



U.S.H.S.S Newsletter

# ENVIRAGE

By Literati- The Literary Society of USHSS

JANUARY - JULY 2025





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# *BARDS*

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*“Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme”  
- William Shakespeare*



# Unsaid

Sometimes,  
Sometimes words don't flow out,  
They float in the mind,  
Yet never make it out

Sometimes, the heart gets so heavy,  
Emotions flow out of the eyes,  
Yet they never make it out of the eyes,

Struggle? Everyone struggles.  
But again, the frustration, fatigue,  
disappointment, anger,  
It all never comes out,

And when it does,  
It bleeds out,  
It bleeds out of the soul, pours out, gushes out,  
To be able to FEEL  
To feel lighter, to feel better,  
Yet all that comes is a  
Silent smile

- Simran Maakan  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)

## Flash Quiz!

• Who coined the term  
“Phallogocentric”?

- (1) Luce Irigaray
- (2) Jacques Derrida
- (3) Jacques Lacan
- (4) Sigmund Freud



Simardeep Kaur

M.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)

## Beyond Beauty

You asked me if you look handsome,  
And to you, I replied – no.  
But, oh, my dear,  
I want to write  
of your allure.

To write in such a way  
that everyone will long to see you,  
even after your existence vanishes.

To write of your eyes, the brownest  
anyone has ever known,  
Eyes for which someone would easily fall.

To write of your hair, as soft as orchids,  
To write about your voice, that is as  
deep as an endless kiss,

And to write about everything in such a way  
that even the most admired beauty,  
the purest grace,  
will feel resentful of you.

- Navyata Singh  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semestrer)



# Pillow

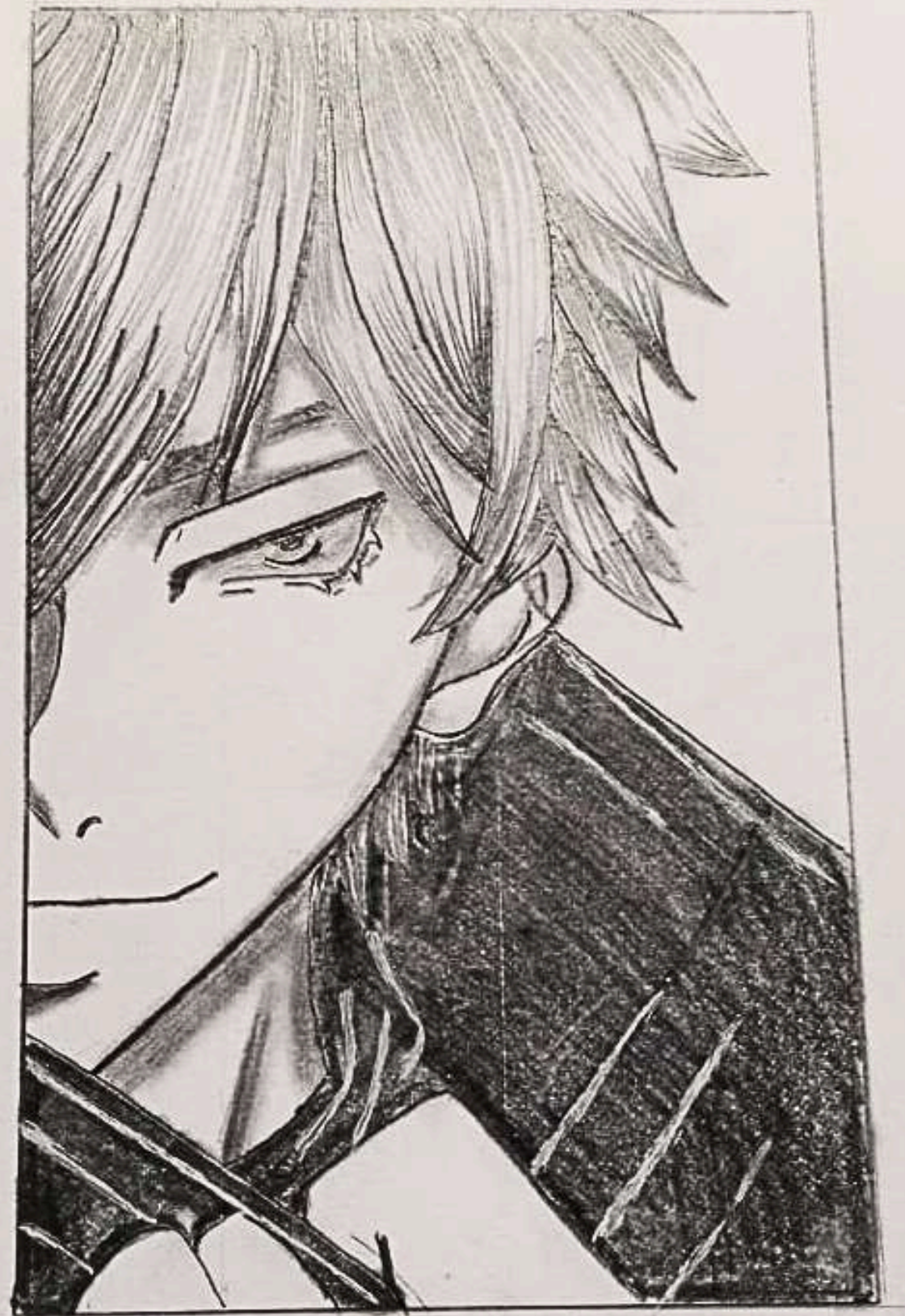
I like to cry into a pillow  
to bite into a pillow  
a focaccia to go  
Please, warm it up  
please gentle, slow  
burn the edges  
spare the lettuce  
I'm warm  
I'm warm enough  
I wrap myself carefully in brown crisp paper  
stacked one over another neatly,  
nearby for everyday ease  
paper on my skin I breathe in,  
let it soothe the burned bits,  
my warmth intact remembering  
to hold it in  
someone burnt the onions, they're bitter  
bitter bites into bread and warmth,  
bitter is unforgiving  
bitter demands to be fed  
  
okay no no  
focus darling you're losing your pillowiness,  
the drying up of your sex  
fold myself lengthwise  
careful not too tight  
fold the corners in chubby cheeks  
and dimpled chin  
eyes closed, papered in the corners now,  
tuck them in and turn around  
to yearn yearn yearn  
yearn for an unwrapping  
I wait for one who'd like to cry  
Who'd like to bite

-EB

# Hope

A person lying on the ground,  
Bandages torn and blood dripping.  
Opening weary red eyes,  
looking at the lamps flickering,  
Wipes tears with the back of the hand,  
teeth gritting.  
Staggers up to their feet,  
walks along the road,  
stumbling.  
Squaring shoulders to carry  
a baggage too heavy,  
Looks forward, persevering through the way.  
This person is 'Hope'—all life, we carry.

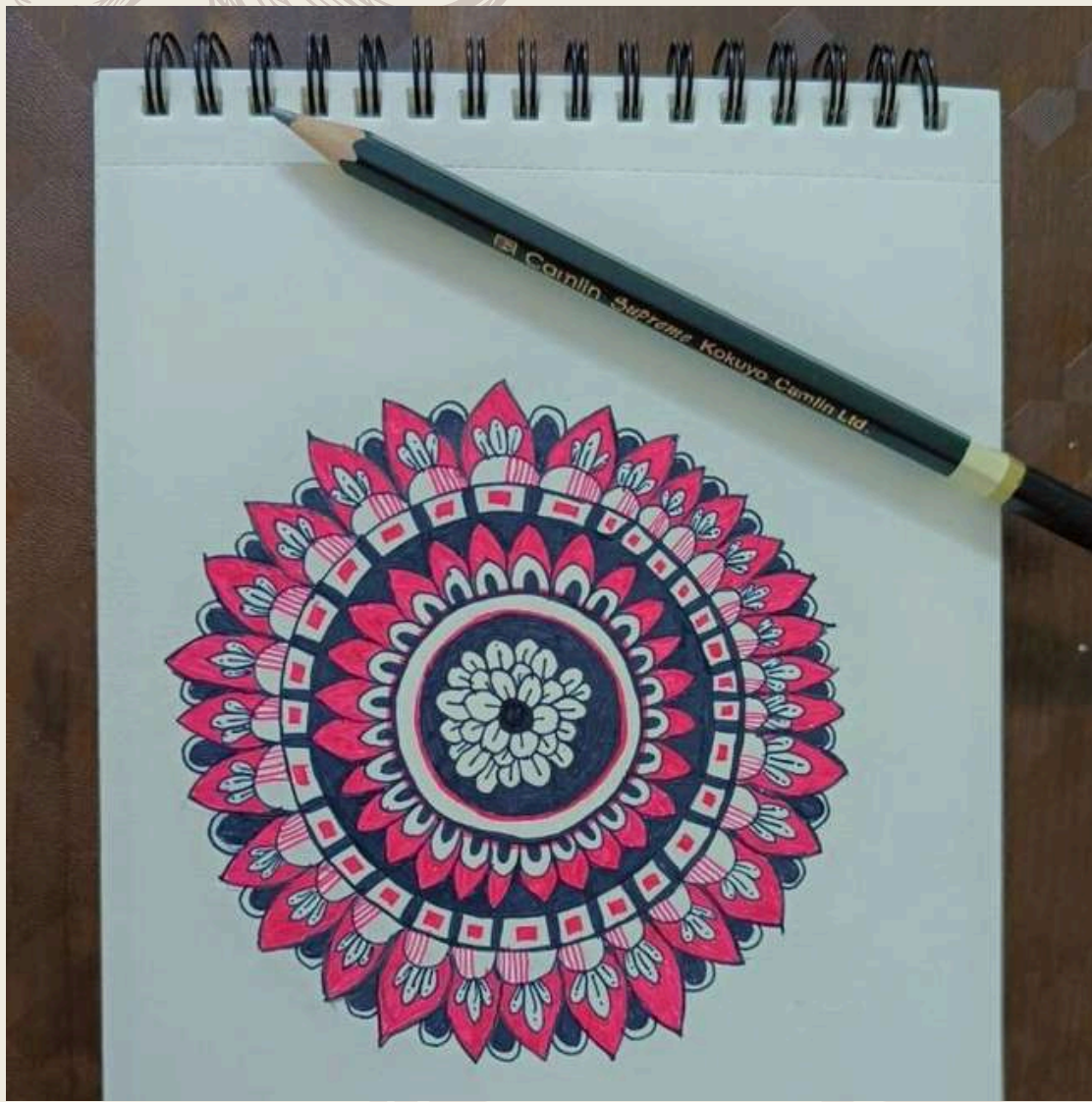
-Sanya Sharma  
B.A. Economics  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)



Priyanka Oberoi

M.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)





Mehek Beri

*M.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)*

## My Dusk Till Dawn

At dawn, he held my hand,  
Guiding me where my dreams were drawn.  
With every step upon life's sand, His love,  
a light that lingers on.  
Through storms that spawned both loss and gain,  
He stood, unshaken, wise and strong.  
His words, like rivers after rain,  
Taught me where my heart belongs.  
He knelt beside my childhood fears,  
Wiped tears when hope seemed gone.  
With patient hands and listening ears,  
He built my wings to rise at dawn.  
Through lessons drawn from quiet days,  
And laughter warm as summer's glow,  
He led me through life's winding maze,  
And taught me all I'd need to know.  
Yet time moved on, and now I stand alone,  
With journeys waiting, paths unknown.  
Still, in my heart, his steady hand  
Reminds me I am not alone.  
And though the years may stretch us wide,  
Like echoes soft, his words live on.  
Forever near, forever guide-His love which can  
never be gone.

- Shruti Madaan  
B.A. English Literature  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)

## Soliloquy of love

There's absence of love now,  
the love that brought me joy;  
the hopeful, ecstatic love,  
I can't find it anywhere.  
All I'm left with is the love that  
consumes my being,  
the love that blinds me, rips me apart.  
This love disguises itself as grief;  
I'm full of it.  
Tears fall from my eyes, from noon to night;  
I'm in pain, deep pain.  
This love makes me lie down  
on my bedroom floor, in the dark.  
This love doesn't let me breathe  
when he's not near.  
When I close my eyes, this love haunts me;  
I see myself alone, sitting at the kitchen table,  
teardrops on the counter.  
This love has a chokehold on me,  
I can't seem to part ways with it.  
This love holds me from behind, clutches my  
heart, doesn't let me go.  
I don't want to go,  
I want to grieve the absence.  
I want to grieve his absence.  
I won't go, I'll hold on to this love,  
as it tears my soul, and burns all my hopes;  
I'll be here, grieving what I once felt,  
grieving what I was,  
grieving what I could've been.,  
grieving how he'll never embrace me again.  
This love will stay with me,  
the grief will stay with me.

- Anamika Singh  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)



# Exist To Be

A god might be hiding amongst the creatures  
You target the razor sharp noise,  
slices through the bliss  
the mortal body fervently held onto.  
A look can transpire into abuse  
and the physicality, a mere produce  
of the exchange I committed to.  
When suddenly it transforms into the sacred  
and punctures my heart, illuminated  
I forget all I was made of.  
The world comes crashing down  
the sky tears apart in ecstasy all around  
and the sunlight, the blinding kind  
etched the light into my skin.  
To be a prayer to expression  
is to be devoid of form;  
I am all there is,  
therefore there is no me  
and all is.

-Aashali Bansal  
B.A. English Literature  
(4th semester)

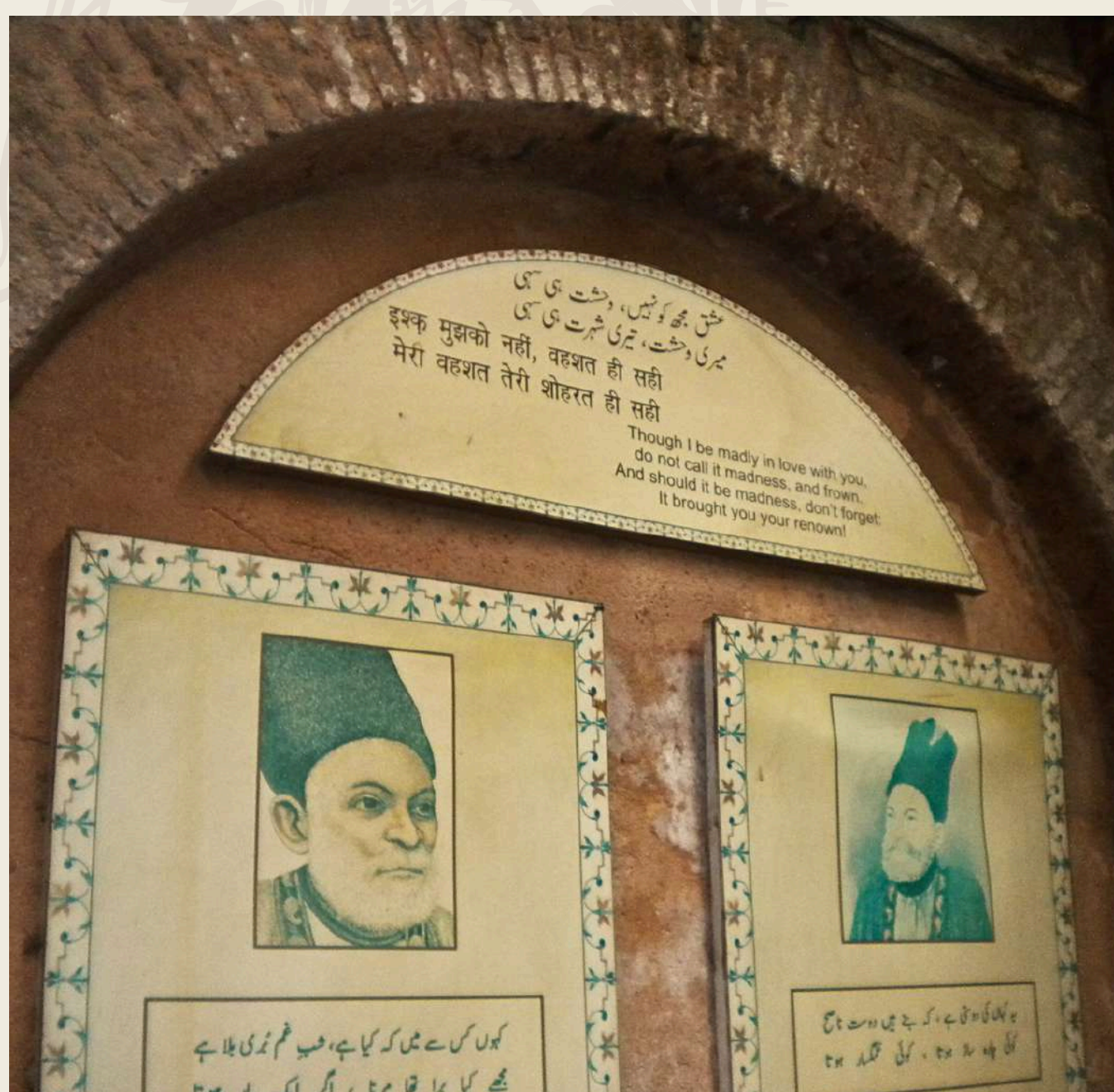


*National Museum, New Delhi* – Gifty Catherine Thomas

## Song of longing

The nightingale whispers at night  
About my secret sorrowful wife,  
Looking into his deep brown eyes  
I saw my reflection standing above  
I can be an Icarus for you  
Flying too close to die  
Locking eyes to love you  
Reaching for stars beyond my sky.  
I love to have your head on my shoulder  
But I know my fleeting fate,  
Your sweet whispers make me bolder  
But your absence makes me wait.

– Sakshi Sharma  
B.A. English Literature  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)



*Ballimaran Haveli, Chandni Chowk*

– Avanika Verma





Simardeep Kaur

*M.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)*

## Father's Day 2010

The sun blinded me but the hope of you  
coming kept me in the blaze  
the sand under me burnt my young palms  
even the men of business and doctors had  
taken out time from their forms of  
exploitation and wealth

Peers felt like aliens  
running the relays with their Martian fathers  
but no creature mattered to me  
all I wanted was to run with you  
spend this day with you  
but I knew where to find you  
I've always known where you are  
the bottom of the bottle  
countless times I've turned it over  
tried to evict you back to me  
tried to show you your call  
why are you still in there

– Shiv Ahuja  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)

## A Love Like Fiction

Am I bad for thinking I deserve love?  
a love like the movies,  
a love from the books,  
a love where everything is fiction  
but feels like the truth.

A hero of my own  
who searches for me,  
from dusk to dawn.  
Just a glimpse ,  
just a look ,  
driven near insane.  
He runs in search of me,  
just to have a better day.

Am I bad for thinking I deserve a happy ending,  
just like a beautiful fairy-tale.

A romantic prince  
who loves me, just me, for me,  
because love doesn't need a reason to breathe.  
Rather than thinking of me as 'my now',  
he thinks of me as 'my forever'.

I want a love where everything feels right.  
The love is right.  
the life is right.  
the world is right.

Eyes that speak love when they find mine  
Whose smile can't stop upon seeing mine,  
A person who says "I love you  
because it's you– my life".

– Saria Singh  
M.A. English  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)

“What did the literature student say when he  
saw *Ulysses* was in the syllabus?”





Vanya Nautiyal

*M.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)*

# Stages of Grief

“Stages of grief” they say,  
but I’ve only known one.  
Muffled cries and red eyes,  
trying to hide,  
holding knees on the floor,  
endless stares into a void,  
a numbness attached to it.  
The void which has his face,  
the void which retaliates my pain;  
I’ve only known this grief.  
I beg and I beg and I beg them to believe,  
believe me I’m not just an open wound;  
I can be tough, I am.  
I worry about the prophecy—  
the uncanniness of grief and love  
might fool me again.  
Grief seeps through the cracks of the pages,  
finds ways to reveal itself,  
disguises, fools, hides and presents- oh, love.  
Poems, stories, shayaris, tales,  
they’re all about love,  
a love so warm,  
like your mother’s shawl,  
a love so bright  
like your lover’s eyes.  
You’re grieving the loss already,  
you have tears on your neck.  
This grief is so close to love  
that I feel bewildered.

– Anamika Singh  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)

**TOWN CRIER**

Hear ye! Hear ye! Literati, the literary society of USHSS organized a field trip to the National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi on 15<sup>th</sup> May. Students of English Department, and faculty members signed up in great numbers for the excursion. The curated walk commenced after refreshments. The students learned about the comprehensive history of the development of art in India. The guide took the participants to NGMA's permanent collection, one of the finest and most extensive collections of paintings and sculptures in India, arranged in chronological order. Students came across the works of the stalwarts of Indian art, like Raja Ravi Verma, Abindranath Tagore, Amrita Shergil, M.F. Hussain, and others, learn about multiple art movements in India, shaped by colonialism. The influence of Company painters, Eurocentric ideals of beauty and art, realism, the rising popularity of the oil paint were all documented in the collection. The Tour Guides provided valuable context and information on the paintings referencing important literary works associated with the art on display, making the excursion educationally rewarding. Overall, the trip was successfully executed by Literati volunteers and helped participations know about the rich historical context behind the development of Indian Art.



*Albert Hall Museum, Jaipur*

– Avanika Verma





# *TALE-WEAVERS*

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*“All you have to do is write one true sentence.  
Write the truest sentence that you know.” –  
Ernest Hemingway*



# The Unlikely Bond

There were these two teenagers named Siya and Tarun who were from Mumbai, India. They studied in the same college but never really had the fortune to cross paths with each other. Except for the one time they had a moment, not romantic, but a real nasty fight. Siya was an ambitious college girl who was the captain of the college debating team, whereas Tarun was an idol for the college's cricket team. In fact, their worlds didn't meet, and their personalities did not mix.

One day, there came the event of a notification from the College concerning a joint project whereby the debating team and the cricket team were meant to raise money for a local cause. This meant giving Siya and Tarun an opportunity to work together as team captains. "I don't know what I am doing with you," said a very sarcastic Siya as she rolled her eyes. "You're just all about cricket. What experience could you possibly have with event planning?" "Oh, come on! I've held loads of cricket tournaments, you know-and by the way, I'm not just any cricket player, I'm an excellent leader," quickly snapped Tarun in response.

Their initial meetings were quite hostile, as they were both trying to maintain their dominance over each other, but one fateful day, while working on that project, they found something which clicked between them - old Bollywood movies. "Hi, did you watch 'Shree 420'?" asked Tarun, while working on the project. "Yeah, I love that film!" said Siya. "Raj Kapoor is my favorite actor." "Mine as well!" Tarun replied with a smile. "I have watched all his films." While they talked about it, the conversation grew casual, and views about each other started changing.

Before everything started to brighten, a catastrophe appeared. The main sponsor of the charity event backed out at the last minute,

leaving Siya and Tarun with a huge financial loss. "We just can't cancel the event now," declared Siya. "We have to figure out something to make it happen." "I'm with you," Tarun said. "But how?" Siya's expression turned as a thought struck her. "I know someone who can help us make it happen. My uncle is a wealthy businessman. We might be able to get him to sponsor the event and make it happen." Glowing with hopefulness in his face, Tarun said, "Let's do it!"

And so they went with Siya and Tarun to visit her uncle and successfully convinced him to sponsor the event. The charity day finally arrived, and all of Siya and Tarun's hard work paid off well with the event's outcome. They had a really successful event and raised a lot of money for the given charity.

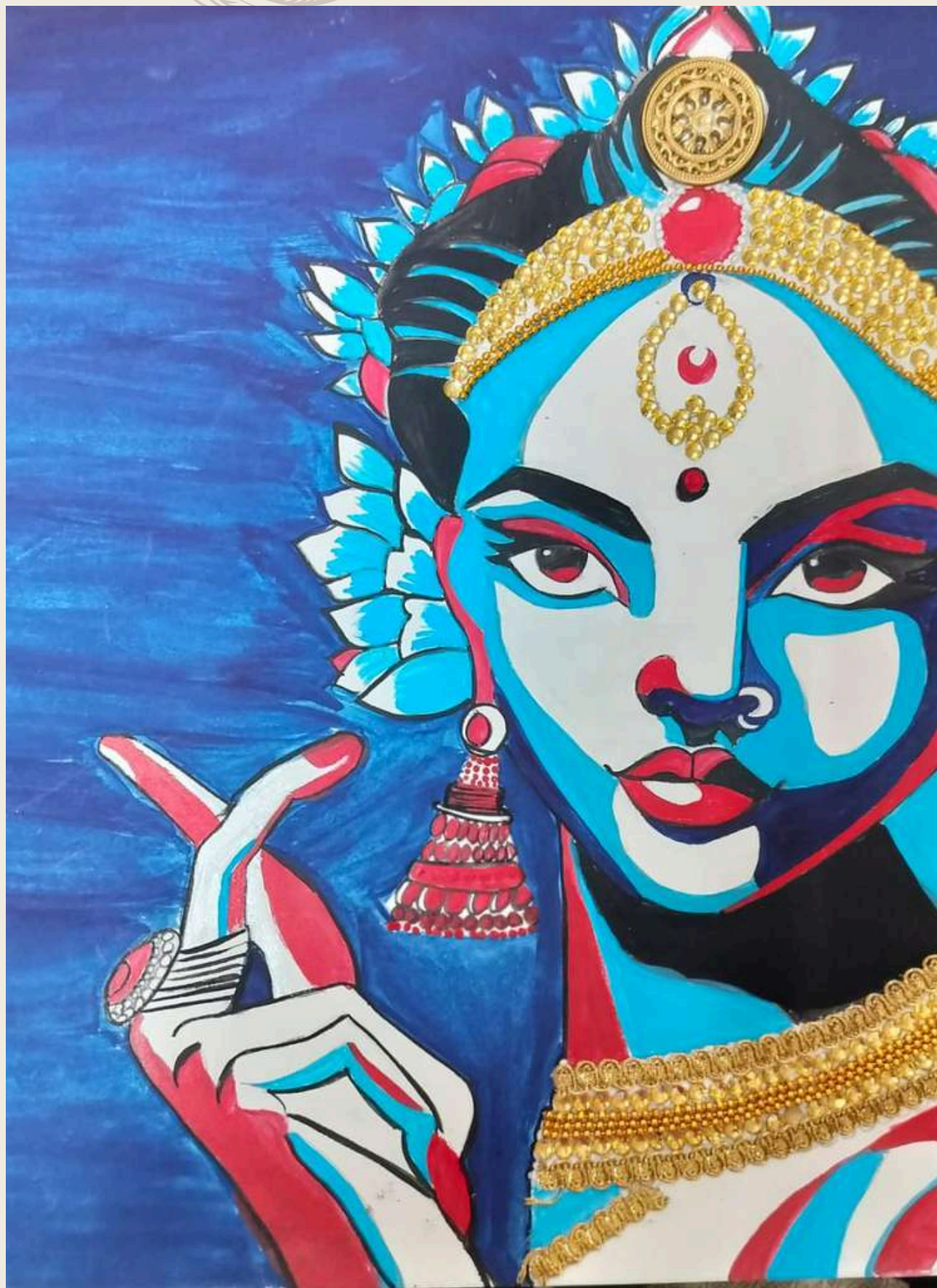
As they stood together on stage receiving the applause and praises, a victorious smile passed between Siya and Tarun. "We did it!" said Siya in excitement. "We sure did!" Tarun replied, eyes glittering with passion. "You're fantastic, Siya." Siya's heart thumped as she looked into Tarun's eyes and replied, "You're not very bad yourself."

As they came off the stage, Tarun turned toward Siya and said, "Want to go grab a chai and celebrate?" Siya's heart fluttered yet again. "I'd love to," she said rather breathlessly. As they imbibed their chai, Tarun held onto Siya's hand, saying, "I'm glad we had to be on the same project, because otherwise, I might never have known what a lovely person you are." Siya's heart soared. "I would say the same about you," she smiled.

And sitting there, with their arms crossed, Siya and Tarun knew their newfound connection would last forever.

— Simardeep Kaur  
M.A. English  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)





Sanya Sharma

B.A. English (2<sup>nd</sup> semester)

## Red Means Go!

*A small steel bucket. A statue of a goddess. Showered with garlands and incense sticks. With a red mark on her forehead. That's everything that Meera owned.*

This morning, she was excited! Winter was already here, and she was part of a challenge as to who could beg for the maximum amount of money today.

Everyone had different tactics. Bidi knew how to do cartwheels and some other minor stunts he learned from his father at the circus. (*Okay, most of them are my inventions. My father...he...*) Whenever the red light came on, he would take his metal ring and put up his little circus in front of the waiting cars and motorbikes. He even managed to put small red circles on his cheeks and a black mustache. Bobby was a great actor, he planned to drop a tear or two and knock on the car windows shirtless in the middle

of winter. Bigger cars meant bigger notes. (*Well. That's not true, always.*) But for Meera, the statue of the goddess was enough. She had seen people bow in front of it, cry in front of it, even close their eyes, and say secret words that she could never really hear. For her the statue had power. Power to make people look at them with love. She planned to take the goddess with her, show it to people, and hope that she could, too, share some of that power. She knew the goddess would get her money, but would her power also make Meera experience something new today? (*Even Love, perhaps?*)

They lived under the canopy of the big IIT flyover and occupied one red light each at the crossroad. When the light hit red, it was time to hit the road. Meera grabbed her bucket and went to the first car. She knocked on the window and showed them the bucket. She waited, smiled, and looked at them. Would the goddess be able to lend her some of her power? Would someone finally look at her? A smile that said, I see you. Not with disgust but with love. (*What does it look like? Can I smell it? Touch it?*) She held the bucket tightly, with both her hands now, so much so that her knuckles went white. The driver, a broad man, with a serious face, immediately rolled down his window bowed down at the goddess, shoved 10 rupees inside the bucket, mumbled something, and quickly rolled up the window. Before she knew it, the light went green and Meera knew she had to stop and step aside. (*Was this how love looked like? A boring-looking man.*)

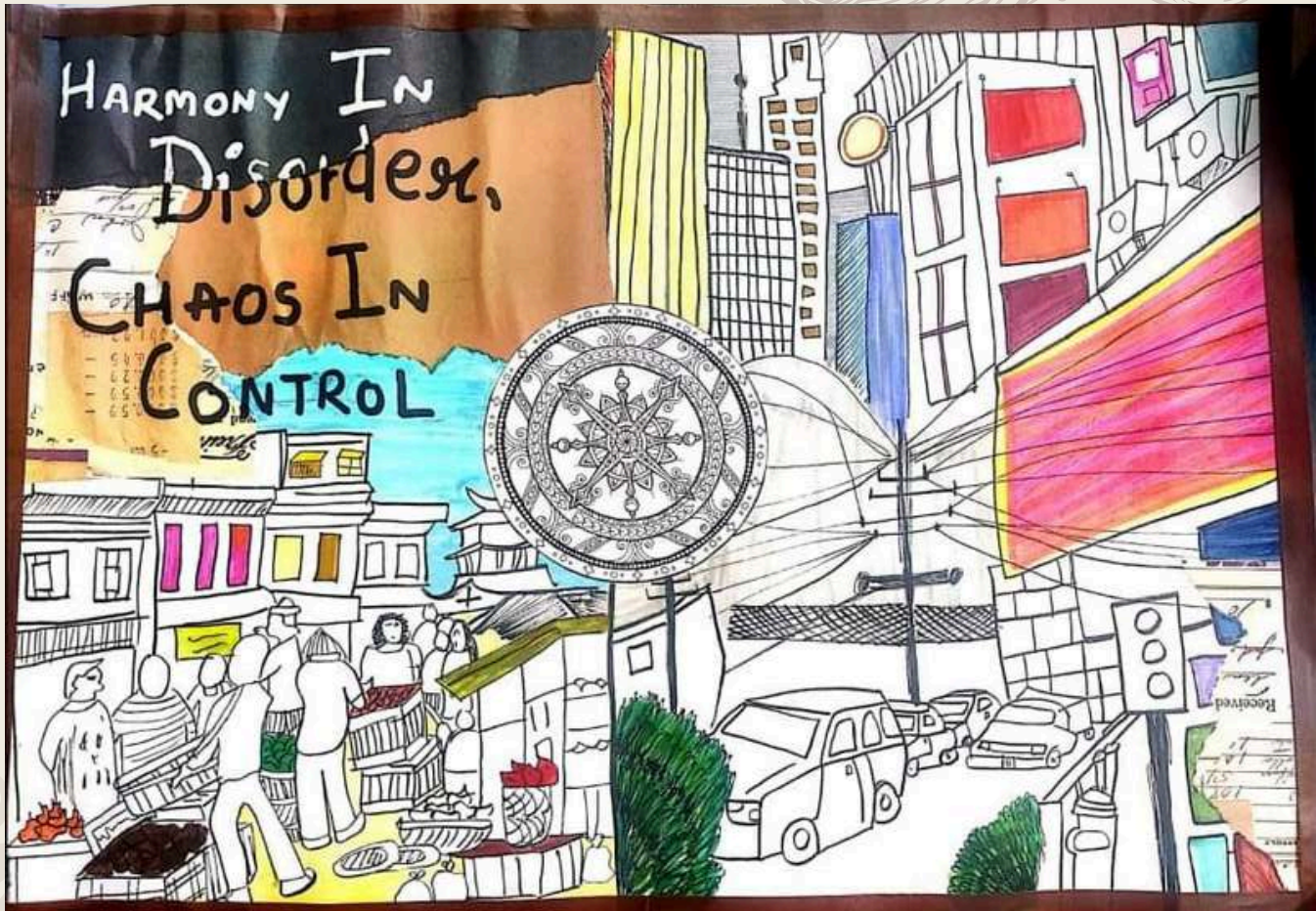
Maybe it was what she was wearing. Nothing but a long woolen t-shirt that belonged to Bidi and a ragged pair of slippers. But she didn't have anything else. Desperate to win, she tried again, the next time the light went red. Her hope is still burning even in the dead of winter.

\*



“200 rupees!! Meera, your statue is magical! Maybe we should all take it in turns.” Both Bobby and Bidi were dancing and laughing around the small bonfire they made to get some warmth on this cold winter night in January. The roads were finally a little silent but not asleep. Meera won the challenge of the day. Or was it the goddess? She sat there, looking at the fire, eating a packet of biscuits the boys got with the loot, wondering what it feels like to feel love. (*What even is love?*)

– Florence Paul  
M.A. English  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)



Haytesha Chillar

B.A. English (4<sup>th</sup> semester)



India Habitat Cente, Delhi –Vanya Nautiyal



## Spelling Bee



Make as many 4 or more lettered words as you can from the given letters, but all must contain the central letter!

wordle





# CHANCELLORS

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*“ Words form the thread on which we string  
our experiences” -  
Aldous Huxley*



# Artificial Intelligence: Transformation of Job opportunities

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is no longer a concept confined to science fiction; it is a living reality, shaping our everyday experiences. From doing a student's assignment to lifting heavy objects, it can do anything. We can see how automation has impacted the workforce in different industries such as manufacturing, transportation, healthcare and many more.

While it offers great advancement, it also raises various employment concerns.

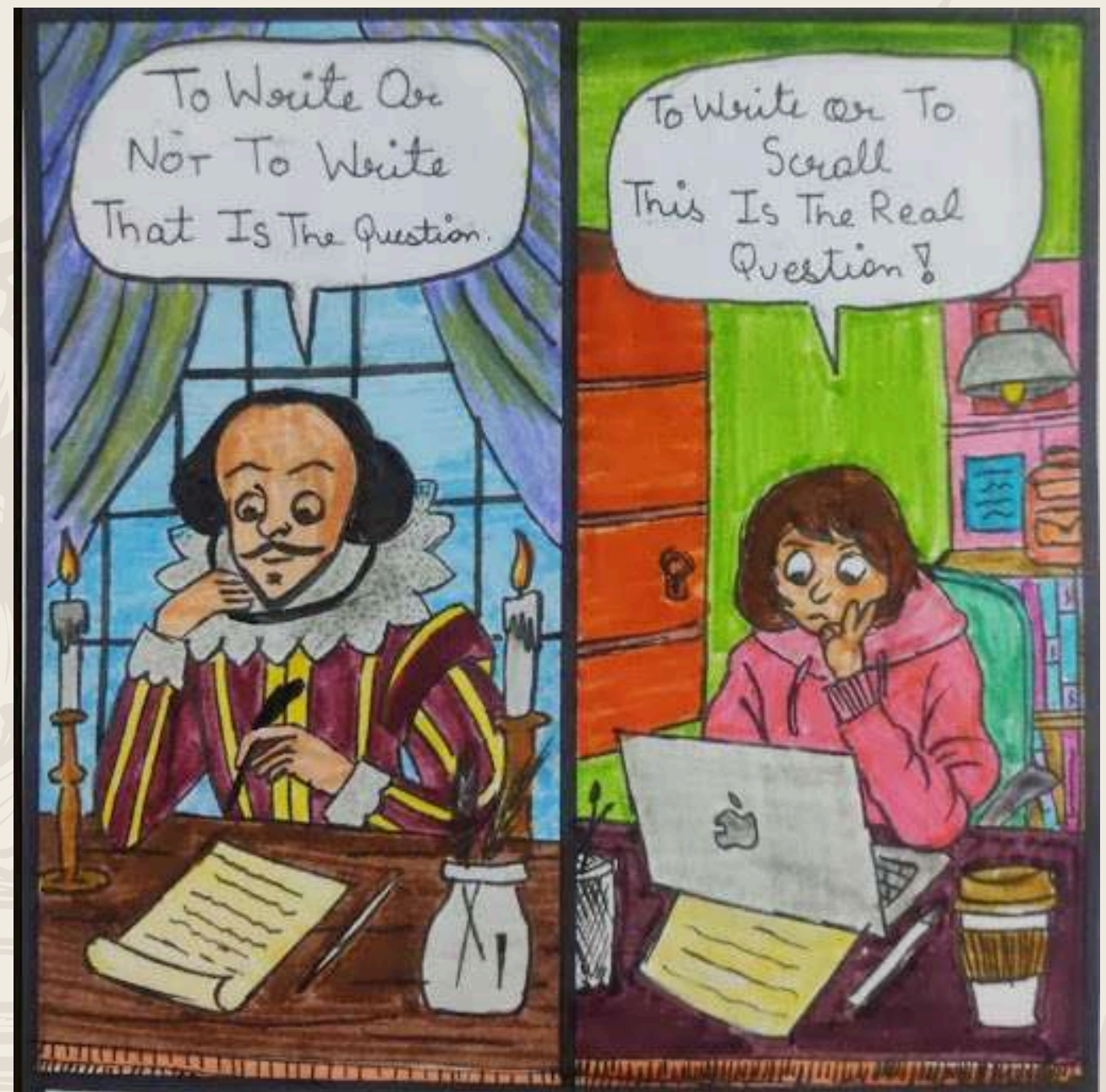
Big machines have led to faster development, but at the same time, have stripped the work opportunities of millions of people, from factory workers replaced by robots, taxi drivers replaced by self-driving cars or retail store cashiers replaced by self-checkout systems. Since 2000, about 1.7 million manufacturing jobs have disappeared as their tasks have become automated.

But AI has also created new opportunities, redefining roles, and demanding new skill sets. The key to cope with this new change is to adapt and continue learning about this new era. We are all aware about the fantastic work done by Chat GPT. The newer version "Chat GPT-4" is even more intelligent and would automate tasks such as writing codes, testing, debugging, drafting emails and so much more. Artificial Intelligence has led to the rise of new job roles that did not exist a decade ago. With its help we can now go to different planets and connect to people across the globe. Without it all the mesmerizing creations would not be possible. In order to thrive in this new landscape job seekers must focus on acquiring technical skills such as coding, data analysis, and AI literacy.

The government is also organizing workshops for AI-human interaction to bridge the gap between them. It is not a threat but an opportunity for the growth of mankind.

-Sakshi Sharma

B.A. English Literature  
(2<sup>nd</sup> semester)



Haytesha Chillar

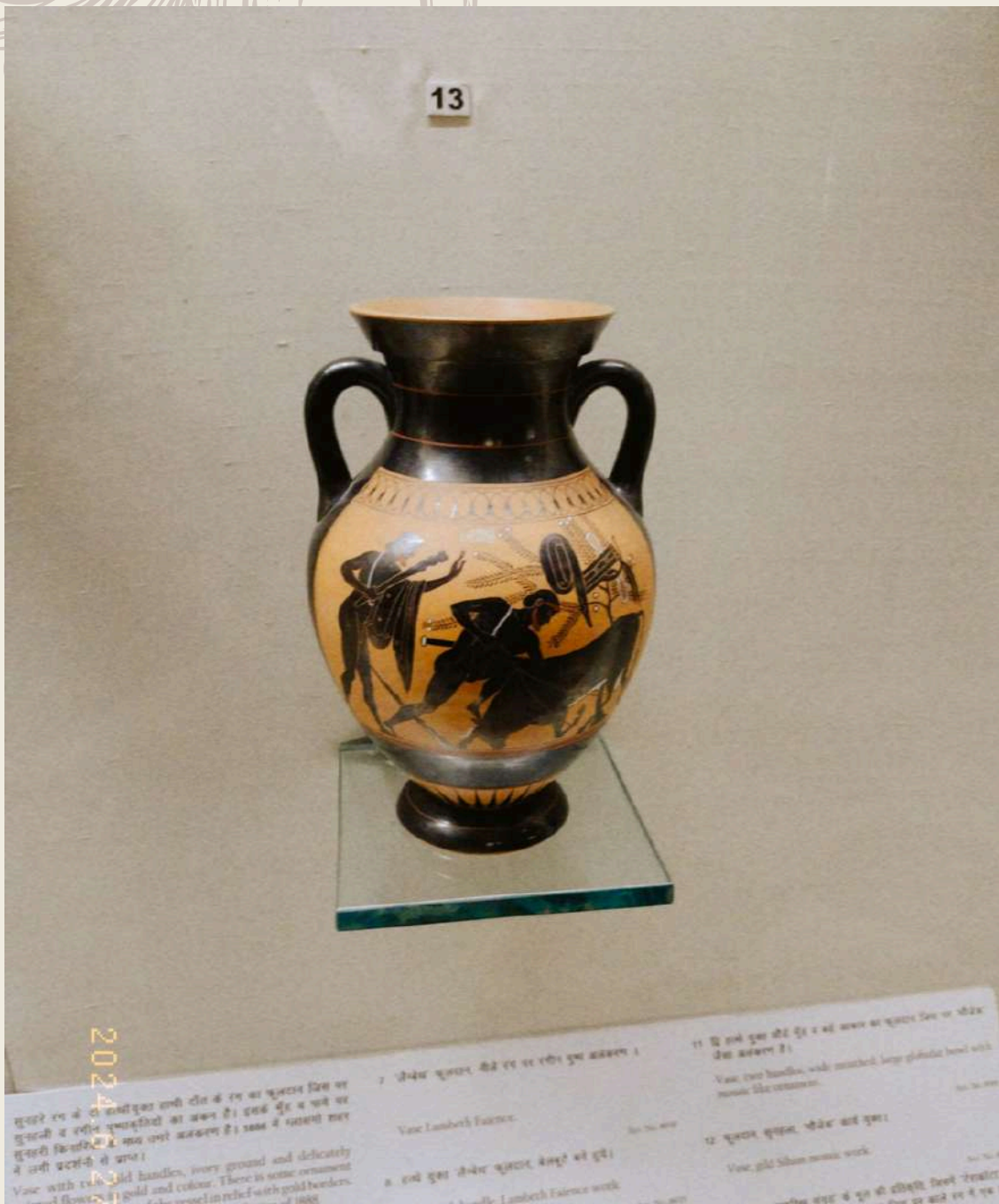
B.A. English (4<sup>th</sup> semester)

## Why 'Pinterest' is a must have app

### How the app works-

Suppose you installed pinterest on your phone. You sign in with your email and finish making an account. You're now a part of the pinterest community! The home page will show infinite images, which are called 'pins'. You start scrolling through them and find something that you want to save. The first instinct is to take a screenshot. But if you are anything like me, that particular screenshot will get lost within your other screenshots and you might never find it again. Pinterest allows you to categorize your pins by creating groups or 'boards' to save them. This makes your ideas and interests organized and easily accessible.





Albert Hall Museum, Jaipur – Avanika Verma

Pinterest as a ‘stress buster’-

Mental health issues are getting serious as the days are passing by. Everyone needs a medium to alleviate their stress. What app should you have on your phone which can help you relax with just a click? You must be thinking about a ‘meditation’ or a ‘yoga’ app. Well, the answer is Pinterest. Just ask yourself this question, can

you do ‘yoga’ while you’re waiting to appear for an interview? Absolutely not. Can you meditate when you’re surrounded by a very loud crowd? Most probably, no. What you can do anytime and anywhere is look at pretty pictures, maybe read some quotes or plan your dream life in your head to distract yourself from something you’re stressing about. Pinterest offers thousands of ‘pins’ for you to look at, save, and get inspired.

Pintrest as compared to other socia platforms

The toxicity on the internet is flaring up everyday. From trolling individuals to serious cyber crimes, hatred is spreading and affecting the thoughts of our youth. Social Media can add to your stress if you get indulged in a ‘war

of words’. You need a platform where you can express yourself and without others being judgemental about your personality. Pinterest can be that medium for you. You can get inspiration and even be inspirational. You can share pins with your friends and even try to recreate pins posted by other users. You will notice the decrease in the amount of toxicity after comparing pinterest to other social media applications.

In conclusion, Pinterest is a must-have app due to its unique ability to inspire creativity, organize ideas, and offer personalized recommendations across a wide array of interests. Its visually appealing platform makes it easy to discover new trends, plan projects, and find solutions, whether for personal use or professional growth. With features that encourage collaboration, creativity, and exploration, Pinterest stands out as a valuable tool for anyone looking to fuel their imagination and achieve their goals, making it an essential addition to your app collection.

-Anamika Singh  
B.A. English Literature  
(4th semester)

# Educating the Next Generation: Pehchaan the Street School's Role in Sustainable Development

Education is one of the main pillars in sustainable development which basically empowers humans with knowledge and information and many more skills necessary to upgrade life. They play their fate into a positive state, contributing positively towards society. Pehchaan the Street School is helping in this regard. It is an Indian-based NGO that works



towards the holistic education of underprivileged children by providing them with a quality learning experience in schools. By bridging the gaps in Education, Pehchaan The Street School Contributes a great deal to Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) as established by the United Nations.

Quality education, free and accessible to all, is a goal of sustainable development. Pehchaan the Street School, in that light, aims to offer free education along with providing room for study materials and food every day for families belonging under the BPL. Through these initiatives they narrow the divide between privilege and under-privilege, thereby providing children with a means to escape poverty — opening gateways that can help them turn lives around. Additionally, Pehchaan the Street School works to further gender equality by establishing an all-inclusive learning environment that allows both boys and girls to remain in school.

Additionally, the course of action on Pehchaan The Street School comes with a focus on environmental conservation, and social responsibility. The school teaches children about climate change, waste management and sustainability — building values that are necessary for bringing a future to reality. It is not only theoretical, but the students are asked to participate in various activities carried out for cleaning or tree plantation purposes at a community level so that they understand their role as well.

As we mentioned above, Pehchaan the Street School is not only serving humanity by educating upcoming buds of our future but also a promoting milestone towards sustainable development. Through providing quality education for the most marginalized by raising environmental responsibility, several initiatives

at school serve as building blocks towards an equal, just and sustainable world. education for the most marginalized by raising environmental responsibility, several initiatives at school serve as building blocks towards an equal, just and sustainable world.

-Shamita Mukesh Tiwari  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)

*The Talk of the  
Tavern ~*  
*a significant literary  
event - The New Delhi  
World Book Fair  
2025 was held from  
February 1-9 at  
Bharat Mandapam,  
with Russia being the  
guest of honor and  
drew over 2.5 million  
visitors. It featured  
creative exhibits on  
the Constitution of  
India and its  
foundational ideals.  
There were visits  
from prominent  
figures such as  
Shashi Tharoor,  
Pankaj Tripathi,  
Pushpesh Pant and  
Durjoy Dutta as well  
as the National Book  
Trust's PM YUVA  
team mentoring  
young authors.*





# SCHOLARS

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*“A book must be the axe for the frozen sea  
within us” -  
Franz Kafka*



# Days at the Morisaki Bookshop: a novel by Satoshi Yagisawa

*Days at the Morisaki Bookshop* is a warm and easy-to-read book, perfect for enjoying with a cup of coffee. The writing is simple and engaging, making it a great choice for beginners or anyone who wants a relaxing read.

The story follows a young girl who feels lost and heartbroken. She finds comfort in books and the support of her uncle, who helps her discover the power of literature. As she spends time in Morisaki Bookshop, she slowly heals and finds herself again. The book shows how reading can bring comfort and help people grow. One of the best things about this book is its simplicity. The story is smooth and easy to follow, making it perfect for those who do not read often. The emotions are soft and touching, making readers connect with the main character's journey. The bookstore setting adds a cozy and magical feel, making it a dream-like place for book lovers.

This book is not just about sadness and healing, it also celebrates the love of reading. It shows how books can take us to different worlds, give us company, and help us through difficult times. The bond between the girl and her uncle is another special part of the book. His wisdom and kindness help her find hope again, showing how important family support is.

If you find heavy or complicated books hard to read, *Days at the Morisaki Bookshop* is a great choice. It is light, enjoyable, and easy to get into, even if you are not in the mood to read. It does not require too much effort but still leaves a strong impression.

Overall, this novel is a great read for anyone looking for a simple but meaningful story. It is good for readers of all ages and perfect for those wanting to start a reading habit. The book reminds us how we can heal and guides us through tough times. If you want something easy, heartwarming, and inspiring, *Days at the Morisaki Bookshop* is worth picking up.

-Navyata Singh  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)



Vrinda Gupta

BA Economics (2nd semester)

## Power Dynamics in George Orwell's Animal Farm

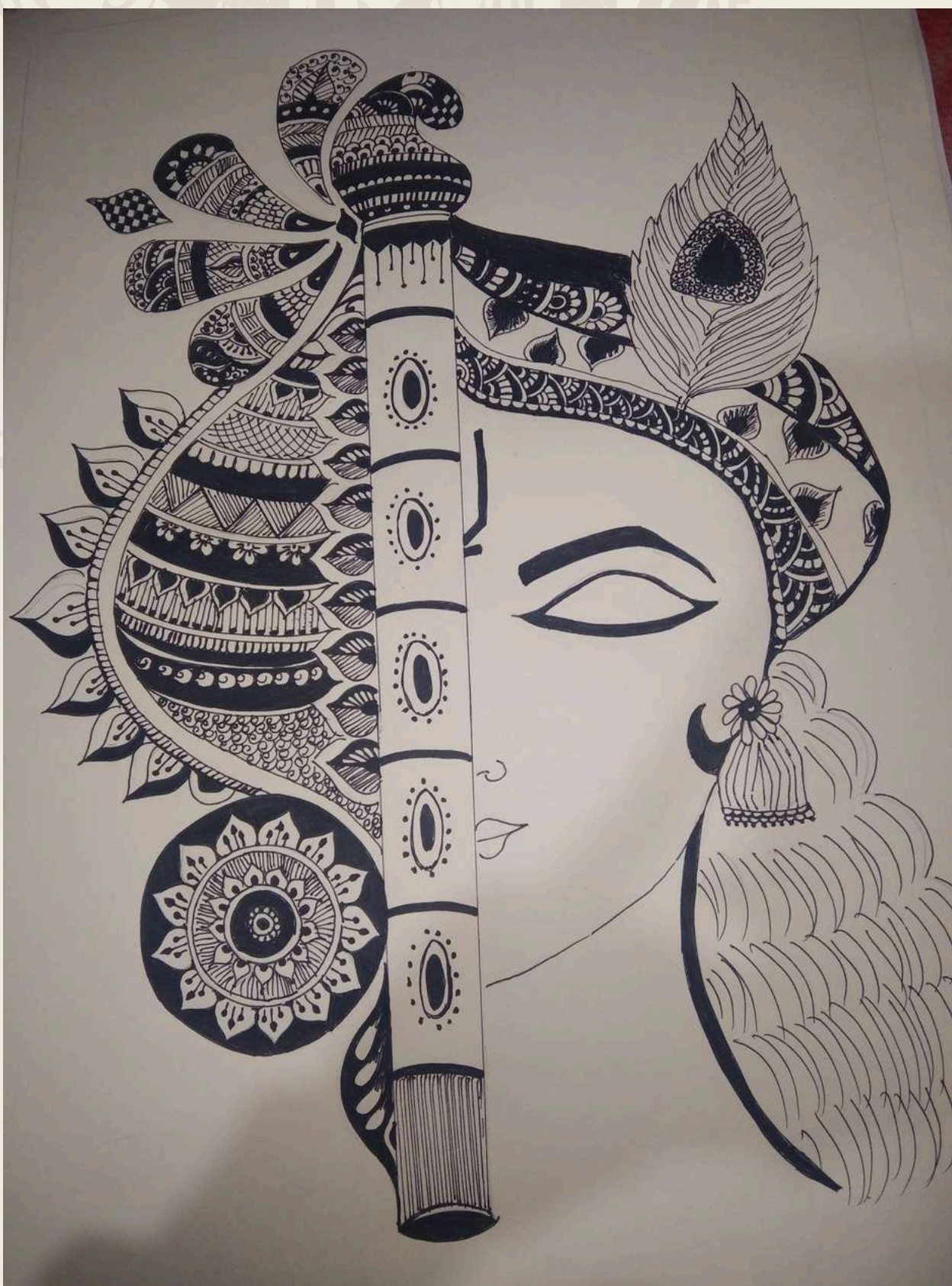
*Revolutions promise change, but who benefits when the dust settles?*

George Orwell in his novella- *Animal Farm* conveys a powerful representation of how power is acquired, consolidated, and abused. Through the story of a seemingly simple farm, he aims to present a compelling parable of political manipulation and control, followed by relentless inequality. With this, he explains how power functions when wielded by those who seek to dominate others.



The story begins with a group of farm animals uniting to overthrow their human oppressor, Mr. Jones. Inspired by the dream of Old Major, an elderly pig, they establish a new system based on the principles of equality, solidarity, and morality. To ensure fairness, they create the Seven Commandments, a set of rules that list the rights of all animals. However, as time passes, these ideals are systematically altered by those in power, demonstrating how manipulation can reshape an entire society.

Three key figures emerge as the leaders: Napoleon, Snowball, and Squealer. While Snowball is an intelligent and strategic thinker, Napoleon is ruthless, always only prioritizing his own control over the welfare of others. Squealer, serving as a spokesperson, skilfully distorts facts, convincing the other animals that every change is for their own good. This trio represents the ways in which leaders justify their actions, often using deception to maintain their influence.



As Napoleon gains absolute power, he eliminates his rivals, including Snowball, and ensures that no one dares to question his authority. He uses fear and a loyal force of guard dogs to suppress any dissent. The animals, despite their initial hopes for equality, find themselves working harder than ever while receiving only the bare minimum for survival. Meanwhile, Napoleon and the other pigs indulge in luxury, exploiting the labour of their fellow animals.

One of the most striking aspects of the novella is the gradual alteration of the Seven Commandments. These rules, originally meant to ensure fairness, are subtly changed to suit Napoleon's needs. For instance, what once declared that all animals were equal is eventually rewritten to state: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." This demonstrates how those in power manipulate language and ideology to justify their dominance, making it difficult for the oppressed to recognize their exploitation.

Further cementing his rule, Napoleon engages in trade with human farmers, something that was initially forbidden. This ironic shift highlights how leaders often betray their original principles for personal gain. The slogan "Two legs bad, four legs good" is eventually replaced with its opposite, signifying how political ideologies are reshaped to benefit the ruling class.

With this we understand how, primarily, *Animal Farm* is an exact representation of our society because it reflects the way power structures operate in our real world. Just like in the novella, those in authority often manipulate information and exploit the working class to maintain control. The gradual shift from equality to oppression mirrors how governments, corporations, and leaders justify inequality through subtle deception.



Orwell's story successfully shows us how promises of fairness and justice can be twisted to serve the interests of the powerful while the majority continue to struggle under the illusion of freedom.

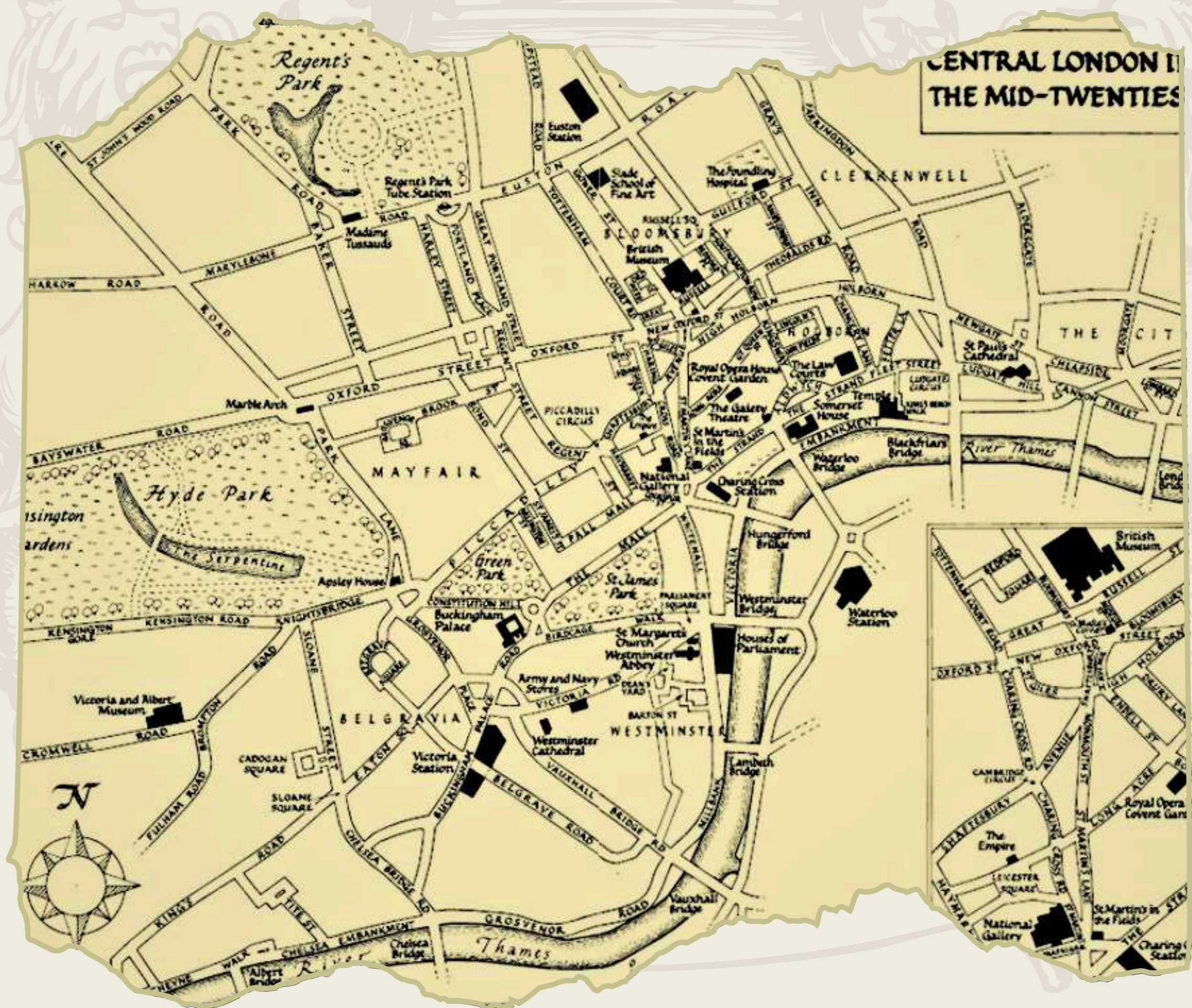
Orwell's *Animal Farm* is more than just a simple story about animals! It is a reflective critique of authoritarianism and the corrupting nature of power. Through manipulation and the gradual erosion of equality, the once-promising society of the farm becomes indistinguishable from the oppressive system it initially sought to overthrow. The novella serves as an important notice and realisation of how easily power can be abused, and how societies must remain vigilant to prevent history from repeating itself.

-Vidushi Gupta  
B.A. English Literature  
(4<sup>th</sup> semester)

“Why did the stingy bookworm read *The Lyrical Ballads* over and over again?”

-“She wanted to get her Word's Worth”

Join us and let the cicerone take you on a tour of *Mrs. Dalloway*'s world, crafted through stories by Woolf-







## The World Has Been Cruel To Me

Taking myself out of the agony that the world is set on causing me by causing myself the same agony ten times over. The world has been cruel to me so I must be crueller, I must turn away from pity and piety alike, and make the ones who have tried to share it with me flinch at my refusal to take it. It's for them, see? It's for their sake alone. The world has been cruel to me for a reason because there has to be a reason. There has to be a reason for the days to kick me in the exact same spot in my ribs again and again. The blood and fluid filling my lungs and my throat and dripping from my mouth right now must just be returning home. The world is cruel and I have been crueller by thinking that I am worthy of the love in it. I have taken the warmth of the heart and the heart for granted. I have walked barefoot grass and gritty sand, I have felt the mountain creek curve around my waist and the sea current tug me along, I have shaken sleep from my limbs and opened my eyes to the first shade of dawn. I have opened my arms to the summer rain, I have pressed every dying flower between obsolete dictionaries. I have selfishly seen all the beauty the world has to offer and thought that I belong to it too. The world has not been cruel to me, not at all. It has returned to me every time I have cast it away, it has brought me the dawn, the sun and the moon in the same sky, it has given me so much love and beauty and kindness every single time, it has given me so many second chances but for naught. The world has not been cruel enough to me so I have to be crueller, to make up for the fact that I have only taken, but never given back.

Vanya Nautiyal  
MA English  
(2nd semester)

## White/Brown

I sit in white walls on brown bed sheets,  
tainting white pages with brown paint.  
To write words of white fathers  
with brown wounds and eyes;  
Whispers of brown mothers, white lies,  
pale-faces moon-like.  
The darkness of deep thought,  
Of shallow stinging natural light;  
For the gaze of the public  
or for the pleasure of mine.  
Truths and hurt remain the same-  
generations, nations, in finance, or blind.  
  
Wearing brown on white skin;  
At Least in the king's court's minds.  
Halls of cream, devoid of tan;  
Only to polish the porcelain till it shines.  
Porcelain- a rich word,  
Laced with lead, beauty of pearl  
Pearl in red, never a red pearl  
blood-masked faces of beauty unfurled.  
Of agony, of anguish, of love, of lure,  
Allow me to repeat the age-old metaphor.

Avanika Verma  
MA English  
(2nd semester)





# Meet The Team



**Vanya Nantiyal**  
**Editor-in-Chief**

*All of those horrible literary puns in this newsletter are mine by the way ;) you're welcome/I apologise*

**Avanika Verma**  
**Co-editor**

*The most fun a girl can have is color, collect, categorise, shape, scale and align and I sure did have the best time.*

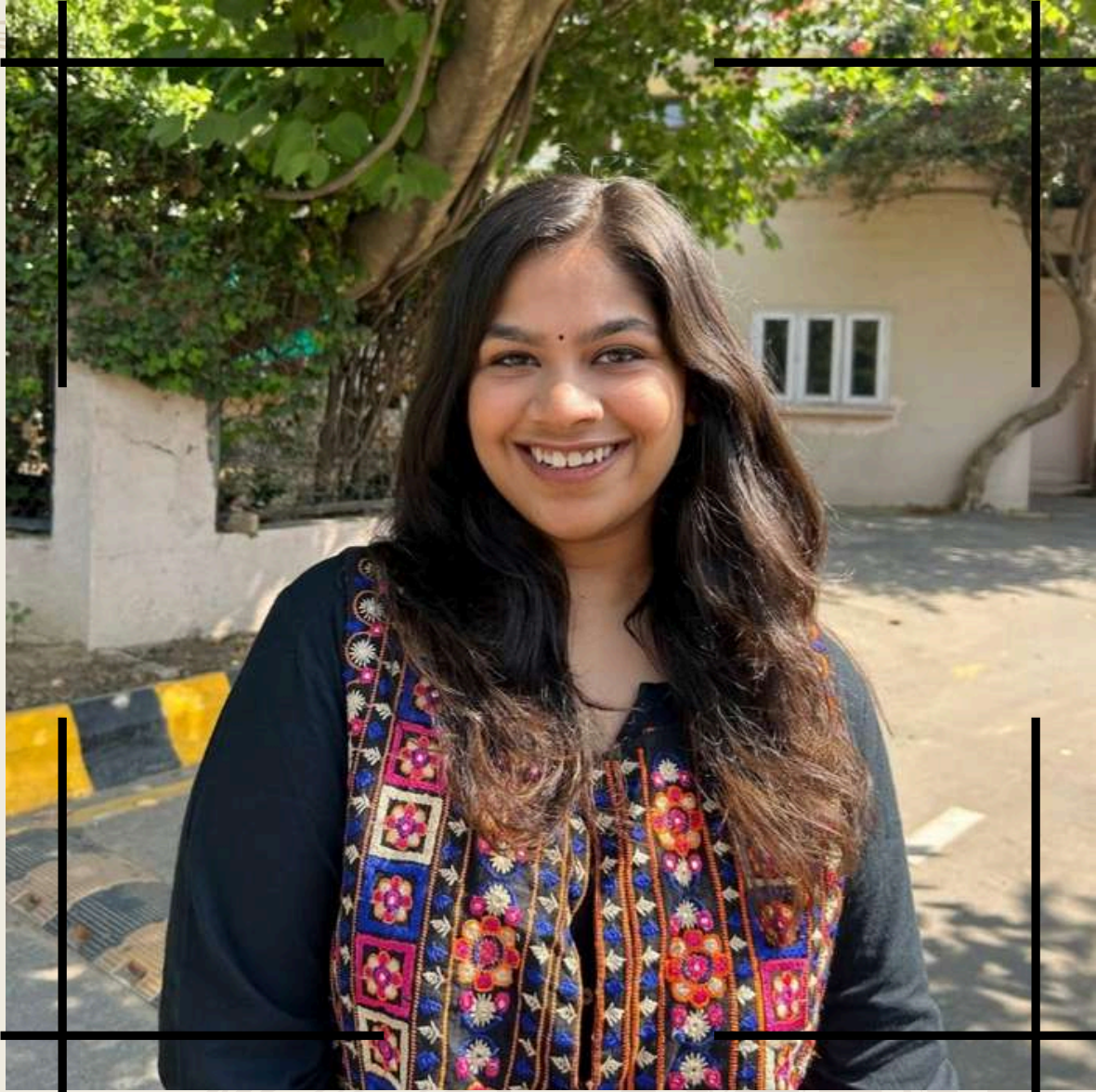


**Gifty Catherine Thomas**  
**Co-Editor**

*Working on this feeling like Rory Gilmore from Gilmore Girls. I would recommend this experience; 10/10!*







## Muskaan Mathur Publishing Team

*Literature taught me to read  
between the lines, while  
reviewing these pieces taught  
me to honour what lies within  
them. 10/10 experience!*

## Aashali Bansal Publishing Team

*The amount of literary talent I  
came across in this newsletter  
is insane! Such a great  
experience <3*



## Jiya Bansal Typist

*Reading these felt like  
someone had handed me  
their truth. Raw, honest,  
and quiet overwhelming.*







**Shruti Mangla**  
**Creative Team**

*In the end it is all about the experience! Hope you had a great time reading the newsletter and liked its aesthetics.*

**Vrinda Gupta**  
**Creative Team**

*Every experience I gained while designing the newsletter was a brushstroke on the canvas of my life, adding color and depth!!*

