

## Message from the Issue Editor



Dear Readers,

*"Believe in yourself  
and all that you are.*

*Know that there is  
something inside*

*you that is greater than any obstacle."*

- Christian D Larson

Without a solid belief in your own potential and abilities, you are doomed to failure and mediocrity. Believing in yourself means to overcome whatever you are facing, whether they are fears, goals, etc. by being able to find ways through obstacles. It can also mean having the courage to do something differently, think positively and to establish trust for oneself. Each one of us is born with unlimited potential; with a vast pool of untapped ability. Believing in oneself is the first step to self-motivation toward achieving our dreams. The question is - are you willing to seek it out and utilize it to achieve what the future holds for you?

Society has robbed us of an understanding of who we really are. It has set boundaries for us and made us robots. We are handed a script to go through life like an actor - "go to school, get a degree, get a good job, get married, have children, advance up the corporate ladder, plan for your retirement, live off your pension,...". Self-motivation becomes easy when we expand our self-concept beyond the script given to us and have the courage to broaden our horizons. Associate with people that believe in you or, at least, won't discourage you to think differently. This way, your self-concept and motivation would be a lot healthier.

Always listen to that small inner voice. It knows more about you than you can ever imagine. If you are dissatisfied with life, could it be because deep down you have a feeling that there is more to it than what you are experiencing? Is it possible that the small voice is trying to tell you to "get

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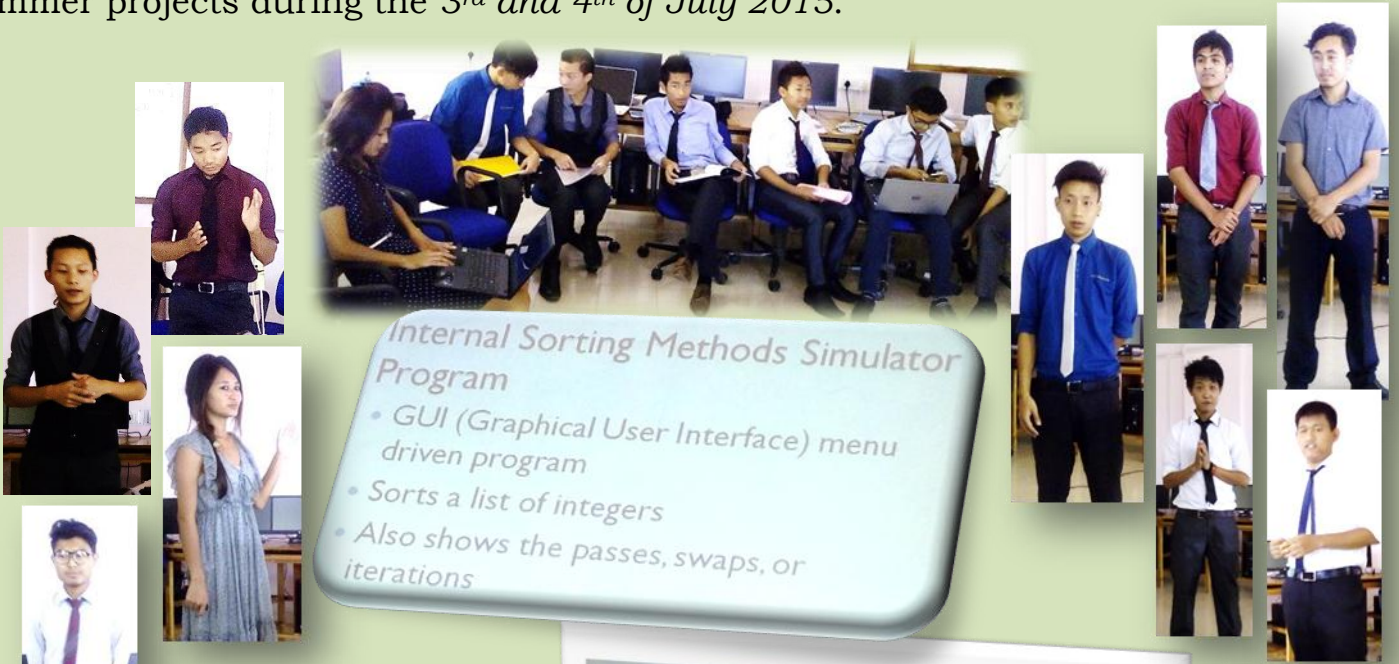
up and be the person you should be”? There will be challenges to face and changes to make in your life, and it is up to you to accept them. Don't let someone define you. Define yourself and believe in yourself.

**Ms. Aosenla Pongen**  
Faculty Associate  
Department of Economics  
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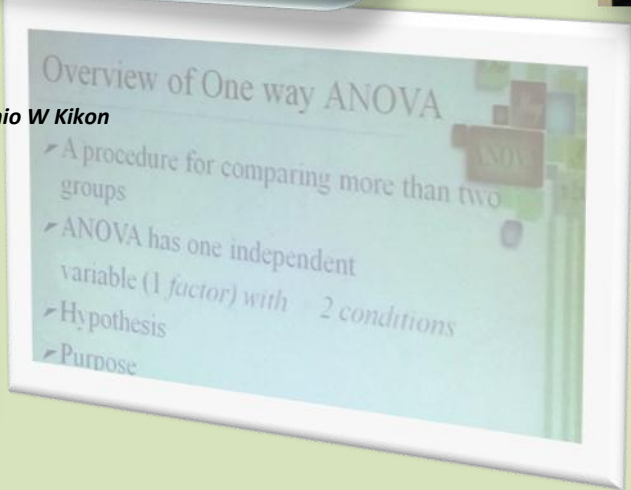
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# Campus News

**Summer Project – II Presentations:** The *BCA 4<sup>th</sup> Semester* students presented their summer projects during the *3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> of July 2015*.



Photos taken by: Achio W Kikon



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# Great Expectations (A Graphic Novel) – Part 3

Ms. Temsurenla Ozukum, Assistant Professor, Dept. of English

This graphic novel is the outcome of a class project which was conducted as part of the internal assessment for a course titled 'Fiction from Richardson to Hardy' in the MA (English) class. For this project, the class was divided into eight groups and was assigned different tasks based on the text "Great Expectations" by the Victorian novelist, Charles Dickens.

One of the groups was assigned to create a comic book based on fifteen important incidents found in the novel. They were very creative and delivered a presentation using these comic panels involving events and incidents which Pip, the protagonist undergoes and overcomes as he attains adulthood.

Here is a short summary of the novel:

Great Expectations is the coming of age story about Philip Pirrip, otherwise known as Pip. The novel is narrated by Pip, a young orphan who seeks to become a gentleman in order to earn the love of the beautiful but cold hearted Estella. Estella has been adopted by the rich but strange lady Miss Havisham to seek revenge on men. With the help from a mysterious benefactor, Pip leaves his country home in Kent for London to become a fine young gentleman. In the

process, he distances himself from the coarse life and upbringing of which Estella has made him ashamed. Eventually, Pip redeems himself and the novel ends with Pip as a matured and chastened individual.

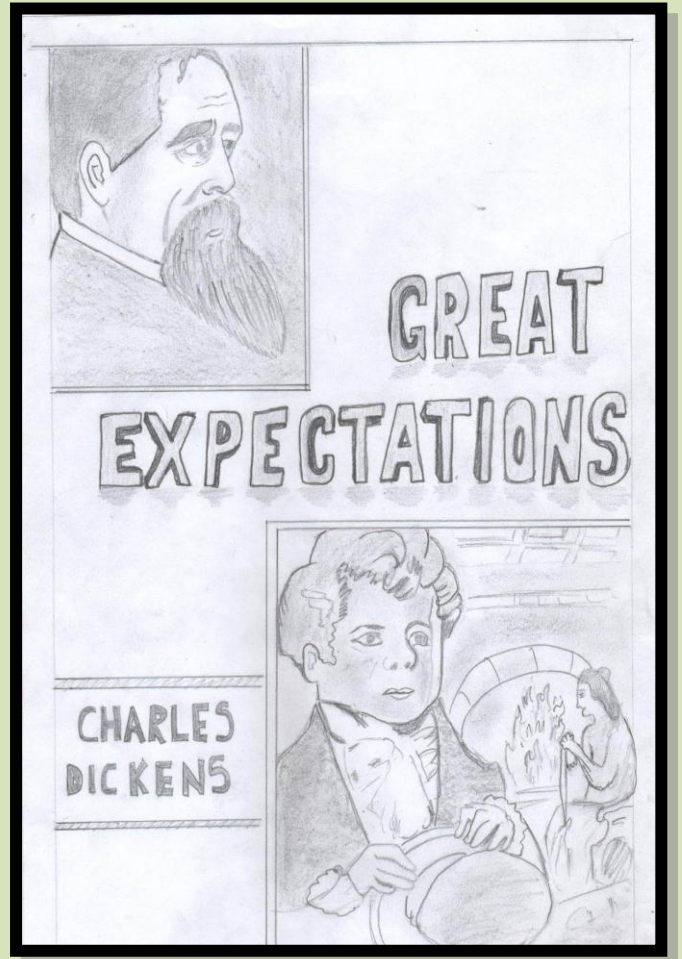


Image acquisition: Rupanka Bhuyan

This is the third installment in the series.

Incident 3: Pip's first meeting with Miss. Havisham.

Uncle Pumblechook takes Pip to Miss. Havisham's house.

Pip found the appearance of Miss. Havisham very weird. She was dressed in bridal clothes which looked old and no longer fitted her.



Pip meet my daughter, Estella... You are to play with her.

okay Miss. Havisham



On returning home

How was the house Pip?

It was very beautiful.

Pip develops a liking for Estella

He lies to his sister but he confesses everything to Joe.

He also meets a pale young gentleman at Miss. Havisham's place.



You will never become uncommon if you keep on being instead one cannot become uncommon unless he becomes common first.

I will never betray your advice



Image acquisition/processing: Rupanka Bhuyan



# Grandpa

*Mr. Inretube, MBA 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester*

The terror of the world war, the massacres of the Jews was very much alarming to every Jew hiding in neighbouring countries of Germany. “When will their war end?” asked a curious Limack Spielberg. The younger brother of Anna Spielberg. They had been living with their grandpa after the death of their parents in Austriwitch, Germany. The old grandpa replied “Well, you see my child, Hitler is an evil one and he is still alive, unless and until he dies from something the war will rages on”. “But he will die right?” The little girl Anna responded quickly. “Yes, my dear, he will. But the question is when?” The boy ran to the door upon hearing the howling sounds of the British airplanes, “Grandpa look, airplanes have come to kill Hitler.” Grandpa nodded with a smile.

Later that night both Limack and Anna could not sleep at all, the thought of Hitler being killed is what they could only fantasize of, then they hear a squeaking sound, alarmed. They both held a stick and quietly paced their way to the kitchen only to find their grandpa sitting in the big old chair, muttering something. “Grandpa?” whispered the girl, “OH! What? AH! It’s you” exclaimed grandpa. “what are you doing this late at night?” “We can’t sleep and we won’t until Hitler is killed.” The boy replied promptly. “Well my child, Hitler is protected by thousands of guards, it will very difficult to kill him” responded grandpa in an irritating tone. “But, will he die of a disease? Or may be dysentery?” quickly asked Anna. “Well yeah, it is possible”

Grandpa replied with a smirk in his face “I hear dysentery is a terrible thing to go through.” The boy getting tired, laid down on the floor, supporting his head on the table, while Anna sat on the table. Together, they talked with their Grandpa about their parents and Grandpa’s old war stories, until it was dawn. The sun gleamed in through the windows. The chickens entered through a small passageway at the door and started eating the left overs of their pet dogs Ronnicki and Alvac’s plate. The children yawned and then the grandfather carried both of



them and placed them on their beds. The girl hugged her Grandpa giving him a kiss said "Grandpa, I am so sorry about grandma, but I promise you, Hitler will surely die. If gun can't reach him, I am sure dysentery will." "Ha ha ha ..." laughed the tired Grandpa. "I'm sure it will, now rest my child. I will wake you up when breakfast is ready" then he took them in and later on went to the garden.

[Note: This article was a winning piece in the Story Writing Competition under the Literary Events of the ICFAI Fest 2015 held in January 2015.]

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# Stranger

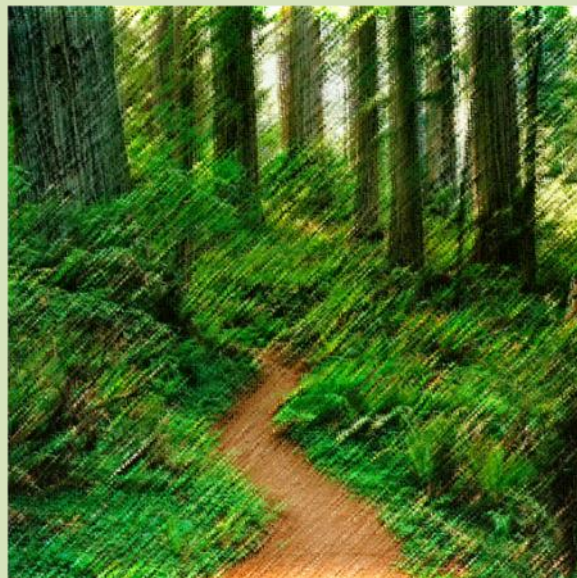
Mr. Neizovoï, MA (Eng.) 2<sup>nd</sup> Semester

It was a cold winter evening as the old man sat down on his chair and began rocking it on and on. He seemed tired and weary after the hard day out in the field. The fire kept burning as the two little children snuggled up beside the old man to hear him tell a story before they jumped off to their bed. But, the old man was tired, too tired to narrate a story, still the little boy would not take a “no” for an excuse. The grandfather heaved a deep sigh and began to tell them a story.

He started “So, my little ones, tonight I will be telling you a story of how I encountered a stranger, who followed me way back to my home.” The old man coughed twice just to make sure that his throat was clear and began telling his own story. He continued speaking in a slow heavy tone to lay more stress and emphasis. “It happened during the festive season when the roads would actually be busy with crowds of people. On the night after Christmas when all the celebration and gathering was not there. I went out on that night to drop my friend whose house was located at a distance in an isolated place...” he narrated. “The full moon was out, I walked beneath the shadows of the trees, the cool wind brushing against my face, the silence all around me but I felt no fear...”

The little boy squeaked, “Grandfather, are you not scared of the dark?”

The old man laughed, and patted the little boy on the head and continued “I was not scared of anything because no one would tell me anything to create fear inside me. On that fateful night as I was returning back after dropping my friend, I started to feel something strange. Like something wrong was going to happen. The hairs on my body stood up and a cold chill ran down my spine” he continued “I began to run towards home as fast as I could. Upon reaching home, I closed the door and laid myself down on my bed. Unknowingly, I fell into a deep slumber and lost myself in dreams.”



He carried on “I saw myself sleeping but with my eyes opened. Looking out towards the closed door. Out of nowhere I found myself walking on the same road again, but this time I met a

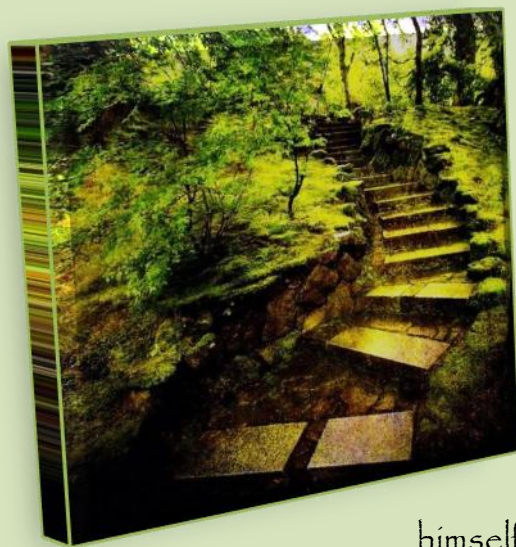


woman , a woman who lives no more. We went inside an old worn out falling hut and began to converse until a black shadow grasped my attention outside the hut. I picked up some fine stones and threw them toward the direction of that shadow; it vanished. Then the scene shifted to my room. I slept there just exactly the way I was; my eyes were not closed yet. After a few seconds, a black cat crept out from under the bed and began to circle around me..."

The little girl cried, "And what happened after that grandpa?"

The old man grew serious, "The black cat would not let me go. When finally it stopped circling round me, sat on the edge of my bed and began to stare at me in the eyes. I couldn't move neither could I wake up. I cried for help but no one seemed to hear. At last after several attempts, I woke up with sweat covering the whole of my body..."

The old man spoke on "They never told me that there was a burial site located on that road which has become invisible due to the roads and the houses. Have they told me so, I would have never crossed that path...I didn't like the fact that I brought a stranger back home with me..."



Then turning his head towards the little boy, he said, little one. Don't go out there on your own."

The little boy put his finger inside his mouth and began to giggle. He was not scared neither was he frightened. He was pretty sure that grandpa had cooked up the story to just scare him and make him stay at home.

As he lay on his bed , the little boy kept thinking about it and when morning came he discarded the warning of the old man and ventured out to the place to see for himself if anything would follow him back home. He ran out of the house in a hurry. He would not listen to his sister screaming at him to have his breakfast.

The little boy just ran out filled with excitement and curiosity. Not long after, the little boy left. The old man looked out towards the sky from his window, the black clouds above him, a faint sound of thundering and the rain came splashing down with full force. The wind began to blow hard. It took hours and hours for the rain to stop but the little boy never returned home. Where did he go, no one knows and the old man still sits on in the evening beside the fire place, rocking his chair, staring into the fire, saying to himself “You should have listened to me, little boy.”

“Disobedience leads one into trouble and ruin.”

[**Note:** This article was a winning piece in the *Story Writing Competition* under the *Literary Events* of the *ICFAI Fest 2015* held in *January 2015*.]

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# Photo-Synthesis (Photo Gallery)



“Contemplation”

Photograph taken and contributed by - *Mr. Hamidul Islam. BA 4<sup>th</sup> Semester.*

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