

# The Narrative

• Newsletter •



## Editors' Note

As The Narrative's first issue gets launched, we would like to thank the readers, the writers, and the management for this opportunity.

Reading and going through the fantastic pieces of work for the edition was an absolute delight.

The Narrative's vision is for all of us to find and nurture a passion close to our hearts. We look forward for you to read this issue and send in more for the next! We hope that The Narrative inspires each and everyone of you to explore your creative side!

Hope you had a Happy Holi  
Have a Happy Women's month, and a very Happy March!

**FIRST EDITION - MARCH 2023**

27 March 2023

## DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE



Greetings everyone,

At the outset, I take this opportunity to congratulate the “Literary Club” of NMIMS Centre for International Studies (CIS) to initiate Centres first Newsletter ‘The Narrative’.

CIS established in 2006, laid a strong foundation to the international teaching and learning process. A forward looking process, innovative thinking and dynamic pool of students and faculty contributed over the years that established CIS as a pioneering institute offering global pathway program. And today newsletter is a result of the confidence and creativity of CIS students.

‘The Narrative’ is a step to encourage healthy communication between all the stakeholders of CIS. The objective of Narrative is to offer a platform to students, faculty and other stakeholders to share a piece of information that brings happiness, honour and belongingness.

We are proud of the launching our first newsletter and looking forward to newer editions with reformed and fresh ideas.

Thank you!  
Best Wishes  
Deepali Kamle

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## WHAT LIVING FEELS LIKE

It keeps moving  
Even when I want it to stay still  
It pushes me to fight  
Even when I want to give up  
It exhausts me  
Even when I want to rest  
It worries me  
Even when I want no complaints  
It surprises me  
Even when I have lost all hope  
It keeps moving  
Even when I stay still  
It is life  
A beauty we cannot fathom

By Suhaane Jain  
L4 A

POETRY



PHOTOGRAPHY

By Isha Gupta  
L4 A

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## THE LIFE

### ACT 1

Eyes wide in wonder, everything big and small. Wide and narrow. Hands held securely, or not, our tiny selves wandered. Spirits kindred. Energies high, and curiosities raging. We wandered.

No inhibitions. No holding back. No limits for us to break, the scariest was darkness, but we wandered there too. Blindfolds protecting us in the face of fears. We had no knowledge to plague our minds with certain dirt and smears. Maybe that was what went wrong. But with hands held securely, or not, spirits kindred. Energies high, and a dead cat. We wandered.

### ACT 2

Act II As the roads stretch, we twist and turn. The pit of our stomachs churn. The sky goes from dawn to dusk. Our minds are separated by a thin veil. Sucking in the nicotine, our minds going faint. The veil that separates night and day; that separates agony and joy. It's the same one that keeps despair at bay. It's a kind of intoxication too. The rush of things. For the better or worse, the melancholy wraps us in its grips: firm. As the roads stretch, we twist and turn, the pit of our stomachs continue to churn.

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## THE LIFE

### ACT 3

The lights dimming, the flames thinning, the creases on our foreheads brimming. The bigger we are, more hollow we get. I'm not the one saying, the true face of this is life.

Like puppets dancing in the palms of this face. Each string bears weight. They stretch and shrink, our shoulders slump. Our backs bend and legs quiver. The strings only get heavier. Each step we take creates sinkholes. The coin flips and the game rolls. We dance to the requiem, pathétique: sonata and symphony. There are expressions. Feelings, maybe not.

With each note, landslides and sinkholes. They're not natural. Man-made neither. Joke. A sick one. Powerless in its face, we go back to square one. The lights dimming, flames thinning, the creases on our foreheads brimming. I'm not the one saying anything. It's the grand puppeteer: life.

By Mili Gupta  
L5



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## MUMBAI

घर से दूर बना दूसरा एक घर  
छूटे भरे सपने, चला बेफिक्र  
मिले कुछ यार, दिल खोया हर  
सबर

आवारा बन भगा खुशियों की ये  
सफर

भीड़ लोकल की कभी लगे  
खूबसूरत

कभी कटे न वख्त,  
कभी दिख न साक्ष कोई  
मैं तोह लहरों सा बेहटा हूँ...  
विजेता हूँ !

यहाँ सब भागे अपनी अलग ही  
रेस कोई

कोई नहीं कहता तन्हाई चुबे जब  
पास आया प्यार मैं आया यहाँ जब  
सपने भी पुरे लिख मैंने थे जो  
अनजान ये शहर लगता है घर  
अब...

## PHOTOGRAPHY & POETRY

By Dibya Ranjan  
L4 B

27 March 2023

## BREAKING THE SILENCE

As an 18-year-old, I have seen and experienced my fair share of slut shaming. It's something that is unfortunately all too common in our society especially exclusively for women, and it's something that needs to change. It can take many forms, from casual insults and derogatory comments to more extreme forms of harassment and abuse.

For many young women, slut shaming can be a constant source of anxiety and fear. We are told from a young age that our worth is tied to our sexual purity, and that any deviation from that purity can have serious consequences. We are taught to fear being labelled a "slut" and to avoid any behaviour that might be seen as promiscuous.

But what does it even mean to be a "slut"? The term is often used to shame women for simply expressing their sexuality in a way that is deemed unacceptable by society. It's a way of controlling women's bodies and sexuality, and of enforcing patriarchal norms and values. What many people fail to understand is that a woman's sexual behaviour is her own business, and it's not up to anyone else to judge or police it. Women should be free to express their sexuality in whatever way they choose, without fear of being shamed or ridiculed.

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## BREAKING THE SILENCE

Unfortunately, slut shaming is still a pervasive problem in our society, and it can have serious consequences for young women. It can lead to social isolation, depression, and even physical harm.

It can also perpetuate harmful stereotypes about women and reinforce harmful gender norms.

So, what can we do to combat slut shaming? First and foremost, we need to start by educating ourselves and others about the harm that it causes. We need to recognize that women's sexuality is not something to be feared or controlled, but something to be celebrated and respected.

We also need to start holding people accountable for their actions. If someone is engaging in slut shaming behaviour, we need to call them out on it and let them know that it's not okay. We need to create safe spaces where women can feel free to express themselves without fear of judgment or ridicule. Finally, we need to start changing the way we talk about and view women's sexuality. We need to move away from the idea that women's worth is tied to their sexual purity, and start recognizing that women are complex, multi-dimensional beings with a wide range of experiences and desires.



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## BREAKING THE SILENCE

In conclusion, slut shaming is a serious problem that needs to be addressed. It's time for us to start having honest and open conversations about women's sexuality, and to start working together to create a world where women are free to express themselves without fear of judgment or ridicule.



By Snigdha Pande  
L4 B

27 March 2023

## THE LIGHT BEFORE A TUNNEL

What is the first thought you get when someone says "Diwali"? I don't know about you, but all I think of is a day filled with lights and happiness along with some sweetness in life. And now what if I ask you that what comes in your mind when I ask you what a mother is? Isn't almost similar? What's the reason of light and happiness in your life? Yes now you guys get me. But what if the reason of your happiness goes away? Will the things be same?

So it all started back in the early 20's a cute little boy was born, laying down with her mother and everyone was getting eager to just have a glimpse of him. The Diwali celebration had already begun for the Kumar's .

The town was lightened up with lights and the smell of sweets was mixing in the air just perfectly as the Diwali was around the corner. It was the first Diwali for the little Kumar. As he walks out of his home with his mother everyone just ran towards him to celebrate the festival with the little member. The little kid is smiling and enjoying the lights around and everyone knew that this is the festival he will love as he grows up.

The years passed by and the little Kumar always waited for the Diwali festival wherein he can celebrate the festival with his mother. He always wanted to celebrate this festival by holding his mother's hand and lighting up the little Diya's and candles and lighting up the street.

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## THE LIGHT BEFORE A TUNNEL

He just loved to do it along with her mother and made it a point to light up the whole street with his mother.

But he wasn't aware of the fact that it wasn't for too long. A few years passed by and her mother started falling sick. The doctor's didn't know what is wrong and when they knew it, it was just too late. His father knew the reality but was just not able to put it in front of the little Kumar.

October 27, 2019 was the date when the little Kumar again ran towards her mother asking her to come along to follow the same ritual they have been following for so many years.

Her mother just gave him a smile and walked along but the kid with his innocence was just not aware of the fact that this would be the last year wherein he will lighting up the street with the reason of his colorful life. That's the harsh reality of life. And the same ritual continued and the Kumar's enjoyed every bit of it. Few days past by and the time has come for the little Kumar to say a final goodbye to a person which meant everything to him.

That day everything changed. It's just not easy for a 17 year old kid to take that pill. Yes Diwali came but the excitement wasn't the same anymore. Street were lightened but the hearts were not.

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## THE LIGHT BEFORE A TUNNEL

It's so easy to say that you will move on, but the fact is when you lose someone that close to your heart you can never move on all you do is you start living with that pain all throughout your life.

The lights of Diwali still light up but the darkness that is created is permanent and it can't be erased.....

By Raunak Kumar  
L5



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## NATURE'S BEAUTY: A SYMPHONY FOR THE SENSES

Amidst the mountains tall  
and grand,  
With streams that flow and  
forests that stand,  
Nature's beauty lies in wait,  
A sight that leaves us in awe  
and contemplate.

The birds that chirp and sing  
so sweet,  
Their melodies a treat for us  
to meet,  
The flowers that bloom in all  
their glory,  
A sight that tells us nature's  
story.

The sun that rises and sets  
each day,  
With hues of orange and  
pink on display,  
The stars that twinkle in the  
night,  
A sight that fills our souls  
with delight.

The oceans vast and wide  
they span,  
With waves that crash upon  
the sand,  
The gentle breeze that  
touches our face,  
A feeling that fills us with  
grace.

The mountains that rise to  
the sky,  
With snow-capped peaks  
that catch our eye,  
The rivers that flow and  
carve their way,  
A sight that takes our breath  
away.

All of nature's beauty lies  
before us,  
A sight that fills our hearts  
with chorus,  
Let us cherish and protect  
this treasure,  
A gift for us to cherish  
forever.

By Aditya Goyal

L4 C



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## THE NARRATIVE TEAM



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