



Link

A CREATIVE MAGAZINE

ISSUE : 4

MARCH 2016


BY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



THE IIS UNIVERSITY
JAIPUR





"What is Art? It is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the Real."


- **Rabindranath Tagore**

L-Ink or *Language Ink* is the bi-annual creative magazine of The IIS University.

Initiated and managed by the Department of English, the magazine aims to celebrate the undiscovered artistic talent of the University. It includes self compositions in the form of poems, memoirs, reflections, sketches, paintings, etc sent in by both the students and faculty members. As the name suggests, *L-Ink* caters to all languages including English, Hindi, German and French.

For further queries/suggestions and contributions, please send an email at l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in.

Prepared by
Dr. Rimika Singhvi
Mr. Ritesh Mandawara



COFFEE SHOP

I met you over coffee;
the red-headed barista
with the shiny silver piercings in her ears.
"A large black coffee, please."
You smiled and the tiny metal hoops in your lip
shone as you handed me my change.
I thought about the way your slender fingers brushed back the hair where
they escaped red
pigtails
as I sat in the corner booth
and wrote my English essay.

I think you saw me looking.
That would explain the phone number under
the pile of extra napkins you brought for me when I spilled my drink,
the hot liquid staining my favourite navy skirt.
I texted you that night and fell asleep, clutching my phone as if it was a
lifeline and
waited for a reply that never came.

A week passed before I visited the coffee shop again,
tugging on my pale sweater, adjusting again and again the glasses on my
face.

"A large black coffee, please."
I went and sat in my corner booth, legs shaking,
not expecting the second note under the oversized cup you dropped off.
My heart thrummed in my chest as I unfolded
the clean white napkin.
Sorry-phone broke. Text me again? -Cassie
The dragon tattoo on your arm flexed around your muscles
as you reached for a coffee cup or pushed the lever on a pump.
I smiled at you, while my fingers curled strands of my hair, and almost fell
when
the strap of my bag snagged on a chair whilst I attempted to walk away.
Your laugh echoed in my mind as I biked home.
And of course I texted you again that night and held my breath until
you replied.

It was only a matter of weeks before we fell into a constant need for each
other.
I watched you laugh as the wind threatened to steal my skirt from me
or when I tripped and fell on your lap.
You let me braid your hair sometimes, something I looked forward to,
because it meant that I could hold you close afterwards
and let you know every single way in which I loved you.
Your small smiles when you thought I wasn't looking, or
the peals of laughter at my atrocious attempts at humor
made me forget about everything but the happiness
emanating from you.

Weeks turned to months and the definition of living had been replaced
by your name.
No one had ever completely belonged with me as much as you did.
Though I didn't miss the looks we received when
we walked down the street holding hands, or when
we kissed on the park benches, or when
I asked you to marry me in the middle of a restaurant.
But you said yes and the dubious world faded away.

We were in your coffee shop, in that corner booth,
your hands in mine, when the door collapsed.
He raged in, furious and full of hate.
I tried to protect you, believe me I did, but what can a girl do
when a gun is pointed at her head.
I saw you one last time, our heads resting on the cold tile floor.
At first I thought you were looking at me, but then you didn't blink.
I waited and you didn't blink and your chest didn't move like a chest is
supposed to.
I wasn't ready to lose all those sleepless nights I had spent with you,
talking like there wasn't going to be a tomorrow.
Nor was I ready for the sudden realization that you were gone.
I kept my eyes on you until the world faded to
a permanent black.

There were quiet voices and empty reassurances in my ears
But no one could tell me where you were.
I couldn't move and machines had to help me breathe.
I saw your face behind my blind eyes and yearned for nothing more
than your touch.

But I was trapped on this hospital bed, confined,
imprisoned, restrained, by my own brain.
And I knew it would happen, because it always happens.
I make you mine, make us how we were meant to be.
And then you die. Because I am the only part left of you,
my broken mind and an empty body resting on a white mattress.
You are nothing but the memories inside my head,
torturing me over and over and over and-

I met you over coffee.

Sanghamitra Saxena, BVA Sem. II



GUARDIANS OF MY UNIVERSE

I am a 22 year old woman, struggling to flourish in a country like ours. Shuttling between college and home; classes and weddings; dates and prayers. Before you stop reading, wondering this is another article bashing up the country or ranting about feminism, Stop. It is none of that!

I am considered to be a fragment of the oblivious, rebellious and ungrateful generation. Indeed, I do take a lot of things for granted- home, education, food, friends, and so on. But there is something else too, I take for granted, something which is the very foundation of my existence and yet I falter. My parents! They taught me everything I know. They gave me spirit lifting pep talks before every examination I faced. They wiped my tears when I broke up with my boyfriend. They called incessantly to make sure I had eaten during a busy day. They saw the twilight series because I was a fan. They went out of their ways to fulfill my nonsensical whims and fancies. They never gave up on me, not even when I gave up on myself.

Yes, I have been an ungrateful child. I got irritated when they would need help with technology. I threw fits when they would talk about deadlines. I refused to take them places because I was busy hanging out with my friends. I would get embarrassed by their failed attempts at texting. I would drag them to the mall and make them walk all day just to find a stupid dress. And yet they loved me all the same. I can never do enough to deserve them! Maybe I failed to realize their importance because I've never been on my own. They have always been there! Be it my parent-teacher meets or annual functions, hunger pangs or fever rants, to be guinea pigs to my disastrous cooking experiments, or puppets to my fashion advice. But I do realize their worth, now. How, you ask?

Well, like every other woman, I would supposedly get married and let my parents be! Leave them in return for all they've done for me. The much anticipated fear of imminent separation makes women cling harder to their folks. Maybe, this is the reason the fairer sex claims to be more attached to their parents; because the society forces us to be away from them later in life.

People often say you can meet your parents whenever you want. Not really!

I cannot run up to hug my dad every time he returns from the office. I cannot cling to my mom every time I feel like sobbing. They've made things right when I saw no hope. I don't want to miss out when my mom takes her first DSLR shot or when my dad downloads his first Gazal; just like they held my hand the first time I stumbled. I want to be with them during their 'firsts' as they were with me during mine. I now comprehend the value of all those beautiful memories they've given me.

I have reckoned that we often entangle ourselves in the busy cobwebs of life, running behind friends, relationships, money. Indeed, they are crucial but every once in a while we should reach out to our parents. They need us. A simple text or a brief phone call can light up there day like nothing else can! So call them up if you live apart or hug them if they're beside you. Because nobody else can possibly love you like they do!



Ana Khan, B.Sc. (Hons.) Psycho., Sem. VI

WINNING ENTRIES OF '55 FICTION' COMPETITION

FIRST - Nishta Chakravorty, B.Sc. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. VI

LAYERS

"They heaved me into the corner and stuffed my face with rags. Every ounce of me shrieked, as they took off each layer and fondled with my body. They had me one by one, laughing heinously with every thrust. Even the thought of it, shakes my innards."

"Madam, please be more specific", sniggered the policeman.

SECOND - Shubhangi Bhatnagar, B.A. (Hons.) English Sem. II

HER

Two women dressed rather shabbily gossiped, "Oh look at her, so pretentious!" The second lady gushed, "Who dresses like that to supermarket? It's not a gala."

The woman in question turned around with a bright smile and thanked them, leaving the two aghast.

After all, it's not everyday people forget she was once a man.

THIRD - Kritika Singh, B.A. Sem. IV

The Gift

The orphan kids gathered around, chirping and one by one grabbed their gift from the donation box.

The little girl in the corner when asked why she grabbed a broken doll answered "She is just like me. No one wanted her." She pointed to her right artificial leg, smiling at the gift in her hand.

CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

Shiromi Chaturvedi, B.Sc. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. VI

THE GIFT

I stood there, transfixed like a post. The vast emptiness of the airport mocked us. He stuffed a paper bag in my hand and left without a goodbye kiss. As the Jet lunged forward, I unwrapped my present. It was his favourite book with a unique name scribbled above the prologue: My first, his last.

Iha Magazine, B.A. (Hons.) English Sem. VI

LAYERS

A rotting peel of banana, an old rag cloth, some rusty, old pins, an empty packet of chips, a used disposable razor, a copy of yesterday's Times of India and finally a tattered carton! The little rag-picker boy smiled, picked the carton and went back home. Thus dinner for the night was earned.

Canne Subhadra Sharma, B.A. Sem. VI

THE GIFT

En route home, as the trees whizzed past him, Rajesh smiled as he pictured his mother impatiently waiting for him at the station, repeatedly glancing at the monotonously ticking clock. She had gifted him life, freedom, and constantly inspired him. His smile wavered as he glanced at his husband. If only she would gift him acceptance.

Shreya Dixit, B.Com. (Hons.) Sem. IV

HER

She was the life and soul of the party. They had gathered round in genuine interest to listen to her stories, hanging on every word and responding with wonder, laughter and adoration. Now she flicked off the monitor and shuffled to bed. She only took one sleeping pill; after all, it was pension day tomorrow.



OF BEAUTY AND NATURE

You are not the color of your skin,
Or the size of your waist.
You are not the scars on your face,
Or the stretch marks on your thighs.
You are not the flab on your stomach,
Or the collar bones on your shoulder.
You are your opinions,
You are your thoughts,
You are your behaviour,
And your ideas.
You are the calm of the sea,
You are the ferocity of the wind,
You are the brightness of the sun,
You are the beauty of the moon,
You are nature in all its powerful glory.

Iha Magazine
B.A. (Hons.) English Sem. VI

HORIZON

When the dreams are dying
When the heart is crying
Is that the end?
About to break, as it bends.. ?

But you are your own maker
Its you who can end or begin
Then why let pain enter
You have the potential within.

Freedom you have
A choice you need to make
to be a bird in the cage
or be an eagle in the air
or be the rocket in the space.

You!! set the limits
Break yourself free
Taste the freedom to be yourself
Taste the freedom to meet yourself

You did not expect this
Best things happen when not expected
Its a moment to cease
Live it, move ahead and you can
still breathe.

Edith Jacob
M.Sc. Eco. Sem. IV



THE DIARY OF A FEARSTRICKEN CHILD.....

The sun has risen up in the skies. Finally, after a long, scary sleepless night, hopefully I might get an hour of solace. But I'm still struggling to drive away the gloomy thoughts of last night that are clouding my mind. I'm fighting to steer clear from the fear that grips me every time I hear the heart-crushing sound of another fight between mom and dad.

Dear god, why are you doing this? What wrong did I do? If I have done something wrong then please punish me directly. Please? Don't get my mom-dad for this. I beg you. I am afraid. I am shattering. It's like, I'm screaming on the top of my voice, with my lungs bursting with pain, but no one hears me. Not even myself. No one comes to calm me. I am shivering. The tears just won't stop pouring. I want to cry. Cry so hard that my voice can reach up to your ears, because you are not listening to my call! But I can't cry. Mom and dad will hear me. They are up. I can hear the tinkling of utensils in the kitchen. Mom must be making breakfast for dad. He leaves early for work, especially after a fight. I don't want them to hear or see me crying. It's too embarrassing. I don't know why, but it's too embarrassing. Oh god! My head is aching so bad, it's going to burst. There's a burning feeling in my eyes, they've been tearing all night.

Why are mom and dad splitting? Why do they have to get divorced? They could have tried some more. I know they tried to solve the things out, but they could have tried a little more, just for me. If they had tried a bit harder, things wouldn't have reached this far, that now dad is getting married to that lady. I don't like her. I feel bad for mum and dad. I wanted to see them happy. But they're not happy. Is it because of me? What should I do? I don't know how to bring them back! I feel helpless.

Does it happen with other kids as well? Or are you doing this to me only, to take some old revenge? Please let it go god. People say that god never does wrong, then why are you doing wrong to me and my family? You don't know how it feels like to see your parents fight, then get divorced and worst part to see them marry someone else. What will I do now? Will they abandon me? Who will take care of me? What will my friends and everyone else at school think? I will become an unfortunate thing for them. That should not happen! I will lose my best friends then. All these years they have been my only support. Though I never told them about fights back at home, but still I got so much hope from them. Just their smiles and jokes cured my aching-breaking heart. Oh! How much I wished I could tell them, to take me with them, because I didn't want to go back home. It's not home, its hell. Going there meant another day full of fear that any moment a volcano would erupt, leaving only grey ashes.

I should sleep now. There's still half an hour left before mom wakes me up for school. I should try to sleep again. Then thankfully I'll go to school, where I can stay happy for some time, away from home.

I will sleep now.

Good night.

Ishika Kachhwaha, BJMC Sem. IV

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

When I looked out ahead of me
I did not understand
Why you were not here with me
To hold my petite hand
And walk across this world with me
To say that it's okay
To show me which way I should go
To be here every day

When it happened I was only young
Although two years ago
And during the losing process
I felt extremely low
But now when I talk to you
Or see you in the street
I don't want to hide or run
It's you I want to meet

All that happened is in the past
And I don't want to return
Because from our situation
I did naught but learn
I know inside we're strong enough
To forgive and forget
We can choose our paths in life
In stone they are not set

So even though we lost each other
There was no me and you
There is no need to sort it out
Our friendship was true
And it will carry on like that
I know we can be friends
This can be our beginning
Does not have to be our end.

So what I'm trying to say is
And what I say is true
That what I want more than anything
Is to be friends with you

Lavanya, B.A. (Hons.) English Sem. II



THE HEART'S SONG

Silent grievings, crying out in the dark,
for I find myself in the dark;
the light rays don't reach here.
holding what the heart wants to say,
ahead lies a tied tongue unable to speak
all voice is lost, what remains is but dark
Dark comforting, peace giving
A gust of wind. No. Just the flowing air,
it hits and shattered, the dark breaks
leading to a deeper dark. A scream silenced.
Here I am watching it all once again.
Broken, unaware of what can be done.
She stands in that dark, fighting
with herself, her fears.
The little she once desired dances bright before her misty eyes.
When the misty eyes gave way to sleep I never knew
never knew when did the hurt begin to heal
I am who I am, in my own night and day
complete in the incomplete in a silent untold way..

Maria E Bhaskar

B.A. (Hons) English Sem III



Her is a flower ,which doesn't wait to bloom
Her is unnoticeable ,somewhere alone at the heart
Her is tender and velvety, yet hardcore for world
Her is combination of black and white
Her is unreachable till no one extends their hands for her
Her can only be felt not read as
Her is like a feather which will make way to you
And hold you forever.

Phalguni Malpani,
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem.IV

THEY WENT TO SCHOOL AND NEVER CAME BACK...

A bright morning it was
All set for school they went
with heavy backpacks and beaming smiles
but who knew this morning would turn into a nightmare
and we will have to mourn, that
they went to school and never came back!
Were they some culprits? or were they psychopaths?
What crime had they committed? that,
they went to school and never came back!
Rather innocent and naive they were,
Corruption hadn't touched them yet,
And terrorism!
No clue of this they had
So what was their fault, that
they went to school and never came back!
Today we sit, unbothered and relaxed,
Forgetting about the Peshawari torment;
So easily forgetting,
Perhaps it never mattered to us,
but I will still ask;
why did this happen, why at all, that
they went to school and never came back!

Harshita Tewani, B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. IV

THE KALAM DREAM



Too young to comprehend his life, works or ideals a 10-yr old was happy to cherish him as her ideal simply because her parents spoke highly of him. She saved all his pictures from the newspaper and faithfully stuck them in her scrapbook, hoping that someday his signature will be the final addition to it. She could not wait to grow up because she was convinced that future held the fulfilment of her dream. She bought "The Wings of Fire" only because it had his photograph as the cover page and proudly kept it on her bookshelf. As she grew up however, she came to know more about him and that served only to inspire her further. The incidents from his life reinforced her dream to meet him one day.

Years later, a friend of hers who knew her "Kalam Dream" asked her if she had met him yet, to which she had a regretful 'no' as the reply. On 27 July 2015, she had a tearful 'no' as the reply.

That child's admiration and awe came back to me as I saw the news of his death. That child felt betrayed that she was never to be in the great man's presence, a dream which she had before she knew the meaning of a dream.

Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam has been my inspiration since past 10 years and though my dream to meet him never came true, his life inspires me to make the rest of my dreams come true.

Megha Sharma, B.A.(Hons.) Eng. Sem. IV

SURFACE OF THE FATHOM DEEP

Endless, eternal you are ,
bearing the limitless virtues.
Flowing constantly so far,
holding largely endorsed statues.

Desire being residing in you,
hoers the matter all around.
Heartbeats, they surrender to you,
losing in your beauty , so shroud.

Origin of you remains a mystery,
leaving the lives beneath the planes.
Your steps, often create history,
intrigue the mankind along the lanes.

Deep and deep, down there ,
may we find a mystic stream.
Seeking the hidden, what's bare ,
swirling all around in our dreams.

Shailvi, B.Sc. (Hons.) Chem. Sem. IV

वो बचपन की यादों का तहखाना

एक छोटा सा तहखाना लिये चलती हूँ मैं अपने अंदर
लिये समेट सारी दूनियाँ, सहली मुनिया,
माँ की चुडियाँ, वो बचपन की गुडियाँ
पूरा बचपन याद हैं मुझको थोड़ी धूल जमी हैं किनारों पर
झाड़ धूल मैं पढना चाहूँ, बहना चाहूँ उस बचपन में
फिर से महंगे परफ्यूम नहीं वो पहली नई किताब की खूशबू
बारिश में मेरी छोटी नैया बारीश के बाद वो मिट्टी महकना
उस मुनिया के गुड्डे से मेरी गुडिया की शादी
और चार दिन पहले से सारी उसकी शुरू तैयारी
छोटे से ललाट पे अपने माँ की बिन्दियाँ को लगाना
ऊँची ऐढी कर लम्बा हो जाना दुपट्टा
डाल सिर पे अपने छोटी मां बन जाना
जब मां पकड़े मुझको चुपके से तो मेरा शर्माना
एक छोटा सा तहखाना लिये चली हूँ मैं अपने अन्दर....

Jyoti Singh, BVA Sem. VIII

STARS ABOVE ME

Sitting behind the window pane
I see stars glittering in a lane
unseemless shape they define,
the squeamish bond can redefine.

a thought discovered my mind
the shinning pace are flattering
eyes
controlling my senses from top
skies

mesmerizing love of the Ursa's,
like dew pearl'd in the new leaves
of dawn
fills the lazy night with golden
night's romance

sky ends up covering the stars
with cloud shield
every new night is a hopeful yield

the rising sun according to
Copernicus
finds a hope of amendments
acrimony of devilish times left,
drowning with desirable happy
tides

Ayushi Jain, B.Sc. (Hons.) Chem. Sem. IV

LIFE'S BEAUTY OVER DARKNESS

I am in search of a moon in the darkness of sky...
I am searching the twinkling of the eyes as the days passed by...
I am walking with the time, in search of the lamp...
I am trying to get the brightness of the sun but its playing a
game of hide and seek...
I am waiting for the path to cross over but the puddles don't
want me let out of it...
I am thirsty for the result of my aim...
I am getting tough day by day..still in the search of my destiny...
I am getting close to my goals as the days pass on...
I feel like a cool breeze blowing on, when I think about the life's
beautiful moments and sweet memories...
My eyes can imagine the beauty of my dreams...
My heart can feel the love of my friends...
My soul rejoice with the happiness of my family...

LIFE'S BEAUTY grows on and on...it sparkles like STARS over
DARKNESS.

Nandini Sharma, B.Sc. Sem. IV

MY MOTHER BEING SELFISH

I look at my mother, she isn't listening to me because she is upset with me. I stood beside her but she hardly noticed. I walked with her, thinking she'll hold my hand like she always does but she didn't because she is too angry with me. Why all of this? Just because we had a fight?

Through the half open door, I could see my mother making my beloved apple pie. My cold lips could relive the arousal by the infused ingredients of the pie. Unable to withdraw from my habit of anticipation as a short lived child, I jumped over the furniture on to my bed to await the delicacy to be presented for. But alas, the pie along with my other beloved didn't come to where it once used to. I felt angry for how could she do this to me? And so, I stayed in my room, angry while she started cleaning the house. With the passage of the ticks of the clock, she came to my room and I thought she will make my room or try to talk to me; she kept looking around the room, it was all messed up but she didn't clean it because she was being selfish. Yes, my mother is being selfish, she's only thinking about herself. I never thought I'll have to leave the house but some things are necessary and part of life. But she needs to know till the time she won't forgive me, I won't be able to leave and I won't be able to move on to a new life. She thinks I'm leaving because of her but even I don't know how I can explain her that it is not because of her.

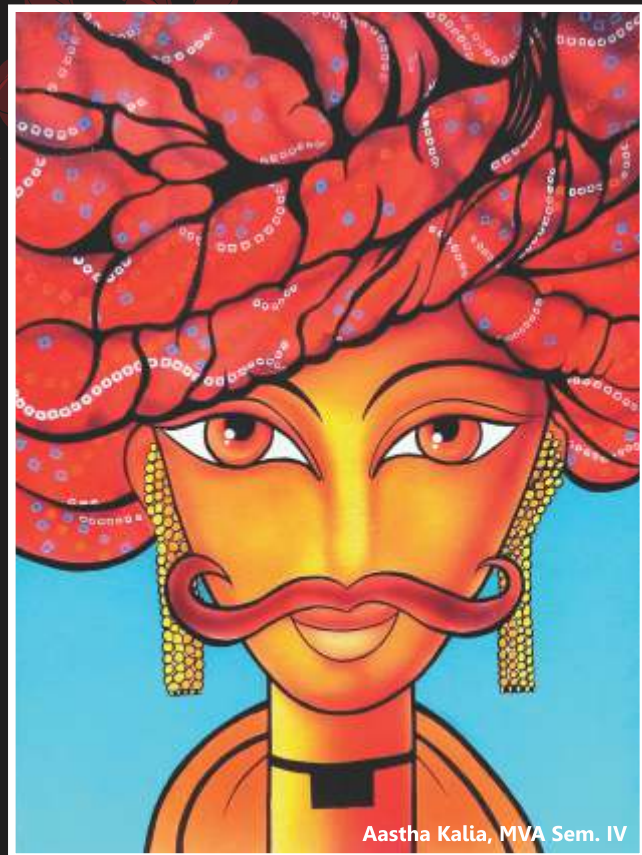
It's just life being life, where at times there is no choice but just one timid yet necessary step to take. Her presence warmed my room but the warmth passed right through me as if I was never there. In her eyes, were to be seen, the cravings to sit beside me. And with the hopes of my eyes to wake up every morning for them to see the rest of the world as they once slowly rolled back for once and for all. Her sudden dismissal from the once lively room to her own dry bedroom, added ambiguity about the warmth which I could sense but not feel. To cleanse the air filled with remorse, grief and the sepia of nostalgia, I followed her to the room in which she once used to lay satisfied after she was assured with my deep sleep, allowed me to see the once uplifted lady, crouching as she hung her legs by the bed with her loose and lost hair by her sides, with my picture in her hand and her grey hair protecting it as a curtain of the motherhood. But this all was complimented by the moisture of eyes which soon began to show up onto what was between her hands. My presence next to her along with my attempts to wipe off her tears seemed to be in vain as writing a story on the surface of a pool of sorrows as nothing stayed forever on it but the ripples caused by every attempt which came one after the other.

All this started when I and my mother had a fight; smashing the door, I took my scooter and drove it to the speed that went hand in hand with my rage and that is when the accident took place and I breathed my last breath, with the images of memories with my lovely mother who was the world to me. It has been a week since my death and my mother is being selfish, thinking about herself and not cleaning my clothes, dishes or my bedroom, only to let me stay there forever. She has been talking to me every day since then, but wasn't able to listen to my replies, I wish I could talk to her and tell her it wasn't her fault. And now that I'm gone, she needs to move on and live her life but she isn't ready to let me go towards faith's path. Her waiting eyes at the door step, in the corner of my bedroom, around the house are making it all the more difficult for me to go on the eternal journey. I love my mother but she needs to stop being selfish and let me and her guilt go away; Because Mother, it wasn't your fault... It wasn't your fault...

Anushka Yadav, B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II



Mr. Giriraj Sharma, Dept. of Visual Arts



Aastha Kalia, MVA Sem. IV



Poojan Gupta, BVA Sem. II



Himadri Verma, B.Sc. Sem. II



Purvai Modi, BVA Sem. II

JOURNEY THROUGH MY DAY

A soft quirk in the morning, Comes to me as a start
Making my eyes flicker and my face glow
For someone in me I have to part ..

A soft breeze at dusk, Comes to me as a plea
Making my hair flow and my eyes wet delving me deeper
about someone I am and someone I want to be ...

A soft murmur at night, Comes to me as a lullaby
Making my eyes dull and my voice shrill
For someone I always was and for someone I always will ...

A soft touch at dawn, Comes to me as a dream
Making my lips widen and my body twirl
Coz there I am with someone I want to be
But in real ..I am only left with drops of pearls

Twinkle Kothari, M.A. English Sem II



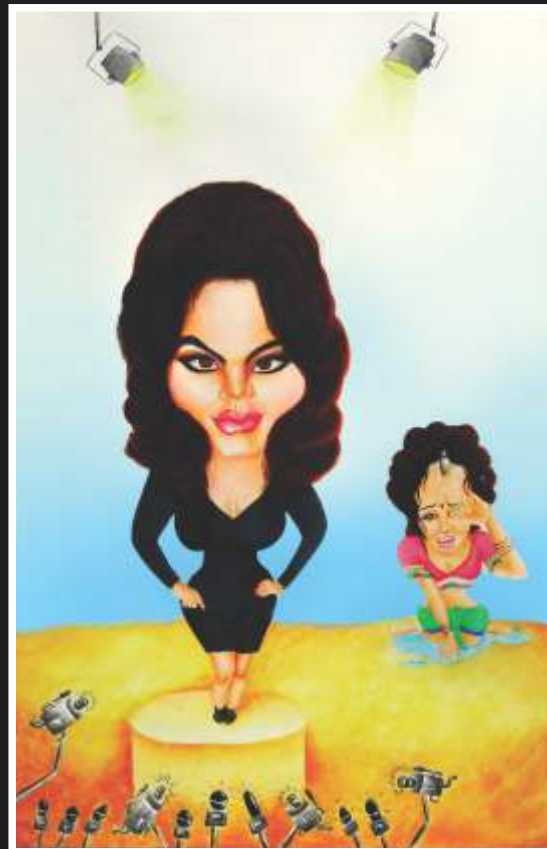
Poojan Gupta, BVA Sem. II



Poojan Gupta, BVA Sem. II



Purvai Modi, BVA Sem. II



Aishwarya Naruka, M.V.A. Sem. IV



THE IIS UNIVERSITY

deemed to be a university under Section 3 of UGC Act, 1956

ICG Campus, SFS, Gurukul Marg, Mansarovar, Jaipur-302020

Ph : 0141-2400160, 2400161 • Fax : 0141-2395494

Email : icg@iisuniv.ac.in • Web: iisuniv.ac.in