

CAMEO

VOLUME V ISSUE II

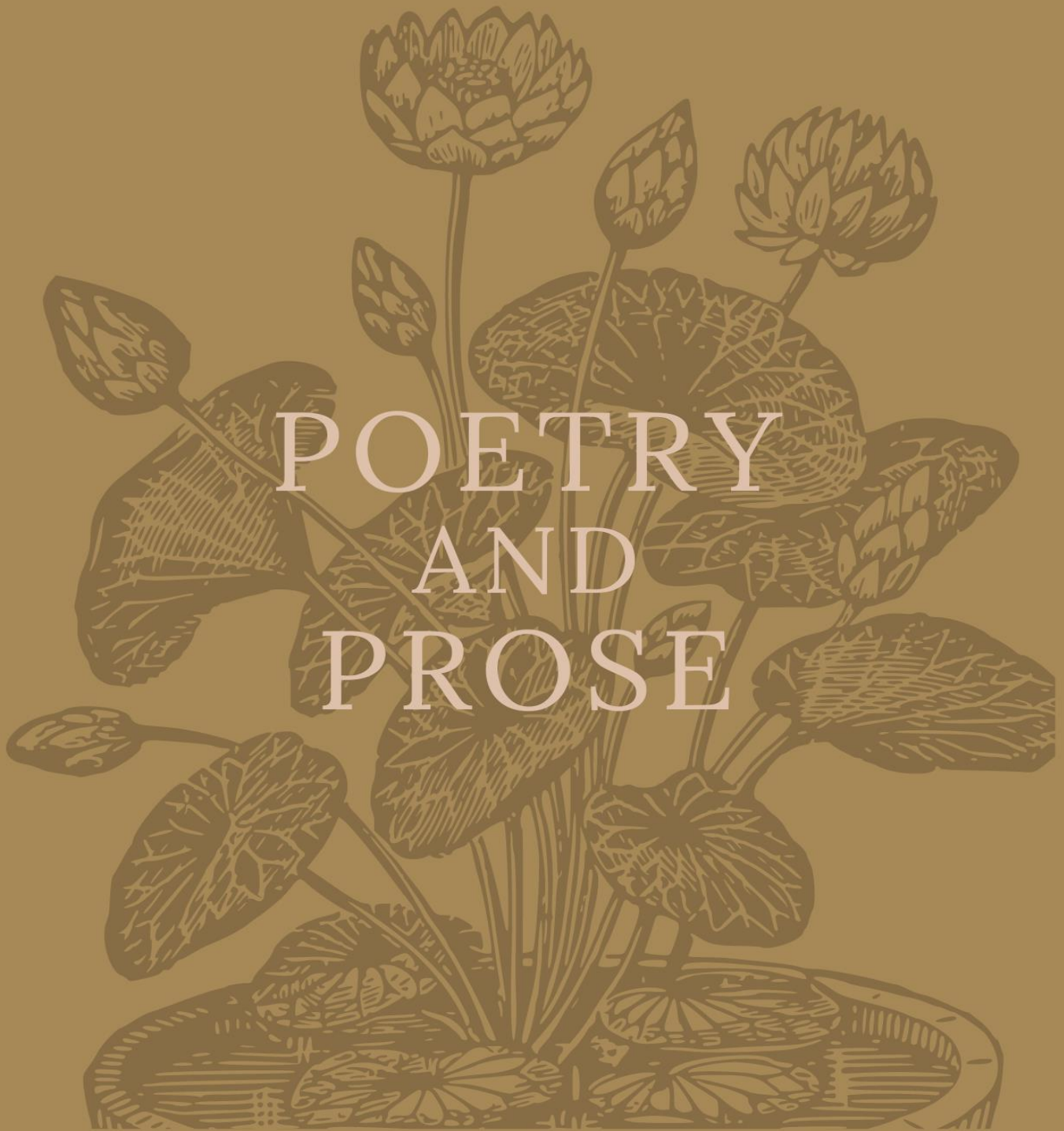




Principal's note:

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

-Dr. Naina Hasija



POETRY
AND
PROSE

The Beach Song

You know what this feels like?

It feels like being at a beach, near the ocean.

Where the waves are crashing into rocks

Where the sky is forever grey

There is nothing peaceful about the sounds

The ocean is angry

There is turmoil and unrest

There are voices that surround me

Telling me to go to the cliff and jump into the ocean.

If I do that, the waves will calm down

There will finally be peace

There is no sun.

There is often darkness lurking in the peripheral vision

Like it's closing in on me

It's hard to see clearly

It's hard to breathe

I know I can calm the ocean

So why don't I?

Why am I still holding on?

The world would be a better place without me in it.

Why do I still live?



And then it happens
A small light appears on the horizon
A light that silences the voices
He's my light.
A light with a heavenly voice.
A voice that calms all my turmoil.
I feel happiness.
The waves calm down. The sky clears up a little.

The feeling doesn't stay for long.
It often disappears as quickly as it comes
But it gives me strength
To keep holding on
To fix my feet where I'm standing and not give up
Even if the sand slides under my feet
I shall hold on
I shall wait for that light to appear again.
I shall wait for him to sing to me again.

-Kavya Agarwal
B.A(Hons.) English 1st Year



Caelum

Infinity is stretched out in this void of colors that manifest the emotions of every soul. The sky is an escape from reality, where the horizon of imagination and actuality exists. Gazing at it endlessly and getting lost in its nothingness opens new windows in our minds, showing us views we never knew existed. The night sky is the part of us that we consider dark and dangerous, hiding and avoiding it by sleeping past it, without realizing its tranquility and peacefulness. The bright, day sky is an ocean of endless, unexplored beauty with things yet to be discovered, mirroring the emotions in our persona that we often leave unexplored. The sky is a tapestry of serene desolation, which is meant to be experienced rather than just seen.

- Rainisha Nautiyal
B.A(Hons.) English 1st Year



Breathing under water

The seconds under the surface seemed like hours. Every moment I could hold out felt exhilarating and constricting at the same time. The steadily increasing seconds seemed calm. There was the blue tinted blurry world and my slowly disappearing breath and in those seconds that's all my mind could comprehend. That's all it could remember and what I desperately tried for, every day, was for a little more time. A moment more where I couldn't remember anything because the idea of forgetting itself had disappeared. But soon the seconds would run out and as I'd be forced out to gasp for more air everything would come flooding back and I'd finally step out and leave.

The bank was lit with tiny white lights and all of us were scattered on different steps leading to the bank, busy taking pictures. Capturing moments to remember. To extend them to a time after — where we wouldn't get a chance to live it again. A desperate attempt to extend what was fleeting. At first, they stopped us, scared us of the apparent crocodiles in the water. The older ones obviously knew better but they needed the little ones to stay close and the only way they could think of was to make them scared of running away alone. But finally, slowly, everybody walked towards the bank to feel the calm, cold breeze over the water. Slowly the crocodiles disappeared and the little ones could again run around as fast as they wanted and we again got busy with capturing the night, the fading boat, and our smiles.

It was his first time there with his family. His whole family. The beach wasn't far or difficult to come to and he had a car big enough but he had too many responsibilities to afford the luxury of forgetting for seconds. I am not sure what he felt, seeing his whole family gathered there. His quiet daughter was laughing and playing around but he smiled a lot. He kept getting calls but he didn't rush or seemed bothered. For those moments he was out of the pressing reality. He smiled and marveled at the night that he had been missing for so long. He wouldn't see it again for some time so he had tried to capture as much he could to look at it and remember whenever he craved the calm along the river. The drive back in contrast to the lively zooming earlier was slower. His phone kept ringing but he wasn't exactly speeding like before but time for leaving was drawing near. Finally, he picked up and said we were almost back. We could no longer linger or hold out for some more seconds. The time had run out and all the running at the beach had left us

breathless and exhaustion was washing over us. It was time for us to step out and leave.

- Rama Singh
B.A(Hons.) English 2nd Year



I did my fast

I did my fast
on all auspicious days of the past.
I had been raised such
that, in penance
my faith was vast.
Didn't ask a buck in return
let alone pride to last.
Health was lone in list
that goddess could cast,
on god or mast;
mast of ladyship,
ship so nast...
All rituals were done
along with the recurring ritual of violence,
performed by god.
But this time, goddess blessed a lady with salvation and
that beating proved to be last I did my fast
On all auspicious days of the past.

-Jaishree Rathore
B.A(Hons.) English 2nd Year



My Paradise is Here

For an entire minute, I felt all the pain, all the feelings,
after that minute everything was gone.

My body lying on the ground, they can't see, can't hear me,
Like birth, my death also came alone.

Noticed those tiny drops falling from their eyes,

All that love I craved, I finally received

At the cost of my precious mournful life.

My lifeless body, all covered in white,

Look I won, I won!

finally, I saw him holding my hand

Can't feel it, but my soul became alive,

But my body is now numb.

They say, "We all find peace after death"

But how could I choose peace over this paradise,

Where he sits next to me, after I took my painful last breath.

My mother said something; I can see but can't hear,

happiness turned into grief again,

Won't I be able to hear his voice, in death?

In my paradise, my soul being haunted,

Again, and again and again with this fear.

Wait, was that sound heard?

Looked upon his face, suddenly the pain I felt,

Saw his tears falling on my hand,

I tried to touch his face, suddenly our eyes met,

In surprise, he whispered, my name,



Oh Look!Look!I can hear, my love.

Is that a shining light I can see above?

All I can do, and all I could say,

“I’ll stay with you forever.” That light pulling me away, He heard me; finally I saw his smile,

Everything got blurred, before anything else could say.

That white light is taking my soul million miles away.

I don’t care where I go; now I don’t have any fear,

I’ve found my paradise; I’ve found my peace,

As for the last time, I saw his precious beautiful smile not tears.

-Tanisha Mandal

B.A(Hons.) English 3rd Year



AAJA PIYA

You fear men who began draping chunnis around their waist. They now wear saree as their skin.

You fear men who hated playgrounds, sun, and sports and played 'bride-bride' instead. They are, proudly, now husbands to their man of dreams.

You fear women who wore T-shirts with necks as deep as the scars injected in her. She now paints figures. Every inch of which will offend your misogynist eye.

You fear boys who are hungry for their mother's jewelry. They've become drag confetti now, celebrating their desire, being the queen they are.

You fear girls who raise their eyes at your sexual offers and dismiss them in a blink. They crazily make love to their girlfriends and know what they want.

You feared people who subtly raised their middle fingers as flags and chanted chants of freedom as morning prayers. They are now on roads, wearing their freedom, parading in all colors of acceptance, love, and existence.

-Jia Dhaka
B.A(Hons.) English 3rd Year



THE STORY

It's been five days now, and I'm still struggling with it. 'Social Media', it's definitely an interesting topic to write about, but there seems to be no structure in this story; plus, it doesn't even have an ending, and what would the moral of the story be? It should convey some message.

Oh God!! it's so frustrating.

I wish, I'd never read that stupid college magazine, it blew up my mind, seeing all those names. Well, I expected some, and others came as a surprise; Chitra is a genius... she writes so well, it's pretty obvious that her stories are published, but even Vani and Amrita! These names

gave me a head rush and I thought if they can why can't I? So, here I'm tapping the keys of my laptop to type a word, then erasing it, typing again and erasing and typing and erasing.

I shouldn't call the college magazine stupid though. After all, it's me who is stupid; a fool, and not the magazine which is the result of the hard work and talent of so many people. And now, I'm really sorry to Vani and Amrita, it's not like I envy them or something; rather, it turned out that I just overestimate myself. Amrita, Vani, Chitra are all creative enough to write stories for the college magazine, unlike me, sitting here with one hand on an alphabetic key and the other on the delete button.

But life always teaches us lessons, doesn't it? And everything happens for a reason, and the lesson you should derive from this incident, Eve, is quite straightforward, I told myself.

It's not like I'm feeling completely dejected; I'm sad though, very sad. I was doing good before Kacy told me to read this magazine in which our classmates have made a significant contribution. I always had this thing in my head that I could write a beautiful story, even a novel. And I've been determined to do so but only after reaching a certain age, only after having read tons of books, and only after when my head would be flooded with unique ideas. And just the thought of being able to write, to be able to create something with my imagination gave me immense pleasure, but not anymore, five days ago I at least had a lively imagination but now my mind is

just a void; a blank space; and here I'm sitting with teary eyes typing and erasing and erasing some more.

It's already 7:30 in the evening, I didn't feel like cooking today, so I didn't cook. Mom will be home anytime soon. She is a sweet, loving, and caring mother like mothers generally are, she does a lot for us but doesn't give herself enough credit for it, again like most mothers. When she'll find out that I haven't made the dinner today, she'll definitely be pissed off, and maybe she'll yell at me, but that doesn't bother me anymore because I know that she herself is a victim, only she is totally unaware but at the same time I think that deep down somewhere she actually knows and I think every woman is aware but they just don't question or the agency of questioning is snatched away from one right at the moment when she becomes a woman, yet many others have questioned it, fought against it and my mother is just not one of them, she is more conventional and what about me ... I know, I'm a rebel at least in that sense, it's the only thing I know about myself that I won't give in to

convention if it hurts me and thanks to all those writers who made me realize that it does hurt, for sure.

'Eventually she realized', I write and delete again.

I wish I wouldn't have imitated others in the first place. I didn't envy my classmates for writing wonderfully, rather, I started doing this just for the sake of proving myself that I'm as good as they are and even better than most of them " if others can why can't you?" I asked myself. Imitation, it's not something I've ever done before, on the contrary, it is something I've always been doing, I always try to fit in, always try to feel normal. I wasn't like that in school though, people there were just silly and shallow and I knew much more than them so it felt like I don't need them, but now it's all different.

"Ah! I'm feeling miserable".

'NORMAL PEOPLE' by 'Sally Rooney' I think... I should start reading it, books are always a great respite.

[7 hours ago],

"WOW!!!"

I didn't say the 'wow' out loud, rather, it's a feeling, expressing itself physically, rushing through my body and making me tremble.

"I don't have to wear a mask when I'm with you, I don't have to imitate you to be able to feel one with you, I'm myself in your presence" I said to Kacy and Mona, who were on the other end of the call which I made them an hour ago, "You know what that means, right?"

"What?" said Kacy,

"You both are my best friends" I said

"Oh! I guess, we already knew that, Eve" Mona said, "Are you alright?"

"I don't know, but I just discovered so I think that I should tell myself that, I don't know how I feel", said I, sobbing.

"You just discovered that we're friends, is that what you are saying." they both said in unison "Yeah! and also that I feel like being myself in your presence", I replied.

I know all this sound very dramatic and cheesy but I didn't care and seems like my friends didn't care either, after all I wasn't like this before meeting them and at this moment, I'm really grateful to have them in my life, I didn't tell this to them though, yes, Sally, I believe you're right, people can change each other.

"I think, you should write whatever comes to your head" Kacy suggested.

"Yeah! just scribble anything down." Mona said, I didn't reply, I don't know what to say, so I disconnect the call.

This story too lacks structure, the lines are chaotic, it doesn't have a proper ending and it doesn't have a message to give, but at least, I'm smiling.

- Kashish Narwal
B.A(Hons.) English 3rd Year



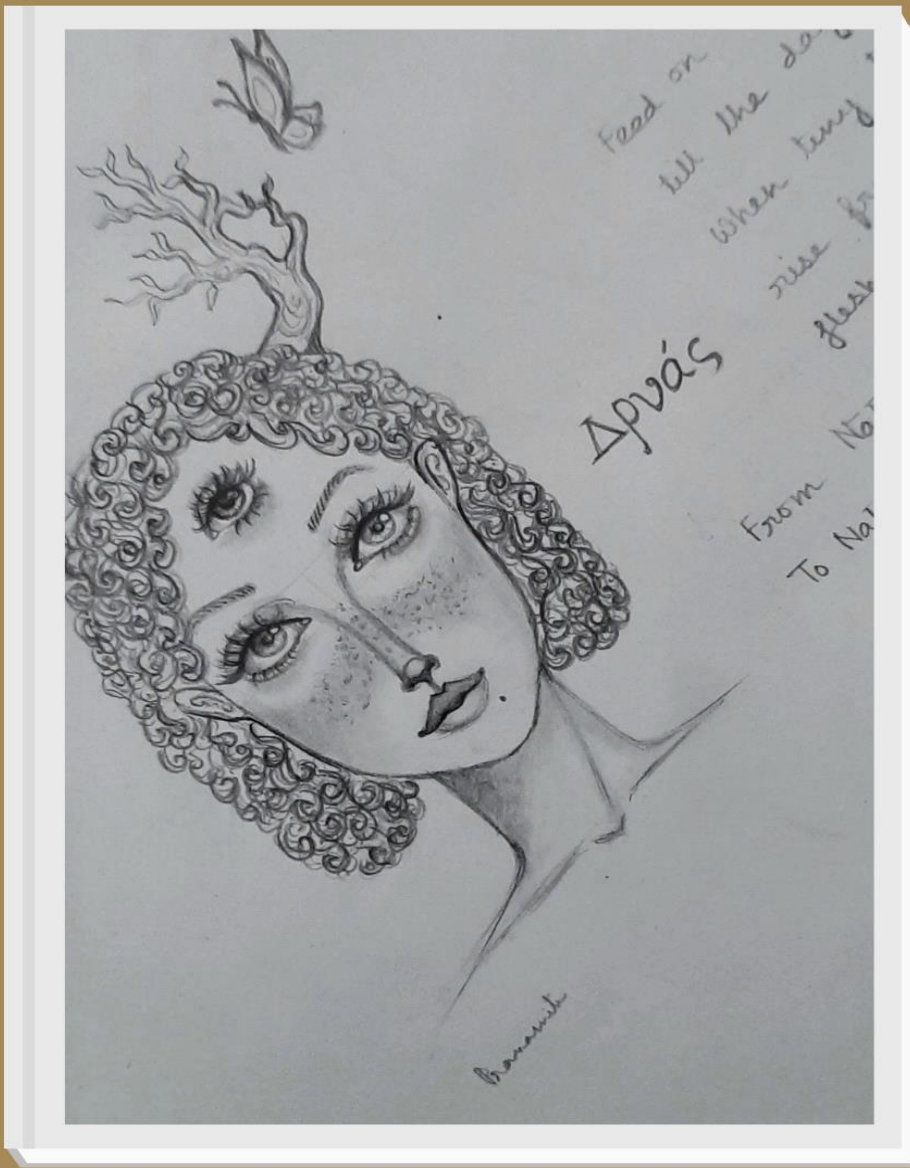


ARTWORK
ENTRIES



Snigdha Aswal
1st Year





Pranamita Chakravarty
1st Year





Alcoholink Art



Saboor Rizvi
11nd Year

A delicate line drawing of a floral arrangement, featuring several large flowers with detailed petals and clusters of smaller flowers, all set against a background of various leaves. The text is overlaid on the central part of the illustration.



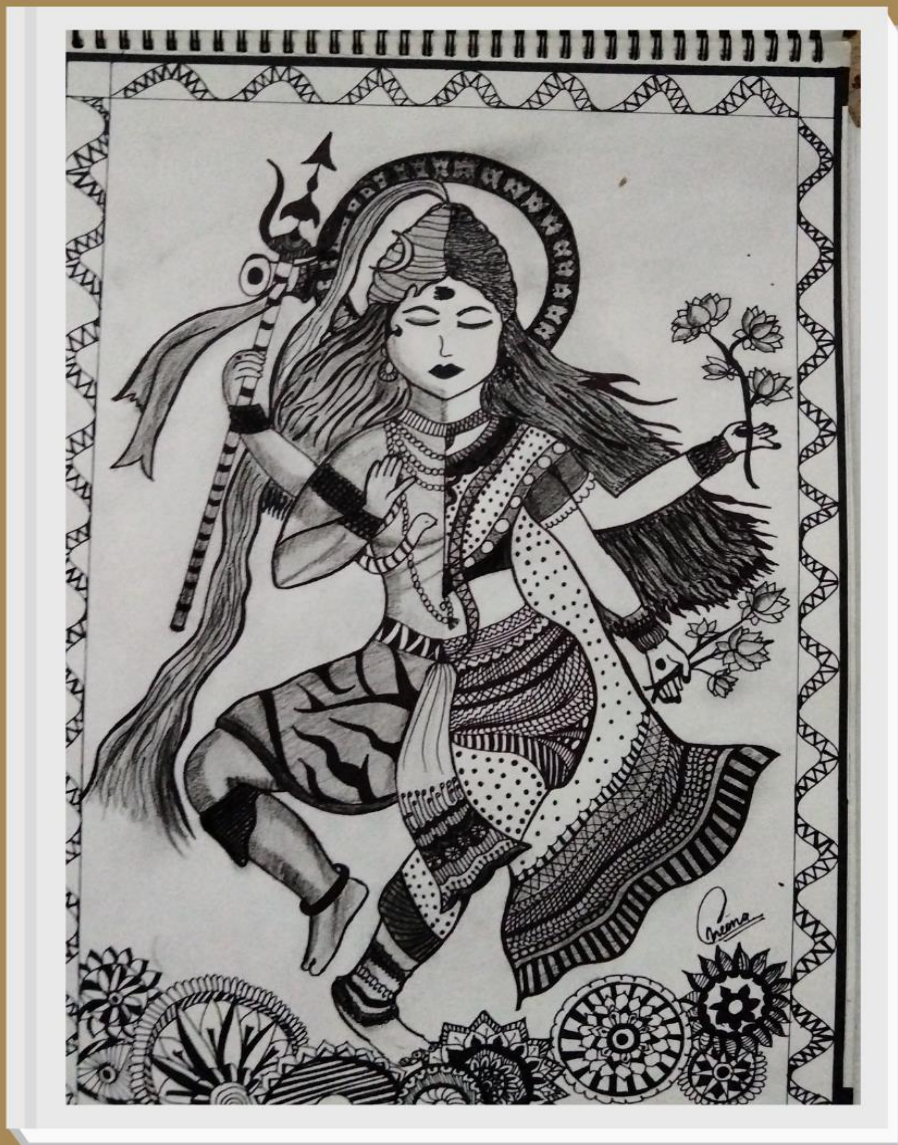
Aditi Singh
IInd Year

A decorative illustration of a large flower with several leaves and smaller flowers, rendered in a light green and brown color scheme, positioned behind the text.



Aastika Khanna
I I n d Y e a r

A decorative floral illustration in a light green color, featuring large flowers and clusters of small blossoms, positioned behind the text. The illustration is centered and serves as a background for the text. It includes several large, detailed flowers with visible petals and centers, as well as smaller, more delicate flowers and clusters of tiny blossoms. The overall style is elegant and artistic, complementing the watercolor painting above.



Cheena Chandolia

IIIrd Year



Solitude
Samiksha, IInd 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 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 fifth volume, issue II. This only publication is an attempt to go beyond merely academic engagement of the 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.

EDITING AND CURATION

Vanshika Pandey, IIIrd Year
Samiksha Gosain, IInd Year



CAMEO COMMITTEE

Ms. Shama Jan
Mr. Sushrut Bhatia