



B S ABDUR RAHMAN CRESCENT INSTITUTE



THEME OF THE MONTH: HOMECOMING

HOME COMING BELLS

*I've travelled the world, in attempt to flee,
To solve the greatest mystery,
A place my heart seeks to stay,
And wishes to never go away.*

*I've been through the city lights,
Where stars glow faint above at nights,
The pavement roads, clean to see,
The super cars say ecstasy,
Pleasing to the eyes they may be,
But no, it's not the place for me.*

*I've been to grasslands, tall and free,
Villages so full of trees,
The smell of grapes and castor seeds,
Fill the air and fulfil all needs,
Pleasing to the eyes they may be,
But no, it's not the place for me.*

*I've been to schools, so full of glee,
Some teachers nice, some angry,
Sports fields and playgrounds all around,
So much enthusiasm, noise and sound,
Pleasing to the eyes they may be,
But no, it's not the place for me.*

*I've been to the grand university,
Where all of youth try to study,
Libraries, the whiff of books,
Technologies, in all its nooks,
Pleasing to the eyes they may be,
But no, it's not the place for me.*

*I went back to my parents' house,
A place I played with cats as mouse,
This wasn't where I sought to live,
My heart suffered much, it wouldn't forgive,
Pleasing to the eyes it wouldn't be,
This is surely not the place for me.*

*I went all the way back to square one,
The only place that made sense, the place I was
born,
I felt nothing, maybe I couldn't remember,
Amidst pain and joy, I came through labour,
A mystery it remained to me,
The place my heart longs to be.=*

*Even now it still lingers,
Through the happiest of moments,
I ponder as it slips through my fingers,
The answer to this question immense,
And then through the bleakest of times,
When all is dark and you held my hand,
When you wiped the tears with sweet rhymes,
When my true happiness was your wish and
command.*

*Bliss so real, I felt surreal,
I've never had this feeling to feel,
All along, I should've known,
It was always you, as you said,
"Welcome home."*

-KEVIN EBENEZER, 2Y POLYMER

*Fear. A feeling, an unexplored corner in
the heart, a cloud that looms over, or
even a shadow that cowers in the cor-
ners; it takes all forms. It doesn't dis-
criminate between the rich and the
poor, the young and old nor does it se-
lectively hunt its prey. It gushes in our
veins, flooding and encroaching
everything we hold dear.*

*I remember when I was consumed by
the fear hammered down in me, by my
parents and grandparents before drop-
ping me to the first day of college.*

"Don't talk to seniors..."

"Don't make many friends"

*"Most importantly don't go anywhere
alone!"*

*These sirens used to echo in my head
every time and whenever I forgot them,
the huge posters with "NO RAGGING"
sent chills down my spine, caging back
my mind.*

*It took me three years to realise that it
was all in my head.*

*It's amazing what 'beliefs' can do. For
instance, if a person is told for years
that the "red light" means "go" and the
"green light" means "stop", and he be-
lieves that, it will be mayhem.*

*Education is just a tool, but experience
is what moulds you and places you
where you belong. College is not just for
studies, it is a community that helps
each other and stands together united,
only when you let them in. There is a
sea of opportunities waiting, the chal-
lenge is how deep you are ready dive
and explore.*

*This is the best time to explore wild ter-
rains, unearth hidden talents and most
importantly not fear to make mistakes.
Hence, I insist you to keep hiking on this
ride, marching forward while acknowl-
edging the fact that you have nothing to
regret about, unlike me. Knock doors,
push your limits and some day you will
find a reason to come to college, to
enjoy college.*

*Remember, if you have your red tinted
glasses on, the whole world will look
red.*

-UMAR , 4Y MECH

Mr. Kamraj

“

“I was always passionate about maintenance work, so much that I always carried around a tester in my teen years.”

At times, we realize that we spend a lot of time on the campus, attending classes and enjoying a comfortable, unhindered surrounding, but little do we think about what makes this campus feel like home, what makes it so smoothly functional. Little do we know about the men behind the scenes, responsible to give us the best campus life. There are people who work round the clock to keep the college functional and to provide a good atmosphere for the students. One such person is Mr. Kamraj, the electrical maintenance engineer of our institute. We scheduled an interview with this lifesaver who looks after the proper functioning of all our electrical

This interview with Mr. Kamraj was truly eye-opening and very informative. He is a very inspiring person and there are a lot of qualities that we as students ought to learn from him. Kudos to men like Mr. Kamraj who so humbly take care of the campus needs on time.



INTERVIEW WITH MR. KAMARAJ

1. Sir, it takes time to get accustomed to the routine you follow, for a man in your position. How old are you and how long have you catered your services here? Also what is your primary concern as a maintenance engineer?

I am 31 years old, I have been working for the college for the past 4 and half years, I joined this college in November 2013.

As a maintenance engineer, I must regulate the consumption of current by all the college buildings in a day and to attend the complaints and repair issues. It's my goal to fix the issue at the earliest.

3. A person who is sincere to their job will always possess certain skills that make them the best person for the job. What skillset do you fancy as the best technician here?

I am a hardworking person and I have great problem-solving skills. During my childhood, I was always passionate about maintenance work, so much that I always carried around a tester during my teen years. Despite the difficulties I had to face, I finished my diploma in mechanical and electricals. I gained a lot of experience from my previous job, which is now quite useful in Crescent. I managed to fix a machine in the civil department, idle for 3 months, in just a day. My maintenance work prevented the college from having any electrical problems during the Cyclone Vardha too.

2. Each employee takes pride in flaunting their notable work in their office, and in this case, something they have rendered for the betterment of the institute. What are you proud of?

As a maintenance engineer I always tried to do my job with utmost sincerity and improve the atmosphere. When I first joined the college, I created a team of technicians who worked under me. I trained them, taught them how to analyze and solve problems. I introduced a lot of efficient and cost-effective ways to maintain the electrical systems and saved a lot of current consumption and money for the college. I work for more than 12 hours a day, taking care of the college, the hostels and the staff quarters.

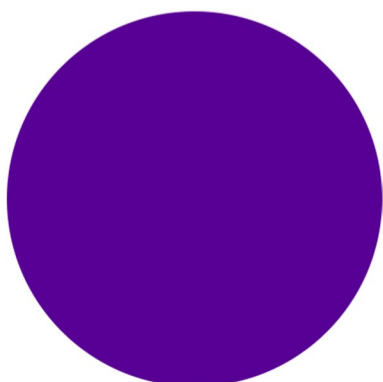
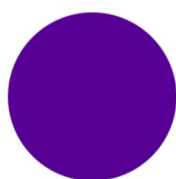
4. Everyone has qualities that they are very proud of, but they come in a package of good and bad. How would you describe yourself in a few words? Feel free to tell us about the positive and negative qualities that you possess.

I am an energetic, active and friendly person. Amongst my negative qualities, I become impatient when a job I started doesn't end well.

5. You have been through a lot more in life than the students here and gained more experience in the work field. If you were asked to give a piece of advice for our students here, what might that be?

Patience is the key. Students must also give more importance to practical learning than theoretical knowledge. In the end, that is exactly what would help you in the future when you get a job.

PREESHA, 2ND YR BIOTECH



Haiku

-KAAVIYA BALAKRISHNAN, 2ND YR BIOTECH

homecoming

the eggs ashore hatched
sea turtles peaking, ocean
rejoiced homecoming.

autumn

autumn boulevards
rustling yellow and orange
beauty brought by death.

spring

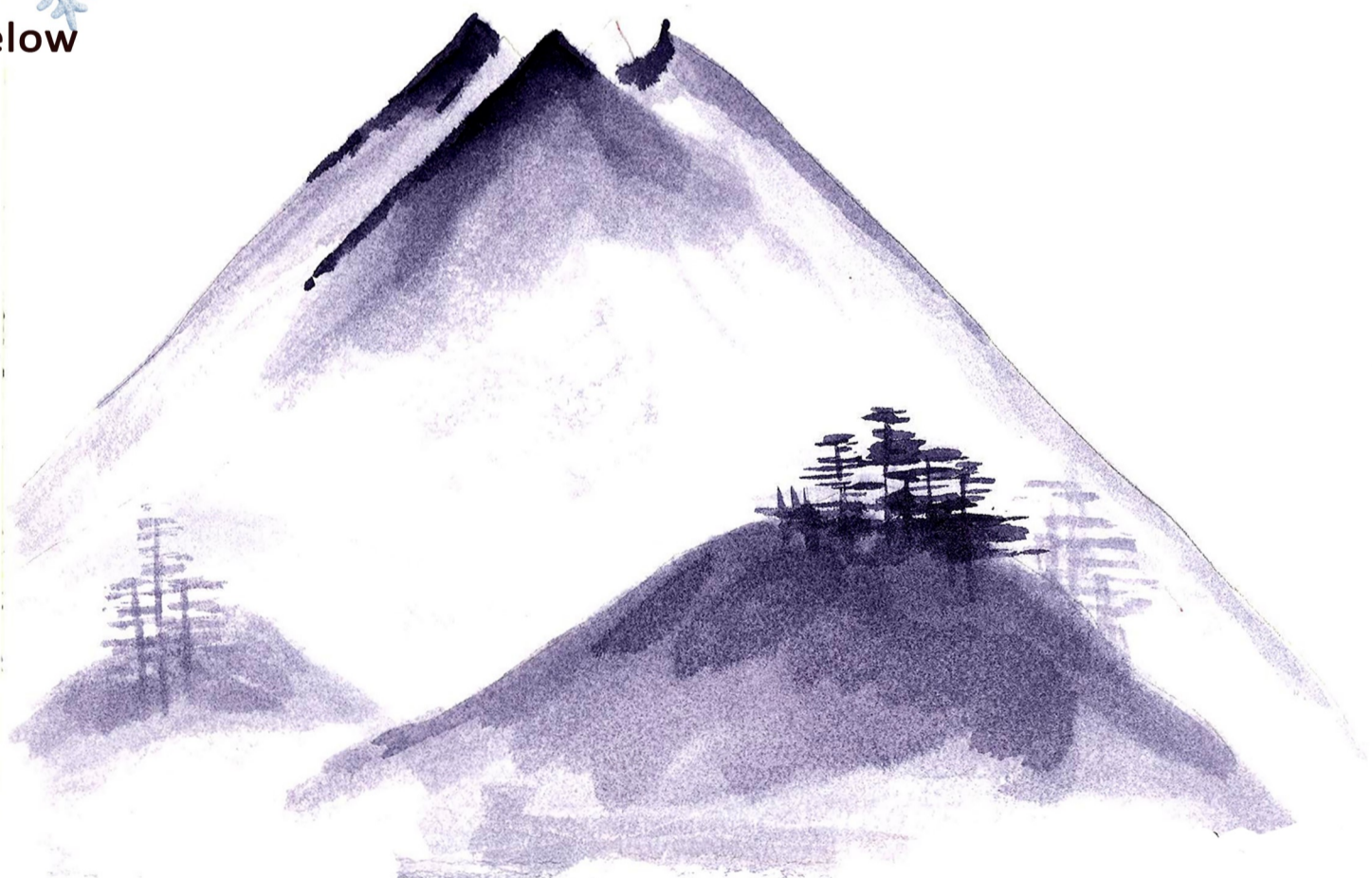
witch hazels blooming
hades loathing down below
persephone's home.

summer

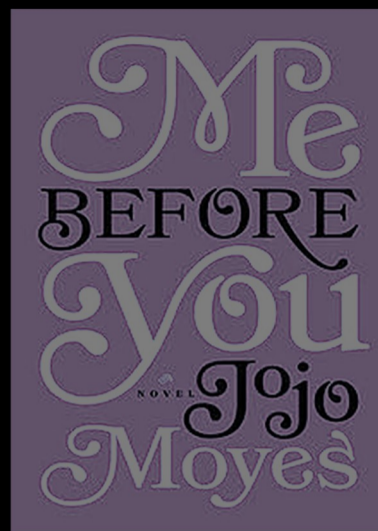
summer rays on skin
peeking through my broken heart
burning all the sins.

winter

quiet countryside
the trees dreaming of spring still
christmas lights hanging



Me before you



THE STORY REVOLVES AROUND LOU, A LASSIE IN HER MID-TWENTIES LIVING AN ORDINARY LIFE, STRUGGLING TO FIND A JOB AND WILL. THIS MALE LEAD IS A RICH YOUNG MAN, ONCE AMBITIOUS, WHO WAS LEFT PARALYZED AFTER A MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT. LOU ENDS UP BEING WILL'S CARETAKER AND LIKE THE UNLUCKY GIRL WAS, SHE FOUND IT QUITE AN ARDUOUS TASK TO BALANCE THE MATTERS IN HAND. IF YOU EXPECT A CHEESY STORY WITH QUIRKY ROMANTIC SCENES, THIS ISN'T THE STOP FOR YOU. THROUGHOUT THE BOOK, THE AUTHOR PORTRAYED A FOGGY LOVE STORY (BUT NOT TOO MISTY) MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH LIFE'S TOUGH TIMES. THE BOOK SHOWS HOW EFFORTLESSLY THE AUTHOR STRUNG HER WORDS TOGETHER, ALLOWING LOVE AND PAIN TO KNIT A BEAUTIFUL PICTURESQUE IN THE MINDS OF THE READERS. ALTHOUGH IT WAS RELEASED AS A MOVIE IN 2016, THE BOOK IS A MUST-READ ROLLERCOASTER OF EMOTIONS.

KAAVIYA BALAKRISHNAN, 2ND YR BIOTECH



To the most awaited fest, and to the most treasured times, to the edge "of" tomorrow, and to hone raw talent, Auditions 2018 finally welcomed freshers with the stage they dreamt of and the friendly neighborhood they wished for, all their life.

Absolute development isn't a direct result of academics but expressing one's interest by involving in other activities completes life, in general. Expression of talent on stage is a great way to gain experience and confidence. Crescent institute and all its specialized clubs responsible for various forms of art such as singing, dancing, literature, photography and acting, came forward and conducted a talent-search event, Auditions 2018!

Orchestrated by the Indian society for training and development Crescent (ISTD-C) and facilitated by the various clubs under it, such as Crescent Music Club, C Square, Crescent Dramatics Team, Crescent Literary Society, Crescent Photography Club and Crescent Media Club, the event held on 14th August 2018 was a grand success.

The event was inaugurated by the Dean of student affairs and in no time the stage was set for the singing auditions. An average of 45 talented students participated and left the audience mesmerized with their melodious voices, while some hit the right chord and won cheers from the spectators.

CLS
in
PIMS

Day 1
Kaaviya: 1st prize
Haiku

Fatah and Barathan: 1st Four
pics one word

Day 2
Barathan: 1st Block and Tackle
Sriram: 2nd Block and Tackle
Abhishek: 3rd Block and Tackle

Day 3
Abhishek: 1st, Shipwreck
Sriram: 2nd, Shipwreck

Adzap 1st:
Team: Kaaviya,
Abhishek,
Sriram,
Barathan,
Fatah

CLS ACHIEVEMENTS CORNER



The beats then thrilled the stage and the audience cried in joy, for the moves were tested of syncing perfectly with the high and low notes of music. Yes, it was the C square's turn, to dig for raw talent in terms of dance. Nearly 32 participants entertained the crowd with their graceful fluidity, with everyone having a unique style.

Meanwhile, pens were also boogying to the tunes of the heart. The writing and oratory auditions were held simultaneously, where about 40 contestants penned down their own little interpretations of the prompts given in the form of stories and poems. The oratory events demanded quality in language, quick thinking, and innovative interpretation of the prompts specified.

Around 15 students participated for acting and 50 for R&D and D&D, 30 for meme creation, 60 for the art club and 50 for photography. Undoubtedly,

After a short break, there was a variety pro show splendidly put up by Team Dramatix welcomed by thunderous rounds of applause by the audience.

The whole show was anchored by the Voice Jockey of the Crescent Voice Channel.

The first event of the academic year then wrapped up. The phenomenal performers were handpicked by the respective club heads to facilitate an ambience for their art to color the talent canvas of the clubs and to polish their flair, bringing glory to the college now and forever.

Gear up fellas! This is just the threshold of the fun-filled house we have in store for you.

PREESHA, 2ND YR BIOTECH

The Perfect Homecoming

Submission: Mehran Saquib 1st year ECE

My shirt started wetting up by the trails of tears that rolled down from her cheeks ending up in my shirt. I hugged her tightly, one last time, as I geared up to leave for California for higher studies. I consoled my mom, promising her I'd be back in 2 years. I turned around one last time to bid adieu to my parents, my younger brother and an elder sister as I embarked towards one of the most ambitious journeys of my life. After spending a couple of months, a realization dawned over me: "Home is where the heart is." I had rented out an apartment in the city but it lacked the family transforms a house into a home lacked. Skype calls may as well remind you of loved ones but never can they give you bliss of feeling them. I was missing them, my mother's undefinable love and care, dad's heartfelt advice concluded by his experience, playing outdoors and getting wet in the rain, the bone crushing hugs and all the nights spent on my sister's lap roasting her thanks to my daily doses of issues and she listening to them all calmly, comforting me. I missed all those things, I missed my family. I stayed patient throughout this phase of life and focused on studying hard, aiming at making my father proud. Days passed by and soon months later followed years and the day finally came when I would return back to my family, back home.

As soon as I came out of the airport, I saw my father standing outside the airport leaning on the car, opening his arms when his son was sighted, with pride glistening in his eyes. He patted me on his back and exclaimed "I'm proud of you son." And that was the best homecoming I could have ever received in a lifetime. Just as I thought that this was the best I could've ever wished for, fate proved me wrong, yet again, when a somebody hopped over me and said, "I missed you, Bhai." And those words were enough to make my heart flutter. My sister walked towards me and placed a gentle kiss on my head, before whispering "Nights were seriously boring without you Nobody slept on my lap to rant out their problems." I smacked her arm playfully and spot my mother standing couple of steps away with tears waiting to spill out. I hugged her tightly and blunted out "I missed you Mom." To which she replied, "Me too, son, and you have not only made your father proud but all those people who had faith in you." She extended her hands out for the rest of my siblings to join and exclaimed "My heart feels complete after a long time." And we all smiled in union.

Now that's what I call "The Perfect Homecoming."

Straight from the Gut

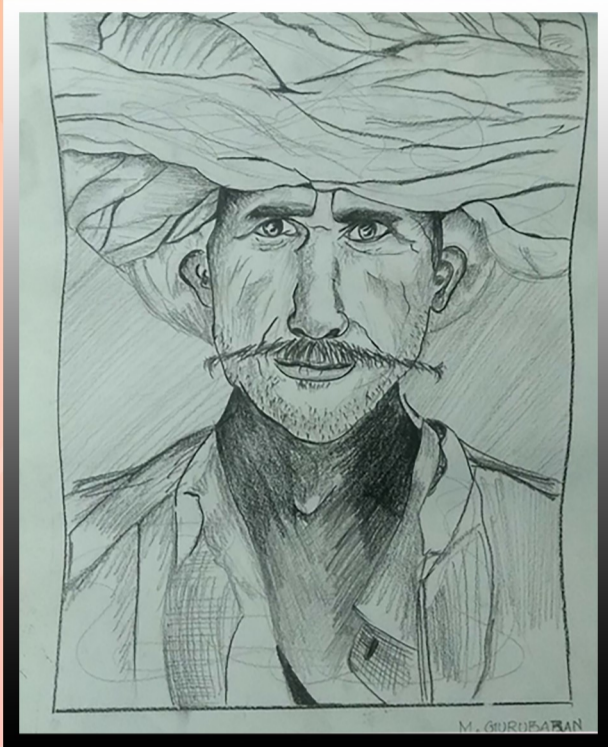
Pouring out my life on paper started at the tender age of 8. Poetry reigned my lands and the way I started thinking became different and mystical. My imagination grew each day and so did my craze for words. Becoming an author, that was my ambition. Engineering was never what I wanted, but nevertheless, I was doing it. Doodling on my sociology notebook I thought how miserable I was, not being able to do what I really wanted. As if they heard me three people came inside the classroom and started talking about the literary club. I started smiling like a dimwit as soon as I heard it. Wanting to make something out of the chance, I waited for the day the auditions were being held. I'd be a bad liar if I said the wait wasn't nerve wrecking.

The day started with me being all hyped up for the auditions. That's normal, right? I walked into the 'shades area', a place I wasn't familiar with. Being the introvert I was, I walked in with all the awkwardness I could muster and stood there like a boring log. Some people were familiar while most weren't and that scared the living wit out of me. But that soon dissolved as soon as they spoke to me, but once an introvert, always an introvert I guess. Literally snatching the question paper I went to the nearest table and read through it. Did they actually know that I write on such topics? My insecurity spoke way too much, asking her to shut up for heaven's sake I started penning down my thoughts. The audition wasn't boring like I assumed, in fact, it was the other way round. I was writing and listening to what was going on and trust me, I enjoyed every bit of it. It had been quite a while since I'd laughed like that. I regretted finishing writing and having to leave so quickly only to get stuck with Java programming... But the day couldn't have gotten any better.

By samyuktha prasanan

CRESCENT IDEA ARCHIVE SUBMISSIONS

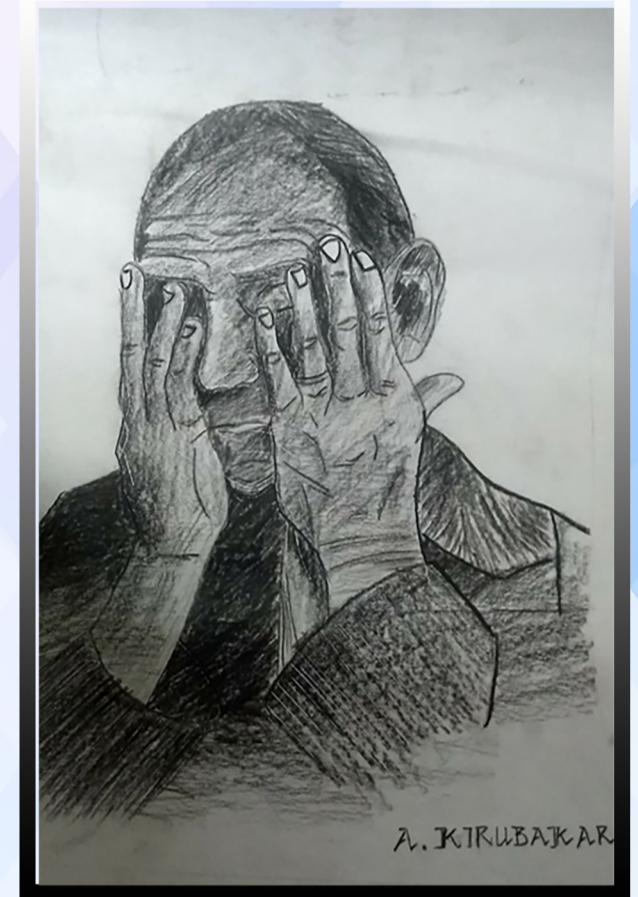
GURUBARAN, 1ST YR ARCH



HARINI 3RD YR CIVIL



KIRUBA 1ST YR ARCH

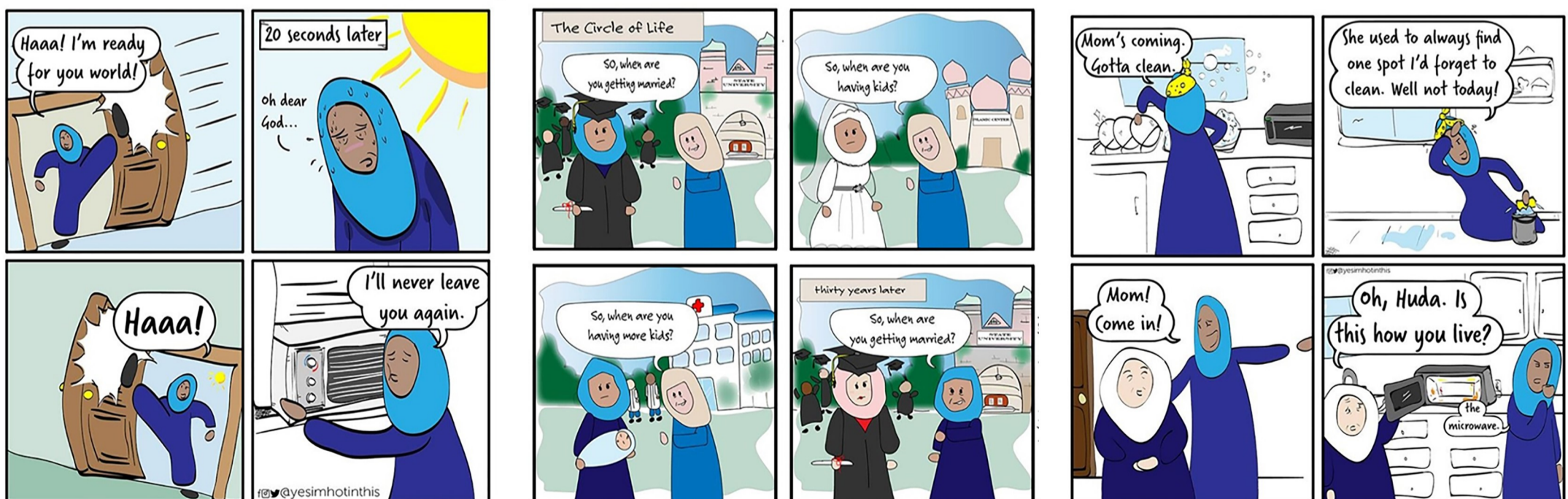


SUNIL RAAJ 2ND YR MECH



SHAHNAZ AFREEN 2ND YR BSC BIOTECH

IG COMIC STRIP (@YESIMHOTINTHIS)



Saluting the Makers of the Nation

- EXCLUSIVE INDEPENDENCE DAY REPORT

BY NOUREEN TAJ, 4Y, CSE

Think patriotism is loyalty and a salute to the fighters of our nation? No, that's just not it. Patriotism is also the silent prayer wishing peace to the nation and its inhabitants while being thankful to the evolution of the country, despite the shortcomings we faced as a family. Patriotism, moreover, is hoping that if our land had a voice of its own, we are tending to it and will always tend to it in the future, come what may.

Independence Day celebrates the overwhelming victory of our great freedom fighters with this everlasting patriotism and independence in its essence.

The 72nd Independence Day was distinguished by a phenomenal ceremony at our institute on the 15th of August. The partakers were the Students of B.S.A Crescent Institute, Kilakarai Buhari Aalim Arabic College, Crescent School and Staff members. The red carpet was rolled out for the flag hoisting ceremony. The ceremony commenced after a heart-warming welcome speech by the Principal of Crescent School. The waiting flag was then hoisted by our Registrar, Dr A. Azad sir, along with Senior General Manager, the Principal of Crescent school, the Dean (SIS) and the Dean of Students Affairs. Following the national anthem and flag song, our beloved registrar delivered the Independence Day address with gusto. Students of our institute in association with the students of Crescent school had performances ready exclusively for the occasion. The boys and girls from the school of Arabic and Islamic studies saluted the day with their patriotic songs and what's more, capturing the day with his own zest, Sir Jalal (Senior GM) enlightened the day with his melodious verse as well!

There was one more performance that captivated the attendees. It was Mr. Surya R., studying BBA in Crescent Institute, who demonstrated Silambam with yoga on the occasion.

Winding-up the ceremony on a good note, the vote of thanks was delivered by the Dean (Arabic college). All in all, patriotism diffused its presence in the air of BSA Crescent Institute, then and forever.



Independence Day



HALL OF FAME



PLUG INTO NIRVANA

RIDE by 21pilots

"Ride" is a song written and recorded by American musical duo Twenty One Pilots, from their fourth studio album, Blurryface. It's full of thoughts on death, life, and living.

GIRLS LIKE YOU by Maroon5

"Girls Like You" is a song by American band Maroon 5 and serves as the ninth track on the band's sixth studio album, Red Pill Blues (2017). "Girls Like You" is an upbeat love song in which Adam Levine shows his appreciation for his girl after overcoming a difficult time in their relationship.

GOD IS A WOMAN by Ariana Grande

"God Is a Woman" (stylized in sentence case) is a song by American singer Ariana Grande's fourth studio album Sweetener (2018). The underlying theme throughout the "God Is a Woman" video is the strength of womanhood, which Grande highlights in the video

REASONS by Jillian Jacqueline

"Reasons" is the first single from the EP "Side A" by singer Jillian Jacqueline. The underlying theme of the song is about the difficulty of coming out to parents/friends/family and the various reasons that we come up with.

BOY by Lee Brice

"Boy" is the lead single of the album Lee Brice by American country music singer Lee Brice. This Nicolle Galyon and Jon Nite-penned song is a father conversing with his son about growing up in a man's world and treating people right.

Yea...I'm just calling
to remind you
...It's Movie Night



THE MAN FROM EARTH

The man from earth is a unique blend of biological fantasy, theology and mind games. The science fiction opus directed by Richard Schenkman follows Professor John Oldman, a scientist who summons a group of associates to his house one night, and strikes them with a revelation that he is a 14,000 years-old immortal and not a normal human, who has survived centuries of evolution from Cro-Magnon Era to the present.

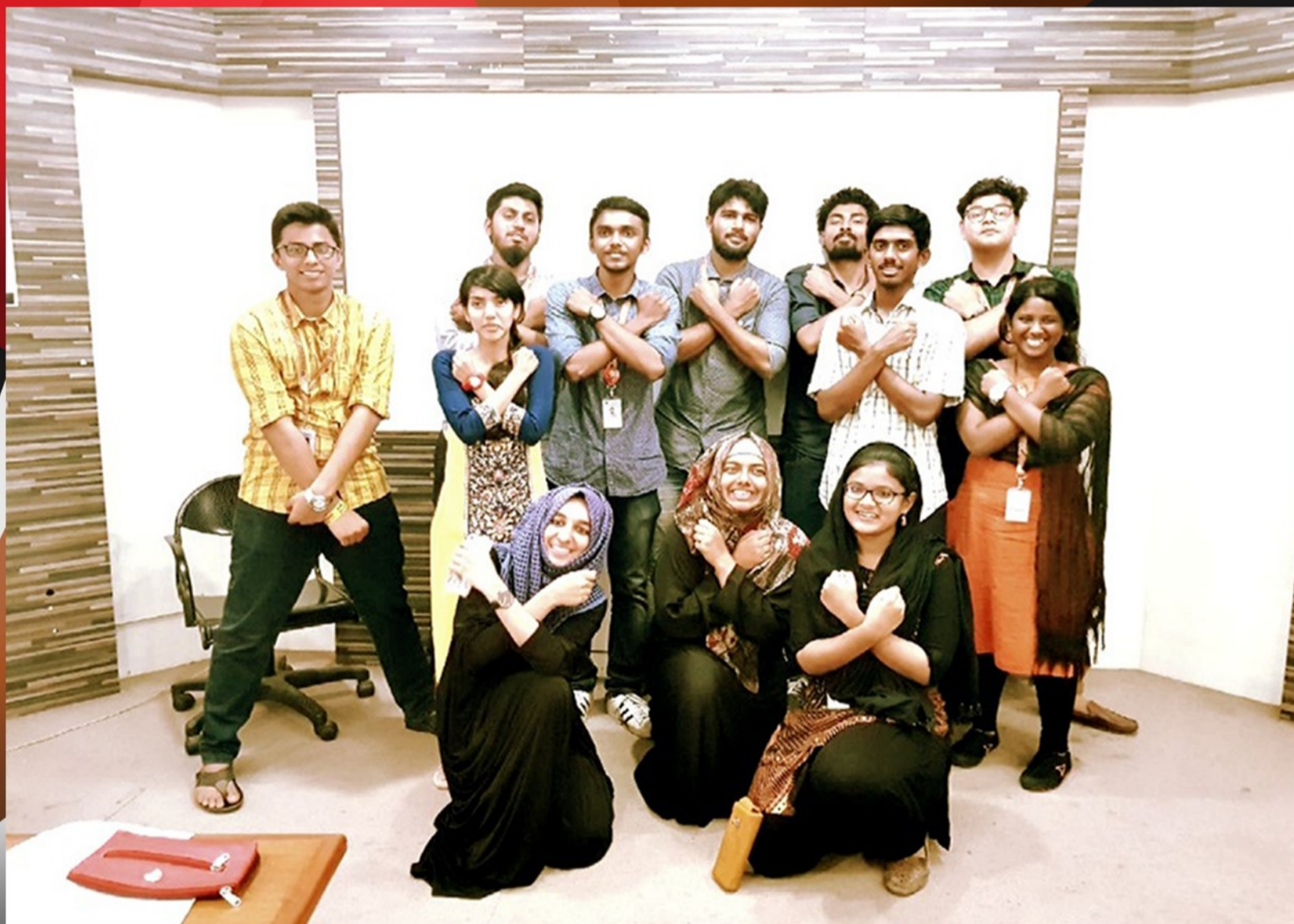
The plot advances through intellectual arguments between Oldman and his fellow colleagues, and is entirely composed of dialogue. Professor Oldman's assertions about himself challenge the men on spiritual, scientific and historical levels.

The movie with a runtime of 87 minutes released on October 19, 2007 and is available on Amazon prime.

Staff Coordinator: Dr. P. Rathna
Convenor: Dean Student Affairs, Major General Gurdeep Singh Narang



CRESCENT LITERARY SOCIETY



EDITOR'S NOTE

IT'S A COMMON THOUGHT THAT CROSSES MINDS OF MOST PEOPLE I KNOW THAT WRITING IS HARD. SOME SAY IT DEPENDS ON YOUR MOOD AND OTHERS DELIBERATELY BLAME IT ON THEIR VOCABULARY. PART OF THIS CROWD ALSO LIKES TO SAY THAT EVERYTHING THEY WRITE ENDS UP BEING A COMMON THOUGHT ON SOCIAL MEDIA. THIS HINDERS THEIR THINKING PROCESS AND TAKES THEM TO A NO-MAN'S-LAND WHERE THEY REFUSE TO PUT ANY EFFORT IN WRITING WHAT THEIR HEARTS WHISPER.

WRITING, IN MY OPINION, IS INTROSPECTION OR MEDITATION. WHEN YOU BELIEVE YOU WRITE TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS AND YOUR CHARACTER'S LIFE, YOU EXCEL IN WAYS IMPRESSIONS CAN'T. AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, VOCABULARY FINDS ITS WAY IN YOUR LIFE WHEN YOUR PEN'S INK DECIDES TO LINK WITH YOUR HEART'S VOICE. LET THE INK FLOW, NEVER HESITATE TO SCRATCH OUT AND START AFRESH BECAUSE THERE LIE THE NEW IDEAS. WHEN IT COMES TO THE SUBJECT OR OBJECT OF YOUR PIECE, IMAGINE HOW YOU WOULD EXPLAIN YOUR STORY TO A CURIOUS INFANT. METAPHORS AND SIMILES ARE THE GO-TO POWERUPS IN THIS CASE. NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE BEAUTY OF SILENCE AND THE NOTHINGNESS IN DARK ROOMS, FOR THEY REPRODUCE THOUGHTS AND IDEAS THAT SING THEMSELVES A SONG OF MEANINGFUL LYRICS. IN THE END, YOUR DEAD CHARACTERS MAY ALSO FIND LIFE IN THE WORDS YOU WEAVE TOGETHER.

CRESCENT WRITERS GUILD IS NOW ALL SET TO PUBLISH MONTHLY E-MAGAZINES, WITH A PLETHORA OF FRESH CONTENT DELIVERED TO PERFECTION. WAIT, WHAT? YES, WE'LL NEED TONS OF WRITERS TO CONTRIBUTE THEIR SUBMISSIONS AND BE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE COLLEGE'S EDITORIAL BOARD. LET'S START WITH YOU, READER!

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO CRESCENTWRITERSGUILD@GMAIL.COM AND IF WE FIND YOUR PIECES IRRESISTIBLE, YOUR HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE. HOME.

-NOUREEN TAJ, 4Y CSE