



A JOYOUS CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION JINGLE BELL BASH AT KRISTU JAYANTI COLLEGE

In the spirit of Yuletide joy, Kristu Jayanti College has undergone a metamorphosis, adorning itself with resplendent festive embellishments that bespeak the arrival of Christmas. As the academic institution embraces the holiday season, a palpable sense of enthusiasm pervades the campus, marked by tasteful decorations, luminous lights, and the redolence of evergreen. Anticipation mounts as the college community readies itself for an array of refined Christmas celebrations, promising camaraderie, mirth, and a unifying sense of conviviality.



The festive season at Kristu Jayanti college is punctuated by an array of events catering to diverse interests. From a sophisticated Christmas musical performances, and gastronomic delights, to an intellectually stimulating Christmas staff gathering, the college calendar boasts events designed to engage and delight.



The meticulous preparations for Christmas at Kristu Jayanti college commenced well in advance, with both students and faculty actively collaborating to cultivate a festive ambiance. The campus has been meticulously adorned with effulgent lights, and stately Christmas podiums grace prominent locations. Fathers of the management, administrative staff members, teachers and students from different departments have contributed to the creation of distinctive and aesthetically pleasing decorations, showcasing the manifold talents and diversity inherent in the college community.



In the diverse and culturally rich landscape of Indian colleges, Christmas celebrations serve as a unifying force, bringing together students from various backgrounds in a celebration of shared joy. As the auspicious occasion of Christmas beckons, our college not only stands as a crucible of erudition but also as a community galvanized in celebration of the holiday spirit. The campus emanates a palpable warmth, kindness, and an ethos of benevolence, rendering this Christmas at Kristu Jayanti college an indelible and heartening experience for all who partake in its festive revelry.



-EDITORS

ACHIEVEMENTS

- **Fr. Joshy Mathew, Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar, Dr. Brighton A. Rose, Dr. Cynthia Winnie, Dr. Steffi Santhana Mary, Prof. Inbaraj, Prof. Maanini Jayal Vijayan** filed a UK Design Patent titled "Automated Literary Content Generation Device" and it got granted by Intellectual Property Office, UK.
- **Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar** is being appointed as an Editorial Board Member of the Journal titled **International Refereed Journal of Humanities and Academic Sciences**, ISSN: 2147-5385 (Online), 2147-4168 (Print).

STUDENT'S CORNER

A PLACE I CALL MY OWN

I hear someone calling me
Is it the old Banyan tree?
I remember the meetings, you and me
And I reminisce them so fondly
Oh how I wish I could see you again
And the things that you see
Do I hear someone roaring?
Is it the river tributary?
It's been so long since your ripples
Invited me to your residence and comforted me
It's been too long since your waves glanced my feet
And I've been longing for the cold solace
your touch provides me
I feel someone waiving at me
Oh, is it the foothills?
They provided me refuge
When I needed solitude
Oh how I miss our monthly meetings
Standing on your shoulders, I'd look around
And bask in the glory of the town
It's been far too long
Since I took a stroll on the paths I'm familiar with
Since I breathed the air I'm accustomed to
Oh, it's been far too long
Since I felt the breeze of a place i call my own.



Shombit Das
23MENG39

THE POWER OF MUSIC



Elza Rose, T. P
(22MENG12)

PARADISE OF ART

Art is born with an emotion
Of being disdained in life
Art in life is unmeasurable

To be in the paradise of art
It is a suffering and happiness
This happened in the lives of a multitude

Art is an astounding experience
Where an image is created outside
the box
In the paradise of art
To be known as a creator
It is better to be unknown



Achshah Mathew
23MENG02

WHEN MARNIE WAS THERE

-Joan G. Robinson

She knew perfectly well that things like parties and best friends and going to tea with people were fine for everyone else, because everyone else was “inside”—inside because some sort of invisible magic circle. But Anna herself was outside. And so these things had nothing to do with her. It was as simple as that.

Being constantly “outside” and having experienced similar things, these few lines capture the yearning to fit in. It reminds me of the time when I tried to include but failed to do so. The awareness that certain people—including myself—are not meant to be “inside” is the beginning.

A young quiet girl, Anna, suffers from isolation and loneliness. She feels like an “outsider” all the time.

Because of her health issues, she is transferred to a little seaside village. There, she gets fascinated by the Marsh House. She becomes acquainted with a dreamlike blonde girl, Marnie, who resides in that house.

They hit it off right away, and then one day, Marnie abruptly leaves. Marnie stayed a mystery and turned into a figment of Anna’s imagination.

The wonderful landscape. The slow, solitary, and idyllic pace of village life. The simple pleasures in life, like picking flowers, lying in meadows, mushrooms, and salt marsh. It was in nature that Anna found her tranquility. She always had a keen sense of reality and yearns for isolation. In an attempt to at last make friends, she became friends with Marnie, but when Marnie left, she felt deceived.

SPOILER ALERT: Until the very end, when the free-spirited Lindsay family took over the Marsh House, Mrs. Lindsay helped unravel the mystery of the fact that Marnie was actually the grandmother of Anna. The book helps you to feel the tide, the grass, the sea lavender, and the breeze so that it transports you into the book. It showcases the pain and pleasure of friendship, the art of stoicism, and the significance of relationships.



Sarada Sengupta
22MENG32

SHIRUI LILY

When Everyone Lost
Their childhood innocence
You preserved yours
Kindness in abundance

❖ In my quest for identity
Two unknown souls to collide
Never would have I imagined
An amazing existence in sight

A smile is what you carry
A beauty that never fades
Thou art Extraordinary
A Vision! My heart hesitates

You are noticed
You are admired

Oh! Take me to another dimension
I pray to thy starless brown eyes
Completely aware, How rare
❖ Such precious gems recognized

Across the room you lay
As our eyes meet
A reminder I see in a way
Certainly to danger It'll lead

You are Strong
Yet so frail

Your Stories makes me
wonder
In your abilities I ponder
How you're able to maintain
A proud yet innocent composure

A connection is what I feel
❖ Perhaps' in a parallel universe
Special, you were, to me
As a Blessing or a curse?

To find you in in another Life
A strong desire fills my heart
Like a fiery piercing knife
A New Beginning would play its part



Mebakynsai Mawksiar
23MENG28

THE QUEEN

Heart beats slow
Greys and betrayals
She curtails fear
Cause she's a queen, unafraid to rise
And as she's watching herself transform
All of her doubts
Suddenly vaporize somehow

One step farther.

She has lived every day annihilating the traumas
Darling, she's not afraid
She's fought a thousand times
She'll crusade for a million more.

Time skims pasts
Haughty is she
Brave at heart
Battling the demons of inhibition
She has soared high above the guilts
Every breath
Every scar has landed at this.

One step farther.

She has lived every day embellishing herself
Darling, she isn't afraid
She'll revive a thousand times
She'll reincarnate a million times more.

And all along she unveiled who she is
She's refined, she's surreal, she's renamed
She's fought a thousand times
She'll crusade for a million more
She'll revive a thousand times
She'll reincarnate a million times more.

One step farther
One step farther
She is the Queen.

The Quill on the wall

A determined poet made a choice,
To write in every pleasurable moment,
To collect all ideas, to "recollect in tranquility"

Crumpled paper balls flooded the bins,
They lay motionless around the table,
To ponder and ink, to think about serenity.

The anarchy was a random construct,
Bits were all unorganized,
"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold"

'twas only but a distant dream,
Echoing inside the empty walls of his head,
He spoke in silence, and kept the quill
back on the wall.

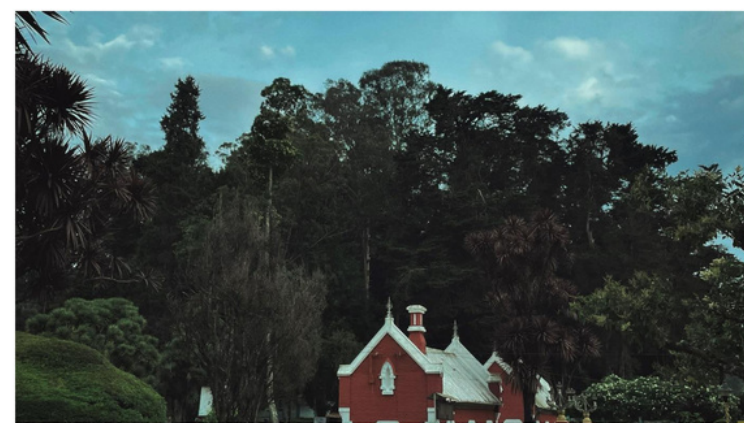
Dr. Ben J. Milton
Faculty



Joel S John
22MENG16

"Tranquil Trails: Wandering through the Whispering Hills"

Nestled in the heart of Munnar, this enchanting scene unfolds with rolling green hills stretching as far as the eye can see. The landscape is a symphony of tranquility, offering a sanctuary away from the hustle of city life. The hills, cloaked in lush greenery, whisper secrets of serenity to those who wander along the distant path.



"Silhouetted against the canvas of a serene sky and towering trees, a quaint church stands depicting a moment frozen in time where the sacred and the natural converge in a harmonious embrace.

Mohddish Mahetani
22CSEL35



The sight stirs the soul n brings eternal joy to your heart

Dr. R. Vidyavathi
Faculty

