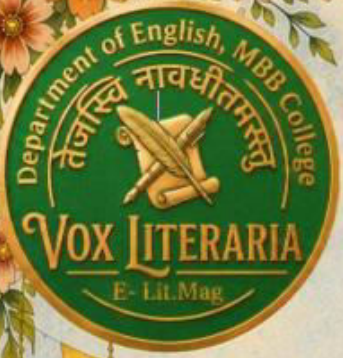


Biannual Lit Mag



VOX LITERARIA

Voice of the Pen

INAUGURAL EDITION

VOLUME 1 • ISSUE 1 • 2026

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
MAHARAJA BIR BIKRAM COLLEGE
AGARTALA, TRIPURA

MAHARAJA BIR BIKRAM COLLEGE
AGARTALA, TRIPURA ESTD. : 1947

From
'Royal Vision'
to
Timeless
Expression.



Ernest Hemingway

"But man is not
made for defeat.
A man can be destroyed
but not defeated."



Pablo Neruda

"You can cut all the flowers
but you cannot keep
Spring from coming."



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Acknowledgement

*The Editorial Board of Vox Literaria takes this opportunity to express its profound gratitude to all those who contributed to the successful publication of this inaugural issue. We are deeply indebted to **Dr. Arjun Gope, Principal, Maharaja Bir Bikram College**, for his visionary leadership and constant encouragement. We extend our sincere appreciation to **Dr. Nilima Biswas, Teacher-in-Charge & Secretary**, for her continuous support and administrative guidance. We are grateful to **Dr. Jyotirmoyee Dash, Associate Professor, Department of English**, for her scholarly guidance and academic inputs. We are especially indebted to **Ms. Sayani Misra, teacher and mentor of the magazine**, whose invaluable guidance, intellectual support, and constant encouragement have been instrumental in shaping this publication. Our heartfelt thanks are also due to **Prof. Dillip Sarkar** for giving his valuable time to us and **Dr. Saikat Nath Sharma** for providing the photographic contributions.*

*We also express our sincere gratitude to **Maharaja Bir Bikram College office** for its unwavering support at every stage of this endeavour. The institution's encouragement, academic environment, and continued cooperation have been a constant source of inspiration and strength throughout the journey of bringing Vox Literaria to fruition. We further acknowledge with gratitude the cooperation of the faculty members and the enthusiastic participation of the students, whose creative contributions have made Vox Literaria possible.*

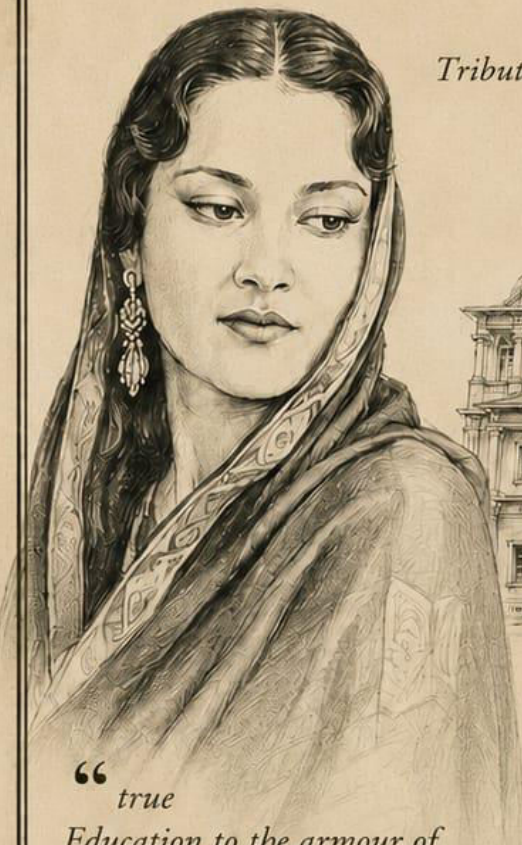
Vox Literaria Team

Maharani
Kanchan Prava Devi

Tribune Regal

Maharaja
Bir Bikram Kishore
Manikya Bahadur

Tribute to Maharaja and Maharani of Tripura



“

true

*Education to the armour of
Society in Time of transition
serving as a sanctuary, Where
free minds are nurtured to
advance collective welfare
and peace.*

”

Maharani Kanchan Prava Devi
give us historical agency,
state papers, and execution
directive for the opening of
MBB College.



“

*higher education should be
regarded not as in expenditure,
but as an investment in free
minds, human talent, and
the democratic progress
of the nation.*

”

Maharaja Bir Bikram
Kishore Manikya form the
foundational vision document of
the VIDYAPATTAN
SCHEME(1937).

*In the grand tapestry of our land's heritage, certain names do not
merely belong to history—they define it. They are the eternal beacons
that illuminate our present and guide our future.*

*It is with deep reverence, profound pride, and solemn gratitude
that we dedicate this edition of our department magazine to the
timeless memory of Maharaja Bir Bikram Kishore Manikya Bahadur
and Maharani Kanchan Prava Devi.*

From The Desk of Principal



Dr. Arjun Gope

Principal

Maharaja Bir Bikram

College

It gives me immense pleasure to present the inaugural issue of Vox Literaria, the departmental magazine. I am delighted to know that the students of the department of English have taken this commendable initiative to publish this magazine, providing a meaningful platform for creativity, critical thinking and literary expression.

A magazine is more than a collection of writings - it is a reflection of ideas, imagination and the vibrant academic spirit of a department. I congratulate the editorial board, faculty members and students whose dedication and collective effort have made this first issue possible.

I am confident that Vox Literaria will inspire young minds, nurture literary talent and encourage meaningful intellectual engagement. May this first publication continue to grow in quality and stature with each successive issue.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations and best wishes for the continued success of this wonderful initiative.

Arjun G
21-07-20

Words from the Ex - Officio Madam



Dr. Nilima Biswas

Secretary, Teachers' Council, MBB

I extend my warmest greetings to the faculty and students of the Department of English, MBB College on the launch of the vibrant new magazine. This publication goes far beyond the academic curriculum. It serves as a beautiful reflection of our students' creative energy, critical thinking, empathy, and unique self-expression. Today, amidst rapid technological changes, the power to articulate thoughts eloquently and appreciate diverse narratives is a truly invaluable skill.

What we see here is the direct result of the untiring dedication of our teachers and the unbridled imagination of our students. I congratulate the faculty advisors and the student creators who have translated their collective vision into reality. May this publication achieve resounding success and continue to inspire generations of thinkers and writers to come.

With regards,

Editorial

Why “Vox Literaria ? ”

Every great literary tradition begins with a voice—a voice that questions, imagines, creates, and inspires. Vox Literaria, derived from the Latin words vox (voice) and literaria (literary), literally means “**The Literary Voice**.” More than a title, it is a reflection of the Department of English’s vision to cultivate a vibrant community of readers, writers, thinkers, and scholars united by the transformative power of literature.

The title **Vox Literaria** was thoughtfully conceived and graciously bestowed by Dr.

Jyotirmoyee Dash, Respected Head of the Department of English, whose vision and encouragement inspired the identity of this inaugural publication. The name beautifully embodies our commitment to literary excellence, intellectual curiosity, creative expression, and academic growth. Guided by our motto, “**Voice of the Pen**,” this magazine serves as a platform where every poem, story, essay, article, review, and reflection becomes a meaningful expression of thought and imagination. We believe that the pen is more than an instrument of writing—it is a voice that preserves history, challenges conventions, celebrates culture, and shapes the future.

As the **first volume** of Vox Literaria, this e-magazine marks the beginning of a cherished literary tradition in the Department of English. It showcases the collective creativity and dedication of our students and faculty while honouring the rich heritage of language and literature. Every page reflects our shared passion for learning, innovation, and artistic expression.

May Vox Literaria continue to inspire generations of readers and writers, proving that every meaningful journey begins with a single voice—and every enduring legacy begins with the **Voice of the Pen**.

Abhishek Das
Chief Editor, Vox Lit



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A preface to Expression

It gives me great pleasure to present this issue of VoxLiteraria, the literary voice of the Department of English (MBB College). As the title suggests, this magazine aims to be a platform where diverse voices critical, creative, and reflective come together in dialogue. It allows our students to view literature not just as a subject to study but as a vibrant form of expression

In a government college like ours in Tripura, which has a rich multilingual and multicultural environment, literature serves as a common meeting ground. Students come with different linguistic, social, and cultural backgrounds. Through creative writing, Literature

and theory, region and culture, reader's voice, campus life, VoxLiteraria invites them to participate rather than just observe. They can discover how they, too, can shape language and meaning in ways that resonate with their own experiences.

This issue is released in July, a month that marks the birth anniversaries of two Nobel laureates: American novelist Ernest Hemingway, born on July 21, 1899, and Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, born on July 12, 1904. By dedicating this issue to Hemingway and Neruda, we recognize two contrasting yet complementary modern voices. Hemingway's concise, disciplined prose and Neruda's rich, sensuous, politically charged poetry remind us that literature can be both precise and abundant. It is grounded in real life while remaining open to deep feelings and imagination. simultaneously we also dedicate the folk and culture page of Tripura to Padma Shree Naresh Chandra Debbarma .

Additionally, this issue reflects our local cultural rhythm, with Kharchi Puja, Tripura's "Festival of Fourteen Gods," and a major celebration of Mother Earth providing a meaningful backdrop. By connecting global literary figures like Hemingway and Neruda with regional traditions such as Kharchi Puja, we aim to inspire our students to think beyond borders across genres and languages, between world literature and local stories, and from textual study to lived cultural experiences.

This issue features not only creative writing but also thoughtful reflections on texts, theories, and everyday experiences. I am especially pleased that our students have tried to link classroom readings with broader questions of identity, justice, aesthetics, and belonging. They are moving from reading for exams to reading for life.

I hope VoxLiteraria continues to grow as a space for free expression, critical thinking, and imaginative exploration with the vision of Cogita.scribe.Inspira (Think. Write. Inspire). I hope future issues will continue to blend the global and the local, the established and the emerging, and the written word with lived experiences.

Dr.Jyotirmoyee Dash
Associate Professor, Department of English



Inception to Conception

June 19th, 2026, began just like any other day, but it was destined to give birth to something extraordinary. The moment I entered the department, I found our respected H.O.D, Dr. Jyotirmoyee Dash Madam, already there, and we were soon joined by two enthusiastic sixth-semester students, Abhishek & Tanmoy. It was at that moment the Vox Literaria was born- truly the brainchild of Dr.Jyotirmoyee Madam. She floated a captivating idea: What if we start a departmental magazine? That spark was the genesis of this entire project. Madam immediately appointed Abhishek as the Chief Editor of this e-magazine and named Tanmoy, the Literary Content Head. From there, momentum built rapidly. Slowly and steadily, the whole research team grew up and students from all semesters stepped forward contributing their writings and unveiling an incredible wealth of hidden talent within our department. This marks a historic milestone for the English Department, as it is our very first venture into the world of digital publishing. From its grand tributes to the diverse creative expressions of our students, this publication stands as a mirror, showcasing both the rich legacy of Maharaja Bir Bikram College and the individual brilliance of its student body. Having walked these corridors first as a student and now serving as a faculty member of the English Department, being a part of Vox Literaria's beautiful journey is a deeply meaningful and proud moment for me. As we present this inaugural issue, I sincerely hope juniors will carry this flame forward. I wish Vox Literaria immense success, longevity, and prosperity.

Sayani Misra

Respected Teacher, Department of English



THE SYMBOLISM OF OUR LOGO

Every element of our logo represents our identity, values, and vision.

1 CIRCULAR SHAPE



The circle represents unity, completeness, and the continuous pursuit of knowledge. It gives the emblem a timeless and academic identity.

6 OUTER RING



'Department of English, MBB College' identifies our institution and the department. It shows pride, belonging and official identity.

2 SANSKRIT MOTTO



तेजस्वि नावधीतमस्तु (Tejasvi Nāvadhītam Astu) is a revered phrase from the Shanti Mantra of the Taittiriya Upanishad (Krishna Yajurveda). It means,

"May our learning be enlightened, radiant, and fruitful," expressing the prayer that both teacher and student gain wisdom, knowledge, and understanding together in harmony.

3 FOUNTAIN PEN



The fountain pen represents modern scholarship, academic writing, research, critical thinking, and contemporary literary expression. It shows our commitment to modern learning.

4 GREEN BACKGROUND

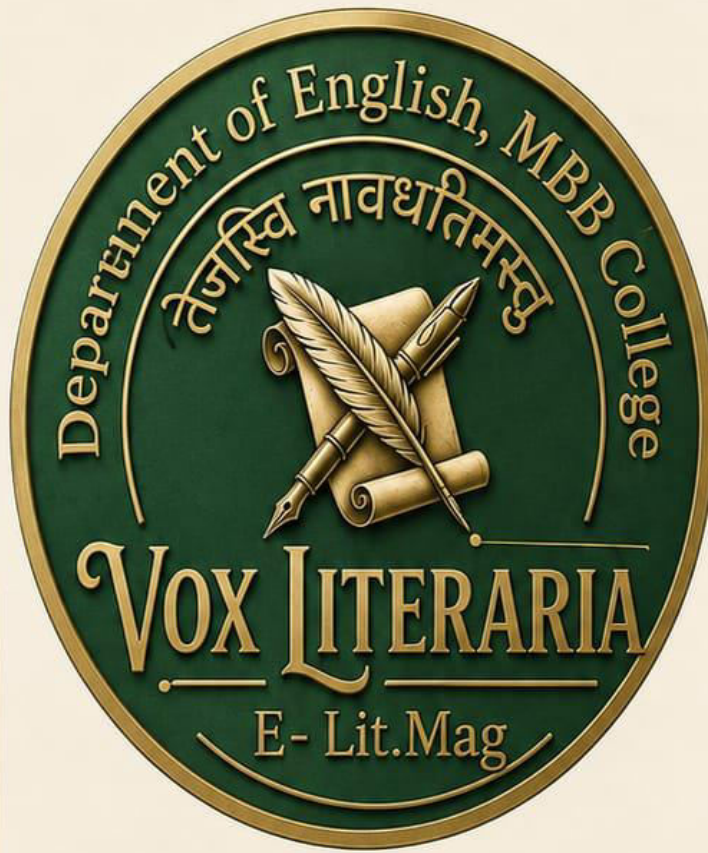


Green symbolizes growth, learning, fresh ideas, creativity, renewal and hope. It reflects literature as a living, ever-growing field.

5 VOX LITERARIA



Latin for "The Literary Voice." It signifies that the magazine gives voice to writers, readers, scholars and creative thinkers.



7 FEATHER QUILL



The quill is one of the oldest symbols of writing. It represents creativity, poetry, storytelling, and the rich literary tradition passed down through generations.

8 SCROLL / PARCHMENT



The scroll symbolizes ancient wisdom, classical literature, history and the preservation of knowledge across time and generations.

9 GOLD ACCENTS



Gold stands for excellence, achievement, prestige, wisdom and lasting value. It gives the logo an elegant and distinguished academic look.

10 E-LIT.MAG



Stands for Electronic Literary Magazine. It shows our blend of literary tradition with digital accessibility and modern reach.

THE LOGO AS A WHOLE

The logo beautifully combines tradition and modernity. Rooted in timeless wisdom, united by the inseparable bond of word and meaning, it represents the Department of English as a bridge between the literary heritage of the past and the creative voices of the present.

ONE VOICE. MANY STORIES. ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES.

The sui generis legacy of Maharaja Bir Bikram college



All respected universities have beginnings in dreams, so does Maharaja Bir Bikram (MBB) College 's story. MBB College, located in Tripura, is the oldest degree-granting College in Tripura, and represents a progressive education for the citizens of Tripura as envisioned by Maharaja Bir Bikram Kishore Manikya Bahadur (1908-1947), the last ruler of the princely state of Tripura and creator of modern Tripura. The university has a rich and storied legacy dating back many years prior to the official formation of MBB College in 1947. The founding of MBB College occurred in the 1930s; following visits to many of the best-known and highly regarded institutions throughout India and other countries, Maharaja Bir Bikram began developing a blueprint for MBB College and envisioned the township of "Vidyapattan"— "the home of learning"—as a place that would prepare students to be world class scholars, scientists, government officials and leaders.

In 1937, the Maharaja chose College Tilla's scenic hillock area in Agartala as the site for a new education project on 254 acres of land. A governing body would oversee construction on this site. The Plan for Vidyapattan included a comprehensive centre of education that would encompass a degree college, a technical school, schools of music and painting and physical education, student hostels, a hospital, a theatre, and a rural university. This vision was extraordinarily progressive for a princely state prior to independence and demonstrated Maharaja Bir Bikram's deep commitment to educational reform.

The construction of the huge main building began in 1937 and was completed under the personal supervision of the Maharaja. The architectural style of the structure is Mughal, and it is regarded as one of the best examples of education-related buildings in Tripura. The campus has been designed with sufficient lakes, green trees and the Howrah River to create an environment for students to learn and grow mentally and intellectually. Today, people who visit the campus admire the enormous building and

the beautiful scenery surrounding the campus.

Unfortunately, World War II broke out in 1939 and led to the stopping of the completion of construction due to this event. The uncompleted college building was used as a military hospital by the British government to provide care for soldiers who were travelling to or from the Burma front. Because of the delay in educational facilities, the Maharaja's vision remained firm.

The Maharaja Bir Bikram died on 17 May 1947, about three months before seeing his dream fulfilled. After his death, the Maharaj's unfinished educational project became the responsibility of Maharani Kanchan Prava Devi, Chief Administrator of Tripura. She then provided the community with a college for displaced students who were in need of a college degree as a result of the partition of India. The Maharani was able to secure a letter of affiliation for the College from the University of Calcutta and officially opened Bir Bikram College on 9 September 1947. The college opened with an Intermediate Arts (IA) programme, Intermediate Science (ISC) Programme, Bachelor of Arts (BA) Programme, and Bachelor of Commerce (BCom) Programme, becoming the first degree granting facility in Tripura.

MBB College has upheld exceptional levels of scholarship since its inception. MBB College was deemed to be the state's most prestigious college for many years before growing into the center of graduate-level training in Tripura until a self-sufficient university could be created. Thousands of students (who subsequently became teachers, civil servants, judges, scientists, authors, politicians, and administrators) started their educational development at MBB College. It is numerically impossible to separate the history of higher education in Tripura from the history of MBB College.

Today, MBB College's acreage encompasses approximately 64 acres that include vast open spaces, meandering lakes where migratory birds stop to rest during the annual migrations, numerous mature trees and the slow-moving Howrah River flowing through the southeast corner of the campus outside of the college boundaries. The tranquility of MBB College has provided an ideal environment for aspiring scholars for generations, transforming MBB College into a source of learning and cultural enrichment beyond simply a place to earn an education.

The college's motto, "Vidyayamritam Ashnute" (विद्ययामृतमश्नुते), is a Sanskrit term taken from the Upanishads meaning "Knowledge is the key to immortality" – this concept serves as inspiration for every student, reminding them that there is more to education than passing exams and receiving certificates or degrees; rather, through true knowledge, we can enhance the experience of being human and leave behind a legacy that will exist long after we have passed away.

The college's official emblem contains images that fully endorse the principles of this motto. In the center of the emblem is a book representing the pursuit of knowledge, the act of learning as a journey from ignorance to enlightenment, and the act of doing good for others through all that he/she will eventually learn from this pursuit. There is an oil lamp (Deepa) above the book symbolizing enlightenment, wisdom, and the ultimate victory of knowledge over ignorance. The surrounding letters forming the name of the institution express pride in who they are, while the statement "Vidyayamritam Ashnute" indicates clearly that the institution is dedicated to the pursuit of excellence in all academic areas. While the college has not made any public statements on how to interpret each of the images in the emblem, the images do reflect well the goals for which the college was founded.

The college was founded on and built upon a legacy of excellence and continues to thrive as it adapts to an ever-changing world. The college has developed its academic programme offerings in all academic disciplines (Social Sciences, Humanities, and Sciences); improved its facilities and resources, including enhanced library services; fostered an environment of creativity and research; and support generations of students through various cultural, literary, and co-curricular means. Today, the college is a member institution of Maharaja Bir Bikram University, named for the visionary ruler who saw education as a way to positively impact the future of Tripura!

Notable Milestones Over Time

- 1901: Maharaja Radha Kishore Manikya proposes to start a degree college in Agartala, but the University of Calcutta does not support this initiative.*
- 1937: Maharaja Bir Bikram creates Vidyapattan - an educational city intended to mirror Santiniketan and other educational establishments seen in Europe and America during his travels.*
- 7th May 1937: Foundation stone of Vidyapattan consecrated at College Tilla, Agartala by the Maharaja Bir Bikram.*
- 1937: The site will be approximately 254 acres Governing Committee of 10 members created and an initial grant of ₹50,000 made available for the development of Vidyapattan.*
- 1937: Proposed master plan for Vidyapattan included a degree college; technical institute; schools of music, fine arts and physical education; hostels; hospital; theatre hall; and rural university.*
- 1937: Construction of the main building using Mughal-style architecture begins with oversight by Maharaja Bir Bikram.*

- 1942: Building that remains incomplete due to the Second World War converted to a British Army Hospital for soldiers serving on Burma Front.

On May 17, 1947, when Maharaja Bir Bikram died, his dream was lost forever. On September 9th, 1947, his wife, the regent, established the college for the children of refugees from Partition.

In 1947, the college was granted an affiliation from the University of Calcutta to offer the Intermediate Arts, Intermediate Science, Bachelor of Arts, and Bachelor of Commerce degrees, thus being the first degree granting institution in Tripura.

By 1952, this college became known as "Dream College" reflecting the educational vision of the deceased Maharaja.

From the 1960's - 1980's, MBB College was the primary centre for postgraduate studies in the State, creating the groundwork for higher education in Tripura.

In 2015, the college now functions within the Maharaja Bir Bikram University, which shares its name with the college's founder.

In 2022, MBB College went on to celebrate 75 years of brilliance.

The legacy of MBB College is not defined only by the age of its architecture or the number of students who have graduated; rather, its true legacy resides in the visionary dream Maharaja Bir Bikram had—believing, as he did, that education forms the strongest basis on which modern societies can be built. For almost 80 years, this college has been a guiding light for those seeking an education—offering a vision through perseverance and the development of character—all of which will continue to influence and shape so many lives from different walks of life for generations to come.

The Historical Tapestry of our Department

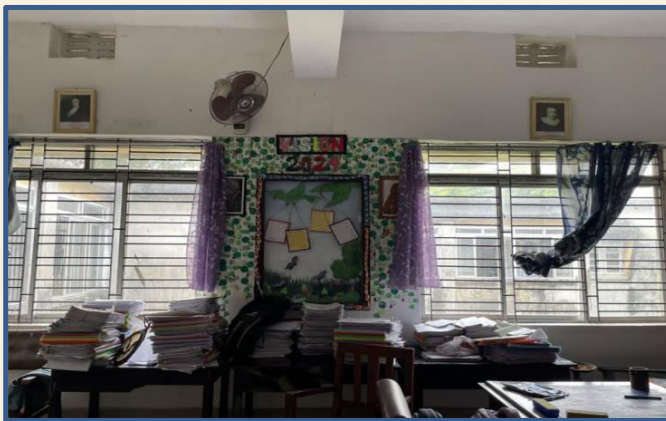
Established on 9 September 1947, the Department of English stands as one of the foundational pillars of Maharaja Bir Bikram College. Since its inception shortly after India's Independence,



the department has continuously built a proud tradition of academic excellence, intellectual enrichment, and holistic development. Over the decades, it has earned immense recognition and distinction in the field of higher education across the region.

The department was nurtured in its formative years by distinguished pioneers, including Upendra Kumar Roy, Ramesh Chandra Roy, Bhupesh Chandra Bhattacharjee, and Himangshunath

Ganguli, whose dedication and scholarship laid the foundation of its enduring academic legacy. Their invaluable contributions helped shape the department into a centre of excellence from its very inception.

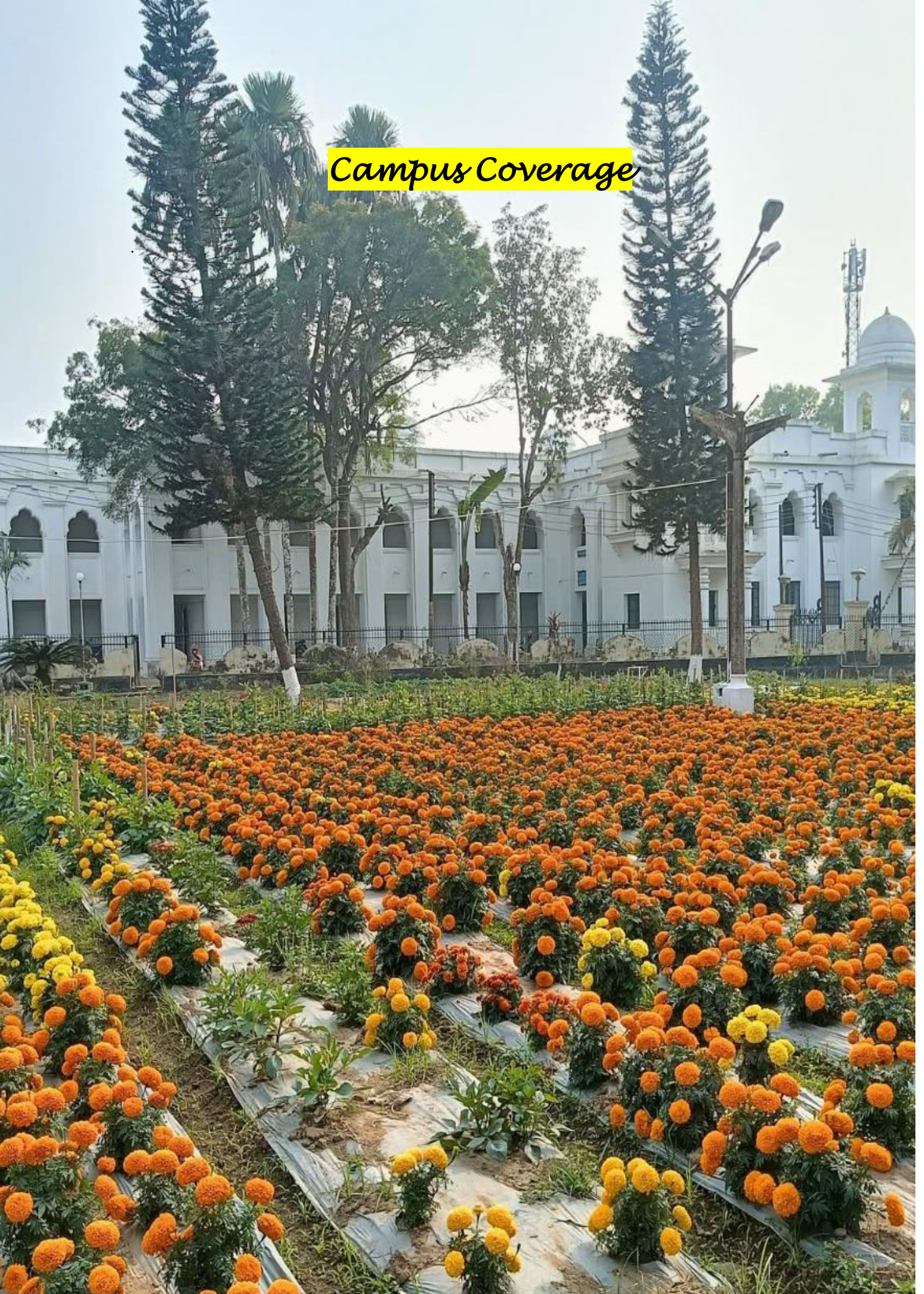


To cater to diverse student aspirations, the department offers a well-rounded academic curriculum. It provides B.A. English Honours, along with Pass and Foundation courses, equipping students with strong literary, critical, analytical, and communication skills essential for contemporary academic and professional pursuits.

The department's stellar reputation has been further strengthened by the dedication of eminent scholars and educators. stalwarts such as Professor Ashok Hui, Dr. Bamapada Mukherjee, Professor Saroj Choudhury, Dr. Prabhash Dhar, Shri Subhash Das, Dr. Dilip Sarkar, and Professor Ashes Gupta, among others, have served the department with distinction, leaving an indelible mark on its academic heritage.

Today, the Department of English boasts a proud network of alumni who have excelled in diverse fields. Its graduates have distinguished themselves in academia, education, administrative services, and numerous public and private sectors across the country, carrying forward the department's rich legacy of scholarship and service.

Campus Coverage



Campus Oasis: Life and Learning in the MBB Garden

-By Research Team Department of English, MBB College

"Faith is the bird that feels light When dawn is still dark - Rabindra Nath Tagore



1) Like the first blossoms of dawn the MBB garden Nurtures hope and new beginnings

"The Earth Laughs in flowers"- Ralph waldo Emerson



2) The blooming garden of M.BB College echoes nature's joyful nature

In the heart of Maharaja Bir Bikram College lies a space where nature and education flourish side by side. More than just a collection of flowers and trees, this vibrant green landscape serves as a living classroom, a place of relaxation, and a symbol of the college's commitment to environmental sustainability. As one enters the campus, the colourful rows of blooming marigolds immediately capture attention. Their bright orange and yellow petals create a cheerful atmosphere that welcomes students, teachers, and visitors alike.

Against the backdrop of the historic white architecture of MBB College, the garden presents a picturesque scene that reflects the harmony between heritage and nature. For students, the garden is much more than a visual delight. It provides a peaceful retreat from the demands of academic life.

During breaks, many students gather in and around the garden to read, discuss assignments, or simply enjoy a few moments of calm. The fresh air and natural surroundings offer a refreshing contrast to the busy routine of classrooms and examinations.

The garden also plays an important educational role. Students from

"A things of beauty is joy forever"- john Keats



3) The MBB Garden remains a lasting source of beauty, peace and inspiration.

Beauty is truth , truth is beauty - John Keats



4) In every blossom the MBB garden celebrates the timeless union of beauty and knowledge

various disciplines gain practical exposure to plant diversity, environmental conservation, and sustainable gardening practices.

It encourages awareness of ecological issues and inspires young minds to appreciate the importance of preserving green spaces in an increasingly urbanized world.

Beyond academics, the MBB Garden contributes significantly to campus culture.

It serves as a beautiful venue for Saraswati puja in the spring it seems Maa Saraswati is being welcomed to campus by with every blossom offering its own quiet tribute at her feet.

The changing colours of seasonal flowers bring a sense of renewal and excitement throughout the year, making the garden a cherished part of college life.

The maintenance of such a vibrant green space requires dedication and collective effort. The contributions of Subrata sir and Saikat is really praise worthy.

Truly they can arrest the spring in every season at MBB . Their work demonstrates how cooperation and care can transform a simple landscape into a thriving ecosystem.

Loknath Saha (65+) a regular morning walker comments

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her “ William Wordsworth”



5) Learning by growing students cultivating a greener campus

“The Flower that follows the sun does so even in cloudy days”- Robert Lighton



6) The MBB Garden inspires resilience Optimism and growth in every season.

“In an age where concrete structures continue to replace natural environments, the MBB Garden stands as a reminder of the value of green spaces. It nurtures not only plants but also creativity, well-being, and a sense of community of students . It also makes the morning walkers stop , stare and smile gifting them a fresh morning before the chaos of the day catches up with them .

The MBB Garden is truly a campus oasis place where learning extends beyond textbooks, where nature becomes a teacher, and where every flower tells a story of growth, beauty, and hope

Come forth into the light things - Let Nature be your teacher - William wordsworth



7) The MBB Garden where learning begins with nature

**Click credit- Dr Saikat Nath Sharma
Associate Professor Chemistry**

An Intellectual Legacy

(One to One)

An Interview with Dr. Dilip Sarkar

ABOUT DR. DILIP SARKAR

Vox Literaria is privileged to feature Prof. Dilip Sarkar in the Intellectual Legacy section of our inaugural issue.

Prof. Sarkar's association with the Department of English, MBB College, spans a lifetime — from student to faculty member to Principal, and as the Founding Coordinator of its PG Studies in English. He presently serves as Dean of Arts, Techno India University, Agartala, with scholarly interests in media studies and gender studies that have long informed his academic engagements.

It is a mark of considerable honour that his journey finds a place in ours. We remain grateful for his presence in this inaugural issue.



1 Q. How has your specialization in Modern European Literature shaped your approach to teaching English literature in Indian universities?

A. It helped a lot to understand Indian perspectives and to teach.

2 Q. As someone who has served both as a professor and as the Principal of several government colleges, how do you balance academic excellence with administrative responsibilities?

A. Both the fields are different in nature but somehow interlinked. Both the assignments are important but personally I prefer academic works.

3 Q. What advice would you give to young researchers who wish to pursue meaningful research in literature and the humanities?

A. We, the students of literature, have to understand any piece of literature from our own perspectives fearlessly. We have to rely on ourselves, not on others.

4 Q. Looking back on your long academic journey, what achievement gives you the greatest sense of satisfaction, and what aspirations remain for the future?

A. Satisfied to some extent as I have moved from agricultural field to the world of literature. Whatever I have learnt I wish to transmit to my students.

5 Q. In an age dominated by technology and AI, how can students maintain a genuine interest in reading and literary studies?

A. I feel even today students have to use their brain and to analyse any event of life.

6 Q. How can English literature students prepare themselves to remain competitive in today's evolving job market?

A. Students should be very careful in order to be fluent in using the language and to convince others in a lucid manner.

7 Q. Is there a particular Author or literary work that has had deep influence on your academic and personal life? Why?

A. William Shakespeare. His literary works exposed his deeper understanding of human life.

8 Q. Sir, you have taken on roles in education, research, administration and academic leadership through your career. In retrospect, is there anything that you are particularly proud of and why?

A. I am interested to introduce myself as a student. It helps me to understand life and society.

9 Q. Your studies involve English literature, tribal identity, environmental studies, and children's literature; how do you see literature contributing towards creating solutions for today's social issues in the Northeast region of India?

A. Differences of opinion may be solved easily with the help of literature. Great writers are the famous pathfinders.

10 Q. You have mentored many generations of students over three decades. What sets outstanding students of English literature apart from average students? What are some habits that young researchers should work to cultivate in their studies?

A. Dear students, you always try to analyse any piece of literature in your own way which may appear to you as absurd.

11 Q. If Maharaja Bir Bikram were to come to visit with today's English Department, what would he be proud of that the English Department has accomplished since his death and what would you like the English Department yet to reach in keeping with his philosophies of education?

A. Perhaps Maharaja will be very happy that our department has been retaining its tradition of excellence. I hope that the students and faculty members will shine in career and life.

With gratitude and respect,

Vox Literaria Team

Department of English

Department Chronicles

Parent-Teacher Meeting

A meaningful interaction between parents and faculty, fostering open communication, academic progress, and a shared commitment to the holistic development of our students.

2. Interaction with the Principal



*Meeting with the Principal
The Department of English had the privilege of interacting with our respected Principal, Dr. Arjun Gope, whose encouraging words and insightful guidance inspired both students and faculty to strive for academic excellence.*

3. Students' Interaction Session

*An Engaging Academic Session
Students of the Department of English participated in an enriching interactive session with the Principal and faculty members, strengthening the bond between leadership and learners while celebrating the spirit of academic excellence.*



STUDENTS ACHIEVEMENT GALLERY

Paramita Debnath student of 3rd Semester got Outstanding Artist

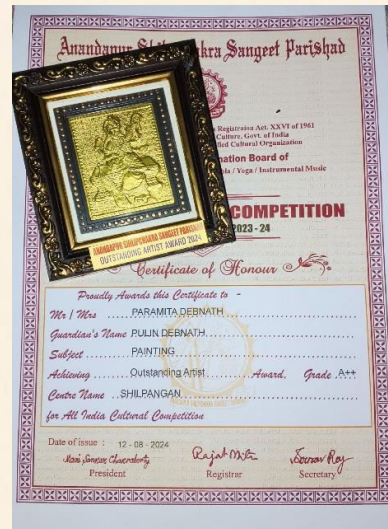


Award (2024): Conferred with a Certificate of Honour and an A++ Grade at the All India Cultural Competition organized by Anandpur Shilpi chakra Sangeet Parishad (affiliated with the Ministry of Culture, Govt. of India).

• National Kala Guru Recognition (2021): Honored with a Certificate of Merit at the 20th

National Exhibition of Children & Youth for painting excellence, promoting critical expressions on contemporary experiences.

• 1st Position – Anjali International Children's Festival (2017): Secured the prestigious first place in the Art Competition representing the Tripura State Project in Bhubaneswar.



• 1st Prize – Camel Art Contest (2019): Named the Group D First Prize Winner in the world-renowned national art contest.

Aniket Das student of 7th Semester brought laurels to the college by

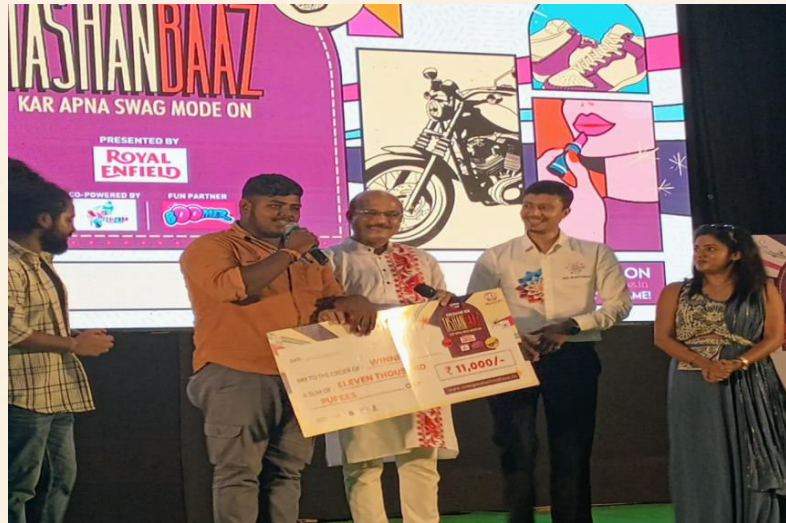
winning College Ke Tashanbaaz 2024, a talent competition organized by Red FM 95.5.

Representing Agartala as a flautist, he secured the winner's title and received a cash prize of



11,000/- and His achievement reflects exceptional musical talent, dedication, and perseverance, inspiring

others to pursue their passions with commitments



Nayna Dey student of 5th Semester has earned recognition for her outstanding achievements in dance, cultural activities, martial arts, and academics through her dedication, discipline, and perseverance. She has won awards and received Certificates of Appreciation at prestigious events such as the **Tripura Dance Carnival and Foxtail: The Dance Vortex**, reflecting her exceptional talent, creativity, and stage presence. She has also successfully completed the **Yellow Belt (7th Kyu)** examination in **Kyokushin**



Karate, demonstrating courage, self-discipline, and determination.

During her school years at **Netaji Subhas Vidyaniketan**, she received several awards in the **Annual Prize**



Distribution Ceremonies for her consistent performance and active participation. Her collection of trophies and certificates stands as a testament to her passion, hard work, and pursuit of excellence in both academics and extracurricular activities.



Abhishek Das Student of 7th Semester has demonstrated excellence in academics and professional development through several notable achievements. He qualified **CUET (PG) 2026** for admission to **M.A. English**, conducted by the **National Testing Agency (NTA)**, reflecting his strong



academic foundation and commitment to higher studies.

In 2025, he was recognised as a **"Super Trader"** by **Dhan** for his active

participation and consistent performance in the financial markets. During



this accomplishment, he received a personalised **Trader's Journal** and a **Certificate of Appreciation**, acknowledging his sustained learning, market expertise, and commitment to excellence in trading and investment.

राष्ट्रीय परीक्षा एजेंसी National Testing Agency Excellence in Education		National Testing Agency Common University Entrance Test [CUET (PG)]-2026 Score Card		विश्वविद्यालय अनुदान आयोग University Grants Commission quality higher education for all	
Application number	265710199132			  	
Roll number	TA010200185				
Candidate's name	ABHISHEK DAS				
Mother's name	NAMITA DAS				
Father's name	NANDA KISHORE DAS				
Category	General	PwD/PwBD*	No		
Gender	Male	Date of Birth	06/01/2005		
Score Card Details					
Subject Opted with Code	Maximum Marks	Marks Obtained	Marks Obtained in Words		
LAQP01-English	300	207	Two Hundred Seven Only		
Date of declaration of result: 24.04.2026					
Director (Exam)					

the **Financial Year 2024–2025**, he successfully maintained a **profit and loss (P&L) exceeding ₹1 lakh**, showcasing his analytical ability, disciplined trading strategies, and sound financial decision-making. In recognition of

Tanmoy Debnath Student of 7th Semester received • 2nd Prize –



National Cooperative Olympiad, 2025.

- 1st Place (Regional Round, Guwahati) – National Financial Literacy Quiz, 2025; secured 12th

Rank at the National Finals held in Mumbai.

- 1st Place (State Level) – Nationwide Official Statistics Quiz, 2025.

- 1st Place (State Level) – National Inter-College Crossword Expedition, 2025; qualified for the

Regional Round.

- 1st Place (State Level) – National Level Drawing Competition, 2024,



under the Information Security Education and Awareness (ISEA) Programme.

- 1st Prize – Poster Competition, MBB College.
- 3rd Prize – Speech Competition on the 117th Birth Anniversary of Maharaja Bir Bikram Kishore Manikya Bahadur.

- Participant – 8th Student

Science Project Programme, 2025.

- Selected participant – Viksit Bharat Young Leaders' Dialogue 2025, New Delhi; selected again for VBYLD 2026.

- Participant – Viksit Bharat Budget Quest 2026, Meghalaya.

- Participant – Viksit Bharat Youth Parliament (2025 & 2026).

- State-level participant – RBI Quiz, 2024.

- Had the honour of addressing the Hon'ble Governor on the theme,



'Pressing Women's Issues, Mental Well-being and Empowerment: The Way Forward,' during the Viksit Bharat Young Leaders' Dialogue.

• Presented a research paper titled 'Reimagining the North-East Freedom Struggle through Mari by Easterine Kire' at a National Seminar. The paper was subsequently published in the Ruminations International Journal.



• Active participant in numerous quizzes, debates, speech competitions, literary events, and academic forums at institutional, state, and national levels.

Rajbeer Ahmed Student of 3rd Semester has established himself as a



dedicated and accomplished chess player through his consistent participation in prestigious tournaments. He has represented his institution in the 22nd North East FIDE Rating Chess Championship (2024) and the 3rd All India FIDE Rating Chess Tournament (2019), demonstrating



remarkable analytical ability and strategic thinking. His achievements have been recognized by the All Tripura Chess Association, reflecting his commitment to the sport. Alongside his participation in state-level school sports and inter-school chess competitions,

Rajbeer continues to inspire fellow students with his discipline, perseverance, and passion for excellence both on and off the chessboard



Tamanna Debnath Student of 3rd Semester played a match-winning innings to guide the MPC Women's Cricket Team into the finals of the Senior Women's T-20 Cricket



Tournament organized by the Tripura Cricket Association. Opening the innings, she remained calm under pressure and scored a brilliant 32 not out off 50 balls, including 4



মহিলা ক্রিকেটে ঘুরে দাঁড়ালো এমপিসি

রাষ্ট্রীয়কর্তৃ প্রতিনিধি, তেলিয়ামুড়া, ২২ মার্চ। প্রথম জয় পেলে এমপিসি। প্রথম লীগে দুই ম্যাচ খেলে একটি ম্যাচে জয় পেয়ে আপাতত জি নেত্রা স্পোর্টস দলের সঙ্গে পয়েন্ট তালিকায় দ্বিতীয় স্থানে রয়েছে এমপিসি। অপর দিকে প্রথম লীগে একটি ম্যাচেও জয় পায়নি নিউ স্টার ক্লাব। মহকুমা ক্রিকেট সংস্থা আয়োজিত সিনিয়র মহিলাদের ক্রিকেটে। রবিবার ভগৎ সিং মিনি স্টেডিয়ামে অনুষ্ঠিত হয় ম্যাচটি। তাতে এম পি সি সাত উইকেটে পরাজিত করে নিউ স্টার ক্লাবকে। বিজয় দলের তামান্না দেবনাথ প্রথমে বল হাতে দুই উইকেট তুলে নেওয়ার পর ব্যাট হাতে পঞ্চাশ রানে অপরাধিত থেকে যান। এদিন সকালে টেসে জয়লাভ করে প্রথমে ব্যাট করতে নেমে নিউ স্টার ক্লাব



১৩৮ রান করে নির্ধারিত কুড়ি ওভারে নয় উইকেট হারিয়ে। দলের পক্ষে নন্দিতা দাস ৪৭ বল খেলে পাঁচটি বাউন্ডারির সাহায্যে ৩৬, তানিয়া দেব ৩০ বল খেলে পাঁচটি বাউন্ডারির সাহায্যে ৩১ এবং মামিতা দেব ২৪ বল খেলে দুটি বাউন্ডারির সাহায্যে ১৯ রান করেন। দলের শেষের দিকের ব্যাটসম্যানদের চূড়ান্ত ব্যর্থতায় বড় স্কোর গড়তে পারেনি

নিউ স্টার ক্লাব। দল অতিরিক্ত খাতে পায় ৪৮ রান। এমপিসি দলের পক্ষে পূর্ণিমা দেববর্ম ১৯ রানে, তামান্না দেবনাথ ১৯ রানে, দিয়া দাস ২৪ রানে এবং পৌষালী দত্ত ২৫ রানে দুটি করে উইকেট দখল করেন। জবাবে খেলতে নেমে এম পিসি দল ১৭ বল বাকি থাকতে তিন উইকেট হারিয়ে জয়ের জন্য প্রয়োজনীয় রান তুলে নেয়। দলের হয়ে দুরন্ত ব্যাটিং করে অপরাধিত থেকে যান তামান্না দেবনাথ। তামান্না ৬৩ বল খেলে সাতটি বাউন্ডারির সাহায্যে ৫০ রানে অপরাধিত থাকেন। এছাড়া দলের পক্ষে দিয়া দাস ৫৪ বল খেলে দুটি বাউন্ডারির সাহায্যে ২৯ রান করেন। দল অতিরিক্ত খাতে পায় ৫৪ রান। নিউ স্টার ক্লাবের পক্ষে মামিতা দেব ১৪ রানে তিনটি উইকেট দখল করেন।

boundaries. Her composed batting helped the team chase down the target with 15 balls to spare, securing a comfortable 7-wicket victory.

Tamanna's determination, consistency, and ability to perform in crucial moments reflect her growing stature as a promising cricketer. Her

outstanding contribution played a pivotal role in the team's success and stands as an inspiration for aspiring young athletes.

Ritabrati Das Student of 7th Semester Won CCRT Scholarship



(2017–18): Awarded the prestigious Centre for Cultural Resources and Training (CCRT) Scholarship in **Kathak** for outstanding dedication and excellence in Indian classical dance.

International Representation: Represented **India** at the **International Dance Festival in**

Bangladesh, showcasing the rich heritage of Indian classical dance through Kathak on an international platform.

Classical Voice of India 2020:



Secured
3rd Prize
in the



Kathak (Middle Group) category at the Grand Finals held in **New Delhi**, competing with talented dancers from across the country.

Kala Utsav 2020 (District Level): Won **1st Position** in **Classical Dance (Kathak)** at the

District Level Kala Utsav, organized by **Samagra Shiksha, Tripura**, earning qualification for the state-level competition.

Kala Utsav 2020 (State Level): Achieved **3rd Position** in **Classical Dance (Kathak)** at the State Level Kala Utsav, representing **Gomati District** among the state's finest performers.

Congratulations & Laurels



*Vox Literaria extends its warmest and most heartfelt congratulations to **Dr. Dustin Lalkulhpua (in left)**, PG English Coordinator (2024-25), and **Dr. Malay Nath (in right)**, PG English Coordinator (2025-26), Maharaja Bir Bikram College, on their well-deserved selection as Assistant Professors in the Government Degree Colleges of Tripura. This remarkable achievement is a testament to their academic excellence, dedication to teaching, and commitment to the discipline of English Literature. Their contributions as coordinators have greatly enriched the academic environment of our department and have been a source of inspiration for both students and colleagues. The entire Vox Literaria Team takes immense pride in celebrating this milestone in their professional journey. We sincerely acknowledge their scholarly pursuits and the positive impact they have made on the academic community. We wish them continued success, growth, and fulfillment in this new chapter of their careers. May their journey ahead be as enriching and inspiring as the guidance they have provided to us. With pride and best wishes,*

*– The Vox Literaria Team
Department of English, Maharaja Bir Bikram College*

Verse Vault

poetry section

Dedicated to
Pablo Neruda



Pablo Neruda

BORN

JULY 12, 1904

DIED

SEPTEMBER 23, 1973



*"Here I love you.
In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself."*

— From *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*



My inner voice as a woman

*When patriarchy grows
Women are expected to be quiet
They say "oh woman cover yourself
Because you are the pride of our family"
Be educated be independent, they taught
But why to feel shame in taking husband's money ?they
whispered
They say I am divine, I can grow human out of my womb
Still they consider me as some machine to continue family
lineage.
Who am I – a maid, a machine, a property?
No, I am woman!
I am shakti, I am prakriti
Yet you want me to be your*

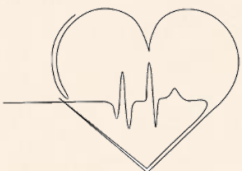
Rashmita Datta
Roll No-1576
3rd Semester



Life

*I am a girl and I love myself
And always think what life is? to myself
My mind reply ... The things happens around you... is your
life
I think life is nothing but a beautiful journey,
which deals with good and bad
And if you want to enjoy life deals with the same ...
Sometimes I like to live in my own world
where I am the queen and do what I want
In my world I laugh, I cry, I question not with others but
only with myself
It is the definition of life to me
knowing that It is different to everybody
But still I love myself more than anything else
And I always like truth and avoid the thing which is false
The world is different to everybody with different views
But I never compromise with myself for any excuse....*

Ankita Majumder
Roll No -1012
3rd Semester



THE VOICE OF MORALITY

*Voice should be one of the most important parts of life.
Every individual must have the to speak up for morality.
Every person should express their opinion in a world full
of in---justice --- a voice of identity, a voice for society,
a voice for those silent sufferings, a voice against what
bothers us. By raising our voices in a corrupt world, we
can prevent societal injustice. People can also build
self-confidence and assert their rights when faced with
injustice.*

*If we do not speak up for our own rights, against societal
injustice.*

*If we do not speak up for our own rights against societal
injustice
and superstition, the corrupt world cannot be changed ---
and
corruption will spread everywhere.*



Susmita Parshi
Roll No-875
5th Semester

Adrift Beneath the Dying Sun

*Upon a silent lake I stay,
While daylight softly fades away.
The hills stand still, the skies ignite,
Yet none can hear my thoughts tonight.
A little boat, a borrowed shore,
Surrounded, yet I ask for more.
So many faces, laughs, and names,
Yet solitude still fans its flames.
The sunset paints the world in gold,
But not each story can be told.
Some smiles are worn like borrowed light,
To hide the storms that bloom at night.
I row with everyone each day,
Yet drift a thousand miles away.
A crowded shore, a vacant heart,
How quietly we fall apart.
Perhaps the dusk is here to show
That endings help beginnings grow.
Until the stars replace the sun,
I'll learn that being alone is not being undone.
For even the loneliest boat, it seems,
Still carries hope across its dreams*



Tanmoy Debnath
Roll No- 435
7th Semester

Before the Canvas Dried

*People say the ocean is deep,
But it's nothing compared to her eyes.
I waited too long; now, I want her to arrive.
I know she is no longer mine,
So I lost all my pride.
She was my sunshine, she was the light.
Now, the light has gone somewhere.
But, how can I let my feelings aside?
I was the canvas, she painted me over.
Now, the colors have gone,
Like someone erased it with a magical eraser.
Hopeless eyes of mine are still in search of her.
I always got the disappointment,
But I couldn't find her & ask myself...
Will she never arrive?!*

Subhajit Das
Roll No-1171
3rd semester



Echoes Beyond The Bars

*The cage was small, but their world was wide,
Perched on the wire, side by side.
They shared the morning's stolen seed,
And every secret, dream, and need.
They gossiped of the passing breeze,
And simulated swaying trees,
Two voices woven into one,
From rise of moon to setting sun.
Then came the heavy, human stride,
A shadow on the silver side.
A hand reached in, abrupt and cold,
For one was chosen, bought, and sold.
A sudden flutter, a frantic cry,
A fleeting glimpse of a weeping eye—
Two hearts that beat in rhythmic rhyme,
Now fractured by a twist of time.
They tilt their heads to catch a strain,
Of the only voice that knew their pain,
Bound by a love the world erased,
In separate cages, safely placed.*

Sayani Misra
Respected Teacher
Department of English



The Delicacy of Feelings

*Feelings have their own way of flowing,
Feelings that are loaded with sadness prefer a
Silent solace and those of joy and pleasure prefer
A crew of cheerful companions.
No matter how heavy and dark the feelings are,
If they find solace on the pages,
They form poems,
Poems that are rhythmic confessions to some
And puzzles to the rest.*

*They are the reflections of one's heart
And those of one's felicities and sighs.
They urge for a mirror to spot a glance of their
Own selves but also yen to remain undiscovered
And unpredictable.*

*What if they fail to find that majestic mirror?
That faithful solace?
They begin to increase in reverse and
Cease suddenly.
The loads they carry silently
Remain hidden to the rest of the world.
But despite of remaining forever-hidden
They wait eagerly for clouds like the hopeless sky
From the ultimate line of the horizon.*

Saptabarna Paul
5th Semester
Roll No : 143



Matters of the Heart

*Matters of the heart are very complicated;
Everyone tries, but no one really gets it.
The Heart is a honeycomb, Honey;
What's inside, you can't just buy with money.*

*Now, to You, its structure is a riddle;
How is it so strong and yet so brittle?
Let me tell you now, it's made of countless slots;
For every little desire, it has a perfect spot.*

*To every new acquaintance, it affords a safe space;
With every active memory, they brighten up the place.
As they grow fonder, to the core they closer come;
Their spaces fill with colours, others more than some.*

*Sooner than expected, the time arrives to part;
The colours run dry, the spaces empty and dark.
These slots then move aside, to make room for the new;
The spaces barely standing, for the good memories few.*

*The heart is not a toy, so don't treat it as such;
Owners think it brittle, but it loves them very much.
To keep each of them happy, we replace the one's that part;
But we always wish them well from the whole of the Heart.*

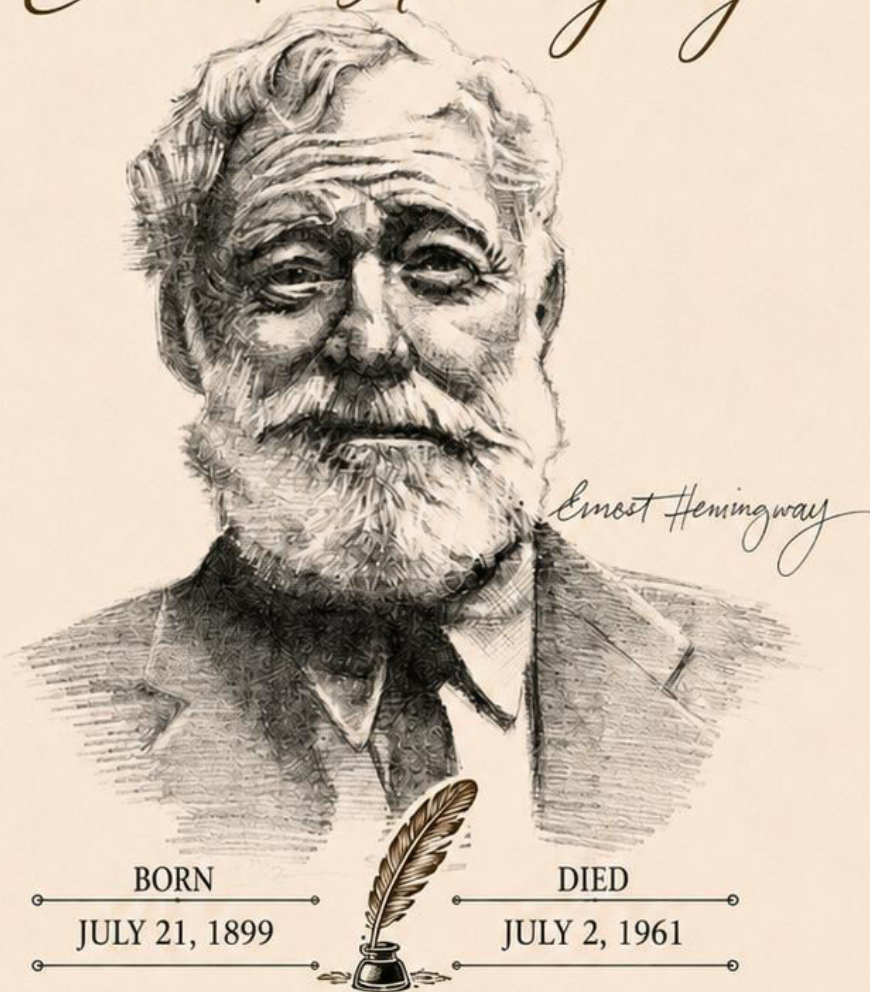
Sourjyamoy Roy
Respected Teacher
Department of English



Woven Words

✧ prose section ✧

Dedicated to
Ernest Hemingway



BORN
JULY 21, 1899

DIED
JULY 2, 1961

*"There is nothing to writing.
All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed."*
— Ernest Hemingway

A Girl with a Flower

Nira, a young woman with a pocket full of dreams and unwavering hope, despite living in poverty. Her father, **Anuj**, worked as a daily labourer, while her mother earned a little as a housemaid. She also had five-year-old twin brothers, **Akash** and **Prafulla** whose innocent belief that a buried coin could grow into a money tree brought moments of childlike innocence to the story.

One evening, while working at a construction site, Anuj noticed a small wildflower growing through a crack in the concrete. Smiling, he picked it, slipped it into his pocket, and thought of giving it to Nira. Moments later, a lifting machine malfunctioned, and a heavy steel beam crashed down, severely injuring his spine. When he tried to stand, his legs refused to move.

With the family's only breadwinner bedridden, Nira left her studies to search for work. She saw children begging for food, selling or performing on the streets. A flower seller reminded her of the garden where her father had taken her as a child. Whenever she cried or felt sad, he would hand her a flower, and her sadness would disappear. Inspired by those memories, she began selling flowers.

One day, she met **Dr. Prithvi** who had lost faith in himself after several failed operations. She offered him a flower, but he threw it away. Though hurt, Nira smiled and said, **"A flower may gather dust, but we clean it instead of throwing it away. People deserve the same chance."**

Her words stayed with him. The next day, he accepted another flower given by her and learned why she had left her studies. When he visited her home, he found Nira decorating her father's bedside with fresh flowers to remind him of happier days. Moved by her hope, the doctor treated Anuj without charge. As months passed, Anuj slowly regained the strength to stand, while the doctor's confidence returned with every step of his patient's recovery.

A year later, Anuj promised to take Nira back to her favourite flower garden. Before that day arrived, she was fatally injured in a road accident while selling flowers. As she slipped into a coma, she dreamed of walking through the same garden beside her father, who smiled and placed a flower in her hands once again.

At her funeral, her resting place was covered with the very flowers she had spent her life giving to others.

"Though she could not return to the flower garden, she rested among the very flowers she had spent her life sharing with others."



Tripti Chakraborty
Roll No-714
7th Semester

Suporna: The Silent Symphony of Broken Dreams

"Dreams are never too fragile to survive; they are only too often denied the chance to bloom."

During the British period, life in Bengal was tough. People lived under British rule, and many families followed strict customs. Women had very little freedom. They spent most of their time taking care of the house and their families, while their own dreams were often ignored.

Suporna was one of them. She lived in a large old bungalow surrounded by trees, flowers, and a small pond. Every morning, she woke up before sunrise. The soft sound of her anklets could be heard as she cleaned the courtyard, watered the plants, and helped with household chores. She was gentle, kind, and always cared for everyone around her. But deep down, Suporna had a dream. She loved reading books and wanted to become a teacher. She wished to teach the children in her village because she believed education could change their lives.

"Education gives wings to dreams that society often tries to cage."

Before she could continue her studies, her family arranged her marriage. She respected their decision and went to live with her husband. After marriage, her life changed dramatically. Her husband often got angry and beat her for small mistakes. She wanted to tell her parents about her pain, but they urged her to adjust and protect the family's honor. Day by day, she stopped talking about her dreams. Her books remained on the shelf, covered with dust, and her hope slowly faded.

"Dreams do not die by time; they die when hope is denied."

One quiet evening, Suporna sat alone on the swing in the veranda. She held her books close to her heart and thought about her lost dreams. In her other hand was a knife. A few moments later, cries filled the bungalow. The next morning, the birds still sang, but the sound of her anklets was gone forever.

Suporna's story reminds us that, during British rule, many women fought silent battles in their homes. Their pain, sacrifice, and broken dreams were rarely remembered, even though they deserved to be heard.

"When a woman loses the right to dream, humanity loses a part of its future."



*Poushali Ghosh
Roll No-1125
7th Semester*

The Traveler & the Path

On a bright sunny day the journey begins, with no companion. Ignorant about the path ahead, the traveler walks and walks. On her way the traveler comes across several villages and hundred people there, she mistakes the villagers to be her friends, the traveler was unaware of the fact that the one who travels will never have a Friend. The villager belongs to their village and the travelers to their path. Unaware of the travelling rules, the traveler failed to follow them. The heartbroken traveler continued her journey. Many summers came, several winters passed by, the summer heat didn't immune her from the harsh winters and the bone freezing coldness didn't cool her burns in summer. One day the scenery is filled with flowers and the other day the path is; but with the scattered remaining of it.

The seasons continued to pass so did she. Exhausted, devastated the traveler wished for the path to end on an ordinary sunny day just like how it started in the very beginning. Her hunger couldn't slow down her journey for the ultimate, but her weary soul did. "If the traveler perished without a warning, will the path mourn for her?" she thought to herself, the branched trees above remained still. The traveler broke her leg, fractured her wrist, her skin was busy with scars but did she stop walking? No! Because her hands were tied. The traveler forgot how many times the moon has waxed and waned but she saw one star shadowing her. Our traveler finally had a companion, even if it's a star, shining above her only after the darkness swallows the sky. Bleeding feet's, aching shoulders made her want to run away and abandon the path, did she? No. What else could she do?

After the grueling journey without an end In sight, on a quiet day with the atmosphere pierced by the fiery amber of autumn the path finally came to an end, a void. Even though that's not what she steeled herself for, she still stepped toward the end seeking for the answers that kept her going. "Is this the end? That's all?" She asked the void. The unresponsive stillness of the ending made her realize perhaps it's not the ending that truly mattered but the journey toward it.

Winter for its stillness, or its sting. Summer for its solace, or its scorch. How will the traveler remember the path? The wound it inflicted or the wonders she came across? How will the path remember the traveler? By her stumbles or the triumph?

If you were the traveler, how would you want to be remembered ?



*Paramita Debnath
Roll No- 1765
3rd Semester*

The Last Promise-1999

The evening air in **Batalik** was bitterly cold, thick with the scent of burning juniper wood and the low, anxious hum of evening prayers. It was May 2, 1999. In this high-altitude village tucked away in the rocky folds of Ladakh, the melting snow usually signaled the peaceful return of spring. Yet, an unnatural stillness gripped the mountain lanes. Border security forces had been moving quietly along the steep ridges all afternoon. Under the massive stone shadow of an old prayer wall at the edge of the village, Devraj and Lehanna sought refuge. The coarse, heavy wool of his robe brushed against her soft shawl—a fragile pocket of tenderness in a world growing suddenly rigid.

"The wind feels different tonight, Dev," Lehanna whispered, a warm tear freezing against her flushed cheek. "I feel a deep, terrible ache in my chest. Something horrific is coming over those high peaks. It feels like a beast waiting to swallow us whole. What if tomorrow brings an end to everything we love?" Devraj scoffed softly, wiping her tears, completely denying her dark premonitions. "You are letting the village gossip frighten you, Lehanna. Look at the sky; it's completely clear. Tomorrow, I will take you down to the valley fields. We will pick wild blossoms, listen to the river, and talk about our wedding. Nothing bad is going to happen. **"It is just another peaceful spring or are we just lying to ourselves because the truth is too terrifying?"** she sobbed, looking into his eyes.

"Then promise me," Lehanna pleaded, clutching his sleeve desperately. "Promise me that whatever comes, we face it together. "And **"I promise,"** he choked out, his own tears finally breaking free as he pulled her into a fierce, breathless embrace. "I will never let you go. "Suddenly, her nightmare became reality. The fragile quiet shattered. The harsh, blinding headlights of a military patrol jeep tore through the darkness, accompanied by the heavy thud of combat boots echoing across the mountains. Armed soldiers spilled onto the rocky path, shouting commands for an immediate, emergency curfew. From the shadows of the stone houses, Lehanna's brothers rushed out in a panic, screaming her name. They grabbed her arms, forcefully dragging her away toward the village shelter. Devraj lunged forward to hold onto her, but the butt of a soldier's rifle violently struck his shoulder, throwing him down into the freezing dirt. Their outstretched fingers, which had just promised forever, missed each other by mere inches.

"Devraj!" she screamed, her voice instantly swallowed by the roaring engines and the shouting guards. The village went completely black as the power grid was cut for security. The clock struck midnight, crossing the threshold into **May 3, 1999—the dawn of the Kargil War**. Inside the pitch-black shelter, as the morning of the new war broke, an emergency military radio crackled to life. Through the heavy static, a frantic broadcaster began announcing the very first casualties of the morning's sudden border assault. Lehanna pressed her ear against the wall, listening to the merely audible, broken transmission. The announcer's voice cut through the white noise, starting the list of the fallen, and the very first name began with a blurry, echoing: ***"Dev..."**

Abhishek Das
Roll No- 32



7th Semester

Patience bears success

Once there was a girl named Jessie, who used to love painting like anything. As she belonged from a very poor family, her father could not able to appoint a drawing teacher for her. But , she did not gave up. She started to participate in every drawing competitions used to held in her village. But as always every time, she was being eliminated from the competition. Every time the villagers used to laugh at her and said that she will not be able to become a painter and as she was not such kind of brilliant in her academics, they used to tease her saying her whole life will be ruined. But, Jessie never lose hope , she continued her drawing with patience, hard work and utmost dedication and thus her patience bears fruit when a world famous painter visited her village and when he saw Jessie's paintings, he appreciated her whole heartedly and introduced her work of creativity Infront of the whole world seeking her self-recognition, dignity, and respect .

Moral-patience and handwork always bear success.



Chitrarupa Kar
Roll No- 209
7th Semester



Story street

Essay and Non fiction section

✻ Dedicated to ✻

George Orwell



George Orwell

BORN

JUNE 25, 1903



DIED

JANUARY 21, 1950

*"In a time of deceit, telling the truth
is a revolutionary act."*

— George Orwell



Of the Hidden Muses of Tripura

To confine our reading to the grand, distant metropolises is to falsely believe that the quiet edges of the world lack a heartbeat. To overlook the brilliant women writers of Tripura is to walk blindly past a hidden diamond, gleaming in the twilight. For any reader seeking the true depth of human expression, a vital question emerges: Do we genuinely see them? Do we, who pride ourselves on our vast shelves of knowledge, ever pause to read their words? The truth is a quiet ache; they remain largely unread by the wider world. This is not for a lack of profound substance, but because the world so easily confuses silence with absence, letting these exquisite voices bloom and fade in the shadows.

As Francis Bacon once beautifully suggested, studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Yet, the literature crafted by the daughters of Tripura transcends mere ornament; it is a sacred testament to identity, grace, and survival. Their ink captures a unique confluence where two distinct rivers of human heritage meet—the indigenous, vibrant Tripura culture and the deeply rooted Bengali traditions. This artistry is draped in the breathtaking imagery of the misty Joom hills, the rich crimson threads of Risa handlooms, and the heavy, monsoon-laden winds of the Northeast.

If the youth of today seek the authentic, ancient pulse of this earth, let them listen to the pioneering female voices writing in Kokborok, the native melody of the hills. As poets like Chandrabala Debbarma, the matriarch of Kokborok women's literature, and Sefali Debbarma, whose haunting verses explore land alienation and the quiet resilience of her people, stand as guardians of memory. Alongside them, Dipali Debbarma masterfully weaves ecological sensibility and collective tribal consciousness into modern indigenous poetry.

Yet, we must also turn our gaze to the Bengali female authors sharing this exact sky. Let us discover Arpita Acharya and Josna Begum, whose poetry turns the domestic courtyard into a powerful space for female liberation. Let us read Dr. Sebika Dhar, who preserves precious oral folk traditions, Banalata Devi's evocative poetry, and the late Minakshi Sen, whose profound memoirs explore political confinement with sharp, clinical precision.

If we do not praise their works, how will they ever receive the honour and fame they so richly deserve? Without our collective awareness, their brilliant light risks being swallowed by time. Therefore, let the youth pick up the works of these hidden muses: for in their pages, the neglected find their rightful crown, and a small frontier state expands into a boundless, beautiful universe of human thought.



Mandira Shil
Roll No- 683
7th Semester

Climate Change : Mitigation Strategies and Challenges in India

Nature always warns us before it breaks. The rising heat, unexpected floods, stronger cyclones, and irregular rainfall across India are clear signs that climate change is becoming a serious threat. The question is no longer whether climate change is real, but how we choose to respond.

India has taken important steps to reduce its environmental impact. The country is expanding solar and wind energy, promoting electric vehicles, planting more trees, and encouraging sustainable farming. These initiatives help reduce greenhouse gas emissions while supporting economic development. However, climate action remains challenging due to rapid urbanisation, a growing population, dependence on coal, industrial pollution, and limited access to clean technologies.

The role of humans is equally important in addressing this crisis. Every citizen can contribute by conserving electricity and water, reducing plastic use, recycling waste, using public transport, planting trees, and adopting eco-friendly lifestyles. People should also spread environmental awareness and support policies that promote sustainable development. Small individual actions, when multiplied across millions of people, create a significant positive impact.

Climate change is a shared responsibility. By working together—governments, industries, communities, and individuals—India can overcome these challenges, protect its natural resources, and build a healthier, greener, and more sustainable future for generations to come.



*Roni Sen
Roll No- 1435
5th Semester*

Heaven Is Here

Ever since childhood, I always imagined heaven as a place far beyond the sky. A place where there is peace, where people are kind to one another and help each other without expecting anything in return. But as I grew up, I started looking at heaven differently. As I see it now, heaven is not somewhere else. I think heaven is here. We can actually make this very place heaven. And you know how? It's actually very simple. We just need to choose to act. There is one incident that I still remember because it completely changed the way I look at humanity.

One afternoon, while driving his auto, my father saw a huge crowd gathered on the roadside. He thought something serious must have happened and went closer to see. There was an elderly man standing there, completely helpless. His young grandson had fainted because of the extreme heat, dehydration and low blood pressure. But what surprised my father even more was the crowd. Instead of helping, people were busy recording videos, taking pictures, talking among themselves and simply watching everything happen.

My father didn't even think for a second. He scolded the crowd, took the old man and his grandson to the hospital, completed all the formalities and even paid the hospital bill because the old man neither had the money nor knew what to do. Later, the doctor said that if they had arrived a little later, the child's condition could have become much more serious.

This is just one incident. There are so many others where I have seen my father help complete strangers without expecting anything in return. One thing I have learnt from him is that, for him, first comes a human being. Then come relationships. And money? That has always come last. He didn't know that old man. He didn't know his grandson. But none of that mattered to him. They were human beings, and that was enough. And I think that is heaven.

Not a place beyond the sky, but a world where we stop being part of the crowd and choose to step forward. We should not just see, watch and observe. We should act. I don't think we need to search for heaven somewhere beyond the sky anymore. If we all begin to choose people the way my father does, then perhaps this very world would become nothing less than heaven.



Anamika Das
Roll No- 62
5th Semester

The Lost Phone

Some mornings pass unnoticed, while others quietly shape the person we become. One ordinary school morning from my childhood has stayed with me ever since—not because I found a lost phone, but because it reminded me of a lesson I still carry today.

I was around twelve years old and studying in Class VI. I was already running late for school, and to make matters worse, I couldn't find an auto-rickshaw. As I hurried along the roadside, I noticed a small keypad phone lying in the grass.

The moment I saw it, I remembered what my father had taught me since childhood: if you ever find something that belongs to someone else, help it find its way back. And whenever life gives you a chance to help someone, never let that chance pass. Without a second thought, I picked up the phone, ran back home, and handed it to my father. “I found this on the roadside. Please return it to its owner as soon as possible,” I said before rushing back. Luckily, I got an auto-rickshaw and reached school just in time.

While I was in school, my father kept trying to contact the owner. When I returned home that afternoon, my mother told me what had happened. The phone belonged to a man serving in uniform (TSR). Though it was only a keypad phone, it contained all his important contacts, and losing it had caused him great worry. When my father returned it, the man was deeply relieved. Smiling, he said, “You have a very good daughter. I am fortunate that she found my phone.” He then offered my father ₹1000 as a token of gratitude, but my father politely refused.

Listening to my mother, I realized that if I had been there, I would have made the same choice. My father had not only taught me those values—he lived by them every day. We never accepted the money, yet we gained something far more valuable. A stranger found relief, my father stayed true to his principles, and I understood that the greatest lessons are not spoken—they are lived. Looking back, I realize it was never just a keypad phone. It was a moment that shaped my understanding of honesty, and a memory I will carry with me for the rest of my life.



Preeti Dass
Roll No- 1165
3rd Semester

The Weight of Kindness

The Girl Everyone Wanted to Change She had a strange habit. Whenever someone smiled because of her, she silently considered it her achievement.

There was something beautifully rare about the way she loved people. She never wanted anyone around her to feel alone. If someone was hurting, she stayed. If someone needed a listener, she listened. If someone was falling apart, she patiently helped them gather the pieces, never realizing that she was leaving fragments of herself behind.

Night after night, she stayed awake comforting someone, convincing them that tomorrow would be kinder. Yet, when the same darkness found its way to her heart, she sat alone, teaching herself the very words she had once spoken so easily to others. She never expected the world to return every act of kindness. Deep within her heart, she only wished that someone would understand her without asking for an explanation. But life had different plans.

"You're too emotional." "You care too much." "You get attached too easily." The words echoed so often that she began believing them. She stood before the mirror one evening and wondered if kindness was truly a flaw. Maybe they were right. Maybe loving people without conditions was a mistake. So, she began changing herself. She stopped expressing her feelings. She stopped checking whether everyone was okay. She stopped letting people see how deeply she cared. Every day, she became a little quieter than the day before. Until one day... She looked exactly like the person everyone wanted her to become.

Then the voices changed. "What happened to you?" "You've become so distant." "You don't smile like before." "You're so hard to understand now." She smiled. Not because their words no longer hurt. But because she had finally realized something.

The world had asked her to change, yet it could not accept the person it had created. People thought she had become heartless. The truth was much simpler. She had not forgotten how to love. She had only learned that even the softest hearts deserve protection. Perhaps, all this while, you believed she was just another girl with an ordinary story. She wasn't. I never borrowed her story. I simply lived it.



Jui Debbarma
Roll No-1000
3rd Semester

The Days I'll Carry With Me

People often say that College is one of the best phases of life. I used to smile whenever I heard that, but I never truly understood it until I reached the end of my own journey.

Walking out of the examination hall after my last graduation exam felt different. There was no excitement about the next Semester, no plans for another assignment, and no thought of returning to the same classroom next week. Instead, there was quiet realization that an important chapter of my life had come to an end.

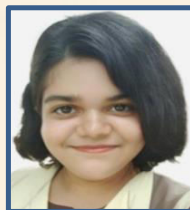
When I first entered college, I was shy and unsure of myself. Everything felt unfamiliar - the classrooms, the teachers, and the people around me. I wondered if I would fit in or make friends. Looking back now, it's funny how these same hallways that once felt so new gradually became a place where I felt completely at home.

The memories that stay with me are not just the big moments but the ordinary ones. Walking outside classrooms before lectures, sharing notes before exams, laughing over the smallest things, rushing to complete assignments at the last minute, and spending time with friends during breaks - those little moments became the heart of my college life. They were so ordinary then, yet they feel so precious now.

I feel incredibly grateful to my teachers and professors who did more than teach from textbooks. They encouraged us when we ourselves doubted, answered our endless questions with patience, and made us feel comfortable, and that made learning even more meaningful.

After our final exam, my friends and I gathered to take what we kept calling our 'last college pictures.' We smiled for the camera, laughed as we tried different poses, and thanked our professors before leaving. At that moment, everything still felt normal. It was only later, while looking at those photographs, that I realized they captured something we could never recreate - the end of a beautiful chapter that had quietly become a part of us.

Graduation marks the end of my college life, but the memories I made here will always remain one of the most cherished parts of who I am.



Sreeza Datta
Roll No- 215
7th Semester

PERSONAL PAGES

Flash fiction section

Dedicated to Franz Kafka



Chorica
2021



Born: July 3, 1883 - Died: June 3, 1924



*Everything you love is very likely
to be lost, but in the end, love will
return in a different way.*

The Missed Call

3:00pm, Tuesday

Library's dead silent today. AC's too cold. I'm at the corner table, laptop open, half-done assignment on screen. Phone's on silent, face down. Buzz. Flip it. One missed call. Mom. Ugh. Not now. I'll call later. This prof's gonna kill me if I don't submit by 5.

3:15pm

Buzz again. Mom. Then text: Call me now. Important. Man. What's so important? I'm literally dying here. Type fast: Can't talk now. 1 hr. Project due. Send. Back to typing. Fingers cold.

3:40pm

Phone's going crazy under my notebook. Pick it up. Missed call. Mom. Missed call. Dad. Missed call. Some unknown number. Text from Dad: Pick up. Mom needs you. Now I'm mad. Seriously. I said I'm busy. Stop calling. I'm in library. I'll call at 5. Send. Put phone under bag. Done.

4:10pm

"Bro." Ravi shakes my shoulder. "Your phone's been buzzing for like 10 mins. Check it yaar." I pull it out. 7 missed calls. 4 texts. Call home Emergency Please Beta pick up. My stomach drops. But I'm still irritated. What emergency? Walk out to balcony: Call Mom. Ring... ring... ring... nothing. Call Dad.

4:12pm

"Hello!!" Dad's voice sounds... old. Like really tired. "Dad? What's going on? Why's everyone calling?" Long silence. I can hear hospital sounds. Machines beeping. "Beta... where are you?" "Library. Dad, tell me. Is Mom ok?" Another pause. "We been calling since 3. Your sister... school bus... accident... we're at City Hospital. Mom was calling you... she wanted you to come... she..."

4:13pm

Hand goes numb. Phone slips a bit. "Sister... she... is she...?" "She asked for you. Last thing she said. Your name."

4:14pm

Can't breathe. Dad: "Mom can't talk. She's with doctor. You come fast. "I don't even close the laptop. Just run. Down stairs, past guard, road, jump in first auto, "City Hospital bhaiya, fast."

5:30pm

Hospital smells like medicine and floor cleaner. Mom's on a bench. Eyes all red and puffy. Sees me. No words. Just grabs me. Holds tight. I can feel her shaking. Nurse comes. Gives me a paper. Folded. Crayon drawing. Sister made it this morning. Our house. Me, Mom, Dad, stick figures. Sun in corner. At the bottom, in small tilted letters: Bhaiya call me today, I have surprise. She spelt surprise wrong. I check my phone. 14 missed calls. Last one: **3:58 PM.**
Sister.



*Souravi Debnath
Roll No-1080
3rd Semester*

The Forgotten Library

The library was once the center of the college. It was a place where people would talk quietly, turn pages and dream about what they wanted to be. Things changed and students started to walk right by the library. They liked looking at their phones and computers than reading old books.

One evening Aisha was looking for a book to help her with her work. She found a spot, behind an old bookcase. There were books in this spot that nobody had touched in years. She opened one of the books. Found a note that someone had written by hand. The note said "To the person who finds this. Every book remembers the person who really listened to it."

Aisha spent a lot of time reading the books. The library was quiet. It did not feel empty anymore. She could hear the voices of poets and dreamers and students who had read those books a time ago.

The library had never truly been forgotten; its readers had simply forgotten to return. The next morning, students walked through its doors once again, drawn by quiet curiosity. Soon, the silence gave way to the gentle rustle of turning pages and eager minds rediscovering the joy of reading. The library came alive - not because the books had changed, but because people had finally remembered their timeless worth. "The library had never been forgotten; only its readers had forgotten the way back.



Nipa Paul
Roll No- 655
3rd Semester

The White Shawl

7th July

That day, from early morning, I saw so many familiar and unfamiliar faces. I was dancing with joy, talking to everyone, playing with the other children, while quietly wondering, "Where has my Grandpa gone? Why hasn't he come back yet?"

Someone told me that prayers were being offered in Grandpa's name because he had gone very far away. I didn't understand any of it. I was happy, playing games and making mischief.

Then an uncle looked at me and said, "Sit quietly for a while. Cry for your Grandpa instead of fooling around. "I was so angry with him that day. Why should I cry for Grandpa? He would come back. We still had so many stories left to share.

That afternoon, I was walking to a shop with my mother. Deep inside, I was missing Grandpa and kept thinking, "Grandpa... where are you? "Suddenly, an old man wrapped in a white shawl called out from behind, "Hey, little one... come here. I want to tell you something."

I was just about to walk toward him when my mother shouted, "Hey! Where are you going? Haven't I told you never to let go of my hand when we're out on the road? Come here quickly!" looked at my mother... then turned back. But...The old man was gone. He had disappeared without a trace. Confused, I walked ahead and noticed that devotional songs were being sung in the nearby temple.

That evening, I came down with a high fever. After that, I don't remember anything. Today, many months have passed, yet Grandpa has never returned home. Everyone says he has gone to a place from where no one ever comes back. I look for him in every corner of the house, in everything that reminds me of him, but I never find him. Every night, I hide my face and cry quietly. And in my heart, I whisper,

"Grandpa... please come back to me, just one more time."



Sagarika Chakraborty
Roll No- 1179
5th Semester

The First Conversation

What is an ideal relationship? Is it one without arguments? One where everything is perfect? I don't think so. I think the moment we give something the tag of a "relationship", that's when it starts becoming complicated. So, maybe we should stop giving relationships the weight of labels. Let's keep it a simple word—one that carries love, trust, respect, but not pressure. Perhaps we've misunderstood the very essence of the word relationship. It isn't confined to romance but lives in friendship that withstands the ravages of time. Now, arguments are an inevitable part of every relationship. They are not signs of its failure, but reflections of two distinct minds learning to coexist. Arguments are merely echoes of individuality. For the most profound relationship we will ever cultivate is the one we have with ourselves. Let us not chase perfection; let us cultivate presence. So, let's redefine the meaning of a relationship. A relationship is the silent harmony between the heart and the mind, between who we are and who we aspire to become. It is the invisible thread that allows our soul and our conscience to coexist in balance. Everything else is simply an echo of that **first conversation...**

Ritabrati Das

Roll No- 633

7th Semester

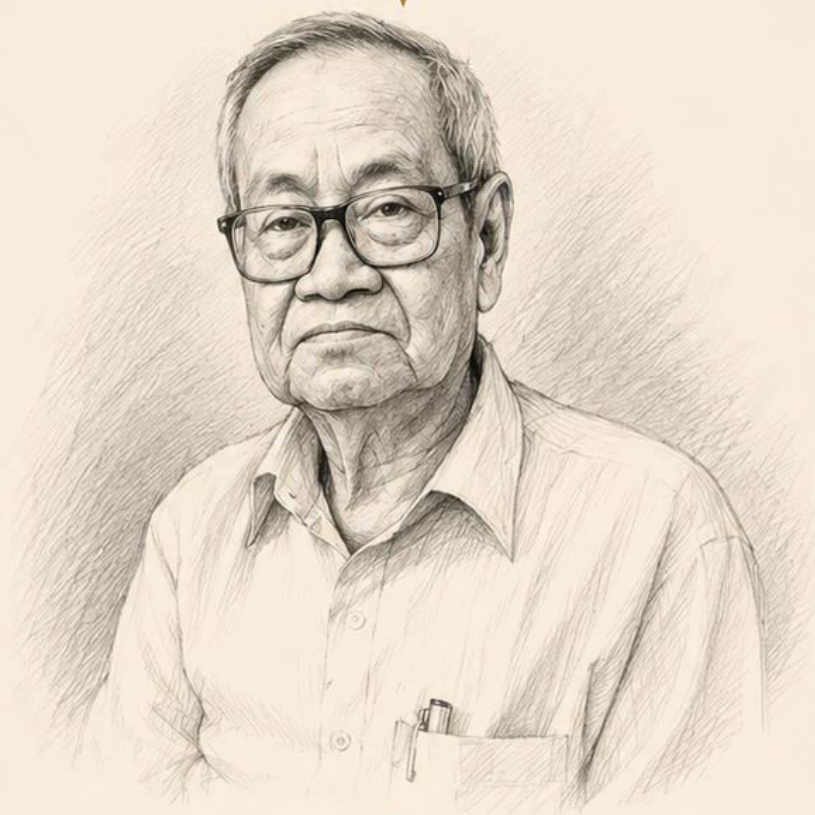


English Translation of *Indigenous voices Section*

— — — — —
Dedicated to — — — — —

Naresh Chandra Debbarma

— — — — —



— — — — —

In recognition of his outstanding contribution to
Tripura's literary and cultural landscape,
Shri Naresh Chandra Debbarma was conferred the
Sahitya Akademi Translation Prize – 2024
for his English translation of the Kokborok novel
“*Chini Khukrang*” by Neel Kamal Reang.
This prestigious national honour celebrates his
dedication to bringing Indigenous voices
to a wider world.

— — — — —

Bukhuk Sinirok

Far away, once upon a time in a beautiful village in Tripura, a man had seven daughters. Once all seven daughters grew up, they used to practice "Huk" (shifting cultivation). For that reason, every day the seven daughters went out from home in the morning and returned by evening. The father was the only male in the house, so the daughters needed to do all the necessary work for the "Huk" (shifting cultivation). One day, all seven daughters went to the "Huk" (shifting cultivation), which was far from their village, carrying "Langas" (traditional Tripuri buckets) to collect brinjals.

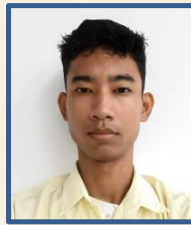
After crossing many mountains, rivers, and crossroads, they reached their destination and saw a Mwkhwra Raja (monkey king) eating their brinjals. At first, they watched and laughed, but later they all shouted and chased the monkey away from the "Huk" (shifting cultivation). Because of this, the "Mwkhwra Raja" (Monkey King) felt insulted, became angry, and vowed that he would take revenge. He moved away but secretly watched the seven daughters. The seven daughters collected their brinjals from their "Huk" (shifting cultivation), filling their Langas (traditional Tripuri buckets) one by one. After a while, they started walking back toward the village.

There was a "Dongor" (water source) along the path to the village. Step by step, the seven daughters reached the "Dongor" (water source), where they dived into the water and enjoyed the summer heat. However, the Mwkhwra Raja (monkey king) was secretly watching and found a chance to take revenge on the seven daughters. While all seven daughters were busy bathing, the Mwkhwra Raja (monkey king) cleverly collected the girls' Rignai and Risa (traditional Tripuri upper and lower clothing) and climbed a tree near the "Dongor" (water source), hiding himself among the branches. After sometime, the seven daughters came out from the "Dongor" and started searching for their Rignai and Risa (traditional Tripuri upper and lower clothing). When they couldn't find them, they became confused and panicked. However, they accidentally saw a monkey up in the tree with their clothes and remembered that this was the same monkey they had chased away from their "Huk" (shifting cultivation).

At first, the eldest sister began to request the monkey, "o mwkhwra sa mwkhwra sa ani rignai risa firog ridi" (o monkey return back my cloths). The monkey replied, "Give me 4 brinjals and take one step up the ladder for your clothes." He repeated his demand, increasing it by one step for each sister. But when the last daughter stepped onto the ladder, she was pulled up by the "Mwkhwra Raja" (monkey king). At that moment, the other six sisters, scared and confused, ran toward the village for help to bring their parents. However, while the sisters were going for help, the monkey dragged the seventh sister into a deep and dense forest where he had a house.

When the daughters' parents and the villagers arrived, the girl was nowhere to be found. Days became months, and months became years. The monkey married the girl, and later, they had a child. The girl wanted to escape from the forest, so she made sure

to maintain a normal behavior and a happy face. One day, the girl wanted to eat sour fruits and demanded them from her husband, the monkey. The monkey went to look for those fruits. The girl knew that gathering our fruits would take him a whole day, so in the morning, she collected all her necessary belongings into a "Langa" (traditional Tripuri bucket). She started walking and succeeded in escaping the forest with her son and a dog. The monkey came back and said, "Hi ha totema dogaphiyokdiba" (hi ha the mother of tote open the door), but he soon found that his wife and son were not at home. The monkey realized that the girl had escaped his captivity, even though he had maintained a good relationship and showed love toward his family. Knowing that his wife would be at his father-in-law's house, he started walking there. The monkey reached the house and saw his son, but he was filled with shame, confusion, and guilt. The monkey entered his father-in-law's home. The father-in-law and mother-in-law wore a fake mask of hospitality and planned to kill him. The father-in-law and mother-in-law both offered him rice alcohol to ensure he fell into deep sleep. At midnight, they killed the monkey using bamboo spikes and buried him. Later, they planted a bottle gourd over his burial site, which produced a massive amount of bottle gourds.



Santa Debbarma
Roll No- 640
3rd Semester

Credit/courtesy-The Bible Society of India

Kharchi Puja

The Festival Of Fourteen Gods

Tripura the land of Fourteen Gods (referring to the revered Chaturdasha Devata worshiped at the ancient temple in old Agartala). Kharchi Puja is a major seven-day Hindu festival celebrated annually in Tripura, India. It typically takes place in July or August, on the eighth day of the new moon (Shukla Paksha Ashtami) in the Hindu month of Ashadha. The festival's name derived from the two Kokborok (Tripuri) words "Khar" (meaning sin) and "Chi" (meaning cleaning or purification), translating to a ritual that cleanses the sins of the people and the land. The core ritual involves worshipping 14 deities represented entirely by their heads / faces. The Festival traces its roots back to the Manikya Dynasty. The traditional priests, known as Chantai, perform the rituals in utmost secrecy, which involves carrying the 14 deities to the nearby river 'Saidra' (Haora/ Howrah) for a holy bath and bringing them back to the temple. In the indigenous Kokborok language, the 14 deities represent an intricate blend of tribal nature-worship and traditional Hindu gods. The deities worshipped are:

- Lampra (Sun & Moon) : The dual deity governing light and cosmic balance.
- Akhatra & Bikhatra : The twin deities of the horizon, paths, and safe journeys.
- Burasa (Shiva) : The forest deity and supreme ruler of the wild.
- Thumnairok (Yama) : The deity of death and the underworld.
- Bonirok (Agni) : The god of fire and household hearths.
- Kailikh (Kartikeye) : The deity governing wars and protection.
- Khumwma (Saraswati) : The goddess presiding over rivers and creative knowledge.
- Twima (Ganga) : The deity governing sacred waters and physical purification.
- Mwtaikotor (Mahadev) : The supreme male energy and elder protector.
- Noksumwtai (Prithvi) : Mother Earth, who is purified during the festival.
- Mailwma (Lakshmi) : The goddess of agriculture and abundant rice harvests.
- Khulwma (Cotton Goddess) : The unique tribal patron of weaving and garments.
- Garia (Ganesha) : The god of livestock, wealth, and obstacles.
- Herma (Kartikeya's consort / Shakti) : The feminine protector.

During Kharchi Puja in Tripura, folk artists and devotees sing the Hojagiri & Lebang songs. These traditional folk songs are typically accompanied by the rhythmic sounds of the Sumui (bamboo flute), Chongpreng, and Sarinda.

The lyrics celebrate the harmony of nature, the joys of the harvest, and the ancient rituals of the local tribes. Over the centuries, the festival evolved into a beautiful amalgamation of authentic tribal rituals and Brahmanical (mainstream Hindu) traditions, eventually culminating in the grand construction of the Chaturdasha Devata Temple in Old Agartala by King Krishna Manikya Debbarma of Tripura in 1761. Today, it stands as a symbol of cultural harmony, celebrated by both tribal and non-tribal communities across the state.

Nibidita Dewan

Respected Teacher, Department of English



Garia : The Soul of Tribal Heritage

Long ago, when the hills of Tripura were covered with dense forest and the people lived close to nature, the villagers depended entirely on the land for food. They cultivated their fields, cared for their animals, and believed that every mountain, river, and tree carried a sacred spirit. The next morning, the villagers prepared a bamboo pole as the symbol of Baba Garia. They sang traditional songs, beat their drums, danced with joy, and offered prayers for a good harvest and peace. Soon gentle rains fell, the fields turned green, and the village was blessed with a rich harvest.

One year, after the seeds had been sown, the rains did not come. The fields dried, the crops withered, and the people feared hunger. The village elders gathered and prayed to Baba Garia, the guardian of prosperity, fertility, and wellbeing. According to mythology that night Baba Garia appeared in the dream of the village chief. He said, "Live in harmony with nature. Respect the forests, protect the rivers, work together and celebrate life with gratitude. If you do so, your land will flourish."

From that day onwards, the villagers celebrated Garia Puja every year. They taught their children that the festival was not only about asking for prosperity but also about living in harmony with nature, helping one another and preserving their traditions. Among them was a young boy named Gopal who loved modern technology and dreamed of becoming an engineer. Sometimes he wondered if the old traditions still mattered. His grandmother said, "A tree grows tall because its roots are deep. Without roots, it cannot reach the sky. Our culture is like that roots."

Years later, visitors came to the village to witness the vibrant celebration. They admired not only the colorful costumes and joyful dances but also the unity and pride of the people. The elders of the village gathered everyone and said, "Let us pray to Baba Garia with faith and work together to care for our fields." The villagers cleaned their homes, decorated a bamboo pole, prepared traditional offerings, and celebrated Garia puja with songs, dances and drumbeats.

Soon after festival, gentle rains arrived. The fields turned green, the crops flourished, and the village was filled with joy. The people believed that Baba Garia had blessed them because they had shown gratitude, unity and respect for nature. The villagers considered that Garia was not only a festival of harvest- it was a celebration of identity, unity, and the enduring spirit of the Tripuri people.



*Gopal Tripura
Roll No- 24
7th Semester*

THE KHERENGBAR (*The Orchid*)

A Kokborok Folktale

After a long period as an 'apprentice' at his father-in-law's house, a boy got married to his daughter. The newly wedded couple were returning to the boy's home dreaming about the blissful days ahead – the happy days of their next Garia festival together. The road ran through a forest. As they were walking, an exceedingly sweet fragrance greeted their nostrils. They found a tree with Kherengbar flowers blossoming on it. The wife requested the boy to get her the flower so that she could put it in her hair. Though the husband wouldn't have denied his wife anything on earth, the Kherengbar flower was a different kettle of fish altogether. It is believed that an 'Apsara' (heavenly dancer), while cursed to spend her days on earth, brought this favourite flower of hers with her. So, it has no root on this earth. Humans are forbidden to use it. If anyone dared, he would surely meet his doom. The boy told all this to his wife, but the girl persisted in her demand. The husband conceded ultimately, albeit reluctantly. He climbed up the tree and threw some flowers to her, but at same time he warned her to not put them in her hair. But, the wife was so charmed by the fragrance and beauty of the flowers that she paid no heed to his warnings and wore them on her bun; and lo! and behold before she could put on the last flower, the man turned into a Hoollock (a whooping monkey)! The wife lamented with heart-rending wails, but to no avail. She banged her head against the tree and killed herself. She was reborn as a lizard. Even today, when the Kherengbar blossoms, the Mufuk (lizard) comes under the tree and beats her tail on the ground. The Hoollock loudly laments 'Hoo, hoo, hoo,hoo...' and they unite. To save men from further temptation, gods took away the fragrance from the Kherengbar. [It is a Koloi folk-tale. The story is about the violation of a taboo; the belief of magical transformation by a flower is quite common in folk-belief. There is also the suggestion of the lizard totem.



Ishika Chakma
Respected Teacher,
Department of English

Visual Expressions Section

Lit Comic



Abhishek das
7th Semester

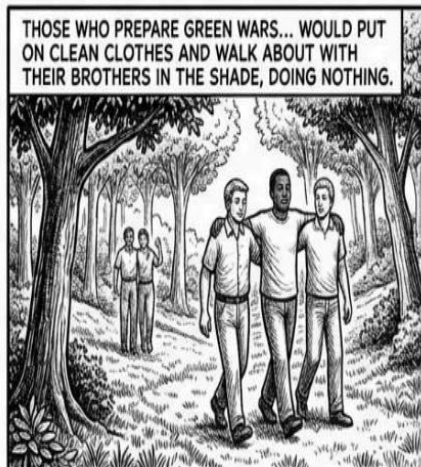
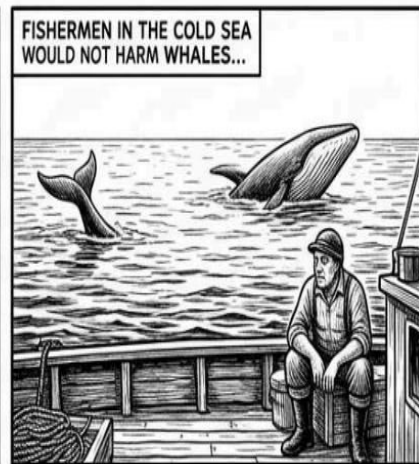
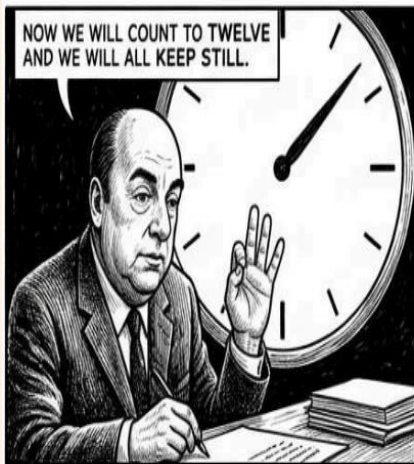
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA by Ernest Hemingway "A man can be destroyed but not defeated."	1 An old fisherman, Santiago, had gone 84 days without catching a fish.	2 People joked about his bad luck. But a boy named Manolin still believed in him and loved him.
3 At daybreak, the old man went far out into the Gulf Stream.	4 Far out, a huge marlin took the bait. The old man knew it was a big one.	5 For two days and two nights they fought—man against fish.
6 The old man was tired, hungry and his hands were torn.	7 But he did not give up. I'll stay with you until I am dead.	8 At last, he harpooned the marlin.
9 He tied the marlin to the boat and started his long journey back.	10 Sharks smelled the blood and came.	11 They attacked again and again.
12 One by one, the sharks took the marlin's flesh.	13 Nothing was left but the skeleton.	14 He reached home exhausted, but at peace.
15 Manolin came to him. I'll go with you again.	16 The old man smiled. You did not learn how to doubt.	"A man can be destroyed but not defeated."

Lit Comic



Tanmoy Debnath
7th Semester

KEEPING QUIET (By Pablo Neruda)



Sketches And Artworks

Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose

This artwork stands as a powerful tribute to one of India's most iconic revolutionary leaders. Through bold, contrasting strokes, the portrait captures the intense determination, unyielding courage, and fiery patriotism that defined Netaji's life. His vision for complete independence continues to ignite a profound sense of national pride today, serving as a timeless reminder that true leadership



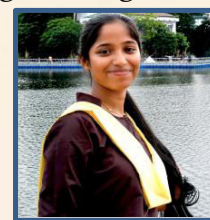
and selfless sacrifice leave a legacy that time can never dim.

Folk Dance

This intricate piece beautifully captures the soul of traditional heritage through the elegance of movement. The detailed mandala framing the dancer symbolizes the cyclic rhythm of life, community, and artistic expression. Through graceful postures and traditional attire, the illustration celebrates how folk dance serves as a living language, acting as a vibrant testament to how generations preserve their history,



Priya Paul
3rd Semester



Sketches And Artworks

RAY THE TIMELESS CHARISMA

"Literature is the reflection of intricate details of human nature reflected in

the eyes of the observer whom we call author." An author always wants his readers to see the world through his creations to take them into another world of imagination. Satyajit Ray was one of such literary figures who gave an artistic, nuanced and natural touch to the intricate details of human characteristics and created enthusiastic and brilliant characters that would continue to entertain his young and adult readers repeatedly. Besides being a brilliant author Ray was also an excellent film-maker, a screenwriter, Graphic designer. Making a delicate and nuanced study of various personalities was one of his



excellencies. Whether it is the portray of a young and lonely lady Charulata or creating the genius detective Feluda, Ray's expertise and brilliance made them timeless literary figures to be entertained endlessly.

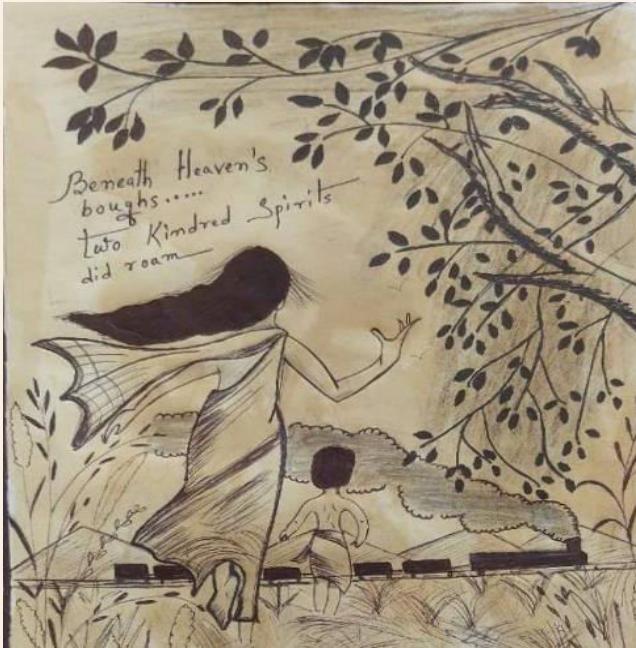
Saptabarna Paul
5th Semester



Sketches And Artworks

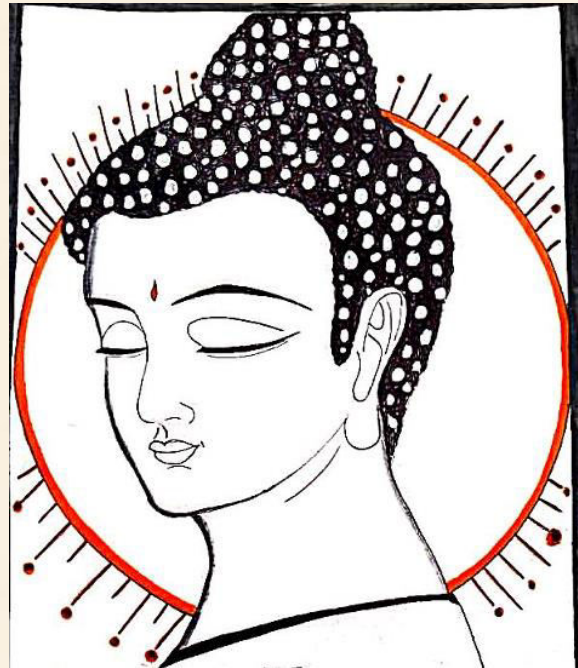
Kindred Spirits

This artwork beautifully captures a deeply nostalgic and classic cinematic moment, bringing to life the innocent bond of siblinghood in rural Bengal. Drawing inspiration from Satyajit Ray's masterpiece, the sketch illustrates two free-spirited children running through fields of wild grass toward the wonder of a passing train. The overhanging leafy branches frame their journey.



This elegant line art portrays the serene countenance of Lord Buddha, radiating a profound sense of inner peace and spiritual awakening. The minimalist yet powerful black-and-white lines emphasize a state of deep meditation and tranquillity, while the vibrant orange circular halo behind him symbolizes the light of ultimate wisdom and enlightenment. It serves as a gentle visual reminder of mindfulness, calm, and the beauty of finding stillness within oneself.

The Awakened Soul



Sagarika Chakraborty
5th Semester



Through the Lens

Morning in Agartala



Bathed in golden sunlight, Agartala awakens with quiet grace. The city's streets, people, and everyday life come alive beneath the warm glow of dawn, reflecting a perfect blend of tradition and progress. This photograph captures the calm beauty, hope, and resilience that define the spirit of a new day in Agartala.

"Every sunrise brings a new beginning, and every street tells a story."

Paramita Debnath
3rd Semester



Through the Lens

The Gateway of Wisdom



Standing with timeless elegance, Maharaja Bir Bikram College is more than an academic institution—it is a symbol of knowledge, heritage, and aspiration. Its majestic architecture reflects the rich legacy of Tripura, while its halls continue to inspire generations of learners. This photograph captures the college's enduring spirit, where tradition and education unite to shape minds and build the future.

"Within these walls, history is preserved, knowledge is nurtured, and dreams take flight."

Baishali Saha
7th Semester



Literary Calendar - July 2026

Important Literary Dates, Special Anniversaries & Literary Observances

Important Literary Dates to Remember

2 July

Hermann Hesse (1877–1962), German-Swiss Nobel Laureate and author of *Siddhartha*, *Steppenwolf*, and *Demian*, was born on this day.

3 July

Birth anniversary of Franz Kafka (1883–1924), one of the greatest modernist writers, best known for *The Metamorphosis*, *The Trial*, and *The Castle*.

4 July

Birth anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), celebrated American novelist and author of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*.

7 July

Birth anniversary of Robert A. Heinlein (1907–1988), one of the pioneers of modern science fiction.

11 July

Birth anniversary of E. B. White (1899–1985), beloved author of *Charlotte's Web*, *Stuart Little*, and *The Trumpet of the Swan*.

13 July

Birth anniversary of Wole Soyinka (1934), Nigerian playwright, poet, and the first African recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature (1986).

18 July

Death anniversary of Jane Austen (1775–1817), one of English literature's greatest novelists, remembered for *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Emma*.

21 July

Birth anniversary of Ernest Hemingway (1899–1961), Nobel Prize-winning American novelist and author of *The Old Man and the Sea*, *A Farewell to Arms*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

23 July

Birth anniversary of Raymond Chandler (1888–1959), master of detective fiction and creator of the iconic detective Philip Marlowe.

26 July

Birth anniversary of George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), Irish playwright, critic, and Nobel Laureate, famous for *Pygmalion*, *Man and Superman*, and *Saint Joan*.

30 July

Birth anniversary of Emily Brontë (1818–1848), immortal author of *Wuthering Heights*, one of the greatest novels in English literature.

31 July

Birth anniversary of J. K. Rowling (1965), British novelist, philanthropist, and creator of the globally celebrated *Harry Potter* series, one of the best-selling and most influential literary franchises in history.

Special Literary Anniversaries in 2026

250th Birth Anniversary of Jane Austen (1775–2026) – Celebrating one of the most influential novelists in English literature.

100 Years of Winnie-the-Pooh (1926–2026) by A. A. Milne, one of the world's most beloved children's classics.

100 Years of *The Sun Also Rises* (1926–2026) by Ernest Hemingway, a landmark novel of the Lost Generation.

100 Years of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* (1926–2026) by Agatha Christie, regarded as one of the greatest detective novels ever written.

100 Years of *The Castle* (1926–2026) by Franz Kafka, a masterpiece of twentieth-century modernist literature.

100 Years of *The Weary Blues* (1926–2026) by Langston Hughes, a milestone of the Harlem Renaissance.

100th Birth Anniversary of Harper Lee (1926–2016), author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*.

100th Birth Anniversary of Allen Ginsberg (1926–1997), legendary Beat Generation poet and author of *Howl*.

100th Birth Anniversary of Mahasweta Devi (1926–2016), eminent Indian author, activist, and Jnanpith Award recipient.

100th Birth Anniversary of Michael Bond (1926–2017), creator of *Paddington Bear*.

100th Birth Anniversary of Richard Matheson (1926–2013), author of *I Am Legend*.

100th Birth Anniversary of John Fowles (1926–2005), acclaimed novelist of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

100th Birth Anniversary of Dario Fo (1926–2016), Nobel Prize-winning Italian playwright.

Notable Literary Observances

Independent Bookstore Month is celebrated throughout July, encouraging readers to support independent bookshops, discover new authors, and promote local literary culture.

July is an ideal month to revisit timeless classics such as *The Metamorphosis*, *Siddhartha*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Old Man and the Sea*, *Pygmalion*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *The Sun Also Rises*, while reflecting on the enduring legacies of their creators.

Did You Know?

2026 is one of the most significant literary years of the decade, commemorating the 250th birth anniversary of Jane Austen, the centenary of several iconic literary works published in 1926, and the milestone anniversaries of many influential writers whose works continue to inspire readers across generations.

Art of Adaptations

Adaptation is an act of devotion and invention, a second life given to a story when words meet image, stage, or screen. This section is about that encounter: how a novel's interior rhythms become a camera's composition, how a poem finds new voice in performance, how a play migrates from footlights to frame.

We're interested in the choices behind these transformations, what's kept, what's cut, what's born new, and in the cultural moments and production histories that shape them.

Through comparative essays, reviews, interviews with filmmakers and adapters, and contributions from students and readers, we treat film not as illustration but as interlocutor: a medium that deepens how we read text, context, and imagination.

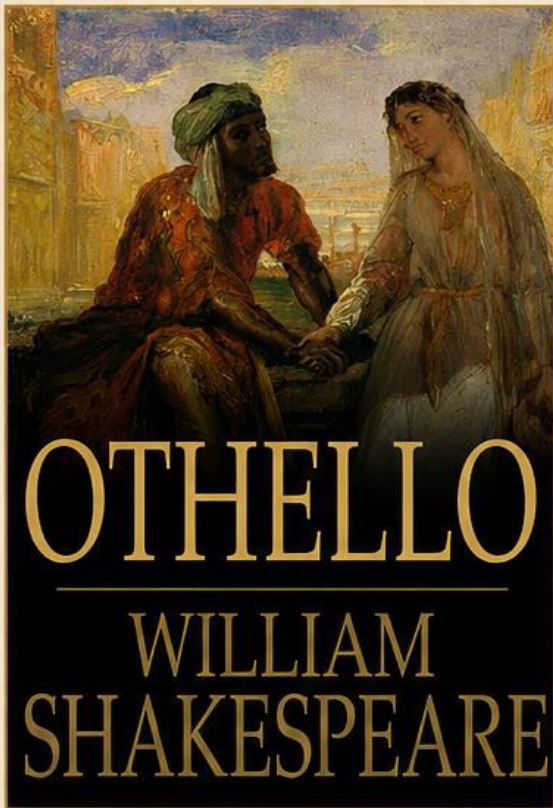
Literature doesn't end on the page. It migrates, mutates, and magnifies. Join us as we follow these lives between forms, and learn to watch films with the same attention we bring to reading.

Art of Adaptations

From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



Othello

by William Shakespeare



Genre : Tragedy



Language : English



First Published : 1622

OTHELLO TIMELINE



c.1603–1604

Othello is believed to have been written by Shakespeare.



1622

First published in the First Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays.



17th Century

Gained popularity as a powerful tragedy exploring jealousy and racial prejudice.



Modern Times

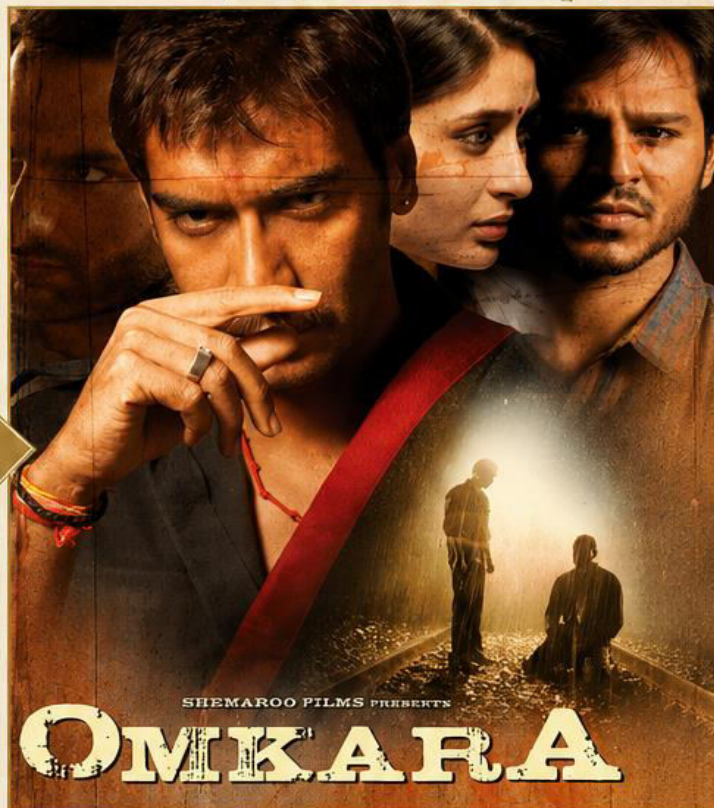
Adapted widely in theatre, film, opera and literature across the world.

“O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster
which doth mock the meat
it feeds on.”

— Othello (Act 3, Scene 3)



THE FILM



Omkara (2006)



Director : Vishal Bhardwaj



Release Year : 2006



Language : Hindi



Genre : Crime | Drama | Tragedy



Running Time : 155 minutes



CAST

Ajay Devgn as Omkara

Saif Ali Khan as Langda Tyagi (Iago)

Kareena Kapoor as Dolly (Desdemona)

Vivek Oberoi as Kesu (Cassio)

Naseeruddin Shah as Khan Sahib (Brabantio)

Konkona Sen Sharma as Indu (Emilia)

ABOUT THE FILM

Omkara is a modern retelling of Shakespeare's Othello, set in the politically charged landscape of Uttar Pradesh. Omkara, a loyal lieutenant of a powerful politician, elopes with Dolly, the politician's daughter, provoking enmity and deceit. Iago, here reimagined as Langda Tyagi, manipulates loyalty, ambition and jealousy, leading to a tragic end. Vishal Bhardwaj's adaptation is celebrated for its intense performances, gripping narrative and soulful music, making it one of Indian cinema's finest reinterpretations of a Shakespearean classic.



LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA

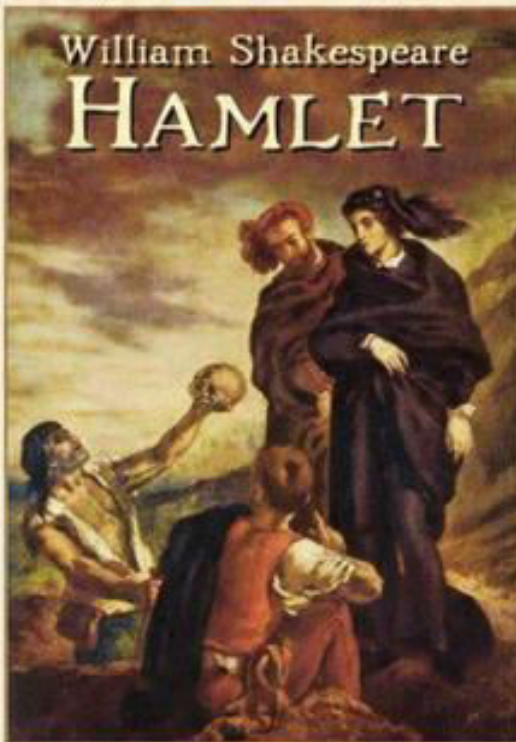
From the shores of Venice to the heart of India, the tragedy of jealousy, love and betrayal remains timeless.

Art of Adaptations

From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



Hamlet

by William Shakespeare

Genre: Tragedy | Language: English

First Published: 1603

HAMLET TIMELINE



c. 1600–1601

Hamlet is believed to have been written.



1603

First published in the First Folio of Shakespeare.



1600s–Present

Performed endlessly across the world in various forms.



Timeless Legacy

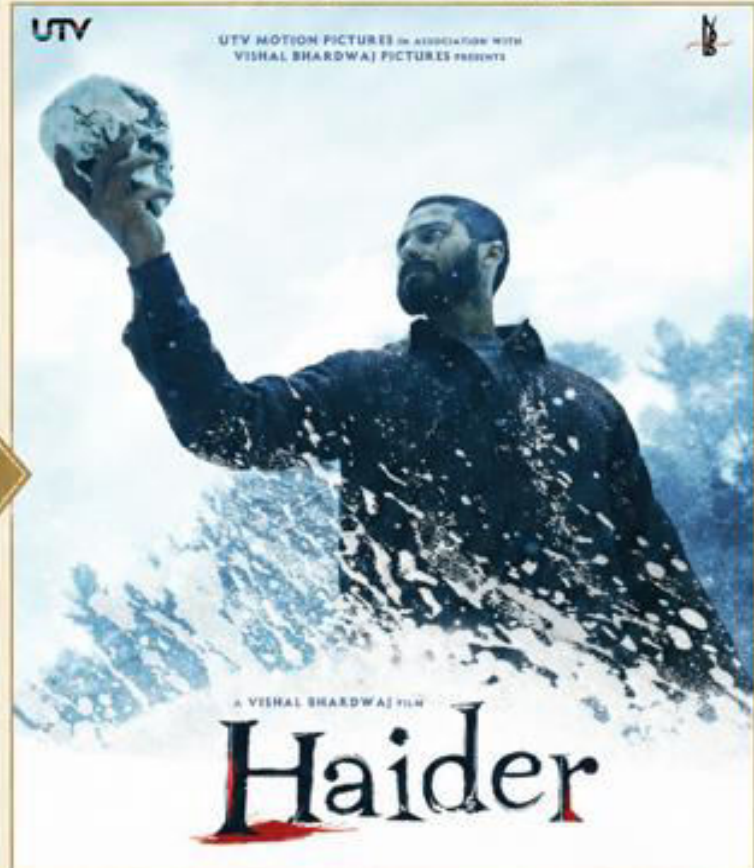
One of the most studied and adapted works in literature.

“*To be, or not to be,
that is the question.*”

– Hamlet



THE FILM



Haider (2014)



Director : Vishal Bhardwaj



Release Year : 2014



Language : Hindi



Genre : Drama | Thriller



Running Time : 160 minutes

CAST

Shahid Kapoor as Haider

Tabu as Gertrude

Kay Kay Menon as Claudius

Shraddha Kapoor as Ophelia

Irfan Khan as Ghost

ABOUT THE FILM

Haider is a modern adaptation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, set against the backdrop of political turmoil in Kashmir. The film explores themes of revenge, betrayal, identity, and the search for truth as Haider seeks justice for his father's mysterious disappearance. Vishal Bhardwaj's masterpiece beautifully blends Shakespearean dialogue with a hauntingly poetic visual style.

LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA



From the royal courts of Denmark to the valleys of Kashmir, the essence of Hamlet remains eternal.

Art of Adaptations

From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



THE FILM

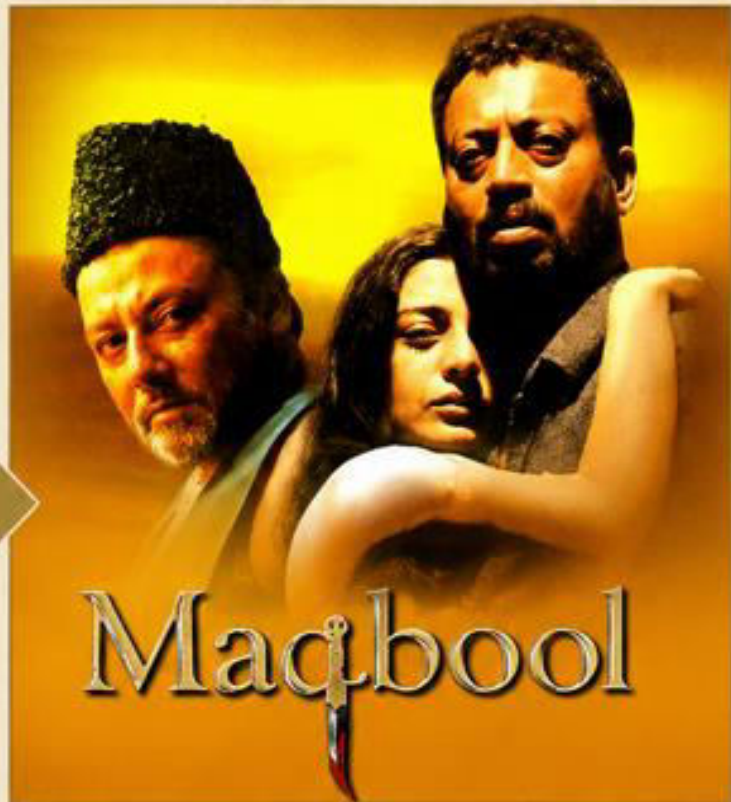
The Tragedy of MACBETH

Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON.
Printed by Iam Jaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1616.



Maqbool (2003)

Director : Vishal Bhardwaj

Release Year : 2003

Language : Hindi

Genre : Crime | Drama |
Thriller

Running Time : 132 minutes

CAST

Irrfan Khan as Maqbool

Naseeruddin Shah as Abbaji

Pankaj Kapur as Motilal

Tabu as Nimmi

Om Puri as Police Inspector

Piyush Mishra as Jagga

Amitabh Bachchan as Don

ABOUT THE FILM

Maqbool is a modern adaptation of Shakespeare's Macbeth, set in the gritty underworld of contemporary Mumbai. Maqbool, a trusted lieutenant of a powerful don, is driven by ambition and manipulated by his lover Nimmi into believing he is destined for greater power. As he ascends through violence and betrayal, guilt and paranoia consume him, leading to his downfall. Vishal Bhardwaj masterfully retains the essence of Shakespeare's tragedy while creating a uniquely Indian cinematic experience filled with poetic dialogue, haunting music, and gripping performances.



LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA

From the dark moors of Scotland to the bustling streets of Mumbai, the tale of ambition and downfall remains eternal.

Macbeth

by William Shakespeare

Genre : Tragedy

Language : English

First Published : 1606

MACBETH TIMELINE



c. 1603–1606

Macbeth is believed to have been written between 1603 and 1606.



1606

First performed by the King's Men at the Globe Theatre.



17th Century

Gained immense popularity for its intense drama and psychological depth.



Timeless Legacy

A powerful exploration of ambition, guilt, fate, and the corrupting influence of power.

“

*“Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and
filthy air.”*

— *Macbeth* (Act 1, Scene 1)



Art of Adaptations

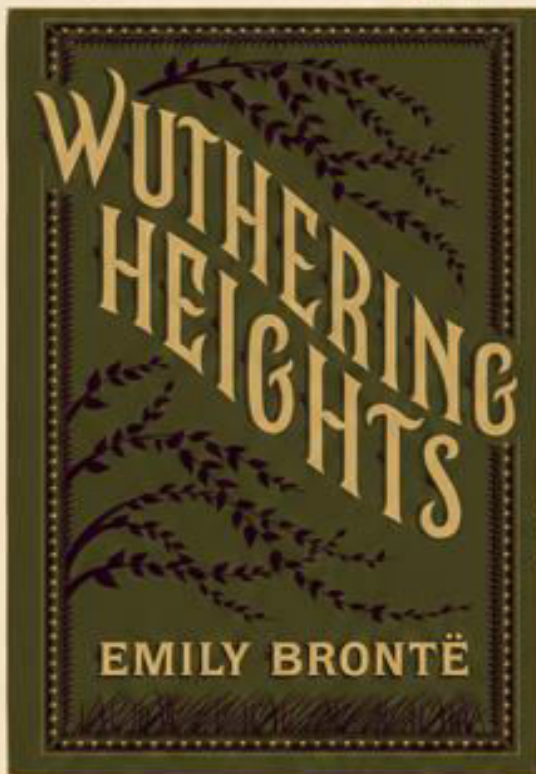
From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



THE FILM



Wuthering Heights

by Emily Brontë

- Genre : Gothic Fiction | Tragedy | Romance
- Language : English
- First Published : 1847

WUTHERING HEIGHTS TIMELINE



1847
First published under the pen name Ellis Bell.



1850
Emily Brontë's authorship publicly acknowledged.



20th Century
Recognized as one of the greatest English novels.

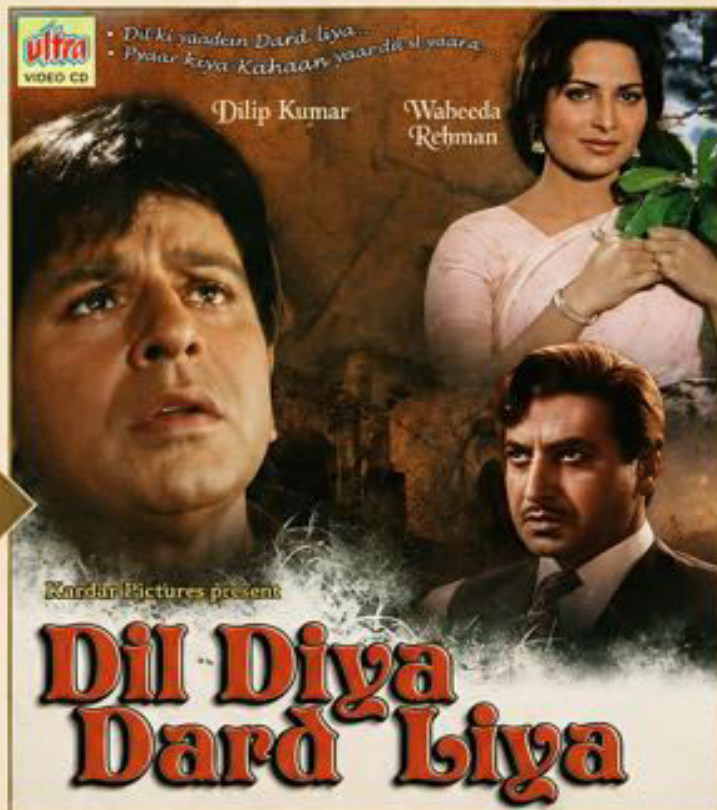


Timeless Legacy
Adapted into numerous films, television series and stage productions worldwide.

“

“Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same.”

— Emily Brontë



Dil Diya Dard Liya (1966)

- Director : A. R. Kardar
(Abdur Rashid Kardar)
- Based on : Wuthering Heights
by Emily Brontë
- Release Year : 1966
- Language : Hindi
- Genre : Romantic Drama
- Running Time : 169 minutes

CAST

- Dilip Kumar as Shankar
- Waheeda Rehman as Roopa
- Rehman
- Pran
- Johnny Walker

ABOUT THE FILM

Dil Diya Dard Liya is a Hindi adaptation of Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights. Set in an Indian cultural context, the film transforms the novel's themes of passionate love, revenge and social division into a sweeping romantic drama while preserving the emotional intensity of the original story.

LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA

From the windswept Yorkshire moors to classic Indian cinema, Wuthering Heights continues to inspire unforgettable stories on screen.



Art of Adaptations

From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



Five Point Someone

by Chetan Bhagat

- Genre : Fiction | Campus Novel | Comedy
Language : English
First Published : 2004

FIVE POINT SOMEONE TIMELINE

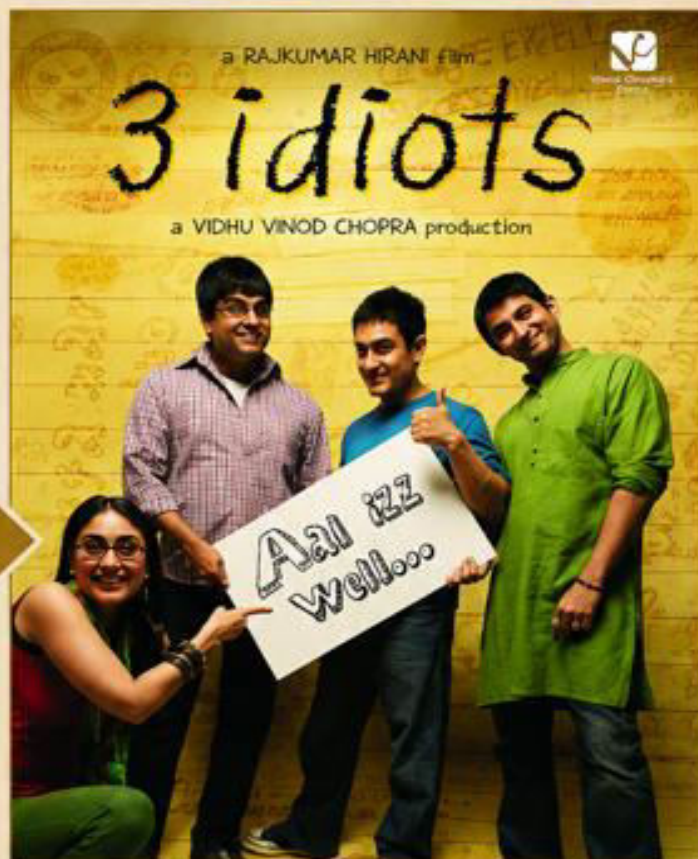
- 2004**
First published by Rupa Publications India. Debut novel by Chetan Bhagat.
- 2004-05**
Became an instant bestseller among college students across India.
- 2006 onwards**
Translated into multiple Indian languages and gained a cult following.
- Timeless Appeal**
A youthful, humorous and relatable campus story that continues to connect with new generations.

“All is well.
Three idiots, one goal,
and a million memories.”

— Five Point Someone



THE FILM



3 Idiots (2009)

- Director : Rajkumar Hirani
Release Year : 2009
Language : Hindi
Genre : Comedy | Drama
Running Time : 170 minutes
Based on : *Five Point Someone* by Chetan Bhagat

CAST

- Aamir Khan as Rancho
- R. Madhavan as Farhan Qureshi
- Sharman Joshi as Raju Rastogi
- Kareena Kapoor as Pia Sahastrabudhe
- Boman Irani as Viru Sahastrabudhe
- Omi Vaidya as Chatur Ramalingam
- Mona Singh as Monisha

ABOUT THE FILM

3 Idiots is an adaptation of Chetan Bhagat's novel *Five Point Someone*. Set in an engineering college, the film follows the story of three friends and their journey through the pressures of academic life, their search for passion, and the importance of following one's dreams. A perfect blend of humour, emotion and inspiration, it became one of the most loved and successful films in Indian cinema.



LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA

From the pages of a campus novel to the hearts of millions, *3 Idiots* proves that stories of friendship and dreams are truly timeless.

Art of Adaptations

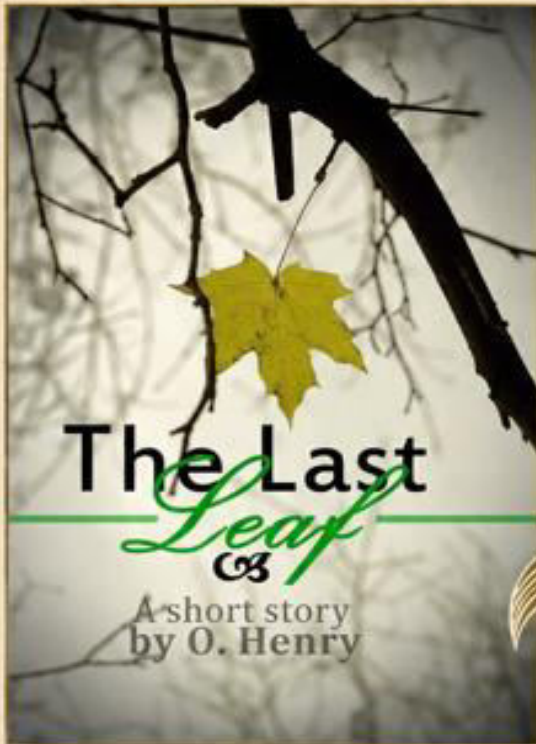
From the Printed Page to the Silver Screen



THE BOOK



THE FILM



The Last Leaf by O. Henry

-  Genre : Short Story | Realistic Fiction
-  Language : English
-  First Published : 1907
(The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories)

THE LAST LEAF TIMELINE

-  **1907**
The *Last Leaf* was first published in *The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories*.
-  **Early 20th Century**
Became widely read in schools and literature anthologies around the world.
-  **Timeless Message**
A universal story of love, sacrifice, hope and the will to live.
-  **Enduring Legacy**
Continues to inspire readers, artists and filmmakers with its emotional depth and humanity.

“Sometimes the poorest man leaves his children the richest inheritance.”

— O. Henry

Lootera (2013)

-  Director : Vikramaditya Motwane
-  Release Year : 2013
-  Language : Hindi
-  Genre : Romantic Drama
-  Running Time : 139 minutes
-  Based on : The Last Leaf by O. Henry

CAST

- Ranveer Singh as Varun Shrivastav
- Sonakshi Sinha as Pakhi Roy Chaudhury
- Barun Chanda as Ghosh Babu
- Vikram Singh Chauhan as Amit (Young Varun)
- Arya Babbar as Jitu

ABOUT THE FILM

Lootera is an adaptation of O. Henry's short story *The Last Leaf*. Set in 1950s Bengal, the film explores themes of love, sacrifice and redemption. It beautifully captures the spirit of the original story, where an act of selfless love brings hope and life to someone who has almost given up.

LITERATURE MEETS CINEMA

A timeless story of sacrifice and hope, reimagined on the silver screen.

LITERARY FACTS

FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



1. English wasn't always considered a "literary" language.



For centuries after the Norman Conquest, the English upper classes spoke French, while scholars wrote in Latin. English was considered the language of ordinary people.

2. The first English epic has no known author.



Beowulf, the oldest surviving English epic (written around the 8th–11th century), has no known author. The only surviving manuscript narrowly escaped destruction in a fire in 1731.

3. Geoffrey Chaucer worked as a customs officer.



Before writing *The Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer worked collecting taxes on wool, one of England's biggest exports.

4. William Shakespeare invented hundreds of words.



Many words commonly used today are first recorded in Shakespeare's works, including: "Lonely", "Bedroom", "Addiction", "Majestic", "Fashionable", "Assassination". Not all were necessarily invented by him, but he was the earliest known writer to use many of them.

5. Women were not allowed to act in Shakespeare's plays.



During Shakespeare's time, all female characters—including Juliet and Lady Macbeth—were played by boys or young men.

6. Coffee houses shaped literature.



In the 17th and 18th centuries, coffee houses became places where writers debated politics, philosophy, and poetry. They were often called "Penny Universities" because, for the price of a cup of coffee, you could hear great thinkers discuss ideas.

7. The first English dictionary wasn't by Samuel Johnson.



Johnson's famous dictionary appeared in 1755, but earlier English dictionaries already existed. He became influential because of its detailed definitions and literary quotations.

8. Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein* when she was only 18.



She came up with the idea during a rainy holiday after a ghost-story challenge with famous writers.

9. Shakespeare never attended university.



Unlike many writers of his time, William Shakespeare likely had only a grammar-school education.

10. Old English looks almost like a different language.



A sentence from Old English is nearly unreadable to modern English speakers without study.

Example: "Hwæt! We Gardena in geardagum..." This is the opening of *Beowulf*.

11. English literature is full of borrowed words.



English has borrowed thousands of words from French, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Hindi, Persian, and many other languages, making its vocabulary one of the richest in the world.

12. The title "Poet Laureate" is a real royal job.



The UK's Poet Laureate is officially appointed by the monarch to write poems for important national occasions.

13. The longest English novel is enormous.



Clarissa contains nearly one million words, making it one of the longest novels in English.

14. "*Macbeth*" is called "The Scottish Play."



Many actors avoid saying the title inside a theatre because of a long-standing theatrical superstition.

15. Many famous authors used pen names.



- George Eliot was actually Mary Ann Evans.
- George Orwell was born Eric Arthur Blair.
- Lewis Carroll was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

Little Known Trivia

★ The oldest surviving English poem, *Cædmon's Hymn*, has only nine lines.

★ The famous opening word of *Beowulf*, "Hwæt!", doesn't exactly mean "Listen!"—scholars still debate its best translation.

★ John Milton dictated *Paradise Lost* after he became completely blind.

★ Agatha Christie once disappeared for 11 days in 1926, creating one of literature's greatest real-life mysteries.

★ No original handwritten manuscript of any Shakespeare play has survived.

★ William Shakespeare left his wife his "second-best bed" in his will—a detail that still sparks debate.

★ Early novels were often criticized as a waste of time, especially for young people.

★ English is sometimes called a "magpie language" because it has borrowed words from so many other languages.

★ The longest word found in a major English dictionary has 45 letters: "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis."

★ J. K. Rowling wrote parts of *Harry Potter* and *the Philosopher's Stone* in cafés because they were warm and she could write while her baby slept.

Wordsmith's Corner

WORD OF THE EDITION

Ephemeral

Meaning: Lasting for Very Short Time.

In a sentence: The Beauty of Cherry blossoms is ephemeral

Synonyms: Fleeting, Transient
Antonym: Enduring

ETYMOLOGY

Melancholy

From Greek Melas (black) + Khole (bile).

Originally referred to a medical condition believed to be caused by an excess of black bile.

IDIOM OF THE EDITION

Burn the midnight oil

Meaning: To study or work late into the night.

Example: She burned the midnight oil to finish her

LITERARY TERM

Pathetic Fallacy

Attributing human emotions to nature.

Example: "The angry storm reflected the hero's grief."

LATIN EXPRESSION

1) Carpe Diem

Meaning: Seize the day

QUOTE ON LANGUAGE

Rudyard Kipling

"Words are, of course, the most powerful drug used by

LITERARY ORIGIN

"Catch-22"

Origin: Joseph Heller's novel Catch-22

Meaning: A paradoxical Situation where one cannot escape because of contradictory rules.

VOCABULARY CHALLENGE

Which word means "to make something less severe"?

- A. Exacerbate
- B. Mitigate
- C. Aggravate

VOCABULARY CHALLENGE

Bite the bullet-Mean?

- A. To eat something spicy
- B. To face a difficult situation with courage
- C. To argue with someone

Literary Word Quest

Uncover the hidden names, characters, and works from the world of
"William Shakespeare"

THE HIDDEN KEY

1. Prince of Denmark who ponders "To be, or not to be".
2. Roman leader told to "beware the Ides of March".
3. Tragic Moorish general undone by jealousy.
4. Roman general who fell for Egypt's queen.
5. Aging monarch who foolishly divides his kingdom.
6. Scottish thane whose ambition leads to murder.
7. Mythological king of the Fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream".
8. Tragic Roman wife who swallowed hot coals.
9. Roman conspirator called "noblest Roman of them all".
10. Roman general with a gruesome, baking revenge

CROSSWORD BOX



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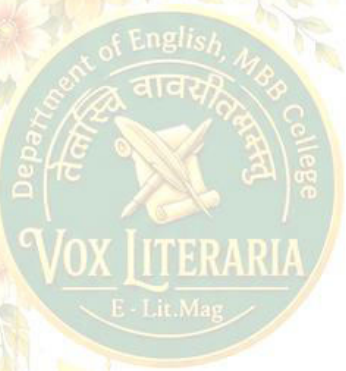
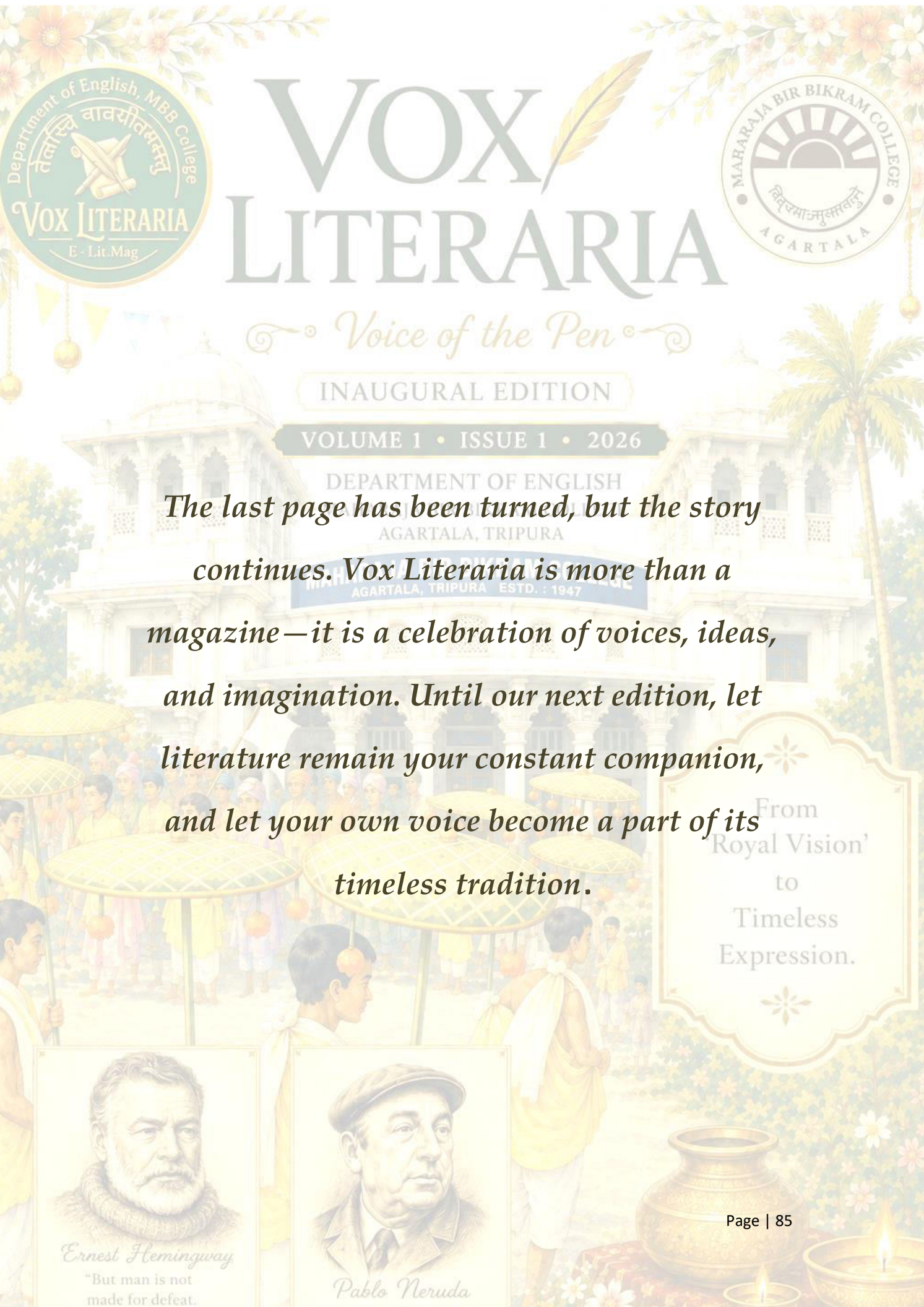
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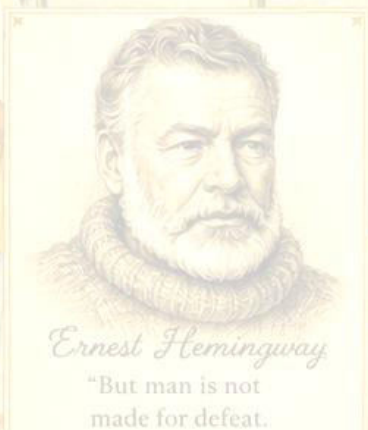
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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

AGARTALA, TRIPURA

The last page has been turned, but the story continues. Vox Literaria is more than a magazine—it is a celebration of voices, ideas, and imagination. Until our next edition, let literature remain your constant companion, and let your own voice become a part of its timeless tradition.

From
'Royal Vision'
to
'Timeless
Expression.'



Ernest Hemingway

"But man is not
made for defeat.



Pablo Neruda