



KRISTU JAYANTI
(DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)
Under Section 3 of UGC Act 1956
A CMI INSTITUTION | BENGALURU | INDIA

Krysalis



REVELATION

By Shirley Mergulhao
Class II MA English Literature
Issue 01 | Vol. 9 | March 2026





Why Revelation

Revelation is about turning the gaze inward. It's not about outward appearances, awards and achievements. It's about asking, "Who am I when no one is watching?" It's about peeling back the layers of expectations, filters and roles we wear every day and meeting the person underneath.

Beneath the noise of every day life, beneath the deadlines and confusion about the future, there is a quieter world of thoughts, dreams, fears and half-formed hopes. We crafted the entire issue in blue, because blue is the colour of depth, stillness and the subconscious.

Revelation invites you to dive into that space, sit with yourself and begin to know your true self. The theme - revelation was chosen without hesitation, because it perfectly captured the spirit of this issue: a space where you can explore your inner worlds, confront your doubts and eventually meet your true self.

-Shirley Stesha Mergulhao
Student Coordinator



From the Vice Chancellor

At the heart of all intellectual and creative pursuits lies Revelation—the gradual unfolding of truth that leads to deeper understanding. The Postgraduate students of English Literature have chosen the theme of Revelation and have curated the 9th edition of their in-house publication *Krysalis* around this theme. Moments of truth, dreams, and possibilities are thoughtfully gathered within the pages of this edition, revealing deeper truths that often lie hidden from sight. In doing so, this issue serves as a reminder of foundational truths and enduring principles that illuminate both thought and experience. The publication thus stands as a distinguished testament to the enduring spirit of our institution—one that has consistently nurtured curiosity, resilience, and creativity, and continues to uphold a vibrant and reflective intellectual tradition. Through every adversity we encounter, every lesson we impart, and every frontier we endeavour to transcend, we are led toward moments of revelation—where insight emerges with clarity and purpose. As you turn these pages, may you encounter not only ideas and artistic expressions, but also the quiet unveiling of insight—guiding you toward deeper understanding and reflection. May this edition inspire you to recognise that revelation is not merely the discovery of what is new, but the illumination of what has always been true and that revelation is not just a moment of insight but a step toward transformative growth.

Wishing you the very best,

Rev. Fr. Dr. Augustine George
Vice Chancellor

Kristu Jayanti (Deemed to be University), Bangalore

It gives me great pleasure to reflect on the vibrant academic and creative spirit of the English Department. Creative writing serves as a powerful medium through which students explore imagination, articulate perspectives and engage meaningfully with the world around them. A student-led magazine like Krysalis stands as a testament to the dedication, creativity and intellectual growth of our students. It not only provides a platform for emerging voices but also fosters a sense of identity and shared purpose within the academic community. I commend the efforts of the editorial and creative teams for their commitment and vision. May Krysalis continue to inspire, evolve and shine as a beacon of creativity. I extend my heartfelt wishes for its continued success.



Fr. Dr. Lijo P Thomas
Pro Vice Chancellor



Fr. Joshy Mathew
Director
School of Humanities and
Social Sciences

Revelation is a quiet but great process the unveiling of truths which we have concealed in ourselves. It is during the moments of reflection and introspection that we at last start seeing the real picture of who we are. When we hear the voice inside, we discover strata of thinking, feeling and identity that exist to make us see the world in a certain way. As Rumi expressed, “Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world. Today I am wise, so I am changing myself.” Great appreciation to the faculty and students whose effort and zeal of purpose have made Krysalis 2026 a reality.



Dr. Sreedevi Santhosh

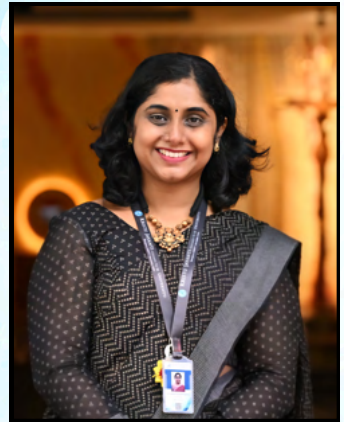
HOD

Department of English

Metaphoric of timelessness, Krysalis represents aspirations that are collective, ones that might never have come together, or coalesced into building worlds otherwise. It might have been called something else, but not here, not now. Experiences that are intangible take the form of storywork. What is tacit, embodied in language; what is obvious and routine, reorganized in images that are estranged shards of memory entangled in thought take on colours that are reminiscent of what it is to simply be.

It is with immense joy and pride that I witness the culmination of Krysalis, which, to me, stands as a vivid expression of our students' intellectual energy and creative spirit. This magazine has created a meaningful space for our students to discover, articulate, and refine their creative voices with confidence and originality. I deeply appreciate the editorial collective for their dedication, vision, and meticulous effort in curating a publication of such high calibre. I extend my heartfelt congratulations and best wishes to all involved.

May this be a resonance of many future creative endeavours. I wish the entire team all the very best.



Dr. Saranya Narayanan

Coordinator

Department of English

EDITORS'S NOTE

Revelation is the theme of this issue of Krysalis, it is an invitation to encounter the wealth that lies just beneath the surface, urging us to an awakening that is subtle yet deeply transformative. The cover represents this quiet intensity, drawing us into a stark painting that reveals a luminous blue world beneath, radiant and alive. It is not a world that emerges, but one that has always been there, awaiting our gaze. Beneath what seems known, something richer glows, enduring, and whole. In a world so often content with the superficial, this image invites a different kind of seeing: slower, deeper, more attentive where revelation is not an arrival, but a recognition. Krysalis is thus a becoming - a becoming that begins with the courage to look beneath the surface.

As a theme, revelation invites our writers and readers to confront what lies beneath the familiar hidden emotions, silenced histories, and the subtle shifts that redefine identity. These pieces do not offer easy answers. They ask for your patience, your presence, and your willingness to sit with complexity rather than reach for easy conclusions. Each work gestures toward a turning point, where perception deepens and meaning is remade. In these pages, revelation is not merely discovery, but a transformation, a movement from concealment to clarity where the



Dr. Lyola Thomas

Department of English



revelation does not announce itself, but waits to be encountered by those ready to see beyond the surface. Wishing you pages of quiet reflection and gentle revelation may each turn bring clarity, warmth, and a deeper sense of wonder.

KRYSALIS
Editorial Team 2026



Our Department

The Department of English doesn't just teach books. They nurture the next generation of critical thinkers. Our Master's program goes beyond the traditional canon and immerses students in the new literary landscapes of the 21st century.

The curriculum created strikes a balance between a strong structure along with the freedom to choose. It examines the cultural, intellectual and political growth of humanity, ensuring that the education is relevant to today's news and historical records. Along with learning to analyze complex texts using various theoretical perspectives and comparative analysis. Apart from that each student receives personalized support from a faculty committed to innovation and excellence.

Education here isn't just about sitting at a desk. Frequent guest lectures, workshops, film screenings and research discussions provide opportunities to develop one's creative voice and turn raw talent into refined expression. To graduate with more than a degree and to have a perspective that adds value to the global conversation, that's the aim of the Department and it vows to achieve the same.

CONTENTS

TechNova	33-35	Starlit Playlist	7
Spectrum	36-37	Krystals	38
Ink Thoughts	8-22	Script Scan	26-30
Bookscapae	31-32	PROSPEEK	23-25



Starlit Playlist

Music to
Introspect





Inkthoughts

Poetry



The Vanishing Innocence

Childhood days — how beautiful they
were,
With innocence soft as morning air.
No rush, no envy, no selfish desire,
Only pure hearts that never tire.

We wished the best for every friend,
Not for ourselves, no need to pretend.
Carefree laughter filled the skies,
As lullabies whispered our goodnights.

We woke to sunlight's gentle grace,
Love and safety in every place.
Parents' hands held firm and kind,
Their battles fought for peace of mind.

But innocence drifts, so far, so wide,
Now grown, with storms we cannot
hide.
We fight for life, for dreams, for bread,
Sleepless nights with thoughts that
spread.

Once they fought to give us the best,
Now we fight to give them rest.
In the crowd, we stand alone,
Seeking warmth once brightly shone.

Still, we rise, though hearts may scar,
For strength is faith in who we are.
And as God wills, we fight anew,
For a brighter world, for me and you.

- **Lalremliani Lianhna**

Inner Sanctum

In the dark night of the mind,
A secret world spreads its wings,
Whispering truths unseen,
unheard,
A subconscious world, a world of
peace.

A mirror shows the soul,
Whispers of the heart set whole,
A path inside, we wander and
discover,
Hidden answers, left behind.

The revelation breaks, a flash of
light,
A truth revealed, a heart's own
dream,
Unveiled, unmasked, and beyond
compare,
A treasure discovered in the
subconscious den.

-Abel John



The background of the page is a blue-toned photograph of a street at night. On the left, a tall streetlight pole stands with several lamps. In the distance, two silhouetted figures are walking away from the viewer. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

From the Self Below

I swam into a deep sea, where my
anxieties had been buried and had
learned to sleep.

No caring hands, or help from a
star,

Just my own spine to go deep.

The Echoes murmured, "stand
alone",

Each tear became a spark of fire,

Every autumn reborn to a new
longing

I faced the night and storm alone
and I found a hidden light inside.

No chains can hold me, no doubt
could stay. I am carving myself to
find its bright way.

I stand here, both serene and free,
Holding strong in the way I see .

I 've learned that all strength
blooms

From the self below.

- Saranya Ratheesh

Between the Pages

In the middle of the white pages,
She found the power of black
words.

Some end in desperate cages,
While some bring joy, like healing
chords.

They drown not in the pages, but
in the story.

Above all, the reading journey
weaves through its thread.
They leave us amazed, realising
each struggle as the glory.

And sometimes gently turn us
mad.

Turning each page - while sipping
the evening tea,
Hearing the hush of the pages in
utter silence,
Where it drowned her invisible
pain in the sea.

In that she found her own absence.

Alone In the crowds of the
unknown shadows,
She lost herself, unmade hope,
Yet she blooms, quietly grow.
And found the strength to cope,
through the stories.

- Rachana M



She is Stubborn

She is determined to rise,
stepping into the unknown.
Dreams blazing bright in her eyes,
Yes she is all set to wear a crown,
Because she is Stubborn.

It is her First bold stride,
where fear shrinks is afraid of her.
It's impossible to leap.
As her vision is not obscure,
Because she is Stubborn.

She is ready to fight,
And equipped to learn.
she knows her future is bright.
As she ensures the pride,
Because she is Stubborn.

-Reeshma Shibu



Of Soul and Self

The soul consumed by the abyss,
Revived and took its toll:
The price of which are nights of peace and bliss,
For one which is new and whole,
The weary eyes are now closed,
The missing parts has been replaced,
Rules of faith and love has been imposed,
And regrets of the past are now embraced,
Icarus shall rise again,
Every inch closer a victory,
While the sceptic chats of idle men,
Will forever remain a mystery,
Forsaken chaos in quietness unseen,
Be amongst the pieces of sixteen.

- Joshua Kharjana

An Elegy of Lingering Sorrow

My cats think I've abandoned them.
Yet, I'm still here, just a little farther away.

Their warm furs chilled.

And their eyes questioned:

Why can't I be with you,

Resting under the warmth of your blanket,
Resting my head on the crook of your arm?

I have no words.

My silence heavy with despair.

How can I tell them?

I should've held on a little stronger.

I should've kissed a little longer.

Night fell, a sweet dream beckons me.

My Father's voice exclaimed:

"See! They came home at last!"

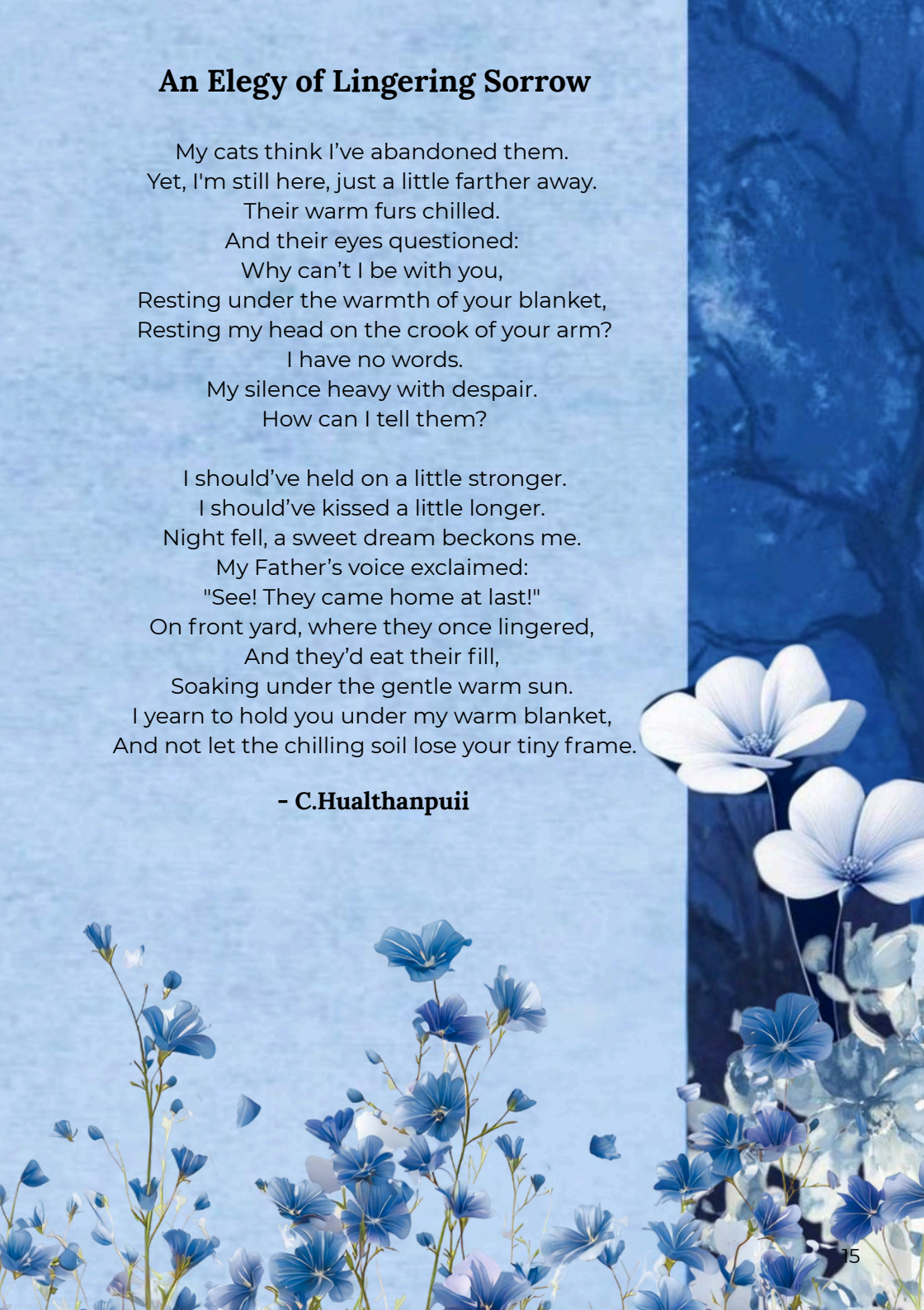
On front yard, where they once lingered,

And they'd eat their fill,

Soaking under the gentle warm sun.

I yearn to hold you under my warm blanket,
And not let the chilling soil lose your tiny frame.

- C.Hualthanpuui





Playing with the Moon

I am lying under the fan.
The cold hits me,
But my shirt embraces me
I wish I could move
I wish my mind was beautiful and
took me to a sunny meadow,
Laying on the ground, the grass
needles poking me
Seeing elephants and monkeys
A person with a hat in the clouds
But my mind brings me back to
the cold hard ground and made
me the girl under the fan.
I wish my mind was beautiful and
took me where
Street lights dim but the moon
shines bright!
I could hear whispers of the night
I would take a seat on the swing
under the moon.
I wish I was the girl under the
moon!
Swing up to catch the moon
So near yet so far away.
But my mind took me back to the
cold hard ground, under the fan.
The girl under the fan.
Do I truly have the liberty to move?
My mind whispers, "just get up!"
and my body obeys.
I move and get up.
I am not the girl under the fan.
But, if I am not the girl under the
fan anymore, who am I?

- Nandana N Satheesh

Unnamed Soul

I stood before the cracked mirror,
its shimmering surface reflecting
my fractured self
I let my heart split open and bleed.
For the first time in my life
I questioned: Who am I?
Does this face, mind and voice
belong to me,
Or have I borrowed it into being?
I had never sought my inner voice
The silence screamed louder than
the mirror's lies
the one behind the glass moved
Her eyes held storms never named
Her breath was wild and alive
Her voice raw and powerful
I closed my eyes,
and let her voice wrap around me.
I heard her without judgment
I felt her without resistance;
I let her become me.
When I opened my eyes,
The mirror was still cracked
But I no longer was.
She stood within me now,
Not behind the broken glass,
Not beneath the silence.
And for the first time,
I feel worthy enough to meet my
eyes in the mirror,
As I completely belonged to the
Unnamed soul within me.

- Aparna K



Sunflower

He is fun and bright
He is my sun and light
He kept it all so right
Even when I was in fright

It reminds me of his smiles
Even when he is far many miles
It makes me a little warm
Just like when I hold his arms.

It makes me a little crimson
Only he does that to me or none
It reminds me of his presence
I only want his existence

He is my spring, my hon
To you, I'll run
The beauty you hold
Is more than pure gold

Now I look for the hours
When I could hold you, my lover
Because you gave me power
You are my Sunflower.

-Aruna Rajan



Latent Archives

Beneath the noise where our dreams illuminate
The light stirs something that is never unveiled

In you and me there is a
Suppressed truth and lie

Consciously hindering the way out where they can fly
Deep down something, evokes a new feeling of being fled

Being seen and being felt.
When you are around and to be held

The fear, the chaos and the wounds once sore
Finds its stillness but profoundly aches more

Disillusioned and consumed by angst
Again you dragged me back into the light

You were no knight in shining Armor
Nor a hopeless Mighty Charmer

You are the voice in me that nobody heard
You've seen it, you've felt it, you've heard before I even notice it

You have led me, failed me, healed me, protected me
And will always stay alive with or without me

- Udayashree C

The Lost Ocean

I was seated at the ocean waves hitting the
end of the shore,
Soft winds through my hair blowing.
This place embedded to my core my homeland,
its image is an emotion.

Now it's warm, but it's cold
inside rest finds itself out a million miles.
I am breathing but it's like cyanide.
"I am good, okay" crawls through my throats aisle.
My Chums naive about my anguish, thrived

Blue Canvas replaced by grey skies of smoke
Mind tormenting, body yoked, alive lifeless
My heart awaits on the sole ray of Hope
One that would merge my triune circus
Rescue me from this remorse.

I hear voices calling me inward,
inward my subconscious then whispers,
sending waves of truth to reach the shore.
But my conscious mind builds walls of silence,
a voice that aches to make me whole.

- **Ruth Fernandes**

John Doe

It is only human to make blunders, but what if a person only yields to
bad choices?

It is absurd, it is unlikely, improbable, but not impossible;

So, let us suppose such a person exists.

It sure doesn't add up, to be wrong all the time,

But after all, they are incapable of good.... they insist.

Isn't it well-established, that even the convicted have a sense of guilt?

It is ridiculous, but they live without guilt;

So let us suppose such a person exists.

They smile at the ruin, safe in the bunker of lies they built?

Isn't a person no holier than the beast we condemn without guilt?

Isn't it my obligation to show to such a person...the exit.

Does a person need to be in a place they don't belong?

Where they are ridiculed and no one heeds them;

So let us suppose such a place exists.

Surely, in a place void of purpose, a person's stay need not be;

It is only fair that I point the way out for them;

It is my duty to show them the exit.

Does the person need to say his last goodbyes?

But why would anyone care:

Their carcass, no one shall claim, their voice no ear shall bear.


Swiftly, I shall send them to a place where there is no dread nor fear,

As I drew nearer, it became clear, I couldn't pull the trigger;

Alas I stepped away from the mirror.

-F Lalhruaitluanga

Pretentious, am I?



I pretended that I was a studious
child,
when all I had was a sharp memory.
I pretended to be an obedient child,
when I was scared of standing up to
the authorities.

I pretend to fit in,
But I always felt like an outcast.

I still pretend.
I pretend to be a feminist,
but always lose the fight when it
comes to my family.
I pretend to be woke
But it is just that I am not sleeping.
Snoozing maybe.

I pretend to be compliant,
when all I am is a furious soul.
I pretend to be intellectual,
when all I have is a bit of literary
knowledge.

I pretend that I don't care,
but still end up pondering all night.
I pretend to be politically furious,
But am just a little curious.

The world taught us to pick up acts,
and we started believing that
acting was life.

But life can't be an act,
you don't get to plan it.
I am ending this act today,
by pretending that I know it all.

- Shruti Shree

Prosepeek

Articles

... and on the surface
... all's rounds, and far
... of deep, glowing sea
... d. Their tips were
... nsen. Along the cu
... oom in double rank, on
... the low trellis w
... any sawny cluste
... eves and russet,
... The fine essenc
... vered in the mist that
... e splashing rain.
... seen here," Archer went
... must be I have a sort of it
... never be grateful enough to
... had to be done," Mar
... ink how I shall have got
... You see how things go—it is
... bedtime. And I hate whist,
... had not been here to entertain
... come up here and play scare
... Mr. Blight?" Archer asked,
... m sincerely. "I hate tautol
... hat either Blight are syn
... ng lady." He
... quarter of a
... her," Mar
... "Such
... m pre
... live

... with
... id, saying, 'It would take ...
... boy's education.' I—but never m
... ck well. Then I said to the Go
... s, sir—didn't ask, just to
... eled, but when he four
... g firm, he patted
... y books.
... died the
... Not
... when I was
... ap. That was
... go on the
... money—any reason
... endously cautious, unaww
... I was risking only my own, un
... big deals until just this year. I jumpe
... worth—every cent—on copper, and the
... A month back I figured my profits, and
... my original stake yet take out fifty thousand
... been finding out, too, all I could about the Go
... let me know the truth—he had the old Sout
... It was the grief of his life that he had h
... family plantation. That was why he had
... —it hurt too bad.
... "Then I found out, also, by the luck
... rock, his old l
... could be bought
... in a wink—but
... my way there
... town I telegr
... once. Bring
... latest. I m
... them here
... them—





Who Are We?

I sometimes look around, hoping to see my real self. We are often defined by the roles we play: a mother, father, sister, brother, daughter, son, lover, or friend. But who are we beyond these roles? Who are we when the house is quiet and no one calls our name? In solitude we find our true selves. I remember a time by the sea. It was stormy sea. I stood on the shore, waiting for the waves to touch me. As I looked into the sea, I felt I was deep, vast, and impossible to fully understand. Layered and enigmatic, with waves and ripples that one could lose themselves in. Yet, there is something beautiful in that mystery. We must embrace the fragments and immerse ourselves in the journey of becoming. As I watched the tides rise and fall, it felt like a reflection of life itself—constantly changing, moving, never ending, and always beginning.

- Nandana N Satheesh

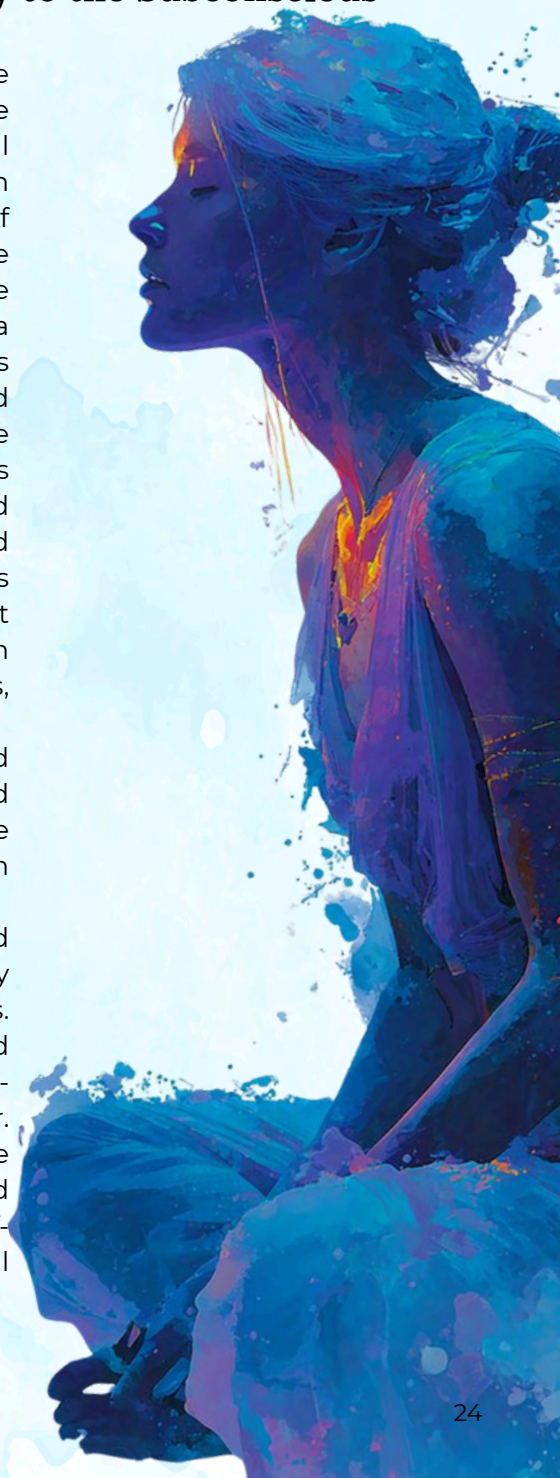
Meditation: A pathway to the Subconscious

Meditation leads to the subconscious mind and helps one achieve a new level of mental mastery. In today's world, meditation provides a necessary state of relaxation for people of all age groups. During meditation, the mind gradually shifts from the beta state to the theta state, which is associated with relaxation and intuition, allowing access to the subconscious. This shift resembles the state between waking and dreaming, where suppressed emotions and forgotten memories can be observed clearly without judgment. Meditation reduces brain wave frequency, enhances focus, and improves cognitive skills.

It also helps individuals understand the root causes of fears and insecurities stored in the subconscious and replace them with positive, empowering thoughts.

However, this requires patience and courage, as the subconscious may reveal uncomfortable truths. Meditation helps break unwanted patterns, supports wise decision-making, and guides behavior. Ultimately, it acts as a bridge between the conscious and subconscious mind, promoting self-awareness, healing, and personal transformation.

- Hridhya Dileep





Script Scan

Movie Review

The Machinist (2004)

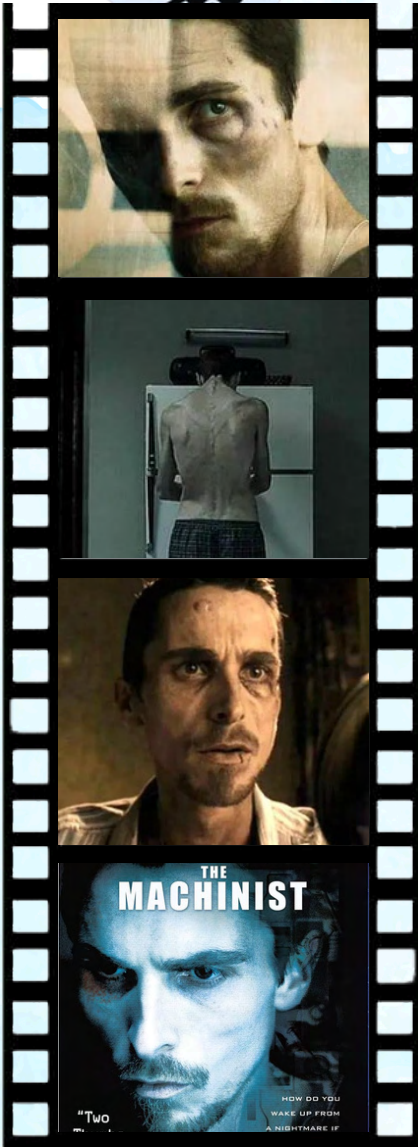


Director: Brad Anderson

Starring: Christian Bale, Jennifer Jason Leigh, John Sharian

Genre: Psychological Thriller, Drama
The Machinist is a psychological thriller which tries to restructure the boundaries of human thinking. Christian Bale delivers his career best performance as Trevor Reznik, a factory worker who has insomnia. The film employs a darker coloured palette as it portrays the harsh reality of human nature bound by anxiety and psychological trauma. Trevor's internal conflict and guilt, is reflected in the grim, oppressive world that director Brad Anderson creates. These emotions play to the perpetuity of these characters especially that of Trevor where he loses conscience. The Machinist portrays that most of the times it's not the outside forces but rather the inner demons which fragment the structure of reality. This stark portrayal of the human trait is the basic ground on which the movie is built.

-Abhinand Sunny Mathew



Mumbai Police (2013)

Director: Rosshan Andrews

Starring: Prithviraj Sukumaran, Jayasurya and Rahman

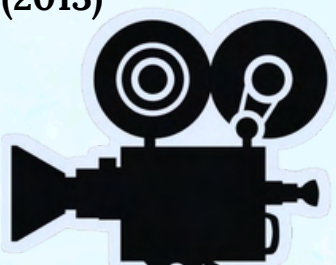
Genre: Neo-noir Psychological Thriller

Mumbai Police, a 2013 Indian Malayalam film written by Bobby-Sanjay and directed by Rosshan Andrews, is not just a crime thriller; it is a psychological exploration of human psyche. Initially it appears as a crime investigation but later turns into an examination of how memory and morality shape a person. Prithvi Raj presented ACP Antony Moses, a brilliant police officer who loses his memory after a car accident. He is assigned to investigate the case that he was doing before the accident which he almost solved, the murder of his close friend, ACP Aryan.

In the movie, his amnesia acts as a metaphor for psychological denial. As the investigation progresses, he gradually comes to know that the murderer of his close friend is none other than him and he also realized that he is homosexual. This shocking revelation is the act of uncovering of his repressed self.

Roshan's direction maintained both suspense and emotional intensity. Cinematography by G. Diwakaran and background music by Gopi Sundar perfectly underlined Antony's emotional turmoil.

-Soya Saji



Fight Club (1999)



Director: David Fincher

Starring: Edward Norton, Brad Pitt, Helena Bonham Carter

Genre: Psychological, Drama, Thriller
David Fincher's *Fight Club* is a cinematic spectacle where illusions play the lead and reality takes a side seat. It's part psychological thriller, part social commentary and chaos wrapped in sharp dialogue, wild performances, and unforgettable twists. The leads display spectacular performances all through the movie. We see rebellion, fights, emotions, and everything else within the sphere of this complexity that unfold slowly towards the grand twist of the climax which itself forms as a revelation for the understanding of the movie. The psychological dimension also play an important role as they construct the scenarios with which the characters and settings are built on. *Fight Club* as a movie exemplifies the cinematic experience but it also questions the social hierarchies around which the society is built to a greater extent.

-Abhinand Sunny Mathew



The Tree of Life

Terrence Malick's 2011 movie *The Tree of Life* transforms cinema, as it exhibits a reflection projected through imageries, light, and stillness. The movie unfolds like a resurfacing memory from the subconscious which fragmented.

The plot portrays the story of the O'Brien family in 1950s Texas, through the protagonist Jack, the eldest son. The storyline goes back and forth between the instances of childhood and the cosmos of the universe by the voice of the subconscious. Malick attempts to contrast the creation of the universe with the everyday youthful and dreadful instants of an individual human life.

It portrays two forces that mould the human psyche: which is Nature exemplified by the strict father (Brad Pitt), and Grace, embodied by the calm mother (Jessica Chastain). These forces echo the eternal dualisms within the subconscious mind of all humans. The climax becomes an image of spiritual revelation by symbolising the reunion on a timeless shore.

-Janhvi Sharma




BOOKSCAPE

Book Review



Book Review: The Road Less Traveled



M. Scott Peck explores the psychological and spiritual journey of personal growth, beginning with the powerful line, “Life is difficult,” which sets the tone for the book. He argues that people struggle not because problems exist, but because they try to avoid or deny them. Accepting difficulties as a natural part of life, he suggests, is the first step toward emotional and psychological maturity.

A central theme is discipline, which Peck describes as essential for growth. This includes taking responsibility, committing to truth, delaying gratification, and maintaining balance. Ignored problems become obstacles, but when faced honestly, they lead to greater self-awareness and emotional resilience.

Peck also redefines love as “the will to extend one’s self for the purpose of nurturing one’s own or another’s spiritual growth,” presenting it not merely as a feeling but as a conscious effort requiring intention and care.

Overall, the book encourages readers to view life’s challenges not as burdens, but as opportunities for growth and deeper self-understanding.

-Lotsavi & Reni Chachei



TECHNOVA

APP REVIEW



Reflectly

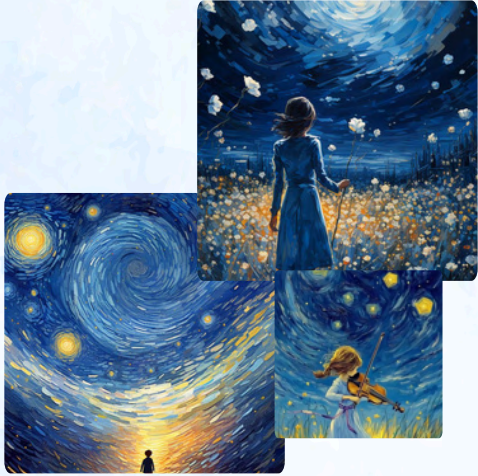


Reflectly employs AI-driven prompts to assist users through everyday introspection. Unlike the prevalent journaling apps, the app examines writing patterns and temperaments throughout to spot emotional tendencies. Its machine-learning algorithm progressively personalizes questions, turning daily journaling into an elusive exploration of behavioural patterns and inner thoughts.



DreamKit

DreamKit transforms dream recording into organized information. Users document dreams instantly after waking up, cataloguing symbols, feelings, and recurrent topics. The application's tracking algorithmic feature gradually plot outlines in dream imagery, giving a technical lens to the enigmatic dialectal of the subconscious.





Wombo Dream



Wombo Dream converts prompts into surreal AI-generated mural. The application transforms abstract brainwaves into digital artwork through creating visuals from imagination. The artworks often resonate dreamlike imagery, making the tool an imaginative space into the subconscious formed by generative AI.



Forest

Forest gamifies attention by employing a simple concept which is to remain focused for growing a virtual tree. Through visualizing concentration and disturbance, the application reveals unintentional smart phone habits while simultaneously transforming efficiency into a small digital ecosystem.



Spectrum

The Story of Painting





The Forest Song by Ukrainka Oleg Shupliak

A romantic scene of a young man playing the flute and intertwining of trees portraying a woman adorned with flowers. A balance of harmony, serenity and human emotions.



Birds Of A Feather

The interconnection of birds and leaves illustrating beauty and truth. The peaceful bird revealing the hidden meaning of "harmony".



Creation of Adam by Michelangelo

An extravagant painting that displays God reaching out to man but humans being non-challant. The human brain symbolizes deep intellect.

The Sleeping Tiger

A magnificent blend of boldness and stillness. The beauty of nature representing quiet strength and the tiger's tenacious side showing power.



KRYSTALS

CLASS TOPPERS

BATCH 2023-2025



WONMACHUI



ANAGHA C



PLACEMENTS

Ms. Moumita Das	Vagdevi Vilas Institutions	 Vagdevi Vilas School, Varthur Alliated to CSR, New Delhi
Ms. Anjana R Menon	Deloitte.	
Ms. Wonmachui Luikham	New Horizon International School.	
Mr. Amos Rudhay	St. Mary's Pre- University College	 ST MARY'S PU COLLEGE
Ms. Merin Susan John	AIM Media House	
Ms. Anusha Maria Rachel	St. Charles PU College	
Ms. Farien Begum	First Source Solutions LTD	



MEEET

“Every page of this magazine reflects a story not just the ones written, but the journey behind them.”



Anaha
Copy Editor



Narmada
Proofreader



Saranya
Content Curator

THE TEAM

“We faced challenges, learned from our mistakes and grew stronger together. This experience has shaped us, not only as creators but as a team that believes in each other”



Shirley

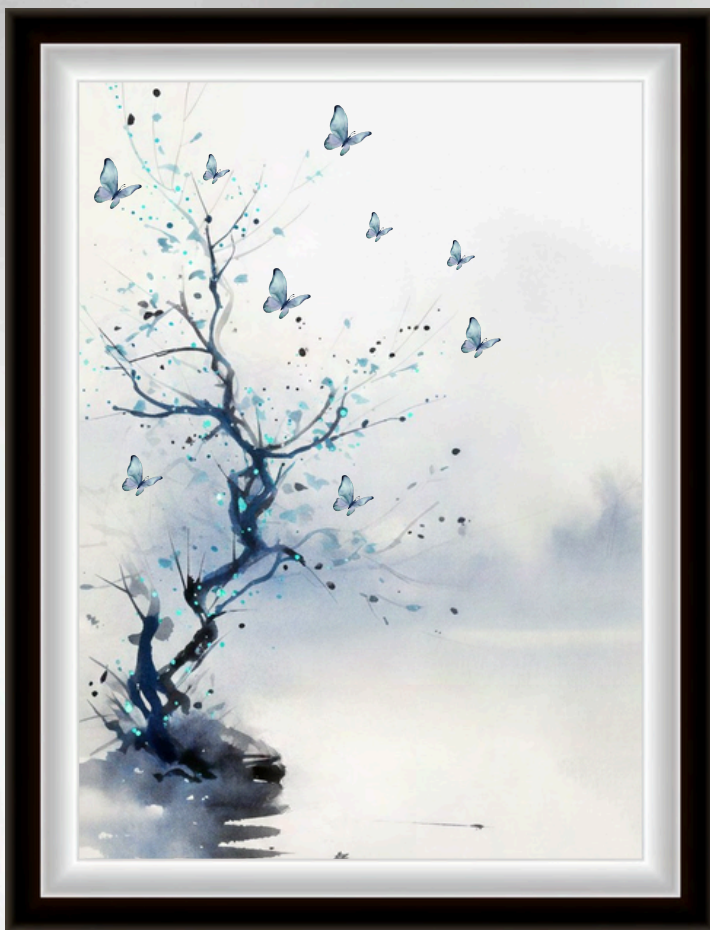
Deputy Editor &
Creative Head

Rishika

Content

Rishilong

Production



KRYSALIS

By Shirley Mergulhao
Class II MA English Literature

Issue 01 | Vol. 9 | March 2026



