

Eloquence



Newsletter Edition 11

Department of English

St. Xavier's College, Mapusa-Goa

2024-25

A Tribute Edition Honouring Ms Alice D'Cruz:
Celebrating a Legacy of Wisdom, Wit and Warmth





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Newsletter Edition 11

2024-2025

Department of English

St. Xavier's College, Mapusa-Goa



Publisher

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FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Dear Students and Faculty,

I am delighted to extend my warmest greetings to the English department on the occasion of the release of the 11th issue of Eloquence.

I appreciate the faculty's dedication to creating an engaging learning environment that encourages students to explore their creativity and critical thinking skills. The department's initiatives and achievements are a testament to the hard work and passion of its members.



This issue of the newsletter is dedicated to honour Ms Alice D'Cruz on her superannuation. I take this opportunity to extend my best wishes and gratitude to Alice for the years of devoted service she has given to this institution. Her contribution to the teaching learning environment on our campus has been invaluable. I wish her a happy and relaxed retirement.

Congratulations to the Student Editor, Christie Fernandes and to the entire team for bringing out this publication.

I wish the English department continued success in its endeavours and look forward to seeing the impact of its work on our students' academic and personal growth.

All the very best!

Ms Ursula Barreto
Acting Principal

MESSAGE FROM THE ADMINISTRATOR

I am pleased to indite these few words for 'Eloquence' the English departmental newsletter. Some years ago French was a dominant diplomatic language, but English has taken that place now. Its dominance is seen in the fact that many nations strive to impart education in English along with their native languages. The modern era is marked by migration of youngsters in search of employment, and, most of the time, this migration usually takes place to English speaking countries, which are democratic, reward hard work, and are not afraid to encourage the talented to foray into new ideas. This is the reason why we see that young entrepreneurs, among them even our own young Goans, have risen in ranks at a young age. All this can be safely ascribed to the 'eloquence' of the millennials.



The department of English of our college leaves no stone unturned to help the students develop their mastery over this language to ensure a good future to those who will graduate and pass out through the hallowed gates of this institution. The department has a very efficient and dedicated staff and this has been proved time and again by successfully conducting various activities, and the fluency and the elegance with which the students have hosted these events.

Congratulations to the staff and students of this department on the release of yet another issue of 'Eloquence' and I wish everyone, and more specially, those who are in the TY a resounding success in their examinations and beyond.

God bless you all
Fr. Antonio Salema
Administrator

MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD OF DEPARTMENT

"The past was gone, but not forgotten. And it had ways of coming back."

— Rohinton Mistry, *A Fine Balance*

Dear Reader,

It's always heartening to see Eloquence come alive through the energy and synergy of our students. More than just a record of the year, it is a space where thought and expression find their voice. My warm congratulations to the editorial team led by Christie Fernandes, for putting together this edition with such care, creativity, and clarity of purpose; and to Shrutika Padte for steering it through.

This issue carries a special significance, as it is dedicated to Ma'am Alice D'Cruz our senior-most colleague and for many of us, the teacher who first showed us what it truly means to study English. Ms. Alice joined the Department of English in 1993 and formally superannuates on July 31, 2025. We felt it would be fitting to honour her at the very beginning of the session, rather than wait until its close. This edition of Eloquence celebrates her presence even as we begin to feel her absence.



Ms Alice didn't just walk into a room - she edited it. Most of us in the department today have had the privilege of being her students. But her contribution extends far beyond the classroom. As Head of Department for many years, she shaped the department through the era of typewriters, overhead projectors and carbon paper. Through changing syllabi, technologies, and temperaments, she remained a steady, sharp, and deeply human presence. Exceptionally gifted, fiercely prayerful, an animal whisperer, a green crusader, what we will remember of Ms. Alice is not only her bright mind, youthful dynamism or formidable presence, but her wit and sense of humour, her lively questions that brought seminars alive, her incredible green thumb, and her no-nonsense clarity when it was most needed. We thank Ma'am Alice for her legacy of learning, laughter and light. We carry her presence and her legacy with us into our classrooms and conversations. This edition of Eloquence celebrates her in the best way we know how: through words.

I wish to acknowledge our Principal, Ma'am Ursula Barreto, for her support towards department initiatives and to our Administrator Rev. Fr. Antonio Salema for his consistent encouragement. Thanks to my colleagues in the Department of English for their good humour and collaboration. In paying tribute to the remarkable Ms. Alice, we are reminded that teaching is not just a profession but a calling. That teaching, at its best, leaves echoes long after the classroom falls silent. We look back with gratitude for all that has been and quiet faith in all that lies ahead, Happy reading!

Dr. Prema Rocha

Faculty Editor

Head, Department of English

NOTE FROM THE STUDENT EDITOR

Dearest Reader,

It is with immense pleasure that I invite you to this new edition of the Eloquence. This edition has been crafted with much thought and love, as well as dedication and hard work. The English Language to me is solace; it is a cabin in the woods that makes my heart dance in its tranquil nature. And to others, it is a similar magic: to the poets, writers and dramatists, this is the nook of our shared creativity and enthusiasm at St. Xavier's College. May this shared space bring you inspiration to continue in your art and writing.

I would like to thank Ma'am Prema Rocha for guiding us in the right direction. Her keen eye and good instinct has helped us bring to you all such an animated edition of this newsletter. I would also like to extend my gratitude to the Department of English. I can not proceed without showing my appreciation towards my team: Shrutika, Amiti, Diksha, Sumaiya, Shane, Evanna and Tavia. Without your camaraderie and help, this newsletter wouldn't be possible.

This newsletter wouldn't have been possible without the contributions of many friends, poets and Xavierites. You all have played a crucial part in the formation of this newsletter. I am deeply indebted to each and everyone of you. I hope you thoroughly enjoy the XI edition of the Eloquence.



Yours in Ink
Christie Fernandes
Student Head-Editor

THE EDITORIAL TEAM 2024-25



CHRISTIE
FERNANDES



SHRUTIKA
PADTE



SUMAIYA
KHAN



TAVIA
DE SOUZA



AMITI
PUJARI



DIKSHA
TUPKAR

FACULTY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

2024-25



Dr. Prema Rocha



Ms. Shirlene Palha Fernandes



Ms. Alice D'Cruz



Mr. Aaron-Paul Fernandes



Ms. Sunita Mesquita



Dr. Maria Claudette Gomes



Ms. Eden Fernandes



Ms. Priyanka Pandit

GRADUATING CLASS OF 2024-2025



"Inmate 2201615
has been released."

~ *Michelle Macedo*



"New growth begins the moment
you step beyond what you once
thought was possible."

~ *Lysancha Dsouza*



"The horrors persist, but
so do I."

~ *Chetna Thanki*



"Smiling through deadlines
and good times alike."

~ *Katherine Manuel*



"Aut Xristi aut nihil."

~ *Christie Fernandes*



"She did her best and
God did the rest."

~ *Azelia Rodrigues*



"Cat in her arms, love in her eyes, A
bond of friendship that never dies."

~ *Rose Martin*



"Never be so kind, you
forget to be clever."

~ *Sheryl D'souza*



"I survived college, but my sanity is still
on trial, courtesy of Franz Kafka."

~ *Diksha Tupkar*



"The only time you should ever
look back, is to see how far
you've come."

~ *Eulalia Fernandes*



"If you are still
breathing, you have a second Chance."
~OPRAH WINFREY

~ *Liquesha Fernandes*



"You can do anything you set your
mind to. But first, make sure to set
your alarm clock."

~ *Ramona Fernandes*

POET'S CORNER

Senseless Without You

I have seen you fully.
I say so because I've seen you without sight.
I've not seen your complexion, but your heart,
I've seen who you are
I've seen your might.

And people describe you as the moon;
But I don't hear them, as I'm deaf.
Yet I have heard you truly,
The beating of your heart,
The nature of your talk,
I hear only you and no one.

I also hear you doubting yourself,
But I know you're nothing short of perfect.
Because perfect doesn't mean ideal
as everything and everyone has flaws.
The idea of "ideal" is fictional.
But my love for you is as real
as the words I've written for you.
I've fallen for your flaws too.
I've fallen for all of you.

I have been hurt, and have lost my ability to feel.
Yes, I am a man without a sense of touch.
But you tell me I've caressed your soul differently,
And even though I can't feel anything,
Yet I can feel only you.

So let me be the only one already.
I cannot speak or move if I'm not doing either with you.
Be my home and I'll be yours,
And even through storms and sunny days,
I'll hold you close.
So let me be the only tenant that lives in your heart,
And I'll unlock the door to my soul.

—Jaherul Mallick
SYBScBiotech
@thewretchedheartwrites



Me, Myself, and My Reflection

I looked in my mirror and saw perfection;
No one could beat this beautiful reflection.
I fought and built my prideful city,
Didn't want to let go of this unambiguous deity.

'Twas when dreams started crumbling, I felt the trailer;
I just couldn't stand any act of failure.
I scrambled and cried to save this place,
But nothing helped my shameful face.

So, I played the fiddle while Rome burnt down,
Humbly letting go of my prideful crown.
Now, I try to take on humility and walk my path,
Learning from my failure, I once again start.

Now I look in the mirror and see my direction—
It's just me, myself, my own reflection.

— Harrison Emilio Coelho do Amaral
TYBSc

Memento Mori

Always and forever are fleeting feelings,
For you and I are mortal beings.
Once life is drunk and our bottle is empty,
All secrets and sorrows are buried with me.
In a realm, things are seldom as they seem,
Who knows what lies ahead when we wake up from this dream.

—Keona Rajani
TYBA

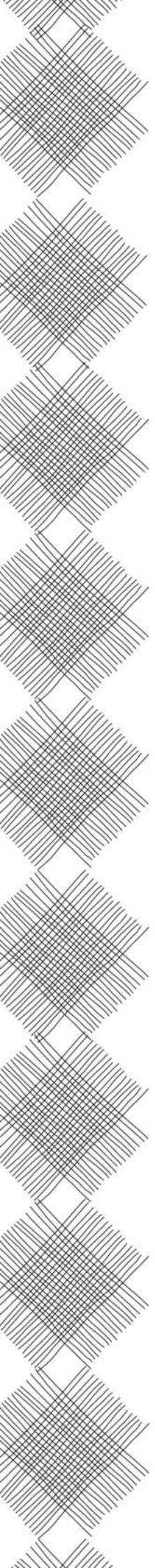
We the PEOPLE of INDIA: An Ode to the Constitution

There are 5 words stuck in my throat,
2 at the tip of my tongue.
I know one of them looks like freedom,
And the other cannot be found.
We walked barefoot in the fire,
And dreamed to dare and aspire—
5 words that set us free
so we could be,
We, the people of India.

The pages turn for an eternity,
but I am stuck on page one.
Justice, equality, liberty, fraternity
are more than just textbook words to learn.

We were built on the back of a woman blind,
Who did not judge kind from kind.
Who did not see whom she pleased
or appeased;
Who did not bow down to a vote bank's greed.

This land blessed, where rivers ran,
We watch it turn to barren land.
Whilst on the other bank,
The river has swallowed crops and dreams,
The well splashed, the village heard
A dead farmer's wife scream.
They build and build with no restraint,
Development is something that must sustain;
We watched them cut our mountains and trees,
Then hoped for good rain and agricultural yield.
While bills were passed with stamps of greed,
And schemes introduced without facilities.
What is growth when we neglect the land,
And policies do not consider environmental demands?
Banker, butcher, milkman, or millionaire,
In this land, by this book,
We share the same ground.
So why do we still hear the distant sound



Of village bells ringing that announce
The arrival of brooms tied to waists
and gazes lowered down.
This sound that Babasaheb sought to annihilate,
To bring Tagore's vision to life,
Of a country unafraid.

Then why are we afraid
To think and to speak?
This country was not loaned to us,
It is our right we seek.

So that we are not denied opportunity,
Or imprisoned needlessly.
So that nobody can ask us to prove
Nationality based on community.
So that we can live a life of dignity.

But how many of us really know
These rights upon us bestowed?
The crux of the constitution,
That no leading power may have
Power enough to devour
our lives to fulfill a greed,
That tramples over our needs.

The 5 words remain motionless;
At the tip of my tongue rests freedom,
But I am afraid to open my mouth
Because the other word that rests there
is TRUTH.

Looted like objectivity in the news.
But silence is a deadly noose.
So, like an earthquake,
These words need to stir in every heart,
To see that no one dares to disregard
The basis of freedom's idea
That says:
We, the People of India.

—Sumaiya Khan
FYBA

Won 2nd Place at "Poetic Political Ponderings 2024" organized by
Government College, Khandola

Amici Ad Familia

Years elapsed, in the blink of an eye
As the sands of Time, flew on by
With every encounter, a story yet to be told
A Few to keep close, worth their weight in gold

Along the way, many met and many gone
Some stayed, maybe it was the friends made, all along
To share our quirks, our laughs and tears
To stand by each other, together casting away fears

Whether known for decades, or weeks gone past
The ones who matter, are the ones who'll last
Every moment shared, turned to adventure
Every memory made, life's greatest pleasure

Some friendships fizzle and that's okay
For God knows who'll be there to stay
To the ones who remain and stand the test of time
To the ones who remain once you've passed your prime

Amici Ad Familia, they know You
A love that's shared, genuine and true
They are no longer friends you see
Now they've become akin to Family

—Shane Savio Fernandes
TYBA

No Words

How do you tell the night sky,
She's the prettiest thing you've ever seen;
In what ways could you tell the moon,
You're taken by his gorgeous gleam.
What can you do to show the sun,
You're still entranced in between;
Its sunrise, sunset, blazing warmth,
And dust glittering in each beam.
How do you hug the whole forest,
And label its every shade of green;
Or pour your love into the ocean,
Both when it's stormy and serene.
Now I have you right beside me,
But can't find the words for what I mean;
For you are everything and beyond,
What anyone could possibly dream.

—Keona Rajani
TYBA

The Tears of Rain

The sky was occupied
With all the raspy clouds—
Dense and huge,
With no spaces at all.

I felt they would crawl down
Slowly and gradually,
Till they reached the flesh
And then melt like cotton candy.

But they chose another way
To fall from that height:
In the form of drops,
Melting the cotton in the sky itself.

The drops fell on my eyelids
And slid down slowly,
As if they were expressing
The grief which I held back.

—Riya Ravindranath Redkar
FYBSc

Fish and Curry and Rice

A man stands at the edge of the dock,
At the edge of the world.
He lies in wait for his ship among the pelicans' amok,
With the anticipation of another travel unfurled.

A boy stands in front of a towering bungalow,
In front of a house not his own.
He sees his mother in the veranda,
Home is the smile on her face alone.

The man is assigned to his cabin,
A place to rest for the next seven months.
He sets down his luggage and looks around,
Just as a lost sailor does.

The boy sleeps on the floor; his mother by his side,
sleeps in wait for a new dawn to arise.
The boy does not dream,
for an easy sleep comes seldom in the world he lives in.

The man chops a fish,
standing in the kitchen he calls a job.
He looks at the raw ingredients of what will make today's lunch,
fish and curry and rice, a nostalgic prop.

The boy watches his mother cut up a hefty fish,
in the kitchen of the house, they reside in.
The Saheb has requested the following for today's meal:
rice and curry and fish without the skin.

The man sits at a table, makes small talk with his neighbour
over lunch and in a learned tongue.
He eats the food he has cooked; he thinks of tomorrow's lunch.
His mind does not slip to the old fish and curry and rice;
cooked in the kitchen of a house not his own.

The boy stands over soaked mud,
here lies the woman with the smile that held his only home.
He sets down the roses by the freshly carved stone,
mother, one day the whole world will be my own.

The ship rocks to a stop, a flurry of men hurrying down once anchored.
The man walks by a bustling road, turning a corner towards a rickety old door.

In and up ten steps and then another five,
by a narrow corridor with a neon sign.

“The usual, Francis?”

“The usual, Aunt Maria.”

“Babu! One plate of fish and curry and rice for the gentleman.”

—Kimberly Vales
SYBA

Wherefore in my Slumber

Wherefore in my slumber I am gutted
Still and paralysed with rough knives,
And now all reason persists, as spring cometh,
To abandon inactivity and listlessness.

By quiet springs and lush breadfruit boughs
I let go of my disquieting thoughts.
These dark murmurs of my mind lulled away,
And though my eyes cannot see yours

I plead to you to rest your essence next to mine.
For though I love your song as much as my own head.
Dear bird, beak, words, and wings may be too much
to rest. Harbinger of my spring,

Prey upon me like nectar,
And let me be your solace.

non-traditional sonnet written by Christie Fernandes
TYBA

Masquerade

A ball was held in the clouds,
in the month of June.
Near a breathtaking river,
that reflected the moon.
The breeze so warm,
But then, suddenly the wind blew cold
And clouds began to gather.

To greet a man in fancy clothes,
Who came climbing using ropes.
His mask, painted black and white
To hide the corruption hidden behind.
Oh! Don't be fooled by his appearance,
It's all just an illusion.

The clothes he wore were never truly his,
Just stolen from the public for his own greed.
He stood near the river to take a peep,
And saw foreign boats fishing and fish crying.
He reached out his hand, only pretending to save them.
He gave an evil smirk and vanished into the mist.

To the ball he went,
All glammed and spent.
Music played to a wicked melody,
He danced to every song, every party,
Only and only, for the sake of money.

Then when he got bored,
to entertain himself,
He turned the ball into a chess board.
And tossed each piece aside for more and more bribes.
Each string he pulled started a fight for religion and might.
His game of chess may never come to a satisfying end.
But the ball has come to an end.

Now I sit and ponder,
Was it really he? Was it really a ball?
No, I say it isn't he, it was them all.
It was a masquerade!
A masquerade of crooks and thieves.

—Ciana Gonsalves
SYBCom

78 Years And What are We Fighting For?

The irony of celebrating independence when not a single woman feels safe walking in our country, let alone a child who has just been conceived is not safe. Do you see how disturbing it sounds?

This is not a hypothetical. It is our reality.

As one person breathes to live, another, somewhere in this very nation, takes their last breath — often in injustice, silence, or agony.

And we still speak of independent India?

When freedom of speech is for the books and books alone, and in reality, uttering a word can destroy your life and identity.

What direction are we heading in?

A Secular Country? Hardly.

India is filled with politicians so pathetic they dig the poor man's grave to fill their pockets

The rich keep getting richer. The poor? Left to survive like vermin.

Propaganda is at its peak and society licks the politician's feet.

When will we open our eyes?

This, ultimately, is our doing. Yours and mine. We are the ones who vote them into power. We are the ones who feed the system that now feeds on us.

They wish for nothing, but dirt to befall us as they stand above our graves eating our fruit watered by our blood.

We are paying for every breath we take, our lives come with a receipt.

Development?

What we are witnessing is destruction.

If you fail to see it, perhaps it is time to consult a better ophthalmologist.

Old men, cloaked in law, making decisions for the "well-being" of women?

Pathetic. Disgusting

Ram the same rod they wield against women straight through their spines, then listen to the world howl, not at their cruelty, but at your rage of injustice,

Then watch us echo back your own poison: "What were you wearing, Judge?

You must have done something to tempt that rod."

They tear a woman's dignity from her bones and sew the blame into her skin. And when we scream, when we bleed, when we burn, we are called monsters for the violence inflicted upon us.

They turn our bodies into battlefields, and when we rise from the ashes, they fear the fire they lit.

What the hell have you done to us, Government?

What good have you done for your people?

The Government OF the people, BY the people, and FOR the people,
yet you choose to ignore every word of that definition.
Somewhere, your high school civics teachers must be proud.
(Sarcasm, by the way: the use of irony to mock or show contempt—just in case
you’ve forgotten your definitions.)
You are a failure.
And India? India is not just falling apart, but being torn down piece by piece by
the same people who swore to protect it, and nobody – nobody gives a damn.
Not until, the blood stains their shoes.
But by then?
By then, this nation will be
A graveyard paved with slogans, ashes, and lies.
Wake up
Or rot in the ruins of the country you helped destroy.

—Tavia De Souza
SYBA
@ink.and.flame

Clashes that Haunt the Present

The unsolved conflicts of today
Paving the way for the wars of tomorrow.
The unsaid things that create it,
Leading to the pains and sorrows.
The innocent suffer the wrath of the fire lit,
Just with the thought of happiness to borrow.
What are humans doing
When the biggest religion, “Humanity,” is pierced by an
arrow?
What minds are we made of,
Broad or narrow?
Such huge questions to ponder,
And even bigger deeds for tomorrow.

—Shanaika Pires
TYBSC

A Lost Love Letter

Heaps of emotions, nowhere to go,
A place to confide buried in the snow.
Quivering and falling, I was homesick
For those arms, unaware of what made me fall
Under his charm.

Crackling fire amidst the wilderness,
She started playing the lyre by the stream
In praise of her lover, cause he was her happiness.
Crowned by butterflies, hailed by swift winds,
Stars aligned above her, yet she feared
That all of this would soon be burned to ashes.

She wanted her heart to freeze,
Time to cease. Her life flashed before her,
With the constant urge to get submerged
Into those seven seas. Never to be born again,
Never to be seen, felt, touched, or heard again.

She sought relief, but it came in his form.
He picked her up piece by piece,
Trying to understand her puzzled mind.
She desired to hide in his invisible form,
Cry to him, lay her head on his shoulders,
But he was far away; their fingers couldn't intertwine.

He needed her; she needed him,
A thousand miles apart, yet connected
Through their hearts. How could life be so unfair
To these doves? Why couldn't they melt
Into each other's arms and shed tears?

But all I knew was that I would wait
For him, for years and years. I was for him;
He was for me. Together we dreamt
Of escaping the world's grasp, free
From rules, where loving would commence
And lamenting cease.

Our symphonies would synchronize,
No playing pretend or disguise.
Blessed by angels, swarmed by butterflies,
You are my angel in disguise;
My relief. In our love, I pledge to believe.

— Diksha Tupkar
TY BA

A Sonnet: My Love from a Star

My love for you is a distant fire,
Burning still, from so far out of reach.
In my soul, an inextinguishable desire,
For you, my love, that can't be suppressed with ease.

In dark nights, alone, I ache and sigh,
For the warmth of your presence in the light.
Yet I am but a moth in love; I fly
To an unfriendly flame, in this endless night.

In the silence, your voice I miss,
Thoughts of you fill up my empty days,
Giving me moments of heavenly bliss,
Though loneliness in my heart still weighs.

But in my dreams, I hold you tight,
And in my heart, your love still shines bright.

—Megan Gomes
SYBA

Words

Sometimes, a few words
Can mean more than they look.
A few sentences can describe
The endless feelings and emotions of a person.

Words have a unique power.
Words can make you happy,
Or be the reason for sadness.
Words can sometimes heal,
Or sometimes break one's feelings.

—Saisha Pednekar
FYBA

The Call Of Nature

Nature speaks to us in mysterious, tender ways:
The rustling of the leaves,
The howling wind,
The whispers of the night,
The hissing of the snake,
Raindrops drumming on the roof.

Clouds drift silently,
Across the canvas of an azure sky.
The earth's steady rotation,
The songbird's morning serenade at your window,
Waves crashing against the shore
With timeless force and might.

Pay heed to these voices, my friend.
They reveal the art of living,
If you listen closely, you shall know,
That beauty dwells in the simplest of things.

— Shrutika Padte
SYBA

Truth

Truth is heavy,
Not possible to weigh it.
Truth is visible,
Hardly do we see it.
Truth is difficult,
Hence not easy to achieve it.
Truth is the best companion,
Unfortunately we don't trust it.
Truth takes you on the right path,
But we stick to lies and our lives fall apart.
We should remember that a lie brings along several more.
And when a truth is revealed it shatters the lies galore.

— Ridaa Shah
SYBA

Xavier's – Where My Soul Found Home

In the city's cradle, calm yet wide,
Stood a haven where dreams reside.
St. Xavier's—more than bricks and stone,
A place where I was truly known.

A thousand souls I chanced to meet,
Each left an echo, soft and sweet.
Professors wise, with hearts so kind,
Who taught with love, and shaped my mind.

The classrooms breathed of thought and grace,
Each corner held a sacred place.
Laughter rang through timeless halls,
And learning danced upon the walls.

From sports day roars to fun week's flair,
Faith-filled nights and moments rare.
I found my voice, I found my spark
In WordsUp's light, I left my mark.

To host, to lead, to dare the stage,
To script my truth on every page.
The English halls—my heart's own land,
With AP's strength to help me stand.

Not just a college but a flame,
That burns within my very name.
A home away, yet close to soul,
A place that made my spirit whole.

So now, though far, I still belong,
To Xavier's my forever song.
For in its shade I came alive,
And through its love, I still survive.

— Cajetan Pereira
Batch of 2021-2024

The Tale of the Leaves

The falling leaves are looking at each other.
The green ones are just not in the mood to bother.
The yellow ones know this could be their fate, sooner or later.
For the falling ones seek empathy,
For the yellow ones fear the unseen,
But the green ones are living in the moment presently.

But all of them focus their energy on their journeys, whether it is yellow
or green;
A lesson to learn is jealousy.
As we all embark on different journeys,
How does it matter when our destinations are different wholly?
So let's just wait patiently for the sky to clear after an evening so stormy,
And a little rainbow to end everything calmly.

— Shanaika Pires
TYBSC

Memories

In the shadow of your absence, time slips away,
Yet your presence lingers in my memories,
A timeless ballet.
Darkness descended when you departed,
No guiding light, just a void left uncharted.

Can you return and embrace me once more?
In your arms, the solace I so implore.
Each day is a war, a struggle to endure,
Without you beside me, life feels obscure.

Living in a realm where shadows persist,
Haunted by the echoes of moments we missed.
The battle rages on, a soul's lonely strife,
Surviving, clinging to the fragments of our life.

Come back, be the beacon in my night,
Illuminate the path, make everything right.
In the void, your touch I yearn to find,
To mend the broken pieces of my heart, entwined.

—Esther Smila Gnana

Isolation

Was a child in the world, seeking love and affection,
Standing tall in a fractured home, devoid of interactions.
They say you think and create, but I had no infatuation with depression,
Wanting to fit in, started with good intentions.

Desired to be in the presence of like-minded individuals,
Intended to see life go by, like movies with visuals.
Through the rough times, to be in each other's company,
Lively exchanges, emotions submerged in reciprocity.

Looking out through the window, while others celebrate,
Being together brought pain, so I'd hesitate.
Staring into the abyss, searching for something to captivate,
In need of company, while fearing to be desperate.

They say live life with a smile and some positivity.
It isn't easy when you're drowning in their ridicule and negativity.
The one who I was, wasn't helping; I needed clarity.
Constantly burdened with sadness, due to the disparity.

Felt like I needed to talk, but all I saw were walls,
Closing in tighter, while no one heard my calls.
The heart aches in desperation,
When you have to drag yourself through isolation.

In rough times, when you seek the truth,
The hidden games, played by those who are aloof.
Constant hatred doesn't reflect who I am,
Just demonstrates the fact that they aren't them.

Not the ones who care, but those who envy, beware!
The ones who struggle with vulnerability, and hate the ones who dare.
Our immaturity clouds our knowledge of what to care for,
What matters is the fact, if for yourself, you'll be there.

No directions for the right way in life, to deal with the ones who left,
Had to build myself stronger, brick by brick, not what they snapped.
Staring at screens instead of eyes that show love,
Guess I had to rap it up, just to wrap it up.

—Ansh Gawandi
TYBSc Physics

Elegy For The Me I Couldn't Save

Today I found another bruise
blooming on my soul like a funeral rose.
Pressed my thumb to the purple ache
just to feel something honest.

The shower runs too hot—
I scrub until my skin whispers *"almost clean"*
but the shame stays tattooed
in the bend of my elbows,
the backs of my knees.

Some days I wear my sadness
like a bridal gown,
trailing rot and moth-eaten lace.
Other days it's just a noose
I keep forgetting to kick the chair from.

The pills rattle in their plastic coffin.
The ceiling cracks form constellations.
I count them instead of sheep:
that one looks like father's fist
that one like mother's turned back
that one like the shape my mouth made
the first time I begged to disappear

Midnight. The mirror shows me
what's left after the love is scraped away
just a raw, weeping thing
too ugly to live
too cowardly to die.

I kiss my reflection goodnight,
taste blood and lithium.
Tomorrow the sun will rise
like a careless executioner
and I'll pretend
that's enough reason
to open my eyes.

—Abner Fernandes
TYBA

ARTICLES

The Joyful Companion Who Turns Stress into Smiles

At the center of my daily life is Snoopy, my delightful white furry friend, who brings endless happiness to me every day. Growing up with him has been a delightful journey filled with countless memories and boundless affection. Every day, as I return from college, Snoopy's excitement is palpable. His tail wags furiously, and his bright eyes light up with pure happiness, creating a warm welcome that never fails to lift my spirits.

Our daily walks have become a treasured part of our routine—a special time when we both get to relax and enjoy the fresh air together. Snoopy's enthusiasm and affection serve as the perfect antidote to the stresses of academic life. His presence is a constant reminder of the simple pleasures in life. Petting him and spending quality time together isn't just about relaxation; it's a therapeutic experience that helps me reset my mind and find solace amid the pressures of college.

Snoopy's constant loyalty and cheerful spirit make him so much more than just a pet. He's a true friend who brings comfort and joy, turning every walk and moment into something special. Through his boundless energy and loving nature, Snoopy proves that sometimes the best stress relief comes in the form of a wagging tail and a warm, furry hug.

— Joshua Lobo
TYBA



The Language of Bread

The waft of freshly baked bread, while you pass by a bakery or simply when your neighbourhood baker reaches your door step with a basket full of a smorgasbord of bread, it leaves you spellbound and makes it hard to resist.

Bread can be distributed into various categories according to their main ingredient and all may taste differently. We have the three most popular ones, that is the White Bread, Brown bread and Wholemeal bread.

The world's bread basket has a range of scrumptious varieties of bread available like the Bagel from Eastern Europe, Ciabatta of Italian origin 'Olive bread', Croissant a rich flaky breakfast roll shaped as a crescent and the Chapatti along with the Naan straight from India.

As we come down over to the South of Indian Western coast, we spot Goa. Where the art of baking was passed on by the Portuguese in Goa, the Sur or Toddy being the main ingredient that made the Goan bread rise and shine like no other.

The nostalgic Goan bread variety does not stop at a single one but leaves us craving for more of the delights.

The Pao Is the most popular square- shaped bread and the Katro pao is another iconic bread of Goa which literally gets its name from the term 'Kator' as it is crafted precisely with the help of scissors and is relished with any Goan spicy gravy. The Undo bread is highly distinctive given it's obvious round shape and a slit in the middle. If one is looking for a healthier option Poi is the best alternative. It is flatter than others, has a Wheat bran outer layer and is ideal for stuffing with the Goan famous sausage a Goan delicacy. And last but not the least we have the Kakon pao which has a robust baked essence. It is shaped like a donut and gets its name from the Konkani term bangle. As this bread has a crispy dry texture it can be stored for at the most two days and is a perfect companion along with a hot aromatic cup of tea.

The language of bread is a harmonious narrative that has been passed down for generations. When the sun rises, it's not just the rooster that wakes us up, it is the bread man taking his daily rounds at dawn in the neighbourhood leaving behind the sweet whiff of bread to reminisce and awaken our heritage.

—Joyce Fernandes
SYBA

Navigating Life's Purpose: A Journey of Self-Discovery

Life is an intricate tapestry woven with questions: What are you doing? Why are you doing it? Where are you going? These queries echo in the minds of many, creating a symphony of introspection. While some find solace in clear answers, others grapple with the complexity of uncertainty. The journey towards self-discovery and a defined purpose is a common struggle, with some individuals navigating effortlessly, while others meander through the currents of uncertainty.

Having a clear goal and a sense of direction signifies a sorted mindset. It signifies an individual who has deciphered the intricate roadmap of their aspirations.

However, for many, defining a purpose can be an arduous task. The struggle lies in moving forward without a predefined destination, simply going with the ebb and flow of life.

Constantly questioning one's desires and ambitions is a part of the process for those who are yet to unravel their life's purpose. The search for meaning, identity, and a sense of accomplishment propels individuals to introspect tirelessly. Motivation becomes their compass, and challenging work their vehicle on this journey towards self-discovery.

In the face of unanswered questions and the uncertainty that shrouds the path ahead, individuals persevere with unwavering determination. Every step forward is a testament to their resilience and their refusal to succumb to the challenges of life.

Despite the absence of clear answers, they press on, driven by a flicker of hope and a belief that purpose will reveal itself at the right time.

In times of doubt, it is crucial to remember that the right moment may not have arrived yet. Patience, hope, and faith become guiding lights, reassuring individuals that the creator has a purpose for their existence. In this journey of self-discovery, one should not yield, for the road ahead holds the promise of revelation.

— Esther Smila Gnana

All Things Have a Purpose

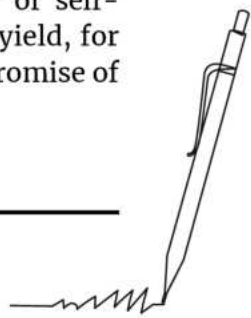
As humans attain the highest level on the hierarchy of needs, they begin to turn their focus inward, questioning the nature of their very existence. Across cultures and throughout history, we have pondered the 'Purpose of Life' for decades. Alike but not identical, different cultures have varied perspectives on the idea that 'everything has a purpose.' For instance, the Japanese concept of *ikigai* refers to the idea that everyone has a unique purpose or reason for being that brings them joy and meaning. In many Eastern philosophies like Hinduism and Buddhism, the concept of *dharma* implies that everything has a specific role. The ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle argued that everything in the natural world, including inanimate objects, has an inherent intention or final cause.

It is an intriguing possibility that everything, from the tiniest particles to the largest animals, serves a distinct purpose. Let's illustrate it like this: Imagine time as an infinite 2-D plane.

All things, objects, and people flow as straight lines, intersecting only to create other objects and events. The journey of one object ends when another object is created, or when its purpose is served.

Let's look at a particle of dirt. Each particle of dirt will come together to form the growing beds of a seed that later sprouts into a tree. Each is vital for the growth of new life. The particle of soil is no more itself but becomes part of the soil, ending its life as an individual molecule as its purpose is fulfilled.

If an entity were to take a different direction, its journey on the time plane would eventually collide with other objects, giving rise to alternative events.



Let's look at the molecule of dirt again. Imagine that same molecule of dust, taking an alternative path, traveling through the air, and eventually finding its way into a person's eye. This could cause irritation and potentially lead to an accident if the person were driving at the time. The dust particle's presence in the person's eye could trigger a chain reaction, setting off a whole new series of events. Even the tiniest change in its placement can alter the entire course of events.

Therefore, all the actions we take and the things we do have a predetermined time, place, and purpose. It is a remarkable understanding that something as seemingly insignificant as a speck of dust may have so much purpose and meaning, reassuring us that human destiny is even greater.

Our questions may be ever-growing, but let it be as simple as this: all things matter, big or small, for everything is the result of something else. The tiniest of actions can lead to the biggest of situations. Everyone has a part to play. Irrespective of whether or not your worth is known to you, rest assured that every action of yours brings about a change in the time plane. Each move you make is valued because even a tiny gesture can make up an entire event. Every breath you take makes a change somewhere and to someone.

And so, dear readers, as long as the sun shines above and waters flow on, know that your very existence has a purpose.

- Astrid Rachel D. Mello
SYBA

SCRIPTS

The Monkey's Paw

A play adapted from the short story "The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs, performed at Pegasus Nexus 2024.

Dramatis Personae

Mr. White	The Father
Mrs. White	The Mother
Sergeant Major Morris	A friend of Mr. White
Herbert White	Son of Mr. and Mrs. White
An unnamed employee of Maw Megins	
Port official	

ACT I

The White family is seated at the fireplace, engaged in a warm and pleasant conversation on a cold and dark day. Mr. White and Herbert are playing chess while Mrs. White watches on.

Mr. White: Oh! That was quite the move, you cheeky fellow.

Herbert: Haha! I've learnt from the best father. (Both laugh together and pat each other on the back)

Mrs. White: My dear Herbert, is such a good son
We had him when I was
Just short of forty-one

Mr. White: Son your queen is quite the pain
Ooh!!!! Listen to the rain

Herbert: Yes, it's a bad night
It's not a good night to be out tonight
Isn't Tom Morris coming to give you a fright?

Mr. White: Yes, you're right
At 7 pm when it's quiet...

Herbert: Listen there's someone at the door now

Mr. White: I didn't hear anything, wow!
(Goes to open the door)

Mr. White:
Come in! Come in, Tom.
It's wonderful to see you again!
In here, it's cosy and really warm,
This cold night is such a bane.
(Sergeant Enters the room)

Mr. White:
This is Tom Morris, my friend.
We have been friends since we were young,
He left for India in the end.
This is my wife and this is my son.

Sergeant Morris: Pleased to meet you

Mrs. White: Pleased to have met you,
Have a seat.

Mr. White: Let's have some whisky,
And keep from being frisky.
Something to keep you warm,
And keep at bay the storm.

Narrator: Mr. White goes on to tell his family about his friend
Sergeant Morris, who worked in India for 21 years.

Herbert: Elephants, bazaars and fairs
Someday, I'd like to go there.

Mr. White: Oh, Herbert!!!!

Sergeant Morris: Herbert, it would be best if you stayed here
You would be safe with Mummy dear.

Mr. White: Your stories have always left us in awe
What was that about a monkey's paw?

Sergeant Morris: Nothing important that's for sure!

Herbert: Come on, Sergeant Morris, you have to tell us more!

Narrator: The sergeant kept his whiskey down and slowly pulled out
something from his coat. The family watched with great
interest.

Mrs. White and Mr. White: (Together) What is it? What is it?

Sergeant: Look at it ... it's a little paw
A monkey's paw!!!

This Monkey's Paw is Magic.
It will bring luck to you that is tragic!
This paw grants you three wishes,
But high chances you'll be sleeping with the fishes.

Narrator: The sergeant explained that his close friend was a victim of the cursed monkey's paw. The friend's last wish was to die. The monkey's paw and other belongings went to the sergeant as the friend had no immediate family. The sergeant himself had lost his family to one of his wishes and finally wanted to rid himself of the cursed paw.

Mr. White: I like to keep that paw for myself

Rather than sitting on a shelf.

Sergeant: No, I never do that to a friend.

For into hell, you would descend.

Narrator: Mr. White grabs the paw and is now asking for instruction on how to make a wish with a rather disappointed Sergeant looking on.

Herbert: Yes, come on, Father, make a wish.

Sergeant Morris – (in a defeated tone) take the paw in your right hand

And make your wish.

Mr. White: I think I will wish.

Choice one: 200 pounds. I think I felt the paw move (throws the paw to the floor)

Choice two: Herbert gets to visit India

The sergeant leaves in a huff after failing to convince the family.

ACT II

The next morning

Option 1

Mrs. White: I suppose all soldiers are the same.

They make up tales to earn a little fame.

Herbert: The money you wished will now fall on your head.

Don't grow rich until I'm dead...Haha...

I'm off to work. Love you Ma and Pa.

Narrator: Herbert leaves to work, and after an hour...

Mrs. White: Herbert always has something funny to say.

Mr. White: That paw moved yesterday in a funny way.

Narrator: Suddenly, Mrs. White caught a glimpse of a man wandering outside the yard. She suddenly made a mental connection with the 200 pounds that her husband had wished for. She then went out and welcomed the stranger into the house.

Employee of Maw and Megins:

I come from Maw and Megins

There's been an accident

I'm to give you a cheque of 200 pounds worth.
I'm sorry your son's badly hurt,
He got caught in the machinery.
Squished now,
I'm sure you'll miss him dearly.
(Both parents fall to the floor wailing)

Option 2

Narrator: So, Herbert was sent to India on an important work mission. It was something that he wished to do after listening to the fascinating stories of the sergeant. His parents urgently awaited a call of him reaching the land of his dreams.

Mrs. White: Our Herbert should have reached India yesterday.

Mr. White: The boy wished to see strange and exotic things.

Mrs. White: Herbert always has something funny to say.

Narrator: Suddenly, Mrs. White caught a glimpse of a man wandering outside the yard. She then went out to find out who the man was.

Port official:

I come from the Heathrow port
There's been a sunk.
Your son has drowned.
As the accident was harsh.
It was my job to let you know the cause.
I'm so sorry for your loss.

(Both parents fall to the floor wailing)

ACT III

Narrator: And so, night after night they endured once they buried their son after his body was brought back home to England. Days passed and they realized they had to accept the situation of their beloved son's death. This took a great toll of the health of Mrs. White.

Mr. White: Come back to bed, it's awfully cold today.

Mrs. White: My poor boy is in a colder place that's grey.

Mr. White: Come back to sleep, the ice in your heart shall surely thaw.

Mrs. White: The PAWW! The MONKEY'S PAWWW!

I want my boy back.
Use the second wish and,
Wish him back!!!

Mr. White: No, think of the consequences, it can't happen—

Mrs. White: Fetch it now and bring him back! WISH! WISH!! NOW!!!

Mr. White: I wish our son back.... (the paw moves and falls under the bed...
after a while)

See nothing happened now go to sleep.

Let us not weep.

(A loud banging is heard on the doors)

Mrs. White: What is that?... My boy is back... What is that?.... My boy is back... (she runs to the door to open it)

Mr. White: For God's sake, don't let it in!!!

Mrs. White: Are you scared of our little boy Herbert

It's Herbert!!

The top lock ...I've got to reach the top lock!!

Mr. White: Where has that cursed monkey's paw fled?

It's under the bed.

Narrator: The banging grew louder and louder, and Mrs. White found a tall chair to finally unlock that door.

Choice one - He doesn't find the monkey's paw in time.

Mrs. White: Herbert, my baby ... Mama will make things right

My bonny boy, my only delight.

Narrator: She manages to open the door, and after a brief silence ... the terror begins to unfold.

Herbert: MAMA! Here's Herbert!!! Mana!

Mrs. White: No, Herbert! No!!

(The monstrous Herbert kills his mother).

Mr. White: My dear... I wish my son to go back to the dead.

(Sudden silence. He holds his heart).

Mr. White: Tis over. Be careful what you wish for, for you may receive it.

Mr. white gradually closes his eyes, holds his heart tight and falls to the floor dead (sound of beating heart in the background).

THE END

Choice two- He finds the monkey's paw in time.

Mrs. White: Herbert, my baby... Mama will make things right

My bonny boy, my only delight.

(Banging on the door intensifies, and Mr. White is finally able to stretch under the bed and take the paw by his arm)

Mr. White: My dear... I wish my son to Hell he head back.

(The banging stops, followed by silence)

Mrs. White: My love... He is gone... He is gone... Where are you?

(Sudden silence. Mr. White holds his heart).

Mr. White: Tis over. Be careful what you wish for, for you may receive it.

Mr. white gradually closes his eyes holds his heart tight and falls to the floor dead (sound of beating heart in the background).

THE END

-Sir Aaron -Paul Fernandes
Assistant Professor
Department of English

The Wish

performed at Don Bosco State-level One Act Play Competition

Dramatis Personae

Naina
Shreya
Karthik
Shreya
Tina

ACT I

It was a perfect evening at the café. Naina, Tina, Karthik, and Shreya sat together, their spirits bright, enjoying the start of the Diwali vacations.

Naina: (excitedly) I'm so glad Diwali is finally here

Shreya, always noticing the finer details, smiled and admired the cozy setting

Shreya: What a lovely café

Tina always has her phone in hand, caught sight of the aesthetic surroundings, and her excitement grew.

Tina: Oh, perfect for pictures!

They all laughed and chatted, unaware of what was about to unfold.
(Light dims)

Naina: (Her eyes drawn to the centre of the table) Such a beautiful Akashdeep.

Her voice filled with admiration. Karthik, never one to resist fixing things, approached it with curiosity.

Karthik: Let's light it. (As he tinkered with the Akashdeep. But something felt off.)
Must be broken.

He gives it two quick taps. In an instant, the Akashdeep flickered to life. From behind the round table, something emerges: a blue Genie appears, his presence surreal, like something from an ancient tale. Everyone froze.

Genie: (his voice echoing with mystical energy) Welcome to you all at the 'As You Wish Café'. I've been in the Akashdeep for a thousand years, and now that you've set me free, I will grant whatever you wish for.

The group remained still, eyes wide with disbelief.

Karthik: (trembled with excitement) Whatever we wish for?

Naina: (in cautious distrust) What's going on here? What kind of scam is this?

Karthik wasn't listening. His mind was racing, the possibilities overwhelming him.

Karthik: Guys, this is my chance, I can't wear what I want because of how I look. I'm tired of people judging me. I don't want to look this way anymore. I just want to be... Ripped! (His voice carried a desperation) Genie, make me muscular!

Genie: (nods slowly) As you wish, Sir.

The Genie bends down to pick up a cloth

Step behind this curtain, and you will get the body you desire.

Karthik hesitated for just a moment before stepping behind the curtain. The curtain dropped. His shoulders broader, his chest puffed, his arms bulging with muscles he had only dreamed of. He touched his new form in awe.

Karthik: Thank you, Genie. I'm beefed up.

The rest of the group stared in shock, still processing the scene that had just unfolded before their eyes. Tina's eyes lit up, and with a quick motion, she whipped out her phone.

Tina: I post on Instagram every four hours; I don't eat until I take a picture. I do every trending challenge. But nobody likes my posts... am I not interesting? (demandingly) I want a Billion likes on every post, on every reel, on every story! Genie, make it happen!

Genie: (bows slightly) As you wish, Ma'am.

Tina: (Instantaneously, Tina's phone began to ping with notifications) Guys, it's happening! Everyone likes me so much! (Squeals and hugs the Genie tightly).

The others watched with growing concern as her joy spiralled into obsession.

Genie! Where were you all this time?

She cried out, her heart now enslaved by validation. Naina clutches the Akashdeep tightly.

Naina: (in a low voice filled with longing) Genie, as for me... I just want to be loved. All my friends have found love except me. Don't I deserve it too?

Shreya, always the voice of reason, tries to comfort her.

Shreya: I'm sure there's someone special for you

Naina: But where is he now? I'm so tired of being the third wheel. I just want a relationship of my own.

Genie: As you wish, Ma'am

With a clap, a man appears from the audience with a rose tucked in his pocket and a guitar in his hand.

Zuriel: HEY!

Zuriel begins to sing. He sings a gentle melody and makes his way onstage, offering her the rose, and her face flushes with joy.

But as Naina passed the Akashdeep on to Shreya, the mood shifted.

Genie: (turned to her) Ma'am, what do you wish for?

Shreya's voice was quiet, filled with the weight of memories.

Shreya: Growing up, there was always a fight at home, always some violence...
(Her voice trailed off)

Naina: You don't have to tell us if it's too traumatic—

Karthik: —Just wish it away.

Shreya: I would like to wish it away, but I know if I did, I wouldn't be who I am today. (Pause) When people look at me and see what I've overcome, they're encouraged. How could I possibly wish that away?

It dawned on them all—their wishes had only deepened their emptiness. They had been so preoccupied with who they wanted to be that they had forgotten who they truly were.

Tina: (to the Genie) Genie, grant us one last wish.

Genie: As you wish, my lord. What is your last wish?

Everyone: (nod amongst themselves with newfound clarity) Genie, take it all back.

The Genie paused, his smile growing wider, and with a final wave of his hand, he granted their last wish. He took back the muscles, the likes, the lover—everything.

In the quiet that followed, the friends looked at one another, and for the first time that evening, they smiled—not because of what they had gained, but because of what they had let go.

The Akashdeep light long faded, but they're inner light began to glow.

Soft music plays, and the scene comes to a peaceful close.

They all bow and together: The real light shines within us

-Sheronne Dias
SYMassComm

Movie Reviews

Dead Poets Society: A Stirring Ode to Individuality and Passion

Director: Peter Weir

Starring: Robin Williams, Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke

Genre: Drama

Runtime: 2 hours 8 minutes

Rating: 4.5/5

Dead Poets Society is a film that lingers in the hearts of its viewers, not only for its moving performances and aesthetic beauty but for the powerful message it carries about the importance of self-expression, free thought, and the pursuit of one's passion. Directed by Peter Weir and released in 1989, the film is an emotional and intellectual exploration of how individuals can break free from societal expectations and find their authentic voice. Though not without its flaws, the movie's thematic depth and inspirational undertones make it a classic.

Set in the conservative Welton Academy, a prestigious all-boys preparatory school in 1959, *Dead Poets Society* follows a group of students whose lives are transformed by their new English teacher, Mr. John Keating (played by Robin Williams). With his unconventional teaching methods, Mr. Keating encourages his students to "seize the day" (*carpe diem*) and live life to the fullest, challenging the rigid and traditional values of the institution.

At the heart of the story is Neil Perry (Robert Sean Leonard), a talented student caught between his own dreams of becoming an actor and the suffocating expectations of his authoritarian father. His friend, Todd Anderson (Ethan Hawke), is a shy and insecure student who gradually begins to find his voice under Keating's guidance. Along with their classmates, they revive the "Dead Poets Society," a secret group where they meet to read poetry and discuss life, love, and passion.

At its core, *Dead Poets Society* is about the battle between individualism and conformity. Mr. Keating serves as a beacon of free thought, urging the boys to question the status quo and think for themselves. His mantra, "*Carpe diem*," encapsulates the essence of youthful exuberance and the potential for self-discovery.

This theme is most poignantly explored through Neil, whose internal struggle between pursuing his passion for acting and submitting to his father's demands creates a powerful emotional conflict. Neil's journey is both uplifting and tragic, symbolizing the harsh realities of repression and the consequences of denying one's true self. Meanwhile, Todd's gradual transformation from a timid, self-doubting boy into a confident young man is one of the film's most uplifting character arcs, showing the power of encouragement and self-expression.

Robin Williams delivers one of his most iconic performances as Mr. Keating. His portrayal strikes a delicate balance between humor and heartfelt sincerity. Robert Sean Leonard (Neil) and Ethan Hawke (Todd) also give standout performances, particularly in their characters' emotional arcs, with Hawke's portrayal of Todd's transformation being especially compelling.

Peter Weir's direction effectively captures the tension between conformity and rebellion. The muted, autumnal tones of Welton Academy's setting reinforce the film's themes of repression and fleeting youth. John Seale's cinematography highlights both the grandeur of the academy and the intimate, emotional moments of the characters, creating visually memorable scenes. The film's most striking scenes—such as the boys standing on their desks in tribute to Mr. Keating—are beautifully framed, making them visually and emotionally impactful.

Movie Reviews

What sets *Dead Poets Society* apart from many other coming-of-age dramas is its intellectual richness. The film does not merely present its characters as rebellious teenagers; it delves into philosophical ideas about the purpose of life, the role of art, and the tension between tradition and change. Poetry is used as a vehicle for these ideas, with the works of Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, and Lord Byron serving as touchstones for the characters' journeys of self-discovery.

The film also taps into universal themes that resonate with viewers of all ages: the pressures of expectation, the desire to find meaning in life, and the courage it takes to be true to oneself. Keating's lessons on seizing the day are as relevant today as they were when the film was made, making it a timeless piece of cinema.

While *Dead Poets Society* is emotionally powerful, it occasionally falters in pacing. Some scenes feel slightly drawn out, while others—especially toward the end—rush through key emotional beats. Neil's tragic arc, while heartbreaking, feels somewhat abrupt, and some viewers might feel the film leans a bit heavily into sentimentality.

Dead Poets Society stands as a profound meditation on the tension between societal expectations and personal freedom. Its exploration of the delicate balance between following one's dreams and adhering to external pressures is especially resonant for young audiences, but its message transcends age and time. *Dead Poets Society* serves as a reminder that art, poetry, and the pursuit of one's true self are vital elements of a life well-lived.

Ultimately, the film's message delivered is one of empowerment: encouraging us to live with purpose, embrace our individuality, and never be afraid to stand up and declare, "O Captain! My Captain!" to those who inspire us.

~Kelly D'Souza, SYBA

Movie Reviews

How Do You Live? Reviewing 'The Boy and The Heron'

Humans morphing into pigs, moving castles and talking cats. Sounds bizarre, right? If you have ever watched a Ghibli movie, you must be familiar with the absurd and compelling storyline that Director Hayao Miyazaki employs in his movies.

After a decade-long hiatus, Hayao Miyazaki, the 83-year-old director of Studio Ghibli and the mastermind behind movies like 'Spirited Away' and 'Howl's Moving Castle' returned with another profound movie 'The Boy and the Heron'. It is inspired by Miyazaki's favourite childhood novel "How Do You Live?" By Genzaburo Yoshino.

This movie will leave you on the edge of your seat while you try to unravel the absurdity. Believe me when I say you will be perplexed beyond imagination. It is the kind of film that sweeps you into a dreamlike state. It took me a re-watch and background research on Miyazaki's life to finally understand the symbolism and meaning behind the Oscar-winning Best Animated Feature Film.

This semi-autobiographical movie starts on a seemingly chaotic note with sounds of sirens blaring, and the protagonist, a young boy named Mahito, speeding through a crowd and into the flames of a burning hospital that has just been bombed. The surreal odyssey starts when Mahito and his father relocate to the countryside. The movie almost has an 'Alice in Wonderland' vibe to it. Mahito's encounter with a grey heron changes his life when he follows him into a mysterious fantasy world, and he must now make certain choices that will decide the fate of his life. Throughout the movie, Mahito is haunted by his disturbing past, as he struggles to understand the strange happenings. He must also discover the boundaries between life and death, reality and dreams.

Every artist of any medium puts a little bit of themselves into their work. This movie is an allegory of Miyazaki's dying legacy and the perilous future of Studio Ghibli. The most unique feature of any Ghibli movie is that every frame is hand-drawn with precision and detail, which breathes life into the movie, making the animation come alive. Furthermore, the film's beautiful musical score, composed by the acclaimed Joe Hisaishi, enriches every scene with an emotional depth.

This movie left me deeply contemplating the question, "How do we truly live?" In a world often consumed by violence and malice, how do we find peace? Through this movie, Miyazaki imparts a powerful message: we must learn to cope with loss and confront our past. He suggests that the only way to live meaningfully is to strive to contribute something valuable to the world.

If you have never watched a Ghibli movie, you are missing out on the good things in life. To fully appreciate this movie, you need to find beauty in the simple moments that often go unnoticed. Don't be discouraged if the movie doesn't make sense at first—watch it again and again. Keep watching until it teaches you how to live.

~Shrutika Padte, SYBA

RECIPES

Caramelized Onion and Pumpkin Soup

Cook Time: 1 hour

Serves: 5

Although caramelizing onions takes up quite a bit of time, it is worth the flavorful and decadent dish you would be left with. This pumpkin soup is the perfect comfort meal for a relaxing night in.

Ingredients

- 1 small pumpkin, diced in cubes
- 1 large onion, finely sliced
- 4 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 teaspoon fresh grated ginger
- 3 cloves
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons olive oil/butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 4 cups water
- 1 teaspoon ground pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon fresh cream, for garnish, optional
- Microgreens, for garnish, optional

Instructions

1. Heat the olive oil in a pot over medium heat. Add the onion and salt.
2. Sauté the onions every few minutes until it softens and turns brown. If the pot gets too dry, or the onions start to burn or stick, deglaze the pot with a tablespoon of water. The onions are caramelized once they are uniformly deep golden brown.
3. Add the garlic, ginger, cumin, cinnamon, paprika, and pepper, and sauté for about a minute until the spices are fragrant.
4. Add the chopped pumpkin, water, cloves, and bay leaf and stir to combine. Simmer for about 20 minutes until the pumpkin is cooked.


5. Once the pumpkin is cooked, fish out the cloves and bay leaf and allow it to cool down or a few minutes.
6. Transfer to a blender and blend until smooth. If the soup is too thick, add water to reach your desired consistency. Add more salt if required.
7. Pour the soup into a bowl and garnish with fresh cream, black pepper, and microgreens.

Bon Appetit!

— Alexia Pereira, FYBA

Chicken Cafreal

Ingredients:



- 1 kg chicken pieces (boneless, skinless)
- 1/2 cup green chutney (see below for recipe)
- 1/2 cup oil
- 2 onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 teaspoon cumin seeds
- 1 teaspoon coriander seeds
- 1/2 teaspoon turmeric powder
- 1/2 teaspoon red chili powder
- Salt, to taste
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons water
- Fresh cilantro, for garnish

Green Chutney:

- 1 cup fresh cilantro leaves
- 1/2 cup green chilies
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/2 teaspoon cumin seeds
- Salt, to taste
- 1/4 cup water

Instructions:

- 1 In a blender, grind the green chutney ingredients into a smooth paste.
- 2 In a large bowl, mix together the chicken pieces, green chutney, oil, onions, garlic, cumin seeds, coriander seeds, turmeric powder, red chili powder, and salt.
- 3 Mix well and refrigerate for at least 2 hours or overnight.
- 4 Heat oil in a large pan over medium heat. Add the marinated chicken and cook until browned on all sides.
- 5 Add the vinegar, water, and salt. Mix well and bring to a boil.
- 6 Reduce the heat to low and simmer, covered, for 20-25 minutes or until the chicken is cooked through.
- 7 Garnish with fresh cilantro and serve with rice or roti.

Tips:

Use boneless, skinless chicken pieces for a more tender and juicy texture.
Adjust the amount of green chilies according to your desired level of spiciness.
You can also add potatoes or other vegetables to the dish if you prefer.

—Amanda Freitas, TYBA

Garlic Prawns

Ingredients:

- 1 pound large prawns, peeled and deveined
- 6-8 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 teaspoon grated ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon cumin powder
- 1/2 teaspoon coriander powder
- 1/4 teaspoon turmeric powder
- 1/4 teaspoon red chili powder (optional)
- Salt, to taste
- Fresh cilantro, for garnish
- Lemon wedges, for serving

Instructions:

1. Heat butter and oil in a pan over medium heat.
2. Add garlic, ginger, cumin, coriander, turmeric, and chili powder (if using). Saute until fragrant.
3. Add prawns and saute until they turn pink (about 2-3 minutes per side).
4. Season with salt to taste.
5. Garnish with cilantro and serve with lemon wedges.

Tips:

- Use a mixture of butter and oil for added richness.
- Don't overcook the prawns; they should be succulent and pink.
- Adjust the amount of chili powder to your desired level of spiciness.

—Amanda Freitas, TYBA



White Sauce Pasta

This recipe is super simple, fast and tasty. Many times, we buy ready-made pasta packets and are unaware of the ingredients in the ready-made mixes. This is a very convenient alternative. This is not a traditional Italian recipe or a professional recipe, but rather it is something that many novice cooks can make whenever hunger strikes.

Yield: 1 serving

Ingredients:

1 cup Macaroni
2 tablespoons Butter
1 tablespoon Corn starch
2 cups Milk
1 slice of cheese
1 tomato
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Corn
Salt to taste
2 teaspoons Sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Oregano
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Chilli flakes

Instructions:

- 1) Heat butter and cornstarch in a pan until it turns golden brown.
- 2) Quickly add the milk.
- 3) You can boil the macaroni separately or boil it in the milk itself as per your convenience (If you're boiling the pasta in the milk itself, then make sure the pasta is fully submerged. If not, add water. There is no harm in adding water as it will eventually evaporate).
- 4) Add corn, salt, sugar and pepper and let it boil. (Give it a taste and make adjustments as required)
- 5) If you have cooked the pasta with the sauce, check if the pasta is cooked.
- 6) Add sliced cheese and mix.
- 7) If you are boiling the pasta separately, add it at this stage.
- 8) Add chopped tomatoes, oregano and chilli flakes.
- 9) The pasta is ready to serve.

Bon Appétit!

— Linnes Rodrigues, SYBA

Lady Wingshot (Mocktail)

I'm a beverage enthusiast and mocktails for sure have been my favourite among them all, having made so many memories over a glass of Shirley Temple, virgin strawberry daiquiri or something as classic as a mojito. This drink is a modern version of a clear smoked Pina Colada. If you already are someone who enjoys making mocktails I hope you love this one as much as I do and if this is your first time making one I wish you luck upon turning a new leaf over as I did .

Recipe (1 portion)

Step 1

Peels of 3 oranges

Equal amount of weight in Castor sugar

Combine the 2, muddle lightly and leave overnight. Add hot water to the mix the next day and strain.

This syrup is called Oleo Saccharum which means Oil Sugar. A creative method to reduce wastage and increase the sustainability of an ingredient.

Step 2

30ml Svami Non-Alcoholic Gin and Tonic

120ml Orange Juice blended with a few peppercorns (canned juice won't work)

5ml Oleo Saccharum

20ml Lime Juice

Combine these and smoke with tea through a strainer/ or keep a steel bowl with burning tea leaves floating in the mix (the burning leaves shouldn't get in the drink)

Step 3

Heat 20ml Full Fat Milk

Heat the mix of step 1 as well

Pour mix of step 1 into mix of step 2 while stirring and leave it to rest for an hour (here it curdles)

Step 4:

Filter through muslin cloth/V60,

filter second time if the drink is not clear, this will take about 4-5 hours

Pour the clarified mix in a highball glass with clear ice (if no clear ice, just put it in a clear coupe)

Top off with 10 ml tonic water

Garnish with a charred orange.

BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

1. Dissolving Classroom by Junji Ito

This manga by the master of horror, Junji Ito, is a nightmarish journey into the grotesque. The story follows two siblings, Yuuma and Chizumi, who move to different towns, leaving behind a trail of disturbing events. Yuuma is seemingly polite and apologetic to an unnerving degree, but his apologies have terrifying, supernatural consequences. The narrative explores themes of guilt, innocence, and the dark side of human nature, all wrapped in Ito's signature chilling and unsettling artwork. The manga is a quick but disturbing read, perfect for fans of psychological and body horror.

2. Daisy Jones & The Six by Taylor Jenkins Reid

Written in an oral history format, "Daisy Jones & The Six" reads like a documentary transcript, piecing together the rise and fall of a fictional 1970s rock band. The book captures the chaotic energy, raw emotion, and complex relationships within the band, particularly focusing on the electrifying but tumultuous dynamic between lead singer Daisy Jones and the band's charismatic leader, Billy Dunne. The novel explores themes of fame, addiction, love, and the cost of artistic success. Reid's ability to create vivid, fully realized characters makes the story feel almost too real, and you'll find yourself wishing you could listen to the band's music.

3. If Cats Disappeared from the World by Genki Kawamura

This philosophical and heartwarming novel follows the life of a young man who, after being diagnosed with a terminal illness, is approached by the devil. The devil offers him a deal: for each day he wants to live longer, he must choose one thing to erase from the world forever. As the protagonist makes these difficult choices starting with phones, movies, clocks, and eventually, cats—the story delves into the meaning of life, the value of everyday objects, and what truly matters in life. The narrative is deeply introspective and poignant, leaving readers to contemplate their own lives and the things they hold dear.

4. No Longer Human by Osamu Dazai

This semi-autobiographical novel is one of Japan's most famous and tragic literary works. It tells the story of Ōba Yōzō, a man who feels disconnected from the world around him and struggles with feelings of alienation, shame, and self-destruction. Written in a confessional style, the novel delves into Yōzō's descent into despair as he grapples with his sense of identity, social conformity, and the futility of life. Dazai's raw and unflinching portrayal of the human psyche makes this a powerful exploration of mental illness and existential dread. "No Longer Human" is a haunting reflection on the fragility of the human condition, resonating with readers who have ever felt out of place in the world.

—Larissa Rodrigues
SYBA

OF DARK AND DREARY NIGHTS

1

He ran as fast as he could in his mind. Hypothetically, if he walked till Burman Road and then took the 5 o'clock bus to Chirgunj, and then caught the first train out of the city, he might be able to escape without anyone realizing.

But in order to do that, he would have to walk past the hordes of relatives enjoying afternoon siestas in the courtyard. That was a spine-chilling thought. His uncle would cough and turn in his sleep a hundred times, like a pendulum with a pot belly. He wasn't sure either if Akka and Amma would be in the kitchen preparing elaborate meals for the evening. He couldn't think of a suitable reason to give them either. What reason can the groom-to-be give if he wants to get out of the house on his wedding day?

As most small men do when they are in a fix, he thought of what Aristotle thought of tragedy: Serious and complete, artistic in the form of actions that evoke catharsis.

Okay, then. Suddenly, there was a loud splash, which the wedding guests heard coming from the well behind the house. It wasn't a well anyone used. A large hole in the wall had made it saline. Now, it had something else floating around in it. The wedding clothes of the groom could be made out, bobbing in and out of the water. By the time they came to see, it was already half-drowned. His mother echoed a blood-curdling scream, watching her only son drown in the ancestral well. Someone jumped in to the rescue, but it was too late. There was no trace of a body. When the drowsy village police were awoken from their slumber, they concluded that the body must have gone through the seep in the well through some channel and reached the river by now.

It was no point investigating. Open and shut case. Excuse us, please. The inspector left as he had come.

Meanwhile, as the wedding guests mourned for a funeral instead, a slim figure ran through the narrow gullies, promising freedom at the end of their passages. While his mother banged her head on various walls, blaming his to-be-wife for cursing their household with tragedy, and while a little bride stood at her window, bright mehendi on her hands, wondering what in the world she did wrong, he ran away and away from the curse of confrontations.

2

For a day or two, he stayed with his friends outside the city. One of them set him up with a job on the Western side of the Great Ghats, a land he had only seen in the movies, with its beaches and people who spoke a language no one considered in the movies.

There was a large palatial building, right in the middle of the city, with the remnants of Portuguese architecture, which now housed a myriad of government offices. From one such office, till the late hours of midnight, one could hear the click-clacking of a typewriter in motion. He worked late and prolonged shifts because not many people were qualified or experienced enough to do the typist's job. Sometimes, when everyone had left the building, and a single light glowed from the third-floor window, one could see the silhouette of a man hunched over with fingers playing a weird mechanical music. In the first few months of his newfound freedom, he never realized that late at night, when the few cars had stopped honking and the piles of papers flapped in the night sea wind, it was a fearful sight for anyone who beheld it.

One day, he left early from work, although "early" for him meant 9 o'clock, and decided to go to the theatre. The National Theatre was a dreary three-story building, with English movie screenings held late in the night. He was dreamily watching a scene of Audrey Hepburn smiling at something in the distance when he was gripped by a weird feeling. One that he had only felt when he was amongst a lot of people. It crept up slowly, numbing his limbs and leaving a hollow in his chest. He felt lonely.

He walked out of the theatre to find the midnight streets empty and dark, and all he could think of was how amazing, how incredibly wonderful it would be if there was just one person walking along with him right now on the road.

Suddenly, a car came speeding across the corner, through the narrow lane, and he nearly missed getting hit by dodging aside. His leg slipped, however, in the dark muck of the roadside, and he found himself falling into the dry gutter. He groaned the Lord's name, but the heavens don't really speak, so only silence answered him.

Tragedy—laying alone in a gutter with no one around even to pour pity onto your wounds. Aristotle would disagree. What is a tragedy without an audience? It is just plain misfortune.

He thought if he died here today, with the worms and bacteria seeping into his wounds and rotting his body, no one would particularly care. His family already thought he was dead. This second time, he would die perfectly. Anonymous, alone, and free. But he could not discern why something crawled up his chest and made him gasp for breath every time he thought about dying here. He was scared. But there was a stronger, less dramatic feeling.

3

Holding him there in place. He thought about pulling himself up, walking a lonely street, reaching his house, bandaging his cuts on his own, and going to sleep only to wake up and find that he was late for work and had to change his own bandages before leaving.

As his mind ran through this obstacle course of thoughts, a sudden faint sound echoed through the ground.

“Thump! Thump! Thump!” The thumps were accompanied by a jingling sound, like coins in a pocket. The sound grew louder as the jingles and thumps came nearer. He could feel his heart pounding inside his chest. Just when he thought his ears would burst with those loud thumps, sudden and unbreakable silence.

“Get up.” A voice echoed from above him. Gathering the courage to open his eyes, he saw an old, old man, in scarce winter clothing, peering down at him. The shadows obscured his eyes from view, but he could make out the wrinkled face covered by an unshaved white stubble growing like a cat’s whiskers.

He did not feel like disobeying an old man. So, with great difficulty, he stood up and faced him. The old man turned his head and started walking with his stick. After a moment’s indecisiveness, he decided to follow the thumping and jingling.

The old man walked in a strange rhythmic manner. His left arm seemed longer than his right, while his right leg seemed to stretch more than his left. He put his body forward limb by limb, to the beat of his jangling stick.

They walked through the dark, deserted streets without speaking a word. It was too late in the night for casual speech. The old man walked through streets he had never seen in the city, but he still followed. In a way, he felt like if he stopped following that thump-jingle-thump-thump-jingle, something would propel him right back into that gutter.

4

So he walked and walked behind that hunched back. Unquestioningly, unthinking, he walked. A signpost first, then the huge bare Gulmohar tree made him realize that he was in familiar surroundings. He looked around and saw the low, steep-roofed houses and the winding steps of his own doorway. Home! He had reached home at last.

He bounded up the thirty-four stairs to his little one-bedroom space, took the key out from under a vase, and quickly opened the door. As his mind rushed again to hot water baths and ironing his shirt for tomorrow, he suddenly realized the old man had not followed him up. He ran back down the stairs onto the quiet street.

“Hello? Uncle? Uncle Ji?” No one responded. The street was so utterly empty that one would scarcely believe anyone had walked through it. The old man couldn’t have gone far with his disproportionate gait and creaking limbs. Besides, he was sure he’d hear the stick and find him. He rushed to the corner of the street but found it empty too. He ran till the end of the adjoining street and back, but there wasn’t a sign of the strange figure. As he neared his own street, he heard it. The thump and jingle of the stick. It was coming from the stairway. He ran up, following the sound, and as he neared his own doorway, the sound faded and completely vanished when he reached his little room.

Who knows what happens to young men lost in foreign cities, dead to their families? This particular young man could not walk home alone on one dark and dreary night. So, who knows what helped him get home? Aristotle would probably call on Plato’s Cave. Some things cannot be explained, yet they still exist. Some things cannot be explained and may not exist.

But one can always see the effects of things one can’t explain. Like the little room with a light on and an un-ironed shirt in the corner. A trembling hand furiously trying to write a letter that begins with:

“Dear Amma,
I’m alive.”

A dry well watches from a distance, thirsty for blood she has not yet consumed.

A DAY AWAY FROM HOME

For the first time, she was away from home. She had never been in the habit of doing her daily chores with unknown people around her. It was altogether a new experience for her. She had been out since daytime, and it was growing dark outside.

After half an hour, all the lights in the building switched on, but she remained the same. Then, another friend of hers came to talk to her. She knew the reason why her eyes were so red from tears. She spoke softly, "What happened? Missing home? Me too." She paused for a while, then spoke again, "You know, my mother is a heart patient, and my father has an eye disorder." This was the first time the crying girl thought of responding. "So sad that you cannot be with them," she spoke in a choked voice. Her friend replied, "Yes, I wanted to stay with them. But it's good that they are together. They will take care of each other." And then, she took her for a walk around, talking about all the things she could think of.

After a few minutes, they entered the hall for the prayer session. Hundreds of chairs were arranged towards the four walls. Candles, flickering within the stained glass, were placed on a table at the center of the room. She couldn't control it anymore; she was about to cry. And then, the lights were switched off for the prayer session. The tears in her eyes finally found their way out. She couldn't make a sound in that deep silence but just let her tears flow. The flow continued for the entire forty-five-minute session. With her eyes closed, she could see many faces she so badly missed that day. She listened to the soothing prayer and prayed for all those she missed, and those who were present there, especially for that friend of hers who chose not to leave her alone.

At the end of the session, she wiped her tears. She opened her eyes, looked hopefully at the brightly glowing candle, as instructed by the Father, and smiled freely.

Her heart had felt so heavy forty-five minutes ago, but now it was much lighter. Finally, the session came to an end, and the lights were turned on.

HARMONY IN RAVEN'S LIFE

In the quiet corners of her world, Raven found solace in the melodies that filled her days. Her life was a canvas painted with self-doubt and hidden struggles, days blending together as she yearned for something more. Her room became a heaven where she poured her heart into unwritten poetry, sharing little with others except Stella. Despite their differences, Stella was Raven's steadfast support, a lifeline through her battles, whom she couldn't ignore, the shine of her eyes her beloved sister, Stella! As her passionless days flew by, Raven stumbled upon a flyer advertising a local idol group's workshop. Amused by it, she decided to attend, drawn by the promise of music's transformative power.

As she was surrounded by aspiring musicians and their infectious passion, Raven felt something stir within her soul. Music, brought back nostalgia...the time she used to compose songs, poems, the time she had shine in her eyes, which eventually faded and was lost, revived once again and became her guiding light. As Raven immersed herself in the world of music, something began to change. Each day spent listening to melodies became a journey of self-discovery, a path towards believing in herself. The music she absorbed became the soundtrack of her newfound resilience.

In moments of solitude, Raven scribbled verses that spoke of dreams woven with melodies and the bittersweet yearning for a love she silently cherished. Her friends admired her strength, unaware of the inner battles she faced. Through her journey, Raven realised that success wasn't just about achieving goals—it was about embracing who she was, flaws and all. While applause sometimes masked her insecurities, each beat, each lyric, each tune she absorbed brought her closer to accepting herself fully.

Raven's story wasn't an ideal tale, but a journey of self-discovery and resilience, guided by her sister's unwavering support and the music that became her lifeline, which made her lifeless canvas a painting of wonderful colours. Standing amidst the melodies that shaped her, Raven found peace in knowing that her true harmony was found within.

THE PHANTOM OF THE BOB'D

Bob'd: literally translated to mean 'tunnel' and a term loosely used by native goans to describe a section of the road, usually deserted and passing through a hill with no houses or settlements along it. Often related to superstitions and the like.

"I'll be damned!" thinks the lady.

Change, as they say, is inevitable and Beatrice was currently facing the brunt of it; standing at the side of a road.

She lifts her head and looks, slack-jawed, at the top floor of the building before her; eyes squinting against the bright sun. Beatrice glances at the road and then back at the building. A subtle ache makes its way to her heart when she does this for the third time. Because of change, yes, but also because of that damp afternoon floating at the back of her mind, ever-permanent and distant.

"I'll be late!" thought the little girl, clinking the gate of her house shut.

Beatrice hurried to the bus stop. Once there, she longingly watched the back of the bus which had already departed, with a flourishing cloud of dust left trailing after it.

Well then, she was most definitely late.

The classes for fourth grade had been shifted to the afternoon slot and Beatrice, a recent fourth grader had dozed away the late-morning hours and snapped to attention when the neighbour asked after her with a shout.

Annie and Fermin had probably already gone on ahead and must have reached the school gates by now. Beatrice sighed, hiking the strap of her tote bag up her shoulder. She set off for school on foot.

Along the way, she greeted the familiar faces she met with a smile, strolling by old Anthony's shop and the *batt* of the local landlord, Mr. Valadares. It would take her 30 minutes to reach, just in time for the Konkani class.

Nearing the last house, Beatrice stopped in her tracks. She stared at the desolate path before her, the canopy of trees forming a tunnel-like abyss. The road yawned into an endless chasm and Beatrice stood at the cusp of it.

In her hurry, Beatrice had forgotten a crucial hurdle in her journey to school. The hurdle being the infamous bob'd. For exactly three minutes - which she'd counted - Beatrice had to walk through the notorious stretch of a road. This time, alone. She looked around, hoping to spot a passerby, but the road remained deserted and devoid of any presence.

Her feet stayed rooted to the spot. For a moment, the Konkani class did not seem worth it, but everything fell short in front of her mother's domineering admonishment that awaited Beatrice if she were to find out about her tardiness.

Short on time, Beatrice began to form a foolproof plan. Three minutes, a brisk pace and looking straight ahead will lead her to victory. She clutched the strap of her bag, straightened up and began to walk once again.

Beatrice entered the bob'd and focused her gaze straight ahead. One step turned into two, then three. The afternoon breeze rushed through the leaves and made her skirt flutter. She held it down, quickening her pace with every step she took. Ten, twelve, thirteen. One minute down, two to go.

Suddenly, a resounding hoot broke through the haunting silence and rustling branches, making Beatrice skip a step. This hoot was like trigger; and Beatrice set off running the very next second. Her feet hit the ground with frightening speed, and the arduous three minutes were cut short to two.

When she felt she was a safe distance away, Beatrice bent down to catch her breath. She'd make it a point to never be late again. As she rose, she noticed her pocket felt lighter. She reached in a hand to check and was once again filled with dread.

Beatrice slowly turned back and saw the pink handkerchief a few meters away, lying flat against the road, just before the end of the bob'd. A cherished and expensive gift her father had bought her from one of his many travels abroad. He'd given it to her just before he set sail and his parting words were overshadowed by her instant fascination with the delicately embroidered pink hydrangeas along its borders. He'd laughed and patted her head, leaving to board his ship.

She moved to retrace her steps and pick it up with her fear momentarily forgotten, when she recalled her mother's stern words.

"Do not pick up anything fallen in the bob'd, be it yours or anybody else's." Young Beatrice had nodded along back then, ready to follow her mother's instruction strictly.

Beatrice's day had gone from bad to worse. Shoulders hunched, she turned back again and resumed her journey to school.

"Bitru, why the long face?" asked Fermin. The bell had just rung, marking the end of school for the day, and Beatrice had finally made a decision.

"Nothing." She answered. The "I plan to pick up my favourite handkerchief from a place which is said to be haunted" remained unsaid.

There was nothing to fear. Fermin and Annie would walk back with her, and she would quickly pocket it, keeping it a secret from her mother. After all, Beatrice couldn't bear to part with it.

When the trio reached the place, Beatrice looked all over the road, hoping to find the pink handkerchief. But she was once again dealt a defeating blow, for there was no handkerchief in sight; only an endless bob'd.

Beatrice gathers her bearings and wipes the sweat lining her brow. She can't help but find this old incident silly.

If she had to narrate this story to a stranger, they'd probably conclude that it was all baseless superstition and somebody passing by had grabbed the handkerchief. If she were to show them the place how it is today, they might even burst into laughter! What bob'd and what ghosts? There now stood a seven-floor apartment complex right by the middle of the once deserted road, the canopy of trees long felled and gone. The old house from back then still stood at the start of the 'bob'd', the overgrown shrubbery and rusted gate an afterimage of what it once was.

Having moved back from the States, this drastic change had left Beatrice shocked but she quickly recovered from her dazed stupor; now older and more level-headed. She passes by the building and looks over the road on instinct. In the park across the road, the children play up a ruckus. The hot summer breeze rushes in again, sweeping through the few trees left and drifting away.

As Beatrice walks on the same road she has traversed a countless times in her youth, she notices a spot of pink at the corner of her eyes. She whips her head towards it and just then –

A bus ambles along with a loud honk, blocking her view.

Through The Classroom With Ms. Alice

The influence of a good teacher can never be erased, and certainly not the impact that Ms. Alice has had on every class she has ever taught. She is a vast ocean of knowledge. While English is her discipline, she also has a remarkable understanding of other subjects—history, for example, and keeps up with current affairs, as we all should. She thinks beyond the word “think”. In class, she makes the syllabus engaging. Beyond teaching what is prescribed in the course, she shares captivating stories and real-life connections that breathe life into literature. She just doesn’t teach; she makes her students *live* literature.



Her remarkable lectures have the magical ability to teleport students’ minds through Wonderland. With an incredible wealth of knowledge, she doesn’t just teach from the textbook—she brings learning to life, weaving connections between the lessons and the magpies outside the classroom window, the bustling corridors, and the ever-changing world around us. She makes even the most complex topics feel relatable, as if knowledge itself were a living, breathing entity beyond the pages of our books.

Her cheerful and vivid presence brightens the classroom each day, and who can ever forget her spectacular artistry in imitating the birds that mellifluously tweeted outside? Every time she mimicked their calls, the students were left in awe—her enthusiasm made even nature a part of learning.

Diksha Tupkar from TYBA Honours said that her favourite memory with Ms. Alice was when she had invited them to her place for lunch and to watch ‘Mrs. Dalloway’. The good times, laughter, and knowledge imparted by her are memories that she will treasure forever. Katherine Manuel from TYBA Honours expressed her amazement

at how well-read she was about the various aspects, not just of literature but also in general. She found her anecdotes in between explanations very refreshing.

A funny memory shared by Chetna Thanki from TYBA Honours was from Ms. Alice's birthday when they made her a card with a goose on it, captioned "Happy Birthday, you silly goose." Chetna says, "I wasn't sure how she'd react, but to my surprise, she really enjoyed it. Seeing her smile at the card was such a sweet moment, and it's something I'll always cherish as one of my fondest memories from my third year."

The students of SYBA to whom she taught British Literature, describe their time with her as enlightening. Her depth of knowledge is what really makes her stand out. She can be prompted to address a crowd at any moment, and she does it with such confidence and grace that it truly lights up the room. Staying true to her name, she really does take people down a rabbit hole of imagination and ideas to ponder upon. Although the rabbit hole she takes her students through is a little less ventilated (because she switches off the fans during class as it disturbs her), nonetheless it is fun and always insightful. Her witty sense of humour and smart puns is what students enjoy the most.

Ms. Alice made Classics fun, turning literature into an adventure rather than an obligation. The students of SYBA and TYBA are grateful for her patience in dealing with them, her dedication, and for being the teacher they will always remember.

As she embarks on a new journey in life, retiring from her teaching career, she will be dearly missed by all whose hearts she has touched with her brilliance and exuberant personality.

~A message from the SYBA English Major And TYBA English Honours students

~ Compiled By Shrutika Padte and Tavia De Souza

No Teacher! No Class!

Imagine the Xavier's campus where students no longer need classrooms with teachers. This was exactly the impression held by the finalists as the CBCS structure was being phased out to make way for NEP 2020. No pressure to attend, no attendance to be marked, only ISAs to be recorded. Students could stroll into class or not, phones being their best teachers and 'googling' becoming a favorite thing of the present. Guess what? Teachers may still be needed. Why? It would be for an obvious reason, to grade a student's assignments. We do not have a system where students can hire fellow students to assess tests.

Against such a backdrop, there are experiences in a student's educational journey where the role of a teacher is worth pondering over positively. In this context, who could forget **Ms. Alice D'Cruz**? Well! She is unforgettable. For those who attend her class and have scant regard for the English language, you would not fail to see that she secures the world of grammar with her enthusiasm which stems from someone who has seen it all. Her love of literature is a constant reminder of how much better teaching literature was 'back in your days.' She has persevered against the interference of AI on language and literature, insisting on critical thinking and creative application. If anything, she has taught us something valuable that no matter how advanced technology gets, it can never replace human insight and passion.

In an age of self study and online learning, classrooms without teachers seem such an attractive proposition but it appears like a distant dream, especially for the student community. At least with the Department of English, you may feel better knowing that your teacher is this language coach who happens to be fluent with life. And so, as another page of life turns, may you find class within the classroom and without.

~Ms. Sunita Mesquita
Department of English

Frangipanis , Friendships and Farewell

“ Every man’s memory is his private Literature.” Aldous Huxley

Some of my fondest memories of Alice has been of sitting at our favorite haunt in the canteen, engaging in healthy banter on wide ranging subjects over hot cups of coffee. This healthy exchange paved the way for a cozy atmosphere that will stay with me for a long time to come. Never mind that today there has been a revamp and these places no longer exist, the memory of those special times will be forever etched and will cause me to smile, riding high on nostalgia.

My recent sojourn with all that’s green , stems from Alice’s passion for plants. The frangipani is her chief attraction and you must witness Alice’s reaction at the tree in full bloom... its priceless . Often as we would walk towards the Library block, there was Alice engaging with Satish the gardener on the how’s and the where’s of different plants, bringing in saplings and at times, sticking in some unique ones .One of the very many that bedeck our campus is the deep mauve hibiscus which beckons every passerby. Perhaps that keen green eye has rubbed off on me and today more than ever, I can say with finality that Alice has taught me to listen to the music of the earth.

Our short and long road trips and the conversation that ensued was a cherished escape from the grind. Alice has a way with words and many a times contrived and imaginative narratives would flow seamlessly as she navigated traffic. It fascinated me no end how the little and the great pieces of news could worm their way into our conversations. We could literally talk about anything and everything under the sun and still manage to stay on the road. Her witty barbs and the caustic comments on various social concerns was always uppermost on her mind , and she made no bones about stating it with great aplomb.

Alice has been an amiable and loving companion, brimming with generosity and sincerity of purpose . Our friendship over 30 years has helped enrich my personal and professional journey and for this I will be forever grateful.

~Ms. Shirlene Fernandes
Department of English

Miss Alice: A Caricature Through Poetry

Friends, Xaverians, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come not only to wipe your tears,
But to fill your countenance with laughter and cheers.

If you have noticed a teacher with short curly hair,
And a brisk walk difficult to compete with,
No prize for guessing who she may be:
She is none other than.... Miss Alice D'Cruz!

The first thing that strikes us about Ma'am
When we converse with her, is
Her well intoned English.
Many of us will recall convivial memories
Of Miss Alice refining our pronunciations,
Until all the errors vanish.

Ma'am is endowed with an affable personality;
I don't recollect her getting riled,
She has always expressed herself with a smile.

Miss Alice has seen us through
Chaucer, Marlowe, Milton and Marquez
And every class deserves a word of praise.

Miss Alice! Your melodious voice still echoes in my ears.
And I am sure that whenever we meet
You will still be walking faster than us.

~Ms. Giann Maria Fernandes
Department of English

FOR MS. ALICE, WITH LOVE

Ma'am Alice: A Teacher Who Touched Hearts Beyond the Classroom

Some teachers leave an indelible mark not just on our notebooks, but on our hearts and Ma'am Alice was undoubtedly one of those rare souls. Though she held the esteemed position of a senior professor, her spirit remained eternally youthful, radiating warmth, humor, and deep understanding. To me, she was far more than a teacher; she was a mentor, a guide, and a true friend.

In Ma'am Alice's classroom, education transcended textbooks and exams. Every lesson she delivered was infused with life's wisdom, gently woven into the academic fabric she taught. Her teachings were not mere intellectual exercises but reflections drawn from her rich experiences and heartfelt care. She never imposed ideas or forced opinions; instead, she nurtured an environment where thoughts could grow organically within each student. It is only now, in hindsight, that I fully appreciate the depth and subtlety of the life lessons she imparted alongside the syllabus.

As an honors student, I was fortunate enough to experience Ma'am Alice's hospitality firsthand when I visited her home and shared a meal with her. That visit remains etched in my memory as one of the most cherished moments of my academic journey. The warmth and kindness she extended beyond the classroom walls made me feel truly valued, seen, and heard. This personal connection was a testament to her genuine care for her students, which went far beyond the professional boundaries of teaching.

Ma'am Alice was the epitome of a student-friendly educator. Her approachable demeanor, patience, and sincere investment in our growth created a nurturing atmosphere where learning flourished naturally. I eagerly looked forward to her lectures not just for the knowledge she shared but for the wisdom and affection that accompanied her words. Her presence in the classroom was comforting and inspiring, making every lesson a meaningful experience.

One of the most endearing facets of Ma'am Alice's personality was her profound love for plants. She possessed what many would call a 'green hand,' and her garden was a living reflection of her nurturing spirit patient, vibrant, and full of life. To her, students, plants, and even animals were not just separate entities but part of her extended family. This nurturing quality extended beyond academics; she was a mother figure to many, a gentle soul whose care and patience touched lives in the most beautiful and lasting ways.

Looking back, I realize that Ma'am Alice taught me far more than any textbook ever could. She showed me how to think critically, how to live meaningfully, and how to be compassionate. Her lessons were not confined to the classroom but echoed through the way she lived her life with grace, kindness, and unwavering dedication to her students.

Ma'am Alice remains a rare gem in the world of education an educator who taught with love and lived with dignity. Her legacy is not just in the knowledge she imparted but in the hearts she touched and the lives she transformed. For all that she gave and continues to inspire, I will always be deeply grateful.

In essence, Ma'am Alice was more than a senior professor; she was a beacon of light, a mentor, and a friend whose youthful spirit and nurturing heart created a lasting impact on all who had the privilege of knowing her. Her story reminds us that the greatest teachers are those who teach with love and live with authenticity.

Cajetan Pereira
Batch of 2021-2024

"Eloquence" is a name that carries not just literary charm but emotional resonance for every student who has passed through the English Department at St. Xavier's College, Mapusa.

Looking back, what I remember most fondly is how our classes were more than just lectures, they were safe spaces. We shared life experiences through the lens of novels and short stories, and even spontaneous discussions became moments of deep connection. The professors of the English department and the English Literature students were like a family. One where you weren't judged, and yet, when it came to competitions or projects, we unleashed a wonderful madness in our pursuit of creativity and excellence.

This year, as we bid farewell to Ma'am Alice, an excellent educationist, whose warmth and grace shaped many of us in quiet yet powerful ways. I fondly recall how she tirelessly trained me for a skit in which I played the character 'Life'. Her patience, her calm encouragement, and her belief in me laid the very foundation of the confidence I now carry on stage. Her radiant smile and gentle presence will always be among my most treasured memories.

To the new generation of Xaverites: May Eloquence continue to be a mirror to your minds and a celebration of your voices.

Annamarie Nicole Remedios
Batch of 2021-2024



“A special kind of beauty exists which is born in language, of language, and for language.”

Gaston Bachelard

The feeling of immense pride, extreme confidence, fierce loyalty and passionate nostalgia that comes from being a Xavierite – Priceless! One among many, yet absolutely thrilled to bear the banners of this place I used to call home, St. Xavier's College tugs at my heartstrings with the fondest memories of what were probably the best years of my life. With a science background from St. Xavier's HSS, I walked into the Arts Stream of the college section way back in the year 2000 with the sole intention of pursuing my Bachelor's degree in English literature. Nervous, confused, excited and intimidated, I was met by some of the most brilliant teachers of my day who not just shook away any morsels of doubt I may have had choosing this stream but reinforced my love for the language, the rich tapestry of experiences I was exposed to and for life itself. I discovered not just academic rigor, but a community where ideas sparked, creativity thrived and the written word was revered.

I was doubly fortunate to return to this esteemed department, in 2005, as a Lecturer in English. My former teachers-turned-colleagues ensured I found my footing, settled in seamlessly and grew into the space I needed to. In my brief stint as Lecturer, I learnt invaluable life lessons. Each member of this department deserves nothing short of a Nobel Prize for their contribution to our lives but this year being special for one of them, she deserves particular mention.

Ms. Alice D'Cruz was the Head of the English Department during my time as a student and a Lecturer at Xavier's. She has always been the epitome of profound knowledge and strict calmness, ever eager to share her learning and enlighten the curious. Ms. Alice has also been a powerful voice against the injustices she witnessed, be it an incorrect posture at the canteen, a mispronounced word or discrimination against the underprivileged; she spoke up and made a difference.

Attending her classes was an unspoken mandate, you always learned something new and interesting not just about literature but about Ms. Alice herself. During one of her lectures on 'The Sea Chanty', a truly unforgettable moment was her roaring laughter at one of my friend's interpretations of the name "Om Chanty Chanty Om"! Said friend, being the most loveable prankster around, once 'accidentally' threw ink on Ms. Alice's white shirt - probably the only time I have seen her visibly displeased. Needless to say, this was magic ink that disappeared in a few seconds and we had the smiling, understanding Ms. Alice back.

She was also our Project guide and assisted us along the way in a topic we weren't initially convinced about but her unwavering belief and confidence in the subject mentored us right till the end. Our third year had her reveal a fun side which we were hitherto unexposed to. Pretty sure we were the only batch Ms. Alice took to her home for a picnic! It was just so special, meeting her family, bonding within such a cozy ambiance and making memories to last a lifetime!

With her glasses halfway down her nose, that knowing half-smile, the joyously annoyed look and curious questions, Ms. Alice has always been that quiet force of the department keeping it steady and grounded.

Ms. Alice, I am beyond proud to have experienced phases of life with you: as my lecturer, my HOD, my colleague, my guide, my mentor and my teacher. As you embark on this journey of retirement, I wish you all the joy, peace and contentment you so rightly deserve. The English Department will never be the same without your physical presence but your legacy will live on. With a heart full of gratitude and love, I'd like to say, Thank you, Ms. Alice, and all the best!

Jisy Ovelil

Batch of 2000-200

“

Miss Alice has been a most precious Jewel of St. Xavier's College. I am proud to say that I am her student. Her classes were always a fantasy. She herself is a fantastic character who waved her wand to create a magical ambience in the literature classes. With her retirement, our beloved Xavier's College is gonna look empty and the department of English will forever miss her presence.

Naveenkumar Manturagimath

Batch of 2018

“

Thank you Ma'am Alice for teaching us with so much passion and dedication. We will always hold all our cherished memories and moments very dearly to our heart! Lots of love from the LIT Majors, 2019 batch

“ Being part of the English Department at St. Xavier’s College has been nothing short of transformative. Those three precious years as a literature student played a major role in shaping my academic journey. It was truly a joy to be in the presence of such brilliant and inspiring professors, who didn’t merely teach me literature but challenged my assumptions, broadened my horizons, helped me think critically, view the world from different perspectives and nurtured a quiet but steady intellectual confidence within me. From analyzing texts, paper presentations, engaging in stimulating discussions, performing dramatic readings and staging skits to organizing and participating in events like WordsUp and Class Act, every single opportunity was a stepping stone towards discovering my passion, finding my voice, and strengthening my belief in the immense power of words.

A special tribute to Ms. Alice D’Cruz, as she approaches her retirement. It was indeed a privilege to have learned under her guidance. Every lesson with her was a perfect balance of wisdom, intellect and a beautiful precision of words, all simultaneously laced with subtle humour and sharp wit. Looking back, I remember listening carefully just to catch those moments of absolute outstanding wit that would leave everyone smiling. A true legend indeed! As Oscar Wilde once wrote, “To define is to limit” and no quote could better sum up Ms. Alice. You simply cannot define her; you have to experience her brilliance for yourself!

Anabelle Karen D’Cunha
Batch of 2017-2020

“ Dear Ms. Alice,
Making learning a joyful experience is what I learnt from you. Thank you for the wonderful legacy of dedication and discipline you have left.
Today, I am a teacher just like you...and I will always cherish the values you have instilled in your students. I was your project student at a time when we did individual project reports. Thank you for being you. Best wishes to you in your life post- retirement

Dr. Glenis Mendonca
Batch of 1998

“

Where do I begin? The more I ponder with pen in hand, the more Tennyson’s “Ulysses”, the poem that Ma’am Alice taught us in SY comes to mind. Beyond the socio-political and mythological contexts we once discussed in class, I’ve come to read the poem partly as a mirror of her teaching. While Ulysses sailed vast seas, she navigated us through literature’s depths. She urged us to undertake literary journeys, to “follow knowledge like a sinking star” with the same zeal she brought to class. She showed us how to read between the lines and to approach daunting texts (even Literary Theory!) tactfully.

I’ll always cherish the afternoon Ma’am hosted a screening of Mrs. Dalloway at her home, and how she made the film come alive over lunch and discussion. History remembers Clarissa Dalloway’s party; I’ll remember this. More than that, I’ll remember her compassion, her ingenuity, and her free spirit. How she nurtured our minds as tenderly as her garden, with care, and an instinct for knowing when to challenge us and when to let us grow. Her kindness never had an off switch. Even her patience was nothing short of commendable, especially when we’d so often arrive without our texts to class, and she’d send us off to the library to retrieve copies (our apologies, belated though they may be). That’s who she is as both a teacher and a person.

What I gained goes beyond the annotations in my books or the 12-mark essays I scrambled for exams. Those lessons, and my profound gratitude, will stay with me. As Ma’am sets sail toward this new chapter, I pray it’s restful and as rewarding as her years at Xavier’s. Borrowing Tennyson’s words,

“We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”
(Ulysses, 66-70)

Fair winds, Ma’am Alice!

Janice Matilda Noronha
Batch of 2023-24

MESSAGES

FOR MS. ALICE

Ma'am Alice was one of my teachers at Xavier's teaching Mass Communication. I will always cherish the moments from she being my teacher to being my colleague. I always admire her for the love and care she has for the environment and for plants. I still remember her getting EV-car Reva when electronic vehicles were not even the new normal. On her retirement, I wish her good health and relaxation. We, Xavierites are surely going to miss her.

~ Sir Dinesh Nirawdekar
Department of Mass Communication and Journalism

As a person, I have known Alice from our student days right from school, Alice was proactive and a master at English. I enjoyed the way she could handle the language with humour that came so easily to her. She is also sensitive to the needs of those around her and environmental issues. She has enthralled audiences with her beautiful voice as well.

~ Ms. Pamela Fernandes
Department of History

I have known Alice since the time I joined the institution. Alice is a cheerful person to be with. Her passion for the environment, animals and concern for the underprivileged is amazing. Her sense of humour has passed on in this institution. Similarly, her command over the English language is equally amazing.

~Dr. Sharmila Pais
Department of History

Alice was very well known to all members of the Physics department. She was known for her love for plants and gardening. We all remember her active participation on sports day. Our best wishes.

~Sir Nelson
Department of Physics

Ms. Alice is a very vibrant, enthusiastic and loving teacher. Her active participation in Faculty Development Programs, compéring during sports day and her humour kept us all in good spirits. Her love for nature is worth a mention. We wish her good health and happiness in the years to come.

~Ms. Kathleen Pinto
Department of Chemistry

Alice ma'am is a very lively person. She is known for her interesting speeches. And we will always remember her as a fun loving teacher.

~Ms. Jane Fernandes
Department of Chemistry

Dearest Alice,

Affectionate, Luminous, Inspiring, Caring, Enthusiastic

Alice !!! A jewel in the crown of St. Xavier's College, is the brightest light with the warmth of the sunshine, full of wisdom and kindness. With her ever-smiling, bubbly personality, she brightened every classroom, making literature come alive with her passion.

A dedicated, patient, and insightful mentor, always ready to answer questions, nurtures curiosity, and always inspiring her students. Her love for plants mirrors her nurturing soul; very gentle, affectionate, caring, and full of life.

As she bids us good bye, we celebrate her graceful, joyful, and compassionate spirit, which has left an indelible mark on all of us. Alice is not just a teacher but a radiant, selfless, and extraordinary soul who will be deeply missed by us all.

~Prof. Maria Fonseca
Department of Botany

Dear Ms. Alice,

These wishes come straight from my heart to yours.

When I joined Xavier's and first met you, I was very happy to meet a bubbly person who was genuinely cheerful and enthusiastic, but also modest, practical and unassuming. As we bid farewell it's very sad that we miss a person who would bring a bright and positive energy to any room, especially our meetings, FDP's while also remaining down-to-earth and relatable. You always had a way of brightening up the room with your positive spontaneous energy. Everytime I would see you go up the stage to speak I would patiently look forward and say to myself "Now Ms Alice is going to say something new to us, make our feel entertained with her truths, facts and jokes in a concise manner".

"You're so kind and approachable", that students would never ever step back to discuss with you their matters be it academic or personal.

I was very fortunate and I'll always remember that time when we both compered one of our FDP's, it really showed your positive attitude and how you made me feel comfortable.

A green-thumbed enthusiast, I would say and passionate nurturing soul who finds joy in growing plants, "Someone who finds solace and inspiration in the natural world taking care of mother Earth. A kind and caring individual whose love for plants is a reflection of their own gentle nature. I wish you all the best as you continue to nurture your green passions." Your presence has been a source of joy, and moreover we we'll miss your cheerful spirit."

Lots of Love and prayers

~Dr. Maria A. D'Souza
Department of Botany

Ms. Alice is kind and always supported us. We will miss her warm smile and guidance.

~ Vallencia Fernandes, SYBA

In the second year Ma'am was very strict and so there was no proper bonding but when I came to the third year, she was completely different. More humourous, funny, understanding and gave a lot of knowledge about the texts. Now that we have connected as a class, saying goodbye hurts.

~ Reuella Azavedo, SYBA

One of the most dedicated and passionate teachers of English literature that I have had.

~ Andrea Rosario, SYBA

A brilliant storyteller.

~Meloshka, SYBA

Dear Miss Alice, I've enjoyed having you as my teacher. Over the years I've greatly admired your wisdom and dedication to your students. Wishing you all the best.

~ Megan, SYBA

Dear Ma'am Alice, thank you for your unwavering dedication and guidance. Your passion for teaching and the care you've shown will always be remembered. Wishing you success and happiness in all your future endeavors. Farewell and heartfelt thanks.

~Ramona, SYBA

Ma'am Alice's passion for literature made every text a delightful adventure. Her humour is as rich as her teachings. I will forever hold close to me the memory of Ma'am Alice turning off the fans so we could hear every thought better. We appreciate and thank you, Ma'am Alice.

~Kelly D'souza, SYBA

Since Miss Alice taught us British literature mostly, I think her manner of teaching made the topic highly enjoyable and interesting.

~ Kimberly Vales, SYBA

Dear Ma'am Alice, Your remarkable lectures teleported our minds through Wonderland—you were an incredible encyclopedia of knowledge, connecting our texts to the magpies outside and the nature around us. Thank you for brightening our class with your vivid presence and your spectacular bird imitations that left us all in awe. Even amidst bustling corridors and noisy fans (which I secretly wished you wouldn't turn off!), your voice always enthralled us. I may not be the best writer in your class, but your lectures were a breath of fresh air that left a lasting mark on me—thank you for being our teacher.

From,

The girl who shares her name with your aunt.

~Joyce Fernandes, SYBA

Dear Miss Alice, It's been a privilege to learn from you who once taught my mother too. Your guidance has touched two generations of our family, and that's something truly special. Thank you for your guidance, kindness and wisdom. Warm regards.

~ Annecya Fernandes, SYBA

"Dear Ma'am Alice, thank you for making learning so enjoyable. I will always cherish the memories we made in your class. Wishing you all the best in your future endeavors!"

– Chandana, SYBA

Dear miss Alice, As we bid goodbye, I just wanted to take a moment to thank you from the bottom of my heart. Your classes were more than just lessons in English — they were lessons in confidence, creativity, and expression. You didn't just teach us literature or grammar; you helped us find our voice. Your passion, patience, and kindness have left a lasting mark, and we will always carry a part of your teachings with us, wherever we go. Though this goodbye is difficult, your words and guidance will stay with us forever. Wishing you happiness and success always.

~Anangsha, SYBA

We will miss your jokes, expertise, enthusiasm and kindness. Thank you ma'am for your guidance.

~Cynara, SYBA

Dear Miss, You made learning meaningful and fun-- thank you for all the wisdom you have shared with us. Your lessons will always stay with us forever. We learned more than just subjects, we learned life from you. Not just a teacher, but a true inspiration.

~Aishwarya, SYBA

Your lessons will echo in our hearts forever — thank you for shaping so many lives. May your next chapter be as inspiring and rewarding as the wisdom you shared with us.

~Tabitha Angel Mascarenhas, SYBA

Your words, actions and skills will always remain in our memories. Thank you for making us feel every word has power with emotions.

~ Brenda, SYBA

To our awe-inspiring and heartwarming teacher, who gracefully glides through the wilderness of darkness, illuminating every corner of our hearts and souls with her eloquence and wisdom. Thank you, Ma'am Alice, for teaching us and making every class truly engaging.

~Hirtika Chauhan, SYBA

Thank you, Ma'am Alice, for being such an inspiring teacher. You have this amazing way of making even the toughest topics feel interesting and fun. Your words really stick with us—not just in our minds, but in our hearts too. So grateful to have you as our teacher!

~Ishrath Shaikh, SYBA

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

These lines that Ma'am Alice drilled into us will forever remain etched in my memory.

~ Shrutika Padte, SYBA

Thank you Miss Alice for shaping our young minds and for sharing your love of language. You've not only just taught us but have weaved our understanding of English literature (especially British literature) and helped us increase our vocabulary skills...Your impact on our lives will be remembered always...We'll miss your presence in the classroom...Best Wishes to you on your retirement, Ma'am.

~Pearl, SYBA

Warm, generous and always up for thoughtful conversations, Ma'am Alice made her classes feel less like lectures and more like a place for fruitful discussions where every word and every idea was valued. She pushed us to think beyond the textbooks, ask questions, seek answers on our own accord and explore new ideas. Her presence in the department will be deeply missed, but her influence will reflect in all of us.

~Iqbal Singh, FYBA

Ma'am Alice in my eyes has always been a testament to the intellect and rationale that is so missing in our lives today. Her language and her knowledge is always a pleasure to behold. She will be dearly missed by her students and the English Department. I wish her the best for her new journey!

~Sumaiya Khan, FYBA

A Life in Full Bloom: A Conversation with Ma'am Alice D'Cruz

By Ms. Alice D'Cruz & Dr. Prema Rocha

As Ma'am Alice D'Cruz prepares to superannuate on July 31st, 2025, after over three decades of devoted teaching at Xavier's Mapusa, we sat down for a warm chat—an unhurried tête-à-tête—to capture vignettes of her life, spanning across her student days at Xavier's, to becoming a beloved teacher, to reflections on teaching, purpose, and the simple joys of life.

Prema Rocha: Ma'am, let's begin at the beginning. When did your journey with St. Xavier's start?

Ms. Alice D'Cruz: I've been associated with Xavier's since 1979, first as a Higher Secondary student and eventually as faculty since 1993. Xavier's has been my second home. Teaching wasn't my first ambition—I didn't have one, to be honest. But my mother was a wonderful teacher, and I naturally gravitated toward that path.

PR: You took a gap year before teaching?

AD: Yes, although we didn't call it that back then. After graduation, I travelled abroad, which was eye-opening. It made me realize how sheltered and unprepared I was for the wider world. Eventually, I completed my Master's, B.Ed., and did a short stint with the Association for Social Health in India (ASHI). Teaching came as a natural next step.

PR: What brought you back to Xavier's?

AD: It was almost serendipitous. I had taken time off for motherhood till I happened to meet Prof. Daniel and Ms. Ruth on campus. They encouraged me to apply for the post left vacant on the retirement of Prof. David. That conversation changed everything—and so began my teaching career here in earnest.

PR: You've always had a strong sense of conviction. Where does that come from?

AD: It's in my blood, I suppose. My father was a politician, an MLA with a strong sense of justice and social concern. My mother, who became a widow at 39 with four children, showed strength of a different kind—quiet, nurturing, determined. From them I learned to be both firm and compassionate.

PR: What has teaching meant to you?

AD: Teaching for me has been like gardening; I've tried to bring out the best in the back benchers, those who needed more tending than the resilient climbers. It's been a deeply personal journey. I've tried to be present especially for the emotionally vulnerable. I guess I carry my mothering instinct into the classroom.

PR: You've worked under several Principals. What has that been like?

AD: As a student, I was fortunate to have Fr. Nicolau Pereira-Pop, as we fondly called him—as my principal. As a teacher, I've had to adapt to the varied leadership styles of Fr. Antim, Fr. Walter, Fr. Jerome, Ms. Blanche, and now Ms. Ursula. Prof. Newman stands out, as he was my psychology teacher, the librarian who encouraged me to read beyond the prescribed text, and later my principal. His bold vision and foresight for Xavier's, amidst rapid changes in academia was commendable.

I've also had the unique experience of having my own students as colleagues. Watching them grow, mature, and eventually become my colleagues, has been a privilege. It brings its own challenges, of course—different personalities, varied interests—but it has also deepened the sense of continuity in our department. We've grown together.

PR: Any aspect that stands out, being the matriarch of the staffroom?

AD: I believe, what has certainly helped me adjust to the generation gap, both with my staff and students, is my sense of humour and my ability to move on. It has certainly come handy during awkward situations

PR: You're known to love drama. Could you tell us about that?

AD: I've been known to be quite dramatic by nature, and drama has been the heart of my teaching. I've loved directing plays, preparing students for competitions, and watching them overcome their social anxiety on stage. It's a space where prose, poetry, and performance happily converge as the teaching of literature comes to life.

PR: How did you adapt to technology in the classroom?

AD: With hesitation at first! I still prefer the artistic freedom of the chalkboard. But I've adapted—PowerPoints, digital submissions. I've created detailed slide decks with summaries, context, and historical background for my students. So yes, I've found my angle of repose between traditional and modern methods.

PR: Favourite texts?

AD: Always the classics—Milton, Marvell, Shakespeare. But I also enjoy the early 20th century British writers and the more contemporary, Shashi Tharoor and Amitav Gosh. The sheer wit and complex political satire of Tharoor's *The Great Indian Novel* was both a challenge and a joy to teach.

PR: Tell us about your love for gardening and your spiritual side.

AD: Nature is where I experience the Divine. Gardening along with a dedicated prayer life keeps me grounded, because for me, watching a seed sprout or a flower bloom is calming and meditative. I once did a 10-day Vipassana course and discovered the power of solitude and silence.

PR: What's next?

AD: I may return occasionally to teach drama or just potter around in the campus garden. But I also want to spend time with my ageing mother and reconnect with family life. Writing is on the list—if I can conquer the beast of procrastination! I also plan to get involved in local community service.

PR: What worries you most about young people today?

AD: The mental health crisis. I've seen too many students crumble under pressure. I truly believe Xavier's must become a sanctuary for students—a place where we notice distress and intervene early. We must train ourselves to listen and to care. Our students also seem to lack a civic sense and pride in our beautiful campus. This has also disappointed me over the years. We need to revamp our mentor-mentee and Value Ed programs to deal with these problems.

PR: Any parting thoughts?

AD: I'll miss the rhythm of campus life, the spontaneous chats, the warmth of the staffroom. Xavier's has been my second home. I've found purpose here—in literature, in friendships, in mentorship. My hope is that I've given my students not just content, but care. And if I've done that, I'm at peace.

PR: Ma'am thank you for everything. You will always be part of the Dept. of English at SXC. You are irreplaceable. We love you!

Gleanings: A Tribute to Xavier's - My Second Home

“Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.”

— Lord Byron

As I look back at the past 32 years of my life as a teacher at St. Xavier's college, I am invariably drawn to that time when I was a student here, from 1979 to 1984. In retrospect, I would call those my **WONDER YEARS**, as they pretty much shaped my personality, honed my intellect, and set me on the path towards the career I was to choose nearly a decade later. Those 5 years of my youth exposed me to the full spectrum of the wonders of a pre-tech world!

It was a time when to be a Xavierite was a privilege and an honor for more reasons than one:

It was a time when the library was a 'cool' place to be in, literally and figuratively- and books were our Windows to the Wider World.

A time when Cruz's canteen was a cozy comfort zone, where crazy ideas were conceived over steaming cups of chai, political incorrectness was the spice of campus life, and the concept of Artificial Intelligence was restricted to the realm of serious science fiction!

A time when the play-ground was a place for young men to compete with each other in real sport and show off their athletic bodies, while the 'chicks' -as we girls were called then- happily cheered them on, and 'toxic masculinity' wasn't even a thing!

It was a time when innocent banter was part of the campus lingo, and the tease that 'your Sunday is longer than your Monday' had nothing to do with a lazy week-end, but that your petticoat was showing and required immediate adjustment!

It was a time when our teachers were our friends and role-models; personalities we looked up to with respect and built lasting bonds with, while those few who failed to impress were immortalized in graffiti on our wooden desks by the artistically inclined!

A time when exams were serious tests of our capacity for understanding and applying knowledge in our respective fields, when failure wasn't an excuse to blame the system but a motivator to work harder, when copying wasn't high-tech and finding a blue tooth in the ear would be called a medical mystery!

It was a time when one had a handful of special friends with whom you shared a common history, mutual trust and the promise of lasting support, and to '*unfriend*' someone would be considered a lexical abomination!

Was it a perfect time? By no means! It came with all the fall-outs of the generation-gap, student protest movements, drugs and alcohol among the youth, the prospect of unemployment and a general feeling of political instability in the country. But all things considered, Xavier's felt like a safe bubble for many of us, a home away from home, and we thrived and blossomed within its portals under the paternal stewardship of our dear Principal, Fr. Nicolao Pereira and Vice Principal, Fr. Ivo Mascarenhas. (Pop and Vice-Pop for short)

My transition from a young Xavierite in the early 80's to a not -so-young lecturer in 1993 marked a momentous milestone in my life. I surrendered to the warm embrace of the familiar ethos of my Alma Mater. As a novice in the profession, I had the unflattering reputation of being a sour and exacting disciplinarian, before mellowing down and eventually earning the trust and affection of my students over the years. I was fortunate to be inspired and mentored by some of the outstanding teachers of the time; my no-nonsense English teacher-Ms. Anne Menezes, Ms. Sudha Chari and Ms. Ruth De Souza among them.

Being dramatic by nature, the most satisfying and memorable time of my career was when I was actively involved in the college Theatre Club. Watching our youngsters perform with confidence at various theatre events and winning at state-level competitions, gave me a thrill and a joy I shall treasure! Training a group of

theatre artists from Kala Academy and accompanying them during their performances of Tagore's plays at Trinity College in Dublin was definitely one of the highlights of my stint with drama while at Xavier's.

As I near the end of my teaching career, it behooves me to recall and credit all those who have journeyed with me. I thank the Management, our Administrator Fr. Antonio Salema, all my principals, including Late Fr. Nicolao Pereira, Late Fr. Antimo Gomes, Late Prof. Newman Fernandes, Fr. Walter D'Sa, Fr. Jerome, Prof. Blanche Mascarenhas and Ms. Ursula Baretto and Vice Principals, Prof. Philip Rodrigues e Melo and Ms. Sandra Fernandes.

I will be forever deeply indebted to my own beloved colleagues from the Department of English: Shirlene, Prema, Claudette, Sunita and Aaron Paul, for keeping me fighting fit in spirit, while helping me grow professionally. They were my sounding board for self-temperance as well as my feel-good fan-club when my confidence needed a boost. A part of me will always remain behind with them, as I will hold them close in my own heart.

I thank all my colleagues across departments for their friendship, support and appreciation all these years. I extend my love and best wishes to all the non-teaching

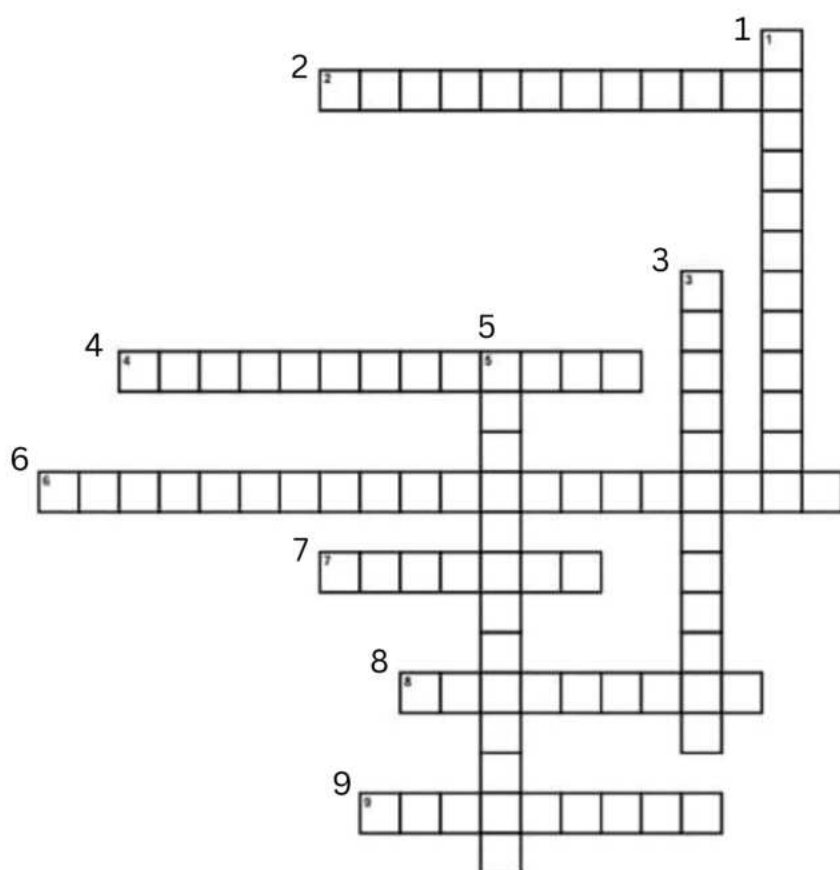
staff who have worked behind the scenes to ensure I kept on track and ran my race honorably. Charles and Satish have my affection and respect for our shared passion for gardening and all things green!!

My dear and diverse students over the past 32 years, who were the very raison d'être of my vocation, I will cherish as my extended family and hope our paths will cross often, to remind me that perhaps I was a little more than just a teacher to each of you!

All my love
Ms. Alice D'Cruz
Department Of English

FUN SECTION: CROSSWORD

a quaint little Literature puzzle **wink wink**



Across

- [2] The woman who wrote out the 587287 words by hand for multiple legible copies of War and Peace
- [4] A character in a Tennessee Williams' play who is said to be partly- inspired by his sister, Rose Williams
- [6] Arundhati Roy's riveting essay about the Ambedkar- Gandhi clash
- [7] A man turns into a woman, the title of this novel is also the name of a place
- [8] She wrote the second part of the novel before writing the first part, which is a testimony to the literal Black and Whiteness of Justice
- [9] A Brahmin housewife-turned-courtesan, this norm-shattering novel is Premchand's recognition of the reality of the position of women in a caste-based society. What is the Hindi name of this novel, written originally in Urdu as "Bazaar-e-Husn"?

Down

- [1] A Dickensian lawyer who cares for nothing and no one (*cough cough*)
- [3] A poem that had a tear-inducing recital in a scene from the Hugh Grant movie, "Four Weddings and a Funeral"
- [5] A German word for a literary device that portrays a coming-of-age genre through the growth of a character from young to adult

Solution on page 118

FUN SECTION

Fun Facts

- Oxford University Press named "brain rot" as the 2024 Word of the Year.
- The full title of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*.
- *Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis* is the longest word in English. This medical term refers to a lung condition caused by inhaling ash or dust.
- Roald Dahl, the author of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, tested chocolates for Cadbury's while he was at school.
- The word "set" has over 430 meanings in the Oxford English Dictionary.
- The longest English word without a vowel is – rhythm.
- The dot over an "i" or "j" is called a tittle .
- An ambigram is a word that looks the same upside down. Example: 'swims'.
- William Shakespeare added 1,700 words to the English language during his lifetime.
- Over 30% of English words are derived from other languages.
- John Milton composed "Paradise Lost" while blind.
- Sherlock Holmes never said: 'Elementary, my dear Watson'.
- 'Pride and Prejudice' was originally called 'First Impressions'.

FUN SECTION

Quiz

- Q1. Who is the hero of Virgil's Aeneid?
- Q2. Which science fiction writer is credited with writing 'The Three Laws of Robotics'?
- Q3. What is the fictitious county setting in Harper Lee's novel 'To Kill a Mockingbird'?
- Q4. In which year did Winston Churchill win the Nobel Prize for Literature?
- Q5. What is the term for a monologue in which a character in a play expresses thoughts and feelings while being alone on stage? It also allows dramatists to communicate information about a character's state of mind, hopes, and intentions directly to an audience.
- Q6. What is the poet's attitude towards the poem's speaker, reader, and subject matter, as interpreted by the reader? Often described as a "mood" that pervades the experience of reading the poem.
- Q7. Which theory is Max Planck known to have come up with?
- Q8. Which writer is known as an exponent of the regional novels and used Wessex as the setting for most of his poems?
- Q9. 'The Congo Free State' was controlled by which European Monarch after the Berlin Conference of 1885?
- Q10. The protagonist of this novel, Rahel, is returning to her hometown of Ayemenem. What is the name of this book?
- Q11. Who is the author of 'A Pale View of Hills' and 'An Artist of the Floating World'?
- Q12. Who wrote the essay 'In Good Faith' to defend his literary prose.
- Q13. Which writer is the founding president of the All India Progressive Writers' Association and referred to his short stories as 'neo-folk tales'?
- Q14. Who wrote the short story 'The Cabuliwallah'?
- Q15. What is the name of the niece in 'The Open Window' by H. H. Munro?

DEPARTMENT DIARY

3rd ICG ANNUAL CONFERENCE: It was held at the International Centre Goa on 'The Media- Past and Present'. Andrea Rosario, Janhavi Mhambre, Chandana C.H, Anangsha Chikhlikar and Diksha Tupkar attended. Co-ordinated by Dr. Prema Rocha and Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes. (17-18 July 2024)

FIELD TRIP: Field trip to Kaushik's Book Kaffee, Margao. Students of FYBA English Major Class attended. Co-ordinated by Ms. Shirlene Fernandes. (19 July 2024)

MULTILINGUAL BOOK READING SESSION: A multilingual book reading session of 'Varsal' by Dr. Prakash Parienkar. Organized by the Department of English, Shenoi Goembab School of Languages and Literature, Goa University. Six students of SYBA English Single Major Class attended. Teacher in charge: Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes. (1 August 2024)

NATIONAL BOOK LOVERS' DAY CELEBRATION: It was celebrated by the TYBA (Honours) and SYBA (Single Major) class in the college library, co-ordinated by Ms. Alice D'Cruz and Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes. (9 August 2024)

GUEST LECTURE: Guest Lecture on Dalit Writings on 'Revisiting Freedom: An Appreciation of the Aesthetics of 'Ambedkarism' by Resource person- Mr. Siddesh Gautam. SYBA (English Single Major) and TYBA (General and Honours) students attended. Co-ordinated by Miss Eden Fernandes and Ms. Alice D'Cruz. (21 August 2024)

RESEARCH SESSION: A research session on 'Understanding Research Ethics' for TYBA English Project students by Resource person: Ms. Dakshata Zambulkar. Teacher coordinator: Dr. Prema Rocha (26 August 2024)

A PLAY BY THE MUSTARD SEED ART COMPANY: 'Anybody Home?' a play performed by The Mustard Seed Art Company at Goa University.

Time: 4:00 pm- 5:00pm

The play cast a glance on the life of Dr. Francisco Luis Gomes.

Attended by Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes, Ms. Alice D'Cruz, Christie Fernandes (TYBA Honours) and Shrutika Padte (SYBA) (18 September 2024)

DEPARTMENT DIARY

CERTIFICATE COURSE: Certificate Course on 'Back to Basics: Enhancing English Language Skills for the Workplace'. Co-ordinated by Ms. Alice D'Cruz and Ms. Eden Fernandes. (23 September 2024)

TY'S MEET FY'S: TY English Honours Class interacted with the FY Minor Class for The NEP Paper 'Science Fiction in English' held over two sessions. The 4 Honours students covered in brief, chapters 2 to 9 of 'I, Robot' By Issac Asimov, coordinated by Dr. Prema Rocha. (25 September & 3 October 2024)

LIT QUIZ 3.0:

1 October 2024: Preliminary Round of Lit Quiz 3.0

18 teams participated. Teacher coordinator: Dr. Claudette Gomes, along with Student in-charge: Christie Fernandes

5 October 2024: Final Round of Lit Quiz 3.0

The first place was won by Shrutika Padte (SYBA), Tavia De Souza (SYBA) and Sumaiya Khan (FYBA). The Second place was bagged by Katherine Manuel, Chetna Thanki and Michelle Macedo (All TYBA).

CAMPAIGN FOR CLEAN AND GREEN CAMPUS: Campaign for Clean and Green Campus was organized at the staffroom, Department of English.

Teacher in-charge: Ms. Sunita Mesquita

Students of SYBA were a part of the cleanliness drive along with 3 faculty members. (5 October 2024)

EPIPHANY 7.0: Research Paper Presentation Competition

Epiphany 7.0 organized by Dnyanprassarak Mandal's College and Research Centre (DMC)

Faculty in-charge: Dr. Claudette Gomes

Chetna Thanki (TYBA Honours) won the 3rd place

Paper Title- "Bite of Imagination: Vampires in Modern Fiction and their impact on teenage identity"

Katherine Manuel (TYBA Honours) participated

Paper Title- "The little grey cell effect: unravelling the mystery of imagination"
(11 October 2024)

DEPARTMENT DIARY

INTER-COLLEGIATE EVENT: Department of English of PCCAS, Margao organised the fifteenth edition of Pegasus titled 'Legends'. Faculty Incharge- Ms. Eden Fernandes. 20 students of the Department participated and achieved the fourth place. (15-16 January 2025)

STATE LEVEL THOUGHT FORUM CUM INTERACTIVE WORKSHOP: Fr. Agnel College of Arts and Commerce, Pilar, organised 'Roads less Taken', a state level thought forum cum interactive workshop. 10 students attended- 5 students of SYBA English Single Major Class and 5 students of FYBA English Major class. (7 February 2025)

GOA ARTS AND LITERATURE FESTIVAL (GALF): Goa Arts and Literature Festival held at ICG, Dona Paula. 28 students attended- 21 FY students, 6 SY students and 1 TY student. Teacher co-ordinator- Ms. Shirlene Fernandes. (14-15 February 2025)

WORDSUP 6.0: 22, 24 and 25 February 2025

Theme- Comicverse: Where Every Panel Packs a Punch

22nd February 2025: Writers' Corner

Session 1 – Panel Discussion: Exploring the Creative Processes behind Comic Art.

Panelists: Nishant Saldhana, Vaibhav (Mr. BU) and Moderator- Miss Alice D'Cruz

Session 2- Comic Workshop: Learning with Alexyz! (11:30- 1:00 pm)

Session 3- Open Mic (2 pm onwards)

24 February 25: Day 1

Inaugural Program (9:30- 10:15 am)

Chief Guest- Mr. Alex 'Alexyz' Fernandes

Events (15) from 10:30- 3:30 pm

25 February 25: Day 2

Events (11) from 10:00 am- 4:00pm

Valedictory in the seminar hall from 4:15 pm onwards

Teacher Coordinator- Mr. Aaron-Paul Fernandes

Student Coordinators- Chetna Thanki, Katherine Manuel and Christie Fernandes

DEPARTMENT DIARY

SESSION: Session on 'Types of Reporting' held for the SY English Single Major Students for the NEP Paper 'News Reporting and Editing'.

Teacher Coordinator- Dr. Claudette Gomes

Resource Person- Professor Lisvan Rodrigues

Time- 11:45 am – 12:45 pm (1 March 2025)

GUEST LECTURE: Guest Lecture on 'Poetry in Performance'

Time- 9:30- 10:30 am

Guest Speaker- Mr. Jerry Pinto

Teacher Coordinator- Ms. Shirlene Fernandes (4 March 2025)

DISTINGUISHED ALUMNI LECTURE SERIES: Distinguished Alumni Lecture Series 'From Fiction to Film: My Journey' by Ms. Sonia Filinto

Time- 9:30- 10:30 am

Venue- Class 327, Library Block

Teacher Coordinator- Ms. Shirlene Fernandes (11 March 2025)

INTER-COLLEGIATE QUIZ: Lit Star 3.0 organised by Rosary College of Commerce and Arts, Navelim

Christie Fernandes (TYBA) and Kimberly Vales (SYBA) secured the Runners Up Position. (13 March 2025)

RESEARCH COFFEE SERIES: Research Coffee Series attended by the Faculty and SYBA English Single Major Students

Time- 12:45- 1:30 pm

Coordinated by Dr. Prema Rocha (19 March 2025)

STATE LEVEL STUDENTS' SYMPOSIUM: En-gender 2.0, a State Level Students' Symposium on Global Literatures organized by PCCAS (Autonomous), Margao Kelly D'souza (SYBA) and Kimberly Vales (SYBA) attended. (19-20 March 2025)

A Multilingual Book Reading Session Of 'Varsal'

A multilingual book reading session of Varsal, a short story by Dr. Prakash Parienker, and the Pop-up Book Fair was organized by the Discipline of English, Shenoi Goembab School of Languages and Literature, Goa University, on 1st August 2024 from 11:00 am to 12:30 pm in the Seminar hall.



Students and staff from colleges across Goa, including Goa University were present. Six students from SYBA Major II class, namely, Aloysha Fernandes, Chandana C.H., Kimberly Vales, Wena Oliveira, Shrutika Padte and Tavia DeSouza along with a faculty member of the Department of English - Mr Aaron-Paul Fernandes attended this session.

—Shrutika Padte
SYBA

Understanding Research Ethics (A Research Based Session)

The Department of English, St Xavier's College, organised a research session on Understanding Research Ethics by Ms. Dakshata Zambulkar, Librarian at St Xavier's College, Mapusa, for the Project Students of TYBA English Literature.

The session was aimed at enhancing the students' understanding of research and research methodology and the ethical ways of going about research, to prepare them for a successful project.

Ms. Dakshata took the students through an enlightening session on the meaning of research, how it can be fun, the structure of a research report and an explanation of research ethics. She informed the students about the ethical issues that arise during a research such as validity, sampling, confidentiality, vulnerable groups, beneficence and non-maleficence, informed consent, plagiarism, fabrication and falsification. She also told the students about the various online and offline facilities available for perusal of information for research and the methodology of a research paper. The students learnt of e-resources available, such as Delnet supported by the National Information System for Science and Technology (NISSAT), Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, Government of India and N-List- an initiative of Ministry of HRD under the NME-ICT, funded by UGC.

17 students of the Department of English attended the session along with 5 teachers of the department. The students were left with an increased awareness about research writing and better prepared to tackle their upcoming project work.

Literary Field Trip to Kaushik's Book Kaffe - Margao

The First Year English Major students were treated to a literary experience, when they visited Kaushik's Book Kaffe at Margao . This personal library boasts of hundreds of books on topics like war , politics , journalistic writing , sociocultural history of places , memoirs among others.

The objective was to introduce and initiate youngsters to indulge in quality reading so as to acquire an expansive world view . The outcomes would be to appreciate literary texts and get insights into the nuances of language , style, and content of these texts . The beneficiaries included 14 English major students who benefited tremendously from this literary experience. .



National Book Lovers' Day

The National Book Lovers' Day was organised by The Department of English, St. Xavier's College on 9th August 2024 at 11:00 am in the College Library. The students and staff of the English Department were present.

A total of 31 students, drawn from SYBA English Majors and TYBA English Honours

along with the faculty members of the Department of English – Ms. Alice D'Cruz and Mr. Aaron-Paul Fernandes attended this event. In the introductory speech, The Librarian of St. Xavier's College, Ms. Dakshata Zambulkar, delivered an inspiring address on the significance of reading. Ms. Dakshata Zambulkar highlighted how reading broadens our horizons and nurtures a lifelong passion for learning. The teachers guided the students to specific cupboards and shelves containing various types of English books, assisting them in cleaning and dusting some of the sections. This helped in organizing the books as well as familiarizing the students with the various categories of English literature.

The hands-on experience fostered a deeper appreciation for books and a sense of responsibility in caring for shared resources. The event concluded at 11:30 am, marking the end of a productive and engaging experience for everyone involved.



—Kelly D'souza
SYBA

Final Year and Freshmen Interaction

The Department of English, St Xavier's College, Mapusa, organised 'Majors Meet Minors' and interactive session that took place over two days- 25th September, 2024 and 3rd October 2024, for the students of the FYBA English Minor class and the students of the TYBA Honours in English Literature class. Five students from the TYBA class were invited to share their learnings and insights on the novel 'I, Robot' by Isaac Asimov- a text that has been prescribed to both the classes. Ms Katherine Manuel, Ms Diksha Tupkar, Ms Chetna Thanki and Mr Christie Fernandes, divided the 9 stories from the book among themselves to prepare for the class.

On day 1, 25th September, 2024 Ms Rukma Fadte of FYBA began by warmly welcoming the TYBA students and setting the tone for the rest of the session. Ms Katherine Manuel then took over and shared her insights on the stories titled 'Runaround' and 'Reason'.



Ms Diksha Tupkar then proceeded to talk about 'Catch that Rabbit' and 'Liar' and the session closed with Mr Christie Fernandes explaining the story 'Little Lost Robot'. Day 2, 3rd October, 2024, picked up from where we left off with Ms Diksha Tupkar diving right into the story 'Escape'. Ms Chetna Thanki then shared her learnings on the stories titled 'Evidence' and 'The Evitable Conflict'.

The two day session came to a close with a vote of thanks by Ms Rheem Eraiah from the FYBA English Minor class and a presentation of tokens of appreciation to all four of the TYBA Honours students. Finally, a group photograph was taken of the FYBA English Minor students along with the TYBA Honours students and the Head of Department- Dr Prema Rocha.

The session was an enlightening experience for both parties involved. The FYBA students were given the opportunity to learn from their peers and the TYBA students were given a chance to prepare the text and present their learnings.

—Katherine Manuel
TYBA

Back to Basics: Enhancing English

A Value Added course titled 'Back to Basics: Enhancing English Language Skills for the Workplace' was organised by the Department of English, St. Xavier's College from 23rd September 2024 to 19th October 2024. The course was attended by 20 students of the SYBA Major 2 class. The faculty of the Department of English conducted engaging sessions towards meeting the course objectives namely enhancing English pronunciation and listening skills, improving grammar and editing skills, practising appropriate body language and etiquette in a work setting.



Ms. Alice D'Cruz conducted a session on 'Fine tuning English Pronunciation.' This covered the Role of speech organs, phonetic script application, and correcting common pronunciation errors and helped students polish their speech and articulation.

Ms. Sunita Mesquita conducted a session on 'English Vocabulary'. Students were given firsthand experience with MCQ type competitive entrance exams for jobs, Worksheets were provided to assess vocabulary usage. "What's the Good Workplace Word?" was conducted to help the students understand workplace dynamics through work- related terminology.

In the session, 'The Power of Grammar' Dr. Prema Rocha took the learners through grammar refresher. Activity based exercises helped students to understand, identify and use the parts of speech in writing.

For her session on ‘Report Writing’, Dr. Claudette Gomes discussed the intricacies of writing formal reports. She elaborated on the importance of compiling and arranging information in a structured manner required for a quality report.

In a thought-provoking session, ‘Please Listen to What I'm not Saying’ Ms. Shirlene Fernandes introduced students to the power of listening. With the help of an emotional recall exercise, students were guided to grasp the unsaid message so important to foster a better workplace culture.

In ‘Etiquette and Body Language at the Workplace’, Mr. Aaron-Paul Fernandes focused on the etiquette and body language practices essential in the workplace for fostering positive communication and building professional relationships.

Ms. Eden Ann Fernandes established the basics of ‘Cover letters and CVs. This introduced students to the competitive world of applying for a job, discussed the key points of what a cover letter includes, the format and examples of cover letters.

The sessions were designed to prepare students for real- world workplace communication and future careers. At the end of the course, students were able to develop their communication skills and vocabulary, along with gaining insight on how they should conduct themselves in a work environment. It helped strengthen the foundation of their language and interpersonal abilities and readied them to approach the subsequent phase of their life with a confident and positive mindset.

Campaign for a Clean and Green Campus

Under the aegis of Campaign for Clean and Green Campus - October 2024, a cleanliness drive was organized at the staffroom, Department of English, in keeping with the national programme of Swaach Bharat to promote a sense of hygiene for both staff and students. The initiative which was voluntary in nature aimed at raising awareness about the importance of cleanliness and foster a sense of responsibility among the college community. Some of the objectives of this activity were 1) To clean and organize the staffroom and create a pleasant atmosphere, 2) To engage students and teachers in collaborative efforts towards maintaining cleanliness and 3) To instill a sense of responsibility for cleanliness on campus.



The faculty met with the students and prepared a plan for organizing the staffroom. TYBA student Katherine Manuel was assigned the responsibility of ensuring the effective execution of the cleanliness drive. Student volunteers, including Tavia and Ridaa, both from SYBA, assembled in the staffroom and divided tasks among themselves.

Activities included organizing files office and event material: arranging WordsUp decor and banners in boxes for safe storage, and disposing of paper waste for the purpose of reuse, and recycle.

The activity included geotagged photographs before and after the cleanliness drive. There were 3 faculty members and 06 students. The staffroom was significantly cleaner and more organised.

The cleanliness drive in the college staffroom brought together students in a collaborative effort. It not only improved the physical environment but also reinforced the message of shared responsibility for cleanliness within the college community.

Playing Sherlock Holmes at the Xavier's Campus

A treasure hunt was organized by the Department of English for the English Honors students of the Science Fiction and Detective Fiction Course. The activity was titled “Playing Sherlock Holmes at the Xavier’s campus” and was held on 4th October 2024 at the college campus.

The treasure hunt was aimed at engaging students in an interactive way, encouraging them to apply their knowledge of detective narratives and problem-solving skills in a real-world setting. The objectives of this treasure hunt were:



To enhance students understanding of detective fiction through experiential learning.

To foster teamwork and collaboration among students. And to create an engaging and memorable learning experience outside the classroom.

The class was divided into four teams for this treasure search. It comprised a series of clues and challenges based on speculation and observation which are key elements of detective literature. Clues were strategically placed at various locations around the campus, such as the language lab, theatre space, canteen and library. The final clue led to a hidden treasure and quote; found in the heart of the novel ‘Inspector Ghote Goes by Train’ by H. R. F. Keating. All the teams were awarded gifts.

Students reported high levels of engagement and enjoyment as they ran across the length and breadth of the campus. The teams demonstrated collaboration and communication skills, working together to solve complex clues. A significant learning outcome was that many students expressed that the treasure hunt brought the fun element that enabled them to analyze the genre from a newer perspective.

In tying the loose ends, Sherlock Holmes would be proud about his ability to continue to inspire while Inspector Ghote would applaud the students for accomplishing the assignment. The event, which was coordinated by Ms. Sunita Mesquita (Department of English), felt innovative in nature, created a vibrant team spirit and an extended love for literature.

A Guest Lecture on Revisiting Freedom: An Appreciation of the Aesthetics of Ambedkarism

The objective of the lecture was to introduce students to Dalit history through first-hand experiences narrated by a Dalit writer himself. Mr. Siddhesh Gautam shared his personal journey, growing up in a Dalit family and struggling with cast identity and acceptance. He recalled feeling ostracized during his childhood, doubting his identity, and facing discrimination from his classmates. He drew inspiration from the life of B.R. Ambedkar and revealed that Ambedkar's writings influenced his art.



He shared a demeaning experience of having to introduce himself as a Brahmin to avoid discrimination, but later finding the courage to embrace his identity. Mr. Siddhesh's experiences of living a lie and feeling inferior due to his caste

had a profound impact on his life and art. He emphasized the need for equality, acceptance, and social justice, highlighting the contributions of Dalits and lower castes to Indian society and the economy. The talk concluded with Mr. Siddhesh showcasing his artwork, reflecting on his journey and struggles. His use of the blue color and graphic imagery was striking, and his messages about community struggles and resilience were powerful.

Mr. Siddhesh's story and artwork left a lasting impact on the attendees, reminding us that we are all connected, regardless of caste, gender or race. He encouraged his listeners to take forward Ambedkarism and strive for equality. Since the Museum of Goa showcases stories through contemporary art across mediums, the participants were invited to 'We the people (Too)', an upcoming exhibition at MOG, curated by Mr. Gautam. 08 faculty and 47 students attended the event.

Lit Quiz 3.0 : Learn, Grow, and Conquer

The 3rd Edition of the Lit. Quiz was hosted by the Department of English at St. Xavier's College. The teacher coordinator for the Quiz was Dr. Maria Claudette Gomes, along with Mr. Christie Fernandes (TYBA Honours English) as the Quizmaster. The quiz finals were held on the 5th of October 2024 in the seminar hall from 11:00 a.m. onwards.

The preliminary written round was held on 1st October 2024 in Classroom 327 from 12.50 p.m. to 1.20 p.m. 18 teams of 3 members each participated in the written round. The results were announced on the 3rd of October, and the four top teams qualified for the finals, which were held on 5th October 2024.

The competition on the 5th of October 2024, officially began with a warm welcome extended by Joshua Lobo (TYBA) to all the participants and the faculty. The four teams participating, assigned their names by lots for the Final



Rounds were Plato, Dante, Sappho, and Eliot. The Lit. Quiz had six interesting rounds, designed to put participants' knowledge to the test. The six rounds were as follows: General Literary Trivia, Syllabus Specific, Book Covers, First Lines, Poetry, and Comics. Participants nailed the quiz questions with their teamwork and wit. At the end of the sixth round, Team Sappho led by Ms. Shrutika Padte (SYBA), Ms. Tavia De Souza (SYBA), and Ms. Sumaiya Khan (FYBA), emerged as the champions of Lit. Quiz 3.0. It goes without saying that the competition for the runners-up position was a tough one fought for between Team Eliot, having Ms. Kimberly Vales (SYBA), Ms. Kelly D'Souza (SYBA) and Ms. Diksha Tupkar (TYBA),

and Team Dante, consisting of Ms. Chetna Thanki (TYBA), Ms. Katherine Manuel (TYBA), and Ms. Michelle Macedo (TYBA) who at the end of the quiz captured the first runners-up position. The winners and runners-up teams were awarded medals and certificates. Ms. Keziah Barretto (TYBA), Ms. Ageema Fernandes (TYBA) on Team Plato also showed their literary prowess. The faculty of the Department of English did the honours of felicitating the winners and runners-up teams at the prize distribution ceremony.



Pegasus Legends 2025

Weeks of prepping boiled down to the day of the intercollegiate event, Pegasus at Parvatibai Chowgule College, Margao. Their theme to commemorate fifteen years of this literary event was 'Legends'. The two-day event which took place on 15th and 16th of January 2025, comprised of a series of competitive events, from theatre and singing to spelling bee and wall painting.



The students were excited to participate in the various events and showcase their talent. The team comprised of 20 students, who were each skilled in their own domain. They were led by Miss Eden Fernandes and Tavia De Souza. After much discussion the team name 'Anubis' was chosen by its members. Our slogan was a combination of our team-name as well as our mascot. "Wrap it in gold, send it a soul; where Anubis reigns and Wonka takes control" was shouted with full vigour during the event.

The team was introduced by the PROMO video which was directed and edited by Amiti Pujari along with Larissa and Ridaa who conceptualized the whole concept. The cameraman was Adam Ferrao who filmed the entire video. We opted for the 'mystery' genre from various other genres to create an enigmatic introductory video that would leave you guessing the villain.

For the 'Mascot', Gizane Menezes dressed as the eccentric chocolatier Willy Wonka and put up a good act throughout the two days. For the 'Variet' event, Larissa Rodrigues took part in 'Makeupmorphosis' while 'Drape of the Lock' was done by Ridaa Shah.

They had to create a version of the Rakhondar merged with legends from across the world. Together they brought to life 'Kekeli' an intermesh of the Rakhondar and Persephone with the support of our model Reuella Azavedo. For Booker x Toony Lits, Larissa D'souza created a comic and storyline revolving the same character and won the 3rd place.

Kimberly Vales participated in the Rearview x Montage and created a visually stunning and interactive website along with a montage documenting our team's journey from BTS to event snaps and seized the first place.

Pegasus XV kicked off with an inaugural ceremony that pumped up everyone's competitive spirit. Participants were eager to showcase their skills and creativity in various categories that were lined up throughout the day whilst also having fun. It started off with 'Globe Theatre', a treat for all theatre enthusiasts. The team chose Alice Munro's 'Child Play' and converted it into a tiatr giving it a comical and traditional twist. Rhaposdy x No Empty Rhetoric is an event for those articulate and eloquent speakers who also love to argue. Sumaiya Khan participated in this debate and extempore speech competition consisting of two rounds and bagged the first place.

For 'Slammit', Diksha Tupkar was required to compose her own poem focused on Goa which she then presented through a slam performance. Her poem was titled 'Grieving Goa: An Elegy for a Dying Identity'. She also had to record an aesthetic video of her original poetry.

Dielle Lobo participated in 'Wall.Me!' which was an event that gave the participants the full day to paint a wall with the theme 'Imagine. Create. Inspire! Literature!' Participants had to select one, two or the whole phrase and paint the wall accordingly. She chose 'Imagine' and painted a fantasy masterpiece.

'Run for your El Dorado' (R.E.D) tested our participants brain as well as brawn. Tavia De Souza and Diksha Tupkar navigated through a series of tasks to place 2nd in the competition.

For 'Ramp.age', participants were required to present a freeze-frame from a work of literature. Sumaiya Khan, Alexia Pereira, Chetna Thanki and Ridaa Shah showcased Act 4 Scene 1 of 'Merchant of Venice'.

For 'Sashay', Katherine Manuel, Janhavi Mhambre, Vismaya Raut and Anshika Thakur put up a mesmerizing interpretive dance inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's 'The Raven'. Amiti Pujari took part in 'One Piece', the art installation event and created an art-piece on George Orwell's '1984'.

For the 'Pegasus Laureate' event, a single participant had to participate in a gauntlet of six events. These events were more competitive than the regular events. Shrutika Padte was our 'Laureate' this year and won the third place in 'Raconteur! What's my Cue?' and 'The Influencer'. She also won the first place in 'Illuminati' and participated in events such as 'The Sleeve' and 'The Professor'.

On the second day, the participants returned back with their last ounce of energy and everlasting enthusiasm to participate in several other exciting competitions. Larissa Rodrigues presented a three-course meal inspired by the Absurdist movement. The choice of colour was brown. Her savory dish 'The Coffin Bite' was inspired by Camus' 'The Stranger', The dessert was called 'Kafka's cake' influenced by 'The Metamorphosis' and the Drink was named 'Stranger's Coffee' drawing inspiration from Camus' philosophy. Although the dishes were visually absurd, the taste was phenomenal; thus, winning the third place.

In 'No Empty Rhetoric', Sumaiya Khan participated in a lively debate, arguing that the author's politics does not affect their work with respect to J.K Rowling.

In 'Zeitgeist', the participants put together a humourous news show titled 'Keeping it in the Family' portraying the heated rivalry between Lord Byron and John Keats. The comebacks and puns were so witty and sharp that it had the entire audience oohing, even the judges could not contain their laugh; winning third place in this competition.

The 'Literary Snakes and Ladders' competition put Katherine Manuel's and Anshika Thakur's spellings to the test, with participants rolling the dice and performing various tasks in the hopes of good luck. Finally, the 'Bohemian Rhapsody' was a treat to the ears. Tavia De Souza, Reuella Azavedo, Andrea Rosario and Alexia Pereira performed an original theme song on 'The Great Gatsby'.

The bonus events that our team participated in were Flag and Tag, Book Donation and Clean- Up Drive for which the students went to the Rotary Park near our college to clean up the area.

Overall, our team put up a good fight against strong competitors. Although, victory wasn't in our fate, we exited the college campus with memories and experiences that we will cherish for a lifetime. The greatest victory lay in our teamwork and the collective efforts of each one of us. The faculty was proud of our individual achievements and we promised to come back stronger next year.

—Shrutika Padte
SYBA

On Saving a Tree

Drawing inspiration from a prescribed poem *On Killing a Tree* by Gieve Patel, the English Major students who are enrolled in the Ecology and Literature course participated in a green initiative assignment to integrate ecology with literary exploration. Students were tasked with growing a plant from seed and were informed about this task in December 2024 by course faculty, Ms. Sunita Mesquita, Department of English.

The objective of this assignment was, firstly, to explore the intersection between nature and literature and secondly, to encourage students to experience hands-on environmental sensitivity, examine the challenges faced, the lessons learned, and the broader insights gained through this initiative. Each of the 35 students brought a plant to class on 20th January 2025, the seed of which they had sowed themselves. The types ranging from the common periwinkle to a water grown money plant, from millet seeds to mustard seeds, from capsicum to pomegranate, from aloe vera to coriander leaves.

In the poem *On Killing a Tree*, the poet illustrates the human attempt to uproot trees likening it to an act of committing murder. While sharing personal experiences on wanting to save trees, the students described that the reasons they chose specific seeds were based on adaptability to climate and its symbolism of resilience and growth in literature. Observing the plant daily, noting environmental factors such as temperature, humidity, and changes in plant health, the students deepened their ecological consciousness.

Students expressed the several challenges they faced, the frustration when the young sapling did not respond to growth factors and felt a sense of accomplishment when it did. Some of them had to navigate unpredictable weather conditions, infertile soil or excessive water. Despite the initial setbacks, they found courage through patience and resilience. They recognized the symbolic significance of life which reinforced the literary themes such as the delicate balance between human actions and the natural world.

Undoubtedly, the students had deepened their appreciation of nature. They had gained a deeper understanding of the complexity of nature, as well as the ways in which literature can enrich a strong relationship with the natural world. They felt that this assignment demonstrates the value of experiential learning and the potential to promote a greater appreciation of the environment.



When Literary Thought Forums Matter

“Two Roads diverged in a wood, and I took the one less travelled by. And that has made all the difference.” – Robert Frost

Roads Less Taken: A State Level Thought Forum, organised by Fr. Agnel College of Arts and Commerce was held at the Pilar Pilgrim Centre on February 7, 2025. It aimed to allow a healthy and engaging interaction between students of English Literature and professionals from diverse language driven industries. St Xaviers College deputed 10 of their enthusiastic Literature students to cull the best from experts in their fields. The inauguration was graced by the principal Dr Fr Frederick Rodrigues and the HOD and convenor Ms Maria da Cruz who goaded the young participants to make the best of expert advice offered, in response to their perennial question: What Next after English Literature?

The first speaker of the day, Mr. Leonard Fernandes, Co-founder of Dogears began by simplifying the factors that go into a book building process. He highlighted the role of literature graduates within the publishing sector, emphasizing the importance of critical thinking and creativity as perquisites to get into this field of publishing and running a book store. He strongly encouraged the students to read beyond their syllabus and foster a passion for literature.

“There is a compelling need to uncover the lesser-known aspects of Goa, beyond its beaches.” was the resounding message of Mr. Pratik Joshi, Head Curator of Soul Traveling. He acknowledged the state's negative stereotype and emphasized that through his company, Soul Traveling, he aims to highlight Goa's natural and local heritage. He also explained how Soul Traveling operates and emphasized the importance of understanding, effective communication, and negotiation skills in providing these “immersive experiences.”

Ms. Sheela Jaywant, a short story writer, shared the journey she traversed across diverse industries, including hospitality and education. She emphasized the importance of focus, hard work, and curiosity in writing. She encouraged the students to analyse, critique, and summarize. Additionally, she highlighted the need for a well-rounded knowledge of any industry, that students wish to pursue and urged them to stay passionate about writing, even though it may not lead to wealth.

Mr. Damian Carvalho an Emcee, began by quoting Nelson Mandela, "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." He urged the students to approach tasks with passion, determination, and affirmation (PDA), emphasizing the importance of constructive criticism and self-evaluation. He also encouraged the students to pursue their passions while embracing continuous learning. Damian also highlighted the need for humility and gratitude for one's origins, advising the students to never forget their roots. He urged them to approach life with an open mind, leaving pride behind, and to be fearless in trying new experiences. In his conclusion, he motivated the students to chase success, believing money would naturally follow.

"Reading, Learning, and being Multilingual is the key to good writing and publishing" emphasized Mr. Fredrick Noronha, the founder of the publishing house 1556. He made it very clear to the young audience that, "Reading a lot makes you look smarter," and encouraged the students to focus on books rather than just online content. He stressed that every language is an asset and is valuable, urging the students to develop skills in languages beyond English. He highlighted the significance of continuous learning and explained that journalism, advertising and many other careers are accessible with proficiency in English. He advised the students to explore career opportunities in Arts beyond teaching and strongly encouraged them to start writing.

Mr. Jojo D'Souza discussed the magic of cinematic writing, outlining the key elements of storytelling. He advised future writers, "Whatever you write, if you feel it is good, register it; do not allow others to take credit for your ideas and creativity," a message based on his personal experiences. Jojo emphasized the importance of 'showing, not telling' while crafting impactful dialogue. He also highlighted the need for a hero, a villain, and conflict to keep the audience engaged. He concluded with the powerful reminder, "Life starts with a blank page; It's up to you to fill it up."

The interesting stage of the thought forum was the Mentoring session, where groups were formed and students engaged in a one-to-one session with a speaker of their choice, seeking personalized guidance, clarification and expression for all their queries. Each speaker offered valuable insights and added that slice of life that would surely animate and inspire. These interactive sessions were valuable, fostering meaningful connections between the speakers and the students. It was heartening to witness every student depart with renewed motivation, inspiration and a clearer understanding of their future literary endeavours.

Roads Less Taken was an inspiring literary adventure for the youngsters from the department of English, St. Xaviers College who indulged in a time fruitfully spent.

—Ezra D'souza
FYBA



WordsUp 6.0 Comicverse: Where Every Panel Packed a Punch

With their rendition of the Multiverse of Madness, the English Department of St. Xavier's College was back once again with WordsUp 6.0 and Writers' Corner, which was held on the 22nd, 24th, and 25th of February 2025. From forgotten superheroes to scheming villains and talking ginger cats, this year's theme of "Comicverse: Where Every Panel Packs a Punch" had it all! Seventeen colleges from all across Goa answered their summons and participated in the event, with each team consisting of around 20 to 35 participants.

This year's Writers' Corner was held on the 22nd of February 2025 and focused on comics, giving us a glimpse into the intricate workings that bring the panels we so dearly love to life. The panelists for the first session were Mr. Vaibhav B.U. and Mr. Nishant Saldanha, who shared their individual experiences as artists as well as the process behind their art. Ms. Alice D'Cruz was the moderator for the same.

The second session was an interactive comic workshop by cartoonist Alexyz, a household name in Goa's art and comic scene. Participants were guided through the process of making their very own comic art, with a dash of laughter along the way. An open-mic that saw a flourish of talent marked the end of Writers' Corner.

A superhero here and another there jumping out of trees, a smug ginger feline enjoying his siesta, a bus-swallowing vortex, and panels in 3D—the college campus was 'geeked out' and ready for all the action that Day One of WordsUp 6.0 would bring. The inaugural was hosted by Chetna Thanki and Sumaiya Khan, and the Chief Guest for the day was Mr. Alex "Alexyz" Fernandes. The gathering was addressed and welcomed by our Administrator, Rev. Fr. Antonio Salema, and Principal-in-charge, Prof. Filipe Rodrigues e Melo, respectively.

Together with Mr. Alexyz, they graced the dais as dignitaries for the event along with the Vice Principal Ms. Sandra Fernandes, Ms. Alice D'Cruz and Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes. Mr. Alexyz then declared WordsUp 6.0 open and this was followed by him surprising Ms. Alice D'Cruz with a custom caricature painting. Nearing the end of the formal ceremony, the treasure trove of glittering WordsUp trophies and medals was unveiled at the hands of Principal-in-charge, Prof. Filipe Rodrigues e Melo, and Ms. Alice D'Cruz. An acappella performance, fit for a grand showdown by our very own students, set the tone for the literary event to commence.

Just as it takes a team of fictional superheroes to save the day, it also took a village of real heroes who worked tirelessly behind the scenes to make WordsUp 6.0 a success. This included around 250 volunteers under the leadership of a capable core team and the mentorship of Sir Aaron-Paul Fernandes. The event was a culmination of extensive brainstorming, after-hours work, late evenings, and last-minute rushes that eventually saw fruition.

WordsUp featured 25 events, spanning over two days in various decorated venues across the college campus. A pop-up bazaar allowed entrepreneurs of small businesses to showcase their wares, while an assortment of food stalls provided the crowd with much-needed energy to keep their spirits high. A bookstall, featuring a magnificent selection of books from local and renowned authors, was also set up.

The lineup of events spanned various forms and media under the comic umbrella, with comic-adjacent themes and elements. "Dark Knight Rises," "Parker's Lens," "Mikey's Mutative Memes," and "Metropolis in Motion" gave comic characters a cinematic spotlight. "Memes Spellbound Heroes" challenged participants' mastery over words, and "Heroic Epistles" had contestants crafting compelling letters to their arch-nemesis.

"The Question" tested participants' knowledge in a high-stakes comic- as well as general-knowledge quiz, while "Victory in a Flash" had them racing against the clock in a Just A Minute-style challenge. "Snoopy's Snippets" encouraged them to showcase their storytelling skills through impromptu short fiction.

Performing arts events such as "Verse-at-ile Panels," a performance poetry competition, and "Chaotic Redemption," a theatre event that reimaged classic villains as heroes, brought comic book narratives to life on stage. "The Joker's Jesters" had aspiring comedians deliver stand-up sets with a comic twist, while "Josie and the Pussycats" turned the stage into a melodious face-off. "The Fastest Man Alive" was about comic characters defending their honour.

Physical endurance and team spirit were tested in "Riddler's Literary Ruin," a grammarthon that was an intersection of language skills with physical challenges, and "Red Rackham's Treasure," an adventurous treasure hunt inspired by Tintin's escapades. "Three-Panel Trial" put teams through a triathlon of comic-themed challenges. "Garfield's Monday Munchies" tested contestants' culinary skills by having them prepare dishes inspired by comics, while "Squadron of Mayhem" saw teams decked out in comic-accurate costumes hold a lively parade.

WordsUp 6.0 brought out the hidden superheroes vying for justice and villains with a penchant for conquering the world in every participant, with a mix of new and returning events. Judges included faculty, alumni, and well-known personalities from the spheres of comedy, music, literature, and the like.

You can only get a story when there's an end, as is the same with comics. In this case, the grand revelation of WordsUp 6.0's winner was the climax all teams looked forward to. After two days of intense competition filled with electrifying energy and commendable performances, WordsUp 6.0 concluded with the valedictory function hosted by Christie Fernandes and Tavia De Souza, who kept the energy high as they acknowledged the efforts of all 17 participating colleges. The faculty of the English Department, along with Fr. Antonio Salema and Prof. Filipe Rodrigues e Melo presented prizes and certificates to the winners of individual events.

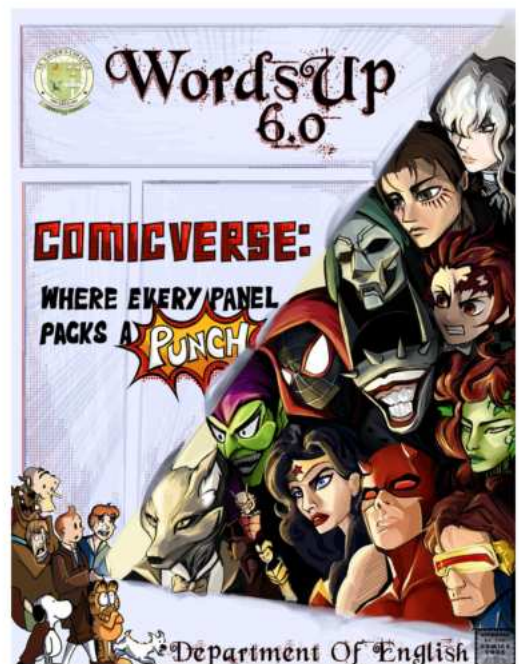
Mr. Aaron-Paul Fernandes, the event coordinator of WordsUp, expressed his gratitude to everyone for their role in making WordsUp 6.0 a grand success and presented awards to the top three winners of the fest. Srinivassa Sinai Dempo College of Commerce and Economics and Nirmala Institute of Education claimed the 1st and 2nd runners-up spots, respectively, while Parvatibai Chowgule College of Arts and Science took home the title of the overall champions of WordsUp 6.0.

As the winners stepped up to receive their prizes, cheers and applause filled the venue. The joyous celebrations marked the completion of an eventful competition, leaving behind cherished memories.

And with the final panel drawn, WordsUp 6.0 came to a spectacular end. Or did it? Until the next chapter!

—Kimberly Vales
SYBA





International Women's Day Celebration

Students from the Department of English, some of whom have a paper titled Women's Writing, organized a special event for themselves to honor and acknowledge the strength, achievements, and contributions of women. With the UN theme for this year's celebration "For All Women and Girls: Rights. Equality. Empowerment.", it aimed at recognizing the significance of women's role in society and the importance of creating an inclusive and supportive environment. It was a heartwarming occasion that featured various activities, including the exchange of handmade bookmarks, inspiring speeches and songs as well as a cake-cutting ceremony attended by both students and teachers.

Each student created a personalized bookmark, featuring meaningful quotes from famous women writers like Alice Walker, Margaret Atwood, Toni Morrison, Virginia Woolf and others which symbolized messages of empowerment and the shared solidarity among the students. Several students took the stage including Janhavi Mhambre, Tavia De Souza, Megan Gomes while Shrutika Padte rapped an original musical composition that focused on empowering women to overcome selfdoubt and embrace one's strengths.

A key highlight was the cake-cutting ceremony celebrating this special occasion which was a gesture of appreciation for all the women who play a pivotal role in shaping the future. The faculty attended a documentary screening of Girl Rising on campus where Ma'am Alice D'Cruz, the HoD incharge addressed the students about the transformative power of education for girls.

It was a day filled with inspiration and a renewed commitment to continue advocating for women's rights and opportunities in all spheres of life. It fostered a sense of unity and solidarity among all while highlighting the ongoing efforts needed to uplift and empower women in every aspect of society.



STROKES OF EXPRESSION

“Art washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.” ~ Pablo Picasso

~ Faith Michael, SYBA



~ Kelly D'souza, SYBA



~Yashuram Gaonkar,
TYBCom



~Keona Rajani, TYBA



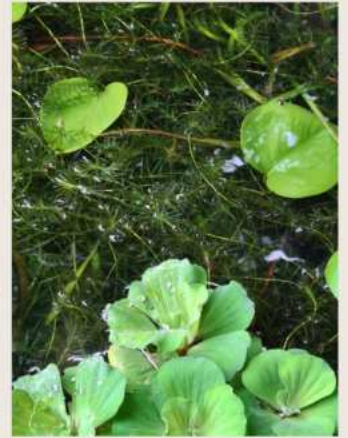
~Anonymous



CAPTURED MOMENTS

“Photography is the art of making memories tangible.” ~ Destin Sparks

~Zilu Shetye
Korgaonkar, TYBSc



~ Larissa Rodrigues,
SYBA



~Cybil Rodrigues, SYBA

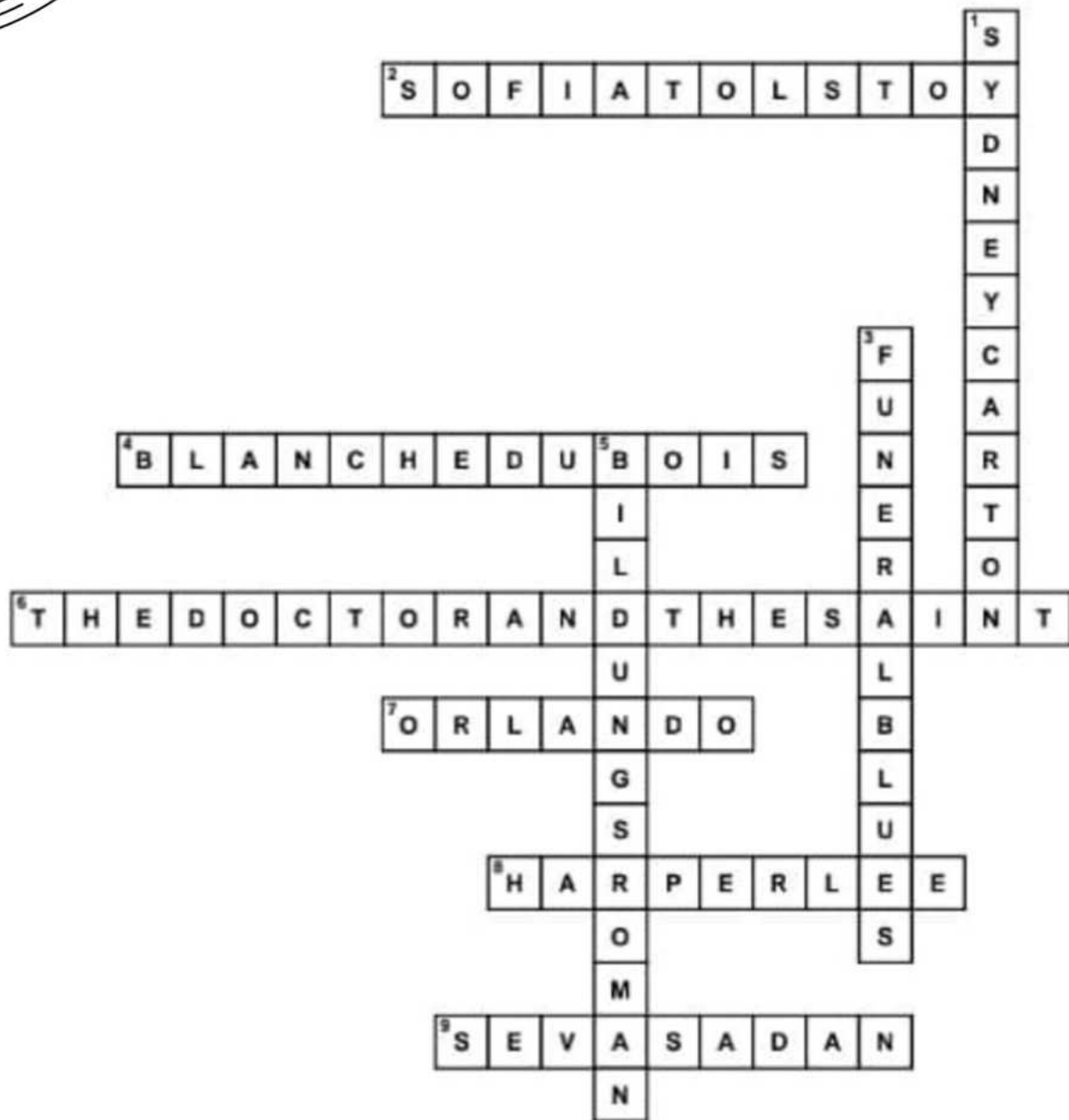


~Rachel Shania
Fernandez, SYBA



Crossword Solution

(Destroying the narcissist within)



Made By:
SUMAIYA KHAN



QUIZ KEY

Q1. Aeneas

Q2. Isaac Asimov

Q3. Maycomb County

Q4. 1953

Q5. Soliloquy

Q6. Tone

Q7. Quantum Theory

Q8. Thomas Hardy

Q9. King Leopold the Second

Q10. God of Small Things

Q11. Sir Kazuo Ishiguro

Q12. Salman Rushdie

Q13. Munshi Premchand

Q14. Rabindranath Tagore

Q15. Vera





ALICE IN
XAVIERLAND
ALEXYZ

KNOW YE ALL
for
DECADES OF DEDICATION
AS AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR
@ ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE
MAPUSA-GOA
Ms. ALICE D'CRUZ
STANDS SUPER TALL!!
WORDSUP 6.0 2025