

Progressive Education Society's Modern College of
Arts, Science and Commerce,
Ganeshkhind, Pune



Department of English

aurora

Literally the Literary: Confessions
of Literaholics

*An initiative taken for the
students, by the students .*

VOL. II

Acknowledgements

We would like to take this as a chance to thank everyone who has helped in the making of this magazine. We always have the blessings and best wishes of the patron of Progressive Education Society Dr. GR Ekbote and his associates Prof Suresh Todkar and Dr. Prakash Dixit. We would like to thank our respected Principal, Dr. Sanjay Kharat Sir, who has inspired, encouraged, and been incredibly generous, to provide us with a platform that helps us to showcase our talents and opinions. This was an opportunity to start something new. We have been able to come up with this virtual magazine because of his involvement and dedication to this college as well as its students' interests.

Dr. Jyoti Gagangras, our Vice-Principal has also been a very supportive presence. She is very enthusiastic about all the activities and programs that are held in the college. She helped this journal come to life with her support. She was very substantial in giving us liberty in order to release this journal. Her support is greatly appreciated and has been part of the motive that kept us going.

Dr. Shampa Chakravarthy is not only our teacher, but a very optimistic and cheerful person who motivates us to delve into our interests. She pushes us to achieve far more than we thought we could. She believes in the hands-on method of teaching and has always been at our aid. This journal was just an idea, but she put so much faith in it and us. She has been the driving force behind this initiative and we are very thankful for her critique on all of the work.

We would like to thank all the members of the English Department who spared time from their busy schedule and helped us put forth our initiative and introduce the virtual journal. They have supported us in our endeavor, been proud of us for taking initiative and become the motivation we needed to succeed.

Everyone who has contributed, the budding writers and poets who have submitted their work and have been selected to feature in the journal, we thank you for being willing to participate. We would also like to appreciate your courage in overcoming your insecurities and being ready to bare your soul through your words.

"In your light, I learn how to love."

~ Rumi

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Behind the Scenes



Hi, I'm Ananya Saraswat. A total Janeite (Jane Austen fan), an enthusiastic ambivert and a self proclaimed weirdo.

P.S. I came up with this Virtual Journal as a platform to showcase the beautiful work of budding authors and poets like myself...

Hey! My name is Isha Paranjpe. I love reading and my favorite genre is psychological fiction—there's nothing that intrigues me more than a body of work that analyses something as complex and intricate as the psychological growth of a human being. I present as an introvert, but don't let that discourage you from saying hi!



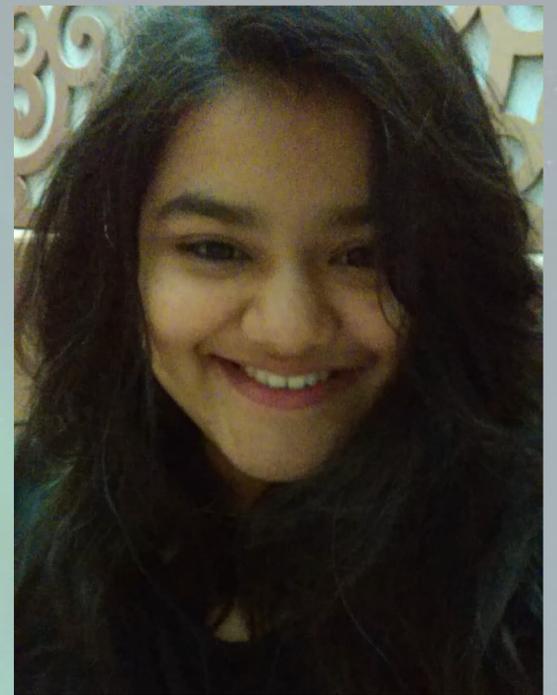
Hello, I am Kaurobi Paul. I am weirdly creative when it comes to opportunities. I find joy in enhancing my skills which begins with the journey of "a learner to an experienced" and leads to a destination named "wholesome productive human being".

"Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same."

~ Emily Brontë

Hi! I am Ritika Anchalia, I'd say I'm a bit of an introvert. They say I am stubborn, sassy, and difficult. I say they just can't handle my sweet country charm.

A weird combination of Chandler and Joey where I handle difficult situations with sarcasm and well.. I don't like sharing food. I like creative work and trying out new things; which is why I'm a part of the public outreach team!



Hey, I'm Roma Chiplunkar. I like to write essays or poems sometimes when inspiration strikes, love to listen to music a little too much every day. I dabble with photography and video editing. I read a lot of books on Wattpad. I also have a tendency to procrastinate, a lot.

Hello everyone! My name is Sakshi Nowrangi and I love reading and writing. I'm also a huge fan of random fun facts and you may find me talking about them if I get the chance to. Also, here's a fun fact! Otters have favourite rocks that they store in underarm pockets.



"Love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired."

~ Robert Frost



Hello, I am Savani Nibandhe. I love to dance and write when I am super motivated. I am a part of the public outreach team in the literary committee. Kudos to your support for this journal and hoping more support from you all in the future.

Hello, my name is Yugandhara Joshi. I love reading, mostly fiction. Percy Jackson is one of my favourite series. I love dancing and singing and I'm a huge K-pop fan! I'm also on the editing committee.



*"In love, there are two things - bodies and words."
~ Joyce Carol Oates*

Erudite

- Sense and sensibility (1811)
- Pride and prejudice (1813)
- Mansfield Park (1814)
- Emma (1815)
- Northanger Abbey (1817)
- Persuasion (1817)
- Lady Susan (1871)



Jane Austen
(1787 to 1811)

Jane Austen, an English writer who first gave the novel its distinctly modern character through her treatment of ordinary people in everyday life. She vividly depicted English middle-class life during the early 19th century. Her novels defined the era's novel of manners, but they also became timeless classics that remained critical and popular successes for over two centuries after her death. Also, Austen's novels intersperse love with societal elements having a great deal of emphasis on social norms and female characters.

Jane Austen's early three novels form a distinct group in which a strong element of literary satire accompanies the comic depiction of character and society. The intelligent and high-spirited Elizabeth from pride and prejudice was Jane Austen's own favourite among all her heroines and is one of the most engaging in English literature. In the three novels of Jane Austen's maturity, the literary satire, though still present, is more subdued and is subordinated to the comedy of character and society. Modern critics remain fascinated by the commanding structure and organization of the novels, by the triumphs of technique that enable the writer to lay bare the tragicomedy of existence in stories of which the events and settings are apparently so ordinary and so circumscribed.

“There are few people whom I really love, and still fewer of whom I think well. The more I see of the world, the more am I dissatisfied with it; and every day confirms my belief of the inconsistency of all human characters, and of the little dependence that can be placed on the appearance of merit or sense.”

“A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment.”

-Jane Austen

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We live in a world that idealises the concept of love. Songs about love, poems about love, the idea of "perfect relationships" and so much more. The world idealises love so much because of our ability to find it in every little thing.

Love, as much as it is an emotion, is also something much more than that. When we think of love, we often think of it in a romantic sense. The idea of "true love" has made such an impact on our generation that almost everyone is seeking it, consciously or unconsciously.

The Ancient Greeks classified love into six different types and perhaps they might be offended by the way we sometimes use the word "love" so often and so generically.

We've all heard of the words- Eros or sexual passion, Philia or deep friendship, Ludus or playful love, Agape or love for everyone, Pragma or longstanding love, and Philautia or love of the self. These words not only change the way we define our relationship, but they also change the very structure of society.

They show that love is almost everywhere and in everything.

When we are able to classify love into its own categories and call it by its proper name, we treat it with the respect it deserves.

These categories inspire us. Love in any respectable and proper manner is what makes us human and is what makes life worth living for.

Love is in the little things that make up our day to day lives.

Love is in the sunlight that shines each day on the flowers that awaken early mornings to feel its warmth.

Love is in the visits of your neighbourhood cat that purrs delightfully on seeing you.

Love is in the way your mother prepares your favourite meal from scratch.

Love is in the way your friend stays back to watch over you as you tie your shoelaces that came undone.

Love is in the way your partner promises to wake you up early so you might have time to study for that important test.

Love is in the way you take time off of your regular schedule to indulge in a little time to bake treats for yourself.

We see love everywhere around us but most of the time, we're too busy to recognise it and call it by its name.

A life without love is a life left unfulfilled.

If we can come up with different names for the types of coffee one can consume and know the difference between each type, surely we can take time to learn the types of love we experience, the type of love we receive and give to every one around us and make a person's day and touch their lives.



My name is Sakshi. I'm an avid reader and writer. I am a pianist. Delicacies like cakes and cookies are my forte, I mean I love baking. I also have a flair for the arts!

"Love is the relinquishment of logic... The willing relinquishing of reasonable patterns. We yield to it or we fight it. We cannot meet it halfway. Without it, we cannot continue to exist sanely under conditions of absolute reality."

~ Steven Crain, The Haunting of Hill House

The Mellow Glint Of Life

What is the thing which can sometimes
make you feel that, you're someone's might?

Also, which makes you realise
that, the most beautiful thing in this world is a hug tight?

Yes, It is the yonder window light
which in a moment can make you feel all the day and all the night.

It can make you fight,
even if you're standing on a scary height.

Yes, it is a feeling which makes you realise
that, you have a marvy sight
to see this world with all the colours bright.

So, what is the thing?
Which makes you feel so light?
Just like a high flying kite?

Yes, you're right.
It is *love!*
The most luscious flight.
Taking off in the soft glacé twilight.

***Hey, lords and ladies fair.
Akhilesh Sanjay Adsul's right here!
Forging with adventurously bedazzling new stuff every year.
Including people with him to give the message of harmony/
happiness everywhere.
It's possible by virtue of the skills he learns and works
ceaselessly with respect and care.
Skills including singing, songwriting, music production,
composition, direction, mixing-mastering engineering, etc.
he dresses with flair.***



*"If I loved you less, I might be able to talk about it more."
~ Jane Austen, Emma*

Pain Stays

They come and go
The agony, the memories and the tears stay
Look up and they are gone
Then, why does your chest still ache?
The heart is a conniving thing, isn't it?
Pumping to keep you alive but still, the one causing the most pain.

The scars never heal
They just fade, but their mark remains
You will never be the same no matter how hard you try
You just have to accept it
Stop, don't.
Don't pick up those broken pieces
They don't belong to you anymore.

They are a strange entity now
Unknown and of a forgotten puzzle
No matter how hard you try, they won't fit.
Your body has moved on, when will you?
Look around, they won't come back
The pain never leaves.

You harden, you adapt
Smile until you can't
Smile even if it's fake
No one will come for your aid
You are alone in this
All you got is you.

Pain will stay and make its home
Get that in your dome
So, what will you do?
Strengthen and move forward
Or perish with the past horror
You decide.



Hello, my name is Shlok Pillay. I am in the SYBSc (General) class. I had written this piece of work almost a year ago. It was the result of a string of thoughts about the pain after a heartbreak.

I just like reading books and poems whether it might be from a new writer or an old one. I like exploring concepts that people haven't given much thought to and try to see things from a different perspective if I can. Writing has been a way for me to achieve that.

*"Love is the hardest drug to quit,
but it is even harder when it is taken away."
~ Ashleyy*

A Little Bundle Of Innocence

I remember the day I met you,
It was an empty street
And there you were,
Sitting all alone,
Whining in fear.

I came towards you,
And you looked up,
Oh, that was the moment,
I fell in love with you!
An innocent face with deep black eyes,
A beautiful fur of brown.

A pleading look,
That I couldn't resist,
I went home,
And was back within a few minutes.
With a bowl of water and a packet of biscuits,
You gobbled it up, very quickly.

Hence, began our story,
Through biscuits and water.
You thanked me with thousands of licks,
And cute little barks,
Full of joy and laughter.

But our story came to an abrupt end,
It makes my heart beat with pain,
For you never came to see me again!

Years have passed by,
I still recount the day,
When a little puppy,
Stole my heart away.



My name is Vandhya S.Iyer. I am a student of SYBA. I am specializing in English. I am an aspiring writer and poet. I love reading, going on treks and listening to music. My idol is Ruskin Bond as he inspires me to note the beauty in the simple, everyday life .

*"Even before you touched me, I belonged to you;
all you had to do was look at me."
~ Louise Glück, The Burning Heart*

Remembering You My Love

Driving into the night
The moon is catching up with you.
Empty roads and lives
Eyes are closing up on their own.
With a smile, your head is looking out of
the window,
City lights and the streets are dwelling
with hope.
The night is young and worries are none.
Let go of your body vaguely
As we are Nocturnal.

Under the streetlights
and walking till it's two
With Me and my
The bonding feels so true.
I look up at the sky and wish that if I could be
here with you
Love at first sight
Back then every day was new.
Listening to songs on the midnight radio
You liking the song
Singing say you won't let go.

Running away from the night to just end I realised in those times
what really love and friendship meant.
I never imagined that I would be far away,
In just a flick of the moment,
Those moments went away.

It's been months since I have seen the pretty view,
The sea beaches and people
The Only place where you make it through.

The night is cold and near those burning hills.
You stop your car and feel the wintery chills
You freeze that time when everyone has a smile,
This is my happy place, The days of our lives.
The stars are now fading
And the coffee is getting cold,
Pictures and videos of you will never get too old.
I can't wait to go back there now.
We will be together and I won't break that vow.



Hello! I am Shreeya Panda from SYBA. I am pursuing a major in Psychology. My hobbies include writing, reading books, playing basketball, and listening to music.

*"I'd rather think of this
as a confession:
you are still the first person
I want to share new things with."
~Trista Mateer, Honeybee*

Love

Love is a complex emotion, it takes years, probably a whole lifetime to understand it. Even then, most people cannot grasp the concept completely. There are various debates on whether it is even an emotion or a feeling. I find myself wondering the same, since calling it an emotion sounds mildly technical, naming it as a feeling, feels rather personal.

I cannot begin to explain or solve this confusion but move on to its forms.

“Some people find love in the strangest of situations and are somehow happier for it.”

The most obvious thing that we think of when it comes to love is the fairytale of ‘True Love’ which brings to mind all sorts of fictional tales we have been told in our childhood or seen in countless movies. ‘Hopeless Romantics’ would argue that these can be found, they may not have found it, ‘yet’ but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist. The remaining lot would either have been burned by that same promise of love or just be plain pessimists who do not believe in ‘fantasies’. Personally, I feel there is always a certain truth to fiction, as much as we cannot prove it, but it is a futile effort to deduce which parts should be considered truth and an even bigger dilemma as to what combinations can result in being true.

“The difference between ‘like’, ‘love’ and ‘in love’ is the same as the difference between ‘for now’, ‘for a while’ and ‘forever’.”

Speaking of ‘Romantic Love’ or ‘Eros’, there is more to it than the girl that got a true love’s kiss from her Prince Charming. It isn’t always ‘Rainbows and Sunshine’, there are darkness and sadness in the infamous ‘One-Sided Love’. When one person deeply loves another based on either knowing them for a while, seeing them around just knowing about them, or finding them attractive. The first warrants for some kind of affection or love to form over the course of knowing them but the others seem superficial and yet cannot be proved as false because no one can understand another person’s feelings enough to judge them. I heard someone say once, that ‘if it is love, it has to be from both ends, if it is one-sided, it is not love, just attraction’. To a certain point, I agree, because love is formed, developed over time, and for it to grow it needs the water of ‘reciprocation’. Without that we may all face Broken Hearts’ syndrome at some point in our lives, go into cardiogenic shock and die.

Our emotions and feelings while having a crush or falling in love tend to be high but not so much that our heart cannot 'literally' take it anymore. Then some people love strongly, upon not having it reciprocated, might fall into depression which may be why such lovers are often thrown into the sad category who listen to heartbreaking music, wallow in misery and self-pity. The only silver lining is the hope that these jilted lovers find someone to fix their broken heart and nurse them back to their loving selves.

There is 'Familial Love' also known as 'Storage' or 'Philia', we have for our family and even closest friends who are like family, most would do anything for them or at least try to. There is the mother's love for her children, strong enough to develop even before being born, the father's love as it grows in the womb or when he first holds the little bundle of joy. The siblings love as they grow into themselves, sometimes fighting, sharing, caring about, for, or with each other. These forms of love can be called the purest, even as far as unconditional but sometimes they change and stop being what they were or develop from something they weren't. For there are the parents whom we don't want to disappoint or the siblings we don't want to let down. There are the best friends whom we trust with our lives and would die for. Not everybody can have the same wavelength when it comes to love, some just don't show it or aren't capable of loving to a certain extent, and some love too strongly. Similarly, not everyone can match that wavelength, may it be romantic or familial. Expectations, disappointments, pride, and guilt, there are so many emotions and feelings that interfere with the concept of love; with its intensity, extent, and form.

There is Pet Love, no not 'puppy love', this is the love you have for your actual puppy or cat, chameleon, hamster, or bird. These little furry or feathered beings end up holding a place in our hearts as we grow up or grow old with them. We care and love for them as much as our fellow humans. Their love for us is just as pure and unconditional, all that is expected is companionship from both ends, nothing else.

Last but not least is 'Self-Love', also known as 'Philautia' which means having a healthy, compassionate love towards one's self. It consists of respecting, accepting, and appreciating yourself. This connects you with your innermost essence, part of being, your soul. 'Love yourself' has become one of the most used, cliché lines in recent years, which points to two facts; one is that people have realized the importance of caring for themselves, which comes from self-love and they have been using it as an encouraging statement, two is that it started to be used as an excuse of sorts by people trying to ignore actual health problems that could be fixed or made better.

It would be better if people actually meant when they said it, that they chose to love their body, their soul, mind, and everything that makes them who they are. We need to fall in love with the healthiest version of ourselves in terms of physical, mental, and social well-being.

Love is a complex emotion and it will take years, probably a whole lifetime for me to understand it. I personally have never been in love, so I cannot really tell you how it feels like or even begin to explain it, what I can do is just present my thoughts on what exists. I love a lot of people in my life right now, and all fall under some of these forms.

Love is Commitment. Love is wanting, needing care, affection, appreciation, and more for as long as we live; it's also putting in an effort in being there for the people whom we have affection, care, and appreciation for. Love is Respect. Love is Trust. Love is a lot of people, things, emotions, feelings, all combined in a mixture. This is what I have understood for now and maybe one day I'll have even a remote grasp on what it fully means or maybe I won't but whatever it is, is out there and more than enough for everyone, we just need to wait or sometimes look for it.



My name is Roma Chiplunkar. My friends think I'm bubbly. I enjoy being glued to Netflix, reading is just one of the other thing's I love doing, and I'm obsessed with iced tea!

*"Where did love begin? What human being looked at another
and saw in their face the forests and the sea?"
~ Jeanette Winterson, from Lighthousekeeping*

Love Languages

Quality Time: Cups of chai cooling on the windowsill as it rains but being too distracted by the softness of their eyes to notice; cooking together, but also cleaning the kitchen together after you're done; existing in peaceful silence, each doing their own work separately; singing out loud to your favourite songs in the car; cancelling other plans at the last moment to comfort your best friend's latest heartbreak; taking a day off from work to recharge and cry and get back on your feet; 'Have you been to that restaurant? I'll take you someday,'; 'Do you wanna study together this weekend?'; 'Yeah I'll wait for you, don't worry.'

Words of Affirmation: Dog-eared second-hand books with heavily underlined passages and clumsy notes (and the warmth of holding a much loved, furiously inhabited book); over-sweetened love letters; noticing the little things about someone and letting them know you cherish them (and remembering them after); noting someone's goodnesses and not so much their faux pas, noting who in the friend group was interrupted mid-conversation and asking them to finish (with real curiosity); handling someone's mispronunciations with kindness; 'Hey, this song makes me think of you-'; 'Pure magic, that's what you are,'; 'I'm here for you if you wanna talk, alright?'

Gifts: Keeping the last slice of pizza for them; driving to the ice-cream parlor an hour away because the nearest one doesn't have that one particular flavour they like; a child painting the family portrait with utmost concentration; pets bringing you random trash they found outside; handcrafted jewellery; sprawling in your garden in the golden sunlight, eyes closed, when they tap on your shoulder and point to the new blooms on the plant they got you a month ago; unexpected money in your jeans' back pocket; 'This rock is so pretty!' 'You can have it if you want,'; 'So I know you said you didn't want anything for your birthday, but-'; 'Here, let me put this flower in your hair- Wonderful'.

Acts of Service: Recording an episode of their favourite TV Show because they are away at work and would miss the episode otherwise; going into the kitchen to make yourself a cup of coffee and asking everyone else if they want anything; watering your plants on time even if it means breaking your concentration from your homework that took you too much time to attain; getting up early to call someone and wake them up for the day; making something that they love (but you dislike) for dinner because they seemed to be having a bad day; 'I will cover your attendance, don't worry,'; 'I have kept

hot water for you might be good for your cramps,'; 'I have ironed your clothes for you, I know you're running late.'

Physical Touch: Holding hands in a crowd so you don't lose them; instinctively reaching for a hug as you find them beside you, shoulder-massages at the end of a long day; arms around your shoulder that mean you're safe, you're safe here with me; the hands from Michelangelo's Creation of Adam; holding close your favourite childhood soft toy on a particularly difficult night; a newborn baby's first physical contact with its mother; your face fitting perfectly in their neck (and falling asleep to their warm heartbeat); 'Do you want me to put some oil in your hair?'; 'Can I have your hoodie? It smells like you,'; 'Do you wanna compare hand sizes?'



Hey! this is Isha. I like everything ranging from existential questions to astrology (call me a poor man's polymath), and you can find me browsing obscure Wikipedia articles during my free time.

*"Make your good love known to me/
Or just tell me about your day."
~ Hozier, As It Was*

Don't Fall In Love With Me

Don't fall in love with me. I analyze every word that people say to me. The way their voice leaves their throat forming each syllable. Portraying thoughts. Expressing emotions. Communicating. I look at how they sit. Stand. Move. Every flow of movement. Giving hints to access their mind. A slight change in posture. A certain eye-roll. An involuntary shrug.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I'm someone who overthinks. Someone who worries a lot. What has happened. What will happen. What's happening. Everything. Visualizing all angles to one situation. Absorbing the dream that might turn into reality. Or just a nightmare that I want to run away from.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I get butterflies. One feather-light touch along the back of my hand. One cheeky smile. One stolen glance. The way you listen to me when I talk. You really listen.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I'll baby you. I'll leave you notes on the fridge just to make you smile. I'll take you shopping even though you hate it. Buying you something you liked but didn't want at the time. I'll make you a cup of coffee, placed beside the bed minutes before your alarm goes off. And write a little something that makes sure you get out of bed.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I prefer staying in and reading books in your arms rather than going out on sumptuous dates. Because I'll hold your hand and walk around the galleries instead of clicking a thousand photos.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I'll hear your voice in my head when I'm reading a text you sent, from the sound of delivery to the level of sarcasm. I'll know how you articulate certain words. The way you use silly little catchphrases.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I'll get excited over the tiniest of things. Like how you get really silly and giddy when reunited with an old friend. And the goofy way you sleep. And when I catch you doing something kind for someone else, without you knowing I was even watching. And that I find myself suddenly using the catchphrases too, without even meaning to.

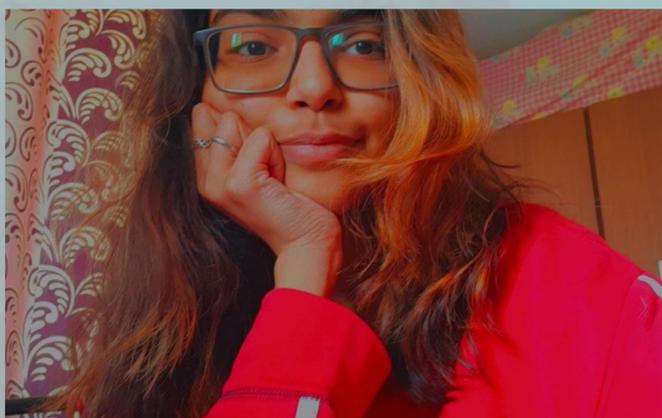
Don't fall in love with me. Because I'll see right through you. I'll sense you nervous when you're working on something that you really care about. The unintentional face you make when you're annoyed. It'll be endearing to watch you embarrass yourself with me.

Don't fall in love with me. Because I can totally picture you at age four or nine or fifteen. I will read you poetry and the classics you always wanted to.

Don't fall in love with me. Because certain songs will always belong to you. You played it for me once, and then I heard it a lot. Because there's a line in there that is so eerily perfect for you.

Don't fall in love with me. Because we'll have the most tender gestures that will make you weak in the knees. Forehead kisses. Sleeping in your lap as you work. Sitting close to you and reading. Cuddled up through a cold night, even though we're under a warm, fuzzy blanket. Fiddling with your fingers aimlessly as you talk to me. Just being close. Hanging out in the same room with you would be fun even if we're not talking.

Don't fall in love with me. Because if you do, I will look at you. Right in the eyes. With that fathomless gaze. And hold your hand. I'll be close. Just enough to be in your reach. And I won't hesitate in saying "I love you".



Hi, I'm Ananya. I love traveling. I survive on coffee and live for aesthetics! Although I'm shy I enjoy singing, I'm not a professional singer. I have my own blog called 'Epistles and Verses'.

*"We don't pick who we fall in love with
and it never happens like it should..."*

~ No Strings Attached

The Half of It

*“If I knew what love was,
I would quote myself.”*

The movie "Half of It" revolves around the entire concept of Soulmates and Love. For closure, we could say - Molding, Replacing, Adding, and removing the clichéd definition of love that has been stuck in our heads. It is a romantic comedy, with a philosophical spin, written and directed by Alice Wu. The Director provides an explanation for the title "Half of It" that she is willing to change the platonic myth of soulmates.

The movie is based on the director's personal experiences with the idea of love and aspiring young teens. The sensationalizing way of direction in showing the place is not only peaceful but also has pubescent kids with zero expectations from life. The movie's plot is set in the countryside of the states in a small town named 'Squamish'. The place isn't exactly Pleasantville but a place where adults raise their children in a way that Jesus might expect them to. Ellie Chu; a shy, introverted girl and a straight-A student is the main character of the movie who lives with her father. She is crystal clear with her priorities and expectations. The movie begins with a high school scene, showcasing her less charming love life until her eyes meet with the school's most beautiful girl, Aster. Aster has a pretty smile and hopes to find someone who sees her for who she really is and not what they believe her to be. She is unfortunately in a relationship with Trig, the archetypal popular kid. She is basically everyone's dream girl, who is even crushed on by one of Ellie's classmate, Paul. Paul Munsky can be called a selfless creature. He is fond of tacos and sausages, is a part of the football team, and is sweet but rather inarticulate. That's where the real love story grows as Ellie Chu who is known for her brilliant mind starts helping her friend in writing letters, trying to impress Aster.

All the students go to church with their parents for life lessons. The big speeches that make me groan in most, high school flicks put a smile on my face. Gradually the story moves to various points and so does their mutual attraction towards the characters among themselves. Unveiling the complete plot here but that's pretty much the gist of the story and it takes us back to our high school days. It isn't just a teen romance. The movie's each and every moment keeps the viewer hooked as the story progresses and the last 20 minutes unveil the true sides of Love. It's a must-watch for the celebration of Love and indeed a perfect craft by the brilliant director Alice Wu. I really think this lies in the acting more than the script. Before knowing the characters, it felt like every line of dialogue was cringe-worthy. But as these characters got a chance to take form, I found myself giggling genuinely and effortlessly.

The way and the amount of energy the actors put into their typical protagonist roles was incredible. They start individually as a stupid nerd, smart loser, a flawless girl but slowly morph into fully formed people with actual flaws. Their unfiltered words turned into golden characters.

When it comes to comparing this rom-com to other ones these days; I would say, this hits differently. It tells us that love has no boundaries. Not only does it make us screwy but also drives us. to be messy, selfish, horrible, and bold. The entire movie should especially be appreciated for its mellow gentle background music. The heterophony in the melody with dialogue delivery adds a unique touch to it. Each sound was decrescendo and just blends in as soon as our ears could hear it. Even when Ellie Chu sang, her voice was soothing.

We can say in the end that maybe we are the way we are because of the people we are with. We just search for the people we need and when we find them. We should never let them go. In most Rom-Coms you fall in love with characters, Half of it makes you fall for their sheer longing.



Hello, I am Kaurobi Paul I am known for my sense of humor and choice of notions! Stargazing and baggy clothes are my kind of things.

"When one is in love, one always begins by deceiving one's self, and one always ends by deceiving others. That is what the world calls a romance."

~ Oscar Wilde

Chicken Noodle Soup

Albert stared at his wife across the table, noticing for the first time that her sweater was on inside out. Every morning he would lay out her clothes on the bed in a specific order, so she'd know which item to put on first. But it didn't guarantee how Sara would put on each piece. He'd have to pay more attention before they went out.

Their usual waitress, Marrie, appeared, holding a large tray with two sweet teas on it. "How y'all doin' today?"

With Alzheimer's disease, there were good days, and then there were challenging days. It was one of the latter. Sara was preoccupied, scrubbing a stain on the wooden table with her finger, forgetting it was a permanent fixture of their booth. They'd been lunching at this diner once a week for years. That blemish had been there since day one.

"Today's a very special day for us. It's our fifty-seventh wedding anniversary." His wife stopped fidgeting and looked up. "The day she took a chance on a broke, balding fellow by saying, 'I do,'" he said with a wink in her direction.

"It is?" Sara asked.

"Yep, sweetheart, it is." "Congratulations, you two! Ms. Sue fixed up some of her key lime pie today and I'll make sure y'all have a slice on the house before you go. Sticking' with the Cobb salad and tomato soup?"

"That's it," Albert replied.

She nodded and turned, then swung back around. "I just remembered. We ran out of tomato soup about an hour ago. Chicken noodle ok?"

Albert looked at his wife, now scrubbing away at the stain with a napkin.

"Sara?"

"Hmmm," she said, again focused on the table.

"They're out of the tomato soup. Do you want chicken noodle? Or a sandwich instead?" She looked confused, so he pointed to the menu and showed her a few other items he thought she'd enjoy, but she was having a hard time picking something new.

Suddenly she began to cry. "I want to go home. Please can we go home?" she begged.

"Honey, Marrie has already brought us our drinks. Don't you think we should stay a little longer? I know you like tomato soup, but I'm sure their chicken noodle is delicious."

That only made her cry harder. Marrie apologized on behalf of the restaurant for running out. Other customers glanced in their direction, wondering what all the commotion was about.

He sighed and reached back for his wallet, then placed a ten-dollar bill on the table.

"I'm sorry. We'll catch you next week."

Marrie gave him an understanding look and told him she'd bring the pie and some to-go cups of tea out to their car. He thanked her as he rose to help his wife out of the booth. He always tried to make their days as hiccup-free as possible, but sometimes, there just wasn't any tomato soup.

Sara stopped crying on the way home but appeared anxious, and kept asking him what day it was.

He hesitated to say the date, conjecturing that at least part of her current emotional state was because she hadn't realized it was their anniversary. With her dementia, he didn't think a thing of it but worried she might become upset with herself.

"Today is Wednesday."

She furrowed her brow, a tell-tale sign she was struggling to grasp some distant memory or word.

When she asked what day it was for the third time during their twenty-minute drive, he gave in. "It's Wednesday, January 7th."

"That's the day we got married!"

"Yes, it is," he said, pulling up into their driveway.

He helped his wife sit on the living room couch before setting up two dinner trays and turning the TV to a re-run of *The Price is Right*.

"I'll be right back to join you," he reassured her.

Once in the kitchen, he walked past the cabinets labeled bowls/plates, mugs/glasses, and cereal to find the one with soup written on it.

He'd marked them all to help her stay as independent as possible, especially since she loved to cook. In the past few months, however, he'd taken over the role of primary chef. Relief swept over him when he found some tomato soup in the back-right corner of the cabinet.

Conscious of his stiff, arthritic hands, he carefully lowered two bowls and filled them with the liquid contents before putting Sara's dish in the microwave. As he stood there watching the timer count down, the sound of Pachelbel floated into the kitchen.

His wife had been a music teacher, so they'd always had a piano in the living room. She hadn't played much lately, though. He suspected it was because she now had difficulty sight-reading the music.

Walking back into the room, he found Sara bent over the piano playing Canon in D from muscle memory. He was struck at how her fingers, still so capable and sure, glided over the keys. An image of her coming down the aisle towards him in a stunning white dress filled his head, those same lovely hands holding a bouquet of the yellow daisies he'd gathered for her from his garden. It had been a simple wedding, but that's what they'd wanted.

He waited until she'd finished before taking a seat beside her on the bench. Bringing the back of her hand to his mouth, he planted a kiss as she beamed the same beautiful grin she had on their wedding day.

"My favourite song," he whispered, choking up.

She gave his hand a gentle squeeze. "That's why I played it for you." Now it was his turn to cry.

"I love you, Albert."

"I can see that." He nodded. "I love you so much. Now how would you like to share some tomato soup with me?"

Her face fell a little. "I was hoping for chicken noodle, but that'll do."



Hi, I am Pranav Mane. I am a student of SYBA. My hobbies are reading different books, star gazing and playing sports.

"You can never replace anyone because everyone is made up of such beautiful specific details."

~ Before Sunrise

Word Search

AISHITERU

B	P	P	O	D	A	L	W	Z	I	Y	K	L	B	P	M	L	H	G	Q
U	K	P	I	N	O	T	P	W	S	L	B	Q	T	W	X	H	L	F	V
V	F	A	S	M	U	T	J	Z	X	N	Z	C	D	T	G	Z	T	H	G
W	F	R	I	E	N	D	E	A	R	M	E	N	T	Z	W	H	V	I	H
D	J	A	K	K	U	H	I	N	O	I	T	A	U	T	A	F	N	I	W
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P	D	R	E	O	W	M	D	U	D	N	Y	Z	E	T	A	P	E	D	D
S	A	L	C	R	U	R	N	I	A	W	S	I	N	L	I	O	N	U	E
H	X	D	O	L	O	W	T	W	M	E	J	H	O	A	D	D	O	L	R
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I	G	W	Q	G	F	Q	U	E	Q	N	G	D	J	J	N	D	A	W	W
W	G	I	I	P	T	H	Z	G	D	S	R	B	U	D	Z	V	S	X	Q

ADMIRATION
AFFECTION
CHERISH
ENDEARMENT
INFATUATION
PASSION

ADORE
AMOR
DEVOTION
EROS
INTIMACY
SWAIN

ADULATION
ATTACHMENT
DOTE
FOND
PARAMOUR
TENDERNESS

*"Love is simply the name for the desire and pursuit of the whole."
- Plato, The Symposium*

Clues Unfound

CROSS
WORDS



*"I don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions. I want to use them,
to enjoy them, and to dominate them."
Oscar Wilde, The Picture of Dorian Gray*