



Shakespeare's Day

It was a cool and pleasant day. Around 1.15pm almost everyone gathered up in MRF Hall of Loyola College. Bright faces, excited minds, happy souls filled the room with a good atmosphere which enhanced the overall mood. We had to start the event with a little bit of delay due to unavoidable circumstances. The Master of the ceremony was Sam Staines of the 20-UEL batch. We started it in a formal way with a prayer song, followed by Assistant Professor. Xavier Dhanam addressing the gathering and Assistant Professor Supriya Sam welcoming the Man of the hour Dr. David Wesley, assistant professor of English from Madras Christian College, Tambaram.

Dr. Wesley is not only an excelling professor, a prominent lecturer and also a fruitful product of Loyola college who did his Bachelors in English Literature (Batch 2004 - 2007). Dr. Wesley has humongous knowledge on Literature, especially on the area of Shakespeare.

Retired professor Dr. Lazar, Academic Coach of our department was also gracing the event with his presence and presented a short speech on the sincere request of his Former Student Dr. David Wesley, where he enlightened the students with all his knowledge and experience he carried out through decades now.

At 2.00 PM, it was time for the best part of the session, Dr. Wesley took charge of the session. He started by conveying his gratitude to the college, management, department, and students for this great opportunity to spend time in Loyola.

He kick-started the session with a bunch of jokes, which helped the students to relax and it silently grabbed their attention towards him.

He was very good at keeping the students engaged and was strolling one side to other to maintain the connection between students and himself.



He started his lecture by a question quoting "What is Shakespeare?" since we as Literature students know Who's Shakespeare. He quoted ' Shakespeare is an Institution' to let the students understand the relevance of this Legendary artist. Eventually he spilled a fact that half of the works Shakespeare wasn't an original composition yet the way he positioned the characters, plot, scene, dialogues of them was out of the box, bright like a diamond.

Dr. Wesley addressed the agitation some people had back in the day due to the massive growth of Shakespeare. For instance, he explained about some University wits like Robert Greene who said Shakespeare that he is an " Upstart crow beautified by our feathers ", which clearly shows the wrath on him for which Shakespeare did a pun on him from one of his plays.

He spilled some facts about one of Shakespeare's famous plays, Hamlet, that it was a play which was purposefully written for a leading actor of his age called Richard Burbage.

Eventually, he pulled out a fun activity to engage the students and asked for 3 volunteers from the audience. Sam Staines, Saiganesh, and Arun Balaji volunteered to help Dr. Wesley with this task where he made them enact the 3 witches character from Macbeth, and the crowd loved it since the way he altered and enhanced their performance every single time they did it.

To conclude his lecture he used the famous Tamil Comedian Vadivelu and compared him with Shakespeare to help the students understand the contribution of these two in their very own language and presented some memes which were based on Shakespeare's plays with the template of Vadivelu.

We had a question answer session and he cleared our doubts with precision. Vote of thanks was delivered by Department Secretary Rashwanth and the graceful session came to an end by 3.30pm.

-Gift Abraham (20-UEL-131)



Piece Of Me

It was the 25th of August 2020, a Tuesday. I remember it like it was just yesterday. We had just come out of lockdown and we were able to get out of our houses with the necessary precautions. It had been a long few days as my dog was sick and suffering. Kara had been with us for 14 years. In November she would have been 15. Although that doesn't seem like much, 1 year for us is 7 years for a dog. In dog years she was almost 105, but she was rather sprightly for her age.

She had been sick for a week now and refused to eat anything; even toast, which was her favorite. We knew her day had come and we refused to let her suffer anymore. After 14 years it was time for me to say goodbye to my pet. My family and I decided the previous night that it was time to let her go. That morning I woke up and the first thing I did was see how she was doing. She looked at me and began wagging her tail like she usually did, but she had no energy to come to me. My mother sat beside her and comforted her because she knew what was to come.

I got ready to take her to the vet and got ready to leave. It was hard for my parents as she had been with us for so long. She was a child to them more than a pet. I put her in the car after much difficulty and my family said their last goodbyes. Although she would be coming back home it wouldn't be the same.

Every member of our family was heartbroken. She was such a loving dog. It broke the hearts of our neighbors as well. 14 years for a basset hound was exceptional. I drove her to the vet with my cousin. She always loved car rides; with the wind in her face and all those different smells, she would experience.

I spoke to her throughout the journey and kept her company as I usually did. An hour's drive to the vet felt rather short that particular day. He was ready for us and comforted me by saying that she's lived a long and happy life, unlike any other pet he knows. I wondered if he said this to everyone or if he meant it.

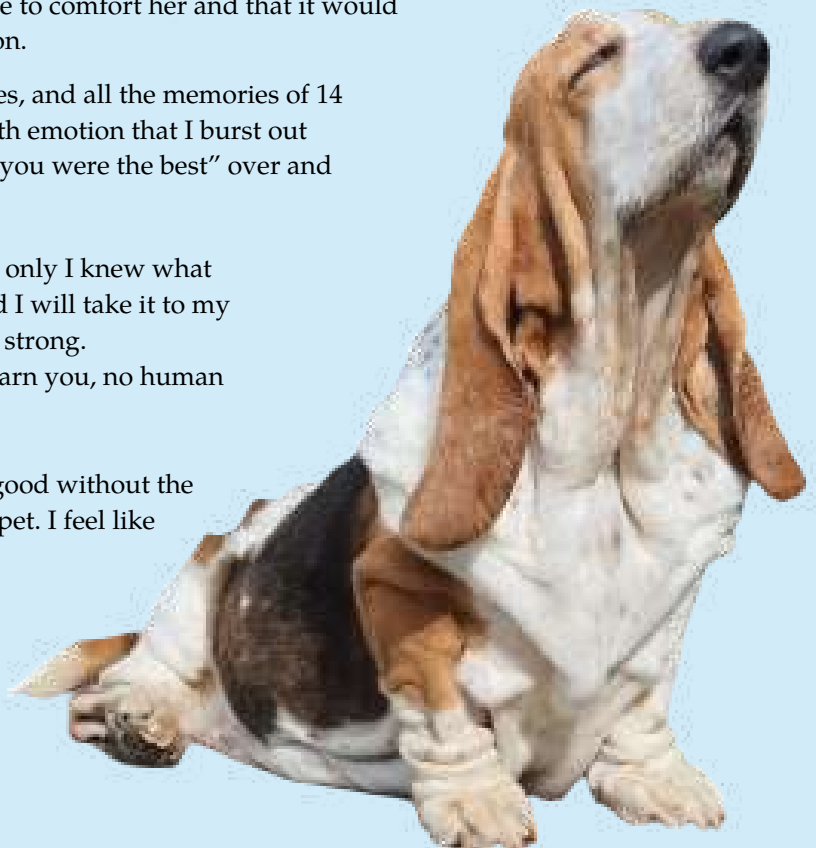
The time had come to euthanize her. A moment I had never thought I'd have to experience. The vet readied his syringe and told me to comfort her and that it would be over soon. Never had I felt such a strong emotion.

As he leaned in to inject her, I looked her in the eyes, and all the memories of 14 years, flooded my head. I was so overwhelmed with emotion that I burst out crying and I kept saying, "I love you so much and you were the best" over and over again.

She kept looking at me until she closed her eyes. If only I knew what she was thinking. I'll never forget this memory and I will take it to my grave. The love between a human and his pet is so strong. I hope everyone gets to experience it, but I must warn you, no human or pet can live to the end of time.

Everything must come to an end, and there is no good without the bad. You will face heartbreak when you lose your pet. I feel like I've lost a part of myself.

-Lokesh Prabhu (20-UEL-161)



The Unnoticed Lesson

Playing competitive table tennis for the past nine years taught me several life lessons which have shaped my personality and cultivated my thoughts. Half a month ago, one more life lesson was added to the list, which I believe most people take for granted.

It is practicing gratitude. Well, most people don't do it because we only care about ourselves. Just take a moment to think about it. I know players who don't even celebrate their wins with people because winning is a habit for them. Celebrating is also sometimes as good as practicing gratitude.

The two reasons practicing gratitude is important are: what you have today you might not have tomorrow and your reality is someone else's expectation. Today I'm first-ranked in U19 and second-ranked in men's events in Tamil Nadu, which might not be the case tomorrow.

Of course, I'll work hard to maintain it, but a performance's future can't always be predicted like a weather forecast. I celebrate the small moments, even the smallest ones because in years down the line, my life may be different and I don't want to have regretful thoughts at that time.

Whenever I win the title, I celebrate it with the people as a victory moment. Though you might be a super athlete with a huge number of title streaks, try practicing gratitude. And what you are doing today is someone else's expectation.

Breaking into the men's event was my goal. In 2019 and 2020, I wanted to break into the top 8 in the men's category. I wasn't even close to it.

But my friend reached the top 4 with ease. In 2021, I wanted to reach the top 4 in the men's category, but yet again I stumbled in the final moment. But another friend reached it. As you can see here, my friend's reality over the span of three years was my expectation.

Finally, after three years, I had a breakthrough and secured a title in the men's event.

I'm currently ranked number 2 in the men's event. And what I have now is definitely someone else's expectation. Practicing gratitude helped me understand a little bit of empathy and made me feel good. It provided me with a sense of calmness and clarity.

I read articles explaining that it acts as a remedy for stress.

Concluding, I suggest you start practicing gratitude. This is not only related to the sporting field but to many others as well. Let us take a moment to celebrate today so that we don't regret it tomorrow.

-G. Varun (21-UCA-049)



Shot by Gift Abraham Wilfred
(20-UEL-131)

Art Corner

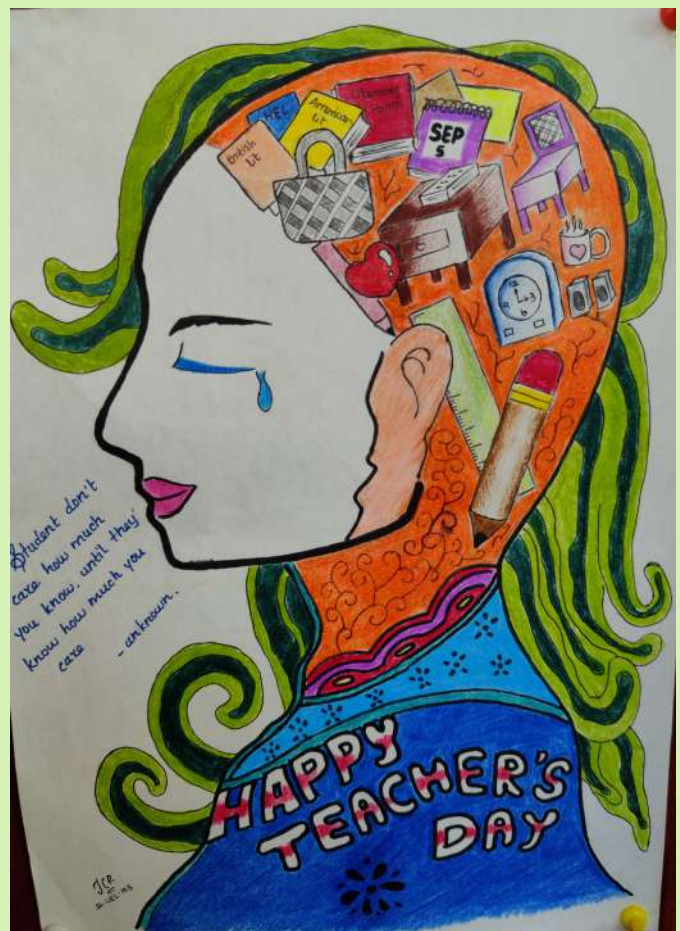


Art by Dhanush Kumar (20-UEL-174)

*"Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes."
These words by John Keats provoked me
to capture this gorgeous woman on paper.*

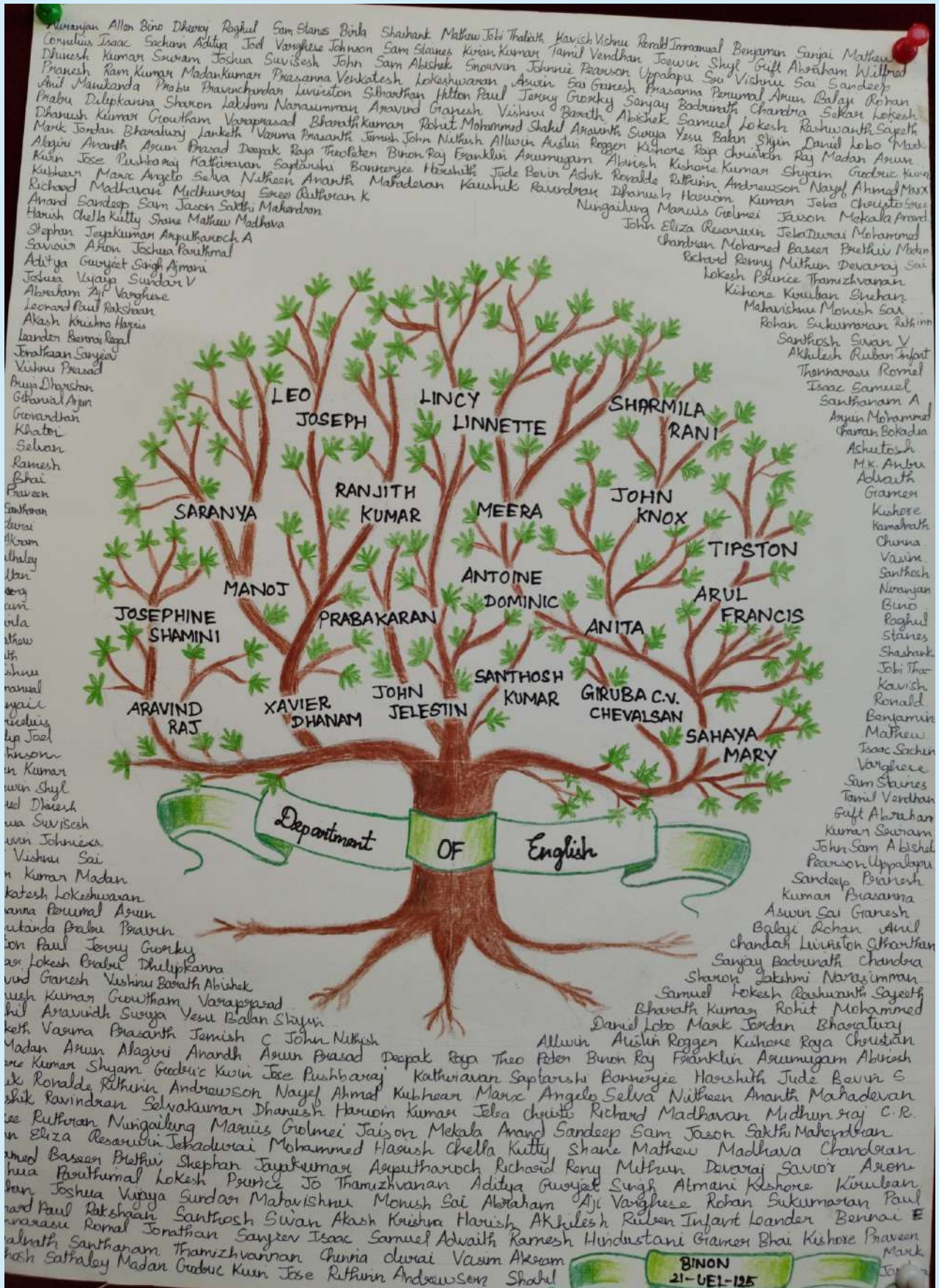
Art by Jeba Christo Richard (21-UEL-153)

*Teachers are more than just people who
carry books and texts with them.
They also carry love and the best interest
of each student at heart.*



Teacher's day

Department Of English Family Tree



Art by Binon (21-UEL-125)

Happiness -A Choice

A new day, a new school for Kalaiyaran. His long hair hits the collar of his tight school outfit. Kalaiyaran catwalks to his class with glittering polish on his nails. He enters his classroom and settles on the side where the girls are seated.

The whole class laughs at him but Kalaiyaran is happy to sit on that side until he finds himself with the wrong outfit, a boys' outfit. Then, he forces himself on the other side of the class. Not being able to sit where he wants puts his whole day off. A hard first day for him.

Frustrated Kalaiyaran finds no one at home after school. He walks fast into his room and closes the door hard. The bag flies over his bed and his school outfit picks the corner of his room. His tearing eyes see his sister's school outfit hanging through the tiny door gap. The moment he sees himself in the mirror with his sister's outfit a smile quickly reappeared on his face.

The next day, Kalaiyaran is early to school. He waits for everyone and now it's time. Kalaiyaran had shown up to the school wearing his sister's outfit, a girls' outfit. Everybody yells and laughs but without any hesitation, he walks into his classroom. This time Kalaiyaran chooses the right side which makes him happy.

On picking the girl's side, there comes a voice calling him "Kalaiyarasai".

He responds! she responds, "yes!"

While her face fills up with the joy of being addressed the right way.

-Tamizh Selvan (20-UPH-212)

Old Man

The old man that slept by,
Hollow bones like hollow shells,
His torso covered,
And crouched like a skeleton,
His gigantic head is a pendulum' ball.
His red torn shirt that lay above,
His hair thinning with silver,
Grass of a hair that sprouted nought.
His hands were covered in nerves.
His other resting below his hollow head.
Him like a funeral's shroud,
Whiskers that also did the same.
His bowels shrunken inside like grey worms.
The old man that slept by.

-Dheeraj (20-UEL-103)

Wall Mural



It is when you stop searching for peace within others and lift the foundation of peace within yourself, you will find there is no roots more intimate than those between mind and body that have decided to be whole.

Art by Rashwanth (20-UEL-172)

Imaginary World

A world where the stars gossip and fill the night sky
with their whispers.
Where raindrops have their own music and sing in
harmony every time they pour.
Where clouds were no longer naked but dressed in colors.
Where animals spoke and birds sang.
A world where trees roamed in search of love.
Where flowers bloomed and stayed forever young.
A world that never knew humans.
For it's a world that belongs to the creation
and not the creator.

-Ronald (20-UEL-119)

MY TIME WARDEN

As the night steals the solar wheels
she did the same, I see the same
Day in, day out
Comforting, charge-out!
The blue landscape cropped my panorama
but, the pixels are pretty, Ma!
Holds I, the drugs of masses
under one gesture, Oh! cool Myntra glasses
'Friends and Community, A Good Place'
All of deez, in one place!
This Hastings daughter
is my nightly companion, hereafter.

-Sam Staines (20-UEL-127)

Through the Lens



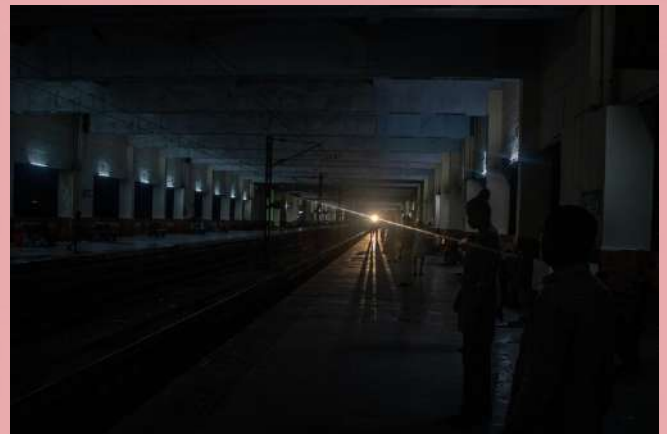
Arambham

A Photo Essay on Fresher's day



Shot by Mathew Cornelius (20-UEL-123)

Through the Lens



-Mazen Shahul Hameed (21-UMM-047)

Football Match

A Photo Essay on the friendly Intra-department Match



POEMS

The Reaper's Travels

I'm known for my visits
 Many of them I make
 All around the world
 Unfortunately unwelcome I am
 For I never leave without taking

Flowers, beasts ,bees and birds
 Even you I will one day meet
 Worry not I won't stay long
 We will take a walk together
 At the end of it all

I am a splendid guest
 I stay no longer than I can help myself
 I dine nought and drink nothing
 The only prize I desire
 Is your life

Many greet me in different ways
 Some howl in terror
 Some cry bitterly
 The young I sympathize with
 Short their life was and incomplete

Yet some are interesting
 They know of my coming
 And prepare like any host would
 Greet me with open arms
 Smile as they walk with me

Them I like most
 No fuss or muss
 No regret or unfulfilled desire
 Content and satisfied
 And perhaps that's why

I smile when they leave
 For the fields of Heaven
 Their rightful paradise

- ABRAHAM VARGHESE (22-UEL-137)

ANHEDONIA - NUMB INSIDE

(‘it’ here refers to happiness/joy)

Lurking, I can feel it,
 In the corner, right there,
 But unable to see it,
 Unable to bear.

Behind it, I sprint,
 (But) it is always a step ahead,
 No light, I squint,
 Body filling with dread.

But I should have known,
 That ‘twas impossible to relieve,
 As I was meant to be alone,
 But I was a fool to believe.

That it can truly be attained,
 When I’m forever chained,
 To darkness, my foe,
 To whom I eternally bow.

- SAMYUKTHA A (22-UFR-041)

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