

ENGLISH NEWSLETTER

THE COMMUNIQUE

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Departmental Director's Desk



I am delighted to share some highlights about our dynamic Department of English. Since its inception in 2000, offering Foundation English to all undergraduate students, the department has steadily grown over the years. The introduction of the Undergraduate Programme in 2005 marked a significant milestone, resulting in excellent academic outcomes and multiple University Ranks. In 2014, recognizing its potential, the department was elevated to a Postgraduate Department, offering both UG and PG programs today.

Our vibrant Belles Lettres Literary Association serves as the heart of our activities. Supported by four active literary clubs—Quiz Club, Scrabble Club, Book Reading Club, and Dramatics Club—we provide students with numerous platforms to develop their skills. This academic year, we have also introduced a Theatre Club in collaboration with the Departments of Language and Visual Communication, creating exciting opportunities for interdisciplinary learning and creative exploration.

Upcoming events such as a Theater Festival, a Scrabble Tournament, a workshop on Creative Writing, and guest lectures on Gender Studies and Journalism reflect our commitment to fostering intellectual and creative growth.

It fills me with immense pride to see our students actively participating in club activities, inter-departmental and inter-collegiate competitions, and achieving great success. I also commend our faculty members for their dedication and innovative teaching methodologies that make learning accessible and engaging for our students.

Together, let us continue to grow, excel, and make our department a space of learning, creativity, and achievement. Keep up the great work, and let's continue to shine.

Warm regards,
Ms. S R Bhavani Sindhuja
Head, Department of English
NCAS

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ANNUAL REPORT

The academic year 2023-2024 witnessed numerous impactful initiatives aimed at fostering quality education and promoting holistic development among students, aligned with Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs).

The Department of English conducted a guest lecture on "Introduction to Memory Studies" and the inauguration of the English Literary Association, "Belles Lettres," which included a lecture on "Idiosyncrasies of Indian English." Both events enriched students' academic knowledge and linguistic skills, aligning with SDG 4: Quality Education.

The Quiz Club organized two inter-departmental competitions, Excelsior 2023 and 2024, on themes like Hiroshima and Nagasaki Day and World Cancer Day, respectively. These quizzes enhanced participants' critical thinking and general awareness.

The Scrabble Club hosted an inter-departmental tournament that fostered strategic thinking and vocabulary development.

The Book Reading Club organized "Read & Rewrite," a creative writing competition, stimulating literary analysis and creativity among students.

The Dramatics Club conducted a theatre workshop focusing on acting, voice modulation, and stage skills. Nearly 90 students actively participated, gaining insights into performing arts and enhancing their stage presence.

In collaboration with the Institution's Innovation Council (IIC), we launched several initiatives, including a webinar on the challenges and opportunities in modern education and an Innovation and Entrepreneurship Outreach Program. These events promoted entrepreneurial thinking and modern educational practices while fostering community engagement with local schools.

The college emphasizes experiential learning, evident through programs like the "Converting Innovation into a Start-Up" webinar, which provided insights into sustainable entrepreneurship.

Through these endeavors, the Department of English, Nazareth College of Arts and Science continues to uphold its commitment to nurturing talent, fostering innovation, and encouraging academic and personal excellence.



Silence ,the only language
that can bid farewell to
many by being dumb/mute.



Ms. Joshna k (Alumna)

A Room of Emptiness

Little one, a sigh, a hush, a beat that didn't stay,
We dreamed of silly grins, of how you'd laugh and
play.
Of scraped-up knees and whispered secrets in the
night,
Of firefly jars and holding you so tight.

We pictured messy hair and crayon-covered walls,
First wobbly steps, and answering your tiny calls.
Of bedtime stories read, of scraped-up, painted toes,
And watching as your little spirit brightly grows.

We thought of birthday cakes and candles, one by
one,
And silly songs we'd sing beneath the summer sun.
Of whispered "I love you's" and holding your small
hand,
A lifetime of adventures, we had carefully planned.

Now just a quiet space, a gentle, empty hold,
A story left untold, a future turned to cold.
We'll keep those little dreams, like stars up in the
sky,
And wonder at the "what ifs," and softly ask you
why?



Mr. Abhishek Sugirtharaj
Asst. Professor of English
Asan Memorial College

Falling for you

To dance in the rain
Read books in the dark And
watch leaves fall
Oh! To fall in love With you.

Ms. Cathrin P (II BA)

The Perfect Fit

She has never worn a ring
that fit her finger just right.
Though her mother bought her two, maybe three,
not a single one matched her size.

But the ring he chose—
it fits perfectly,
like his heart aligns with hers,
seamless, effortless, true.



A ring, simple yet profound,
precious not for its shine,
but for the way it holds
the weight of his presence,
always...



Ms. Abisha Magdalene C
Teacher,
Anita Methodist, Doveton



Ms. Annie Rosarina A
(II B.A)

SONG OF LOVE, SONG OF BETRAYAL

Love came softly into My soul
It creeped in slowly and took my whole
I am love stricken and enchanted
Hear my story and be enthralled!
Orephus is my name
Music and poetry brought me fame
Enamoured by the beauty of an wood nymph
I fell for Eurydice but she limped
Stumbling, she fell by the wicked serpent's bite
I lost my love, O! Come and grieve with me
Sang through the underworld
My song shook the deadworld

Made my love to return to me on one condition
One Wrong Turn I lost my dearest
My cries would shake the living world
Here I come to my beloved
My life is not bigger to me
With her I live eternally in the deathValley
Now I walk by her side everlastingly

Love came softly into My soul
It creeped in slowly and took my whole
I am love stricken and enchanted
Hear my story and be enthralled!
Eros is my name
Love and matchmaking brought me fame
Call me Cupid. I ain't no stupid
Obeyed the words of Venus, my mom
To attack princess Syche, for beauty is her form
Enchanted and enamoured I fell, attacked myself,
O hell Love is my language. I wanted to be with her
for an everlasting age. Here I come. She betrayed
me. I abandoned her.

She came searching for me. But I found her dead
Alas! Mourn for me, for my dearest is dead
I dashed to her with magical water and fed
She is immortal now and so shall be my love!

Love came softly into My soul
It creeped in slowly and took my whole
I am love stricken and enchanted
Hear my story and be enthralled!
I am Zeus, the Great God.

Hera is my wife in heaven abode
 Enchanted and enamoured by the
 beauty of other women I cheated my beloved to
 enjoy
 the pleasure I was given Why should I be with her
 for I find beauty everywhere I'll follow and drink
 until my thirst is taken care Hera couldn't tolerate
 Her revenge I won't narrate
 This is my story and I will not stop
 Until I drink lust till the last drop
 Now, you call me the God of Betrayal
 And if you are beautiful, I'll wait for your arrival.

Ms. R Jebha Evangeline (III BA)

"WHO IS HE TO ME"

Who is he to me?
 Is he my friend?
 Is he my boyfriend?
 Is he my lover boy?
 Nah...
 Then... Who is he to me?

He is not my rainy cloud,
 He is not my hot summer rays,
 But i guess he is my breeze,
 which makes my heart feel very light.

Breeze?
 Then, is he my crush, right?
 I don't know.
 But he is something to me.
 Something? that knows all my ups and downs and
 Sometimes, I want to share all and expect his presence
 in my good and bad times.

Then, is he my favorite person?
 Favorite?
 Maybe...
 But I've screamed, fought, and admired him too...
 Admired him?
 Yes...
 I admired him like the moon,
 Moon...
 which makes the darkness bright
 through its twinkling smile.
 Okay, then, is he the moon of my life?



Ms. Gayathri M
 Asst. Professor of English



Annie Rosarina A (II B.A)

Love Beyond the Horizons

- Inspired by the movie Interstellar 2014

Across the void, where starlight fades,
 A whisper echoes, love pervades.
 Through fractured time and bending space,
 A father's heart, a daughter's face.
 He journeyed far, a desperate plea,
 To save a world, for her to be.
 Through wormholes spun, a cosmic dance,
 He sought a future, a second chance.
 But gravity's pull, a heavy chain,
 Kept him from her, in sun and rain.
 Years turned to moments, a cruel jest,
 As time's river flowed, east to west.
 Yet love remained, a constant star,
 Burning brightly, no matter how far.
 A message sent, through quantum's haze,
 A father's love, in coded ways.
 "Stay," she cried, a whispered plea,
 But duty called, across the sea
 Of stars and nebulae so bright,
 He chased a dream, with all his might.
 And in the tesseract's strange embrace,
 He found the key, to time and space.
 Love transcended, beyond the known,
 A connection deep, a seed that's sown.
 For love's a force, that knows no bounds,
 It echoes still, in silent sounds.
 Beyond horizons, it takes its flight,
 A beacon burning, ever so bright.



Mr. V. Arun Theoder Raj
 Asst. professor of English

SEALED WITH LOVE

(Letter to a far spouse)

Dear, Receiver of my love. Even though we are splitted by miles, my brotherhood shadow will be a tiny tailed to your delicacy. Your staring witchy eyes makes this teenage man to be tempt. Your lip movements is a slip movements for me. She sweets like cinnamon, I taste her like a venom-in on a proposal. The day of proposal is a rehearsal in my desirable dream. The caressing of her fingertips touch in my dry hair leads to a racing pulsated beat in my bloody heart. There's a myth that some young peoples can fall in love with wrong peoples, that's okay, that's alright, I'm just full of imperfect, I will be better, babe, I will change it for you and ours miniature.

Mr. Sam Abraham S (II BA)

The Melody of Unseen Colours

With the sounds of her music as her sole source, Lail had always felt lonely moving through the paths of her life. She frequently lost herself in her own thoughts. She was beautiful, but she was also terribly alone. Her friends ignored her, writing off her beautiful face for the silence that shrouded her heart. No one had ever encouraged her to shine, and no one was ready to understand the potential of her gift. During an trip to a local music festival one evening, Lail ended up sitting by herself on a grassy knoll, strumming gentle notes with her guitar. Strangers were drawn in and a glimmer of interest was sparked by the pleasant sounds that drifted in the breeze. She then met Thejas, a self-assured, lively individual whose warmth was like the sun piercing her mist. They clicked right away. Thejas seemed to understand the loneliness around her. Thejas would sit with her for hours, sharing stories of dreams and fears. They laughed, talked, and played music together, building a bond that transcended their individual struggles.

Days turned into weeks, and with Thejas's support, Lail flourished. They even started writing songs that reflected their experiences. For the first time, Lail felt appreciated for her inner fire as well as her beauty. She was motivated by Thejas to embrace her music, get on stage, and let her vocals shine. Lail enrolled in a local talent contest, a chance that both excited and frightened her. When she was unable to believe in herself, Thejas stood by her side. As Lail waited backstage on the night of the concert, she experienced a wave of anxiety.

However, she entered the stage as her name was called, the spotlight shining on her like a star that was meant to shine. As she strummed her guitar and her voice woven a tapestry of emotions, each note reflecting her journey, her challenges, and her newly discovered strength, the audience fell silent. The loud applause that followed made Lail feel complete at that very moment.



Ms. Tamil Selvi S (I BA)

After few months, Lail's life changed. Her music resonated with many who felt lost like she did, and she was no longer the girl hidden away in the shadows. She embraced new possibilities with Thejas at her side. But Lail saw subtle changes in Thejas as the light of her career flickered brighter. Thejas eyes shaded by something unsaid. She discovered at their typical café one evening after returning from a concert, with a thoughtful expression on the face.

"What's wrong, Thejas?" With sincere concern in her heart, she inquired. Thejas fork hovered over a mostly consumed dessert and paused. "I have something to tell you, Lail. I have been concealing something. Her breath caught. "What is it?" "I'm not who you believe me to be." A shadow passed across

Thejas face as if gazed down. "To find you, I traveled to this city. to assist you. Her mind twisted with confusion. "What do you mean?" "I have observed you from a distance. Before we met, I was aware of your story. Your mother, who I was friend with, encouraged to pursue your goals. I couldn't let you go when I saw you."

As Lial's heart broke, the room whirled. Although Thejas had been a ray of hope.

Tears streaming down her face, she sobbed, "But... I trusted you." "I understand, and I apologize," Thejas said, as face displaying agony. "All I wanted was to prevent you from feeling isolated."

Lail became aware that the hues she had chosen were entwined with an unexpected lie at that very time. Her heart had been full with warmth, but now it was cold. She saw the intricacy of human connections as she looked into Thejas's intensely disturbed eyes; they may be beautiful, but they could also be painful.

She had discovered her voice, but at a cost she had not anticipated. Lail took in deeply, her heart sad but resolute. "I need to be true to myself now, but you helped me find my voice."

She then left behind the traces of their mutual laughter and song, a melancholy tune that reverberated in her heart and served as a reminder that, despite our best efforts to find happiness, darkness can persist, and realities can take unexpected turns.



Ms. Lavanya K
Asst. Professor of English

THE SCHOOL DAYS

The final bell has rung,
The school year is done,

We pack up our bags and we say our goodbyes,
With tearful eyes we recall all the fun,
As we leave the halls where we've shared our
Highs and lows.

Our classroom's now empty,
The chalkboard erased,
The desk and chair stand silent and still,
But memories of laughter and joy will be traced,

In our hearts and minds, they will forever be filled.
We'll miss the lunchroom talks and recess games,
The note we passed and the secrets we shared,
The teacher's who guided us through life's frames,
And the friendship that we all so deeply cared.

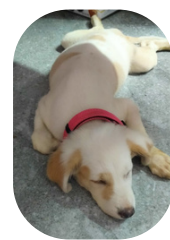
As we walk out the doors and into the light,
We may be sad, but we're also filled with pride,
For we've learned and grown, and our future is
bright,
As we take our next step with a newfound stride.
So here's to our school friends,

Who've made a mark,
On our hearts and our lives in so many ways,
We'll cherish the memories, even when apart,
And hold onto them for all our future days.

Ms. JESSLIN C (II BA)

My Baby Shark

Lovely Girl she is
In my home she lives.
Two eyes, one nose
I can even write a prose
Blue eyes turned to yellow
And she became a naughty fellow.
Wags her tail on hearing my voice from distant
She recognises our vehicle sound in an instant.
There she is the snow white girl
Whose tail will never curl.
Always Silent Always curious
Waits for her chance to be mischievous!
The baby shark packed with full power
She often holds my leg as her tower
Her Respect - I Never expect
When something is broken she is my suspect
Runs like A horse sleeps like A lamb
Smiles like a baby clings like a child
Cries like an infant, guards like an angel
She is four months old
There is so much more to go!
Often deceives with her innocent face
Her strong teeth will always chase.
She is very naughty
My dad named her Sweety!



Ms. R Jebha Evangeline (III BA)

LOVE'S FLIGHT

My heart took flight, like a bird in air
When I saw her, beyond compare
Her beauty left me, lost for words to say
I fell deeply, in a loving way
Her wings, a gentle whisper to my soul
A love so strong, it made me whole
In her eyes, a radiant light did shine
Forever with her, my heart entwines
With every glance, my love did grow
Like a garden blooming, it started to show
The sweetest feelings, I've ever known
With her by my side, I am never alone
In her feathers, a soft caress I find
A love so pure, it's one of a kind
My heart beats fast, like a bird in flight
With her love, everything's alright

Ms. Jesslin C (II BA)

How to improve focus and avoid distraction

In today's fast moving world , staying focused on a thing can be challenging with endless notifications, social media, daily activities distractions can easily takes our time. This article deals with effective ways to sharpen the concentration and avoid distractions. First identify the distractions, when the distractions recognized we can solve the problem. Common distractions include social media, emails, stress, Overthinking. Create a distraction free environment,choose quite workplace, set boundaries by informing others when you need uninterrupted time. Use time management techniques, limit digital distractions, train your mind to focus. Develop a focus routine. By using all these techniques we can improve our focus and avoid distractions by conscious effort and consistency. We can start implement these techniques in our daily life to have a deep, focused work

Ms. Diya K (III BA)

THE PAIN OF YOUR GOOD BYE

Papa, can you hear me still,
Why did you leave me all alone,
In this world so cold, unknown?
You were my strength, my guiding light,
Now I'm lost in endless night.

After mother's farewell. I stood so strong,
Because with you, I still belonged.
But now you, too, have gone away,
And left me lost with words to say.

Who will hear my whispered dreams?
Who will answer my silent screams?
Who will take me on those rides,
With laughter echoing by my side?

Who will wait when college ends,
With open arms, my closest friend?
I never thought this day would be,
When life would steal you far from me.

Papa, I miss you more each day,
In whispered prayers, I kneel and say,
If only once, just one more time,
I'd hold your hand and call you mine.

Ms. Jayashree V (III BA)

Bookworm

We all have been came across this word. What was the word actually mean? Did we gone deeper into it at anytime ? No. We haven't tried to get the meaning. So here we can see what and how the word got changed in it's meaning. People who are being vast in their book knowledge have been called as a Bookworms in 1500's according to sources. Initially it was to cause the insult because person who deeply into books will not have any personal connections with people , including they will not be able to get into romantic relationships. Later, it gone with the studios ones to neglect the fact we are not up to the level of knowledge. People shielded themselves and named the person with knowledge as Bookworm. But in modern era it became a fashion word to describe ourself because we feel proud to present ourself as a knowledgeable one. Bookworms are not only horse with bridle but also the intellectual ones who can also be fun people rather than being boring. This is a simple background study of word how it formed and how it came into use. I hope this piece will be helpful.

Ms. Joshiya W (I MA)

From the Editor's Desk

"Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by mankind." - Rudyard Kipling

Literature has the power to transport us across time and space, allowing us to experience lives beyond our own, feel deeply, and think critically. Every word written and every story told leaves an imprint on the world, shaping perspectives and sparking change. As we bring this edition of our Department of English Newsletter to a close, we celebrate the boundless nature of language and creativity.

Reaching the final pages of this edition, let us reflect on the profound power of words. Literature has always been a guiding force shaping minds, inspiring hearts, and preserving the essence of human experience. As Emily Dickinson once wrote, "A word is dead when it is said, some say. I say it just begins to live that day." Every thought penned, every verse composed, and every story shared takes on a life of its own, resonating in the minds of those who read it.

This issue has been a celebration of that power—bringing together voices, perspectives, and creativity from students, faculty, and guest contributors. As William Wordsworth reminds us, "Fill your paper with the breathings of your heart." Each article, poem, and drawing in this newsletter is a testament to that spirit. As we conclude, let us remember the words of Virginia Woolf: "Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind." As we turn the last page, may we carry forward the wisdom, imagination, and emotions within these works.

A heartfelt thank you to our contributors and readers for making this literary journey so enriching. Until the next issue, may words continue to illuminate our paths. "A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies... The man who never reads lives only one." George R.R. Martin

Mr. Hari haran R
Chief Editor
Asst. Professor of English



Editorial Corner

Editing demands creativity and a keen artistic sensibility. An editor doesn't merely arrange words or images; they curate a collection of different artistic expressions and weave them into a cohesive whole. The editor must understand how to elevate and magnify the essence of the work, enhancing its majesty for its audience. In this way, editing isn't just a technical skill—it's a process of transformation, where raw material becomes something far greater.



Ms. Gayathri M
Deputy Editor
Asst. Professor of English

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**To Cultivate A Department Dedicated To
Academic Excellence Through Critical
Thinking, Cultural Understanding,
Language Competency, And Innovative
Linguistic Expression.**

VISION