

A TETSO COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE AND ART

PHOENIX





First published as an e-book in 2015 by the Department of English,

Tetso College, 5th Mile, Sovima, Dimapur, Nagaland, India

ISBN- 978-81-929456-1-3

© Tetso College 2015

This e-book is meant for educational and learning purposes. The publisher of the 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:

Patomi Yepthomi (Asst Professor, Department of English)

Veduvolu Khusoh (Asst Professor, Department of English)

Kahor Raleng (HoD, Department of English)

Anjan K Behera (Asst Professor, Department of English)

Pankinziulu Chawang (Asst Professor, Department of English)

Page Layout:

Veduvolu Khusoh and Patomi Yepthomi

Cover page and Section Introductory Page Photography:

Veduvolu Khusoh

Coverpage and Section Introductory Page Models:

Mereninla Jamir (BA 1st Semester), Shenili Chishi (B.A 1st Semester), K Livika Sumi (B.A 1st Semester), Tsuniholi (BA 1st Semester), and Amekali T Yeptho (B.A 1st Semester)

Contributors:

Poetry: P. Patomi Yepthomi, Kahor Raleng, Anjan K Behera, Alemnaro, Kesotshe-u Doulo, Imnayapang Longchar, Glory Siro S Yimchunger, Tsukumla, Tokavi, Tolika, Alemtuba, Imchenmeren, Asamlam Chuilo, Lidia Venyo, Inaholi Aye, Ayusanen, Mereninla Jamir, Henen Kath, Toka V, Mhalesieno Kere, Rhilo Mero, Vikupu Chishi, Yanbeni, Aghali H Assumi, Echunula, Bendangyula Jamir, and Neizokhonuo Rupre-o.

Prose: Khatila Sangtam, Anjan K Behera, and Henen Kath.

Art: Vinika Chishi, Tokaho, Sedingba, Tabitha Assumi, and Yankuba.

Photography: Veduvolu Khusoh, Nivibo Yiki, Khuzoto, and Pakinziiniu Chawang.

Foreword

In this life, connecting with each other, our own selves or the world around us does not always come easy. Invisible walls, imaginary chains of restraint, barriers of the mind or our very own inhibiting and self-created demons themselves are constantly close on the heels of the human soul to prevent it from breaking forth to find its freedom in expression and oneness with the world. What forms and modes that manage to break away are a testament to the indefinable power of the human mind that gives hope to every soul.

The eBook, *Phoenix, a Tetso College Anthology of literature and Art*, which is an initiative of the English Department, Tetso College, is that form of hope for every writer, contributor and reader to in some way participate in the process of celebrating beauty, life, expression and oneness with the world. The second edition is no different from the first in terms of its accessibility to a wide-reaching audience, quality of workmanship and expressive precision, beginning with one's foray into the recesses of the soul through poetry, followed by a trip into the make-believe and imaginary world of prose and storytelling, and winds up with a concluding tribute to aesthetic appeal and visual beauty. There is a simplicity and innocence in the writings that makes for uncomplicated reading, but on the other hand soothes and comforts, and for some, the possibility to even relate to certain experiences.

As an academic endeavor, it is an innovative method of enabling students and teachers to move away from the structure of the curriculum and explore a dynamic space that promotes creativity to help them achieve excellence; a mission that remains at the heart of Tetso College. The dedication and effort of both students and teachers of the English Department is applaud worthy, not only because of the ability to inspire through writings and art, but is portrayed through the enthusiasm and teamwork that reflects in the life of this e-book, and of course that positive energy that lights up the staffroom every time.

As with all forms of expression and writing, the ability to connect is an art that only gets better with every new creation. I believe the *Phoenix* has managed to achieve this in its second edition, and just like the bird itself will continue to soar higher and higher.

Dr. Hewasa Lorin

Director-Student Services

Preface

Phoenix, an e-book, is an Anthology of Literature and Art published by the Department of English, Tetso College. It comprises of poetry, prose, a one-act play, paintings and

photography, contributed by the staffs and students of Tetso College, expressing one's own thoughts and beliefs.

In Greek Mythology, a Phoenix is a long-lived bird that is cynically regenerated or reborn. Associated with the sun, it obtains new life by arising from the ashes of its predecessor. In the historical record, the phoenix could symbolize renewal in general as well as the sun, time, the Empire, metempsychosis, consecration, resurrection, life in heavenly Paradise, Christ, Mary, virginity, the exceptional man, and certain aspects of Christian life. The name of the e-book can be understood as the renewal of the human spirit and a deliverance of hope that darkness shall not triumph, that man shall be rejuvenated. Through these poems, stories, plays, paintings and photographs, we aim at inspiring readers across the globe to believe in the regenerative power of art. Through this e-book, we aspire to set ablaze a sense of sheer creative brilliance which will appease souls and facilitate a sense of rebirth and hope.

The cover page is inspired by the poem "Solitary Reaper", a ballad by English Romantic poet William Wordsworth, and one of his best-known works. The poem functions to 'praise the beauty of music and its fluid expressive beauty, the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" that Wordsworth identified at the heart of the poetry.' This e-book anthology also functions to eulogies the beauty of the creative and critical faculties of inimitable minds.

Editors

Contents

Foreword.....	Page 04
---------------	---------

Preface	Page 06
I. Poetry.....	Page 12-86
1. <i>The Alluring Pain</i>	Page 13
<i>P. Patomi Yepthomi</i>	
2. <i>A Lament</i>	Page 15
<i>Kahor Raleng</i>	
3. <i>Love in Crosswords</i>	Page 16
<i>Anjan K Behera</i>	
4. <i>The Last Song</i>	Page 19
<i>Kahor Raleng</i>	
5. <i>Mete Me Out</i>	Page 20
<i>Alemnaro</i>	
6. <i>The Nostalgia</i>	Page 22
<i>Kesotshe-u Doulo</i>	
7. <i>Hopeless Thoughts</i>	Page 23
<i>Imnayapang Longchar</i>	
8. <i>Mama's Prayer</i>	Page 24
<i>Glory Siro S Yimchunger</i>	
9. <i>The Way You Lean</i>	Page 25
<i>P. Patomi Yepthomi</i>	
10. <i>The Sound of Silence</i>	Page 27
<i>Kahor Raleng</i>	

11. <i>The Map</i>	Page 29
<i>Tsukumla</i>	
12. <i>Call Me</i>	Page 31
<i>Tokavi</i>	
13. <i>My Teacher, Dearest Teacher</i>	Page 33
<i>Tolika</i>	
14. <i>The Essence of Nature</i>	Page 34
<i>Alemtuba</i>	
15. <i>The Pale Horse Approaches</i>	Page 36
<i>Anjan K Behera</i>	
16. <i>The End</i>	Page 39
<i>Imchenmeren</i>	
17. <i>The Flight of Greed</i>	Page 40
<i>P. Patomi Yepthomi</i>	
18. <i>A Stand to Lean On</i>	Page 42
<i>Asamlam Chuilo</i>	
19. <i>Sunshine</i>	Page 44
<i>Lidia Venyo</i>	
20. <i>Untitled</i>	Page 45
<i>P. Patomi Yepthomi</i>	
21. <i>My World</i>	Page 49
<i>Inaholi Aye</i>	

22. <i>I Thought I hummed a Song</i>	Page 50
<i>P. Patomi Yephthomi</i>	
23. <i>A Moment to Remember</i>	Page 52
<i>Ayusanen</i>	
24. <i>To Nature</i>	Page 54
<i>Mereninla Jamir</i>	
25. <i>Journey</i>	Page 55
<i>Henen Kath</i>	
26. <i>Songs of Love</i>	Page 57
<i>Toka V</i>	
27. <i>Tribute to the Heroes</i>	Page 58
<i>Mereninla Jamir</i>	
28. <i>Oh! Dear, Lets Create a Heaven</i>	Page 60
<i>Mhalesieno Kere</i>	
29. <i>I Know Not</i>	Page 62
<i>Rhilo Mero</i>	
30. <i>Wounded Nature</i>	Page 65
<i>Vikupu Chishi</i>	
31. <i>All About Her: Marvels and Dangers</i>	Page 67
<i>Mereninla Jamir</i>	
32. <i>Oh! My Future</i>	Page 69
<i>Yanbeni</i>	

33. Raindrops.....	Page 70
Aghali H Assumi	
34. I sat Alone.....	Page 72
Echennula	
35. The Bachelor's Snivel	Page 74
Anjan K Behera	
36. Inner Peace.....	Page 77
Bendangyula Jamir	
37. Another Outlook of Solitary.....	Page 78
Toka V	
38. Confessions of the Night.....	Page 80
Anjan K Behera	
39. The Mistake.....	Page 83
Kahor Raleng	
II. Prose	Page 84-103
1. Laboni's Christmas	Page 85
Anjan K Behera	
2. The Two brothers	Page 93
Khatila Sangtam	
3. Guns and Roses	Page 95
Henen Kath	

4. <i>Scenes from a Memory</i>	Page 97
<i>Ayurem</i>	
III. One Act Play	Page 104-112
1. <i>An introduction to an Egalitarian Society</i>	Page 105
<i>Yanuo Pojar</i>	
III. Art.....	Page 110-118
IV. Photography.....	Page 119-129

POETRY

The origin of poetry is Greek. It is a verb which means "to make, to create". It is a form of literature that uses aesthetic and rhythmic qualities of language such as phonaesthetics, sound symbolism and metre to evoke meanings in addition to, or in place of, the prosaic ostensible meaning. Poetry has a long history, evolving from the telling of oral epics. Poetry uses forms and conventions that suggest differential interpretation to words, or to evoke emotive responses. In this section, poems that dwell on a diverse array of themes have been included.



The Alluring Pain

The light glares in the darkest hour

And the surface flooded with a light shower

That makes it hard but to live in shade

Under the bower that I once made,

Once which was dear, now but deserted

With no hope and heart to spare

But I once dare, it did not care.

And was I wrong

For the stars did shine bright

The darkest night

Now burns so hard at night.

Small and far between, rain drops did fall

And crystal sound they make

But less forlorn and multitude they meet

To be one amidst the mighty pond.

And all life so fresh as if to start anew

The leaves sparkle in the morning dew

With rays of the golden Sun

Leaving behind the days bygone.

P. Patomi Yepthomi

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

A Lament

Serenity evades me
Chaos entraps me
Tangled in disarray
I yearn for a breath of sanity
Oh! Why did you reveal?
Thoughts best let alone
Revealed your countenance
Your anguish, a hurt to my soul
Pain, a spectrum of emotions
Foreseen in your mind's eye
Love beacons me
To shatter the barriers in utter surrender
Still I long to escape,
Untie the bond,
Erase the memories
Of a shackled past,
A past I fear to tread upon.

Kahor Raleng
HoD English

Love in Crosswords

In love they were,

Equally smitten.

Butterflies flew,

When eyes of theirs' locked!

Hearts pounded,

And skies brightly remained blue.

Accidental love, but love it still was,

Pure, joyful, enchanting, melodious.

Like intricate crosswords,

Intense grew their love,

And intrigued us all.

And yet never the guts had they,

To say, admit, and love.

Oh how their lips trembled,

For true love's first kiss.

But alas! Those words never were said.

Their cryptic notes mortalised love.

So close, and yet so far.

Perfection awaited, but denial prevailed.

Hesitation won, and hearts barricaded within.

And so it was, time flew by,

Lives were lived,

Children were bore,

Decorated trees shimmered,

And solemn sighs were heard.

The past haunted their dreams.

The lips still yearned for just one kiss.

If only words had been spoken,

And hearts not lain coward,

They'd have saved Cupid's reign,

And given the world an epic romance.

And so it was, a lonely end,

Their bodies disposed, a dreaded cold.

Testimony bore the solitary tombstones.

Which soon the moss enameled.

Yet somewhere my heart, it hopes,

It believes, it prays,

(For when has reality been kinder?)

They resigned to Eden,

And there, in that lost garden,

Found love at last,

And all was finally well.

-Anjan K Behera

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

The Last Song

The last song rhymed perfectly

Melody had found harmony.

Words played on it meaningfully,

An endless rhapsody.

Still, voices found its way,

Unconscious minds left disturbed.

The impossible remained unattainable

Love, Just another word.

The next song awaits to be rhymed

The last song, engulfed,

Is perhaps just another tune

In the recesses of my mind.

Kahor Raleng

HoD English

Mete Me Out

Will I live like the wind?

Unrest in the peace

Blind me slowly

For the pain is too familiar to bear

All of me cease to dream

Still I refuse to give in

For hope and love does live

My reason to live is you

Though my heart does betray

The feeling I hold dear

Like the stars up in the night

You are far to reach

So must be my fate

To watch over you and share your sympathy

Condemn me not to this life

Mete me from this fate

Will I find a way?

As you close your eyes

From the next great mystery of the soul

I leave it in your hands.

Alemnaro

B.A 5th Semester

The Nostalgia

Nature has a progression
To unfold the pages of life
I wish to travel back in time
But a harsh truth time keeps
And stays true.....it moves on
I look back and see a little girl
In endless squabbles
As though we'd be together forever
Childish things I had done
No longer to be remembered
For an adult am I
A woman in the making
I do miss my childhood
Alas! A memory so distant
Captured in time.

Kesotshe-u Doulo

B.A 5th Semester

Hopeless Thoughts

From a distance I gazed

Now that you leave me

In the dark of the night

I embrace loneliness

Memories keep you alive

Where shall my broken heart lead me?

Staring into the distant horizon

I foresee a lonely journey

Love blinded by tears

An endless sorrow follows

Through the sands of time

Soothing with a glass of whiskey

My bliss, drunk in hopeless thoughts.

Imnayapang Longchar

B.A 5th Semester

Mama's Prayer

I close my eyes with a tearful heart

Oh! How I wish I could see my mama again

Her humble prayers guide my everyway

She taught me to walk with thee each new day

And though she is not along

Wherever I go, I know I am safe

For my heart always say

'Mama, pray for me.'

Glory Siro S Yimchunger

B.A 3rd Semester

The Way You Lean

I heard a huge fall

Wonder what could that be?

And drag my feet closer to see.

A cry was the call

And a tree once stood tall

But now the brutes did rain

And oh! So little left to bend.

Here, hold! My brethren

The voice deep inside tend

So long once I denied

But with faith now I'm tied

So must your trembling wings

And flap your weak fins

Coz not long, I fear

Light air that travels

Whisper pleasantly in my ear

Then I know, thus it says:

"A tree falls the way it leans,

Be careful which way you lean."

P. Patomi Yepthomi

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

The Sound of Silence

You gently invaded my space

One day at a time

Is all that it took.

Unknown to me,

You strike a chord deep within my soul

Persuaded me, pushed me,

Awakened the passions,

And I discovered me.

Your strength, I craved

A pillar that I need.

You left behind a fiery blaze,

Spiralling me to a bottomless pit,

Sinking to depths bewildering...

In desperation, I cling on to reality.

I cry out but all I hear

Is the sound of silence.

Breaking the depths

Here I stay still

All I have within me,

The sound of silence.

Kahor Raleng

HoD English

A Map

A map is a true guide

For mankind to reach their destination

It has a direction

A direction, which is never wrong.

I do have a map

With words inscribed in gold

A mystic road map

In it contains the mind of God

The condition of man, the way of Salvation

Doom for the sinner and happiness for a true believer.

It is my light, in times of darkness,

My food to satiate me

To cheer me up, when sombre,

A staff and a rod

To help me in old-age.

I read it to be wise

Believe it to be saved

Practice it to be holy

It is my ultimate guide.

I believe, sooner or later

I will reach my destination

Endless joy and happiness

Behold, my only road map to eternal life

The Holy Bible.

Tsukhumla Yimchunger

B.A 3rd Semester

Call Me

Love can find a way

To ruin or to bless my life

Your love completes me

Oh! Call me, call me

Tell me how you feel

Just like the fiery blaze

Your love ignites my heart

You make me beautiful from the ordinary

Oh! Call me, call me

My love will never fade away

All that I need is you

From health to wealth

I just need your love and kindness

Oh! Call me, call me

Here I am before you

Don't know why you became so distant

You broke my lonely heart

But I shall never give up

Oh! Call me, call me

My life starts and ends with you.

Tokavi V Sumi

B.A 3rd Semester

My Teacher, Dearest Teacher

Oh! How wonderful, teachers of Tetso

Moulding us into perfection

A good day begins around the beauty of our college

And like birds we soar high and free

Stepping on this forte of education

A world of inspiration

To lose ignorance and gain knowledge

Friends to bring change in us everyday

Unique in every way

Success is indeed on my side

For you are trustworthy

My teacher, dearest teacher.

Tolika H Jakha

B.A. 1st Semester

The Essence of Nature

Filling the spaces as you go

People didn't know how you got there.

Empty spaces so prominent in life,

Slowly starts to fill up,

And the sun shone like never before.

Now, I sing along with the birds.

I dance together with the trees.

Every bit of breeze that blows through my hair,

I hold close to my heart.

Twinkling eyes that know not;

The mysterious smiles, I can't help, but smile.

Down past the green pastures;

Across the mountains and through the paddy fields,

They speak of your goodness.

What mankind sees not!

Nature does, and they always will.

It's sad to know when I think about the barren lands,

Because they can't see what you are made of.

You generate enough sunshine to make my life bloom

And when the sun forgets to shine one day,

I hope you take its place high up in the sky.

Alemtuba.

BA 3rd Semester

The Pale Horse Approaches

The fiery arrows of Zeus,

Light the brutal dark skies.

Whist from the north,

Sirens scream shrill.

Oh what impending doom awaits me?

Knighted, I sit in my tent.

The wind rattles my valor.

On my finger, her ring.

Oh my love, what wouldn't I do,

To behold thy radiating charm again.

The tempest draweth close,

And arms are raised from their slumber.

Innocent metal, you will soon be bloodied.

The soil prepares to cradle the dead.

And I prepare to breath my last.

But oh my mortal existence!

The armour of the knight,

Adorns my build.

And yet, like a peasant,

The approaching pale horse wreaks havoc.

Cruel destiny, make me brave.

How doth my army battle,

If their knight shivers with dread?

For leaders are born to lead,

Though dream they may otherwise.

Yes, a rose liveth not long,

And yet, it blooms, and shines.

A firefly is soon hunted,

And yet, the poor brute flies,

Defying death in the night.

What honor is a life of retreat?

The gods favour the brave.

Assassinate strangers who are loved.

The world christens this gallantry,

To slay sons of the earth.

We march into the night.

The pale horse followeth close.

My army roars of nerve.

In my mind, I know,

Wars are futile!

Oh peace, where art thou?

-Anjan K Behera

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

The End

This is the day
The day I cherish
The day I love
The day of my life
The birds they sing
Their chirps, a tune
So it begins
A day with a beautiful song
But wait and hear...
Do you know what I feel?
Oh! How should I say?
Of light that draws my heart?
Of darkness that consumes my mind?
Help me, I pray
Draw me out and light my way
But time is gone, for now's too late
I close my eyes
This is the end.

Imchenmeren

B.A 3rd Semester

The Flight of Greed

Far beyond the reach of a savage mortal

At the rocky edge of a shivering branch

With wide open wings closes to rest;

Ragged and weary, the eye of corpse

Rain dripping down her feathery gaps

Thus softening the armored blades

To fly, to prey, but none

Not by choice and will stay still.

A fire lit, industrious smoke rose

From afar but warmth embraced

Greedy eye did stare the sight

As all bugs did fly round the light

Helpless, despair, drained and sick

Shuts the tired eye to rest

But tolls the clock bell, it struck

A couple, then two, another follows.

The rays then flow through the cracks

Drifting away the angered clouds

A twinkle to the morning eye

Flickered and spreads its wing to fly.

Heaven pours but holds for her

To grant her sparkling dew and stripes above far

Thou to Nature's bosom rest

But unto thee, for lust, to haste.

P. Patomi Yepthomi

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

A Stand to Lean On

Looking at the faces of trees

Yet surrounded by the Roses.

Stand as pillar or find its way.

What I'd done to fall in prey?

Am I lone in this universe

Or born in the middle of the Ocean?

Is life really calling upon

That I be no more seen?

Three footsteps walking round

Doors open widely

Beat the drum in two.

What horrible dream I dreamt.

Never wish to rise in Dead

Nor feel its beauty in real

As the paths are long

And the Creator is all above.

Asamlam Chuilo.

BA 3rd Semester

Sunshine

The sun comes up
Boosting my heart,
With memories of warmth.
As happiness plunders,
And you will reach a point
When your heart overflows with gratitude.
Since then I have lived
Within this shielding body,
Dignified as a princess,
Love and tears I bade goodbye.
Sorrow freezes up,
Death I experience not any longer,
Coz sunshine has a lot in store for me.
If only the rain

That has not come for long

Falls again,

Melting me as I die.

Lidiya Venyo

B.A. 1st Semester

Untitled

I

Afar secluded desert country plain

Storm creeps in with vengeance

Making a lone tree shed and shiver

And the strew-covered well

Unable to mirror the coloured sky.

Few pale looking leaves being stomped,

On lanes lay half-constructed pile of mess

Half-torn portrait flown alongside dust

And the street-light post bends to rust,

All that was once but eventually to die.

Now a soulless street looks barren
None but a puzzled crow to fly or stay
But windows shut for the thinnest air
And all that was but a minute ago.
Drizzles did drop then to awake
And out of vent did see the dust
Only but to rest upon the loaded rain.
Now a soul, then two, then three
With hats and whips they rode the street
To seek anew, a world, newer to breath.

II

To dust, heat and rills
In plains, through caverns and hills
Unadulterated fruits did nature offer
But times, thirst for water, they suffer
Then stops to go but paths unknown
Thou weary fragile body moan

But never was it over, that they know.

The lights are now up high and birds awake

The music of nature then was heard

To revive the weary but not to end.

For miles and miles they wander

Sore-footed, through rocks and grass

Men and women they met and pass

All do lust but none did render.

And ere the lights dims too deep

Thus hasten a promise to keep

To find a place in fairy beauty

And though wits and ranks they bore

They give it all to nature's deity

To go forth no more, and behold the door.

P. Patomi Yepthomi

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

y World

Begad! Is my world,

Wide it is, yet

I know not where I've landed

Coz my step so confined.

Demean, dejected is all I feel,

Unmoved by its captivating hues.

Dreary is my world,

With no novelty...

Will I lie cold?

Devoid transcending, my shell

"confined", will it be cradled

To grave my world?

I torment such were my reality

For stagnant I am,

Is one undeniable fact.

My core truth is yet buried,

And no courage I find

To breakthrough.

When my mind mustered to zenith,

To grasp my real destination

I wish I'm not too late.

Inaholi Aye

B.A. 1stSemester

I Thought I Hummed a Song

I thought I hummed a song

But the rhyme, and just words

No more after the music that bore in me

Lost in the dark woods and forgotten.

Anew the words did rhyme

But futility endowed my mind

And everything seem dark and vague

Yet, all things thus lack.

Then the last song did ever rhyme

And the verse yearning the long lost

So genius from deep, was inborn

But lost in the dark woods and forgotten.

But the woods never did

Sweet melody, they cherish every bid

Nourishes them, every single growth

And holds them close, their journey's forth.

P. Patomi Yepthomi

Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

A Moment to Remember

Eyelids closed and I see you

Jolly hey! Jolly ho! It's only you

My dearest, the memories I have with you

The best years of my life.

Two kids flying around,

One is you, next to you is me.

I still hear the sharpness of your loud cry

The moment when I pulled your hair.

I made you cry because your silence made me cry

Those cheerful years I spent with you,

The silly fights and sharing

All these now brings back a smile.

No other friend like you,

None to compare to you

When asked to describe you

All I can say is: "in my eyes she is the prettiest".

Ayusanen

B.A. 1stSemester

To Nature

Oh! I marveled at your beauty
The greens coveting the brown,
The vibrant hues of happiness.
Such lovely is the art.
The hands, thereby providing shade
Rays through the shades of green,
Wonder why it brings ease.
I adore you, talk with me
Fill me up with your purity
And take me to your magical world.

Mereninla Jamir

B.A. 1st Semester

Journey

I step out from my native land,
In search of freedom and wisdom
I roam about the streets,
Hiding my heartache and loneliness
Cities and towns filled with tittle-tattle
Each day something new arises
I find no place to call my own
So I go on my journey.

Walking down the road of life
Where good and evil merge and emerge.
Where fear and confusion reigns
Between friends and foes I cannot tell.

I find no one to call brother

So I go on my journey.

I turn on a new chapter

In search of my dream

Win or lose, I must.

Overcoming obstacles and barriers,

Reaching towards the goal

I have no time to rest awhile,

As I go on my journey.

Henen Kath

B.A 5th Semester

Song of Love

Oh! Sweet song of love,
Shining from the abode beyond
Just as the music that beats through my strings
I wish I could bind you in the ring.

Oh! Sweet song of love,
Sings melodiously like the white dove
Expressing my feelings through literature!
I try to furnish our song like furniture.

Oh! Sweet song of love,
So deep in your love I troop
Noting this down in my dairy
I consider this as my privy.

Toka. V

B.A. 5th Semester

Tribute to the Heroes

Marching up the hill

Armed with great valor

No dead leaf to be pinned

All left to be sinned.

Life to be under obligation

Miles away from one's beloved

Miles to go for a nation

Days end with speculations.

Shifting tears wrapped bold

Beneath the left, beats a soul

Night falls with days fold

Beneath the stars all souls.

Fought valiantly as told

Deep within memories foretold

One soul for a nation

Lived upon all trials to be a Hero.

Mereninla Jamir

BA 1st Semester

Oh! Dear, Lets Create a Heaven

A land filled only with joy

Where there is happiness

Where memories will be cherished

Where there is only you and me.

This land is full of evil

Tired I am with it

Let's rest in a land of love and peace

Holding your hand I will stay

Assuring everything that matter is you.

Sleepless are the nights

Wondering of the thorns around us

Dreams throughout the day

Of our dream house to cherish myself

Lend me your arms for the last time

Ere the breath fly by

And passes the hedge far

To create a land of happiness for us

Oh! Dear, I'll wait for you there

In a place called Heaven.

Mhalesieno Kere

B.A. 1st Semester

I Know Not

Another day, another morning, just a new beginning

The same place, same time but a different feeling.

Cool breeze over my warm skin

Under the shady tree I sit where I always have

Looking far at the distant hills,

It seems as though the clouds touch and meet

The top of the bluish mountain

With green trees under the blue sky.

I enjoy the moment as the birds fly

Over the land and with the wind.

Oh my! The flock of feathers so disciplined

Pass the noon in the juncture
I felt so lost in the world of nature.
But amidst of all the "living in the moment"
"A thing of beauty" and of bliss
Caught the unsuspecting eye of mine,
Which struck me like a love so divine.
What could be more perfect than this?
I asked my soul as I reminiscence
The day of my puppy love to my first love!
Feelings unexpressed by words as I thirst
For love when I'm at my best and worst,
Where my days are forever cursed
Without the reverence of her love
Bewitched by the beauty, I'm silent,
Let my thoughts run loud and clear
Compared thee to the roaring sound of excitement of a crowd,
Like the white noise of the raging waterfall, loud
The rumble and the burning sound of thunder dear,

I'm in love with the beauty, that's all I know.
Beauty with a straight hair, she loves to keep,
Pretty eyes meant not to weep
Lovely smiles she always tend to give
Sweet voice that makes me forgive.
My love for beauty is unconditional
Yet she knows not of my benevolence
The feelings I have in her presence
Still unknown to beauty makes me feel fictional
Alas! I know not if she knows me
Or whether I even exist in her world, for I
But maybe a fragment of dust invisible to her
And none to be seen of me.

Rhilo Mero

B.A. 1stSemester

Wounded Nature

Happy I was, with the ambiance of green.

Complicated feelings of happiness feels my heart,

Let I know the value of life

Within a blink of an eye

Found it vanished.

Neither spring bloom the loveliest flower

Nor autumn reap the sweetest fruit

She began to fade away.

Sinful nature of materialistic man

Could never know her feelings.

Wounded nature, yet never ready to leave us

Strive hard still, to lend us her strength

For she loved us

Though her death remains forlorn.

I gasp a moment for breath

And lament as her shadows fade.

Then, I realize, I am to blame,

For I was a part.

It was we that defy her strength,

How poignant it is when all is gone

Then let tranquility fill her wound

To darken the faded shadow

And wipe the mournful tears

For that is least we can do.

Vikupu Chishi

B.A.1st Semester

All About Her: Marvels and Dangers

Safe under her shoulder dressed with hope,

Gentle wrapped up in her blanket,

Serene as I myself am enchanted to you

Needless to describe what you bring forth.

Your four sides bring great wonder:

Immature, gay, responsible and boastful,

I know now how life goes on

It resonates and never breaks its chain.

Stagnant train separating lives,

Free to spread and soar heights

Shedding tears leaving behind colors of joy,

Yet, not a day passed in awe of your beauty.

Unstable world of greed have overthrown you

Appreciate: not once been made.

No wonder why it can't be tamed

Cheerio to her, when one has found its niche.

I thank thee, blessing me with sight,

For her loving arms coveted me.

Growing under your eye, never out of sight,

This world of ours is not for free.

Mereninla Jamir

B.A. 1st Semester

Oh! My Future

With a purpose of existence
Leaving the loved ones behind
With motives to fulfill dreams
But excited by the activity
Of everyday world and carried away
Oh! I should step back
Cling to my dreams, not let it shatter
Not to ponder the artificial pleasure
Which is all vanity.
With perseverance and determination
Must toil to let it happen
But left heartbroken in failure's reign
But rise over to keep the goal on
Alas! To see my sparkling future
That lies awaited.

Yanbeni N

B.A 1st Semester

Raindrops

You're the light that's glowing,
The air I'm breathing,

Wounds you're healing.
When my bonds are falling

You're the word that's living
The voices I'm following
The hands you're lending.

When my heart aches.
I wanna take till the end.

No matter how hard the fall,
Cause when all the sparks turn out,
That's where my love awaits.

Let the raindrops fall,
I wanna feel your love,

Then all my scars will be gone.

Let the raindrops fall on
Show me everything.

I wanna save that note,
Then all the tears will smile,

Let the raindrops fall on me.

You're the joy that's lasting,
The cure I'm talking,
The ways you're showing,

When my mind is lost,

So I wanna take till the end

No matter how hard the fall

Cause when all the sparks turn out

That's where my love waits.

Let the Raindrops fall
I wanna feel your love

Then all my scars will be gone.

Let the raindrops fall show me everything

I wanna save that note

Then all my tears will smile,

Let the raindrops fall wherever.

Aghali H Assumi

B.A 5th Semester

I Sit Alone

I sit alone by the shore.

Assaulted waves around me undisturbed,

In deep pensive mood, was I.

Contemplating what lies ahead.

The years left behind,

I see no footprints.

The years ahead of equal measure,

I foresee a waste in the haste of life,

Because love, I have none.

No laurel, no leisure,

To grip my life with excitement.

I smile by habit taught,

Laugh by occasion demanded,

Walk with inward-grown glory.

Loneliness loom large,

Doom my path ahead

Hallucinations are what they see.

Masquerading voices is what they hear,

Fantasy is what they are fed,

Never they realize

The daily facade of their fragile dreams,

Nor the fragile achievement of a desperate dream.

Echennula

B.A 5th Semester

The Bachelor's Snivel

Love... that wondrous thing poets sing of,

Fodder for broadway hits,

And the life of many a celebrated songs...

Songs that I have heard, hummed, learnt by heart,

Yet never felt the love...never...ever.

Fairy tales trapped in their books,

Terrified to venture to the truth.

Teenage years lost in oblivion,

Darkness of lust, passions, and deceit;

Saw that as love, my poor mortal wit.

Life's always been a quest for love,

Love's on all our minds.

A kiss brought back Snow to life,

And yet for me, they were never more than a liability.

My wounded heart, I keep it treasured,

Locked up by the forged smiles of mine.

In veiled tears, I dream my dream,

Even a small house can be my wonderland,

When in it, me and my love reside.

And while the sounds of love may have filled my abode,

My heart it knows, love never there was in actuality.

A transaction it was between lost souls,

A panted hiatus from that quest,

Strangers pretending to be in love.

How could I resist those loving eyes,

Which I now know, were filled with deceit.

Mine kismet, thought I.

For a kiss they paid a thousand,

Yet they paid fifty cents for my soul.

In a world where Cupid's retired,

We hope eternally for love.

As a wise man once told,

“Never give all the heart”.

It's easy to see, he was writing for me.

I just wish I could play that part.

For the love that I've known,

It never lasts,

It just fades from kiss to kiss.

Left behind are memories.

The love that Shakespeare bickered about,

Seems to have died with him...

But alas my weak human heart,

It still beats, believes, and dreams!

-Anjan K Behera
Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

Inner Peace

The patience inside it underlines

Difficult times vanish with its touch.

Making believe nothing is ever tough

With its every ability make the mind ease.

They say hard it is to manage one's madness

But feeling of peace within wipes it away.

Though difficult it is to make believe

But everything changes when peace of mind takes over.

Bendangyula Jamir

BA 1st Semester

Another Outlook of Solitary

Behold it shrink the soul

Like the anguish of the mother at birth

And the castle without a backyard lane

It seldom drives away easily

That comes in disguise as parasites

And blinded the innocent eyes,

Which result to untimely fatality?

For while it seems perennial,

Where nothing seem right to accomplish

Meanwhile revive contentment,

Keep calm and patience against it.

Yet it can outsmart heroes.

Be cheerful and glide towards warhead

Although it never dies

It parishes when happiness returns.

Embrace solitary solitudes.

Toka V

B.A. 5th Semester

Confessions of the Night

Darkness creeps upon the town,
Engulfing every building, every street;
Robbing every soul of their masquerade.
For in the night, everyone is a new being.

The sun of love sets down,
And awakens the moon of passions.
Dark, evil, powerful, seductive lust,
That envelops the town, and everyone within.

Morality fails,
And all that remains is the daring id;
Wild, free, forgiving, 'must-have' passionate,
Pleasures in this darkness they find.

Beyond closed windows,
The orgasmic moan of lovers intertwined.

Doesn't distract the dolled up whore down the lane,

Whose work has only just begun.

Intoxicating fumes of weed,

Make the world a blur.

In this blur, folks forgive, and venture out,

Seeking new adventures, hiding their wedding rings.

A couple who's love acquired dust,

Precariously scan the pub.

They battle for their dying love,

Their hope, a gigolo soon arrives.

Strewn across the park bench,

A dazed teen couple lie, needles strewn nearby.

Him, a freshman at St. Luke's.

She, the daughter of a clergyman...and three months pregnant.

The wealthy businessman fumbles,

As he signs for a loan.

His debtors, cruel moneylenders.

And yet, his weakness for gambling.

Darkness begins to weaken,

Poof! The sex addict transforms into a responsible lawyer.

Poof! The whore transforms into a nurse.

Poof! Evils retreat back to their coffins.

Clothes are quickly worn,

Awkward goodbyes are said,

And in the day of light,

The guilt of having lived their desires manifests.

For the day is the villain,

That shrouds the world in a blanket of good.

Man is by default evil,

And sexual, passionate, wild...and free!

-Anjan K Behera
Asst. Professor, Dept. of English

The Mistake

A spark of passion

Through the distance;

Past the trail untrodden

Finds its way,

Firmly embed into my existence.

The very essence of life,

As Shakespeare triumphed,

And I romanticized;

Its presence,

An adage to my soul

The centre of my being.

To beget history,

Our unique story.

A fallacy bemoaned

And the cycle never ends.

Kahor Raleng

HoD English

PROSE

Prose is a style of writing that uses a formal organization and that is often divided up into lines or stanzas and it refers to something beautiful. It exhibits a grammatical structure and a natural flow of speech rather than a rhythmic structure. Officially, prose encompasses any writing without a metered structure, but we often think of prose as writing that mirrors common speech, from novels to biographies to newspapers and blogs. In this section, we look at stories which document the interaction of the Nagas with people of other cultures, and the rich heritage of Nagaland.



Laboni's Christmas

The peace and quiet of the night had been broken by the rustle of leaves outside their house. Sleep had eluded Laboni and now she sat upright on her bed as she felt her heart race. They were here! She had been told they would come, but in the corner of her heart she had prayed otherwise. The footsteps were moving in a direction, towards her neighbour's house. She wanted to run out and go get Atsa and the others in that house. She got up, fervent and delirious, determined to do something, only to feel the grasp of her husband on her hand pulling her down. "Let me go! Atsa is there. I must go." Her husband hugged her tight and whispered, "It's okay, and it's just a search. Laboni these are army men. You know Atsa had told you to stay in during the search. Atsa is a brave

woman. She will be fine. Jacob is there too isn't he?" His consolations failed in stopping those mute tears which crept down her cheeks and onto Ranjith's shirt. In the distance the racket of rifles pounding down on a door resounded through the calm valley. She clenched her fists.

A day before the raid, things had been so different. The cold wind of December had made Laboni shiver as she ventured out to look at her marigolds. The morning sun peered curiously through the mango trees, the light shimmering like gold. A cup of tea in hand, Laboni couldn't help but smile as she looked at her house. Her flowers were in full bloom now, and grass had covered their compound. The fences were clad in the winding terracotta tubes of termites. A year had passed since she had come to Dimapur and a lot had changed since then. She sipped the last of her tea as her husband walked through the gate carrying a bag of vegetables and groceries. It was a Saturday and although Laboni had loved going to the weekly *haat*, she had decided to give herself some rest. As she walked into the house, she could feel her baby move within her. There was a lot to be done.

Ranjith sat outside cleaning the chicken that Laboni would cook for lunch. Even though she was uncomfortable around the kitchen with the kerosene stove (the fumes made her nauseous), she wanted to cook the chicken. She wanted to make *Kasha Mangsho*, a Bengali dish her mother had taught her. She closed her eyes and for a few moments imagined herself back at home; the warm aroma of freshly baked cakes, the joyous laughter of her siblings as they would sit around listening to *Akashvani* on their radio broadcast Christmas programmes while her mother would be in the kitchen marinating the mutton for the Christmas feast. She would be visiting them soon Laboni hoped as she sat on a chair to read the newspaper. 23rd December 1988. "Army Raids Houses in Dimapur". She adjusted the angle of the newspaper so that just the right amount of sunlight hit the paper. She read on. The Indian Army had conducted 5 raids the previous night in search of arms and ammunitions allegedly hid by the workers of the NSCN. They had ransacked the houses in the most brutal manner, and arrested and tortured people. The raids had been in vain. Laboni placed the newspaper down and looked out the

window. She liked looking out the window, the view of the hills and trees relaxed her. She did that whenever something bothered her.

As the aroma of frying onion filled her kitchen, she was greeted by the familiar "*Ahishe de*" of Atsa. "*Ayya welcome de*", said Laboni as she rushed to bring a plastic chair for Atsa. The old woman visited Laboni every now and then and nothing warmed Laboni's heart more than her warm company. Atsa was Ranjith's colleague Jacob's grandmother. They all stayed in the campus of the college. Atsa spoke to her in a myriad of languages pulling in whatever words she could remember from Hindi, Nagamese, and English. Atsa had learnt a little Hindi thanks to the new television set her son Jacob had bought. The black and white *Rangoli* and *Hum Log* had tutored her on the language, while letting her imagine what colour clothes the actors would be wearing in actuality. "*Vetülu has gone to bosti. Christmas time na. My buini gayi with her. Jacob aur bachein mere saath.*" Vetülu was Jacob's wife. Laboni listened as she poured in a spoonful of coriander powder. "*Chicken taste karna*", said Laboni with a smile, "*Bengali style aaj*".

Ranjith, Laboni, and Atsa sat down to eat half an hour later. Laboni had insisted she join them for lunch. Atsa said she liked the chicken. After lunch, as Ranjith went on for his afternoon siesta, Atsa sat in the kitchen peeling oranges as Laboni did the dishes. She hesitantly told Laboni that she wanted Vetülu and Rayi, Jacob's children to spend the night over at Laboni's. "Of course, that is not a problem. Will they come after dinner?" asked Laboni as she mentally calculated how much extra rice they would have to cook if the children would dine with them. "No, *ghar mein khayega. Sirf soega here*", said Atsa. Laboni knew Atsa well by now, well enough to know that there was something bothering her. Laboni dried her hands on a towel and walked towards Atsa. She put her hands on her shoulders and asked, "*Ki huishe?* Is everything okay? You can tell me."

Laboni had never seen Atsa as grave as she was now. She told Laboni why she wanted the children to sleep over at her place. Jacob had been associated with the NSCN until a few years ago and even now his brother was a worker. She had an inkling that the army would raid their house soon. She did not want the children to be there when that happened. "*Bachcha khan bhui khabo*". Laboni agreed. She had been accustomed to

reading the reports of brutalities caused by the Indian Army on the Naga people. She had heard of people being arrested in the middle of the night from their homes and being carried off for interrogation and torture. She understood why Atsa had come over today. Atsa was scared. She was scared for Jacob, and scared for the children. She hugged Laboni as she left. Laboni looked at the wrinkles on her face. She couldn't help but compare it to the bark of an old tree, a tree that had stood strong over the years and borne every storm and hail, and once again, the storms were coming.

Anyi and Roko came over by 6pm tired and exhausted. They had spent the entire afternoon practicing a dance they would perform during the Christmas Watch-night Service. "Madam the dance is so nice. It's on an Abba song", chirped Anyi. They called Laboni 'madam' since she had recently joined their school as their science teacher. Vetülu was the eldest daughter. She was almost 13. Roko was 7 and the shy one. He just stared at the single star hung on the porch that swayed blissfully in the wind. After almost an hour of chatting, Laboni showed them to their beds. It was the same room that would one day be her daughter's, and that happy thought made her smile. She returned to her own room and turned on the radio. AIR Kohima was broadcasting Christmas hymns. While the soft melodies filled her room, her mind was elsewhere, her mind was with Atsa. She could imagine the old woman fervently praying that the raid does not take place. Laboni had wanted Atsa to stay over at their house too, but she could not. The absence of the entire family would only make the army more suspicious. Ranjith was already asleep. She switched off the lights and went to bed. She could hear the children giggling softly in the other room.

Atsa's hunch had been right; the army was here to search their house. It was almost 2am. Laboni could hear Roko calling out for her. Breaking free from Ranjith's embrace, she groped around in the dark until she reached their room. Visible in the faint breeze of the moonlight were the siblings hugging each other. "Madam, what's happeni...?" "Sssh...it is alright. It is just a routine army raid." Laboni knew there was nothing routine about this. The children knew there was nothing routine about this. "Atsa has asked you to stay here. You are safe here." With each scream and shout that they heard, their hearts sank, and

they felt as though everything was getting darker. That's the thing about fear. Regardless of the age, everyone could feel it.

For what seemed like an hour, the neighborhood was filled with the sounds of pots falling, furniture being moved and people shouting in Hindi. Laboni was now sitting on the bed, holding the hand of Vetülu. Roko was clutching on to her arm. Ranjith sat on a chair opposite them. Terror filled each one of them. "*Kaha chupake rakha hai saale suwar? Bolti kahe bandh hai kamine?*" shouted the army men. Laboni sat motionless. Her thoughts focused on Atsa, that figure of love and grace. What did she do to deserve seeing her grandson being treated like a criminal? "*Tum sab sala haramzada, bandhuk lekar hamko marega?*" The entire neighborhood heard, no one dared to come and protest. Laboni felt something heavy on her chest. She felt such shame as she imagined Jacob and Atsa facing this all on their own. "*Puh mhapui thi kiikri mole... phimuje puh kha te!*" That was definitely Atsa, Laboni could recognize her voice. The army men laughed and Atsa could be heard screaming in horror. What had they done to her?

Once again she stood up. The right thing to do would be to keep the children calm. She didn't care about doing the right thing anymore. She had to go to Atsa. Atsa needed her. "No sit! Laboni! They will be gone soon. I promise everything will be okay." Ranjith's voice cascaded around her, only that she was no longer aware of anything. Her mind was fixed on Atsa. She could see Atsa's loving smile as she had hugged her a year ago during the dinner party where she had felt completely out of place. She remembered how Atsa had taught her to cook pork with bamboo shoot, and how they had giggled the entire afternoon like long lost friends who had finally reunited. She reminisced the day when she had gifted Atsa a Kashmiri shawl, and how beautiful she had looked wearing it. She remembered how Atsa had brought ladoos for her when she was informed there would be a new addition to their family. "Laboni, sit. She will be alright. They all will be. I promise." Laboni knew in her heart nothing would be alright. Atsa was out there, and there was nothing she could do.

Once the army men had gone, Laboni, Ranjith, and the children ran up to Jacob's house. "Atsa! Atsa!" There was no answer. Fear sank her heart. Laboni walked into the living

room. The Christmas tree lay on the floor. The cushions of the sofas had been ripped to shreds. "She is here! Help me!" shouted Ranjith from the kitchen of the house. As Laboni and the children rushed in, there she was, amidst a pile of pots and pans. Blood covered her forehead and her hands lay thrown around on either side. Laboni could not move. She stood motionless against the wall. She watched as Jacob lifted her head on his lap and the children held her hands calling out "Atsa" frantically.

The college vehicle carried Atsa to a nearby hospital. It was almost dawn. There was a crowd at their house now. Laboni and her colleague, a khasi lady who stayed nearby sat and comforted the children. Some were picking up the furniture and utensils which lay strewn across the floor. The ladies were cleaning up the kitchen. Everyone had come together to help, and everyone was filled with guilt. Jacob was nowhere to be found. "They must have taken him." "God help the poor soul." "I hope he is released soon." Laboni sat and listened to all of this. Just this morning she had taken delight in looking at her marigolds. How things can change in the blink of an eye.

Atsa died three days later. Jacob was there to attend the funeral, and Laboni could not help but feel sorry for him. He was covered in bruises. The children sat about gloomily. Did they understand what had happened? Could their innocent minds comprehend the brutality their father had suffered, and that they would never see Atsa again, Laboni wondered as she sat among the mourners. Throughout the memorial service, Laboni noticed that there were some who looked at her and Ranjith scornfully. After all, they belonged to a different race. Perhaps the grief over Atsa's death was channeling itself as unreasonable anger, but after Laboni felt something change. She felt like a stranger. It was time for people to pay their last respects. Ranjith held Laboni's hand and guided her towards the coffin. Vetülu, Jacob's wife ran towards them shouting amidst tears, "Stay away from her! Your army killed her! You people are the problem!" Laboni stopped walking. She could see Atsa inside the coffin and she could see the rage on Vetülu's face. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain inside her and realized she did not have the strength to stand. As her knees buckled, Ranjith quickly tried to embrace her in a desperate attempt to stop her from falling. Lights dimmed around Laboni as her grasp tightened on

the wool of the green *mekhla* she was wearing. She could hear voices ringing out from a distance, and Ranjith calling out her name.

"Attention passengers, Train Number 2312 Dimapur- Guwahati Intercity Express olop time *nimite* Platform number 2 *para charibole ase*." No one paid much attention to the PA system. Everyone was busy loading their heavy suitcases and beddings into the cramped compartment of the metre gauge train. Holding on to her bag, Laboni sat inside the train watching how excited everyone was in the platform. A week had passed since Atsa's funeral. The train started with a jerk, startling everyone. People settled down, and those outside said hurried goodbyes and walked along the train till it out sped them. Ranjith was reading the newspaper. As the cold wind started to jostle down on Laboni's face, it became difficult for her to keep her tear welled eyes open. She closed her eyes and felt a pang of grief, something she had been trying not to feel. Suddenly she felt someone grasp her hand. It was Ranjith, "Don't worry Laboni. We will be back soon. It's only for a few weeks. You need this change. Meeting your family will do you good." Perhaps he was right, meeting her family and friends would help her forget what had happened a few days ago. But in her heart, Laboni knew she would never forget the sight of Atsa in her coffin, and the doctor telling her that she had had a miscarriage. "Yes I hope everything will be fine soon", said Laboni as she realized that there are some cracks which can never be mended, and some memories which can never be forgotten. As the train thundered through the scenic plains of Dimapur, she spotted an old woman in the distance walking with a child. Although the scene was there for a minute and gone the next, it had soothed her heart.

-Anjan K Behera

Assistant Professor, Dept of English

Editor's note: This is the second story in the series of prose pieces by the author which revolve around the life of Laboni. The first story of the series, *Laboni's Letter* was published in the first e-book *Musings de Este: A Tetso College Anthology of Literature and Art* (ISBN 978-81-929456-0-6), published by the Department of English, Tetso College.

The Two Brothers

Once there were two orphan brothers in a village. Their names were Murumong and Murubang. They lived in humility and had a miserable life, because their parents died very early. One day, they went to their field for weeding. The elder brother entrusted his younger brother to look after their lunch bag in the hut.

When it was noon, the younger brother felt hungry as it was time for them to have lunch. So he called his elder brother for lunch. But his elder brother replied "Please wait awhile! I have not yet finished my work". Murubang felt very hungry and was impatient, the younger brother again called his elder brother after few moments. The second time too the elder brother replied the same. After some time he again called his elder brother loudly: "Imaa! Imaa! Come soon. I'm too hungry!" The third time too, the elder brother replied the same.

It was already sunset, but the elder brother did not come to the hut for the meal because he wanted to finish off the work; this made his younger brother so upset. He then climbed up on a plant called *Khing Khasi* that was growing near their hut and cried out loudly calling his elder brother for lunch, "Imaa! Imaa! Imaa!" A

s he cried "Imaa! Imaa! " on the branch of the plant he transfigured into a small bird. After transforming into a bird, he was only able to chirp. He was then jumping and chirping, "dikhe, dikhe", to and fro on the *Khing Khasih* plant waiting for his elder brother.

It was already evening when the elder brother finished his field work, as he returned, he could not find his younger brother. He looked for his younger brother he instead saw a

small bird chirping “dekhe, dekhe”, jumping to and fro on the branch of the *Khing Khasih* plant. He realized that his younger brother must have transformed into that bird. He deeply regretted for his arrogance, but it was too late. Before leaving the hut, he ate half of the meal and kept another half on the branch of the plant. Thereafter, he left the hut for home leaving his younger brother behind. From this incident the small bird was named ‘dekhe’ due to this chirping sound.

After a few days, when the elder brother went back to the field he found that rice he kept on the branch of *Khing Khasih* plant got fermented. Therefore, the Sangtam people believe that, due to this incident the quantity of rice beer increases if the yeast is prepared with the seed of this plant. Even today, the Sangtam people are to make yeast with this seed whenever they prepare rice beer at home in order to increase the quantity of beer. It is believed that the bird transformed from a human being and so is still revered as one of the humans. Hence, it is considered taboo for young people to eat its flesh.

Khatila Sangtam

BA 5th Semester

N.B. This is a retelling of a Sangtam folktale as narrated to the writer by her grandmother.

Guns and Roses

The moment his eyes fell upon her, the world around him came to a standstill. She was sitting by the window gazing outside, unaware of the fact that she held someone completely mesmerized. Her dark brown stresses neatly held back would playfully come out of its place with the occasional gusts of cool air filling the compartment and then with some effort, she would try to hold them back.

The sun peeping in through the window adds a tinge pink to her pale cheeks on that unusually cold morning. But most beautiful of all were her eyes. Those big round blue eyes filled with innocence. Those eyes were so deep and clear as if they had not witnessed the brutality of this cruel world.

It is said that someone somewhere is meant for you and me. And somewhere within, he felt a certain conviction that she was the one he had been searching for all these years. She was this perfect girl that he had always dreamt of. He thanked the stars for it was clearly love at first sight. He watched her silently from a distance, not wanting to let go of the moment. Her eyes were still fixed somewhere outside.

"Excuse me, Sir" his thoughts were interrupted by an officer in black "ticket please." He took a few seconds to realize where he was and fumbled as he groped for the ticket.

"Excuse me, Ma'am." She did not seem to hear him. "Excuse me" the officer repeated. She startled at the sound of his voice realizing that she as the one being spoken to. She looked in the other direction and smiled weakly and for some strange reason she did not seem to notice the officer standing right before him. Then the horrible sense of realization downed upon him. He as too dazed to react. It took some time for the truth to sink in. she was blind. The hustle and bustle in the compartment was drowned by his thought. Surely he could not have been so foolish as to have relied on such baseless

intuition for so important decision regarding his life. He had been swayed by her looks which really do not matter when it comes to choosing your soul mate. And all that stuff about love at first sight was sheer rubbish; you can't fall in love with the person you don't even know.

As the conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind, he turned his head away as the train picked up speed. He did not care to give her a second look. Everything was back to normal.

That morning, cupid could be seen sitting mournfully atop a train with only a handful of arrow, shedding a tear as to how selfish and ruthless people have become.

Henen Kath

BA 5th Semester

Scenes from a memory

My lips were about to touch hers when suddenly I was woken up by a loud monstrous voice. It was my mom, the loudspeaker of the house and I was dreaming of Anne, the girl I really love. It's been a year since I have known her and I haven't confessed my feelings to her.

"Get up you lazy boy, don't you have class today?" mom shouted.

It's 7:50 AM and I have to reach college by 8:50 AM. It's a fifteen minutes walk from home so I'm definitely not late for my class.

"I hate my mom. If I had slept two more minutes, I would have kissed her", I thought. But it's okay. I'll see Anne in class.

I am ready and off for my classes. It's tiresome to walk for 15 minutes but I have no other option. My family can't afford even a Scooty so I have to bear with it.

"I had a dream of her so today's definitely going to a great day." I keep telling myself.

It's spring season and I can see new leaves in the branches, flowers blooming and so much green in the surrounding. I can see beautiful birds flying and I can hear beautiful birds singing. I haven't been so much in love with nature until today.

"It's love that makes me see all things beautiful?" I thought.

I wonder whether the poets who write beautiful poetry about nature were in love with a woman when they wrote those poetic verses. I believe love makes people see things in a different perspective.

After 15 minutes, I'm already in the class but there is no sign of Anne. Her desk is empty. I'm really depressed and I keep looking at her empty desk. In fact, her empty desk has made my hearth empty and I can barely breathe now.

The lecturer enters the classroom and start taking attendance. He calls out Anne's name and a faint voice from outside says "yes sir". It is Anne and she is late for class again but I'm happy she came. She enters the classroom and smiles at me and goes to her desk.

"She smiled at me so she really likes me." I thought.

"Do you love Anne?" Asked Wati.

"No way, she is not my type." I replied.

Wati is my bench mate. I'd rather call him "The guy who can drink raw beer". He is known by that name because of a funny incident that happened one night.

Wati is such an innocent guy and he doesn't know anything about alcohols. I'm not into alcohols literally but I have a little knowledge about liquors. One night I, Wati and some few friends were having a party. The other friends brought whisky and beer and started drinking. I was having coke because I had health issues. Coke is not actually good for my health either but it is far better than whiskey and beer, so I'm good.

That night, Wati was in a bad mood and so he started drinking beer and got high after two cans of beer. It was troublesome for me because I had to carry him to the hostel.

The next day, Wati was so proud that he got drunk and he announced to everyone that he drank raw beer. He must have thought that beer is taken with water. Everyone

laughed at his stupidity and started taunting him and that is the sole reason he is known as "The guy who can drink raw beer". He gets angry when we talk about it now.

He is basically a very good person; he is good in sports, studies and in fact he is god in everything he does and he is Anne's best friend and I think he loves her too.

For the record, I envy him and fear that I might lose her to him.

I kept looking at her the whole day. She was one of the most beautiful girl in the entire universe for me. She has beautiful eyes that shined like a diamond. She has long and beautiful hair. Her skin was so fair and she has beautiful pink lips. She is tall and infact she looked like a Korean actress.

Everyday I keep watching her. We were good friends but I couldn't ask her out. I had been texting and talking on the phone for about a year and so we are very close when it comes to texting and talking on the phone but when I see her in the class, my brain kind of shuts down and I go numb.

"I have to do something about it." I thought.

It's 8:00 PM and it's our conversation time. Yaaay!!!

I kept thinking about whether i should text her first or wait for her text. Suddenly my phone beeps. "She likes texting me so she must have texted me first." I thought. My confidence level has been boosted to hundred percent after receiving her text. After some few hours, my fingers couldn't type those magical euphoric words that would make her smile, so I decided to call.

"Hello". She said.

Her voice was so soft and sweet, I could keep listening to her voice for thousand years.

As the conversation went on, I decided to tell her how I feel about her and I did so with all the guts tucked up inside my heartbeat. In doing so I nearly fainted, to be honest. Yet I was overwhelmed by the fact that "moi mota manu ase".

After hearing what I have to say, she became silent. I was dead scared. Numerous thoughts kept musing inside my brain, anxiously hoping to be a "green light" respond.

"Thank you Moa" She replied. "But I need some time to think about it." "Is it okay?" she asked.

"Ok Anne, take your and think about it". I replied with a heavy heart.

"Would you like to go out and have ice cream?" was my next question.

She agreed to it right away because she likes ice cream and me probably. My instinct says she loves me.

The next day, I dressed up neatly and then borrowed a Pulsar bike from my old school friend, Temjen, who is also my neighbour.

I took his bike and then went to the place where we were supposed to meet up. Anne was wearing a beautiful yellow t-shirt, black shorts and a converse. Dang!! She looked amazing. I gave her a sweet ride till Baskin and Robbins, Dimapur. While we were there, I couldn't miss a chance so I asked her whether she loves me or not. But to my horror, she said "I like you", which wasn't NOT-SO-COOL words to listen to. I was not very pleased with her answer but was content with the fact that she at least likes me. After having ice cream, we went for shopping (as usual, girl's thing). We hovered around the entire shopping complex. The most romantic part was that we were holding hands (that oh yeah moment). People were staring straight at us as if we were from other planet or something like that. But yes! We looked great together. I'll always reminisce that very day.

The next day, I got good news. Guess what? She loves me. Excitement flows all over my veins.

As time went on and summer season begins, our love has become stronger. We spent so much quality time together and I would love to marry her in the future.

In the class, Wati and some friends also like Anne and always try to impress her. I get very jealous when she is happy and laughs at their "NOT SO FUNNY" jokes. My crazily best friend, Elina can see my jealousy. She mocks me for being stupid. No one knows about my relationship with Anne, except for Elina. She has always been there for me and has always helped me. She is very special and she will always be my best friend.

Classes are about to be over and summer holidays are nearing. My friends are very excited and super pumped up for the vacation but I'm not. I won't be able to see her. She will be spending her holidays in Mumbai with her parents. Before she goes away for a vacation, we decided to spend one whole day together. I couldn't help thinking about what I was going to do the whole month without her.

Time has come for us to part ways for the vacation. I don't want her to go. I'll be all alone but she has a family and must spent time with them, so I could do nothing about it. She hugs me all of a sudden and says she'll miss me.

"I'll miss you more Anne." As I held her tighter.

"Now you go home. Dad will see us." Said Anne.

"Ok. I love you. Bye." I said as I kissed her forehead and her cheeks.

"Love you too. Bye"

The whole summer vacation, I spent my time missing her and I tried to contact her but couldn't reach her. She gave no calls during the vacation. The holidays are almost over but there's no new news from her. I'm hurt. I don't know why she didn't try to reach me but I have a bad feeling about it. I have to ask her why she didn't contact me.

I've class today and millions of question to ask her. I'm happy I'll see her but I'm scared as well that she might give me the answer I don't want to hear.

Classes are so boring without her. She has been absent now for more than two weeks. Did she return from Mumbai? Is she sick? I have no clue what has happened. I miss her so

much, her smile, her laugh and her voice. I miss them all. I spent my time thinking about her and listening to her voice clips in Whatsapp.

After a week or two, she starts attending the classes. Despite of all my rowdy emotions tucked inside me, I walked up straight to her and asked her politely as to why she didn't contacted me and what has happened to her but to my surprise she says that she wants to end everything and that she is sorry for everything. How can she say that? I refused but she is very stubborn so I agreed to give up on her.

She was my first love and I let her go so easily. All my dreams were shattered. I could feel no butterflies on my belly. They're dead probably. For the next two weeks, I stopped talking to Anne. She then apologized and wanted to be friends but I was so angry and didn't forgive her. But one day I decided to ask her for a second chance because I still love her and don't want to lose her but she refused. I tried again and again and she said that she'll think about it.

I waited for two months for her reply and finally I got the answer. It was still a "No". She didn't love me. She wanted to be just friends. Angry and frustrated, I asked her if she ever loved me and she said yes but now she doesn't feel the same way.

How can her feelings change so fast?

"Don't talk to me ever again." I said to Anne.

"If that is what you want, I'll not talk to you." was her reply. "And I'm sorry"

I still long to be with her and I still love her but there is no chance of us getting back together.

One month later, it's autumn and just like the leaves that withers and dies, my heart was dying every day. I have forgotten what happiness is like and how to smile.

If I had known Anne had cancer, I would have been with her and stayed with her till her last breath. She is no more and I regret not being with her during her last fight with cancer.

Not forgiving her was a big mistake and now I can't forgive myself. She was my first love and I'll love her forever.

I miss her s much. I can't believe she's gone. She still lives in me and I feel her in the wind. I never knew what it was to be alone because she was always there for me. Now I have to live without her.

Winter's coming and Anne loved snow and we had decided to go to a hill station and play with snow and spent time together. Everyone has to die but the last goodbyes are always bitter. And now she is gone, leaving me alone in the winter, the darkest of winters.

Ayurem

B.Com 3rd Semester.

One-Act Play

A one-act play, as the name suggests, is a play where the structure of a play is complete in a single act. One-act plays may consist of one or more scenes. In recent years, the 10-minute play has emerged as a popular subgenre of the one-act play, especially in writing competitions. The origin of the one-act play may be traced to the very beginning of drama: in ancient Greece, *Cyclops*, a satire play by Euripides, is an early example a one-act play.



An Introduction to an Egalitarian Society

Act 1

Scene I

Setting: In the downtown of Dimapur, commonly known by the name Nagarian. The whole town was tense due to the recent agitation against the rape of a Naga girl by a non-local.

MUMBA KONYA : *[Sitting in the corner table of a wine shop, he could hear a gang of dorks discussing about the recent happenings]*

SALIM : Bhiaya, can I sit on this table? *[Asks doubtfully]*

MUMBA KONYAK : Certainly!

SALIM : Thank you.....for your kindness.

MUMBA : *[The conversation wasn't active]* May I know where you're from?

SALIM : I'm from Assam, at the Nagaland-Assam border.

MUMBA : Oh! So, what are you doing here in Nagaland?

SALIM : Hmm.....I'm just a businessman. *[He is the owner of Salim Pan Shop]*

MUMBA : Wow! You must be quite rich!

SALIM : *[laughing]* I wonder why people always have that notion. I'm just a daily wager.

- MUMBA : Business is better of all jobs.
- SALIM : In that case, she must be very rich by now. [*Pointing at the wine lady*]
Someone from the other side shouted "Hey Miya! Call the wine lady"
- MUMBA : [*Mumba knows her name*] Seno! You are wanted on the other side.
- DORKS : Miya! We asked you to call her, not him.
- SALIM : I am sorry! But I was about to.....
- DORKS : [*Before Salim could complete his sentence*], keep your tongue straight.
You fool! This is Nagaland.

Scene II

All schools, colleges and offices resume their duties. Peace seems to prevail as the early morning papers guaranteed the citizens with police forces to maintain peace.

- MHAYANI : [*As Mumba enters his office*] Good morning Sir!
- MUMBA : Good morning...good morning! I hope you're fine?
- MHAYANI : [*She didn't bother if she was fine or not*] Sir! I'm sorry about your suspension. I would gladly take your place if it is possible.
- MUMBA : Do not worry! I hope it won't be long to bring those culprits to custody.
- MHAYANI : I'm positive Sir. I assure we will do our best to get rid of those barbaric people.

MUMBA : [He has to leave his office as he is suspended] Goodbye Mhayani.
Hope to see you soon.

As Mumba walks out of the office, he comes across Zakir and Mughalu.

ZAKIR : [He is a poor man who collects disposal things] Khali bottle, plastic
loha, tina.....

MUGHALU : [The gatekeeper] Hey Miya! This is an office not a place for you to
shout around.

ZAKIR : Truly, truly Sir. But, apparently I'm in the street and not inside the office.

MUGHALU : god damn it! Your voice is still audible in the office.

ZAKIR : I'm sorry.....

MUGHALU : [Before Zakir could complete his sentence...] shut up! Your voice
is like the sound of a thundering train. Why don't you just walk
away! Dumb ass!

Scene III

It is a weekend and Mumba often spends his weekends in the Resort. Today, he had an appointment with Moikup, an inspector in the Police Department.

MUMBA : [Exclaims to himself] Oh I never thought the day would be this boring!

MOIKUP : Mumba! You are here! I thought I'm early.

MUMBA : Uff! Its 5 minutes to 12! What on earth are you busy even on Sunday?

MOIKUP : I'm sorry. These household chores....

MUMBA : *[Before Moikup could complete his sentence]* Oh well! I'm free to do anything I want and I know you're jealous....lol

MOIKUP : So true. But you seem depressed.

MUMBA : My heart is only 512 MB so I don't have space for depression.

MOIKUP : Why 512 MB? Why not 3 GB?

MUMBA : You don't get me Moikup. If my heart is 3 GB, I would have the possibility to have more space for unwanted stress, worries, hatred, depression or whatever. So I prefer 512 MB. I just get rid of those unwanted apps from my life.....*[laughs loudly]*

MOIKUP : You are a genius! *[Exclaims in an insulting manner and leaves for more drinks]*

MOIKUP : *[As he walks to the bar]* Hey Miya! Why is the pool always so dirty?

AZAD : *[Well known for his humble service in the Resort]* My humble apologies Sir, but it is the customers who are undisciplined.

MOIKUP : *[In an angry mood]* Who the hell do you think you are? Just piss off and clean it up.

Scene III

MUMBA : *[Sitting in the balcony of his house and reflecting on the behaviour of his acquaintances, talks to himself]* What has happened to humanity? The old values of kindness, politeness and decency have disappeared. Will the new generation learn to live in brotherhood or will it degrade further?

Yanuo Pojar(B.A 5th Semester)

ART

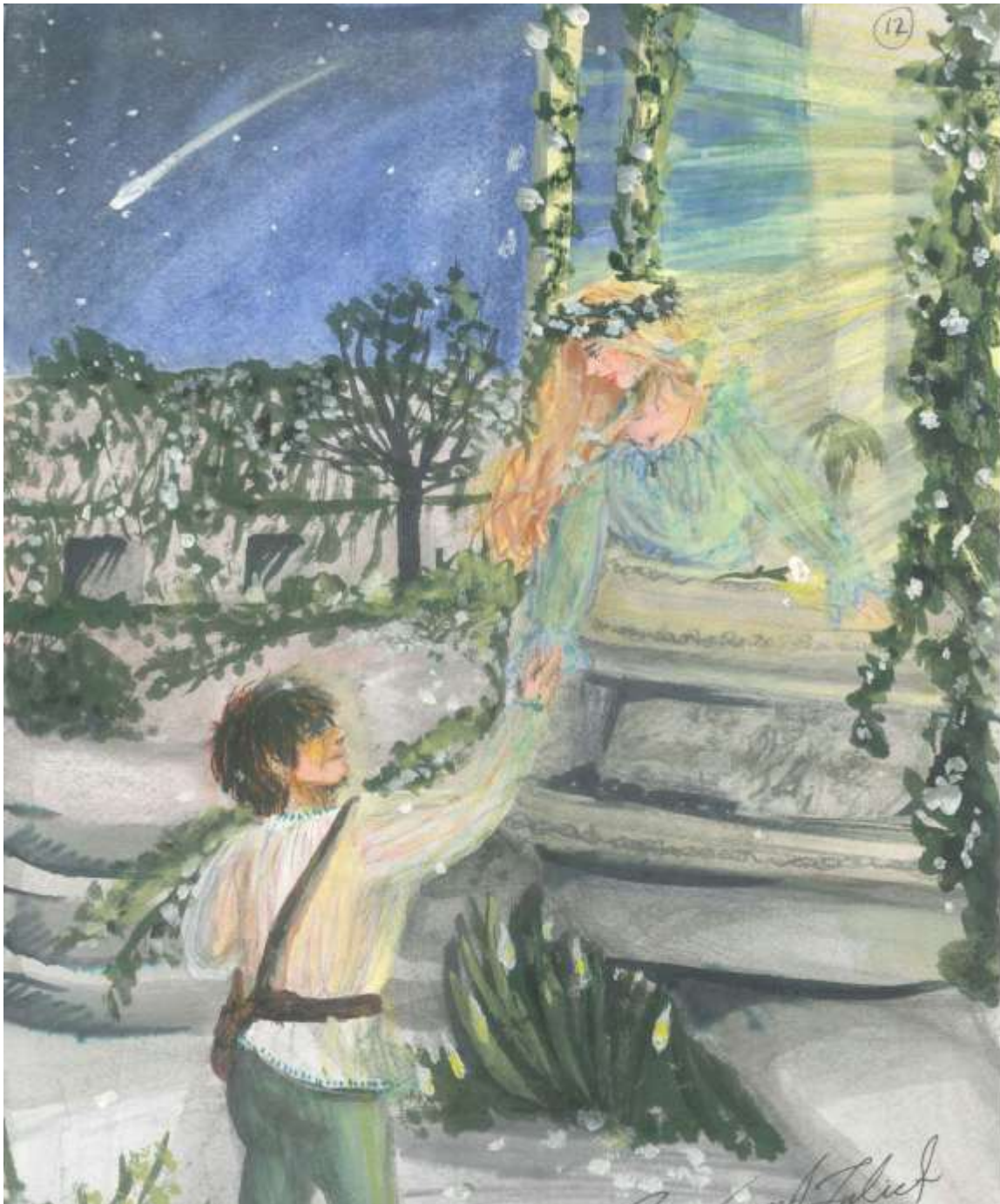
Art is an expression of human creative skill and imagination, typically in a visual form such as paintings, sketches, caricatures, graffiti, and sculptures, to be appreciated for their aesthetic beauty or emotional power. Art requires thoughts powered by creative impulses to attain distinction. In this section, sketches, *manga* (a Japanese art form), paintings and water colours have been depicted.



Artist: VinikaChishi (B.A 1st Semester)



Artist: Vinika (B.A 1st Semester)



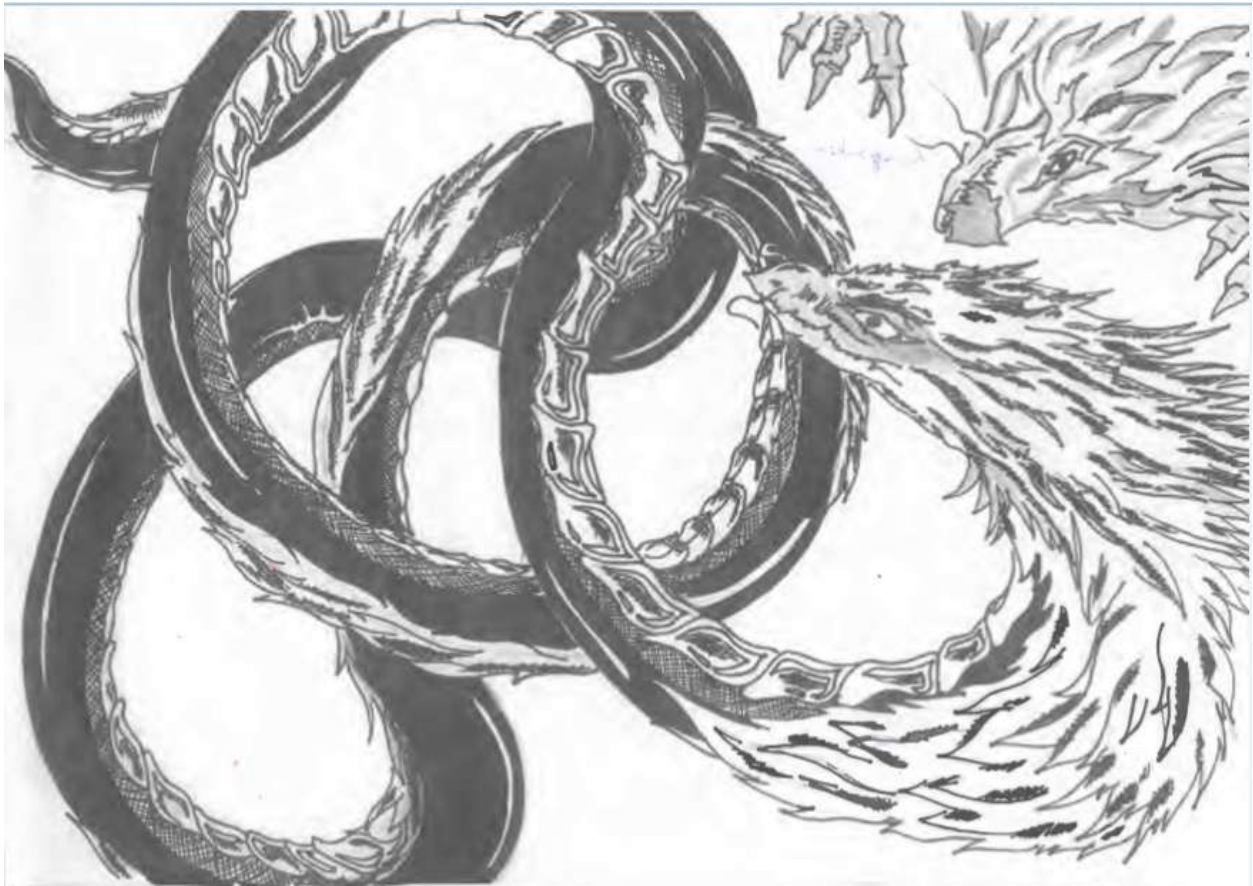
Artist: Tabitha Assumi (B.A 1st Semester)



Artist: Yankiuba (B.A 1st Semester)



Artist: Lunsukiu(Class 11)



Artist: Sedingba (B.A. 1st Semester)



Artist: Tokaho (B.A 1st Semester)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography is a powerful medium of communication which offers an infinite variety of interpretations. It is an [art](#) that captures the beauty of life. Moments frozen through the lens of a photographer speak to the soul. This section includes photographs that attempt at depicting the essence of life.



A Thing of Beauty

Photographer: Khuzoto Tetso (B.A 3rd Semester)



Haunted Splendor

Photographer: Veduvolu Khusoh (Asst. Professor, Department of English)



God's Grandeur

Photographer: Pakinzinliu Chawang (*Asst. Professor. Department of English*)



Serenity

Photographer: Veduvolu Khusoh (Asst. Professor Department of English)



Untitled



Photographer: Veduvolu Khusoh (Asst. Professor Department of English)

Summer In My Heart

Photographer: Veduvolu Khusoh (Asst. Professor Department of English)



The Sparkle of Innocence



Photographer: Veduvalu Khusoh (Asst. Professor Department of English)

Untitled

Photographer: Nivibo Yiki (Asst. Professor Department of Sociology)



The Tranquility of Traditions

Photographer: Nivibo Yiki



The Unknown Destination

Photographer: Nivibo Yiki

