



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



The true purpose of literature is advancing human understanding of life riddled with ironies and odds. Literature, as the high science of life, contributes much to better such understanding. Though it provides substitute gratification it has never been insensitive to its practicability. Its chief objectives such as proposing ethics and morals and promoting human values elevate us to the status of super human beings. Whetting creativity in students make them wrought literature that meets the standards of contemporary literature. This issue has the creative writings of the students and academicians who have the passion and perspiration to be recognized as a writer. This Newsletter, like the previous one, has honoured the endeavours of those who have found their gift for writing and those who lately turned their attention towards literature. I express my deep sense of gratitude to the Head of the Department, Ms. Princy John, and my beloved colleagues who straightened up the realities involved in making this newsletter perfectly possible.

– Mr. D. RAJESH
Asst. Prof. of English

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TREATISE



I was in celebration at top of a hill surrounded by woods. Full of nature, birds singing and the humans too I think it's a modern-day I could figure out keyboards and some strangers sound. It was a fine evening but that exposure was very new to me because it was full of joyful worship in Christ. I sang a song. I felt something unusual in atmosphere. Suddenly Sun hid somewhere darkness sur-

rounded us. The situation was chaotic people were screaming and the peaceful place turned into a Bedlam. Musicians were already gone, I couldn't see anybody else. I started running on my way. Rocks and pebbles hurt my feet. I heard someone screaming it was fading away gradually. I feared much and I was breathless. All my senses yearned for a relief. At last, my hands caught somebody's wrist. My mind was empty then for a while. After long hours of silence, I saw a spark like fire. The fire rose up to the height of five stories. Everyone screamed. I found myself standing at the end of a huge crowd. Someone

cried, Hallelujah, even I murmured something.

The crowd was moving somewhere...

On my left beyond a huge tree again swallowing fire threatened everyone. I could hear and see lamenting souls, screaming humans, voice of wailing and gnashing of teeth. The roaring fire was all around us. The crowd stopped moving, I moved towards front and I saw a small way to exit. We stood with fear. A man emerged from the crowd and called people to come in pair. I studied his eyes that were teaching me ages of wisdom...

Suddenly I woke up from my sleep... And found my mobile displaying 4.15 am!!

-Mr. R. HARIHARAN

Asst. Prof. of English

THE NOTION OF FEMALE INDEPENDENCE IN 'THE STORY OF AN HOUR'

In the words of Simone Signoret, "Chains do not hold a marriage together. It is threads, hundreds of tiny threads, which sew people together through the years." The story is set in the house of the Mallards in the late 19th Century, a time when women were confined to the house and were often denied participation in the social life; also it was the time where they fought for equal rights and most importantly the right to vote. Men were expected to live a public life and to socialize with like-minded men in public places like clubs, meetings or bars. On the hand, women were usually expected to live their lives largely homebound, taking care of the cooking, cleaning and child rearing. In the free times too very few women had the same opportunities for education.

The author Kate Chopin, like the character in her story, had first-hand experience with the male-dominated society of that time and had experienced the death of her husband at a young age. The similarity between Kate Chopin and her heroine can only leave us to wonder how much of this story is fiction and how much is personal experience. Indeed, Louise Mallard and Kate Chopin's lives are very similar and ironic. Louise's life began once she came to the realization that she could live for herself. During this 'hour' she felt true joy and freedom, but her life ended abruptly as her husband walked through the

door. Like Mrs. Mallard, Chopin's writing career began once her husband died. She wrote a few collections of short stories, but when she began expressing her feminist views, the critics walked through the door and her life as a writer was over. The background of the story gives us the idea of what Mrs. Mallard's marriage meant to her. Mrs. Mallard's happiness was caused by the vision of a new future. Louise felt that she didn't have any other life than marriage, but now she had an opportunity to begin to live in a different way. When she collapsed into the chair, at first, she felt deep grief, then, she experienced the fatigue from everything around her; at last, she realized that she is free. "Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Unfortunately, Louise couldn't tolerate the returning of her husband, and she collapsed with a heart attack. As doctors said afterwards, it was the joy that killed her. Unlike his wife, Brently felt sorrow by her mishap, although he didn't know that she had died because of his staying alive. 'Freedom' - What a magical word! Any of us puts its own sense into this small combination of letters. In fact, the question of freedom appears to be the most burning problem in family relationships. The cause of these difficulties lies in a husband's attitude towards his wife: he dominates her, shapes her lifestyle, make her live for him instead of living for herself. Unfortunately, the wife accepts his behaviour because she loves him and doesn't want to lose him. At the same time, the feeling of obedience in order to prevent divorce lives in her only at the beginning of their marriage. As the years pass by, she becomes used to the subordinate mode of life that her husband has thrown on her. And after some time she finds out that she hates her lifestyle because she has devoted all her life to her husband, and the only thing she wants is freedom.

Her moment of vision, when she understands herself and regains control of her life, is followed immediately by the arrival of her husband, Brently Mallard "who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one." Her death is described as a "joy that kills"; however it is the knowledge that with her husband's return she would lose her chance of liberation that kills her. It is only in death that she is truly free from her husband.

All through her life, Kate Chopin must have been constantly shifting to adjust to the loss of her

family members such as her father (in 1855), great-grandmother, brother, grandmother, her husband (in 1883), and her mother, and to her changing place in her personal community. Turning to escapist literature, she tried to forget the world and her grief. In time, she bounced back into life after she gained strength. No wonder, many of her protagonists including Mrs. Mallard seem to be searching for self-understanding in spite of the final death. At first, the idea of 'liberation' seems like a terrible thing to Mrs. Mallard who's restricted in lots of ways. The heart trouble which she had too could be due to the internal conflicts. Louise truly dies of the shock caused by the unwelcome and unexpected return of her husband, but doctors, representing the voice of the patriarchal society claim that she has died of "joy that kills." Mrs. Mallard's death reveals the impossibility of the dream, of a woman finding selfhood and liberation within a marriage.

- MS. PRINCY JOHN
The Head, Dept. of English

THE CONFESSION OF A DYING POET

*Where will you find me after death?
In the dying ember of hearth?
In my admirers' blinding tear?
In Obituaries published every year?*

*You can't find me in these,
For my days never passed with ease.
Oh! You worried!
Never seek me out in the tomb I will be buried.*

*That won't be fair;
Because I won't even be there.
Let literaties find me in the poems I wrought,
And my distant friends in my notions I thought.*

*Their remarks are heady like the wine I sought,
You know where I will be?
I will be your life's celebration and;
The oppressed section's liberation.*

*I will be the flowers of blooming dale;
And certainly merry making ale.
I will be clouds embracing the peaks of the uphill;
And the revolutionaries iron will.*

*You will ever find me where happiness has no reason,
And the call of life has no season.*

- Mr. D. RAJESH
Asst. Prof. of English

THE ABANDONED BIRD

*I came from the precious shield,
To see the fresh and mighty field.
It was an overwhelming zest,
To share the nest with the rest.
One fine day, I stepped out to embark,
That move made my life a question mark.
My dreams were deserted and scattered in the dust
I almost lost all the little lights glowing at its best.
And I felt as a helpless creature in this hapless world,
That offered only hopeless words.
All of a sudden - A Supernatural hand just
changed my uncertainty,
And flooded me with an everlasting joy of going to
the Eternity.*

- ARUN THEODER RAJ. V
Asst. Prof. of English

A SMALL WORLD

Darkness, the only thing I could recognize around me. I was not aware of light then. The place was cozy and warm for me. But I could hardly listen to anything during the initial period. I had hope to find light and get out of this place, as I felt that I haven't done any mistake to be stuck here forever. As days passed, I started to love the place. I had fun moving around and enjoyed the small place. It gave me freedom and it also accepted me in, as I felt I could talk to the walls I was surrounded by. Now I could listen to some voice, which really cared and loved me unconditionally, as I recognized it. I wished to hear the voice, on a regular basis. I felt more secure in the dark place, when I heard that strange voice. The voice really made me comfortable, and gradually I started falling in love with it. I wished to give replies to the voice, but wondered whether they can listen to what I said. When the voice was absent for sometime, I really missed it and became miserable. I wanted to hear the voice forever.

My energy and enthusiasm went to a different level, when I heard the same voice, sing for me. I thought, maybe I should move my feet and arms for the tunes, which was made only for me. Someone was aware of the fact that I was inside, stuck in the dark place. Maybe I was soon to be rescued from this place; the voice is here to rescue me. The thought of being rescued made me cold, how will I leave this place which gave me a space to live. I will miss my little place, where I was the ruler. I am proud of myself, as I ruled the zone in my best possible way. Where am I supposed to go, when I am out of here. Will the other migrated place be as comfortable as this.

These thoughts made me sad. Soon I started to spend the rest of the time in my favourite corner in the dark place, may be soon I have to leave this cozy bed of mine. If I had to leave, I thought I won't be back here.

My little dark place, where I was the ruler, where tunes were composed to make me happy, where love and care was shown unconditionally. 'Love', to find that true love, I had to leave.

My little heart came to an ecstatic state, when I heard the voice closer and closer. I was brought to light from the dark place. Someone held me in their hands, and touched my tiny fingers. The world looked bright and large for me. I was only a small ray of hope in this world. I migrated from the little place and finally found 'Her'. My lovable voice. My 'True Love'.

MS. BHAVANI SINDHUJA S R
Asst. Prof. of English

ASPECTS OF GLOBALIZATION IN THE INHERITANCE OF LOSS

Kiran Desai won the Man Booker Prize in 2006 for her work *The Inheritance of Loss*. She took seven years to complete this novel. In the beginning of the story, a young teenager comes from a convent to live in Kamlimpong – a Himalayan town in the Indian state of West Bengal. To its west is Darjeeling. Her parents live in Russia in the days when India was falling out of love with it; both of whom are killed there. Her grandfather Jemubhai is a retired judge who lives in Cho oyu – a house built by a Scotsman who lived in India as an employee of the colonial empire.

The story is about Indians living in America. And also the Indians who have forgotten their traditions and following English way. The novel has the effects of colonialism and the main theme is search for identity. The word loss refers to the loss of Indian culture. But the fact is that Indians who live in abroad inherit only English ways but forget our own roots. The major theme running throughout is one closely related to colonialism and the effects of post-colonialism; the loss of identity and the way it travels through generations as a sense of loss. Individuals within the text show lower social status at those who embody the Indian way of life and vice versa, with the characters displaying an-anger at the English

Indians who have lost their traditions. It means mixing of both Western and Indian culture in the novel. (the grandfather eats Indian food with folk spoon, he tries to bring Western tradition into our own culture, and Biju had to go abroad even if his father works as a cook in India).

MS. P. INDHUMATHI
Asst. Prof. of English

SCOOP

KNOW YOUR ENGLISH

DOES THE WORD "STEPNEY" EXIST?

Stepney is actually the name of a street in Llanelli, Wales, where the spare wheels for the motorcar were originally made since the tyres were made in stepney, spare wheels began to be called "stepney wheel". Later, it was shortened to "stepney". These wheels consisted of ready inflated tyres which could temporarily be clamped over a punctured wheel. Nowadays, of course, the word "stepney" is mostly heard in countries like India, Bangladesh, etc. which were once part of the British Empire. These days, native speakers of English use the word 'spare' instead of "stepney". The word "stepney" is unheard of in America.

MR. JOSEPH DANIEL
I M.A. English

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "WEDDING" AND "MARRIAGE"

Both words are used to refer to acts – religious or civil – by which a man and woman become husband and wife. Of the two, "marriage" is more common. It can be used to refer to the actual ceremony that takes place or the spiritual union entered upon by the two individuals.

- The two have had a long and happy marriage.
- I am sorry to say that I can't be present at your marriage.
- "Wedding is used to refer to the ceremony and the festivities which follow it. Unlike "marriage", it cannot be used to talk about the relationship between the married couple. A "wedding" may last only an hour, but you can remain married for 40 years.
- Vinita's wedding is today. Unfortunately, I won't be able to make it.
- Please don't invite too many people to the wedding.

– MISS RAMYA R
II M.A. English

THE MEANING AND ORIGIN OF 'BECK AND CALL'

When you are at someone's 'beck and call', you do whatever he wants you to. In order to please the individual, you remain slavishly attentive to all his needs; the person's wish is your command. A few examples:

- The young prince was at his wife's beck and call.
- There are a few reporters we know who are at the minister's beck and call.

The word beck is actually a shortened form of 'beckon'. A 'beck' is usually a silent signal that you give someone in order to draw his attention. The signal could be a simple nod of the head or the motioning of one's finger. Who are the people who pay a great deal of attention to an individual's head and hand movement? Servants, of course! In the old days, servants were at their master's beck and call. A master could get a servant to do his bidding in two different ways – he could either 'call' the servant or 'beckon' him.

– **MR. BADRINATH D**
II B.A. English

BLACKMAIL

The word 'blackmail' comes from the Scottish word "mail" meaning "rent" or "tax". When you set up a new business, there are a number of things you have to worry about. One worry is people trying to extort money from you. It is very common for "anti-social elements" to take money from you in order to give you "protection". In the old days, farmers living along the Scottish border had to pay "freebooters" such money in order to be left in peace. The mail in the word "blackmail" has nothing to do with the post office or letters. "Blackmail" was the rent which individuals paid to gangs to ensure that they did not get ensure that they did not get robbed. Why "blackmail"? According to some scholars the rent that farmers paid was usually in the form of "black cattle". When the rent was paid in the form of silver, it was called "whitemail".

– **SHARON MARIAM VARGHESE**
III B.A. English

TONGUE TWISTERS

- Two tiny timid toads trying to trot to Tarrytown.
- Eve eating eagerly elegant Easter eggs.

- Which wristwatches are Swiss wristwatches?
- If a dog chews shoes, whose shoes does he choose?

- She sells sea shells by the seashore

And the shells she sells by the seashore are sea shells for sure.

- Of all the felt I ever felt,

I never felt a piece of felt
which felt as fine as that felt felt,
when first I felt that felt hat's felt.

- Through three cheese trees three free fleas flew
While these fleas flew, freezy breeze blew
Freezy breeze made these three trees freeze
Freezy trees made these trees' cheese freeze
That's what made these three free fleas sneeze.

- Silly Sally swiftly shooed seven silly sheep.
The seven silly sheep Silly Sally shooed
Shilly-shallied south.

These sheep shouldn't sleep in a shack;
Sheep should sleep in a shed.

- I thought a thought.

But the thought I thought wasn't the thought I thought I thought.

If the thought I thought I thought had been the thought I thought, I wouldn't have thought so much.

- How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if the woodchuck could chuck wood?

He would chuck, he would, as much as he could,
And chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

– **MS. MADHUMITHA**
II M.A. English

MISPRONUNCIATION

Definitely

How it is mistakenly pronounced: "Dee-fie-ant-lee" or "Def-in-it-lee"

How it is actually pronounced: "Def-in-it-lee"

Itinerary

How it is mistakenly pronounced: "Eye-tin-air-ee" or "Eye-ten-ee-air-ee"

How it is actually pronounced: "Eye-tin-er-air-ee"

Salmon

How it is mistakenly pronounced: "Saul-mon" or "Saul-man"

How it is actually pronounced: "Sam-in"

Subtle

How it is mistakenly pronounced: "Sub-tell"

How it is actually pronounced: "Suh-tell"

– **MS. RAMYA**
II M.A. English

LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE

- Two donkeys are standing at a roadside, one asks the other: So, shall we cross?

The other shakes his head: "No way, look at what happened to the zebra."

- "Have you been sleeping by an open window, like I told you?" asks a doctor his patient.

"Yes, just like you said, doc."

"And is the bronchitis gone now?"

"Not yet, so far the only things gone are my laptop and cellphone."

- Two men talking on a bus:

"I've been riding this bus to work for 15 years now."

"Lord Almighty, where did you get on?!"

A WONDER CALLED PALINDROME

A palindrome is a word, number, phrase, or other sequence of characters which reads the same backward as forward.

Some Palindromic Sentences.

- A nut for a jar of tuna.
- Al lets Della call Ed "Stella."
- Are we not pure? "No, sir!" Panama's moody Noriega brags. "It is garbage!" Irony dooms a man – a prisoner up to new era.

- Borrow or rob?
- Murder for a jar of red rum.
- May a moody baby doom a yam
- Madam, in Eden, I am Adam
- Sir, I am Iris
- Able was I ere I saw Elba
- Madam I'm Adam
- Oozy rat in a sanitary zoo.
- Gateman sees name, garageman sees nametag

- Never odd or even.

Some Palindromic Words.

- Anna
- Civic
- Kayak
- Level
- Madam
- Mom
- Noon
- Racecar
- Radar
- Redder
- Refer
- Repaper
- Rotator
- Rotor

- Rotor
- Sagas
- Solos
- Stats
- Tenet
- Wow

FRIENDSHIP NEVER DIES

*The first time I met you,
I know you'll hate me as I do.
I thought we'll never get will together;
And our fights will continue forever.*

*But as the days flew,
I got my life's next friend in you.
Not even a single day goes without our silly FIGHT!*

*Then the next day starts so bright... seeing you
every morning... Gives me better feeling....
Days before you were just someone I didn't know,
But now you are so close a friend that there is
nothing about me that you don't know.
While being with you I've never felt alone....
And till now you have never let me down.....
You Always say
"I am there for you..."
I knew it and its true.....*

– MISS MERLIN
I B.A. English

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