

CAMEO.

Volume IV Issue 1.

Principal's Note



“It’s a matter of pleasure for me that English Department continues to publish Cameo it’s online publication which caters to the needs of creative expression of the students. It is my desire that the students should continue to be on path to academics and creative expression.”

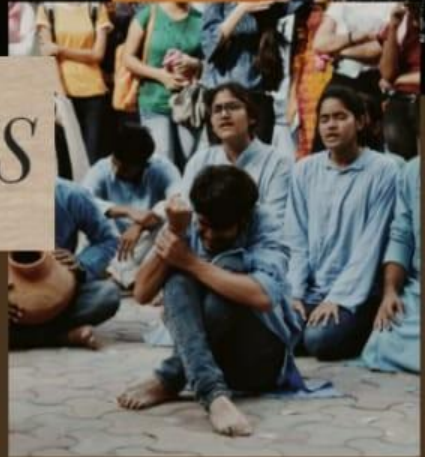
-Dr. Anjula Bansal



MITRAKSHAR LITERARY SOCIETY



CHRYsalis



Close Encounters

We were sitting at the corner table by the awning window. A full ashtray and a couple of beer bottles lay on the table. My brother's worried eyes were searching my face, but I was adamantly looking out of the window. I was determined to not give any hint of the painful turmoil I was in. I had already done everything; cried for days curled up in bed, cut contact with my friends, and turned into a permanently miserable person. But that was all over now. I wasn't going to shed one more tear for other people's cruelty.

He asked cautiously, "So...How is Eva?"

"With the guy, whom apparently, she is meant to be with." I said sarcastically.

He touched my hand gently as if to say it's okay but he didn't understand, no one did. Everything now took me back to the moment where all I had ever loved was turned into a sad memory. Her sweet scent and her blazing red hair across my face, the sound of her laughter, and how she had felt entangled in my arms. It was all so distant now. It was the first time I had cared for someone, the first time I had been happy, really happy. It was remarkable to know that I had found someone I could love so deeply and still more beautiful that she loved me just as much. It seemed unreal to trust someone with yourself... to trust that you would never be hurt... but then my illusion was crushed by the truth... reality. "Give it time. Things will get better" they said but I was too broken and she was already too far to put me back. All her words now felt empty, her warm embrace cold, and her memory distant and a lie. I remembered her glistening eyes filled with pain and fear



and the feeling of becoming slowly irrelevant. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and looked away from the window and got up. My brother looked at me as if wishing I'd stay but I couldn't talk or think about it anymore. I turned and a girl was standing right behind me. She had cool green eyes and bright red hair tied up in a pony. She was my height but a little petite with suntanned skin. She slowly whispered, "Hey". I couldn't answer. She stood there, eyes down, and a strand of hair hanging on her cheek. I lifted my hand and gently tucked it back. She softly said, "Thanks."

"What... What are you doing here?", I asked haltingly.

"Oh, I didn't know you'd be here. I was just...". But she never finished because I took her hand and turned the ring. I held her hand and painfully managed to look into her eyes. A tear rolled down her cheeks and she whispered in a sob, "I'm sorry Racie." She slowly withdrew her hand from mine, kissed me gently, and then she was gone. I stood there wondering how easily she had come and left. And here I was split in two, envying the part that had lived before I had loved.

Rama Singh

1st year



Breeze

The clouds had masked the sky,
the dusk had turned the sea gloomy.

As I was walking on the blazing sand,
the darkness eclipsed my mind,
clouds of misery and insecurity clashed, thunder lightings of desolation struck
and soon a whirling storm of negativity gushed.

Gradually, drops of tears trickled down my eyes.

The heart, a delicate cluster of cotton as it was ,
became heavy, dripping from it the drops of grief and despair.

My hands,
conscious of the constant ~~snivelling~~,
gently wiped away the tears,
and ponderously I took each step.

Upheld my face towards the sky
and felt the cool breeze brushing my hair.

The clouds calmly started parting away,
the waves gracefully hit the shore.

My mind was now relaxed and serene,
even though my eyes were teary,
but they no more blurred my path ahead.

The heart felt alleviated,
as if the breeze had blown away it's heftiness.

My hands stretched out to feel the breeze,
and sand beneath my feet felt cooler.

I stood there, staring at the landscape,
and noticed the sunlight
shattering on the sea,
as it recovered it's white glimmer.

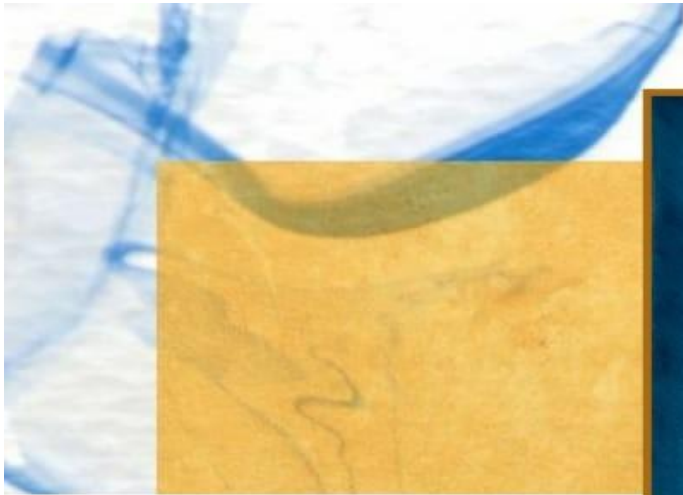
And I now knew,
every little thing will be right. And a breeze it is, that I now await.

- Vanshika Pandey

2nd year.



Mrinal Chawla



Her Smile

Her Smile;
Melted hundreds of hearts.
Didn't indicate she is tart.

The smile;
Her family and friends love.
Pushed her to the heaven above.
For which she never refused.
Due to which she was sexually abused.

Her smile
Made her happy when she was bored.
Faded when the cruelty in his cell was recorded.



Cured her family in pain.

He misunderstood and the girl suffered again.

The smile,

On her lips she carried even when she slept on bed.

Look it's still there when she is dead.

With which her mornings always began.

She still wears swinging on the fan.

Tanisha

2nd year

"She Told Me"

It did not matter to me much,
Because I never had any problem with her as such.
My dad died when I was seven,
I was alone at home from 3 till my mom would return at 11.
So, I made a new friend
Who promised to stay with me till the end.
Her name was Aarti and she was the same age as me,
And she loved to hang around the Big Banyan Tree.
We'd run, jump and swing around on the ground,
Sometimes we'd just sit together with no sound.
She cheated a lot in our board games,
She cracked me up with jokes that were lame.
I told everyone at school how we walked in parks and ate ice cream,
But they kept saying that I was living a dream.
She made me confident by saying that she believes
That I can become a magician if I learn how to deceive.
She taught me cool words like Zikki, imodinary,
But strangely, I couldn't find their meaning in any dictionary.
I always listened to her 'coz she once saved my life
By telling me that my mother is planning to kill me with a knife.
Before mom could do anything, I attacked her.
She yanked me into the car, took me straight to a doctor.
The doctor was nice, she gave me sweet medicine



But 'coz Aarti told me, I threw them every day in my dustbin.
Now we became the best of friends, I saw her each day and night.
Every time behind a friend, a teacher, my stomach would tingle as I caught her sight.
She showed me her favourite place, the Big Banyan Tree.
She said in order to be like her, I needed to be free.
Free from the life I'm living,
It was a price that I was willing to give in.
It's so strange, I'm hanging down frozen from the branch of the Big Banyan Tree,
no heart beating sound,
Same as my father was found.
My mom came running, watching me as I go,
Crying and asking me why I did this...
Aarti was my best friend in my Head and she told me to do so, I said.

Supriya Lariwal

1st year



The Muddy Waters

A sigh, a forceful one.

Time, that went beyond the clock.

An epiphany for the muddy water.

Or maybe, wasn't it a latent truth?

A crystal clear clarity,

Once your trait;

Now corrupted

Somewhere down this long journey,

In the ancient barter between innocence and maturity.

Vulnerability, my turbulence.

And yet again a trial for the zillionth time.

And now, you stand still



To clear up.

And then, an alternative struck the chords
Gleeful, gay, but quiet.

The muddy water was there to bloom her own lotuses.

-Arja Dileep .K

2nd year



The English Department is one of the oldest in Kalindi College. Till recently it has had the distinction of teaching each student who has studied in this college, be it whichever course she may have taken. The English Department is known for its excellence in classroom teaching and interaction. Through its departmental society Mitrakshar (English Literary Society) has over the years organised intellectually stimulating programmes for its students. We have hosted inter-departmental programmes and fests and brought together students from various colleges to engage with and deepen our understanding of the word, its place in the world and how we may transform ourselves through literature.

Although the college has a number of publications, including the newsletter as well as a student magazine, the English Department also has an online publication of which this is the Fourth volume, Issue 1. This online publication is an attempt to go beyond merely academic engagement of students in their discipline via projects/ project presentations. The department enthusiastically carries on its online publication in the spirit of nurturing the innate talent of its students.



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