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A KOHIMA SCIENCE COLLEGE MONTHLY BULLETIN

SCINTILLA

EDITORIAL

Adapt to the new normal

A new era has set in after corona virus, bringing in gender equity and sharing home and family responsibilities; breaking mental barriers and finding opportunities in education and skill development. This is essential for human resource development and for national development in general, and gives both the Teachers and the students the opportunities to be game changers and take up diverse projects, besides the four walls of a classroom.

We as teachers and academicians are not laid back, but are steadily trying to regain our position, thanks to the numerous technological avenues. Virtual meetings/classes-the new normal-are being organised, as also training and virtual certificate courses. With this vast transformation of the world, educators are also getting substantial learning experience ,breaking barriers and adapting to change.

This pandemic has shown that the only constant is change. As we move forward with the lessons learned, we are discovering more and better ways to use the virtual format-be it classes or meetings. A combination of the in-person and virtual format looks set to be the new 'normal'. This gives us the best of both worlds.

“ I have no fear of the future,” Winston Churchill once said.” Let us go forward into its mysteries, let us tear aside the veils which hide it from our eyes, and let us move onward with confidence and courage.” Each generation inherits its own share of challenges; we are living through ours, never once stopping in the face of this challenge, In a year when people were unable to meet, families stayed secluded, and businesses struggled to flourish, we still managed to go forward together in many areas, through the making and distribution of sanitizers and through KSCTA Cares fund, to bring some amount of momentary relieve to the citizens. Novelist Shannon Alder said, “ One of the most important things you can do on this Earth is to let people know they are not alone.” In these times of major humanitarian crisis, we must reach out and offer whatever help and succour we can provide to those in dire need. Often, assistance can be information regarding availability of hospital beds, blood donations, medicines ,etc. When someone is going through a storm, your silent presence is more powerful than a million empty words.

This pandemic has brought home to us the truth in Alexander Pope’s declaration: “No man is an island; every man’s death diminishes me.”

- Richard Dzüvichü, Assistant Professor, Department of English

Interested Students can start submitting their works (poems/articles/stories sketches/photography etc), for the next issue to any of the Executives of KSCSU, CRs or can hand it over personally to the Literary and Cultural secretary Tekhe Kapfo

(Whatsapp –9612245525)

The literary committee acknowledges all the genuine entry and sincerely contrite with unintended errors, if any.

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Home Alone

My family's gone; there's no one home.
It's only me who's home alone.
I shouldn't hear a single squeak.
There shouldn't even be a creak,

So what's that thumping that I hear?
It must mean one thing: death is near.
"You're an adult, you'll be just fine."
I tell myself as I dial "nine"...

Was that a knock upon the door?
My heart beats faster than before
I know it's closed; I've checked the lock.
At least my killer knows to knock?
I cannot sleep, though I'm in bed.
I've made amends with God instead.
If He decides that it's my time,
Then this will be my very last rhyme.

I hear a bang and then a break.
My head shoots up; there's no mistake!
I turn my music volume high
So I won't hear the way I die.

I run upstairs, desk lamp in hand.
Over my head, ready to land,
And right before it did just that..
I remembered - I have a cat

She's crazy

She's strong, strong enough to jump off that Cliff

She's powerful, like an axe to cut off that Tree

She's Sharp, Sharper than the edge of a Blade

She's beautiful, beautiful like an angel she flew

Yet, she's crazy

She left me in that Cliff where height was my greatest Fear

She was too powerful that she cut off my Feelings

She was sharp, she left me wounded

A wound that will never heal Again

She's Crazy

They say Butterfly fly away

Yet, she flew away

Where she no longer hears my Voice

The clouds that blocks my View

The sun that burnt my Eye

Where distance seems Impossible

She flew away

She disappeared

She 's crazy

Weching T Konyak

(2nd semester, English)

Still I Rise

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies, You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise. Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room. Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise. Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops. Weakened by my soulful cries.
Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines Diggin' in my own back yard.
You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.
Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?
Out of the huts of history's shame I rise Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise I rise I rise.

Maya Angelou

Excerpts from the speech delivered by Maya Angelou to the class of 1982 at Wellesley College in Wellesley, Mass. June 4, 1982

Graduates, Now the joy begins. Now the work begins. The years of preparation, of tedious study and exciting learning at least begin to make sense. The jumble of words and the tangle of small and great thoughts begin to take order, and this morning you can see a small portion, an infinitesimal portion, of the map of your future... ..you have still had to develop an outstanding courage to invent this moment, for you have invented it. Of all your attributes—your youth, your beauty, your wit, your kindnesses, your money—courage is indeed your greatest achievement. It is the greatest of all your virtues, for without courage you cannot practice any other virtue with consistency. And now that you have shown that you are capable of manufacturing that important and wondrous virtue, you must be asking yourselves what you will do with it. Be assured that that question is in the minds of your parents, of your instructors, of people whose names you will never know, of the group of women who will sit in those very seats next year. That is the question. There is an African statement which is, “The trouble for the thief is not how to steal the bugle, but where to blow it.” Since you have worked this hard, since you have also been greatly blessed, since you are here, you have developed a marvelous level of courage, and the question then which you must ask yourself, I think, is will you really do the job which is to be done: Make this country more than it is today, more than what James Baldwin called “these yet to be United States”... ..It takes a phenomenal amount of courage. For around this world, your world, my world, there are conflicts, brutalities, humiliations, terrors, murders, around this world. You can almost take any

Rand McNally map and close your eyes and just point, and you will find there are injustices, but in your country, particularly in your country, young women, you have, as the old folks say, your work cut out for you. For fascism is on the rise, and be assured of it, sexism, racism, ageism, every vulgarity against the human spirit is on the rise. And this is what you have inherited. However, on the other hand, what you have first is your courage. You may lean against it, it will hold you up, you have that. And the joy of achievement, the ecstasy of achievement. It enlightens and lightens at the same time. It is a marvelous thing. Today, your joy begins, today your work begins. You are phenomenal. I believe that women are phenomenal. I know us to be. This is a poem called “Phenomenal Woman”. I wrote the poem for black women and white women and Asian and Hispanic women, Native American woman...I wrote it for fate women, women who may have posed for the before pictures in Weight Watchers. I wrote it for anorexics. I wrote it for all of us, for women in kibbutzim and burgher women, women on the pages and the front covers of Vogue and Essence magazine and Ebony magazine. For we are phenomenal. Now, I know that men are phenomenal too, because I, like you, have been told that 98% of all the species which have lived on this little blob of spit and sand are now extinct. And I know nature afforded them balance, so Gentlemen, I accept your phenomenal nature. But I will tell you this—you will have to write your own poem. This is for you,

Miss me not

Miss me not when to corpse I turn
Wash my cadaver with tears of love.
But fight not with fate for my return
For homecoming shall no more be a move.

Pluck me flowers of farewell,
And carry me to the path of eternity.
Where in your dreams I shall dwell.
Away from the world, now, lies my destiny.

Tell my mother, I'm born again in her.
I came from her, and now, back in her, I restore.

Tell my father, I'll shine like a glister,
Far above in the sky beautifully being adored.

My body may sleep under the ground,
But I'll live in breeze, in dreams, in you.

—Jonglio N

Bsc II semester

(Physics Department)

The Violinist

(NB: This write-up is a work of fiction which was penned down for a writing competition to address the cruelty of drug addiction.)

He was buried three kilometers away from his childhood home, on an autumn morning.

I saw him for the first time on a winter day, four years back. He was twenty-nine then, when he moved in next door with an office job. He was an enthusiastic young man living alone accompanied by his violin. Most early mornings, I'd hear him play from his room. It was always beautiful and sad like he was pouring his soul out on his violin.

As neighbors, we'd talk casually when we cross paths. But never have I fathomed that he was silently battling something so horrendous and defeating that was slowly taking over his life.

He was a drug addict.

In between the countable amount of times that we talked, he was always passionate about his forte of violin, which he called as *il mio violino* which means *my violin*.

From my point of view, he seemed normal, living life with all its highs and lows like any other person. But later on, did I realize how wrong I was in that judgment.

Occasionally, I'd notice that he would grow thinner than the last time I saw him, with sunken eyes and an unhealthy complexion. Over the months, I did not hear him play his violin anymore.

One time, I saw him coming home with a black plastic bag which he accidentally dropped and there, I saw the content inside: drug bottles and syringes.

Rumors had it that he had arthritis and some health complications and was on medication. Hence, I shrugged it off as something normal and did not ponder at the sight before me.

A year later, he passed away from heroin overdose

On the sixth day after his death, his brother found a letter in his violin case which he wrote weeks before the fatal day. He had known that he'd not survive long with his addiction and eventually gave up the battle, giving in. It was during these times that he wrote the letter about his unspoken struggle and demons.

Words fly fast and a day after,

We came to know about the content of his letter.

His addiction to drugs was like a serpent's venom which overpowered his life.

It gripped him tightly and wouldn't let go.

In the letter, he explained how he first got into drugs. He was overwhelmed with the tremendous pressure and stress from his work and personal life that he started to develop unhealthy sleep cycles. To cope with insomnia, he started taking sedatives and this was the beginning of his three years enslavement to drugs.

Drugs made him love his life when he was under the influence and eventually, he'd get jolted back to reality. That was when he would take more stimulants, sedatives, and smoke cannabis to feel euphoric and forget about his depressed reality. He went on to explain how desperately he wanted to

give up his addiction when he was sober. However, his addiction wouldn't let him.

He quoted himself as "*A man stuck in a dungeon.*"

He wrote about how his drug addiction made it difficult to play the violin, the one thing he loved the most and over time, he kept his violin away in the case and never played it again.

He was left to choose between drugs or his violin and he chose the former.

He was filled with unexplainable remorse of ruining his passion to his addiction that eventually, he kept it all under the rug. And that it was better to forget than to live on with something he might never retrieve again.

I remember him playing Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto Op. 35 second movement and sometimes, I try to imagine what he must have felt like during those dreadful years battling a cruel addiction and how he couldn't bring himself to seek help.

"He woke up in his room, yet again.

Every day goes by painfully slow

Languid movement of the clock

Scattered bottles and syringes.

He had it all together, years back

Before he was pulled inside a dark dungeon

Which was cruel enough to never let him out.

Sometimes when he was clear-headed,

He'd listen to his old records

And cry for his old tryst with the strings.

His addiction took over his life

Threw water on his passion

And cruelly diminished his light.

How desperately he wanted to get out of it

But with every breath he took,

His addiction pulled him back to the dungeon.

Towards his last days,

He was desperate for light to enter his dungeon,

But it never did.

He silently battled and lost.

A cry of an old violinist!

Yearning to touch his soul strings again

His fingers yearned to play again

To dance on the strings of his il mio violino

But he could not bring himself to do it.

He gave in to his addiction

And he did not make it far.

I pray the other side would be kinder to him than he was to himself."

Sometimes I wonder would he still be alive, had he reached out and sought help then.

However he could not, and eventually, he lost against the cruel thing.

Drug addiction is real and cruel. It can take different forms.

Care not to fall prey. Seek help, reach out.

Philomina Rutsa
B.Sc. 5th Semester
Geology department

A wish to live a thousand years – Tekhe Kapfo

{Continued}...But Welhinyi was determined to go on and he reached a village where there were no inmates and seemed like everyone was death, but the wind would echo a voice time and again that says,

“All men died, all men died,
No one shall escape, no one;
Accept what is to come for all shall die,
For meet your fate, only to die.”

And as the sun set and rise, Welhinyi went on to his next destiny and so before the next sunrise he entered a village where he saw many people and inmates of the village Richer than anyone or any village he would know of. There was no shortage of food or money, and everyone so rich. A lady came and sang to him in a low voice,

“Stay and be rich,
Stay and be rich,
You go on, you die,
Go on and you die”

But Welhinyi did not let greed overcame his will to reach his destination, and he went on to meet the god mamma. And the next sunrise he entered another village, it was the Rhakatshiinetho - the city of gold and diamonds. All he could see was the gold and diamond, all the precious gems the world can only dream about. And a man came and said

“All of this is yours
All of this you shall own,
Stay and be rich,
Stay and be rich,
You go on, you die,
Go on and you die”

But Welhinyi was not greedy to have the precious gems and decided to go on. And after three days of walking alone in the woods he entered a village that was called Lhyketenetho – the city of immortals. A man came to him as he entered the village claiming and exclaiming

“No men can kill you,
No death can come near,
No one dares to kill,
Live forever, the life that never ends
Stay or you die”

But that won't stop Welhinyi and so he went up the hilltop and there he saw a strange and a huge figure there someone said in a whispering voice that is the god mamma, beware or you die. Her appearance a very scary figure with her big round eyes, a big nose almost the size of an adult's arms, and her hair so

long that it reaches the edge of the floors when she walks. She has a towering figure, with huge hands and large legs. She also has a big voice that sounded like the rolling thunders. Welhinyi was astonished and scared as well, he trembled before he took a deep breath took a small step and went at the back of the god mamma, and he stretched his hands out still shivering like the man in the icy cold mountains without a shirt. But he gathered all his strength and went on to hold the god mamma's breast, and so she will start to talk in a very towering voice,

“What is it you want?

Your three wishes I am to grant you,
Make your wish and live your life”

He was terrified after hearing her speak, but he continued

“It is what I wish,

Let my village get food to eat, and water vote drink;

The next I wish for is to make my village,

Free from any destruction and trouble for the next hundred years”

To which the god mamma replied,

“Noble are your thoughts,

What you wish for shall be granted,

For pure is your heart,

Strong are your wills,

Make a wish for

I shall grant you three”

Then Welhinyi said

“This last wish to live a thousand years, so I can see my children's children and their children.”

To which god mamma said

“Wish for success,

You shall regret to see your closed one die and meet death,

At time no one shall look for you or help you,

You shall be forever alone “

And she continued

“I shall make your children, and their children, rich

Go back for you have hundred years, and eighty two days to live

Go for I shall sleep”

And so Welhinyi bravely greeted the god mamma and he went back, until his death, and for his bravery and his string will, the village started to relive the life Welhinyi wished for, and the village had a life free of all troubles for the next hundred years and so.

Respect your home you will be respected.

{Continued}...

A WISH TO LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS – TEKHE KAPFO**LIST OF CHARACTERS**

Welhinyi: - He is the chief character of the story. He is a brave man with a pure heart though he is ambitious he does not allow his ambitions control him and is a wise gentleman.

Mezoukoulai: - The name of the god mamma, she is a lady, whose appearance is a very scary figure with her big round eyes, a big nose almost the size of an adult's arms, and her hair so long that it reaches the edge of the floors when she walks. She has a towering figure, with huge hands and large legs. She also has a big voice that sounded like the rolling thunders. It said that whoever would look straight into her eyes would immediately die.

7 villages: -

- kehanetho - the red village
- Lizhenetho - the cursed village
- Kekenetho - the abandoned village
- Kechi netho - the death people's village
- Kenyeminetho - the rich men's village
- Rhakatshinetho - the city of golds and diamonds.
- Lhyketenetho – the city of immortals
- The villagers.

HELLO SENIORS!

HOW I WISH WE HAD MORE TIME TO STAY TOGETHER
THOUGH THIS IS NOT THE END OF EVRYTHING

IT IS INDEED A TIME WHERE WE HAVE TO PART WAYS FOR A
WHILE

THE TIMES SPENT WITH YOU ALL WILL BE TREASURED

WE SHALL SURELY MEET AGAIN, WHEN THERE IS NO MORE
CORONA TO STEAL AWAY OUR TIME

WE WISH YOU A VERY BEST IN EVRYTHING YOU DO

WE HAVE SOMEHING FOR YOU ALL I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE IT!

Friendship that we built

Authentic moments that were captured

Respect that you earned

Energetic drills and walks

Winning every battle along the way

Ecstatic memories created

Love that you gave

Legendary college ride, mission accomplished

WE WILL MISS YOU ALL SO MUCH

-Tekhe Kapfo

“With our dearest hope that you all achieve new heights and good things in the upcoming days. Wishing for a bright future with lots of positivity for you, take care of yourself. May your future be brilliant and prosperous and may you keep on making new companions. Goodbye! Best of luck for the future.”

“May you shine and continue to carve your path with sincerity and passion. You are truly a masterpiece.”

Anonymous

We won't be missing you all coz we Will remember you guys as the virtual Graduates As life is all about moving forward The very little time spent with you all were indeed the best days, wished we had years to live as a family As you enter a next level of education, Wish you all a very smooth journey throughout Adieu seniors

At last, time has come to say farewell but don't forget that there was a junior who will always remember the special moments shared with you. This group of seniors, I love them!

There are far, far better things ahead than any we leave behind

Good luck seniors! Always keep up the dedication and sincerity. We all believe you will do great things in life. Wishing you all the very best for the future!

Good luck seniors! Always keep up the dedication and sincerity. We all believe you will do great things in life. Wishing you all the very best for the future!

“Take pride in how far you've come and have faith in how far you can go. The only person you are destined to become is the person you decide to be.”

This is the beginning of anything you want. Adieu seniors, thank you for inspiring.

“Be who you were created to be, and fill the world with your magic and dreams and good madness.”

Manini Pfoze

**” Dear Fellas
Congratulations on your vibrant achievement
We are so very proud of your Accomplishment.
As you all set foot into another mile stone,
We wish you all a new hopes and
the enthusiasm to explore new aspects of life!
Here 's wishing you all the life best endeavour ”**

“ To have a senior is sure a blessing, being guided and inspired. Thank you Seniors for the love you have shown, may you all shine as you step into a new journey. ”

“ Your leaving is too painful to describe. From day 1, we learned from you. You were the best leader of our team. Wishing you loads of success that sunshine your new life. ”

**Take risks in your life,
If you win, you can lead
If you lose, you can guide**

“Wherever you go, go with all your heart.”
-I A

Now the office hour will seem longer without you, we will miss your dashing personality and impressive team leadership, wishing a bright and a better life

we believe in you seniors!

we trust your capability

Go out and show the world who you are

Farewell with lots of Love,

Respect and good wishes

“Opportunities are available for the one who is willing accept it.”

Seyie Nagano

“ Look back with a SMILE,

Go forward with COURAGE.

Many wishes for all that is good go with you. ”

Anonymous

**.”For I’ll continue to follow your steps, lead me to a place of success where happiness awaits us.”
- Tshote-ü Puro**

“A new beginning starts with a new journey. May blessings be your new journey with ample of good surprises.”

The choices you make today are going to shape your so called tomorrow. Every stage of life gives us a new experience and the greater meaning if we live and accept life as we are.

Life offers us so many mouth watering once in a lifetime deals, but saying *NO* to some will be the greatest choice you ever made.

There are millions of people bearing witness to the fact that the heart can still be empty and restless even after achieving so much.

As you sail into the vast oceans of life always believe in yourself and live a careful life.

Remember *”Don’t blame the mirror for your looks”*(Queen Victoria).

Wish all of you a blessed and live best.

~Savizo-üsou.

Msc 2nd semester (Mathematics)

Bidding goodbyes have never been easy but bidding one without any memories and salutation is utterly wretched.

In spite of everything, the memories you’ve made with your fellow companions are at a premium. All in all, may you gain your end.

~sentinaro Imchen

. Dear seniors,

Our time together was short and this pandemic made it shorter, but the little moments that we shared were enough to show us how friendly, funny, caring, responsible and people we could look up to, in short, amazing seniors you all were. We will cherish those moments and always remember you fondly.

Seniors, you were the best (just joking)! Whether you were the best or not, you have accomplished something great in your lives, which we, your juniors would like to cherish with you.

You took up the challenge, fought the seen and unseen battles, crossed the hurdles and now you are at the finishing line. We, your juniors are so proud of you; we learn from you; and wish and pray that we would beat the odds and end up victorious like you! Yes, people generally call it a success to graduate but let me call it a victory because you have fought a fight and run a race which you alone would know. Truly, we had good times together and we wish more of it but time flies and so we are here to say goodbye. Thank you for the memories. Wherever we go, let us pledge to remember and not forget each other. Wish you all success in your future endeavours! May God bless you!!

We sung a little ditty as we sail
on a ship, a short journey
about to end, you were the
captain we were the crews, time
we spent, memories brew, as
clock ticked, bell rang, time has
come to say goodbye!

- Anonymous

There are far better things ahead
than the things we leave behind

“And you must do me this honour..

Promise me that you’ll survive’
that you won’t give up no matter
what happens, no matter how
hopeless

Promise me now And never let go
of that promise”

~ Imkong Temsu

Dear Seniors, we are so unfortunate for
the time cut short due to the pandemic,
uncertain of us meeting again in the
future, as we belong from different places.
the moments we had during our short
stay in college and hostels will always
be remembered in my heart.

Happy journey. You are now on a ship,
that sails you in a new voyage of opportunities
and career establishments. May
Success always be with you.

Goodbye!

P Shingwang Konyak (2nd Semester)
Geography Department.

Seeing you step
into a new phase of
your life is an happy

moment for us

Goodbye dear Seniors

We Hope All Of
You Will be A
Shining Star To
Follow

Good Bye

Dear Seniors, we may
not remember every-
thing you said, but we
will remember how special
you made us feel,
and I want to say Thank
you.

Many wishes for all that
is good to go with you.
Look back with a
SMILE and go forward
With COURAGE

We are proud of you

“Be not afraid of greatness,
for someone born great,
Some have greatness
bestowed upon them
While others choose to be great”

- Mesao

A Farewell Note

For all the time’s we took for granted
Less and less we all interacted
Regrets for the moments we couldn’t make
Yet thankful for leaving behind your trace
Wishing you all the best of everything
All the love, success and blessings
Remember us, we’ll remember you
Don’t be afraid to walk pass through
Life’s a journey but the purpose is to be happy
So, be the captain of your Destiny
Don’t be sad for today’s ending
Cause tomorrow is a new beginning
May you all have a bright future ahead
Bidding farewell in a note instead

~ Naroinla

When a journey ends,

Another begins

Congratulations! you have made it

Now I wish you all the best of luck

in the next chapter of life

you can make it again

GREAT future awaits you

May you be the pride of this
place wherever you go.

May you be a pride for
yourself

and your dreams that you
hold

It was only Yesterday That we met, Time
passed by so fast, that now we have to Say
our Goodbyes, each one of you are unique
in your own way and beautifully created .

I Hope and pray that someday we will be
half as good as you ale.

I bade you ale god speed in your new
journey

At last, Time has come for
farewell, but don’t forget
that there was a junior who
always remembers the
special moments shared
with you.

~ Unknown Botanist

Our Memories of

Yesterday,

will last a Lifetime.

We ’ll take the Best,

Forget the Rest, and

Some day will find that these

are the Best of times...

THIS IS NOT OUR LAST GOODBYE

Dear Seniors, well as our time together has come to an end, I would like to write this short letter or you may consider it a speech, to you all.

Am not quite a writer myself and my vocabulary is not of that too! But I tell you, this writing is from the bottom.

From the day we entered this college, you guys have shown our hearts.

Though we may have not known each other personally, each junior has a senior that they admire and look up to.

We juniors don't see seniors in different ways, we see them as our role models in different fields.

Some see how you love your subjects, while some know of your funny and sweet personalities and for some, the like can still work in a fun relationship (some juniors might have become frequent paparazzi too).

Our college senior girls are all charismatic, but certainly shall be for yours.

And for the guys, I tell you all of you are heartbreakers.

For the few seniors that I have acquainted, they are well and happy.

They will show around in a few days between seniors and juniors but we only have around that time..!!

It was an all girls family (said) once seniors have your release to almost all the things around them but studying was never a thing yet they were that our board their exams.



Every morning, a mini marathon race is observed, where we run to the kitchen, to pick the best heart of meat for dinner. Chicken is still in Mylogu. (we could never catch the seniors, they were all BROWN)

They were hard and were great Hindi singers. Spoken!! they never needed one.

They were all BTR's best dancers. They have never come failed to entertain the juniors.

And have offered us the sweetest pages of our life's journey.

It was a wild dream..!!

I wish I could have acquainted with the seniors of this college! But because of my bad period, I'm introverted I couldn't break my promise to not talk to people.

Yet, it was enough, I know a few that represents you all: The Seniors.

All their experiences will just be another beautiful memory but it must a Final Goodbye.

Let's remember each other even in our Wilder Dreams.

As the saying goes

'It was a home away from home'

And this is not our last Goodbye..!!

Majid Puro
Zoology Dept.
Oct 17th 2021.



That was the day where I was prompted in thinking, "Alas! it will require a strenuous efforts to repay back." Well, it was a Fresher's Day an excitement day yet made me to give a rueful grin after witnessing their labor, sweat and trouble they took to convey their love and concern to us, Juniors.

Nonchalantly, we waited for a better day to see all your smiles and laughter but unfortunately we couldn't do anything in return. All we could do now is to remember you all in our prayers.

Dear Seniors thank you so much for everything. May our good Lord make His face shine upon you!

SAYONARA...

Dear seniors, we will not be able to meet you guys from now on as you guys are graduating, however it is the happy moment for you guys as getting graduated and going to make career is the happiest moment of your life but can be saddest moment. Probably our seniors graduating batch is not the only batch who will be missing out the real life farewell and graduation party.

Although this is not what we planned, an invisible enemy like corona virus has made us say goodbye to you even in these difficult times. How fast the moment has come that we have to see off you guys, it seems that we met yesterday and getting separated soon.

When college often didn't feel like college at all, when classmates and lectures were mostly thumbnail images on flickering screen, when faces and emotions were masked during the pandemic, finding the words to make sense and purpose of life is more challenging.

Thanks to all the seniors for your support, love, advice, inspiration and sweet memories together for a period of time. Today is while a bad moment for us however we have to say goodbye to you all. Wish you all the very best for your future and peaceful life.

Khile
4th semester
Zoology department.

"A Simple Hi makes us Happy, and A Simple Bye makes us Cry"

Dear Seniors,

Days and years passed by in a quiet glimpse & it has already reached the time where we bid farewell to each other. It may have been for a very less time, but the times we spent together with you guys were always the best it is the moments filled with all the fun and memorable days with you all.

College could never have been fun if it were not for you seniors. We are very much thankful for everything you taught us, be it in terms of our studies, respecting the lectures and other seniors or be it in terms of sports & fun, you have always been the backbone and corrected our mistakes in every ways.

From pretty sure if it were not for the pandemic and lockdown situation, we would have firstly wish been the best juniors-seniors duo.

Though we are sad to bid you farewell and you will be dearly missed but we are also happy for you since then you might opportunities waiting for you ahead.

So hope your dream take you to the centers of your smiles, to the highest of your hopes, to the number of your opportunities, and to the most special places your heart has ever known."

MY WISH FOR YOU IS THAT THIS LIFE becomes all that you want it to, your DREAMS stay BIG and your worries stay small, YOUR DREAMS STAY BIG, and every need to carry more than you can hold, AND WHILE YOU'RE OUT THERE getting where you're getting to, I HOPE YOU KNOW SOMEBODY LOVES YOU and wants the same things to do.

THIS IS MY WISH

Best wishes for your future Goodbye Seniors

KAASH HAMARI PARHAI
LIKHAH ONLINE NAHI HOTA
KITAAB PARNA NA SAHI
MILNA TOH NASEEB HOTA
AAB DEGREE BHI KAMAYA
HAI

HUZOOR NOKRI KI
MUBARAK' HO
VARNA SHAADI KI
MUBARAK HO

WE WILL REMEMBER YOU WITH

WARM THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES..

GOOD LUCK SENIORS..

Farewell

My dearest seniors, as the time has come to bid farewell, with a heavy heart you will be dearly missed. You guys truly have been an inspiration and torch bearer for us, molded us and made our journey here in KSCJ way smoother than we anticipated. You left no stone unturned and we your juniors will abide and follow the trace you left for us. The memories we created together will forever be cherished. As you step into a new chapter of your life. I wish you all the very best and may success be your daily bread. And always remember

"For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, 'Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future'" — Jeremiah 29:11

—Khriesituo Khamo

B.Sc 4th Semester, Zoology

Dearest seniors,

It is sad that we haven't got the chance to know all of you as well as we would have liked; I'm sure we would have gotten along very well. However, the short amount of time we got to spend together as students of this institution will forever be cherished by all of us and I'm sure this identity of being a former student of this college will bring many of us together again in the future. We very much look forward to that.

But until then, just as the Irish say,

“May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be ever at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face and the rain fall softly on your fields. And until we meet again, may God hold you in the hollow of his hand.”

Vetho Ringa

You will be missed amongst us whenever we take breaks, play cards and games, talking about that girl and this girl, noodles inside the rooms, fundraise foods etc....

This goodbye farewell message will make you remember us and we do hope a glorious future for you. “

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Time is nearing for you and us, this is the time to part from each other. You guys were the best seniors we had who has guided us without any negative thinking. Best wishes for your life ahead.

“I'm ready to say goodbye to you but I don't want to hear it from you.

Don't miss me, as soon as I say goodbye!”

Dear Seniors,

Congratulations on your graduation!!

Though we can't bid you a proper farewell due to unavoidable circumstances we hope that you had a wonderful college experience and made wonderful friends.

Wishing you the best for your future endeavours.

Anonymous

To dear seniors!
Farewells only mean we're moving on to better things. Keep dreaming, keep loving and always be the person you were to me – the kindest. For lifting me up along with your own weight and letting your rays be a light in my life, thank you. Thank you for being a reason i still believe in the goodness of this world.

Dirila Sangtam

“ Be well, do good works and keep in touch ”

Sentijungla

Don 't ever tell anyone

Anything,

If you do you start missing every body

~ Alovi

”The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again. But as we drift paths and destiny waits for us with new hopes and dreams, we wish you nothing but this:

May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be ever at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face and the rain fall softly on your fields. And until we meet again, may God hold you in the hollow of his hand”

THE CAMPUS DIARY

1. The Department of Statistics, Kohima Science College Autonomous, Jotsoma, Nagaland, Organized an Online Quiz Competition on the Occasion of National Statistics Day on the 29th of June 2021. Certificates were issued to the Participants with 40% or more Score.
2. Kohima Science college Jotsoma eSport tourney was held on the 6th of July till the 10th of July, organized by the Games and Sports Secretary KSCSU. TWM GAMING sponsored the tourney, and the Organizing team are —Kevisedede Savino (Games and Sports Secretary), Visiezo Dahou (KSCJ 2016-19), Viwe kere (KSCJ 2016-19), Linn Quinker (KSCJ 2016-19), Ketouneikho Yavio (KSCJ 2016-19), Chungtsali Sangtam (Msc 2), Tanghiu Khamniungan (Bsc 4).

The winners are

PUBG —

1ST—Mathematics Department

2ND — Chemistry Department

MLBB

1ST — Chemistry Department

2ND — Anthropology Department

1. Dear Readers Your Suggestions and Feedbacks on how to improve the quality of The Scintilla are most welcome, we will be happy to receive your suggestions and feedbacks.
2. Those who have submitted your works and if your works are not published kindly inform the Literary and Cultural secretary Tekhe Kapfo (Whatsapp –9612245525)

Compiled and Edited by: Tekhe
Kapfo, Literary and Cultural
Secretary, KSCSU

Omnia Vincit Labor
Labour Overcomes Everything