

Chimerical Sense

Suvani Rohatgi, 3rd Year, BT



As soon as I entered the college gates, it was a unique experience. I saw hundreds of students walking toward their respective destinations. Some were busy talking their hearts out, some were devouring what seemed like food or fighting over it, while others were heading towards their classes, possibly. Simply put, it was all chaos. Although this crowd was a little overwhelming and intimidating initially, it sparked a “chimerical sense” or a world of illusions.

Let me elaborate on my case. Before the beginning of the classes, I was glued to my laptop. I watched probably a bazillion videos on college life, especially on DTU. I became nervous and feared being left out. From the canteen to classes, daily life to friends, societies to events, I tried to plan it all out by watching those vlogs. I was so determined to showcase my talents and prove myself.

Little did I know that everything I had mapped out so meticulously would blow up in seconds. Slowly as I started to blend in, I realized that my fellow students and teachers were something I had only hoped for. The sense of inclusivity and camaraderie behind the apparent chaos twisted my emotions altogether. Seniors, who have always been portrayed as the ones who live only to bully their juniors, became my chaperones. At least for me, I have been enlightened at each difficult step

and received guidance whenever I needed. I have seen people enjoying themselves in spite of handicaps and be one irrespective of different cultures, ideologies and backgrounds.

I think I have understood the true essence of life and what it really means to be a part of the youth dividend. I would love to delve deeper into the microcosmos we have created here at college while I explore my individuality in this safe space.

After the Snowy Night

Ritvik Nair, 4th Year, COE

Out came a young boy, stepping onto the white ground. Gush gush, the ground below his two thick boots crushed. A wide smile shone out of him, barely visible beneath his woolen scarf and beanie. His eyes sparkled as he looked at his surroundings. A tall white blanket covered everything from cars to the trees.

The boy leaped and landed shortly ahead of him. Bits of white fluff splashed everywhere, landing and assimilating into the rest of the white cushion. His mouth opened agape, letting out a fascinated gasp. He then spun in a circle, stomping his boots repeatedly onto the ground, laughing as each action led to fluffs flying in all directions.

After many such circles, the boy's attention shifted to the many cars that lined the white field in an orderly manner. Each car was wearing a flat white hat that covered its roof, a white eye mask on its windshield, and a white sweater on its bonnet and trunk. Next to some of the cars were white trees. Each tree periodically sheds some of its white leaves.

The boy waddled towards one of the cars. With his small hands, he took a hold of the car's hat and effortlessly borrowed a piece of it. Even through his big gloves, the boy could feel the cold tingle from the small bit of the hat. Instinctively, he began to crush the bit of the hat. Small bits of icy white sand began to escape through the gaps between the boy's fingers. The part left in the boy's hands grew smaller and smaller until it was as hard as a rock. Marveled, the boy tried to further crush the smaller-than-his-palms white rock in his hands. Yet, nothing happened. Disappointed, he let go of the small white rock.

The boy looked up. The white tree leaves reflected in his eyes. Unable to reach them, the boy stood on his tiptoes—the boy slipped.

Gush – a loud sound followed.

A large indent of the boy's figure formed on his landing spot. Having been saved by the large white carpet below him, the boy began to laugh. He laughed at the concerned voices of his parents till his stomach hurt. Finally, he smiled up at his relieved parents.



Illustration by Preeti, 3rd Year, COE

Play/Stop

Riya Singh, 3rd Year, MCE

At the time of writing this, I've spent more than two months trying to let go. And I'm the kind who will sever all strands of memories to let go of a person.

I'm writing this on a metro ride back home from one of the most serene moments I've lived on campus. Sitting on a bench outside Pragya Bhavan, with pretty yellow flowers in front of me, a beautiful peacock coming out of the forest from the side, scattered clouds reflecting the orange of the setting sun, and a boy I somehow dared to ask out, sitting next to me.



Before I knew it, I had asked him to open Spotify on his phone, and I played The Matchstick Pianoman's covers of The Beatles. There, absently staring at the sky with my chin resting on the bench, I found a moment in which I finally realized that the things that bring me calm are more about me than the people they remind me of. And like that, I listened to my favorite instrumental album for the first time in a while and felt at ease with myself. I felt a kind of peace—just sitting there, nearly drowsing off to the sounds that would've left me sleepless a month ago, next to a person who barely knew how much the album meant to me but still appreciated the beauty of it.

With people, leaves music. But with music, come back pieces of me that fell apart in preventing bigger falls—the sights that made me teary-eyed, the sounds that overwhelmed me, the words I could not read, all the scents of the places—come back.

I tell him, "Stop! Look at the canopies above us." And with me, he stands there staring at the sunlight barely making its way through the envelope of leaves that decorate the skies of Vice Chancellor's Lane. It reminds me of when I exclaimed, "Let's go look at the full moon!" But they didn't. The point isn't that this person beside me looked up but that, regardless, I held my head high and looked at what I loved.

I had already stopped.