

Vol. I

**KJC Wordsmiths** *A Collection of Creative Minds*

*Editors*  
Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar, Dr. Aryamol KB, Dr. Brij Jose



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*A Collection of Creative Minds*

**Vol. I**

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**Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar**

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**Dr. Brij Jose**



*Writers' Association*

*Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, Karnataka, India*

**KJC**  
**Wordsmiths**  
**A Collection of Creative Minds**  
**(Vol. I)**



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**Pacific Books International**

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## Message from the Principal

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It is with immense pleasure that I present to you the first volume of *KJC Wordsmiths*, the official and annual publication of the Writers' Association of Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru. This milestone signifies a remarkable step forward in nurturing, recognizing, and celebrating the literary talents that flourish within our vibrant campus community.

The Writers' Association of Kristu Jayanti College was established with the vision of fostering a dynamic literary culture and providing a platform for students to explore and express their creativity through the written word. Over time, it has evolved into a space where ideas are exchanged, voices are nurtured, and writing is celebrated- not only as an art form but also as a means of intellectual engagement.

In this inaugural edition of *KJC Wordsmiths*, we are proud to present an inspiring collection of creative writings by our students- ranging from poetry and short stories to essays and personal reflections. These works not only highlight the boundless imagination of our young writers but also reflect the diverse thoughts and emotions that shape their experiences. This volume is a testament to their passion, discipline, and the courage to share their inner worlds through writing.

(vi)

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to all the student contributors whose works grace these pages, as well as to the faculty mentors of the Writers' Association for their unwavering guidance and support. This publication is a collective achievement and reflects the synergy of academic and creative spirit that Kristu Jayanti College strives to nurture.

As we turn the pages of *KJC Wordsmiths*, may we be reminded of the transformative power of words-to inspire, to heal, and to connect. I eagerly look forward to seeing the Writers' Association reach greater heights in the years to come, further enriching the literary landscape of our institution.

Best wishes to the entire team and to all our budding writers.

**Fr. Dr. Augustine George**

Principal

Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru,  
Karnataka, India

## Preface

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With immense pride and creative satisfaction, we present *KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1*, a vibrant tapestry of creative expression stitched together by the imaginative minds of our students, faculty, and passionate contributors at Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, Karnataka, India. This inaugural edition is more than just a compilation—it celebrates storytelling in many vivid forms. Within these pages lie the voices, dreams, reflections, and questions of a diverse group of writers, each adding their unique hues to this literary mosaic.

Creative writing has always been a medium through which the human spirit finds solace, freedom, and empowerment. It allows us to transcend the boundaries of reality, time, and identity, offering a space where thoughts take flight and emotions find voice. *KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1* embodies this very spirit, curating a rich collection of poems, short stories, prose pieces, and even a discerning movie review—each piece is a window into a world crafted with care, insight, and originality.

The poems in this volume resonate with emotion and rhythm, touching on universal and deeply personal themes. They capture the rawness of human experience, from moments of solitude and longing to bursts of joy and



revelation. On the other hand, the short stories plunge us into realms of fiction that spark curiosity, empathy, and, often, introspection. They reflect how writers observe, question, and reimagine the world around them.

Prose pieces in this collection offer thoughtful meditations and expressive narratives, delving into various subjects that showcase our writers' breadth of imagination and understanding. Meanwhile, including a movie review is a testament to the wide-ranging nature of creative critique. It reflects analytical thinking and underscores how cinema, like literature, can stir emotions, shape perspectives, and inspire dialogue.

This volume marks a beginning—one that is brimming with potential and promise. It is the result of the contributors' creative labour and the collaborative effort of faculty and editorial mentors who believed in the importance of providing a platform for emerging voices. The title *Wordsmiths* pays homage to those who forge meaning from words, bend language to their will and seek to connect, provoke, and inspire.

We hope this volume will not only be enjoyed by readers but also serve as a source of encouragement for future writers, igniting the spark of creativity in others who dare to write, share, and dream. As this first volume finds its way into hands and hearts, we look forward to many more editions—each one an evolving chronicle of the literary spirit that thrives within the KJC community.

(ix)

Let *KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1* be both a mirror and a window—reflecting the world within us and revealing new worlds beyond us.

—The Editorial Team

*KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1*



## Acknowledgements

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We are profoundly grateful to the Almighty for endowing us with the creative spark and inspiration that led to the realization of *KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1*. His divine presence has continually guided our thoughts, nurtured our creativity, and instilled a steadfast commitment to the written word.

We express our heartfelt gratitude to our revered mentor, **Fr. Dr. Augustine George**, Principal, and **Fr. Dr. Lijo P. Thomas**, Vice Principal & CFO of Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, for their unwavering support and encouragement. Their visionary leadership and continuous motivation have provided the Writers' Association a nurturing platform to thrive and grow.

Our sincere thanks are due to **Fr. Joshy Mathew**, Director of the Library and Information Centre, Director of Human Resources, and Head of the Department of English, for his persistent encouragement and faith in the potential of our creative community.

We are also immensely grateful to our deans, **Dr. Aloysius Edward J**, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce and Management and Director of the Internal Quality Assurance Cell, **Dr. GopaKumar AV**, Dean of the Faculty of Humanities, and **Dr. Calistus Jude A.L .**, Dean of the

Faculty of Sciences, for their dedicated mentorship, thoughtful guidance, and consistent support throughout this publication.

**We thank Ms. Ramya B**, Associate Professor, Department of History, and Associate Coordinator of the Internal Quality Assurance Cell (IQAC), Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, for her steadfast encouragement and valuable guidance. Her support through the IQAC has been instrumental in enhancing this initiative's academic and creative quality.

We are equally thankful to **Dr. Manikandan K.**, Assistant Professor in the Department of Life Sciences and Member of the Internal Quality Assurance Cell (IQAC), for his thoughtful input and continued support. His involvement has greatly enriched the academic value of this publication.

We extend our warmest appreciation to the faculty advisors and editorial committee members of the Writers' Association, whose tireless efforts and editorial acumen have brought this volume to fruition. Their commitment to nurturing young literary talent has been instrumental in shaping this anthology into a vibrant expression of the creative spirit at Kristu Jayanti College.

Finally, we extend our deepest gratitude to all the contributors of *KJC Wordsmiths Vol. 1*. Your poems, stories, prose pieces, and insightful reviews have enriched this collection and exemplified the power of imagination and

*(xiii)*

the written word. Your enthusiasm, timely submissions, and passion for storytelling have been the cornerstone of this publication's success.

May this volume serve as a beacon for aspiring writers and a testament to the flourishing literary culture within the Kristu Jayanti College community.

—**The Writers' Association**

Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru,  
Karnataka, India



## About the Editors

---



**Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar** is an Assistant Professor of English at Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, India. He has received three Honorary Doctorate Degrees from reputed Universities and Institutes. He has presented 56 papers at State, National, and International Conferences around the globe. He has published 51 research articles in National and International Journals, which are peer-reviewed, indexed in Scopus, and books with ISBNs. He has also received three International Patents with Grants. He has also edited Nine books. He was a Gold Medalist in B.A. English at St. Joseph's College (Autonomous), Tiruchirappalli. He was awarded the Best Researcher Award for the academic years 2019-2020 and 2020- 2021 by Bishop Heber College (Autonomous), Tiruchirappalli, Tamilnadu, India. He is also on the Editorial Board of Literary Journals, which are peer-reviewed and Indexed in Scopus. He has delivered 176 talks at Workshops, Webinars, and National and International Conferences around the globe.



**Dr. Aryamol KB** is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English with 11 years of teaching experience. She holds an M.A., M.Phil., PhD, and a Post Graduate Diploma in English Language Teaching (PGDELT). Additionally, she has



(xiv)

earned qualifications in Value Education, Spirituality, Counseling, and Psychotherapy. Her areas of interest include Indian Writing in English, Mythology, and English Language Teaching (ELT). She has contributed extensively to academia, with seven publications in national and international journals, including 2 SCOPUS-indexed articles. She has also authored a course book titled “Introduction to Post-Colonial Literature” and published four chapters and Peer-reviewed articles.

Furthermore, she has presented 16 papers at international conferences and seminars. Her research explores contemporary literature’s cultural narratives, mythological interpretations, and theological themes. She is committed to interdisciplinary study and actively shares her work on prominent academic platforms.



**Dr. Briji Jose** is an Assistant Professor at the Department of English, Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, Karnataka, India. She has completed her PhD in English Studies, and her research interests lie in Migration Studies, Energy and Environmental Humanities, and

Cultural Studies. She has presented and published twelve papers in her field.

## Contents

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<i>Message from the Principal</i>	(v)
<i>Preface</i>	(vii)
<i>Acknowledgements</i>	(xi)
<i>About the Editors</i>	(xv)
	<i>Pages</i>
<b>A Fleeting Mirage!</b>	<b>1</b>
— <i>Shanmuk Yarlagadda</i>	
<b>A New Life</b>	<b>3</b>
— <i>Neera Thomas</i>	
<b>Admire</b>	<b>5</b>
— <i>Kailash R.</i>	
<b>An Escapade</b>	<b>7</b>
— <i>Jatin P Nair</i>	
<b>An Ode To Muse</b>	<b>10</b>
— <i>Vaibhav Arora</i>	
<b>I'm Gonna Die, Aren't I?</b>	<b>11</b>
— <i>Anitta Boban Thomas</i>	
<b>Assignments</b>	<b>13</b>
— <i>Nidhi Sharma</i>	
<b>How Does It Feel?</b>	<b>15</b>
— <i>Debashis Das</i>	

<b>Sometimes it Shifts between Shades of Red and Orange</b>	<b>17</b>
— <i>Aditi Kumari</i>	
<b>I Lost You</b>	<b>20</b>
— <i>Md. Asteshamalam</i>	
<b>Fading Echoes of Us</b>	<b>22</b>
— <i>Harshitha R</i>	
<b>I Knew the Stranger</b>	<b>24</b>
— <i>Rinsa Cibi</i>	
<b>I Shall Write</b>	<b>28</b>
— <i>Anika S</i>	
<b>Imaginary Friend</b>	<b>30</b>
— <i>Chandana Saideepshika</i>	
<b>Laws (loss) of the Universe</b>	<b>32</b>
— <i>Fara Nez</i>	
<b>Dead Poet's Society: A Timeless Inspiration</b>	<b>34</b>
— <i>Ananya Singh</i>	
<b>Honour Bound</b>	<b>39</b>
— <i>Padmini Priyom Dutta</i>	
<b>Maybe You're not a Flower</b>	<b>44</b>
— <i>Adiya Noyal</i>	
<b>Woes of a Reader</b>	<b>46</b>
— <i>Nandana N</i>	
<b>Who is Your Role Model?</b>	<b>48</b>
— <i>Anjumol Aby</i>	

<b>Today's Topic: Is Life Tragedy?</b>	<b>52</b>
— <i>Sriparna Bag</i>	
<b>The Rose Story</b>	<b>54</b>
— <i>Blesson Varghese</i>	
<b>My Deepest Despair</b>	<b>56</b>
— <i>Tushara Gururaj</i>	
<b>Grieving Capophony of Motivation</b>	<b>59</b>
— <i>Vishnudev. S</i>	
<b>Memories That Stay, Chains That Break</b>	<b>62</b>
— <i>Ananya Singh</i>	



## A Fleeting Mirage!

—Shanmuk Yarlagadda  
24BIBA58

I walked for miles and sailed by aisles, but I haven't  
found a smile like yours.  
I heard the melodies of birds,  
But I realized they were chanting your name.

I crossed the rushing streams in stride,  
But they couldn't match your anklet's chime. I've  
searched for the presence of my shadow. In the  
absence of your light, it is sublime.

I craved autumn's warmth in Snowflake's embrace,  
Dreaming of suns in winter's pale haze.  
I've fancied carrying snow from the frosty field,  
But I got lost in this abandoned desert of the vile.

I've walked, crossed, searched, Wished and  
waited... I've waited... to meet you.  
I've waited for the tides of despair to settle down  
and for the rays of hope to rise in the West.

I've waited for the amber leaves to abide And briny  
oceans to turn sweetened.  
Zero the chances, like stars at dawn,  
A good end for us? Maybe a fleeting mirage.



## A New Life

—Neera Thomas  
23MBGE36

When the door opens  
There will be a new life.  
Waiting out there for me.  
But I have to be brave.  
Brave enough to leave my old life.  
And embrace my new life.  
Brave enough to break the chains  
holding me  
So that I can live my life freely.  
I know it's going to be hard  
But I can make it.  
Even when the path seems to be rough  
When it feels like the sufferings are never-ending  
When it feels like this is a wrong decision.  
You have to remember

Even something as simple as a rock  
It can be turned into something beautiful.  
With the right amount of work and knowledge  
You just have to be brave  
You just need to believe in yourself  
So that you can open that door  
Leading to new opportunities.  
Leading to a new chapter of your life  
Which can be full of exciting surprises.  
I know it can be scary.  
I know it seems to be hard  
But believe in the power of fate.  
Because who knows  
It might be the most beautiful chapter.





## Admire

—Kailash R.  
23PRFB19

Her Cat eyes and Dazzling smile  
Which makes my time worthwhile.

A voice sweet as a melody  
That makes me feel you're my destiny.

The moment we touch  
Where my heart pounds too much.  
All these words, they make no sense  
You're asking me to still be friends?

I care for you in many ways  
But you avoid my presence as always.

You're the only girl I've felt so cute  
Maybe that's why I go mute  
Ohh God, you just made an annoyingly attractive Girl

Which doesn't fail to make my Heart swirl.  
The simple bindi and mesmerising smile  
Still hoping you'll say, "Can you be mine ?"  
Our Distance and situation could be a curse  
But I shall love and choose you in every universe.

Let this love remain unknown in this Life  
Cause I'll be waiting for you in the afterlife.



## An Escapade

—Jatin P Nair  
22CBP220

Burdened with responsibilities,  
He searched for a place for repose.  
Always running away, he wondered,  
Why was it him? The battles always chose him.

He found a place of seclusion,  
A place that could feed his delusion.  
A world he'd never seen before,  
Filled with adventures for those who came,  
He found an escapade-  
An escapade in a video game.

He'd fight monsters and dragons,  
In his journey to reclaim what he lost.

It wasn't an artefact nor the treasure sought by  
Captain Hook,  
It was pieces of himself for which he'd look.

Many battles won and experience gained,  
He took some falls, yet he still trained.  
Cause for him, it was an escape-  
An Escape from reality.

He finished all his side quests,  
But one last remained.  
He wandered the woods and reached the mountain peak,  
Asked to take a seat and not a word he should speak,  
Just watch the fleeting light at dusk,  
The beauty before him made him feel like a husk-  
A husk similar to the monsters he'd put an end to.

He finally figured it out,  
He found the lost pieces.  
It was time he went back,  
So he made his escape-  
An Escape to Reality.

The world before him was still just as broken  
when he'd left,

The feeling of distraught haunted him still.  
But this time, he knew what he needed to do,  
Cause his time in seclusion formed him anew.  
He made every little effort to enjoy his existence,  
He tried new ways when met with resistance.  
When asked about his persistence,  
He told his story like the most beautiful picture  
ever drawn,  
With words that followed after, hoping to stick around.  
“The hardest battle is life itself, cause it doesn’t  
have respawns.”



## An Ode To Muse

—Vaibhav Arora  
24ENGA25

Eyes that glance beyond the curtain,  
Guides the hand, voice, and pen  
Her breath creates hallowed steps where art and  
life are redeemed.

O Muse, with whispers gentle and bold,

Inspire my hands to fabricate pure gold.  
Guide my thoughts as rivers flow.  
From humble beginnings to magnificent endings  
Let each work transcend.

Beautify every creation, sing and inspire.  
Bless with your light; all works shall shine,  
And turn Mirage into masterpieces, one by one.  
Invoke the strength that art hides.



## I'm Gonna Die, Aren't I?

—Anitta Boban Thomas  
24IBP794

I mustn't be trusted with knives, he knew.  
For if found with nothing to bore it through;  
For if found in boredom and solitude,  
I'd make holes in the flesh and cut through sinew.  
I'd tear apart slowly, my heart filled with blue.

The rain came and re-painted the world with gloom.  
When the rain left, the universe glistened in dew.  
So beautiful and Godly, I'd never seen around me.  
It was so beautiful, and it made me suspicious  
somehow.

It felt like the universe gave me something to keep.  
Hold on so close to my heart as a final memory;

Before it took away what was once rightfully mine,  
Before, it took away my only light.  
I'm gonna die, aren't I?





## Assignments

—Nidhi Sharma  
23BBNA38

Assignments!  
Tomorrow is the deadline.  
I'm tight on time  
But as stressed I am,  
I'll start it tonight at nine

Complete by 11 o'clock  
I can submit by tonight 12,  
Paper cut my finger,  
Guess I need a little salve

Assignments!  
Though I did mine well,  
But how did my friends turn out the same?

If the teacher asks who copied it,  
Which of us would take the blame? (my friend ofc)

Alas, it's done  
Now, finally, I can rest  
But suddenly, I remember,  
Tomorrow's also a test!



## How Does It Feel?

—**Debashis Das**  
22FRSB24

How does it feel,  
When the world punishes you for a mistake u  
never committed.  
How does it feel,  
When the pain gets added to insult.  
How does it feel,  
When you see your love holding your arms! Not  
on the streets.  
How does it feel,  
When the dark night brings tears, you find no  
tissue around.  
How does it feel,  
When they steal your peace and leave you naked.  
How does it feel,

When sun rays don't warm your body.  
When rainwater, it doesn't make you feel wet.  
When fresh air doesn't make u feel fresh.  
When sleep denies producing dreams.



## Sometimes it Shifts between Shades of Red and Orange

—Aditi Kumari  
24BBAE03

I looked up, and there she was,  
with a big smile on her face,  
watching me ruin the floor with chalk.  
It's strange how, as a kid, the floors, the walls, the  
cupboards, and basically every flat surface were my  
canvas,  
but I don't remember the last time I tried to draw  
or paint something.  
She handed me a pack of chalk, which I hid inside  
my T-shirt so I wouldn't have to share it with my  
brother.  
I don't know how I remember this one thing so  
vividly.

Sometimes, I even dream about it, but the colour  
of her saree changes every time I do.

The last time I saw her face,  
it was pale, and her eyes were closed.  
I was sitting on my father's lap in the car  
while my Nani lay in the back seat.  
She always wore a lot of jewellery,  
but she didn't even have earrings this time.  
I kept asking my dad what was happening, but he  
just gave me chocolate instead of an answer.

It was so orange and gloomy.  
Usually, the colour orange makes me feel good,  
but that day, it made me feel sick because I kept  
begging my father to take me home.  
I watched from a distance,  
holding my father's right pinky finger while my  
brother held his left.  
He knew what was happening because he was  
eight then.  
The next thing I remember is sitting in front of the  
telephone, waiting for it to ring.  
Nani always called at least once a day.  
The telephone rang many times, but it was never her.

For a very long time, I rushed to the door every  
time the doorbell rang, hoping it was her.  
I figured out eventually that she was never coming back.

My mother says she was exactly like me,  
but I feel I can never be her when I think about it.  
She raised four kids alone after being widowed at  
the age of 23.

Usually, when a tragedy like that strikes a family,  
the children tend to leave their childhood behind  
and step into adulthood far too early,  
but my Nani made sure that all her kids got to live  
a normal childhood.

She worked 12 hours daily and still ensured no  
flaw in her parenting.

I can't imagine being that selfless.  
Maybe my mother just meant in looks.

Even though I love to ask my mother questions  
about her,  
I avoid doing so because she still goes numb, even  
after 20 years.

This reminds me of the quote, "Grief never goes  
away; it changes."

A part of her still believes that she could have saved her.



## I Lost You

—Md. Asteshamalam  
24BBAE32

I lost you once; I lost me, too,  
Without your love, what can I do?  
Bring back my heart, bring back my soul,  
Bring back the dreams that made me whole.

You are my love, my guiding light,  
The star that glimmers through the night.  
Until the stars shall dance and play,  
Until the moon blooms in its way.

Tell me once more, you love me best,  
A love that puts my heart to rest.  
I'm here, my love, beneath the sky,  
To seek the stars and watch them fly.



When you're not here, the world turns black,  
An endless void, no turning back.  
You are my love, my life, my flame,  
I whisper softly your sweet name.

I'll wait for you, my heart is true,  
Please don't forget, come back anew.



## Fading Echoes of Us

—Harshitha R  
24CBAB15

I did want it; I never did  
Each moment spent together was wasted in  
laughter  
One leg on the other, drifting around drunk on  
company  
She had values that did not match mine  
But she would please me and try to envelope me  
“I don’t like it..please don’t do it,” — but she  
never heard me  
She clung to her ego  
Pushing those I cared for  
So I took their side  
distant and bitter turned us  
She deserves it, I said, but

It hurt me to see her like that  
I wish I could grasp that hand again and smile  
together, laughing together on meaningless  
nothing.  
“I like spending time with you.”



## I Knew the Stranger

—Rinsa Cibi

22PSYB42

One would unlikely dream about someone they haven't met before. However, I know this person, as I've encountered him in my dreams. For months, I've been meeting this person in my dreams, and it's strange because every time I go to sleep and close my eyes, once I reach a deep sleep state, I see him. I don't know the person at all, but somehow, I feel like I know him. This has become a sleep habit of mine.

People simply sleep to relax, to get away from worldly pressures. My motivation to sleep now is to meet that stranger in my dreams and learn more about him. Initially, it was difficult to make out his face, but gradually, I started seeing it. Oddly, I recognize his face in my dreams, yet I can't recall

any specific details upon waking. I can't say it, even though I know I know.

I am totally clueless about how to explain the situation I am going through. Whenever I tried sharing it, I just couldn't. It was just bizarre. The situation was strange, yet I felt a strange sense of tranquillity whenever I anticipated sleep. The person doesn't appear every night, suggesting he operates on his own schedule. He visits only during the night, though the reason for this remains unknown. In fact, I don't even understand why this entire phenomenon is happening.

I will now attempt to describe the events, focusing on the key details. The initial setting is a void – a blank expanse with no discernible features, plants, floor, or nothing. It feels as if I am suspended, weightless. In this emptiness, it's just him and me. Together, we construct different scenarios. During these scenarios, I perceive elements of the environment: my location, the colour of the sky, and other details. The experience feels magical, yet upon waking, I'm returned to this initial void, as if the entire constructed world has been erased, leaving no trace of its existence.

During these nightly encounters, he speaks

extensively, while I remain inexplicably silent. I'm unable to utter a word as if my voice is trapped or my words are unheard.

One night, he failed to appear. This absence extended for several days, leaving me adrift in a boundless void. I missed his presence deeply. His visits, however infrequent, had imbued me with a profound sense of significance, an inexplicable inner peace. I grappled with various theories for his absence, but none explained satisfactorily.

One morning, I awoke to a blinding light. My eyes struggled to adjust, but slowly, I became aware of a sea of faces before me—a crowd of strangers. That is when I saw a familiar face in the crowd—the man from my dreams. Everyone started cheering and clapping for him when he entered and walked through the crowd towards me. He reached in front of me and looked at me with admiration and a proud smile. Then he turned towards the crowd and started speaking.

As I listened to what he was saying, realization dawned on me. I was just a creation of his mind, and he was my creator. Every night, he tried to figure out what he should create more, but he would be demotivated by everything. I couldn't remember or

explain anything that happened to me. No one could hear me. His nocturnal visits reflected his creative process and the hours he dedicated to shaping and refining his imaginary world. He sought to create something significant that would resonate with others, a masterpiece that mirrored his emotional journey. And in the end, he brought me to the forefront and placed me in the spotlight.

As the “The unfinished art of an artist”.



## I Shall Write

—Anika S  
24BBAB04

I constantly worry in fear; my thoughts drown me  
in the sea of my mind. It reminds me why,  
Why death is my greatest friend.  
He, my friend, taught me that.  
“Our skin without scars is like the sky but with no stars  
And a heart without a soul is a life without a goal  
And our mind without walls is a child without dolls  
Life is merely a path to approach death.  
For our lives are timed and  
Only the dead live forever.”  
It reminded me, have I ever lived?  
I spent all this time, and my book is empty.  
I have forgotten to live.  
The reason is that I am no more, yet I remain.



As I sit here with a pen, I bleed words onto the  
page. For in them, I have found my life,  
When I write, I am reborn.

Every sentence makes me breathe.  
I'd like to know if all the most outstanding writers  
whose literature let people live thousands of lives  
in one.

The greatest writers who suffered, the ones who  
met death in their own hands  
Did they, too, live through their words?  
The readers look for escapism in books as books  
are not just pages with words but with lives.

Lives of all those writers  
As they poured their souls into each word they shed  
Every reader who read lived the souls.  
And the writer wrote his soul away  
No wonder why books are so sacred.

I am both a reader and a writer, devouring lives  
and crafting my own,  
I wonder if I will read my life or write my death  
Whatever is to be written in my book  
I shall write,  
Writing and Reading both give life to me  
Only one will be the end of me.



## Imaginary Friend

—Chandana Saideepshika  
23PYEN18

You were like a fleeting dream.  
I saw you first when I closed my eyes  
I saw you then when I walked by the fields  
I wondered if you had seen me  
I asked if you were ever curious  
About who I am, what do I like?

Questions swarmed my mind like a storm  
as I could only look at you from afar...  
is my mind playing tricks on me?  
do you really exist, or is it just some sick joke  
that my mind is playing on me?  
Like a dream, you disappeared from my life  
right when I opened my eyes.

and it was then... when I saw everything  
when I knew everything

I saw just what everyone is  
I saw just how cruel it can be  
and I wanted to run into your arms  
and cry to you  
act like a child throwing tantrums  
but that was a fruitless thought, really  
because you never were there...

what were you? I wonder...  
were you someone I created?  
Because I was too lonely?  
too scared?  
too frustrated?  
Too much of a coward to look?  
Did you exist only because of that?  
and then disappeared  
after you encouraged me to keep my eyes open?



## Laws (loss) of the Universe

—Fara Nez  
24ACAB21

The cheetah glances around quickly for an enemy, eyes so shallow and hungry as life is trapped under his paws. Its teeth pierced through the deer's neck are powerful and cunning. The world is on the deer's side, with empty tethering eyes. It is horrifying. It is nature. This is the element of life as defined to them and designed by the universe. You are either a pawn or a master, which you do not decide. The spider crawls on the wall, and the butterfly is a prisoner of its desire. Its wings of blue and purple are detached, and it is gone how it was born. But all creatures must eat. It is life. It is the order of nature. And then there is a madman's love, which surpasses all laws of the universe. What satisfies their hunger in this world

that is too small to hold their yearning. Except for the victim itself. Thus, to satiate their thirst, the victim gives up their morals and liberty. Until they are a prisoner of their own decisions. Until death lays burning kisses on their shoulder. The madman defies the universe in his every wake and watches with a bleeding heart between his teeth. But all creatures must eat, mustn't they? It is life. It is nature.



## **Dead Poet's Society: A Timeless Inspiration**

—Ananya Singh  
23BTFS05

Dead Poet's Society is a cinematic classic masterpiece that has been inspired since 1989. It is about an unorthodox teacher named Mr Keating who taught at the USA's top boys' boarding school where teenagers were sent to work towards the goal their parents had built for them. We always learn something fresh from this movie every time we watch it again. The script erupts emotions in its viewers. It is an incredible film that inspires art and uses powerful imagery. The film's intense sequences relatably and skilfully communicated some harsh realities of life.

The young boys of the Dead Poet's Society met in secret at midnight with the goal of "sucking the marrow out of life, to seek to find more to find life and live." The movie features numerous noteworthy and admirable comments from all the characters, but my personal fave is this one:

"We don't read and write poetry because it is cute, we read and write poetry because we are members of the human race and the human race is filled with passion" "Medicine law business engineering are noble pursuits which are necessary professions to sustain life but Beauty, Poetry, Love Romance this is what we stay alive for."

Why I liked it?

Mr Keating takes the boys out of the classroom and respectfully talks to them. He is different. He teaches these young boys what loving life means and how they can and should always "seize the day and make it extraordinary." He inspires us to cherish the treasure of life and appreciate it. The protagonist boys understand and adapt his teachings in their lives, successfully proving that "no matter what people tell, words and ideas can change the world."

He had his class stand at their desks to see what it meant to have a different perspective from a new place. The school taught in the conventional way that books, discipline, and tradition are knowledge, but Keating made them learn how to embrace life and be free.

We mistake knowledge for merely knowing how to pursue a job, support oneself, or work; nevertheless, Keating sums up life in its most valid form as “Poetry, Beauty, Romance, Love”.

Todd Anderson, self-conscious, shy, and afraid of speaking in front of the other students, recites a poem about a madman with the help of Keating’s unique technique, leaving everyone astonished. He learns how to speak for himself, be confident, find his voice, and “Break out from the others by realising that You are here, and life exists.” Keating wants the kids to “trust their beliefs to be unique even if people find it to be odd or unpopular.”

Neil dreams of becoming an actor, but his dad wants him to be a doctor. He is prohibited from pursuing his actual life, and his love for acting is ignored. He couldn’t chase his endeavour. Hence, he felt



everything was taken away from him as he didn't know what to live for and thus committed suicide. He left, saying, "Now that I came to death, I discovered that I had not lived, and I couldn't." Neil's father did not understand his son and attempted to send him away from his passion to a Military school. The saddest part about Neil's suicide is that his father didn't learn from it. Rather than owning up to his mistakes and feeling bad for squashing his son's dream, he took the easy route—the joyful deception and blamed Keating.

### Conclusion

The boys are made to testify against Keating, and he is fired. In the final scene, Todd stands at his table in reverence, finally finding his voice. Keating was leaving indeed, but his legacy would remain forever. The other boys also stood at their desks before the person who wanted Keating gone. They fought for what they felt was right, knowing real learning was in living and exploring. They tribute Keating by saying, "O Captain, My Captain". They stood firm and loyal to the captain, high with passion as free thinkers. His light of knowledge had passed on to the kids and left a permanent mark on everyone.

This movie makes us laugh, cry, and, most importantly, touch our souls. One of the strongest elements of “Dead Poets Society” is its outstanding ensemble cast. Robin Williams gives a memorable performance as John Keating, who has become “Oh Captain, my captain” for all of us. He fills the role with depth, affection, and wit. The young actors who play the students are also excellent, bringing authenticity and emotional resonance to their roles. We all need a teacher like Mr Keating who can teach us life lessons and encourage us to give wings to our dreams and live unapologetically.



## Honour Bound

—Padmini Priyom Dutta  
23BBAD46

It was a gloomy night. The heaviness of loss settled in the air as millions mourned the loss of their abode. The nation had been divided. Now, they stood facing each other, two independent nations, India and Pakistan. It had been over a week since the hearts and hearths were torn apart. Sherbano and her family marched on their foot to their new homeland, Pakistan. Eyes once adorned with affection now loomed within them malice and a sense of hostility towards them. A land unknown, now to be called their home, while a place where she and her kin had knitted together millions of memories now remains foreign and alien.

It was that night, as the fire from the woods kept the place lit up, that she was abducted along with fourteen other girls who were merely trying to make their way to the alien land now they were to call home. It wasn't out of greed for money or robbery but rather a fire ignited by the seeds of religious animosity brewing among the masses. Her Fault? She had been born a musician. For weeks, she had been tortured and physically assaulted. Hundreds of bruises had made her body their abode. And then came the final straw; she was to be wedded off to her abductor. Marriage was sacred. As a little girl, she dreamed of marrying Shamsheer, her fiancé. Had the circumstances been fortunate, she would have been his wife by now. Alas, they were not. She had been moved out of the dungeon and kept in a spare room for she was to be the bride. And as the hustle and bustle of the energetic wedding house put her abductor and his family to rest, the house was quiet, with no instance of her being guarded found. She had made up her mind. She was going to flee from this place. And thus, she fled.

After weeks of inquiries, she finally made her way to the threshold of the new house where her family

now lived in this foreign land. She knocked on the door at a hurried pace. Almost dying to have her hair caressed by her Amma and sleep in the arms of her baba jaani. Despite being a dominating figure, her father reserved a gentle place for his princess. He would spoil her rotten. She was being educated, unlike other girls in the 1940s. As the door opened, her eyes met with a pair of hazel orbs similar to hers, her sister Meherbano's. "Aapi (Sister), I am finally here" She embraced her sister in a bone-crushing hug and cried like a baby. The smell of Meherbano's attar (perfume) soothed her trembling nerves as peace finally found her in her sister's embrace. Through the peripheral of her eyes, she saw a figure move. Clad in a white salwar Kameez, her father, Jehangir Ali Khan, stood there. Sherbano waited for her father to engulf her in his embrace, chasing away all her conflicts and curdles. A confused frown graced her face, seeing her father not move from his place. Sherbano concluded he might have been too flabbergasted to take a step forward. The apple of the family's eye had been missing for months, and only now she had astonished them with her presence. Seeing her father rigid at his place, she ran towards her father. As she ran towards him, too oblivious to

the rifle her father had in his hand, an uninvited feeling, a pain in her chest engulfed her. She had been shot.

Once,

Twice,

Thrice.

She couldn't comprehend what was happening. Has her Baba tainted his hands with his own daughter's blood?

As she collapsed, bewildered by the betrayal faced at the hands of her family, she heard her brother say, "YOU taint our honour; we cleanse it with your blood".

For months, she had endured the torments of her abductors as they embroidered her body with bruises every day with a new cause. She had lived with the hope that maybe if she were to die, her family would be grief-stricken. But if she could flee, she could free her family from the horrendous thoughts and worries of her disappearance. She was wrong. She had been murdered by the same father who would've gotten the moon for her had she demanded. Her Fault? She was a victim of a vengeful religious agenda. Her Fault? She was being forced into an unwanted

matrimony. Her Fault? She had been unfortunate to be their victim. Her Fault? She had no choice.

Seventy Seven years later, Nothing had changed. To Amara, Sherbano was just a story. A character that met an unfortunate end. A character whose end seemed far from the bed of roses she had been living on, but as she laid their spitting blood from her mouth. She realised she was another Sherbano. She had fallen prey to the clutches of the heinous norms of the society. And now she has to die, for she had tainted her family's honour. She had fallen in love with a Muslim boy. And when you taint your family's honour, be it seven decades ago or seven decades after, You're bound to die, for you are honour-bound.



## Maybe You're not a Flower

—Adiya Noyal  
24CBAB04

Maybe the universe brings people into our lives  
and then removes them  
Like flowers being uprooted and carried to  
another garden  
I think the gardener values you too much  
I think the garden you are being transferred to is a  
desert  
What if you were never a flower?  
What if that's what everyone wants you to be  
And probably hides you from your true potential  
What if you were a cactus?  
The universe tests us in different ways  
The cactus pleaded, "But I want to stay."  
How can you stay in a place you don't belong in



I think the universe made you a cactus for a reason  
    Maybe you were never meant to be pretty  
        Because pretty things don't last long  
And you were made to break generational curses  
        and build families  
You couldn't do that in a garden, and I know it  
        hurts  
But you were a cactus pretending to be a flower  
        It would obviously hurt



## Woes of a Reader

—Nandana N  
22CMP401

Shedding tears of sorrow and glee  
Onto ink carved on papers to see  
Is it real?  
Will it be real?  
The woes of a reader never end.

Paperbacks are fragile  
Hard-covers worth sky-high  
E-books don't often command  
The feel of precious books in hand  
The woes of a reader never ends

From Hogwarts to Camp Half-blood  
Alongside Aslan and astride Balerion

Amidst battles and adventures, they were destined  
to be

And yet, they find themselves in the realm of reality  
The woes of a reader never ends

Dreams of everlasting love  
Hopes of unbounded friendships  
Yearnings to lose themselves in those pages go  
unheard

As they are hauled back to the real world  
The woes of a reader never ends

A mind of vivid imagery  
A heart full of empathy  
Eyes lost in worlds unknown  
Souls that brave through the worlds known  
The woes of a reader never ends



## Who is Your Role Model?

—Anjumol Aby  
23DTSA11

Every life-changing moment begins with a question. Sometimes, it's deep and philosophical. Other times, it's just plain annoying. As kids, we were constantly bombarded with the same old questions: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "What's your ambition?" "Who is your role model?"—as if we had figured out our entire life before losing our first baby tooth. Then comes adolescence, where the mere mention of such questions makes you roll your eyes so hard they might get stuck, and an overwhelming urge to argue back becomes a hobby, and questioning everything (including why people keep asking dumb questions) becomes second nature. Adulthood? That's when you unlock the superpower of smiling,

nodding, and pretending you didn't hear the question in the first place like a pro.

Now, I've observed that society consists of two types of people:

1. The ones who ask questions.
2. They sprint in the opposite direction when someone asks them questions.

I, however, fell into a third, rarer category of unique species—the people who ask questions and attempt to answer the ones thrown back at them. The problem? My answers were never “acceptable” by societal standards. They were too different, too unconventional, to me. Meanwhile, my questions were ignored entirely—because, let's be real, we live in a society where people love asking questions rather than answering them.

There was “Who is your role model?” in the plethora of infamous questions, which followed me everywhere. As a child, I played along. My answer changed based on who asked. Some days, it was an actor. On other days, a sportsperson. And for some inexplicable reason, God made it to my list, too. I

still remember telling them that my role model is God. A role model is someone we want to become like or an example to look up to or follow. I was so stupid at that time to think I'd be like God. Yeah, I had no clue what I was thinking, either.

Having inherited from somewhere the talent to answer all sorts of societal questions and talk back, I was struck by thunder when my mother asked me a question one day. I wasn't able to answer her. Then, being worried that I couldn't give back her an answer, I was surprised that such an eye-opening question came up in her small head that was always engaged only in house chores. From that moment, my mind started to evolve; it began to change, and it actually started to work properly. That question made me realise that even though everyone has two eyes and sees the same thing, they think differently; thoughts vary from person to person. If I try to be like the other person, WHO WILL BE ME? My identity will be lost, and I'll become someone who steals the identity of others. And having a role model, in a chase to become others, to be like them, where am I? The real you, your small traits, and characteristics that differentiate you from others will all be lost during

the run. And there won't be a YOU at the end of the race. In the end, it will be someone who impersonated someone else. Why try to be someone else when you have a whole life to be YOU and live your own? Why chase someone else when you can be YOU? If Amma never asked me that question, I would have lost my identity by now, I might have spent my life running a race that wasn't mine, trying to be a clone of others. Be your own role model, and build a life that makes you proud.

Now, I would like to interrupt you in your race. I will ask you the same question my Amma asked me. *"If you are trying to be like others, then what's the difference between you and them? What makes you identifiable, what makes you stand out from them? Where will be the real you?"*



## Today's Topic: Is Life Tragedy?

—Sriparna Bag  
23BTBO15

Do you have any ideas on how to classify Shakespeare's plays? It is funny when it ends in marriage. When the funeral ends, it is a tragedy. Therefore, we all live in tragedy because that is how we all end up. Don't we? But let us be real, how do you expect life to go? Smooth? Can they predict? Have you ever noticed how we get flowers in different seasons? We congratulate the newlyweds with flowers and offer flowers to those who have died. Isn't it exciting? Flowers, whether roses or rhododendrons carry their own complexities. The intricate clusters of flowers are twisted and layered, like the intricate weave of our lives. And like that flower, the flower of life fades and eventually withers.



However, there is beauty in every category, even in its complexity.

Life is not a straight path. It is a winding road filled with joy, sorrow, love, and loss. We celebrate the beginning and mourn the end, but the essence of life lies in the middle. It is the laughter at a wedding, the tears at a funeral, the quiet moments of reflection in the chaos of everyday life. Life may be miserable if we only focus on its inevitable end. But even acknowledging the silliness, the weirdness, and the sheer unpredictability of it all, it is funny. We are in the middle when we balance highs and lows, beauty and sadness.

So, if life is bouquets of flowers, it is also wedding and funeral bouquets—celebration and welcome. And those complexities, those two things, make it so profoundly human. Ultimately, life may not be just a tragedy or a joke. It could be both. And that is what makes it special.

And so, what is the conclusion?

IS LIFE TRAGEDY? NO, LIVE EXPERIENCE AND CARRY ON. It is not tragic; it is just a complex puzzle that will take time to settle, but once it is completed, it is beautiful.



## The Rose Story

—Blesson Varghese  
22ENGA06

The rose now rests under the sun  
Red like a fiery burn  
The rose spreads it's love around  
Its leaves make a rustling sound

The rose now rests with a young schoolboy.  
Skipping to profess his love with great joy, The  
rose now rests with a girl's glove.  
For she shares the boy's love

The rose now rests in a brown diary  
Like a bookmark on page ninety  
It does not desire to be seen,  
But for the woman to remember and grin

The rose now rests on a rough surface. Dew, the  
tears off his face

The rose now rests with a soldier brave  
It rests on the young boy's grave



## My Deepest Despair

—Tushara Gururaj  
22COP180

My deepest despair,  
My friends who departed  
Moving like a mare,  
With lives fast-forwarded

The deadfall of them leaving.  
Crushed under ponderous pressure  
Left all alone bleeding,  
With only my weak side in exposure

Every day is a skirmish.  
With my demonic self  
What's left to tarnish?  
When everything is broken, eggshells

I didn't quite realize when  
Our friendship was blooming  
That one day, it would turn into a fen  
Of sadness, so intense and all-consuming

People don't write poems and novels.  
On shared life goals and facile cases  
The great friendships are the crazy ones  
Glistening in the darkest of places  
And love so magnetic  
Ones you cannot shun

Parting is such sweet sorrow.  
Realizing what made you happiest  
Was the only sweet time you could borrow  
Is'nt time the flakiest?  
As we realize in small moments  
That transition is not a tyrant  
We stop and look at who we are  
Out of the delusion of being the school star

We come to see our immense growth  
And beautiful things taking place  
Of the emptiness we often loathe  
Realizing we didn't fall from grace

Free yourself from everything.  
You've been holding onto  
And life will be like indulging  
In a Swiss cheese fondue



## Grieving Capophony of Motivation

—Vishnudev. S  
23PSYA55

The underlying cause of stagnation in writing is the lack of intrinsic Motivation. However, the ideal situations that can provide Motivation differ from pen to pen. For me, the pen yearns for grief and other emotions that fundamentally break me down. The reason for this is simple. Vulnerability. Or the lack of anything that shields you from harsh truths and the facades formed by futile attempts at escapism. Being vulnerable and understanding you are vulnerable gives you the freedom to see your paper and pen more like a sewing needle and fabric. Or sutures and flesh, if you ask the hopeless romantics

like me. My writings are always something I painfully get rid of my body into a readable medium. I see it as a scan. Allow me to paint you a picture. When grief starts raining, I do not run under an umbrella. I do not stride under the nearest store sunshade or even indoors. I wander into the rain. Deeper and deeper, I no longer feel anything except the damp drops of the sky hit me. I look at the reflection of myself in all of the puddles and see nothing, but once I do, I jump in it. In that splash of water and dirt, I slip, fall, and scrape against the asphalt. The rain stops, and the petrichor wakes me up. It signals the retreat of grief, and sunlight permeates my skin like a shadow. I spent the next section of the process wallowing in pity and licking my wounds. I spend my most expensive redundant resource, time, to tend to my wounds. And in the cycle of hatred and healing, the wound scabs over. I peel it. And that piece of dead cells contains the words I need. So I concentrated and started writing about that “once part of my body, “ which is still moisturized with a bit of blood and hope. I transfer what I can into a paper; the scab is my first draft, and the paper is my second. My pen only intervenes once it’s conclusive. It may be the worst arrangement of words you’ve



seen, but like every other word born of me, it's mine. I cherish it.

Grief is not a healthy motivator, but it has helped me write everything I have written. I found my heart shattered to pieces and made it into an anthology of poems for someone who is not even aware that I write for them. In grief, I find clarity, my true self with no filter. My mind is a machine that turns grief into legible words of personal meaning. It echoes my style of writing. It is the ink in my pen. In its nocturnal nature of keeping me up with no coherent sleep schedule, I find the best of what I can write.

Most importantly, I'm grateful to exhibit my emotions in a medium I can share. Grief taught me the most beautiful thing: that in even the darkest hour, light finds a way. Human perseverance helps. My grief is always accompanied by my hope, and hope is too human.



## Memories That Stay, Chains That Break

—Ananya Singh  
23BTFS05

Memory is both a treasure and a burden. It can take us back to moments of joy, love, and laughter but also carries the scars of pain, regret, and embarrassment. We often find ourselves trapped between cherishing the good and fearing the bad, unsure how to live in the present without the weight of yesterday pulling us back. “*Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.*” — Oscar Wilde. Imagine standing in an adventure park, the thrill of excitement in the air. You’re ready to hop onto a ride, but then—an old memory surfaces. The time you fell. The way people laughed. The sting of embarrassment. Suddenly, instead of enjoying the moment, you’re

shackled to the past, reliving something that no longer exists. How often do we let these echoes of yesterday steal our joy?

As we grow, we constantly build new memories. But along with them comes the fear—the fear of repeating past mistakes, the fear of holding onto painful experiences, and the fear of watching the good ones fade away. These thoughts pile up, creating a loop that makes it difficult to truly embrace the present. *“Do not dwell in the past, do not dream of the future, concentrate the mind on the present moment.”* — Buddha. Holding onto painful memories is like keeping garbage in your home. The longer it stays, the more it stinks, affecting everything around it. Instead, why not recycle those memories? Extract the lessons, let go of the pain, and transform them into wisdom.

One of the best ways to preserve joy is through writing—capturing moments, expressing thoughts, and immortalizing emotions. When we pour ourselves into our passions—art, music, travel, or simple acts of kindness—we allow life to be lived rather than merely remembered. *“Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to*

*turn on the light.*” — J.K. Rowling. Our past does not define us. Our ability to grow, learn, and create new experiences does. The key is to welcome every new day with open hands, ready to embrace life with the wisdom of yesterday but the heart of today.

### **A Mind Unburdened**

You may want to rent space in my head,  
But it is occupied with growth instead.  
No room for sorrow, nor your pains,  
Only lessons, no heavy chains.  
Good moments, I welcome you near,  
With open hands, with love sincere.  
Let us tie forever friendship bands,  
Through time’s embrace, hand in hand.  
Even if age makes my memories fade,  
Let love and joy be the ones that stay.

Life is too short to be spent reliving what cannot be changed. The past is a lesson, not a life sentence. Learn from it, let it shape you, but never let it imprison you. Love, laughter, and new experiences are waiting—embrace them fully. Which memory will you hold onto, and which will you set free?

*“The best thing about memories is making them.”*

— Unknown

### **The Writers' Association**

The inception of the Writers' Association coincides with Kristu Jayanti College's Silver Jubilee. The association aims to nurture and promote creative and critical literary expression among its members. For students interested in the marvellous ways language works, this platform provides an opportunity to explore and enhance their writing abilities. The association organizes workshops that offer training and suggestions to improve members' skills, while also providing a platform to present their work to peers and mentors, followed by discussions and critiques.

### **Purpose**

The Writers' Association aims to cultivate creative and critical literary expression among its members. It provides a space for the young writers of our institution to hone their writing skills, challenge their creative minds, and engage with a community of fellow writers. The association also encourages members to present and publish their work.

### **Vision and Mission**

The vision of the Writers' Association is to create a thoughtful, intentional, and inclusive space for our institution's budding writers to come together and exchange wisdom on the art and craft of writing, celebrating the vibrant creativity of the writing community.

The mission of the Writers' Association is to support and encourage writers—at all levels and across most genres—in their efforts to develop and share their work. It promotes the belief that writing and reading foster a deep understanding of ourselves and others, thereby encouraging compassion and empathy in our society.

### **Objective**

The objective of the Writers' Association is to cultivate and encourage creative and critical literary expression among its members. For any student fascinated by the intricacies of language, this platform serves as an avenue to explore and refine their writing skills. The association aspires to foster empathetic, compassionate, and ethical mindsets through its activities, grounded in shared human values.

### **Objectives**

- To cultivate creative and critical writing skills in students
- To encourage students to expand their thinking abilities
- To offer a stepping stone for students to present and publish their original work, irrespective of their discipline of study



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