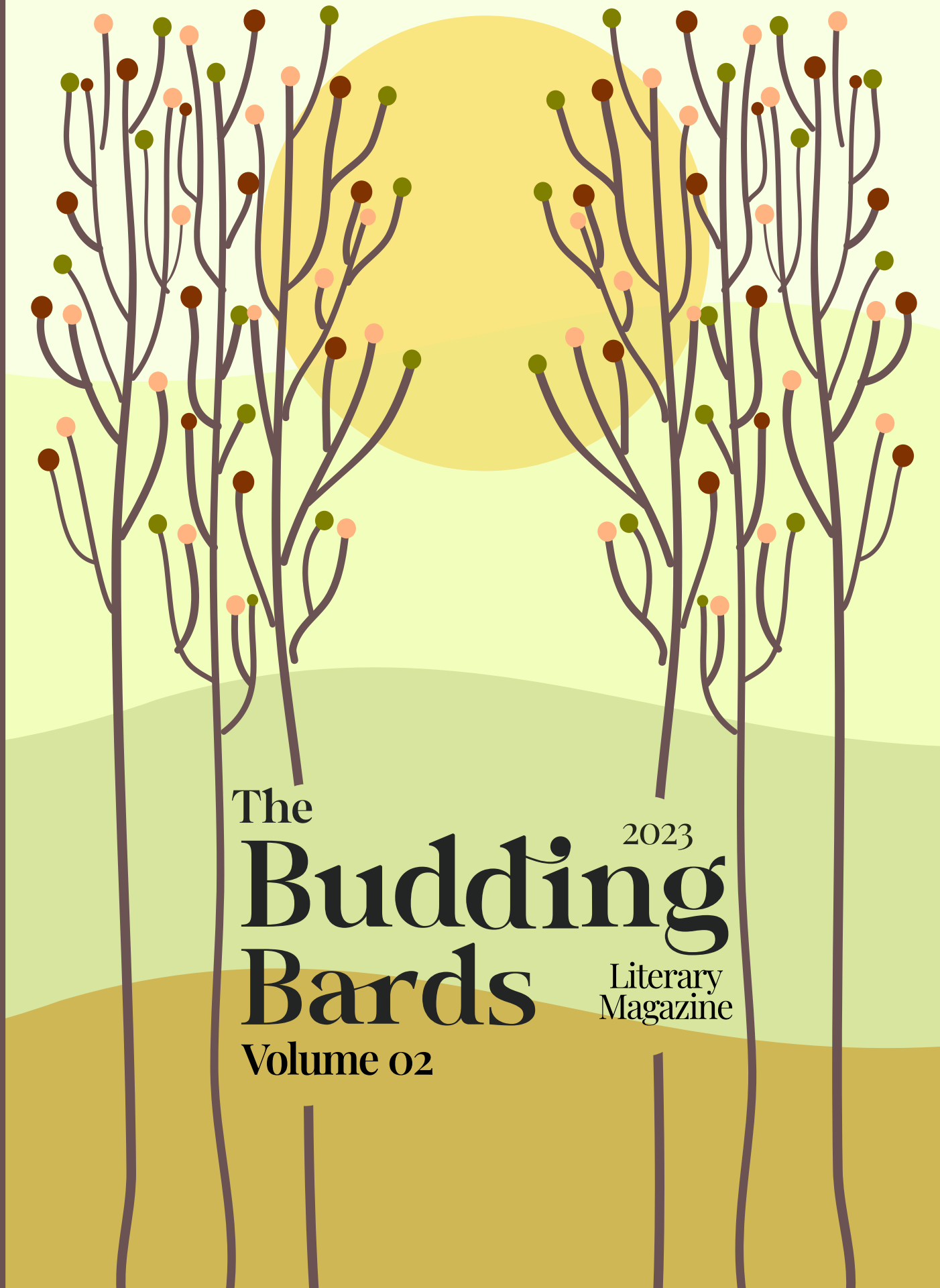


THE ENGLISH COACHING



The

Budding Bards

Volume 02

2023

Literary
Magazine

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EDITORIAL

*Be*WARE
FOR I AM
*Fear*LESS
AND THUS
Powerful
2 0 2 3

Usually in year two, all initiatives get bigger, larger, grander. We became a lot smaller and focused. Fear not, this is not a tale of how Icarus flies too close to the sun. We were not burned out in our ambition. Rather it is a story about how we learnt to make the magazine more accessible to you, to the students.

To be honest, as much as we learnt, we unlearnt and relearnt. The pitstops in the way seemed frustrating at times, almost impossible at others but the immense love we received for last edition kept us going. There were miles to go before we slept and we walked barefoot.

This magazine is a product of our love for stories and you, the readers. This magazine is a reflection of many dreams of the students of THE ENGLISH COACHING. With some scratches but mostly with pride, we present to you the second edition of **The Budding Bards**.

The Crown of Literature is Poetry

*Hope is the thing with feathers —
That perches in the soul —*

Emily Dickinson, "Hope Is The Thing With Feathers "

*And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"

*In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.*

T.S.Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

I do not love you except because I love you;

Pablo Neruda, "100 Love Sonnets"

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

W.B. Yeats, "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven "

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:

John Keats, "A Thing of Beauty"

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high

Rabindranath Tagore, "Where the Mind is Without Fear"

*If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sonnets from the Portuguese 14

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;*

Lord Byron, "She Walks in Beauty"

*Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.*

S.T. Coleridge, "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"

You are my blood, purer and bright,
You embark the flight, riding the light
Sailing the oceans, of perils unknown,
Love fills my heart, old as it has grown.

Like a bird of poem, with wings of might,
You leave my nest, taking away my light
Live your dreams, courage by your side
Must conquer new skies, with giant stride.

Failure is the first step to the success
It shows your faults, gives you a base.
Critics are friends, and flattery is a sin
Narrow is its heart, the purpose mean.

When you falter, stumbling on a stone
With pains and tears breaking your bone
Even in the darkest hour of the night
I will always be there for one more fight.

Regain your heart, pick up your stone
Let your iron to the world be known.
You have the fire to burn the doubts
You have the voice to deafen the shouts.

I am not the man a daughter dreams,
I loved you well to give you the wings,
Forgive my faults, though I have many
Big is my heart, though hands are skinny.

So fly my darling, set your dreams,
Underneath the moon's silvery beams,
Back home, in my heart, you'll reside,
My beloved daughter, forever my pride.

To Define Is To Limit

The hill was covered with misty fog,
The morn breeze was blowing slow.
Furry island was all around
And the sky came too low.
I was sitting beneath a tree,
It was so calm everywhere.
Suddenly I heard a folk tune-
Touchy, exotic and rare!

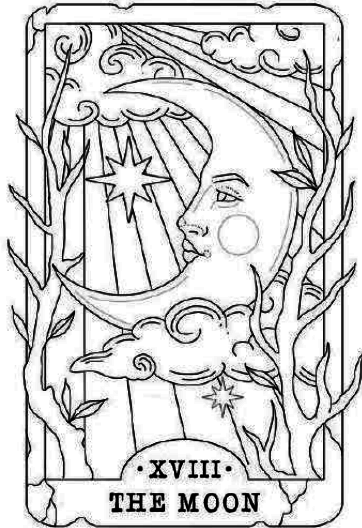
Playing a magical flute
A teenage lad was passing by
To explore the journey of life
From where do we come and why?

Luna the Witch

Sneha Chakraborty

Once upon a time,
When the world was fine
There lived an evil witch,
Who was very eldritch.
Luna was her name,
She could never gain fame.
So, she wanted to put a curse,
And make the whole world reverse.
She took her magic plume
And flew on her broom.
She put a magic spell,
That could control people well.
Now she became very famous,
And was no longer anonymous.

Then in a wagon,
Came a woman with a flagon.
She was very old and wise-
Actually a fairy in disguise.
In her flagon was a magic drink,
That could make anyone asleep.
“I’ll make the witch regret”, she said.
Saying that she flew to Luna’s shed.
She made her drink the magic potion,
That stopped all of Luna’s motion.
Then she sprinkled some magic glitter,
And people turned back fitter.
The whole world started praising the fairy;
After that they remembered Luna barely.



When the fairy's spell finally broke,
 Luna, after so many years woke.
 She had lost all her magic power,
 And nobody did her any favour.
 People cursed her saying „Nasty Ostrich“,
 Out of despair cried Luna the witch.
 “I’ll never again do this kind of thing”, said she.
 People pardoned her listening to her plea.
 After that Luna became nice,
 And gave people useful advice.

Once upon a time,
 When the world was fine,
 There lived a sweet witch,
 Who was no more eldritch.
 Luna was her name,
 She gained lots of fame.

4 *Memories*

Sanchari Chowdhury

His legs wobbled, his fingers fiddling with the little bow on the box as he sat on the chair of their dinner table.

Jack was waiting for his beloved's arrival home from work. He had cooked dinner, cleaned around, and rehearsed what he was going to say.

"I'm home". Rose smiled, taking her heels off at the entrance, before waddling over to her lover.

The boy giggled nervously, hiding the little box he had in his hands, as Rose pinched his cheeks. Even after a tiring day, Rose somehow managed to come home with the brightest smile on her face.

"I cooked dinner", he scratched the back of his head, "Your favourite!"
"Thank you", said Rose before running off to her room, "I'll be right back".

Jack sighed, looking down at the plates on the table. Suddenly, he felt insecure. He thought of not going through with his idea.

The boy's mind raced, he could barely look around without feeling dizzy. What if Rose wasn't ready? What if she didn't love him that much? Maybe she's getting tired of their relationship that would explain the late homecomings.

Jack couldn't do it. It was pointless. In no way would someone like Rose say yes to someone like Jack. Rose didn't deserve to be married to Jack. He was a failure, someone who still hadn't figured out what to do with his life.

"Hey Rose", he stood up, clutching the box as he walked towards her bedroom, "I was thinking..."

The box fell to the ground. Jack felt dizzy all over again. He wished he could blame it on the wine, the images of blood and the ear piercing screams. He wished he was drunk. He wished that the limp body of the love of his life that was brutally murdered on her bed was just a nightmare.

But he wasn't. Jack was completely sober.

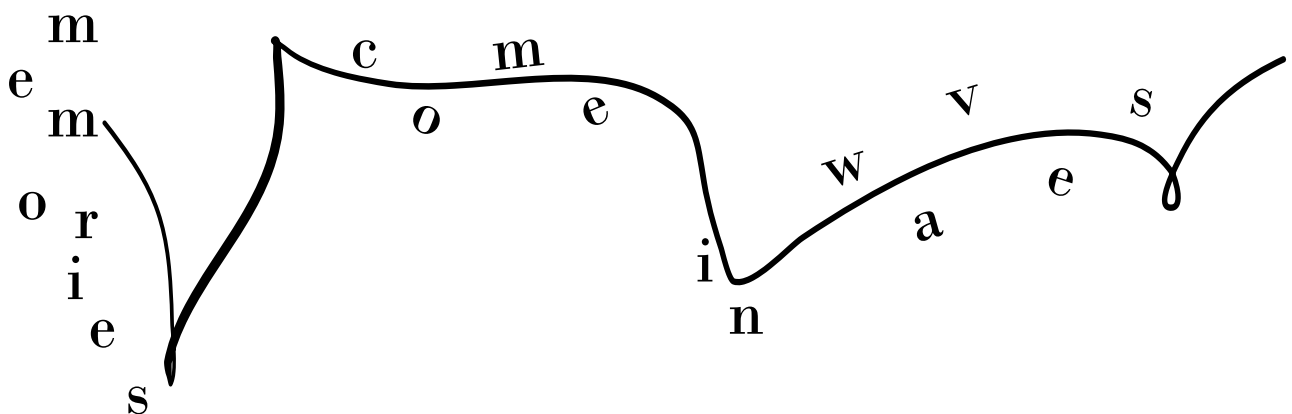
"Mr. Jack, would you like to replay the memory?" his eyes snapped,

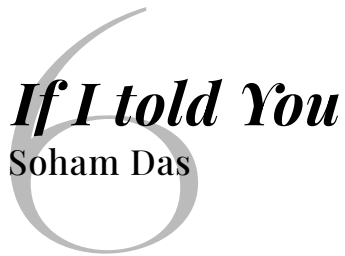
bright white orbs returning to their natural hazel color.

The boy's body jerked, the glass of whiskey in his hands breaking into a million pieces when he was brought back into the real world.

"No, it's alright", Jack groaned in pain, while removing the headset and the long wires strapped to his neck.

The wires, the headset and the memories stored in a hard drive was the only thing that was left of Rose.





If I told you
this was only going to hurt ,
If I warned you
that the fire's going to burst.

Could you be so reckless
and leave me at my worst?

We no longer text

Neither we call-
But I still remember

How it was all.

I still remember your sweetest smile,
your voice echoing through my mind.

But deep inside I know
that the house has already died;
As you gutted it with a knife
It flashed before my eyes
And ended 'our' lives.

You are the beats of my heart,
The wheels of my cart
The purpose of my art,
The smell of old postcards.

The headline of my chart,
The pieces of my heart, in parts,
The one from whom I can't stay apart,
Your absence feels like a thousand darts.

If you won't be with me dear;
I will be unfulfilled forever-
Like a sky without any star,
A peacock without any feather,
A civilization without existence of fire,
A life to survive without water-
And a love without a lover.

8 *Rainbow Regained*

Ritwika Datta

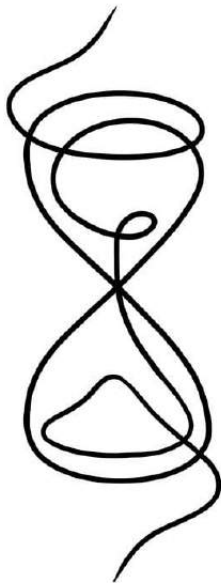
[School life is the most beautiful and precious time in one's life. Later, TIME imprisons us in the monotonous manner of living of adulthood. However, the pleasing pictures of this previous life often come back and calm us down.]

Sometimes I hear the sound of them,
Sometimes I hear you;
But when I look into the bygone days,
I feel new.

They push me to avoid the nature,
You snatch away my peace
But when I see the blossoming flowers
I feel glee.

The clamorous sound of regular life
Thrust into my ears,
I lose myself in the deep black hole
Of great tedious sea.

I remember those charming days
When life was docile,
I winged like a butterfly
But now I am fragile.



I can reminisce the uniform,
Identifying members of a group,
I can recall that gaiety
On that beautiful look.

Suddenly the monster named TIME
Crumbled down in my life
Ruined my happiness
And threw me in the corner tight.

But now I comprehend
How to deliverance myself,
Now I can catch the colours of life
Without any fail.

I found myself suddenly in a new world totally different from human world. The things we expect always were there . Our cruel human world is full of greed, jealousy, competition and all. But in the newly discovered land, I found peace without those 'sins'. A girl from my new school told me , "Can I help you dear?", which is becoming rare in this human world. Each and every citizen of that world was understanding and soft-hearted , totally different from this. Every girl was respected by everyone. No crime or discrimination took place. One day, I fell off the ground and all people came to help me with utmost care which is also becoming rarer in this world. There, each and every appropriate person was employed according to their merits. In 'that' world , people valued their comrades and closed ones more. They knew how to

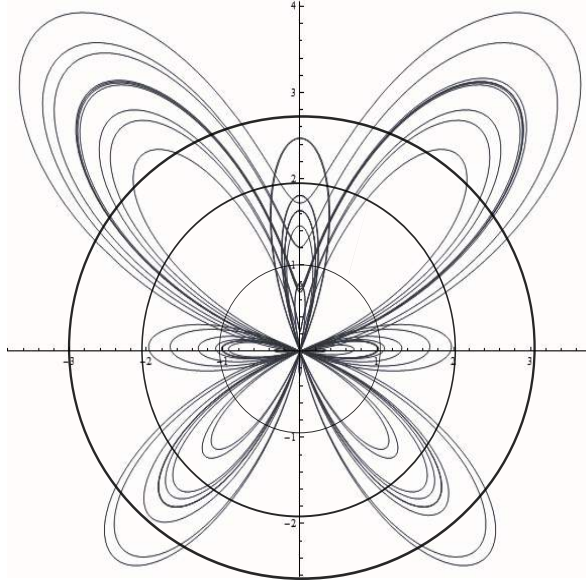
resolve social issues without their selfishness. They all were more aware of the evils, totally different from this human world . There I saw a blind man who said , "Can anyone help me?" and someone would appear to help that man, which is unique compared to this world. There were punishments applied for murders, sexual violence projected to women and all other criminal activities which should also be implemented in 'this world'. That was a paradise which we all desire for. Pollution was very low, which resulted in people being healthy and aware of diseases. I thought , "What a beautiful city it is!" I want this type of world to sustain... And then only I was shocked that it was all a 'dream'. Maybe it was the result of my hope for a perfect world. If this dream were to come true, it will be best for everyone.

In the darkness I wander, seeking a light,
Finding happiness amidst the night.
A will to find comfort in the dark,
In the silence of night, I remark.
For happiness resides in the hidden places,
Embracing the darkness, it softly gazes.
Like a diamond in the coal, it does shine.
Radiating hope, it resembles the divine.
Within this abyss, I find my way.
Leading myself towards a brighter day.
For in the darkness, I have learnt to see,
The light that resides deep inside of me.
In the daylight I wander, seeking dimness,
Finding happiness amidst the grimness.
I spend the bright nights,
Sleeping under the covers of darkness.

12

Karma finds his way

Sayakdip Das



There is a gray raven
Sitting across my frame.
His beak looks bloody,
Craving for something red.
His eyes look hungry
Staring to my soul,
Somehow it wants
What I love as my own.

The raven has come again
This time a little closer.
It reeks of pungent flesh,
Stained with a crimson shade.
He comes from nowhere past
For some unfinished, unsettled game
Now threatening me to play,
Over and over again.

This time at last hour,
The darkness reigning free
My careless body laid
My senses inside the dream.

A wet, hot stream
And vivid shot of pain,
Yanked my vision out of socket
That darkness pierced through
My skull and my remains.

It looked like Oedipus
Torn out of book.
That raven had entered my room.
Its beak had found the way
He got what he wanted
Blood for those blood,
Flesh for those flesh
And two healthy eyeballs,
Hanging around his neck.

My skeleton lays there
In that dark realm,
My soul was left behind
Inside that looming plain.

14

Promettente

Soumyadeep Paul & Rajarshi Das

Envelope of hopelessness
Engulfing our lives
Hope for positivity
In our heart survives.

Exhausting days of week
Make us frail;
Weekends pass by
Leaving no trail.

A little bit of joy,
A little gleam of light,
But ominous face of future
Creeps behind the eyes.

In this world of darkness,
Optimism pushes us forward.
We aren't ready to give up;
We are no coward-
We have our hands
Our hearts on fire.
The armours are broken,
But not our desire.

“Mother, it's so cold here. Can you please hold me close to you ? I want to feel the warmth of your mother... It's so dark here I can't see anything, I can't feel anything. My brothers are always near you. Everyone pays attention to them, everyone wants to visit them, everybody takes pictures of them, where am I? None comes to me. I guess my voice can't ever reach out to you mother. I can only see your light far away from here. You have forgotten about me, haven't you?”- Neptune.

“Oh my dear Neptune! How can I ever forget about you? I also want to hold you in my arms but I am so warm that I am afraid that it would burn you. Dear, even if your voice can't reach me or your surroundings are full of darkness, don't be afraid I'm here, my eyes are always on you. You will never be left behind. One day I will come to you and you will realize I never unlove you.” -Sun.

“But mother, I never said you don't love me. I guess the truth finally comes out from your mouth.” Neptune said it to himself.

Year upon year passed by but deep down still somewhere in his heart Neptune had a hope that mother would visit him one day. Finally that day came. He saw a shooting Star. As he saw it he closed his eyes and prayed for his deepest wish to come true. That Star also got emotional and granted him his wish. When he opened his eyes he saw that the Star was coming towards the Sun furiously. He screamed his throat out-

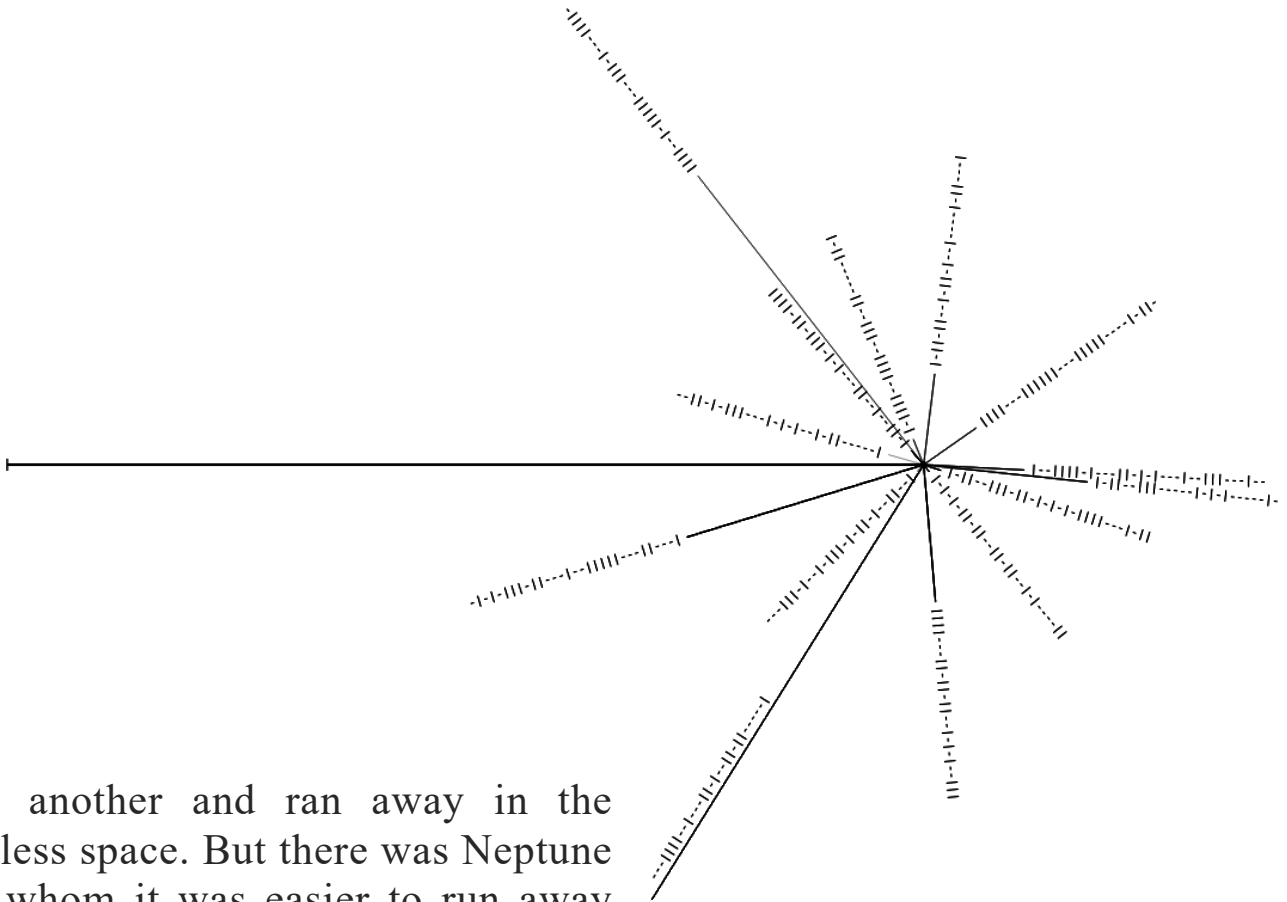
“Motherrrr....nooooooo”

[Crashhh!!]

Two stars collided. Sun was unable to hold her children together. Everyone got separated from one

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The Budding Bards



one another and ran away in the endless space. But there was Neptune for whom it was easier to run away and save his own life but he didn't. He pushed himself with all his might and held his mother's dead arm close to him. He sacrificed his identity and dissolved into her. He said -

“Mother, you're undoubtedly very warm and it's only the warmth of your love that I always desired for...”

Up in the sky, I spotted a shooting star,
It was very bright, exquisite and far.
I thought of making a wish as people say,
“Shooting stars make wishes come true one day.”
Wanted to wish for something great,
That would make the world devoid of hate.
Wished I to the star saying that,
“Sprinkle some love between this combat.”
The star vanished as it fell somewhere,
I hope it had listened to my prayer.
Now, I’m waiting for my wish to come true,
And see the world being free from the sufferings it’s going through.
Sometimes, I doubt the star because some say,
“How can a piece of rock make wishes come true one day?”
Still I hope for a miracle to happen!
That’ll make people’s hearts soften.
Devoid of sleep, with a sigh, I lie on my bed,
And watch the bright stars in the sky instead.

I miss you at the back of neck,
Where the geography of your hands were imprinted.

The caves under your calves were bruises,
That I didn't know how to cure
But still looked at them like they were answers to my prayers.

The way your little finger trembled with excitement,
when I taught you poems you will never read.
The small of your back was the valley I mastered as a masseuse
With sweaty palms that kept kneading with need.

All the bridges and the railways we build,
Were rusty like the end scene of a dystopian movie
And we, the supporting cast that were killed too sudden,
As the foils to the surviving girl.

We got lost in our fantasy of old jungle gyms and swings,
Pretending like the world was just as far as the sandbox.



Until the late evening rain drowned itself,
In sand mixed with pungent smells of rotten apple cores,
And the fantasy of our make belief,
Washed down the drains with broken eggs shells still dreaming of birth.

In all the putrid geography of forgotten Calcutta,
I look for you,
Like an old man with a dead wife and a malnourished dog.

But I mostly miss you,
At the back of my neck where the geography of us were imprinted.

20

If We Treated the World Better

Asmita Majumdar

“WAKE UPI WAKE UP! Miss Aarin it's time to brush your teeth.” Rob didn't fail to let me know my routine. I quickly got up. Today my friend from 2023 was coming. It is impossible to have offline friends. But, Rob had searched in his system one day and announced, “Aarin, there was a system called School before the age of AI (the period before 2100). People used to study books which were made up of material called paper and studied together with their friends.” I have seen what books looked like in the museum, but never had a chance to meet a “Friend” .

Meeting Shreya was amazing. One day while using the teleportation machine of my Dad, I mistakenly landed inside a house which was of Shreya's. She started screaming although I tried to make her understand that I was not a ghost and had teleported there. Then her father

came and made her understand that I had came from the future and in the upcoming years people will be able to teleport wherever they want. Shreya and I became friends in no time and I atleast made a real friend! She wanted to see the future and I promised her that I would come to take her next week as it was quite late that day and I had to return. Her father was a friend of my Dad too and had allowed her to go with me. Dressing up quickly, I went to 2023 to bring Shreya. She was very eager to see the future but how little did she know...

After reaching 2150, I showed her my space car and made her understand its mechanism. She named it as mini jet plane. She was having some problems while wearing the Oxygen mask but she adjusted. I took her to BEFORE AI MUSEUM where I showed the things of her era which were extinct today in 2150.

She was surprised and asked, “All these trees are extinct? The Kaash fields which I run during the autumn are no more in the future?” After going to the animal section, she was shocked and upset to see the Royal Bengal tiger being extinct also. We got out of the museum and were roaming through the city. Shreya wanted to go to the Ganges and seeing the river, she was utterly disappointed as well. “Is it the Ganges? Oh my God there is no water! It's just a heap of garbage,” she moaned in sorrowful tones as tears rolled down her face.

I took her home and introduced her to Rob. She said, “Rob is a humanoid robot! He is your tutor and can work for you too!” While Rob served us some snacks I sat down and said her how the Earth has reached this condition. “You are having a lot of questions right now, lemme me clear it out. People from the 2020s had

already started cutting trees on a large scale, using excessive fuel, and started polluting the Ganges which resulted in Global Warming. The temperature started rising, icebergs began to melt and many areas got submerged. Pollution became so much that we today have to wear oxygen masks and cannot breathe directly from the air. Scientists started developing many new inventions leading to space cars, and floating houses so that we can adjust to this. People stopped becoming socially active. Friends changed into humanoid robots like Rob and schools were all closed. Today, Robots are our teachers and friends.”

Shreya heard it all silently. An eerie of silence prevailed which was broken by my Dad as he said, “Welcome Shreya to the future! But your face shows you are not enjoying this type of future.” Shreya said, “Today in this era so many animals

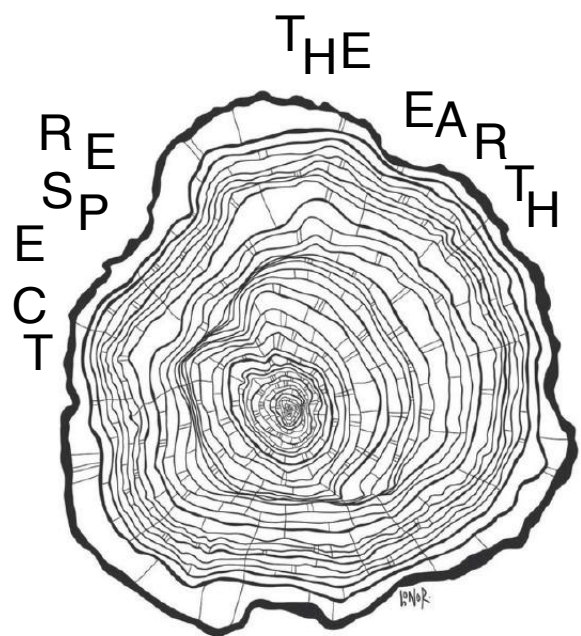
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and trees have got extinct. The Ganges is just a river of garbage, not water. Our indifference to nature is the result of this.” Dad said, “Don't worry dear. There is still time. I, your dad and many other scientists are working on how to change the future. You can also help us by making campaigns, promoting use of green cars, stopping deforestation and educating people about the after-effects of what they are doing. It will take time but in the end, I am sure we will be successful.” While returning Shreya said to me, “I have to make this world a better place. I promise Aarin you won't have to wear these oxygen masks for a long time.”

After some months I again went to visit Shreya but I found her outside in the river taking up garbage and making it clean. She has planted several trees as well. Her friends were also working with her. Seeing her I prayed for Shreya to be success-

ful and hoped people understands their misdeeds and become conscious to make my as well as the future of their next generation an ideal place.



The stars will lose its lust one day,
The roses will soon droop to shreds-
The love will fade away somehow
Then you'll have nothing but regrets.
Time will take away your beauty,
Your loved ones and your destiny.
Can't complain, can't even cry
Cause the truth of life it is.
The **harsh winter** will dry your lips
Along with your fruitful rhyme.
The tears will sympathize you no more,
In the advent of time.

However the voyage will move on-
Full of joy and tragedy,
The blue sky will remove its greyness
With the onset of spring.
Queen of flowers will regain its colour,
The clouds will become white again.
Be happy with what you have
Stop lamenting instead.
Love will prosper again
With trust and support.
They'll betray you no more
Cause your heart will be of diamond.

Maybe these ups and downs are all lies
Or maybe it's all just a dream
From which we'll never wake up
Cause we are living in our own **fantasies.**

24

“Shhh”, Here Comes The Monster

Arpan Das

Can you see the monster
Lurking in the dark?
He's almost here
Just behind the arc
Of this godforsaken alley
The weeds are scared, fungi are closing their eye
As the monster is reaching here, as he's nearby

Can you feel the monster
Crawling through your spine?
Reaching to your ears
Whispering, “you are mine”

All these years, you have denied it's existence,
Tamed it back into the cage-
Where it does belong
Now it's on loose,
With death tagged along

“Nah, nah it's a lunacy”, you scream so hard
But you know it's true
The monster has caught you off-guard

Here comes the monster,
Behold it's wrath
Be prepared for the death, the deadly aftermath.

“Shhh” hushes the monster, it's here now
The pungent smell is thickening the air
You can see the shining canine
You feel the coldness of despair.

Here's the monster, today all ends with it
It will eat you away, and take you with it
You realise you were never able to tame,
You are the one responsible, you are one to blame.

“Omg! Finally a letter from her”.

You may probably think why I am so excited.

It all started ten years ago when I was in high school. I was an introvert who loves to remain in her own world. My mother told me to make friends but I was not very excited about did the idea. However the kids in my school were obsessed to make me utter a word. They tried every trick up in their sleeves to listen to my words. I don't know why they fancied it that much.

Anyway let's get to the point.

One day I was strolling through the hallway. Suddenly one kid, out of the nowhere, came across me and pushed me hard. I fell flat on the ground, fuming with so much anger that I lost my voice.

“How dare you to touch her?”

I heard a stern voice. She picked me up from the ground and proceeded to give that earful.

“Are you al— oh! Your knee is bleeding. Let me take you to the medical room”. I mumbled, “thank you”. It was the very first time someone extended their hands to me (of course nicely). A sense warmth spread throughout my heart .

From that day, we became best of friends. She always had my back. She also taught me how to make friends with nice people and protest for what is right.

A few months later, I heard a shocking news. She was moving away to New York due to the transfer of her father. I was totally devastated but managed to make a fake smile.

“Congratulations! You are moving to NYC. Now all yours dreams will come true.”

“But I'll miss you.”

“Don’t say like that. Keep your hopes high.”

I could not control myself anymore and burst into tears. We hugged and tried to console each other.

Next day I went to airport to bid her goodbye and promised to keep in touch. With the blink of an eye, her plane took off and she flew away.

Sadly no letter came from her.

I was heartbroken but learnt to move on with life. Soon I graduated from high school and moved to a university. I was doing great and gradually many years passed. Now I am a professor in Genetics but still I never forgot about her.

Then one fine morning, her letter came. It went like this:

Dear Best Friend,

I know I haven’t kept my promise but my parents admitted me to a strict boarding school with no communication to the world. I was even unable to talk to my parents. My days were dull and grey. So when I was 18, I ran away. I didn’t even contact to my parents. So I lived in the streets and managed to get a part-time job. However from there I became what I am now. I am a writer and I am sending you the first edition of my novel. Yes! The important thing I am coming on 14 th of this month. Pick me up where we said our last goodbyes.

With love,
Your annoying best friend.

I was speechless. Tears ran down my cheeks. This is what I have waited

for these years. Then reality hit me. Today is 14th; I need to go to the airport.

Finally, the couple adopted the child from the orphanage. But unfortunately, the little boy was very shy to express. Nobody knew the exact reason of it.

Couple of days passed. One midnight, the couple had an argument at their basement. The wife whispered, "We should bury the bodies in the garden."

But the husband didn't agree. A sudden crack at the basement door startled them. A wave of panic surged through them when they saw their son at the door-step.

The wife said, "It's not what you are thinking, baby." At last, the boy smiled a little and said, "It's alright. I've also got rid of my parents. I was bored of them."

I didn't tell my dad about the red lizard I found at the bottom of the garden because it whispered secrets that only a child's heart could understand. It tottered a little but then paused. It looked into my eyes and so did I. They glowed as if they represented profound wisdom. I sidled towards it. Then came a voice "Little chap, please help me out of this pernicious situation." No sooner did I notice a slit, than I arranged first aid.

Gradually, it grew lethargic and its

scales shimmered like the autumn leaves. Fearing my father's concern, I kept our bond a secret.

One evening, it burst in a fiery light and left behind a note of gratitude. It said, "Gratitude is the memory of heart. Hence since you've taken good care of me, I provide you with the ability to heal wounds with a mere touch."

As I looked around, the garden echoed with our shared secrets like a timeless enchantment.

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Midori's Nightmare

Soumili Das

*Is it strange for a person to have the same nightmare again and again?
What if it begins to appear more and more real?*

The room was dark. Someone adjusted the light to fall on Midori's pale face. She was sitting on her rocking chair. The dark haired girl inhaled the intoxicating smell of her captor's perfume. He asked in a deep voice, "What did you see?" Midori did not speak. "I command you to speak", he ordered. But still Midori didn't reply. His voice sounded as if he was in his late thirties. But Midori could not see anything. Each night his voice changed. Sometimes it was a female, sometimes a child sometimes a teenager. But the words were all the same.

Midori Lim woke up with a sigh. She lived alone in her parent's solitary house by the mountain side. Her

parents had decided it to be best for her, considering her condition. Socializing with humans and remaining in contact with the society was not the best for the girl. However, years of isolation had only led to the growth of her condition. She used to hear voices. The villagers believed she was possessed by the demons. They believed that she had to be sacrificed to free their village. Then, it was not long before she was sent to the mountains. Midori did not remember what they did, but she had a long wound on her wrist which would often open and begin bleeding. Midori looked outside at the open sky. She was tired of this life. Tonight she decided to answer the voice even if it belonged to Satan himself.

That night the nightmare began the same way. She was staring at the green wall blankly- at the rough surface and the numerous cracks.

Then the same person, whom she could never see, took a hold of her wrist. It began bleeding and drops of blood scattered across the green wall. The mysterious person led her to stairs, to the room where her rocking chair was kept where he would ask the questions all over again. However Midori's chair was not there. Midori ran around the room looking for it. She had to answer the question today. She had to sit on her chair, but the chair was missing. She came to edge of the room, still looking for her chair. She looked down the edge. She noticed that the mysterious person was waiting for her down there. Delighted that he hadn't left, she decided to jump down.

A nurse screamed in terror. One of the patients in the asylum had climbed the roof top and was looking very frantic. She took her colleagues and together they went up to save

her. They ran with an alarming sense of fear. They climbed the rooftop. Alas, they were too late. The fifty five year old schizophrenic patient, Meredith Locks was already dead.

I THINK I MADE
YOU UP INSIDE MY
BRAIN



32

Necessity of Hope

Sayakdip Das

When someone falls into the deepest pit, his anxieties and insecurities cordon him off the light beyond that darkness; guilt shuts his mind; heart begins to clamp between the ribs; insanity revolts inside his gut and whispers words of devil in his ear. When we face failure, this is the phenomenon we all experience in differing degrees. We all realize what hopelessness feels like.

However Hope is a unique oxymoron. In the most hopeless times, one must seek for it, one must wait for it, one must have his faith and belief for it— that is the true realization of hope.

When you have lost everything
And nothing is behind your eyes
Void has gnawed flesh and
Life is nowhere to find
In that ominous darkness
One shall have hope
As it bears out of nothing
And nothing can kill it all.

Even these words, thousands of motivational speeches, seminars and preaches are useless if one decides to turn deaf and blind to them. It is easier to blame yourself; be miserable; stick into that deep pit of darkness; give up on yourself; give up on hope; give up on life. But living is hard and living a good life is harder. So when the next holocaust comes, take a breath before ending it all— for your friends, family and your past self who had given you the chance live the present when similar situation happened. Keep happy, be happier.

TO- DO

- 1 Please put your mobile phones on silent mode.
- 2 Cycles are to be kept in the garage only.
- 3 Maintain silence and discipline while you wait outside for your class to begin.
- 4 Kindly put off the washroom light after use.
- 5 Write your name, class and school's name before submitting the copy.

NOT-TO- DO

- 1 Don't copy homework from any fellow student, guide book or from the internet. Teachers are there to help you out.
- 2 Don't write anything on the benches and walls.
- 3 Don't share anything irrelevant in the coaching WhatsApp group. The groups are meant for educational purpose only.
- 4 Don't chew gums or eat food inside the classroom.
- 5 Refrain from bullying and cyberbullying. They are punishable offences.

Don't feel left alone.
We are **always** there for you.

Honestly, I am an honorary member of this magazine. This magazine rests heavily on the shoulders of four pillars so my sign off notes should be fittingly about them. Sayakdip had big shoes to fill and as I write this, nothing but pride fills my heart. He took a shoe that wasn't his, made it his own with his slight metaphysical interest added as gloss. If the magazine reflects the brilliance and the aesthetics of anyone, that would be Moubani. The transition from the state of ideas to the pages pass through an insanity of her hardwork. So everytime you appreciate a particular doodle or picture, thank her talent. I almost feel like a parent, when I talk about Rajarshi and Soumyadeep. I have seen them grow up, from being children who had no particular vision to individuals who can argue with me over a Creative decision. I am only waiting for them to spread their wings even further. If you ask, exactly what purpose I served, I would say nothing particularly useful. The only metaphor that comes to my mind is perhaps, when Keats said the Northstar is not for warmth, but for it's steadfastness. We too will see you, next year, with another edition of The Budding Bards.

Mehuli Das

Taking the first step is the hardest— that was what I heard. But allowing myself to supervise the team during the second edition of "The Budding Bards", taught me some very different things. When the zeal of the first step dies down and icebergs begin to hit the ship one after another, the real challenge begins. The physical absence of Mehuli-di was something that we all felt throughout the journey. Her sheer presence and ability to lead helped the previous volume to glide through. But this time, it was difficult. Although she believed in all of our abilities, I had my share of doubts on myself. But luckily, I was armed with some fantastic people and able colleagues. The pressure and tantrums were there. Yet we sailed through. If the previous edition was the signature of our creativity, then these papers are the insignia of our determinations. Enjoy this literary delicacy for now. Cheers everyone!

Sayakdip Das

It was quite a great experience working with these awesome teammates for the second time. I would like to thank our readers of the first edition whose enthusiasm, encouraged us to work harder and harder to publish this second edition. I hope that with your support, this edition will also be a success.

Soumyadeep Paul

It's been an honour to be a part of this team for the second time. I really enjoyed working with my team. I hope that our magazine would be a source of delight and joy. A big thanks to the readers for being an integral part of our journey.

Rajarshi Das

Putting the magazine together for the second time felt just as hard as the first time. However, just like the first time around, it felt extremely rewarding. This time we've crafted the magazine having in mind quite different aesthetics from the last one- we sincerely hope we've done justice to your writings.

Moubani Sarkar

Besides the core team conceptualising, visualising and editing the magazine, there are few other people without whom the magazine won't have been finished. Here, we'd like to thank them

Ritwika Datta, for your incredible help with making the toppers pages.

Sumitabha Das, for contributing to the making of the cover page for the magazine.



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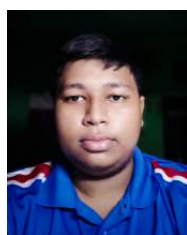
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Difference
between a
Novice and
a Master is
that the
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didn't give
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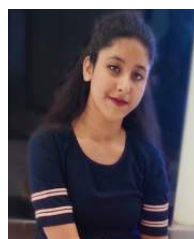
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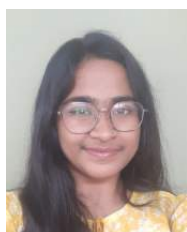
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The English Coaching thanks you, the authors for supporting this magazine for another year.

We dedicate this magazine to all aspiring writers, who seldom dare to write. They scribble one or two lines, ponder for a while, then cross those lines with bold scratches. They are hesitant about their own pens. This magazine is for those nascent bards who will write their own songs.

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