COVER PAGE

Artist: Ashley
20VCM05
Design: Aurelin
Ruth J
18ENG05
Sunflower
2020-21

Trisha Fernando R
19NUI46

Winning Art Entry
Sunflower Day

Since 1915

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
CHENNAI
Aurelin  
**III B.A. ENGLISH**
She enjoys learning new languages, impromptu karaoke sessions, and stargazing.

Vyshnavi T S  
**II B.A. CORPORATE ECONOMICS**
She is an orator, artist, debater, dancer and a globe trotter.

Neha Ann George  
**B.A. CORPORATE ECONOMICS**
She’s an avid reader and an inquisitive explorer who is in the pursuit of discovering new things.

Prajita Vijay  
**III B.COM (A&F)**
She is a self-proclaimed jack of all trades who spends her time reading, singing, and even writing, on her best days.

Madhumathi  
**I B.A. HISTORY**
She is an aspiring scriptwriter, avid reader, orator, horror junkie, and a cinephile.

Rasheedha Sulthana  
**I B.A. ENGLISH**
She loves reading, crafting, cats, pastels and is an aspiring book shop/cat cafe owner.

Dainty  
**III B.A. ENGLISH**
She loves dreaming, eating and writing (not in that particular order).

Nayyukta D’Mel  
**II B.A. ENGLISH**
S he loves curling up with a good book, and doodling on her sketchpad.

Maryam Viquar Ahmed  
**I B.A. ENGLISH**
She is a bibliophile, loves reading, food, fashion, and design; enjoys visits to the beach; a curious soul who likes to learn new things.

Analena Pondurai  
**I B.A. ENGLISH**
She likes poetry and spends most of her time reading and learning new languages.

Padmaja Ravi  
**II B.A. ENGLISH**
She loves exploring the world from different perspectives through various mediums of art and expression.
EDITORIAL

Tulsi Goyal, Student Editor
III B.Sc. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Dear Readers,

Thus, the curtain falls on a historic year. The stage is empty, the actors have retired, and we can all go home - except we’re already there. Most of us have been audience to perhaps the strangest drama to play out in our lifetime, all from the comfort of our own homes. Yet ‘home’ itself has emerged as a word in dire need of redefinition - ‘Home’ has transcended geography, and turned into something intangible, and only perceivable by those who ‘reside’ within it.

Our humble abodes have indeed played a key role in our lives this past year, allowing us to uncover what we for so long assumed to be lost. The unpredictable conduct of Mother Nature bestowed upon us more time than we knew what to do with. In our efforts to find a semblance of normalcy in an increasingly chaotic world, we discovered that perhaps things weren’t ever as ‘normal’ as we had thought them to be. Though we may have tried to look away, we were forced to confront unconsciously discarded parts of ourselves - ghostly remnants of beloved hobbies, talents, or passions that slipped through our fingers before. Indifference was simply not an option - by facing familiar, homely objects and faces again and again, we rediscovered ourselves. We rediscovered others like us, whose unchanging companionship was the only anchor for the wavering storm within our souls.

The COVID-19 pandemic shall be remembered as a period of deep, unfathomable grief for several people and families. Yet through this storm, one light can emerge, if only we act on the lessons that the interminable cycles of introspective silence and voluminous activity have taught us.

This magazine itself stands as testament to that irrepressible human spirit - every page serves as proof of the triumph of the human mind, heart, and soul over circumstance. Cherish and embrace this spirit, and thank the past year and letter it within your own personal histories,

for you might find yourself looking back through the decades and musing,

This was the year that brought us hope.
This was the year that brought us home.

CONTENTS

The year that was.... 4
Artists’ Corner 21
Photo Gallery 22
English 53
Français 104
Español 106
Hindi 100
A photograph that says: Home-85

Tulsi Goyal
Triumph under Lockdown

Even the music clubs found a way to harmonise during the lockdown! Right: The Indian Music Club’s online performance

Social Dis-Dancing!
Left and below: Stills from the Western Dance, Indian Dance, and Fusion Dance Clubs’ online performances for the Annual Dramuda

Even the music clubs found a way to harmonise during the lockdown! Right: The Indian Music Club’s online performance
Other clubs found online meeting platforms a blessing. They facilitated meetings and activities, all from the comfort of one's own home!

Left: Players from the Drama Club

Right: A Literary and Debating Club Meeting

Below: Arts Club creations

**Student Entrepreneurs**

For some, the lockdown presented a chance to innovate and develop their own companies. Here are a few of them

**Tanya Stephenie Bennett, II B.Sc Psychology**

During quarantine, my dream of becoming an internationally certified Zentangle trainer came true. I acted upon my passion for teaching and art; Hence I began teaching online and offline workshops.

**Sanjana V, II B.Sc Information Technology**

I started my Instagram business page on 21st July 2020. It was a "Now or Never" situation for me. The idea of selling crafts had been on my mind from the age of 14 but this lockdown actually provided me the time I wanted and I started my 'side - hustle'. (Top left)

**Sai Krishna Priya M, II B.Sc Psychology**

The past can teach each person a lesson. Mine not only taught me. It also made me experience that one positive thought a day, can change your whole day. And that is how Little Packages, came to life! (Below left)
Extension Activities

Rotaract Club: *Puthagam*
setting up mini libraries
in old age homes, orphanages

NSS: Creating Awareness

Eco Club: Green endeavours at home

Yi: Programme on Child Sexual Abuse

Sports: Our Champions

NCC: Lockdown Initiatives

D R U G S

DON'T RISK USING GET SMART
National Cadet Corps


JUL - |12th: Video Release on 'Unnoticed uses of paper bags' on observance of Paper Bag Day |20th: Video Release on 'Awareness on Tree Plantation' |26th: 3 Documentary videos on the 'Commemoration of Kargil Vijay Diwas' |

AUG - |1st – 15th: Aatmanirbhar Awareness Campaign |1st: 'Local par Vocal Pledge' as a part of Aatmanirbhar Bharat Awareness Campaign |6th–8th: Online Poetry Competition on 'Patriotism' in Tamil, English and Hindi |8th: Video Release on 'Local par Vocal' as a part of Aatmanirbhar Bharat Awareness Campaign |

SEP - |2nd: Video Release on 'Fit India' |12th – 19th: Fit India Freedom Run |23rd: Webinar on 'National Education Policy - 2020' by Dr. Capt. Kiran Lata Dangal |30th: Online quiz on 'Health and Fitness' |


JAN 2021 - |7th – 25th: Anti-Corruption Awareness Campaign |12th: Webinar on 'Anti Corruption' |19th: Presentation on Case Studies of 'Anti Corruption' |23rd: Poem Recitation event on 'Anti Corruption' |

FEB - |20th: Webinar on 'Importance of Animals in our Society' by Mr. Rutvik, SPMA, Ms. M. Umarani, Vice President (SPMA), and Mr. Sanjay, Executive Secretary (SPMA) |

22nd AUG – 2nd OCT: Fit India Awareness Campaign |


SEPTEMBER 2020 - | 1st-3rd: Competitions conducted to raise awareness on Nutrition Week | 6th: Interactive session with Shelter Home | 16th: Webinar on New Education Policy, organized by the Ministry of Education | 24th: NSS Day celebration | 2nd-7th: Celebration of Dhaan Utsav | 25th: Donation Drive |


NOVEMBER 2020 - | 13th: Debate on the effects of bursting crackers for Diwali |

DECEMBER 2020 - | 11th: Thirukkural competition |

JANUARY 2021 - | 16th: Poster and video-making event for Polio vaccine awareness | 18th: Webinar on Insurance and Road Safety | 23rd: Quiz and Webinar on Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose |

FEBRUARY 2021 - | 7th: Virtual meeting conducted for demonstration of mask-making |

Shift II


OCT 2020 - | 2nd: Online Quiz on ‘Gandhi Jayanti’ | 7th: Webinar on ‘Gift a Book to Enrich..."
Rotaract Club

JUL 2020
11th: Rotaract Club – The Road Map-An interactive session to plan activities for the entire year. | 17th: Inaivom - Club service event to improve interaction between the new Office Bearers | 24th: Rendezvous - Club service event for the Green Rotaractors | 25th: Aarambam-Installation ceremony | 31st: Arimugam- Orientation program for students of shift I and shift II.

AUG 2020
3rd: Gallagallagangu - Club service event to enhance team spirit among the Office Bearers | 7th: The Debut - An interactive session for Green Rotaractors | 7th - 14th: Spill the ink- Poem writing contest on Patriotism. | 7th - 14th: Yaazhinidhu - Singing contest on the theme of patriotism | 8th: Sphurathi- Webinar on training and educating the Office Bearers with new ideas | 9th: CORE - Joint club assembly- Board official training session for the Office Bearers | 14th: YavarumKeleer - Independence Day Celebration program. Speakers of the day were - Mr. Colonel Sada Peter, Kargil war Veteran; Mr. Gurubabu Balaraman, IAS officer, Director. | 19th: Snap- Photography contest as a part of World Photography Day | 22nd: Kadhaipoma- Community service event where elders shared advice as part of National Senior Citizen day | 28th: Rotaract Club of Madras Metro Award Function | 29th: Feedback session 1 | 29th - 30th: District Rotaract Assembly 1 & 2

SEP 2020
21st: Irumbuthirai- Documentary screening on 'Cybersecurity and Data Protection' | 28th-4/10: Annamidu - Feeding stray animals as part of World Animal Welfare Day

OCT 2020
5th - 13th: Thaneer Enadhuseneer - Drinking good amounts of water to take care of one's health | 10th: Arivom - 'Awareness of Cyber Security and Safe Usage of Social Media', presented by Mr. Sriram, Hacker, Founder and CEO of Prime fort Pvt. Ltd | 13th: Meingar- Webinar on VPN given by Mr. Sibidharan, cyber security analyst | 15th: Thodakkam- Orientation program for first year students | 16th: Pagirnthidu - Community service event where Green Rotaractors donated necessary items to the needy in their locality | 17th: Spread the word - Webinar on 'Mental Health Awareness', presented by Mrs. S. DivyaPrabha, founder of Steps Foundation | 18th-23rd: Arivom 2.0- Green Rotaractors spread awareness through social media on topic of cyber security

NOV 2020
3rd: Kutty story- Webinar on narrating a story effectively, presented by Mrs. N. Ambujavalli, a member of Chennai Storytellers | 6th: Cyber Saathi- Webinar on legislation pertaining to cyber safety laws | 9th: Memetics- Webinar on the art of meme making, presented by Mr. Guru Nicketan, a digital marketer, and standup comedian | 11th - 13th: Vizhipom- Video making contest to bring awareness about pollution and animal safety during Diwali | 12th: Sivandhidum Kai - Webinar on how to apply mehendi | 20th: Parent club teachers award function.

DEC 2020
17th - 20th: Book depository - Cancer awareness through bookmark making | 19th: Jingle bells-Christmas celebration | 21st - 27th: Food is an emotion draw - Encouraging students to adopt a healthier lifestyle by switching to healthier food
options |30th - JAN 10th – EnviroGreen - Event on sowing plant seeds

JAN 2021

FEB 2021
4th : Karpom Karpipom - Cancer awareness webinar | 5th : The Unapologetic Entrepreneur- Event on Women Entrepreneurship | 6th : Forage- Online scavenger hunt | 8th : Hunt the answer online quiz- Cancer awareness quiz | 10th : En Iniya Thanimaye - Webinar on Self care | 11th - 13th : Express your love - Gift making and presenting it to family members for Valentines Day | 12th : Study abroad webinar by Education USA - Study abroad webinar |15th - 18th : Happy box - Donation event for shelter homes | 16th: Manam Thirundhu- Suicide Prevention Webinar | 17th-18th: Bunk junk - Donation event for Cancer Prevention where students saved money without ordering food online and donated it | 17th-20th : Chithirampesuthadi- Art event for social awareness |19th : Women space - Webinar on how to carry yourself as a woman | 20th- 21st : Declutter phase II- Organising closet and keeping aside items to donate | 22nd-24th : Unarvom - Poster designing on road safety | 18th: Study Abroad Webinar by Yocket- Study Abroad webinar 20th : Photo shoot for Office Bearers

MAR 2021

APR 2021
1st: Old-age home visit
Shift I


AUG - | 8th : International Youth Day| 22nd: Madras Day Quiz |

SEP - | 10th : Suicide awareness Talk | 29th: World Heart Day|

OCT - | 6th: Beyond your Wildest Dream - Mr. Padmakumar M.M | 17th : Craft Room - Ms.Ansu Thomas | 20th : Awareness on Child Sexual Abuse- Ms. Karen Sangeetha|

NOV -|11th: World Diabetes Day|

DEC - |15th: Resilience for times of extremes-Ms. Shabnam Abghari |21st: Reflection Day|

JAN 2021 - |13th : Own your Future - Mr. ManojKumar |18th & 19th: Road Safety - Mr. FloranJeyaraj |

FEB - | 18th: Document Screening - The Social Dilemma |

Shift II


AUG - | 7th : Online campaign & pledge for an ‘Accident-free nation’ |12th: Talk show on ‘Young Achievers’ | 13th : Webinar on Organ Donation| 15th : Independence Day Celebrations | 21st : Battling Loneliness Webinar | 28th : Care for your Immunity- Training |

SEP - | 5th : Online Awareness Campaign- Spinal cord Injury | 9th: YUVA Initiation Day|28th : Personality Development talk |

OCT- | 15th: Climate Change - Mr. Vignesh Arunachalam |


JAN 2021 - |26th: Republic Day Celebrations|

FEB - | 18th: Webinar- Leadership Qualities |

MAR - | 8th: Personal and Digital Safety - Talk|
**Shift I**


**NOVEMBER**: | 23rd: Microgreens Activity |

**DECEMBER**: | 5th: World Soil day Event (Speech, Poster-making or Pebble Art events) | 13th: ‘The Way Ahead’- Webinar (NCC) | Holiday Assignment - Upcycled Ornament making |

**JANUARY 2021**: | 9th: ‘Kiss the Ground’- Documentary Screening |

**FEBRUARY**: | 19th: ‘3Es to Road Safety’ - Documentary Screening |

**MONTHLY**: ‘Green Resolutions’ Progress Check

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**Shift II**

**JULY 2020**: | 24th: Webinar on ‘Animal Welfare’ by Mr. Dawn Williams, Blue Cross, Guindy |

**AUG**: | 7th: Office Bearers Installation Ceremony | 23rd: ‘Urban Forestry: A Forest in my Backyard’ talk by Ms. Abirami Arunachalam, Co-founder of Thuvakkam Organisation |

**SEP**: | 2nd: Webinar on ‘Snakes: One of Nature’s Most Misunderstood Reptiles’ by Mr. M. Rajesh, Assistant Professor, The American College | 26th: Webinar on ‘Conserving Sea Grass and Mangroves in Palk Bay’ by Dr. V. Balaji, Director, Omcar Foundation |

**OCT**: | 16th: Webinar on ‘Climate Change’ by Mr. Rachit Tiwari | 20th: Movie Screening: Re-Afforestation in Auroville |

**NOV**: | 8th: Nature Photography Contest #ecoclick2020 |

**JAN 2021**: | 11th: Webinar on ‘Biodiversity and Homosapiens: Back to the Future!’ by Dr. T. Sabesan, Associate Professor, Annamalai University |

Sports Achievements for the Year 2020-21

National Level

- Priyadarshini II BA Corp and Swetha II BA Corp won the First place in the National Level Due ball championship held at Madurai on 6th and 7th March, 2021.
- Akshaya CD I ENG represented and won the second place Tamilnadu in the “Tri Angular Women’s Cricket Tournament for the Blind” held at Nagercoil from 19th to 21st March 2021.
- Swetha Shree N I BBA represented Tamilnadu and won the first place in the 7th National Federation Cup Youth Rural Games 2021 held at Anjuna, Goa from 26th to 28th March 2021.

State Level

- Swetha Shree N I BBA won the First place in 100m run in the 6th State Youth Rural Games Championship held at Namakkal on February 25th and 26th, 2021.
- Yohitha S I BBA and Dheeksha S P I VisCom won the First place in Throwball in the 18th Junior State Throwball Championship held at Sacred Heart Mat. Hr. Sec. School, Sholinganallur, from February 19th to 21st, 2021. They also won the 1st place in the Senior State Throwball Championship held at SBM College of Engineering, Dindigul from 21st to 23rd January 2021.

Invitation Tournament

Assembly Programmes

Shift I

• MAY 2020 - | 22nd: Awareness on “Digital marketing” as a career option for undergraduate and post graduate students by Mr. Krishnan Jayaraj and Ms. Sangeetha S Abisheik |
• JUN - | 9th: Career options – Post COVID-19 by Ms. Deepa Muthukumarasamy, Deepa Julian, Ruby Lenin | 24th: Mental Health Awareness by Dr. Renuka David |
• JUL - | 18th: Cyber Crime and cyber safety by Ms. N. S. Nappinai and Ms. Elsa Marie D'Silva |
• AUG - | 10th: Gender Equality: From Transition to Transformation by Dr. K Vijaya | 12th: Importance of Breast Feeding by Dr. Meena Thiagarajan | 20th: Motivational talk on “Make The Best Of Yourself” by Mrs. GeethanjaliRajan | 28th: Innovation Day Programme - Developing Innovative Ideas Into Reality by Ms. KeziaSasidharan |
• SEP - | 5th: Teacher’s Day celebration | 18th: Physical Wellness In The New Normal – Discussion by Col. David Devesahayam, Dr. Renuka Devashayam, Kris Srikkanth | 28th: The Path to Personal Growth by Dr. Jelin Rebecca |
• OCT - | 3rd: Hone Your Skill For A Successful Career by Ms. Archana Venkat | 11th: Accessing N- List e – resources National Services Infrastructure for scholarly Content by Ms. Chitra Inbanathan, Dr. Lisa Sheeba | 17th: Nutrition Education Programme on “Nutritional Management of Anemia” by Department of Home Science | 24th: Seniors Dramuda |
• NOV - | 3rd: Nation Building through Social Entrepreneurship by Mr. Sai Prasad, Mr. Girish Suryanarayana and Mr. Anand Kumar Kadali | 11th:Battlefest | 18th: Principal’s Assembly |
• DEC - | 15th: Non-Teaching Staff Christmas | 17th: White Gift Program |
• JAN 2021 - | 9th: Meet the Author - Ms. Anuja Chandramouli | 20th: What Travel Means To Me – Life Lessons from travelling by Ms. Suresh Joseph |
• FEB - | 4th: Deign Thinking –Basics, Principles and Methodologies by Mr. Deepak RajMohan | 19th: ‘Mental Health and Well-being’ by Ms. Sarah Sruti Lal | 20th: Student Election Speeches | 26th: Felicitation for staff completing 25 years of service, Prize Distribution |
• MAR - | 5th: Senate Installation | 13th: International Women’s Day Celebration -Debate by Centre for Women’s studies | 22nd: Innovate Eco-System by Institution Innovation Council | 29th: Principal's Assembly |
Assembly Programmes

Shift II

AUG 2020 - |12th: 'Breastfeeding – Myths & Facts for Future Mothers’ by Dr. Meena Thiagarajan | 20th: 'Three Ls in life' by Ms.Gayathri Venkatesan | 28th: 'Motivational Talk: Teachers sharing their Experiences’ by Senior faculty of the Department |

SEP - |5th: Teacher’s Day Celebration |11th: 'Focus your Mind on all the Wonderful Things in your Life’ by Dr. Kannan Girreesh |18th: 'Digital Library’ by Dr. Sheeba |25th: 'Developing Innovative Ideas into Reality’ by Ms.Kezia Sasitharan |

OCT - |3rd: ‘Why is Travel important ? My Travel Taglines of “Goodwill Knows No Boundaries”. Guardian Angels I have met in my Journeys’ by Mr. Suresh Joseph |10th: Innovation Day Programme - Promethean.20 by Mr. Amalore Jude & Mrs. Susan Jude |17th: Dramuda |24th: 'Breast Cancer Awareness’ Talk by Dr. S Veda Padma Priya |

NOV - |3rd: ‘Feminism in Contemporary Times’ by Ms.Oviya |

DEC - |15th: Non-Teaching Staff Christmas Programme |22nd: White Gifts’ Day Programme |

JAN - |9th: Talk on ‘Recognition’ by Daniel Benjamin |20th: ‘Posture Mistakes and Corrective Exercises’ by Dr. J Glory Darling Margaret |

FEB - |4th: Talk on ‘Patriotism’ by Commander L Radhakrishnan |19th: ‘Role of Youngsters in Environmental Cleanliness’ by Ms. Abhirami Arunachalam |20th: Senate Election Speech |26th: Prize Distribution |


JUN - |1st: Dept. of Commerce CA- Webinar on 'Economic Implications and Employability in current pandemic scenario’|1st: Dept. of Biotechnology- National Online Seminar Series: “Tackling COVID 19 – A Biblical Perspective” |5th: IQAC- Online FDP on “Innovation and Research Opportunities for Faculty in the New Normal”


DEC - | 18th: IRC- ‘Meet the Author’ - Ms. Anuja Chandramouli | 21st: Dept. of BBA-Online Workshop on Rural Entrepreneurship Development Cell | 21st: IIC- Webinar on ‘Innovation for Women’s Empowerment’ by Ms. Sahithi Divi | 23rd: Dept. of BCA- Workshop on Project Development Strategies |


FEB - | 3rd: Dept. of Chemistry- Webinar on ‘Need for Nuclear Energy and Career opportunities in

Artists' Corner

D. Umaiyal, II B.A English

P.L. Sowmyaa Devi, III B.Sc Nutrition

Nivetha .K
III B.Sc Physics

D. Umaiyal
II B.A English

D. Umaiyal
II B.A English

Priyadharshini I.R, I B.A English
NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME


ROTARACT CLUB


ECO CLUB

Sitting (L to R): Dr. Benitha Golda, Dr. Usha S.
Standing (L to R): Neha Srinivasan, Daphne Morrison, Vinitha Shree J, Pushkala S, Priyadharshini L, Evangeline Mercy Sharon J, Sameera Suraj, Samyuktha V.

YOUNG INDIAN (Yi)

Sitting (L to R): Sneha Evangalin, Diya Thomas, Neha Sampath
Standing 1st Row (L to R): Elizabeth Varghese, Sharon Kimberley, Akshya Ravi, Dr. A. Jerline Amutha, Dr. A. Christina Nancy, Sahana Tamilvanan, Christina D. K, Preethi Dayalan.


SPORST

Sitting [L to R]: Angelin Christy K II B.Com (CA), Esther Genetta P II BBA, Serlin V I Vis Com, Bhargavi R II BBA, Sofiya M II B.Com (COM), Dheeksha S P I Vis Com, VetchaSpruva Rajkumradi III Psy, Pavithra S R II MSc CST.

Sitting 2nd row: Mr. Senthil Kumar, Samudra S III B.Com (CA), Kamali S III His, Priyavadhani M I MA International Studies, Uwetha R II BCA, Deepa R II BBA, Dr Agnes Vijaya Rani, Dr Naveena Priya, Aswathi Shankar III BBA, Juliet Christena J II ENG, Parveena R I B.Com (CA), Aagun Jemeema I Mass Comm, Manjusri M II Vis Com

Standing 1st row: Jeevamathi A III B.Com (A&F), Akshara J II B.Com (A&F), Hannah Jeyarani H II AZBT, Arbunathitha S II AZBT, TaanyaS S II His, Shreyanthith A II B.Com (G), Shalini R II BA Corp, Thalapakkam Sai Malika I Vis Com, Esther Flora Susan A III His, Harismita Devi IIIT, Rachel Hannah Esther Ell Mass Comm, Carolina Victor S III NUC, Kamali W III B.Com (A&F), Swetha P II BA Corp, Priyadharshini M II BA Corp, Angelin Anna George II ENG, Swetha M IIB.Com (G), Janani Shree P II His, Aiswarya R H II NUC, Kiruba Sharon K II BA Corp

Standing 2nd row: Sharon Lorina G II BA Corp, Chharu Eunice S III PBPB, Rajanathikha S III MAT, Kirthana Gayathri III B.Com (G), Keerthika G I NUC, RishikaM II B.Com (CA), Aishwarya KV III B.Com (CA), Rathnalekha III BBA, Leelavathi J S K II B.Com (G), Hema Prithiksha D II Psy, Haashaavathi B III B.Com (H), Dhiyaa P II B.Com (CA), Jayalakshmi T III B.Com (G), Vijayshree S III B.Com (G), Charulatha M III B.Com (G), Hanitha G II BBA, Yohitha S IBBA, Daphne Gloria II BBA, Shreenidhi III ENG
STUDENT SENATE


III B.A. HISTORY


III B.A. ENGLISH

Sitting (L to R): Mr. Suresh, Dr. Anupama, C, Ms. Mallika Ezekiel, Ms. Anna Mathew, Ms. Rexlin, Ms. Jemima Farrar, Dr. Lilian I Jasper (Principal), Dr. Annie Kuriachan, Ms. Sweetlyn Moses, Ms. Heba Rajji, Ms. Srividya, N, Ms. Ashita Chandran, Ms. Anugraha Joshua, Ms. Amita Daniel, Ms. Angeline Prem Kumar.


III B.SC. MATHEMATICS

Sitting (L to R): Anusia Devi R, Malavika A, Salomi A, Ms Sarone Joybell, Ms Shibi Arunkumar, Ms S Eva Gracia, Ms Lizzie Angelina, Dr Renuka J, Ms Enitha Dorothy, Jenisha Rachel S, Rebecca Jenitha J, Princy A, Abigail M V


III B.SC. PHYSICS

Sitting (left to right): Mr. S. Vijayakumar, Mr. Rajasekaran B., Dr. Sharmi Kumar J., Dr. Hannah Ruben, Dr. Kalavathy Santhi, Dr. Renuga Devi T S, Dr. Juanita Saroj, Ms. Hannah Jerrin Thangam, Dr. Christina Nancy, Mr. Manikandan.


III B.SC. CHEMISTRY

Sitting (L to R): Dr. Banani Mukhopadhyay, Dr. Shobha Jeyakumari, Dr. Jone Selvamalar, Dr. Libini G., Dr. Lily Margaret Priya W., Dr. Amala Russel, Dr. Cynthia Jemima Swarnavalli G., Dr. Margaret Marie, Dr. Esther Leena Preethi M., Mr. Z. Arulanandam, Mr. W. Jacob Gideon, Mr. John Fernandez.


III B.Sc. PLANT BIOLOGY AND PLANT BIOTECHNOLOGY

Sitting (L to R): Ms. Premila P, Aishwarya P, Anitha K, Dr. Sherrie Jesulyn David, Dr. Evelin Kramony, Dr. Cordilea Hannah, Dr. Monica S, Dr. Pauline R, Dr. Freeti Mehta, Dr. Angeline Sridiv M.L.S., Sahana T.K., Banshika Chhetri, Mr. Sunil.


III B.Sc. ADVANCED ZOOLOGY AND BIOTECHNOLOGY

Sitting (L to R): B. Tina Jones, Dr. Evangeline Gunasekaran, Dr. Christina. Y, Dr.Benitha Golda, Dr. Annie Rubens, Dr. Vanitha Williams, Dr.JudiaHarietSumathy, Dr.Jancy Merlin, M. Radhakrishnan, D.Kumaresan, Kriya Saira Jacob


III B.Sc. NUTRITION, FOOD SERVICE MANAGEMENT AND DIETETICS (GENERAL)

Sitting (L TO R): Ms. Devasena Shiphrah, Dr. K, Nora Vigasini, Dr. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani D, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Shajini Judith Diana J, Dr. Sheba Sangeetha Jeyaraj, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. S. Sona, Dr. V. Gowri Ramesh, Dr. D. Annette Beatrice, Dr. A. Mary Pramela, Dr. Janaki @ Priya S.


III B.Sc. NUTRITION, FOOD SERVICE MANAGEMENT AND DIETETICS (VOCATIONAL)

Sitting (L to R): Ms Devasena Shiphrah, Dr. K, Nora Vigasini, Dr. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani D, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Shajini Judith Diana J, Dr. Sheba Sangeetha Jeyaraj, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. S. Sona, Dr. V. Gowri Ramesh, Dr. D. Annette Beatrice, Dr. A. Mary Pramela, Dr. Janaki @ Priya S.


II M.Sc. FSN

Sitting (L to R): Miss. Devasena Shiphrah C, Dr. Nora Vigasini K, Dr. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani D, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Shajini Judith Diana J, Dr. Sheeba Sangeetha Jeyaraj, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani R, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. Sona S, Dr. Gowri Ramesh V, Dr. Annette Beatrice D, Dr. Mary Pramela A, Dr. Janaki alias Priya S.


II M.Sc. FSM

Sitting (L to R): Miss. Devasena Shiphrah C, Dr. Nora Vigasini K, Dr. Jasmine Jenifer Arulmani D, Ms. Preetha R, Dr. Shajini Judith Diana J, Dr. Sheeba Sangeetha Jeyaraj, Dr. Nancy Angeline Rani R, Dr. Sheila John, Dr. Sona S, Dr. Gowri Ramesh V, Dr. Annette Beatrice D, Dr. Mary Pramela A, Dr. Janaki alias Priya S.

II M.S.C. APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY


III B.COM HONOURS


**III B.COM ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE**

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III B.COM COMPUTER APPLICATIONS


III B.A. CORPORATE ECONOMICS
III B.C.A.


III B.SC. VISUAL COMMUNICATION


III B.Sc. INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY


III MSC. CST

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II M.Sc Biotechnology


V M.Sc. CST

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II M.SC IT


II M.A. HUMAN RESOURCE MANAGEMENT

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II M.SC  PHYSICS

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II M.A. ENGLISH


II M.Sc. CHEMISTRY

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II M.Sc. MATHEMATICS


II M.A. COMMUNICATION

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Standing 1st Row (L to R): S. Beulah Patricia Rathnakumari, Amanda Achu Jacob, Geethu Acsa Abraham, Agna VM, Hanitha Ramachandran, Josephine Aarthy V, Aleena Maria Jacob

II M.COM

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Sitting (L to R): Nina Catherine, J, Evangeline, S, Ms. Angelin Archana, Mrs. Hemalatha Gunasekaran, Mrs. Maitili Sane, Liya Sarah Philip, Shamini, V


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INFORMATION RESOURCE CENTRE


COLLEGE CHOIR

Home is where the heart is

Van Gogh, Starry Night
This painting is so beautiful and to think it is someone such as ourselves that did it is so mind-blowing. It makes me realize that we all have so much potential and it keeps me grounded.

Home is the place where multiple personalities and expressions live together.

Takashi’s castle. It reminds me of the days I would come back from school with a huge backpack...ignoring the door just to find the TV far across the room one and my sibling entering participants with a sense of curiosity we never thought we had before.

Little Women by Louisa May Alcott: reading it is like coming home again. Like returning to the best parts of yourself and finding comfort in the smallest details.

My Enid Blyton, especially the Famous Five Series. (Growing up, I was B Georgina). Also the ‘Milly-Molly-Mandy’ Series of short stories. I can’t read them at a difficult period of my life, and though many people find the stories childish, I always struggle upon childhood memories that otherwise would have remained forgotten.

H - happiness
O - occasion
M - memory
E - entertainment
During the lockdown we were all sure to have experienced an awakening of sorts, perhaps even a deep realisation about what home truly means to us. More than once, we are sure to have cherished the journey of stumbling upon or rediscovering long lost talents, gifts and hopes. There are many who transferred this journey onto paper, and found at the end a story, or a brief expression of their innermost thoughts and feelings. The following is a compilation of those very works, provided to us generously by their authors. So, take a walk with us along Storybook Lane, and discover a way back home...
The Doll House

Somewhere, sometime, lived a little girl who loved playing with her dollhouse. And it was a pretty little dollhouse, too: cream coloured with a pink thatched roof. The whole thing- right down to the fittings and furnishings- was built by her father, an amateur carpenter, and painted by her mother.

Every morning she’d take out this masterpiece of woodwork, and lovingly begin her ritual of assembling all the furniture. Room to room would slowly turning into a domestic setting of her design - and the players were no less interesting. A faded little teddy bear broken off the top of a keychain would tend to the kitchen; the plastic fairy doll would sit atop the roof (as she was the only one whose knees could bend); a little Santa Claus from a Christmas ornament would never shy away from the house, whatever the time of year; and the cardboard cut-out of a cartoon dog would play the piano (an inverted matchbox with black and white stripes). And yet, this was not all they did.

The little girl would frequent the toys throughout the day and move each one around. Often, their actions would reflect her own daily experiences (her age was such that she was on the brink of disbelief about a dolls' state of life, but not completely). She gave them feelings, thoughts, and all the characteristics innate to the people she knew and loved best. But as she had never lost a loved one, she dreaded losing each of her beloved dolls. She imparted to each a profession that she aspired to hold one day - in a way, she could live out her dreams through them.

At night she would tuck them into their beds, and transfer the whole structure onto the window sill, careful not to disturb its slumbering residents.

Days and nights passed, and rest came less easy. Times grew stranger, and soon the dollhouse would be visited less frequently, and rarely displaced from its spot on the window sill. The dolls within would be frozen several days at a time in their little daily actions, and moved only when their proprietor remembered to do so.

Then came the day when a doll was lost - Santa fell victim to a careless hand, and tumbled out the window. And yet, the little girl did not look for him. More important things occupied her mind; she was playing a different game now.

In time, the dollhouse found a new spot - in the attic - and its residents had only one purpose - to gather dust. Days and nights went by, until the structure was shoved into a corner where days and nights scarce seemed distinguishable- only darkness persisted within and without, and silence its only companion.

Days, months, years, decades.... no one knew that somewhere in the upper corner of that large house was a far smaller structure similar in scale (yet more charming in architecture, one could argue).

And then, one day, a hand forced open the door of the attic. Its owner knew the dimensions of the room well enough to discern the presence of a great deal of objects buried under the generally separable junk piles. After all, the old woman had lived there her whole life.

She took her time digging through the piles, reminiscing about each trifle and trinket, and carefully recalling memories of them, as if unearthing treasures hidden beneath the sands of her mind. Before long, she struck upon the most prized artifact of her childhood – the
dollhouse. Years in that damp attic had caused it to fuse with the wood surrounding it, and rot had begun to pervade its walls. As much as she tried, she could not cause the toy to budge.

Frustrated, tired, and solemn, she bent over the dollhouse, and began to sob softly. Her tears landed upon the roof like soft rain, and washed away the dust to reveal the pink patterns carefully painted on by her mother more than half a century ago.

She felt strange – it did not take more than a second for the same old childhood imagination to come rushing back, and through her mind’s eye she could see as clearly as ever her beloved dolls moving about the little rooms.

She wondered how they would have played out the past events…. the Santa Claus would have been lost long ago, the piano-playing dog would move away and start a litter of his own, and the teddy bear would fall to the same fate as the Santa Claus shortly after. And the fairy...... well, the fairy would remain seated atop the roof, gazing up at the stars she never could reach, nor had ever attempted to. Eventually, she would remain the sole resident of the dollhouse.

Still sobbing, the old woman moved her hands along the walls of the different rooms, now bare and empty. As she felt her way to the top, something caught her finger. Looking up, she saw that it was a plastic wing- a wing attached to the back of the little fairy doll.

The doll’s pretty dress looked ragged, and her face was dirty. But her wings were intact- torn and bent, yet intact. This seemed to please the woman, and a small smile began to form as she stroked the wings and said – “That’s good... you’ll need these soon enough. To fly.... But first, a little rest....” With that, she moved the fairy doll down to what was once the bedroom, and covered her with a handkerchief, taking care to tuck her in.

Outside, a soft drizzle had just begun to fall. The room was growing increasingly darker as twilight turned to night. Yet, the old woman seemed to be at peace again, and left the attic with a heart lighter than when she had entered.

Days - and only days- passed once more. No one ever thought to look into the dollhouse again, but if they had, they would have found no fairy doll.

For she had joined the little musical dog, the teddy bear, and the Santa Claus in a different kind of play – in another dollhouse far beyond the attic....

Tulsi Goyal
III B.Sc. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology
During the lockdown we were all sure to have experienced an awakening of sorts, perhaps even a deep realisation about what home truly means to us. More than once, we are sure to have cherished the journey of stumbling upon or rediscovering long lost talents, gifts and hopes.

There are many who transferred this journey onto paper, and found at the end a story, or a brief expression of their innermost thoughts and feelings. The following is a compilation of those very works, provided to us generously by their authors. So, take a walk with us along *Storybook Lane*, and discover a way back home...
**Pride and Prejudice** - There’s something so soothing about delving into the classic story of love, family, and growth. Jane Austen's writing and subtle wit, too, make this book something you can take comfort in time and time again. Whether it's Hertfordshire, Netherfield, or Pemberley; Pride and Prejudice will always mean home to me!

*Sheryl Carmelin A  
II B.Sc. Psychology*

The Harry Potter series because I have read it so many times in so many places.

*Rasheeda Sultana  
I.B.A. English*

*Harry Potter* always reminds me of home because I grew up reading it and my whole childhood revolved around it. Reading it takes me back in time and I feel serene and peaceful again

*Shreya K. Sundar  
I.B.Sc. Psychology*

The Harry Potter series is something that will always take me to a place of nostalgia. Huddled up in a corner of our freezing living room, pouring over the over-read pages of my copy will always remind me of the first time I entered the magical world of Harry Potter. It was the 1st book I had been gifted by my parents and it will always be special.

*Vishnupriya R  
I.B.Com. (Commerce)*

The Harry Potter series - It was the first set of books I got as a gift from my parents and that's how my beautiful journey of reading started.

*Manushree Patra  
I.B.A. Corporate Economics*

*The Chronicles of Narnia* - The familiar images of woods, Aslan roaring and the beach waves echo through the books making me feel back at home even during the times I am far away.

*Suzanne Grace  
II B.A. English*

*The Magic Faraway Tree* series by Enid Blyton - always remind me of home, because my mother and grandmother used to make me sit on the broad branch of the custard apple tree in my grandmother's orchard and read them out loud to me.

*Maryam Viqar Ahmed  
I.B.A. English*

Any book from the *Bubbles First Storybook* series takes me right back to my home every time I come across it in a bookstore. This book is very close to my heart as it reminds me of all the different stories my mother wove together in the sanctuary that was my childhood bedroom.

*Ann Vaneza Jude  
I.B.Sc. Psychology*

*Secret Garden* is the novel that reminds me of my home as the place mentioned in it is very similar to my house where there’s a lovely garden around with a secret room behind the creepers where I hangout

*Nivinyaa Babu  
I.B.Sc. Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology*

*Railway Children* by E. Nesbit is a story that concerns a family. This reminds me of my home because whatever we fight about, we still trust each other.

*S. Elakiya  
I.B.A. English*
Cinderella - Because it remains the first memory I made with my mom, and reminds me of the day she told me that story, and the warmth I felt on that cold night under her embrace.

Little Women by Louisa May Alcott - reading it is like coming home again; like returning to the best parts of yourself and finding comfort in the smallest details.

“Chelsy, wait up!” I whipped my head at the sound of my name, finding myself face to face with the one person no one on the Mountain could stand.

“Officer John,” I said turning back around, “I didn’t expect to see you here.” I would have started for home earlier if I had. The man was a grade-A narcissist, he loved sucking up to us so he’d get a good word in with the forest department. In his words, he was overdue a promotion in the ranks. “What are you doing here, Sir.”

“Making the afternoon rounds, dear.” I snorted.

“I would appreciate it if you weren’t so patronizing,” I huffed, glaring at him as best as I could from behind him, “I’ll be on my way.” I attempted to bypass him when he stopped causing me to crash into him. In my annoyance it took me a minute to realize he was staring at whatever was in front of him. “What are you waiting for? Move.”

“The hill, it’s red.” I rolled my eyes.

“No, Chelsy,”—he started to run— “it’s...” I couldn’t make out the rest of what he said. I brushed it aside, blaming it on the Officer’s dramatics. It was only when I looked up that I realized the red of the peak John seemed frazzled about wasn’t the colour of the flowers the Mountain was named after.

“Fire.” I ran to catch up with him.

At times it surprised me how competent an officer John can be when he put his mind to it. He ushered people out with efficiency I could only hope for as I nearly tripped on a branch attempting to help my neighbour. The benefits of having 10 residents were relative peace and
swift evacuation. Only one house had caught on fire, but that's a major fire hazard amidst trees. It took the fire brigade a few minutes to arrive. They put the fire out before it could spread.

I tried to list out possible causes in my head but nothing made sense. I was worried the children would be frightened, but they all seemed rather chummy with the firefighters. Even the ones notorious for being shy, and the ones whose mothers screamed 'Stranger danger' at the post-man. I narrowed my eyes.

“They seem rather calm, don’t they?” I looked up hearing John’s voice.

“I suppose.”

“Kind of like they’re used to this.” I looked at the firefighters with smiles far too big for the passing civilian.

“Maybe.” I felt him staring at me. “I wouldn’t know okay? I only moved back this year after my family moved to the city when I was a kid.” It was strange that the people who sometimes thought a passing stray dog was a werewolf seemed unfazed by a fire. I walked over to the crowd.

“Miss Sevrin, the fire must have been scary. Are you alright?”

She looked to me and smiled, "Quite alright, dear. Fires come and go, especially this time of year." She must have noticed my surprise; she grabbed my shoulders. "It's your first time, isn't it? Don't fret dear, you'll get used to it." I couldn't quite get the idea into my head.

“What about the houses?” Miss Sevrin shook her head.

“It's always the same house— the one by the pine grove that you very nearly bought—we fix it up every time it burns, but it always happens again.”

“Then why bother fixing it?” I decided to ignore that I might have been in the house while it burned if I hadn't changed my mind about location. You'd think they'd tell you things like this.

“Well, Dr. Felice says it's what Marco,”— I felt my throat dry up a little— “the young chap who used to live there, would have wanted. Mr Dowson is convinced this is all an elaborate ritual to keep the werewolves away.”

“Marco,” I said slowly, “as in Marco Flint? The kid around my age who lived here back when I lived here.” Miss Sevrin raised an eyebrow.

“I'm surprised you remember him. You always thought he was...a little bit of a—”

“A prick,” I supplied, “he was a prick.” And a bully, but I'd rather not talk about that. “When will it happen again, the fire?”

“If we're going by schedule, then in a week. Make sure you keep away from the pine grove.” I nodded.

“I'll look out for that.”

The fire brigade cleared out and we went to our houses. They were all spaced scarcely so there wasn't a fear of collapse. The more I thought the less sense it made. When I'd asked why the officials hadn't caught onto the pattern, I was told that they had, and that I was naïve for thinking the police would care about ten people who lived in the hills. I flopped on my bed as I pondered. The firefighters looked like they might care. I wonder why they— I sat up abruptly, snipping the air. Smoke. I grabbed my phone and ran in the direction of the pine grove, futilely attempting to call Miss Sevrin before realizing the signal was horrible. I rang the giant bell Mr Felman had put up as a warning signal in case of danger. The existence of the bell suddenly made
sense to me in the centre of the usually quiet town. It isn’t next week yet, I thought to myself. The arsonist clearly wasn’t keeping to schedule. I paused, my heels digging into the earth as I forced myself to stop. Officer John stood in front of the old Flint house. He turned as he heard me.

“Chelsy,” he cried, “help me warn the others.” I took a few steps back.

“What are you doing here?” He smiled at me, a little too calm for someone in front of a fire.

“Could ask you the same thing, dear.”

“I live here, you—”

“We need to get everyone off the Mountain.” he said, a small smile still etched on his features. My throat went dry.

“The only people who call it the Mountain,” I said slowly, my voice shaking, “are me, Felicia, Robby and—” he laughed a little, looking suspiciously familiar in the light of the fire— “and you, Marco.” He smiled, shaking his head.

“Silly Chelsy,” He stepped towards me. “Sevrin’s been here for ages. If I was this Marco person, she would have recognized me. Besides, you call it the Mountain all the time.” I stepped back a little.

“Mis Sevrin has Alzheimer’s, she has trouble remembering faces she hasn’t seen recently. And I haven’t called it the Mountain since I got here, people look at me funny when I do.” Marco laughed. “It makes sense” I said, finding strength in my voice, “you’d have the key. Just...why? And you were with me this morning.” It was getting harder to breathe. I wasn’t sure if it was because of smoke or fear.

“Tell me, Chelsy, why did I ever do anything?” I thought back to Marco shoving me around to impress the older kids.

“Recognit...if this is for that bloody promotion, I—” His laugh echoed into emptiness. He looked at me, now inches from my face.

“You get a good name when you save people, you know? Extra brownie points when you do it in the presence of a superintendent, like now; he visits every November.” My blood ran cold. “The only problem is it’s so quiet here. So, I thought,”—he smiled at me— “why not stir up my own. Dowson helped some, a little werewolf propaganda does wonders.” He paused for a second, taking my chin in his hand. “But you know what, Chelsy dear? I’ve realized it doesn’t matter. Promotions come and go. You know what lasts forever?” He let go of me, taking a few steps back. “Heroism...like dying in a fire protecting helpless country-folk.”

“Marco—”

“You know,” he said, a few inches in front of the flames, “you always were my favourite little rag-doll to pick on.” He fell backwards, the flames engulfing him. I lunged forward, but Mr Felman pulled me back, yelling. The police arrived asking me what had happened. Guilt rippled in my stomach; I could have saved him but I didn’t. I looked at the officer in front of me.

“Officer John, he saved me.”

Catherine Selwin
II B.Sc. Psychology

The Wife’s Disease

Brida wished her husband had died sooner. She waited for her heart to break and her eyes to fill up with tears, but neither happened. She knew what was coming. She continued staring at him - his fragile form and his watery skin. He looked dead, and she knew he was gone. She knew what to do with his body.
They’d been married for so many years, being around each other – breathing each other’s presence. An ordinary life. They’d eloped in their early twenties. She came from a wealthy family while he was just a new immigrant. They fell in love and decided to live together till death separated them. Her family was against the proposal and had conspired with a warlock to separate them.

She stood up from her chair – placed beside the bed and removed his wedding ring from his finger. Still, she didn’t feel anything. Removing the gold band from her finger, she wrapped both of them in a piece of cloth and safeguarded them inside the drawer. All the while she couldn’t help but think about her last day. How her body will lay motionless for days before the stench conveys the news to the others.

She pulled out two white sheets for the burial. Gathering her dress between her legs, she crouched and started to wash the sheets. Clean sheets for the dead. She had no money to buy a coffin or flowers. She’d not planned to call the priest for a service. All the money had gone for the medicines.

The smell lingered in the air – of the remaining porridge, his urine, and of his sickness. Brida’s face scrunched as she bunched up the cloth to squeeze out the excess wetness. Her hands all wrinkled up to put up with that much work. She was tired, but she had to be done with her husband’s body. She’d been around it for long enough. He bred the animal inside him and had fed her flesh.

‘Do you worry about what’s happening to you?’ she had asked. He said it was the works of nature and accepting it is the right way to go about it. She would be lying if she thought it didn’t bother her. It did, more than she could admit.

Spreading one wet sheet on the floor, Brida pushed her husband from the mattress, and he dropped face down on the white fabric. She didn’t stop once to check his face or to kiss him goodbye. Placing the second sheet on top, she knotted the ends thrice so that they don’t open when she pulls him to the burial ground.

Brida walked outside and sat cross-legged on the mud. The cold air was crisp, and no light was visible to her naked eyes. They’d relocated into the woods in their early forties to breed reindeer. It was a good fifty kilometers outside their village. The animals were a part of their culture and way of life. After retirement, they had built their small cabin to follow the tradition of her husband’s people. They spent all of their retired lives with the reindeers, which was uncommon in today’s world.

Their cabin was always loaded with mushrooms, fish, potatoes, flour, and wild berries. They also ate the meat of dead reindeers. They saw no purpose in going into the village for groceries. They liked it in the woods. Their traditional cooking didn’t involve the vegetables that were popular now, like cucumbers and tomatoes. And the couple followed the same – foods high in protein and starch. The food had always been simple and self-sustaining. No luxuries.

Her husband had enjoyed breeding reindeer. There were around 47 of them. He could watch them all day. They were his favorite source of food, transportation, and clothing.

‘Bring a group of these reindeer to a swamp and hide the fodder somewhere. The beast will find them in no time. Sometimes I think they have an in-built GPS tracker in their heads.’ He’d said, ‘They’re amazing.’

One time, one of the female reindeer was killed by a bear that distressed him. He built the shed for the animals to protect them from mosquitoes and flies and bears. They got hurt easily.
‘It might rain today; I should put him in before that.’ she said to no one.

She walked back inside and started to roll the body to the ground. Leaving him by the door, she dug the pit a little more in case the rain washed the mud away. The front of her dress became dirty and muggy. Her nails were caked with black dirt, and her palms got several cuts from the sharp rocks. Wiping her hands on her dress, she brought her husband near the pit.

It’ll be the last time she saw her husband and felt his body – boney and weightless. Not the muscular man she was married to. She stood right there, looking at the tied-up white body. Again, she waited. For anything, an apology or I miss you. Nothing.

She sighed.

She lifted up her dress to her knees and kicked the rolled-up body down the pit. Kneeling down, she sprinkled the dirt on the white cloth. She wasted no time in shoveling the mounted mud to cover the pit, the thunders growled somewhere far away.

Walking back inside, she soaked all the used sheets in hot water and burnt all his clothes. She skinned the meat to cook lunch for the spirits tomorrow, to help him with his journey into the afterlife. She hummed as she dusted the windowpanes and wiped the floor. She spread new covers for the bed and dumped all his medicines into the trashcan. She placed their photo frame with their rings and locked the cupboard.

After taking a shower, she settled into her bed. She switched off the lights.

‘Hope it’s beautiful there, Oliver. Good night’

Anindita Xavier
II B.A. History

Home

‘Careful not to break the- never mind’, Isha said, resigned to the fact that nothing was going to get through to Sasha today.

‘Oh no! I am so sorry! I promise I will replace it for you’, I stuttered, stumbling over my words and looking everywhere but Isha’s face.

Isha sighed and stood up from her chair and walked over to me. She sat me down and looked me in the eye... I hated the pity in her eyes.

‘Why don’t you take the day off today? I am sure I can manage for a day on my own. After all, it’s not like I’m a toddler anymore’, she said, smiling at me.

I smiled back at her... if you could call a stretch of the lips a smile, but shook my head firmly, ‘No, I don’t think I should be alone today...’

Isha looked at me, her eyes crinkling with worry. Today was the second anniversary of the death of Blake. I had been preoccupied out all day, sometimes with a smile on my face when I remembered him stealing my chocolates and play wrestling with me; sometimes a tear sliding down my cheek when I realised I would never share that bond with anyone again.

Isha knew that I thrived while I was working, so she decided to give me lots of work to do, but that had not worked, as was obvious by the broken china in between us.

I knelt down and started picking up the pieces with my bare hands, fumbling with it and muttering apologies incoherently. Someone who did not know me would have probably thought that I was drunk, but Isha knew that the only thing I was drunk on was misery.

I cursed, when I saw the first drops of blood on my hand. Isha quietly went and brought a first aid kit and started cleaning my hand. Something
about her touch was so tender that it opened
the floodgates and I just sat on the floor and
bawled. After I was done, she brought me some
tissues and forced me out of the door so I could
go home and rest.

But unbeknownst to her, I decided to visit
my hometown where we grew up as high school
sweethearts.

An abrupt ‘Ma’am, do you have a train
card?’ brought me out of my reverie as I stared
in confusion. The worker smiled her customer
service smile and repeated the question and
then... finally! I was on the train where I could
just be alone with my thoughts!

I looked out the window at the green
pastures. There were cows grazing and the wind
rippled through the trees and the grass. My eyes
unfocused, everything passing by in a blur. One
second, I was at the station and the next second,
I had reached my destination. I uncrossed my
legs, stood up and stepped off the train. My eyes
filled with tears for the umpteenth time today as
a feeling of contentment spread through me.

I was home.

Rasheedha Sulthana
I B.A. English

Hira

I just said goodbye to my best friend of ten
years, Hira. I did not want our time together to
end. I never wanted our time together to end.
I pause for a few moments to reflect upon the
events of the unfortunate day, and thinking
back only brings stinging tears to my eyes. I
can remember the way her curly, fiery red hair
cascaded down her shoulders. I see her beautiful
smile and the light in her eyes. I still remember
the same light in her eyes slowly dimming out
as I held her in my arms. The sound of her
giggles feel like a distant echo now, like the
remembrance of a ghost, of someone who never

 existed. However, I knew she existed. I knew she
lived and breathed and would not hurt a single
living soul. She never did any wrong, her only
mistake was becoming my friend.

I twisted the dusty door knob and cautiously
stepped inside. The cobwebs and fading paint
stood proof of the loneliness of the house. It
was vacated 4 years ago, after the incident, and
no one had been here since. Hira was the one
who saved me from the incident, that’s when we
became friends. And now she is gone. Forever.

Shreya Kishanthani Sundar
I B.Sc Psychology

Home

Ammu’s winter vacation began with the
usual visit to her grandmother’s place. But it
wasn’t the innocent trip that it used to be for a
lot of things had changed since she last visited
her maternal home. For starters her grandfather
had died and her grandmother had started acting
"strange" according to the neighbours. The truth
was: she was slipping away. Into what?

She never knew. It all started with the
sudden passing away of her grandfather. Her
grandmother had been devastated. They were
almost like doves. You could never see one
without the other. They always went hand in
hand to every event. Remained in love for 50
long years. Needless to say she was shell shocked
to say the least, at the sudden departure of her
companion.

Her grandmother staying all by herself
in that mansion didn’t help things either. No
amount of cajoling could bring her grandmother
to live with her son and granddaughter as she
insisted that her husband’s place of death would
be hers too. But soon the silent griefings took a
wrong turn as her grandmother became way too
superstitious to tell the lies from the truth that people fed you on YouTube.

"I should have never taught her to use the smartphone" Ammu thought, gazing out the window of the Tirunelveli express. The train finally slowed after what seemed like eons and she was greeted by the sounds of people and their nellai accent. After a roller-coaster ride in the autorickshaw she reached the vaikalpalam, a quiet suburban street in Palayamkottai, with neatly aligned 19th century houses. This ever familiar locality suddenly looked and felt different to her. The early December morning mist added to the mysterious nostalgia that she couldn't place or identify.

"Did I just have a dejavu?" she whispered to herself and made her way through the long narrow corridor that led to the clearance in the centre of the property where a flight of stairs led up to her grandmother's den. The ever familiar and friendly 150 year old property suddenly looked daunting to Ammu.

As she stood there contemplating her next move she was taken back to the time when she had received a phone call ten days ago. It was her grandmother and she had called her at precisely 3 in the morning. Ammu had promptly shaken off her stupor, her body and mind fully alert as she clenched the phone tighter, turning her knuckles white.

She could hear the wheezy voice of her grandmother on the line. "Hello Ammu. Good afternoon" she had said and immediately Ammu had relaxed. It was just another bout of amnesia that usually came by but something seemed off this time. Her grandmother had sounded too cheerful, not to mention she had never been confused with time before, only names of people and places. So Ammu quickly agreed to meet her when her grandmother said she wanted to see her badly and had taken the first train after her exams to meet her "Aachi".

She shook her head to come back from the little flashback and made her way upstairs to meet her Aachi. This heritage building was her home. She knew it in her heart and felt it in her bones and no amount of bad events could shake this bond she shared with this imposing structure made of bricks, barks and gravel. But one look at the living room at the top of the staircase changed her life completely. Her heart raced and her legs failed as she took in the scene in front of her. She fell to the ground and wailed....like a banshee. And the image of home was eternally changed. It would no longer bring warmth but an ice cold feeling of loss, guilt, despair and longing.

Her grandmother hanging from the ceiling of her home, dressed in her wedding saree, Ritualistic stars and other symbols were all over the place and the forensics would later report that the deceased had been binge watching on rituals on youtube, to bring back the dead. A note was found with the single word scrawled across it. It said "Home".

Madhumathi M V
I B.A History

Life Underneath the City Lights of Tokyo

The lights from the tall city lamps of Tokyo were enough to illuminate the dark roof of Rei's house. The light from his phone slowly died as Rei was lost in thought.

"Is there a reason you chose not to reply to my texts?" said a voice from the corner of the roof.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see them" Rei replied. He switched on his phone to see the numerous texts from his best-friend and the texts from his manager asking if he could cover another employee's shift day after.
Rei was the oldest of his family with a younger sister. He was in his last year of high school, he was tall and lean with straight black hair that he got from his mother. His father left home when he was seven years old, leaving his mother all alone to provide for the children. Working after school was something he knew he would have to do to help his poor mother. Often finding peace on his roof as he watched the rich people of Tokyo live their lavish lives ‘But those people don’t have to worry about living’ he always thought, It was also on this roof where he met his best-friends Haruko and Akira.

“Where’s Akira?” asked Haruko with concern lacing his voice. “She’s coming?” Rei asked, finally making eye contact with his friend. “Yeah, she told me she’d come by after she finishes studying in the library, she’ll probably be here soon. Have you been having trouble sleeping?” Haruko suddenly asked.

“Don’t we always?” Rei replied with a lazy smile. Haruko returned a sad smile, He met Rei on this roof while in search of some calmness right after fighting with his father. He was the same age as Rei, tall but a little more muscular when compared. His father had given up after falling for multiple scams causing him to come home drunk late every night, his mother had gotten fed up of this routine and chose to leave Haruko and his brother with their father. Haruko had a younger brother who was in middle school. If his father wouldn’t support them, Haruko would be there to make sure that his brother would have a happy childhood despite everything.

“Sorry I’m late, there was a chapter that I didn’t really understand and I couldn’t just leave without solving it” said a voice climbing up the stairs.

Akira was also the same age as her best-friends. She met them one day on the nearby roof of her home when she came to escape the chaos of her life. Her parents always fought, leaving her always alone.

‘One day I’ll do well enough so I can live my life in happiness’ she always thought. This drove her study hard so she could taste the life she wanted to live. Rei and Haruko were the first few people who understood her and she was lucky enough to have found friends that she knew she could rely on for support. She wanted to live her ‘happy ever after’ with them. Akira was pretty, with her long hair flowing despite the terrible water they get and her smile that could win over anyone, she was short which Rei and Haruko would often make fun of her for. “It isn’t safe to be out this late” Haruko said as he helped Akira sit down next to them. “I’d rather be out than at home” she replied with a stoic expression. “You’re here with us now so it’s fine” Rei said looking at the tall buildings that blocked them of their view of the entire sky.

The three of them sat there as they spoke about their day and the what if’s of their lives. Laughter was something that was unavoidable when the three of them were together, whether it was about Akira’s height compared to the two giraffes or about, how Haruko tutored the wrong student the wrong subject or about, how Rei tripped at school a month ago, they always felt at peace with one another.

Despite living in the richest city of Japan they were here, underneath the city lights of Tokyo and the hardships that come along with it, they found happiness in each other.

The next few weeks went by the same for Rei and Akira as they still chose to hang on to the dream of them living a better life on the richer side of Tokyo but things went different for Haruko when his father didn’t show up back home for the past seven days. It wasn’t anything new for
his father to not be at home but knowing that he did not return the night before left an uneasy feeling that Hruko tried shaking away while he had to get his brother ready for school.

Twelve days. it had been twelve days since Haruko had seen his father, his brother knew but didn’t seem to care. In his eyes, Haruko was the family he needed and it was enough for him.

“Let’s go to Mount Takao” declared Haruko that night as he got up with his bag in hand ready to leave, while Akira and Rei looked at him in disbelief.

“Why now?” asked Akira. “Why not?” he asked with a smile taking both of their bags, but Rei and Akira knew that this was something else.

They found themselves on top of Mount Takao after a small travel, the city was seen at a distance and it was the first time they all saw how big Tokyo actually was, they were just part of a minute place in all this. They leaned against the railing that made them feel above the city lights, the city looked so small yet huge, the different colours of the city that made it look like a shiny bright sea let them feel content knowing that they’ll do anything to obtain this feeling the rest of their lives. A cool breeze that hit their faces woke them up from the dream the managed to see.

They observed in silence when Haruko decided to cut it.

“I think my father left.” He said looking at the city. He could see his two friends looking at him from the corner of his eye as he tried to keep hold of his emotions.

“We’re here for you” said Rei and that was enough for Haruko to break down in tears.

Though Haruko did not have a good relationship with his father, he was the only thing left that he could call family. The thought of someone just leaving his and his brother’s life without a word was too much for him to handle after his mother. It was just him and his brother now.

But right now in the arms of his two best friends who will never let go of his side, he knows that he’ll be able to stand up and continue to work hard and live a better life for him and his brother And he knows that he’ll have his best-friends right by his side.

Pearlyn Christina
II B.Sc. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Home

Sitting in our homes and watching Netflix has been the new normal for most of us. We’ve all been confined to our homes for over a year now that even the introvert in me was waiting for a chance to go out. It is hard to be stuck within the four walls, so hard that once a celebrity said it was like living in jail and she lives in a mansion in LA! As I look back at some of the best moments last year, I recall was watching FRIENDS in my living room when my mother said that I’ve been staring at my phone all day. This was two weeks into the lockdown. She took my phone and wanted me to play outside. Living on the second floor in an apartment I went to the terrace. I’ve never been to the terrace but I couldn’t go back to my house. I saw two children playing with a ball and a few women taking. I felt bad I couldn’t recognise anyone. I asked the little ones if I could play with them, they gave me their ball and I started playing. I could feel all eyes on me. After a while I started having fun, I called my brother to play and soon the terrace was filled with laughter and even the women started helping us catch our ball. It was getting late in the evening and my parents came up because of all the noise and they couldn’t believe
what was happening. Soon my father started playing with us and my mother started talking with all the others. Soon all the children and their parents from our terrace came to the apartment as everyone was at home, I guess everyone was bored. We played all evening and promised to do this more often. It’s been a year and we still play once every week. It feels like home now. This was one of the amazing things that came of the lockdown. Home cannot be confined to four walls. It’s a feeling. It can be anywhere or it can be right here.

Christina Keren
1 B.A English

They are not homeless; their homes are just different from ours

Under the glare of the harsh sun when all run to the shadows and sigh at their mercy, there are people who have found a way to live out of the glare, out of everybody’s sight, forever pushed into the crevices of shadow, seen but ignored, away from the honking traffic but right in the middle of it too. Its their island, their home. They weren’t always together; they didn’t always have such huge numbers. They are families that have found similarities in their misfortune. Families that were scattered across the area, living on the sidewalks and taking turns to sleep have now all come together to live and survive.

Underneath the flyover where their home is, they live without walls or a floor. The road above their heads is all that is desired, a respite from the unmerciful jaws of modernisation is all that is desired. As long as they can live there and eat there, they cradle the hope of being happy there. And it is almost true, they are almost happy. As happy as they can be, to have finally found a home, a community and a sense of belonging.

Although, it must hurt. To see the land that once belonged to you, to see the place that once was your home, to see the landscape change into a mother that cares not for you. To see how the masters of the land have changed, how they have tamed you and how they have exiled you into the unknown. Never to be seen, never to be beckoned, never to be talked about, never to be considered. The roofs above our heads exist because they have none above theirs. We have a home only because they have none of their own. We drove them out, broke them into pieces, pushed them to make a living they never wanted to. We stole from them, snatched from them, and then alienated them. We took everything that we could from them, every single thing they had to offer. And now they are poor, without shelter, without food, without clothes, without a life. They ruled these lands and now they beg in the very streets that were theirs. But they have not given up. They still live, they still hope to survive and still dream of thriving.

We have finally realized what we did wrong and now we want to make it better. Cleaner air, cleaner water and cleaner land. The beauty we lost; we will replant. The nature we scarred; we plan to heal. And of course, it all starts with the flyovers. The looming structures that we built will now be green. There will be beautiful flowers on those walls; luscious green will be all around. A breath of fresh air, a sight of beauty. And so, we’ll drive them out again. Because that’s what we always do. We’ll take away their home one more time, break them up one more time, throw them out one more time, crush their dreams one more time. They’ll be homeless again, they’ll beg again, and they’ll die nameless again.

Our dreams of a green nation will come at their cost, just as our dreams of a modern nation came at their cost. Our needs matter more than theirs. Our homes matter more than theirs.
They are not homeless, our homes were once theirs.

Sharda Sharma
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

P.S. : To all the girls out there!
Hello ladies,

Doesn't matter how we've been living before, this lockdown has helped a lot of us take time to connect with body, mind & soul. I have to admit that praying & reading the Bible everyday has helped me a lot through these days to construct a disciplined and rewarding lifestyle.

First step to achieving something meaningful is to get up and start doing something new. Instead of complaining about things you don't have, find a way to create something with what you already have. It helps make life better and gives you a new perspective. Renovating & improving your home will give you a fresh wave of energy. Improvising with what you've already got is better than not doing anything at all.

Love your life, live your life, enjoy every moment & savour it.

Cheruba Angeline R
I B.Com (Accounting & Finance)

Home

Home could mean different places or things to different people. It could be the tower for Rapunzel, a small provincial town in France for Belle, seven leagues under the sea for Ariel, a small cottage in the woods for Aurora and Snow White or even a castle where one feels trapped, for Jasmine and Anna. Despite the different places one calls home, the feeling of comfort and belonging is what makes it home. A distinct smell, a fragrance or even a sound can remind one of home. Home could be just a person as well. It is the feeling and not the specifics that matter. Every home with its varied imperfections is the perfect home for the family that lives in it. Just like homes, families are not perfect either, different as the five fingers on one hand. Despite the differences it is the love that holds them together. Home as a place, in the recent past has changed from being just home to being one's workplace, school, college and even a gym. People had gone away from their families and home and this pandemic has forced them to spend more time at home and learn the true worth of relationships and what makes a home, making people realise the profundity of the expression 'Home is where the heart is'. In this day, and in the age of social media, where people tend to forget who they truly are, one needs to remind them of home to help them be their true self.

Maryam Viquar Ahmed
I B.A. English

Home – Our Happy Place

One of the most important things we have ever done is build a home. Many years ago, accustomed to a lot of thought and dedication, we combined furniture, pictures, tags, cushions, utensils, side boards, and so on into a unique star we paint with the name home. As we build our rooms, we actively share in cultural activities in a way that is not uncommon in the prestigious museums or exhibitions. We think deeply about the shape of the picture, we reflect on the relationship between the colours on the wall, we realise how the design behind the sofa might have an effect and we carefully ask which books we should pay more attention to place on our shelves.

Our homes may not be the most attractive place to spend time in. There are always hotels or public places that can be a great option. But
after a long day at school/work, after tiring nights spent in the hotel rooms or ever sleepover with friends, we feel a strong pang to get back home, an ache that has nothing to do with material comfort. At the end of the day, we remember who we are only when we get home. In fact it is said that home is where love resides, memories are created, friends and family always belong, and laughter never ends, and rightly so.

In some cases, home is unfortunately a place of torment and hurt. This happens when there exist abusive relationships. Home can turn out to be the least comforting place to go to. Physical and emotional scars are created traumatising the individuals, sometimes forever.

Why does home play a significant role in our lives? Because for better or for worse, by being present or absent, it is an important place - in memory, feelings, and thought - to build our own story, to account for our lives, to understand our place in time. But it is also an important link in our communication with others and with the world. As Mother Teresa aptly said,” If you want to change the world, go home and love your family.”

Rachel J. Evangeline  
I.B.A. English

Home Exists No More

The crackling of the cinders, and the clank of the utensils in the kitchen were the first indications of dawn. Grandma woke up before any cock could crow. In this house she decided when it was morning and at what time night would fall, while taking care of the cattle, churning buttermilk, and those delicious plates of breakfast. If there ever was heaven, it was here.

To wander outside and gaze at the lush green meadows, to walk and stand at a precipice, to run and roll down a slope, to laugh out loud and hear the echo, that was the only heaven I knew. I knew the forests like the back of my hand, the animals that lived hiding in the green belonged as much to us as we did to them. The twilight was a reminder of how insignificant life was. With a million stars to gaze up at, how could one look around at the earth and feel grateful? The lights up in the sky, flickering but never fading, were witness to our sweet lies. Lies we told the others, lies we told ourselves, lies that made us who we are, and lies that destroyed who we truly were. Lies of coming back to the lap of the Himalayas, of never letting the city consume us, of never forgetting how insignificant we were.

Heaven, as I knew it, exists no more. The stars are gone, their light swallowed up by the haze. The meadows have turned to a pile of cement blocks, the rivers that breathed life have turned to mush. The mountains echo our voices no more. The mountains accept us with open arms no more. We have broken and dismantled heaven, piece by piece. We have conquered heaven and made it weep, inch by inch. We bartered away our home and now it no longer speaks to us, no longer accepts us. We are orphaned children wandering all alone with no place to call our own.

The castles we built are all crashing down. There’s no escape from the ruins. We are a part of that despicable ruin. We are ruined.

Heaven exists no more. Home exists no more.

Sharda Sharma  
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology
... that which 'gentlier on the spirit lies'...
We asked students if they had a poem that they could always just dive into, and find in it simple words of comfort and joy. These were some of their responses.

*IF* - by Rudyard Kipling - where the father advises his son about the world and how to live.

Anushka P
II B.A English

*Evening Solace* by Charlotte Bronte - This is a beautiful poem that, to me, embodies nostalgia. It speaks of the memories of times long forgotten. There’s a haunting sort of warmth that wraps itself around you like a blanket and always welcomes you home.

*If* by Rudyard Kipling. It used to give self-confidence to me. I love this poem.”

Sheryl
II B.Sc Psychology

*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* by Wordsworth - The sky for many reasons, like the rest of nature, often reminds me of home. The poem describing the field of daffodils and nature, floods my mind with memories of childhood.

Suzanne
II B.A English

*Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening* by Robert Frost and the *Village Schoolmaster* Oliver Goldsmith - I read both these poems in school, and have preserved the pages from my textbook very carefully, and look to them in times of distress.

Tulsi Goyal
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Students were asked to compose an acrostic for the word ‘HOME’ and these were their responses.

| H  | - heartfelt           |
| O  | - oath                |
| M  | - made                |
| E  | - eternal             |

Dayawin J
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

Heart finds happiness in
Only one place
May be the world is beautiful...
Even then, my world is my home !

Nidisha Blasy B
I B.Com (General)

Her life bloomed around her as
October passed swiftly
Meanwhile I’m confined in the dark cages of July
Embodying my darkest fears - Failure

Shreya Kishanthini Sundar
I B.Sc Psychology

H is for healthy
O is for optimum
M is for memory lane
E is for endearing

Hafsa Sirajudeen
I B.Sc. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

| H  | - happiness       |
| O  | - occasion        |
| M  | - memory          |
| E  | - entertainment   |

Nivetha.K
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

| H  | - Healing       |
| O  | - Open          |
| M  | - Mom           |
| E  | - Empathy       |

R Cheruba Angeline
I B.Com (Accounting & Finance)
Happiness, hope and boundless love dwells here
Optimism to face the world is shaped here
Memories are perpetually created here
Ecstasy my only heaven on earth

"H" is for Holly
"O" is for Ornament
"M" is for Mistletoe
"E" is for Eggnog HOME is the best place to celebrate Christmas!!!

Anushka. P
II B.A English

“H” is for Holly
“O” is for Ornament
“M” is for Mistletoe
“E” is for Eggnog HOME is the best place to celebrate Christmas!!!

Dhanya
II B.Sc Computer Science

'H' is for Healthy, rest comes easy at home.
'O' is for Old, we grow as time passes.
'M' is for Memories, we create
(Home is nothing if not something to remember.)
'E' is for Experience, gained
Being Healthy and Old is what we hope to achieve,
And Memory and Experience are our only rewards.
Yet that is enough, for all we really need
Is the knowledge that we once knew a place called Home....

Tubii Goyal
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Students were asked to let us know what ‘Home’ means to them in a few words.
A cup of hot chocolate with my cat on my lap and a book

Rasheedha
I B.A. English

A safe haven, a sanctuary of solace and love

Ann
II B.Sc Psychology

Home is where the love begins

Nancy
III B.Com. Honours

Somewhere you can be yourself; somewhere you become yourself.

Tubii
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Truly a Heaven of comfort! Somewhere you can be yourself

Nivinyaa
I B.Sc Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology

Home is a place of all comforts

Ashley
I B.Sc Visual Communication

Home is a place where you get a cozy feeling and where you can be truly you!

Nidhisha
I B.Com. (General)

Home is where I can be myself, in comfort, without restrictions

Vishnupriya
I B.Com. (Commerces)

Home is the adventure that awaits me

Sheryl
II B.Sc Psychology

For me home is everything - I can be myself!

Racshana
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Home is the best paradise on Earth!!

Anushka
II B.A. English

The warmth of the first sunlight on a cold day.

Dayawin
I B.Sc Nutrition & Dietetics (General)
Home is where Dal Lake is

Tadeen
I B.A. History

Home is where I can be myself without worries.

Shreya
I B.Sc. Psychology

Home is where our hearts rest in peace.

Hafsa
I B.Sc. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Love, warmth, caring people; where you can just be yourself, and food made by mum!

Cheruba
I B.Com. (Accounting & Finance)

'Home' is the place where multiple personalities and expressions live together.

Elakiya
I B.A. English

Home is a peaceful place. When I'm home I feel like the queen of my house!

Andrea
I B.Sc. Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology

Some that weren't eager to be so brief!

Home is where I am fully me. Where train horns can be lullabies. Where the people I love never hesitate to visit. Where silence and noise mean the same. Where the wind, the trees, the waters and the sky are better than anywhere else. Where stars are often not visible. But home is the place I return to at the end of the day.

Suzanne
II B.A. English

Home is an occasion- it brings everyone together - eating and taking important decisions. Home is a prayer hall. Home is a safeguard for me. Home makes you feel comfortable. Home is a place that gives us a freedom that we can't get anywhere else. Home is everything.

Nivetha
II B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

Home is a place where I feel safe and secure - a place where I experience emotional warmth and feel myself surrounded by love and affection. Home simply means an enjoyable, happy place where you can live, laugh and learn.

Kalai Priya
I B.Sc. Chemistry

Let's face it - all we really need to feel at home is a set of headphones and our favourite song sometimes! We asked students to share what song(s) or piece of music sounds like home for them, and why

Waka Waka, because it was THE song in 2nd grade.

Rasheedha
I B.A. English

Yaar enna sonalum...always reminds me of a family bond.

Elakiya
I B.A. English

Kabhi Kabhi Aditi - the first song that I fell in love with and used to sing at the top of my voice throughout the house...

Maryam
I B.A. English

Kanave kanave is my favourite song... Home plus headphones!

Kalai Priya
I B.Sc. Chemistry

Mikrokosmos - BTS. It makes me feel at peace among the chaos. Like how one comes home to be greeted and filled with joy after a tiring day.

Dayawin
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)
You Will Be Found from the musical Dear Evan Hansen…. the perfect antidote to a long or lonely day. It reiterates the fact that we are never truly alone and there will always be someone to find us in our darkest hours.

Sheryl
II B.Sc. Psychology

Magic Shop by BTS …. It feels like a home that will accept me at my worst and help me become my best.

Shreya
I B.Sc. Psychology

Gymnopédies by Erik Satie. The piano notes' fleeting but periodical melody sends me on a trip down memory lane with the scent of home, to past memories which otherwise I would've assumed to have been forgotten.

Suzanne
II B.A. English

Devotional songs, because we used to play devotional songs and prepare for pooja at home

Padma
I BCA

Kuttanadan Punjayile by Vidya Vox, because it gives me the feeling of my homeland and the lyrics say it all!

Nidhisha
I B.Com. (General)

Asaan Gindaan by Ali Saifudduin, it talks about my “pirwaer” or homeland. This song is very dear to me for this very reason.

Tadeen
I B.A. History

Jim Reeves’ songs on a tape recorder, reminds me of my childhood days at grandma's house. Coming Home is my favourite!

Cheruba
I B.Com. (Accounting & Finance)

Other Favourites

- Kanana Kaney
- Arariravan nan ingu pada
- Story of my life
- Melody
- See you again
- Life of the Party by Shawn Mendes
- Love Story by Taylor Swift
- Phineas and Ferb theme song

We asked students if there was anything else that never fails to remind them of home.
Can you spot your response here below?

The sound of fans
Hearing my mother's voice on my phone makes me remember home.

Birds they are always united and share so much love and care between them.

Train tracks always remind me of home. Train horns are lullabies for me!

Family photos
The old Flora pencils - white with the pink flowers.

The mist, the hills, the traditional homecooked meals, ice cream, the beach.

Writing, journaling and being with supportive people feels like home to me.

Of course, my family wherever they are, that place becomes my home.

Even being in my friend's house reminds me of home

A cute little Christmas tree!

My friends, school and college.

The mountains

Dance
"Art enables us to find ourselves and lose ourselves at the same time." - Thomas Merton.

We asked students if there was a piece of art that seems to pull them through the canvas and transport them home, and these were their responses:

Madonnina by Roberto Ferruzzi. I grew up in a home which was not overly religious. We did have our fair share of bible readings and prayers but unlike most other Christian households, we did not have the trademark Last Supper hanging in our dining room nor did we have the typical wall mounted shrine of candles, statues and photographs of Jesus. However, a staple that moved with us from house to house was the Madonnina. This is not a work of art that thrusts very heavy sentiments on anyone, rather it comes across as a delicate depiction of the love between a mother and her child which, of course, is a central element of beauty in every home, including mine.

Guardian Angel, watching over children on a bridge, by Lindberg.

Cheruba
I B.Com (Accounting & Finance)

The picture A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte - by George Seurat. It reminds me of home – of festival or feast days when every family member contributes to the celebrations. Even though it may be a small house, it can turn into a big party hall; and a small kitchen becomes a restaurant!

Ann
I B.Sc. Psychology

The Old Guitarist by Pablo Picasso

Hafsa
I B.C. Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Starry Night by Van Gogh ~ I don’t know why it makes me feel at home, but it does.

Tadeen
I B.A. History

Van Gogh’s Starry Night - This painting is so beautiful and to think that someone such as ourselves could have painted something so mind-blowing! It makes me realise that we all have so much potential.

Shreya
I B.Sc. Psychology

My grandaunt is an artist. Her painting of an old Kashmiri man doing embroidery on a shawl reminds me of home.

Maryam
I B.A. English
Movies can often make us feel at home and reflect the cheerful, carefree days of childhood while others just remind us of home and family, and happy times. We asked students what movie (or T.V. show) took them home, and why.

The Gods Must Be Crazy - When my Dad was 11, he was on his way to see it, when he injured his leg, was rushed to the hospital, and required stitches. And yet he still went on to see the film that day! Whenever I felt sad as a child my Dad used to put on this movie. During the 2020 lockdown I recreated this: our family enjoyed this movie once more with my Dad's flashback story.

Ramya
II M.Sc. Home Science (FSN)

I've always associated home with family, which is why 'This is Us' always reminds me of home. It does not - on any level - project an ideal family, and yet, it is exactly the kind of family and home that I'd like to build in the future; one filled with love, warmth and memories.

Ann
I B.Sc. Psychology

A cartoon called Shinchan used to come on while having dinner, and watching it became a routine that gave us time to be with each other.

Elakiya
I B.A. English

Sherlock always makes me laugh and be intrigued at the same time. Whenever I watch it I feel like I am somewhere where everything is right.

Shreya
I B.Sc. Psychology

Takeshi's Castle - It reminds me of the days I came back from school with a huge backpack... opening the door just to find the T.V. far across the room... my sibling and I running with a sense of unity we never thought we had before.

Dayawin
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

Dora the Explorer and Barbie during my childhood, the only interesting after-school activity was watching these cartoons!

Nivinya
I B.Sc. Advanced Zoology & Biotechnology

Other Favourites

- Home Alone
- Samudrham
- Jackie Chan Adventures
- Little Sophie
- Heidi
- Chitty Chitty Bang Bang
- The Sound of Music
- Tom and Jerry
- Jacobinte Swargajyam
- Totally Spies!
- Golmaal
- Fast & Furious
- Frozen
- Narnia
- F.R.I.E.N.D.S.
Garden of Poetry
Familiar faces
and reading through pages of stories
I already know the ending of -
That's home to me.
Sweet silences
and Taylor Swift in the background -
That's home to me.
Crowded rooms
and a seat saved just for me -
That's home to me.
Cold tea
and quality conversations -
That's home to me.
Grand gestures
and a lending ear when I'm down -
That's home to me.
Genuine compliments
and unconditional love -
That's home to me.

Dear old friend,

In the haze of uncertainty that is life,
Our memories lead the way.
Dear old friend,
You ARE home to me.

Sherlin Kirthana J
I B.A. English

Epiphany
When the light shone by your dark brown eyes,
I failed to see the tear that you hid.
As the pain crept along your slender frame,
I kept dancing on like a little girl.
But now I see your lonely eyes
As my innocence fell away in a flash
For I vow to be the one you need
And do all i can to pay more heed.

Dayawin J
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

One Candle, One Book
The dimly lit room was ample, fulfilling -
With the hanging cobwebs and their corner-congregations,
And the loud creaks - the room was its own
Crystal ball, challenging the world outside.
The tomes stacked, dusted, ready to be stroked;
A cup on the side; the flame unfazed
By the breeze's constant pant;
She in this burrow with the hatter -

Home indeed! The candle exudes lavender;
The smell turns the room blue and serene.
The dark is hardly an impediment;
And the pages turn till the dark dies.

Analena Pondurai
I B.A. English

The Reason for Our Conflict
I lock my gaze with you
As we begin to fling our words at each other.
Our eyes blaze, daring the other to back down,
To submit.
We each hold onto the sceptre of power,
Unable to let go - we cannot.
Our pride would surely fall;
We would tumble down the stairs,
And have the other place their foot
Upon our backs - a trophy in prostrate form.
Instead, we grit our teeth,
And hold onto the sceptre with white-knuckled grips.
With our cardboard crowns sagging over our
scrunched brows,
It's a toddler's game of tug-of-war.
The sceptre means nothing at all,
It is cardboard too, and we haven't noticed,
And we wouldn't care.
Our conflict is nothing glamorous,
No humanitarian cause, or deed out of justice.
We just want to be the ones to sit on that
cardboard throne, With our feet resting on the
other's back,
And say, "I won it all!"

Samyukta D'Mel
II B.A. English

Myth

She is full of emotion,
Tired of the world's illusion.
In that lonely state, with a glass of wine,
She imagines the life which she wanted.
Folks dance in the middle of the meadow,
Bullocks ride along the valley and grin
At everybody.

Hafsa Sirajudeen
I B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

A magical presence among the rumbling grounds
Keeps you safe without a single break.
Among the growing fret
and between the screeching cries -
An eternal love
And a silent cry

Dayawin J
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)

Home

This is where I eat and sleep,
This is where I dance and giggle,
A place where I can be myself.
This is where I feel the ups and downs,
This is where I walk down my childhood memory lane
A place where my heart finds peace.

Hafsa Sirajudeen
I B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Home Sweet Home

The four walls of my home will surely speak
How wonderfully and strongly they have held
A beautiful relationship that blossomed into many
And encompassed emotions that kept them so busy.
How they've supported the first walk of the baby,
And held her scrambled painting, proudly framed.
How the sofas and tables over time kept changing,
And the scrambled painting is now not so pleasing,
As the girl, a baby no more, leans against the
walls.
Their strong and sturdy texture still familiar,
still tall...
It was also warmth, love, and hope,
That made this not a house but a home.
They laughed, they cried, they fought.
And together they made the memories etched in them.
The four walls of my home will happily reveal,
How they are not just built, they build as well.

Vishnupriya R
I B.Com (Commerce)

Life

No person likes to be measured
By money, on his death bed.
And he likes to feel at least
A little concern for himself.
Though he is unconscious,
He understands volumes of
The touch of a palm.
And so, he feels happy to depart.
The child on all fours,
And the old on his last legs,
Need to be loved, need a gentle touch.
Because life is a story of love.

Time is irrelevant.
I can't differentiate between dreams and nightmares
I stare at the clock over and over again. It's 11:11.
Shouldn't my dreams be coming true today?
Shouldn't you be calling me back?
Shouldn't you be staying with me?
Well 11:11 may not be that lucky for me after all.

Goodbyes are the hardest
They don't bloom around my eyes anymore
They love to scald my skin and leave these bruises that resemble flowers in full bloom.
I can't show them though. So I conceal heavily.
I wonder, weren't we on the same page? When did you decide this book wasn't for you?
The memories I have of you are unforgiving and filled with so much happiness I gag and choke
It is not missing you that hurts me the most.
The feeling of your arms wrapped around my body are so ghost-like I find it comforting
I begged, I pleaded. I screamed at my foolish heart.
Love is not for you.
I told myself over and over and over again the best things were meant for me

But when it comes to love I will always be the 'bored' option.

Love holds power beyond control.
Who knew three words were enough to rip apart every brick you meticulously cemented
Along with your feelings? Who knew three words were enough to rip apart your armour to leave you naked and bleeding?

Who knew three words held so much power that came crashing when they left?

Isn't it ironic, things that let you float in a state of euphoria are now the worst nightmares?
Let go of the memories, they are the worst
A constant knife in your side, a twisted blade, reminding you of what could have been.

You learn to heal.
You learn that the twisted blade does come out and the wound heals

It's painful, the healing. Sucks the very life out of you
But after the healing you will find someone to paint those wounds gold

Proud battle scars will unfold and tattoo your soul.

Till then let love be.
I will love you. From near or far.
From my memories or my nightmares,
I am letting go, is it hard? Yes
Does it take the breath out of me? Yes
But will I know how it feels to have you back?
Maybe.

But it's 11:11 now.
Isn't this the time when dreams come true?

Jessica Immanuel

III B.A. English
Lockdown
Silent streets, Noisy houses,
Hunger and thirst all around -
People starve alone.

Oh, you who came from the East,
Turning the world upside down -
You’ve made sickness rule supreme.

Seclusion might have surprisingly
Brought the world of nature back -
But we are still longing for peace.

Evangelin Saral
III B.A. English

A Father’s Love
“It’s a girl” announced a crisp and smirky voice
From a room, followed by a baby’s cry;
I crept inside carrying baby clothes and toys
Giving the thought of ‘female infanticide’ no choice!

As a daughter, sister, cousin and niece,
She always served as a messenger of peace.
Amidst all the anti-feminist conspiracies
I taught her to achieve everything she sees!

The time came for her to part from me
I promised her my arm on which she can always lean.
Hope she doesn’t get treated as a child-bearing machine;
For I cannot see again the 20-odd-year old scene!

J. Keren Preethi
II B.Sc. Chemistry

I wish I had one more day...
We met in the middle of pages,
We swayed on words,
And we fell for each other
At the edges of letters.

I walked down the alley
When Yale blue blended with deep mauve
At the fall of the dusk,
To find him waiting for me,
For us,
For eternal love.

Together we walked past
The dutch-roofed houses, fantasising about ours.
He led the way to the seashore,
Where the moonlight reflected on the powdered crystal sand.
I rested on his lap
And picked a delicate grey seashell,
Trying to toss it from one hand
To the other.
He took out a book from his leather bag
And read it to me for the nth time,
As the lights from the illuminated beach houses
Fell on the book.
He soothed me with his words
Like how the wind caressed
The pitch-black sky.
Watching him reading,
I closed my eyes.

In the morning,
When haze obscured the sky,
I sipped my coffee,
Sitting on my patio chair in the balcony.
Chirping birds flew across the sky.
My thoughts drifted away
To his modulated, silvery voice
And the sound of restless yet gentle sea waves,
While he read to me.

One day, he walked out of that which was promised,
Turning my delightful mornings into wistful ones.
Leaving me to wander aimlessly
Through the aisles of my thoughts,
Our perpetual promise shattered
Like a fragile piece of glass,
Wiped off as easily as
The writing on the sand.
I was robbed of my splendid days.
I withered,
Just as the flower did
In the child's notebook,
In an unknown page of life.

I wish I had one more day
To walk on the shore with you,
To listen to the wind
Whispering the story of our love

Prema Tressa Abraham
III B.A. English

Of sepias and sunsets

What is home?
The feeling you run to or the feeling that drives
you away.
For me it is a cocktail of both.
Till I met you.
Call it fate, call it a tinder swipe done right or,
years of running in the same circles with no
connection whatsoever.
At times I stare at the phone screen hoping they
would be the almond of your eyes.
I try reaching, I try to connect.
Try to feel something other than texts.
I picture sunsets with you.
Those amber rays reflecting off the caramel of
your skin.
My heart is certain that you are my home.
My head says otherwise.
So I ran. away from the feeling of loss
My heart handles rejection well, just not
from you.
I run away into that sunset trying to escape your
almond eyes
Leaving my heart by your side.

It is okay that you do not notice.
I did not expect you to.
Sometimes I wish you were my home.
So I can make you smile anytime I want.
And catch that beautiful dimpled smile.
I know your eyes light up at simple joys.
You enjoy the people around you.
Your eyes have a sparkle that mine lack.
You give me butterflies, a lot of them.
Though I am petrified I love that fluttering feeling
when your name pops up on my screen.
Running is easier,
Hiding is achievable.
But facing this multitude of emotions
Is a herculean task.
Sometimes I wish you were my home
I wish you were my home
For me to cry my heart out and plead my cause
I wish you were my home,
For me to be me
I wish you were my home so
I can finally love
I wish you were my home
And not just a house.

Jessica Immanuel
III B.A. English

Look Away

Once I was young and bright-eyed,
It took only age to let the light die;
As I grew, I learnt to look away.

New rules now govern us, like a solid jigsaw
Some pieces don't fit together, yet this is the law.

We built our homes upon this cracked foundation,
And though the fissures grow deep below our
feet,
The light never falls upon them,
Making it easier for us to look away.
One day, I fell into the darkness,
And met a child with eyes like mine once were. She sought the light, and asked me for directions. I told her that I did not know, and looked away. Yet she persisted, her eyes now full of sorrow. 'At least show me', she pleaded 'the path that leads to tomorrow.....' 'Never mind that', said I, with scorn. 'I much prefer the light of the morn'

In an instant, the light flooded the halls and I was returned to the cracked foundation, Content with living above the darkness, Blinded by the light that never shall fall upon that child......

Tulsi Goyal
III B.Sc Plant Biology & Plant Biotechnology

Home is where the heart is, But my heart is broken Into a million little pieces. Where do I find my bliss? The lazy mornings, The blues that painted my childhood, The silence at the top of the hills, I was twelve then, I haven’t been there ever since. The friends I made in pigtails, The unruly school children that we were, The naïve humor and innocent lies, I lost my innocence that year. Uprooted and replanted A thousand times over. I grow, I flourish, I bloom I blink, and again It’s all over.

Home is where the heart is, My heart is in so many places. Home is where the heart is, Where does my heart belong? Where do I belong? What place can I call my home? What place offers eternal bliss?
"Home" is not a place, it's a "FEELING"
A Photograph that says HOME

Rasheedha Sulthana
I BA English

Kanigha
I B.Com (Accounting and Finance)
Kanigha
I B.Com (Accounting & Finance)

Eliza Ninan Kurien
I B.Sc. Nutrition & Dietetics (General)
"துர்கி பிறப்புக்கு பெருமிங்கள்போனவில்லை
சுருக்கினார் நாயன்மார் வாகனங்கள்."
மானவிய பாடல்

மாணவர்களைப் பாடி வாழ்க.
மண்டல மங்கள் பாடல்களும் அறிந்துகொள்ளுங்க!
மாணவர்கள் கல்லறிவைப் புரிந்துகொள்ளுங்க!
மானவர்கள் பாடல்களைப் பாடிக்கும்.

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மாணவர்களைப் பாடி வாழ்க.

- அ. முதுரை

ஆலமா

அவர்களின் பாடல் பாடுவதற்குத் தொன்று கொண்டிருக்கிறது.
பாடல்களைப் பாடி வாழ்க.
பாடல்களைப் பாடி வாழ்க.

- அ. முதுரை
கொடைப்புரை பார்வை

பாடல் ஆன்டுக்கு மாமே கௌளியங்கள். நாளிரா பார்க்க மூன்றாண்டும் தவறாவையாய கொண்டேது அதற்கு இச்செய்ய கோரையாருவக்கு செய்வதுடன் என்று கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் பார்க்க இன்னும் கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார். அவன் குறுக்கு இறைவனுக்கு கூறியுள்ளார்.
அலக்கறி மாநிலம் பொருளிலே

மாநிலத் தொழில்நுட்பப் பொருளை நோக்கும் நன்கொண்டு பொருள்படுத்துவது?

- அலக்கறி பொருள்

அலக்கறி பொருளிலே நன்கொண்டு பொருள்படுத்துவது?

- நூற்றாண்டு பொருள்

அலக்கறி பொருளிலே நன்கொண்டு பொருள்படுத்துவது?
வளையம். சீமையாகத் துணைக் கிராமாகத் தொடரும் கலந்து வருகின்றன. மேலும் இந்த பிராமாகத் தொடரும் கலந்து வருகின்றன. முருகன் என்ற விளக்கம் இந்தக் கலந்து வருகின்றக் குறுகில் கருத்து. தொடரும் இந்த விளக்கம் ஆனது விளக்கத்தை சேரும் குறுகில் கருத்து. எனவென்று இந்த விளக்கம் ஆனது விளக்கத்தை சேரும் குறுகில் கருத்து. ஆனே ஆங்கிலக் கலந்துகளுக்கு மீண்டும் குறுகில் கருத்து. எனவென்று இந்த விளக்கம் ஆனது விளக்கத்தை சேரும் குறுகில் கருத்து.

முருகன் என்றும் பதிவில் செய்யப்பட்டுள்ள அவற்றின் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். அவ்விலையானால் ஆக்கங்களை பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆக்கங்களை பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். அவ்விலையானால் ஆக்கங்களை பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும். ஆய்வு என்றும் பதிவு வேண்டும் கன்று பதிவு வேண்டும்.

- இ. ஆனே

சுருக்குவதற்குச் சொல்லிக்குறி.

முனையம் 2 மகத் சோழ் கீழ்கள்?

முனையம் 2 மகத் சோழ் கீழ்கள் - பார்த்து நிற்பும் செய்யும் நிற்பும்?

முனையம் 2 மகத் சோழ் கீழ்கள்!
பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது! பொறியியல் கொண்டு நேரான வசதிகளை நுட்பாக ராகவும் பொருள்பைச் செய்வது!
நாட்டு கற்பேருக்கு தூய பக்தியுடன் சீரமைக்க வந்து இருக்கலாம்!

நம்பிக்கையுடன் சீரமைக்க வந்து இருக்கலாம்!

நாட்டு கற்பேருக்கு தூய பக்தியுடன் சீரமைக்க வந்து இருக்கலாம்!

போர் நாட்டுக்கு தூய பக்தியுடன் சீரமைக்க வந்து இருக்கலாம்!

- ஏ காந்தேயன் கோஷ்டம் அனைத்துக்குரண்டு அணியமல்லன்.
சுருக்கம், ஆண் மருத்துவமனை வெளிப்புறம் பெண் லைப்ரோமிருந்து நானின் குடும்பத்திற்கு பாதுகாப்பை நேர்யுற்செய்யலர்.

தூண்டுதல் மதவெல்லாம் ஒலித்தை பறவை கூட்டப்பட்ட நாள் அருள். அத் தூண்டுதல் பெண் மருத்துவமனையில் பயணம் செய்ய வேண்டும் குறிப்பிட்டு நந்தி கேத்து செய்துள்ளார். அருள் தூண்டுதல் ஒலித்தைவாய் வெளிப்படையிலே தங்கினார். சோதனையின் கீழ் அலங்காரம் ஆண் நாயக்க கொண்டிருந்து. குறிப்பிட்டு என்பது எனக்கு கோரம் கொண்டு வந்தது. படிக்காயத்தில் ஆடி அல்லது நாயக்க மாடங்களை கொண்டிருந்தது. கூறுகிறது என்பது எனக்கு கோரம் கொண்டு வந்தது. படிக்காயத்தில் ஆடி அல்லது நாயக்க மாடங்களை கொண்டிருந்தது.

அனைத்து குறிப்பிட்டு ஆண் புது மாற்றுதோற்றம் கிளையில் சுருக்கத்து வருகிறது. குறிப்பிட்டு பெண் மருத்துவமனையில் குறிப்பிட்டு என்று பலர் காணித்துக் கொள்ளலாம்? என்றால் நமின் குறிப்பிட்டு என்று கிளையில் சுருக்கமாகக் கொண்டு வந்தது. குறிப்பிட்டு பெண் மருத்துவமனையில் குறிப்பிட்டு என்ற கிளையில் சுருக்கமாகக் கொண்டு வந்தது. குறிப்பிட்டு பெண் மருத்துவமனையில் குறிப்பிட்டு என்ற கிளையில் சுருக்கமாகக் கொண்டு வந்தது.

பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை! பாலவன் குழு நேர் பாதுகாப்பை!
வாழ்வாதி விளைந்து என்றுள்ளே அல்லது என்று கூற்று காணவும் முடியாது! அவன் பல்லிக்கும் தோக்க காணத் தருகிறான் வாழ்வாதிக் பாத்திரம்
- அர்த்தநூறா

இன்றுவரல்

வாழ்வாதியையொன்று விளைந்து என்று கூற்று காணவும் முடியாது!

வாழ்வாதியையொன்று விளைந்து என்று கூற்று காணவும் முடியாது!

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வாழ்வாதியையொன்று விளைந்து என்று கூற்று காணவும் முடியாது!
மண்டலத்தான் அமர்த்தல் அனுப்பதற்கான குறியீட்டைதலே பார்ப்பது நடனற்கள். குறியீட்டாக்கள் என்றும் அவர்ப்பில் அதிகம் திகைகை ஊட்டும் வழிகாட்டுகள் உள்ளன. அதற்கு முன்னர் வரும் முறை நூற்றுக்கணாக கிளைட்டு. குறியீட்டு என்றும் முன்னரைக்குறியீட்டு என்றும் அரங்கள் ஆய்வுகளுடன் பார்ப்பது வசவாக காட்டுகளில் உள்ளன. துருள் துவாரம் குறியீட்டு அமர்த்துள்ள வம்சைகள் குறியீட்டு. உண்மை விளைக்கின்ற ஆய்வுகள் நூற்றுக்கணாக கிளைட்டு. குறியீட்டு என்றும் முன்னரைக்குறியீட்டு என்றும் அரங்கள் ஆய்வுகளுடன் பார்ப்பது வசவாக காட்டுகளில் உள்ளன. துருள் துவாரம் குறியீட்டு அமர்த்துள்ள வம்சைகள் குறியீட்டு. உண்மை விளைக்கின்ற ஆய்வுகள் நூற்றுக்கணாக கிளைட்டு.
1785-இல் நாவல் நடன கிருஷ்ணசமனல் தமிழில் எழுதிய புராணத்தின் பி.நான்காலம். ஆனது புராணாக்களின் மூலகண்டத்தில் உள்ளது அடைய்கள் நூற்றாண்டு தற்காலினர் காலத்தில் இயற்கையான நூற்றாண்டு முதல் நவம்பர். இந்த புனித மற்றும் பிரதானசமய தவறுகள் இயற்கைக்குரிய கால்நடைகள். தற்கால மருநாட்னு தமிழ்நாடு வாழ்வில் முழுங்காலாம். இந்த புனித புராணாக்களின் மூலகண்டத்தில் உள்ளது அடைய்கள் நூற்றாண்டு தற்காலினர் காலத்தில் இயற்கையான நூற்றாண்டு முதல் நவம்பர். 

1804-இல் புராணத்தின் பி.நான்காலம் தற்காலினர் காலத்தில் இயற்கையான நூற்றாண்டு முதல் நவம்பர்.
தமிழ்தமிழ்

கிருட்டியை! அடைய உடையவராயாத!
கிருட்டியை வெளியீட்டுத் தொடங்குகிறாய்!
கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்குக் கையேறியதை
கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்குக் கையேறியதை
கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்குக் கையேறியதை
கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்குக் கையேறியதை
கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்கு நூற்றுக்கு
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கிருட்டியை நான்கியே நூற்றுக்கு நூற்றுக்கு
किरुद्धारूढ़ क्रियाक्रम का प्रवाह नहीं। - किरुद्ध
किरुद्धारूढ़ क्रियाक्रम का प्रवाह नहीं। - किरुद्ध

- கிருட்டியின் குறிப்பிட்டு கிருட்டியின் குறிப்பிட்டு
महिला सशक्तिकरण

"जलाकर भस्म कर, तू कूद तेरे वजूद की समय को भी तलाश है।"

2020 के सर्वेक्षण के अनुसार दुनिया भर में महिलाओं की आबादी कुल आबादी का 49.6% है।

भारत 662.90 मिलियन महिलाओं का घर है। कहा जाता है कि इन महिलाओं के सशक्तिकरण के लिए बहुत से कार्यक्रम और कानून बनाए गए हैं, पर सवाल यह है कि कैसी यह पर्याप्त है?

हर दिन तनाव के साथ उठती है और तकलीफों के साथ सोती है। आज की अव्यवसथित और भीड़ भरी समाज में अपनी पहचान बनाना, हर महिला का दृढ़ संकल्प बन चुका है। अपने घर, परिवार, संबंधों और कार्यालय के कामों को इतनी बारीकी से संभालकर वह सचमुच एक देवी का रूप प्रदर्शन करती है।

इतिहास हमेशा पुरुषों के बारे में लिखा जाता है लेकिन इसके द्वारा रचा नहीं जाता है। देश की उन्नति में महिलाओं का बहुत बड़ा योगदान है। चाहे वह ग्रामीण महिला की जमापूंजी हो या व्यापार करने वाली औरत, हर नारी ने अपनी क्षमता से देश को विकास की ओर बढ़ाया है।

महिला सशक्तिकरण हर महिला का परम अधिकार है; तो सवाल यह नहीं है कि महिला सशक्तिकरण क्यों? बल्कि यह है कि महिला सशक्तिकरण कब?

बचपन और बयान के उम्र के बीच की अवधि की युवा (लगभग 15-24 वर्ष) कहा जाता है। युवा करमी भी रापुर की रीढ़ होता है। यह समाज का महत्वपूर्ण खंड है। तनाव-अभिभूतित महसूस करने है या असहनीय दबावों के परिणाम में सामना करने में अस्वीकृति है।

तनाव एक पुरुष का तनाव है जो करिके की बाहरी या आंतरिक सामना करने में होने वाली घटनाओं के कारण होता है, जिसके परिणामस्वरूप संकट और चिंता का निर्माता आमतौर पर अधिक होता है।

तनाव सकारात्मक अक्षम हो सकता है, हमें खतरे से बचने के लिए सत्ता, पुरुषता और तैयार रहना है। तनाव तब नकारात्मक हो जाता है जब व्यक्ति तनावों के बीच राहत या बिघराम के बिना नहीं होता।

तनाव मृत्यु के प्रमुख कारणों में से 6 से जुड़ा हुआ है: हृदय रोग, कैंसर, फेफड़ों की बीमारी, दुर्घटनाएं, यकृत का सिरोसिस, और आत्महत्या।

तनाव के प्रमुख कारण

1. शैक्षणिक तनाव

कॉलेज में आवेदन करने के लिए ग्रेड से तक, कॉलेज में संबंधित तनाव के उच्च स्तर का अनुभव करते हैं। कई शिक्षा प्राप्ति के बारे में चिंता रखने और अपने सहपाठियों के साथ संबंध रखने के बारे में चिंता करते हैं।
2. सामाजिक तनाव
किशोर अपने सामाजिक जीवन पर एक उच्च मूल्य रखते हैं। किशोर वर्षों के दौरान सहकर्मी दबाव एक अतिरिक्त तनाव है। मतिरता सुधारति करने और बनाए रखने के प्रयास में, किशोर अपने साथियों को बुझ करने के लिए अपने आराम क्षेत्र के बाहर बृथ्वहार में संलग्न हो सकते हैं।

3. पारिवारिक कलह
परिवार को पुर्वभावत करने वाली कोई भी चीज किशोर को पुर्वभावत कर सकती है। अवसादक अपेक्षाएँ, बैठकिये समस्याएँ, तनावपूर्ण भाई-बहन के रशिते (भाई-बहन के साथ बदतमीजी), परिवार में बीमारी, और परिवार पर बलिदान तनाव सभी किशोर तनाव में एक कील को दूरगिर कर सकते हैं।

4. दुनिया की घटनाएं
स्कूल की गोलीबारी, आतंकवाद के कार्य, और प्राकृतिक आपदाएं माता-पिता को चिंतित करते हैं, लेकिन वे किशोरों के लिए तनाव भी पैदा करते हैं। किशोर अक्सर 24-घंटे के समाचार चक्र के लिए निजी होते हैं, और घरेलू और विदेश में डरावने समाचारों के टुकड़े-टुकड़े सुनकर, किशोरों को उनकी सुरक्षा और उनके परिवारों की सुरक्षा के बारे में सोचकर छोड़ सकते हैं।

5. दर्दनाक घटनाएं
परिवार के किसी सदस्य या मतिर की मृत्यु, दुर्घटनाएं, बीमारी या सुधारी भावनात्मक या शारीरिक शोषण का किशोर तनाव के सूत्र पर सुधारी भावना हो सकता है। यह भी ध्यान करना चाहिए कि तनावपूर्ण घटनाओं के लागू होते हैं किशोर हमसे लगभग 10% किशोर पुर्वभावत करते हैं।

6. महत्त्वपूर्ण जीवन परिवर्तन
युवा जीवन के महत्त्वपूर्ण परिवर्तनों के कारण तनाव का अनुभव करते हैं। एक नया स्कूल शुरू कर रहा है, और परिवार के मेकअप में बदलाव (तनाव और मानसिक परिवारों सहजति) किशोर के लिए तनाव को दूरगिर कर सकता है।

तनाव कम करने के उपाय
- सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण रखें।
- सुविचार करें की ऐसी घटनाएं हैं जिनके आप नियंत्रित नहीं कर सकते हैं।
- आक्रामक के बजाय मृत्यु या झटक सोचें; ध्यान, योग, या ताई-ची की कोशिश करें।

निष्कर्ष
मानसिक तनाव या किसी भी प्रकार का तनाव बहुत महत्त्वपूर्ण नहीं है जस्ता रूप से भोजन करें।
- दूसरे, अपने और बाहर के संतुलित भोजन करें।
- अपने समय को अधिक पूर्वें दंड से पूर्वें दंड करें।
- तनाव के रूप से सीमा तकनीक करें और उन अनुरोधों को न कहें जो आपके जीवन में असाध्य हो सकते हैं।
- शौक और रुचियों के लिए समय बनाएं।
- पर्याप्त आराम करें और रुचियाँ। परिवारके अनुष्ठानों से उबरने के लिए अपने शरीर को आक्रामक करने की आवश्यकता है।
- सामाजिक समय परिवर्तन करें। उन लोगों के साथ पर्याप्त समय बताएं, जिन्हें आप पुर्वे करते हैं।
- अपने जीवन में मानसिक तनाव से निपटने के लागू होते हैं किशोर भावना के साथ उपचार की तलाश करें।

निष्कर्ष
मानसिक तनाव या किसी भी प्रकार का तनाव बहुत महत्वपूर्ण मामला है जस्ता रूप से भोजन करें।
को स्वीकार करना चाहिए क्योंकि यह युवाओं को कई अलग-अलग तरीकों से परभावित करता है। मानसिक तनाव अपरिहार्य है, लेकिन इसके लिए अस्वास्थ्यकर प्रतिक्रियाएं नहीं। इसलिए, उन्हें स्वस्थ समझने और देखभाल प्रदान की जानी चाहिए। जब वे सामान्य रूप से मानसिक तनाव या तनाव का सामना कर रहे हों।

- अक्सा जोसेफ
19VCM03

लड़ीसप्र कोर्पोरेट 2021

नससमरहने बच्चों की मदद के लिए आयोजित किया गया है। में रेली बच्चों के लिए अंतर्राष्ट्रीय दिन है। इसके लिए हमेशा रातों और सुबहों में बच्चों को समय प्रदान करते हैं। मानसिक स्वस्थ और विकास के लिए सही समर्थन प्रदान किया जाना चाहिए।

- आर. मुस्कान जैन
Visual communication - 1st year

नारी की कहानी

अन्तः तक नभाई जो रचनात्मक और तकनीकी नजर से फरिश्ता पर काम करती है। उन्हें कहानी पढ़ने में और पढ़ने में इसके लिए प्रेरणा प्रदान करती है। उन्हें समस्याओं का सामना करने की तैयारी की जाती है।

बेटी करती माँ - बाप से बहुत प्यार
माँ - बाप से ही है बेटी का संसार।

नन्हीं परी अब हुई बड़ी
शादी के मंडप पर आ खड़ी
ससुराल में बहु बनकर रखती माँ - बाप की लाज

शाही निभाए जो रिश्ता
औरत का दूसरा नाम है परी।

भाई,बहन, हो या दोस्त सब का काम प्रेम से करती सबकी जिन्दगी में खुशियाँ ये भरती।

बेटी करती माँ - बाप से बहुत प्यार
माँ - बाप से ही है बेटी का संसार।

नन्हीं परी अब हुई बड़ी
शादी के मंडप पर आ खड़ी
ससुराल में बहु बनकर रखती माँ - बाप की लाज

सामाजिक स्तर में बहुत बड़ा है।

सास-ससुर ही हैं इसके ताज

फिर आया नारी का एक रुप, जो है सब से अनोखा।

माँ-बाप, बहु, बहन, पत्नी, माँ भले ही दुःखों और परिवार के नाम को हमेशा ही बढ़ाया।

भाई,बहन, हो या दोस्त सब का काम प्रेम से करती सबकी जिन्दगी में खुशियाँ ये भरती।

बेटी करती माँ - बाप से बहुत प्यार
माँ - बाप से ही है बेटी का संसार।

नन्हीं परी अब हुई बड़ी
शादी के मंडप पर आ खड़ी
ससुराल में बहु बनकर रखती माँ - बाप की लाज

सामाजिक स्तर में बहुत बड़ा है।

सास-ससुर ही हैं इसके ताज

फिर आया नारी का एक रुप, जो है सब से अनोखा।

माँ-बाप, बहु, बहन, पत्नी, माँ भले ही दुःखों और परिवार के नाम को हमेशा ही बढ़ाया।
तुम सुहाग खन दे मे सुहाग आजार देंगा।

सुहाग्या जनमजात प्रतिमा तै नहीं थी,
परन्तु कठोर परिश्रम से बचने की उपराती सुहाग सभी रही नहीं।

N.Minigail
19CMC38
2nd Bcom Ca

आज हमारे अंतर बस राक ही इच्छा
ैमी चाहिए, मरने की इच्छा
तक भारत जी जिंके...
La maison est si chaleureuse et accueillante,
Toujours avec son effet pétillant.
C'est là que tout le monde veut être, veut vivre
Et où tout le monde va quand on se sent triste.
Cela leur donne envie de ne jamais partir,
Un bel endroit pour se guérir.
La maison n'est pas seulement faite de briques et de pierres,
Il est fait d'amour et de soin et bien cher à moi.
La maison n'est que les quatre murs carrés,
C'est un endroit où l'affection est décorée.
Qu'y a-t-il ici sans les personnes,
Personne à accueillir, personne à saluer?
La maison évoque la douceur et la tendresse,
Quand il y a des gens qui aiment être avec nous!

- Ruth Joseph Vaidyan (20PSY29)

Ma Maison

C'est ma maison, un endroit pour me rassembler.
Allumer le feu et préparer du thé ;
Grand-père a ses histoires à raconter.
La famille est ensemble, une pause de la vie bourdonnante.
Se souvenir, se relier, se détendre - autour du feu
Dans une chaleur, un cercle d' amour familial!

- Rowenna Maxine Wanniang (19ZBT37)

Ma maison est un petit lieu de bonheur
Où je passe la plupart de mon temps
La maison est pleine de chaleur et d'amour
Belle maison avec de beaux souvenirs
Elle se compose de quatre chambres
Où un groupe de cinq vit comme un seul membre
Si on passe du temps avec la famille
On ajoute de la beauté à cette jolie maison

- Ruth Vidya M (19CSC39)

La maison s'est beaucoup déplacée. Par conséquent, le goût d'un domicile n'est jamais resté sur ma langue. Pour la plupart de ma vie, les quatre murs que m'ont entourés changeaient chaque année en nuances de beige, blanc et gris. Jamais bleu, car les adultes ne peuvent pas peindre leurs murs en bleu.

Je me souviens quand je suis devenu jaloux aux enfants dans les films et leur mur avec posters et peintures. Mon mur reste vide, un étranger. Pourtant, quand nous partons de notre domicile temporaire comme des nomades, j'aime écrire un message sur le coin d'un mur. Vous ne pouvez pas le voir a moins que vous le cherchiez. C'est comme mon petit poster, une bosse sur le mur vide. Tous mes souvenirs sont réduits à des gribouillis. Maintenant, j'habite dans un appartement depuis trois ans. Mes murs sont encore vides.

- Ruth Joseph Vaidyan (20PSY29)
Un logement est fait de béton et de briques.
C’est comme ça depuis le temps préhistorique.
Mais un foyer est fait d’amour et de confiance.
On en trouvera tout ici et en abondance.

Un foyer, ce n’est pas un endroit, c’est un
sentiment.
Un sentiment qui reste avec soi infiniment.
Mon foyer - ça peut être une personne ou un
même un animal.

Pourquoi pas ?

- Tanya Stephanie Bennett (19PSY46)
¡LA SOLEDAD!!

- Dinah Thomas (20ENG14)

No es una palabra
Ni es un sentimiento
Es una emoción
De que se pasa uno

en la soledad hay reflejo
en la soledad hay calma
en la soledad no hay responsabilidad
solo los oídos y el corazón están funcionando

¿qué hacemos en soledad?
depende de un individuo
él se refleja o se conecta
en este mundo rápido.

Los recuerdos pasarán
Amigos y familiares pasarán
En ese pequeño cerebro suyo
Como una tira de película que pasa

Sí, Mi amigo,
Es una lección de vida
Una transformación
Posición diferente pero silenciosa

¡¡Soledad!!
No es una palabra
Es una emoción.