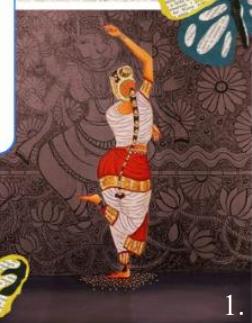




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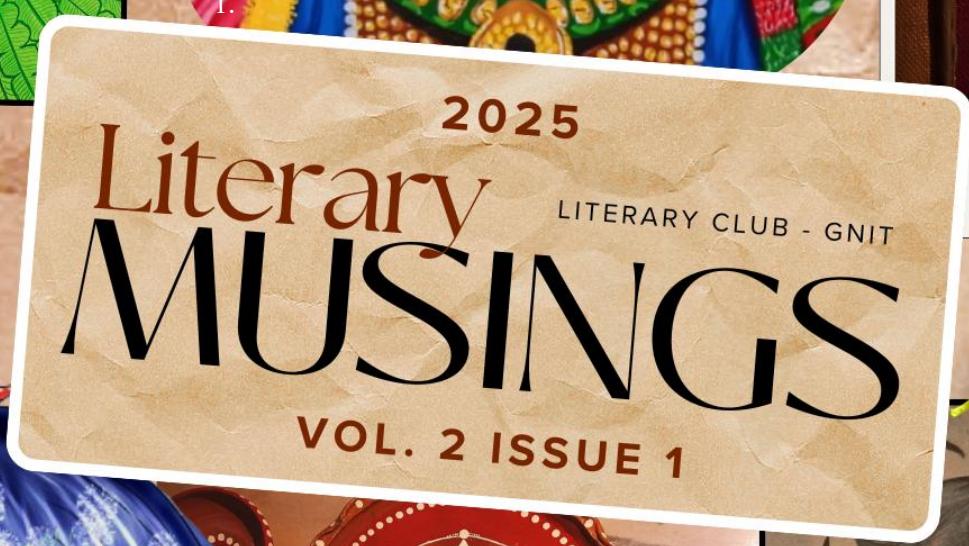
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ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF THE GNIT
LITERARY CLUB

GURU NANAK INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, SODEPUR

PREFACE

As the green foliage of Summer and the iridescent green of the monsoons give way to the russet tints of Autumn, the GNIT Literary Club brings together another commemorative issue of writings by young minds, in a fresh issue of **Literary Musings** for 2025. This issue has been some time in the making, perhaps it has tried the patience of its young authors not a little. While craving indulgence for this delay I would also say that the delay has given time for the editors, who have done an undeniably hard job of selecting and editing the entire issue with space for deliberate reflection and rumination. And it is this that leads to maturation and wisdom in literary matters, as Horace lauded the use of “the labour and the file of delay” (*limae labor et mora: Ars Poetica*). So, as a reflection of creative insights, talented writing and painstaking editing we have this bouquet of new writing, crafted and curated especially for you, the “common reader” who, according to Virginia Woolf, is an ordinary person, who reads for personal pleasure and enjoyment. To be sure, there are a wealth and diversity of creative writings in this issue, which span several genres and sensibilities, poetic, lyrical, rhapsodic, creative prose writing, including reflective pieces, satirical writings, short stories and essays. There are well informed critical essays, film reviews and a spectacular art and photo gallery with beautiful shots by our budding photographers. On the whole, the issue is aesthetically satisfying and offers something for everyone’s palate. The editorial team has toiled long and hard over it, and have gifted us a remarkable issue. Let us hope that there will be many more and even more superlatively good issues in the years to come. Happy reading!

Dr. Indrajit Bose
Coordinator
GNIT Literary Club

COVER ARTISTS

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2. Mohuli Pal (CSE-2, 2024-2028)
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Collage made by: Adrija Das (CSE-1, 2024-2028)

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Poetic Pulses.

A collection of poems by our students.

She

Deep Sarkar (BCA, 2023-2027)

When she was born,
"So tender, so gentle- like a flower," they said.

As she grew into a girl,
They warned, "Don't play too much, don't talk to boys."
"Dress properly - like a girl," they insisted.
And when she laughed freely,
They frowned and whispered, "Why is she laughing so much?"

The day he touched her breast,
Her heart froze.
"Don't tell anyone," they warned.
She died a little inside.
Each night, she cried out loud -
But no one listened.

When she became a young woman,
They reminded her, "Don't behave like boys - be a lady."
And when she asked for freedom,
They laughed, "Freedom? Ha! Ha!"

When she dared to dream,
They scoffed, "Nonsense!"
"Prepare yourself to be a good wife," they ordered.

When she chased her dreams anyway,

She was ashamed.
When she returned home late,
They labeled her: "Shameless," "Characterless."

When she became prey to their hunger,
They blamed her - "It must have been her fault."

And when she finally spoke up,
When she demanded justice,
They rolled their eyes,
"Ah, another feminist," they said.

.....

The Things I Never Said

Abhishek Chakraborty (ECE-1, 2024-2028)

I carry words like scattered light,
they flicker when the day turns night.
Some bloom in silence, never heard,
some vanish with an unsent word.

A thousand times I almost spoke,
but fear held tight, a phantom cloak.
The truth sat trembling on my tongue,
a song unsung, a bell unrung.

You passed me by like summer rain,
like poetry that hides its pain.
And though I smiled, my chest grew tight,
the stars above just felt too bright.

Now all that's left is space between
what could have been and what has been.

But maybe silence has its grace-
not every wound needs to be erased.

Still, late at night, I sometimes find
those words return, replay, rewind.
Not haunting- just a quiet thread-
of all the things I never said.

.....

Monsoon Memory

Abhishek Chakraborty (ECE-1, 2024-2028)

The sky spills slow in shades of grey,
as thunder hums a lullaby-
barefoot souls on rooftops play,
and raindrops blur the world nearby.

Paper boats in puddles glide,
lost in streams of yesterday,
children laugh and lovers hide
beneath the clouds that never stay.

Leaves, once dusted, dance anew,
the scent of earth begins to rise-
a perfume old, yet always true,
like whispered tales beneath the skies.

Windows fogged with thoughts we keep,
the storms outside, the calm within-
a cup of chai, the silence deep,
a thousand lives the rain has been.

So let it pour, this tender ache,
let memories drip through every seam-
the monsoon knows what hearts can break,
and still, it sings through every dream.

.....

Finding peace

Sonal shaw (BBA 2024-2028)

My mind is chaos, my heart is quiet,
But when I feel calm, everything feels right.
I don't want stress- just peace of mind,
No worries, no pain- just life, gentle and kind.

At every step, I long for a peaceful space,
Where stress and anxiety leave no trace.
A joyful life with loyal friends-
A place where happiness never ends.

But sometimes, trauma finds its way,
And anxiety whispers, "You can't be okay."
Self-doubt spins a web inside,
And my thoughts say, "Don't be kind."

Still, I won't let the darkness win,
Though I'm scattered, strength lies within.
I will be alright. I will be fine,
With a calm mind and a heart that's mine.

.....

The Russian Sleep Experiment!

Salony Shaw (BBA 2024-2028)

No sleep, no dreams...
No- not just my mind playing schemes...
Is it real, or am I just hallucinating?
Can't touch, can't smell- yet I see it, vibrating.

At first, it was bearable; I found it allied.
My eyelids twitch, but still, I lied.
As the days passed, I began to lose my mind-
"Are they watching us?"
"Is the gas really safe?"

I tried so hard to prove I was sane...
But it felt like I was close to the grave.
"I don't need sleep- I've ascended."
I feared sleep like the last of my breath.

"Something inside me is trying to sleep."
I tried to explain, but failed to speak.
And in the end, the time wasn't frenzied-
No screaming. No talking. Just breathing inside.

They came back when I begged to die-
Now only one or two remain alive.
My heart unfolds through lifeless time...
Fifteen days, they said- but I'm far from fine.

"How am I still alive?" they asked, they said...
But I had already died- just didn't stay dead.
"I must remain awake," I feel- I say...
As if those fifteen days were only foreplay.

I'm not the victim anymore-
But the monster they made.

.....

Chained to a Ghost

Salony Shaw (BBA 2024-2028)

I don't remember when it started-
The whispers in the dark,
The footsteps behind mine,
The cold breath on my neck when I lie.

They say ghosts are echoes of the dead,
But what if they're echoes of us instead?
The parts we buried, the sorrow that flowed,
And hoped never to see again- the pain we have known.

She doesn't scream.
She stares.
And I-
I can't look away.

My hands are clean, but my past still stains.
She doesn't follow out of hate-
She lingers because I won't forgive myself.

I am chained to her against my will,
I can't help it- but follow still.

I leave the light on, sleepless through the night,
Afraid that if I don't, she'll take flight.
She'll climb back in my head, a haunting guest-
And some days, I forget who's truly possessed.

The line between reality and dreams is thin,
And I'm unsure who's the ghost within.

.....

Black Swan

Ojal Ojaswi, CSE-2 2024-2028

She danced

Like a black swan

In the cold winter night

As the moonlight touched

Her bare skin

Which made her glow
She turned gracefully
Like a bird ready to spread its wings
And fly
Fly so far that no one could ever catch her
She felt free
Free from all the pain
That she had kept inside her
She danced
As the wind whistled a sweet melody
That night she shined brighter than Sirius
She danced
As if she was the only one on the planet
Like an angel without wings
She danced
Until it was time for her to go
So, she did
In the hope to return once again....

.....

Secret Behind the Beautiful Smile

*Ojal Ojaswi, CSE-2
2024-2028*

The girl you see with a beautiful smile

What if I say

Her whole existence is a lie

That beautiful smile
Hides a lot of pain
Which we cannot see
As tears are not visible
In the rain
She pretends to be strong
And stand against the wrong
But inside
She craves for love, attention and care
But as we know life is not always fair
So, the only thing she got was
Tears in her eyes
And restless nights
That dimple on her face
When she smiles
Dissolves others pain and cries
But no one knows
The pain that lies
Behind that beautiful smile.

.....

Seasonal Whispers

Soumili Das, ECE-2

Spring arrives in fits and begins,
wakes the planet with moody arts.

Summer grills everything in sight with flair,
Even toast? he doesn't care.

In autumn, leaves fall like memories to the ground,
Beauty laced in silenced found.

Winter speaks in breath and hush,
A silent world, both fierce and lush.

.....

Assumptions On the Gas-Stove

Adrija Das, (CSE-1, 2024-2028)

Ignoring me
you will say I was ignoring you
the one thing you will reciprocate

we are grown-ups now, out of school
we go about our lives differently
we learn how to stand, walk and talk, we read the books adults read,
"In the workplace, be formal", "bring all issues to light"
and yet we ignore each other after an awkward fight

sent you a "can we talk more"
you replied with "Read, 10:34"
swatting blue ticks like flies, one of my many chores
I seethe: my text bubbles far outnumber yours

We read about close, clear, corporate communication
in textbooks and class-notes
and yet we leave
assumptions on the gas-stove
boiling over into yellow foams
messages buried in tombs
topics unturned
stories ignored
fights unresolved, a big war, unfought
careful carefree systematic onslaught

.....

Dead Bird's Tale

Bikramjit Saha, CSE(CYS) - 2024-2028

The sky is lonely today,
Clouds roared with rage,
For all the birds are captive today,
Captive and crying in the cage.
Looking out into the vast world around them,
Through the gaps of the metal bars, spelled "enslavement".
Searching for a beam of light,
The light that might make them feel again,
The light of hope.

Do they even want to feel hope again,
They're scared to live again,
Fearful of what might happen if their hope is taken away once again,
By the giant, powerful, crewel hands of "greed consumed heathens",
Who'd leap to make them bleed for money, amusement.

In this world of capitalism,
Where the powerful feeds on the weak,
"Survival of the fittest", said Darwin,
An unfair game of survival,
Where the wings are cut off,
So you can't touch the sky,
But they sell the birds a silly dream,
That one day they could touch the sky.

.....

Tales & Whispers

A Collection of Short Stories by our students.

The Room with No Door

Abhishek Chakraborty (ECE-1, 2024-2028)

I woke up again inside that room. No windows, no doors. Just the soft hum of a ceiling light and walls painted in a color I could never name — something between regret and old memories.

Every time I returned here, the rules changed. Sometimes the floor rippled like water. Sometimes the walls breathed. But always, the chair remained. In the center. Facing me.

I sat.

A voice spoke, not out loud, but directly into my thoughts.

“What are you hiding from?”

I laughed, out of habit, maybe fear.

“This is just a dream.”

“Isn’t everything?”

I looked down. My hands were not my hands. They shifted—too large, too small, a flicker of a child’s fingers, then back to my own. I clenched them, grounding myself.

“Fine. Let’s talk then.”

The light dimmed. A projection lit up the wall — moments of my life played like broken film reels. Me, age six, hiding behind a curtain after breaking Mom's favorite vase. Me, sixteen, saying nothing when a friend cried for help. Me, twenty-three, smiling at a funeral, not feeling a thing.

The voice whispered:

“You don’t visit to escape. You visit to remember.”

The walls pulsed. My chest tightened.

“I didn’t choose this place.”

“You built it.”

The chair turned, now empty. I understood. It was meant for someone else. Maybe the part of me I never let speak.

I sat again. This time, I listened.

The hum faded. The walls fell away. The room dissolved into stars.

I woke up gasping. Sweat. Silence. Reality.

But something stayed with me — a flicker of truth, a key I didn’t know I held. And on my desk, a note in my own handwriting, one I didn’t remember writing:

“The door opens when you do.”

.....

Reflection

Srijeet Lahiri (CSE CYS, 2024-2028)

There's a yellow painted room in my grandmother's house no one talks about.

It's always locked. Tucked at the end of the upstairs hallway, it has no number on the door like the others. No creaking hinges or draft beneath it. Just a blank, seamless slab of wood that looks more like a forgotten closet than anything sinister.

But it's not forgotten.

I first noticed it when I was ten. My cousin, Shreya, dared me to knock on it. I did. Once. A sharp, hollow thud. Something knocked back. Exactly once. Shreya screamed. I never told anyone about the voice I heard then — a whisper that breathed, "*Almost.*"

After that, I avoided it for years. Even when we played hide and seek, even when I passed it in the dark, pretending not to notice the cold spot on the floor just outside.

But last week, Grandma died. We gathered at the house — my parents, uncles, cousins, and other well-wishers. The grown-ups had sulked faces with rivulets of tears emerging from their wrinkled eyes. I wandered. Drawn, somehow. The hallway seemed longer. The door... closer. Unlocked.

Inside, the room was stuffed with mirrors. Tall, freestanding ones. Cracked hand mirrors. Even the ceiling shimmered glassy and warped. The air was still, thick with dust and something else — expectation.

I stepped in.

My reflection didn't follow.

It just stood at the threshold, staring at me with hollowed eyes. I turned in circles — every mirror showed a different version of me. One grinned with too many teeth. Another wept black tears. One stood perfectly still while I paced frantically throughout.

I looked back at the door. Gone. Only mirror.

I reached out to touch it. It was cold as an ice cube.

Behind me, something moved. What it could be? I turned sharply to observe something which looked familiar. I looked at it, it was a reflection — one I hadn't noticed before — was approaching towards me. Not mimicking. Not matching. Approaching.

Its face was wrong. Like mine, but... looser. Like skin stretched over something trying to remember how to be human.

I ran to the farthest corner. My breath fogged the nearest glass. My face smiled back — not mine. It whispered again, "*Almost.*"

Then the light changed. Dimmed. My reflection — the real one — flickered. Warped. Then, with an awful wrenching sound, it turned its back to me and walked away... into the mirror.

I screamed.

I don't remember how I got out. They say they found me unconscious at the bottom of the stairs, head bleeding, eyes open. I haven't spoken since. Not out loud.

But I see them now — the others. In mirrors. Watching. Smiling. Getting bolder. Every reflection is wrong, now. Every mirror is a doorway cracked open.

And every time I blink, they whisper.

"*Almost.*"

One day soon, they'll finish becoming me.

.....

Mother

Danis Gomes (CSE-2, 2024-2028)

"I have been through a lot, Robbi," his mom said, taking a sip from her usual blue cup.

"I know, Mom. It's been a lot," he said, lowering his head. His eyes would burn if he looked at her.

She was gazing up at the high window. I remained silent, trying to figure out what to say next.

"Do you remember once your father brought a necklace for me?"

"Yeah, I do. But... wasn't it stolen?"

"Yeah, he did. But sometimes, I feel maybe he wanted to make me happy."

"Yes, Mom."

"But in the end, he was just a drunkard who had nothing in his heart except lust, anger, and greed. Maybe he was good when we first met, but you know... people hide their true colours until their motives are fulfilled.

He wanted to take you away from me after the divorce. He even tried to kill me. But you are here with me, and he is in hell — exactly where he belongs."

She said it with a smile, almost proud of what she did.

His heart was pounding.

Whenever his mom talked about his father, a storm brewed inside him. But it was too late. Everything had already been done.

"Father was really wrong, Mom," he said, just to reassure her, to show he agreed with her actions.

"He was less than a human being. The most unlovable creature ever existed. I feel ashamed remembering that I even married him, kissed him."

What a fool I was. But maybe God wanted me to perform that good deed — to erase what a maggot He had created."

Her voice sounded like she was giving a speech to a full room.

He felt uncomfortable.

But he also felt deeply attached to his mother.

She was the reason he was still alive.

With his father, he might have died from hunger. For that man, food meant drinking.

His mind wandered to memories he hated.

Days when he and his sister didn't eat for four days straight.

Nights when they clutched each other tight in freezing December.

The haunted apartment: broken roof, damp walls, a constant foul smell.

His mother cooking rice with half-rotten potatoes borrowed from neighbours.

His mom looked at him, concerned.

"Robbi, you're looking sad. Is everything okay? What about your job?"

She extended her arms toward him, but they couldn't reach.

He remembered trembling with cold, her arms wrapping around him, a gentle kiss on his forehead.

That same warmth he felt now... but mixed with a dread he couldn't name.

"I'm doing good at my job, Mom. Everything's good," he lied.

Every word felt like lifting a boulder.

His mind was unstable, full of horror, confusion, and guilt — guilt for not stopping her, for not telling her she was wrong too.

But he was just a child. Unaware. Powerless.

He barely remembered his father, except for the animalistic violence he brought into their home.

The beatings. The terror. The nights his sister cried herself to sleep, though she was only twelve.

"Oh Robbi, I wish I could see your sister once. I heard she got married," his mom said, her voice tinged with confusion.

"Yes, she did... but she won't come. She just doesn't care."

"Don't say that, kid. Lily is my good girl. Maybe she'll change her mind."

Does she have kids now? My grandson or granddaughter?"

"No, Mom."

"And what about you? That girl you once showed me a picture of?"

"What about her?"

"Oh Robbi, when will you marry her and give me a family?"

At least you should give me a grandson or granddaughter."

He knew his sister didn't hate their mom.

She was just afraid. Broken.

Seeing their mom again would crack open wounds she had sealed shut just to survive.

She made excuses to not visit. She needed distance, or else she would collapse under the weight of old horrors.

He looked down at his mother's hands.

Nails grown too long.

The same hands that once shielded him from monsters.

Hands that worked day and night in a garment factory, bringing home scraps to feed them when his father forgot they existed.

He remembered the beatings she suffered, the blood, the tears.

The way her voice changed over time — from soft to hard.

The neighbours she fought with.

The house she tried to burn.

The face she once bruised — his face.

It wasn't just his father who left scars.

He tried to confront her once. But fear paralyzed him.

Things worsened when she found out his father had another woman... and a four-month-old child.

He glanced at her face now. Calm. Tired.

"Mom, are you getting sleepy? Maybe you should lay down," he said, his voice quiet but laced with care.

"Yeah, I will," she replied with a pause.

"Take a good nap, Mom.

And have your lunch and medicines on time," he added, although he had nothing left to say.

"Are you going, Robbi?"

There was a deep, unspoken sorrow in her voice.

"Yeah, I have to. Some office work, you know."

He looked at his watch. Two minutes left.

"I'll come by next week."

She said nothing. Not even a blink.

He wanted to lean in, kiss her forehead.
But the glass wall stood between them.
"Bye, Mom."
He turned to leave, heart heavy, throat tight.
He glanced back once. Her eyes still open. Not blinking.
The once-innocent eyes he had seen long ago.
The armed guards stood at the end of the hall.
He said nothing to them.
He remembered how one had once warned him:
"Be careful, sir. She once bit off a nurse's nose."

.....

In Human

Adrija Das (CSE-1, 2024-2028)

It appears suddenly.

Like a glitch in the matrix. A video of us. Recorded on my father's camcorder: me and her. Running through cornfields, laughing in the sun. She was seven, I was eight, but we had been inseparable. The video isn't HD; it sputters and cracks in places. The colours look much more vibrant than I remember.

A friend.

I watch the video over and over in the cold darkness of my bedroom. Then I press DELETE. Regret washes over me – why'd I do that?

But there's no point. I know she's dead. I know, I know, I know.

The year: 3084. Summer, 20 years ago. Cicadas and flaming sunsets.

We'd grown apart. She'd become a scientist and I'd joined the United Armed Corps, the government's pride. She never liked that.

"What's wrong with it," I argued, "They're not evil or anything. They protect us...The pay is good, too." She wasn't impressed. She told me, dismissively, "I don't trust them..."

Anyway, we didn't speak for some months. Then I heard she'd been selected by the very same government to develop a new state-of-the-art technology. I remember showing up to her house with a "Congratulations, you!", ready to throw a party.

She shrugged. "We've made it already. It's called SMOG. If inhaled, it could turn humans into cyborgs. Half-human, half-machine. As cyborgs, we become less susceptible to things like disability or disease. Imagine...!"

I studied her expression. She believed in it. Science should serve humanity, after all.

Then one day, they went to test SMOG out on some animals at a private zoo.

As all failed experiments go, an accident occurred. A large, white-winged swan, bratty by nature, inhaled the smog alongside her. They said that my friend was never the same again. She vanished without a trace, and was declared an outlaw.

The Present.

My curtains catch the afternoon breeze. I realize I've been reminiscing about her all morning. I look down. My notebook is here. I've been drawing swans.

The next morning.

I sit at my office desk, dabbing at my forehead. On my way to work, I saw something in the alleyway.

A man, no, a robot perhaps, I'm not sure.... gaunt and shriveled...emitting a metallic scream, machine-like footsteps.... as he ate away at another of his kind. A strange smell... I thought

I'd never breathe again. I watched the man as he tore away at the other, pulling out wires and sinews. And then our eyes met. Half-human, half-machine.

I'd never run faster in my life. Towards my office, my government job, my handsome salary. God save the Great Nation.

Thinking these words aloud brought me peace.

I turned on my supercomputer and started with work.

The next month. Sirens blaring in the distance.

No work today. Barricaded myself in my office. The steel-skinned monsters prowl outside, their footsteps clanging like iron kettles. They've multiplied. They've been declared a national Threat.

I feel the Nation protecting us. Or is it?

I have been drawing swans. Large, white, graceful swans, page after page. I turn my head. There it is on the window-sill: a long, white feather.

All of a sudden, I smell something familiar. My head reels and I drop down onto the floor.

That same smell as the man in the alley...coming into my office, from the vents! I feel my lungs spasm- something is happening to me.... But my bosses said I'll be safe here, I mutter, helplessly. I shout for help. The reply is a voice on the intercom: "The subject has fainted. It's working. DEPLOY SMOG."

That voice belongs to one of my bosses.

"If inhaled, SMOG could transform one into an actual cyborg." It can't be.... not to me...the Nation was supposed to protect me...

The sirens scream, but not for me. I see my hands turning cold, plastic - I feel my heart wrapping in steel. This can't be happening, I think. My mind plays montages of my childhood. My humanity is fading. Slipping.

No...

I gasp for air in a voice I don't recognize. My blood turns into ice-water inside my veins and my nerves short-circuit. As I twist and turn on the floor, my joints cracking and breaking, I find the notebook with the swans I'd drawn. I think of my friend, and I think of swans.

A loud crash shatters my ears. A figure tears through the roof and walls as if with some magic. My friend, who's been missing for over 20 years, is standing before me. Surrounded by the ruins of the building she's just destroyed. She looks much older in her worn-out jeans and tattered shirt. I can't make myself say anything. She turns her head to look at me.

Then, she spreads a pair of angelic white wings, like that of a swan.

The wall protecting my bosses from SMOG is broken and now they feel the agony too. Of something I can't quite explain. I hear their cries fade into the sunset. She picks me up and darts out into the sky.

Her wings flap around us like gigantic windmills. I am holding on to her for dear life. I want to ask "Why do you have wings? Is it because of the swan?", "Where have you been all these years?" or "Did you really think I could live without you?" But I don't say a thing.

We fly through golden yellow cornfields, littered with bodies. The colours look much more vibrant than I remember.

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Firenta: Where Justice Drowns

Mohuli Pal (CSE 2, 2024-2028)

The clouds drifted across the sky. The sun peered through these floating giants and cast its rays, as if to conquer the heavens. The weather shifted from a dark, murky gloom to a calm, bright spring. Outside the window, the world looked serene. Too serene. Almost as if to deceptively conceal the events transpiring in that room.

Firenta slowly closed her eyes, shutting out the surrounding chaos. It was the best way to slip into the deepest realm of consciousness---And to focus.

An icy yet elegant visage. With luscious brunette hair tied in a long, slender ponytail and sapphire eyes now closed, Firenta took a deep breath and gathered her thoughts.

It was a “Drowning in a locked room” case. Probably the first of its kind in the Agency’s history. To any other detective it was a profoundly enigmatic puzzle. But for Firenta---who spent three years as a medical student before switching to sleuthing---diagnosing this was a piece of cake.

She muttered, ” Brain damage. It was involuntary...”

The commotion died down. All eyes turned to her.

The meeting room turned cold with their stares.

“What?!” , everyone exclaimed in unison.

What utter gibberish....

The victim had been found unconscious in a locked room. Upon discovering his body, they immediately rushed him to the hospital. The doctors checked his pulse and performed emergency CPR. But what escaped his mouth wasn’t a breath of life or a silence of death---it was water. Litres of it gushed out of his mouth as if he’d drowned underwater.

The CPR squeezed every last drop of it out, but in the end, all that was left was an empty vessel.

Pandemonium broke out.

It had to be murder. What else could it be? The Investigation Bureau was summoned immediately. And forensics teams waited to dissect the mystery.

But when the cops came to retrieve the body, they were struck speechless. In the place of the water-logged corpse lay a small piece of paper that contained the following inscriptions written in bold:

“Your duty ends here.”

The mystery became more convoluted.

The hospital room had been under surveillance the entire time. No one should have been able to enter let alone pull such a trick off. And those inscriptions.... what do they mean?

The case only grew more bizarre until it landed upon the desk of Firenta, the Director of the Special Enforcement Department.

She called for an emergency meeting.

The brightest minds gathered, trying to put the puzzles together. But no conclusion was drawn. Their notes went as follows:

- Gather evidence and investigate thoroughly (Homicide Division, under Director Firenta)
- Identify everyone related to the victim (Field Operations Unit, under Assistant Director Rupert)

- Suspect list (Open contributions from all members)
- All conjectures to be documented

The meeting was adjourned.

Three days later, they reconvened to share clues and refine their theories. The case began to take shape.

The synopsis of the events that took place on the day of the victim's death was as follows:

The victim's father had told him that all his possessions would go to the victim's younger brother. He had even finalized the will. The humiliation and betrayal pushed the victim to the edge. He got into a brawl with his younger brother and began to beat him. The father threw him out of the house. But he returned that night---sneaking in, possibly to search his father's room. Perhaps for ledgers, property documents, or anything that can tip the scale in his favour. And later, his lifeless, water-filled body was found.

"His brother must have killed him", suggested one detective.

"Are you stupid? His brother was gravely injured after the fight. And he was admitted in a different hospital!" retorted another.

"I think it was the brother too. And the father took the body away to protect him ", said another.

The theories spiralled. Voices rose, each trying to prove their narrative.

So much for a team of composed, elite detectives.

The racket soared.

Until Firenta brought it crashing down back to earth with her quiet comment.

A brain injury? Seriously? Shouldn't it be something like a lung or respiratory damage? And what do you mean involuntary?

Firenta opened her eyes and spoke calmly," There was no culprit. In the brawl, the victim had head-butted his brother, which caused a head injury and a subdural hematoma. The haemorrhage spread internally, triggering a shock response in the lungs. A minuscule tear appeared in the pulmonary sacs, causing fluid to accumulate---pulmonary edema. The coagulated water blocked airflow, leading to hypoxia. When CPR was performed, the pressure forced the water out."

The room was filled with silence.

It made sense.

Her explanation was so detailed, no one could object. The case was closed---no further disturbance.

Firenta gave the final order: "Please update the police with every single detail. Nothing must be omitted."

"Yes, ma'am!"

The meeting concluded.

After everyone left, Firenta got up and sauntered to the terrace. The sky above was beautiful. Her coat flapped in the winds.

The tranquillity matched with her inner stillness.

She closed her eyes.

More than fifty children, each mercilessly tormented and killed. Their bodies found in brutal conditions.

A serial-killer who took fun to see children in distress. Flawless in execution, filthy rich, shielded by influence.

But justice can be served in various forms.

Firenta whispered in the wind:

“I have avenged you all. I hope this brings you a little peace. Rest in peace now.”

She then looked down at her palm.

Her nonchalant face shadowed with visible gloom.

She gritted her teeth and muttered, “In this life, it was just a hammer”, she growled,” Don’t think I’ll go this easy on you in hell.”

(Inspired by the Anime: Doctor Detective)

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The Legacy of Hope

Mohuli Pal (CSE 2, 2024-2028)

Year 16XX.

Calamity tore through the sky.

Chaos befell as the Demon King, with his legion of loyal retainers, stormed the land, ravaging the very essence of humanity. Humanity’s feeble magic powers flickered like candles in a cyclone--- futile, in vain.

But from the pits of despair arose- what could be called a miracle.

She was born. The masses' pleas, hopes and desperation intertwined together, gave her a form.

Emanating celestial radiance, with golden hair cascading down her shoulders and emerald eyes reflecting strength, Artoria scanned around her. In a low voice, she asked:

“Were you the ones who summoned me?”

The citizens' eyes gleamed with hope. Elated, they explained their dire situation to her.

Accepting the duty carved for her, she took pride in becoming the salvation of those who had unknowingly summoned her.

She was no ordinary guardian deity. Her powers, being tantamount to the Demon King's omnipotence, could shake the Earth itself. Yet she knew the strength of one alone wouldn't suffice to eradicate the evil completely.

Thus she began taking in disciples---those who possessed more-than-average magical cores---and trained them diligently.

Six years went by in a flash, and her teachings came to fruition. From all her disciples four prodigies emerged, each with unique traits and talents.

From her armory, she used spatial magic to summon sacred weapons . Arthur received Excalibur, a blade of dominance. Diarmuid wielded the Gáe Buidhe, a spear that pierced malice. Chervianna mastered her bow and arrow, the Moonpiercer, which slashed through everything in it's path. And Iscanthar rode the Chariot, Celestala, which commanded the horizon and beyond.

And thus, with the crew gathered, it was time to embark on their voyage.

Strangely, the journey was quite peaceful, contrary to the grim mission at hand.

The enchanting glade offered them soothing tranquility. Leaves danced with the breeze, birds chirped sweet melodies and the sparkling waterfalls soared the sky.

An ethereal picture of tranquility.

Artoria, a being driven only by purpose, began to feel something stir within her---emotions. She discovered joy in Arthur's pure loyalty, amusement in Diarmuid's indomitable spirit, warmth in Chervianna's laughter and awe in Iscanthar's childish wonder.

These delicate feelings softened her once-stern heart.

She couldn't help but giggle at the animated troupe she had come to treasure.

.....X.....X.....

Months passed and they finally arrived at the Demon King's palace's obsidian gateway, daunting, tall and high.

The tide of battle surged forth. It was fierce and intense.

The Demon Army roared with centuries of hatred. Yet, with years of honed strength and unbreakable bonds, the heroes struck down the devils and emerged victorious.

The vile was vanquished.

The tyrant's rule toppled.

The Demon Army , the embodiment of pride itself, fell, consumed by the very hope they'd tried to extinguish.

Dust settled. The tremors in the ground ceased. Silence enveloped them. And the scent of freedom wafted through the air. The sky was dark no more.

Artoria looked up at the blazing sun as it shimmered through the torn ceiling.

She muttered in faint whispers, her authoritative eyes trembling, her form flickering, "To all those who saw salvation in me. I thank you...."

She smiled at her disciples, now guardians of a new era. "You gave me a life. A reason. Emotions I never knew could belong to me. You have given me so much I could never repay you. Thank you for following me....and being my companion all these years."

And with that she began to fade--- returning to the ether as the wish she once was.

Her disciples ran toward her. With a gentle embrace and tear-stained eyes, they parted ways with their mentor, their guiding star.... their beloved friend.

She was not born of flesh or lineage, but from hope itself. With her mission accomplished, Artoria vanished---leaving behind not sorrow but a shining legacy.

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Silent Reflections.

A Collection of Critical Essays by our students.

The Silent Rebellion of Love: An Essay on Emotional Intimacy in an Age of Disconnection

Abir Mitra (ECE, 2022-2026)

There are certain tales never spoken out loud—told in body language, in silences, and in reflexes. It was a love that did not require a name, only existence. It started in an innocent closeness, in mutual space on a crowded earth, and in a quiet observance that was greater than words. There was a moment—a bus ride, a flush, a held breath—that turned everything upside down. Two hearts, in silence, started to orbit each other.

Initially, the relationship was instinctive. Feelings flowed freely—tears were shed without justification in each other's arms, eyes locked in a way more comprehensible than words could ever be. One clung, and the other let himself be held. There was music, laughter, scribbled poetry, gentle pet names, and stolen glances. Even distance could not extinguish the flame; missing each other was not admitted—it was felt.

But love, being too pure, starts to terrify. One heart began constructing walls slowly—not out of hatred, but out of fear. Influences seeped in—those who taught detachment as devotion, who clothed avoidance as spiritual growth. And thus began a quiet erasure. Nicknames lost their intimacy, warm hugs became cautious distance, and deep emotional closeness was rebranded as something safer, more "acceptable." Brotherhood took the place of bond. The heart that used to weep in temples now tried to silence its own voice.

And the other? He watched. With muted regret, he let go piece by piece. He did not fight—not because he stopped loving, but because he loved too much to force. He shifted from "mine" to "yours," from being the first to call to the silent witness. But he continued to show

up—with tenderness, with reliability, with the hope that someday, the walls of feeling would come down.

The paradox continued. In the midst of isolation, love intruded—a desperate phone call, a spontaneous "I love you," a goodbye kiss. One half of the heart was trying to forget, the other half remembering. Even the withdrawal was charged with emotion. The withdrawal itself was its own confession of inner turmoil.

This love was never in labels. It resided in contradictions, in reflexive communications, in the manner that silence was never really empty. It questioned: Can love survive unclaimed? Can emotion still linger in the weight of denial?

Perhaps the answer lies in this story itself. That the greatest love need not be spoken—it merely needs to be felt. And even when hidden, it leaves imprints—tender, painful, irreparable imprints—in the innermost recesses of the soul.

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Digital Dementia

Shankhajit Mukherjee (CSE, 2024-2028)

As we are moving towards a tech-driven world, the widespread use of digital technologies is becoming a threat to the new generation. The term '**Digital Dementia**' is used to describe the long-term effects of excessive use of digital technologies.

Why Digital Dementia?

Dementia is a term that describes several diseases related to unstable mental states. Digital dementia refers to the unstable condition of the mind due to excessive reliance on digital technology.

Let me start with a very simple example. Imagine you are given a slightly difficult math problem and asked to solve it at home. Most students will search for the answer on a digital platform or take help from AI rather than solving it on their own. Through this, they are losing their creative thinking.

One of the major causes of digital dementia is **social media**. Research suggests that heavy social media users are 2.5 times more likely to experience cognitive decline. Today, the term ‘Reel’ is well-known to everyone. This small word has a significant impact in contributing to digital dementia. Excessive reel consumption can lead to information overload and a decreased attention span, exacerbating cognitive decline.

Now let's talk about the most important cause of digital dementia—**AI**. AI stands for Artificial Intelligence, through which machines try to acquire human-like intelligence. AI is undoubtedly a game-changer in this globalized world, but it is also causing over-reliance on machines. Nowadays, we trust machines more than our brains. We are losing our critical thinking abilities, and we are also lacking confidence because of this.

Now let us move forward to the possible effects of digital dementia. It can cause memory loss, reduced attention span, and decreased creativity. Some studies even show that excessive screen exposure during brain development can lead to dementia. So, a whole generation is being affected by digital dementia—especially students, who are the main sufferers. It is affecting their academic performance as well as their mental state.

We can prevent this easily by spending more time on activities like reading books or playing outside. We must choose only the positive aspects of social media and AI. We have to remember that the discovery of fire or the invention of the wheel was done long before AI existed, and groundbreaking scientific inventions were made through the creative thinking skills of humans.

So, creativity must not be compromised. Let's use technology to empower ourselves—not to dominate our lives.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE BLOOD-FILLED RIVERS

Bikramjit Saha (CSE(CYS), 2024-2028)

Cannibalism (n.) - practice of killing/murder, followed by devouring your own kind.

Cannibalism is seen mostly in reptiles—the cold-blooded, vicious even. Serpents and snakes, poisonous and deceptive beings, have been depicted in the Bible, often correlated with the

force of evil. Cannibalism—the thought of it, the visions of it—may make one puke with disgust. Obnoxious, intolerable, the worst kind of crime—and what not.

Yet here we are, at war with our own kind. Brainwashed by patriotism. Patriotism for lines we drew, borders we built—divisions made by those who came before us, who we thought were apt, sound, and intellectual enough to play God. An imagination, a vision, thought out to be a solution for peace. Yet here you are, justifying murder, hate, and putting labels on our own kind.

Yes, you may not devour them literally, but robbing them of their lives—the slaughter of generations, the devouring of nations—is enough to call it cannibalism. Still, you take pride in it. While you would call it gut-wrenching and heinous, here you applaud. You give honorary medals to survivors in uniform who killed in the name of your country. To the ones who died on the battlefield, their families shed tears—devastated—while the ones who hold the reins sit in tidy white clothes in their air-conditioned mansions. Unskilled, unfit, yet worshipped. And little do we remember the trained veterans who drained their blood on the battlefield, all for what they were taught about glory and pride. Pride—built on illusory sentiments, illusory problems.

Don't get me wrong, I'm a patriot too—or so I have to say, or I'll be silenced as well. But I've been taught to be a humanist before anything. Snakes, serpents, and the devil might be the worst—but there's something worse than that: us, humans. For we have deceived ourselves and trapped ourselves in our own deceptions, until annihilation dawns upon us—by us.

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Home

Purbali Ghosh (CSE(AIML), 2024-2028)

'Home' is a place where we truly belong, where we can be ourselves, and where we can have a sense of security and contentment. It does not always have to be a place with four walls and a rooftop. The definition of 'home' varies from person to person.

Home, for someone, can be in the lap of nature, where there is a lush spread of greenery and the boundless sky, stretched above like a blanket—offering not the confinement of walls, but the security of constancy. William Wordsworth, an English author who was known for his

love of nature, found home within the lap of nature. This is clearly visible in one of his poems, "Daffodils", which captures his connection to nature and how the simple sight of the daffodils brought him solace and joy in moments of loneliness. He remembered each and every moment he spent with the daffodils whenever he lay on his couch in a pensive mood.

Home can be a place filled with books and a quiet environment like a library, where one gets the freedom to drown themselves in the world of fantasy, visualize each and every line written on those pages, and try to imagine the lives of the characters. Consider Belle from Beauty and the Beast, where she was always found reading books. In her own town, she felt like an outsider. However, she created her own world with the help of her books. When trapped in the Beast's castle, it was the library that became her true place of belonging and comfort.

One can find home in the invisible architecture of music. When a familiar song begins, many people feel a sense of belonging or contentment—whether it is the lyrics that create relatability or the tune that strikes right into their hearts. It is the musical artists who hold this magic of transcending the listeners into another realm. BTS, the famous South Korean boy band, is a perfect example. Their music creates a sanctuary where feelings of alienation transform into belonging. They even have a song titled Home, where they express that their fans—"ARMY"—are their true home, regardless of location. Their songs help people discover that home is not about where we are, but about who makes us feel understood.

These diverse aspects of home—whether it is beneath the boundless skies, within the pages of books, or through heartfelt melodies—reveal a profound truth: finding home requires a journey through our souls. To discover where we truly belong, we must not give in to external expectations but listen to what our hearts respond to with recognition. Home is not where we are, but where we can authentically be who we are.

Celluloid Critique

Through the Lens of Student Critics

When Legacies Clashed: My review of Mahalaya (2019)

Tirtharaj Bhattacharya (ECE-2, 2024-2028)

What happens when we replace an all-time classic with a rising star? This is the question at the centre of the 2019 film *Mahalaya*.

The movie is a fictional retelling of the events of the controversial 1976 decision to replace Birendra Krishna Bhadra's iconic *Mahalaya* narration with that of Uttam Kumar on All India Radio (AIR).

The story starts in the offices of Shashi Sinha, former I & B Secretary of India as he pressures Paritosh Banerjee, former Joint Secretary to the Government of India, into replacing the popular programme of *Mahisasurmardini* with a new replacement.

We learn that in the year 1976, when India was under Emergency, the high offices decided to revamp many aspects of the entertainment industry, one of which was the Annual Programme of *Mahisasurmardini*, which took place on AIR on the dawn of *mahalaya* every year.

The decision to cast Uttam Kumar, the greatest Bengali actor of all times and then rising star, as the voice for a new composition called *Durga Durgatiharini* to replace the old one kickstarts the controversy.

We see the conflict, as Birendra Krishna Bhadra deals with his fall from grace. Simultaneously, Uttam Kumar hesitates and struggles to fill the shoes in the shadow of his legacy. This comes to a head when he visits the living legend. There is no animosity, just love and truth. The scene where they embrace each other is quite emotional.



Parallelly the movie also focuses on the rupture and reunion of Pankaj Mallick and Hemanta Mukherjee as the Guru-disciple duo navigate the essence of composition in the new era. I am of the opinion that this was done, arguably, better than some other conflicts in the movie.



Last but not least, the movie also depicts the many obstacles society and politics threw at the AIR team of the time, like caste-based discrimination, etc and how they overcame each other to rise to the heights that we know them for. It paints a picture we can all take inspiration from.

Before concluding, I can't help but put my attention to the fact that in the whole film, the Durgotiharini (the version that Uttam Kumar did) was never used in the soundtrack, foreshadowing the end where the original new programme was not well received and ultimately the old classic triumphed.

This movie is not just a tribute to legendary personalities like Birendra Krishna Bhadra, Pankaj Mullick, Uttam Kumar, and Hemanta Mukherjee. It is also a reminder of our history, of the cultural rupture marked in the days gone by in Bengal's entertainment industry.

The cast's impeccable acting and the story's direction made the movie experience even better. But be aware, though, that the movie sets itself in a calm and slow mood, so unless you enjoy quiet reflections, cultural reverence, and honouring heritage, this movie is not for you.

I rate this movie 5 stars!!



Directed by: Soumik Sen

Main Cast:

- Subhasish Mukherjee (as Birendra Krishna Bhadra)
- Jisshu Sengupta (as Uttam Kumar)
- Prosenjit Chatterjee

Release date: 1 March 2019 (India)

Running time: 108 mins

Language: Bengali



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L2: Empuraan

Sugata Mukherjee (ECE-2, 2022-2026)

I never expected Mollywood could deliver a film that genuinely feels like a Hollywood film. Thus, "L2: Empuraan" nails it. It's the best and most ambitious film ever made in the Mollywood industry. The film is a sequel to Lucifer (2019), a compelling political action thriller known for its stylish action sequences and a complex narrative. This film builds on the legacy of its predecessor. The makers elevate the things to an entirely new cinematic level. They bring such incredible ideas that are almost unbelievable for a small industry to execute. While Bollywood and Tollywood often offer mass entertainers, they rarely explore such unique ideas. You will experience some chilling moments while watching the movie. I was captivated when the movie portrays two global criminal nexuses. The Afro-Chinese syndicate ('Shen Triad') operates illegal businesses around the world. The other is the Khureshi-Ab'ram Nexus which puts an end to the illegal activities of Shen Triad.

This film features legendary actor Mohanlal and superstar Prithviraj Sukumaran, who have redefined the Mollywood's standards. Mohanlal has done a brilliant job by reprising his role as "Stephen Nedumpally" (aka "Khureshi-Ab'ram"), portraying as the most intelligent and powerful leader of the KA nexus who fights against evil and destroys illegal activities and even reshape the political system in Kerala and the world. Prithviraj delivers a compelling performance by reprising his role as "Zayed Masood," a loyal commander and right-handed man of Stephen. His intense performance adds to the narrative offering a deeper understanding of the characters influence. He is the backbone of Stephen's empire. His character reflects loyalty, transformation, and unshakable vision. The bond between him and Mohanlal makes their scenes the best in the film.

Manju Warrier portrays "Pryadarshani Ramdas" adds emotional depth to the film's political storyline. Though not part of action sequences, she plays a pivotal political role, with her scenes that reflects trust, pain, and political legacy in her relationships with her brother Jathin and stepbrother Stephen (aka Khureshi-Ab'ram).

Tovino Thomas, a well-known actor who has portrayed "Jathin Ramdas," brother of Manju Warrier, and stepbrother of KA, plays a key role in expanding the emotional and political layers. He has played a next generation leader whose inexperience, political immaturity and emotional reactivity causes tensions. His naivety and ego push him to away from his family and unknowingly supports the corrupt forces.

Abhimanyu Singh, a talented actor, appears in a Mollywood film for the first time. He plays ‘Baba Bajrangi,’ a character portrayed as anti-Muslim during the Gujarat riots 2002. However, his villain role lacks an impact on this movie and was outshined by Mohanlal and Prithviraj. He couldn’t rival them on an emotional and psychological level. Singh acts intensely and seems scary as well, but the character isn’t developed enough as a strong antagonist or elevate it into something memorable.

Rick Yune known from the Fast and Furious makes a brief but impactful appearance in L2: Empuraan as the mysterious head of the ‘Shen Triad’. Dressed a white suit with printed dragon symbol, that looks crazy. He looks dangerous and becomes a strong global rival for Mohanlal’s Khureshi Ab’raam. Though his screen time is limited, his presence adds the intensity, hints at the global scale of the crime saga. I am excited to see his clash with Mohanlal in ‘L3: The Beginning.’

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Tekka

Sugata Mukherjee (ECE, 2022-2026)

The film opens with ‘Iqlakh Alam’, a janitor played by Dev Adhikari, who is insulted by two company officials, a fight erupts, and unfairly fired by the manager. This moment captures the pain and injustice of a poor man despite doing nothing wrong. This flawed system pushes him to kidnap Avantika, a schoolgirl, from St. Benjamin School and take her hostage in the office building. The film uncovers a deeper conspiracy driven by injustice, corruption, and personal revenge. Dev is known for action roles, shines in portraying a complex character, showing the anguish and desperation of a person.

ACP Maya Khastogir, portrayed by Rukmini Maitra, is tasked with rescuing the kidnapped girl. Rukmini Maitra shows a compelling performance as an intelligent and disciplined officer who stands strong in high-pressure situations. In this movie, it shows that she was caught emotionally between her dream of becoming a mother and her high-stress job. She is perfect for the role of a police officer as the way she handles the ground with finesse in tense situations. In my opinion, this is one of her most mature roles so far, as she proves she can play a serious type of role that includes a complex part with grace.

Swastika Mukherjee plays Ira, the mother of Avantika, is phenomenal. Her transformation from a panicked and grief mother to a woman who takes drastic actions for her child’s safety

is heart-wrenching. As the movie progresses, she takes a surprising turn by playing a grey character who is in the mood to demand justice and fulfill her revenge. Her chemistry with Dev, a tense and quiet adds an emotional layer to the narrative. A big appreciation for her for adding a layer to the character in this film with her portrayal of a panicked mother with emotional scars, and playing a grey character as well.

I was amazed after seeing Paran Bandopadhyay, known mostly for his comic role, play a dark and more serious character of corrupt politician ‘Anubrata Adhikari’ in this film. Despite having a short appearance in this movie, he adds some menace and chilling calmness that makes the character dangerous. He is shown in the past to have killed an honest journalist who was trying to expose him by revealing his illegal activities to the people.

Sreeja Dutta, a talented person and widely known at Guru Nanak Institute of Technology, shines in her portrayal of ‘Brishti’, a journalist. Along with Aryann Bhowmick, who plays her cameraman, gets caught in a tensed hostage situation. She shows strength and curiosity making her character memorable. Her on-screen chemistry with Aryann feels real and engaging. Sreeja balances ambition and responsibility that reflects true nature of journalist. I truly appreciate her dedication and effort in playing the character.

The most surprising part of the movie comes at the end when Iqlakh and Ira unexpectedly turn their guns to Anubrata. It is revealed that Iqlakh and Ira had planned a fake hostage to trap Anubrata and expose him for the murder of Ira’s husband and Iqlakh’s elder brother, Altaf Alam, an honest journalist. This twist is truly both a surprising and unexpected moment.

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BLACK

Srinjini Ghosh (BCA, 2023-2027)

Cast: Amitabh Bachchan, Rani Mukherjee, Ayesha Kapur, Shernaz Patel, Dhritiman, Nandana Sen, Chippy Gangjee.

Director and co-producer: Sanjay Leela Bhansali.

Genre: Drama

Country: India

Original Language: Hindi

Release Date: 4th February 2005

Run Time: 2 Hours 2 Minutes

About: "Black" is a 2005 Indian drama film directed and co-produced by Sanjay Leela Bhansali. This story is about a deafblind woman and her relationship with her teacher Debraj Sahai who later develops Alzheimer's disease that makes him forget the memories of Michelle McNally, the deafblind girl. It is actually based on the real-life story of Helen Keller. Released on 4th February 2005.

Storyline: The film begins in the present with Michelle (played by Rani Mukherjee), a 42-year-old woman confined to a world of silence and darkness, reunites with her teacher Debraj Sahai who now suffers with Alzheimer's disease (played by Amitabh Bachchan). The movie then takes us to the flashback of Michelle's childhood revealing what led to her loss of eyesight, hearing, and speech and how her teacher Debraj - an alcoholic teacher for the deaf and blind - meets and inspires her to break free from her limitations and embrace her potential.

Sometimes there are certain songs that touches our heart so deeply and makes us speechless and charmed by its tunes; one such favourite song from and personally my most favourite is "Haan Maine Chukar Dekha Hai" by Gayatri Iyer. There are surprisingly 23 total tracks, but only one is a song and the rest are background pieces.

Through these, we get the expression of Michelle McNally's life journey - how and what happens when she learns about rain or the snow or simply a flower by touching everything.

Achievement: Black won 3 awards at the 53rd National Film Awards including Best Feature Film in Hindi and many more, also became the fifth at the Film fare Awards for winning all 4 major awards.

Surprisingly, it still remains underappreciated and overlooked over commercial success at the box office with a gross of ₹ 666 million, becoming the eighth highest-grossing Bollywood film.

Making the movie my most favourite of all is the part of the scene where she at last touches yet again the falling snow with her teacher after her graduation who finally remembers his student and gets to dance and very emotional over the fact that she finally graduates as he made the sacrifice of his life by teaching her throughout her youth. This part is where the film ends and leaves us with eyes full of tears and hearts full of love.

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ART & PHOTO GALLERY

A collection of spectacular artworks & clicks by our students.

PHOTOGRAPHY

1.



2.



3.



5.



4.

Clicks by:

1. Shankhajit Mukherjee, CSE, 2024-2028
2. Kushal Bhattacharya, BTech CSE (CYS) 2024-2028
3. Adeeba Khanam, BBA 2024-2028
4. Kushal Bhattacharya, BTech CSE (CYS) 2024-2028
5. Kushal Bhattacharya, BTech CSE (CYS) 2024-2028



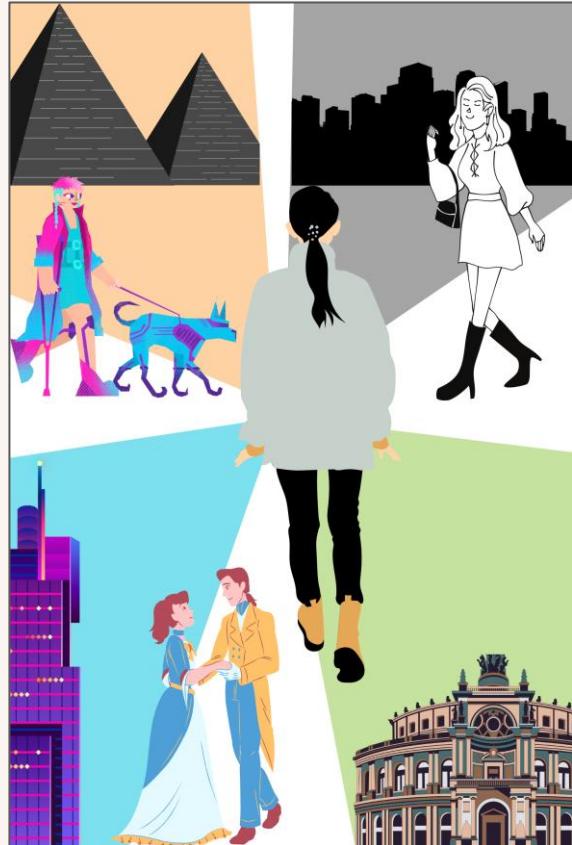
Name - Alia Subhani BCA (4th Sem) Session :- 2023-2027 3/5b

ART BY:

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BCA, 2023-2027

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Faryal Imam
CSE, 2024-2028



The long wait is finally over!

The 2025 Issue of *Literary Musings*, GNIT's official literary magazine, is finally here and in front of you. We hope that you, **Dear Reader**, have enjoyed this year's selections - a host of generous contributions by our students.

No matter the discipline you are studying, we hope you keep your creative spirits alive!

This magazine would not have been possible without the persistent efforts of the Literary Club.

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