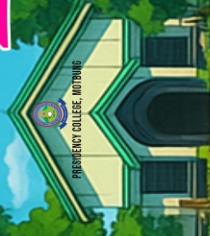


PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG

MAGAZINE 2025



PA HENWOLLE STLEDOO
BOTANICAL GARDEN
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG



PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG STAFF



ABOUT THE COLLEGE

Presidency College, Motbung is the only Government College in Kangpokpi District of Manipur state, India. Pu Henkholen Sitlhou (01/07/1927-09/11/2013) is the founder of the College. It is one of the premier colleges in Manipur which was established in 1973 and received permanent affiliation from Manipur University, Canchipur, Imphal, Manipur since 1980. It is recognised by UGC under section 2(F) and 12(B) of the UGC Act 1956 vide letter No. MU/8/9/82-UGC(A)/3744 dated 12/11/1982. Having established with modest infrastructure and sheer determination, the college has grown from strength to strength and has become one of the best centres of learning in the state.

Presidency College is located at Motbung, a picturesque tribal village through which runs the Asian Highway 1, formerly known as National Highway 39, on a beautiful hill side of the Koubru range, about 26 km north of the Imphal city. It is a co-educational institution. Since its inception, the college has introduced both General and Honours for undergraduate Degree Courses in various subjects in Arts and Science streams. Besides these, parallel three years Career Oriented Degree Courses as well as One year Certificate Course in vocational streams under UGC have been introduced from the session 2013. One Year Diploma Course in IT & ITES has been introduced from 2018 session. Further, Four Year Undergraduate Programme (FYUP) aligned with the National Education Policy (NEP 2020) has been introduced in the College from the 2022-23 academic session. Presidency College, Motbung is striving its best to commensurate with globalisation so as to meet the aspirations of the new generation.

Presidency College is one of the oldest institutions of higher learning in Manipur. It was established on 10th July 1973, with the specific aim of catering to the aspirations of the tribal community in the hilly areas of the then Senapati, now Kangpokpi district of Manipur. The College straddles on a vast area of 21.59 acres (i.e. 87371.6 sq.m) of land with a constructed area of about 57135 Sq. m. (i.e. 65.4% of the total area). The area where the college lies is under 50-Saitu ST-Assembly Constituency. Three ethnic communities namely Thadou-Kuki, Nepali and Meitei are co-existing in the area. Thadou belonging to the recognised scheduled tribe of Manipur, is the major community in the Motbung village.

The college has been striving for providing easy access to higher education, imparting academic and technical values and other co-curricular activities specially, to the nearby tribal and minority communities by providing an appropriate platform to realizing their full potential. The college has 16 regular undergraduate programmes/ courses offered under 12 different departments of Arts and Science streams. Besides these, four languages namely, Manipuri, Hindi, Nepali and Thadou-Kuki can be opted as MIL subjects. There are 54 dedicated and experienced regular faculty members at present, of which 22 faculty possessed Ph.D. degree and another 11 faculty are M. Phil. degree holders at present.

FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

Warm greetings!

I am thrilled to present to you the Annual Magazine of Presidency College, Motbung. This year edition is a compendium of different genres of writing – reports, articles, stories, and poetry. Each piece contains painstaking efforts of different writers.

Congratulatory messages from various Dignitaries and Reports of activities are some of the highlights. Insightful articles, alluring stories and soulful poetry illuminate the pages. Verily, the Magazine will be an exciting adventure for our dear readers.

Under the able guidance of our respected Principal, the College has transformed into a vibrant institution.

As you flipped through the pages, you will be spellbound by the artistry of the students.

Annual Games and Sports, Literary Meet, Science Week, Freshers' Meet, Students' Tour – the Magazine will take you through the feats of the past one year. It's worth your time.

The contribution of the members of the Magazine Committee, teaching and non-teaching staff, and students deserves stupendous applause. Without their constant support, our efforts would have been futile.

Happy reading!

**Regards,
Paoginthang Lhouvum – Editor-in-Chief
&
Members of the Editorial Team**

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|------------------|
| 1. Dr. Sheikhohao Kipgen, Principal | - | Chairman |
| 2. Paoginthat Lhouvum | - | Convenor |
| 3. Dr. Hoipi Haokip | - | Coordinator IQAC |
| 4. Dr. Gaichuimeilu Palmei | - | Member |
| 5. Ronald K Thangeo | - | Member |
| 6. Dr. Hatneilam Touthang | - | Member |
| 7. Pushpa Devi | - | Member |
| 8. Dr. Md. Amir Hussain | - | Member |
| 9. Dr. Simon Kapesa | - | Member |
| 10. Khullakpam Sapana | - | Member |
| 11. Satkhosei Lhouvum | - | Member |
| 12. Goumang Kilong | - | Member |
| Magazine Secretary, PCSU | - | Member |

EDITORIAL TEAM

1. *Poetry* –

- a) Sehginlal Touthang, Asst. Prof., English Dept.,
- b) SL Hatteresa Vaiphei, Asst. Prof. Botany Dept.
- c) Lily Khanvung, Asst. Prof., English Dept.

2. *Articles* –

- a) Dr. Hoipi Haokip, Asst. Prof., History Dept.,
- b) Dr. Gaichuimeilu Palmei, Asst. Prof., Philosophy Dept.

3. *Short story* –

- a) Dr. Simon Kapesa, Asst. Prof., Education Dept.

4. *Anecdotes* – Paoginthat Lhouvum, Asst. Prof., English Dept.

5. *Photography* – Ronald K Thangeo, Asst. Prof., Economics Dept.

6. *In-charge for Collection of Activities* –

- a) Paoginthat Lhouvum, Asst. Prof., English Dept.
- b) Ronald K Thangeo, Asst. Prof., Economics Dept.

7. Goumang Kilong, Magazine Secretary, PCSU – Collection of Contents from students.

Haokholet Kipgen
(Former, National Vice President BJP ST. Morcha two terms)
MEMBER
Manipur Legislative Assembly
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Date



MESSAGE

Hengbung, the 22nd October, 2025

I am gratified to know that the **Students' Union, Presidency College, Motbung, Kangpokpi District**, is publishing its Annual Magazine, 2024-25, shortly.

College is a space where we not only gain knowledge but also learn to overcome challenges. The hardships we face today often prepare us for extraordinary destiny tomorrow. Hence, students should not waste their precious time in trivial matters but focus in achieving your goal.

This edition of the Magazine is a snapshot of your shared journey- a moment in time filled with hard work, late-night study sessions, and vibrant friendships. It is also a celebration of your achievements- both the big and the small. As we look back, we also look forward to what's next. Remember that your capacity to learn is a gift, and your willingness to learn is a choice. Let that choice propel you to new heights, because with determination, courage, and a belief in yourself, the sky truly is the limit.

May this issue of the magazine inspire you to continue taking pride in your work and to keep striving for success in the world beyond the campus.

I extend my best wishes to all of you and also wish the publication of the Annual College Magazine 2024-25 a grand success.

(HAOKHOLET KIPGEN)

Nemcha Kipgen

MEMBER

Manipur Legislative Assembly
50-Kangpokpi A/c



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Kangpokpi
22nd October, 2025

MESSAGE

I'm very glad to learn that Students' Union 2024-25 of Presidency College, Motbung, Kangpokpi District is publishing its Annual Magazine for the academic session 2024-25. The Student Union of Presidency College has their spirit for the development of the youths of the College in the field of Education and physical wellbeing as well as in future endeavours, which is very much appreciated.

I wish the publication of the Annual Magazine a grand success.

(Nemcha Kipgen)

Kimneo Hangshing
Member
Manipur Legislative Assembly
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MESSAGE

It give me immense pleasure that Presidency College, Motbung is publishing Annual Magazine for the year 2024-25.

I congratulate the faculty members, the students' union as well as the editorial board since such publication is a platform for student voices, a medium for creative expression, while also a way to document the year's academic and extracurricular achievements. I hope this publication will encourage the students to pursue their goals with passion and determination, reminding them that hard work, dedication and a strong mindset are key to success.

Congratulations to all who contributed, and best of luck to every student in all your future endeavors. I wish the publication a success.

God Bless!

With warm wishes

(KIMNEO HANGSHING)

LOSII DIKHO
MEMBER
Manipur Legislative Assembly



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MESSAGE

It's a privileged for me to share a short message on your Annual College Megazine 2024-25 publishing. Presidency College, Motbung (PCM), is one of the oldest and renowned colleges in the Hill Districts of Manipur. The College, being located at the road side of NH-02, I feel very happy to see many of PCM students while passing through the Highway.



College life is not only an academic journey, but a season of shaping your identity, deepening your character, and discovering the purpose that inspires you.

Each day presents a chance to broaden your knowledge, refine your skills, and strengthen the values that will guide your future endeavors. Excellence is not about being perfect. It's about giving your best, every single day; having the courage to start, the strength to keep going, and the passion to finish strong. Challenges may arise, but it is through perseverance and thoughtful effort that true progress is achieved.

Do continue to keep learning, keep believing, and keep inspiring excellence wherever you go. May you continue to strive for excellence, contribute meaningfully to your community, and prepare yourselves to serve society with wisdom and responsibility. The future awaits your leadership.

My sincere prayer and best wishes to you all, and the publication of your College Annual Megazine, a very grand success.

(LOSII DIKHO)

Dated: Punanamei Mao, the 19th Nov., 2025.

Mahesh Hiralal Chaudhari, IAS
Deputy Commissioner
Kangpokpi District



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Ref. No.

Date 30.10.2025


M E S S A G E

I am glad to learn that the “Presidency College”, Motbung, is publishing its Annual Magazine for the Academic session 2024 -25

On this auspicious occasion, I would like to express my gratitude to the Students’ Union who have extended their maximum co-operation and assistance to bring forward the Annual Magazine.

I am sure that the publication will be very useful and disseminate the desire information for the public.

I also convey my regards and wish the publication a grand success.


(Mahesh Chaudhari, IAS)
Deputy Commissioner
Kangpokpi



GOVERNMENT OF MANIPUR
OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG
NAAC "B" GRADE ACCREDITED COLLEGE
MANIPUR-795107

Affiliated to Manipur University since 1980 and recognised by UGC under section 2(f) and 12(B) of UGC Act 1956 vide letter No.1819/82-UGC(A)/3744 dt. 12/11/1982

Ref. No. F.15/PC/73/A-22/Vol.I


Date: 28-10-2025.

MESSAGE

It gives me immense pleasure to extend my warmest greetings to the Students' Union and the entire editorial team for bringing out this edition of our college annual magazine. This publication reflects the creative spirit, intellectual curiosity, and collective effort of our students and faculty. It serves not only as a platform for expression but also as a mirror of the vibrant academic and cultural life of our institution.

The release of this comprehensive edition holds special significance as it also aligns with the requirements of the NAAC assessment. It highlights our commitment to fostering holistic growth, academic rigor, and quality enhancement in every sphere of college life. I commend the editorial committee for their diligent work and innovative approach in compiling diverse contributions that embody the values and aspirations of our college community.

I hope this annual magazine inspires and motivates readers to think critically, express themselves freely, and continue striving for excellence. Best wishes to the entire team for a successful publication and continued success in all future endeavors.


(Dr. Sheikhohao Kipgen)
Principal
Presidency College, Motbung

RAJU BISTA**Member of Parliament (LS)
Darjeeling - West Bengal**

Member, Standing Committee on
Rural Development & Panchayati Raj
Member, Committee on Petitions
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Ref. No. RS/25/779Dated. 09.11.2025

Souvenir Message

I am delighted to learn that Presidency College, Motbung, Manipur is bringing out its Annual College Magazine, which serves as an important platform for students and faculty to express their thoughts, creativity, and academic insights.

Established in 1973, Presidency College has stood as a pioneering institution in Kangpokpi District, providing access to higher education for countless students from the hill and remote areas of Manipur. Over the decades, it has imparted quality education and inspired generations to dream big, work hard, and contribute meaningfully to society.

As an alumnus of Presidency College, Motbung, I take immense pride in my alma mater for the values it instilled and the opportunities it created for students. Many from this college have gone on to excel across India and beyond. The institution, apart from being a centre of academic excellence, has also been a beacon of inclusivity and community service-empowering students like me to become agents of positive change.

I extend my heartfelt best wishes to the Principal, faculty, students, and the editorial team for their dedicated efforts in bringing out this edition. I hope the magazine continues to reflect the vibrant spirit, creativity, and intellectual energy of Presidency College.

Warm regards,

RAJU BISTA
Member of Parliament, Darjeeling (LS)



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Near Barsana Hotel & Resort, Matigara, Darjeeling West Bengal - 734101 Tel. : 0353-2571707

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A short Biography of

(L) Pu, Henkholen Sitlhou the founding Principal of Presidency College Motbung. - Family Members

Pu, (L) Henkholen Sitlho (July 1, 1927 – November 9, 2013), the founding Principal of Presidency College, the eldest of eight siblings was born on July 1, 1927 at Sempang Village, Tamenglong District, Manipur.

He began his education from the first Mission School at Sempang Village, established by his father, (L) Pakho Sitlhou, a Missionary Pastor of American Baptist Mission Society. He completed Cass VI from Government School at Tamenglong H.Q. He persevered in his education despite his impoverished circumstances. He completed his matriculation from Johstone High School, Imphal in 1948; Intermediate of Science from Coton College Guwahati, B.Sc (Physics Honours) from Scottish College of Calcutta, M.A (History), B.T. and L.L.B. from Guwahati University.

Pu, (L) S.L. Lunneh, Chief of Motbung Village and a former Member of Manipur Legislative Assembly who had a heavy burden for education invited Pu Henkholen Sitlhou to develop the education and he joined as the Headmaster of Motbung Junior High School. He upgraded the Junior High School to a full-fledged Govt. High School.

In 1973 he founded Presidency College Motbung with unstinting support and cooperation of Pu (L) S.L. Lunneh, Chief of Motbung Village. When he presented the name of the College, “Presidency College, Motbung” to Pu (L) S.L. Lunneh, he approved with overwhelming joy and encouraged him to go forward. The Presidency College continued to grow and it has become a full-fledged College affiliated to Manipur University. It is one of the oldest colleges in Manipur.

After retirement from his Principalship in 1978, he founded another Private College christened as Damdei Christian College at Taloulong Village. Damdei means a desire for health, peace and progress. The vision of the College is Transformation of social life and development. The main objective of the college is to impart quality education to the young generation to

become a responsible, useful and worthy Indian and global citizen. The main purpose of the college is to provide adequate facilities for higher education so that the poverty-stricken tribal village students who could not afford the education of towns and cities can study from their own homes like others who study in towns and cities.

It is heartening to say that the vision of the founder is fulfilling – from Motbung High School, Mount Olivet High School, Presidency College Motbung and Damdei Christian College. A number of successful students achieved Government jobs in administrative services, Indian army, police, Banks, Income Tax services, etc.

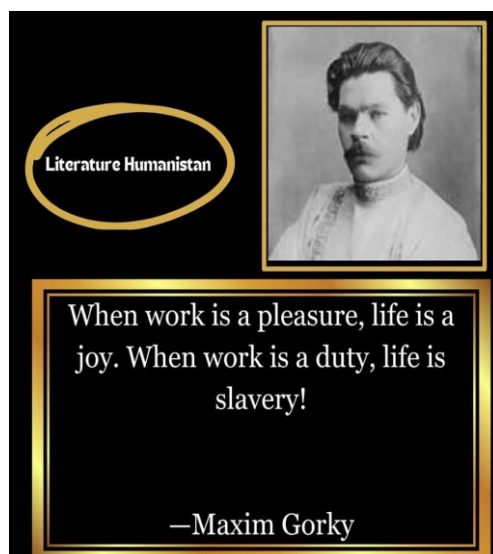
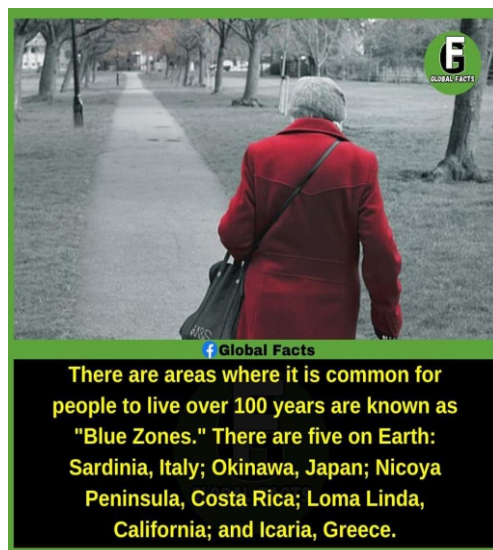
Pu (L) Henkholen Sitlhou was one of the eminent and prominent educationists, who made immense contribution for modernizing and revitalizing the education system in Manipur. According to him, education is the foundation of all human development. It is precious than pearl incomparable to anything in its value. Education is in one sense, the process of humanization. He compared educationists to a merchant who possesses a fabulous and inexhaustible wealth which can never be stolen or seized by any means. It is development of human personality in all respects – intellectual, physical, mental, moral aesthetic, and spiritual. It unfolds human mind and makes it bloom. Education enables a person to adapt or adjust to hostile environments or circumstances whatsoever. Pu Henkhoilen Sitlhou loved the students. He would always encourage the students to give their best. One of his inspiring words that became a household word is “Read the books and overcome it” (in Thadou “*Lekhaby chu hasimin simin lang simlih jengin*”).

Pu (L) Henkholen Sitlhou was a marvelous, humble man of God. His humility, perseverance, unwavering faith in God strengthened him to overcome all the hardships and challenges to promote higher education in Manipur, the hill areas in particular. The experience of hardships and difficulties in pursuing his education motivated and drive him to abandon all other job opportunities. He dedicated and sacrificed all his life for the promotion of higher education. He also served as a Syndicate Member of Manipur university. He strongly believed that education will transform every aspect of life.

Another account of this visionary man that overflowed from the real office of pen. Being a true patriot, (L) Pu Henkholen Sitlhou along with his cherished friend, Pu Seiboi Kipgen, the then General Secretary of Kuki National Assembly presented a memorandum to (L) Kohli, with a request to include Sadar hills in the creation of Manipur hill districts on the 5th September 1970. Shri Kohli, the then Governor promptly recommended to the Government of India. In 1971 the government of India, passed the Sadar Hills Act in the parliament.

(L) Pu Henkholen Sitlhou was also a peace-loving man of God. In recognition of his efforts to promote peace and harmony among the tribal communities in the hills, he was awarded posthumously a certificate of Peace Award by the Tribal Peace Award Committee. He received the award from the former Chief Minister, O. Ibobi Singh in a grand function of the Tribal Peace Award Committee in Imphal.

Leaving a long-lasting legacy in the field of higher education, on the morning of 9th November 2013 at 6:00 AM, Pu Henkholen Sitlhou breathe his last peacefully. May the young generation uphold his legacy.



SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND AI IN INDIA

Thangminlal, B.Sc. 3rd Semester, Chemistry Dept.

India's science and technology landscape has undergone significant transformations, shaping the country's growth and global standing.

Past: India's journey in science and technology began with a focus on self-reliance and development, marked by notable progress in nuclear energy, space exploration, and information technology.

Present: Today, India is a global leader in various scientific fields, including space exploration, IT, Artificial Intelligence, and biotechnology. ISRO's successful missions and the growing IT industry are testaments to India's capabilities. The country has also made significant strides in vaccine development, quantum computing, and cybersecurity.

Future: India's future in science and technology looks promising, with initiatives like the National Quantum Mission and India AI Mission driving growth. Indian youths are playing a pivotal role in shaping the country's future, with many startups and innovations emerging in fields like AI, deep tech, and climate technology. With a strong foundation, innovative policies, and a growing talent pool, India is poised to become a global leader in science and technology.

Role of Indian Youths: Indian youths are driving technological progress, particularly in areas like AI, biotechnology, and renewable energy. They are developing innovative solutions to address real-world challenges, such as healthcare diagnostics, agricultural efficiency, and language access. With initiatives like Startup India and Atal Innovation Mission, young Indians are empowered to turn their ideas into reality, positioning the country for a bright future in science and technology.

“No legacy is so rich as honesty” - All's Well That Ends Well

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CLOUDS: FOUR DAYS IN SHILLONG AND BEYOND

- Jangtinlen Haokip, General Secretary, PCSU

“Travel often begins long before you reach the destination.” Ours started on the 10th of November, when we boarded the Blue Hills bus at 11:30 AM from the college - carrying excitement, snacks, and the simple joy of escaping routine. By the time we reached Shillong, the cool breeze and pine-scented air greeted us warmly. We rested that evening, saving our energy for the adventure that awaited us.

Day 1 – Where the Hills Touch the Sky

Our first full day began with a trip to Laitlum Canyon, a place whose name translates to “End of the Hills.” Standing at the edge of this vast amphitheatre of green, we felt small in the best possible way. The rolling ridges, deep valleys, and timeless quiet made it clear why Laitlum is one of Meghalaya's most beloved viewpoints.

Next, we headed to Shillong Peak, the highest point of the city. From there, the world appeared miniature—tiny houses, ribbon-like roads, and clouds drifting lazily below us. The cold breeze and panoramic view made it a perfect photo-stop.

Our day ended at Ward's Lake, a serene and beautiful landscape lake at the heart of Shillong. Its garden paths, wooden bridge, and calm waters offered a peaceful evening stroll before the city lights came alive.

Day 2 – Bridges of Living Roots and Waters Under Repair

Day two took us into the heart of Meghalaya's cultural and natural heritage. We began with the iconic Living Root Bridge, where the roots of rubber trees have been guided by Khasi villagers for decades to form a sturdy natural bridge. Walking on it felt like stepping onto a living piece of history—nature crafted slowly and thoughtfully.

From there, we travelled to **Dawki River**, expecting its famously crystal-clear waters. But due to nearby construction activities, the water wasn't clear that day. Instead of its usual transparent sight, the river appeared slightly disturbed and murky, reminding us that even nature's wonders have their off-days. Still, the towering cliffs, quiet riverbank, and gentle flow carried their own charm.

A short journey further brought us to **Shnongpdeng**, a peaceful village nestled along the same river. Even though the clarity wasn't at its peak, the calm ambience, suspension bridges, and riverside scenery made the visit soothing and memorable.

Day 3 – Where Legends Fall with Water

Our third morning began at the magnificent **Nohkalikai Falls**, the tallest plunge waterfall in India. The water dropped dramatically from a towering cliff into a turquoise pool far below. Wrapped in mist, the falls felt powerful and alive.

The Haunting Legend of Ka Likai

Behind its beauty lies a tragic tale.

Ka Likai, a young widow, remarried a man jealous of the love she had for her daughter. In an unspeakable act, he killed the child and cooked her flesh.

Unaware, Likai ate the meal. When she later discovered what she had consumed, grief overwhelmed her. She ran to the cliff and leapt into the valley.

Thus, the waterfall came to be known as “Noh Ka Likai” — “The Leap of Likai.”

Leaving the cliffs behind, we ventured into the limestone corridors of **Mawsmai Cave**, its illuminated chambers revealing natural rock formations, sculpted over ages. Each turn showed stalactites and stalagmites in incredible shapes, making the underground world feel almost mystical.

We then visited **Thangkhrang Park**, a breezy viewpoint overlooking sprawling hills and the distant Bangladesh plains. It was the kind of place where time slows down naturally.

Our day concluded at Arwah Cave, known for its fossils and echoing passages. The textured limestone walls, hidden chambers, and soft natural light made it both adventurous and calming.

Day 4 – Markets, Music, and Memories

Our final day in Shillong was spent in the colourful chaos of Police Bazar. From winter wear and local handicrafts to street food and vibrant shops, the market captured the spirit of the city—lively, warm, and endlessly inviting.

We wandered through stalls, picked up souvenirs, and soaked in the city's energetic heartbeat one last time.

Conclusion – A Trip Written in Mist and Hills

Our journey through Shillong and its surrounding wonders became a tapestry of experiences—misty viewpoints, living bridges, waterfalls wrapped in legend, caves shaped by time, and markets alive with culture.

Even with Dawki's waters clouded by construction, the trip felt complete, real, and memorable. Nature, after all, doesn't have to be perfect to be beautiful.

As we left Shillong behind, the hills stayed with us—in photographs, in stories, and in the quiet echo of a place where the clouds come down to meet the earth.

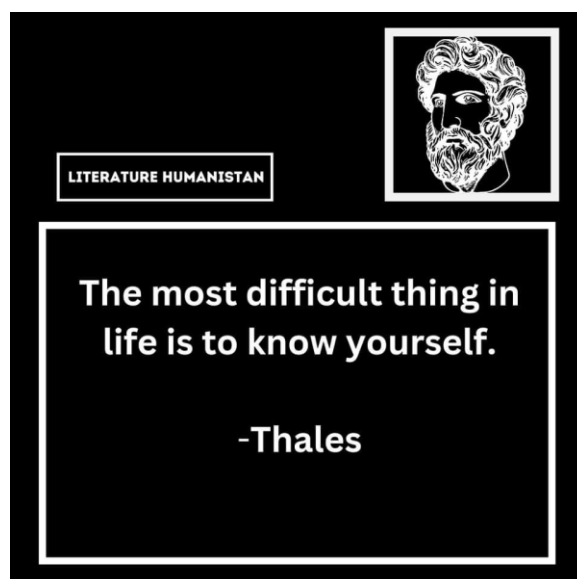
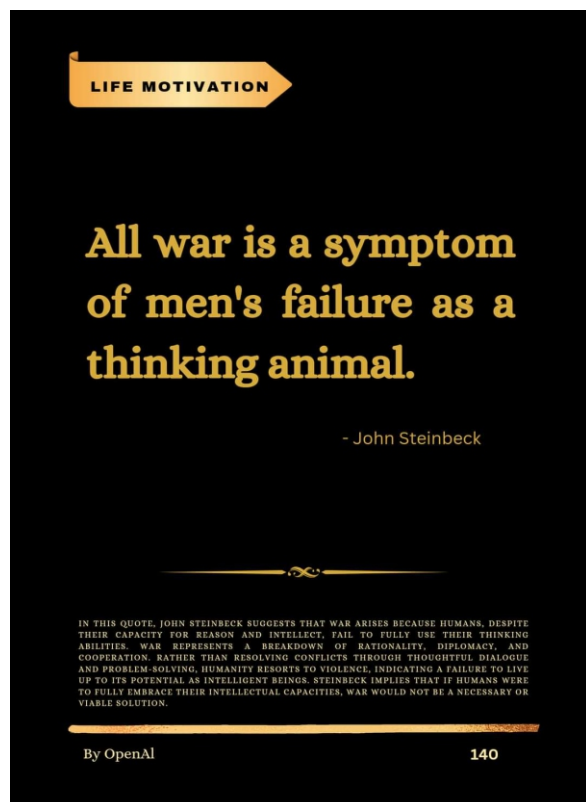
FRESHER'S MEET 2025

*Seikhochon Haokip,
Secretary Social and Culture, PCSU*

Presidency College, Motbung celebrated Freshers' Meet 2025 on the 18th September 2025, at Gym Hall of the College with great fanfare and excitement. The celebration was a combination of two events – welcoming the Freshers and honouring the Teachers and the Staff for their selfless contribution in moulding the lives of the students.

The Celebration was graced by Mr. SL Kamkhohao, Addl. SP, Kangpokpi as the Chief Guest and Dr. Sheikhohao Kipgen, Principal, Presidency College, Motbung as the Functional President.

The programme began with an opening song from Philosophy Department. Various activities like singing, dancing, and mesmerizing cultural shows enthralled the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Freshers' contest was one of the main highlights of the event.



THE FOREST BEYOND THE WALL

- Khollienmoi Chongloi, BA 3rd Semester, English Dept.

Fiona was born in a small village where the nights were long, and dreams were often out of reach. Since childhood, she believed in magic—fairytales, miracles, and secret worlds that only kind hearts could see.

Her family was poor, yet rich in love. Her parents worked their hands raw to feed four children, hiding their exhaustion behind tired smiles. But Fiona, the quiet middle child, understood what they never said aloud—the ache of labor, the weight of unspoken worry.

Still, their home was full of warmth. Even in hunger, her parents shared laughter. Even in struggle, they shared hope.

At thirteen, Fiona could do nothing to ease their burden. She often whispered to the night, “If only magic were real... I'd make them happy forever.”

One evening, as she walked home from school, Fiona saw an old man sitting by the roadside, his hands trembling as he held out an empty tin. In her pocket, she carried a single coin—meant for a sweet her parents had promised her.

Without a thought, she placed it in his hand.

The old man looked up, his eyes bright like candle flames.

“Young girl,” he said softly, “your kindness will make your heart's desire come true.”

Before Fiona could reply, her classmates called her name, and she turned away. When she looked back, the old man was smiling—a strange, knowing smile that stayed with her long after he was gone.

That night, she told her mother what had happened.

Her mother's face grew serious.

“My dear Fiona,” she said, “the world is not as kind as you are. Don't speak to strangers again.” But Fiona only smiled. “Not all people are bad, Mommy.”

The next day, curiosity tugged at her. She searched for the old man, but the village streets were empty. Just as she was about to give up, she saw him again—walking toward the forest her mother had forbidden her to enter.

“Uncle!” she called, running after him. But the old man did not turn. Ignoring her mother's warning, Fiona followed. The air grew cool and still. The forest whispered secrets she couldn't understand. She hid behind a tree and watched as the man approached an old stone wall covered in moss. And then—before her eyes—he walked straight through it.

Her heart thudded. Slowly, she reached out a trembling hand and touched the wall. It rippled beneath her fingers like water. She took a breath, and stepped inside.

What she saw was beyond imagination.

A sky of violet and gold spread above her. Unicorns drank from crystal streams. Tiny fairies shimmered in the air like drifting sparks. Mermaids sang soft hymns in silver pools. Even the trees seemed to breathe and whisper her name.

“Is this... real?” she murmured, pinching her arm.

But the world did not fade.

She wandered, lost in wonder, until she bumped into a fairy no larger than her hand.

“Oh! I'm sorry!” Fiona cried.

The fairy smiled, her wings glowing faintly. “It's all right. I'm Vivian.”

Fiona's eyes widened. “You're real—a real fairy! You can do magic?”

Vivian laughed, a sound like chimes in the wind.

“Yes, child. Magic lives wherever kindness is found.”

The two became fast friends. Vivian showed her mermaids' songs, unicorn rides, and animals that spoke in gentle tones. For the first time, Fiona felt weightless—like she was living in her own dream.

As night fell, Fiona sighed. “I should go home. My parents will be worried.”

Vivian looked at her with soft sadness. “You could stay here, you know. There's no pain in this world. Only joy. Only dreams come true.”

Fiona hesitated, gazing at the beauty around her—the starlit rivers, the quiet magic. But then she thought of her parents' tired faces, their love that never asked for anything in return.

“This world is everything I ever wanted,” she said quietly, “but my family is waiting for me. They're worth more than any dream.”

Vivian smiled. “Tell me, Fiona—what is your heart's wish?”

“I just want my parents to be happy,” Fiona said. “I want them to rest. To smile without worry.”

The fairy reached out and touched her cheek. “Then believe, my kind friend. Magic answers hearts like yours.”

And with that, she led Fiona back to the moss-covered wall.

When Fiona stepped through, the air was different—the world seemed lighter. She ran home, breathless, and found her parents waiting at the door.

Her father's eyes were shining.

“Fiona,” he said, “I’ve been promoted to manager. We won’t have to struggle anymore.”

Tears filled the room as laughter rose like sunlight through their little house.

That night, as Fiona lay in bed, she whispered a prayer of thanks—to the old man, to the fairy, and to the magic that hides in kindness.

Outside, the moon shone brighter than before. If one looked closely, it almost seemed to wink.

The End.

Moral of the story

“Sometimes, the doors to wonder open only to those who give without expecting.”

Shikata ga nai

(meaning)

“What cannot be helped, must be accepted.”

Some things are beyond my control—people change, time moves, and moments slip away. But acceptance is not weakness; it’s choosing peace over resistance. I let go, not because it doesn’t matter, but because I deserve to move forward. Life flows, and so must I.

DENOTATION



A SHORT TRAVELLOGUE

Dr. Hoipi Haokip

Assistant Professor, Department of History, Presidency College, Motbung

A MOMENTUM SOJURN: Into the forage of the unknown – Kuki Research Team expedition to Chandel.

An eighteen member team of Kuki Research Forum (including myself) set forth for the interior parts of Chandel District on the 23rd–24th January, 2012 to explore the deeply hidden mysterious caves scattered in different spots of the interior villages of Chandel (Indo-Myanmar border) to see and seek the facets behind the elusive and sometime confusing maze of identity shrouded in mystery and perplexing confusion that revolves around the genealogy of identity. 'Is it just a myth or a fabrication, or just plain old wives tales with no real solid facts or foundation, but just fables narrated and passed on generations and decades of ages, often wrap in falsehood and exaggerations'.

Thus, on the 22nd January morning, we eventually set for the journey. Of the eighteen members, only four members were women. We were as enthusiastic and excited in exploring the unknown interior tracts of Chandel district, undeterred as the saying goes 'the thirst for knowledge knows no fear until quench with facts'. Hence, the journey of amateurs with not much expertise and knowledge of the terrain except for Mr. Vuvum and Lelen (representing Thadou Student Association) and a few others whose villages were situated en-route drove on in two vehicles – a hired Mahindra Bolero and a Government Maruti Gypsy provided by the local MLA of 41-Chandel Assembly Constituency Pu Thangkholun Haokip.

So, here goes my experiences as I pen down the journey (as best as my limited English vocabulary could describe) the passion to unravel the reality; beckoning like some unknown driving force behind, the desire to unwrap the mystery shrouding our identity motivates us such enthusiasm. Words elude me and our team members to fathom such a gigantic task at hand.

After much hours of travelling, passing through Thoubal-via-Pallel Khunou- Kakching, we reached Sugnu in Chandel District. We set forth for our journey on three vehicles. On the way, I caught sight of my Childhood School, St. Joseph Missionary School after about more than a lapse of thirty years. As the school horizon drew nearer, all my childhood days nostalgia

spend in the hostel came flooding back. The fun, the homesickness, the nuns love and care; even the beautiful yellow dahlias that blossom so beautifully in the garden; the roses, besides the school functions, reminiscing those moments when I would be called out by the nuns (sisters) to teach me personally the various songs and dances, not to mention a personal invitation to deliver a birthday speech for the Father.

By late noon, we reached Khongnangpaisapi Village, and decided to rest and stretch our legs (since lunch had been prepared lovingly). After we had ravished to our stomach full, we pack our stuffs for the journey.

After half an hour, we crossed the newly constructed Serou Bridge constructed under the aegis of work minister Ranjit Singh. Kudos to MLA Ranjit. It was quite an awesome sight to witness after years of neglect. River bank erosions year after year. Nearly half of the river bank had silted by the continuous changing course of the river. When I was quite small, perhaps around seven years old, Serou bazaar use to be quite the normal village bazaar. However, during the yearly visits, I noticed the river beds expanding due to the continuous erosions and silting of the embankments which made the Chakpi river so wide and expansive. But today a modern bridge, the longest ever (so they said) in Manipur stands proudly gleaming against the backdrop of the clear Chakpi river flowing calmly against the backdrop of the scenic mountain slopes of trees blowing softly, bringing cool breeze among the hamlets of villages and lustful gold colored fields of mustard. Inhaling deeply the fresh air I couldn't help but feel nostalgic of my childhood days of travelling through the same route and crossing the Chakpi river sometimes on foot, wading through the clear smooth waves of gurgling water flowing noiselessly. With my feet tingling against the smooth pebbles of stones; stooping sometimes to watch the small shoals of fish in the river often competing with my cousins by striking the rivers with pebbles to see how much ripples

I and my cousins could manage, and finally stepping back sometimes to view the beautiful panoramic scenario of mountains and sloping hills, cascading one after another in an unending chain; abundant with tall green lush pine trees and fields splash against golden hue of mustards dancing against the tides of the winds. Often rowing across in boats when the river is in full spate and emulating the locals who could stand effortlessly against the tipsying movement of the boat (hiding my fright behind a façade of bravado!).

As we travel further, I witness my father's village (L.Thinghangphai) and witness the changes; of the smooth newly laid pucca road with electricity facility (a development since my childhood days of dusty if not muddy road!). But thence, after crossing my father's village, as we drove beyond into the interior, the road became deplorable and dust clouds began forming and spew the air, enveloping us as if in some kind of science-fiction movie; creating the journey all the more difficult and nearly choking us, since we had to close the window of our vehicles!

Hamlets of Villages in the far-flung villages dotted with a semblance of a church was a pitying sight, with no proper accessible road, and yet living as life must go on. With not much of civilization, except for an occasional trucks/lorries and jeeps and vehicles like ours occasionally plying to and fro.

The villagers, hearing the noise of the vehicles rambling were struck with surprise and stare agog at us passing by (saddening to say so). For what medical, education facilities and assistance can they avail in such neglected and deplorable conditions of rural life wherein the concern authorities fail to have realized their existence! They seem to exist in a no man's land! Deeper and deeper we traverse into the interior of Chandel district, nearing our first destination, crossing rivulets of streams, and ascending slopes of hills – some barren and some strewn with a semblance of cultivations. We zigzag through

numerous villages, pewter with thatch houses and some GIC sheet roofs; bits of clothes hanging and whizzing against the wind; women folks carrying their children behind their back, in front of their huts washing, I believe their laundry. I saw some male-folks working in the hills preparing for Jhum cultivation. Except for a few negligible women folk and children, most of the villages that we passed through were quiet and the stillness was eerie; for all workable men folk must have left for the fields, located at a distance.

Finally, we reached Sajik Tampak-Kana Area and had to halt for the umpteenth time on the way for entry at the 35th A/R station on the way. Who would have imagine entering your age – old ancestors place, which is your birthright, would be such a difficult task! As if you are a foreigner! Here was a semblance of nearly a normal civil life with several graffiti of all sorts painted on the walls of some houses and pan-dukans – ranging from the likes of insurgent groups or slogans such as Zomi Naamni etc. At Sajik Tampak, we pick up our guide by the name of Miss. Titing to accost us throughout our journey.

Finally, we reached Paldai village. Here I noticed, two huge monolith stones in remembrance of the establishment of its village, (a common phenomenon among the hills to mark its decades of establishment). But despite the number of years that had elapsed, sad to say I do not see any marked improvement in the development of the village. To me it still seems like time have stood still in this part. We halted for a moment seeking directions and any kind of oral history that might lent interesting insight before setting for our first cave exploration.

KHOMUNNOM SONGBUH

After a few hours of travelling we stop at some distance and set on foot since it was nestled deep in the woods against the backdrop of hills. When we reached the spot, I was struck by the coolness of the place against the blazing heat we came across. The coolness was soothing and calming. I inhaled deeply, luxuriating myself in the freshness of the moment, for nothing had prepare me for the change in the temperature! I witnessed old and decaying roots (the roots seem to tell a different tales of its own!). We had to stoop while venturing inside the

cave (resembling a cavity). As we climbed up the cave enclosure I witnessed a nearly dried-up stream, amidst clumps of thick forest, that must have cascaded down the cave like a small miniscule waterfall; with piles of stone embankments that has left its mark like a hollowed-out pots of varying sizes (a good place for hiding once). I visualized that it once would have been a rare sight! With rivulets of water cascading from the upper elevation, forming a waterfall! The cave was formed by layers of rocks of lime as Dr. Lhingneilam @Shishi told me. (The softest, i.e. talc, she took a piece of rock to demonstrate it!).

Our guide narrated that even today during monsoon season, rivulets of water cascade from atop of the hill, overflowing into the fields down the plains, and often flooding it. Nearby, I saw a dilapidated canal constructed which stand evident of how this water was attempted half-heartily to channelize and harness the water into the fields. I saw clumps of tree branches intertwined, spreading its tentacles from the upper layer of the caves till the bed rock. Mesmerized, I watch as if they have a tale to tell – of ages of weariness! Unacknowledged and uncared! From Khomunum we travelled to Aigijang village, meaning to ask for direction.

ABLESSING IN DISGUISE:

By late evening we reached Aigijang village. We had stopped here to asked for directions. So, we had short interactions with the chief in his house, discussing about these caves which we didn't know would be the erstwhile controversial '**Senlung**'. Though its existence was known by villagers who had gone hunting for decades, we were not aware of its name (although we were also aware of its existence). As we strike conversation with the Chief of Aigijang Pu Onkthothang who was in his early 80's; the name Senlung slip forth and henceforth, he rambled nostalgically, reminiscing of those days of living in Sohlumol, we became alive with interest. So, I decided to record with my tape recorder. On hearing the name Senlung, Dr. Helkhomang Touthang, the

anthropologist, kept mumbling and muttering to himself, trying to put the zigsaw puzzles of the informations together. Meanwhile, the 35th AR wouldn't allow us to travel further due to the impending dangers and the untraceable conditions of the road.

Nevertheless, we were ever determine. So, we tried to negotiate on his good side, but to no avail! It was already 5.30.PM and dusk had descended. So, we waited hoping against hope that the CO might reconsider. Meanwhile, as there was no change of heart from the CO, feeling dejected we decided to halt the night at Aigijang. After informing the Chief of our decision to halt the night, we were hospitably permitted to cook our food with whatever available foods that could be provided. Later, we freshen ourselves as best as we could (water being scarce!) The Chief very generously gave us all help, as best as he could. As it turn out it was a blessing in disguise. Despite our complaints and dissatisfactions, we had the disposal to sort out among us to explore this cave, contending on the possibilities might it be the “Senlung” that have always been riddled with enigma of myths and legend? Taking opportunity of our lodging, we interacted with the Chief and his brother till the wee hour of the night more intimately. We even film out the rituals which they once performed and the many tales associated with it –some mythical and some legendary.

COLLECTIVE NARRATIVES OF UNKNOWN CAVE:

Much to our surprise, the chief narrated the whole episodes of the oral narratives associated with the caves and became reminiscence and henceforth spill forth the name “Senlung-lungpi/lunpite” as the spirit was originally called, said the chief. The following is an excerpt of his collective tales as told by Chief of Aigijang:

“The cave belongs to a benevolent spirit named as 'Senlung'. We used to perform a ceremony known as 'Sel Abih' meaning offering mithuns to the spirit; molded clay coins and a pot of jutting (rice beer), once every year (the coins so molded should have the imprint of both the palms on either side). This ceremony was performed at 'khomol' i.e. on top of a hill in the sanctuary of the village.

I presume this must be the reason why Churches are constructed today in villages on top of a hill, which even in my childhood mind long ago was absurd given the trouble to climb and ascend. I had often been perplexed why our grandparents would have the ludicrousness of constructing a Church at such a high altitude, making it difficult to climb. Now, I surmise perhaps that since the conversion to Christianity, it was a semblance to retain the ancestral ceremony often performed at Khomol – a link of present new religion with their old religion. On such occasion the spirit would blessed two siblings. In local parlance, 'Utuh' wealthy with hoards of mithuns.

He further narrated of two sibling brothers who were blessed by the spirit, by the name of Mangsum and Mangchung. And of another siblings by the name of Mangjakhup and Jamgin, known as Khongchalpa. On further enquiry if there was or were any special criteria for particularly choosing the brothers, he quirk back 'none whatsoever I knew of'. Unbelieving of his tales, we asked him how he knew such tales, he quipped back with aplomb, 'my grandfathers narrated the incident and I myself was also a witness; being part of a member in the rituals so performed, before my conversion to Christianity.' As a matter of fact, he told us that the name 'Senlung' was profane to be spoken aloud. Instead, was substituted by referring as 'Haosapu'. For uttering the name brings misfortune in the village in the form of unnatural death. As such, they feared to utter the name and hid it with secrecy, but continue to retain as live memories to be passed on from one generation to the next generation.

In the wee hours of early morning, his brother Pu Onlhun, (in his late 70s), quite conversant too, narrated an account of wonderment of a spring that never dries up but sprang forth from Senlung and flows and ebb out as a stream. Here is his version

“The spring that sprang underneath Senlung never dries up no matter how ten to hundreds hoards of mithuns

came to quench the water, from morn till dusk. The spring had a mythical power that whosoever drank this water grew taller and stronger than the rest.”

Pu Onlhun, enthusiastically informed us about the mithuns of the two brothers viz. Mangchung and Mangsum, that Mangchungs's mithuns stretched from Sohlumol as far as Chakpikarong and that of Mangsum overflows in the nearby Longja areas. However, in the ensuing Anglo –Kuki war (1917-1919) it was consumed by the combined forces of the British and the Suktes. Another incident which I have the fortitude of recording was while they were living in Sohlumol, his ancestors son keeps dying during childbirth, so finally he (the narrator did not mention the name) decided if “we should name it after our “Haosapu”, then all will be well. So, when the next son was born again, they decided to name him as 'Senlung – Lunglang'. Thenceforth, he grew up and thus form the clan of Lunglang' as narrated by Pu Onlhun. He further reiterated that the present Selkul Pa (Chief of Selkul), Sumkhoson was the grandson of Mangsum, mentioned earlier.

ENROUTE TO THE CAVE:

The next morning, we decided to go in two directions – one group led by our two lady guides by the name of Titing along with the granddaughter of the chief, Momoi (who knew the territory well and shortcuts through the jungle terrain) will set on foot while the others will take the Gypsy vehicle along with Pu Onlhun. (I will not go into the details of the tracks we took. There was no sign of a track that could be visible, except the Shaktiman lorries – which ferried wood to and fro. As such, we decided that the women, including the camera men will travel by gypsy, carrying spade, dao, etc. to clear the way. While the rest trek on foot. The trip was arduous and we zigzag through the river course, often halting many a time to clear large boulders in the shallow river bed. Sometimes, the men had to shove the vehicle through the steep slopes

when it could not climb uphill while the ladies had to get down and wait nearby till they had made progress. It truly was an adventure – a life changing episode! Traversing on a non-existent track. Half-way, after some maneuver and hard work of sheer strength and energy of clearing large stone boulders from the streams, we came across a Shaktiman truck passing the same way and we pleaded the driver to ferry us till Kholmunlen village. From there on, we had not much trouble. (It was my first experience of travelling at the back of the dilapidated but otherwise well engine lorry!). As we travelled, the terrain became steeper and I feel exhilarated; for I could view the landscape at such a high altitude - of lush greenery, mountain chains sloping unending, one after another, the crispy smell of fresh air, of overhanging branches nearly scratching us. So, we had to be vigilant and had to duck our head every now and then! Lest the branches swipe us down and hanging on the rail of the back side lorries for dear life! I glanced back to have a peep of the view and it was truly awesome! Steeper the lorry ascended, (glancing down the valley below, I felt as if I was on top of a high peak: among the clouds of raw charms of lofty mountains!) bringing us nearer by the minutes to our destination. After an hour of accelerating through mountain slopes, we finally reached Aishi village and halted at the 35th AR to report, where we were met by the other teams. We then made an entry and were received warmly by the CO. Informing us that dinner will be served by them when we return back from our destinations (much to our delight!).

STRIKING THE GOLD:

At Kholmunlen, we were instructed to follow certain guidelines, that is, to strictly stick to our path, due to the unknown danger looming ahead (probably land mines and other unknown impending dangers! who knows, what may or may not befall us?). It was noon when we reached Kholmunlen, the last village bordering Chin Hills. Against the undeviating heat of the sun rays, we set on foot (a distance of maybe 5 km or more) guided by our two lady guides and Pu Onlhun. On the way, he (Pu Onlhun) rejoins to inform us the facts of

how the tracks we took were once a jeepable road connecting Mizoram via Myanmar (via Haka-Phalam); where once Lushai folks often travel this track (once an economic trans-border trade route), before the boundary lines were drawn as such. He also informs us of the fact that there was once a border stone inscribe on either side as Manipur and the other as Chin Hills, which later was replace by India and Myanmar as such. But lately, it had become isolated and neglected, due to the new boundary lines drawn between Manipur and Myanmar. Meanwhile, he describes the terrain and the history with such reminiscence, it drones like a litany! (pointing out the landscape, but since my tape recorder was inside my backpack, I could not record much of it!) I happen to glance down from the narrow track and saw ridges and cliffs sloping downwards; amass with all kinds of trees, and abundant gooseberry trees. The fruits were such an enchanting sight (we could not resist, so we pluck some!). Being not used to long hours of trekking, the women consistently kept on asking, 'is it near?' To which he would tactfully reply back, 'not far anymore, we are nearing', but never reaching. We keep on trudging! Huffing and puffing with fatigue and thirst. On the way we met some para-military force of 35th AR on duty greeting us cheerfully. After hours of trekking we reached Sohlumol Hills and here we decided to herald our solemn obeisance of entering into the auspicious realm of our ancestors. As instructed by Pu Onlhun, we each place a sizable stone near a tree and we gathered together in circle (as in those days of yore) hum a traditional tune as compose by Pu Onlhun – as best as we could master – which goes like this:

“Kuki Khannougol

Minthang jangdum song veding'in
kahungtaove.

Free English translation

“Kuki research youth,
Verily we sojourn, to behold your
solemn abode.”

We sang the song in rhapsody thrice, fourth (for I believe Pu Onlhun loves to hear the song sang, reminding him much of his by-gone days before conversion to Christianity! or probably since he composes it). For me, it was a moment which took us back to those days of yore, where our ancestors too must have perform certain rites and rituals, albeit differently. Truly, it touches a chord; to be a part of this event that evokes much enchanting and poignant beauty and feel my heart with solemnity and sublime beauty! From there on each team member eagerly quicken their pace, surging to be ahead, to reached the spot where the cave looms nearer and nearer.

We were left behind, assisted only by Vuvum and Dr. Jampu who was kind enough to patiently see that we manage to descend the slope. Finally, we could see the one side of the cave materialize – huge, massive, enormous stone boulders! As I caught sight of the cave my exhaustion evaporated. It was awesome! I felt so excited with jubilations! We chattered and laugh with our ohs! and aaahs!

On reaching the cave we lighted our torch and candles to venture inside the dark alleys of the cave, curious to see the interior, but the floor was full of debris and bats excreta which made it difficult to venture much deeper. However, some of the others slide into the deep narrow cavern and studied as best as they could. I saw the mouth of the cave, where sunlight streams in and another side where an interior structure have caved in due to environmental destruction. Since no formal equipments were carried and due to the fact that it was an accidental discovery, spur of the moment visit, we were unprepared, much more inexperienced, only our sheer enthusiasm enable us to have succeeded such a venture.

As dusk was falling, we returned! After many hours of trekking we reached Kholmunlen village, tired but exhilarated! We clambered on the Gypsy, which awaited us at Kholmunlen village and drove in silence. We reached the 35AR camp by 6.p.m and were warmly received with hot delicious “Chai” and then to a dinner, which we devour hungrily. We lodge at Aishi

team, at around 9:30 PM. We were reunited as a team. Before we said a prayer of thanksgiving, Pu Onlhun narrated a few incidents why he wishes us to hurry before dark. Not only had he witness a tiger but his excerpts I will narrate as such:

'Long ago there was an incident where a man (chief of a village) while hunting was lost and his whereabouts could not be trace. Besides, he continued, the Senlung being a male spirit has a preference for women'.

He then told me to note his song which he had composed whilst returning back from Senlung. Here is his composition:

“Na dongchungu Minthang senlung
kajih taove.”

Free translation

“On your fame bosom

Have we transcribed acclaim Senlung.”

The next day while returning back to Aigijang village, the Gypsy we were travelling on turn turtle, on a narrow downward track; a little of an inch we all would have spiraled down the gorge, as dead meat! (God forbid). But as it was (maybe it was not our time or maybe because the spirits of the forest took pity on us), all were in one piece, except me, my right thin bony arms got stuck under the weight of the Gypsy! I shriek, “Pull up the gypsy it's killing me!” Fearing that my bones would crake due to the pressure, but miraculously! I survived with merely some bruises. On reaching Aigijang village, the 35 AR invited us for a morning breakfast, so we had our fill with hot puris much to our glee and while preparing for another cave exploration, a media team along with JS Jassal met us and interviewed our team's purpose for visit. We thence set forth for home. Thus, ending a trip worthy of quite unprecedented discovery. A momentum discovery!

POLITICAL SCIENCE



HISTORY



ENGLISH





NON-TEACHING STAFF



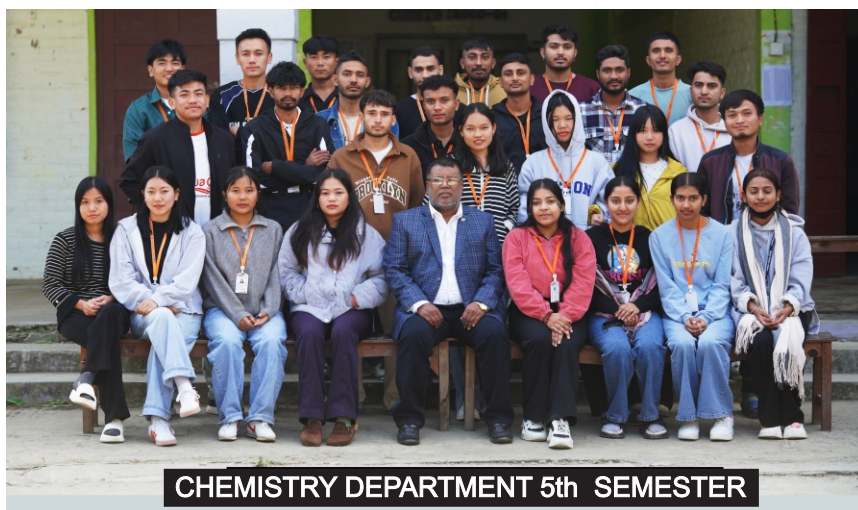
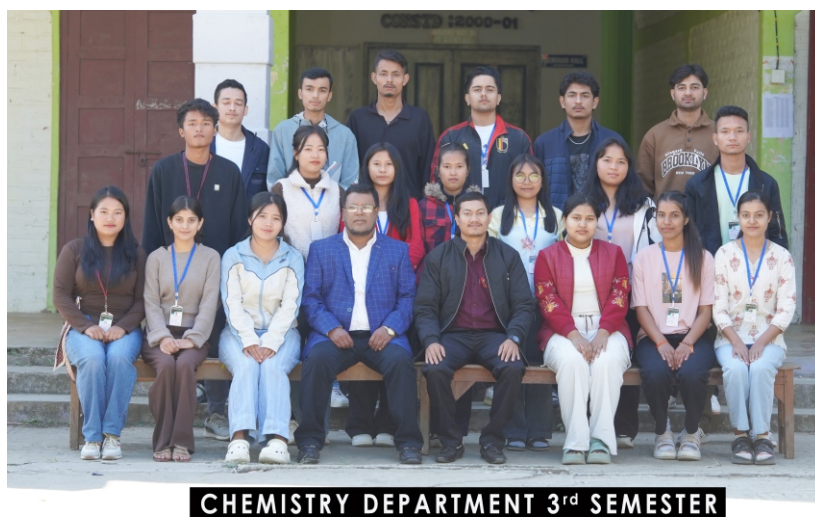
ANTHROPOLOGY



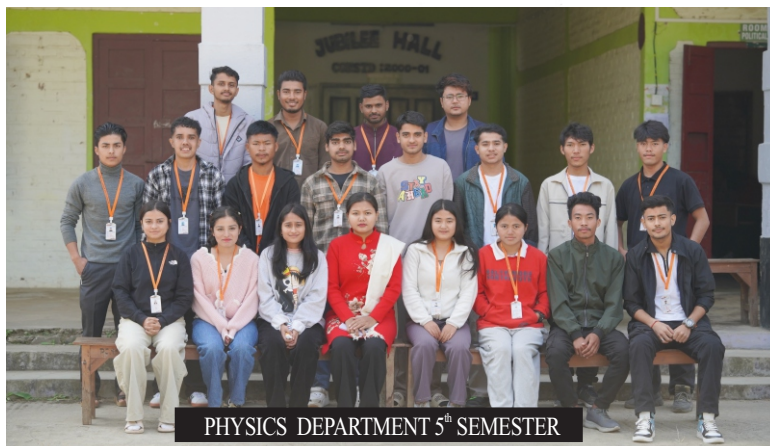
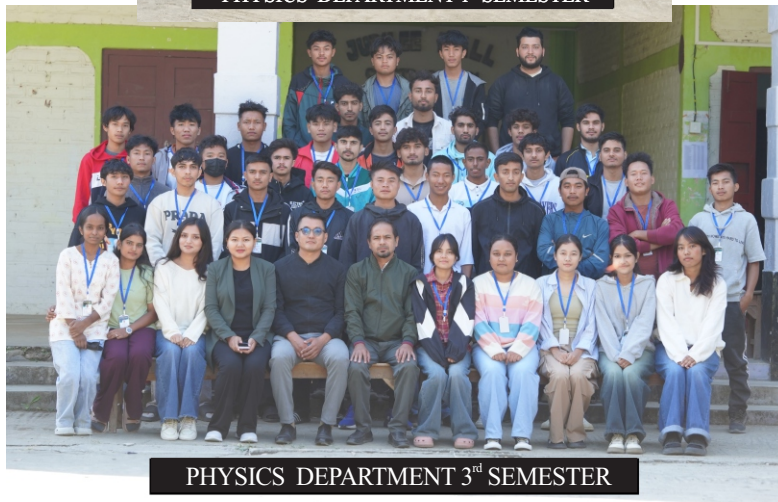
AERIAL VIEW OF PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG



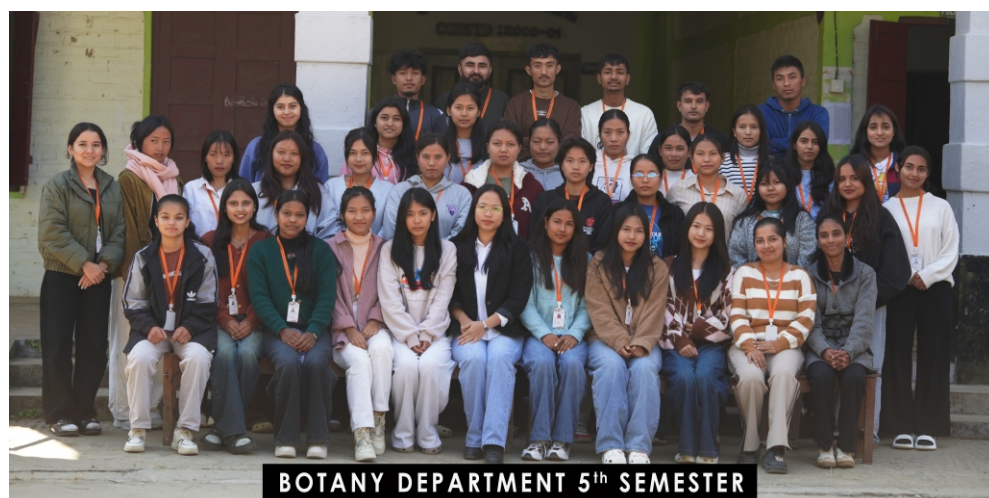
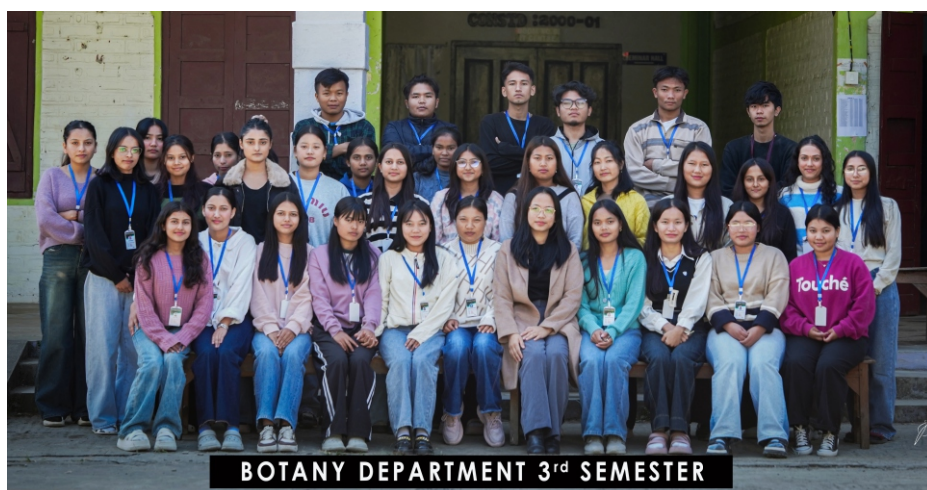
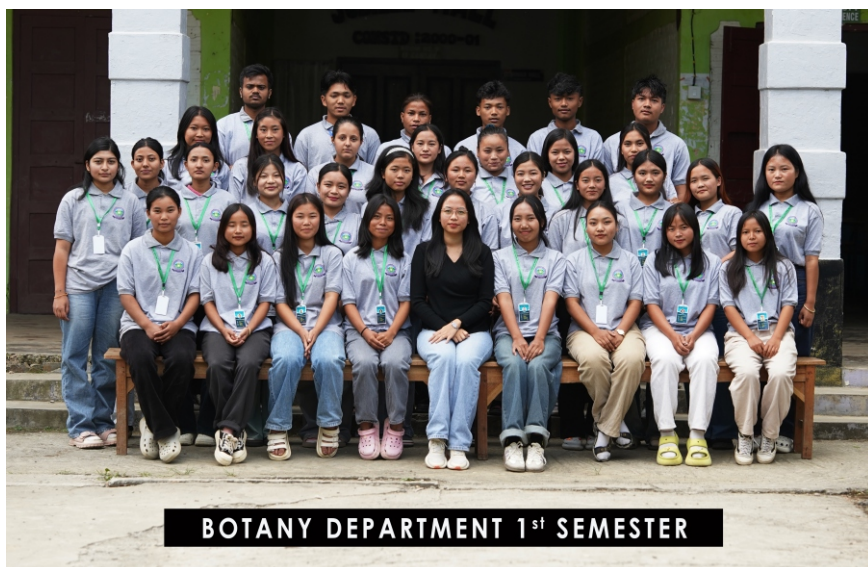
CHEMISTRY



PHYSICS



BOTANY



ZOOLOGY



PHILOSOPHY



MATHS



EDUCATION



ECONOMICS



EFFECTS OF MOBILE RADIATION ON CHILDREN

Kimmunhoi Haokip (BA 3rd Semester, Economics Dept.) & Nengvanchoi Kipgen (BA 3rd Semester, Philosophy Dept.)

In the modern era, mobile phones have become an inseparable part of human life. They connect people across the globe and provide instant access to information, entertainment, and education. However, their widespread use has also raised serious health concerns, especially among children. Mobile phones emit radiofrequency (RF) radiation, a form of non-ionizing electromagnetic radiation. Although it is weaker than ionizing radiation like X-rays, continuous exposure may still have harmful effects, particularly on children whose bodies and brains are still developing.

Children are more vulnerable to mobile radiation than adults for several reasons. Their skulls are thinner, their brains are smaller, and their tissues are still in the process of growth, making them more sensitive to electromagnetic waves.

Research conducted in various parts of the world suggests that prolonged exposure to mobile radiation can influence brain activity, cognitive development, and behavior in children. One major concern is the potential impact of radiation on brain health. Since children tend to use mobile phones close to their heads, the radiation is absorbed more deeply into brain tissues. Studies have found that excessive exposure may alter brain function, affect memory retention, and reduce learning capacity. Over time, this can interfere with concentration and academic performance.

Another significant issue is sleep disturbance. Many children use mobile phones late at night, either for entertainment or social interaction. The blue light emitted from mobile screens suppresses melatonin, a hormone responsible for sleep regulation. Combined with radiation exposure, this can lead to irregular sleep patterns, fatigue, and irritability. Poor sleep quality also impacts emotional balance and cognitive performance during the day. Behavioral problems have also been linked to excessive mobile phone use. Children who spend long hours using mobile phones often display symptoms of anxiety, restlessness, and mood swings. They may prefer virtual communication over real-life interaction, leading to social isolation. Furthermore, the constant need to check notifications or play games can result in mobile addiction, further aggravating emotional and psychological stress.

From a physical health perspective, prolonged mobile use can cause headaches, eye strain, and reduced attention span. Radiation exposure over the years may also contribute to potential long-term health risks that are still under scientific investigation. To mitigate these effects, parents and guardians can take preventive measures. Limiting screen time, encouraging outdoor play, maintaining a safe distance while using phones, and promoting device-free study or sleep hours can significantly reduce risks habits..

Using hands-free devices or speaker mode can also minimize direct radiation exposure. Educating children about responsible phone usage is equally important in developing healthy digital habits.

In conclusion, mobile phones are undeniably valuable tools in the twenty-first century, providing countless benefits for communication and learning. However, their potential health risks, particularly due to radiation exposure, should not be ignored. Children are at greater risk because their developing bodies are more sensitive to environmental influences. Therefore, parents, teachers, and health experts must work together to ensure safe and limited use of mobile phones among children.

Awareness, moderation, and precautionary measures are key to balancing the advantages of technology with the well-being of the younger generation.

INTRODUCTION OF THE PHYLUM UNDER INVERTEBRATES

Ngahneichong Haokip, B.Sc. 3rd Semester, Zoology Dept.

Phylum is a major taxonomic rank in biological classification, grouping organisms based on shared characteristics. Under invertebrates, phyla represent diverse groups of animals without a backbone. Key phyla includes Porifera (sponges, simple organisms with pores), Cnidaria (jellyfish, corals with stinging cells), Platyhelminthes (flatworms, simple bilateral worms), Nematoda (roundworms, unsegmented worms with a complete digestive system), Annelida (segmented worms like earthworms), Arthropoda (largest phylum, including insects, arachnids, and crustaceans), Mollusca (soft-bodied animals like snails and octopuses), and Echinodermata (starfish and sea urchins with radial symmetry). These phyla differ in body symmetry, segmentation, circulatory system, and modes of reproduction, showcasing the vast diversity of invertebrate life.

Science Day Celebration – Exploring the Wonders of Insect Metamorphosis

Angely Hoisangi Haokip & Chongmoikim Chongloi,

B.Sc. 3rd Semester, Zoology Dept.



On February 28th, 2025, our college celebrated the Science Day with much enthusiasm and participation from all the students. We were each given a chance to select our own subject for the exhibition. My friend and I decided to discuss Insect Metamorphosis — I took up the life cycle of a cockroach, while she picked up the life cycle of a butterfly.

We created vibrant 3D models representing every phase of the development of the insects. We also created elaborate descriptions on big poster sheets and neatly display them on the college grounds.

On the day of the exhibition, each volunteer was standing next to their project. The teachers and the judges patiently inspected each exhibit, questioning and closely listening to our answers. It was thrilling and a little scary to describe what we learned. We explained how metamorphosis assists insects to survive and adapt to their surroundings and how each stage is vital to their life cycle.

The judges announced the winners at the end of the event, and we were overjoyed to learn that we had won the first prize! It was a rewarding feeling to know that our hard work and collaboration were valued. The experience made us realize that science can be understood better if we study it practically. Science Day was not a competition for us; it was a day that developed our curiosity level and fostered our love for learning.

ANNUAL WEEK 2024-25

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, MOTBUNG

Thanggougin Dimngel, Games and Sports Secretary, PCSU

The Presidency College Student Union (PCSU), successfully organized the Annual College Week during the academic session 2024-25 on the theme "Striving for excellence." It was an Inter-departmental Competition.

The Annual College Week was held from 7th to 9th April, 2025 as Outdoor activities and the 10th and 11th April 2025 as literary meet. The event was inaugurated by the Chief Guest Dr. David Lhouvum, Proprietor Letpao Hospital, Motbung. Dr. Sheikho hao Kipgen, Principal Presidency College, Motbung graced the occasion as the Functional President.

Students enthusiastically participated in both indoor and outdoor games, including Football, Volleyball, Athletics, Table Tennis, Chess, and Carrom.

The Presidency College Student Union (PCSU) extended our profound gratitude to all the teaching and non-teaching staff members especially to Sir Jangginlun Lhouvum @Jack (Librarian), Sir Satkhosei Lhouvum (Asst. Prof., History Dept.) and Sir Paoginthang Lhouvum (HOD English Dept.) for their untiring support and overall supervision for the successful completion of the Annual College Week. The PCSU also expressed its gratitude to the Student Volunteers, Referees, Umpires, Judges, etc. for their tireless efforts in ensuring the smooth conduct of the events.

The sports week concluded with a prize distribution ceremony, where winners were felicitated with medals and certificates. The Principal congratulated the participants and encouraged everyone to maintain an active and healthy lifestyle.

The sports activities of the year 2024-25 were a grand success, reflecting the enthusiasm, discipline, and unity of our students. We look forward to even greater participation and achievements in the years to come.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MOTBUNG ANNUAL COLLEGE WEEK 2025 GAMES & SPORTS (BOYS)

| EVENTS | WINNER | RUNNER UP |
|-----------------|--|--|
| FOOTBALL (BOYS) | EDUCATION DEPARTMENT | PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT |
| CHESS | SACHIN POUDEL (MATHS, 2 nd Semester) | THANGMINLAL KIPGEN (ZOOLOGY, 2 nd Semester) |
| CARROM | SAGAR BHATTARAI (PHYSICS, 2 nd Semester) & ARUN LIMBU (PHYSICS, 2 nd Semester) | SEIMINLUN KHONGSAI & KHAIBOISEI HAOLAI (EDUCATION, 4 th Semester) |
| TABLE TENNIS | PAOJAMON LHOUVUM (ECONOMICS, 4 th Semester) | SEIJALAL VAIPHEI (EDUCATION, 2 nd Semester) |
| 100 METRE RACE | LETGOULEN KIPGEN – (PHILOSOPHY, 2 nd Semester) | 2 nd – LAMKHOKAM LENTHANG - 2 nd Sem (EDUCATION) & 3 rd – GOGOU MISAO (EDUCATION) 2 nd Sem |
| 200 METRE RACE | LETGOULEN KIPGEN 2 nd Sem (PHILOSOPHY) | 2 nd – LAMKHOKAM LENTHANG, 2 nd Sem (EDUCATION) & 3 rd – LENMINLUN (BOT ANTHRO PHY) 4 th Sem |

(GIRLS)

| EVENTS | WINNER | RUNNER UP |
|----------------|--|--|
| VOLLEYBALL | BOTANY ANTHRO PHYSICS | ZOOLOGY & CHEMISTRY |
| CHESS | THEMNEICHONG HAKIP (ENGLISH - 2 nd Sem) | JENISH VAIPHEI, 2 nd Sem (EDUCATION) |
| CARROM | ZOOLOGY & CHEMISTRY (CHONGNEIVAH – Chemistry, 2 nd Sem & NEIBOKIM, Zoology – 4 th Sem) | BOT ANTHRO PHY (CYNTHIA & LHINGMINNEI, Botany – 4 th Sem) |
| TABLE TENNIS | BOT ANTHRO PHY (LHINGNUNNEM KIPGEN, 4 th Semester) | ECO & MATHS (KIMNEIHOI CHONGLOI, 2 nd Sem - Economics) |
| 100 METRE RACE | MARVILA KARONG (EDUCATION) - 2 nd Sem | 2 nd – JENISH VAIPHEI (EDUCATION, 2 nd Sem) & 3 rd – HATNEIVAH (POL.SC - 2 nd Sem) |
| 200 METRE RACE | MARVILA KARONG (EDUCATION) - 2 nd Sem | 2 nd – JENISH VAIPHEI (EDUCATION) & 3 rd – HATNEIVAH (POL.SC) - 2 nd Sem |

LITERARY EVENTS

| EVENTS | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD |
|-------------------|---|--|---|
| SINGING | NENGVANCHOI KIPGEN (PHILOSOPHY – 2 nd Semester) | KIMNUNHOI HAKIP (ECONOMICS – 2 nd Semester) | TITUS THUMAI (EDUCATION – 2 nd Semester) |
| PAINTING | SEIJALAL VAIPHEI (EDUCATION – 2 nd Semester) | NEIPICHONG MISAO (MATHEMATICS – 2 nd Semester) | 1. JANGGOUHAO KHONGSAI (ENGLISH – 4 th Semester) 2. KHUPATHANG CHONGLOI (HISTORY – 2 nd Semester) |
| POETRY RECITATION | ANGELY HOISANGI HAKIP (ZOOLOGY – 2 nd Semester) | LHINGTINKHOL HANGSHING (POL. SCIENCE – 2 nd Semester) | 1. THANGLENLAL SITLHOU (HISTORY – 4 th Semester) 2. LHINGPINEM DIMNGEL (ECONOMICS – 2 nd Semester) |
| DEBATE | HAOMINLUN LHOUVUM (POL. SCIENCE – 2 nd Semester) | KAMGUNHAO SITLHOU (ECONOMICS – 2 nd Semester) | 1. KHOLLIENMOI CHONGLOI (ENGLISH – 2 nd Sem) 2. KIMNUNHOI HAKIP (ECONOMICS – 2 nd Semester) |
| EXTEMPORE SPEECH | HAOMINLUN LHOUVUM (POL. SCIENCE – 2 nd Semester) | KIMNEIHOI VAIPHEI (ENGLISH - 2 nd Sem) | |
| QUIZ | PAOMINLAL DOUNGEL (ECONOMICS – 2 nd Semester) | MANGBOILAL LHOUVUM (ANTHROPOLOGY – 2 nd Sem) | SEIGUNMANG HAKIP (ANTHROPOLOGY – 2 nd Sem) |

PCM SciFest 2025 – National Science Week Celebration

Kamthenlal Dimngel, Asst. Prof., Zoology Dept.

Presidency College, Motbung celebrated National Science Week 2025 with great enthusiasm under the banner of PCM SciFest 2025, themed “*Empowering Indian Youth for Global Leadership in Science and Innovation for Viksit Bharat.*” The week-long celebration featured a variety of activities designed to inspire scientific curiosity and motivate students to pursue excellence in the field of science.

The programme began with daily short speeches delivered by science students during the morning assembly. Science teachers also presented motivational talks highlighting the importance of scientific progress and its impact on society. As part of the week's activities, a quiz competition on the life and achievements of C.V. Raman was conducted on 27th February 2025, which saw active participation from more than 50 students.

The main event of National Science Day took place on 28th February 2025, featuring a seminar delivered by Dr. Md. Amir Hussain, Assistant Professor, Department of Physics, who served as the keynote speaker. The session was graced by Dr. S. Kipgen, Principal of PCM, along with senior faculty members and students. After the seminar, refreshments were served, followed by the much-awaited poster presentation competition.

Poster Competition Details

For the poster event, students were divided into three thematic groups based on academic background:

1. Life Science Group – included students from Botany, Zoology, and Anthropology.
2. Physical and Chemical Sciences Group – included students from Physics and Chemistry departments.
3. Environmental Science Group – comprised mostly of Arts background students, focusing on environmental themes.

Each group had more than 15 participants, and students enthusiastically showcased their creativity, scientific understanding, and presentation skills.

Posters were displayed at different venues across the campus, creating an engaging and vibrant scientific atmosphere. The celebration concluded with a prize distribution ceremony, where winners of the quiz and poster competitions were felicitated. The entire week proved to be a meaningful experience for students, offering them knowledge, exposure, and motivation to further explore scientific concepts.

Overall, PCM SciFest 2025 successfully fostered scientific curiosity, leadership qualities, and a deeper appreciation for science among the students. The theme of empowering Indian youth resonated throughout the programme and encouraged students to aspire for global scientific excellence.



Gun Vadung and the Geography of Crisis: River Issues and Sustainable Solutions in Motbung

Himanta Dahal, Zoology Dept.

Abstract

This article explores the environmental degradation of the Gun Vadung (Imphal River) near Motbung village in Manipur's Kangpokpi district. It examines the geographic and anthropogenic factors contributing to the river's decline and proposes sustainable solutions rooted in ecological restoration and community engagement.

Introduction

Motbung village, located in the northeastern state of Manipur, does not possess a river of its own but lies near the Gun Vadung—also known as the Imphal River. This river has historically served as a lifeline for the region, supporting agriculture, biodiversity, and community life. However, recent environmental reports and local observations indicate that the river is drying, threatening both ecological balance and human livelihoods.

Geographic Context

The Gun Vadung originates near Kangpokpi town and flows southward into the Imphal Valley. Its catchment area includes forested hills, spring-fed slopes, and agricultural plains. This geography once ensured a perennial flow, but deforestation, climate variability, and poor land management have disrupted the river's natural hydrology.

Key geographic features:

- Catchment degradation due to deforestation and shifting cultivation (jhum)
- Loss of spring sheds that once sustained base flow during dry seasons
- Altered flow patterns from flash floods and rapid runoff

River-Related Infrastructure Challenges

Motbung's connectivity has been repeatedly disrupted by river-related infrastructure failures. The Motbung Bailey Bridge was destroyed by floods in 2015, and subsequent reconstruction efforts have faced structural setbacks. In 2022, cracks in a newly built bridge led to restrictions on heavy vehicles, highlighting the vulnerability of infrastructure to environmental stress.

Environmental Issues Multiple factors have contributed to the drying of the Gun Vadung:- Deforestation: Unregulated logging and jhum cultivation have stripped hillsides of vegetation, reducing water retention and increasing runoff.

- Spring depletion: Over half of Manipur's natural springs are drying, according to the Directorate of Environment (2025), directly impacting river flow.
- Erratic rainfall: Climate change has led to intense but short-lived monsoon events, causing flash floods without replenishing groundwater.

- Evaporation: Rising temperatures accelerate water loss from rivers and soil.

- Pollution and encroachment: Garbage, invasive vegetation, and illegal construction along riverbanks reduce flow capacity and degrade water quality.

- Poor water management: Lack of rainwater harvesting infrastructure results in wasted monsoon runoff.

Ecological and Cultural Significance

Motbung is not only geographically important but ecologically rich. In 2015, the Imphal River at Motbung was identified as the type locality for *Glyptothorax senapatiensis*, a newly discovered species of catfish. Geological studies have referenced the "Motbung surface," an early Pleistocene formation, in hydrogeological research. The village is also gaining attention as a potential eco-tourism destination due to its scenic beauty and traditional lifestyle.

Proposed Solutions

To address the crisis, a multi-disciplinary approach is required:

1. Catchment Reforestation

- Plant native species to restore soil moisture and prevent erosion
- Promote sustainable land-use practices to replace jhum cultivation

2. Spring Shed Protection

- Map and conserve critical spring sources
- Encourage community-led spring rejuvenation programs

3. Rainwater Harvesting

- Construct check dams, percolation tanks, and rooftop harvesting systems

- Integrate water storage into village and school

4. Regulation and Clean-Up

- Enforce limits on sand and stone mining
- Organize waste management and riverbank restoration drives

5. Eco-Tourism and Education

- Promote Motbung as a model for sustainable tourism
- Use local biodiversity to foster environmental awareness

Conclusion: The Gun Vadung is more than a river—it is a geographic and cultural lifeline. Its decline reflects broader environmental challenges facing Manipur, but also offers an opportunity for revival through sustainable practices and community action. As a student of Presidency College, Motbung, I believe that informed stewardship and geographic awareness can transform crisis into resilience.

Som Junche: Learning from traditional concept of group and shared responsibility

Dr. Thenkhogin Haokip, Ph.D

HOD, Department of Education, Presidency College, Motbung

Dormitory system was the school of the traditional society. Various tribal society name it differently yet the core idea and values were the same. Som was the dormitory system of the Thadou-Kukis, wherein some young men would sleep in one of the houses in the village, in which there is an able *somnu* (som-girl) to serve them. Som is in itself already a group life. Being in a group need a discipline spirit in all its members. In order to let the younger generation learn their places in real life in the society, the traditional societal architects made it a compulsory step in the growth and development of the new generation. This is why despite the diverse practices and theories of social life among the traditional tribal societies, group life remained the one common factor in the form of a dormitory system.

Apart from having to learn life in the group due to the need of group-life in the traditional society, various other lessons were also the focus of these dormitories. They were to learn traditions, customs, agriculture, hunting, disciplined life called '*Khankho*' and taboos observed by the society, etc. This is why many historians considered dormitory to be the learning institutes of the past. As time passes by, only raw disciplinarian culture became unpalatable to the younger generation, for which some funs like feast called *Som-kivah*, *Som-juneh*, courting of a girl by the group were automatically introduced, which further strengthen the length of practice of the same and also seem to have overshadowed the whole reasons behind the practice of the same later.

The Som-dwellers (of one som) had to make a group stand as one single group in various occasions and situations. They share the name and fame or the shame of the group together. For instance, when a som dweller urinated on the dorm bed, it would be considered a urinating-som and nicknamed as '*Som-Junche*'. Although, only one individual had committed the fault and was responsible, the rest of the group members also bears the burden or the shame of it. This, the other members of the Som would also accept it and consider their responsibility to never do such a thing as that might shame the group happen.

This responsibility, born by each individual in the group is indeed a very important concept that hold the whole village together. This was cultivated by traditional social architects in the society.

However, this seem diminishing in our modern society as individualism and greed as well as clanism seem to have overtaken and we seem to have forgotten the saying, "*nga in atam athipi in, mihem in atam ahin pi e*" of our fathers, which is freely translated as, "Fish die because of its numerous number, man survive due to it numerous number" despite living in a democratic country for the past many decades.

Various soms in a village were a different group of able young men trained in different sets of skills. Each group was composed of youngmen with common interest and familiar taste. Some soms were skill at hunting, war, etc while others were skill at governing or giving judgement based on our traditional customs etc. This way, the village was ever ready to meet any challenges from outside due to the skills and common responsibility that run through the vein of all the soms and its members in the village. Unfortunately, that which should have been our strength, we have made it our weakness.

As modernity dawn on us with modern education system, wherein literature holds the key to everything, schooling became an essential part of our life. Although, we seem to discard the old traditional ways, we cannot do away with the core of those values in the traditional society. The method only changed. In schools and colleges, learning also took place in groups (of classes and sections of classes). Learning to share responsibility leads to being a responsible person in the society. Learning group responsibility is an important value for the growth and development of a society, which need to be cultivated when one is a student. The morals of students need to be emphasized along with the intellectual progress. This is why counselling sessions in group as well as individual is considered essential in institutions. As a capitalist society, greed often corrupts our conscience for a group responsibility. However, imparting moral values and shared responsibility can help solved lot of problem we faced in our modern times.

THE PERIODIC TABLE OF SUCCESS

Niangdoilian Vaiphei, B.Sc. 1st Semester, Chemistry Dept.

Imagine your life as a periodic table, with each element representing a different aspect of your journey. Some elements like Carbon, are fundamental to who you are – your values, your passions, your strength.

Other elements like oxygen are essential for growth and transformation. They represent the people, experiences, and opportunities that fuel your progress. Just as elements combine to form compounds with unique properties, your experiences and skills can combine to create something extraordinary.

Some elements may be highly reactive, representing challenges and obstacles. But these challenges can also be opportunities for growth and transformation. Others might be noble gases, representing stability and consistency. These are the foundation upon which you build your success.

The periodic table is not just a metaphor. It is a blue print for achieving greatness. By understanding the element that make up your life, you can create a compound that's stronger, more resilient, and more successful.

So go ahead, create your own periodic table of success. Fill it with elements of passion, purpose, and perseverance. Bond with others who support and inspire you. And when challenges arise, draw on the strength of your foundation, the versatility of your bonds, and the energy of your passions.

As you navigate your journey, remember that the periodic table is not static. New elements can be discovered, and new compounds can be formed. You have the power to shape your periodic table, to create the life you want.

"Your Success is a unique compound, crafted from your experiences, skills and passions. What elements from your experiences will you combine to create your dreams?!"

INTERVIEW with
Dr. Tankanath,
(Retd. HOD, Hindi Dept., Presidency College, Motbung)

Goumang: How are you doing Sir?

Dr. Tankanath: Post-retirement, my life has changed significantly. I deeply missed the routine of going to college and delivering lectures. However, I have embraced a new responsibility of being a grandfather to my dear granddaughter, Shanmita, she brings me immense joy, warmth and contentment.

Goumang: Thank you Sir, can you please tell me something about yourself?

Dr. Tankanath: I was born in 1959 in Santolabari, Prasain Kaithelmambi. I completed my entire education from Banaras, Uttar Pradesh, beginning with Sanskrit studies and later completing my further degrees at Banaras Hindu University. Having attained my Master degree in Hindi, I returned to Manipur and earned my PhD from Manipur University. I am currently residing in Charhajare, Manipur.

Goumang: When did you join as a College Teacher?

Dr. Tankanath: My journey as a part-time lecturer began at Presidency College, Manipur, on the 25th July 1992. I distinctly remember this date as it was my first stepping stone.

Goumang: How many years did you serve as a College Teacher?

Dr. Tankanath: I have had the opportunity to serve as a teacher for 39 years at Presidency college.

Goumang: How was your experience as a Teacher at Presidency College, Motbung?

Dr. Tankanath: Presidency College, being the only government college of Kangpokpi district, is very prestigious to the people of this region. For many years, this college has stood as a symbol of pride and played an imperative role in laying a foundation for a successful career, especially for Nepali gorkha and Thadou community. One factor that makes this college so special is, there is a strong bond and unity amongst all employees irrespective of their rank, cadre or job. There is an inbuilt mutual respect between all the staff

members regardless of rank as per the labelled job description. The Founder of this institute Dr. Henkholen has always ensured that this is preached and practiced by all the employees. In my memory or not that I can recollect of any such incident, that there has been discrimination at any level among the faculty members. In fact, not just the faculty but all the employees (teaching and non-teaching) of the college abide with this philosophy. This simple yet significant step has facilitated in bringing quality education in Presidency College.

Goumang: Please tell me your best experience at Presidency College, Motbung.

Dr. Tankanath: During my tenure at Presidency college, I have always considered profound dedication and service to my college as my sole responsibility. I am a strong believer of the almighty. I always had deep rooted thought in my mind that if I am not fulfilling my duty with utmost sincerity, I will not be able to answer my almighty. No matter what the situation was, I was determined to be accountable for my responsibility. I am happy that for 39 years, I practiced sincerity and loyalty towards my duty.

Goumang: What about your worst experience, Sir?

Dr. Tankanath: For Presidency College, unity and oneness amongst all the employee has always been the greatest strength. The students also followed the same path of togetherness and harmony among themselves. Manipur had to witness one of the darkest history with the violent conflict that took place in the year 2023. This has affected many lives and the state in many ways. For me, as a teacher, to witness my institute divided into two halves was the hardest phase. This is worse than a nightmare, I could never fathom that dark shadow would engulf our happy, harmonious institute.

Goumang: *Can you suggest some steps for the development of the College?*

Dr. Tankanath: This college is the only institution of higher education in the region, and the future of students in the surrounding areas is closely tied to its growth and development. The college is accredited with a B Grade by NAAC, reflecting a strong foundation and significant potential for improvement.

Most of the local population comes from socially and economically disadvantaged backgrounds and lacks the means to send their children to metropolitan cities for higher education. For these families, this college is not just an option, it is the only pathway to academic and professional advancement.

If the community, students, and faculty unite with a shared vision, this institution can be transformed into a centre of excellence for the region. Strengthening academic discipline, particularly through regular attendance by both students and teachers, is a critical first step towards achieving this goal.

By collectively investing effort and commitment, the college can become an ideal institution that empowers future generations to compete globally, without having to leave their hometown. This transformation will play a pivotal role in shaping a brighter, self-reliant future for the youth of the area.

Goumang: *Last question Sir. If you could leave a message for the students or colleagues, what would it be?*

Dr. Tankanath: Educational institutions are a social temple where there is no discrimination based on class, caste, language, or religion, and where we all enjoy equal rights. Institutes play an important role in building a self-reliant and progressive society. Education is everyone's basic right. It is the foundation of personal growth and social development. An educated society is more tolerant, responsible, and progressive.

To be empowered and build a progressive society, students must have an insatiable thirst for quality education. .

Likewise, the faculty members should have a relentless passion to deliver quality education to these students.

I strongly wish that teachers perform their duties responsibly in the classroom, and students get the opportunity to acquire education while fulfilling their responsibilities towards themselves and society.

Goumang: *Thank you so much Sir for your time. Wish you a happy retirement life ahead.*

Dr. Tankanath: Welcome. It's a privilege.



Half of the harm that is
done in this world is due
to people who want to feel
important.

T.S. ELIOT

My Hometown - An Ode - Paoginthang Lhouvum

Oh my hometown!
Memories adorned you,
Though geographically tiny,
You are the best place on earth.

A centre of commercial activities;
Nestle in the lap of nature at a foothill,
Beside an army bastion,
Indeed God's plenty is here.

From afar your child long to embrace you!

Every season is an occasion to reminisce your magnanimity;
Summer shows your kindness,
Autumn is a harbinger for festivities,
Winter is a season of gatherings and creating memories.

Not a day passed by without celebrating you,
Your name send chills through;
At the darkest midnight I fondly recalled days of old,
You are the repository of my sweetest memories.

Incomparable is your name!

The conflict ravaged your elegance,
Your children are insecure,
Peoples frustration can turn you into a Robben Island.
Oh! When will your pristine state be restored?

Enough with the violence!
Enough with the hatred!
Let peace reign on you!

*“Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever.”
— Mahatma Gandhi*

PAGES OF PERSEVERANCE

Priya Pradhan, B.Sc. 5th Semester, Zoology Dept.

Beneath the tired glow of midnight lamps,
We wrote our dreams through sleepless camps.
Through notes, exams and endless race,
We learned that growth has its own pace.

Some days were joy, some with fears.
Some soaked in laughter, some blurred by tears.
Yet through it all, we held our ground,
In every fall, our strength was found.

Our families – our roots so deep,
Their love, their promise;
We still keep from scolding words to prayers unheard.
They shaped our hearts through every word.
"Keep going", their gentle voices say,
"Your dawn will come - just find your way."

Teachers, our steady guiding light,
Who heard our weakness into might.
Their words still echo when times are tough
"Believe in yourself – you are enough."
With chalk and care, they help us see,
The best we could - and still can be.

Friends beside, through storm and sun,
We dance through days of carefree delight,
Share midnight talks and laughter bright.
Still each soul held a private space,
Where dreams and fear quite embrace.

Our dreams are written in sweet and quite courage,
We stumbled, we cry but we never gave in.
Through every loss, we learned to win.
Failures whispered, "You can't survive."
But faith replied, "You're still alive."
Teachers, friends and family's flame –
Lit every step that earned our name.
Now as we stand, our hearts proclaim,
"Perseverance is our brightest flame."



"We are products of our past, but we don't have to be prisoners of it." — Rick Warren

MY MOTHER

*Thanggougin Dimngel, BA 3rd Semester,
Political Science Dept.*

Peerless love you give,
All the ways you help me live;
Eased my pain, calm my fear
Stood beside me all these years.

Cradled my hand when I was small,
And caught me every time I'd call.
Teachers love, show me grace,
With heart so kind, and warm embrace.

Compassion fills your heart.
Your strength is deep,
A love so rare I'll always keep.
Forever grateful through and through,
You are the reason I stand strong.

KANAM JEM

*Lamcha Haokip,
BA 3rd Semester, (Philosophy Dept.)*

Kakithang at pi kanamjem,
Mitin chung a napah lih leh e,
Nampon lunlai cheng saipikhup,
thangnang, Mongvom.

Kagolnu khivui bilba, khichong chun alomme,
Golten ngailut thimthu sut nomme
Vangkho laiya pahcha pah bangin,
Najem pah lih leh e kanam Jemin.

Golte hinjem boitung, tuhcha som,
Gosem le semjang sai pumin
Vangkho laiya lanu asulip e,
Kaki thang at pi kanamjem.

Kanamjem kaki hetna ahi,
Najem pah e kanam min lunlaiho,
Mol louvin pah Jing jengo,
Kaki thang at pi kanamjem.

*No matter how diligent or persistent you have been, there is not one of us who made
this journey toward success by ourselves. ~Oprah Winfrey*

TRIBUTE TO A STRONG MOTHER

*Kimneihoi Kipgen,
BA 1st Semester, English Dept.*

A mother's love, a story of strive;
Growing up orphaned, a life to thrive.
She worked hard, gave her all,
For me, her child, she stood tall.

No comforts, no luxury, just a fight.
But she held on, with a heart so bright;
Now she gave me a life she'd never known,
A love that's pure, a heart that's shown.

I want to give back, ease her way.
Make her proud, each new day.
I'll work hard, to make her smile;
Be the reason, she feels loved for a while.

Dear mother, your love shines so true;
I'll be your rock, I'll walk with you.
This one's for you, with a love so deep.
A life I'll give, in gratitude I keep.

FOR MY MOTHER

*Khollienmoi Chongloi,
BA 3rd Semester, English Dept.*

Her pain was quiet, her courage deep,
A vow the heavens swore to keep.
Her eyes still hold the sun's warm light,
Though shadowed once by endless fight.

The world saw calm upon her face,
But not the storms she learned to embrace.
She cried in silence; the moon her only witness,
Never letting her tears wake the hearts she protected.

By dawn, her eyes would learn to smile;
The night had known what we could not see —
How love can break so silently?
She is the poem I'll never be able to write.

Her tears fall soft where no eyes see,
Yet heaven counted every plea.
And faith bloomed softly in her chest —
A promise that all shall be well.
For dawn will rise where shadows weep,
And peace shall find the hearts that keep.

“When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions” - Hamlet

THE BOY WHO LOVED THE SUN

Lengunsang Sitlhou, B.Sc. 3rd Semester, Botany Dept.

He builds his wings in silence still,
From hope, from hurt, from tireless will.
Each feather carved from sleepless dreams,
Each thread from thoughts that burst their seams.

He looks above – the sky is wide,
Where glory burns and hearts collide.
He whispers, "I'll touch that light someday,"
Though doubt keeps pulling him away.

For love, too, glows with cruel delight –
It warms, it blinds, it burns too bright.
He loves a sun – golden and fair,
Whose smile outshines the golden air.

He fears his flight might scorch her grace,
That she'll grow tired of his chase.
Yet still he soars, though wax may weep,
For some loves, once begun, run deep.

And if he falls - then let him fall,
For what's a life half-lived at all?
Better to blaze, to lose, to burn,
Than never once for love to yearn.

LIFE OF A STUDENT

Neneng Hangshing, B.Sc. 3rd Semester, Anthropology Dept.

The night where the mind speaks louder,
the thoughts echoing.
A pile of books, tears and ink –
a sleepless night, an endless night
a coffee to keep it right.

The clock ticks slow,
but time flies fast.
Time we could enjoy,
yet spent for the future.

Dreams are high,
but not my height.
Brain's on fire,
deadlines approaching,
morning came with endless stress;
silent cries, no one hears.
Behind that smile, a thousand tries,
Laughter hides exhausted face,
mind lost in another race.

Laughter echoes down the hall,
Dreams scribbled on the wall.
Jokes on paper fly,
underneath the endless sky.
Endless talk and carefree walk,
Inside-jokes that never fray.

A fleeting song,
that plays livelong,
footsteps fading in familiar walk.
The world awaits, our path divide –
So pure, So small,
Not knowing time would still run.

“Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none” - All's Well That Ends Well

WHAT WAS TAKEN

Thangminjoy Kipgen, BA 1st Semester, English Dept.

The Wednesday of woe,
that took several dreams and hopes away.
The hope of the family carried within the heart,
Dreams carried by the soul.
How cruel the day was!
When Humanity was petrified.
Mercy! watching trust being murdered.
The mother needed medication for her son,
The cry from the valley echoed up to the hills.
Naked, sick and hungry my tribes had toil and,
sweated under the blazing sun.
Broken and exhausted, they gave up the unequal struggle;
Preferring the long sleep of death to the struggle of a hopeless existence.
Those filthy hands, none dare to stop.
Three years passed yet justice unprevailed,
Your name will never be forgotten,
May your spirit bloom in heaven.

WHEN THE HILLS REMEMBERED THEIR NAME

Paoginlun Khongsai, BA 1st semester, English Dept.

The hills remember –
how laughter once fluttered like sparrows at dawn,
how the wind carried hymns of harvest and home,
how mother stitched sunlight into shawls of grace.

Then the silence came –
not the sacred silence that follows prayer,
but the silence born of smoke and ruin,
where tongues forgot the taste of kinship.

They called it fate,
but whose fate devours its own dawn?
Whose faith feeds on fire and loss?

Yet from the embers rose the kukis –
Not as shadow of grief, but as songs forged in furnace of sorrow.
Their tears became scripture upon the soil;
their pain, a psalm of defiance.

For the earth may fracture,
but the roots remember their covenant
The rivers may bleed,
yet the sky remains unaligned.

O! listen –
to the hills that refuse their silence,
to the voice reborn in storm and dust

For peace without truth is but another wound,
but these hills –
these eternal grieving hills –
remember your name,
and they will rise.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE – A poem*Seikhochon Haokip, BA 3rd Semester, Philosophy Dept.*

Ni leh lha Kihei in, Kumle lha chal in
 Kanam sungu khantou nan hin lonvuh ta
 Malai pi le puten ana gelphah lou
 Akhangson te chung in ahung tollhung taime.

Aw kanam sung jemhoi leh kakhan nou goul cheng
 Malam khankho komu peh jing
PRESIDENCY COLLEGE
 Nalimdam noui belin kalomgol cheng toh
 Chung Toni so chanin kahung Vaikon jing uve.

Setlei chihna thepna kitet laiyn
 Kakinep nau nangma bou nahitaime.
 Jaova molhoipah jutin vatin in abom bang
 Kuki namsung adia molhoipah bang
 Kahin bom uve.

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Chihna, thepna kiselguh chu
 Neihin buh lhah peh uvin simlai chate chung a hin,
 Chuteng setlei a pah bang kipah tante.

Akimvel thingna louna hingsilsel in
 Jutin vatin hamgin ngeiyin
 Sunteng huilhi nem heucha hung nungin
 kalom gol cheng toh sangthing noiyah
 Kachongun malam khankho thimthu
 Cheng kalel un sunkho sot in kachong ji tauve.

Aw Presidency College chullou jenin
 Pahbang mollha in hinlah thingna bang don thah inlang nou jing jeng tan...
 Setleiya khangdong tintang din
 Themjilna inmun pha hung hijing tan
 Kaki khelna diu le kakinep nao
 Aw Presidency College,
 Chullou vin jalai a thangjing tan.





SADAR HILLS FOOTBALL ACADEMY

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Leo Turf, Thomas Ground
Contact : 8787456993



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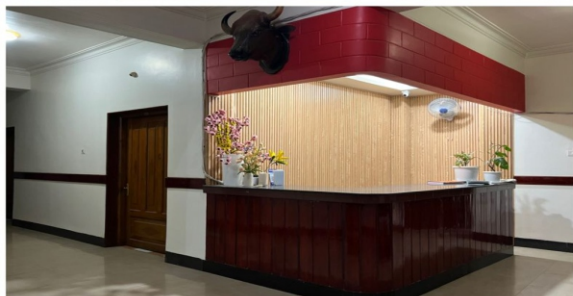
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