



CHRIST
(DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)
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Quill's Will

VOLUME 5 | ISSUE 6

NOTHING ABOUT US WITHOUT US

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SOHAIL
(ALUMNUS)

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND CULTURAL STUDIES
CENTRAL CAMPUS





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Finally, we would like to thank every creative contributor, for providing us with innovative ideas, and sharing with us a part of yourselves. Despite the inability to publish every work we have come across, we are forever grateful for your ceaseless input and enthusiasm.

It is incredibly vital that we also extend our appreciation for the hard work undertaken by the talented editors and designers of our team, who have invested their time to bring this magazine to fruition.

Regards
Team Quill's Will

FOREWORD

“

Camus' Plague observed that "all a man could win in the conflict between plague and life was knowledge and memories." This edition of Quill's Will brings together a myriad of texts that touch upon existential questions.



The authors have explored the literal and the imaginary, locating their writings at the intersection of a lived, experienced life and the world of possibilities. The writers deliberate on our lives in the pandemic, reflect on society and its inscriptions, ask pertinent questions to the centers of power, explore the nuances and limits of being, and more importantly, imagine a world in memories. We invite our readers to read, engage and experience these worlds with us.

Regards
Dr Rolla Das

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Newsletter

Workshop on Looking at Disability from a Non-Disabled Lens

The Inclusivity Cell of the Department of English and Cultural Studies, Central Campus, in collaboration with the Javed Abidi Foundation, is organising a workshop from the 26th of February to the 30th of April 2022, from 2 to 3:30 pm, every Saturday. The different resource people will discuss the measures that individuals within society can take to be more inclusive.



AESTHETICA 2022

A four-day Virtual International Conference was organized by the Department of Performing Arts, Theatre Studies, and Western Music in collaboration with the University of Canberra and the University of Roehampton from 22 - 25 February 2022. The conference was centered around issues that propel the individual to seek different perspectives and reset priorities thereby giving way to innovation and making performing arts an ever-evolving field.



Multiple Decolonialities and the Making of Asian Commons

"Multiple Decolonialities and the Making of Asian Commons" was an online conference conducted by department of English and Cultural Studies, Nanyang Technology University, Singapore and Hong Kong Research Hub on 11th and 18th February 2022. A two-day conference. Nivedita Menon and Chen Kuan Hsing were the keynote speakers for the first and second day respectively.





Newsletter

Workshop for Women's Day

A panel discussion on "Femininity, Ableism, Disabled Joy and Disability", with speakers, Swati Agrawal and Gauri Gupta, was conducted by the Inclusivity Cell, Department of English and Cultural Studies, Central Campus, on the 8th of March, from 6 pm to 7 pm.



A Talk on the Language of Acting

Professor Philipp Sulim, the Coordinator of the Department of Theatre Studies conducted a lecture on the "Language of Acting" as part of the February 2022 session of Sangama – the Faculty Forum of the School of Arts and Humanities on 24 February 2022 in the Central Block. Through this session, he familiarized faculty with Stanislavski's system of acting, deconstructed Stella Adler's famous quote "Act with your souls" and demonstrated the difference between the art of experiencing and the art of representation.



Daksh 2022

The Department of English and Cultural Studies showcased their stall for the MA program in English with Communication Studies, for Daksh, the flagship career fair of the Student Council, in the Central Campus.





Newsletter

Guest Lecture Series on Human Rights

The Department of Media Studies in association with UNESCO MIL Alliance is organizing a 3-days lecture series on Human Rights starting on 23 March 2022 which is being moderated by Dr. Meljo Thomas and Dr. Joel M Jacob. The lectures include a variety of topics ranging from Human Rights in our Everyday lives to the Rights of the Dalits, Tribals, and Framers.



Beyond Barry: Contextualizing Literary Theory in the Contemporary Classroom

The Department of English and Cultural Studies, Central Campus organized a guest lecture on how literary theory as an important discourse in the field of English Literature can be situated in a modern-day class setting. The lecture was conducted by Swasthika Bhattacharya, and Namitha Shivani Iyer on 25 March 2022.



NOTHING ABOUT US WITHOUT US

AN INTERVIEW WITH SHAMEER RISHAD

A man who established the 'Javed Abidi Foundation' only to carry forward the legacy of his uncle, Javed Abidi for not just sensitizing the general masses regarding disability but also enabling people with disability to exercise their rights as specified under the Rights of Persons With Disabilities (RPWD) Act of 2016. Shameer Rishad is also the Youth Chair of Religions for Peace (RfP) India and Secretary General of the Asia Pacific Interfaith Youth Network (APIYN) under RfP International. He is on a mission to mobilize the youth with disabilities thereby encouraging them to come forward, take up leadership roles and make significant contributions in the disability space.

What are some of the challenges you faced initially while setting up the JAF?

When I started the foundation, I wanted to do activism; I wanted to do evidence-based advocacy, I wanted just to be like my uncle, be like Javed Abidi. I wanted to find people like Javed Abidi; I wanted to find the NEXT Javed Abidi; that was what we had started with. "Let's find the person with disabilities who is the next Javed Abidi and work with them and make the journey easier for them, train them so that they can lead the movement." But I think, going back to what Aishwarya said, "Not every person with disabilities wants to be an activist." Just because you are from a marginalised community does not mean you would always want to fight for their rights. As a young person, you would want to do different things. I wanted to do all the things as I was motivated, but the community wanted to participate in different spheres and advocacies thereby creating a structure to involve more people thereby being able to do all the things that we have a vision for at JAF. Also, we wanted to take into account that

they might not want to do this, rather something else. They might want to explore their disability identity or find people from different disabilities and take up different projects.

What are some things people without disabilities should keep in mind while interacting with disabled people?

I think, coming from a place of empathy and not sympathy, and seeing a person with disability as a human being, is the first thing that everyone needs to understand. There is a difference between visible disability and invisible disability. So, when people see someone with a visible disability, they have a sympathetic approach, and there are a bunch of questions, especially by the younger generation because it might be their first time seeing someone with disability or they are situated in an environment where they are interacting with them. They are not a subject but a person, and taking note of that is very important.



Another thing is that when it comes to relationship building, once a certain level of friendship has been achieved, it is all right to ask the person about their disability and give them the time to be okay to share their experiences with you.

TW

Have you come across children abused by their parents because the parents were in denial about their child's disability? How would you help them?

Yes, I have come across both the things, as in, where children are abused, and children are overprotected. As Hema had mentioned about the infantilisation of people with disabilities, i.e., how they are treated as kids even though they are young adults or adults. In terms of abuse, some parents cannot accept that their child is disabled, therefore, pushing them to meet societal norms of productivity is considered best. For example, there is a stereotype that if you are a man, you have to provide for the family, which is a sexist approach or if you are a woman, then you have to marry, which is again another stereotype in Indian society. In the case of infantilisation, not only do the parents mistreat, but sometimes the mother seems to overcompensate for their disability. Both these things happen, and that is why there are extremities. Also, there are parents who have managed to figure out their parenting style and have understood how to help their children in exploring their identities thereby enabling them to grow as individuals as well. This is also why inclusive education is very important, where people with disabilities are given the opportunity to interact with the world and not solely with people with disabilities. When they are in an inclusive environment, it impacts people with disabilities as well as people without disabilities and sensitises them towards acceptance.

What steps can we take as people of society to undo the inherent ableism that has been handed down to us if we don't even realise it's there?

I attended the seminar conducted by Atal Innovation Mission launched by the Government of India, and what they are trying to do is that they train young people. So, while we were interacting with the CEO of the centres, one person said "Listen to the Person. Asking how can you do this. And emptying your cup from your preconceived notions." I could resonate with it. If you come in after a certain assumption, you tend to create continuous narratives about the particular situation or person. Do your own research, and educate yourself on disability. But asking the person becomes very important, especially in a workspace scenario or an educational institution. Everyone assumes that people with disabilities are a homogeneous group, and that happens regardless of who you are, even in the disability space. Currently, we are fighting a case on the digitalisation of education and the inclusion of people with disability in the Supreme Court. As a part of the same, an intermittent committee has been set up which consists of government officials, people from the disability rights community like the National Association of the Deaf, and a couple of other disability-specific organizations. However, some of the major problems include uninvolved students and the inaccessibility of the digital education system which in a way affects them directly.

Quite a few minority communities are fighting for their rights. How do you feel about joining forces with other minority communities to reach your goal?

It is very important since a lot of marginalised communities have led movements that are big and quite strong, so leveraging that is a key point for the disability rights movement.



The realisation that there are women and children with disabilities, and if the sensitising is done, it will help. That was why we launched the change project where we partnered with organisations heading movements such as child rights, nutrition, health, gender, sexuality, etc. Today, we have 21 partners now across India, and we are trying to get them on taking up projects on disability.

It is important to take up people with disabilities and upskill them. It does not look good when people want to hold on to their beneficiary groups by not sharing the narratives of others. People need to get to the core in order to help other people also and not just stick to members of their own community.

Do you think disability is often discriminated against people through gender binaries in society?

Just looking at the gender binaries, i.e., the male and female is not enough because we have had people with disabilities who are non-binary, and trans genders, and it definitely does affect the kind of jobs that they get. As Aishwarya has already mentioned that being a disabled woman, when she was with a man who was also disabled, the guard did not offer her help since she was with a man and the guard thought that the man could have helped her. A big issue in the disabled community is marriage, i.e., if you are a woman with a disability, then the pressure of getting married is high, and she is expected to fulfill the duties of being the ideal wife and woman. The expectations of a woman who is disabled are doubled compared to a woman without disabilities. Just because she is disabled, she has to overcome her disability and perform the “roles” that society has fixed for her.

That is where these double standards come into play in which you are expected to overcome your disability and do the jobs.

The foundation has recently filed a petition in the supreme court regarding the establishment of an inter-ministerial committee on disability and digital education, which is basically one step towards “inclusive digital education for all”. So my question is- once approved, how is this petition going to benefit children with disabilities, and what kind of changes can we expect in this new era of digital education?

The way we are going about the case is that we collected a lot of evidence, then we took it to the court, taking into account the narratives of the disabled people, what students with disabilities wanted, and various possibilities as suggested by our experts. Initially, the government's understanding of digital education was making digital content accessible to people with disabilities and not looking at online education being accessible. What they wanted to do was make video content and replace teaching with content that is super harmful to children with disabilities and adult learners as well. You cannot replace a physical person with video content, the interaction is important for the development of the person. Along with this, it is essential to look at certain changes. Firstly, online classes should be accessible. Secondly, the inclusion of assignments. Thirdly, the availability of physical space is required, and lastly, getting sign language interpreters for deaf students. Currently, we don't have comprehensive and disaggregated data on people with disabilities in higher education without any break-up. This raises a pertinent question-




Is there a data break that we can look at and then come up with policies, work in the higher education space and suggest interventions?

Each university needs assessment and needs to make digital education accessible. Students with disabilities should be able to ask for their individual support, and they should not be denied access. Some laws talk about accessibility, but how does this accessibility translate to individual support? How can we get the individual what they need beyond accessibility? Hopefully, the order will lead to the future, but right now, it is at its nascent stage.





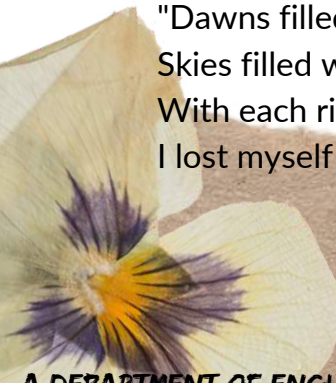
In his loving memory



Wading through my diary even the silence would yell
Listening to my story even your eyes would swell

On a cold late winter night
I sat with him under moonlight
He smiled blowing me like dynamite
Which even made the ocean ignite
Seeing his eyes shining bright
I fell for him at that very sight
And in the midst of agony, depression and pain
My lifeless little heart found its reason to beat again
The sun burnt skies and his scar burnt eyes
Never failed to attract me
I was just a wooden flute until he blew in his
air to create the most dulcet music ever heard
But when I realized that the same flute can even be
used for melancholy it made me feel pretty absurd
The warmth of his words soothed my soul but
The coldness of his heart burnt me whole
He entered my life when my heart was in a million pieces
and left me making it a trillion
He was as cold as ice with too much of spice
But a blessing like him would never come twice
Now.... on my table with a glass of wine
Not knowing if he's well and fine
Bleeding empty words on paper and pine
about a piece of him that was never mine

"Dawns filled with drops of dew
Skies filled with shades of blue
With each rising day that's new
I lost myself in search of you"



Sandhya Ravi
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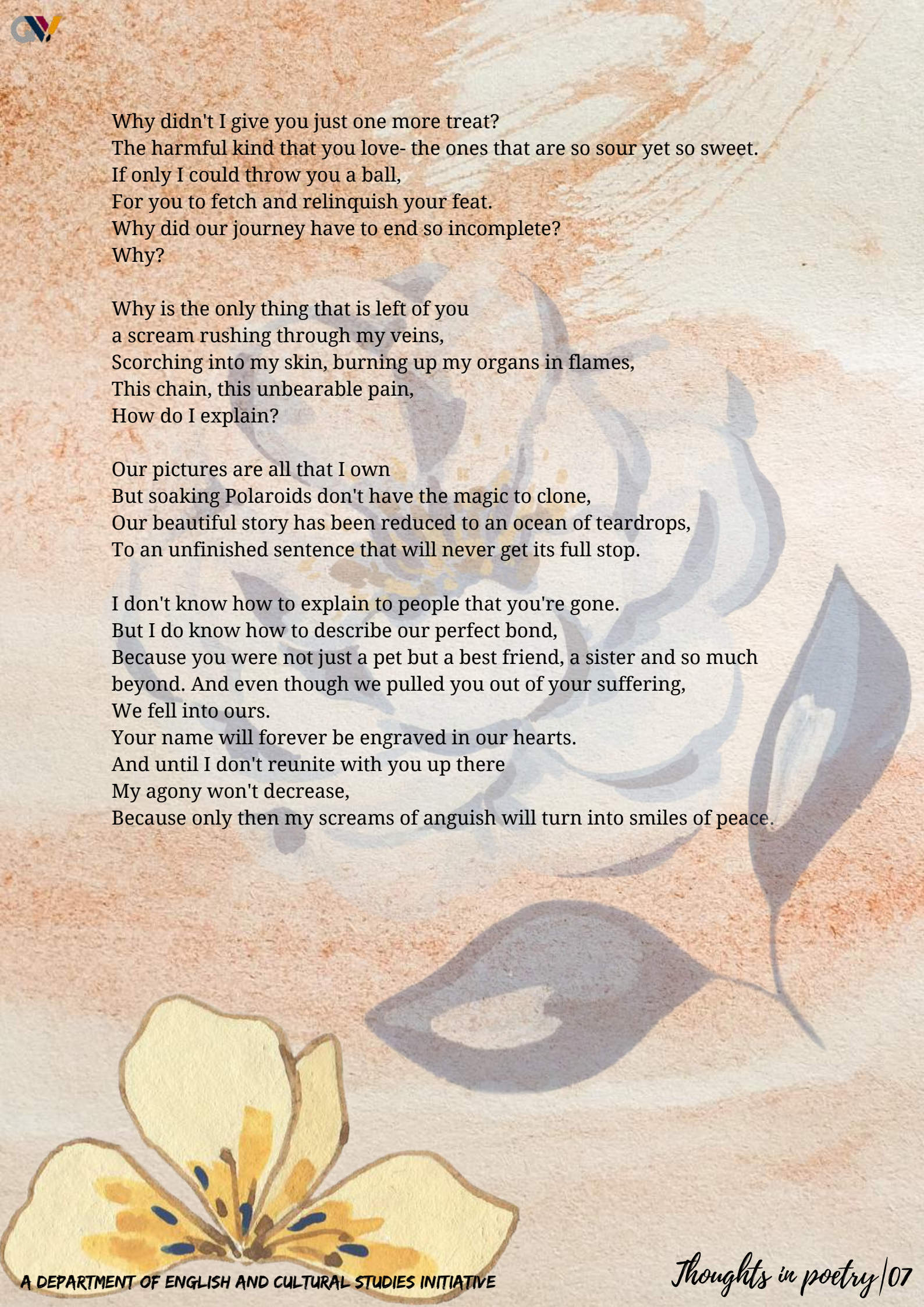
A vanquished paradise

Dhruvi Sanghavi
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How do I tell people that you're gone?
It's 2 am and my pillow is drenched in tears,
And somehow, these two hours feel like a thousand years.
I can't move because of the weight on my chest
Of sorrow and yearning,
That just won't give my brain some rest.

How do I explain to people,
That I so wish for just one last walk in the park,
Our one final rendezvous into the dark;
For one more drive in the windy breeze
With our heads in the air, our hands brushing against trees.
To have just one more conversation about how YOU saved me,
While you lovingly look at my face
pretending to understand my misery.

How do I convey to people,
That every time I stumble upon the toys on the floor,
Or hear the shrill ringing bell of a visitor at the door,
I can picture your tiny paws and wagging tail,
Running to me in joy, each time without fail.



Why didn't I give you just one more treat?
The harmful kind that you love- the ones that are so sour yet so sweet.
If only I could throw you a ball,
For you to fetch and relinquish your feat.
Why did our journey have to end so incomplete?
Why?

Why is the only thing that is left of you
a scream rushing through my veins,
Scorching into my skin, burning up my organs in flames,
This chain, this unbearable pain,
How do I explain?

Our pictures are all that I own
But soaking Polaroids don't have the magic to clone,
Our beautiful story has been reduced to an ocean of teardrops,
To an unfinished sentence that will never get its full stop.

I don't know how to explain to people that you're gone.
But I do know how to describe our perfect bond,
Because you were not just a pet but a best friend, a sister and so much
beyond. And even though we pulled you out of your suffering,
We fell into ours.
Your name will forever be engraved in our hearts.
And until I don't reunite with you up there
My agony won't decrease,
Because only then my screams of anguish will turn into smiles of peace.



Unease.

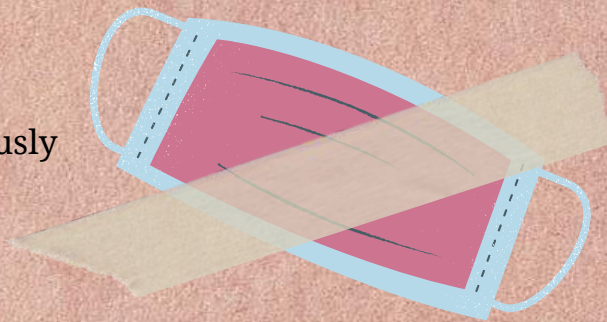
Paritosh Raikar
2148017

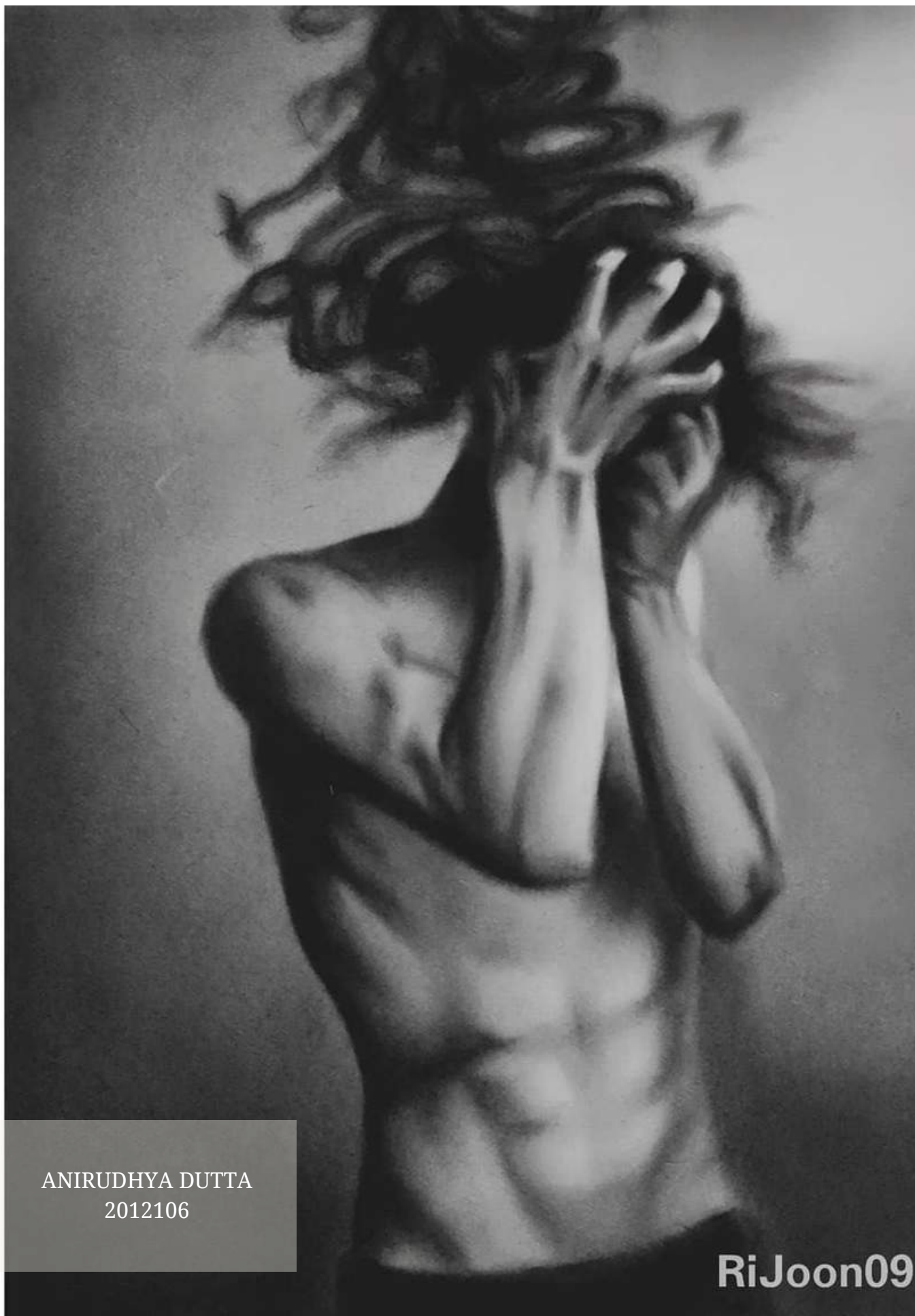
a distant murmur wakes me up, ripe with
simmering conflicts; I shut my eyes to defy
the blizzard while the winter chill lures me
in.

the blanket, warm and fuzzy, is more than
reassuring,
the argument gaining conviction as my feet
touch the frigid floor.

there's a will to kill,
not men, but time;
rooted in inaction,
devoid of purpose and poise.

the world soars high
on digitally-mastered wings; ludicrously
linked-in
and
wastefully whatsapped;
the TV blares nonstop,
fancy names of impending variants flashed
with perfunctory ease, courtesy the WHO.
wonder why we pander
to the toxic machinations of
the global custodians of truth,
the ones Orwells and Kafkas
warned us of long before Covid,
while the world looks back at
those consumed by the virus
with rehearsed pity.
you, me
none.





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RiJoon09

ALUMNUS
CONTRIBUTION

Faith and Love



Sohail
Alumnus

Sufi isn't a faith
It isn't a calling
It isn't dedication

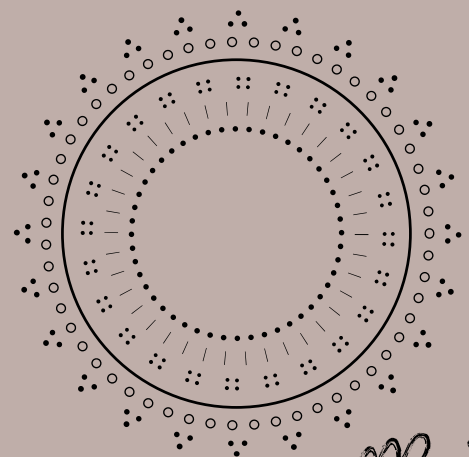
It's love
It's colours
It's the first drop of rain
The cold waft of wind in a moving train
In the pain of departure
And the pleasure of arrival.

It's the pang in your heart
As you inche closer to salvation
Feeding every inch of your soul,
Ruffling Every vein in your body.
It's a crescendo
That traverses a staccato
And flirts like a lagatto!

It's that brief moment when your body gets
"masroof" towards finding itself.

It's God
It's life
It's brains
Body and
Soul.

Culminating into one single entity!





SAVE OUR SOULS!

This ship is sinking

I was standing amidst the crowd. The music was loud and resonating through my bones. I absolutely loved it! I felt alive! There, with the ones I love, and the ones who loved me. My life was so happy in that moment, with that song, those lights and with the company. Everything was smooth sailing.... Until.

THE ICEBERG HAS HIT THE HULL

[That darn trigger. It takes me from the brightest smile to the dimmest frown in seconds. And you can never know what turns it on. It's a blessing and a curse. Many might hate the premise of feeling so absolutely low and helpless. It's like walking on a tightrope. All of a sudden, my soul felt fragile; my heart felt small; my mind felt broken. It's crazy how my mind convinces me of being irrelevant and smaller than I may seem, as deranged as that sounds. It's a blessing to me because it makes me feel real; makes me feel human. It convinces me of the imperative imperial balance of the bare and the obscure, the calm and the hail, the rainbows and the storm. Not everything is as colourful as we paint it to be; not everything as bright.]

The voices grew louder. I didn't know if it was the band or my conscience. Everything felt heavy. Hazy. Confusing. My feet held the ground, and my hands, the lining of my dress. The movement around me made me feel slow. Slow to catch on. I didn't understand time for a while.

ANONYMOUS

Thoughts in prose | 11



I felt my breathing in my chest and the pounding of my heart in my hands. I clenched my fist and almost instantaneously, I realised this was real. I needed to get out of there as unobtrusively as possible. Lucky for me, I wasn't the object of attention at all. I took a deep breath and walked away from the crowd, outside the door, like a ninja. Or a very poor excuse for one.

WATER IS GUSHING IN. WE'RE TRYING TO SLOW IT DOWN.

I could feel the cold of the night on my fingertips. Perhaps it was the wind that made my hands shake. I clenched my fists again, to try and make it stop. [Please stop. It's getting heavier.] I don't know whom I was talking to. I didn't even know if I was talking. But everything was so fast all of a sudden. And I didn't know how to stop it.

"Hey D!"

I turned around in a hurry, out of fear. I saw him standing six feet away, watching me. I cursed in my head. I didn't want to be found. My heart pounded louder. [Oh, shut up, D. Not now.]

"Hey Z! What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be inside headbanging to Guns and Roses?"

"I could ask you the same thing. YOU'RE the rock-chick."

I shrugged. With the loss of words (and emotion).

"I just came out to grab some air. It was getting a little crowded there."

He looked at me; into my eyes. He knew. And I knew he knew. But this was when I had to play it off cool. So, I contemplated on what to say next. Something convincing to get him back inside. So, I stared at him, point-blank.

THE LIFEBOATS ARE MISSING. SEND HELP.

"What's wrong, D? are you okay?"

He moved closer to me. [No! Don't move closer to me. You'll know!! Stop!] It was getting heavier and louder in my head. Like I had just been caught robbing the national bank.

[What you need to know about him, is that he knows I have episodes. He knows that I struggle with it. He knows that it exists in my life and that it's a big part of my life. More importantly, he knows I don't talk about it. I never talk about it. I can't talk about it. And he never crossed a line. So why is he doing it now? Why is he here, with me, when his life could be so much more interesting than a complex girl with complexities bigger than herself?]

Everything was colder. I had no idea what was going on. I was shaking. He could see that. Why wasn't he backing off? Instead, he came up and held my hands! The audacity!

I could feel the cold of my hands in the warmth of his. I looked down, and I was so confused about what was happening. What was he doing? I was so lost in confusion, that I failed to realise that I had stopped shaking.

I looked at him looking at me. His expression of accepting grace was troubling. So troubling, the next thing you know is that I am talking to him; About what's in my mind. I have no idea how that transpired. Don't ask me what I told him because I haven't the slightest clue. To me, they were just a bunch of words that made no sense.

THE SHIP'S SINKING. AND I CAN'T SWIM.

I felt something on my toes. I looked down to see what it was. Droplets. I was in tears. I have no idea how that happened either. I felt instant fear. What had I done? I just opened up like a cursed treasure chest. What on earth must he think of me? I felt like I was falling down a new hole. I was afraid. My mind felt naked. And there was nothing I could do to turn back time. I looked at him with my fearful eyes.

He did nothing. He said nothing. He expressed nothing. He just looked at me. Somehow, his accepting grace was tiered with a comforting smile. Like he was glad. I was confused again. He then took another step forward and I found my chin resting on his shoulder. His warmth, so inviting. I could feel his smile from the back of my head. His hands, supporting my spine, enough to make me realise that the depth of my fear, maybe, wasn't as deep as I thought.

I shut my eyes and I could feel the tears roll down onto his shoulder. I didn't feel the need to clench anything. He just held me. I felt... free. I felt open. I didn't have to jail my thoughts or my emotions if I didn't want to. It's funny; physical acts of love. You don't realise how much you need it until....

[Why is it that some humans are so afraid of their own being; of their own mind and heart. Of love. Of affection. Why do they feel like its ammo for emotional destruction? Is it? Why do people believe they don't deserve comfort? Why do they believe that love is so hard to comprehend and take in, let alone give out? Why do they believe in stability, for it is but a farce? Why don't they let themselves fall, and break so that they can find what really matters? Am I the only one burdened by this profundity? Or am I just crazy.]

...he whispered in my ear.

"You're okay. It'll be okay. I've got you."

I smiled, knowing my life just turned itself around.

THE SHIP HIT ROCK BOTTOM.

BUT I'M AT THE SURFACE.

SOS - My soul is safe.


"You're okay. It'll be okay. I've got you."

I smiled, knowing my life just turned itself around.





My Dearest Paper Town



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Below is a letter I've written to my imaginary world, which is used as a coping mechanism by me. The idea of the title, however, is inspired by the book by John Green called "Paper Towns".

My Dearest Paper Town,

There is no denying John Green did a tremendous job. "Fake" is what he called you, but you are very much "real" to me. Because it is Green who wrote, "The town was paper, but the memories were not." Imagination is the limit, they say. And so, I did what I had to do. When the reality of this paper world with paper people climbs upon me, I use you to fight it. Sometimes, only a villain can defeat another villain.

Like a roll of paper, this world goes on. And with charcoal pencils, we sketch on it our lives. There are no erasers provided here. Every move should be well-thought, for there will be no second chances. And each time one regrets a thing, they fold a piece to hide it. Mistakes and imperfections only ruin the facades of the sketch; thus, they shall not be seen by anyone else. Fold and turn, wrap and burn. And with no time, we all eventually master the art of not sketching a perfect life but creating origami houses. Forming a black and white town, because all the mistakes are colourful. We hide the tints and tones from our sights and, with time, become colourblind.

None can escape this, and none can change. In this monotonous system, even I am a victim. Colours are despised and disgusted upon, but what should I do of my heart for the shades it longs?

Escapism is not enough to justify this. But committing a sin always comes with a price. My origami is a ball of crumpled foil, for I was too ashamed to reveal my colourful painting. In frustration with my imperfect tones, I collapsed the white sheet of life. And in the name of sketching, charcoal wrapped around the ball of failure. Oh, what a shame!

However, I was not done. I had some more crimes to commit. A ‘personal paper town’, I never said it out aloud. And so, every night, after the paper town is taken down, I sneak into my carbon-covered tunnel and run away from the shadows of the miserable sketch. But it is not long before the crumpled dynamic paints on the wall catch my sight, and after long hours of existing, I finally feel alive. Oh! to breathe within my imperfections and regrets, a feeling I will never forget.

So, my dearest Paper town, you are my guilty pleasure. And I wholeheartedly apologise to you, for you give me a reason to live, whereas I can do nothing but hide you. But I assure you that no one can ever find you apart from me because you are a part of me. You are what I embrace, but you won’t survive the harsh colourblind towns. If they ever tear me down, rip me apart and shred me in pieces, don’t worry. We will fly away with the wind and rescue to a world that appreciates the shades, tones and paints, and not faces.

Yours sincerely,
The paper girl



Memories of Home



Somya Chibhrani
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Mum said, “Until now, you were the little bird in my nest whom I handled and moulded with utmost care. I fed you, I looked after you, and I taught you to fly. Until now, I kept you safe in my arms and protected you from all the perils of the world. But now, it’s time for you to fly; to leave my nest, be on your own and start your journey yourself; to get out of my protective shell and step into the real world; it’s time for you to make me feel proud, and you shall go, for now, I set you free.” I saw a drop of tear roll down her cheek, and with a convivial smile, she kissed my forehead. I wanted to stay there forever, but unfortunately, I’d say, forever doesn’t exist, and it’s time for me to leave. (She’s given me an ultimatum that if I didn’t call her twice a day, I’m doomed)



To leave things behind isn't as easy as I thought it was. As I write this, the reflection of me on my phone's screen looks at me and asks, "1 year ago didn't you say that moving out was a cakewalk for you?" And I accept that I was wrong.

We, humans, tend to get attached to certain things. Some of them are vital, and some are trivial, but no matter what they are, they carry a very special place in our fist-sized hearts. I'll miss that wooden sofa where every evening I used to lie down like a sloth and gossip with my family. I'll miss those weekends with my cousins, making house of cards, watching horror movies, playing blind man's bluff, overeating the tastiest-food-in-the-world cooked by our granny, and laughing like lunatics at silly jokes until our stomachs hurt. I'll miss the chocolates my dad used to surprise me with (for he knows I can live without food but not without chocolates). I'll miss the way he used to scold me when I skipped meals out of carelessness. I'll miss my best friend's place and her dog, who used to bark his lungs out whenever he saw me. I'll miss the way my sister and I looked into the mirror and got excited over our "naturally red" lips after eating extremely spicy food. I'll miss my 24/7 red speaker buddy that played my favourite songs and sent me off to sleep. I'll miss the memories I made here.

I'll miss my pillow who's got the best hugs from me, I'll miss the streets, Santosh, my periwinkle plant, and my wardrobe, which once was flooding with clothes and is now empty with hangers hanging down the rod. The badminton rackets, the quilt, the food, the 2-hour long beauty showers and whatnot.

This place, my home, my family and my friends have become a part of me that I'm leaving behind today. Leaving them behind, in search of a better me, an independent me. Every second I've lived here has given me gazillion memories that I will never forget.

And today, my heart, which once regarded all of these as normal trivial things, now looks at the suitcases and already longs to relive those years once again for

"I'm not sure how I'll handle that,
Migrating across years is also difficult."

-SOMYA



MEET OUR TEAM



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Call for Submissions

Dear Christites,

"You can't use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have."- Maya Angelou.

With this thought in mind Quill's Will, an initiative by the postgraduate students of the Department of English and Cultural Studies, Central Campus, Christ (Deemed to be University), is inviting entries for its next edition! It is open to all the students of the university.

We invite entries ranging from articles to comic strips to travelogues to book and film reviews to paintings.

SUBMIT BY 5TH APRIL 2022

REQUIREMENTS

ARTICLES – 500–800 WORDS

SHORT STORY – 1000–1500 WORDS

POETRY – 3–15 LINES

REVIEWS AND REFLECTIONS – 250–500 WORDS

ANY OTHER KIND OF WRITTEN WORK – LESS THAN 800 WORDS

PHOTO ESSAY – MINIMUM 5 PHOTOS

REELS – 15–30 SECONDS

VIDEOS – 1–5 MINUTES

NOTE:

Please note that successful submission does not mean it will be included in the next edition. Every submission will go through a rigorous review process, and the decision of the editorial team shall be final.

Send your rainbow adorned entries to us, and let us create little magic in a mundane world.

We welcome you to find the hidden artist in YOU!

[Guidelines Quill's Will.docx](#)

Guidelines:

You can send in your submissions or any queries to the below mentioned mail ID
Quill's Will

quillswill@maeng.christuniversity.in

**ALL THE BEST
TEAM QUILL'S WILL**