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SPRING SPECIAL





Fragile petals peek through the heavy cloak of winter.
The gentle rays of the sun return as our souls stir awake once again.
We shed our burdens and warm ourselves between
The humming of the crickets and the buzz of the bees.
Spring comes to us once more.

-Atoti Zhimomi, Editor-in-Chief, XII

*Front Cover Photograph by Reetisha Daimari, XII
Front-Inside and Content Page Illustration by Mashunsing Keishing, X*



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FOREWORD

-Jigme Pao Tamang, Deputy Editor, XII

Spring. It's a curious little season, coming right after the bitter frost of winter, it serves as a testament to resilience - to the tiny spark that tenaciously clings on and finally pushes through, out from its enforced slumber deep within the dirt, declaring its defiance in the face of winter and standing tall before the world; only to face another trial against the heat of summer. Springtime is only a tiny window of joy and happiness, squished between cold winter and stifling summer; a short, fleeting moment of joy in the struggle that is life - so let us enjoy it while it lasts.

of blossoms and endless rebirth

The warm breeze of Spring danced across the land, bringing life and colour to the once cold and desolate countryside. A breath of fresh air filled the land with the sweet scent of grass. A time of rejuvenation and renewal, the springtime is a moment of new beginnings. The flowers bloomed, their petals fluttered in the gentle breeze. The birdsong filled the air, a chorus of joy and life. The sun is bright, and the air is fresh. It's a season of hope and growth. As night falls, the land grows quiet, and the night sings its own song. It's a time of peace and calm, before the morning wakes the land again.

Hope suffused the air, as the old world gave way to the new. The season of Springtime had arrived and with it came a feeling of joy, love, and growth. Everything about the land changed and took on a new life. As the sun set on the horizon and the skies turned to night, the land grew silent. The flowers quieted, the birds settled, and the breeze slowed. It was a time of peacefulness as the land settled in for the night. But even in the darkness, life did not stand still rather it shifted to a quiet new phase. The trees shed their petals, the soil

-Siddhi Priyadarshani, X



Illustration by Dhani Poddar, XII

grew moist, and the creatures of the night came out. Springtime has always been that special time of the year.

The land has changed and renewed, as flowers bloomed and birds sang. It has and will remain a time for growth and hope, a time of transformation and change. The energy of the springtime fills the air with optimism and hope, a chance to embrace positivity and look forward to the future. It's a time of change, a reminder that life and nature are constantly evolving. This new season brings a sense of optimism and rejuvenation. Animals start waking up from hibernation, and plants burst with new life. The world seems lush and vibrant, a fresh start after a long winter. As the spring progresses, life blossoms in every way, from the birdsong that fills the air to the plants that grow taller and leafier. It's a time of renewal for nature and the world. The sun is brighter, and the air feels livelier. It's a time of new beginnings and a chance to embrace optimism and positivity. Spring brings hope and joy. It is a time of rebirth.



empty tombs and lonesome homes

-Rianna Irom, X

The flowers are in bloom once more
I can hear the bird singing their lilting melodies
And the whistles of a dancing breeze,
No longer shall the dreadful winter torture my aching bones
For at last, Spring has come home

Flowers have started to bloom on my tomb,
And Ivy has begun to creep
Over my memories,
Spring is here once more
And it makes me wonder
If you remember
That I lie below,
Waiting for you to return home?

Spring has come,
And the flowers have woken
From their frigid slumber
As they bloom once more
Over my lonely tomb.

I wonder where the winds will take me,
As I stand in the middle of a lonely street,
I can hear the birds' lilting melodies
Carried away by the dancing breeze.
Spring is here once more
Bringing back memories of a distant home.

Illustration by Dhani Poddar, XII

Knights Of The Square Table

-Neelabh Kashyap, Associate Editor, 2021

Illustration by Mashunising Keishing, X



Have you heard of the Eldalote?

It does not exist. Just like the unicorns and the firefoxes and the thunderbirds.

But people find their ways to immortalize them, to etch them into the litanies of remembrances, to force their non-existences into existence. Hidden beautifully in some verses, some murals, some lullabies.

The Eldalote is a flower with two sets of sepals and petals, their stems braiding into one.

One set gets drunk on sunshine, and the other abstains and shies away.

They probably compromise and dance around each other as the sun shoots across the sky.

Have you heard of Medusa?

She does not exist either. Or perhaps she does - did. That though remains a bone of contention, reserved for those with ampler time and trivia.

But perhaps the snakes that have taken stead of her locks have their own personalities - different likes

and similar dislikes. Perhaps the sassy one can't stand the quiet one, and the rumour mongers gossip about the prude one behind her scaly back. One can only imagine what poor Medusa must be subject to.

But in the end, they can only put up with each million other, for they emerge out of Medusa's scalp.

Have you heard of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table?

Well, there is a Room. And there is a Table in it. Except it's not Round. It's on the squarer side of things.

But some Knights do make nest around the Table to lay eggs - some to joust in their own heads, some to sharpen their knives and some to jot down their conquest.

I digress. We are no Knights. We are a savage, broken, rag-tag bunch of weirdos with our own baggage and likes and dislikes that sit around the Square Table.

But there is a switchboard right below the cooler. And it has four plug-points. And I like it when there are four laptop chargers plugged into it, and they snake their way to four different laptops fixed at the four edges of the Square Table.

ANS THROUGH FRAMES

Photographs by Reetisha Daimari and Tivona Narzary, XII





poetry in frames

A compilation of poetry by Tasmin Yushra Ahmed, XII
Photographs by Reetisha Daimari, XII and Tivona Narzary, XII

Cherry Red Car

“Do you see the cherry red car?” She asked me
through the telecom static.
I saw the cherry red car, parked in front of the room.
But at heart, I was just the empty pond.
I felt the breeze inside the air conditioned room,
breaking in through the
Cracks of the window.
The cherry red car drove past the room and the static
continued.
This aureate afternoon and the gleaming stream of
the sun swelled up the
Sound of the typewriter clicking behind me.
Time was just a curtain I was petrified to draw.
“I wish I was that car you know, why am I still the
pond?”



Mr. Coniferous' Residence

Must have been a lonely night, friend.
But do you remember the veiw of our make believe
woods?
Oh friend, will you still remember the house we built
on the
Seventh floor of Mr. Coniferous' residence?
Let him make assumptions about why it ended,
We can dance around the tennis court like it's no
one's bussines.
Let us read the last letter under the lamppost,
Let us walk the road which was not taken.
I know, it has been a lonely night, my friend.

The Caterpillar and the Worm

“Look Tug, I found a catterpillar,
It reminded me of you.”
Under the red leafed funny tree,
Perhaps my childhood would slip away too.
The path looks long,
The strength is young,
Will you walk with me still
When your love's all gone.
In the path of the great cavalier, I know you
And I will stay strong.
“You're wrong Ket that's a worm.”





Orla's Little Tale

-Aanya Paul Sarkar, XI

Amidst the dark woodlands of Shimla, where whispers of magic danced among the trees, nestled atop the tallest pine, dwelled an owl named- Orla. With feathers like moonlight and eyes that held the weight of forgotten ages, Orla was no ordinary bird.

In a quaint village huddled amidst the mist-covered hills, lived a solitary writer called Mr. Prakash, whose home was perched at the edge of the forest. As Mr Prakash sat by his typewriter, his gaze wandered towards the old Banyan tree outside his window. Soft hooting woke him up from his daze and he looked up to find Orla standing on his window sill, peering inside with eyes that sparkled with a curious glow. 'Come with me,' she said. Intrigued, he followed the owl deep into the heart of the forest. It was there that Orla revealed herself

to be the guardian of the woods. She had the power to bid farewell to the blossoming spring and welcome cold winter, to cover the forest floor in its blanket of snow. Mr. Prakash found himself drawn into a world newly discovered. He witnessed the ancient rituals of the forest and conversed with the spirits of the land.

From that night on, Mr. Prakash's stories took on a new life, inspired by the secrets whispered to him by Orla and the enchanted realm that he had been privileged to glimpse. Though the world may never know the true extent of their adventures, the tales of Mr. Prakash and his wise companion lingered in the hearts of those who dared to believe in the magic that dwells within the shadows of the night and the pages of his books.

where do the flowers go?

-Letminlun Haokip, Deputy Editor, 2020

Where do the flowers go,
The ones I leave
At my grandfather's grave,

As dew drops sit heavy against the trees,
Fond memories buried six feet beneath,
Like the cries of an insolent child
Muffled by heavy hands wrapped in leather,

Sometimes my heart aches like a tidal wave in an ocean
of emotions
That smell of cigarette smoke, dandelions and devotion,
I'm not quite sure what dandelions smell like though,
the same way I'm not quite sure
Why things happen the way that they do, the same way
I begin to realise how much I remind me of my dad
sometimes,
Heavy sighs laced with a thousand words unspoken,
Because grandfather was always a strong man,

I want to visit his grave often, with flowers fresh
With nectar and pollen, I cannot visit his grave often.

The next time I do visit, I hope I can catch a flight, and
Not as an elusive visitor stealing into the night, until
then I wait for the morning

Only heaven knows why
We feel what we feel,
And I still don't know
Where the flowers go.



Illustration by Richie Konthoujam, XI



AFTERWORD

-Atoti Zhimomi, Editor-in-Chief, XII

Watch as Mother Earth works her magic onto the precious soil, trees and air. You see the last of the gentle frost, caught in the air make way for the slow warmth creeping in as her calloused fingers pull the flowers buried shallow. Can you hear the hum of the daffodils and tulips as they wriggle out from beneath the brown soil?

Take heed and your eyes might catch a familiar sight of a pixie or two, hopping from leaf to leaf, their little arms balancing a fresh berry as their wings flutter against the rays of their beloved Sun. They make haste so as to not miss their yearly cavort, celebrating the return of their companions—the dainty little flowers that spread across the luscious green fields—and the leisure that is to come.

Take heed and your ears might

prick up to the sounds of rhythmic march of dwarfs as they march upwards the quiet hill. Their hardened knuckles soon begin to turn white from holding onto their sickles and hammers too hard and a low chant surrounds them as their experienced eyes survey the rich soil for something shiny.

Take heed and you might catch a whiff of a benign scent across your path. Follow it and you will hear stifled giggles near the ancient trees, a sign that a few dryads are close. They run across from one great root to another, escaping your watchful eye. But perhaps if you are lucky, their soft strands may brush past your shoulder as they run off.

Take heed and you will spot the quiet magic that surrounds you.

Illustration by Dhani Poddar, XII



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