

# INK BLOT

E-Magazine, Department of English,  
Polba Mahavidyalaya



Vol. 1, Edition 1

# EDITORIAL

It is with immense pride and joy that I present the inaugural issue of the e-magazine published by the Department of English, Polba Mahavidyalaya. This initiative marks a significant step in fostering creativity and intellectual engagement within our academic community. The magazine showcases a diverse array of literary works, including poetry, essays, and stories, contributed by both students and teachers. A special mention must be made of Dr. Manali Choudhury, Assistant Professor, whose unwavering guidance and editorial expertise have been pivotal in shaping this venture.

Equally commendable is the contribution of Md. Jisan Mondal, SACT, whose dedication ensured the seamless compilation of this publication.

This e-magazine is not merely a platform for creative expression but also a testament to the collaborative spirit of our department. I hope it inspires our readers and contributors alike to explore the boundless realms of literature and imagination.

**Md. Mizanur Rahaman Sardar**  
**Head, Department of English**  
**Polba Mahavidyalaya**

# *Importance of English Language*

The English language is a cornerstone of global communication in today's interconnected world. Spoken and understood in most countries, it bridges people from diverse linguistic and cultural backgrounds. As a universal medium, English enables individuals to share ideas, exchange cultural values, and collaborate across borders.

In the digital age, English is indispensable. A vast majority of internet content, including websites, educational resources, and social media platforms, is in English. Without proficiency in the language, accessing information, participating in global discussions, and utilizing online tools becomes challenging. From emails to virtual conferences, English powers global connectivity.

The role of English in education is immense. Many of the world's leading universities and academic publications use English as their primary language. It provides students with access to international research, academic programs, and global opportunities. Proficiency in English is often a requirement for studying abroad and excelling in diverse academic disciplines.

Professionally, English is a vital tool for career success. It is the official language in numerous multinational organizations and industries. Business communications, negotiations, and reports are often conducted in English, giving professionals a competitive edge in the global job market. Whether in technology, healthcare, or media, English enhances career prospects and growth.

Moreover, English serves as a gateway to cultural treasures and entertainment. Literary classics by Shakespeare and modern media like films and music are predominantly in English, allowing people to enjoy them in their original form.

In conclusion, English is more than a language—it is a bridge connecting people, fostering education, and empowering careers. Its importance in communication, knowledge sharing, and cultural integration makes it essential in today's world. Mastering English is not just a skill but a pathway to global opportunities and understanding.

**Archita Dholey**

**Semester 1**

# *Nature and Human*

I am a human

I am tired of cities,

I am going to Nature

To find peace.

Long and shady trees,

And that cool breeze

Relaxes me and calm

And the beautiful tree of palm.

Oh! The tree,

Please make me free,

I need your fresh air,

You are really true and fair.

Come on, young ones,

Just study 'Nature,'

Breathe well and

Feel this pleasure.

**Archita Dholey**

**Semester 1**

# *A Beautiful Partnership*

My heart is a canvas, where Love is the Art  
A masterpiece of emotions,  
That beats from the start.  
Like a cricket ball,  
That's tossed in the air  
My love for you,  
Is beyond compare.  
With every stroke of the pencil,  
Our love comes alive  
A sketch of our memories,  
That forever will thrive.  
Like a batsman's perfect shot,  
Our love is a beautiful sight,  
A love that's drawn,  
With precision and delight.  
In the stadium of life,  
Our love is the winning run.  
A partnership that's strong,  
And forever has just begun.  
Like a cricket team's victory,  
Our love is a celebration  
A love that's drawn,  
With every beat of our heart's creation.

**Nilabhra Halder**  
**Semester III**

# *Destination*

Human life is like a moving train,  
It has to cross miles with strain.  
From the starting to ending station,  
Meeting with many known and unknown  
relations.

During the long journey in our life,  
Some find comfort and some strife.  
When someone achieves some gain,  
Some suffer in pain.

This is how the life is going,  
Every month the winter is snowing.  
With many sweet memories, I must travel,  
Till the end of my journey and the last bell.

**Suchandra Ghosh**

**Semester 1**

# *Life Story*

The story of life  
Is a work in progress  
Success or strife  
You are allowed to digress.  
One should never release  
And start dreaming  
Avoid lingering and get up  
Trust yourself and start working.  
You think you're all alone  
And lost in your process  
Reduce your dismal groan,  
You will get success.

**Priti Ghosh**  
**Semester 1**

# *Friendship*

Friendship is something that cannot be Described in a word.

A huge meaning is hidden in this word.

It means love, it means rare,

It means a lot of love for those people Whom you don't want to leave.

Friendship means gossip, sharing tiffin And lots of secret things, right?

Friendship grows between such good friends.

**Khukumani Murmu**  
**Semester III**



# Waiting

Wait, wait, and wait! What is waiting?  
You only hear this word.  
But never feel it.  
If you feel it, you never make me wait.  
You have no idea of my waiting for you,  
I have died every day, waiting for you,  
Even every moment.  
Years, months, days pass by...  
But I believe one day you will come  
And hold my hands and tell me your waiting is over.  
Look at me... I am here only for you.  
Can you remember our first eye contact,  
When you looked into my eyes for the first time?  
I feel that you really love me, And obviously you know you love me.  
But everytime you hide your feeling from me  
The reason is unknown to me.  
I have become a dry leaf upon which I write the poetry of despair.  
But I still hope, I come to your mind.  
My love is real for you.  
True love can wait.  
I can wait for you,  
And I feel That the whole universe is conspiring to unite us.  
I will be waiting for the right time. So that my wait has its real worth.

**Sohini Ghosh**  
**Semester V**

# *Life is Short*

Life is so short.

It gets shorter each day.

This life on earth quickly passes away.

The time we have to live is briefly here.

Then like a vapor, our lives disappear.

Don't waste your life living for self-gain

Or living for what is sin, temporal, and vain.

Live your life for Christ and what will go on,

What lasts forever when life is gone.

Then you'll stand before God and death.

It will be known, and you will face death.

What usually mattered for eternity,

Your life is getting shorter every day,

And like a vapour, life passes away.

One day, very soon, when your life is past

Only what you did for Jesus will last.

**Minakhi Kisku**

**Semester III**

# *Your Heart*

Your heart is full of mystery.

Feelingless, you are!

But I still love with you.

Let love grow in your heart from seed to full bloom....

And when you come into my life eternity began.

**Papita Debanshi**

**Semester V**

# *The Dance of Time*

Oh, fleeting time, a wisp of air,  
A shadow passing, unaware.  
Each moment slips through grasping  
hands,  
Like grains of gold in shifting sands.  
The sun that rose with gentle light  
Now fades into the arms of night.  
A whisper lingers, soft, sublime,  
A melody composed by time.  
So cherish now, this fleeting gift,  
Before it flies on wings, adrift.

**Md. Mizanur Rahaman Sardar**

# *Be Nice*

**Be nice.  
Cold as ice.  
It is what you might  
Find to suffice.  
To live and lie,  
And mock, and sigh,  
The sky above,  
The dust below,  
The dead star,  
The cold floor,  
Be nice,  
Cold as ice.  
A broken wing,  
Cracked up, to sing  
The song, the holy still,  
To live and lie,  
And mock, and sigh,  
The crowded street,  
The empty bay,  
The windy valley,  
The backyard I stay,**

**Be nice,  
Cold as ice.  
The daily trail,  
Of your needy voice,  
Reaching me  
Over my choice,  
To live and lie,  
And mock, and sigh,  
The fire within,  
The burning core,  
The silver healing blood,  
Found no more.**

**Be nice.  
Cold as ice.  
It is what you might  
Find to suffice.**

# When the Call Comes

War, war and the siren of war knelled there  
You brew it, you greedy king,  
It serves your pomp and power  
But have you ever heard a nightingale sing?

The hamlet had slowly reared the boy  
He knows its soil to the soul and its scent,  
And in many a beautiful evening,  
To some known minstrelsy, he gave vent!

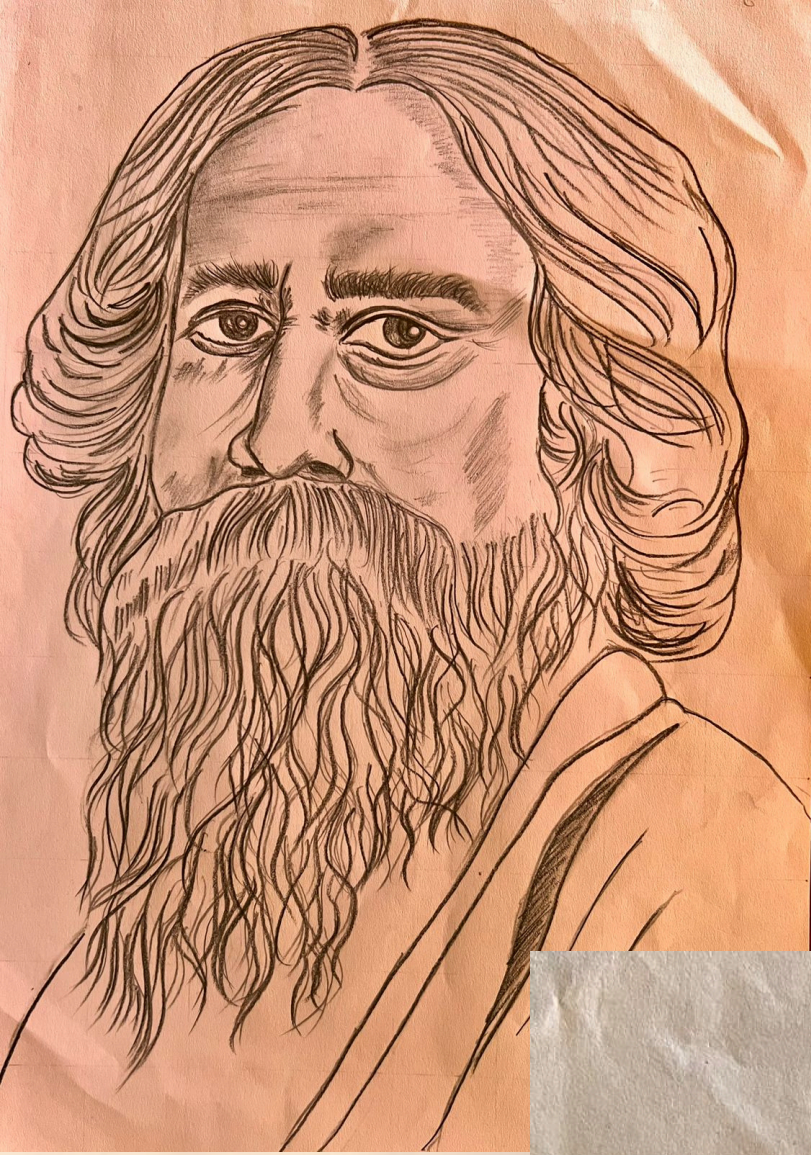
The boy now turns eighteen this year  
Nursed so many dreams in his breast,  
Had a horrible nightmare oneday  
Saw his breathless body laid in rest!

His mother, too, had a vision in sleep  
People are calling him a martyr,  
She flinched in bed, took time to settle  
And prayed to God, may he never go far!

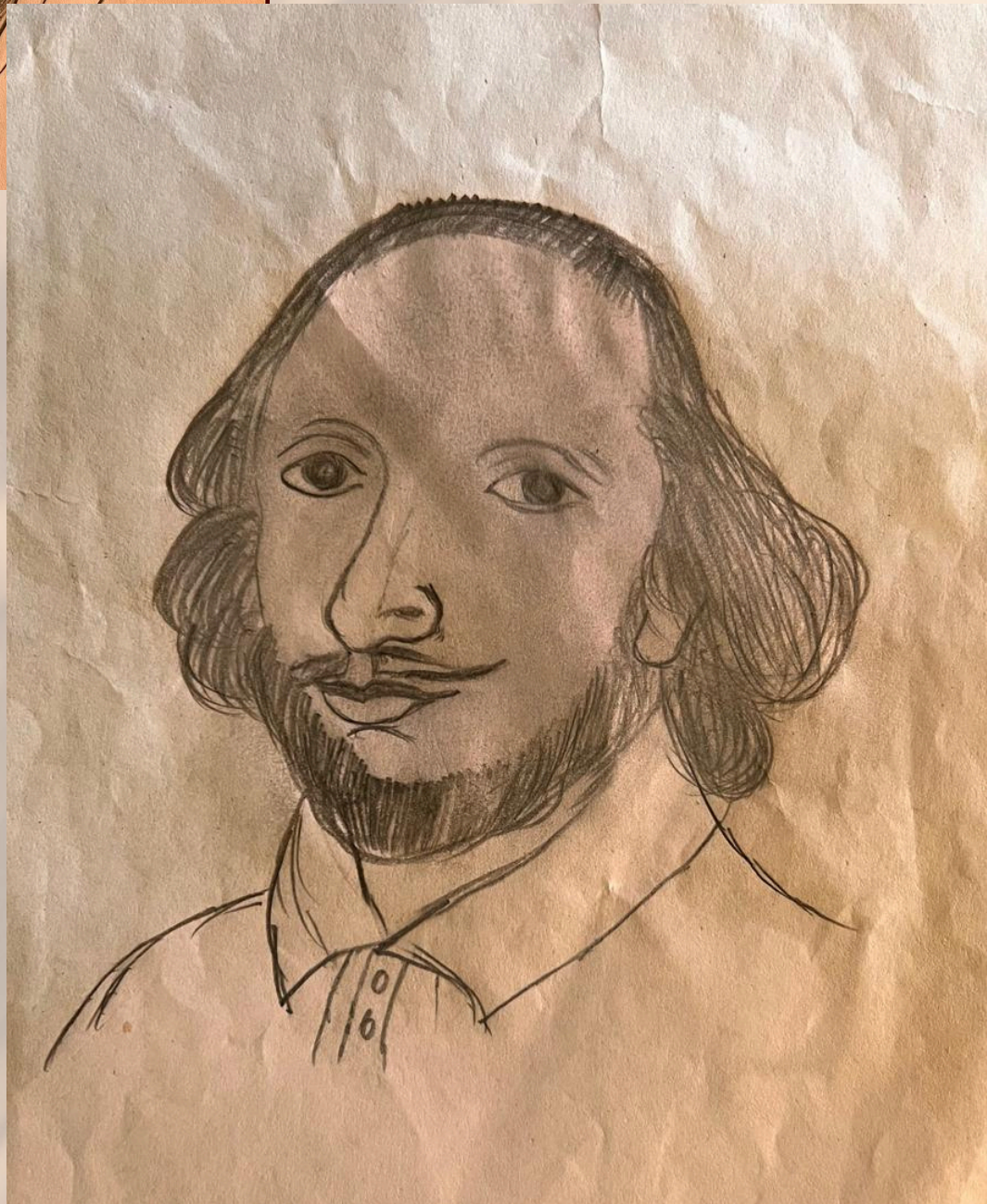
That girl could hardly rest that night  
Passed long hours in prayers, bowed head,  
As she had an ill omen that evening  
People are carrying her betrothed!

One day really did the call come  
The boy went, the decree of the king,  
...  
The village was sullen, the sky somber  
No nightingale thence ever sing!!

**Md. Jisan Mondal**



*Suchandra Ghosh*  
*Semester I*



*Priti Ghosh*  
*Semester I*