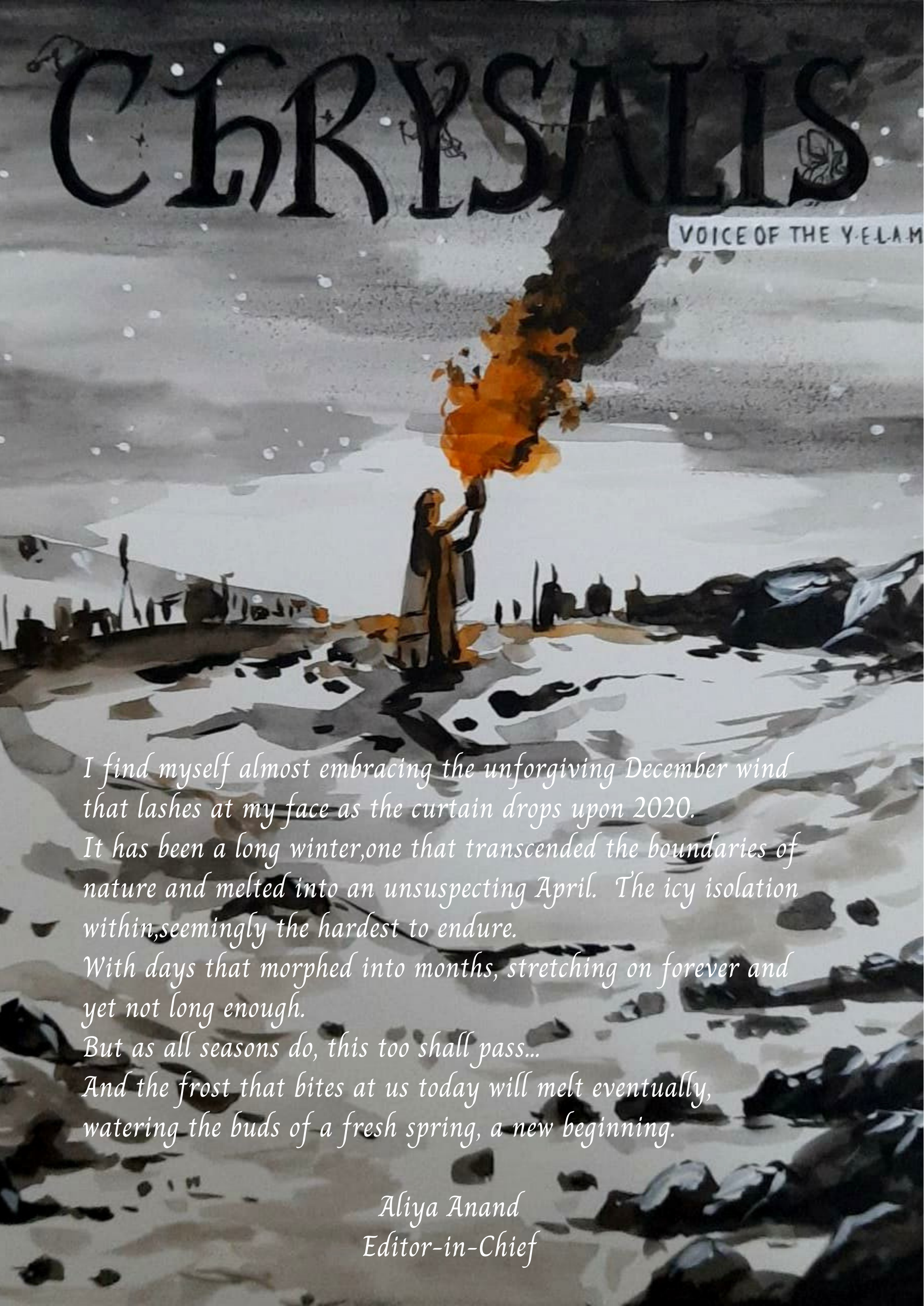


CRYSTALS

VOICE OF THE Y-ELAM



I find myself almost embracing the unforgiving December wind that lashes at my face as the curtain drops upon 2020. It has been a long winter, one that transcended the boundaries of nature and melted into an unsuspecting April. The icy isolation within, seemingly the hardest to endure. With days that morphed into months, stretching on forever and yet not long enough. But as all seasons do, this too shall pass... And the frost that bites at us today will melt eventually, watering the buds of a fresh spring, a new beginning.

*Aliya Anand
Editor-in-Chief*

VINCENT AND HIS STARS

WHERE I SIT NOW, IT IS BLEAK AND
DESOLATE. I CROUCH WITH A
BANDAGED EAR AMONG THE
UNBROKEN WHEAT FIELD.

IN MY WORLD, I AM A
CREATOR, SURROUNDED BY THE
SCENT OF FRESH PAINT AND
OLIVES, DREAMING AT THE SIGHT OF
THE STARS HUNG UP IN THE SKY, BUT
IN OTHERS EYES, I AM A MADMAN, IF
YOU WILL.

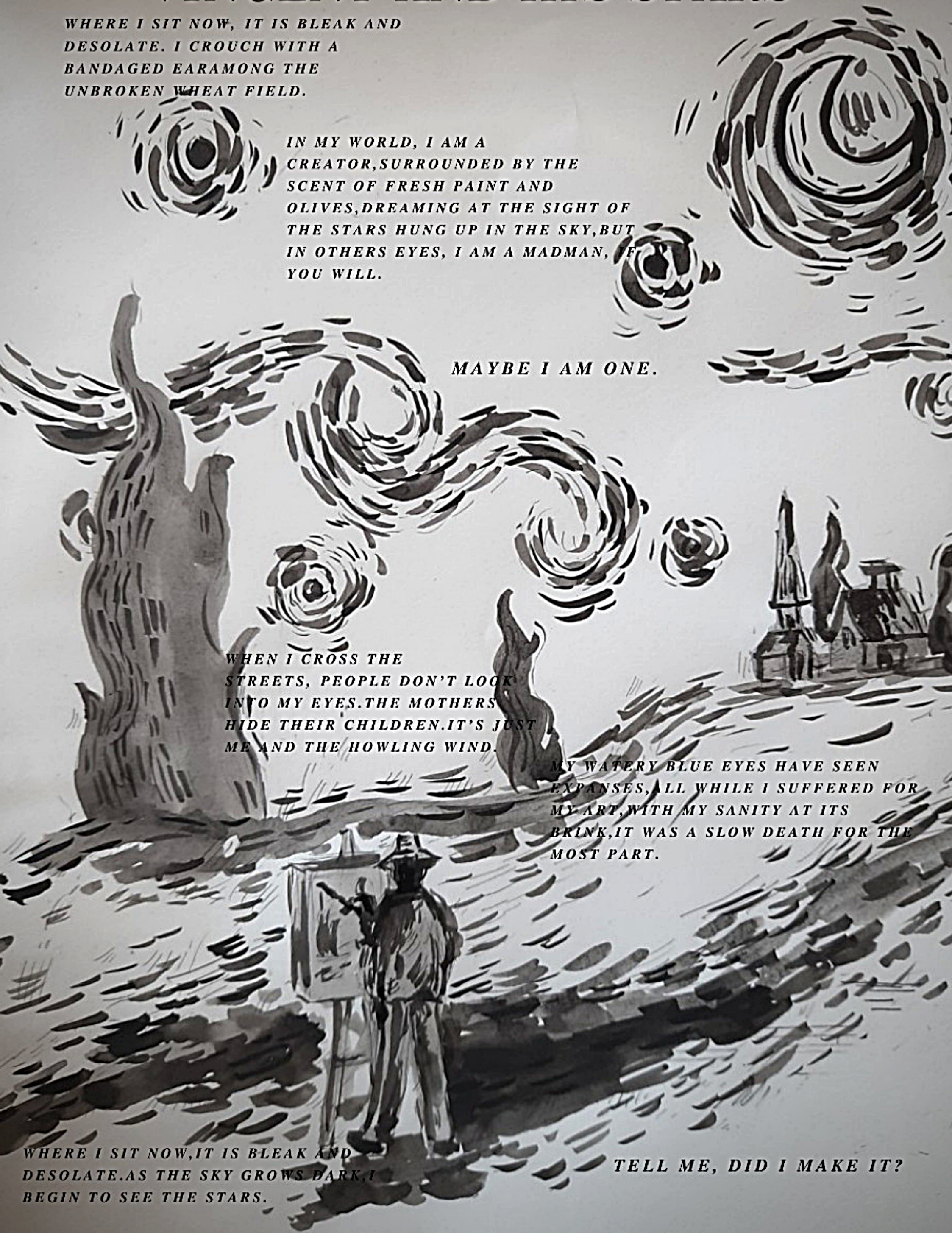
MAYBE I AM ONE.

WHEN I CROSS THE
STREETS, PEOPLE DON'T LOOK
INTO MY EYES. THE MOTHERS
HIDE THEIR CHILDREN. IT'S JUST
ME AND THE HOWLING WIND.

MY WATERY BLUE EYES HAVE SEEN
EXPANSES, ALL WHILE I SUFFERED FOR
MY ART, WITH MY SANITY AT ITS
BRINK, IT WAS A SLOW DEATH FOR THE
MOST PART.

WHERE I SIT NOW, IT IS BLEAK AND
DESOLATE. AS THE SKY GROWS DARK, I
BEGIN TO SEE THE STARS.

TELL ME, DID I MAKE IT?



A BATTLE IN VERSE

They say

"don't look a gift horse in the mouth"

Ignore my calls and venture south

"Timelessly terrifying"! wassailing in the
neighbourhood

From Ystradgynlais to Beddgelert, creeping through
the woods...

MARY LWYD:

I rap on your door and a pasty head peeks out
You scream, and you yelp, and you shout right in my snout

"I challenge you, my friend, to a battle of prose!
of wit, banter and intellect I bring an annual dose

Your house in shambles, your shrubs uncut
A garden full of brambles stuck in an endless rut
Succumb to good old Mary Lwyd
and spend your days asleep yet freed!"

CIVILIAN:

Convince yourself of your superior verse
Believe me when I say I haven't heard worse

You talk of my house askew
look at your skull shivering in the dew!

My hair is lustrous,
my skin tight with youth
your bones are dull, your teeth uncouth

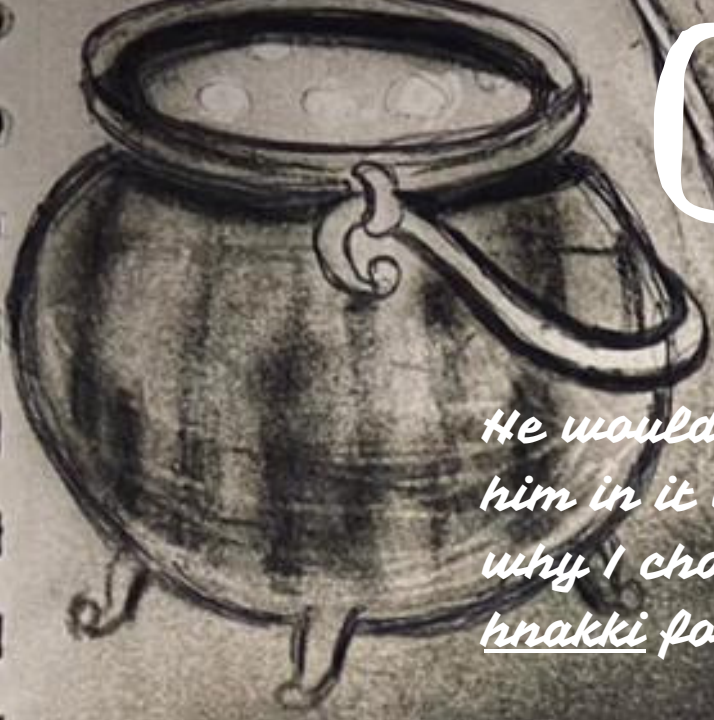
MARY LWYD:

your youth will fade,
and your skin will sag

I'll slice you and dice you and put you in my bag
minced and spiced, sauteed on a pan!
there's nothing quite as tasty as a stubborn little
man!

puny mortal you put up quite the fight
I bid you farewell and a merry night!





GRYLLA DIARIES

24/12/1468

Husband number one- *Gustur*

He wouldn't get on with the butter in preparing the stew, so I threw him in it and did it for him! His old skin was chewy, I understand why I chose to stick to children. Ah well. He looked too much like a hnakki for my taste anyway....

24/12/1623

Husband number two- *Boli*

He scared away the softest, meatiest looking girl I've seen in a while last night! The opolinmoo fifl didn't know it all comes with the water! The incompetency of their sex never ceases to amaze me. His bones are now holding up my shelter, and as expected, not very well!

24/12/1856

Husband number three- *Leppaluoi*

He is a Latur hugleysi but he carries my darling Jolakotturinn, so I might let him outlast the season. He cannot hunt but he gave me my sons and is hlyoinn enough. I might bite the molar and let him share my cave a little longer....

24-12-2020

"Find a husband he'll keep you safe" they chorus. As if! I tell them what I told my mother back when there was no way to count the years: I need only my talons and my mind!

The prey seems to be surprised that Leppluoi is at my beck and call, are mannlegt menn capable of more than sleeping and eating? I'm older than the moss that grows outside my cave, and never have I found a veioimaour who trod softer or ran faster than myself!

Icelandic Dictionary:

Get on with the butter- finish a task quickly

Hnakki- the equivalent of a male airhead

Opolinmoo fifl - impatient dimwit

it all comes with the water- good things come to those who wait

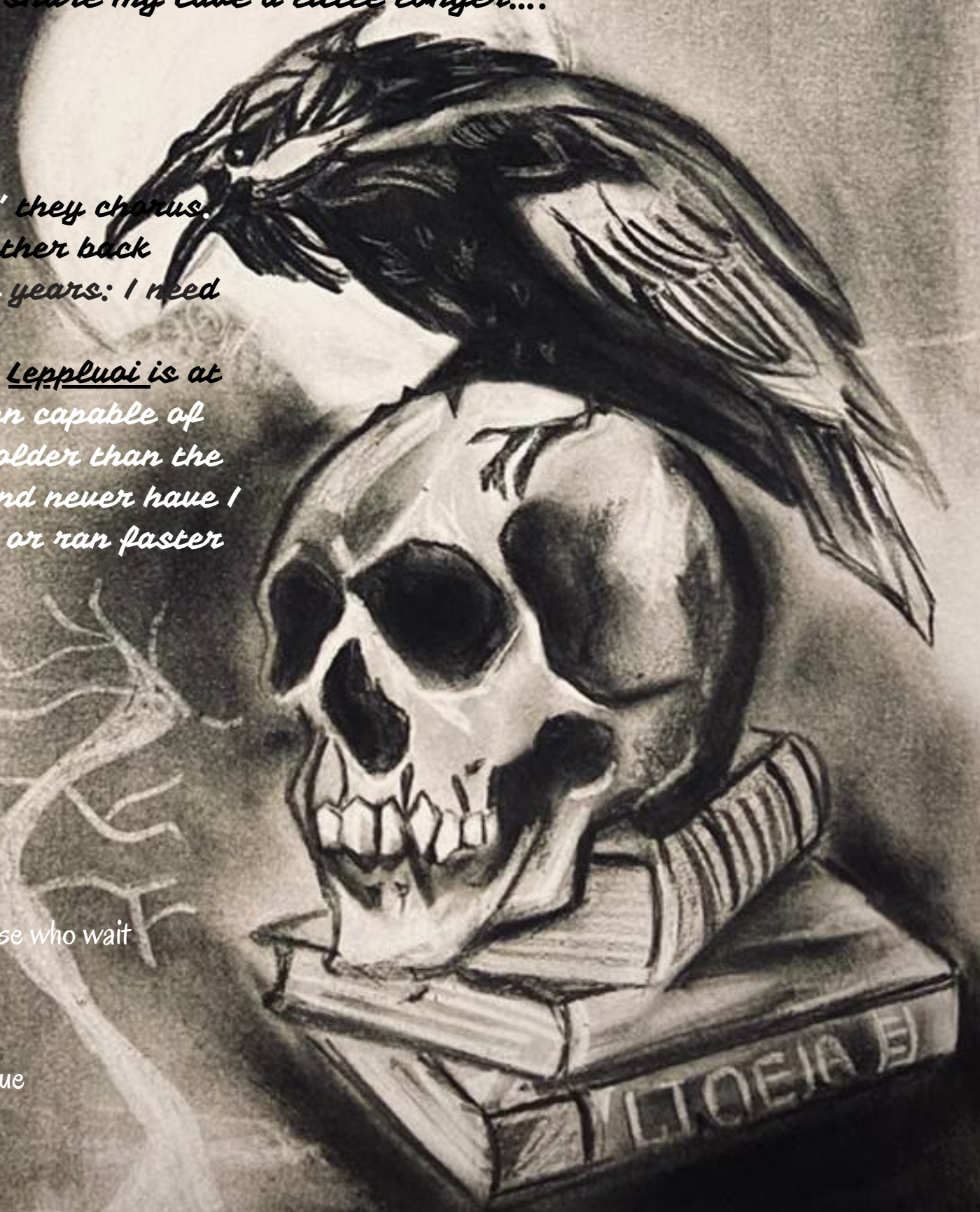
Latur hugleysi- lazy coward

Hlyoinn- obedient

Bite the molar- swallow your discomfort and continue

Mannlegt menn- human men

Veioimaour- hunter



THE NOWHERE MAN



There was an old man from Nowhere
His hair was long, and he was far from strong
But the birds bowed down when he sang his song
Such was the voice of the man from Nowhere

There was a young girl with an unsure gait
She detested her skin, her hair, and her fate
The other girls spoke of a Christmas entrenched in white
White Santa, white fences, and a white snowball fight.

chalky kings, milky babies, and sacrificial valor
Where did she fit in this season of pallor?
Alas! her silent sobbing wafted down the pier
Trickling like treacle into the old man's ear.

As slow strumming violins and timid pianos clinked
She sat, unmoving, unable to think
And then with a boing, a clink, and a clang
Down the suburban road came the Nowhere man

With melodies from far and wide
Bongos from Congo and Moroccan maracas in steady staccato
Her toes began to twiddle, and she let out a giggle
Her hips almost swaying, she lent in to hear what they were saying

As the sprightly allegros mounted to a shattering crescendo
She saw joy and elation, sorrow, and celebration
Beyond horizons and petty little lines
Skimming the boundaries of earthly ties

A spectrum of hope, of soft dewy light
Guiding the lost on a December night
And as the bongos and balafons grew soft and far
she too accepted the light of the northern star.



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