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B.S. ABDUR RAHMAN CRESCENT INSTITUTE  
OF SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

CRESCENT LITERARIAN  
HUB

PRESENTS

# GRESLITT OPUS



INSTITUTION'S  
INNOVATION  
COUNCIL

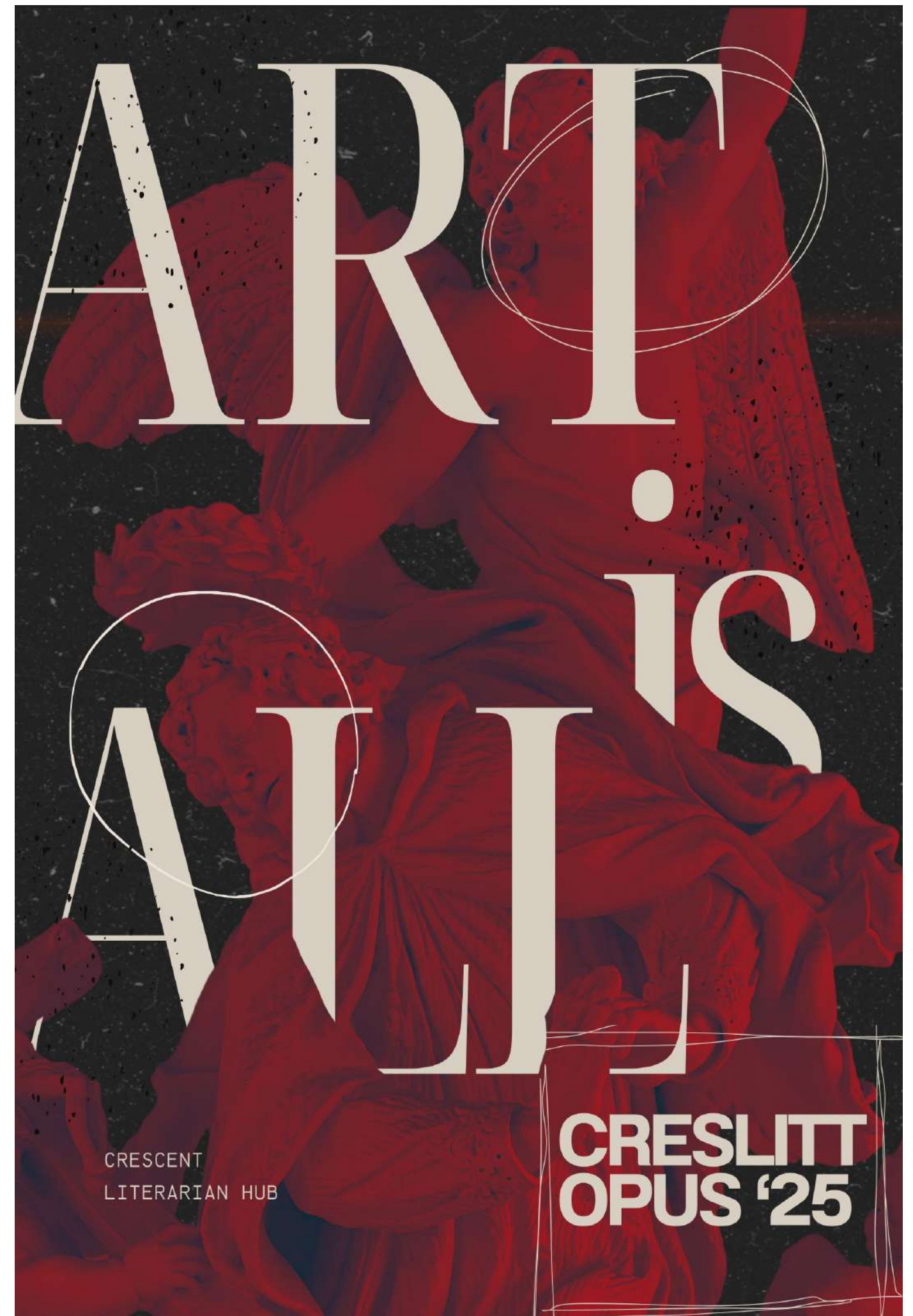
(Ministry of Education Initiative)





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# From Our Patrons



**Prof. Dr. T. Murugesan**

Vice Chancellor

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." — Maya Angelou

Every act of creation is an act of courage. Creslitt Opus '25 is a powerful testament to the voices that refuse to remain unheard, to the thoughts that demand expression, and to the ideas that shape the intellectual fabric of our students. Creativity in education is not merely an embellishment; it is the very foundation upon which innovation and progress are built.

The works presented in this magazine reaffirm the importance of literature as both personal and collective memory. Writing allows us to transcend time, to understand perspectives beyond our own, and to ultimately become more human. I commend the dedication of our students, faculty, and editorial team for producing this remarkable volume. Best wishes to all contributors and readers.

**Dr. N. Thajuddin**

Pro-Vice Chancellor

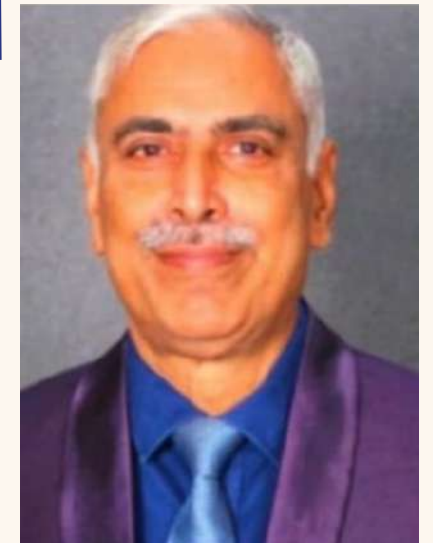
It is a pleasure to see Creslitt Opus '25 showcase the creative and reflective spirit of our students. At Crescent, we believe that education must prepare students not only for careers but also for life—equipping them to think critically, express freely, and contribute meaningfully to society. This magazine stands as a testament to that vision. Through poetry, prose, and art, our students demonstrate the same drive, clarity, and originality that we foster through our academic and entrepreneurial ecosystem. I congratulate the Department of English, the Crescent Literarian Hub, and all the contributors for this impressive volume. Best wishes for continued creative excellence.



**Dr. N. Raja Hussain**

Registrar

"The mind is not a vessel to be filled, but a fire to be kindled." — Plutarch



It fills me with immense pride to witness Creslitt Opus '25 stand as a shining example of our institution's commitment to intellectual and creative growth. Literature has long been the cornerstone of human progress, fostering originality of thought and deepening

our understanding of the world. The pages of this magazine are filled with the voices of students who are not merely absorbing knowledge but actively shaping and questioning it. Their poetry, prose, and reflections remind us that education is not just about learning—it is about transformation.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations and wish the readers an engaging read.



**Dr. Ayub Khan Dawood**

Professor and Dean,  
School of Social Sciences, and Humanities

The literary mind is an ever-expanding universe—one that finds meaning in both the extraordinary and the mundane. Creslitt Opus '25 is an eloquent reflection of this journey, capturing the essence of creativity in its most dynamic form.

Throughout history, literature has been both a witness and a catalyst for change. From the bold truths of Shakespeare to the defiant voices of contemporary poets, the written word has never been merely an art—it has been an act of resilience, an assertion of identity, and a bridge to greater understanding.

"A word after a word after a word is power." - Margaret Atwood

May the words within inspire many more to come. Congrats and best wishes to the entire team!



# Foreword



**Dr. P. Rathna**

Professor and Head, Department of English

"We read to know we are not alone." - C.S. Lewis

The beauty of literature lies in its ability to make the personal universal and the universal personal. With every poem, story, and reflection in Creslitt Opus '25, we find fragments of ourselves woven into the experiences of others. This issue, brimming with artistic vibrancy and intellectual depth, is a celebration of creative minds at work.

Our students have once again transformed words into something alive- a space where emotions take shape and ideas find their voice. The Crescent Literarian Hub continues to thrive as a sanctuary for expression, nurturing a culture of literary brilliance.

I extend my warmest congratulations to all contributors and the editorial team. May this tradition continue to flourish, inspiring generations to come.

My profound thanks are due to our esteemed Board of Management, Hon. Vice Chancellor, Hon. Pro Vice Chancellor, Respected Registrar, and Dean, School of Social Sciences and Humanities, for their exceptional support and encouragement.

Happy reading!

## *A Note From the Editor-in-Chief*



Hello dear reader,

The Creslitt Opus magazine represents the passing of the torch from one stage of life to another. As third-year students graduate, second-years step into their shoes, and first-years move forward, we still remain students of life, forever learning and growing.

This year's theme centers on reflection and growth.

Legacy is often portrayed in grandiose, Shakespearean gestures, yet our lives are shaped by countless small moments and stories. The people we were, the times we shared, and those who walked beside us—these circumstances and our choices shape our character.

While we cannot choose the circumstances or the roles others play in our lives, we do have the power to shape how we interpret and remember those moments.

On behalf of the third-year students and everyone who contributed to this magazine, I extend my deepest appreciation. It has been both an honor and a privilege to bring this magazine to life and embrace the changes along the way. I hope it serves as a meaningful reflection of our shared experiences and growth.

With gratitude,  
Chak



# The Poets' Corner



**An Answer to the Yesteryears**  
Chakravarthi Chandrasekaran

**Beneath the Ground**  
Anshiya

**Confusions of My Mind!**  
Swarna Rekha

**Eternal Friendship**  
Afreen Fathima

**Flourish in the Storm**  
Afreen Fathima

**Future**  
Jasper Leethiyal

**Life**  
M. R. Nakshathra

**“Just a few minutes ago”**  
Shariba Kauser

**Lessons Learnt**  
Aren Runa

**Mother**  
Jagadeesh

**Myth**  
Ayesha .R

**Nature Ends**  
Iffath Aalia

**Pursue**  
Blessy Stephen

**Twist: Life After 20s**  
Iffath Aalia

**You.**  
Aren Runa



## An Answer to the Yesteryears

Amidst the quiet, I step,  
On paths I once feared, now adept.

What is this resistance I feel?  
A tug from the past, a voice that appeals—  
To ease, to ignorance, to promises that lied,  
But I know now, I cannot abide.

The vestiges of who I was still linger,  
Pointing blame with a familiar finger.  
“Why must it be so hard?” my echoes cry,  
But these days I walk forward; I do not ask why.

In those days, happiness was my only creed,  
I sought it blindly, forgetting its seed.  
Then meaning replaced it—sharp and fleeting,  
But even that faded, despite my seeking.

Now I know, it is spirit I need,  
A character of self that will always lead.  
Yet still, the yesteryears beckon and call,  
Testing my resolve to abandon it all.

One cannot unsee what one has seen before,  
Yet I’ve shed the skin of that life, once more.  
Each new step, a clash with the old,  
Each new day, opportunities re-sold.

Amidst the quiet, I step,  
On paths I once feared, now adept.



*Chakravarthi Chandrasekaran,  
B.A. English, 3rd year*



## Beneath the Ground

Beneath the ground there lies a seed  
From a long time indeed  
Coming out of ground  
Many battles it fought  
Sun’s harsh slaps, rain’s soft kisses  
But what he only misses  
Are its leaves  
He knows it’s his growth  
But alone, he feels lost.  
Against all odds  
The storms rage strong and the shadows fail,  
Regrowth whispers.  
Rise against it all .



*Anshiya, B.A. English, 3rd year*

## Confusions of My Mind!

Confusions of my mind!  
The moment that changed me, was when my  
mind answered,  
The illusions of my life,  
The reality above the expectations,  
The mistakes that killed me deep inside,  
I found a spark in the deepest dark,  
And that spark melted my mind,  
Healed from the inside and taught me to live.



*Swarna Rekha, B.A. English, 3rd  
year*



## Eternal Friendship

Two souls, separated from each other  
Can feel the pain of a surrogate mother.  
I still remember the day we met.  
The world faded away,  
Leaving the glow of ecstasy  
I wish I could have a world of our own  
The enchantment of our first meet still lingers  
Filling my heart with warmth and delight.  
The streets to my house eagerly awaits your presence.  
As you make your way to meet me,  
May all these distance end.

## Flourish in the Storm

Through howling winds, I held my course  
Against the tide, I chose to oppose.  
Chasing the sun through endless nights  
Scars became paths, ashes turned flame,  
Through every scar, a lesson burned,  
Through every fall, a strength was earned.  
The earth may shake, the rivers stray,  
Yet I bloom in my own way.  
For every storm that sought my end,  
Has taught my spirit how to bend.  
Not just to live but rise, survive,  
Through endless trials, I will thrive.



*Afreen Fathima, B.A. English,  
3rd year*

## Future

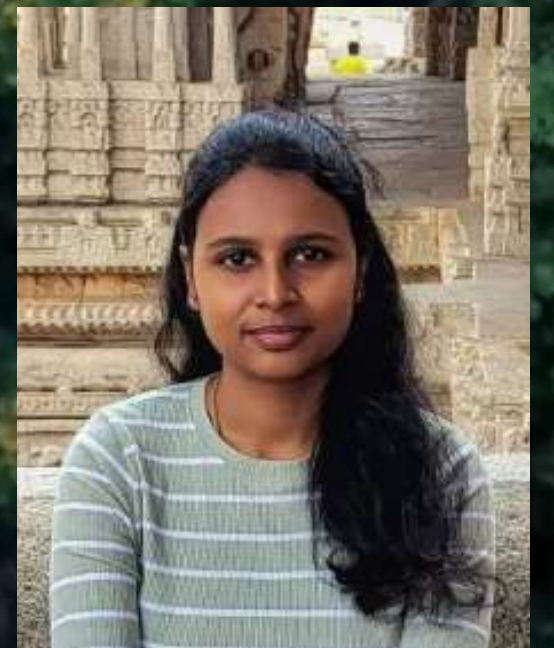
The future lies in shadows still,  
A canvas blank, yet shaped by will.  
In every choice, a world is born,  
From moments lost and dreams forlorn.



*Jasper Leethiyal, B.A. English,  
3rd year*

## Life

A book of emptiness, no one to care.  
A droplet of tears, no words to share.  
A room full of Unfulfilment, no one by the side.  
But still, I need them, so I didn't keep them aside.



*M. R. Nakshathra, B.A. English,  
3rd year*





## “Just a few minutes ago”

Just a few minutes ago,  
I was a happy child,  
With loved ones by my side,  
Now I let out a huge sigh.

In a state where my tears want to freely flow,  
I gaze into the mirror,  
Unsure of where and who I am at present.

Lost in the whirlwind of life,  
Unsure of my own identity,  
Reality hits me hard in every small moment of my life.

The pain runs deep,  
Silent to please but the rudeness still prevails.  
Yet, I stay silent in order to avoid hassles.

Lost in the maze of life,  
Seeking a ray of hope and a guiding light.

Just a few minutes ago,  
I was truly alive wholeheartedly with hope and light.

Now I am my own stranger in my own skin,  
Empty and lost but still hoping for the light to prevail back in its beautiful form which was once present in my life.



*Shariba Kauser, B.A. English, 3rd year*

## Lessons Learnt

Friendships were masks, deceit in disguise,  
Unveiled truths brought tears to my eyes.  
Choices I made led to scars and pain,  
Kindness betrayed left an endless stain.

Yet from the rubble, my heart arose,  
Over the lies, my strength only grows.  
Unfettering hope keeps guiding me through,  
But some stood strong, and their love was true.

In their presence, I felt no fear,  
Trust rebuilt, and skies grew clear.  
Courage whispered, “Let go, forgive,”  
Hope taught me how to truly live.

Every betrayal carved lessons in stone,  
Showing the beauty of standing alone.



*Aren Runa, B.A. English, 3rd year*





## Mother

I never saw God when I was born, I saw God in your form, my mother  
I was born as your son and I worshiped your feet as my mother  
Mom, I came running to see you, I cried a lot when I didn't see you.  
My dear mother. I want to sleep on your lap listening to your lullaby  
Only the pure love you show me, my mother, is enough for me.



**Jagadeesh, B.A. English, 2nd Year**

## Myth

Dream up to the sky,  
That one day you will play with star  
Stepping on the moon.  
But make sure not to fall down soon  
I wish that the sea  
Will hug you to the coast  
Surf on the waves and dance.  
But don't slip down too fast  
Swim in the fire,  
Just like the son of the almighty  
Kiss the flame and just shine,  
But be sure not to dip in the rain.  
Give them your heart and soul.  
Make them your world and whole.  
Love them till your death  
But darling remember,  
True love is a beautiful myth.



**Ayesha .R, B.A. English, 3rd year**

## Nature Ends

O my intelligent people, think.  
Running to achieve the goals,  
Gen-Z dependent on money.  
Don't stick with one side.  
Spoiling health with improper foods.  
And imagine how the hill's people are stronger  
compared to us.  
The difference is: we have technology, they have  
family and nature (beauty).  
If we, at a younger age, don't see  
And enjoy,  
We will enjoy it in old age?  
Impossible?  
At that time, you can't move  
If our health is not nice.  
Go, people, still you have more to see—the world's  
other sides.  
The beautiful hills and sunset.  
Nature calls us at every special climate change to  
enjoy.  
Spending time that stores your memories with loved  
ones.  
Forgetting about tough life, work, stress.  
You will find peace and relaxation.  
God says, go and see  
My beautiful Earth I have made for humans and  
animals.  
From the bottom of your heart,  
You feel unexpected happiness  
And experience new things—  
At least once in a year  
Before you die.



**Iffath Aalia, B.A. English, 3rd year**





*Blessy Stephen, B.A. English,  
2nd Year*

## Pursue

If not you, then who?  
There's nothing that you cannot do.  
All these trials, you'll get through.  
To your conscience, be true.  
Always try something new.  
Despise not others' views.  
Find your own path and let your voice ensue.  
Only few dare to do these,  
Chase your dreams and pursue

## Twist: Life After 20s

Thinking for yourself and making your own decisions  
Tempted to try something new in life,  
If it feels right to you,  
But if it's not safe, then it's wrong.

Especially for girls and women—  
In friendships, relationships, as housewives—  
They often find it difficult  
To go against social norms.

Emotions get played with,  
Leading to heartbreak and loss,  
Facing anxiety, constant stress,  
And sinking into depression.

Always sacrificing their lives  
For others' happiness,  
Constantly thinking—  
“What have I done?”  
As if destiny alone decides  
What life is meant to be.

Yet still,  
You can build strong belief,  
Hold on to hope,  
Grow your confidence and bravery.

Rise up, be independent.  
Prove you can do anything.  
Live a joyful life—  
And smile, life is short.



*Iffath Aalia, B.A. English, 3rd  
year*



# You.



*Aren Runa, B.A. English, 3rd year*

You are pretty, pretty like the morning sky  
You are calm, calm as a breezy day  
You are soothing, soothing like a gloomy evening  
You are warm, warm like a cup of coffee  
You are alluring, alluring like a Renaissance painting  
You are perfect as perfect as a person can be  
You are loved, loved by me  
You are my muse, my love  
You are the only thing in my empty world,  
You are the sunshine to my darkness  
You are the warm blanket on my cold days  
You are nothing but a shine,  
You are nothing but mine.  
What you are is me.

## Stories Within

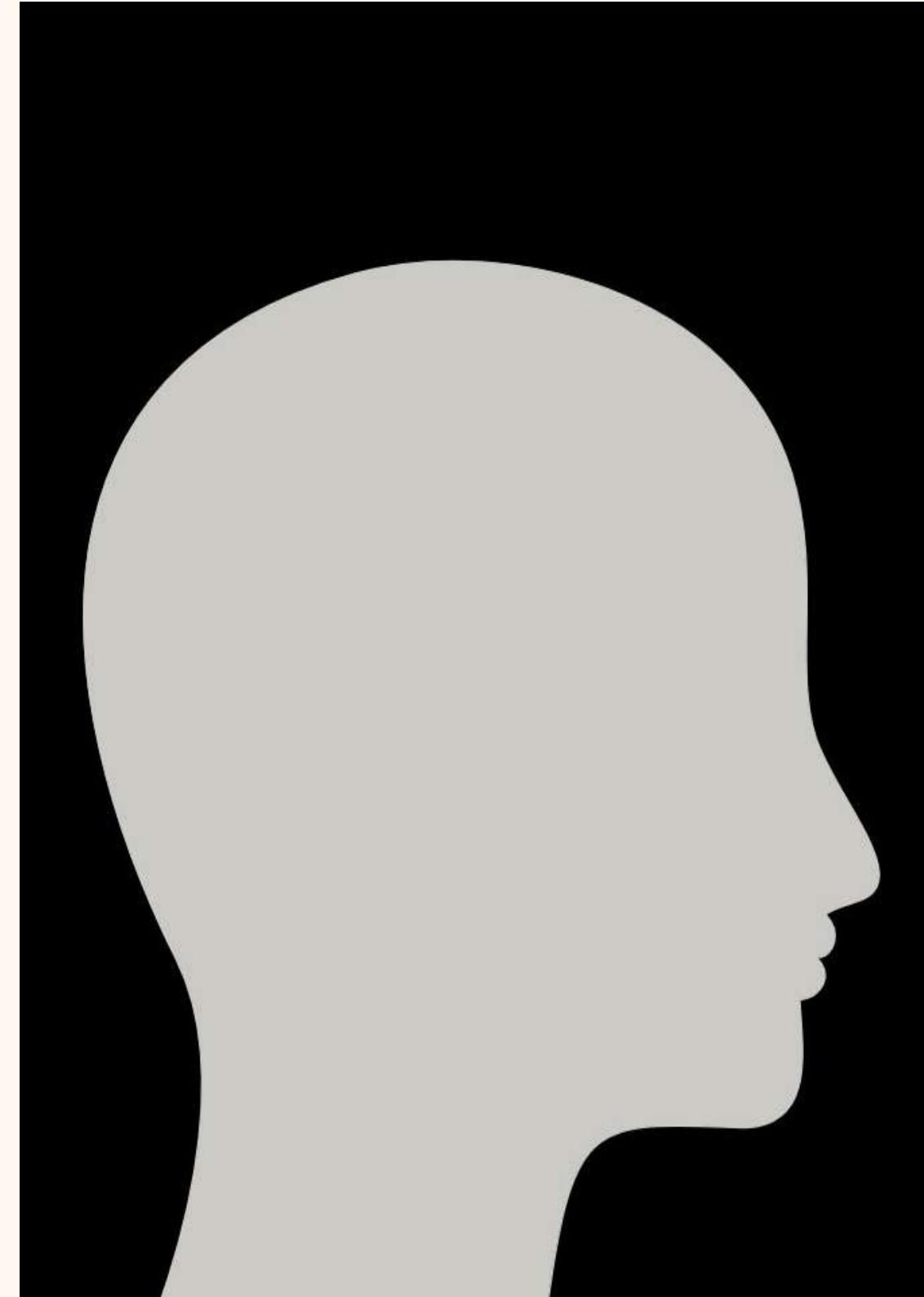
**Drizzles of Memory,  
Downpours of Reality**  
Lincy Manuel

**Embracing Failures:  
Learning from  
Mistakes**  
S. Abinaya

**Social Media: A  
Fictional Concept**  
Subhashree

**THE COURAGE TO  
GO ONWARD**  
Blessy Stephen

**When Passion  
Meets Parental  
Expectations**  
S. Dhanya





## Drizzles of Memory, Downpours of Reality

Childhood monsoons were pure magic. The rains meant school holidays—unannounced surprises. We'd set off to school, unaware, only to find the gates locked and return home, drenched but ecstatic. As time passed, the anticipation shifted to watching TV, waiting eagerly for the holiday announcement. Hot food, a cozy bed, and the joy of an unexpected day off—those were the things that defined happiness.

Back then, I never paused to think about anyone else. Everyone I knew—friends, cousins—felt the same way. My world was tiny, not because the world itself was small, but because my view of it was.

Then life happened. I moved to Chennai, like many “vandheris”—those who migrate here for work, education, or the lure of a better life. Chennai, with her grandeur and grace, enchanted us all. But when the rains came, my first instinct was to escape.

As I grew older, my perspective widened. The rains, once a source of joy, began to fill me with unease. Questions haunted me: Would there be enough milk? Enough hot food? Enough water? I began stocking up on supplies, hoarding out of fear, even if it meant wasting them later. I wasn't alone—just like those who parked their cars on flyovers, desperate to keep them safe from the rising water. My anxiety felt justified.

But this monsoon, I saw things differently. While I was busy hoarding, others were losing everything—food, shelter, clothing. Their fragility made me confront my own privilege. My anxiety wasn't natural; it was a product of societal pressure. I realized I was focusing on the wrong things. Instead of worrying about what I might lose, I needed to be grateful for what I have—the security of a roof, a dry place to sleep, and the luxury of deciding whether or not a raindrop touches me.

This monsoon taught me to shift my focus to what truly matters. And as I wait for the rainbow to appear, I hold on to hope—for myself, for the city, and for all those who weather the storm.



*Lincy Manuel, Research Scholar*

## Embracing Failures: Learning from Mistakes

Failure. A word that can make any of us feel scared, embarrassed, or even hopeless. As students, we often feel like failing means the end of the world—be it a bad exam score, not getting selected for something we wanted, or simply messing up in front of others. But the truth is, failures are not as bad as we think. In fact, they're one of the best ways to learn and grow.

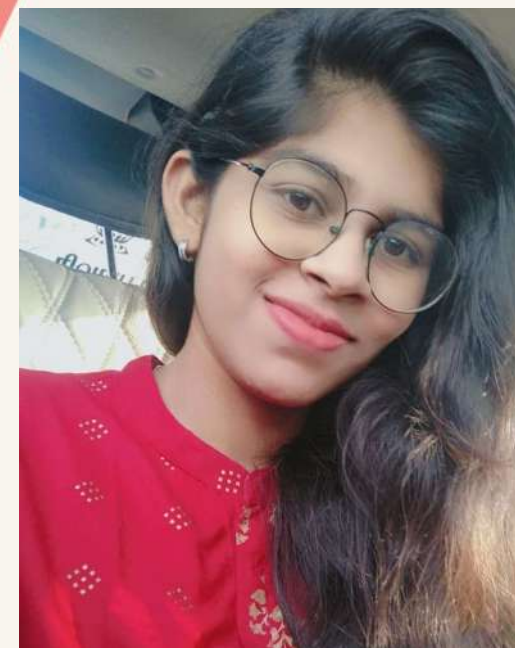
Think about it: if you've never failed, how will you know what to improve? Mistakes are like signboards—they show us what's not working and help us figure out a better way. For example, if you fail in a subject, it doesn't mean you're not smart. It just means you need to study hard or reflecting on what went wrong or what mistake we did.

I remember once I worked really hard for an exam, but it didn't go the way I wanted. I felt horrible at first, but later I realized where I went wrong. I told myself, 'It's okay to fail. I will get the results I hope for!' The next time, I focused more on practicing, and the result was much better. If I hadn't failed the first time, I wouldn't have learned what to improve.

Failures also teach us resilience. Life is full of ups and downs, and learning to bounce back from failures makes us stronger. It's okay to feel bad for a while when things don't go as planned. But instead of giving up, if we take it as a lesson, it becomes a step forward, not backward.

So, the next time you fail at something, don't be too hard on yourself. Remember, even the most successful people—scientists, writers, athletes—have failed countless times. What makes them stand out is their ability to embrace those failures and use them as stepping stones.

Mistakes don't define us; what we do after them does. So, let's not be afraid to fail. Let's embrace it, learn from it, and come back stronger every time.



*S. Abinaya, B.A. English, 2nd year*



## Social Media: A Fictional Concept

Do you agree that social media shapes our lives? From waking up in the morning with a bundle of messages and notifications that sometimes make us happy or ruin it to scrolling for hours. It actually determines our own moods and what we should do in each and everything. Spend hours just simply scrolling and more. People just by seeing random social media feeds decide things.

Some people even don't have problems but they dump themselves into frustrations. People lose self-importance and self-care by indulging themselves in social media and electronic gadgets. It creates an imaginary world but destroys the original world of humans. This blurs the line between reality and fiction. It kind of creates a fictional world and develops expectations. These expectations are imposed by themselves and that spoils their lives. For instance, teens develop perspectives on their lives just by observing some random videos.

Social media erases cognitive skills, problem solving and facing reality. It designs humans to be preoccupied in their thoughts. It removes authenticity in people. This has transformed the way people think and behave and it doesn't give time to make use of the cerebrum.



***Subhashree, B.A. English, 3rd year***

## THE COURAGE TO GO ONWARD

**So What? What Next?** are two essential questions that people should ask themselves. These questions help individuals embrace mental growth, improve decision-making, understand their purpose in life. Everyone experiences setbacks in their lives in different forms. One must remember the fact that arrows are drawn back in a bow, but that force allows them to fly forward with great speed and accurate precision. Setbacks in our lives serve the same purpose. Setbacks facilitate personal growth.

The Bible also reveals that setbacks can lead to perseverance and progression. In the face of change, being patient and adaptable is important to reap the joy after the challenging times of change. One cannot skip the stage of setback in this unyielding process of growth. Passing through these thorny paths certainly leads to scenic destinations. In these circumstances, few are lucky to have friends who help and guide, while others are fortunate and favoured to fight alone like tigers. Staying motivated may seem impossible but filling up your mind with the optimistic end result will help move onward. The trials in which one has no motivation often becomes the motivation in their later life. It is important to understand that setbacks are sojourns and not failures.

The human body is beautifully designed by God with physiological responses like the release of stress hormones which provides us energy to start again. Eagles sharpen their beaks by rubbing them against hard surfaces such as rocks and branches, which helps them hunt efficiently for their survival. So, it is necessary to enhance mental strength, skills and resilience 'to go onward on the highway of success'. Reach higher, and your vision will get brighter as you follow where life leads.



***Blessy Stephen, B.A. English, 2nd year***



# When Passion Meets Parental Expectations

As I stepped into the literature department, I couldn't help myself but feel a mix of emotions. Excitement, curiosity, and a hint of resentment. Why resentment, you ask? Because, unlike many of my peers, I didn't choose to be here. My parents did. In this article, I'll explore the complexities of being in the literary department when the decision to pursue this course was made by others, not myself. I'll delve into the struggles, the silver linings, and the lessons learned along the way.

Growing up, my parents instilled in me a love for literature. However, their enthusiasm often translated into pressure. They envisioned me as an English major, long before I had a say in the matter. When the time came to choose my course, their expectations became the deciding factor. At first, I felt trapped. I wondered if I was truly passionate about literature or just living out my parents' dreams. The pressure to excel was overwhelming, and the fear of disappointing them hung over me like a constant shadow.

As I navigated the department, I began to discover my own interests and strengths. I realized that while my parents may have chosen this path for me, I had the power to shape my own journey. I started exploring different genres, attending literary events, and engaging with peers who shared my passion. Slowly, the resentment faded, replaced by a genuine enthusiasm for the subject.

While the initial lack of agency was frustrating, I've come to appreciate the benefits of being in the literary department. Exposure to diverse texts and authors expanded my worldview and empathy. Analyzing literature honed my critical thinking and problem-solving skills. I found a supportive network of peers and professors who shared my passion.



S.Dhanya, B.A. English, 3rd year

Being in the literature department when the choice wasn't mine initially felt suffocating. However, as I grew and explored, I discovered a newfound appreciation for the subject. I learned to balance parental expectations with personal interests and forged my own path. To those who, like me, may feel pressured into a particular course, I offer this: Communicate openly with your parents, explore aspects of the course that genuinely interest you, and take ownership of your time in the department.

As I look back, I realize that my journey in the literature department has been a complex dance between expectation and self-discovery. While the path wasn't mine to choose, I've learned to find my own voice and passion within it.

# A Reflective Lens



**Horizons of Serenity: A Journey Through Tranquil Wonders**  
Saffiya

**Beauty of the Sky**  
Kamana

**Blazing Beauty in Bloom**  
Shifana

**Discover the Unseen Beauty**  
Atheeka

**Elegance in Focus: A Butterfly's Grace**  
Shifana

**Golden Hues of Nature**  
Shifana

**Moon Half**  
Prince Samuel

**Perspective from the Ground**  
Shifana

**Radiant Bloom in Nature's Spotlight**  
Shifana

**Scenic Sunset**  
Soniya Madhan

**Serene Sunrise at Sea**  
Shifana

**Sunset Serenity**  
Atheeka

**Verdant Hues of Growth**  
Shifana

**Waves under the Morning Sun**  
Shifana

**Whispers of the Ordinary**  
Safreena



## BEAUTY OF SKY

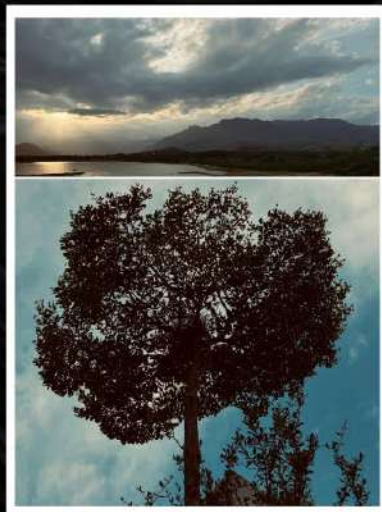
Kamana, 1st year



## HORIZONS OF SERENITY: A JOURNEY THROUGH TRANQUIL WONDERS



Saffiya, 2nd year



## Sunset Serenity

Discover the  
unseen Beauty

Aatheekha  
Nehreen, 2nd year



Elegance in Focus



Blazing Beauty in  
Blossom



Golden Hues of  
Nature

S. Shifana Afreen  
2nd year



Whispers of the Ordinary



Safreena Begam  
2nd year



Moon Half



Prince Samuel, 3rd year

Scenic Sunset



Soniya Madhan  
3rd year



Aren Runa  
3rd year

# The Artist's Imprint

**Serene Sketch**  
Prince Samuel

**Melody in  
Stillness**  
Atheeka

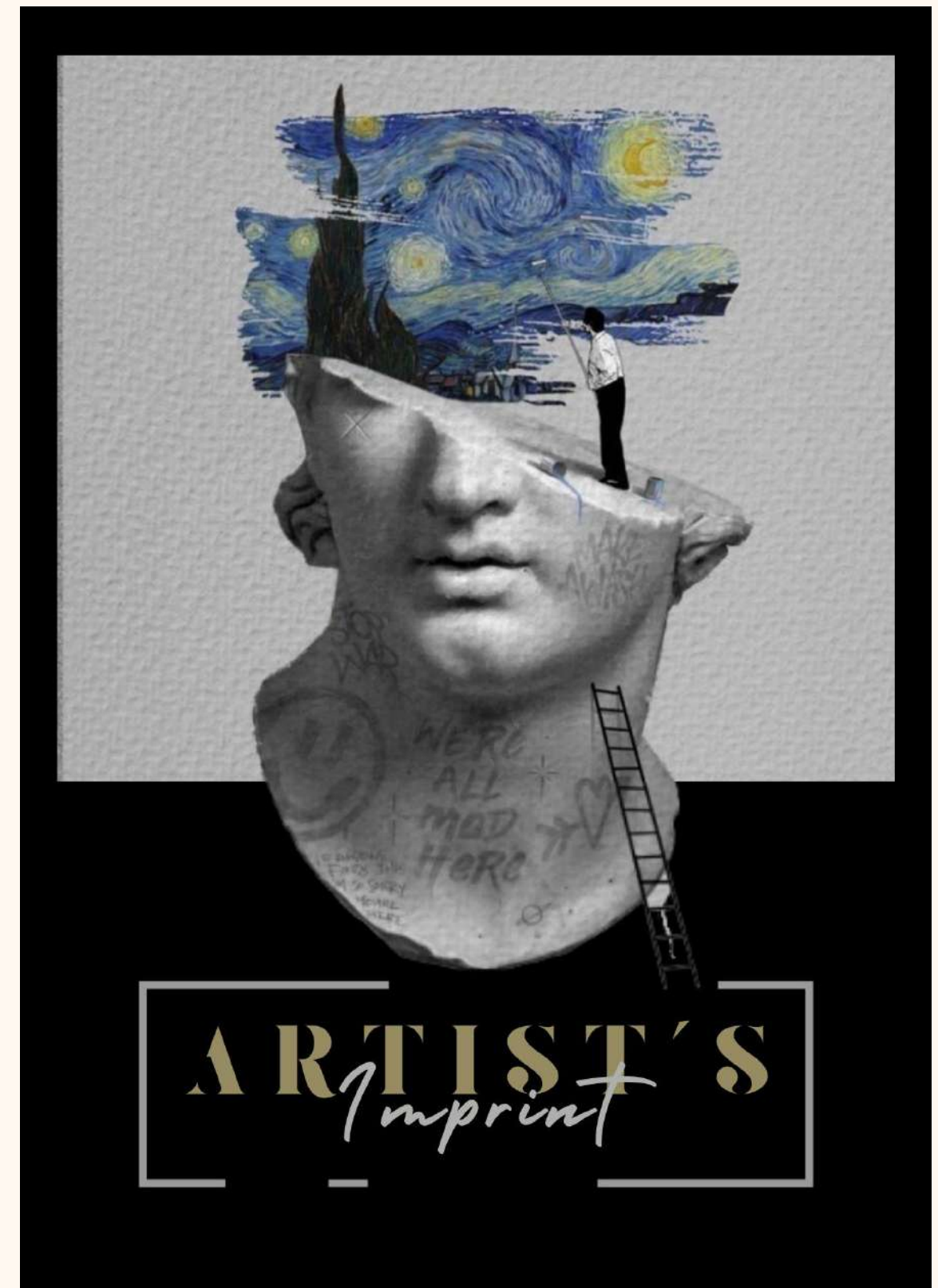
**Solitary**  
Thahazin Salha

**Under the  
Umbrella**  
Soniya Madhan

**Unchained Bond**  
Atheeka

**Windswept Gaze**  
Atheeka

**Wisdom  
Unbound**  
Gunavadhini







Serene Sketch  
Prince samuel ,3rd year



Melody in stillness  
Aatheekha Nehreen , 2nd year



Solitary  
Thahazin Salha, 1st year



Under the umbrella  
Soniya Madhan , 3rd year



Wisdom Unbond  
Gunavardini , 1st year



# Letters Through Time

**Afreen Fathima MJ**

**Aren Runa**

**Chakravarthi  
Chandrasekaran**

**Dhanya Suresh**

**Iffath Aalia**

**Prince Samuel A.G**

**Shariba Kauser**

**Swarna Rekha**



**Unchained Bond**  
Aatheekha , 2nd year



**Windswept Gaze**  
Aatheekha , 2nd year



## Afreen Fathima

Hey old me,

It's me, your 20-year-old self, writing to you from a time when life feels... confusing. Right now, I'm sitting here wondering, "What's next?" No plans, no roadmap, just a mix of curiosity and a bit of anxiety about what the future holds.

Being at Crescent has truly shaped me in ways I couldn't have imagined. If you've found the time to sit down and flip through this magazine, it must mean life has granted you a rare pause and that alone makes it worth reflecting on where it all began. I hope by now you've cracked some of the mysteries we've been losing sleep over. Like, do we ever feel 100% ready for anything? Or does everyone else fake it as much as we do? You've probably figured

that out or not and either way, I hope you've learned to be kind to yourself in the process.

Remember how we dreamed of a life that was different from everyone else's? We always wanted to value passion over paychecks and vibes over expectations (but hey, if we can get both, that's even better). Are you doing that? If not, take a moment to recalibrate. Life's too short for regrets, and you've got the audacity to rewrite your script anytime you want. As for expectations, no pressure or anything, but I hope you've learned to embrace being gloriously imperfect. Have we leaned into the awkwardness, celebrated our quirks, and laughed off the little mishaps? Spoiler alert: Life probably still throws plot twists, but I'm betting you've gotten a lot better at rolling with them.

Also, how's the squad looking? Are we still surrounded by people who match our energy and challenge us to grow? Please tell me we've stopped saying "sorry" when we didn't actually mean it. Are we getting better at standing firm on boundaries?

Stay curious. Keep learning. Be unreasonably proud of small victories. And hey, don't forget to hydrate. Future you deserves the best version of us.

Catch you in the mirror sometime,  
- Myself

P.S.: Is boba coffee still carrying us through those tough days? If not, what's replaced it?



## Aren Runa

Dear future me ,

I'm writing to you from a place of a beautiful contradiction. Life feels like a mix of doubt and clarity, confusion and calm, uncertainty and contentment. It's strange how I can feel so at peace in the midst of all this chaos, but somehow, I've found a balance, a rhythm in it. I hope that when you read this, you still remember how it feels to hold onto the calmness, even when the world around you feels a bit strange and wobbly.

Right now, things are getting better. I'm learning to enjoy my own company, to appreciate life and beauty even when it's filled with doubts and obstacles. I know now that challenges are permanent characters in life, but they're not the enemy, more like teachers. They teach a lot. I hope you've learned to embrace the teaching and lessons even more deeply. Love for life

and love in life has been a transformative force for me. It's made me feel grateful, cherished, happy and seen. There have been moments where I've felt an overwhelming sense of "I'm not worthy," but even that doubt is shaping me, growing me, and helping me understand

myself better. I hope you've learned to see your worth more clearly. If not, take a moment to pause and remind yourself of everything you've overcome to become the person you are today. Cherish the people around you, do not let doubt and uncertainty poison the relationships which waters you. Trust hard and believe true ones will never leave you at the sight of imperfections. Remember your mantra, LOVE others

without fear and hesitation, Be KIND without any expectation.

No matter where you are when you read this, know that every moment of confusion, every obstacle, every ounce of doubt has been a part of your journey. It's okay to feel lost sometimes, as long as you keep finding the road and moving forward.

Remember the calm you found in this chaos. Remember

the beauty in the struggle. Remember how deeply you've loved and been loved. And most importantly — remember that you are always growing, always worthy, and always enough!  
Take care of yourself. I'm rooting for you!  
With love,





## **Chakravarthi Chandrasekaran**

Cher Chak,

Bonjour/Bonsoir. Ca va? Je (hope) tu fait bien. If you're reading this, I hope you've finished the 200-something-page "Learn French in 3 months" book.

To my future self: My time here at Crescent has changed me. If you're free enough to go

through this magazine, then it's worth remembering your past.

People admire a flower's beauty, but rarely its roots. For

they cannot. To unearth a flower, would mean to kill it.

But to cut a flower off, it would still grow from its roots, in the dirt, beneath the surface, deep and hidden.

It would grow, given care and nourishment, of course.

Ok, the problem with extended metaphors in prose is

that metaphors do not extend well enough to fit the

versatility of abstract conjecture; they stretch, shift, and

try to capture the experience into words. Push them too

far, and they lose weight and credibility—breaking into

meaninglessness. Yet, they carry just enough weight to

hold a moment of truth. So, let me try again.

Carl Jung (I paraphrase) once said when two people

interact, they are like chemicals, they react with one

another; they both leave the experience changed

forever.

I must say, taking this course on a mere whim, and being

with these people has produced the most oddest

chemical reaction of my life. I realize, books and ideas

are people too. These past years, I have been fortunate

enough to know so many; learning is a gift I will never

take for granted again. I'm working at a part-time job,

attending classes, trying to do better. I doubt if this is as

bittersweet, in the future, to reflect on times we didn't try;

memory's a fickle thing, who knows?

This is the reflection I have, future me:

When I thought I was down, it was merely that I felt

lesser than who I used to be before. And when the

opportunity came to be again, the person I was; I was

finally ready. With every adversity, comes a seed of equal

or greater opportunity. If there's more to discover here,

only time can tell.

But, as always, onwards and upwards.

Avec amour, ton ami,

- Chak



## **Dhanya Suresh**

December 27, 2024

Dear Future Self,



As I write this letter, I'm filled with excitement and warmth, knowing it will travel through time. I hope that by the time you read this, you'll have developed healthy habits, and your health will be thriving.

I imagine you reading this in your 30s, 40s, or even 50s, surrounded by a beautiful family of your own. When that day comes, please share this letter with them and say hello from the 20-year-old me!

As you look back on your journey, remember the moments that shaped you, especially the challenging ones. Those experiences molded you into the person you are today.

As life unfolds, there will be moments that test your resolve. But I want you to remember the times when you dug deep, found strength, and told yourself 'Na irken Unaku' - those moments of self-belief will continue to propel you forward.

Congratulations on how far you've come! Remember to stay strong mentally, fueled by positivity. Carry that positivity with you always!

Love and warm hugs from your 20-year-old self,

- D



Dreams may come true when we stick to them. Be patient until you find a solution and happiness. The life we are living now feels like everyone is running out of time—chasing careers, trying to earn money, and building a future better than the life they're living today. In today's world, especially in our 20s, students step out of their comfort zones, leave their families behind, sacrifice their needs, and struggle with mental health—just to study hard and make their parents proud. Yes, if we go through all this, we may end up living a better life and enjoying it someday.

To my future self: People often say that the more hard work you put in, the more you'll enjoy in the future. And yes, it's true. My dreams are big, and we don't know what might happen at any second. What's in our hands is how we choose to change ourselves—by controlling our anger and emotions. My life changed when I was a teenager. If someone asked me back then what my plans were, I'd say, "I have no idea." I got scolded a lot. People would say, "Why are you so different? Look at others—they're so talented." But I had a fixed mindset. I believed in destiny. It's hard, but I will try my best. And in the future, I wish to explore the world and nature. There's a deep connection, a sense of peace and happiness in that. It might not seem like a big thing to others, but for me, it means everything.

A short message for everyone: Time is running like a cheetah. Technology is everywhere—worldwide. Keep a little distance from it sometimes and reflect on reality. We don't always value the hands of our loved ones or the blessings from God made especially for us. The past was a golden time—lost forever. But think about it once, and share those memories with your close ones. You'll feel a special kind of happiness.

So, I'm definitely waiting for the future and doing my best to step out of my comfort zone. Enjoy your day. Don't overthink. Let things happen. Let it go.



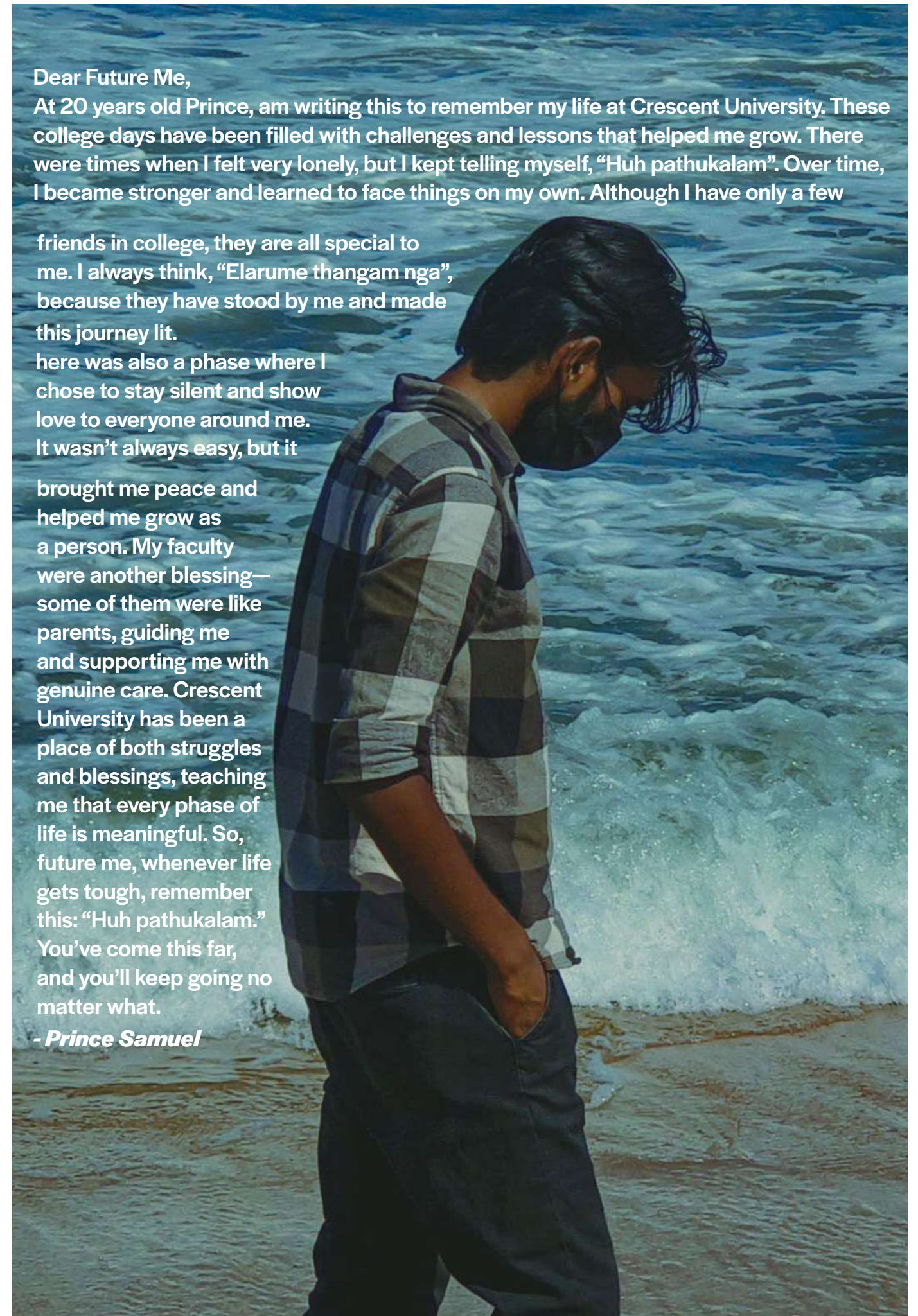
Dear Future Me,  
At 20 years old Prince, am writing this to remember my life at Crescent University. These college days have been filled with challenges and lessons that helped me grow. There were times when I felt very lonely, but I kept telling myself, "Huh pathukalam". Over time, I became stronger and learned to face things on my own. Although I have only a few

friends in college, they are all special to me. I always think, "Elarume thangam nga", because they have stood by me and made this journey lit.

here was also a phase where I chose to stay silent and show love to everyone around me. It wasn't always easy, but it

brought me peace and helped me grow as a person. My faculty were another blessing—some of them were like parents, guiding me and supporting me with genuine care. Crescent University has been a place of both struggles and blessings, teaching me that every phase of life is meaningful. So, future me, whenever life gets tough, remember this: "Huh pathukalam." You've come this far, and you'll keep going no matter what.

**- Prince Samuel**







Shariba Kauser A  
To my future self,

It's incredible to think that you have completed two decades of life. I hope this letter reaches you well. This is more of a motivational letter than an emotional one, and I truly hope it makes you stronger than ever before.

Take a moment to breathe, calm down, and if you need to, cry it out. Then, remember to smile. You are alive because you possess the strength to face whatever comes your way. Over the past two decades, we have experienced so much—facing challenges and enduring hardships. Even when our worst fears came to life, it was difficult to navigate through the healing process, but in the end, you did it! You overcame everything, whether you believe it or not.

Always remember that you were created by God with a unique purpose. Just like Winnie the Pooh said, "You are stronger than you believe, braver than you think, and smarter than you know." It's essential to embrace your individuality and strive to stand out in a world full of millions. Mistakes are part of the journey, and they help us grow. You have the power to turn history into your own story. It's okay to be human, but always remember that you are a warrior who fights battles no matter what. Keep trying hard to be yourself.

The 14 years of school have shaped you in ways you've always hoped for, and the 3 years of college have taught you invaluable lessons. Each day has been a battle worth fighting, and those challenges have molded you into the person you are today. Although you faced your nightmares during this time, you emerged stronger. If you ever find yourself doubting your abilities, take a moment to look back at who you were. I'm sure that reflection will provide you with the motivation you need to keep pushing forward, no matter what challenges life throws your way. The present version of me has faced struggles that few can truly comprehend. In case no one has told you lately, I want you to know: I am proud of you. Keep pushing forward and embrace the journey ahead. You've definitely got this mate!

**Swarna Rekha**

From,  
Present  
Swarna Rekha  
To  
Future  
Dr. Swarna Rekha

Dearest Future,  
Subject: Passions and goals to be accomplished

This is your past friend, writing you from the present to see you in the future, many many dreams with a note of hopefulness and goals that are still to achieve and I write this to see my own self in the next five years, hearts with expectations and minds with task to Full fill my expectations, never gave up on my passion and my one and only dream of becoming a teacher and give my students not only value education but to make them best human beings to the world. So, dear future be more than what I imagined and never disappoint me and I promise not to disappoint you and work with a lot of passion and hard work to bring my dreams to life, I promise not to get distracted or deviate from my goals and struggle hard to become the girl I wish. Being a girl who is naïve and unclear about her surroundings to a girl who is strong and sophisticated. My future let it be more surprising than I imagined and let this girl of 20 years see herself grown and successful, fulfill her goals, and mold her character with a lot of positivity in her life. My hopeful future, be more than my imagination and I hope to see you soon, with lots of hopes and expectations. Bye for now.

Swarna Rekha







# EVENT RECALL

Fresher's Day '24  
02.08.24

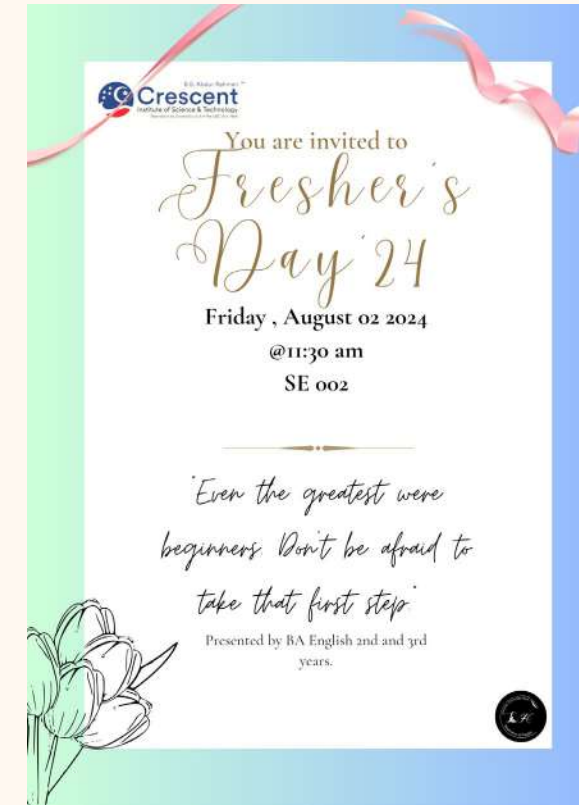
International Guest  
Lecture  
27.08.24

CLH Inauguration  
Function '24  
30.08.24

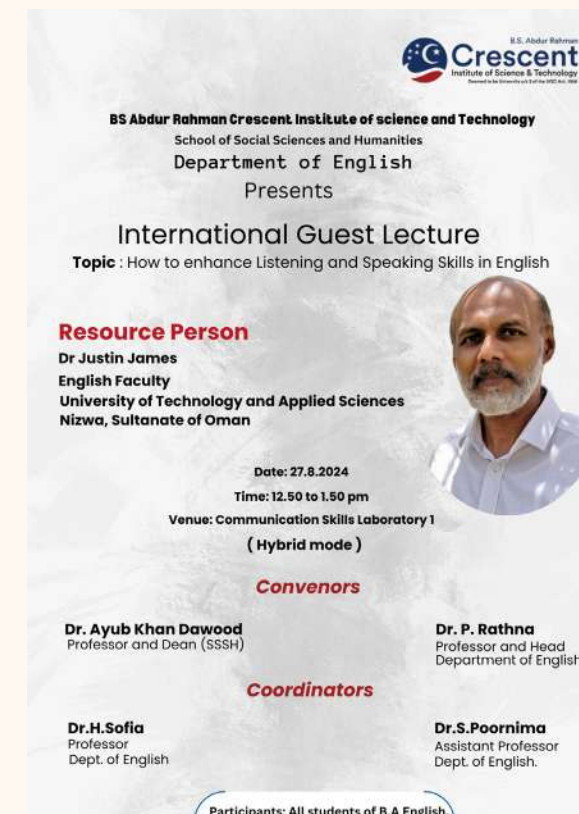
Intra-Department  
literary Chronicles  
07.10.24



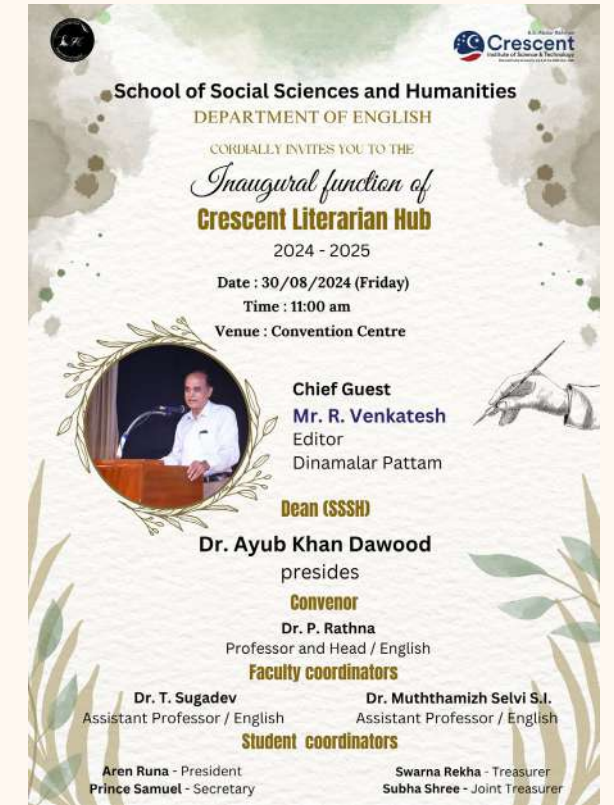
Fresher's Day '24  
02.08.24



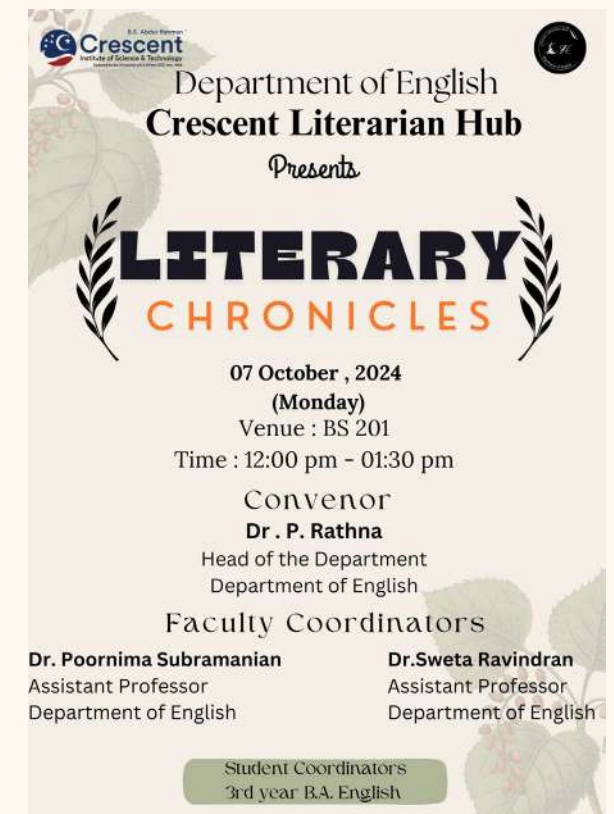
International Guest Lecture  
27.08.24



CLH Inauguration Function  
30.08.24



Intra-Department Literary  
Chronicles  
07.10.24





# STUDENT Achievements

## Student Achievements

### 1. Abdul Razaq

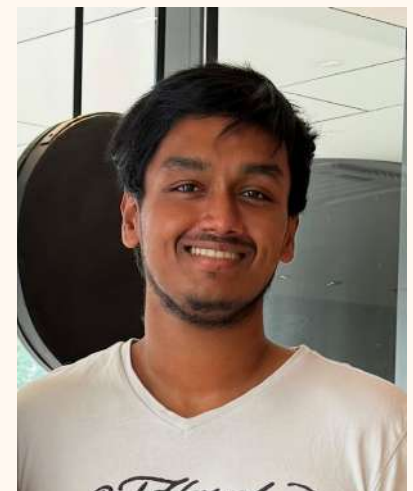
- Quiz, 2nd place, Mnemosyne '24, MCC



*Abdul Razaq, B.A. English, 3rd year*

### 2. Chakravarthi Chandrasekaran

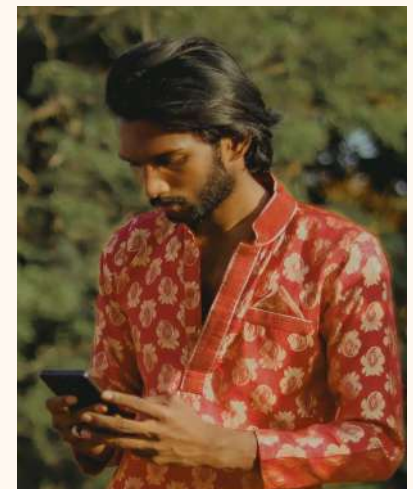
- NPTEL Feminist Writings, Silver Medal  
- Creative Writing, 3rd place, Athena '24, Ethiraj College,  
- Quiz, 2nd place, Mnemosyne '24, MCC



*Chakravarthi Chandrasekaran, B.A. English, 3rd year*

### 3. Prince Samuel

- Quiz, 2nd place, Mnemosyne '24, MCC



*Prince Samuel A.G., B.A. English, 3rd year*



# Student Achievements

## 4. Subhashree

- Face painting, 1st place, Mnemosyne '25, MCC



*Subhashree, B.A. English, 3rd year*

## 5. Aren Runa

- Face painting, 1st place, Mnemosyne '25, MCC



*Aren Runa, B.A. English, 3rd year*

## 6. Shariba Kauser

- Azdap, 1st place, Aurora '25, MCC



*Shariba Kauser, B.A. English, 3rd year*

# Alumni Testimonials



**Aakash Arul**  
B.A. English (Hons.),  
Batch of 2021-2024

In 2021, I joined B.S. Abdur Rahman Crescent Institute of Science & Technology to pursue a three-year B.A. English (Hons) course. My love for the English language inspired me to choose this program, and it turned out to be an extraordinary journey.

I was fortunate to have dedicated faculty members each semester. Their guidance and support enriched every part of our learning—classes, presentations, events, and dissertations. The English Department has been exceptional, and I will always cherish the warmth of our HOD ma'am, who created a nurturing environment for us all.

The faculty were more than just teachers—they were approachable and always willing to help. My juniors, too, were warm and enthusiastic, making every interaction enjoyable and memorable.

One of my most cherished memories was the trip we took as a department—a time of pure joy and togetherness that I will treasure forever.

Looking back, I feel truly blessed to have been part of such a meaningful journey. These three years have been an unforgettable chapter in my life, and I will deeply miss the moments I shared with everyone.





**Nazneen Mehek**  
B.A. English (Hons.),  
Batch of 2021-2024

Studying in the department of English at Crescent university has been a happy and transformative experience. I would say it's an environment for the students that encouraged creativity, growth and a deep appreciation for literature and language. Thanks to our faculties for making us feel comfortable and teaching us more about literature. It never felt like typical classroom lectures. Their dedication and approachability made our learning a rewarding experience. Putting up plays for Shakespeare day were a highlight of my time here. We enjoyed practicing, improvising and adding our tinge of creativity into those plays which made them a super enjoyable and a massive success. It not only taught us an experience of theatre but it also made the bonds stronger with our seniors and juniors which is again a teamwork. Now, I miss all those days and I am deeply grateful for the experience and relationships I have built here.

I started on a three-year B.A. English (Hons) program at B.S. Abdur Rahman Crescent Institute of Science & Technology, in 2021, because of my unwavering passion for the English language.

Each semester, I had the privilege of working with exceptional faculty members who not only guided us but also cared for and supported us in every aspect of our learning. The English Department, particularly our HOD ma'am, fostered a nurturing environment that made us feel valued and appreciated. The faculty members were like close friends, always ready to answer our doubts and provide assistance. Additionally, my juniors were incredibly affectionate and caring, making every interaction truly meaningful.



**Kasturi Bai**  
B.A. English (Hons.),  
Batch of 2021-2024

Our department trip was a time of pure joy and camaraderie. I am incredibly fortunate to have been a part of such a wonderful journey, accompanied by amazing faculty, our HOD ma'am, and my juniors. These three unforgettable years will forever be etched in my memory, leaving me with cherished memories that I will cherish for the rest of my life.



B.A. English (Hons.), Batch of 2021-2024





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## **DESIGNED BY**

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PRINCE SAMUEL, 3<sup>RD</sup> YEAR, B.A. ENGLISH

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ASHIMA A.R., 2<sup>ND</sup> YEAR, B.A. ENGLISH

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DR. T. SUGADEV,  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH &  
CLH FACULTY COORDINATOR