

CAMEO

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FROM PRINCIPAL'S DESK



It is a matter of pleasure for me that English Department continues to publish Cameo, its online publication which caters to the needs of creative expression of its students. It is my desire that the students should continue to strive on the path of academics and creative expression.

Dr. Anula Maurya,
Principal

MY DAYS IN KALINDI



It's a chilly winter morning. I rush to the classroom with a coffee in one hand and a copy of Dostoyevsky's 'Crime and Punishment' in the other. The professor walks in, wishes us a quick but an assuring good morning, and we begin to confront the "otherness" that we would otherwise have ignored.

It was my third year in Kalindi College, DU. I was anticipating my final year to be just like the previous two years which had been about self-discovery, change, and acceptance. When I first came to the college, I was full of doubt and unprepared for change. I was at a place far away from home, and there were moments when I wanted to cry and stay in bed or just head back home. Yet, somehow we all fight through. And with time, I discovered that the place I was in and the people that surrounded me were not alien to my hopes.

Sitting near the small coffee shop, I'd observe people coming and talking about passionate and important things that only college students talk about. Or I'd occasionally visit the library and impatiently try to find a space to sit among the twenty people, and be annoyed by the fact that such a small number of people could make the place look so overcrowded. Or I'd watch the squirrels scurrying away, searching for leftovers.

I felt a curious mixture of stress and excitement as I became aware of the possibility that I could make my life mean whatever I wanted to. This was also largely due to the people who taught me, and those whom I interacted with. I saw how these people, who blended life and literature together, were bound by mutual passions and creativity. Yet, they were so boldly true to their own simple, ordinary selves.

As a part of the Literary Society, I found a sense of belonging and inclusion. For me this was a place that consolidated fun, assertion, and a sense of purpose. I was subjecting myself to responsibilities, opinions and, at the same time, acknowledging my ability to identify with others.

Even though it has been months since I left the college, it feels like yesterday. I always had the feeling that wherever I'd land after finishing college, be it another such place as Kalindi or the place where I came from, I'd never look at the world or do things as I'd used to before coming here. A rush of emotions passes through me when I reflect on the way I've changed and the person I've become. I also know that no one outside this place will completely understand as to why I consider certain ideas and values to be of the highest order. But being here had given me the courage to be myself. And for that I will be forever grateful.

- Khansa Kubra, Class of 2018,
B. A. English Hons.

THE WANDERER

The Winter bizarre, cold
Unbearable for a poor Wanderer
With a shabby ragged cloth
Dirt grey hair, shivering jaw
A face pale as death with indication of-desire

His freezing heart ceased
To feel, hear the jingling and tingling
Of the bells during the Christmas day!
But only the hasty throbbing
Beat of his own, but who cares??

His happiness short lived
Like a dew drop on a leaf
That disappears when the sun shines
His eyes grow weak with sorrow
His soul and body with grief but who-cares??

Wandered in desert wastelands
Finding no way to a city where
They could settle and call 'home'
Behold! O heartless filthy rich
O Winter! Endow thine grace upon us.

THE CROOKED CASE OF THE LOST KID



Thud! he fell down, hearing
the clock tick-tock, bearing
the weight of his everlasting wait,
but then all of a sudden
the zeal overtook him
by hook or crook, he'll get her back.
This kid's crooked case he'll certainly crack.
The child who used to play all day,
all of a sudden, she went astray.
He'll move the heaven and the Earth
and shift the hands of the clock.
And then on his foot, straight he stood.
He will do more than what he could.
Like a hound, he surfed the street for clues.
His eyes got stuck on a purple shoe
with laces in a half- bow tied,
left unheeded by passers-by.
With heeded zeal, that way he rushed,
He held the shoe in his hands. The turmoil in him gushed.
His daughter's shoe he did discern
which proliferated further his concern.
Walking further in his state of plight,
the further evidence to the case he did find
present before him was that present
which was always held close to her neck that pendant
which he'd gifted her. His eyes did meet
the prints of the shoe size of her feet
and joining the details of it all,
he made from the crime place a core, crucial call.
He gave the cops details of the conquest.
The cops reached the crime scene on his request.
Along with the cop, he further did stroll,
walking further, he reached his goal.
A dark shade this sight made him buff
his daughter's hands tied in a silver handcuff.
To untie her hands, he rushed to her
when instantaneously, he did appear
who verily did her abduct,
reflecting his thoughts that were so corrupt.
With him, the cops did also reach
"Hands upraised! Lest the pistol will speak"
following his steps, he appeared on the scene
the inspector stood there proud and preen
and she was standing in his sight.
With his eyes, the sight beheld.
And he held her tight close in arms
while in cuff, him they held.
The overwhelming storms in him
he could no longer hold.
He broke down yet again, the tears gushing
Down his cheeks, burst emotions forth.
The mystery of this case he did unfold.

YELLOW



It was a lazy Sunday morning and the sun penetrated through the drapes of the window and fell on the beautiful form of his wife. She crinkled her eyes, a yawn slipped from her lips and she sat up with her hairs in disarray. He just kept looking at her enviously as she padded towards the washroom. It was then that he slowly walked towards her cupboard which had a mirror affixed to it and hanging on its steel handle was a rumpled yellow sari. He kept staring at the mirror and imagining how it would look on him.



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 organized 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 Third volume. 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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