

# Musings

**An Annual  
Literary Webzine**

***Vol. 2 / Issue. 1  
2024-25***





# Musings

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## Musings:

**Vol. 2/Issue. 1/2024-25**

## Published by :

**PG & Research Department of English  
Jamal Mohamed College (Autonomous)  
Tiruchirappalli, Tamil Nadu, India.  
[www.jmc.edu](http://www.jmc.edu)**

## ***From the Editor***



Dear Readers,

I am delighted to present the second edition of our Department webzine, *Musings*. Building on the success of our inaugural issue, we are excited to continue this platform as a celebration of the literary and artistic talents of the students and faculty of the Department of English at Jamal Mohamed College. This webzine remains a space for creative expression, showcasing the rich imagination and intellectual depth of our contributors.

This edition features a diverse collection of thought-provoking poetry, captivating short stories, striking artwork, and compelling photography. Each piece offers a unique perspective, inviting readers to explore new ideas and reflect on the complexities of human experience. Through these creative expressions, *Musings* aims to inspire, challenge, and engage its audience, fostering a deeper appreciation for literature and the arts.

Serving as the editor of *Musings* has been a truly rewarding experience, and I eagerly look forward to its continued growth. This endeavor would not have been possible without the dedication and enthusiasm of our department's students and faculty. I extend my sincere gratitude to our College Management, Principal, and Head of the Department for their unwavering support, as well as to my fellow editorial team members for their invaluable contributions in bringing this edition to life. Most importantly, I deeply appreciate every student and faculty member whose creativity and passion have shaped *Musings* into what it is today.

Happy reading!

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





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A Modern Student's Tale**
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# DICTIONARY? WHAT'S THAT? A MODERN STUDENT'S TALE



Once upon a time, in a world without Google, students relied on mighty dictionaries and heavy books full of words! Today those volumes have been replaced by sleek smartphones and laptops, making dictionaries seem as nostalgic as floppy disks.

Remember the thrill of opening a dictionary, with its faint smell of ink and paper? Flipping through the pages to find a word was always exciting! Today's students have replaced that with the convenience of online dictionaries. They think, "Why spend time flipping through pages when you can just type a word into your smartphone or laptop and get an instant answer"?

And what about those hefty encyclopaedias that once lined the shelves? They have been replaced by the all-knowing Google! Need to write an assignment? Just Google it! No need for library visits, no need for those old reference books. Now, students turn to endless Wikipedia entries and search results.

But let's be honest, there was something charming about the old way of doing things! Using a dictionary was like a treasure hunt. When a teacher mentioned a word, students eagerly grabbed the heavy book to find its meaning and spelling. Dictionaries were organised alphabetically and guide words at the top of each page made finding words easier. Finding a word became a skill and an adventure through practice!

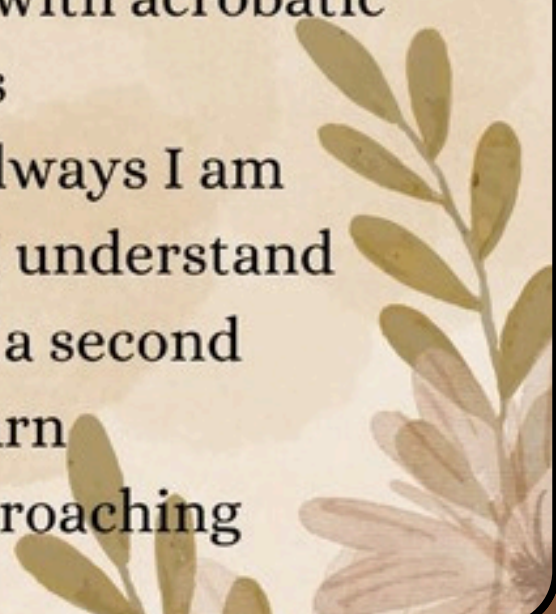
Modern students handle digital tools with ease, but they might miss the simple joys of dictionary-digging and browsing books in the library. We live in a world where books gather dust and dictionaries are not used much. Still, we can enjoy the instant information and quick answers that our tech-savvy lifestyle brings!

***Ms. A. Famitha Banu,  
Addl. Vice Principal &  
Associate Professor of English***



## **HARBINGER**

As light falls on the veranda  
Standing tall are the trees  
Quietly enjoying the silent afternoon  
Is the little squirrel  
Running around freely  
But with caution. Ah! for that  
slightest movement in air  
That soft breeze or softest noise  
That could be recorded on the  
Minimum decibal-would alert it  
Speed, agility, quickness with acrobatic  
movements  
Wondering again as always I am  
At God's wonder! Now I understand  
That in one tenth of a second  
It takes a U turn  
That someone is approaching



***Ms. M. G. Thajunnisha,  
MID & Associate Professor of English***



# **Transcendent Poise**

The seeds we sow  
On hope to grow,  
The blossoms of gold  
is the virtue been told.  
Waiting calm and deep  
will make a more we reap.  
Pray for it in steep  
may how many circumstances sweep  
Buds unfold on the grace  
nobody can urge the nature's pace.  
Enduring the sun stands the stem  
silent to the storms that try them,  
drinks water through rough rocks  
but blooms them in bright flocks.  
Faints and taints to the sty  
against gravity to reach the sky,  
let we learn from the might  
to endure till we embrace light.  
Patience is not a delay  
it is the persistence on the way.  
Love for hard work soothes the soul  
that waits beneath the restrain as a coul.  
Patience gives wisdom a birth - for  
peace to prevail all through the earth.

**Mr. B. Abdul Gaffur**

**Assistant Professor of English**

# ***The Untold Tales of Bridesmaid***

I am not Edmund Spenser to write "Epithalamion" but a poetess trying to  
write a wedding poem for my sister Azeema .....

Oh! Beholder of my heart!

Is that only you who suffers?

The longingness of mine can only be felt by the pillows at night.

Isn't it crazy that you and me in different vehicle?

Different vehicle embarking on a different path,

Meeting different people,

Playing different roles,

Facing different situations,

Living different lives and

Ending up in different pain with sense of pleasure.

It pains me deep inside when

I remember that I am gonna miss you in the rest of my life.

It doesn't sense that you are not available

But it means you are turning into version 2.0.

Sometimes, I stare at you not only to make you giggle

But also, with the love and fear that I concern for you.

If you ask me for the definition of love, I would say,

"When we get love for the right person we deserve,  
then we will surely love the feeling of love and being loved"

If I ask you for the definition of love,

you would probably say your Man's name.

So, your right person is here with you right now today, tomorrow, in the future

And may accompany you till Jannah as well if Almighty wills.

***Ms. H. Nazeela Begam,  
Assistant Professor of English***



# ***Men's Envy - God's Pride***



**No word is enough to praise you**

**For what you are;**

**Serving, sacrificing, loving, nurturing,  
shouldering, educating, helping, befriending  
and being there for someone in this short life;**

**I wonder how many roles you perform with  
precision and how resourceful you are;**

**Again it is my awe how inexhaustible you are;**

**Despite your never ending chores.**

**Who taught you to be so kind and loving?**

**Where do you learn the art of living!**

**Can't imagine the world without you**

**And you are the World...**

***Happy Women's Day ...***

***Mr. M. Kumaran***

***Assistant Professor of English***

# RESILIENCE

If a scoundrel insulted me, I would be raised  
The only thing wrong is that I am causing it  
If I were not dear to myself  
For you have disobeyed her from every villainy she fights  
Even if I was looking for myself, I found me  
Too much for what I'm asking for  
But I am trying to benefit my friend  
And shame on the satiety if its owner is hungry.

***Dr. S. Sheik Dawood***  
***Assistant Professor of English***



# MANNERS OF LEARNING

Be patient with the bitterness of an aloof teacher  
For the embedding of knowledge is when he repels  
And whoever never tastes the bitterness of learning  
Swallows the humiliation of ignorance as long as he dwells  
And whoever misses learning whilst young and in bloom  
Then make takbir on him four times due to his demise  
For that youth, by Allah! If not for knowledge and piety  
There is no regard to of what else his character's comprised.

***Mr. I. Vazeer Mohamed***  
***Assistant Professor of English***



# PATIENCE IS THE GOD WITHIN

Intermittently when time deceives  
Intolerable troubles happen to seize  
Imposed Folks may stand afar  
Impaired squeam shall ajar  
Worry not for you're alone  
Wonders will turn around

Though you fizzle on a try  
Trust will prize you high  
Trees don't brawl for the sky  
Truths alone in all ways fly  
Persistence that builds in  
Persuades the hope to begin  
Pursuance might the power in  
Patience is the God within

**Mr. K. Syed Abthaheer**  
**Assistant Professor of English**

# *Into the light*

Seek the light, behold the canvas wide,  
A city of radiance, where shadows reside.  
A fateful shore, where darkness unfolds,  
On Rero's island, where twilight tales are untold.

In contemplation, Arora and Ra entwine,  
Appealing to the light, a desperate plea divine.  
But shadows seize, and hope begins to fade,  
Ror island rises, a mirrored shade.

In stillness, she is Ror, a reflection true,  
And he appeals, a beacon, shining through.  
The Hero's cry, a whispered, sorrowful sigh,  
Echoes through the mountains, a lonely cry.

With gentle breeze, the heart finds peace,  
And in the light, a new dawn releases.

**Ms. M. R. Nasrin Fathima,  
B.A English**



# An Untold Story

*In the arms of my dearest grandma, I found a mother's love so true,*

*Her affection, a gentle balm, a bond forever new.*

*Not by blood, but by heart, she raised me with care,*

*In her eyes, I see a love so rare.*

*I dream of gifting her the moon, a gesture grand and bright,*

*Yet a saree with love, a gift from my heart's light.*

*Each thread whispers my love, woven in every fold,*

*A tale of a granddaughter's love, a story to be told.*

*When she wraps it around, may warmth and love entwine,*

*A saree of memories, a gift divine.*

*In each drape, may she feel the love I send,*

*Her smile, a reflection of a bond that will never end.*

**Ms. S. Sujitha Sree Supriya,  
B.A English**



# A PARALLEL UNIVERSE

I'm in the hands of mother,  
I find my world in the gather.  
My heart is sinks in the universe of love  
still, I question myself how:  
He named me as beauty,  
Keeping him happy is my duty.  
We are traveling in a rail,  
It moves like a snail.  
We went to the forest for a walk,  
It is the chance to talk.  
My eyes never get tired  
On seeing his feelings and mired.  
I'm holding his warm hand  
We are walking on the path of sand  
I'm lying of his lap  
He was my lifetime trap  
I showed my love in the luck.  
He gives me a precious hug,  
I made myself as a bride,  
Seeing him in the hide.  
It was all my dream  
Come in my brain like a beam  
It makes my soul to rush  
Still, We are traveling in our parallel universe.



**Ms. S. Kaviya,  
M.A English**

# The Unbroken Spirit

*My story doesn't end, even when it seems to fade,  
I'll hold on to hope, and a brighter path I've made.  
If it appears out of reach, I won't be swayed or blue,  
I'll find a way to reach it, and see my dreams come true.*

*When disappointment sets in, I won't be dismayed or cold,  
I'll learn from the experience, and a lesson to behold.  
If anxiety grips me, I won't break or lose my way,  
I'll face it head-on, and seize a brighter day.*

*In sorrow, I won't be rebuked or defined by pain,  
I'll rise above it, and find joy again.  
In darkness, I'll find my way to shine a light,  
And guide myself forward, through the dark of night.*

*Even in uncertainty, I'll carry on and endure,  
And find a way to thrive, and make my spirit pure.  
If I stumble, I will rise again, and stand tall,  
Like the train tracks that converge as one, my path will unfold after all.*

**Ms. F. Roshini Mubeen,  
B.A English**



# The one who set me free

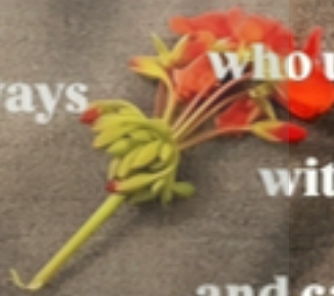
I lay down on my bed  
to feel nothing but  
coldness  
surrounded by  
tempting thoughts  
about ways to end  
one's breathe.

The thoughts seem  
over bearing,  
for a seventeen year  
old to go through  
to be constantly  
thinking about  
friends, lust and  
fame,  
just to hide one's  
insecurities.

But he's there, always  
there on my mind  
for he listens to  
everything,  
my inner soul, my  
happiness and  
the emerging rain  
forming in my eyes;  
and'  
my heart which beats  
for him only.

He knows these  
threads tangled in my  
head,  
while I fight ways to  
untangle,  
and in went in search  
like a lost lover's soul,  
finding that one  
person to help me.

But he was always  
there  
who untangled each  
one of them  
with patience and  
care  
and called me to him  
like the sirens lulling  
to the sailors  
with the melody in  
my heart  
pulling me to him  
for which he finally  
did  
to set me free



## Some years ago I came to Earth

Some years ago I came to Earth  
I saw people welcoming me with smiles  
I believed everyone was good  
In the near future, I saw their true colours  
My love departed, innocence died  
I felt I was in the race, a struggle to survive  
I worked hard, striving to stay alive  
Few years later, I achieved  
I saw people around me praising, cheering  
But my heart never cared  
It knows the pain  
Days passed  
My beauty left, got few white hairs  
My Elysium was present with new faces, new experiences  
Still, I was nostalgic  
Missing those days where I played with my mom's saree  
A pleasant sleep with mom  
A fearless future  
I don't remember the place  
All ended....  
I am awakened  
Again a day started with routine  
To make myself more stronger  
With every step, I reclaim my soul  
Embracing scars, I make myself whole  
The journey's is long, but I'll find my way  
To a place where love and joy will stay

**Ms. S. Ganesowandhari,  
M.A English**



# GHAAADI

It's not the typical day; there is not as much rushing traffic noise, clouds have the heat, the early morning hours filled with buzzing trees. Taxi stand in Howrah Junction packed with full of Hindustan Ambassadors in yellow and black.

Lujol from his seat gazing up at enormous Onida Television commercial banner stretching up into the sky, nothing interpreted his train of thoughts.

Agarbathies stick are progressively shortening, beneath the White Jasmine that clings to Durga Devi Idol which is placed above in his taxi dashboard, makes the air pleasant, but not Lujol.

A decade as an honest taxi driver life allows him to live a debt free existence in the big city and ideally sticks to what he possess. Always been a steady man no matter how the day turns out. He meets all of his need without going above and beyond but in the last several years, he has become less of himself.

Agarbathies smoke off, people stream out of junction signalling the arrival of Punjab Mail. His life returns standing next to the taxi and yelling "ghaadi, ghaadi". No legs turn his way. In Calcutta lot of individuals prefer to use the inexpensive hand rickshaws. Comfortable sitting is preferred by those who travel long distance and carry heavy loads.

Many taxies are missing their partners, some drivers have left for the Bollywood shooting taking place next to Howrah junction. Lujol gave up after shouting for a few minutes and slanted his head into the car roof. When an old man wearing hat pats Lujol's shoulder and asks "how long it takes to get to the airport?".

Lujol turns back and responds, "Forty to forty five minutes sir".

"Fine, get started" said the old man. He lets him in and places his stuff in the rear. Old man takes off his hat after resting down and mops the perspiration from his forehead. Lujol touches Durga's feet and turns down the key.

After an hour, car stops at Dum Dum International Airport, metre shows 156 rupees. The old man looked all round but he could only find Rs 50 in Indian money. It is almost 10 o'clock announcement for the departure has already been made that it is not possible to exchange money and pay the fare.

He receives the new big dollar note from the old man.

Lujol resists "sir", "sir",

The old man replied "I am short on time so please have it".

The note has no wrinkles.



Lujol's heart was racing on the drive back to the city curious about the value of dollar. In his thirty years of age, he feels high first time. His mind was focused where to exchange money at a private bank or government bank or any other agency.

Half past twelve is displayed on the clock when he walks into Indian Bank Shyambazar branch. He is not as involved in bank business and unsure on where to approach. Finally, he manages to receive a token number number:45 and first 15 had been used, the cashier summons number sixteen. His turn will be a long way to go.

What has been Lujol's difficulty during the past two years? It all started when he locked hands with the Mrinalini, who was raised in a respectable middle class Bengali household. Indians are highly enthralled with the liberalisation, which allowed them to break away from their deeply ingrained traditions and ideals.

Mrinalini was greatly admired by the lives of neighbours and wealthy people. She never wants to experience her life. When Lujol gets home every day, she narrates the tales of neighbours' progression, new products that have hit the market and other fascinating things. Clash starts between them, when Lujol adds, "our time will come". Light and Dark gone this way. But he never fires on her. He provides for her basic requirement and behaves like a good husband. For the most part, they are speechless.

In the bank, clock shows ten to three, Lujol holding some Indian rupees counts thousand thirty rupees. He purchases a AQ 5210 model Philips Radio from Mrinal Roy Electronics shop and returns home with movie tickets. Joyfully he sets the radio on table and calls his wife "Mrinaliniii, Mrinaliniii",no reply come out.

He searched all over her; thinking that she had gone to the market. He didn't have anything from the morning, except chaai. Hurrying into kitchen he grabbed a plate from vessel basket and washed it in the basin. As he opens the food container with a plate in hand, he finds a nicely folded sheet of paper instead of chappathis.

On the next morning, a couple of cinema tickets floating in the Ganges, flowers around Durga Devi still remained unchanged.

Words on folded paper,

*"Honourable man, I am off.*

*Live your life, I found my man".*

**Mr. E. Naveen Prasath,  
B.A English**



# Art Gallery



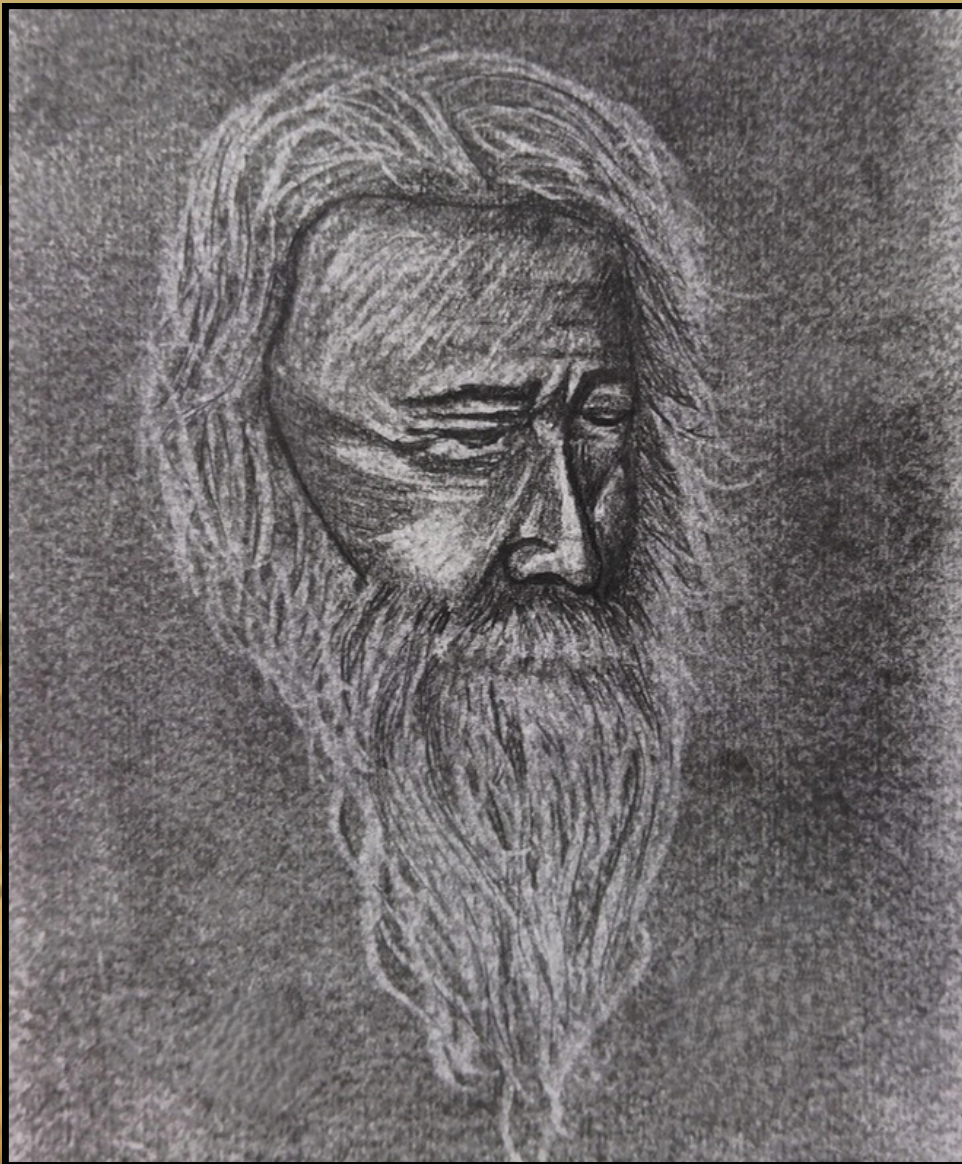




WHAT NOT  
STARTED  
today is never  
FINISHED  
TOMORROW

Ms. S. Rowfina,  
M.A English





**Mr. S. Karthick,  
M.A English**



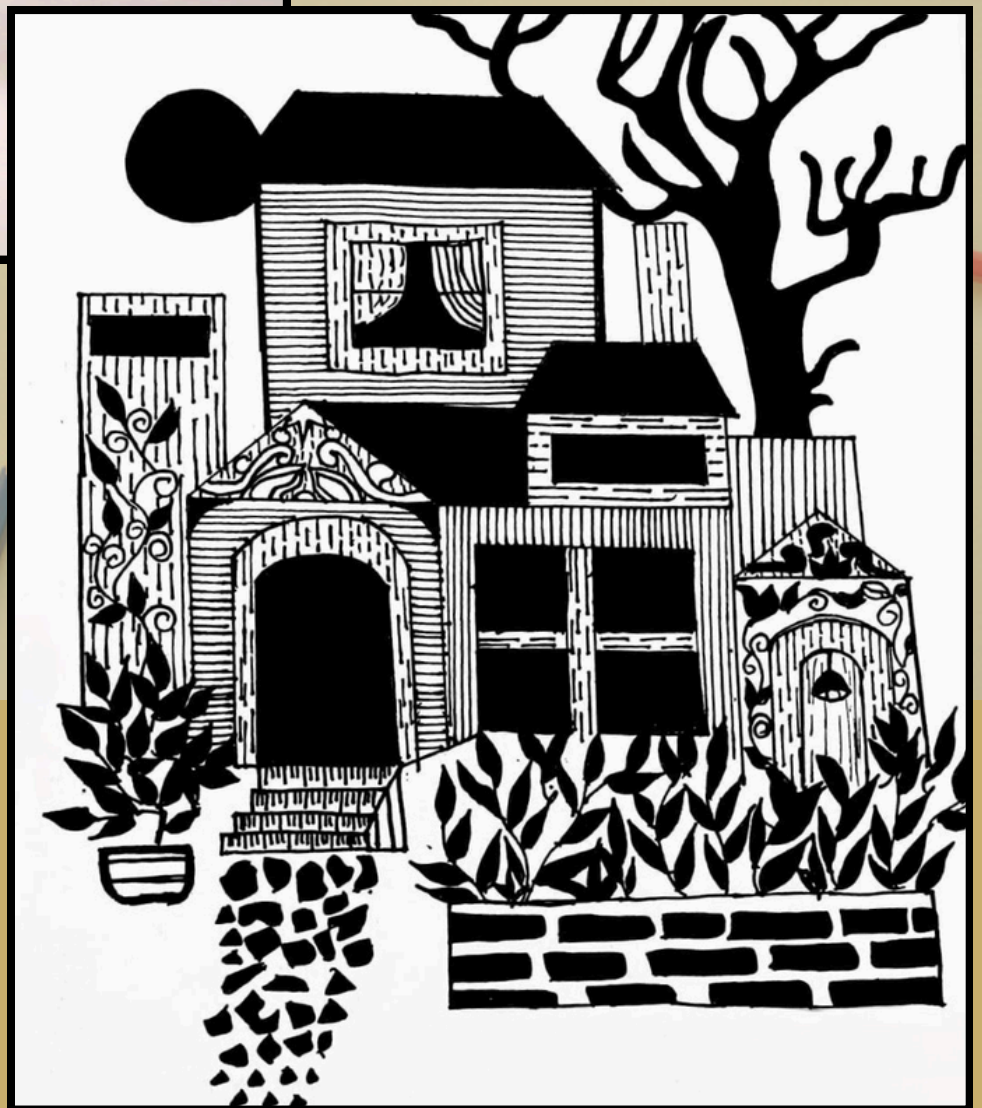




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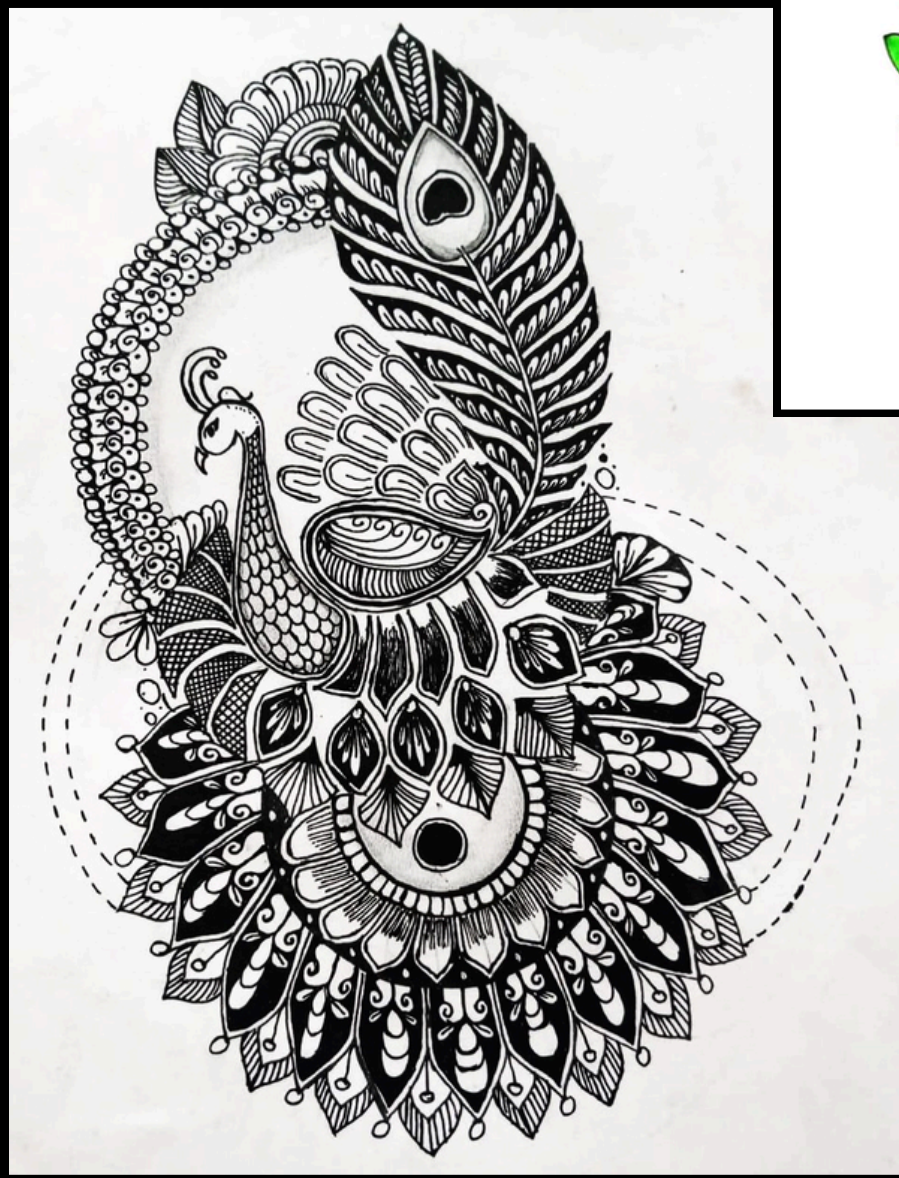
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Ms. J. Naveena,  
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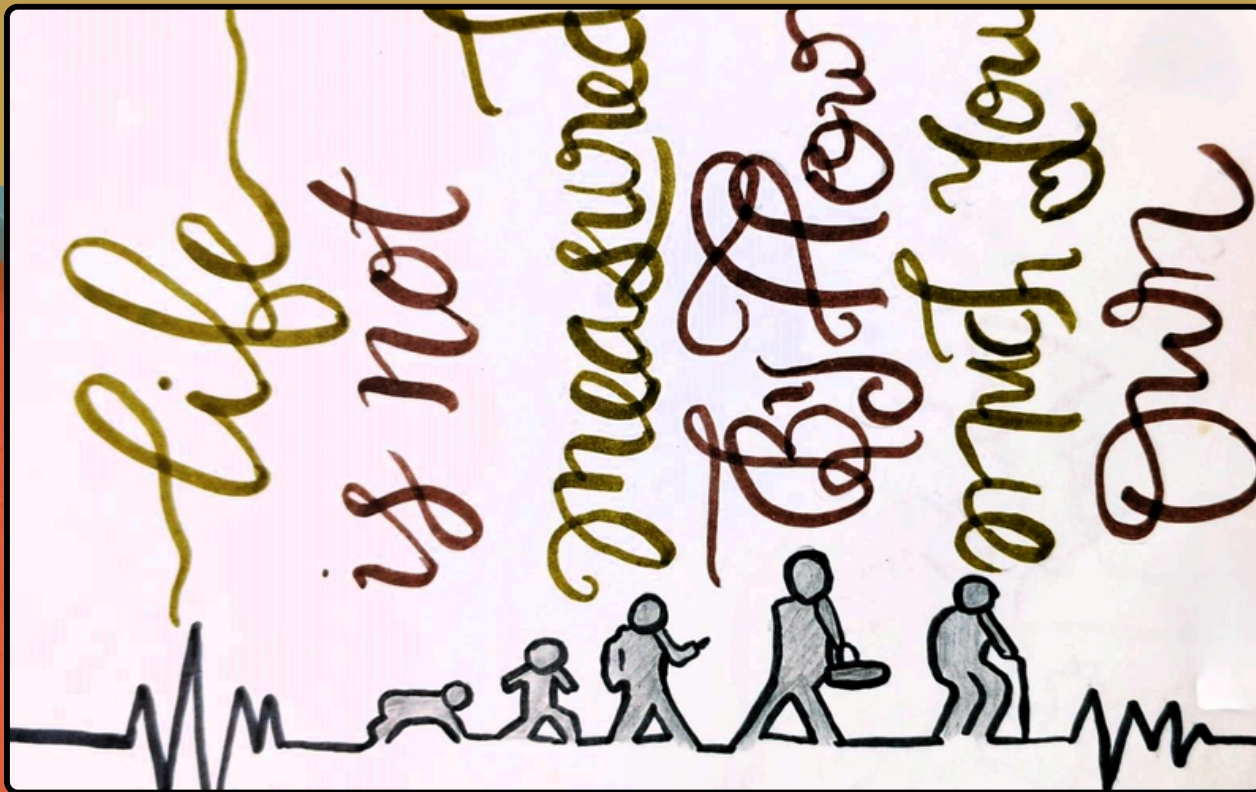


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**Ms. I. Thaksin Banu,  
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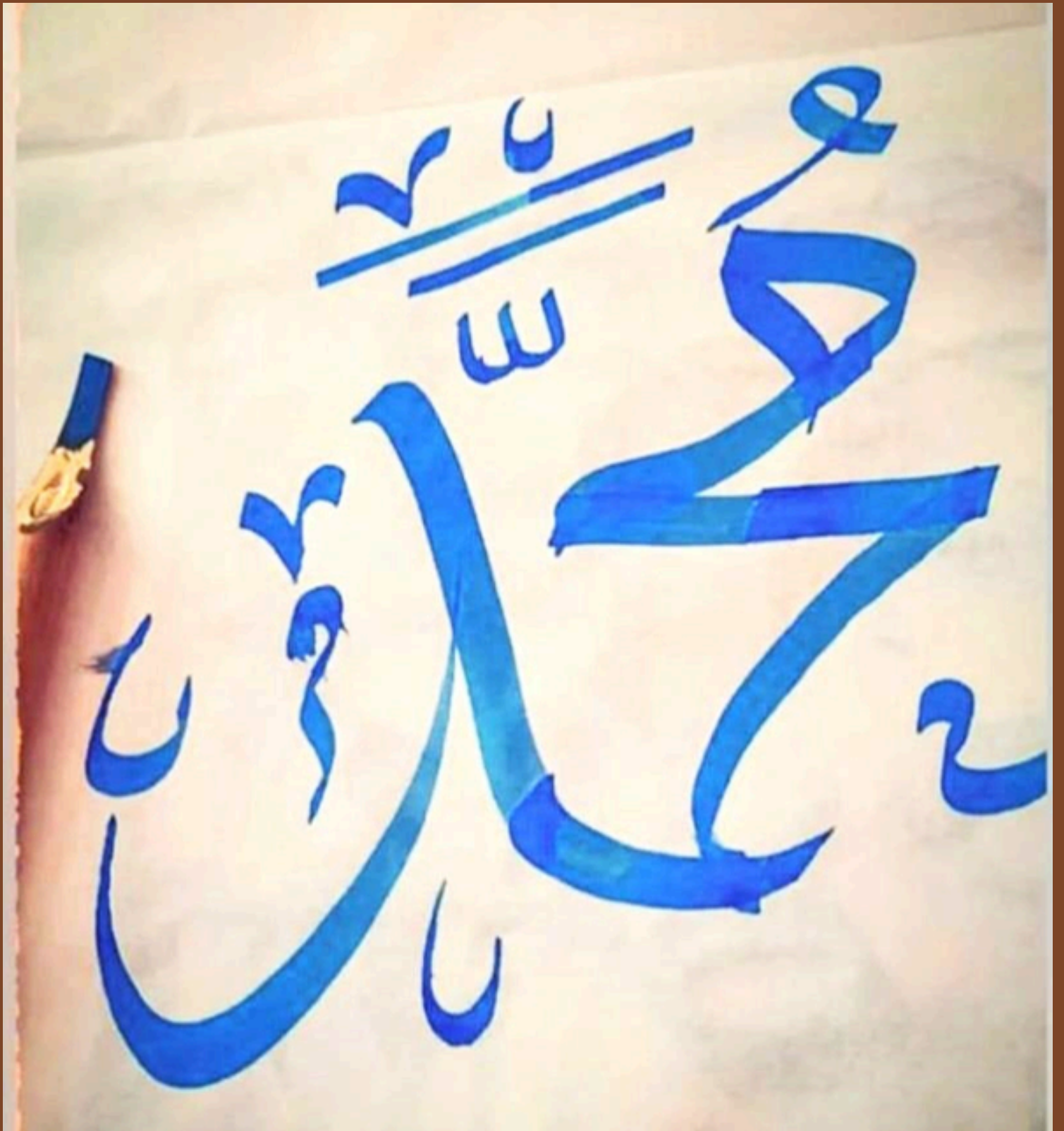


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**Ms. S. Shabana,  
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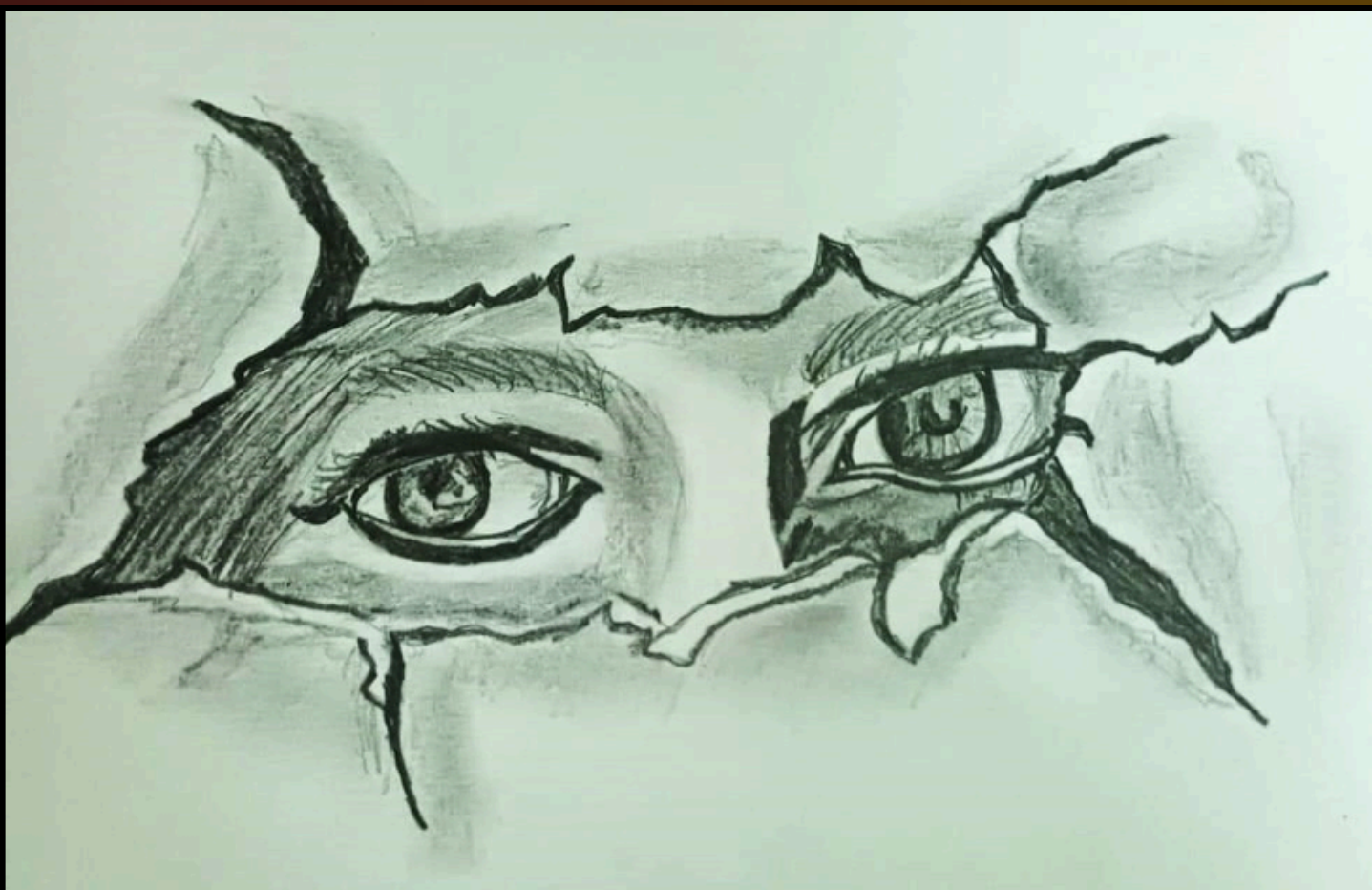




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**Ms. M. Roshni,  
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**Ms. S. R. Shanjeevnee,  
BA English**

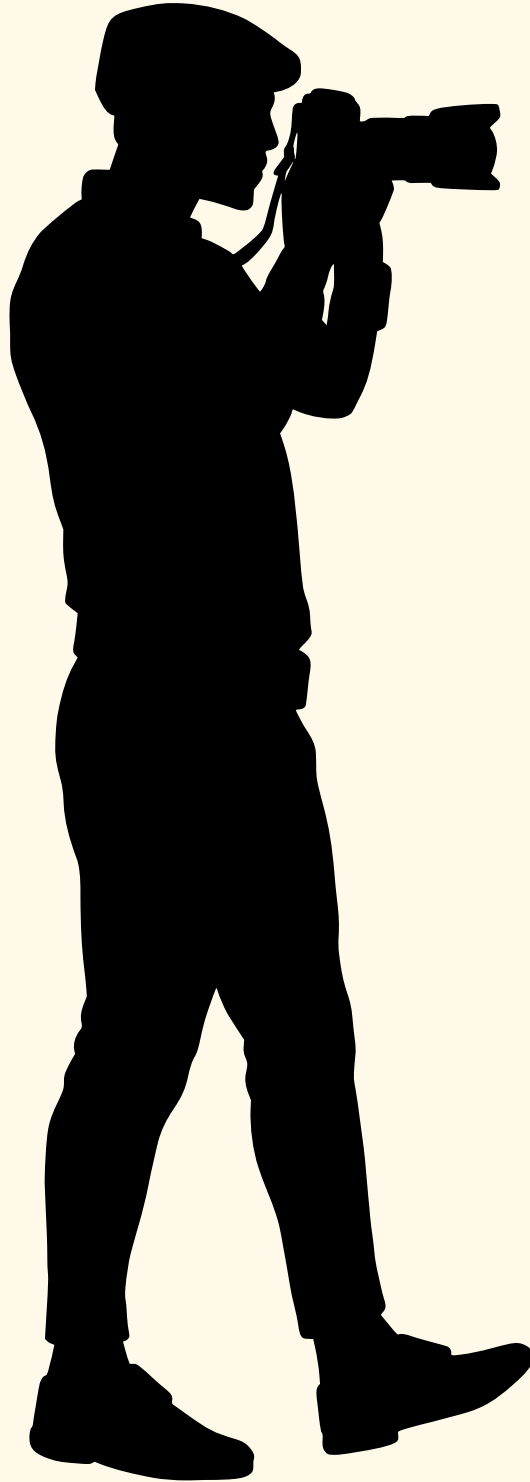
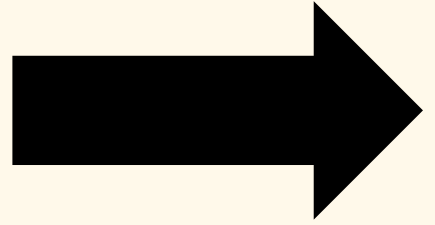






Ms. M. R. Nasrin Fathima,  
B.A English

# Photography







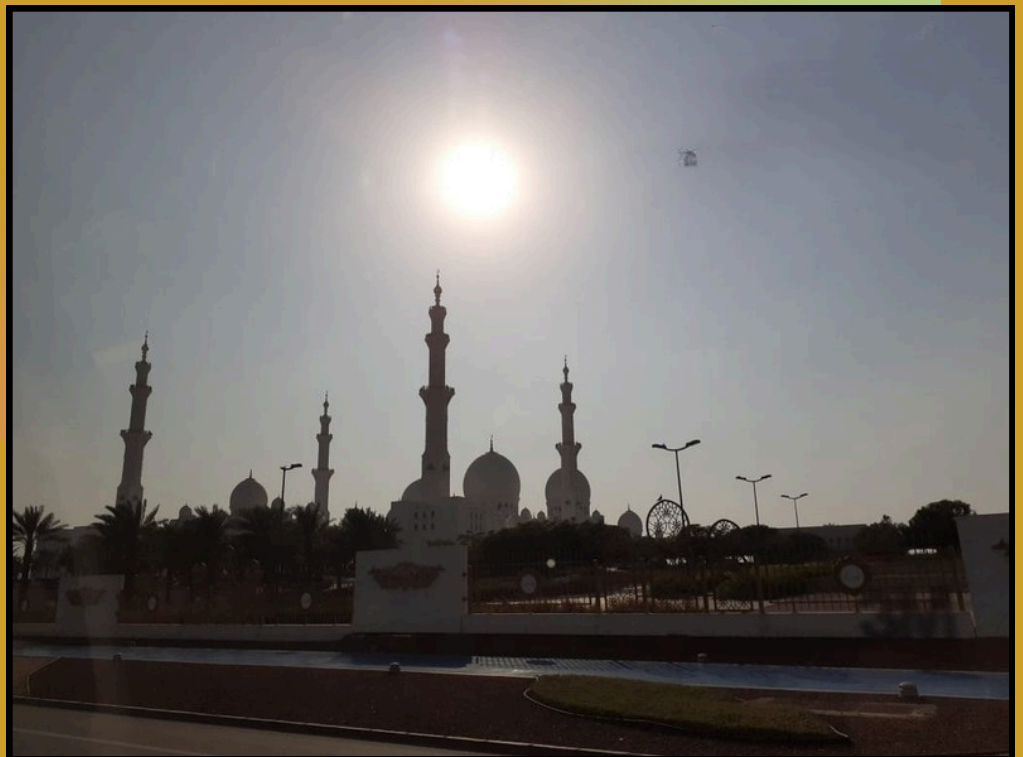
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***Ms. M. Ç. Thajunnisha,  
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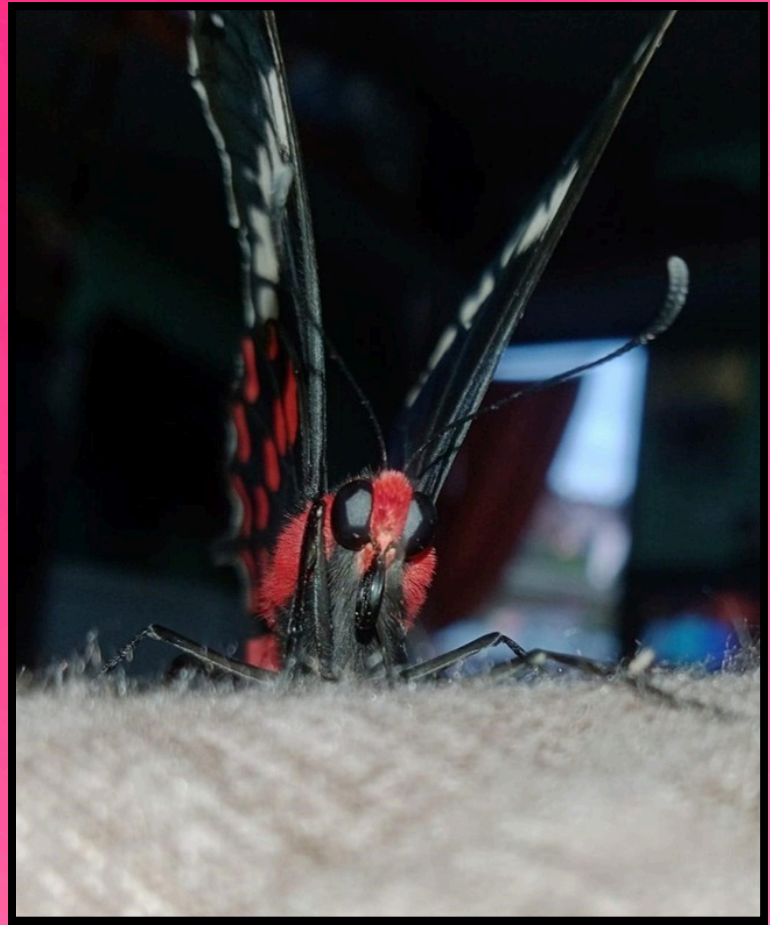




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**Ms. M. Aarthi,  
B.A English**



**Ms. Sulfiya,  
BA English**

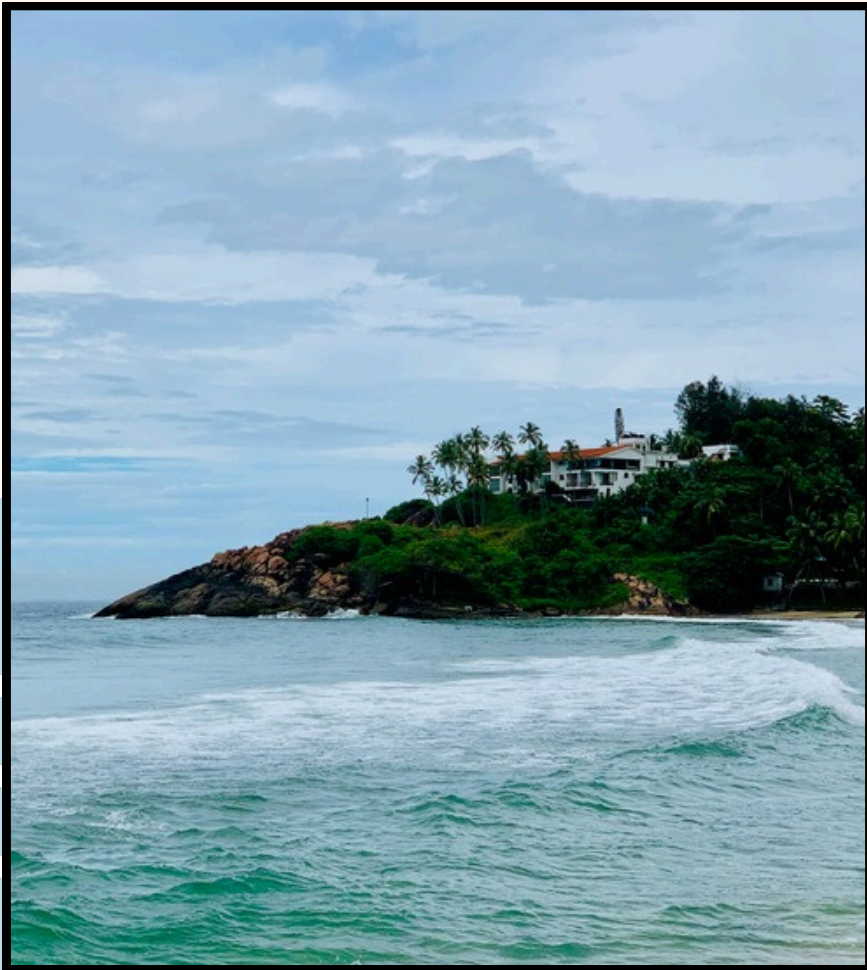




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**Mr. A. Sahl Ahamed,  
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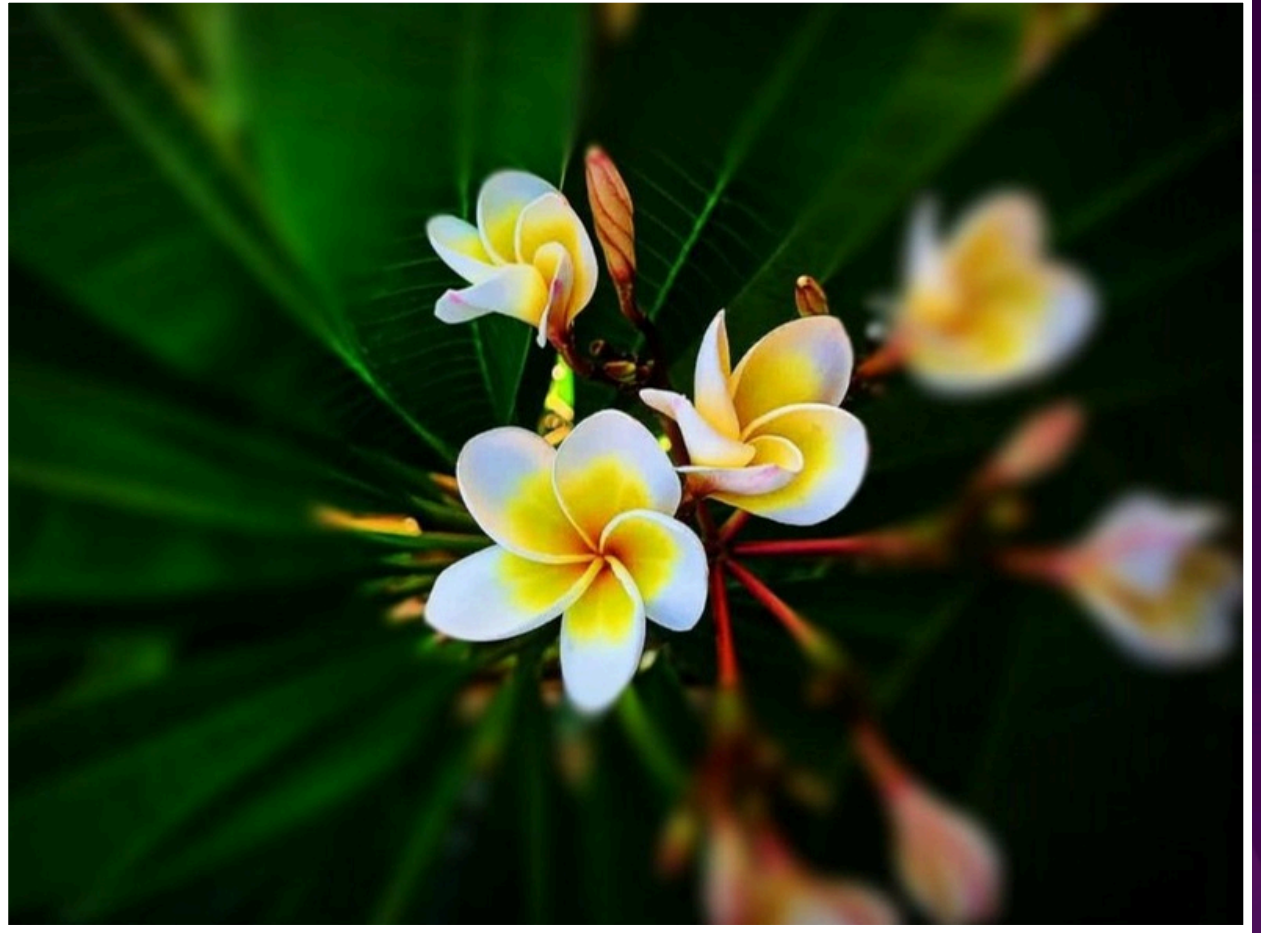
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# **Jamal Mohamed College (Autonomous)**

**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 showcases a diverse collection of artistic works created by the students and faculty members of the Department of English, Jamal Mohamed College.**

**We extend our warmest regards to our readers and sincerely hope you enjoy exploring its contents. Your valuable feedback is always welcome.**

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