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EDITORIAL

“ In that moment, I swear, we were infinite
~ The perks of being a Wildflower. ”

With two perfect zeros juxtaposed with each other, their sides touching but not intersecting, like a continuous blank stare from behind thick rimmed glasses- you have the correctly drawn infinity. If you were to name one thing you regard as infinity, would it be the sky with its vast blue expanse or the sea that gently rises and falls into tides on moonlit steps or would it be the closest star to us that relentlessly fuels the earth with its unending fusion of hydrogen into helium?

Infinity is the thoughts that run like rivers in our minds. Infinity is the strength in us that goads us to rise up and face another day. Infinity is the thirst that propels us to find the answers to our questions, the motivation that keeps us running and the wheels turning. Infinity is the person that you are. Infinity is the power in you, in me, in us. And infinity is the joy and pride with which we present to you the seventh edition of the Infinity.

With the humble efforts and enthusiasm of the Magazine Crew, we have compiled articles, stories, poems and many more from the students in the college we hope will provide us with new perspectives and provide us a review of the past year spent here at Trinity. As you skim through the writings, the team hopes that they will fascinate you and as you run down the halls of the photo gallery, we hope that it will leave you with nostalgia stirring and churning in your chest. (Add in details about the two interviews) Through the eventful days when the earth rattled beneath our feet as we helplessly cowered under tents and tarpaulins or even spent nights under the open sky, through months of unrest in Terai, through the embargo that left us with less hope and lesser fuels but with much crowded buses and longer lines at petrol pumps, we survived. Earthquake collapsed our houses but not our spirit, the blockade left us scrouting for fuel but fueled us with the strength to fight back. Adversities test our patience however strengthen us and adversities like such have strengthened us Nepalese and proved that our resilience is truly like infinity.

Here's to hoping that our juniors, as they set out on a two-year journey at Trinity, will discover their own passions, unearth their dreams, vanquish their fears, shape their ambitions and like an epiphany have their own infinity moments. Here's to looking forward to the adventure we have embarked on and wishing for the strength, courage and determination to reach our destination and leaving behind our own trails. Here's to finding the infinity in all of us.

- Editors

WE HOPE, YOU SHALL ENJOY READING THIS....



“Himal ki chhori”

Larisa Shrestha
Section M2

1st. Short story writing competition

Many hands had come and touched her. Mouths were pressed into the deepest and darkest secrets of her tiny body. Blood shot eyes drunk on lust had preened her tiny body to the limit where she thought that the four walls that locked her in at the moment were full of eyes scrutinizing every nook and corner of her flesh and bones. She felt violated. No, she had already been violated. Countless times

Knock!
Knock!

She jerked from the train of her thoughts. Thud. Followed by angry thumps on the door. Mechanically, she moved towards the door and flung it open. “Damn it women, how long will you take just to open the door? You ready? Hell, where’s your make up?” An angry voice emanates from a man whose body could rival any bouncer down the night clubs in New York City. She simply nodded and walked towards the commotion that was her life every evening, throughout the night, till the east grew rosy with the coming morning. The man’s voice slowly faded away and was rudely interrupted by raucous thumps of disco beats.

Loud thuds! Thuds!

Thuds! On the back of her mind.

Plastering a fake smile on her face, she gripped the pole that stood erect at the center of the stage. She had always been a dancer. Growing up she was the best dancer in her government-run school with its leaking roofs and fungi invaded walls and cracked, broken black boards. But that was ages ago. Those days were from the far cry of her hold. She had abandoned it.

At the moment clinging to the pole, she jerked her body to the pleasure of hungry men. Stench of liquor and asphyxiating cigarette smoke hung in the air. A Bollywood song was blaring. She whipped her hair in one fluid motion and her hair fell like showers on her face cascading her pristine beauty. A beauty which had already been robbed.

Seductively, she slipped her dress strap down her shoulder, followed by another. The lustful eyes of men lingered on her glowing skin. The disco lights jiggling around her alluring body. The next thing she knew her dress had fallen down, a mess on the tiled floor. Sluggishly as she stripped down, ridding her body from yet another piece of fabric, she stayed there under the spotlight dancing and grooving to the music until a man clad in his million dollar suit came up to her like a hungry predator menacingly and grabbed her by her waist. She already knew what was about to follow. Paws pounced on her slowly ailing skin. She wanted to die right there. But funny enough dying isn’t as easy as living. Nor is living.

Sloppy kisses trod down her neck, planting on the valley between her breasts. She shut her eyes trying to force the image of her father toiling in the field out of her mind, hoping for this year to be productive enough to feed her only brother and an ailing mother. On the spur of the moment, her mother – bed ridden – her blue skin, chapped, quivering lips, trying her level best to get the glass of water on her side and yet failing flashed in her mind. How much she wished to belong there, with her mother, taking care of her, reprimanding her for forgetting to take her medicines, feeding her lovingly from the spoon her favorite daal, bhat, gundruk.

Fingernails dug on the small of her back. She winced in pain. The image of her mother vanished.

“Breath”

“Breath”

She reminded herself.

Nostalgia stirred in the pit of her stomach, winding turbidly like a coming storm, rising, rising like tumultuous waves of the turbulent sea.

In the back of the mind, she could still see her father drawing oxen in their farm. He was waving at her, bidding her adieu. A painful goodbye. With baggage and luggage in her hands, she couldn’t wave back but emotions rumbled inside her. So, she dropped her bags and ran towards her father and wrapped her arms around him.

“Ramrari basey hai chhori”, her father had said.

“Huss! Baba ma dherai paisa kamayera aauchuni, hai.”

In the back of her mind, her mother had laid her frail hand, wrinkled with age and disease, on her head giving her blessing. “Aashirvaad cha talai” her mother had said, her voice breaking in all the wrong places. Tears streaming down both their faces.

“Aama, ma hamro pariwar lai khusi banauchu. Bhai lai ni ramro boarding school ma padhauchu”, was her reply

.....
Licked, sucked, scratched and bruised. Aroused he felt to how her abused. He was starved, she was his feast. He lunged for her. Out of nowhere, she heard an airplane flash across the sky. The sound came only after it flew by. She imagined herself inside the plane, giddy and nervous with excitement. “Khadi muluk mai tah botma pani paisa falcha”, she had heard. She had dreams then. Now dreams were sadly crippled.

.....
Right now, she lies naked and exposed, on a creaking bed in Namibia. She sells her love to men who have her to their contentment. She is the queen of seduction. She offers carnal pleasures to hungry, ravishing men.

Once, she used to be Himal ki Chori . Pure like the Ganges River. Now, she flows turbidly like the river tainted by drainage.

The man was satisfied. He gave her a sloppy kiss on her lips and locked the door behind. She cried. She fell like broken houses at the wake of an earthquake. She was no longer the daughter of the mountains. She was tainted, abandoned, left to pick up the mess of her personal pieces. Seven seas across, her dying mother barely knew her only daughter had sold her body in a foreign land. Sadly, she will never know.

GAME REVIEW:

CLASH OF CLANS

“ Multiplayer mode enlivens freemium combat strategy game. ”

After almost 3 years, the most amazing game of Supercell, Clash of Clans, still can't be kicked out of the top 1 of all iOS and Android application stores. I have been playing this game for about 2 years and hasn't feel boring at all. Just want to write a small review here today to everyone who hasn't tried this outstanding game yet.

Popularity:

Mobile games have become very popular as of recent, and that's because more and more people are focusing on their smart phones and tablets. Having a tablet that can play games at higher resolutions will always be nice, it doesn't matter what your outlook on the subject is. We have the ability to play quality games on the go, just like the generation before us did with the Gameboy Advanced. Playing games while you're on the move is a hobby that many people favor, and they actually prefer it over console gaming sometimes. One of the most popular mobile games around right now would be Clash of Clans, which is a game centered around "Clans" and phenomenal battles between villages for disputing resources.

You start off with essentially nothing, you've got to raid other players and their villages until you can finally fortify yours properly. It takes a long time, but that's why the longevity of this game is what it is. There's a lot of stuffs to do and it's going to take you a little bit of time to actually go about doing it. You can strengthen your buildings, as well as rank up your Town Hall in order to unlock new features. People of all ages thoroughly enjoy the game, so why wouldn't you? Kill some time and enjoy Clash of Clans, because everybody else already is. Don't allow yourself to miss out on something that's this much fun. All you have to do is growing your village, train your troops and prepare for battle.

Difficult?

No, it is not hard at all even there are a lot of units (Barbarians, Archers, Goblins, Giants, Minions, Dragons...) and buildings (Archer Towers, Mortars, Cannons, Inferno Towers,...) in game. Actually, that diversity makes the Clash of Clans become very popular today. You can do whatever you please, whether it be strictly attacking other players or just building up your village, there's nobody telling you what to do! Mixing up your troops, creating your own attack strategies, designing your own base layouts, running and growing your Clan,... and there are plenty of other amazing activities in this game you can do without boring even after years. Clash of Clans doesn't make any dramatic changes to the strategy formula, but it does make just enough refinements to recapture the genre's addictive elements. Players are on a familiar treadmill, building a base and attacking others, but the introduction of the multiplayer element and the ability to see exactly how your defenses were overcome (battles happen independent of the gameplay you see) let you learn from your mistakes. And, for players who don't want to take part in player-versus-player combat, there's a strong solo campaign.

Here's more to look at, the basic troops that you will obtain throughout the game.
(Source: wikia.com)

1. The Barbarian:

"This fearless warrior relies on his bulging muscles and striking mustache to wreak havoc in enemy villages. Release a horde of Barbarians and enjoy the mayhem!"

2. The Archer:

"These sharpshooters like to keep their distance on the battlefield and in life. Nothing makes them happier than single-mindedly taking down their target."

3. The Giant:

"These big guys may seem calm, but show them a turret or cannon and you'll see their fury unleashed! Slow yet durable, these warriors are best used to soak up hits."

4. The Wall-Breaker

"Nothing warms a Wall Breaker's cold and undead heart like blowing up walls. A squad of them will make way for your ground units, and they will do it with a BANG!"

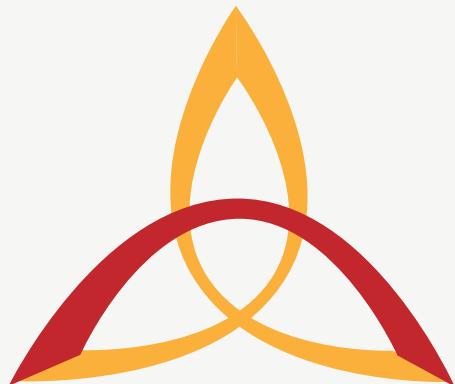
... And endless more.

With these troops in hand, you wreak havoc on your enemy's base, and walk away with endless loot and elixir to do more.



I N F I N I T Y

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EDITION

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STUDENTS' ANNUAL MAGAZINE

