VIPS
योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्
IN PURSUIT OF PERFECTION
25 YEARS
IN SERVICE OF HUMANITY

VIVEKANANDA INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL STUDIES - TC

VIVEKANANDA SCHOOL OF ENGLISH STUDIES

The Literary Magazine of VSES



MUSELIT

2024-25

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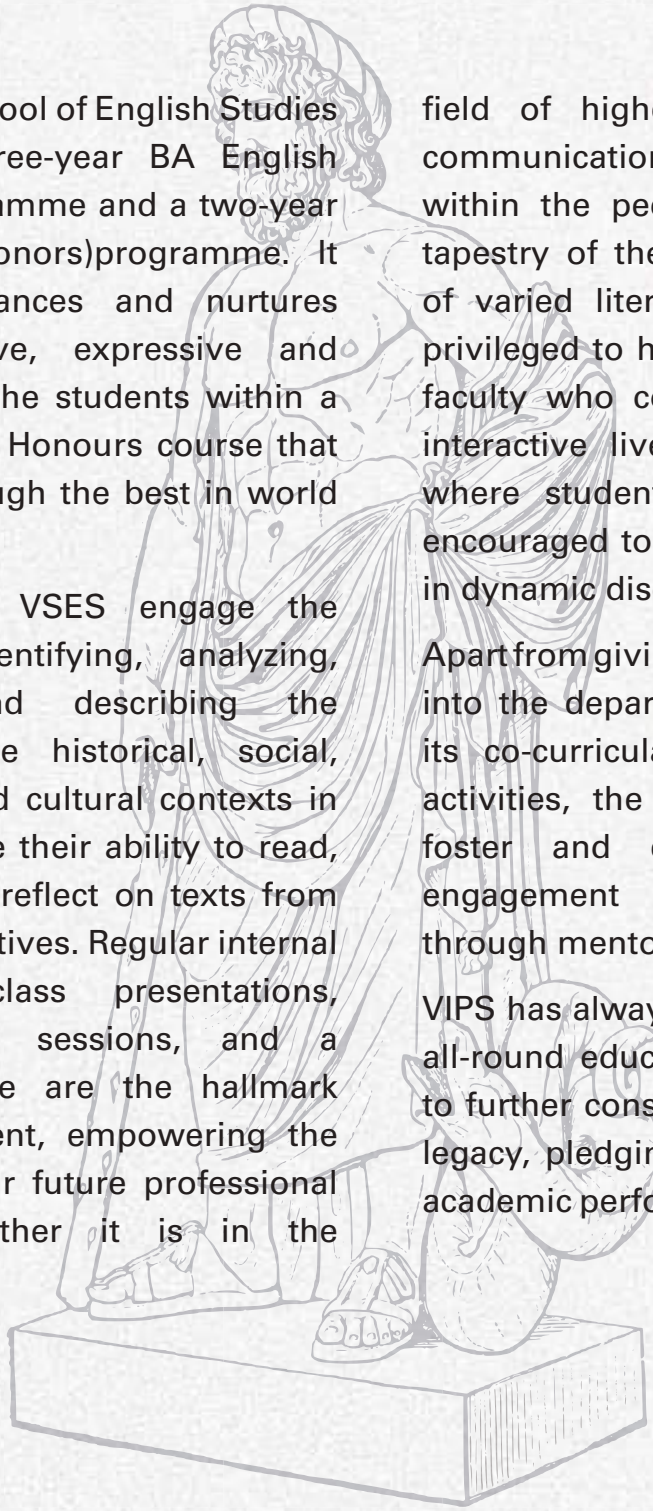


ABOUT VIPS-TC

The idea of an institution in the name of Swami Vivekananda, a prophet and a path finder germinated under a silver oak tree at 'Advait Ashram' in Mayawati in Pithoragrah District of Uttarakhand when Dr. SC Vats, the founder Chairman of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies met Swami Jitatmananda Ji - an eminent educationist, management expert, author and editor of Prabudh Bharat, a journal initiated by Swami Vivekananda himself. Dr. SC Vats undertook this great mission to conceptualize and execute this idea and under the aegis of the Society for Total Revival and National Glory and True Heritage (STRENGTH India Educational Society),he spearheaded the establishment of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies (VIPS) in 2000 with the clear objective of "Man Making, Character Building, Nation Building" as envisaged by Swami Vivekananda.

What was sown as a seed with two disciplines namely Law and IT in 2000 has now grown into a huge banyan tree nestling seven schools (Law, IT, Engineering, Business Studies, Journalism and Mass Communication, Economics and English). Even as a sapling, its roots were firm, for they were energized by Swamiji's teachings. Over the past 25 years, this institution has registered a remarkable trajectory of growth both in terms of quality and quantity and runs 6 Post Graduate Courses and 15 Under Graduate Courses. It adheres to value-based education and strives to revive, relive and restore the traditional values while anchoring today's youth to our cultural ethos. Today, VIPS-TC continues to stand with determination, moral sight and strength of mind to create capable and ethical human beings with infinite power, infinite knowledge and indomitable positive energy.

ABOUT VSES



Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES) runs three-year BA English (Honours) programme and a two-year MA English (Honors)programme. It stimulates, enhances and nurtures the interpretative, expressive and critical skills of the students within a rigorous English Honours course that takes them through the best in world literature.

The faculty at VSES engage the students in identifying, analyzing, interpreting and describing the texts within the historical, social, geographical and cultural contexts in order to enhance their ability to read, understand and reflect on texts from different perspectives. Regular internal assessments, class presentations, intense tutorial sessions, and a packed timetable are the hallmark of the department, empowering the students for their future professional endeavors whether it is in the field of higher academic learning, communication or publishing. Woven within the pedagogy is the exciting tapestry of the co-curricular calendar of varied literary activities. VSES is privileged to have extremely dynamic faculty who convert the classes into interactive lively spaces of learning where students are stimulated and encouraged to participate and engage in dynamic discussions.

Apart from giving their hundred percent into the department's curriculum and its co-curricular and extra-curricular activities, the faculty members also foster and encourage a healthy engagement with VSES students through mentoring.

VIPS has always been a torchbearer in all-round education and VSES strives to further consolidate and uphold this legacy, pledging to the high ideals in academic performance and social duty.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S PEN...



The transformative power of literature is truly unmatched. It does more than educate—it enlightens, inspires, and empowers readers to discover deeper truths about life and themselves. In keeping with this spirit, the Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, deeply inspired by the educational ideals of Swami Vivekananda, has founded the Vivekananda School of English Studies. This institution embodies Swamiji's vision of nurturing the innate perfection within every individual.

The release of the fourth edition of MuseLit, the magazine of the Vivekananda School of English Studies, marks a proud and meaningful milestone for us. The articles and poems in this edition offer thoughtful engagement with the pressing concerns of our times, weaving together reflections rooted in both philosophy and action. True to Swamiji's teachings, MuseLit serves as a platform to showcase the intellectual depth, creativity, and expressive freedom of our students.

The department's contributions are a testament to their academic rigor and artistic insight. These young voices are not only questioning long-held notions but also offering fresh perspectives that hold promise for the future of our society. Such critical and creative engagements strengthen the foundation of our academic community and reflect the vitality of our English Department.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the faculty and students for their dedication, vision, and tireless efforts in bringing this publication to life. MuseLit is a shining example of the excellence we strive for at VIPS-TC, and I am confident that our students will continue to bring honor and distinction to the institute.

Best wishes!

Dr. S.C. Vats
Chairman, VIPS-TC



FROM THE VICE CHAIRMAN'S DESK...

"Take up one idea. Make that one idea your life; dream of it; live by that idea. Let the brain, the body, muscles, nerves, and every part of your body be full of that idea, and leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success, and this is how great spiritual giants are produced."

— Swami Vivekananda

Since the inception of our Institute in 2000, the teachings of Swami Vivekananda have been a guiding light—his words continue to shape our vision and mission. At Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, we remain committed to nurturing individuals who are not only intellectually curious but also rooted in their identity and purpose.

In a world defined by rapid change and constant reinvention, the ability to grow while remaining true to oneself is essential. We strive to cultivate in our students a sense of confidence, clarity, and conviction in their ideas. Innovation and creativity are not peripheral to this vision—they are at its very heart.

Creativity is the wellspring from which new perspectives and transformative insights emerge. Every idea imagined by a young, passionate mind carries within it the seed of progress. At the Vivekananda School of English Studies, we celebrate this spirit through MuseLit, the department's annual e-magazine. It is a vibrant platform that showcases the brilliance, originality, and expressive power of our students across a wide spectrum of voices and forms.

I firmly believe that those who engage with such projects—who reflect, write, question, and create—are laying the foundation for a future full of promise. My heartfelt congratulations to the dedicated team of students and faculty whose efforts have brought this beautiful edition of MuseLit to life. Your work deserves every bit of appreciation and admiration.

I look forward to many more inspiring editions in the years ahead.

Mr. Suneet Vats
Vice Chairman, VIPS-TC

FROM THE DEAN'S DESK...



MuseLit is more than just a publication—it is a vibrant platform created to nurture and showcase the creative spirit of the students at the Vivekananda School of English Studies. It offers a space where imagination finds expression, where words and visuals shape a world within a world, guiding students along their literary journey with purpose and passion.

As a mirror to the thoughts and dreams of our undergraduate and postgraduate students, MuseLit reveals the hidden talents of budding storytellers, poets, and artists. Each contribution stands as a testament to the rich, imaginative, and diverse voices that define our student community.

This edition of MuseLit is not just a collection of individual expressions—it is a harmonious reflection of unity in diversity. It celebrates the collective vision, effort, and creativity of those who dared to dream and worked diligently to bring those dreams to life. I deeply appreciate the commitment and perseverance shown by the magazine committee in making this endeavor both meaningful and memorable.

My heartfelt congratulations to the entire MuseLit team—students and faculty alike—for curating such a compelling and inspiring edition. May MuseLit continue to grow as a cherished reflection of the literary spirit that defines VSES.

Wishing MuseLit a long and inspiring journey ahead!

Prof. (Dr.) Salonee Priya

Dean VSES & Students' Welfare



LETTER FROM THE FACULTY COORDINATOR

"The mind is not a vessel to be filled but a fire to be ignited." – Plutarch

Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES) is not only a landmark in academics but also a space where intellect is nurtured through creativity, critical thought, and emotional wellness. Inspired by Swami Vivekananda's vision of Man Making, Character Building, and Nation Making, we at VSES believe that today's student holds the key to shaping a better tomorrow—a future guided by independent thinking, balanced judgment, and a spirit of compassion that transcends all boundaries.

MuseLit is one such meaningful step towards empowering students to express their ideas with clarity, originality, and sincerity. This magazine serves as a canvas where young minds pour out their thoughts through stories, poems, art, and photographs—each piece echoing the voice of a generation that dares to dream, reflect, and challenge conventions.

Every page of this edition resonates with thoughtful ideals, mature perspectives, and rich imagination—beautifully blending sensitivity with sensibility. The students have articulated their inner worlds with remarkable depth and creativity, crafting a symphony of ideas that reflects the evolving maturity of their thought processes.

The brilliance of their work assures us that we are on the right path—transforming scholars into conscious citizens who embody energy, commitment, and values rooted in Swamiji's teachings. I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the entire MuseLit team for this outstanding effort.

Wishing MuseLit continued success and a flourishing journey ahead as a mirror to the literary soul of VSES.

Dr. Meetu Bhatia Kapur

LETTER FROM THE FACULTY COORDINATOR



"Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,

the world offers itself to your imagination,

calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting–

over and over announcing your place in the family of things."

—*Wild Geese, Mary Oliver*

The history of the magazine is as old as that of the printing press. Alongside changing technology, the magazine sought to edify ideas, imagination, and stories that essential nourishment to our hearts and souls. As humans, our strongest impulse is to belong, with each other, with nature, with the world. This year's VSES magazine, MuseLit (2024-2025), full of expressions and stories from students, is a reflection of their commitment to belong to the legacy of the department and to a world of imagination that it opens for them. Sharing stories, poems, art with others also enables to overcome the limitation of our silos and connect with each other on our common sufferings, joys, grief, and failures, a nourishment to our souls.

This year's muse for the magazine has been love but also darker themes ranging from existential fears to precariousness of human life.

The dealing with such profound and evocative themes, in poetry, prose, and artworks shows that our students at VSES develop a critical mindset both within their classes and through departmental activities. The contribution of the editors, designers, contributors, and the whole team in this creative endeavour is heartening and reflects the joy, learning, and growth they have undergone on this journey. I am thrilled to be associated with this year's MuseLit and feel immense pride in presenting it alongside the whole team.

Dr. Suniti Madaan

WORDS FROM THE EDITORS...



For me, Muselit is more than just a magazine—it's the embodiment of imagination. It reflects the dreams of students who read, write, breathe, and live art.

As the editor, the vision was to dedicate this edition to such enthusiasts and offer a space to express freely and to write without judgment. It is only because of the combined effort of the team that this vision has been brought to life.

Muselit is the culmination of all the artistic voices and visions that breathe life into its pages. It is the collective effort that has given a far greater meaning to the magazine than being individual pieces of art. Here, creativity takes shape and emotions find form. Muselit is more than a creation; it is a feeling.

Yuvna Tandon, Editor



Designing this issue has been like piecing together a literary puzzle—every story, every poem, every line of text has found its place. My goal was to let the design quietly enhance the words, guiding eyes without getting in the way of imagination.

From the very beginning, we wanted this magazine to feel cohesive yet alive, allowing each contributor's voice to shine through. The layout, typography, and visual elements were all chosen with care to reflect the mood and rhythm of the writing.

This issue wouldn't have come together without the incredible work of our editorial team and contributors. Their dedication made the design process not only smoother, but inspiring.

I hope as you flip through this edition, you'll find something that stays with you—visually, emotionally, or both.

Shagun Gupta, Designing Editor

POETRY





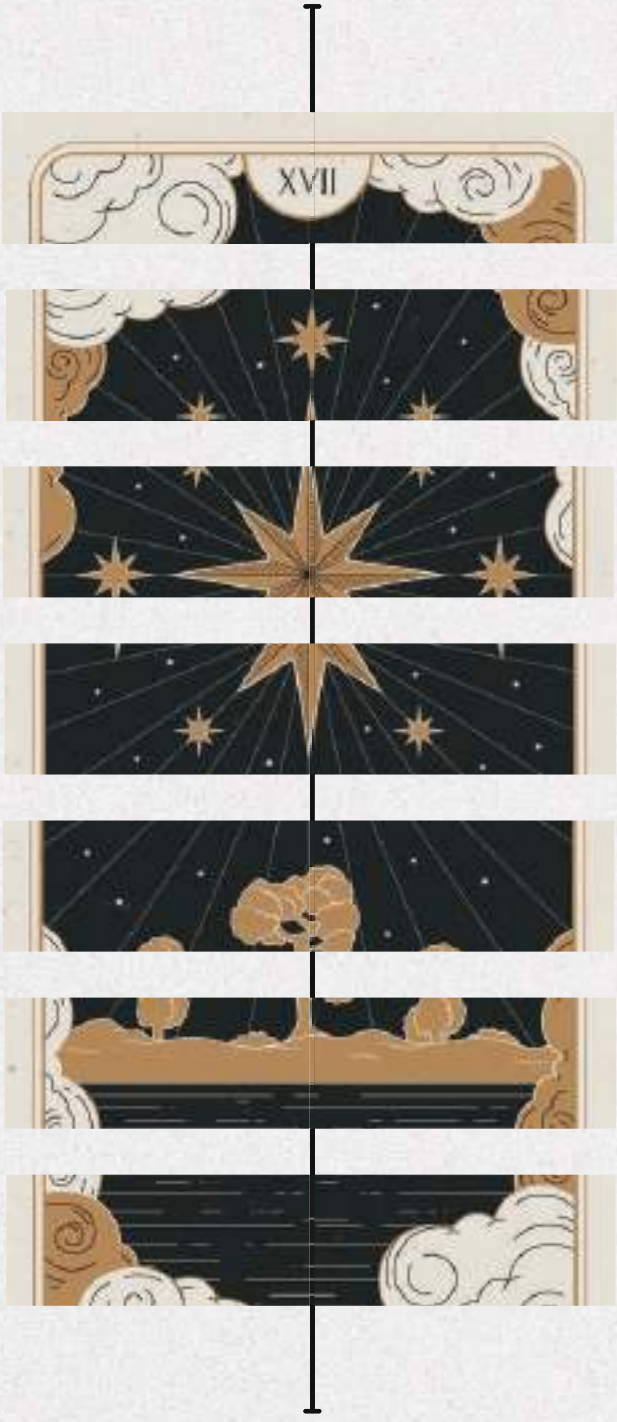




Dust

I'm just a speck of dust
Questioning every step I take
The leaves turned orange
The path remains unnamed
The evening are icy
Like chilled pepsi
Golden days wasted
The mourning begins
Times slipping
And my eyes are still sleeping
I hear the rumble of the future
But the view is stuck in the past
After all I'm just a speck of dust
Waiting for my turn
The long queue never-ending
I turn, I glimpse, I walk, I fly.

Vanshika Vermani
BA 2022-25





Futile Crown

The choker of my fame has

choked my neck

The ship of happiness is

far away from the deck

Masking a smile on my depressed frown

It is now futile to wear that glorified crown

Lost my friends and lost my lover

What will I even do with all this power

Millions of applauds and smiles I see

It won't matter because I can't see me

I hope i find peace

And nobody ties me up to a leash

I belong with people, that is my truth

It will follow me despite what's rued

Kids are still depressed even dolled up,

Syrup is still syrup in a sippy cup

Aakriti Aggarwal
BA 2024-28

I, Eternal Sleep, & the Sphinx

He asks me questions I can't tell,
My eyes in a fix with his in mine,
He searches for an answer and I hear the church bell.
With fire beneath my legs,
He wonders what my credibility is,
Unable to shut down the cloudy verse,
The raven claws my collar and ends the quiz.
The redness drips down, sweaty claw,
Peripheral vision of the sphinx eyes the gripped man,
Childly innocence drowned,
"Memento Mori," claims the clan.
Surrendered, subdued, and succumbed,
At the mercy of vows and jinx,
Counting up the blessings, eyes tightly shut,
I, eternal sleep, and the deadly Sphinx.



Yuvna Tandon
BA 2022-25





Transcendence

Surrounded by the smoke of serenity,
The anguish is defeated by tranquility.
A strange loud knock of a drum,
makes the passage look like a marquee.
Walking the path appearing as of heaven,
Laid with dazzling lights,
leading somewhere unusual.
Vivid patterns laid bare hither tither,
Rounds and curves and reds and yellows here and there.
Soon the hidden storm inside disappears,
No sign of remorse or regretful tears.
The quietly seeping sound interrupts the
loud silence,
Flickering lights prepare the way to the silvering massive.
Slow steps sneaking towards the giant entrance,
Peeking through the portal to see a world of wonder.
Where the sacred melody flows,
The wind lento blows,
The flowery buds bloom,
Slowly and smoothly, it paints me whole blue,
Slowly and surely, it paints me whole blue.

Ananya Arneja
BA 2024-28



Night Time

All my ghosts
Preying on me at night;
When the sun goes down,
Amidst the moon that shines.
Yanking away my sanity, my peace
And all that I have.
All my ghosts
Preying on me at night;
Chasing me down the road of light,
Into the ally of darkness
Stripping me away of my love,
For me, my body and my life.
Making it difficult to breathe and survive.
All my ghosts
Preying on me at night;
Crawling up the bed
Into my mind.
My eyes, brimming with tears,
Not a single coherent thought in mind.
Taking away all that helps me
To have a good night's sleep.

Priyanshi Bhatla
BA 2022-25

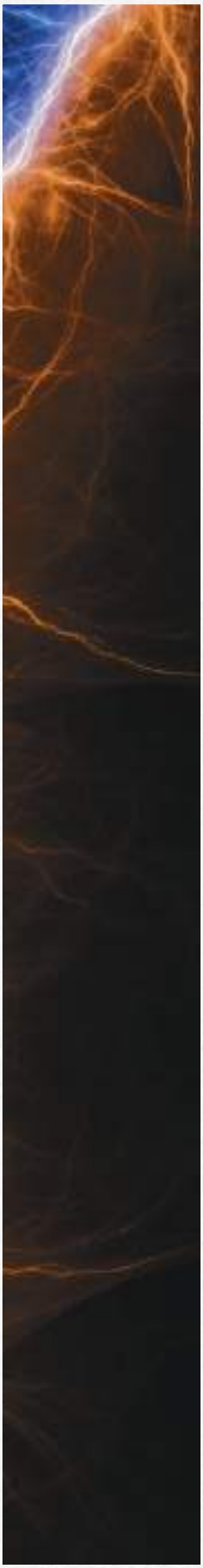




Dance With Fire

I want to touch fire.
I want to know how it feels.
Will it burn?
Or will it be warm?
I want to drown in fire,
Till it consumes me.
It's not rage I talk about—
It's the warmth I want to feel.
I want fire to eat me,
Till I no longer can be seen.
I want to dance with it—
So it warms up my frozen body.
I want to touch fire.
It must burn me.
I want the warmth, though—
I want them feeling my need.

Divya
BA 2024-28





I Am

I am bigger
than what I see around me,
I am bigger
than my internal obstacles,
I am bigger
than the noise
that comes with indulging
the monkey mind,
bigger than
my thoughts and ideas,
bigger than
my sense of touch, smell, taste,
hearing, and seeing,
bigger than
my rationality and judgement,
I'm free of my experiences,
free of my past and future,
free of the worldly hurdles,
I'm the one with my psyche;
I'm one with the God
or the universe,
I'm at peace
with the unknown,
I put my faith in my work,
service and prayer;
I reap the fruit of my care.

Jayanti
BA 2023-26

Dystopia



There's misery and solace in living this way,

But I'm drowning in the reminders of you around town,

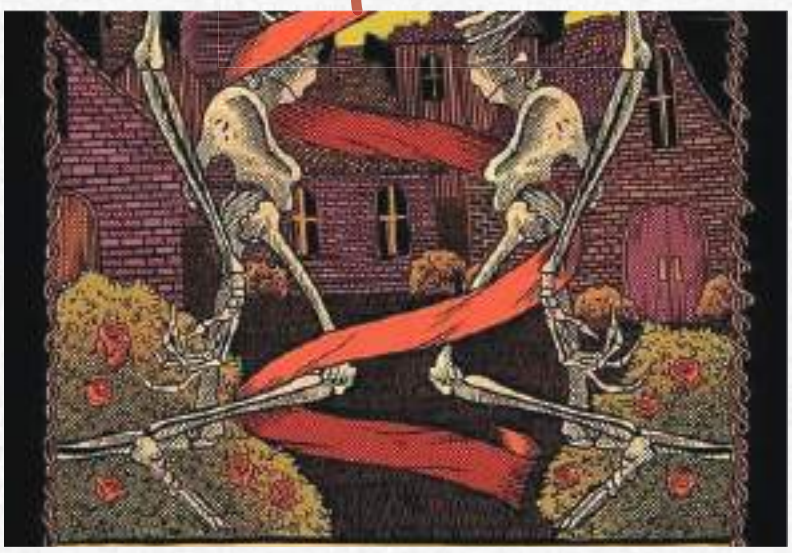
You're not on my wall anymore but what

difference does it make,

I've made you into a shrine,

I like to visit from

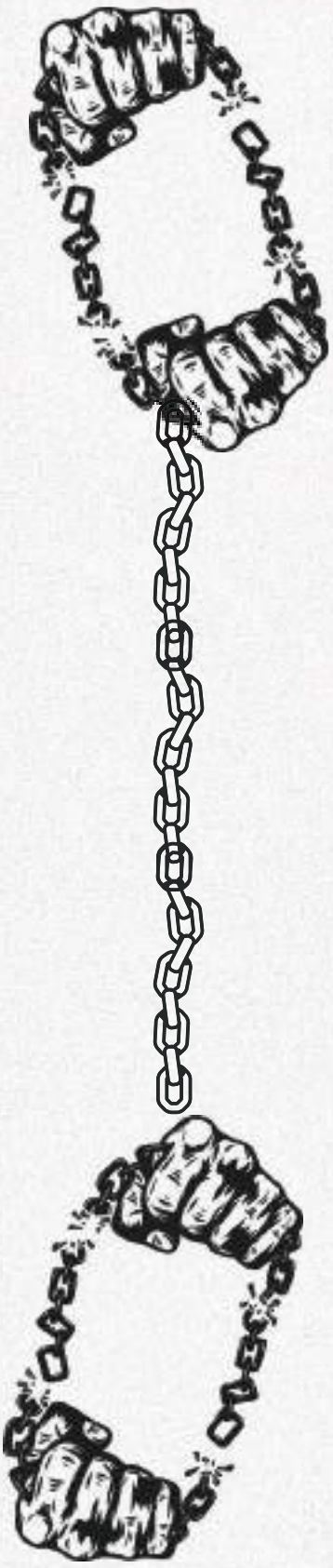
time to time.



Navjot Kaur
BA 2022-25

The Chains of Guilt

In the hell and heaven,
There lies no difference
And maybe you could sustain to one
But one who said that,
Innocent does not get to the face of blame,
And the guiltless walk free, untouched by shame
Opening the door you enter the one,
Progressing towards the way your actions are done
All souls are not set to be free,
Caught in chains they cannot see.
Wondering to the hell they burn,
Heaven makes them ponder their turn.
You are the one heading your deed
The souls that are apart make to one
Regrets and guilts weigh a ton
Those petty mistakes does not cost you a lot,
But knock the door where peace is sought
Those unmeant actions that pave the way to your nightmares
Scaring your soul with the weight it bears
And who knows about your little hands
Making you guilty with the fact-
These people will set you in sinking sands
These cartons of thoughts will guide you deep,
Through guilt-ridden nights when you can't sleep.



Tanushka Nagpal
BA 2024-28

PROSE









Shattered Hearts : The Victim's Vendetta

Keshiva Singh
BA 2023-26

Mr. Heathcliff's character in Emily Brontë's, "Wuthering Heights" is an apt description of one of the most complex and enigmatic characters found in literature.Throughout the novel, Brontë balances a fine line between Heathcliff's acts of cruelty and his instances of vulnerability, often blurring the lines between villainous and victimised. Through this essay, Heathcliff's duality would be brought into the limelight and would be explored and analysed to conclude whether Heathcliff as a character deserves redemption.

Heathcliff, our protagonist and anti-hero, originates as an orphan foundling who was subjected to a life of abuse and neglect. His character is marked by turbulent upbringing and profound abuse; painted as an outsider who is constantly ostracised due to his dark complexion and his mysterious background, Heathcliff comes off as a victim of his circumstances. Found and taken in by Mr. Earnshaw, the owner of by Mr. Earnshaw, the owner of Wuthering Heights, he is entwined with the Earnshaw family. Mr. Earnshaw's initial fondness for Heathcliff incites profound jealousy and resentment from his own son, Hindley Earnshaw.



Hindley is one of the very first catastrophic dominoes destined to fall in Heathcliff's life. Hindley treats Heathcliff cruelly and subjects him to both physical and emotional abuse. Heathcliff's character is shaped by his early-life trauma, which further fostered a deep-rooted bitterness and desire for revenge. The above also acts as a catalyst for his complex relationship with another Earnshaw member--Catherine Earnshaw—whose love both sustains and torments him throughout his life and even after his death.



The novel's main theme is Heathcliff's passion for Catherine Earnshaw, which shapes his character and drives the plot forward. Ever since the beginning, Catherine and Heathcliff have had a strong and unbreakable bond that goes beyond typical definitions of friendship. Heathcliff, with all his flaws, never betrays one solitary human feeling, and that is his love for Catherine, a sentiment so fierce and sometimes even inhuman. Even though they are incredibly in love, social expectations eventually cause a rift between them. The strict class stratification in their society is reflected in Catherine's choice to wed Edgar Linton, a man of greater social status, rather than Heathcliff.

This rejection by Catherine leaves him feeling abandoned and alone, intensifying his sense of alienation.

Heathcliff is humanised by his forbidden love for Catherine and the rejection he receives. His early victimisation at the hands of social norms and Catherine's decision highlight the tragedy of Heathcliff's character, despite his later descent into villany.

Furthermore, Heathcliff's transformation into a vindictive figure is rooted in his profound desire for revenge against those who have wronged him. As the story progresses, Heathcliff becomes a wealthy and influential man. Returning to Wuthering Heights, he uses this chance to exact revenge on Hindley Earnshaw and the Lintons, whom he believes are the reason for his suffering. The degree of his cruelty and determination in pursuing his revenge plan is demonstrated by his maltreatment of Hareton Earnshaw and his persuasion of Isabella Linton into marriage. Heathcliff's actions that are driven by his desire to settle old scores, exposes the depths of his resentment and his need for vengeance.

As Heathcliff pursues retribution, he is showcased as a complex and morally ambiguous character that is driven not only by his inner turmoil but also by his demons. Heathcliff's dark and ruthless nature can be illustrated by his cruelty and brutality towards others, notably his treatment of Isabella Linton and Hareton Linton. His violent treatment of Isabella, whom he marries out of resentment towards the Lintons, demonstrates hisreadiness to cause emotional suffering in order to satisfy his own desires.

Heathcliff's penchant for cruelty, physical and emotional abuse, and brutality serves as a chilling reminder of the destructive potential of unchecked ambition and vengeance. His background and actions contribute to his character, which can be perceived as either a victim or a villain. His inner darkness threatens to consume both himself and those unfortunate enough to cross his path.



Manly Men

Men are often perceived as human beings with a heart of steel. For ages, society has approached men as people who earn for the family, stay strong, never cry and adhere religiously to these "masculine" guidelines. But with the gradual growth of the feminist movement, society and the world are changing and slowly succeeding in their ultimate task of rubbing off gender differences.

The primary prejudice that comes under this category is clothing. But owing to the arguments made nowadays by so many influential people, we are not supposed to recruit men who wear ball gowns or feminine clothes if a world war happens. These influential people claim that we need more "manly men" in our society but I would like to put forth my opinions on the topic. We don't need more "manly" men, we need more tolerant men,-- men who don't point fingers at one another simply because another man is wearing a dress on the cover of a magazine.

Not just men, we need more tolerant humans, who don't discriminate against people's choice of clothing on the internet.



Priyanshi Bhatla

BA 2022-25

Men wearing traditionally "feminine" clothes since females typically wear masculine clothes all the time, for example, jeans, pants, shirts, and even skirts which were originally crafted for men in pre-historic times.

Shaving our heads or dyeing our hair pink makes us our unique selves. Feminism is not about forcing anyone to adhere to "rules" created by society regarding their bodies and the point is no feminist will ever force anyone to do anything to their body if they are uncomfortable with it. Such falsely proclaimed "feminists" are "pseudo-feminists." Feminists would only encourage those people who feel scared to do experiments with themselves because of "what will people say" aka fear of the society. Speaking of bodily autonomy, the controversies regarding abortion are highly problematic. Motherhood is not the calling of every woman. We must be able to do whatever we want to do with our bodies without the fear of what people will say or think of us.

This brings us back to the fact that men can wear and look good in feminine clothes. To support my statement, we can look at lots of examples all around the globe; Harry Styles, Ezra Miller, Neil Patrick Harris, Billy Porter, Jonathan Van Ness, Jared Leto and others.

It was often believed that men who are repressive and who can "protect" people are manly. To put the long story short, the definition of "manly men" is one which feminists have been trying to change for centuries.

A society in which the roles of men and women are not classified on gender but based on what the individual is good at is needed, unlike a society in which men are forced to go out and work and women are forced to stay in and look after the house and kids in which if not both then at least one gender will surely feel suffocated. Women should only think about nurturing and protecting their kids if they want and are ready physically, mentally, emotionally and economically to have kids, not because they are too ashamed to have an abortion. Similarly, men can wear dresses if they want to without what society will think or say about them.

Having a yin and a yang figure in a family is not wrong, what is wrong is that society just assumes that yin will be a girl and yang must be a boy. This is, indeed, absurd!

As Harry Styles says, "What's feminine and what's masculine? It's like there are no lines anymore."



Stolen skin

The hospital was dead quiet. No nurses rushing around, no worried families— just an eerie silence. The usual smell of medicine along with something strange, a bit sweet, a bit rotten. I crept deeper into the hospital, the floor echoing with each step.

A weird thumping noise pulled me towards a heavy, old door. It looked like something from a scary movie, covered in strange symbols.

I pushed the door open, and a cold, blue light filled the room. In the centre, a creepy figure was working on something gross, covered in wires and tubes.

As I got closer, the figure turned around. Its eyes glowed green, and it had a creepy smile. "Welcome," it hissed, "Darling" The figure lunged at me, and I blacked out.

I woke up with a jerk in the hospital bed, my body aching— a strange, cold sensation filled through my veins. I tried to move, but I was trapped, my limbs tied to a cold metal table. As I tried my best to break free, I noticed something horrifying - dark, writhing tendrils were attached to my skin, sucking the life out of me. A familiar voice cut through the horror, "Hello, darling" it purred, a sinister smile etched on the face of a man dressed as a nurse.

A chill ran down my spine. I knew that voice, but it couldn't be. The man in front of me was supposed to be dead. "You remember me, don't you?" he asked, his eyes glinting with something dark. "Don't mistake me for the man you saw on the news. I'm the real deal". He picked up a syringe from the desk as if trying to relieve me from the small tortures and preparing for bigger ones...









LAVANYA SACHDEVA

BA 2023-26

The next thing I knew, I was back in bed, safe and sound. It felt like a dream, a nightmare, but it was all too real. I was haunted by the image of the man's sinister smile, his chilling words echoing in my mind.

Days turned into weeks, but the fear never left. Every shadow, every noise, sent shivers down my spine. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was being watched, that the man was still out there, wandering in the darkness.

Then, one night, I had a dream. I was back in the cold room, the man's eyes boring into mine. But this time, something was different.

He seemed more powerful, more dangerous. He spoke of a grand plan, a plan that involved me, a plan that would change the world forever. I woke up drenched in sweat, my heart pounding. As I lay there, staring at the ceiling, I realised the nightmare was just beginning. The man was closer than I thought, and his grip on my life was tightening.

As days passed, I started noticing strange occurrences. Objects moved on their own, whispers echoed in empty rooms, and shadows danced with a life of their own. I felt a constant presence, a watchful eye that followed my every move.

One night, a figure appeared in my room, shrouded in darkness. It moved with grace, its form shifting and changing. As it drew closer, I could make out a familiar silhouette, a figure that sent chills down my spine.

"You're trapped in my world" he said huskily, "And I am always watching."

Just before I could recognise him, his figure dissolved, vanishing into thin air, leaving me in darkness and with the realisation that this nightmare was far from over.

But something was different. The whispers no longer sounded distant, they were inside my head. My reflection in the window flickered. My hands trembled, veins darkening. Then, the realisation hit me. I wasn't just being haunted. I wasn't being hunted.

I was him.

Memories that hadn't been mine flooded my mind; hospital halls, a scalpel in my grip, the horror in my victims' eyes. I gasped, stumbling back. This wasn't real.

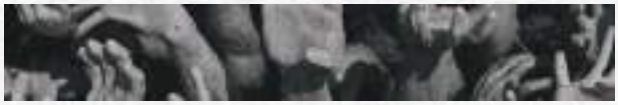
It couldn't be real. "Stop fighting it," his voice slithered through me, "You were never a victim, darling. You were always meant to take my place".

Pain shot through my chest. My breath hitched. My fingers twitched, moving against my will. A smile curled on my lips— his smile.

I tried to scream, but no sound came. The last thing I saw before darkness swallowed me was my reflection, grinning back.

And then, just like that—

I was gone.





Scary Potatoes

AADYA GUPTA
BA 2022-25



THE FIRST AND ONLY CHAPTER

I always thought it was a story made only to scare kids, but now I realise the old legend was correct. It said that if there was a blood moon on Friday the 13th, all the potatoes everywhere would come alive!

Once they come alive, they have only one goal, to kill all humans and become the ultimate race. These potatoes are a combination of werewolves, vampires and zombies. They come alive during a blood moon and suck their victim's blood like a vampire and walk slowly but swiftly like zombies. Their potato queen leads them, May Queen Potato assisted by the potato king, King Edward.

Today is Tuesday, I am hiding in my basement from the potatoes. I have been hiding here since 2 a.m., Saturday. I was sleeping in my room when I heard my mom screaming and glass shattering downstairs. I ran towards my mother's room but it was too late. The potatoes had gotten to my little brother before I could save him. To make matters worse, they had also killed my fish, French and Fry.

I managed to escape with my dog, Tikki. I just hope we get rescued soon because I have finished all of the books I had in here and I am tired of talking to a dog. I have been, however, making my plan to save the world if things got out of hand. I know the government will not fail in protecting us. But, just in case they need a teenager to help them, I want to show the neighbourhood kids that I do get out there. Even if I do so when there is a huge army of potatoes I have got to eat, my bad, fight.

The potatoes are indestructible, they don't die. They can survive bullets and bombs, they have even evolved and developed themselves to not be cut by knives or swords. The plan is to take the help of the government and drown all the potatoes in boiling water so they get all mushy. That will be our chance to charge on them and start eating them. I mean, who doesn't love boiled potatoes?

If all fails we won't have any other option but to somehow capture, King Edward and ask the Queen to retreat with her army in return for her beloved husband. But, we will have to do this soon. We can't wait until the potato Queen shakes hands with Capsicum Red, the queen of Capsicums or worse the Queen of Peas. It is said that the Queen of Peas stays in hiding. No one knows her whereabouts or when she will show herself. But everybody is aware of her strength and power. She can destroy the world twice and still stand with her head high without a scratch.

FOOLED YOU, CHAPTER TWO

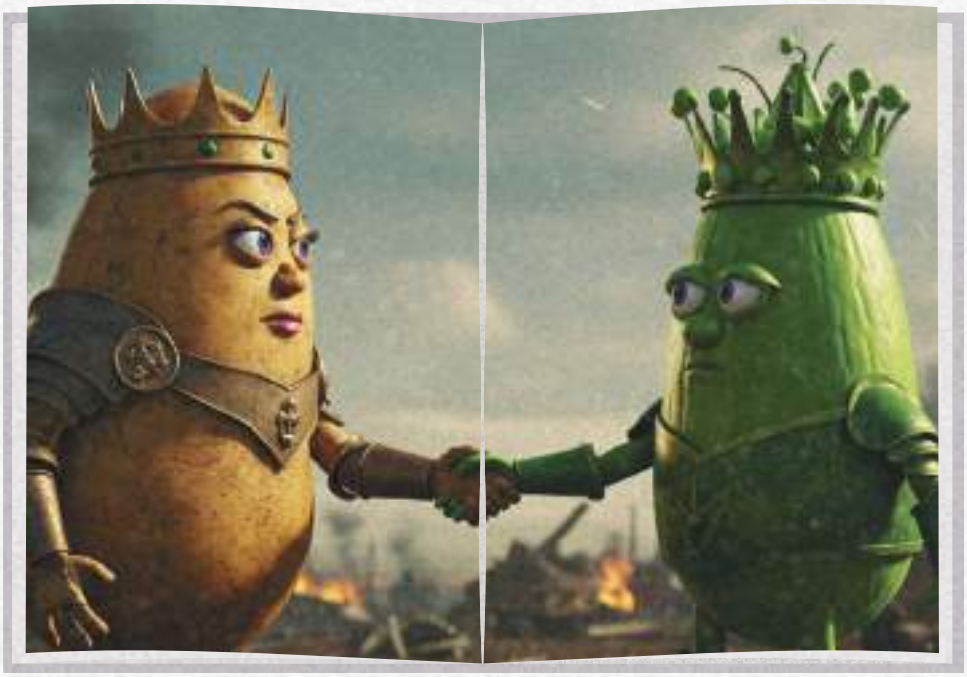
It's been a fortnight and there has been no sign of any kind of attack towards the potatoes.

As I feared, I think it's time I have to get out of hiding and help save the world.

But I have to prepare myself first. I have to wear my shields. Though they can't die, the potatoes can still be wounded by sharp objects. I managed to make a shield which has a grater, a slicer and a shredder that covers my whole body, especially my neck and my knees. The potatoes are of two kinds, jumper and walker. They can jump and suck blood from your neck or suck blood from your knees.

I bid my goodbye to Tikki, who is asleep after listening to my 2-hour rant about being the Chosen One. Slowly making my way up the stairs and bracing myself for any potatoes who might attack, I tighten my hold on the two biggest knives I could get hold of. Fortunately, the potatoes seemed to have left my house alone after the break-in on Saturday. I cautiously made my way out of the back door and rehearsed the plan in my mind for the 13th time. I had to reach the government headquarters and help them take the potato army down.

As I started rolling and crawling out of my backyard, I noticed a group of three potatoes standing right behind my neighbour's dustbin. I rolled and hid on the other side of the dustbin and planned my moves. I had to make a surprise attack so they didn't get a chance to think or jump. I was large enough to land on two potatoes and crush them. So, this was what I did. I jumped on the dustbin and landed on the two potatoes while holding the knife in position to cut the third potato in half. Yes! I destroyed the three potatoes and realised one of them had a walkie-talkie. I took the walkie-talkie and continued towards my destination.



After four other fights and five more walkie-talkies, I finally reached the government headquarters. There was an eerie silence. There was absolutely no one in sight except a corpse of Mozzarella. The last I heard, Cheese and Co. joined hands with us and the potatoes succeeded in joining hands with The Greens, which includes Spinach, Fenugreek Leaves and Cilantro. The Greens are well known for sneak attacks and killing people in sleep. They come from behind and eat you whole. Just thinking about them gives me shivers. I enter the headquarters and go to the main floor. Upon arrival, I had to confirm I was a human to get access.

I got inside and came face to face with The President, Mr Pakoda and his wife, Mrs Bhajiya. I greeted them with a smirk and they looked at me in horror.

After an excruciating hour of explaining my plan, they finally agreed and settled with the fact that I was their Saviour.

The President called the troops. All was going according to the plan. I handed them the walkie-talkies and they connected them with the system to track down all of their locations.

The scientists were making more uniforms similar to what I was wearing and developing knives which were larger and sharper. Since the potatoes were raw the knives needed to be highly sliceable.



THE FINAL WAR; DEAD OR ALIVE

It was D-Day and we were prepared. The army was ready with their new uniform and weapons. The technicians were ready to handle any sort of new alerts. The jets were ready, and the water was boiled. The human beings who were still alive were sent notice of how they could contribute via emails and SMS. I was leading the army and we together came up with many other techniques to win over the potatoes as well as The Greens. The Cheese and Co. had backed out last minute as they were afraid we would unknowingly hurt them while fighting the potatoes. Understanding their concern, we wished them luck and sent them away with goodbyes.

We stationed our most professional women and men at high alert areas and then we were ready to attack.

The signal for the war was sent as we stood in the arena where the war was supposed to happen.

After 13 minutes of hyping each other up, 23 minutes of getting ready to eat, smash and slice and 17 minutes of counting the days we will have to go without potatoes if we eat them all, our our rivals finally came into view.

Their army was huge. We could see rolling potatoes, jumping potatoes, slow-walking potatoes and potatoes lying on cannons. The Greens were at the back, waiting for their interference in case the Potatoes seemed to be losing.

I smiled at the view in front of me, we all took position on my command. As soon as their Queen dropped the most feared weapon of theirs, a knife, the potatoes charged towards us. On my command, we all shouted and ran towards the potatoes and the war began.

(Location: The Government Headquarters)

The President sat tense in his golden chair while his wife sliced some apples for him. The apples were thinly sliced and the peel was removed, just as he liked them. But, his mind was elsewhere. He could not digest anything just like he could not digest the fact that he was hiding behind well-protected four walls while a teenager was out there planning and successfully managing to lead the war against a very disturbingly weird and unknown army. The president shook his head and stood up from his warm seat. With his hands behind his back, he walked towards the buzzing office where a screen showed the number of potatoes and humans taken down. It also displayed the hidden location of potatoes where the jets were moving with high speed, ready to pour down water. With one command of The Teenager, the dams will be open and the city will be flooded by boiling water. This is when the humans who were hiding in their houses and community centres would come out and start eating, slicing, shredding, grating and smashing the potatoes. The Greens were smart, they only sent out a small portion of their army who stood guard behind the potatoes. It did not look like they would attack anyway. The potatoes were losing but there was no sign of them giving any kind of help.

The President was silently watching everything, his self-esteem dying down as the number of defeated



potatoes on the screen increased. He was worried and completely hysterical. He had imagined many scenarios in his head and most of them ended with him losing his position and he couldn't do anything to stop it. He was slowly coming to terms with the future he was imagining continuously and was more relieved of the fact that he had earned and saved enough to last three of his coming generations.

He smiled sadly towards the ground and walked back to his wife. He took the knife and plate from her hand and kept it aside. Holding her hand, he left the headquarters to live his life peacefully as a nobody in his mansion on the outskirts of the city, with greenery all around and an artificial lake where he bred ducks and turtles.

(Back at the Arena)

We could see the war coming to an end, the potatoes were starting to lessen in number and the King had already died. The Queen had left the arena, still in mourning. The Greens were nowhere to be seen, probably having better wars to plan. In my earpiece, the Chief told me about all the potatoes who were in hiding also being conquered. We could go back to our normal lives soon. While jumping on three little potatoes and slicing two others, I thought of my mother, who I will never see again, my brother who died so young, and my fishes whom I had forgotten to feed on the unforgettable Friday. I slashed two other potatoes and jumped on a huge boulder while throwing my pocket knives at a potato who had my fellow partner in a chokehold. Our lives might never be the same again. ter.

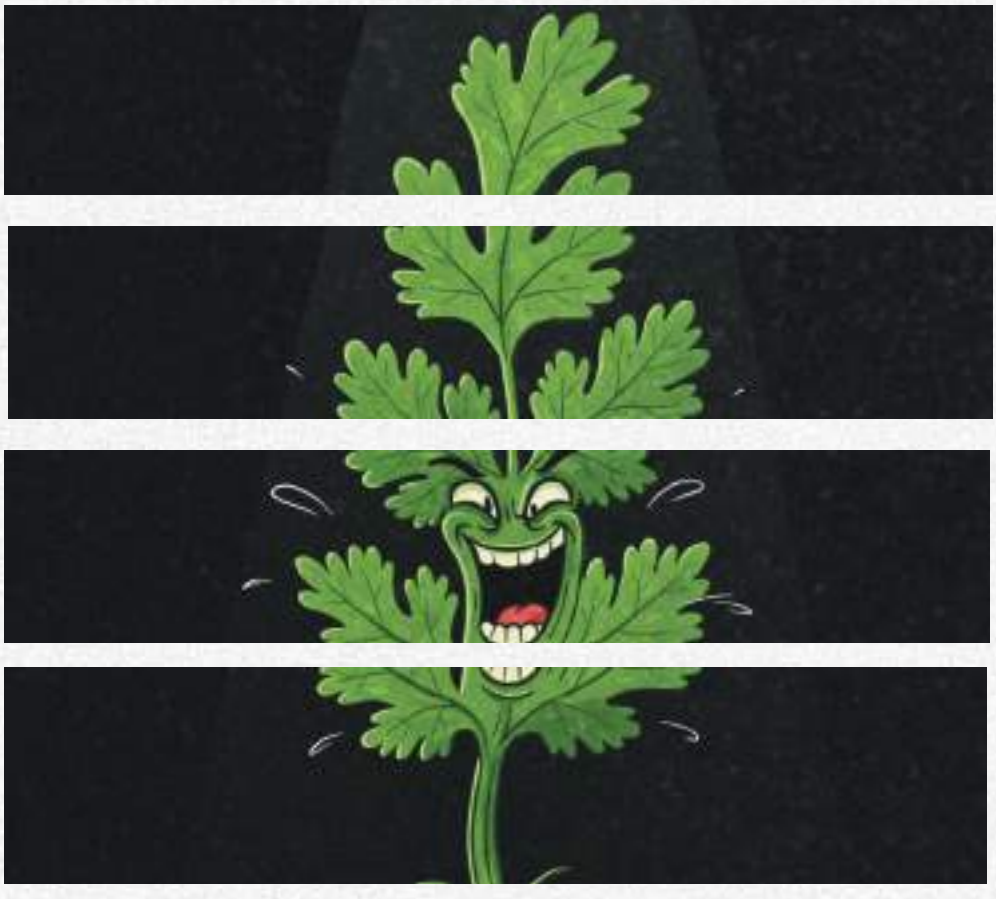
We will come out stronger and wiser. But, we will also learn to be emotionless.

The war was over, we won. Everyone rejoiced and we went back to the headquarters where a huge feast was waiting for us. A feast with no potatoes, no greens, no cheese and no peas. The Queen of Peas had sent us a letter of appreciation and respect. I was shocked to hear that The President has resigned and has gone somewhere far. The people wanted me to handle the state affairs but being underage and already having a lot of books in my hand I had to decline the offer. The most popular Mayor was announced as The New President.

I greeted everyone and was ready to leave for my house when The New President stopped me and asked if he could drop me home. I agreed and sat in his car. We sat in silence the whole ride.

When we reached my home, I was getting out of the car, when I heard him speak for the first time, "Well done in defeating the potato army. You did well." I smiled warmly and thanked him. "I never got your name-". I laughed and said, "Bonda, Aaloo Bonda. Actually, I never got yours either."

He smiled and replied, "Call me Mr. Coriander". The statement was simple but it sent shivers down my body. I closed the door of the car and started walking towards my house when he rolled down the windows and shouted, "Have you heard about the old legend of The Greens?" I stopped in my tracks, horrified and slowly turned around, but he was gone, all that was left was the haunting sound of his villainous laughter.



Verses Between Us

SHAGUN GUPTA
BA 2022-25

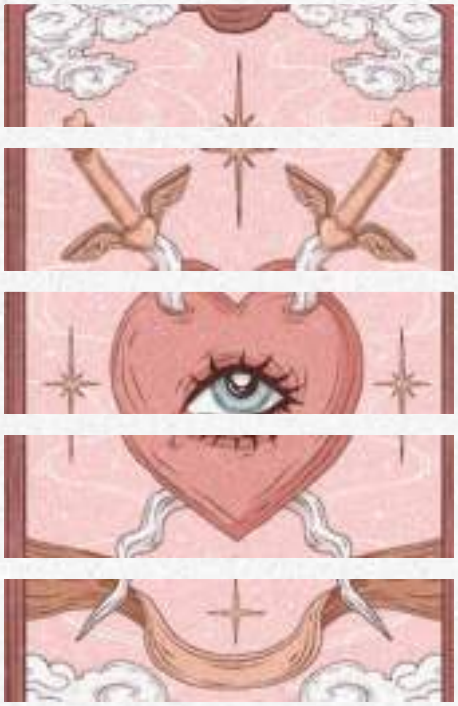
It was the moment everyone was waiting for. The moment of a victory already ensured.

It was tradition for them—for Neil and Nathan to participate in their college's annual poetry writing competition. For them to secure first and second positions respectively. It was tradition for Neil to bring the trophy home every year. Having been part of the creative writing society at NLU Bangalore, Neil and Nathan, despite being aspiring lawyers, harboured a passion for poetry.

Given their similar backgrounds, shared ambitions, and competitive spirits, they should have been rivals. Life, however, had other plans. What should have been a relentless contest turned into an unshakable bond, a friendship forged in ink and late-night debates over metaphors and meter.

They had met at an open mic night in their first year. Neil had gone up first, his words measured and deliberate, every syllable placed with precision. Nathan followed, a stark contrast—raw, passionate, unfiltered. Their eyes met across the room, not with rivalry, but with recognition. From that night on, they became constants in each other's lives.

They spent hours critiquing each other's work over endless cups of coffee, arguing over structure and meaning until exhaustion set in.



They pushed each other, challenged each other, and made the other better. It was never about proving superiority. It was about the thrill of the challenge, the unspoken promise that neither would settle for anything less than their best. The results were about to be announced, but Neil and Nathan barely paid attention.

They had gone through the motions all evening—the polite nods at fellow participants, the forced small talk with faculty members, the carefully measured excitement that had become more habit than genuine anticipation. It had never really been a question of whether one would win, only who would place first.

It was a game; one they had perfected over the years. Neil's name would be called first, Nathan's second, and they'd share the usual grin—a silent acknowledgement of the predictability of it all. It was a routine, one neither ever imagined breaking.

Until now.

When the host finally stepped up to the microphone, there was an unusual pause before the announcement. "And the winner of this year's poetry competition is..." A name neither recognised was called, followed by surprised applause. Neil frowned slightly, exchanging a glance with Nathan, who only shrugged in return.

"Second place goes to... Nathan Varma."

Nathan let out a soft chuckle as he stood, not bothering to mask his amusement. Neil, for the first time in years, wasn't called at all. He wasn't even on the leaderboard, something about his writing being too predictable. It should have stung, Neil thought. He should have felt the familiar pang of disappointment, the frustration of losing his title. And yet, as he looked at Nathan, shaking his head with barely contained laughter, all he felt was relief.

Because for the first time, he understood.

It had never been about the trophy. Never about the admiration that came with victory. The only thing that had ever made the competition thrilling was knowing Nathan was right there beside him, pushing him, challenging him, making it all worth something.

"You lost," Nathan whispered as Neil dropped into the seat beside him at the refreshment table, an infuriating smirk dancing across his lips.

"So did you," Neil countered.

Nathan hummed in agreement, his fingers tracing idle patterns on the edge of his participant folder. "But somehow, I don't mind."

Neil didn't either. And maybe that should have scared him— the way losing had never felt this easy before.

But Nathan was grinning, their shoulders pressed together in a way that felt just a little more deliberate than before, and Neil realized that maybe the competition had never been the most important thing between them.

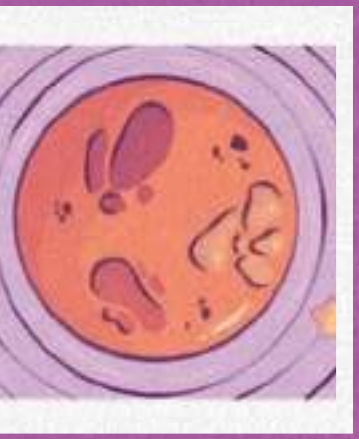
Maybe it had always been this—whatever it was that they shared.

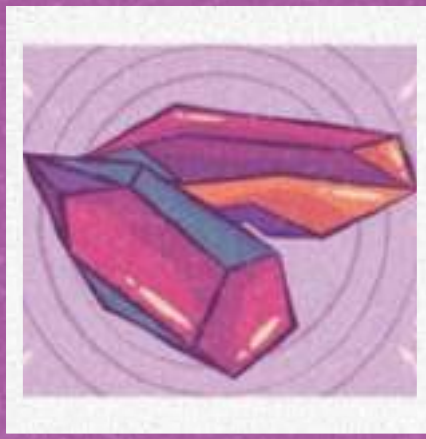
It was a slow realisation, that victory wasn't worth much if it didn't come with the familiar thrill of Nathan's challenge, the openness of his laughter, the glint in his eye daring him to be better. Maybe it had always been Nathan.

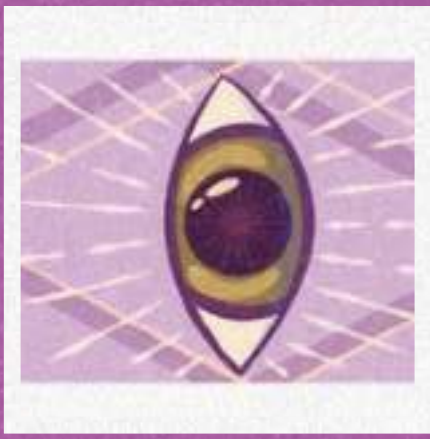
Neil swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry as Nathan nudged him with his elbow, still smirking. "Wanna get out of here?"

Neil let out a breath, one he hadn't even realized he was holding, and nodded, a slow grin stretching across his face. "Yeah."

ARTWORKS











01

Are humans built from each piece of others, or do they tear themselves up for other individuals?

BY DIVYA
BA 2024-28

02

SERENITY

BY ANANYA ANREJA
BA 2024-28



03

TEARS ARE NOT A SIGN OF WEAKNESS BUT ONE OF STRENGTH

ISHITA GUPTA
BA 2022-25

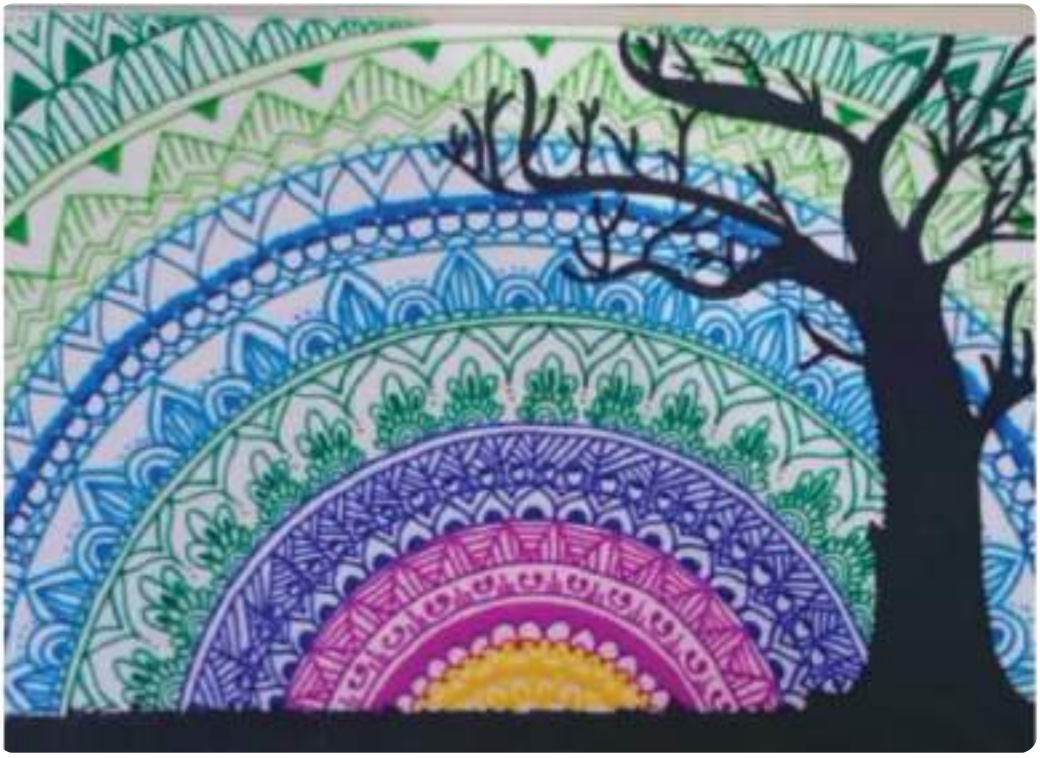




04

THE BLUE DOOR?

SHREYA GUPTA
BA 2022-25



05

A PIECE WHICH SOOTHES THE MIND

BY DIYA AHUJA
BA 2024-28



06

THE INTRICACY OF MANDALA

BY NANDINI SABHARWAL
BA 2023-26

07

SPIRIT OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

KRITIKA GUPTA
BA 2023-26





08

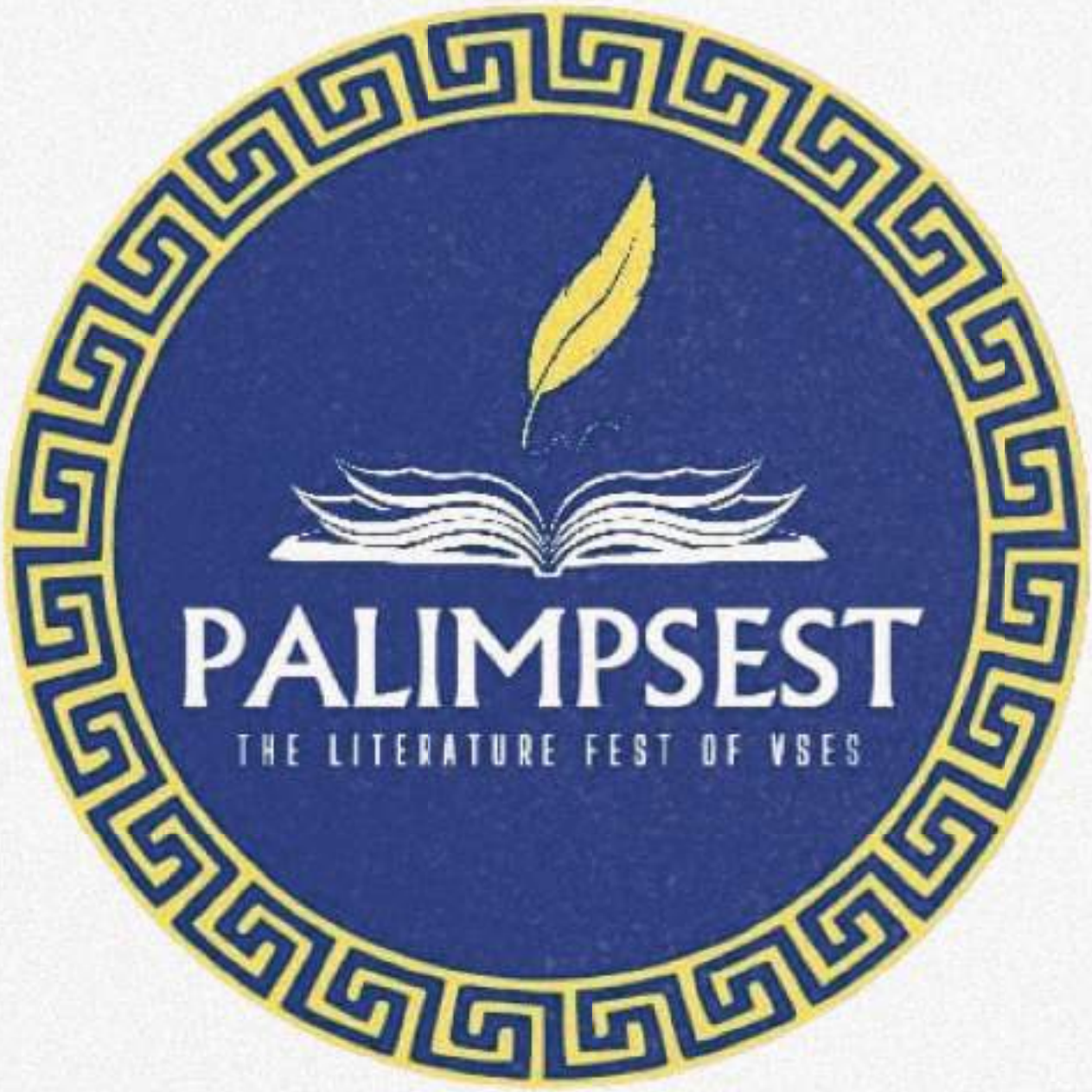
TWO FACES, ONE TRUTH

MAHIKA RAO
BA 2022-25



FUN FACTS

- India's two major epics, the Mahabharata and Ramayana, are among the longest epics in the world. The Mahabharata is over 100,000 verses long!
- Sanskrit, the classical language of India, has influenced many modern languages, including Hindi, Bengali, and Punjabi.
- The Bhagavad Gita, a 700-verse Hindu scripture, is regarded as one of the most significant spiritual texts in the world.
- The Jnanpith Award, India's highest literary honor, is awarded annually to writers for their outstanding contribution to literature.
- Events like the Jaipur Literature Festival have become global gatherings for authors, intellectuals, and readers.
- Kalidas, a poet in the Gupta period, is called the "Shakespeare of India."
- In ancient India, Indian literature was written in verses, and poetic form was the standard form of writing
- The Rigveda, one of the four Vedas, is considered the earliest known book in Indian history. The Panchatantra is one of the most translated Indian texts.
- Many ancient Indian texts were written on palm leaves.
- The Discovery of India by Jawaharlal Nehru is a key work of modern Indian literature.
- The Vikram and Betaal stories are Indian folklore classics.
- Ramcharitmanas retold the Ramayana in Awadhi.
- Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali was originally written in Bengali before its English translation won the Nobel Prize
- The Gupta period (4th–6th century) was a golden age of literature.
- The first Indian novel in English was Rajmohan's Wife (1864) by Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay.
- The Akbarnama was written by Abul Fazl as a biography of Emperor Akbar.
- Ghalib is one of India's most celebrated Urdu poets.



2024

Palimpsest Litfest' 24



The English Department (VSES) of VIPS-TC proudly hosted Palimpsest 2024, a vibrant two-day literature fest that brought together creativity, intellect, and artistic expression. True to its name, Palimpsest celebrated the layers of storytelling, adaptation, and reinvention that define literature and the arts. From the thrilling pursuit of Dastaq-e-Khazana (Treasure Hunt) to the lyrical magic of Serenade (Singing Competition), and the artistic brilliance of Kalakari (Art Competition), the fest was a dynamic blend of competitions and creative showcases. Events like Click and Run (Prompt Photography) and Rhyme Revelers (Poetry Recitation) allowed participants to express their visions and voices in unique ways.

A highlight of the fest was the engaging Panel Discussion on Exploring the Significance of Adaptations: Retelling Classical Narratives, where insightful perspectives unraveled the power of reimagining timeless tales. Palimpsest 2024 concluded on a high note with the compelling production of the play Arsenic & Old Lace by Joseph Kesserling, skillfully directed and adapted by the talented students of the department—an unforgettable finale to an event that celebrated literature in all its evolving forms.

DAY 1



Panel Discussion



Kalakari



Click & Run



Serenade

The morning of May 8, 2024, began with excitement for the grand opening of the literary fest—*Palimpsest* 2024. Featuring ambitious activities and a panel discussion on *Exploring the Significance of Adaptations: Retelling Indian Classical Narratives*, the fest sparked curiosity in ambitious minds. The discussion focused on cultural diversity and the impact of translations on Indian literature. Dr. (Prof.) Salonee Priya led this illuminating session with esteemed guests, Prof. Dr. Kavita Sharma, Ms. Sunita Pant Bansal and Dr. Pema Eden Samdup.

Serenade, a Western-solo singing competition, was the second event for the day, inviting participation from talent across universities. Click and Run was a fun and engaging photography event that allowed participants to explore creativity and interpretation through virtual mediums.

To end the first day on a vibrant note, Kalakari provided an artistic platform to its participants for exploring the grand-theme of "Expressions" through mediums such as painting, sketching, and origami.

DAY 2



Rhyme Revelers



Dastaq-e-Khazana



Unknot the Knots



Arsenic & Old Lace

Day 2 commenced with its most anticipated event, *Dastaq-e-Khazana*, where participants had to put their wit and problem-solving abilities to test through a series of challenging clues that led to a treasure. *Unknot the Knots*, another event that required participants to use their imagination, resulted in the birth of several new narratives like Jab We Met's Geet in *Charlie & the Chocolate Factory* and Sherlock Holmes in Titanic. It wouldn't be a literature fest without the slam-poetry competition, *Rhyme Revelers*, which provided a platform for budding poets to present their poetic compositions.

The two-day festival eclipsed with the annual department production of Arsenic and Old Lace by Joseph Kesserling. Under the leadership of Mihir Sharma, the director, the play was performed in presence of the theatre expert Saloni Sinha, an authority in Future Skills, Applied Theatre, and Innovative Pedagogy. Hard work and determination from VSES students resulted in a spellbinding performance that served as a successful wrap-up to a festival that celebrated the love for literature in all its forms, with the promise of a come back even more zealous and enthusiastic the following year.

VSES

At a glance...

RANGEET

The translation and Adaptation Club of VSES

Rangeet: The Translation and Adaptation Club of VSES is a community that bridges cultural gaps and creates a vibrant community where diverse artistic expressions can flourish. Under the supervision of our esteemed faculty coordinators, Dr. Meetu Bhatia Kapur, Dr. Sakshi Sundaram, and Dr. Faizan Mouqim, we aim to foster a deep appreciation for languages and literature while promoting cross-cultural understanding. We also deal with the theatrical aspects of literature; hence a visit was organised to watch HAMLET in the LTG Auditorium, Mandi House which contributed to inspiring students about new ideas and perspectives.



Theatre Visit- *Hamlet*



Dil-se-Diwali



VIVEKALAM

The Literary Club of VSES

Vivekalam, the literary club of VSES, endeavours to provide a space for its members to explore and find new horizons. Under the tutelage of Dr. Anshu Gagal, Dr. Barnali Saha, Dr. Natasha Anand, and Dr. Sambuddha Jash. The club has organised several creative writing workshops that encourage students across the department to strive and realise their potential to become a part of the very literature we discover throughout the course. The club is a place for those who wish to perceive their creative input and acquire the art of imagination.



Kalam-e-Azad



Ecriture

Nazariya

The Visual Arts & Cine Club

NAZARIYA

The Visual Arts and Cine Club of VSES

Nazariya: The Visual Arts & Cine Club of VSES is a dynamic and inclusive club designed to create an engaging space for students passionate about art, cinema, and storytelling. The club serves as a platform for students to explore and expand their creativity through various forms of visual arts. It has been working under the supervision and guidance of our esteemed faculty - Dr. Anjali Dawar, Ms Swarnika Ahuja, and Ms Anukriti Bajpai, where it fosters collaboration and artistic exploration. Recently, Nazariya organised a trip to The National Gallery of Modern Art; inciting a flare for artistic expression in the students.



The NGMA Visit



VMAs

MIMANSA

The Research Club of VSES

Mimansa, the research club of VSES, VIPS-TC. Under the guidance of Dr. Bhawna Vij Arora, Dr. Suniti Madaan, and Dr. Jasmine Sharma, we aim to upskill our students and help them write profound and intellectually sound research papers. It has successfully helped the students of VSES publish their research papers and academic articles in well-known journals. The students are guided through their ideas and are thus, trained to churn their creativity and imbue it into the fabric of their research.



Emerging Trends in Literary Studies



The Best Paper Award

STUDENT EDITORIAL BOARD



PRIYANSHI BHATLA, BA 2022-25

Gluing fresh ideas and perspectives for curating *Muselit* was a tremendous experience for a literature student like myself. I got a chance to venture onto the horizon of creatives with this team - and combining all our hard work and love for the language brought us to this beautiful edition of our beloved magazine, which I will always be proud of.

VANSHIKA VERMANI, BA 2022-25



Working on *Muselit* was not only an extraordinary experience, but as a literature enthusiast, the creative expression in the magazine has become my muse. This experience has nurtured my soul and has given light to so many new perspectives, which depict the power of literature and art.



ANUSHKA JOSHI, BA 2022-25

This magazine is not just a platform about reporting events but giving students a voice. Similar to the acronym "*Muselit*" this opportunity has evoked in me a sense of creative freedom, inspiration and imaginative insight. Making it a holistic experience to cultivate new skills and witness the rejuvenation that good literature brings.

KESHIVA SINGH, BA 2023-26



MuseLit has been a wonderful opportunity for me to hone my skills as an editor and learn from new experiences collaborating with such a passionate and versatile team. I have learned how to combine fun and professionalism together as I worked with my fellow editors in a very collaborative and innovative setting.



KRITIKA GUPTA, BA 2023-26

Being the editor for MuseLit was an incredibly enriching experience. It gave me the opportunity to refine my eye for visual storytelling. Working with a creative team taught me to balance creativity with editorial precision. I'm grateful to have contributed to such a platform which celebrates diverse perspectives.

DIVYA, BA 2024-28



Working in Muselit was definitely an insightful experience, where students' creativity met with practical execution of their works. From shortlisting to editing and to refining drafts, the whole process was truly enriching. I appreciate the connections I made with fellow editors and am grateful to have been a part of this magazine.



ANANYA ARNEJA, BA 2024-28

Working on Muselit was like diving into an ocean of imagination and artistic expression of my peers. It was a wonderful experience which not only familiarized me with the art of editing but also deepened my connection with the world of literature. Along the journey, we discovered pearls within the ocean which were shining bright.

PEARL RAWAT, BA 2024-28



Working on Muselit was a valuable experience for me. I learned that patience is essential in project development and that teamwork is crucial for success. I met many kind and talented individuals who significantly impacted me, especially my understanding and supportive senior, who inspired me. Muselit impacted me hugely, and I am grateful to be a part of it.



DEVIKA KHANNA, SEMESTER 2, BA 2024-28

Working on Muselit, has been a truly rewarding experience. It allowed me to express my creativity, work as part of a dedicated team, and engage deeply with the literary spirit of our department. From brainstorming ideas to editing and curating content, every step taught me something valuable — about literature, collaboration, and myself.

STUDENT TESTIMONIALS

VIDHI KAUSHIK
BA 2022-25

Being a part of VSES has been nothing short of an emotional yet experiential ride. From the moment we entered the department, we have always been greeted with the most helpful professors who'd be there with us whenever we'd need them in a blink of an eye...

I've gained valuable knowledge on various types of texts and explored additional subjects. The supportive and helpful atmosphere has made my time in the English department both positive and rewarding...

ANANYA JAIN
BA 2023-26

KHUSHI VERMA
MA 2023-25

From acing in Academics to extracurriculars like dance, art, reserach writing, Ted talk speaker or a convener of litfest... It was truly an overwhelming roller-coaster ride VSES and we became a family...

BATCH PHOTOS

B.A.
2022-25



B.A.
2023-26



B.A.
2024-28





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