



LORETO COLLEGE

KOLKATA MEDIA

SOCIETY

-PRESENTS

LIVEWIRE,  
2016-2017  
VOLUME III



## **A NOTE FROM THE PRINCIPAL**

The Media Society of the College in the issue of 'Livewire 2017' is a platform for articles written by our students based on their interests- adapting to and accepting challenges they face in an ever-changing world, finding a niche for themselves in society, the desire find meaning in life through positive thinking and random reflections. The media is powerful inasmuch as it moulds opinions; its influences are far reaching. We hope that our budding authors will grow in confidence in creating 'growthful' ripples in society.

We commend the Staff advisors of the Media Society, Mr. S. Dutta and Mrs. D. Ghosh, the Society President Shalini Datta, Vice-President Rajlekha Sil, Treasurer Harshita Anand and the contributors of articles in 'Livewire 2017' and we hope that the spark of enthusiasm continues to keep their lamp aglow in the years to come.

Sr. Christine Coutinho  
Principal

## **EDITORS' DESK**

**SOCIETY PRESIDENT-SHALINI DATTA :** Media industry is very vivid and one of the most versatile industries. Mass media, as it is called theoretically, is one of the most influential industries as it is directly connected with the mass audience. The main work of Media industry is to provide information and generate public opinion. The Media industry first started with the mass distribution of newspapers and magazines. Today, the definition of media has changed and media has many sub forms like broadcasting, entertainment, internet, publishing of books and other interactive Media. The media has various purposes like providing entertainment, education, and advocacy among others. Thus, the scope of a career in media industry is vast. The Media Society of Loreto College, Kolkata thus tries to rejuvenate the very concept of "Women Power," through the platform of an online journal- "LIVEWIRE." We would also like to acknowledge the contributions of our Principal, Sr. Christine Coutinho; Staff Advisors Mr. Soumya Dutta and Mrs. Dipanwita Ghosh without whose guidance and support the journal could never have found a concrete shape.

**SOCIETY- VICE-PRESIDENT -RAJLEKHA SIL :** The word 'live' carries a sense of vigilance and dynamism in it- live football match, live cricket scores or say, live Olympic events. However, as media has become one of the three pillars of democracy, the word 'live' has been attached to it automatically. Thus, media has gone 'live' and has been acting as a wakeful sentinel of the society around.

We, the Media Society of Loreto College bring before you our annual online journal, 'Livewire' where students have poured in their hard work and efforts to make this dream a reality. Our theme for this year is 'Women Empowerment', for we feel that women are the source of all strength-they're the site of creation.

We hope to receive your support and good wishes in our endeavour and help us progress for the betterment of the society.

**SOCIETY TREASURER-HARSHITA ANAND :** Media Society has always strived to get students heard and to culminate their talents. With the annual issue of Livewire coming out for the year 2016-17, we aim to bring about a change in the society where women are concerned. A whole lot of effort on the part of the staff advisors and the student council has been gone into this year's issue and it has all been possible thanks to the students who have ardently supported us throughout our journey with the inflow of articles. We convey our special thanks to the Principal of Loreto College, Sister Christine Coutinho who has been supportive of our efforts since day one.

We sincerely hope that you will enjoy this year's issue of Livewire.

## **HOPE**

HOPE is not just a word; it's the world in itself. It has a peculiar refulgent aura that can change the world! It can fill each one of us with a new life when darkness seems overpowering. It is optimistic, it is magical and it is beautiful. Hope can turn black into white, wrong into right, dark into bright. Then why do we fear to embrace it?

As long as that tiny flame of positive feeling is ignited within our heart, there is no darkness that can defeat the sunrise. It is astounding how little shreds of hope can weave a tattered life again. To quote Martin Luther King Jr, "We must accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope."

Very aptly said, it is true that opportunities and aspirations may not always be pleasant and admissible, but there is always a hope for a 'better next'. As hope grows stronger, so does the determination. Hope is not sitting and admiring, it is dreaming and achieving. More often than not, in today's day, we happen to be surrounded with some of the other negative energy. The energy that can bring us down, that can overshadow every virtue and that can crack the strongest Wills. But what can retaliate this energy is the unending optimism and faith in yourself.

It is only lack of faith and hope that has made us the vulnerable creatures we are today. How easily we give up with one stumble and apprehensively allow our fears to hegemonies over our mind. The person that stands up after a fall is a HOPEFUL person, whose mind has the calibre to start again and with a new freshness but the same old hope. In the words of Eckhart Tolle, "What the caterpillar calls the end of the world, we call a butterfly."

Hope lies only in the angle of perception. How we perceive a situation, determines how we perform then.

If the mind is not hopeful, it is not determined and if it's not determined, it is not ready to meet the goal!

A smooth sea never made a skilled sailor, so hope is about setting your own sail. It is about letting yourself do everything you can. It is about learning what you want. It is about never giving up. It is about never letting that flame die!

**Saransh Gupta**

**Political Science Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year.**

## **THE POWER OF THE POSSIBLE**

Possibilities are what take all of us on an enigmatic journey wherein we discover new voyages. It is the POSSIBILITIES that probably unites us all and helps us internalize the moral soundness. This imbibed existential reality makes people entirely free and thus responsible for what they make of themselves. Furthermore, it is this substantiality which integrates the different perspectives of everyone into one solid body of uniquely moulded structure, wherein there are many bodies, but one soul; many hearts thundering in the ears to invigorate a sense of conviction in making the world a better place, and thus, to WAKE UP to the cries of those akin to us. Making their pain ours is what counts at the end of the day. The startling realization of our 'NO STRINGS ATTACHED' with the scathing realities of the world is unimposing.

What's funny is the fact that we're hungry for POWER, the power to be on the top, the power to own the throne of 'NO CARE'.

Yes, we did arrive in this world with a suitcase full of inhibitions, to leave a mark in this world with our presence, but definitely not at the cost of the cries of our dear ones.

I, as an individual know in my bones that if we all could contribute even a tad bit, in turning the impossible canvas of this so-called invisibility of emotions into the authenticity and genuineness of the POWER OF THE POSSIBLE, then the world can be a happy place indeed.

To think of effacing all the blemishes from the world is definitely to live in a bubble. But one tiny step by each one of us can create milestones of possibilities anew and that would be a tremendous power to cherish.

'A helping hand is better than a praying one.'

Reach out to those in need selflessly and see for yourself the change you'd bring and the power you'd seize.

**Mahima Maniar**

**Political Science Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year.**

## **THE INTELLECTUAL CALL**

An empty foolscap page, lines drawn horizontally one after the other with a vertical column touching each one of them at just an instant. The parallel lines running to never meet, carrying strokes of ink that the pen kissed on its surface, no not kiss, maybe dance. Yes, performing a dance form as fantasy sings which are limitless yet limited between the half centimeter gap of the tracks of lines, defining the most translucent oxymoron. Strokes attached and detached, changing colours of expression like a chameleon. When the writer observes, the slippery ink move about the surface leading to nothing but the connection that the pen feels with the paper and the ink with the white. The vowels and consonants mixed and matched haunted by Aphthongs, scarred by scratches and dressed in punctuation. Slowly they fill in the spaces between mortal minds and lifeless objects. Sometimes there's doubt of the life around and the life within the confined spaces of the page. Which complements what? It's not a plot thought about but words painted with little hope of conclusion. The only constant is the flow of dots and lines who collide that the finger and the ink leaves a track of. A tapestry of creativity!

The only way the performance could end is to reach the last line, there is nothing specific to write about but an urge to not stop until the mind is exhausted, the eye contented and the soul fulfilled. The love affair with the alphabet might stop when there's resistance of supply but the urge that the hands and soul experiences, when there's creation of a prose, is eternal.

Yes, a logoleptic writer must never stop, never give up until the desire is fulfilled, until the ink fades and until there's still white space.

After all, you can't be shamed for loving, loving unboundedly for being the coma in infinity.

**Raka Mukherjee**

**English Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year**

## **UNWRITTEN**

Am I the darkness of your night?

Am I your madness? Am I your plight?

Do you quiver at my sight?

Am I the poem that you couldn't write?

**Srijita Chakraborty**

**English Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year**

## **MAA**

My eyes filled with sparkle,  
Her heart inundated with ecstasy;  
She sings to me the songs of Glee;  
Forcing me to surrender to fantasy;  
I open my eyes to look at this world;  
But only get to see her face in accuracy:  
She doesn't let me become tough;  
Pampering me with an extraordinary delicacy.  
As I stepped into this slippery world;  
Not with her, but all alone:  
I longed for her protective presence;  
As I faced pretense; colour of a chameleon;  
The world wasn't like her beautiful tapestry:  
A grim trap without any backbone;  
The night reminds me of her beautiful songs  
Making me oblivious to my expensive earphones.  
If only I could Tell her,  
How much this world scared me.  
That I was no longer a princess;  
And craved to be free!  
With burnt marks on my face  
And scars on my skin!  
Why does my reflection seem so blurry?  
And the clean mirror so very dim?  
She yearns for my earliest arrival;  
Every time we talk over phone:  
She somehow understands my enforced maturity,

Failing to believe that the chuckling is gone.  
I cry and cry and cry,  
Disconnecting the line;  
Holding her picture in hand;  
Finally admitting that I am not fine!  
Tired of their intimidating looks;  
I have lost my vision of life!  
Distressed with their immoral judgements;  
Will they ever respect my courageous strife?  
I will stand for my principles;  
And will not give up on this injustice;  
My mumma's upbringing is not so weak;  
To surrender myself to such creeps!  
Let this world act heartless;  
I am now ready to give a befitting reply;  
Let them Be aware of this indomitable fighter;  
Who will stand for truth; without an alibi.  
As I collided with danger;  
Without her knowing;  
I could feel something strong;  
My heart still pounding;  
She had already shed tears;  
Not because it was aching;  
Tears of happiness started rolling down;  
Her little child was now growing.

**Aastha Agarwal**

**Political Science Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year.**

## **I'VE STOPPED**

Wrapped up in scarlet wool, I was seated on a rickety bench under the lamp post on Russell Street, when a sudden breeze blew and a particular auburn leaf danced its way onto my lap. I lifted it by its stem and without a moment's respite I crushed it in the palm of my hand, revelling in the chord it struck. Letting what remained of the leaf be blown away by the wind, the air around me suddenly reverberated with a bitter laugh. I let out as a vision of the intricate tapestry of my life descended upon me. The tapestry was ripped from the crux, slashed at, marked with dark stains of steely blood. It sung, not a sad elegy of a life lost. Oh, no it didn't. It roared, fighting gallantly against the tempestuous winds, a worthy rival at best.

"Why are your eyes so dead?" they ask me. Oh, dear naïve comrades, the world is a rather nasty place. I admit, they warned me not to but I paid no heed to them. I marched up its rather dangerous slope---- slippery with the dreams that liquefied into the sewer water. I clinked my heels and flashed a brilliant smile at the smoking cameras. You see, even though they scrutinized me, I had a pool inside of me. A pool I revered, I worshipped, I let no one touch. A pool adorned by colourful boats and bejeweled fishes. A pool, which was my center, which urged me to let my dreams, my fantasies grip me, overwhelm me, and drive me to be. To just be.

But NO, that was too much for the world. How can she be happy? How DARE she be happy when we sit under piles which Atlas himself wouldn't want to undertake? Let us destroy her.

And destroy me, they did. Worlds collided, sparks flew and the tempest that was brewing in the distant horizon breached territory, finally stumbling upon my pool.

Oh how I screamed, I shouted, I ranted, I raved, I pleaded, I cried yet they pushed their way inside of me leaving me spent against a dirty pavilion. I can still see the headlines; hear the voices that screamed "injustice" on news channels. A week long rant on injustice and economic problems overtake the humanitarian ones. Shelved, I am the dusty news report, a clerk clicking his tongues at. I am the fleeting thought that crossed a girl's mind while dressing up for a party. I am now labelled.

I am a rape victim.

Oh yes, they killed me way before I died.

I, who ran blew the battle horn was now a shiny war trophy--- a meagre topic on whom there are animated debates. I was finally conquered. So, dear petulant wind who fights valiantly against my tapestry, be warned. I have been plundered long before you tried to con me with your seductive whisperings. My chameleon soul has merged with the pitch dark the world tries covering up with neon billboards. And in time, my eyes assumed the same.

**Quoyina Ghosh**

**English Honours, 1<sup>st</sup> Year.**

THANK YOU!!!!

