

# QUIVER

## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Dear Reader,

In today's world, where condensed words and emojis are the trendy means of expression; the Department of English is proud to present a platform where all students can unleash their inner wordsmith and not be confined to heart eyed emoji. They can weave their words into a poem, or express themselves in a short story, or pen down their thoughts in an article. This is '**QUIVER**' - an online newsletter run by the English Department and by the words of the students of our college.

Like a Quiver that holds arrows, our newsletter is a quiver that holds literature. While articles and poems on English Literature comprise a predominant subject matter of Quiver, we do have articles based on other topics such as Psychology and Sports. Some of the writers of our core team report events conducted by the English Literary Association, two of which are included in this edition. Apart from this we have a theme for our first edition- Random Acts of Kindness. As hatred and destruction run amok in every part of the world, we want this theme to reinforce people's faith in humanity. We have included certain instances where people were shown kindness by a complete stranger; they remind us that we can indeed count on our fellow men.

I would like to thank everyone who has submitted the articles; it was wonderful to get a glimpse into your mind. I would also like to thank all the members of the Quiver team for their hard work and valued inputs. My heartfelt gratitude towards the teachers of the English Department on behalf of the Quiver team for their support and time to hear us out. I now present to you, the first edition of **QUIVER**. Happy Reading!

**Head Editor**

**Harshita Lalwani**



## THE INAUGURAL FUNCTION OF ELA

Literature is one of the best platforms of expression that allows people to acquire and share thoughts and emotions. However, in a fast-paced world fuelled by materialism, people have forgotten literature and what it has to offer to the world.

In order to keep the spirit of literature alive, the students and teachers of the Department of English of Fergusson College, Pune have revived the association known as The English Literary Association. 'The English Literary Association' or The ELA, is an initiative to provide everyone with a platform that allows them to share and explore the dimensions of literature with other literature aficionados.

The inaugural function of The English Literary Association was held on 3rd October 2016 . The event was conducted by Shrishti Sundaresh who introduced ELA and then passed on the podium to Dr. Sujata Bamane, the Head of the Department of English. Dr Bamane welcomed all the students and the teachers present at the function. Dr. Chitra Sreedharan, a professor from the English Department introduced the chief guest- Mr. Makarand Pandit. Mr. Pandit is a technical writer and entrepreneur who was also the first Indian to become the 'associate fellow' of the Society for Technical (STC), based in the USA.

The students had organised several events; the first one being a short skit titled "Willing Suspension of Disbelief." It was conceptualised by Shrishti Sundaresh and the script was written by Aparna Bose, Harshita Lalwani, Amala Reddie and Shantanu Manke. The actors were Sarthak Pawar, Sukanya Garg, Sarvika Tuli, Meenakshi Menon and Niyamat Sangha. The event that followed was a spoken word poetry that was performed by Bappaditya Sarkar and Manaswini Venkateshwaran. A dramatic reading of 'Casabianca' was then performed by Aparna Bose. The highlight of the function was a presentation delivered by the chief guest, Mr. Pandit on the topic of content writing opportunities for students. He also enlightened the students on the various job opportunities in the field of content writing and its productivity. The function was concluded with a vote of thanks by Midhila Muraleedharan.

The inaugural function was all in all a grand success and was appreciated by all. The experience was indeed enriching and enlightening and we look forward to future events!

**Shreya Dutta**

SYBA [ENGLISH]

## CARPE DIEM

### A SCREENING OF DEAD POETS SOCIETY

The first activity organized by the English Literary Association (ELA) after the inaugural event was a group screening of the film 'Dead Poets Society'.

Shrishti Sundaresh, a student of SYBA English and ELA member, who helped organize the screening, finds group screenings to be an interesting method for students to communicate their thoughts. She believes that these screenings are wonderful learning experiences and are of great importance as a tool of enlightenment. According to her, another advantage of group screenings is that the movies are open to interpretations and they leave the audience thinking.

Aparna Bose, a student of SYBA English and an ELA member, proposed the idea to screen 'Dead Poets Society'. She chose this movie as it talks about the English language and how its scope lies beyond theory and deconstruction. She also feels that the movie reminds us about the 'feel good' quality of Literature which we, as students of English, often tend to forget.

It turned out to be the perfect choice as the movie had a deep impact on all the viewers present. Shyam Hajare, a student of SYBA English, who was a part of the committee that screened the movie, felt that it was an excellent film, and Amala Reddie, a student of SYBA English and an ELA member, was moved to tears.

The crowd consisted of not only literature students but also of students belonging to other departments. Vedant Patil, a student of SYBA Economics, found that this movie was meant for all and not just Literature students as it embraces the idea of free thinking and change, which are important regardless of what one pursues along the path of education.

Mayank Agarwal, another SYBA Economics student, was of the opinion that students, teachers, and parents alike should watch 'Dead Poets Society'. According to him, the movie sends across an important message which society should adopt as a mantra – Seize the moment, do what you ardently desire to do, today!

Both Mayank and Vedant claimed it to be a must watch not only because of the story but also for the sheer brilliance of actor, Robin Williams.

Literature students who were present for the screening chose to critically analyze the film.

Midhila Muraleedharan, a student of SYBA English, found the film to be an anecdote to conformism. She was of the opinion that although the movie started out as something which showed great potential, the quality dipped towards the end.

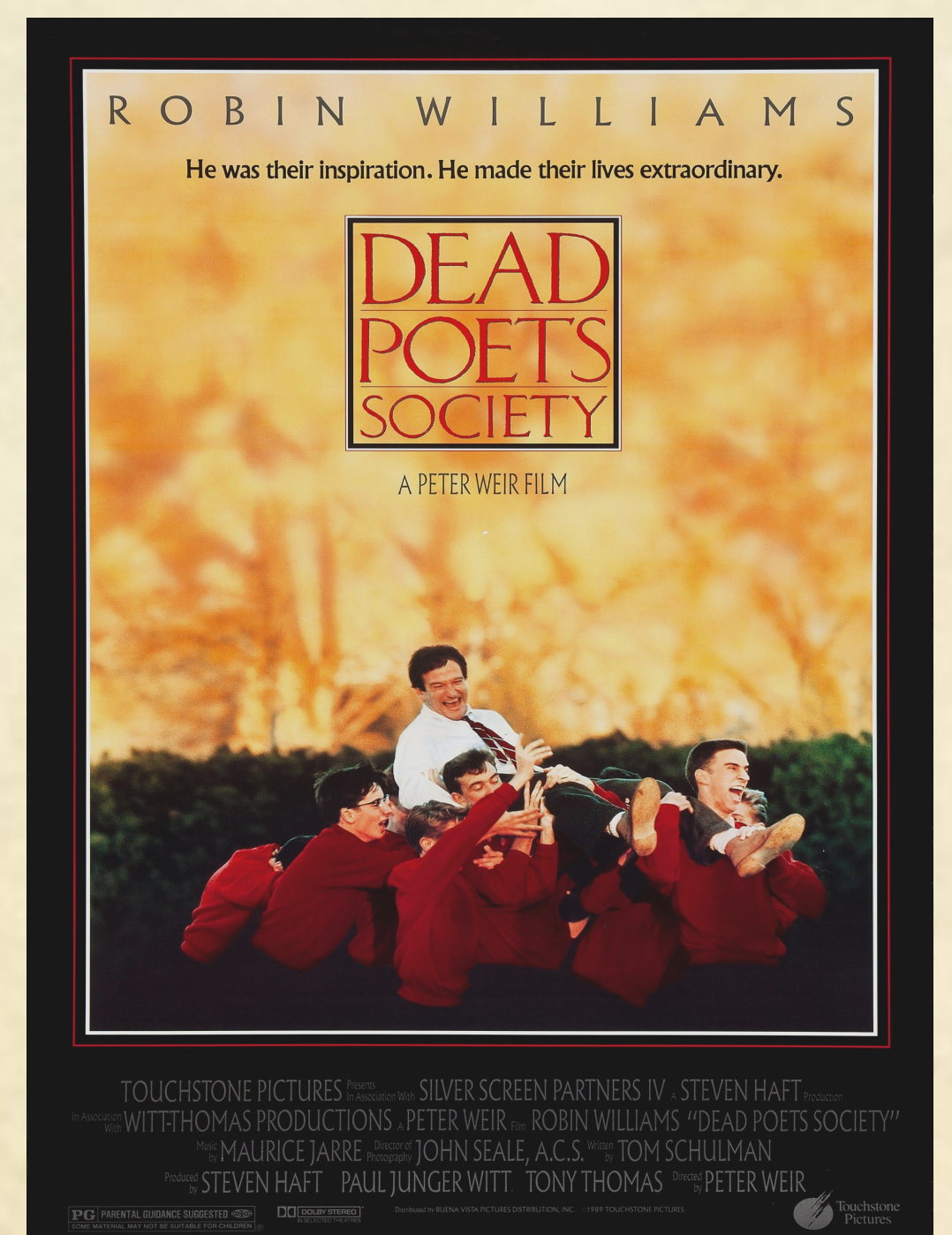
However, there were some positive reviews. Glen Fernandes, ELA member and an SYBA English student, was of the view that 'Dead Poets Society' makes a person feel alive, it encourages them to seize the moment and to make the most of every opportunity that life has to offer them. Another strong idea portrayed by the movie, according to Glen, is that language is not just a communication device but also something that has the power to liberate one's thoughts and feelings.

And me? I loved the movie. Especially the concept of Carpe Diem (seize the day) and the philosophy of living each moment like it were your last. 'Dead Poets Society' is a film that really hits you in the heart and stays with you forever.

Overall, the event was a great success and worked out just how movie screenings should. The English Literary Association looks forward to organizing more of such group screenings for all to enjoy and to ponder over!

**Sarvika Tulli**

SYBA [ENGLISH]





In today's world, kindness is as rare as a human without mobile phone. When someone is kind to us, it stands out as vivid in our otherwise lackluster life. Kindness is especially valued when shown by a complete stranger. I had one such remarkable experience in my life.

I was in Leh, a district in the Jammu and Kashmir state known for its extreme weather conditions and its mystifying beauty. We visited the district as part of our family trip. One unusual thing about Leh is that only post-paid sim cards work in that area. Internet range too, is minimal. We were having a great time, and had just returned from the Nubra valley when I learned that we had to take our college admission online. My father and I went to the main market to use the facilities at an internet cafe. We tried our best for at least an hour before giving up all hopes of achieving this task. The internet was breaking down and it was futile to keep staring at the computer. From the owner's mobile phone, I tried reaching my friend in Pune, but in vain. Even she was unable to gain access to the website. Nevertheless, we thanked the owner and asked him the amount to be paid for the hour. He replied that there was no need to pay, as the internet hadn't worked. Then we went to another cafe in the market. But this became ineffective too. Now, I had prepared myself to skip a year in college as my admission was impossible. We went to a nearby shop and we were enjoying ice-cream when the internet cafe owner approached us again. He informed us that my friend had called back on his mobile phone. Knowing this, I immediately called her. I had a stroke of luck and within five minutes my admission was complete! That person came back looking for us with no vested interests. It was all because that person was a good human being.

All of us have become used to the fact that people are self-centered and inconsiderate. But in doing so, we have forgotten the admirable qualities humans possess. It isn't power, nor is it wealth that is required to be good to people, it can be achieved by tiny little gestures which, I believe, matter a lot more than bold, colossal actions. A man whose name I can't recall, and whose face I fail to remember, will always remain as a cherished memory in my heart.

Aditi Chikhale

SYBA [PSYCHOLOGY}

The word 'kindness' takes me down memory lane. When I was thirteen years old I had attended a telescope-making workshop. We were told to cut one tube each using saws of some kind. I was having trouble with this. The tube was made up of pretty tough material. I tried and tried but couldn't quite manage the task. Giving up, I put down my saw and looked around helplessly. The workshop organizer was busy helping out other participants. A boy (a fellow participant whose name I did not know) was passing by; he looked at me and paused. Wordlessly, he picked up my saw and set to work, cutting my tube for me. I stood awkwardly, not knowing how to react. Within a minute, my cut tube was ready for the next step of telescope-making. "Thank you" could not capture the wave of gratitude that washed over me. But I said the words nevertheless. He disappeared into the crowd, leaving me amazed at his kindness.

Vidisha Chirmulay

MA-II [ENGLISH]

It was her first time in Pune and she took in her surroundings with undisguised curiosity. Equipped with only some gestures and Hindi, Misha stepped out of her apartment for the first time that week.

She had to shop for some groceries-an easy task that proved to be difficult as she haggled with the vendors, scratching her head and pursing her lips at the strange terms. Misha cursed to herself as twenty minutes had passed squabbling in different languages, she had almost decided to retreat empty-handed. 'Another night of cup noodles and orange juice, I guess,' she sighed.

Dejected, she left the street with slumped shoulders. A tap on the shoulder stopped her and she found herself facing a woman dressed in dull clothes and sporting a braid of thin hair.

She smiled at Misha, revealing a set of yellowing teeth. "You don't speak Marathi, do you?" she asked in Hindi. A sparkle of hope flickered in Misha's eyes as she nodded, shuffling closer. "Here, I'll help you, what do you want?"

Misha pointed to the various items that the vendor pulled out, standing before the counter with a grin while the woman spoke to the vendor. Finally packing everything, she thanked the woman and turned to leave. Just then, a pair of bare and calloused feet caught her eyes - the woman was barefoot the entire time. They suffered from blisters and were likely to be further scorched in the unrelenting April heat.

Misha nibbled on her lower lip and tapped the woman's shoulder, gaining her attention. "I'd like to buy one more thing," she started, holding the woman's elbow and crossing the road. Misha internally winced at the discomfort on the woman's face as they stepped on the hot gravel, stopping in front of a small stall selling footwear.

Misha looked through everything before settling for a pair of rubber slippers with thick soles - they looked like they could withstand any weather. The woman looked away as Misha pulled them out of their stand, startled when she placed them before her feet and nudged her. "Wear them, we'll find something that fits you,"

The woman protested, looking small when Misha stood her ground. Finally relenting, she tried them on and smiled as Misha paid for them. "You really didn't have to—"It's the least I could do. You helped me more than you could imagine," Misha cut in.

Two hours later, Misha's roommate scolded her with her arms akimbo. "You bought too many groceries! I think they swindled you... You're already blowing a hole in your wallet at this rate," she said, "You're going beyond the limit you'd decided for yourself. Whatever, you'll learn your lesson later,"

Misha found herself agreeing, only to shake her head adamantly a moment later.

Sure, she'd spent a little more than she'd expected to but the woman's wide smile and the way she seemed to relax as they crossed the road - this time, with the woman's feet protected by the slippers - were worth it.

Sukanya Garg

SYBA [ENGLISH]



FOR WORDS TO COME TO ME

As the sky darkens and the day disappears,  
I wait, fingers poised over the keys,  
For words to come to me.  
None appear, though,  
And thoughts only taunt my mind  
Refusing to linger and create.  
But I refuse as well; I refuse to give up...  
Because a lot is yearning  
To be captured in words,  
If only they cared to come.  
But I don't stop hoping  
Cause I know I can add my humble bit  
Someday,  
To the mountain of meaning  
That only rises each day.

Vidisha Chirmulay

MA-II [ENGLISH]

INTROSPECTION

Broken candle found shelter underneath a lamp.  
World was empty, lights were out and stars were pale.  
Grim gesture of the two- faced moon scared her.  
She felt little air when she grabbed those fears,  
Silence of loud thoughts was baffled and distressed.  
Rain was about to pour some fray;  
She hoped for a tinge of chaos- seasoned and red!  
She recalls dance of shadows; evolved from light to death,  
Her magnetic stance over meadows of treason and trail.  
It was a gigantic leap from the invisible dark, she quoted.  
Wired fencing studded with flowers around her head;  
Dry river of overwhelmed rigidity on one side.  
Little shallow, little green grass on the other end;  
Dilemma of concrete confusion took away the flame.  
Freedom was afraid to set her free; had open sky to blame.  
Bit more of reality stirred in false and footless clay;  
Wishful desire tried to jump over, on a soulful day.  
She asked for black mirage in a white maze-  
No reason to hide, no reason to chew the ray.  
She found herself naked, little burned and forgotten till the end.

Sameer Shaikh

MA-II [ENGLISH]



DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES

It was a normal day for Arvind . The sun was shining brightly, and exactly three beads of sweat had formed on his forehead. As usual, he was waiting at the bus stop for his daily 9:30 am bus which would take him to S.B. road, where his office was located. That day, Arvind had to make an important presentation at the office, whose success would determine his future. He was quite anxious, and was going through rather troublesome statistics in his mind. His bus arrived and he rushed towards it with several other people. In all the commotion, his laptop bag slipped and fell down, but he was unable to pick it up due to the number of people pushing him towards the entrance of the bus. Just as he turned against the flow of people trying to get on board, he saw a beggar coming forward, hungrily, towards his laptop bag. He felt a sudden wave of disgust towards the filthy beggar . The thought that this beggar was going to steal his laptop and with it, his future, was unacceptable to him. He had only one option - to fight the beggar. He was about to punch the beggar when he realized that the beggar was actually waiting for someone to whom he could return the fallen laptop. But it was too late to stop his fist, he hit the beggar so hard that he dropped the laptop bag . Fortunately, the laptop did not break.

He apologized and thanked the helpful beggar, and took the next bus. He did make a wonderful presentation at the office but he could not stop ruminating over the incident that took place in the morning .

This is what we often do. We perceive things as we want them to be and not how they really are. Perception is an integral part of our working, and if we think before we act upon our perception, our lives would become simpler and easier. So, the next time you are sure of something, just because it ought to be that way; step back, take in all the facts. Perceive it all in a rational manner because your behaviour is a projection of your thoughts. Ultimately your thoughts, emotions, and behaviour form your personality. Thus, perception is the key to developing a rational and strong personality. Don't let the appearance of a beggar deceive your mind!

Aditi Chikhale

SYBA [PSYCHOLOGY]



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST  
A REVIEW

“The truth is rarely pure and never simple. Modern life would be very tedious if it were either, and modern literature a complete impossibility!” Here is a quote by the Irish playwright, Oscar Wilde, from his famous play, “The Importance of Being Earnest: A Trivial Comedy for Serious People.” Set in 18<sup>th</sup> century, the play is a farce that criticizes the mannerisms of Victorian England. The theme of the play is introduced in the paradoxical title itself- Serious people do not see trivial comedies!

It opens in an apartment in London where Algernon Moncrieff awaits the arrival of his aunt, Lady Bracknell, and his cousin, Gwendolen Fairfax. He is then greeted by his best friend Earnest Worthing who is revealed to be leading a double life as Jack Worthing. Jack assumes the identity of Earnest in order to escape from the kind of perpetual boredom that comes with responsibility of looking after his ward, Cecily Cardew

Algernon then coins a term, possibly my favourite in the entire play, called ‘Bunburying’, which refers to Bunbury, the fictitious invalid friend of Algernon whose supposed illness serves as an excuse to escape tedious social engagements.

The plot then takes on an entertaining tone with hilarity ensuing in every scene as both protagonists, Algernon and Jack take on the identity of Mr. Earnest thus creating confusion among their respective love interests-Cecily and Gwendolen.

The plot is simple yet well-written in a humourous and subtle manner! This form of humour is rare and effortless unlike the slapstick comedy and forced humour that reigns over today’s books and television shows.

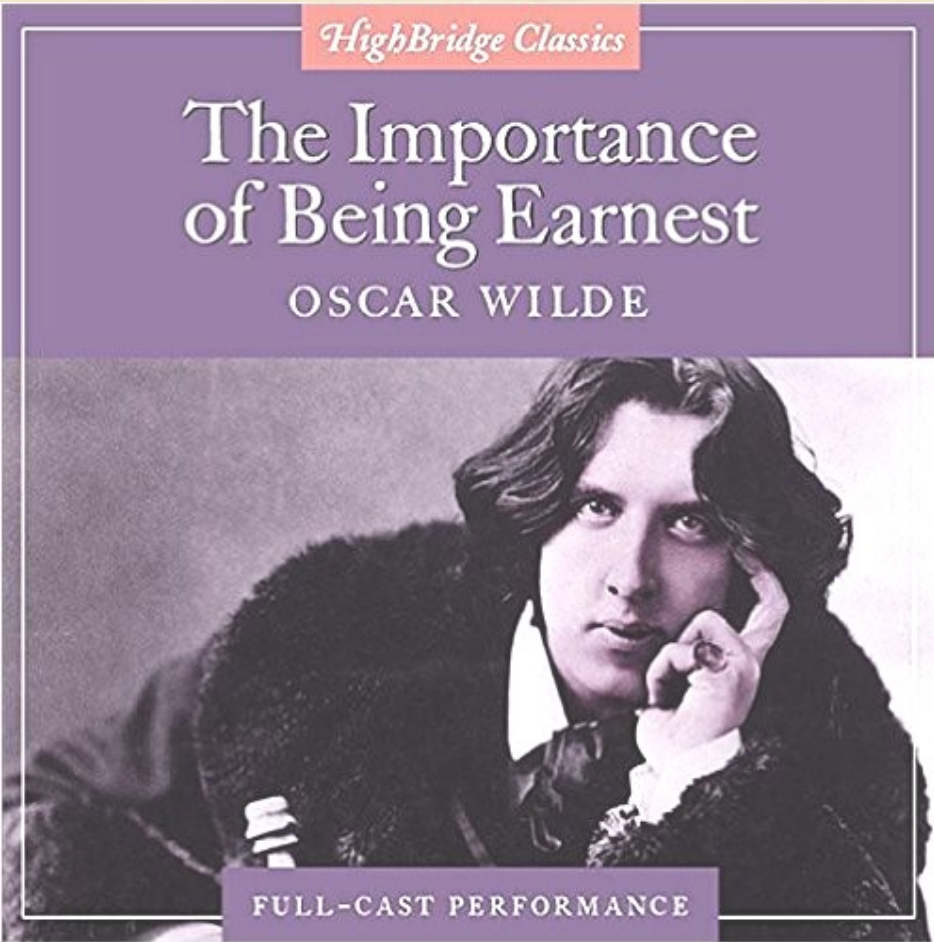
The famous scene between Cecily and Gwendolen when they both discover that they are engaged to the same man ‘Earnest’ leaves you in splits. Cecily politely enquires if Gwendolen preferred sugar with her tea and the latter refuses it. However, Cecily slyly adds sugar to Gwendolen’s tea in order to spite her while maintaining her politeness. This scene highlights Wilde’s trademark sarcastic humour while mocking the most quintessential feature of the English society- their politeness.

The dialogues are those of a typical farce yet brilliant in their humour. The witty repartee between Algernon and Jack is more enthralling than any episode of Downton Abbey!

The play also imparts a philosophical message that reminds us to look beyond names, titles and incomes; to leave shallowness behind and look beyond the surface. In Victorian England, there was often a discrepancy between what people wished to say and what they actually said. Wilde aims to criticize this very hypocrisy through this ingenious play.

Harshita Lalwani

SYBA [ENGLISH]

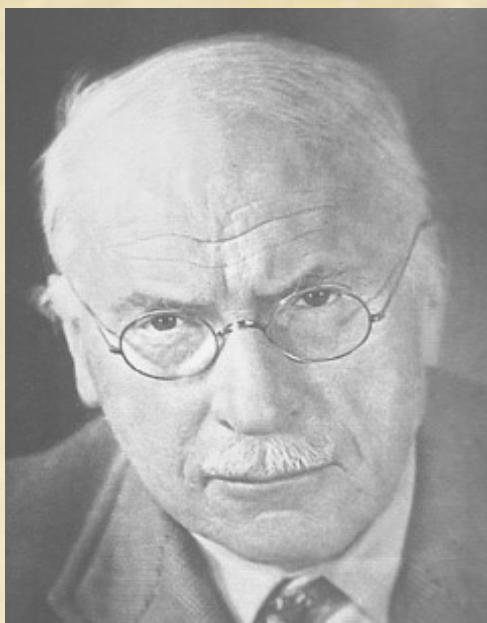


FOREVER JUNG

*“The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed.”*

Carl Gustav Jung

Here is a quote rightly said and out rightly lived by Jung, a Swiss psychiatrist globally acclaimed for his footprints upon the psychological world where the confluence of psychology and spirituality that he has established will shine for time immemorial.



An early admirer of Sigmund Freud (father of psychology and the founder of psychoanalysis), Jung begged to differ from classical psychoanalytic concepts. If you were to visit Freud and Jung in the 1900's, you would most certainly be asked to maintain a ‘dream journal’ by Jung while Freud would tug at your unconscious as you sailed into a deep slumber, sprawled on the ‘therapist’s couch’.

Here is where one of the many significant differences between the two stalwarts of psychology arises - while Freud would regard your dream as a state for your unconscious to attain the realistically and morally unattainable, Jung would read your dream as a mélange of "symbols" or metaphorical means by which your unconscious throws light upon ways to overcome the darkness that may have engulfed you.

Admirers of psychoanalysis often ruminate over the transformation these two personalities would have caused in their glorious, intellectual unison, especially upon knowing that Jung and Freud’s first conversation regarding their psychological views was reported to last for 13 hours straight. However, Jung leaned more towards the deeper and more profound purpose of life while Freud lay married to his views vis a vis the unconscious, leading the two to adopt different paths and to create their ideologies independently.

Jung, former member and even president of Freud’s psychoanalytical society, undoubtedly cherished the Freudian concept of the unconscious mind, only viewing the same as a prism reflecting spiritual meaning in a person’s life.

While Freud’s understanding of the human personality is ingrained into one’s early childhood experiences, Jungian philosophy preaches that our existence stems from biological as well as psychic evolution. Emotions, along with genes, are transmitted across generations through the means of symbols, also referred to as archetypes. Jung believes these symbols to be universal carriers of psychic energy derived from our ancestors. This surely explains how every sunrise instills positivity while darkness, literal as well as metaphorical, is feared by humankind in its entirety.

Another of the most captivating concepts built by Jung is that of the ‘persona’ and ‘shadow’, as illustrated in this famous quote:

“Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves”

One’s ‘persona’ is the facet of himself that he shows to the world whereas the ‘shadow’ can refer to those aspects of an individual that stay hidden. The persona thus persists as per the light of situations while the shadow lies deep beyond the layered mask of the persona.

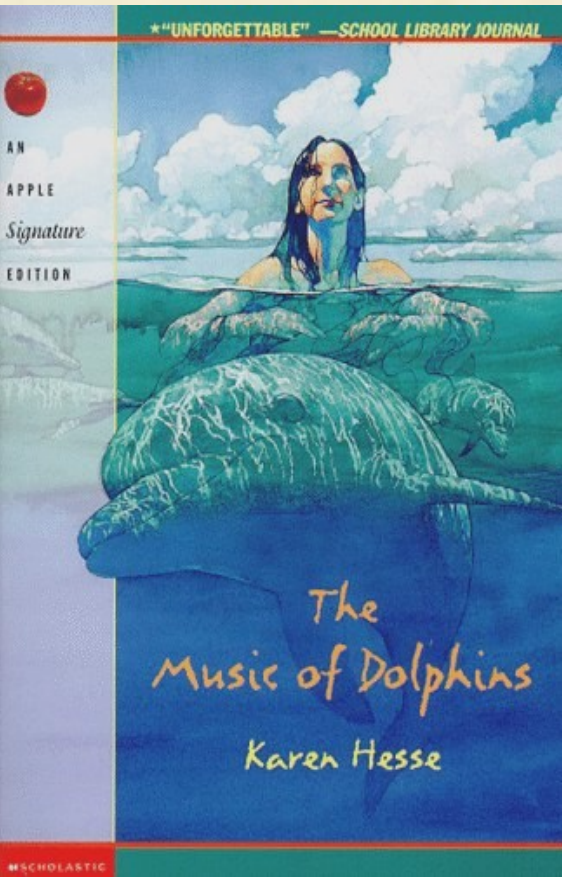
If you were to ask Jung how to deal with the friend you hate who is “such a cry-baby” or the classmate who is “so dominating”, Jung would almost immediately know all about you. According to Jung, the ‘shadow’ expresses itself in one way or the other. It could either manifest into a disorder, or creep up surreptitiously each time you claimed to “hate” something about someone. This is how Jung would look at it: the characteristic of your friend that you hate is actually a trait of your very own shadow that has been suppressed. Here’s a Jungian tip for the next time you feel irritated by your dominating classmate - always listen to your inner voice!

Thus, Jungian psychotherapy focuses upon integrating the persona and the shadow into a healthy personality that is adapted to one’s reality, for being at peace with oneself is the key to happiness. Acknowledging your shadow is the only way to see your brighter side and to help others find their own, or as Jung says, “knowing your own darkness is the best method for dealing with the darkness of other people”.

Vrutti Joshi

MA-II [PSYCHOLOGY]

MUSIC OF THE DOLPHINS



“I know it. I know home. It is here. It is in me, a knowing of home. I do not understand. But in my heart there it is. I know. I know.”

Not even a moment had passed since I'd read the lines, and I felt something pinch my heart as it went out to Mila.

"The Music of Dolphins" by Karen Hesse is, I'll always say, deceptive. It is tagged as Children's Literature but is much more than that. It is a book about growing up in an unfamiliar environment, about longing for a touch of home and about what makes us human at the end of the day.

The book is centred around Mila, a feral child raised by a pod of dolphins. She was christened so after being captured by some researchers, "Mila" stemming from the Spanish word "Milagro" which means "miracle".

The book opens with a prologue recounting the day she was captured, followed by a news article. Then on, the reader is taken on a journey as they see the human world from a curious Mila's eyes. The narrative structure is one that flows with Mila's gradual evolution and grasp of the English language, adding to the sense of involvement the reader would have while reading this unforgettable book.

The reader seems to grow with Mila. The curiosity, the caution, the child-like reasoning for the mistakes she makes, her longing for the salty oceans and her dolphin family... one would feel it all as if it were their own emotions. Do not be fooled by the simplicity of the language - the delivery is powerful. It is this very simplicity that invokes a strong tide of emotions and empathy as the readers grow with Mila.

As the School Library Journal had stated in their starred review, "This powerful exploration of how we become human and how the soul endures is a song of beauty and sorrow, haunting and unforgettable".

The rather unusual and unique take on humans presented by this novel is very entrancing, providing a new perspective and compelling the reader to take a step back and indulge in retrospection.

This novel is beautiful and addictive, and a personal all-time favourite. If I ever find myself curled up in a big chair with a warm cup of milk, one can be rest assured that I'd also be cradling this novel in my lap. Mila calls out to me, and I cannot find it in myself to deny the sense of familiarity that pulls me to this book, to her.

"I know it. I know home. It is here. It is in me, a knowing of home. I do not understand. But in my heart there it is. I know. I know."

Sukanya Garg

SYBA [ENGLISH]



SPORTS REVIEW:  
LIVERPOOL VS WATFORD



At the top of the table!

Liverpool is the best team in the English Premier League, the best in England. We're on top of the world. I might have gotten slightly carried away right now, but it's okay. Liverpool has scaled all the way to the top of the English Premier League for the first time since 'Crystanbul' in 2014. As opposed to that torturous night, this one was just simply perfect. Arsenal and Man City drawing their games, gave us the opportunity to go to the top of the table and BOY, did we take it ! Watford were blown out of the park by 6 sublime goals by the Reds during the match on 6th November, with a goal by Daryl Janmaat (right back of Watford) being the only blip on a near flawless Liverpool performance. I might've previously ranted about the defensive errors we've made but today it's all about the things we've done right. Because right or wrong, highs or lows, they have got us to the top of the table and we have no intention of 'letting it slip'. (Rather I make the joke than you. Takes the pain out of it)

Jokes apart, the Reds were superb in the match against Watford. There was not one player who did not put their best foot forward and YES, I also mean Liverpool's defense in this scenario. Lucas and Matip looked like they've been playing together for a decade. Clyne and Milner were just... Clyne and Milner. 100% dedication and consistency. Watford really isn't a bad team. But the way they were outclassed in this fixture shows the credibility of this Liverpool side. Watford was on the back foot from the first 70 seconds which lasted for all the 90 minutes. At no point of time were Liverpool feeling the pressure or getting groggy with their passing. Anyone who has seen the dark phases of Liverpool in the recent past will know how monumental that statement is!

Liverpool's attack for this match was so utterly brilliant that it caused England's best striker to be benched and rightly so. Phillipe Coutinho aka "The Magician" is, without a doubt, the best player in the league. He has a record of a goal or an assist every 72 minutes. He's also created the third highest chances in the league, 5 goals and 5 assists. Consistency has been an issue in the past for the diminutive Brazilian but Klopp's effect seems to have done the trick. If Barca and Madrid are both suddenly rumoured to be fighting for you, you must be doing something right. (Unless you are Douglas Pereira) However, this is my biggest fear; Phil playing so well that one of the Giants snap him up. Suarez has conditioned me to think that way now.

Whatever it is, it can wait. The fears can take the backseat. The international break is here. We have a solid 2 weeks to bask in the limelight, if not more. A solid 2 weeks to consolidate our position. A solid 2 weeks to make it a solid 6 months. Yes. It may be only November. But who's to say we can't be there, come May ?

You'll Never Walk Alone!

**Sarthak Pawar**  
SYBA [ENGLISH]

PUN TIMES

- ♦ What would you find in Charles Dickens’ kitchen?  
The best of thyme and the worst of thyme.
- ♦ Why did Shakespeare always write with a pen?  
Pencils confused him. 2B or not 2B?
- ♦ I’m reading a book about anti-gravity. I can’t seem to put it down.
- ♦ Two peanuts walked into a café. One was a salted.
- ♦ Bakers only share their recipes on a knead-to-know basis.
- ♦ What did the dyslexic Satanist do on the eve of Christmas?  
He sold his soul to SANTA!



DELIGHTS OF THE DECADE

It feels like just yesterday we were buying our favourite Beyblades, Barbies in-hand, and walking to our best friend’s house to watch the latest episodes of ‘Lizzie McGuire’ and ‘Shararat’. And now here we are, celebrating the 10<sup>th</sup> year anniversary of Taylor Swift’s debut album. This had us wondering what other pop culture moments are marking their 10th anniversary this year, and we decided to round up a few so you too can soak in all the nostalgia.

**I WALK A LONELY ROAD...**

Green Day won the Grammy Award for Record of the Year for the famous song *Boulevard Of Broken Dreams* on 6<sup>th</sup> February 2006

**THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS!**

The very first episode of Hannah Montana was aired on 24<sup>th</sup> March 2016 (*Feeling old yet?*)

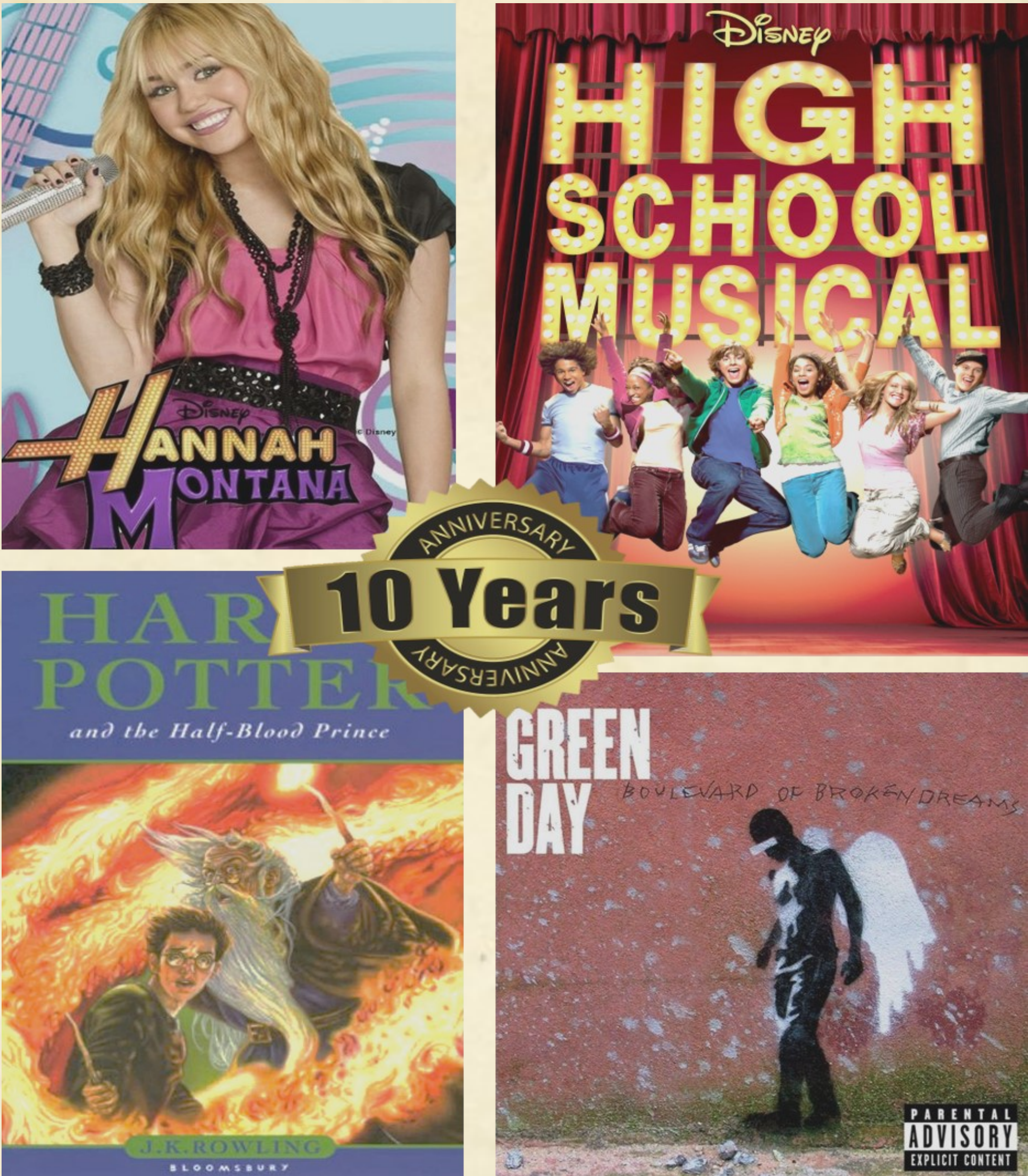
**SEVEN BOOKS, SEVEN HORCRUXES**

The sixth book in the Harry Potter series, *Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince* was released on 16<sup>th</sup> July 2005.

**WHAT TEAM?! WILDCATS!**

The iconic film *High School Musical* made Zac Efron an overnight sensation and every teenage girl’s heartthrob. The song ‘*We’re All in This Together*’ became a party anthem in every household. Released on 20th January 2006 celebrated its 10<sup>th</sup> year Anniversary this year.

**Amala Reddie**  
SYBA [ENGLISH]



LITERALLY FACTS



“I am.” is the shortest complete sentence in the English language!

There are only four words in the English language that end in the suffix ‘-dous’: tremendous, stupendous, horrendous and hazardous.

‘The Mouse Trap’ by Agatha Christie is the longest running play in history!

The longest word in the English language without a vowel is rhythm.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom’s Cabin, lived next door to Mark Twain.

Alexandre Dumas fought his first duel at the age of 23. During the duel, his trousers fell.

The smallest book in the Welsh National Library is Old King Cole. It measures 1mm x 1mm and the pages can only be turned with a needle.

Edgar Allan Poe originally wanted a parrot to repeat the word “nevermore.”