

ECHO

A TETSO COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY OF ART AND LITERATURE





First published as an E-book in 2019 by the Department of English, Tetso College, 5th Mile, Sovima, Dimapur, Nagaland, India.

ISBN 978-81-929456-4-4

© Tetso College 2019

This Ebook is meant for educational and learning purposes. The publisher of this book has taken all responsible care to ensure that the contents of the book do not violate any existing copyright or other intellectual property rights of any person in any manner whatsoever. In the event, the publisher has been unable to track any source or if any copyright has been inadvertently infringed, please notify the publisher in writing for corrective action.

Editors:

Limala Longchar (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Elizabeth Kamba (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Webei-u Tsühah (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Noyingbeni T Erui (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Cover Page:

Models	- Nungshijungla Tzudir, BA 6 th Semester (Centre)
	- Tsotham P. Khiamniungan, BA 6 th Semester (Left)
	- Motsoi Meyo, BA 6 th Semester (Right)
Concept	- Limala Longchar
Photograph by	- Abhishek Bhowmik, BA 4 th Semester

Contributors:

POETRY: Akikali Aye, Akumjungla Ozukum, Akumnaro Ozüküm, Alokali, Anguka Assumi, Asoienla, Atoholi H Jakha, Avino Mech, Awele Aye, Bizila Sangtam, Bodiwe-U Wezah, Chichi Kent, Chubamenla, Ghunali Z Yeptho, Hili Chophy, Hilivi Chophy, Hupetoli, Imnasangla Longchar, Itto H. Zhimomi, K. Tovi, Kakuto Aye, Kalivi K, Kemcirangumheing Kulimbe, Keneisedeu Mezhu, Kihikali Sumi, Kivimi H. Swu, Krishnabati Singha, Kulu Venuh, Kumghatoli A Chopy, Lilivi Awomi, Limala Longchar, Meranglila Ozukum, Mhabeni Mozhui, Mhachoni P. Jami, Minibo Yepthomi, Moalila, N Avitoli Sumi, Narosangla, Nguvito Swu, Nungshijungla Tzudir, Roland K Kikon, Roze Sangtam, Rukusheyi Rhakho, S Hanso Yimchunger, Seyievilhou, Tezo-u Lasuh, Vezovo Tetseo, Viboli Achummi, Vivian Basumatari, Vizekhono Peseyie, Vizolie Khatsu, Winsome Siflhou

PROSE: Alibo Awomi, Chubamenla Longkumer, Chumbeni S Tungoe, Imlikumzuk Chang, Longsubeni Ovung, Tokaholi Chishi

PHOTOGRAPHY: Motsoi Meyo , P. Hoamnio , S. Mokthoi Shiu

ART: Imkong Imchen

FOREWORD

Welcome to the annual edition of *the Tetso College Anthology of Art and Literature*. With great appreciation of the magnanimity, and also with immense pleasure, I would like to bring to you, its fifth eBook edition, of a new kind, that bridges various aspects of academic writings on a broader scope, echoing one's challenges through intersection of topics. The previous four editions were all well received and I assure the pieces featured in this collection will also stay resonating in you.

Echo is a beautiful compilation of the artistic talents of the students of Tetso College. It has poems, short stories, art, paintings, photography, and articles. As the names suggests, the eBook is entitled 'Echo'. True to the title, each submission beautifully captures its theme. To cite some of the work that stayed with me, the poem 'A Souvenir' truly reflects the poet's helplessness and the unattainability of pure things, like the innocence of a child or the beauty of a flower.., of which he symbolizes to his 'queen', whom he admires and longs for, but the queen is unaware of his feelings and the attributes that embodies her. The reiteration of constant wistfulness and laudation of the poet is exquisitely echoed in the poem. Subsequently, the art in the book stands out with each piece bettering the other.

Why 'Echo'? I am an ardent and devout believer in the inherent beauty of language, creativity as well as thought provoking writings. And this eBook collocates such collections of highly commendable written pieces of well sound ideas and visions, echoing to readers and writers across the globe. Hence, my personal commitment with this issue comes out of sheer inclination towards intellection writings and artistic works.

Another aspect I like about this eBook is the fact that each submission is simple yet elegant. Be it the photographs, the paintings, or the writings, each piece of art strikes a chord with the reader. I am sure the readers will enjoy reading the book as much as I did. Take a leap of fate with this eBook, and you would love to get devour with the resonance of Echo.

Ms Alemmenla Walling
Assistant Professor
Department of English
St. Joseph University
Sovima, 5th Mile
Dimapur, Nagaland

PREFACE

'Echo' is a collection of anthology from the students in and around our state Nagaland. Creativity and talent of the students are highlighted in this book. We live in a fast paced era, where technology has taken over the people, especially the youngsters. This book provides a medium for the students to pour out their thoughts and honest feelings which leads to 'ECHO'. We live in a country where 600 million people are under the age of 25. Each individual has their own story to tell. This book provides a platform for the students to publish their written works. We signal our echo to reflect our feelings and create an imprint in the minds of the readers.

With the release of 'Echo' - our fifth e-book, we hope to provide a breath of fresh air through poems, short-story, article, art and pictures to speak a story. It provides a much needed break to our crowded mind and unfetter us from the humdrum of life. It calms our mind and soul, providing us with a relief from the stress of life.

This book voices out about the hidden beauty in nature, motivational quotes, the longing for the loved ones, the wonders of love in life, unearthing the hidden, venting out frustration, the power of truth and mundane experiences that keep our lives going.

Therefore, we want to enhance the freedom of speech and expression through confessional mode which allows the contributors to communicate their beliefs and thereby allow room for an impression.

CONTENTS

POETRY

1. A Letter To Dad <i>Avino Mech</i>	1
2. A Souvenir <i>Kivimi H. Swu</i>	2
3. A Vocal For My Mother <i>Akumnaro Ozüküm</i>	3
4. Ailing Winter <i>Seyievilhou</i>	5
5. And She Died <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	6
6. Buried Memories <i>Hili Chophy</i>	7
7. The Brightest Star Of My Constellation <i>Chubamenla</i>	8
8. Cancer <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	9
9. Cruelty The Face Of Reality <i>N Avitoli Sumi</i>	10
10. Disguise <i>Chichi Kent</i>	11
11. Expectations <i>Akikali Aye</i>	12
12. Fear <i>Bodiwe-U Wezah</i>	13
13. First Rain <i>Chubamenla</i>	14
14. Fleeting Fame <i>Limala Longchar</i>	15
15. Flower And Thorn <i>Asoienla</i>	16

16.	Forbidden? <i>Chubamenla</i>	17
17.	Forever Friends <i>Mhabeni Mozhui</i>	18
18.	Gone <i>K. Tovi</i>	19
19.	Granny <i>Kulu Venuh</i>	20
20.	Heartless Mind <i>Kalivi K</i>	21
21.	Her Funeral <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	22
22.	Her... <i>Bizila Sangtam</i>	23
23.	I Wish... <i>Kihikali Sumi</i>	24
24.	Life Is Lived In Moments <i>Roland K Kikon</i>	25
25.	Midnight Wishes <i>Nungshijungla Tzudir</i>	26
26.	Mother Nature <i>Moalila</i>	27
27.	My Cat <i>Imnasangla Longchar</i>	28
28.	My Classroom <i>Keneisedeu Mezhu</i>	29
29.	My Evolving Thoughts <i>Itto H. Zhimomi</i>	30
30.	My Motherland <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	31
31.	My Season <i>Alokali</i>	32
32.	My Tiny Room <i>Anguka Assumi</i>	33
33.	My Village <i>Atoholi H Jakha</i>	34

34.	Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey! Vivian Basumatari	35
35.	Our Mom <i>Krishnabati Singha</i>	36
36.	Pain Not In Vain <i>Kumghatoli A Chopy</i>	37
37.	Photograph <i>Roze Sangtam</i>	38
38.	Prayer, My Strength <i>Mhachoni P. Jami</i>	39
39.	Rain <i>Lilivi Awomi</i>	40
40.	Shadows Unleashed <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	41
41.	Somnium <i>Narosangla</i>	42
42.	Stultifera Navis <i>Limala Longchar</i>	43
43.	Suicide Angel <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	45
44.	Superhero <i>Kakuto Aye</i>	46
45.	That Girl <i>Tezo-u Lasuh</i>	47
46.	That Little Twig <i>S Hanso Yimchunger</i>	48
47.	The Bane Of My Existence <i>Meranglila Ozukum</i>	49
48.	The Beauty Of Death <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	50
49.	The Exclusive Girl <i>Winsome Sitlhou</i>	51
50.	The Ghost Of You <i>Vizolie Khatsu</i>	54
51.	The Hours Of Time <i>Minibo Yepthomi</i>	55

52.	The Individual <i>Winsome Silthou</i>	56
53.	The Longing Of The Soul <i>Viboli Achummi</i>	59
54.	The Midnight Waltz <i>Vizekhono Peseyie</i>	60
55.	The Milestone Ahead <i>Akumjungla Ozukum</i>	62
56.	The Paper's Dream <i>Winsome Silthou</i>	63
57.	The Secluded Park Bench <i>Vezovo Tetseo</i>	65
58.	The Sun <i>Kemcirangumheing Kulimbe</i>	66
59.	To A Despicable End <i>Rukusheyi Rhakho</i>	67
60.	True Love <i>Hilivi Chophy</i>	68
61.	Ugly <i>Awele Aye</i>	69
62.	Why? <i>Nguvito Swu</i>	70
63.	Young And Free <i>Hupetoli</i>	71
64.	Your Poison <i>Ghunali Z Yeptho</i>	72

PROSE

1.	Education System <i>Imlikumzuk Chang</i>	74
2.	It Happen To Me <i>Chumbeni S Tungoe</i>	75
3.	Problems An Attire To Mankind <i>Alibo Awomi</i>	76

- | | |
|---|----|
| 4. Reverie And The Ruby Cottage
<i>Tokaholi Chishi</i> | 78 |
| 5. True Love, Maybe?
<i>Chubamenla Longkumer</i> | 83 |
| 6. Turn Of Event
<i>Longtsubeni Ovung</i> | 90 |

PHOTOGRAPHY	93 - 96
--------------------	---------

ART	98
------------	----

POETRY

A LETTER TO DAD

Avino Mech
BA 4th Semester

Dad, A most beautiful gift for every daughter,
A daughter's first love and her hero.
But it never happened to me and I never felt it.
Whenever i look at my friends with their dad and when they talk about them,
I feel like I'm the unluckiest daughter in this Universe.
Why me? Don't I have the right to get your love! It hurts me and the scars which I
have can never be healed nor can erased.
Every single day I've been all alone sitting in a corner,
Every single night I pray to God that one day you'll be there standing right
beside, holding my hand.
And wish you were in my every birthday, every Christmas and every New year.
A family without the head is so hurting to live in a society.
We'll never forget that day, the path which you had chosen in the past year.
I wish you a very happy life, whatever you do and wherever you are, stay happy
always.
Hope one day I'll prove you wrong that what a man can do, I'll do more than
that.
Being your daughter I'll always stand beside you, whenever you need help.
As I'll never forget the duty of a daughter, you'll always find me in every
circumstance,
someday sooner or later I'll prove you that I'm not less than a man.

A SOUVENIR

Kivimi H. Swu
BA 6th Semester

Have you seen a child so sweet,
Ruddy like ripe fruit?
Don't you wish that you could eat it up?
It does not understand.

Have you seen a flower so fair,
Princess-like, virgin and pure?
Don't you wish that you could kiss its hand?
It does not understand.

Have you seen a view so scenic,
Dream-like, soft and fantastic?
Don't you wish that you could hold it in your hands?
It does not understand.

Is it not a pathetic plan,
To stay up many a night,
Scratch your head like an early man,
Scribble symbols that seem right,
To make them understand?
But that's the way that life was set;
There's never enough of what you want!

Someday, if you find yourself alone with such a sight,
Please remember me,
And understand, that to me,
You were the queen of their kind.

A VOCAL FOR MY MOTHER

Akumnaro Ozüküm
BA 4th Semester

Like redolence of a flower,
Mother's love so sweet and gentle;
Not at all does it rank lower,
If I were to pen down, it's subtle
For lyric denies mighty to her glory.

Home is the Garden where she blooms,
And when weary soul returns, reliance
Spell forth the enamour gloom,
Stirring onward fragrance of pleasance
With her smile of firm assurance.

Like the Afternoon knows
What Morning never expected,
She comprehends all the woes
That my solace heart extended
With her adherence united in me.

Like the honest Government Constitution,
Knitted one for Home with love, care and tireless patience;

Prayers I do believe with no condition
For her tears flooding in silence,
Could buy me ticket to Salvation.

May you live long and strong
My gracious lady I adore,
Until I stand stiff and strong,
Foster this child and appraise furthermore
To confront the riotous Universe.

AILING WINTER

Seyievilhou
BA 6th Semester

Now when I have a cold,
I am careful with my cold.
I consult my physician,
And I do as I am told.
I wouldn't dream of osculating
Anybody's daughter,
For I am pleased with my boredom.
I wouldn't say howdy,
For I am a sufferer.

I don't like germs,
But I'll keep the germs I've got.
I sneeze out the window
And i cough out the flu.
And I live like a hermit
Till the germs get through.
I am treated by my friends
Like a typhoid.

AND SHE DIED

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

The wind seems to lament your death
as it howls through the woods.
Its voice sombre with every breath,
mirroring my own mood.

Even the sky is dressed today,
quite appropriately-
garbed in clothing of black and gray;
shades so melancholy.

She rains down her tears lamenting
while she throws a tantrum,
with light and noise unrelenting
like the pounding of drums.

BURIED MEMORIES

Hili Choppy
BA 4th Semester

Eyes, shimmering like the stars,
fuelling up like the sun. Life, filled
with scars. I feel like I'm done.
Buried my feelings for you, became
cold as ice. I started reminiscing.
But, alas! It was a hoax of your
memories. You came, like a soft
breeze. Calming the storms in my
life. But, who thought? It was only a
facade. You besmirched me, only
to bring out the best in me.

THE BRIGHTEST STAR OF MY CONSTELLATION

Chubamenla
BA 4th Semester

A lone pair of tears roll down the eyes,
A series of flashbacks enters the mind,
Memories of that night come flooding back,
When the sounds of weeping engulfs the night.
The casket made ready before the hour,
Life, draining away as Death approaches,
Reality hits hard like a sharp knife,
Piercing the oblivious bubble of the "safe life".
Time ticks away, a second at a time,
Slowly draining the life of what was left
Of that lifeless, limp body on the bed, and
Breaths became shorter as Death finally arrived.
At the stroke of ten, all breathing stopped,
Eyes closed, never to be opened again,
The calmness of the body was peaceful,
Which made it seem as though he was only asleep.
The Brightest Star of my constellation
Was snuffed out that night, assassinating
The reason for genuine happiness,
Dead, yet living in my memory.

CANCER

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

Memories of you,
silent and unseen,
corrupts and eats me away on the inside
like a cancerous boil,
which, like a seed, grows
and extends its dark fingers,
taking advantage of the cracks left wide open
by the brokenness of my will,
as the mask of my own design
crafted so perfectly to fit in
slowly slips off.

I'm oblivious to it on most days,
but some days, out of nowhere,
I come into contact with it
and it sends a pain,
sharp and numbing,
to every corner of my body.

CRUELTY THE FACE OF REALITY

N Avitoli Sumi
BA 4th Semester

He tries to speak but his lips always lies.
She tries to believe him But she baths in tears,
Poured down her bloated face.
Where the society of remorse and shame
Had filled her world.

She was a cheerful girl,
but she killed a person in agony,
A person who she was.
Now she rarely smiles.
And believes in words she receives.

She loves her people,
but her people killed her with words.
For she screamed out the truth,
But none listened to her.
The society has grown cruel,
It stopped listening to the truth.

She screamed out to the Lord
Begging for forgiveness of her father,
She screamed out to Lord
Begging for the forgiveness of the people.
Because they made her a murderer
for she was a daughter of a drunkard.

DISGUISE

Chichi Kent
BA 4th Semester

Everyone has a disguise,
You can see it in their eyes.
Break through all the lies,
The hidden you will find.
When dust, it burn aflame.
And ashes takes the place,
To the shallow pool we wade,
Gone tomorrow, here today.

EXPECTATIONS

Akikali Aye
BA 4th Semester

Shall I welcome thee a run away?
Drawn with the burden a take flight?
I, for one won't be your prisoner today,
Catch me when the moon smile.
Though in shackles, I am not behind bars.
Free to make art as I please and desire
Tell me wrong but know it's not in the stars.
I'll fall a thousand times but I'll stand wiser.
Whosoever I met, poured into the ocean
And made a belief that I shall act duly
But I have a goal that I must set in motion
And I'll live like how my God has drew me.
You can set your expectations but I am me,
I know what I want and I won't take a knee.

FEAR

Bodiwe-u Wezah
BA 4th Semester

Fear is a part of my life.

All my thoughts, dreams and everything

They all speed up,

Whenever I try to face it.

I close my eyes to feel it

But inside my mind, they rush

I take a breath to slow it down

But it worsens.

I'm crying on my inside, with silent tears

All the pain of the fear running through me

In every sleep,

For being fearful of what tomorrow might bring.

FIRST RAIN

Chubamenla
BA 4th Semester

Tears fall down from the sky
On this parched, withered, skin of mine,
Soaking it in till it reaches my heart;
Who knew the first Rain could do that to someone?

The Rain, a welcomed intruder to my heart,
As though been sent to soothe my troubled soul;
It intrudes my privacy, it knows
The darkest of secrets, yet,
Comes in to heal the scars
Of both the past and the present.

Yes! That is the first Rain on a mission,
Becoming a panacea for all.

FLEETING FAME

Limala Longchar
Asst. Professor, Dept. Of English.

Oh! The chase against the unattainable,
For a split second, I wanted you to linger.
Feed on my vanity,
For this is a narcissistic world,
Here we try to turn brass into gold,
We try to revive the 'Midas Touch',
Little did we know, Midas had his own nemesis.
How do we turn a mere brass into gold?

Jack of all trade, master of none,
Hence the mushrooming alchemists,
Who comfort us with comforting lies.
A reverie from the unpleasant truth.
For it never occurred to the being's mind...
Fame is, but, capricious and intangible.
It feeds on Avarice,
Ennui the least of all.

FLOWER AND THORN

Asoienla
BA 4th Semester

Born together at the same place;
Nurtured by the same plant, the same way
And during night, the shining moon;
Bestow the same moonlight on them.

Same love is showered on them;
Same love is shown on them
But it is always seen by us
The actions of them are not alike.

Pierce someone's finger the thorn;
Tears someone's body garments.
Cut the wings of the lovelorn butterflies;
Pierce the dark skin of the bee.

Flowers taking them in their lap.
Feeds her honey to the bee.
Its fragrance and colours,
Fills my heart with glee.

FORBIDDEN?

Chubamenla
BA 4th Semester.

Stolen glances, untold words,
Pass by in a swift motion.
Emotions built up inside,
Must not be seen, you say.
But all those encounters take
A toll on your dear heart.

Alas! It is what tradition abhors,
Yet barely in a whisper said,
“You’re all I need to fill this void,
But it is forbidden.”

All I can say is give it time, maybe
The Heavens will change their mind.

FOREVER FRIENDS

Mhabeni Mozhui
BA 4th Semester

Friend! So lovely and
beautiful! I met you as a
stranger, Now that we are
best friends, I'd like to join
you in all.

Your smile is like the shining sun,
And holy soul of innocent and
peace. Ah! The fragrance I sense
during spring, Pull me towards you
like a magnet. Your hands upon
me, My soul gets bless and joyful.

Oh friend! Stand by me, So that
I feel warm and safe, And make
our friendship unbreakable, Like
that of Angels with God. Let's
be friends forever.

GONE

K. Tovi
BA 6th Semester

Didn't know that you will leave me,
Left me without a single word,
Didn't care to wake me up to say goodbye,
Looked for you everywhere realised that you had gone.
Cried the whole day calling out for you,
It was too late you had gone far away,
Was unable to sleep the whole night,
Crying and praying for you to come back.

Years and years did passed away waiting for you,
Waiting for your call and letters,
You didn't care for me I realised,
Was worried and was dying to see you.

Call did come, was so happy to talk,
Sorrow covered all my happiness,
Took away everything from me very moment,
You're blessed, you will always be in my heart.

GRANNY

Kulu Venuh
BA 4th Semester

The day you left me,
I was in awe.
I couldn't take the words,
I was stunned.
Kept me wondering
If you could ever come back.
Those days with you,
Past so fast.
Faster than light, much faster.
Your sweet blabber
Makes my heart cry with longingness.
The sweet laughter of your voice,
I still want to hear them.
Your loving arms
When you hold me,
I feel my heart throb,
I never want to lose you.
Your wise words,
When you taught me.
I was such a moron not to take them,
But now I realize my mistakes.
I know you're in paradise now,
Smiling down at me.
I bade you bye
But, not a goodbye.
I'm o'er the way to paradise.
I'll meet you there,
So do wait for me.

HEARTLESS MIND

Kalivi K
BA 4th Semester

Why have thoughts that
Excruciates your mind and soul?
Why fall into dreams,
That never were meant for you?

Every night!
As twilight closes the day.
It is your mind,
Your heartless mind again.
That make you see the things
Disguised in gay!

HER FUNERAL

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

The Sun dips down the horizon
fleeing the darkness.
The skies get draped in black
but there's no Moon in sight.

She lies in a box glowing,
her face half-hidden
behind cloudy veil-
a mingling of black and gray.

Stars strung into constellations
like shiny pearl necklaces
embellish the black adornment
cast all around her.

The Sun dips down
but the stars sleep tonight.
The Sun dips down
but there's no Moon in sight.

HER....

Bizila Sangtam
BA 4th Semester

I ceased to ponder and write,
I look at her and, I feel ecstatic.
Audacious, she is;
Calm and turbulent.
She is the epitome of beauty
Eyes, mesmerising. And oh!
Her smile, so affectionous.
She's like a human puzzle
I know her but, I really don't.
I look at her and I see something...
I see a blessing in disguise.

I WISH...

Kihikali Sumi
BA 2nd Semester

I wish I was like a tree who could help
All the lovely birds live on me.
And would be as strong as an ox for them.
I wish I was water who could flow everywhere
And would be as pure as snow.
I wish I was a bird who could feel the air everywhere
And could be as nutty as a fruit cake.
I wish I was a flower who would give
My delicious nectar to the bees.
And would be as beautiful as a mother's heart.
Then why my Lord? Was I made a human?
A human who is as cunning as a fox!

LIFE IS LIVED IN MOMENTS

Roland K Kikon

Asst. Professor, Mount Tiyi College, Wokha

Life is a pile of moments in its simplicity
yet with promises of memories to perpetuity.
Simple moments at its maturity are great memories,
they defy time's complexities.
Poor time! what more can it get done
than to dye a hair grey or shorten a life's span
yet not the moments of life.
So, the lily never cries
but smiles in the garden,
for the moment is lived though shorten.

Life is piled in moments
Some in time they get frozen
and forever they get cherished
even when life's perished.
Life less these moments
would lose its aliveness.
If these moments be seen, felt and lived
Life is lived...
for life is lived in moments.

MIDNIGHT WISHES

Nungshijungla Tzudir
BA 6th Semester

Tonight I lit a cigarette; my cause of death.

And a glass of whiskey underneath the moonlight just so that I can numb the pain or maybe feel it a bit more.

Reflecting death as the stars sits on the top, somewhat staring at me with grief, mourning over my soul

I say 'Never live a life you'll grieve', as I suck the toxic smoke into my lungs

Coughing a little blood as I pat my chest 'We'll be okay, it's just till sunrise and you and I will leave this facetious world'.

It's funny you know, I say to myself,

How little we know about life yet how early we wish to die,

We are all cowards!

A decoy of our own manipulative thoughts

I take a sip of the whiskey as the stars burn through my body

Make a wish it said

I wished for death.

MOTHER NATURE

Modila
BA 6th Semester

Humans born to Mother Nature feeding from her bosoms have now grown better and stronger.

But humans, selfish as we are, have forgotten about Her.

Our hearts are cold and hard like the machines we use to exploit Her.

Machines dig deep into her like knives of betrayal behind Her back.

She, soft and loving, never fights back but sadly fades away, thinking of the sons and daughters who have betrayed her.

MY CAT

Imnasangla Longchar
BA 2nd Semester

Meow, meow, meow
As I hear that sound in my head,
It fills me up with joy and happiness
With beautiful colours
Orange, black and white

Meow, meow, meow
As I stand in front of my door,
With full of expectations to see
My cat first, as I open it.
I hear my cat's voice again
Making me overjoyed as I open;
The doors of my room
I see the cat on my bed.

Meow, meow, meow
As I reach to touch my cat
The cat leaped to the kitchen,
As I recall, I forgot to give
Its share of food, which made the
Cat run in the kitchen.
As I laugh giving food
To the cat, I laugh and laugh
While the cat keep on eating!

MY CLASSROOM

Keneisedeu Mezhu
BA 2nd Semester

A learning place, where all unites,
The teacher and the students.
Individuals hailing with differences,
Striving for excellence is what I see here.
Secret dreams, broken dreams,
Dreams and more dreams- we share.
Some are quiet, some are talkative,
Some open, some selective and reserved.
Here we are together,
Keeping values of virtues in our sight.
This room is where we prepare,
This room is where we unite,
This room is where we debate.
A place where we
Fill our baskets with thoughts and knowledge.
Let us be one in here
In days to come
To share knowledge, advices
For we ain't all wise.

MY EVOLVING THOUGHTS

Itto H. Zhimomi
BA 2nd Semester

Here is my usual routine,
Sitting on the last bench.
A window near me
Distracts my attention
My attention is always-
Half outside and half inside.

I'm always scolded by a teacher
Even now I am struggling.
We are writing poems.
I ain't sure whether it might be correct.
I'm so weak at such,
Though I didn't listen well.

I wonder,
What will I be in future.
What my classmates will be.
Will I change or be the same,
And a solution struck me
Putting an effort will change me.

MY MOTHERLAND

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

Public are like pigs-
politicians feed them money
till they're fat and immobilized,
wallowing around comfortably
in the lies of their own metaphorical "shit",
oblivious to their impending doom
as their blood is spilt over and over again
when the wrong people come to power.
And the same cycle like Christmas
repeats itself year after year.
Oh! My beautiful Motherland.

MY SEASON

Alokali
BA 6th semester

You're my season,
Who's cold when I'm wrong
Warm when I'm in tears
With you I bloom,
One who save me from falling.

MY TINY ROOM

Anguka Assumi
BA 4th Semester

My room knows a lot more about me
It has witnessed how I've been through my whole life

My room where I spent most of my time
It gives me peace as I can be who I really m
It is stuffy, messy but the most comfortable

My room which knows all my secrets and weaknesses no one knows of
From sleeping with tear till waking up with fear, it knows it all

My tiny room where I started my journey
Through all the goods and the bad times
Whether crying, laughing, frustrated
I found my own tiny world.

MY VILLAGE

Atoholi H Jakha
BA 6TH Semester

There stands my village firmly,
Far beyond the mountains.
Covered by the beautiful trees of age.
The moonlight passing through at night
Makes the view even more spectacular.
Breath-taking the scenic beauty of my village is,
Fills one's heart with perfect happiness.
The landscape stretched beyond our reach
One can never ignore the loveliness-
Provides peace to the stressed mind, and
Acts as a comforter to the lone people.

Here, at twilight the day dies easily
Where much too happily the day ends.
The green village is as real as a dream
Where one accepts nature as it is
And is in all praise for it, drawing people closer
One witness the simplicity of nature.

OH MICKEY! OH MICKEY! OH MICKEY!

Vivian Basumatari
B.A 4th Semester

Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey!

So beautiful and attractive,

So white as the snow,

So smooth like a cotton.

Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey!

Your eyes both with different colours,

One clear as a crystal,

Other fierce as the tiger's eyes.

Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey! Oh Mickey!

Your presence gives me joy and happiness,

Without you I'm incomplete,

The way you look at me with those innocent eyes, melts my heart.

Oh Mickey! My lifeline my world,

My hope to live.

OUR MOM

Krishnabati Singha
BA 4th Semester

She stood in the brightest of the sun.

Under the unbearable heat,

Without an umbrella.

A candy on her right hand,

And a scarf on her left covering her face beneath the sun.

She couldn't resist her smile that came within her heart.

She no more felt the heat of the sun

When she received a hug and a kiss from her 'little one'

How beautiful a mother's love is.

She loves living in you.

Your little moves.

Your little deeds.

PAIN,NOT IN VAIN

Kumghatoli A Chopy
BA 4th Semester

Thy passion, thy tears, thy pain,
That scotches and batters you
Nay bemoan, for they're not in vain
Gather courage and stop being blue.

For like the seasons changes
Thy agony will soon fade.
They're not foes, but life's fringes,
Give'em a pat and make'em a mate.

Learn from thou and thy grow stronger
Let'em teach thee, how to fight,
Gather knowledge and grow wiser
It makes thy burden light.

PHOTOGRAPH

Roze Sangtam
BA 6th Semester

I AM KEEPING YOU CLOSE.
I am keeping you close.
Looking into your eyes.
I find you staring back at me.
My lips shapes a smile.
You are already smiling.
I murmur your beauty.
And you just smile.
“I long for your touch” I say.
But you would not move a bit.
But still smile.
“I long for your voice”,
But you would not talk the least.
How would you touch?
How would you talk?
A photograph that you are.

PRAYER, MY STRENGTH

Mhachoni P. Jami
BA 4th Semester

Strengths attain contrasting forms,
Wealth is strength, for some;
Love for some, family for some.
But in prayer my strength lies,
For in prayer I secure perpetual peace.
So astounding the power of prayer is,
A powerful shield, mightier than the
mightiest.
With prayer all worries abscond,
And, all that remains is unceasing joy,
For in prayer my heart delights.

RAIN

Lilivi Awomi
BA 2nd Semester

As the day fades fast pace into darkness,
I could hear rumbling in the dark murky clouds,
A struggle between lightning and thunder.
Chaos was the sound that emanating from heaven.
A firm aggressive thunder shook the ground
With rage. Making every pebble bounce
And resonate its rhythm.
With an unrelenting force it descends,
It's wrath upon earth- in the shape of
Silver pebble bullets. Designed for nothing,
But destruction.

The street was filled with fast moving legs,
With hands over heads
Like a nun in praise.
I stood in high rise,
A thousand feet from the ground.
Amazed at the view,
As I scribble down ink on my sheet.

SHADOWS UNLEASHED

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

Her mother found her door locked.
And, on her door, started banging.
It opened, she was beyond shocked.
When she found her hanging.
“I can’t believe it,” echoed for miles.
From anyone who heard how she died.
Who knew a smiling face so bright,
Could harbour so much darkness inside?

Maybe her smile shone the brightest,
Because the darkest souls need a light,
To illuminate the darkness,
And keep it hidden from sight.

SOMNIUM

Narosangla
BA 6th Semester

I had a dream the other night,
I was in a place where death doesn't exist.
Casting its forbidding shadow on people
Every now and then I thought how good it was where
No sorrowful tears were shed,
No sorrowful song sung.
To mourn the death of a love one,
Relieved by the thought of never
Bidding goodbye to my loved ones
It was a melody my heart could whisper.
But then I realized that,
As much as it hurts, death is vital in the greater scheme of our life.
We all have something to do in a limited time that waits for none
And that's what makes life worth living for
When we have something to lose
And magic stills happens below the horizon
I had a dream the other night.
That makes me realize something about life.

STULTIFERA NAVIS

Limala Longchar
Assistant Professor, Dept. Of English

Insanity and sanity,
Chaotic and orderly.
It blends beautifully.
For two halves,
Have little option,
But to join.

Until conventionality kicks,
The third wheel,
Taught moral-policing,
To the sensible sane.
They heard aloud-
"Crucify Them."

Conventionality taught intolerance.
Criterion of the insane-
"Misfits, eccentrics, the odd one."
They were sneered upon.
Convention nags the sane,
"Silence them all."

The deed carried on.

Hush! Hush!

The chime of victory.

The sensible sane brimming.

Alas! It heard a whisper-

"We are part of a whole."

It send a chill down,

The ghost whispered again-

"Sanity follows insanity,

We have an appendage."

The reaper awaits them,

With the ship of the fools.

SUICIDE ANGEL

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

Early morning, the streets I was walking on were cold, dark, dreary and dusty. I felt down.

Then I saw a higher calling from up above, in the shape of a building, whose rooftops the Sun's rays had already smiled on.

Up there, the Sun filled me with warmth and life unknown to the zombies below. It's ironic- being closer to death, I felt more alive than ever before.

I spread my wings like an angel and jumped but it didn't even feel like falling but more like flying as the wind sang me to sleep with sweet lullabies.

I closed my eyes and it felt like a wonderful dream- those beautiful dreams which feel like hours but then you wake up and only a few minutes have passed and you regret waking up so early. The fall took only seconds but in my mind, it was stretched to blissful eternity.

The hard pavement was the canvas; gravity was the painter, my body the paint, for a painting in red.

I am a masterpiece, a work of art.

A smile is now transfixed on my face.

Art is supposed to make you happy, isn't it?

SUPERHERO

Kakuto Aye
BA 4th Semester

When is the time, you do not show.
Your presence is there even at humus,
Not as black as a coal or as white as snow,
But saves the day as anonymous.
What is your heart made of and by whom?
I cannot even imagine of being one,
For I am full of flaws, do not bloom,
And always outrun and outdone
Every existence looks up to someone
As their superhero.
For some it is his father
Blessed are the one who have a hero
Because not everyone gets to come this far
We all need a hero to save us.
And such is a lamb of God who saved us.

THAT GIRL

Tezo-u Lasuh
BA 6th Semester

That girl, who know nothing,
But knows everything.

That girl, who look nothing,
But sees everything.

That girl, who walk with a smile,
But deeply broke.

That girl, who stay in group,
But feel lonely.

That girl, who laugh a lot,
But cry deep inside.

That girl, who lie,
But always true.

That girl, who hate someone,
But love everyone.

That girl, who share nothing,
But gives everything.

THAT LITTLE TWIG

S Hanso Yimchunger
BA 4th Semester

Attached to the big old tree,
Holding the little drop of dew,
Peeping around in a world so new,
Breathing the essence of moist
ground
Inhaling the air all around
That little twig which survives the
strife.
That little twig, I call it Life.

THE BANE OF MY EXISTENCE

Meranglila Ozukum

BA 6th Semester

I HOPE I BECOME A GUST OF WIND, And travel far away from the lands of men. One of the countless insignificant specks of dust in this world, Creating an unweaving loop of my own. Only a short window opened before my body loses its form. As if I'm being wrapped in invisible thorns. Taking with me every bit of everything. Because the future is a competition but only for a short period of time. I don't know how long. This would probably be my last. Give me time if only just for now, And my season would finally begin.

EVEN THE BOTTOMLESS ABYSS AWAITS BEFORE YOU. I don't know how long.

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

Death looks beautiful tonight.
Hangman's noose swings back and forth
and like a cat eyeing Christmas decorations
or like a patient looking at a pendulum
in a psychiatrist's office,
I'm mesmerised; hypnotized.

I step on the podium
to receive my medal
for my strength to have made it this far.

The noose is like a warm scarf
as I wear it around my neck,
shielding myself from this world's Winter.

It's a garland welcoming me
to the land of eternal sleep.

I take a step forward . . .
and i am home.

THE EXCLUSIVE GIRL

Winsome Sithhou
BA 6th Semester

She doesn't like talking on the phone
She just wants to be alone.
She's happy and content with her cat
She never has the urge to chat.
Inside the four walls she feels
The person she truly is, that's real.
She was never into social media
But she always uses Wikipedia.

She tried to fit in and pretend;
She tried to mix in and blend
With people who did not care
Or notice her, she wasn't there.
That girl always felt the need
To be needed, but she had no greed.
She thought it was normal
To be like others, but felt abnormal.

She tried to impress her friends
By doing things not to end

The friendship that was fake,
That only made her heart ache.

No one saw her crying;
No one knew she was trying
To be what they wanted her to be
But that wasn't meant to be.

They called her rude and a bore

She is ugly to the core.

Do you think she wants you?

Was your affection true?

Did you ever try asking?

Did you ever try talking?

But she's not bitter

And she's not a quitter.

She's not stupid or dumb

Coz she doesn't need a thumb

For approval or to be happy

She loves herself even if shabby.

Moreover God loves her perfectly

For who she is, she is fearfully

And wonderfully made

And He is forever Great.

She loves as He does
But she is still alone only coz
That's how she likes it,
For herself, she is lit!
She does not need to put
Everything online to feel good.
Knowing what He wants for you is the key,
She knows and is happy; I am she.

THE GHOST OF YOU

Vizolie Khatsu
BA 6th Semester

A name can be a ghost of a person long lost and not around.
A name can be a ghost come back to haunt us from beneath the ground.

I was scanning through the local dailies
reading about the latest juicy gossip,
the forever-warring monopoly game
of the political thrones,
and amidst all these forest of words,
your name shot out at me like a ghost.

I pulled back the page and swallowed my snake-fang tongue,
sharp and full of radioactive venom,
as it plunged down and pierced a hole through my heart,
making it wail blood,
as it fell on the floor of my stomach,
and shattered into a million pieces-
my world shook a little.

A silent whelp escapes the proud, hardened lips of mine,
cemented shut by a thick coat of ego.
I reread the words again and realize it wasn't you
but someone else
endowed with the same name as you.

As I become sober from the wave of nostalgia,
I realize it couldn't be you-
you are long dead and gone.

A name can be a ghost of a person long lost and not around.
A name can be a ghost come back to haunt us from beneath the ground.

THE HOURS OF TIME

Minibo Yepthomi
BA 2nd Semester

I come and go unseen and unheard
As I flow like a river.
I turn back no more, once I go.

I hear the cries, the laughter, the joy
But it all comes to an end.
They never know when I'll be gone
Yet they treat me like I'm theirs forever.

When I am gone, no longer theirs
My invincibility turns into many colours.
I myself, is a gift from God
Yet I am taken for granted.

I've got nothing on me
But only they can get the best out of me.
I give them all my hours
But little do they know
Tomorrow's never promised.

For I am a mystery
Don't mind the history
Forever I will go on
Let us meet again someday.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Winsome Silthou
BA 6th Semester

How people can be?
Sometimes I wonder.
Why is there a norm
To follow, if not a blunder?
Being a human is what
We are all, but not the same.
Thus we are different
And each called by name.
Why don't they stop and see
The individuality?
Yes, we are diverse. He
Is not like you, you are not like me.

We need each other
An undeniable fact
We lean on one another
Through thick and thin.
But withdrawing from the crowd
In solitude and quiet,
We escape the loud

Noises and chaos.

Alone we take time to think

Our thoughts begin to sink;

Know ourselves and the beauty

And our nature in its glory.

Our minds are much wider

Than the universe,

So we can be explorers

Finding something new.

There are storms and fire

That needs to calm down,

But the artistry and finesse

Gives you your crown.

As so in heaven in His midst

We are judged on our own deeds.

To fulfil a purpose we exist,

Not just meeting expected needs.

Let the man just be,

Shun not the gift that glows;

Let him grow gracefully,

Allowing the destiny he chose.

As a drop of water makes the ocean,

Each one makes the mighty kingdom

Not bound in chains of tradition

But the foundation of a new rhythm.'

Yes, Everyone is different

Distinct, precious and worthy

Yes, we are equivalent,

Unique individuals of a city.

THE LONGING OF THE SOUL

Viboli Achummi
BA 6th Semester

The pain of this life,
Is what I fear
I long for death to come
To free me from my misery.
And take me;
To a haven
Where pain has no name,
And smile is the name of the game;
And solace is eternal,
As your love
That I have felt and tasted.
That I know is true.
But I feel your love
Is all the happiness I will know.

For, that man
That serpent,
has taken your breath
But not your soul.

But our love lives on,
It has no bounds,
And is as eternal as the skylark's song
And true as the waves sent by Poseidon.
As our love comes from Aphrodite:
And shall never be destroyed,
Not in life, nor in death
For, we shall live forever
Beyond the horizon
In a haven of our own!

THE MIDNIGHT WALTZ

Vizekhono Peseyie
BA 6th Semester

Locked up within my own emotions,
I try and pen down the commotion
It's been a while I've felt this way,
My mind's trying hard to keep it at bay.

Your touch is felt, but it's far from reality
Still, my heart weighs the possibility,
And with just a moon to keep us apart,
Maybe a thousand miles ain't so far.

The mirror usually laughs when I take a dance
The mirror usually laughs when I take a dance
But tonight, I've got it under a trance
And as I waltzed across the floor,
Happiness cheers for me with a loud roar.

Our steps in rhythm with the symphony,
Within me, now there's perfect harmony
Hands held gently, eyes closed calmly,
Words of love are whispered softly.

The mirror usually laughs when I take a dance
But tonight, I've got it under a trance
And as I waltzed across the floor,
Happiness cheers for me with a loud roar.

Our steps in rhythm with the symphony,
Within me, now there's perfect harmony
Hands held gently, eyes closed calmly,
Words of love are whispered softly.

I try and maintain the chivalry,
Somewhere between sanity and insanity
Funny, what a storm within can bring about,
And as the music fades, we pause to take the bow.

The applause dies out, deafening silence brings the pain
Bemused, I looked up and try to regain
Got a mixed feeling of contentment and emptiness
Maybe a thousand miles is indeed far
It's almost midnight and heck!!!

THE MILESTONE AHEAD

Akumjungla Ozukum
BA 4th Semester

Underneath the shadows of defeat,
There lies countless efforts implied by many.
For those who denied their passion,
For those who refrained from trying,
For those who confined themselves with ego;
They should face the storm of failure.

Underneath the shadows of success,
There lies countless efforts implied by many.
For those who accepted their flaws,
For those who mastered the art of confidence,
For those who acknowledged wisdom,
They witnesses the divine taste of triumph.

A Test is all it takes to classify the fate of men.
Beyond the rays of success and failure,
It is a man's decision to choose his fate.
The milestone ahead of us,
The journal we are to pen down,
It is all, but an inception to classify the destiny
of man.

THE PAPER'S DREAM

Winsome Silthou
BA 4th Semester

Crisp, blank, cut, the paper was.
Clear as the blue sky,
Waiting for the touch of the pen
To dress its nakedness with words.

Words of wisdom, words of love,
Words of anger, words of sorrow;
It was patient for the scribble of letters
In scarlet, black or blue.

It was willing to keep
Every secret, fantasy or vision,
Of unspoken things locked safely
As a storehouse or place of refuge.

"Pour on me your heart's content,
Your pain, your joy,
every fancy and every thought",
Eager and white, the paper was.

"I desire to be filled, clothed in ink,
As I feel empty and bare
Void and worthless, and

Forsaken by eyes." the paper cries.
An answer to its desperate appeal,
From heart to mind, from mind to hand,
Words trickled down
Like raindrops on a window.

Life started to peek
With letter after letter,
And like sunset clouds in the sky
There was color in the white.

As time went its way,
Filled to the edge of the end and
Heavy with words of emotions a many,
Now fully dressed, the paper was.

It felt accomplished and contented,
Yet not knowing or aware
If it would be opened, cherished or read,
Still felt proud, buoyant; a piece of art.

As the jewelled writings cascading,
With an eminence position,
Blithe and radiant with bliss
Like armoured in ivory, the paper was.

THE SECLUDED PARK BENCH

Vezovo Tetseo
BA 4th Semester

Along the secluded park bench I am alone with my last bottle of wine
drinking by myself; then lifting up my bottle I asked the moon
to drink with me, along with my reflection, just
the three of us; then I sigh for the moon cannot drink,
and my shadow goes emptily along with me never saying a word;
with no other friends here, I can but use these two for company;
in the time of happiness, I must be happy with all wondrous
thing around me; I sit and sing and it is as if the moon
accompanies me; then if I dance, it is my shadow that
dances along with me;
while still not drunk, I am glad to make the moon and my shadow
into friends, but then when I have drunk too much, we all part our own
ways;
yet these are my friends that I can always count on
whatsoever; I hope that one day we three will meet again,
deep in the milky way, under the blissful moonlight in the secluded park
bench.

THE SUN

Kemcirangumheing Kulimbe
BA 4th Semester

The sun is bright and strong, Gives
us daily strength to walk. The sun
watches us throughout the day,
Protects us from being lost in our
way.

It keeps us warm with its heat
And it's warmth is like a mother's
hug. Without you, sun! We'd be
lost And the meaning of our life.

Sun! Never leave us, shine
out And guide us, to the
best paths. So that we'd
be not lost By the darkness
of the world.

The sun is as loving as A
mother, who wants best for
us.

TO A DESPICABLE END

Rukusheyi Rhakho
BA 6th Semester

To the inevitable chasm that all must dive,
The end of all incantations,
An inescapable fate of all men.
A chasm you must walk into
Yet I cannot fathom the thought
that you must go.

Maybe I'm selfish for refusing
To accept the fact that we all must go,
Maybe I'm too selfish for my own sake.
But I know I can never,
Bring myself to accept you leaving,
I will never be ready.

At times I wish I could go first,
Maybe I could escape the strife
Of losing everyone dear.
But I dread what it would do to you.
To tear your heart apart
I could never forgive.

Everyone must leave,
But I pray to God above
That he takes you back,
When your hopes come to being,
And you are paid back in full
To know you have succeeded,
A future ensure in sweat.

TRUE LOVE

Hilivi Choppy
BA 6th Semester

Though trivial my life was,
Failure comes no matter the try.
Yet, ends up hitting the rock bottom,
Made up my mind to give up.

But oh! I was left with confusion,
My inner-self got a strange sensation.
Was wondering what sort of feeling it was?
Then I knew, Hope, it was.

Amazed! Where and why a sudden hope?
While I was on the edge of cliff.
Realized, it comes from someone's compassion for me,
Someone, that supports, cares and root for me.

Only then I knew, it was a true love,
Someone's unconditional love.
Who started loving me before I even perceived the word itself?
A warm love of mother it was.

Oh! How great I feel,
To have something so pure and beautiful.

UGLY

Awele Aye
BA 6th Semester

I see myself everyday and I've seen how I look without any makeup on.
I see how my chin looks when I look down at my reflection.
I have seen my saggy arms, my thighs that jiggles when I walk or run.
I see how my acne looks when I wash my face.
I see my scars, my messy hair everytime I wake up in the morning.
I see every little thing about me that people don't not.
I see my stretch marks in my stomach.
I am ugly. And when you compliment me I would say you're lying. Because I
feel like I'm not and I'd be lying if I said I was pretty.

WHY?

Nguvito Swu
BA 4th Semester

To me you are my world,
But to you I'm just a mere thing
You are my inspiration, but
I am the dark curse to you.

Within you my soul gets healed,
Within you I lose myself.
But thee take me as a poison,
You are the reason for my living,
Whilst I'm just a dead being
In your eyes.

All I did was" loving",
All you did was" giving me pain."
And in all this, I have lost myself
And left with a question 'Why?'

YOUNG AND FREE

Hupetoli
BA 6th Semester

Cloudy storms and waterfalls
Waiting who's the first to call
Waiting who's the first to fall
Is that what love is all about?

Stolen wine and butterflies
Seven lives and losing time
Give it all and take what's mine
Is that what love is all about?

Up all night, sleep through the day
Close my eyes, push it all away
Rainbow drops falling on my face
And I'm kissing darker skies.
We play, we fight until we break
Crashing down from a high we fade
Love is a reckless lie.

Run away with me somewhere
Beyond this moral realm
Run away with me while free and young.
Let not our time be wasted
Run away with me
Run away with me.

YOUR POISON

Ghunali Z Yeptho
BA 6th Semester

Certain tribes in Africa use sharp objects,
To cut open their skin,
Which heal to have hardened, skin like crocodiles' backs.
Such is the condition my heart is in:
Scarred too often and hardened in the process.
My heart has just been toughened.
Impermeable; I'm not heartless.

Another tribe is the Americans,
Who use the venomous spells.
Poison dart frogs so hazardous,
To hunt animals and birds.
By rainbows, the frogs have been splattered,
In colors so vibrant and marvelous.
How can something so beautiful be so dangerous?

Maybe cupid himself was one of those hunters
With arrows dipped in your poison.
Deadly but full of allure.
As slowly I am,
Left immobilized, gasping for breath.
Like a prey before its eventual death;
The same thing that the poison does.
How can something so beautiful be so dangerous?

PROSE

EDUCATION SYSTEM

Imlikumzuk Chang

BA 6th Semester

In the present fast paced 21st century world, where machines have outpaced most human capabilities, it has become evidential that man should keep pace with the constantly developing modern world. And one of the foundational pillars for man is to acquire education. The pursuit of education has almost become the central theme of man's life as he dedicates half of his best years working tirelessly for an "A+".

There are diverse and varied forms of education imparted all over the world distinct to each country. However, one point of uniformity is that the education system all over the world is based on the idea of memorization and not understanding. The education system tests this knowledge of the students through standardized exams. However, these exams only test the information and not the true understanding and potential of the students. The main goal of this system is about gaining information and not the development of skills in the students.

The present education system is designed to make the students memorize the notes. This same pattern of education has been followed for generations in which students simply studied in order to memorize the notes, pass the exams, and get high grades. This suggests that our education system considers memorization and understanding on the same level. The central focus of the education system should not be based entirely on the syllabus. It should rather be focused on the development of different skill sets- a deeper understanding of the text along with an emphasis on the individual talents of the students.

IT HAPPEN TO ME

Chumbeni S Tungoe

BA 6th semester

I was in the 11th standard when this incident happened to me. During my summer holiday. I was told to visit my grandparents. This was going to be my second visit to the village. I packed my clothes and everything that I needed to take along with me. My father dropped me to the station, booked the ticket and went his way for work. I was alone, waiting for the village taxi which was to move at 12:30 p.m. There were also other taxis in the station that were to ply to other villages. When the time came for me to move, I was confused as to which taxi to take. Luckily, I saw my uncle and when I asked him, he pointed out the taxi to me. As it was almost 12:15 pm. I bade good bye to my uncle and was seated in the wrong car. Within half an hour the taxi stopped and the passengers started getting off. I started wondering because my father told me that it would take an hour to reach my village. At that moment the driver asked me to get off too. I told him about my village and he started laughing and told me that I have taken the wrong taxi and I was in the wrong village. I was taken back to the station. I was so embarrassed. I had to go back home.

This was the funniest and most embarrassing moment of my life.

PROBLEMS AN ATTIRE TO MANKIND

Alibo Awomi

BA 6th Semester

Problem! this is something everyone faces in life. No one is denied by problems though young or old, poor or rich but what matters is how you tackle it.

Have you ever thought of what is hindering you the most? It is the fear, frustration, ignorance, hatred, disillusion and anguish burning inside you. But trust me when you let all these feelings out of your mind, you will feel much more better. If you have any objection regarding any of your friends or among family members, let it out don't keep it inside you for it will lead you to hatred and disappointment towards that particular person.

Have you not heard of the proverb "Throughout life people will make you mad, disrespect you and treat you bad. Let God deal with the things they do, cause hate in your heart will consume you too".

When people faces problems, which they cannot tackle, they tend to question God. As in why did God created me? To let me go through all these problems of life? Who told him to create me? Was it a necessary to create me?

But then in the Bible God questions to his people; Was I the one who gave you problems? Am I a destroyer? He then answers; your seek for deeper goals in life led you to destruction. Even Adam was conceived by evil while in search for deeper knowledge. In the book of Psalms, God says " Our days may come to seventy years, or eighty, if our strength endures; yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away".

Problems will always occur in our life until death. You cannot escape from it. It is a fate that God has given to every individual. It is an attire to mankind without which our life is incomplete. If our life becomes free flow without any problem then every

one of you will become naive and forget God's love. Therefore problem is a reminder by God that he loves his people.

One should not always take problems into negative aspects. Problems doesn't always put you into trouble, sometimes it will lead you to another way of success, as there is a saying "everything happens for a reason". At times problems brings you peace of mind. It will widen your imagination. Problems teaches you the lessons of life. A person cannot succeed in life without problems.

One should not forget that in the society in which we lives in joy and happiness is an individual's success but if one faces the problem it is the problem of every society . Problems may bring cooperation among the members of the society so as to find out the definite solution to the problem, in this way problem brings unity.

To conclude, you should always be patience towards each and every problem that comes your way and more precisely follow your instincts and stand strong. Never be proud of the little knowledge you have. Obey God and turn away from evil. Only then your problems will be lightened.

REVERIE AND THE RUBY COTTAGE

Tokaholi Chishi

MA (English), ICFAI University

Every evening when the clock strikes' four, one can hear chitter-chatter from the streets of a little urban place called 'Cold Town'. In this town, shops are painted sky-blue, the weather is always cool and the town, most beautiful in early December where footpaths are covered in blossoming winter flowers, walls vined with fragrant vivid petals and the sky-line glows golden in eventide. It is also, not hard to miss a rainbow if a quick shower dances on this land.

In the middle of the town stands a traffic point where a chubby Santa Claus smiles, as it is Christmas season. The market is small and cozy as street vendors sell pears and spicy pulses, women talk aloud amidst their second hand silks and young lovers populate the only music store with blaring pop songs on the tape recorder, talking about love and letters.

The clock strikes' four- Reverie sneaks out of her well-furnished home. She is a ten year old girl who lives in a boat-shaped mansion. Bored with her dolls and lack of real companionship, her heart stirs for adventures after having read stories from books her mother had bought and she cleverly comes up with a plan, on how to spend, her precious fleeting evening.

She calmly watches her siblings glue to the television set, climbs down the stairs like a curious cat and reaches the open air. The evening is cold and requires warm

coverings but Reverie strides out with a shirt and floral pants on trying not to meet anyone's gaze as she crosses the market streets to a little cottage below the hills where poor families live.

The women from the market have often warned her that,

Within the secret chamber of the little cottage sleeps a yellow dragon with wild whiskers, who drinks a special elixir that gives him supernatural strength and he wakes in the night to torment their sleep with bellows and vehement activities.

Reverie desires to witness this strange dragon. She had met a girl named Musky at school who actually lives in this cottage and has decided to pay her a visit.

She races to the enchanted cottage. Upon reaching its gates sees the ruby house with walls lined with red bricks and covered with white rose bushes. The windows glow golden- a little pale girl steps out of the door, surprised. Her prettiest pair of Doe-like eyes in excited glint greets Reverie,

'I am so pleased to see you! Please! Come in.'

Reverie bashfully accepts her invitation and proceeds to walk in, but a beautiful woman passes before them and stops to gaze at the two girls. Reverie is in awe.

The woman is tall, slender, with milky white skin and ruby lips. Her oval face beams like the moon and her thick eyebrows has now raised in suspicion,

'What are you both up to? '

Musky sheepishly answers, 'She is a friend, Reverie, her name, came to visit.'

To which she warns, 'Make sure you don't go to the bed room.'

Reverie's heart leaps. She nods obediently. They enter a guest room of hanging floral tapestries and a small heater warming the floor. Reverie turns to Musky,

'What is in the chamber?'

'You mean the bedroom? Oh nothing. We sleep in there. Its private,' states Musky

Reverie more curious, imagines herself in an armor ready to protect Musky assuming she is being held captive by the evil dragon.

'Who is the beautiful lady?' Reverie whispers

Musky smiles, 'My mother, she is really sweet but spent all night crying over an incident and has not fully recovered so I apologize if she seem cold to you'.

Reverie impatiently replies, 'It's okay. Can I use the restroom? I drank a bottle of Rasna and I really need to go.'

'Oh, let me take you there' Musky exclaims but Reverie retorts,

'You can give me the direction and I'll find my way, in the meanwhile you can bring in your dolls, I've heard they are really pretty.'

Musky innocently gasps, 'Wonderful! The toilet is out near the well to the left. It is not hard to miss.'

Reverie tries to contain her luck and quickly rushes out. She tiptoes to the well, sees a dark room with a door half opened and fixates on it. Convinced that it is the

secret chamber for she hears the snore of the sleeping Dragon singing, 'Hurr...huur....'

Her heart races. Cheeks flush red. She rolls the knob and gently pushes the door but her eyes are filled with horror. She sees a man clothed in a yellow robe, a thick slim moustache on his upper lip, sleeping on the bed with a bottle that contains a dark liquid. Reverie is perplexed. She takes a step back only to bump into something and lets out a scream, but a hand covers her mouth. It is the mother.

'You naughty girl came to find a dragon. You're not a friend of Musky, just a day dreamer who believes silly rumors. Run on home and never return!'

Musky comes out of the living room saying, "Oh Reverie, Daddy is not as bad as the people say, please, meet him in his Sunday best."

Reverie cries in shame, disappointed and confused she scats till she sees her own mansion surrounded by policemen, she races up the stairs to find her mother hysterically speaking over the phone that she has lost her daughter,

Reverie exclaims 'Lost who?'

Her mother stares in relief and anger, calls off the search party and sends Reverie to bed without dinner, but Reverie has no appetite. She sneaks to the home library to gaze at the giant window glass that has a dragon painted on it and ponders on the sleeping man.

Her eyes grow dim as hours tick under the light of the radiant glass. She softly puts her dragon to sleep, unable to realize, the depth of the struggles, the Ruby Cottage shelters within its walls.

THE END

TRUE LOVE, MAYBE?

Chubamenla Longkumer
BA 4th Semester

Summer was over and it was time for school again!

“Kaeley!!” shouted Nova as Kaeley entered the school. Nova and Kaeley were best of friends, one would think it was impossible to separate them. They knew each other’s secrets and shared everything with each other.

They said their Hi’s to the rest of their friends and headed right for their classrooms. They always sat together and then began the narrations of their endless tales of what they did for their break. Their class had two sections; most of their friends were from the other section. They often visited the others during break hours and caught up with all of them.

This term there were a lot of new students and so all the students made many new friends but the duo were yet to meet any. Well they were in luck because the most gorgeous new student entered the classroom just as the teacher was about to take the attendance.

“Yes..... Mr. Johannes, may I have a good explanation why you are late for class?”

“Sorry sir. I was stuck in traffic. It won’t happen again.”

“It had better. Please take a seat Mr. Johannes.”

Kaeley though she saw him take a breath as though he was relieved that the teacher bought his story. She was still looking at him take his seat when he turned and caught her eye. She turned down her gaze and began to blush, but pretended as though nothing happened. The class when on and on before the bells went. Finally break time was here. Yay!

They entered the cafeteria and took their usual seat. Nova looked at Kaeley and noticed she was searching the cafeteria for someone.

“Are you looking for me ‘cause I’m sitting here, right next to you!!”

At this Kaeley stopped and laughed feeling embarrassed. “Sorry Nova, I was just looking at all the new people.” And shrugged.

“Oh No! I know that shrug!”

“What!?”

“You like the new guy!”

“Pfft! Of course not! Why would you say that? I do not like him!”

“Ok, whatever helps you sleep at night” she said with an evil smirk.

“Ugh Nova! I told you I don’t like him! You are so annoying sometimes!”

“Well, what are best friends for?!”

They both laughed and took out their lunch, they did not like the cafeteria lunch, not that it was dirty or anything, they just preferred to pack their own. As they were eating and laughing at each other’s jokes, what a great time for Mr. Johannes to enter and catch Kaeley’s eyes. She was caught staring by Nova again but she made no remark, she just smiled knowingly.

“Kae, you’ve got to stop staring to finish your food you know.” Said Nova smiling.

“Sorry, gosh! What’s wrong with me?”

They had their lunch and went back to class. After the long stretching hours of the last two periods of class, the bell finally rung and all the kids left the school with exhausted smiles. Kaeley and Nova walked home together and talked about anything and everything. They finally said goodbye and Kaeley went to her room. She sat down on her desk and started her work; surfing through Instagram!

The next few weeks of class were not eventful, unless you counted the dog poop that Nova stepped on the way to class.

They came to know the first name of Mr. Johannes, Tyler, Tyler Johannes. He ignored everyone in class, but was pretty intelligent. He made new friends, the Jocks, the Nerds, you name it; everyone wanted to befriend “famous” Tyler. After the first day Kaeley never caught his eye and he made it clear that he wasn’t interested in making anymore friends. Nova did try to make Kaeley talk to Tyler but was unsuccessful. Slowly Kaeley lost her interest in Tyler and forgot he even existed.

But then news and rumors spread that Tyler was dating a girl from the same class, and true to that rumor, he was indeed dating a pretty girl, Sadie. They seemed quite happy and made no move to deny the rumors. So it was true indeed, Kaeley was a little hurt but she had already lost her interest for Tyler so she ignored it.

This happened for the two final years of school and everyone graduated with flying colors. Kaeley and Nova applied for the same college but different major subjects. Surprisingly they found that many of their classmates joined the same college, even Tyler.

On the first day of class, Kaeley found that Tyler and she had chosen the same major subject. And surprisingly he talked to her and didn't treat her as a stranger. They even exchanged numbers and talked to each other like they were long lost friends or something. Nova was also shocked by the sudden transformation. So this went on for the first semester and second semesters of college, they became really close friends and then one day as they were texting she got to know some things about Tyler. He was treated so unfairly in life, he was so broken but he kept up the brightest of smiles. She felt so sorry for him, she helped him fight this depression that was eating him from the inside. Another reason for his depression was that Sadie left him when he needed her the most. At this juncture, Kaeley found herself slowly falling in love with Tyler again but she didn't even know it yet.

They spent hours of talking to one another and both slowly opened up to each other. Nova was happy that Kaeley could help someone who needed help and so did not mind Kaeley spending lesser time with her. They would often go out and have lunch or go to the movies and have dinner sometimes. They were getting really close and Kaeley realized she was indeed falling head over heels. One day he called her up all excited and said, "Kaeles! I've got something to tell you! I'm so happy! Come meet me in the park!"

"Okay" for some reason she had butterflies in her stomach, maybe something good is going to happen.

So she went to the park and spotted him at the bridge, she took a deep breath and went to where he was standing. "Hey Ty! What's up with calling me here?"

"Guess what?! Sadie and I are together again!" and Tyler hugged her.

"Oh! That's Um.... Great" she gave him a smile but at that time her heart was breaking into a million pieces. She was trying so hard to hold her tears but they did not listen.

"Hey Kaeles, you ok? Why are you crying?"

"No I'm fine, I'm just really happy for you! That's really great news!" she said wiping her tears yet her heart was breaking and crying out to her to leave the place and run away from this hurt.

"Isn't it Kaeles! I missed her so much, thank you for being here!"

"Well, what are friends for right?!" she said with a sob," By the way Tyler, I got a call before coming here that my Aunt needs some help unpacking her things at her new house so I need to go help her since her husband stays abroad." It wasn't a lie though, her Aunt really needed some help.

"Ok Kaeles, but I thought you could join me and Sadie for lunch tomorrow?"

"I'm really sorry Ty, maybe next time." He didn't even know the loud noise of her dear heart breaking and being torn. "see you Ty."

"see you! Take care! And give me a call when you get home."

They waved and Kaeley turned to leave, after passing the street she ran towards her house and ran up to her room and cried her eyes out. She poured her heart out by crying and crying not understanding why Tyler couldn't see how she loved him. She called Nova and she arrived right away, she helped Kaeley deal with the heartbreak. Maybe this was what she was afraid of; the heartbreak, the hurt; when she rejected all those people who asked her out. "Is this really what love is? Must it hurt this much? If so, I don't want it!" she said still crying and hugging her chest as though it would help her heart be fixed.

Few weeks passed, Tyler called her many times but it was sent to voicemail, she did not come to college for so long, even when she did, she would try to avoid contact with Tyler. He was beginning to feel as though she was avoiding him. But he had Sadie to keep him occupied. But even for him it was never the same as before, there was something different about Sadie, but he couldn't quite grasp what it was. Sadly they fell apart again and this time because Tyler found that she was cheating on him, he was so hurt because he insisted that she was the first person he really fell in love with. The heartbreak was unbearable that he sought suicide. He told this to Kaeley; yes, they were talking again; she was

heartbroken again because she never got to tell him what she felt and he was thinking of leaving for a heartless girl? She cried silently when he said that he was better off dying, screaming in her head begging him to look at how loved he is by her, how much she cares for him, how much it's hurting her the way it's hurting him. But she listens quietly and cries silent tears, the shattering sounds heard again, the sound of her heart breaking again when it didn't even completely heal.

She begged him not to think of anything related to suicide, she told him that it was wrong and that time healed all wounds. She finally mustered up her courage to tell him her feelings and called him to the bridge at the park. When he did, she was very shy at first but she couldn't bear the heartache anymore that she confessed. She told him how she felt, how heartbroken she is and was, after saying all that she told him that he could just listen and not say anything rather than to tell her he didn't feel anything for her, which would be less hurtful.

He was shocked at first to know that she was in love with a broken person like him. She deserved better he thought but the idiot! Didn't he see she was deeply in love with the broken parts that made him Tyler? That she chose him? Well, eventually he did.

But he could not bear to see his Kaeles hurt so he just kept quiet, she understood and heard her heart breaking yet again by the same person but she accepted it and agreed to still be good friends. She tried her best and things were not the same but they were friends again. This went on for the final year in college and finally the end came, they were in their final semester. They were so busy with preparations that Kealey did not notice the withdrawn behavior of Tyler. He had eye bags, he said he was losing appetite because of the coming exams, and sleeping less because of the tension. She believed him but she was wrong, three weeks before the end of the final semester, she got a message late during the night.

It was Tyler, he wrote

"Hey Keales!

I know it's really late and I didn't want to wake you, I just wanted to hear your voice one last time before I leave, but I won't call, I've hurt you enough already. When you see this, it might already be too late, but I just wanted you to know that I really love you. From the beginning of high school when I caught you staring at me, it was really sweet to see you blushing, you were so pure and

sweet and loving that I didn't want to destroy that. So to try and distract me from you I tried to keep my distance and went out with a few girls and finally met Sadie, she reminded me so much of you that I fell for her. It must have really hurt and I'm so sorry for being the cause of all your heartbreaks. Maybe in another life if I were given a chance I would definitely ask you out. But this life for me is almost as dead as a log of wood, only thing left to do is to burn it. So, I know you would hate me for what I'm about to do and you'd be hurt again. Gosh! Why am I the only one to always hurt you? I'm so sorry Kaeles, I really love you. And if you really have the same feeling for me, you will promise me that you will move on and be happy. Forget about me or else I won't be happy. Ok? Please move on!

Love you always,

Your Ty Ty."

Kealey saw this the next morning and rushed to Tyler's house, the cops were there, his parents were crying outside while talking to the cops. She was too late, if she had read that as soon as it was sent. She ran in and saw him, his face was white as a sheet of paper. His phone in his hand with the last message he had sent her. He had an overdose of sleeping pills, which was a suicide as he never had pills more than needed and the message was a clear evidence.

Kaeley screamed and cried at the sight of the scene in front of her. "You left! You just left! I hate you Ty! How can you do this?!" she cried so much that she fainted and didn't know what happened next.

She woke up in the hospital and remembered what had happened, her tears were uncontrollable, Nova came to her rescue and helped her combat this again.

"Her first love was her last, she never moved on but lived happily, she adopted many helpless and homeless kids after college. She founded the "Tyler Home", a home for teens who tried to commit suicide and an adoption centre. She adopted a girl named Aliyah and loved her like her own; she grew up to be a beautiful girl. They all lived happily ever."

"The end"

"Mummy, isn't that me? I'm Aliyah."

“Yes dear, it is you, you have heard my story of love, grow up and make one of your own. Goodnight love. Goodnight Ty Ty.” She whispers and gently kisses Aliyah with love and they both fall asleep to a beautiful dream.

TURN OF EVENT

Longtsubeni Ovung
BA 6th Semester

Lilly was once among those that worked the whole day yet had nothing to live. She only survived with a dry bread and a half drank bottle of water by an unknown person. She had to survive her night by covering herself with a worn out clothes and an old newspaper.

She was only 14 years back then, when she knew what the world was like. She had nothing to depend upon. She had nothing that she could be proud of and the people left no stone unturned to show her that she had no home to turn to. She cried herself to sleep for almost a year.

After 3 years of suffering she met an old kind rich man who told her that he wanted to adopt her. At first she wanted to ignore him and live her own as she know that there was no free lunch in this world. But her greed for a home didn't allow her to reject his offer.

She learned that he lived alone even though he had sons and daughters.

She also learned that all his sons and daughters have jobs, some had set up their own business.

And some had setup online transactions and they were all successful people. At first she never thought that they'll treat her fairly but she was wrong as they loved her dearly and welcomed her as their own.

She cried herself to sleep for the first night not because she was cold, hungry, and had no shelter but she uttered the cry of happiness. She became a

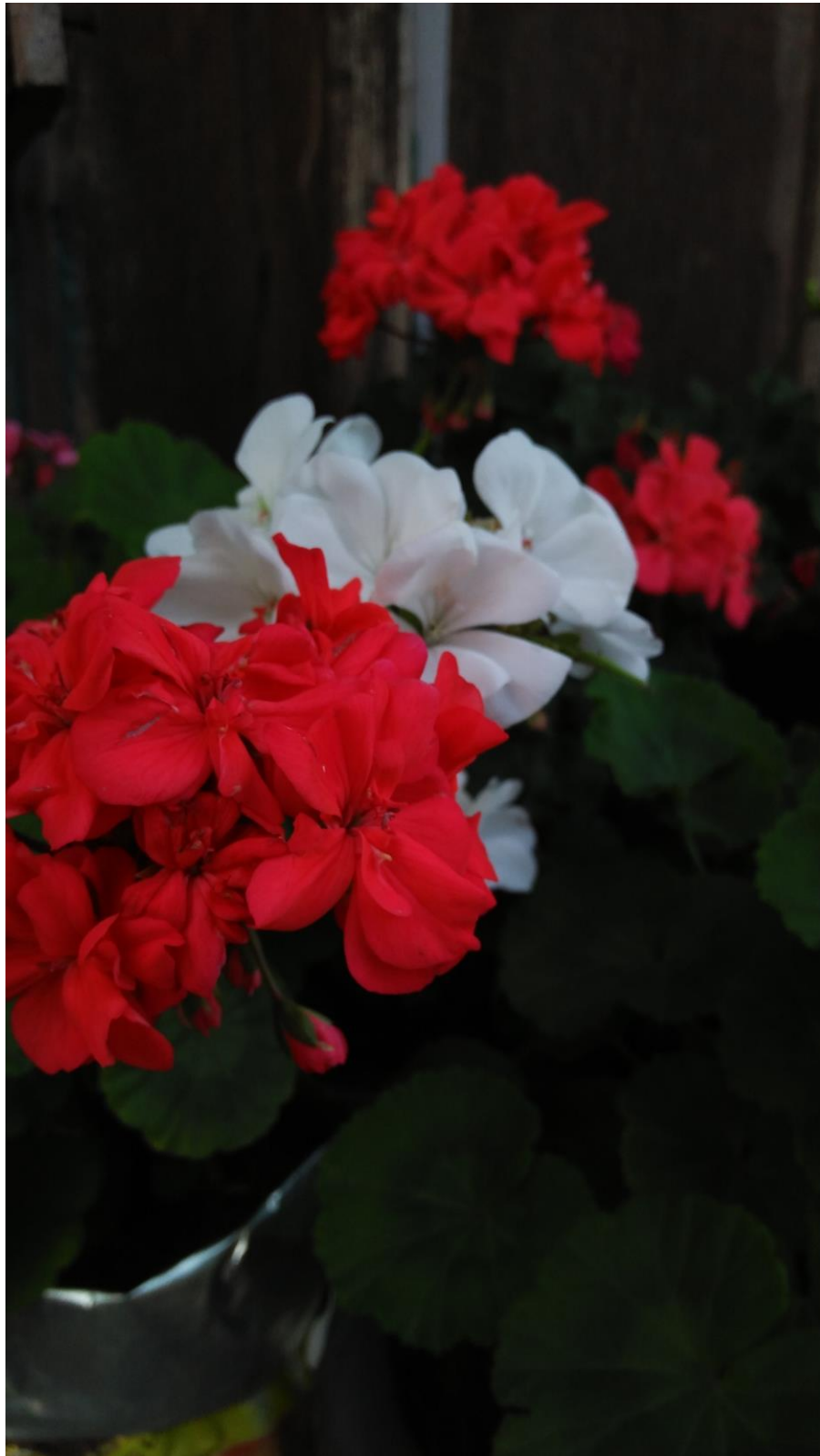
member of their family at the age of 17. They home- schooled her and she lacked nothing for they gave her all that was asked. She learned business from her brothers and at the age of 24 she took over her father's business who was 58 years old.

She is now known as Ms Lilly Dizu Knight. Her middle name was given by her foster father Mr Luchen Dizu Knight. She's thankful to God for having met him, it's because of Mr Luchen that her fate has been changed.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Motsoi Meyo
BA 6th Semester



P. Hoamnio
BA 6th Semester



S. Mokthoi
BA 6th Semester



S. Mokthoi Shiu
BA 6th Semester

ART



Imkong Imchen
Dimapur Government College

