

SRM INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

RAMAPURAM, CHENNAI 600 089.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE AND HUMANITIES

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH & OTHER FOREIGN LANGUAGES



QUILL QUORUM

QUILL QUORUM



QUILL QUORUM

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QUILL

QUORUM



From Editorial Desk

Department of English and other Foreign Languages publishes an Annual Magazine 'Quill Quorum' (2023 - 2024). We are gratified to publish our first magazine in English which flaunts the feats of students and faculty members.

Our sole motive is to enhance the skills of FSH students and aid them to thrive in aesthetic segments of life. Our students ardently crafted their works of art and contributed to elevate the nobility of Magazine. The students' contributions are the spotlight of Quill Quorum.

Furthermore, felicitation, appreciation and kudos to the FSH faculty members, who have enthusiastically contributed for the success of this magazine. A special thanks to all the faculty members of Department of EFL and the HoIs for their encouragement and enlightenment. We are glad to release 'Quill Quorum' that withholds the craftsmanship of the contributors.

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POEMS

BLACK BEAUTY

Galloping in the air,
as no one, she cares.
With her ebony elegance,
enthraling me,
to admire a mare.

Seductive with the spirit of fire,
with her vision to thrive higher.
Cladded in the charcoal colour,
exhibiting her power.

Movements flashing,
of those she turned dashing,
for, baffled by her breathtaking beauty!

NATURE'S BANQUET

A glittering sunshine,
reflecting the stream of lake,
where the birds chirp for sake,
waking up the green,
by leaving the air clean.

As the trees dream,
to imply a scheme,
by removing the weed,
to achieve the need,
with a sow of seed,
where the future can lead,

by saving different breed.
The Mother Earth,
wears a green blanket,
as the river rhythms to her anklet,
while providing banquet,
to this world.

Braiding the cloudy hair,
by caressing her filthy fair,
as men fall in affair,
had no dare,
to fulfill her flair,
with care.

Alagulakshmi. S
III B.A. English





IRONY OF THOUGHTS

It's all in my head,
those little cluster of thoughts,
taking the form of the demon and the angel.
they bury me in the warmth,
and still follow me home.
they gave me little joy,
threw around the flight of misery,
cruising through the deep blue sky of peace,
and drowning me in the sea of lies.
I wake again from the thoughts,
Reality painting the walls,
it wasn't all colorful and
I try to escape to the fluffy clouds
my breath slows down,
peace and warmth cradles me.
I stand by the shore of thoughts,
letting them engulf me,
and here i am yet again,
all the rainbows, clouds and shallow shores.



Pranathi Ganajala
I B.Com (CS)





HUMAN EMOTION

In the canvas of hearts, emotions bloom,
A kaleidoscope of joy, and shades of gloom.
Love's tender touch, a soft caress,
A symphony of feelings, the heart confesses.

Hope dances in the morning light,
Banishing shadows, embracing the bright.
Fear, a phantom, whispers in the night,
Yet courage rises, a beacon of light.

Grief, a rainstorm, tears in the rain,
Washing away sorrows, soothing the pain.
Anger, a wildfire, fierce and untamed,
Yet forgiveness whispers, leaving hearts unblamed.

Laughter, a melody, echoing free,
Creating bridges across the soul's sea.
Loneliness, a silent, echoing song,
Met with empathy, where compassion belongs.

Passion, a flame, burning within,
Igniting dreams, a fire to begin.
Tenderness, a soft and gentle breeze,
Caressing wounds, putting hearts at ease.

In this tapestry of human emotion,
Threads of connection, a timeless devotion.
For in every tear and every smile,
We find our shared humanity, mile by mile.



Sahana S
I B.Com (A&F) 'B'



FORGIVE ME, MY PHILATOS

Mind-numbing pain and tremors all over my body
as I looked up towards the serene sky;
A streak contrast to the chaos in the battlefield
where the Greeks and Trojans fought in a murderous high.

The air emanated with the smell of blood and brutality;
the grunts and howls, an ominous sound to the ear.
My mind was slowly slipping away from reality
until all I could hear was the soulful tunes of a lyre.

At that moment, time ceased to exist and my consciousness—a tesseract;
overwhelmed with the memory of my beloved, Achilles.
His adept and gentle tug of the strings as he played a lyre,
the first time I saw him with such vulnerable etherealness.

The immaculate tunes of the lyre relished me
as I felt his tugs on the strings of my heart.
Then I remembered his rare smile that shone like a million suns
and the agony of longing for him and being apart.

After our yesternights; moment of solace
filled with comfortable silence and unsaid words,
I gazed at his pristinely stunning face as he slumbered;
heart brimming with love and anguish I whispered, “Forgive me, my philatos”.

And all I felt was his warmth, his heartbeat soft and steady
as I surrendered myself to the inevitability of my mortality.

Thrisha. S
II B.A. English



DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS

In the realm of slumber, where night unfolds,
Dreams weave tapestries, tales untold.
A canvas of wishes, painted in hues,
Aspirations awakened, like morning dew.

Through the meadows of possibility, I wander,
In the symphony of dreams, my heart does ponder.
To leave a legacy, a mark on the sands of time,
In the dance of aspirations, a rhythm sublime.

In the garden of sleep, where fantasies bloom,
I chase the stars, dispelling the gloom.
A dance with moonbeams, a whispered song,
My dreams unfurl, vibrant and strong.

So let me dream, in the quiet of night,
Where visions take flight, in soft moonlight.
For in dreams and aspirations, the soul finds its wings,
And in their embrace, a universe sings.

Mountains to climb, uncharted skies,
Ambitions that soar, where the spirit lies.
A symphony of hopes, a celestial fire,
In the realm of dreams, my heart aspires.

I dream of bridges to mend, divides to sway,
A world of compassion, where kindness holds sway.
Where laughter echoes, like a sweet refrain,
And peace, like gentle rain, washes away pain.

The tapestry unfolds, each thread a desire,
Igniting my soul, a fervent pyre.
To touch the sky, to grasp the unknown,
In dreams and aspirations, my spirit is flown.

A poet's quill, a painter's brush,
I dream of art that makes hearts hush.
To capture moments, emotions, and light,
In the gallery of dreams, where passions unite.

K. Malini
I B.Com (A&F) 'B'



MOONLIT REVERIE: NATURE'S SONATA UNVEILED

In moonlit night, shadows dance,
A symphony of stars, a cosmic trance.
Whispers of the wind, secrets unfold,
Nature's poetry, timeless and bold.

Silent echoes in a tranquil stream,
Dreams awoken from a poet's dream.
Sunsets paint the sky in hues divine,
A canvas of emotions, an artist's sign.

Mountains stand as ancient guardians tall,
Their stories etched in every stone and sprawl.
Fluttering leaves, a gentle lullaby,
Nature's verses, where all spirits lie.

In the tapestry of life, each thread unique,
Love, laughter, pain, and mystique.
A poet's pen, an instrument of grace,
Weaving tales of the human race.



C. Janani
I B.Com (A&F) 'B'



RESURRECTION

In the avalanche of memories that devour me deep,
I squint beyond the narrow grilles of selfish breed.
Nature's groans, lost to desires cheap,
Drips down the colanders of greed.

Plagued breaths that poisoned the universe
Smother in the abyss of deadly heat
Sequestered but unscathed, kill the dark hours
To not write off Nature's beat.

With abounding hope, Nature's selfless love do I embrace
Her forgiving strokes heal and cleanse the air
And fill the world with care and grace
That freed the minds from despair.

I yield to hibernate in the warmth of Mother Nature
To resurrect her from the embers of Divine stature.



Mrs. K.C. Mythili
Asst. Prof / EFL





SHORT STORY

“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”

- Maya Angelou

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE OLD ROCK

Few years ago, there was a city called Volmer. This city is famous for their culture and the people. Everyone who lives in this city is very kind and polite, everyday starts with positivity and cheerfulness in the city.

There was a park called Glory Park where people used to relax, and this park gives off some natural peace vibe. Kids used to play with their friends and there was a rock which was placed there many years back. It was one of the oldest rocks in the city.

One fine day, a person visits the park, to relax himself. His name is Steve. He is a stone sculptor and a creative artist, who creates beautiful stone sculpture with his creativity. Everyone used to admire his

creations. When Steve visited the park, he noticed the old rock which grabbed his attention. He was admiring the rock for 20 minutes.

While seeing the old rock he got an idea to transform it using his skill. He decided to sculpt this rock into a beautiful stone sculpture, which should attract every person, and by seeing the sculpture it should give them a good vibe.

Kids used to play around the fountain and people used to take some pictures with the fountain. And some people used to believe that this fountain will fulfill every wish. And this fountain became one of the famous landmarks of the Volmer city.



SHORT STORY

Even travellers visit this park just to see this fountain.

Few months before this old rock was unnoticed by anyone, but now after the transformation this old rock has become an important landmark for the city. It's all because of the creative artist; he is the reason for this transformation.

He just used his skill with the rock, same as our life. Nowadays we don't recognize our skills or capacity, We don't try to seek any opportunities. So I believe that like the artist we get the opportunity in front of our eyes. We should grab the opportunity, or else we may never get opportunity again in our lives.

So my advice to you is to grab the opportunity as soon as you see it, and do your best in your work. One day you will definitely be recognized by everyone.



Lakshmi Priya. M
I B.Com (CS)



SHORT STORY

STRINGS OF DARKNESS: THE PUPPETEER'S REIGN

Detective Johnson had seen his fair share of crime scenes, but this one was particularly gruesome. The body of a young woman lay sprawled out on the floor, her eyes wide open in terror. Johnson knew immediately that he was dealing with a serial killer.

As he surveyed the scene, Johnson noticed an envelope carefully placed on the victim's chest. Inside, a chilling message was written: "You can't catch me, Detective Johnson. The game has just begun.

Determined to bring justice to the victim and put an end to the killer's rampage, Johnson threw himself into the investigation. He meticulously combed through each piece of

evidence, piecing together the puzzle of the killer's motives and patterns.

With each victim that followed, the killer became bolder and more theatrical. Each crime scene was like a macabre stage, featuring elaborately arranged bodies and cryptic messages addressed specifically to Detective Johnson. The city was gripped in fear as the killer's notoriety grew.

As the body count continued to rise, public pressure mounted on Johnson to solve the case. The media dubbed the killer "The Puppeteer" due to his ability to manipulate both his victims and the detective. Johnson knew that he shouldn't fail.

Despite his exhaustive efforts, the case grew more

“In a rough way the short story writer is to the novelist as a cabinetmaker is to a house carpenter.”

Annie Proulx



frustrating day by day. The Puppeteer seemed always one step ahead, leaving no traces or evidence that connected him to the murders. It was as if he was a ghost, haunting Johnson's every move.

One evening, as Johnson found himself consumed by the case, he received an anonymous tip. The voice on the other end of the line whispered cryptic instructions: "The Puppeteer's lair is beneath the city. Go alone or all is lost."

Intrigued and desperate, Johnson followed the lead, descending into the dark depths beneath the city streets. The air grew heavy and foreboding as he navigated through winding tunnels and abandoned chambers. Finally, he reached a hidden underground lair.

Inside the lair, Johnson discovered a grisly scene. Countless photos covered the walls, mapping out the lives of each victim. The room was filled with eerie puppets, their twisted smiles seeming to mock him. Johnson knew he was close, but he wasn't quite ready to face the Puppeteer.

Days turned into weeks, and Johnson meticulously continued his investigation, connecting the pieces one by one. He discovered that all the victims shared a dark secret from their past, and the killer was seeking revenge.



SHORT STORY



Rithik. M

I B.Com (A&F) 'B'



SHORT STORY

**“Find
the key
emotion;
this may
be all you
need know
to find
your short
story.”**

**– F. Scott
Fitzgerald**



Finally, the moment arrived. Johnson received a chilling invitation to meet the Puppeteer at an abandoned theater on the outskirts of town. Knowing this was his only chance to end the nightmare, he went alone.

The theater was dimly lit, the air thick with anticipation. As Johnson stepped onto the stage, the lights suddenly illuminated, revealing rows of life-sized puppets, each one eerily resembling one of the victims.

A voice echoed through the theater, "Detective Johnson, welcome to my grand finale. Tonight, you become part of my art."

Suddenly, the puppeteered victims came to life, their eyes fixed on Johnson. With a wave of his hand, the Puppeteer commanded them to attack. In a desperate battle for survival, Johnson fought tooth and nail, using every ounce of his strength and training. Punches were thrown, bodies collided, and the theater reverberated with the sound of struggle.

In the midst of the chaos, Johnson managed to defeat the puppeteered victims one by one. With each victory, the Puppeteer's confidence waned.



Finally, it was just Johnson and the Puppeteer left standing. Exhausted and battered, they faced each other on the blood-stained stage. With a defiant glare, Johnson lunged at the Puppeteer, bringing him down.

As the police arrived to apprehend the killer, Johnson collapsed to his knees, breathing heavily. It was finally over. The city could rest easy once more.

But Johnson knew that the scars of the Puppeteer's reign would never entirely fade. The memory of the victims would forever haunt him, a constant reminder of the darkness that lurked beneath the surface.

Though the case was solved, the shadows that enveloped Detective Johnson's mind would remain, etching themselves as a lasting testimony to the crime and thriller that once consumed his life.



**SHORT
STORY**



SHORT STORY

“So many people can now write competent stories that the short story is in danger of dying of competence.”

– Flannery O'Connor

THE SUSTAINED DIGNITY

It was a chill evening in the mid-August. The rain had just stopped. All the streets of the village were covered with beautiful blossoms of flowers. The people who occupied the street appeared with sweaters and rain coats. The shops at the roadside gave colourful sights of eatables like corns and groundnuts with *gama gama* steam. On the other side of the road, coffee shops were found with the varieties of coffee and tea. If one had gazed at the eatables, he would not return without tasting any of those.

Almost all the people on the street started buying corn, groundnuts and coffee to get rid of the chillness. Due to the rainy season, heavy chillness was experienced by them. To maintain their body temperature warm, they bought everything voluntarily. When all were engaged with

their own purpose of buying things and eating, a small girl visited there with shabby torn cloth. She was probably eight years old, lean and dark skinned. Her hair's natural colour faded away. It looked so brown rather than black. It would have been a year after combing. She gazed at the shop keepers, the gaze seemed unpleasant. When the people saw her, they started speaking about her attire, look and mannerisms. She rubbed her hands on the mud and kept it inside her mouth. Then she removed her hand from mouth and started massaging her hair. She gave an odd sound like an insect and walked around the shopkeepers.

The corn seller, named *Moorthi*, rushed her away like a diseased street dog. She ran here and there on the footsteps and started rounding the groundnut shop.



The groundnut seller, named *Manian*, was a kind hearted gentleman who had mercy on the little girl. He made her sit on the floor and offered some groundnuts to eat. She accepted the groundnuts with a smile and started playing with it instead of eating.

The people who had gathered in front of the Manian's shop, scolded him for wasting groundnuts. "If you sell it, you would get at least an amount" "Instead, Why are you wasting?" they advised him. "She is a small girl" "She is not in a situation to understand what is happening around her" "Let her play and eat I don't bother" he said with a smile. All of a sudden, the little girl started throwing the hot and delicious groundnuts on the people's faces. Some pieces went into their eyes and that began burning. One of the women, named Vani, screamed like an injured dog and said "I'm going to kill you". "Beat her! Beat her! Beat her!" she mourned. Then she slapped her on the cheeks and dragged her to the corner of the street.

"Leave her" A voice came from the distance. It was a lady in her mid-50s. She seemed so majestic and authoritative. Probably the lady was from high class background because her attire and behavior revealed that. "Why are you dragging her like this?" "Don't you have a brain?" She scolded Vani. She released Vani's hand from the child and without showing any hesitation, brought the girl to her house by holding her hand tightly. Even though the hand was so ugly, she held the hand even tighter. The small girl tried to remove her hand from the lady but she could not. When they were heading towards the lady's house, the girl playfully walked on the wet mud without minding the causes of getting more untidy. They reached home.



SHORT STORY



Mrs. S. Athisayamani

Asst. Prof / EFL



SHORT STORY

“A short story must have a single mood and every sentence must build towards it.”

– Edgar Allan Poe



Ramaniamma's house looked like a castle decorated with pearls. Two Tanjore dolls at the entrance welcomed them by shaking their heads. All the walls of the house were occupied with traditional photos like a temple decorated with minute statues. A carpet spread in the hall had beautiful red roses as a design which gave them a red carpet welcome. An artificial spring at the left side, created a cool atmosphere like a real waterfall. Varieties of fishes jumped here and there, giving colourful feast to the eyes

The child's appearance did not match the house's elegant look. All of a sudden, the child started to run then and there in the different rooms of their house like a naughty pet. "Sophi! Why don't you bring her to your room?"

Ramaniamma voiced with a soft tone to her daughter. "Sure amma" she agreed. "Pappa! Come! We go upstairs to take bath," Sophi called the child. But the child

didn't respond. "Pappa!" She called a little louder. Still the child didn't care about anything and resumed her own way of playing. Only then Sophi realized that the child was a hearing impaired child. Then she ran behind to catch her. Sophi asked her name by massaging her shoulders but the child did not even mind her voice. Instead of telling her name, the child made some unpleasant noise as she made it before in the street. That gave a clue to Sophi to identify her a deaf-mute. So, Sophi started calling her Pappa. She made Pappa bathe and dressed like a princess

After an hour Ramaniamma came there with dinner, two dosas with white and red colour chutneys. When Ramaniamma tried to feed Pappa, she refused. Then Sophi got the plate from her mother and fed her. Pappa happily had the food and asked for more by showing gestures. Sophi, without showing any



hesitation, fed her till she got satisfied. It was around 9: 30 p.m., so Sophi arranged her bed to sleep.

Ramaniamma insisted on having a separate room for Pappa. But Pappa wished to sleep with Sophi. So, they both decided to sleep together. The child mentally attached with Sophi. On the other hand, Ramaniamma ordered their servants to arrange everything for a pooja which would take place at their house in the mid night. The clock struck 12 o' clock in the middle of the night, and the pooja gradually began. The main motive of the pooja was to sustain their welfare in the society. They were the dignified people in the village. But, some ill omen insisted them through an astrologer that the dignity would not stay forever. In order to maintain the same kind of dignity in the society, they had to shed some young blood of a human being.

Sophi came to the kitchen to have some water. All rooms were surrounded by the smoke of the pooja. She got shocked, when she heard the discussion of their servants in the kitchen about the pooja. "What a rude lady she is?" "Not even a single drop of mercy in her heart" "How come she will be able to shed a small child's blood?" All those words from the servants gave a strong clue that the child is none other than Pappa. So, she made Pappa lie on her shoulders and ran out of the house from the back door. She reached an orphanage and admitted Pappa there.

Then Sophi returned home and took the same sleeping position as if nothing happened. "Bring the child" the witch roared at Sophi. When she searched for the girl, she was found missing. She enquired Sophi about the missing child. "I don't know ma" she replied and started searching for Pappa as if she did not know anything. Ramaniamma did not urge Sophi because she might lose her dignity from her daughter. Pooja got cancelled.

In order to maintain a proper dignity in the society, Sophi safeguarded Pappa from the blind superstition of her mother. There Dignity Sustains!!!



SHORT STORY

"Women want love to be a novel, men a short story."

-Daphne du Maurier



SHORT STORY

“A short story is a love affair, a novel is a marriage. A short story is a photograph and a novel is a film.”

- Lorrie Moore

WHISKERS OF HOPE

At midnight 12 o'clock.... I, Arul Kumaran went to the deep forest and was shocked to find a small calico cat, deep in the woods. I was curious, so I tried going near it, taking slow, careful steps.

The moment she noticed I was getting near, she hissed at me with soaring anger. Understandably so, because her paw was stuck in a bear trap set-up by poachers. Poor thing. I do not know if it was from fear or blood loss, but she fainted.

I was petrified to my core, seeing such a beautiful cat in such pain. I went near it and disarmed the trap. I picked her up carefully and wrapped her with a towel I had in my bag and decided to carry it home. I threw a rock over it, to prevent the trap from hurting more innocent creatures. I carried it home, and placed her on the couch.

I hung my leather jacket on the hanger and pulled open my cupboard. I took out my first aid kit and went to her. I sanitized the bloody area with ethanol and sewed up the wound. I covered it with a band aid and wrapped it with a piece of cloth. Hope was not lost.



After 2 hours, she slowly came back to consciousness, but she was still scared. I removed the needle from a syringe and fed her some milk with it but she was still scared of me and of humans who did this awful thing to her. It took a lot of time and effort to gain her trust and affection but after 4 years, she always sleeps in my lap.



SHORT STORY



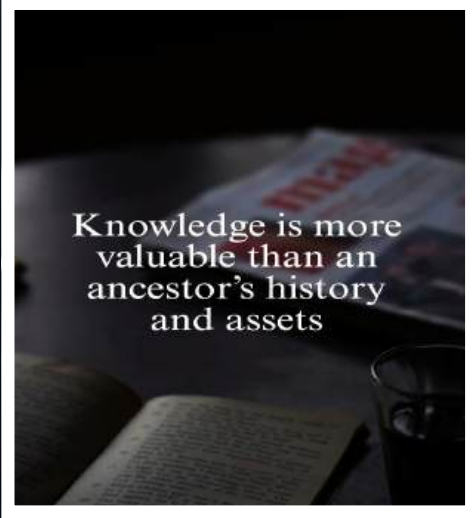
R. Arul Kumaran
I BCA 'A'

QUOTES

QUOTES

"It is a good thing for an uneducated man to read books of quotations."

-Winston Churchill



Knowledge is more valuable than an ancestor's history and assets



Everyone's behaviour is always influenced by your own.



You will receive, what you offer.



QUOTES

No-one is good or bad until the situation changes.

Respect is earned by behaviour, not through age.

Beware of traitors who befriend while sharpening their knives behind your back.

Anyone can have a dream or a wish. Some may advise to work hard to achieve those, but the fact is that "Everything is already written in our fate". So, don't worry... Just go with the flow...



Ms. D. Pooja
Asst. Prof / EFL



"A very wise quote is like a spectacular waterfall, When you see it, you feel its power."
- Mehmet Murat Ildan



“ Smile ”

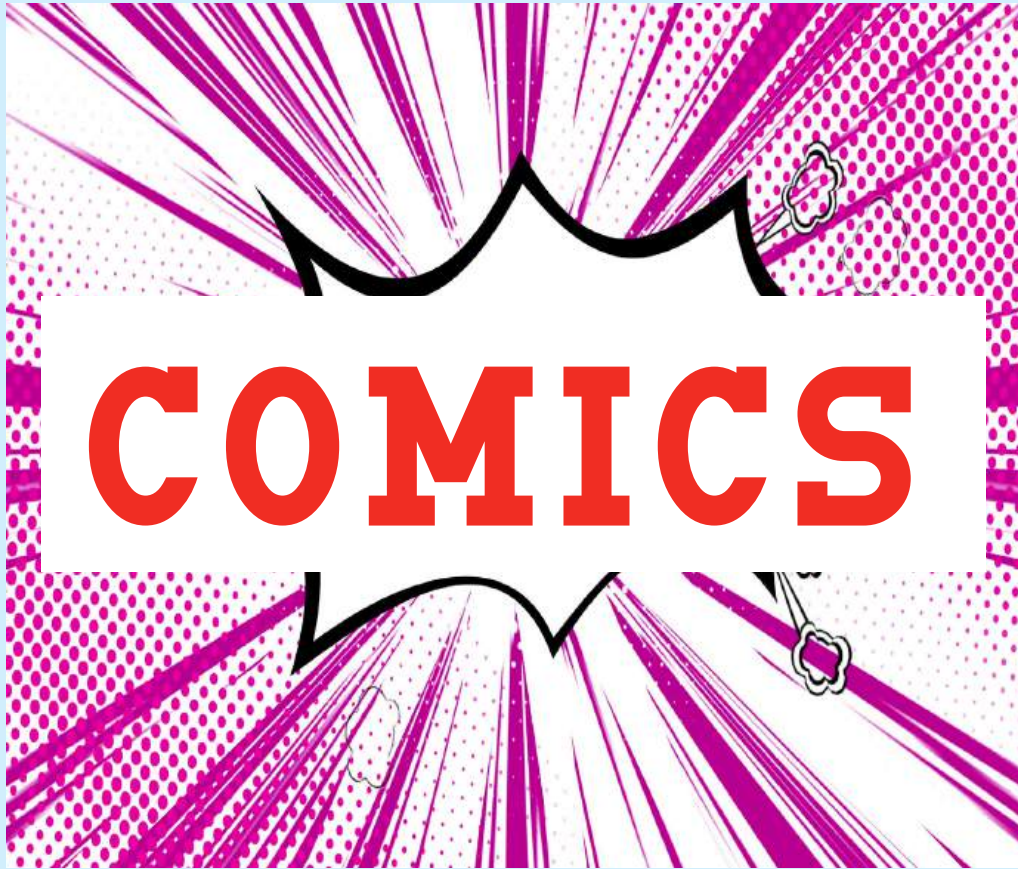


Smile and don't worry about things you can't get done right now. As long as you are patient and curious, life will show you the way. Remember, your smile is one of the most precious and invaluable things in the world. Smile while you have teeth to smile 😊 with.

— BARATH KUMAR ©



Barath Kumar G
I B.Com 'J'



"The world is indeed comic, but the joke is on mankind"
-H. P. Lovecraft

ROOM NO : 9

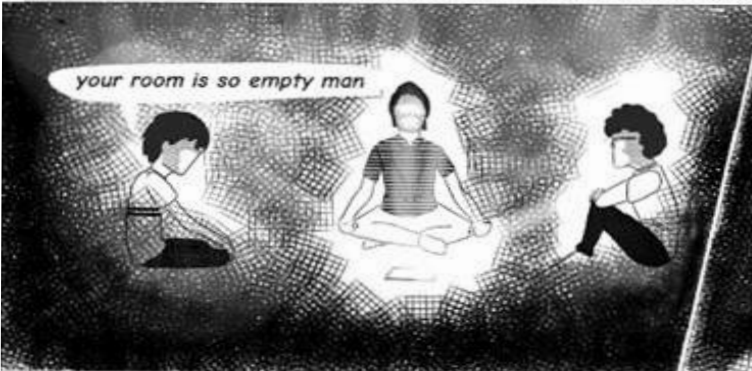




the lights are gone! goodness let's head to my room. I just moved in so there won't be any furniture of sorts and it's near



gotchall! room no 6 come in guys



your room is so empty man



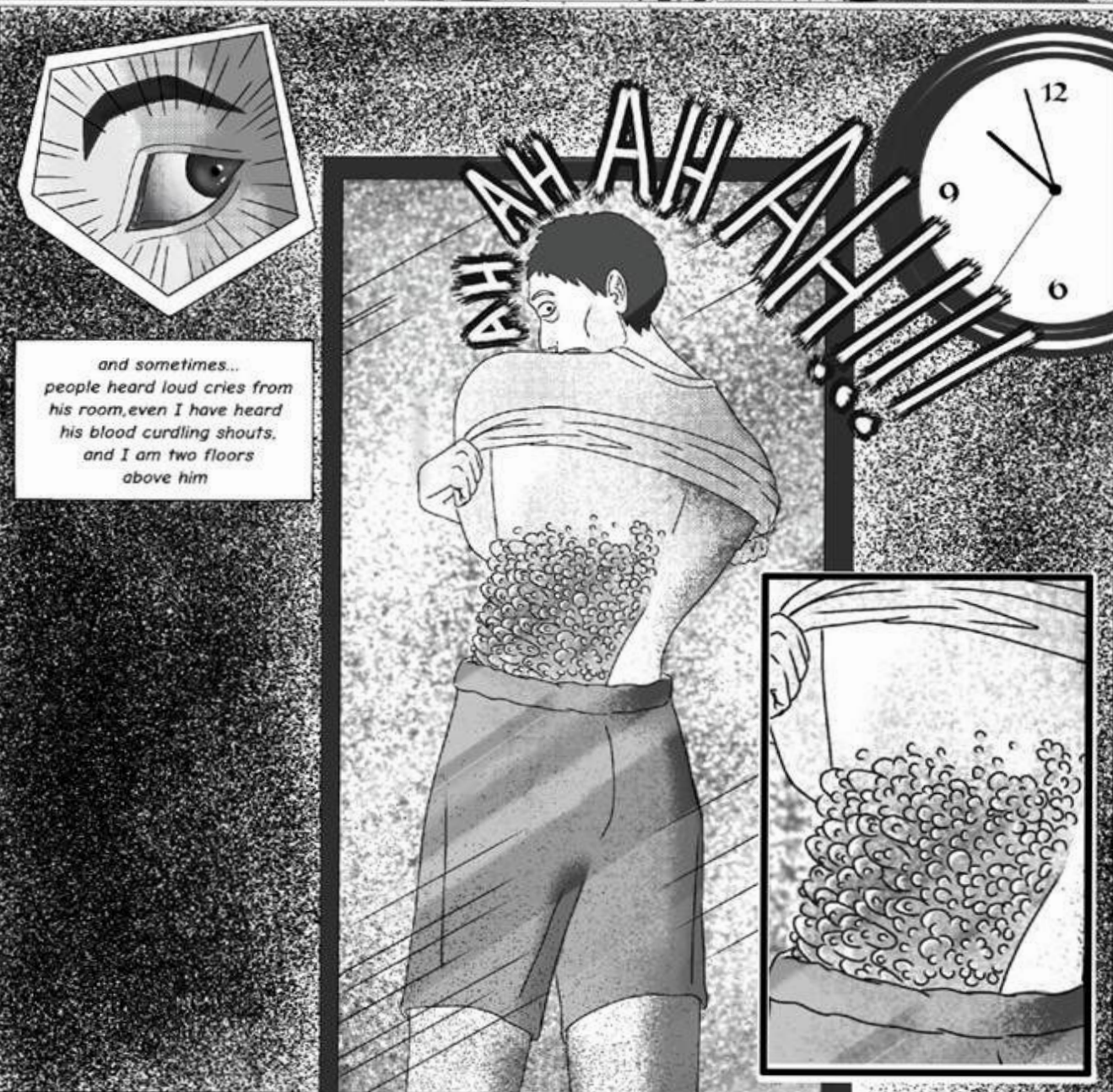
Dheera talking about rooms what's with the room no 9 man it's always empty, but, whenever I cross that room I feel some presence there even though nobody is inside the room and it's very neat and tidy for an abandoned room, it gives me the creeps for sure



the timing of this question is so perfect, so years back there lived a guy a teenager with a frail appearance, he was so tall, taller than me



he had this look on his face, tired eyes, hollow cheeks with prominent cheek bones, he looked sick and weak. I sometimes felt uncomfortable by the fact that he lives in this hostel!

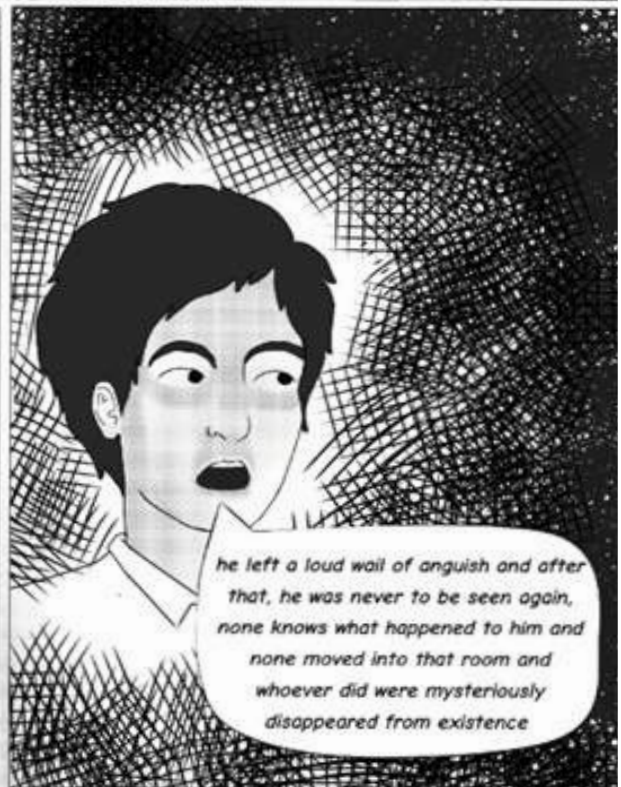




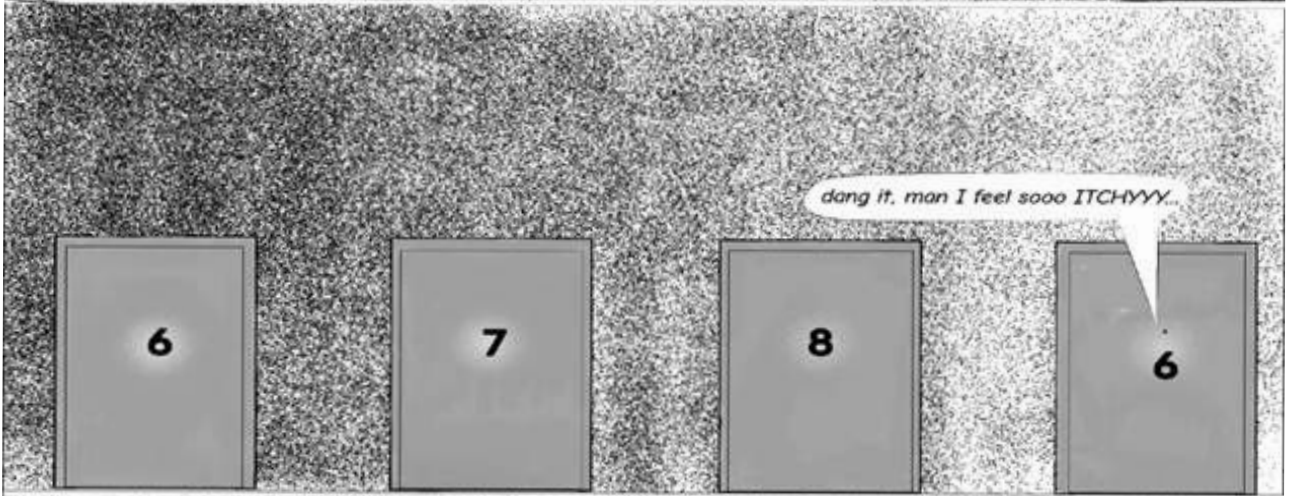
and day by day his shouts became louder and more frequent, people started to complain about hearing loud shouts during nights



until one day...



he left a loud wail of anguish and after that, he was never to be seen again, none knows what happened to him and none moved into that room and whoever did were mysteriously disappeared from existence



Saamraat. SP
II B.Sc (JMC)

BOOK REVIEW

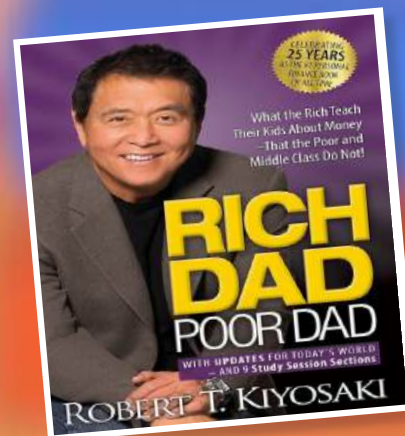
BOOK NAME: RICH DAD POOR DAD
AUTHOR: ROBERT KIYOSAKI

INTRODUCTION

“Rich dad Poor dad” is a personal finance book written by Robert Kiyosaki, an American entrepreneur, motivational speaker, author and an investor. The book was initially published in 1997, since then it became a bestseller and was sold almost a million copies worldwide. It is also translated in many languages worldwide.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Kiyosaki was born on April 8, 1947 in Hilo, Hawaii, USA. He served in the Marine Corps during the Vietnam War and went on to work for Xerox Corporation. He started his own business and is also known for his series of books and games about personal finance, investing, and wealth creation. He has also helped motivated many young and budding entrepreneurs and has served as an inspiration for younger generation.



ABOUT THE BOOK:

The book revolves around the life experiences of Robert Kiyosaki, himself. He refers to only two characters in his book, namely poor dad and rich dad. Poor dad refers to Ralph, his own biological father. He was a highly educated man who had Ph.D. in education and also worked as the superintendent of education in Hawaii. Regardless of his high paying job, he still came across lot of financial struggles and always had debts and second thoughts on spending money.

In contrast, Rich dad refers to his childhood friend's father, who was a successful entrepreneur and also an investor, who became Kiyosaki's mentor and taught him financial lessons. He also taught him how to make money, investing and wealth creation. Kiyosaki writes that even though "Rich dad" did not have any formal education, he had abundant knowledge of wealth. He also had experiences in business and investing too.

Kiyosaki explains about his life experiences and upbringing with the help of the life lessons taught by his two fathers. "Poor dad" taught him that good education and a high paying job was very vital for financial success. While "rich dad" taught him the importance of entrepreneurship, financial education and investing



Varun Viswamithra
I B.Com (CS)

GLIMPSE OF LITERATURE

SIGNIFICANCE OF PARADE OF SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Parade of seven deadly sins is the significant scene in Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus". Bringing out the abstract characteristics of human beings and turning them into concrete structures elevates the essence of peculiar characteristics of human beings. The insightful details of seven deadly sins explicate the characteristics or behaviors that no one should possess. The parade of seven deadly sins begins as they line up for the phenomenal parade.

PRIDE - The first sin pride enters with its prideful attributes. The head held pride, disowning its own parents, is seated in glabella because the look of human beings itself explicates the prideful personality. It can sneak into anybody's personality like a flea. This personality needs delightful and charming flattery to perfume its personality. Hence pride carries its own scent of achievements wherever it goes.

COVETOUSNESS - Then comes covetousness, born out of every chintzy personality. The only wish covetousness has is to turn everything into gold, just to embrace to their chest.

Admiring and embracing extravagant objects and making their life junky is the only goal of a covetous person. They live an empty life without existential objectives

WRATH - Then enters wrath born out of the furious lion's mouth just a few moments ago. It exists only for a few minutes however, its effects last forever. It carries a rapier and wounds everyone coming on its way and if it cannot wound anyone, it wounds itself. As conflagration destroys everything that comes its way, wrath destroys kinship within a second. Hence it shall own neither parents nor kinship

ENVY - Envy's father is a destitute and his mother is from an affluent family. It exists within personalities irrespective of their social background. It will never allow anyone to propagate. When the world suffers, it rejoices and when the world rejoices it suffers. The only desire of envy is that 'I shall stand with the crown, others must sit and die with empty life.'



GLUTTONY - Gluttony's standpoint is food, food and food alone. Ingesting is the sole chore, habit and desire of gluttony. The ancestors and progeny of glutton are living on the same scale 'Eat and Die.' They never fuss over anything and their sole motto in life is 'Eat till the last penny dissolves.'

SLOTH - Sloth finds a pleasant place to rest and never moves from the place. It cries out to other people to carry out its own business. It always seeks assistance from others to do its own duty. It never feels shameful to live a nullified life.

LECHERY

When lechery enters, Lucifer and Dr. Faustus cannot look into it due to its disgusting features. The lecherous look of Mistress Minx made even Lucifer to brawl at it. It implies that lust and lechery is the most despised and appalled sin that human beings ever have.



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Thus Marlowe's parade of SEVEN DEADLY SINS bundle up the seven sins that human beings should get rid of. This significant scene written five centuries ago can be related to everyone in the 21st century. This unique element of literature makes it stand upon all disciplinary studies because if a human being fails in their attributes, their knowledge in all scientific developments will become vain.



Christopher Marlowe is the one who crafted this moralistic scene in *Dr. Faustus*. His craftsmanship has helped the literary scholars to delve deep into the personalities of human beings.

NON-FICTION

Why don't we believe in ourselves?

As things get tough in our life, we start doubting ourselves. We start thinking that we may not make it by stressing, worrying, imagining things that may go wrong in the future. We need to understand the human mind, the most powerful tool we own, which can also be the most destructive. And we need to learn how to control our mind and emotions. Your mind is going to provide you greatest challenges in life, because it is so powerful. If you can conquer your mind, you can pretty much conquer anything else around you.

Literally, when writing the story of your life, make sure you hold the pen. Make sure not only that you hold the pen, but you write the script from your heart. Be brave when writing your script. It is your story and there are no limits to what you can have, what you can do or what you can be. Your mind will no longer be able to say no, because your inner heart and

mind are aligned, and now nothing can stop you! It's easy to be positive and consistent when everything is going on your way. But that's not life, that's not realistic! Are you going to be one of the very few who quit, when things are tough, when everything is going against you? Will you be able to believe in what's right and what brings results to your life? That's when your character will shine! That's when your story will be born! Your story is valuable! Your story is a success! You can't build a story if you stop now, if you give up.

**Believe
in
Yourself**

In nonfiction you have that limitation, that constraint, of telling the truth.

-Peter Mathieson





The world has people who give up easily. The world needs hope. The world needs you to stand up - to fight through your challenges, to shine through the dark times, to love through the hate, to be the different in the indifferent world, to believe in yourself. Most people are bloated with ordinary thoughts and mindsets. You should have an appetite to become extraordinary; beyond what people are doing, think beyond.

There is always doubters, and people who are ranked below you, and people try to put you down so they can feel higher, but you should stay true to yourself. Believe in your mind. One day you will have your moment. Because anything is possible if you just believe!

Feed your dreams. As per our slogan, 'dare to dream', if you suffer through setbacks, rise up with resilience again and again. One day this world will tap you on the shoulder and say, 'This is your time to shine.' You just have to believe in yourself. Always think positively so that we can do anything in the world. Students are at a stage where they can achieve more in life. They generally have the energy and enthusiasm, which they need to channelize in the right direction. Sometimes, students might get influenced by wrong things in life and need to put back on the right track. So, schools generally conduct motivational sessions from time to time to inspire the students to become better human beings.



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INTERESTING FACTS

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF INDIA

Jana Gana Mana: A Song of Unity and Aspiration



HISTORY OF INDIA'S NATIONAL ANTHEM

The song 'Bharat Bhagya Bidhata' was first performed on Day 2 of the Indian National Congress's annual session in Calcutta on December 27, 1911. Sarala Devi Chowdhurani, Tagore's niece, performed the song with a group of school pupils in front of notable Congress members such as Indian National Congress President Bishan Narayan Dhar and Ambika Charan Majumdar.

Outside of Calcutta, the song was first performed by the poet himself on February 28, 1919, at a session at Besant Theosophical College in Madanapalle, Andhra Pradesh. The college administrators were enthralled by the song, and they chose the English version as their prayer song, which is still sung today.

In 1947, members of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly in New York recorded Jana Gana Mana as the country's national song. The house orchestra performed the song in front of an audience of representatives from all across the world.

OCCASIONS FOR PLAYING THE ANTHEM

The National Anthem is performed in its entirety on the following occasions:

1. Accompanying the President of India or Governors of States/ Union territories in performing the National Salute on ceremonial occasions.
2. In front of the dignitaries mentioned in the preceding section during parade demonstrations.
3. Prior to and following the President's State of the Union Address.
4. Prior to the President or Governor's entrance and departure from a ceremonial ceremony.
5. When the national flag is flown at cultural events.
6. The presentation of the Regimental Colors.
7. When a band performs the National Anthem, a roll of drums should be heard before the actual performance to alert the audience and prepare them to give respect.

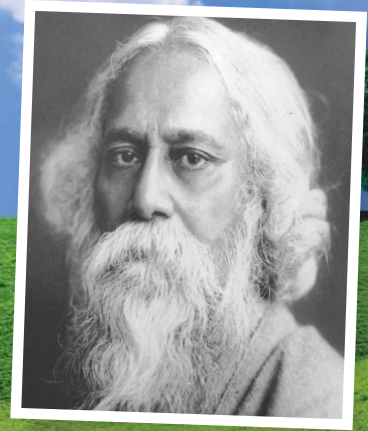
CODE OF CONDUCT:

The Government of India has established a series of guidelines and regulations to ensure that the National Anthem is performed properly and correctly. The Prevention of Insults to National Honour Act, 1971, was enacted by the Indian government to ban any deliberate disrespect or insult to the country's national anthem. Offenders face a maximum sentence of three years in prison and a monetary fine.

When the National Anthem is played, Indian citizens must adhere to the following norms of conduct:

1. Should be able to stand up when called to attention.
2. The head of each individual should be held high.
3. It is necessary to look ahead.
4. The National Anthem will be sung in unison as the National Flag is unfurled.

No parody or distortion of the National Anthem's words or music is permitted



Dr. Agalya VT Raj

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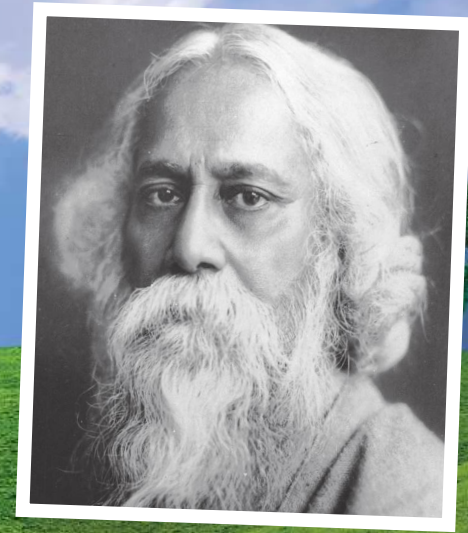
SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF INDIA

The song is a prayer to Goddess Bharatavarsha (Mother India) for her guidance and blessings for her children (the citizens of India). The first two lines are written in Bengali, followed by a shloka in classical Sanskrit. It is written as an Ode to Lady Justice, embodying all that is noble in our motherland.

- Jana Gana Mana is officially the National Anthem of India. It was adopted in its original Hindi version when Britain gained independence in 1947.
- Translated as “Janani” (Mother), “Gana” (Sanskrit for group, community or nation), and “Mana” (mind), it is usually rendered in English as “Thou Art the Ruler of the Minds of All People.”
- The National Anthem of India was written by Nobel Laureate Rabindranath Tagore. He has written the National Anthem of Bangladesh as well
- The first version of the "Jana Gana Mana" was sung in a convention of the Indian National Congress in 1911 at Calcutta.
- The lines of the National Anthem of India was originally set in Raga Alhaiya Bilawal, still, it is sung with slight classical form of ranga.
- In 1942, ‘Jana Gana Mana’ was performed (not sung) for the first time in Hamburg.

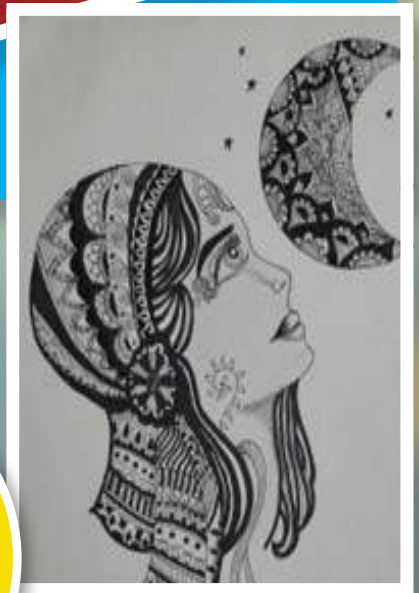
- The Jana Gana Mana was declared as India's National Anthem on 24th January 1950.
- The official version of the National Anthem of India should take 52 seconds by law, and not 54 seconds.
- In 2015, Rajasthan Governor has demanded to replace the word 'Adhinayaka' with the word 'Mangal', constructing his contention in light of the myth Tagore himself smashed in 1939
- Subhas Chandra Bose had authorized a free translation of the National Anthem of India from Sanskritized Bengali to a well-known form in Hindustani. Captain Abid Ali of the Indian National Army (INA) had shaped the version called 'Subh Sukh chain'.
- The anthem evokes a sense of national pride and unity among Indians, reminding them of the country's rich cultural heritage, diversity and the struggles for independence
- When it comes to States, a total of 7 States are mentioned in the National Anthem of India – Jan Gan Man. These states are: Punjab, Sindh, Gujarat, Maratha, Dravida (South India), Utkal and Bengal

JAI HIND !!!



The song was first selected by Subhas Chandra Bose as the National Anthem.

SKETCHES



Manjushree, B
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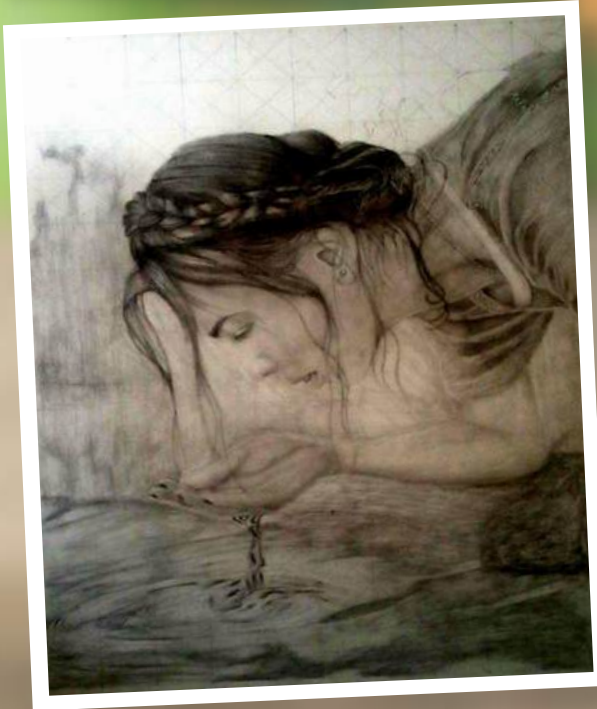




Karishmma. V
I B.A. English

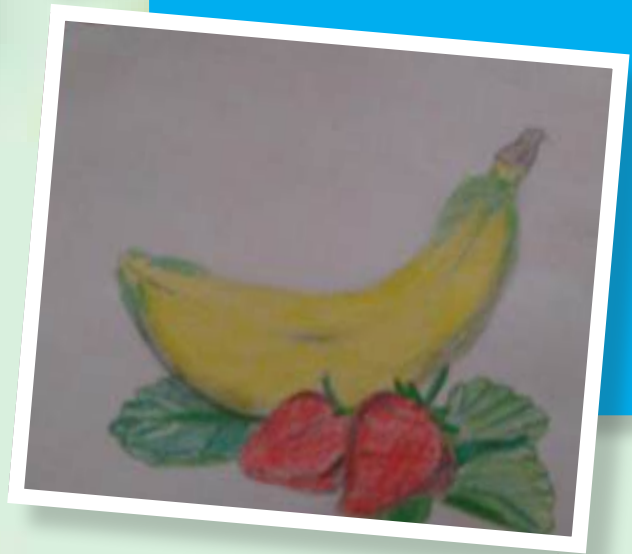


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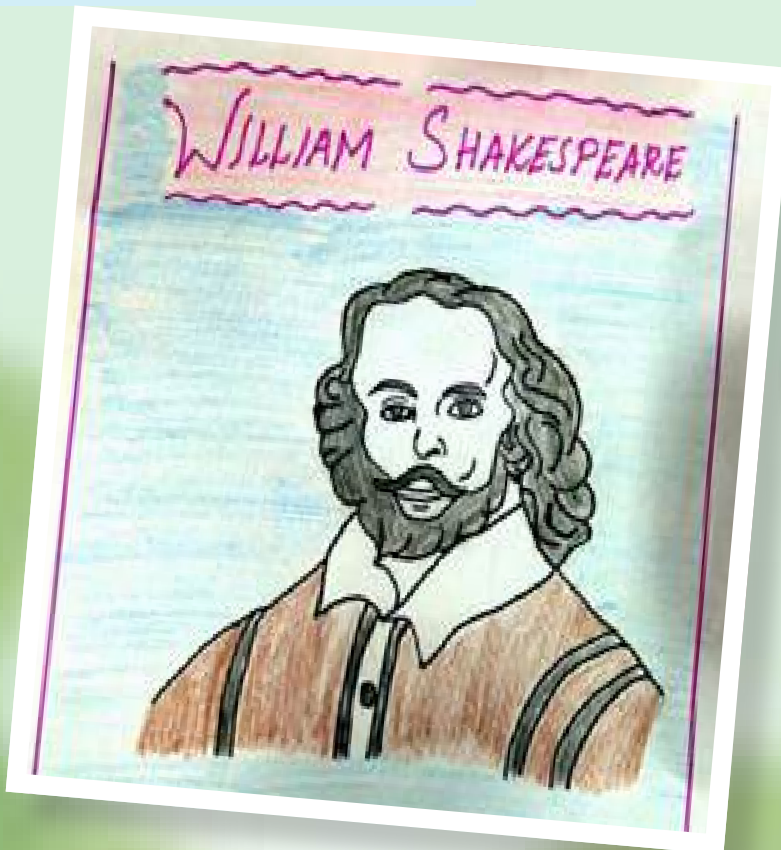


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PHOTOGRAPHS

PHOTOGRAPHS



GRILLED PRAWNS WITH SALSA VERDE

It is a unique Spanish dish, grilled and coated with salsa verde- which is a spicy green sauce made with green chilli pepper and tomatillo! You can feel spiciness and juiciness in every bite of a prawn.



KAPPA AND KANJI

It is a famous staple food of Kerala! Kappa means tapioca and kanji is porridge. You can also top it with green gram sprouts. You can have it for breakfast, lunch or dinner, which is really healthy and tasty too.

Photography
is an art of
observation.
it has little to
do with the
things you see
and everything
to do with the
way you see
them.

-Elliott Erwitt



KULHAD CHAI AND MAKHAN TOAST

Kulhad means clay cup and Makhan Toast is butter toast! This is a beverage and snack is famous in Varanasi and North India! People used to have Makhan Toast as a snack while drinking kulhad chai! It just melts in your mouth and it will be a unique experience for South Indians.

GULAB JAMUN

It is a sweet or confectionery dessert , which is popular in the Indian subcontinent! It is mainly made with khoa and saffron! Usually desserts won't be served hot but gulab jamun is served hot with jeera, the sugar syrup and it tastes like heaven.



STRAWBERRY TART

It is a traditional French dessert which is made up of buttery pastry crust with strawberries! The filling in tart is usually made up of custard to enhance strawberry flavour! You can find this in every bakery in France.



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