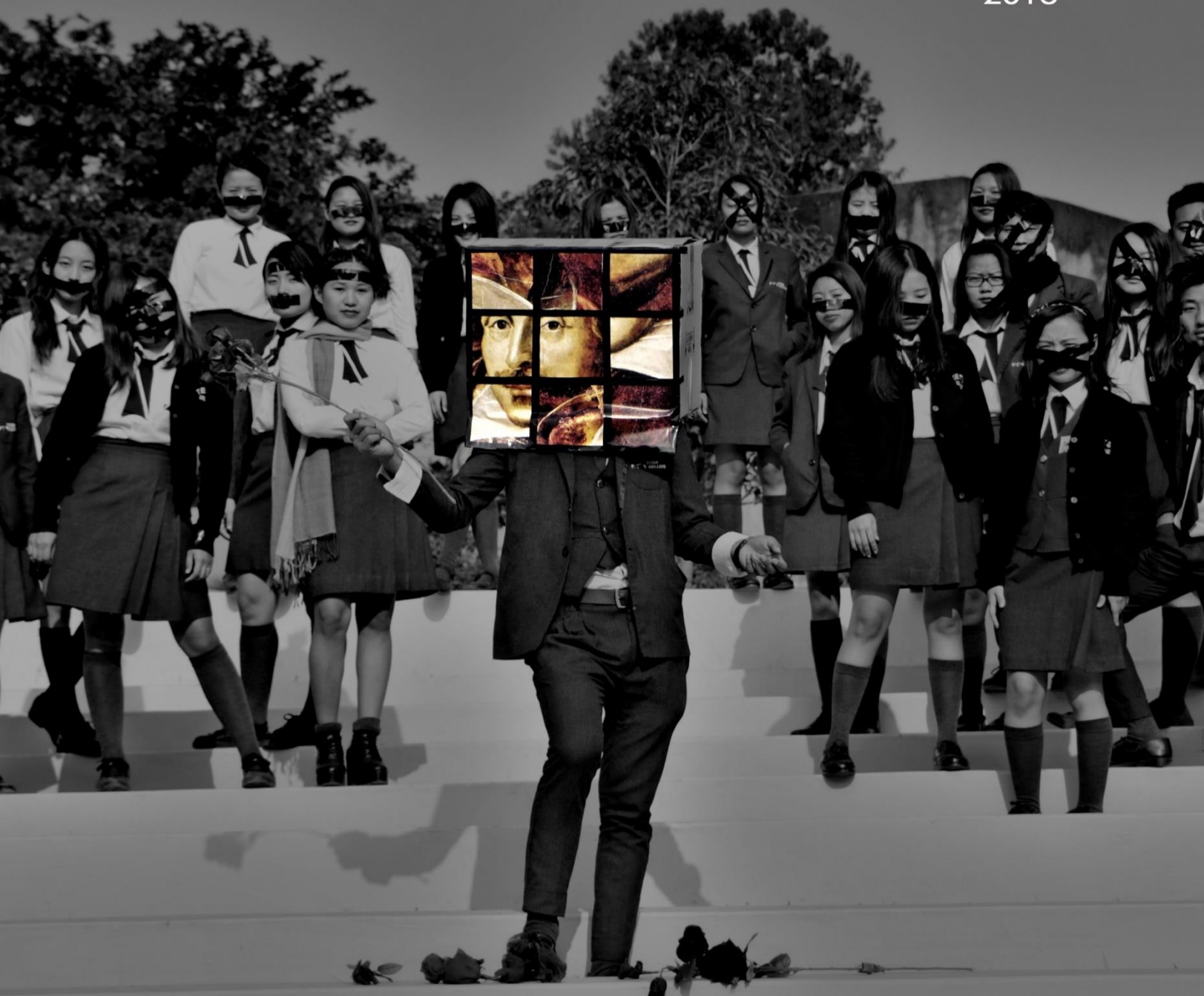


A TETSO COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY OF ART AND LITERATURE

2018



EXPRESSIONS



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Editors:

Kahor Raleng (HOD, Department of English)

Limala Longchar (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Meliwe-u Elah (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Dr. Nonlih Chohwanglim (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Elizabeth Kamba (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Arenkala Kichu (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Mete-u Therie (Asst. Professor, Department of English)

Page Layout:

Kahor Raleng

Cover page:

Rhilo Mero, B.A 6th Semester

Yekili Cheryl Zhimo, B.A 6th Semester

Solomon Zhimo, B.A 6th Semester

Vinika Chishi, B.A 6th Semester

Ikato Achumi, B.A 4th Semester

Vezovo Tetseo, B.A 4th Semester

Contributors:

POETRY: Akangnonba Chang, Akabo Awomi, Akishe L Jakha, Alemtemsu Longshir, Arenkala Kichu, Athrongla Sangtam, Awele Aye, Ayusanen, Azhakuo Khezie, Bendangyula Jamir, Bokaholi A Sumi, Chubamenla Longkumer, H Tono Yeptho, Hili Chopphy, Hokato H Yeptho, Imkongnoktang, Juni D Sumi, Kato Achumi, Likupu V, Linokali Sumi, Longtsubeni Y Ovung, Meranglila Ozukum, Mereninla Jamir, Mhalesieno Kere, Mokthoi Shiu, Motsoi, Mughato A Aye, Nungshijungla, P Hoamnio, R Chikamla Yimchunger, Rukusheye

Peseyie, S Lika Sumi, Surotsala Y Sangtam, Tepuseto Kin, Temjenienla Tzudir, Thongkoi, Thujovezo Vero, Tonoto Zhimomi, V S Khansophi Sira, Vinika Chishi, Vini H Aye, Vizekhono Peseyie, Yanbeni, Yiboni Humtsoe, Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

PROSE: Aloni Sema, Imtikokla Jamir, Vethilu Khesoh, Vizolie Khatsu, Wapangnaro

PHOTOGRAPHY: Abhishek Bhowmik, Gwalonyu Lorin, Taliyangba Losang, Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

Art: Ritsanok Longchar, Tabitha, Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

Foreword

In an academic globe, possessing the right amount of skills and creativity in writing, painting and art proves tremendously helpful and worthwhile wherein, the writers and authors find themselves involved in the most challenging and important work. They find a fast track to professional opportunity and success through their skills. It is interesting to note the students, young artists and writers, embarking on their initial experience concerning the art of writing.

The E-book 'EXPRESSIONS', an initiative of the Department of English, Tetso College displays a diverse selection of styles and voices that features poems, short stories, paintings and photography, casing on the theme of love, friendship, nature, and so on from emerging authors and writers.

I applaud the Department of English, Tetso College for the brilliant idea in bringing out this E-book and for providing an awesome platform in discovering the array of talents and skills of young writers. I believe, this E-book offers the readers a beautiful look at what 'EXPRESSIONS' is all about.

Best Wishes

T. Thungdeno Humtsoe

Head, Department of Sociology

Tetso College, Dimapur

Preface

Freedom of speech in any form seems to be under threat today with governments and countries around the world suppressing free speech. Every individual has the freedom to convey their thoughts which leads to 'EXPRESSIONS'. Over the centuries, the form of art has been used to retell ideas and opinions. It maybe through the performance of a piece of music, drama, poems, paintings and so on. We press out our expressions to uncover our feelings and create a ray of stories which was left untold.

With the release of 'Expressions'- our fourth e-book, we aspire to translate the broken and happy minds through poems, art and quotes to construct a tale you always wanted to listen to. It soothes your overelaborated minds and find a curve on your face that sets everything straight, despite suppression.

This book voices out about the beauty of nature, motivational quotes, how love works in live, finding your identity, discovering the undiscovered, finding answers to unknown questions and everyday experiences that give an upturn to your life.

Therefore, we intend to develop individualism through this platform which allows the contributors to communicate their beliefs and touch the minds of many.

Editors

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Being Everyone

Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

B.A 6th Semester

We walk at different paces

Live different lives

Know different people.

We walk

You and I.

You are

Every stranger.

I've met you

I've known you

Parts of you

Parts that you left behind...

In his joy, anger and doubts

In her innocence, her envy and pain

In their frustration, her love and gratefulness.

I know you.

You're a person,
You're a feeling,
You're a stranger,
You're one.
We are everyone
Different and the same.

Where has the man gone?

Akangnongba Chang
Model Higher Secondary School

Where has the man gone?
When he has ceased to exist.
When he is nothing now but bone.
And his hands cold to his bloodless wrist.

Where has the boy gone?
When he no longer walks amongst us.
Is he silent and still, all alone?
Or with new companions who never will rust.

Where has that person left for?
Where, in that place, is he staying?
Has he gone to the place beyond the door?
To the paradise where the angels are singing?

Why has his soul disappeared?
Only death himself knows.
The man who once lived and cared,

Lay lifeless amidst the dark shadows.

If you encounter Death, all by his own.

Would you do me a favour and ask.

`Where has the man gone?

When has he fulfilled his task? `

Curiosity

Azhakuo Khezie

Model Higher Secondary School

The thing that pushes us of the ledge
The thing that makes us think astoundingly
The thing that renders us ineffective against ethics
The thing that makes us act eerie
The thing that makes us master new feats
The thing that tussles us inwardly
The thing that makes us lumber around
The thing that alters us from the inside
The thing killed the cat.

Dead

Akisha L. Jakha (MA Eng), BD II.,
Eastern Theological College, Jorhat, Assam.

-Had I been more beautiful, than I am?

Folks would have welcomed me,

Gathered and talked of me, yearned for me.

No desire in children to live,

Their evasiveness of their life, comforts me.

-Had I been more beautiful, than I am?

They will accept that I live longer than life:

More wild and stronger than anything.

I, Death does not force anyone,

They are bound to embrace me.

-Had I been more beautiful, than I am?

The nostalgia that they feel, when I show my face,

Will look better and satisfy their hearts.

Had I been more beautiful, than I am?

People would have loved me more.

REBORN

Nungshijungla

B.A 4th Semester

Sometimes I wonder

If I were to leave this earth before you

And reborn as the dreams you have at night

Would you dream of me even when you're awake?

What if I was reborn as a poetry?

Would you try to understand me?

Would you still love me as an enigma or a paradox?

And understand all my simple complexities

And decipher me word by word

Like you did with my heart?

And if possible

I'll come back as the summer sun

That kisses every inch of your body

So that you'll never be without the warmth of my love

If I do die before you

I pray to the universe and the gods

Or whoever is in control to always keep me close to you

Distance never mattered

You'll always feel me between the short pauses of your heartbeat.

Speaking Love

Alemtemsu Longshir

Model Higher Secondary School

The sun rises from the east,
But travels back to the east when it happens,
Time as a friend waits for you to act on it,
Speaking love together and
Sharing the bond

Just trying to rewind the shadow of her
Maybe thinking the same feeling
What might happen if the feeling says `Yes`
Integrating moment of pure innocence
Telling us both the afterwards of courage

Wandering where it might be
For being with someone than the other
By signing the soul to be one.
Eternity is the price of being one
Not to be haste in signing

All these happen when it happens
Just whispering to you in secret
The sacrifice it demands for falling in the pit
Which might be your history
When love speaks to you in silence.

21st Century

Tepuseto Kin

B.A 4th Semester

They stare into empty hollow eyes and compare it to the universe

Listen to dead heartbeats and call it love

Courage is when they hold a gun in their hands;

And hate is a religion

They talk about monsters and forget they are one

I stand as I watch humanity drive into oblivion

Reminiscing moments of-when humans had a heart

Love was a religion

And monsters were just made believe creatures.

PANDEMONIUM REALM

Tonoto Zhimomi

B.A 2nd Semester

This realm, engulfed in envious smog,
Every soul, it's bound to choke.
Emitted by lustful hungry swains,
All it does is produce pain.

Thrown into endless disarray,
Colours of harmony fading grey.
Bemoaning hearts flustered,
Forced to wear smiles that's plastered.

Priests with poisoned knives underneath their cloak,
Leaders with loaded guns beneath their coats.
Deceivers they are, with false promises,
Humanity sold but their lust never sufficed.

The ones whom we call divine,
Pushes us towards a ravine.
Yet believing in their words of delusion,

And sight of cadaverous illusion.

Stuck in this pandemonium realm,

Alas, what the world has become!

Nothing left for humanity but doom in this pandemonium realm.

The Darkness

Meranglila Ozukum

BA 4th Semester

The Night sky was cold,
Its beauty piercing through her naked soul.
She stood there gazing,
Pondering upon her times she had with the light.
Darkness was what she preferred,
As it welcomed her with open arms with no restraints.
Darkness took her to places she longed for,
The many dimensions of world's man could not uncover.
The cold breeze,
It's sensuous fragment that the night brought along with it.
Darkness gave her the glimpse of light that kept her living,
For light brought her the harsh truth
And realities she longed to escape from.
But she knew better,
Regrets and pain could be forgotten
But a little part of it always remained as a human.
Darkness was dearest to her,
Since she had her ways with it.

She was such a look at the moon person,
The only thing that connected her with the darkness.
But time ran out, dawn made its way in.
She has to escape the morning light,
Before it could obliterate her times spend with the darkness.
She had to escape the morning light,
Wanting the light to be dark again.
She lay in her pillow wishing for darkness to sing her a lullaby
Hoping to incarnate with the darkness again.

Battle with the Murk

Awele Aye

B.A 4th Semester

She holds a little light,
Trying to fight with the darkness
That creeps into her mind every night.
Exhausted! Her mind is beat.
The idea of sleep offers for her no retreat.
Waking up every night with nightmarish dreams,
Filled with fears, death and hellish screams.
There's nothing she can do without the little light,
That keeps her safe in bed every night.
The darkness and the light represents the evolving battle of her
thoughts inside her mind,
Mentally making her blind.
All she needs to hear,
Is the hope to fight against her darkness, her doubts and fears?
All she really want to hear,
Is that she's enough and have nothing to fear.
She looks into the mirror and never see herself that she is truly,
All she see is fat and her hair unruly.

She needs to hear that she's beautiful,

And that Truth is undeniable.

She needs to hear

That she's worth something to the people that are near.

A PRAYER FOR MY SON

Athrongla Sangtam

B.A 4th Semester

Father, may he be born,
In a world unlike today,
A world filled with love,
And peace spreading across ocean.
As he grows into a man,
Take him under your mighty care,
And lead him towards salvation.

Lord, may he be blessed,
With a kind soul,
A soul loved by all. And be filled with wisdom
To understand the value of life
And may he finds success in ripples.
So as to be true to life.
Lord, help him to love you more,
Than any other being.
May he finds a heart, pure and
Beautiful

I know no love can rival mine.

But, I pray he finds a love,

That can overshadow mine.

Thee Sorrow

H Tono Yeptho

B.A 2nd semester

Here again my heart lies.
There you see my sorrow hanging,
Ever I see tears flowing like streams.

Souls hidden underneath the shadow,
Like trees hidden under a meadow.
Foul this sorrow not it is
Thy autumn masked by spring it is.

Pain latched onto thy soul
Hoping a magical portal show.
Hanging by a thread, thy beating heart
Painless eternity that never flows.

Goodbye

Hokato H Yeptho

B.A 2nd Semester

Where do I even start?
Explaining the way I feel?
I just keep telling myself
This can't be happening, this isn't real.

In my heart it seems
There is a sudden void.
You built me up, only to break me down.
Now everything appears destroyed.

My life's orbit has suddenly stopped.
Where do I go from here?
I guess this just goes to show
Things aren't always as they appear.

Only now do I realize what I put up with,
Everything I have to endure,
Only now I really contemplate

On what we truly were.

Dream that never woe

Like sweet spring, you love so huge.

Reminds mind with thoughts of love;

Courageous and encouraging.

Would I be those among?

My Mystery Man

Hili T Choppy

B.A 2nd Semester

A unique creature, He is;
Full of unsolved mystery
I know Him very well

Yet I don't.

He lives in a shell;

The hardest kind.

He opens up quickly

He's like the stars that shines brightly,

He's like the sun that brightens everything.

Sometimes I wonder who He really is,

Cause there are still tons of unsolved mysteries.

Nature

Imkongnoktang

B.A 2nd Semester

How much you have to offer?

O! Lovely Mother Nature.

Your gentle touch is felt,

Where fresh gust rushes.

A sweet flower is smelt,

Blooming under thick bushes.

All your aspects teach lessons

With the familiar old-fashion.

A Friendship to Keep

Bendangyula Jamir

B.A 6th Semester

Strangers we were at the beginning,
Clueless and distant: alienating
Seemed like yesterday,
Yet turning back look how we conquer
Never knew how connected we'd be
Like a magnet cling, don't you agree?

Destiny is unpredictable
T'was I know-
Felt like yesterday we stood a distant apart
But today there is no me without a you
Day in day out together we go
Always updated like reporters
Every secret is our little secret to keep
Building up the bond as each day tick.

We're the captain of the ship sailing

Steering the helm through tough waves,
Never sinking-
Trusting on, no matter which route it lead us
Firmly we stand in each pathway
Confident to never back down
Even the worst day shines
With a founding friend in you and I.

Dark days are now just a mere day
With you beside each day is a sparkly day
Ups and downs we fight brave
Knowing there be someone: to save
No matter how deep grief befall
A friend you are to pick me up and never recall
Storms may forge in and out
But the bond it never could break throughout.

I found a friend in you
Counting in of twos and threes or even more
Differing in many ways I found
But this differences made it more profound
For you are a masterpiece

And you are one for me to keep.

The backbone of my life

The happiness to my every mood

Joy found in almost everything

Lighting up the darkest shadows

With an everlasting comradeship

And an eternal promise-

A promise to be always beside

Till the end of time.

T'was is the friendship to keep

And I with you makes it all come true.

Don't You Quit

Vizekhono Peseyie

B.A 4th Semester

When things go wrong,
As they sometimes do;
When the road you're trudging
Seems all uphill;
When the funds are low,
And the debts are high,
And when you want to smile
But you have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down bit by bit,
Rest if you must but
Don't you quit!
When the beginnings are new,
So are the hopes, the dreams and plans.
When a chance to prove yourself, grab!
It's time to reckon and not goof up.
For every sunrise is unique,
And every day, a place you've never been before.

Life is all about challenge,
And it echoes, Don't You Quit!

The Protégés of Chaos

(A Poem Specifically directed towards My Class)

Rukusheye Rhakho

B.A 4th Semester

Wriggling and squeezing forth,
Rushing through halls of the inevitable
Gazing upon each other,
“Oh, hey you’re back!”
“Well, the fines are horrendous”.

Then comes the agonizing moment,
Dread upon the eyes of the students,
As behold they gaze at the
White monument of their terror.
Such dread as seen in Caesar's.

Then enters the lazy ones
Yawning as is their statute.
“Oh, we’re here to sleep”
“Is it the last period?”

Then the chatterboxes descends,
“Oh! We’re gonna have a,
Mighty talk this Semester!”
“Wah ha ha ha ha!!!”
Squirming with delight.

Then comes the jolly ones,
Makes you laugh they will,
But did you know
They were just stalling for time.
You never knew did you?
Or did you play along?
Heaven knows!

The Potted Plant

Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

B.A 6th Semester

Tiny leaves and shoots
Shivering in a dark and drafty corner,
The smell of freshly burnt day, paint and varnish.
What a pretty potted plant they'd say
Growing, silent and green.
The soil curled inside, whispering crisply
As the roots gnarled by silently.

Time.....
Watered, trimmed, wiped off and dusted
Growing, shedding and growing again. Alive.
The bigger it grew the more invisible it became
The elevator bell, footsteps and hushed voices.

Forgotten.....
The touch of (human) skin; a new beginning.
Still cared for, the little creatures in the big messy pot
Welcomed its leafy new inhabitant

Nourishing its knuckled roots, sharing old and messy stories.

Still alive....still growing....silent...

Now up on the terrace where the sunshine

Is too bright.

Listening to the soft and mellow traffic

Somewhere far down below; an eccentric orchestra.

Burnt and frozen, day and night

The plant withered happily, never still.

Dying as the wind called it away one leaf at a time.

The Framework

Arenkala Kichu

Asst. Professor, Department of English

Her feet's soles bared suddenly

Nothing felt like the same anymore

The impressions left by her feet seemed to have pulse

The thud that made her feeble and;

Interrupted her progress

Trees mumbled that was not for her ears.... Comprehension
dwindled

The faraway look in her eyes made her like a traveller

But reframed the framework as she rose from the ashes.

Being Selfish

Surotsala Y Sangtam

B.A. 6th Semester

Life is like that of a gadget
Emotion stands motionless
Simple life to live, yet
Folks make it complicated.
Uncertain: the path for happiness.

People sacrifice aspirations to earn
So thus they expect me to.
Thousand directions there are
To do this! To do that!
I better pause and take a verdant path.

Whatever voices may it be:
Here I am not to be lost
But to design myself
Make choices that splashes happiness
And being happy; my motive in life.

Life is to live singularly

Differences, uniqueness; are part of life.

Acceptance is what matters

Being happy is what matters

And life is after all to live joyfully.

Lost

V.S Khansophi Sira

B.A 4th Semester

She sat down once again by the wrecked window,
Glancing towards the clear skies which once filled with heavenly stars.
With a touch faint smile and crimson shade dabbled in her pale face,
A face which once shrieked with sighing colors of love.
But now turned into a mason stone,
With no heart to feel and no soul to yearn
She sat there.....
Feeling the cold breeze twirling around her skinny fingers,
Which reminded her of the intrepid world lost in her youth.
Now sundered into fragment chapters of illusion,
Ostentatiously taking hold of the cruel reality,
A reality where Faith and hope lost its virtue.
With a kick of Anhedonia and blood running through her parched veins,
Kept her dead soul alive.
She was lost in her own galaxy of bewilderment,
Alone and deserted but not perished.

IN ISOLATION

P Hoamnio

B.A 4th Semester

In a world of beauty and wealth,
There she lives in bare.
None to stand with in parallel,
Nor to alley as one along.

Optional is what she does feels,
When in the presence of numbers.
So isolated she is and,
So insecure within comrade.

At times she blows in their direction,
Then realises she is left all alone.
She is not the decision tree,
But a mere falling leaf.

Does the world ignore her?
Or, she isolates herself from the world.
Maybe she excuses herself apart,
Or the world unjust to her.

For I also know you Father

Motsoi Meyo

B.A 4th Semester

Years has passed,
Days has passed.
For I know that,
I can't bring back seconds.

I don't know you personally,
But I heard your love of me.
As I was a gem in your eyes,
Filled with innocence.
For I don't even know your bright face,
Not even your smile.
I want to see you,
But I know, I can't even see you in my dreams.

Not even once I have called you father,
You didn't give me chance to.
I have known no father to call,
And now I have no habits.

I dream, "if you carried me on your back".

For every daughter it is a wish.

And If I could hug and hold you tightly and never let you go,

But it's only a dream where I can fantasize.

For I regret the past,

And I wish it was with you.

Sharing love and laughter,

Like the others.

Your affection towards me,

Made me to rename my name.

Because you left,

But you were beside me.

Back then I was very ill,

For I was overdosed by your love.

For you wanted to take me along,

But her prayers and faith worked.

She knew it was too early,

She was frightened by fear.
Filled with tears,
And to uphold everything upon Him.

And now I am surrounded by her faith and hope.
Hopes that keep on burning,
Faith which never fades.
For I also know that you're proud for that.

And I cherish what you have done.
Your contributions are appreciated by them.
You're my star that shines at dark.
Who welcome death without hesitation?

Death is unpredictable, so am I.
So I forgive you father.
For it won't be too late,
Because we will meet again.

Women Have Become the Man They Wanted to Marry

Vini H Aye

B.A. 6th Semester

Far genesis described, men to genders.

Changes brought to the modern world,

Yet, masculinity consumed all ideology.

Perfumed men in her body you sense,

Self-defense she's, anti-protector men.

Techs brought her demands fulfilled,

Science against morality stand.

She wears and speaks men, she's man.

She spends her own, defends her own.

No longer invisible she's all-round.

What not women have today?

Is world proving she's enough her own?

Or described men, she actually became one.

Warrior

Bokaholi. A. Sumi

B.A 6th Semester

I am a warrior by blood
The beast inside me awakens
It flows through my veins like flood
My enemy weakens,
As I step on the battlefield.
Dagger and sword on my hand
Blood splattered on a barren field
Swinging my sword like a magic wand
Piercing through their flesh and bone,
Begging for mercy,
As I rip their soul out of their body.
Why should I have mercy?
When all they did was woke up the beast;
Preparing for a bloody feast
And now all it wants is blood,
More blood
Until it quench its thirst.

The Love Still Young

Thujovezo Vero

B.A 6th Semester

The most peculiar thing I have ever seen;

Hair that is grey

Like a house covered with heavy snow

All I could see was the wrinkles

He wore an old maroon cap

Covering his snow-grey hair

His white and blue jacket;

Seemed too old to keep him warm

He works as though;

He had the same old strength

Until he gets exhausted

And frailty befalls on him

He would sit calmly on his chair

Lay back and take a deep breath

Letting go of all the burdens

Although old, never too hesitant

Showing the love he has

Always young and a loving heart

For his offspring.

Her Love, Not To Forget

Mokthoi Shiu

B.A 4th Semester

Love, I give to my WORLD.
Cherished with the pain inside
 World is my koi, indeed mine.
Her love is I live with
Wonderfully made by Him.

This I know, load she carries.
In heart how do I claim
 To portray her weariness.
Exerted and fatigue
Why she hold it within.

Sometimes it remain explicit
If she is happy.
 Truth that koi faces;
Deplorable feeling it is
Cognizant but love alone I can.

Oh! How will I give a hand!

My love, disabled I

My everything, unto you

Merry in you, as strong as you

Strobe that enlightened me.

My world, will she be?

Forever not astray

For I believe in Him.

And we shall be together

No wonders but beautiful colours.

The Plight of the Gold Inca

Mughato A Aye

B.A 4th semester

Two little celestials squirming by
With their bulging eyes on me they pry.
Whispering and speculating in hushed tones,
Why am I, a bright shell; all alone?

Two battle worn swordtails on a duel
Stop to stare and I wonder if they heard me mewl.
Or is it with pity that they stare,
At my plight that nobody else seems to care?

This one, like most of its kind is a hermaphrodite
That's what the seller said as he lied.
Gleefully, why my master brought me to this home.
All alone in this wretched place now I am.

You can wait till you grow old
And hope for the things that you were told.
But dear master, let this be clear
I can't make little shells on my own; this I swear.

The Alcohol

Ayusanen

B.A 6th Semester

A promise to numb your pain,
A promise to lift your sorrow,
But, only incites the feeling of hate.
It makes life a living hell.
All the body wants is more of it.
Alcohol becomes life and,
Life becomes alcohol!

Alcohol, the poison,
Drives a person insane.
Polluting the mind of the soul,
Erasing memories off their brain.
The poison entering the veins,
Makes the body toxic to the breath.
But, Alas! Still celebrated by most.

The more the drink,
The more corrupt the body is
Life seeps away inch by inch

Till the body dies within.

The light of day turns to night.

First, the medicine of health,

But now, the angel of death.

Splendid are your works our Creator

R Chikamla yimchunger

B.A 4th Semester

Splendid are your works our Creator,
The mountains that lay in floral pattern.
The eternal flowing rivers like glacier,
Splendorous hills and ever enchanting birds in dozen.

The clouds floating like a maiden's curl in the air,
Majestic landscapes and captivating valleys.
The morning aura that feels sweet and gentler,
The moon glowing in its chock full face.

In which if discry, seem thy work of potter,
But oh, what leaves me in great pain;
Is the undeniable truth that man now forsaken your ways
Whose heart now finds delight only in mundane things?

Rising Fame

Longtsubeni Y Ovung

B.A 4th Semester

From the darkest alley

I rose again.

From being torn and shattered

I mended my wound,

Refused to cry till I win.

I would still remember my past

Waking me up every night.

I sleep only to be woken up by my dreams,

Afraid as to what lay beyond.

I once again prepare myself

For another battle and death.

What brings me tomorrow

Is to the world of the unknown.

From my darkest nightmares

To my deadliest dreams.

From bottom to top I fought my battle
Refused to cry till I win.

NEFARIOUS

Chubamenla Longkumer

B.A 2nd Semester

A Woman who lived all her life in sheep's clothing,
Came out of her charlatan covering,
When death attacked and then came bewailing.
Of the man whom she was joined to,
Destined to be one, but was never!
Murder it was in a gradual pace,
Well, now we would no longer see his face.
Though prayers are said, though years been spent;
The thought of him still lingers on, never to be forgotten.
If I had a wish, I would wish to relive those moments
When he was here and the world a merrier place.
Every path and evidence points to her direction,
Her artifice tears I forgot to mention.
On that day that he was laid,
As tall stories she had said
About how she cared for you,
As lie chronicles she sew.
An affair she had had,

When alive was the Lad.
But never spoke a word, did he?
For he loved his children, unlike she.
'Forgive and forget for a mother she is,
Even though she did what she did.'
Said people who understood it, as if they knew how it felt,
In our place to sit.
But what's done cannot be undone.
So, three and a half years have gone,
Since we last saw that face in white.
Try as they may with all their might, but never will he be forgotten.
And as the years will breeze by,
Those sweet memories will be cosseted.

THE LIBRARY

Chubamenla Longkumer

B.A 2nd Semester

To get lost in a world of magic,
Of kings and queens and dragons,
Or a place where animals could talk
And be good friends with them.
Where do I find a place as such?
A place where there is no war,
No bandhs, no strikes and no violence.
A place where there are no poverty stricken children;
Where everyone's a millionaire.
Where? Oh! Where Do I find a place as such?
A place where we meet people of long ago,
Though years were spent without them.
A place where your bad memories could be removed,
A place where you are best from the rest.
A place to call "Everybody's Paradise"!
"The place that you're looking for, Miss!"
Said a tiny man with spectacles inside my head,
"Is the Library!"

CAN YOU

Temjenienla Tzudir

B.A 2nd Semester

Can you love me?
For who I am
And not the one
You want me to be.

Can you love me?
With all my imperfection
And not the Miss perfect
You want me to be.

Can you love me?
For all the worst in me
And not for the angel
You want me to be.

Can you love me?
For all the flaws in me
And try to bring out

The good in me.

Can you love me?

Even when I am old and grey

Can you love me?

And protect me till my last breath.

The song of the wind

Akangnongba Chang

Model Higher Secondary School

The sun shines upon the land, this morning
Like a lamp of fire, burning over the sky,
The wind sets out, like a caravan travelling;
With the day ahead and the world to spy.
The wind blows from east to west, without a doubt.
Across the vast land and `neath the cloud.

The wind goes carrying the smells and sounds,
Of vast forests and the desert sand;
She goes around, spreading the joy around,
Leaving and coming without any rest or end.
But she carries the breath to the newborns given.
And bears the wishes of the dying man taken.

The wind has a song, is heard in the breeze,
Of forests and fields, the skies and the sea.
One can hear and puts you at ease,

It is a soft melody and like symphonies.

The wind has a voice and it is soft and low,

She has many stories to tell, but

The sun has set and it's time to go.

WHY?

Arenkala Kichu

Asst. Professor, Department of English

Mine is nobody else's story
I alter my own, I hide, I share and I light it
I don't try to impress
I don't try to underwhelm
I am no brand to drum
I don't bottle up myself either
Cos am free
I congratulate myself steadily
I see myself a prissy lassie one time
The next time an inappropriate, not so straight-laced one,
But I try to elevate myself to see you wherever I hear you are
However, I don't comprehend sometimes why.

Pattern of Life

Motsoi Meyo

B.A 4th Semester

Life is an adventure,

It's a nature.

Feel the rapture, and capture.

Materials are temporary, seek the values.

Beauty is temporary, it fades.

Success through struggles, though sour and sour.

Achieved from hurdles, it pour and pour.

Binded by past, it reflect.

Forget fast, be over, do neglect.

Time never holds, nor does it stop.

Use it wise, it is priceless.

Don't get lured for little pleasure.

Hoping tears,

Fill with fears.

Power and money are fruits.

Family and friends are roots.

Be a good traveler!

Life is a long journey.

Love has extreme power,

Not money!

The Aged City

Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

B.A 6th Semester

An old highway; clouds racing.

Warm sunlight, orange, water-melon pink, and yellow.

A breeze.

Someone hurrying through the clouds on a bicycle,

Past the old sky-rises with moss growing on the walls and windows.

Water soaking through the concrete.

Stray cats. The faint smell of rubbery smoke and mould

Clothes drying; patterned, plain, button-less....

Weeds, dry, and tiny flowers, dying in mute colours.

Teeny-little violet-grey moths; like ash.

Dust particles teasing rays of light.

Roots moving through the soil, time.

The smell of sea and salt, something baking.

People talking, the traffic; a slow and lazy giant

Soft music playing somewhere far far away.

Silence.

In the Glory of Land

Inaholi Aye

B.A 6th Semester

I stood with the melancholic
Ablaze yet another beauteous silence,
Echoing through vales and
Gushing waves
I overhearing the silence. Do you?
The pain and frustration
In dusting pile.

Candid shall I speak of the soldiers
Having fought once, earned
They this land.
The bloody painted corpse
In misery lie.
Ironically the epitome of
Sacrifice and love given
From the heart's core.

Generations trotted by,
And I ever enraptured.

They quiescent rest, in the
Bosom of the reaped.
The talisman ever visible.

Oh resplendent beauty
Letting the feelings ever
Rhapsodic and an
Elixir to all,
Shall we live the bliss
And it shall go on
For I am, but a being
Of this majestic Land.

My Classroom

Akabo Awomi

B.A 6th Semester

A class where I sit and learn,
Classmates whom I share my Memories,
A girl whom I extol: a lovelorn.
My desk like my rough book,
Scribblings all over the empty turf.

A guy who sings in harmony,
A girl who sleeps in harmony,
A group with damsel mates all times,
And a teacher who shouts.

A corner of reminiscence,
A minute of the past,
Tears for the laughter,
And a smile for the sadness.

A dream to traverse back,
Make anew the bungler,

Replenish the joyful energy,
And a life to carry on.

Strange Sensation

Juni D Sumi

B. A 6th Semester

Trying to get accustomed to this foreign feeling:

Undeniable fact that body perceives.

Perilous it seems, yet gives me immense joy.

Binded by strong strange sensation.

Profound growth towards this strange sensation.

Drowning sensation that's leading me;

No! Pull me not, allow me to linger long.

Let me dive deep until my soul's fully drenched.

For I'm absorbed into this thick spongy sensation.

Let it linger on and on...

Fragile thoughts sinking low, incapable of holding long;

Frail heart that's suddenly believing.

Is this an illusion? Draw me to reality.

No! Not yet, for my impulse is yet to be quenched.

Let me get accustomed to this unaccustomed strong strange sensation.

Nothing is Forever

Linokali Sumi

B.A 6th Semester

Together we were, thinking its forever,
Promises we made, thinking we'll be together,
But waste it was thinking its forever,
Young was us, unaware of life.
Wasting our time thinking its forever.
Ah! Why can't anything last forever
Our lives, Our dreams, Our promises.
We were not meant to be forever.
We change with time that will change forever.
Lesson I've learned that nothing is forever.
Sorry is all I have for you now.
Sorry for all that promises I made,
Thinking we will last forever.
Forever is not meant for you and I.

Fate

Vinika Chishi

B.A 6th Semester

The stars hung onto the stretched wide skies.
And memories become so distant.
Only a little ray of twinkling light you see.
Reminding you of the glorious moment you share with it.

Now so far away and out of your reach
All the possibilities of you and another being
Into a new galaxy where stars are our own planets
And you and I, the King and Queen.

But the black hole haunt the hope in you.
As you lay thinking in your bed.
Such faith in a little faint being.
But worth the dream because here are infinite numbers of them.

Like the songs in the phantom of the Opera, sing!
Be my muse, my reason for existence.
I am afraid to be consumed knowing
The unquenchable list I desire for answers.

Puzzles and Riddles are all a child's game
When you step into reality's dominion.
One would wonder what is to gain?
The same state of deciding one's fate.

Her soul was caught in a tangle of flowers
Her mind bloomed still. It was her, was it?
Yes definitely, it was her that gave birth to
Every single one of them.
Nobody knew the war inside her head, so constant.

When feeling are engraved on a tangible clement,
Beauty is witnessed in all its shapes and forms.
Once loved, patience be found to put up with one.
Enjoy being with each other till purpose be found.

A million lanterns beaming out of the screen
And smiles genuine innocent and pure.
Like we rehearsed this dance before as hands held.
We swing to and fro and I knew your name...
Fate, was it?

LOVE

Yanbeni

B.A 6th Semester

Love is the smile on one's face,
Like the air in the open space.
In every heart love is found.
But you just don't feel it and go around.

Love is never ending story.
Love is not a lie.
To love is to share,
Your joy and your tears.

Love is not for pleasure,
But to treasure.
Love is like a musical tone.
You just need to sing the song.

Love is like a river.
That will flow on forever.
Love is a gift from God.
Only Love can overcome Hate.

IDENT

S. Lika Sumi

B.A 6th Semester

I wish I was a child again.
Wish, love, and hatred,
Friendship and ally,
All words trend not
Be introduced to me.
I would have been happy,
Would have attained peace.

All served fake and misleading,
Cheated, abandoned, and betrayed.
Hope no good in nature,
Excuse all humankind;
Human thus pierced me by back.

Today, I breathe a corrupt air,
Killed my innocence, Soul left me.

Daughter of Mine

Mhalesieno Kere

B.A 6th Semester

Hearing Shane's "Beautiful in White",
Penning down on a note that's white.
Dearest, you are yet to born,
I'm penning this even before you're born.

Years I'll wait for your arrival, I know.
Impatient to meet you, you'll know.
You have always been my dream,
Your happiness forever my dream.

I'll celebrate the day you call me 'mama',
I'll die to hear you call 'mama'.
I know not! When you'll be part of my life,
I'll do anything best for your life.

I'll wait and cherish for your arrival,
Like a patient waiting for his – arrival.
Dearest! How long? I know not,
Giving up waiting for you, I would not.

Wishing worries to bow before you,
And happiness circle around you.

To see you in wedding dress, I wished!

A dream that I saw before you wished.

Dearest the world is cruel,

Make your own pleasant rule.

Love you before you saw the world,

Will love you even after I leave the world.

Inside Me

Yiboni Humtsoe

B.A 6th Semester

Every thrilled thou fill me,
The dark never a part of me.
Never really know why?
Ah wish I could cut it away,
Ah wish I could feel the strong breath.
See the full of lighter.
The strength never let to darkness,
The happiness never vanished.

At time happiness I know,
That dreams it carries me,
But something inside me.
Scream that I do not deserve it,
There is riot in me all the time.
The pulsing rush of longing happiness,
Can't be still for long.
Though there is no rush I know.
My dream is of a place,
Find what is beyond me.

Our Life

Kato Achumi

B.A 6th Semester

Life that we own is a gift;
A blessing that has been bestowed.
Each moment to be grateful,
Oh! How blessed are we?

Our life is like a plant that grows daily,
It'll never be the same.
As years pass we'll all grow?
As we grow our future's vision is clear.

Our life is the sum of experiences,
That we encounter as we live through.
Perhaps, harder times are for sure.
But we should react firm towards.

Our life is full of challenges
That let us to encounter
Sometimes we may succeed

Sometimes we may result in failure.

Our life is a dream;

A dream that no one can predict,

Yet, we plan for it.

We'll never know when it'll perish.

Our life has a purpose;

A purpose that has been set.

It lies at the hands of beholder,

Oh! How blessed we are.

A Guide to an Unborn Child

Likupu V

B.A 6th Semester

To the Child, not yet born,
But love and care, you have won.
Though, we may not know your race,
I, your mother have planned your pace.

From the cradle you shall rise,
And out to the world you will ride.
To every wise man you pay heed,
And use their words in your deeds.

Learn to be righteous, learn to be true,
Keep your eyes and ears, sharp for a clue.
The world is only, but a bed of thorn,
So we never grow among the throng.

Be a warrior, be a rebel, but with a cause,
In your quest, never care to pause.

For a beast of envy lurks in men,
It never wants another to reach the end.

Though, through your journey, your friends be pain,
I pray, you won't let my words be in vain.
My blessings and prayers are with you,
Be a man of honour and never let it leave you.

If the world ask for it, lay your life,
Fight for the right, and die for pride.
But the will of the FATHER, you shall abide.

Be kind, be gentle, be humble,
And the world before you, it will trumble.
Be witty, be smart, be wise,
In your heart, never let in vice.

Treasure my words if you will,
For they are mine by will,
If you live abiding these,
My soul then, will find bliss.

Human Careless

Thongkoi

B.A 6th Semester

Oh how beautiful is thy earth
Created from the beginning
All the living creatures move around
Thy rivers, seas and the bright sky
Thy provides home for living creatures
All enjoy their freedom.

Oh how beautiful is thy nature
Gifted with such environment
All the birds and insects fly around
They don't store food in the warehouse
But nature itself provide food and shelter
Enjoys flying in the sky.

Oh how beautiful is thy human being
Created by God in his own image
All the responsibilities given upon
Thy power to control every creature

Thy blessed with sensible organs
And enjoys power on the earth.

But how careless is thy human beings
Completely gone mad in their lives
Have no mercy upon the living creatures
Kill and torture adversely
For their fur and skin
To satisfy their needs.

The carelessness of human beings
Lead to destruction of environment
Cut down trees for timber and firewood
And lead to deforestation of natural plants
Thy extinction of birds and animal species
Pollute our surrounding atmosphere.

Defying Death

Mereninla Jamir

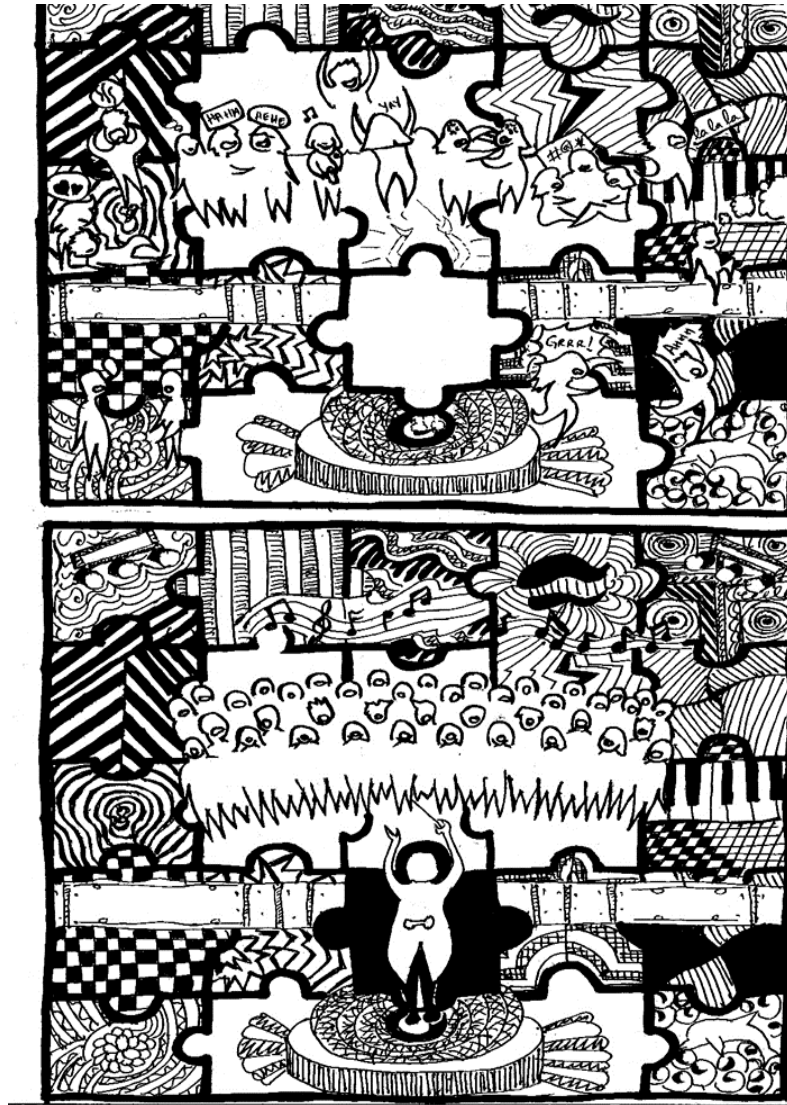
B.A 6th Semester

Takes the flesh, turns it brown
She walks by inspecting each household.
With each life she sees to frown
Lessen happiness, been distinctly told.
Wherever she pass pursuing with zest,
Reached its zenith where no other
Could struck her down, than to test
Foible and make her bother.

Delphic in her indestructibility.
She holds the force to eradicate,
From a world of possibility
To a place where only one dictate.
Every living being will be torpid
With a gentle blow of her breath
But if good are the things we did,
Her visit won't be a threat.

Provided time and years of life;
Let not a single day go wasted
On fear of her but to strife
As a day will come to be tested,
Not by her, but by the Creator
Here we are, not for long
Immortality, gift from the creator
Prowess yet unmatched along.

This I say: I defy death!
Her touch, be my soul's escape,
Death became my everlasting breath.
Brought my deformities into shape
Will I not hope much?
Now am I not afraid to cease
For with her gentle touch,
I shall forever live in peace.



No soul is perfect but it doesn't mean it can't be perfected.
Like the rough coals that turn into diamonds;
The complete mess can be turned into a beautiful symphony
By that one individual who leads the people in perfect harmony.

Prose

Work and Payment

Wapangnaro

B.A 6th Semester

In Nagaland, there are certain villages, cultures, traditions etc. which are always followed and maintained by the society. In a village there was a tradition which was followed by the villagers as a rule. It was as such that some number of boys, who are still kids, around the age group of 12 to 14 years will form a group. This group after 5-6 years, when they turn to be 18 or 20 years old, their names are mentioned on registered among the villagers. This rule was always followed by the villagers with great respect and honour.

One winter evening, when I was 12 years old. Some of my friends came running to my place.

They have come to call me for a meeting to start with our group. At first, I felt a bit confused, as I wasn't used to it. Since, I live in town, not in the village.

It wasn't at all interesting to me. For at that time I have already made up my mind that I wouldn't join the group by now. But, couldn't avoid them as I was also the same age as them and one day or the other day I will have to join them. So I went to one of my friend's house, who was the eldest among our group. As per the rule, the meetings were held at the eldest member's place, not only that, but he also become the leader of the group and takes all the responsibilities.

At the meeting, the first meeting of our group, 16 of us were gathered. At first, we begin to introduce ourselves and write our names. To me many of them were new. We start off our meeting

with the taloppok about how or when we are supposed to earn money, as we need money for the maintenance of the group. We decided to do something as we could earn money. Later, decided to go and work at someone's field or house. So that we can earn at least a little amount of money. Also decided, not to have fixed rate of amount for our service as it was our first time.

One day, we agreed to go and work at an old man's field. I was happy, as we got at least an opportunity to work and earn. At the same time I was nervous, as I had never tried using 'sword' to work. The old man hired us for Rs 50 each, even though it was too less, we decide not to argue with him, as it was our first time working. Also we were still young for the villagers to hire us, and on the other hand, they could not really trust our service.

I myself did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what would happen, so I just started out. I marched down the hill, to reach the paddy field with my friends which was a bit fun.

Some moments later, we start are work, I felt irritated, when my friends told me to be careful by saying, "Abo! Be steady". Actually, I was been cared by them, since it was my first time.

Later, after working for some time, we found out that we had worked more than we had been expected, even though the work was not that easy. The old man also expected a very less contribution from us, as we were still young. But it turned out to be opposite and better. On the other hand, we began to discuss among us that, as we have worked more than expected, the old man might also change his mind and include some more amount on our wages, which never happened.

We all gathered for a meeting at night, where we talk about the day and also about the earnings that we made i.e RS 800, for 16 of us. Even though the amount was too less, I found it very big as it was my

first earning. After hearing about our payment and also our unexpected performance, one of our parents decided to hire us, to work at his garden- which was very small, near and also easy to work at.

After some days that parent call us to pay the wages. He paid Rs 100 each to all 16 of us, which makes the total amount of Rs 1600. We all were really happy and grateful to the parent that we earn more from the previous day's work. Even though the work was much easier, the parent made more payment just because he felt pity on us and also he was satisfied with the hard work that we were doing.

Through this experience, I realized that, it's better to have a rupee earned by hard work, rather than having thousand borrowed from others.

Lovely Holidays

Vethilu Khesoh

B.A 6th Semester

It was that time of the year again which brought everyone together. The time when everyone shared their love and blessings, made memories, embraced their hearts with songs, decorated every trees, hung up socks and brightened up the whole neighborhood with lights. It was the festive season, it was the loving holidays. It was Christmas.

Jane was in the kitchen preparing dinner for the whole family. David was late again even though it had been almost 6 years since he had retired but the traffic was still keeping him away from the shop to his house. When Susan and Mike informed Jane and David of their plans to visit them for holidays, they were both overjoyed and excited. And Susan was bringing her new family to her parents' house for the first time. Susan now has a one year old child now. That year it was going to be a good year and they all knew it because for once again the Millers family were back together.

Mikes flight was delayed because of the festive season but Susan and her family reached the place safely and on time. The parents were overwhelmed to see them and they warmly received them. Susan brought her childhood friend, Ele with her. She was the girl next door Susan always loves to hang out with. Susan's parents disliked her because she was brought up from a broken family and both of their parents never get along with each other family. But what they did not see was that Ele was different unlike her parents.

Mike worked in one of the renowned company in New York. He was called on the phone by his mother saying that she has found the

perfect match for him. But Mike told her that he already has found himself a special someone. Mike told her that when she was in New York, he had no friend and he struggled a lot to find any job regardless of his dream job. And he had no place to stay and that was when he found an old friend whom even Jane knows. She helped him in every possible way to achieve his dream. She wanted to leave New York but stayed for two more years helping him to contact and communicate with every single person she knew. And Mike told her that it is only because of her that he is now where he once dreamed all because of her. The mother was so happy to her that and was so eager to meet her. And so he promised her that he'll bring her up to the dinner.

It was almost dinner time and everybody sat down for prayer. Jane and David did not even bother to talk to Jane. Susan was the only one who gave her company. There was a phone call and it was Mike saying that he reached but he says that he will be late because he wants to bring the girl with him. The mother agreed and told him to come early as it is dinner time and everyone was waiting for him.

After some few minutes there was a door bell. Jane went to receive it and it was Mike and he looked sad and alone. Jane asked where the girl was and Mike told her that he couldn't find her. They hugged each other and when they walked in, Mike suddenly stood still everyone paused watching him. Then his face brightened up as he saw Ele and said, "So I see you've already met my fiancée", everyone was so confused. Then Mike walked across the room and kneeled down with a diamond ring on his hand. Ele tears roll down her cheeks with happiness but she could not say 'yes' because she was never liked by his parents and so she turn to looked at them seeking for permission. That was when the parents realized how wrong they have been all this years and they apologized to her and

requested her to accept the ring. Then she accepted him and Mike kissed her and now Ele was going to have the perfect family she always wanted. They all knew that it was going to be a good holiday because 'the Miller' were back together.

They toast their drink up high and wished 'Merry Christmas'.

The end.

"Memories"

Intikokla Jamir

Model Higher Secondary School

The wind blew swiftly and the mellow smell of flowers lingered everywhere. A girl stood by the cliff looking towards the horizon. The wind blew some of her auburn strands back, showing her beautiful face. She had blue eyes with a sparkle of green, plump lips and had a pale face. She had a thin figure and a beautiful necklace rested on her slender neck. Everything about her portrayed innocence.

The girl sat by the edge of the cliff and looked at the aquamarine sea below. A lone tear escaped her left eye as she reminisced her past.

She remembered the times she spent with her sister Maivey. She remembered all their mischiefs, their silly bickering, but most of all she remembered the comfort she felt when Maivey was around.

Maivey had been her role model. She would look up to her so much that sometimes she would try to imitate her. Maivey had always been there for her and she regretted not being there for her sister when she needed her. She wanted Maivey to come back, to say sorry, but she couldn't. Maivey was dead now, and she blamed herself for her sister's death. She sobbed uncontrollably as her sister's last words came to her mind.

'Remember Cazzie, always be yourself. Never try to be someone you're not and never try to change your ways to please others. Love yourself.'

"I miss you, Maivey", she cried out, as more tears started rolling down her cheeks. She clutched on to the necklace resting on her

neck with her right hand and quickly wiped of her tears with the other. She stood up and turned her face towards the sky, letting out a sigh.

“I’ll never forget our time together, sis I love you” she breathed out as she walked back home thinking of all their happy and fond memories, that would forever remain in her heart.

The Library Room

Aloni Sema

B.A 6th Semester

Rose was not a typical college student who loves to hang around with friends or date with the hot guy or date the captain of the football team. Rather, the love of her life was the library room.

She did not have any clue what was coming for the next few minutes. She does not know what was going to happen when she enters the library room.

Rose is a college girl. She is a student in a reputed college in her town. She love to spend her time in library.

She first steeped inside the library room when she was just a little girl, maybe eight as far as could remember. She immediately fell in love with books and the smell of old rustic pages that filled the room. Now, she is standing in front of her college library room. It was a glass pavement room. Everything was see through. She was intrigued by the colorful books cover and the content. She thought to herself that she wished she could have every book that has been arranged.

She steeped for a second before she enters inti a maze of shelves and looked at the librarian, she felt that something was wrong with the librarian because she could only see her back and the strangest thing was that the librarian was not moving and was standing motionless. She look her head and her delusional thought and went on into the glorious and marvelous world of books. She picked out 'Salem's Lot' by Stephen king. He was her idol and her favorite writer so far. She enjoys reading horror and thriller novels. She sat down in a corner and started reading just then she started to fall asleep, her

head was dizzy, her vision unclear and her eyes were shutting down as if someone was singing her a lullaby or reading her bedtime stories. She felt that someone was watching her and she shot up immediately. She felt as if her soul had left her, she felt the light weight of her own body. She stood up and ran down her palm to smooth the wrinkles on her pants, when she lifted her head up, she met a pair of two eyes, it was the librarian, she exhaled a deep breath and she told the librarian that she almost scared to death. She felt relief, though she was scared few seconds back. Rose was happy and a bit laid back knowing that she was not alone in this big hall.

The librarian was quiet for a few seconds and informed Rose that she was going for a lunch break. Now she was all alone and she felt a bit strange and scared and an unknown feeling of cold shiver ran down her spine. She knew something bad aura was present with her, she leaves for other hall to distract her mind but something was already waiting for her in the hallway. She could not make it quite clear because the distance was far enough. She tried to greet the person and when Rose was just about to get a close look, that person vanishes. Her hair on the nape shoots up, she felt the presence of something bad. She pinched on her palm as she could not believe of what has just happened. She panicked. She wished it was a dream, a nightmare or a prank. She felt it right through her guts. She now regrets reading all those horrific novels. Her mind was running a mile in a milli-second. She has to find a way to get out of this hall.

She ran for the door as quick as possible but stumbled on something, something heavy and stubborn, she fell on the floor. She could not see what it was as her vision was blurry. Rose crawled back to see what it was. She felt flat on her back when she realizes what it was. It was the librarian. The librarian was dead and looked as if someone has sucked her life out. She was horrified of the picture in front of her nose. She tried her best to make it to the door as if nothing has what

could slightly see the movement from the reflection behind her back, she knew what it was and gathered her guts to face it as she could not find any other way but to face it. She turned around, again it disappeared, she again twist the door knob and luckily she was successful to open the door and when tried to escape the hell, and turned her attention to the door, the horrifying thing was standing right in front of her eyes. She screamed the hell out of her life and opened her eyes, she noticed that she was still sitting on the same corner, same position and the same book. She touched and rubbed her head with the back of her hand, she was sweating so much and God knows she was trembling. She realized that she had fallen asleep when she was reading. She felt as if everything was real, it wasn't like a dream. She stood up and went to see the librarian but she could not find her. She decided to leave but when she reached for the door knob, it jammed.

Just like in her dream, the door knob was jammed. Is it coincident or was her dream a vision of what is going to happen in reality? Nobody seemed to know it.

Suicide

Vizolie Khatsu

B.A. 4th Semester

Part 1

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

Then I heard a higher calling from 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 zombies below. It's ironic – being closer to death, I felt more alive than ever before.

I spread my arms like an angel and jumped but it didn't even feel like falling but more like flying as the wind sang to 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?

Part- 2

Death looks beautiful tonight.

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

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

The house is like a warm scarf as I wear it around my neck, shielding me from this world's winter.

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

I take a step forward...

And I am home.

Photography



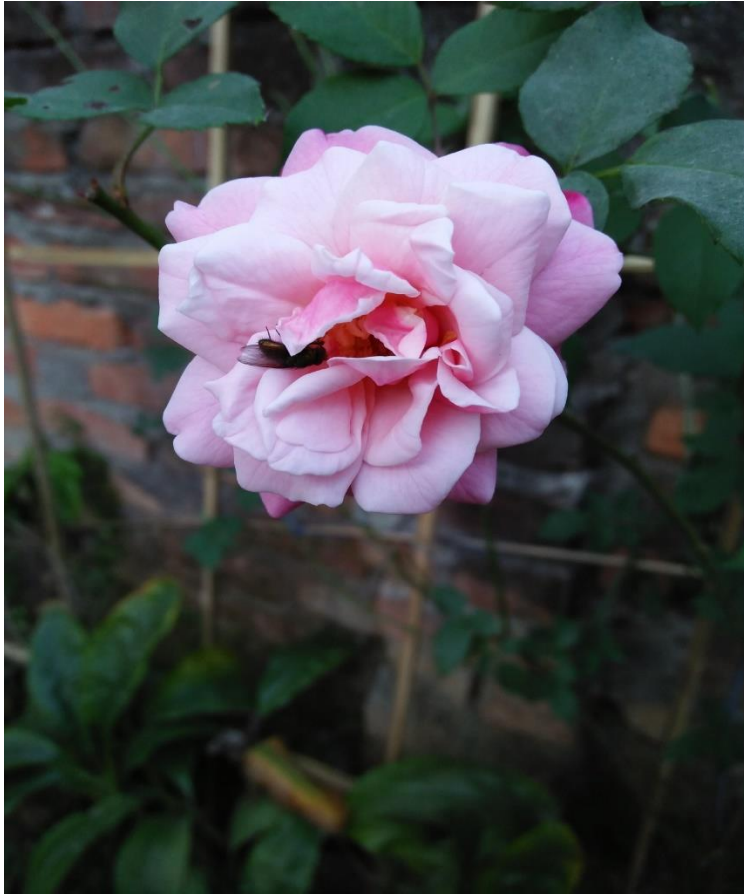
Gwalonyu Lorin

Class 12 Arts



Abhishek Bhowmik

B A 2nd Semester



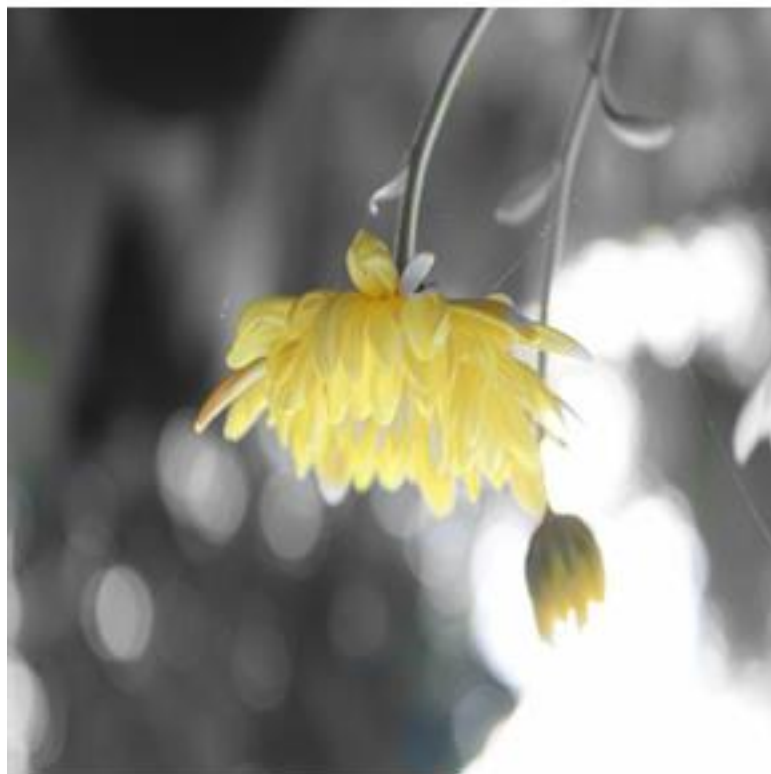
Limala Longchar

Asst Professor, Department of English



Taliyangba Losang

Model Higher Secondary School, Kohima



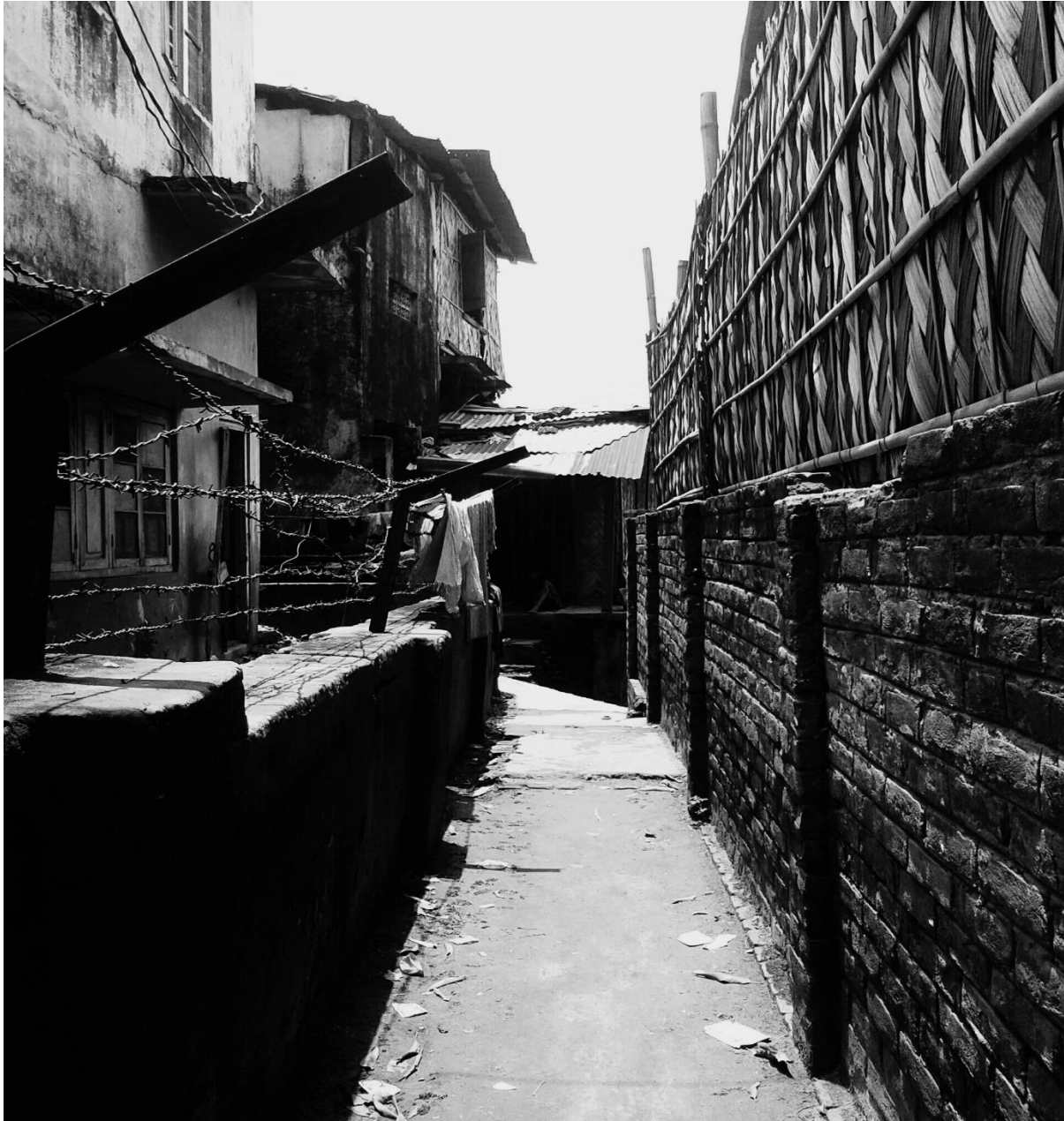
Taliyangba Losang

Model Higher Secondary School, Kohima



Taliyangba Losang

Model Higher Secondary School, Kohima



Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

B.A 6th Semester

Art



Ritsanok Longchar

Class 12 Arts



Tabitha

BA 6th Semester



Yekili Cheryl Zhimo

B.A 6th Semester