

QUIVER

FEBRUARY EDITION

FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

Dear Readers,

For our fifth and final edition, our theme is the 'Joy of Christmas'. Our team has covered a plethora of topics ranging from what to do on Christmas Day in Pune to the books and movies that shaped our perception of Christmas. In this edition, our Dead Poets' Society Section is dedicated to Person of Colour Poets such as Rabindranath Tagore, Audre Lorde, Maya Angelou and Langston Hughes. We wish to celebrate their unique voices that have a profound impact to this day. One of our writers, Abdul Barie, has written a poignant article on Kamala Das and her fiercely beautiful poetry. Our juniors organized the events of Words'Worth 2017 (and brilliantly so) for the Annual Fest. Our editor, Amrita Gopal, and proofreader, Jayashree Raghothaman, have offered to share their experience and illustrate how it was the pinnacle of their college lives. Finally, we have also included Literary Milestones in this edition with a special and heartwarming twist. Do check it out!

Since this was going to be our final edition, we wanted to have a Core Team photo shoot to introduce to you, our readers, the wonderful people who make Quiver what it is. Quiver was a dream conceptualised by Harshita Lalwani (Head Editor) but it took a team of some brilliant and talented people to make that dream become a reality. The Quiver core team is more than just a team of editors and writers— It is a closely knit family where everyone got to share their creativity and talent. We would also like to acknowledge the hard work put in by our ex writers and editors— Mahima Sagar and Vidisha Chirmulay, who are both succeeding immensely well in their further studies. The photos below show the entire team of Quiver and have been taken by the incredibly talented TYBA Economics student, Abhishek Shinde.

We would also like to acknowledge our teachers, Dr. Chitra Sreedharan, Ms. Pronema Bagchi and Mr. Prasanna Deshpande who have been wonderful pillars of guidance and support without whom Quiver would never have been a success. Our sincere thanks to the Head of the English Department, Dr. Sujata Bamane for giving us this opportunity and platform to express our creativity.

And last but not the least, our heartfelt gratitude to our dearest readers for making Quiver a success! We do hope you enjoy this edition as much as we enjoyed working on it.

Happy Reading!

THE QUIVER TEAM

We would like to introduce the incredible team behind the scenes and who have put in immense effort for all the editions of Quiver.

Sarvika Tuli is our resident Game of Thrones and Friends loyalist. Her enthusiasm and joyful attitude is reflected in her articles which are always a pleasure to read!

Glen Fernandes, besides being a hardworking and dedicated editor is also the jester whose jokes keep the entire team in splits.

Sanika Thaware is also an editor whose amazing calm and determination is astounding! She also provides a perfect counterbalance when the team gets chaotic during meetings.

Shreya Dutta, a diligent and smart personality, always writes from the heart. Her proficiency is also remarkable!

Amrita Gopal whose height can rival Harshita (Head Editor) is a brilliant editor who takes the articles to another level while maintaining its essence.

Jayashree Raghothaman is our lifesaver and proofreader! Her meticulous reading of the edition ensures that there aren't any mistakes at all!

Sukanya Garg is a writer and has been with us since the beginning when Quiver was formed. Her contribution is endless and invaluable. We shall always be thankful and indebted to her.

Abdul Barie is a wonderful writer whose articles are deep and profound and always inspires the readers to think.

Arunima Rayalu is our senior-most writer and has often helped us come up with our superb themes. She is even our advisor in times of doubt or trouble.

Amala Reddie is known for her immense love for cats and editing. You can be sure to find her editing her articles while showing photos of her cats. She is also Head Editor along with Harshita.

Harshita Lalwani, the brains behind Quiver, is a wonderful, determined character who loves post-its as much as she loves organising things. She is an apt leader who confidently led the team of Quiver through 5 successful editions.



From Left to Right Top Row- Sarvika Tuli (Writer), Amala Reddie (Head Editor), Harshita Lalwani (Head Editor), Glen Fernandes (Editor), Sanika Thaware (Editor) and Shreya Dutta (Writer).

From Left to Right Bottom Row— Amrita Gopal (Editor), Jayashree Raghothaman (Proofreader) and Sukanya Garg (Writer).



Extreme Left— Arunima Rayalu (Writer) and Abdul Barie (Writer).

JOY OF CHRISTMAS



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is, simply put, a warm festival to counter the harsh winter. Indeed, December 25 is a day eagerly awaited by all, and with good reason. After all, 'tis the season to be jolly!

It's a day of compassion, generosity, forgiveness, togetherness and of unconditional love. This is best highlighted by two stories that shaped Christmas for avid readers: Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* (1843) and O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi* (1905).

A Christmas Carol is a timeless classic about an old miser, Scrooge, developing a kinder outlook towards people after life-changing visits from four ghosts. The novella is sensitive to the times wherein people were exploring and taking delight in the old and new Christmas traditions. This makes the story's Christmas mood more vibrant. The novella was phenomenal in shaping various aspects of Christmas celebrations that we enjoy today: festivities centred on the ideas of amity, kindness and merriment.

Then we have *The Gift of the Magi* – a warm story that melts the heart with its characteristic 'O Henry twist'. It gives meaning to the adage, "it is the thought behind the gift that counts" through the two protagonists (Jim and Della). This short story always comes to my mind when we talk about unconditional love. It promotes the idea of Christmas being a selfless festival, where one gives without expecting anything in return. It is a festival of benevolence, compassion, and generosity.

The Gift of the Magi is a biblical allusion to the Three Wise Men, who gifted baby Jesus gold, frankincense and myrrh shortly after his birth. Also featuring as the title of this story, it stresses on the value of gifts: does the value of a gift or gesture truly lie in the money it costs or in the intention behind it? With that, the story stresses on thoughtfulness and sincerity rather than giving gifts as an empty gesture. Personally, it was this story that made me enjoy making gifts rather than buying. Furthermore, it also made me appreciate handmade and well thought-out gifts.

Both *A Christmas Carol* and *The Gift of the Magi* feed into the notion of Christmas being a time to spend with loved ones and cherish the joys of life.

Ultimately, the two stories perfectly capture the essence of Christmas in earnest and simple ways. I would certainly recommend everyone to curl up with a mug of hot cocoa, coupled with these stories to enjoy Christmas all the more!

Sukanya Garg
TYBA



CHRISTMAS, CAKES AND I

As a child, my memories of Christmas are either pretty normal or really bizarre. I would have the annual Christmas Party at school and that would be it. But sometimes, I would end up at a Christmas Party organised in the society I used to live in, where Santa Claus looked a lot like our Society Co-ordinator, Mr. Matthew. There would be a lot of eating, running around and a flying pigeon that landed on my head (they called a magician one year). Once I grew up, I stayed away from Society Christmas Parties for obvious reasons. Now this was a time that involved realising that Santa is a marketing gimmick created by Coca Cola, decorating the Christmas tree every year and singing carols in the School Choir. Still pretty ordinary and still lacking the quintessential spirit of Christmas.

It wasn't until a few years ago that I found my Christmas groove in none other than baking cakes with my mother. I don't have a sweet tooth and I'm not too fond of the cakes you get on sale outside. But if my mother has baked a cake, then I've eaten half of it in less than 12 hours. There is something about her cakes that feels warm and inviting, unlike the cold, overly sweet cakes of bakeries around us. So one year, when she got fresh strawberries from Mahabaleshwar, she decided to use them in making a delicious and creamy Swiss Roll. She prepared a vanilla sponge, whipped up some cream, chopped some strawberries and et voila. A Christmas tradition was born. Since then, we have prepared different types of cakes with these three ingredients around Christmas time. We have shared this cake with our family, our friends, our neighbours and their faces lit up as they released satisfied sighs, the way one does with truly heart-warming food.

We may not have snowfall, or eggnog, or a roasted ham with Christmas pudding. But we have each other and the Vanilla Strawberry Cake, for the best gift after all is the gift of family and food.

Harshita Lalwani
TYBA

RISE OF THE GUARDIANS

Christmas is always that time of the year when one curls up on the sofa with a cup of hot chocolate and watches a Christmas classic. Rise of the Guardians, while an unconventional Christmas movie, nevertheless embodies the beautiful joy and magic of Christmas!

The movie is an animated feature based on the book 'Guardians of Childhood' by William Joyce and the short film 'The Man in the Moon.' The film revolves around the guardians also known as Santa Claus, Tooth Fairy, Easter Bunny, Sandman and the newly introduced Jack Frost, who all face the antagonist, Pitch, in order to save the children from his dark terrors and nightmares.

The plot is fairly predictable; however, the characterisation of each guardian truly stands out and captures the interest of the viewer. The guardians resemble an 'Avengers' team up where Santa Claus is no longer the jovial, fat old man we are all familiar with, but rather a tough warrior wielding swords who is referred to as North. Voiced by the incredible Alec Baldwin, North's character brings a new perspective to Santa as a soldier with a heart of gold who elicits the maximum laughter with his wisecracks. The Easter Bunny is portrayed as a fierce rabbit with batarangs, voiced by none other than the Wolverine himself-Hugh Jackman! Tooth fairy also appears as the strong but motherly figure who cares for Jack Frost. Sandman is the only non-speaking character who speaks through his enchanted sand creations and provides comic relief. The villain, Pitch, too, has nuances to his character when he wishes to be seen by the children and thus, wishes to instil fear in all of them.

Jack Frost, however, is the true standout character who, at first, sympathises with Pitch as one who is always invisible and not believed in by anyone. Jack lost his memories a hundred years ago and thus, does not understand why he is chosen as a guardian. He feels he has no purpose and is often ridiculed by the rest. Emotionally insecure and burdened by his identity, he rebels like a normal teenager and creates mischief everywhere. Though as the movie progresses, Jack finally begins to learn about his past and true purpose- he is the embodiment of Fun, the joy of Christmas Spirit. He learns to believe in himself and distinguishes himself from Pitch saying that he wants to be loved rather than feared.

The mesmerising animation and digital art evokes a sense of magic throughout the film. The attention to detail is astounding as seen in the Tooth fairy's home or Easter Bunny's lair and even in the terrifying dark images created by Pitch. While digitally pleasing, the film addresses the problem of children being ignored, which often leads to self-doubt in a subtle yet wonderful manner. It also delivers an impactful message that everyone has insecurities about their identities and goals but as long as we continue to believe in ourselves, we shall always find who we are.

Amala Reddie
TYBA



THE POLAR EXPRESS

Winner of the Caldecott Award, ‘The Polar Express’ by Christopher Van Allsburg is a Christmas classic. Published in 1985, this book remains the most widely read and loved children's Christmas books of all time. It then went on to become a major motion picture in 2004, starring Tom Hanks in six different roles. The movie was also listed in the 2006 Guinness World Book of Records as the first all-digital capture film.

The story revolves around a young boy who hasn't stopped believing in magic and the wonder of Christmas. The narrative begins with the boy hearing the sound of Santa's sleigh one Christmas Eve. Surprised, he looks outside his window and watches a train standing in front of his house. He goes outside and is informed by the conductor that the train is going to the North Pole. This train journey becomes the adventure of his lifetime.

He makes friends with the other children on the train and when they arrive at the North Pole, they witness hundreds of elves gathered around Santa's beautiful sleigh. They are told that one out of them will be picked to receive the first gift of Christmas from Santa. Finally, Santa appears and the elves can't stop cheering for him. The children also have never been happier to see a moment so magical. The boy is picked by Santa and he asks Santa for one silver bell from Santa's sleigh as his gift- a souvenir from the most memorable night of his life. But, while coming back home, he realises that there's a hole in his pocket and he has lost his precious gift. Devastated, the boy returns home. However, next morning at home, when all the gifts have been opened, his sister finds a small box addressed to him which contains his silver bell! Elated, the boy can't stop ringing the bell and rejoicing with his sister. But, to his surprise, his parents can't hear the bell.

The last few lines of this book are probably what make this book so rewarding and hard hitting. The boy says, "At one time, most of my friends could hear the bell, but as years passed, it fell silent for all of them. Even Sarah found one Christmas that she could no longer hear its sweet sound. Though I’ve grown old, the bell still rings for me as it does for all who truly believe."

Van Allsburg’s writing is mesmerising. The language and the depiction of the story from the perspective of a child really makes the imagery vivid and it feels that we, the adult readers, have travelled back in time. The use of text paintings also enhances the metaphors and similes.

Though a children's book, this book teaches a very important life lesson - 'Never Stop Believing.' Although the setting and the plot describe the belief and magic of Christmas, the author's main focus is on the importance of belief and imagination. Throughout the story, the author has subtly emphasised that in spite of society's biases and stereotypes, one should always hold on to their own opinions and beliefs. He also highlights the 'herd mentality' that can make one forget their own beliefs and identity. The author stresses the importance of ‘keeping our own inner child alive’ when life becomes mechanical and mundane, in order to actually enjoy life. Thus, one should never stop believing in the wonders of life!

Shreya Dutta
TYBA



KAMALA DAS

Kamala Surayya (31 March 1934-31 May 2009) was an Indian English poet. Born in Thrissur, Kerala, while it was still a princely state, her poetry has contributed greatly to the evolution of English poetry in India as we know it today. She is remembered for her open and honest treatment of femininity and sexuality. Her writing style was characterized by a major departure from the aesthetic style and romantic notions of the 19th century, which was still followed by most of her contemporaries. She instead chose to write in a free and direct diction, exploring concepts and subject matter that were considered taboo, doubly so when coming from a woman. This lead many initial critics to refer to her works as nothing more than “attention-seeking”. However, over time, her work has come to be held in great regard, mainly due to its direct and confessional nature, drawing comparison to the likes of Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. Eventually, the title “The mother of modern English Indian poetry” was conferred to her.

Kamala Surayya, or Kamala Das as she was better known, is remembered today as an iconoclast, for her guilt-free and honest portrayal of womanhood and all that it entails, how it can be both curse and boon, and how most of the time she found herself at a place in between the two. At the same time, her reputation as a writer of the feminine, while well deserved, often overshadows another facet of her writing, that of the vivid imagery of the Malabar Coast she grew up in, something found throughout her poetry. She referred to this part of hers by occasionally signing her work as Madhavikutty, the name she was called by loved ones. It is important to remember her as both Kamala Das, a feminist writer ahead of her time, and Madhavikutty, the little girl who grew up swimming in the backwaters of Kerala, to truly understand the context her poetry was written in and its sheer beauty.

Abdul Barie
SYBA



A VERY PUNE CHRISTMAS

Just like every other city in the world has its own way of celebrating Christmas, so does Pune. Here’s a list of things one can do to give your holiday celebrations the Pune touch:

1. Visit the Camp area in the city

Whether it’s on Christmas Eve or on Christmas Day, Camp is the place to be if you wish to see, feel, taste and touch the spirit of Christmas around you. See the decorations, hear the bells, smell those Christmas-y scents and don’t forget to walk on Main Street to soak the Christmas spirit. You will probably get squashed in the crowd but it'll be a worthwhile experience.

2. Buy a plum cake from Kayani Bakery

A description of Pune is incomplete without including the historic Kayani Bakery and Christmas is incomplete without a plum cake. So why not combine the two and buy a plum cake from Kayani bakery? Once you enter it and smell the fragrance of those freshly baked cakes and cookies wafting around, a plum cake is surely not going to be the only thing that you will buy.

3. Go to St. Patrick’s Church

Pune’s St. Patrick’s Church is beautifully lit up at night on Christmas and it’s definitely worth a visit for those who wish to experience Christmas from a religious point of view. Do not deny yourself the chance to go for the carol singing and midnight mass.

4. Buy Christmas goodies from the street

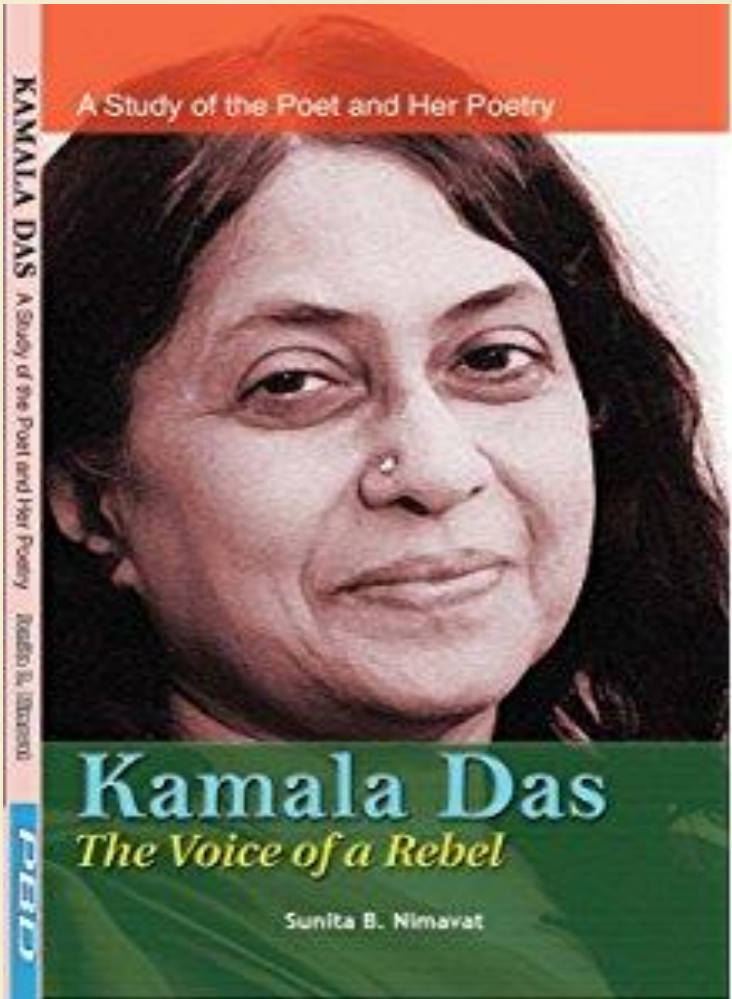
Christmas is the time when the town is painted red and green with super cute and amazingly cheap Christmas goodies like Santa caps and funky Christmas-themed glasses. Just go to any street vendor you spot and pick up what you like!

5. Go to Marz-o-rin

You don’t need an occasion to go to Marz-o-rin but going there on Christmas day for brunch or snacks is a different experience altogether.

The sandwiches, the shakes and the to-die-for desserts, all add up to a perfect Christmas.

Sarvika Tuli
TYBA



The Maggots

At sunset, on the river bank, Krishna
Loved her for the last time and left.
That night in her husband's arms, Radha felt
So dead that he asked, What is wrong,
Do you mind my kisses, love? And she said,
No, not at all, but thought, What is
It to the corpse if the maggots nip?

Palam

Like blood running out and death beginning,
Another day is ending, while planes drone on
In the distance and the airport lights gleam blue.
Do not turn a blurry face towards me this time or wave
But let evening swallow all I loved this humbled afternoon.
Go deep into night, a victor as cold now as his blade,
Dark falcon, late returning.
Walk away from me into the lonely night
With my finger-prints on you, my darling, go,
While like blood running out and death beginning,
This day of ours is helplessly ending.



DEAD POETS' SOCIETY



Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes was an American poet and playwright. He essentially dealt with African-American themes in his works, which made him a part of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s making him one of the innovators of Jazz Poetry. Hughes was the leading voice of the Harlem Renaissance, showcasing the worth and the splendour in ordinary black life. He worked as a social activist in addition to writing novels, plays and poems.

You and your whole race

You and your whole race.

Look down upon the town in which you live

And be ashamed.

Look down upon white folks

And upon yourselves

And be ashamed

That such supine poverty exists there,

That such stupid ignorance breeds children there

Behind such humble shelters of despair—

That you yourselves have not the sense to care

Nor the manhood to stand up and say

I dare you to come one step nearer, evil world,

With your hands of greed seeking to touch my throat, I dare you to come one step nearer me:

When you can say that

you will be free!

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

Source: www.poetryfoundation.org

Rabindranath Tagore

A Bengali author, poet, painter, songwriter and educator, Rabindranath Tagore was the first Asian and the only Indian to win a Nobel Prize for literature. He was a humanitarian, a social and religious reformer, but first and foremost, he was a poet. His ground-breaking work Gitanjali (1912) earned him worldwide fame, as he voiced India's spiritual history that reached the West as well as the East. His works include Manasi (1890), Sonar Tari (The Golden Boat, 1894), Gitimalya (The Wreath of Songs, 1914), and Balaka (The Flight of Cranes, 1916).

Unyielding

When I called you in your garden

Mango blooms were rich in fragrance -

Why did you remain so distant,

Keep your doors so tightly fastened?

Blossoms grew to ripe fruit-clusters -

Your rejected my cupped handfuls,

Closed your eyes to perfectness.

In the fierce harsh storms of Baisakh,

Golden ripened fruit fell tumbling.

Dust, I said, defiles such offerings:

Let your hands be heaven to them

Still you showed no friendliness.

Lampless were your doors at evening,

Pitch-black as I played my vina.

How the starlight twanged my heartstrings!

How I set my vina dancing!

You showed no responsiveness.

Sad birds twittered sleeplessly,

Calling, calling lost companions.

Gone the right time for our union -

Low the moon while still you brooded,

Sunk in lonely pensiveness.

Who can understand another!

Heart cannot restrain its passion.

I had hoped that some remaining

Tear-soaked memories would sway you,

Stir your feet to lightness.

Moon fell at the feet of morning,

Loosened from the night's fading necklace.

While you slept, O did my Vina

Lull you with its heartache? Did you

Dream at least of happiness?

Song Sung

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set;
only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice;
only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.

The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor;
but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house.
I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not yet.

Source: www.poemhunters.org, www.english-for-students.com

Audre Lorde

A noted African-American writer, poet and feminist, Audrey Geraldine Lorde was a rebel in nature, popular for her passionate, raw and emotional writings. She wrote extensively on racial and lesbian issues, while most of her works explore her anger against social and personal injustices. Her finest poetic expression is considered to be *Black Unicorn* (1978), and her other works include *A Burst of Light* (1988), *Coal* (1976), *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (1984).

A Woman Speaks

Moon marked and touched by sun
my magic is unwritten
but when the sea turns back
it will leave my shape behind.
I seek no favor
untouched by blood
unrelenting as the curse of love
permanent as my errors
or my pride
I do not mix
love with pity
nor hate with scorn
and if you would know me
look into the entrails of Uranus
where the restless oceans pound.

I do not dwell
within my birth nor my divinities
who am ageless and half-grown
and still seeking
my sisters
witches in Dahomey
wear me inside their coiled cloths
as our mother did
mourning.

I have been woman
for a long time
beware my smile
I am treacherous with old magic
and the noon's new fury
with all your wide futures
promised
I am
woman
and not white.

Now

Woman power
is
Black power
is
Human power
is
always feeling
my heart beats
as my eyes open
as my hands move
as my mouth speaks

I am
are you

Ready.



Source: www.poetryfoundation.org, www.poemhunters.com



Maya Angelou

Maya Angelou was an admired poet, auto-biographer and activist, who worked for Dr Martin Luther King Jr. and was the first female black director. Angelou led a troubled childhood but found her love for language at a young age. Her memoir *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* made literary history, but faced a lot of controversy for its unapologetic portrayal of violence, abuse and race. Angelou, in her writings, weaved truth and memory and remains one of the most celebrated poets of all time.

Harlem Hopscotch

One foot down, then hop! It's hot.
Good things for the ones that's got.
Another jump, now to the left.
Everybody for hisself.

In the air, now both feet down.
Since you black, don't stick around.
Food is gone, the rent is due,
Curse and cry and then jump two.

All the people out of work,
Hold for three, then twist and jerk.
Cross the line, they count you out.
That's what hoppings all about.

Both feet flat, the game is done.
They think I lost. I think I won.

Human Family

I note the obvious differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.
Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.
The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.
I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.
I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.
Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different thoughts
while lying side by side.
We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.
We seek success in Finland,

are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.
I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.
We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.
We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

Source: www.poetryfoundation.org, <https://allpoetry.com/Human-Family>

WORDS'WORTH 2017

I love drawing and I love creating; creating anything, from art to music to experiences. Art is what I live for and being the Fine Arts head for Words' Worth 2017 made me happier than I could ever imagine.

It was hard work and there were moments when I felt like it got too much, but watching all that hard work culminate into something beautiful made it all worth it in the end. I had an incredible team of talented, hard-working and creative artists, who strived day and night to make our fest beautiful. Together, we created magic. We designed posters, banners, props for all the events and we created a haunted house from scratch. The haunted house, in particular, brought all of us together. Ten minds came together and created something scary and crazy. Although this may sound morbid, hearing people's screams in the haunted house made us so happy because that just proved to us that it was working. Words' Worth promotes art in all forms and this gave us the impetus to let go of our inhibitions and give in to the madness and magic within us. Jui, my partner in crime and the Fine Arts co-head, made everything easier and more beautiful. Together, with her eccentricity and my passion and with our dedicated volunteers, we made an incredible team that worked consistently and patiently. I could not have asked for a better set of people to work with.

All in all, it was an incredible experience and I wouldn't trade it for anything else in the world. To next year's team, all I have to say is create. No idea is too big or too small and whatever your minds decide to do can be done. Create whatever you wish no matter how whacky or over the top it is and your dedication and craziness will get you there.

Amrita Gopal
SYBA



Words'Worth is Here!

When December thrusts with festive feet,
And in come volunteers to meet,
Be not startled to find
That Words'Worth is here.

When preparations a month-long last
And time is too quick to pass;
And pills and bills mean sustenance,
Then you know- Words'Worth is here.

When cries are melodies, dirt like pixie-dust,
And crowds never suffocate but pave way for joy;
And the child in you is no more coy
Then, Words'Worth is here.

If your pounding heart skips a beat
While dwelling on photos of the past,
And yesterday never seems gone;
Then Words'Worth WAS here!

Jayashree Raghothaman
SYBA

LITERARY MILESTONES

Literature is overwhelming, universal and timeless. It is something to be celebrated, but how do we do that? Plotting certain literary milestones on literature's ever-growing timeline is a start.

Here are some of the literary milestones recorded over the years in the months of December, January and February:

December 9, 1608

This day that year welcomed both a harsh winter and an eternal name in the land of poets - John Milton. An utterance of his name itself would spark a very passionate discussion among literature lovers. He penned some everlasting jewels like *Paradise Lost*.

December 10, 1830

A quiet woman who kept to herself, spending her time writing thousands and thousands of poems. That's what Emily Dickinson is best remembered as. She was born on December 10, and went on to write numerous enchanting poems, most of which were published posthumously.

December 1817

Despite being the first novel to be completed in 1803 by Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey* wasn't published until after her death in 1817. It was accompanied by *Persuasion*, her final novel. The former is a satire on Gothic novels, while the latter is a novel about mounting debts and chances at love and marriage. Austen was a prolific author, which assured that audiences received her novels well. They grew to fame through the 20th and 21st centuries.

December 21, 1940

Known best as the author who celebrated the Jazz Age, F. Scott Fitzgerald suffered a heart attack and passed away on December 21 in Hollywood, Los Angeles. Having written glittery works like *The Great Gatsby* and *This Side of Paradise*, he achieved limited success in his lifetime, but is now known as one of the greatest American writers.

January 3, 1892

J.R.R. Tolkien was born on this day and grew to be the mastermind behind the very celebrated *The Lord of the Rings* series that dominated both shelf and screen. His stories about the interesting inhabitants of Middle Earth are cherished to this day.

February 24, 2018

Quiver is more than just a newsletter. It's a small platform for people to broadcast their writing and editing skills. It's a way for the team members to get a taste of what they'd like to be in the future. It's more than just a newsletter - *Quiver* is a celebration of the love for literature.

"*Quiver* was an achievement birthed by Harshita in FYBA, and realised in SYBA," introduced Amala, one of the Head Editors, "Little did we anticipate the impact it had on us". She added that she gained fantastic friendships and encouragement from the team, something Arunima, one of the core writers, agreed with. Harshita echoed Amala's sentiments, saying that it was a learning curve that confirmed what she'd like to do for the rest of her life. Amala added that *Quiver* helped her expand her own writings and gain new perspectives on various issues.

Abdul, a new addition to the team, said something that surely resonates within all the writers of *Quiver* - it taught him how word limits were both relieving and maddeningly frustrating. It taught him to improve his writing. This is best summed up in Sarvika's words for *Quiver* - an entertaining, enlightening, learning experience.

Jayashree and Amala both took the words out of the team's mouth, citing *Quiver* to be a memorable and unforgettable experience of a lifetime. Arunima expanded on this, saying that it wasn't just about working for the newsletter, but bonding with the team. "Every edition has a piece of my heart in it, and the team has all my love," something I'm sure we all can agree upon.

Glen - one of the editors of *Quiver*, Sanika - a writer and editor, and Sukanya came together to sum up everyone's sentiment in 6 words: *Quiver* is **Quite a Unique, Interesting, Vivacious, Endearing Run**.

On this day, the original team of *Quiver* compiled their final edition before graduating and passing the legacy down to their trusty juniors. As Arunima said, "It was enchanting to work with such a talented lot". "I consider myself very fortunate to be a part of an enthusiastic and amazing team!" said Jayashree, which is something we all nod to.

Thank you for sticking on with us. We hope the cozy feeling this newsletter gives will endure with the future editions. Read on!

