



# Musings



*An Annual  
Literary Webzine*

*Inaugural Issue  
2023-24 ✨  
Vol.1 / Issue.1*



**PG & Research Department of English  
Jamal Mohamed College (Autonomous)**

Accredited with A++ Grade by NAAC (4th Cycle) with CGPA 3.69 out of 4.0  
(Affiliated to Bharathidasan University) Tiruchirappalli, Tamil Nadu, India.

# Musings

**An Annual Literary Webzine  
Inaugural Issue 2023-24**

## **Advisory Board:**

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Secretary & Correspondent

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## **Musings**

**Vol. 1 / Issue. 1 / 2023-24**

## **Published by:**

**PG & Research Department of English**

**Jamal Mohamed College (Autonomous)**

Tiruchirappalli, Tamil Nadu, India.

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# Secretary's Message

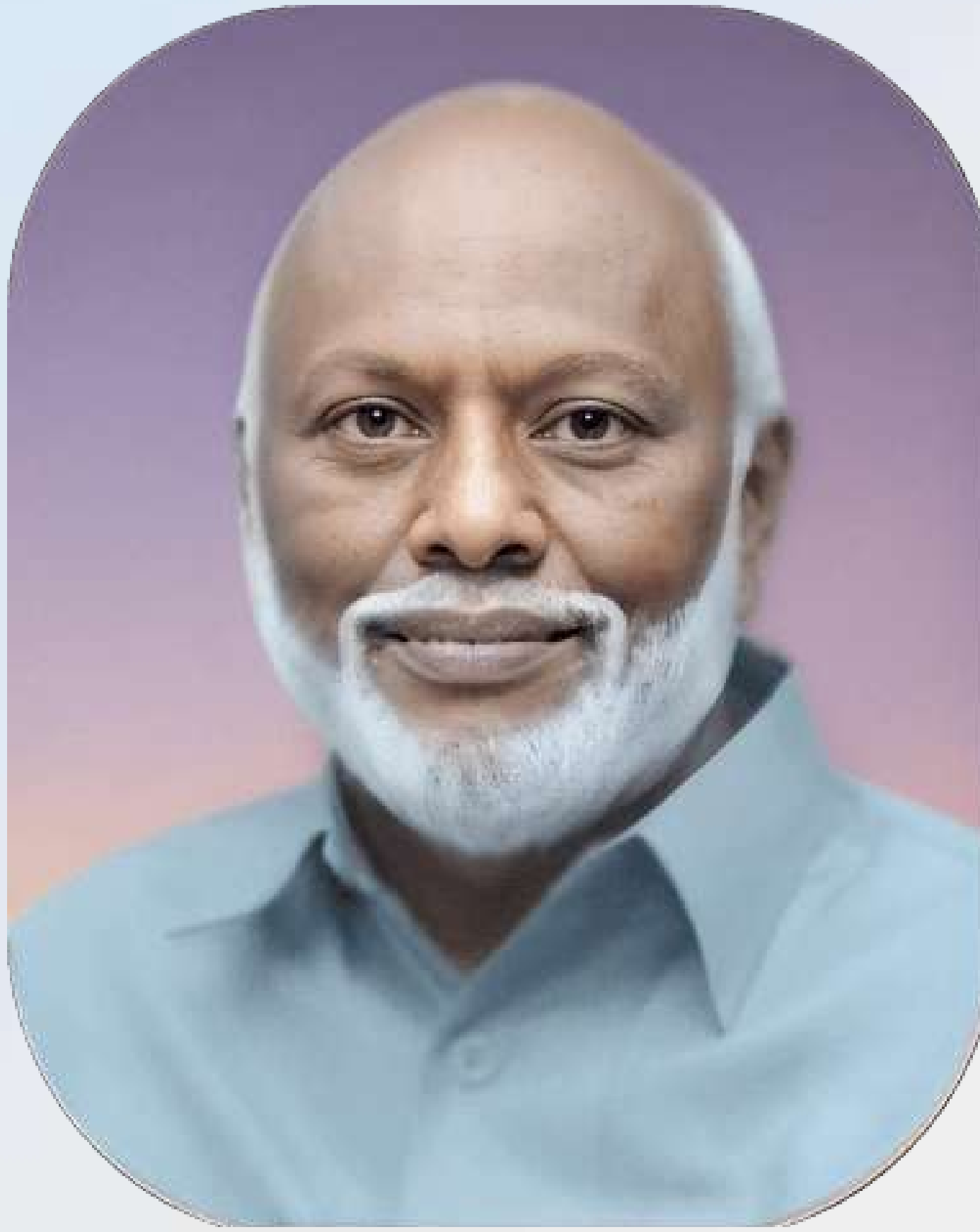
**I am delighted to express my warmest greetings to the Department of English of Jamal Mohamed College for Launching the inaugural edition of Annual Literary Webzine 'Musings'. This commendable initiative is bound to play a pivotal role in enhancing the creative writing and thinking skills, while also nurturing the limitless talents of young learners. Furthermore, it will serve as a valuable repository of knowledge on literature and literary art, making a significant contribution to the field.**

**I would like to offer my sincere congratulations to the Faculty and Students of the Department of English, for embarking on this truly commendable endeavour.**

**I would also like to record my sincere appreciation to the Editorial Team for extending their excellent efforts. I am confident that, this webzine will go a long way in enlightening the minds.**

**Dr. A.K. Khaja Nazeemudeen**  
**Secretary & Correspondent**





# **Treasurer's Message**

**It brings me a great pleasure to know that the Department of English of Jamal Mohamed College is launching an Annual Literary webzine titled 'Musings'.**

**The act of writing is both exhaustive and enjoyable, encompassing a range of emotions. Simultaneously, it is a challenging yet fruitful skill to possess. Undoubtedly, this artistic endeavor will showcase a diverse collection of creative and scholarly expressions, each bearing its own unique mark.**

**I extend my sincere compliments and admiration to the editorial team for their dedication in accomplishing the arduous yet formidable task of compiling the multitude of thoughts and aspirations from students and faculty of the Department of English, resulting in a meaningful and visually captivating celebration known as "Musings".**

**Hajee M.J. Jamal Mohamed**  
**Treasurer**



## **Assistant Secretary's Message**

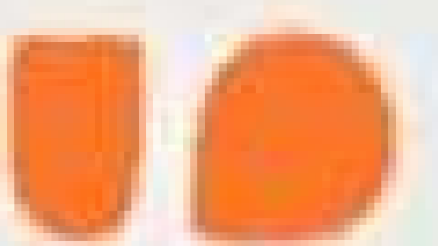


**I am filled with immense joy and profound sense of pride on seeing the first-ever e-magazine of the Department of English of Jamal Mohamed College.**

**This publication aims to uncover the hidden literary talents within the student and teacher community. It serves as a platform for the writers to showcase their skills and express their thoughts. I greatly appreciate the dedication of the faculty members in the Department of English for their proactive efforts in nurturing the students' literary abilities and creative thoughts.**

**I would like to extend my congratulations and gratitude to all the students and the faculty coordinators for their tireless efforts in bringing this webzine to life. I wish them the utmost success in creating more publications of this kind in the future.**

**Dr. K. Abdus Samad**  
**Assistant Secretary**







# Principal's Message

Jamal Mohamed College always stands unique in creating new avenues and opportunities. It offers me a great sense of pride on learning about the launching of 'Musings', the E- magazine by the Department of English. The College is making a remarkable progress by involving in such various academic and non-academic fields, as well as in capacity building for both staff and students.

I am confident that this edition will serve as a positive signal to the staff and students, encouraging their literary Skills. The main objective of this magazine is to enhance the writing skills of students and provide them with a platform for publication.

I extend my congratulations to the Editorial Board of this webzine for their outstanding contribution in bringing forth the inaugural issue. Furthermore, I would like to express my heartfelt congratulations to the staff members and students for their fruitful efforts. Best wishes to all.

**Dr. S. Ismail Mohideen**  
**Principal**





# HOD's Message

As the Head of the Department, it gives me great pleasure to convey my warmest wishes to the Department of English of Jamal Mohamed College on the inauguration of our annual literary e -magazine "Musings".

Writing can be both tiring and enjoyable. It is also a challenging yet rewarding skill. Undoubtedly, this artistic pursuit will unveil a multitude of unique artistic and literary expressions. This remarkable initiative through the virtual platform is designed to enhance the writing skills of our young minds, inspiring their creativity and encouraging them to produce exceptional written works.

I would like to extend my heartfelt congratulations to the faculty, students, and staff of the Department of English for embarking on this truly commendable endeavor.

I also extend my congratulations to the Editorial Team headed by Mr. M. Mohamed Habeeb. May you all achieve resounding success in your future endeavors.

**Dr. A. Mohamed Mustafa**  
Head of the Department



# Editor's Note



**Dear Readers,**

**I am pleased to introduce you to the inaugural edition of the department webzine 'Musings'. This platform serves as a showcase for the literary talents and creative abilities of the students and faculty of the Department of English, Jamal Mohamed College.**

**I am excited to present a compilation of thought-provoking poetry, captivating short stories, and engaging artwork from our talented contributors. Each piece offers a distinct perspective, encouraging readers to explore new realms and contemplate the complexities of the human experience.**

**It's been a truly rewarding experience for me to serve as the editor of "Musings." I am excited about the journey that lies ahead for this webzine, confident that its value will endure as a mirror to the literary world.**

**This endeavor would not have been possible without the unwavering dedication of our department's teachers and students. I extend my sincere gratitude to our College Management, Principal, and Head of the Department for their invaluable guidance and support. I am extremely grateful to Dr. Y. Parvas Sharif for suggesting the apt title for the webzine and to my fellow editorial members for their assistance in bringing this webzine to fruition.**

**Furthermore, I am extremely grateful to all the students and faculty members whose active participation and creativity have shaped "Musings" into what it is today. Your contributions have been instrumental in making this webzine a success.**

**Mr. M. Mohamed Habeeb**  
**Assistant Professor of English**



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# Musings on 'Musings'

**God involved in Musings,  
The Universe is created!**

**Man involved in Musings,  
Science is developed!**

**Writer involved in Musings,  
Literature is made!**

**Artist involved in Musings,  
Art evolved!**

**Philosopher involved in Musings,  
Philosophy emerged!**

**Imagination Springs out of Musings!  
Reasoning reckons out of Musings!**

**Musings will go on,  
Till man's life goes on!**

**Dr. Y. Parvas Sharif  
Associate Professor of English**





# HOT GUN

Flame of death  
Till the tip  
Of the butt  
Burns  
To the fag end,  
Ending altogether  
Into ashes  
Leaving behind  
The filter,  
Tipped with  
Stained sponge.  
Five minutes  
In your life's total  
Vanishes  
And evaporates,  
With the wind  
Erupting lava  
Of ringed smokes,  
From your  
mouth's crater  
And the face looks  
An ugly volcano,  
When sucked in  
From the death pipe.  
Juxtaposed  
With the heat of  
Passion and fashion,  
And to the effects  
It eats away  
Your lungs' pancreas,  
The air sacs and alveoli  
Dusting down  
The rudiments of  
Nicotine,  
Cankering your nucleus  
To cancer  
Storing behind  
Tonnes of  
Pus and tumour,  
Symptoms persist  
And you go unswallowed  
Swaying and swinging  
To the death bed.

For months  
With capsules and  
A syringe plugged  
Into the intra veins,  
With liquid chemicals  
And finally  
Garnished with surgeries,  
An attempt  
To de-root the cankered  
tumour  
And scrape out  
The stuffed and stuck pus  
From the lungs,  
Bronchi  
And from where not?  
Nothing helps  
Let us pray  
Says the doctor,  
And people around  
Watch you with sympathy  
Mixed with contempt.

Your foes  
Inwardly laugh  
And take a break  
To have a fag.  
From the death cot  
You look at them,  
And pull up a smile  
Bitterly crying inside  
Feigning you can  
live.  
But what next?  
Your suicide attempt  
Comes to a pompous  
end,  
Stepping upon the  
Victory stand,  
Declaring your  
Ultimate journey  
without ease.  
You lie in the grave  
Yet unrelieved  
From cosmic  
pressure  
And people's  
pleasure.  
All you left behind  
Was polluted air  
And polluted fame,  
Just because of  
The fifteen milli-  
metered  
Hot gun.

**Dr. K. Mohamed Umar Farooq**  
Assistant Professor of English

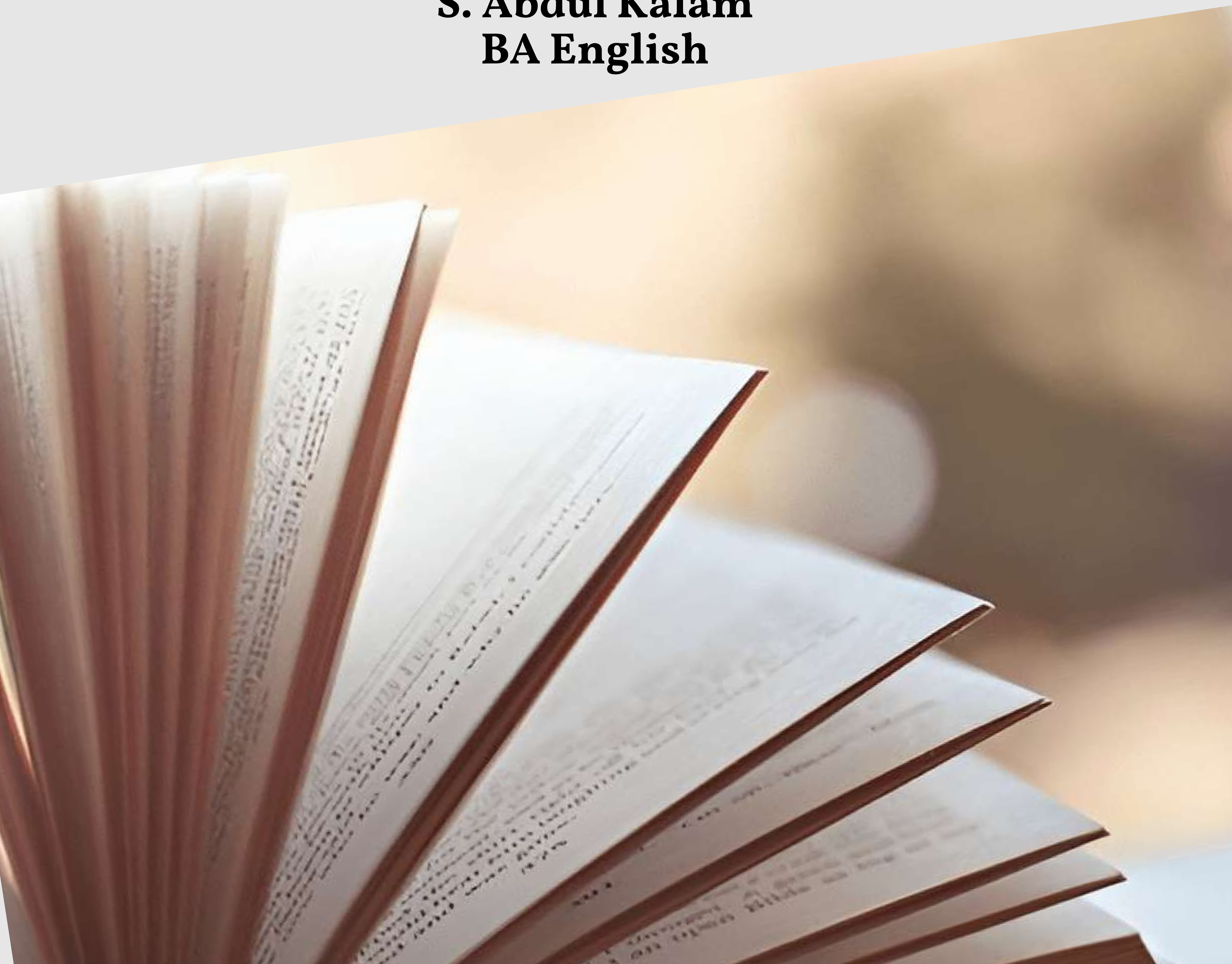




# Open a Book


Open a book  
Wonderous of words you find  
Open a book  
There is knowledge by yard  
Open a book  
You'll find people and places  
In the afflicted world  
Where literature is the bounty of life  
A pile of words overflows  
And a mistful pleasure overpowers

S. Abdul Kalam  
BA English





# *Freedom and Responsibility*

A silhouette of a person with their arms raised in a gesture of freedom or triumph, set against a vibrant sunset sky with shades of blue, purple, and orange. The person's hair appears to be blowing in the wind.

**Responsibility comes to an individual  
With the rights of freedom.  
One must balance freedom and responsibility  
Like a swinging pendulum.  
Expecting others to be responsible  
Make a human as a coward.  
Anything that lays the foundation Within  
oneself will be everlasting.  
Responsibility makes oneself faultless,  
Freedom makes oneself prudent.  
Let us determine  
“If I can’t, then who can?  
I etiquette myself with  
The equal emphasis of  
Freedom and responsibility”.**

**S. Shameha Siminaash  
MA English**





## My Eleventh Class at Nine - Twenty

Driving from my mother's home to Cauvery this Friday morning, I saw many birds travelling with me, chirping, yawning, their face glitters like that of a Kohinoor diamond and realised with joy that Christmas vacation is to begin but soon put that thought away, and looked at Young Teens studying, the merry children spilling out of their van, at the appointed hour standing a few yards away, I looked students, enthusiastically waiting for me and I enlightened them on Madhavikutty's confessional poem, My Mother at Sixty-six after teaching all I said was, see you soon, Students all I did was smile and smile and smile..

A Pastiche to  
Kamala Das'  
My Mother at Sixty Six

Syed Mustafa  
Research Scholar





# ***Ironic Independence***

**India is our motherland full of mass  
Where it's indigenous culture has its trace  
You say "We do not go by race"  
But act accordingly, so you can become wise!**

**India is a fertile country that produces rice  
The farmers toil every day after sunrise  
And gets the pleasure of feeding nation with rejoice  
Let us respect the backbone of our country by being nice!**

**India owns the Himalayas where water flows as molten ice  
One of the seven wonders is the Taj Mahal, Despise  
The color of its marble is lost due to climatic changes  
Let us not burn fossil fuels that increase greenhouse gases!**

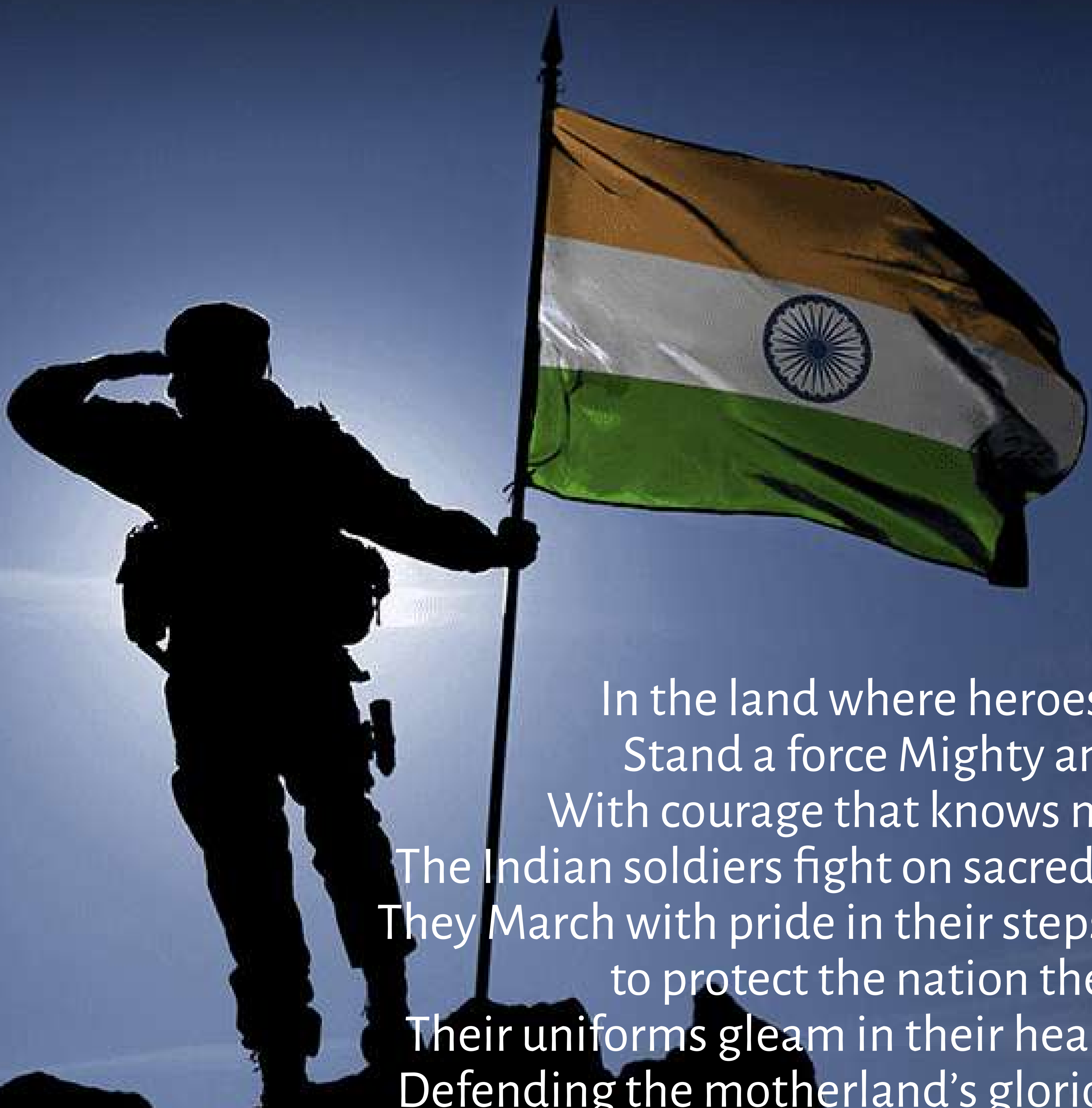
**India exhibits patriotic story that encourages  
Freedom fighters are the profound pillars known for ages  
Whose history is carved in wide variety of languages  
So, don't try to change it you scavengers!**

**India takes pride in celebrating its independence - Oh yes!  
We divide into numerous religions who are pious  
But also we enjoy every festival together. With vice,  
Do not fight against women being cowardice!**

**H Nazeela Begam  
MA English**



# A Salutation to Indian Soldiers



In the land where heroes are born  
Stand a force Mighty and strong.  
With courage that knows no bounds  
The Indian soldiers fight on sacred grounds.  
They March with pride in their steps resound  
to protect the nation they bound.  
Their uniforms gleam in their hearts ablaze  
Defending the motherland's glorious maze.  
Through scorching heat and freezing cold  
They face challenges strong and bold.  
With rifles in hand and bullets at bay  
They guard the borders night and day.  
Salute to the brave-hearts true  
We stand with you in all that you do.  
For the Indian soldiers, our pride and hope  
With your courageous footsteps, we will always cope.

**K.Jothi**  
**MA English**





# The Nature

I raised my hands to plant you as  
A tree and you came as a blessing  
And a fertilizer to the earth

You too have grown beyond difficulty  
To make the earth green and  
Flerish it with the rain  
To make this earth prosperous

Without any selfishness You keep as  
alive But we humans!  
For our selfishness,

Without knowing that we are perishing!  
We are destroying!  
Thanks to you, we are walking badly  
To our Mother Nature

One day Mother Nature will be angry with us  
And will take away the beauty of nature from us  
Only then will we all understand the beauty of nature.

F.Roshini Mubeen  
BA English 'C'



# Women Tree which longs to be FREE



**In the world of happiness ; I was left sad!  
In the world of goodness; I was left bad!  
In the world of crowd ; I was cornered!  
In the world of Mistakes; I was bannered!  
In the world of patch ups; I remained crack!  
In the world of Safety; I was left in a Strom!  
In the world of feast; I was left Starving!  
In the world of pleasures; I was left in a pain!  
In the world of leisure; I stayed in pressure!  
In the world of Running; I lost my legs!  
In the world of Gambling; I was not allowed to play game!  
In the closed world I remained nude!  
In the world of walking; I was roomed!  
In the world of scientists; I was not allowed to delve!  
In the world of " n" numbers; I was not even considered to be a member!  
In the world full of crime; I was arrested!  
In the world of independence; I remained slave!  
In the world of formed figure ; I was left as clay.  
In the world of stitched clothes; I remained torn into pieces.  
In the world of vehicles; I was left without fuel.  
In the world of floating; I was threaded.  
In the world of erect people; I was made flat.  
Though you put me under the floor I go deep buried and elevate me as a  
STRONG TREE which is dances FREE.....!!!!!!**

**Abinaya Aranganathan  
MA English**



# Tale of Emergency

The Sealed Khaki cover falls into a brown bag, papers signed under a crackling fan. Tires began to rotate towards south, break applied at Ramandeep Singh cycle shop. Ramandeep's heart pumps to pump air into the cycle tube, invisible air helps Dhaval to roam around more than sixty kilometers a day.

Mud Road to Kalgapur filled with Potholes and nails awaits for his Presence. The mid April sun begins to smile on central India, trees got their leaves through Spring, cracked land speaks something to the sky.

In Kalgapur, Buffaloes dominated over the count of civilians and houses.

Bell rings in front of Bansi Lal house, postman cried Dhaak', 'Dhaak". Bansi Lal urged from cowshed, his body completely drenched in sweat.

The Postman added; "Careful Bhaiya it may be from Sarkaar". Dhaval makes his way by signing off gesture and pedals up with singing the old hindustani song.

While he opens the post cover, his heart beat raises, eyes struggles to catch the top left corner. The Letter consists of Indian Emblem at the top, violet colour office seal stamped at the bottom.

After a few minutes the Black and White Photo frame in the wall reflects flickering oil lamp, order of appointment placed nearer to the photo frame, fragrance of agarbathies extend to street corner.

The Date of appointment is marked at the end of June at the nation's headquarters. The Letter finds accommodation between dress folds in an old wooden bureau for next two months. Hut wall in kalgapur enjoys humidity from cow dung.

In the past six years, he didn't have food even once a day; only two glasses of milk in morning, two or three rottis with curd for lunch, and diaries were provided by his cow.





Bansi Lal's only mother had expired while he was studying PUC Grade. His sorrows and sleepless nights were engraved in every brick of the hut. For every fifteen days, he visits the district employment office by bicycle, which is located seventy five kilometers away from Kalgapur. For economic needs he drove his sheep and goats to Mirpur local market for sale, where he came across many food stalls. Now monsoon replaces summer, water droplets begun to seep into roofs. Bansi Lal hands over his beloved cattle to his uncle, Sukhwandhar Lal, who has eight children. Bansi Lal's house equals a graveyard without noise and tinkling bells of cattle.

The packing process kicks off; the rusted iron trunk bulged with worn-out clothes, a few documents, and a photo frame, etc. The silver lock shines bright, bamboo fence gets a hug with coconut fibre and his marching begins towards north.

A black inked yellow cardboard sheet gets signed with blue ink over the rushing iron wheels.

Hazrat Nizamuddin flooded with diverse crowd; Bansi Lal's exit from the station took nearly half an hour. The city runs busy in the morning, when he stands in front of the Railway station.

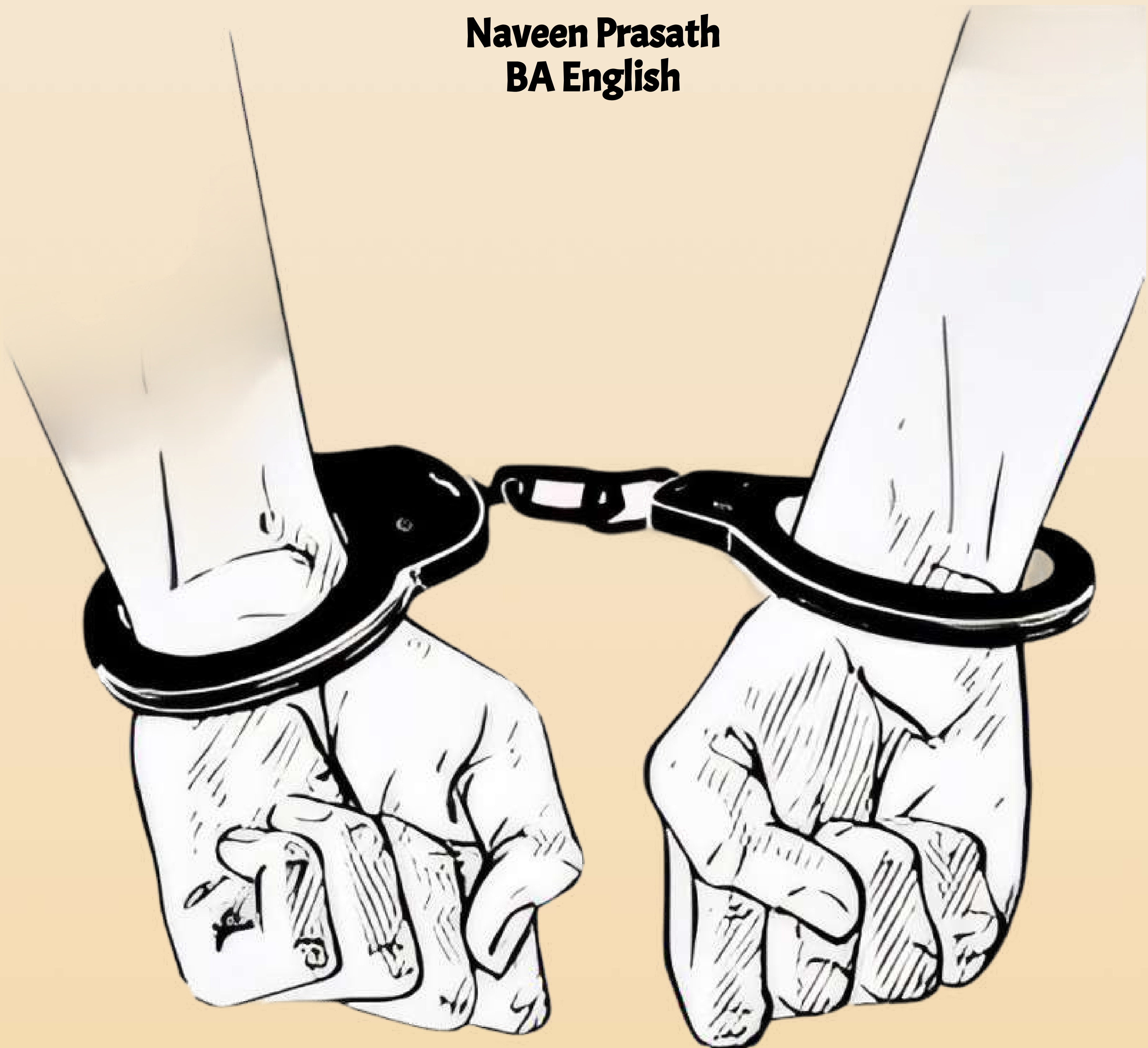
He has no idea about further proceedings, his eyes searched for a food stall nearby. After a long time his half-vacant stomach packed. He still has one day to go before joining in the office.

The sun ends the day, old Mughal town glitters in the night. Bansi Lal's small holdings can't afford room rent, no ideal place yet to be found.

Despite being a graduate, unexplored land makes him a wordless man. At last, his only reserved place is the pedestrian path on the Humayun Road. Dogs were barking at the red light flashing in the road, hunger kids screaming sound have a match-up with the dogs. To sprawl out on the path, he buys some old newspapers from a tea stall, where he makes notes about landmarks, transport, etc. in a white paper.

It became a feast scene for police patrol from their halt at the road corner. For nearly a couple of years, press medias got shelter over them. Blinking red light vanishes from sight, newspaper rolls on the empty road.

**Naveen Prasath**  
**BA English**





# Interview

**I am currently situated in one of the classrooms within the college premises. Throughout my time here, I have witnessed numerous emotions and experiences from the students, ranging from happiness and sadness to fear and conflicts among them. Additionally, I have also been a witness to various teachings that have taken place within these walls. However, today was unlike any other day, our college placement cell conducted interview for the students.**

**Within the interview room, I had the pleasure of observing a remarkable woman who served as the interviewer. She exuded both confidence and kindness, leaving a lasting impression on me. She engaged with each and every student, displaying genuine happiness and interest in conducting the interview.**

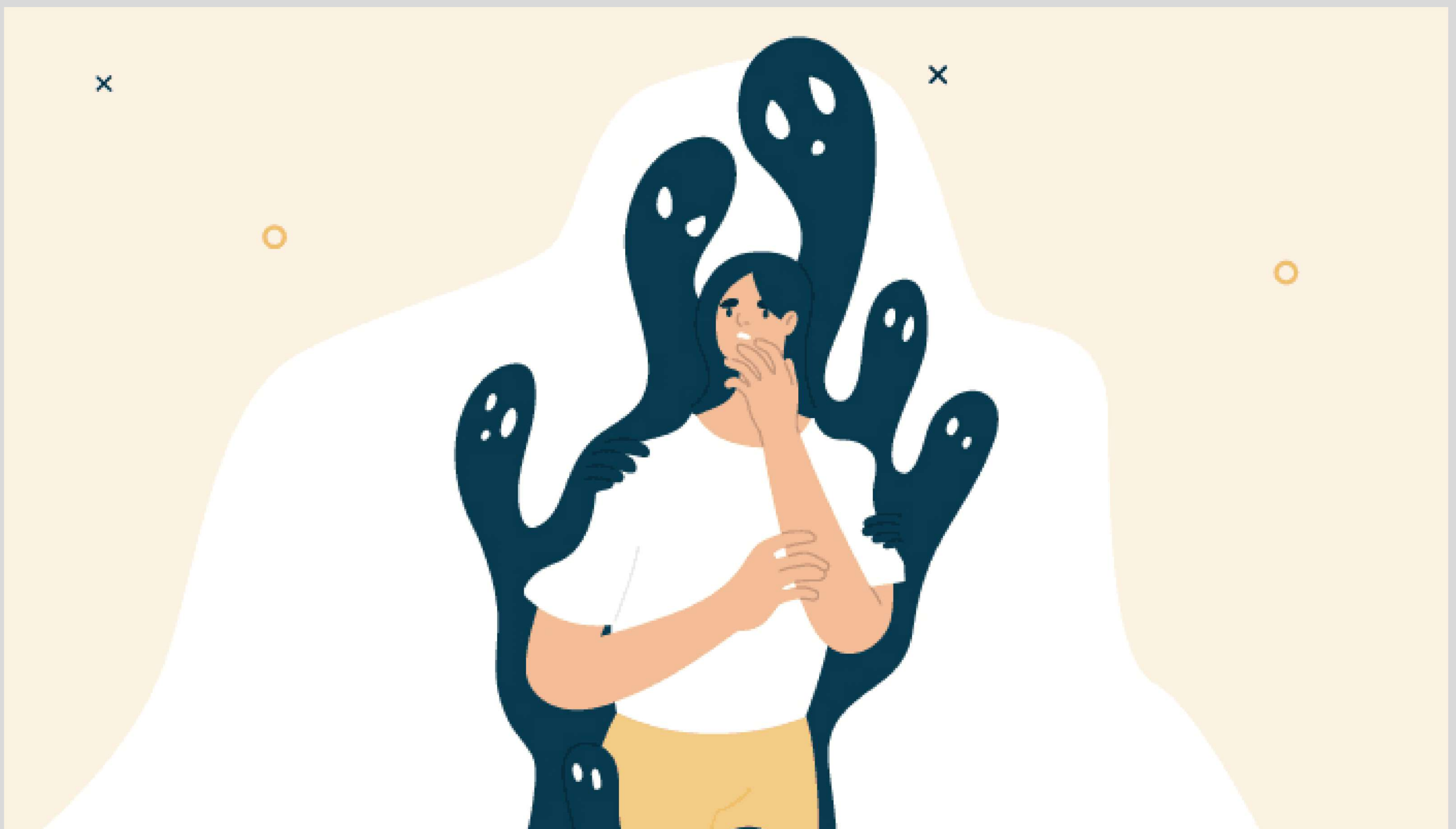


**On the other hand, the student interviewees were filled with apprehension and nervousness. Their faces radiated a brightness akin to the fluorescent lights in the room. The young women, who embodied the modern standards of beauty, were dressed in formal attire. It was noteworthy that many of the usually reserved students took the initiative to step forward and participate in the interview. While some girls showcased their skills with a humble demeanor, others opted for traditional sarees as a representation of their cultural identity.**



During the interview, ethically and morally fit girls confidently express their knowledgeable thoughts. Foodie girls restrict themselves from eating in class for the first time to attend the interview. Emotional girls are making an effort to control their tears. Creative girls are envisioning their future work and workplace. Ultimately, many of them feel anxious about interview, which is symbolized by the presence of three water bottles and a small piece of paper on the interviewer's table, swaying in the air due to the fan.

The filled water bottle represents the fear experienced by some students, as it remains motionless on the table. The half-filled bottle swings, reflecting the apprehensive mindset of girls. The empty bottle falls to the floor, symbolizing the lack of confidence displayed by girls sitting in front of the interviewer.



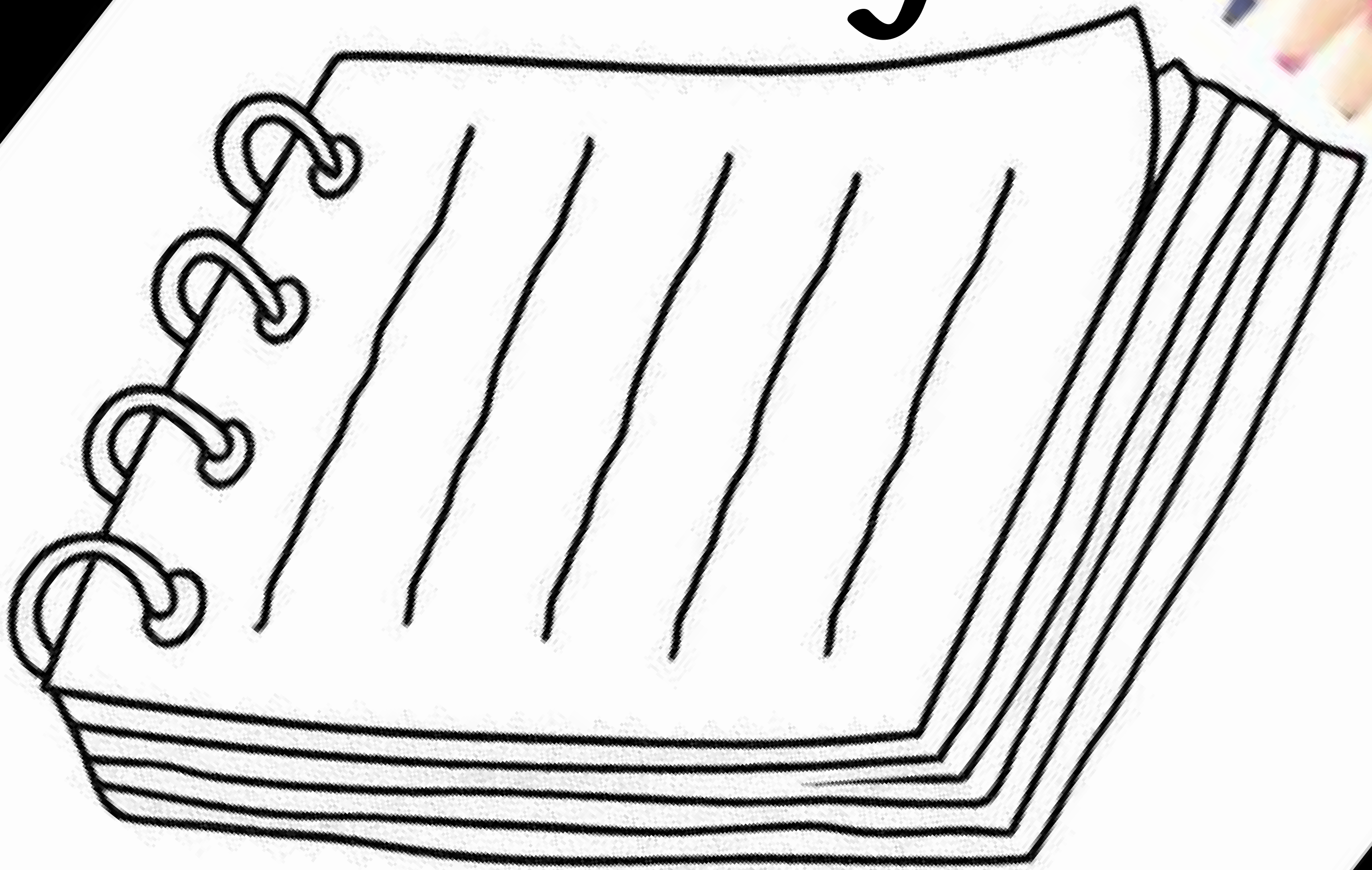
In this scenario, the bottles represent the mindset of the students, and each one conveys different emotions. However, everyone needs to demonstrate their abilities and knowledge in order to secure better job opportunities. Whether or not they ultimately land a job, what truly matters is maintaining a positive outlook in life. If every student strives to bring out the best in themselves, they will be better prepared to face the real world when they enter the job market. For those who are not selected, it is important to move forward and prepare for future job interviews. These experiences should be seen as valuable learning opportunities and approached with optimism.

Whether you are selected or not, every student gains valuable life experiences because the world teaches us many lessons in our day-to-day lives. Therefore, everyone has the potential to live a positive life by embracing positivism, which ultimately leads to a happier existence.

**P. Keerthana**  
**M.A English**



# ART GALLERY







**S. Karthick**  
**MA English**





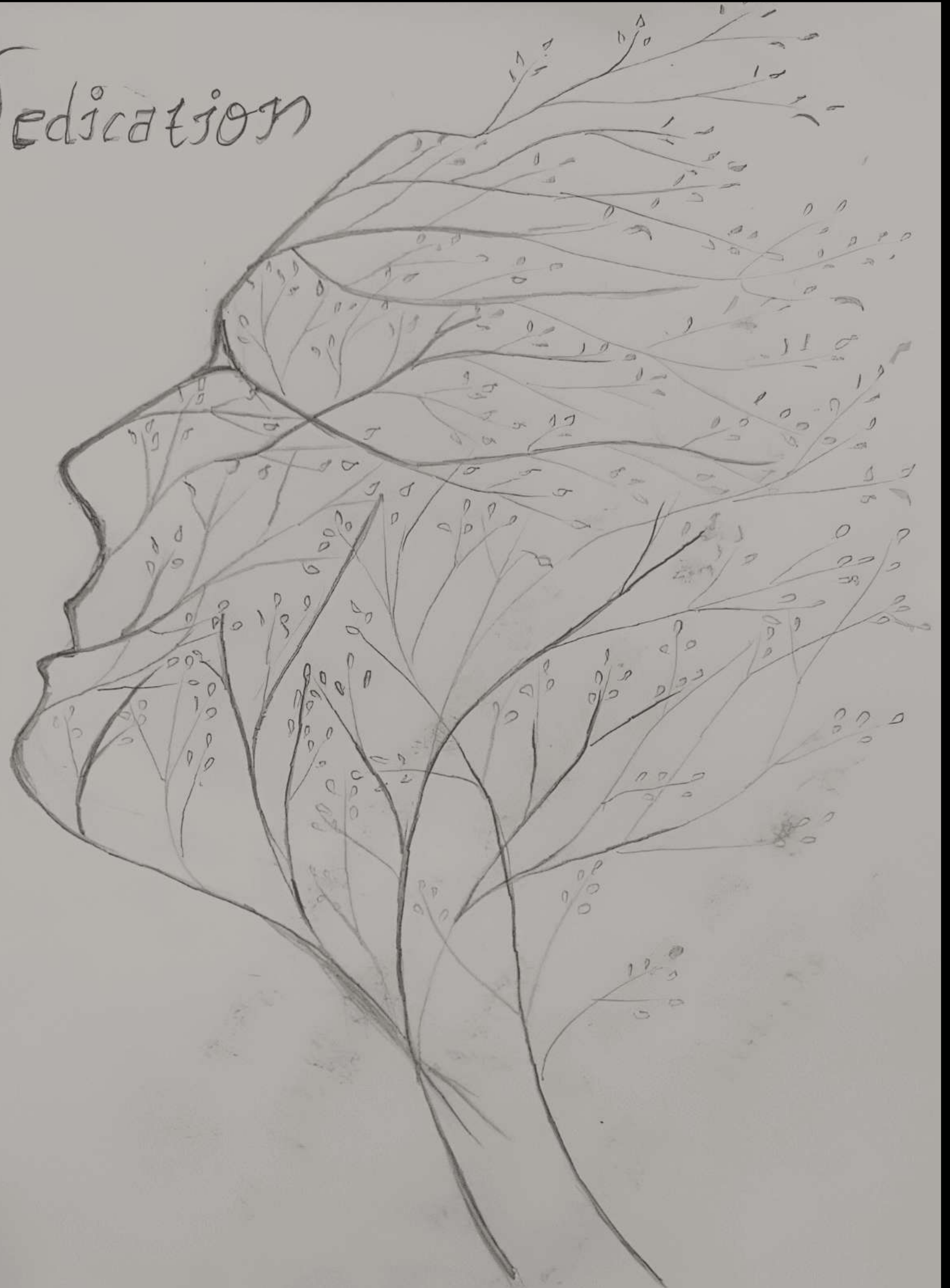
*Hearty*



***M. Rifaei Fathima***  
***BA English 'C'***



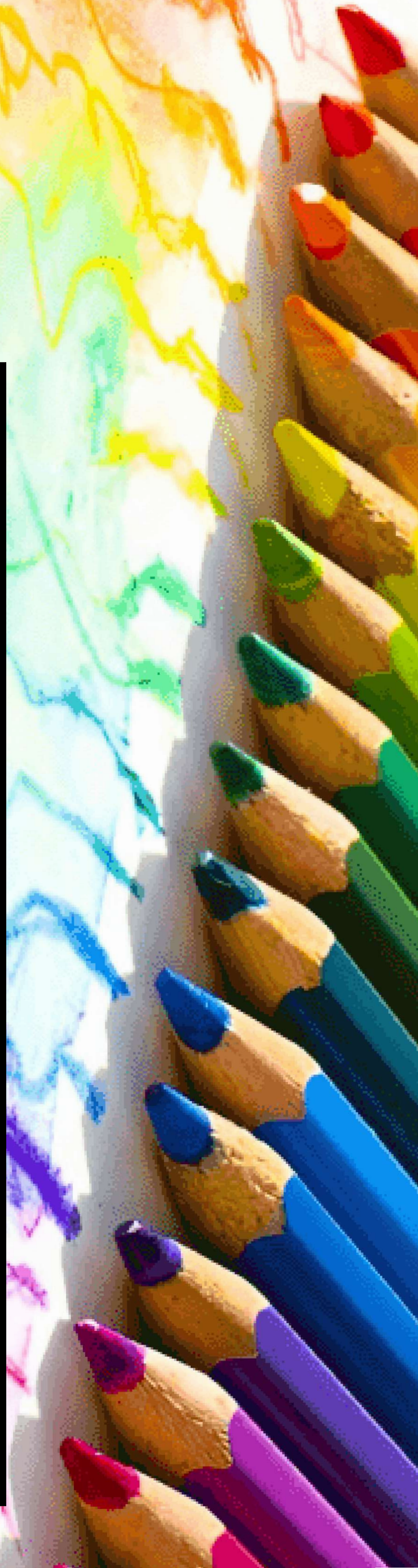
*Dedication*







**P. GOPIKA**  
**MA ENGLISH**

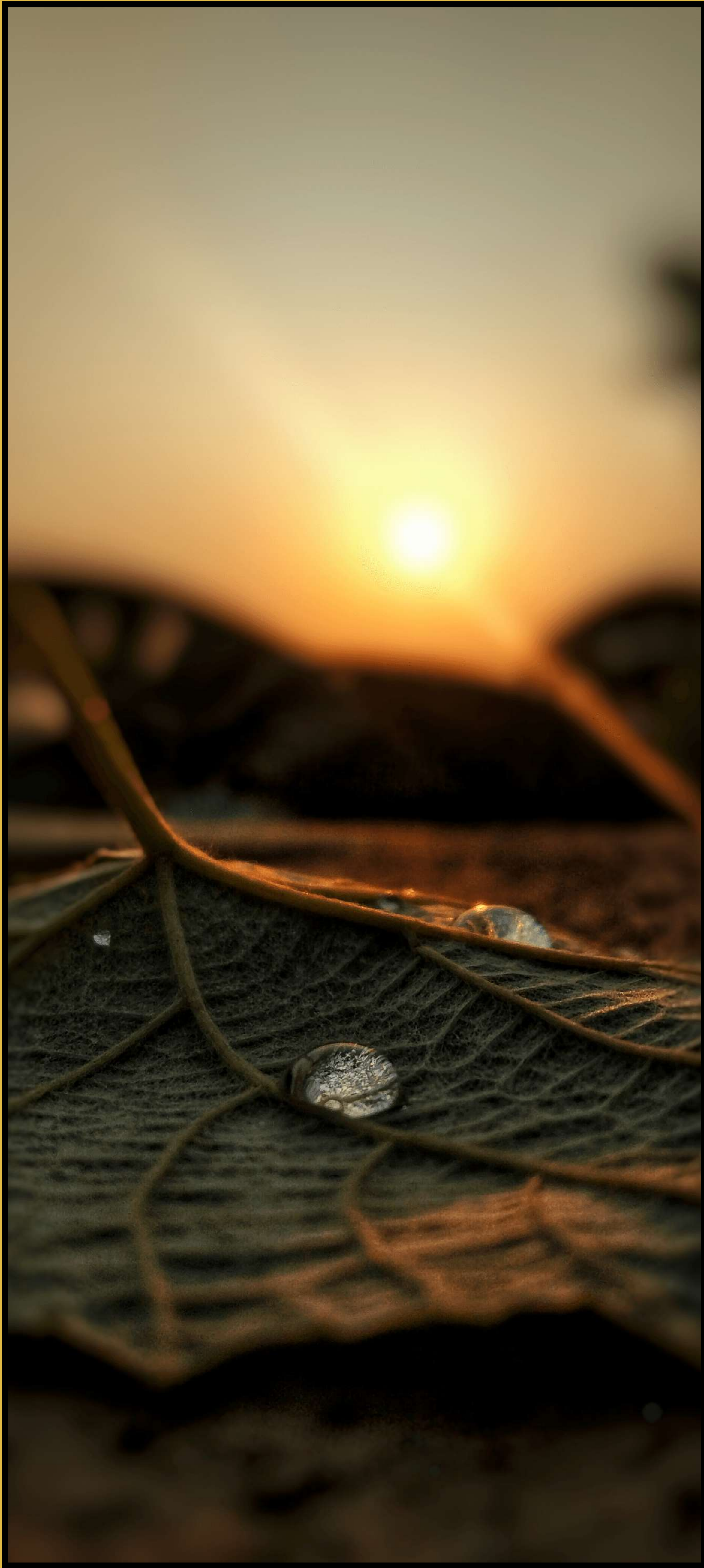




# Photography



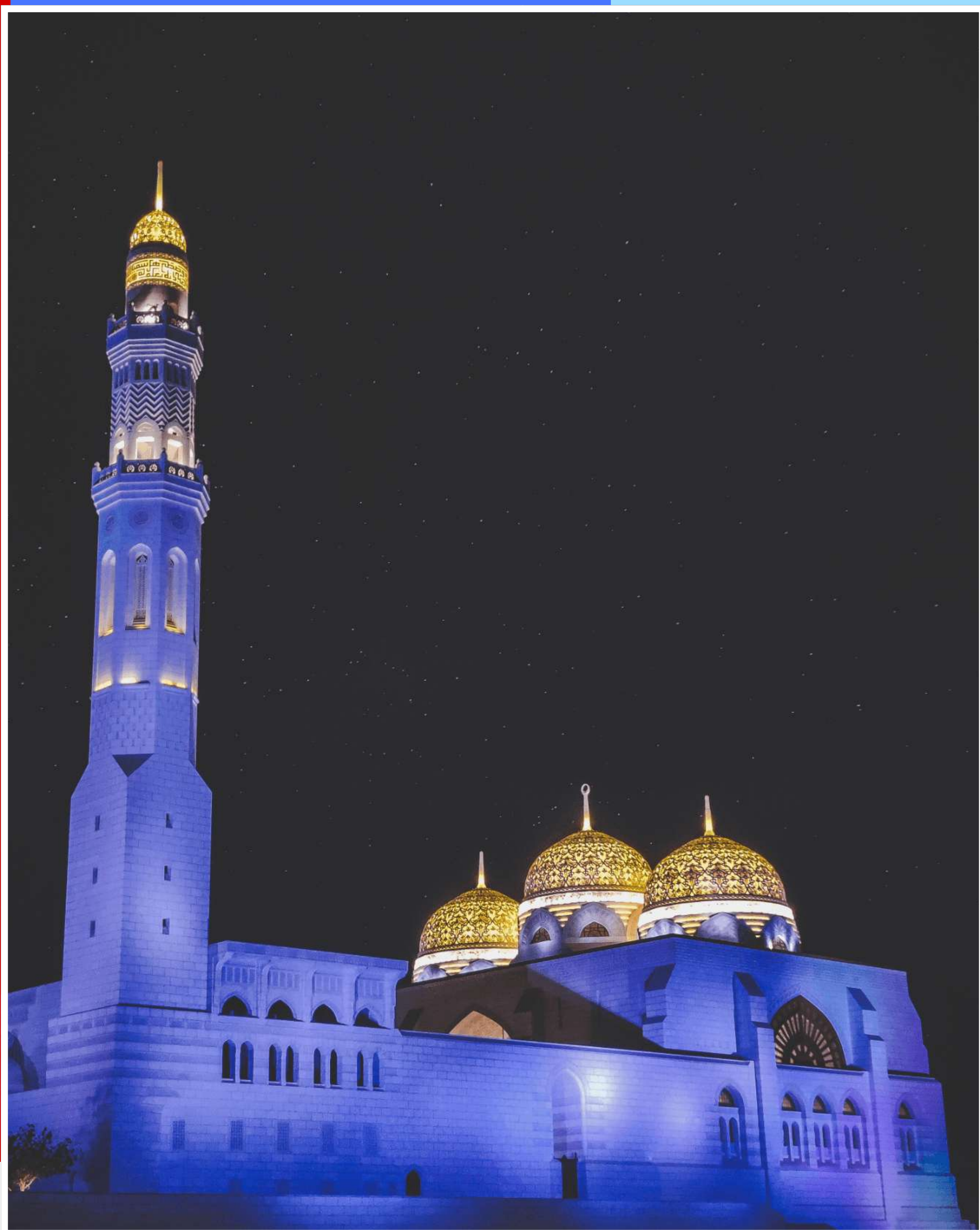
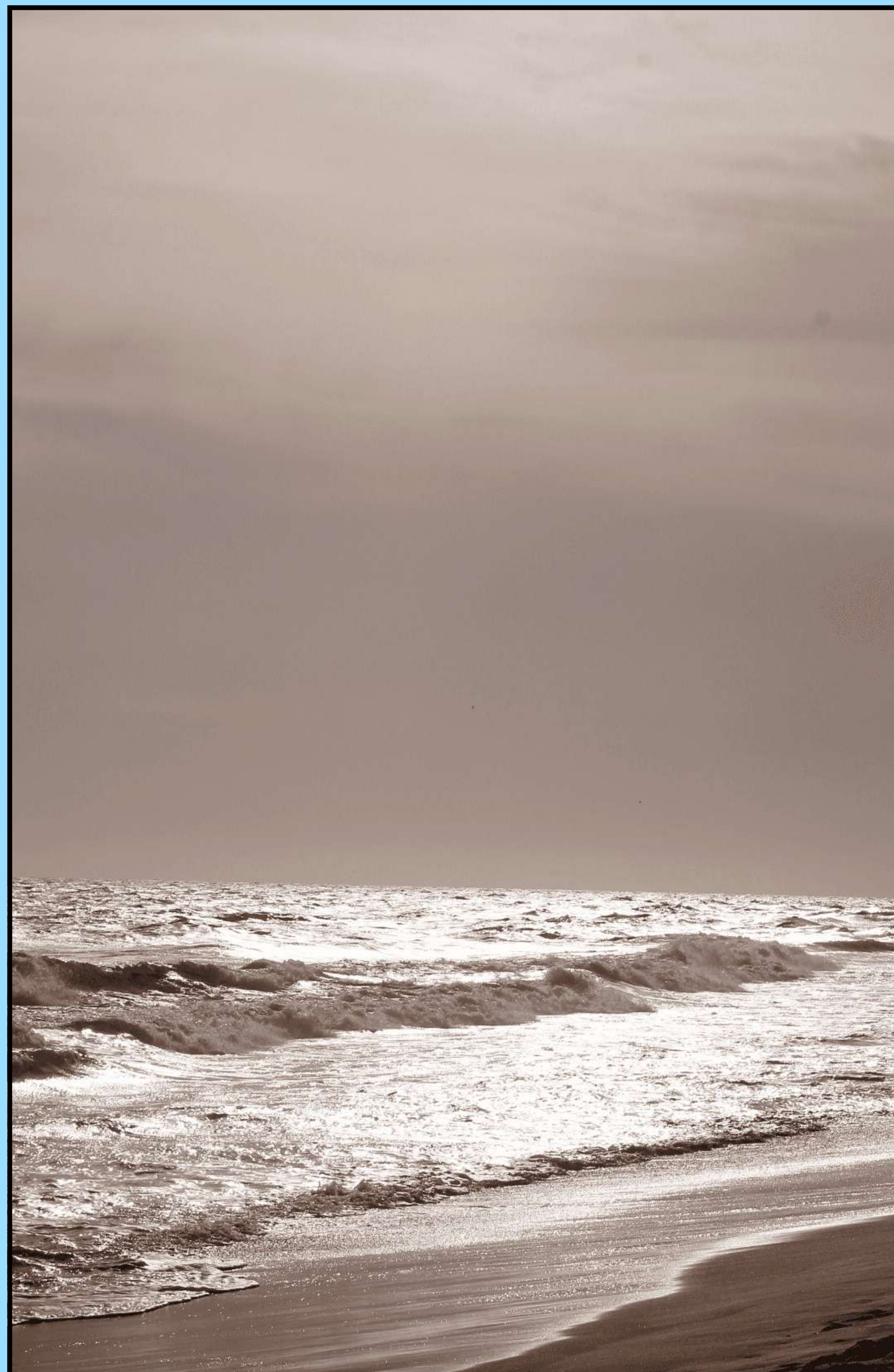




**P. Barakath Nisha**  
**MA English**



**Rehaam Nazar  
BA English 'C'**





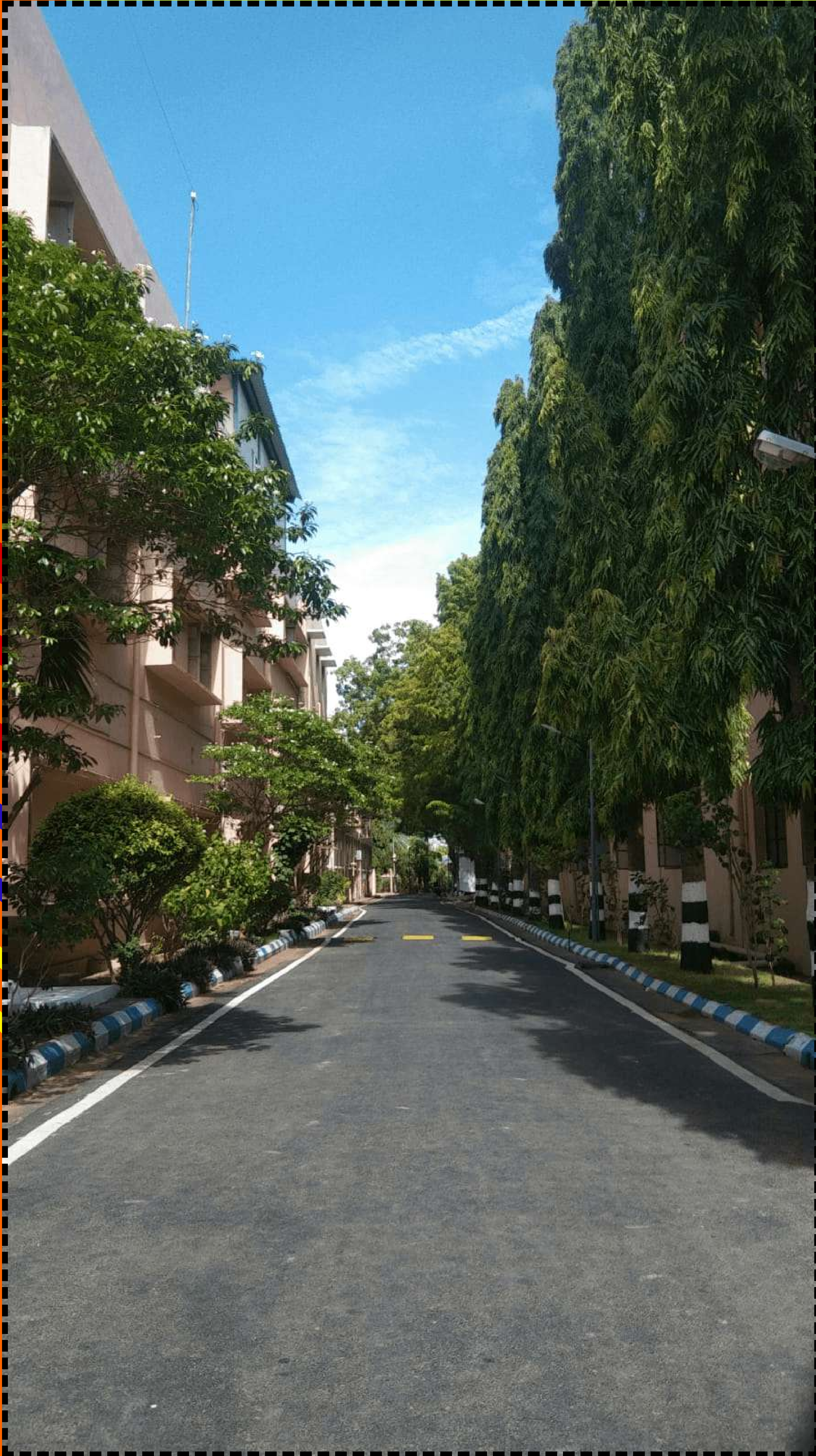


M. Mohamed Yasin  
BA English





**S. Sherin Fathima**  
**BA English 'C'**







**A. Waseema  
BA English 'A'**







***A. Rahila Sufiya  
BA English 'C'***





***Arun Kumar  
BA English***





**A squirrel of our college quenching it's thirst.**

**Dr. Y. Parvas Sharif  
Associate Professor of English**





**"Show us the Right Path"**

**Jamal Mohamed College (Autonomous)**

Accredited with A++ Grade by NAAC (4th Cycle) with CGPA 3.69 out of 4.0

(Affiliated to Bharathidasan University) Tiruchirappalli, Tamil Nadu, India.

This webzine comprises a collection of artistic endeavors crafted by the Students of English Literature of Jamal Mohamed College. The Students and Faculty members of the English Department extend warmest regards to the readers. We sincerely hope that you derive pleasure from perusing the contents of this webzine. We always welcome the valuable feedback.

**Reach us : [englishhod@jmc.edu](mailto:englishhod@jmc.edu)**