

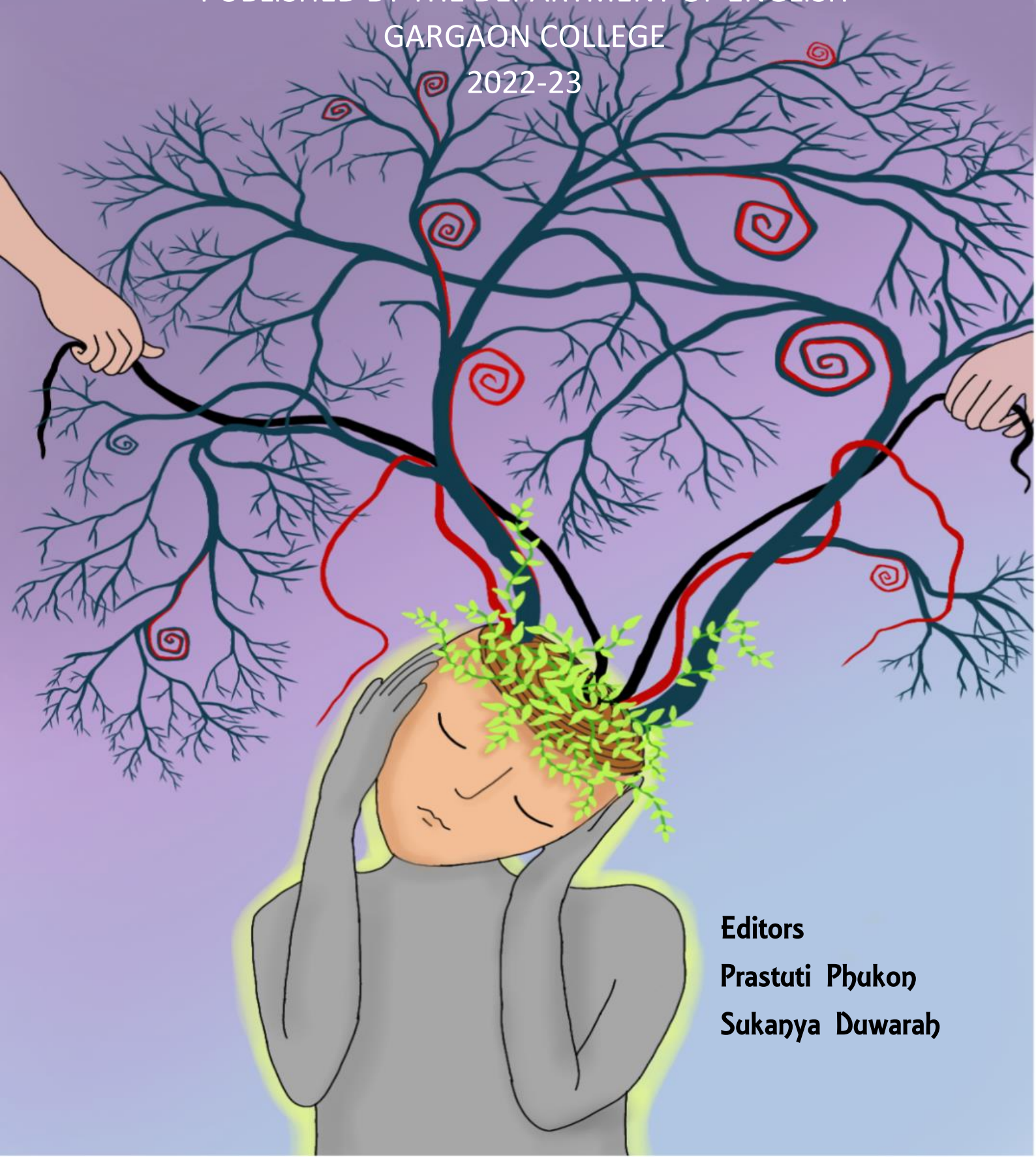


# RUMINATIONS

Vol - 2

PUBLISHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
GARGAON COLLEGE

2022-23



**Editors**

**Prastuti Phukon**

**Sukanya Duwarah**

# RUMINATIONS

Vol-2

MAGAZINE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
Gargaon College  
2022-23



*With love and best wishes*

To,

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Editors: Prastuti Phukon  
Sukanya Duwarah

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It gives me immense pleasure to know that the students of the Department of English are bringing out a magazine entitled 'Ruminations'. It is indeed a commendable effort put forth by the students in preparing and publishing the magazine. Initiatives like this provides a common platform to share and showcase scholastic and non scholastic ideas and creative talents of the students. It is hoped that the release of the spectacular issue will certainly add value to their efforts and will showcase the literary skills and some of the best endeavours of the students. I congratulate the entire team for their excellent idea, hardwork and dedication in preparing and publishing the magazine.

I am sure that this magazine would be appreciated by all and will be able to stir the minds of the readers.



Dr. Sabyasachi Mahanta  
Principal  
Gargaon College

# MESSAGE from the Head of the Department

Good things remain good only because they are always scarce. I am glad to pen for this wonderful magazine titled 'Ruminations' as an appreciation of the commendable efforts put forth by the students of the Department of English for its grand beginning. The efforts taken to bring about innovative content is appreciable. Wish you all a grand success throughout the future.



Mr. Rajib Gogoi  
Head of the Department  
Department of English  
Gargaon College

# Editorial ...

The philosopher Voltaire said, "Books rule the modern world. A society where books are not in circulation is the same as not having a society". What is a book really? A key to explore Knowledge. Books are an excellent medium to enrich people with various knowledge and thoughts. Books are a rich collection of various aspects of literature.

Then what defines a magazine? The answer should be that magazine is a collection of stories, poems, articles, plays, novels, etc. It is the product or reflection of the collective thought of various storytellers, poets, essayists, playwrights or novelists, writers. A college magazine plays an important role in the mental, intellectual and talent development of students. Therefore, we, The Department of English, Gargaon college decided to publish a Departmental magazine titled 'Ruminations'. 'Ruminations' which defines a collection of deep and intertwined thoughts can be considered as the green carpet or mirror to the creativity of our students.

Through the medium of 'Ruminations' we can be sure that our departmental magazine will help in developing the latent talents among the students and will play an important role in developing creative talents in the near future. We would like to thank the editorial board, department authorities, and all the students of our department, also the well-wishers of 'Ruminations' for allowing us to fulfill our responsibilities as the editors of the department magazine 'Ruminations' of 2022-23 with our limited knowledge. We apologize for any inconvenience we have caused. We wish for the success of "Ruminations".

*Long live "Ruminations" ... Long Live Exotic Paradise...*

Prastuti Phukon

Sukanya Duwarah

(5<sup>th</sup> semester)



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### List of Department Achievers in Sports, Literary and Cultural week 2021-22

Literally Informative & Non-Fictitious



Post-colonial literature is the literature by people from formerly colonized countries. It exists in all continents except Antarctica. Postcolonial literature often addresses the problems and consequences of decolonization of a country, especially questions relating to the political and cultural independence of formerly subjugated people, and themes such as Colonialism. Indian writers like Anita Desai, Honif Qureshi, Meena Alexander, Arundhati Roy, Amitabh Ghosh and Kiran Devi have written about their post-colonial experiences. Nissim Ezekial was the foundational figure in the post-colonial India's Literature especially for Indian Writing in English. The Indian writers attempted to break a slavish imitation of colonial and written Writings. The thought of a colonized writing back, answering "orientalism" a process of becoming one' identity as a Literature. In the last decade a new sensibility revealed from fiction. In spite of crushing away from the Eurocentric world, a richer world is presented. However, the Indian English writers espoused English as a tool and used it in a diverse way to explore cultural experience. Indian writers use it as a dynamic standard to express the complex Indian reality, native forms and sentimental thoughts, customs and cultures. They have greatly succeeded in registering the inner shift from the English use of metaphor though the literary history of post-colonial Indian societies. These regional effects of languages exercise impalpable influence of their use of English. Although, the Indian writers have chip, into the plurality of Indian English Literature under the rubric of a wide range of English. Indian prominent writer Amit Chaudhary said that living in India as a writer means being caught in a "Confrontation between two complex languages". The one he calls living India and the other "English". He further comments that we have all been "loosened from history" because of consequence mobility and modernity English. He adds, is "losing its reliable centre" and the post-colonial writer "decentres" the canon of English Literature. The theme of alienation has been grown up by Manohar Malgankar in his "Combat of shadows". The theme of alienation has come out with more insistently by Anita Desai, Nayantara Sehgal and Arun Joshi. Nayantara Sehgal's novel "A time to be Happy" depicts the predicament of Sanad Shivpal, whose problems comes out from his u-bringing while taking to melvor, he gives expressions to his sence of isolation. Anita Desai's novel "Cry to Peacock", Maya's self-examination an inquest of the alienated human psyche. This is a story of young sensitive girl obsessed by a prophecy of disaster, who's extreme sensibility converts into loneliness. The major problem of alienation is related to the loss of and quest for one's identity. Indian novelists resort to subversion, a thought which is typical of post-colonial fiction. These novelists not only challenge the supremacy of imperialism but also question the Eurocentric ideology. The reality of subversion is not only used as an effective literary strategy; it becomes self assertion in the post-colonial context. Manohar Malgonkar's novel "The Devil's Wind" points out on decolonizes

historical facts by chasing the first national struggle for freedom as his subjects. Manohar Malgonkar's novel "The Devil's Wind" suspects on the significance of Post-colonial venture to make easily visible events that have been pressed to the peripheries and silence by Britishers. Malgonkar accept the decolonize and a task for refashioning history by destroying European rejecting colonial illusions and replacing them by national glory. The characters of Arun Joshi's novels – The Foriegner(1968), The Apprentice (1974), The Strange Case of Billy Biswas(1973) and the Abyrinth(1981) are torn between the tensions of rhoric of the plot and a mimetic portrayal by the author. Arun Joshi's characters who are suspended between the colonial versus the post-colonial egoism, the modern versus the centric self-image and the material versus the spiritual. Sindi Oberoi (The Foriegner), Ratton Rathore (The Apprentice), and Billy Biswas (The strange case of Billy Biswas) are all equipped with western nations to discard the Indian world-wide. In post-colonial literature, Indian society was fixed with many problems. A rigid situation of social evils is like the Sati, caste-system, widow remarriage, and the social, religious as well as all kind of Hegemony. The main focus of the novelist of this period in most of the Indian vernaculars was to alert people of the consequences of these bad evils and being awareness among them. In post-colonial literature a great emphasis was put on the process of colonialization and an attempt was made to record a defiance to the exporters of the colonized societies besides insisting on contemporary truth of life. It directs with the literature written in colonized countries about the low treatment of lower-class people and also about the defiance of the people who were at the receiving end. Post-colonialism can be considered as the historical because it deals with a literature which comes after decolonization. Post-colonial writers engrossed themselves in opening up the outcome of a new language and a new way of looking towards the Universe. Their universal themes focus on the issues like national, identity, hybridist, partition, cultural heritage, contemporary realities emotions and human relationships etc. Many post-colonial period women novelists like Arundhati Roy, Jumpa Lahri, Sobha De, Nyantara Sehgal and Kiran Desai sculpted a niche for themselves in Indian English Fiction.

Bill Gates purchased one of Leonardo Da Vinci's scientific journals for \$30.8 million, making it the most expensive book ever sold.

# The Two roads

Bipakshi Dehingia

3<sup>rd</sup> semester

This earth is full of exhibitions. And human being has played a chief role in it. We sometimes reach a point having two roads in front of us. We can't follow both the roads. We have to choose one or have already decided one of them. Like that eternally we can see that each thing has their existence having two basic ways of itself. These ways are the positivity and negativity of the things specifically of human being. Every single thing that is from the largest one to the tiny creatures or even the immortal things has inherited this. Actually, each side has their own ways. Yes, life is perfect. Choosing the right way, we might be perfect sometimes. But not always. Sometimes the negative points can play a perfect role in the lifeway. It fully depends on us or we can say that our minds direct what way we should choose or take. If we go through anything whatever it is, on that way we have to face so many opinions for it. Some of them might be positive and some are negative. If we see in ourselves, having a reason for taking other' consolation, we will find lots of opinions. Someone will support us to do the work and will inspire for it. In that way someone can be much strong. And someone might push some negative thinking into our mind. Through that our mind becomes confused and sometimes we have to suffer from depression.



“Can I do this?”, “it can't be done by me.” or so and so...usually such types of questions arise into our minds. For example, suppose I am drawing a painting. Giving a look on that painting someone might say that “it's so good”, “it's amazing”, or so. Finding such opinions, our mind becomes positive and we try to do better. Our minds fill with expectations and hopes for ourselves. Through this our mind becomes stronger. And the blissful heart will let us be

happy. And that single line can let us smile. But on the other hand, some might say that “it's not so good”, “what will you be by doing such a work?” Some thoughts like these can affect in our life badly. Such comments can impact on our self-trust. And repeating the same thing even can let us suffer from depression. Not specifically during this cause only. We have faced it so many times. Moreover, in every stage of our life we have to face it. During education, life decisions or several more. But we must think that one wrong decision can't change our fate. We can turn it to right. This is like a mandatory part of everyone's life. We have to go through it, have to choose one road which would be better for us. But we have to think in our own way. We should select our way through ourselves. Going through it we have to focus in the present situation of us, and also think of the future. It will give a perfect shape to our life journey. Your way could either be clear or puzzled; it depends on you. Think perfect, let everything become perfect.

Food has always been a symbol of representation of tradition and culture. Worldwide, there exist a lot of unique and eccentric food items, that are devoured by specific tribes and cultures. A lot of bizarre yet unique dishes are cooked by the North Eastern people of India. Let's have a look at a few of them-

1. **Khar & Eri Polu** (Assam)— Khar is a traditional vegetarian Assamese cuisine, prepared in a very distinctive manner. It is manufactured from the banana plant's trunk and the ashes of banana peels. The addition of fresh papaya increases the flavour of this dish and transforms it into a wonderful summer treat. Khar can be cooked and stored for several months. It's alkalinity distinguishes it from the other cuisines. Khar was used as a substitute for salt, because transportation of salt was difficult since Assam is a landlocked state.



Eri silk sarees from Assam are well known for their great value. The silk pupa that is still there after the silkworms' silk has been removed is used to prepare the unique cuisine called *eri polu*. The Garo tribe's specialty, silkworm pupa is prepared with traditional herbs and spices, flavoured, and served with fermented bamboo shoots. *Leta Polu* is another delicacy of Assam, where silkworm is fried and enjoyed with some chopped onions and chillies.

2. **Snail Stew and Steamed Hornets** (Nagaland): Naga cuisine is definitely not for the timid. The natives there enjoy eating silkworm curry, steaming hornet larvae, and snail stew. Snails are cooked along with pork and the stew, which contains flavours and snail meat is devoured by the people. Whenever you visit the state of Nagaland, you can find this anywhere in the streets.

3. **Eromba** (Manipur): The Meitei community makes Eromba, a particularly well-liked treat. This dish is composed using locally sourced vegetables and fermented fish. The main the ingredient of this dish is the fermented dried fish called *Ngari* in Manipuri. No oil is used in the recipe, making it a healthy option.

4. **Wachipa** (Sikkim): Sikkimese cuisine has an interesting flavour profile thanks to the presence of communities like the Nepalis, Bhutias, and Lepchas, among others. A strange cuisine we came across is wachipa, a dish made solely on special occasions by the Rai tribe, despite the fact that many of the components are unknown. The dish is made up of rice, chicken that has been

minced, and the star ingredient, a powder formed from burnt chicken feathers that gives the dish its bitter flavour. In the vegetarian version, the chicken is swapped out for the similarly bitter-tasting petals of a plant called damlapa.

**5. Jadoh Snam (Meghalaya) :-** The majority of Meghalayan meals focus heavily on meat, therefore it's hardly surprising that they won't be straightforward. A pork specialty from the Khasi people, jadoh is comprised of rice cooked with swine fat and meat. Blood is a strange component that is included in jadoh snam. It takes a lot of work to produce, and how much blood is utilised can make or break the dish.

**6. Stink bugs (Arunachal Pradesh):-** In Arunachal Pradesh, eating insects is relatively common, but eating stink bugs elevates the practise. Stink bugs are gathered beneath stones near a river and either eaten raw or boiled with chilies by the Adi and Galo tribes of Arunachal Pradesh.

**7. Phan Pyut-** This is another of the weird and bizarre cuisines that is found in the north eastern region. This dish is prepared with potatoes, which is a staple diet of the majority of Indians. However, the potatoes used in this dish are rotten. This is what makes the delicacy is unique name for itself in this list.

Food has been always an important section of the cultures of different places. We can estimate much about the people by examining the food habits they follow. North eastern India sure has some weird food items which might make your stomach churn, but that's not all it has to offer. Certain unique and healthy cuisines are prepared by the different tribes and people living in this region, that have no competence in the central region.

# The great Indian Nation

- SATYAPRATIM PHUKON

- 5<sup>th</sup> sem

Hi, Satya here. Please allow me to introduce myself more precisely, I am a resident of this great nation India. This nation was once upon a time the richest nation in the world. But those days are over. The people living in this nation are called Indians. Now, who are Indians? A definition of Indians would be, "A group of people divided by religion, caste, creed, race, politics but united by cricket or by their indiscipline actions can be termed as Indians." Now you may argue, that not all love cricket, to which I will reply that if you observe closely, you will see that people are playing cricket everywhere. People play cricket in basketball fields, they play in football fields, they play in the bedroom, classroom etc. Forget that, people even play cricket beside the swimming pool, but on a condition, "*ball pani me jayega toh out*". But on a serious note Indians are very loving people. The system shows love based on caste, people show love after knowing if the other belongs to the same caste or religion or race etc. But that's okay too, in a country where every banner has a little star mark that says terms and conditions applied, little terms are introduced to love too. What's the harm in that?

Another thing which unites us Indians is our love and respect for the Army. We all love and respect them, but we don't learn from them. There is no discipline in this country, helmets are worn but on the hand. Even ants can form a straight line, but Indians cannot. There is one ticket window and five guys are standing, making a semi-circle, can't predict the place where the ticket will fall. One more thing which unites us together is riots and mob lynching. Originally, we don't like it, but we have to do it, for nation-building. The point is tyrants patronize violence; democracy outsource it. So, in big democracies like India, little riots and mob-lynching are bound to happen. Now if somebody don't know what mob-lynching is, let me tell you. "Mob-lynching is the crowd funding of violence." When I was a kid, my parents used to say to me, "Don't watch WWE, because its fake, its primitive, it incites violence", now I have to tell them the same about news channels. You see, half knowledge is dangerous, but WhatsApp knowledge is fatal. Identifying fake news should be made a curriculum in schools, it's that important. News in India has gone from an educated past-time to a mixture of contents. The one who can't show their creativity on instagram or youtube becomes news channel anchors.



But, all things aside India is emerging right. Its an emerging economy. There is progress but there's no priorities. There is growth but there's no direction. If you give people 4G connection before you give them primary education and then you ban things; it automatically becomes a country of trolls. People are going half-mad on what to do with it. Till today, the biggest achievement in this country, is to leave it. Because its better to live in someplace else than in a country that after 75 years of independence is still at a poverty line of Rs.30 per day. The amount which you and I can spend without thinking twice is the daily income of lakhs of people in this country.

There are two Indias – one which is on facebook and one which isn't on facebook.



Frost's "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening" is one of his most beloved lyrics. It retains great popularity among the general public as well as among the scholars.

From the background, we learn that during John F. Kennedy's presidential campaign, Kennedy had a set of speeches, which he always ended with quoting "...to keep /And miles to go before I sleep." The poem was published in the " New Hampshire", a poetic volume by Robert Frost.

The poem is simply the description of a natural scene, and about a person experiencing the scene. The superficial meaning signifies a traveller trespassing a landlord's area, who lives in the village. It's winter solstice (signified by the darkest evening of the year) and the location is situated between a frozen lake and woods. Minutes pass by, the horse thinks it's strange to take a break without a nearby farmhouse. So he breaks the silence by ringing his harness bell. He describes the woods as lovely ,dark and deep one , but he has miles to go before he can rest. He seems to be contented and longed to find himself lost in them, off the road , solitary. Nature often has a powerful hold on Frost's speakers, as in the "The Sound of Trees", in which the speaker drops his head to his shoulders as the trees sway in the wind. After the private moments pass, the speaker again reminds himself of his own life. He is bound as the woman in the poem "The Silken Tent", to his responsibilities. He has "promises" to keep and "miles to go" before he sleeps.

The sort of sleep, to which the poem alludes is the deepest of all the sleeps. But the deeper and more beautiful is that all of us are at escaping the harsh woods, which are refuge , attract us. that we have hit some bottom and feel in a state woods act as an escape horse is symbolic of the the harness bell refers to which reminds us that we



meaning of the poem travellers and we look reality of life. So the comfortable places of Sometimes, we feel emotional rock-of depression. The from reality. The common people and our inner conscience, have miles to go

before we can truly rest or die peacefully (eternal).Here , the speaker has his moment of reflection and then, snaps back to the everyday life. Perhaps his attitude towards his "promises" will be affected by this temporary, but deep reflection. It is truly a beautiful poem and it will be the one of the best forever.

# Today's youth and Some reality

SADANANDA BURAGOHAIN

Ex-student

Some of the notable examples in newspapers that have made headlines in recent times are the rape of students by college students, the murder of a student studying in college for mobile phones, the death of several students in accidents due to drunkenness, etc. In the society, the terrifying sight only have all around. What a young man, what a young woman; Everyone seems to have to do a relentless effort to destroy their lives with their own obstinacy. The crime of youth in the society seems to be a routine affair now.

Now the question is, what has made our youth so fussy or immodesty? What is the reason, why there is a tendency of crime in their minds? In a country which is considered to be a land of virtue, a country where the bright-some texts like Gita, Bhagavata, Mahabharata, Ramayana are influenced to manage life, in a country where the great words of great philosophical scholars are still prosperous, what is the reason for such chaos, instability?

If we look at the be seen that there are many from the prevailing education development of family, directly to these aspects as aspects. In the educational and human values should be little influence only. Which state of immaturity.



reasons for this in detail then it can reasons associated with it. Starting system in the country to the free society, technology, we can point the reasons responsible for these system in which spiritual education have been influenced, there seems to keeps both mind and brain in the

Immodesty is not a condition created within the one night. The influence of the house in this regard is also immense. It is said that the character is like holy water. It will take the form of the vessel when it is placed in. So what kind of education the family is educating and bringing it forward to the youth is very important. Now a day's it is seen that much of the children don't get the love of their parents. Now our grandparents are deprived of the responsibility of teaching moral lesson of life to their grandchildren. The parents think that these are old fashion to hear the story from grandparents. Because the society of today is a noble society. Here, drinking in front of the child for the sake of protecting Prestige is also a kind of courtesy behavior.

The youth is the main strength of the nation. But the influence of money and two days of young blood, they are now ready to break away from their mainstream as well. In the field of culture, stupid dance is like their national dance now. the respect of the elder, the 'Guru' and the teacher have now passed away from their minds. It is now common to spend time with nude pictures in the world of the internet from an early age. Drugs and alcohol consumption are now a representative of the modern era. The religious books, where have the golden line of spirituality and punctuality these are now became boring source of inspiration for us. How to use their dress in

public places, is only in the hands of today's new generation than in the wise. Even a little bit of moral knowledge such as respect, etiquette are now beyond the purview of their character.

Such type of vivid image of our society arouse questions in your mind as to which direction we really are headed today? In this case, the time has come for the education system, the social system, the unconscious parents who pretend to be like Dhritarashtra and we the youth to become aware and aware ourselves. If we do not try to eradicate such poison in time, it will engulf and destroy our society like the root of poison.

The first product sold on Amazon.com was a book named 'Fluid Concepts and Creative Analogies: Computer Models of the Fundamental Mechanisms of Thought'

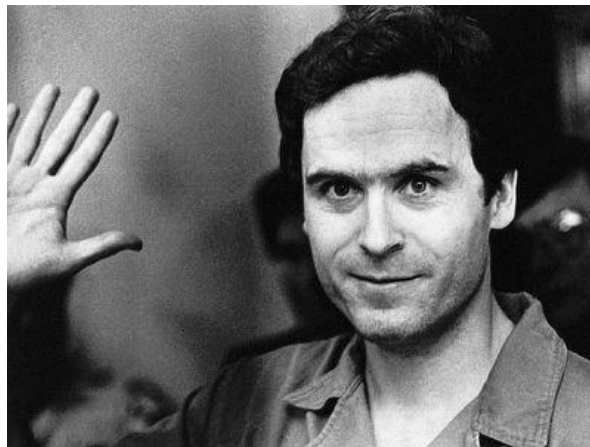
# Ted Bundy

-Gargi Kashyap Bora

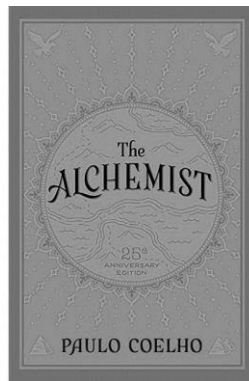
1st semester

Ted Bundy, in full Theodore Robert Bundy was an American serial killer rapist, and one of the most notorious criminals of the late 20th century.

He was born on November 24, 1946 at Burlington Vermont, and died on January 24, 1989 (aged 42) Florida. Bundy had a difficult childhood; he had a strained relationship with his stepfather, and his shyness made him a frequent target of bullying. Later, however, his intelligence and social skills enabled him to enjoy a successful college career, and he developed a series of apparently normal emotional relationships with women. Despite this apparent stability, he sexually assaulted and killed several young women in Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, and Florida between 1974 and 1978. Although he would ultimately confess to 28 murders, some estimated that he was responsible for hundreds of deaths. Following a well-publicized trial, he was sentenced to death in 1979 for the murder of two college students. In the following year he again was sentenced to death, this time for the rape and murder of a 12-year-old girl. Bundy was executed in Florida's electric chair in 1989. Despite the appalling nature of his crimes, Bundy became something of a celebrity, particularly following his escape from custody in Colorado in 1977. During his trial, his charm and intelligence drew significant public attention. His case inspired a series of popular novels and films devoted to serial murder. It also galvanized feminist criminologists, who contended that the popular media had transformed Bundy into a romantic figure.



Paulo Coelho (Aug24, 1947) is considered as one of the most significant writers of Brazil. Paulo tried his hands in various activities before starting his literature life. The Alchemist is one of his best-selling books of all time. He wrote so many novels. Paulo's novel writing style conveys the message of each novel through very direct, uncomplicated sentences, honest dialogue, and concise points made with the fewest words possible. His simplicity and poetic flow allow readers to easily watch to development to characters and experience to action of the story alongside then. Coelho is not only unique in his stories' subject matters, but also his straightforward delivery.



## **An analysis of the novel:-**

The author of The Alchemist follows a relatively common formula. Here we have, a hero who leaves home to pursue a quest, is tested three times, and upon succeeding, returns home as a victor. But what makes The Alchemist stand apart is that there are essentially two parallel quest going on the narrative. The first is rather a familiar search for treasure. This quest though, we have the metaphorical double to Santiago's other journey. Which is discover Santiago's personal legend.

In the main drama, narrative is not a physical adventure-characterized by exotic lands, physical challenges or vicious enemies but rather an interior drama. Melchizedek is himself a fantastical character, who knows a positively supernatural number of things about Santiago's personal life has magical stones of offer and he able to claims to turn himself into different things. In this way, The Alchemist shows a certain amount of affinity with magical realism a genre of literature where in fantastic things happen but the characters react to them in psychologically realistic ways. This magical tone is one of the dominant stylistic characters of the novel.

The show of the novel, Santiago facing so many hampers before he can reach his destination. The first hamper is getting robbed in Tangiers is admittedly serious. It is also monotonous. The second hamper is Santiago's love for Fatima, is more complicated. The last complication Santiago's feat of turning himself into the wind. The scene where Santiago turns himself into wind is the climate of the spiritual journey, as the discovery of the treasure is the climax of the physical journey.

In the climax of the story, Santiago talks to elements: The Desert, The Wind, The Sun, and finally the soul of the world not through speech but through the language of heart. These all

inanimate realize as a medium of communication. It is at the epilogue in the narrative that the two parallel quests of Santiago come together. At last end of the narrative, Santiago returns to Fatima. This confirms the view that true love and one's personal legend can never be contrary to one another. Thus the story teaches us, as only few can, about the essential wisdom of listening to our heart, learning to read the omens strewn along life's path and above all following our dream.

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“The Tale of Genji”, a Japanese epic is considered as the world’s first novel.



(Note: Commenting or discussing a language extensively is a big challenge for a person. A discussion can only be given by covering everything from the origin of a particular language to its journey in society to its present state. However, many mistakes can be made in doing so, and this can be due to sometimes incorrect sources of information, or sometimes due to a small amount of research. Similarly, there may be some mistakes in my article for various reasons. The wise will point it out.)

Assamese is the regional mother tongue of the state of Assam in North-eastern India. Assamese is also spoken to a greater or lesser extent in other parts of the North East such as Arunachal Pradesh and Nagaland. The Assamese language is spoken in the most populous cities of India like Delhi, Mumbai, Bangalore, Pune, Uttar Pradesh, Calcutta etc. It is also widely spoken among the Assamese people living in England, USA etc. in the world arena. There are also a small number of Assamese speakers in neighbouring Bhutan. There are currently more than 13 million Assamese speakers in Assam and more than 20 million in the world.

The Assamese language belongs to the Indo-Aryan language family. Scholars believe that the Maghadi dialect of the Middle Indo-Aryan language family is the root of the Assamese language. There are various opinions about the origin of the Assamese language. The most notable of these are Kaliram Medhi's **East-West Mixture**, Kankalal Barua's **Paishachi Prakrit**, Debananda Bharali's **Kamrupia Soumar Prakrit**, Dr. Benimadhav Barua's, Dimbeswar Neog's, Bishweshwar Hazarika's **Kamrupi Prakrit** and Dr. Joriagrachan's Prakrit Taraparwala, Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, Dr. Banikant Kakati, Dr. Birinchi Kumar Barua, Dr. Upendra Nath Goswami, Dr. Golok Chandra Goswami, Dr. Maheshwar Neog, Dr. Nagen Tagore, Dr. Bhimkant Barua and others is **Maghadi Prakrit**.

The antiquity of the Assamese language is indicated by the comment of the Chinese traveler Xuanzang - "Their (people of Kamrup) speech differed a little from that of Mid-India". This wanderer came to India in the seventh century AD and stayed in Kamrup for some time. This is the first comment on the Assamese language available to date. (Gogoi, 2017) The Assamese language has undergone various changes and expansions at various stages since ancient times to reach its present state.

Dr. Banikanta Kakati divides the history of the Assamese language into three main parts.

→ Ancient or Early Assamese (fourteenth to late sixteenth centuries)

Middle Assamese (17th to early 19th century)

Modern Assamese (Early Nineteenth Century to the Present)

However, Dr. Ramesh Pathak, author of "History of Assamese Language", has divided the development of Assamese language into four periods by modifying the era division proposed by Dr. Banikant Kakati. Old Assamese language or Magadhan and Gauda-Kamrupa stages (6th/7th century AD to 14th century)

Ancient or Early Assamese language (14th to 16th centuries)

Medieval Assamese Language (17th to 19th Centuries)

Modern Assamese Language (Nineteenth Century to the Present)

### **Old Assamese language or Magadhan and Gauda-Kamrupa stages –**

Examples of the Assamese language of the emerging period are mainly found in the language of the copper plates, the **Charyapadas** and the language of **Krishna-Kirtan**. The language of the copper plates given by the Hindu kings who ruled in Kamrup from the seventh to the twelfth centuries AD represents the oldest language of Assam. Their rules have preserved the ancient form of the Assamese language.

Then comes the language of the Charyapadas, the examples of the Assamese language. The earliest forms of Assamese in literature are found in the 9th-century Buddhist verses called Charyapadas, whose language bears affinity to Assamese (also Bengali and Oriya) and which belongs to a period when Prakrit was on the verge of being converted into a regional language.

This is followed by the language of the mixed Assamese literature. These include the Sri Krishna-Kirtan and the Shunya Purana. Words or phrases not used in Bengali but common in Assamese are found in Sri Krishna-Kirtan; For example, "Bate-bate", "Asila", "Aai", "Bisoni", "Burha" (old man), "Tiri" (woman), "Pu" (son), "Natini" (granddaughter), "Laj" (shame), "Ghar" (house), "Pani" (water), etc.

### **Ancient or Early Assamese language –**

The period from the fourteenth century AD to the late sixteenth century is called the Old Assamese Language Age. There are two periods in the history of Assamese literature: the Pre-Shankari era and the Shankari era. There is a simplification of consonants and a lack of distinction between short and long vowels in the Pre-Shankari Assamese language. The Ramayana by the Pre-Shankari poet Madhava Kandali uses plural suffixes such as "gana", "sab", and "choy". For example - "Taragana" (they are), "Amisab" (we are), "papichoy" (sinner) etc.

In the late fifteenth century, Sankaradeva wrote various "geets", "nats", "kavyas", etc. for the purpose of spreading the Vaishnava religion which enriched Assamese literature. He used the Brajavali language in his Bargits and Ankiya Natas. Sankaradeva used a rhythmic prose in his Ankiya Natas and it is the first attempt to create prose in Assamese literature. However, it was only later in the hands of Bhattadev that the Assamese prose was completed who translated the "Bhagavata Purana" and "Bhagavata Gita" into Assamese prose. In that sense, Bhattadeva is considered the father of Assamese prose literature. Madhavadeva, the beloved disciple of Sankaradeva, was one of the greatest writers of the Sankari era. Madhava also used Brajavali language in his plays and Borgeets. Other poets of the Shankari period include Ananta Kandali, Sridhar Kandali, Ram Saraswati and the Panchali poets such as Pitambar Kavi, Durgabar, Manakar and Sukabi Narayana. The language of these writers preserves traces of the ancient Assamese language. It is noteworthy that the poets of the Shankari period inherited a certain literary form and rhythm of the Assamese language from the PreShankari poets.



## Medieval Assamese Language –

The Middle era is mainly the period of development of Assamese prose literature. This is the first time that a new form of Assamese language and literature has emerged. "Katha Gurucharit", "Katha Ramayana", history and many other books of practical knowledge were written in this period. In the seventeenth century, the language was transferred to the court of the Ahom kingdom, where it became the state language. The proselytising Eksarana religion converted many Bodo-Kachari people and many new Assamese speakers of Tibetan-Burman languages emerged. In addition to ancient prose of religious biographies and magical seals, secular prose of various styles such as medicine, astrology, mathematics, dance, and music emerged during this period. Most importantly, this was also when the Assamese developed a standard prose among the Buranjis —diplomatic writings in documents relating to the Ahom state, administrative records and general history. The language of the Buranjis is almost modern with some minor differences in grammar and with a pre-modern orthography. Assamese plural suffixes (-bar, -hat) and conjunctive inflection (-go: catch-go; -hi: pale-hi, baril-hi) become well established.

## Modern Assamese Language –

The era of the Assamese language from the nineteenth century to the present is called the modern Assamese language era. In the last few decades of the six-hundred-year Ahom Empire, political unrest in Assam paralyzed social and economic life. There is also a disaster in the field of Assamese language and culture. In 1836, the British Government introduced Bengali in Assam for the convenience of governance. They expelled Assamese from schools, courts, etc. and introduced Bangla instead. The Baptist Mission Society of America arrived in Assam in such a dark time of Assamese language. In 1846, the first Assamese monthly newspaper, **Arunodoi**, was born through their efforts. The newspaper Arunodoi strengthened the foundation of the Assamese language and literature. In 1873, the Assamese language was re-established in schools and courts in Assam through the efforts of conscious persons and missionaries. The Assamese language moved towards modernity from the Arunodoi's page

. There are many people who have been involved in the development of the Assamese language and literature, including Chandra Kumar Agrawala, Hemchandra Goswami, Lakshminath Bezbaruah and others. They founded the "Axomiya Bhaxa Unnati Xadhini Xobha" in Calcutta in 1888. The Jonaki newspaper was published in 1889 as the mouthpiece of this meeting. The Jonaki newspaper introduced Western-born romanticism to Assamese literature and a new trend flowed in Assamese poetry. There are also short stories and novels written in Assamese. There are various newspapers and magazines published in Assamese language in this era. The language used in Arunodoi gradually changed and the Assamese language took on a new form suitable for literature. The indescribable devastation of World War II (1939) caused political, social and economic problems around the world. Morality died in society and values began to decline. During this difficult time of the Great War, the Assamese language and literature entered a new path of development through disasters. In the post-war period, innovations were added to the field of Assamese poetry. Instead of the romantic poetry that entered Assamese literature through the Jonaki newspaper, it became the religion of contemporary poets to open all the doors and windows of their minds to the open air of the world. It was during this period that new ideas emerged in various fields of literature as well as poetry.

Literature began to express freely the various problems of society from a realistic perspective and language became more realistic. In addition, new words from different languages enrich and express the vocabulary of the Assamese language. With the change of time, the expressiveness of the Assamese language gradually increased.

Many people have been working hard since ancient times for the development of the Assamese language. We will always be grateful to those distinguished personalities and writers in this regard. There are many new writers who have enriched the repository of the Assamese language through their literature in the last few decades. Dr. Nagen Saikia, Rita Chowdhury, Anuradha Sharma Pujari, Lakshminandan Borah and others are worth mentioning. Recently, on May 11, 2022, Google added the Assamese language to Google Translate. It was a great achievement for the Assamese language and the Assamese community. From the discussion, we can say that the Assamese language is moving in step with the languages of the present world.

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The first novel ever written on a typewriter was Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain.

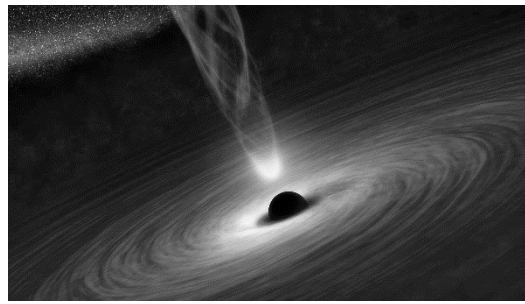
# BLACK HOLE: THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT IN OUR UNIVERSE

- Madhusmita Saikia

1<sup>st</sup> sem

Black hole, cosmic body of extremely intense gravity from which nothing, not even light can escape. A black hole can be formed by the death of a massive star. When such a star has exhausted the internal thermonuclear fuels in its core at the end of its life, the core becomes unstable and gravitationally collapses inward upon itself, and the star's outer layer is blown away. The crushing weight of a constituent matter falling in from all sides compresses the dying star to a point of zero volume and infinite density called the singularity.

Because there is no light in black holes, we cannot see them. But the scientists can detect the immense gravity and radiation around them. They are the most mysterious objects in astronomy. Scientist think that the first black holes were formed when the universe began about 13 billion years ago.



Albert Einstein was the first scientist to predict that black holes existed. But it was in 1971 that the first black hole was actually discovered. Black hole can have various sizes. Some may be even as small as an atom. But they all have one thing in common- a very large mass.

## **There are three kinds of black holes:**

- i. A stellar occurs when very large stars burn away the rest of the fuel that they have, and collapse. It is so massive that several of our suns can fit stellar because its too small.
- ii. Supermassive are the largest and the most dominating black holes in our universe. They have masses of a million or more suns put together. Every galaxy has a super massive in its centre. As they become larger and they pull in more material. The black hole at the centre of our milky way is four million times as massive as our sun and surrounded by very hot gas.
- iii. Intermediate black holes have not been found yet but scientists think they probably exist. They have the mass of between a hundred and a thousand suns.

## **A black hole consists of three parts:**

- i. The outer event horizon is the farthest away from the centre. Gravity here is not so strong and you would be able to escape from it.

- ii. The inner event horizon is the middle part of a black hole. In this an object would be slowly pulled to the centre.
- iii. The singularity is the centre of a black hole, where gravity is strongest.

“I am.” is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

# DISCONTENT AND DEPRESSION

Annprasanna Kashyap

5<sup>th</sup> semester

Each and every person around the globe must have experienced sadness or depression at some points in their lives. Discontent can be termed as the silent killer, as it takes away the lives without sympathy, warning or any punishment. In true sense, it is one of the most prominent mental illnesses in the earth.

Discontent or sadness is normally a human emotion. There are a lots of events or incidents that lead people to a zone of sadness and discontent. Loss of self-satisfaction, financial troubles, loss or absence of loved one, unrefined home condition take people into a situation where they become unable to overcome the very situation. These are some sorts of discontents and illnesses that finally lead a human being into a state of extreme depression.

It is a mental disorder. By dominating one's normal mental state, it eventually changes one's behaviour and attitude. In such a situation, discontentment leads one to a final sphere of depressed mind and finally he/she attempts blank soul or absent mind, they stop spending time with their family, pursuing their hobbies too. This occurs due to the lack of capacity inability to focus on their works or It is worth mentioning that a single someone to the state of sadness. mixture of failed or lost events or to the zone of discomfort or discontent and finally push towards the world of depression, from where getting back is not impossible but not also so easy. It might take long period of time to return back to the normal, fruitful life.



Due to their consequently stop friends as well as kind of dissatisfaction and capability and make decisions as well. event hardly pushes There must be a factors which take one

But it isn't completely impossible to come out of a depressed mind. To come out of it, one must stay connected to others, specially to his/her closed ones. They have to reach out to family and friends who can offer them encouragement and fresh, honest feedback.

Apart from that they should share their problems with their constant companions so that their level of depression decreases. Moreover they must turn around negative thoughts and should set positive goals rather than taking harmful decisions. Even though mental dissatisfaction, discontent, sadness, grief take a person to the extreme level of depression, still with focused aim, positive thinking and positive mental strength one can overcome the state of depression and rise.

# VALUE OF TIME

Himdri Hazarika

1<sup>st</sup> semester

Time is the most important factor for the progress of human beings. Time is running continuously. Time once gone is gone forever. It never comes back. Time gives equal opportunity to all. It doesn't see poor or rich, young or old, healthy or sick etc. It is equally important for all. Time and tide wait for no man. Time is precious. We can buy everything with our money but time can't be bought.

Time can be divided into present, past and future. Past is past. It has already gone. We should learn from the past experience. Present is important for us. If we utilize the present time properly, our future will automatically become bright. So we should not waste our present time.

We should not waste our time by doing unnecessary things like playing cards, gossiping about other people, watching films etc. We should utilize our time by doing creative works like reading good books, helping our hard etc. We have to use our time us to failure and grief. Some don't realize the importance of their valuable time, which is a be idle. We should always be important for students. They valuable time properly. Those students who utilize their time wisely, will be great persons in future. They should make the routine and spend their valuable time accordingly. Teachers should teach the students about value of time. Our life is very short. We have to do a lot of things in a limited span of time. So, we must utilize our time properly.



family members, working wisely. Loss of time leads people are foolish. They time. They are wasting great loss. We should not active. Time is more should utilize their

## Feminism and its importance

Himadree Borah

5<sup>th</sup> Semester

Feminism is a movement to end sexism, sexist exploitation and oppression. Feminism in its true sense means gender equality. Feminism is the belief that there should be social, economic and political equality for all genders.

The term 'feminism' first entered English toward the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, it meant "feminine qualities or character", a sense no longer in use. However, toward the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, both FEMINISM and FEMINIST unambiguously took on their modern meanings related to equal rights for women. Activists of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century, now considered to be first wave feminists, campaigned for women's right to vote, or suffrage, and members of the movement were known as suffragettes.

The word feminism can be a scary and confusing word to some. Many people believe that feminism means hating men or wanting everything – this could not be Chomas! Feminism simply means women are equal, neither is neither should be treated with – everyone should be equal on all



women to rule over further from the truth believing that men and better than the other and more respect than the other levels, simple as that.

To understand what feminism is, what not feminism is . Faminism

it is crucial to understand as laid by many does not

mean giving more impotence to women than men, women are better than men or only their voices have to be heard. Feminism is not about disrespecting men or hating men. Feminism is not a movement which aims to eliminate men, but to break the patriarchal values which exist in society. It does not go against men but it goes against the ideas which advocate male supremacy in the society.

The word 'feminist' is misunderstood majorly because it has 'fem' in it. People think that the word is only for women. The word just because it has 'fem' in it does not mean it only stands for women's rights. Much like the words 'Human' or 'Mankind' do not relate to men only and can be used for all genders, 'Feminism' is for all genders too. Feminism as a movement has meant so much over the years. But the movement never went on to be anti -male. We need to clarify here that sexism is the issue. And that clarification makes us note that all of us, both female and male, were socially conditioned to embrace sexist thinking and behaviour since birth. As a result, women might be just

as sexist as men. And although this does not defend or validate male dominance, it does mean that for feminist theorists it would be misguided and incorrect to view the campaign as being biased against men, just because it stands for women's rights.

**It's importance:** While feminist movement is about achieving equality for both men and women, it still is important to realise the women experience more inequalities than men. Women have seen for many years as being inferior or weaker than males. We live in a society in which genders are still far from equal, serving to harm males and females equally. Whereas we believe feminism is a positive movement that keeps bringing positive social change to society, some are still unconvinced. The feminist movement that exists today is more diverse than ever. Feminism is now more observant to the wider set of perspectives of those who are oppressed by gender norms and roles, including males, non- binary and transgender people.

Feminism allows equal opportunities for both sexes. Gender roles can be harmful to both men and women. The popular belief is that women and girls are meant to take care of the home while boys and men are meant to go out and provide for the family. This is the reality that many girls around the world face. They are restricted simply based on their gender. It is also unfair to place pressure on boys to fulfill certain roles that are based on their gender. Feminism is about allowing both boys and girls the freedom to do what they want and making sure that people are not held back by gender roles and expectations whether it be at home, at school, in the workplace or in parliament. From this point of view feminism is very important for our society.

We can't call ourselves feminists yet deny boys the right to show their emotions. Whatever we teach young girls, we should teach young boys the same things. Girls and boys should be given the same responsibilities and learn to equal challenges so that they both know that they are capable of achieving anything they want. We need to stop saying that there are 'male' and 'female' jobs. Whatever opportunities there are available for men, there should be equal opportunities for women. Feminism should not be seen as a horrible word. The sooner we fully understand what it means, the quicker our efforts towards making equal opportunities available for both males and females.

The longest English word without a vowel is – rhythm.

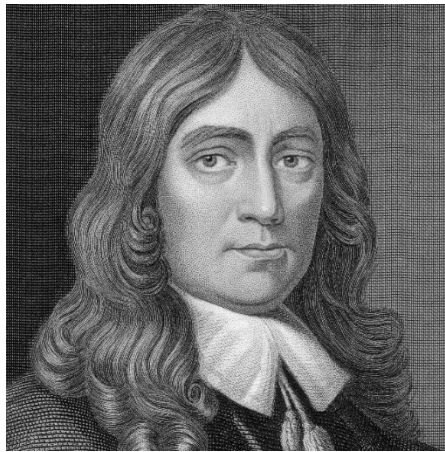


# The Age of Milton and His Works

Mondita Buragohain.

5th Semester.

John Milton is the most famous as well as a preeminent literary figure, who is also considered as the greatest English poet, second after Shakespeare in the history of English literature. He was born in London, in Bread Street, Cheapside, on 9th December, 1608, and died on 8th November, 1674. "The age of Milton" is also known as "The Puritan Age". It is considered to exist between 1625 and 1674. The reason, why this age named after Milton, is that he dominated this period alone. During the period, Puritan standards prevailed in England and the greatest literary John Milton was a Puritan. He was poet who served as a civil servant also under Oliver Cromwell. He is first known his religious epic poems the "Paradise Lost"(1667). It was written in blank verse and even today, it is considered as the greatest work of English literature. It was the time when everyone was fighting and struggling for liberty. The Civil War was also at its peak during this period. There were two kinds of people:— one, who were favouring the king and the others, who were opposing the king. These all contemporary king James 1st. The period was very unstable. This was could establish them. Oliver succeed in making England main feature of the age of Milton is a moral and social force. It was filled religious strike it is filled it political Civil War, the triumph of Puritanism



"History of English Literature"

a famous literary figure, throughout the centuries. He totally dedicated his life to literature. It is convenient to consider his works as well as his career into three divisions. The first period of his career is his youth and education when he wrote his famous personal elegy "Lycidas" in 1637. In this period, he also wrote his shorter poems at Horton. "L'Allegro"(The Happy Man) and "Il Penseroso"(The Thoughtful Man) both were famous poems by Milton. Milton's second stage is considered of prose writings as well as also prose pamphlets on political and social controversies of his time as like as church affairs, divorce, freedom etc. Notably, the divorce pamphlet were mainly the result of his own hasty marriage to Marry Pawell, a girl of seventeen. His best work is probably the "Areipagitica" written in 1644. Milton is the most familiar for his last period, his last fourteen years of life, when he composed his major poems namely, "Paradise Lost" in 1667, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, followed by "Samson Agoniste" in 1671. "Paradise Lost" consisting of the story of Adam and Eve, the parents of human being and their failure to keep God's commands, is considered one of the greatest Epics among the years. Besides these, Milton's literary genius covers a vast scope.

were because of the political situation of this the reason that no ruler Cromwell also did not Democratic country. The the growth of Puritanism as with the political and and religious strike –the and Restoration. In the Milton is greatly known as

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## WOMEN EMPOWERMENT

-Priyanka Das  
1st semester

"Be the heroine of your life,  
not the victim"

Women Empowerment is a combination of two words 'women' and 'empowerment'. Empowerment means giving power and opportunity. So, Women Empowerment means to ensure equal rights to women. Women Empowerment is all about making women socially, financially, politically independent. Women Empowerment promotes gender equality in the society. And empowerment of women helps them to take their own decisions with respect to life and family. Women are the basic blocks of society, if we empower women, we are also empowering society. Women Empowerment gives equal opportunities for employment, education and economic development to women and also helps to fight against domestic violence.



In the ancient times, women were treated very badly by their family and society. There were several issues like not giving them education for being a women, bound to do household tasks, there prevailed Sati system, no widow remarriage, 'bal vivah', devadasi system and they had to go through gender discrimination, harassment, sexual abuse and much more. But now, government has launched some schemes like "*Beti Bachao Beti Padhao*", "*Nari Shakti Puraskar*". "NIRBHAYA" etc. And there are women who have become role models of empowerment, for example - Mother Teresa, Indira Gandhi, Kalpana Chawla, Mary Kom, etc.

There are various ways of how one can empower a woman, the people and government both must come together to make it happen. They must give equal education opportunities and make it compulsory so that women can become educated to make a living for themselves. Furthermore, they must be paid equally. Moreover, laws must be made stringent for crimes against women.

Women Empowerment, in the true sense, will be achieved only when there is a change of attitudes in society with regard to women by treating them with proper respect, dignity, fairness and equality.

## PAINTING : PAST AND PRESENT

➤ Sampritee Bharadwaj  
1<sup>st</sup> semester



Painting is the oldest art form of all arts. We find that art of painting has been created since the advent of humans in the world. Painting was first used by primitive humans as a medium of thought and language of the mind. Images are symbolic. It is from these symbols that aesthetic beauty, and the imagination of the divine power, and various images to express the feelings of the mind are born. It is from these symbols that the scripts began. In other parts of the world dating back to many thousands of years ago, as well as in the Bhimvetka caves in India, pictures of animals, hunters, and dancing human beings can be seen. From these cave paintings, it can be studied the way of life of the primitives. From the cave paintings we see the cradle of primitive human life, innovative energy, experience from nature, fear of the influence of divine power, food habits, cultural art of dancing etc.

Painting has brought aesthetic beauty as well as human history from Palaeolithic Age, Stone Age, Neolithic Age and medieval to modern era. Primitive humans living in cave made clay pots for the preparation of food along with painting in the caves. Later in place of these they entered the metal age using metals in order to live.

From nature and other natural calamities, primitives found the existence of God and began the work of drawing imaginary images of various God and Goddesses. They learnt to make colours from different sources of nature to paint these images.

Time is dynamic. It is because of this dynamic that many changes have taken place in the human minds. Change is a characteristic feature. The change has brought different art styles. Many civilisations have been formed. Ex- Harappan, Indus, Egyptian, Chinese civilization etc.

Modern art can be seen to have a great influence on the art of the historical era. It originated from the art, literature and music of the past. The first creation of human race is the art of painting. In the same way, the present situation has been achieved in the evolution of thousands of years since the Palaeolithic era. Various movements of painting have been made significant contributions to literature, drama, fiction, etc. As a result of the combinations of the present and the past and the experiment of art, a new art movement was created. The art movement has brought about a tide in the intellectual world of the universe. Its far-reaching impact was on India as well. This movement has made the artists of India enthusiastic and courageous. Hope this effect is elevated to a timeless future.

Gender equality is a human right, but our world faces a persistent gap in access to opportunities and decision-making power for women and men. Globally, women have fewer opportunities for economic participation than men, less access to basic and higher education, greater health and safety risks, and less political representation.

Guaranteeing the rights of women and giving them opportunities to reach their full potential is critical not only for attaining gender equality, but also for meeting a wide range of international development goals. Empowered women and girls contribute to the health and productivity of their families, communities, and countries, creating a ripple effect that benefits everyone.

The word gender describes the socially-constructed roles and responsibilities that societies consider appropriate for men and women. Gender equality means that men and women have equal power and equal opportunities for financial independence, education, and personal development. Women's empowerment is a critical aspect of achieving gender equality. It includes increasing a woman's sense of self-worth, her decision-making power, her access to opportunities and resources, her power and control over her own life inside and outside the home, and her ability to effect change. Yet gender issues are not focused on women alone, but on the relationship between men and women in society. The actions and attitudes of men and boys play an essential role in achieving gender equality.



Education is a key area of focus. Although the world is making progress in achieving gender parity in education, girls still make up a higher percentage of out-of-school children than boys. Approximately one quarter of girls in the developing world do not attend school. Typically, families with limited means who cannot afford costs such as school fees, uniforms, and supplies for all of their children will prioritize education for their sons. Families may also rely on girls' labor for household chores, carrying water, and childcare, leaving limited time for schooling. But prioritizing girls' education provides perhaps the single highest return on investment in the developing world. An educated girl is more likely to postpone marriage, raise a smaller family, have healthier children, and send her own children to school. She has more opportunities to earn an income and to participate in political processes.

A final area of focus in attaining gender equality is women's economic and political empowerment. Though women comprise more than 50% of the world's population, they only own 1% of the world's wealth. Throughout the world, women and girls perform long hours of unpaid domestic work. In some places, women still lack rights to own land or to inherit property, obtain access to credit, earn income, or to move up in their workplace, free from job discrimination. At all levels, including at home and in the public arena, women are widely underrepresented as decision-makers. In legislatures around the world, women are outnumbered 4 to 1, yet women's political participation is crucial for achieving gender equality and genuine democracy.

Globally, no country has fully attained gender equality. Scandinavian countries like Iceland, Norway, Finland, and Sweden lead the world in their progress toward closing the gender gap. In these countries, there is relatively equitable distribution of available income, resources, and opportunities for men and women. The greatest gender gaps are identified primarily in the Middle East, Africa, and South Asia. However, a number of countries in these regions, including Lesotho, South Africa, and Sri Lanka outrank the United States in gender equality.

Therefore, we must try to remove the gender issues in our society because gender inequality results in unequal opportunities, and while it impacts on the lives of both genders, statistically it is girls that are the most disadvantaged

# GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Azima Ashrafi Rohman

Ex-student

In general, literature is the mirror of a society. Literature represents what is happening in a society. Generally, people think that in literature, students only study about poetry, drama, novel etc. But is it true? How far is it acceptable for English literature students? English literature is not a subject only about poems, novels and dramas. It has a vast range of knowledge. This English literature is inter related to every aspects of the society like political, social, cultural, psychological, philosophical etc. Therefore, we can say that through English literature, we can't acquire only the knowledge of English poetry, novel, drama etc. Beyond these aspects students can learn about every time period of a writing piece, from Anglo Saxon period to Post Modern period and each times political, cultural, social, psychological aspects also.

So, English literature is able to give us knowledge about different aspects altogether.



Sherlock Holmes is the most portrayed character in film history, being played by more than 70 actors.

## Poesy on the top

## Mother Nature

Bharghav Jyoti Gogoi  
1st Semester

The whirling wind budes round and round,  
Kissing the tree leaves,  
And makes a splendid sound.  
The people uttering some pleasurable songs,  
The lovely trees swinging deliberately,  
And birds and butterflies flapping charmingly.  
The brook moving with a pleasant sound,  
Hits the shores with a gentle tapping.  
The fishes swimming quietly in the brook,  
Moving across the fisherman's hook.  
Flowers blooming on the pasture,  
Bees buzzing around and stinging enjoyably.  
The mother nature is appealing,  
And everyone relishes it.



## BY YOUR SIDE

Joyshree Rajkumari  
1st semester

Be interested ,  
Life is all about your thoughts,  
Which make you, as per your wish,  
But.....  
Not to think about negative thoughts  
Which also disturb you,  
And to try,  
To be focused on one thing,  
How to achieve your aim,  
What gives you an identity,  
By your side,  
To do your best,  
To be honest,  
And to see yourself in your dream.  
To be a great woman,  
To succeed in your life...  
To try,  
By your side.



# TWO WAYS

— Amarjyoti Konwar

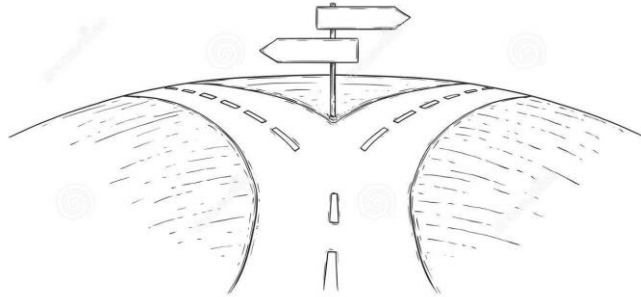
5<sup>th</sup> semester

Two ways,  
How it could have gone,  
One - a loss or a lesson  
One can keep as a memory  
Or tell the world its beauty.

Two ways,  
How monsoon strike on,  
As a shower of rain  
Or some teardrops to drain  
Still life, it goes on.

From night to day,  
From season to season,  
That's how time goes on

Two Ways  
It could have gone.  
Let's just move on.



## CAPTURED

Gyanoshree Gogoi  
3<sup>rd</sup> sem

The words, the lines that suffuse my mind  
Along a series of imaginations  
Of being in a world far above from the ground  
Freed my soul from the labyrinth.

Wonders mingling with rapture unfurls my body.  
The pages I stared  
Stared me back at me with its consoling eyes.

I sniffed the smell within the old book  
Smell full of desires and ties of promises  
Which compels me to hold it twice  
Opening a way to my soul.

## AUTUMN'S ARRIVAL

Kongkon Bezbaruah

- 1<sup>st</sup> semester



Autumn has arrived  
The rumbling monsoon rains are gone,  
Gone are the scorching summer days,  
Mother nature has come to the town.

She now flaunts her majestic beauty,  
Showing off her golden hues,  
Leaves fall towards the ground gently  
As the chilly breeze blows

It is now time,  
To be clad in full sleeves.  
To be fond of the pleasant weather,  
To enjoy the season of festives.

Oh, how the change of seasons,  
Changes my feelings.  
How the peace and quiet of autumn,  
Makes the year more appealing.

## LIFE

Najmin Sultana Rahman

3<sup>rd</sup> semester

Some say life has a mystery  
Some say life creates history  
But no one knows  
Actually what is life???..May be...  
Life is a journey from birth till death  
Where we create adventure to find ourselves  
Or maybe it's that advance  
Of Sadness and happiness  
Where we learn the worst thing or the best thing  
And the worst adventure makes us strong to overcome  
Or the best advance creates it's moments  
Also the journey shows us new faces in it's path way  
Where some are with us to teach what we are,  
Or Where we learned when someone left us.  
Life is a journey of learning ourselves

## HER

-Palabi Handique  
5<sup>th</sup> semester

Everytime I miss you, I see her face  
with so of much pain hiding inside  
Can't tell you how helpless i feel,  
I want to tell her  
that she's the strongest women I have ever seen  
I always wanted to write  
so much about her, but words fell less  
For what i actually want to express



I have seen her crying  
While standing in front your photo frame,  
and wiping tears quietly recalling all  
those memories,  
From waiting for you to come home  
after months, to now sitting alone  
realising that  
This "waiting" to have some glimpses  
again will now never get to see the end

Being the elder one i have seen everything  
How she had been nurturing us  
alone from the starting,  
Still never expressed her loneliness  
though she felt it more often

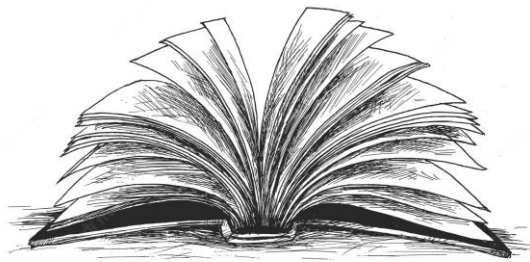
Who her?  
Been with me since the day  
I stepped into this world  
I was a part of her body once  
Calling it home of nine months  
I felt more loved when  
she told me that, having me in her womb  
Was the most beautiful phase for her,  
When she got to know  
from a woman now she's going to be a mother.

## Since you left

- Palabi Handique  
5<sup>th</sup> semester

The reality of this world is harsh  
everyone wants to be heard  
but no one wants to listen,  
it's easy to walk off, run?  
But it means the whole lot, when you  
Sit next and hold on to the words.

Those words need an ear  
Those lonely nights need  
a conversation,  
Sometimes its hard to talk alone  
yes, it is and now guess what  
those fireflies also got bored of me,  
Gave hours to stars, to the moon  
In search of you, father  
'Cause when the hours of darkness  
were full of blue devils  
Your presence was the little  
murmur of relief  
sounds like am complaining  
But since you left, this what i realised.



## Unwritten book

Syeda Sabana Faizil

5<sup>th</sup> sem

I too wanna fill the blank pages,  
Of that unwritten book  
With thoughts of mine  
The thoughts that come while  
Passing the silent roads, or  
While hearing the sounds of  
The busy road in a sleepless night.  
But a slow miss  
can only hope to do so.  
I too wanna fill the blank pages  
Of that unwritten book.

# Defining Love

Kowshik deka

5<sup>th</sup> sem

The first time of her sweetly pouring vision to my eyes was so special,  
That instant unique sensation of shivers,  
I felt was real .

The sun bouncing off her face,  
made her eyes sparkle like stars in the midnight sky,  
That dazzling beauty softly striking my heart,  
in love making it glide high.

Among the twinkling stars,  
it has been you whom my sight kept longing for,  
Affection for you grew illimitable,  
just like the flow of waves towards the shore.

Opened up new pathways defining love,  
lovingly dreams came along,  
My heart longed for walks with her hand in mine,  
softly humming her favourite song.  
Being with that exceptional one,  
you love and your soul cares for,  
Life just happens to be sweet and make your heart soar.

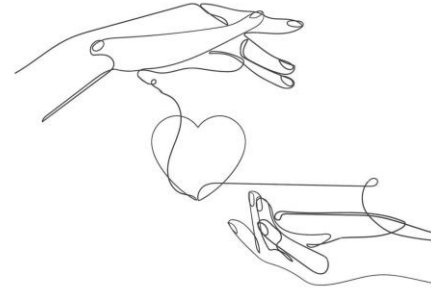
Her presence flows to me adding positive hopes and values to my existence,  
Seeing her smile and listening to her words,  
A feeling of utmost exhilaration and bliss is what I sense.

My wounded heart longed-  
For love and you were to its cure,  
Loving you to infinity and beyond,  
being unable to resist your allure.

Those short sweet gossips and laughs along,  
Is why my broken inner self smiled for,  
As if everything was she already aware of,  
what my heart needed and craved for.

Now as I see myself,  
I still have those dreams, same hopes, same longing  
Same wish to eternally attach with her soul,  
But the only change I can see which luckily makes me grin,  
Letting the sorrows fade and her warmth encircling my restless soul.

Yes she came in,  
pleasing my heart with enormously love filled miracle,  
She resembled dew to a withered leaf,  
with her touch creating that magical sparkle.



## The constellation

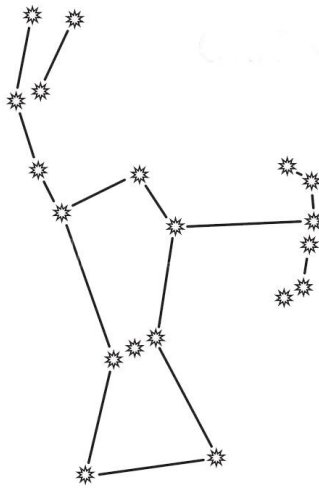
- Parikhith Konwar

3rd semester

A world which is amorphous,  
It shapes at the time of  
Being solitude.  
Exhausted body gets relaxed.  
Broken heart tries to mend itself .  
Curious mind excites.  
And exceptionally obtain  
The inner individual,  
Hiding for a long .

People say being solitude  
Apprise of being sad.  
They are perplexed  
In the state of hypocrisy .  
Whether the reality  
Is Only you .  
Solitude will introduce one day  
Everything you are escaping  
The people , the things.....  
Not exact as we think .  
It's prodigious ,  
Cause even for a second  
It comes to you .

Dreams , desires light up  
You find the path in solitude .  
A smile comes ,  
Bundle of tulip shine in the heart like  
' The constellation .'



## Mother & Daughter

-Raagini Gogoi.

-3rd Semester.

Nurtured by time,  
through the highs and the lows,  
The love they share  
strengthens and grows,

And both turn more patient  
as days become years,  
Growing older and wiser  
through happiness and tears.



They cling to each other  
in times of despair,  
Taking comfort in knowing  
that the other one's there,  
Providing support with  
a look or a touch,  
It's the littlest things  
that means so much.

They're Mother and Daughter  
and right from the start,  
They're forever joined  
in a place of the heart,  
And a lifetime of love  
they willingly give.

## A new beginning

Sneha Borah  
1<sup>st</sup> semester

The morning is a new beginning  
With a new path of hopes  
Journey of abundant dreams  
Though, away from home  
Making this rented room into home  
Though, the heart is heavy  
But I used to laughed crazy  
Yes, this is hard  
But, I have to conquer this war  
Yes, this is a new beginning.

# HUNGER

Rutuja Deori

Ex-student

“Saheb! My kids have not eaten since the last two days.  
Please give me something.  
They are really small. God will bless you with more fortune.”  
And after the scorching heat of the long day,  
a ten-rupee note has finally fallen  
from a car upon her twilight palm.

HUNGER...

The strong desire to eat,  
Which can even turn the richest man into a thief.  
And if not him, then for his kids.

All the more tempted to taste the ‘forbidden fruit’  
Sometimes with dreams;  
Sometimes with revenge  
Yet other times to fill the stomach with real food.  
Stomach satisfied by sound food;  
Make even the evil commit good deeds.  
Hunger fulfilled by dreams  
Brings joy which surrounds the world with peace and new hopes.  
While the unfulfilled ones engrave deep low self esteem,  
bitter betrayals and petty jealousies.  
But, the hunger of the ‘forbidden fruit’ is reflected on—  
the isolated streets at the dusky lands!!

Already seen shutting doors from everywhere in front of her face;  
Gulping down the tears of unfortunately not finding any escape...  
rather, torture and pain.  
After all, she doesn’t want the life of torn clothes,  
without education for her kids.  
Pathetic becomes the situation.  
When she was forced to drape fancy sarees and short dresses to lure men,  
Putting seducing smile on her pretty make-up filled face;  
Holding her heart tight,  
knocking the door of a Benz car.  
Where, the owner was ogling at the eye candy  
with smirking smile to offer her a ride;

So she finally asked —  
“ Saheb! Five thousand for one night.”  
Because she had children to look after,  
For which a ten-rupee note would not be enough.





# DEAR KRISHNA

Sukanya Konwar

- 1<sup>st</sup> semester

Spreading light's in the age of danger.  
You're my favourite mythological character!  
In this society of hatred,.  
You always restore my hope of being  
The most fascinated God of all!!  
Ohh!! my dear priest of love.  
How to appreciate your pure beauty?  
Dressed in "Pitambara" adorned with "Vajrayanti mala".  
And the gorgeous peacock feather on your forehead!  
The avatar destined for duty and  
you're white purity in a blue beauty!



Beloved Krishna,  
your boyhood full of adventure with cow herds;  
Playing jolly tricks with people of Gokul and Vrindavan!!  
Puckish Kanhaiya Lal, your love for butter  
made you mukhan chor!  
Extremely pleasing you're, O Murali!  
Mystical flute-play inviting nature,.  
Inviting hundreds of Gopis and colourful bird's...  
dancing to your Rasa- Leela!  
Fills the heart of people with enthusiasm and  
bliss brings heaven to our mother earth!  
You truly are the hero of Radha- Rani; she smiles winningly!  
If there is something called "hope"  
then I definitely ask "When will you come??".  
And at last, approach to my prayer I beg you  
"If life becomes a war, you always be the comrade,  
till the end of time... MY SHYAM...!!!"

## Radiant Moon

-Pranjal Bezboruah

Ex-student

I have returned  
aimlessly wandering  
across the stillness areas  
following the moon's orbit  
where only the white heron  
live in the open fields.



I follow the zigzag moon with  
the immortal creatures of the  
deep night.  
sometimes I see an unilluminated  
mirage dancing in the dark sky.  
Her points are clear, pirouetting  
off into blackness.

I gaze her,  
In the spaces between the stars  
and the moon and me.  
Indistinctly drawing circles  
over the frozen sights  
once upon a time.

A homecoming of arcane delights  
a sea of looks bright yellow.  
we crave our nomes into  
an inner plate.  
Where light shines out and  
words emerge like crawlers in  
the ground.

And whenever she dances,  
when she poses to dance  
the green leaves, colourful  
butterflies and the worms  
follow her.

## THE LABYRINTH

Deepanwita Borpatrogohain  
3<sup>rd</sup> semester

The toughest aspect of the universe,  
The "Labyrinth "  
The series of complicated paths.

Will I ever make it?  
And solve this riddle,  
The labyrinth of my life.

Where did it all begin?  
And when will it end?  
The labyrinth, of course,  
Is strangely tangled, yet beautiful.  
That something, something about it  
Makes it mesmerizing.

I wonder when will I ever overcome this labyrinth of mine  
And reach the end of it.  
But life has still so much  
That I want to cherish  
And forget about all the worries  
And labyrinth is oddly one of them

Let me embrace you  
O labyrinth!  
The hold that you have on me,  
On everyone else.  
Help me to walk upon it  
And one day, I hope to see the way out of it.



## I won't say that I love you

Baishali Das Gupta

5<sup>th</sup> semester

I won't say that I love you  
because I've said it too much  
I won't say that I melt with your touch  
I won't tell you that I miss you  
I won't tell you that I'm true  
because all that you already knew

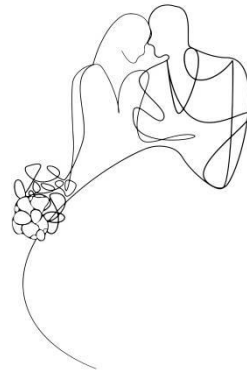
I won't tell you that I'm yours  
And that to you I belong  
because I feel that you are bored from this long song  
I won't tell you that I love you in despair  
because I feel that you really don't care  
And that you now have her

Each day I promise and bet  
That about you I must forget  
And when we met  
All the promises were broken  
And about that I always regret

And again I tell you that I love you  
Again I say I miss you  
Again I tell you that I'm yours  
And to you I belong  
Though I'm sure that this is wrong

But I can't stop loving you  
I can't stop my feelings  
I just want to stay one day with you  
Not to talk.. but only to hear

To hear from you that you love me  
And to feel that you're clear  
To feel you near  
To hear that you will take away my fear  
Will this day ever come? !



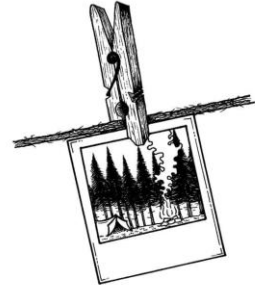
## Memories and we

Sukanya Duwarah  
5<sup>th</sup> semester

The euphoria of blended emotions,  
Enveloping the warm bouquet of my memories.  
They say memories stay with us forever,  
I say memories force us to stay forever.

Wrapped amidst the arms of tortured souls,  
Memories keep us alive, the throbbing sensation—  
Is a ride of uptown whirlpools,  
Drastically feeding on our souls.

Aren't they tenacious for metaphors?  
Sunken vestige that inundates their shallow pride;  
Often deviates our mind from the fact—  
Memories also burn us alive.



## Stitches

Devoleena Dey  
5<sup>th</sup> sem

Can't help but think about the past  
Wonder how long it'll last  
Never known anything louder than anxiety  
While I count my days watching 'Dead Poets Society'  
'Depression"- this word cost me twelve years of my life  
Stabbing me like the blade of a knife  
Is it so hard to be happy, is it so hard to be not miserable?  
Maybe in an alternate universe it is possible  
While everyone else is living their life in colour  
Depression froze me and made me duller  
Some days were good, then some days were bad  
I wanted to live, I was just afraid.  
I screamed in my head, I cannot endure anymore of this pain  
But then I wonder – 'What is dead may not die again'  
I tried to escape reality by swingin' high  
God, I wish to be with someone I wouldn't wanna die.  
Why do I let my mind get under my skin?  
Little do they know the traumas I've been hiding in the occult circles of my eyes within.  
Wish the broken ends of my life would stitch  
But now it all hurts having a hitch.

Let's ride the Fictional train to ImaginStation...

## THE LAST LETTER

➤ Deepanwita Borpatrogohain  
3<sup>rd</sup> semester



"Minakshi, a letter has come for you."

Hearing these words Minakshi always rushes happily to receive the letter. Every Sunday she would get a letter from her mother. Her mother has sent her to her aunt's home to study. Her father was a drunkard who always harassed his wife. He even wanted to marry Minakshi off when she was just a thirteen-year-old child. But one day her mother had secretly sent her to her aunt's home with a promise that she would study hard and return to her mother when she becomes successful. With teary eyes, both the mother-daughter parted away. They promised to see each other when Minakshi will take her with her. That was the love Minakshi's mother had for her.

Now it's been thirteen years since she has been living with her rich aunt who was a widow. Her aunt was fond of her and being childless, her aunt took care of her as her own child. Even if her aunt had a child, Minakshi would always be everyone's favourite. It is her kindness, her understanding, her care for others and her diligence as a person, student and daughter, she is the epitome of perfection. She was told that if she studies hard, she can look after her mother and that remained intact with her forever and she studied like crazy with a promise to pay back the limitless support that her aunt gave.

It's been twelve years since her mother sent it to her. Today she has received it again.

"Dear Mina,

You are now twenty-five. I hope you are doing well. Convey my warm greetings to your aunt who is like your mother. Always thank her for the care and support she has given you which can never be paid. Treat her with respect and each and every people who have made your life successful. Eat well, sleep well and always be kind. Never let anyone's misconception of you get in your way. Be brave to walk on your life's path. In your life, you will meet many people who will come as a curse and some

will come to you as blessing, embrace both. Good things are not enough to teach us but sometimes bad timings and failures and people who had tried to disregard teach much more than good things do. Because this is what life is. If you have met someone you like, I hope you give your whole effort and not in halves because efforts make life beautiful. Loving people half-heartedly is never an effort. I hope you make the decisions that are good for you. Take care of yourself. I am blabbering so much, right? Okay! I will finish up my last letter I am writing to you. I just want you to grow up into a bold yet kind woman. You are always beautiful in my eyes and will be forever my beautiful daughter. Sorry for not doing anything as your mother. You have never disappointed me and I am always proud of you. Don't hate you father. Treat him well when you get a job. Bye.

With love

Your mother "

Tears come falling from Minakshi's eyes. "Why is she making me cry. Ma, I have become a professor which you have always wanted. Your daughter is coming tomorrow. This is only the last letter and we will meet tomorrow talking about the letters which are so much special to me because you have written them."

In all these years, these letters have always helped Minakshi in every stage of her life. When things get difficult, she would read them. When she is happy, she reads them. In every moment of her life, these were the letters which held her close to herself. She never writes back to them because her mother told her to do so. Because she knew her father would beat her and will bring Minakshi to marry her off. All these years, her father knew that she had run away with someone. Her mother never brought anything about her since the day Minakshi left the house secretly. Although her aunt knew about it, but she never told it to her, thinking it would only cause her pain.

The next day, Minakshi quietly left a note for her aunt and went to see her mother. She merrily walks out of her car with gifts for her family. Once she reaches, she sees her home. It is still the same and the same yellow curtains. Nothing has changed. Minakshi walks as she shakes and opens the door. No one is there. The home feels so empty. In one corner, she sees a bottle of alcohol crushed in half. She further walks to see and almost her gifts drop from her hands. She sees her father lying and the smell of alcohol coming from him.

"Baba!"



He looks up . "Who are you?"

"Me? I am Minakshi. Your daughter."

"My daughter? Did I have a daughter? Oh....yes. The one which ran away." Her father tries to stands up but again falls back.

"Where is mother?"

"Your mother ? She died . You ungrateful child."

Before her father speaks again, she leaves everything she has and runs off to the post office.

"Uncle, did an aged woman come with a letter in her hand?"

"What letter? No lady came."

"Then I got a letter in this address . I have been getting letters constantly in this address for years."

A boy comes suddenly in the midst of the conversation.

"Are you the one who receives those letters? Such a lucky child. The aunty was a very good person and sadly she died two years ago and, in her place, came another lady. I think she was a widow and she posted the letters after her death. Yesterday I asked with curiosity about how many she will be coming to post at such an old age and she told me this was the last letter. Did you get the last letter?"

Agatha Christie is the best-selling novelist of all time

## Epiphany

➤ Sukanya Duwarah

5<sup>th</sup> semester



The antique blue house stood still amidst the kuccha houses of the village. Anindita opened the *jopona* constructed by three bamboo poles, and entered the campus. Fifteen long years have passed since she last put her foot on this soil. After the family dispute, her father had permanently settled in his workplace in Mumbai. Since then, Anindita grew up consuming the dusty air of the concrete forest, surrounded by crowds of busy people. She had even forgotten how to speak her mother tongue, and developed a fluency in English, Hindi and Marathi. On his deathbed, Mr. Choudhury requested his daughter to visit his old father and ask for forgiveness. Anindita travelled a long road before finally reaching the countryside. She had rightly remembered the blue house situated in Heujpam village, and walked briskly through the long *poduli*.

The old man was sitting on the veranda. Dressed in a white kameez and a white dhoti, accompanied by white hair, Hemkanta Choudhury resembled the epitome of simplicity and purity.

“Koka, I’m Anindita, your granddaughter...”

Hemkanta stared at her for a moment and replied with a smirk, “I’ve recognized you as soon as you set your foot on my campus. Majoni, what has brought you here? In all these 15 years, after that tragic day, has your imbecile father not remembered his birthplace even once?”

He passed the bamboo *murha* towards her and Anindita sat down after a tiring journey. A young married woman came out holding a *bota* with fennel seeds and betel nut. She handed over the *bota* to Anindita, who only picked some fennel seeds and ignored the rest. Just then, a man in shorts and bare body entered the scene holding a fishing net in his hands.

“Chandan, this is my granddaughter, Anindita. Her idiot father left me all alone 15 years ago; today she has visited me after all these years. Please make her feel at home and let her experience the rustic air of our village. Majoni, this is Chandan and she is Monurama, his wife. After your father left me, these two people looked after me and made sure that I stay alive,” Hemkanta spoke in a stiff tone.

Monurama guided her to the guest room and organized the bed. Anindita jumped on to the bed and closed her eyes. The rotating fan couldn’t provide her comfort from the scorching heat. She missed

her own air-conditioned room in her apartment. This house, built of *ikora* walls couldn't provide her the comfort that her pink-themed room in the city did. She also hated the way her grandfather insulted her father. The simple environment of the village didn't make her feel at home. She missed the humdrum of city life. She visited her grandfather at her father's request, who was bashing her father bitterly. She texted her friend Anisha about the tedious village life and the two gossiped about her austere grandfather. A cooling breeze entered the room through the large window, making Anindita fall asleep in no time. Her nap was soon broken off by a loud noise. She ran outside to take a better view of the matter and saw an angry mob gathered outside a small hut.

"This woman is a witch. She has performed black magic over the villagers. We must kill her immediately before she causes any further anguish in the village... Kill her! Kill her!"

Anindita was shocked to hear these words. It was beyond imagination that people were still absorbed with such mindset. She pushed aside the people and held the poor woman by her arms.

"Stop! Stop hitting this lady. Don't you people have an ounce of shame left within you? It is unbelievable that people are still infused in such superstitions. The world has progressed so much and you are still buried under such a disgusting mindset. Only if you had been enlightened with education..."

Anindita continued to express her views to the villagers. After about an hour, the mob finally cooled down and left the place. Anindita succeeded in saving the life of the lady. They thanked her for teaching them a valuable lesson.

"Wish we were educated and progressed like the city folks," one of them muttered. Hemkanta thanked his granddaughter for creating awareness in the village. Anindita was really disgusted by her surroundings. She missed her exciting city life and wanted to leave the village as soon as possible.

"Dinner is ready," Monurama said.

The dinner consisted of rice, *ou tenga dail*, steamed fish wrapped in banana leaf, *aloo pitika*. The food was not spicy but of mixed flavors. Monurama had cooked the dishes specially for Anindita. After dinner, she offered Anindita a relaxing hair oil massage which made her doze off instantly.

The next morning, a phone call woke her up.

"Hello Anindita. I have to share some hot news with you. Your friend Anisha has been selected for the job that you had applied for."

"What? But I was the one who applied for it and the most deserving one. Anisha didn't even tell me that she too applied for it. She knew how badly I wanted to secure this job."

"I've heard that she had paid a lumpsum amount and maintained a physical relationship with the owner. In short, she worked her best to snatch your dream job, Anindita."

Anindita lost her words. Tears started rolling down her cheeks. She had a breakdown, which made Hemkanta and Monurama rush into the room. Hemkanta caressed his granddaughter's face and wiped away her tears,

"What happened, majoni? What makes you so miserable?"

When Anindita explained the entire matter to Hemkanta, he hugged her tightly and laughed.

“Majoni, life is a vast phenomenon. It is bland without such setbacks. You mature only when you face such situations and come in view of people’s real faces. It actually is for the better. 15 years ago, your father wanted to sell this land to a contractor and shift to the city. However, I was adamant about my decision of not to sell our ancestral land. Your idiot father fought me back and left me alone and went to the city in vengeance. Last month the same contractor was arrested for occupying villagers’ lands by fraud and not giving them proper value. I guess your father got the news and hence sent you here to ask for forgiveness. At least I met my granddaughter before my death,” Hemkanta said.

Anindita wiped her tears and began to speak, “Daddy had been regretting since long. A year ago, he was diagnosed with last stage of blood cancer. He wouldn’t make it for long. When I first arrived in this village, I was really repelled and wanted to move back. The mindset of the villagers sickened me to the core. But who am I to complain, when my best friend being an educated person cheated on me? How could I even compare the simple, tranquil rural minds to the cunning evil-minded urbans? I have been showered with love in abundance by strangers during this stay, and my own people betrayed me. I’m sorry koka, I’ve learned my lesson today. The innocent lives here are way better than the hectic city people.”

“Majoni, there is to learn from everyone. There is a fault within every mindset. Rural people need to throw out ill practices that have no scientific background, and urban people need to learn the act of kindness. A successful person is one who finds something to learn from every situation and implies it in their lives. It is your epiphany that life has taught you today- evil exists everywhere, it depends upon us how we view on it.”

Both hugged each other and spent the morning by indulging themselves in revisiting memories from the older times.

All of the roles in Shakespeare’s plays were originally acted by men and boys. In England at that time, it wasn’t proper for females to appear on stage.



"Have you lost your mind? Why don't you think for a second about what will happen after that condition? Why you have aborted your child? Are you a complete woman? You really suck! what is your choice?"

It's all about me and my family. Everyone just asks me too many questions and blames me. So, it's just the beginning. Here I am, Namrata. My family always stood against me and my decisions. Literally, I have aborted my baby, who was blooming in my womb. That's why it's normal, to think that, I am a heartless lady. Yes, everybody thinks like this. Even sometimes I think it too. Who the hell I'm actually??

But everyone should know why I had done that!! Being a human, I can feel the baby's breath. But I can't carry it, because that was an accident between us. Moreover, we only made love. We were not ready and we didn't prepare a plan for having a baby. So how could I carry that one?

First of all I'm not married, secondly, I'm not sure about that condition. Everyone should understand the situation. But no! No one wants to hear me.. And trying to blame me for all the conditions . But they are not blaming my sexual partner. What rubbish..!! Is that only my fault?? And my family.... Wow... What are they doing? Here I'm dying.. And they are busy hiding their shame in front of society. They don't try to hear me. And society!! What a society I belong to. Society only knows and teaches everyone how to ridicule people!

Then what should I do in this moment? Should I commit suicide?? Or should let all go!! 'Cause my family doesn't want to hear me. My sexual partner, I mean my boyfriend left me in the darkness. And society is forcing me to take a terrible decision. So here my life is going to end up.....

**I have ended baby's life to be a good lady. Abortion is not a crime, it's a necessary step for certain conditions. It's not the end of my baby's life it's a step to begin a new life for me. But society is trying to make my first step to be my last step.**

## The Hidden Scientist...

➤ Masumee Saikia.

3rd semester

At the very first, I ignored the man, like any other college students. But some of the students used to tease him with some awkward language. The man used to sit in a distance from college gate under a tree. The man was considered as 'mad' by the others. He wore the same torn clothes every day. With long hair, uncleaned face, yellow teeth, uncut nails and beard, he really seemed like a mad. But there was a point of attraction, and that was his old, colourless canvas bag, which he regarded as his friend. Another important matter about him was that he didn't ask anyone for money or food. But those things didn't impact me too much. But one day he was able to attract me towards him.



After the college time, I was waiting for the bus near the man. Suddenly I remembered that there is an important document, I kept in a book. To check whether it is still there or not, I took it out from the bag. Suddenly the book fell from my hand. The man instantly caught it from being fallen in the dust and started to observe it. The book was "A Brief History of Time" by Stephen Hawking. The man pronounced each of the words very clearly and started to murmur something. From what I can understand, it was all about the theory of creation of the Universe. Then he continued with the Black Hole and other mysterious things about universe. I was astonished. The man made me speechless. But meanwhile, the bus arrived and I had to leave him.

After that incident, so many days passed. Though there was a burning desire in me to meet the man again, I was stuck up with the college assignments, seminars, project works, field studies etc. Even, I forgot the world within myself under the burden of works. But sometimes, I heard some special things about the man through my friends and others. One of them was about his murmuring of the famous English poems and Hindi "Shayari". This attracted me to him twice more than before. Though, in a heavy schedule of works, I forgot sometimes about him, but one Sunday, I recalled him again. On that Sunday, there was no busy schedule. I was lying on the bed with a book. It was about the poems of famous English poets. Suddenly, the picture of the man comes to me again. I felt that he might have a different past. This time I became very resolute to meet him.

Next day, after college, I met him. The man gave me a strange look and again turned his face towards the road. He was murmuring a poem. Though it was a murmuring, but anyone can

assume through his style of murmuring that once he used to be a good reciter. The evergreen poems flowed out of his mouth like a river flowed amidst a dark forest. I didn't know, for how much time I stood near him, mesmerizing in his recitation. "Hey boy, don't come to me. They will call you also a madman like me. Hahaha!!." The man laughed. But for me it was a cry from his soul in a deep unknown despair. I decided to spend more time with him, rather than taking part in any stupid discussion with my friends. I started to call him as "chacha". Chacha was very careful to his friend (that was his bag). The most important thing was that he always hid his past from everyone. Whenever I asked him about his past, he pointed towards the bag and told me that the bag is his past. It became like a riddle to me.

Through Chacha, I came to know the attitude of the so called well-to-do persons towards the poor and helpless ones. They wasted a lot of food in the restaurant, but hesitated to give a packet of bread to the people like Chacha. Even, they scolded them in a very ungentle way. My disgust and anger towards that sort of people increased and there was a desire rooted in my heart to do something for the people like Chacha.

But this bonding between me and Chacha didn't go long. On that special day I saw a crowd around the place, where Chacha used to sit everyday. I was astonished. I went to the crowd and I saw Chacha is sleeping in a very calm manner. A deep calmness smiled on his face. It was like a scene of eternal beauty. Chacha seemed like an angel. "The mad died!", "Call the police.", "Who would take risk for such a useless?", the crowded people went on their discussion. At last, I myself called the police. They took the body for post-mortem. One thing was left there, it was nothing but that old canvas bag. I took it with me to know about Chacha's past.

Chacha's funeral was held in the nearby cremation yard. After his funeral I came back to home with the bag. After taking bath, I sat in the table. Every conversation with ChaCha came to my mind. I opened the bag. Inside the bag, it was a new world for me. Some precious, classic books of Science and Literature were there in the bag. Moreover, there were a lot of national and international level certificates. At last there was a beautiful black diary. These all belonged to Chacha. I came to know actually I was connected not with an ordinary person, but with a genius. I went through the diary. I came to know he was a student of a foreign University and son to a renowned Indian businessman. But his family ended within in a moment in the bullets of unknown assassins. He was left alone as only one survivor, as he was in abroad.

There was a research paper in his bag about an invention. In a page of his diary, it was written, "They left nothing for me, neither my family nor my hopes. Now, I am a helpless person. Even they are trying to steal my research paper. I have to escape from this trap, for future generation, for the human beings. I have to keep my identity hidden from everyone. I will stay in India in a disguise form. If my research paper reaches an honest person, it will be a blessing for human beings."

On the day of his death, he had written, " I feel my death is imminent. At last, I have met a boy ,who is unique. I think he is the right person to hand over this research paper. I see a glimpse and flame to do something for people in his eyes. I have trust in him. Yes, he is my boy, Rohan. Rohan is the right person. Finally the almighty has sent an angel to me, in search of whom I am here."

Today, at last this research paper on "Medicine for the permanent cure of PCOD" wins the international prize "The Best Research Paper Ever". The medicine will be inaugurated tomorrow in the memory of the person behind it, the scientist Dr. R.D. Raghunathan, whom I knew as Chacha and others, as a madman. I feel today, Chacha is really very happy and satisfied, wherever he is. His effort, at last, has achieved the right position.

(I.N.: This story is completely fictional. It is influenced with the PCOD symptoms, that is suffered by most of the girls in the world.)



# Destiny

➤ Akansha Dey

1<sup>st</sup> sem



This story is about two school friends, who fell in love with each other. This story makes you realise that life is too short, you never know when you meet your destined person.

Jahnvi was very open-minded and an ambivert person and Kashyap was an introvert. They both studied in the same school. But there are some reasons they did not get a chance to become good friends. They just knew each other as classmates.

After they completed their schooling, they finally went to the High School, and coincidentally studied in the same college. In the High School they both made a lot of friends. And also, they finally became friends and started to talk to each other in college, and exchanged their phone numbers.

Their college life was going very fast. Both put their attention in studies and worked hard for their final exam. During the last month before exam they had a conversation on their exam. But due to some reasons they started a fight. Jahnvi slapped Kashyap during their fight. After that they were not able to talk to each other for days.

Their final exam started but still they didn't talk to each other, because they had not sorted out their problems. But Jahnvi felt bad for that fight and finally decided to talk to him and apologized for the past mistake. After that they sorted out their problems and freely talked to each other.

Before the last exam, one day they were just talking to each other and Jahnvi asked Kashyap if he likes her. He was surprised for a while. It was about mid of the college time when Jahnvi noticed some weirdness and nervousness during their conversation and after that she started to notice more things about him. And finally she confirmed that he had some feelings and a soft corner for her.

After she asked him that question firstly he became a little bit nervous but finally he confessed that he had feelings for her for 5 years. In the school days she might not have noticed

him but he always noticed her in every moment. And this was a very big shock for her because she had never expected that.

After a lovely confession they talked a lot about a lot of things. Jahnavi told him that she had a relationship with a boy in the past, but the boy had played with her emotions. So, she was confused if she should believe Kashyap or not, because she doesn't want to be hurt again. But our shy boy told her that he genuinely liked her a lot and may be loved her. And after all Jahnavi also had some feelings for him.

In the end finally, Jahnavi accepted his proposal and both started a new beginning of their relationship. So, we don't know when we will meet our destined person. It might be someone close to you, but you don't know. It might be your friends, your closed ones, your crush, your school and college mates. You never know. Everyone has a heart and feelings for someone special. Everyone's love is different, so just give them one chance. How do you know? In the end you might also feel for that person. And it's upto you.

But our destiny is already written. So just try to find that destined person. If Jahnavi never asked Kashyap about his feeling and if Kashyap never confessed her his feelings then maybe the ending was different. But they are the destined ones. So now, they are together and very happy.

So choose your words wisely. One word might change your whole life.

The Codex Gigas is also known as the Devil's Bible because it contains a large full-page portrait of the Devil.

# The four smart students

➤ Himadri Hazarika  
1<sup>st</sup> sem

One night four college students were out partying late night and didn't study for the test which was scheduled for the next day. In the morning, they thought of a plan. They made themselves look dirty with grease and dirt.

Then they went to the Dean and said that they had gone out to a wedding last night and on their way back, the tyre of their car burst and they had to push the car all the way back. So they were in no condition to take the test. The Dean thought for a minute and said that they can have the test again after 3 days. They thanked him and said they will be ready by that time.

On the third day, they appeared before the Dean. The Dean said that as this was a special condition test, all four were required to sit in separate classrooms for the test. They all agreed as they had prepared well during the last 3 days.

The test consisted of only two questions with the total of 100 points.-

1. Your Name \_\_\_\_\_ (1 point)
2. Which tyre burst? \_\_\_\_\_ (99 points)

Options:-

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| a) Front left | b) Front Right |
| b) Back left  | d? Back right  |

**Moral of the story:** Take responsibility or you will learn your lesson.



# A Letter of love

Deepanwita Borpatrogohain  
3<sup>rd</sup> semester

To my muse,

I really don't know what exactly are you to me. Are you my soulmate? Just like how 'Juliet' was to 'Romeo'. Are you like the 'Fair Youth' who gave solace to Shakespeare in his sonnets? I really don't know who are you exactly. Sometimes you give me strength and many a time because of you I feel myself being in a tragic play. Are you like my own 'Lucy' just like Wordsworth's? Sometimes I find you as the 'Hamlet' in my poems and sometimes like the love sick 'Duke Orsino'. Sometimes you are like 'Josephine March' of 'Little Women'. Sometimes you feel like the beautiful part of nature whom Wordsworth painted as his muse.

I really have no clue, but you feel like an essential part of my life. You are the 'Metaphor' of my life because you make me feel colours. Yes, you are my muse. You are my 'Mr. Darcy' my 'Mr. Rochester' and you are like my 'Atlas' because you make 'Lily' the happiest. I have endless liking for you just like how 'Olivia' fell for 'Viola' like a sickness. You feel so much close, yet so distant. Still, you are my friend and my source of admiration. So, I proudly call you 'My Muse'.

Yours

Little Phantom of Delight

## **DEPARTMENT ACHIEVERS IN 'ANNUAL SPORTS, LITERARY & CULTURAL WEEK 2021-22'**

### **\*BEST DEPARTMENT AWARD**

#### **LITERATURE**

**\*BEST LITERATE AWARD – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)**

**\*ON THE SPOT POEM WRITING (English)**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*ON THE SPOT FEELING WRITING (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Karabi Baruah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*ON THE SPOT ARTICLE WRITING (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Deepanwita Borpatrogohain (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

**\*ON THE SPOT SHORT STORY WRITING (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Deepanwita Borpatrogohain (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

Dikshita Boruah (Ex-student)

**\*ON THE SPOT BLUE ENVELOP LETTER WRITING (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Kowshik Deka (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

Deepanwita Borpatrogohain (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

**\*POEM WRITING {Manuscript} (English)**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*ARTICLE WRITING {Manuscript} (English)**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Sukanya Duwarah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

**\*SHORT STORY WRITING {Manuscript} (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Deepanwita Borpatrogohain (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

**\*ON THE SPOT POEM WRITING (Assamese)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Deepraj Lahon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Kashyapjyoti Buragohain (Ex-student)

Consolation prize – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*ON THE SPOT FEELING WRITING (Assamese)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Masumee Saikia (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

**\*ON THE SPOT ARTICLE WRITING (Assamese)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Sadananda Buragohain (Ex-student)

**\*ON THE SPOT BLUE ENVELOP LETTER WRITING (Assamese)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*SHORT STORY WRITING {Manuscript} (Assamese)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Masumee Saikia (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

**\*POEM RECITATION (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Trishna Bordoloi (Ex-student)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Parikhit Konwar (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

**MUSIC & CULTURAL**

**\*CREATIVE GROUP DANCE**

1<sup>st</sup> – Moitry Gogoi, Raagini Gogoi, Puspanjali Rajkhowa, Ankita Dutta (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)

**\*CREATIVE SOLO DANCE**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Bondita Borah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*GUITAR**

1<sup>st</sup> – Kowshik Deka (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*DHUL**

1<sup>st</sup> – Annaprasanna Kashyap (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*PARBATI SANGEET**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*BHUPENDRA SANGEET**

1<sup>st</sup> – Annaprasanna Kashyap (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

2<sup>nd</sup> – Deepraj Lahon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*JAYANTA SANGEET**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Annaprasanna Kashyap (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*JYOTI SANGEET**

1<sup>st</sup> – Annaprasanna Kashyap (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*BISHNU RABHA SANGEET**

3<sup>rd</sup> – Bondita Borah (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*MODERN SONG**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Annaprasanna Kashyap (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

3<sup>rd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*BORGEET**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*GHAZAL**

3<sup>rd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*BHAJAN**

2<sup>nd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**\*FOLKSONG**

3<sup>rd</sup> – Prastuti Phukon (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

**SPORTS AND GAMES**

**\*LONG JUMP (Girls)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Rutuja Deori (Ex-student)

**\*POWERLIFTING (Boys 71 kg)**

1<sup>st</sup> – Ipshit Phukon (Ex-student)

## **OTHERS**

\***DRAMA – 2<sup>nd</sup> prize**

\***BEST ACTOR – HIRAKJYOTI GOGOI (Ex-student)**

\***2<sup>nd</sup> BEST DIRECTOR – KASHYAPJYOTI BURAGOHAIN (Ex-student)**

\***BEST HAIR IN MISS GARGAON – UPASANA BORUAH (Ex-student)**

\***BEST WALK IN MISS GARGAON – ANKITA DUTTA (3<sup>rd</sup> semester)**

\***EXTEMPORE SPEECH (English)**

1<sup>st</sup> – MRINMOYEE GOGOI (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

\***QUIZ**

3<sup>rd</sup> – SUKANYA DUWARAH, SUBHRAJIT KONWAR (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

\***MEHENDI**

2<sup>nd</sup> – UPASANA BORUAH (Ex-student)

\***FANCY DRESS ACT**

Consolation – DEEPAJ LAHON (5<sup>th</sup> semester)

\***ONE ACT DRAMA**

Consolation – USMRITA HANDIQUE (5<sup>th</sup> semester)



## PRIDE OF THE DEPARTMENT



RUTUJA DEORI  
1<sup>st</sup> class 2<sup>nd</sup> rank  
BA (CBCS) English, 2022



UPASANA BORUAH  
1<sup>st</sup> class 3<sup>rd</sup> rank  
BA (CBCS) English, 2022



ANNAPRASANNA KASHYAP  
(5<sup>th</sup> semester)  
Best Dhulia  
DU Inter College Youth  
Festival '22



SUKANYA DUWARAH  
(5<sup>th</sup> semester)  
1<sup>st</sup> in All Assam Open Quiz  
Competition (Jointly)



SHIVA DEY  
(5<sup>th</sup> semester)  
2<sup>nd</sup> in Inter-  
District Handball  
Tournament



TERESHA BURAGOHAIN  
(5<sup>th</sup> semester)  
3<sup>rd</sup> in All Assam Online  
poem recitation



PRASTUTI PHUKON  
(5<sup>th</sup> semester)  
4<sup>th</sup> in All Assam  
Online Article writing  
competition

## MOMENTS



Department achievers in College Week '22



Best Department, 2022



College Week 2022

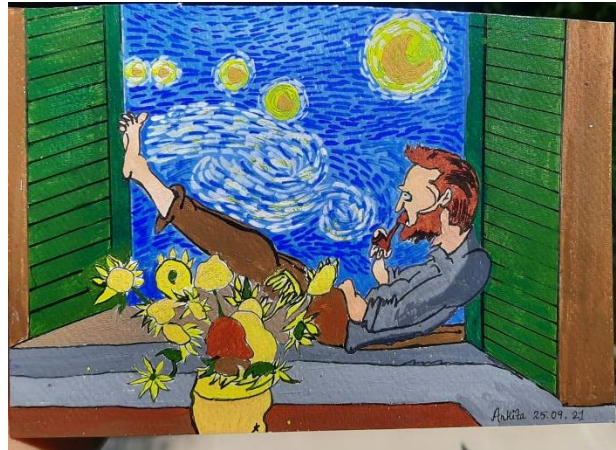


Field Study to Malini Than

# ART GALLERY



Deepraj Lahon,  
5<sup>th</sup> semester



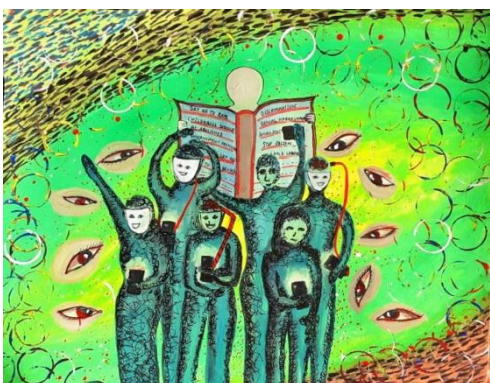
Ankita Dehingia  
5<sup>th</sup> semester



Madhusmita Saikia  
1<sup>st</sup> semester



Sukanya Duwarah  
5<sup>th</sup> semester



Nayanmoni Buragohain  
5<sup>th</sup> semester



Riniki Gogoi  
3<sup>rd</sup> semester