



flash



Issue 5 — Annual Newsletter

2020-21



And then we were isolated,
All under the same moon and stars and sun,
Staring out to the world we so yearned to dive into once more,
To stand by the ocean and feel the breeze on our face,
To climb mountains and hills and breath in the wilderness,
To embrace your friends and laugh and cry and cherish those connections,
To lay next to the one you love and kiss and hold them tighter,
And all those little things we took for granted suddenly seem so important,
And we wonder why we never clung to them,
And thanked the universe for such wonderful gifts.

-Unknown



TABLE OF *contents*

- 4 Principal's Desk
- 5 Faculty Members
- 6 Editorial Desk
- 7 Recap 2020-21
- 10 Students' Corner
- 33 Inklings Recommends
- 41 Yearbook: Batch of 2021
- 48 The Team Behind The Scenes

From The Principal's Desk



PROF. (DR.) PAYAL MAGO

Principal, SRCASW

Educational institutes must impart an environment that encourages holistic development of the students, and as educators, it is our responsibility to ensure a proactive learning atmosphere. We at Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences for Women aim to provide our students with opportunities to express themselves to their fullest capacity. It is even more important to help the children shape themselves into empowered citizens of the future. With the world in precarious balance and the ever changing landscape of uncertainty, the students must find themselves capable of going through their days with their heads held high.

It gives me immense pleasure to bring to you the fifth edition of 'InkFlash', the Annual Newsletter of Inklings- the Literary Society of SRCASW. This newsletter is an amalgamation of unfettered artistic and literary talents of the members of the society. Each of the entries here holds invaluable potential. Taking pride in one's talents and skills goes a long way in shaping one's perception of self.

Our student body is a truly resilient force, and has strived to produce a literary piece that encompasses the beauty of hope.

With the world making for a rather bleak picture this last year, the students were bound to seek out some semblance of hope and positivity. Thus, the theme for this year's newsletter is 'Sanguine', meaning optimistic or positive, especially in the face of adversity. It is rather needed in the world we see around us. The situation today has left many hopeless and disheartened. May this small token of gratitude and optimism reach as many troubled minds as possible.

I congratulate and appreciate the contributors for their inputs to the Newsletter. The editorial board has done a commendable job in curating the Newsletter with creative talent and hardwork. A platform to express one's ideas so beautifully without having to compete with anyone is empowering in itself.

My best wishes to the whole team for this new edition.

FACULTY MEMBERS

Dr. Bhawana Sharma (*Teacher Convener*)

(Department of Biochemistry)

Mr. Rituraj Anand (*Teacher Co-Convener*)

(Department of English)

Mr. Piyush B. Chaudhary (*Teacher Co-Convener*)

(Department of English)

Ms. Saumya Chaturvedi

(Department of Food Tchnology)

Ms. Tina Sachdeva

(Department of Computer Science)

Ms. Surbhi Aggarwal

(Department of Electronics)

Dr. Kohinoor Kaur

(Department of Microbiology)

Dr. Shalini Choudhary

(Department of Psychology)

Mr. Ginminlen Touthang

(Department of Physics)

Mr. Rajdeep Singh

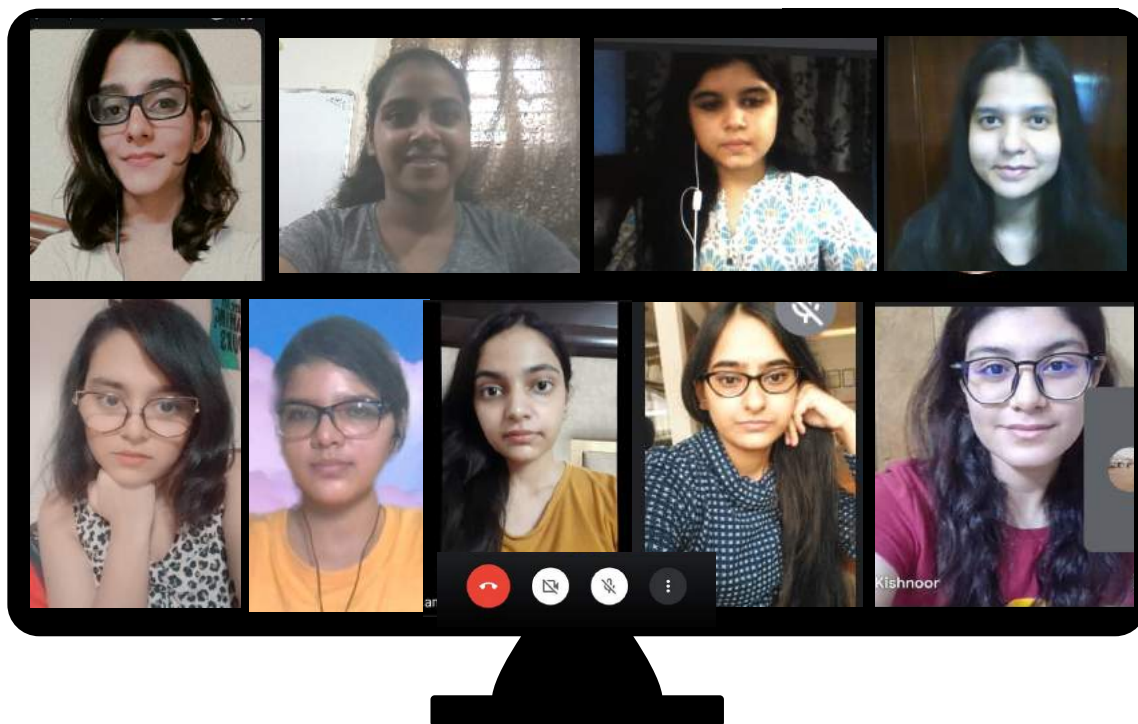
(Department of Management)

Dr. Deepa

(Department of Statistics)

Ms. Tulika Kumari

(Department of Computer Science)



Editorial Desk

As we trudge along uncertainly under the looming shadow of the pandemic, it is our absolute pleasure to thank each one of you for your continued support. The magazine aims to expand its reach and achieve its vision of being true to the student representation.

Each year, our extensive team of editors, designers, collaborators, and contributors at Inklings generate creative content and work extensively to bring to you this dynamic piece of individuality and expression.

This final publication highlights the diversity inherent to the Literary Society of Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences for Women. Going forward, we look to scale new heights, and broaden our horizons further by challenging our boundaries.

The student council would like to present to you this year's issue, with the theme "**Sanguine**". This issue particularly looks forward to being a ray of positivity in trying times like this.

This magazine would not have been possible without the constant guidance and support of our teacher mentors at Inklings, and we extend our heartfelt gratitude to them. We also thank all the contributors for their invaluable inputs, they have made this magazine a success.

Last, but not the least, we would like to thank all the readers. We bring to you this magazine with utmost pleasure. We hope you love reading it as much as we loved curating it!

Happy Reading!
Inklings- The Student Council

Recap 2020-21



Made by
Mansha Suthar

05/09/20

Logo Designing Competition

A logo designing competition was conducted on 5th September, 20. The winner was given a shoutout on our social media handle.

Hindi Diwas

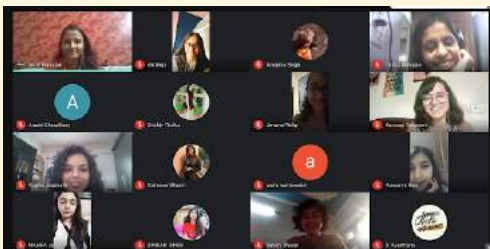
The first major event of the year was a week-long celebration of the Hindi Diwas during the second week of September. Under Hindi Diwas, competitions like quiz, debate, story writing, and poetry writing, as well as an insightful webinar by Dr. Vivek Madhav Madgatpranah, were conducted. The goal of the Hindi Diwas was to encourage students to write in and appreciate the Hindi language.

08/09/20
-14/09/20

Meraki

On the occasion of World Mental Health Day, an open mic event was dedicated to the soulful expression of the heart and mind. In collaboration with Philyra, students came together to voice their thoughts as they took center stage to perform on 'Mental Health'. The participants showed commendable talent and extreme enthusiasm as they expressed their thoughts on mental health.

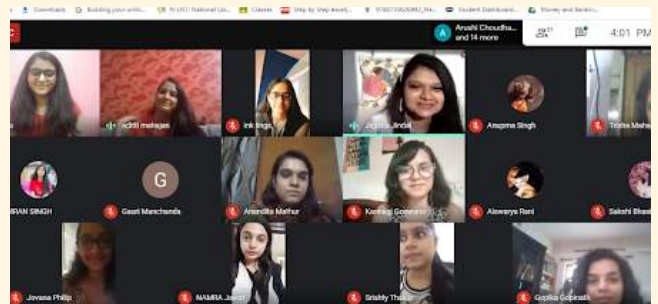
10/10/20



Inktober

To stimulate the brain cells of bored and idle minds, the entire month of October was devoted to creative writing. Prompts, in both English and Hindi, were sent out for each week of the month, and based on the prompts and themes, several participants sent in their creative works. The winners were announced on our social media handles.

02/10/20
-31/10/20



Masked Affair

31/10/20
-05/11/20

On the occasion of Halloween, a face painting competition was conducted exclusively for SRCASW students. Students showed off their spooky sides with the incredible ability to transform their skin into a canvas for their creativity. The best entries are published in the annual college magazine, Aakriti.

Quintessence'21

05/02/21
-06/02/21

The biggest attraction of Inklings, the annual literary fest of the college, Quintessence, was conducted online with just as much splendour and pomp as it has always been before. The fest conducted -

- **Jaadu-E-Alfaaz** (an open-mic event)
- **Heads and Tales** (a creative writing competition)
- **Memetopia** (meme making competition)
- **Webinar** by Dr. Anuradha Bhattacharya, on the topic 'Process of Writing Books.'

Thought-a-Thon

Another exclusive competition for Rajguru students was held in collaboration with the Department of English, at the beginning of the year 2021. The aim of Thought-a-Thon was to have an open discussion about certain topics via Paper Presentations. The final presenters were selected on the basis of abstract submissions.



Eloquentia'21

During the annual cultural fest, Karvaan, Inklings organized a literary event. On 17th and 18th February, 21, Inklings organized '**221 Booker Street**', a literary quiz competition, quite akin to a treasure hunt. The competition consisted of 3 rounds with each round giving a unique twist to a traditional quiz game, from trivia round on movie and literary adaptations to guessing the badly narrated plots and riddles involving authors, writers, and poets, etc.

17/02/21

08/03/21

Women's Day

On the occasion of International Women's Day, the entries from the members of Inklings LitSoc were invited. Artworks, poems, and messages were dedicated to the women, for the women, and by the strong and beautiful women of the society. The submissions were posted on the official social media handle of the society.

Masti Ki Pathshala

An initiative by the Hindi Samaj to help the students improve their vocabulary. It was commenced during Hindi Diwas. Certain common English words, used on a regular basis by students, were selected and their Hindi as well as Urdu equivalents were posted on Instagram stories on the Inklings' official account, regularly.



Naye Lekhak Ki Khoj

This was another initiative started by the Hindi Samaj. The aim of the programme was to promote the talent of new and undiscovered writers.

STUDENTS' CORNER



एक छोटे से घर में जन्मी थी, एक छोटी सी मुस्कान अपने साथ लाई थी।
पर किसको पता था कि यह मुस्कान सिर्फ कुछ घंटों की बात थी।
लोग कहते तो हैं जैसा करोगे वैसे ही मिलेगा, पर उस नन्ही-सी जान ने क्या ही किया था, जिसे बिन बात के सूली पर चड़ा दिया था।
जिसकी आँखें यह दुनिया ना देख पाई ना जान पाई।
क्या यही सिला दिया तूने उसे एक लड़की होने का?

पर वही जान बच भी जाती तो क्या हो जाता?
बड़ी तो मैं हो गई हूँ , सबकी ज़िंदगी पर एक बोझ बन के।
आज इन चार दीवारों ने मुझे कैद कर रखा है, इन धुहों से मेरा बदन तप रहा है।
इन हवाओं को मैं महसूस करना चाहती हूँ , अपनी ज़िंदगी जीना चाहती हूँ ।
पर क्या यही सिला दिया तूने मुझे एक लड़की होने का?

और अगर वही जान बड़ी होकर, उन चार दीवारों से निकल भी जाती तो क्या हो जाता?
थाम के बस्ता इन आँखों में खुशियाँ ले निकल तो पड़ी हूँ मैं
पर कौन जाने अगला समय मेरी ज़िंदगी में क्या ले आए।
क्योंकि डर लगता है मुझे उन आँखों से, जो मेरे बदन पर कपड़ा होने के बाद भी मुझे नीलाम कर जाती हैं।
डर लगता है उन लोगो से जो अपनी आँखों से मेरा बलात्कार कर जाते हैं ।
क्या यही सिला दिया तूने मुझे एक लड़की होने का?

पर एक बात इस दुनिया को बताना चाहूँगी, चाहे तू मुझे पा ले, चाहे तू मेरे पर ही क्यों न काट दे, ना ही रुकूँगी और न ही थमूँगी मैं।
सिर्फ चलती रहूँगी आपके इस रास्ते, वही जुनून ले कर, उन चार दीवारों से निकलना भी जानती हूँ , उन आँखों को नोचना भी जानती हूँ।
एक नारी हूँ , एक औरत हूँ, एक लड़की हूँ।
ना ही रुकूँगी और न ही थमूँगी मैं।

सिंपल सिंह
सांख्यिकी विभाग
प्रथम वर्ष

71 साल पहले प्रजातंत्र को अपनाया था,
 एकजुट हो कर हमने देश को गणतंत्र बनाया था।
 इस दिन हवा के साथ कर्मवीरों की कुर्बानी का बक्सा भी
 साथ आता है,
 उनके सम्मान में हर भारतीय गर्व से झंडा लहराता है।
 तिरंगे के तीन रंग बिना बोले बहुत कुछ सिखाते हैं,
 राष्ट्र गान की धुन सुनते ही समंदर भी ठहर जाते हैं।
 सौभाग्य है कि हम भारतवासी हैं,
 क्योंकि देशभक्ति यहाँ पलते हर खून की निवासी है।

भारत
 का
 एक
 ही
 नाम
 है



डरते नहीं हैं जान देने से पहले,
 हमेशा वतन को रखते हैं खुद के बेटे से पहले।
 हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, सिख, ईसाई,
 चारों की जान भारत माँ में ही समाई।
 एकता हमारे देश का प्रतीक है,
 हमारे पूर्वजों ने दी हमें यही एक मात्र सीख है।
 वादा है झंडा नीचे होने नहीं देंगे,
 सेनानियों की कुर्बानियों को अपने ज़हन से खोने नहीं देंगे।

एक
 ही
 नाम
 है

अनिशा अ
 प्रबंध अध्ययन स्नातक विभाग
 प्रथम वर्ष

If I Could Paint the Skies

If I could walk right up to the skies,
I'd have carried all my favorite dyes.
The blue would then have been pink,
My dreams riding alongside pens full of ink,
And brushes would also follow their steps,
To paint the clouds a vibrant, colorful mess.

And then the sky will be brimmed with a lot of angels,
Blessing everyone with their appraisals.
My dream sky will portray my entire being,
An abundance of rainbows and dreams,
All my delights will be clear as day,
Everyone will look up, with visible praise.

Anisha A
Bachelor of Business Administration
First Year



A Magical World

Lost she was,
In the unknown magical world,
The one created by those enticing words.
Reading and dreaming alike,
Wishing for it to be real,
To live as a part of it,
To stay forever within it.
And with a heavy heart,
She tore herself out.
She had to shut the book down,
And once again, was back in the real world,
Searching for yet another world to escape to this time.

Manjari Pathak
B.Sc. (H) Mathematics
First Year

A Monster to Fear

An excerpt from a diary of just another young girl

He lurks in the corner ready to pounce,
In the charcoal midnight, and I denounce,
Give into those hands, or fight my way through?
He shuts my mouth, my cries subdued.

I had run that one time, he came after me.
He said "Good girls don't run from their daddies,"
Afraid, I snuggled my Teddy close,
And shut my eyes, praying to the cosmos.

He says if I speak he'll hurt my mum,
And he bruises my legs, till they go numb.
I wish I was a wolf with a powerful pack,
A pack that could soothe the scars on my back.

My friends say it's all in my head
"It's all the stories that you've read."
But what do I do with the monster under my bed?
The one who makes me scream,
And leaves my skin crimson in his stead.



Yuvanshi Sethi
B.A. (H) Psychology
First Year

The Colourful Sky

If only I could paint the skies,
With the violets from my memories,
With the smell of shy flowers,
And a touch of that summer breeze.



If only I could paint the skies,
With the indigos from my dreams,
With a taste of forgotten sweets,
And the warmth of morning sunbeams.

If only I could paint the skies,
With the oranges from my prayers,
With the candles in my heart,
And the very end of my despair.

If only I could paint the skies,
With the blues from my sorrows,
With the glistening tears in my eyes,
And the sheer cruelty of my woes.

If only I could paint the skies,
With the reds from my scars,
With the blood that has now stopped dripping,
And the nights that showed me the stars.

If only I could paint the skies,
With the green of my pain and my wounds,
With all the soreness in my bones,
And the strength of the chains that once bound.

Then I would paint the skies,
And I would paint them all,
With the pain before my joy,
And the flight after my fall.

If only I could paint the skies,
With all the yellows from my hopes,
With the light at the end of my tunnel,
And all little cuts on my ropes.

With the light that ended the dark,
And the warmth that thawed the ice,
That's what I would paint with,
If I could paint the skies.

Rajasvi Raina
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
First Year

Monsters Under My Bed

Terrified of what I have buried under,
A fading memory of unknown hands' vice,
A crystal-clear image of my grandfather,
And a shame that I have forgotten his voice.

Thrilled at the sight of a photograph,
Reminding me of the time I've lost,
I keep staring at the hourglass,
To strangers' hands and to strangers' hearts;
Getting away with bloody murder,
But being punished for a crime I never did commit.

The distant sound of a phone ringing brought me back to you,
The swinging fan over my head cooled my iron hot ears,
Grains of sand and pieces of broken glass,
Hidden in pockets of sticky skin, tripping on air,
and laying on my stomach I felt terribly in control,
Yet utterly, utterly powerless.
I left behind a part of me in each house,
Now I have nothing to build my home with.

Always wanting more, my shallow heart bleeding,
Please, please, I beg you,
Don't leave your secrets with me,
They haunt me, terrify me.
The terrible things townsmen have done,
I want nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with this town.
Oh, they named a tree after me,
When I said they couldn't drown me.

Always remember, I'll return,
I'll find my way back to this graveyard of wise men and knighted soldiers,
They'll turn me into a folktale, a nightmare, a town legacy,
They'll tell their children to stay away from the river of truth,
To look for me under their beds,
As if I'm the one rotting away for my tasteless sins,
When all this time has passed,
And I still haven't gotten revenge on the monsters under my bed.

Anshika Sharma
B.A. (H) Psychology
First Year

The August Sun

I've ran through this tiny hall countless times,
 Suppressed my urge to doodle on the walls,
 Fallen asleep on the table buried in a good book,
 Sang my heart out in the tiny room,
 And danced my way through the night.

Seems pointless to tell a stranger about the things I enjoy,
 But I can't leave this place without telling you,
 Throw it away if you find it boring, or maybe even,
 Pass it on to the new tenant you plan to exploit.

You'll never know what it's like,
 To stay awake at night and
 Worry about having a roof over your head,
 To watch your mother transform overnight,
 To witness the death of a butterfly,
 To chase after the moon,
 Begging for it to let the sun come alive.

The taps in your bathroom are unfed,
 The drywall is chipping into flakes,
 The wallpaper is stained, and
 I broke the glass figurine you bought,
 I threw the chalkboard away,
 And the burly men tore down the front wall.
 Maybe you do know what it's like.



I didn't wait for the August sun,
 I didn't stay awake till the early morning,
 Gathering bits of my courage,
 Fearlessness and foolish hope,
 I fed those thirsty taps,
 I patched the torn tapestries,
 Painted over the tea stains,
 And glued the house back together.

I didn't wait for the September moon,
 I didn't stay awake till dark,
 Packed my meager belongings and,
 Ran away from this wicked place.
 I put the pieces of the puzzle together,
 Took away the dirty scraps to build my own roof,
 And then watered all my seeds for a new beginning.

Now, I'm undefeatable and undeniably strong,
 I have outgrown those nasty scars,
 I've overlooked your condescending stare,
 And I've become whole once again,
 I stay up for the August sun now,
 Drink the potion of immortality with the September moon,
 Brush off the worries as they're dust,
 And I cherish singing to my butterflies again.

Anshika Sharma
B.A. (H) Psychology
First Year

Ocean

The sky donned her evening attire,
The sun dipped out of sight,
Perhaps, afraid of the sky's fire,
Or the twinkling stars' might.
The blue waters turned dark,
The waves, a gentle slosh,
Their tender twinkle stark,
Against the sands, they washed.
The orange sky faded away,
Giving way to all the blue,
The silhouette of the distant cay,
Disappeared without a clue.
The tides soared high,
The moon on the rein,
Her sparkling white sigh,
Hiding her ancient pain.
The sun was gone for the night,
The clouds mourned in grey,
Lit by the sun's last light,
Beneath the sky, they lay.
The sun will be back at dawn,
The sky, blue once more,
The weeping moon is gone,
Blue tides against the shore.

Rajasvi Raina
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
First Year

She, In a Man's World!

A poem about the struggles she faces, yet how determined she remains for her growth in this male-dominated world!



Agrani Kulshreshtha
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
Second Year

The moon knows her secrets,
And sun her responsibilities.
The night knows her weaknesses,
And the morning her strengths.
The stars have known her dreams,
And the sunrays her struggles.
She fights with the world in the morning,
And with its demons at night!

She is brave, mighty, and courageous,
Full of confidence, and oh so gorgeous.
Maybe not to your eyes,
But it's the heart where her beauty lies!
You could never see how pretty she is,
And never know how righteous she stays.
'Cause, it's your heart that holds grudges,
And your mind is your heart's slave.
You won't hear the sound of her truths,
Neither the innocence of her laughter,
'Cause, it's the fault of your adulterated soul,
And not hers, oh master!

Unweave

Have you ever looked at the curved lines on your palm?
They all say, 'These lines envisage your future'.
Unceasingly, intently entailing on how they curve,
In and out, in and out of your palms.
What if you had the power to change them?
If only the lines diverged in a different direction?
If a small change could turn your life upside-down?
The dreams you chased away,
The art piece you left, unfinished,
The music notes left suspended in the air,
Why let the fates decide the path of your life?
Instead, influence the fates of your life.
Don't let the currents dishevel your voyage,
Pull the mast and anchor your courage.
The waters are violent, and you're afraid,
Yet you must take charge! Conquer your trepidations,
The sapphire blue sea is a treasured map,
Waiting to be unraveled by a wanderer!



Deepal Varshney
B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
Third Year

Entangled

Into the cosmic mirror,
Unaware of anyone,
Looking up to the sky,
Waiting for someone.
Every day's a little harder as I grow,
But there's a part of me that wishes to go,
Go into my beautiful parallel world,
Where I maintain my inner peace,
A parallel home, a parallel dream.
I wish it all, all for me.
So, whenever I sit in the lap of the star,
I don't drown in the maze of the dark.

Into the multiverse,
Reaching into the horizon,
A warm, fuzzy feeling,
That this world will never know.
To fit in here, you have to fall out,
To speak here, you have to shut your mouth.
So don't let me grow, don't let me shine,
'Cause silences know that I cried,
And patience knows that I tried.
Even if I tell the truth, it will all return in scars,
Why did I climb and fall so far?
Instead, I wanna enter my own parallel world,
Where I can spread my wings,
A parallel home, a parallel dream.
I wish it all, all for me,
So whenever I'm lost endlessly,
I will find you right beside me.



Deepansha Datla
B.Sc. (H) Physics
First Year

Untamed

I am the seashell you were implanted in,
I am the fertile red soil that nurtured you,
I am the tree that furnished you with the shade of green.
You sucked at my roots,
And you also bore its fruits.
Oh darling, I am your mother,
You were born out of me.

I am the rose, you fell in love with,
The musky fragrance you were immersed in.
I gave you unfathomable pleasure,
The pleasure from opening coral red buds,
To find the deep salmon pink inside.

I am the bitterly cold winds,
Sending chills down your spine.
I am the refreshing droplets of rain on your skin.
Oh dearest, I am your wife,
The rose that got thorns, mitigating the effect of thy crimes.

I am the pure white petals of a Daffodil,
Don't mistake me for fragile,
I bloom resiliently in the sun, and even in the shade
Oh dearest, I am your daughter,
I bring brightness, joy, and a new beginning to life.

I, well, I am all three,
And so much more.
I am the beauty of the moon and I am the green of the forest,
I am the hope in twinkling stars and I am the limit to the sky,
I am the ultimate depth of the ocean.

Oh darling, I am a woman!
I am wild and fierce as nature,
When I thrive, you thrive,
When I waver, you waver too,
I don't need you, but you do need me.

Oh darling, I am nature,
And I shall forever persist.

Riya Kala
B.A. (H) Psychology
Second Year



Heroes

Tripping past the days,
Living in a blurry haze.
With our thoughts a giant mess,
Floating through life, cordless.
Try, try, fail, repeat,
We're blind to the demons we were sent to beat.

Our feet are painted red,
With the shattered remains of the dreams, we have shed.
Sadness haunts our dismal eyes,
We plod aimlessly, as the time flies.
This could have been different, you see,
If only we had someone to accompany.

Our breaths come out in strangled sighs,
Like the last cry of a god as he dies.
Shackled to the plane of misery,
Eyes searching for an ounce of chivalry.
How cruel is the creator who cursed us with dreams,
While the world around echoes with innocent screams.

How cruel is the sky that tempts us to fly!
How cruel is the sea with its tides so high!
How cruel are the deep trenches of the ocean,
The void within them that tempts men,
The darkness of the night's sky, that darkens within,
The hell's serpent with the apple, tempting us to sin.

When all the light of the day couldn't chase the darkness away,
When all the ears in the land couldn't hear what we say,
Then what is there to do but lament upon the lost souls,
Cry and scream and crawl back into our dark holes?
What is there to tell but the stories of our pain,
Of the monsters and ghouls and the heroes that were slain?

Rajasvi Raina
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
First Year

My Deepest Fear

If this world was modeled on the likes of *'Divergent'*, the post-apocalyptic dystopian novel, I would never have qualified for *'Dauntless'*, the fearless faction. My fears are quite wide and varied. For one, I would say that I fear the whole *Arthropoda* phylum. That's about a million species I would never really like to meet. However, it's funny how it is not the one million tangible things, but the one intangible thing that truly petrifies me- I fear never being chosen.

To be in a room full of people and to know that you are never someone's first choice- it's terrifying. I do not jump out of my skin at the thought. It's more subtle, a constant companion, dogging my steps whether I am frolicking with friends, or even working with colleagues. I wonder when it started, was it when one of my friends always left me behind while they were on the way to catch up with another? Or was it because in a group of people, my words were never heard until the very end. Maybe it started when I left a room and realized that nobody really questioned my absence. *But no matter* is what I often find myself thinking, almost as if I am consoling myself. *No matter, it's almost a friend by now*, I find myself saying. It defines me in the way I carry myself; a kaleidoscope of oxymorons. Loud but quiet, determined but uncertain, wishing to be known but oh, so damn scared of it.

I live in a bubble to protect myself. It's easier. It does help too. Armed with the knowledge that I am not the one that people will choose, I can be kind with no strings attached. It helps me live in the present. Every meal exchanged, every kiss exchanged and every smile directed at me at the moment is mine. Do not be mistaken, I am still happy. So what if I live with a silence that is not silent. Who cares?

Prashasti Rohatgi
B.A. (H) Psychology
Second Year

The Case Of The Missing Humans

"Ahem ahem", Steve heard, he turned to find Sir William standing in the shadows of the alleyway. Steve immediately straightened in attention. "Sir!" he greeted, wagging his tail.

"Shhh, keep your volume down. We don't want the other gang to hear you," Sir William admonished him. "It's time for the meeting. Follow me."

The senior dog turned to walk further into the alleyway, with the pup following excitedly. They were headed to the abandoned parking lot that the gang had chosen to be their base, to meet and to discuss. Lately, it was being used more to investigate and report.

"What's the report?" Sir William asked the black ragged bitch who greeted them at the entrance.

"Nothing new. Chelsea and her girls spent the whole day waiting in the park, nobody showed up. Not even children." the black bitch, who didn't quite have a name, replied.

"Not even children?" Steve asked, "but it's almost summer! It's time for them to be out and about!"

Sir William growled in frustration. The trio reached the meeting area and took their places, making the total count of dogs present up to seventeen. The topic of investigation, same as it had been for days, where are the humans?

"It's just like Tommy said!" Steve announced.

"Tommy? Sounds like the kind of stupid name only an owned dog would have." said a young brown pup, Hailey.

"He is an owned dog," Chelsea said. "He lives near the river." Turning to address Tommy with a certain disgust, she asked, "You're friends with an owned dog?"

"He's a nice dog! He's so strong and golden and I wanna be like him when I grow up!" Steve said. The other dogs groaned and grimaced in response.

"We're strays, Steve. Far superior to those weak-muscled dogs with their stupid childish names and their disgusting collars," Sir William told him. "However, they are the only ones who can tell us why the streets and parks are abandoned. They can help us understand what's wrong."

"Tommy told me that his owners were feeding him human food suddenly," Steve reported.

"What other kind of food is there?" Chelsea asked.

"He said they had run out of 'cans' but still weren't leaving the house to get more."

"Cans? Is that some kind of food?" the ragged black bitch asked.

"No, I don't think so. It sounds like some sort of a toy." Sir William said.

"He also said that they were spending more time with him and that they also kept watching something called the 'news'," Steve added.

"The what?" someone said.

"Oh that's definitely food!" someone else chirped up.

"No, why would they watch food?" Chelsea said.

"Hmm", Sir William said. "Interesting report, Steve. Though I'm not sure if it answered our questions or gave us more to think about."

"He said they're afraid," Steve said quietly.

A hush fell over the gathering. The strays looked at each other, unsure how to react.

"Afraid?" Hailey asked.

"No, Steve. Don't be absurd. Why would they be afraid?" Sir William said. "There's been no new squirrel activity, and even the garbage trucks have decreased their visits. There's nothing to be afraid of, at least as far as I know. Theresa, did you find any threats on your patrols?"

"No, sir," Theresa answered. "Everything is as normal and abandoned as it has been for days. Found a human or two walking around and tried to follow them but they hardly looked my way. And their mouths were covered."

"Their mouths were covered? Like, muzzled? So that they can't speak?" the ragged black bitch asked.

"I don't know."

"So they're afraid of something and their mouths are covered?" Chelsea asked.

Suddenly, Steve gasped, "I know what this is!"

"Enlighten us then, kid." Sir William said.

"Tommy told me about this a long time ago! I didn't believe him then, but now I know this must be it. It's the Vet!"

"Who's wet?" someone asked.

"No, the 'Vet'. Tommy told me that once in a

while his owners take him to this scary monster with a long white cloak and plastic hands! And the Vet has these painful stings and sometimes he feeds Tommy food that doesn't taste good!" A good chunk of the gathered canines gasped in horror.

"That's not even all of it!", Steve added, encouraged by the reaction, "The monster even muzzles his snout so he can't even bark!" A bigger gasp was heard this time.

"So you're saying that the Vet has covered the humans' mouths so they can't speak and they're not coming out of their houses because they're afraid of this monster?" Chelsea asked.

"Has the... has the Vet t..taken over the city?" a small pup asked, terrified.

The rustling of the leaves and the gentle silence of the empty streets turned eerie to the scared dogs as they let the terrible thought sink in.

"We should run away and save ourselves," Hailey said. Several dogs murmured in agreement. "We should run away and find some other place. I'm sick of the empty streets anyway."

"We could go where Sir Thomas' gang lives. They're always welcoming." someone said.

"I'm afraid of the vet's stings. We should leave as soon as possible." someone else added.

It was then that Sir William growled loudly, silencing the discussion. "We're not leaving!" he barked, "What are we? Some scared little pups who run away at the first sight of danger? How would we be any better than the owned dogs if we showed such cowardice?"

The dogs whimpered back to their leader, lowering their heads in shame. "We will stay! And

we will fight!" Sir William said, "Because we are not cowards!" The dogs looked at their leader.

"I'm with you," Steve announced.

"Me too," Chelsea joined.

You know I'm in," said the black bitch.

And soon a cheer went up from the gathering. "We're with you, too," they said. "We'll fight!" they said. "We're not afraid," they said. And so it was decided.

"You", Sir William said to the black bitch, "take Theresa and the others and search the west side of the river. Look everywhere, especially in the dark places that look like they could be an evil lair for the Vet."

"Aye, aye captain!" said the black bitch.

"And Chelsea, you and Steve search the east side and take others with you."

"Got it!" said Steve.

"You and you," Sir William said, pointing at the smallest pups in the gang, "you're in charge of the communication. Stay with your group and as soon as you see anything run to me as fast as you can. I'll be at the bridge." The two pups yapped excitedly in response. And the gang parted ways.

Steve and Chelsea gathered a team and their assigned communication pupper and headed east, a little apprehensive but determined.

It only took about an hour or so to make Steve wonder whether they were wasting their time, because, as far as he could see, the streets were just like they had been. They did spot a person or two but they didn't have any white cloak or plastic hands or even any stings, and they looked like they were in a rush, probably because they wanted to

get in their houses before the Vet caught them. Maybe the Vet is too smart to be caught by a bunch of dogs, Steve thought.

"Oh my God, Steve!" Chelsea exclaimed. Steve turned to find her looking at a building.

"What is it?" he asked, but his words caught in his throat. "Run," he whispered to their communication puppy because the creature that stood in the building couldn't possibly be anyone other than the Vet.

"He has the white cloak and the plastic hands and the sting. That's him," Chelsea whispered. "We should wait until Sir William arrives with the others."

But Steve wasn't listening. This is my chance to save everyone, he thought. His ears twitched in anticipation and he held his tail high. Running at full speed he slammed himself at the monster, determined to take him down. But much to his surprise, some invisible force stopped him and he fell down hard, hurting his back, while the monster kept standing, unfazed.

"Steve! What did you do?" Chelsea screamed.

"There's a force-field in front of him. I couldn't get through!" Steve told her. The monster looked down at them through the force-field, his eyes menacing and his metallic sting shining.

"That's it, monster," Chelsea screamed at him, "You've had enough fun. Let the humans go!"

Steve thought Chelsea sounded pretty impressive but the Vet seemed uninterested in them.

"Alright!" Chelsea screamed again, "That was the last warning! Now face my wrath!"

Chelsea lowered her head and ran full speed at the force-field. Steve thought it'd do nothing but her strength was enough to knock the Vet back.

Elated, Steve cheered her on, but the Vet, probably enraged, was coming back to hurt her and Steve had to think fast.

20-year-old John, bored and with nothing else to do, had been recording the dogs outside his window who had been barking at the opposite building for the last 5 minutes.

"What are you doing?" his roommate asked.

"These dogs are attacking the mannequin in that clothing store and I'm recording them."

"What mannequin?"

"The one wearing a white overcoat and a ski pole in its hand. They keep hurling themselves at the window it's behind."

"I guess the dogs are as bored as us." his roommate said, turning on the TV.

John looked on. The little female dog had just hurled herself at the window, rocking the mannequin back with the force. But the mannequin rocked back at her and, to John's surprise, the other dog threw himself in front of her perhaps trying to protect her from the harmless mannequin.

"Fascinating," John murmured.

The other dog threw himself at the window one last time as several other dogs appeared on the street, and succeeded in knocking the already unstable mannequin down. John couldn't help but cheer for the dog's efforts.

"They knocked it down!" John told his roommate.

"Oh thank the Gods! Finally!" his roommate said. John turned to find the news reporting that the

nationwide lockdown had just been lifted as the covid-19 cases went down. "It's as if they were waiting for these random dogs to knock down a mannequin." he laughed.

John looked back at the dogs, barking excitedly at each other and licking the dog who knocked the mannequin down, congratulating him he guessed. Their excitement only grew when they saw people starting to leave their homes. Their tails a blur and their feet dancing happily.

"Fascinating" John murmured as he, too, started to head out after days in isolation.

Rajasvi Raina
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
First Year

We Are The Power, We Are The Strength

From fighting the demons inside,
To the monsters lurking outside.
From grabbing every opportunity coming our way,
To letting our lights shine every day.
No matter what the world says,
Poking their noses, speaking nonsense,
About waiting for the prince,
As if we ever were so frail.
We do not want to be princesses,
Waiting for the princes,
We are the queens,
Our heads carrying invisible crowns.
We are the power,
We are the strength,
With or without someone's hand
We can and will take our stands.

Manjari Pathak
B.Sc. (H) Mathematics
First Year

SERENDIPITY

Just like Seven Wonders of the World,
The stars of the Saptrishi,
Wonderful are all the women.
Unbelievable, right?
But so is everything that is amazing.

The yin to the yang of the universe,
The queen to the king,
And the sword to the shields,
And smile to the faces,
They're all women.

In the souls of the universe,
In the language of the worlds,
In career, in those jobs,
In sports and in the gods,
In decisions, opinions, and the talks,
Lies the place of the women.

Apparently, the world needs to be taught,
To respect women.
Every woman's real self is buried deep inside,
Makes the heads of entire humanity turn,
Just like the stars make us turn towards the sky.

The awe,
The amazement,
The growth,
The talent,
This is what the presence of a woman is.

Deepansha Datla
B.Sc. (H) Physics
First Year

The Last of Humanity

Three ravens were perched on a garbage can, eating long-forgotten pieces of trash. The bustling silence of the highway had lost its charm after the first month or so. I made my way into the abandoned bodega hoping to find something edible. Ignoring the massive army of rats that scurried away from the door, I went in and stared at the counter.

Empty.

The bodega, the Starbucks behind it, the café which used to have the best donuts, the little bar where I had first met my wife, the park where I loved to jog, all in a different life. Empty. Empty. Empty. All of it.

That is the word that pops into my mind the most these days. I go out and everything is empty. I look inside me and it's empty still.

I had thought I would be fine. I thought I could live alone, what was there to lose? I had lost everyone I loved already, what did I need the rest of humanity for?

Now the window panes of the stores and the benches in the parks haunt me, mock me, laugh at my naivety. Empty.

Nature is having the time of her life, for sure. The ivy that was kept in check by my old neighbors has now crept inside their window, having fun growing into places it had once been

forbidden from. I can't walk across two blocks without being stopped and frisked by a hoard of handsy raccoons. I stopped leaving my apartment three months back, except to get food, which is scarce now.

I wish I could regale you with exciting tales of the days when this emptiness had just begun, but I'm afraid everything feels like it was from a different life, a different time. There's a mist where my memories resided and I'm left with nothing but this deafening silence and these streets that refuse to let anyone pass through them. It feels as if I have stared at it for centuries now.

I wish I could tell you that it's the power cut and the scarcity of clean water and good food that's bothering me, but I think I've forgotten where the switches are and the food on my plate has been spoiling for days. But the innocent street mocks me. The evil chattering of birds, as they fly by in groups, snickers at me, talks about my pain, and laughs at my loneliness.

That reminds me of Tucker, a classmate I had back in 3rd grade, who was once asked what he would do if he was the last person on Earth and, without missing a beat, replied that he would catch a bird to eat it raw because he always wondered what they tasted like. I never talked to him again because of how disgusted I was.

I'd do anything to see Tucker again.

I'd do anything to sit with strangers in a bus and look out at the sprinting trees while a baby cried in her mother's lap and a man listened to music out loud from his phone with no regard for others. I'd do anything to smile at the sweet girl that lived near the park whom I never got the time to talk to. I'd do anything to just walk outside again and be away from this emptiness, to walk into the road and hear fifteen cars honk at me while their drivers curse me out for existing.

But when I walk into the road no one screams at me and no one stops me to politely ask for directions and no one knocks on my door to sell me something and no one steals flowers from my plants to shyly present them to their lovers.

And when I walk into my house empty

handed, no one comes to ask me how my day was. No one calls me to make plans to meet up at the bar.

And when I laugh at the absurdity of it all, no one laughs with me.

The birds are chattering again, "look at that sad girl," they say, "what is she doing in an empty world?"

But the world is not empty, no. Not yet. I'm still here. In a never-ending expanse of darkness, there is still a flickering candle, but the wax is all melted and the winds are strong. How long will the candle stay lit? The street under my window looks so welcoming today and I long to fly as the birds do. Then the world would be, at last, empty.

Rajasvi Raina
B.Sc. (H) Food Technology
First Year

बचपन की वो सर्दियाँ

मूँगफली तो हम एक ज़माने में खाया करते थे,
सर्दियों का असली आनंद तो हम बचपन में उठाया करते थे ।

उस गाजर के हलवे की कुछ अलग ही बात थी,
क्योंकि उसमें दादी के हाथ की मिठास थी।

अंगीठी लगा कर घंटों बरामदे में बैठना तो एक बहाना था,
असलियत में तो हमे किताबों को खुद से दूर भगाना था।

सरसों का साग पूरे मोहल्ले को अपनी ओर ले आता था,
मक्के की रोटी के साथ वो फिर एक-एक कर सबके घर पहुँच जाता था ।

नानी के घर छुट्टियाँ मनाने जाया करते थे,
फिर रात-रात भर खूब बातें बनाया करते थे ।

बस सुबह कोई जल्दी न उठाए,
तब तो हमारी रातों ने भी खूब कोमल सपने सजाए।

उन बचपन की सर्दियों की बात ही निराली थी,
सभी के गालों पर छायी एक खूबसूरत सी लाली थी।

अनिशा अ
प्रबंध अध्ययन स्नातक विभाग
प्रथम वर्ष

2020

हज़ारों को दुख देकर तूने फिर भी हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाया है

ऐ 2020 तूने प्रकृति के साथ खेलने वालों को कस के चमाट लगाया है।

शुरुआत ही तेरी भाई-भाई में लड़ाई से हुई थी, दंगों के बाद फिर कोरोना ने भी अपनी धौंस जमाई थी।

तालियाँ बजा कर कमज़ोर बनाया था उसको, फिर भी ना भागा वो तो दीयों से भी डराया था उसको।

लोग फिर भी बाज़ ना आए तो सरकार ने बाहर निकलने पर ताले लगाए।

मोबाइल तो जैसे बच्चों का जीवन सा बन गया, हार कर पेपरों ने भी कहा कि भाई अब तो मैं भी थक गया।

विमान दुर्घटना ने सबको हिला कर रख दिया, गर्भवती हथिनी की मृत्यु ने भी आँखों को नम सा कर दिया।

फिर खबरें अनहोनी की आई, भूकंप ने भी बहुतों की दुनिया हिलाई।

कहीं आग तो कहीं पानी ने तबाही मचाई, अम्फान की वजह से भी बहुतों ने अपनी साँसें गवाई।

अंत तक भी 2020 ने शांति को ना अपनाया, जाते जाते भी उसने किसानों को खून के आँसू रुलाया।

त्योहारों को फिर भी हमने खूब उत्साह से मनाया, खुशियों को न्योता देने का एक नया तरीका अपनाया।

आशा है कि ऐसे दुख फिर से ना सहने पड़ें, 2020 जैसे दिन फिर से ना देखने पड़ें।

अनिशा अ
प्रबंध अध्ययन स्नातक विभाग
प्रथम वर्ष



Inklings Recommends

Norwegian Wood

A Novel by Haruki Murakami

"Letters are just pieces of paper, Burn them, and what stays in your heart will stay; keep them, and what vanishes will vanish."

'Norwegian Wood' is a novel by Haruki Murakami, and covers some catching topics like the process of becoming an adult, self-awareness, discovering who you really are, and has a love story at the base. It has beautiful descriptions of nature, innocent, naive romance as well as heart-wrenching tragedy, all intertwining beautifully throughout the novel.

It is a love story that deals with issues of adolescents growing up in a world and looking for their identity. Norwegian Wood is set in the 1960s, and early 1970s, in Japan. The protagonist of the novel is Toru Watanabe, a normal, strong, introverted college student who is a prey to the society as well as himself. He is looking for a way to deal with his best friend, Kizuki's death. He moves to Tokyo to attend University, and it is there that he meets Nakao. Later he goes on to meet Midori, his second romantic interest in the story. Though this book showcases a love triangle, it also has its own nostalgic blights and miseries hidden beneath the romantic sub-plots. Each character has lost something in their journey through the chapters. In its purest form, it is a story of people who struggle at the crossroads of life, and sometimes even have to choose between life and death.

The book carries a strong set of characters, the author's narration, and a well-detailed plot. The characters are portrayed as broken pieces of a puzzle, each having access to a piece of it. The detailing of every character and each constituent of the plot has been so beautifully described that the reader feels the emotions and ordeals of the characters. Murakami has a way of writing such that the thin line between reality and fiction starts to dissolve, leaving us in a state of deep analyses and introspection.

By **Akriti Rani**

B.Sc. (H) Statistics

First Year

NORWEGIAN
WOOD

Wings Of Fire

An Autobiography by Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

"We are all born with a divine fire in us. Our efforts should be to give wings to this fire and fill the world with the glow of its goodness"

'Wings of Fire' is a chronicle by Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam, better known to the masses as Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, an autobiographical account of his journey, from his childhood to becoming the 'Missile Man of India'. The book shares his inspiring journey, and talks about the ups and downs of life, with various lessons that are worth noting.

One such anecdote was about Dr. Kalam meeting Swami Sivananda in Rishikesh after he had failed to clear the exam for the Indian Air Force. He was disheartened, and that is when Sivananda's words anchored him, "Accept your destiny and go ahead with your life. You are not destined to become an Air Force pilot. What you are destined to become is not revealed now but it is predetermined. Forget this failure, as it was essential to lead you to your destined path". The book covers his life before he became the President of India, his schooling and formative years, the development of his interest in space and research as well as his biggest influences in life.

The book is divided into four major sections. The first segment relates to the early life of Abdul Kalam. The next segment is related to Kalam's further education and work experience and his involvement with projects of military defense and space, primarily the sly3. The third segment of the book talks of the years 1980-'91, when Kalam was pulled from ISRO and was posted to the military defense lab. The last segment is about the later years when Kalam was bestowed upon with a series of awards, and also talks in detail about his thoughts and visions for a proud India. The book very gracefully tells the story of Kalam's rise from a humble, lower-middle-class family and his narrative of India's efforts in space technology. The book not only gives us insight into the successes of Dr. Kalam but also talks about his failures and how to deal with failure in general.

By **Angelika Bardhan**

B.Sc. (H) Physics

First Year

The Vegetarian

A Novel by Han Kang

"Time was a wave, almost cruel in its relentlessness as it whisked her life downstream, a life she had to constantly strain to keep from breaking apart."

'The Vegetarian' is a literary fiction novel by Han Kang and was the winner of the 2016 Man Booker Prize. The book was originally written in Korean and was later translated into English by Deborah Smith. The plot revolves around the story of a woman named Yeong-Hye whose decision to turn vegetarian creates an intense drift in her personal life. The protagonist stops eating meat all of a sudden after experiencing some disturbing dreams which spark several conflicts within her family and later leads to a series of heartbreaking and bone-chilling events.

The novel is divided into three parts, written from the perspectives of the protagonist's husband and brother-in-law in first person narrative, while the last part is in third person, with a focus on her sister. The narration from the perspective of the two men had very cold, controlling undertones, whereas the narration from the sister's perspective had a touch of warmth, compassion, and courage. The plot also deals with the existence of a harsh patriarchal society and shows how many women are objectified in the cruelest and gruesome ways. The content of the book is pretty intense and a little disturbing which definitely takes a bit more time to digest at first. But slowly the message behind the story becomes clear and does not fail to impart a rather lasting impression.

***Many events, including incidents of violence, are very graphic and may be triggering to some readers. TW for gore, violence, eating disorder, and body dysmorphia.*

By **Pankhi Mili**

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science

First Year

A Man Called Ove

A Novel by Fredrik Backman

"One of the most painful moments in a person's life probably comes with the insight that an age has been reached when there is more to look back on than ahead."

'A Man Called Ove' traces the story of a 59-year-old Swedish man, who had recently lost his beloved wife and walks us through the different stages of his grief and depression. He is the quintessential grumpy old man living next door who refuses to even acknowledge the presence of his new friendly neighbors. He religiously follows a set of normative beliefs about how one should present themselves and isn't afraid to impose his outdated opinions on others. His preference for routine and structure in his daily life is evident when he declares that people who can't park properly or drive any other car besides a 'Saab' are idiots.

Ove's journey through one of the toughest and difficult phases of his life is expressed through a casual mix of tragic notes and comedy. It is a rediscovery of love, loss, and unusual friendships. Ove is unlike other protagonists in novels who like to take risks and are quite adventurous. He is a passive, evaluative, and organized individual in a world full of people who march to the beat of their own drums. This family of five is rather a comedic relief in Ove's gloomy life.

Fredrik Backman intelligently explores the crucial and sensitive themes of death, unconditional admiration for someone, family, unexpected friendships, and depression. He is a master at storytelling and portraying one of the sullenest men in history as a gentle, kind, and lonely old soul. The novel is written in the third person, which naturally evokes a feeling of deep sympathy for the protagonist, Ove, as he tries several different ways to end his life. Backman's distinct way of writing transforms this otherwise heart-wrenching story into a lively, heart-warming, and relentlessly funny enigma. A Man Called Ove will leave you thinking about your perspective towards life and make you question the amount of quality time one spends with their loved ones. This book will successfully put a smile on your face but will also leave you sobbing for an imaginary character who will surely have a lasting impact on your heart and mind.

By **Anshika Sharma**
B.A. (H) Psychology
First Year

Call Me By Your Name

A Novel By André Aciman

"...but to make yourself feel nothing so as to not feel anything- what a waste."

'Call Me By Your Name' is, summed up in a single phrase, a 'plethora of emotions'. I looked for gold in a piece of coal, only to find a diamond. This masterpiece by André Aciman manages to grab our attention without using the usual and famous heteronormative romance plot of an angst-ridden teenage boy and the classic manic pixie dream girl. The book is poetic in how it made me feel the winter storm during a hot summer day. It's calm for one moment, like the embers of fire but then in just another, you feel a burning hot passion pulse through you, just to feel the ache in your chest at the next few words.

Call me by your Name takes you back to an era where being yourself was frowned upon, especially if it involved two young men falling in love. As the book continues we can't help but root for the young love these two shares. Not all find that kind of passion. And the naked emotion of love and heartbreak gets your heart to kneel. *and wise book... A miracle!*

A book like this makes us look at life from a perspective so different and further from us that we unknowingly start connecting with Elio, and with each sigh, every breath, and the regrets of "could have, should have" that he goes through. We hope for an ending more fitting of our imagination, only to be doused with the reality of the situation. And it hurts even to admit how much they end up losing from what they'd found. It's intimate, brutal, kind, loving, and cruel in the most beautiful of ways possible.

You know a book hits hard when a seemingly random collection of words, one that barely makes any sense when taken out of context, feels like heartache, "Call me by your name, and I'll call you by mine.'

By **Gopika Gopinath**

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science

Second Year

The Alchemist

A Novel by Paulo Coelho

"There is only one thing that makes a dream impossible to achieve: the fear of failure."

The novel begins with the recurrent dreams of a shepherd boy Santiago in Spain and takes the readers on a journey all the way to the Pyramids in Egypt. Through his journey, he meets new people, goes through ups and downs, gets robbed, and finds the love of his life. In the end, after his long travels and experiences, he ends up finding the treasure he was searching for in the same place where he began. However, through this journey, he finds another treasure, his experience, and also learns to listen to the voice of the world.

The Alchemist is a book that inspires passion; whether one loves it or regards it with disdain. Coelho has been liberal with the use of symbolism and mysticism with dreams, signs, and omens guiding the characters throughout their journey. Like a fable, the book ultimately gives the message that one should follow one's dreams despite obstacles and fulfill one's 'Personal Legend' to find contentment in life. As we grow up, we become a little cynical, more realistic, needlessly so, and life seems drab more often than not. The fantastical nature of the novel inspires one to look at life from a different perspective, and move towards their dreams. However, it is not a self-help book, it does not guide you on how to fulfill your dreams, but to those who are in dilemma or filled with hesitation, it may help them take that leap of faith like Santiago.

By **Prashasti Rohtagi**

B.A. (H) Psychology

Second Year

Jane Eyre

A Novel by Charlotte Brontë

"Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilised by education: they grow there, firm as weeds among stones."

Jane Eyre is a classical novel written by Charlotte Brontë. This novel is hauntingly beautiful, eloquently written, daringly progressive, and over that, it is a terrific love story to boot. The female protagonist, Jane Eyre, commands recognition of female fortitude, wit and hope. Her thoughts have been articulated in a way which was way ahead of the era she lived in.

There is great focus on the character of Jane, and it is a rather complex, well-written character. For one, she was orphaned as a child. She encounters many unexpected situations and eventually becomes a teacher. After this, she finds a place as a governess for a young girl. It is here that she met Mr. Rochester. The story's focus on Jane's inner self and her deepest thoughts, rather than her appearance are quite appreciable. At first, Jane found Mr. Rochester to be impolite and cold-hearted, but soon the two of them became kindred souls. The novel ends on a bittersweet note; while Jane does marry Mr. Rochester, he had been disabled by the Thornfield fire. He lost a hand and his eyesight in that tragedy. The narrative is rather heart-breaking, romantic, inspiring, and even unexpected. The character of Jane is beautifully crafted.

By **Aditi Khatter**

Bachelor of Management Studies

First Year

Yearbook

The Batch Of

**20
21**

Inklings- The Literary Society

Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences for Women

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Angelika
Bardhan**

B.Sc. (H) Physics,
1st Year

Title: Avid Reader

"Today a Reader
tomorrow a Leader."
(By- M. Fuller)



**Shefali
Saren**

B.Sc. (H) Food Technology,
1st Year

**Title: Miss. Main apni
favourite hoon**

HEY!!!! Don't stare "Ab main
itni bhi sundar nhi hoon."



**Jahnavi
Yadav**

B.Sc. (H) Computer
Science, 1st Year

Title: Optimistic

"Keep moving and don't be
afraid of obstacles, they
refine you Embrace your
own vulnerabilities and
shine your brightest."



**Manjari
Pathak**

B.Sc. (H) Mathematics,
1st Year

Title: The Phoenix

"You can't force your
feelings on someone but
you can definitely share
them with someone."



Anisha

BBA (FIA),
1st Year

Title: Optimistic

"Eventually you'll land up
being a rainbow but first
experience the essence of
Rain within you... 'Be a
compassionate support to
your juniors and an
astonishing associate to your
seniors'."



**Pallavi
Singh**

B.Sc. (H) Instrumentation,
1st Year

Title: Sober Socrates

"Success is the greatest
motivator for me."

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Rishbha
Arora**

DMFS
1st Year

Title: Stories seeker

"Sometimes you have to pitch in the dark to pull someone into the light. Remember strong people not only stand up for themselves but for others too!"



**Kanika
Agarwal**

DMFS
1st Year

Title: Enthusiast

"A storm with skin Magic in the wind."



**Deepal
Varshney**

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical
Sciences, 3rd Year

Title: The Orphic

"Words are, in my not-so-humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic. Capable of both inflicting injury and remedying it."
- Albus Dumbledore.



**Prashasti
Rohatgi**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
2nd Year

**Title: Escapist with
Coffee**

"Nothing ever ends poetically. It ends and we turn it into poetry. All that blood was never once beautiful. It was just red."
— Kait Rokowski



**Pratishtha
Shrivastava**

BMS
1st Year

Title: Crime Show Lover

"After this pandemic ends open your scrapbook and do everything you wanted to do cause life is so short and we don't know if another bat goes mad again."



**Aswathy
Ajayan**

B.Sc. (H) Microbiology,
2nd Year

Title: The Alchemist

"Thou art that : Tatvamasi "

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Isha
Srivastava**

B.Sc. (H) Microbiology,
1st Year

**Title: Anything related
to orator**

"Here for the love of art."



**Anshika
Sharma**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
1st Year

Title: Self-aware Bunny

"Everything is more beautiful because we are doomed. You will never be lovelier than you are now. We will never be here again."

- Homer, The Iliad



**Deepansha
Datla**

B.Sc. (H) Physics,
1st Year

Title: -NA-

"I'm not great at advice. Can I interest you in a sarcastic comment?"



**Akriti
Rani**

B.Sc (H) Statistics,
1st Year

**Title: Assiduous
Reader**

"Read a book, live your fantasy."



**Pankhi
Mili**

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science,
1st Year

**Title: Fiction
Fanatic**

"Trust yourself always, as your value doesn't decrease based on someone's inability to see your worth!"



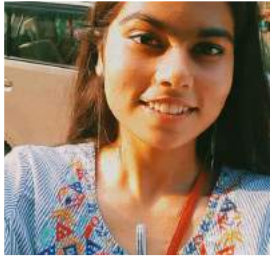
**Riya
Kala**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
2nd Year

Title: Hayat

"We're all just stories in the end and this will be but another chapter from mine."

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Mahi
Chaurasia**

B.A. (H) Psychology ,
1st Year

Title:

Braveboldbeautifulll

"Unveiling the unseen
paths."



**Simple
Singh**

B.Sc. (H) Statistics
1st Year

Title: Fervid

"Don't ever believe the word
no. Be persistent, persevere.
Keep going and don't give
up."



**Shruti
Aggarwal**

BMS
1st Year

Title: Debater, Orator

"I'm an orator who wants
to express more. Growing
myself is my favourite
hobby."



**Vijaya
Bharti**

BMS
1st Year

Title: Chaotic Order

"Wherever life plans you,
bloom with grace."



**Juhi
Swami**

B.Sc. (H) Physics,
3rd Year

**Title: The Walking
Paradox**

"We fail. We trip. We get lost.
We make mistakes.
And little by little, one step at
a time, we push forward. It's
all we can do.
On our own two feet."
—Natsuki Takaya



**Pragya
Raj**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
1st Year

Title: Sober Socrates

"A calm and sober girl, who
is exploring herself and the
world."

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Shivalika
Dixit**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
1st Year

**Title: Horror
Enthusiastic**

"Sometimes you just have to acknowledge a feeling. Let it get under your skin, let it appear and disappear and then, Let it be as it always was and accept the world from beginning to end."

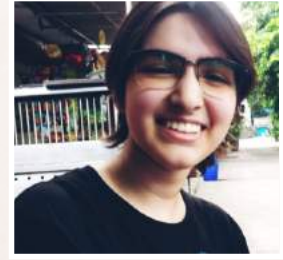


**Agrani
Kulshreshtha**

B.Sc. (H) Food Technology,
2nd Year

**Title: Addled Soul -
Agrani**

"When intoxicated with emotions, I look for a pen and paper!"



**Rajasvi
Raina**

B.Sc. (H) Food Technology,
1st Year

Title: Local Cryptid

"The venn diagram of things I find funny and reasons I'm going to hell is a circle."



**Yuvanshi
Sethi**

B.A. (H) Psychology,
1st Year

**Title: Nekoma's
Manager**

"HEY HEY HEY
(if you can HEAR this, you
have my respect)."



**Himanshi
Virani**

B.Sc. (H) Mathematics,
1st Year

Title: Hustle and Grind

"How sports life goes? Half in gym and Half in field. It's grinding season, homie. That place in the picture is not a boy's place. Its' a place for hardwork, dedication consistency which has no gender."



**Gopika
Gopinath**

B.Sc. (H) Biomedical
Science, 2nd Year

Title: Oxymoron

"The Good Place, Season 3,
Episode 12, 17:41"

INKLINGS' MEMBERS



**Jigyasa
Verma**

B.Sc. (H) Statistics,
1st Year

**Title: Wannabe
Wanderer**

"A bag of nachos, blanket and Netflix, there ain't a problem that these three can't fix."



**Aditi
Khattar**

BMS
1st Year

**Title: Classic
Connoisseur**

"Hello! With a fervent interest in reading books, debating and writing, I joined the bandwagon of like-minded literature enthusiasts at Inklings in December 2020. I participated and won in quite a few debate and extempore competitions this year. During my short stint with Inklings, I realized that it is a nurturing ground for literature zealots. I got ample opportunities to enhance my oratory as well as creative skills on this platform. Looking forward to create even more memories here!"



**Maliha
Sen**

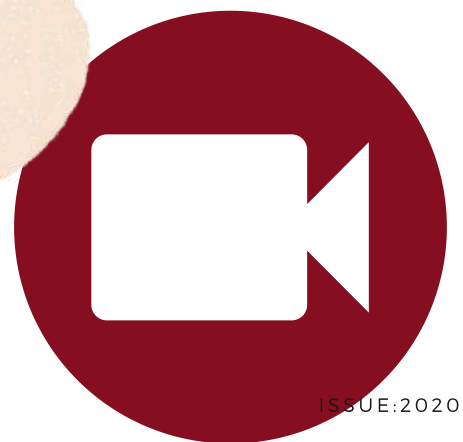
B.A. (H) Psychology,
1st Year

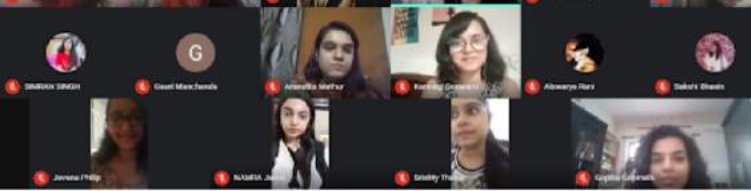
Title: Bibliophile

"Stories be it short story, blog articles, novels, or even simply a caption under a picture fascinate me. I search for stories everywhere and weave a number of tales in my head."



THE TEAM BEHIND THE SCENES





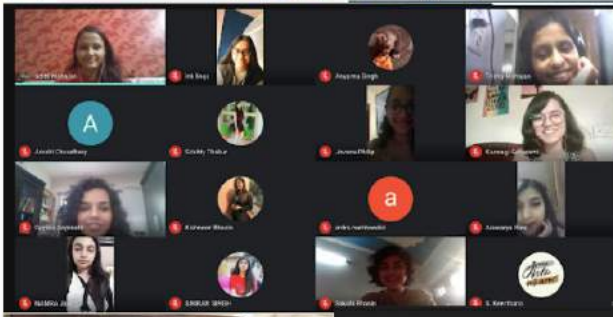
Thought-a-Ther

Profession of English in all forms with Messages to the Literary Society Events

Workshop Events 2020-21

- Poetry
- Creative Writing
- Extempore
- Debate
- Creative Niche/ Designer

For more information/ queries Contact: Shilpa - 91 71670 62960 Mehvish - 98674 46399



MERAKI

AN OPEN MIC EVENT ON MENTAL HEALTH

• Singing • Poetry • Rap • Prose

Mark the date - 10th Oct (Registration starts 2nd Oct)

Theme: WALL

All the entries will be published in college magazine.



अतिथि देवो भवः

द्वि-वर्षीय जर्मनी तस्मात् हिन्दु विधानं तेषु पूर्वा तन्निष्पन्नं प्रथमं मानं गच्छेत्। अतिथिं देवो भवः अर्थात् अतिथिं देवता स्वस्वतः कुर्यात्। इत्यर्थे अर्थात् अतिथिं देवो भवः अर्थात् अतिथिं देवता स्वस्वतः कुर्यात्। इत्यर्थे अर्थात् अतिथिं देवो भवः अर्थात् अतिथिं देवता स्वस्वतः कुर्यात्।

MASKED

Face & Body Painting

Theme: WALL

All the entries will be published in college magazine.

Winners will get certificate and social media shout-out.

Last date for submission 5 November, 2020.

Do send a spooky caption relevant explanation to go with the pictures!



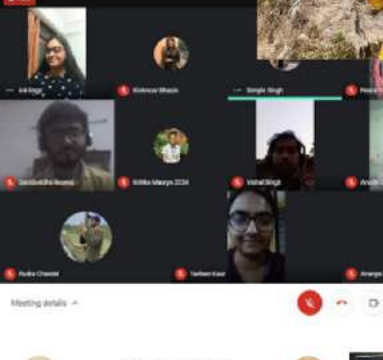
LITERARY SOCIETY OF SCSAS PRESENTS

Lego Designing Competition

If you like scribbling, modeling or art, this is for you!

Everybody is Welcome TEACHERS / NON-TEACHING STAFF

• Design INKING'S official logo
• Last Date of Submission: 10th Nov 2020



हिंदी दिवस

हिंदी का इतिहास

अल्फाज़ों का खेल

जहाँ तक सींच जाए

शब्दबली

नए लेखक की खोज

नए लेखक की खोज

"पठन किसी को सम्पूर्ण आदमी बनाता है, मार्तण्डाण उसे एक नयाप आदमी बनाता है, लेकिन लेखन उसे एक अति बुद्ध आदमी बनाता है।"

— बेंकन

इकलिस सभिते- वहीद राजगुरु महाविद्यालय, हिंदी दिवस के सार्वजनिक समारोह में नए लेखकों को प्रोत्साहित करना चाहता है। हमारा उद्देश्य अधिक से अधिक लोगों तक हिंदी भाषा के विस्तार का प्रचार करना है।

आगत है कि हिंदी समाज नए लेखकों द्वारा अद्भुत बनाए गए कथाओं को लोगों तक पहुंचाने में सफल होगा।

QUINTESSENCE '21

Theme: Fiction Addiction

MUKHATIB 5th Feb., 2021

Jaadui-A-Allahaz 6th Feb., 2021

HEADS N TALES 5th Feb., 2021

MEMETOPIA 6th Feb., 2021

MUKHATIB

आदित्य

आदित्य

Masti की Paathshala

अंतराजाल

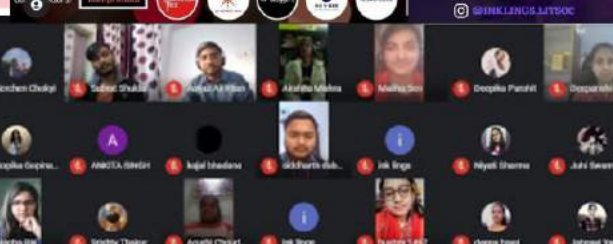
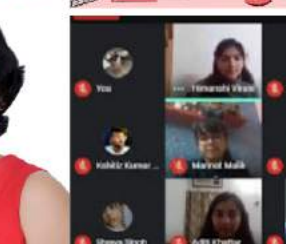
انٹرنیٹ

INTERNET

व्यावहारिक विज्ञान

عملی

VYAAPARIK VIGNAN



President: Mehvish Iqbal

Title: The Omnipresent Odist



I started my journey with Inklings as soon as I started college. This was the first society I applied to, I wanted to get out of my comfort zone, to step out from the background and into the spotlight. It didn't happen overnight, but with all the competitions I participated in, anchored for, and the times I gave a voice to all the pieces I wrote, with the constant support and guidance from my teachers and seniors, I've come a long way and Inklings has been momentous in guiding the journey.

Being a part of the council was never my goal, to begin with. I had just wanted to grow, learn and find my own way. Yet when I was presented with the opportunity, I knew I was ready to finally take up the mantle.

However, no matter how ready you may think you are, there is always so much more to learn and with it being the first online session, there were, even more, hurdles to overcome. I am glad to have had an amazing council.

From working and learning together, making mistakes, and overcoming unrealistic deadlines, technical glitches, and on-the-spot decisions to that first behind the scene panic that we faced in our first week-long event, then moving on to smoothly conducting a month-long fest and later, the Annual Literary Fest. Phew! It's been quite a journey.

After 3 years here, Inklings is more like a family to me. This bunch of crazy literary heads is more enthusiastic and hardworking than workaholics on a caffeine high!

I am glad to have been a part of Inklings and I would always be grateful for my time here. I would cherish these bucket loads of memories that we made offline and online.

Mehvish Iqbal

B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
3rd Year

Vice President: Srishty Thakur

Title: The Ethereal Elysian



Being a part of Inklings has been the best part of my college life, even during the pandemic. It was an incredible journey that helped me step out of my comfort zone. I joined Inklings to explore multiple literary-oriented works, but with time, it became a home for me. The guidance I have received from the teacher members is unforgettable. Working with other council members from different departments has taught me the real meaning of teamwork. Being a part of this society and working on it during the lockdown period truly helped me keep myself occupied and helped me cope with multiple things, instead of letting me fall into despair like countless others in the world. I have always dreamed of being a part of the Inklings Council, ever since my first year in college. With the support of the teacher members and my faith in myself, I could become the Vice-President of Inklings. Working for Hindi Samaj has been the best part of my journey. I have received so much love from my juniors. This journey has shaped me into a better person and I am glad that I got this opportunity. I am thankful to every single person who has helped me make this journey successful.

Srishty Thakur
B.Sc. (H) Electronics
2nd Year

Chief-Editor: Sakshi Singh

Title: The Afterglow



It was truly a delightful experience, working as a part of Inklings. It feels more like a family than a society. Having worked closely with everyone else in the council, it would be safe to say that Inklings certainly has a team of extremely hard working individuals who are highly reliable too. We have worked tirelessly to successfully organize various events throughout the year. The entire experience of the same has been nothing less than enriching for me. Inklings now brings forth two of its annual publications, and the amount of work that has gone into curating these is inexplicable. Hence, we really hope you enjoy reading it as much as we did.

Sakshi Singh

Bachelor of Management Studies
2nd year

Co-Chief Editor: Arushi Choudhary

Title: The Sober Socrates



Being a part of this council and working for Inklings has been a delight for me, to put it lightly. I've grown to love and cherish the entire Inklings family, having been a part of it for two years now. Every person I've worked with, in the council and otherwise, has truly turned out to be a reliable "colleague", for lack of a better word, and an even greater friend. From organizing various events to harrowing meetings and unrealistic deadlines, we have been through it all together. Being an editor at heart, the two annual publications by Inklings are not just highlights of the year for the society, they are also extremely precious to me personally. The hard work, sleepless nights, and bringing the society together to work on them, the whole experience has been quite amazing. We have poured our heart into InkFlash, and into this society as a whole, and we hope you'll love it as much as we do!

Arushi Choudhary
B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science
2nd Year

Sub-Editor: Aayushi Deo

Title: The Nonchalant Bibliophile



The past year wasn't in anyone's plan. The future I had envisioned became blurry. Baffled, I wasn't sure what to expect next and this uncertainty was all-consuming. As the year progressed, I was able to pave the way for this life in the pandemic. Amidst the moments of utter loss, pain, and hopelessness, I was able to mix myself a cocktail of thrill and anticipation when I joined Inklings.

Initially, I was drowning in skepticism, wary of what we could achieve in these testing times. I thought it was a big mistake to conduct these interactions online. But after the first event, I understood how crucial it was to reach out to people, now more than ever, to provide that beacon of hope.

As gratifying as the final results were, the behind the scene works were enthralling alike. There was definitely a lot to learn from my peers (a bunch of literary freaks!!). I was grateful to be a part of Inklings. It was a journey that has now been added to the 'happy memories' section in my diary of life.

Aayushi Deo
B.Sc. (H) Biochemistry
3rd Year

Secretary: Kishnoor Bhasin

Title: Lucid Lectiophile



This was my first year with Inklings and I was deeply humbled to be trusted with the position and responsibility of being a part of the society council. I was initially a bit overwhelmed and wary of what to expect but the family I found in the form of Inklings will always be a crucial part of me.

To have similar views and interests in a world of differences and to understand one another in times of difficulty as well as joy, is a comfort like no other. Although the final result can be seen by all, the demanding behind the scenes with hours of preparations and trials is personal to our family. However, undoubtedly, the work you love brings you an immense sense of fulfillment and doesn't seem like work at all.

I will definitely miss Inklings and the safe space that we all shared :)

Kishnoor Bhasin
B. Sc. (H) Biochemistry,
3rd Year

Treasurer: Megha Rai

Title: Horror Enthusiast



I have been a part of Inklings since 2019, a time that was normal and feels like it was so long ago. I used to do minor stuff for the society, like helping with the decorations and contacting participants.

I became a part of the council for the academic session of 2020-21. Although I was nervous about my responsibilities, I was never alone. Whenever things got tough for me, there were people, always, asking me if I was doing okay. I'll always be grateful for that.

Even in these harsh times, we successfully conducted numerous events and I'm proud of ourselves for the hard work we've done. Things weren't always smooth but what's life without a few hurdles, right?

I take pride in the fact I've been a part of this society. I'll always cherish the memories (and the t-shirt!) that I've acquired from my time here.

Megha Rai
B.Sc. (H) Physics,
2nd Year

P.R. Manager: Namra Javed

Title: Fantasy Frantic



Being a part of Inklings was a whole lot of experience. Despite conducting the session online, we were able to learn a lot and hold many events that did not add to our literary skills but, also our management skills.

The council was fun and together we were able to do a lot of things. Despite having to communicate online, last-minute technical glitches, uncertainty, and with everything going on around, I would say that it was only possible to pull this off because of us working together. I want to thank all the people who worked with me for being so understanding and for helping me grow even more. I would also like to thank the teachers for their constant guidance and support. Inklings has not only helped me grow but has also made this pandemic a lot less stressful.

Gratitude!

Namra Javed
B. A. (H) Psychology,
3rd Year

Designer: Kannagi Goswami

Title: The Mirrorball



I still remember wanting to join Inklings on the very first day of my admission to the college. Writing has always felt like a calling for me and it was the best way to keep the creative spirit alive as I pursued my degree. It still amazes me how nothing but consistent efforts and enthusiasm towards the society made me find a place in the council. I knew little about designing when I first joined. With every poster I made, I got the opportunity to learn and enhance my creativity in different ways. I have never met the rest of the council or the members in person due to the pandemic and yet each event that we worked on brought us closer together. Being a member here has been extremely rewarding because none of the efforts you do go unnoticed. Be it the teachers, seniors or my peers, all have given me such a boost of self-esteem and motivation and for that I am forever thankful.

Kannagi Goswami
B.A. (H) Psychology,
2nd Year





Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences for Women
University of Delhi
Vasundhara Enclave, Delhi- 110096
 www.rajgurucollege.com



Inklings- The Literary Society

 @inklings.litsoc

 Inklings.srcasw

