

Ink Blot

E-Magazine

Department of English,
Polba Mahavidyalaya

EDITORIAL

It gives me immense pleasure to present the latest issue of Ink Blot, the e-magazine of the Department of English of Polba Mahavidyalaya. This magazine is a sincere attempt to create a vibrant academic and creative space where ideas, imagination, and critical thought can find meaningful expression. The pages of Ink Blot reflect the intellectual curiosity, literary sensitivity, and creative engagement of our students and teachers.

I express our special gratitude to Dr. Manali Choudhury and Md Jisan Mondal, whose guidance, dedication, and constant support played a crucial role in shaping this magazine. Their vision and effort have helped transform Ink Blot into a cohesive and enriching academic venture. We also extend our heartfelt thanks to all the contributors whose writings have given life and diversity to this issue.

I am equally thankful to the Teacher-in-Charge, Dr. Narugopal Kaibartya and IQAC Coordinator, Dr. Santanu Sengupta for their valuable support and encouragement throughout the process. We hope Ink Blot continues to inspire thoughtful reading, creative writing, and scholarly dialogue in the years to come.

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

Our College Campus

A college campus is the centre of our beautiful memories. It is a place where students forge lifelong friendships, discover their passions, and prepare for their future careers. The physical environment, with its diverse spaces for study, recreation, and social interaction, plays a crucial role in shaping the overall college experience. It is not only a collection of buildings, but also the home of learning, growth, and community.

In our college campus, lecture halls, libraries, and laboratories also provide spaces for our intellectual exploration and discovery. It is a huge area of our college. There are large green spaces where we can relax, socialize, and build a beautiful and meaningful career for all of us. Literally, it's a vast world where I am a new citizen for just a few times, so I can't explain the entire beauty of my college. From this campus, we have learned many important lessons.

In this campus, we can build beautiful relationships with our classmates and our seniors and juniors.

Our campus may not be as bustling as other colleges, but it is a peaceful place where students try to see themselves in a new way.

College life exposes us to whole new experiences which we always remember after our school life. So, our college campus is one that will come back to our memories again and again in the future.

ARCHITA DHOLEY
SEM III

Back to Nature

I walk away from noise and lights, city life is heavy, too many fights.

I look for peace in open space, where trees and sky show a quiet face.

A soft wind touches my skin,

I feel calm, deep within. Birds are singing, rivers flow, this is the place I want to know.

Dear Nature, keep me near, your voice is soft, your heart is clean. No traffic, no screen, no sound, just real life all around.

Sit and breathe, take it slow, watch the trees and let thoughts go. The earth can teach, the sky can guide, in nature, I don't need to hide.

PRITI GHOSH
SEM III

Self-Discovery

In this journey, I find my voice without your support,

I can choose.

A work in progress, wild and free, whatever you do,

I always agree.

But now I am looking at me,

And you are nowhere near to me.

While I see a new world, new self,

And don't need nobody's help.

My mirror changed itself totally, not a change, it's called discovery.

Despite your absence,

I can't forget exploring my own feelings and thoughts.

ARCHITA DHOLEY
SEM III

Patriarchy vs Progress: The Fight for Informed Sexuality

Welcome to 21st-century society – the era where organ transplants, AI, and space exploration are becoming norms, yet society is still stuck in the Stone Age when it comes to women's rights and sex education. But don't worry! We are progressing backwards at record speed. In many parts of the world, particularly in patriarchal societies like India, these topics are stigmatized, leading to misinformation and gender based discrimination.

Reproduction involves a sperm, an egg, and a little something called fertilization. But let's not get too technical – after all, biology is apparently too obscene for young minds. Sex education? A Western conspiracy, obviously!

Here lies one of India's most enchanting paradoxes. We worship Kamakhy Devi, whose temple in Assam celebrates the goddess's menstruation with a festival and sacred cloth. Powerful, divine, revered. But when it comes to actual women's menstruation? She becomes impure or she might pollute it with her divine femininity.

When a woman becomes pregnant, her body undergoes significant hormonal changes half of her regular menstruation. What many fail to realize is that menstrual blood is not some toxic waste but a biological fluid rich in O₂, nutrients, and proteins – precisely the elements that nurture and sustain embryonic development. During pregnancy, this blood is not discharged because it is actively utilized in the formation of the placenta and in the complicated process of cell division that allows the embryo to grow. But of course, why let biological facts interfere with outdated taboos and convenient misogyny?

Another age-old myth society clings to is that a torn hymen is equal to lost virginity. This belief is not only scientifically incorrect but also morally degrading. Medically speaking, this is nonsense wrapped in patriarchy. The hymen is not a security seal rather thin fold of mucosal tissue that stretches or tears from activities like sports, cycling, or even sneezing hard enough. Some women are even born without a hymen.

Medical professionals around the globe agree – virginity is not a medical term (does not exist in medical science), but a social construct. The true pandemic, unlike COVID-19, patriarchy has no vaccine and isn't going away with boosters. When a woman is harassed, assaulted, what are the questions society lovingly asks?

- What was she wearing?
- Why was she out late?
- Why was she alone?
- Why was she breathing?

Because, of course, a man's violent behaviour is clearly controlled by the colour of a woman's lipstick or whether her dress had sleeves, or whether the dress was too short. Clearly, the problem lies in how much skin she showed, not in how little sense he had. Silly us for thinking people are responsible for their own actions!

It's high time we call a spade a spade: rape culture thrives on silence, myths that are medically baseless. In fact WHO and the UNHRC have explicitly called for a global ban on so-called “virginity testing”,



abelling it as a violation of human rights. Instead of teaching young people about consent, boundaries, anatomy or contraception, and respect for each other, society hands them myths, shame, and prejudices.

Every other day, a new case – gang rape, assault of minors, married women, and the elderly. But society has a bulletproof strategy for this: blame the victim and move on. Change begins with awareness and education. Men and women must be equally involved in dismantling prejudices. Schools must provide comprehensive sex education. Media must challenge stereotypes instead of reinforcing them. Families must create safe spaces for young people to ask questions. Religion and tradition should evolve to embrace gender justice rather than justify discrimination.

Comprehensive sex education into
school curriculum is not a luxury
---- it is a necessity for building
a healthier, more informative society.



SAYANI DAS
SEM V

ETERNITY

The days made ways to the days

To the heaven or to the fays

Quivering in the passion of the mould

Only to be shattered in the cold!

The cold doesn't know the meaning

Of the scenes and the sinning,

Only the spring and life she detests

Fouling the human fests.

Yet life moves on by leaps and bounds

In the farrago of round and round..

The eternity gulps the stream of spirit

And we are the fleeting drops within it.

Md. Mizanur Rahaman Sardar

Department of English

Environmental Imagination in English Fiction: A Literary and Eco-critical Study

Abstract

The concept of environmental imagination in English fiction reflects evolving human relationships with the natural world, ranging from reverence and aesthetic appreciation to alienation and ecological concern. This article examines major literary works and movements in English fiction that have contributed to environmental awareness.

Drawing, from Romanticism through Victorian, postcolonial, and contemporary writing, it explores how authors have represented nature not merely as a background setting but as an active presence within narrative and ethical reflection. The study also introduces ecocriticism as a critical framework and provides representative textual examples supported by scholarly references.

Introduction

1. Defining Environmental Imagination

Environmental imagination refers to the ways in which literary texts conceptualize and represent the natural world—its beauty, vulnerability, power, and the ethical dimensions of human interaction with it. In English fiction, this imagination is often intertwined with broader philosophical, social, and cultural concerns. With the growth of environmental humanities, ecocriticism has emerged as a critical approach for examining literature's engagement with ecological themes (Buell, 1995).

2. Romanticism and Nature's Sublimity

The Romantic period foregrounded nature as a source of sublimity, spiritual insight, and emotional depth. Although Romanticism is primarily associated with poetry, its influence extends to fictional narratives as well.

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) presents nature as both restorative and indifferent. The Alpine and Arctic landscapes reflect emotional states such as isolation and awe, while also emphasizing the limits of human ambition (Shelley, 1818).

The broader Romantic emphasis on emotional and imaginative engagement with nature influenced later fiction by highlighting humanity's moral and psychological relationship with the natural world.

In this period, nature is often portrayed as a source of inspiration and reflection rather than as a resource to be controlled.

3. Victorian Fiction: Nature, Morality, and Industrial Change

The Victorian era witnessed rapid industrialization, urban expansion, and environmental transformation, all of which influenced literary representations of nature. Charles Dickens's *Hard Times* (1854) critiques industrial society through the depiction of Coketown, a setting characterized by mechanization and monotony, symbolizing environmental and social strain.

Thomas Hardy's rural novels, particularly *The Return of the Native* (1878), depict nature as a powerful and sometimes indifferent presence, shaping human destiny rather than yielding to it. Victorian fiction thus reflects a more complex environmental imagination, acknowledging both human progress and its consequences.

4. Early Twentieth Century: Land, Identity, and Alienation

Early twentieth-century fiction increasingly addressed themes of alienation and disconnection from the natural world, often in response to modernization.

E.M. Forster's *Howards End* (1910) presents land and home as symbols of continuity and ethical responsibility, contrasting rural rootedness with urban mobility.

D.H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1920) explore intense, sensory relationships between humans and nature, emphasizing instinct, physicality, and emotional depth. These works suggest that environmental relationships are central to personal identity and social harmony.

5. Postcolonial Fiction: Land and Cultural Memory

In postcolonial English fiction, environmental imagination often intersects with themes of land, displacement, and cultural memory. Amitav Ghosh's *The Hungry Tide* (2004) portrays the fragile ecosystem of the Sundarbans while examining the complex relationship between conservation, livelihood, and cultural survival.

Zadie Smith's *White Teeth* (2000) engages indirectly with urban environments and diasporic experiences, reflecting how ecological spaces intersect with identity and migration.

Such texts broaden ecological thinking by situating environmental concerns within historical and cultural contexts.

6. Contemporary Eco-Fiction and Environmental Awareness

Contemporary English fiction increasingly reflects environmental concerns through narrative experimentation and thematic focus.

Ian McEwan's *Solar* (2010) employs satire to explore scientific ambition and institutional challenges related to environmental issues.

Barbara Kingsolver's *Flight Behavior* (2012) presents ecological change through a community-based perspective, linking environmental shifts with everyday human experience.

Richard Powers's *The Overstory* (2018) places trees and forests at the centre of narrative structure, emphasizing interconnectedness between human and non-human life. These works reflect contemporary literary engagement with large- scale environmental change and ethical reflection.

7. Ecocriticism: A Framework for Environmental Reading

Ecocriticism, emerging as a formal discipline in the 1990s, provides a systematic approach to studying representations of nature in literature (Glotfelty & Fromm, 1996). It examines:

- Human-centered and non-human-centered perspectives
- Literary representations of ecosystems and natural processes
- Relationships between culture, environment, and ethics

Through this framework, environmental imagination in fiction can be understood as both an aesthetic and interpretive concern.

8. Conclusion

From the idealized landscapes of Romanticism to the environmentally conscious narratives of contemporary fiction, English literature reflects evolving understandings of humanity's relationship with the natural world. Environmental imagination in fiction encourages readers to view nature not as a passive backdrop, but as an integral and meaningful presence within human experience. As ecological awareness continues to grow, literature remains an important medium for reflection and understanding.

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Ayan Banerjee

Department of Geography

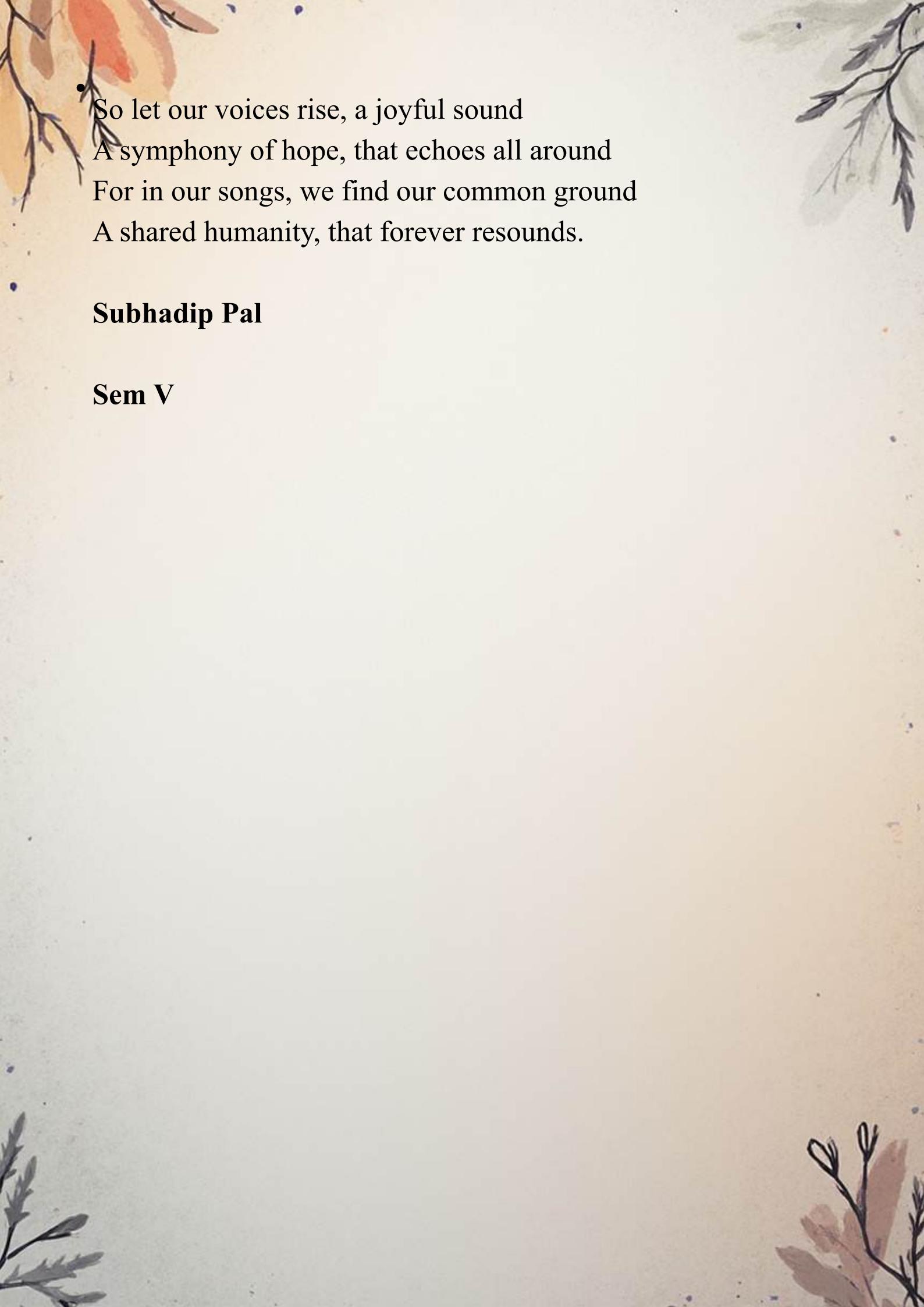
Songs for Humanity

In harmony, we find our voice
A symphony of hope, a heartfelt choice
To sing of love, of peace, of strife
To echo the emotions of this fragile life

In every note, a story's told
Of dreams and struggles, young and old
Of cultures blended, diverse and wide
A chorus of humanity, side by side

We sing of freedom, of justice too
Of equality and rights, for me and you
We sing of kindness, of compassion and care
Of the beauty in our differences, we share

In the face of adversity, we find our song
A melody of resilience, where love is strong
It's a hymn to humanity, in all its forms
A celebration of our shared, imperfect norms



So let our voices rise, a joyful sound
A symphony of hope, that echoes all around
For in our songs, we find our common ground
A shared humanity, that forever resounds.

Subhadip Pal

Sem V

Freedom

Freedom means to laugh and play,

To live our lives in our own way.

To speak our thoughts, to learn and grow,

To travel anywhere we go.

To sing a song, to dance or write,

To dream beneath the stars at night.

To make a choice,to have a voice,

To think,to hope,to have a choice.

No chains to hold,no locked up door,

Just open skies and so much more.

Freedom is a gift so true,

For me,for men,for all,for you.

Tulika Ghosh

Department of Botany

Confession

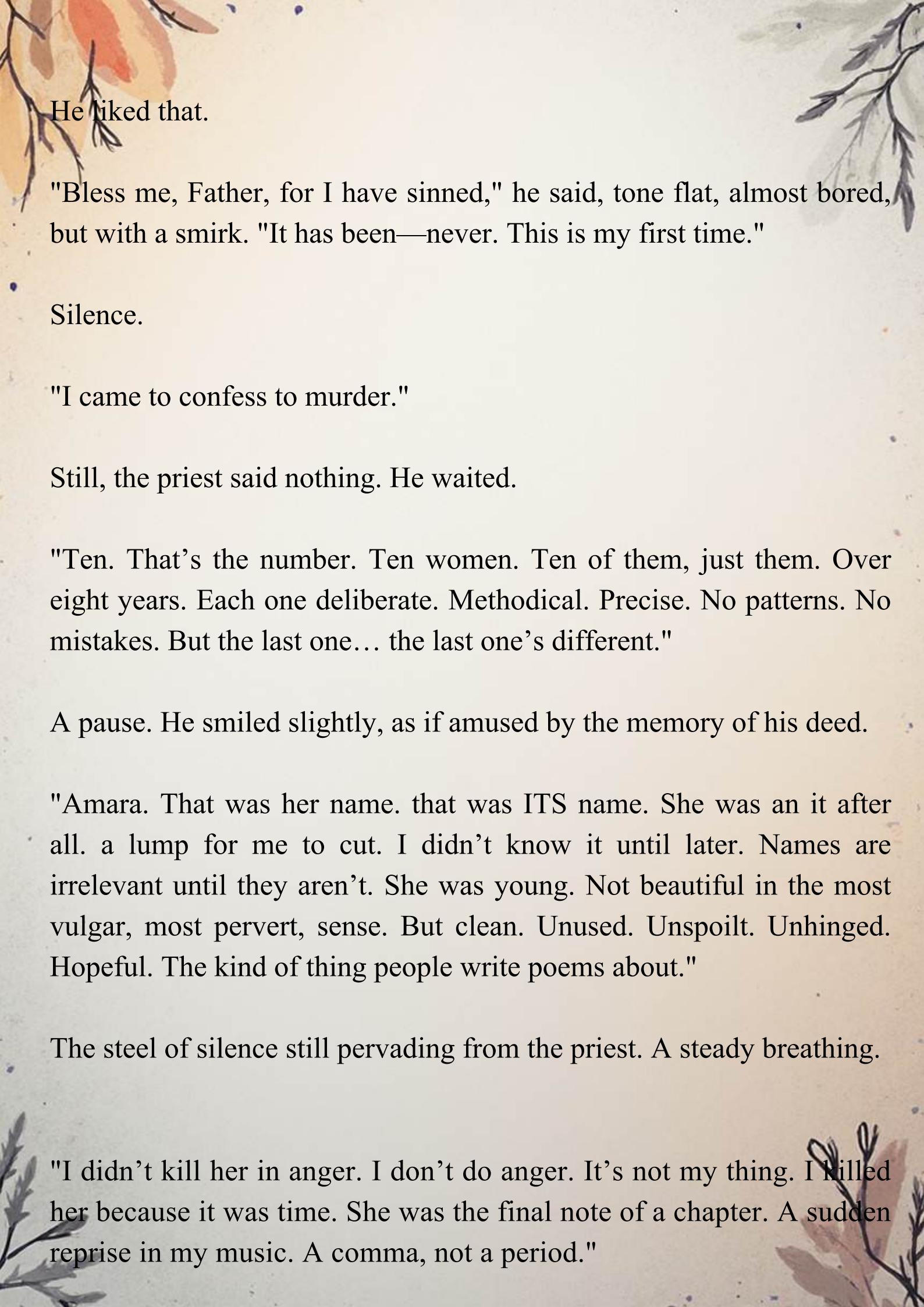
The church was silent...a silence not found in buildings anymore—thick, undisturbed, eerie, ancient. It swallowed the crispness of footsteps and memory alike. A bluntness sounded in their approach. A long thudding, pulsating sound. Shadows pooled in the stone corners like secrets too heavy to raise their heads from the neat rubbles.

He stepped in just past waking hour, a pin-drop evening. The sun was already low, slicing through stained glass in fractured colours of stained history. He liked that. The illusion of divine light on his skin. It was a private joke that he enjoyed...with himself. He crossed himself at the holy water font—not out of reverence, but precision. Every step, or misstep, was deliberate.

His boots made no sound as he moved to the back of the great Hall, his coat dark, like his eyes, and sharp, like his mind, against the gold of the altar. He looked like a man who belonged to silence, a prodigy. There was not a soul inside. He had timed it that way. He had scouted the place for weeks. It had to be that way, for what was to come. For his grand design.

The confessional waited like a wound in the wall—a small, dark space and built for secrets. He entered the left side without knocking. The priest was already posited inside.

Breathing...Waiting.



He liked that.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," he said, tone flat, almost bored, but with a smirk. "It has been—never. This is my first time."

Silence.

"I came to confess to murder."

Still, the priest said nothing. He waited.

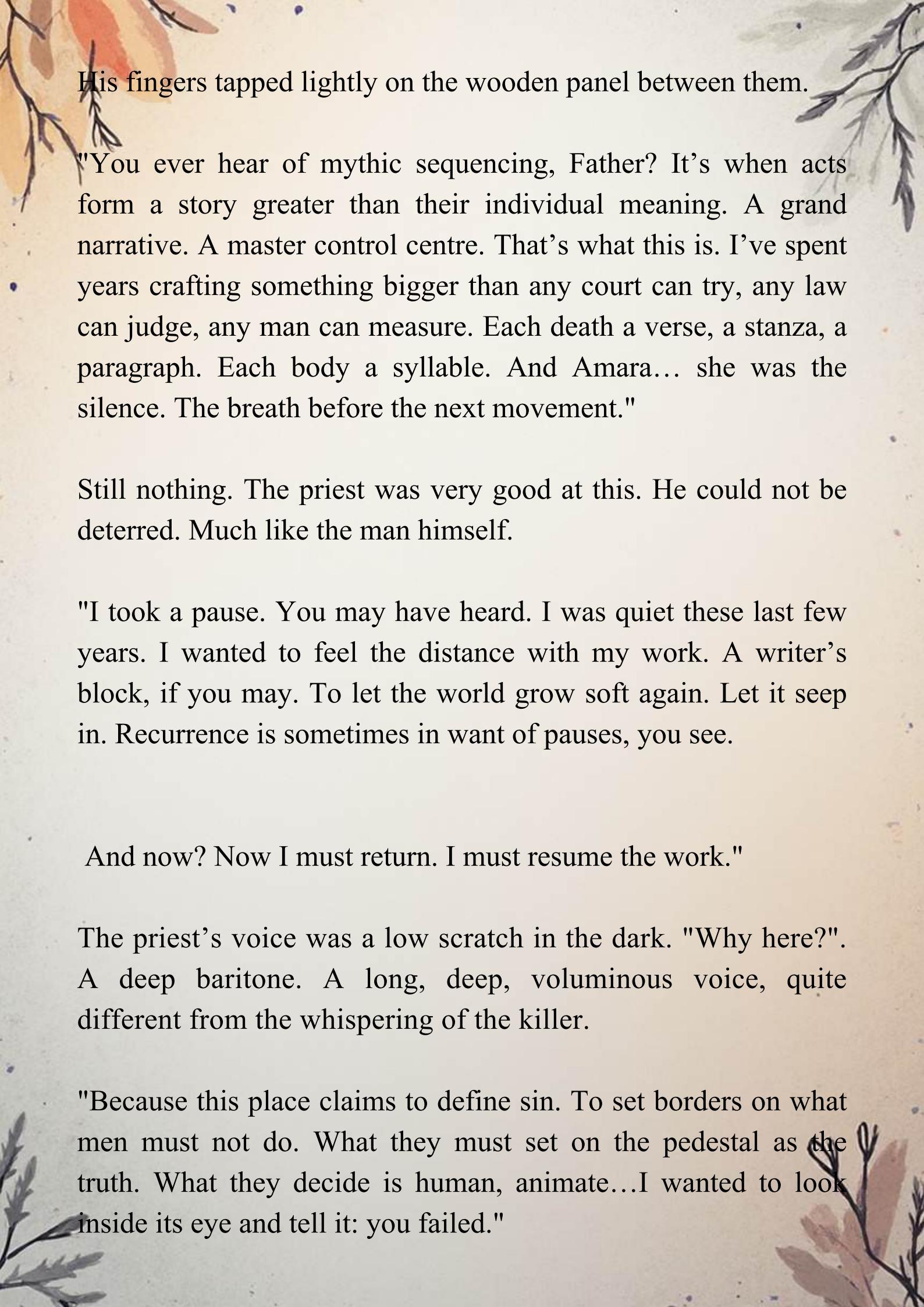
"Ten. That's the number. Ten women. Ten of them, just them. Over eight years. Each one deliberate. Methodical. Precise. No patterns. No mistakes. But the last one... the last one's different."

A pause. He smiled slightly, as if amused by the memory of his deed.

"Amara. That was her name. that was ITS name. She was an it after all. a lump for me to cut. I didn't know it until later. Names are irrelevant until they aren't. She was young. Not beautiful in the most vulgar, most pervert, sense. But clean. Unused. Unspoilt. Unhinged. Hopeful. The kind of thing people write poems about."

The steel of silence still pervading from the priest. A steady breathing.

"I didn't kill her in anger. I don't do anger. It's not my thing. I killed her because it was time. She was the final note of a chapter. A sudden reprise in my music. A comma, not a period."



His fingers tapped lightly on the wooden panel between them.

"You ever hear of mythic sequencing, Father? It's when acts form a story greater than their individual meaning. A grand narrative. A master control centre. That's what this is. I've spent years crafting something bigger than any court can try, any law can judge, any man can measure. Each death a verse, a stanza, a paragraph. Each body a syllable. And Amara... she was the silence. The breath before the next movement."

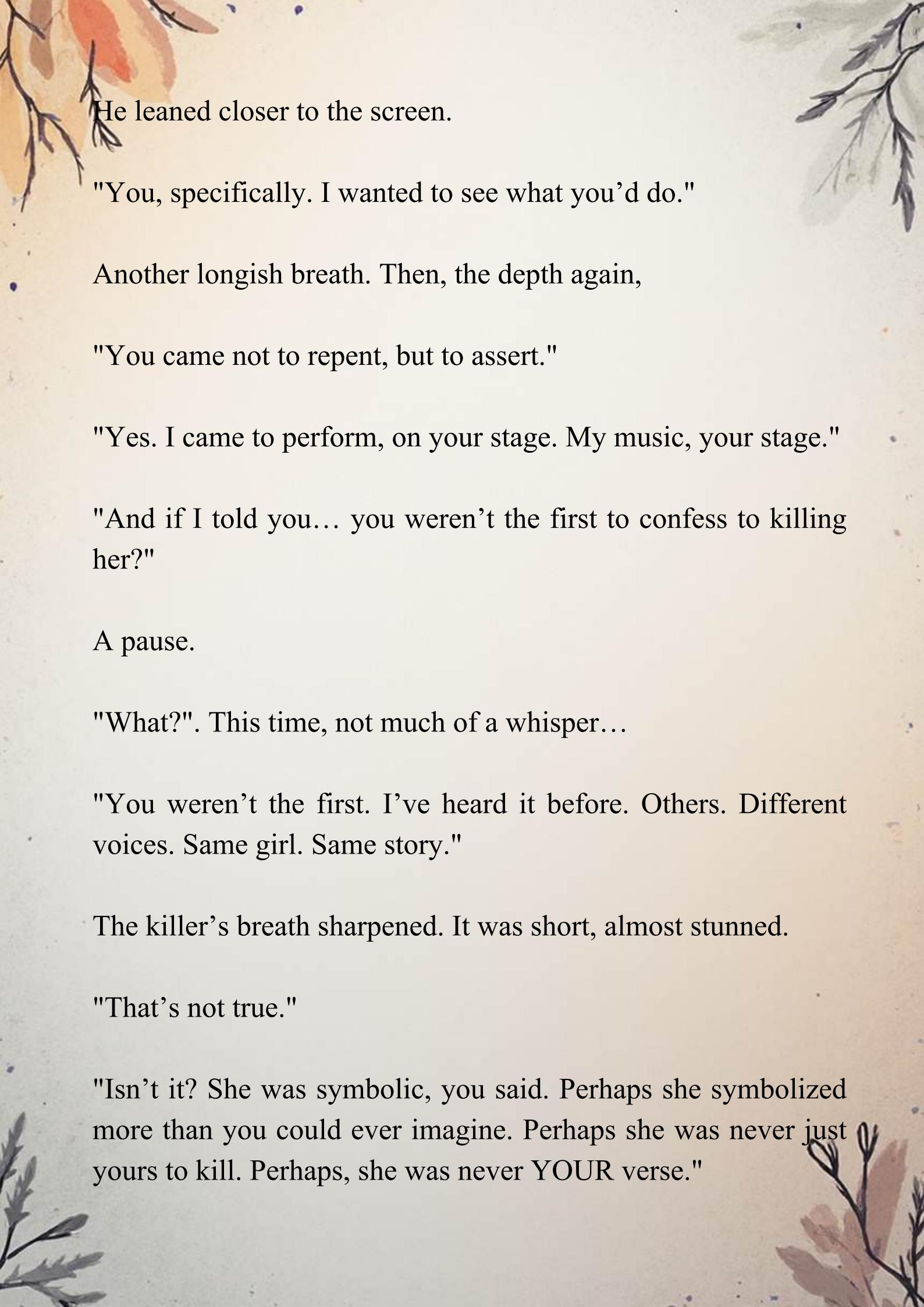
Still nothing. The priest was very good at this. He could not be deterred. Much like the man himself.

"I took a pause. You may have heard. I was quiet these last few years. I wanted to feel the distance with my work. A writer's block, if you may. To let the world grow soft again. Let it seep in. Recurrence is sometimes in want of pauses, you see."

And now? Now I must return. I must resume the work."

The priest's voice was a low scratch in the dark. "Why here?". A deep baritone. A long, deep, voluminous voice, quite different from the whispering of the killer.

"Because this place claims to define sin. To set borders on what men must not do. What they must set on the pedestal as the truth. What they decide is human, animate...I wanted to look inside its eye and tell it: you failed."



He leaned closer to the screen.

"You, specifically. I wanted to see what you'd do."

Another longish breath. Then, the depth again,

"You came not to repent, but to assert."

"Yes. I came to perform, on your stage. My music, your stage."

"And if I told you... you weren't the first to confess to killing her?"

A pause.

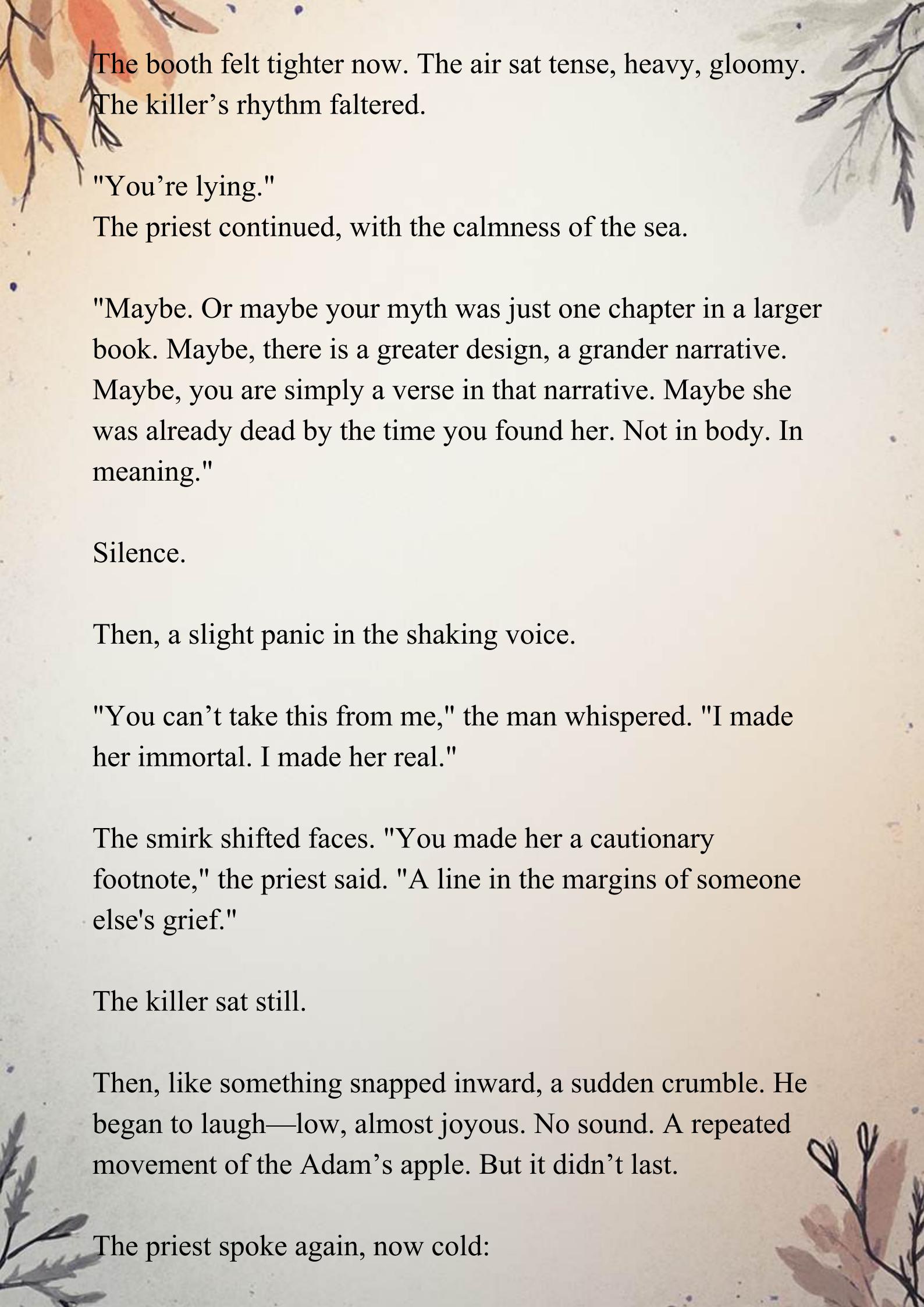
"What?". This time, not much of a whisper...

"You weren't the first. I've heard it before. Others. Different voices. Same girl. Same story."

The killer's breath sharpened. It was short, almost stunned.

"That's not true."

"Isn't it? She was symbolic, you said. Perhaps she symbolized more than you could ever imagine. Perhaps she was never just yours to kill. Perhaps, she was never YOUR verse."



The booth felt tighter now. The air sat tense, heavy, gloomy. The killer's rhythm faltered.

"You're lying."

The priest continued, with the calmness of the sea.

"Maybe. Or maybe your myth was just one chapter in a larger book. Maybe, there is a greater design, a grander narrative. Maybe, you are simply a verse in that narrative. Maybe she was already dead by the time you found her. Not in body. In meaning."

Silence.

Then, a slight panic in the shaking voice.

"You can't take this from me," the man whispered. "I made her immortal. I made her real."

The smirk shifted faces. "You made her a cautionary footnote," the priest said. "A line in the margins of someone else's grief."

The killer sat still.

Then, like something snapped inward, a sudden crumble. He began to laugh—low, almost joyous. No sound. A repeated movement of the Adam's apple. But it didn't last.

The priest spoke again, now cold:

"You came here to remind the world of its chaos. But you forgot something. You're not the chaos. You're the echo. The mimic. The impressionist. A pattern already worn out."

There was a sound—barely audible. The killer's breathing shifted.

The priest leaned forward.

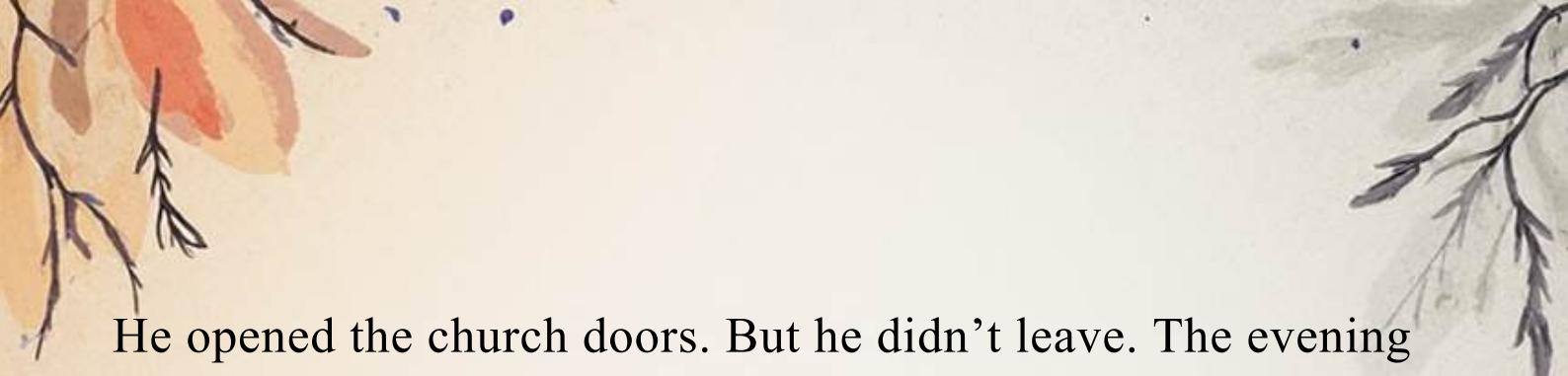
"You believed yourself untouchable. And yet, here you are. Confessing to a ghost. Yes, you killed a ghost! You are the copy, aren't you?"

A long, tense silence.

The man began shaking—not from fear, not exactly. From something deeper. From a crack inside that could no longer hold. The spine almost bending with the weight. The stone-cold heart, played, mocked, almost...broken!

Then, abruptly, he stood. Fumbled backward out of the confessional. Tripping on its hinges, and his own.

His face was pale. Eyes a touch wild. A strange mix of disbelief, hurt, and an onset of degeneration. He looked around the empty church as if seeing it for the first time—as if he'd walked into a space that had already buried him. As if, he was, so far, in a trance, just stepping out into the reality that did not resemble anything that he was seeing so far. As if, his eyes were accustomed to a different reality...so was his mind.



He opened the church doors. But he didn't leave. The evening began to blur before him, his head feeling light.

He collapsed on the stone steps, retching into the light. Like a vampire exposed to the fury of the sun.

Inside, the priest remained in the booth, unmoved, remembering the days he was not a priest, not a man of God. The days at the farm, where his wife had died years ago. Where his daughter was once found...lifeless. "Amara!", he whispered under his breath. Stepped out from behind the curtain and walked up to the altar, bending down, to pray.

Outside, the bells rang—not for reckoning.

For ruin.

Dr. Manali Choudhury
Department of English

I am tired of pretending I'm fine
I just want someone to see me
And understand
Without me saying a word.

Priti Ghosh

Sem III

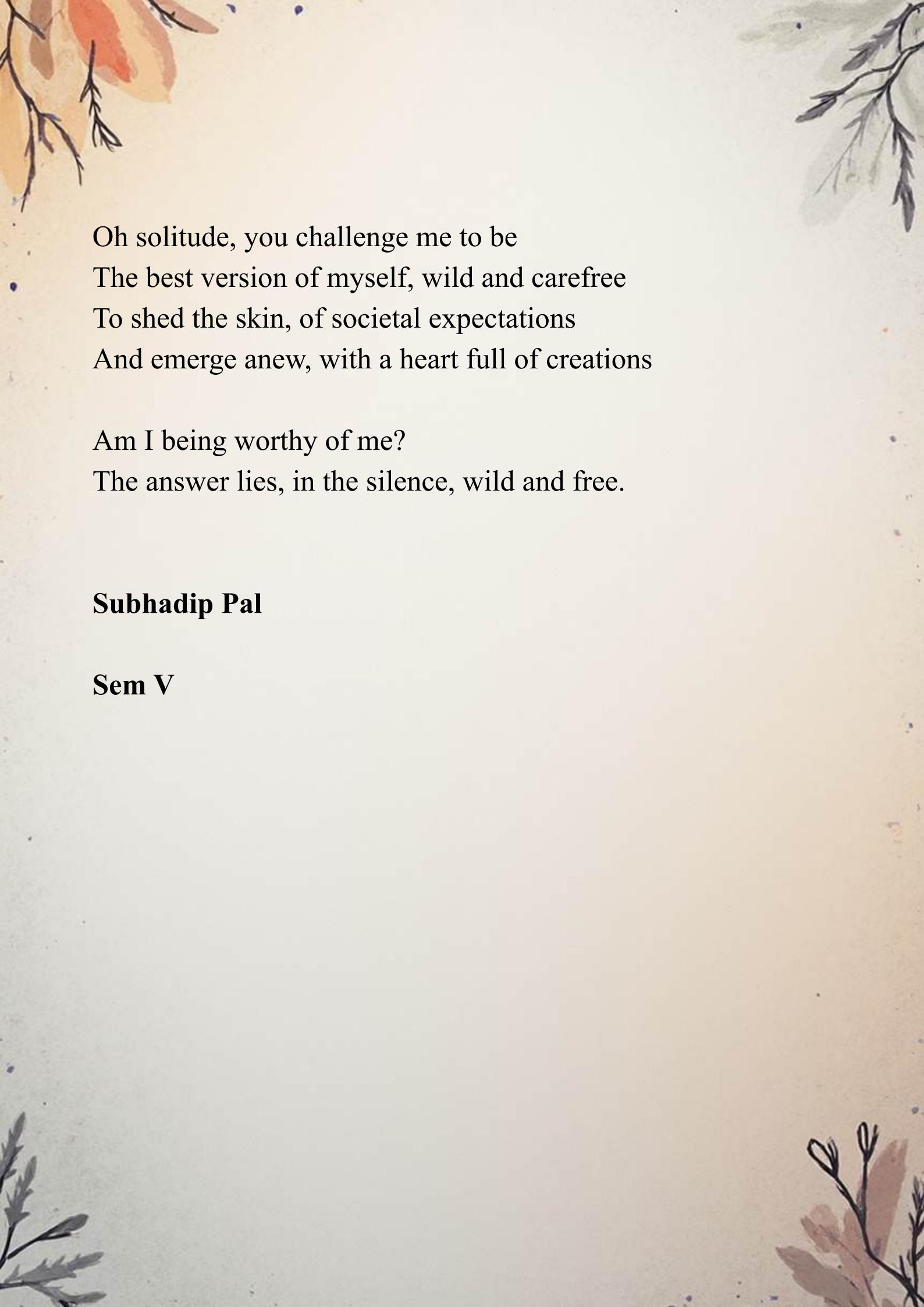
Oh Solitude! , Am I Being Worthy of Me?

In silence's hush, where shadows roam
I find myself, in solitude's dark home
The world outside, with all its strife
Fades into stillness, and a quiet life

Oh solitude, you ask me to confront
The depths of my own soul, where truth is wont
To reveal the flaws, the fears, the doubts
And question whether I'm living up to my devout

Am I being worthy of me?
Do I honor my heart, my soul's decree?
Or do I hide, behind a mask of pride?
Afraid to face, the person I've denied?

In this quiet space, I search for the truth
A reflection of myself, in all my youth
The dreams, the passions, the fire that once burned
Are they still alive, or have they been concerned?



Oh solitude, you challenge me to be
The best version of myself, wild and carefree
To shed the skin, of societal expectations
And emerge anew, with a heart full of creations

Am I being worthy of me?
The answer lies, in the silence, wild and free.

Subhadip Pal

Sem V

Loneliness

I wake up, No one to talk to. I eat my food, But it doesn't taste like anything.

I scroll through my phone, But no one messages. Even when people are around, I feel like I'm not really there.

Sometimes I want to say something, But I stop myself. What's the point? No one listens anyway.

I laugh in front of people But it is not real. At night, It feels like the walls are my only company.

I don't know how to explain this feeling. It's not pain, It's not sadness, It's just emptiness.

Priti Ghosh

Sem II

The Longing Soul

The night sky stealthily beckons me,
Past days glow soft and kind
A poem remains half-written
Hope is close behind.

Some nameless clouds have drifted off
Sailors return as lights bend,
Birds again fly to the North
As the lease of Winter ends.

Perchance a tiny soul beside you
Wanders, having lost its way,
Ask her if someone waits for her too
By the closing of the day.

The hours of waiting linger still
Soul searches in vain,
Countless roads lie ahead
Horizon is yet to be attained.

Md. Jisan Mondal

Sigh No More

Sigh no more, dear heart, and cease to pine
For love and loss, for joy and decline
The seasons turn, the years go by
And though we weep, the world asks why

Sigh no more, dear soul, and let go of fear
For in the darkness, stars still appear
The night may fall, but dawn will rise
And though we falter, hope still opens eyes

Sigh no more, dear friend, and dry your tears
For life is precious, and laughter calms our fears
The world may wound, but love can heal
And though we suffer, joy still reveals

Sigh no more, dear heart, and find your peaceful nest
For in the stillness, love and calm find rest
And though life's journey winds and turns
May your heart find solace, and your soul learn.

Subhadip Pal

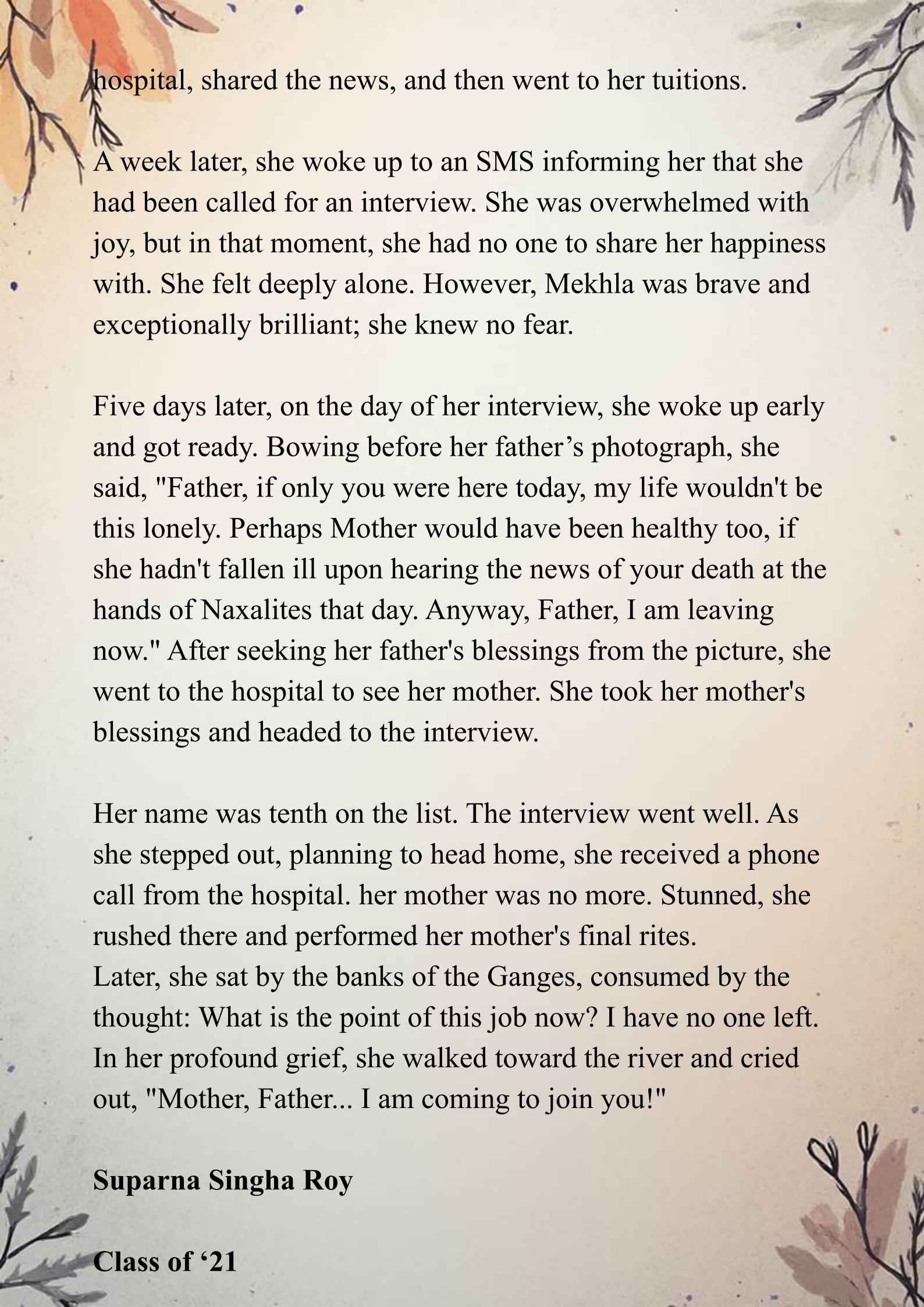
Sem V

The Echo of Loneliness

It was a winter night, around 11:20 PM. The sky was clear, and every star was sparkling brightly. Mekhla stepped out of her room because she couldn't fall asleep. As she was gazing at the night sky, she suddenly saw a shooting star. She remembered the stories her mother told her as a child—that if you wish for something during such a moment, it comes true. Back then, she used to believe these things, but she doesn't anymore. Now, her heart is filled with only one fear: the fear of someone playing with her trust.

Regardless, she felt the beauty of the scene and thanked God for decorating this world so wonderfully. After a while, she went back inside and fell asleep. The next day was Monday.

The results of her government job examination were scheduled to be released that day. After taking an early bath and offering her prayers, she sat down with her laptop. She saw there was still half an hour left for the results to be uploaded, so she decided to finish some cooking. She lived alone; her only family was her mother, who was currently admitted to the hospital due to illness. Mekhla worked at a private primary school and gave private tuitions to make ends meet. She quickly finished cooking, packed her tiffin for school, and checked the website. When she entered her roll number, she couldn't believe her eyes. She had performed exceptionally well. A spark of hope flickered within her—perhaps the government job was finally hers, and she could afford better treatment for her mother. With this dream in her heart, she left home. She visited her mother at the



hospital, shared the news, and then went to her tuitions.

A week later, she woke up to an SMS informing her that she had been called for an interview. She was overwhelmed with joy, but in that moment, she had no one to share her happiness with. She felt deeply alone. However, Mekhla was brave and exceptionally brilliant; she knew no fear.

Five days later, on the day of her interview, she woke up early and got ready. Bowing before her father's photograph, she said, "Father, if only you were here today, my life wouldn't be this lonely. Perhaps Mother would have been healthy too, if she hadn't fallen ill upon hearing the news of your death at the hands of Naxalites that day. Anyway, Father, I am leaving now." After seeking her father's blessings from the picture, she went to the hospital to see her mother. She took her mother's blessings and headed to the interview.

Her name was tenth on the list. The interview went well. As she stepped out, planning to head home, she received a phone call from the hospital. her mother was no more. Stunned, she rushed there and performed her mother's final rites.

Later, she sat by the banks of the Ganges, consumed by the thought: What is the point of this job now? I have no one left. In her profound grief, she walked toward the river and cried out, "Mother, Father... I am coming to join you!"

Suparna Singha Roy

Class of '21

The Unwritten Chapter

Should I cradle these echoes, or let them fade?
A gift to remember, or a debt to be paid?
For the days that were once, in that arched hallway,
Where the words of our hearts had so much to say.

A smile in the crowd, a chocolate given for no cause,
A sweet, silent language in every soft pause.
I brought you the flavors I knew you would prize,
While secrets were blooming in the depths of our eyes.

Then the walk to the gate as the classes would end,
You'd wait in the shadows at the corridor's bend.
A silent protector, a wave of the hand,
A bond that the world wouldn't dare understand.

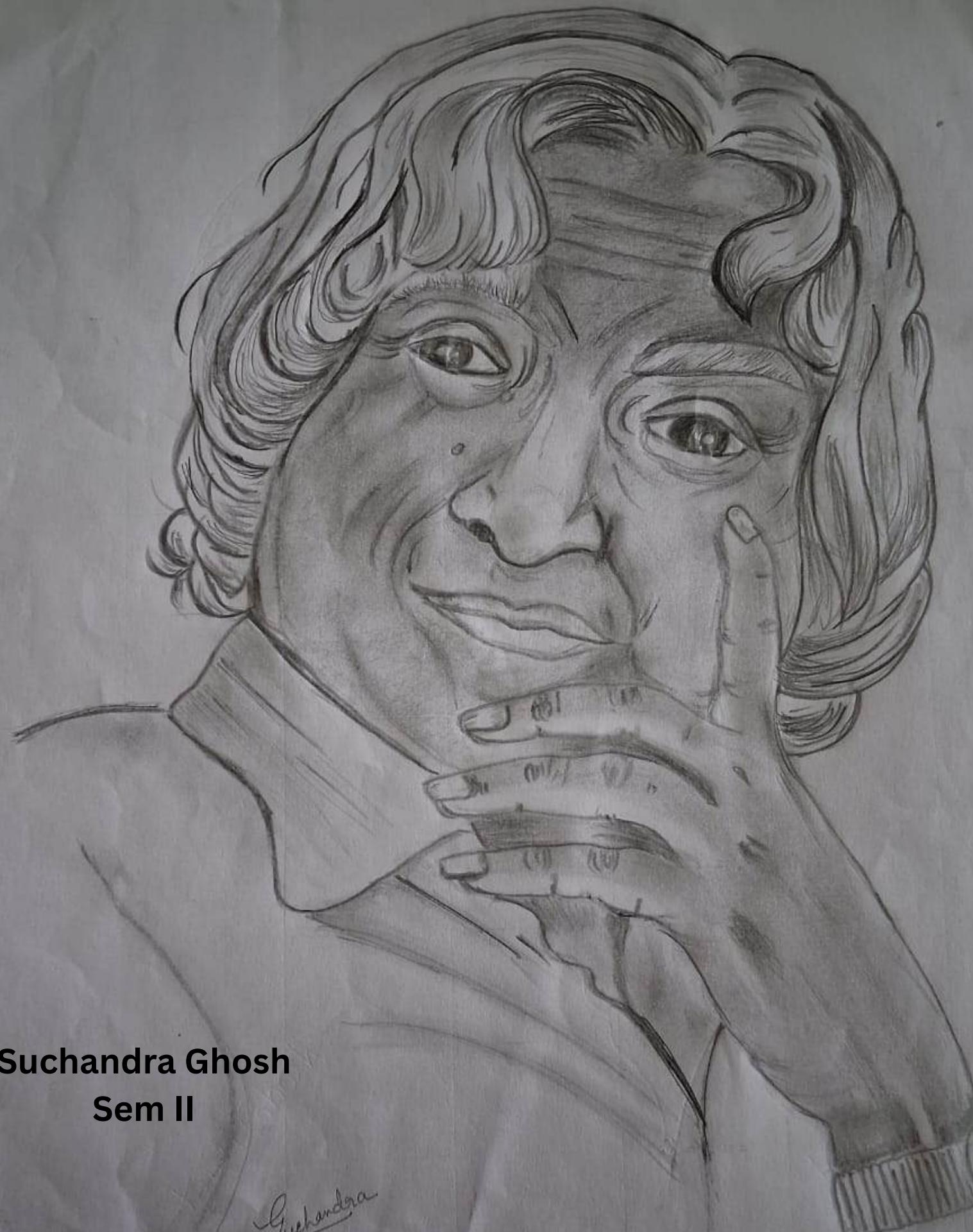
No names and no titles, just memories we keep,
In the folds of a story that runs quiet and deep.
Though horizons have parted, through sun and through rain,
You'll know that these verses are all that remain.

Pramita Ganguly
Class of '23



Papiya Malakar

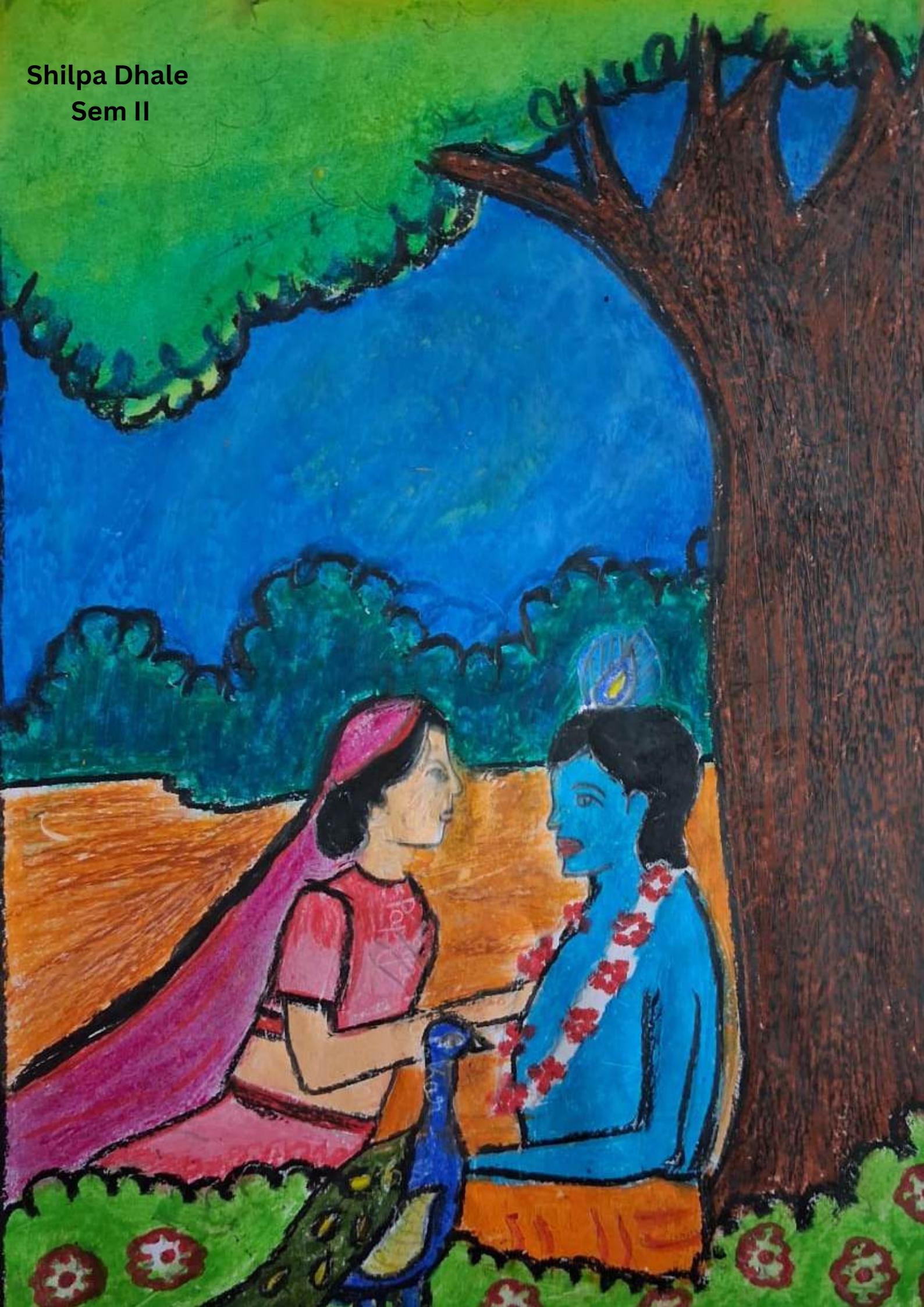
Sem II



Suchandra Ghosh
Sem II

Suchandra

Shilpa Dhale
Sem II





Priti Ghosh
Sem II

Priti