

# WRITERS INC.

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# KERALA FLOODS

By Preesha

The unity of a country is often portrayed only in the time of difficulty and turmoil, a natural calamity is the best example of it. This month our neighbors next door, the state of Kerala, were in great distress due to the extreme flooding that shook up the whole country. While many people sat and pointed fingers as to who helped the state more and who didn't, the students as well as the professors of our college took an initiative to collect funds and necessary goods and made sure it reached the victims. The Rotoract Club of Crescent and the NSS put in their joint efforts, collecting funds from the students and teachers, as well as useful goods such as clothes, food, sanitary needs and so on to help the state when it needed support the most. The faculty Coordinators of the Rotoract club, Mr. Noushad and Mr. Jamshed made sure all the goods reached the relief camps set up in places like Wayanad and Calicut, medicines were also supplied to the government hospitals and medical colleges in Kerala.

Crescentians stood and will always stand tall and high, should anything go wrong in the vicinity. It was not only lending a helping hand to the victims of the disaster but also to revive the beautiful state of Kerala at the time of need, and Crescent's concern stays persistent. What a wonderful sight to see, unity.

## SURGICAL STRIKE REPORT

By Preesha

Soldiers are the silent warriors of our country that stand guard day and night to ensure the safety of our nation. They undergo hard and harsh training and rise with might and pride. The 29th of September marked one year since the surgical strike of Kashmir, hence a memorial was held in the Officers' Training Academy in Meenambakkam. Around 100 students from our college attended the memorial under the supervision of the Dean of Student Affairs Sir Gurdeep Narang.



They were first taken to the auditorium where a short film of valor and strength of the Indian army was shown, after which, the students were taken on a tour around the academy. They were shown the different types of arms and ammunition owned by the Indian army, which really amazed the students. Next, they visited a memorial of all the officers who valiantly sacrificed their lives for our beloved nation. This was followed by a walk through the museum which displayed pictures of all the army officers who fought relentlessly for our country. This visit encouraged the students who were interested to join the army and serve the country. It also exposed them to the sacrifices and the hardships that each and every army officer goes through to ensure the safety of our motherland, a truly eye-opening visit one can say!



## 1. Black and White

What's black? What's white?  
Just an illusion of sight.  
What's wrong? What's right?  
It's upon whom to decide?

To pass? To fight?  
Depends upon the opponent's might.  
Where is dark? Where is light?  
Where should I point my flashlight?

What's good? What's bad?  
Who's sane? Who's mad?  
Is there good in bad? Is there bad in good?  
I'd tell you if I know or if I could.

The strategy in a game of chess;  
The colours of a judge's dress.  
Who's playing by the rules?  
How should I guess?

When the light is white;  
The shadow cast is the blackest.  
When the lamp is lit;  
The undergrowth is the darkest.

This ancient dance of the two brothers;  
In the grey symphony of the world.  
In the end they're just two colours;  
With so many meanings unfurled.  
#Hussain Barad

## 2. The Beauty of Black & White

God has indeed created a unique creature,  
Made of only two colors, black and white,  
But is it black stripes on white or white  
stripes on black?

Is a question of debate till date.  
Each one has a unique arrangement of black  
and white stripes,  
It is like our fingerprints which is our unique  
identity,

But it is very hard to guess its gender  
Mother or Father? Sister or Brother?  
But guess what? That's the most wonderful  
thing.

The stripes are so creatively designed, but wait  
Does it run from east to west or west to east?  
Or is it north to south or south to north?  
Maybe it's one of the mysteries yet to be  
revealed.

It's one of the best designed products made  
by God,

Revealing that beauty doesn't need many colors  
Anyways, all I really want to do right now is  
Have a look at this black and white animal,  
And enjoy its black and white beauty.

#Tasneem

## 3. When White meets Black

Like a distant star in the darkness of space,  
She sneaked into my world where felicity had no  
trace.

Black plus white could only make grey,  
Her presence made my past slowly fade away.  
Every black butterfly could be mistaken for a moth,  
But snow is snow and can never be froth.  
Luminous as the moon in the dimness of my night,  
She being my Snow White and I her Dark Knight.  
She chased after me to believe in myself,  
Never once revealed how she felt herself.  
A smile crept on her face whenever we locked our  
eyes,

Her words emboldened me and aided me to rise.  
She depicted the white in the Ying & Yang of my life,  
She was my best friend, neither my lover nor my wife.

For death visited her dressed in black ,  
And she silently eloped with destiny behind my back.  
#Ashima Yusuff

# 'Last Word Standing'

## DEBATE REPORT

By Preesha

'Words can cut deeper than any sword' they say. People who have a way with their words are the ones that are and will lead the world. Debating is the art of speech to bring out the good and bad reflecting from different issues. The Crescent Literary Society and the Debate Club conducted the very first debate inter-department event in our college called 'The Last Word Standing'. The event witnessed the active participation of all the departments, turning out to be a grand success as it paved way for the inner talent of the students when they took sides on unique topics given to them.

The welcome speech was presented by Kaaviya Balakrishnan, warmly inviting the judges, G.K Atul and Faheem, former members of Crescent Literary Society. Conducted in three rounds, each in different debating styles, the number of participants were more than 60, in teams of two. The winners were Mehran and Anirudh of the ECE department 1st year and followed by Farheen and Aysha Munawwarah of Bio-Tech department 3rd year, securing the second prize. Hussain Barad of the CSE department won the Best Speaker Award. The prizes were distributed by the Dean of Student Affairs, Major General Gurdeep Singh Narang and the Staff Co-ordinator, Dr. P. Rathna. The Vote of Thanks was given by the Debate head, Kolimi Ayesha Nikhath, and the judges gave a word of thanks and encouragement.

The battle between the enthusiastic teams once again restored the fact that debating is more than just opposing rivals. Debating hoists a flag of what you stand for, and understanding why the opponents speak what they stand for, giving two wide views of the subject in the ring.

# #MeToo

By Kaaviya Balakrishnan

Although it has only recently rooted in the Indian soil, the movement has been sweeping the internet off for over a year now. For those of you who have no clue what the hash tag is about, it was an attempt by the social media to create awareness about the widespread of sexual assaults and harassments and also to get media coverage over the issues hoping for empathy, justice and social reformation in the future. Since our education system lacks what we need to be taught about the most, we took it upon ourselves to present you some of the fundamentals of what's called consent so that we can put the #METOO to rest.

## 1. What is consent?

**Consent = Permission**

Consent is basically giving permission or agreeing to engage in sexual activities with another individual, in this context (including all kinds of physical activities, such as kissing or intimate touches). If a participant does not give consent or is forced to do it against their will, then the activity is considered as sexual assault/rape/sexual harassment.

## 2. How does it work?

- A) **Appearance:** the way the person is dressing, however provocative it might seem, does not mean they give consent
- B) **Body language:** how the person behaves or what they talk about does not necessarily mean they give consent, unless they verbally say so
- C) **Relationship:** your relationship status with that person, even if you have been together for long or married to them, does not mean you have consent over their body. Marital rape is still rape.
- D) **Previous experiences:** even if you and your partner have been involved in sexual activities in the past, it is important to get consent every time. Previous experiences do not give you rights to all future experiences.
- E) **Withdrawal:** if your partner does not want to continue doing it, or feels uncomfortable they can withdraw their consent. If they do so, respect their boundary
- F) **Limits:** consent has limits too. If you are given consent to kiss, that does not mean you are given consent to undress them too. It is very important to verbally establish your limits with your partner regarding their limits and boundaries.
- G) **Silence:** silence does not mean consent. No matter how good the situation looks, silence is a no. There is always a possibility that your partner might be in a state of shock and might not be able to process what is happening, which leads to the silence. Verbal consent is important.
- H) **Incapability:** if your partner is intoxicated (drug or alcohol abuse) then do not proceed. Even if they say yes, they might not mean a yes. Do not accept consent if the person is under substance abuse.

## 3. How does a 'yes' look?

A verbal "yes" is the best form of consent. Ask your partner if they are comfortable with what is happening. Make sure they aren't in a shock or being hurt. Other than a verbal 'yes', physical responses from your partner (reciprocating or making advancements) can also be taken as consent.

## 4. The different forms of a No!

**NO MEANS NO!** But at most times, a 'no' does not sound exactly like that. This might sound a bit confusing, so let me break it down for you. Sometimes, your partner might not be in a position to give you a strong no. So look for other signs, "I don't like this", "I don't think we should do this now", "I am not ready", "Can you please not...", "I am scared" and so much more are still the same, a no. If the concerned person does invest in the activity as you are or seems to be in a confusion, stop. Stop immediately. This is also a no to consent.

Although as a feminist I feel really empowered to see #METOO going around, creating all this change and awareness, I really wish it did not exist. The purpose of its existence might be for a good cause, but just the existence of such a movement shows how badly women and children are being treated in the society. In some cases, the victims are men as well. The progress from a generation where the girls are taught to dress properly to a generation where the boys are taught not to look that way starts with us practising consent.

# WRITTEN VOICES

"Spare me the trivialities." I walked away indignantly. Things were not going well. Johnny had not brought the score. It had been more than 36 hours since our last shot.

"What do we do now Kim?" A timid voice asked from behind me.

"I dunno. Let's hit the store."

We searched the pharmacy shelves for the right mixture of pills, and drips that substituted for the stag.

Sam was as pale as a ghost, and her nerves were pulsing visibly enough for me to see.

I took her aside, and hugged her. Her fragile heart tried to leap out of her ribcage into my arms.

"Hush, little Sam. We still have time."

"But, but the colours, Kim! They're going away.. I can't see.."

"Shhhh.." I hushed her, and took the bills to the billing counter.

The cashier did not throw us a second glance. We headed back to the room.

Sam was panting by now, struggling to breathe. I supported her some of the way, but by then she couldn't really walk.

I carried her the rest of the way.

Her rasping breaths caught my ear, and shattered my cruel heart.

"Hold on Sam!"

I carried her up into the apartment, and set her down.

"Hold! On! Sam!" She was foaming at the corners of her mouth.

"Black and white.. Black and white.." she kept mumbling.

I heated up the spoon, and readied the shot. My hands were trembling like never before.

Sam had gone into seizures.

I took up her shot, and hit the right vein.

"Please God." I whispered, Closed my eyes, kissed her lips, and injected.

About 48 seconds later, her eyes flew wide awake, and she took a loud gasp of air.

"They're back! They're back Kim!" She exclaimed.

She sat up, hugged me and sobbed. Another day had dawned on Scotland.

#Lazim

Winter Carol...

Soft snow, brittle winter,

thin sheets of ice

hovering fathoms of the lake,

sharp skates carving

smooth ice and

airy bells pushing

through the thick air.

Clouds escaping chapped lips,

crystal shards looking at

the pillowy ground,

warm smiles and cold shivers,

trembling fingers and harmonized rhythms,

everlasting forever

and forthcoming tomorrows.

#Samyuktha Prasanan



## Pencil Portrait Workshop

By Preesha

The Crescent Creative Strokes held a pencil portrait workshop to train the students of the different forms of art. The workshop was hosted by Ms. Sandhya Swaminathan, who is a freelance artist. She specializes in pencil sketching and is incredibly good at sketching portraits and inanimate objects. She first taught the students the basics of how to use different types of pencils to create fascinating sketches and add depth and realism to the portrait. She also taught them how to use colors, tips and tricks that can be followed while sketching. They first practiced small basic sketches and then moved on the sketching the portrait of the famous celebrity, Emma Watson. Participants portrayed their talent on the blank sheets and learned a lot from this well-organized workshop.



# WRITER'S CORNER

## The Body of Racism

If the human body is filled with racism,  
Heart would be filled with hatred instead of love,  
Mind would think vile thoughts instead of good thoughts,  
Mouth would speak painful words instead of pleasing ones,  
Eyes would show antipathy instead of sympathy,  
Hands would give cruelty instead of kindness and  
Moreover life would be sad instead of happy.  
We live in a so called democratic country which we are proud of,  
Yet a person is discriminated and slapped by it's status, caste and color.  
#Tasneem.J

## Upside Down

I got up, and stared at the mirror. I couldn't recognize the figure that stared back at me. Who was this hollow shell?  
This being; this creature with no purpose for existence. The mere thought appalled me. I closed my eyes. Envisioning the most sacred dreams I held close to my heart, I opened them again. The man that stared back at me was someone else.  
This man, was everything I'd wanted to be in life. Everything I'd wanted to do. By his arm stood the woman of my dreams, his grin telling me the story I've always wanted to say.  
I sat back down, and gulped down a glass of water, thinking. Thinking hard.  
It had been like staring into a black hole; the mirror that had showed me the opposites. Me vs. the man I'd wanted to be.  
The memories came rushing in, so quick I couldn't bite back the tears. Sana, mom, life until 10th grade, the flood, all of it.  
Then it dawned on me. Depression was real, but so was change. In fact, change was the only constant in the varying equation of the world  
And if a stupid mirror could show me the opposite of what I was, then I could be that person. Impersonate him until I slowly fit into his shoes, walk the mile. Smile a little, maybe open up to the world.  
I stood up, got ready, got dressed and headed to the car. My world was about to turn upside down.  
#Lazim

Life is short, the years went by in a wink - and I realised this after all these years, sitting in a solitary bench, contemplating an aesthetically silent river wavering in the sight. I lived throughout my life, never thinking of this notion, not once, for I worked hard to retain my 'dignity', the satisfaction of I never being accused of abdicating any of my responsibilities - how heavily overloaded it may seem. I had my own principles and worked on it as hard as I could. Now, when I look back, all I could see is, my sincerity and conservatism - work, work and so much work. Many years had been added to my average expectation of life and I worked and worked and worked all it through. For thirty years I had been a busy auditor. For over thirty years I had gone through so much financial records, reviewed the accounts of companies and organisations, quieted the distress during great depressions - and worked to help ensure that organisation runs efficiently. When I look back, my world revolved around of hundreds and thousands of accounts and paper documents. Now, when I look back, all these years seeming very short, what memories did I gathered to rejoice after all? I came to an important decision. The time had come to retire, and to meditate the many things I had learned in my many years of practice. To find a work is happiness, to focus outside ourselves, to be content with life. But, as you may seem engrossed late and soon with exertion, let your heart give away to places in your preoccupied soul for a gentler breeze which makes your life worth living. Now, my age is fifty seven; I am in the evening of my life, after all, and evening's the best part of the day, indeed: let me tranquilly listen to the beautiful humming of the earth; I want to put my feet up and relax.

**"Enjoy yourself - It is later than you think"**

#Abdul Kareem

# MMC Report

The Crescent Literary Society has participated in the cultural event 'revivals' conducted by Madras Medical College and won the following places:

**Creative writing: 1st** — Umar and Kaaviya

**Creative writing: 2nd** — Lazim Rasheed and Hussain Barad

**Shipwreck: 2nd** — faheem abdeen

**Shipwreck: 3rd** — Barathan B

**Tight corner: 3rd** - Preesha

**Dumb charades: 3rd** — Barathan, Faheem, Suhail

STRAIGHT OUT OF DREAMLAND



NIVEDHA, 1YR



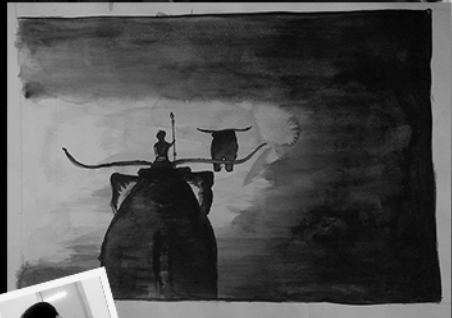
SHAIK ANISA, 1YR



ROOHI, 1YR



ASHIFA NASREEN, 2YR



GURUBARAN, 1YR



A MONTH OF NO PROGRESS AND A NEW FRIEND LATER



Art work by  
Mohammed  
Ganan  
4Y, MECH

# GALLERY



## Editor's note:

In episodes of depression, traumatic silence or perhaps a ray of sunshine for the restoration of peace in that lonely park bench, the transition to attain the pinnacle of stability is simply beautiful. In this month's issue of the Students' e-magazine, we bring you the significance of the negatives and positives in life, the yin-yang, the two sides of a coin, the blacks and whites. Though the elements seem to be ridiculously boring and overrated to some, the rest sit down for a cup of coffee under the painted black sky and wish for the night to never end. They wilfully turn themselves colour-blind to appreciate the serenity in the ambitious silence of the moment. Time to get consumed by Linkin Park's "One more Light"!

We grew up, when black and white filters were considered more than just classy, when white represented angels but black was our favourite colour to sport, when we religiously wished for the nights to stay awhile but regretted when our days were spent in vain. This monthly issue has everything to do with the literature of the spaces between the words unspoken, the contrasting voices we raise and debate, the beauty in opposites.

Oh and yes! Crescent Writers Guild awaits for your submissions. You don't really have to knock the door. Come in, and make yourself comfortable as a writer of the heart. Mail us your writeups to [crescentwritersguild@gmail.com](mailto:crescentwritersguild@gmail.com) and claim your chance to have it published on our next month's issue!