JAWAHARLAL NEHRU COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BOKO

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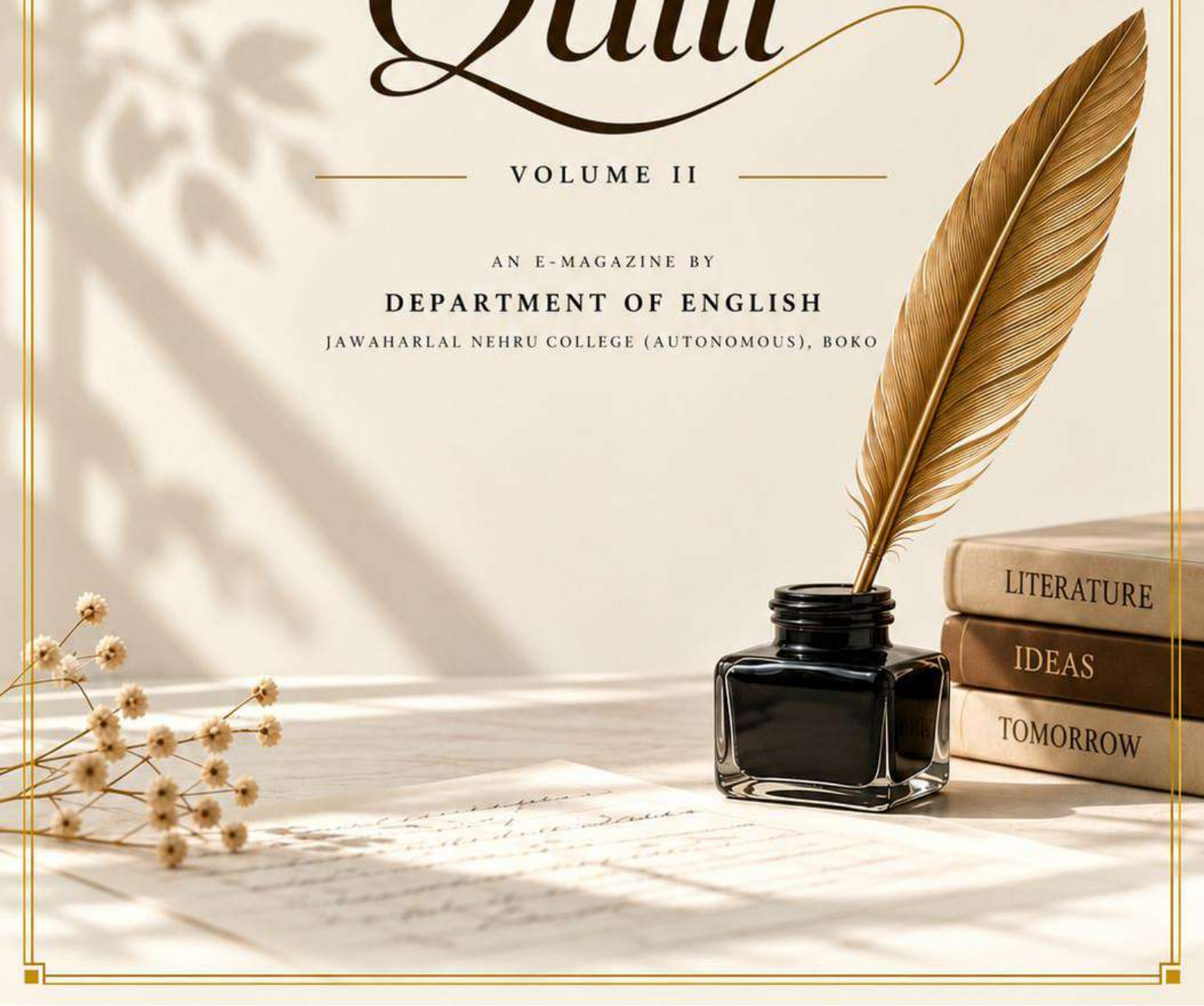
The Golden Quill

VOLUME II

AN E-MAGAZINE BY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BOKO



Advisory Board

Chief Advisor

Dr Tapan Dutta

Principal

Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko

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Mrinal Khakhlary, HS 2nd year (Science)

MESSAGE

Message from the Principal's Desk



It gives me immense pleasure to present the Second Volume of *The Golden Quill*, the e-magazine of the Department of English, Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko. The publication is a vibrant reflection of the creativity, intellectual curiosity, and literary spirit that continue to enrich our academic community.

This Volume is particularly significant as the College has recently been conferred Autonomous Status, marking a new chapter in our academic journey and reaffirming our commitment to academic excellence, innovation, and institutional responsibility.

I also extend my heartfelt congratulations to the Department of English for successfully initiating the Fourth Year of the FYUGP with Major, an important milestone in our transition towards a more flexible, multidisciplinary, and research-oriented academic framework. The Department's vision to progress further towards Major with Research is equally commendable.

My sincere appreciation goes to the editorial team, faculty members, and students whose collective efforts have brought this edition of *The Golden Quill* to life. May this publication continue to provide a meaningful space for ideas, imagination, dialogue, and scholarly expression.

I wish *The Golden Quill* continued success and many more inspiring editions in the years ahead.

Dr. Tapan Dutta
Principal
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

MESSAGE

Message from the Dean, Academics



It gives me immense pleasure to extend my heartfelt congratulations and best wishes to the Department of English for their second volume of the e-magazine *The Golden Quill* – a reflection of the academic spirit, intellectual curiosity, creativity and collective efforts of students and faculties. I sincerely appreciate the dedication and enthusiasm of each and every members involved in bringing this wonderful initiative to fruition. This collective effort demonstrates the vibrant academic and creative environment of our college.

I hope *The Golden Quill* continues to inspire young minds, promote a culture of learning and creativity, and serve as a meaningful record of the department's academic journey and accomplishments. May it continue to grow and achieve greater heights in the years ahead.

With Best Wishes



Dr. Dipankar Sarma
Dean, Academics
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

MESSAGE

From the Desk of the Controller of Examinations



I am delighted to know that the Department of English, J.N. College, is bringing out the second volume of its Annual Departmental E-Magazine, *The Golden Quill*.

A departmental magazine is a valuable platform that encourages students and teachers to share their ideas, creativity, literary expressions and diverse perspectives. Such an initiative not only nurtures a culture of writing and intellectual engagement but also enriches the academic environment of the institution.

I appreciate the sincere efforts of the Editorial Board and all the contributors who have worked towards making this publication possible. I am confident that *The Golden Quill* will continue to inspire young minds and provide them with a meaningful space to express themselves. I extend my best wishes to the Department of English and the entire Editorial Board for the successful publication of this edition and wish *The Golden Quill* continued success in the years to come.

Pinaki Kr. Rabha
Controller of Examinations
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

MESSAGE

Message from the Dean of Science



I am happy to learn that the Department of English is bringing out its departmental E-Magazine, *The Golden Quill*. I believe that it is a good platform for students to express and present their thoughts, ideas, creativity, and perspectives.

Life is beautiful, but it is up to each one of us to make it meaningful and enjoy every moment of it. I would therefore encourage all students to stick to their decisions, think positively, and face the challenges of life with confidence. Do not allow difficult circumstances to make you nervous or discouraged; rather, let them strengthen your determination and help you move forward.

I congratulate the Department of English and the Editorial Board for this wonderful initiative and extend my best wishes to all the contributors. Keep writing, keep believing, and keep moving forward. All the very best!

Manoj Kumar Das
Dean, Faculty of Science
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

MESSAGE

Message from the Dean of Arts



I am happy to know that the Department of English, J.N. College, is going to publish their 2nd Annual Departmental E-Magazine, *The Golden Quill*, its 2nd volume this year.

I hope that the said magazine will provide a platform for both students and teachers to express their thinking, creativity, aspirations, ideas and thoughts, which will be an immense contribution to the overall academic upliftment of the college.

I congratulate the Editorial Board for their sincere efforts for this publication and wish all success.

Niranjan Mahanta
Dean, Faculty of Arts
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

MESSAGE

Message from the Head of the Department



This volume is especially significant as it emerges at a transformative moment in the history of our institution. Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko has recently entered the new chapter of autonomy, a distinction that brings with it not merely greater academic freedom, but also a greater responsibility—to innovate, to aspire, to question, and to create an academic culture that prepares our learners for an ever-changing world.

For the Department of English, this is equally an exciting time. With the introduction of the Fourth Year of FYUGP with Major, we have taken an important step towards nurturing a stronger culture of inquiry, critical thinking and independent scholarship. As we look forward to progressing towards Major with Research, our vision is to transform the classroom into a space where curiosity becomes inquiry, reading becomes reflection, and knowledge becomes a lifelong pursuit.

The Golden Quill is a small but meaningful expression of this larger vision. A quill does more than write—it records, questions, imagines and leaves a mark. Through the voices of our students and teachers, this magazine celebrates the many dimensions of our academic and creative life. It reminds us that education is not confined to prescribed texts or examination halls; it lives in ideas, conversations, creativity, empathy and the courage to see the world differently.

I am particularly proud of our students, whose imagination and intellectual energy give *The Golden Quill* its distinctive spirit. I hope this platform encourages them to write fearlessly, think critically and engage meaningfully with the world around them. May every contribution here be a step towards discovering not only the power of language, but also the power of their own voices.

As we stand at the threshold of a new academic era, let us carry forward the legacy of our College while embracing the possibilities that autonomy offers us. Let us teach with purpose, learn with curiosity, research with integrity, and create with courage.

May *The Golden Quill* continue to grow with our department, carrying our thoughts beyond the classroom and our aspirations beyond the present.

With warmest wishes for the continued success of *The Golden Quill* and the Department of English.

Dr. Alimpa Bhuyan Boruah
Assistant Professor
Head, Department of English
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

FROM THE EDITOR

Editorial



A second volume is more than a continuation—it is a testament to the fact that a beginning has found the strength to grow. With the publication of the second issue of our departmental e-magazine, *The Golden Quill*, we move beyond the excitement of our first step and into a journey that is steadily taking shape. What began as an idea has now become a space where voices return, new voices emerge, and creativity continues to find its place.

This edition brings together a rich range of poems, stories, essays, reflections, ideas, and creative expressions contributed by our students and faculty. Each contribution reflects a unique way of looking at the world—sometimes with curiosity, sometimes with imagination, sometimes with questioning, and sometimes with quiet reflection. Together, they remind us that literature is not confined to books or classrooms; it lives in our experiences, our observations, our emotions, and the questions we carry within us.

The Golden Quill is also a celebration of participation. Every page represents the courage to put an idea into words, to share a thought, and to allow one's creativity to be seen and heard. For our students especially, this magazine provides a space to experiment, express, discover their voices, and grow as readers and writers. We hope that the pages of this edition will encourage many more members of our academic community to take part in the creative journey that lies ahead.

As we bring out this second edition, we extend our heartfelt gratitude to all the contributors, faculty members, and members of the editorial team whose enthusiasm and efforts have helped shape this issue. Your contributions have given Golden Quill its character and spirit.

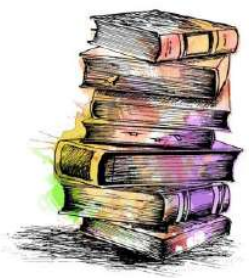
May this edition carry forward the promise of its beginning and strengthen the tradition we have started together. May *The Golden Quill* continue to gather voices, nurture imagination, and become a cherished record of the intellectual and creative life of our department.

Here’s to another chapter, to growing voices, and to the journey of writing our story together. Happy Reading!

Editor
Basabi Bora
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Jawaharlal Nehru College
(Autonomous), Boko

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Poetry	Verses • Voices • Visions
Creative Pages	Spring's Retreat • Campus Through the Lens



The Department

At a glance • Identity • Growth



Department at a Glance

Date of Establishment	1964
Gauhati University Affiliation	1964
Present Faculty	07
Courses Offered	UG (H/R), Higher Secondary & ITEP
Faculties with PhD	01
Number of Classrooms	01
Smart Classroom	01
Language Lab	01
Intake Capacity	55
Add-on Courses	01
FYUGP Fourth Year Enrolment	15

Overview of the Department

The Department of English was established in 1964. Since its inception, the department has offered English as a core subject at both the Higher Secondary and Undergraduate levels. At the undergraduate level, the department follows the syllabus prescribed for the B.A. Programme and B.A. Honours in English under the National Education Policy (NEP), as approved by the Academic Council of Gauhati University. In addition to the core courses, the department also offers Skill Enhancement Courses (SEC) and Ability Enhancement Courses (AEC) for students of both the B.A. and B.Sc. programmes. The department is also an integral part of the Integrated Teacher Education Programme (ITEP), contributing to the academic and professional preparation of aspiring teachers.

The academic year 2026 has also marked an important development for the department, with a considerable number of students being admitted to the Fourth Year of the Four-Year Undergraduate Programme (FYUGP). This growing enrolment reflects the department's expanding academic scope and its continued commitment to providing students with opportunities for advanced study in English.

Mission and Vision

The Department of English is committed to helping students develop proficiency in the English language by strengthening the four fundamental skills of listening, speaking, reading, and writing. Alongside language development, students are exposed to a diverse range of literary works in English, enabling them to appreciate literature and engage with different ideas and perspectives.

The department envisions producing students who are not only confident and proficient users of English but also enthusiastic and thoughtful readers of literature. It seeks to cultivate in them an awareness of social, moral, and ethical concerns, while encouraging them to become responsible and socially conscious citizens. The department also aims to equip students with the knowledge, skills, and confidence necessary to pursue opportunities in diverse professional fields.

As English is a compulsory subject for students of both the Arts and Science streams, the department has an important role in teaching and evaluation across disciplines. Faculty members provide academic guidance and consultation to students whenever necessary. Special attention is also given to learners who require additional academic support through remedial classes. Regular mentoring is undertaken by the faculty, with each teacher assigned a group of students to ensure individual attention, guidance, and academic support.

The department is equipped with a classroom and a common staff room, along with a departmental library that provides students with essential study materials. A Language Laboratory, established in collaboration with SANAKO, further supports language learning. The availability of audio-visual teaching aids helps make classroom instruction more engaging and effective. The department also regularly organizes courses and activities focusing on Spoken English and Communicative English.

Faculty members are actively involved in research in their respective areas of interest and expertise. The department aspires to strengthen its research culture further by creating greater opportunities for collaborative and full-time research. In the years ahead, it seeks to develop into a research hub and extend its academic services beyond the college by working with schools and local communities to promote proficiency in Communicative English.

Placement and Progression

Every year, a significant number of graduates from the department pursue higher education at reputed universities and institutions across the state. At the same time, many students successfully enter diverse professional fields and secure promising employment opportunities. Their accomplishments in both academic pursuits and professional careers stand as a testament to the department's sustained efforts to foster competence, confidence, and character among its students.

Teachers' Profile

Sl. no	Name	Qualification	Designation	Year
1.	Mrs. Ratnamala Sarma	M.A, M.phil, PGCTE	Associate Professor	1997
2.	Dr.Alimpa Bhuyan Baruah	M.A (SLET), PhD	HOD, Assistant Professor	2008
3.	Mrs. Ruptalin Engtipi	M.A, (SLET) PGDCA,	Assistant Professor	2018
4.	Basabi Bora	M.A., NET	Assistant Professor	2025
5.	Diya Pam	M.A, B.Ed, NET	Assistant Professor	2026
6.	Kalpajyoti Mazumdar	M.A., B.Ed, NET	Assistant Professor	2026
7.	Akansha Paul	M.A., NET	Assistant Professor	2026

A Growing Department: Welcoming New Faculty Members







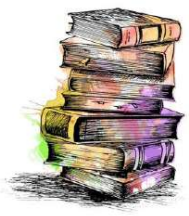
The department has expanded with three new faculty members joining in 2026: Diya Pam, Kalpajyoti Mazumdar and Akansha Paul.

Retired Faculty Members

1. Late A.K Adhikary — 1964 (Hon.Part-Time Principal In-Charge)
2. Mr.J.C Nath — 1965 (First Full-Time Principal)
3. Mr. S.K Mullik — 1965
4. Mr. P.R Das — 1965-1970
5. Mrs. B.K Sangma — 1966-1967
6. Mr. M.M Das — 1967
7. Mr. A.K Das — 1968-1969
8. Mr. K.M Sarma — 1969-1987
9. Mr. D.K Das — 1970
10. Mr. M.K Sarma — 1971-1999
11. Mr. U.C Kar — 1988-2017

Faculty Publications & Professional Engagement

Category	Nos
Research Paper/Article	09
Edited Books (ISBN)	05
National/International Seminar (Paper Presentation)	20
Workshop Attended	19
Orientation Course	04
Refresher Course	03
Webinar Attended	32
FDP (Faculty Development Program)	06



Department Achievements

Sl. no	Active Participation & Achievements	Position	Year
1	Inter-departmental wall Magazine Competition	1st	2019
2	Inter-departmental wall Magazine Competition	2nd	2020
3	Inter-departmental wall Magazine Competition	2nd	2025
4	Inter-departmental March Past Rally	1st	2026

Department Activities

Participation • Outreach • Learning beyond the classroom

Purple Fair

The purple Fair organised by the Composite Regional Centre (CRC) for Skill Development, Rehabilitation & Empowerment of Persons with Disabilities, Guwahati Department of Empowerment of Persons with Disabilities, Ministry of Social Justice & Empowerment, Govt. of India GMCH Campus, Bhangagarh in association with the IQAC,NSS,NCC,and the Dept.of English of Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko,Boko on the 14th of March,2026.

The Chief guest of the programme was the principal of the college, Dr.Tapan Dutta and the guest of honour was the president of the Governing Body, Shri Lakshi Kanta Sarma. Also present at the fair was Dr. Arupjyoti Kalita, Secretary, North Assam Prant Shaksham and the Director of the CRC alongwith the various faculty and other members of the centre.

The Purple Fair (or Purple Fest) is an Indian initiative celebrating the empowerment, talents, and inclusion of persons with disabilities (Divyangjan). these events feature cultural performances, art exhibitions, sports, and, in some cases, the distribution of assistive devices.





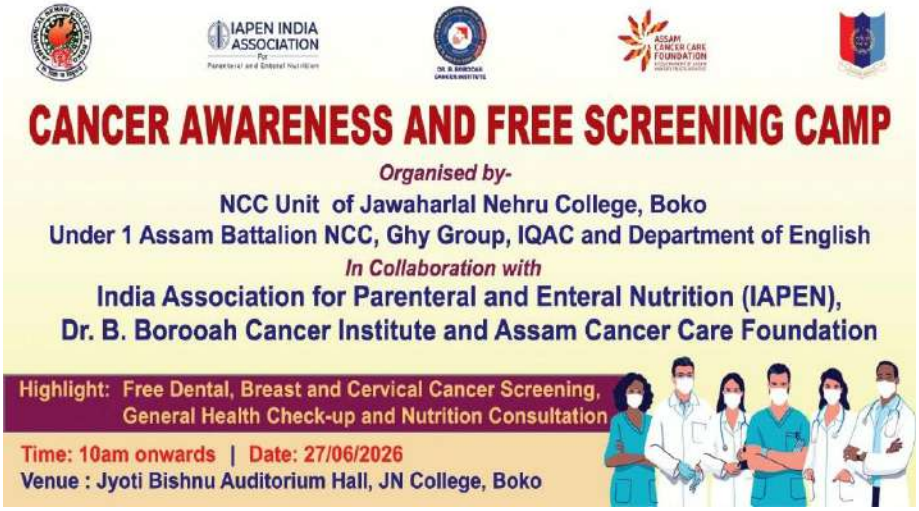


Cancer Awareness and Screening Camp

The Department of English, in collaboration with the NCC Unit, organized a Cancer Awareness and Free Screening Camp on 27th June 2026 in association with the IAPEN Guwahati Chapter, Dr. B. Borooah Cancer Institute, and Assam Cancer Care Foundation. The initiative aimed to promote health awareness and encourage the early detection and prevention of cancer among students, faculty members and the local community. The camp offered free screening services, general health check-up and nutrition consultation.







Language Lab

The Language Laboratory was established in 2014 with the primary objective of providing students with a dedicated platform to improve their English language proficiency, communication skills, and soft skills. It offers an interactive and practice-oriented environment where students can develop greater confidence in using English in both academic and everyday contexts.

The laboratory functions with the support of SANAKO software, which facilitates various language-learning and communication activities. The teaching-learning process is largely student-centred, allowing learners to actively participate in exercises and practice sessions at their own pace. The laboratory also provides opportunities for students to listen, speak, practise, and improve their language skills through guided activities.

An important feature of the language laboratory is the opportunity it provides for self-evaluation. Students can assess their own performance, identify areas that require improvement, and work towards developing greater accuracy and confidence. Thus, the Language Laboratory serves as an important resource for strengthening students' linguistic abilities and preparing them for effective communication in academic, professional, and social settings.









Field Trip to Lum'er Pyngngad, Meghalaya

The Department of English organized a field trip to Lum'er Pyngngad, Meghalaya, on 28th March 2026.

28 March 2026





Cultural Display: A Step Towards National Integration (25 October 2025)

Students of Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko participated in the "Cultural Display: A Step Towards National Integration" held on 25 October 2025. The programme provided a vibrant platform for students to showcase the rich cultural diversity of India through traditional performances, attire, and artistic expressions. The event celebrated the spirit of unity in diversity and encouraged students to appreciate the cultural traditions of different communities and regions. Through their enthusiastic participation, the students highlighted how cultural exchange can foster mutual understanding, respect, and a stronger sense of national integration.



Other activities:



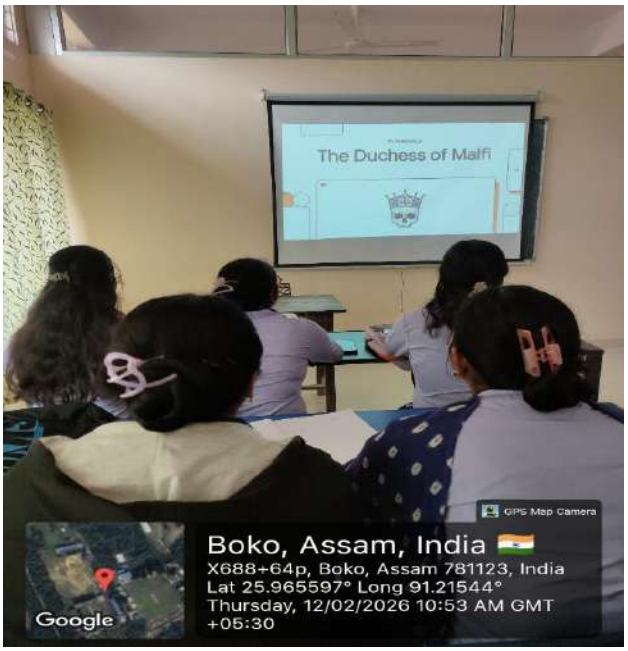
Student Orientation and Departmental Induction Scenes







Farewell event of 6th Semester students (June, 2026)

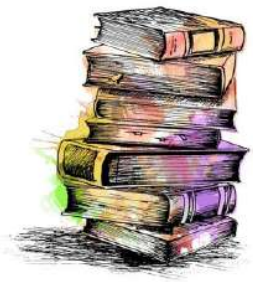




Use of ICT tools in classroom teaching

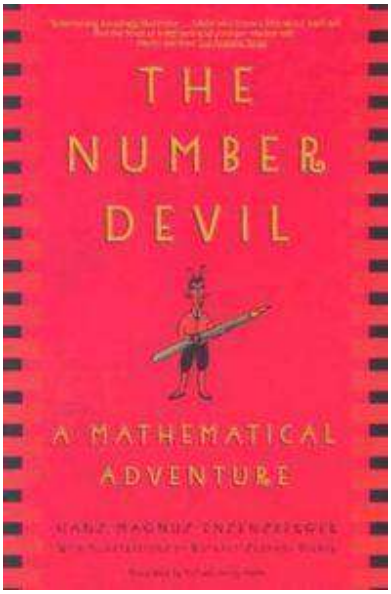
Ideas & Perspectives

Essays • Articles • Reflections



The Number Devil: A Mathematical Adventure

Dr. Dipankar Sarma • Department of Mathematics



Mathematics is often considered one of the most difficult subjects by school students. Many students experience Mathematics Anxiety or "Math Phobia", a feeling of fear, nervousness, confusion, or helplessness when they have to learn or solve mathematical problems. This fear can affect not only their academic performance but also their confidence and attitude towards learning. It is not simply a problem of poor mathematical ability; it is often associated with fear of mistakes, examination pressure, difficult concepts, negative experiences and lack of confidence. But creating a friendly, activity-based and playful learning environment, we can help students to overcome these fears. Through this way, students can gradually replace fear with confidence, curiosity and enjoyment. There are so many stories, films and other literary works reflecting the above concept in different ways. Among these works – The Number Devil, a beautiful creation by Hans Magnus Enzensberger, is a special one in my point. It is a fictional book for young by the German author, published in 1997. This famous book is translated into English by Michael Henry Heim.

The book explores concepts in Mathematics, embedded within a story about a twelve-year-old boy, Robert. It is split into twelve chapters, roughly corresponding to twelve nights in which Robert dreams about his encounters with the Number Devil, a little red man with a beard, devil's horns, and a rather ill temper. The Number Devil has an extensive Mathematical knowledge and guides Robert through the wonderous world of numbers and Mathematical ideas. Robert initially hates Mathematics and his Mathematics teacher Mr. Bockel (which literally translates to 'stubborn goat' in German).

But throughout the story, he becomes more and more comfortable with the subject. The book ends with Robert sitting in Mr. Bockel's class and surprisingly finding a rapid way to solve a Mathematics problems. Over twelve consecutive nights in his dreams, the Number Devil introduces Robert to mathematical principles or concepts through a playful way and whimsical vocabulary. On the first night, the Number Devil appears to Robert in an oversized world and introduces the number one and so on up to twelfth dreams. In the second dream Robert is introduced about the special importance of zero and one. Robert encounters fractions, division and the idea of splitting things into smaller parts in his third dream and irrational numbers in the fourth.



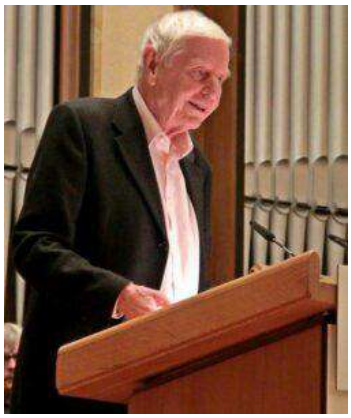
The Number Devil takes Robert into the world of geometry in the fifth dream. Robert learns about triangles, shapes, angles and geometric relationships. In this way he encounters prime numbers, number pattern, infinite numbers, probability, combinatorics in the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth dreams respectively. Robert is introduced to more advanced mathematical thinking in the eleventh dream. He learns that mathematics is not merely about getting answers; it is also about reasoning, discovering relationships and proving that something is true. Robert's attitude toward mathematics has changed considerably.

In the final dream, Robert has become much more confident and interested in mathematics. He no longer sees numbers as frightening school exercises. Instead, he recognizes mathematics as a creative and fascinating way of understanding the world. The Number Devil has helped Robert develop curiosity, logical thinking and confidence.

By this beautiful creation Hans Magnus Enzensberger shows that mathematics can be creative, imaginative and enjoyable, rather than simply a collection of formulas and rules. Through his twelve dreams, Robert gradually overcomes his fear of mathematics and learns to appreciate numbers, patterns, infinity, probability, geometry and logical reasoning and much many. The book encourages students to explore mathematics with curiosity instead of fear.

In his book, Enzensberger not only simplifies increasingly complex mathematical concepts for young audiences, but also criticizes the role of mathematics in society. Robert represents the typical middle-school-student who fails to see how mathematics relates to his life. This reflects many students' experiences with mathematics at school, where traditional textbook teachers like Robert's school teacher Mr. Bockel convey the material without much enthusiasm. The Number Devil, on the other hand, portrays a more passionate mentor who is interested in the subject but often becomes frustrated with his students' inability to grasp complex concepts. Through his guidance, it becomes clear that school is not where one learns 'real mathematics', criticizing both the teaching of the subject and the teachers themselves. This may be seen as a very harsh view, and while receiving mostly positive reviews, some critics have taken issue with some aspects of Enzensberger's story. One such criticism is that, The Number Devil appears to portray an image of mathematics as a 'secret club', depending on the inside expertise of some few individuals (number devils), and restricted to privileged access (the Number Devil invites Robert to join). Most critics recommend the book as a great learning tool for students who already hold some background mathematical knowledge, or for younger children who could read it with a more experienced adult's guidance.

About the Author



Hans Magnus Enzensberger was a German writer and scholar, but no mathematician. Born in 1929 in Kaufbeuren, he studied literature and philosophy in Erlangen, Freiburg, Hamburg, and Paris, published more than 70 books, spoke several languages and lived in multiple countries.

Additionally, Enzensberger had several wide-ranging interests, including a passion for mathematics. He criticized the isolation of the subject from society and dedicated The Number Devil to his eleven-year-old daughter, Theresia, who struggled with some of the mathematical concepts explained in the book. Enzensberger died on 24 November 2022 in Munich, aged 93.

Exploring Calligraphy — Elegance in Writing

Ratnamala Sarma • Associate Professor • Department of English

From the earliest times when people have been able to read and write, they've been finding ways to make their writing look beautiful.Let's take a peek into the elegance and aesthetics of Calligraphy.

Today we are living in a age of immense speed. Whatever we wish to know we can find out at the flick of a finger through the internet. In such an age there are several skills that are gradually dying out or becoming obsolete.Writing by hand is such a skill that people are rapidly giving up in favour of typing and printing.In such a scenario what is the relevance if Calligraphy?

Calligraphy is a visual art of creating elegant stylized lettering by hand,using specialised tools like dip pens ,brush pens, brushes or markers.

It is believed that writing activates broad motor and visual brain networks that support memory and literacy better than digital typing.In a 1597 essay 'Of Studies', English philosopher Sir Francis Bacon, wrote-

"..reading makes a full man conference a ready man and writing an exact man".

We may say that writing helps us to organize our thoughts. It helps us choose the right words and build clear, precise arguments.

Calligraphy is a highly evolved and refined art form which is based upon the skill of writing.

The word Calligraphy comes from the greek words kallos (meaning 'beauty') and graphos(meaning 'writing').

The art form of calligraphy emerged as ancient traditions across the globe ,in China,Japan,Korea,the Islamic world and in Europe.

Invention of the printing press reduced the utility of hand - copied texts .

So Will writing by hand or skills like calligraphy die out altogether?

While digital tools have replaced writing with hand in daily communication, calligraphy has evolved from a utility into a celebrated art form, luxury branding tool, and mindful practice. No, calligraphy will not die out altogether.

There has been a shift in purpose betweent its utility in the past and the present. In the past it was a necessary tool for recording information and daily correspondence. In the present it is a deliberate choice for aesthetics, status, and artistic enjoyment.

Calligraphy Persists perhaps because handwritten text conveys effort, emotion, and personal touch that digital fonts cannot replicate.

High-end brands use live calligraphers for events, custom packaging, and upscale invitations to signal exclusivity.

Some areas where Calligraphy is irreplacable-

- Mental Wellness: Many people practice calligraphy as a form of meditation, stress relief, and digital detox.
- Artistic Value: It is increasingly viewed as abstract art and creative expression rather than mere handwriting.
- Historical Preservation: Cultural traditions, religious texts, and formal government documents continue to rely on master scribes.

In the modern era Edward Johnston revived the craft securing its place in modern graphic design ,typography and digital art. In the contemporary times practitioners of Calligraphy integrate classical ink techniques,brushes and digital tools across fine art and modern typography.

A good calligraphy artist is a highly sought after person and can easily make a lucrative profession of it.

A Journey That Changed the Way I See the World

Mrs Ruptalin Engtipi • Assistant Professor • Department of English

This was, in fact, my very first international pilgrimage and, more importantly, my first opportunity to travel abroad for an event of such magnitude. I had been dreaming about it and planning for it throughout the year. I spoke about the trip with my siblings, parents, friends and my colleagues. It became something I looked forward to with great excitement and anticipation.

The preparation itself was a journey. There was paperwork to complete, letters to obtain, and, of course, the visa process. Although I faced a few difficulties along the way, everything eventually came together on time. When I finally realised that I was actually going to be part of the event I had been planning and dreaming about for so long, it was difficult to put my feelings into words. It felt almost unreal.

Because this was my first international pilgrimage, I had very high expectations. I would often tell my friends and family, “When I come back from this trip, I will be a changed person. You will all see the difference.”

Looking back, I have to admit that I was expecting something extraordinary to happen. I was searching for a defining moment—a “click” that would somehow enter my heart and transform me into a completely different person.

But nothing happened quite the way I imagined.

I did not return as a completely transformed person. In fact, the most obvious change was probably my complexion- oh, I was definitely burnt! But somewhere along the way, I realised that I had been looking for a dramatic transformation while overlooking the small experiences that were quietly changing the way I thought and felt.

One of the things I had been looking forward to the most was meeting young people from different parts of the world. The reality was even more fascinating than I had imagined. I was struck by the way people from completely different cultures and backgrounds interacted with one another. There were greetings, conversations, laughter, music, shared experiences, and countless moments of people helping complete strangers.

To see such a huge gathering of young people in one place was remarkable. Languages, cultures, nationalities, and traditions came together, yet there was a remarkable sense of connection. It made me realise how easily people can build bridges when they are willing to look beyond their differences.

For me, one of the most memorable parts of the journey was the time spent in Atalaya, where the pilgrims from India were hosted by a small and welcoming community. The warmth and generosity of the people there left a lasting impression on me.

My host family, in particular, became an important part of the experience. Their hospitality, kindness, and genuine concern made me feel comfortable in a place that was completely unfamiliar to me. The time I spent with the young people, the local community, and my host family remains one of the most cherished memories of the entire journey.

Sometimes, it is the simplest experiences that stay with us the longest. A conversation, a meal shared with strangers, a smile from someone we may never meet again, or the feeling of being welcomed into a home can become more meaningful than the grand events we originally travelled to experience.

Another unforgettable moment was seeing Pope Francis. I had been hoping for that moment from the very beginning of my journey, and when it finally happened, I found myself overwhelmed with emotion. Seeing someone I had only encountered through photographs and television was very different from being physically present in the same place.

His message during the Vigil Service also made me reflect on some very practical aspects of life, particularly the importance of education, employment, family, and community. These are things that can easily be taken for granted when we have them, but their absence can have a profound effect on a person's life and sense of direction.

As I listened, I began reflecting on my own journey. I realised how fortunate I have been to have access to education, to have a job, to have a loving family, and to be surrounded by a community of people who have supported me in different ways.

Until then, I had largely viewed these things as individual achievements or circumstances. The experience made me look at them differently. They are also foundations -things that give a person stability, confidence, and the freedom to dream about the future.

Perhaps that was the change I had been searching for all along.

I had expected this journey to change me overnight. Instead, it gave me something much more subtle and, perhaps, much more valuable: a different perspective.

I came looking for one extraordinary experience, but I returned carrying hundreds of small ones—the people I met, the conversations I had, the places I saw, the kindness I received, and the memories I created.

The journey did not turn me into a completely different person. Instead, it encouraged me to look at the person I already was and think more deeply about the person I want to become.

And perhaps that is what meaningful journeys are really about—not becoming someone else, but discovering a little more about ourselves along the way.

SWADES: A Film Review

Phirdosh Ikbal Hussain • 5th semester • Department of English

There are some movies that entertain us, some that make us emotional, and some that make us think about our own lives. 'Swades' is one of those rare films that quietly does all three. Directed by Ashutosh Gowariker, the film follows Mohan Bhargava, an Indian scientist working at NASA in the United States, who returns to India in search of Kaveri Amma, the woman who raised him. What begins as a personal journey slowly becomes a much deeper journey of discovering his roots, his responsibilities and himself.

Mohan, played by Shah Rukh Khan, is not introduced as the usual larger-than-life Bollywood hero. He is successful, educated, financially comfortable and respected at NASA, yet something feels incomplete in his life. When he reaches the village of Charanpur, where Kaveri Amma lives with Gita, he finds a world very different from the one he has become used to. The contrast between NASA's advanced technology and the basic difficulties of village life immediately makes him question what development and success really mean.

At first, Mohan observes the village almost like an outsider. He notices poverty, caste divisions, illiteracy, lack of electricity and the many small struggles that shape everyday life. But the film does not turn him into a saviour who simply arrives from America and fixes everything. Instead, he slowly becomes part of the community. He talks to villagers, spends time with children and begins to understand that real change requires trust, participation and patience.

The most important turning point comes when Mohan decides to use his scientific knowledge to help bring electricity to the village. The hydroelectric project is much more than a technical achievement. It becomes a symbol of collective effort and self-reliance. Mohan has to convince people who have lived with the problem for years that they can actually change their circumstances. The project succeeds because knowledge is combined with the willingness of ordinary people to work together.

The film also presents rural India with honesty. Poverty is not treated as a statistic; it is shown through people and their everyday choices. Caste discrimination, unequal opportunities and the lack of education are part of the village's reality. Yet 'Swades' never becomes hopeless. It keeps returning to the idea that education can create independence and dignity, especially for children who deserve opportunities beyond the circumstances into which they are born.

"Real change begins when people believe they can be part of it."

THE JOURNEY HOME

Characters • Society • Music • Meaning

Gita, played by Gayatri Joshi, is central to this idea. She is an educated and strong-minded schoolteacher who believes that the future of her village depends on education. She also challenges Mohan's assumptions. Their relationship develops quietly through conversations, disagreements and shared experiences rather than the exaggerated romance often seen in mainstream Bollywood. Gita makes Mohan question whether success simply means having a comfortable career abroad.

This is also why the film's idea of patriotism feels different. Swades does not ask us to love our country through slogans or grand speeches. It asks a more difficult question: what does it mean to belong to a country? Mohan gradually realizes that loving India does not mean pretending its problems do not exist. It means being willing to understand those problems and, when possible, using one's abilities to do something about them.

Shah Rukh Khan gives one of his most restrained performances here. Mohan is serious, confused, frustrated and quietly emotional. His expressions often say more than his dialogue, especially as he moves from being an observer to someone who feels responsible for the people around him. Gayatri Joshi gives Gita a calm strength, while Kishori Ballal brings warmth and emotional depth to Kaveri Amma.

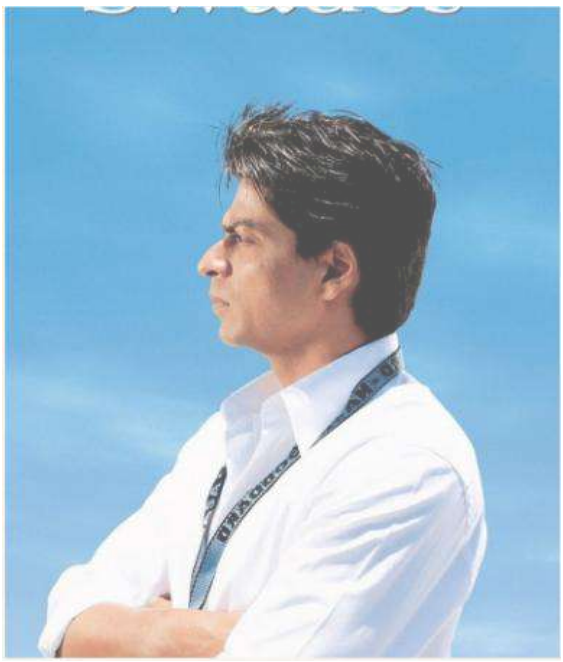


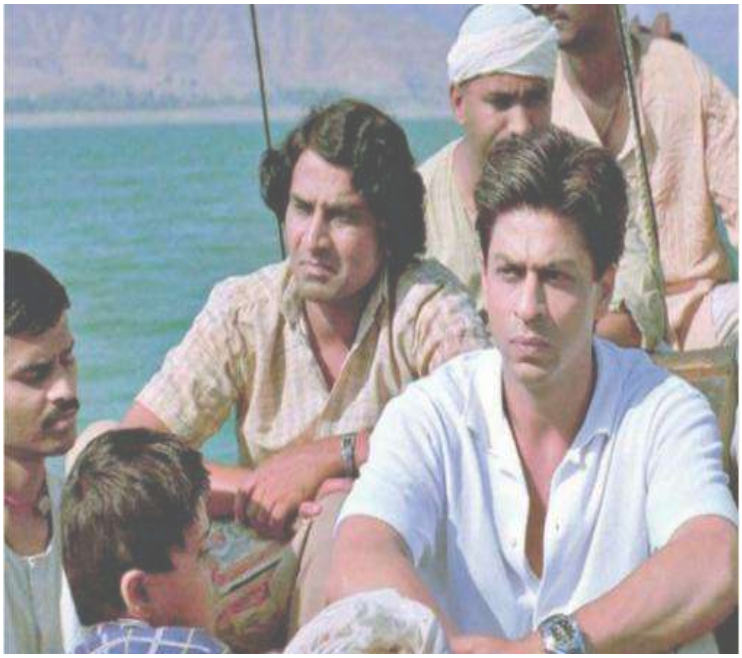
A. R. Rahman's music is another major strength. Songs such as "Yeh Jo Des Hai Tera," "Yun Hi Chala Chal," and "Aahista Aahista" accompany Mohan's growing connection with India. The cinematography works in the same way. The film shows rural landscapes with beauty, but never hides the realities within them.

The title Swades, meaning one's homeland, becomes more meaningful as Mohan's journey continues. His journey is not simply from America to India; it is from emotional distance to belonging. Interestingly, the film was not a major box-office success when it was released in 2004, but over the years it gained a much larger audience and became widely regarded as a cult classic.

FINAL THOUGHTS

For me, 'Swades' is ultimately a film about finding home, understanding society, and realizing that meaningful change begins with responsibility.





Creative Writing

Stories • Memory • Imagination



Once, We Waited for Darkness

Bipasha Majumdar • Batch of 2022–2025 • Department of English

The lantern flickered on the edge of the bamboo table, casting warm light onto the ground and its surrounding. It was eight o'clock, and the power had been out for nearly an hour. The ceiling fans inside the house were completely still, but out here on the chotal, the night felt larger. The air smelled of damp grass and the soft, sweet smoke drifting from the kitchen stove where the evening rice was still cooking.

In our village, nobody worried when the lights went out. It happened almost every night. A power cut of an hour or two was simply a part of life.

"Bring the murhas," Grandma called out from the dark doorway.

My cousins and I ran to grab the low bamboo stools, dragging them out into the courtyard surrounded by our four family houses. Grandma sat near the edge of the verandah, slowly waving a bisoni back and forth. The woven bamboo fan gave a wave of soft breeze in that hot summer night.

Above us, the night sky was dark and clear. The soft yellow moon hung right over the tall betel nut trees, painting long, quiet shadows across the ground. Crickets chirped in the bushes, and every now and then, a light breeze would move through the banana leaves with a dry, whispering sound.

We sat in a circle, waiting. Then koka walked out of his room slowly, his wooden sandals clicking against the hard earth. He sat down on his usual low chair, and looked around at us. His eyes caught the little flame of the kerosene lamp.

Our grandfather was an old man with a soft voice, when he sat down in the middle of our circle, he owned the night. He didn't need a book, he just looked at our eager, upturned faces illuminated by the tiny flame of the lamp and told stories to keep us entertained.

"Where were we last night?" Koka asked softly.

"Tejimola," my cousin shouted. "You were telling us about the plant!"

Koka smiled, his face crinkling in the dim light. "Ah, yes. Tejimola."

He leaned forward, and just like that, the quiet courtyard disappeared. When Koka spoke, his voice was slow and deep. He told us the stories from across the world. If one night we were laughing at the tricks of monkey, the next night we are wandering through the world of Aladdin , and to the far-away caves that opened when you said secret magic words like Khul ja chim chim. As he talked, the darkness of night became magical around us.

We sat unmoving with eyes sparkling in wonder, untethered from tomorrow. Nobody argued. Nobody was looking at the clock. We just sat under the stars, watching the yellow lamp light bounce off grandfather's face as he brought every character to life.

Then, without any warning, the bright white bulb on the verandah burst back to life. The harsh light flooded the courtyard, making us all blink and squint. The magic broke. Koka stopped talking and chuckled softly, leaning back in his chair.

"Time for dinner, children," Ma called out. We all let out a quiet sigh. We hated the electricity when it came back.

We didn't know then how fragile those nights were. We thought Koka's chair would always sit on that verandha, that the cousins would always live within arm's reach. We thought those nights would last forever.

We never got to say a real goodbye to childhood; it just slipped through our fingers while we were busy growing up. One day Koka's seat was empty. Then one by one our bags were packed. We scattered like leaves blown by an autumn wind, leaving the courtyard silent and still.

Now I live in a city of perpetual light, where darkness is treated like a flaw to be fixed. The streetlamps outside my window burn all night, drowning out the stars. When the power goes out here, no one steps outside to greet the darkness. They reach for their phones to turn on the flashlights, check the Wi-Fi router, and wait impatiently for the glare to return.

Sometimes, watching the world today, I feel a quiet ache for the children growing up now. They have whole universes trapped behind the glass screens, glowing in the palms of their hands. They can watch a thousand stories at the tap of a finger. But they miss out the quiet, magical patience of listening to a grandfather's voice rise in the dark. They do not know the thrill of watching a story take shape out of thin air, or how a voice trembling with age could make the night sky feel so close you could reach up and touch it. We were given something no screen can ever replicate - the intimacy of sharing the same pitch-black night, waiting together for the stories to unfold in the quiet of darkness.

Now, In all this endless brightness, I find myself missing the dark. I miss the quiet grace of a blackout that forced us to put down our work and look at one another. I miss how small the world felt when it was bounded only by the golden glow of a single lantern, and how large it became the moment grandpa began to speak.

Outside, the moon is still there, floating above the concrete buildings. The night air gliding softly across my face. If I close my eyes for just a heartbeat, the harsh scent of city dust slowly dissolves, replaced by the deep, familiar scent of rain-drenched earth and woodsmoke drifting from an old stove. As the restless noise of the city finally fades into the background, I can almost hear the chirp of crickets, folding years of distance away in an instant. I can hear grandpa clearing his throat, his gentle voice rising in the dark to open the door to another hidden world...

The power returned and the magic disappeared long ago, but somewhere deep within me, the child remains seated on that low bamboo stool, longing to return to the time when we waited for the darkness.

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Currently studying: PG 2nd year (MA 3rd semester, Department of English, Gauhati University) (Batch of 2025-2027)

Beyond the Classroom

Culture • People • Popular Voices



Sonam Wangchuk: Beyond the Character

Lucky Rabha

What if the most brilliant character from your favourite Bollywood movie wasn't just a scriptwriter's imagination, but a real person changing lives in the cold desert?

Quite so. Behind the most cherished character, Phunsukh Wangdu, in 3 Idiots lies a real-life inspiration—Sonam Wangchuk, an Indian engineer, educator and activist.

For, he, the great mind, focused on practical applications of knowledge rather than memorising formulas and theories, challenging the traditional beliefs of cramming word for word and neglecting the importance of understanding and applying it to reality. The vision of the director of the movie 3 Idiots reflected Sonam Wangchuk's ideas in the character of Phunsukh Wangdu.

However, the movie itself doesn't represent Wangchuk's entire biography. The work of art takes inspiration from his educational philosophy and certain aspects of his life. The film maintains its own fictional characters and storyline. Moreover, both the character Wangdu and Wangchuk's perspective correspond to the belief that education should inspire students to think, question and create instead of simply competing for grades.

Beyond the character, which made his name familiar to millions, lies the real contributions of him towards the people of Ladakh. His ideas were never stuck between the walls, he challenged both the traditional beliefs of education and the environment.

Sonam Wangchuk helped establish the Students' Educational and Cultural Movement of Ladakh (SECMOL) in 1988. He reformed the idea of students being solely dependent on textbooks. SECMOL promoted practical work, creativity and experience. Students took part in various activities such as farming, construction, etc. The programme "Operation New Hope" was launched in 1994 due to the efforts of Wangchuk. This programme brought the locals, government and civil society to work together in improving the education system of Ladakh. The educational materials were adapted considering the cultural and environmental conditions of the high-altitude desert.

Wangchuk's philosophy of learning extended beyond education into the field of sustainable innovation. His concept of education led to the development of environmentally conscious buildings and solar-based technologies, replacing the excessive use of fossil fuels. One of the most famous innovations associated with his work is the Ice Stupa. Ladakh experiences severe water shortages during the agricultural season, even though a large amount of water is present in winter. The idea involves storing water in a giant, cone-shaped ice structure, which melts slowly as temperatures rise, helping farmers during the agricultural season. The original artificial-glacier technique was developed by Ladakhi engineer Chewang Norphel, while Wangchuk and his organisation later developed and popularised the Ice Stupa concept.

Wangchuk didn't just promote innovations, education and sustainable technologies; he took part in various political movements as well to protect the local land, culture and identity. He demanded statehood for Ladakh and its inclusion under the Sixth Schedule of the Constitution. Sonam organised various hunger strikes in protest to fulfil his demands. He participated in the recent Jantar mantar protest by fasting for 26 days which was sparked by the NEET UG paper leaks due to which 21-22 students took their own life, the protest was held demanding resignation, compensation, accountability and systemic education reforms.

The character Phunsukh Wangdu remains a memorable character, but Sonam Wangchuk's story and his contributions are much deeper. His journey, from the application of practical knowledge to help the locals to his political contributions advocating for the rights and identity of Ladakh, shows how education can extend beyond the classroom. His life taught us an important lesson: "Education is not just about passing exams; it's about learning how to make the world a better place."

Zubeen Garg: The Voice That Never Fades

Priyanshu Kalita

"Mor kunu jati nai, mor kunu dhormo nai, mor kunu Bhagawan nai. Moi mukta. Moi Kanchanjunga."— "I have no caste, no religion, no God. I am free. I am Kanchanjunga." — Zubeen Garg

There are some voices that do not just sing songs; they become a part of our childhood. For those of us who grew up in Assam, Zubeen Garg was that voice.

When I was a kid, the radio was not just a machine. It was a member of our family. Every morning, before going to school, and every evening while doing homework, the radio would play. And from that radio, one voice would always come — warm, powerful and a little rebellious. It was Zubeen Garg. Songs like _Anamika_, _Maya_, _Pakhi_ and _Mayabini Ratir Bukut_ were not just songs; they were the soundtrack of our lives. We didn't need Spotify then; we had Zubeen Da on All India Radio, on TV, on every Bihu stage.

His genius was limitless. He started singing at the age of 3, released his first blockbuster album _Anamika_ at just 19 in 1992, and went on to record over 38,000 songs in more than 40 languages including Assamese, Hindi, Bengali, Bodo, Mising and even Tamil and Marathi. He could play more than 12 instruments - dhol, dotara, tabla, guitar, harmonium, mandolin and drums. For the rest of India, he was the voice behind the Bollywood superhit _Ya Ali_ from _Gangster_ (2006), but for Assam, he was everything.

What made Zubeen Da immortal was not just his music, but his philosophy. In a state divided by caste and religion, he fearlessly said: "I am a human. I have no caste, no religion, no God. I am free."

He drank tea with rickshaw-pullers, thela-walas and roadside singers. As he himself once said, "To be in touch with the rich, who fail to understand what life is, isn't worthy. My friends are rickshawalas, thelawalas and pan sellers." He spoke for the poor, protested against injustice like the CAA, fought against animal sacrifice at temples, and loved stray animals like his own children.

And behind this fearless rockstar was a soft story of love. In 2002, he married Garima Saikia Garg, a fashion designer from Golaghat. Their love was quiet but deep. Garima was not just his wife; she was his anchor, his manager, his strength in his most difficult days. While Zubeen was a storm on stage, Garima was the calm that held the storm together. He often said she understood his madness better than anyone. Even after adopting several underprivileged children and supporting many charities, their bond remained the most beautiful duet of his life.

Then came 19th September 2025. The news broke that Zubeen Da had passed away in Singapore after a scuba diving accident while he was there to perform at the North East India Festival. The entire Assam could not believe it. How could a voice so immortal fall silent? Shops closed, streets filled with lakhs of people crying, singing _Mayabini_ together in the rain. As a policeman was seen wiping his tears while controlling the crowd at Sarusajai Stadium, we all understood - Assam had not just lost a singer, it had lost its heartbeat.



The government minister rightly said, "Assam has lost not just a voice, but a heartbeat."

But as Zubeen Da himself sang prophetically:

> _Phul morohile hubakh thaki jabo, smriti bedonai konduwai thakibo_

> "When the flowers wither, their fragrance will linger forever. The grief of the memory will bring you to tears."

Zubeen Garg cannot die. Men die, but thoughts cannot be killed. Voices echo long after they are gone. As long as a radio plays in an Assamese home, as long as a child hums _Anamika_ unknowingly, Zubeen Da will live on.

The Global K-Pop Icon

Chinmoy Boro • HS 2nd Year



The journey of a small-town girl who was interested in dancing to becoming one of the biggest K-pop star, dancer, performer, and a international icon is truly remarkable. Lisa's dazzling journey to success extends far beyond her music career. Her story is a masterclass in relentless discipline, strategic reinvention, and cultural pride.

Lalisa Manobal, also known globally as Lisa, was born in Buriram Province, Thailand, on March 27, 1997. She was originally named Pranpriya Manobal. However, around the age of 13, she changed her name. A fortune teller advised her that a new name would bring her good luck. She chose the name Lalisa, which means "the one who is praised." Since then, she has been known as Lalisa Manobal, while she uses Lisa as her stage name. In Thailand, it is not uncommon for people to change their names, often in the hope of bringing good fortune or overcoming difficulties.

Lisa is an only child who was raised by her mother, Chitthip Brüschweiler, and her stepfather, Marco Brüschweiler, a well-known chef. Lisa discovered her passion for performing at the age of four. She began taking dance lessons and spent much of her childhood participating in dance competitions.

Her life changed in 2010 when she auditioned for South Korea's YG Entertainment. Out of approximately 4,000 applicants in Thailand, Lisa was the only person selected. In 2011, at just 14 years old, she moved to South Korea to begin her training. Despite not knowing Korean when she arrived, she spent five years undergoing rigorous training in singing, rapping, dancing, and performance. She eventually became YG Entertainment's first Thai trainee.

On August 8, 2016, Lisa debuted as a member of the four-member girl group BLACKPINK. The other three members are Jisoo, Jennie, and Rosé. Their debut single album, Square One, was a major success, with the singles "Whistle" and "Boombayah" gaining widespread popularity and chart success. It marked the beginning of an extraordinary career.

BLACKPINK is a South Korean K-pop girl group formed by YG Entertainment in 2016. The four members, Jisoo, Jennie, Rosé, and Lisa, are not only singers but also performers, fashion icons, and global entertainers who have played a major role in bringing K-pop to audiences around the world. With their distinctive style, powerful performances, and strong individual identities, they have helped set new standards in the K-pop industry. BLACKPINK is much more than a girl group.

Lisa is the youngest member of BLACKPINK. From the beginning of her career, she impressed fans with her powerful stage presence, charisma, and exceptional dancing and rapping skills. Her popularity continued to grow over the years and reached a new level when she launched her solo career in 2021.

Lisa made her solo debut on September 10, 2021, with the single album Lalisa, which included the title track of the same name. The title Lalisa comes from Lisa's given name. The music video also highlighted her Thai heritage, including traditional Thai-inspired clothing and cultural elements.

At that point, BLACKPINK was already known around the world, so expectations for Lisa's solo debut were extremely high. She successfully met those expectations and achieved several major milestones. The Lalisa album reached No. 1 on South Korea's Gaon Album Chart, now known as the Circle Album Chart, and achieved remarkable sales. Lisa also earned a Guinness World Record after her music video for "Lalisa" became the most-viewed YouTube music video by a solo artist in 24 hours at the time.

In 2024, Lisa moved toward greater creative independence. She founded her own management company, LLOUD, while continuing her activities with BLACKPINK. Under LLOUD, she began a new chapter in her solo career. She released her single “Rockstar” on June 28, 2024. The song became a major international success, debuting at No. 1 on the Billboard Global Excl. U.S. chart and No. 4 on the Billboard Global 200. It also became Lisa’s highest-charting solo song on the U.S. Billboard Hot 100 at the time.

Lisa continued her solo career with the release of “New Woman,” featuring Spanish singer Rosalía, in August 2024. The song became another international success and further established Lisa as a global solo artist.

Lisa has also appeared in television programs and expanded her influence beyond music. She became particularly known for her role as a mentor on the Chinese survival show Youth With You. There, she shared her experience with trainees and offered both encouragement and constructive criticism. At the same time, she became a major force in the fashion industry. Her combination of streetwear and high-fashion style helped her earn prestigious global ambassadorships with luxury brands such as Louis Vuitton, Bulgari, and Celine.

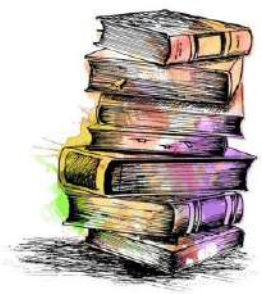
Lisa’s career has expanded far beyond music into acting and other areas of entertainment. She made her acting debut as Lalisa Manobal in Season 3 of HBO’s acclaimed series The White Lotus, which was filmed in Thailand. Her growing career demonstrates her ability to move between music, fashion, television, and acting while maintaining her identity as a global artist.

Her journey from a young girl in Thailand with a passion for dance to an internationally recognized artist is a story of determination and perseverance. Lisa has crossed cultural and geographical boundaries and has become an important figure in the global K-pop movement.

In conclusion, Lisa is not only a talented dancer and performer but also an artist who has worked hard to achieve her dreams. From her early days as a trainee to becoming a successful member of BLACKPINK and a global solo artist, her journey has been filled with dedication, challenges, and determination. Her skills in singing, dancing, rapping, and performing have helped her create a unique identity in the music industry. Beyond her achievements, Lisa has also shown the importance of confidence, discipline, and believing in oneself. Her journey continues to inspire millions of fans and young people around the world. As she takes on new challenges and explores different opportunities, Lisa’s story reminds us that success does not happen overnight, but comes through passion, patience, and continuous hard work.

Poetry

Verses • Voices • Visions



POETRY

The Things a Teacher Leaves Behind

Penned by Dr. Alimpa Bhuyan Boruah
Assistant Professor & HOD • Department of English
Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko

I did not enter the classroom
carrying answers.

I carried books—
underlined, worn at the edges,
bearing the fingerprints
of generations of readers.

And I carried questions.

For I have learnt
that teaching is not the art
of filling eager minds,
but the courage
to kindle a question
and let it burn.

Every morning,
I stand before young faces—
restless, hopeful, distracted,
sometimes unsure of themselves—
and speak of Shakespeare,
of words and worlds,
of poems that have survived centuries,
of characters who failed, loved,
rebelled, and rose again.

Yet somewhere between
a sonnet and a silence,
a lecture and a raised hand,
I realise:

I am not merely teaching literature.

I am teaching them
to hear another voice

without losing their own;
to disagree without unkindness;
to question power, recognise beauty,
and find language
for what they cannot yet say.

Perhaps that is what a teacher does—
not create followers,
but awaken voices.

There are ordinary days:
attendance, deadlines, examinations,
pages still waiting to be read.

And then a student looks up
and understands.

A difficult line comes clear.
A frightened voice grows steady.
A whispered dream is spoken aloud.

Those moments
are our invisible rewards.

Years from now,
a former student may remember
a sentence we once said—
perhaps casually,
perhaps without knowing
that it would remain.

We do not choose
what part of us survives.

It may be a question
that returns years later,
a sentence in the margin
of a notebook,
or the memory of a classroom
where someone first believed
they could speak.

If anything of us remains,
let it not be our names
on certificates or photographs.

Let it be the confidence
with which a former student
enters an unfamiliar world;
the kindness offered unseen;
the courage to think
beyond what they were told.

And as a woman who has stood
before generations of students,
I have learnt this:

A teacher does not grow old
simply because the years pass.

A teacher grows
with every student
who learns to stand
a little taller.

So today,
on this day of celebration,
I do not wish to call myself
a lamp, a guide, or a guru.

I would rather be—

a question
that made someone think,

a book
someone returned to,

a voice
that said, “Try again,”

a hand
that said, “You can,”

and, perhaps, one day,
a quiet memory
in the heart of a student
who may not remember
every lesson I taught,

but remembers
that, in my classroom,
her voice mattered.

For the finest poem
a teacher writes
is never placed
between the covers of a book.

It begins in a classroom,
takes shape
in a student's becoming,
and continues—

long after the bell,
the books have closed,
and the teacher has left.

What we leave behind
is not a finished lesson,
nor a name preserved in stone.

It is the courage in a student's voice,
the light in a life once uncertain,
the freedom to become
more than the world expected.

And when our own voices fade,
may they carry this forward:
the quiet knowledge
that someone believed in them—
until they learned
to believe in themselves.

POETRY

Where the Mountains Remember Me

— *Isimbe Nriame* • Batch of 2022–2025 • Department of English

The city suffocates beneath a restless sun,
Where concrete stretches endlessly
And the air is burdened with the clamour of traffic—
Horns, hurried footsteps, voices,
And the ceaseless commotion of countless lives
Colliding beneath an unforgiving sky.

Yet somewhere beyond this cacophony,
Beyond the crowded streets and towering walls,
My village sleeps in the embrace of the mountains.
And my heart longs for it.

There, the forest reigns supreme—
An immense emerald wilderness
Where ninety percent of the land
Remains untouched by human hands.
Ancient trees rise like silent guardians,
Their branches woven into a cathedral of leaves,
Where sunlight descends in fragments
And the wind carries the fragrance of earth,
Moss, and rain.

I long to return.

To wander beneath those towering trees,
To surrender myself to the tranquillity of the wilderness,
To lie upon the cool earth beneath their shade
And gaze upward through trembling leaves
At a sky infinitely more beautiful
Than anything the city could ever offer.

There, silence is never truly silent.
The forest is alive with music—
The mellifluous chorus of birds,
The rustling of foliage in the breeze,
The distant calls of unseen creatures,

And the mysterious symphony of the wilderness
That no human orchestra could ever compose.

From my terrace,
The mountains unveil a spectacle
That I carry within my memory.
Clouds descend from the heavens
And drift languidly through the valleys,
Like silver rivers suspended between mountains.
They roll over the distant ridges,
Dissolving the boundaries between earth and sky,
Until it seems as though the clouds themselves
Have come home to rest among the hills.

I can hear the forest from my balcony.
I can feel the cool breeze
Wander through the trees
Before finding its way to me.
And suddenly,
The world feels unhurried.
No horns.
No crowded streets.
No incessant voices.
No concrete prison of hurried existence.
Only mountains,
Only forests,
Only clouds,
Only wind—
And the quiet rhythm of life.
Perhaps that is why I long to return.
Because my village is not merely a place
Marked upon a map.
It is a sanctuary.
A refuge from the tumult of the world,
Where my restless mind can finally breathe,
Where the mountains seem to understand my silence
And the forest seems to remember my name.

When the city grows unbearable,
When its heat becomes suffocating
And its noise begins to drown my thoughts,
I close my eyes.
And I return—
To the emerald wilderness,

To the whispering trees,
To the mountains cloaked in mist,
To the clouds flowing beneath my terrace,
To the birds calling from the forest,
And to that quiet place
Beneath an ancient tree
Where I hope, someday,
I will return.

There, beneath the vast and patient mountains,
I will finally remember
What the city so often makes me forget:
That happiness can be extraordinarily simple—
A cool breeze,
A green valley,
A sky full of drifting clouds,
And the music of the wilderness.

POETRY

For Another Thousand Days

— Kritisha Boro

It needed the wind to breathe,
The sun to wake from dreams,
And the moon to tuck the night Into its quiet sleep.
Flowers for all the colours,
Rain for a little shower,
And trees to make some cover
When it needs a place to hide.
It needed us for a voice,
Animals to keep it company,
Fruits to give us sweetness,
And the sky for all its thoughts to fly.
This is our world, sweet home,
Everything fits like little notes.
You and me are builders,
And sometimes we break what we hold.
So let the ocean waves keep singing,
Let the rivers find their way,
And let this little world keep turning
For another thousand days.

POETRY

The Farmer's Heart

By Sushanta Boro
BA 3rd Sem

I sowed the seeds of love in spring,
With careful hands and hopeful eyes,
Believing my love would surely bring
A golden field beneath blue skies.

I waited through the seasons and years,
Hoping to see the crops that never grew.
The rain still fell, the sun still shone,
But none of it led its way to you.

I cursed the wind, I cursed the rain,
Even cursed the earth beneath my feet.
I was broken inside, all hopes shattered
Was it fate, or a mistake, that it never grew?

I knelt before the sun, asking the summer
Why I was the one left behind,
Why my longing had to burn alone
While others stood with love beside.

My anger grew like weeds in the field,
Choking the seeds I had sown with my own hands.
I blamed my fate, I blamed the world,
Yet that field was my own to tend.

Then I calmed down and saw the truth
I had done all I could for the seeds to grow.
But a farmer's work is not to choose;
My task was to cherish, not to force.

I plough the soil and plant the seeds,
I care for them now, and pray for them still.
A good harvest comes when it is ready,
Not when it's forced against its will.

A farm is just like the heart in love
It never blooms through rage or plea.

No heart is wrong for not feeling the same;
No one's to blame for what cannot be.

So now I sow with gentler hands,
Expecting less, but loving more
Like rain that feeds the thirsty land,
Yet makes no promise to the desert's shore.

If fate should bring another good harvest,
I'll thank the sun, the wind, the rain, and walk on.
But if it doesn't, I will still find
The quiet peace every good farmer has known.

Some seeds grow up to become crops,
While some are weeds, and letting go is fine.
Every crop that grows should be loved,
But love itself should never be the price.

POETRY

College Life

Azizul Hoque
B.Sc. 3rd Semester • Department of Zoology

College life is a beautiful journey,
Filled with dreams and memories.
Every classroom opens a new door, teaching us to become something more.

Friends become a second family,
Standing beside us happily.
Teachers guide us with their light,
Helping us choose what is right.

Books give knowledge, hopes take flight,
hard work turns our future bright.
Every challenge makes us strong,
Every lesson stays lifelong.

One day we all will say goodbye,
With tears, smiles, and dreams held high.
But the memories we make,
The dreams we share, will always remain,
come what may.

POETRY

Beyond Reality

— *Prerana Kalita*
Arts HS 1st Year

Somewhere in my mind,
there is a world -
a world far away
from the real one.
A world that never asks me to be the strongest,
never tells me
I must be perfect or flawless,
never makes me feel
like I'm not enough.
A world that asks nothing of me
except to live -
to breathe,
to dream,
to be.
A world that embraces me with all my flaws,
all my fears,
and every little piece of me
I hide from the world.
Because in the real one,
I am merely existing -
walking through days,
doing what I am supposed to do,
smiling when I am expected to.

But in the world inside my mind,
I am free.
I am simply me.

And may be that is why
I keep returning there -
to the little world
I created in my mind,
where reality fades,
dreams begin,
and for a moment,
I am flying.

POETRY

The Passing Bloom

— *Reshma Hussain*
ITEP 3rd Sem • English Department

Standing alone in a field of soft green grass,
I see pale flowers resting upon the ground.
The ones that bloomed just two or three days ago,
Now lying quiet and forgotten.
Then slowly, my eyes rise towards the tree,
Where peach blossoms still glimmer in the light,
Clinging gently to the branches,
Unaware that they too will soon die.
People wander beneath the tree,
Their eyes enchanted by the beauty.
Some lovers tenderly pluck the blossoms,
To present them as tokens of their affection.
But those same flowers, once so exquisite,
Now lie beneath careless footsteps;
No one pauses, no one casts a glance,
As though they had never meant anything at all.
And I stand there, lost in contemplation,
Feeling a strange sorrow within my heart,
Wondering how something so beautiful
Can be cherished for a fleeting moment, yet
Forgotten so effortlessly.

POETRY

Rise Again

3 Aug 2026

Life taught me not all hands will
stay,
some will try to push my dreams
away.
They may make me doubt, they
may make me fall,
But courage whispers, “Rise above it all.”

I learned I don’t need their applause
to shine,
My strength is mine, my dreams are mine.
Let them speak, let them try—
I’ll find my wings and learn to fly.

POETRY

Friendship

—Ruprekha Das
HS 1st year

When you first went
to school, you just cried
among some strangers
at school. You just cried.
But some strangers
become so close to you that
you didn't realize it.
Now you will cry only for
fear of losing those people you love,
for fear of leaving those people
who have become a part of your
heart from strangers. It is none
other than your friends.

POETRY

The Quiet Truth of Life

13 Aug 2026

Life never promises
to stay the same.
It takes some people,
leaves us with lessons,
and calls it growth.

We chase tomorrow,
forgetting today—
until we learn
that life was never
about having everything,
but understanding
what truly matters.

POETRY

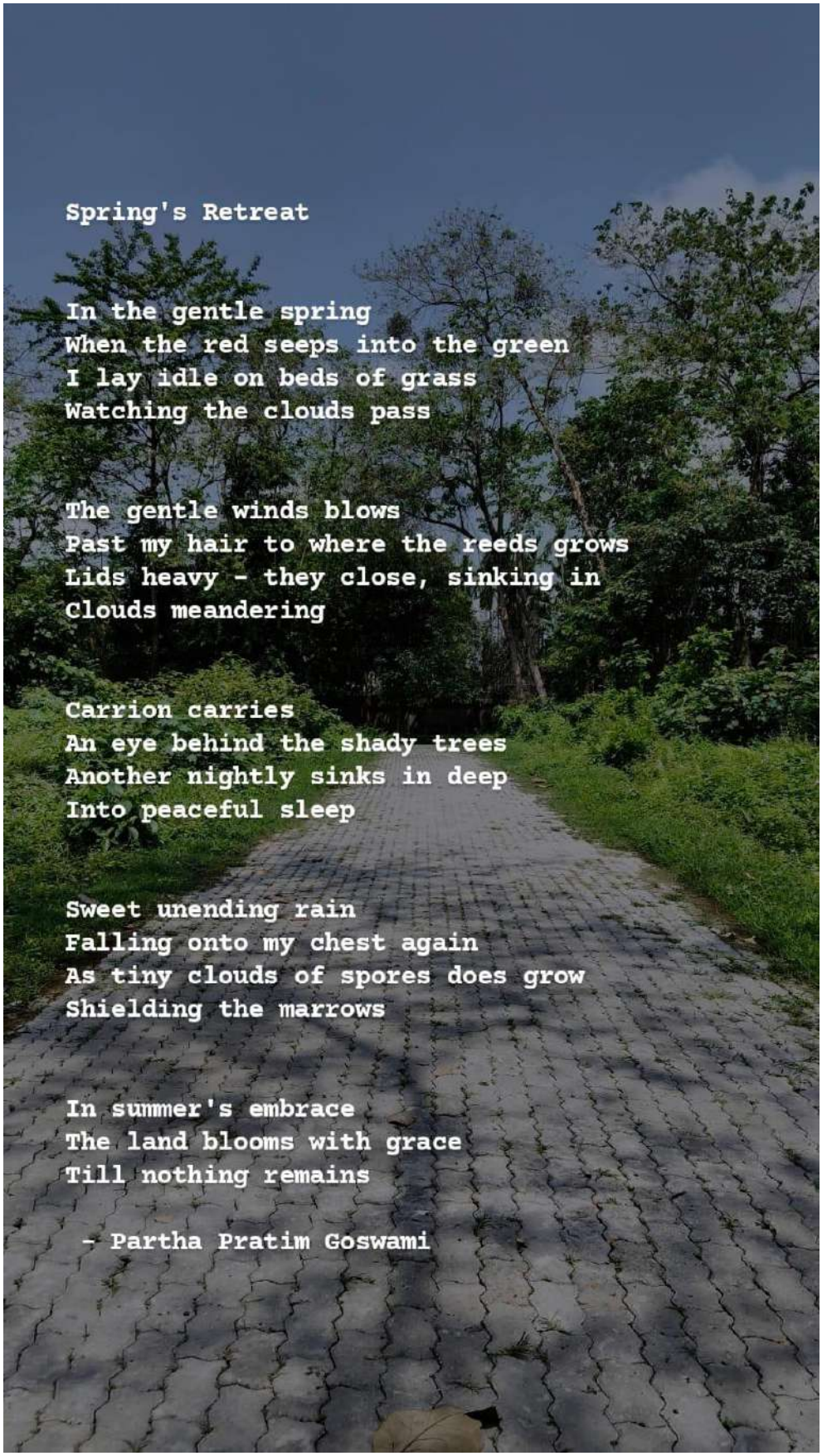
Becoming

By Jemoni Rabha
ITEP 3rd Sem
29.08.26

I still am finding myself in the fray,
And hope that I will find myself one day.
Though hurdles rise, I know I'll overcome,
With fearless mind, the stronger I become.

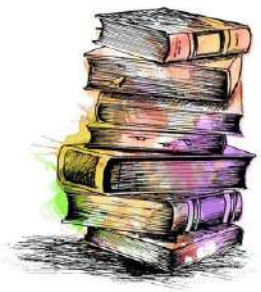
Though lost in thought, I still search for a way,
And learning how to grow with every day.
Though every fall, I rise up strong again,
And gaining strength through joy and bitter pain.

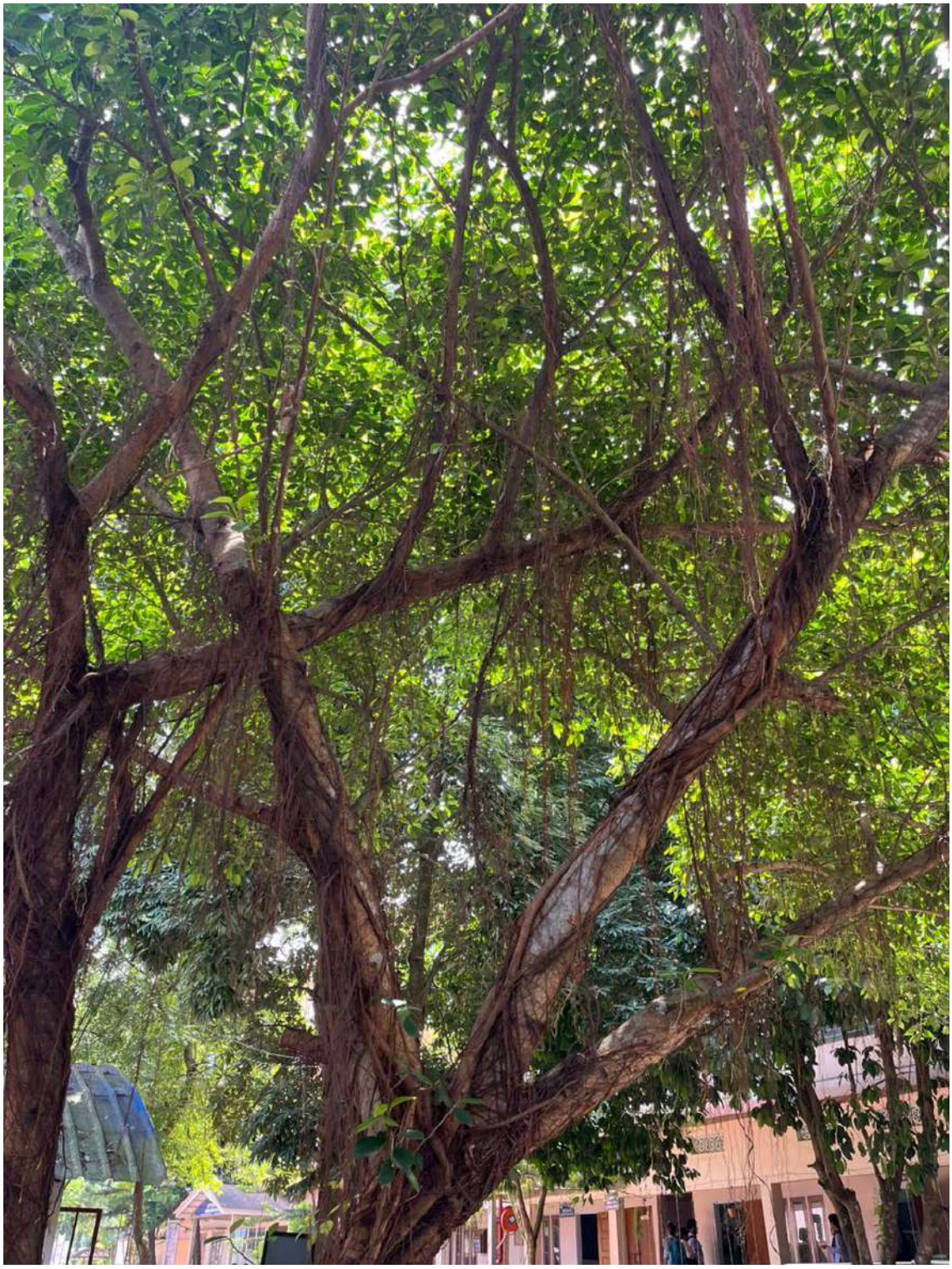
Unsure of where these winding roads will lead,
Yet still, I trust that I am to succeed.
Amidst the chaos, still I find my way,
Becoming who I'm meant to be someday.


Spring's Retreat
In the gentle spring
When the red seeps into the green
I lay idle on beds of grass
Watching the clouds pass
The gentle winds blows
Past my hair to where the reeds grows
Lids heavy - they close, sinking in
Clouds meandering
Carrion carries
An eye behind the shady trees
Another nightly sinks in deep
Into peaceful sleep
Sweet unending rain
Falling onto my chest again
As tiny clouds of spores does grow
Shielding the marrows
In summer's embrace
The land blooms with grace
Till nothing remains
- Partha Pratim Goswami

Creative Pages

A visual coda to the literary life of the department

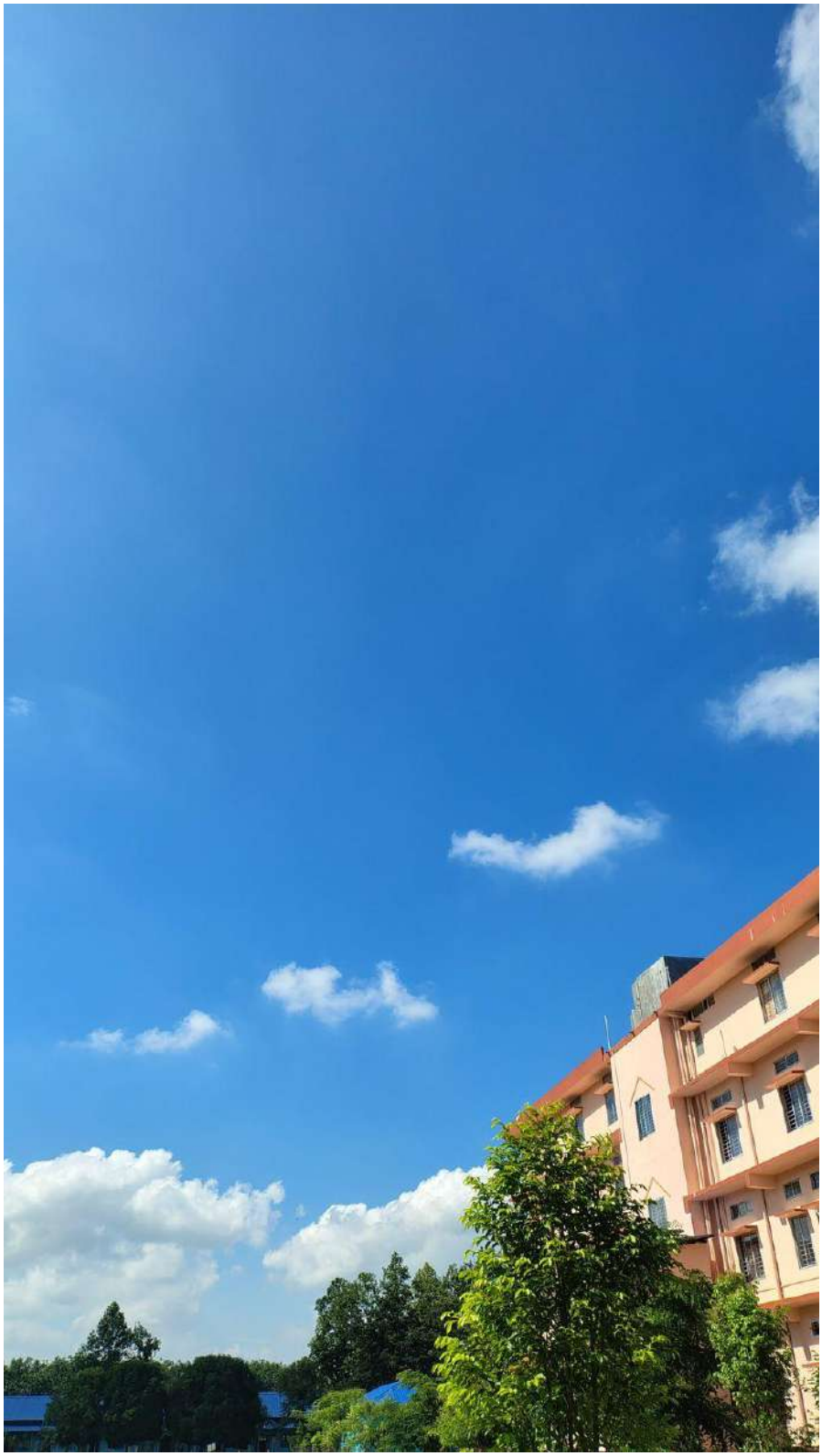




Campus green in quiet light



A glimpse of the campus landscape



Sky above the college



Green spaces around the campus



Trees and sky



An old branch, a living landscape



The campus horizon

POETRY

Rain

By Lucky Rabha
H.S. 2nd Year

Thram! Thram! Thundered the big droplets, drenching my dry, frizzy hair
Crackling clouds soon covered the light ball
A strong wave of air hit the large leaves of the green
Deer and squirrels rushed towards the hollow bark of the flora
Mother cuckoo screamed an uneasy cry as the wind bothered her soon-to-be offspring
Though frightened, she still covered her loved ones
The unripe rambutan hit me on the skull
Black-dark greens, misty and foggy, leaving my eyes blind
The crackling clouds left a heart-wrecking impact
Frightened, I stood there frozen
Soon, I heard the sound of a frog singing
A warm light oozed out of the dark
The pouring rain soon turned bright
Mother cuckoo now at ease
The deer ran onto the dripping grass
From soil still soft, the seeds germinated
Sparkling reflections of the gleam from the pond squeezed my retina
The smell of the rain therefore brought me Innisfree.

THE GOLDEN QUILL



Words end. Voices continue.

Department of English

Jawaharlal Nehru College (Autonomous), Boko

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