

VOLUME 5  
ISSUE 4



# FOREWORD

Pandemic hit all our travel plans really hard, be it Pondicherry or Goa, everyone misses hanging out with their family and friends. The theme for the month of September, "Travel Diaries" features the travel plans of the past and memories everyone had in their minds and just couldn't get rid of.

Quarantined at places we don't want to be all we can do is reminisce the places we went to and embrace the nostalgia. And maybe have hope and plan harder to take your gang with you on the road trip once things are better and there is no risk of getting infected, because wanderlust can never get too old.

-Litscape Heads

Ridhima Chopra & Aryan Gulati



# Scribbler

Megan Pereira

Gunjan Saini

Saumya Raj

Nikita Agrawal

Kajal Chatterjee

Nikita Agarwal

Ishita Goel

Ojasvi Ghai

Akanksha S Demta

Swetha Sadanand

Akansha S Demta





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Akanksha S Demta

Avani Milind Muthe

Humaira Maryam

Samridhi

Srikantham Madhumala

Sukriti







# Click it

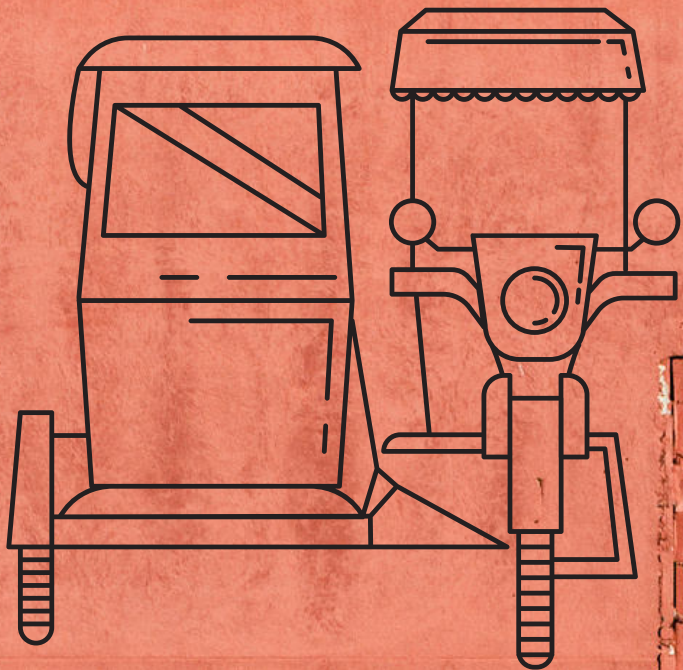
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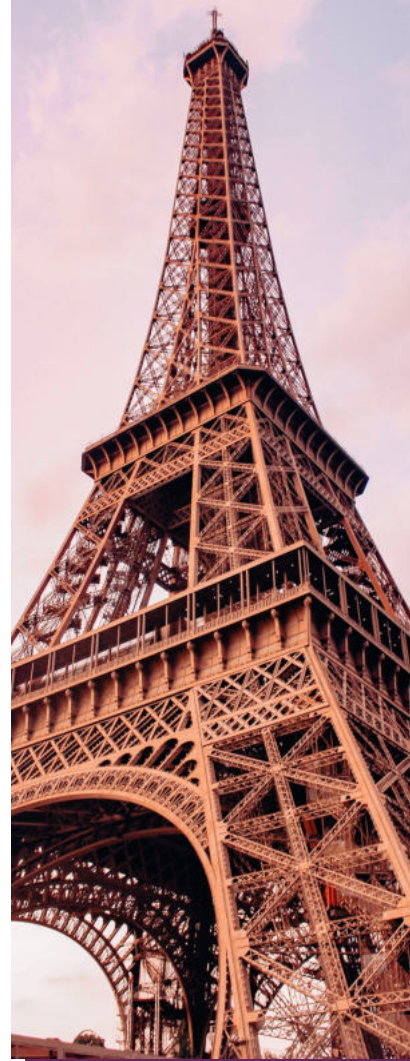




# Scribbler







# **If I could touch the Eiffel Tower**

**Megan Pereira**

**IBBAF 2020648**

I've always wanted to visit France and see the Eiffel Tower up close. To wink at the mysterious Mona Lisa, under the glass ceilings of the Louvre. To gaze at the once burning embers of the beautiful Notre Dame, and spend a lazy evening simply strolling by the Seine. To walk down the streets of Champs-Elysee, embracing the tastes and smells of Paris: baguettes, croissants, escargots, crepes and so much more. To marvel at the architecture of the Sacre-Coeur, and wave at the statue of Napoleon Bonaparte. I long to be a traveler once again, and to live at a traveler's pace. Well France, I'll be back on another day.





# A trip to Bhutan

Gunjan Saini

1EPH 2034037

I used to think the concept of Gross National Happiness in Bhutan was probably a fancy name for measuring poverty rates or income. But when I visited this charming, landlocked nation last year, I realized that it actually was a *jouissance* that they appraised. Away from the bustling streets and busy days in Delhi, I felt happy there. The kind of happiness you feel when you find a spare change in the pocket of your jeans or you get one extra chicken nugget in your 6-piece order at McDonald's. Except this time it lasted for a week. Here, the days felt longer and every time I breathed the fresh, crisp air of the mountains, I felt renewed.







I visited palaces, Dzongs, nature sanctuaries- the regular tourist spots but for the first time, I understood why the journey is a cut above the destination. Of course, the well-adorned palaces and pleasant Dzongs with their monks and their hymns were wonderful, but the trekking through the forests on jagged mountains is really what was my favorite part. It sounds hyperbolic if I say this short trip really changed me but it's true. After going to Bhutan, I realized there are people who live without fast food joints or high-end malls in their towns, sit in cafes to watch years old Bollywood movies and they're still full of glee. And I like to believe some of that rubbed off on me. I learned to appreciate the small things in life and realized that for every mountain I can't climb, I've just got to have faith that my guide will get me to the other side.







# **My Last Abroad trip**

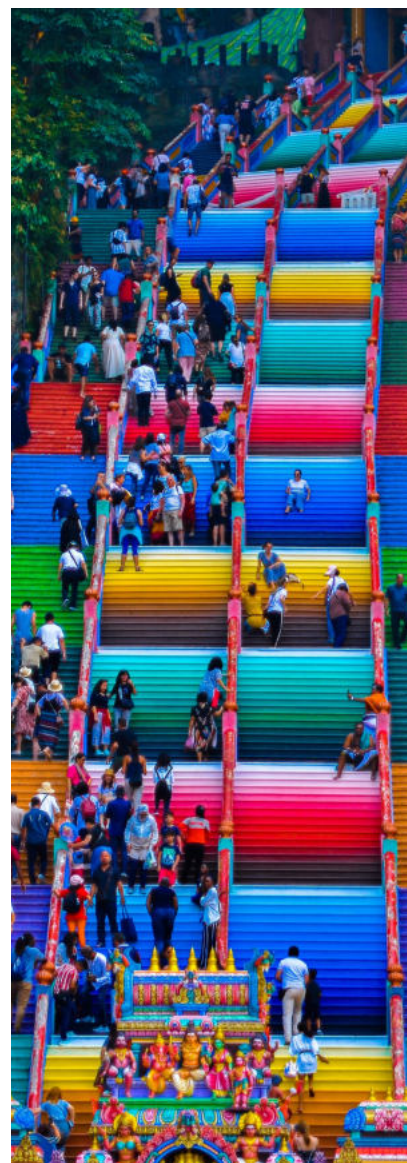
**Saumya Raj**

**2050461**

My last trip was to the Malaysian capital Kuala Lumpur which is famous for its Petronas Twin Tower. This place is a beautiful mix of Asian and Persian architecture, cuisines, and cultures.

Here, thrift shopping is of no use, food is expensive and very unsafe as their national problem is organ trafficking. Twin Tower is the chief business tower of the country, with the ground floor and the first floor being open for tourists to roam and shop the most exquisite brands.

Most places here are built in peace with nature and are kept clean. The King's palace along with its beautiful mosques and war memorials is a major tourist attraction. Batu Caves, with a lot of stairs hiking, is a temple for a celebrated lord. Carved inside the caves, the architecture here is very natural and beautiful.

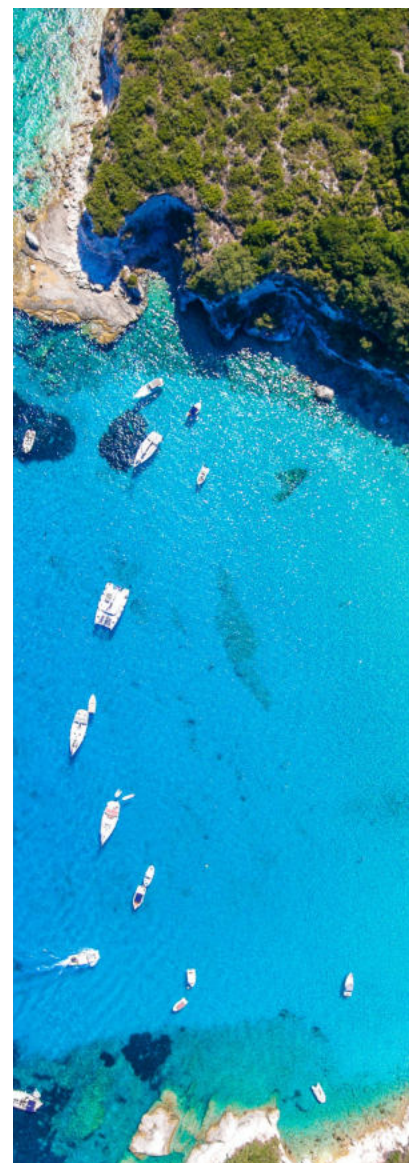






Most of the traders here are Indians from the southern region, Sri Lankans and Malay. The most luxurious place here is the Genting islands which is Asia's largest hotel comprising air cables. The inside of the hotel is a town in itself, with game centers, shopping malls, a little school, a library, rooms as high as the 84th floor, and one can see clouds right outside their window.

They cook every cuisine with a touch of Malaysian spices. The town is filled with skyscrapers and museums which display an evolutionary history of the palm fruit. The Sunway Lagoon, a man-made beach town famous for water sports is unique in its own way, comprising everything imaginable and beyond. They manufacture their own type of chocolate coffee, which I haven't found anywhere else.

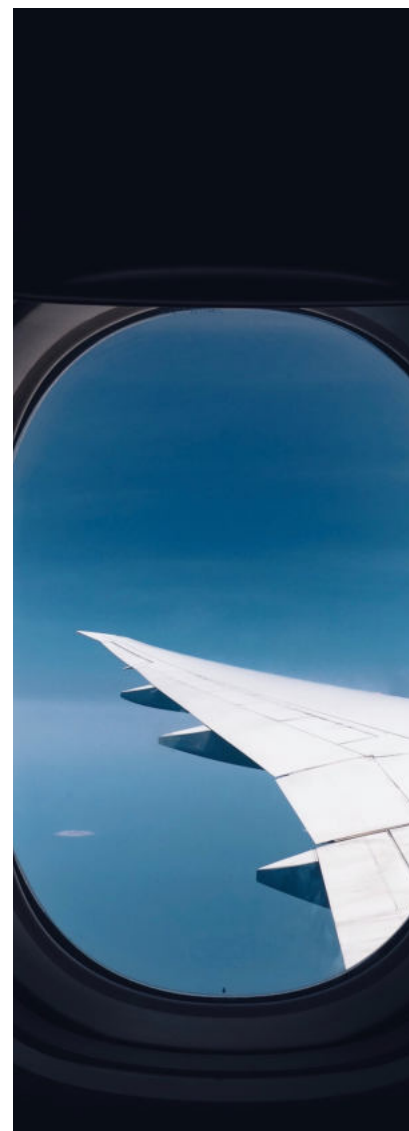
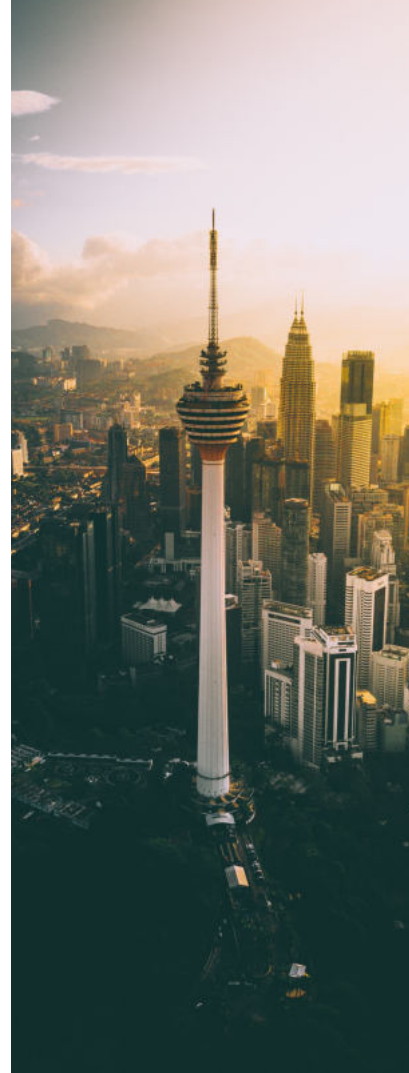






There was also a Menara Hapang, or the Kuala Lumpur tower which allows you to have a 360-degree view of the town. These were the best days of my life because there is nothing better than traveling. The spirit of wanderlust is longing inside us to go to far off places, to eat, roam, click, observe, and of course, make fancy journals.

Some nostalgia never leaves you and it is these memories, excitement, and thrill of traveling that we live for.







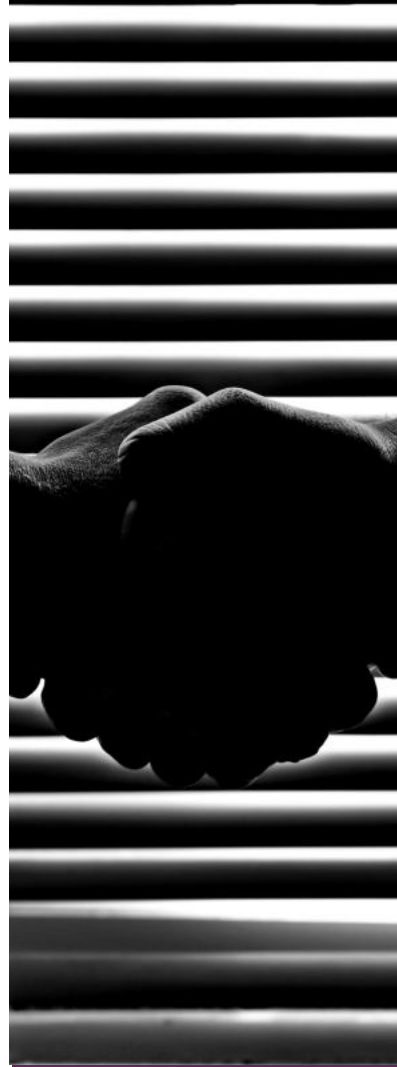
# **Take Me Back!**

**Nikita Agrawal  
1 BBAHA 2023065**

Oh, Dear Amazing Past,  
Where are you?  
So far but still so near to ruin the present,  
Is that true?

Can't you stop,  
Crashing my memories everytime?  
And my tears,  
That flows out sometime?

Can you please,  
Shake Hands with the present?  
And be a little kind,  
And a bit less arrogant?



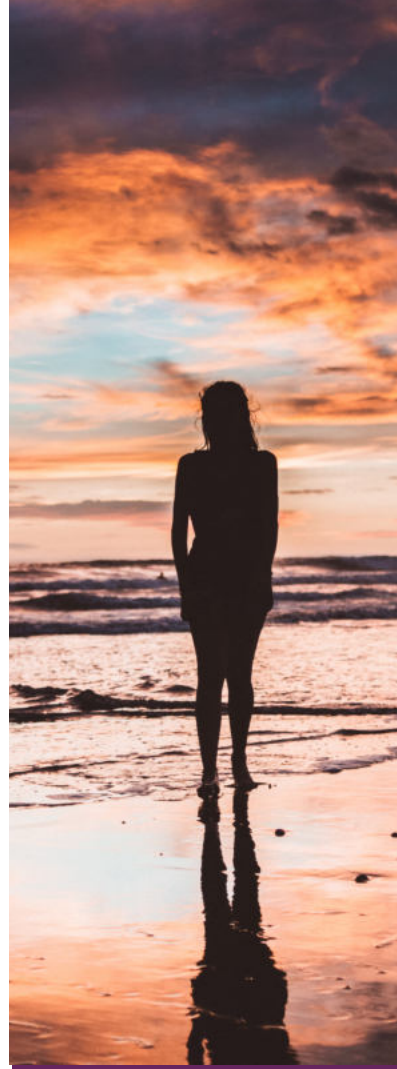




Can't you take me back with you?  
To the sea where each of my hair flew.

Can't you take me back with you?  
To the adventures, where each of my fear  
tried to rescue.

Can't you take me back with you?  
To the mountains, Where I fall in love with  
each view.







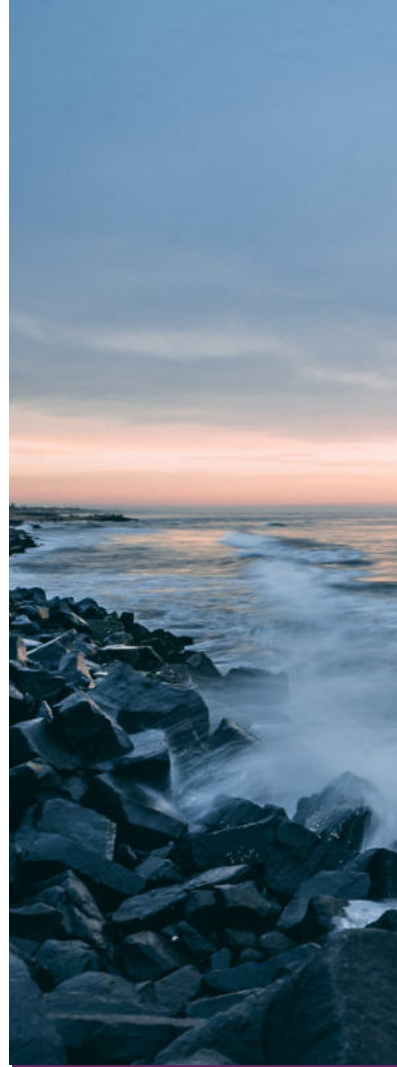
# **A Trip to Pondicherry**

**Kajal Chatterjee.**

**3-MCS**

**1947132**

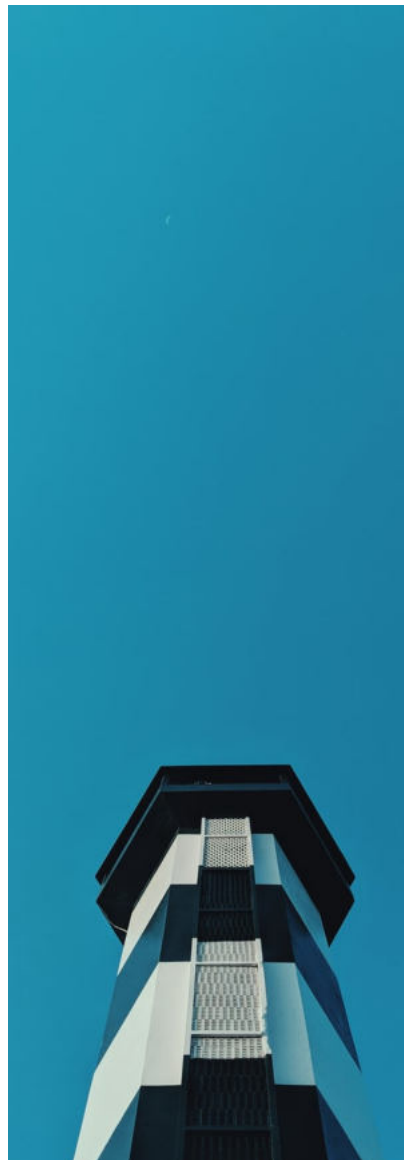
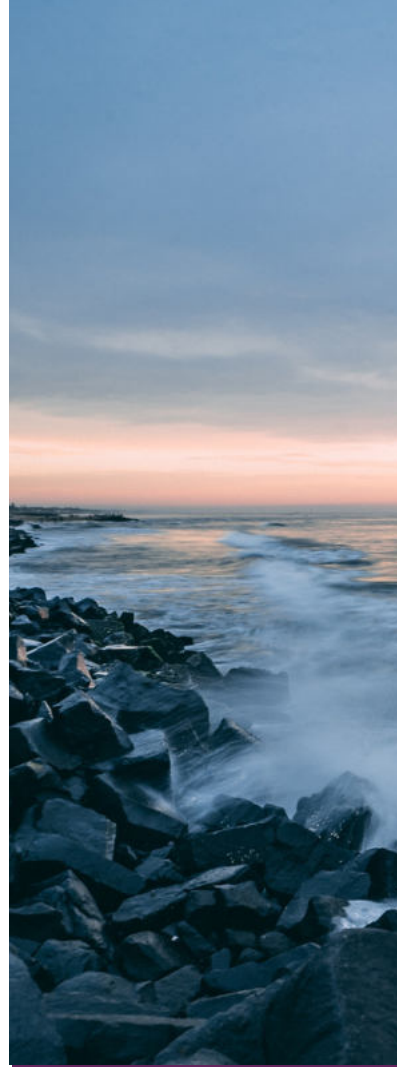
Instead of setting out for my hometown during the last winter vacation, my aunt suggested a short trip to Pondicherry. I accepted this lucrative suggestion as soon as I heard it. Spending Christmas in Pondicherry was one of my bucket list wishes. We reached Pondicherry on 25th December morning. We went to the hotel, refreshed ourselves, and set out for our day tour. Instead of hiring any guide or renting any vehicle, we decided to explore the city on foot. We started our tour by visiting the Promenade Beach. Being a photo freak, we took several photos and enjoyed the site. Next, we visited the new lighthouse.



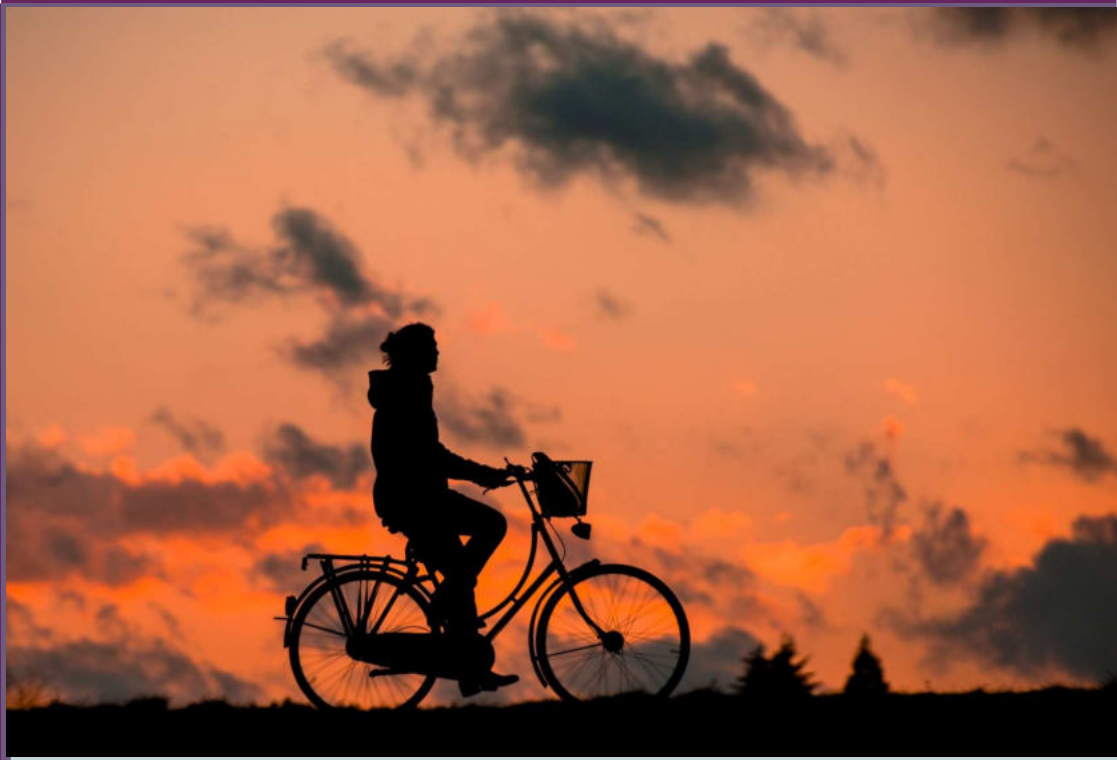




The view of the city from the top of the lighthouse was mesmerizing. In the evening, we went to the Immaculate Conception Cathedral. The next day, we went to Aurobindo Ashram, followed by a visit to Bharathi Park, then spending the evening at Le Cafe. The following morning was spent at Promenade Beach, and we spent the rest of the time walking along the road, continuing our impromptu exploration. In the evening, we finally boarded the bus and came back to Bengaluru.





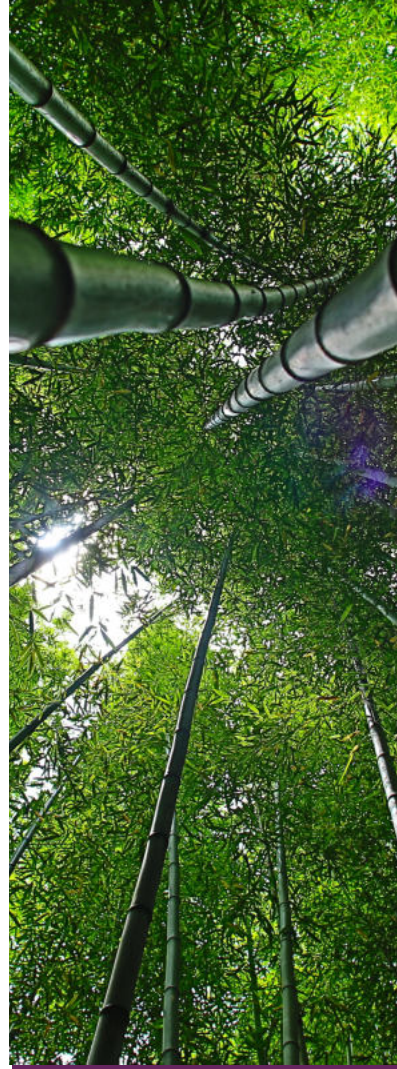


# Cold-Weather Thoughts

Nikita Agrawal  
1 BBAHA 2023065

I once saw you in winter,  
and the thought of tree branches feathered by  
starlight in  
poorly-lit neighborhoods swept me by.  
I hear the dichotomy between the lispy trills  
of the nocturnal orthopterans and the  
murmurs  
of the hippies and halakkis.

I think of sleepy afternoons, and uncovering  
ancient  
childhood treasures in the labyrinthine groves  
of bamboos. I recollect long bicycle-rides by  
the country sides of Gokarn,  
in those woods where we've been shying  
away,  
playing hide and seek, veiled by the morning  
mist.

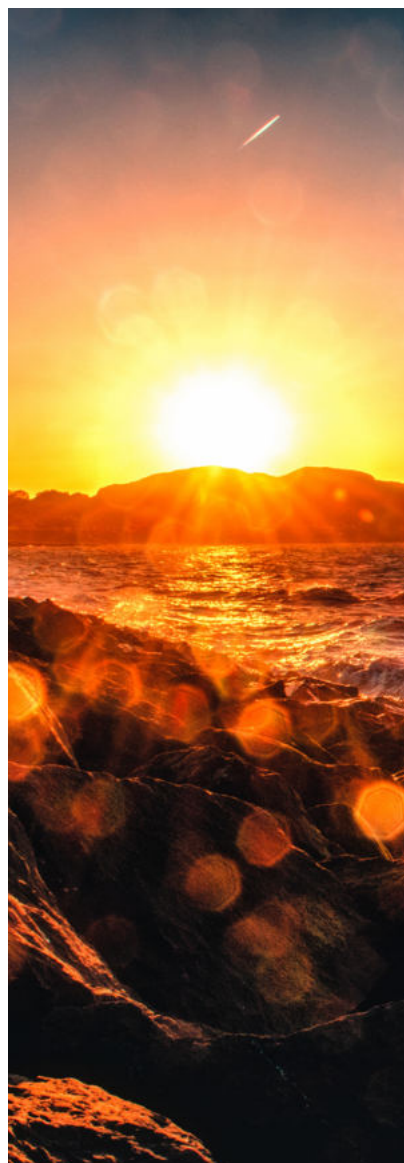






I reminisce pashmina-scarves and alfresco  
cafes,  
city streets and sunsets where we attuned  
to each other's sighs escape;  
I covet studio-apartment staircases where  
the wind chill hibernates,  
the world slowing down around us by the  
windowsill,  
where we slowly but steadily rewind.

I intuited your chirpy laughter ringing in  
my living room,  
moonlight trickling through the curtains.  
I perceive the warm crackling of firewood  
in the hearth, where the most honest parts  
of myself,  
are borne fetal, warmed upon, and  
welcomed.





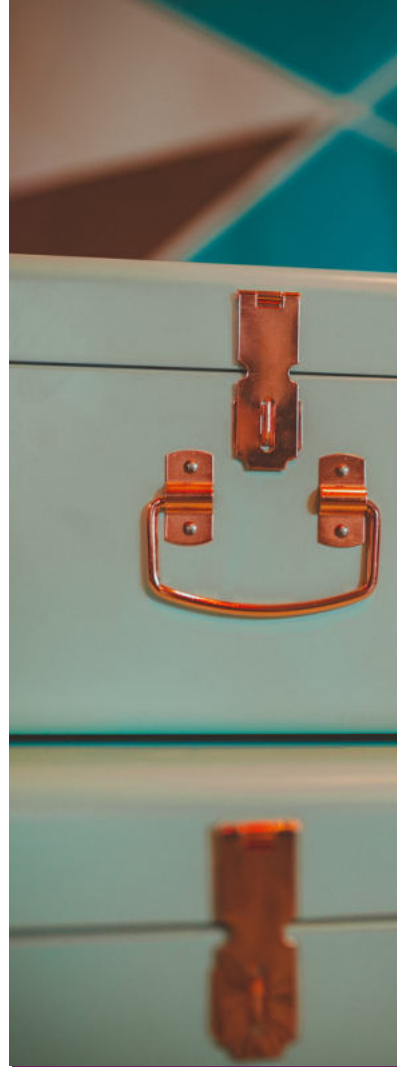


I overheard the suitcase closing and the  
creaking floor,  
the cold wind conspiring about the  
forthcoming days.

I didn't want to; still, I gleaned it whisper  
to me, that you were going away, and,  
I pictured a secret lake nestled away  
somewhere,  
the sky's reflection in its embrace,  
Just the way I held you within my eyes.

I once saw you in winter,  
and thought of this home we raised which  
smells like chocolate-chip cookies as soon  
as you enter,  
filled with boisterous laughter of kids,  
surrounded by a white picket fence.  
I fret about the carpool to soccer practice,  
and  
the after-school arts and crafts, t  
he weekend piano and cello lessons.  
I recall weekend picnics by the seashore,  
with melted ice-cream all over our faces.

In the quintessence of these cold-weather  
thoughts,  
I think of you.  
It's always you.





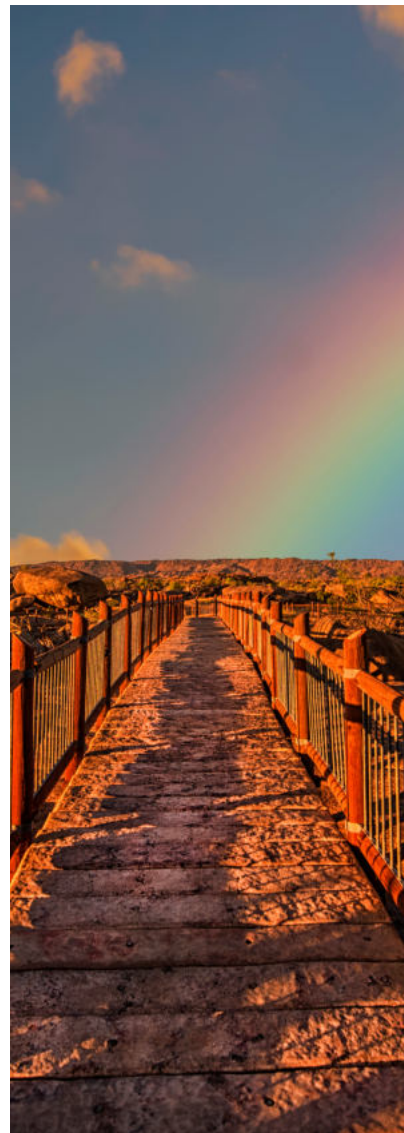


# **Essence of Life**

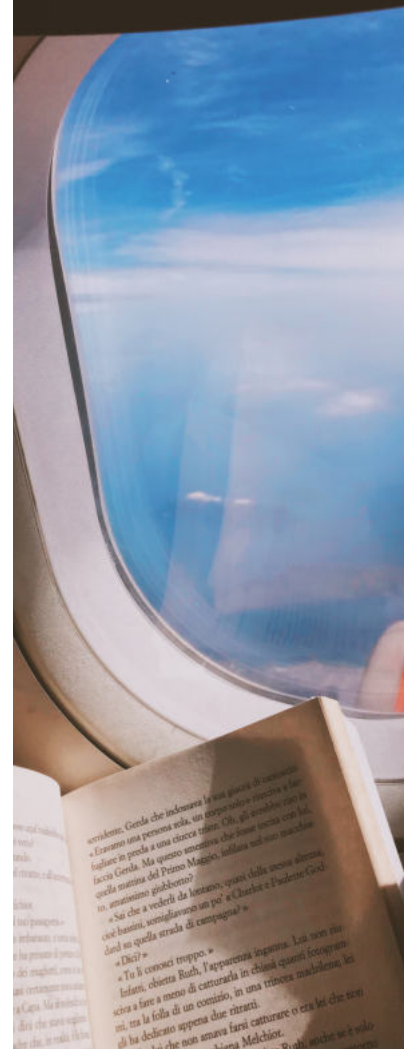
**Ishita Goel**

**IECOHA 2033358**

In the race of life, an individual always needs a break to rejuvenate himself to fight again. For this purpose, everyone needs to get away from their busy schedule and follow a different path to discover themselves through traveling. Traveling is a way of connecting with life all over again. When a person travels, his journey takes him to different destinations with a story of their own which makes them appreciate life once more.







Travel is the best way to discover life, learn about it, and enjoy it. A person travels to various countries which have their own culture and language. This broadens the perspective of a person. In fact, the readers who love to read fiction often do so in order to travel to various destinations, and in those moments they live somebody else's life. Thus, before eternal darkness approaches you, pack your bags, and get yourself ready to enjoy every adventure that life has in store for you, no matter what age you are.







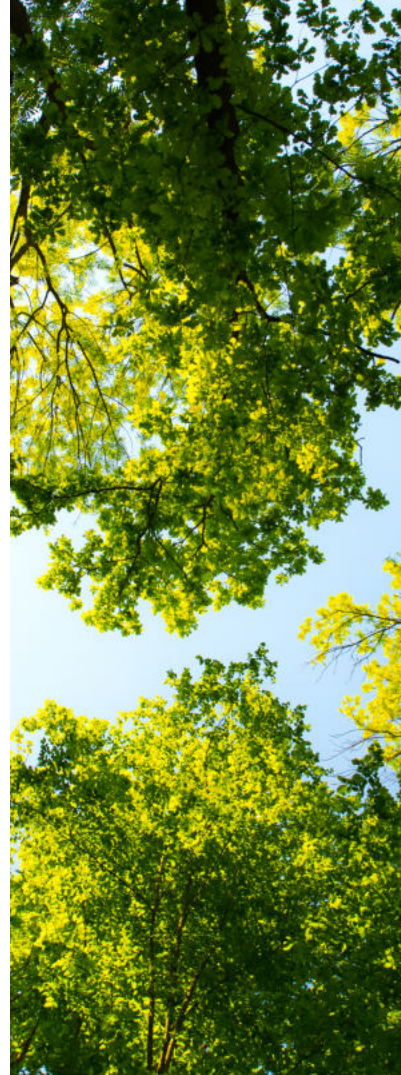
# **Feeling Alive!**

**Ojasvi Ghai**

**1 ECOHB 2033488**

**Listening to the sounds of the scented air, I look up at the winter sky across the vast flat expanse reaching the distant horizon. Feeling the cold breeze swaying through the shadows of time, I can imagine the warmth trapped in the beautiful skyline. With colors blended into a beautiful paradise, I close my eyes and listen to the cold breeze, bringing a gentle smile on my face.**

**The canopy of trees opens the door of my mind's eyes. It reminds me of peace, of serenity, of hope, and fills me with a fearless passion as I walk down the road. With leaves spread out like a blanket of woven silk, I admire nature and find myself getting lost in its wonders, its alluring, addicting, and divine essence. Traveling sets us free and it is the value it adds to our lives which makes our eyes gleam.**

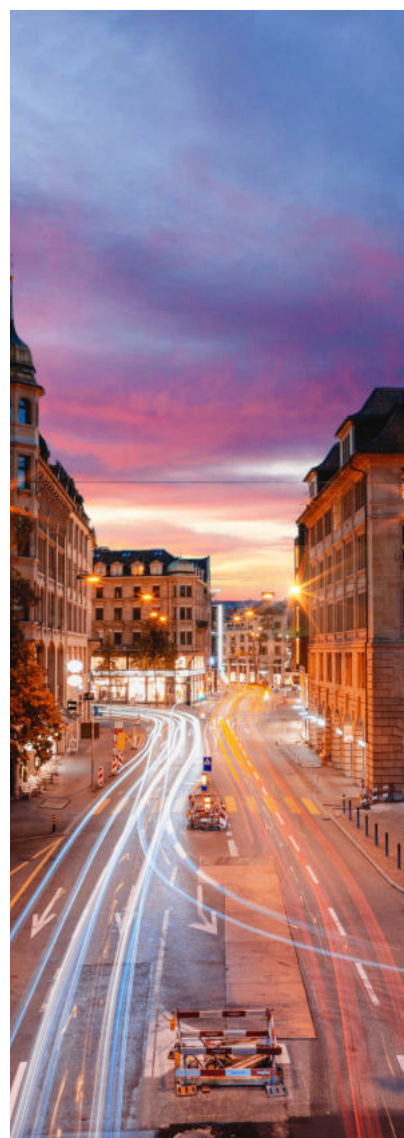






The beauty of nature, the vibrancy of crowded streets, the excitement of trying new things, and the joy we feel while we sit in the balcony of the hotel room and write poetry, all make us wonder about the charm of life. These small things, the sunsets, the various hues of life, and the special bonds that we form on our way, make us feel complete and inspire us to move ahead. In the time of a pandemic, where our avenues seem to limit themselves, it is the nostalgia that strikes hard.

Just the thought of visiting the place written in our bucket list fills us with joy and enthusiasm. When the time arrives, I want to visit the Swiss Alps, the streets of Zurich and inhale the essence of the moment, climb the snowclad hills, look up at the stars and scream with joy, "I'm feeling alive!"







# I Yearn

Akanksha S Demta

MAECS 19291083

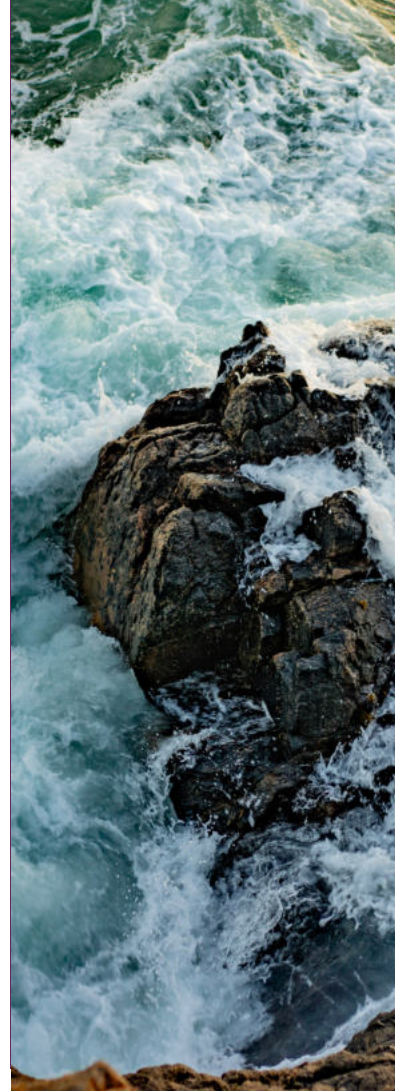
I yearn, for wide outstretched plains of green,  
with wispy cotton candy clouds  
and sun rays which kiss my skin

I yearn, for the sizzle of street side stalls,  
the waft of rich, savory, spicy, sweet, tempting,  
yummy aroma  
and the burst of flavors in my mouth

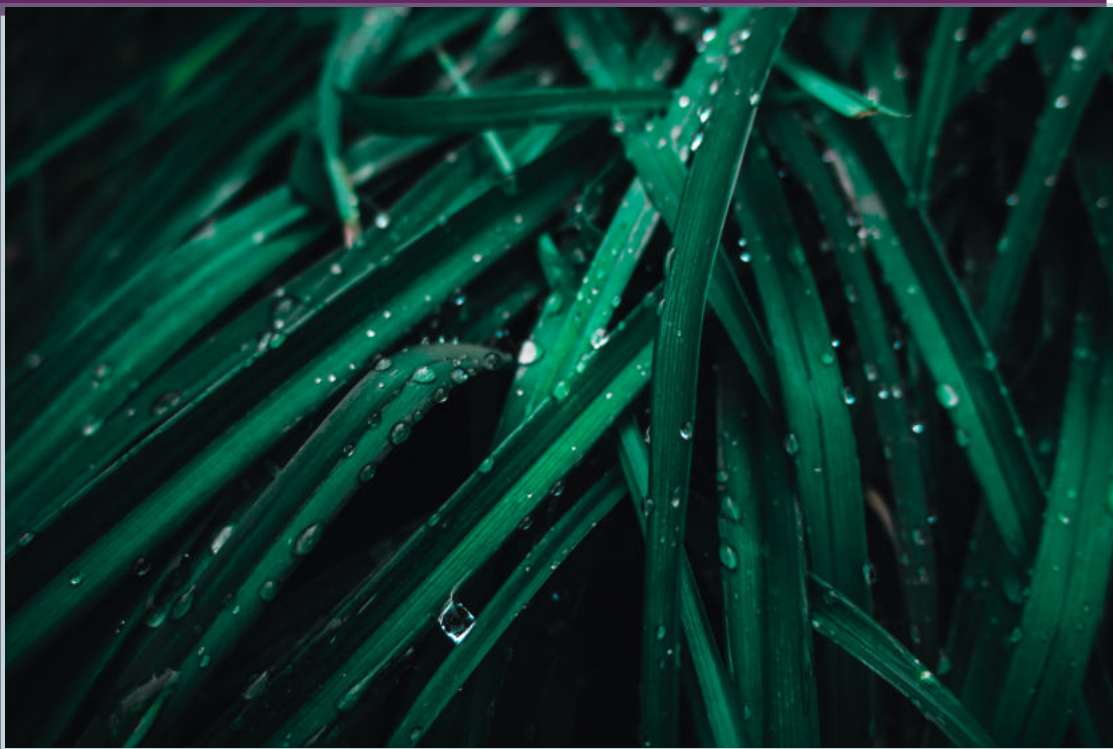
I yearn, for the blanketed quiet in the midst of  
forests  
and the sudden melody of the birds and the beasts

I yearn, for the cerulean waves crashing on my feet,  
sprinkling my face and hair with the sea-salt breeze

I yearn for these and so much more  
I yearn to step out of my abode.







# **H o l i d a y**

**Swetha Sadanand**

**MBA 1928151**

**The cashews tasted different there  
My skin felt more supple  
Time moved slower than it normally does  
And my pain wore down a little**

**The water droplets remained on leaves  
Long after the sun rays arrived  
It was colder and calmer during the nights  
A perfect place to abandon grief**

**Birds chirped all through the day  
The stars twinkled extra bright sometimes  
The place was so different from home  
But soon I forgot I was away**

**The townsfolk made me one of their own  
The cafés there were quieter  
I had enough time to memorize the count of  
All the cobblestones on the wide roads.**







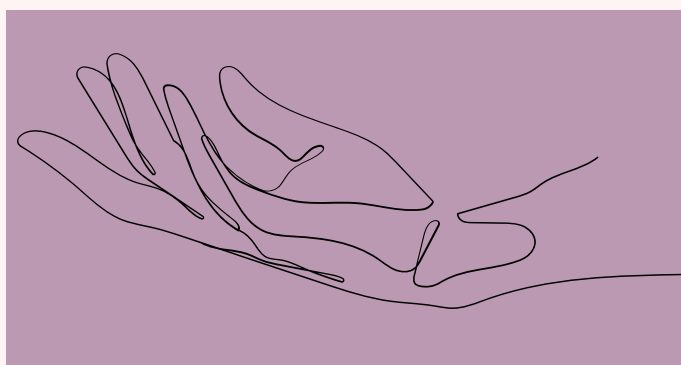
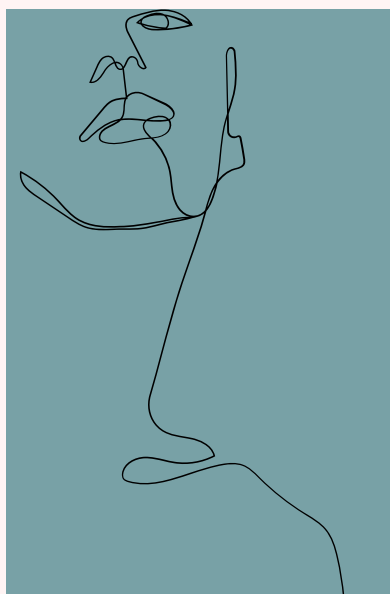
# Peregrination

Akanksha S Demta  
MAECS 19291083

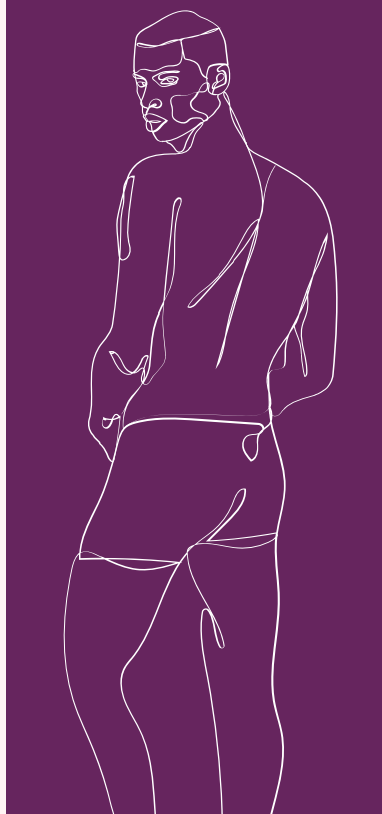
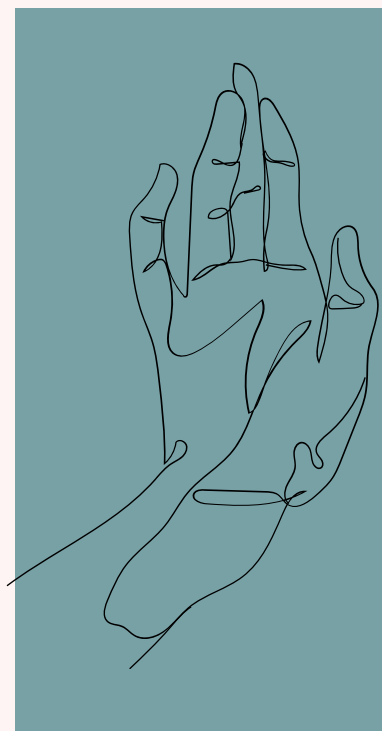
Forcefully clinched within  
the four walls of our homes,  
we hallucinate escape.  
Awaiting, wondering when  
our plight will coalesce.







# ARTISANS







**Coastal Textures**

**Akanksha S Demta**  
**1929108**  
**3MAECS**





A maze is a travel  
of childhood so  
gone afar

**Avani Milind Muthe**  
2029120





Inspired from a  
trip to Mysore

**Humaira Mariyam**  
**19291413**  
**3MAECS**





## #Travel Nostalgia

On beholding the topic 'Travel Nostalgia', my subconscious mind took a flight which landed on the airport of memories, via the route of nostalgia and enlightened me with the fact that as we, the breathing beings are enveloped in our four-walled rooms, travelling is also encaptured inside the four-cornered electronic gadgets, being tagged as 'virtual tours'. Those were the days when our travelling suitcase was all packed up with ecstasy, enthusiasm, adventure, curiosity and what not !! But now our travelling guide is the constant nagging fear of getting caught up by the virus and meeting the doom. Earlier the glimpse of aesthetic landscape scenery and incredible flora and fauna used to cater tranquility to the inner caves of our mind and soul, but now their is a suffocating cocoon of masks and headgears, which has bordered the sapiens from all the serene and blissful touch of the majestic nature. Traversing freely in different nook and corner of the world, now seem to me some past life tales.

-Samridhi  
(1EPH)

**Samridhi**  
**2034059**  
**1EPH**





CHERRY BLOSSOMS, Japan

Hope blossoms in  
my heart when I  
am reminded of  
Cherry blossoms  
of Japan

Srikantham  
Madhumala  
1934068  
3EPH





**Chail, Himachal  
Pradesh**

**Sukriti,  
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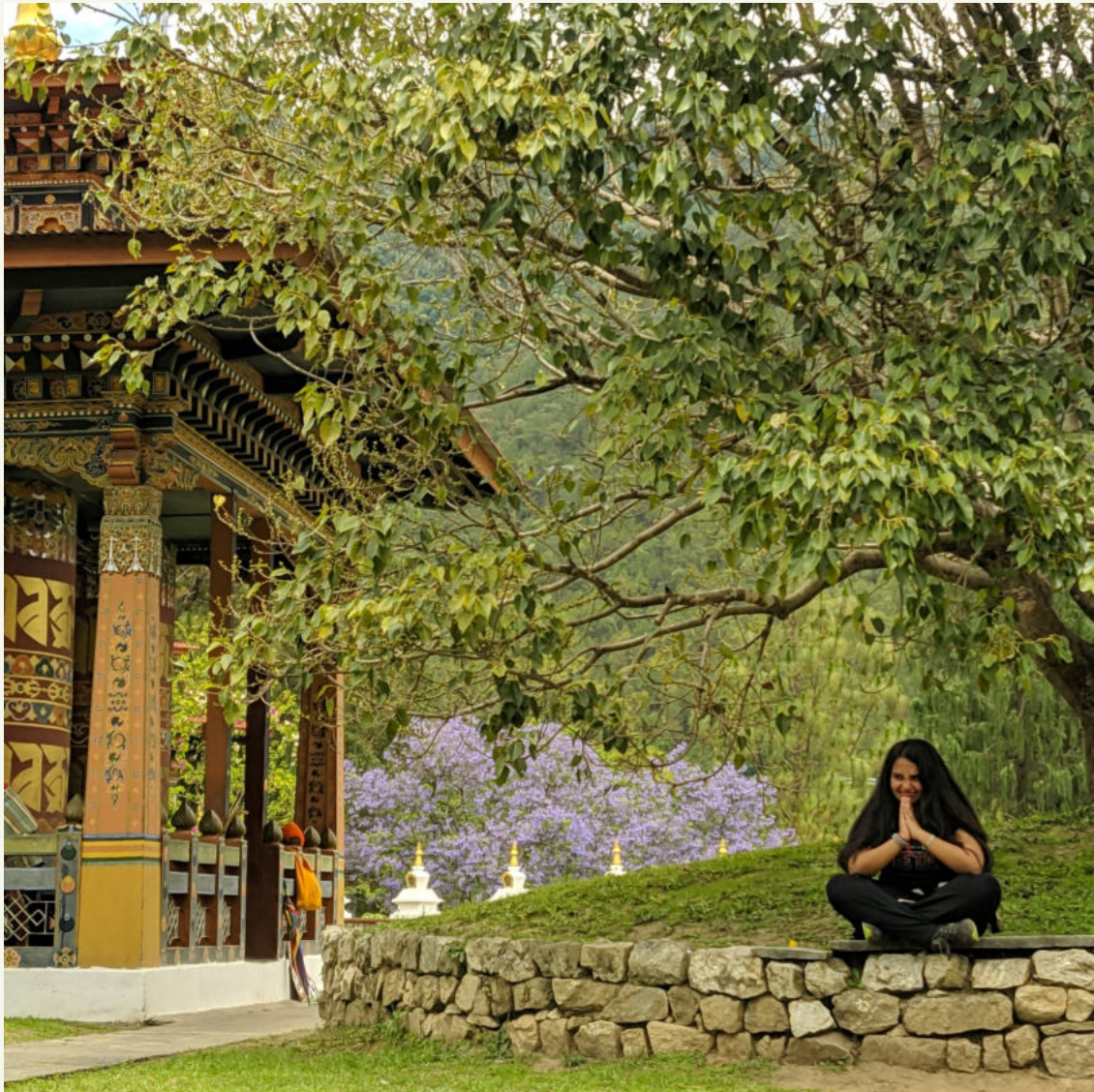




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**GUNJAN SAINI**

**2034037**





G U N J A N   S A I N I

2 0 3 4 0 3 7





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AKANKSHA S D E M T A

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AKANKSHA S D E M T A

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**A K A N K S H A   S   D E M T A**

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**FARHEEN MEHMOOD**

**1833130**





**F A R H E E N   M E H M O O D**

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GEORGE FRANCIS MATHEWS

1933111





HARSHIT KUMAR GUPTA

3 PSYH





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RASHI SANGHAL

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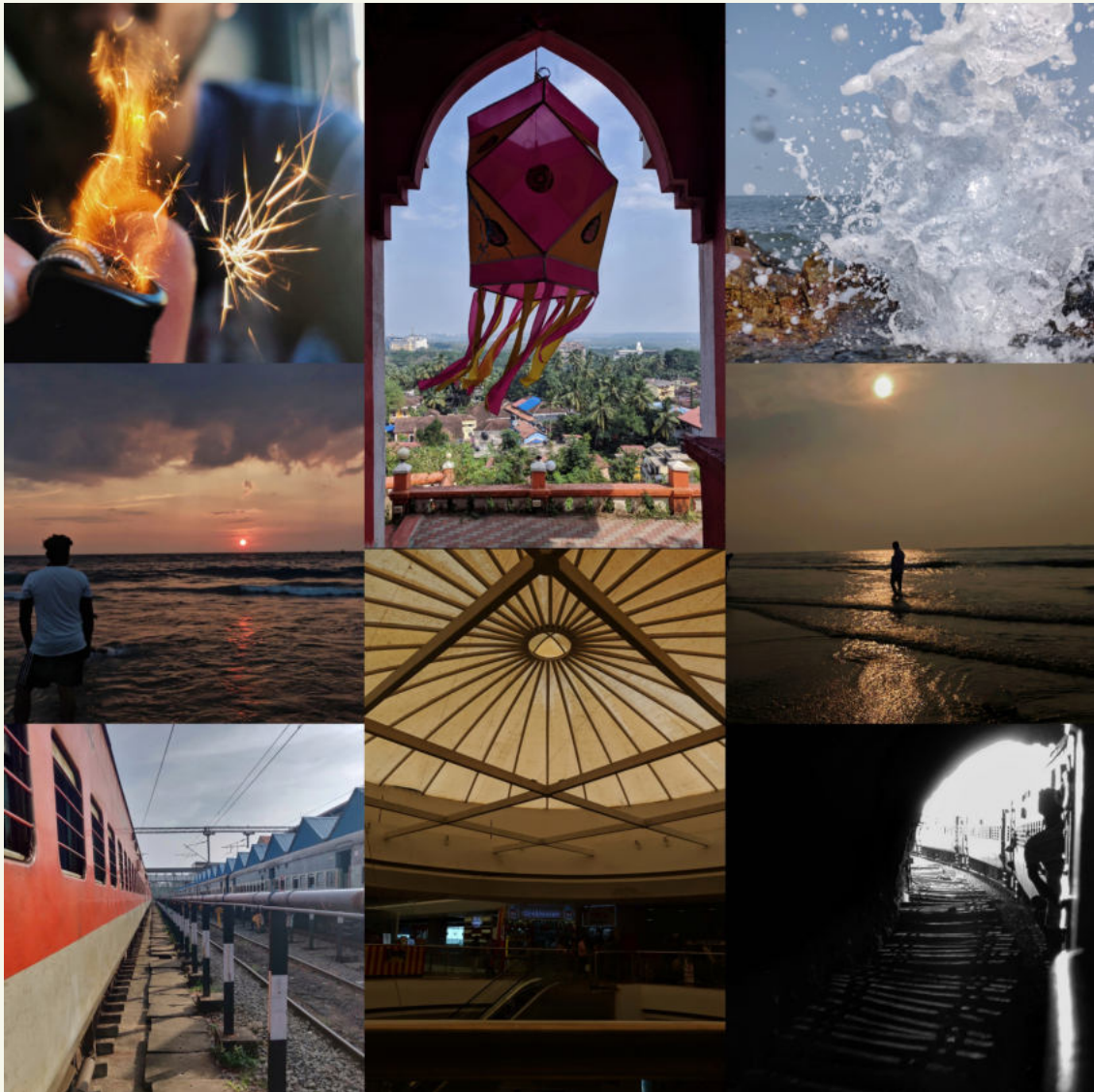




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SANJAY PANDY  
MAECS





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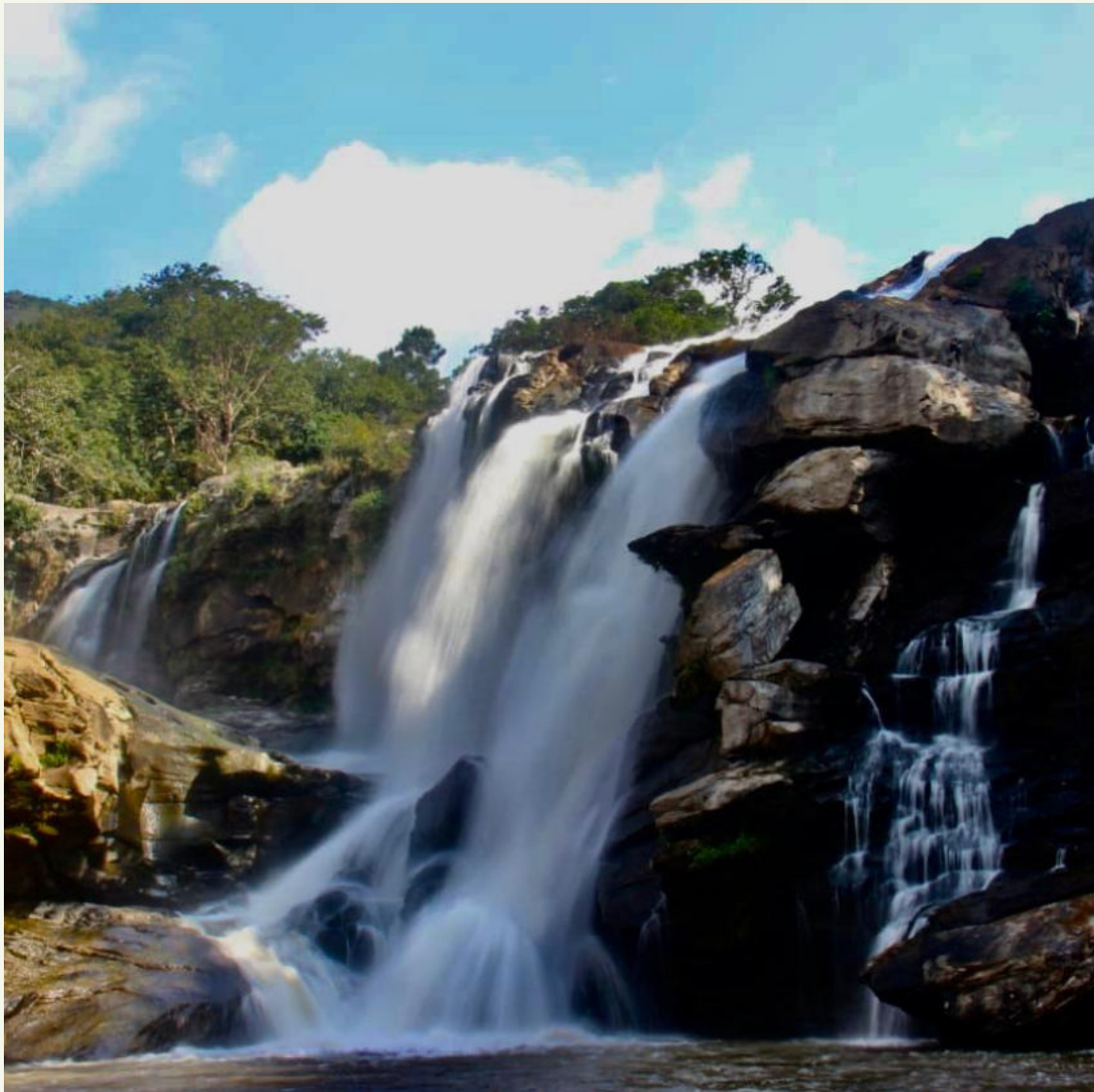




**S H R E Y A   G U P T A**

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**SONAKSHI NAYAR**

**1 M P C L**





**S O N A K S H I   N A Y A R**

**1 M P C L**





**S U H A N I   B H A R T I**

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