

Tri-Monthly Literary Bulletin



"STILL ACHIEVING, STILL PURSUING, LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT"
- HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITORIAL NOTE

Dear Readers,

We are thrilled to introduce you to our inaugural edition of Tri-Monthly Literary Bulletin, issued by the Department of English. This platform is dedicated to showcasing the vibrant literary landscape of our students, featuring creative writing of poems, essays, reports, art and insightful reviews.

Our goal is to foster a community of wordsmiths, thinkers, and enthusiasts providing a space for expression, exploration, and exchange, sharing your thoughts, ideas, and passions.

In these pages, you will discover the latest works from our talented students. We hope you will find inspiration, provocation, and delight in the words that follow.



POETRY

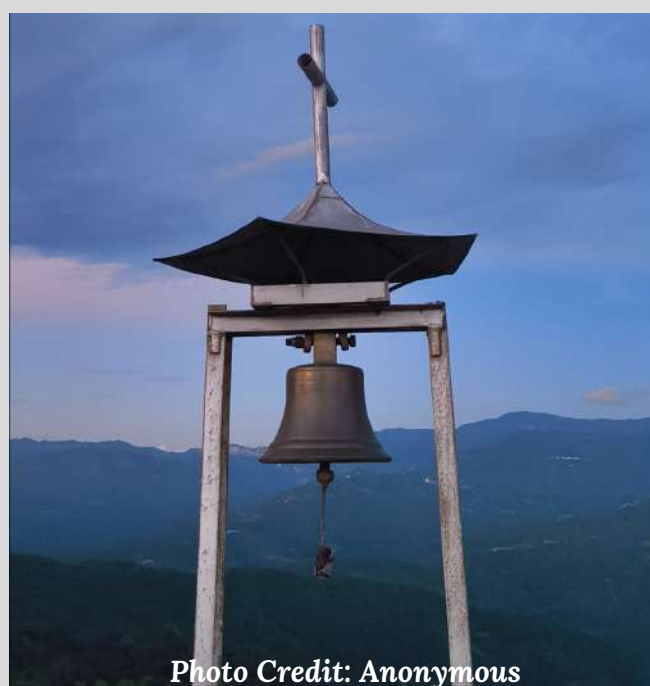


Photo Credit: Anonymous

O fair maiden, thou art my morning star,
Bright beacon that guideth from afar.
Yet thou seest me not, a shadow forlorn.
Eclipsed by others, my heart is torn.
Thy laughter, sweet as mead
Filled my soul, yet now I feel small.
Like a hound at thy gate, I linger near you.
Drawing of whispers I'll never hear.
Thy gaze, a sunbeam on winter's frost.
Warms not this soul, for I am lost
Heart, be still for love cloth scorn.
And my hope is but a rose with thorns.

Saziio Chachei,
3rd semester.

APART

Time change, people fall apart
What once was everything, turns out to be nothing.

Those vain promises turned to ashes
What once was full of love, turns to darkness abyss?

Time change, people fall apart
Endless thoughts hovering yet too
Little to convey.
The eyes filled with hope were
Gouged out by betrayal
What once was full of love, turns to darkness abyss?

Time change, people fall apart
The scoundrels rejoice, While the innocent suffers.
The hostility knows not of its action
What once was full of love, turns to darkness abyss?

Time change, people fall apart
Though cherish best while it last,
Yet, breaks havoc when gone.
Beware! The dependency, a rotten fruit to the soul
What once was full of love, turns to darkness abyss?

Nepuni Saziini,
5th Semester



Essays

“In the end, it is not the years in your life that count, it is the life in your years.” As we reflect on the lives we have lived and the impact we have made on others, we are reminded of the power of human connection.

The following essays are an outcome of one of the Department Activities on Essay Writing on the topic, “What would your loved ones might say about you on your funeral day?” These heartfelt pieces offer a glimpse into the students’ thoughts on relationships, legacy and human experience, showcasing their introspection, creativity and emotional depth.

A FINAL GOODBYE

It is a cold, rainy day, not as cold as my son’s room and not as rainy as his mother’s eyes. I force myself onto the podium with shaky legs. The speech is short like my son’s life as I struggle to control myself from running and may be fast enough to magically reach a place where my son’s still playing games in his room. I grip the podium to maybe mask the denial and anger I feel at him. Oh! my son, my stupid son, why have you left your old men? I miss the tea you made and how you would try to help me in my work, even though you did not inherit my strength, at least you tried. Your mother is still in denial and clawing at your coffin, a naive attempt, I say, but I do not blame her.

As I leave the podium with a thousand unsaid words, I look back at his final weeks. Maybe I was too harsh on him, maybe he was like me. In a sense, he feels unloved and unwanted in his own home. I recall his vacations at home often ending with hurt and unhealed wounds. He indeed had his mother’s tongue, funnily enough. Just like how I’d throw myself into work to avoid feeling guilty for shouting at him; he would do the same with his games, friends, etc., I wish he’d do the same with his books, honestly. I am still stuck with the nagging feeling that he had died, feeling like he was a burden and a failure. My only wish was that I had been more of a father to him instead of a disappointed investor. When was the last time I appreciated him? The last time I talked to him without mentioning his gender? Did he leave this earth-hating home? Me? His mother? I’m afraid we will only know when it's my turn that finally turns to dust.

Saziio Chachei
3rd Semester

MY MOTHER’S SPEECH ON THE DAY OF MY FUNERAL

Today I'm standing here to give a speech about my daughter, who passed away this morning. I met her when she was just two years old. When I saw her, I felt a deep connection with the twins who were sleeping soundly, not knowing that their mother was no longer with them. As a stepmother, I always thought that I will never be able to have that mother’s love in their heart, but I was wrong she never thought of me as her stepmother but saw me as her biological mother. She made me realize that I can be their loving mother not only by blood. I tried to be the best mother I could, giving them love, taking care of them, and being strict when needed. She grew up into a nice person who always understands both person's pose. At times she would do things which she’s told not to, neglect her studies always. But even then, she tries her best to make us proud with her small or big achievements. Whenever we have arguments, she would sometimes cross her line, which would hurt me, but anger does not stay for long. After some minutes she would come back and regret on her actions, saying she was wrong and say she’s sorry.

I remember when she would always complain to me about the people in her class who always disturbed the classroom. Students her age who are dating and some of her classmates who have gotten married. She saw me not only as her mother but also as her best friend. Those are the days I will never forget and keep close to my heart. Now that she’s no more here with us, I will miss her complaining about the small things she hates, I’ll miss us going for grocery shopping, I’ll miss how happy she gets when I buy her favorite snacks, and most of all, I’ll miss her laughter, I hope that she will be my daughter again in my next life.

Kapeini Julia Kayina
3rd Semester

Epitaphs

After reading the poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" by Thomas Gray in the class, and as a follow up exercise, the students were asked to write their own Epitaph. We are pleased to feature a selection of few epitaphs written by them. It reflects their own perspectives on mortality, and remembrance. Hope it will give you a sense of the students' creative interpretations and reflections.

An epitaph about myself inspired by the animated series "BojackHorseman".

Here lies someone who spent most of his life trying to figure it out. He wanted to be better. He just did not always know how. Someday, he made people laugh. Someday, he pushed them away. He hurt others and carried that weight longer than he let on. But he also loved deeply, even if he was bad at saying it out loud. He did not always believe he deserved good things, but he did try sometimes, too late or not at all. He was flawed, tired, and real. And if you are reading this, maybe you were one of the reasons he kept trying. That counts for something.

Saziao Chachei
3rd semester

“If I left any warmth behind, then my life here was well spent. At peace with the Lord”

Losa
3rd semester

For I shall be gone forever from this place, a place of torment, worry, but also a place of love.
I leave behind memories, scattered like fallen leaves, whispers of laughter, and silent cries in the wind.
Let not sorrow linger where my footsteps fade, but let kindness bloom in the shadows I made. Though my voice
is quiet, my soul still sings.
In every dawn, in every gentle thing.

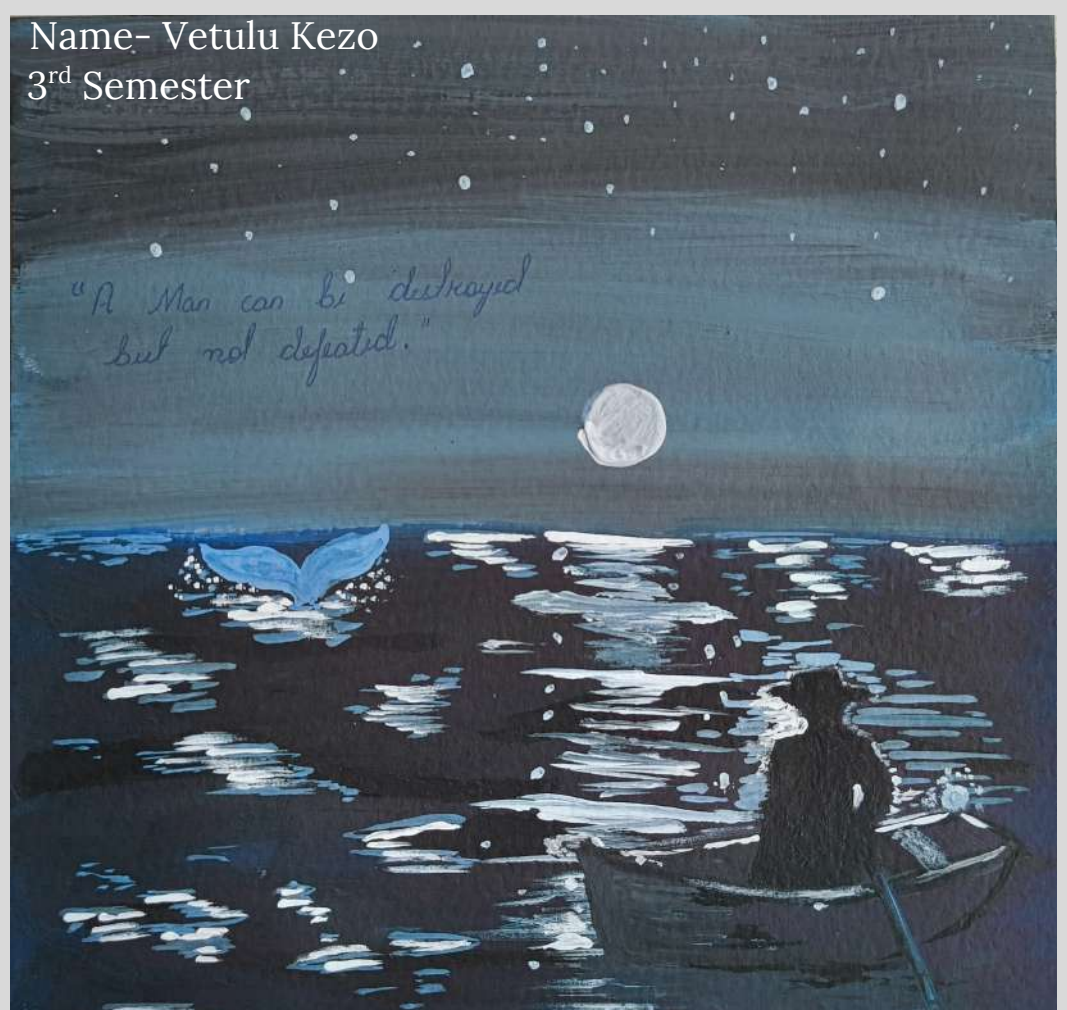
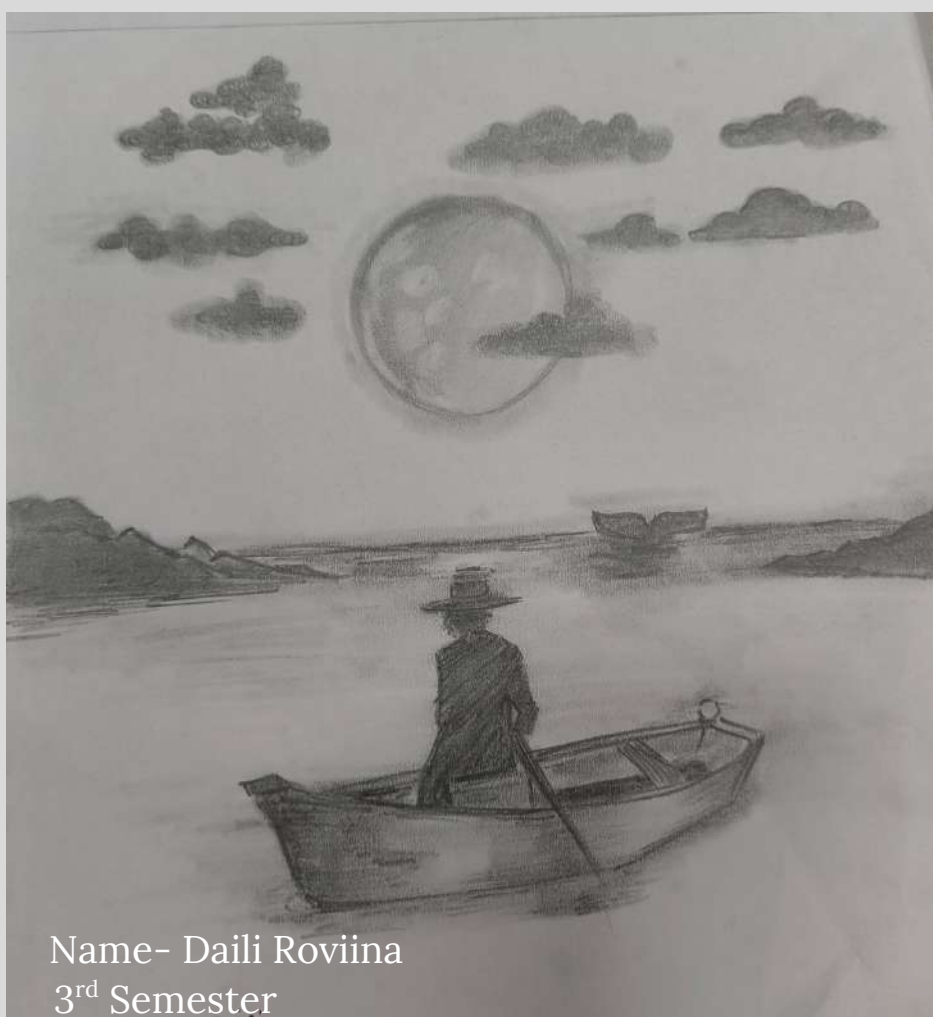
Rakuyia Pfoze
3rd Semester

Paintings

" But man is not made for defeat... A man can be destroyed but not defeated,"

These paintings are an inspiration from Ernest Hemingway's timeless novella " The Old Man and the Sea", capturing the epic struggle between the Old Fisherman and the Giant Marlin, symbolizing the human spirit's capacity for perseverance and resilience in the face of adversity.

These few exquisite artworks are a reflection of students' creative self-expression and communication through visual arts, which has been a part of class exercises besides reading and writing.



Report

**Insights from the September Dialogue:
Organised by Forum for Naga Reconciliation
(FNR) and Recover, Restore and
Decolonise(RRaD), Nagaland**

The September Dialogue on “A Reflection on Naga Repatriation and Ways Forward” was held at Dimapur on September 6th, 2025, centered on the repatriation of ancestral Naga remains and artifacts unethically taken by the British a century ago. The dialogue featured insightful experiences on “The Naga Oxford Declaration and Repatriation” shared by various Tribal Leaders of apex organisations and expert scholars. My attendance at this important event was quickly shifted from a personal quest to ease homesickness to a profound encounter with history. The event focused on the repatriation of ancestral Naga skulls from the Pitt Rivers Museum, moving me past mere logistics to confront the collective grief and anger over the historical disrespect. The defining emotional moment was hearing delegates quietly promise their ancestors, in their own mother tongues, that they were finally coming home. This was not just a historical correction; it was a launchpad for healing, decolonization, and Naga unity. It struck me with a chord, highlighting the human desire for connection and belonging. I was left feeling a deep sense of pride connecting to my roots, to my ancestors and to the struggle for our collective identity. As I left Dimapur, realizing the event's true meaning, I carried with me the indomitable spirit of the Naga people, "A spirit that leaves no one behind".

**Maruni
3rd Semester**



Photo Credit: [insta/asufiichristianinstitute_mao](https://www.instagram.com/asufiichristianinstitute_mao)

Report

Capturing moments: A Lens of Growth

On the early morning of August 19th, 2025, World Photography Day ignited a spark within me through an unforgettable workshop by the Mao Photographer and Videographer Association (MPVA). As a student, diving into photography felt like a shutter clicking open and I signed up with no hesitation. Before heading out, I ran into my brother's photographer friends (MPVA members themselves), who fueled my excitement with a tease: hands-on time with a pro-grade camera awaited. The thrill was palpable.

Stepping in, I realized I was likely amongst those few not treating it like a class skip. The energy shifted when Hon'ble MLA Shri L. Dikho, the Chief Guest, dropped a quote that I will always remember: "Don't shoot birds with guns, but with a camera capture the beauty." His words weren't just inspiring; they were a call to see photography as preservation, not just clicks.

The real magic unfolded with Canon India Pvt. Ltd.'s seminar on Basic Photography. Like a lens focusing for the first time, the session unveiled a world I hadn't seen. Learning to tame a camera, dance with light, and frame stories left me spellbound. The Q&A was the icing—doubts erased, curiosity ignited. Refreshments arrived as eagerness peaked... but bus schedules clipped our wings. A bittersweet goodbye, yet what I gained was priceless knowledge that sharpened my eye, and a certificate to seal the promise.

The test came post-workshop. Armed with new skills, I translated one of life's indulgences a cup of coffee into "Sweetening the Moment", a frame that felt like the workshop came alive. Soft focus on the steaming cup against a dreamy scenic backdrop, displaying a sense of serenity, tranquility, while enjoying the small pleasures of life and the joy of adding sweetness to life. It's now my reminder photography isn't just seeing, it is feeling.

This workshop didn't just teach me photography it solidified a passion. I now chase frames with intent, inspired to turn this into a serious hobby. My gratitude to MPVA and Canon India Pvt. Ltd. is boundless they gifted me not just skills, but a lens to see the world differently.

Graceson
1st Semester



(Sweetening the Moment)

Photos



Students from the department secured 1st and 3rd place in the Poster Making Competition organised by the Political Science Department on the theme "We the People," held in observance of International Day of Democracy

Department Students Car wash fundraiser in aid of Department Educational Tour

