



BETWEEN IDEAS AND EXPRESSION

The month of August was an eventful month of academic engagement, expression and achievement for the Department of English. From international academic conversations and interdisciplinary learning to cultural celebrations and faculty accomplishments, the month reflected the department's continued commitment for students and faculty to learn, collaborate and express.

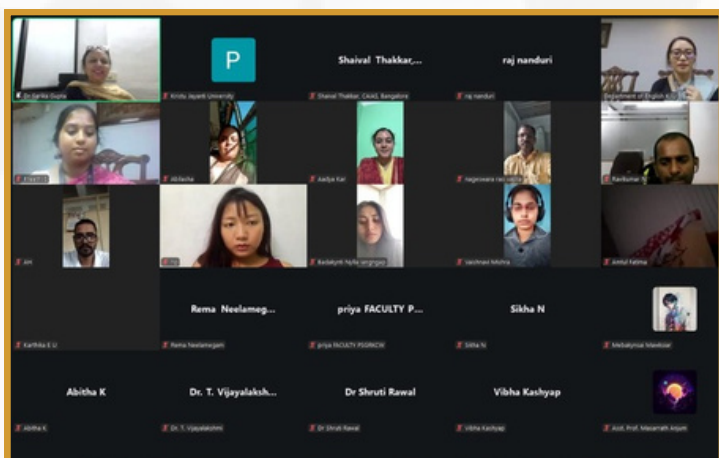
KALAJYOTHI 2026

KalaJyothi 2026, the Intra-University Literary and Cultural Fest, organized by the Literary and Cultural Association, was held from 10th to 13th August. Students were brought together through different literary and artistic events such as creative writing, elocution, calligraphy, debate, street play, mono acting, caricature, music and personality contests, which featured across the four-day fest. This gave the students a perfect opportunity to showcase their skills outside the class.



SEVEN-DAY INTERNATIONAL FACULTY DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME

The Department of English organised a Seven-Day International Faculty Development Programme on "Cross-Disciplinary Synergies in Contemporary Literary Studies: Trends and Tools." The programme commenced on 17 August 2026 with an inaugural address by Fr. Dr. Marialal Joseph, followed by a keynote address by Dr. Dan Harper, Founder, Interwoven Consulting and International Education Strategist, Memphis, Tennessee, USA. His session, titled "Remaining Human in an AI World," brought humanity, education and artificial intelligence into the academic conversation.



A NEW LITERARY CHAPTER

The Department of English inaugurated Krysolite, the Literary Association, for the students of MA English Literature. The inauguration marked the beginning of the association's activities for the new academic year, creating a space for students to engage with literature through discussion, creativity and participation.

– Editorial Team



FACULTY ACHIEVEMENT

Research Publication by Dr. David Paul & Dr. Thejas Gigy Thomas

“From Theory to Practice: A Human-AI Synergy Framework for Ethical, Inclusive and Pedagogically-Driven Language Education”

Frontiers in Education | Volume 11 | 2026

Q1 - Indexed on Scopus and Web of Science

Impact Factor: 2.6 and CiteScore: 4.3

The study explores the relationship between human expertise and AI in language education, with a focus on ethical and inclusive pedagogical practices.



Dr. David Paul
Assistant Professor



Dr. Thejas Gigy Thomas
Assistant Professor

CREATIVE CORNER

QUIETUDE

There are days when the world seems
to speak in a thousand tongues,
The traffic outside the window, voices
in passing, the incessant chime of a phone,
and beneath it all, the restless theatre of one's
own mind.

Perhaps that is why quietude matters,
not as an occasional retreat, but as regular
housekeeping for the mind. A little silence, after
all,
can do what a thousand answers cannot.

It ought not to be reserved for moments of
exhaustion,
we must seek it intentionally, and often. For
even the mind
needs a moment untouched by noise, now and
then. A little
stillness, a little hush, a little space in which
the soul can rearrange its furniture. And it is
only in such
silences that life, unobstructed by its own whirl,
begins to sound like itself.



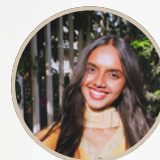
Sanchia Joanna. S
24JPEA47

THE TEA LEFT BEHIND

What is left once you savour your tea?
What do you think?
Well, the decision is on him or her.

From the kitchen countertop,
among its tea family,
to starve for eighteen days,
only for us to notice.

The country's aspiring students,
keep taking their own lives.
Oh, while we remain slipping,
in a world that's dying.



Harita Srinivasa
24JPEB20



“Good food is my ultimate love language”



Suhasini Thapa Mangar
24JPEA56

THE CHAI NEVER GETS COLD

Chai, you will reign forever.
A blessing, an angel in disguise.

Each time I see my mother
bringing me chai with love,
my heart blooms like the daffodils
As Shakespeare once described.

Chai, chai! Never let me down.
Let me embrace you,
like the singing dawn.
Our love story never ends.
Let me love you
as Rose loved Jack,
with a beginning that never ends.

Dear Chai,
let me love you,
like the day we first met.
You never disappoint me.
My comfort, my pet.
Never let me down
like Charles did to Diana;
you'll be cherished
like the Queen you are.

The chai never goes cold.
It's the new addiction now,
with all the flavours
I'll ever need.
Most of all, it carries a scent
I can never forget.

I need it in the morning.
I need it at night.
I need it every time,
I feel the weight of the world.
Chai comes to me,
and I whisper, "Never say never."

All the drugs of this world
would lose their battle
against the Goliath of despair,
defeated by a small cup of chai,
called David

Sharon Faustina J
24JPEA49



JUST LIKE I SWORE

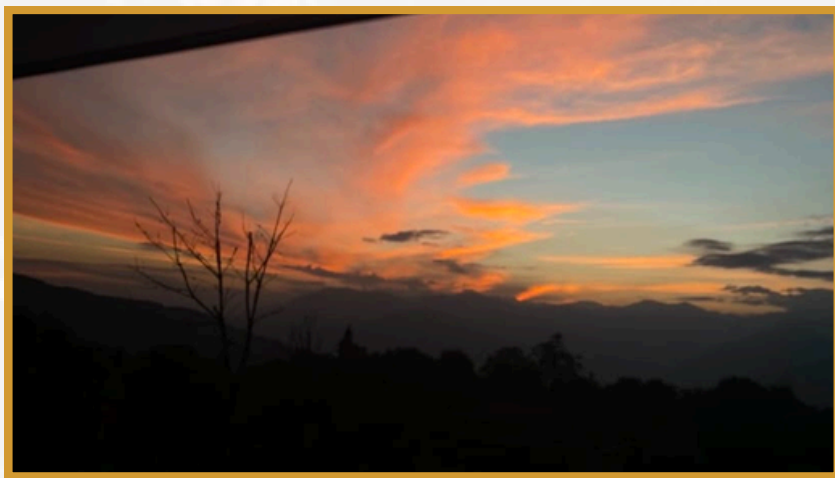
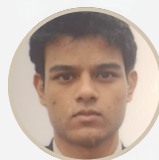
I was walking down the beach, my head
red-bleached,
Staring at Ocean waves, my thoughts of
you unleashed.
Kids laughing, splashing, running around
me
Some of 'em even waved, carefree, soundly.

And there I was, in my little cave,
With a heart that still tries to be brave.
Visions of you, holding me close,
Roses I bought, and a love that arouse.

Couldn't stop me now, I'm at your front
door,
Just like I swore, it's you I adore.
This ain't no war, but I'd bleed out for you
That's how I love, have I ever lied to you?

So stop all the whys, and all the hows,
Baby, I'll build you a home, just give me
your vows.
This ain't prose, it's me pouring my heart
out,
This is love I'm talking about,
This is you I'm talking about.

Devashish Dom
26PYEB40



"A sky worth staring at"

Palden Drolma Bhutia
24JPEB39



THE SCRIPT OF LIFE

Broken.
Again, and I pray the last time.
Not just "broke," but broken.
I can't tell you why, or even how;
I simply kept the habit of living.
I once pointed and said, "Look, a flower"
But they saw only a bundle of trash.
In that moment, the world blurred;
I lost the bridge between my eyes and the truth.
I called for a hand, but the silence was heavy.
The sun became too loud, the trees too sharp,
So I turned to the darkness.
It welcomed me with a hollow warmth,
Yet a small, quiet part of me
Still hungered for the sting of light.
I lost my name.
I lost my way.
Then, I found the sparkle:
The pen.
The old anchor that once held my world together.
I gripped it, and on a scrap of paper,
I carved:
"Life."
I don't know why that word came first,
But it acted as a spark in the dark.
I found my pulse again.
I wrote "Live."
And I wrote, and I wrote, until the ink became my blood.
Now, I look around and I finally know where I am.
I am on the field of humans.
It is a vast, chaotic game where everyone is a player;
I am merely the one who arrived late.
I see them clearly now.
The runners, the fallen,
And those holding bundles of trash,
Calling them flowers
Just as once I did.
I don't know the rules.
I can't see the goal.
But the ink is wet, and I am standing.
I may be late, But I am finally here.

Shihara Mariyam Chooriyot
24ENGA16



"Where childhood still lingers"

Deepika Priya K
24JPEA15



"Sailing into the unknown"

Hasma
26PYEB09

