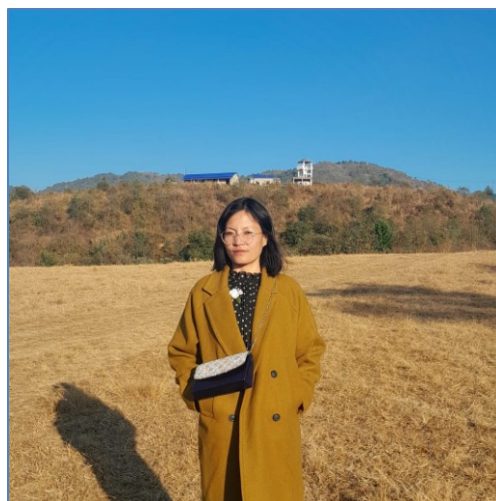




Editorial



The Wonder that is Women

Standing at the portal of International Women's Day, March the 8th, I am reminded all the more, of all the wonderful women in my life in the shape of my mother, sisters, grandmothers, aunts, cousin sisters, friends, colleagues, classmates and mentors. Infact, I am a mosaic of all the women I have and love. While one taught me how to sing, another first taught me the english I know, one taught me music while still another, trigonometry.

I have a mother I call mine and still, another mothered me through my childhood and another through adolescence. From one, I first learnt the art of knitting and weaving while from another, cooking and from another, to make that delicious dessert. I learnt to be bold and confident looking up to a loving Ma'am in school. Some I grew up with shoulder to shoulder and are still very much my comfort pillars.

Information:

For more college updates follow us on: Instagram @modern_college_official

www.mck.co.in

Email: admin@mck.co.in

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Both my grandmothers were strong women with indomitable spirit who left behind valuable lessons on love, perseverance and kindness which I endeavour to carry with me each day. My sisters make my closest confidants and strongest support mechanisms. My life has been sprinkled and spiced with each one of them in many amazing ways.

Women with their cosmic capacity for love, patience and endurance have always been instrumental in keeping the family peace, holding it together with their prayers. Their bodies have the ability to realign its organs to accomodate and propagate life, their hearts bear the fathomless capacity to room love.

Today, I dare not run short of my gratitude to all the women doing their best and giving their utmost in any area of their lives. To the women who continue to support, encourage, nurture and inspire us, thank you for showing us what it looks like to be a wonder and miracle woman. You are called. You are celebrated. You are seen. You are valued. You are loved.

**Ms. Kawe Kreo
Asst. Professor
Dept. of Sociology**

ONE DAY INTER-DEPARTMENT BADMINTON TOURNAMENT ORGANISED BY DEPT. OF B. VOC AND DEPT. OF EDUCATION

A one day inter-departmental badminton tournament was organised by the Dept of B.Voc and dept. of Education on 4th February 2023 in the college Indoor Stadium.

The winners of the event are as follows:

Men's Single

1st- Mr. Khruvoyi Kotso
Dept. of B. voc

2nd- Mr. Beyau K
Dept. of Political Science

Women's Single

1st- Ms. Pisala V. Sangtam
Dept. of Sociology

2nd- Ms. Losa
Dept. of English

Mixed Doubles

1st- Mr. Kaphungangpu Gangmei
Ms. Thinglung
Dept. of B. Voc

2nd- Mr. Shenwang Konyak
Ms. Phamsa Konyak
Dept. of Education



FACULTY DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME ORGANISED BY IQAC



The first Faculty Development Programme for the academic session of Even Semester was held on 16th February 2023 at A1 organised by the IQAC. The programme was chaired by Ms. Vini Achumi, IQAC coordinator, Modern College. The sequence of the programme was highlighted by the chairperson after which the time was given directly to the resource person, Ms. Chanini, Asst. Professor, Dept. of B. Voc. She talked on College Branding by highlighting the importance, necessity and significance of various brands.

Modern Institute having three sections namely:

1. Modern Higher secondary School
2. Modern College
3. Modern Institute of Teacher Education

All follows the same fonts, spacing and colour except for the name it holds. The speaker concluded by talking about the strategies and guidelines on how to design a logo and came up with an authentic brand.

MODERN COLLEGE CELEBRATES COLLEGE WEEK

Modern College celebrated its College Week from 21st -24th February, 2023. The event started with a colourful Literary and Cultural Day where a short cultural programme was organised by the Literary and Cultural Committee of Modern College. The comperees of the event, Mr. Imliwapang Imsong and Ms. Visedeno kicked started the programme by emphasizing on the importance of celebrating our unique culture after which Mr. Chumthungo patton, AGS, MCSU gave a warm welcome note. The programme included Folk Dance, Folklore Drama and Ethnic fusion show by the students. Dr. Vitsou Yano, Principal, Modern College exhorted the audience on the importance of preserving cultural values and to respect our elders and cultural identity. She encouraged the students to move forward in showcasing our identity proudly. The highlight of the event was the Inter-class Folk Fusion Song Competition in which the Dept. of B. Voc was declared as the winner and B. A. 4th Semester(H) and B. A. 6th Semester(H&G) bagged the second and third positions respectively. The programme was then folowed by a photo session and refreshment. Overall, it was a very insightful and fun event.













A three day Sports event was organised by the Sports & Fitness Club from 22nd -24th February, 2023 at Modern College Piphema campus. The inaugural ceremony held in the Indoor Stadium was hosted by Ms. Livitoli Swu, B. A. 4th Semester with CH Jacob, Lieutenant Colonel, Second in Command, 7 Assam Rifles as special guest. Mr. Leiwang Konyak, General Secretary, Modern College Students' Union, delivered a welcome note while Mr. Chemjungli S Sangtam presented a melody. Oath Taking was done by Mr. Vizosietuo Tapa, Games and Sports Secretary, MCSU. The special guest not only exhorted the students but also generously donated sports equipment towards the meet. The event included indoor games, track and field events, basketball, volleyball, football and arm wrestling. Mr. Vivohoto Sothu and Ms. Phamsa Konyak were awarded MVP in men and women category respectively while House of Hekha was declared group champion.

HOUSES

1. Yano

Captain - Mr. Adika K Chishi
Asst Captain - Ms. Moarenla Jamir

2. Losü

Captain - Mr. Petevituo Angami Livi
Asst Captain - Ms. Phamsa Konyak

3. Besü

Captain - Mr. Dieccoo
Asst Captain - Ms. Aying Konyak

4. Hekha

Captain - Mr. Kaphungangpu Gangmei
Asst Captain - Ms. Müzitalü Lohe

SHOT PUT

Men

First - Mr. Vizosietuo Tapa (Besü)
Second - Mr. Sangnyu (Besü)

Women

First - Ms. Tsünolü (Losü)
Second - Ms. Vekütholü Swüro (Losü)

LONG JUMP

Men

First - Mr. Vivohoto Sothu (Losü)
Second - Mr. Thejaseto Nakhro (Hekha)

Women

First - Ms. Phamsa Konyak (Losü)
Second - Ms. Gülü Tetseo (Besü)

HIGH JUMP

Men

First - Mr. Thejaseto Nakhro (Hekha)

Second -

Mr. Daniel N Konyak (Hekha)

Mr. Velhuzo Keyho (Yano)

Women

First - Ms. Sushelu Dzüdo (Hekha)

Second - Ms. Vekütholü Swüro (Losü)

ARM WRESTLING

Men

First - Mr. Velhuzo Keyho (Yano)

Second - Mr. Dev Kumar Bisukarma (Yano)

Women

First - Ms. Tsünolü (Losü)

Second - Ms. L Angam Konyak (Losü)

TABLE TENNIS

Singles Men

First - Mr. Ngulemong Thexiri (Yano)

Second - Mr. Vivohoto Sothu (Losü)

Doubles Men

First - Mr. Azuve Sapuh & Mr. Teisovilie Andrew Keditso (Yano)

Second - Mr. Vizosietuo Tapa & Mr. Kekhruvo Anthony Sachu (Besü)

Singles Women

First - Ms. Lini Sumi (Besü)

Second - Ms. Zidila (Hekha)

Doubles Women

First - Ms. Tepukrunuo We-o & Ms. Ghovili Swu (Hekha)

Second - Ms. Vekütholü Swüro & Ms. Phamsa Konyak (Losü)

BADMINTON

Singles Men

First - Mr. Penglang K (Hekha)

Second - Mr. Khrüvoyi Kotso (Losü)

Singles Women

First - Ms. Thinlung (Yano)
Second - Ms. Phamsa Konyak (Losü)

Mixed Doubles

First - Ms. Müzitalü Lohe & Mr. Kingsang Peri (Hekha)
Second - Mr. Vivohoto Sothu & Ms. Losa (Losü)

CAROM

Singles Men

First - Mr. Shahpang (Hekha)
Second - Mr. Pouhemplung Gangmei (Besü)

Doubles Men

First - Mr. Ngulemong Thexiri & Mr. Velhuzo Keyho (Yano)
Second - Mr. Tupuka Yepthomi & Mr. Kholi Krichena (Losü)

Singles Women

First - Ms. Vekütholü Swüro (Losü)
Second - MS. Nighali Zhimo (Yano)

Doubles Women

First - Ms. Nighali Zhimo & Ms. Khoatying T Wangnao (Yano)
Second - Ms. Phamsa Konyak & Ms. L Angam (Losü)

CHESS

First - Mr. Mhalelie Yhor (Yano)
Second - Mr. Aosungkum Aier (Besü)

RACE

100m Men

First - Mr. Velhuzo Keyho (Yano)
Second - Mr. Beyau K (Besü)

200m Men

First - Mr. Daniel N Konyak (Hekha)
Second - Mr. Yayem (Yano)

400m Men

First - Mr. Thejaseto Nakhro (Hekha)
Second - Mr. Khrieketouzo (Besü)

Relay Men

First - Hekha

1. Mr. Anguvito S Awomi
2. Mr. Zasivolie Keyho
3. Mr. Vivek Patel
4. Mr. Daniel N Konyak

Second - Losü

1. Mr. Pashan Shio
2. Mr. Vivohoto Sothu
3. Mr. Khrüvoyi Kotso
4. Mr. Lampong Konyak

100m Women

- First - Ms. Ghovili Swu (Hekha)
Second - Ms. Radhika Ghimere (Besü)

200m Women

- First - Ms. Phamsa Konyak (Losü)
Second - Ms. Goma Chetri (Hekha)

Relay Women

First - Besü

1. Ms. Gülü Tetseo
2. Ms. Pisala V Sangtam
3. Ms. Manika Thapa
4. Ms. Keviveno Mejura

Second - Hekha

1. Ms. Tepukrunuo We-o
2. Ms. Ghovili Swu
3. Ms. Livitoli Swu
4. Ms. Goma Chetri

PENALTY SHOOT-OUT

Women

- First - Hekha
Second - Besü

VOLLEYBALL

Men

First - House of Besü
Second - House of Hekha

Women

First - House of Besü
Second - House of Yano

BASKETBALL

Men

First - House of Losü
Second - House of Hekha

Women

First - House of Hekha
Second - House of Yano

FOOTBALL

Men

First - House of Yano
Second - House of Besü

MVP Men - Mr. Vivohoto Sothu (Losü)
MVP Women - Ms. Phamsa Konyak (Losü)

Best Couple Sports Wear Competition
Winners: Mr. Adika K Chishi and Ms. Thinlung (Yano)

Overall Champion: House of Hekha

Report compiled and submitted by
Ms. Kawe Kreo, Ms. Neilhoukhonuo Nipu
Recorders, College Week 2023















Mr. Sinlo Kemp,
Brand Strategist Designer of Modern College
hoodie and other merchandise

Theme: Coming of Age

Growing old

Are we getting old?
Is the coffee getting cold?
Or perhaps it's the mindset we hold

School bags are heavy no more
A race to reach the class is no more

Heavy bags are replaced by stress
A haircut is an attempt to impress
A bottle of feelings yet to express

A 'future me' still awaits-
Hope I make it there with less regrets
A journey of quest awaits

But the child in me still remains
I carry him, no matter what age I attain
A little bit of innocent still remains

First position
Mr. Lunglei Rokam
B.A. 2nd Semester(G)

Lessons of experience

She was a child
Untainted innocent dreams of growing up
A blink of an eye,
And she was a teen
That's when it began....
That's when everything began
Innocent tainted, down she fell,
Into the jaws of unforgiving society.
She tried to fit in, be a "lady",
Be a good daughter, complete with peers, please everyone;
Pressure on her mind, demand on her body, harass on her
soul,
To give and give and give
The world what it wants,
But never was it enough.

Now a young adult, she stands
Maybe she understands
The world a little better.
Still she stumbles here, stumbles there
But now she knows
Not to give a damn
To the world of demands.
All the time lost, all the past mistakes
All the regrets...
Lesson learnt
She has come a long way
To find herself and love her being
She has found moments
To cherish, friends worth having.

The present knows not
What future has in store
She is scared but her mother's prayer is her armour
She will meet him
With her head held high.
She is proud indeed
Of the woman she's become
But sometimes, as she gazed at the stars,
She wonder.....
That unblemished soul
Who was full of dreams.

Second Position
Ms. Urmipem Mokung
B.A. 4th Semester
Dept. of Education

THE GOLDEN YEARS

Creeping up from the gut
To the chasm of the heart,
Reminiscing the Golden years ;
Those sunny and carefree days,
Imaginations huge and ideas epic
Though a tiny bit dangerous
Poppin' from my tiny head a million
questions,
Innocent of all knowledge,
Wearing emotions on my sleeve,
Flashing the brightest smile,
Dream and hopes defying gravity.
And suddenly the dawning of reality,
The Golden years now a glistened past.
The days now careworn and silent,
Imaginations and dreams limited,
Smiles and laughter suppressed,
Stress and anxiety defying gravity
Attempting to fit into society.
Like the creepers in the rain;
In the journey, when I was a child now am an
adult.

Third Position
Ms. Rothrongru Sangtam
BA 2nd Semester
Dept. of English

Theme: Supernaturalism

"THE HUNGARIAN FOREST"

Into the snow-locked forest of Upper Hungary, steal wolves lives in winter; but there is a footfall worse than theirs to knock upon the heart of the lonely traveller.

One December evening, Elspet, the young, newly wedded wife of the woodsman Stefan, came hurrying over the lower slopes of the White Mountain from the town where she had been all day marketing. She carried a basket with provisions on her arm; her plump cheeks were like a couple of cold apples; her breath spoke short, but more from nervousness than exhaustion. It was nearing dusk, and she was glad to see the little lonely church in the hollow below, the hub, as it were, of many radiating paths through the trees, one of which was the road to her own warm cottage yet a half-mile away.

She paused a moment at the foot of the slope, undecided about entering the little chill, silent building and making her plea for protection to the great battering stone image which stood within by the confessional box; but the stillness and the growing darkness decided her, and she went on. A spark of fire glowing through the presbytery window seemed to repel rather than attract her, and she was glad when the convolution of the path hid it from her sight. Being new to the district, she had seen very little and somehow the penetrating knowledge and burning eyes of the pastor made her feel uncomfortable. The soft drift, the lane of tall motionless pines, stretched on in a quiet like death. Somewhere the sun, like a dead fire, had fallen into opalescent embers faintly luminous. It was so still that the light crunch in the snow of the girl's own footfalls trod on her heart like a desecration.

Suddenly there was something near her that had not been before. It had come like a shadow, without more sound or warning. It was here- there- behind her. She turned, in mortal panic, and saw a wolf. With a strangled cry and trembling limbs she strove to hurry on her way; desperate in her terror, she stopped once more and faced it.

A wolf! - was it a wolf? Oh! Who could doubt it! Yet the wild expression in those famished eyes, so lost, so pitiful, so mingled of insatiable hunger and human need! A werewolf- not a wolf.

That terrific realization of the truth smote the girl; for an instant she came near fainting. And then a low moan broke into her heart and flooded it with pity. So lost, so infinitely hopeless. And so pitiful- yes, in spite of all, so pitiful. It had sinned, beyond any sinning that her innocence knew or her experience could gauge; but she was a woman, very blessed, very happy, in her store of comfort and her surety of love. She knew that it was forbidden to succour these damned and nameless outcasts, to help or sympathize with them in any way.

But - there was good store of meat in her basket, and who need ever know or tell? With shaking hands she found and threw a sop, then, turning, sped upon her way.

But at home her secret sin stood up before her, and interposing between her husband and herself, threw its shadow upon both their faces. What had she dared- what done? By her own act placed herself in the power of the evil to which she had ministered. All that night she lay in shame and horror, and all the next day, until Stefan had come about his dinner and gone again, she moved in a dumb agony. Then, driven unendurably by the memory of his troubled, bewildered face, as twilight threatened she put on her cloak and went down to the little church in the hollow to confess her sin.

'Mother, forgive, and save me', she whispered, as she passed the statue. After ringing the bell for the confessor, she had not knelt long at the confessional box in the dim Chapel, cold and empty as a waiting vault, when the chapel rail clicked, and the footsteps of Father Ruhl were heard rustling over the stones. He came, he took his seat behind the grating; and with many sighs, Elspet avowed her guilt. And as, with bowed head, she ended, a strange sound answered her - it was like a little laugh, and yet not so much like a laugh as a snarl. With a shock, as of death she raised her face. It was Father Ruhl who sat there- and yet it was not Father Ruhl. In that time of twilight his face was already changing, narrowing, becoming wolfish- the eyes rounded and the jaw slavered. She gasped, and shrunk back; and at that, barking and snapping with a wicked look he dropped - and she heard him coming. Sheer horror lent her wings. With a scream she sprang to her feet and fled. Her cloak caught in something- there was a wrench and crash and, like a flood, oblivion over-swept her.

It was the old deaf and near senile sacristan who found them lying there- the woman unhurt but insensible, the priest crushed out of life by the fall of the ancient statue. She recovered, for her part: for his, no one knows where he lies buried. But there were dark stories of a baying pack that night, and of an empty, bloodstained pavement when they came to seek for the body.

First Position
Ms. Moarenla Jamir
B.A 6th Semester
Dept. of Sociology

DUSK

Returning to his home at Ganton after the failed bloody war against Northumbria, Father Visakhoto is shocked to see his town which once was a thriving settlement is now a shadow of its former glory. Seeking out for clues through the remnants to figure out the tragedy that befell this town, Father Visakhoto speaks to a familiar face. Imam who is relieved at the sight of the father exclaims how much has changed since the father lived there; all was peaceful until the dreadful day the cult of Yhorz came and attacked the town. Many were cut down where they stood, screams filled the air, the poor folks of Ganton were not expecting such slaughter, and those who tried to retaliate by taking up arms were dragged away to become slaves. Moreover, the holy grounds at the edge of town had been desecrated and was used instead for the cult's own rituals. Inhuman screams echo throughout the night, emanating from the dark woods now corrupted with black energy, the residents of Ganton now feel thousand watchful eyes observing them every once in a while. During the father's absence, an archbishop named Leeroy-Al-Mahmoud-del-Rico Xiao had taken the role of the town's healer. Reports claim that he started appearing around town ever since the cursed raid. To the residents, he seemed like a beacon of hope, a rescuer who heard their cries and pleas for an end to their misery. Shockingly, he disappeared just a few days before the arrival of Father Visakhoto and was never to be seen again in the vicinity.

Just then, Sarah, a resident of the town and also an old friend of the Father rushed towards him as soon as she got the news that the Father had returned and was in town. She stopped whatever chore she was performing and frantically ran off to meet the Father. Now, exhausted and gasping for air, she tried to speak but what came out of her was not coherent to the listener. The Father calmed her down and helped her regain her composure. She finally got her breathe back and stated that her only daughter had gone missing; her daughter vanished from the town just a few days ago, along with a few other townspeople. Just prior to these strange disappearances, the residents claimed to have seen lights glowing, and the bushes and hedges rustling without wind and the lambs flee and retreat like they have seen a predator, the goats give off a shrieking sound. It was an unnatural phenomena.

Sarah then goes on how her daughter started acting strangely, how she began to refuse eating and started staring into the untouchable darkness of the erratic behaviour and one fateful day, she snapped, which led her to berate her child but her daughter felt not one bit of bitterness towards her mum. She was by no means shook, in fact, she became a different being. Father Visakhoto made preparations, gathered intel from the other residents and set off in his search for the girl who went missing.

According to Shinzo Abe, a limp one-legged boy, who made shady dealings on the outskirts of town claimed to have briefly seen the silhouette of a young girl far across the distance fading into the dark and decaying woods. Shinzo was sure the feminine figure he saw was that of Sarah's daughter as he himself had taken an interest on her and often watched her as she moved between towns but this was the last he saw of her. Father Visakhoto enters the Unholy Dark Woods whose sanctity had been defiled by the corrupt and blasphemous practices of the cult.

As the father investigates the forest, he witnesses the strange lights described by the townsfolk; he felt he was being watched, like heads with eyes popping out from the hollow of the trees and disembodied voices filling the air around the ears of Father Visakhoto. The Father stood unshaken and reminded himself not to believe a word or sight which he was experiencing. Upon arriving at the bridge which connects the borders of the town to its neighbouring settlements, a putrid, acrid smell abruptly triggered gagging in the throat of the Father. It was pitch black, darkest of night. The Father lit up his torch and began navigating through the woods and stumbled on what seemed to be a fallen branch of a tree. However, as he looked below, on close inspection, it was grey and pale, not alike the brown aged surface of wood but it was smooth, brittle; they were bones of the townsfolk. They were lined up forming a pentagram on the ground. "A ritual was performed here", said Father Visakhoto. Underneath one of the corpses, a silky orange strand of hair, a young girl's was found. The Father quickly realised it matched that of the missing girl. As he was scavenging the pile of corpses for more clues, he heard an approaching sound; it was loud, inhuman, beastly. The ravens flew in fear away to the high skies, the snake slithered silently across the grass towards its burrow. All life ran away. Father Visakhoto knew it was coming towards him. He quickly hid himself, hidden in the shadow, he waited and watched in anticipation of what foul creature from the damned depths of hell dared roamed the face of this mortal world.

Soon the creature reached the spot; it began collecting the bones for recycling. The Father could not get a good picture of the creature but the size was undeniably clear- it was monstrous; the creature then made its way back. Father Visakhoto followed it behind the shadows. After a good waste of a few hours, the monster finally came upon a clearing. In the distance, one could see a cathedral in ruins. The monster pulled a lever inside the inner cloister of the cathedral and the ground ahead formed itself into stairs which led to the crypt. Father Visakhoto then pulled out a M-1104 shotgun, loaded it and uttered the words "It's play time". He proceeded down the stairs, in stealth mode; suddenly a skeleton came charging at him, swiftly out of the darkness which took the Father by surprise, shoved the shotgun away from his hand and started to swirl its sword in a circular motion. However, the Father who was trained in hand-to-hand combat by the US Navy Seals, and a bonafide member of the Cobra Martial Arts Gym clenched his fist, went under the skeleton and gave a clear uppercut which smashed the skull into pieces. The skeleton was done. Suddenly hordes of demons from Hell came rushing from every corner. The amazing Father dived for the shotgun, grabbed it and rolled over and started blasting. Thousands of demons were sent back to Hell. The Father was relishing every moment of it. He cleared out the whole floor, proceeded to the lower sections of the crypt and was soon met by the great beast which he followed to the crypt. The monster let out a deafening roar. It made the Father more excited; their clash was going to be legendary. The monster from its pouch whipped out a .44 Magnum, aimed at Father Visakhoto. A loud gunshot was heard, but the one kneeling down was the creature, wounded in excruciating pain. Father Visakhoto before their clash had slyly hid a C4 charge right next to where the creature stood. When the creature was reaching for its pouch, its feet slightly gave a jerk to one of the pressure plates which triggered the Bomb.

The Creature near death, pleaded for its life. The Father left it to die for he has no interest in broken toys. Then, in a swoosh, the monster spewed its hidden venom in the glands. But as usual, the Father already had anticipated this, pulled out a gas mask which he had ordered from E Bay and protected himself from the deadly venom. The creature with no tricks up its pouch was in full fear. The father asked if it was feeling lucky to which no reply was given. Then the father straight up executed it with a blow to the head from his M-1104. As he was skinning the creature for meat, a shadowy figure hurriedly ran across the room. It was none other than the pastor.

Father Visakhoto let out a smirk; he was sure his prize was near; the daughter had to be there hidden in a room by the Archbishop. The Father made his way down deeper into the dark depths of Hell. Finally, he reached the inner sanctum, slayed about a million demons on his way and was hungry for more.

He met the Archbishop, looked him right in the eye and said, "This town ain't big enough for both of us". He drew out his steel-refined Katana made by none other than Masamune and charged at the Archbishop. The Archbishop with no sense of combat, just stood there in confusion, sweating profusely, not knowing what to do but it is of no importance to us anymore as his head lies and rolls on the floor- a clean-cut, bloodless like a true Ronin, the father sheathed his sword. The daughter was in chains who was to be used as a sacrifice to the great God Cthulu. However, she was saved by the Father. As the head kept rolling, it pressed against a self-destruct button. The sanctum, the whole structure underground began to shake and crumble, the duo rushed towards the light at the end of a tunnel.

The structure was about to collapse. Luckily there was a Lamborghini Sesto Elemental 16V liter, 2022 limited edition parked along the sides of the tunnel. They hopped in and rode out of the tunnel and finally into the sunset, disappeared in the summer haze into the horizon of the California countryside.

Second Position
Mr. Sunep Aier
B.A. 4th Semester
Dept. of Economics

A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

'Let me tell you a story ' my grandma said. One winter evening while sitting by the fireplace, I was stoked enough, being a keen lover of listening to stories, especially the stories that grandma used to narrate. She was a good storyteller. She had this tendency of narrating the stories in a very detailed manner, articulating her thoughts, painting a picture in our minds with her words.

I waited in anticipation as she started narrating her story. 'Hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago, mankind believed in supernatural power, they attributed living soul to plants, inanimate objects and natural phenomena. They worshipped trees, stones, and even strong majestic animals.

During this time, there once lived a happy family in the village. However, one day it so happened that, the son got gravely sick. His parents tried every means to help their ailing son. But to their dismay, his condition worsened.

Ergo, the father sought out on a journey trying to find help to save his son's life. He travelled days and nights trying to find a solution. On a moonlit night, he encountered a majestic tiger which was considered and worshipped as a God by the people. He kneeled down before the tiger and begged the beast to save his son's life. The tiger agreed to help him on one condition and that was to exchange the son's soul with the tiger's soul. As it was the only way to save his son's life, the father was left with no choice but to agree to the condition.

As time passed by, the son grew healthy and bright. He used to narrate unbelievable stories of running away from a pack of wolves, eating with a cloud of grasshoppers, passing through dense forests and brooklets that he experience in his dream which was in fact his spirit- 'the tiger' roaming through the deeps of the forest.

The son grew up into a valiant warrior, got married and had several children. There are descendants of that lineage. Decades ago, there were in thousands but slowly, the number decreased. However, there are still few of them scattered around in different villages'.

As her story came to an end, it just so piqued my curiosity that I started asking lots of questions to her and my grandma calmly answered all my questions. She explained many traits of the tiger man. She described how the tiger - man and his spirit (tiger) are intertwined- if the tiger was injured, similar wounds would appear on his body.

'Are we also a descendant of that lineage'? I asked my grandma. 'You will know when the time comes' was her reply. That was ten years ago. As I grew older, I became more skeptical and those stories did not pique my interest anymore. I became more conscious of the reality and was no longer a fan of superstitious beliefs.

I remember one particular evening, while taking an evening stroll with grandma, she told me that she would gift me something when the night time comes. Impatiently, I asked her what it is and she gave me the same reply again, 'You will know it when the time comes'.

Seven days after grandma passed away, I saw her in my dream. In my dream, grandma was sitting on her chair. She was holding a casket, called out my name and gestured me to come to her. I went and sat beside her. She then handed me the casket she was holding. She told me that, it was the gift that she promised me to give. I opened the casket and to my great surprise, there was a little cub inside the box. She then said that, she had been taking care of the cub for a long time. It was being handed over to her by her ancestors and it was my turn to take care of it. With sweat all over my body, I woke up from my dreams.

Nightmares ripped my sleep apart, during the nights that followed.....a pack of wolves chasing me across rocky terrain, a tiger sucking blood from the prey....it was just the beginning of the many haunted nights.

Months passed by after having that particular dream with grandma. I often dreamt of me roaming through the deeps of the jungle, but not in my human form.

I remembered the story that my grandma told me one winter evening. One particular night, I woke up from a nightmare and was feeling restless. So, I ran out of the house. The dawn was breaking, painting the sky in hues of yellow and blocked.

I roared at the rising sun.

Third Position
Ms. Maongnaro Longkumer
B.A. 6th Semester
Dept. of History

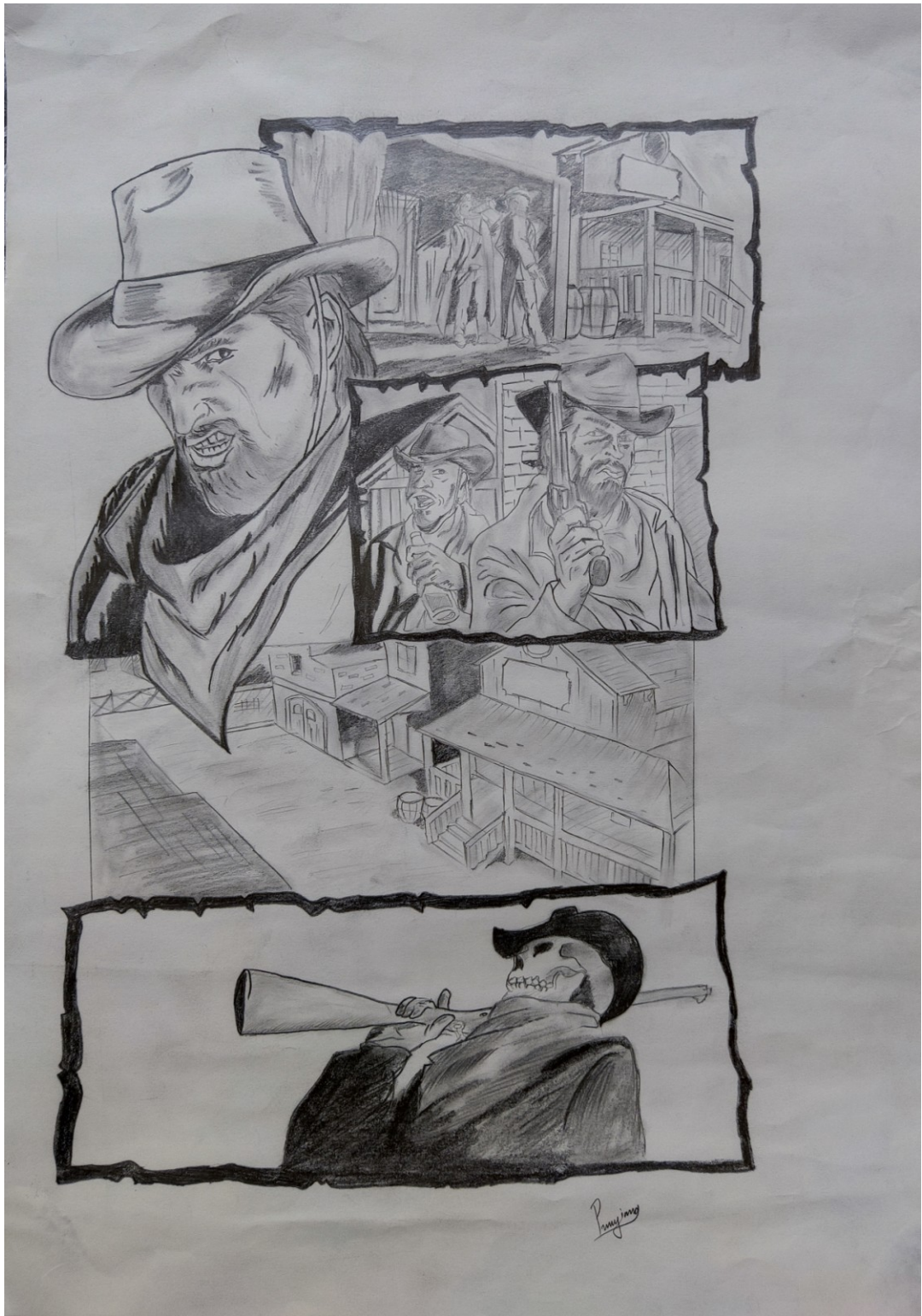
Theme: Pop Art and Culture



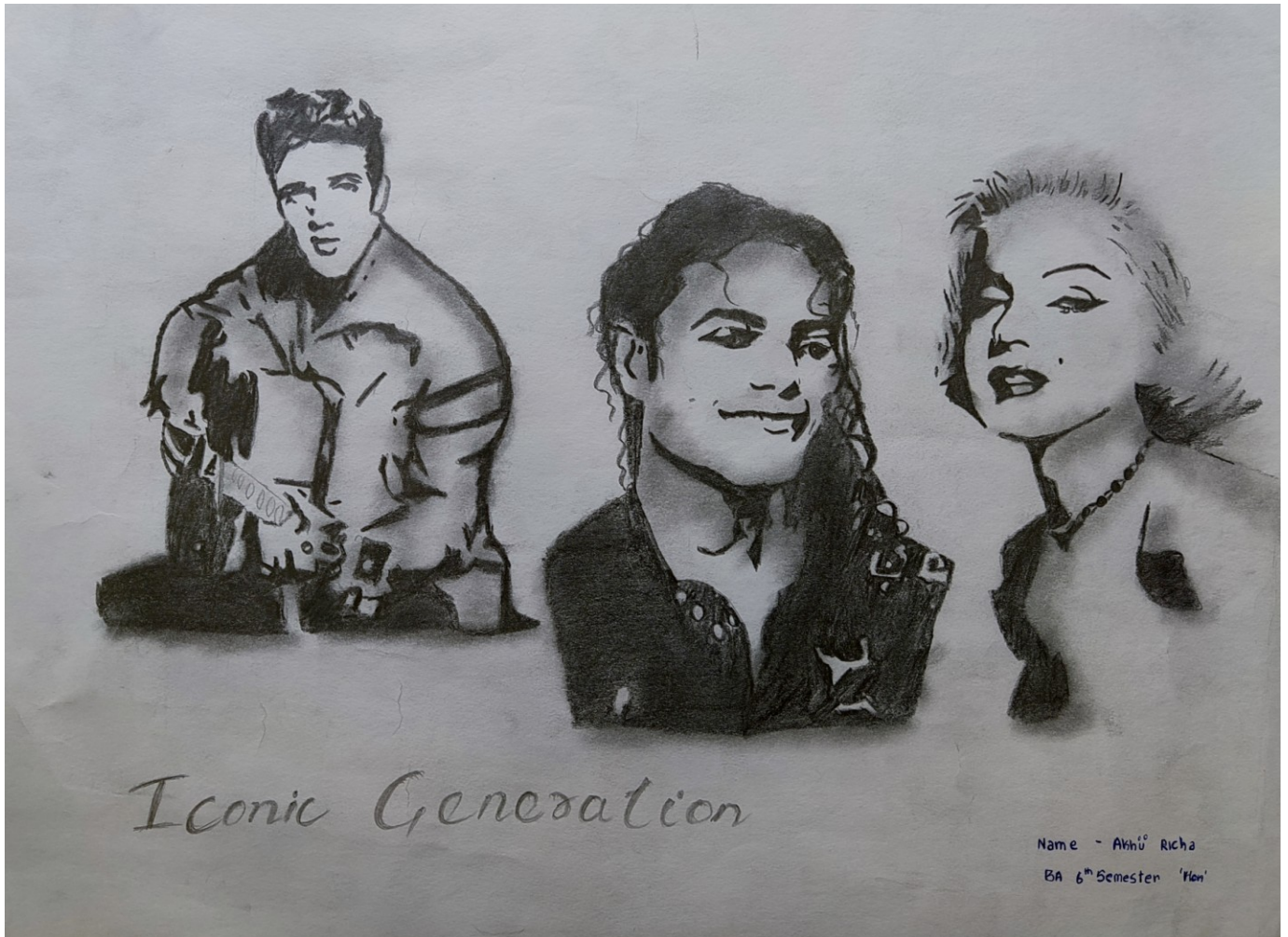
First Position

Mr. Kelevizo

B. A. 6th Semester (G)

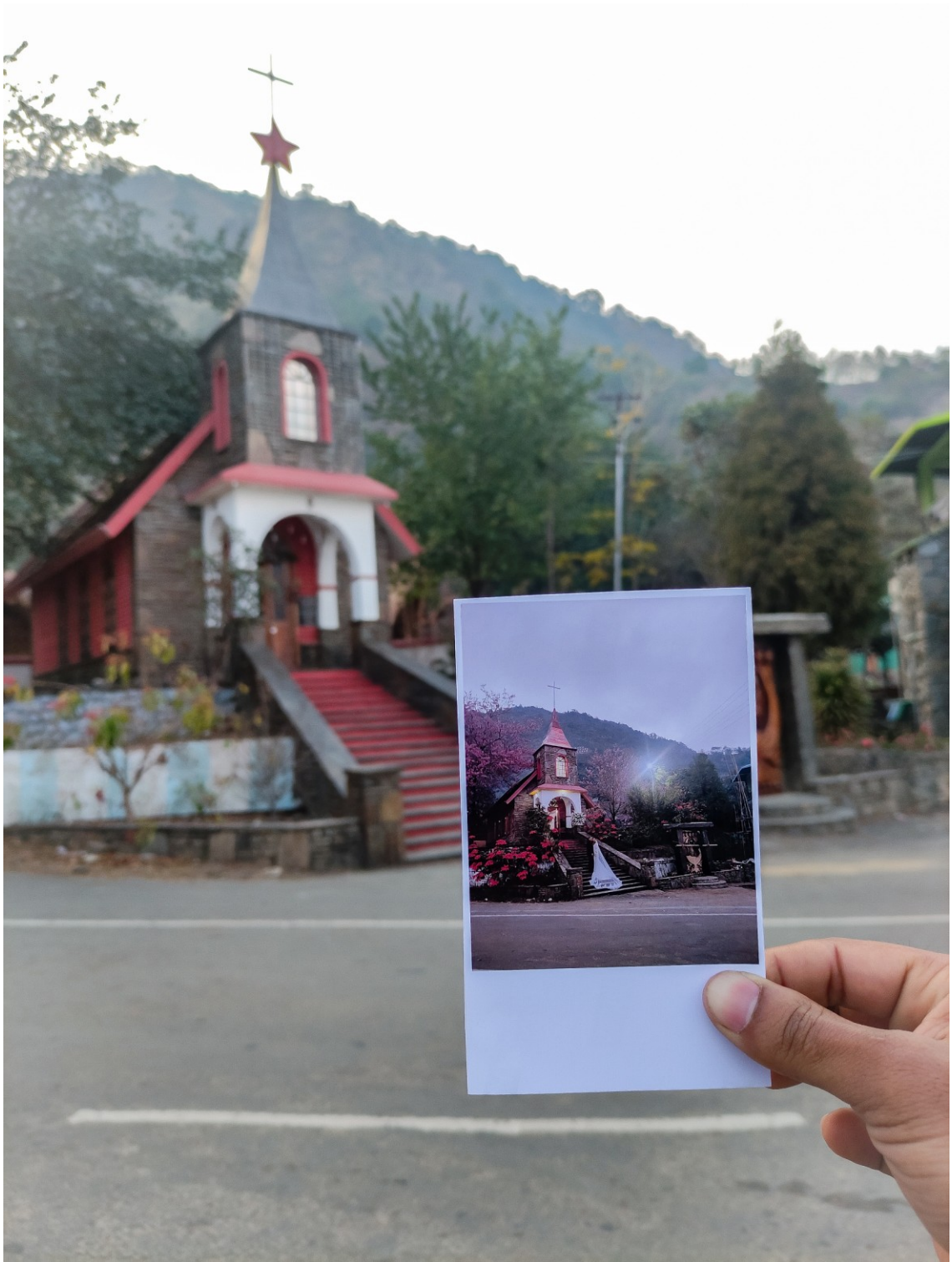


Second Position
Mr. Punyiang T
B. A. 6th Semester
Dept. of Political Science



Third Position
Ms. Akhü Richa
B. A. 6th Semester
Dept. of Political Science

Theme: Memories



First Position
Mr. Dev Kumar Bisukarma
B. A. 2nd Semester
Dept. of Education



Second Position
Mr. Tsurenthong
B. A. 2nd Semester
Dept. of Political Science



Third Position

Mr. Kaphungangpu Gangmei
6th Semester
Dept. of B. Voc



Don't let anything and anyone stop you from chasing your dream just as how these three men are after the ball.



MCSU Games and Sports Secretary and General Secretary giving their all.



Exchanging Oxygen and Carbon Dioxide to the fullest.



IF LOOKS COULD KILL



HEIGHTS OF PATRIOTISM

When you wanted to be a part of the National Flag but ended up being Assistant Professors.

Campus Diary

4th Feb - Department Activity (i/c Dept. of B.Voc & Education)

16th Feb - Faculty Development Programme (IQAC)

18th Feb - Mass social work

21st - 24th - College week.

To Look Ahead

7th March - International women's Day cum National Seminar (i/c Gender Champion club & IQAC)

8th March - Holi

13th March - 2nd Weekly Test.