

SESHADRIPURAM EDUCATIONAL TRUST

SESHADRIPURAM FIRST GRADE COLLEGE

Yelahanka New Town, Bengaluru 560064

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

NEWSLETTER



November, 2015

VISION: DEVELOP THE COMMUNICATIVE AND LEADERSHIP SKILLS OF STUDENTS

MISSION: THROUGH THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE TO INSTIL IN STUDENTS THE GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE

OBJECTIVES: ~ To make the learning of English an enjoyable experience

~To increase the communicative competence of students

~To encourage the creative and critical acumen of students

THE ENGLISH TEAM

Professor PV Mathew ~ Leader

Dr. Neha Jain ~ Vice-Principal

Ms. S. Shruthi ~ Lecturer

Ms. Rashmi S. Gowda ~ Lecturer

EDITORIAL

Down memory lane, I remember that telling the tale was all the fun, narrating the saga of SFGC. That was five years ago, drafting the first ever story of SFGC – the Self-Study Report (SSR) of the college for its assessment and accreditation by the National Assessment and Accreditation Council (NAAC). Fast forward, the time has come to carry the story forward on to the present, the Cycle II Reaccreditation of the college is only months away. Indeed, time and tide, as the adage goes, waits for none!

Nor can we, in the English Department, tarry any longer. We are rearing to go. This issue of the newsletter comes at a time when we are in the thick of action -- the second SSR of the college is in the pipeline, portraying SFGC, depicting its strengths, deciphering its weaknesses, looking for opportunities and poised to meet challenges. And telling the tale is all the fun.

In the midst of all this, I found time to put this newsletter together. The piece de resistance of this issue, the experiences of our students, narrated 'in their own words' (as teachers are fond of stipulating!) These expressions tell us that our students are brimming with creativity; they have so much to say. They would say it all if only they are given a voice. This newsletter is their sounding board, their canvas. Teachers, who are mostly parents as well, know how precious are the first word said and the first sentence uttered by a baby – we, parents and teachers, look forward to them and cherish them as milestones; we pine for our students' creative expressions. Faces, for us, are more valuable than the facebook, a creative expression, said or written, would wow us more than everything on whatsapp, twitter and viber put together. Grappling with experiences, narrating them, we grow, which, incidentally, is the theme of one of the contributions in this newsletter.

We have some news as well - good news and great news.

So go ahead, read it all and react. Tell us what you want to see in the next issue of the newsletter.

What shape, tenor and texture? Do react and interact.

NEWS

Dr. Neha Jain came to SFGC with a postgraduate degree (M.A). Over the years, she has earned another postgraduate degree (M.B.A), a research degree (M.Phil) and a diploma (Postgraduate Diploma in Mass Communication and Journalism). Crowning these achievements, she has been awarded Ph.D. by Barkhatullah University, Bhopal, for her research on "The Impact of Information Technology and Globalization on the Teaching of English in India". What is more, Dr Neha Jain is now the second in command at SFGC - Vice-Principal.

If this isn't woman power, what is? Congratulations.

NEWS

Prof. PV Mathew assumed charge as the Head of the Department on 13 October 2015.

LOST IN THE MARKET PLACE ... AND FOUND

By TRUPTI SATISH KADNI (B Sc BBG SEM IV)

On a hot Sunday morning in the labyrinth of the market place, my grandmother took me to buy vegetables for the week. I must have been about three at the time. My eyes kept wandering from one thing to another as we wandered about. She picked out the vegetables as my eyes kept exploring the surroundings. My eyes gleamed as I saw bindis. Some which had stones on them gleamed in the morning sun. Some others stood out for their colours and shapes -- round, oval and star-shaped.

Slowly after what seemed ages, I returned to the real world. But where is my grandma? My heart skipped a beat. I started walking around. I went around the corner of the

block to find myself by a pier and went around wondering if grandma had taken the ferry to go home. Then I lost all hope and started crying everywhere. I ended up in front of a house and I knocked. A woman opened the door and asked, "Tumala kon payje?" (Who do you want?) I replied, "Amma beku!" She went in, said something and tucking up her saree, held my hand and took me around the market asking everybody if they had seen my guardian.

My grandma, who had finished her shopping, was searching as well.

At last I saw my grandma and she broke down with relief as I continued sobbing. She thanked the strange woman countless times. I fell asleep thanks to the exhaustion from my adventure.

Although my grandma forgets my name today, she never forgets the amazing adventure we had on that Sunday morning.

Nor will I in all my life!

MY CINDERELLA DAYS

By ASHWADHI P HARIDAS, (B.Sc. BBG SEM IV)

I carry a huge collection in my book of memories. The most cherished one is of the first fairytale I read. It was my fifth birthday. My dad got me a box of Cadbury chocolates. With it was a gift, a book. Cinderella. I did not know the head or tail about the book. But I fancied the beautiful images in them and I could understand a little bit, but the story remained elusive. I treasured the book and years passed. Now I could read the book on my own. And I read it with eagerness and anticipation. I was engrossed in the fantasy.

Cinderella is an orphan girl, who was harassed by her stepmother and sisters; she goes to a ball and dances with the prince – thanks to the help of her tiny animal fiends

and the fairy godmother. But all this lasted only till midnight. She leaves her glass shoes behind. The prince charming comes searching for her, marries her and they live happily ever after.

I cherished those days when I imagined that I was Cinderella. I still cherish this book as one of my most valuable possessions. What is more, after reading this book I grew to be an avid reader of fairy tales. They carried me to a fantasy world, where in the end everything turns out for the good. I started looking at the positive aspect of life.

Of course I know that living in a bubble will fetch you no good, take you nowhere. But I know too that every cloud has a silver lining. When I lose hope, I am sure that there is always a brighter side to life. We never know what awaits you in life – that, indeed, is the mystery of life.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

By MARYAM, (BSc BBG SEM IV)

Goals are meant to be achieved. So are dreams. In my school days my goal was to achieve the best grades, to be the best girl. To realize this dream, I would work hard, sacrifice sleep, and ignore meals, because my father taught me that to achieve something one has to work hard. This hunger haunted me when I was in the seventh grade. Nights passed and mornings came and finally the day of exam dawned. And I was the most nervous girl in the examination room. Hours passed, but I kept writing, because I wanted to prove that I was the best girl in the class.

Come the result day, I was as nervous as ever. But when I saw my result I was ecstatic, I was on top of the world. I had never been so happy in all my life. I think this is the best experience of my life – which taught me to believe in myself.

~*~