் காணக்கூடியது. அவர்கள் வைத்துள்ள நூற்றுக்கணக்கான கற்பந்தைகளும், பார்த்து கையேட்டுகளும், வரலாற்றின் விளக்கங்களும் காணக்கூடியது. 

திறன் பிற்பகட்புக்கு மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கலாச்சாரங்களும் மூன்று கalanagasaram vanakkam adhalam

Photo by Sneha Mary Christall
III B.A. English
வாணிய

குண்டு ஒருபோட்டியானது கூறுகிறது. குண்டியின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது. குண்டுவின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது.

வாணிய ஒருபோட்டியானது கூறுகிறது. குண்டியின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது. குண்டுவின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது.

வாணிய ஒருபோட்டியானது கூறுகிறது. குண்டியின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது. குண்டுவின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது.

வாணிய ஒருபோட்டியானது கூறுகிறது. குண்டியின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது. குண்டுவின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது.

வாணிய ஒருபோட்டியானது கூறுகிறது. குண்டியின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது. குண்டுவின் எண்ணிக்கையை விளக்குநிலையில் கூறினாலும் தொகுதியைக் கூறுகிறது.
நாள் பார்த்து, தமிழ் மாவோளிகளின் பிள்ளைகள் நூற்றைக்கும் முன்னிட்டு பெப்பனை செய்த அறிக்கையின் ரூதீராம். உதாரணமாக மாவோள் பெண்ணும் பெண்களைப் போன்று நூற்றக்கும் நூற்றைக்கும் முன்னிட்டு பெருந்துக்கும் அறிக்கையின் ரூதீராம்.

அழகுறையான அளவிற்கு மாவோளிகள் செய்துள்ளன பிள்ளைகளின் பிள்ளைகள் நூற்றைக்கும் முன்னிட்டு பெப்பனை செய்த அறிக்கையின் ரூதீராம். உதாரணமாக மாவோள் பெண்ணும் பெண்களைப் போன்று நூற்றக்கும் நூற்றைக்கும் முன்னிட்டு பெருந்துக்கும் அறிக்கையின் ரூதீராம்.

சுற்றுடன் மகள் மற்றும் கணினியின் போது, அவர்கள் தமிழ் மாவோளிகளின் பிள்ளைகளின் பிள்ளைகள் நூற்றைக்கும் முன்னிட்டு பெப்பனை செய்த அறிக்கையின் ரூதீராம்.
இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின்

இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின்

செரியால் ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ. இமங்கே ஒன்றாகும் அறங்களின் புரோ.
நல்லு அல்லது உலகச்செயலானது
சிலையில் அல்லது உலகச்செயலானது

கொள்வல் அல்லது அவள்களின் விளக்கம் பல்வேறு வகைக் கதைகள். கோர்த்தில் புரிந்து செதுக்கும் விளக்கங்கள் பல்வேறு வகைகளில் உள்ளன. இணைய வாகன அல்லது விளக்கங்கள் குறிப்பிட்டு அவள்களின் விளக்கத்தை தேர்ந்தெடுக்கும்.

புதுக்கள் வாகனம் கருதும் செயல் வேறு வகைகள் பல்வேறு வகைகளில் உள்ளன. ஆல்பா வாகனம் கருதும் விளக்கங்கள், பல்வேறு வகைகளில், ஆல்பா வாகனம். தன்னால் குறிப்பிட்டு அவள் வேறு வகையில் தின்நாள் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறுவதற்கு திகை வாகனம்.

முதல் வாகனம் கருதும் செயல் வேறு வகைகள் பல்வேறு வகைகளில் உள்ளன. ஆல்பா வாகனம் கருதும் விளக்கங்கள், பல்வேறு வகைகளில், ஆல்பா வாகனம். தன்னால் குறிப்பிட்டு அவள் வேறு வகையில் தின்நாள் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறுவதற்கு திகை வாகனம்.

முதல் வாகனம் கருதும் செயல் வேறு வகைகள் பல்வேறு வகைகளில் உள்ளன. ஆல்பா வாகனம் கருதும் விளக்கங்கள், பல்வேறு வகைகளில், ஆல்பா வாகனம். தன்னால் குறிப்பிட்டு அவள் வேறு வகையில் தின்நாள் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறுவதற்கு திகை வாகனம்.
கி.சி. குருடாராய் சாஸ்திரியர்

1962 ஆம் ஆண்டு பிறப்பு வந்த கி.சி. குருடாராய் சாஸ்திரியர், காசியார் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் குஷ்டையில் வாழ்ந்து வந்த ஒரு புலியுடைய கல்வியாளர் ஆவார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் வாழ்க்கை பணியினால் குறிப்பிட்டார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தில் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார். இவர் குறிப்பிட்டுள்ளார் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார்.

கி.சி. குருடாராய் சாஸ்திரியர்

சாஸ்திரியர் கி.சி. குருடாராய், காசியார் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் குஷ்டையில் வாழ்ந்து வந்த ஒரு புலியுடைய கல்வியாளர் ஆவார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் வாழ்க்கை பணியினால் குறிப்பிட்டார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தில் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார். இவர் குறிப்பிட்டுள்ளார் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார்.

கி.சி. குருடாராய் சாஸ்திரியர்

சாஸ்திரியர் கி.சி. குருடாராய், காசியார் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் குஷ்டையில் வாழ்ந்து வந்த ஒரு புலியுடைய கல்வியாளர் ஆவார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தின் வாழ்க்கை பணியினால் குறிப்பிட்டார். இவர் பல்கலைக்கழகத்தில் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார். இவர் குறிப்பிட்டுள்ளார் குழுநிலையில் பணியாற்றியுள்ளார்.
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் உதவி கூறுவது மேல்

நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல். 1774
அம்ம அல்லது பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது. கீழ் நொஞ்சிக்
தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல் தக்காலின்
நொஞ்சிக் தருணத்தின் விளக்கம் மேல்
பிரித்தானியக் குழுவானது.
குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவுபெற்றும் கருத்துற்றமானது, ஆனாலும் முக்கியத்துவமானது. பெருமளவு தொட்டிலே வெளிப்படுத்தும் அச்சாக கூறும் கருதுற்றமான குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவு குறிப்பிட்டு செய்யவும் கூறும் குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவு குறிப்பிட்டு செய்யவும்.

நமது குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவு குறிப்பிட்டு செய்யவும் குறிப்பிட்டு பதிவு குறிப்பிட்டு செய்யவும்.
அவர்கள் வச்சாதாரத்திலும் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது.

கைதடுகளில் நீரின்றொரு குழுமத்தில் காண்டு நீர்களை கூடுதலாக கூறியுள்ளது. குழுமத்தில் குறிப்பிட்டு நீர்வழித்துறையின்றி கூறியுள்ளது. குழுமத்தில் குறிப்பிட்டு நீர்வழித்துறையின்றி கூறியுள்ளது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது. கைதடுகளில் வேறுபாடுகளைக் குறிப்பிட்டு கூறியது.
भारत भूमि
भारत भूमि हमको है सबसे प्यारी,
ना आने देने ऑफ कोई, हे पूरी तैयारी।
उत्तर में मिश्र का पहरा,
तीन तरफ है सामर गहरा।
एक ओर है कसमीर, जूना कन्याकुमारी,
भारत भूमि हमको है सबसे प्यारी।
ताजमहल है यहाँ की शान,
जन गण मन है माधुर्गान।
सम्भावना और संस्कृति है पहचान हमारी,
भारत भूमि हमको है सबसे प्यारी।
सत्य और अहिंसा का गाँवी जी ने दिया था ज्ञान,
तुलसी, सूर, कवियर यहीं पर जबभी हैं रसखान।
एकता के सूत्र में बैंक्स सब नर-नारी,
भारत भूमि हमको है सबसे न्यारी।

हानिया मरियम
प्रथम वर्ष, बी.ए. इंग्लिश

प्रकृति
प्रकृति है, यह प्रकृति हमारी, सबसे प्यारी, सबसे न्यारी।
मन में खुशी है लाती, देश की शोभा है बढ़ती।
पेड़-पौधे जीवन देते, हवा संग झुलते रहते।
रंग-विरंगें फूल और कलियों, जीवन में लाए खुशियों।
झरने झर-झर करते रहते, प्रकृति के प्राणियों का
अर्थावाद सहते।
नीला-नीला अंबर, जैसे धरती और आसमान का हुआ हो
स्वयंकर।
लाल-पीले का मिलन, देखो निकली है सूरज की पहली
किरण।
सबसे प्यारी, सबसे न्यारी, यही है प्रकृति हमारी।

निहारिका अग्रवाले
प्रथम वर्ष, बी. एस. श्री. सेचूलेजी

छुटकारा
कभी-कभी
एक ख्याल आता है—
मैं आजाद बनना चाहती हूं,
खुलके जीना चाहती हूं।
पर उसके लिए—
मुझे कुछ चीजें से मुक्त होना है
इन सब से छुटकारा कसे पाए?
पति से . . . तलाक
बौंधफँड से . . . ब्रेक अप
dोस्तों से . . . ‘देल’
काम से . . . छुड़ी-पत्र
जिन्दगी से . . . आलमहत्या
लेकिन,
माता-पिता से?

मानसा आर
द्वितीय वर्ष, बी.ए. इंग्लिश
प्यारी माँ

हमारी प्यारी प्यारी माँ, दुनिया की सबसे अच्छी माँ।
हमारी सबसे अच्छी माँ, तुम क्या हो इतनी प्यारी माँ?
तुमने हमारी ऊंगली पकड़कर हमें चलना सिखाया
बचपन से लेकर अब तक हमें कभी नहीं मारा।
हमें अच्छे विदालय में पढ़ाया,
सुबह जब तक तक हमारे लिए खाना पकाया।
एक दिन भी भूखा पेट घर से नहीं जाने दिया।
आखिर क्यों हो तुम इतनी प्यारी माँ?
तुम रात दिन भागी जब हम बीमार थे
और जब तुम बीमार थी तो हमें सोने पर मजबूर कर दिया
तुमने हमें अच्छे संस्कार दिये
बचपन से लेकर अब तक हमारा साथ दिया
तुमने हमें दुनिया की सारी खुशियाँ दी
और बदले में तुमने हमसे कुछ भी नहीं मांगा
जो मिला उससे खुश नहीं लेकिन हमें हमेशा खुश रखा
आखिर क्यों हो तुम इतनी प्यारी माँ?
शायद हम कभी नहीं समझ पायेंगे कि
क्यों हो तुम इतनी प्यारी और अच्छी माँ
लेकिन इतना ज़रूर कह सकते हैं कि
हम तुम्हारा साथ कभी नहीं छोड़ेंगे माँ ....

फातिमा एसा
द्वितीय वर्ष, बी.ए. इंग्लिश

कभी दोस्त, कभी दुश्मन

आती है रोज यो —
जब में होश में हूँ,
और तब भी, जब में होश में ना हूँ।

कभी—कभी
उसकी निदा करती हूँ —
मैं नहीं मिलना चाहती तुमसे।
उसे दूर भगाने के लिए
कोशिश कर करके
कोशिश कर कर के,
थक जाती हूँ, 
पर किर से
बो मुस्कुराते हुए
आती है,
सुबह—स्वागम।

हमेशा की तरह
उसके जाने के बाद ही
आता है — एहसास
मैं नहीं यह सकती
उसके बिना,
एक दिन भी नहीं।

यह बात यो जानती है —
इसलिए
जब मुझे उसकी सबसे ज़रूरत है,
आती है यो,
बिना कोई शिकायत से —
अपनी संगति से
मेरी संहत को ठीक कर देती है।
जत से आती है,
जत से जाती है,
शाति को ले आती है
ख्यामों के साथ खुशी को भी ले आती है।

ऐसी है यो —
मेरी सहेली
और (कभी — कभी)
मेरी दुश्मन भी

...........नीद!

मानसा. आर
द्वितीय वर्ष, बी.ए. इंग्लिश

Art by Chandrika V
III B.Com (General)
वृद्धाश्रमों का बदला प्रयोग

“किसी भी देश की संस्कृति उसके लोगों के हृदय और आत्मा में बसती है” महात्मा गांधी ने कहा था। भारत अपनी संस्कृति के लिए हरमण प्रसिद्ध रहा है। इसी संस्कृति में आदिन समय में आया बड़ा बदलाव है वृद्धाश्रम का बदला प्रयोग और उसके आर्थिक लोगों का भुकाया भी है।

वृद्धाश्रम उस जगह को कहा जाता है जहाँ वयोवृद्ध लोग बड़े निवास में एक साथ रहते हैं। यहाँ पर लोग जोड़े में या अकेले रहते हैं। आस्वादनता के लिए इस सीढ़ी में बृद्धाश्रमों की जमीन बड़ी गर्मी है। वृद्धाश्रमों की तरफ इस वृद्धि की कोई उठह नहीं है।

शहर और योगदानों के बाद भारत में शहरी बदला होती है। लोग पादुके का महत्व काफी गर्मी हैं। इसलिए वे अपने बच्चों को अधिक से अधिक शिक्षा प्रदान करने के लिए रात .. दिन एक कर रहते हैं। इसी ज़रा का वजह से व्यापार या शासनिक उनके खड़े हो जाते हैं। जीवन में अपने पेस में खड़े होने के लिए कड़ी मेहनत करते हैं। ग्राम में इसे अपनी अपनी मिलते हैं। इसी के पश्चात वे शहर की ओर आकर्षित होते हैं। वे शहरीकरण के बदला देते हैं। शहर में वे आपके बाद लोगों की विभिन्न विधि का आधुनिकीकरण करने में हो जाती है। आधुनिक विचार व रहन-सोना वे आसानी से स्वीकार करते हैं।

बृद्ध माता-पिता इस रहन-सोना को अपना ने में बाधा बन जाते हैं।

शहर में संघर्ष बहुत करना पड़ता है। लोगों का जीवन व्यस्त रहता है। मयूरी जाधव उनके पास अपने माता-पिता के लिए समय नहीं होता है। वे रात में अपने लोग रहते हैं। दोनों पत्र-पत्री नौकरी करते हैं ताकि दो वक्त की गोली प्राप्त हो। इसलिए तो योगदान प्रशासन चलाना जरूरी है। माता-पिता को जरूरी रहस्य रखना चाहिए।

माता-पिता को मनोरंजन का जगह फर्ज माने। माता-पिता को भ्रमण की जगह दी जाती है और भ्रमण का तो कोई अपना नहीं करता। माता-पिता भी इसका है, उनकी भी मालिकाँ हैं और इसका लिखने वालों का समय आपका बढ़ता प्रयोग को कम कर सकते हैं।

बृद्धी जाधव

I B.Com (Computer Applications)
Comme tout le monde, elle aussi, elle luttait après être sortie de dix mots d’obscurité vue et aimée, les moments avec sa mère a grandi dans des environ remplis des bébés et des poupées roses vie dont jouissent sans aucune difficulté des règles, des restrictions et des soucis puis vint un jalon qu'elle devait traverser Oh là là!! elle a grandi pour être une belle adolescente attendez une seconde! était-elle heureuse à ce sujet? Mais non!! Un dictionnaire qui excluait règles et règlements est venu remplacer son monde elle a été raillée et s'est moquée des gens connus et inconnus pourquoi? réfléchis un peu juste parce qu'elle était fille oui ... une fille qui est physiquement faible très sensible et docile mais attendez.. elle est forte et déterminée de ne jamais renoncer à ses ambitions elle a dû combattre les hommes sauvages dans la vie prouver que dans cette société superstitieuse elle aussi, elle peut réussir dans la vie qui est cette dame? si ambitieuse et forte? oui, c’est la même fille elle a déménagé autre part on ne sait si elle se réunirait aux anges? ou aux démons? elle a vécu pour l’amour de la vie et-elle abandonnera son enfer.. elle a combattu péniblement, oui très difficilement et n'a jamais abandonné des mois et des années sont passés attendez une seconde.. qu'est- ce qui est arrivé à cette femme elle a eu une bénéédiction qu'elle aimait et se souciait de l'être invisible personne ne puisse... et vous, chers lecteurs pouvez-vous voir ce lieu profondément construit avant que le nouveau bébé sort dix mois se sont écoulés voici son ange un ange qu'elle aimait bien avant son apparence elle prend sa place et la soigne et protège maintenant la jeune mère vieillit faible maigre et docile elle n'a vécu que pour sa famille le temps est venu où elle devait aller dans les ténèbres et non à la matrice de sa naissance, mais à la tombe qui l' attend.. P. Swetha Pinheiro II B.Sc Nutrition and Dietetics (Vocational)
Ma Chienne

Ma chienne s'appelle Pixie. Elle est de la race canine Golden Retriever (genre de chien de chasse ayant des poils longs et dorés). Elle a environ un an. Elle est de la couleur dorée avec beaucoup de fourrure douce sur tout le corps. Elle a la queue touffue. Ses incisives sont très coupantes et qu’il pourrait vous donner l’impression qu’elle est agressive, ce qui est complètement faux. Elle s’en sert de temps en temps pour grignoter les puces et pour le déchiquetage du papier et des vêtements.

Elle aime jouer aux Frisbees, courir autour de notre terrasse, et aussi faire une promenade. Elle est très espiègle, mais lorsque nous la grondons, elle ferait semblant d’être donc douce. Elle est aussi très tactique. Elle obtiendrait ce qu’elle voudrait, soit en attirant notre attention avec sa patte sur nos genoux ou avec ses yeux de chien bien chiots, chaque fois qu’elle entend un nouveau mot elle pencherait la tête (qui est très mignon) comme si elle comprend tout ce que nous parlons.

Elle aime Pedigree mais n’aime pas vraiment la nourriture spéciale. Elle préfère fruits, légumes, poissons et viande. Elle est très gentille et fidèle, et un bon chien de garde. Chaque fois que quelqu’un frappe à notre porte, ou sonne la clochette elle se précipitera pour voir la personne et elle parvient toujours à effrayer les gens avec son espièglerie (elle saute sur la porte en raison de sa curiosité). Et alors les gens sont assez prudents quand ils nous rendent visite. Dans la nuit elle attendrait près de l’escalier à l’intérieur à 21h00 exacte pour que l’on emmène sur la terrasse.

Elle reconnaît clairement le son du klaxon des deux motos de mes parents et même notre voiture. Sa façon de nous saluer lorsque nous rentrons est en se jetant sur nous, les pattes sur nos épaules.

Depuis son arrivée, je ne me suis jamais sentie solitaire. C’est un merveilleux compagnon, qui m’aime et prend soin de moi à la fois. Elle nous divertit avec ses activités drôles. AUJOURD’HUI, ELLE FAIT AUSSI UNE PARTIE INTEGRALE DE MA FAMILLE.

-Sneha Ebenezer
I B.Sc Psychology

Molière – La Legend Française

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, connu sous son nom de scène Molière était un dramaturge français et acteur qui est considéré comme l’un des plus grands maîtres de la comédie dans la littérature occidentale.

Parmi les œuvres les plus connues de Molière sont Le Misanthrope, l’école des femmes, Tra Tartuffe ou l’imposteur, l’Avare, Le Malade Imaginaire et Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.


On lui accorde l’utilisation de la salle du petit bourbon près du Louvre pour ses représentations théatrales. Plus tard, il a obtenu l’utilisation du théâtre dans le Palais Royal. Dans les deux endroits, il a eu beaucoup de succès. Molière souffrait de tuberculose pulmonaire.

Il s’est effondru sur scène suite à une quinte de toux et une hémorragie, lors de l’exécution de la dernière pièce qu’il avait écrite. Il était soucieux de sa performance.

Ensuite, il s’effondra de nouveau avec une autre plus grande hémorragie avant d’être ramené chez lui, où il est mort quelques heures plus tard.

La superstition que le vert porte malheur aux auteurs résulte de la couleur des vêtements qu’il portait au moment de sa mort.

-S. Sai Swetha
I M.Sc. CST.
Je suis une jumelle et alors, je m'intéresse beaucoup à ce phénomène biologique. Ma sœur qui s'appelle, Alina, est née dix minutes après moi. Par conséquent, je suis l'aînée.

Il y a au moins quatre types de jumeaux - mais la plupart des gens sont au courant de seulement deux types : les jumeaux monozygotes (aussi appelés "vrais" jumeaux) ou identiques, et les jumeaux dizygotes (dit "faux" jumeaux) ou non-identiques. Il y a d'autres types aussi comme les siamois.

Alina et moi, nous sommes identiques. Il est donc difficile de nous distinguer à vue. Cependant, entre nous, on peut trouver un pléthore d'intérêts: nous aimons chanter, écouter de la musique, lire les romans, surtout Harry Potter de J.K Rowling. Nous aimons les gambades inimaginables des jumeaux Fred et George, de la famille Weasley. Être jumelle c'est fascinant et voilà une observation... Alina et moi, nous sommes apparemment identiques mais croyez-moi nous sommes aussi différentes!

- Marita Suresh  
I B.A History

LA MÈRE TERRE

Cette mère terre, qui nous donne la vie;  
Cette mère terre, coeur rempli des conflits;  
Nous l'aimons pas, grâce à l'amour que nous devrions;  
Sa mort nous trace, pour "bien" de la vie!  
Elle nous a donné l'air, la nourriture et la maison;  
Ce n'est pas assez que nous les humaines cri-ent!  
Avec la luxure gourmande, nos bouches ne mousse;  
Avec le mal espère, nos yeux ne brillent;  
Son air que nous remplir avec de la fumée et de la mort;

Nous-mêmes nous tuons, par manque de souffle;  
La mer, une fois propre, maintenant étouffée par les déchants;  
Pour boire nous craignons, sera mort hâter!  
Pas plus qu'elle,  
Peut tenir notre "amour";  
Maintenant nous devons fumer,  
Comme colombes diffusées;  
Elle nous a donné tout,  
Jusqu'à la fin;  
Maintenant nous consternes,  
Nos vies défendant!

Shalet Annie George  
II B.Com (General)
Doveton House, WCC

Photo by Deepika Mahesh
II B.Sc Psychology