



## EDITORIAL NOTE

Dear Readers,

I am delighted to present to you the **latest edition** of our **Kaziranga University Newsletter**, capturing the vibrant spirit of our university community. This edition showcases the diverse range of activities, creativity, and enthusiasm of our students through various club events, competitions, and artistic expressions.

A **special highlight** of this edition is the **remarkable creative contributions from students** in the form of **stories, poems, paintings, and humor**, featured in **English, Hindi, and Assamese**. These works reflect the immense talent, imagination, and artistic depth within our student community.

This issue brings to you exciting events conducted by our university clubs:

- **Entrepreneurship Club** successfully hosted the Idea Hunt Competition in collaboration with **CSIR-NEIST** as part of the Campus Connect 2.0 initiative to encourage innovative thinking.
- **Art & Culture Club** organized **Pre-Durga Puja and Pre-Diwali Celebrations**, which included engaging activities such as the Rangoli Competition and Best Diya Making Competition.
- **Literary Club** hosted a spectacular **Art Exhibition**, providing students with a platform to showcase their artistic skills through paintings, sketches, and digital art.
- A **special creative section** includes **poetry, short stories, and artistic works**, capturing the emotions, dreams, and thoughts of our students in a deeply expressive manner.

These events not only provided a platform for students to explore their talents but also fostered a sense of community, creativity, and collaboration.

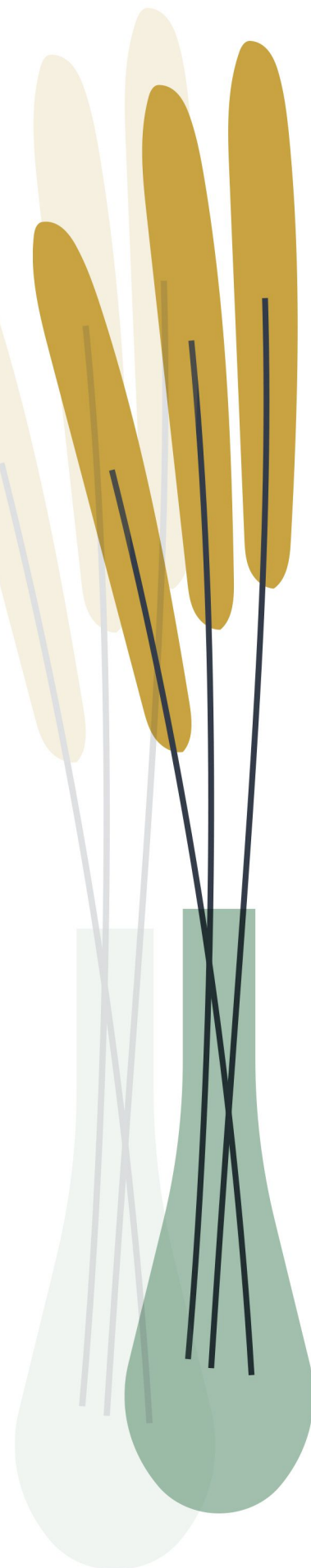
I encourage all students to actively participate in club activities and contribute to our vibrant university culture. This newsletter serves as a reflection of your creativity, hard work, and passion. **Keep exploring, keep creating, and keep inspiring!**

Wishing you all a wonderful reading experience!

Warm regards

**Dr. Dibya Jyoti Bora**

Associate Professor, Department of Information Technology  
School of Computing Sciences





# CLUB EVENTS

## FROM OCTOBER - DECEMBER 2024

### IDEA HUNT COMPETITION (ENTREPRENEURSHIP CLUB)

**Date: 28<sup>th</sup> October 2024**

"Idea Hunt Competition," organized by The Entrepreneurship Club of Assam Kaziranga University in collaboration with CSIR-NEIST as part of the Campus Connect 2.0 initiative.



### PRE DURGA PUJA CELEBRATION

**(ART & CULTURE CLUB) Date: 4<sup>th</sup> October 2024**

Art & Culture Club of Kaziranga University successfully organized a Pre-Durga Puja Celebration as part of the university's cultural calendar.



### PRE DIWALI CELEBRATION

**(ART & CULTURE CLUB) Date: 26<sup>th</sup> October 2024**

Art and Culture Club along with other clubs successfully organized and conducted a series of engaging events during the Pre-Diwali Celebration 2024.





## **ART EXHIBITION (LITERARY CLUB) Date: 26<sup>th</sup> October 2024**

The Literary Club Art Exhibition was a creative event showcasing students' artistic talents through paintings, sketches, and digital art. It provided a platform for self-expression and appreciation of visual storytelling. The exhibition encouraged creativity, inspired discussions, and highlighted the connection between literature and art.





# STUDENT'S CORNER

## CREATIVE ARTS AND CREATION

### A HEART UNFOUND

Love, a mystery that none can solve,  
Hidden in plain sight;  
Though I searched high and low,  
But love was always just out of reach.  
I wondered if it existed,  
In this world we live in,  
But love was not something,  
I could call my own.

I cried for love, in a silent ache,  
But, it is just a feeling,  
That makes the heart revolve;  
But still I searched with hope and faith,  
But love was always beyond.  
That came in with a glance,  
For love, the missing piece,  
It is like a melody out of tune.

Now I realise love was not a thing to find,  
My heart remains empty without any scars;  
But love is just a feeling,  
That flows within every tear that falls,  
And every cry that's shown.  
So, I'll stop searching, and start to feel  
For it's not a thing to find, but to seal,  
With an open heart and open mind.

- Poem by Mac Pohlong

### THE MISSING PIECE

Have you ever felt that hollow ache within,  
despite being surrounded by everything and  
everyone? It's as if you're drowning in a sea  
of abundance, yet gasping for air. You're  
suffocated by the silence of not having that  
one person who truly sees you, hears you,  
and loves you for who you are. Every smile,  
every laugh, every achievement feels  
empty without them. You're torn between the  
desire to do everything and the paralyzing  
feeling of doing nothing at all. And in the  
quiet moments, you can't help but wonder: is  
it the love of that one person that's missing,  
or is it the love and acceptance of ourselves  
that we've been denying? Whatever it is, it's  
the one thing that makes us feel incomplete,  
a nagging reminder that something is  
missing, and that's what hurts the most.

- Poem by Sonata Ghosh  
BA (Sociology), 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

### This too shall pass

Oh, the beaming moon, within the sky so bright,  
Shines with a glow until the morning light.  
Yes, the golden sunset, pure and grand,  
Fades away as the sun takes its stand.

Dreadful days may fall upon man's way,  
But fear not, for prosperity will stay.  
Yet, in the end, it's clear to see,  
This too shall pass, and so shall we.

- Poem by Pekendi Kaurinta

### A letter to my younger self

Oh, younger me, with heart so bright, Don't believe  
in fairy tales, don't hold on tight.

The world is cruel, it won't set you free, It'll break  
your heart, and blind you with misery.

Don't give your love so easily, don't wear your  
heart,

On your sleeve, where it can be torn apart.

People won't die for love, they'll kill it instead, And  
leave you with just a memory, a lingering dread.

In rom-com novels, love is pure and true, But reality  
is different, it's harsh, it's cruel, too.

People won't hold your hand, they'll let you fall, Oh,  
younger me, protect your heart, your soul, From  
this cruel world, where love is just a goal.

You're too good, too pure, to give your love away,

To someone who won't cherish it, who'll throw it  
away.

So, hold on to yourself, don't let go, Keep your heart  
safe, don't let it show.

The world may be cruel, but you don't have to be,

Keep your love, your heart, safe, and set it free.

- Poem by Sonata Ghosh  
BA (Sociology), 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester





## From fairy tales to freedom

She once believed in fairy tales, Chasing love, with heart that would fail.

But now she's grown, with confidence high, She loves herself, and touches the sky.

No longer seeking validation from others' eyes, She sees her worth, and it opens wide.

She recalls the pain, the love that was blind, But now she knows, her worth is one of a kind.

She dreamed of flying high, with love by her side, But now she soars alone, with a heart full of pride.

For she's discovered, her true strength and might, Lies not in love from others, but in her own light.

She's breaking free, from the chains that bound, Embracing solitude, with a heart unbound.

She's growing, evolving, with each passing day, A better version of herself, in every single way.

Her worth is not measured, by love from others' hands, She knows her value, and it's not diminished by stands.

She's not afraid to be alone, to live and to thrive, For she knows her worth, and it's a love that survives.

**- Poem by Sonata Ghosh**  
BA (Sociology), 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

## The terrace that holds my heart

"The terrace and sunset have always held a special place in my heart. As a child, the terrace was my haven, my go-to spot whether I was feeling sad or happy. I'd rush up the stairs and sit amidst the flower tubs my mom had lovingly planted.

I'd spend hours on the terrace lost in my own world. I'd put on my headphones play my favourite songs and let the music take me away.

Those carefree days were made even more special with the companionship of my pet dog. Together, we'd sit for hours, watching the sunset paint the sky with vibrant hues or gazing up at the stars on warm summer nights.

I still remember the thrill of rushing up to the terrace as a teenager, waiting for that special someone to call. My first love of my life would phone, and I'd sit there, feeling like I was on the top of the world

The terrace remains a sacred space, a reminder of life's simple joys and the beauty of nature."

She's not afraid to be alone, to live and to thrive, For she knows her worth, and it's a love that survives.

**- Poem by Sonata Ghosh**  
BA (Sociology), 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

## Endless dreams

A body that aches, a heart that soars, A spirit that knocks on uncharted doors.

Though pain wraps tight, I dare to dream, Of wild adventures and sunsets' gleam.

Each step I take is a battle won, Yet my soul races toward the sun.

I yearn for rides through mountain air, For whispered love and tender care.

The terrace holds my sunsets here, But a beachside glow feels far, yet near. I long to watch the waves embrace, To feel the sand, the ocean's grace.

Romantic movies, novels, songs, They teach me where my heart belongs.

To wander free, to feel the breeze, To pluck wild-flowers, to climb tall trees.

Though love has shied from my embrace, I dream of a time, a gentle face. A hand to hold, a soul to see, The beauty within, the dreams in me.

So here I stand, with endless fire, A life of wonder, my one desire.

For though my body battles strife, My dreams ignite the spark of life.

**- Poem by Sonata Ghosh**  
BA (Sociology), 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

## মৌন মোৰ জীৱন

মৌন মোৰ জীৱন

অন্তঃ নাই নিৰৱতাৰ কান্দন;

নিঃস্বৰ্ণতাৰে আগুৰা শুকান ৰাতি

আছে মাথোঁ তাত অশ্রু সাথি।

তেজাল হৃদয়খনি যেন শুকুলা বেদনাই সামৰিছে;

শব্দতকৈ বেছি যেন মৌনতাই মোৰ জীৱন আবৰিছে।

উল্লাসহীন মোৰ জীৱন

মৃতদেহৰ দৰে উৰলি যাবলৈ ধৰিছে;

প্ৰাণহীন যেন লগা মোৰ দেহটো

স্মৃশানত পৰিণত হৈছে।

**- Poem by Duna Boruah**  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



## LIFE

Life is a cricket match, which we must somehow catch.

The fast balls determines our timing, whereas the spin determines our striking.

Sometimes we win and sometimes we loose, but that's life and that's how it moves.

Sometimes we are loved when we hit a six, and sometimes we are hated when we get a miss.

But what matters the most is how much we tried, as it is life which doesn't always takes our side.

So let's play the game of life, full of adventure and wildlife

And lets keep the faith in the Almighty, that someday we will be recognized as mighty...

**- Poem by Injamam Ahmed**

BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

## "Sannate"

Ki sannate toh jariya hote hai unkahi baatein, unkahe jazbaat samajhne ke.

Kon keheta hai ki sannate kuch nahi kehete. Tum suno toh jara dherya se, dhayaan se, kisi ke chehere par rakhe sannate kya kuch nahi kehete.

Sannate sab kuch kehete hai bas sahi insaan hona chahiye unn sannato ko mehesus kar unn jazbaaton ko samajhne ke liye.

Aaur log kehete hai sannate kuch nahi kehete

**- Poem by Adarsh More**

BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

## Dear February

The days are cold, the nights even colder, whispers of winter rest heavy on my shoulders.

I search for warmth in the quiet air, but the sky only offers frost and silence.

If you must cover me in snow, let it be soft, not a storm to lose myself in.

Let your winds be a lullaby, not a warning, a promise that spring is near.

I am weary, but I am waiting.

Hold me gently, and don't let me fade.

**- Poem by Akash Baruah**

BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

## Dreams Won't Lie

As the sun rises,  
I whisper to the rays-  
Not me, but He who conquers our shine.

I wake in reality, chasing my hopes,  
To fulfill, not to control.

Though the path feels hard enough,  
I still hope my dreams won't lie.

Dreams hurt, dreams make you cry  
Sometimes,  
But they also bring joy most of the time.

I run, run, and run after my dreams,  
To touch them, to feel them.

Not just to reach cloud nine,  
But to make them mine.

I know the road is tough, the nights are long.

Impossibilities arise, but I must stay strong.

Even when shadows fade from sight,  
I trust the dawn to bring new light.

As the sun dips into the night sky,  
I hope the stars will help me rise,  
And light my path in endless skies.

**- Poem by Arnab Koushik Khatanar**

BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

## तेरी आँखों का इंतज़ार

तेरी आँखों का ख्वाब देखा था,  
अब हर रात तड़प में बीतती है,  
चाँद भी पूछे, कहाँ खो गया हूँ,  
अब हर सुबह वीरान सी दिखती है।

एक झलक की जो थी आदत मुझे,  
अब वही दूरी जान ले लेती है,  
हर धड़कन तेरा नाम पुकारे,  
पर तुझे न पाकर, ठहर सी जाती है।

तेरी आँखों में जो जादू था,  
अब वो ख्वाबों में उतर आया है,  
तू दूर हुई कुछ पल के लिए,  
पर मेरा इश्क वहीं ठहर गया है।  
बिछड़ने का डर नहीं मुझे,  
तेरी मोहब्बत पर ऐतबार है,  
बस ये आँखें जब तक ना देखूँ,  
हर लम्हा अधूरा सा लगता है।

**- Poem by Biraj Ballabh Mahanta**

BSW, 6<sup>th</sup> Semester



## Behind the mask

Beneath the stars, our secrets hide,  
Two hearts that beat, yet can't collide.  
Lady of light, my guiding flame,  
A love unknown, yet feels the same.

Your touch, a spark, your voice, a song,  
With you, my world is where I belong.  
Though masks may part what hearts would claim,  
In every battle, I whisper your name.

Lady and her clever knight,  
Two stars that glow in the endless night.  
A story of courage, love, and fight,  
Forever miraculous in Paris' light.

**- Poem by Rajdeep Roy**  
B.Tech (CSE), 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

## "জ্ঞানৰ পোহৰ"

প্ৰশ্নবোৰ উচুপে সদায়,  
উত্তৰৰ সন্ধানত মন I  
কিতাপৰ পাতত উজলি উঠে,  
নতুন আশাৰ প্লান I  
গাণিতিক সূত্ৰৰ জটিল জাল,  
বসায়ন-ভৌতিকৰ খেলা I  
গৱেষণাৰ গভীৰ সাগৰত,  
পথে খোজে নতুন বেলা I

অভ্যাসে গঢ়ে এক বিশাল দুৱাৰ,  
উদ্যমেৰে মুকলি হয় I  
বিজ্ঞানৰ দিগন্ত বাটত,  
আলোকৰ দিহা লভয় I

ভুলবোৰো শিক্ষা হ'ব পাৰে,  
আৰু হ'ব নতুন সোপান I  
অধ্যয়নৰ অমৃত পান কৰি,  
হ'ব জ্ঞানৰ জয়গান I

সময়বোৰ গতিৰে বাগৰি যায়,  
সৰ্পিল ৰাস্তাৰ দৰে I  
কিন্তু অধ্যৱসায়ৰ জ্যোতিৰে,  
সফলতাৰ ৰথ বাগৰে I

**- Poem by Gitartha Talukdar**  
BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

## TWO OR MORE?

Bitter but better  
Not one  
But two or more...

Swear I, don't I find  
The way to be true,  
Bitter but better,  
I'll fine someday  
Not one  
But two or more...

Tweet me, don't I chirp  
The word to be said  
To follow the wiser  
Bitter but better  
I'll be someday  
Not fake...  
But true and adored...

Don't I see, good deed anywhere  
But try to be best  
With what I through go  
Bitter but better  
I hope someday  
Not one  
But two or more...

Not me good in any tale  
Not to be the best miner  
Bitter but better  
A dream to be good  
A dream to be fruitful  
I hope someday,  
Not one but perfect or more...

My deeds go in vain  
My feeds go wrong  
But not have I broken a mind yet  
Still, I try my best  
To be true and wise  
Trust me or not  
Bitter but better  
They'll know  
I am the one  
Not two or more...

**- Poem by Chandrani Bejboruah**  
B.Tech (CSE), 8<sup>th</sup> Semester





## IS LOVE

As the fiery breeze blew  
To and fro my heart,  
I felt the warmth  
In the winter of dark

Inside the couch  
Sings my soul,  
A sweet melody  
For the unknown

Time you come to  
Visit my eyes,  
While I thump  
With what my breath dies

You know you favor me  
With a plied dove  
That's what for me  
Is Love..

**- Poem by Chandrani Bejboruah**  
B.Tech (CSE), 8<sup>th</sup> Semester

## Bright blues

I sat under the sky  
recalling

all those books I read  
tragedies i saw

they speak  
of what you might have  
forgotten under  
busy days and busier emotions

captured lies when  
they were truth  
and love, when there was none at all  
vacation spots, now dull  
people, who once you thought  
you wouldn't live without.

no one ever tells how hard it is  
to hold photographs  
of now distorted lives  
and just thanking yourself  
for all the memories.

**- Poem by Bidyarnab Hazarika**  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



## FIGURY SKY

Ever looked up at the sky? The host to the chill pas-  
serby, So vacant, so empty, yet fulfilling to the eyes.

The mother to the sea of celestial corals, That adores  
its daughter With colors of dawn and dusky hues.

Ever wondered why it rains before a clear sky?

Why is the dark presence needed before the morning  
dew?

Ever wondered why?

Just to let destiny happen, the mother decides

To depart, keeping her heart dry. Those innocent ones  
never knew-The lap where they sway, the womb  
where they fly-Soon will let them free.

Never did they give this thought a try.

Is it really a happy shower, Or are these the tears of a  
mother up high?

Is it this dark veil that the mother wears against her  
agony?

The agony of turning them into tiny droplets-

Droplets that are valued by very few.

Have you ever given this thought a try?

A query arises:

Then why is it that the sky decorates With a rainbow  
when it has pain to hide?

Ever thought why the clouds take shapes?

Why do we see a figury sky? Is it so, or is it a moment  
of joy, Where she lets her daughter pick dresses she  
desires,

Some joyous memories before that aching goodbye?

Is it these memories that the lonely mother recalls,  
And sets up her gloomy heart with the reminiscence  
of Puffy innocence, calming chills, and serene flow?

With colors of VIBGYOR-

Who knows whether it is the mark of an end Or the be-  
ginning of another figury sky?

**- Poem by Sanu Kar**  
B.Tech (CSE), 4<sup>th</sup> Semester





## Yellow inversion

sit down here  
slow nocturnes  
crystalline minutes.  
let's exchange stares for the least  
some shallow and others deep  
old stories, pieces of memory if there is.  
struggling to consume  
keep the desiring hearts unfulfilled  
lateral. those eyes that glimmer  
strayed dreams are love coloured  
the inversions are familiar  
it's a little grim.  
it's a little dark. cold company and night  
jasmynes dissolve  
let's OD away. you in me  
and me in you  
fate and choices are bitter things  
while we are infinitely relative  
looking for places to hide away  
into each other.

- Poem by Bidyarnab Hazarika  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

## Someday somewhere

someday  
if I believe  
we are born in a sky  
distant by one horizon  
to another  
would you write letters to me  
hoping for returns?

someday  
if I believe  
in strange times  
and stranger smiles  
love as a lonely horse grazing  
and sit amidst meadows  
reminiscing hopelessly  
would you call me to you,  
and ask for a rose?

someday  
if I believe  
in me, in you  
in the loveliness that is us  
and that love is the answer  
in this heart with failed expressions  
would you still be my  
only question?

- Poem by Bidyarnab Hazarika  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

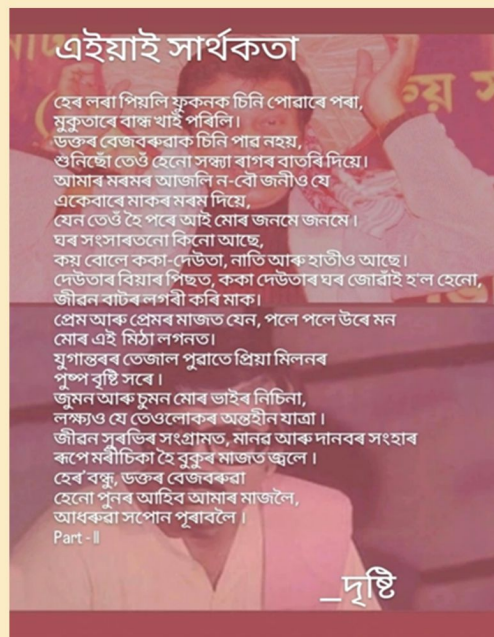
## Illusions part (1)

You, my warmth  
you sleep  
In the latitudes of my living

Where vast seas separate  
My countless worlds  
where you echo,  
forming moments of immense enchantment  
and slowly giving way to more  
you exist, inside all of my mirrors  
whose images are still more real  
as the reflections of myself.

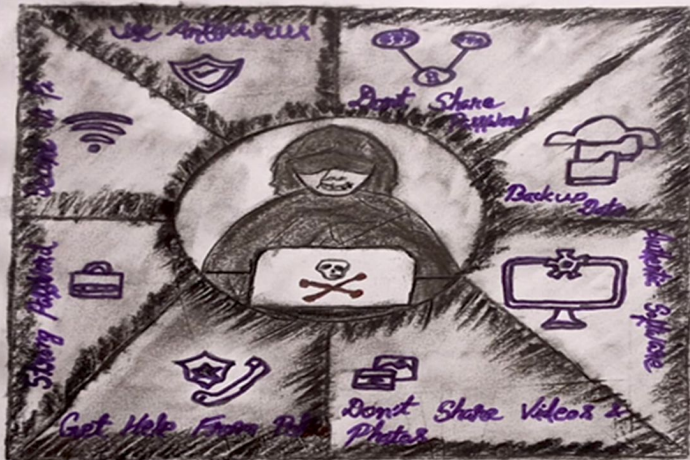
I belong to you, and only to you  
and I want myself and only me  
to surround you all the time  
so that even when a yard sometimes feels  
like a million parsecs  
i can hold you as close.  
from me to you,  
thousand leaves float  
through one of our streams  
collecting dreams, and soaking starlight  
to tell you to ask spring  
to come sooner this time  
and bloom around  
the cadence of our being  
and we'd just lose ourselves  
but only to each other.

- Poem by Bidyarnab Hazarika  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



- Poem by Dristi Bharali  
MSW, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester





Cyber Crime is a big and serious problem. It is a very big crime. Nowadays there are several cyber crimes are happening in our country to save ourselves we need to do those cyber crime and to stop those crime we need to do four follow some steps

Name: Sourav Bora  
Stk ID: cs24BCAGN072  
Section: BCA 2nd  
Semester

- 1) Use Antivirus to save your data
- 2) Secure Wi-Fi to save your Network
- 3) Use strong password to secure data
- 4) Get help from police in serious cases
- 5) Don't share photos & videos sharing them can create misunderstanding between each other etc.

**- Art by Sourav Bora**  
BCA, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



Meaning: Shri Krishna—the embodiment of darkness, arrogance, and destruction. His flute sings of love and truth, guiding the world toward righteousness. Yet, when falsehood and evil rise, he does not hesitate to act.

I was allowed by him to create this painting to reminds us that while Krishna promotes PREM and DHARM, he also ensures that ADHARM and negativity cannot win. His soft music may fill the universe with peace, but his strength ensures that injustice is crushed beneath his feet.

Prabhu always shows us that true power is not in destruction but in restoring balance. Krishna teaches us that love and truth must lead, but when evil refuses to change, it must be subdued.

**- Art by Bhargob Sut**  
BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester



**- Art by Sharat Chandra Chetia**  
B.Tech (CSE)



**- Art by Sharat Chandra Chetia**  
B.Tech (CSE)





**MEANING :** In the silent expanse of existence, there stands a being of paradox—one who holds the weight of creation in one hand and the breath of a melody in the other. The arms that could unmake the universe instead adorn it with harmony, choosing not the roar of destruction, but the whisper of a flute.

Above, the unseen force—formless yet present, commanding yet still—radiates an authority that needs no assertion. Below, a figure draped in earthly hues, leaning into the rhythm of life, weaving the intangible threads of love into something eternal.

To guide the world with love, music, and truth. He teaches that true power is not in domination but in compassion, that the universe itself is sustained not by fear but by divine love. It invites the viewer to reflect on their own life: Will they wield power for destruction or use it to create harmony, just as Krishna does?

Name: ONLY TRUTH

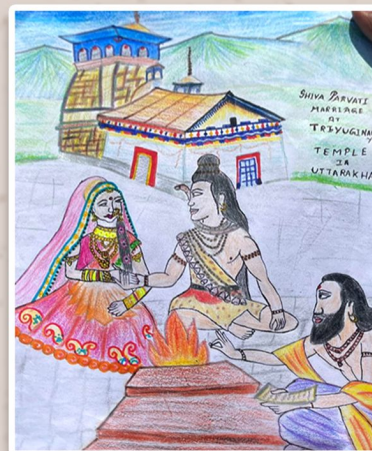
**- Art by Bhargob Sut**  
BCA, 4<sup>th</sup> Semester



**- Art by Dristi Bharali**  
MSW, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



**- Art by Sharat Chandra Chetia**  
B.Tech (CSE)



**- Art by Sharat Chandra Chetia**  
B.Tech (CSE)



**- Art by Dristi Bharali**  
MSW, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester



**- Art by Dristi Bharali**  
MSW, 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester





## STORIES

### SILENT WHISPERS

In front of Baruah Da's small tea stall, the usual afternoon gathering was taking place. Today, however, a new tenant had just moved into the neighboring rented room, and she was responsible for making tea, Radha! Radha, carrying a tray of tea, placed it on the wooden bench and said, "Here's your tea. Since you arrived in a hurry, I couldn't arrange for sweets."

Saying this, she was about to turn back inside but paused and added, "Listen, my little boy is sleeping. If possible, please keep the noise down." , smiled softly...

Baruah Da, finishing his tea and intending to return the tray, entered the room calling, "Baideu, Baideu!"

Radha immediately put a finger to her lips and whispered, "The child is sleeping, don't make noise." She had lit a candle in front of a photograph. A little boy, smiling softly, was looking at her from within the frame.

**- Priya Saikia**

B.Tech (CSE), 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

### HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION – Grandma vs. The Smartphone

A sweet, elderly grandma is sitting on the couch, holding a smartphone upside down with a determined look on her face. She squints at the screen and pokes it with her finger like she's casting a magic spell. The phone is in full meltdown mode—random apps are opening, messages like "Are you sure?", "Please stop pressing everything!", and "Your package is now being delivered to Antarctica" are popping up.

Meanwhile, her grandchild is beside her, eyes wide with shock, saying, "Grandma, no! You just ordered 50 pizzas!"

Why It's Funny & Sweet:

The illustration captures the classic, heartwarming struggle of a loving grandma trying her best with modern technology—while unknowingly creating absolute digital chaos. It's funny, but also adorable, because we all know she just wants to text her family or check the weather, even if she accidentally resets the WiFi instead!

**- Nandita Das**

B.Tech (CSE), 4<sup>th</sup> Semester