

Déjà vu:

YEAR BOOK

LOOKING BACK

2023

POEMS

SHORT STORY

PHOTOGRAPHY

PAINTING

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

2020

“

ABOUT THE YEARBOOK

DÉJÀ VU: LOOKING BACK, IS A TOKEN OF GIFT FOR OUR MUCH-BELOVED PROFESSORS, CONSISTING OF HEARTFELT MESSAGES, POEMS, PORTRAITS, PAINTINGS, SHORT STORIES, AND THE LIKE. WE, THE STUDENTS OF THE 2020 BATCH OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, WELCOME YOU ALL TO LOOK AT THE JOYRIDE OF MEMORIES THAT STARTED THREE YEARS BACK. AS THE FIRST ONLINE BATCH AFTER THE PANDEMIC, WE HAD NO 'NORMAL' INTRODUCTION TO A COLLEGE LIFE. AMIDST ALL THOSE MISCOMMUNICATIONS, DIFFICULTIES THAT 'ONLINE CLASS' CREATED, WE HAVE COME TO REALLY LOVE OUR PROFESSORS AND THIS COLLEGE.

HENCE, IN AN ATTEMPT TO REDEEM THOSE LOST EXPERIENCES, WE GOT TOGETHER ONE LAST TIME TO RELIVE AND THEREBY, ETERNALIZE THOSE FLEETING MOMENTS. WITH A GREAT DEAL OF LOVE, GRATITUDE AND PROFOUND NOSTALGIA, WE PRESENT TO YOU **DÉJÀ VU: LOOKING BACK**.

“

ABOUT OUR COLLEGE

ASUTOSH COLLEGE (FORMERLY KNOWN AS SOUTH SUBURBAN COLLEGE), ESTABLISHED IN 1916 UNDER THE STEWARDSHIP OF EDUCATIONIST SIR ASHUTOSH MUKHERJEE, WAS THE FIRST COLLEGE IN WEST BENGAL TO BE ACCREDITED BY THE NATIONAL ASSESSMENT AND ACCREDITATION COUNCIL IN 2002 AND WAS GIVEN AN 'A' GRADE WITH A CGPA SCORE OF 3.22 IN 2016. THE CENTENARY BUILDING OF THE COLLEGE WAS INAUGURATED BY THE ERSTWHILE PRESIDENT OF INDIA, PRANAB MUKHERJEE ON 1 APRIL 2015.



Photograph By Soumyadeep

**UNKNOWN NAMES, FACELESS VOICES,
AN ARRAY OF "CAN YOU ALL HEAR ME?".
ONLINE CLASSES- THE BANE OF OUR EXISTENCE
MADE BEARABLE WITH YOUR CALMING PRESENCE.**

AS SIR'S WORDS ABOUT "BEAUTIFUL STUDENTS OF LITERATURE"
INITIATED OUR COLLEGE DAYS.
HIS RENDITIONS OF FAMOUS POEMS
ENCHANTED US LIKE THE 'DANCING DAFFODILS'.

**WE SAW THE FAULTS IN OUR CONVENTIONS
THROUGH NL MA'AM'S LECTURES.
AP SIR'S UNPARALLELED IDEAS
BROADENED OUR HORIZONS.**

~Protichi Ghosh





~Suryasish Mandal

A VISUAL STORYTELLER WHO LOVES TO CAPTURE FLEETING MOMENTS, WEAVING THEM TOGETHER TO CREATE CAPTIVATING NARRATIVES.



~Trisha Das

A HIGHLY SENSITIVE INDIVIDUAL, PROMPT IN READING PEOPLE. I'M MOSTLY HAPPY, AND UNBOtherED.

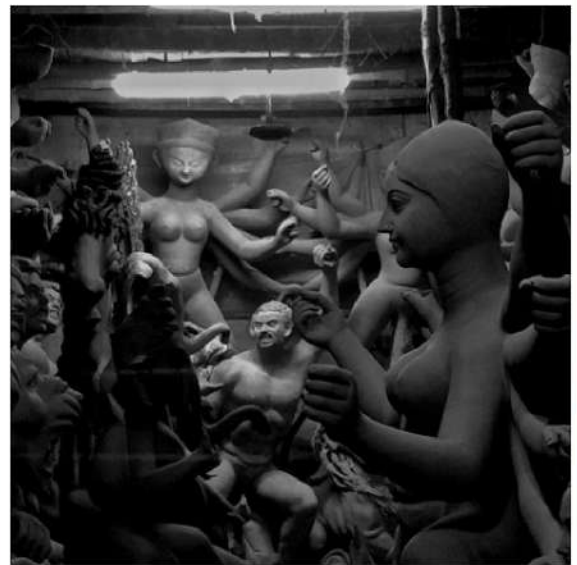
Who Governs ?

Is it you? Or,
Your all-encompassing Charm-
That led to this World?
The Sea is witness;
To your Glory.
For, you are me combined-
Bound yet Fearless,
Distinct yet Limitless!



~Soumyadeep Sarkar

A VISIONARY WITH AN ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT AND STARTUP MINDSET. I HAVE A PASSION FOR STORYTELLING WHILE FEARLESSLY EXPLORING THE REALMS OF FILM-MAKING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.





~Souvik Naiya

A KIND SOUL WHO IS ALWAYS EAGER TO HELP ANY PERSON IN NEED. I'M SELECTIVELY SOCIAL, WHICH HELPS ME SAVE MY ENERGY.



~ Protichi Ghosh

A PERFECTIONIST AND A TIDSOPTIMIST. SO, I'M ALWAYS PERFECTLY LATE FOR EVERYTHING. MY BLUNTNESS SOMETIMES Baffles ME TOO.

Happiness is a Myth

Dull morning sun announces
A cold winter day.
Whispering a thousand questions,
The wind blows the leaves astray.

Sitting on hard concrete, thoughts spiralling,
A chill down my spine—
The demons of the night
Still fluttering by.

The dark water's over my head
Struggling to keep my breath.
Happiness; Nowhere to be found—
Evasive and trodden down,

Perpetually mythical; a Creature of fairy-tales.
Searching for "happily ever-after"s
Is a never-ending game.
"It's all in your head" comes the unbidden advice.

Put on a brave face,
The time has come.
Put on a brave smile,
It's time to face the world.

বাঁচার কবিতা

আমি উড়তে চাই
পড়ে শিখতে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই খোলা হাওয়ায়।

আমি হাসতে চাই
আমি কাঁদতে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই ছেঁড়া পাতায়।

আমি ভাঙতে চাই
আমি গড়তে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই তাসের ঘরে।

আমি ভিজতে চাই
রোদে পুড়তে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই তুলির টানে।

আমি বাসতে চাই
আমি সাঁজতে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই সাঁঝবেলায়।

নিভেও জ্বলতে চাই
আমি জানাতে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই ঢেউ এর স্রোতে।

ছন্দ ভুলতে চাই
তাল জুড়তে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই গোঁজামিলে।

আজ ভাবতে চাই
কল্পনা করতে চাই
আমি বাঁচতে চাই
ওই নিখর দুনিয়ায়।

ইচ্ছে বড় মোহমুক্ত হওয়ার
প্রশান্তির ছায়ায়
তবুও আমি বাঁচতে চাই
এই মলিন ভালোবাসার মায়ায়।



~Madhurima Dey

JUST A WARM- HEARTED WIZARD IN
SPREADING LOVE, WARMTH, HAPPINESS AND
A LITTLE SMILE THROUGH MY SCRIBBLINGS!☺



~ Anuska Das



Photograph By Soumyadweep

Living the Dream

~ Protichi Ghosh

It was half-past two in the morning and the telephone rang twice. I woke up but was too groggy to get up from the bed. Turning around, I hugged my pillow and waited for sleep to claim me. The telephone rang again. Letting out a frustrated sigh, I got up from the bed and stumbled towards the phone with eyes half-closed. A familiar voice sounded from the other side of the phone. I could not make out what the person was saying. "Wrong number", I murmured sleepily and went to bed again. I could hear the telephone ringing again. With a quiet determination to blast off the ears of the person calling, I answered the call, "What is so important that you need to call people in...". A cheerful voice interrupted me, "Oh! Did I disturb your sleep again? It has been a long time since I did that." That voice— I would know that voice anywhere. "Is..Is it...Is it you, Irin?", I asked hesitatingly. I didn't know why that thought suddenly occurred to me. It could not be possible. Irin was gone. She was never going to come back – I accepted that fact a long time ago. Without any further instructions from my side, my brain started replaying that dreadful memory from six years ago.

Irin and I were seventeen at that time. Blissfully unaware of the doom, we were walking back home from school that fateful day. She went to buy us some ice-cream to celebrate the end of our exams. While she was crossing the road, one of her shoelaces came untied. Irin was too engrossed with her shoes to see a truck speeding towards her. Before I could even warn her, the truck hit her. Time seemed to come to a standstill; I could see everything in painstakingly minute details but could not utter a single word. When I finally pushed my way into the crowd, I saw her lifeless body sprawled on the road in a pool of blood.

"Are you going to let me in? Hello? Am I supposed to stand here all night long?", Irin asked on the phone, pulling me back to the present. Immediately, a knock sounded on my door. I rushed to the door and pulled it open. There stood Irin in the doorway with a smile so bright that it could easily light up my whole house. But wait! Where were we? I suddenly took in the well-known surroundings. We were in Irin's old room back in Kolkata— her favourite place in the entire world.

"Why are you all quiet?", Irin asked. I didn't know what to say. So, I just took her hands in mine, almost apprehending that she would vanish into a puff of smoke any moment. "So, my friend, how is life treating you?" she asked, laughing. Her comforting voice and the warm familiarity in her tone made me spill even my most random thoughts.

I told her all about my college experiences, my new job and my life in general in the last six years. I asked her, "Do you still want to go backpacking through Europe?". Irin replied, "I always thought we would go there together someday." We sat on the floor and laughed and laughed about silly little things until we literally cried. Suddenly, I noticed that it had begun to rain outside. With newfound excitement, Irin said, "Do you want to go and write our names on the window again? For old time's sake?". "For old times sake", I affirmed and she pulled me to my feet. We began to write our names on the glass window pane, laughing unabashedly. Our fingers made odd scratching noises against the surface of the glass. The sound got louder and louder and I woke up with a start. "Irin?", I called into the empty room.

Light was coming in through the open window. A bright, sunny morning. Outside, a bird was pecking on my window and that sound had woken me up. Realisation dawned upon me. Irin was not back. It was all a dream— a joyous, happy dream. Though six years have passed since the accident, there seemed to be a gaping hole in my heart that never really healed. I wished for once God was not cruel to us and all this was not just a dream. I tried hard to keep my emotions in check. But my tears seemed to have minds of their own as they silently streaked down my cheeks.

I had a strange mood that day and spent all the time moping around the house. Later, in the evening, when I was rummaging through my old stuff, I found a photograph peeking out from a book. I took it out— it was actually Irin's portrait that I had drawn as a present for her eighteenth birthday, the very one which she never got the opportunity to celebrate. It is true what people say— only the good die young. But why? I think I would never know the answer to that.

~ Protichi Ghosh



~ Tusita Sarkar

A REVERIST FINDING SOLACE IN BOOKS AND MOUNTAINS. I'M GAME WHEN IT COMES TO TRYING OUT WEIRD FOOD AND DRINK ITEMS.

DRAMA ABOUT A DRAMA

A single lit window in an otherwise dark house announced the time of the day. If one looked through that window, they would see Lily bent over a worn-out copy of a book. Her frown implied that the object of her attention vexed her. Suddenly, her phone rang. Another spark of annoyance—more pronounced than the one before—crossed her features. But it vanished as soon as she saw the caller ID. It was her friend. "Please tell me you didn't finish reading it," said the voice from the other side as soon as Lilly accepted the call.

"No. I didn't." Laughed Lily.

"Oh! Thank God! I thought I was the only one to whom Beckett is not making any sense."

"Trust me, you're not. I'm so close to giving up as well", said Lily with a shrug.

"I gave up after reading a page. I value my remaining brain cells too much", snickered Keya.

"If Prof. Lahiri also hates this text, then we are doomed. No one can make him teach something he hates."

"If that happens, I'll make Beckett come here and explain this to me", said Lily, aggravated.

The two friends spoke for a few more minutes and then decided to call it a night. After getting off the phone Lily decided to read a few more pages of *Waiting for Godot* but her fatigue didn't let her and she fell asleep on her desk.

A raspy whisper tugged Lily off of the peaceful arms of sleep. Fearing a break in she woke up with a start and came eye-to-eye with a set of icy blue eyes. It took Lily a minute to realise that they don't belong to someone she knows. As soon as this realization hit her, she jumped off her chair and weaponized the nearest thing she could grab, which was a stapler.

"An interesting choice of weapon", remarked the man, raising a single eyebrow.

Lily, with the combined effects of sleepiness and shock, stared dumbfounded. But as this intruder's face registered in her mind a sense of familiarity crept into her consciousness. The man looked awfully similar to the picture of the author of *Waiting for Godot*.

"Mr.....Mr. Beckett?" asked Lily incredulously.

"For someone who has been complaining about my drama for three days,you took an awful lot of time to recognise me."

Still reeling from the absurdity of the situation Lily slowly put down the stapler and asked, "How are you here?"

"We don't have the time to go into the details of it....Say where can I find a chair to sit?" he asked, looking around the room.

Still processing the incredulity of the situation, Lily pushed forward a mora towards Mr. Beckett.

"This is the only thing I have," she said.

Eyeing the thing up and down, Mr. Beckett moved and sat on it. As tall as he was, he looked funny sitting on that small thing. His legs folded up oddly.

"Now ask whatever you want to ask about my drama."

Head still reeling, Lily sat down at her study table. Is he really here? Should I scream? Lily thought. But then he's not doing any harm, was the afterthought.

Shrugging off at the ridiculousness of the situation Lily decided to go along with it to see where it ends.

"Why did you write this drama?" Lily asked.

"I was bored," came the reply.

"Bored?"

"Yes. After the war, I was writing some awful prose. Writing *Godot* was a respite from all that."

"Wow...you were bored when you penned down the most significant play of the 20th century. It's incredible!" said Lily with a disbelieving laugh.

"I actually thought of it as a very bad play."

"Every writer says the same thing about their work," said Lily, shaking her head. Mr. Beckett just gave a shrug.

"Is Godot a symbol of your boredom then? Or is he God like a lot of people claim."

"If I had meant Godot to mean God, I'd have said God."

"Then *who* is Godot?"

His blue eyes suddenly became very thoughtful. As if he himself was trying find an answer to that question. As if he was also waiting for Godot.

After a minute of silence he said, "Godot is whomever you want him or her to be."

At this point, Lily was even more confused than before. And this confusion gave rise to frustration.

"So what if I think Godot is a debtor, who was running away from the loan-sharks—Vladimir and Estragon?" fumed Lily.

Sensing the girl's irritation Mr. Beckett gave her a small smile which melted away the hard planes of his face. It added a warmth to his cool blue eyes.

"Loan-sharks hardly behave like Vladimir and Estragon, don't you think?"

The humour in his voice calmed Lily down and she felt embarrassed at her little outburst.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I've been trying so hard to make sense of this play but its just going over my head." Lily mumbled.

"Why don't you stop trying to find one universal meaning? It can have different meanings to different people."

Pondering over his statement for a moment, Lily decides that it actually makes sense.

"Wow you just made things so much easier, " beamed Lily. "Okay! Onto my next question. Why is Vladimir and Estragon waiting for Godot? Why don't they go find him?"

"Because they don't know where to look for."

"How can they not? They seem to know him."

"Do you know where to look for Godot if I ask you to find him?"

"How silly is that! Mr. Beckett, he's an imaginary character in your play. How am I supposed to know where to find him?" said Lily, laughing.

"And how do you know that Godot is *not* a product of Vladimir and Estragon's imagination?" remarked Beckett.

That shut Lily up. She began to see the play in a new light. But she still had one question.

"Why so much uncertainty, Mr Beckett?"

"Look around you, little girl, and name one thing that is certain."

Lily was feeling dazed, trying to comprehend all these new ideas. That is when Mr Beckett rose up from the *mora*.

"Where are you going?" questioned Lily.

"Je suis fatigué. Je suis fatigué." mumbled Mr.Beckett.

His voice was just a whisper now. Lily got up from her chair and tried to reach out to him when a ringing sounded in her ears. Her vision blurred and then,she blacked out.

Lily woke up with a start. Disoriented, she looked around. Sunlight filtered into her room through the window. She was still at her desk and there was no sign of Mr. Beckett.

Rubbing her face with her hands Lily murmured, "It had all been a dream."

The red light blinking on her laptop indicated that it was on standby mode. Switching it on, Lily saw an article about Samuel Beckett flood the screen. It was from The Guardian. She was just about to close the tab when a familiar phrase caught her eye. It was an interview of Alba Arikha–Beckett's goddaughter. Lily began reading the paragraph aloud, " "He was lying in bed, and looked as majestic as ever. His main concern, I think, was that he could get his cigarettes and his whisky. He lay in bed, and held my hand. He murmured 'Je suis fatigué. Je suis fatigué.' I said goodbye, and left. I never saw him again.""

~ Tusita Sarkar

LIFE'S LAMP LINGERS

Life is not a bed of roses
it is a bed of thorns
it is a wave of experiences
which will be there forever

Life has shattered sides
but is it true?
The truth is it's a mystery
and my heart beats high

Life is like a roller coaster
many of us say
but do we enjoy the ride calmly ? or with a broken heart

If life is a pearl of sorrow
then of course a pearl of laughter
Life is not a world of darkness
but a view of sunshine

Life is not a splendid frame
it is a sea of troubles
but can't we change the hell into heaven
with a golden heart

Life is no more a useless coffin
no more a dishonor
it's the time to draw a canvas which
will glow with warmth

Let us make some terrible loss in life
and feel the pleasure of it because there are reasons enough to die but very less to live
happy

Let us capture the lonely shore
and feel the love of this sight, let us give shape to those images which will blast to rise
and will last till the end!!

~Madhurima Dey



~ Anuska Das



~ Payel Saha

AN ARTSY GIRL WHO'S ENJOYING
EVERY SECOND OF HER LIFE.



Freshers' and Farewell And APL



Teachers' Day and World Poetry Day

বৃষ্টি বিলাস

~ত্রিয়াশা বসাক



এই শহরের বুকে এক প্রাণখোলা হাসি আর একরাশ উদম্য
ইচ্ছে নিয়ে রোজ স্বপ্ন দেখি। নিয়মিত জীবনে লেখালেখি
এবং সঙ্গীত অক্সিজেনের মত বাঁচিয়ে রেখেছে।

শহরজুড়ে আজ বৃষ্টি নামুক, বৃষ্টিতে ভিজুক সারা শহর.. অলি, গলি, রাস্তা ঘাট সব জায়গায়
চলুক বৃষ্টি আর মেঘের গর্জনের প্রেম...

সকাল থেকেই আকাশটা মেঘলা, হয়তো সন্ধ্যা নাগাদ হবে বৃষ্টির আগমন। কাধের ব্যাগটায়
আজ বাকি জিনিসের সাথে যুক্ত হবে মায়ের সেই কে.সি. পালের বেগুনি ছাতা...আর সাথে চিন্তা
চলবে যাতে ছাতাটা অফিসে ফেলে রেখে না চলে আসি... চুল মাথার ওপর তুলে খোঁপা বেঁধে
ট্রেনের তারায় বেরোব আমি, ট্রেনে উঠে কানে হেডফোন গুঁজে ফোন খুলবো গান চালানোর
জন্য, তখনই মেসেজ আসবে তোর "দেখা করবি আজ?" ... আকাশে হালকা হালকা গর্জন
তখন সবে শুরু হচ্ছে। আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে বেশ কিছুক্ষন আনমনে ভাবার পর তোর কাছে
যাবে আমার রিপ্লাই "সরোবরে ঠিক বিকেল সাড়ে পাঁচটা, দেরি করবিনা"। তোর দেরি না করা
আর সূর্যের পশ্চিম দিকে উদয় হওয়া, খানিকটা এক ব্যাপারই বলা যায়! আনমনে খোলা বাতাস
উপভোগ করতে করতেই চলে আসবে আমার স্টেশন, নেমে অফিস যাওয়ার পালা...

শহরজুড়ে আজ বৃষ্টি নামুক, বৃষ্টিতে ভিজুক সারা শহর..

অফিসের কাজ সেরে তখন বেরোনের তারা আমার, ঘড়িতে তখন পাঁচটা বাজলো বলে। সব
ব্যাগে গুছিয়ে অফিস থেকে রাস্তায় নামলাম... আকাশ বেশ ঘনিয়ে, এই হয়তো আর কিছুক্ষণের
মধ্যেই শহরকে স্পর্শ করবে বৃষ্টির ফোঁটা। এমন সময় আসবে তোর ফোন, ওপর থেকে বলবি,
"বেরিয়েছিস? আমি এই বেরোলাম"... উত্তরে বলবো, "হ্যাঁ এই বেরোলাম, ঠিক সময়মতো
পৌঁছে যাবো"... রাস্তায় যেতে যেতে ভাববো শেষ হবে বৃষ্টিতে ভিজেছিলাম সেই কথা, ভাবতে
ভাবতেই পৌঁছে যাবো সরোবরে। গিয়ে দেখবো দূরে তুই দাড়িয়ে, কানে হেডফোন, পিঠে ব্যাগ,
আমায় দেখে মাঝটা মুখ থেকে খুলবি... ঘন্টাখানেক চলবে আমাদের ঝগড়া, আলাপ, খুনসুটি
আর ভালোবাসা... আসতে আসতে সূর্য ডুব দেওয়ার সময় হয়ে আসবে, নেমে আসবে সন্ধ্যা।
পাশাপাশি বইবে ঝরো হাওয়া... দুজনের গন্তব্যস্থল এবার যার যার বাড়ি। মায়ের ফোন আসবে,
"বৃষ্টি এলো বলে, তাড়াতাড়ি বাড়ি আয়"... ওদিকে তোকেও তোর মা ফোন করে খোঁজ নেবে।
ঝরো হাওয়া আস্তে আস্তে বাড়তে থাকলো.. দুজনেই যখন মাঝ রাস্তায়, হঠাৎ তখন শুরু হলো
বৃষ্টি... শহর জুড়ে ঘনিয়ে এলো বৃষ্টি... দুগালে মাখব সেই বৃষ্টির জল। তুই ছুটে যাবি একটা
গাছের তলায়, আমি তখন মাঝ রাস্তায় বৃষ্টি উপভোগে মত্ত। দূর থেকে তুই ডাকবি আমায়,
"ঠান্ডা লেগে যাবে"... আর তোর হাতদুটো ধরে টানতে টানতে তোকেও নিয়ে আসবো আমার
সঙ্গে, বৃষ্টিতে ভিজবো দুজন মিলে... মাথার খোঁপাটা হয়তো তুই খুলে দিবি, এলোকেশী হয়ে
ভিজবো... দুজনেই উপভোগ করবো বৃষ্টির খেলা...

শহরজুড়ে আজ বৃষ্টি নামুক, বৃষ্টিতে ভিজুক সারা শহর.. অলি, গলি, রাস্তা ঘাট সব জায়গায়
চলুক বৃষ্টি আর মেঘের গর্জনের প্রেম...



THE COLORS IN MY HEAD

~Pritha Ghosh

DREAMER AND A STRONG PROPONENT OF MASTER OOGWAY'S- "YOU WILL BECOME THE PANDA YOU WERE ALWAYS MEANT TO BE."

Colors. Reds and yellows and blues and greens and purples and pinks. They swirl around me, engulf me in their embrace. I live submerged in a sea of throbbing, pulsing, colors.

I see color in letters and numbers, in the melodies of music. The letter 'P' is turquoise, like the gently swirling waves of a Caribbean Sea. The number six is yellow, the biting, bitter color of freshly squeezed lemons trickling into a waiting mouth. In piano concertos I see rich burgundy, in guitar music I see soft, minty green, like the underside of a spring leaf.

They call it synaesthesia. That word brings to mind only a bland, dull, gray.

Others tell me I am blind. But who can say it is me, not them, who doesn't see?

The first time someone tried to diagnose my condition was at the age of four, when my mother brought me to a psychiatrist after I told her that my teacher didn't know that the number one was pink. It's a hazy memory, the doctor leaning over me, listening to the rhythm of my heart with a stethoscope, testing my ability to count and write the little I knew of the alphabet.

He told my mother I was mentally ill. She sobbed. She never believed it.

She left my first stepfather after he suggested that maybe I wasn't right in the head. She protected me. She loved me. She always has.

But she doesn't understand either. She'll never understand all the colors seething in my mind.

She brought me to the psychiatrists again and again, hoping for a diagnosis for the way I saw the world. She never got one until I turned eleven. Synaesthesia. She was overjoyed. "This means you aren't alone, Ivie! There are other people who are the same way as you!"

I just sat quietly in the backseat and thought how bland that word sounded for something that encompassed who I was. Something that means color itself to me.

Where the colors find their birthplace in my mind, they stay there. I don't share them with anybody, not anymore, not after I've seen the way people puzzle over my words. Those who love me want to understand. I see the way my brother Brent looks at me sometimes, as if he's trying to imagine the world through my eyes. But

I can't find the words that can describe the world I've been surrounded by since I can remember. So I never share, not to Mom with her serene blue eyes that look at me with such love and concern, or my gruff but kind hearted stepfather Mark, or my brothers or stepsister Kitty. I don't share because my words will never make them see the world through my eyes. Words will never hold that kind of power.

I do think about it sometimes-- what it would be like to live in the world they live in. I come up with a world without color at all, black and white like the replays of old movies they sometimes play on our TV. But I know that isn't right.

My name is Ivory, by the way, which is ironic as it means white, the color lacking color. This April I turn seventeen, which is to me royal blue, my favorite color of them all. I live with my mother, third stepfather, two brothers and stepsister, in a small rural town in Ekam Eveileb Island, and of all my extended family and friends, I am the only one who sees in the way I do. I'm the only one I know with what they call synaesthesia.

No one to understand.

But what does it matter? I have all I need in the colors in my head.



Photograph By Trisha



ধর্ম

~অরুণাভ চ্যাটার্জি

নামটি আমার অরুণাভ, নামের অর্থ সূর্যের আভা কিন্তু
বিশ্বাস করুন এই গরমের জন্য আমি কোনো ভাবেই
দায়ী নয়, আমার আভা টুনি বান্ধ এর থেকেও কম।

জগৎ শ্রেষ্ঠ মানবজাতি উৎপত্তি করলো ধর্ম নামক এক কীটের,
আর মানুষের অজান্তেই সে বিস্তার করলো তার মরণ ফাঁদ ,
একে একে সে গ্রাস করলো সবকিছু।

উৎসবে আনলো বিভেদ, পোশাকে আনলো বৈষম্য,
মাটিতে ধরালো ভাঙন, খাবারে ও টেনে দিল গণ্ডি।

তারপর নিজের ধর্মের শ্রেষ্ঠত্বের দাবিতে এই মানবজাতি শুরু করলো তীব্র লড়াই।

রক্তাত হল পবিত্র ভূমি , বহু প্রাণ অকালে গেলো চলে ,
লুণ্ঠিত হলো বহু নারীর সম্মান, কান্নার আওয়াজে মখুরিত হলো প্রকৃতির প্রতিটি অংশ,
কেউ কেউ হারালো তার সবকিছু, আর কারুর কারুর সঙ্গী হলো অমানবিক অত্যাচার।

এখনও এ লড়াই বিদ্যমান, হয়তো তার তেজ কিছুটা কমেছে।

তবে, এ ফুরিয়ে যায়নি এখনো, যেনো মনে হচ্ছে
এ আবার জাগ্রত হচ্ছে , আবার এ অবাধ ধ্বংসলীলার অশুভক্ষনের সূচনা করবে।

উপরওয়ালাকে রকমারি নামে সজ্জিত করে ,
মিথ্যে ধর্মের নাটকে আজও অনেকে মত্ত,
ধর্মের নামে অধর্মের খেলা আজও এ সমাজে প্রচলিত।

এই খেলা আর নাটক যে দিন বন্ধ হবে ,
যেদিন ধর্মের জায়গায় মানবতা ছাড়া আর কোনো বিকল্প থাকবে না,
সেদিন হয়তো ভালবাসি ,শান্তি , সংঘবদ্ধতা
এই শব্দবন্ধ গুলির প্রকৃত অর্থ মানব জাতি আবার উপলব্ধি করতে পারবে ,
সেদিনই হয়তো বিভেদ শব্দটার প্রয়োজন কিছুটা হলে ও ফুরোবে ,
আর এই অন্ধকারাচ্ছন্ন জগৎ,
আস্তে আস্তে হয়ে উঠবে আলোকিত।

DEAR EARTH

~Trisha Das

I have had my invitation to this world's festival.
My eyes have seen and my ears have heard-
All the omnipotent beauty that you possess.
Yet, we derail you, defile you,
damage you!
This will only backfire, I know.
When nature will take her own course-
She will give us a taste of our own medicine.

Photograph By Trisha



~Namrata Das

**JUDGING THE KALEIDOSCOPIC WORLD
WITH A MYOPIC VISION. THEY SAY I
LACK HUMOUR, WHILE I ONLY LACK
AFFABILITY.**

“

**"I HAVE NATURE AND ART AND
POETRY, AND IF THAT IS NOT
ENOUGH, WHAT IS ENOUGH?" -
VINCENT VAN GOGH**

”





~ Anuska Das
**I'M ALL ABOUT LOVE,
CREATIVITY AND DEDICATION.**





~Anindita De

AN AMIABLE PERSONALITY WHO IS EXUBERANT AND HIGH-SPIRITED. BUT AFFECTION FOR MY LOVED ONES PREVAILS OVER ALL OTHER QUALITIES.

LOST SOUL

Walking alone by the sea,
On a calm, clear luminous night.
Beneath the endless sky with glimmering stars.
The pale white moon with its cold stare -
Beaming
listening to- music of waves crashing the shore ,
The cold, chilled, whispering air
Rushing through the veins.
Lights coming from the distant houses -
Tear me into pieces.
The footprints on the sand , fading.

Midnight. A filthy room
Gloomy nights, blue lights,
Black rugs, dark hours .
Thousands of thoughts -
Like cobwebs entrapping me
Days of idle conversations -
Hazy memories.

Ah! The pangs of despair, the never ending sorrow.
The vanity of this world , the hands of clock ticking by ,
Unresolved worries pile up,
Black silhouette of the past following me,
In the maze of life,
A lost soul in the shadows of night.

Photograph By Souvik



~Soumyadeep Sarkar



~Suvamoy Chakraborty

**IT'S ONLY AFTER WE'VE LOST EVERYTHING
THAT WE'RE FREE TO DO ANYTHING.**

Photograph By Sreelekha

SYLVIA



~Aishmita Manna

AN ENTHUSIAST LOOKING FORWARD TO REACH A THRIVING HARBOUR OF SUCCESS, SOMETIMES RIFLING THROUGH THE SPHERE OF DANCE AND METAMORPHOSING INTO A WRITER.

Why are you looking so tensed today? Did something happen?" I asked my mom while having breakfast. She was unusually quiet and in a reluctant phase, not in her chirrupy mode which she is always in while sending me off to school.

"No, I'm all right...listen, will it do you much harm if you don't go to school today?", mom replied. I must say I was shocked to say the least. I wasn't really expecting to hear my her say this. I should have been on cloud nine after hearing this but mom's troubled visage kept me from being happy at all. "Well, we do have a class test today but if you don't want me to go I won't!" I said, trying to sound joyous. But all I received in response was a wry smile. And then I remembered. It was the date, 29th February. I vaguely remembered how troubled she had been the last time around, that is, four years ago. I was really too young back then to comprehend anything but I do remember dad trying to cheer her up the whole day. But this time I needed to know what was wrong, why was the date so troubling for her. "Mom, please tell me what's wrong! Please!" I kept on nagging. I knew this trick always worked, even with dad. "It's really nothing sweetheart. It's...it's just the date that worries me," she replied with dreamy eyes, looking at the walls but not staring.

"What's wrong with the date?" I nagged further.

"You are too young for this dear. And besides, you will probably laugh it off."

"Come on. Neither am I too young nor will I laugh it off. I just remembered how worried you were the last time. So it has to be something very serious." I replied vehemently. Mom looked at me with a gaze that felt like pride. "All right dear, I shall tell you now. Twenty four years back when I was your age and just like you when I was going to appear for my class ten board exams, something happened. The details of the day should have faded by now but it hasn't. And I don't think it ever will. It was just another busy day at school; with the fear of board exams looming large we were relentlessly working for a good score. We were a group of five girls, always sticking together, studying and enjoying school life to the fullest."

"It was the 29th of February, as you might have guessed by now, and we were returning home from school. The days had just started to become a bit longer with the summer approaching but the weather wasn't sultry. We were laughing our hearts out to a joke which Mrityika had cracked; I don't remember what it was anymore. I ardently hope the same happens with the day too." She veered off into a silence and I had to give her a nudge to bring her out of the trance-like state she suddenly went into.

"Sorry dear," she said, "we used to travel by a different road back then, not the one you use nowadays. When you were little I brought you back home by that old road on every 29th February. But now you have grown up, I can't really ask you to do something which might appear to be silly. This road you take every day now used to be empty back then, no residences in sight. But we were young, with no care for anything in the world. We were travelling back home via this road when we chanced upon a little girl standing at a corner of the road being scared of a barking dog. She was hardly ten years old and her ragged and tattered clothes conveyed her poverty. We shooed away the dog and asked the girl's name. "Sylvia," she replied. I must say that was a lovely name and we enquired further. Her parents had died when she was six and since then she herself had been her only family, trying hard to fetch for herself. "But that was a long time ago. Do you know it's my birthday today?" We took pity on her and decided to buy her a chocolate with whatever little pocket money we had.

We took her to a shop and asked her to wait. We bought her chocolate and turned to face her. She wasn't there. We called her name numerous times but she didn't turn up. We searched a bit but decided wisely to go back home as it was getting late.

I reached home and after having some refreshments sat down to study. But somehow I couldn't get her visage out of my head. It was so distracting for me, especially her words "But that was a long time ago." Mrityika used to live nearby so I decided to go to her house. On telling her the whole thing she said that we should go and check out the place again.

The road was dark with no street lights and a sole tea stall with dim lights. We thought it best to go and ask the man about this little girl.

It was quite windy.

"Excuse me uncle." I said.

"Yes? You seem to be too young to have tea," the old man said.

"No uncle, we don't want tea. Do you know someone named Sylvia? We met her in the afternoon...."

"Not again," the old man sighed.

"What's wrong uncle? Do you know her? Who is she?"

"Sylvia was an orphan who used to roam about this very place. She died twelve years ago on this day in a car accident. Cars used to be rare in those days but it was her fate. Since then after every four years she comes back. She used to love this place, this empty place, despite everything. She still does I suppose."

~Aishmita Manna



~Sreelekha Bhattacharyya

AN AESTHETE TRYING TO CAPTURE THE ARTIFICE OF "LIFE". THOUGH SOME OF MY ENDEAVOURS END UP BLACK AND WHITE AND THE REST VIBRANT, I'M THOROUGHLY ENJOYING THE JOURNEY, NEVERTHELESS.

HEALED...

And then one fine day, my heart stopped beating faster
The sight of him being with someone else didn't hurt anymore
His name didn't bring butterflies anymore
And I realised, I was free
The cupid's arrow that was stuck in my heart for so long has
finally been ripped out
And the bleeding has stopped
And I, finally healed.



~Sreelekha Bhattacharyya





~Jigisha Seal

A BIBLIOPHILE WITH A PASSIONATE LOVE
FOR MYTHOLOGY AND LEGENDS.
PAINTING KEEPS ME SANE. FIERCELY
OPINIONATED.





~Sucheta senapati

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE WHO HAS A GREAT PASSION FOR WRITING AND READING BOOKS BUT MOSTLY FICTION.

আমাদের আশুতোষ

কলেজের দিনগুলো চোখের সামনে,
হারানো স্মৃতি হারানো গান।

গানটা একটা চায়ের দোকানে বাজতে শুনে থমকে দাঁড়ালো ছেলেটা, মুহূর্তে ফুটে উঠলো শ্যামাপ্রসাদ মুখার্জী রোড- যতীনদাস মেট্রো, ভবানীপুরের অলিগলি, রকের আড্ডা, আর মনে পড়ল সেই ইঁট-কাঠ-পাথরের বাড়িটার কানে কানে বলা কতগুলো কথা, "তুই আমাকে কতটা ভালোবেসেছিস আমি জানি না; তবে আমি তোকে আমার সাথে আষ্টেপৃষ্ঠে বেঁধেছি, তোর জীবনের একটা অধ্যায় আগলে নিয়ে আমি থেকে যাব, এভাবেই-সময় পেলে আবার ফিরবি না হয় অন্যভাবে-অন্যরূপে!"

অজান্তেই ছেলেটার চোখটা ঝাপসা হল আর অস্ফুটে বেরিয়ে এল- "আশুতোষ, আমার- না, আমাদের আশুতোষ!"

Photograph By Soumyadeep



THE FIRST LESSON



~Diyasha Some

I'M A PERSON WHO IS PASSIONATE ABOUT LEARNING SOMETHING NEW AND CREATIVE ALL THE TIME.

One day a baby was playing in her cot & she suddenly noticed that an old, dull fan was hanging sadly from the ceiling and a new, beautiful AC from the right wall was laughing at him.

So, the baby asked the fan, "Why are you so sad? The AC is laughing at you." The fan answered, "I'm old and dull now, so no one cares about me and he (pointing at the AC) is new and young to the family. So, everybody cares about him, that's why I'm sad and he is happy. But don't think about us, you little baby! You just play and enjoy."

Then the baby replied, "Oh! That's why everyone is pampering me, loving me because I'm young and new and also that's why grandpa and grandma stay alone and sad the whole day like you because no one takes care of them."

"So when I'll be old like them and you, will I also be alone and sad? No one will take care of me too?, the baby asked.

The fan couldn't find an answer. The AC then stopped laughing and his(AC's) face became dull.



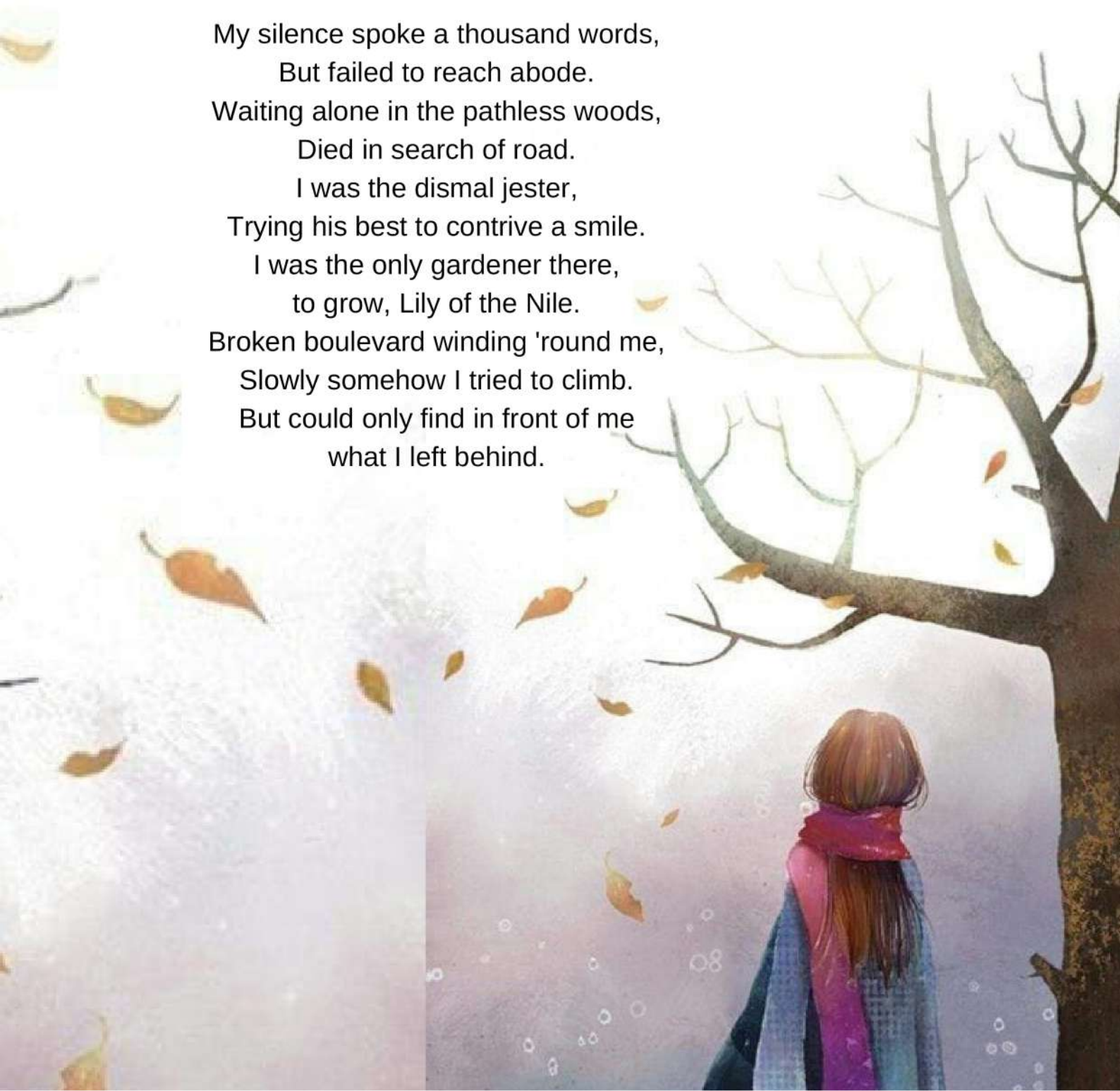


~Usnish Chatterjee

**I AM GOOD AT CRACKING BAD JOKES.
BY THE WAY, ON A SERIOUS NOTE, I DON'T ALWAYS HAVE
TIME TO STUDY...BUT WHEN I DO, I DON'T.**

MY SILENCE SPOKE A THOUSAND WORDS

My silence spoke a thousand words,
But failed to reach abode.
Waiting alone in the pathless woods,
Died in search of road.
I was the dismal jester,
Trying his best to contrive a smile.
I was the only gardener there,
to grow, Lily of the Nile.
Broken boulevard winding 'round me,
Slowly somehow I tried to climb.
But could only find in front of me
what I left behind.





~Sarani Ghosh

**I AM SENSATIONALLY SERENDIPITOUS,
BORINGLY INTERESTING, SWEETLY SOUR,
MUCH LIKE THE MONSOON OF CALCUTTA.**



~Usnish Chatterjee



~Shreya Ghosh

AN OLD SOUL DRIVEN BY A GENUINE DESIRE TO SPREAD WARMTH. FRAMING A WORLD WHERE EMPATHY PEAKS AND WHERE ACTS OF KINDNESS ARE PERCEIVED AS ONE'S STRENGTH AND NOT NAIVETY.





~Shubhranshu Mandal
**A ROOTLESS WANDERER LOOKING FOR ETERNAL
SERENITY. SOLITARY TIME SPENT IN REMOTE PLACES
FASCINATES ME.**



BOOKS, MARVEL, MOVIES, MUSIC
~Pratyasha Das



TO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THIS POSSIBLE:-

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