



RANI BIRLA GIRLS' COLLEGE



e-volve

2022-23

MAGAZINE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

e-vOLve

a magazine of the Department of English,
Rani Birla Girls' College
38, Shakespeare Sarani,
Kolkata 17

2022-2023

Table of Contents

Poetry

- *A Pretty Disguise: Asma Bakhtiar*
- *The World: Anamika Mukherjee*
- *Be Wise This Time: Bushra Samreen*
- *Monsters: Sourabhi Dutta Roy*
- *Impression: Shamreen Ashraf*
- *Hope: Aditi Saha*
- *Long Gone: Sampoorna Sen Mazumdar*

- *Shahreen Afreen*
- *Ruqaiya Parveen*

Doodles

Prose

- *Concept of Gender Equality: Naureen Ahmed*
- *Drowning Realisation: Sarah Rahaman Shaikh*
- *IoT: Revolutionizing Education Through Connected Learning Environments: Ritwik Balo (Faculty)*

Poetry

A Pretty Disguise

By: Asma Bakhtiar

To the world,
she is as happy as a clam
twirling and swirling around
with her ecstatic energy
and amiable vibe
being effortlessly enraptured by
cats and hueful skies
But when the night falls,
darkness encircles
and the mask tumbles down
she seeps inside herself,
ushering in continuous reiterations
of all the brusque remarks
about her bearing, shortcomings
Words, oh! mere words
true to their target
simple and yet so vicious.
Nonetheless, when the sun rises
and so does her pretty soul
thoughts start to let up
gleams her affable self
a disguise is well put
Indeed! A Pretty Disguise.

The World

By: Anamika Mukherjee

Is the world what you see it as?
You may think it to be old,
The aged may think it's an opportunity,
The poor may think poverty is for eternity,
The lady may think of unknown wonders,
The authority may think it is tedious,
The disheartened may think it is longing,
The introvert may think it is about belonging,
The animals may think it is about survival,
The pilot may think it is about arrival,
The librarian may think it is for books,
The beautician may think it is all about looks,
The housemaid may think it is about daily chores,
The seashell may think it is all about shores,
Yet one says the world is what you see,
All thoughts are for you to seize,
Which one your heart truly believes?

Be Wise This Time

By: Bushra Samreen

I was walking with a candle in my hand,
Scared of the darkness yet hoping for some light.
The wind was strong enough to blow my saree and hair,
I was frightened by the sound yet felt good with its coolness.

I was taking small steps towards a door,
Being afraid of my own echoing breath.
What am I going to discover behind it
Was something I was thinking aloud.

I was stuck on the idea of seeing something new
Forgetting all the darkest days in the past.
I didn't care about what might happen next
Because there's nothing more painful than past wounds.

Alas! I dropped the candle.
Were my thoughts so loud that I forgot about the wind?
It was pitch-dark with no source of light
But I knew my eyes are sparkly with tears in them.

There, I see a shadow waiting for me
But I was too afraid to take a step closer to it.
It offered me its hand asking me to lend mine
My heartbeats were too loud to let me take a decision.

I slowly placed my hand on its
Whoosh! Like a feather, I was in the air.
I totally forgot what "heaviness in the chest" feels like,
I didn't have a single "difficult" thought,
I didn't have any clue as to why was I scared,
I immediately felt my wounds healing.

Then the shadow smiled at me, brightly
Introducing itself as 'let go.'
That was the very moment I realized the stupidity
Of not leaving things behind and letting the darkness go.

That was the moment of realization
Of how we keep holding onto our stubborn thoughts
Of how we get too dependent on the lights of the candle to notice the sun above us
Of how much we get scared of the wind to not notice the shelter around
Of how many times we refuse to lend our hand to the ones who are offering to help
Of how much we get afraid of the loss that we no more try our luck on love.

I overcame all these today,
I found what 'let go' feels like.
I am sending its force to you
Be wise this time.

Monsters

By: Sourabhi Dutta Roy

To the darkness within me
How are you?
To the monsters within me
What are your tales?
To the vast ocean engulfing me
Why can't you quiet down?

The anger that embroil
The peace nowhere to be found
The relentless chaos
How do I calm these monsters within me?

"My Love", says my fragile heart, "you are a beautiful storm"
A Madness
Hell
Eris
"Why do you fight these monsters?"

"Villains", you say, "Monsters"
But these are the monsters that make me feel something. Anything.
To the me that is lost, best believe:
One day, I will finally be in love with the monsters within me.

Maybe one day, Someday
The world will understand why Persephone chose to stay with Hades
That it wasn't just a trick of the pomegranate seeds.
That day, the King of Shadows will smile from his gothic steel
And the monsters within me would be free to love, but never tamed.

Maybe one day, Someday
The world will see what a mystic colour Red is
For you never know whether you are drizzled with Love or soaked in Blood.
That day, I too shall be the Spring and the Winter
The one to whom the Spring bends and Death himself pales.

Impression

By: Shamreen Ashraf

There used to live a girl full of surprises
One may have wondered what comprises?
Then there came a man and explored her in and out
But still didn't realise what she was all about

When she kept crying He didn't even come prying
That did hurt her and marred her soul
But she never did complain, and her heart flourished a hole
Years by years that kept on dwindling
And she put on a hoax smile and, oh! She went on mingling

But those reminiscences never did bid her adieu
Those wishes those jokes, those argue
All along the way she relived those memories and most importantly those promises of
centuries!

She lived her life, she made an impression
Without even disclosing her own depression!
Oh, she made an impression
Yes, she made 'The Impression'

Hope

By: Aditi Saha

The brightest sun plays hide and seek assuming me to be weak,
hiding behind the darkest clouds
like a beautiful hallow covered in a shroud.

The doors of my ambition I keep ajar, with trials and errors, but not so far from my
destination.

I don't know why,
but sometimes I do cry, and fight amidst fears.
Life is a battle, time is in a war when the foes are near.
The tussle within myself and the conflict pains me a lot.
It manipulates me to quit, pleading me to stop.

But I keep it going
in this process of growing and challenge what I suffer.
The naive heart has metamorphosed as the Karma occurs.

Now I endure the pain,
to strengthen myself again and again. The hope of rising never dies,
the hope becomes my source of help
and weapon against those thousand lies.

The hope to rise from the ashes like a Phoenix and be indestructible
marks the path of my immortal glory which is imperishable.

The sun with its optimistic beams
blesses me destroying those inner devils of mine
which tried to rob me off my brilliance and unfettered shine.

The courageous voice that echoes to the crowning apex of the world.

For hope was the seed of success and hard work the weapon, All hail the Paradise! I have
won and I have conquered.

Long Gone

By: Sampoorna Sen Mazumdar

It's never what we have,
It's always what we want,
One second you were here,
In another, you were gone.
Even the seasons don't stay,
They just keep coming back,
But does the heart ever heal,
As the scars begin to crack?

But how fortunate am I,
That the Winter never left?
Now that the Summers are long gone,
It is, but a cold escape.
My Springs disappeared,
My rainbows are all grey,
Yet, I cannot but
Fall for it, every single day.
As I watch the sky clear up,
For the rain I long,
One second you were here,
In another, you were gone.

Doodles

Theme: Environment

By: Shahreen Afreen



By: Ruqaiya Parveen



**SAVE YOUR
RESOURCES**

Prose

Concept of Gender Equality

By: Naureen Ahmed

A unified whole has been a potential threat to a structured hegemonic structure since a hegemony breathes and breeds by the essence of conditioned dichotomy. One of the most evident examples of a hegemony breathing in this tune is the hegemony of patriarchy which essentially functions by dividing human beings into a man and a woman according to their gender inferred from sex. The dichotomy of the man and the woman has its origin in René Descartes' conceptual dichotomy between the mind and the body which destabilizes the harmonious coexistence of the human spirit. The collapse of the harmonious spirit leads to the formation of a disturbing structure which functions by giving the man the status of the mind and the woman the status of the body. The dichotomy has unleashed a long lay of oppression by suppressing the woman and anyone who tries to rise up against the structure.

Newton's third law calls for the equal and opposite reaction to an action. Flowing in the tune, a set of theories began to bloom from the tree of feminism which gave expression to the oppression of women and anyone who dared to cross the 'lakshman rekha' of patriarchy. It rationally illustrated the ways in which individuals, especially women, should rise from the shackles of oppression. Feminism began in the early 19th century with the suffrage movement that voiced for the voting rights and equal rights of the women. The libertarians believed that the root cause of oppression was the evils of law and focused on the development of the individual, empowerment of the individual and responsibilities of the individual. Feminism as a concept flowered in the 1960s-1970s. The liberals were identified to be the flag bearers of the second wave of feminism that called for the right to education of women right to equal job opportunities and pay. They identified the law and the society to be the root cause for the oppression and began the deconstruction of the conventional identity of a woman and the representation of a woman. The group called the radicals directed the cause of oppression towards patriarchy and unleashed their vengeance against patriarchy rationally. The third wave of feminism focused on expanding the agendas of the working woman, deconstruction of the white middle class orientation and acknowledged the issue of the non feminine women. The fourth wave of feminism focuses on intersectional attributes of feminism, empowerment of women and the role of media. The intersectional activists believe that it is the capitalistic society and the politics of language which gives birth to oppression. The issues regarding the body politics and of casual sexism are being dealt critically since feminism began to gain momentum. However, to bring down a dominant hegemony like that of patriarchy in a day is nothing but an ideal which is far removed from reality. To give an ideal the shape of reality, the barriers of the ideals needs to be accepted to effectively knell it.

Feminism paves the way for the blossom of gender studies that scrutinizes the concept of gender, sex, desire, stereotype destabilize the evils of patriarchy. Till the 1990s sex led to gender and gender led to desire. It was considered to be a fixed notion with the onset of the second wave of feminism; gender came under the scrutiny and was established to be a social construct which destabilized the mentioned concept. With the third wave of feminism both sex and desire came under the scrutiny. The story for the hegemony of patriarchy ends at desire, for feminists like Judith Butler the story begins with desire and therefore destabilizing the entire concept. Gender studies sinks further and causes the deconstruction of the prescribed gender roles coined by patriarchy since the 1990s. Patriarchy dictates a boy to flower in him the masculine traits of vigour, emotionlessness, rationality since he begins to breathe. Similarly, it teaches a girl to flower in her the traits of dependency, timidity, overflowing emotions in her. Dutt in her poem, "Lakshman" deftly destabilizes the watertight gender roles and hails the free flowing fluidity of gender. She chisels the portrait of Lakshman with the resonance of vigour and sensitiveness. His rationality is not devoid of emotions. It is his emotions which dazzles his vigour. There is a tremendous sense of understanding infused with rationality in the behaviour of Lakshman. She effectively deconstructs the breathing codes and conducts of masculinity and blooms the essence of humanity.

The gendered world in which we are breathing is divided in blue and pink. Patriarchy conditions the boy in the shade of blue and girl in the shade of pink. Humanity which should spread the essence of the unified 'whole' is divided into two hemispheres by the workings of the conditioned shades of colour. The goal is to usher in the fusion of the pink and the blue which would pave the way for the unified purple. The world in which we are living in calls for the essence and vitality of Dutt and Butler and as an individual everyone should try to radiate the essence of Dutt and Butler and add value to the ocean of living to make the ideal of gender equality a reality.

Drowning Realisation

By: Sarah Rahaman Shaikh

The room was pitch dark and the moon was concealed by thick grey clouds. The white winter flowers bloomed for the one last time.

I was lying on her lap. She was caressing my hair gently. It felt like home when her soft burned hands touched my skin. Her sweet scent comforts all my wounds. Her concerned voice heals all my grief. Maa knows everything about me. Even if i do not say her anything, she knows it all. The best quality of her is the unconditional countless sacrifice she made throughout her life. She murdered her own passion and ambitions to take care of me. There were many arguments and fights which hurt maa a lot. But she never showed it. She mastered the art of hiding tears. She never miss a single morning to call me and wake me up. No matter how far I am she never forgets to remind me to eat well and not to be in empty stomach for long hours. There are days where the emptiness and curse of loneliness sinks in. And that is when calling maa becomes a ray of hope and light to keep moving on and work hard. After all the hardships of life, if she still has the courage to live for the sake of us and take care of the littlest thing, then I cannot be that easily defeated by the thunders of life.

One thing I learned from her is to be humble and never detach from the roots that helped you grow. This unconditional attribute of her helped me to be empathetic and understanding towards other people. Maybe without her it would be impossible for me to be so observant and vocal about vulnerable emotions. Being a man comes with the dark patch of always showing the strong rough side to the world. There are responsibilities and high expectations of handling the family financially and helping the descendants to grow prosperously. But maa made me realize to do the tasks only when the inner desire truly craves to do so. The liberty and the space that maa provided me to think and act freely, made me thrive in making right decisions. It does not mean that I am always right but whenever I am wrong or confused, her advices and suggestions always shows me a way out. “Never let nervousness and fear overtake your potential achievements”, she says.

When I was 10 years old, maa separated from my father. He used to physically torture her. Everyday he used to come drunk and ruthlessly assault her. His words were as spiteful as a malicious savage beast devouring on his own blood bounded loved ones.

The shattering screams were so deafening and terrorising, I used to hide under the bed in a dark room so that for once I could experience emptiness, for calmness was more of a privilege to me. The already damaged limits were crossed when my father pushed maa and she suddenly fainted. He left the house in anger, leaving maa in an unconscious state. I somehow gained the courage and came to look at maa. I was so scared. She was not waking up. My heart started pounding faster and I couldn't help but to cry helplessly, "Maa!! MAA!!". When I touched her soft motherly tummy, i found my hands to be painted in red. She was bleeding. I don't remember for how long i tried to wake her up, but after sometime I got reminded of her words when she taught me how to call an emergency service.

The opened windows started making the creaking noise because of the sudden breeze. The flowy curtain hit the picture of my mother and it fell and broke into pieces.

Maa was going to take a look but I told her to stay. Her presence was very warm and cozy. As her nurturing hands caressed my hair I soon fell asleep. When I opened my eyes I realized she was not there. I picked up her broken picture and kept it properly on the table. An uneasy and unsettling feeling began to creep inside me. Maybe it was because of her unexpected absence. I searched for her in her room but could not find her. My eyes fell on the scattered glasses that broke from the picture frame.

I still remember when I got the scholarship and got a chance to study abroad. Maa was shedding her happy tears but also had the voice of fear of loosing me. She wanted me to go but a part of her restricted me to leave. "Call me everyday. And do not stay late at night. Do not include yourself in the bad company. And do not dare to smoke or drink. If there will be any problem, call me immediately. I am always there. Please take care of yourself." She kissed my forehead and hugged me for the last time and bid me goodbye.

Maa called me that day but I did not receive the call thinking i will call her back later. I was busy finishing my assignment. When I called her back, an unknown stranger picked up the call and told the most spiking words that still infuriates me with frustrating anger on myself. "She is no more breathing."

The window was open and the white curtains were moving in the soft screaming breeze. The dark sky shone its scarred moon. A dog howled as if it was mourning someone's death. I slumped down in the dark and realized everything was just a Lovable Haunted Memory.

IoT: Revolutionizing Education Through Connected Learning Environments

By: Ritwik Balo (Faculty)

Imagine a classroom so intuitive that it understands your learning habits better than you. Welcome to the Internet of Things (IoT) in education, a world where ed-tech, reinforcement learning, and smart devices shift the paradigm for how subjects are taught and understood. IoT promises a shiny, efficient, and highly customized educational experience—because who doesn't need a smart desk that emails your homework reminders?

Enter the "smart classroom." This promised techno-utopia features interconnected devices like whiteboards that automatically summarize lessons because they've sensed your boredom levels peaking. Projectors sync with students' phones or tablets, potentially for launching surprise quizzes when the system detects optimum student alertness (or, more likely, the exact opposite). These classrooms might not just be a boon for multimedia learning but also have the uncanny ability to provide detailed breakdowns of sighs, eye rolls, and doodles during seemingly endless lectures.

On a broader scale, IoT's magic extends to managing entire school campuses. Sensors ensure lights, fans, water levels and purification systems operate with the efficiency of a spacecraft, meticulously adjusting classroom environments—perhaps based on the collective yawns of students. RFID tags keep track of everything from library books to the last known locations of lab equipment and essential staff. This brave new world is both cost-effective and environmentally friendly, provided everyone remembers their passwords and the Wi-Fi doesn't crash.

However, the rise of wearables and biometric devices might also transform students and staff into walking data points. These gadgets can track everything from steps taken to hours slept, even monitoring heart rates and stress levels, thus offering deep insights into a student or staff's physical health and daily habits.

By analyzing this wealth of data, educators could tailor the learning environment to better meet student needs—perhaps suggesting more time for physical activity and less for high-pressure tests when stress markers are high. This data-driven approach promises a revolution in personalized education but also introduces significant privacy and ethical challenges that must be navigated carefully.

The proliferation of IoT brings a host of challenges, chiefly the need to protect all this sensitive data. It's crucial to implement ironclad security measures to prevent the new "smart" blackboard from leaking test answers or broadcasting live feeds of your naptime. As IoT spreads through the education sector, balancing innovation and security is a little like balancing on a seesaw, requiring perfect coordination to ensure neither side hits the ground hard. Here's to hoping the future of education doesn't include a hacker remotely changing your grades because you forgot to update your smart pen.

Acknowledgements

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to all those who have contributed to the vision and realization of the first edition of our departmental magazine, e-voLve.

Firstly, we would like to express our deepest appreciation to Dr. Srabanti Bhattacharya, Principal, Rani Birla Girls' College, for her unwavering support and guidance.

We are also immensely thankful to Mrs. Sushmita Das, Head of the Department of English, for her leadership and Dr. Sarmila Paul, whose insights have been instrumental in shaping this publication.

We are particularly grateful to Dr. Apala Dasgupta Barat, whose proposal of the title "e-voLve" encapsulates the essence of our journey and aspirations.

Lastly, this edition of e-voLve has been edited by Ritwik Balo, whose design, layout, and digitization has brought the visual and textual elements of this magazine to life.

We hope that this issue of e-voLve not only reflects the evolving nature of literary and academic pursuits but also serves as a beacon of inspiration for our readers.

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