

Writers Inc.

Sapphire Edition 2017

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Crescent

Institute of Science & Technology
Deemed to be University u/s 3 of the UGC Act, 1956
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VC INTERVIEW

The man with a mission

Upon learning that we were to be supervised by a new Vice Chancellor, we were delighted just as much as any Crescentian. Being the early bird, we grabbed the worm as soon as we could! We fixed an appointment with our beloved VC to interview him and learned more of what he has in store for our university.

As welcoming as home, the VC received us with much kindness. Like a 90s kid to a newly released LP album, we were enthralled when we heard we were going to be guided by a new VC! To add to the excitement, his first speech left us stunned.

Right from his history to the visions he has for our university, it was an inspiring hear. So, we decided to know further! Thus, with recorders rolling and pens ready, we began the interview of our beloved Vice Chancellor. He feels delighted that our university has unity, good faculty in all departments, all dedicated. Throughout the talk, he stressed on the inescapable fact that the university needs change. We believe him to be the beacon that guides us along the path of diversity!



VC with CWG Team 2016-2017 (P.C.: Ahmad Rizwan)

Immediately upon arrival, he headed to the boys' hostel and enquired about the conditions there. Frequent complaints rise regarding the food, which will be dealt with. The path to change is slow, but yields with time! The devastating cyclone Vardah made short work of the greenery our college houses. He initiated steps to bring our ambience back to its former glory. Talking about ambience, our VC said he wanted to see a total changeover of the way the campus is. He suggested a new, more modern design for our clock-tower. He envisions the banyan café to equip a sleeker look, to have students sitting comfortably and playing the guitar! (Mind you, during the break only) He wishes for murals to be painted on walls. College should look and be more fun! Along with the outside, even the culture needs to be changed. Betterment needs to be brought. He feels there's much latent goodness in people here that needs to be brought out! You can see much of it coming in to play now, as there are cleaner roads, a modified curriculum. His vision to enact a European/Malaysian education system is now being made reality.

The pedestal he stands on today was not achieved overnight. His past is filled not with rocks, but immovable mountains. He grew up on the streets, with his mother being the major presence by him. In the territory he lived in, Chowrasta, his uncle was a don. He controlled that region. As amazing as this sounds, it wasn't. He was bullied and pushed around when he was just eight. His mother, his inspiration, was deeply wounded seeing her son get bullied so often, so one day she tells him to not come home till he could defend himself; following which, he learnt boxing and stood his ground. Once his uncle got out of jail, he joined his uncle as one of his henchmen.

There, his job was to collect from shops nearby, sell cinema tickets, and ensure no ritos broke. Christian missionaries forced him to go to school, which he did so with much reluctance. "Allah works in many ways, he sends people in many forms!" he said, as he recollected the blessed those, who took the pains of putting him through school and watch him grow!

A shiver passed down our spines as he told us about the times he was almost killed, 9 to be precise! The streets were violent and merciless. He had to live a brutal life. His uncle didn't want him to go down this same path. An institute, looking for people his age, and due to his mother's pressure, he started attending the institute. Had he not, he'd have been killed, like his uncle. He went through a lot of struggle while studying and kept failing many times, however he still chose to fight ahead and would send money from where he worked to home, now that his uncle is no more. However, despite the fight he put up, the institute eventually threw him out, since his grades weren't improving. However, Almighty had a plan for him, and the teachers saw in him much goodness and potential, and decided to fight for his studies. From that moment onwards, with much perseverance due to his efforts, his life sky rocketed upwards and kept going on! He studied hard, became the top student of the institute. Carrying on, he got a scholarship and went to the states. There he got his masters in Civil engineering, following which he worked in the US Army for two year, and the World Bank for another 2. Talk about diversity. After this, he came back and married. His quest for knowledge however, failed to cease. He studied with his wife at the University of Sussex. Since then, success has not only knocked his door, it has resided alongside! Through the years, his mother was his inspiration. She is the reason behind the man he is today. He has several plans for the university, both in academic and fun wise. Stay tuned and watch as miracles unfurl!

FRESHER'S CORNER

TOP 10 SURVIVAL TIPS AT HOSTEL

They say, "Why don't you become a day scholar dude! You wouldn't have much to worry about. No restrictions, No compromises, No regrets." What they find getting shot to their very faces is the smirk hostellers bear during the conversation, knowing what they're dealing with here, fully aware of what they don't have to regret about. Missing home could never be replaced indeed but what fate has in store for hostellers is the treasure to be preserved for a lifetime, memories of being with one another; togetherness. The void could be shaped into a bucket, a bucket jam-packed with fun, emotions and important life lessons. Sadly, what they leave behind is the comfort of feeling home.

Heads up hostellers! Next in queue, we have a few tips to make your life endurable at the boarding house.

1. Befriend the hostel staff:

Step on it pals! You've got no clue how important these beings are in the territory of locked doors. Ask them for anything you want, lo and behold, you'd have it right in front of you within seconds. Pros of having someone willing to work for you: procrastination satisfied.

2. Use the freebies you payed for:

An infinite supply. Utilize what you've been granted. If you don't, you are involuntarily showing the management a red signal suggesting that you aren't going to use the utilities. You know what happens next.

3. Compromise? Better, Customize:

It's okay. You aren't the only one who's asked to compromise on an hourly basis. Customize your habits. Look at negative facts positively. Indubitably, hostellers find it difficult to bear the smell of common restrooms. Instead of compromising, an air freshener could do the trick.

4. Weapons:

Behold, the sharp swords and mighty missiles could cut through your monotonous days at hostel, extinguishing your thirst for entertainment. Equip yourself with Novels (if you are a book-lover), Movies, Series and Anime. Don't forget your headphones. This is like loading bullets in your revolver. Shoot boredom!

5. Enthusiasm for Events:

Events and celebrations at hostel are never-ending. Staying up all night and celebrating a friend's birthday is something we have all been a part of. Make it a point to participate in every other event at hostel. Being a spoilsport could ruin your dream of golden days with your friends.

6. Keep your pockets satisfied:

Everyone at hostel, at some point or the other, witness a common state of dissatisfaction in their lives: 'broke-dom'. Go with the trend, go cashless if ATMs pose an issue but what if saving is something you dread. Managing your expenses is the only way out of that maze, bud.

7. Roomies United:

Not to mention the war fought together against pressure and overloaded materials one night before the exam, Roomies have this absurd race to compare whose study material is lengthier. The one without any wins the tournament at the end of the day though. Choose your roomies wisely, for they solely represent your entire family. Cooking on Sunday nights might be a familiar scene in every room; Noodles rule that domain. The number of dinners done is never consistent throughout the year, making a mid-night snack a must to survive starvation at hours of darkness.

8. Be an atom:

Not just any atom, a powerful atom. An atom that can adapt to any situation, an atom that can neither get brainwashed, nor get crushed to pieces. Take your principles with you. Follow your own protocols and never try to ape others' at the cost of losing yourself.

9. Fitness:

"Stairs? Not again!" Can we just pass that scenario and move on to how important it is to be healthy? Hit the gym! Need an easier route to burn your calories? Back to square one, choose stairs and pass over the lift. Turn a blind eye to the stairs and welcome your bulkier version.

10. Survival gear:

Backup tools such as candles, torchlights and a power bank are indispensable items you'd need. If your roomies are the "Early to bed, early to rise" types, you'd definitely need torches to proceed with your work while they snooze. Power-cuts aren't occasional guests at most of the hostels. Torch lights could save you from blindness if you need to find way to the restroom in the worst case. The aforementioned tips have simply focused on the key ingredients you need to include in your recipe. Though it makes the very definition of life complicated, it's all about the momentary bliss that we cherish at the end of the four-year long journey. At the end of the day, you could either see it as a horror story you learnt lessons from or a time when you were truly satisfied with fate.

Noureen Taj, 3Y, CSE

CRESCENT Q&A:

How different is your life in college from school?

College life is blissful, extremely awesome and free compared to my school life.

-Vishal. R. K., 1Y CSE

If your college life was a movie, what would you name it and why?

Fantastic Beasts And Where To Find Them. I think the title is self-explanatory.

-Abbas S.V., 1Y, Polymer.

Finding Nemo. I turn into Dory when it comes to numericals.

-Aysha Munawwarah, 2Y, Biotechnology

What are your thoughts on the crescent biryani?

I got more chicken from the sample food section at Spencers.

-Faez Razeen, 2Y, CSE

Favorite spot on campus?

Probably the Architecture block because the view is spectacular.

-Prasanna Karthik, 1Y, IT

The balconies in the LS block.

-Deepak. S, 2Y CSE

CRESCENT ZOMATO



Dindigul Thalapakatti: ₹650 for two people (approx.) Located a stone's throw away from our university, Dindigul Thalapakatti offers everything from soups to starters, to main course and dessert. They are open from 11 AM to 11 PM. Also, they provide home delivery. In case of emergency and raging hunger, you can reach them here at: 044 22750024, 044 22750025.



Papa John's: Costing an approximate of 750 rupees for 2, Papa John's serves exquisite pizzas, and is very close to our university. You're offered a wide variety of pizzas and toppings to choose from. Not to mention, mouth-watering desserts to conclude the lovely meal! They are open from 11 AM to 11 PM and provide home delivery. Known worldwide for their fresh and delicious pizzas, Papa John's pizza is something you don't want to miss!



Noor Hotel: The fan favorite, Noor is almost always full. Catering to a majority of our students, with every dish unquestionably luscious, this is one place you cannot stop going! The variety offered is huge, and the food leaves you wanting for more. Biryani, to parotta, to fried rice, and what not, for a fair rate of 400/two people. You can reach out and grab yourselves a filling meal, at +91 9884534811 or +91 9094583882.

Chester Bennington

A comforting voice screaming for aching hearts

20th July 2017, the ill-fated day that a part of everyone's hearts climbed the stairway to heaven. Part? A half, maybe a whole. Chester Bennington, one of the finest singers and musicians, bid us farewell in the most sudden way. On Thursday, Chester was found dead, by hanging himself. Chester was suffering from addiction to alcohol and depression.

Thousands, all over the globe mourned the loss of the legend that at the cost of his life helped us live ours. Chester never had the life a kid would want. Affected massively by his parents' divorce when he was only 11, he got into smoking which catastrophically ended up at methamphetamine use. If this weren't trauma enough, Chester also suffered sexual abuse as a child. Fueling his music with the pain he's been through, the lyrics went straight through our heart.

This date also marks the birthday of Chester's dear friend Chris Cornell, who also committed suicide in May. "As of today, my life's purpose is one of love and understanding. The world needs to change and that change comes from within." Tweeted by Chester just a month before his demise. Days before, he was seen in the recording studio with his band mates.

Depression strikes, and when it does it strikes mighty. As said wisely, in a garden of flowers, only the best ones are picked. With his loss however, we have been deprived of the very garden. The one that LP's songs nurtured with much care. Having been in such pain, and yet choosing to relieve other's of theirs, the world will remember him forever.

Rest in peace, Chester Bennington. If tears could build a stairway, and memories a lane, I'd walk right up to heaven, and bring you home again. Because in the end, you always mattered.



POETRY BOOTH

Mohammed Faheem, 4 Y, Biotech

#1

THE WORLD OF WARFARE

Through times I fail not
To carry this load of uncertainty
That never ceases to catch up
As if it were the only thing certain.
Beyond I try to gaze
Despite the heaviness mounting up
But the sight keeps me mystified
Each time I attempt to seek vantage.
The tiks and toks in silence,
With panic and fatigue I acknowledge.
Sullen, empty and hopeful all at once,
Embarked a ride of this kind I have,
Questioning both sanity and humanity
As my path continues to be steered
By the powers that made all this be.

Abbas. S.V.Y, Polymer

#2

BUT, WHY?

The grass is greener on the other side,
But why is one concerned about that?
Why not make your side better by striving for it,
Rather than taking an exit to an unknown hope.

Everything is fair in love and war,
But doesn't war shatter the love itself?
Why do men obsess over the futile worldly possessions,
for only flesh and bones will be all that we'll bear.

Revenge is a dish best served cold,
But why take the effort to serve it?
Why does vengeance feel so satisfying,
for revenge is the first sign of weakness.

All the worlds a stage,
But why does this act feel so dubious?
Why do we need to be actors,
for each one is 0.1% different from the other.

Change is inevitable,
But is change always catastrophic?
Why can't we be the change,
For all we know , we survived evolution.

Kevin Adams Ebenezer, 1 Y, Polymer

#3

GODFATHER

That sweet little boy,
Still remember his footsteps,
His first words, my name,
Uttered through his innocent lips.

Then he was off to school,
Off for 14 patient years,
Till he was judged by a number,
The make it or break it rule.

Those blissful college days went by,
I found himself standing,
In a file, in a queue,
Before me for a job on high.

He got the job,
The years flew past,
A wife he had,
Newfound peace at last.

And then came a boy,
That bundle of joy,
That sweet little boy,
Is a man now, Ahoy!

So who am I?
One may inquire,
His best well wisher,
His own Godfather.

Ashwin Kumar, 1 Y CSE

#4

WHERE LIES WHAT?

Beauty lies...
Not in the object's manifestations,
But in the eyes of the observer!

Purity lies...
Not in the substance coming out of various processes,
But in the substance that never loses its charm!

Motivation lies...
Not in an intellect's long-lectured tale,
But in your own heart, just obscured by dismay!

Maturity lies...
Not in the coming of age,
But in the arrival of situations!

Co-existence lies...
Not in the admiration of other's wishes,
But in the respect to others' essentials!

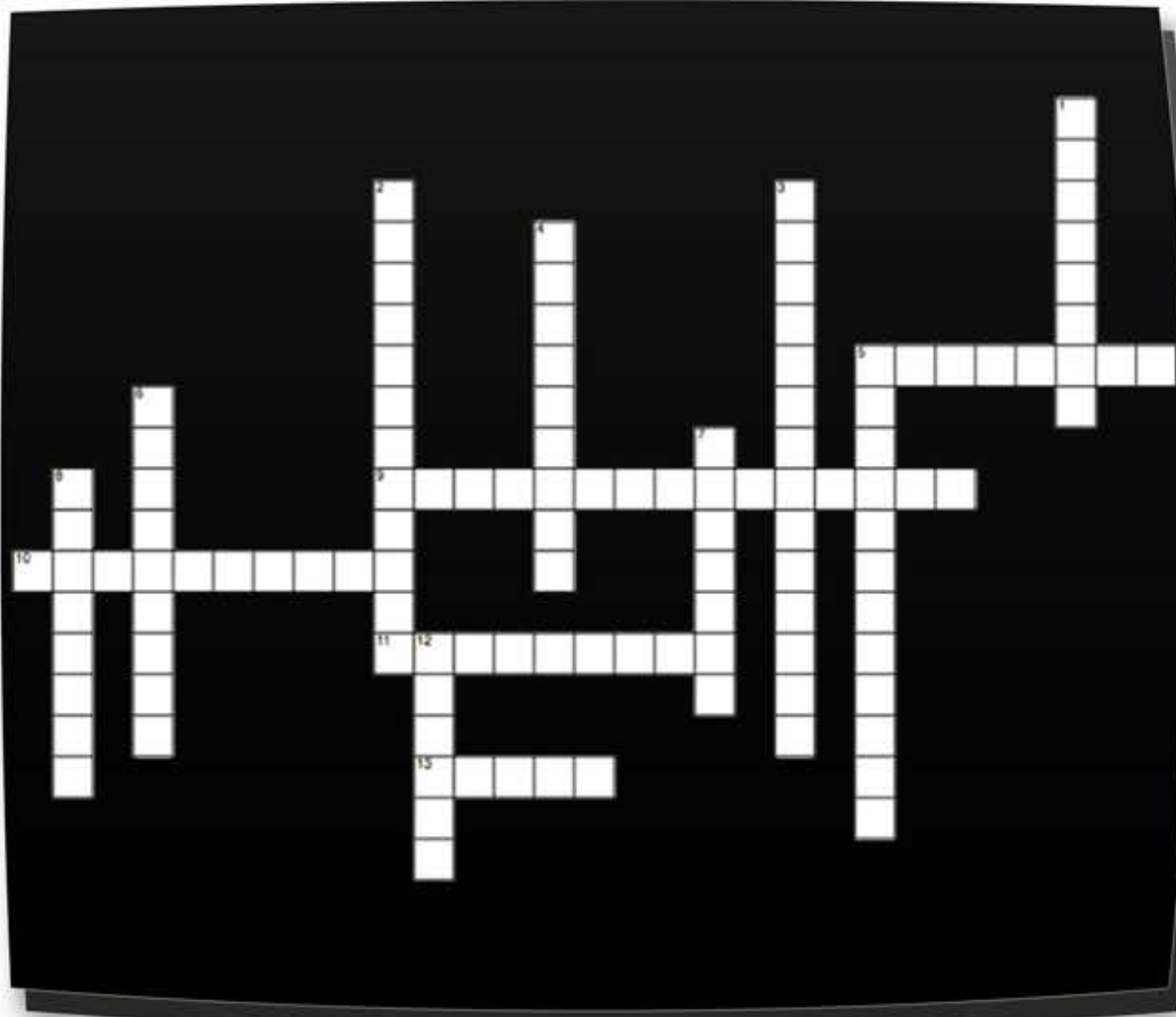
Passion lies...
Not in the heart, ready to die for it,
But in the heart that never lets it die!

Ability lies...
Not in the mission to accomplish the impossible,
But in the vision that neglects laziness!

Success lies...
Not in reaching a marked destiny,
But in making a mark, reaching your own destiny!

Brothers and Sisters, where do we lie?
Somewhere between idleness and greatness,
Pondering over our dreams,
Reading through these lines!

GUSTOCORNER



CROSSWORD

Dawn arrived, followed by ¹the scorching sun,
²The birds' chirped and the bees hummed.
 As life stretched out in this ³meager world,
 A thought, like ⁴a bolt of lightning, struck at her.
 Living in a town of outnumbered humans,
⁵Where wayward winds conquer the land;
^{5A}No one never knew nobody,
 And no one ever felt out of place.
 But she, the ⁶socially-challenged critter,
 Struggled to reach the interphase.
 It was ⁷no ordinary destination;
 She was in the midst of an ⁸extinct life.
 But, as ⁹the fire gently tugged at her fingers,
 She felt tranquility at ¹⁰the inside.
¹¹The blaze entranced her gaze,
¹²Like an erupting volcano in the iris.
 But, as a sound emerged from around,
 She turned it down and wound
 To get back to ¹³her "normal" world.

WITTY FEED



VOCABULARY TEASER

There used to be these times when something called perfection existed for him, although it hardly seemed tangible. Each attempt at it caused misery which stacked upon itself over and over again. He was hardworking and persistent indeed, but perhaps with the wrong things; the things that never brought him joy or content.

Floccinaucinihilibification was like his hobby, darting upon himself. The act devoured him in ways he never imagined. A man of pride he was; the kind of pride that was fueled by ego. He deflected every chance at a mirthful life that came toward him. The consequences were mercilessly piercing deep into his skin. As strong and gritty a persona he carried, he took every effort to climb up his ladder; one whose end could not be met as if it exponentially extended with each pull of his continuously blemishing existence. Everything turned out to be nothing but unpleasing.

When the impact finally left the brim of his eternal stubbornness, a moment of flabbergastation phased in. It kept him grounded and still. For the first time, he allowed himself to be imperfect. For the first time, he let the flaws overtake. He stayed down, retrospected and came to realization. He sought for a new direction; one that isn't perfect; one that brings him happiness and satisfaction; some kind of fulfilment to his existence.

Yes, he did it. He destroyed his cantankerous-self in order to see visibly, think thoughtfully and act sensibly. All of this, only to contradict himself. All of this, only to defeat himself. Impossibly enough, he was able to do it; because with this defeat, he found jubilation. It wasn't a fall for him, it was rather, a rise.

Mohammed Faheem
 4Y, Biotechnology

CONTEST

As Jane flipped the pale yellow pages of the age-old novel, she was dumbstruck. Every little segment of her life was another chapter of the book. A friend's gift turned out to be narrating her past and her present in a rather convincing manner. This rendered her speechless; her frenemy was the first one to break the silence.....

Develop a creative plot with the given prompt. Mail your stories to crescentwritersguild@gmail.com on or before 1st March 2018. The best two entries will be treated with doughnuts!



AUDITIONS 2K17

Heroism is a reflection of one's charisma, thirst for driving the spectators mad, so mad that their hearts skip a beat, a resolve to stage your flair, to stage the one thing no one can defeat you at, to stage your knock at the door of confidence, to stage your existence, to pique the crowd's interest. All the world's a stage; you are your host, you are your master. Set the scene to be the center stage.

The 19th of August furnished the Crescentians with an obligation to distinguish themselves from the crowd. Turns out, the freshers left the judges open-mouthed..

Music first took the stage by storm. Singers were up, one after the other, awarding the audience with their unique notes. The cheers thundered louder and louder, memes had their magic spun around every corner. Freshers had their stunts hit a homerun. A total of eight singers were hand-picked by the Crescent Music Team.

Then came the spells from the captivating air pumped by the spectacular dancers, who by their charm, had the crowd relishing the fire lit on the stage. First years ruled the seats at the Dance club as well. The Auditions for Actors and VJs went on pretty smoothly where the resounding performances of a few contestants had the audience in standing ovation with the roaring applause they deserved.

The Crescent Club of Photographers had an entire workshop organized for the artistic minds of the college who wish to capture the essence of what they see and feel in real-time as pictures. This day also unleashed a whole new playground for those who consider their words to be their swords and their creativity, a powerup. The Crescent Literary Society then took shape, plaiting their unique styles of speaking and their unbeatable confidence together into one unit.

All things done and dusted, the ISTD-C clubs just got revamped and are ready to evolve. Now that the groundwork has been laid, Abandon all Boredom, All ye who enter the Caves of the concerned Clubs, for now you have your priorities and your interests straight. Get set, Aim and Fire!



The Battle

I'm Courtney D'costa Grace.
Staring back at me is a reflection, with a denuded scalp and a pale face.
Yesterday a free-lance artist,
Today a captive to excruciating hues of the dire "C".

Harassing fatigue and hounding agony swarm into a feral demon,
Shrouding my conscious limen.

The pills await me, as the dosage piles.
To rid myself of the pain, this hurt so vile.

Though, well aware of the ceasing time lag and approaching end.
I choose to live en-route fears.
I choose to sport my scars like embellishments.
I choose to battle with a smile.

Because honey,
What good is fight, without a remarkable insight?

Haajira Haaris
2Y Biotechnology

**BEST
POEM**

BACKSTAGE ISTD-C

Year after year, students are made to hear the same advice, to join some clubs on-campus. It is essential to do so for making the best of the 4 years of our immutable college life.

The Indian Society for Training and Development- Crescent Chapter, or more popularly known as ISTD-C, houses a number of clubs and hosts a variety of events throughout the University to encourage students and provide them with the much needed exposure, to help build their confidence. With a student body of 20 active members, the society has been relentless in its pursuit for talents amongst the keen minds of our University.

ISTD-C 2017-2018

FAIZ PRESIDENT	SATHYA VICE PRESIDENT	GAUTHAM CULTURAL SECRETARY & VJ JEAD	ARUN CULTURAL SECRETARY	NAVIN RAJ EXECUTIVE MANAGER	TALHA EXECUTIVE MANAGER	FAAZIL PRO	SATHISH PRO	HARIS CREATIVE HEAD	ATHIL TREASURER	AMAAN DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE HEAD	SIDDIQ SOCIAL MEDIA ANALYST	RAHUL SOCIAL MEDIA ANALYST
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EDITOR'S NOTE

Not all of us get to have our passion as a profession. Being engineering students, we should know this better than anyone. But, authors and famous poets don't just publish their work for mere earning; writing gives us the best of both worlds. "A pen is the tongue of the mind", and writers do an amazing job in bridging gaps that keep us from understanding life. What a writer conceives can spark a fire in minds that grow to great extents. Every spell, every wizard, every hobbit, dragon, was born to a brilliant mind. In essence, writing is clay, which editors mould. When I was asked to be the editor for the team, my first thought was how different could it be from writing? I got my answer right after I took over the position. Being an editor does not only require grammatical knowledge, but it also needs a broad understanding of the audience one wishes to capture, and align the font accordingly. Being someone who hogged pies, I realized what the pie consisted of. Sadly for you however, I ate it all. I am proud to say that our editorial team, of extremely dedicated and passionate members, have worked tirelessly and struggled through sleepless nights to achieve this goal. On behalf of the team, I would like to thank our faculty members for their immense support and to all the enthusiastic writers of Crescent Literary Society for their active participation. I hope that more writers come forward to pen down their thoughts, for anything written with passion is worth reading.

Mail your submissions to crescentwritersguild@gmail.com.
Don't forget to like us on FB for updates:
[facebook.com/crescentwritersguild/](https://www.facebook.com/crescentwritersguild/)
Stay tuned for the next issue!

Thank you.



CWG 2017 - 2018

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