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JABBERWOCKY



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FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK



“Writing is an exploration. You start from nothing and learn as you go.”- E. L. Doctorow
I am very happy and proud to present the fourth edition of Jabberwocky, magazine of Department of English. It presents a beautiful bouquet of poetry, articles, movie reviews and short stories conceptualized and compiled by our enthusiastic students. The initiative taken by Department of English is not only informative but also has a great educational value. College magazine always portrays the thoughts, ideas, dreams, creative writings and aspirations of young minds and it is a platform that provides exposure and freedom to express your views.

I heartily congratulate the Staff, Members of the Editorial Board and students for their tireless efforts and wish them all the best. I appreciate the hard work and efforts in bringing out Jabberwocky magazine for the year 2024-25.

Dr. Pooja Pathak

EDITORIAL



This volume of the student's E magazine, Jabberwocky is a labour of love and commitment. The student body learnt to work together on producing a magazine that they knew their peers would want to read. The whole process of calling for articles, circulating notices, editing the submissions, designing the layout, polishing the artwork, spell-checking every page, was a journey the editorial team will remember always. The articles and poems are close to their creator's hearts, treat them kindly, dear reader. It is heartening to see Jabberwocky become a popular site for creative writing and self-expression. Thank you, dear students for all the effort undertaken.

DR. RUTA DHARMADHIKARI

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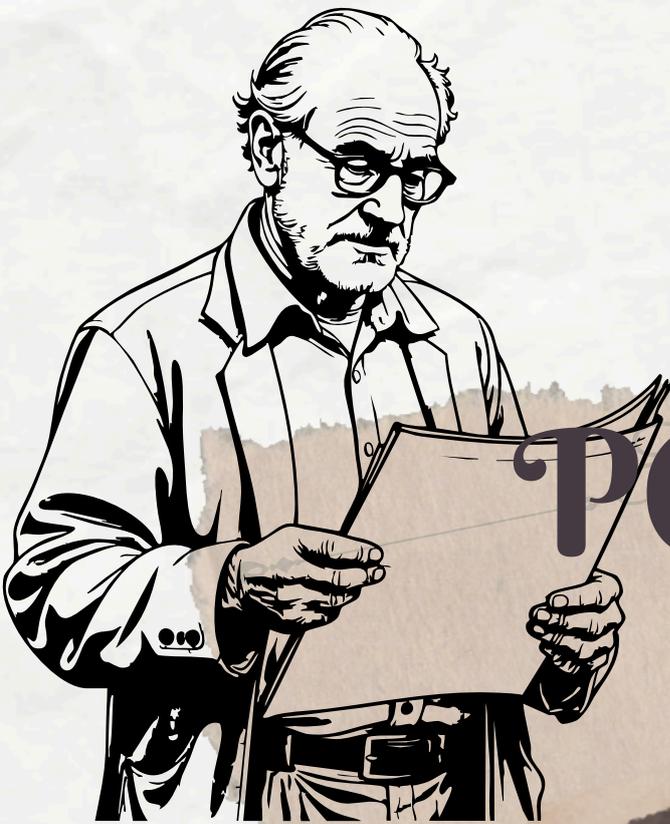
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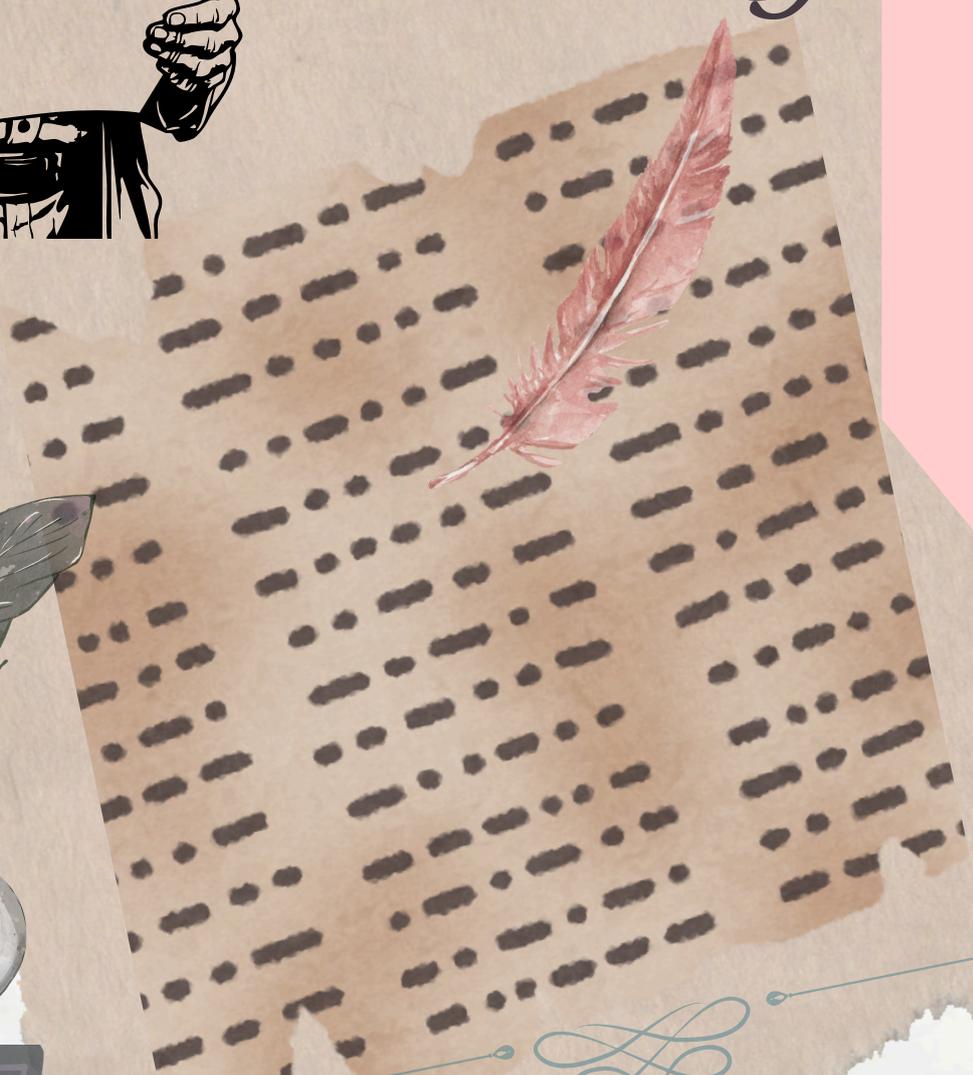
Yamini Gumgaokar

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From the Students



POETRY



One House, A Thousand Memories

- Yamini Gumgaonkar
BA 2nd Year

*I'm lost in memories again,
As if I'm walking those streets once more.
The old house at the end of the lane,
Its every corner still whispers those names.*

*That place held my childhood dreams,
Where I had taken my first steps it seems.
That house was not just bricks and wood
It shaped me, loved me, and understood.*

*I wish I could return again,
To those times, those laughs, that lane.
The house may fade, the years may run
But those sweet memories forever shine like the
Sun!*

HOPE: A BRIDGE OR A MIRAGE

- Tejal Yadav.
Bsc 3rd year

Hope is something that makes you hold on for a while when everything seems to fall apart, when everything is shattering.

*From those moments of falling to the place where you want to reach, the things that you wish for—hope acts like a meanwhile that carries you forward. And that's what we call, altogether,
--- a journey.*

*It's like when you fall in love. It's not just love that leads you toward someone; it's the hope that one day, they will love you back too.
You will get what you sow.*

Even when there are less possibilities, just a small chance of something you desperately want to happen—the possibility of turning that less into more—is what you get from hope.

*So as long as it's not the end, you should not stop hoping.
But remember, hope is not about endlessly dreaming, endlessly expecting, or hopelessly hoping.*

If you reach the end and still find nothing, hold on for just a little longer. And even then, if what you wanted, what you dreamed of, doesn't come your way, then understand this: the path was never yours to begin with.

That's when you let go.

WORDS

-Tejal Yadav
Bsc 3rd Year

Words can make you fall in love.

*Words can also make you hate the one you
love.*

Words can make someone sound pretentious.

*Words can also tell that the situation is
serious.*

*Words can show sympathy, empathy, and can
even uplift someone.*

*So, make sure you use them wisely, at the right
time, with the right person.*

There are no limits when it comes to express.

*But make sure you mind your limits, while
speaking,*

*because the words that make you feel uplifted
today can even turn into conflict and may,
drift you away.*

Serenity

- Shatakshi Shrivastava
BSC 1st year

She kept telling the Moon how beautiful it was; it kept silent.

Words weren't enough to delineate how beautiful she was, and chronicles of the Moon's attempts to let her know her true charm were much more than she could have ever imagined...

How'd she ever know?

Even though all gems reflect, none of them can see their own shine, their own beauty...

Everyone admires them, but no one lets them know that they're worthy. It was her, the gem.

Soulless

-Shatakshi Shrivastava
BSC 1st year

A connection, unexplainable through words but expressive through feelings... the nothingness that carries everything.

It's like having lived there, not on the planet but floating in the deep blackness of space while breathing pure bliss, with a magnificent view of Saturn's beauty with my own eyes. The emptiness within the space, where nothing is visible to the eye other than darkness and slight shimmers of billions of stars, almost faded, but is still visible. It's like being there, feeling the attraction that invited me to stay forever in space, while just being empty of thoughts and soulless, just looking at Saturn and being lost in its beauty. It's inviting me in a way I can't explain, like something really close, really valuable to me, my previous self that I was before gaining the physical form that I have attained in this life.

I would want to, for once, see everything I ever imagined come true, and my life would be fulfilled... a stealth attraction of utter bliss and darkness that carries everything that ever lived and everyone that ever loved in this expanding universe, the nothingness.

The Rules of the Unseen

-Sanjhi Nehrotra
Bct 3rd year

*Some beginnings have no end.
A book of 3,000 pages,
the circle of life, alive again.
A conundrum of images, a melancholy of souls,
a pathway to destiny, to each their own.*

*A subpar sublime, equanimity of thoughts.
A singer's baritone, striking a chord.
Hallow, yet Hollow: An Anthology of Rules.*

*Is it so, but from the victor's view?
Restricted and bound, shackles pronounced.
An ocean of mysteries, silence drowned in the sound.*

*The milieu—an audience of norms,
encompassing silence, a habit ingrained.
Unknowingly burdened, subconscious strain.*

*Each step, a heavyweight,
obligation and responsibility,
A commotion of reality,
where dreams are a commodity.*

*And the prize? The Golden Gate.
The plight of an act,
A never-ending show, spotlight shallow,
waiting for the curtain to fall,
so I shall follow.*

MOMENT TO CHERISH

-Aditri Admane
BA 3rd Year

*Cherish beautiful moments,
Because there are endless torments.*

*They will drift away,
But you have to stay.*

*All those moments won't comeback,
And neither you have to slack.*

*They will fade,
But don't be afraid.*

*Life's path isn't simple,
But you don't have to hide your dimple.*

*Things won't go the way you want,
Don't let it haunt.*

*You have to keep hope,
Because that's the right way to cope.*

HEY MAN!

— Disha Hiranwar
BA 1st year

Hey man, take a chill pill,
For a moment sit, and stop worrying about your loan
bills.

I know work is important and responsibilities too,
But what about you? Think for a moment or two.

Social pressure and expectations are too overwhelming.
Do you still remember, a man you dreamt of becoming?

You remember how boisterous you were in school?
Take a look at yourself, now you are only a live
corporate tool.

Life is too short to pass on regrets.
You don't belong here, in the world of deadlines and
targets.

Do what you crave, money will find its way to you,
Because you are a soul; a soul needs peace and
satisfaction too.

Break the pattern before the pattern breaks you...

Here I Come to Write...

—Disha Hiranwar
BA 1st year

Here I come to write something which was just a flicker of imagination a few moments ago.

But now, when I finally sit with pen in hand, "the idea" is there, but the words betray me.

You know what? Words are the absolute betrayers. They always leave me when I need them the most. They're playful, notorious, intelligent, and miraculous. They play hide-and-seek with me. I stumble, I falter, I search every corner of my mind for them.

Hey words, come together. I've been searching for you for so long. Please don't test my patience. You know how much I love you, right?

But they're stubborn. I don't know what grudge they are silently holding against me. Once, they used to be my best friends. We couldn't live without each other. I admired them like the chukar bird that adores the moon.

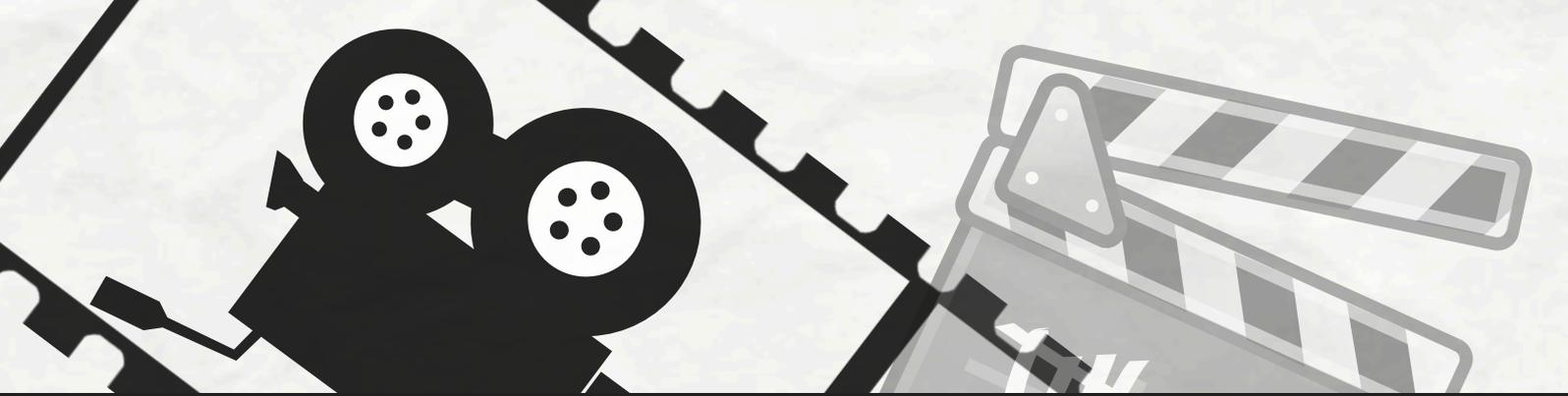
But who wouldn't admire them?

They are one of the most remarkable things the human race has ever created. Crafted by writers, admired by readers, taught by teachers... worshipped, feared, and sometimes even misunderstood. They carry revolutions, heal wounds, build dreams, and break hearts.

Yet today, they evade me.

Still, I will chase them. I will tame their wildness. I will weave them gently, even if they scratch and scream and resist. Because I was born to write. And even if the words run, I will find them, because somewhere deep down, they miss me too.

And maybe, just maybe, they're waiting for me to become the writer I'm meant to be.



MOVIE REVIEW



REC



NEERJA BHANOT

The courage of a smile

*-Trisha Pravin Farande
BSC 1st year*

Overview –

In this biographical thriller, viewers follow the life story of NEERJA BHANOT through her 23-year journey until she becomes a hero by saving passengers during the PAN AM FLIGHT 73 hijacking attempt of 1986. Director Ram Madhwani creates an emotional journey through his film to show viewers courage and duty while representing selflessness in tough times.

Plot summary –

During the film, Sonam Kapoor portrays Neerja as she joins PAN AM FLIGHT 73 to become its head purser. The flight turns into darkness as terrorists hijack the aeroplane while flying over Karachi. The passenger's terror vanishes when Neerja shows her exceptional bravery by applying both mental expertise and flight training to thwart the hijackers and warn security.

During the hijacking, she dedicated her efforts to protect the flight passengers before sacrificing her life in the crossfire as she covered three children with her body. At the same time, the story shows Neerja's family relationships, including her caring bond with kinfolk and her previous suffering from marital abuse and the beliefs that her mother, Shabana Azmi, fostered in her life. The additional details about her character strengthen her portrayal because they increase the impact of her selfless act.

Performance:-

Through a sincere portrayal, Sonam Kapoor delivers her cinematic work by capturing all the characteristics that made Neerja a special woman. Actress Shabana Azmi brings emotional depth to Neerja's mother in the movie. She becomes the heart of the narrative, her final speech at the peak of the movie inspires deep sorrow and remains eternally etched in viewers' memories. Viewers experience fear from the terrorised act delivered by Jim Sarbh as he plays the Psychotic terrorist.

Direction and Cinematography –

Through his direction, Ram Madhwani creates a physically and psychologically confining environment which places the audience in the passenger's ongoing panic. The narrative achieves greater effect through its non-linear structure, which shows both Neerja's past events and the continuing present crisis. The director manages to deal with panic and terror using cinematographic techniques, which are effectively combined with minimal background audio to achieve realism.

Music and Background Score –

Vishal Khurana's background score subtly enhances the film's emotional depth. The song "Jeete Hain Chal" is particularly moving, symbolising Neerja's spirit and resilience.

Themes and Impact –

The film exceeds its status as a hijack thriller by becoming a homage to an unrecognised hero. This film displays its main themes through various features, which include both duty service and courage, together with human survival power.

Throughout the film, Neerja shows transformation from a powerless domestic abuse victim to a courageous independent woman. The fantastic performances and the narrative elements of the film produce a profoundly moving experience in Neerja. Viewers experience admiration coupled with sorrow after watching this story because it honours such real-life heroes as Neerja Bhanot.

NEERJA BHANOT'S Struggle and Strength: A Deeper Insight – Before the Pan Am Flight 73 hijacking, Neerja showed her heroic character through years of enduring challenges starting from her childhood in Chandigarh. Neerja grew up in Chandigarh within a loving family environment, while her parents instilled in her the practice of integrity as well as courage.

Her life challenges develop the brave character that remains a beloved memory for the entire world. The most difficult time of her existence came during her brief abusive union when she faced domestic violence. When she turned 21, Neerja got married before moving to the Gulf, only to endure serious emotional and mental mistreatment from her husband and his family during her short marriage.

Her family members continuously mocked her and forced her family to give Dowries while trying to destroy her morals. The unwillingness of Neerja to sacrifice her self-respect led her to choose independence by leaving her abusive husband and returning to India. Through this experience, Neerja proved her inherent strength while forming her conviction to fight against unfair treatment.

Neerja overcame social pressure by establishing a new life through her strong-willed commitment. Neerja chose modelling as her profession before landing a position at PAN AM as a Flight Attendant.

Her professional duties brought her happiness as colleagues recognised her work through both efficiency and leadership capabilities. She never expected this employment to place her in a fatal condition that would demand the testing of her stamina.

On the faithful day of September 5, 1986, Neerja's past struggle became a testament to her character. The emotional and mental strength she had developed over the years helped her face the crisis on board with incredible composure. She displayed immense courage, using her intelligence to protect passengers rather than succumbing to fear. Her final act of bravery – shielding three children from the terrorist bullets – proved that her life, though short, was one of immense purpose. In her last moments, Neerja chose selflessness over survival, embodying true heroism.

By including Neerja Bhanot's struggle in a film review, one can highlight how her past hardships shaped her into the fearless woman she became. Her story is not just about the hijacking; it is about resilience, self-respect, and an unwavering commitment to do what is right, no matter the cost.

Neerja's bravery didn't go unnoticed. In 1987, she was posthumously awarded the Ashok Chakra. She sacrificed her life to save 359 passengers in the hijacked plane.

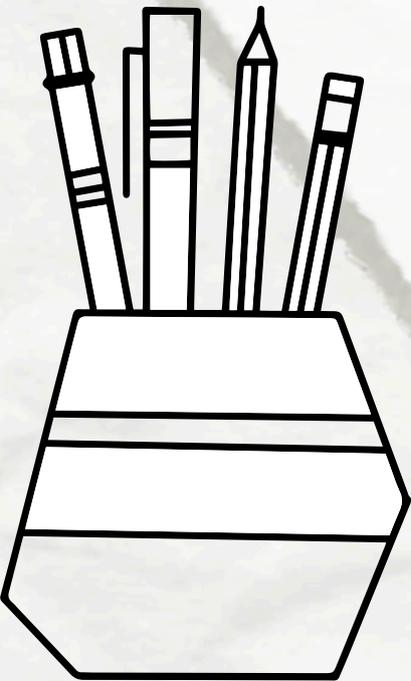
Pink: Movie Review

- Neha Kulkarni
BA. 2nd Year

The movie 'Pink', directed by Aniruddha Roy Chaudhary, revolves around the lives of three middle-class girls, Minal (Taapsee Pannu), Falak (Kirti Kulhari), and Andrea (Andrea Tariang), lodge in Delhi. They are on the run after they escape a molestation attempt by Rajveer (Angad Bedi), a politician's nephew, and his friends. Initially, I was a bit confused about how to perceive the movie. At first, I had no clue about it except that it was a courtroom crime thriller. As it happens, the three girls meet Rajveer and his friends at a rock concert, and eventually, the guys ask them to go to a resort for 'dinner'. The seeming gentlemen tried forcing themselves on the girls, and as an act of self-defence, Minal hits a glass bottle onto Rajveer's forehead, resulting in a serious injury. But the girls are unaware that this is just the beginning of their nightmare! Gradually, Rajveer plays the victim card, and his friends constantly threaten and intimidate Minal, Falak, and Andrea in every way possible. The case being strong on the side of Rajveer, Minal is arrested by the police with accusations of attempted murder and coercing the men into giving money in exchange for a 'good night'. The film takes a dramatic turn when Deepak Sehgal (Amitabh Bachchan), a retired lawyer, steps in and leads the case for the three women. An Indian feudal mindset judges women and men differently in the greater part of the country. The movie takes a jab at the sick mentality of our so-called 'society'. Pink challenges society's mindset about judging women based on their clothing and behaviours. It emphasizes that regardless of a woman's occupation or status, no one has the right to force themselves on her or disrespect her boundaries. I will recommend this movie to not only the youth but also the adults and the elderly audience.

RESEARCH

ARTICLES



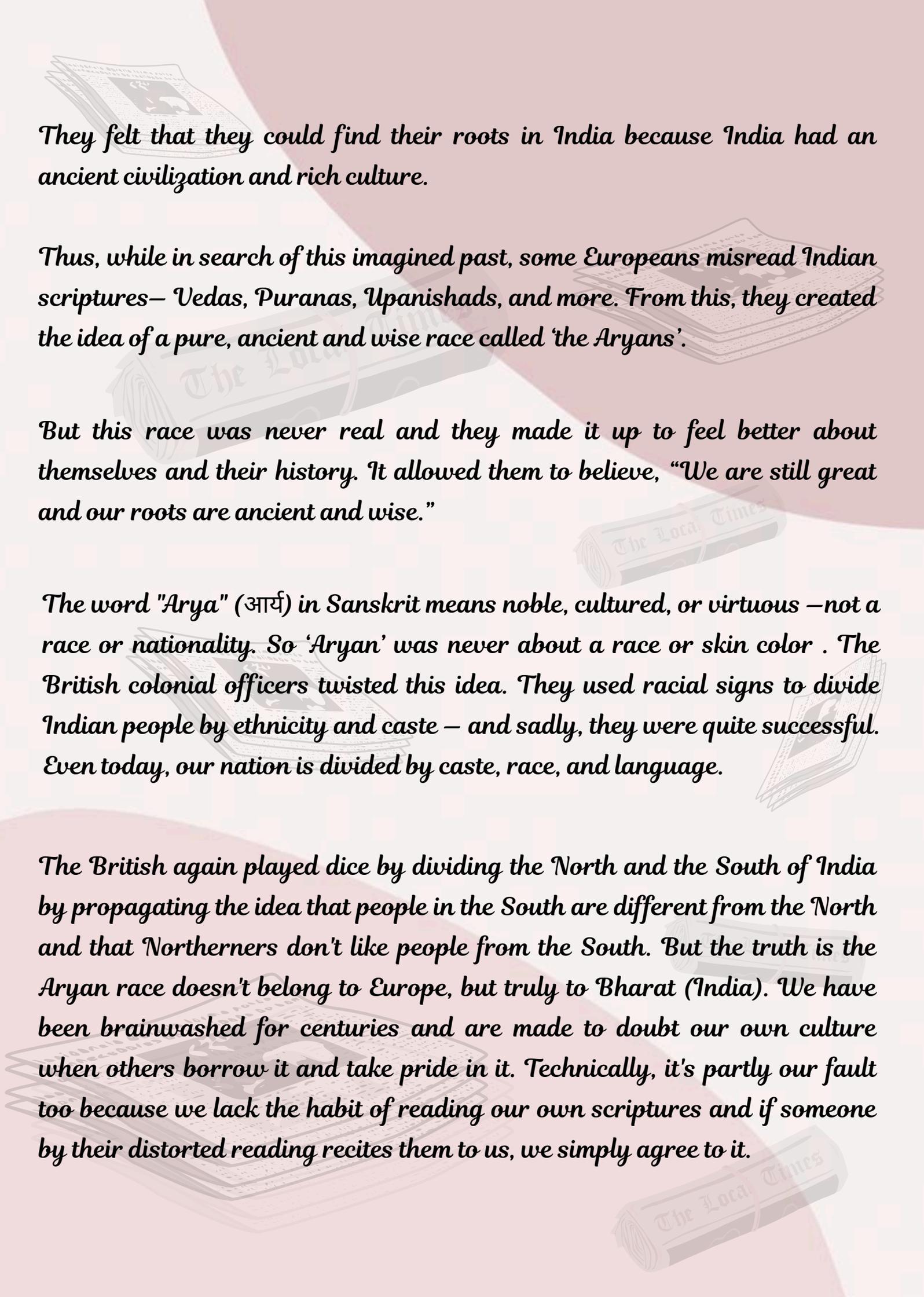
The Aryan Myth and the Truth of Bharat

-Komal S. Mehta
BA. 2nd Year

The Sanskrit language...is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity...than could possibly have been produced by accident. - Sir William Jones

It's true that Indians are the Aryans. However, this theory is manipulated and has more often been told by Europeans than by our own people. This theory has always triggered something in me—this thought: How can the Europeans be Aryans? Nowhere in our scriptures is it written that Europeans are Aryans. Then how did this theory get promulgated? How did we, the Bharatiyas accept this silly idea? Based on my ongoing research, I aim to expose this dark misconception which most of us are completely unaware of.

So, it started in the 1700s (the 18th century), when Europeans were heavily influenced by scientific thinking. Religious ideas and miracles were condemned while logic and reason were promoted. Many distinguished philosophers like Voltaire, David Hume, Denis Diderot and others criticized religious superstitions, questioned miracles and encouraged reason without religious constraints. This was called the 'Enlightenment'. Though Europeans began using logic and science they still felt lost and unsure about their culture and identity. To regain a sense of pride they searched for a grand original story—A 'Golden Age' – a strong, culturally rich era that could validate the idea of Europeans having deep, powerful ancestral roots. But why did they feel disconnected even after upscaling in science? This is because they missed the sense of meaning in life and felt Disconnected.



They felt that they could find their roots in India because India had an ancient civilization and rich culture.

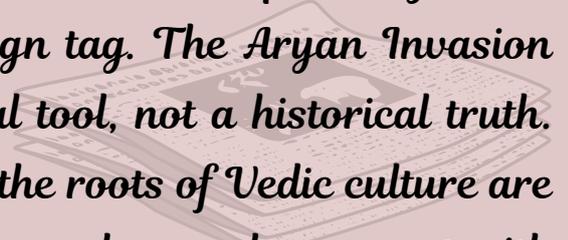
Thus, while in search of this imagined past, some Europeans misread Indian scriptures— Vedas, Puranas, Upanishads, and more. From this, they created the idea of a pure, ancient and wise race called 'the Aryans'.

But this race was never real and they made it up to feel better about themselves and their history. It allowed them to believe, "We are still great and our roots are ancient and wise."

The word "Arya" (आर्य) in Sanskrit means noble, cultured, or virtuous –not a race or nationality. So 'Aryan' was never about a race or skin color . The British colonial officers twisted this idea. They used racial signs to divide Indian people by ethnicity and caste – and sadly, they were quite successful. Even today, our nation is divided by caste, race, and language.

The British again played dice by dividing the North and the South of India by propagating the idea that people in the South are different from the North and that Northerners don't like people from the South. But the truth is the Aryan race doesn't belong to Europe, but truly to Bharat (India). We have been brainwashed for centuries and are made to doubt our own culture when others borrow it and take pride in it. Technically, it's partly our fault too because we lack the habit of reading our own scriptures and if someone by their distorted reading recites them to us, we simply agree to it.

Over time, we outsourced our culture, stopped teaching our real history and began accepting foreign labels for our identity. This allowed people to be separated by caste, region, and language. But the truth is simple: "Arya" is a cultural and spiritual title, not a racial or foreign tag. The Aryan Invasion Theory was never about facts—it was a political tool, not a historical truth. And today, even modern research supports that the roots of Vedic culture are truly native to India. It's time we stop doubting ourselves and reconnect with our own civilizational strength.





Being a girl in 2025: Empowered, but still fighting



- Bhumi Dhanwani
BA 1st year

Being a girl in 2025 is finally breathing – but still getting scared sometimes.

There is a lot to be proud of in this generation. From boardrooms, stages, politics, and classrooms to speaking our minds – we are here. We have the freedom to travel alone. We say "no" without thinking twice. We are rescuing ourselves, no longer waiting for someone else to do it for us.

But some things have not changed.

We still pretend to be on calls or listen to music at a lower volume when we're travelling alone at night. We still double-check our outfits, wondering, "Is this safe to wear?" We still laugh softly and smile politely in uncomfortable situations – because we were taught, "Be a girl, laugh softly," and that being nice is safer than being honest. We carry this silently, and we just keep going.

It's not only about safety, it's also about how the world sees us. Ambitious girls are called "too much." Independent girls are labelled "difficult." Emotional girls are dismissed as "dramatic." There is always a label waiting for us.





Even in all of this, we are leaning on each other. We have friends we can call when we're not feeling safe. We hold each other's hands on bad days. We speak up for each other – even as strangers, reminding each other of our worth as sisters.

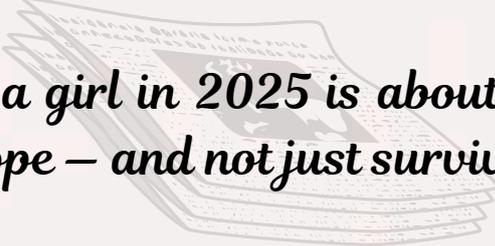


These little moments mean everything. They remind us that we are not alone in this fight. We are standing with each other and walking through this together.

The world hasn't completely changed yet, but it's still changing. The process is slow, but it is moving.

We're growing stronger, braver, kinder, louder when we need to be. Softer when we want to be.

Being a girl in 2025 is about learning to live with pride, strength, and hope – and not just surviving.



Rome Was Not Built In A Day

- Sanjhi Nehrotra
Bct 3rd year

The famous adage, 'Rome was not built in a day,' is a testament to the great tenacity and equilibrium of the people of one of the most splendid empires of the world. Rome, the land of legends and dreamers, did not achieve magnificence overnight. Every single hand laid a brick to turn Rome from a mere conglomerate to a city-state, to the greatest empire of its time.

The essence of this saying resonates to the very core of attaining eminence. Whether it be in the office, on the stage or for the fight against colonialism. Similar to the continuous, perseverant efforts of every single freedom fighter who bled for an independent India, our smallest of achievements should also stem from a never-ending symphony of determination and perseverance.

In our contemporary world, where immediate gratification is given more favouritism, we must let the legacy of Rome be the North Star for ourselves and let it illuminate the path of success in a slow and tenacious way. The greatest of all achievements do not come upon a single sunlit moment but are forged through years and years of effort and patience.

Finding My Voice: How Language Became My Therapist

-Keertida Yadav
BA 3rd year

This is more than just an article; it is a meditation on the indispensable role of language in my life, especially how it kick-started my life in a new state.

First, a little background. I moved to another state for my Bachelor's degree. I studied Psychology, Philosophy, and English Literature for the three years that I was there. I moved from a predominantly Hindi-speaking state in the north to a predominantly Marathi-speaking one in central India. Although Hindi was always an option to communicate with the people around me, I had just spent the past few years practising English and had mercilessly pigeonhole myself into this language. Now, even though my mother tongue is Hindi, English has become a natural medium of expression, almost instinctual. So much so that, with my proficiency, came bizarre assumptions about my nationality!

Now, the process of finding my voice began unconsciously, and it was a result of my crippling social anxiety and insecurity. While in high school, people were locked in their houses, finding ways to stay valid in online gaming lobbies or binge-watching their favourite shows on various streaming platforms. (I was one of them as well, admittedly.) English has always been a point of interest to me, which led me to subconsciously learn the intonations, voice modulations, accents, speech patterns, common slang, and a whole lot of linguistic nuances about the language. That all was good until the first time I spoke in a Google Classroom with my camera off—with a racing heart, sweaty yet icy-cold palms, and shaky hands—petrified of simply speaking. Yet, when I spoke, none of those physical symptoms translated to my voice.

My teacher praised me for the correct answer and moved on with the lesson, and made a passing remark on how well I spoke. Right before the end of that school year, that very teacher gave me the opportunity to compete for the science exhibition being organised virtually by the school. Though unfortunately, I couldn't participate as an anchor, my submission, however, garnered a fair amount of attention, as it was a presentation where I spoke for five minutes straight with the best delivery I could conjure. Not so bad for a first-timer, eh?

Moving to college and meeting some of the loveliest people I've ever met—among these lovely people was a woman whom I, from day one, coined my mentor (albeit mentally, but I did!). (Here's where I admit the manifestation is real because, by the end of the first year, she admitted to considering me as one of her mentees.) She saw my conviction towards the language and realised my talent long before I could, and that faith propelled me into pursuing my dream of public speaking. Though initially at a small scale in college-organised events and group discussions, then intercollegiate events, and before I knew it, I was presenting a research paper in front of IIT-Bombay faculty, representing our college, answering questions and communicating our findings, managing a hall for three days and multiple sessions at Nagpur's first non-fiction literary fest, 'Udarbha Literary Festival,' and anchoring for multiple sessions at Nagpur's first-ever storytelling festival, 'S for Story.' She was the reason I had these opportunities, as a result of which I could build unshakable confidence in myself, my work ethic, my methods, and most of all, my language.

Language has always been at the forefront of my fascination for as long as I can remember—from English, French, Spanish, and Korean to Hindi, Punjabi, and now Marathi—and this list keeps expanding as the days go by. Still, the gist is that my proficiency in just English was enough to pull me out of the depths of my insecurity and pull me towards the light of confidence and a never-ending path of growth and development. It all started with a little hobby and genuine curiosity, and there is still a long way to go. You know what they say—you never stop learning!



I am also ineffably grateful to my ever-talented mentor, who, in her peculiarity, has made an everlasting mark on me as a person. Furthermore, she continues to do so for many more students each day! Due to unexpected circumstances, I couldn't give her a proper farewell, but I hope this article sums up my appreciation for her.

Language was my medium for finding myself and my voice. There are countless other ways one could find themselves, but the crux of my writing is that, with that one set passion, correct guidance, and a little compassion, anyone can become someone they would be proud of. The biggest achievement of life as a human being is knowing and being content with who you are, and I believe our passions are the vessel to self-fulfilment.



SHORT STORIES



A Quiet Kind of Brave

- Mrunal Pathade
BA. 1st year

Imagine having tons of thoughts and ideas overflowing in your mind, but not being able to speak them out just because you think you are not capable and there you shut your voice, losing all those opportunities where you held yourself back from growing.

This short story is going to be an answer for all those questions running through your mind, the ones that have been holding you back from becoming better.

In the crowded corners of Mumbai, there dwelled a girl named Sakshi, a first-year English literature student of Christ Arts College. She was a storm inside, but like the morning dew outside.

Sakshi wasn't the kind to stand out, with her dupatta neatly draped and books held close as if she was shielding her thoughts, she moved like a breeze present but unnoticed. Sakshi loved literature not for academic scores, but for how its characters articulated emotions boldly into sentences, something she always wanted to, but had never mastered.

Mirabell, Faustus, and Kate Hardcastle each spoke about the things she thought of: The thoughts she had buried inside her mind for a long time.

Sakshi wasn't silent due to lack of ideas. On the contrary, her mind overflowed with unspoken echoes. But the inability to structure them into a presentable way, and the persistent fear of societal judgment, kept her from opening up. Surrounded by her friends whose confidence filled the classroom air, she often wondered: How do they speak with such ease? Such fearlessness? Where does confidence come from? Is it from trying? If it is, then what's stopping me from being confident?

These questions she asked herself frequently on a daily basis.

And one day she thought of breaking her silence. That's when a real shift occurred.

She began observing, not just listening, but truly understanding how others constructed and conveyed their ideas. The more she pondered their fluency, the more she yearned to find her own.

So, she took her first inquiring step.

It began slowly, a hushed response, a considered sentence, followed by a hesitant, almost reluctant smile. It wasn't in her nature, but she persisted. The fear remained there. The uncertainty lingered within her. But this time, she refused to let it stop her from progressing.

Slowly, the world around her began to shape her, a compassionate professor who recognized her potential, classmates who extended encouragement, and fleeting conversations that quietly kindled courage. With each small gesture, she expanded. She evolved.

Sakshi began to explore herself in every possible way, testing, stumbling, making mistakes, and learning from them. She started saying "yes" to opportunities, even if it meant contributing a little thought in a bustling room.

Her voice, once like a whisper only she could hear, now began to resonate, gently, in the outside world. And for the first time, people were listening. There, she gained more confidence in herself. And this led her to keep going.

To anyone reading this who has ever felt like their voice didn't matter or it's better to stay silent in a crowded room, where everyone is telling their perspectives, know this: your voice carries weight. Your ideas, your presence, your thoughts, they are important, more than you realize.

Just like Sakshi, if you're still navigating the path of self-expression, believe in yourself, and allow yourself to stay open, so that all those lost opportunities can make their way to you. Embrace the slow unfolding. Because growth doesn't need to be loud, it simply needs to be true.

Sakshi is still learning and she's still exploring, But for the first time in a long time, she has begun to believe in the voice she has kept hidden.

She is not at the destination yet, she is moving - steadily, courageously, one word at a time.

And she knows one day she'll definitely be able to speak her mind freely, without any fear of being judged.

Leaked Prompts: Iconic Characters Exposed

-by Parshvika Ukey
BA, 1st year

Once upon a cosmic glitch, the universe tried to clone itself, but failed miserably. As a result, there were two Earths. One Earth got the printing press, while the other... ChatGPT. While the supposedly flat Earth was busy blaming the witches for crop failures, bad weather, butter not churning, bread not rising, and men's... ahem... issues, the people on the other Earth were having crazy midnight thoughts, "Hey ChatGPT, aren't humans cool too?" And BOOM!!!

The Renaissance literature happened.

On this Earth, men in codpieces were already asking weird queries—and AI was busy answering them.

So, by sneaking into Dr. Faustus's library (don't ask how), we hacked into the history of the parallel world to dig out what happened when the iconic literary characters met AI..

Dr. Faustus (*The Tragic History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*):

Prompt:

Hello, ChatGPT. Could you please generate a clear picture of Helen of Troy, preferably with me edited in as her husband? Also, how can I learn black magic in 30 days, and who are the best scholars of necromancy near me?

ChatGPT:

I am afraid I cannot generate images of historical figures—especially ones involving you edited in as their spouse (due to copyright and morality issues).

As for learning black magic in 30 days, you are in luck: Valdes and Cornelius offer a 30-Day

Crash Course in Necromancy with a money-back guarantee, though what currency they refund is highly questionable. They are reputed to be the best in the business, provided you do not mind eternal consequences.

Prompt:

HELP!!! ChatGPT... It's me again. How do I unsell my soul to the devil?

ChatGPT:

Ah, welcome back, Doctor.

Unfortunately, there is no official way to reverse a soul bargain once it is signed, especially inblood. Your best options are:

- 1. Renounce necromancy entirely (may cause demons to laugh).*
- 2. Seek repentance (terms and conditions apply).*

In short, Doctor... you are truly doomed.

Lady Macbeth (Macbeth):

Prompt:

Hey ChatGPT, quick question: how do you manipulate your husband into looking like a flower and being the serpent inside it? You know, just to motivate him a little. And, what's the best soap to remove beetroot stains from your hands? Just asking because I accidentally spilled beet juice while sleepwalking last night. Totally beetroot juice... nothing fishy.

ChatGPT:

For the manipulation, try using emotional intelligence (if you have any) rather than the serpent energy.

For the stains, use cold water and baking soda. For the sleepwalking part, try washing your inner guilt before washing the blood... I mean, the beetroot stains.

Also see: therapists near me.

Bosola (The Duchess of Malfi):

Prompt:

Hello ChatGPT, I am Bosola. Tell me how I could find out if a woman, precisely my boss's sister, is secretly pregnant. I might sound like a creep, but trust me, I have my reasons behind this.

ChatGPT:

Well, Bosola, normally one would simply mind their business, but since you have asked me and I have to answer, I will tell you this: legend has it that if you offer a woman apricots and she devours them with unusual enthusiasm... then congratulations, you've known something that was none of your business.

A Few Moments Later...

Bosola: "Apricocks, madam?"

The Duchess: "Oh my, yes...!"

Bosola: (aside) "Busted."

Marlow (She Stoops to Conquer):

Prompt:

Dear ChatGPT, I think I might have multiple personality disorder because I can effortlessly flirt with low-born women but have only ever spoken to one woman of my social standing, without fumbling ... and that woman was my mother. Also, I am currently in a mysterious-looking inn where people won't stop watching me and asking weird questions. Should I be concerned?

ChatGPT:

No sir, you do not have multiple personality disorder—you have something far rarer: class-based social panic. Sadly, there is no cure yet (doctors took one look and just left). But hey, you could try imagining every high-born woman as a barmaid, just do not accidentally tip your mother.

As for the 'mysterious inn' vibe... spoiler alert: that is not an inn. Be nice to the 'innkeeper' (he owns the house) and, for your safety, beware of the barmaid. She is playing a much smarter game than you are.

Mr. Darcy (Pride and Prejudice):

Prompt:

I suspect you are not intelligent enough to tempt me, but because my friend Bingley keeps recommending you, and I need some assistance, I shall proceed. There is a young lady named Elizabeth whom I... well, adore. She has bewitched me, body, and soul, and I love her. How should I tell her so?

ChatGPT:

Charming opening, Mr. Darcy, insulting the help before asking for advice, truly innovative. Anyway, start with sincerity. Look her in the eye (yes, both at the same time) and tell her how ardently you admire and love her. Keep it simple, preferably without the glare that makes people wonder if you are judging their posture. And one more thing, do not demean her family by calling them barely tolerable. Also, try being less awkward in conversation; it will do wonders.

Darcy (after reading): Impressive... I held a prejudice against you, perhaps because of my pride. It seems I was... mistaken. Thank you.

And this is how few of the iconic characters spent their day, Lady Macbeth now has spotless hands (and maybe an appointment with the therapist), Mr. Darcy discovered humility (and possibly romance), Marlow realized he is not two people and just socially awkward, apparently ChatGPT could not help Faustus because he is ...very much doomed and to Bosola apricots will never taste the same again.

If this is what happens when literature meets AI, perhaps the universe misprinted history for a reason.

Until next time, may your search history be less dramatic than theirs.



DIALOGUE SCRIPT



NO!

LOL

WHAT?



THE GATEMAN'S GIFT

-Aditri Admane and Sana Akhani

BA 2nd Year

Malgudi Days was a short story collection written by the famous Indian writer R.K. Narayan.

He was known for his simple and realistic storytelling. His writings beautifully depict Indian life. This earned him widespread recognition. He has been awarded the Padma Bhushan.

Today, Sana and I are going to present an analysis of R.K. Narayan's *The Gateman's Gift*. This particular story is based on written communication, a skill which is prescribed as a part of our Bachelor of Arts 4th semester of supplementary English. The story is based on fear psychosis due to the inability of the gatekeeper to read and write. This short story is a simple and profound story about Govind Singh, a retired gatekeeper. One day, he discovers clay modelling as his passion. Friends, Sana and I want to present to you this fear and confusion which Govind Singh must have felt and experienced when he received the letter from his former employer. We have chosen a novel way of understanding the character of Govind Singh.

Aditri: Have you read *The Gateman's Gift* by R.K. Narayan? A simple letter turns a man's world upside down-sound familiar?

Sana: Oh, you mean the one where poor Govind Singh gets an official letter and immediately assumes his life is over? The man practically staged his downfall before even opening it! Who hasn't had that dramatic moment-an unexpected message arrives, and suddenly, we're bracing for disaster?

Aditri: Exactly! And that's the magic of R.K. Narayan's writing-he takes ordinary people, everyday moments, and turns them into something unforgettable. No unnecessary drama, no exaggerated heroes - just real people reacting in painfully relatable ways. Isn't that why his stories still resonate today?

Sana: Exactly! Narayana's brilliance lies in how effortlessly he captures human nature. His humour isn't exaggerated - it is reality at its most ironic. Govind Singh could have just asked someone to read the letter, but instead, he let fear dictate his fate. Haven't we all had those moments where we let panic run the show instead of common sense?

Aditri: Oh, all the time! And that's why characterisation is so strong in this story. Govind Singh is every one of us when we overthink. Have you ever seen an unknown number on your phone and assumed it's bad news?

Sana: Worse! I once got called to the principal's office and immediately started thinking of every possible mistake I could have made - only to find out she just wanted me to help set up chairs for an event! It's almost funny how our minds jump to tragedy before logic even gets a chance.

Aditri: Totally! And that's where communication and misinterpretation take centre stage. Govind Singh's suffering wasn't real; it was all in his head. Just like when we get a vague text saying, "We need to talk," and start mentally preparing for disaster. Why do we do this to ourselves?

Sana: Fear doesn't just cloud judgment - it magnifies everything. In Govind Singh's case, his status in society made it even worse. He wasn't just frightened by the letter itself, but by the sheer weight of what it symbolised. Authority has a strange way of making the powerless expect the worst, doesn't it?

Aditri: Definitely! For a rich businessman, an official letter is just paperwork. But for someone like Govind Singh, it's a symbol of control, power, and possible disaster. It's the same way people panic when they see a government notice--why does no one ever assume it's good news?

Sana: History plays its part in this, too. Post-independence India was still shifting, and for people like Govind Singh, authority wasn't something to question- it was something to fear. That mindset still lingers in many places, don't you think?

Aditri: Oh, it definitely does! And Narayan shows this brilliantly through social hierarchy. Let me elaborate through this story. Govind Singh had spent his entire life following orders- He wasn't used to questioning anything. So when that letter arrived, did he think, "Maybe they appreciate my work?" No! He thought, "I must be in trouble!". Haven't we all let self-doubt ruin perfectly good moments?

Sana: And the most ironic part? His wife made it ten times worse! Instead of easing his worries, she goes, "Why are they writing to you now? Did you steal something? Some people pour water on a fire, others throw gasoline! Haven't we all had that one person who makes a panic spiral out of control?"

Aditri: Oh, 100%! It's like when your mom sees a message from the bank and immediately asks, "Is everything okay? Did you forget to pay something?". And suddenly, you're checking your balance, your loans, and your past-life karma! Don't you think Narayan captures this everyday anxiety perfectly?

Sana: Narayan's storytelling shines in moments like these - he doesn't just create humour, he layers it with irony and dramatic realism. And speaking of irony, let's talk about the cruel twist: Govind Singh found peace in making toys, his little world of creativity, and yet, that very escape turned into his greatest source of fear. That's storytelling at its sharpest, isn't it?

Aditri: It really is! The very thing that gave him joy also caused his panic. And that's why Narayan's stories are so deep - he doesn't just tell us what happens; he shows us how we create our suffering. Isn't that the real lesson here?

Sana: Exactly! Don't let fear decide things for you. If Govind Singh had simply checked the facts, he could have saved himself days of torment. But instead, he let assumptions write his fate. Haven't we all been guilty of that?

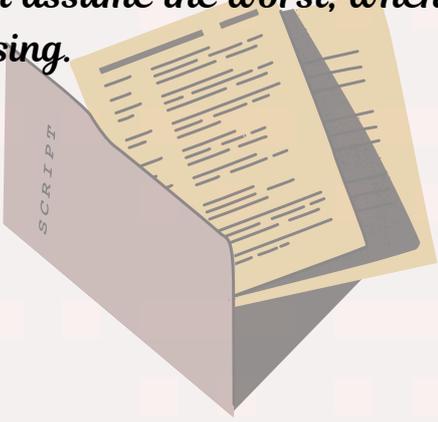
Aditri: That's why there is an old saying that fits this perfectly: "Fear makes the wolf bigger than he is". Isn't that exactly what happened here?

Sana: Absolutely! Govind Singh wasn't battling reality - he was battling his mind. The lesson is simple: Get the truth before jumping to conclusions. Otherwise, aren't we all just prisoners of our own imagination?

Aditri: Or, in simpler terms, before you have a meltdown, just read the letter! Wouldn't that save us all a lot of unnecessary stress?

Sana: Or at the very least, ask someone to read the letter! Instead, he ended up sleepless, miserable, and on the verge of losing his well-deserved reward. Now that is the real tragedy!

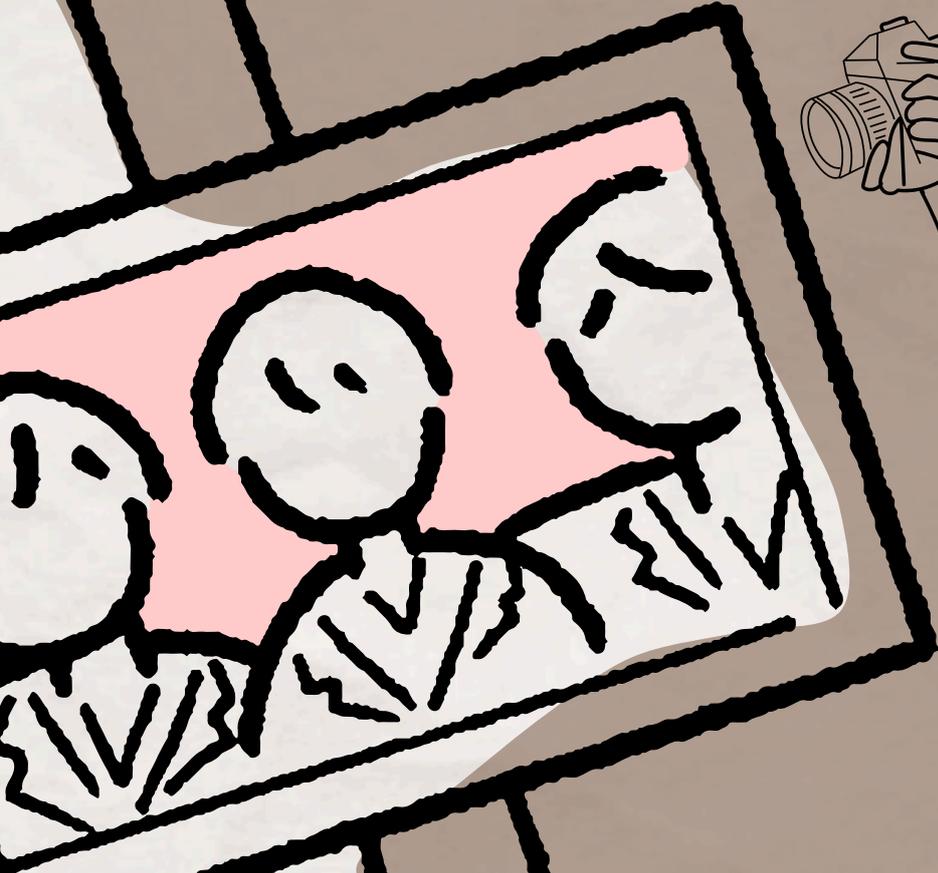
Aditri: For sure! Sometimes the biggest problems aren't real- they're just stories we tell ourselves. So next time, before spiralling into panic, maybe just take a deep breath and check the facts. This story isn't just about an anxious old man—it's about how our background, our fears & social conditioning shape how we see the world. It's about how lack of communication can turn small issues into massive problems, & it's about how we often assume the worst, when in reality, the universe might just be trying to hand us a blessing.



Appreciate you!



PHOTOGRAPHY



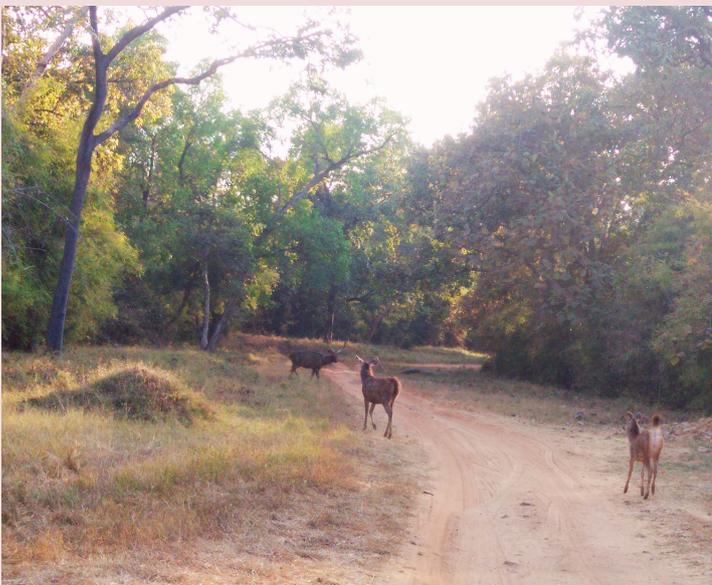
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Album 'Jungle Book'

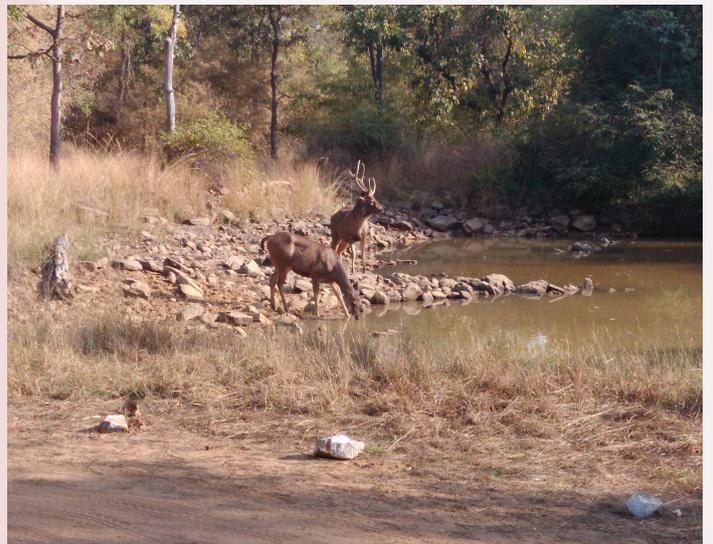


These photographs belong to Tadoba Jungle which is one of the most popular wild life safari destinations of Vidarbha region.



Album 'Jungle Book'

Dr. Mrinalini Paradkar is a zoophilist and a dendrophile. Capturing wildlife into framable memories is her favourite hobby . Every click creates a wonderful memory. These pictures were shot at Tadoba-Andhari Tiger reserve and belongs to her album personal album named "jungle book".



*Photographer
Dr. Mrinalini Paradkar
Contributor Lecturer
Department of Psychology
L.A.D. & Smt. R.P. College, Nagpur.*



**Did You
know?**

Fun Facts

- Yamini Gumgaokar
BA 2nd year

1. *Chimpanzees use tools more than any other animal except man.*
2. *A pet goldfish in England lived to be 43 years old.*
3. *A caterpillar has more muscles than a human.*
4. *Scorpions are fluorescent under ultraviolet rays.*
5. *The word 'peacock' is commonly used to refer to birds of both sexes. However, only males are peacocks and females are peahens.*
6. *Chess was invented in India.*
7. *The Ganges River Dolphins swims on its side so that one flipper touches the bottom of the water body. It is assumed that it does this to find food.*
8. *According to UN, Delhi is now the second largest agglomeration (extended city) in the world, with Mumbai ranked seventh and Calcutta tenth.*

(Sourced through internet)

Our Star Contributors



Keertida Yadav, a student of Psychology, Literature, and Philosophy, carries a deep thirst for thinking. For her, words are a way of being—whether she’s reading, writing, listening, or simply pondering the layers of thought that shape the world and the self.



Bhumi Dhanwani, a first-year BA student majoring in English Literature, enjoys reading fiction, dancing, and creating Mandala art. Writing is her favorite way to express herself and connect with the world around her. She wrote this piece to capture the reality of being a girl in 2025 — a world full of cheer and challenges, glow-ups and quiet battles, where strength often hides in silence.



Komal Mehta, a student of English Literature, is deeply interested in exploring themes, worldviews, and thought processes in poetry. Drawn to spirituality, history, and culture, she expresses her nationalist and spiritual reflections through thoughtful, introspective writing that seeks to connect the personal with the profound.



Neha Kulkarni is a first-year BA student with English Literature as her major subject. As she enjoys reading fiction and thrillers, and is especially drawn to spy films, courtroom dramas, and rom-coms, she's also eager to explore how literature mirrors society, human emotions, and how storytelling has evolved across cultures and time.

Our Star Contributors



Aditri Admane, a second-year B.A. student of Psychology, Literature, and Economics, finds poetry a powerful means of self-expression. She enjoys reading, writing free verse, and exploring places and their histories, using her words to connect with emotions, ideas, and the world.



Sanjhi Nehrotra, a 4th-year BCT student, explores nostalgia and introspection through her writing, crafting heartfelt poetry and narratives that capture emotions, memories, and human connections.



Shatakshi Shrivastava is a B.Sc. 1st-year student in the Department of Microbiology. A passionate writer, she turns to words when her voice falls short, letting emotions flow onto the page. Her writings are meant to be felt, capturing raw thoughts and unspoken feelings.



Yamini Gumgaonkar, a second-year B.A. student, finds joy in painting, drawing, and reading. These creative outlets help her relax and stay stress-free. Always curious and open to growth, she enjoys learning new things and embraces challenges with enthusiasm.

Our Star Contributors



Parshvika Ukey, a first-year English literature student, loves learning from her teachers and exploring the world of literature. She enjoys writing, reading, and talking, often finding humour in everything, believing both literature and life are better with a smile.



Mrunal Pathade is a soft spoken literature student, who speaks her heart through stories and songs. An introvert with a bold mind, turning silence into stories and songs into soul. To her literature isn't just about characters, it's about uncovering the layers of a character, and tracing them back to the soul who wrote them.



Tejal Yadav, a BSc IIIrd year CBZ student, explores the delicate balance between hope and reality through words. Their writing reflects life's unpredictability, the power of faith, and how the same words can wear different faces—capable of healing, hurting, or leaving no mark at all.



Sana Akbani is a thoughtful learner with a deep curiosity for literature and social issues. She is passionate about clarity, storytelling, and meaningful expression, and loves making sense of things and communicating them in a clear, impactful way.

Our Star Contributors



Disha Hiranwar is a soft-hearted literature student who finds people in pages and comfort in poems. She bakes for peace, writes when emotions overflow, and lives in daydreams more vivid than reality—always seeking warmth, meaning, and a life that feels like home.



Trisha Farande, a second-year Biotechnology student, finds beauty in both science and simplicity. Quietly observant and deeply thoughtful, she believes small moments often hold the biggest lessons. For her, learning is not just a goal—but a way of living.



Dr. Mrinalini Paradkar is a zoophilist and a dendrophile. Capturing wildlife into framable memories is her favourite hobby. Every click creates a wonderful memory. These pictures were shot at Tadoba-Andhari Tiger reserve and belongs to her album personal album named "jungle book".

From the Students

Dear Readers,

We are Team Jabberwocky, writing to you to express our gratitude for reading our e-zine. It was a labour of love. We read, not just for leisure, but also to learn ways to live. As Mary Wortley said, "No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting". Simply speaking, we are glad we could be the medium to bring a smile on your face through this collection by young ignited minds like us.

Our magazine Jabberwocky is an initiative by the Department of English to inspire students by providing them a platform to publish their literary art works. The team Jabberwocky works not only for the budding enthusiasts but also for those who wish to make career out of it. On a personal note, we loved and had fun working on this magazine for you all and we hope you appreciate the love we have poured into this volume of Jabberwocky.

This is Team Jabberwocky.
"For the students, by the students"

See you with the next edition. 🙌