



MINDSCAPE

EMAGAZINE 2023
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY
VICTORIA INSTITUTION (COLLEGE)

Foreword

Welcome to the first issue of our psychology E-magazine “MINDSCAPE”, where we explore the intricate tapestry of the human mind. In a world that is constantly evolving, understanding our thoughts, emotions, and behaviours is more important than ever.

This edition brings together cutting-edge research, insightful articles, and personal stories that illuminate the complexities of mental health and well-being. From the latest findings in cognitive neuroscience to practical strategies for emotional resilience, our contributors offer a diverse range of perspectives designed to inspire and inform.

As we navigate the challenges of modern life, we hope this E-magazine serves as a valuable resource, fostering connection and encouraging deeper reflection on the psychological aspects of our daily experiences. Thank you for joining us on this journey of discovery and growth.

Happy reading!

— The Editorial Team

Dolon Dawn

Phooljani Ghosh

Sankalita Mukherjee

Department of Psychology



SIMONTI MITRA

SIMONTI MITRA
SEMESTER VI 2023

স্মৃতি চরন :

আমাদের আর কখনো দেখা হবে না

তবুও ফেলে আসা পথে নতুন স্মৃতি জমা হবে

ফেলে আসা ক্লাসরুম, ক্যান্টিন, নতুন মানুষ এসে আবার ভীড়
জমা হবে

পরিত্যক্ত বসার জায়গায় ধুলো উড়িয়ে আবার নবগত আড্ডা
জমা হবে

আমাদের কখনো কথা হবে না

একই শহরে থাকব তবুও কখনো পাশাপাশি বসা হবে না

বুকের ভেতর ক্ষয়তে থাকবে স্মৃতিসৌধ পাহাড়, একলক্ষ যোজন
দূরত্ব নিয়ে আনন্দ, গল্প, আড্ডাগুলোও এক সময় ফিকে হতে
থাকবে,

আমরা আরো দূরে চলতে থাকব, দূর থেকে আরও দূর, আলোর
সীমারেখা পার করে অনন্ত দূরত্বে,

আমাদের আর কখনো ফেরা হবে না

তবুও ফেলে আসা পথে স্মৃতিসৌধ ফুলগুলো ছড়িয়ে থাকবে সমস্ত
উঠোন জুড়ে

আমাদের কখনো দেখা হবে না

দগদগে বেদনাগুলো ক্ষয়তে থাকবে ক্ষয়িষ্ণু দাগে,

বিস্মৃতির অতলে ডুবতে থাকবে প্রাগৈতিহাসিক গল্পগুলো

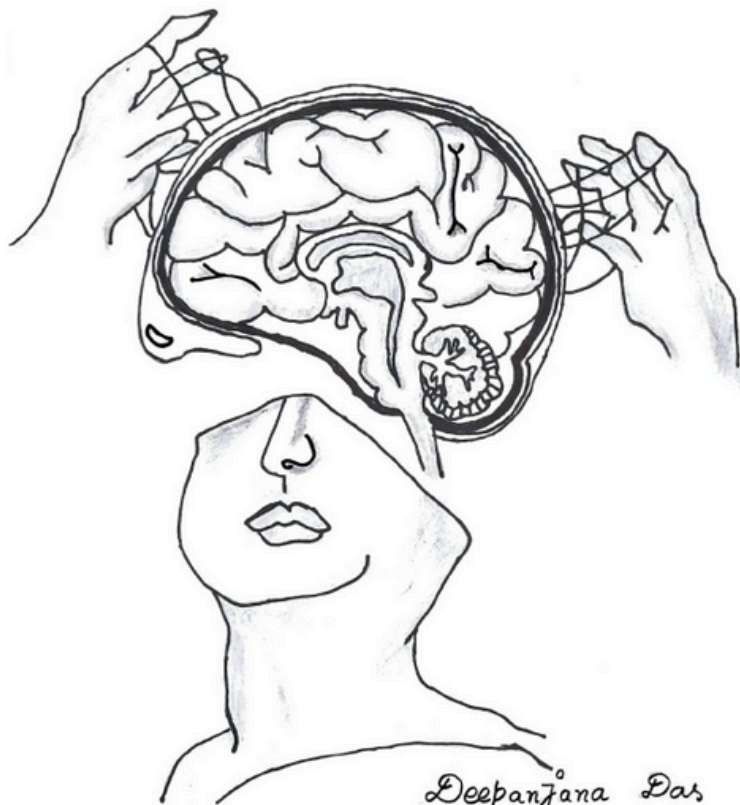
আমাদের হয়ত কথা হবে না

কথার পাহাড়গুলো হয়ত তৈরী করবে অলঙ্ঘনীয় দূরত্বের প্রাচীন
প্রাচীর . . .

- সুস্মিতা কুন্ডু



PEN AND PAPER
THE WOMEN
ATRAYEE BHATTACHARYYA
SEMESTER - IV



Deepanjana Das
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY

SEMESTER IV

The Preserver



Days sweep, time ticks

Soon months, sooner year.....andforever?

Gone is who, never come back

Imagination and regret, progressing ahead

Longed those magic to materialize....

To take me back to time

Meaningful those words, I realize today

'Wishes' were indifferent dimension

Time immobilized my soul

To run-n-embrace him in dark times

His aura graced many lives

It says....."embrace pain and time"

Feeling his endeavor, felt his heart,
Infinite love, one could always wish to be his part
But pretty human never learn
Let down his efforts...vain....all in vain

Never did he wish to medicine his pain
But just longed a smile on his family again
So much for a little boy to endure
So selfless the soul to heal us and cure

Some strings failed to tie
Failed close attempts..Thou nigh on triumph
Vague emotions, words felt true
Nothing to hold back then
But crystal is thou soul, who exclaimed 'pagli'
For eternity and beyond...



Unknown comfort soon cherished

Driven through his love and pain

Being called 'दिल चोर' once

Who took his heart once for all

Call it my fortune or your ill-fate

This witnessed our lives to change

Thou strong, stronger are roots

Who kissed your tantrums with love & grace

No truer soul embraced you

One is solid and one is soothe

Words and emotions betraying their wound

'Cause your presence is all their being

Calm and composed, just was the day

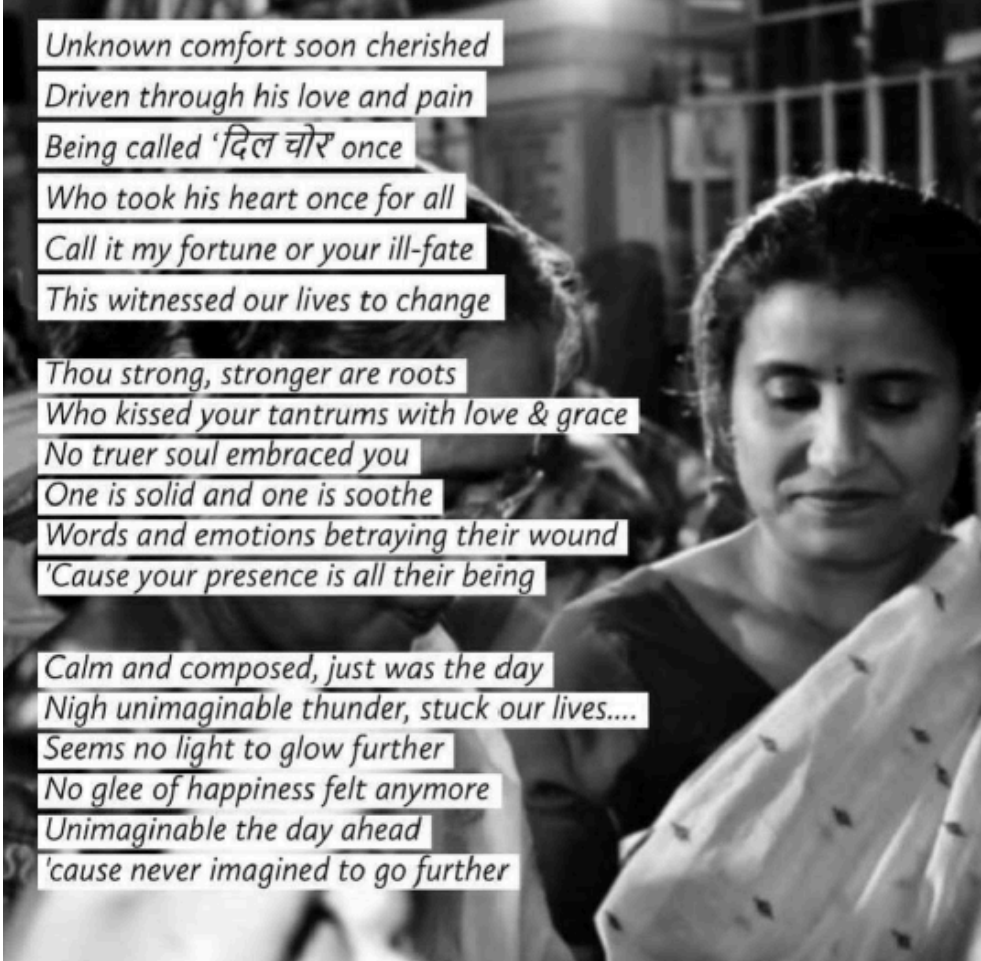
Nigh unimaginable thunder, stuck our lives....

Seems no light to glow further

No glee of happiness felt anymore

Unimaginable the day ahead

'cause never imagined to go further



The clouds never looked so different

Taking revenge for his dear

For him to suffer here so much

Tho glad to free his fears

Innocent was the soul who questioned the divine

"Why an innocent to suffer so much?"

"Isn't justice meant for all?"

Left hearts behind with eternal emptiness ?

Now is 'BELIEVE' to be believed.....

That his presence is meant for all

Her heart will always crave.....

সোবি আছে মনুস তা চারা

Gone..... Is he?

সে কোঠাই গ্যালো আর তো এলো না

ATRAYEE SEMESTER IV



SULAGNA BOSE SEMESTER IV



Womb

I was sixteen, mother.
My body was growing dreams that it couldn't contain,
I birthed dread that wouldn't stop wailing
Demanding to be fed,
To be clothed, to be bathed
In the blood of my youth
Glistening red,
My womb won't hold a child anymore,
It has been tainted by my yearning
Stretched inside out, to carry ambition
It won't coddle progeny anymore,
it ends with me
Mother,
I'd rather mother
the fiend that
Claws at my throat,
My name etched on it back

-Shreshtha Basu

S H R E S H T H A B A S U S E M E S T E R V

The elixir of Life 🎀

It's not an escape, but a deadly trap.
I got into it, not realising the crap .
It is the sign of cowardice and the result of fear.
I tried to die, leaving the near and dear.

It's when I was impatient and did not see hope,
But saw death hidden in every rope.
It's when I was terrified and thus refused to strive.
And could only see the illusory end of my life.

The world didn't end ...Why should I?
I refused to die and shed the tears coming by.
This is a new life that has now begun.
Deal with imperfections, because struggle is fun.
Design and create the happiness you don't find.
And transcend the sorrows with the power of your kind

Celebrate each moment with joy altogether,
Because freedom is the courage to stand up for one
another.
Be guided by wisdom, knowledge and virtue.
Miraculously, difficulties and stress won't affect you.
Continue to live, even when you wish to die,
Because when one soul dies, each soul cries.

Mahnaaz Faatimah