

THE PAPER CASTLE



DON'T QUIT....

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
 When the road you're treading seems up hill,
 When the funds are low and debts are high,
 And you want to smile but have to sigh,
 When care is pressing you down a bit,
 Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
 Life is queer with its twists and turns,
 As everyone of us sometimes learns,
 And many a failure turns about,
 When he might have won if he'd stuck it out,
 Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
 You might succeed with another blow.
 Often the struggler has given up,
 When he might capture the victor's cup,
 And he leaned too late,
 When the right slipped down,
 How close he was to the golden crown,
 Success is failure turned heads out,
 The flares that of clouds of doubt,
 And you never can tell how close you are,
 It may be near when it seems afar,
 So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
 It's when things seem worst that you mustn't
 Quit.

Bertha Day
 4th Semester



As long as the mind
 is enslaved, the body can
 never be free.
 Psychological freedom, a
 sense of self-esteem, is the
 most powerful weapon
 against the long night
 of physical slavery.

The good man is free,
 even if he is a slave.
 The evil man is a slave,
 even if he is a king.
 — Seneca

BLOOD STAINS.

After huzzahs (muffled)...
 The wind is howling like this scolding
 storm inside me -
 and some reddish-brown that
 I call
 blood
 is smeared on the ground below
 the dark color,
 it just isn't it was
 on the hill stained for the evil
 scene done by another
 scene, I caught, I loved, I wanted
 whom, I didn't
 and people, the same kind
 need the black and check
 and on the deck for just a while
 by
 please. My heart is bare miles from
 safe to sleep
 it is a leader, he is the messenger to
 the
 from here to Rome, see...

— Robert Day
 4th Semester

The bird has
 in a cage thinks
 flying
 still is.

BONDAGE.....

The bondage of their minds and their souls
 was coated black with the white rolls
 of lying tears with fear of loss
 floating boundaries and barriers to cross.
 Life full of pain and broken hearts
 None really remembered, that even they
 were works of art.
 For delight they had to fight,
 Fight with our own people with the dilemma
 of skin colors and right.
 Today or tomorrow, memories still have
 people remember how they had to decide
 what they want.
 In a world for all, people have hearts
 so small.
 In a world full of hate, everyone wanted
 to change their fate.
 Freedom is what they needed, not to be
 mind and soul.

— Khushi Dholwadi
 (4th Semester)



SLAVE NARRATIVE

A slave narrative is a first person record of slavery, or the life of a slave, written by a former slave. Most written by African Americans, either born in Africa or born into American slavery. They often followed a similar structure, evolving into a fiction. Due to their historical and literary value, slave narratives were an important part of African American literature. Slaves denounced their conditions and the slavery of all other slaves and free people of color, and they were read by educated citizens.

The first slave narrative to reach a wide audience was the interesting narrative of the life of Olaudah Gullah, an African, written by himself, published in 1789. It became the model that all other slave narratives followed.

This narrative is a typical example of a (often) autobiographical account of a slave in the Americas. Over the years, there have been about 150 narratives, with the first about 150 narratives were published. In the 19th century, there were more than 2,300 slave narratives published.

SOURCE:
en.m.wikipedia

whose mind



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even if he is a slave.

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— Saint Augustine

To subjugate another
is to subjugate
yourself.

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When he might have captured the Victor's Cup,
And he learned too late,

When the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden chalice,
Success is failure turned inside out,

The silver tint of clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't
Quit.

Barsha Das
4th Semester

BLOOD STAINS...

Flies buzzing [muffled]...

The wind is howling like this scintling storm inside 'em

Saw some reddish-brown stains on that wall,

and chains were lying on the ground broken.

Painted the same color,

but just rust it was.

That is the blood stains of the ones,

who were owned by another.

They were dragged, moved, wounded
them, people?

And the people, the same blood,

and the chalk and cheese.

Looking on the deer for just a water

But, negative, their souls are miles from
Kaleidoscope.

Is a feather, below the threshold of
inspiration.

Remember... remember...

- Rahul Das

- B.A. 4th Semester
Department of English

The good
even if
The evil
even if

To be
is to
your

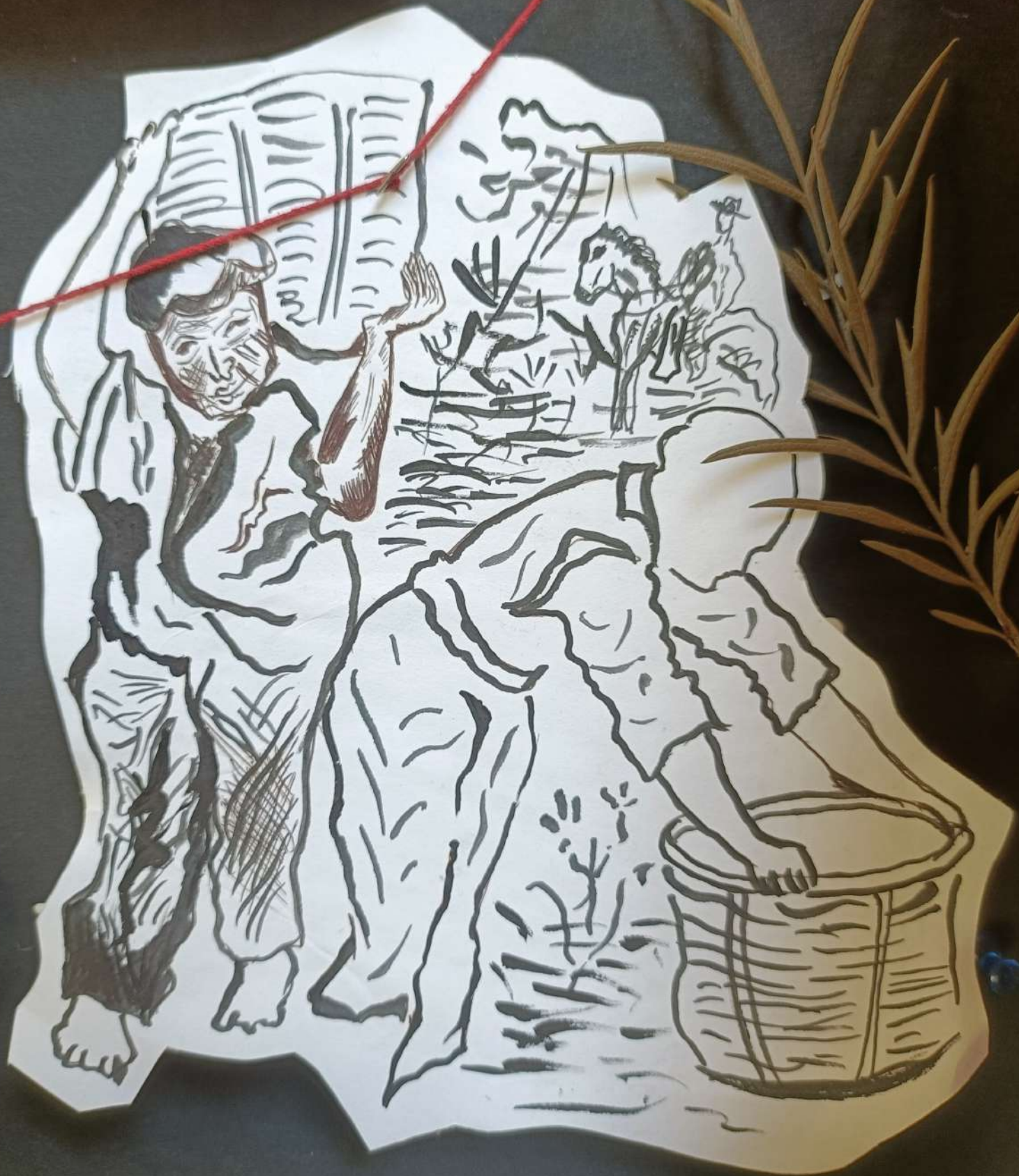
The
in a
flying
still



- Rahul Das

- B.A. 4th Semester
Department of English, PC

Business.



- Khasi Dwivedi
(4th semester)



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The bondage of their minds and their soul
ones were coated black with the white rolls
Crying tears with fear of loss
Having boundaries and barriers to cross.

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None really remembered, that even they
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Fight with our own people with the difference
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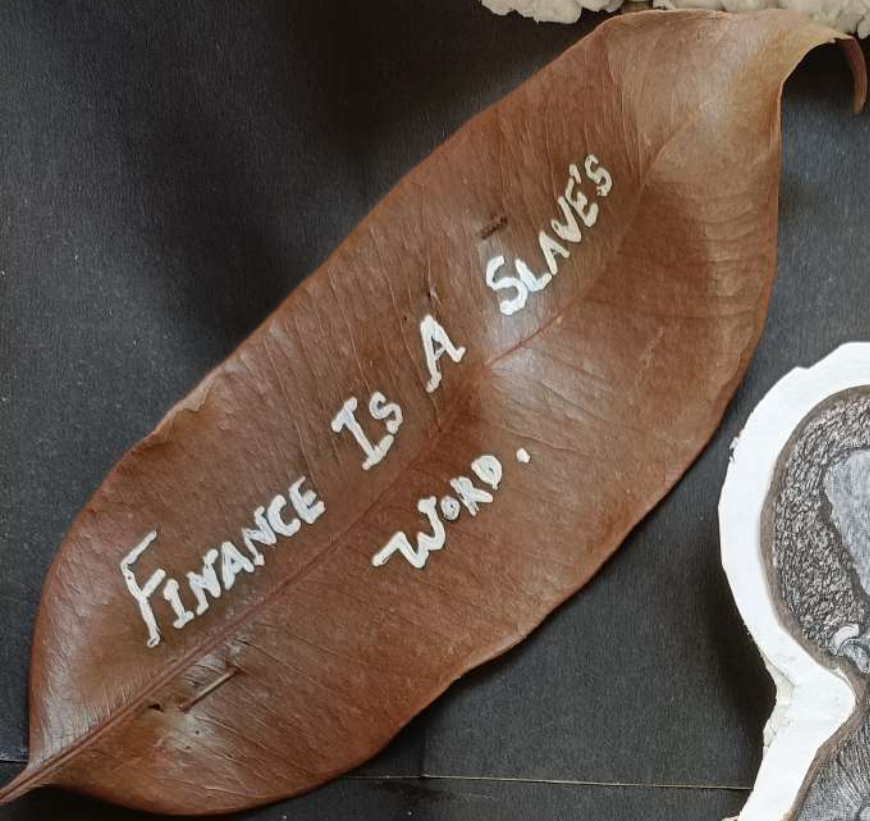
In a world full of hate, everyone wanted
to change their fate.

Freedom is what they needed, be it to be
mind or of soul.

- Khushi Dwivedi
(4th semester)



PRINCIPAL



But
And
That
It w
If I w
I can
I m
To wh
That's t



FINANCE IS A SLAVE'S
WORD.

