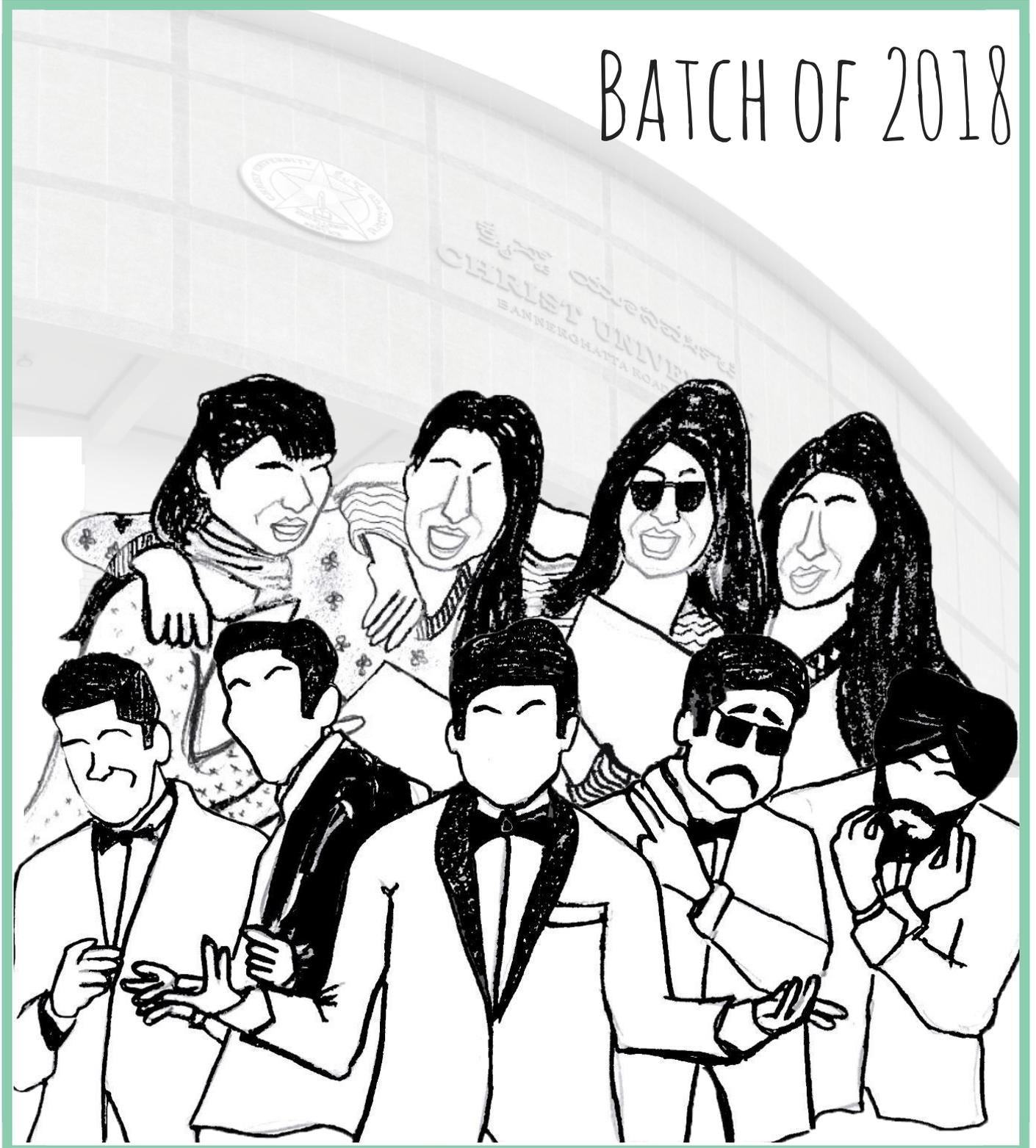


LitScape

VOLUME 3 | ISSUE 1 | JANUARY 2018

BATCH OF 2018





From Team
LitScape

Aritra Sikdar

An ending is always painful. But what if we see it as an opportunity to begin? This issue of *Litscape* is dedicated to this idea. As an amazing batch of seniors leave us, we are all desperately looking for ways to thank them for all that they've done and this issue is our way of doing it. This month brings to you submissions from seniors and some of the best writers on campus. Venturing upon a new year with new responsibilities to fulfill, we were both excited, if nothing else, about it. But who knew that work could be so enjoyable? With a wonderful team to support us, even the stressful times soon eased out. A whole new team works behind *Litscape* this year hoping to bring in new ideas and a whole new zeal to it. Loads of hard work has gone behind this and we hope you had a great time reading!

- N Malavika Mohan

2018, took a toll on us as well as our seniors. As their reign came to an end and we feared what the beginning held, and from this came about our theme for the January Issue "Beginnings & Endings". With January being the start of a year, we hope that our audience feel every bit of what collapsed in the past year and what was given birth to in 2018. It was a treat to work with the new team members who with their determination and dedication produced an amalgamation, the *Litscape*. As a team, Malavika and I faced challenges from time to time but with the good-spirited bunch of people we had, a task felt no more than a routine. A huge thanks to the batch of 2018 who will be cherished through these pages and forever hold in our hearts.

- Riya Chauhan

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LOOKING FOR HOME

DIPSHIKHA SINHA

**Buried in
Six feet of seriousness,
She was wrapped in
A shroud of joy.**

**A popular girl in school—
Monitoring and captaining,
Socializing and making friends,
Flitting between parties and sleepovers
Yet she craved only for
The company of solitude.**

**Somewhere between
Trying to please others,
Between drawing affection and respect,
She forgot to read herself.**

**Covered in
Six feet of seriousness,
She was unfathomable.
No one could unravel her mystery—
Sometimes, not even she herself.**

**Her thoughts were Fort Knox,
Sporadic behaviour was her m.o.
Stealthily, but surely
She shrunk into her shell.**



**On her face,
A smile plastered
As pretty as Paris.
But gushing down her eyes
Was a different story.**

**Amidst it all,
She found no snug niche
Where she fit in.
She now rests in peace,
Not in some lowly, earthly abode
But even lower—
Buried under
Six feet of seriousness.**



CONJOINED LOVERS

SHEELALIPI SAHANA



Wearing the garland of fate,
Radha looked into his muscular eyes
and saw not her own reflection
but that of a crumpled paper
whose sides could easily topple over
and yet whose edges could slit his fingers
Krishna's cobalt dripped into Radha's ivory
to create discordant harmonies
that made the world come alive
but put them both to eternal sleep.
They were conjoined lovers,
always together, never united.

Eventually his side pulled hard enough
to rip her flesh and her heart.

He slapped her once, then twice more,
drawing blood where earlier there was only affection.

He couldn't bear to see her white beauty,
that turned his mind as blue as his skin.

She was the reason for his torment
because her name ended with an 'a' and not 'i'.

He wanted her when he knew he shouldn't,
so she suffered when he knew she shouldn't.





She walked around the lands
with red bruises and red eyes,
hungry for her man,
hungry for his end.

She devoured his power
ate his anger, consumed his evils
and gave birth to white carnations
that would one day
spread the incense of a love,
as pure as the Ganga,
as wicked as Shakuni
and as complicated as Time.



A TRYST WITH LIFE

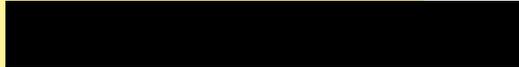
Kuldeep R Jain



The young lad stood amidst lush and sprawling
grass,
A heart divine, a soul enamoured, an eye that
missed a pass.

The winter sun shone in full glory,
The mellifluous chirps of unknown birds,
The dwindling leaves of the whistling trees,
And the rippling waters of the lazing lake
Crafted the perfect setting for an enthralling love
story.

The lad stood tall, far from strife,
He was there for a tryst with life!





The sun crossed the horizon into the bounds of oblivion,
The twinkling stars and the dazed moon,
The rustling leaves and the whispering palms,
And the simmering lights of distant homes,
Provided the perfect setting for an ethereal union.

The lad stood firm, far from strife,
He was there for a tryst with life!

The night grew cold, quiet and dark
The simmering lights lost their glow,
The whining leaves stopped a while,
A lazy cloud shrouded the moon.
It was at this perfect hour that the lad saw a spark!

The tender heart moved, far from strife,
He was there for a tryst with life!

His heart skipped a beat, still pristine and pure,
Beads of pearls adorned his forehead,
Chilling shivers down his dauntless spine,
Mind fazed and spirit blazed, he rose
To find his life, amidst love galore!

The enamoured soul moved, far from strife,
He was there for a tryst with life!



[REDACTED]

The spark became a gleam,
The stars shone bright,
The symphony of rippling waters wafted across the
meadows...
The fragrance of his newly wed wife,
Woke him from his dream!

The bleary eyes moved, to behold his beloved wife,
There was never a tryst with life!



[REDACTED]

SOAKED
TO THE
SKIN

SRINJOY DEY

While you pick cherry blossoms
off the corner flowerpot,

The iron rod sticks out of the
pavement insolently.

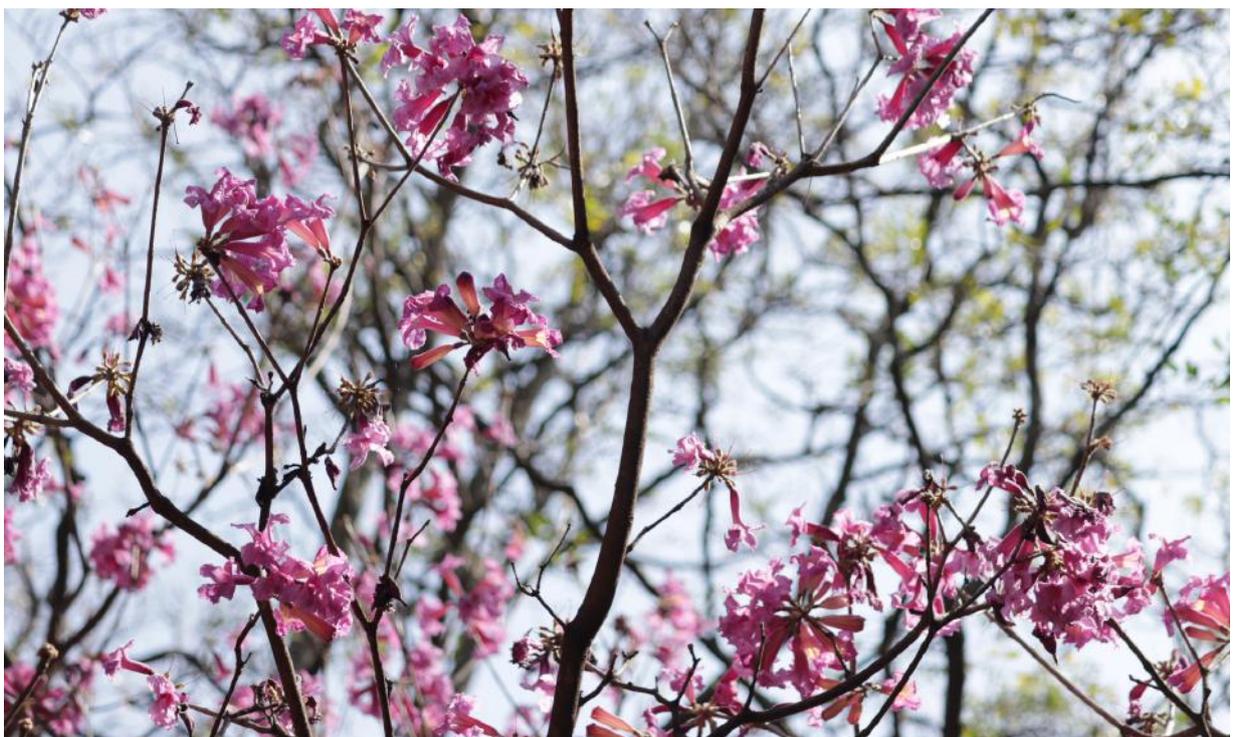
There is nothing innocent
about the busy voices.

There is nothing too
busy about the voices.

Just illusion that sounds
are capable of sometimes---

Did I say pick cherry blossoms?

Sorry. Mistake.
Cherry blossoms
don't grow in pots!

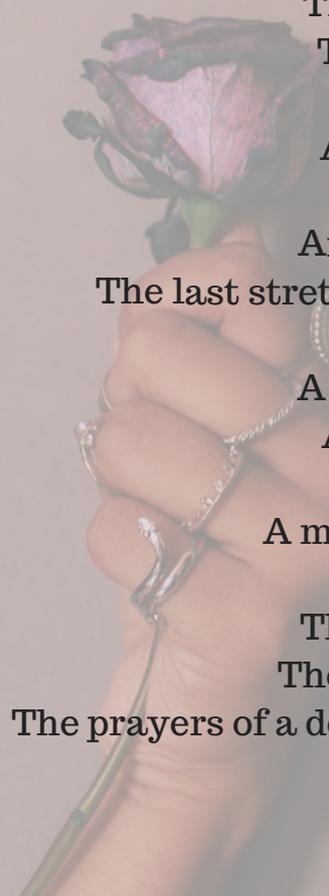


EKSHIKA PARNAMI

May we have days with
Endless summers on beaches far away,
Silence expressing more than words could say,
Sleeping under infinite stars on a breezy night,
Dinner with a loved one in flickering candle light;

May we have days with
Raindrops on a window pane and a favorite book in hand,
Wandering through the vibrant streets of an unknown land,
Listening to people, actually listening, with patience,
A moment so powerful that there ceases to be a past tense;

May we have days with
Music so loud that you can't hear your mind anymore,
Folks so genuine that they touch your core,
Acts of kindness that make you believe in all that is good,
Attempts to understand instead of being desperate to be
understood

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a pink rose. The hand is adorned with several rings and a bracelet. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

If I could, I would become,
A bird exploring the depths of the sky,
The rain falling on a land so dry,
The subtle and pure moonlight,
A blind man's pious sight.
If I could, I would become,
The fragrance of beautiful flowers,
A cancer patient's extra hours,
The lyrics of an amazing song,
The lullaby of nights so long.
If I could, I would become,
A free and independent kite,
A good meal's last bite,
An innocent child's wide smile,
The last stretch of a hardworking soul, the extra mile.
If I could, I would become,
A broken heart's desire to love,
A noble man's wish to serve,
A tired man's sound sleep,
A memorable souvenir gift to keep.
If I could, I would become,
The pen of a thoughtful writer,
The courage of a freedom fighter,
The prayers of a devoted saint, An empty canvas' colorful paint.



The first phase of our lives will always be fresh in our minds.
We crave for reliving it, we long for rewinds,
This chapter that was devoid of routine and stress-filled life,
When everyday was effortless, there was an absence of
strife.

Childhood, marked with innocence and purity,
There were dreams of rainbows and fairies, all credits to
Disney.

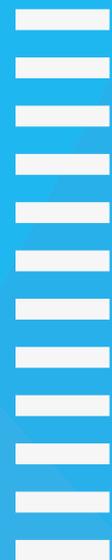
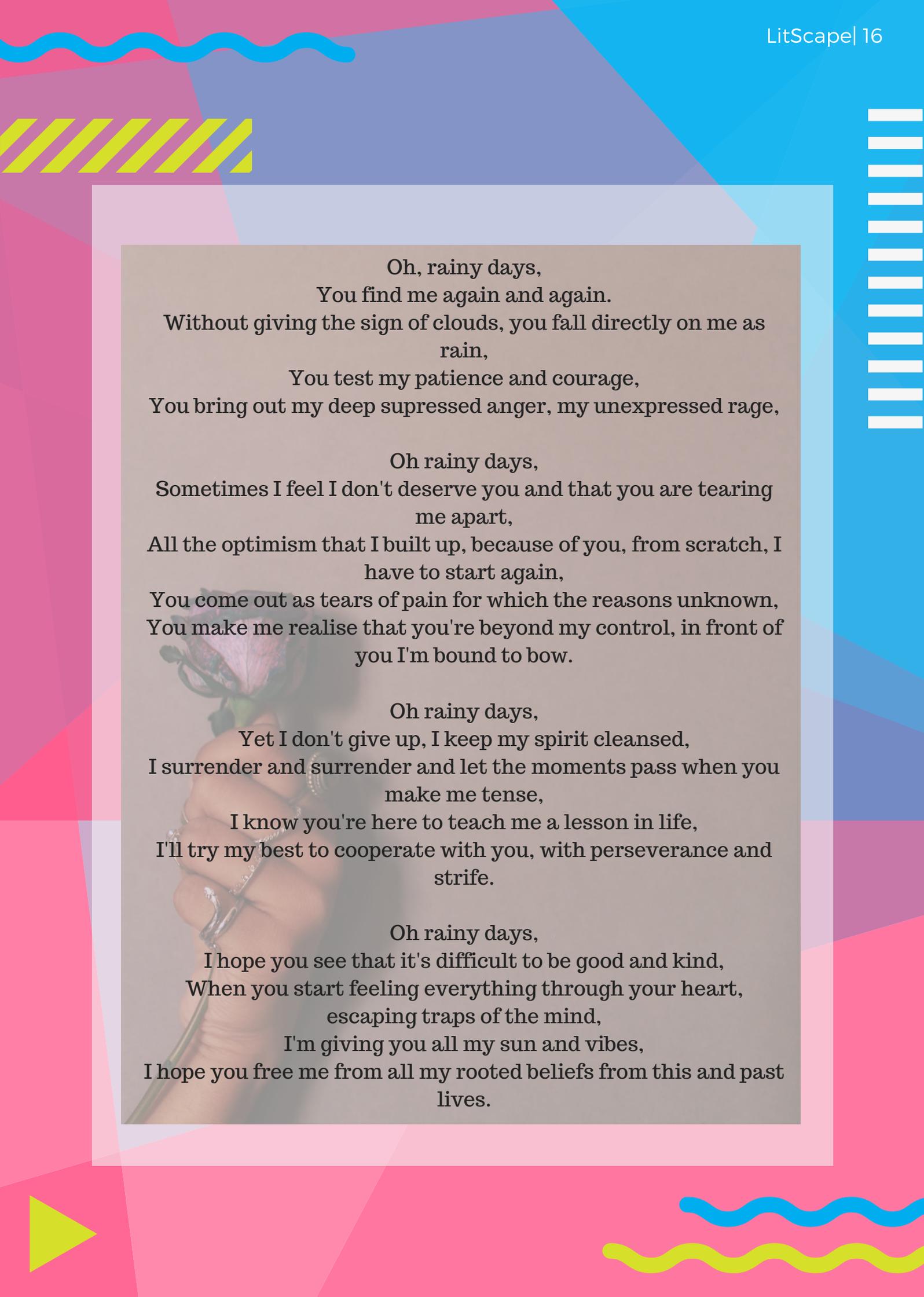
Eating and sleeping were the only major concerns,
We were curious to question everything, willing to learn.

Ego was absent, our hearts filled with love and magnificence,
We had a carefree approach and a clear conscience,
But does age have anything to do with lost emotions?
Wasn't it more of a choice to kill the child within us?

So, sing like no one's watching, dance like a maniac,
Who cares if anyone calls you crazy or crack?
Laugh till you get an unbearable stomach ache, smile more,
Just like a child, love yourself to the core.

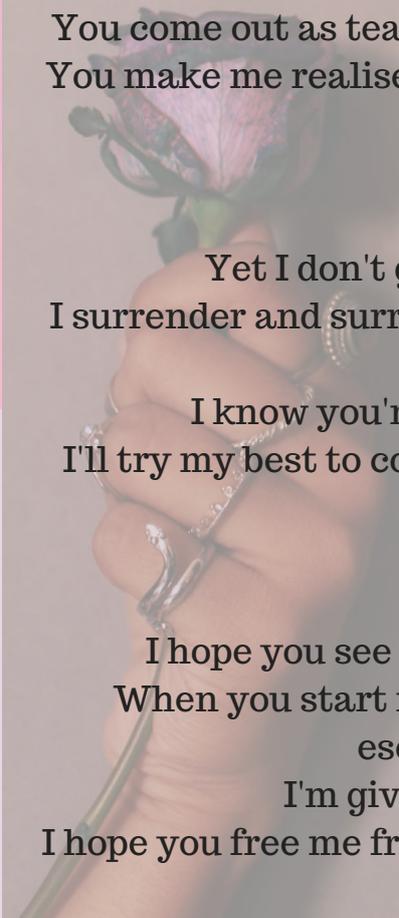
Don't let the essence of childhood die in you,
Laugh and cry, fall and rise, that is your virtue,
Don't just reminisce, recreate your childhood.
You have the power to add the same beauty to adulthood.





Oh, rainy days,
You find me again and again.
Without giving the sign of clouds, you fall directly on me as
rain,
You test my patience and courage,
You bring out my deep suppressed anger, my unexpressed rage,

Oh rainy days,
Sometimes I feel I don't deserve you and that you are tearing
me apart,
All the optimism that I built up, because of you, from scratch, I
have to start again,
You come out as tears of pain for which the reasons unknown,
You make me realise that you're beyond my control, in front of
you I'm bound to bow.



Oh rainy days,
Yet I don't give up, I keep my spirit cleansed,
I surrender and surrender and let the moments pass when you
make me tense,
I know you're here to teach me a lesson in life,
I'll try my best to cooperate with you, with perseverance and
strife.

Oh rainy days,
I hope you see that it's difficult to be good and kind,
When you start feeling everything through your heart,
escaping traps of the mind,
I'm giving you all my sun and vibes,
I hope you free me from all my rooted beliefs from this and past
lives.

WORDS

BURIED

WITHIN

VANSHEEKA
VERMA



There are words on my painted lips that have been stuck too long for a poet's throat. It's killing me softly, maybe I can speak about it now because the endings don't matter but the new beginnings do. I don't want to hang in the shadows anymore.

It's a fleeting moment, this kiss, this night, these three years. I don't know if it was the influence or the cold of the night, you looked like a good idea. A heartbeat away, too easy to catch, too hard to keep. Maybe you knew I liked those, the bad ones. The ones that could make me curve my back so that the next morning I could collect my broken pieces and run away.

And what did you do? You decided to stay. To make me feel things I cursed the devil for. To breathe life into my rotting bones and 3 a.m. stars. You kissed me on my forehead and whispered wishes on my falling lashes. You built a home in me.

But, the houses standing on the graveyard don't last long. The dark magic seething in their cracks always burns everything down to ashes. Maybe you realized that. Maybe you didn't. Maybe you weren't even thinking about me when you ran away with the gypsies. You did not turn back to look at the girl who was searching for prophecies in your eyes. I receded back to a burning grave that smelled like you. I put my fences up so high that the sanest of the minds could get tormented trying to find my scent.

This is a letter to all the college romance(s) I never had, he ruined you for me. I was so tight on guarding my own heart that I never noticed the blood on the glass shards sticking out of me. Now, I'm a disappointment they are hiding from. Tell me, now, "Could a kiss hurt?"



MORBID DESIRE

Abigail Sarah George

'Rufus had picked the worst night to get sick', Sophie thought as she drove her two year old Labrador back home from the vet. After getting the injections Rufus was in the back seat, relatively quiet compared to when they had driven up to the hospital. Sophie kept her eyes trained on the long winding road in front, lamenting the fact that she lived so far away from town.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a black sedan appeared in her rearview mirror. She could not make out the driver because of the glare of the headlights but the lights kept changing intensity while the horn honked persistently in the background. When it kept on her tail for the next two miles, the pangs of fear and discomfort grew stronger as beads of sweat broke out on her forehead.

She hit the gas pedal and increased her speed but minutes later, she saw the headlights in the rearview again. The sedan was not thrown off-course but simply kept pace with her. Feeling anxious, she kept her eyes trained on the rearview mirror while her hand reaching behind her to feel the comforting warmth of Rufus' thick, soft fur. Two licks on her hand reassured her enough to drive even faster.

Just then, she saw a pair of glowing eyes on the road in front of her and hit the brakes, barely avoiding the deer in the middle of the path. The deer darted into the dark night as the sedan swerved around her car and took its place before her.

She froze, waiting with a sense of impending doom, as a man jumped out of the driver's seat and immediately approached, yelling "Ma'am, are you all right!?"

Her entire frame sagged as she processed this question. It definitely wasn't what she had been expecting. "There's a masked man in your backseat" he exclaimed. He continued yelling, "I've been trying to signal you for the past half hour."

Sophie screamed as she scrambled out of her car. "Oh my God! My dog's in there. Call the police!"

"I have, they're on the way. Don't worry, I'm armed", said the sedan driver as he pulled a Swiss knife from his pocket that looked wickedly sharp.

He walked towards her rear door and wrenched it open. "What are you doing?" Sophie asked, her voice an octave higher. He smiled a sinister smile as another man alighted from her car and joined him. He was masked, as the other one had said, but covered in blood. 'Rufus' blood?', Sophie thought as horror dawned anew upon her.

"You killed my dog? But he was here a minute ago....he...he just licked my hand..." she blubbered, feeling her mind go hazy as her wits scattered about her. "Honey, humans can lick too", said the face hidden by the mask.

Petrified with the realization that the two men were in cahoots with each other, Sophie knew she was neck-deep in this predicament. It was obvious that the police were not on their way and on this lonely stretch, there was no hope of anyone hearing her screams.

Trying to stall them, she asked, "Is this some sort of a sick game to you? Freak out a girl travelling alone on the highway?" In the far corners of her mind, she still held hope that this was a big trick or prank that was being played on her.

The sedan driver chuckled and shook his head, "Oh no, sugar. We're artists, you see. But the material we use can be considered quite 'unusual' by some people, but personally, I prefer the word 'unconventional'. We need you to help us out with our next project".

The next morning, the town was abuzz with news of a gory scene in the market square. A young woman lay on her back, semi-nude on the pedestal. The pale flesh from the two sides of her back were vertically cut out, framing her sides like wings, while blood ran down her body in rivulets forming a congealed puddle at her feet. The peaceful tilt of her mouth starkly contrasted with the tears of blood running down the stabbed eyes. It would have looked sinfully angelic if it weren't for the fact that her skin had been peeled from every visible ounce of flesh. The words 'Morbid Desire' were carved on her stomach almost as if it were a title.

A man once had the best of everything- a reputed school, a big house, a luxurious car, the latest smart phone, a heavy wallet, a lady who did nothing but love him truly from her heart, a supportive group of friends, loving and understanding parents and what not!

But what did he do with all of these? He continuously boasted about his school and looked down upon those from different schools. He would boast about the expensive television he just bought. He would drive his big car rashly, scaring others. He would slim his wallet by throwing money on his servants and wasting it on buying unnecessary things. He criticised the lady who loved him for not being beautiful enough. He spoke ill of his friends. He threw tantrums at home and blamed his parents of doing nothing for him. One day he was expelled from his school for pulling his friend by the collar and abusing him. His TV stopped working, the headlight of his car was broken, he was kidnapped with not a penny left in his wallet, his lover died and his attractive girlfriend ditched him. His friends got to know about his dishonesty which broke their trust in him and hence they stopped talking to him. His parents passed away in an unfortunate accident. He had never expected his life to take such a sudden horrible and unbearable U-turn.

U-TURN

Asavari Saxena





The man murmured silently, "God!" He continued "God! Please help me. Please do something. I am shattered. Everything is lost, everything is gone. I have nothing now. Nothing! O God! Please do something!" He wept uncontrollably.

God looked at him from the heavens and smiled. He said "I gave you everything but you did not value anything. You didn't bother to understand something and that's why now you have nothing." What was that something? That something was the lesson he should have learnt a long time back- to value others, to value all that he once had around him. But because he did not value them, today he is suffering. Hence it is important to learn the value of the small things around you. You never know when they might become the biggest of all things. Learn to respect your maid, your garbage collector, the first coin you earned, the first 2-wheeler you bought, your friend who helped you when you were in trouble, the plain woman who loved you, she might be the ugliest but her love was the purest, the truest and the most beautiful. Every little thing makes a big difference :) Do not forget them, not even the sad experiences that come with them. Learn to forgive, respect and love. Don't give yourself a chance to REGRET. That is the Ending and Beginning coined for all!!

ONCE AGAIN

AIMEY ANNIE AUGUSTINE

Walk me through the roads
Unlit by street lamps
Where there is just
You, me and those stars
We once wished upon.
The wanderer I am
And the lover you are.
The fear I am
And the night you are,
Could intertwine into
Dangerous knots
Of foolish desires.
Again. Once again.

A new tube of toothpaste
Gives you the promise of
freshness
Makes you believe
In new beginnings
Of the day
Of a life.

A flower just bloomed
Getting up too early
Ready for the world
Trying hard to fit in
Between roses and sunflowers
A lone gladiolus.

The toothpaste tube is flavored
Bubble fruit, says the package
It tastes nothing like bubbles
Or fruit
It turns into ashes
In my mouth
Burning me
With just dust.

Maybe the day started out too
soon
Maybe the sun rose too early
Shining too bright
Incinerating people
And flowers
And toothpaste tubes
When nothing but a skeleton is
left.

Toothpaste

Kanika Dixit

So

Let us try to make it plausible
A day at a time

1. Wake up. That's all it takes
sometimes.
2. Brush and comb, because
first impressions matter.
3. Walk. A little fresh air can do
wonders.
4. Sleep. World is a better
place in your dreams.
5. Breathe.

And never forget
A toothpaste tube will get over
Your life does not have to.



THE TRUTH

Sanjana Radhakrishna

From the moment that human beings perceived consciousness, we have grappled with our surroundings, questioning our beginnings and ends—how we came to be and where we ought to go. Science has its own explanation of the “Big Bang”—a cosmic explosion leading to the expansion of the universe as we know it today. But this definition too, is theoretical. Questions about our beginnings and endings are too far-fetched, even for Science. This is where Philosophy comes into play. At the root, Philosophy is governed by culture and religion. In a world where people segregate themselves into tiny little boxes of their own versions of religion, it is necessary for us to recount our beliefs and fall back into the dotting arms of philosophical debates and renditions. Philosophy and Religion go hand in hand, but they are never the same. Most religions talk about the ‘Ultimate Truth’, and the realization of this Truth. What is this Truth? It may not even matter, because there will be saints, priests, prophets and rabbis deliberating on acceptance and love for others for centuries, but the truth is ‘fear’. We fear difference. We cannot accept cultures different from ours, languages that sound alien, beliefs and customs that we don’t adhere to. Mankind is two million years old, has undergone civilization, and evolved to be cultured; yet what is still unknown to us, we continue to reject. This is our Truth.

IT NEVER ENDS!

Vedanshi Mishra

***“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and
women merely players;
They have their exits and
their entrances...”***

These lines by Shakespeare have long encapsulated the paramount phenomena around which our lives revolve. The very beginning of something leaves an inkling of its ending. What lasts today won't be there tomorrow. However, every journey, every beginning, leaves behind a pool of memories that is capable of filling the void that gets created by its summation. Memories of love, elatedness, togetherness, or even the bittersweet memories of separation, angst, hatred, are what keep on filling our memory box. The seasons become the definition



of change, becomes the ruler, and we become the people at the shore—fighting the tides, oblivious to what will come with next.

The end of the prolonged twelve years of school life metamorphosed us into a droplet, lost in the sea, searching and figuring out the road to our dreams. This commenced a new chapter in our lives with us entering college. The initial days were a topsy-turvy ride but gradually we managed to imbibe the routine. Time passed, and so did the fear, and we ended up crafting a whole raft of memories and lessons.

The day we walked through the doors of Christ, the place seemed nothing less than a huge castle wrapped in desolation that called for memories.



Soon it ended up becoming place where we all belonged, and a place that constructed part of our identity.

The giggles that the walls resonated, the ruckus that the lunch scenes unfolded in ICH, the fear that poured in during exams, the friendships built, the spirit of competition that oozed during fests, and the much-awaited vacations that appeared to end in a blink of an eye made these three years unravel the ardency and memories that they were bound to engender.

The time now seems to be fading away, but what will remain are the emotions that float parallel to the events that constitute the ride and

the memories that keep the emotions ignited.

With the Christ journey coming to an end, a new chapter awaits, that holds our bright future and the dreams that have been yearning to come true. This ending embarks a new beginning, where we will walk out of the doors of Christ with a plethora of memories brimming in our heart, with dreams in our eyes, and the world our oyster.

Enlightening they are, agonizing they are, One looks back from a distant time—memories they are.



Looking Back at the Dawn

NIKITA VIDYALANKAR

Walking through those gates towering overhead, I honestly couldn't keep the smile off my face. It was everything I'd dreamed of and more. To actually think of myself in college was one thing and to be in a city like Bengaluru was on a whole other level because I was "that girl from Coimbatore".

I remember walking into the Christ auditorium and feeling my jaw drop at its grandeur. I remember having goose bumps when I first heard the choir sing and felt tears in my eyes. I remember walking from the Auditorium Block to the 4th Block-placed at the very end-thinking to myself "Wow, this place is huge and I'm actually here!"

The Christ life wasn't just a campus fun time, it was an experience.

The Bannerghatta Road Campus means so much to me than Main Campus ever did. Every location on campus has a story to tell, a memory to remember. The change was -sure- drastic. From having such a spacious campus, we suddenly felt different in the smaller environment until we realized that space wasn't what mattered at all. I have been part of every small thing here, from organizing the inauguration of the campus to coining the names for fests like Querencia and Gobblefunk and to a 20 year old girl like me, it means so much that these things are going to remain forever, even after we leave. I've been a part of the beginning. I co-founded LitScape with my friend Srinjoy and has worked actively for Paracosm. It gives me immense happiness to see that it has reached a stage where we can hand it down to our juniors. The Noisy Corridor was the brainchild of me and my friends, driven by our passion and it has now emerged as an icon of dance here. It feels great to know that you have left behind traditions and legacies but at the end of the day, it's the small things that give you joy. Like how everyone recognizes you on campus and the wonderful people you've met.

The course has changed me as a person. English Honours is not just about reading books and learning language, it's about giving you a new look at life. At this point in time when I am ready to step into a professional world, it has given me an understanding of people. It has taught me to accept differences and not jump to judgements. I would always be grateful to our teachers for this. They are all so friendly and understanding that they make you feel at home especially Gaana Ma'am. She has been a friend to me, someone whom I can approach whenever I want to no matter what. The equation is so comfortable, so free.

At the end of it all, it's an ending and endings are always painful. And then you tell yourself that there is always a full stop before a new sentence begins.

LitScape

Presents to you the minds
behind the pages...

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