



UNFETTERED

THE POWER OF PURE EXPRESSION

WHY DO WE BINGE WATCH

Bingeing the whole season in a day? We have all been there, and even after that, we crave for more. Many tell tales of having traded their sleep for *'just one more'* until dawn, while some have called in sick to do the same.

Ever since web series entered the game, all other addictions have become less addictive. Apart from our deepest desires of desperately wanting to know desires).



Popular streaming platforms (such as Netflix, Amazon Prime, Disney +, and our good old friend YouTube) are designed to lock our vision to the screens. As soon as an episode ends, the next starts automatically and we are nothing but helpless to give in to the temptation, not to mention the climatic situations they end the episodes in.

Apart from these clever tricks that they play to keep us glued; our mind also derives pleasure from the situations that it finds itself in. A world in the way it could have been, a character resembling you, a situation very familiar to you, or something you could never hope to happen in real life. All these make you want to know what happens next.

Watching something does indeed distract the mind from the problems of our mundane lives. But it also leads to health issues like insomnia, fatigue, loneliness and in some cases

depression. This happens due to our increased brain activity aroused by the web series that trigger various emotions while watching. The world record set in 2016 by Alejandro "AJ" Fragoso shows how long term bingeing can affect not just our eyes but also causes mental problems like hallucinations, to be honest, if you binge-watch for that long, bingeing would not be fun anymore especially if you wish to see your name on the Guinness' Book of World Records under the binge-watching category (or any other category).

In 2015 Collins dictionary declared the word "Binge-watch" as the Word of the Year. Despite many snags in this pleasure, we all binge-watch and there is nothing wrong with it; for the greatest works of the 21st-century writers are not so much seen in books but on the screens.

Vedanshi Sharma
B.A. English Hons. 3rd year

THE BEDIAN ANTHOLOGY

UNCERTAINTY AND LIFE

That little uncertainty in our minds,
Lying there always, robbing away our
Peace every time
We try to decide, to follow this heart or
That mind?
What's better? To enjoy now or work
Hard for the coming time?

Not knowing what to do with life,
Twenty and still not sure what I
Actually like.
What's the purpose of being alive?
To spread love or to strive?

What's more important? I didn't get it yet
To think I need improvement or to
Believe I'm the best?
To be kind or to believe I deserve more
Respect?
Shall I write this poem to impress or to
Simply express?

But aren't surprises beautiful?
Uncertainty is indeed a blessing in
Disguise.
I mean if everything was already
Certain, how would I even call it a life?

Pranjal Tegta
B.A. English Hons. 3rd year



Jaisal Shekhawat
B.A. English Hons. 3rd year



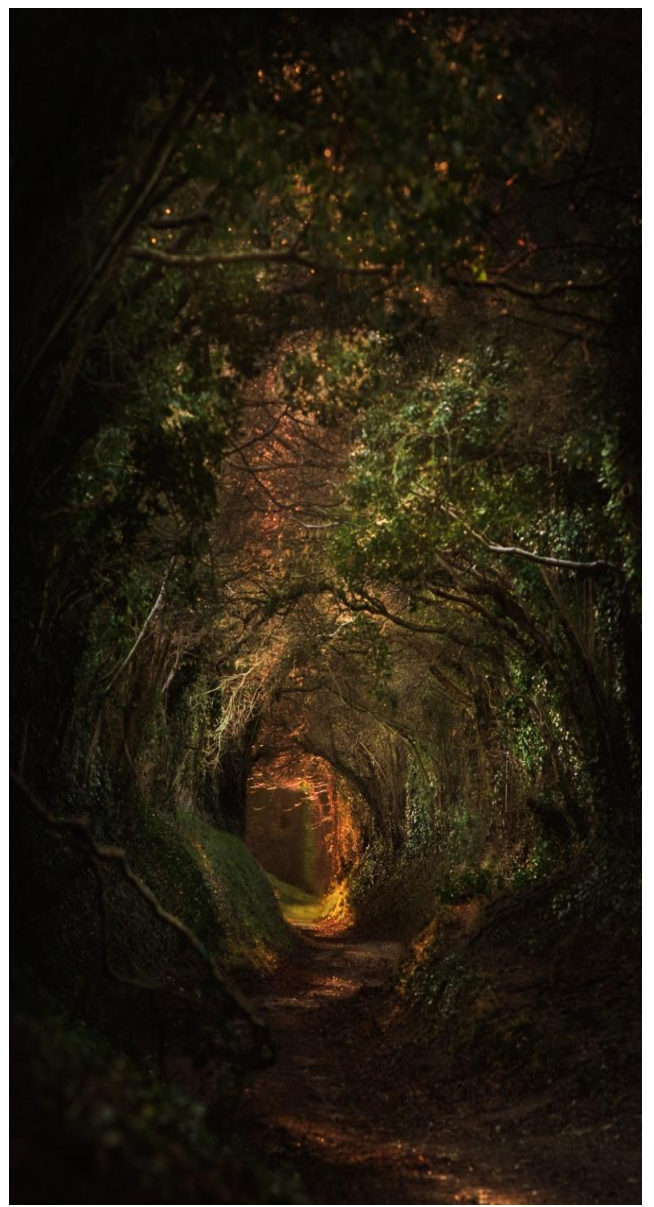
Pranjal Tegta
B.A. English Hons. 3rd year



Heart of the Forest

I call to the valleys
And they call back my name,
I look around and it's only me, lost.
I scream and shout, but I get no reply.
I stood on the fringes of the dark forest
I look at it with confusion, I think it called to me
But maybe, I was delusional.
The forest stood tall and mighty
as if guarding something deep within its Heart.
I see forests all the time but
What's new this time? What's new every time?
It seems to me I find something new every time.
Or maybe I just forget easily,
And then I look at it again, to remember, to Learn.
I looked closely and I saw little shrubs waving at me, almost invitingly,
Almost saying, "Come here we'll lead the way into the mighty forest."
I looked at them with the curiosity of a child
What were they hiding? Something beautiful?
Something scary?

The earth I stood on started shaking
And I took a step back, but there was nowhere to go. It was dark all around me.
I looked at the forest and again, I think it called me.
I contemplated for a while,
should I step in or should I leave?
I heard someone question,
"Leave? To where?"
Or maybe it was me who said it, but
There was nowhere to go.
I felt that strange adrenaline rush in my body.
And I think I took a step forward
or maybe someone pushed me this way.
Falling and falling in circles, into the Unknown



Then came the white light, almost blinding,
I heard voices, calling to someone all at once,
or someone was calling to me.
I don't know, I don't remember.
I placed my hands over my ears and shut my eyes tight.
Am I on the right path?
A few minutes passed by or maybe a few days,
I can't recall exactly.
The storm eventually passed and everything stood still.
I couldn't open my eyes the fear of the unknown gripped me
For the first time, I heard my own heart



BLISS

Standing at the top of the mountain
Emotions racing, blood pumping
And my heart thumping
The wind gushing through my hair
Ruffling my dress
Whistling in my ear
And caressing my skin
Putting my mind at ease
Reaching out to me
And as it whisks by
My problems float away.
Beckoning me to frolic
I open my eyes and in front of me
Lies an overstretched belt of
canopied pine trees
Swinging from left to right
Dancing in harmony
The leaves rustling in the air
The sky? Well it wasn't perfect,
But oh! the clouds.
Soon it started to rain on the meadow
Raindrops hit the ground differently today
The grass grew greener
And I smelled petrichor

Mitali Dholta
B.A. English Hons. 3rd

I didn't recognise its rhythm,
Something about it was unfamiliar, I felt
like a newborn, who brings its own rhythm
to this world.

I finally mustered up the courage and
opened my eyes

There I was, in the same room
outside the Forest

Yet there was an unfamiliarity to it all
The light came through the window
and the room was quiet as ever.

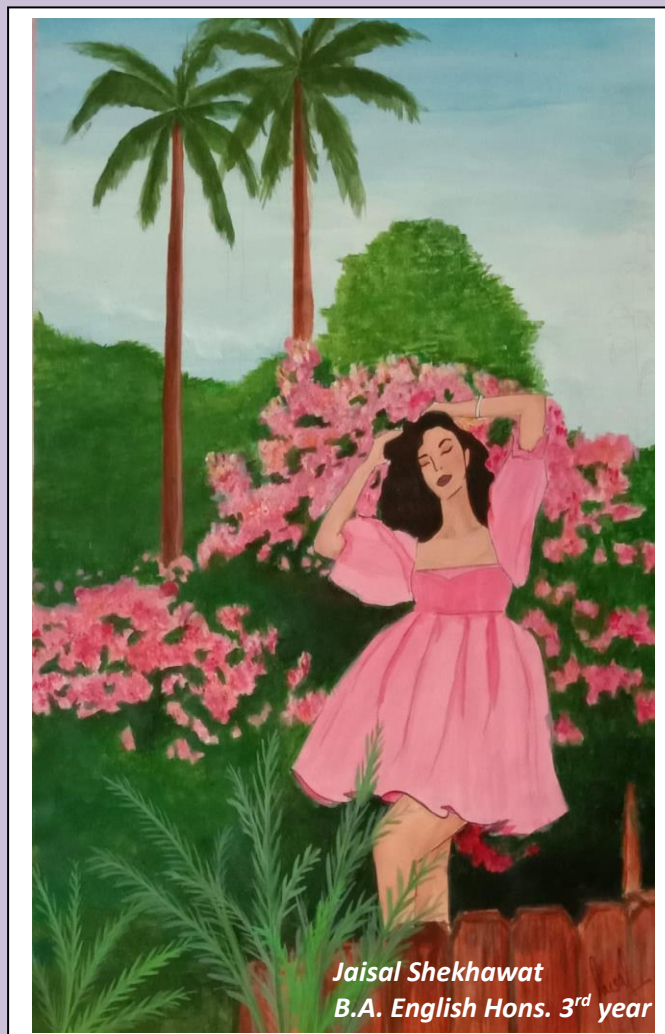
I heard the birds chirping
and a sense of calm engulfed me.

The pounding of my heart matched
the rhythm of the light rays
entering the room.

I was where I had been, on the fringe of the
dark forest.

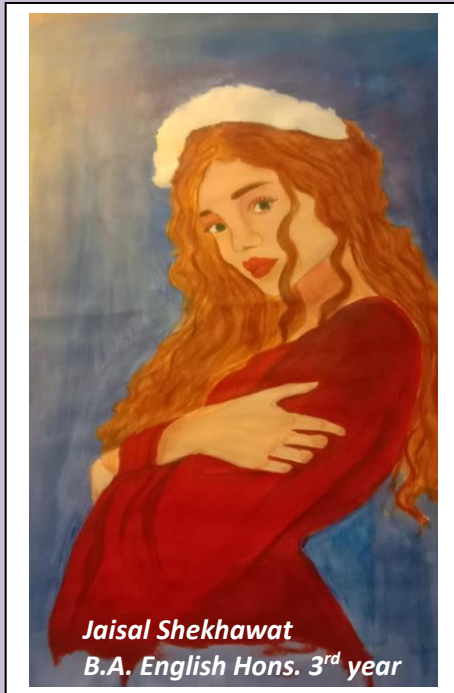
Yet now, I was somehow,
Even closer, to the
heart of the forest.

Vanshika Dhanta
B.A. English Hons 3rd



Jaisal Shekhawat
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LOVE YOURSELF



Jaisal Shekhawat
B.A. English Hons. 3rd year

Like her, like him, like them, they said,
Your family, your neighbours, your foes and
your friends,
Like everybody, they'll help you through life's
curves and bends,
Why don't they talk about liking yourself too
instead?

Respect thy parents and respect thy elders,
they teach
It's your duty, be good to them,
That's your manners and you'll have to follow
them,
But respecting thyself, who's gonna preach?

Love those around you and those far off, isn't
this what they expect?

Change a thing about yourself and they'll
immediately question

You're not the same as before, did something
happen?

Just being yourself, why is that something they
feel one should neglect?

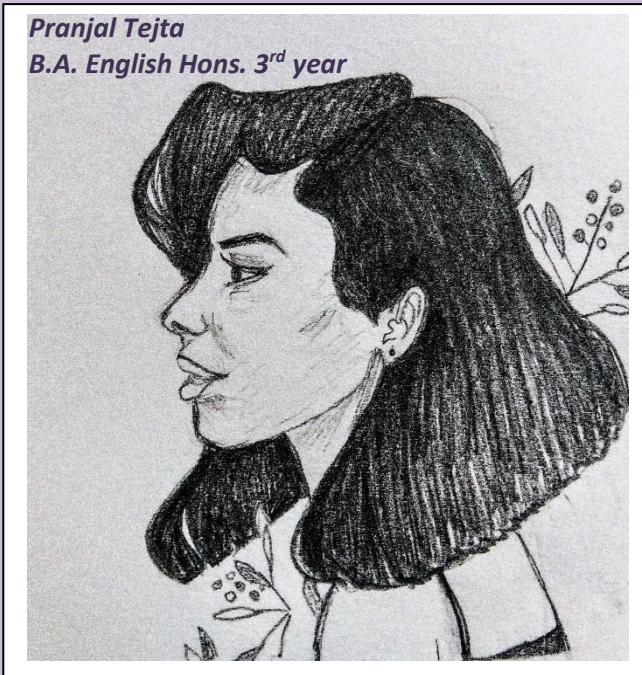
You're the one you should love in this world,
Remember this forever, and never forget
Love yourself;

it's something you'll never regret
Because they'll never stop pointing fingers
and stones will always be hurled.

Love yourself, that's most important,
Nobody's gonna stay by your side, but you
Love your good and your bad, your old and
your new

Don't think about society, 'cause sadly it'll
forever remain discordant.

Aakanksha Sharma
B.A. English Hons. 3rd



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WOMEN TALK WOMEN

"A girl should be educated to lead a good life, not to be married off to a rich guy"

-a panelist

The H.P. State Commission for Women organised a National Parliament for women at Government Senior Secondary School, Portmore, Shimla on 3rd March 2022. This event was a part of a nationwide celebration in the first 10 days of March, under the 75th Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav. Accomplished women from the field of politics, journalism, academics, judiciary, police and administration became the bearers of a fruitful evening.



The speakers celebrated the power of women stating that they have asserted their place in a male-dominated world, but despite the progress, inequality still prevails. The emphasis on women's education was the highlight of the event as a means of confidence and empowerment. Together with the harsh reality of the world where educational resources are scant for women, inspiring stories of women who made difficult choices, built up life from dust, changed their situation and gave to the less fortunate were also told.

Not being bound by any geographical boundaries, Cyber Crime also became an important topic, emphasising the raised possibilities of becoming a victim. Social media is one of the fastest-growing networks, connecting people throughout the globe, nurturing the 'Cyber world' where one can easily fall prey to cybercrime (Cyberstalking, Picture morphing, Defamation, Bullying and Trolling). The sad reality to face, however, is that women being the emotional centre of their family often compromise and hence ignore the violence against her.

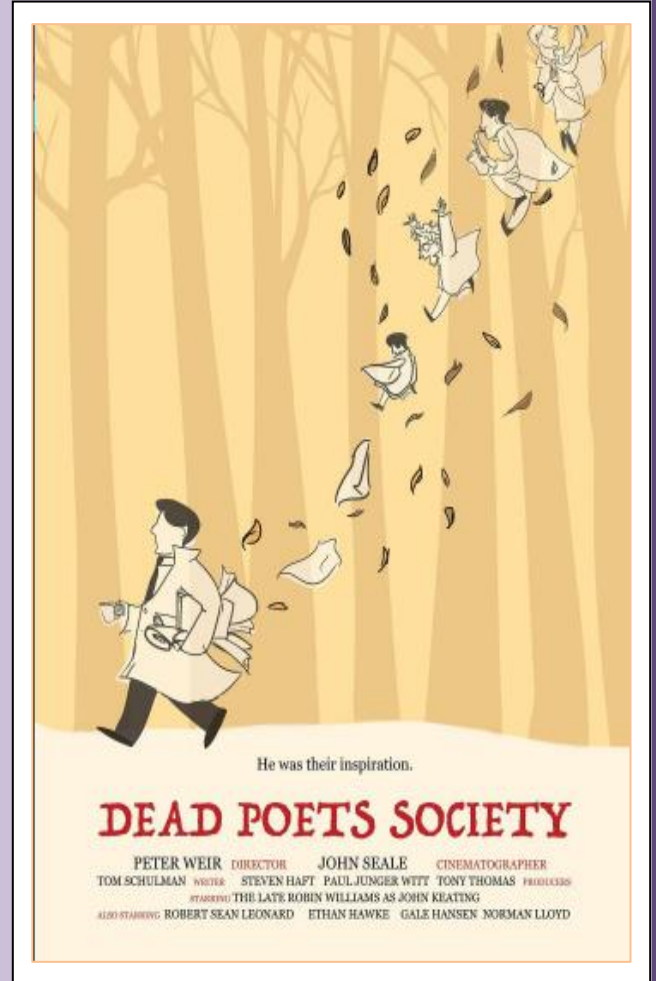
Lessons of History have stood testimonial to the argument that women, since the start of time, have been seen as 'revenge sights', as someone whose identity is no more than that of a jewel's. Despite being *a devi*, a woman has never become *the Devi*; she has been abused and aspersed, wounded and moulded and at the same time has been called the creator, the giver and the destructor. But in an evolving society, the norms are changing, the rights and the securities of women have been strengthened, the cozeners are being punished and the women of the family are being supported. All that is needed is a collective effort of the society for the practical implication of laws for women which can only be achieved through the spread of positive ideology to change the outlook of the masses introducing a gender-sensitive society. The National Parliament for Women was an updated birds-eye view on the problems, progressions, possibilities, insecurities and position of women which awakened the auditorium to the road that must be travelled.

Our Recommendations

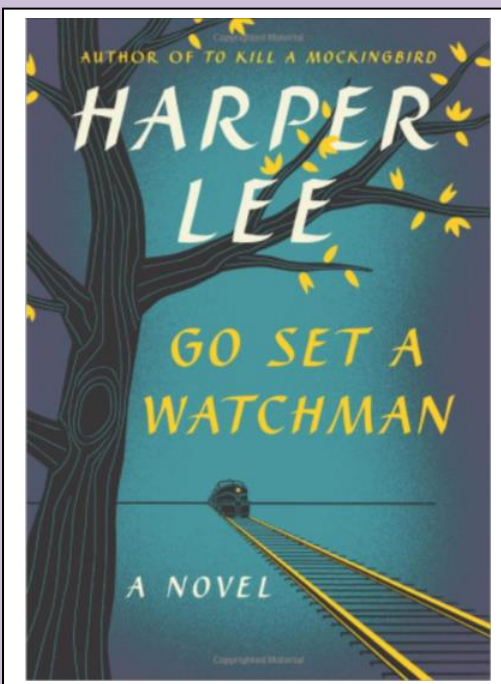
Dead Poets Society

The rapid technological advancements in Britain had indeed led the world into a new era of lifestyle but, the lust for superiority, never-ending greed and materialism followed, all of which murdered the voice of one's thought and the power of imagination. Just like Dickens' Coketown, the children of the 'Welton Academy' are expected to be zoological, abiding by the stony rules set by the school. The book highlights the concept of "bourgeois realism" which may give us direction but fails to provide education that expands our vision to see beyond the horizon, to stand up for ourselves, find our own voice and build up our individual opinions in a life which we ironically call our own. Amongst all this programming comes Mr. Keating, who wants the children to find their individual voices; he introduces them to the "Romantics" and in doing so steps aside from the conventional ways of teaching which the others find derogatory. One of the most important lessons to learn, however, is not the importance of flexibility and creativity in life, but the strength it takes to follow what you believe to be your calling.

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Go Set a Watchman



Originally written in the mid 1950's, 'Go Set a Watchman' was the novel Harper Lee submitted to her publishers before 'To Kill a Mocking Bird'. Assumed to have been lost, the manuscript was discovered in the late 2014 and published thereafter. Featuring many iconic characters from her Pulitzer Prize winning novel, 'To Kill a Mocking Bird', 'Go Set a Watchman' perfectly captures the feelings of a young woman, in a painful yet necessary transition out of the illusions of the past. It is a journey that can be guided only by one's conscious.

The novel impacts a deep understanding and appreciation of Harper Lee. This novel is both wonderfully evocative of another era and is relevant in our times. It not only confirms the enduring brilliance of her master piece, but also serves as an essential companion to the American classics.

Akriti Khandelwal
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A LEGACY LEFT BEHIND

गुरु गोविंद दोऊ खड़े, काके लागूं पाए।
बलिहारी गुरु आपने, गोविन्द दियो बताय ॥

-Kabir

This couplet was the introductory note of my teachers' day speech in 5th grade. Young as I was then, amateur at poetry, something sonorous was hard to retain. Today, however, when a situation is to be dealt with and a teacher is to be honoured, I understand the true meaning of this 'Doha'. It is only through a Guru that our Govind (our goal) can be realised. A Guru that is already one with Govind guides the pupil to their ultimate goal; and as they say 'journey is more beautiful than the destination' the one we travel along with becomes irreplaceable. Our irreplaceable source of inspiration has been



Activities and Fun Galore





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